NO ONE LIVES FOREVER

by Josh Randall & James Braddock FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

A taped up right hand casually puts in coins into the coffee expresso machine.

A coffee cup with playing cards plops down in a slot; steamy coffee pours out.

BRANDON ARGUS (mid 30Õs) lifts up the cup with his bandaged hand slightly to see the card printed on the bottom of the cup. He frowns.

Heads down the hallway, where, surrounded by a personal fan and a mound of paperwork, DEPUTY RYAN (late 200s) is seated to the far right of the office.

> RYAN Win anything?

ARGUS No. I lost.

RYAN Never can get a good pair off them cups. Should have went for a soda.

ARGUS Your pop machine was out of orange.

RYAN

Still too hot around here for coffee.

ARGUS Know how much longer Sheriff Keller will be with my pick up?

RYAN

Soon, I hope. That fella of yours. Worst sorry son of a bitch I ever saw. I been meaning to ask since you got here: what happened to your hand?

ARGUS

Bee sting.

RYAN

Don't say.

Deputy Ryan considers the story, smiles. Shakes his head.

RYAN

I swear. You city folk. What really happened?

Argus takes a breath, but stops short of relaying the tale. SHERIFF KELLER (mid $4\tilde{O}s$) comes in the room.

KELLER

He's ready for you.

Argus downs the rest of his coffee. Crushes the cup and tosses it in the nearest wastebasket.

KELLER Win anything?

HOLDING CELL

Dark ink tattoos of skull over the face of a sitting Buddha, the Grim Reaper and a spitting cobra decorate the left arm of the prisoner.

KELLER

Stand up Manes.

The tattoo arm flexes as MANES (30s) stands up and faces Sheriff Keller. Rough, eyes of steel. Like Steven Seagal in his prime, just with a goatee.

Manes gaze shift to Argus. Neither man is happy to see the other.

ARGUS William Manes, my name is Brandon Argus. I'm with the U.S. Marshals.

MANES Is that the best they sent me?

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Argus escorts a handcuffed Manes to a car, puts him in the front passenger side. Keller and Ryan look on.

KELLER Took three guys to hold that son of a bitch down. RYAN Don't think he can handle him?

KELLER No. But that's his problem.

INT. RENTAL CAR -MOVING - DAY

Manes looks out of the window, watches people going about normal day to day business. Then to a calm, seat belted Argus. Sizes him up.

> MANES So it's just you, right? You alone? Must really suck being you.

ARGUS Had better days.

MANES You must be someone special, coming down by yourself, get me.

ARGUS Actually I'm the reject.

MANES How'd you hurt your hand?

ARGUS Cut myself shaving.

MANES Cut's on your hand, not your neck.

ARGUS I got butterfingers.

MANES

Like shit.

ARGUS That's right. Because it's none of your damn business.

MANES No matter. You'll be dead soon enough, reject. Just like that pig I capped back in Baton Rouge. Argus slams on the brakes. Manes head thrusts forward, smacks into the dashboard, his body jerks back upright.

ARGUS This is a rental. I'd like to keep it as clean -

Elbows Manes in the ear.

ARGUS But we know that isn't going to happen, you bleeding on the upholstery.

Inspects Manes' face.

ARGUS Looks like the good ol' boys didn't like you too much back there.

EXT. GARLAND COUNTY AIRPORT - RUNWAY - DAY

This is the most activity this place has seen in years as a swarm of dark blue jackets with US MARSHAL on the back hang around a small plane.

Argus pulls up in the rental car, and gets out. The first Marshal he comes to is JACKSON, (late 20s) who is near a small cooler.

Jackson reaches in the cooler and offers him a bottled water. ROLLINS (50s) steps in between them. Waves to Jackson, who puts the water back.

ROLLINS

You're late.

Argus checks his watch. Jackson goes to the car, escorts Manes out.

ROLLINS Any problems with the locals?

ARGUS No. Nice guys, professional.

Rollins nods to Manes' complexion.

ROLLINS Then what the hell is that?

ARGUS

Took three guys to hold him down.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Jackson escorts Manes to his seat. Makes sure he sits in it.

JACKSON Alright, tough guy. Enjoy the flight.

EXT. PLANE - DAY

Argus motions towards the stairway, Rollins blocks him off.

ROLLINS Where do you think you're going?

ARGUS I'm not coming?

INT. PLANE

Manes streaks his finger across the lightly fogged window, crossing out Argus.

MANES Anytime now, reject.

I/E. WHITE VAN - DAY

Three guys (30s) - CRUGER, (driver) DEVLIN (front passenger) and ELLIS (back) pull up alongside a dirt road across from the small airport.

Devlin raises a rifle scope, looks.

DEVLIN

Looks good.

All three put on executioner-like hoods.

Ellis draws up his shiny 45 automatic, releases the safety.

Devlin hands the scope to Cruger, who puts it on a sniper rifle.

Cruger gets out of the van, sprints over to a nearby patch of tall grass.

EXT. PLANE

Rollins hands Argus a folder. Argus opens it up.

Arrest warrant, a bad looking mug-shot of a woman - messed up blonde hair, no makeup, 25 going on 64.

ROLLINS You're available.

ARGUS Convenient.

Argus heads back to the car as Rollins hobbles up the stairway into the plane.

GRASS PATCH - MOMENTS LATER

A SNIPER'S SCOPE clocks into place. A view of the plane. The scope sight moves slowly to the right. It stops on the PILOT's cockpit.

CUT TO:

VAN speeds up, busts through the small gate.

CUT TO:

Cruger takes his first shot.

Glass breaks, spider-cracking around a new hole. The pilot's head jerks forward.

