

THE SIX

By

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Based On: THE DC COMICS Secret Six
By Gail Simone
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EXT. NIGHT ON LA STREETS

You hear the engine of a SPORTS CAR CHANGING GEARS. It is dark, but you can still see the silhouette of the Bugatti Veyron on CHROME RIMS. Above the speed limit, switching lanes.

Camera closes in on driver.

EXT. BUGATTI WINDOW

It is SCANDAL SAVAGE. Her hair is black and curly, barely touching her shoulders.

Scandal puts the Bugatti in a different gear and increases her speed. Pulls up to SAM'S HOUSE, a POPULAR STRIP CLUB. VIP at the front door.

EXT. STRIP CLUB

Scandal gets out of the car and walks lightly, but noticeable. The valet attendants are waiting, watching, with MOUTHS OPEN.

JAW DROPPING black outfit that shows off her firm, seductive figure. Her CLEAVAGE is desirably visible even with her platinum-and-diamond EYE BLINDING JESUS PIECE CROSS covering it. Valet approaches. He is mumbling.

ATTENDANT #1

M-Mum-M-Mum. Did, did, did
you. Ah-Wait. Ah, park, park...

Scandal grabs his hand and drops her keys in it. SHE POINTS (WITH ATTITUDE) to the long line of valet parked cars, about fifteen cars deep.

SCANDAL

Back those cars up. I need my car
parked right here in front!- Two
yards from the curb, ten yards from
any other car. GOT IT!

The Valet is Star-Struck.

ATTENDANT #1

Yes. M.M. Ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

Then he bows his head quickly as if to be dismissed by his Queen.

Scandal quickly walks past three CLUB ATTENDANTS who all take DOUBLE TAKES as she passes.. As she gets closer to the CLUB DOORS and the BOUNCER who stands next to it, she walks slower. As if to calm herself, and to be ready to be the center of attention.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE STRIP CLUB

The DJ just finished with T-Pain's STRIPPER SONG. As he finishes one mix to begin another, he addresses the crowd.

DJ

This is your favorite DJ again,
they call me ONE-TON. You should
wanna get to know me. You just got
through watching the very talented
DEBBIE DOWNTOWN dancing to some of
that, T-Pain. Make sure y'all keep
the thunderstorm of dollars pouring
in aalllll-niiiggghht long.

The DJ PLAYS the crowd. SLOWLY, eyeing over their emotions.

DJ

(CON'T)

Somebody is gonna be lucky tonight.
Get it! Get it! Uh huh. Uh huh.

The DJ's eyes pierce each section of the club seeing NAKED WOMEN, BOUNCERS escorting DRUNK MEN and WOMEN out of the club. FEMALE patrons taking their clothes off. THEN, he sees the face of an OLD GUEST, an OLD FRIEND.

SCANDAL walks slowly through the club.

CLUB PATRON #1

(WOMAN)

Hey, she looks familiar!

CLUB PATRON #2

(MAN)

Is that?! Nooo. It can't be.

CLUB PATRON #3

(WOMAN TALKING TO GROUP)

We are going to have fun tonight.
OR DIE! You know who just walked
in? SCANDAL SAVAGE! That's one
CRAZY BITCH GIRL!

(CONTINUED)

CLUB PATRON #4
(DRUNK WOMAN)
SCANDAL?

CLUB PATRON #5
(DRUNK MALE-STAGGERING)
I got to go. I got to leave this
place. I just seen the DEVIL'S
DAUGHTER. NO. NO. We're all gonna
die!

CLUB PATRON #6
(FRIEND TO PATRON #5)
Shut up FOOL. This is PLEASURE, NOT
BUSINESS!

Scandal hears all of the talk as she walks to an isolated
corner booth. What used to be her favorite seat, at her used
to be favorite club.

CAMERA CLOSES IN ON THE BODY OF BEDROCK

Amazing, SEXY THIGHS walking at a brisk pace towards the
isolated booth. It is BEDROCK BETTY! A beautiful,
VOLUPTUOUS model slash stripper who has been waiting for an
opportunity to get with Scandal. She has two bottles of Dom
Perignon, one in each hand. WATER AND ICE PIECES dripping
off of the bottles as Bedrock Betty walks. The club is
getting more and more ROWDY and people are getting bumped,
pushed. Bedrock gets bumped, she pushes back.

BEDROCK BETTY
MOVE HOE! MOVE!

DRUNK GIRL PATRON #1
AHH Bitch! Watch dat shit!

Bedrock turns in the direction of the DRUNK GIRL
PATRON. Stops. It seems as if everything got quiet for
those few seconds.

BEDROCK BETTY
I got YOUR BITCH! And YOUR
FRIEND'S BITCH!

Bedrock points, with BOTTLE-IN-HAND, over to a dazed but
intimidating Scandal.

BEDROCK BETTY
Do you want THIS BITCH OVER HERE
TOO?

(CONTINUED)

DRUNK GIRL PATRON #1
Nawww, Naw. My BAD! I sorry.

BEDROCK BETTY
Yeah, Whatever Trick.

Bedrock continues to walk to Scandal. Five more steps. Scandal sees Bedrock and GRINS.

BEDROCK BETTY
(CALM LOVING TONE)
How have you been SWEETIE? It has been a while.

CUT

EXT. KALAHARI DESERT AFRICA 12 NOON

HEAD SHOT.

The face of THOMAS BLAKE breathing heavy, but controlled. Sweating. He is jogging along a trail towards a camp. He is barefoot, wearing only shorts, jogging with LIONS playfully running behind him. He stops at the front of the camp gates.

THOMAS
(BREATHING HEAVY- CONTROLLED)
Alright boys and girls, that is our workout for today. Good job! Now, if one of you knew how to cook. Ha!

Thomas walks slowly into the gates of the camp. He gets suspicious. He starts to hear , MURMUR, or maybe people talking at the further end of the camp. He walks down further. The LIONS BEHIND HIM STOP and go back to the front of the gates. They are aggressive amongst themselves now.

BANG,BANG,BANG,BANG. Rifle shots are fired.

Thomas looks around, stops, he sees JAMIR the area guide peeping through the camp tent. The tent peep hole closes quickly.

Thomas CLINCHES HIS FISTS and turns the corner at the end of the camp site.

HOLY HELL! About six lions and cubs have been shot and put in a pile. BLOOD covers the ground around the pile. Flies are swarming around these dead lions. Vultures start circling above the area. THOMAS BLAKE IS PISSED!

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS
(SCREAMING)
NO! NOOO! NOOO!

Thomas drops to his knees. He is shaking his head, staring at the ground.

A BLACK HAND touches him on his shoulder. It is Jamir the area guide.

JAMIR
I know the hearts of men like you. Now is the time to go or you will return to your old ways. You will NEVER find peace. Please think and choose wisely. PLEASE. You must go.

Thomas stands to his feet, EYES BLOODSHOT RED. He CLINCHES HIS FISTS again.

THOMAS
So much wrong has to be done, to make things right. An EYE FOR AN EYE.

Thomas and Jamir see two armed guards walk towards the last tent. One man from the slaughtering group is standing by a desert jeep getting drunk. Thomas walks to the guard by the jeep.

JAMIR(V.O.)
No My Friend. You will only fuel your inner animal.

The one guard sees Thomas approaching.

ARMED GUARD #1
(GETTING DRUNK-SINGING)
We in the MONEY! We in the MONEY!

ARMED GUARD #1
(CON'T)
Hey Thomas, Thanks man! He said it was time to get you paid, instead of the other way around. You know what we can get for lion-...UGH, UGH.

Thomas grabs the armed guard by the throat and PICKS HIM OFF THE GROUND.

(CONTINUED)

ARMED GUARD #1
UGH, UGH, AHH, WHAT? AHH, AHHHH.

THOMAS
Even if you thought you knew me. I
DON'T KILL FROM MY OWN PACK.

Thomas throws him to the ground, then SLOWLY walks to him.

ARMED GUARD #1
Please Thomas! We got a call on
your behalf!

Thomas punches him in the face two times and knocks him semi-unconscious. Then throws him in the lion's blood near the pile. Thomas walks to the last tent where the other two men walked to. HE ENTERS.

EXT. LAST TENT

Fighting noises are heard. The sound of punching, BONES BEING BROKEN are heard. Men SCREAMING, begging PLEASE NO! Then SILENCE.

TEAR. As Armed Guard #2, #3, and #4 are each thrown one at a time from the tent into the direction of the DEAD LION PILE.

ARMED GUARD #2
Ahh, Ugh-Ugh, wait. WAIT!

Armed guard #2 tries to plead for his life as he crawls towards Armed Guard #1 who is barely conscious.

ARMED GUARD #2
THIS! This is a misunderstanding!

THOMAS
No. NO. No misunderstandings.

All four of the armed men are no longer armed. They are crawling towards each other near the pile of DEAD LIONS. It appears that each one has both of their legs broken.

THOMAS
(CON'T)
For what has been done today, there
is no turning back, FOR ANY OF US.

ARMED GUARD #2
WHAT? Please listen.

(CONTINUED)

ARMED GUARD #1
(SOBBING)
A man called us, TO PAY US!

THOMAS
You will need more than money
now! I am not going to kill you,
but, I WILL LEAVE A MARK!

SUDDEN ROAR, ROAR.

The LIONS from the front gate appear behind Thomas as he
pulls a SHINY DAGGER out of his BACK BELT.

CUT

1 AM San Francisco, CA

EXT. NIGHT CLUB-NIGHT

Mr. Ira Benjamin Sheldon (accountant wearing glasses and
hair in a pony tail) is escorted by Junior's twin goons,
John and Aaron, inside the enormously packed gay/ straight
club.

