

UNPOWERED Ep. Two
'RULES OF ENGAGEMENT'

By

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PREVIOUSLY ON UNPOWERED:

AGENT EDDIE ARCHER is running an ANTI POWER UNIT (APU) designed to track and catch individuals with Special Powers. He investigates the brutal murders perpetrated by DARWIN, a vigilante able to move extremely fast.

He also catches up with GATES, the invisible man, but an attempt to arrest by his team leads to Gates being shot and killed by Archer.

GUY, a career criminal tries to support his heavily pregnant girlfriend, ROSIE, by robbing banks for the BANKER, a villain who can move through walls.

Guy's apartment is invaded by a group of street thugs masquerading as 'Powereds'. Rosie manages to run them off, giving up Guy's share of the loot as she does.

The beautiful journalist MELISSA uses her history with Archer to get him into bed, and look at his private obsession with the Powereds.

Archer receives an ominous phone-call from Darwin, applauding his murder of the Invisible man.

EPISODE TWO:

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

A two lane highway winds through wooded hills. In the distance, the jagged skyline of a city is visible.

After a beat, a lone BIKER speeds past.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

A lonely gas station on the far outskirts of the city.

A Harley-Davidson pulls up, rumbles to a halt. The lone Biker swings off. He's large, wearing jeans and a leather jacket. A black bandana is wrapped around his head.

Throughout the scene his face remains hidden.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

CLOSE ON: the Biker's hand opening a drink cooler. His knuckles are scabbed, fingers covered with heavy rings.

He pulls out a beer, opens it and drinks.

He walks down the aisle, flips through some postcards. Glances at a stack of newspapers. The headline reads 'DARWIN KILLS AGAIN,' a large photo shows six bloody GANG-BANGERS sprawled over furniture.

Behind him a bell rings as the door opens.

The Biker reaches out to pick up the paper, a bandana wrapped around his hand. On the inside of the bandana a white pattern is visible.

He's interrupted by a SCREAM from the front of the store.

Calmly, he turns and walks down the aisles. His head is cocked to the side, curious.

The CUTE CASHIER is being held up by two armed ROBBERS. Both the robbers wear ski-masks and carry PISTOLS.

ROBBER ONE

The cash, bitch! Quickly!

The Cute Cashier hits buttons on the register, too nervous to find the right one.

CUTE CASHIER

Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God!

Robber Two notices the Biker watching them.

ROBBER TWO

Hey, fucker! Get down!

The Biker raises his hands, but doesn't get down.

Robber Two steps towards him, pointing his gun at the Biker's head.

ROBBER TWO

You deaf, biker boy? I said-

He's cut off as the Biker moves impossibly fast, twisting the gun out of the robber's hand and slamming a fist across his face.

Robber Two crumples to the floor.

Robber One reacts, turning with his gun out. The Biker shoots him in the shoulder before he makes it, Robber One falls, dropping his pistol.

After a moment, the oppressive silence is broken by the groans of the two robbers.

CUTE CASHIER

Holy Jesus...

Robber One reaches painfully across the floor for his fallen gun. Just as he reaches it his wrist is pinned down by the Biker's boot.

ROBBER ONE

Aaarggghhh...

The Biker slowly crouches down. With the barrel of his gun he pulls the Robber's ski-mask up, revealing a frightened teenage face.

ROBBER ONE

Don't...don't...

The Biker places the gun against the Robber's cheek.

ROBBER ONE

Please...

The Biker fires, blood sprays across the linoleum.

The Cute Cashier watches as the Biker calmly stands and walks to Robber Two.

The Biker raises his gun as Robber Two struggles to his feet against the candy racks. The Biker fires twice, Robber Two falls to the floor, dragging down boxes of candy. Brightly colored packages spill across his dead body.

The Biker's shoulders sag, he straightens up.

He pulls out his wallet, removes a five dollar bill, places it on the counter. The Cute Cashier stares down at it uncomprehendingly.

