

ANDRETTA

Written by

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OVER BLACK:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
One minute!

FADE IN:

INT. TENEMENT - BASEMENT - DAY

CU: A grenade. Pin pulled. Hand holds the trigger down. Ghost white knuckles. The hand belongs to --

-- MICHAEL MCGINNIS (38), beaten, bloodied, cheap suit, cuts along his face. Sweat drips down.

Uses two handcuffed men who will become known as "CITIZENS"; flesh-toned masks, black and white suits, as human shields.

The three stare across at JOHN & JIM (43); twins, much more respectable suits, who aim MP5Ks and .45 ACPs at them.

The only thing that stops John & Jim from blowing them away is that grenade. They all know it.

They stand perfectly still in the impossible standoff. Michael eases back half a step.

John & Jim stand still as statues with the others dead to rights. Michael's grenade hand trembles.

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPER:

13 HOURS AGO  
11:14PM  
DECEMBER 30TH, 2013

FADE IN:

EXT. FERRY - NIGHT

A ferry makes its way to an island; the skyline as vibrant as Miami's and just as toxic.

Michael sits by himself. Much cleaner than before. A black canvas gym bag rests at his side.

His attention caught on a Polaroid in his hand of a younger MICHAEL and his wife, CASSIE, smiling on their wedding day.

Three other people on the ferry, spread across its length.

A TEENAGE PROSTITUTE in a revealing top and hooker boots, a BALD MAN in an Armani suit and an ALL BUSINESS WOMAN decked out in corporate everything.

Michael pays them no mind. They return the favor.

BOAT CAPTAIN (O.S.)  
ETA five minutes.

Michael pulls out a lighter. Burns the corner of the picture.

MOMENTS LATER

The ferry has docked. Michael's the only passenger. Leans against the rail. Drops the picture into the water.

EXT. ROADRUNNER PAWN - NIGHT

Michael arrives to find a sign that reads "WE'RE CLOSED, DIPSHIT!". Knocks on the glass.

DOUGLAS (64), bald, plump, glasses, inches the door open.

DOUGLAS  
Not much for reading, are ya?

Michael unzips the bag. Shows him stacks of money. A smile creeps across Douglas' face.

DOUGLAS  
I like your style.

INT. ROADRUNNER PAWN

A small mom & pop operation with a handful of display cases. Michael hands Douglas a slip of paper.

DOUGLAS  
(Reads)  
Let's see what we can do.

BACK ROOM

Douglas pulls the chain on an overhead fluorescent light. An endless array of weapons and armor.

DOUGLAS  
Most of this shit's just hand-me-downs from Devlin's goons. It's quality stuff. Just outdated.

MICHAEL  
Makes no difference.

DOUGLAS  
Gonna need protection.

Michael nods in agreement.

MICHAEL  
I need something else, too.

Michael whispers to Douglas.

DOUGLAS  
Gonna run you up a couple grand.

MICHAEL  
Only fair.

They shake hands.

MICHAEL  
One last thing. Where's Drake?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Michael comes upon the Luxor-like Crimson Dragon Casino.

INT. CRIMSON DRAGON CASINO - LOBBY

Michael approaches a petite Japanese woman, GUINEVERE (31), who holds down the check-in counter.

GUINEVERE  
Welcome to the Crimson Dragon  
Casino, sir. How may I help you?

MICHAEL  
I'm looking for a private game.

Michael flashes five stacks of \$100s to Guinevere.

GUINEVERE  
Would you excuse me for a moment?

SECURITY OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Guinevere picks up the receiver of a direct-dial phone. On the wall behind her, a pair of custom Samurai swords.

INT. CRIMSON DRAGON CASINO - DRAKE'S OFFICE

Marble floors, gold everything. More pretentious than fancy. Black office-style phone on a solid mahogany desk rings.

A hand reaches from behind an ultra-sleek office chair, brings the receiver to the ear of --

-- DRAKE (42), tall, perfect features, dressed to impress.

DRAKE

Yeah, I see him.

GUINEVERE (O.S.)

Would you like him take care of?

DRAKE

Not just yet. Give him whatever he requires. I'll be down directly.

Drake hangs up. Gazes upon an open file on his desk of all Michael's personal information.

LOBBY

Guinevere strides out. Greets Michael with a friendly smile.

GUINEVERE

Follow me, please.

Guinevere leads Michael through the slots area where hundreds are blinded by the almighty dollar.

John follows behind Michael. Burns a hole in his back. He checks over his shoulder. John unnerves him.

They move through the table games past baccarat, blackjack, poker, craps, roulette. Stop at a set of double doors.

GUINEVERE

Best of luck to you, Mr. McGinnis.

Guinevere turns. Departs with haste. Michael realizes he didn't give them his name.

John moves between Michael and Guinevere, who retreats. Michael's eyes shift down to John's suit jacket.

MICHAEL

Wear a size up. I could see your gun from the crap tables.

JOHN  
But just the one.

HIGH ROLLER TWO

Michael leads the way as John closes the door. Sits opposite the DEALER (late 40s). Michael sets his money on the table.

Drake walks in through the double doors, accompanied by Jim. Sits next to the Dealer.

DRAKE  
Even us out.

Dealer pushes several stacks of chips to Drake and Michael. Deals two cards to each.

Michael checks his cards. Nine of Spades and Seven of Hearts. Throws a couple chips in the pot. Drake matches it.

Dealer sets out three community cards: Ace of Diamonds, Jack of Clubs and Three of Clubs.

Michael knocks on the table twice. Checks. Drake pushes \$20,000 in the middle. Michael folds. Drake scoops the chips.

DRAKE  
Not a big talker?

Michael shakes his head. The Dealer passes two cards to each. Drake throws out a bet. Drake notices Michael's wedding band.

DRAKE  
How's married life treating you?

Michael grits his teeth but holds his tongue. Checks his cards: pocket Aces. Raises to 20,000.

Drake matches the bet. Dealer sets out three cards: Jack of Diamonds, Seven of Hearts and King of Diamonds.

LOBBY

Four heavily-armed CITIZENS run through. PATRONS and CASINO WORKERS scatter away from them.

Guinevere peeks out from behind the counter. Grabs a radio.

GUINEVERE  
Four Citizens with assault rifles  
stormed the lobby. Headed your way.

## HIGH ROLLER TWO

John touches his earpiece. Signals to Jim to do the same. They exit to the TABLE GAMES.

Dealer sets down the Ace of Clubs. Michael bets out \$12,000.

Drake calls after a moment. Dealer sets out the final card; Ace of Diamonds. Michael checks his hole cards.

MICHAEL

I'm all-in.

DRAKE

(Clears his throat)

At last, he speaks.

Drake pushes his remaining chips in the middle. Michael flips over his pocket Aces. Four of a kind.

Drake flips over Queen of Diamonds and Ten of Diamonds. A royal flush. Michael looks dejected.

## SLOTS

The Citizens maneuver through. PATRONS give them the space they need. They stop at the TABLE GAMES. Scan the room.

Their presence gets everyone's attention. Fire wildly into the air. Everyone screams. Runs in whichever direction.

## HIGH ROLLER TWO

Michael's head snaps to the sound of the shots. Opens his bag. Pulls out a pistol. Rushes to the door.

## TABLE GAMES

Michael sees the Citizens on the far side of the room. John & Jim circle behind them.

He climbs atop a roulette table to get a better angle.

One Citizen taps another on the shoulder. Points in Michael's direction. They turn to Michael who steadies his aim.

Michael looks over the dozens of running people between him and the Citizens. An impossible shot.

Drake watches Michael from behind with his arms crossed. Michael fires a single shot into the crowd.

The bullet just misses a WOMAN IN RED (30s) and a SHARP-DRESSED MAN (50s) before catching a Citizen in the kneecap.

The Citizen drops to the ground as John & Jim blow the rest of the Citizens away. Leave the fallen one alive.

HIGH ROLLER TWO - MOMENTS LATER

Michael stashes the pistol in his bag. Drake walks in behind him. Closes the door. Golf claps.

DRAKE

That was something to behold.

MICHAEL

(Infuriated)

That a common thing around here?

DRAKE

Not sure common's the word I'd use.

Michael grabs his bag. Turns to leave.

DRAKE

Want a job?

Michael stops. Attention gotten. Faces Drake.

DRAKE

It pays well. Double whatever you're getting now.

MICHAEL

Doubling zero's still zero.

DRAKE

Then two million a year'd be a sharp increase.

Michael shrugs, nods. Drake smiles.

DRAKE

Sleep on it. Get back to me with your answer in the morning.

Drake offers his business card. Michael snatches it. "Drake: Crimson Dragon Casino Manager" with his phone number.

DRAKE

Anybody with your kind of precision is worth a mint.

Drake holds his hand out. Michael shakes it.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Michael shuffles through the Red Light District. Stops. Spots an unusual sight down an alleyway.

A dead DRUG DEALER (mid 20s). Brain splattered on the bricks. In white letters spray painted above:

ALIAS	CRIMINALS
165	0

Michael scoffs out of sheer bemusement. Comes upon the Pasadena Hotel. An hourly rate-kind of place.

A VAGRANT (50s) in a hooded sweatshirt, waits out front. The Vagrant looks to Michael as he approaches.

VAGRANT  
Pal, you got a light?

MICHAEL  
I don't smoke.

Michael proceeds into the Pasadena Hotel. The Vagrant pulls out a lighter. Lights a cigarette.

INT. THE PASADENA HOTEL - LOBBY

A couple ratty sofas off to the side. Peeling wallpaper. Mold in the corners of the ceiling.

TIRED-EYED HOOKER (30s) lounges on one of the sofas. Michael approaches the check-in counter. Rings the bell.

A tubby, balding man in a wife beater, BRUCE (52), watches a small TV with his feet up. Pays Michael no mind.

MICHAEL  
A room.

Michael clears his throat. Still no reaction. Michael shuts the TV off. Their eyes lock.

Bruce turns the TV back on. Stands as he lowers his hand onto a sawn-off shotgun under the window.

BRUCE  
Lookin' for trouble?

MICHAEL  
Nope. Just a room.

Michael moves his arm towards the inside of his jacket. Bruce whips out the shotgun. Michael's prepared.

Pushes pushes the shotgun away. Slams Bruce's arm into the wood. His arm snaps at the elbow. Yells out in pain.

BRUCE

You mother fucking...

Bruce can't finish the sentence before Michael snatches the shotgun. Pushes Bruce into his chair.

MICHAEL

That's my bad. My hand slipped.  
Now, about that room.

Bruce gives him a furious glare. Doesn't act on it. Turns to the key rack.

MICHAEL

404.

Bruce checks the rack. Takes key 404. Tosses it to Michael who drops a \$100 bill on the counter.

Michael makes his way up the staircase. Stops by a TWEAKER (late 20s), stained T-shirt and ripped jeans.

TWEAKER

The Jade Devil's gonna eat your  
soul. Feast on your flesh.

4TH FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

In the hallway, Michael spots a scantily clad black girl, TRISHA TENEMOS (14), conversing with a THUG (early 20s).

TRISHA

Don't touch me, douchebag.

THUG

You playin' hard to get?

TRISHA

Not playin' anything, baby dick.

Michael cocks the shotgun. Aims at Thug. Trisha backs away.

MICHAEL

Leave her alone.

THUG

Or what? Gonna shoot me?

MICHAEL

No.

Michael sets the shotgun and his gym bag on the ground.

MICHAEL

Get outta here, kid.

Trisha backs up a step. Thug squares up to Michael.

THUG

I bought this slut fair and square.

MICHAEL

Want a refund?

Michael takes a step closer. Thug takes a swing. Michael ducks it. Elbows Thug in the ribs. Knees him in the chin.

Thug drops like a rock. Gets up. Wields a butterfly knife.

Takes a few swipes at Michael who evades it. Michael grabs hold of Thug's arm.

Punches the back of his elbow, shattering it. Thug screams out in pain. Drops to the floor. Michael takes the knife.

Michael lifts Thug by his collar. Throws him down the stairs. Turns back to Trisha who watched the entire thing.

TRISHA

You shouldn't have done that.  
Selwyn's gonna kill you.

MICHAEL

I'd like to see him try. Go home.

Michael waits in the hallway as Trisha goes into room 409.

MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Michael unlocks the door. Looks around the empty void.

The only objects of note are an old asylum-style bed, a small table and single chair with a large painting of two naked lesbians on the wall.

Michael sets the bag and shotgun down near the door. Sits on the edge of the bed.

INT. CRIMSON DRAGON CASINO - ROOM 3517 - NIGHT

Drake hangs his coat on a hook. Opens an armoire. Removes a small blowtorch. Lights it to a white-hot flame.

Makes his way to the surviving Citizen --

-- WILLIAM ROSS (20s), blonde, scared shitless, confined to a dentist's chair with tape over his mouth.

William's eyes go wide at the sight of it. Drake saunters past him with joyful glee. Rips the tape off.

Drake sees William's mask on a bureau. The joy fades. Lets the flame die. Takes the mask. Slips it on William's head.

He circles around William's confined body. Ignites the flame.

DRAKE

What's your name, Citizen?

WILLIAM

What are you gonna do, Drake? Burn me like you did Jackie? Well, go a-fucking-head.

DRAKE

As you wish.

Drake presses the fire to the side of William's skull. William screams in agony.

INT. THE PASADENA HOTEL - MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Trisha stops by the open door. They make eye contact.

MICHAEL

Kid, you got a hammer I can borrow?

TRISHA

Probably.

Trisha walks away. Michael stands. Aims the shotgun straight at the door as if measuring the height.

She returns with a small hammer. Michael aims the shotgun away. Her eyes follow it. She gives him the hammer.

MICHAEL

Don't worry, kid. It's not for you.

Trisha leaves. He shuts the door. Sits on the bed. Undoes his shirt. Takes off his bulletproof vest. Tosses it on the bed.

Michael takes the painting off the wall. Rips the nail out. Nails the vest at the height he measured. Backs away.

