

# **KILLER THERAPY**

written by

Mike Johnston

[Mike.Johnston@me.com](mailto:Mike.Johnston@me.com)

(206) 250-7915

Absolutely none of this is based on a true story.

Thank goodness.

Indistinct, playful banter.

**FADE IN:**

Softly matted against a flat silver sky, the inky silhouette of a LITTLE GIRL'S head and shoulders. As she sways...

The summer sun peeks around her dangling hair -- a tufted bird's nest. It bathes us in blinding sunlight, then shade. Brightness, then shadow. Light, then dark.

**EXT. NOLAN'S SUBURBAN HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY**

Spreadeagle, the little girl, GEMMA (5) balances on her FATHER'S outstretched hands as he lies in the grass.

In one motion, he flips her onto her back and launches a tickle attack.

She giggles.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Nolan!

Smiling, her father, NOLAN (35) snaps his face toward the house. The smile melts away.

**CUT TO BLACK:**

TITLE

# NOLAN

**EXT. NOLAN'S SUBURBAN HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY**

Nolan climbs to his feet. He's perfect on paper. Checks all the boxes. And it's all an absolute made-up, messed-up, smiling-right-to-your-face, fucking lie.

A no-nonsense suburban homemaker, RACHEL (35) waves Nolan's cell phone. Loves her family. Hates her husband's job.

Cautions from the porch...

RACHEL  
It's work.

Nolan starts away.

GEMMA  
(disappointed)  
Aww...

NOLAN  
Gotta go, Gem-bug.

Gemma sits up. She knows she'll never win this fight. Blows a stray blade of grass from her lips.

Nolan pecks Rachel's cheek as she hands him the phone.

RACHEL  
Sounds bad.

**INT. NOLAN'S SEDAN - DAY**

With his game face on, Nolan drives.

**EXT. WORKING-CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**

We're on the other side of the tracks. Concerned NEIGHBORS gather around one house. A police cruiser, lit like a beacon, wraps the crime scene in red and blue whirling lights.

A uniformed cop with a chip on his shoulder, HAIMS (25) huddles with A.J. (30) a young homicide detective, Nolan's partner and his brother's keeper. Removes his cowboy hat.

Nolan's sedan eases to a stop.

HAIMS  
He the one?

A.J.  
The man, the legend...

HAIMS  
Is it true he, like, hates cops?

A.J.  
More like he don't trust 'em, or  
anyone for that matter--  
(MORE)

A.J. (cont'd)  
 But especially cops. You probably  
 shouldn't say too much. And, maybe, go  
 stand over there.

Haims takes offense with every step backward.

A.J.  
 Yeah, a little farther. More than  
 that. A little... Yeah-- Bingo.

A couple of BOOT PRINTS in a patch of earth near the stoop.

Nolan studies the ground. The house. The very basic footwear  
 of the neighbors. Then A.J.'s face.

And that's his cue...

A.J.  
 Whaddya got, boss?

Nolan drops to a knee.

Raises a handful of soil to his nose. Breathes deeply.

Offers it to A.J.

Who leans closer. Takes a quick whiff.

NOLAN  
 Taste it.

A.J.  
 Eh, it's dirt, boss.

Nolan keeps his arm extended.

NOLAN  
 You're never gonna build a sample set  
 if you don't start.

Nods sharply at his hand.

Trapped, A.J. weighs his options.

Reluctantly, sticks out his tongue. It quivers.

A.J. shuffles closer. Closes his eyes.

A.J.  
 (jerks back)  
 I can't do it.

Nolan laps up a bit of dirt.

Rolls it around in his mouth.

Spits it out. Stands.

NOLAN  
Familiar, but I can't place it.

Across the yard over Nolan's shoulder...

HAIMS  
Hey, superstar...

A.J. drops his head. Sighs.

NOLAN  
(irked)  
Tell me that's not a cop.

A.J.  
I warned him, boss.

HAIMS  
... Ya call that police work?

NOLAN  
Is it too late to off him, plant  
evidence and pin the murder on him?

A.J.  
Eh, yeah. I think that one's sailed.

NOLAN  
Maybe just wing him? One in the leg?

Haims chuckles in front of a group of neighbors.

NOLAN  
You know it's not that crazy.

Picks dirt out of his mouth.

A.J.  
Nobody said it was--

NOLAN  
He did.

A.J.  
He's a nobody.

NOLAN  
(wags his finger)  
Trust nobody, A.J.

A.J.  
But it is a little crazy, boss--

NOLAN  
And stop calling me boss--

A.J.  
Only if y'all stop eating dirt around  
the guys. It's embarrassing, Nolan.

NOLAN  
What's inside?

A.J.  
Forced entry. One female-- Deceased.  
She's been dead a while. Working on a  
name but we just got here.

**INT. WORKING-CLASS HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Nolan and A.J. scan the dark room as they speak.

NOLAN  
The pattern in the dirt looked like a  
military-issued boot.

A.J.  
Get a cast made. Copy that.

Flips the light switch with his elbow.

NOLAN  
Kitchen.

The body of a dead WOMAN lies prone on the linoleum. Her neck  
twisted at an impossible angle.

A deep sigh cracks from Nolan's chest.

NOLAN  
I'll, um, start out here. Check the  
back rooms for anything.

A.J. nods. Leaves.

**KITCHEN**

Nolan works his way around the body for a better look at her  
face. Swats.

His eyes light up. SHOCKED.

It's... It can't be.

IT'S RACHEL.

Nolan leans closer. Stares.

NOLAN

Rachel?

Oh, god. A thought blanks his face.

Sends him flying into the...

**LIVING ROOM**

NOLAN

Gemma?

Frantically, searches for his daughter.

A.J. (O.S.)

Nolan?

A.J. rushes into the living room.

NOLAN

Where's Gemma?

A.J.

At home?

Nolan turns to the dead body.

Then A.J.

Confused, Nolan digs for his phone.

Dials.

A.J.

Nolan, what's going on?

His phone rings. And rings.

Nolan clearly has no idea. Sprints away.

PRELAP AUDIO: A phone rings through car speakers.

**I/E. NOLAN'S SEDAN - DAY**

Undone, Nolan races through traffic, ignoring red lights, common sense and the laws of physics.

He turns over every scenario in his mind as his phone rings over the car speakers...

NOLAN

Pick up the goddamn phone, Rachel.

... And the call goes to voicemail.



**EXT. NOLAN'S SUBURBAN HOME - DAY**

Nolan's sedan skids to a stop across the lawn.  
He flies out without closing the door.  
Sprints to the front steps.

**INT. NOLAN'S SUBURBAN HOME - CONTINUOUS**

Nolan explodes through the front door.  
Slides to a stop.  
Abruptly, Rachel and Gemma turn.

GEMMA

Daddy!

Nolan's as shocked as they are.

RACHEL

Nolan, what's going on?

**CUT TO BLACK:**

TITLE

# **KILLER THERAPY**

**EXT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - DAY**

Darkness thins. Gives way to the morning light. Ancient blue peaks spiked with evergreens reach from the horizon. Contrast with a luxurious complex of buildings.

TITLE "THREE MONTHS LATER"

Two STAFF MEMBERS wearing insipid smiles and white smocks escort an EX-PATIENT across manicured grounds.

Out of a waiting sedan, an exotic-looking DRIVER covertly slips the Ex-Patient a pistol.

He wheels-- Two muzzle flashes.

The Staff Members collapse dead in a heap.

The Ex-Patient spits in their direction. Climbs in the car.

As the sedan SPEEDS off, the pistol flies out the window.

A SIGN on the building says "Happy Valley Treatment Center."

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY**

The place looks like Elon Musk redesigned the Hotel California. In the middle of a group therapy session, patients lounge on comfy chairs and sofas.

A wheelchair-bound therapist and insecure control freak, FLETCHER (60s) leans closer.

FLETCHER

... So why do you think the victims  
appeared to be your wife and child?

**CUT TO BLACK:**

TITLE

# FLETCHER

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY**

Uncomfortable with his hallucination, Nolan surveys faces.

It's a room full of Nolans.

*For the rest of the scene, each patient (who we will meet shortly) looks like Nolan. Fletcher looks like Rachel.*

*Each person sounds like themselves and wears a "HELLO, MY NAME IS \_\_\_\_\_" name tag to tell them apart.*

TICKLES

(chortles)

Okay, now, that's some really fucked up shit, right there.

FLETCHER

(scoffs)

Tickles, you know the rules. No cross-talk until it's your time to dialogue.

NOLAN

Thank you, doctor--

FLETCHER

I'm still not a doctor.

NOLAN

Well, uh, seeing something like that. It... It makes you kinda rethink a lotta things, you know.

FLETCHER

Own it.

NOLAN

Makes me rethink a lot of my life decisions.

FLETCHER

Go on.

NOLAN

Like, for example, why I ever got into this line of work in the first place.

FLETCHER

As a cop?

NOLAN

How many times I gotta explain this? I'm not a cop. I hate cops. I'm a detective-- Whole different thing.

FLETCHER

All right then, let's talk about your work as a contract killer.

TICKLES

--I, um, prefer the term hitman.

PLANK

Hired gun

QUAN  
Ninja.

RATTLER  
Closer

JEET  
Assassin.

JERSEY  
House painter or button man.

FLETCHER  
(clears his throat)  
Again, it's Nolan's time to talk.

NOLAN  
I took a small-town homicide job so I  
could put all of that behind me and  
lead a quiet, normal life...

Nolan loses himself in Fletcher/Rachel's eyes.

NOLAN  
... With the woman of my dreams.

FLETCHER  
Please stop looking at me like that.

NOLAN  
Fuck the life. Fuck The Corporation.

TICKLES  
Fuck The Corporation.

The therapy group murmurs in agreement.

