

# THE 6

by

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FADE IN:

INT. VICTORIA'S SECRET - DAY

A bin full of thongs in many colors. A MAN reaches in.

The man, MARCUS ELI, early 30's, is shopping for his girlfriend and love of his life. He picks up a black thong and pulls out his cell.

MARCUS

(into cell)

Hey you. I'm getting you something but  
I forgot: blue or black?

INT. MARCUS'APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

KATE, late 20's clad in her underwear, is standing in her walk-in closet surveying the selection. With Alicia Keys singing in the background, she's deciding what to wear to their 1 year anniversary dinner later that evening.

KATE

Like you'd forget my favorite color.  
You probably still remember the movie  
we saw on our first date..

MARCUS

*Mr .and Mrs.Smith* 10:30 show.

KATE

But that's why I love you: your attention  
to detail.

(holds up a miniskirt)

And if it's a thong you're deciding on,  
that won't be necessary.

MARCUS

Oh.

(then it hits him)

Ohh...

(grinning wildly)

And that's why I love you: your  
attention to my perversity. (BEAT)  
I'll be done with work in about an  
hour then I'll be home. You'll never  
guess where I'm taking you.

KATE

I hear Jack in the Box has a new burger out. It's supposed to be real sirloin.

Marcus with an armload full of lingerie and assorted soaps and sprays, pays at the counter then heads to the car.

MARCUS

Sounds like our first date. And last night's dinner. (BEAT) There happens to be a table at Chez' Nouz just waiting for your pretty little butt.

KATE

What!? Are you serious? How did you...  
(puts miniskirt back)

EXT. PARKING LOT

Marcus opens the trunk and is about to put the package full of gifts next to a large, LEATHER BAG. Reconsidering, he decides on the backseat instead. He drives off.

MARCUS

Never mind that. I hope you prefer a table overlooking the ocean.

KATE

You are going to get seriously lucky tonight, mister.

MARCUS

That's the idea. I'll see you in a bit.  
I love you, baby.

KATE

Love you more.

Marcus hangs up the cell, still grinning from ear to ear.

He pulls up to a fenced-in WAREHOUSE at the pier. He unlocks the gate and drives to the back of the warehouse.

He goes to the trunk and takes out the large, LEATHER BAG and slings it over his shoulder. Just as he does his cell rings.

MARCUS

Miss me already?

KATE (O.S.)

I almost forgot. Did I tell you that I  
love you?

Marcus puts the cell between his shoulder and cheek as he  
unlocks the back door of the warehouse.

MARCUS

You mean in the last 5 minutes? That  
would be no.

INT. WAREHOUSE

He walks to a large incinerator with the bag still strung  
over his shoulder.

KATE

Well, I do. Very much. (BEAT) By the way,  
I think your Uncle Jesse called a few minutes  
ago. I was in the shower.

(picking up house phone)

I didn't recognize the number but it has  
a Louisiana prefix.

Marcus opens the door to the incinerator and checks to make  
sure it's at full blast.

MARCUS

(unzipping the bag)

Nah, he's still not talking to me.  
It's probably a telemarketer or  
somebody trying to sell insurance.

Marcus reaches in the leather bag and takes out severed ARM  
and throws it into the incinerator.

KATE

I don't get him. Whatever it is bugging him  
he should just get over it.

Then he grabs a LEG and tosses it in. Pieces of fiery ember  
kick out of the incinerator door and almost singe Marcus.

MARCUS

Yeah, he's not that in touch with his feelings. Baby, let me finish up over here so I can get home.

KATE

Drive safe, loverboy.

MARCUS

Thanks lovergirl.

Marcus hangs up the cell and stares at it. He's one lucky guy, he muses.

Then he pulls a HUMAN TORSO out of the bag and heaves it head-first into the incinerator, FLAMES engulfing it.

INT. DARK HOUSE - NIGHT

A nouveau-riche condominium is offset by its humble, sparse Japanese themed motif. Samurai swords as well as modern art are displayed. Darkness fills this East/West condo.

The front door slowly opens. A MAN enters the foyer. He carefully moves down the hallway.

Moonlight from a partial skylight catches the Man. It's Marcus.

He's halfway down the hallway leading to the living room when a FIGURE descends silently from the rafters of the ceiling behind Marcus.

No sooner does the Figure's feet touch the ground, his BO STAFF swipes Marcus' legs out from under him. In the same motion a katana (sword) appears at Marcus' throat as he's lying on the ground.

FIGURE (DAMIEN)  
(British accent)

Marcus?

DAMIEN BLAKE, mid-30's British and clad in boxers and a tank top, sheathes his sword. He drops the staff and extends his hand to Marcus.

As he pulls Marcus up, Damien notices that a full week's growth of beard and disheveled clothes has replaced a usually impeccable dresser. But it's Marcus' red, swollen eyes that really trouble him.

DAMIEN

What the hell, Marcus?

MARCUS

(desperate)

They got her man. They took her.  
They took Kate!

INT. DAMIEN'S LIVING ROOM

Marcus is sitting on the sofa an untouched cup of tea in his hand. Damien is lighting an incense candle on the mantle.

MARCUS

I'm telling you, she's dead. I just know she's dead. I can feel it. They fucking..

DAMIEN

My friend, whatever's happened, you need to pull yourself together. Seriously. Coming in like you did. You'd be without a head in the house of a lesser trained ninja. (BEAT) And what was that about? I've never been able to get the drop on you. Ever.

MARCUS

That's why I'm here, Blakey. I'm not thinking straight. My - skills. I don't trust them. My head's cloudy. And that fuckin' smoke isn't helping.

DAMIEN

The incense is supposed to clear your head.

MARCUS

Sorry. All the things that make me - well me. I should've been able to at least make it to the couch before you got out of bed. These talents were as natural as breathing. Now? (BEAT) It even hurts to breathe.

DAMIEN

Oh man. I know how much you love her.  
But still. Nobody in the Assassin's  
Guild comes close to your natural skill  
level.

MARCUS

That's why I had to try. If I couldn't  
even make it down your hallway, I'm  
fucked.

DAMIEN

Which explains why you haven't gone  
after her already. (BEAT) Does Uncle  
Jesse know?

MARCUS

Jesse hates the idea of me and Kate. Said  
I was becoming soft and would get killed  
if I wasn't careful. He doesn't understand.  
He couldn't understand. (BEAT) Did you know  
I was leaving?

DAMIEN

The Guild?

MARCUS

Not just the Guild. The whole life.  
I've been an assassin since I was 13.  
That's a lot of years that I'll never  
get back. But being with Kate - it's like  
I can salvage the rest of my life.

DAMIEN

You mean salvage the rest of your soul.

MARCUS

I haven't had that since puberty and you  
know it.

DAMIEN

(disbelieving)

Sure, Marcus. (BEAT) Man. No wonder  
Jesse's pissed. This girl's really got  
you turned around.

Damien, almost in a trance, sips on his tea.

DAMIEN

Do you know who took her? Of if she's even still alive?

MARCUS

I fine-toothed the whole place. Nothing. Not a shred of evidence of either a struggle or a hit. No tracks. Nothing.

(verge of tears)

Nothing!

DAMIEN

You combed it? In your condition.

Damien was trying to test his ire; trying to light a fire under his comrade. Only desperation and sorrow is flowing from the once ruthless Marcus Eli.

Standing, Damien finishes off his tea and puts it on the coffee table.

DAMIEN

Shower and get some rest. I'm going to see if I can turn up anything.

As he turns his back, Marcus takes out his house KEY for Damien. He pauses. Then he flings it at the Ninja's back. A slight PING is barely audible as it leaves his fingers.

Without looking, Damien moves to the right and catches the key. He looks at it, suddenly remembering that he didn't ask Marcus for it.

MARCUS

See what I mean?

DAMIEN

Brother, you are multiple levels of fucked.

EXT. LOUISIANA PLANTATION HOUSE - DAY

INT. DARKENED ROOM - THE DUNGEON

UNCLE JESSE, a huge mid-50's African-American, is sitting on a chair in a room lit only by a hanging light bulb. He's

fiddling with his ring, the ring signifying his position as head of the Assassin's Guild.

Lying at his feet, on a mattress is Kate, disheveled and worn, still dressed only in the underwear they snatched her in.

JESSE

Hello Kate.

KATE

(groggy)

Who...?

JESSE

I thought you might be thirsty.

BRUNO, an Italian male in his late 40's but deceptively muscular, walks in. He is Jesse's right hand.

Bruno places a bowl in front of her then pours water from cup into it.

Having not eaten for what seems like weeks, she greedily gulps the water.

JESSE

Go slow.

KATE

(choking on the water)

Who are you? Why am I here?

JESSE

(brushing her hair from her face)

He called you his angel. (BEAT) No.  
You're the devil. Devil woman.

Then he smiles a smile that terrifies Kate.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A funeral service is taking place for local Irish mobster Benjamin "Skinny" Coughlin. The church is full of his grieving family members, as well as other Irish gangsters.

BRIAN "BALDY" COUGHLIN, brother of the slain mobster and his second-in-command, takes a break from his mother's side to go to the bathroom.

INT. OUTSIDE OF BATHROOM - BACK OF THE CATHEDRAL

Still zipping his fly as he is coming out of the bathroom, Brian notices a row of candles in front of a statue of St. Anthony. He lights a candle then kneels down to say a quick prayer.

BRIAN

(eyes closed)

...and I'll get that no good bum that took you out, Skinny, I promise ya. He didn't have to go and stick yer dick in yer mouth either...

A PRIEST in a hooded robe walks up in back of the kneeling Coughlin. A BLADE descends from his sleeve.

PRIEST

That's Father No Good Bum, my son.

The priest grabs Coughlin by the hair then stabs him in the back of the neck, piercing through to the front of his throat. Blood SPRAYS and extinguishes a few candles in front of him.

Coughlin's lifeless body slouches against the railing. The priest pats his head as he leaves.

Exiting the church, the priest dips his bloody hand in the Holy Water basin to clean it.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT

Drying his hand on his robe, the priest's cell rings. He pulls the hood down, revealing APOLLO LUCCHESI, early 30's Italian, and answers his cell.

APOLLO

Yeah?

DAMIEN (O.S.)

Hey, me and the kid are in town.

APOLLO

I just punched out. Drinks at my club later.

Hanging up, Apollo gets into his Maserati. But not before a SCREAM comes from inside the church. He's smiling as his tires SQUEAL out of the parking lot.

INT. DCI NIGHTCLUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

Marcus and Damien are in Apollo's VIP room. Muffled hip-hop music POUNDS a dull beat through the wall.

A sexy waitress puts a martini in front of the ever-stylish Apollo, dressed, as usual in Hugo Boss.

Apollo's never seen Marcus in such a bad state. Marcus was the only one who could match Apollo in appearance. Not tonight.

DAMIEN

Rap music. Really? I didn't think you liked that stuff.

APOLLO

You gotta give the kids what they want. We have Mozart-Bass night on Wednesdays.

(to Marcus)

Man, are you fucked.

MARCUS

Your compassion is greatly appreciated.

APOLLO

Something on this scale. Right under your nose. (BEAT) It's gotta be the Guild, right?

DAMIEN

We don't know for sure, but all the signs point to a pro. Possibly someone we haven't dealt with before. A rookie or maybe even a prospect for the Guild.

APOLLO

Gunning for the number two son here isn't exactly something you put on your application. Now that's just suicide.

Marcus, always hating the "Number 2" reference, isn't fazed by Apollo's subtle jab at him.

MARCUS

We don't know. All I know is that if they touch one hair on her head, I don't care who is responsible, I'll...

Then the fire dies out of him.

DAMIEN

We'll get her back.

APOLLO

Fuck. (BEAT) You'll need more than just me and slanty-eyes here. I'll spread the web and see what hits it. In the meantime, get more guns around you. You're way too fucked up to...

DAMIEN

(interrupting)

Since we're out this way we were going to give Nate Jones a call.

APOLLO

Sugar Jones? Umm...sorry. He got hooked down Intervention lane and iced one of my guys. I had to take him out. Jesse okayed it. (BEAT) Hey, Marcus, you ever thought that Kate, ya know, she, I mean...

Damien cuts him off with a stare. Considering that Kate would leave him is out of the question.

APOLLO

Ah, never mind.

(sips his martini)

I was just saying...

MARCUS

(sighing)

Time to assemble the troops.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - THE LIBERTY BELL

INT. GREG'S AUTO REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT

GRIGORI "GORI" ROMANOV, early 50's stocky Russian with silver hair pulled into a pony tail, is driving a beat-up Oldsmobile into his shop.

Waiting by the entrance is his nephew JACK, early 20's. Once Gori is in, Jack closes the huge, sliding door with a BANG as it hits the ground.

JACK

Let me guess: We're changing the wiper blades.

Gori goes around and opens the trunk.

A lifeless BODY is lying in the trunk. Smelling the contents of a plastic container, Gori starts pouring lime juice over the body.

GORI

(to Jack in a thick Russian accent)

Go get torch to weld the trunk shut.

The Russian covers the body with a tarp. As he closes the trunk, from behind...

DAMIEN (O.S.)

Seems like a waste of a perfectly good Oldsmobile.

Gori wheels around, a knife appearing out of nowhere. Damien catches his hand in mid-swipe and disarms him.

DAMIEN

Whoa, big guy! If I knew you were still that fast I would've just rang the door bell.

GORI

Fast enough to make sure there's no little ninjas running around in your future.

Blake looks down at. Gori has a REVOLVER pointed at Blake's crotch with his other hand.

JACK (O.S.)

Ow, ow, ow! Fucking ow!

Marcus appears from the back of the shop with Jack's arm pinned behind his back.

GORI

Would you mind releasing my nephew, tovarisch?  
(friend in Russian)

MARCUS

Nephew? (BEAT) Ah, that makes sense. He's not ugly enough to be one of yours.

INT. OFFICE

In his office, Gori pours them whiskey.

GORI

And you're sure the Guild is responsible?

MARCUS

No. But it was too clean for a cowboy job. Apollo's beating the grass to confirm.

JACK

What if she wasn't snatched. What if she just got fed up...?

Damien drops his head. Marcus is visibly agitated.

GORI

(to Jack)

Men are talking! You wanted to be an apprentice so sit there, shut up and apprent.

(to Marcus)

Forgive my nephew. My sister, his mother, a very capable operative for your CIA after the Kremlin closed up shop. Her last mission, very hush hush was a while ago. Too long. (BEAT) So now Uncle Grigori teaches him the skills.

DAMIEN

He wants to join the Assassin's Guild?

GORI

What am I going to do? He's angry.  
Confused. He'll hurt himself before  
anyone else.