SUNRISE

Michael's asleep. A knock at the door. He glances over. Focuses on the vest. Grabs his shotgun. Stands. Readies it.

BLAM! A shotgun rips a hole in the door where the vest hung. Knocks Michael to the ground.

A GOON rushes in with a shotgun. Michael BLASTS him back into the hallway. Dead.

Another rushes in. TONY (27), with a submachine gun. Fires half a clip at Michael who covers his chest with the vest.

Michael rolls out of the way. Right into JESTER SMITH (41), wife beater, muscular, endless tattoos.

Jester sticks a double-barrel shotgun against Michael's cheek. He stops cold. Tony stands over Michael.

JESTER

Why is it always the new guys who  
like to rock the boat?

Jester slams Michael with the butt of his shotgun.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Modestly furnished. Suited, not sized, for a family.

On the sofa, CASSIE MCGINNIS (31), a radiant ball of light disguised as a train wreck, chews her fingernails.

Cassie counts as the seconds tick off the clock when Michael (then 33) walks in the front door.

MICHAEL

Hey, Cass.

Michael passes into the kitchenette while Cassie sits still. He comes back after no response.

MICHAEL

What's up?

Cassie looks to him as a tear rolls down her cheek.

CASSIE

Look.

Michael huddles next to her. She nods to the coffee table.

He picks up a pregnancy test. Looks it over. A pink cross.  
Cassie is pregnant. Cassie smiles from ear to ear.

MICHAEL

Really?

Cassie nods. They kiss in silence.

FADE TO:

INT. SELWYN'S APARTMENT - DAY

A SPLASH of water. Michael's eyes snap open. Shakes the water off his face. Looks around. He's tied to a chair.

The room is nothing larger than a standard brownstone, but it's full of glitz, glamour and excess.

Michael spots four people in the room besides a group of young HOOKERS spread all around.

Tony, Jester, Thug and a previously unseen man, SELWYN (35), Jamaican, dreads, mouth grill, lots of bling.

Selwyn kneels to Michael's height, throws a plastic bucket aside. Holds up a machete.

SELWYN

(Thick Jamaican accent)

You the troublemaker?

Michael looks past Selwyn. Checks out a couple ammo crates in the corner of the room.

SELWYN

Boy, I'm talking to you. You assaulted a customer.

THUG

He broke my arm!

SELWYN

Be silent. Jester?

Jester pushes Thug out of the apartment.

SELWYN  
Y'see, my girls are always for  
sale. To anyone.

INT. APARTMENT

A GUNMAN assembles a sniper rifle. Aims it out the window.  
Direct view into Selwyn's Apartment.

INT. SELWYN'S APARTMENT

Selwyn hands the machete to Jester.

SELWYN  
Nothing to say on your behalf?

Selwyn snaps his fingers to get a response from Michael.

JESTER  
The man asked you a question.

MICHAEL  
I heard.

JESTER  
That usually dignifies an answer.

MICHAEL  
Not as much as you'd think.

Jester punches Michael in the face. Shakes out the cobwebs.  
Spits blood on the carpet. Selwyn's demeanor turns cold.

SELWYN  
This carpet. You see this carpet?

MICHAEL  
(Looks all around)  
Kinda hard not to.

SELWYN  
Arctic white fox. \$11,000 per  
square foot. And, you just got  
blood on it.

MICHAEL  
What, you want more?

Michael spits more blood on the carpet. Selwyn gives an ear  
to ear grin. Nods to Jester.

SELWYN  
You may proceed, Mr. Smith.

MICHAEL  
Your name's Jester Smith?

JESTER  
Yep. People always tell me I'm a  
funny guy.

Jester unloads a fury of punches on Michael.

JESTER  
Don't you think so?

SELWYN  
Tony, get the whores out of here.

The hookers leave the apartment. Jester takes his wife beater off. Dozens of women's names are tattooed on his chest.

SELWYN  
Tony, close the blinds.

MICHAEL  
Yeah, bitch, close the blinds. You  
like being this guy's bitch?

Jester punches Michael again. Tony doesn't understand why. Waits for clarification.

SELWYN  
Killing people is bad for business.

MICHAEL  
Coulda stopped after "bad", mon.

SELWYN  
(To Jester)  
You may proceed.

Tony gets to the blinds. About to shut them when a bullet bursts through the window. Knocks him backwards.

The bullet travels through Selwyn's arm. Blows it off at the forearm. Selwyn yells out in pain.

The bullet grazes Michael's ear. Jester and Selwyn turn their attention to the gunman. Fire wildly out the window.

INT. APARTMENT

The Gunman waits patiently for Michael to move.

## INT. SELWYN'S APARTMENT

They hide on each side of the window. Jester peeks out. Fires two shots. Selwyn can't muster the energy to stand.

Michael tries to free himself from the chair. Stands with his arms and torso still tied. Struggles to free himself.

## INT. APARTMENT

The crosshair focuses on Michael who turns. The Gunman fires a single shot.

## SELWYN'S APARTMENT

The bullet flies straight through the back of the chair. The wood splinters and the ropes drop down around Michael.

Michael looks around in amazement. Searches for a weapon. Sees the machete on the floor. Snatches it. Rushes Jester.

Jester turns in time. Sees Michael swing the machete. Ducks. Clocks Michael once in the face.

Michael drops the machete. Takes a swing at Jester. Knocks him backwards. Punches him after each underlined word.

MICHAEL

You think you're so fucking tough!

Michael knocks Jester through the window. On the fire escape.

He collapses to the ground from exhaustion. Glances at Selwyn's limp body bleeding onto the carpet.

Just then, the realization hits. Michael peeks outside. A dozen GANGBANGERS descend upon the apartment building.

One of them fires up at Michael who ducks back into cover.

Michael grabs Selwyn's gun. Trains it on the front door. He remembers Drake's business card. Checks the number.

Dives over to Selwyn's body. Finds a cell phone in his pocket. Dials as fast as his fingers allow.

The phone rings and rings as Michael's eyes turn to frenzy. Drake finally answers the phone.

DRAKE (V.O.)

Whaddaya want, Selwyn?

MICHAEL  
Drake, I need help.

DRAKE (V.O.)  
You don't sound Jamaican.

Michael pushes one of the sofas in front of the door.

MICHAEL  
I'm not. It's Michael McGinnis.

DRAKE (V.O.)  
Ha. You work a hell of a lot faster  
than I expected.

MICHAEL  
What?

DRAKE (V.O.)  
Forget it. So, you killed Selwyn?

MICHAEL  
Can you help me?

DRAKE (V.O.)  
'Course.

Michael waits for Drake to elaborate.

MICHAEL  
Well?!

DRAKE (V.O.)  
What? You think I'm gonna help you  
out of the goodness of my heart?  
Quid pro quo.

MICHAEL  
Look, I'll take the job.

DRAKE (V.O.)  
All right. But, because you woke me  
up at this ungodly hour, I'm taking  
a million off your salary.

MICHAEL  
I don't give a fuck!

DRAKE (V.O.)  
Then we have an agreement. I'm  
sending my crack team over now.

INT. CRIMSON DRAGON CASINO - DRAKE'S OFFICE

Drake relaxes with his feet on the desk. Hangs up.

John & Jim sit in silence as he sends a text message. Drops the phone on the desk.

DRAKE

Go pick him up. He's at Selwyn's.

JOHN

We have doubts. We don't believe he can be trusted. Also, we don't think you can control him.

DRAKE

Well, it's a good thing I don't pay you guys to think, isn't it?

John & Jim stand in unison. Head for the door.

DRAKE

One last thing. Bring Selwyn's corpse to me before you take him to Hanson's. I want to see him first.

JOHN

Of course, sir.

INT. SELWYN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Michael paces around. Clutches the gun as if it were a bar of gold bullion. A knock at the door. Freezes. Aims.

MICHAEL

Who is it?

JOHN (O.S.)

Open the door.

Michael creeps to the door. Inches the sofa away. Aims the gun as it opens. John & Jim wait with the patience of saints.

MICHAEL

You, again?

Jim pushes his way past Michael. John does likewise. Jim lifts Selwyn into a fireman's carry.

MICHAEL

What about the other two?

John looks around. Sees only Tony's corpse.

JOHN

Learn to count. Let's go.

Michael looks out the window to the fire escape. Jester's body is no longer there.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jim loads Selwyn's body into the trunk of their sedan. John opens the back door for Michael.

MICHAEL

I like sitting up front.

JOHN

We sit up front. Don't like it?  
Feel free to go back upstairs.

Michael pats the side of John's cheek.

MICHAEL

So testy.

Michael eases into the back seat. John slams the door.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ROOFTOP

Jester cracks his neck. Wipes the blood off his face. Looks down at the sedan as it pulls away.

His cell phone rings. Answers it.

JESTER

Hello?... We are on schedule... Not a problem, Mr. Huxley... I assure you, the delivery is en route. It should be arriving within the hour... Goodbye.

Jester breaks the phone. Stares out at the city skyline.

INT. CRIMSON DRAGON CASINO - DRAKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Guinevere escorts Michael inside. Takes a seat.

GUINEVERE

Can I get you anything?

MICHAEL

No, thank you, ma'am.

Guinevere wraps her arm around Michael's shoulder.

GUINEVERE  
(Whispers)  
He's going to kill you.

MICHAEL  
I've been getting that a lot.

GUINEVERE  
I hope you're prepared.

DRAKE (O.S.)  
Gwen?

They turn to find Drake by the elevator.

DRAKE  
You getting Mr. McGinnis set up  
with whatever he requires?

GUINEVERE  
Yes, Drake.

DRAKE  
That's my Guinevere. Ever the  
provider. Thank you, Gwen.

Guinevere knows the drill. Leaves in the elevator. Drake  
comes around the desk. Takes a seat.

DRAKE  
Don't let her coyness fool you. She  
is quite a handful. Strong-willed.

MICHAEL  
I have no doubt.

DRAKE  
Where were we? Work. Always comes  
down to work. You a hard worker?

MICHAEL  
If it pays well.

DRAKE  
It pays very well. Now, the job's a  
simple one.

MICHAEL  
No such thing as a simple job if  
you have to say so.

DRAKE  
It's simple, Dei Gratia. Now,  
you're a marksman--

MICHAEL  
I wish.

DRAKE  
You're a borderline marksman. I'd  
like you to provide support for my  
guys on a prison transfer.

MICHAEL  
I don't kill people.

DRAKE  
Perfectly understandable. No need  
to get your hands dirty. You're  
just there for support.

MICHAEL  
What's Plan B if things go south?

DRAKE  
I'd rather have a good plan now  
than a perfect plan in two weeks.

MICHAEL  
So, Plan B is Plan A?

Drake slides a cell phone to Michael.

DRAKE  
I'll have my guys give you a ring  
when it's time.

Michael pockets the phone.

DRAKE  
In the meantime, you should get  
some food in you. You're lookin'  
kinda rough.

MICHAEL  
It's been one of those days.

DRAKE  
Heh. Don't I know it?

DRAKE  
Tell you what. Check out Palmetto.  
It's one of my joints.

Drake and Michael stand. They shake hands. Drake burns a hole in Michael's back as he leaves.

INT. THE PASADENA HOTEL - MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Michael walks in to find a man at his table, ALIAS (57), gray hoodie, rough skin, a rifle case at his side and a pistol on the table. They hold eye contact for a moment.

MICHAEL

You here to kill me, too?

ALIAS

If I were, you'd have been dead long ago.

MICHAEL

Good to know. Who the hell are you?

ALIAS

The guy who's been studying you.

MICHAEL

What are you, my guardian angel?

Alias chuckles. Shakes his head.

MICHAEL

Well, I'm gonna hit the sack, so if you don't mind...

Michael holds his hand out towards the door.

ALIAS

I think I'll stay for a bit. I'm not liking what I'm seeing of you out there.

MICHAEL

Seeing what?

ALIAS

Dime a dozen vigilantes like you. Think you're the first that's come here to change this place?

The word "vigilantes" strikes Michael hard.

ALIAS

Why are you here? Some wrongs need to be righted? Bad guys need to be punished for doing bad guy shit?

MICHAEL  
Maybe I'm on vacation.

ALIAS  
Maybe. But, you're not. You're gonna die out there. Be ready.

MICHAEL  
You oughta have a little more faith in me. Especially since you've been studying me.

ALIAS  
I don't need faith. I know you.

MICHAEL  
Get the fuck outta my apartment.

ALIAS  
(Clicks his tongue)  
Fair enough, Michael.

Takes the rifle case and pistol. Side steps Michael. Closes the door as he leaves. Michael sits on the bed.

Alias lowers his head to see through the hole in the door.

ALIAS  
You're welcome, by the way.

Michael looks to Alias who peers in at him.

MICHAEL  
What for?

ALIAS  
You didn't really think you got outta that chair on your own, did you?... I'll be in touch.

Alias leaves Michael by himself to ponder what he heard.

MICHAEL  
Thanks.

INT. THE PASADENA HOTEL - 4TH FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Michael walks to 409. Knocks. The door opens a crack. Trisha peeks through the opening, her face plastered in makeup.

TRISHA  
What?

MICHAEL  
You okay?

TRISHA  
Never better.

Trisha tries to close the door. Michael holds it open.

MICHAEL  
You sure?

TRISHA  
I'm fine. Go away.

MICHAEL  
I was gonna get some breakfast.  
Wanna come with?

TRISHA  
I gotta go to work. Selwyn doesn't  
give days off. No sick pay.

MICHAEL  
I'll deal with Selwyn. I wanna take  
you out to breakfast.

TRISHA  
My parents won't let--

MICHAEL  
I'll talk to them, too. Go put on  
something nice and I'll be waiting  
for you downstairs. Okay?

TRISHA  
(Fake smile)  
Fine.

EXT. THE PASADENA HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Michael leans against the bricks. Trisha walks out in a  
fashionable emerald dress with two-inch heels.