The Biker grabs some JERKY out of a holder on the counter and walks out of the store.

A BELL sounds as the door swings closed.

TITLE CARD: 'Rules of Engagement'

EXT. CITY STREET - BAD NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

An UNKNOWN POV walks through the Projects.

Gang graffiti and trash are everywhere. The sidewalks and apartment steps are filled with HOODLUMS and HOS. They stare uncomprehendingly at the unknown POV.

A cluster of GANGSTERS glare at the POV as it approaches, reluctantly parting as it reaches them.

END POV

A chubby black teen walks down the street, dressed in an obviously homemade superhero costume. Over the mask he wears glasses which have been repaired by tape.

This is G-BOY (17).

Everyone on the street continues to stare as G-Boy strides confidently passed them.

ARCHER (VO)

We all agree this has become an epidemic.

INT. POLICE STATION - MUSTER ROOM - DAY

AGENT ARCHER, CAPTAIN ELLIS, and the rest of the APU UNIT sit in in muster room. Archer is addressing the group.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Since this began we have arrested a dozen Powered and four 'vigilantes' have been murdered. This led up to the debacle with Gates, AKA the 'Invisible Man'.

The audience listens attentively.

ARCHER

We need different rules of engagement, or we can expect the same violence of last week every time we encounter a Powered.

Around the table heads nod. AGENT GARCIA, arm in a sling from a shoulder wound, grimaces.

ARCHER

We will subdue first, every encounter with a Powered will

ARCHER
automatically be a deadly force
situation.

All the members of the APU Unit look pleased, Captain Ellis looks somber.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
We'll tailor our tactics and
weaponry to the individual. If we
go after an invisible man, we'll
bring heat sensitive goggles. If-

Archer pauses as a POLICEMAN sticks his head in the door.

POLICEMAN
'Scuse me, sir. There's been a
shooting on the outskirts of the
city.

ARCHER
And?

POLICEMAN
It looks like it might be one of
your guys.

A loud OS gunshot, then receding echoes.

EXT. FIRING RANGE - DAY

Another shot fires, echoes.

A large outdoor firing range, cardboard targets at one end.

GUY, a wiry, tattooed criminal stands at the firing
line. Next to him is ROSIE, a pretty woman with a large
pregnant belly. She holds a HANDGUN.

She squints as she squeezes the trigger, flinching when it
fires. Down-range a bullet hole appears on the target's
right belly.

Guy takes the gun from her, ejects the magazine and reloads.

GUY
You're anticipating the
recoil. You flinch away and push
muzzle down.

Guy slides the magazine home, turns and fires three steady
shots into the target. They punch a tight group of holes
through the target's chest.

GUY
Don't pull the trigger, squeeze
it. Just gently squeeze back until
the shot's a surprise.

He fires two more slow shots, hitting the target's head.

Rosie puts her hand on her belly, looking up at Guy.

ROSIE
She's kicking.

Guy lowers his gun, walks over and puts his hand on her belly.

GUY
Must be the noise.

Rosie smiles up at Guy, eyes wide. His expression softens.

GUY
She?

ROSIE
Just hoping.

Guy kisses her forehead.

GUY
Long as she gets your looks.

Their sweet moment is interrupted by a PHONE RINGING.

Guy answers his cell.

GUY
Yes?...Yessir. I'll be there in an
hour.

Rosie looks solemn.

GUY
You'll be alright. We've gotta
make up for lost time now.

He hands her the gun.

ROSIE
It's not me I'm worried about.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

MELISSA, beautiful, well-dressed in a business skirt, strides onto the main office floor. COWORKERS glance up and wave as she passes, they exchange brief greetings.

Melissa reaches her office area, dropping her briefcase to the floor.

Behind her, MRS. COLINI (50) sticks her head out of a corner office.

MRS. COLINI
Melissa! Get your undersized ass
in my office.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - COLINI'S OFFICE - DAY

As Melissa enters, Mrs. Colini is already seated behind a large wooden desk.

