

**HAPPINESS IS A WARM GUN,  
GOD PUT A SMILE ON YOUR FACE**

written by

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**TIGHT SHOT OF MEDEA BY EUGENE FERDINAND VICTOR DELACROIX.**

The painting depicts Medea about to kill her children. The classic Greek myth.

AS WE EASE BACK, we understand where we are.

**EXT. ART MUSEUM -- NIGHT**

The painting of Medea hangs outside the museum's window.

CUT TO BLACK

1 **INT. UNDERGROUND BASEMENT -- NIGHT**

1

Almost like a bomb-shelter. Concrete walls and concrete floors. Uncovered antique Edison light bulbs hang.

This is an underground MMA fight between two women. One black, one white. A varied gathering of men surround the fighters, cheering and howling.

DANNY BAILEY (black, early 30s) is thin and fierce. Lean. Blood seeps through her wrist wraps, staining the gauze and tape. Her face is battered, though not disfigured. Perhaps if the setting were different, we'd see how pretty she is.

The same can't be said about the OTHER FIGHTER, who's bloodied visage and severely broken nose prevents even creative imaginations from guessing what she looks like.

Danny moves without hesitation. Each PUNCH is harder, louder, and more dangerous than the last.

Briefly, Danny's momentum is interrupted. The Other Fighter manages to land a few PUNCHES in here and there. An UPPERCUT to the jaw, and a jab to the stomach.

Danny remains unfazed, dancing around the "ring" -- defined merely by the space the men allow them to have.

The Other Fighter throws a right. Blocked. Another right. Blocked. A leg kick. Blocked. Danny snaps her head with a jab. Then again. Danny DECKS HER with a hard right, sending the Other Fighter to the floor.

Sweat flies into the moist air. Drops of blood spill onto the floor. SHOUTS become deafening. The shock of the crowd is boiling. Danny's arrogance is apparent.

The Other Fighter stands up quickly. Spits blood. Cracks her neck. She throws a headlock on Danny.

Danny breaks free and hits the Other Fighter with a front KICK to the chest. The Other Fighter goes down. She might stay there.

Danny jogs back. Hopping up and down, almost dancing, she grins big. Teeth, red with blood. A sickening, twisted smile. She kneels down and starts pounding the floor. Steady rhythm. The men grunt in time with her.

She pounds faster. They get faster too, staying with her. She POPS back up.

Danny charges toward the Other Fighter. Right PUNCH. Left UPPERCUT. LEFT HOOK. Another UPPERCUT. SHOT at the RIBS. Then a KICK to her leg. She batters her with strikes.

Danny's pace is officially overwhelming. She takes the Other Fighter to the ground. The Other Fighter tries to escape, but once she turns her back, she allows Danny to squeeze her into a rear naked CHOKE.

The Other Fighter tries to pry Danny's hands off of her. Fat chance. The Other Fighter taps out. Danny, reluctant, lets her go.

Danny looks the Other Fighter in the eyes, and spits blood at her face. Not one to be disrespected, the Other Fighter lunges forward and POUNCES on Danny. Danny smiles. The two roll around the floor, trailed by blood stains and sweat.

The men love it.

Danny easily finds the upper-hand. She straddles the Other Fighter and doesn't hold back. Danny takes advantage of the Other Fighter's lack of energy, POUNDING, pounding, pounding her into submission. This is the knockout she wanted.

The men can't get enough.

Danny stands up. She cracks her neck, and looks around the room. She starts laughing. The men ROAR.

2

**INT. SOUTHERN STYLE BAR -- NIGHT**

2

Danny sits at the bar, drinking a glass of water. A couple of band-aids cover the bruises on her face.

An elderly Southern man, thick beard, enters the bar, singing. He needs a cane to assist him as he walks.

BOOKIE  
 (singing)  
*I've done my sentence, but  
 committed no crime! And bad  
 mistakes! I've made a few!*

This is the BOOKIE. He whistles the remainder of this song, playfully.

BOOKIE (CONT'D)  
 Hell of a fight, young lady.

DANNY  
 She tried to tap out. Bitch.

The Bookie laughs.

BOOKIE  
 It's nice to see you back.  
 (motions to the bartender)  
 Gimme two, Mike! You know what I  
 like.

DANNY  
 Oh, just one.

BOOKIE  
 I didn't remember asking if you  
 wanted anything. Keep it two, Mike.

The Bartender chuckles, shaking his head.

BOOKIE (CONT'D)  
 What the hell pulled you out of  
 retirement? Seven years in the  
 wilderness and she returns hungrier  
 than ever.

Danny laughs.

DANNY  
 Not as fast as I used to be.

BOOKIE  
 Everybody gets old. Still, you're a  
 sight for sore eyes.

The Bookie receives his drinks.

BOOKIE (CONT'D)  
 Here's to you. Welcome Back.

The Bookie downs them hard.

The Bookie retrieves an envelope from his coat.

BOOKIE (CONT'D)  
Count's gonna be fifteen.

DANNY  
That's all?

BOOKIE  
Shit. The odds were stacked against you, sweetheart. You're the only bet I took for you. You cleared ten in addition to my appearance fee.

Danny takes the envelope from the Bookie and slides it into her coat pocket. She takes a final sip of water and stands to leave.

BOOKIE (CONT'D)  
Will you grace us with your presence one more time, malady?

DANNY  
(smiling)  
I'll be around.

Danny exits.

BOOKIE  
Mike? Another! C'mon man.

Bartender looks down at his name tag. It's JAKE.

BOOKIE (CONT'D)  
Is that really important to ya?

3 **EXT. GAS STATION -- NIGHT**

3

Danny pulls into the station, behind a tow-truck with a Confederate flag plastered to its rear.

She exits her pickup truck, and slides her card into the card reader.

PUMP display: ERROR. DECLINED.

DANNY  
Shit.

Danny reaches into her coat, digging through the Bookie's envelope for cash. She heads inside to pay at the register.

## 4 INT. HOSPITAL, HALLWAY -- NIGHT 4

Danny dejectedly strolls through the corridor.

POV

Crying mothers, and ailing children. Anxious family members brace for the worst. These glimpses into the lives of the poor are often interrupted by a couple of racing EMTs.

## 5 INT. HOSPITAL, PRIVATE ROOM -- NIGHT 5

Danny's son, TOMMY, sleeps in a hospital bed, hooked up to machines. ANTHONY PORTILLO sits by, clutching a wrapped birthday gift in hand. Portillo's dashing. Hispanic. Late 20s. Just the right amount of five o'clock shadow.

Danny hesitantly enters the room. Anthony rushes his finger to his lips, reminding Danny to: shhh!

Danny carefully slides a chair near Anthony's. She opens her pocketbook and retrieves Christmas wrapping paper, scissors, tape, and a book. A biography of Le Corbusier. The famous architect.

ANTHONY

Really? Christmas paper?

Danny, embarrassed, feigns a smile. She opens the book, and writes inside:

Happy birthday, Tommy! My favorite duuude!

Danny closes the book and quickly wraps it. Afterwards, she gently rests it atop his bedside table. She turns to Anthony.

DANNY

Oh! Before I forget...

Danny reaches into her coat and retrieves the envelope full of cash. She splits it in half and hands it to Anthony.

ANTHONY

You really don't have to. You earned it. It's really--

DANNY

Stop it. Please, just take it. We had a deal. No charity, okay?

Anthony relents. He takes the money, and slides it into his pants' pocket. He puts his arm on Danny's shoulder.

ANTHONY  
Hang in there.

DANNY  
Couple years ago, I couldn't have  
told you what lupus even was.  
(beat)  
Thank you for the gift. I didn't  
expect that.

ANTHONY  
I just hope he likes it.

DANNY  
Oh, he will.

ANTHONY  
He better. It was the last one they  
had. And frankly, I don't  
understand why Spiderman even needs  
a car, but hey, that's just me.

Danny laughs.

INSERT: DANNY'S EYE

magnified up close. Actually, that's incorrect. To be  
precise, we're seeing her eye from Anthony's POV.

The iris appears as a nebula. In a beautiful woman's eyes you  
can always see the interstellar; supernovas and cosmic  
textures. The Milky Way Galaxy compacted into a marvelous  
marble.

6 **EXT. LAKE GASTON -- EARLY MORNING**

6

JONATHAN, a well-dressed black man (early 30s) is steering a  
daysailer boat while Anthony Portillo stands beside him, in  
filthy mechanic overalls.

Above them, the overtures of a scarlet dawn.

ANTHONY  
Pulled me out of bed this early for  
beer? Are you serious?

Jonathan laughs.

JONATHAN  
Not exactly.

ANTHONY  
(shrugging)  
Well, alright if I have another?

Not waiting for approval, Anthony reaches into the cooler nearby and grabs himself another bottle.

Jonathan stops the boat and turns around to face Anthony.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
Never been sailing. It's kinda nice. But, uh, why the hell am I here?

Jonathan reaches into the cooler and retrieves a bottle of vodka. He finds a shot glass and pours himself a drink.

JONATHAN  
Anthony, I'm from the governor's office. Special investigator. Jonathan Kane. You could call me Kane or Jonathan, or Jonathan Kane...doesn't really matter.

ANTHONY  
The governor's office?

JONATHAN  
Mhm. The governor.

ANTHONY  
Why the hell does the governor care about me?

JONATHAN  
He doesn't. The governor cares about his job. He made crime his signature issue. And despite his best intentions, he has no tangible results to point to.

ANTHONY  
Again. Why the hell--

JONATHAN  
I'm getting to that. As you people say, *orale*.

ANTHONY  
(with a smirk)  
You know, that's kind of racist? I would never say that.

Jonathan smiles and takes a sip of his drink.



INSERT CUT: A man exits the back of an armored car carrying a white Porsche briefcase.

JONATHAN

Every week, the country's premier criminal organization delivers a briefcase from Wilmington to Greenville. The infamous, "XY."

INSERT: We see the letters "XY" stitched into the briefcase.

INSERT CUT: The same man enters a hotel room. Another man with a gun is waiting for him.

JONATHAN (V.O.)

But over the past two weeks, this delivery has run into some? Hmm. Obstructions.

INSERT CUT: It's Anthony Portillo who's waiting for him. Anthony COCKS his gun. The man delivers the briefcase to Anthony without protest.

JONATHAN

Anthony, I have a feeling you got mixed up in something that you don't quite understand.

INSERT CUT: Anthony rides a train, clutching the "XY" briefcase as if his life depended on it.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

I'm offering you a way out.

ANTHONY

I'm just a mechanic. I don't know anything about briefcases, or--

JONATHAN

I just want to know a couple of things. After that--

ANTHONY

I really don't think--

JONATHAN

Listen, I don't necessarily need you. At all. I know how to do my job. But you're just a kid. I don't want to see you at the end of something you don't deserve. Your boss, Dario Chavez, is living on borrowed time. He can't help you.

(MORE)

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

If you think he can save you,  
you're wrong.

ANTHONY

(beat)

You know what would happen to me if  
someone saw us talking?

JONATHAN

We're out here, aren't we?

ANTHONY

(beat)

What do you want to know exactly?

JONATHAN

That briefcase, the "xy", it needs  
to be retrieved. More importantly,  
I'd like to hurt Dario where it  
hurts. His chop shop. This is where  
you are more directly related. I  
need to know where it is.

ANTHONY

I can't do any of those things for  
you. You can't protect me.

JONATHAN

Anthony, yes I can.

ANTHONY

No. You can't.

A beat.

JONATHAN

Anthony, what do you want for  
yourself? Where are you in ten  
years?

Anthony smiles.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

No, honestly. I'm being serious.  
Tell me. Do you really have plans  
for yourself? Tell me if I'm  
wasting my time.

Anthony's smile dissipates.

ANTHONY

I'll probably take over my uncle's  
shop? Do some real jobs, ya know?

(MORE)

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
High-end shit. Not just this  
collision bullshit.

JONATHAN  
Alright. That's good. But what good  
are any of those plans if you have  
ten counts against you, facing ten  
or fifteen years?

ANTHONY  
Why not take us all down? And spare  
me the, "I care"-routine because I  
know you don't.

JONATHAN  
I care as long as you can help me.  
That's how this works. For  
Chrissakes, that's how the world  
works. My job is to set a price and  
hold everyone accountable.

ANTHONY  
"And mercy remains the prerogative  
of the strongest. A province beyond  
the law."

Jonathan smiles.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
I can pick up a book from time to  
time.

JONATHAN  
(smiling)  
I know you're a good kid, Anthony.  
That's exactly why I want to help  
you.

ANTHONY  
If I knew philosophy could keep me  
out of jail, I would've finished  
high school.

Jonathan laughs.

JONATHAN  
If I don't hear from you within a  
week, offer's off the table.

Jonathan starts up the boat.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)  
Think about your future. There  
aren't gonna be many chances left.

This lands on Anthony. He chugs his beer, failing to play it off.

The boat begins its return to the docks.

7 **INT. UNDERGROUND BASEMENT - NIGHT**

7

Back inside the arena.

Danny's CHALLENGER is more formidable. The jabs between the two women are deliberate. Strategic strikes. None gaining the upper hand at any moment.

A right jab from Danny leads to a block from the Challenger. A kick from the Challenger precedes a block from Danny. This rhythm persists until the Challenger ends the sparring with a right hook and three hard blows to Danny's stomach.

Danny unleashes a couple of effective leg kicks. A decent punch or two. Still, nothing to combat the ferocity of her Challenger who's moving quicker. She's hungrier.

DANNY'S EYES dart up and down, tracking the CHALLENGER's movements. Her heavy eyelids droop, and her blinks are measured and strained. She's not here.

The Challenger jabs Danny before laying down three crushing blows to the stomach.

Danny goes down.

Unsatisfied, the Challenger pulls Danny up, by her ponytail, like a rag doll.

CHALLENGER  
(muffled by her  
mouthpiece)  
Stand up!

Danny can't.

CHALLENGER (CONT'D)  
Stand up!

Danny tries. No energy for even an orthodox stance.

The spectators disband into two camps, splitting like the Red Sea. The free path allows the Challenger to pick Danny up and SLAM her into the wall. Hard.

The men react the sound of Danny's flesh smacking the wall. Ouch.

The Challenger presses Danny up against the wall and tries to choke her out. Danny's face turns violet. Her eyes suddenly become "awake." A survivor's instinct.

Danny musters up all the strength she has left, and frees herself from the choke before GRABBING her in a SNATCH. Danny throws the Challenger onto her back.

Danny's energy slowly starts to return, but her Challenger is not one to wait and lose momentum. The Challenger POPS back up and charges Danny.

Danny quickly MOVES right, letting her Challenger fall into the wall. The Challenger's knuckles are badly bruised. Red sweat spills onto the unvarnished floors.

Danny jogs back. Energy building.

The Challenger clenches her fists, feeling the pain from her collision. Taking it personally. She charges Danny but Danny ducks a blow. She ducks another one. The Challenger dances back and launches a roundhouse kick but Danny pulls away.

The Challenger pokes her left at Danny, but Danny's out of reach. Danny circles the Challenger, gaining speed. Gaining force.

The Challenger rushes Danny and pounds left and right hooks. WHAM-WHAM-WHAM! Three huge hooks. Danny's resolute. She takes it. The hooks take a toll. Her eyebrows are riddled with cuts and sweat pours beneath the eyelids, clouding her vision.

The Challenger pushes Danny back. Danny takes advantage of the distance. Lunging forward, eager to break the Challenger's rhythm, Danny levels a roundhouse kick to the face.