JACK

Hey, I'm a great shot!

GORI

Paper targets and Bud Light bottles  
don't shoot back. (BEAT) If the Guild  
did carry this out, it wouldn't fit  
our M.O. We get rid of bodies, not just  
hide them.

MARCUS

Technically, you're right. But the same  
spooky skills apply. Planning. Stealth.  
Snatch. Exit strategy.

DAMIEN

Only difference is that the mark doesn't  
get to see the next day.

Gori nods in agreement.

GORI

Ok. Besides the 5 of us..

DAMIEN

Wait. How do you get 5?

GORI

The 4 of us here and the Mafia pretty boy.  
That's 5.

Marcus and Damien look at Jack.

GORI

He'll do a lot less damage by my side than  
in the shop.

JACK

Gee, thanks.

GORI

And who better to lean the Black Arts from than Marcus Eli and his merry band of marauders?

JACK

Whoa...wait, wait. Wait! You're Marcus Eli? The Master Hunter? The guy who took down the upper ranks in Columbia all in one night. You? You're him?

MARCUS

Impressed?

JACK

(sarcastically)

Wow. That girl really fucked you up.

EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. KITCHEN

Uncle Jesse is in his kitchen preparing dinner. He's chopping a huge chunk of an unidentifiable meat. Blood stains his apron.

Bruno is sitting at the table. His laptop is in front of him.

Kate, also at the table, is shivering from fright. Fear keeps her from making eye contact with her captives.

UNCLE JESSE

I hear he's putting together a team.

Jesse SLAMS the meat cleaver into the beef. Startled, Kate flinches.

UNCLE JESSE

I hear he's pissed. Really mad. Good.

Another loud THWOCK from the meat cleaver almost sends Kate over the edge.

Bruno, fingers poised at the laptop keys, awaits Jesse's instructions.

UNCLE JESSE  
Soccer Mom. Insurance Salesman.  
(looking at Kate)  
Let's see how mad he is.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

IRIS THE SOCCER MOM is sitting in the bleachers watching her daughter's soccer game. Families are CHEERING on their children.

IRIS  
That's it Jordyn! Get ahead of the ball.

Her daughter, Jordyn, is on the field battling for the ball.

Iris' cell goes off. She looks at it. She turns to the WOMAN sitting next to her.

IRIS  
Pam, I just got a call from the office.  
Emergency and all that. Do you mind taking  
Jordyn home with you? I'll have Lloyd pick  
her up after work.

PAM  
Sure no problem. I hope everything's ok.

Iris leaves the field and goes to her mini-van. Before pulling out, she calls her husband.

INT. MINI VAN

IRIS  
(into the cell)  
Hey hon. (BEAT) Yeah, the office called.  
She pulls out a large, .45 automatic from the glove  
compartment, pulls out the clip and SNAPS it back in.

IRIS  
I already got a pan of lasagna made. Can you  
pick up Jordyn from Pam's? (BEAT) I'll should  
be home tomorrow. (BEAT) Love you too.

INT. FIRST INSURANCE OFFICE - DAY

JUSTIN THE INSURANCE SALESMAN is behind his desk. A COUPLE (THE ROOINEYS) is sitting in front of him.

JUSTIN

And as you'll see, the way these natural disasters are hitting from every direction, this policy will cover most occurrences.

WOMAN

What about global warming? After seeing that Al Gore movie, we've been very worried about...

JUSTIN

Your house is located well above sea level. And if you believe the reports, you probably don't have to worry about flooding anytime soon...

Justin's cell goes off. He flips it open and looks at the screen.

JUSTIN

But it never hurts to be prepared. For just a small increase in your premium we can add some flood coverage just so you can sleep easier.

(hits button on desk phone)

Dolores, can you draft the forms for flood coverage for the Rooney's?

Justin gets up and shakes their hands while ushering them out the door.

JUSTIN

I think you'll find this coverage sufficient. Dolores will have the forms ready for you in just a few minutes.

(to his secretary)

Dolores, can you get the Rooney's some coffee?

He shuts the door to his office. He rifles through a few drawers until he finds a long blade which he puts in his inside coat pocket.

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK - MORNING

INT. AIR-CONDITIONING VENT

CHARLIE ROMA, early 30's Italian, is sitting in a huge air-conditioning ventilation duct.

Dressed in a bellhop uniform, he's adjusting a sniper rifle that's set atop a lunch cart. He looks through the scope which is pointed at a PARKING GARAGE in the building next door.

Charlie, picking at the shrimp cocktail next to the rifle, is listening (and singing along) to Fergie's "London Bridge" on his cell/MP3 when a call comes in.

CHARLIE  
 (answering cell)  
 Southside Dog Pound. We deliver.

INT. APOLLO'S NIGHTCLUB - MORNING

Apollo's sitting at the bar in his empty club.

APOLLO  
 (to Charlie)  
 You truly are one sick individual.

CHARLIE  
 Paisan! How's your balls?

APOLLO  
 We got a problem.

Charlie sees a car coming down the aisle. He peers into the scope.

CHARLIE  
 Is it E.D.? They got pills for that, ya know.

APOLLO  
 It's the Uncle's boy. His honey got snagged.

Astounded, Charlie takes his focus off the car.

CHARLIE

What the fuck? Do they know who he is?  
What he is?

APOLLO

That's just it. So far we're drawing a huge blank on the who's and the why's. Even the Ninja fine-toothed the whole joint and came up scratching his bald head.

CHARLIE

That's bad if Blake is coming up dry. That C.S.I. shit is his bag. He never misses an episode.

APOLLO

Exactly. This is so far out of the box, I thought I'd check with Mr.Sick Fuck himself.

Another car drives down the aisle. Charlie, peering through the scope again, keeps it in his sights. The car pulls into a stall.

CHARLIE

Hold on, paizan.

A grossly, OBESE MAN is having trouble squeezing out of the passengers side of the car.

As he struggles, Charlie gets a bead on him through the scope then squeezes the trigger. A MUFFLED SHOT to the head takes out the fat guy, still stuck in the car door.

CHARLIE

Sorry, just got off work. (BEAT) I'll ask around, but I dunno. Something this big, either everyone will know or no one will hear a peep.

Charlie watching the bodyguard, gun drawn and frantically scanning the area, starts to pack up the rifle.

CHARLIE

How's Marcus? He must be pretty fucked up. Word is, he was going to cash in his 401K early for this broad.

APOLLO

He's not himself.

CHARLIE

(munching on a shrimp)

You need an extra pistola?

APOLLO

Marcus and Blake are picking up the Russian as we speak. I'm meeting them in Philly in a few hours.

CHARLIE

Does Gori still demand that he gets to pick the restaurants as part of his services?

APOLLO

I'm trying hard not to think about that. Just let me know if you hear anything.

CHARLIE

Will do. (BEAT) Whoa, hold on. Say it is the Guild for sure. That means the Old Man would've had to sign off...

APOLLO

We're trying not to think about that either.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Iris the Soccer Mom, in her mini-van, pulls up to a stop light.

A rather fat, HOMELESS MAN holding up a cardboard sign: "Hungry. Will work for Food" is going from car to car in front of her.

EXT. FEEDER ROAD - DAY

Justin the Insurance Salesman is driving his BMW down the feeder road before he gets onto the freeway.

A JERK in a Ferrari convertible is weaving in and out of traffic.

All of a sudden the Ferrari cuts Justin off who has to jam on his breaks. Justin sees that he's talking on a cell, oblivious to everyone else.

EXT. BACK AT STOPLIGHT

As the homeless man is about to come up to her car, Iris bends over and grabs - her purse. She fishes out some change, rolls down her window and hands it to the homeless man.

EXT. BACK ON THE FEEDER

Justin guns the motor gets into the lane to the Ferrari's right.

He notices that the Jerk, still chatting away on his cell, is in the lane that makes a U-Turn under the freeway.

EXT. BACK AT STOPLIGHT

As the light changes and the cars in front of her start to go, Iris looks in her rearview mirror: No cars in back of her.

She smiles at the homeless man who doesn't even acknowledge her.

Then she puts 2 MUFFLED shots into him. He slumps to the pavement, his sign ending up in his lap. At first glance he looks like he's napping.

EXT. BACK ON THE FEEDER

Just before the Ferrari takes the U-Turn, Justin takes out his silenced .45 AUTOMATIC and, sliding it under his left arm that's on the wheel, squeezes one SHOT at the Jerk that goes right thru his hand and cell phone then into his head.

The Ferrari keeps going straight towards the cement pillars holding up the freeway.

Justin rolls up his window just as a loud CRASH erupts from behind him.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - DAY

INT. DAMIEN BLAKE'S CAR

Marcus and Apollo are riding in Damien's car.

Right behind them Gori and Jack are following in Gori's van. This specially designed van, in addition to having a wide assortment of munitions, also has a computer and monitoring station in the back.

All are communicating by ear mic's.

DAMIEN

So why'd Gay George move to Arizona?

MARCUS

I heard he was a marked man in Detroit.

GORI

I say fed up lover. They're usually very sensitive.

APOLLO

My guys tell me the bloodbath in Lansing brought too much heat.

DAMIEN

Yeah, 12 dead corrupt cops and 2 priests...

MARCUS

And one cat.

DAMIEN

...and one cat. The newspapers wouldn't leave it alone and kept digging.

JACK

One guy did that? And he's gay?

MARCUS

Yup. That's J.W.George. Even his hits were fabulous.

DAMIEN

Plus he hates cats.

INT. GAY GEORGE'S HOUSE - LATER

An obviously GAY MAN (RAMON) is at the piano playing a funky rendition of ABBA's 'Dancing Queen'.

J.W.'GAY'GEORGE, a tall, tinted-haired, 40-something man, is working out the harmony with him.

A knock at the door brings George to peak thru the window.

GEORGE

It's the fellas! Ramon, the boys are here!

INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM

Marcus, Damien, Gori and Jack are sitting in the living room. Apollo is leaning against the piano.

Ramon is headed out the door, but not before staring longingly at Damien. Damien pretends not to notice.

GEORGE

I never told Jesse, officially, but I'm in a semi-retirement-type phase. An extended leave of absence if you will. (BEAT) I just needed some space.

APOLLO

(looking at the sheet music on the piano)

An ABBA cover-band, George? Isn't that stereotyping...?

GEORGE

They're one of the most underrated bands in history, thank you very much. Supreme vocalists.

APOLLO

And they're all, you know. The guys in your band I mean - you know...

GEORGE

Gay?

(quizzically)

No, I'm the only one. (BEAT) Why'd you ask...?

GORI

George, come on. Nobody could nail a dime at 100 yards like you. Drunk. Up for days. Bang! (BEAT) We need your gun, my friend.

GEORGE

(proudly)

Yes. J.W.George could knock the heel off a stiletto at 50 paces in the middle of a blowing hurricane. (BEAT) But not now. Maybe not ever. My gun you can have but the trigger-finger will be wrapped around a microphone.

(thinking)

If you need an extra gun, two in fact..

Marcus cuts George off with a stare and motions his eyes towards Apollo who's still looking at the sheet music.

MARCUS

(abruptly)

Well, thanks for the hospitality, and the martinis, George. We gotta get Apollo to the airport for some recon in New York

They all get up to leave. Jack is confused at their sudden need to leave.

They all embrace George as old friends would. Jack's confusion breaks as George hugs him.

GEORGE

(to Gori)

Strapping boy, Gori. Takes after Natasha, bless her heart.

JACK

(uncomfortably)

Uh...thanks.

INT. TEXAS ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

After dropping Apollo off at the airport, Marcus, Blake, Gori and Jack are having dinner at Texas Roadhouse, a family Texas-themed restaurant. The choice is Gori's.

Gori, in a rib-bib, is having the time of his life watching the waitress' who are lined up in the aisle dancing their set routine to "Copperhead Row".

GORI  
You Americans and your traditions.

BLAKE  
(to Marcus)  
Are we going where I think we're going?

JACK  
Where are we going?

MARCUS  
Why do you think I waited until Apollo was in the air back to New York? Between that and tonight's choice of cuisine...

Gori, staring at the dancing waitresses, is oblivious to the conversation.

MARCUS  
Plus I heard that George might be a bit flakey. Well, flakier than usual. So I made sure the back-up choice was on the way back East.

Jack looks around at the Texas motif.

JACK  
Wassamatter? Apollo doesn't like cowboys?

BLAKE  
(eating)  
Cowgirls.

MARCUS  
Korean cowgirls.

JACK  
So that's the reason for the whole...

Contorting his face and eyes, Jack overacts the eye contact messaging Marcus had done at George's house.

The waitress brings a plate and sets it in front of Gori.

GORI  
Blooming American onions!

Marcus, Blake and Jack are visibly embarrassed.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Marcus and Blake are the first out of the front door, with Jack in back of them.

BLAKE  
I don't care how mad he gets. I'm picking  
the next place to eat.

Parked near by, a LADY with a baby stroller is busy looking in the backseat of her mini-van.

MARCUS  
It could be worse. We could be spending  
the majority of our time in drive-thrus.

Bringing up the rear, Gori is working the steak out of his teeth with a toothpick. He doesn't notice the MAN in back of him.

Still preoccupied with whatever's in the backseat, the lady's BABY STROLLER starts to roll away from her and into the traffic lane.

Instinctively, Jack runs towards the stroller.

Gori noticing that the lady, just watching the stroller, hasn't budged to go after it, yells to Jack:

GORI  
(in Russian)  
Jack, dive now!

Jack instinctively reacting to his Uncle's training, dives between two cars right before the stroller EXPLODES.

Blake swivels just as the man behind Gori (Justin the Insurance Salesman) starts to pull 2 automatics from his shoulder holsters.

Before Justin can aim at Gori, 4 THROWING STARS are whizzing in the air towards the Insurance Salesman from Blake.

At the same time, the lady by the car (Iris the Soccer Mom) pulls out a very large MACHINE GUN, complete with grenade launcher from the backseat. She aims it in Marcus' direction and FIRES.

Marcus hesitates. A split second later Blake knocks him to the ground.

Gori ducks as Blake's stars hit Justin in the eye and chest.

Bullets eat the ground where Marcus used to be.

Jack rolls under the nearest car and draws a throwing blade from his jacket. He sees Iris' feet a few car lengths down and throws the blade under the cars. Which hits the tire next to her feet.

As the tire deflates Iris keeps firing in Marcus' and Blake's direction. Marcus and Blake duck her fire.

JACK

Shit! Shit!

Jack flings another blade and nails Iris in the heel.

She SCREAMS then starts to buckle to the ground.