MR.SHELTON
(EXCITED AND NERVOUS)
I am so pleased to hear that the
BOSS wants to take me out. I don't
get out much and you would never
catch me at a place like this. But,
what the hell right. I need to
enjoy and relax.

JOHN (THUG 1)
Mr. Shelton, the Boss wants you to
loosen up and enjoy some parts of
life. They say life is short.

MR.SHELTON
You are so right about that. I am
glad you two guys are with me. I
feel, kind of important.

AARON (THUG 2)
Well, you do business with our
Boss. You are very important
because he is a very important
person of interest. Right this way.

INT. NIGHT CLUB NIGHT

The three men enter the gay/ straight club and as soon as the doors open, the HEADBANGING bass music is heart stopping. The club is packed with approximately 300 people. STAND-STILL PACKED. BODIES dancing to disco-hop music, dance floor filled with men and slightly more women lightly dressed engaging in a dancing orgy. Everyone cheering their gay freedoms exploring each other very carefree.

(WALKING TOWARDS EMPLOYEE SIDE DOOR)

John has his hand firmly on Mr. Shelton's shoulder, walking in slowly not to draw too much attention. They have to speak loud now due to the brain busting music.

JOHN (THUG 1)
(BOBBING HIS HEAD TO THE
MUSIC)

This place is packed tonight! I
don't think I've ever seen it so
packed. People want the money. They
want THE MONEY!

MALE BARTENDER (Dressed in a THONG AND A TIE) uses hand gestures for John and Aaron to see if they want a drink.

Aaron waves his hand under his chin to signal NO!, with his eyes rolled to the back of his head. Then he starts to BOB his head to the music.

Mr. Shelton looks at the male bartender and gives a BIG 'WOW' with his mouth. Looking at the bartender up and down.

BARTENDER walks close to Mr. Shelton.

BARTENDER
(ATTITUDE)

Hey guy! I don't FUCK with none of
the FOOLS UP IN HERE! Butttt!!! You
gone need a drink. HA HA!

GAY BARTENDER hands Mr. Shelton a drink and walks off switching his hips.

Shelton downs the drink.

Aaron and John walk Mr. Shelton to the side Employee Entrance. It has stairs going down to an ISOLATED ROOM.

MR. SHELTON
Hey what's going on guys? Is this
like a secret VIP room?

(CONTINUED)

AARON (THUG 2)
 C'mon Mr. Shelton! We have business
 with the BOSS. Just listen to what
 he has to say. (Smirk) I've heard
 him say that he likes you, right
 John?

JOHN (THUG 1)
 I guess so bro. It's ALL GOOD!

Going down the narrow stairwell. The music gets softer as if
 the walls are thicker.

JOHN (THUG 1)(CON'T)
 (WHISPERING)
 Real talk bro, every time the boss
 gets an idea I can damn near shit
 my pants. Shit is FUCKED UP! I, I
 am in therapy for that ya know.

AARON (THUG 2)
 (SMILING)
 Naw Nah bro! He loves him some MR.
 SHELTON! Shit. He has a real
 feeling for people.

Aaron and John simultaneously look at each other.

AARON (THUG 2)& JOHN (THUG 1)
 WHATEVER!

MR.SHELTON
 (WORRIED)
 I don't think I have ever seen him.
 You got a description of the boss?!

The three reach at the bottom of the stairwell.

AARON (THUG 2)
 HOLD UP! HOLD UP!

Aaron reaches in his right suit pocket and pulls out a RED
 LIKE BANDANNA. John does the same. They each take turns
 blindfolding each other, keeping Mr. Shelton free from the
 blindfold. John OPENS THE DOOR at the bottom of the stair
 well. THE ROOM is small like a jail cell, barely lit from
 the old ceiling lights. There is an old locker at the back
 wall, hardly big enough for a person to fit in. There is
 also a small nightstand with a land line phone, notepad and
 a pen on it.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (THUG 1)

Hey bro, I think the world will change once people find out what is at stake.

I mean, look at tonight's turn out. And even the ones who could not make it now, are on there way.

AARON (THUG 2)

Yeah, it almost feels like we are at the height of our lives right now. The show is about to go down. Let's get ready.

The TWINS are now blindfolded standing behind Mr. Shelton. One on each side as they SLOWLY push Mr. Shelton further into the DIM ROOM.

INT. BASEMENT CLUB NIGHT

MR. SHELTON

Is he here?

Mr. Shelton has his EYES WIDE OPEN behind his glasses. Sweat rolling from his forehead unto his face over his nose, cheeks and lips. Cautious.

MR. SHELTON (CON'T)

(SHAKING)

I liked the party upstairs. Please! We can continue the party upstairs. Upstairs was cool. Really cool.

AARON (THUG 2)

No sir! You have to MAN UP and get things right with the BOSS! You have some explaining to do.

JOHN (THUG 1)

Stand in front of the locker Mr. Shelton. Go stand and plead your case. If all is good, you will be back upstairs with the girls and the drinks.

Mr. Shelton slowly walks towards the locker. Every step his heart beats with THUNDER. His LIPS are shaking, his EYES are fixed on the locker. One foot NERVOUSLY stepping in front of the other. He looks back at the twins then quickly back at the locker.

(CONTINUED)

AARON (THUG 2)
 (GRINNING)
 You got it Mr. Shelton. You're
 doing the right thing. Don't let
 FEAR OVERCOME YOU!

JOHN (THUG 1)
 You're a great man Mr. Shelton.
 Creativity, persistence, characters
 of a great man.

AARON (THUG 2)
 (WHISPERING TO JOHN)
 Mr. Shelton is an okay dude.

JOHN (THUG 1)
 (WHISPERING BACK)
 Yeah man, did I tell ya he got me
 Cuban cigars for Christmas? Really
 good stuff.

AARON (THUG 2)
 (STILL WHISPERING)
 Cool. Do you have the recorder?

JOHN (THUG 1)
 (TO AARON)
 Digitally recording now.

There is a MINI RECORDER in John's pocket as we see that it
 has already began recording. RED LIGHT blinking.

We see a terrified Mr. Shelton standing about a yard from a
 locker and a table stand. He slowly starts to get on his
 KNEES.

VOICE
 (JUNIOR CLEAR AND SCREECHY
 FROM LOCKER)
 DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

MR. SHELTON
 What?! Uh, YES SIR! You are the
 BOSS. You control everything on the
 West Coast. Everyone says that
 you...

VOICE
 (INTERRUPTING)
 Continue! Please, I beg of you.
 Continue!

(CONTINUED)

MR. SHELTON (CON'T.)
 They say that you are hardly
 seen, that you run things with a
 phone and a notepad!...

The Prison gangs fear you. They say
 you are everywhere.

VOICE
 (JUNIOR CLEAR AND SCREECHY
 FROM LOCKER)
 I don't like to be seen!

MR. SHELTON
 (SHAKY VOICE)
 Yes sir, and that you don't like to
 be seen.

MR. SHELTON (CON'T.)
 I am no one special JUNIOR SIR, I
 just....

I mean if you could

VOICE
 (AGGRAVATED AND IN CONTROL)
 Where is the BITCH, YOU FUCK? Why
 did you HELP HER TO STEAL, FROM
 ME!?

CUT

EXT. LOS ANGELES-NIGHT (BEHIND HOTEL)

It has rained in LA. We are at the back of a hotel. A tall
 male figure comes out of the back double doors pushing what
 appears to be a big hotel ROLLING TRASH CAN. The man stands
 up straight and we see the face of Floyd Lawton aka
 DEADSHOT. (GREATEST ASSASSIN) He wears a jacket and has a
 traveling back pack strapped to his shoulders.

Floyd flips open the lid of the large dumpster then dumps
 what appears to be just trash from the rolling dumpster. You
 hear the sound of a THUD. Floyd puts the trash can down and
 looks around quickly. He then rolls the dumpster back into
 the back of the hotel.

CUT

INT. BASEMENT CLUB NIGHT (SAN FRANCISCO)

Mr. Shelton's small talk with JUNIOR is coming to an end.

He turns his head from the shame looking away from the locker, then shakes his head left to right again and again in regret. He feels DEATH. His teeth is clenched together breathing through his mouth with saliva spitting out.

MR. SHELTON

(SOBBING)

I can't, I don't know. THAT BITCH!
LIES, DECEIT, TRICKS!

VOICE

(JUNIOR CLEAR AND SCREECHY
FROM LOCKER)

UHMMM ! UHMMM!

MR. SHELTON

(SHAKY VOICE)

She told me that she loved me. She
told me IT WAS NOTHING TO YOU!

Mr. Shelton cries to the dim lit lights on the ceiling, TEARS blurring his vision. He slowly DROPS HIS HEAD and puts his hands in front of his face palms in, as if he had found religion.

MR. SHELTON (CON'T.)

My God! What have I done?

VOICE

(JUNIOR CALM)

I believe you. I think I can put my
trust in you again. I wanted to see
for myself.

There is a slight squeaky noise coming from the locker. Mr. Shelton sobbing still a bit but not paying attention to what is about to happen.

VOICE

(JUNIOR AGGRAVATED AND IN
CONTROL)

TIME FOR YOU TO WITNESS!

A hand in a black glove, with WHITE medical tape wrapped around the wrist, quickly reaches out from the locker. Terrifyingly fast. Mr. Shelton catches a quick glimpse of the hand and tries to move. He is not fast enough. Knowing that if he sees the boss, he will definitely be killed.

(CONTINUED)

MR.SHELTON
 (TERRIFIED)
 I AM NOT LOOKING! I AM NOT LOOKING!
 I DON'T SEE!

Not able to get away he turns from the HAND OF DEATH. THE HAND snatches his pony tail.

MR.SHELTON
 (TERRIFIED)
 Ahh! AAAGGGHHH!