FLETCHER  
Just a reminder, The Corporation is  
what pays for all this: a lifetime  
commitment to this therapy, my time  
and your mental well-being.

TICKLES  
Fuck. The Corporation.

FLETCHER  
Nolan, don't you think working as a  
homicide detective is triggering?

NOLAN  
Not really. Well, 'til this last one.

FLETCHER  
And, uh, how did that make you feel?

Nolan studies the other patients.

FLETCHER  
This is a safe place.

NOLAN  
I was, um, out of my mind that night--

FLETCHER  
I understand.

NOLAN  
I mean... Can you ever really, like,  
duck out on who you really are?

FLETCHER  
Does anyone else feel like our special  
line of work endangers our loved ones?

TICKLES  
Fuck my ex.

RATTLER  
(Aussie accent)  
Wouldn't mind another crack at her.

TICKLES  
God Almighty! I will park a fucking  
slug in your fucking brainpan--

DANNI (O.S.)  
Hey!

*Nolan hallucinates that a female patient looks exactly like his daughter Gemma. Sounds like Danni, Tickle's effervescent ex-girlfriend.*

DANNI  
Hey, assholes. Is everybody invisible  
or just me?

**EXT. WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

The bitter end of a one-sided shootout. Floodlights. Sirens.

A MAN IN BLACK TACTICAL GEAR toes one of the many bodies.

Nothing.

With a satellite phone pinned to his ear, the lead MERCENARY (30) slips, undetected, around a cargo container.

MERCENARY

Sir, yessir. That's a negative, sir.  
I'm the only one left.

The brutal CRACKLE of automatic weapons fire in the distance.

He checks over his shoulder.

MERCENARY

(resigned)  
Yeah, I'm sure.

Through a sniper scope, we sweep the scene. Acquire the Mercenary. Follow him as he scurries to a...

**HUMVEE**

As the Mercenary slips inside his vehicle...

MERCENARY (V.O.)

Oh, no, sir, negative. I would not recommend that action, sir.

(beat)

Because basically, they're all in therapy for a reason. They're all defective, wrong in the head.

Meanwhile, on a nearby...

**ROOFTOP**

... a SNIPER lies prone behind a REMINGTON LONG GUN.

Her finger readies over the trigger. **Nails painted black.**

She pulls a long, slow, even breath.

**HUMVEE**

The Mercenary drops the key fob.

MERCENARY

Exactly how many other teams have The Corporation sent before us? You're kidding, we weren't even Plan B?

Ducks down to retrieve the key fob.

The Humvee window SPIDERS.

The Mercenary pops up like a bug-eyed jack-in-the-box. Turns.

Hot on the tail of a SECOND BULLET, we race toward his face.

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY**

*Fletcher addresses the same group of patients we met the day before. However, everyone appears as themselves, not as Nolan's hallucination. But they still wear name tags.*

The unmistakable hint of danger in his smile...

FLETCHER

Greetings fellow travelers. My name is Fletcher and I am a killer.

Disinterested patients mumble his name and grouse.

FLETCHER

Why don't we, um, get started with shares. Anything anyone wants to share with the group? Shares? Anyone? No? Well, I have some exciting news.

Begrudgingly, the group warms.

FLETCHER

The Corporation has given us the opportunity to participate in a team off-site activity, scheduled in three very short days from now.

TICKLES

(hopeful)  
A hit?!

**CUT TO BLACK:**

TITLE

# TICKLES

**INT. SKYSCRAPER BOARDROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY**

A bipolar hitman fighting to control his anger issues, TICKLES (35) bawls as he spins in a 360 on top of a boardroom table. He blasts the unseen below him with an assault rifle.

Bodies lie scattered on the floor and slumped in chairs. Wind bellows through a shattered window.

Tickles falls to his knees. Sobs uncontrollably. Mumbles something about his mommy.

**END FLASHBACK**

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY**

NOLAN  
Whoa-whoa-whoa, hold on. What does all that crap mean?

DANNI  
(crows)  
Field trip!

**CUT TO BLACK:**

TITLE

# DANNI

**EXT. MANSION - FLASHBACK - NIGHT**

Lounging in a hot tub filled with cherry blossom petals, DANNI (25) a weaponized narcissist and psychopathic killer, flashes duck lips. Snaps a selfie of herself.

DANNI  
(to someone off-camera)  
Tell me, babe. Am I getting way too chill with all uh this? The death. The killing. The mayhem. Babe?

The ass-end of a DEAD MAN breaches the rose pedals. Bobs.



DANNI

Ah, there you are.

Fishes under the layer of cherry blossoms and grabs a fist full of hair. Lifts the Dead Man's head out of the water.

DANNI

You know, of course, we're breaking up. Right?

Pecks his forehead.

Leaves a double scarlet lipstick stain.

He sinks back underwater.

**END FLASHBACK**

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY**

FLETCHER

Better known as team building, Nolan.

DANNI

(bear claws)  
... With villainy sprinkles.

TICKLES

C'mon man, just call it what it is.  
It's a goddamn hit.

RATTLER

(deadpan)  
Should be fun.

**CUT TO BLACK:**

TITLE

# **RATTLER**

**INT. RATTLER'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT**

Out of restless sleep, a schizophrenic Aussie hitman, RATTLER (30) starts awake-- Sits up in bed. The face of unconditional rage tinged with fear, Rattler screams until he's shaking.

Pants.

Imposing as an M.M.A. fighter, Rattler's a self-loathing time bomb. A sullen, miswired bundle of tics. Carries his own personal demons with him everywhere. Even into his dreams.

**END FLASHBACK****INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY**

FLETCHER

Now, I'm gonna break you into teams--

DANNI

I'm team leader!

FLETCHER

"Lion" team is responsible for all hardware. Tickles, Danni and Rattler, I know you three have a past, but you've all made great progress.

JEET

Oh, I'm so sorry, but I work alone.

**CUT TO BLACK:**

TITLE

# JEET

**INT. FARM HOUSE - FLASHBACK - DAY**

An antisocial revenge killer for hire, JEET (40) stares at a shapeless lump on fire in the middle of the room.

The fire quickly spreads. We can't assume it was a person tied to a chair and burned alive. But it was.

Jeet's dashing good looks, devilish smile and waxed mustache belie the fact he was booted from the Pakistani military for excessive violence. Jeet loves fire and blowing shit up.

Warms his hands over the burning body.

**END FLASHBACK**

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY**

FLETCHER

"Tiger" team will be in charge of strategy and logistics. Jersey, Quan and Jeet.

Jeet simmers.

QUAN

Wait, what's it pay?

**CUT TO BLACK:**

TITLE

# QUAN

**INT. TRENDY APARTMENT - FLASHBACK - DAY**

Through a translucent door, we see TWO FIGURES struggle.

One pulls a gun.

Snap. Snap. Snap.

The other spasms. Collapses out of sight.

With a skewer sticking out of his cheek, QUAN (17) calmly slides the door open. Always dapper and stylish, he's a money-motivated hitman with OCD. Quan doesn't think. He acts.

Closes a briefcase stuffed with foreign currency.

Eases the skewer out of his face.

Lights up a cigarette. Savors a drag.

Smoke jets out of the hole in his cheek.

**END FLASHBACK**

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY**

FLETCHER

The rate is double your standard fee.

NOLAN

Okay, I'm out.

FLETCHER

We're, uh, pretty firm on the rates.

QUAN

Hmmph, more for the rest of us.

FLETCHER

There is no cut, Quan. It's just your rate, times two.

QUAN

Oh, yeah. I knew that.

NOLAN

I don't care. I'm not a murderer... anymore.

FLETCHER

Nolan, I'm sorry but participation is mandatory. Consider it a test of your commitment to the program.

JERSEY

Eh, what's the target, chief?

FLETCHER

No minors.

Satisfied, Jersey nods sharply.

QUAN

Can the O.G. still carry his end?

JEET  
You two will do fine--

QUAN  
We'll all do fine.

JEET  
As I was saying earlier, I work alone.

JERSEY  
I'll be working alone, I hear anymore  
chirping outta you two squids.

**CUT TO BLACK:**

TITLE

# JERSEY

**INT. BUTCHER SHOP - FLASHBACK - DAY**

At the head of a line for fresh deli meats, a haunted hitman with PTSD, JERSEY (65) gladly accepts a pound of thin-sliced pastrami from the BUTCHER.

Jersey spins with a revolver. Points it at MRS. GLOSTER (70) standing behind him in line.

JERSEY  
Yer husband, he forgave ya. The  
Corporation saw it different.

He fires once.

BLAMO

Jersey breaks into a smile.

Mrs. Gloster falls forward...

Reveals the bullet went straight through Mrs. Gloster and into a YOUNG GIRL standing behind her. She collapses too.

Horrified, Jersey drops his gun.

Runs. Slips.

Drops his pastrami.

Peers back. Eyes filled with questions.

Jersey scrambles away.

**END FLASHBACK**

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY**

FLETCHER

And "Bear" team will be responsible  
for research and recon. Consisting of  
myself, Nolan--

NOLAN

(scoffs)

Were you listening to anything I just  
said?

Plank raises his hand.

PLANK

Oh, pick me. Pick me.

**CUT TO BLACK:**

TITLE

# PLANK

**EXT. CROWDED PLAZA - FLASHBACK - DAY**

Dumb as a board, an addled hitman, PLANK (25) studies a photo  
on his phone...

A HANDSOME MAN in a blue suit jacket and white cowboy hat.

Plank spots a man in the same blue suit jacket and white  
cowboy hat across the plaza.

He plows through the crowd.

Whips out a gun and stuffs a couple in the man's back.

Boom. Boom.

The man falls. Rolls. It's the WRONG MAN.

Shit. Plank double-checks his phone.