Marcus is up and firing his automatic at her. He misses as she falls to the ground in pain from the blade.

Gori pivots and with one punch almost knocks Justin's head off his shoulders.

Lying on the ground between cars, Iris looks in the direction the blade came from and gets a bead on Jack. He's square in her sights.

As she's about to pull the trigger, Blake slices off her shooting hand with a short sword. She shrieks in pain.

DAMIEN

(looking down at Iris)

You're a bit of a MILK: Mother I'd Like  
To Kill.

Then he stabs her in the heart.

As Justin groggily struggles to get up, Gori kicks him in the face, his boot catching him square in the eye that the star is embedded in. The insurance salesman is dead as he hits the ground.

Marcus swivels to aim at Justin, but he's already down from Gori's kick.

Silently and quickly, the cleanup begins.

Marcus grabs the soccer mom and opens the van's sliding door. He motions to Jack to help him throw her in.

Marcus pulls out of the stall just enough for Gori to throw Justin in. Jack piles him on top of the soccer mom.

The van door is about to shut when Blake stops it and throws Iris' gun in, her HAND still attached to the handle.

Marcus takes off in the van, with Blake and Gori following behind them. A SOCCER BALL rolls near the entrance of Texas Roadhouse as a few customers come out, none the wiser.

Bruno, watching in his car from a remote corner of the parking lot, takes out a cigarette and lights up.

INT. SOCCERMOM'S VAN

Jack, still hyped up, looks over at Marcus who is brooding in a deep, dark, funk. He starts to say something to Marcus but thinks better of it and keeps his mouth shut.

EXT. DESERT - A FEW HOURS LATER

After a long drive, they find a secluded area in the desert.

Gori has both bodies out and is going over them with a flashlight. He's pointing out what he's looking at to Jack.

Blake is on the cell with Apollo. No one is looking at Marcus who's sitting in the open van, still brooding.

BLAKE

Yeah, Gori's fine-toothed them but it looks like the Guild. I don't recognize them so they must be new. They had the moves.

APOLLO (O.S.)

Fuck. I got a lead to follow up on. I hope to Christ this doesn't confirm things. That it's Uncle Jesse.

BLAKE

(looking at Marcus)

We definitely don't want that, do we?  
(he shuts the cell)

GORI

(to Marcus)

I'm done. I'm going to start the fire.

DAMIEN

(walking up)

The hole's done. I'll take Jack and get rid of the van. I saw an embankment a few miles back. (BEAT) Let's go Jack.

As they're out of earshot...

JACK

We're already burning the bodies. Why the hole?

DAMIEN

We never leave evidence. But when it comes to Guild Members, we bury the ashes. Just in case. It's ceremonial too, back to when they built funeral pyres for ancient warriors.

JACK

Alrighty then.

(thumbing back at Marcus)

Hey, uh...thanks. I needed to get outta there.

(MORE)

JACK (cont)

He may have lost it, but that Marcus guy still gives me the creeps.

DAMIEN

Forget what you saw. That wasn't Marcus Eli.

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

INT. KATHY'S FLORIST

Behind the counter is JOHNNY "DING DING" SANCHEZ, Guild member and owner of florist. He's finishing up a floral arrangement for an older LADY CUSTOMER.

LADY

You think balloons would be okay? I don't think she's allergic, and her hospital room is already filled with balloons. Of course, Connie had to get her a whole bunch...

DING DING

Well, we do have a wide selection to choose from...

He gestures behind him to the wall of flattened out balloons. However, there are only 2 "Get Well Soon" balloons available.

LADY

I mean, if there were anything poisonous, it'd be in the flowers, right? Who gets sick from balloons?

(looks up at balloon wall)

Hmm...let me see. Balloons, or not. Balloons or not. Balloons...

Apollo walks in which brings a grin to Ding Ding's face.

APOLLO

Ding Ding.

DING DING  
 (to the Lady)  
 I'll give you a minute.

Ding Ding motions towards the back room and Apollo follows him.

Tied up and gagged on the floor is SCOTTISH STEVE, mob associate. He's surrounded by daisies.

DING DING  
 I believe you know Scottish Steve.

Ding Ding rips the electric tape from Steve's mouth.

SCOTTISH STEVE  
 (thick brogue)  
 Son of a bitch! Now was that fuckin' necessary? And what's with these ropes? I came to ye, remember?

DING DING  
 I was practicing my knots. (BEAT) Spill.

SCOTTISH STEVE  
 That's gratitude for ye. (BEAT) Ye know my girlfriend, Sheila, right?

DING DING  
 The Irish chick?

SCOTTISH STEVE  
 She's Scottish.

DING DING  
 I can never tell the difference.

SCOTTISH STEVE  
 So the other night, she was shacking up with this guy, Claudio, from Hell's Kitchen...

APOLLO  
 (to Ding Ding)  
 The Dominican? Our guy?

DING DING

Yeah. I thought you said she was your girlfriend, Steve?

SCOTTISH STEVE

She is. Was. Can I finish my story?

DING DING

What a slut. I knew I shoulda nailed her.

SCOTTISH STEVE

So anyway, this Claudio, he was still tense from this job he did. Said he snatched this guy's old lady. He didn't really want to do this grab because he knows the guy and is scared shitless of him. But his boss freaks him out more so he couldn't turn it down.

DING DING

Fucking Jesse. Why would he...?

APOLLO

Go on.

SCOTTISH STEVE

So now this Claudio figures he's really fucked. Either way he figures he's toast. Sheila's his accountant so he has her set up his funds in case he has to lam it. Now Sheila's freaked because she's expecting guys to be bursting thru the windows any second now. First chance she gets, she splits and comes to see me.

DING DING

Why? What the fuck are you gonna do?

SCOTTISH STEVE

Exactly! So since ye're the resident Bad Ass...

DING DING

And because you're ducking Charlie Roma...

SCOTTISH STEVE

Ye don't know how to take a compliment,  
do ye?

APOLLO

And why shouldn't I call Charlie right  
now and have him scoop you up?

SCOTTISH STEVE

(perplexed)

Uh. Because I was nice enough to share  
this little ditty with ye?

Apollo and Ding Ding look at each other and shrug.

DING DING

He has a point.

APOLLO

(pulling out a wad of bills)

This should take care of the vig you owe  
Charlie for a few weeks.

SCOTTISH STEVE

How do ye know how much...?

APOLLO

I called Charlie on the way in.

(flips open cell)

In a few weeks you're on your own.

(into cell)

When's the next flight to West Virginia?

(BEAT) Uh huh. 3 hours? Book me.

(closes cell)

Now...

(checks watch)

...where's this Sheila chick at?

EXT. OKLAHOMA CITY - NIGHT

INT. OKAY BAR AND GRILL

From all outward appearances, the Okay Bar and Grill is like every other found in Oklahoma; cattle horns on the wall and Budweiser dartboards. Until the sound of Britney Spears "Hit Me Baby One More Time" BLARES over the Karaoke

system, being sung by a redneck in his late 20's on the mini-stage.

A DRUNK REDNECK (LARRY) starts to harass the singer.

DRUNK REDNECK

Sing it you bitch!

Making matters worse, he grabs his waitress's BUTT.

The waitress catches the eye of the bar's owner, a young Asian-American woman in her mid-20's, TAMMY '2-GUN' KIM.

Suddenly Tammy's BULLWHIP flies out and snags the bottom of the drunken redneck's chair, pulling it out from under him.

Hitting the floor, his beer mug SMACKS him in the face. Struggling to get up, Tammy wraps her whip around his neck and pulls him up.

TAMMY

Larry. I'm starting to think that you want me to hurt you.

He starts to gurgle something but is unceremoniously dragged out by Tammy who tosses him out the front door.

Pissed, he gets up and opens the door to retaliate, when her foot KICKS him back out the door. He flies onto the porch then tumbles down the short stairs.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BAR

As Larry starts to get up again, Gori's huge FIST hammers him on the top of his head. Larry finally slumps into a heap and passes out.

INT. AT THE BAR

Tammy leans over the bar to grab a bottle of beer.

MARCUS (O.S.)

There's nothing more beautiful in the world..

Tammy, still bent over the bar, smiles.

MARCUS  
 ...than a girl and her whip.

TAMMY  
 (turning to Marcus)  
 Really? You could'a fooled me.  
 (looking past Marcus)  
 Gori! Blakey!

She runs past Marcus and hugs the big Russian and Ninja.

DAMIEN  
 (in her ear)  
 I know it's hard, but he really needs a hug.

Tammy turns and uncomfortably hugs Marcus.

A few minutes later at a back table..

TAMMY  
 If all signs point towards the Guild, it's  
 the Guild. But even so, something this big,  
 we'll need confirmation..

Marcus, Blake and Gori exchange uncomfortable glances.

TAMMY  
 ...and that's where Apollo is. (BEAT) He  
 doesn't know you're here, does he?.

The boys start to stammer.

DAMIEN  
 Well, your cousin - see he doesn't..

GORI  
 We're not even sure he..

MARCUS  
 He's grown up, matured even, since the  
 last time..

Tammy downs the rest of her beer and SLAMS it on the table.

TAMMY  
 I'm in.

Tammy gets up and walks towards the bar, tossing the bartender the keys.

TAMMY

Junior, you're in charge 'til I come back.

JUNIOR

Does that mean I've been promoted to Super Bad Ass? Sweet...

Back at the table...

JACK

Cousins? (BEAT) I didn't know Apollo was Japanese.

DAMIEN

Korean. He's not. She is. Half.

MARCUS

(staring at Tammy)

Yes. Yes she is.

EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - DUSK

Jesse and Kate are sitting in rocking chairs on Jesse's back pack porch. Kate is bound to the chair by her hands and feet.

KATE

(pulling at the ropes)

Don't you think this is just a bit much?

JESSE

You've been with Marcus for a while. I don't know how much you've learned from him.

KATE

What am I supposed to learn from him? He's not David Blaine.

JESSE

I don't know who that is. (BEAT) You don't really know him. Do you know who I am?

KATE

A very bad man. (BEAT) From what he says you're his uncle. But...

JESSE

I'm black. Very observant. You are a smart one. (BEAT) He was orphaned and I took him in. Raised him. Cared for him every minute of his life since then. I educated him. And I trained him.

KATE

You trained him? To do...?

JESSE

(interrupting)

Like my own son. I could never have a son...

Jesse appears to be miles away.

KATE

If you care for him so much, why do this to him? You must know how much he loves me. How much we love each other. He probably doesn't even know I'm alive...

JESSE

Oh he knows. He knows.

KATE

Then why? Why all this? What'd he do to you?

JESSE

He broke my heart. With your help of course, dear.

Kate, starting to lose it, tries to focus herself by changing the subject.

KATE

Did, did you know his parents.

At this, Jesse finally looks at her.

JESSE

Oh yes. Everyone knew them. Every walk  
of life knew them. Saints. Sinners.

Wishing she never asked this question, Kate starts to cry  
all over again.

JESSE

But thank God Marcus never got to know  
them. Now, they - they were monsters.

EXT. WEST VIRGINIA - MORNING

The caravan is driving through a wooded area. Marcus and  
Damien are in Damien's car. Gori and Jack are in the van.  
Tammy is in the middle of them on her Harley Davidson.

All are connected by ear microphones.

TAMMY

Do we really need him? He's a friend  
and all. But Bingo?

MARCUS

Things may get crazy. We need a bit of  
crazy on our side.

DAMIEN

Why don't we just take Gori to a real  
restaurant? That'll drive him nuts.  
Done and done.

GORI

Ha! You missed a great spread, by the  
way, girlie.

TAMMY

I heard.

DAMIEN

Dinner was good, but the dessert was better.  
(turns to Marcus)  
Sorry, mate.

MARCUS

(muting mic)

That was the first action I had since they grabbed her. I needed that. I didn't realize just how...just how...

DAMIEN

(muting mic)

Forget it. You'll get it back.

MARCUS

Her. I'll get her back.

JACK

So what's with all the driving anyway? They invented this thing called an aero plane...

TAMMY

We never fly as a group. The last thing we need is a group photo for some airport security guard to have if the Feds ever came snooping around. Anyway, the cops are too busy watching for real terrorists.

GORI

Fucking terrorists. I hate terrorists.

JACK

(pointing out the window)

Hey, isn't that...?

DAMIEN

(back online)

F.B.I. Training Headquarters. Bingo lives about 10 minutes away from here.

JACK

Holy...

MARCUS

(back online)

(checks his watch)

Mikey should be at work. (BEAT) Anybody wanna go to the mall?

INT. MALL - RADIO SHACK - DAY

At the computer behind the counter is MICHAEL "BINGO" MACALLAN, early 30's nerd, typing vigorously.

An older LADY is harassing him about her cell phone coverage.

LADY

The commercial said it has the best service and the coverage area is nationwide. I was at my friend Dawn's house and didn't have any, um, what do you call it? Bars. I didn't have any bars anywhere in her house.

Bingo stops typing and looks at her cell.

BINGO

Ma'am, I'm not sure where Dawn lives, but...

LADY

She never complains about coverage. Every time she calls me from home I can hear her clear as day and she can hear every word I say.

Bingo, visibly on edge, turns back to the computer.

INT. ESCALATOR

Marcus, Damien, Gori and Jack are going up the escalator. Gori is busy eating a pretzel.

JACK

What kind of name is Bingo anyway? Did his parents hate him?

DAMIEN

He sings the song before right before a kill.

JACK

The song?

DAMIEN

The song.

INT. BACK AT RADIO SHACK

LADY

Even when she's in the bathroom, Gladys  
calls me and it's like she's right next  
to me.

Bingo, staring at the lady, is flipping the cell open and  
shut. Open and shut. Open. Shut.

BINGO

(singing under his breath)  
...and bingo was his name-oh...

MARCUS (O.S.)

It could be that your friend is using  
her house phone when she calls you.

As the lady ponders this, Bingo sees Marcus and the team  
behind her.

BINGO

(handing her the cell)  
Sorry Ma'am. It's time for my break.

LADY

But you haven't even...

BINGO

Jeri! I'm going on break!

LADY

Excuse me! But you...

BINGO

Jeri!

As they head out of the store, Bingo is hugging each of  
them, starting with Marcus.

INT. RIGHT OUTSIDE RADIO SHACK - 2<sup>nd</sup> FLOOR WALKWAY

Apollo, just arrived, is sitting on a bench against the  
railing, drinking a slushie.

Gori sits next to him and offers him a piece of his  
pretzel.

APOLLO

Hey Mikey.

Bingo hugs Apollo, who's more uncomfortable with his craziness than anything else.

BINGO

Hey guys! So did I miss a meeting? Was I supposed to bring the donuts?