Much of her makeup is gone. Michael's amazed by the change in  
her respectable appearance.

MICHAEL  
Much better, kid.

TRISHA  
Stop calling me "kid". My name's  
Trisha. Trisha Tenemos.

MICHAEL  
 (Chuckles)  
 ¿Habla Español?

TRISHA  
 No. Why?

MICHAEL  
 Your name means "we're having".

TRISHA  
 (Sarcastic)  
 Hooray for me.

They proceed away from the Pasadena Hotel. Come across two HOODS (mid 20s). The Hoods glare at Michael as they pass.

INT. CRIMSON DRAGON CASINO - DRAKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Guinevere steps out of the elevator. Sees no one. Hears moans coming from the left side of the room. Approaches.

Puts her ear to the door. Louder moans and groans. A tear rolls down her cheek. Leans her head against the door.

She regains her composure. Knocks. Fumbling around inside the room as Drake opens the door in a bathrobe and nothing else.

DRAKE  
 What?

Guinevere looks past him to the two naked WOMEN (early 20s and late teens) in the King-sized bed.

DRAKE  
 Well?

GUINEVERE  
 John and Jim are waiting in the parking garage. You wanted me to tell you when I knew.

DRAKE  
 This couldn't wait?

GUINEVERE  
 No, this couldn't wait. And, I just wanted to see you.

DRAKE  
 Well, you saw me.

Drake slams the door in her face. Hangs her head in shame.

EXT. PALMETTO - DAY

They make it to Palmetto; an upscale five-star restaurant. Michael holds the door open for Trisha.

INT. PALMETTO

They wait for the MAITRE D' (mid 40s) to acknowledge them. His nose is buried in a clipboard. Michael clears his throat.

MAITRE D'  
Name?

MICHAEL  
I'm up here.

Maitre D' looks Michael in the eye.

MAITRE D'  
Name?

MICHAEL  
McGinnis. Michael.

Maitre D' pretends to check the names on the list.

MAITRE D'  
Not seeing it here.

TRISHA  
This is a waste of time.

MICHAEL  
How 'bout you check again?

Maitre D' actually checks the list this time. Finds Michael's name handwritten on the bottom.

MAITRE D'  
How 'bout that? Table for--?

MICHAEL  
Two.

MAITRE D'  
Right this way.

Maitre D' grabs two menus. Leads them through the near-empty restaurant. Sits them at a window booth.

Michael and Trisha slide in opposite each other.

MAITRE D'  
A server will be right with you.  
Enjoy your meals.

TRISHA  
Get bent.

Maitre D' leaves them alone.

MICHAEL  
This is a pretty nice place, right?  
Trisha doesn't look nearly as thrilled.

TRISHA  
You're working for him, aren't you?

MICHAEL  
What are you talking about?

TRISHA  
Don't treat me like I'm retarded. I  
know this place. This is his place.  
Drake owns the whole fucking town!

MICHAEL  
Easy on the swearing, kid. I'm just  
helping him on one thing.

Trisha throws her napkin at Michael.

TRISHA  
You son of a bitch! You lied to me!

Trisha tries to get up. Michael grabs her arm.

MICHAEL  
Trisha, wait. Selwyn's dead. I  
killed him.

Trisha stops cold. Looks back at Michael.

MICHAEL  
Please believe me. I needed Drake's  
help. The price was doing one job.

Trisha sits back down at the table.

TRISHA  
You never shoulda let that bastard  
get his hooks into you. It's gonna  
end with you being found in the  
harbor.

INT. CRIMSON DRAGON CASINO - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Drake exits the elevator. Carries his blowtorch. Makes his way to John & Jim's car. They wait patiently.

DRAKE

First things first. You gotta pick up the prick soon 'cause we're moving the freaks. Got it?

JOHN

Perfectly, sir.

DRAKE

Now, second order of business. Pop the trunk. Drag his ass out.

John & Jim haul Selwyn's out. Drop him on the cement. Each stares down at his still-breathing body.

DRAKE

You said he was dead.

JOHN

(To Jim)

Didn't you check him?

Jim kneels down. Checks for a pulse. Nods to Drake.

DRAKE

Shit, it's like Christmas. The bastard's alive. Hold 'im down.

John covers his face and mouth. Jim covers his arms and torso. Drake snatches the torch. Sears Selwyn's missing limb.

Selwyn awakens. Screams muffled by John. Passes out.

DRAKE

Scumbag.

(To John)

Gimme the keys. We're going for a little drive.

JOHN

Where?

DRAKE

Not we as in all of us. We as in me and Selwyn.

John hands the keys to Drake.

DRAKE

Put 'im in the trunk. You think I was gonna do that myself? Morons.

Drake hops in the driver's seat. John & Jim lift Selwyn's body into the trunk.

DRAKE

You guys take the Yukon.

Drake speeds off. Leaves John & Jim by their lonesome.

INT. PALMETTO - DAY

Michael and Trisha have plates of food in front of them.

MICHAEL

What about your parents?

TRISHA

What about 'em?

MICHAEL

What kind of people let their daughter prostitute herself out to some pimp?

TRISHA

They didn't have a choice. Selwyn went to Drake and made it happen.

MICHAEL

Just like that?

TRISHA

You've seen the power he has.

Michael knows. They eat in silence.

TRISHA

You ever get married?

MICHAEL

Once. Had a daughter, too.

TRISHA

They didn't come out here with you?

Michael shakes his head. Trisha checks her cell phone.

TRISHA

Aw, fuck. I gotta go.

MICHAEL  
Why? What's wrong?

Michael notices a long scar on the inside of Trisha's arm. She gets up to leave.

MICHAEL  
Just wait. I'll walk you back.

Michael's cell phone rings. He pulls it out. Sets it down.

TRISHA  
You got your own problems.

MICHAEL  
It can wait. Stay for a minute.

TRISHA  
Look, just leave me alone.

Trisha walks away with tears in her eyes. Michael slides out of the booth.

MICHAEL  
Trisha! Please.

Trisha looks over her shoulder as she departs.

TRISHA  
You'll forget about me after I've been gone.

Trisha turns the corner. Runs off. Michael answers the phone.

MICHAEL  
The fuck do you want?

JOHN (V.O.)  
Two blocks south is a phone booth.  
Be there. You have one minute.

The phone clicks. Michael rushes to the Maitre D'.

MICHAEL  
Which way is south?

MAITRE D'  
Well, let's see...

Maitre D' gestures with his hands to figure the directions out. Michael pulls a handgun. Sticks it in his face.

MICHAEL  
Where?

MAITRE D'  
 (Points)  
 Uh, that way.

EXT. STREET

Michael looks for Trisha in all directions. Doesn't see her. Runs the two blocks. Comes upon the phone booth. Answers it.

MICHAEL  
 (Heavy breathing)  
 It's me.

JOHN (V.O.)  
 Four blocks, same direction.  
 There's a gentleman's club called  
 Wild Cherries. We'll be waiting.  
 Don't take too long.

MICHAEL  
 Or what?

Michael slams the phone down. Kneels in the booth.

FADE TO:

INT. TAURUS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Michael (33) stops in a residential neighborhood. Cassie's in the passenger's seat, wearing a blindfold. Visibly pregnant.

CASSIE  
 Can I look yet?

MICHAEL  
 No.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD

Michael steps out. Admires the picture perfect scenery. Runs around the car. Opens Cassie's door. Leads her out.

MICHAEL  
 Careful. Don't fall.

CASSIE  
 I wouldn't have to worry if I could  
 actually see!

MICHAEL  
 Trust me, it's worth it.

Michael leads her up the path to a two-story brick house. The listed address is "404 Carlisle Road". Opens the front door.

MICHAEL  
Open sesame.

Cassie lifts off the blindfold. Takes in the sprawling home.

CASSIE  
Oh, my god. You bought a house?

MICHAEL  
I couldn't let us raise our daughter in that shoebox, could I?

CASSIE  
How did you afford this? We were only starting to save...

MICHAEL  
I found a couple pennies under the sofa cushions.

Cassie chuckles. They go inside the house together.

FADE TO:

INT. WILD CHERRIES - DAY

A strip club nicer than the rank and file. Stone walls and tile floors. No techno, strobe lights or distractions.

John & Jim sit by a young STRIPPER (19), dressed in cowgirl attire. Jim checks his watch. Michael shuffles over to them.

JOHN  
About time.

MICHAEL  
Fuck you guys, all right?

They stand. John nudges Jim on the arm.

JOHN  
Pay the lady.

Jim unfurls a wad of \$100s. Hands the Stripper three.

JOHN  
Let's go.

John leads Michael out. Jim strides to the back of the club.

EXT. WILD CHERRIES

Michael opens the back passenger door of the black GMC Yukon.

JOHN  
You're up front.

MICHAEL  
I thought you always sat up front.

JOHN  
Not today.

INT. YUKON

Michael hops in the front seat. Puts his seat belt on. Glances over at the DRIVER (mid 30s), deep scar on his chin.

DRIVER  
What're you staring at?

MICHAEL  
An ugly-ass scar.

John opens the back hatch. Loads in ammo crates. Jim brings two CITIZENS out. Seats them in the third row.

John & Jim sit behind Michael. Driver pulls away. Michael checks the rearview mirror. Jim stares straight at him.

MICHAEL  
Where are we doing with these guys  
after we deliver 'em?

JOHN  
Locking them up.

Michael turns around. Sees a grenade bandolier by Jim's feet.

MICHAEL  
Gearing up for battle?

JOHN  
Eyes front.

MICHAEL  
What if I don't?

DRIVER  
Then, I've been instructed to kill  
you. And, you should know I intend  
to use all sixteen bullets.



Jim aims towards Michael.

MICHAEL

Wouldn't do that. The only reason they're not gonna rush in here and take us out is 'cause they think their guys are still alive.

Jim looks to John, unsure for the first time. John shakes his head. Michael lets out a sigh of relief.

EXT. STREET

Citizens line the rooftops of each surrounding building.

The ringleader, JOHN Q (42), an older, dirtier mask than the others, stands in the middle of the street with a bullhorn.

JOHN Q

(Through bullhorn)

Listen. We aren't gonna hurt you. All we want are the Citizens. Give them up and you won't be harmed.

INT. TENEMENT - BASEMENT

The five listen in silence.

JOHN Q (V.O.)

If you don't, we're going to take them. You have three minutes.

Michael makes his way to the group.

MICHAEL

You heard him. Let 'em go.

JOHN

Not happening.

MICHAEL

They're lettin' us out!

JOHN

To what end? We go back to Drake without them and we're all dead.

MICHAEL

Well, Drake's not here. He's not a part of this. Make a fucking decision, John. What's it gonna be?

One of the Citizens tries to make a break for it. John & Jim aim their guns. Michael grabs the Citizen around the throat.

Swings him back around. Uses him as a human shield. John & Jim turn their guns on Michael. He turns his on them.

EXT. STREET

John Q checks his watch. Another Citizen approaches. Removes his mask. GAVIN KNIGHT (36), chiseled features, steel eyes.

GAVIN  
They're gonna make us kill 'em.

JOHN Q  
(Sighs, into bullhorn)  
Two minutes!

INT. TENEMENT - BASEMENT

Neither of them move an inch.

MICHAEL  
We're walking outta here.

John & Jim don't budge.

MICHAEL  
(To Citizen)  
You stay right when you are.

Michael puts his other hand behind his back. John & Jim grow tense at the movement. He pulls the pin on the grenade.

Holds it out for everyone to see. John & Jim turn their attention to the grenade then each other. No clue what to do.

JOHN  
What the fuck are you doing?

MICHAEL  
I'm not dying in this Goddamn basement. Not for you.

JOHN  
You're not leaving.

MICHAEL  
Watch me.  
(To other Citizen)  
Get over here.

The Citizen looks to John & Jim. Inches towards Michael. Michael spins him around. They all face John & Jim.

JOHN Q (O.S.)  
One minute!

Michael inches backwards with the Citizens.

MICHAEL  
We're coming out! Don't shoot us!

Michael leads the Citizens up the stairs.

EXT. STREET

Michael stays hidden behind the Citizens as they exit the building. John Q signals for his men to hold their fire.

He peeks out. Knows he's surrounded in every direction. Comes out from behind the hostages.

Shows the grenade to everyone. Lets them know he means business. They know it.

JOHN Q  
You've lived up to your reputation.

MICHAEL  
What reputation is that?

JOHN Q  
Relentlessness.

The hostage Citizens make their way to John Q. The armed Citizens lower their weapons.

MICHAEL  
What now?

JOHN Q  
Go home. We've got it covered.

MICHAEL  
Don't kill 'em. The twins.

JOHN Q  
I won't if you can give me one good reason not to.

MICHAEL  
You gave your word. You need to stand by it.

John Q looks to Gavin who gives a slight nod.

JOHN Q  
Fair enough. We'll kill them later.

MICHAEL  
Whatever. Just not here. Not now.

JOHN Q  
Tell you what. Why don't you stop  
by Pier 57? I'd like to speak with  
you in a more private setting.

MICHAEL  
We'll see.

John Q holds his hand out for Michael to shake. Sees the  
grenade in his right hand.

MICHAEL  
Yeah. That.

JOHN Q  
Hand feeling okay?

MICHAEL  
Getting tired. Got any tape?

EXT. HANSON'S SCRAP YARD - DAY

Drake's car drives past the front gate. A rusted sign hangs  
down with "CRACKER CRUSHER" spray painted over the old logo.

Drake gets out of the car. A hulking African-American, GRANT  
HANSON (46), in a beige jumpsuit, greets him.

DRAKE  
This is the one.

Drake looks a bit unnerved by Hanson.

HANSON  
'kay.

DRAKE  
I just need to transfer him to  
another car.

Hanson shoots Drake a "you're wasting my time" look.

DRAKE  
Is that all right?

Hanson walks away. Annoyed.

DRAKE

Great.

Drake opens the trunk. Drags Selwyn's body out. Leaves him in the dirt. Kicks him once in the ribs.