VOICE
 (AGGRAVATED AND IN CONTROL)
 You gave my GET OUT OF
 HELL-FOR-FREE CARD to a lying FBI
 whore! One choice to make. You are
 married with children?!

KILL THEM OR KILL YOU! CHOOSE ONE,
 CHOOSE ONE!

Mr. Shelton is squirming like a stuck pig. The Fear of JUNIOR's BLACK GLOVED HAND and the strength it possesses. Fear for his family and his own death.

MR.SHELTON
 (SOBBING)
 My God No! Please, please!

VOICE
 (JUNIOR CALM)
 No God here today! Make your
 decision. You will die or your
 family will die. Choose! Choose!

Another hand in a black glove with WHITE medical bandages reaches out from the locker and grabs Mr. Shelton's head. RAKING it from above grabbing him by the nostrils. His head has now been pulled to the edge of the locker by his pony tail and nostrils.

MR.SHELTON
 (TERRIFIED)
 KILL THEM! KILL...

VOICE
 (JUNIOR INTERRUPTING)
 Say it again. I want to be sure,
 clear, EXACT! YOU CHOOSE TO KILL
 THEM?

MR. SHELTON (CON'T.)
Forgive me! I CHOOSE THAT THEY DIE!
KILL THEM!

VOICE
(JUNIOR CALM)
OKAY! YES! A deal is a deal.

Mr. Shelton's entire body is snatched into the locker. SLAM!
The TWINS with blindfolds then turn to each other and smile.

MR. SHELTON
(INSIDE LOCKER)
PLEEAASSE NOOO! AAGGHH!

VOICE
(JUNIOR CLEAR AND SCREECHY
FROM LOCKER)
Good Choice. When the time is
right, everyone makes a good
choice. Uh, HUH.

FADE OUT

EXT. LOS ANGELES NIGHT

TIRES from a BLACK EXPENSIVE FOREIGN sports car is speeding
down the wet and dangerous streets. SHIFTING GEARS, passing
other vehicles and barely catching the signal lights. RAP
MUSIC is bumping.

INT. HOTEL NIGHT

FLOYD LAWTON stands in the dark of the hotel stairwell at
the bottom floor. Plain clothes. Gets his cell phone and
sends a text message to Thomas Blake aka CATMAN.

Phone text reads: READY TO MOVE.

FLOYD
(WHISPERS TO SELF)
Job done Task Force. On to the
next.

Floyd starts to think, he tilts his head back and VISIONS
HIS LAST SERIES OF KILLS. VICIOUS. Boom, Boom,
BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! He sees himself in SOUTH AFRICA
(AROUND LIONS), IRAQ, BUDAPEST, SWITZERLAND, PARIS, BERLIN,
NEW YORK and just recently LOS ANGELES! A trail of blood.

(CONTINUED)

Floyd snaps out of his DAYDREAM OF DEATH when he hears the BUILDING SHAKING BASS THUMP car driving up. Black sports car. Floyd leaves the hotel and gets into the car. Thomas Blake (Catman) behind the wheel. Thomas in plain clothes peels out of the hotel area, the two men laughing. Music is turned down.

INT. SPORTS CAR-NIGHT

FLOYD

Is everything ready to go? PAYMENT?

THOMAS

(SERIOUS AS WELL BUT GLOOMY)

Heading to the WESTSIDE HOUSE OF SECRETS right now to get more info. At this time everything is good.

FLOYD

Who is running the Operation?

THOMAS

Some MYSTERY DUDE reincarnating the OLD MOCKINGBIRD.

FLOYD

(SOUNDING SURPRISED)

What! Oh this is going to be good.

THOMAS

Yeah, and leading the mission is SCANDAL SAVAGE- the daughter of the IMMORTAL!!

FLOYD

NO SHIT! Oh this is going to be SOOO GOOD! HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!

The sports car kicks into another gear on their way to the HOUSE OF SECRETS.

INT. HOUSE OF SECRETS- NIGHT

GANGSTA RAP MUSIC BLASTING from one of the rooms in the antique but lavishly kept home. It is the SEXY, SCANDAL SAVAGE, out of UNIFORM with a BOTTLE OF LIQUOR in each hand pacing the room. She is feeling SAD, hurt, tormented, ALONE since her LOVER KNOCKOUT is presumed dead. Takes bottle to the head, EIGHT LONG GULPS to finish and throws bottle down.

EXT. HOUSE OF SECRETS -NIGHT

The lights of a SUV and four motorcycles moving fast are coming uphill towards the HOUSE OF SECRETS.

INT. HOUSE OF SECRETS- NIGHT

A SOLDIER walks to the room that Scandal is in and knocks. He opens it slightly, just to glimpse at her face down on bed.

HOUSE SERVANT
(SOLDIER)
Scandal! WE HAVE COMPANY!

Scandal throws him the MIDDLE FINGER as to say SO WHAT!

EXT. HOUSE OF SECRETS- NIGHT

The vehicles pull up to the house, BANE steps out of the passenger side. BANE has a FULL MASK, FULL READY FOR WAR UNIFORM and healthy as ever. Very FUCKING INTIMIDATING. He approaches the soldier at the door with his driver from the SUV and his four motorcycle henchmen.

HOUSE SERVANT
(SOLDIER SCARED)
Please MR. BANE, right this way.

INT. HOUSE OF SECRETS- NIGHT

The soldier walks Bane and company through the MUSIC BLASTING house and shows Bane the ROUND TABLE. Suggesting that he can take a seat if he would like to.

HOUSE SERVANT
(SOLDIER SCARED)
Please have a seat MR. BANE.

Bane just looks at him and gives him a STARE.

HOUSE SERVANT (CON'T)
(SOLDIER SCARED)
OR STAND- WHATEVER YOU WANT!

The DOOR BELL RINGS TWO TIMES, then obnoxious knocking on the door starts.

The soldier answers the door WITH TWO CHROME 45s.

EXT. HOUSE OF SECRETS- NIGHT

RAGDOLL is standing at ATTENTION. All 5 feet 8 inches, 110 POUNDS of him dressed like a HOMELESS HOBO, STITCHES ALL OVER HIS FACE, WHITE LATEX GLOVES ON HIS HANDS, holding what appears to be a 1930s DOCTOR'S MEDICINE BAG.

RAGDOLL

(SHOCKED)

HEY! HEY! Is that anyway to treat a guest? GULP! My name is Peter. Some say I'm a doll,... others believe I am a psychopath, and or sociopath. There is a difference you know?! I am here to meet (voice changes) the one and only SCANDAL.

The soldier looks closer, thinking WHAT IN THE HELL HAPPENED TO YOU. Puts away his guns and lets him in.

HOUSE SERVANT

(SOLDIER)

Right this way (sarcastically now)
DOLL FACE. Please have a seat with the others.

RAGDOLL enters the room and quickly GRABS A CHAIR at the ROUND TABLE. His medicine bag in his lap as he nervously glances over the room left to right and back again. He sees Bane and his men, but chooses not to stare.

The RAP MUSIC is turned up louder now.

INT. SPORTS CAR-NIGHT

The MOOD has shifted, the two guys are more relaxed.

THOMAS

Maaannn, this is some shitty weather we are having right now. It seems like it never rains. Hey listen, SOME BAD THINGS have happened in Africa.

FLOYD

(SEEMING ANNOYED)

Bad things bro, like what, HOW BAD?

Thomas starts to get explicit flashes of the HORROR he was faced with before coming back to the states. GAME POACHERS FOR HIRE KILLING LIONS AND TIGERS in the JUNGLE. The same animals that were a pact with Catman.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS
(WHISPERING LOUD)

Bad..

Floyd looks at Thomas now. What is going on in his head?

FLOYD
Well damn dude, I know you got
something else to say about Africa?
You were over there for years. How
bad?

A VISION for about five seconds of Catman as Thomas standing shirtless, with BLOOD ON HIS HANDS and splattered blood on his face and upper torso.

THOMAS
(SERIOUS AS WELL BUT GLOOMY)
Really, really FUCKED UP I guess. A
lot of men died all fucked up. Some
were left to rot and shit. Some
worse.

FLOYD
(EXCITED)
Hell, I don't see the bad side to
those things at all. Last time I
checked MUTHERFUCKERS were dying
all the time. And these META-HUMANS
will JACK YOU UP! PROTECT YA NECK!

FLOYD (CON'T)
Hold on, you want me to believe
that you care about that bullshit.
C'mon bro! Look at the business we
are in! Look at me, I am an
assassin. My only job is to kill!

Catman as Thomas has another horrible flash of 5 GAME POACHERS on their knees bleeding. They are screaming that they will stop. Saying that they will turn themselves in, begging for Thomas not to kill them. The SUN IS AT HIS BACK. There is a look of fury, vengeance, destruction on Thomas' face. His hair is wet and dirty, his eyes are squinted. He grits his teeth, with blood on his face. FLASH ENDS.

THOMAS
No! I don't care. I'm saying I
don't care. And I would do it
again!

The two see gas stations and quick food mart stores ahead.

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD

Hey, pull over real quick. I want
to get some snacks.

Thomas pulls up in front of the store. The two get out and slowly jog out of the drizzling rain into the store.

INT. CORNER STORE- NIGHT

The scene of the store looks calm. TOO CALM. They continue the conversation from the car.

STORE CLERK

(NODDING UP AND DOWN FROM
BEHIND COUNTER)

Hello fellas! How are you doing
today?

THOMAS

(TO CLERK)

Where's your ice cream bud?

Floyd points to one corner of the store as if to question in that direction. The store clerk points around to another isle, still nodding his head.

STORE CLERK

Right over there in the back.
Please go this way.