ANOTHER MAN in a blue jacket and white cowboy hat approaches.

Boom. Boom.

Plank drops him too.

Again, it's not the right man.

PLANK

How many guys wearing blue suit  
jackets and white cowboy hats can  
there be in one town?

People realize what's happening. Scatter.

Across the plaza, the actual target, Handsome Man and two  
armed GUARDS, spot Plank. Draw weapons. Sprint after him.

Screaming like a little girl, Plank runs for his life. Closes  
his eyes. Fires blind.

And with dumb luck, drops both Guards and the Handsome Man.

Plank runs into a hotel. A sign over the entrance reads,  
"Welcome Big Oil Attorney Convention."

**END FLASHBACK**

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY**

FLETCHER

And the third team member is...

--Plank gasps in anticipation.

FLETCHER

... Plank.

PLANK

Yee-es!

FLETCHER

Okay, people. We only have two days to  
do our prep work. Let's get on this.

His mood darkens.

FLETCHER  
 (growls at Nolan)  
 You, too.

A determination grows in Nolan's eyes.

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - CAFETERIA - DAY**

PATIENTS and STAFF come and go. Eat. Talk in hushed voices.

Over a headset, Fletcher talks to someone we never hear.

At the soda bar, he tips a large cup under the ice dispenser.  
 But nothing comes out. Angles his wheelchair closer.

FLETCHER  
 Great! It's going great. Excuse me?  
 Eh, I'm sorry, ma'am, but I'm not sure  
 you fully comprehend how special this  
 therapy really is, and by proxy, me.

It becomes a war of wills between Fletcher and the ice  
 dispenser. He tries again. And Again.

FLETCHER  
 I mean, people throw around the word  
genius, but... You think it's easy,  
 turning this Island of Misfit Toys  
 back into invincible killer robots?

An avalanche of ice buries his cup.

Fletcher dumps the spare ice.

Presses the cup under a soda nozzle. Nothing. Tries again.

FLETCHER  
 Uh, huh. Oh, yeah, but. But... Oh,  
 yes, ma'am.

Tries another nozzle.

The cup slowly fills. At last.

FLETCHER  
 Nolan?

The nozzle spits air.

Splashes Fletcher.



FLETCHER

Oh, I'm confident I can get all of them high-functioning as well. Uh-huh.

He rests the drink in a cup holder on his wheelchair.

Reaches for a straw wrapped in paper.

Struggles to free the straw from the paper.

FLETCHER

(under his breath)

I would not refer to the others as expendable. And might I add...

Throws the straw. Everything's against him.

Reaches for the soda.

FLETCHER

Understood. Nolan is the key-- He's the priority. But, if you came down to see what I'm... Turn him back into a mindless murder machine-- Got it.

As he sips, all the ice shifts, sloshing down his shirt.

Fletcher throws the soda. Tears the headset off his head.

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Nolan talks to his wife on a public phone.

NOLAN

... And how's Gemma doing?

RACHEL (V.O.)

What about you?

NOLAN

I'm... I'm fine.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Her teacher says she's doing, like, really advanced work.

**INT. NOLAN'S SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Gemma pops out of her homework. Flashes a smile.

NOLAN (V.O.)

Mm-hmm.

**INTERCUT THE CONVERSATION**

RACHEL  
A.J.'s lost without you.

NOLAN  
Mm-hmm.

RACHEL  
We miss you, Nolan.

NOLAN  
I, um. I miss you too.

RACHEL  
Okay, what's wrong?

NOLAN  
Nothing.

She bites her lip.

RACHEL  
Can we visit yet?

NOLAN  
I dunno.

RACHEL  
(scoffs)  
Well, have you asked?

Worried, Nolan stares.

Rachel sees past his silence.

RACHEL  
Nolan, what's wrong?

NOLAN  
They want me to do this "team-  
building" thing but I don't trust 'em.

RACHEL  
What the hell's that?

NOLAN  
Right? I'm not gonna do it.

RACHEL  
Well, do you have to?

NOLAN  
It's part of the therapy, I guess.

RACHEL

Huh. Well, if we can't go there, will they let you come home for a while?

NOLAN

Hello, there's an idea.

RACHEL

The therapy part or the coming home part?

NOLAN

Maybe both.

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - BOARD ROOM - DAY**

Fletcher slows his electric wheelchair. Glides to the head of the table. The Lion, Tiger and Bear teams gather.

FLETCHER

Tiger team! Strategy review.

JEET

The Corporation has been getting its butt handed to it by The Squad--

JERSEY

Well, I wouldn't go that far.

TICKLES

Why not? They did.

DANNI

Hmmph, we did lose our "five black diamond" rating--.

QUAN

And every choice contract lately.

JERSEY

A little loyalty to the firm what made ya wouldn't be outta order, Sonny.

QUAN

(scoffs)

One more, old man--

JERSEY

Anytime, Pimple Farmer.

FLETCHER

Who needs a time out?

Fletcher waves his hands.

His fancy wristwatch catches Nolan's attention.

JEET

The Corporation has already launched three frontal attacks on The Squad's headquarters. All three disasters.

NOLAN

So whatcha fellas got?

JERSEY

The kid has an idea, but if we hate it, I'm good with going all Charge of the Light Brigade like the others.

Attention moves to Quan.

QUAN

We take out their money. They're over-leveraged to a bank in the Cayman Islands, like, three hours from here.

DANNI

Oh, we are so doing that.

NOLAN

Fletcher, confirm we can use the PJ.

FLETCHER

I'm fully authorized to--

NOLAN

Good. Quan, continue.

QUAN

Check this out. It's the same bank that backs The Corporation.

RATTLER

What the fuck?

JERSEY

(grunts)  
More disloyalty.

PLANK

Is that even legal?

QUAN

It's like owning Coke and Pepsi. They run the whole market, every contract hit for every government, business and the entire underworld.

PLANK  
Wut about Mountain Dew?

DANNI  
Uh, I prefer Dr. Pepper.

FLETCHER  
What are we doing--?

TICKLES  
It's a metaphorical anecdote people!

NOLAN  
Well, I hate bank jobs.

JEET  
And yet, here we are.

NOLAN  
Scared people are dangerous.

FLETCHER  
Well, I love it.

DANNI  
Shouldn't we vote or sumthin'?

FLETCHER  
Pfft, I just did.

Counts faces.

FLETCHER  
Where'd Jeet go?

Jeet's no longer in the room.

JERSEY  
He does that.

DANNI  
Totally sus, and a little creepers.

As the group breaks up, Nolan sidles up to Fletcher.

NOLAN  
I see you hate fine wristwear.

FLETCHER  
Oh, you mean this?

Stretches out his arm.

FLETCHER

(brags)  
My dad's. A Da Vinci.

NOLAN

Nice--

Flashes his own wristwatch.

NOLAN

My father's Patek Philippe.

They trade.

FLETCHER

Took it off my old man's dead body  
after I beat him to death.

Wow. Nolan's never seen this side of Fletcher.

FLETCHER

Enjoyed beating me and my brothers a  
little too much and once too often.

NOLAN

And you've been trying to earn his  
respect ever since.

They return each other's watch.

FLETCHER

I treated your father, you know.

NOLAN

That why he's dead?

FLETCHER

I heard he crossed some crooked cops.

NOLAN

Never believed that version of the  
story. He, um, gave me the watch, in  
case you're wondering.

FLETCHER

Is that why you followed in his  
footsteps? Revenge on the world? Or  
are you trying to earn his respect?

Nolan glares.

FLETCHER

You know I'm only trying to get you to  
a better place.

NOLAN

Oh, I know, doc. Wait-- I said that wrong. No. No, you're not.

FLETCHER

And I'm still not a doctor.

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - FLETCHER'S OFFICE - DAY**

On his desk, Fletcher lays out three black GLOCK pistols.

Danni, Tickles and Rattler select a weapon.

Rattler's face tics.

Tickles scowls.

Danni pretends to fire at imaginary people.

DANNI

Pew! Pew-pew!

Fletcher rolls his eyes.

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY SHUTTLE - DAY**

In the rearview mirror, Danni and Rattler sit side-by-side.

A little too close for Tickles' liking.

MOMENTS LATER

In the rearview mirror, Tickles and Rattler sit side-by-side.

Danni adjusts the mirror.

**EXT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

As the SHUTTLE VAN pulls away, light catches the Happy Valley Treatment Center logo on the side door.

We hear one side of Fletcher's phone conversation.

FLETCHER (V.O.)

Yes, ma'am. One team will rendezvous with our contact in town. She'll have small arms and tactical equipment.

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - BOARD ROOM - DAY**

Nose to nose, Jersey and Quan scowl. Jeet nowhere in sight.

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
 ... Another team will continue working  
 on logistics and refining strategy...

**EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY**

Nolan struts to a PRIVATE JET.

Fletcher and Plank well behind Nolan.

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
 ... And my team will conduct recon on  
 the bank in the Caymans. Yes, ma'am.

Nolan greets a stewardess with eyes as big as an anime  
 character, DAPHNE (20) and A.J. wearing a pilot's uniform.

A.J.  
 You know I can't fly.

Nolan pecks Daphne's cheek.

NOLAN  
 Okay, Daphne, just play dumb. Got it?

DAPHNE  
 Anything for Gemma.

NOLAN  
 (to A.J.)  
 My family safe?

A.J.  
 Can confirm, boss.

NOLAN  
 Try to stay up.

A.J.  
 Do I have options?

NOLAN  
 None that I see.

Spins to face Fletcher and Plank as they arrive.

FLETCHER  
 Where the hell's Jimmy?

NOLAN  
 It's Jimmy's day off.



A.J.  
 Hiya, I'm A.J. Guess I'll be flyin'  
 you good folks, today.