MARCUS

Are you up for a road trip?

BINGO

Great! Let me go call in sick. Where are we going?

TAMMY (O.S.)

Don't know yet but make sure you pack your bullet-proof jammies and poisons.

Tammy walks up carrying a Victoria Secrets bag. Bingo smothers her with a hug.

BINGO

Tammy!

APOLLO

(looking at Tammy)

What? What the fuck? Oh, hell no!  
 Marcus, what the...? Oh fuckin' hell  
 no!

MARCUS

Sorry Apollo. We needed a marksman and  
 Gay George was busy...

DAMIEN

...starting an ABBA coverband.

TAMMY

(mischievously to Apollo)

Hello cousin.

APOLLO

(taking out his cell, dialing)  
 (MORE)

APOLLO (cont)

An ABBA cover...oh hell no. Fucking...

(to Marcus)

This girl of your better be worth it!

(into the cell)

Hello? George! George, what the fuck?

GORI

(downing the pretzel)

Urp. I don't know about you guys. But I'm hungry.

INT. MALL PARKING GARAGE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Marcus and his team are headed to their cars in the parking structure.

Gori and Jack are parked near Damien's car. Bingo's with them. Apollo, still on his cell with George, is walking with Damien.

Marcus is walking Tammy to her Harley which is parked down the parking lane.

TAMMY

All things considered, it was worth seeing that look on my prick cousin's face.

MARCUS

You should go easy on him. He's been a lot of help. And he's changed quite a bit.

TAMMY

Changed? Apollo Lucchese?

MARCUS

Ok, maybe he hasn't changed. But like I said, he's...

Just as they approach the bike, 3 Latino males who have been hovering near by walk up to them. Then a few more come around from the parked cars near by.

LATINO #1

(to his friends)

Hey holmes, check it. The bike comes with a hot shorty. Must be our lucky day.

LATINO #2

Not lucky for Mr. White Boy here. She is one fine mami.

Marcus and Tammy subtly take up a defensive posture with their backs to each other.

At their cars, the other team members take notice but don't take action.

APOLLO

(into cell)

George, I'll call you later.

(to Damien)

Should we...

MARCUS

Nah. But if you got some popcorn on you...

GORI

(to Jack)

Just check the perimeter to make sure no one interferes. Then watch. Learn.

BINGO

I say they go all Zen on the vatos.  
The Latinos form a circle around Marcus and Tammy.

LATINO #1

Mira, you know how long I been wanting that bike? I'm gonna look cool cruising around on it.

LATINO #2

Nah, let's scrap it. We'll get more for parts. But I think we'll keep the chica. For a lil bit at least.

All the Latinos laugh at this boast.

MARCUS

What do you think? Jesse?

TAMMY

These little leaguers? No way. He may be pissed at you but he'd never disrespect you that much.

LATINO #3

Did that puta just call us little leaguers?

TAMMY

They must be that new Mexican gang. M S something.

MARCUS

In West Virginia?

TAMMY

They actually originated here, you know.

MARCUS

What are you talking about?

TAMMY

The MS Mexican gang. They started in West Virginia.

Marcus looks at Tammy in disbelief.

TAMMY

History Channel. Or was it Nat Geo?

The Latinos are confused at the pair's lack of concern for their predicament.

MARCUS

Oh yeah. I think it was the History Channel. They come out with some pretty good specials. The evolution of the donut was one of my favorites. (BEAT) You spot any security cameras?

The Latinos look up to the ceilings for cameras.

TAMMY

Nah, these boys are all ours. (BEAT) Can you move slightly to your right, I might need to get to something in my saddle bag.

MARCUS

(moving)

Sure, dear. (BEAT) How many do you want?

The Latinos look at the SADDLE BAG on her Harley, slightly confused. Then they look at each other. They're not so sure of their superiority anymore.

TAMMY

\$20 bucks says I get more than you do.

Tammy puts both of her hands behind her back as if to stretch. A big KAYBAR KNIFE appears in one of them as she brings them back in front. She twirls the knife for effect.

2 BLADES slowly descend from Marcus' jacket sleeves.

TAMMY

(looking at his blades)

2 blades? Make that \$50 bucks you pussy.

With that, the Latinos all take off running without saying a word.

BINGO

Very Zen. Told you.

JACK

(quizzically to Gori)

They had numbers. And they had 'em cornered.

GORI

Yes, but Marcus and Tammy's body language just screamed "You will die today". It's a state of mind that is transferred through your body and then...

BINGO

Fighting the Fight-less Fight. Very Zen.  
I told you.

Marcus and Tammy clink their blades as if they were "high-fiving" each other.

APOLLO

(to Damien)

I think our boy's gonna be all right.

DAMIEN  
(looking at Tammy)  
Just like old times.

INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jesse is in his kitchen watching a monitor. He's preparing dinner.

The image on the screen is of Kate in solitary confinement. She's sitting on a mattress, no pillow or blanket in the middle of a darkened room. Only a single bulb hangs from the ceiling.

Bruno comes into the kitchen to update Jesse.

BRUNO  
They made quick work of the rookies.

JESSE  
Of course, that's what cannon fodder is for.  
(BEAT) Ah, too bad, though. Iris showed a lot of promise. Not bad for a soccer mom.

BRUNO  
They did a burn and bury in the desert. I couldn't tail too long.

JESSE  
Nice. Textbook. Good boy. If Grigori is with them, he fine-toothed the body and knows who's at the end of the line. I played the percentages using rookies, but they know their jobs.

Jesse looks at the monitor. Kate is lying docile on her mattress.

JESSE  
And at the hit. Marcus. How'd Marcus...

Bruno doesn't say anything but puts his head down in partial shame. Then changing the subject to something he knows Jesse will appreciate...

BRUNO

GPS says that after Texas they went  
toward Oklahoma...

JESSE

(turning to Bruno)

Oklahoma?

(grinning ecstatically)

Oklahoma! Ahh...Tammy. Yes. Good, good, good.  
He was better off with her. She's one of  
us after all. Speaking of which...

(demeanor growing darker)

(points at monitor)

...it's time for dinner.

Jesse fills bowl of water for Kate.

BRUNO

And next?

JESSE

(opens a manila folder)

Business as usual.

(sliding it to Bruno)

Someone needs to die.

EXT. SUBWAY SANDWICH - DAY

INT. SANDWICH COUNTER

Marcus, Gori, Jack, Tammy, Bingo and Damien are looming in  
front of the Subway girl behind the counter waiting to take  
their order. They look exceptionally out of place.

GORI

I'll take 3 of the Veggie specials. Footlong.

Damien looks at Gori.

GORI

I'm trying to watch my weight.

Jack goes outside to get Apollo's order. Apollo's working  
his contacts on the cell.

JACK

Yo, 'Pollo. What do you want?

APOLLO

(incredulously)

A spicy Italian.

(into cell)

Yeah, we're trying to avoid a trip to the Bayou but that's what everything's pointing to right now. (BEAT) Really? Portland? Word's got all the way to Portland. Nothing ever happens in Portland.

Damien comes out chomping on a sub.

DAMIEN

Anything?

APOLLO

(closing cell)

Same song, different singer. (BEAT) Can you believe word's gotten to Portland.

DAMIEN

Portland? Nothing ever happens...

APOLLO

I know! At first he doesn't want us to know it's him, now he's doing everything but posting a video on YouTube that it's him.

DAMIEN

I don't get it. Why would Jesse...?

APOLLO

Come on. Marcus isn't just some recruit fresh out of juvy. He's been at Jesse's knee since his ABC's. What if you told your dad that you didn't want to carry on the family business?

DAMIEN

I did tell my father that! Can you picture me at board meetings trying to decide what color the new wireless should be? 'Pink was  
(MORE)

DAMIEN (cont)

last season, but all the kids would die for a fusion purple'. All my parents' millions couldn't keep me in England. Fuck polo and tea with the Queen.

APOLLO

You drink tea anyway, Sir Slanty.

DAMIEN

Green tea is different. Better for your inner balance.

Marcus walks up.

APOLLO

Makes your pee a funny color, too.

MARCUS

Anything?

Apollo and Damien look at each other; neither wanting to confirm the obvious.

MARCUS

It's Jesse isn't it? My aim may be off but this...

(taps head)

...still works. (BEAT) Once the fog cleared, Jesse was the first one that came to mind.

DAMIEN

Nothing's official...

APOLLO

Yeah, my guys are still...

MARCUS

It's him. Because nothing else makes sense. (BEAT) You'd think he'd be happy for me.

DAMIEN

He hasn't been happy for you since...

All three look at Tammy on her bike, munching on a sub. Jack is about to interrupt her lunch.

JACK

(to Tammy)

So what's the whole family feud about?  
He steal your Barbie when you guys were  
kids?

TAMMY

Do I have to spank you in front of a Subway?

JACK

I'm here to learn from the best. Maybe  
Apollo is the guy I should be talking  
to...

TAMMY

That didn't work in the 5<sup>th</sup> grade and  
it's supposed to work on me? (BEAT)  
Our dads are capos in the Masselle Family  
out of Chicago. Well, mine was until he  
made a deal with the government.

JACK

You're dad was a rat?

Out of nowhere, Tammy grabs a handful of Jack's thigh and  
tightens her grip.

TAMMY

He wanted a better life for my mother and I.  
(she tightens her grip more)  
May I go on?

JACK

(in pain)

Yes! Yes, ma'am, I'm sorry ma'am!

TAMMY

(releasing her grip)

After the Witness Protection moved us  
to Oklahoma, my dad couldn't adjust.  
He told me that he couldn't stomach what  
he did. He turned his back not only on  
his oath, but his own brother. A few  
weeks later, he swallowed his Magnum.  
Later I became a part of the Guild to  
restore his honor. Not that Uncle Joey

(MORE)

TAMMY (cont)

or his brat son over there ever forgave my father. But fuck them both. As long as I'm part of the Guild, he can't touch me or my mom. We do have rules.

JACK

Yeah, I was wondering about those. Do we get a handbook at orientation or something?

Tammy fakes like she's going to hit him. Jack flinches so hard he almost falls down.

INT. GORI'S VAN

Gori is showing off his latest "toys" to Bingo.

GORI

This just came FedEx from Mother Russia last week.

BINGO

Oh no way! I thought these were still at the sketching on napkin phase?

GORI

(proudly)

Russian engineering. You can have your flag on the moon landing. With this, you can hear cockroach pissing 2 states away. Then push this button - and you'll know if he needs more fiber in his breakfast.

Marcus sticks his head into the van.

MARCUS

Gori, we need to dial in our pieces. Can you find us a nice, quiet place to shred some paper targets?

Starts to close the door but remembers something.

MARCUS

Oh, and you better get your nephew away from Tammy.

GORI  
(in Russian)  
Jack! Get your ass in here!

Marcus passes Jack as he's dejectedly walking towards the van. Marcus looks at Tammy who smiling at him appreciatively. They have an unspoken moment.

INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - KATE'S ROOM - DAY

Lying on the mattress in a dark room, Kate is shaking, frightened out of her mind. She is unsure how long she's been there or why she's been suddenly left alone.

As the door opens, the darkness is shattered by a SLIVER OF LIGHT.

Jesse's imposing figure drowns out the light. He extends his hand to Kate. Unsure, she takes it as he helps her up. Like a southern gentleman, he leads her by the arm out of the room and down the hallway.

JESSE  
I don't hate Marcus. I don't hate you.  
(BEAT) You have no idea what you've done.  
(BEAT) I think it's time your questions  
are answered. You've earned it. Or rather,  
you will earn it.

Kate tenses in his grasp.

The semi-lit hallway gives way to a bright BEDROOM. Unlike her solitary confinement, this room is the epitome of splendor.

Shocked by the vastly different setting, Kate rushes to the comfort and warmth of the bed. She's barely listening to Jesse.

JESSE  
Marcus is an assassin. We are assassins.  
More specifically we're the Assassin's Guild.  
A sort of a union, if you will. But we're  
more than a place to organize and train.  
We're a brotherhood. A very old brotherhood.

On the bed, as if protecting her from this bad man, Kate wraps herself up in the blanket.

JESSE

And Marcus? Marcus is the best we have to offer. Skilled in the dark arts before he even knew what a school-boy crush was. And right now, he's assembled an army to come and rescue you. An army of assassins. My assassins!

(regains composure)

The funny thing is that if it wasn't for you, he wouldn't need his fellow Guild members. He could be 5 feet from here...

(circling his arm in the air)

...in any direction, and we would never know. Not even me and I trained the boy!

Uncle Jesse again regains his composure. Then he stares at Kate who has been startled back into reality.

JESSE

But then you came along.

Kate, tensely listening, is both hanging on and afraid of each word that falls from Jesse's mouth.

JESSE

You. And I do thank you for making him happy. I really do appreciate it. I mean, why wouldn't a father want his son to be happy? (BEAT) But that wasn't enough for you was it? Now he wants to give up his gun. His blade. All that he knows. All that he's ever known. For you? For you!

(softer)

For you. (BEAT) He thinks you're special.

Jesse starts to caress Kate's bare leg, running his hand slowly up her thigh.

JESSE

Now let's see why.

Frightened beyond all belief, Kate wishes she was back in her dark room.

EXT. BEST WESTERN HOTEL - DAY

INT. BINGO'S ROOM

Marcus and Bingo are sitting at the table. The rest of the team are gathered around the table.

All are staring silently at Bingo's CELL in the middle of the table.

BINGO

Call me crazy, but is that what I think it is?

DAMIEN

Well, you are crazy. But that is what you think it is.

TAMMY

How do you get an assignment? Now? He must know that you're with us, right?

GORI

Of course he knows!

DAMIEN

It's a set up.

JACK

Of course it's a set up!

GORI

Jack, shut up.

JACK

I'm just saying...

APOLLO

He knows. He knows. And he knows we know.

TAMMY

Brilliant. Thanks for that.

APOLLO

(giving Tammy the finger)

I mean, that's the key. Because we know it's a set up, he's feeling Marcus out.

TAMMY

I take it back. You really are brilliant.

DAMIEN

No, I think he's right. He's not sure where Marcus stands. He's not sure Marcus' state of mind. He knows we're with him, sure. But to protect or attack?

GORI

Or he's sending him a message.

TAMMY

Which is?

GORI

That I'm still the head of the Guild and nobody fucks with me.

APOLLO

I don't think Jesse has to establish that fact. He's the stud duck and everyone knows it.

DAMIEN

But by Marcus quitting, he's basically telling Jesse and the Guild to bugger off.

JACK

So it's a message to say...wait...he knows, but we also know...

