

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

Amare pulls into the parking lot. He kills the engine, fingers already reaching for the door - determined.

LIAM (O.S.)  
(smiling, clinical)  
And what exactly are you going to tell them?

Amare freezes. In the rearview, a pale face appears. LIAM, a white man, sits up in the back - calm, controlled - a pistol pointed at the back of Amare's head. Amare instantly recognizes the voice on the phone.

AMARE  
(stammering, panic flaring)  
Who - who are you? How did you find me?

LIAM  
Who I am doesn't matter. I found you because of the tracker that was tucked in with the money.

Silence swells. Amare's mouth goes dry.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
You're going to take two million to the bank on Michigan and Livernois. Open an account with Mr. McCarthy. Understood?

AMARE  
(voice cracking)  
Two million? There was only a million in the wall. And I-I don't got that no more. I've only got five hundred thousand.

Liam's smile thins into something colder. He studies Amare like a file.

LIAM  
Fine.

He leans forward.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Deposit five hundred thousand, but only see Mr. McCarthy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMARE

(urgent)

What about my mom now? Where is she?

LIAM

(flat, sarcastic)

Make the deposit. You'll receive a calling telling you were to collect her afterwards. You have until close of business. Don't contact the police, if you do - I'll know and you'll never see her again. Understood?

The words land like a hammer.

AMARE

(barely audible)

Yeah. I got it.

Liam eases out of the backseat, folds into himself with practiced indifference, and steps out into the sun. He walks past a POLICE OFFICER exiting the building - casual nod, a few quiet words exchanged that could be coincidence or collusion. Amare watches, stomach dropping.