Reaches for Fletcher's hand. No handshake coming. Really?

Plank shakes instead.

FLETCHER  
 Basically, for what we pay Jimmy, he  
 doesn't get days off.

DAPHNE  
 I'm Daphne.

Plank shakes her hand.

PLANK  
 They call me Plank.

FLETCHER  
 --He's nobody.

PLANK  
 (smitten with Daphne)  
 I... He's joking around.

FLETCHER  
 Nobody important.

NOLAN  
 Well, it's A.J. or commercial.

FLETCHER  
 Ugh, fine. Does he know he needs to  
 help me inside?

A.J.  
 I'd be happy to help get--

NOLAN  
 Except A.J. is feeling a little sick.

A.J. coughs. Clears his throat.

A.J.  
 Nothing serious. Is it, Fletcher?

FLETCHER  
 If I get Monkeypox, I'm not saying I'm  
 having Jimmy killed... But I'm having  
 Jimmy killed.

NOLAN

Okay, there it is. A.J. stays in the cockpit for the whole trip. Me and Plank'll get Fletcher situated.

**EXT. HAPPY VALLEY NAIL SALOON - DAY**

Danni, Tickles and Rattler stare up at a...

SIGN "Happy Valley Nail Saloon."

... Rattler never takes his attention off the sign.

TICKLES

What the fuck are we doing here?

RATTLER

No.

DANNI

Boys, I haven't had professional cuticle care in months. I know you don't expect me to show up to an arms deal looking like this?

Presents her hands.

RATTLER

No.

DANNI

I, like, know you're trying to say yes, but it keeps coming out no and that's terribly confusing.

RATTLER

No, they spelled it wrong.

DANNI

Spelled what wrong, Sunshine?

RATTLER

Nail salon.

TICKLES

(rambling to Danni)  
You ever hear that hamster wheel of human suffering ever say more than one sentence back to back?

Amazed, Danni shakes her head.

RATTLER

Not saloon.

DANNI

Oh, no, it's spelled right. See, Mommy always needs a belt or two before she does bid-nes. It helps keep her from making catastrophic decisions.

RATTLER

(one eye spasms)  
Booze?

DANNI

Uh-huh.  
(to Tickles)  
I think we finally have his attention.

TICKLES

I think the big galoot finally smiled.

DANNI

Awww.

TICKLES

Right there, that little curl to his lip... Oh, there, it's gone again.

DANNI

Gentlemen, let's go get some real therapy.

Tickles holds the door for Danni.

DANNI

Nuh-uh, this ain't a date.

Crestfallen, Tickles sighs.

Danni sashays away.

Rattler gives up on the sign. Follows her inside.

**INT. PRIVATE GULF STREAM JET - CABIN - DAY**

In the back of the plane, Fletcher quizzes Daphne...

FLETCHER

Is he in the cockpit--?

DAPHNE

A.J.'s in the cockpit.

FLETCHER

In the bathroom--?

DAPHNE  
Plank's in the bathroom.

FLETCHER  
Then where the hell is he?

She surrenders. Holds up her hands.

Plank exits the restroom.

FLETCHER  
You! Did you see Nolan leave the plane  
before we took off?

PLANK  
Eh, I don't think so.

Fletcher waves his hand in front of his nose.

FLETCHER  
Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Did you just  
drop a deuce in the PJ?

PLANK  
Nooooo.

Embarrassed, Plank checks Daphne.

FLETCHER  
Then why does it smell like a carnie  
outhouse? Plank, there is no going  
number two on the PJ.

PLANK  
It wasn't me.

FLETCHER  
You, like, just walked out of the  
restroom.

Pleading with his eyes, Plank nods at Daphne.

FLETCHER  
I can hear the stink all over you.

PLANK  
Then stop looking at me.

FLETCHER  
Oh, my gawd, my eyes are watering.

Fletcher grabs a pillow to cover his nose. Screams.

Daphne steps by Plank.

DAPHNE

    Don't worry, I, um, grew up with three brothers.

Raps on the cockpit door.

**COCKPIT**

Daphne cranes her head inside.

**Nolan at the controls.**

    DAPHNE

    You want any coffee, A.J.?

Nolan twists in his chair. Smiles. Shakes his head-- Crinkles his nose at the smell. Fumbles for an oxygen mask.

Daphne closes the door.

**FLASHBACK EARLIER**

Nolan and A.J. trade places in the cockpit.

A.J. slips behind Daphne... Off the plane... down the airstairs... and across the tarmac.

Daphne pulls down the door handle to seal it shut.

Signals Nolan by wrapping twice on the cockpit door.

**END FLASHBACK**

**CABIN**

Fletcher barks into a phone...

    FLETCHER

    Either we left Nolan at the airport, or he ditched us. Oh, who am I kidding? He ditched us. Swing by his house and hit his phone like he owes you money.

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY NAIL SALOON - DAY**

A NAIL TECH works on Danni's hand.

    DANNI

    Uh, yeah, like, no prob.

Presses END on her phone.

Raises a full champagne glass.

DANNI  
 (laughs)  
 Fletcher's so fucked.

Grinning, Tickles leans close. Clinks her glass.

Confused, Rattler stares at a...

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

... Finishing his pedicure.

Rattler throws down a shot of tequila. Pours another.

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - BOARD ROOM - DAY**

A finger presses a button on the conference call phone.

Quan searches Jersey's face for the answer.

QUAN  
 You think this means more money?

JERSEY  
 I think we do it cuz it's our job.

Quan presses the button again.

QUAN  
 Yo, man. It's not like we're the ones  
 who lost him.

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
 Fine. I'll bonus you.

Snarling at Jersey, Quan crotch-chop dances.

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
 Alive! No coma. No brain damage. No  
 permanent damage at all. Not even a  
 head cold. I want the tofu bacon  
 equivalent of a smash and grab.

QUAN  
 (freezes)  
 One thousand percent--

Starts dancing again.

JERSEY  
 We're on it, sir.

Quan presses the button. Dances. Presses the button. Dances.  
 Presses the button. Dances.

**INT. PRIVATE JET - CABIN - DAY**

We move toward the cockpit door. Closed shut.  
The rumble of jet engines growl.

**INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - ROW OF COOLERS - DAY**

Behind fogged glass, six-packs of ice-cold beer beckon.  
Rattler grips the handle. Can't open the door.  
Confused, he tries again.  
Shakes the handle.  
Wrenches harder. And harder.  
Tickles cocks his head at Danni. He knows where it's going.

DANNI

You wanna tell him he can't have beer?

After a battle to the death with the door handle...  
Rattler steps back. Rakes his face. Saws breaths.

DANNI

Focus on yer breathing, Rattler...

RATTLER

(squats)  
Aaaaaaaaaah!

Stands. Spins. SHATTERS the glass with his elbow.  
His deep sunken eyes, fiery red.

DANNI

... Or, just do that.

**COUNTER**

A pudgy ATTENDANT (18) hops off his wooden stool. He's softer than Cool Whip. Better at complaining than feigning outrage.

ATTENDANT

Dang it, man.

**ROWS OF COOLERS**

Calmly, Rattler clears away glass shards.  
Lifts out a six-pack.

ATTENDANT (O.S.)  
That's, like, comin' outta my  
paycheck, ya know.

Danni and Tickles move to the STORE ENTRANCE. Linger.

**COUNTER**

An anxious CLOWN (20) in full circus regalia and makeup, cuts in front of Rattler before he steps to the counter.

CLOWN  
Twenty bucks on three and a carton of  
Reds.

In disbelief, Rattler can't stop blinking.

Steals a gander at his beer.

RATTLER  
(calm)  
Uh, 'scuse me--

CLOWN  
And all the money in the register!

The clown whips out a BURP GUN.

The day gets very real for the Attendant. He steps back.

Rattler glances over at Danni and Tickles.

**ENTRANCE**

Danni and Tickles can't stop staring.

TICKLES  
Do we warn Bozo--?

DANNI  
Don't you dare ruin this for me.

**COUNTER**

The Clown puffs up. Slaps the countertop.

CLOWN  
C'mon. Come on!

Edges between the Attendant and Rattler.

The Attendant lifts the drawer out of the register.

RATTLER  
Oi. Oi!



Taps the Clown's shoulder.

CLOWN  
(pushes back)  
Back it up, man!

RATTLER  
I don't give a Tinker's cuss. I just  
want my beer, mate.

The Attendant stuffs more and more cash into a plastic bag.

Rattler wrestles with the moment. Sorts it quick.

Clutching one beer bottle by the neck...

He lets the rest of the six-pack plummet to the floor.

SMASH!

Raises the bottle over his head.

The Clown turns to Rattler.

Who clubs him unconscious with the bottle.

#### **ENTRANCE**

Euphoric, Tickles' eyes twinkle.

DANNI  
Rattler, no. Bad. Bad, Rattler. No  
braining the customers... Until I can  
live stream this shit.

Pecks on her phone.

DANNI  
Can we do it again? I'll cue you.

#### **COUNTER**

Rattler's muddy boot kicks the burp gun across the floor.

From under the counter, the Attendant pops up with a SHOTGUN.

Squares it at Rattler. Shaking.

ATTENDANT  
You. P-put it down. Now!

Rattler stares at his hard-fought beer.

Grimaces. This won't end well.

With his pistol drawn, Tickle marches toward trouble.

TICKLES  
Oh, the hell you fucking will--

DANNI  
Chill, babe.

Slides in front of Tickle.

She twists the shotgun out of the Attendant's hands, and with the rifle butt... BAM. Knocks him out cold.

Unceremoniously, tosses the shotgun away.

DANNI  
Mmm, Juicy Fruit!

Grabs a pack of gum.

Tickle considers the bag of cash on the counter. Ignores it.

Rattler opens the beer with his teeth. Foam oozes.