MARCUS

Blake's right. It's a test. Texas was a test. We take the job, it shows I'm good to go and he knows I'm back on track. We decline it means I'm still wary. Vulnerable.

JACK

It's not a message it's a test.

MARCUS

Either way it's a game of chicken...

JACK

A game! Got it! Now I'm really confused.

MARCUS

...and he wants to see if I blink.

GORI

So what do we do?

They all look at Bingo who has been reading a Batman comic.

DAMIEN

Uhh...Bingo?

BINGO

I'm thinking. Wait.

They wait. Jack is afraid to move.

BINGO

(putting down the comic)

We do what we're trained to do. We attack.  
We kill everyone who stands in our way  
and let God sort them out!

TAMMY

Let God sort them out? I thought you  
were an Atheist?

BINGO

I am. A war cry is more dramatic when you  
include God.

EXT. BEST WESTERN - NIGHT

INT. DAMIEN'S ROOM

Damien is on the bed in deep meditation. Incense candles  
are burning.

INT. APOLLO'S ROOM

Apollo is sitting on the bed flipping through porn channels  
on the T.V. He's, as usual, on the cell.

APOLLO

I'm telling you Charlie, this whole  
thing is hinky. (BEAT) I know. He  
knows we're with Bingo. I can feel it.  
(MORE)

APOLLO (cont)

(BEAT) Whattaya mean...? (BEAT) You  
knew they were gonna get Tammy? And  
you didn't...Charlie, you fuckin'...!

INT. BINGO'S ROOM

At first his room seems empty. But then a sound from the  
closed closet.

BINGO (O.S.)

(singing to himself)

...I said no, no, no. La la la la...Rehab,  
I said no, no, no.

Bingo is apparently a big Amy Winehouse fan.

INT. TAMMY'S ROOM

Tammy's room is empty. Her BULLWHIP is hanging on the  
chair. Her 2 COLTS are on the table in pieces drying from a  
recent cleaning.

INT. MARCUS' ROOM

Marcus' room is dark except the moonlight that's shining  
through the opened balcony door. He's sitting on the floor  
looking at a PICTURE of Kate. His .45 Glock is lying next  
to him on the floor.

A knock at the door breaks his trance. He bolts up grabbing  
the gun and drops the picture on the ground. He's wiping  
his eyes as he heads to the door.

He looks through the peep hole then opens the door.

TAMMY

I saw your light on.

He opens the door to reveal a relatively dark room.

TAMMY

I just wanted to see how you're doing.

Marcus looks surprised as he gestures her inside. He sits  
on the corner of the bed and picks up Kate's picture.

TAMMY

Look, just because you broke my heart doesn't mean I think what Jesse did was right. You don't deserve this. I'm pretty sure your Kate doesn't either.

MARCUS

Tam, you know I didn't leave you for her. You know why I had to do that. I meant it when I said...

TAMMY

...you were just protecting the both of us. With us both being in the Guild that just doubles the chances of a very, very bad ending. I know, I know. I made it into my screensaver just to remind myself.

MARCUS

Ironic. Kate was helpless. If it was you. They wouldn't have stood a chance. (BEAT) And Jesse knew that. He fuckin...It's my fault. It's all my fault.

Marcus starts to break down.

TAMMY

Did you wonder why I agreed to help you? I mean, aside from torturing Apollo.

MARCUS

I was just glad that you did. I didn't want to blow a good thing by questioning it.

TAMMY

Again.

MARCUS

(looking embarrassed)

And did you wonder why I asked you to come along?

TAMMY

Because Gay George was starting an ABBA...

MARCUS

I knew you'd do everything you could to protect my back...

TAMMY

...or I'd put you out of your misery.

Marcus smiles then puts his head down. He used to love the way they could finish each other's sentences. Until now.

TAMMY

Gori's van is gone.

MARCUS

He and the kid are on recon.

INT. GORI'S ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Sketches and photos on the table are being dissected by the team.

Gori's eating from a box of Krispee Kreme donuts. Jack, sitting next to him, is in a deep sleep at the table. His head is tilted back and his mouth is open.

APOLLO

(holding up a photo)

James J. Rucker. Texas oil guy. Also the 3<sup>rd</sup> largest financier of a recent Al-Qaeda wannabe group...

GORI

I fucking hate those guys.

APOLLO

...in addition to being the main private ATM for the Ku Klux Klan's newest pseudo-political lobby group.

DAMIEN

Throw in Bill O'Reilly and we got ourselves an early Christmas.

APOLLO

Also, he seems to really enjoy the ladies.

(MORE)

APOLLO (cont)

The sluttier...

(stands right behind Tammy)

...the better.

TAMMY

Then I hope you packed your skirt, you big fag.

APOLLO

He's throwing a party in a few days for some visiting business partners.

DAMIEN

Dark or really white meat?

APOLLO

The Middle-Eastern type.

BINGO

Waiter! I call waiter!

MARCUS

I'm assuming there's bad news.

APOLLO

In addition to a bunch of rent-a-cops, his personal bodyguard is one Billy Davis.

DAMIEN

Our Billy Davis?

MARCUS

Ex-Seals are really in demand these days for babysitting the rich and famous.

GORI

Russian special ops would never be pimped off so cheaply.

APOLLO

Yeah. You guys just open your arsenals like a huge Wal-Mart of weapons for the rest of the world. (BEAT) What'd your recon show?

Gori slaps the back of Jack's head to wake him up.

JACK  
 (waking from a dream)  
 No, your honor I didn't know she was  
 your daughter. (BEAT) Huh? Oh.

GORI  
 Very basic. Dogs. Fence. A few cameras.  
 Alarm on the windows. It's almost too easy.

DAMIEN  
 A guy this loaded leaves the goodies  
 up for grab?

GORI  
 He probably figures that with the rent-  
 a-cops inside, no one would be foolish  
 enough to try to get past the bushes.

MARCUS  
 Plus when you're dealing with these type-A  
 ego maniacal types, the very thought that  
 someone would have the balls to break in  
 is inconceivable. We use his pride to our  
 advantage. (BEAT) You really think the infil  
 is cake?

GORI  
 Even Jack could...

Jack has dozed off again. Gori gives him another whack.

JACK  
 Mom, I wasn't watching...

MARCUS  
 Tammy. You're the bait. Bingo...

BINGO  
 I call waiter!

MARCUS  
 Yes. Bingo, you shadow Tammy and take the  
 mark down. Apollo's got the comm. Gori and  
 Blakey. Get your sheets and Farsi ready.  
 Blend and make sure the guests stay put.

JACK  
What about me? Who do I get to kill?

MARCUS  
You're on the hill, here.  
(points at map)

JACK  
Fucking cool! Sniper position. Pow!

MARCUS  
Binoculars. Night scope. You're watching our six.

JACK  
What?

DAMIEN  
I'll give you my spare nunchuks if you get bored.

TAMMY  
(to Marcus)  
Are you gonna guard my back too?

MARCUS  
If he gets in the way, I got Billy Davis.

The 6 look at each other in amazement. His willingness to take on the former ex-Navy SEAL impresses the group.

EXT. THE RUCKER ESTATE - NIGHT

Limos and other luxury cars are scattered in front of James J. Rucker's opulent ranch-style estate. Groups of Saudis head up the walkway into the mansion.

JAMES J. RUCKER, early 50's short and portly, is dressed as the billionaire cowboy he is: Armani meets the old west.

Fluent in Farsi, he's greeting each guest in the traditional Saudi greeting.

Gori and Damien, dressed in Saudi garb, follow surreptitiously behind the other Middle Eastern guests.

As they enter the opulent mansion, they take note of the many scantily clad young women who are "entertaining" Rucker's out of town guests.

INT. PARTY AREA

On a couch is Tammy, in a dress too low and too high in the right places, chatting with an older Saudi Arabian man. She doesn't acknowledge Gori and Damien as they pass behind her.

BILLY DAVIS, a large, crew-cut, ex-Navy SEAL, approaches the couch that Tammy's on.

Gori and Damien have changed course to avoid him.

Tammy turns to avoid his glance. Unfortunately her dress keeps him on a direct path to her. Just as he's about to tap her on the shoulder...

BINGO (O.S.)

Baklava sir?

Davis turns to see Bingo dressed as a waiter sporting extremely thick eyebrows. Gori and Damien's eyes go wide. Tammy puts her head down and smiles.

Davis stares at Bingo, who's grinning the fake smile of a server who hates his job. The Team hold their breaths.

Davis takes a piece of the desert, downs it in one gulp then walks away. The Team exhale.

APOLLO (O.S.)

(in everyone's earpiece)

Thank you Bingo. Now if everyone has unclenched can we go back to work, please? (BEAT)

Assume your positions and wait for the fish to nibble. Stealth is the word of the day.

INT. GORI'S VAN

On monitors, Apollo is watching as Gori and Damien spread out in a defensive position. A camera is hidden in their headbands.

INT. THE MANSION

Bingo adjusts his glasses, where his camera is hidden, to get a good view of the stairs.

Tammy, whose camera is in the ring in her dress by her cleavage, gets up to look for Rucker.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING THE ESTATE

Jack, staring into a night-vision scope, swats away a bug that's taken up residence in his pant leg. He's also freezing.

JACK

Sonuvabitch! Is it ok if I kill these fucking bugs, oh Jedi masters?

In the van, Apollo is adjusting the monitors.

APOLLO

Not as cool as the movies, is it kid? 95% of our job is waiting and observing. Now shut the fuck up and observe. Unless the cavalry is coming 'round the mountain, I don't wanna hear a peep outta you. (BEAT)  
Go Bossman.

EXT. BUSHES NEXT TO THE FENCELINE

Marcus, clad from head to toe in black BDU's, takes out a Ziploc bag from one of his belt pouches. He throws a few specially medicated dog biscuits through the fence.

A couple of DOBERMAN PINCHERS come running. Marcus throws a few more snacks at their feet which they promptly gobble up.

INT. THE MANSION

Rucker is sitting on a couch speaking to a Saudi guest.

RUCKER

(in Farsi)

...not to mention getting a decent McDonald's out there. That's just for our employees.

(MORE)

RUCKER (cont)

They miss our good ol' American cuisine working out there in the desert.

Tammy bends over in front of him to pick up an hors d'oeuvres. Rucker catches an eyeful of her ample cleavage.

RUCKER

(captivated)

Lordy...

(to his guests in Farsi)

If you'll excuse me gentlemen.

(smiling at Tammy)

I believe desert is being served.

Rucker stands and takes Tammy by the arm.

RUCKER

Why hello my dear. I'd like to show you my extremely large...entertainment room.

As Tammy and Rucker walk off, Bingo, tray in hand, follows. Rucker leads her up the extravagant staircase leading to his private rooms.

GORI

(looking at the Saudis)

I just know one of these guys did 911.

Just let me kill one.

EXT. BACK AT THE FENCELINE

The dogs are passed out on the ground as Marcus lands silently on the other side of the fence.

He looks up and counts windows. With the skill of a mountain climber, he scales the high wall.

At the window, he carefully places a DEVICE on the corner of the glass pane.

MARCUS

(whispering)

Apollo. Set.

INT. GORI'S VAN

Apollo taps the keyboard at the control board.

APOLLO

Open sesame.

EXT. BACK AT THE WINDOW

On the device attached to the window, the LIGHT turns from red to green. Marcus jimmys the window open with a long, knife. He carefully opens it then slides into the room.

INT. GORI'S VAN

APOLLO

Hold on, Marcus. Thermal imaging's picking up...

INT. THE ROOM

Just as Marcus closes the window, a HAND goes to grab his arm. Marcus grabs the wrist and throws the MAN on the bed.

INT. GORI'S VAN

APOLLO

Gori! Blake! Marcus just got ambushed. Get up to the...!

INT. THE ROOM

Marcus roundhouse kicks the man as he gets up off the bed.

MARCUS

(into the mic)

Maintain your positions!

Marcus tries to punch the figure but he catches his arm in mid-swing and pins it behind Marcus' back.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS

Gori and Damien look at each other. Gori's grinning proudly.

Damien heads to the top of the stairs, while Gori stays at the bottom.

INT. RUCKER'S ROOM

As they enter his room, Rucker gestures proudly at the opulence.

RUCKER

I bought that bed with my first million.  
Solid gold frame. The sheets are new, though.

Tammy slithers onto the bed.

TAMMY

Mmm...soft.

Rucker starts to run his hand up her leg.

RUCKER

Yes, soft indeed, my dear.  
(looks at the ceiling)  
Allah, you rock.

INT. BACK TO MARCUS'ROOM

Marcus twists out from the arm bar he's been placed in. As he does he brings his knife up to the throat of the assailant(Davis) and throws the rest of his weight on top of him.

DAVIS

Whoa, cowboy! I'm not your mark. You can't kill me.

MARCUS

Give me one good reason why I shouldn't.  
Pimping yourself out to scumbags like this? Really, Billy?

DAVIS

Come on Marcus, you know better than that.  
A guy's gotta make a living, right? Besides, I have in no way impeded Bingo's path to his mark. (BEAT) But I'm not here to wrestle with you either.

Marcus looks at the ex-SEAL, confused.

INT. RUCKER'S ROOM

Rucker is struggling with his pants. Tammy, who's just let her strap fall, is not helping matters either.

TAMMY

(slinking over to him)

So when you started drilling for oil,  
was your first one...a gusher?

She helps him with his buckle. He pushes it down. As he stands back up...

BINGO (O.S.)

(singing)

...and Bingo was his name-o...

Bingo pops up behind Rucker, pulls his head to one side and plunges a syringe into his neck.

Rucker grabs his neck and tries to move away, but his pants are around his ankles.

RUCKER

What the hell? Who the...

Rucker's eyes bulge then he starts to yell.

Tammy has already jumped off the bed, catching the rope Bingo tosses her. She starts to hogtie him.

Bingo wraps duct tape around his mouth. Rucker's eyes and muffled screams convey his intense pain.

TAMMY

How long is the juice supposed to take?

BINGO

Long enough. Longer than he wants it  
to.

(to Rucker)

Ain't that right, pardner?

INT. BACK TO THE ROOM

Marcus, his blade against Davis' throat, takes out his GLOCK and presses it against Davis' forehead.

MARCUS

Aren't you supposed to be guarding somebody?

DAVIS

There you go, assuming again.

MARCUS

Says you. You assumed I'd come in through this room.

DAVIS

For being the top Bad Ass, you're still a by-the-book kinda guy. (BEAT) Now, you wanna get off of me? Like I said, I'm not here to stop you.

Marcus gets off of him, sheathes his blade but keeps his gun trained on Davis.

DAVIS

But before you go...