MRS. COLINI
You've been gone for two days, what
do you got for me?

MELISSA
Check these out.

She slides a bunch of photos across the table. The photos show a police style board with photos of Powereds, the dead ones with Xes through them.

Colini flips through the stack, poker faced.

MRS. COLINI
This doesn't look like the Police
Station.

MELISSA
Even better. The head of APU's
house.

Mrs. Colini's expression hardens.

MRS. COLINI
This paper isn't interested in
whatever kinky vendetta you have
against Archer.

MELISSA
This is hard news. The head of
APUs private obsession with the men
he's chasing.

MRS. COLINI

No, this is sleeping your way into a story. And I did enough of that for the both of us.

She flips the folder closed, slides it into a desk drawer. For a moment she becomes mock nostalgic.

MRS. COLINI

When I was young it was all about romance. Now it's about crucifying each other in print. It's unhealthy.

From inside the desk, she pulls out another manila folder, pushes it to Melissa. Her demeanor returns to businesslike.

MRS. COLINI

Anyone can sell a story about blood and guts. You sell this story and you'll have a reason for that cocky attitude. And you're conscience will be a little cleaner.

MELISSA

(doubtful)

What is it?

MRS. COLINI

You heard of EOA?

MELISSA

Early onset Alzheimer's? You're joking.

MRS. COLINI

Nope. This is your new assignment.

Beat, Melissa upset.

MRS. COLINI

You're getting too used to assuming everyone else is stupid, girl. I've been doing this for a long time, and I say there's a story here. (beat) You should probably trust me.

Melissa nods, thinking.

MELISSA

Alright. I could use a break from the blood and guts.

MRS. COLINI
Couldn't we all.

INT. GAS STATION - CRIME SCENE - DAY

The bell sounds as the door opens, Archer enters.

The scene from earlier, with the addition of police INVESTIGATORS putting up police tape and collecting evidence.

He sees DETECTIVE MILLS poking at the candy lying on Robber Two. He picks off a bag of skittles, opens it and eats a few.

ARCHER
What you doing out here?

Mills turns and notices him.

MILLS
Turns out we're just within city
limits.

Mills shakes his head, obviously less than pleased to be there. He offers Archer the bag of Skittles.

MILLS (CONT'D)
I could ask you the same thing.

Archer shrugs, waves his hand to turn down the candy.

ARCHER
There're some discrepancies in the
video footage. Seems like the perp
might be an old friend.

Mills looks at him, then around at the two dead bodies, realizing who Archer must be referring to.

MILLS
This doesn't look like Darwin's
style.

ARCHER
I don't think it was planned.

FEMALE INVESTIGATOR (OS)
Hey, got something here.

Archer and Mills join the Investigator crouched by the drink coolers. She has a fingerprint brush, rubbing the handle to the cooler. The faint outline of fingerprints are visible.

Mills smiles, Archer raises his eyebrows.

MILLS

Damn, looks like we might actually have something on him.

ARCHER

Nice work.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Guy walks along a city street, head down. From the corner of his eye he sees various HOODLUMS, handkerchiefs hanging from their pockets.

Guy quickens pace, glancing to the sides. The hoodlums follow him with their eyes, talking to each other.

Finally, Guy turns a corner, drawing his gun.

He turns, lying flat against the wall, gun held up at head height, ready to kill anyone following him.

Moments pass, nobody comes.

Guy hesitantly looks around the corner, no one's there.

He sags against the brick wall, breathing deeply. He rubs his face, replacing his pistol.

INT. WAREHOUSE - BANKER'S LAIR - DAY

A giant warehouse, empty to the rafters. In the middle of the expanse, dozens of different sized SAFES are arranged in the rough outline of a room. In the center, the BANKER is seated at an ornate desk.

Guy walks across the emptiness, reaching the 'room'. He steps through a gap in the safes, approaches the desk.