He sips. Heads for the entrance.

Behind him, the Clown rises with the shotgun.

CLOWN  
Hey, Beer Man.

Without hesitation, Danni, Tickle and Rattler shoot empty.

Drop him like a circus tent.

Danni blows chef kisses to surveillance cameras. Waves.

TICKLES  
Christ's hairy balls, what're ya doing?

DANNI  
How else will my fans know it was me?

TICKLES  
What-why?

DANNI  
Look, I'm only in this program for the free drugs -- the good stuff, not that Ritalin crap -- and documentation for my later insanity defense deal.

The trio strides to the shuttle. Nonchalant.

Holding his forehead, the Attendant fights to his feet.

**EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARKING LOT - LATER**

Danni, Tickles and Rattler wait at a TACO TRUCK.

TICKLES

What if I want a burrito?

Inside, a Latino boy, LADIO (12) lifts a pencil and pad.

LADIO

It's a taco truck, man. We do tacos.

TICKLES

What if I don't like fucking tacos?

LADIO

(snorts)

Next!

DANNI

Oh, yeah, that's me.

LADIO

Wanna hear duh specials again, lady?

DANNI

No, we called ahead. We're the ones who ordered the Happy Meal to go.

RATTLER

He's our contact?

A Latina cook, MEDUSA (35) glares. Snake tattoos ring her throat. Clinks her spatula twice. Drops it on the grill.

LADIO

Around back.

**INT. TACO TRUCK - DAY**

Outside the door, Rattler stands watch.

Tickles rummages through small arms and equipment.

TICKLES

(points)

What "to the hell" is that shit?

MEDUSA

It's called Ka-Boom. Just like C4 putty but cheaper. Just make sure you keep it at room temperature.

DANNI

Or what?

MEDUSA

Room. Temperature.

TICKLES

The communication array is shit, I pulled better small arms off ants--

MEDUSA

Yeah, well, basically when you give me zero lead time...

TICKLES

And most of the rounds don't match the weapons. We ain't breaking bank for this donkey pull.

DANNI

The tacos look nummy.

Police cruisers RACE past. Lights and sirens.

TICKLES

We're done here.

MEDUSA

What the fuck, man? Not cool!

As Tickles and Danni storm out of the truck...

DANNI

Okay, genius, where we gonna find all the stuff now?

**EXT. GRAND CAYMAN ISLAND - DAY**

A honey bee lands on an exotic flower.

An alligator trods across a golf course green.

Palm trees. Sunshine. Shorts and sun hats everywhere.

Fletcher and Plank approach an unassuming five-story building in the business district. Behold! The headquarters of WEST BAY FINANCIAL INVESTMENT CORP.

FLETCHER

Tiger team has structural layouts of the entire building but I've been here on company business. Institutional banking's on the third floor.

Plank nods.

FLETCHER

So, today, we need to--

PLANK

Log camera positions, guard rotations and spot any potential issues. When did you start being the smart one?

FLETCHER

(snorts)

And keep a sharp eye out. We still need a diversion to get customers out of the retail bank on the first floor.

As they approach the MAIN ENTRANCE, a mob of panicked customers and staff rush out of the bank.

PLANK

Uh, ya mean like that?

As Plank noses through the doors--

He's frozen by a prehistoric ROAR!

Inside, an 18-foot alligator named MUM charges.

Ass over tea kettle, Plank scrambles out the door.

PLANK

Run.

FLETCHER

But I'm in a--

The thousand-pound beast stomps out the main entrance. Scared shitless, Fletcher tumbles out of his wheelchair. Climbs to his feet and outruns Plank around the corner. From safety, they crane their necks around the building. In front of the main entrance, MUM hisses. SNAPS. SECURITY GUARDS with Ketch-All poles lasso the reptile. Plank notices Fletcher **standing** next to him.

PLANK

Fletcher.

Points down.

PLANK

It's a miracle.

Plank bear-hugs him. Fletcher lets him.

**EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - OUTSIDE OF HAPPY VALLEY - DAY**

Nolan's sedan paces light traffic.

Passes a GENERAL STORE with a vintage GAS STATION out front.

**INT. NOLAN'S SEDAN - DAY**

Nolan drives. Rachel shotgun. Gemma in the back seat.

RACHEL

How much farther?

GEMMA

How much farther?

NOLAN

Never been there.

RACHEL

Hm-mm.

GEMMA

Hm-mm.

NOLAN

It's A.J.'s parents' place.

RACHEL

You sure you're okay?

GEMMA

Are you okay, Daddy?

Hugs the back of her father's seat.

That moves Nolan's eyes to the rearview mirror...

A MID-SIZE SUV approaches. Inside a FAMILY. An EXUBERANT DOG sticks his face out the side window.

SLOW MOTION HALLUCINATION

As the Mid-Size SUV slowly passes... Gulp. The **Exuberant Dog's face looks exactly like Fletcher.** Barks.

END SLOW MOTION HALLUCINATION

NOLAN

Yeah, but... Yeah.

**INT. WEST BAY BANK BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR - DAY**

Plank gets off the elevator with Fletcher, back in his wheelchair. They're joined by a very British BANK MANAGER (50) and a cheery Jamaican SECURITY GUARD (30).

The four men cut through a retail bank lobby, constructed of rainforest plunder and tropical flora. Plank clocks SECURITY CAMERAS and pleasant Security Guards, all wearing sidearms and crested chartreuse blazers.

SECURITY GUARD

Nuthin' ta worry yourself about. Mum's through here on the regular. Certainly thinking she owns the place.

BANK MANAGER

And scares the Dickens out of the customers--

SECURITY GUARD

But she's perfectly harmless.

BANK MANAGER

Ha! She knows she's in charge.

SECURITY GUARD

(winks)

Just be steering clear of the business end and you'll be fine.

Plank stops the group. Won't stop nodding to Fletcher.

PLANK

Are you thinking wut I'm thinking?

Fletcher's anxious eyes bounce between all three of them.

FLETCHER

I am, um, certain, I'm not thinking anything, like, what your thinking.

PLANK

No, we were just lookin' for something that would be a...

(MORE)

PLANK (cont'd)  
 (leading him to "distraction")  
 dis... dis... dis...

FLETCHER  
 (uncomfortable laugh)  
 What are you talking about--?

PLANK  
 We were just talking about it before  
 we came in the bank. And then there  
 was this giant alligator--

BANK MANAGER  
 Mum.

SECURITY GUARD  
 Yes, Mum.

PLANK  
 And wouldn't that be a perfect--?

FLETCHER  
 Plank, are you any good at keeping  
 secrets?

PLANK  
 I don't think so.

FLETCHER  
 And that's probably the first question  
 I should have asked you.

**INT. SPORTWORLD - FIREARMS DEPARTMENT - DAY**

Rattler inspects a MOSSBERG 12-GAUGE. Pumps it.

TICKLES  
 God bless Republican intransigence.

Half grizzly. Half survivalist. The bearded Attendant, SILAS  
 (50), stacks ammo cases on the counter.

SILAS  
 Anything else, sirs? Ma'am? Patriots?

TICKLES  
 Oh, we're just getting started.  
 (under his breath)  
 Anything off the menu we can order?

SILAS  
 No, sir.

Flashes a cunning glint at the...



CEILING CAMERA

SILAS  
(side-eyes both directions)  
But I am kinda due for a break.

Tickles grins hard enough his face might break.

TICKLES  
I can see we're gonna be pals. Problem  
solved! Danni, pay the man.

DANNI  
Excuse you?

Rattler recognizes that tone.

Gently, places the rifle on the counter. Eases back.

TICKLES  
You got the corporate plastic. Right?

DANNI  
Yeah. You think you're in charge now?  
You think you're the boss of me?

TICKLES  
(whines)  
I didn't say that, baby.

DANNI  
Are you the team leader now?

TICKLES  
I didn't say that either.

RATTLER  
(dips close)  
Stop talking, mate.

Tickles shakes him off.

TICKLES  
C'mon, Danni.

She paces off three steps. This can't be good.

TICKLES  
Oh, no, don't do this.

DANNI  
Oh, yes, it's happening.

TICKLES  
 (pleading)  
 Dan-ny.

SILAS  
 (to Rattler)  
 Uh... What's happening?

Rattler gestures to watch.

With magical thinking, Danni builds an invisible castle wall by drawing a giant rectangle with her fingers.

DANNI  
 It's done! The castle walls are up. I cannot hear you anymore.

Tickles shouts like she's on the other side of the store.

TICKLES  
 But baby, please. Two people in love don't act this way.

DANNI  
 (turns away)  
 I don't hear you.

TICKLES  
 Dammit, Danni! Tear down this wall!

SILAS  
 This go on long?

RATTLER  
 Hours... Days.

SILAS  
 And it's, like, uh for real thing?

RATTLER  
 Well, when you say it like that it sounds right stupid.

TICKLES  
 I... I know you can't hear me...

CUSTOMER (O.S.)  
 The whole store can hear you, Doofus.

TICKLES  
 (screams to the customer)  
 I will fucking park a slug in your--

RATTLER  
 Tickles! Danni.

TICKLES

Baby, I know you can't hear me, but if maybe you can, like, hear a little. I want you to know... I still love you.

She huffs.

Shifts her stance.

TICKLES

And... And you are absolutely the team leader. And we're gonna do whatever you tell us to do. Oh, come on, Danni, I'm lost without you.

Glowing, Danni walks up to the imaginary wall and slaps air like she's tearing it down.

DANNI

Hooray and thank goodness for me.

Slides Silas a solid black credit card.

DANNI

And don't spare the horses. We're in a bit of a time situation.

**EXT. GRAND CAYMAN ISLAND - AIRPORT - NIGHT**

Seething, Fletcher stands inside an empty hanger with Plank.