He starts to reach into his inner coat. Marcus aims for his head.

DAVIS

You really gotta calm down, son.

Davis hands Marcus a DVD.

DAVIS

Uncle Jesse says "Hi".

INT. RUCKER'S ROOM

Bingo is finishing rigging a few charges (bombs) around the soon-to-be dead body of J.J.Rucker. Rucker is still writhing in pain.

Tammy is putting on her gun belt that Bingo had strapped under his waiter's coat.

INT. GORI'S VAN

APOLLO

Party's almost over guys. Exfiltration  
by the book. (BEAT) Gori make sure...

SHOTS suddenly erupt somewhere upstairs.

EXT. ON THE HILL

JACK

Holy shit! I got muzzle flashes in the  
room Marcus hit. I don't see anybody  
in there.

INT. MANSION - STAIRCASE

Damien spins on his heels and heads towards Marcus'  
location. Gori, right behind him, is taking the stairs 3 at  
a time.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - PARTY AREA

The guests, hearing the gunshots, look at each other  
confused. Their handlers start to usher them out. Rucker's  
bodyguards pull their guns and fan out through the crowd.

INT. RUCKER'S ROOM

Just as Tammy and Bingo are about to head into the hallway,  
SHOOTING from down the hall make them take cover.

Gori and Blake, moving up the hallway towards Tammy and  
Bingo, are trying to keep the bodyguards from advancing  
their way.

DAMIEN

What the hell happened?

INT. GORI'S VAN

Apollo is frantically scanning the monitors.

APOLLO

I have no clue. One moment Marcus is all  
chatty with Billy Davis the next his  
mic is offline and this bullshit happens.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Bingo and Tammy have joined in the firefight. Rucker's are at the other end of the hall trying to advance.

TAMMY

Any word from Marcus? Has anyone heard from him?

APOLLO (O.S.)

I'm looking, I'm looking! (BEAT)  
Jack, stop jerking off out there!

EXT. ON THE HILL

Jack is frantically scanning with night-vision binoculars.

JACK

I don't see anything either. But it looks like...is the T.V. on?

INT. THE STAIRCASE

At the top, a bodyguard flies out, gunshots nailing him to the wall. An EXPLOSION at the top of the stairs sends 3 more BODYGUARDS flying.

From the cloud of smoke, a FUSILLADE OF BULLETS erupt as Marcus emerges, 2 machine guns blazing. He's in a frenzy and killing everything in sight as he descends the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

As the firing down the hall dissipates, Tammy and Damien head toward the room Marcus had been in. Gori and Bingo provide cover.

INT. THE BEDROOM

As Tammy enters, she trips over the dead body of Billy Davis. His head is blown clean off.

The big screen T.V. is on. Damien is frozen as he's staring at the screen.

TAMMY

Damien, what the...  
 (looks up at the T.V.)  
 Oh no.

DAMIEN

We've got to find him. Let's go!

As they leave, the DVD continues playing on the screen: Uncle Jesse, dead eyes staring directly at the camera, is violently raping Kate.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS

Marcus is massacring everybody in sight. The Saudis Rucker's bodyguards are trying in vain to defend themselves.

As one machine gun runs dry, Marcus takes out his large KayBar knife and begins hacking at anyone within arm's length.

Bingo and Gori go running down the stairs after him. They stall at the bottom of the stairs, wary of getting caught in his fury.

INT. GORI'S VAN

APOLLO

What the hell's he doing? Bingo already took down the mark.

DAMIEN (O.S.)

It's bad! We've got to get him out of here before he kills himself!

Tammy and Damien reach the bottom of the stairs and along with Gori and Bingo, are trying to keep the bad guys off Marcus.

TAMMY

He's out of it! We can't get near him yet!

Bingo tears off his waiter's jacket exposing a combat vest with a vast array of lethal goodies. He keeps firing with the other hand while fumbling through his pockets.

BINGO

Give me a second.

TAMMY

You better have something strong in there,  
Mikey!

BINGO

One minute, please.

DAMIEN

Gori, get ready to take him down. Tammy  
and I will nail down...

GORI

Are you fucking crazy, Blake? He'll gut  
me like a pig!

DAMIEN

Why don't you try taking that rag off your  
head?

Gori rips the Saudi head wrap off.

TAMMY

Don't worry, just get ready to wrap him up!

BINGO

(pulling out a vial)

Got it!

Bingo pulls out a foot-long, straw-like device. Then he  
takes out a dart and dips it in the vial. He loads the  
blowgun.

BINGO

(to Tammy)

We only got one shot, 2-Gun.

TAMMY

Gori, now!

Tammy holsters her 2 guns and picks up a machine gun to lay  
down cover fire. Damien and Gori run towards Marcus.

TAMMY

Marcus! Marcus, please Marcus, look at me!

Her voice temporarily snaps him out of it. As he turns to look at her, Damien kicks the knife out of his hand.

As Marcus starts to lose his balance, Gori tackles him to the ground. Then he turns Marcus' back towards Bingo who hits him with the dart. Marcus goes limp.

The Russian picks Marcus up and flings him over his shoulder.

DAMIEN

We got him. Apollo, get your ass over here!  
The charges are set. We're good to go  
flammable.

TAMMY

(clicking both hammers back)  
Shall we, gentlemen?  
They form a defensive diamond-pattern around Gori and Marcus and blast their way towards the front door.

GORI

Jack, it's time! Make sure we got cover going  
out the front.

EXT. ON THE HILL

JACK

On it!

He opens the case next to him and swiftly sets up the long range sniper rifle on the ground.

JACK

(to himself)  
Now that's what I'm talking about.

GORI

Hurry up, boy, before I change my mind!

EXT. FRONT GATE

Apollo crashes through the front gate with Gori's van.

EXT. ON THE HILL

Jack sets the night-vision scope onto the rifle.

JACK

Ready!

INT. FOYER

Tammy and the rest of the team are waiting just inside the front door. A few bodyguards are still firing at them from inside the mansion.

TAMMY

Come on Apollo, you drive like a little old lady!

EXT. DRIVEWAY

A bunch of Saudi bodyguards who made it outside have taken cover behind their limos.

As Apollo SCREECHES to a halt in back of them, they turn and start to fire at the van.

As they do, Jack fires at them from up the hill.

DAMIEN

Now!

Damien and Tammy burst through the massive front door firing. Gori, with Marcus over one shoulder, is firing his machine gun with the other hand. Bingo is covering the rear. They bolt for the van.

The Saudis are caught in a cross fire and don't know which way to shoot.

Apollo flies the back door open, jumps out and provides cover fire. They pile into the back. Gori jumps into the driver's seat. Bingo sits at the control board and starts tapping on the keyboard.

Apollo jumps in last. Gori guns the van out of the estate then heads to the hill to pick up Jack.

Marcus is fighting the drug but Tammy pulls him closer.

MARCUS

(mumbling)

Jesse...why...gonna kill...Jesse...

Tammy caresses his head as he passes out.

TAMMY

Bingo, blow it!

Bingo taps a few keys.

INT. RUCKER'S ROOM

Rucker, lying on the ground, stirs a bit, then the charges attached to his body IGNITE.

INT. PARTY AREA

Charges ignite in the downstairs party area. The few Saudi guests who are left, scatter or get caught up in the blast.

INT. KITCHEN

Charges ignite in the kitchen, blowing around pots and pans.

EXT. RUCKER ESTATE

EXPLOSIONS blow out windows throughout the mansion.

INT. GORI'S VAN

Damien looks through the window at the exploding mansion going up in a BLAZE.

DAMIEN

So much for stealth.

INT. THE BEDROOM

Flames are engulfing the room as the DVD is still playing. On the big screen, Jesse continues to rape Kate, staring into the camera with his dead eyes.

INT. GORI'S VAN

Tammy cradles Marcus' head. She looks at the team of hardened professionals. They're shell-shocked. Then she looks at Damien.

DAMIEN

(to Apollo)

I guess we got our confirmation.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - DAY

One of Damien's many safe houses sits in the middle of a cul-de-sac in a non-descript suburban neighborhood.

Gori's van is parked in the drive-way of the next door corner house, also owned by Damien.

INT. GORI'S VAN

Apollo is surveying the area on the monitors. Assorted hidden cameras are spread throughout the neighborhood.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - BACK PORCH

Gori, on the back porch with a machine gun on his lap, is scanning the back yard area. A PLATE OF FOOD sits untouched next to him.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Jack is sitting in the living room. He's on the couch, T.V. turned off with a shotgun at the ready.

INT. UPSTAIRS

Bingo is sitting outside Marcus' bedroom door. He's intensely on guard, large machine gun in hand. His COMIC BOOKS are stuffed in his BACKPACK unopened.

INT. MARCUS' BEDROOM

Inside the bedroom, Tammy is sitting at the bedside of Marcus who is heavily medicated. He has an I.V. hooked up to his arm. She's unconsciously spinning one of her revolvers but can't take her eyes off of Marcus.

Damien, clad in black, swings down from the roof onto the balcony outside Marcus' window.

Though the Ninja lands softly, Tammy flinches slightly, causing Marcus to stir.

Damien enters through the window and picks up the machine gun leaning by the window.

DAMIEN

The roof is clear. (BEAT) How's he doing?

Tammy doesn't say anything but goes back to spinning her gun.

Marcus' breathing starts to increase. Then he BOLTS up.

MARCUS

Jesse!

His primal scream chills Tammy and Damien to their soul. Damien runs to his side while Tammy tries to restrain him from getting up.

The scream brings Bingo running through the door, machine gun scanning the room.

DAMIEN

It's ok, Mikey.

TAMMY

Marcus, Marcus, calm down, you're in a safe house. Careful, you're hooked up...

MARCUS

(looking around the room)

Jesse...

DAMIEN

Easy, man. You're going to rip your stitches.

Marcus looks down at his ribs. Then he feels his left shoulder. Both are bandaged and blood-stained. He slumps back down onto the bed.

TAMMY

(wiping his forehead)

Clean shot. Both went right through. You lost some blood, though.

MARCUS

(weakly)

Is she...is she alive?

Tammy and Damien look at each other.

DAMIEN

We don't know. Apollo's doing what he can, but...things are tense right now.

MARCUS

(pleading)

Blakey, we have to find out. We have to...

(trying to get up again)

I'm gonna kill that fuck, he's mine!

BINGO

(ratcheting his gun)

Big Bossman had no right! He's crazy!

And now, he's dead. Dead!

Tammy tries to settle both down.

TAMMY

Not yet. We can't just go in guns blazing. He's probably called in half the Guild by now.

Apollo walks in.

APOLLO

No, he hasn't. I got the word out, on your orders, to cease and desist.

DAMIEN

A mutiny? In the Assassin's Guild? Are you out of your mind? These are trained professional killers. All sympathy aside, we took an oath...

TAMMY

Which was violated when Jesse made this personal.

BINGO

What the fuck, Blakey?

TAMMY

The Guild can't be used for personal vendettas, no matter who gives the order. How can you still be so passive...?

DAMIEN

It's not that. You know where my loyalties lie. But the other Guild members...

APOLLO

...won't make a move. I put out the order so that they all know that something is not right. This way they won't think Marcus has gone rogue. They won't know what to think.

GORI (O.S.)

(over the comms)

Smart. Create confusion. They might even look at this as an in-house matter and stay away.

Tammy puts an ear mic on Marcus to connect him to the conversation.

DAMIEN

(nodding)

Makes sense.

JACK

(more humble than usual)

Or on Jesse's orders they'll set up a defense around him. Hundreds of the most dangerous assassins in the world at Jesse's beck and call. Any number of which would literally kill for the chance to be second in command once number one son is taken out. (BEAT) No offense, Marcus.

The reality of Jack's take on the situation gives the team pause. Then the hush is broken

BINGO

Then we kill them too.

EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. KATE'S ROOM

Jesse is sitting on the floor at the foot of the bed. He's sweating and clearly spent.

Only Kate's FOOT is visible next to his head.

He's singing 'What A Difference a Day Made'.

JESSE

(singing)

'What a difference...a day made. 24  
little hours. Came the sun and the  
flowers. Where there used to be rain...'

Looking skyward, Jesse is glowing.

JESSE

Ah, my dear. Thank you. You've made an  
old man very, very happy. You're  
bringing my boy back to me. Yes, I  
realize it was your fault he was going  
to leave in the first place, but still...

Kate's FOOT is eerily still.

JESSE

I never told you why Marcus...how he can  
be my only son, have I? (BEAT) I guess  
I can tell you. After all, we're  
practically family.

Jesse wipes the sweat from his forehead with his bare hand.

JESSE

You may think I'm heartless. A monster  
even. But I know love. (BEAT) I was  
young. We both were. I had just joined  
the Guild. Got out of the military. Got  
used to killing, I guess. She came from  
money. The kind of money that builds  
cities. Societies. Entitlement money.  
And me?

(points towards the window)

(MORE)

JESSE (cont)

The other side of the tracks. The wrong side.

INT. MANSION - THE PAST

Jesse, in his early 20's, and his girlfriend, REBECCA, tall, stunning, early 20's, are having dinner at her house. They are seated at a very long table in a lavish dining room.

Her parents, white, upper-class, are obviously uncomfortable at having Jesse in their house.

JESSE (O.S.)

I'll never know how she managed to get me to sit through dinner. Maybe, just maybe, I could charm her parents. Make them see that I wasn't so bad.

INT. BACK IN KATE'S ROOM

JESSE

Oh, but she hooked me good. 'Let's run away. From here, from them.' She was very convincing. That's it. My bags were packed. Ready to leave the Guild, the life. But not...

(getting angry)

...without (BEAT) daddy's money! No sir. That's when it all changed. She wanted out. I didn't.

INT. JESSE'S APARTMENT - THE PAST

Jesse and Rebecca are arguing. She's pleading with him to let her go. He erupts and backhands her. Then he stands over her and begins to beat her.

JESSE (O.S.)

She had no idea how much I loved her - what I was going to give up. For her!

INT. BACK IN KATE'S ROOM

JESSE

Turns out she had more fight in her than  
I thought.

(smiles proudly)

INT. BACK TO THE PAST

Jesse is passed out on the couch. An empty bottle of  
whiskey is lying next to his hand on the floor.

Rebecca, battered and still trembling, is carrying Jesse's  
big knife.

She looks at Jesse lying helpless. The knife starts to  
shake in her hand. She cannot do it.

Then she looks down at his BOXERS. Gently, she pulls them  
down. Then she slices his penis off.

INT. BACK IN KATE'S ROOM

JESSE

If the other Guild members ever found  
out I had just left my blade...lying around  
like that...