DRAKE

Nobody fucks my wife and gets away with it. Piece of shit.

Drake kicks Selwyn twice more.

INT. CRANE - MOMENTS LATER

Hanson waits in the operator's seat. Opens the door for Drake who waits outside. He yells for Hanson to hear him.

DRAKE

All right! I put him in that burgundy Chevy!

Hanson understands. Holds his hand out. Drake pulls a couple \$10,000 stacks from his jacket. Tosses them up to Hanson.

DRAKE

Get on it as soon as you can.

HANSON

I'll get around to it when I get around to it.

Hanson slams the door in Drake's face.

EXT. THE PASADENA HOTEL - AFTERNOON

Michael approaches. Tweaker rests against the wall. Turns his attention to Michael.

TWEAKER

The-the J-J-Jade Devil, she-she's gonna f-fi-find you and when--

Michael knocks Tweaker unconscious with a right hook.

MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Michael opens the door. Once again, Alias waits at the table.

MICHAEL  
I'm getting really sick of this.

ALIAS  
Tell me about it. I mean, I don't like spending my free time watching you piss in everyone's cereal.

MICHAEL  
Just once, I'd like to come home and not find you creeping around my apartment.

ALIAS  
I did tell you to get out of town. So much for that.

MICHAEL  
Why?

ALIAS  
Short version? You can't.

Michael looks perplexed. Alias takes a first aid kit out.

ALIAS  
Come here. Lemme take a look at ya.

MICHAEL  
Stop. What's happening?

ALIAS  
Don't blame ya. Don't even have a TV in this shit-hole.  
(Sighs)  
At noon today, the government officially began the evacuation of the city of Andretta.

Michael checks his watch. 1:17PM.

MICHAEL  
So, what, we're on our own?

ALIAS  
Not for another eleven hours.

Michael sits on the edge of the bed. Alias scoots the chair to him. Pulls out a Q-Tip and ointment.

MICHAEL  
What's your deal?

ALIAS

Meaning?

MICHAEL

Meaning... how do you know all this shit? Why are you following me?

ALIAS

For all intents and purposes, my name is Alias.

MICHAEL

The guy who spray paints his name on brick walls?

Alias shrugs, rolls his eyes.

MICHAEL

Still didn't answer my questions.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY (FLASHBACK, 1996)

A SECRETARY (early 30s) leads suited ALIAS, minus seventeen years, into a glass-encased room.

An engraved logo: Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms.

NORTH'S OFFICE

Alias' superior, FRANKLIN NORTH (56), African-American, heavy-set, sits at the desk.

NORTH

How do you feel about the prospect of being reassigned?

ALIAS

I'm up for it, sir. Anything.

NORTH

There are a few caveats I think you should be aware of.

ALIAS

Shouldn't be an issue.

BACK TO SCENE

Alias applies ointment above Michael's eye. He winces.

ALIAS  
Quit squirming like a bitch.

MICHAEL  
This shit burns.

ALIAS  
Anyway, it was designed as an interagency joint task force to splinter crime in Andretta.

MICHAEL  
But you're still here.

ALIAS  
Things didn't go as planned. Worst thing was we had no contact with anyone from our previous life. Just our handlers.  
(Sighs)  
Most nights, I still miss Justine.

MICHAEL  
Your wife?

ALIAS  
Fiancée. What they don't tell you is that it's a job for life. No quitting. No retirement.

MICHAEL  
So, wait, if we're no longer part of the States, it's over, right? You can go home.

ALIAS  
What for? Justine got married in '99. All I have left is my job.

MICHAEL  
I'm leaving tonight. Come with me.

Alias wants to. Shakes his head.

ALIAS  
I swore an oath. I'm not leaving.

MICHAEL  
Goddamn it, there's always gonna be crime! You can't stop it. I mean, you kill Drake, but so what? Someone'll just take his place.

ALIAS

Drake? He's just a spoiled rich kid with delusions of superiority.

MICHAEL

Bullshit. I've heard it from everyone. The guy owns a casino, he's big into prostitution--

ALIAS

So, who's bringing in all the guns and the drugs into this place?

Michael has no answer.

MICHAEL

All right. Say Drake doesn't run this city. Who the fuck does?

ALIAS

Carlos Devlin. Lap dog of the Eastern Bloc.

MICHAEL

Devlin? I heard that name before.

ALIAS

That's the closest you can get to him. People 'round here think he's a myth.

MICHAEL

How do we get to him?

ALIAS

You can't. He'd only stick his neck out for one thing. Drake's money.

MICHAEL

How much are we talking?

ALIAS

Just shy of \$1.4 billion.

Michael pauses, deep in thought. Alias notices.

MICHAEL

That's just one of those numbers that doesn't sound real when someone says it.

ALIAS

Only one way to get it, anyway.  
Gotta break Drake's accountant out  
of Silver Shore.

MICHAEL

Drake locked the only guy that has  
his money up in prison?

Alias taps the tip of his nose.

ALIAS

Face it, Michael. You gotta get  
out. There's no other option.

MICHAEL

What if there was another option? I  
met a bunch of weird, mask-faced  
guys that Drake seems to hate.

ALIAS

The Citizens of Andretta.

MICHAEL

You know 'em?

ALIAS

Mmhmm. John Q, aka Staff Sergeant  
Jackie Barrón.

MICHAEL

Why don't we go to them and we'll  
lay siege to the prison?

ALIAS

No time. You're on the clock.

MICHAEL

All right, then. We go directly--

ALIAS

There is no "we". I've kept my  
cover for seventeen years. I'm not  
about to blow it now.

MICHAEL

Fine. Then, I'll go to Devlin and  
make him an offer. He can have the  
accountant and I'll help him do it.

ALIAS

Yeah, good luck with that. And, hey, I left you a parting gift outside. Courtesy of the United States government.

Alias gets up to leave. Drops a car key on the table.

ALIAS

If I were you, I wouldn't come back here. You really fucked Drake over. He's not gonna stop until one of you is dead. Adiós.

Alias leaves. Michael checks out the car key.

INT. CRIMSON DRAGON CASINO - DRAKE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A rotary dial phone smashes through the window.

DRAKE

WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU MEAN YOU LET THEM GO?!

John & Jim sit patiently in their chairs. Drake stares them down, eyes ablaze.

JOHN

Just what we said, sir.

DRAKE

He was supposed to be dead!

JOHN

We had a setback.

DRAKE

You mean when you got ambushed by a full fucking armada?

JOHN

I think a more appropriate term would be "platoon".

Drake's eyes carry a fury that can't be quenched. He leans mere inches from John's face. John stays like stone.

DRAKE

Get the fuck out of my office.

Drake backs up. Tightens his collar. They turn to leave.

DRAKE

Don't even think about coming back  
unless I call you.

John & Jim step into the elevator. Drake bursts through the broken window. Brings the phone back. Quick dials a number.

DRAKE

Landon Rice... THEN, FUCKING  
CONNECT ME!

INT. HANSON'S SCRAP YARD - CRANE - AFTERNOON

Hanson works the controls. Picks up the Chevy. The car swings above the yard. Hanson drops it in the compactor.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Hanson presses a button on a wall control panel. The compactor closes. His cell phone rings. Answers it.

HANSON

Hanson... Yeah, whaddaya need?...

In the car compactor, the trunk pops open.

HANSON

Today's no good... I'm not paid to care about your problems... I don't give a shit when you bring it, but not today... Your call.

Hanson hangs up. Looks out the window. The car's nearly crushed. Takes a seat at his desk.

Fills out paperwork when someone puts a sharp piece of sheet metal against his eye. He freezes.

MALE VOICE

Turn around. Slowly.

Hanson spins in his chair. Selwyn stands before him. Looks like he's been to hell and back.

SELWYN

Listen to me very carefully.

INT. THE PASADENA HOTEL - 4TH FLOOR - AFTERNOON

Michael leaves his room with his shotgun. Gets to the stairs. Stops. Glances back at Trisha's apartment.

Turns around. Stops at her door. About to knock when he hears sounds from inside. Gently opens the door.

INT. TRISHA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Michael sneaks through. Sees no one. Hears a girl's cries in the next room. The unmistakable sound of slaps.

STEVEN (O.S.)  
Goddamn it, Rose. How's she gonna  
look on the shoot, now?

ROSE (O.S.)  
Are you defending her?

Michael readies the shotgun. Pushes the door open with it.

BEDROOM

Floodlights scattered around. A video camera and tripod aimed at a double bed.

A pudgy, bald man in loose-fitting clothes, STEVEN (43), and a buxom black woman in lingerie, ROSE (41), surround Trisha.

Trisha wears skimpy lingerie. Her makeup obscured by tears. She spots Michael. Steven and Rose don't.

STEVEN  
Look at her. You're gonna have to  
do her makeup all over again!

ROSE  
Shut up about the Goddamn makeup,  
Steven. No one cares.

Rose grabs Trisha hard by the cheeks.

ROSE  
Suck it up, Trisha. Do you  
understand me?

MICHAEL  
Get your fuckin' hands off her.

They turn to see Michael. Rose gasps in surprise. Michael's unsure whether to be disgusted or furious. He picks both.

Grabs Steven with his free hand. Slams him against the wall. Punches him in the face. Blood spurts out. Steven grunts.

TRISHA

Don't.

Michael ignores her pleas. Lays the shotgun where only he can get it. Punches Steven twice more.

TRISHA

Please! Don't hurt him!

Michael slams Steven's head through the window. Grabs the shotgun. Puts it under Steven's chin.

TRISHA

(Top of her lungs)

STOP!

Michael listens. Looks to Trisha. Tears stream down her face.

TRISHA

Don't kill him. Please.

Michael acquiesces to Trisha's plea. Lets Steven go. He falls to the ground.

TRISHA

(To Michael)

Get out.

MICHAEL

Only if you come with me.

ROSE

She's not going anywhere with you,  
you son of a bitch.

TRISHA

Mom, shut up.

(To Michael)

All right. I'll go.

MICHAEL

I'll wait in the next room. You two  
take off. Come back in an hour. Not  
a minute before.

ROSE

But you can't--

MICHAEL

Get out!

Rose leaves. Steven gets to his feet. Follows her.

MICHAEL  
You all right?

TRISHA  
I'll be fine.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Michael waits patiently at a dinner table. Trisha comes out in jeans and an old T-shirt. Michael greets her by standing.

MICHAEL  
Ready?

TRISHA  
Where are we going?

MICHAEL  
We've gotta get out of the city by midnight. But, I have to do one quick thing first.

TRISHA  
It's always something.

Michael lowers his head. Disappointed in himself.

EXT. THE PASADENA HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

They stop by a red 2013 Aston Martin DBS. He checks the key.

TRISHA  
Is this your car?

MICHAEL  
Apparently.

TRISHA  
Badass.

INT. ASTON MARTIN - DUSK

He drives past the factory district which borders the harbor.

TRISHA  
I never did say thanks.

MICHAEL  
You don't have to. I know what it's like to feel there's no way out.

Trisha looks at her suicide scars.

TRISHA  
I was just tired of being afraid.

MICHAEL  
I can't count how many nights I sat  
in the dark with a gun in my mouth.

TRISHA  
Suicide's a mortal sin, you know.

MICHAEL  
So's murder. Looks like I'm fucked  
either way.

TRISHA  
(Awkward silence)  
Is your family dead?

Michael stops the car. Looks out the window. A cargo ship  
waits at the docks.

MICHAEL  
We're here.

TRISHA  
Where's "here"?

EXT. PIER 57

They step out to a cargo freighter, the "MV WHITE ROSE",  
docked in its final resting place.

TRISHA  
What, we're gonna sail outta here  
on a boat?

MICHAEL  
Not exactly. Come on.

EXT. MV WHITE ROSE - DECK

They're greeted by a group of CITIZENS. John Q waits at the  
head of them.

JOHN Q  
I had a feeling you'd come,  
Michael. Sooner or later.

MICHAEL  
Mind if I call you Jackie?

JOHN Q  
 Interesting. Not at all. Good evening, Miss.

Trisha is not happy to be here.

TRISHA  
 If you trust these weirdos, you're a moron. These guys are no better than Drake's thugs.

JOHN Q  
 (Chuckles)  
 You're very astute. We're all villains in someone's eyes. So, I won't hold that against you.

Trisha gives Michael a "can we go?" look.

JOHN Q  
 Come inside. I think it's time we had ourselves a little chat.

INT. MV WHITE ROSE - CARGO HOLD - MOMENTS LATER

Michael and Trisha stand, intimidated by the sheer number of CITIZENS within the hold.

JOHN Q  
 Do you know why we're doing this?

MICHAEL  
 To be honest, I don't even know what it is you're doing. Word on the street is that you're looking to take Drake down.

JOHN Q  
 That's not the half of it. I was a Delta. High priority assignment in 2006. Take out a terrorist safe house in Uruzgan, Afghanistan.

INT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Four DELTA SOLDIERS sit in silence. One of them, GARRETT EISENDRATH (27), African-American, carries a content smile.

The man opposite him, JOAQUIN "JACKIE" BARRÓN (27), Hispanic, serious demeanor, gives him a nod of approval.

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
Anyway, it went off without a  
hitch. But there was a problem.

Alarms sound as the helicopter shimmies. The soldiers rock  
back and forth as the helicopter sways.

PILOT (O.S.)  
We have a full systems failure!  
We're going in! Brace for impact!

EXT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER

The helicopter spins out of control. Crashes in the desert.

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
One problem led to another. The  
mission was only a success if no  
one discovered it.

Jackie crawls out of the wreckage. Dazed. Stunned.

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
It was a black op?

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
Call it whatever you want.

Jackie drags Garrett out of the wreckage.

JACKIE  
Anyone else alive?

GARRETT  
Negative, Staff Sergeant.

JACKIE  
Grab the gear. They could be on us  
any second.

Garrett and Jackie grab their gear. Escape into the darkness.

BACK TO SCENE

John Q rubs his mask.