The Challenger goes down, and looks up. Where did this person come from? And where had she been for the past two minutes?

Standing over her Challenger, Danny releases a terrifying uppercut that opes up a small gash beneath the Challenger's eye.

Danny spits her mouthpiece into the Challenger's face before laying down a right cross to the Challenger's nose.

Danny unwraps her hands. Slowly. The Challenger is so badly battered that she can't even capitalize on this break in the action. The men roar louder with each unraveling.

Danny's knuckles, now bare, are riddled with gashes, and peppered wounds.

Danny steps away, allowing the Challenger to stand up. Everything is to her rhythm. Danny relaxes her shoulders in preparation for her next act: a Meia Lua de Compasso. This is a spinning heel kick with both hands on the ground.

The Challenger goes down, and she's not getting up. The sound of her fall rings HARD through the basement, and the men's rushing hush to silence is deafening.

Danny's exhausted. She looks down at her Challenger, before turning away to spit blood. Her gaze is condescending at first. But it quickly evolves into something that closely, if not completely, resembles respect.

Danny kneels down, checking the pulse of her Challenger. She's relieved but plays this off.

DANNY

You mustn't worry. She's alive.

A collective sigh of relief in the air. Danny staggers out.

9

**INT. UNDERGROUND BASEMENT, BATHROOM -- NIGHT**

9

Danny sits on the toilet, her skin scintillated from sweat. She continues to pant. She reaches for her bottle of water by the sink. Guzzles it down without patience.

The Bookie barges in. Drop a brown paper bag near her feet.

Danny reaches for it, pulls out the cash and counts it quickly.

DANNY

There's only seven here!

BOOKIE

No one's betting against you. And after tonight, you can expect them to keep doing that.

DANNY

Then I'll just put more on myself--

BOOKIE

No one will bet against you. That's a professional opinion.

DANNY

Then five for showing ain't enough.

BOOKIE

You are an economic "quandary" if you will. If I have payments going out, and none coming in, that undermines me. Do you understand? I can't remain solvent.

DANNY

What if I bet on challengers?

A tense beat.

BOOKIE

I've got a reputation. This is my livelihood. Word gets out your bettin' on your own dives? I'm finished.

DANNY

I would never--

BOOKIE

Doesn't matter. How does it look?

DANNY

Then do your job. Find someone.

BOOKIE

(laughing)

This isn't UFC. This is "Fight Club" for dykes!

(beat)

I'll look around for talent. But if I can't take bets on challengers, I can't take you on at all.

The Bookie exits. Danny kicks the door behind him, slamming it hard and loud.

She looks into her gym bag. Crumpled mechanic's uniform, stained by automotive filth.

Danny raises her head, studying a pristine army uniform. It's still in its dry cleaning plastic bag, underneath a paper cover that reads "We ♥ Our Customers."

Danny scrutinizes her BRASS NAME PLATE, which reads: SGT. DANIELLE BAILEY

9A

**INT. ART MUSEUM -- NIGHT**

9A

Jonathan and Anthony are roaming through a gallery of 18th century neoclassical art.

ANTHONY

How soon can you move?

JONATHAN

I'm sorry?

ANTHONY

On the chop shop. That's what you want isn't it?

JONATHAN

A couple of weeks. A month with obstacles, I'd say.

ANTHONY

You understand what you'll be doing?

The two men stop in front of Peter Paul Rubens' "Saturn Devouring His Son."

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

A lot of good men need that shop. Sometimes it means making rent or hearing my landlord bitch again.

JONATHAN

Criminals don't get my sympathy, Anthony.

ANTHONY

But can you take care of my friends? I can make it worth your while.

A long and tense beat.

JONATHAN

Who do you think you're talking to? I expected you to be smarter than this.

The two men continue to stroll.

ANTHONY

I'm not risking my life on a promise.

JONATHAN

What happens to your friends isn't my concern.



ANTHONY

There aren't jobs out here. Not for guys like us. No high school diploma. No real skills. There is nothing out here for us. Dario's done more for guys like us than our fathers. Never knew *him*. You want me to give him up as if it's nothing. I'm not sure I could just do that.

JONATHAN

No, I want it to mean something. What you're doing is about you. Dario's gonna look out for himself. But who's gonna look out for you? Young man, everything moves by some degree of parricide. We kill, if not our fathers, at least their beliefs. That's the great leap forward. Progress. Dario stands in the way of who you need to be. As a man. Step ahead, or fall back. This is all up to you, sir. I want it to mean everything in the world.

Beat.

ANTHONY

*After the shop goes under, I'll give you the "xy." Personally.*

JONATHAN

Then we have a deal. Now where the hell is it?

10 **EXT. HOUSE -- NIGHT**

10

Wearing her pristine army uniform, Danny rings the doorbell to her house. She stands there, waiting awkwardly for it to be answered.

The BABYSITTER, a punkish blonde no older than eighteen, answers.

BABYSITTER

(laughing)

Locked out? And nice duds!

Danny tries to be polite, laughing along with her.

DANNY

Thanks. Ummm, no, actually, I was just wondering if you could stay.  
 (noticing her reluctance)  
 I know it's a lot to ask, but it's just a couple more hours. I promise. Matter fact,  
 (reaches into her purse for cash)  
 Here.

BABYSITTER

That's a little too much...

DANNY

Oh. Sorry.

Danny snatches the cash back, and hands her back a sole twenty.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I'll talk to your parents. Promise!

BABYSITTER

Okay, but--

DANNY

Thanks!

Danny awkwardly hugs the babysitter quickly before rushing back to her pickup truck. She drives off.

The Babysitter lingers at the doorway slightly confused. She looks at Jackson on the bill, and shrugs.

BABYSITTER

Whatever.

11 **EXT. EL GUANACO RESTAURANT -- NIGHT**

11

Danny's truck pulls into the parking lot of the five-star restaurant, *El Guanaco*. Customers exit in their finest attire.

As Danny makes her way inside, a couple of customers repeat the familiar mantra: "Thank you for service." Some do so in Spanish. Danny's uncomfortable with the attention.

12 **INT. EL GUANACO RESTAURANT, KITCHEN -- NIGHT**

12

Hispanic chefs fill the kitchen. All busy, moving about. Orders taped above them. Everything looks delicious.

Loitering around the chefs, like an annoying pest, is DARIO CHAVEZ (late 50s, Hispanic). Dario's got a big belly, and smooth greasy hair. He's well dressed, but keeping it cool tonight. Sleeves rolled up. Cufflinks sitting nearby,

DARIO  
(SPANISH)  
Danny! Oh my god!

An unexpected smile across Danny's face.

DANNY  
(SPANISH)  
I'm sorry. My Spanish is very rusty.

Dario laughs. His English is great, but his accent is thick.

DARIO  
It sounds excellent. You just want more compliments.  
(SPANISH)  
If I may ask, why the uniform?

DANNY  
(SPANISH)  
I've gotten quite fond of drinks on the house.

DARIO  
(SPANISH)  
Well, tonight you dine on me.

Dario turns to one of his chefs.

DARIO (CONT'D)  
(SPANISH)  
Make her the special Roberto.

ROBERTO, apparently the head chef, shoots Dario an cold stare of annoyance. Dario glibly smirks.

DARIO (CONT'D)  
Danny, you'll love it.  
(beat)  
Now, where is the dashing serviceman? Last time I saw you, you were getting engaged. Knocked up and all.

Dario finds a glass and begins to randomly open the kitchen's cabinets in search of wine. He stops when he notices one of his chefs pouring wine into a pot.

DARIO (CONT'D)

Whatever you're asking must be shameful if he's not here. Americans.

Just as the chef rests the bottle down to reach for his spices, Dario snatches the bottle away to pour wine for himself. The chef argues with Dario in Spanish. After filling his glass, Dario returns the bottle.

Extremely irritated, the chef mumbles some profanity to himself. In Spanish, of course.

DARIO (CONT'D)

It seems to me that in America, there's an expectation for wealth. Not an entitlement, but a sense of inevitability.

(SPANISH)

To be poor here should be stately elsewhere. But it seems that the poor aren't meek or pure. Just filthy, and disgusted with themselves.

Dario finishes his wine and returns to the chef. The chef's bottle is now empty. He gladly hands it to Dario. Dario smiles.

DARIO (CONT'D)

There's no shame in leaning on friends during troubled times.

Dario annoys another chef who readily hands him a bottle of wine. Dario inspects the label and shrugs. Not to his liking.

DARIO (CONT'D)

Whether you and I are friends, though?

Dario returns to his original chef who has a new bottle. Dario smiles before taking it. The chef seethes as Dario fills his glass.

DARIO (CONT'D)

It's been, what? Six years? You came back from Afghanistan, all mangled apart...

A chef brings Danny a plate of food, which looks absolutely delicious. Danny accepts. She turns around to face a counter nearby. The chef clears the area, giving her space to rest her plate.

DARIO (CONT'D)

Believe me, I've done a lot for people who've done less. So, dear, whatever you've come for, just ask.

DANNY

A lot has happened.

M.O.S., INSERT: An army messenger knocks on Danny's door. She opens it, eight months pregnant. The Messenger speaks. Danny breaks down. Uncontrollably sobbing. The army messenger, though accustomed to his job, still reacts.

DANNY (CONT'D)

He's really more like Stephen than me.

M.O.S., INSERT: A military funeral. A military chaplain leads honor guards from the Marine Corps as they carry the casket carrying Stephen Bailey, Danny's husband. Danny looks on.

DANNY (CONT'D)

He thinks about things I've never wondered about my whole life.

M.O.S., INSERT: Danny at the hospital, looking over her son, Tommy, as he sleeps. She kisses his forehead.

Danny clenches her jaw and withholds her tears.

DANNY (CONT'D)

And he's more like him every day.  
(beat, SPANISH)  
I don't want charity.

DARIO

(SPANISH)

And I don't part with money easily. And I certainly wouldn't part with it because of a sob story. I hear a couple tragedies a week. Everything has a cost and when the opportunity arrives, I'll find you and need you.

DANNY

No favors. I want a job. Nothing like after the war. Nothing lucrative. Just a little extra.

A wave of disappointment washes over Dario's face.

DARIO

(SPANISH)

When you came to me after  
Afghanistan? The deal was your  
idea. I did my job. *And then some.*  
I don't owe you anything.

(English)

Any other woman in this town would  
come offering their body.

DANNY

Well, I want a job. At the chop  
shop.

DARIO

If that's what you want.

DANNY

It is. Thank you.

Danny extends her hand. Dario refuses to shake it.

DARIO

(SPANISH)

I know you're trying to save  
yourself. From what you've been.  
Courage is like anything else. Let  
it earn a little interest, and your  
moral capital increases. But it's  
capital. There's no hoarding it  
forever. Eventually, your account  
must be drawn down. You must allow  
yourself the freedom to do what  
life sometimes calls on us to do.  
To move ahead, sometimes that moral  
balance needs to edge into the red.  
And if I can't find that courage in  
men, surely I can expect to find it  
in you.

(English)

I don't need a mechanic. I need a  
proofreader. This relationship,  
here as it stands, has no long-term  
future.

(Spanish)

Only killers can take from life a  
satisfactory measure of what goes  
into it. The age calls for blood.

12A INT. ART MUSEUM -- NIGHT

12A

The museum's about to close. Guards are directing people to  
the exits.

Jonathan is standing in front of a canvas of "Oedipus at Colonus" by Jean-Antoine-Theodore Giroust.

Jonathan removes the cuff link from his left sleeve. He rolls his sleeve down and observes a metal device that's SCREWED into his FOREARM. A small and strange heart rate monitor ticks. His rate is rising.

Jonathan looks down at his wallet, at a picture of him as a baby with his mother. She looks like him. Same dark skin.

INSERT CUT: A small wooden box afloat on rough seas.

Jonathan turns back to the painting, before--

SECURITY GUARD  
Excuse me, sir?

JONATHAN  
Yeah, yeah. I know.

Jonathan exits.

13      **INT. CHOP SHOP -- NIGHT**

13

A large warehouse full of mangled automobile carcasses. A noise of hammering and drills.

The warehouse is full of mechanics. Five to a corner, making twenty. One car to a corner. The mechanics are mostly Hispanic. Danny's the only black face in the crowd. Only woman.

In each corner, a CAR is CHOPPED. Pulled apart. Fenders, doors, panels, interiors, nuts, bolts, engines, etc. It all comes to pieces. Covered in grease, each mechanic works diligently. Only a priority for results.

14      **EXT. CHOP SHOP -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS**

14

Cars wrap around the building. At first glance, it resembles a parking lot. Upon closer inspection we see that these are projects "in queue".

A couple of drivers repeat the same exercise: pop open the trunk, toss the belongings aside, run back into the car, and pull it into the shop. Then they rush out the shop, and then onto the next car.

Around the building, a group of men load parts from the warehouse into a trailer.

They lock the trailer, and BANG on its doors. It drives off. As this one leaves, another trailer pulls in.

A mechanic offscreen yells out:  
BREAK!

from inside the chop-shop.

15      **EXT. SAME -- LATER**

15

A BBQ cookout atmosphere. Spanish music playing. The mechanics have their wives, hookers, girlfriends, etc. with them. The party wraps around a fire pit, a few yards away from the chop-shop/warehouse.

The women dance. Seductively, sensually.

CUT TO:

Danny dancing sexually, in primal fashion. INTERCUT this dance with the men at work inside.

The men love seeing her dance but when WE see her dance, we're seeing something else. We're seeing a woman, struggling to hold everything together but in this dance, something is trying to break free. This is David dancing in Second Samuel.

16      **INT. CHOP SHOP -- EARLY MORNING**

16

The warehouse is deserted now, stripped clean of all tools and parts.

The mechanics line up to get paid. A rat-faced MAN hands out envelopes to each. He's so ugly it's kind of funny.

Danny's turn. Last in line. She opens the envelope. Counts it. Disappointed. She looks at her watch.

5:15 a.m.

Danny despondently leaves the chop shop.

17      **EXT. HOUSE -- EARLY MORNING**

17

Danny's truck pulls into the driveway. The violet dawn above her is striking, and Danny takes a brief moment to breathe it in.



18      **INT. HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- EARLY MORNING**

18

Danny strolls into the kitchen, tosses her keys onto the kitchen table, and heads straight for the fridge. She pokes her head out and notices the time above the stove: 5:35

Danny's eyes are bloodshot.

DANNY

Danny, don't fall asleep. Don't  
fall asleep, don't fall asleep...

QUICK CUTS:

Danny reaches for ham; unwraps a loaf of bread; digs through a drawer for a paper bag; pours orange juice into a water bottle; slides a sandwich into a Ziploc bag; slides both into the paper bag; draws a smiley face onto the paper bag.

The sun starts to rise, leaking light rays into the kitchen.

Danny is seated at the kitchen table. Staring at the fridge. At photos of her husband. At photos of Tommy before lupus. She's struggling to stay awake.

19      **INT. HOUSE -- TOMMY'S BEDROOM -- MORNING**

19

Tommy's condition looks far worse than before. He's gaunt and has lost color. Danny stands over him.

DANNY

Come on. Time to wake up.

TOMMY

Noooo!

DANNY

Come on.

TOMMY

No. It's too early!

DANNY

Yeah. You're right. You don't have  
to go to school today.

Tommy POPS up.

TOMMY

Really?

DANNY  
Yeah, I'm gonna go call your  
teacher right now. Tell her you're  
done for the year.

TOMMY  
Really!?

DANNY  
Yeah, yeah...