(chuckles)

Spoiled little rich girl just had to  
have her way. Had to have life all  
perfect. Spoiled little rich girl.

(BEAT) No. No, she wouldn't.

INT. REBECCA'S PARENT'S HOUSE - THE PAST

Jesse is sitting on a plush couch. Next to him, Rebecca is  
tied up, her mouth is gagged. She's been crying  
hysterically through her restraints.

Hanging in front of them from the chandelier is her FATHER.  
A leg has been chopped off and BLOOD continues to drip from  
his body.

Jesse looks up at the chandelier. He looks at Rebecca and  
sighs. Then he stands and walks to the other end of the  
room.

Rebecca starts to struggle and tries to scream again as Jesse drags her mother's bound and gagged body across the floor. Her mother's struggling to get free, but Jesse doesn't notices.

The horror in Rebecca's eyes relay what Jesse is doing to her mother.

JESSE (O.S.)

She didn't want me? Fine. (BEAT) She wanted daddy? Fine. She'd join them.

Finished with her mother, Jesse goes back to the couch. He stands in front of Rebecca. Cradling her head in his hand and resting it against his stomach, he strokes her hair. Then he slits her throat.

Picking up a gasoline can, Jesse pours the flammable liquid throughout the house.

INT. BACK IN KATE'S ROOM

JESSE

But...the crying.

INT. BACK TO REBECCA'S HOUSE

While pouring gasoline on the piano, Jesse looks up. He hears a sound. It almost sounds like...crying.

He walks through the house, following the wail until he comes to the BABY'S ROOM.

He goes to the crib. The source of the sound: A crying baby. He opens the diaper...

INT. BACK IN KATE'S ROOM

JESSE

(jubilantly)

A boy! My boy. (BEAT) And you wanted to take him. Well...

He reaches down and appears to be unfastening something in his lap.

Bringing his forearm to wipe his brow, he's holding what appears to be a crudely-fashioned, extremely brutal, BLOODY STRAP-ON DILDO.

JESSE

...no you're not. Hahaha...no. You're. Not.

He tosses the dildo to the side.

JESSE

It's said, in some cultures, that when you vanquish the Devil, you take his place. What do you think hon, am I the devil? (BEAT) All they had to do was let me love her. Just let me love her.

The door opens. It's Bruno.

BRUNO

You're going to be late for your appointment.

JESSE

Ah, yes. Thank you Bruno.

Door closes.

JESSE

Thank you, again, my dear.

Jesse gets up to go.

JESSE

(to Bruno)

Oh, can you prepare the Bar-B-Cue pit for me? Get the fire nice and hot. I've got some cooking to do when I come back.

As he SLAMS the door shut, Kate's FOOT twitches.

EXT. DAMIEN'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GORI'S VAN

Jack is monitoring the perimeter. His growing professionalism is evident.

INT. SAFEHOUSE LIVING ROOM

Tammy and Damien are sitting around the coffee table.

Gori is at the dining table, cleaning an assortment of guns. Bingo, also at the table is tinkering with some kind of hi-tech toy. He holds it up for Gori to see. Gori nods in approval.

Apollo closes the cell and sits in a huff on the other side of the coffee table.

APOLLO

It's quiet out there. No chatter. No gossip. Nothing.

DAMIEN

That's not a good thing?

TAMMY

Our kind doesn't tend to gossip much.

APOLLO

Nope. But in a situation like this, you'd expect to hear...something. This is graveyard quiet.

BINGO

(not looking up)

He's forming strategic defensive measure 32. Given the lack of audible congestion it's a 89.3% likelihood either he or that bum Bruno has gotten to most of the Guild.

They all pause to look at Bingo. His bursts of genius always catches them off guard.

GORI

He's right. With Marcus out of the way, someone else will be in a prime position to lead the Guild. Imagine having that kind of firepower at your disposal.

They all look at Gori.

GORI

I wouldn't want it. The former Soviet Union has nothing to prove anymore. (BEAT) How could I run the Guild and my shop?

DAMIEN

So we hit the plantation house head on.

MARCUS (O.S.)

When I was little, I thought Jesse was magical...

They all turn to see Marcus. Having unhooked his I.V., he's slowly making his way down the stairs.

TAMMY

Marcus, you shouldn't be...

MARCUS

I mean I thought he could literally practice magic. He'd do this thing when we're at a stoplight. We'd be at the intersection in his old Toyota truck. He'd count to 3, wave his hands, snap his fingers and voila'! The light would change to green. Hehe. Blew me away. Magical...

Marcus sits on the couch next to Tammy.

MARCUS

You've already brought me this far. I won't ask you to go any further. This is between me and Jesse. We have no idea what he's got waiting at the plantation house. Whatever it is, I can't ask you to...

Without averting his eyes from his project, Bingo throws a SCREWDRIVER at Marcus.

Without flinching, Marcus catches it in mid-flight. He looks at the screwdriver and smiles.

Bingo continues working on his project. Tammy smiles as does Damien. The Master Hunter is back.

BINGO

I'm going because he deserves to die.  
And I want front row seats when it  
happens.

The rest nod in agreement. Finally Bingo looks up from his work.

BINGO

Unless you brought us along because  
you missed us.

EXT. THE CONGO - DAY

A handful of guerilla soldiers carefully make their way through the dense jungle forest. All rifles and machine guns are at the ready. In the middle of them is COLONEL DIEP MUTIMBI.

Suddenly the colonel's hand goes up, signaling for a halt. They freeze. He nods forward as his point man gently pulls the brush aside to reveal a heavily guarded SHACK.

Col. Mutimbi signals for the soldiers to surround the shack. Only he and a lone soldier stay back.

From above, MBENGA, muscled African Guild Member, drops silently from the canopy of trees above. Barely on the jungle floor he produces a machete and lops the colonel's head off with one stroke.

At the moment the head hits the ground, Mbenga's CELL vibrates. The lone soldier turns around, sees the colonel's decapitated corpse and then Mbenga behind it.

Mbenga puts his finger to his lips, as if to hush the stunned soldier. Fear has already gripped the soldier.

Mbenga reaches down to turn the cell off then smiles at the soldier. Slightly relieved, the soldier smiles back.

Mbenga swiftly decapitates the soldier before disappearing back into the bushes.

EXT. JOE'S HULA BAR - DAY

INT. THE BAR AREA

Waitresses in hula skirts are serving drinks in a Hawaiian-themed bar.

Onstage MANU, a huge Samoan fire-dancer and Guild Member, is twirling a flaming baton in the air. Drummers BANG an ancient Polynesian rhythm on the side of him while hula dancers shake their hips in front of the stage.

Manu lets out a primitive YELL then twirls the fire around his legs. The tattooed Samoan ends the routine by placing the fire on his tongue then letting out a final YELL at the audience who go wild.

His face unfolds from its contortion as he notices BRUNO sitting at the bar sipping on a tropical, umbrella drink.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

INT. THE MAIN STAGE

Strippers, in various stages of undress, grind, slink and twirl around the poles to the loud rap music blaring over the loud speakers.

DJ

(over the P.A.)

Now boys and men, turn your attention to the main stage! On deck: Mia, Leilani and Kristina!

KRISTINA, a leggy, blonde Guild Member, works a middle-aged MAN sitting on her corner of the stage. Her leg flies over his head. Sensually she falls into a squat right in front of him.

Unable to control himself, tries to lick her thigh.

A roving bouncer notices this but also sees Kristina smile. The bouncer backs off as she spins on her butt and kicks the man in the jaw. The bouncer catches him before he hits the ground and hauls him off.

Another man quickly sits down in his seat. Kristina, continuing her routine on her butt, tosses her head back and offers the man her money leg. She looks up to see BRUNO sliding a blade into her garter. She smiles demurely.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT

Behind the counter, MR.WONG, 50's, and his daughter, NIA, are hard at work. After paying a couple walks out.

MR.WONG  
 (without looking up, in a  
 thick Chinese accent)  
 Thank you, come again!

The phone rings and Nia picks it up.

NIA  
 (very American accent)  
 Hello, Wong's Chinese Restaurant. (BEAT)  
 I'm sorry, I can't...sir. Sir, I can't  
 understand what...Daddy!

Frustrated, she hands the phone to her dad.

MR.WONG  
 Is this for take out or eat in?

BRUNO (O.S.)  
 (in Chinese)  
 Do you have any chicken gumbo?

Mr. Wong, realizing who's on the phone, turns away from his daughter.

MR.WONG  
 (in Chinese)  
 No, but we do have biscuits and gravy.

EXT. MOLLY'S PUB

INT. DINING ROOM

Every table is jammed with people eating and drinking. The pub is filled with the sounds of people talking and dishes clanking.

Bruno walks in, makes his way through the crowd and goes straight to the back room.

Once the back room door closes, 5 GUYS (THE MCLEARY BROTHERS), seated at various tables, simultaneously get up and file into the back room.

EXT. JESSE'S BACKYARD - DAY

A fire is blazing from a huge BBQ PIT. Jesse is lording over it with a huge grin on his face. He stokes the fire with a huge prod as embers fly about him. He seems to be taking a perverse joy in whatever it is he's mysteriously cooking.

EXT. BEST WESTERN - DUSK

INT. APOLLO'S ROOM

Apollo takes off his very expensive suit jacket and hangs it with care in the closet. He takes off his tie, also hanging it with care.

Then he takes out a LEATHER BLAZER from the closet and puts it on the bed.

On the bed are his tools: guns and a lumpara (Italian sawed off shotgun). He puts on a double-shoulder holster. Then slides his 2 Glocks into them. He puts a belt of cartridges around his waist.

Then he carefully puts the leather blazer on, shooting his cuffs as he does so.

He goes to the mirror and makes sure his hair is just right. Then he grabs the lumpara and heads out.

INT. DAMIEN'S ROOM

Damien goes through a series of stretches while incense burns on the dresser.

He ceremoniously puts on each part of his Ninja uniform. He slides throwing stars, blades and other assorted goodies where they should be.

He pulls his KATANA (sword) out of its sheath, wiping it as he does so. Then he attaches it to a harness on his back.

Blake starts to leave the room but stops. He goes back to his duffle bag and pulls out a black .45 automatic. He looks at it but puts it back into his bag. A Ninja never uses a gun.

Reluctantly he pulls it out again and it's shoulder holster and straps it on. Better to have it and not need it.

INT. GORI'S ROOM

Gori, already dressed in his black, special ops BDU is loading his combat vest with assorted lethal goodies.

Jack is in the corner of the room quietly listening to his iPod. A look of semi-anticipation is on his face. He's still unsure if he's going to be allowed on this dangerous mission when...

Gori looks over at Jack. He looks at the vest that he's just loaded. Then he tosses it to Jack.

Jack grabs it and jubilantly gets up to change into his own BDU.

INT. BINGO'S ROOM

Bingo has a row of vials on the table and is staring at each one intensely. Each has a different color liquid. None of the vials are labeled.

Balancing on a medication bottle is a single PILL.

At once he picks up the pill and pops it in his mouth.

Then he picks the vial with the clear liquid and quickly drinks it all. His face puckers up. He brings a lemon to his mouth and sucks on it.

Bingo takes the bottle of tequila that had been on the chair and tops off the vial. He plugs the top and puts it in his top pocket.

He sticks the rest of the vials, those with poison and other medicines into his bandolier belt and slings it over his shoulder.

Grabbing the two machine pistols on the bed he heads out.

INT. TAMMY'S ROOM

Tammy loads the insides of her cowgirl vest with throwing blades.

She takes her whip and pulls at it to make sure it's at full strength.

Next she picks up the speed load rounds from the table and stuffs them in pouches around her belt.

She loads the first rounds in each of her six shooters. Closes then spins the cylinders. Checks the sights. Then twirls them into their holsters at her side.

INT. MARCUS' ROOM

Dressed in a black t-shirt and dark cargo pants and boots, Marcus is sitting at the edge of his bed. He's looking at a picture of Kate.

MARCUS

I made a mistake. I loved you. And in doing so, made you love me. I never told you who I really was...what I've done since I was a kid. I was afraid that would have made you love me less. Or not at all. Now...now I know that..

Marcus, realizing he can't lose his composure...not before a hit, forces the ice through his veins and regains his composure.

MARCUS

Dead or alive, I will always love you. And I'll always be sorry I did.

He gets up and puts her picture face down on the table. Next to the picture, he picks up his Smith and Wesson. It feels good in his hand, natural.

He drops the magazine and checks to make sure it's topped off. Then slams it into the grip and chambers a round.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The 6 are waiting for him, armed to the teeth.

MARCUS

Who's in the mood for some gumbo?

INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - DAY

Jesse's newly arrived bodyguards lounge around his house.

The McLeary Brothers are playing cards.

Manu the Samoan is at the kitchen table working on a dozen plates full of food.

Mbenga, rifle in hand, is scanning the back yard.

Kristina is on the couch channel surfing. Mr. Wong is sitting next to her, trying not to be obvious while looking at her legs.

Bruno is on the laptop in the living room.

All of a sudden the doorbell RINGS, which brings Mbenga and Manu rushing into the living room. They all stare at each other, confused. The bell RINGS again.

A McLeary Brother goes to the door and peers through the peephole.

MCLEARY #1

(Irish accent)

Fuck me.

(turns to Bruno)

You're not gonna believe this.

Bruno walks to the door and peers through the peephole. He does a double-take: Tammy is standing there sweet as can be. At their front door. Alone.

Bruno looks back at the roomful of assassins who have armed themselves but are transfixed on the door.

MCLEARY #2

Well, open the fuckin' thing already.

Bruno opens the door.

TAMMY

Good afternoon. Have you heard the word of  
Jesus?

She quick-draws both REVOLVERS and guns Bruno down.  
Before Bruno hits the floor, Apollo and Bingo come up  
behind her, guns blazing.

TAMMY

(staring down at Bruno)

That's why you shouldn't open the door  
on Sundays.

Simultaneously, Gori and Jack crash through the WINDOWS.

Jesse's bodyguards take up a defensive position behind  
couches, the piano, anything, with the McLeary's handling  
most of the firepower.

Undaunted, Mr. Wong responds with a flying kick at Tammy  
only to be BLOCKED by Damien who appears out of nowhere.

DAMIEN

(bows)

Mr. Wong, it will bring me great honor  
in killing you today.

Damien and Mr. Wong start hand-to-hand combat towards the  
kitchen out of the line of fire.

Mbenga gets behind the McLearys and opens fire.

Manu starts up the stairs to protect Jesse.

APOLLO

I got the fat fuck with the tattoos!

BINGO

I call Mbenga! I call Mbenga! I love  
that name. Mmmmmmbenga.