The clerk wants to avoid the incident going on. Floyd changes direction. FULLY AWARE OF HIS SURROUNDINGS. Thomas stands in a good position between the door, the clerk and the direction Floyd is walking.

THOMAS

(TO CLERK)

Thanks.

Thomas looks at the clerk and sees him fidgeting and sweating.

THOMAS

(LOUD TO FLOYD)

Hey, Floyd! You know we don't live
right, Huh? It really seems EVIL,
like HEAVEN AND HELL EVIL.

Thomas's sense of smell gives up the whole incident. He smells ammunition and sweat, instinctively knowing there are armed THUGS in the store.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS (CON'T.)
 (MORE CALM)
 It just seems like something is missing in life.. Something normal people have... How do you get treated for that kind of stuff?

FLOYD
 (LOUD TO THOMAS)
 WHAT! You know how many NORMAL...

Floyd is FULLY AWARE of the THUGS in the store. His vision is how many and how fast he can get to them.

FLOYD (CON'T)
 FUCKS wake up, load their guns and go SWUARTZA- NIG on their friends, neighbors and schools!

Floyd is now COCKY, ARROGANT, and even SHOWBOATING to draw out the THUGS.

FLOYD (CON'T)
 (LOUD)
 I'M DEADSHOT! WORLDWIDE PAID ASSASSIN. I keep funeral homes in operation, TOE TAGGING BITCHES! And I don't think it's the person getting paid TO KILL, that's so bad.

Floyd scrolls through the ice cream pint selection.

FLOYD (CON'T)
 It's that normal guy at the movie theater, at the college, running a marathon, boarding a plane, minding his own damn business. BUTTERED PECAN or CHOCOLATE MINT!?

THOMAS
 Yeah, both.

Thomas looks at the clerk and he is even more scared from the taunting coming from Floyd. Floyd is walking back with the pints.

THOMAS (CON'T)
 (TO CLERK)
 He's gonna want some snacks. Something to keep him from talking.

Store clerk shaking. Thomas and Floyd walk to the counter. Floyd looks at the pints.

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD

This shit is still frozen pretty good. ANYWAY, Thomas you're not the one that would breakdown and analyze the job, man.

Floyd sits the pints on the counter, throws assorted snacks by it. CLICK.

(Close up of grungy, tattooed skinhead robber)

NAZI ROBBER #1

MUTHERFUCK YOU AND MUTHERFUCK YOU!
HANDS IN THE AIR BITCHES!

The robber has his GLOCK pointed at the back of Floyd's head. His two other partners in crime slowly move up and have their guns pointed as well. Thomas and Floyd are CALM as ever, almost bored.

THOMAS

(TO CLERK)

How much man?

The clerk does not know whether to move out of the way or ring up the sale. He quickly rings up the items. His eyes looking at the robbers then back to Thomas and Floyd who seem to ignore the robbers. Then to the robbers again.

STORE CLERK

(SHAKING)

\$16.37 is your total.

Thomas throws a \$20 bill on the counter and hand gestures for the clerk to keep the change.

THOMAS

(TO FLOYD CON'T CONVERSATION)

I know man, but shit is really getting deep now. What is this world coming to?

INT. BASEMENT CLUB- NIGHT (SAN FRANCISCO)

John and Aaron are still blindfolded. SLOWLY they walk to the locker at the back of the room.

JOHN (THUG 1)

BOSS?

(CONTINUED)

VOICE
(JUNIOR CLEAR AND SCREECHY
FROM LOCKER)
I AM DONE. Need new set up down
here. Cleaning materials, new
lockers.

AARON (THUG 2)
Yes sir, right away.

VOICE
(JUNIOR CALM)
Leave his body parts in an orderly
fashion. Start with the FRONT ROOM
of his house. Hopefully his
daughters see it first. Make sure
we send a CLEAR message.

JOHN (THUG 1)
Ah. Ah, okay boss.

VOICE
(JUNIOR CALM)
I think he has a cat and a dog.
KILL BOTH!

AARON (THUG 2)
Yes-Yes sir. Whatever you say boss.

VOICE
(JUNIOR CALM)
Make sure you leave the recording
in the most visible spot. I want
them to hear him begging to kill
them instead. GOODDDDD !

VOICE (CON'T)
(JUNIOR CALM)
YESSS, I know where she will be
taken. She stole the most valuable
item on earth. This is the only
thing that is important to me. Here
is THE PLAN!

JOHN (THUG 1)
WE ARE READY SIR!

VOICE
(JUNIOR CLEAR AND SCREECHY
FROM LOCKER)
They will break her out of jail.
THE SIX. No threat, from this six.
They will take her from San
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VOICE (cont'd)
 Francisco to Gotham City. ROAD TO
 HELL! YEESSS!

FADE

INT. CORNER STORE- NIGHT

The three NAZI THUGS are itching to pull their triggers. It looks real nasty as they come just a yard or so from their targets. The two at the counter remain calm still going on with their own conversation. Floyd even bags the items at the counter.

FLOYD
 (SEEMING ANNOYED)
 I guess I will bag this shit up
 myself bro.

NAZI ROBBER #1
 (PISSSED OFF)
 DO YOU HEAR ME BITCH? BITCH!

FLOYD (CON'T)
 (TO ROBBER #1 W/O LOOKING)
 NO! But call me a bitch one more
 time.

Nazi Robber #1 leans his head in closer towards Floyd.

NAZI ROBBER #1
 Hands up or you're dead. Fucking
 hear me now!

FLOYD
 (NORMAL TONE TO THOMAS)
 I know what this is about. Is this
 about that CHICK THA HUNTRESS? Or
 what's her name? Naw, Birds of
 Prey, The HUNTRESS!

NAZI ROBBER #2
 (INTERRUPTING)
 Do it Jon Paul, blast his ass.

THOMAS
 (TO Floyd)
 It ain't about that Floyd.

FLOYD
 (EXCITED)
 You sure about that? You sure? That
 girl is HOT AS HELL! I bet that is
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD (cont'd)
 the only thing that would give you
 and Batman a run for your money.
 SHE WOULD KICK YO ASS! Speaking of
 ass kicking...

INT. HOUSE OF SECRETS- SCANDAL'S ROOM

The room is in a complete mess. LIQUOR BOTTLES EVERYWHERE.
 More than a heavy drinking alcoholic can consume. Scandal is
 on the bed face-down as if she is passed-out. House servant
 (soldier), Bane and Ragdoll go to check up on her.

RAGDOLL
 (SHOCKED AND DISAPPOINTED)
 Oh dear God. REALLY SCANDAL!
 Really! You choose tonight to get
 WASTED!

Ragdoll takes the initiative to try and assist Scandal. Bane
 stands back and scopes out the room and the mess that was
 made.

RAGDOLL
 Alcohol does a body good. But, only
 in moderation my dear.

SCANDAL
 (SLOPPY DRUNK)
 Leeaav, leeav me.... Alone. Leeav.

RAGDOLL
 Now where's that beautiful,
 half-immortal, killer that we all
 adore? You thought that all of this
 drinking would take you to that
 point? Huh?

Scandal slowly turns and tries to take a swing at the
 closest thing or person. She misses.

SCANDAL
 LEAVE ME ALONE!

Scandal's eyes are BLOODSHOT RED. She is able to see who is
 in the room which makes her even more mad or embarrassed.

SCANDAL
 (PISSSED)
 Get away before I, I...

(CONTINUED)

Scandal THROWS UP like no other. All fluids and food come out. You can hear the solids and liquids hitting the floor next to the bed she is laying on. Bane comes off the wall he is leaning on, but not much.

BANE
(TO RAGDOLL)
She is releasing her INNER DEMONS.

RAGDOLL
Yes she is, my super human friend.
I believe the death of her
girlfriend is taking a toll on her.

RAGDOLL (CON'T)
Well! I suppose I will be the one
to bring this whole situation to
light. Watch and learn my friend.
OOOHH, SCANDAL!

Scandal vomits again, this time even harder. She clinches on to the edge of the bed as her body shakes from the vomiting. Bane and Ragdoll just look at each other, then back at Scandal.

INT. CORNER STORE- NIGHT

FLOYD QUICKLY MOVES from the gun pointed at his head, and seemingly in one motion able to deliver TWO VIOLENT ELBOWS to the robber's head while taking his gun.

FLOYD
(PISSED OFF AND CONTROLLING
ROBBER)
FUCKIN WANKSTER! Ye' talk a lot ah
shit with ya gun, HUH? Wanna be a
tough guy? Let me show you. Class
in session.

Floyd again, VIOLENTLY and SUPER QUICK SLAMS the robber's head into the counter. Thomas just moves to the side and watches like a spectator. Robber #1's nose is flowing with blood. Floyd aims the gun at the STORE CLERK.

FLOYD (CON'T)
(SERIOUS FACE)
Put the gun between his eyes, move
and you get it. GOT IT? Then speak
clearly.

Floyd is giving a class on how to handle a gun and take control of a situation. Robber #1 is holding his nose just looking at Floyd as if he is crazy. This is the REAL DEAL!

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD (CON'T)
GIVE ME THE MONEY!

The store clerk is dumbfounded, opens the register and hands Floyd the money pronto. Floyd holds the money in front of the robbers for a second, then puts it in his jacket pocket.

FLOYD (CON'T)
This money is mine 'cause I have
NUTS! BALLS! And y'all just
wasting time. Shitheads? HA! How
about Knuckleheads? Boneheads? Damn
Crackheads that's what you all are.

Floyd then grabs the snacks that are out on the counter. He glances at the store clerk while still keeping an eye on the robbers.

FLOYD (CON'T)
These are mine now
because...because your security
system sucks!

Floyd and Thomas leave the store. Floyd packing the snacks and the cigarettes. Thomas just holding on to the ice cream pints. They resume the conversation that is disturbing Thomas.