Danny begins to turn away, before quickly turn back. She starts to TICKLE Tommy. Tommy doesn't see it coming. He starts to laugh. But after a while he begins to cough. Danny stops, growing worried.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
You okay?

TOMMY  
(annoyed)  
Yeah. I'm okay.

Quick beat, as she fails to conceal her concern.

DANNY  
Well, at least your up!

Tommy shoots his mom a deadpan stare.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
(laughing)  
Don't look at me like that! C'mon  
Tommy. Time for school.

20 **EXT. HOUSE - MORNING**

20

The bus is leaving. Danny heads to her truck.

21 **INT. TRUCK -- MORNING**

21

Danny holds her cell phone to her ear with her shoulder as she drives.

DANNY  
So if I'm hearing this correctly,  
you guys don't mind when I pay, you  
just have a problem actually doing  
anything when I need you?

OPERATOR (O.C.)  
 Ma'am, I'm sorry to hear about your son. But Tommy displayed symptoms prior to--

DANNY  
 So no one will pay. That's what I'm hearing. Am I right? My son needs help and you won't pay! Am I right?

OPERATOR (O.C.)  
 (empathetic,  
 unprofessional)  
 Ma'am. I'm very sorry. But the company has decided that in all cases involving a pre-existing--

Danny hangs up the phone. She bangs on the wheel, angrily.

DANNY  
 Goddamn it!

Danny begins to cry. Quietly, to herself.

22 **INT. TRUCK -- NIGHT**

22

Danny's sleeping, with her seat reclined back. KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK on the window. It's Anthony. Danny doesn't wake up. Careful to remain quiet, Anthony signals for the other mechanics to run over.

The mechanics run over. One young Spanish kid, no older than fifteen, slides a wedge down the edges of her car window and unlocks her car. The men start to giggle, but Anthony reminds them to keep quiet.

Anthony signals for another mechanic to run over. The mechanic hands Anthony a canister of Reddi-wip. Anthony retrieves a black marker from his pocket and draws a penis on her cheek. Finally, he fills her mouth with whip cream.

Danny wakes up almost choking, spitting up the whipped cream and wiping it from her face. The men are laughing. This is REALLY funny to them.

DANNY  
 What the hell?

They laugh harder.

ANTHONY  
 Come on. It's almost nine o'clock.  
 You're running late.

Danny pulls her seat up and wipes her eyes. She's half-awake but manages to stumble out her truck anyway. Anthony continues to awkwardly stare at her. She notices.

DANNY

Why the hell are y'all looking at me like that?

ANTHONY

Nothing, nothing, nothing.  
I'm...uh..gonna be inside. Okay?  
So...if you--  
(laughing)  
Need me? You know where to--

Anthony stumbles away laughing. Danny spins around and watches her reflection in the window. She starts to laugh.

DANNY

These mother--

SMASH CUT TO:

23 **INT. CHOP SHOP - EARLY MORNING**

23

The payment ritual. The mechanics line up to receive their cash and rat-faced MAN hands out envelopes.

Danny, last in line again, receives hers and slides it into her jacket.

As the mechanics are filing out, Dario Chavez ENTERS. They all know who he is. They shuffle about, saying "Buenos dias" and whispering among themselves why he's come. As he approaches Danny, the men whisper some more.

Dario shoots them a glance. Knowing they're not wanted, they promptly leave.

DARIO

When's the last time you slept,  
young lady?

DANNY

I'm lucky to get four hours.

Dario smokes. He moves to the center of the warehouse, drifting away from the doorway. Danny warily trails him by a few yards.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(rubbing her eyes)  
What can I do for you?

DARIO

You can listen. Don't you remember how much I love to talk?

DANNY

I remember coming up with different ways to pretend I listened.

Dario laughs.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Another parable?

DARIO

No. Not a parable. History. You know, when I was in El Salvador, I had a number of Hindu friends. I loved them. I secured jobs for them, harbored them, I fed them... And in turn, they were very grateful. Very grateful. They made my life miserable with their attentions. Two of them were saints--if I know what a saint is,

INSERT CUT: A young Indian man lying in bed with his throat SLASHED across. A flute next to him.

DARIO (CONT'D)

particularly Gupte, who was found one morning with his throat cut from ear to ear. In a little boarding house in my mother's village, he was found one morning stretched out stark naked on the bed, his flute beside him, and his throat gashed, as I say, from ear to ear. It was never discovered whether he had been murdered or whether he had committed suicide. But that's neither here nor there. Gupte Nanantatee was his name. Nonentity. And that's what he was. Disposable. No definition to him. That's what the world gives to men who can't give anything.

DANNY

The point?

DARIO

Nothing is inherently worth anything. Everything is in relation to everything else.

(MORE)

DARIO (CONT'D)

Nothing is "self-evident" and if markets can tell you anything, it's that "all men are not created equal."

(beat, SPANISH)

You, Danny, have something to give. Your fighting. It's of particular interest to me.

DANNY

What about it?

24 INT. UNDERGROUND BASEMENT - NIGHT

24

Danny's OPPONENT is a small, pale, anorexic-looking waif in her late 20s. Her small frame, though, doesn't translate into intimidation.

The Opponent throws a couple of jabs. Danny takes them, with no response. The Opponent jabs again.

This is mere sparring. The men start to wonder when Danny will wake up.

DARIO (V.O.)

You're leaving a lot of money on the table.

The Opponent fakes a left hook, and Danny steps into a vicious right haymaker. Danny hits the floor.

The men become unruly. Variations of:

*Get up!!*

are shouted. Danny hears them with disdain.

DANNY (V.O.)

I haven't left anything anywhere. He won't take me.

Danny attempts to pop up but her Opponent SLAMS her to the ground. Danny's face contorts from the pain.

DANNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Nothing on dives either.

Danny's Opponent slips her forearm under Danny's neck and squeezes. Danny struggles, looking for an escape.

DARIO (V.O.)

When you think the world has lost honor and integrity, a lowly bookmaker in the Carolinas insists.

In the back of the room, behind the crowded group of hooligan spectators, Dario looks on. He's riveted by the action. A clenched fist rises to his face as he imagines what pain is involved.

DARIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I bet against you.

Danny continues to struggle. Her Opponent continues to hammer her wind pipe. Danny's eyes are bulging.

DANNY (V.O.)  
Why?

The men are disappointed. They're growing angry.

Danny POPS her head back, and capitalizing on the Opponent's pause, she breaks free.

DARIO (V.O.)  
"Why?" I made a deal with the  
bookmaker.

The Opponent moves in, tattooing Danny with head shots. The Opponent continues to batter Danny, before she swoops in, picks her up, and SLAMS her to the ground.

DANNY (V.O.)  
What's your take?

JUMP CUTS: the Opponent slams her again; and again; and again.

DARIO (V.O.)  
There is no take. You'll be taking  
a dive.

Danny shoves an elbow into her Opponent's face and crawls away. She pops back up and runs for the wall. The Opponent follows her.

DANNY (V.O.)  
Absolutely not.

Danny, back against the wall now, lands a couple of blows to her OPPONENT's stomach -- brings a left uppercut that smashes the OPPONENT's jaw. Tiny splatters of BLOOD adorn the walls.

DARIO (V.O.)  
Listen. If you prove you can lose,  
you attract payments for other  
fights, which means better matches,  
which means getting invited back or  
not.

The men love it. Finally.

In the back, Dario grows worried.

Danny continues lunging forward, moving away from the wall. Lefts and rights.

DARIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
We've stumbled upon the one town  
where people still believe in sure-  
things.

A hard overhand right from Danny and her Opponent crouches down, kneeling.

DARIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
This in a world that believes in  
*nothing*.

Danny grabs her with a tight grip and SLAMS her into the wall.

DARIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Better businessmen might have  
handled the situation differently  
but, what can you do?

The Opponent is rocked backwards and lifeless. Danny unleashes a furrow of blows into the young girl.

DARIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The brightest minds plunder markets  
far more fertile.

Dario is livid now. While the men cheer, he seethes.

DANNY (V.O.)  
That's my payment? The chance to  
fight more fights?

At this point, it becomes worrisome once more. Some men wonder whether this is appropriate, but most of them don't care.

DARIO (V.O.)  
No. I'm far fairer than that.

Danny pauses. Looks her OPPONENT in the eye. Her OPPONENT's face is indistinguishable, swollen beyond reproach.

DARIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I have a hundred grand on the  
challenger, so that's twenty-five  
for you.



One more WHACK from Danny, and her OPPONENT stumbles, bent over, clutching her stomach.

DANNY (V.O.)  
On top of your appearance fees?  
That--

DANNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
--thirty.

DARIO (V.O.)  
Yes. Thirty.

Dario Chavez leaves the basement, heading for the stairs. Danny notices, in the corner of her eye, but doesn't seem to care.

DARIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
You came to me, sat me down, and admitted, not just to me but finally yourself, that your life had taken a turn for the worse.

Danny steps back from her OPPONENT. Stations herself.

DARIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Before me, no opportunities to pass by and reject.

The action slows down, before speeding back into regularity. Danny unleashes a high left KICK to the head. Her Opponent goes down. Whether she will come up? No one knows.

DARIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I very rarely make bad bets.

The men ROAR, but only half the room it seems. The Other half is disgusted at the proceedings tonight.

DARIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And when I do, someone is held accountable.

WE LINGER on Danny, standing over her OPPONENT. Bruised, but not wounded. Soaked in sweat.

DARIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Acquaint yourself with the manners of the world. I honestly wish it were a different game. But that's really what it all is: a game.

CUT BACK TO:

23A **INT. CHOP SHOP -- EARLY MORNING**

23A

Previous scene. Dario continues to smoke in the vacant warehouse.

DARIO

Like baseball. What use is it for a man to pursue more runs than his visiting team? There's none. But that's the object of the game. Pursue while and as you may, or lose. As in everything, these are the priorities. All is foul. And foul is fair.

FADE TO BLACK.

25 **EXT. HILLSIDE, AFGHANISTAN -- DAY**

25

Sunset. Desolate. Rugged and punishing. Steep stone. WE start from the roads, and RUN through into the arid landscape of the fields.

From the bottom of the frame enters:

Danny. In these dry Middle Eastern mountains. Isolated, she roams the dusty nowhere, sweating beneath her full combat gear. She casually carries her M4 CARBINE.

**SUPERIMPOSE:** Afghanistan, seven years earlier

Danny combs through tracks on her discolored iPod screen. She selects a track and reaches for her ear bud and slides it into her ear while the other hangs.

Danny continues to march downhill before she suddenly stops. Removes her ear bud. Now both hang. Her music is still heard at faint volume.

Danny raises her gun, commando-style. She treads in silence, alert to every decibel. Gravel underfoot.

Danny quickly spins around and instinctively falls to one knee.

A figure emerges from uphill, approaching Danny. MALIM JAN, a bearded Afghan tribesman (mid-30s, handsome) in local garb, calmly crests the hilltop.

DANNY  
 (PASHTO)  
 Stop! Put your hands up! Don't  
 move!

The tribesman, empty-handed and nonchalant, raises his hands. On his left hand, he is missing his ring and pinky finger.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
 (PASHTO)  
 Lie down! Flat!  
 (English)  
 Now!

The tribesman slowly kneels down and lies flat. As she says. He remains calm, almost apathetic to her orders.

Danny runs over to him, pats him down, checking for weapons. None.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
 (PASHTO)  
 Get up!

MALIM JAN  
 I speak English.

Danny lowers her weapon.

DANNY  
 What are you doing up here?

MALIM JAN  
*What are you doing up here?*

Danny raises her weapon to Malim's face. She presses the end of her gun to his forehead. Jan remains unfazed.

MALIM JAN (CONT'D)  
 Where are your countryman, private?

Danny feels exposed. She NEEDLES the gun into his temple.

DANNY  
 Be quiet.

A long beat before three quick SHOTS ring out -- they sound very close. Malim and Danny instinctively fall to one knee. They scan the area. Nothing.

MALIM JAN  
 Foolish little girl. Come, come.

Malim runs down the hill. Danny follows.

26 INT. MAN-MADE CAVE -- DAY

26

Vacant. Stone walls. Pebbles scattered on the ground.

Malim and Danny run into the cave. Their demeanor only more exaggerated. Danny, more anxious, and Malim only calmer.

Malim ventures deeper into the cave. Danny follows, cautiously. Malim stumbles upon a large GUN-SAFE lying flat on the cave floor. He presses his thumb to its fingerprint scanner. Unlocks.

Weapon components. Disassembled assault rifles lie next to assembled ones. Handguns present too.

Danny raises her gun to Malim, ready to fire. Again, Malim fails to react.

MALIM JAN

Please.

Danny lowers her weapon, puzzled. Curious.

Quick cuts: Malim retrieves firearm components; quick cuts of him assembling a sniper rifle.

The final product: a Barrett M82.

Malim retrieves a Russian Makarov pistol before closing the GUN-SAFE.

DANNY

Desert storm issue. For the Russians, anyway.

Malim nods: correct. Malim digs around behind the GUN-SAFE and pulls out a black plate carrier vest. He slides his Makarov into its holster.

MALIM JAN

What's the rush? We have time. Amin and Hadi do the same thing every week.

DANNY

Amin and Hadi?

MALIM JAN

(laughing)  
I've been watching them of course!  
For weeks.

DANNY

Let's get moving.

Malim sighs, exaggeratedly. He jogs out of the cave softly. Danny does the same.

27 **EXT. HILLSIDE, AFGHANISTAN -- DAY**

27

Malim and Danny returns to the hilltop. Malim, hoisting his heavy weapon, kneels down. He quickly mounts his M82. Danny lies down next to him, stationing her weapon in the same direction.

Malim fixes his M82 into firing position and looks through the scope downhill.

SCOPE

Lined along the top are three Taliban fighters. They're relaxing, weapons nearby but not available for combat.

Malim turns to Danny.

MALIM JAN

Here.

DANNY

(confused)

What?

MALIM JAN

You are the soldier, no? Well?

Danny takes control of the weapon from him.

SCOPE

The three Taliban fighters are laughing with each other. Bullshitting.

MALIM JAN (CONT'D)

Don't wait. Take the shot.

Danny hesitates.

MALIM JAN (CONT'D)

(casual apathy)

Honestly,

(with anger)

Now!

Danny fires. Several times. RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT. Blood spills onto the soil. More than necessary but effective. The three men fall instantly.

MALIM JAN (CONT'D)  
 (laughing, giddy)  
 Yippee, ki, yay, motherfuckers!

Danny shoots Malim an incredulous look.

MALIM JAN (CONT'D)  
 (shrugging)  
 I like Bruce Willis.

Malim leaves the M82 here and withdraws his Makarov. Cocks his gun. Malim struts down the hill, towards the Taliban camp. Danny follows.

28 **EXT. TALIBAN CAMP -- DAY**

28

Danny and Malim arrive to the camp, where the Taliban fighters lie in maroon soil, wet from their own blood. Danny remains alert. Malim is nonchalant. Accustomed.

MALIM JAN  
 So, please. Tell me. Where are your counterparts?

A beat. Danny stares Malim in the eye, searching for his intentions.

DANNY  
*These* would be my counterparts.  
These men,  
 (points to the dead men)  
 counterparts.

MALIM JAN  
 What's the word I need?

DANNY  
 Comrades.

MALIM JAN  
 Comrades?

DANNY  
 Yeah. Comrades. Like partners?

MALIM JAN  
 Well, where are they?

DANNY  
 (hesitant)  
 I abandoned my unit.

*Tsk-tsk-tsk-tsk-tsk-tsk*, from Malim.