The Banker looks up, smiling to see Guy.

BANKER

Guy, as prompt as ever. Hope I didn't tear you away from anything important.

Guy shakes his head.

BANKER

Good. We got something different planned for tonight.

GUY

Yea?

BANKER

Not the whole crew, just a couple guys. A nice quiet B and E.

GUY

What's the location?

The Banker stands, stepping straight through the desk to stand in front of Guy. Guy leans back a little, but otherwise doesn't react.

BANKER

Fifth and Edward.

GUY

There money there?

The Banker taps the head of his cane against Guy's chest.

BANKER

There's more to life than money.

Guy raises his eyebrows, confused.

The Banker walks to a safe, the closer look shows WELDING MARKS were all the safes have been permanently sealed.

The Banker reaches through the steel door, grimacing to himself, and removes a thick wad of cash.

Exhaling, he tosses the wad to Guy.

Guy stares down at the cash, impressed by the amount.

BANKER

Get ready, we leave in two hours.

Guy nods, eyes still on the cash.

INT. POLICE STATION - EVIDENCE LAB - DAY

Archer hands a evidence bag with sheets of fingerprint cards to a TECHIE.

ARCHER

Get these prints back, now.

Another LAB TECH sits in front of a computer screen, scrolling through the convenience store surveillance footage. The tape is very poor quality, grainy and black and white. There is no sound.

LAB TECH

Hey, got that footage cued for you.

Archer steps over to him, watching the screen over his shoulder.

The footage rolls, Darwin enters the convenience store, face turned away from the camera. A minute or so later the two masked robbers enter, holding guns.

Darwin appears from the side, hands up, then faster than the tape can follow, kills the two robbers. He places the money on the counter and leaves.

LAB TECH

Damn...

ARCHER

Rewind that a bit.

The Lab Tech complies.

ARCHER

Stop.

The screen freezes as Darwin puts the money on the counter. Due to the angle of the surveillance footage, this is the best shot of his face.

ARCHER

Close in on his face.

The Tech taps some buttons, zooms in. Even zoomed in the face shot is grainy and poor quality.

ARCHER

Get a copy of that, clean it up as best you can. We'll put it out.

Behind Archer two suited federal agents enter, JESSICA SAMSON, and DAVID GREENWOOD.

GREENWOOD

Agent Archer?

Archer turns, takes in the newcomers.

ARCHER

That's me.

GREENWOOD

I'm Special Agent Greenwood, this is my partner, Samson. We need a few moments of your time.

INT. POLICE STATION - MUSTER ROOM - DAY

Greenwood closes the door behind him, then drops the shade, isolating the three of them from the rest of the station.

Although Greenwood does most of the talking, Samson seems to be in charge.

GREENWOOD

We understand there was a break in the Darwin case.

ARCHER

We'll see. It's only a matter of time before he slips.

The Feds exchange looks.

GREENWOOD

We want you to put the Darwin case on hold, and concentrate on the Banker.

Archer looks astounded.

ARCHER

We just got prints on him!

The Feds are nonplussed.

GREENWOOD

We believe the Banker is a higher value target.

ARCHER

He's a thief, Darwin's a murderer. And hes impossible to catch, when he's not in a bank he's a damn invisible man.

Samson raises her eyebrows.

SAMSON

As I recall, you just killed the
Invisible Man.

Archer clenches his jaw, angry. Greenwood looks to Samson for some cue, Samson nods.

GREENWOOD

We have information on the Banker.

Archer hesitates, clearly upset, but interested.

ARCHER

What information?

GREENWOOD

Possible targets.

Samson holds up a paper, a half dozen addresses. Archer reaches for it, but Samson holds it just out of reach.

SAMSON

You take this, you lay off
Darwin. Otherwise we take it
elsewhere.

Archer stares her down for a moment. Finally he reaches out again, taking the paper.

He looks at it for a moment.