PLANK

Huh, where's the plane?

FLETCHER

You know, you're really a lot right now.

**INT. RUSTIC CABIN - NIGHT**

In her white ruffled sun dress, Gemma watches her parents.

Nolan kisses Rachel.

NOLAN

I love you, you know?

RACHEL

(smirks)

Then stop saying it like a question.

Nolan nods to a back bedroom.

NOLAN

You two in back. This is me tonight.

Flops down on an over-loved couch.

Hand-in-hand, his girls step to the bedroom.

Gemma hustles back.

Plants one on Nolan's cheek.

He swoons. Grabs his heart.

Watching from the next room, Rachel beams.

**EXT. RUSTIC CABIN - NEXT DAY**

On a weathered wooden porch, Gemma squats.

Offers a corn flake to a brave little...

SQUIRREL

... He scampers close. Sniffs.

Gemma sets down the flake. Steps back.

After stops and starts, the squirrel snatches it up and runs.

Munches the treat at a safe distance. Yum.

Nolan and Rachel pass Gemma.

RACHEL

We're gonna be right over there, baby.

Spots the squirrel.

GEMMA

Mommy, it's a squirrel.

RACHEL

I can see that.

GEMMA

Can I keep him?

RACHEL

Absolutely not.

NOLAN

Don't feed the squirrel, Gem-bug.

RACHEL

And stay on the porch.

White morning sunlight shimmers across a tranquil pond.

Hand-in-hand, Nolan and Rachel pause at the water's edge.

NOLAN

I'm, um. I'm leaving therapy.

RACHEL

I thought so--

NOLAN

I'll find another program.

RACHEL

So you're still pretty messed up.

NOLAN

Uh, there's a nice way to say that.

RACHEL

You're seeing dog people, Nolan. I want bonus points for not freaking out right now.

NOLAN

(scoffs)

I'll find a new therapist.

RACHEL

Then tell me why we're hiding in the woods? Help me square that circle.

NOLAN

What if they come looking for me--

RACHEL

The dog people?

Nolan cups her cheek. He softens.

Her face fills his heart.

NOLAN

Rachel, know that I am the immovable object that will always stand between you and danger. And Gemma.

RACHEL

She thinks the world of you, you know.

NOLAN

I married the both of you.

She rests her hands on Nolan's chest.

RACHEL  
But after all this time, you don't  
think I can handle myself?

NOLAN  
Rach, it's bad.

RACHEL  
Worse than dog people?

Over his shoulder, Nolan checks Gemma.

The squirrel devours another corn flake.

NOLAN  
I, um... You remember my old job...?

RACHEL  
--I knew it. I knew it!

NOLAN  
(rambling)  
... Before I met you and everything  
changed.

RACHEL  
You promised-- You promised me before  
we got married--

NOLAN  
And I'm gonna keep that promise--

RACHEL  
We agreed!

NOLAN  
You think I'd ever put you and Gemma  
in danger? Ever?

RACHEL  
Good. Wait, then, what are you saying?

NOLAN  
(scoffs)  
My therapist wants me to do a job.

RACHEL  
Oh, no. You told him no, right? Nolan,  
you told him no.

NOLAN  
Yes. I mean, no. I mean I told him no.

RACHEL  
But that doesn't make any sense.

NOLAN

Huh, right? They're sponsored by the same people who used to hire me, so I thought they'd know something about what's going on. But I think they're just trying to get me working again.

Rachel searches his eyes.

RACHEL

You know this is a red line for me.

Hardens. Steps away.

Arms folded, she stares at the pond. Thoughts focused inward.

The weight of the moment scars Nolan's face.

Rachel drops her head. Rejoins him.

RACHEL

Anything else you're not telling me?

NOLAN

Rachel, what happened to my family is never gonna happen to you and Gemma.

Rachel looks unsatisfied.

Nonetheless, wraps him in a lingering hug.

NOLAN

We'll stay up here for a while-- It'll give us time to think. And when it's safe we'll figure out our next move.

RACHEL

We'll just stay here for a while.

They peer back at Gemma.

Who laughs and tosses the squirrel another treat.

**INT. PALATIAL ESTATE - PRIVATE GYM - DAY**

A bedraggled mess in stylish sweats pedals to nowhere on a stationary cycle. She's a fit senior. Handsome for a woman. Curses like a drunk Russian sailor at her spin COACH (25). He shouts back in French from a giant wall monitor.

**CUT TO BLACK:**

TITLE

# MARQUIS

**INT. PALATIAL ESTATE - PRIVATE GYM - DAY**

Mid-argument, her phone chimes.

The sociopathic CEO of The Corporation, MARQUIS (65) is as dead as a mummy inside. She grunts.

Lifts a remote.

COACH (V.O.)

Don't chew dare take that call!

Marquis clicks the remote. Keeps pedaling.

MARQUIS

(winded)

You know, I can easily have you killed.

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - FLETCHER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Fletcher apologies to his laptop...

FLETCHER

Eh, pardon, but did I catch you at, like, a bad time, ma'am?

INTERCUT THE CONVERSATION

Fletcher appears on Marquis' monitor. Her Coach squeezed into a small box in one corner. Muted. Arms flailing.

MARQUIS

Apologies, I was talking to my workout coach. Sadistic sonofabitch.

FLETCHER

Oh, well, thank you. I try.



MARQUIS

Again, I was talking to-- What can I do for you, Fletcher? And please tell me you've found Nolan.

FLETCHER

Yeah, now, just spitballing... Do we, like, really need Nolan for this one?

Nothing but the sound of a cycle spinning.

FLETCHER

Understood, ma'am.

MARQUIS

You know, I can easily have you killed.

FLETCHER

Are you still talking to the coach?

Nothing but the sound of a cycle spinning.

FLETCHER

I mean, I get it, he's the cool one who does all the cool jobs-- I get it.

MARQUIS

You know what clients get, Fletcher? Clients get results. They get when, our boy, Nolan catches the scent, he never gives up. Clients get that shit.

FLETCHER

B-but I've created an entire team of Nolans. Relentless super assassins!

MARQUIS

And I get that, since Nolan's left, the entire division's cratered. It's invited competition and back talk!

FLETCHER

Ma'am, if I may--

MARQUIS

Enough!

Clicks the remote like it's an exclamation point.

The Coach grows full screen. Screams in French.

MARQUIS

(stops cycling)  
Enough of both of you.

Clicks the remote.

The screen changes to Fletcher alone.

MARQUIS  
Whew! Fletcher?

FLETCHER  
Yes, Marquis-- May I call you Marquis?  
Because I feel like we're starting to--

MARQUIS  
No, Fletcher. You may not.

Towels down.

FLETCHER  
(disappointed)  
K.

MARQUIS  
Deploy your super assassins and get  
me, Nolan. The Squad, that's gonna be  
his first assignment. Do not move on  
The Squad without Nolan.

FLETCHER  
But--

MARQUIS  
It would be a tragedy to invest so  
much into this salvage operation and  
then have to burn it to the ground.  
And, of course, you with it.

FLETCHER  
Yes, ma'am-- Right away, ma'am.

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - FRONT DESK - DAY**

Thumbing a game controller, Plank plays Candy Match 2.

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
We are, um, currently monitoring  
Nolan's online accounts...

**EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

Jeet burns one. Props against a telephone pole.

Traffic rushes past. Obscures our view. Jeet has disappeared.

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
I have a man surveilling his work...

**EXT. NOLAN'S SUBURBAN HOME - DAY**

On the stoop, Quan admires a ladybug crawling on his finger.

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
... Another at his home. Teams  
scouring the city...

**INT. A.J.'S JEEP WRANGLER - DAY**

Oblivious, A.J. drives. Sings with the radio: *Suspicious Minds* by Dwight Yoakam.

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
And, uh, my most experienced man  
shadowing his partner.

**INT. COMPACT RENTAL CAR - DAY**

Determined, Jersey drives. Sings with the radio: *Suspicious Minds* by Elvis Presley.

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
It should only be a day or so. Okay,  
two... closer to three.

**EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - OUTSIDE OF TOWN - DAY**

A very familiar **general store** and **gas station**. A.J.'s Jeep Wrangler passes. Then Jersey's Rental a hot second later.

**EXT. RUSTIC CABIN - PORCH - DAY**

We hold on Gemma's face for a moment. Long enough to realize the impending dilemma for Jersey. Then see her face brighten.

She chases the squirrel.

And comes up empty. Fiddlesticks.

A.J.'s Jeep rolls to a stop alongside the cabin.

**EXT. NOLAN'S SUBURBAN HOME - PORCH - DAY**

A clatter inside the house draws Quan's attention.

He rises.

Tilts his ear to the heavy wooden front door. Silence.

Checks who might be watching.

Picks the lock.

**INSIDE - MOMENTS LATER**

Quan searches from room to room.

Finds no one.

Muffled voices from the basement tempt him into the...

**KITCHEN**

... Quan's sneaker settles on a floorboard.

It moans--

He freezes. Still as paint.

On the other side of the basement door, a stair creaks.

Quan shoots his cuffs. Readies his gun.

More muffled voices.

QUAN

Hey, Nolan. That you?

Faint arguing.

Quan snaps his gun safety off and on. Off and on. Off and on.

**INT. RUSTIC CABIN - DAY**

Nolan and A.J. clean and dry dishes.

A.J.

How's Rachel dealing?

No response.

A.J.

Yeah. Gemma?

NOLAN

Certified in heaven--

Nolan's phone vibrates. He checks it.

On the screen "DOCTOR EVIL."

NOLAN

Sorry, my, um, therapist has been sorta blowing up my phone, lately.

Turns off his phone.

NOLAN

I'm looking into another treatment program. It's not working out.

A.J.