EXT. CORNER STORE- NIGHT

The two leave the store, Floyd in front. There is still a light drizzle of rain. Thomas is slow walking out behind him with the pints of ice cream in his hands. He looks disturbed about life decisions past, present, and near future.

Floyd GLANCES BACK at him noticing his facial expressions.
THEY BOTH STOP! Conversation continues.

FLOYD
What is going on Thomas? Are you
thinking about the straight and
narrow path?.... Not for us bro.

THOMAS
Maybe. Maybe it's time.

FLOYD
I can't see it happening bro!
Reason number one, you would be my
next CONTRACT KILLING! Number two,
you are CATMAN! You have tortured
animals for humans. And, you have

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD (cont'd)
tortured humans for the sake of
animals. Ah Killer! You-know, there
is still a potential witness in
that store. He is stuck with being
disrespected, BROKE (HA HA), and
being labeled as a crackhead.

THOMAS
AAHH HELL.

Thomas slowly turns around and walks back into the store.

FLOYD
(JOKING LIKE)
I will wait right here for
you...Mighty Lord of the jungle.

INT. CORNER STORE- NIGHT

The CORNER STORE DOOR CLOSES behind Thomas. The robbers are still together in front of the cashier counter. Robbers #2 and #3 see Thomas.

NAZI ROBBER #2
(SHOCKED)
These fools again!

NAZI ROBBER #3
Oh shit! Oh shit!

Thomas quickly throws his frozen pint of ice cream at the NAZI ROBBER #1. HARD. Robber number one only turns his head back because of what his partners in crime are talking about. He pays the price again. Robber number one is hit with the ice cream and his face is EXPLODING with blood again.

NAZI ROBBER #1
(DAZED AND STILL HOLDING HIS
FACE)
Holy Mother! What da fuck! This
shit hurts!

Thomas has already LEAPED into the air, like a lion fighting animals in the jungle. The height of his jump and the distance covered is unbelievable. It seemed like only one second and Thomas was in their face. You can see the WHITES OF THE THREE ROBBERS EYES. It appears as if they are the defenseless victims now. Thomas throws Robber #1 to the side.

(CONTINUED)

NAZI ROBBER #1
(HOLDING HIS FACE)
Hey! AAAHHHH, Whooaaa!

Thomas rushes to deliver a combination of punches to Robber #2. He quickly drops his gun as if he never meant to use it. Robber #3 drops his gun as well, WATCHING Thomas punish his pardner. Robber #3 slowly tries to back up, but finds a wall behind him.

NAZI ROBBER #3
Oh Shit! Oh Shit!... Man What?! Man
What?!

Thomas looks at him from the corner of his eyes. Thomas SMIRKS, gives a little smile, then shows his teeth in a sadistic way. Quickly jumping in the direction of Robber#3, and delivering the same ass whipping to the punk.

(NOISE)

Cans are falling and bags are being stepped on.

Thomas turns quickly to see Robber #1 heading towards the door. Thomas leaps leaps low, almost waist level and catches Robber #1 by the ankle. He puts the PRESSURE SQUEEZE on his catch and starts TWISTING THE ANKLE SLOWLY. Robber #1 looks back at his ankle and then at Thomas.

NAZI ROBBER #1
SHIT HURTS! STOP HURTING ME! FUCK!
FUCK!

(NOISE)

POP.

Thomas breaks his ankle, then grabs his leg with one hand and his arm with the other hand. Robber #1 is tossed into the air like a basketball.

NAZI ROBBER #1
Whooaaa!

Thomas forcefully delivers a JUDO KICK to Robber #1 as he starts to fall from the throw.

NAZI ROBBER #1
(HURTING)
UGGHH!

The kick is so hard it propels the robber into the GLASS DOORS on the wall. GLASS IS BROKEN EVERYWHERE.

EXT. CORNER STORE- NIGHT

Floyd is standing by the car holding the door open on the passenger side. He is looking to see if he should go in to help Thomas, then realizes that Thomas is as fierce a fighter as anyone.

FLOYD

There you go Thomas. GET YA SUM!
Huh! The Justice League will want
to recruit you by the end of the
week... AH, NOT!

INT. CORNER STORE- NIGHT

Thomas WALKS SLOWLY TOWARDS the three robbers on the floor. They are all bleeding from every hole in their heads. Barely conscious, eyes rolling in their heads, shaking and afraid. Thomas picks up a THICK, SHARP PIECE OF GLASS and looks at the three. He walks over Robber #1.

THOMAS

I,.. I am not going to kill you.

Thomas FEROCIOUSLY WIELDS THE GLASS about seven times at the torso of Robber #1. Tearing his clothes and leaving deep lacerated slash cuts on his chest.

NAZI ROBBER #1

HELP ME! HEEELLPPP! AAUUGGHH!

Thomas stands, notices the section of the broken glass was the BEER SECTION. He grabs a 6 pack of 16 ounce GANGSTA BOOGIE BEER. Thomas walks to the store clerk register area. The store clerk is bent down, his eyes and the top of his head are the only parts of his body seen.

THOMAS

Destroy all security footage. Don't
make me come back.

Thomas leaves the store. You can see in the background the store clerk stomping on the machine recorder that was recording store activities.

STORE CLERK

No trouble, I don't want NO
TROUBLE! No trouble.

EXT. HOUSE OF SECRETS- NIGHT

Thomas and Floyd slowly pull up to the HOUSE OF SECRETS. They park and then get out of the vehicle. Each of them carrying their own bag containing their uniform and weapons. Floyd tries to stir up Thomas and bring out his aggression more as they walk towards the house.

FLOYD

Hey, ya know that was a Superfriend moment when you threw that skinhead across the store? Back there, ya know. I thought you were gonna kill those guys with your Muhammed Ali punches. Ha, Ha, Ha. Spittin' up blood and shit!

THOMAS

(ANNOYED)

Enough Floyd!

FLOYD

That was a damn good beat down! Huh, when did you see their soul quit? When the eyes rolled back, or when they started grabbing at the air?

THOMAS

REALLY! Still pushing the envelope huh?

FLOYD

That poor bastard should have just asked for your autograph before you Samoan kicked him! Or was that Kung Fu, Wushu? Whatever it was... you dropped his ass.

Thomas stops before Floyd can finish his sentence.

THOMAS

Really Floyd !? Okay. Just stop talking Floyd. Please stop talking. Please.

The two walk to the front door. Before they can ring the doorbell or knock, they are greeted by RAGDOLL WALKING ON HIS HANDS. He apparently has opened the door while being upside down.

INT. HOUSE OF SECRETS- NIGHT

RAGDOLL

Floyd! Thomas! I presume. Right
this way gents.

The two look at each other awkwardly, then back at Ragdoll.
They enter.

DEADSHOT

RAGDOLL! Jester, Comedian,
professional prankster!, circus
entrepreneur....KILLER!

Ragdoll quickly flips to his feet and looks at the two as if
he had just been insulted.

RAGDOLL

No need to be rude fella! Two rooms
are right over there so that you
can change.

Ragdoll points to the guest rooms in the front of the house.

RAGDOLL

TEN MINUTES!.... Bane and I will
take you to Scandal. She is a
little under the weather right now,
but... a surprise has been planned.
He He He.

THOMAS

(KIND OF SURPRISED WHISPERS)

Bane.

RAGDOLL

Time is ticking. I am so excited!

Ragdoll quickly throws himself to the floor and completes a
set of forward rolls. He then converts into a HANDSTAND. He
starts to whistle while walking on his hands down the
HALLWAY.

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER:

INT. HALLWAY- NIGHT

Catman, Deadshot, Ragdoll and Bane (SUITED UP) walk down the
NARROW HALLWAY of the house to Scandal's room. The music of
SOUTHERN HIP-HOP still THUMPING.

(CONTINUED)

DEADSHOT

Hey Thomas, when you Sumo kicked that guy, did his teeth come out? I thought I saw BLOOD and TEETH.

CATMAN

Where is Scandal?

RAGDOLL

She is not all together right now, Thomas. I fear that our secrets are DOOMED even before we begin.

BANE

TOO MUCH ALCOHOL, even for an IMMORTAL.

INT. HOUSE OF SECRETS- SCANDAL'S ROOM

The four approach, Catman knocks on the door. They proceed to enter Scandal's ROOM. Catman sees her laying lifeless on the bed and offers help.

CATMAN

Wake up ALCOHOL PRINCESS, we've got work to do.

SCANDAL

D.D.-- Don't touch m.. I'll kill.. YOU. Kill.. Thomas.

CATMAN

Yeah, Yeah. We can't complete the mission without you FEARLESS LEADER. OR GET PAID! My suggestion is SHOCK TREATMENT!

DEADSHOT

(WHISPERING TO BANE)

WOW! The only female with us, Hot, Drunk, and she digs chicks. Lucky, lucky me.

BANE

Be careful what you say, BROTHER OF DEATH. Love is a complex thing.

DEADSHOT

You don't have to tell me Big Man, I know the GAME. I just choose to STICK AND MOVE.

Catman is able to get Scandal off of the bed and escort her into the HALLWAY. They walk into a large DECORATED ROOM with the rest of the TEAM closely behind.

INT. DECORATED ROOM- NIGHT

CATMAN

(SPEAKING TO SCANDAL)

Hey, we know things have been different...since your girlfriend. Since what happened to KNOCKOUT. We wanted to cheer you up.

RAGDOLL

(EXTREMELY LOUD)

Yes! Yes! Yes! This is a CELEBRATION! DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS?!

As the team walks into the large DECORATED ROOM, Ragdoll starts to do an old British hop dance. The sound of old strip club music is lightly played.