Danny rolls her eyes.

MALIM JAN

It's alright to be scared. But to remain? Tsk-tsk-tsk. The world has no patience for cowards.

Danny notices a square hole in the ground. She signals to Malim. Malim already knows. He stands a couple of feet away from it and FIRES into the pit, unloading his magazine.

He reloads, and UNLOADS the new magazine from another angle.

He signals for Danny to approach. Danny does so. She UNLOADS into the pit.

MALIM JAN (CONT'D)

A little excessive...but okay.

DANNY

Just being thorough.

MALIM JAN

You. Are. Mad. Quite mad, you know that?

Malim hangs his head over the hole.

MALIM JAN (CONT'D)

We've been fighting war for years. And once you've tasted blood, there's no other taste just as sweet.

(laughing)

White men from America come to "train us." Just ask Alexander the Great.

Malim backs away from the pit, and motions for Danny to jump in. Danny is reloading her weapon.

DANNY

Alexander easily conquered Afghanistan, actually.

MALIM JAN

Oh. Hmm.

(pointing at the pit)

Well, ladies first.

Danny smiles, and backs away. She pulls her bulky night-vision goggles over her eyes and jumps down into the pit. Malim stays above ground, but hangs his curious head over the hole.

29      **INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER, TALIBAN CAMP -- DAY**

29

A few stray rays of sunlight peek through. Aside from that, the small bunker is nearly pitch black.

DANNY'S NIGHTVISION POV

She scans the bunker. Supplies. Weapons. Blankets stretched out for sleeping. A dead Taliban member lying across one of them. Danny looks over him and continues to scan.

Across from the dead Taliban member, a couple feet away, a dead American soldier. He's been dead for years. His skin is corroding and his skull is becoming visible.

MALIM JAN (O.S.)

What do you see?

Danny stops and studies a large pile of packaged opium that sits a couple of feet away from the lifeless American soldier.

Danny walks toward the stash, stepping over the soldier's corpse. She notices a duffelbag in the corner. Grabs it. Danny shoves the opium packages into the duffelbag.

MALIM JAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing? What's going on?

Danny is almost done loading the bag before she STOPS. Hears a ruffle. She frantically turns to the Taliban fighter lying on the ground. Raises her gun. The Taliban Fighter has a gun in his hand! He's alive!

Danny FIRES at the Taliban Fighter. RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! The firepower illuminates the scene. Her bullets leave him mangled.

Danny looks down at her right leg. She's been shot! She grunts in pain.

30      **EXT. TALIBAN CAMP -- DAY**

30

Malim Jan above the hole.

MALIM JAN

(PASHTO)

Holy shit!

(English)

American?



31 **INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER, TALIBAN CAMP -- DAY**

31

Danny slowly crawls to the duffelbag, grabs it, and slowly crawls toward the bottom of the sunlight.

MALIM JAN (O.S.)  
American?

Danny finally makes it. She lies underneath Malim. The sunlight connects them both.

Danny notices a small ladder leaning up against the wall, a couple of yards away. She struggles, but manages to rise up, and stand on her good leg.

DANNY hops over to the ladder. She continues to hop, dragging the ladder along the bunker wall before stationing it underneath Malim. She squints underneath the direct sunlight.

Danny reaches for the duffelbag, and tosses it around her. She climbs the ladder, in immense pain, and rises out of the hole.

32 **EXT. TALIBAN CAMP -- DAY**

32

Malim helps her out, and Danny collapses onto the ground. He neglects her wound, instead paying close attention to the duffelbag. He reaches for it--Danny pulls her service pistol on him!

Malim jumps back. While he's not frantic, this is the first time he's expressed any sense of caution. Danny rises on her left leg, and lowers her gun.

DANNY  
They tortured him. For  
entertainment.  
(a beat)  
I am a coward.

A long beat. Malim Jan grabs Danny's night-vision goggles and climbs down into the bunker.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

MALIM JAN  
Improvising.

SMASH CUT TO:

33 INT. UNDERGROUND BASEMENT, BATHROOM -- NIGHT

33

Dario barges into the bathroom, while Danny leans on the sink exhausted.

DARIO  
What the hell is going on?

A knock on the door.

DANNY  
Come in.

The door begins to creak open before Dario SLAMS it shut.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Let him in!

DARIO  
Do you have any idea of what you  
just did?  
(beat, with a smirk)  
You bitch.

DANNY  
(with a wry smile)  
Or just a bad investment.

A beat. He laughs to himself.

DARIO  
Those two have never been mutually  
exclusive.

Danny opens the door. The Bookie. He tries to hand Danny an envelope but Dario SNATCHES it away.

Dario SHUTS the door.

DANNY  
You made a bad bet.

DARIO  
Your debt. This.  
(referring to the Bookie's  
envelope)  
Is part of your debt.

DANNY  
Excuse me?

DARIO  
When I don't give favors, I collect  
debts. And debts are paid.  
(MORE)

DARIO (CONT'D)

As it turns out, your debt just rose. Big time. Luckily, for you-- and yes I do say luckily--I've got a job for you.

DANNY

I'm not--

DARIO

Collateral damage. You think about that?

DANNY

Don't you ever threaten Tommy. Your depravity has its limits, Dario. To protect my son, I have none.

DARIO

Listen, I'm prepared to be fair. The cost of Tommy's transplant and then some.

DANNY

I want more than that.

Dario's eyes widen with delight.

DARIO

(SPANISH)

I'm sorry. Forgive me, but

(English)

nobody told me we were negotiating.

DANNY

I know proofreaders. I know you. How desperate do you have to be to depend on me? I haven't been involved in a proofread for years. This must be some job. Nobody wants it. And I mean nobody.

DARIO

But you were the very best. The question isn't how desperate I am. It's all a matter of how desperate you are.

(pointing to the Bookie's envelope)

Your son's transplant? Nothing more than three-fifty, maybe four? But a proofread? Don't you remember?

(SPANISH)

Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Come on. You're a soldier.

(MORE)

DARIO (CONT'D)

You fought honorably but honor means what?

DANNY

You don't know shit about me. I didn't fight honorably. A lot of men did. I didn't.

MOS INSERT: Danny in Afghanistan, manning a vehicle checkpoint. A middle-aged man on a moped rides to the checkpoint, carrying two little boys on the back. The boys have make-up on and their mascara is running. A grim memory.

DANNY (V.O.)

We worked with men who were screwing the neighbors' kids. Six and seven-year old kids, and we smiled and let it happen for the sake of the mission. Richest creep of the block gets to take a boy home. It was disgusting.

Back to scene.

DANNY

I'm not sure if you'd call all that honorable.

DARIO

(SPANISH)

Wars are fought for things that shouldn't matter to you. "For big ideas. For *principles*." The job of any king is to convince us that we share the vantage point. But we don't, and America is far too eager to hold onto ideas that carry no weight.

(beat, then English)

Clear your conscience, Danny. Who took care of you and your son when you got back? Nobody. No, I took care of you. You had a product I needed to buy, and I took care of you. I can take care of you again. There are seven hundred and fifty thousand different reasons why this will be different!

(beat)

And one dying kid that makes all the difference in the world.

A beat, as Danny mulls it over.

DANNY  
 I don't know anything else. Only  
 how to survive.  
 (beat)  
 I have no choice.

Dario smiles. He tosses the Bookie's envelope at her feet and exits the bathroom.

Danny clenches her hands and begins punching the wall. Hard. And fast.

FLASHBACK TO:

35 **EXT. CAMP DOGAN/KABUL OUTSKIRTS -- NIGHT**

35

Danny, carrying the corpse of the dead American soldier, approaches the military camp. Malim trudges beside her as the sand blows into their faces. Their arrival creates a frenzy. Soldiers rush towards to the two of them.

First Lieutenant BAYNE cuts through the men and shoves his way towards the front. Lt. Bayne is a tough Southern with the kind of face that says his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather probably served too.

LT. BAYNE  
 What happened?

36 **INT. BARRACKS ROOM, AFGHANISTAN -- NIGHT**

36

Danny and Lieutenant Bayne are standing while Malim casually lies down atop one of the beds.

LT. BAYNE  
 Sick bastards. What a couple of  
 goddamn sick bastards. Jan? Can you  
 give us a second?

Malim leaves the room. Immediately, Danny turns to Lieutenant Bayne?

DANNY  
 Who, the hell, is he?

Lt. Bayne smirks.

LT. BAYNE  
 Malim Jan. On the payroll.

DANNY  
The payroll?

LT. BAYNE  
Yep. We rely on a minimum level of local support. Us, and NATO. Around here, you're dealing with tribes and other medieval fourteenth century bullshit. Warlords have to do something. Why not do it for us? Jan lost family to the Taliban a couple years back. Collateral damage. Since then, he's been on our side. Yeah, let me tell ya, this has been the oddest fucking war ever.

(beat)

Now, I don't know why you were separated from your unit. I trust Jan, more than any son of a bitch should trust a man, and yet I wonder how anything that you're saying makes sense. Frankly, I'm not really sure I give a shit. Jan says he's got intel we could work with. And Private Perry's family will get a proper burial. I don't need the headache of inquiries, paperwork, and review. It's a waste of both of our time. Do your job. That's it. That's all I want from you. Do your job.

37      **EXT. CAMP DOGAN -- ROAD TO SOUTH GATE -- NIGHT**

37

Malim and Danny are walking outside the camp. Danny's escorting him to the checkpoint, where a sedan is waiting for him. Malim's carrying the duffelbag they retrieved from the Taliban fighters.

DANNY  
He won't push it.

Malim notices the attention Danny pays to the duffelbag.

MALIM JAN  
You want this?

DANNY  
I'm sorry?

MALIM JAN  
Do you want this?

Beat.

MALIM JAN (CONT'D)  
If you do, then there's something  
else you might want to see.

38 **EXT. MARKETPLACE, KABUL -- NIGHT**

38

The Kabul marketplace. Congested, claustrophobic.

Danny, Malim, and two other Afghani militiamen are armed with assault rifles. Malim points out a Toyota Land Cruiser that stops in front of a local shop. A couple Taliban drug lords exit the Land Cruiser and enter the shop.

As soon as he enters the shop, Danny, Malim, and his two militiamen race towards the Land Cruiser.

The locals notice, but aren't alarmed or bothered.

As the Taliban drug lords exit the shop, Danny and Malim greet them with assault rifles. Malim quickly FIRES at one of them, killing him instantly.

To the surviving Drug Lord, he directs his remarks:

MALIM JAN  
(PASHTO)  
Get in the car!

39 **EXT. MANSION, KABUL / INT. CAR -- NIGHT**

39

The Land Cruiser drives past an array of armed guards before parking in front of a mansion. The guards remain nonchalant as they recognize the car.

The mansion essentially exists in the middle of nowhere. A fortress-like structure in the midst of salt-encrusted plains, and scrabbly farmland.

Local music is playing loudly from inside.

MALIM JAN  
(PASHTO)  
Turn the engine off.

The drug lord turns the engine off, removes the key. Malim nods to Danny. She SHOTS the drug lord.

A gurgling scream from the drug lord as he claws at his windpipe, blowing out blood.

Danny, Malim, and the two militiamen pile out the car. They climb the steps of the sprawling mansion. Malim tries the door. Locked. Malim KICKS the door down. MUSIC BECOMES LOUDER.

40      **INT. FOYER, MANSION -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT**

40

Young local prostitutes are partying with other drug lords. One drug lord is receiving oral sex in the kitchen, while another is watching two girls kiss each other in the living room.

In the dining room, a couple of young boys wrap opium packets.

WE COME BACK TO: Malim, Danny, and the two militiamen. Danny anxiously waits for his signal.

Malim and the militiamen run to the

41      **INT. KITCHEN, MANSION -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT**

41

The drug dealer, leaning up against the counter, is about to come while a young prostitute is on her knees. Malim gives the signal. The three men FIRE at the girl and the drug lord. RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT.

42      **INT. DINING ROOM, MANSION -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT**

42

Malim enters the dining room with one of his militiamen.

The two young boys reach for their AK-47s. One of the boys gets shots off on the militiaman. KILLING him. Malim FIRES at the two young boys, KILLING them.

Malim, angry, moves to the

43      **INT. LIVING ROOM, MANSION -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT**

43

AND SPORADICALLY FIRES SHOTS AT A DRUG LORD AND HIS PROSTITUTE. HE THEN FIRES AT THE SOUND SYSTEM PLAYING THE MUSIC. THE NOISE IS SILENCED.



44 INT. FOYER, MANSION -- CONTINUOUS, NIGHT 44

Danny climbs the stairs.

45 INT. HALLWAY, MANSION -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT 45

A drug lord runs from one of the bedrooms, AK-47 in hand, firing towards Danny. Danny RUNS into the

46 INT. BATHROOM, MANSION -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT 46

bathroom, and shuts the door. She jumps into the bathtub. Bullets fly through the wooden door for a few seconds. Then a break. WE hear him reloading.

Danny sprays shots through the already-peppered door. Her shots are lethal, and blood fills the door's gaps and obscures our faint peak into the hallway.

47 INT. HALLWAY, MANSION -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT 47

Scantily clad girls run out the rooms. Danny lets them go, allowing them to run down the stairs.

48 INT. FOYER, MANSION -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT 48

At the bottom of the staircase, Malim and his militiaman are waiting. They fire rounds at them. Killing them.

DANNY  
(PASHTO)  
Was that necessary?

MALIM JAN  
(PASHTO)  
This is my country. I've no  
sympathy for whores who fuck the  
thugs that are tearing it apart.

Danny lowers her weapon, runs down the stairs and follows Malim into

49 INT. DINING ROOM, MANSION -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT 49

The table is FULL of packaged opium.

DANNY  
Holy shit.

Malim tosses her a duffelbag. Danny begins to fill it with the opium packets.

Malim exits, strolling into the kitchen. He stares at his dead militiaman and kneels down to kiss him on the cheek, before planting a gentle one on his lips.

50      **EXT. MANSION, KABUL -- NIGHT**

50

Malim, Danny, and the last remaining militiamen watch the mansion engulfed in flames.

MALIM JAN

What do you seek to do with that?  
With that money?

DANNY

What would you do with it?

MALIM JAN

*Burn it.* But it means something to you. What?

DANNY

I need to take care of my kid.  
(beat)  
I'm pregnant.

Malim nods his head. Approves. He and his two companions pile into the dead drug lord's Toyota and drive off.

CUT TO:

51      **INT. MAN-MADE CAVE -- NIGHT**

51

Malim and Danny walk through the cave with flashlights. Malim heads for the GUN-SAFE, UNLOCKS it. Retrieves a beautifully decorated wooden gun case. Inside, an STI 38 Super IPSC race gun, engraved with Pashto lettering. A beautiful weapon.

(A race gun is a little different from your average weapon. It's modified for speed and accuracy.)

DANNY

(in awe)  
Wow.

Malim smiles. A big and wide smile too.

MALIM JAN

This is what I do in these mountains. I find peace here.

Danny picks up the gun. She runs her finger along the engraving.

DANNY  
What does it say?

MALIM JAN  
(PASHTO)  
"Sometimes we are compelled to  
commit minor wrongs to fix major  
ones."

Danny slides the gun back into the case. Closes it shut.  
Hands it to Malim. Malim refuses to take it.

MALIM JAN (CONT'D)  
No, it's for you. I want you to  
have it. Please.

A long beat. Malim shoots Danny an uncomfortable stare.

DANNY  
What?