Whatever gets you better, man, it's all five by five. Stay up here as long as ya need.

A grateful smirk sparkles across Nolan's face.

The preamble to a favor, A.J. sighs.

A.J.

But, hey, Nolan, if ya got a little extra bandwidth...

NOLAN

(smiles)

Bless you, you brought me a case.

A.J.

You know, I could do this without ya--

NOLAN

No argument.

A.J.

Simply like the way we hash it out.

The porch croaks. Quick footfalls.

Shit! Turns both their heads.

NOLAN

(meaning the noise)

Just the girls.

A.J.

I got theories, ya know, ruminations. But most of 'em got the ragged edges.

NOLAN

Any favorites?

A.J.

Not locked into any of 'em.

NOLAN

Gonna make a detective out of you yet,  
detective.

A.J. sharpens. Spots the obvious connection.

A.J.

Like changing treatment programs--

NOLAN

Exactly. You can't keep driving at a  
failed hypothesis.

**INT. NOLAN'S SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - DAY**

Rocking in his stance, Quan steadies his weapon.

DANNI (O.S.)

Quan? Quan, is that you?

Quan goes limp.

The basement door cracks open.

Danni, Tickles and Rattler spill into the kitchen.

TICKLES

Sheez, I almost shot ya, punk.

DANNI

Aw, we weren't really gonna shoot you.  
Well, maybe a little. When I show up,  
people do expect a bit of a show.

QUAN

No Nolan?

Rattler scoffs.

DANNI

We been hiding down there for hours.

TICKLES

(enthusiastic)  
We did shoot a clown.

DANNI

I shot the clown--

TICKLES

We shot the clown.

DANNI  
 Yeah but mostly me.  
 (excited)  
 And let me tell you every last detail  
 and whatnot-- The whole shebang.

Drunk as a pirate, Rattler stumbles to the sink. Hangs over  
 the drain ready to be sick.

QUAN  
 (meaning Rattler)  
 He good?

DANNI  
 In no fashion whatsoever.

TICKLES  
 The alcoholism doesn't help.

RATTLER  
 They just get me.

DANNI  
 Nolan ain't stupid enough to come back  
 here. We should dip out.

QUAN  
 Then how we gonna find him?

TICKLES  
 That's Fletcher's problem.

QUAN  
 What about the bonus?

DANNI  
 What bonus?

TICKLES  
 Fucking Fletcher.

Quan smiles. A bit more than he should.

DANNI  
 (glances at her phone)  
 Welp, he's officially having all the  
 kittens. We should head back.

The four desperados start away.

QUAN  
 Anyone catch word from Jeet... Jersey?

**EXT. RUSTIC CABIN - DAY**

Clear movement in the brush and brambles. Is that Jersey?

A.J. (V.O.)  
I know ya like to start with an  
unquestionable truth but don't laugh.

**INT. RUSTIC CABIN - DAY**

Nolan and A.J. finish the dishes.

A.J.  
The victim was a clown.

NOLAN  
(grins)  
Sorry.

Wipes his hands with a dish towel.

Nolan and A.J. stroll to the dining room table. Sit.

Behind them, a silhouette skulls past the window.

A.J.  
That ain't even the weirdest part. He  
was robbin' the Pump-N-Go on Fourth--

NOLAN  
In a clown get-up?

A.J.  
Right. And three customers jumped him.

NOLAN  
Ballsy. Stupid.

A.J.  
And... and they shot him three times.

NOLAN  
The perp?

A.J.  
Correct. Well, actually, they shot him  
many times from, like, three different  
angles. Each in a tight circumference,  
no bigger'n, like, a silver dollar.

**EXT. RUSTIC CABIN - POND - SAME**

Rachel wanders back to the cabin.



Gemma lags behind. Hops like a frog.  
Prattles on about her buddy the squirrel.

**INT. RUSTIC CABIN - DAY**

Nolan and A.J. at the table alone.

NOLAN  
Three different silver dollars?

A.J.  
See what I mean?

NOLAN  
So you're looking for three marksmen.  
I'd start with gun range regulars. The  
shooting justified?

A.J.  
The surveillance tapes say so. The  
Attendant was out cold-- He's still  
speakin' in tongues.

NOLAN  
A.J. I know weird. Weird's a friend of  
mine. This ain't nowhere near weird.

A.J.  
After the hoo-ha, they blew kisses.

NOLAN  
The shooters?

A.J.  
The female.

Nolan sits a little straighter in his chair.

NOLAN  
(mumbles)  
Lion team.

A.J.  
Ya think you know 'em? Nolan, we just  
wanna talk--

The front door BURSTS open.

What the--?! Nolan stands. Reaches for his weapon.

Shocked, A.J. stands. Backpedals. Unsnaps.

Rachel sweeps Gemma behind her.

RACHEL  
 (stern)  
 Nolan. A.J.

GEMMA  
 Mommy?

NOLAN  
 (to A.J.)  
 Anyone follow you?

A.J.  
 No. I don't think so. No.

NOLAN  
 I know you, A.J. Do not take on these  
 guys alone-- I mean it.

Nolan and Rachel exchange uneasy glances.

**EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - OUTSIDE OF TOWN - DAY**

A very flat tire.

Standing at the gas station, Jersey calls for help.

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY**

Jersey, Quan, Plank, Danni and Tickles dressed for the day.

Rattler in pajamas. Shirtless. Ratty hair and hungover.

Fresh cut marks on his forearms.

Fletcher slows to a stop in his wheelchair.

FLETCHER  
 Greetings fellow travelers. My name is  
 Fletcher and I am a killer.

Blank stares. Zombies have more personality.

FLETCHER  
 Before we do shares, I have tremendous  
 news. The Corporation has ordered us  
 to proceed immediately with the bank  
 job against The Squad.

PLANK  
 What? Did someone find Nolan?

FLETCHER  
 Oh, p-lease, we don't need him.

TICKLES  
That's one less gun.

JERSEY  
A damn good gun.

FLETCHER  
He's nickels and dimes.

QUAN  
Hell, I'm ready to get paid.

DANNI  
I'd co-sign that.

Jeet's now seated front and center.

JEET  
Well, I don't like it.

PLANK  
Where'd he come from?

DANNI  
(to Jeet)  
Please stop doing that.

JERSEY  
We should wait for Nolan.

Rattler grunts.

FLETCHER  
This isn't a democracy-- It's part of  
your therapy. And we're running out of  
time thanks to that little clown show.

DANNI  
You sound less like a therapist and  
more like my last boyfriend, Bob.

TICKLES  
Um, Bob?

DANNI  
That's what I called him after I shot  
him and dumped his body in a hot tub.

FLETCHER  
Okay, everyone stop talking.

RATTLER  
(explodes)  
Go ahead! Blame me!

DANNI

Oh, stop hogging all the credit. I shot the clown as much as you did.

FLETCHER

Everyone, please stop talking.

RATTLER

Everything's my fault-- It's always my fault. I should just die.

Starts sobbing. Twitches.

PLANK

Fletcher, you, like, made Rattler cry.

QUAN

Maybe we should hold off for Nolan.

JEET

He's in the tall grass by now.

FLETCHER

Do you people seriously not understand human language? Shut up!

RATTLER

Aaaaaaaah!

Pants.

Sad as a bucket of tears, Tickles hacks into a choking cry.

PLANK

And ya broke Tickles too.

TICKLES

(falls into his hands)  
I... I just have big feelings.

FLETCHER

What "in the ho-lee hell" is happening?

JERSEY

I ain't going into battle with that.

FLETCHER

I give zero fucks about all your busted shit. We're doing this!

DANNI

Wow, worst pickup line ever.

JERSEY  
 (stands)  
 No, we ain't.

It all becomes quite precarious.

JEET  
 Perhaps we should hold off until--  
 BLAM! A muzzle flash winks across Fletcher's face.  
 Jersey collapses dead in his chair.  
 No! Everyone reaches for a gun, but no one's armed.

FLETCHER  
 (lowers his pistol)  
 There is no going back. We do this or  
 die trying.

RATTLER  
 I welcome death.

FLETCHER  
That's the spirit we're looking for.

TICKLES  
 Perfect. Now we're missing two guns.

DANNI  
 Suck my bag of dicks, Fletcher.

PLANK  
 Where'd Jeet go?

He's gone again.

TICKLES  
 Three guns!

**EXT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY**

Danni, Tickles, Plank, Rattler, Quan and Jeet pile into a Happy Valley VAN, filled with equipment and weapon cases.

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
 Look, all we have to do is create a  
 diversion on the ground floor to clear  
 out the civilians...

**EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY**

Fletcher drives the van through light traffic.

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
... Take the third floor by force--

TICKLES (V.O.)  
Sure, like that's gonna be easy.

QUAN (V.O.)  
That's gonna be easy?

TICKLES (V.O.)  
It's-- None of this is gonna be easy!

QUAN (V.O.)  
Good, I thought you went stupid.

**EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY**

The team strides to the private jet.

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
... Then Danni moves their money...

**EXT. OVER INTERNATIONAL WATERS - DAY**

The private jet cuts through the sky.

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
... While Jeet rigs the building to  
blow so we can cover our tracks.

**EXT. GRAND CAYMAN ISLAND - BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY**

From inside an UNMARKED VAN, Fletcher wears a coms headset and microphone. Addresses the team...

FLETCHER  
We have the element of surprise,  
people. We don't need Nolan. You, just  
do you. See, I can be cool too.

Uninspired, everyone starts for the bank across the street.

**INT. WEST BAY BANK BUILDING - STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

With enough firepower to invade Cuba, Rattler climbs stairs.

**THIRD FLOOR**

The HIGH NET WORTH FINANCIAL CENTER feels like someone shoehorned Versailles into a hedge fund. Ornate fixtures everywhere, data monitors and well-heeled future hostages.