ARCHER

These aren't banks.

He reads further.

ARCHER

Hospitals, a research center. A
Military Base? We don't have
jurisdiction there.

GREENWOOD

Then concentrate on the places you
do have jurisdiction.

ARCHER

What would a bank robber want with
these places?

GREENWOOD

Our help doesn't extend past the
list.

Archer is still hesitant.

SAMSON

A lot of important people want the Banker taken care of. They would be very...grateful...to you if you handled it.

Archer stays silent as the two Feds let themselves out.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - BASEMENT ARCHIVES - EVENING

In a dimly lit basement with row after row of filing cabinets, Melissa is doing research.

She sits in front of a computer screen, clicking through microfilm. Various articles pop up, "EOA Growing concern for Docs," "Researchers say Increase is City Specific."

A knocking sound makes Melissa jump, looking up.

Archer stands at the desk, watching her.

ARCHER

Didn't mean to startle you. They said I'd find you down here.

Melissa recovers her composure immediately.

MELISSA

To what do I owe the pleasure?

ARCHER

I was half expecting some horrible article in the paper after we were together last. Consider this an apology for...doubting your morals.

He tosses two photographs on the table, slightly cleaner stills of Darwin in the gas station.

Melissa hesitates just a moment, then picks them up.

MELISSA

Who's this?

ARCHER

The person I want to catch most of all.

MELISSA

(without looking up)
Besides me?

Archer ignores her, she looks closer at the picture.

MELISSA

So, this is 'Darwin'. I would've thought he'd be better looking.

ARCHER

He's killed dozens of people, and that's what you come up with? You thought he'd be better looking?

Melissa shrugs.

MELISSA

This looks like security camera footage. Has he been up to something I should know about?

Archer doesn't answer. Melissa looks through the photos on last time, then slides them into a briefcase.

MELISSA

Not like you to be cooperating with the press.

Archer shrugs.

ARCHER

Not much choice at the moment. Just don't say where you got those.

Melissa smiles.

MELISSA

Yea, yea, confidential informant et cetera, et cetera. I do this for a living.

Archer turns to leave.

MELISSA

You leaving already?

ARCHER

My night's just getting started.

He gestures around the dark and empty archives.

ARCHER

Don't have too much fun without me.

He leaves, Melissa sits alone for a minute, looking after him.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

An unmarked police car sits with its lights out, facing the hospital's emergency entrance.

The parking lot and street are empty and silent.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Archer sits in the passenger street, OFFICER JACKSON behind the wheel.

ARCHER

Alright, let's see what we got. Two entrances, just one at night.

Officer Jackson has a pad, taking notes.

ARCHER

We'll put surveillance on the corner of the side street. Should be able to cover both entrances.

His thoughts are interrupted by a van and a town car pulling into the parking lot. Several men step out, walking into the emergency entrance. The two vehicles drive away.

OFFICER JACKSON

What the hell...

ARCHER

This is going down tonight.

He opens the door, jumps out.

ARCHER

Call for backup, cover the entrance.

Archer walks quickly toward the entrance.

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Archer walks up to the Lobby desk, an unshaven MALE NURSE wearing a pink scrub shirt looks up at him.

MALE NURSE

Can I help you?

Archer looks around, not seeing any sign of the men he followed.

ARCHER
Hey...I'm looking for my friends,
they just came through here.

MALE NURSE
And you are?

Archer flashes his badge, the Male Nurse's eyes widen.

ARCHER
Edward Archer, APU.

MALE NURSE
Yes, sir. Ummm, I think they
signed in, let me grab the book.

He reaches across the desk to a drawer, begins pulling it open.

As he does, Archer leans against the desk, and notices a duck-taped pair of legs protruding from under the desk.

ARCHER
Mother...

Archer pulls out his gun, pointing it at the Male Nurses head.

ARCHER
Don't fucking move.

The Male Nurse hesitates, but complies.