Malim smiles. He removes his turban, revealing a buzzcut.  
Slowly, he runs his hand through his beard before REMOVING IT  
FROM HIS FACE! Danny is taken aback. MALIM IS A WOMAN!

MALIM JAN  
*Bacha posh.* My mother and father  
would dress me as a man since I was  
a little girl. They didn't have a  
son of their own. Being a boy made  
them very happy.

DANNY  
What's your name?

MALIM JAN  
Malim Jan! I don't know how to be  
anyone else. I went to school, went  
to the market with my father,  
bought clothes for myself... I've  
roamed freely my whole life. Nobody  
asks girls what they want to buy  
for themselves. I never wanted to  
be a girl. I became a fighter. I've  
fought the Taliban. Fought with the  
Americans! Malim Jan is who I've  
always wanted to be. Every morning,  
when the hair drapes over my chin,  
I know exactly who I'm supposed to  
be. I'm who I am.

A beat.

DANNY  
The man that you lost tonight? Who  
was he?

MALIM JAN  
(withholding tears)  
The love of my life.

52      **EXT. MAN-MADE CAVE -- NIGHT**

52

Danny and Malim leave the darkness of the cave and stop to gaze up at the stars. Here, in this silence, away from commerce, they're as bright as day.

MALIM JAN  
I once read the strangest thing.  
The stars above the horizon belong  
to history. Beauty belongs to time.  
That means hell belongs to us.  
Farewell, American.

Danny and Malim embrace.

53      **EXT. CAMP DOGAN -- TARMAC -- DAY**

53

A cargo plane rolls to a stop. The hatch opens. Danny climbs the ladder with her bags.

54      **INT. CARGO PLANE -- CONTINUOUS**

54

Devoid of passengers, six caskets, draped in American flags sit in the center of the hollow aircraft. The pilot speaks over the INTERCOM.

INTERCOM  
We'll be taking off shortly.

Danny drops her back. She stands over one of the caskets. She notices that in the corner of this particular casket, the flag contains a small black "X." Danny open the casket.

INSIDE: Packaged opium. A hell of a lot it, too.

Danny's pulse begins to race. She seals the casket. Takes her seat. Fastens herself in. The plane begins to take off.

55      **INT. SOUTHERN STYLE BAR -- NIGHT**

55

Jonathan sits alone at the bar. Looks around to see who might be observing him. No one. He undoes his cuff link, and rolls down his sleeve. He revisits the strange technology that oddly pierces his flesh and monitors his steady pulse.

Anthony comes to join him. Jonathan nervously rolls his sleeves up, and puts in his cuff link.

ANTHONY

Well?

Relief on Jonathan's face. Anthony missed it.

JONATHAN

Things are in motion. I need the "xy."

ANTHONY

No, when I see it, then you'll get it. Dario's still walking around--

JONATHAN

Listen--

ANTHONY

No, you listen.

INSERT CUT: A beach. Winter. Snow and ice draped over the rocks.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

You know what could happen? Emerald Isle.

INSERT CUT: Back to the beach. AN OLD HISPANIC MAN, in handcuffs, stumbles through the snow, running for his life. We can hear the snow mushing with every step.

JONATHAN

What happened at Emerald Isle?

Anthony smirks.

56      **EXT. EMERALD ISLE, NORTH CAROLINA -- EARLY MORNING**

56

Back to the beach.

The Old Hispanic Man looks behind him and sees Dario who's calmly walking after him. Not in a hurry, whatsoever.

The Old Hispanic Man keeps running, rushing towards the crashing waves.

Every time the Old Hispanic Man wades out further, the ocean drags him back. This makes Dario laugh.

Three men, uniform in their appearance, flank Dario. PAKISTANI, LATE 20s, BLACK AND WHITE FLORAL BLAZERS. MENACING SKULL TATTOOED ON THEIR FACES. NOSE PIERCINGS. These men are KROKOLA.

One of the men hands Dario a Colt Defender Mark I. It's an 8-barrel shotgun from the 1960s.

Dario raises his gun and FIRES into the ocean. RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT.

The Old Hispanic Man falls into the ocean, dyeing the shore red.

Dario cleans his jaw and restrains himself, on the verge of tears.

DARIO  
(choking, SPANISH)  
Time to leave! Let's go!

**INT. SOUTHERN STYLE BAR -- NIGHT**

ANTHONY  
Dario knew him, for almost twenty-five years. You want the "xy"?  
Well. *Deliver.*

Anthony exits.

**EXT. CHOP SHOP -- AFTERNOON**

Jonathan pulls up outside the chop shop warehouse. The process is beginning. Stolen cars are being driven into the area. They're surrounding the building with rows, and rows, of vehicles.

Jonathan smiles.

**INT. CHOP SHOP -- EARLY MORNING**

Dario and Danny stand on opposite sides of the warehouse, each leaning up against a wall.

DARIO

The work commands a high price because of its audacity. The task itself is rather...undemanding.

DANNY

What makes this proofread any different?

DARIO

*Sam.*

Dario says the name with gravity but Danny doesn't understand why. As Dario continues, he's nearly shaking off a set of anxious chills.

DARIO (CONT'D)

Nothing more romantic in America than to start a business. That's how I see myself. A small start-up, born in a garage. In my case, we were pulling things apart, not putting them together!

Dario takes out a cigarette. He sees a pile of tools left over in the corner. He walks over and selects a small micro-flame butane torch.

DARIO (CONT'D)

Sam doesn't *compete*. I'm not one to place weight on modesty. I run a number of profitable enterprises that span the coast, even stretching into Central America. But Sam? Sam is another beast altogether.

Dario lights his cigarette with the butane torch. A thin blue flame JETS into flame. It's luminescent and beautiful in the dim surroundings.

DARIO (CONT'D)

Sam's enterprises span every state, almost every county, and in every continent. His size allows him to charge less, pay less, do more. Yet, he respects me enough to politely remain outside my own county, and my own state. That was the situation, until now.

DANNY

Why hit him then?

DARIO

No one remains on their perch forever.

(beat)

There are only six proofreaders who I can ask to take a job like this. After decades of work, I could *depend* on them to remain confidential. And among these six individuals, I still felt that I could only trust three. And of these three? Only one left the room without leaving me particularly offended. I ask you once more, are you ready?

DANNY

What's brought Sam here?

DARIO

Don't confuse Sam with being a man. Sam is an idea. Who Sam is remains a "riddle in an enigma" kind of thing. I've been stabbing in the dark at ghosts for two decades.

DANNY

He's like a big bad brand name. Got it. But why is he here?

DARIO

I think he sees an opportunity. But I think the opportunity is mine.

DANNY

The rest of us are dying to live and you want an empire of what? Chop shops, drugs, and hookers? It's one thing to want to be king. Exactly what gain is there in being king ten times over? You're just bored. Pining for the romance of drawing blood.

DARIO

It's more than that. I see overtures all about me and if there is one constant the world agrees upon, it's the perpetual relevance of change. Now's my time.

DANNY

It's your funeral. Gimme the details.



INSERT CUT: FLASHBACK. A white Porsche briefcase lies next to Anthony Portillo. He's on a train.

DARIO (V.O.)

During the past few weeks we've intercepted a very important shipment. A small briefcase. It's known in our circles as the "XY."

INSERT CUT: An armored car driving on the highway.

DARIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He's coming for it. Sam always moves in an armored vehicle. The "XY" comes Sunday. That's when it happens. We hit him after he's taken the "XY." Not a second earlier.

**INT. CHOP SHOP -- NIGHT**

Jha, Cruz, Bailey, and Anthony are in the chop-shop installing a sentry-gun into a Ford Thunderbolt.

Anthony is off on his own fiddling around with the radio. He turns to a Latin station. Bachata. Anthony begins to laugh.

ANTHONY

(SPANISH)

You wanna dance with me?

DANNY

(SPANISH)

No, come on, can't you focus?

(English)

We have a lot to do!

Anthony is too charming for her to resist. Danny starts to smile. Probably the first genuine smile we've seen from her this far. Anthony starts to dance. He motions for her to join him. A cute invitation.

Anthony and Danny start to dance while the two other mechanics look on. As they continue to dance, their Bachata turns sexual. The men in the shop are transfixed. Bailey is lost in the music.

**EXT. STREET, BUS STOP -- EARLY MORNING**

Light drizzle.

Danny stands by her son at the bus stop, waiting with all the other mothers. They look like her. Exhausted.

The school bus arrives.

The mothers kiss their kids and watch them march in. Tommy's last.

Danny hugs him. Kisses him.

DANNY  
I love you.

She sounds as if she's saying goodbye.

TOMMY  
(embarrassed)  
Mom!

Danny laughs. Tommy marches onto the bus.

**INT. SHED -- EARLY MORNING**

CLOSE SHOT OF A MOTORCYCLE

Large, powerful, and in beautiful condition. We can see that it is standing in some kind of country shed with a background of work-bench, petrol cans and so on. A few wild flowers, dandelions and such, are stuffed roughly in a jam jar on the work-bench. The shed is open-fronted and the motorcycle and its background are dappled with sunlight that creeps in. A MAN comes and stands between us and the machine with his back towards us. We can only see him waist-down. He is wearing heavy motor-cycling boots and slaps onto the petrol tank a pair of gauntlet gloves. CAMERA stays on this while he prepares the machine -- filling the tank, adjusting choke and mixture controls, etc. He mounts and kicks the starters and moves off with a roar. SHOT BEGINS TO TRACK, and we follow the MAN as he rides out of the peaceful farmyard and into the light drizzle, into the lane. Rain. Engine roaring. TRACK moves to front of MAN, and we move past his hands, which are covered in mechanics gloves and up to HEAD and SHOULDERS. JHA. His assault rifle draped over his back, hanging by a shoulder strap.

**EXT. STREET -- EARLY MORNING**

Heavy rain now. Red light.

An armored car stops at an intersection, behind an old rugged pick-up truck. The pick-up is transporting a load of four motorcycles in pristine condition.

Its driver: Cruz. Wearing mechanics gloves. A motorcycle helmet lies in the passenger seat next to him. That and an assault rifle.

Cruz can see The Driver of the armored car talking to his Passenger in his rear view mirrors.

**INT. ARMORED CAR -- CONTINUOUS**

Two passengers in the armored car. Both wearing protective headgear, thus concealing their faces. The radio is on. Some news program.

CAR RADIO (O.S.)

*Today marks the twentieth anniversary of President Reagan's farewell address to the nation.*

DRIVER

Twenty years? Shit. I was like fresh out of high school when my dad made me listen to this shit.

PASSENGER

Really Reagan? Kiss my ass with that shit. Reagan didn't do shit.

DRIVER

Reagan didn't do shit?

PASSENGER

Yeah. Reagan. Didn't. Do. Shit.

DRIVER

Goddamn generation don't understand nothin'. Do you even know what America is all about?

PASSENGER

Shut up. Just stop. What America is about...

(starts laughing)

**EXT. STREET -- EARLY MORNING**

Anthony, in a 1980s Chevy Camaro, pulls up beside the armored car on the right. He's smiling. He waves to the driver of the armored car, looking silly.

The driver, amused, waves back.

Danny, on the left side, arrives in a classic Ford Thunderbolt from the sixties. Danny is driving against the flow of traffic. Lucky for her, there's no one on the road.

She parks her car, engine still running. The windshield wipers stop. The rain pours down and cloud her glass.

**INT. ARMORED CAR -- CONTINUOUS**

DRIVER  
You see this?

PASSENGER  
What?

DRIVER  
What the hell is going on!?

**INT. CHEVY CAMARO -- CONTINUOUS**

Anthony squeezes his hands into a clean pair of mechanics gloves.

**EXT. STREET -- EARLY MORNING**

Red light turns green.

Jha pulls up behind the armored car on his bike. The heavy rain has him drenched.

Cruz's pick-up truck starts flashing hazard lights.

**INT. ARMORED CAR -- CONTINUOUS**

The Driver honks the horn. BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! The car refuses to budge. The Passenger and the Driver watch Cruz exit his truck, wearing a motorcycle helmet and holding an assault rifle.

**INT. CAR, FORD THUNDERBOLT -- CONTINUOUS**

Danny begins to operate two clutches. In addition to the average stick shift that comes standard to any manual, her second clutch controls a sentry gun, which is stationed in the back of the Thunderbolt in place of rear seats.

The sentry gun starts FIRING at the armored car.

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!

**EXT. STREET -- EARLY MORNING**

Jha starts FIRING at the rear of the armored car. His rounds piercing at the steel.

Anthony, wearing a motorcycle helmet, jumps out his car, coming from the right, and joins him.

Shortly after, Cruz, from the front, joins them as well. They continue to empty round after round into the car.

**INT. CAR, FORD THUNDERBOLT -- CONTINUOUS**

Danny continues to operate the sentry gun. She looks down at her dashboard, a timer counting down. Three minutes.

DANNY

Shit!

Danny dons her motorcycle helmet and exits the car. The sentry gun goes dead but shots are being fired OS.

**EXT. STREET -- EARLY MORNING**

Danny runs to the front of the armored car, pulls the dead driver from the car, and pulls the keys out of the engine. She runs to the back of the armored car and tries several keys to open the rear before finding the right one.

DANNY

We don't have any time left! Let's go, let's go!

The door slides up. Three dead men, two are well dressed in the same expensive suit.

Danny EYES the white briefcase being clutched by one of the dead men. A white briefcase carrying the stitching: "xY."

Cruz, Jha, and Anthony drop their guns and run to the back of the pick-up truck. They pull off motorcycles. Jha passes keys to Cruz and Bailey.

Danny turns to her motorcycle and inserts her key. She revs the engine.

**EXT. STREET -- UP AHEAD -- CONTINUOUS**

A dump truck is SPEEDING towards Danny and the crew. IN REVERSE!

**INT. DUMP-TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS**

The driver is one of Dario's men. KROKOLA. Skull tattooed to his face, B&W floral blazer, piercings, red rose lapel pin. His eyes aren't on the road. They're on his rearview mirrors because he's backing up at an insane speed.

**EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS**

Danny notices the dump truck.

DANNY

What the hell is that?

Cruz, Jha, and Anthony pause. Transfixed by the dump truck that's hastily reversing towards them.

ANTHONY

From Dario?

DANNY

Wasn't part of the plan.

**INT. DUMP-TRUCK -- OPEN-BOX BED -- CONTINUOUS**

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

Inside the open-box bed, three Krokola assassins (uniform in appearance to the driver) are crouched in their corners, each holding a Colt Defender Mark I.

**EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS**

DANNY

Let's go.

Cruz, Jha, Danny, and Anthony climb atop their bikes and prepare to ride off. Unfortunate for them, the dump truck has reached them, SCREECHING TO A HALT!

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

The front of the open-box bed lifts up and the three Krokola men SLIDE OUT. They immediately start firing.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Cruz, Jha, and Anthony are immediately down. Dead. Danny reaches for her pistol and RETURNS FIRE back at one of the gunmen. HE GOES DOWN.

Two more Krokola men left.

Danny DIVES behind Jha's bike. Bullets bounce off the bike.

Danny remains crouched down before hearing THREE SHOTS. She DUCKS and spins around. From where?

CAR RADIO (O.S.)  
 Ronald Reagan's farewell  
*And how stands the city on this  
 winter night?*

The Passenger from the armored car stumbles out. Badly wounded, but still alive. The Passenger's gun is no conventional firearm. He's firing a wheel lock pistol that's attached to a hunting knife. An old gun, circa 1546.

CAR RADIO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*More prosperous, more secure, and  
 happier than it was eight years  
 ago.*

Two more shots from the Passenger.