Catman with the help of Deadshot escort Scandal to sit down on a black leather couch in front of a HUGE, SHINY, PINK AND WHITE CAKE.

DEADSHOT

Ah Yeah. I see what is going on now. Ragdoll, you Devil.

Deadshot looks over at Ragdoll and winks. Ragdoll gives a devilish thumbs up. Scandal is still drunk, dazed, with BLOODSHOT RED EYES.

RAGDOLL

EVERYBODY! LET'S GET THIS PARTY STARTED! (singing) HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

All other music stops in the room. The TEAM joins in after Ragdoll and sings HAPPY BIRTHDAY to Scandal. As they finish and SCREAM with applauds,... The MAIN ATTRACTION pops out of the HUGE, SHINY, PINK AND WHITE CAKE. Balloons, streamers and confetti EXPLODES EVERYWHERE. (Bane is quite,emotionless, stands behind Team with ARMS CROSSED).

A beautiful, tanned, DROP DEAD babe with RED CURLY HAIR emerges from the seven foot tall cake.

(CONTINUED)

STRIPPER
HAPPY BIRTHDAY BABY!

Ragdoll is still CLAPPING.

RAGDOLL
(TO HIMSELF LOUD)
OH MY LORD, those curves. What
VIBRATIONS, just looking.
Just...looking. One could lose his
money and his mind over that.

STRIPPER
C'mon Boys! Somebody help me outta
here.

SCANDAL
KNOCKOUT?

Deadshot and Bane rush to help the Stripper.

STRIPPER
(TO SCANDAL)
Baby girl, my name is SUGARMELON.
BUT,... TONIGHT I AM WHOEVER DOING
WHATEVER TO YOU!

Ragdoll is still CLAPPING. He then notices that he is just
making unwanted noises and stops.

DEADSHOT
(QUIETLY TO SCANDAL)
Hey sis, we know you miss your
SWEETHEART. We all that knew her,
miss her too. We can't bring her
back, BUT...Uh.. We want you to
find some happiness. Plus we spent
some good money for tonight.

SCANDAL
What? Huh?

DEADSHOT
It is your party tonight, Scandal.
Even if it gets UNNATURAL and
FREAKISH..

Scandal just turns her head in the direction of Deadshot's
voice. (EYES BARELY CLOSED).

The Stripper walks next to the CAKE and turns on her MIXED
CD of MUSIC. Parts of the HUGE CAKE are actually Speakers.
She slowly walks towards Scandal and SEXUALLY STRADDLES her
so that they are FACE-TO-FACE.

(CONTINUED)

STRIPPER
(SOFTLY)
Tell me what you want baby girl.

The Stripper moves her body in closer to Scandal. Whispers in her ear.

STRIPPER
Do you like this? Tell me what you want baby. I'm here for you. You are so, so pretty. Now that we are here together, HONESTLY BABY, whatever you want to do.

As the Stripper is LOCKED into Scandal FACE-TO-FACE, rubbing her lips over Scandal's face, she calmly waves off the Team. The other Team members procrastinate as they attempt to leave the room.

SCANDAL
NO! NO! Hold up. Your not...NOT KNOCKOUT!

STRIPPER
No Scandal. But I am here to be with you.

Scandal goes into a DREAMY DAZE VISUALIZING KNOCKOUT in her best aggressive and gentle moods. She doesn't hear the first part of what the Stripper says, only the last part of her words ("Here to be with you.")

SCANDAL
Knockout. How did you come back?
How?

STRIPPER
You are drunk, and I remind you of a love, ONCE LOST.

Scandal continues to DAZE in and out about Knockout.

STRIPPER
I too, had a love, ONCE. Let's make this about our affair, and no one else, HUH?!

SCANDAL
NO, Knockout I... I am sorry.
Sugar, is that your name again?

The Stripper, still straddled to Scandal FACE-TO-FACE starts to SLOWLY message her own BREASTS. An attempt to get Scandal to give in.

(CONTINUED)

STRIPPER

Yeah baby, SUGARMELON! And there is
a reason for all of THIS!

Scandal SLOWLY pushes the Stripper off of her. Her Head is
down and slow to raise it.

SCANDAL

I can't Sugar. We got business.

STRIPPER

What? You don't want to do
anything? What's up? WHAT!

SCANDAL

(SHOUTING TO CEILING)
Briefing in LOWER ROOM GUYS!

SCANDAL-CONT.

(UNDER BREATH)
Fuckin' nosy Assholes!

INT. HALLWAY- NIGHT

Catman, Deadshot and Ragdoll are in the DARK SPOT of the
HALLWAY. Closest to Scandal within shouting distance.

DEADSHOT

She's PISSED! We were trying to see
a SHOW and she knew it. This ain't
gonna turn out good.

CATMAN

FUCK THAT BRO! I brought ICE CREAM.
And I have been SUPER NICE. What
have you done?

INT. DECORATED ROOM- NIGHT

Bane suddenly appears to give Scandal escort to the LOWER
ROOM for briefing. Ragdoll starts small talk with the
Stripper.

STRIPPER

I have to get paid guys. I am not
leaving until I get paid. I KNOW
YOU ALL HEAR ME!

RAGDOLL

Definitely, My DEAR MELONS.

(CONTINUED)

Ragdoll calmly finds his way to where the Stripper is standing and hands her an ENVELOPE.

RAGDOLL (CON'T)
OH, and UHM,- Are you still in the mood for something UN-NATURAL and EXTREMELY FREAKISH?

Ragdoll leans over quickly and gives a LONG TONGUE LICK to the outer of her thigh leading up to the CURVE of her BUTT-CHEEK.

STRIPPER
Ohh! WOW! (Giggles)

INT. BRIEFING ROOM-NIGHT.

Deadshot, Catman and Bane are sitting around a ROUND TABLE that is CENTERED in an EXTENSIVE LIBRARY with a FIREPLACE going. Scandal is standing in front of the FIREPLACE casting a SHADOW, all waiting. Ragdoll SKIPS into the room and grabs a chair to sit.

RAGDOLL
Sorry! Business! Sorry, Sorry!

SCANDAL
(FIRM)
You are all aware , I have accepted a mission for us. It is from a HIGHLY PLACED BID in Gotham City. IDENTITY ANONYMOUS! I can't put a finger on it yet guys, But the ADVANCE CASH.... Well...Let's just say it is much more than our previous Mockingbird arrangements.

SCANDAL-CONT.
ONE MILLION EACH! This is to hunt Tarantula. ONE MILLION EACH to bring her to Gotham City. Easy two million.

Deadshot clears his throat and crosses his feet on the ROUND TABLE.

DEADSHOT
(INTERRUPTING)
Now! Yes, there is the Scandal we love to love!

(CONTINUED)

Scandal pushes buttons on a control panel on the ROUND TABLE. A screen appears that everyone can see from the table.

SCANDAL

You guys take a look. This is Catalina Flores-THE TARANTULA. Ex-FBI, ex-Adventurer, Traveler, so on and so on. She is serving time for MURDER in the renovated Alcatraz. And we all know that Alcatraz is the PRISON known for holding the most META-HUMANS on the West Coast.

DEADSHOT

And ARKHAM ASYLUM holds the most on the East. Gotham City, PRISON TO PRISON.

SCANDAL

She is our target- our Package, not Friend-not Foe-not Girlfriend-NOT ANYTHING! BUT PAYDAY! Apparently she has stolen something worth MILLIONS to our CONTRACTOR. No word on what it is, only that it resembles a PLAYING CARD.

Ragdoll is shaking his head, moving very uncomfortable in his chair. Raises his hand a little to get Scandal's attention. Scandal notices.

RAGDOLL

Excuse me love! UHH HMM! Alcatraz, San Francisco Bay, META-HUMAN PRISON, ICY-SHARK filled waters? Also, IMPOSSIBLE TO ESCAPE, and the part about, WAIT....IMPOSSIBLE TO ESCAPE?

SCANDAL

Yes! That is correct.

RAGDOLL

Okay! Alright! I just wanted to have all of the INFORMATION.

DEADSHOT

(WHISPERING TO HIMSELF)

This is some Suicide shit.

(CONTINUED)

SCANDAL

Time is NOT ON OUR SIDE. We have less than one day to PLAN THE BREAKOUT and THE ESCAPE. We have three days to get her to Gotham City. Checkpoints will be Las Vegas and Houston. We can change vehicles, RELOAD if we need to, rest, eat, shit. Then back on the road. Our sixth member will join us in Vegas, -You'll like her.

Scandal glimpses towards Deadshot and SMIRKS.

DEADSHOT

Yeeaahh Buddy!

A CELL PHONE sets off an EMERGENCY BEEP. It is Catman's cell phone, then it rings.

CATMAN

Hold on one second guys, Scandal. I HAVE TO TAKE THIS.

Catman seems concerned and quickly heads towards the DOOR to go to the HALLWAY. He puts the phone to his ear.

INT. HALLWAY- NIGHT

CATMAN

Hello? Hello?

HUNTRESS (V.O)

Blake. Hey it's me, over here in Gotham City. I have some bad news that you do not want to hear.

CATMAN

HUNTRESS, there is never bad news when I am speaking with you. What is going on with you girl?

HUNTRESS (V.O)

Save it Blake. We might never get a chance at anything.

CATMAN

Why, what's up?

HUNTRESS (V.O)

(CON'T)

You didn't hear this from me.- GOT IT!

(CONTINUED)

CATMAN

Yeah! What is going on?

HUNTRESS (V.O)

QUIT THE SIX. ABORT THE MISSION.
LEAVE THE COUNTRY. CHANGE YOUR
NAME.

Catman looks at his phone completely confused. He puts the phone back to his ear.

CATMAN

What are you...? What are you
talking about!?