GORI

Jack and I got these Guinness-drinking  
assholes.

TAMMY

Wait a minute! Why do I get stuck with  
the chick? Why do I always get stuck with  
the chick?!

KRISTINA

Oh come on baby. You know you want it.

The stripper dives at Tammy. They both roll through the  
front door. Jack and Bingo both watch as they go tumbling  
on each other.

JACK

Nice.

BINGO

If you take pictures, let me know.

Bingo slinks off to the side to pursue Mbenga.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

Tammy looks up while wrestling with Kristina.

TAMMY

(to her team)

And she smells like fish!

Kristina pops her one on the chin.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jack let's go a machine gun burst at the McLearys that  
tears through to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

DAMIEN

(to his team)

Close quarters, watch your rounds!

JACK

(from the living room)

Sorry, my bad!

DAMIEN

So how's your daughter doing? Nia, right?

MR.WONG  
 (still fighting)  
 She's good. Helps me at the restaurant.

Mr. Wong catches Damien's legs and flips him onto the table. He grabs the nearby meat cleaver and brings it down just as Damien moves out of the way.

DAMIEN  
 That's great. Still in college?

Damien sweeps Mr. Wong off his feet, who rolls out of the way as Damien brings a kick to the floor.

MR.WONG  
 Yes, but she refuses to learn Mandarin.  
 She questions when she'll ever use it  
 except at family parties.

Mr. Wong throws the cleaver at Damien who slips out of the way and deflects it with a sai he just pulled from his back harness.

DAMIEN  
 Ah, the young. No respect for tradition.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The firefight ensues. Bits of furniture splinter and fly all over the place. Combinations of single shot and machine gun fire LOUDLY fill the large living room.

APOLLO  
 Where'd the hell Manu go?

JACK  
 He's like, 400lbs. How could you lose  
 him?

APOLLO  
 I dunno! Fuck!

GORI  
 He's probably upstairs. He's Jesse's  
 protection. (BEAT) Jack, lay cover-fire  
 for Mr.Luchesse. (BEAT) 3, 2, 1, go!

Gori and Jack fire a double barrage towards the McLearys. Apollo starts to get up but pauses.

APOLLO

Don't kill all of them! One of them still owes me a grand from the Superbowl!

MCLEARY #3

Fuck you, Apollo! I took the points on that game!

APOLLO

No you didn't you Mick fuck!

(to Jack)

That one.

Jack takes a bead and carefully squeezes off a shot. He hits McLeary #3's gun barrel and explodes it, knocking him unconscious.

GORI

(to Apollo)

Will you go already!

Gori and Jack again lay down cover-fire. Apollo leaps over the couch and runs towards the stairs, firing behind him as he goes.

EXT. ON THE FRONT PORCH

Tammy and Kristina are engaged in hand-to-hand combat.

KRISTINA

We could use you at the club; you really have a nice ass. If I don't kill you, that is.

They trade a few more kicks and punches.

TAMMY

This is why I hate fighting girls. Gotta prove how tough they are by duking it out like one of the boys. And they talk too fucking much.

KRISTINA

I'm not stupid, there's no way I'm going to let 2-Gun Tammy touch those pistols. Plus, I've always wanted to sweat with you.

Tammy roundhouse kicks her.

TAMMY

I'll make sure you have an open casket. No way they'll be able to close it anyway. Not with those legs constantly spread apart.

Kristina looks up, blood dripping from her mouth.

KRISTINA

You did not just call me a whore. I'm a dancer bitch!

INT. LIVING ROOM

Mbenga, backing up the McLearys from the adjacent wall, ducks into the hallway to reload. Still keeping an eye on the action, he ejects the spent cartridge from his machine gun.

BINGO (O.S.)

(singing)

...and Mmmmbenga was his name-ooooo...

Mbenga caught off guard spins to see Bingo casually leaning against the wall in back of him in the hallway.

MBENGA

Bingo!

Mbenga slams a fresh magazine into the machine gun clip. As he tries to raise the gun, he notices that he's sweating profusely. Barely able to lift the gun, his eyes roll back into his head. He collapses in a heap in front of Bingo.

Embedded in his back are a dozen syringes.

BINGO

Mmmmbenga. Mmmmmmbenga.

Bingo takes out the vial from his top pocket, pops the cap and downs the liquid. Pucker-face hits him as he searches in vain for lemon in his pockets.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Apollo is carefully searching for Manu the Samoan. Unlike downstairs, the upstairs is very quiet.

He's methodically "cutting the pie" in each room. A great assassin, he makes sure no one is left hiding in a room behind him.

As Apollo's about to clear the next room, out of nowhere, a huge tattooed ARM smashes him in the face and knocks him on his ass.

APOLLO

(shaking his head to clear it)  
How the hell do you do that? You weigh  
like 700lbs.

MANU

No shoes. Cuts down on the noise. Makes  
me silent as a mouse.

Manu shows Apollo the sole of his huge, calloused foot.

APOLLO

Now that's just gross.

Manu picks Apollo up with one hand and throws him unceremoniously against the wall. Apollo falls in a heap.

APOLLO

Ohh fuuuuuuck!

MANU

Quiet like ninja. Strong like bear.

Manu goes to grab him again when Apollo looks past him towards the door, as if someone just walked in.

The huge Samoan instinctively turns towards the door.

Apollo pulls his lumpara out and shoots him square in the face.

APOLLO  
(slowly standing)  
Dumb as dirt. Big for nothing..

Apollo gets up and dusts his blazer clean. Checking the rounds in each gun, he carefully goes to the doorway. He peers out. Nothing. He pauses and contemplates the situation.

He adjusts the ear mic that they're all wearing to make sure it's still in place.

APOLLO  
Hey Blakey.

INT. KITCHEN

Damien and Mr.Wong are still intensely sparring.

DAMIEN  
A little busy here, Apollo!

INT. UPSTAIRS

DAMIEN  
You notice something?

INT. KITCHEN

DAMIEN  
(ducking a kick)  
You mean aside from Mr. Wong trying to kick my ass?

INT. UPSTAIRS

APOLLO  
Yeah. Besides these goons, there's nobody else. No cannon fodder, no regular rent-a-bodyguards for us to waste ammo on. Only these guys. Just enough firepower to keep the 6 of us busy.

INT. KITCHEN

DAMIEN

(side-stepping a punch)

Haven't really had a chance to stop and count the amount of people trying to kill us so, no.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Gori and Jack are still engaged in a gunfight with the McLeary's who're down to only 2 brothers.

GORI

He's right. And the McLeary's don't count. You hire one, they all come along for the ride.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

TAMMY

Seriously, fellas, does it matter?

Kristina catches Tammy with a right cross. Then a roundhouse kick.

KRISTINA

I'm right here honey, you can talk to your little friends later.

She kicks Tammy in the gut who doubles over. Tammy looks up.

TAMMY

Oh, you want my undivided attention?

Tammy uncoils her whip, wrapping both of her legs in the process. She pulls on the whip and sends Kristina landing flat on her back, knocking her head against the ground.

Tammy stands over the fallen stripper.

TAMMY

You got it.

She blasts Kristina with both COLTS.

TAMMY

Whore.

INT. JESSE'S ROOM

Jesse is sitting on a chair, facing the window. His eyes are closed as he's listening to the gunfire downstairs. A content smile on his face, as if the gunfire is music to his ears.

MARCUS (O.S.)

At first, I wondered why. Why you would do this. (BEAT) After a while, the 'why' didn't matter.

JESSE

(still staring out the window)

Ah, my dear boy, but life is all about the 'why'. That...that is where living exists.

MARCUS (O.S.)

I don't care. (BEAT) Arm yourself, old man.

JESSE

Yes, you do. You do care. I raised you better than that. We care about the 'why' because we take that away from people. We not only take away their lives, but the essence of the lives from the people around them. That, is our true power. After all, a man could care less about his own life after he dies.

MARCUS (O.S.)

Where is she?

JESSE

I have put the essence back into your life.

The obvious CLICK of a gun trigger reverberates in the silent room.

MARCUS

(angrier)

I said, where...

JESSE

You've come this far, boy. The answer to your 'why' is sitting on the bed.

Marcus emerges from the shadows, his gun aimed unwaveringly at Jesse. He picks up the FOLDER from the bed and reads it.

JESSE

(to himself, proudly)

5 feet in any direction - and no one would be the wiser...

MARCUS

(reading the folder)

Cancer.

JESSE

Inoperable. Untreatable. Unrelenting.  
(BEAT) Of course I had to kill my doctor after he told me. Wouldn't want that kind of information leaking out.

After a slight feeling of confusion, Marcus regains his composure and aims at Jesse.

MARCUS

Where is she, Jesse?

Without turning around, Jesse points his thumb towards the...

JESSE

Nightstand.

Fear coupled with a building anxious rage fills Marcus as he turns. A single URN sits on the nightstand.

JESSE

Don't worry, my boy. I kept her close to me.

Marcus stares at the urn. Frozen, he presses against his ear mic.

MARCUS

(calmly)

Wrap it up. Meet me in the Cellar.  
Bring your tools.

Jesse smiles.

Marcus gently puts the hammer back down on his Glock, then holsters his gun.

He rests his hands on both of Jesse's shoulders, almost appearing to massage his ailing foster father.

He kisses the top of the old man's head.

Then he grabs his head and chin and yanks it to the side with an audible CRACK.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS

Gori and Jack are still in a gun fight with the McLearys. Only two of the five brothers are left.

All of a sudden, they get BLASTED from the side. Bingo peeks out from around the corner, his machine pistols still smoking.

INT. KITCHEN

Damien throws a karate chop too far and Mr. Wong flips him over his shoulder.

In mid-flip, Mr. Wong grabs Damien's gun from its shoulder holster. As Damien hits the ground, Mr. Wong has Damien, dazed, dead in his sights when...

TAMMY

(seductively from the doorway)

Now, now, Mr. Wong. Are you being a bad boy again?

Mr. Wong looks up at Tammy and hesitates long enough for Damien to shove both SAIS into his chest.

Mr. Wong falls on Damien who pushes him to the side. Tammy helps him up.

DAMIEN

(incredulously)

He was going to shoot me. He was actually going to shoot me. I fought fair. I could've shot him at anytime. But I didn't.

TAMMY

(condescendingly)

Yeah, you could've. But you're more honorable. Almost more dead, too.

Damien and Tammy don't see Mr. Wong, barely alive, bring Blake's GUN up and aim it at Tammy's back.

2 SHOTS ring out and nail Mr. Wong in the head.

Apollo, standing in the doorway, is still aiming at Mr. Wong, his .45 still smoking.

TAMMY

(to Apollo)

Oh, cuz. You really do love me.

APOLLO

(to Damien)

I'm never gonna live this one down, am I?

INT. THE CELLAR - KATE'S OLD ROOM - DOWNSTAIRS

Jesse is strapped to a bed down in the basement. Assorted I.V.'s are attached to his arms, which are being tied down by Tammy. His legs and torso are also tied to the bed.

Bingo is attending to the I.V. banana bags hanging on their poles.

Apollo, Damien and Jack are standing against the wall.

Gori walks in studying one of his mini-gadgets. He walks to Marcus who's standing at the foot of the bed.

GORI

I checked the BBQ pit out back.

MARCUS  
(half-looking at Gori)

And?

Gori hesitates. Then he nods.

Tammy gives a final yank on the ropes to make sure they're secure. At this Jesse opens his eyes.

BINGO  
Hello, Uncle Jesse. You fuck. So, are we  
feeling a bit paralyzed today? (BEAT)  
See these?  
(pointing to the bags on the  
right)  
These will keep you alive. Healthy, even.  
And these...  
(pointing to the bags on the  
left)  
...will make sure you don't die too soon.  
Ensuring that you will enjoy every  
minute of your cancer. Every minute.  
Every day. Until you die a very slow,  
painful death.  
(smiling broadly)  
Front row, baby. Smile!  
(he takes a cell phone pic)

Marcus takes the ring off of Jesse's finger, the ring signifying the leader of the Guild. Jesse opens his mouth to speak but nothing comes out.

DAMIEN  
Oh, sorry, mate. Here you go...

Damien puts a JAR on Jesse's lap. In it is Jesse's severed TONGUE.

TAMMY  
Don't worry. You'll still be able to  
moan in pain all you want.

Marcus stares at the ring for a moment. He looks at the 6. Then he puts it on.

MARCUS

(to the 6)

Shall we?

As they leave the room, Jesse realizes that the cancer will be his only companion as the door locks with a loud CLICK. He's eerily silent as he stares at the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM

All the members of the 6 are standing on both sides of the long dining table. Jack is the only one sitting. In front of each assassin is their own tool of the trade: guns, blades, sword, poisons, etc.

MARCUS

(to Jack)

Assassins have kept the balance of life in this world for centuries. We don't take life easily, but we do it with reason. If someone has to die, there is a reason. We're not the judge. We're not the jury. We are the executioners. We are the Assassin's Guild. Do you have a problem with that?

JACK

(jubilantly)

Hell no!

(more respectfully)

Sir.

Marcus walks to Jack's end of the table. He places a KNIFE before him.

MARCUS

Every assassin who enters the Guild does so with a weapon from one who's come before him. If you take my weapon, you honor me, you honor the Guild, but lose your soul forever.

Marcus walks back to his place at the head of the table.

Jack looks at all of them. Lastly he looks at his Uncle Gori. Gori stoically looks back at his nephew.

Jack takes the knife.

MARCUS

Rise, Assassin.

They all let out a cheer and give Jack their congratulations.

Except for Marcus. A slight sadness is in his eyes as he looks at Jack. The boy has no idea of the life-long commitment he's entered into. Then he smiles.

EXT. BACKPORCH - THE NEXT DAY

A huge fire burns in the BBQ pit as they get rid of the bodies from the previous day's events. Gori, sandwich in hand is overseeing the funeral pyre with Damien assisting him.

On the back porch, Apollo is standing on one side talking on his cell.

Marcus and Tammy sitting on the other side of the porch on rocking chairs are shooting at beer bottles for target practice. Marcus finally misses a shot.

TAMMY

That's another kiss you owe me.

MARCUS

(firing again)

You wish. (BEAT) How do you know I'm not missing on purpose?

TAMMY

(firing)

You wish.

Out of nowhere a VIAL flies at Marcus. Without looking, he shoots it setting off a MILD EXPLOSION.

MARCUS

I'm ok, Mikey!

BINGO (O.S.)

Just checking, Boss!

MARCUS

(to Tammy)

I'm ok.

(firing, misses)

TAMMY

Yeah, you are.

(firing, hits)

That's another kiss you owe me, by the way.

FADE OUT

THE END