The Passenger takes off his protective headgear. It's JONATHAN!

Jonathan crawls towards Cruz, picks up his assault rifle and FIRES at the two Krokola gunmen. RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! The two Krokola men go down.

INSERT: Timer counting down in the Ford Thunderbolt. 10, 9, 8...

CAR RADIO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*But more than that: After two  
 hundred years, two centuries, she  
 still stands strong and true on the  
 granite ridge, and her glow has  
 held steady no matter what storm.*

Danny rides away without looking back.

Jonathan, badly wounded from gunfire, struggles onto Cruz's motorbike. He starts the engine and begins to ride away.

CAR RADIO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*And she's still a beacon, still a  
 magnet for all who must have  
 freedom, for all the pilgrims from  
 all the lost places who are  
 hurtling through the darkness,  
 toward home. We've done our part--*

Jonathan's too close for what's about to happen.

MOS INSERT: Timer. :02, :01, and a blinking :00 ...

The four cars surrounding the armored car EXPLODE!

Jonathan falls off his bike. The shock from the burst sends him and the bike spinning and spiraling out of the control. He crashes onto the side of the road.

CUT TO:

**INT. 1985 CADDILAC ELDORADO -- CONTINUOUS**

A statuesque brunette in her late thirties, SAMANTHA CAYNE, is driving at a leisurely pace. She's quite the fashionista, wearing studded biker gloves.

An alarm SOUNDS off. She digs through her piece. She looks at her phone's display:

XY. 519. Near Fatal Condition. BPM:  
45. Rapidly dropping.

Samantha FLOORS it, speeding across the road. Apathetic to who stands in her way.

**EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS**

Jonathan holds on to dear life. He's badly wounded. Shattered everywhere.

A 1985 Cadillac Eldorado maneuvers around the dump truck and parks near Jonathan. Samantha Cayne runs out, and tends to Jonathan. She's concerned but not frantic. Seemingly accustomed to such circumstance.

With a pocketknife, Samantha RIPS through his body armor, and observes the heart rate monitor on his forearm. BEEP... BEEP... BEEP... BEEP... Jonathan's heart rate is at a pretty delicate place. He might not make it.

SAMANTHA

Where the hell are they?

They?

**UP AHEAD.** An armored car SPEEDS into the scene. A couple medics exit the armored car with a stretcher and run towards Samantha and Jonathan.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

You're late. Get us out of here.



The medics lift and Jonathan and take him away. They pile into the armored car and drive off.

At this moment, police sirens can be heard. The cops, and ambulances, are nearby.

Samantha returns to her Eldorado and calmly drives away. The instant she leaves the scene, the police finally arrive.

**INT. 1985 CADDILAC ELDORADO -- CONTINUOUS**

Samantha looks back at the police arriving. She smiles.

**EXT. EDGE OF CORN FIELDS -- DAY**

Danny rides fast into a thick maze of tall corn fields. She finally stops, and climbs off her bike. She looks at the bike. After appraising the fuel tank, Danny takes aim, with her gun, and BLAM!

GASOLINE trickles out of the fresh hole in the bottom of the tank. She unscrews the filler cap, letting the air pressure equalize -- now the gas comes pissing out with a loud fast GLUG-GLUG-GLUG!

The rich North Carolina soil turns to mud.

Danny lights a Newport and drops it into the puddle.

WHOOOOOOMP! Gasoline CATCHES FIRE, boiling away at the fuel tank above. As the FLAMES lick higher, Danny begins to hastily edge away before pausing to look back--:

A glorious image. A motorcycle engulfed in fire.

**INT. PICK-UP TRUCK -- AFTER NOON**

Danny and Tommy are speeding on the highway. Tommy's in the backseat. He looks weak and fragile. The worst he's looked thus far.

TOMMY

Mom?

DANNY

Yeah?

TOMMY

Where are we going?

DANNY

Ummm, Tommy you're gonna get to skip school for a few days, okay?

Tommy's not excited. Danny's surprised. Concerned.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Aren't you happy? Isn't this exciting?

TOMMY

But why?

A beat. Danny has no answers.

**EXT. ABANDONED PARKING LOT -- NIGHT**

Danny and Tommy, each carrying a backpack, walk to a loose sewage cap. Danny loosens the sewage cap and removes it. Apparently it doesn't lead into the sewers.

DANNY

Come on, Tommy.

Danny helps Tommy climb down into the dry well.

**INT. DRY WELL -- CONTINUOUS**

Danny retrieves a flashlight from inside her coat. Uses it to find her way around. About three feet to the right, a vault door. A vault door? What?

Danny opens it. Tommy follows his mother. Slowly, they enter the STRONGROOM.

**INT. STRONGROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

An austere blank emergency space. A pile of canned food lies in the corner nearby a small refrigerator and hot plate. On the opposite end of the room a few duffelbags of emergency supplies sit next to a small bed.

TOMMY

Where are we?

Restraining tears, Danny forces a smile onto her face.

DANNY

On vacation.

**INT. MEDICAL FACILITY, TREATMENT ROOM -- DAY**

Back to Jonathan.

A private medical facility. Modern minimalist design. Doctors are treating Jonathan. The unfortunate circumstances for Jonathan afford us the opportunity to gaze at his impressive physique. Like a Spartan warrior this guy.

Samantha Cayne enters. Glances at Jonathan.

SAMANTHA  
How much longer?

Jonathan is weak. Barely can answer.

JONATHAN  
What?

SAMANTHA  
How much longer?

JONATHAN  
(struggling to speak)  
Not much longer...

SAMANTHA  
We've wasted enough time and  
resources already. Sam needs a time  
frame.

JONATHAN  
Don't talk to me about Sam. You see  
me right now?

SAMANTHA  
I speak for the interests of the  
company, sir. You're spending a  
considerably longer amount of time  
here than was originally planned.

JONATHAN  
I need time to rest.

SAMANTHA  
And I need you to move forward.  
Four men lost and the xY still out  
in the open. What have you been  
doing?

Irritation on Jonathan's face.

JONATHAN

The boy was able to give me the location. I'll handle it tonight.

SAMANTHA

Good. I already have investors ready for a new chop-shop of our own. A clean market grab. Anything else?

JONATHAN

Just some personal scores.

SAMANTHA

Make it fast. Sam's beginning to question your ability to--

JONATHAN

Enough. I got it.

Samantha exits.

Jonathan lies awake, staring off into space.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL, EL SALVADOR -- DAY**

Everything on the walls is written in Spanish. Personnel is El Salvadorean. The technology is a couple of years behind what we're accustomed to seeing in American medical facilities.

ELENA, a beautiful Dominican in her early 20s, lying on a divan, is in labor.

DOCTOR

(SPANISH)

Push!

Elena SCREAMS, clutching the hand of the doctor.

CUT TO:

**INT. SAME -- EVENING**

Aglow in DUSK LIGHT: a beautiful BABY, just born, held in ELENA's HANDS. It is being cleaned; warm water runs down its face and body.

Elena is exhausted.

TIGHT ON the MIDWIFE (female, 60's) who holds and cleans the baby as it CRIES. Another, younger, Midwife can be seen behind her, assisting with the pitchers of water. As she cleans the baby, she says to someone OFF-CAMERA:

MIDWIFE  
(laughing, SPANISH)  
He's very big!

The baby, now calm, gets SWADDLED. He is then gently held out to Elena, his mother.

ELENA  
(SPANISH)  
You're very handsome. Like your grandfather.

CLOSE ON the YOUNGER MIDWIFE, standing at the rear of the room. She quietly speaks:

YOUNGER MIDWIFE  
(SPANISH)  
When will he be here?

The Midwife's face turns white. Elena's smile vanishes.

**INT. HALLWAY, HOSPITAL, EL SALVADOR -- NIGHT**

CU: the crisp footsteps of expensive dress shoes pacing the hospital hallway. A couple of men flank him. The man turns a corner. Then another. Finally, he finds his room.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM, EL SALVADOR -- NIGHT**

Expensively furnished with modern decor. Elegant and restrained.

Elena rises from her bed to the sounds of her son crying. Her son's crib is only a few yards away.

Elena tends to her son's grievances. She stares into his eyes, tears flowing from her cheeks.

**EXT. BEACH, EL SALVADOR -- NIGHT**

The waves are harsh and violent. The beach is empty, save for Elena. Elena holds her son in her arms, crying. She looks down at the wooden box by her feet. Elena plants a kiss on his forehead before sliding him into the wooden box!

Elena slams the box shut.

The baby (Jonathan) cries hysterically.

Elena picks up the box and slowly ventures into the sea. Pushing deeper as the waves begin to reach her face. After some time, she leaves the box! In the middle of the sea! She swims back. Distraught. Hysterical.

She refuses to look back.

**INT. WOODEN BOX -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS**

Water seeps inside. The baby begins to shiver, and bawl louder. His tears are shed angrily.

CUT TO:

The outside of the box. The waters are apathetic and rudderless, much like the world we all know.

**EXT. SAME -- NIGHT**

Elena is sleeping on the shore. The same expensive dress shoes from before KICK HER in the stomach. The figure remains out of frame. Elena WAKES UP. She looks up.

Her SON is being held in the arms of EXPENSIVE DRESS SHOES. His face still a mystery. Elena's face turns sullen, in disappointment.

**INT. PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE, HALLWAY, EL SALVADOR -- NIGHT**

The word "PSIQUIATRICO" is repeated numerous times along the walls.

The doctors are FIGHTING Elena. They're trying to drag her to her room. She does her best to fend them off but it's no use. In the end, they overpower her.

CUT TO:

**INT. PATIENT ROOM, INSTITUTE, EL SALVADOR -- DAY**

Elena, now in her fifties, stands by the window, smoking a cigarette. She FLICKS it outside and leans over, watching it fall.

Elena turns back, EYEING the revolver on her dresser.

She reaches for it.

ELENA  
(SPANISH)  
Lord forgive us. We are only human.

SHOVES the revolver into her mouth. FIRES. Brains everywhere.  
Her body falls to the ground.

WE HOLD ON THE TRAGEDY.

CUT TO:

**INT. MEDICAL FACILITY, TREATMENT ROOM -- NIGHT**

Jonathan RISES from his bed, in ANGUISH and EXCRUCIATING PAIN. He limps around the room, toward the ROLLING RACK in the corner.

An expensive suit waiting for him.

He looks at the heart rate monitor on his forearm.  
Functioning normal. BPM: 102

Jonathan EYES a toolkit in the corner. He opens it, retrieving a knife in its sheath, some tools and other hardware parts.

**INT. STRONGROOM -- NIGHT**

Danny sits on the bed and watches Tommy play with his toys. He puts Spiderman into a car. He's having the time of his life with Anthony's birthday gift.

Danny clenches her jaw. Unable to withhold tears this time.

**INT. MEDICAL FACILITY, TREATMENT ROOM -- NIGHT**

THE BLADE OF A KNIFE

Pulled from its sheath, this M3 trench warfare knife carries hieroglyph markings.

QUICK CUTS show Jonathan assembling a mechanical quick-draw holster.

The quick-draw holster is a system of metal gliders taped to his inner forearm, whereby the knife can rest hidden behind the upper forearm until a spring near the elbow is activated. This sends the knife down the gliders and into his palm.

He practices fast-drawing the knife a couple of times. Perfect. He turns to the expensive suit waiting for him.

**EXT. CHOP SHOP -- NIGHT**

WE arrive upon a trail of dead bodies. Armed men who guard the chop shop. When we reach the entrance--

**INT. CHOP SHOP -- NIGHT**

Jonathan steps inside, armed with a 1943 9mm Welgun Submachine Gun. He takes a deep breath and observes the men working. A noisy scene, as always.

Jonathan loads his weapon. Raises it.

The men stop working. All is smoky still for a moment.

Jonathan opens FIRE on EVERYONE, and EVERYTHING. Jonathan moves through each corner of the large warehouse and KILLS each mechanic.

When he's done, he calmly surveys the carnage he's leveled. Satisfied. He drops his weapon.

**EXT. CHOP SHOP -- NIGHT**

Jonathan paces out of the chop shop. He looks back. KA-BOOM!

It explodes!

Jonathan finds his BMW parked outside and drives off as the fire from the decimated chop shop rages on.

**INT. STRONGROOM -- NIGHT**

Tommy's sleeping. Danny stands over, watching him.

Danny kneels down and runs her hand through her son's hair.

DANNY

I have to go now. I have to meet  
with a man who owes me something.

**EXT. STORAGE RENTAL FACILITY -- NIGHT**

Danny rides through the parking lot on her bike, looking for a unit.



DANNY (V.O.)  
He's a liar.

She finds it. Turns the key. Climbs off of her bike.

DANNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But don't worry. I'm going to get  
back what he promised me.

Danny opens her storage unit.

DANNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
You'll live.

Inside:

-- racks, and racks of weapons and ammunition neatly lining  
the walls.

Danny steps inside. Gravitates toward a specific weapon. An  
axe-gun. Exactly like it sounds: a gun with an axe's blade on  
the end of the barrel. It's a modern retrofitting of a Polish  
cavalry weapon from the 17th century. Pretty cool.

DANNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I swear on everything, to God, you  
will live.

QUICK CUTS: Danny suits up for war -- straps on body armor,  
secures stakes and knives, CLICKS ammo cartridges into their  
various weapons. We SEE her lacing up combat boots, checking  
rifle sights, entry lights.

DANNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
You're gonna build all the  
skyscrapers you dream of. You're  
gonna be an artist.

Danny reaches for a chest rig, and loads herself with  
magazines, grenades, and a creative assortment of pistols and  
revolvers.

DANNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Men will look up at what you've  
done and Tommy, you're gonna make  
me proud.

And finally she lays eyes on the final weapon: the  
beautifully crafted race gun from Malim.

**M.O.S., INSERT MONTAGE:**

-- Danny on the cargo plane, SHAKING. Nervous.

-- Danny, going through security, once she arrives in America. They pat her down, and check her bags.

-- Danny, opening a soldier's coffin. She unloads the opium out of the casket, and stuffs some packages on her person and the rest into a large back duffelbag.

-- We see a compilation of cuts: several people FACING THE CAMERA telling Danny the same thing: "Thank you for your service."

**INT. STORAGE UNIT -- NIGHT**

Danny's face contorts.

DANNY

Shut up!

Danny PUNCHES the walls of the unit. Unleashes a fury that's been building inside her for years.

MOS INSERT: A memory, of Danny playing with Tommy before he was sick.

Danny regains her composure. Regains her focus. She heads out. Slides her key into her bike.

MOS INSERT: A memory, of Danny and Malim. Duffelbag of opium hanging from her shoulder. The two of them struggling as they carry the dead American soldier.

Back to scene. Danny rides off.

**INT. STRONGROOM -- NIGHT (FROM BEFORE)**

We revisit Danny, still running her hand through her son's hair.

DANNY

This life, if I were still one with pride, honor, and ambition, would normally have me running the other way.

**EXT. STREET -- NIGHT**

Danny rides across the highway. Glancing up at the stars.

DANNY (V.O.)

I welcome it now, as an invalid welcomes death.

WIDE of the celestial expanse.

**INT. DINING HALL, EL GUANACO RESTAURANT -- NIGHT**

Dario stands over the jukebox. He inserts money. 1950s pop plays over our soundtrack.

Dario returns to his table. Associates are already seated, dining with him.

INTERCUT DINNER WITH--

**EXT. EL GUANACO RESTAURANT -- NIGHT**

ARMED PERSONAL GUARDS surround the building. Dario's private security. KROKOLA. Skull tattoos. Rose lapel pin. Black and white floral blazers. Menacing gaze.