HUNTRESS (V.O)

You can't take the mission Blake.

CATMAN

I JUST NOW heard of the mission.
How could you have possibly known
anything about this?

HUNTRESS (V.O)

It does not matter right now. The
ONLY THING that matters is that you
do not go to Alcatraz. PLEASE, JUST
LISTEN! There is a DEVIL in your
path, and you will not make it to
Gotham City. Are you listening
Blake?

CATMAN

Yeah, I hear ya!

HUNTRESS (V.O)

Good! Then hear this! The Bounty is
TEN MILLION for your HEAD if you
accept THE MISSION. You wouldn't
even be able to get close to THE
CARD.

CATMAN

Huntress listen, you are getting
all worked up. We've fought
mercenaries and meta-humans before.
Some CRAZY BROAD has a card, SO
WHAT! And ten million for us, we
should be on the news even more
now? WOW!

(CONTINUED)

HUNTRESS (V.O)

Blake, you are an ASSHOLE! And you are going to die. That is TEN MILLION DOLLARS EACH HEAD! These guys are about to COOK, AND YOU'RE THE MEAT! Everybody, EVERYBODY wants a piece and if I didn't care, I would've been holding your head in a bag an hour ago.

CATMAN

REALLY!

HUNTRESS (V.O)

Yeah-REALLY. And check this out, THIS BIG BOSS is named Junior. He runs prison gangs and all sorts of illegal clubs from Canada to Mexico- and EVERYTHING in between. The guys in Arkham are pretty nervous. Blake..., save this run for someone else.

CATMAN

This sounds really bad, but we have a handful of the BEST KILLERS that has ever been assembled for...

HUNTRESS (V.O)

Blake, maybe so.. But your handful of BEST KILLERS, can't fight A WORLD OF KILLERS with the time you have. Just listen to what has been said. KILLERS. The team you are with will soon turn on each other because of greed and egos. I have to go. Hope you've listened. And here is the last of the bad news, BATMAN KNOWS.

Huntress hangs up the phone. The only thing heard in Catman's ear is DIAL TONE. He puts his phone away and rejoins the group.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM-NIGHT.

Catman walks slowly to his chair. He can't hide the LOOK on his face. DISTURBED.

DEADSHOT

What's up man? You were on your phone for a good minute and we got MISSION IMPOSSIBLE over here.

(CONTINUED)

The TEAM senses a different Catman.

DEADSHOT
(TAKING SECOND LOOK)
You don't look to good man. You
alright?

RAGDOLL
I apologize if I am wrong, but I
see the look of twisted emotion,
treachery, unscaled amount of...

BANE
(INTERRUPTS)
BETRAYAL!

Bane goes into a FRENZY and smashes the part of the ROUND
TABLE in front of him. He stands and points at Blake.

BANE
UGGRR!HUH. Countless men and women
have died while trying to deceive
me. But the League of Shadows have
done their WORK! Rest assure you
will find the same fate regardless
of the wild animals you have
conquered. For I, am ONE ANIMAL,
most TREACHEROUS.

Deadshot quickly stands.

DEADSHOT
Hold on, Hold on! WAIT A MINUTE
HERE! GOD DAMN-IT! Now everybody
just relax. Bane, please.

Bane sits. Catman is still seated looking at the team
confused and lost. CLICK-CLICK. Deadshot in the BLINK of an
eye draws his gun to Catman's HEAD. Scandal takes a step
back, SHOCKED at Deadshot's speed. Ragdoll puts his forehead
to the Round Table. Bane smirks. About three seconds go by,
QUIET.

DEADSHOT
You better start talkin'. We ain't
even official yet, look at what YA
MAKIN' ME DO.

Catman still disturbed. Slowly coming out of thoughts.

DEADSHOT
If you choose to remain quiet, you
also choose to receive hot bullets
to your body. Say it ain't so.

(CONTINUED)

SCANDAL

What happened to HOLD ON? Wait a minute?!

CATMAN

GUYS! Whatever the plan is, we need to speed it up and hit with all of our strengths. OUR MISSION, AND OUR COVER, HAS ALREADY BEEN BLOWN!

Deadshot holsters his handgun. Everyone is stunned by what Catman is talking about.

DEADSHOT

What?! What are you saying?

RAGDOLL

This can't be happening. Somebody kill me now.

SCANDAL

BULLLL- SHIT! Not on my mission, I DON'T SET UP MY OWN TEAM.

CATMAN

Listen. Reliable source. Knows of the SIX. Not who is in the six, but nevertheless knows. Tarantula. The Hell Card. Gotham City. Now Scandal, I'm not saying that you are behind all of this,...but this, this IS BIG!

SCANDAL

Okay guys. Time to plan big.

BANE

Yes. Plan big, FOR YOUR DEATH. You, Scandal my sister of deceit and lies.

The rest of the team looks at Bane. Surprised. Confused.

BANE (CON'T)

Over a hundred years of you living in the shadows of your FATHER! Wanting his approval- The TERRORIST, MERCENARY, INTERNATIONAL IMMORTAL KILLER.

SCANDAL

You speak as if you know him. Do you know who my father is Bane?

(CONTINUED)

BANE (CON'T)

The League of Shadows was built upon his ideas, theories, and accomplishments. Scandal my dear, I know your father quite well.

RAGDOLL

Oh boy, this is getting In-ter-rest-ting. Anybody bring popcorn, kit-kat, skittles?

Bane quickly glances at Ragdoll.

RAGDOLL

Okay-Maybe not.

BANE

And for the famous and wealthy, Animal-Big Game Hunter. The manliest of all men, yet your alter ego is that of the feline species.

Bane exhales. Shakes his head.

BANE (CON'T)

Your bite is not as deadly as your roar, yet your skill set is quite admirable. Reminds me of a young man I once broke.

RAGDOLL

He's talking about Batman. Not a good choice of words.

Catman stands. Manhood has just been checked.

CATMAN

You let me know when you have a problem with me Mr. Bane!
(Sarcastically) League of Shadows.
Where the hell-

SCANDAL (INTERRUPTING)

Guys! Enough.

Catman paces around his chair, then sits.

DEADSHOT (AT BANE)

Wait a minute, wait a minute. I guess my history report is next, huh? So what, are you going to tell everyone that I would blow up a building with two-hundred people in it, to get my target?

(CONTINUED)

Or, that I will take a shot at twenty-five hundred yards or more-where the bullet will travel over three minutes to hit my target, just to prove how calculating and deadly I am?

DEADSHOT (CON'T)

Or, this one is good, or that I would execute every member of my team for a mission, if the price is right? Is that what you want to tell everyone Bane? Is it?

BANE

No my brother of death. You already have.

Sounds of fast writing, scribbling.

RAGDOLL

To my wife and kids, if you do not hear from me I am dead. Do not go looking for me. If you hear of the names Deadshot or Bane, run as far away as you can.

All look at Ragdoll.

RAGDOLL (CON'T)

Oh! Was that too loud?

SCANDAL

Cut the shit! Whatever it is, whoever it is! We have our mission, let's get this money.

CATMAN

Fearless leader, I don't mean to interrupt...there is a ten million dollar bounty on our heads.-Right now. Ten million EACH. There are way too many questions on how, why, where, BUT we need to disappear.

SLIGHT SQUEAK DOOR OPENS

The team looks in the direction of the door. An older, experienced man in all black walks in.

MYSTERIOUS MAN

No questions right now. Please let me speak. Each of you have secretly
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MYSTERIOUS MAN (cont'd)
been called or summoned to take
part in something that no one
should know about outside of this
room. You are being asked to do
something that no one will talk
about. The risk is DEATH. (Moment)

SCAN THE ROOM- All eyes are on the mystery man.

MYSTERIOUS MAN
(CON'T.)
An additional two million dollars
has been dispursed into each
person's account if you leave here
tonight with intention of
completing the mission. (Moment)

(CON'T.)
Our anonymous funding resource does
not want you to consider the
possibility of any one taking out
their team members for the World
Wide Bounty. We feel that there is
still HONOR among killers and
thieves.

The Mystery Man quickly turns around and leaves the room.

DEADSHOT
Well, that pretty much sums it up.
We need to complete this mission,
get paid, then disappear.

The TEAM gathers around the ROUND TABLE closer and begin to
plan.

FADE OUT

San Francisco

INT. CLUB STAIRWELL-NIGHT

John and Aaron slowly walk down the stairs. The stairwell is
DARK and the room at the bottom is barely lit. They are
carrying the items that Junior requested.

INT. BASEMENT CLUB- NIGHT

JOHN (THUG 1)
Excuse us, Boss. UHH, Aaron and I
have...

AARON (THUG 2)
Clothes!

JOHN (THUG 1)
We have the clothes you needed.

The locker on the floor backed against the wall looks clean. There is a telephone, small note pad and a pen on a night stand next to the locker.

JUNIOR
Put it on the floor. Next to me.
TURN AROUND! Privacy is a must.
Need Privacy.

The twins listen to their boss and then turn around about two yards in front of the locker. They are facing the stairwell. Junior starts to get dressed.

JOHN (THUG 1)
Yeah Boss. Privacy. Privacy is a
must.

AARON (THUG 2)
Aawwhh, Hey Boss... The last time
we talked about a handful of
killers trying to break that girl
Tarantula out of Alcatraz. We got
the word from our source that, IT'S
ON. IT'S ON, IT IS ON!

JUNIOR
NO. ONE. LIFT. A. FINGER. They are
not to be touched, until that WHORE
gets the CARD. Only then, the
bounty is active.

AARON (THUG 2)
I would not want to be in their
shoes.

JOHN (THUG 1)
Ya damn right.