Archer circles the desk, sees a FEMALE NURSE duck-taped under the desk. She's wearing pink scrub pants and no shirt over her bra. Her eyes are wide over her duck-taped mouth.

The Male Nurse's hand is on a gun in the drawer. He's wearing jeans and combat boots under the scrub top.

The Male Nurse's fingers tighten around his pistol.

ARCHER
Two in the chest, one in the head,
fucker.

The Male Nurse releases his grip, raising his hands over his head.

ARCHER
Where'd they go?

Male Nurse shakes his head, not willing to talk. Archer hesitates, then pistol whips the back of the man's head. He collapses, knocked out.

Archer pulls out a pocket knife, flicks the blade open. He cuts the nurse free.

ARCHER

You okay?

The nurse nods, rubbing her wrists.

ARCHER

Which way did they go?

The nurse points.

FEMALE NURSE

Down the hall. They were asking where the archives are.

Archer nods, grabbing the MALE NURSE'S pistol out of the drawer.

ARCHER

There's an officer outside. Walk across the street, he'll help you.

The Female Nurse runs out the front doors.

Archer looks back at impostor slumped across the desk. An ugly grimace crosses his face, he pistol-whips the unconscious man again, knocking him to the floor.

Archer turns, with his gun up he runs down the hallway.

INT. DARWIN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

A dimly lit concrete basement. Bare bulbs hang from the ceiling. Everything is duck taped and spray-painted.

Several TVs are stacked in one corner, playing news channels. Police scanners are jumbled on top. A heavy punching bag and weight benches dominate the room.

One wall is covered with various weapons, from automatic rifles to knives. In the center is a bullet proof vest, and Darwin's signature skull bandana.

Darwin sits on the bench, lifting weights, shirtless. His back is muscular, scarred and tattooed. A large diamond 'One Percenter' tattoo is on one shoulder.

Throughout the scene Darwin's face is hidden through shadow and angle.

As Darwin continues lifting weights, one of the police scanners cackles to life.

POLICE SCANNER (OFFICER JACKSON)
Dispatch, Unit 21. We need backup
at St. Vincent's Hospital, 5th and
Edward.

Darwin drops the weights noisily. He cocks his head, listening.

POLICE SCANNER (DISPATCH)
Unit 21, Dispatch. 10-12?

Darwin begins pulling a shirt on.

POLICE SCANNER
We have armed individuals entering,
possibly the Banker. Alert SWAT
and APU.

Darwin stands up, strides to his weapon rack. He grabs the bullet proof vest, pulls it over his head. He clips a holstered pistol to his belt, grabs a switchblade.

POLICE SCANNER (DISPATCH)
10-4, APU is fifteen.

Darwin takes the bandana off the rack, heads toward the door.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Archer runs down empty hospital halls. He passes a row of elevators, just as one DINGS. He skids to a halt, sees the symbol indicating the basement light up.

He slaps the elevator button a few times, then runs out of patience and sprints for the stairs.

INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Guy, the Banker and another HENCHMAN BOB move through the hospital basement, reaching a door marked 'Records.'

Guy tries the handle, finds it locked.

The Banker waves him aside, then reaches through the door.

INT. HOSPITAL - RECORD ROOM

The Banker's hand appears in the doorway, fumbling around for the lock. It unlocks the door, then swings it open.

The three criminals walk inside. Motion activated lights snap on, revealing rows and rows of filing cabinets.

Guy notices the Banker grimacing again.

GUY
You okay, sir?

The Banker ignores the question.

BANKER
Find the folders we need.

Guy nods, the three of them being moving down the rows of cabinets, looking for something.

INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT STAIRS - NIGHT

Archer moves down the stairway, stepping lightly and silently. He reaches the basement level, cautiously steps out.

INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Archer follows the same path that the criminals just did, he approaches the door marked 'Records'. He reaches out, the handle swings easily, now unlocked.

Slowly, gun still raised, he pushes the door open.