JOHN Q  
After eleven days, we made it into  
India. They helped us fly into  
Germany which we used to get back  
into the States.

MICHAEL

No offense, but I didn't hear anything resembling a point.

JOHN Q

The point is, we were dead. Officially and unofficially. So, we decided to hide in plain sight.

MICHAEL

Your idea of hiding in plain sight is to play Moses to the people who hate Drake?

JOHN Q

That's what you think of us? Look around, Michael.

Every Citizen removes their mask. Normal men and women.

JOHN Q

You think our moniker was just something we made up to sound intimidating? Michael, we are the citizens of Andretta.

Michael looks over them. Recognizes some from the casino, some from the streets. In the back, he sees Douglas.

JOHN Q

I only knew two things: taking orders and killing. So, I took a job as a leg-breaker for a new hotshot in town. Maybe you've heard of him. Goes by "Drake".

MICHAEL

What'd you do to fall out of his good graces?

JOHN Q

Webs and I tried stealing a couple million from him.

MICHAEL

I don't get it. If the guy's so rich, why's he care about a couple disloyal employees who ran off with pocket change?

JOHN Q

It's the principle. So, he made examples of us.

INT. CRIMSON DRAGON CASINO - ROOM 3517 - DAY (FLASHBACK)

John Q's shackled to the dentist's chair. Drake sits over him with the blowtorch. Sears the mask to his face as he screams.

BACK TO SCENE

JOHN Q

After that, I was blackballed in the city. Drake was God and if someone hired me, it was like they were going against God.

MICHAEL

Then, he locked Webs up in prison?

JOHN Q

(Surprised)  
That's right.

MICHAEL

Tonight, we're gonna break Kelly Webster out of prison.

John Q nods in approval.

MICHAEL

If I leave her here, will she be safe? Can I count on you?

JOHN Q

Michael, most of these people are parents. They'd never harm a child.

MICHAEL

(To Trisha)  
Listen, I need you to stay here for a couple hours while I deal with something. Can you do that?

TRISHA

Whatever. As long as you come back.

MICHAEL

I can't make that promise.  
(To John Q)  
If I die, you give me your word that you have someone get her out of this city before midnight.

JOHN Q

You got it.

MICHAEL  
I'm holding you to it.  
(Checks his watch)  
We gotta get going.

JOHN Q  
Where?

MICHAEL  
We're gonna pay a little visit to  
Carlos Devlin.

INT. ASTON MARTIN - NIGHT

They proceed through the near-deserted city streets. Michael looks to John Q who loads a pistol.

MICHAEL  
Can I ask you something?

JOHN Q  
Shoot.

MICHAEL  
What the hell were you thinking,  
having your guys shoot up Drake's  
casino like that last night?

The mere mention of that piques John Q's interest.

JOHN Q  
They weren't there to shoot it up.  
They were there to get you.

Michael brings the car to an abrupt halt.

MICHAEL  
What?

JOHN Q  
Whether you know it or not, you're  
a hero. A vigilante who doesn't  
need to kill. Needless to say, when  
we found out you were coming--

MICHAEL  
You wanted me to join your little  
crusade against Drake?

JOHN Q  
Which you did. Indirectly.

EXT. FACTORY DISTRICT - NIGHT

The Aston Martin cruises at a snail's pace down a dirt path. A military-style structure awaits them. They stop.

INT. ASTON MARTIN

Michael looks to John Q. Waits patiently.

JOHN Q

We're walkin' from here. You can't get closer without being shot at.

MICHAEL

How many guys are we looking at?

JOHN Q

When you see all the laser sights, just remember that every bad guy was once good. They won't shoot you unless you provoke them.

John Q gets out with his hands raised. Michael follows.

EXT. PRIVATE MILITARY CONTRACTOR

They approach the military structure.

JOHN Q

Whatever they say, do it.

Dozens of red dot sights appear on their chests. They stop at the front gate. Three men file out of the far building.

Two SOLDIERS (late 20s and early 40s) follow behind EDDIE TENOR (40), flattop, confident swagger.

The Soldiers draw assault rifles on them. Tenor stares them down. Recognizes John Q.

TENOR

(Russian; subtitles)  
Stand down.

The Soldiers lower their rifles. Stand at attention.

TENOR

You're not welcome here.

JOHN Q

We've got an interesting proposition for Mr. Devlin.

TENOR

Anything you have to say to him  
will go through me. Or, you can be  
on your way.

MICHAEL

Sir, we have information for him  
regarding Drake. Something he will  
want to hear.

Tenor briefly ponders that. Hands each of them a hood.

TENOR

Put 'em on.

INT. DEVLIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tenor lifts their hoods off. They take in the surroundings.

A man in a white dress shirt and black slacks, CARLOS DEVLIN  
(47), stares at a holographic image of the skyline.

Michael and John Q sit in leather chairs. The office is more  
luxury than military.

DEVLIN

What is your proposition?

Michael glances at John Q.

MICHAEL

Long story short, sir, we're going  
to break Drake's accountant out of  
Silver Shore. We'd like your help.

Devlin presses a button on the wall. The hologram of the city  
disappears. Turns back into a regular white wall.

DEVLIN

I like the status quo, thank you.

MICHAEL

I realize that, but--

DEVLIN

What you don't seem to realize is  
that I could get in there and get  
him out anytime I please.

JOHN Q

Why haven't you?

DEVLIN

A fool and his money are soon parted. One day, someone will kill him and his men--and bookkeeper--will become mine.

Devlin pulls out a silver cigarette case. Offers one to them.

JOHN Q/MICHAEL

Sure. Thank you./No, thanks.

DEVLIN

I'm trying to quit, myself. Terrible habit.

JOHN Q

(Lights cigarette)

So, you're just gonna wait him out and hope someone kills him?

DEVLIN

I'm very patient. You see, I'm protected by 214 soldiers with an artillery larger than 73 percent of the nations on this planet.

MICHAEL

Mr. Devlin, you've heard about the evacuation of this city, right?

DEVLIN

Of course.

MICHAEL

At midnight tonight, Drake will no longer be a U.S. citizen. Neither will his accountant. His accounts will be permanently frozen.

Devlin folds his hands together. Didn't consider that.

DEVLIN

Consider my interest piqued.

MICHAEL

Before we talk specifics, I would like one million dollars in hundred dollar denominations up front and I need access to your weapons cache.

DEVLIN

You want my firstborn while you're at it?

MICHAEL  
Tick tock, Carlos.

Devlin checks his Rolex. 7:04PM. He presses "Intercom" on his office phone.

DEVLIN  
Mr. Tenor, give these gentlemen  
access to the armory.

INT. DEVLIN'S ARMORY - NIGHT

Tenor leads Michael and John Q through rows of guns and heavy artillery. They're amazed by the sheer amount of weapons.

TENOR  
So, what're you guys looking for?

MICHAEL  
Assault rifles and extra clips.  
Silencers, suppressors. Quality  
Kevlar and a boat.

TENOR  
I'll get you the rest. Forget the  
boat. Drake's guys monitor the  
water with sonar.

JOHN Q  
What about the air?

Michael looks to John Q, inquisitively.

TENOR  
Mr. Devlin has helicopters  
patrolling the grounds at all times  
to be sure they don't attempt to  
move the bookkeeper.

MICHAEL  
Then, I need a helicopter.

MOMENTS LATER

They come upon a cage with a full-body armored suit.

TENOR  
This is state-of-the-art. Weaved  
from chemically-engineered spider  
silk. It'll slow down a fifty-cal.

MICHAEL  
So, what, I'm invincible?

TENOR  
I said, it'd slow it down. Pros:  
the stuff's light. Only thing it  
doesn't cover is head, neck, hands  
and feet. Cons: we only have one.  
Anybody going on this mission with  
you is going without.

MICHAEL  
That's fine 'cause I'm going alone.

MOMENTS LATER

They come upon a Bell 206B-3 helicopter which Michael scans.

MICHAEL  
This'll work.

Michael looks past the helicopter at a tarped vehicle in the  
far back of the room.

MICHAEL  
What's that?

TENOR  
Gotta be a little more specific.

Michael walks around the helicopter with the others in tow.  
Lifts the tarp off: an MQ-9 Reaper drone.

TENOR  
This is my baby. Complete with two  
air-to-surface Hellfire missiles.

MICHAEL  
Yeah, I can make this work.

TENOR  
No. You can't.

Tenor covers the tarp over the drone.

MICHAEL  
Maybe you didn't hear what your  
boss said.

TENOR  
I heard what he said. But, the  
drone belongs to me. Anything else  
in this warehouse is yours.

Michael walks away. Leaves John Q and Tenor.

INT. DEVLIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Devlin lights a cigarette. Tenor stands guard behind them.

DEVLIN  
Are you prepared?

MICHAEL  
For the most part.

Michael looks to Tenor. Devlin knows.

DEVLIN  
Edward, you wouldn't let him play  
with your little toy, would you?

Tenor hints a sly grin.

DEVLIN  
Is it a necessity?

MICHAEL  
It would probably be easier without  
it, but no. It's not.

DEVLIN  
Try and make do without it, yeah?

Michael stands. Shakes Devlin's hand.

DEVLIN  
Time for you to be on your way?

MICHAEL  
Yep. I just need a little help. I  
want Edward and Jackie to come with  
me. And, I need a pilot.

DEVLIN  
Consider it done.

EXT. PRIVATE MILITARY CONTRACTOR - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The helicopter idles. The group makes their way to it. They  
try to hear each other over the propeller's whir.

MICHAEL  
How long's it take to get there?!

TENOR

Few minutes! Five or ten!

MICHAEL

Let's get going!

They hop inside. Tenor in front. John Q and Michael in back. It lifts off. Heads out over the city.

INT. DEVLIN'S HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone wears a HEADSET.

TENOR

Look, you're not gonna have a lotta time to fuck around. You get one clean jump then we're gone.

JOHN Q

Make it count. There's a grassy area by the prison yard. That's your best chance.

MICHAEL

Any's better than none, I suppose.

EXT. SILVER SHORE PRISON - MOMENTS LATER

Three helicopters with spotlights encircle the prison. Devlin's helicopter approaches on the horizon.

INT. DEVLIN'S HELICOPTER

Michael does deep breathing exercises to calm himself. John Q pats him on the shoulder.

JOHN Q

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord--

MICHAEL

Don't bother, man. If I die, so be it. Things could be worse.

Michael steps out onto the skid. Deep exhale. John Q crosses himself for Michael's sake. Readies a pair of bolt cutters.

TENOR

We're almost there!

Michael takes off the headset. Tosses it in the seat.

JOHN Q  
 ...Pray for us sinners, now and at  
 the hour of our death.

The helicopter hovers over the prison yard.

TENOR  
 Go!

MICHAEL  
 Amen.

EXT. SILVER SHORE PRISON - YARD

Michael swan dives towards the ground. The bungee cord catches. His descent slows. Drops the bag of guns.

Twenty feet away. Fifteen. Ten. John Q looks out from the helicopter. Cuts the cord. Michael falls to the ground.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. RETAIL STORE - SECURITY ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

MICHAEL (34) sits at a console of TV monitors. His partner, GARY (43), burly, does paperwork at a desk.

MICHAEL  
 Well?

Gary looks up from his work like the cat that ate the canary.

GARY  
 No, no way. I'm not spillin' it.  
 Marisa'd kill my ass.

MICHAEL  
 Just tell me. I hate surprises.

GARY  
 All right. Cassie's planning a  
 surprise party for you tonight.

MICHAEL  
 That's it? Doesn't sound like her.

GARY  
 Well, there's more. But, you didn't  
 hear this from me.

MICHAEL

No clue what you're talking about.

GARY

She flew your sister in to see you.

MICHAEL

That sounds like Cassie. Good man, Gary. Thanks.

GARY

Pretend to be surprised, okay?

MICHAEL

You know me.

GARY

Happy birthday, man.

Gary gives Michael a present. Michael eyes the box. Tears the wrapping paper off. Opens the gift. A Bicycle deck of cards.

GARY

Figured we could break 'em in tonight after the party.

MICHAEL

Definitely. Thanks, man.

Michael's cell phone rings. He answers it.

MICHAEL

Hello?... This is him... What?...

Michael's face goes dead. Runs out. Gary turns sharply.

GARY

Michael!

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

His Taurus screeches to a halt behind a sawhorse barricade.

Michael gets out. Makes his way past a bunch of ONLOOKERS. Gets to two POLICE OFFICERS who hold him back.

POLICE OFFICER 1

You can't go past.

MICHAEL

They're my--IT'S MY FUCKING FAMILY!

POLICE OFFICER 2  
(To Police Officer 1)  
Let him go.

Michael gets past them. Runs to the house. PARAMEDICS wheel out two stretchers. He breaks down at the sight of them.

BACK TO SCENE

Blurry static emanates from the bag. Michael wheezes from the fall. Unzips it. Puts on the radio headset.

MICHAEL  
(Dazed, weak)  
What?

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
Good. You're all right.

MICHAEL  
I guess that's a perspective thing.

Michael looks up as Devlin's helicopter flies away.

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
Good luck, boss.

Michael struggles to his feet. Cocks a silenced .45. Pushes open a fence gate. Looks for Drake's guys. Sees none.

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
Uh, Michael, you got a problem.

MICHAEL  
Don't tell me that.

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
Drake's got a standing shoot-to-kill order on the accountant if anybody approaches him.

MICHAEL  
Why the fuck am I only hearing about this now?

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
Devlin apparently didn't find it necessary to mention it.

MICHAEL  
Which, now it is?

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
I'm really sorry, boss. Tenor just informed me.

MICHAEL  
As long as Devlin's still got all the codes, fine. I'll deal with his fucking ass later.

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
It may be a good idea to make a verbal code. A fail-safe.

MICHAEL  
No point. Without the accountant, this mission's over.

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
I'm not leaving you out there to die. I can give you an edge.

MICHAEL  
All right. Code's "Cassie".

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
You got it. Good luck.