EXT. GARLAND COUNTY AIRPORT.

Van speeds to the plane, with Ellis shooting out of the van's back doors. The hail of bullets riddles cars and various US Marshals.

The van circles around, taking out more cars with gunfire and occasional small demolition derby like crashes.

Argus steps out aims his gun towards the van, fires twice.

The van swerves, a torn up right tire flies off the rim. Sparks emit - the van slows down.

INT. PLANE

Manes ducks down low. Rollins moves to the front of the plane. A shot rings, Rollins' brains spits out of his head.

Manes springs up, rams Jackson with his body. Within a few seconds of wrestle, Manes gets the upper hand. Knocks Jackson out, uncuffs himself with a set of keys.

EXT. PLANE

Both armed with Uzi automatics, Ellis and Devlin crisscross each other's path.

Argus, pinned down behind his car, has bits of glass rain down on him.

GRASS PATCH

Cruger lays in the grass, his sniper rifle fixed on a location some distance ahead. He calmly waits.

THE SCOPE

Fixed on the car Argus is hiding behind. Smoke slightly distorts the view, but the intended target is tough to miss.

CRUGER Come on, put your head out.

EXT. RENTAL CAR

Argus glances to the rear view mirror. In the reflection, he can make out a small speck of a man about eight yards away, casually stand up.

Argus slowly opens the driver's side car door, slips in.

He then reaches over carefully to the driver's rear view, adjusts it until he can see that speck.

More gunshots around him.

Argus puts the keys in the ignition, revs up the car.

Manes, .45 in his hand. Devlin and Ellis next to him.

A moment of silence.

MANES

Jack him up.

Argus throws the bullet holed heap in reverse and somehow manages to pump the pedal. Tires squeal.

The back rear window of the car shatters as the speedometer hits $87\,.$

The rear left tire rolls over a dead woman's wrist.

GRASS PATCH

Cruger aims his rifle calmly towards the oncoming car.

Gets off three shots before the back bumper of a car slams into his head. Cruger's left shoulder bone breaks.

Gun in his good hand, Argus steps out of the car, looks down on the mess. Notices his trunk popped open. Shotgun inside.

INT. HANGAR - DAY

Manes, Devlin and Ellis shut the door behind them.

MANES

Coming in here with that piece of junk anyway. Should have had a backup.

ELLIS

We do.

Ellis heads on over to a Twin Otter plane.

ELLIS

Give me a few minutes and we are in the air. We didn't just plan this blindfolded, you know.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

SECURITY GUARD UEING (30's) escorts Argus past various spooked executives and a few civilians.

UEING We let a few people go home, diverted a few flights.

ARGUS How many of our people in the building?

UEING You don't know?

ARGUS Marshal Rollins had most of the details. I was just the gofer.

UEING You're looking at them. But there is backup on the way.

ARGUS

How soon?

UEING Less than half an hour.

ARGUS Not enough time.

UEING Where's all your people?

Argus eyeballs him.

UEING Going back out there? After them? Your hand -

ARGUS That? That's nothing. Fashion statement. ARGUS

Local media's going to dive in here within half hour or less.

UEING I expect. A few folks have already put this mess up on You Tube by now.

Ueing hands him a key.

EXT. AIRPORT - HANGAR

With his shotgun, Argus makes his way to the side door. Calmly leans the shotgun against the side of the door.

From his jacket pocket, he takes out a key. Gently inserts the key in the door knob. Slowly turns it.

INT. HANGAR

Manes and Devlin greet Argus with a thunderstorm of lead. Argus jumps to the floor, keeps low. His handgun falls out of his holster, slides away from him.

Bullets from the bad guys follow it.

Argus aims his shotgun and blows away Devlin's left foot.

Devlin falls, and sprays the floor with shells. Shots eat into a crate beside Argus.

Devlin unloads a clip, digs in his pocket.

Argus runs around the crates, straight to him. Devlin slams in a new clip. Argus whaps him in the face with the butt of his shotgun, knocks him out.

Pumps a new round in.

Ellis in the cockpit of the sea plane. Sees Argus approach. Ready to pull his gun.

ARGUS Don't even think it.

Manes jumps him.

Manes fights for control of the shotgun. Wrestles it out of his opponent's hands.

Both men grab each other and wrestle.

Ellis hurries in his attempt to get the plane started.

On the floor, Manes gets Argus in an arm-bar, but Manes moves his hips out, and rolls over Manes, traps him in an arm-bar of his own.

Ellis smiles- the engine starts, propellers spin.

Manes struggles. Argus gets it deep. With a quick roll of his legs, Manes breaks free, jumps back on Argus.

The two exchange fist and feet, Manes grabs Argus' tie, chokes him. Argus pushes him off. Gets to his feet.

Manes charges him. Argus does an aikido elbow throw, sends Manes to the floor.

Ellis, two handguns, fires randomly at Argus, who rolls over to pick up his shotgun. Argus swerves, and with the buckshot puts Ellis in a backward orbit.

Argus stands up, pumps.

Manes on his feet, raises his hands in surrender.

MANES I got more friends. Just one phone call, all it takes.

ARGUS

Yeah, you're a cold blooded son of a bitch alright. Stupid one, too. Can't remember a thing about a man.

MANES What are you talking about?

Argus comes up to Manes. Hits him in the gut with the butt of the shotgun. Then sends him down with a strike to the chin.

Argus grabs him, turns him over, handcuffs him.

ARGUS Hey, tough guy. Look at this.

Manes cranes his head up. Argus waves his bandaged hand.

ARGUS Baton Rouge. I was there.

FADE OUT.

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