The men wrap around the restaurant. Four stationed to each wall.

Jonathan pulls into the parking lot. He exits the car, finely dressed in a dark grey suit and red tie. He leaves his door open, and tosses his jacket aside, revealing an arsenal of guns, knives, and grenades draped over a bulletproof vest.

Three guards CHARGE Jonathan.

Jonathan PULLS two guns. FIRES off THREE SHOTS! He's a blur of motion. They're dead before even hitting the ground.

A woman screams. A variant of, *He's got a gun!* but since this is El Guanaco, she screams it in Spanish.

-- Back in El Guanaco, Dario dines without concern.

Two more guards charge Jonathan. All firing.

Jonathan DUCKS behind a random parked car. An array of alarms are set off as bullets hit windows and puncture doors and trunks.

The firing continues, and the men continue to approach. As they inch closer, Jonathan takes advantage of a neglected vantage point. Still crouched, he raises his gun, and aims using rear view mirrors for visual. Two shots. Two men down.

The rest of the armed guns, eleven men, raise their weapons at Jonathan.

Jonathan SCURRIES away and jumps into his car. Bullets are sprayed into the BMW. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

As the fire continues, rising like a violent tide, Jonathan returns fire with his Serbian Zastava M-70. RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!

-- A young associate of Dario's comes to whisper into his ear. Dario's face turns white.

Four left. They retreat, hiding behinds cars. Waiting.

**INT. CAR -- NIGHT**

Jonathan pulls two grenades from his arsenal. Pulls the pins. Tosses them aside.

**EXT. EL GUANACO RESTAURANT -- NIGHT**

KA-BOOM! KA-BOOM!

The four men are history. The flames burn through the steel of two motor vehicles.

Jonathan stumbles out his car, a couple of bullet wounds in his shoulder but nothing severe. He unstraps his vest and throws it into the fire that rises before him. It crackles in the background.

Jonathan reaches for his jacket. Dons it. He pulls one distinct weapon from his holster. A beautifully varnished Walther PPK.

CU: of the Walther and three numbers etched into the weapon:  
5 1 9.

Jonathan walks inside.

**INT. EL GUANACO RESTAURANT -- NIGHT**

Jonathan, armed with his Walther, storms into the restaurant ready.

Guests are already climbing over one another to get out. Jonathan is the only one fighting his way into what's almost a stampede.

**INT. DINING HALL, EL GUANACO RESTAURANT -- NIGHT**

Dario is seated behind two guards.

Both guards are waiting for Jonathan, their guns pointed in his direction. It's no use.

Jonathan is operating from another level. He moves quickly, though not hurried, avoiding shots and letting off a couple of his own.

Both guards are no match, dead before hitting the ground.

Dario's anxiety is evident, but not overplayed. Resigned to the needle of history, this guy.

DARIO  
The hired man returns.  
(beat)  
Have a seat.

**EXT. EL GUANACO RESTAURANT -- NIGHT**

The parking lot is empty save for a couple of burning cars and 14 dead bodies sprawled out over the parking lot.

Men on Harleys arrive. Six more of Dario's private guard. Red rose lapel pin. Skulls tattooed to their face. Floral blazers.

The men jump from their Harleys and FILE into the restaurant, military fashion.

**INT. DINING HALL, EL GUANACO RESTAURANT -- NIGHT**

Jonathan sits down across from Dario. The two men calmly and comfortably make eye contact. Not a challenge. Jonathan has taken the high ground, and Dario yields to his perch.

DARIO  
It's still not over, you know.

JONATHAN  
More Karachi mercenaries on the way?

DARIO  
Mhm.

**EXT. EL GUANACO RESTAURANT -- NIGHT**

Danny RIDES into the Guanaco parking lot. She guns it, charging the building, and JUMP OFF the bikes at the last-minute, allowing her bike to SPEED AHEAD and EXPLODE THROUGH the WINDOW in a CACOPHONY of CRASHING GLASS

**INT. HALLWAY, EL GUANACO RESTAURANT -- NIGHT**

Krokola is close to the Dining Hall but turns back at the sound of Danny.

**EXT. EL GUANACO RESTAURANT -- NIGHT**

Danny, wearing an arsenal, holds her axe-gun in her right, and wields Malim's race gun with her left.

Krokola meets her at the front. They come outside and one assassin begins FIRING immediately.

Danny returns FIRE, flanked at both sides of the entrance. With her race gun she manages to hit a Krokola gunman who goes down but manages to remain alive.

Danny returns her attention to him in particular and sends a bullet through his temple before ducking behind a car.

The Krokola Men return inside, abandoning the front.

Danny reloads her race gun and plants herself at the front of the entrance and UNLOADS a spray of ammunition into the door.

**INT. EL GUANACO RESTAURANT -- NIGHT**

A round seems to have caught a Krokola assassin's throat: he claws at his windpipe, which is spraining blood. He's screaming.

The four other assassins move into the hallway, leaving him. Apathetic to his flight. More bullets fly into the dying assassin. A new freshet of blood is spewed after a shot to the head. The screams turn to low gurgles.

One assassin crouches down at the edge of the hallway, waiting for Danny. The assassin carefully aims his rifle at the door.

**EXT. EL GUANACO RESTAURANT -- NIGHT**

Danny edges closely to the door. She removes a grenade from her holster, unpins it, and tosses it.

**INT. EL GUANACO RESTAURANT -- NIGHT**

The grenade HITS the door.

The low chug of the Assassin's rifle. Disappointed it's not Danny. After three more seconds, KA-BOOM.

Danny files into the restaurant, and SHOOTS the assassin at the end of the hallway with her axe-gun. She then pulls one more grenade from her arsenal and tosses it into the hallway.

#### **HALLWAY**

The grenade falls in the midst of two gunmen at the back of the hallway. KA-BOOM!

There's now just one more gunman in the middle of the corridor. THE LONE WOLF. He crouches down and runs along the wall, pushing into a side door and thus leaving the FRAME.

#### **INT. RESTROOM, EL GUANACO RESTAURANT -- NIGHT**

It's empty. The Lone Wolf whirls, pointing his gun back at the door, waiting for Danny to appear.

A long and nervous wait. The Lone Wolf backs up to the sink, turns on the tap, and throws water on his sweating face -- his eyes never leaving the door.

#### **HALLWAY**

Danny FIRES into the door.

#### **INT. RESTROOM, EL GUANACO RESTAURANT -- NIGHT**

The Lone Wolf backs away from the door.

Danny comes running in. The Lone Wolf raises his gun but Danny KNOCKS it away with her axe-gun.

The Lone Wolf lunges forward at Danny, causing her to drop both weapons. The two tumble into the stalls. The struggle is anarchic with both failing to hit each other in a space too confined for movement.

The stall partitions start to move. The force of their struggle starts to test the structure.

They fall back out, by the sink. Amazing how long Danny has held up against the Lone Wolf. But her fatigue is starting to show. She thinks fast. Eyes the running water flowing out of the sink. It's overflowing. Onto the floor now.

Danny manages to break free, jump, and KICK the Lone Wolf who falls backwards, his head CRASHING into the mirror. She SPINS him around, grabs his head, forces it into the sink. His head hits the water and more water is dumped onto the floor.

Danny holds him under until his body stops writhing and kicking. The task is messy. This is a brutal killing by any measure. Finally, his body turns lifeless. Danny allows the body to slide to the floor, and steps back.

A mixture of blood and water stains the floor, before more running water washes away the blood.

Danny picks up her axe-gun and Malim's race-gun.

**INT. DINING HALL, EL GUANACO RESTAURANT -- NIGHT**

Danny RUSHES into the room, aiming squarely at Dario who's a few yards away. Jonathan reaches for his gun. Danny FIRES at Jonathan, but he DODGES it in the nick of time. He crouches down behind the chairs and DIVES behind the bar.

Dario is unmoved.

DARIO  
Miss Bailey--

DANNY  
I want my money!

Danny FIRES at the bar with her axe-gun.

**BAR**

Bullets whiz past Jonathan and rush into breaking bottles.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
He can't buy you any time. Tell him  
to stand down!

Jonathan rises from behind the bar. He FIRES at Danny, methodically hitting the race-gun out of her hand.

DARIO  
I'm not sure you know who you're  
dealing with.

Jonathan quickly ducks down.

Danny, tries to find a better vantage point. She fires SHOTS into the bar area. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Low chugs, each time. Until--no shots left. She tries to reload but Jonathan rises up! He fires at Danny, sending the axe-gun out of her hand.



Jonathan aims at Danny. CLICK. No bullets. Frustrated, he THROWS his gun as a last resort. In the brief time it takes for her to dodge the flying projectile that is his Walther, Jonathan rises from behind the bar and CHARGES towards her.

Danny SCRAMBLES and reaches for her axe-gun.

Jonathan drops his hand, causing his M3 trench knife to fall into his palm. He attempts to STRIKE Danny but she picks up the axe-gun in the nick of time, shielding herself with the blade of her axe-gun. This. Just. Got. Very. Interesting.

The two engage in what is almost a 17th century duel.

Jonathan takes the offensive position. He attempts to inch closer and closer, trying desperately to strike Danny but she defends herself well. The length of the axe-gun affords her a bit of distance and she maneuvers the weapon well.

Danny and Jonathan circle each other.

Jonathan feints the knife toward Danny. He jabs her with the knife and SLASHES her arm, causing a bloody cut. Jonathan jabs again. This time Danny parries the jab, and SLASHES Jonathan, causing a bloody cut on him.

They circle each other again, FEINTING jabs at each other. Danny tries to dig through her pockets for ammunition but Jonathan LUNGES at her with his knife. No opportunity for her.

Jonathan STABS at Danny and Danny grabs his wrist. With her free hand, Danny tries to angle the edge of her axe at Jonathan but Jonathan grabs her wrist. Locked hand in hand, the two stare into each other's eyes. *Who'll bend first?*

Danny breaks free of Jonathan's grip. She raises her axe-gun. Eyes reflected in blade.

They charge towards each other again. They SWING - CLASH - DANCE - SEPARATE...CIRCLE...SWING - CLASH - DANCE - SEPARATE...

Again, Danny tries to dig through her pockets to reload but Jonathan won't let her. He's relentless. The sounds of clashing blades continue until Jonathan STRIKES Danny's shoulder. The cut is deep and he leaves his knife in her.

Danny FEELS it. She drops her axe-gun and tries to remove the knife. As soon she does, Jonathan retrieves her weapon from the floor and STABS her in the heart with it. The cut is deep, and he leaves the end of her axe in her.

Danny has become fully immobile. In workmanlike manner, Jonathan runs through her pockets, looking for ammunition for her axe-gun. He finds it. He PULLS the axe-gun from inside her and loads it. Then, he calmly fires THREE SHOTS into her.

Danny's dead.

Jonathan turns back to face Dario. He regains his composure, though it's safe to assume it was never truly lost.

DARIO (CONT'D)  
(smiling)  
Always resourceful.

A beat. Dario takes out a cigarette and begins to smoke.

DARIO (CONT'D)  
You've done well. Your employer has far exceeded what I thought could be possible. Sam has become a specter to men who normally are too faithless to fear anything.

JONATHAN  
We all try to grow up. Try to act tired of the myths and legends that fascinated us as kids. But they're very, very hard to shake. And when my back's against the wall, sometimes even I will find myself silently praying to some force I have no real faith in.

DARIO  
Because no amount of reason is enough to explain the madness of this world. Tragedy, farce, the inability to distinguish one from the other... all here. In America, of all places. You might be right. I read, maybe an hour ago, about a mother, a veteran might I add, and she simply--  
(snaps.)  
Her own son's life, just like that. Madness. Absolute madness. A woman spins a silencer onto the edge of a pistol and there goes a young boy. But the thing about it is she's hardly responsible. It would be injustice, real injustice, if this woman spent a single second in a cell for this crime.

(MORE)

DARIO (CONT'D)

Surely the madness of the world is responsible. If I were a counselor myself? I'd call the President of these United States to testify. Hell, I might even charge him with it. He's responsible for the world's madness. Not we.

JONATHAN

You always spoke like a Bond villain.

Dario laughs.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

It's been a long time.

DARIO

It has. And I was sad to see you leave. But there's always a contract that breaks the hired man.

INSERT CUT: Two bodies enmeshed together. Making love. In the dark. Just shadows brought to life. Sweat. Tears. Moans. Whimpering.

DARIO (CONT'D)

A proofread irreconcilable with the voice of conscience.

INSERT CUT: The bodies continue to move together. The woman climbs on top.

DARIO (CONT'D)

It was inevitable. I expected it.

INSERT CUT: She thrusts back and forth. The man guides her, moving her hips.

DARIO (CONT'D)

But your last job offered no such qualms.

JONATHAN

No. It did sir.

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- NIGHT**

Luxurious hotel.

A beautiful woman, in her forties, exits the elevator. It's Elena, wearing a dress that hugs her body.

The instant she steps foot outside the elevator, a man emerges from the corner of the corridor and follows her from a distance. It's Jonathan. He unsheathes his silenced Walther.

Elena turns back, noticing someone following her.

Jonathan doesn't quicken or mediate his pace. Equably professional.

Elena hurries to her room, just short of running. She slides her card-key in and opens the door. Locks it.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT**

Elena steps back from the door. Slowly. Anxious. She retrieves a gun from her purse. A revolver. She aims it at the door. And waits for Jonathan.

CUT TO:

**INT. DINING HALL, EL GUANACO RESTAURANT -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Guanaco is newer, and populated. It's noisy. (This would constitute a flashback-within-a-flashback.)

Dario is a little younger. Thinner. He's with his associates and Jonathan, a less confident man than he is now, sits across from him.

DARIO

Her name is Elena Jocaste.

(slams down photos of her)

The feds have her. A witness to the Portillo affair. If she testifies--

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- NIGHT**

Back to the silent corridor. Jonathan COCKS his silent Walther and slides his own card-key into the door. GREEN LIGHT from the electronic lock. Still, he can't manage to open it.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT**

Sweating, Elena steps back. Readies her revolver.

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- NIGHT**

Jonathan steps back. Shoots the lock, and KICKS the door open.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT**

He CHARGES into the room.

Elena FIRES!

The round clips his neck. He keeps moving, undeterred, and pushes her to the ground, KICKING the gun away.

ELENA

(heavy Dominican accent)

Please, please. Don't shoot!

Jonathan stands over her with his Walther pointed at her face. Maybe it's cause she's too beautiful for words, maybe it's the terror in her eyes, or maybe it's both. But he can't bring himself to fire. He stares her down.

Something makes him uncomfortable. And he hasn't felt anything in years. He feels like a monster. Like King Kong being gawked at.

Jonathan's visage is not hiding anything anymore. It reveals a sincere disappointment with himself. That this is his life. That he was capable of much more but let the world down. Himself down.

**FLASHBACK:****INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- NIGHT**

Jonathan, bandage by his neck, grabs Elena by the arm, and escorts her out the hotel room. Past the broken door of her room. Into the elevator.

JONATHAN (V.O.)

*She told me she was your wife.*

**EXT. HOTEL -- NIGHT**

Jonathan directs her to his BMW.

JONATHAN (V.O.)  
*And that made her interesting.*

She gets in on the driver's side.

JONATHAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*I'd known nothing of you.*

He points his gun at her. He gets in on the passenger's.

JONATHAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Taken no interest in gossip.*

Hands her keys.

JONATHAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*But the proofread? His wife?*

**EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT**

It's raining. The BMW speeds down the highway. Past the speed limit for sure.