Michael comes to a door leading out of the yard.

MICHAEL  
Code.

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
8-1-8-6-0.

A BLOCK

Michael tiptoes in. Gun drawn. Hides against a concrete wall.

Two rows of cells with two guards; one WHITE (mid 30s) and one BLACK (late 20s) parallel each other. Both heavily armed.

BLACK GUARD  
Six hours to New Year's. Got your resolution yet?

Michael sticks his head around the corner. A Citizen, ISAAC VELIIS (mid 30s), emaciated, rests in the closest cell.

He puts one finger to his mouth. Isaac nods.

WHITE GUARD

Yeah. Get outta this shit-hole. Get Drake to hook me up with one of those cushy jobs in the casino.

Michael aims his gun at White Guard. Hand shakes. Much as he'd like to, he can't pull the trigger.

BLACK GUARD

Not you. Me. You're just a scrub.

WHITE GUARD

Whatever, fuckhead. I been here longer than you.

Michael offers the gun to Isaac.

MICHAEL

(Whispers to Isaac)

Get them to come to your cell.

BLACK GUARD

I wonder why.

Isaac tries to take the gun. Michael doesn't let go. Pleads to Isaac with his eyes. Believes he can trust Isaac.

WHITE GUARD

Blow me.

Isaac takes the gun. Lays down on his cot. Michael hides against the wall.

ISAAC

Hey! I need help!

Both Guards look to Isaac. Make their way to his cell.

WHITE GUARD

Fuck's his problem?

BLACK GUARD

What do you want?

ISAAC

I know how you can get promoted.

BLACK GUARD

How's that?

Michael whistles. Their eyes dart in his direction. Isaac kills each with a single shot to the head.

ISAAC  
(Smiles)  
By joining us.

Michael rounds the corner. Finds Isaac aiming the gun at him.  
Returns the gun to Michael.

MICHAEL  
I need the code to cell 228 in  
Block A.

ISAAC  
Thank you.

MICHAEL  
Don't thank me yet. Who are you?

ISAAC  
You don't know? What're you  
breakin' me out for?

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
Code's 6-0-1-4-1.

MICHAEL  
I'm not here for you.

Michael types it in on a keypad next to the cell. The cell  
pops open. Isaac hurries out.

ISAAC  
All the same, name's Isaac Veliis.

MICHAEL  
Help me out with these guys.

Each drags a Guard into the cell.

ISAAC  
Who sent you?

MICHAEL  
John Q. Look. I need your help. I  
need to find Kelly Webster.

ISAAC  
They keep him in his own block.  
Huge prize. Come on.

MICHAEL  
Take the gun and his clothes.

Isaac puts on White Guard's shirt and pants. Takes his  
assault rifle. They walk out. Close the cell.

ISAAC  
What's your name, friend?

MICHAEL  
Michael McGinnis.

ISAAC  
Why's that sound so familiar?

They proceed across the catwalk, guns ready.

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
Michael, we've got you on  
surveillance now. Three guards in  
the next room. Code's 3-5-7-0-4.

Michael types into the keypad. The door unlocks.

MICHAEL  
Act natural. These are friends.

FOYER

THREE GUARDS huddle around a game of blackjack. Michael and Isaac nod as they pass. They glance up from their game.

GUARD 1  
(To Michael)  
Whoever fixed your face, go back  
and get a refund.

Guard 2 laughs.

MICHAEL  
Well, you should see the other guy.

GUARD 1  
Don't I know it.

Michael and Isaac stop at another door.

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
5-5-5-9-2.

Michael punches in the code.

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
Michael, Webs' cell is on the other  
side of the next room. There's ten  
guards between you and him.

GUARD HQ

Michael and Isaac find six GOONS. They turn their attention to Michael and Isaac. They continue towards the far door.

SID (late 30s), heavysset but muscular, blocks their path. Michael clears his throat. Sid doesn't flinch.

Michael's eyes shift to the armory next to the door; dozens of assault rifles and grenades.

MICHAEL

There a problem?

SID

Not 'less you're gonna cause one, rook. No one gets past this door without authorization.

MICHAEL

Yeah, well, Drake authorized me.

SID

Drake doesn't authorize you. I do. So, why don't you move along, huh?

MICHAEL

No way. We're both getting past this door. You don't like it, take it up with Drake.

The other Goons encircle Michael and Isaac.

GOON 1

What's goin' on over here, Sid?

SID

Not sure. Seems someone thinks he's above the chain of command.

ISAAC

Look, guys, it's no big deal. We'll just call Drake up and you can hear it for yourselves.

SID

Sure. Let's do that.

Michael glares at Isaac. Sid picks up a phone. Quick dials.

SID

Gwen, it's Sid over in Security. I need Drake.... Yeah, I can wait.

MICHAEL  
Gwen? I swore her name was Cassie.

SID  
That's 'cause you're an ignorant  
moron who's about to be in a world  
of shit.

MICHAEL  
Certainly appears so.

The loud blare of a SECURITY ALARM. The Goons look around.  
One of them checks the monitors. All the cell doors open.

GOON 2  
They're all opening!

Isaac opens fire on the Goons before they can react. They all  
die. Michael rushes to the door.

MICHAEL  
Code!

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
1-7-4-8-3.

MICHAEL  
(To Isaac)  
Hold this fucking door!

Michael snatches a flashbang grenade from the armory.

B BLOCK

Michael finds four GUARDS fully alert outside one cell.  
Tosses the flashbang in.

They're stunned from the grenade. Michael rushes them. Beats  
each of them unconscious, one at a time.

A tall, bald man, KELLY WEBSTER (43), athletic, sunglasses,  
lounges on his cot in the only occupied cell.

MICHAEL  
Are you Webs?

Webster eases off the cot. Saunters to the cage. Sticks his  
hands through the bars. Michael sees Webster's mangled hands.

WEBSTER  
Who wants to know?

Machine gun fire O.S.

MICHAEL  
You're coming with me.

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
3-7-2-5-3.

WEBSTER  
I got a choice?

Michael inputs the code.

MICHAEL  
No. Can you hold a gun?

WEBSTER  
Holding's no problem but firing's a bit tricky.

MICHAEL  
Do your best.

WEBSTER  
Whatever you say, chief.

ISAAC (O.S.)  
Hurry up!

Michael hands him his silenced pistol. Another group of GUARDS rushes up the stairs on the far side of B Block.

MICHAEL  
Go!

Webster sprints to the Guard HQ. Michael unloads a fury of bullets in the Guards' direction. Retreats to the --

GUARD HQ

-- where he slams the door. Shoots the keypad. Turns to see a new pile of dead GUARDS.

MICHAEL  
Not too rusty, I guess.

ISAAC  
It all comes back to you.

MICHAEL  
Stock up.

Michael takes an assault rifle with a grenade launcher attachment. Loads a grenade. Isaac takes a combat shotgun.

MICHAEL

Let's move out. Jackie, you got me?

JOHN Q (V.O.)

I got you. Five Tangos closing in.

Michael leads them to the doorway. Takes the left side. Isaac takes the right.

MICHAEL/ISAAC

Clear./Clear.

FOYER

Michael leads. Isaac brings up the rear.

MICHAEL

Jackie, is the boat here?

JOHN Q (V.O.)

Few minutes out.

MICHAEL

What the fuck is a few? Is it here?

JOHN Q (V.O.)

It'll be there when you get there!

The door bursts open. Five GUARDS break in. Fire on anything that moves. The group crouches by the wall.

Michael takes a round in the chest. Drops to the ground.

ISAAC

Michael!

Michael sits up. Returns fire.

MICHAEL

I'm good!

Isaac kills the Guards. Michael gets to his feet. Webster can't believe Michael took that bullet.

WEBSTER

You're a tough son of a bitch.

MICHAEL

(Taps his armor)

I had some help. Come on.

JOHN Q (V.O.)

Michael, you copy?

MICHAEL

Go ahead.

JOHN Q (V.O.)

It's gettin' crowded in there so I need you to check your fire.

MICHAEL

What for?

JOHN Q (V.O.)

Not every guy with a gun is Drake's. When I opened the cells, everyone was released.

MICHAEL

More Citizens? Friendlies?

JOHN Q (V.O.)

Everyone locked up was a Friendly. Check your targets.

EXT. YARD - MOMENTS LATER

The group rushes outside to a firefight between Drake's GUARDS and a group of CITIZENS.

MICHAEL

Come on!

Michael and Isaac take hip shots at the Guards while keeping Webster covered. They make it to the water's edge. No boat.

MICHAEL

Goddamn it! Jackie, where's the fucking boat?!

JOHN Q (V.O.)

It's on its way.

MICHAEL

Get it here now!

(To Webster)

Take cover behind the rocks!

Webster does as he's told. Michael and Isaac engage in the gun battle. Webster looks out to the water.

A Cape Islander approaches. Webster pops up.

WEBSTER

Hey! The boat!

Michael turns. Sees Webster exposed.

MICHAEL  
 Webs, get down! And, get on it when  
 it docks!

Michael looks for Isaac. Spots him crouched behind a wall.

MICHAEL  
 Isaac, thirty seconds!

Just then, a SNIPER in the GUARD TOWER fires a shot which catches Isaac right in the temple.

MICHAEL  
 Isaac!

Michael rushes to him, but he's already dead. Turns back to the boat which pulls up.

Webster rushes to the boat. Michael fires the rifle grenade at the Guard Tower. The Sniper dives out as it explodes.

The last handful of surviving Citizens make a mad dash for the boat. Michael pops off rounds at the army of Guards.

Takes a bullet in the neck. Drops straight to the ground.

CAPE ISLANDER

Webster watches Michael. All but one of them take off their masks. GENTRY (40s), diminutive, yells to the driver, Gavin.

GENTRY  
 Get the hell outta here!

WEBSTER  
 Don't you dare! We're not leavin'  
 him behind!

GAVIN  
 You're the objective. We're going.

Webster hops off the boat. Makes a beeline for Michael. Hauls him back to the boat. Throws him in.

CAPE ISLANDER

WEBSTER  
 Go!

The Guards open fire on the boat as it speeds away.

MOMENTS LATER

Webster, Gentry and a MASKED CITIZEN kneel at Michael's side.

WEBSTER

You got a first aid kit here?

GAVIN

Gentry, get the kit.

Gentry searches. Finds it. Rushes it to Webster who rips it open. Pulls out gauze. Smothers the wound.

WEBSTER

I don't know if it hit an artery.  
It won't stop bleeding.

MASKED CITIZEN

You wanna save your friend?

WEBSTER

I'm not lettin' him die.

MASKED CITIZEN

Then, take off his belt. Fold it in  
half and put it in his mouth.

(To Gentry)

Get me pliers.

Webster slowly takes off Michael's belt. Places it in Michael's mouth as instructed.

Gentry tosses a pair of pliers to Masked Citizen who ejects the clip from his gun.

MASKED CITIZEN

Lift him up at a forty-five degree  
angle and hold him steady.

Webster does what he's told.

MICHAEL

(Weak, muffled)

I know... that voice.

Michael tries to reach his mask. Masked Citizen takes it off.  
Alias is his caretaker.

Alias takes the bullet apart. Pours gunpowder on the entry and exit wounds.

ALIAS

Gimme some lighters. We gotta do  
this together.

Gentry brings one lighter to Alias and one to Webster.

GENTRY

All right. Light the powder on the  
count of three. One. Two. Three.

They light the gunpowder together. Michael screams in pain.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. MV WHITE ROSE - CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

Michael stirs awake in a small bunk bed. Sees Trisha at his  
side, holding his hand.

TRISHA

Hey. You had me so worried. I  
didn't think you were gonna live.

MICHAEL

Happy to disappoint you. 'Least I  
know I'm not in hell. You wouldn't  
be there waiting for me.

Michael swings his legs over the side of the bed. Sits up.

TRISHA

Are you okay?

MICHAEL

I'll be fine. What time is it?

TRISHA

About 10:45.

MICHAEL

All right. Come on, kid, we gotta  
get going.

Michael struggles to stand. Trisha leads him out.

CARGO HOLD - MOMENTS LATER

They make their way in to greet the others. John Q steps  
forward. Shakes Michael's hand.

JOHN Q

You guys off?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

JOHN Q

It was an honor.

MICHAEL

Don't lie to make me feel better.

John Q holds his hand out for Trisha to shake. She doesn't.

JOHN Q

(To Trisha)

Never let someone take care of you.  
Be your own protector.

John Q offers Trisha a .38 special. She's hesitant to take it at first but does.

JOHN Q

See you on the other side, Michael.  
By the way, Peter wanted to talk to  
you before you took off.

Michael and Trisha turn to see Alias waiting for them.

MICHAEL

Do me a favor, kid. Can you wait in  
the car for a minute?

TRISHA

Sure.

EXT. MV WHITE ROSE - DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Michael and Alias stand together.

MICHAEL

Your name really Peter?

ALIAS

It was my father's name.

MICHAEL

Didn't figure you for a Citizen.

Alias nods, shrugs. Has nothing to say.

ALIAS

If you're leaving, lemme give you  
some cover. No doubt Drake's  
gunnin' for you.

MICHAEL  
We'll be all right.

Alias accepts Michael's rationale. Gives Michael his headset.

ALIAS  
Keep it tuned to this channel.

MICHAEL  
Thank you.

ALIAS  
What are federal agents for?

Michael leaves Alias alone on the deck.

EXT. PIER 57 - MOMENTS LATER

The Aston Martin speeds away. In the distance, a red 1969 Mustang Boss 429's headlights pop on. Tails the Aston Martin.

INT. ASTON MARTIN

Michael struggles to focus on the road. Keeps checking the rearview mirror.

TRISHA  
What's wrong?

MICHAEL  
Nothing.

TRISHA  
You never did tell me. Where's your family, Michael?

Michael refuses. Trisha looks away. Decides not to press him.

I/E. ASTON MARTIN

The Mustang SMASHES into the rear of the Aston Martin. It jerks to the side. Michael tries to hang onto the wheel.