EXT. HOSPITAL ALLEY - NIGHT

Darwin's Harley rumbles to a halt in an alley adjacent to the hospital.

He swings off, steps towards the hospital, then freezes.

Behind him, the masked figure of G-boy steps into view, in all his home-sewn splendor.

G-BOY
You're not the only one with a
police scanner.

Darwin turns, taking in the young kid and his homemade costume. He doesn't look interested.

DARWIN
Go home, kid.

G-BOY
No. You've killed enough people.

He grabs on to Darwin's arm as Darwin moves to walk away.

Darwin hesitates, then viciously backhands G-boy, knocking him to the ground.

Darwin turns and walks away.

Behind him G-boy stands.

G-BOY
I'm not done.

Darwin ignores him.

G-boy looks around, then steps over to Darwin's bike, kicking out the kickstand. The Harley roughly topples to the ground.

Darwin hesitates, then turns and walks back towards G-Boy, eyes cold.

INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The door to the Records Room swings silently open, Archer can see all three criminals, their backs turned to him as they look through the cabinets.

He points his gun at the Banker, closest to him.

As if noticing the attention, the Banker slowly turns, taking in the gun pointed at his head. He opens his mouth as if to speak. One hand reaches into the small of his back.

Archer shakes his head, mouthing the word 'no'.

BANKER
Guy!

The Banker jerks out a nickel plated pistol, Archer fires. The Banker seems to wince, Archer's bullet passes cleanly through him, not hurting him.

Archer eyes widen, he recovers just in time to duck away from the Banker's return shot, as Guy and Henchman Bob join in the gunfight.

From the doorway Archer returns fire, the three shoot back, cornered in the room.

ARCHER

There's no way out, guys. APU will
be here any second!

The Banker grabs Guy, pulling him to the back of the room. Henchman Bob provides cover fire.

BANKER

Got what we wanted?

Guy holds up a thick folder.

BANKER

We're out of here.

He grabs Guy by the collar and runs toward the back wall.

Henchman Bob's gun runs dry, he drops the magazine, reaches for a fresh one.

Archer peaks around the doorway, sees the opportunity. He rushes into the room, firing.

Several rounds hit the Henchman's torso, he falls, spilling his gun and magazine across the floor.

Archer keeps moving forward, clearing the rest of the room.

The Banker and Guy are gone.

ARCHER

Shit...

Archer's shoulders sag.

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Banker and Guy come up through floor of a typical white on white hospital room.

Guy curls on hands and knees, retches onto the tile.

GUY

Holy Christ, is that how it always
feels?

The Banker is collapsed against bed. He looks pale and weak.

BANKER
(painfully)
Some times are worse than
others. Never pulled another
person with me before.

Guy registers the fact that the Banker is in worse shape than he is.

GUY
Oh shit.

Guy pushes himself to his feet, then pulls the Banker up as well, supporting his weight.

GUY
We gotta get out of here.

Guy notices the room is occupied. A young CHEMO-KID with a bald head sits in the bed, staring at them. Guy gives the kid a curt nod, then turns away.

Guy half supports and half carries the Banker to the doorway. He pokes his head out, then quickly withdraws it as Archer moves past the end of the hallway, searching.

Guy waits a moment, then moves, heading away from where Archer was.

The Chemo-kid stares out the door after them, wide-eyed.

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT

G-Boy flies bodily through the air, impacted a street lamp and crashing to the pavement.

Darwin walks up and gives G-Boy a solid kick to the ribs.

G-Boy sags to the side, gasping.

DARWIN
Go back to your GI Joes, kid.

From the ground G-Boy punches Darwin, square in the balls.

Darwin groans, cupping his groin. With a single swift movement he pulls out a knife and stabs G-Boy.

G-Boy collapses, looking down at the knife protruding from his side.

Darwin immediately registers regret.

DARWIN

Shit...

He steps closer, hand out, placating.