AARON (THUG 2)
Every MERCENARY, PSYCHO, and
TERRORIST in the WORLD that gets
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AARON (THUG 2) (cont'd)
wind of the bounty, will be in KILL
MODE. There is no way in HELL, that
these dumb asses will make it to
Gotham with this girl. HA, HA,HA.

JOHN (THUG 1)
Ya, man that is pretty sad. Going
to Hell trying to get the Hell
Card. Ha Ha, ya know.

JUNIOR
I can CARELESS about THEM. That
BITCH is gonna PAY DEARLY, and I
WILL get my card back.

CUT

INT. SUB SHIP.- DAWN (SLIGHTLY RAINING)

The five (Scandal, Catman, Bane, Deadshot and Ragdoll) are
wearing Alcatraz Prison Guard uniforms over their gear.
Scandal and Catman are in front piloting.

CATMAN
Hey guys, we are approaching the
island. It is less than one
thousand meters ahead. I understand
this baby has STEALTH MODE as a
feature. Oooohh yeah. Let's see.

Catman and Scandal adjust controls and try to figure out
control board. The sub ship (All BLACK)is rising from
underwater to the water surface. The STEALTH MODE has the
sub ship camouflaged with the water then air.

SCANDAL
We have debriefed all of the
possibilities and counter
operations about Alcatraz. The word
is they secretly rotate security
specialists. Three to four. Either
way, there is a good chance of a
failed attempt, and EVEN DEATH.

Ragdoll is sitting across from Bane and Deadshot. He starts
to nod his head.

RAGDOLL
DEATH? Oh yeah, we are on a deadly
mission. What was I thinking?
DEATH? Yeah!

(CONTINUED)

BANE
(SPEAKING LOW TO THE TEAM IN
THE BACK)
Our mission leader, EMOTIONAL.

DEADSHOT
(continuing in low pitch)
Don't get it twisted my friend.
That lady right there, sexy and
tough, a strong mind. All the
qualities you want in a woman,
except that she drinks too much.
But being a man, you have all of
the wrong tools.

BANE
(CON'T.)
It doesn't matter. Her pain is
showing right now. I would say,
LOVE is her pain.

Ragdoll performs a BODY BENDING MOVE while strapped in his chair on the sub ship. His WAIST ROTATES to his left while he is able to TWIST HIS NECK AND HEAD AROUND.

RAGDOLL
(WHISPERING LOUD)
Hey, Hey. Just, to, let, you, know.
I showed her this trick before, as
I was standing. WITH MY HIPS
GYRATING! She rolled her eyes at
me. Maybe I gotta chance, Ya think?

DEADSHOT just shakes his head in comedic disbelief. He looks down at the sub ship floor and replays in his mind the TRAGIC SHOOTING DEATH of his beloved brother. Bane speaks again, but the thoughts and vision of DEADSHOT as a young boy accidentally shooting his brother has DEADSHOT breathing heavy.

BANE
(WHISPER MORE SERIOUS)
You have exceeded clownmanship to
IDIOT, Ragdoll. You two must
understand. It is not a lover that
she seeks. It is the father figure
that she never had.

DEADSHOT
Don't we all have problems.

(CONTINUED)

SCANDAL

That's enough guys. You can all stop whispering about me and this mission. Just be ready to do what you do best.

The team all SMIRK and CHUCKLE. Deadshot grins then systematically acknowledges and checks his weapon by touching it.

SCANDAL-CONT.

On another serious note, Black Manta's insane Criminal Ass let me rent this baby. Ohh Yeah! He wanted to charge me a body part that I was not willing to give up.

SCANDAL-CONT.

And I told him I could drive THIS BITCH.

The team in the rear (Bane, Deadshot, and Ragdoll) all look at each other.

DEADSHOT

What are you trying to say?

Scandal shrugs her shoulders.

RAGDOLL

I should have skipped this one.

CATMAN

(In Co-pilot)

Calm down, I got this.

CATMAN (CON'T.)

Looks like Manta has X-Ray Vision and Human Identification Applications. This is all state of the art military hardware.

Catman and Scandal pull up the blueprint and schematics of Alcatraz Maximum Prison. They quickly locate their target "Catalina Flores" AKA "Tarantula." Getting to their target will not be easy, as the team learns. Scandal pulls up a 3-D format on the sub screen for all to see.

SCANDAL

Hey guys, we have found our target. Lets get ready to rumble.

(CONTINUED)

Scandal zooms in on the 3-D layout of the prison. Enhances the Human Identification Application to locate Catalina Flores.

SCANDAL (CON'T.)

Time to bring home the bacon!
Deadshot, remember, no heavy
artillery until we are in mass
population. Bane, Doll, we will
takeout everyone in our path to the
target. Secretly, get in, get the
girl, GET OUT! Uniforms fitted.
Lets keep this low key.

Catman positions the STEALTH SUB above the rocky terrain of the outer prison. The four rappel from the helicopter/sub quickly. Ragdoll, Scandal, Bane then Deadshot.

EXT. ALCATRAZ ISLAND-DAWN

The four jog military style to the FRONT IRON DOOR, fully aware that they are being watched.

LIGHTS FLASH on them as a quick notification then the IRON DOOR opens slowly.

INT. ALCATRAZ SECURITY ROOM

PRISON GUARD #1

You guys are early. About one hour
early.

SCANDAL

I hope you guys received the
message.

Scandal looks at the RADIO TRANSMITTER on the guard's belt. Looks at the four guards in the SECURITY EXCHANGE ROOM.

SCANDAL (CON'T.)

You all should have heard the
changes on channel four.

The three other guards are sitting, looking at prison monitors. They slowly start gathering their personal belongings, as they wonder why shift change is early.

PRISON GUARD #2

We have been on channel three all
shift. Nothing new! So what is
going on?

(CONTINUED)

SCANDAL

No problem guys, we can head on back to the station and wait until you guys get nice and ready.

PRISON GUARD #3

Oh No! We won't have any of that.

Guard #3 looks at the other guards.

Scandal looks at her team and slightly nods.

PRISON GUARD #1

I will just call to confirm and we will get out of your hair. No problem here, give me a second.

SWISH! Deadshot quickly throws his dagger at Prison Guard #1, barely missing Scandal, hitting the guard in the chest.

PRISON GUARD #1

Ugh, Ugh! Uggghh.

Guard falls.

Bane has his hand around the throat of Prison Guard #2, picking him off the ground making his head hit the hard ceiling. THUMP! Guard falls.

FORWARD ROLLING ON THE FLOOR, Ragdoll approaches Guards #3 and #4. Before they are able to pull their guns #3 is kicked in the groin.

PRISON GUARD #3

(IN PAIN)

Ooohhh you motha!

The 4th guard is assaulted furiously by Ragdoll with two pairs of small scissors.

PRISON GUARD #4

Ahh, Ahhww, What, Wait. Oh No!

After #4 is down, Ragdoll goes to #3 who is on the floor in pain. SHINY DAGGER is shown coming from Deadshot's thigh latch. Ragdoll gets in front of guard #3 and faces Deadshot.

RAGDOLL

Stop right there ASSASSIN. This one is MINE!

Ragdoll stoops over and STABS guard in the face MULTIPLE TIMES.

(CONTINUED)

RAGDOLL (CON'T)
Mine, mine, All Mine!

The Team looks at each other for a second.

DEADSHOT
Houston, we have a problem.

Scandal moves towards the door leading to the second and third entry sections before mass population. She looks at her wristband that can locate the target.

HEADSHOT Ragdoll.

RAGDOLL
Coffee anyone? Smells strong. Any creamers around?

Ragdoll is holding up a WHITE COFFEE CUP with BLOOD DRIPPING from his hand. The blood smears on the cup.

SCANDAL
Damn it-Doll!

Deadshot hand gestures for Ragdoll to get in line with the team.

RAGDOLL
What? No breakfast, No mission perks? What kind of team is this?

Ragdoll follows team.

CLICK-CLICK.

INT. ALCATRAZ PRISON

The team opens the STEEL DOOR to the second entry section. NO ONE IN SIGHT. They CAUTIOUSLY walk thru the second entry. The team is now approaching the third entry section of the Alcatraz Prison.

DEADSHOT
Hold up, Hold up! Something is not right. This is a set up. If I find out who is up to this I swear...

SCANDAL
Even so, we have a mission.

(CONTINUED)

BANE

Beyond those doors, might be the Hell we are looking for.

RAGDOLL

Is that good or bad? You know, it is how you look at it. No? Not really?

DEADSHOT

I know what this is. There are no happy endings on this run. No happy endings.

SCANDAL

The hell with it! Get ready-HEAVY ARTILLERY.

Team is geared up, Deadshot changes ammo. Scandal communicates through head piece to Catman on Sub.

SCANDAL (CON'T.)

Thomas, get ready to extract or blow this bitch up.

CATMAN (V.O.)

Copy that.

DEADSHOT

It's about time!

SCANDAL

Blow the doors, the walls, and everything in front of us

DEADSHOT

Yeah baby! With pleasure.

The team takes cover away from Deadshot and the door. Deadshot grabs hockey puck size C-4 Tablets from his UTILITY BELT and throws four towards the steel door.

The C-4 pucks latch on to the door hinges. The other two pucks split and latch on to the walls on the side of the steel door. Deadshot turns and pushes a button on his watch.

BOOM....EXPLOSION...

Doors crash down with part of the ceiling. The team turns to avoid dust and debris, EXCEPT Deadshot.

He just grins and puts on his mask.

(CONTINUED)

Alarms start to go off. Red lights flash from the top inside corners of the mass population area.

SCANDAL

Move!

The team moves in attack formation as the dust settles and their vision is more clear. The sound of one hundred foot soldiers approaching.

DEADSHOT

Get behind me! I live for the kill!
Steady, steady.