MICHAEL  
Get your seatbelt on.

Trisha puts hers on. Michael fires a pistol through the back window. The shots bounce off the Mustang's bulletproof glass.

The driver's hand reaches out the window. Fires a submachine gun at the Aston Martin.

Michael tries to hang onto the car. Takes a sharp right. The Mustang follows close behind.

He can see the Easter Bay Bridge two blocks away. A line of cars juts out from the entrance to the bridge.

The driver fires at the left rear wheel. Blows it out. The Aston Martin loses control. Flips into several parked cars.

The Mustang stops. LANDON RICE (34), feathered blonde hair, dark purple silk shirt and black slacks, steps out.

Landon totes a submachine gun with an expanded clip and several clips sticking out of the front of his pants.

Michael undoes Trisha's seatbelt. Pushes her out through the shattered passenger's side window. Follows her.

EXT. STREET

Landon saunters towards the overturned Aston Martin.

LANDON  
(To himself)  
Four little, five little, six  
little Indians...

Landon unloads half a clip on the Aston Martin.

Michael tries to stir Trisha awake. Can't. Lifts her into a fireman's carry. Weaves in and out of parked cars.

Landon hums "Three Little Indians".

A GENTLEMAN (60s) scurries out of his car. Landon kills him. Michael sets Trisha between two parked cars. Slaps her awake.

MICHAEL  
You gotta get outta here.

TRISHA  
What about you?

MICHAEL  
Trisha, I'm not fucking around. You  
need to go!

Trisha gets up. Rushes towards the bridge entrance. Michael turns. Takes out his pistol. Checks the clip.

Four bullets plus the chamber. Landon sees Michael's head sticking out. Takes a couple pot shots. All miss.

EXT. EASTER BAY BRIDGE

Trisha runs along the pathway. Stops. Looks back at Landon who's got position on Michael. Pulls out her .38 special.

EXT. STREET

Michael pops out. Fires two shots at Landon. One catches Landon in the forearm.

Landon fires wildly in Michael's direction. Michael ducks behind the car's hood.

LANDON

Two little Indian boys.

Reaches the front of the car. Fires at the ground. Michael's not there. Michael comes up behind Landon.

Tackles him. They brawl in the street. Landon knocks his gun away. Sits atop his chest. Aims the gun at his cheek.

TRISHA (O.S.)

Drop the gun, fucker!

Landon looks to Trisha who's got her gun trained on Landon's head. She pulls back the hammer.

LANDON

Hmm. Still three little Indians.

Landon chuckles as if he's got the upper hand. Swings the gun towards Trisha. They fire together.

She catches him with a bullet through his cheek. He gets her with half a clip to the chest. They drop.

Landon spits out the bullet with one of his back teeth. Michael watches from the ground as Trisha falls dead.

Michael's sorrow shifts to fury. Landon crawls along the ground. Tries to reach his submachine gun underneath an SUV.

Stomps his foot on Landon's back. Holds him in place. Landon's just out of the gun's reach. Michael picks it up.

Lifts Landon by his shirt collar. Throws him against the trunk of a car. Sticks the submachine gun in his mouth.

MICHAEL

Who sent you?

Landon tries to speak but can't. Michael removes the gun.

MICHAEL  
Who?!

LANDON  
Drake.

Landon cracks up. Michael puts the gun against his forehead.

MICHAEL  
What is so fucking funny?

LANDON  
(Pained)  
I guess... there's only one...  
little Indian left now.

ALIAS (V.O.)  
Michael? Michael, don't do it.

MICHAEL  
Leave me alone.

ALIAS (V.O.)  
You have to let this go. You're not  
a killer.

MICHAEL  
Then, you don't know shit about me.

ALIAS (V.O.)  
I know everything about you.

INT. TENEMENT - APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A man in ratty clothes and stubble, JIMMY LENNOX (27), does a line of cocaine. Just then, the door bursts off its hinges.

Michael rushes in with a revolver. Aims at Jimmy's chest. Jimmy puts his hands up. Completely surprised.

MICHAEL  
Are you Jimmy Lennox?

JIMMY  
I might be. Who the fuck are you?

Michael fires a single bullet into Jimmy's belly. Jimmy groans in pain. Grimaces. Clutches his stomach.

Pistol whips Jimmy. Knocks him onto the ground. Places one foot on his chest.

MICHAEL  
 November 14th, 2009, you broke into  
 a house and killed three people.  
 Yes or no?

Michael puts a pillow in front of the gun. Aims at his head.

JIMMY  
 No...

Michael looks furious at his refusal to admit to it. Briefly  
 considers it may be the wrong guy. Then --

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
 ...There was only two.

Michael fires a shot point blank. Drops the pillow.

MICHAEL  
 (Spits on Jimmy)  
 She was pregnant.

Michael leaves as Jimmy's girlfriend, LESLIE BRYANT (29),  
 African-American, modestly dressed, rushes to his aid.

Leslie kneels at his side. Breaks down in tears.

BACK TO SCENE

ALIAS (V.O.)  
 Michael, he's not dead.

MICHAEL  
 Not yet.

ALIAS (V.O.)  
 Listen. Jimmy Lennox is alive.

MICHAEL  
 That's bullshit. I killed him. I  
 saw him die. He's dead.

ALIAS (V.O.)  
 That bullet put him in a coma.  
 Michael, you can walk away. You've  
 never actually killed anyone.

MICHAEL  
 You'd better be fucking straight  
 with me right now.

ALIAS (V.O.)  
 I wouldn't lie to you.

Michael sighs. Lowers the submachine gun.

LANDON

Knew you didn't have the stones to do it. Just remember, there can't be two little Indians.

Two gunshots ring out. Both hit Landon square in the chest. He falls limp on the trunk.

EXT. ROOFTOP

Smoke pours out from the tip of Alias' sniper rifle. He sets the rifle down. Leans on the edge of the roof.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I don't... Why didn't you just let me kill him?

Alias lights a cigarette.

ALIAS

Couldn't let you destroy yourself.

EXT. STREET

Michael shuffles to Trisha's corpse. Kneels at her side.

ALIAS (V.O.)

Michael, it's my job. It's what I swore an oath to do. But this... this would've destroyed you. Again.

Michael interlocks Trisha's fingers across her stomach. Places his hand atop hers.

MICHAEL

I'm so sorry, Trisha.

Michael mourns her death in silence for several moments.

MICHAEL

How quickly can you get to the Crimson Dragon?

ALIAS (V.O.)

Why?

MICHAEL

'Cause I'm not letting Drake get away with this.

Michael makes a beeline for the Mustang. Picks up the submachine gun along the way.

ALIAS (V.O.)  
Michael, don't...

MICHAEL  
How fast?!

ALIAS (V.O.)  
Whatever you're planning--

MICHAEL  
I need you to tap Jackie into our radio channel. Also, get Webster in the air and I need you to set up on a rooftop near the casino.

ALIAS (V.O.)  
I'll let you know when we're set.

EXT. ROADRUNNER PAWN - NIGHT

The Mustang pulls to a stop on the sidewalk. Michael gets out. Knocks on the door with force. Douglas opens it.

INT. ROADRUNNER PAWN

Douglas expected the last person he'd see to be Michael.

MICHAEL  
That thing I needed. Where is it?

DOUGLAS  
It's back here.

BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Michael's naked from the waist up. Flexes his right arm.

MICHAEL  
I can't wear it over the armor?

DOUGLAS  
(Shakes his head)  
It's one or the other.

MICHAEL  
All right. I'll take it.

Michael puts his shirt and jacket on. Leaves them a mess.  
Offers Douglas his stacks of poker money.

DOUGLAS  
It's on the house.

MICHAEL  
I don't need it anymore.

Michael puts the money in Douglas' hand. Leaves with haste.

DOUGLAS  
God be with you, Michael.

INT. MUSTANG - MOMENTS LATER

Michael speeds through the desolate city streets. Remains  
dead focused on the road.

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
Michael, you read me?

MICHAEL  
Yeah.

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
Slight change of plans. Devlin  
wanted his guys up here to make  
sure we weren't up to anything.

MICHAEL  
They in our channel?

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
That's a negative.

MICHAEL  
Then, watch out. Devlin's gonna  
fuck us over again.

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
Copy that.

MICHAEL  
One other thing. Whoever you've got  
with you, tell them to get the  
drone ready. Somethin' tells me I'm  
not gonna like what I find when I  
get to the casino.

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
You got it. Out.

EXT. CRIMSON DRAGON CASINO - NIGHT

The Mustang screeches to a halt. Michael exits with zero stamina. Shoulders a crowd pleaser.

MICHAEL  
You guys set?

JOHN Q (V.O.)  
Affirmative.

ALIAS (V.O.)  
Take 'im down.

Michael blasts through the glass window with his shotgun.

INT. CRIMSON DRAGON CASINO - LOBBY

Michael shuffles through. Eerily quiet. Lockdown. Comes upon an elevator. Gets in.

ELEVATOR

Michael presses 73. Waits patiently as it rises. It stops at 35. He hits 73 again. Nothing. He steps out.

35TH FLOOR - HALLWAY

A door opens down the hall. 3517. Guinevere steps out. Wields two samurai swords. Michael raises his shotgun.

Guinevere leans one against the wall. Steps away. He doesn't want to fight, let alone play with swords.

Yet, he steps forward. Takes it. Drops the shotgun on the cheap rug. Tosses the platinum scabbard behind him.

Guinevere places hers on the ground. Readies herself. Gives the slightest of nods. Michael returns it.

She sprints ahead. Swings the sword at Michael's neck. He dodges it on pure instinct and zero skill.

Michael dodges one swipe. Two. Three, five, seven. Guinevere finally clips him in the shoulder.

Blood splatters onto a gold door handle. Michael groans in pain. Tries to keep his composure.

He cheats. Front kicks her to the ground. Knows he'll never beat her in such a confined space.

3517

Michael bursts through the door. Finds William Ross' corpse with the mask burnt to his face and a bullet in his skull.

Guinevere follows him in with neurosurgeon precision. Takes aim at Michael's throat. Michael deflects her shot.

She tries to overpower him. Makes progress but Michael drops to the ground. Gets a solid swipe on her outer thigh.

Guinevere drops like a sack of bricks. Michael gets to his feet. Jumps onto the bed to avoid her next attack.

She struggles to her feet as he holds her off easily from the elevated position.

She takes a swipe at his feet as he jumps up to avoid it. On the way down, he tags her across the chest.

Guinevere drops to the ground as he steps off the bed away from her. Still wary.

She rolls onto her back. Alive. Barely. Uses the bed to lean against the bureau.

Michael keeps the sword drawn. Ready for anything. Starts past her for the doorway.

GUINEVERE

You're gonna kill him, aren't you?

MICHAEL

Yes.

Guinevere takes her cross necklace off. Attached is a gold key. An elevator key.

GUINEVERE

You'll need this.

JOHN Q (V.O.)

Boss, you've got a situation.

MICHAEL

What now?

JOHN Q (V.O.)

Helo's approaching. ETA ninety seconds.

Guinevere holds out the necklace for Michael. He's only interested in the key. She wants him to take it all.

Michael takes the necklace. Clutches it.

MICHAEL

John, there's an injured woman in  
3517. Have your guys pick her up.

JOHN Q (V.O.)

Who is it?

Michael looks deep into Guinevere's defeated eyes.

MICHAEL

Drake's wife.

JOHN Q (V.O.)

Fuck it. Let 'er rot.

GUINEVERE

Tell them not to bother. I don't  
want to be rescued.

MICHAEL

Jackie, I'm ordering you.

Michael pauses. Waits for confirmation.

JOHN Q (V.O.)

Affirmative, boss.

Michael heads for the door.

GUINEVERE

Did your wife love you?

Guinevere glances at Michael. He's unsure how to respond.

MICHAEL

I don't know. But, I loved her.

GUINEVERE

Then be at peace.

Guinevere watches as he leaves.

35TH FLOOR - HALLWAY

Michael drops the sword. Picks up the shotgun.

3517

Guinevere pulls a dagger from her leg holster. Lines it up  
with her abdomen. Closes her eyes. Pierces her body with it.

ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Michael sticks the key in the slot. Presses "P".

DRAKE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Michael steps out. The office is devoid of life. The whir of a helicopter directly overhead. Looks up.

Rushes to the glass door behind Drake's desk. Heads to the --

ROOFTOP

-- where he runs up a flight of stairs. Spots Drake and Jim waiting on the helipad.

John's about to land a Huey gunship. Jim spots Michael. Fires his assault rifle.

Michael hides behind an AC unit. A barrage of bullets whiz past his cramped hiding spot.

The gunship swings around to Michael's half of the roof. Fires its main gun.

MICHAEL

Fuck me.

Michael scurries to his feet. Jumps out of cover as the .50 cal blows the AC apart.

MICHAEL

Jackie, tell them to get that  
Goddamn drone in the air, now!

Michael fires two shells at the chopper to no effect.

ALIAS (V.O.)

Way ahead of you. It's making its  
final approach now.

Michael hides alongside a concrete support, out of the gunship's line of sight.

MICHAEL

I don't know how long I can hold  
out here!

Michael peeks out from cover. Fires another shot at the chopper. Clips one of the propellers.

The drone soars above the skyline. Fires one of its missiles.

## HELLFIRE ASM

Cruises less than a quarter-mile off the ground. Straight towards the gunship. Two hundred feet away. One hundred.

It misses. Flies directly into the concrete support. Knocks Michael to the ground.

Michael rolls around. Dazed. Exposed. He crawls along the gravel, back into relative cover.

## EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - ROOFTOP

Overlooks the Crimson Dragon. Alias types anything he can think of into the keyboard.

Nothing seems to work. His eyes are a furious frenzy.

ALIAS

Michael, someone hacked the drone.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Fix it!

## INT. DEVLIN'S HELICOPTER

John Q sits next to Webster who occupies a laptop.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Devlin fucked us!