Swiftly, G-boy pulls the knife out, stabbing at Darwin. Darwin moves, but not fast enough, taking a shallow gash on his stomach, right below his vest.

He steps back, clutching the bloody wound.

G-Boy straightens, unaffected by his own stabbing. Darwin's eyes go wide.

DARWIN

Oh, shit. You're one of us.

G-Boy pushes his glasses up his nose.

G-BOY

No. I'm a hero.

He tosses the knife to the ground, raising his pudgy fists.

INT. HOSPITAL

Guy and the Banker sneak down hallways, evading the Police. The Banker begins to recover, pushing away Guy and moving on his own.

They duck into an office at the sound of footsteps.

INT. HOSPITAL - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Guy walks to the back of the office, looks out the window. Across the street their van and town car are waiting.

Guy assesses the Banker, who seems to have fully recovered.

GUY

You ready to run for it?

The Banker nods.

BANKER

Of course.

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT

The office window shatters outward. Guy and the Banker climb out, dropping to the pavement as the sounds of pursuit come from inside the hospital.

DRIVERS start their vehicles as they run across the parking lot.

The Banker reaches his town car, just like the safes, the rear doors have been welded shut. Without pausing the Banker pushes himself through the door and the vehicle pulls away.

EXT. ALLEY - ACROSS FROM HOSPITAL

Darwin and G-boy continue to fight. Darwin is hitting G-boy a dozen times for every bump he takes, but G-boy is ultimately less effected.

The OS sound of a window smashing causes Darwin to turn his head. He sees Guy and the Banker running for their vehicles.

G-boy takes advantage of the momentary distraction by kicking Darwin right in the gash on his stomach.

Darwin grabs his leg, twists it, then drives his body weight through it. A dry snap sounds as G-boys ankle breaks, his foot facing the wrong way.

Darwin drops the leg, without any pause G-boy shin kicks him in the face with his injured leg.

SLOMO IMPACT: as G-boy's shin rearranges Darwin's face, his foot snaps back forward.

Darwin steps back, wiping blood off his lip. G-boy puts his foot down, good as new.

Darwin shakes his head, no longer enjoying the fight. Guy's getaway van is pulling away. Darwin turns from G-boy and runs down the alley towards his motorcycle.

G-boy hesitates, then his shoulders slump. He looks down at his fists, bloody from punching Darwin's wound.

The streets are empty except for police vehicles arriving at the hospital. G-boy turns and walks away, slipping unnoticed into the darkness.

INT. POLICE STATION - MUSTER ROOM - HOURS LATER

Archer and Captain Ellis sit in the muster room, tired. Two shot glasses and a bottle of whiskey are on the table in between them.

Both of them are bedraggled, staring off into space.

CAPTAIN ELLIS
What are they looking for in a hospital?

ARCHER
I intend to find out.

A moment passes, they both swallow their shots. The Captain opens the bottle, pours another two shots.

Archer takes it, and stands.

ARCHER
This is it for me, I'm going home to pass out.

He salutes with the shot, they both drink.

CAPTAIN ELLIS
More work tomorrow.

Archer shakes his head, less than excited at the prospect. He turns to leave.

CAPTAIN ELLIS
Oh and Darwin's prints came back.

Archer turns with renewed interest.

ARCHER
And?

CAPTAIN ELLIS
And they're blocked, classified. From on high.

ARCHER
Blocked?

CAPTAIN ELLIS
Restricted access, over my clearance.

ARCHER

Meaning?

CAPTAIN ELLIS

Meaning someone doesn't want him
found.

Captain Ellis pours himself another shot. BEAT as Archer
absorbs the information.

EXT. CITY STREET - GUY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Guy limps up the sidewalk to his apartment building door.

As he enters the front door, the low rumble of a motorcycle
is audible.

Darwin pulls up on his Harley, mask over his face. He comes
to a stop, watching as a light comes on in Guy's apartment.

END