JONATHAN (V.O.)  
*She was already very beautiful. But when I heard that? I wanted her.*

Jonathan's eyes drift. He looks at her legs as she drives. Noticing that her tight dress complements her figure.

Elena notices too. Not with a smile. But she notices him all the same.

JONATHAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*I don't know where we were going, but I had to be out before word got around. The proofread never got done.*

**INT. SOUTHERN HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT**

Old oak furniture and high ceilings. A rural spot.

Flailing curtains. An empty hotel room.

JONATHAN (V.O.)  
*We must have driven across the country for months.*  
(MORE)

JONATHAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Like my personal prisoner. Afraid  
 I'd kill her. Flattered that I  
 wanted her.*

**INT. BATHROOM, SOUTHERN HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT**

Into the bathtub. Where Elena and Jonathan are having sex. Her on top. Not making love. Playful. Like two teenagers, uncomfortable with true intimacy, and prone to childish antics.

The sound of the water, and their moans, are very erotic.

Elena EYES Jonathan's Walther on the floor. She contemplates reaching for his gun. Maybe right now, as he kisses her neck. She kisses his. He loves it when she kisses his neck.

She eyes his gun again. Her hands, covered in soapy water, REACH for it. Just shy of it. Jonathan doesn't notice. Too caught up.

Elena considers another attempt. But Jonathan pulls her into a deep kiss. She fights for a second. Jonathan doesn't let her resist. She yields, melting into the kiss, grabbing the back of his neck.

**INT. SOUTHERN HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT**

Jonathan is naked, covered by the hotel sheets. Elena stands by the window, wearing only his shirt. She loves the warm Southern breeze.

JONATHAN (V.O.)  
*Every woman is conscious. But she  
 was living on borrowed time. It  
 made her fearless. And free. Maybe  
 the look I gave her--*

INSERT CUT: Their initial encounter. When Jonathan was over his target with his Walther. And she was terrified, begging that he wouldn't fire.

JONATHAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Maybe she thought the only reason  
 she was still alive was because of  
 that look.*

CUT TO:

Another night. Jonathan and Elena are making love on the bed. Intimacy this time.

JONATHAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Well, lust often evolves into  
 something else.*

**INT. SOUTHERN HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT**

Elena stands by the open windows to feel the warm breeze.

ELENA'S POV,

gazing up at the stars.

She turns to look at Jonathan.

JONATHAN (V.O.)  
*She told me about El Salvador. I  
 loved hearing her tell me. I hadn't  
 been there since I was a boy.*

INSERT: ELENA'S EYE

magnified up close. Her eye from the POV of Jonathan. Colors splashed haphazardly. If Pollack, de Kooning, or Gorky were redone with fireworks, instead of paint, then this is what he iris would look like.

CUT TO: Jonathan standing behind her, kissing her neck. He stops. Noticing something on the back of her neck.

INSERT: A SMALL TATTOO of the date: **005/019**

JONATHAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*How she met you there,*

CUT TO: Jonathan and Elena in bed. Cuddling. Talking.

JONATHAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*and why you made her leave.*

ELENA  
 (SPANISH)  
 Another syndicate expressed an interest in partnering with Dario on a new shop. So he brought his nephew in.

FLASHBACK TO:

**EXT. EL SALVADOREAN CHOP SHOP -- DAY**

Another flashback-within-a-flashback.



Dario's operation, just in a different setting.

Dario, much younger, with a thicker head of hair, greets a young man. JOSEPH, a young boy about sixteen years old. A fair and feminine face.

ELENA (V.O.)

(SPANISH)

*He offered to teach the boy how to race. Dario often told them to pull parts into the shop so he could use them for himself.*

**EXT. ABANDONED PARKING LOT, EL SALVADOR -- DAY**

An abandoned parking lot, belonging to some high-rise that was either not finished or has just eroded and surrendered to the tides of time.

Dario and Joseph are DRIFTING in a 1966 Chaparral 2D, a white racecar used back in the day in the Indy 500. They're laughing. Having a fun time.

Dario looks at Joseph with an unsettling stare. Joseph doesn't notice.

ELENA (V.O.)

(SPANISH)

*But Dario had other intentions.*

CUT TO:

Later. Dario and Joseph exit the car, laughing. Suddenly, and shockingly so, Dario withdraws his pistol and STRIKES Joseph in the back of the head with it.

**INT. ABANDONED BUILDING, EL SALVADOR -- DAY**

We're in the top floor of the unfinished high-rise. It's filthy up here. Syringes, discarded condoms, and broken beer bottles are scattered on the ground. People apparently come here for a lot of different things.

Joseph is lying on the ground, bloody and beaten, with his pants down. He's crying.

Dario is buckling his own pants. He grimaces.

DARIO

(SPANISH)

*Shut up. Let's go.*

ELENA (V.O.)  
 (SPANISH)  
*The boy couldn't handle it.  
 Couldn't live with it.*

Joseph pulls his pants up. Starts to fasten his belt.

**INT. CHAPARRAL 2D RACECAR -- DAY**

Joseph is sitting in the cockpit of the chaparral 2D. He's holding a revolver.

ELENA (V.O.)  
 (SPANISH)  
*"A man will debauch himself with  
 ideas, reduce himself to a shadow,  
 if for just a second of his life he  
 can close his eyes to the  
 hideousness of reality. Everything  
 is endured- disgrace, humiliation,  
 war- because we believe that  
 overnight, a miracle will occur.  
 And it will render life tolerable.*

He quickly SHOVES THE REVOLVER IN HIS MOUTH AND PULLS THE TRIGGER . . .

BLOOD AND BRAINS SHOOT OUT THE BACK OF HIS SKULL AND HE COLLAPSES onto the steering wheel, causing the HORN to SOUND off.

ELENA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 (SPANISH)  
*And all the while a meter is  
 running inside and there is no hand  
 that can reach in there and shut it  
 off."*

**INT. SOUTHERN HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT**

Jonathan stares at Elena. Incredulous.

ELENA  
 (SPANISH)  
*The boy's uncle vowed revenge. He  
 was merciless.*

**EXT. FARM, EL SALVADOR -- NIGHT**

An El Salvadorean farm is ablaze in fire and smoke.

ELENA (V.O.)  
 (SPANISH)  
*He found Chavez's sister.*

INSERT CUT: In El Salvador, armed men in suits drag women from their home, and throw them into the streets.

ELENA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 (SPANISH)  
*Then my sisters. And their kids.  
 All beaten. Raped. Killed. Chavez  
 was to be the last target. I wanted  
 my son to avoid all that.*

INSERT CUT: A familiar scene. We return to the time and place of Elena pushing her son out to sea in a small wooden box.

ELENA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 (SPANISH)  
*But, sadly, I awoke to find him  
 rescued.*

INSERT CUT: We finally give the man with the expensive dress shoes a face: Dario Chavez. Standing over Elena, Dario's holding her son, Jonathan.

ELENA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 (SPANISH)  
*Chavez had no choice but to run.  
 And he could only secure passage  
 for one traveler.*

INSERT CUT: Dario kisses his infant son, and tells him, "goodbye." He leaves the child with a humble farmer. Hands the farmer a wad of cash. Then steps into a Humvee.

ELENA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 (SPANISH)  
*He left for America. And I came  
 too. To find my son. But Dario told  
 me I was wasting my time.*

INSERT CUT: Dario and Elena are in the North Carolina chop-shop we know. The workers are busy, ignoring the quarrel between the two.

ELENA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 (SPANISH)  
*That my son was dead, and I came to  
 hear nothing but bad news.*

Jonathan listens very closely. It seems like a familiar story.

ELENA

(SPANISH)

This is my penance for wanting a dangerous life, and falling in love with the dangerous men that came with it. My tattoo is his birthday. It was the last time I saw him. All I have left of him is that memory. I lost the only photograph they ever gave me.

(beat)

I have no place here. I'm leaving America. Nothing here but empty dreams that I put too much faith in. It's better to keep America that way. In the background. A sort of post-card you look at in a weak moment. Like that, you imagine it's always there waiting for you, unchanged, unspoiled, a big patriotic open space with tenderhearted men. It doesn't exist. The world is too cold. America is a name you give an abstract idea. A future you'll never have. One we might not truly want.

CUT TO:

**INT. DINING HALL, EL GUANACO RESTAURANT -- NIGHT**

Frame story.

JONATHAN

The proofread wasn't just your wife. It was my mother. I *am* disgusted with myself. I didn't say another word. I just got dressed and left.

Dario is surprised. He had no idea that Jonathan was his son!

*INSERT CUT: A familiar scene. We're coming back to the Institute in El Salvador. Elena shoves the revolver in her mouth.*

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

She eventually found out.

(beat)

She was always bitter about you. You took her son away from her.

(MORE)

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

She wanted revenge. Just never saw  
the opportunity.

Jonathan rises to his feet.

**A SYMMETRICAL TWO-SHOT**

sandwiches an Andy Warhol-style rendition of J. M. Flagg's  
"Uncle Sam" recruitment poster between Jonathan and Dario.  
The famous "I Want You for US Army" painting.

JONATHAN

What is it that you once told me?  
Man is not an animal. There's  
nothing primal left. We are of a  
civilized world. The only thing  
savage about us is our manners. And  
these aren't natural. These must be  
cultivated.

Dario smiles.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

You're a monster. You're  
responsible for the world's  
madness. As much as anyone else.

Jonathan aims Danny's axe-gun at Dario.

DARIO

This is hardly over. There are more  
men coming.

JONATHAN

I've already taken care of that.  
Where do you think you get your  
ammunition? That fight is over  
before it ever had a chance to  
begin.

Dario looks up. *Into his son's eyes.*

DARIO

(SPANISH)

So, finally, I can meet Dante. That  
mad raconteur of a savage lucid  
sleep.

JONATHAN

I suppose romance is all you have  
left. Life without it is, as we've  
agreed...?

DARIO  
Quite mad.

Dario feigns a smile.

JONATHAN  
Make them count.

DARIO  
Make what count?

JONATHAN  
Your final words.

A long beat.

DARIO  
"The sweetest honey is loathsome in  
its deliciousness.  
But these violent delights have  
violent ends, and in their triumphs  
die, like fire and powder which as  
they kiss, consume--"

Jonathan SHOTS Dario in the head. The ORANGE burst of  
gunfire in the foreground briefly eclipses Uncle Sam's finger  
in the background.

Jonathan pulls his Detective ID from inside his jacket. Slams  
it on the table. Pulls out a match. Burns it. Not him.

He reaches underneath the table and retrieves the xY  
briefcase. He smiles. Job well done.

**EXT. EL GUANACO RESTAURANT -- NIGHT**

Jonathan exits the restaurant, briefcase in one hand, axe-gun  
in the other.

Uh-oh, looks like this situation might be stickier than he  
expected. Twelve more members from Krokola have shown up. The  
black and white floral blazers return.

**BIRD'S EYE VIEW**

Twelve Krokola gunmen encircle Jonathan. The image recalls  
Cowpen's flag. Jonathan stands in the center, while twelve  
gunmen surround him with M14 Minis.

As Jonathan calmly moves away from the restaurant's entrance,  
the encirclement of men travel with him. He smiles. Beautiful  
white teeth, this guy.

All at once: the twelve men from Krokola cock their weapons.

INSERT:

CLOSE ON TRIGGER FINGERS. We can see the hands of similar gunmen in the background.

The M14 Minis fire!

EXPLOSIVE BULLETS travel down their chambers at approximately 360 miles per hour headed straight for JONATHAN'S temporal lobe. Twelve bullets racing toward the same vertex from twelve separate independent angles.

Only they never get there.

The guns jam!

A chamber explosion is a nasty thing. Instead of shooting out of the barrel, the rounds explode in the cannon's chamber. Hot shrapnel fragments like a land mine, ripping into the Krokola gunmen. Their hands, forearms and faces.

Jonathan drops his briefcase, and wields the axe-gun now with both hands. An offensive position from him now.

Jonathan's black hands come into frame. Raising the axe-gun high, Jonathan THRUSTS the edges of the axe into the abdomens of various Krokola men. He hacks slapdash and arbitrarily.

A half dozen strokes later and the Guanaco parking lot is scattered with twelve more dead bodies.

Alas, Jonathan can finally leave. He wipes the blood off the axe, and grabs his briefcase.

Jonathan EYES Danny's motorcycle in the parking lot. He smiles to himself.

**EXT. ABANDONED PARKING LOT -- NIGHT**

CLOSE on a sewage cap. It slowly rises into the air. Little Tommy, as sick as he is, pushes the lid upward and rises out of the drywell in his pajamas. He's clutching his Spiderman toy.

**EXT. STREET -- NIGHT**

Jonathan rides Danny's bike down the street. He's riding fast with the axe-gun hanging around his back as the xY briefcase hangs like a messenger bag.

**EXT. ABANDONED PARKING LOT -- NIGHT**

Little Tommy leaves the abandoned parking lot and begins to walk along the sidewalk, towards the bright lights. Towards civilization, in a sense.

**EXT. STREET -- UP AHEAD -- NIGHT**

Jonathan speeds through the streets, recklessly raging through populated intersections.

**EXT. ART MUSEUM -- NIGHT**

Little Tommy, wandering these busy city streets by himself, arrives at the art museum that began our story. He stops to stare at the painting that sits at the center of the advertisement that's taped to the window.

LITTLE TOMMY'S POV:

TIGHT SHOT OF MEDEA BY EUGENE FERDINAND VICTOR DELACROIX.

**EXT. STREET -- UP AHEAD -- NIGHT**

Jonathan's riding through a busy intersection. He's losing control of the bike. Jonathan veers RIGHT to avoid hitting a car. He jerks it too far. He's riding on the sidewalk and he's headed into a building. The Art Museum.

Jonathan JUMPS off the bike at the last minute. It CRASHES into the building. A huge crash.

Pandemonium all around. Jonathan looks up at the scene. Sees a smattering of broken glass. Stares at the shattered window that carries a torn advertisement.

A woman runs up to him.

ELDERLY LADY

Are you okay?

Jonathan ignores her. His gaze is fixed on the shattered window. He sees something peculiar. A small Spiderman doll on the ground. Not far from it, the body of a child, mostly hidden from the wreckage.

Jonathan understands what's happened. He clenches his fists and POUNDS them into the sidewalk.

ELDERLY LADY (CONT'D)

Sir? What's the matter?



Jonathan rises from the sidewalk and begins to stagger away, favoring one leg.

ELDERLY LADY (CONT'D)  
 Sir? Sir?! Where are you going?  
 Where are you going? Sir?

Jonathan gains speed, eventually lightly jogging out of view.

CUT TO BLACK

ACTA EST FABULA.

Happiness is a Warm Gun,

God Put a Smile on Your Face.

a dé boulay op.

**INT. CHOP SHOP -- EARLY MORNING**

Danny, Cruz, Jha, and Portillo are building the sentry-gun.

DANNY  
 (singing)  
*"I hear the train a-comin', it's  
 rolling round the bend, and I ain't  
 seen the sunshine since, I don't  
 know when  
 I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, and  
 time keeps draggin' on.*

Anthony JOINS HER:

*When I was just a baby, my momma  
 told me son, Always be a good boy,*

All of them now:

(singing)  
*Don't ever play with guns! But I  
 shot a man in Reno! Just to watch  
 him die! When I hear that whistle  
 blowing, I hang my head and cry!*

Linger on Danny's large and beautiful smile. This is the happiest we've seen here. Period.

CUT TO BLACK