Tenor turns around in the copilot's seat. Aims a .357 revolver at John Q's chest.

JOHN Q

Yeah, I'm kinda getting that feeling, too.

With lightning quick reflexes, John Q pushes Tenor's arm to the side. Shatters his forearm on a metal crossbar.

Tenor drops the gun. The PILOT (40s) sees Tenor's in trouble. John Q picks up the gun. Aims it at Tenor.

The Pilot turns the helicopter hard left. John Q tries to save himself but falls out.

TENOR

Mother fucker broke my arm.

PILOT  
Quit your bitching. That's why God  
gave you two.

Tenor looks back at Webster.

TENOR  
Don't you try anything stupid like  
your buddy. I'd hate to have to  
toss your ass out, too.  
(To Pilot)  
Fly us back to the States.

PILOT  
What about Devlin? We're not gonna  
deliver him?

TENOR  
This guy's worth over a billion  
dollars. You know what that is,  
split only two ways? A shit-ton  
more than split two-hundred.

A smile creeps across the Pilot's face.

EXT. DEVLIN'S HELICOPTER

John Q dangles from the skid with one hand. The other  
clutches his pistol. Swings one leg over the skid.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - ROOFTOP

Alias drops the drone controls. Positions his sniper rifle.

ALIAS  
Nothing I can do about the drone.

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
Then you better knock this bastard  
outta the sky.

Alias lines up the chopper in his crosshairs. Hesitates.

ALIAS  
I can't take the shot. I don't know  
where it'll crash.

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
Just take it!

## ALIAS

Get the chopper to circle around so  
I can get a shot at the pilot.

## EXT. CRIMSON DRAGON CASINO - ROOFTOP

Michael takes a couple shots at Jim. Each misses. Jim returns fire. The gunship circles to get a better shot at Michael.

He takes another shot with his semi-auto. Hits Jim square in his armor to no effect.

## EXT. DEVLIN'S HELICOPTER

John Q crouches on the skid. Aims the gun at Tenor. Webster spots John Q out of the corner of his eye.

JOHN Q

Psst.

Tenor turns. Catches a bullet in the stomach. The Pilot spins around. John Q climbs back into the helicopter.

The Pilot pulls his gun. John Q presses his against the back of the Pilot's seat.

JOHN Q

Drop it.

The Pilot drops his gun. John Q hands the gun to Webster who trains it on Pilot. Grabs the drone controls.

JOHN Q

Michael, I got the drone.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

About time.

## EXT. CRIMSON DRAGON CASINO - ROOFTOP

Michael takes aim at the helicopter's windshield. Doesn't penetrate the bulletproof glass. The slide pulls back.

Drops the pistol. Takes the assault rifle. Fires wildly in Jim's direction. None connect in a meaningful way.

John fires gunship's main gun. Blasts apart the concrete. Doesn't reach Michael. Swings the gunship around once more.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - ROOFTOP

Alias can't line up a shot. Gets the smallest glimpse of Jim approaching Michael. Holds his fire for a more certain shot.

INT. DEVLIN'S HELICOPTER

John Q takes control of the drone. Glances at Webster.

JOHN Q  
You know how to fly?

Webster shows John Q his mangled hands.

JOHN Q  
You'll do fine.

PILOT  
You won't kill me. Neither of you  
can fly this thing.

JOHN Q  
He can. Now, keep us level.

John Q works the controls like a master. Webster keeps the gun trained on the pilot.

INT. CRIMSON DRAGON CASINO - ROOFTOP

Jim hides on the opposite side of an AC unit from Michael. Literally two feet apart.

Michael looks up. The gunship has him right in its sights. He watches the drone fly straight towards it.

The drone hits the gunship dead-on. Michael and Jim jump to avoid the wild propellers.

The main propeller misses Michael by inches. The chopper slams onto the helipad. Explodes.

Michael and Jim struggle to regain their composure.

Jim, dazed, makes his way to his dead brother's corpse. Lets out a pained, but furious, yell.

Michael shakes the cobwebs out. Jim storms over to him. Lifts him to his feet.

Beats the shit out of Michael. Punches, kicks, knees, anything he can think of.

Michael drops to the ground. Doesn't have the strength to stand. Jim picks him up once more. Looks deep into his eyes.

MICHAEL  
(Weak)  
Go ahead. Do it.

EXT. ROOFTOP

Alias stares through the crosshairs. Can't get a shot at Jim without hitting Michael.

EXT. CRIMSON DRAGON CASINO - ROOFTOP

Michael spits blood at Jim. He punches Michael as hard as he can. Michael falls over the side of the roof.

Jim steps forward. Michael hangs on with one hand. He places his foot on Michael's hand.

A shot rings out. A .50 caliber bullet blows Jim backwards. Michael pulls himself back onto the roof. Completely drained.

ALIAS (V.O.)  
You're on your own, pal.

Michael struggles to his feet. Shuffles over to Drake who comes out of hiding. They meet face to face.

DRAKE  
You feeling okay? You're not looking so good.

MICHAEL  
Yeah. It's been one of those days.

Drake pulls a gold-plated .45 from of his holster. Keeps it at his side.

MICHAEL  
Your wife still loves you.

DRAKE  
You kill her?

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL  
She gave me the key to get up here. You believe that, you piece of shit? She wanted me to kill you.

DRAKE

Well, you can have her. I don't need her anymore.

MICHAEL

You fucked up, Drake.

DRAKE

'Cause I sent a guy to kill you? No. My biggest mistake was not killing you right away. You were always too much of a wild card.

MICHAEL

You gonna draw or what?

Drake whips his gun out. Michael deflects his arm. Knocks the gun away. Punches Drake in the face. Knocks him down.

Michael taps his foot. A sleeve gun slides into his hand.

DRAKE

What're you gonna do? You don't kill people anymore, remember?

Drake stands, fully convinced Michael won't shoot him. Drake backs up closer to the edge as Michael steps with him.

MICHAEL

To be a person, you have to be human first. You don't qualify.

DRAKE

Taking the moral high ground on this one? You, of all people?

MICHAEL

Put your hands out to the side.

Drake does what Michael asks.

DRAKE

Just like Jesus Christ. Gonna make a martyr outta me, Michael?

Michael lines the gun up with Drake's chest then swings the gun to the side. Fires a single shot through Drake's hand.

Drake stumbles backwards. Falls over the edge of the helipad. Hangs on with his good hand. Michael steps on his other hand.

MICHAEL

It wasn't because you tried to kill me. It's because you killed her.

Michael limps away. Leaves Drake hanging from the roof.

EXT. CRIMSON DRAGON CASINO - MOMENTS LATER

Michael exits out the shattered glass. Gets in the Mustang. Speeds away. Just then, Drake falls from the roof. Splatters onto the sidewalk.

INT. DEVLIN'S HELICOPTER

John Q tosses the drone controls on the seat. Pulls Tenor into the back.

JOHN Q  
(To Webster)  
Take the controls.

The Pilot switches to the passenger's seat as Webster climbs into the pilot's seat.

JOHN Q  
Now, I wanna talk to your snipers.  
(To Webster)  
Take us to Pier 57.

EXT. PIER 57 - NIGHT

Michael pulls up in the Mustang. Finds John Q, Webster and the Citizens waiting for him. Takes Webster by the arm.

JOHN Q  
Michael, wait.

Michael turns. Sees John Q with Tenor in tow.

JOHN Q  
I'm going with you. And, we're  
bringing our friend here.

INT. MUSTANG - MOMENTS LATER

Michael glances at Webster who looks worried.

MICHAEL  
Relax. You think I'd go this far to  
get you killed now?

EXT. PRIVATE MILITARY CONTRACTOR - NIGHT

The Mustang pulls up. Michael and Webster step out. Michael leans back in. Grabs the briefcase of money.

They stop in the middle of a clearing. Just then, fifty laser sights appear on Michael's chest.

Devlin walks out. Meets them with two HENCHMEN. The Henchmen train their guns on Michael.

DEVLIN  
Unbelievable, Mr. McGinnis. You've done the impossible.

MICHAEL  
With help.

Devlin checks his pocket watch: 11:53PM.

DEVLIN  
So, what do you intend to do with your million dollars, Mr. McGinnis?

MICHAEL  
I'm gonna give it to the needy.

DEVLIN  
That's nice.

They wait in silence for the other to do something.

DEVLIN  
(To Webster)  
You still remember the codes?

WEBSTER  
Vividly.

MICHAEL  
I do have a minor issue, though.

DEVLIN  
That is?

John Q pulls up in a faded blue 1972 Dodge Charger. Drags Tenor out with him. Tenor struggles with blood loss.

DEVLIN  
What the hell is this?

JOHN Q  
Seems Eddie was going to leave you guys flat and keep the money.

TENOR

That's bullshit, Mr. Devlin. You know I'd do anything for you. You know me.

DEVLIN

I do know you, Edward. And, I know you'd always do for yourself before you'd ever do for me.

TENOR

It's not me, it's them. They were gonna take off with him!

DEVLIN

I understand a fury in your words, but not your words. You see, they're standing here before me.

Devlin pulls out a pistol. Holds it at his side.

TENOR

You know what, Carlos?

DEVLIN

What is it, Edward?

TENOR

You were always full of shit. Too blind to see that everyone around you hates your fucking guts.

Devlin shoots Tenor in the head. Doesn't notice all the laser sights move off Michael.

DEVLIN

I appreciate your honesty.  
(To Michael)  
If you could hand over Mr. Webster, I'd say our business is concluded.

MICHAEL

We're going to get safe passage out of here? I mean, all these guns don't inspire a lot of trust.

DEVLIN

You've got my word as a gentleman.

MICHAEL

And, your word's your bond, right?

DEVLIN

My word is my bond.

MICHAEL

Well, there's a problem.

DEVLIN

What problem?

MICHAEL

Webster's of no value to you anymore, Carlos. You see, I filtered the money through an ATF slush fund. The money's ours.

DEVLIN

You backstabbing son of a bitch. All teams, open fire!

Everyone waits in silence as nothing happens. Michael looks down at his chest.

DEVLIN

(To Henchmen)

Shoot him!

MICHAEL

They're not gonna shoot me.

Devlin turns around. Sees all the laser sights on his chest. Turns back to Michael. Knows he's beat.

DEVLIN

How much did you pay them?

MICHAEL

Your mercs? Nothing. Instead, we offered the opportunity to be led by an actual soldier. Respect buys more than your money ever could.

DEVLIN

(Scoffs)

"Resemble the innocent flower, but be the snake underneath." Are you going to kill me?

MICHAEL

You tried to kill me three times, Carlos. But, you couldn't. Killing you wouldn't seem right. So, I'm gonna make you a deal.

Michael sets the briefcase on the ground.

MICHAEL

I promised you the accountant in return for my bounty. I think I'm gonna hang onto him for a bit. It's only fair you get your money back.

Michael kicks the briefcase to Devlin.

DEVLIN

No deal.

MICHAEL

I'm gonna urge you to reconsider.

Devlin's gun hand shakes. Michael notices.

MICHAEL

You don't want to do that.

Devlin pulls out a pack of cigarettes. Puts one in his mouth.

DEVLIN

I always said these damn things would kill me one day.

Devlin reaches into his jacket. The Henchmen ready their assault rifles.

MICHAEL

(To Henchmen, nervous)  
He's just getting his lighter.

Devlin pulls out a Zippo. Lights the cigarette. Takes a drag.

DEVLIN

A very wise man once said, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." Know who said that?

MICHAEL

I don't know. It sounds like Shakespeare to me.

DEVLIN

From "King Lear". His heart was broken by his ungrateful children that it completely diminished any physical pain. Seems I surrounded myself with thankless children.

Devlin places the gun under his chin. Fires. His lifeless corpse drops to the dirt. Michael stares at Devlin's corpse.

MOMENTS LATER

Michael stands amongst a crowd of over four-hundred; Citizens and Mercenaries alike.

John Q takes his spot at the head of the crowd. Directs their attention to him.

JOHN Q  
Andretta is ours!

Select people from the crowd cheer while others fire their guns in the air. Michael stands stoic.

JOHN Q  
I want you all to meet the hero who made it all possible.

Michael nods to the crowd who celebrates for him.

JOHN Q  
We have lots of work to do. Guys're still loyal to Drake and cops are still on Devlin's payroll.

Michael leaves the crowd.

JOHN Q  
Where ya off to? You're gonna miss the fireworks!

Michael comes back. Whispers into John Q's ear.

MICHAEL  
I've got a funeral to plan.

JOHN Q  
(Whispers)  
I'd like to be there with you if that's all right. We all would.

MICHAEL  
Of course.

John Q holds out his hand. Michael shakes it.

JOHN Q  
Thank you, Michael.

MICHAEL  
Just don't forget where you came from, you hear me?

JOHN Q  
Never. Besides, something tells me  
I don't wanna be on your bad side.

MICHAEL  
And, I'm no hero.

JOHN Q  
(Shrugs)  
Who is?

John Q celebrates with the spectators. Michael departs with a contented smile.

Spots a red dot on the ground in front of him. It moves with his movements. The dot stops when he does.

Michael looks out to the many rooftops. Can't make anything out in the darkness.

EXT. FACTORY ROOFTOP

Alias watches Michael through the sniper rifle scope.

ALIAS  
Bon voyage, Michael.

Alias turns the sight off. Disassembles the rifle.

EXT. PRIVATE MILITARY CONTRACTOR

John Q stares out at the harbor with the crowd of onlookers. Checks his watch: 12:00AM.

EXT. FACTORY ROOFTOP

Alias lights a cigarette. Overlooks the harbor.

EXT. ANDRETTA HARBOR

Four FA-18 Super Hornets fly over. Fire a missile a piece into both the Victor B. Halex Memorial Bridge and the Easter Bay Bridge. They crumble. Fall into the harbor.

EXT. PRIVATE MILITARY CONTRACTOR

Michael smiles as he treks towards the heart of the city.

FADE OUT.