Unsavory, heavily-armed MEN IN BLACK UNIFORMS stand guard.

#### **ELEVATOR**

Danni, Tickles, Quan and Jeet yank weapons out of cases.

All wear a lightweight headset with a coms microphone.

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
Okay, team, gimme a "Go," "No go."

#### **UNMARKED VAN**

Anxious, Fletcher studies monitor screens.

THE TEAM (V.O.)  
Go. Go. Yeah. Go. Fucking get on with it. Yeppers.

FLETCHER  
Alright then, Ground Floor, you're on.

PLANK (V.O.)  
Ow. Ow!

FLETCHER  
Ground Floor, execute.

PLANK (V.O.)  
I... I think my suit is busted.

FLETCHER  
We don't need the whole Ted Talk, Ground Floor. Go!

#### **GROUND FLOOR**

In a BEEKEEPER SUIT, Plank sprints into the lobby screaming.

PLANK  
Ohhhhh, shittttt!

Spikes a humongous BEEHIVE on the floor.

A BUZZING cloud of enraged bees ATTACK everyone in the bank.

Staff shriek. Panic erupts. Customers bolt.

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
Third Floor, you're up.

#### **CITY STREETS**

Running like he's on fire, Plank rakes bees off his suit.

**GROUND FLOOR**

A bee crawls over an air vent cover. More follow.

**THIRD FLOOR**

Near the elevators, Quan covers the Men in Black Uniforms.

Tickles horse collars a BANKER into a computer screen.

TICKLES  
Passwords, Fucko.

**STAIRWAY**

Rattler repeatedly bangs his head against a concrete wall.

**THIRD FLOOR**

Furiously, Danni chicken pecks a keyboard.

DANNI  
I'm gonna need a minute.

Hugging the carpet, BANK STAFF cower.

One of them gets stung. Flinches. Yips.

Tickles SMACKS a bee on his neck.

TICKLES  
Fuckin' A.

Quan swats a bee off his arm.

QUAN  
Bees!

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
Bees? What bees? Our bees?

QUAN  
(swats air)  
Big ones. Mean ones.

Bees stream out of the air vent.

DANNI  
I'm, like, bouncing numbers all over  
the internet. I'm gonna need a smaller  
internet or more time.

**SERVER ROOM**

Jeet wires EXPLOSIVE PACKS to equipment racks.



JEET

As do I.

**THIRD FLOOR**

Tickles stands over Danni.

TICKLES

Well, I can't shoot the goddam bees.

DANNI

Ow!

**UNMARKED VAN**

Plank climbs inside.

FLETCHER

Where'd you get those bees?

PLANK

I... uh. They're honey bees.

FLETCHER

May I ask, what kind of honey bees?

PLANK

African honey bees.

FLETCHER

Exactly just how many chips are  
implanted in your head?

Deeply concerned, he addresses the team over coms...

FLETCHER

Be advised those are killer bees.

PLANK

No. No...

As they wrestle for Fletcher's headset microphone...

PLANK

They're African honey bees. I checked.

**THIRD FLOOR**

Several of the Bank Staff get stung. Flinch.

QUAN

Stay down.

Bees everywhere.

QUAN  
Oh, fuck! One's in my mouth.

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
Be advised, the internet says loud noises make them angry.

TICKLES  
They're already fucking angry!

The entire floor grows dark with bees.

Danni's face angles up.

Sees they're doomed.

DANNI  
Fuck it, we're outta here.

Danni, Tickles and Quan hustle Bank Staff off the carpet.

TICKLES  
Playtime's over. Everyone out.

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
Are we good?

DANNI  
Negative, Air Boss. No joy.

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
Fuck!

#### **ELEVATOR**

Danni, Tickles and Quan duck inside.

Quan presses the LOBBY button.

JEET (V.O.)  
I'll be needing more time.

DANNI  
Abort, Server Room. Abort--

Danni SCREECHES.

Shakes bees out of her hair.

FLETCHER (V.O.)  
No, only I get to say abort. And I am not saying abort. There is no abort.

The elevator opens to the ground floor. Mum ROARS!

Danni and Tickle share terrified expressions. Turn.

Spray erratic gunfire.

Quan pounds the CLOSE button. Repeatedly.

Mum charges. The metal doors slowly close.

From Mum's perspective bullets whistle past.

Rounds bite but hardly hobble her advance.

Frantic, Quan presses the P1 and CLOSE buttons.

Just as they close, Mum RAMS the metal doors.

THUD

TICKLES

Can today get any more fucked?

#### **UNMARKED VAN**

Plank points to a flashing computer screen.

FLETCHER

Be advised, someone hit the silent alarm on their way out. We have two minutes or less.

TICKLES (V.O.)

That was rhetorical!

#### **STAIRWAY**

Surrounded by a dozen Men in Black Uniforms...

RATTLER

Yeah, two minutes... or less.

One snatches Rattler's rifle.

An alpha-type TEAM LEADER (40) forces him to his knees.

TEAM LEADER

All right then, I'm only gonna ask you once and then I'm gonna count to five. You can count to five, can't ya?

Centers a pistol at Rattler's head.

RATTLER

Um, five.

TEAM LEADER

Very good-- No, you don't understand.  
I ask a question, then I count to  
five. Okay, we'll start again--

RATTLER

(eye twitches)  
Five.

TEAM LEADER

No, we're starting at one and going to  
five. Why is this so hard?

RATTLER

Five!

Lowers his head. Resigned to a better future.

RATTLER

(soft)  
Five.

TEAM LEADER

Oh, Jesus Christ.

#### UNMARKED VAN

A pistol FIRES once over coms. Echoes in the stairway.

FLETCHER

Stairway? Stairway?! Server Room, you  
have eyes on?

#### THIRD FLOOR

Jeet staggers out of the server room, wearing a bee coat.

Strains against death with every step.

Heavily-Armed Men OPEN FIRE with loud automatic weapons.

Jeet falls to his knees.

The sound orgy excites the bees.

They swarm the Heavily-Armed Men.

The BUZZ deafening.

They fire wild. Their weapons useless.

Slowly, Jeet falls forward, clutching a DEAD MAN SWITCH.

#### UNMARKED VAN

Danni hug-shoves Tickles into the van. Quan on their tail.

Behind them, Bank Staff push out of the main entrance.  
Mum hot on their heels. SNAPS.

TICKLES

Well, that was fucking delightful--

THE THIRD FLOOR OF THE BANK BUILDING EXPLODES.

Hope fades. Dour faces.

QUAN

Go! Go!

The unmarked van speeds away.

#### **BLACK & WHITE SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE**

A sliver of the Happy Valley Treatment Center logo becomes visible as the shuttle van rolls between gas pumps.

#### **INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS**

POLICE OFFICERS and other DETECTIVES pass A.J.'s desk.

Bawdy bullpen chatter.

On his monitor, A.J. rocks the clip back and forth. Shuttles forward. Rattler, Danni and Tickles get out of the van.

A.J. leans close. Taps a key.

Click. Click. Click. Zooms into Rattler's muddy boots.

From under his desk, A.J. lifts a pair of MILITARY BOOTS.

The surveillance footage is blurry but they're a match.

#### **EXT. RUSTIC CABIN - PORCH - DAY**

Nolan stands watch. Detective holster over his soiled T-shirt. He hasn't slept in forever. Eyelids heavy.

Rachel, a bit worn.

Gemma fresh by comparison. She SQUEALS.

Chases the squirrel into the bushes.

NOLAN

Gemma, where I can see you. Gemma!

Checks Rachel, then hurdles the porch railing after Gemma.

Peers deep into the woods. On full alert, he searches.

Concerned, Rachel creeps to the edge of the porch.

BUSHES RUSTLING!

Nolan readies his weapon.

Gemma comes into view.

Nolan relaxes.

Rachel relaxes.

Gemma trundles toward Nolan.

RACHEL  
Baby, get back on--

Instinctively, Nolan snaps his aim at the porch.

Rachel flinches.

RACHEL  
No!

He spins. Sweeps the perimeter with his gun. Nerves humming.

A twig snaps deep in the woods.

He sights it up.

More movement in the bushes.

Nolan wheels-- FIRES once.

Gemma runs behind her dad. Hands over her ears.

Mortified by what he's done, Nolan freezes.

NOLAN  
(hugs Gemma)  
Don't look, Gem-bug.

Of course, that's the first thing she does.

And SHRIEKS!

Rachel flies off the porch.

Gemma squirms out of her father's arms.

Runs to her little friend.

RACHEL  
No, baby.

Clearly, the squirrel didn't suffer an instant.  
Rachel stares at Nolan. Confused. Frightened.  
The crackle and pop of a vehicle on a dirt road.  
Nolan whips his aim down a long driveway.  
Swings his gun around to the pond.  
Then back to the driveway.

RACHEL  
Gimme that.

She squeezes a pressure point on Nolan's wrist. He involuntarily drops the gun into her hand.

Gemma wails.

Rachel trots away.

A.J.'s Jeep appears around a bend.

Broken, Nolan goes to his knees. Blinks away tears.

Snort-bawling, Gemma shuffles back to the cabin.

Rachel wrapped around her in a hug.

RACHEL  
(to Nolan)  
You should leave.

#### **NEAR THE POND - MOMENTS LATER**

A.J. crosses his arms.

A.J.  
The clown shooting was Happy Valley.

NOLAN  
I can use that, if you can you make it stick--

A.J.  
And I think... hear me, think... they might also be connected to the murder of the woman, the one who spooked you.

Nolan crosses his arms. Can this get any worse?

A.J.

One of the clown killer's boots --  
that's what we're callin' 'em -- they  
match the casts we did at the house.

NOLAN

I'm going with you.

A.J.

I was hopin' you'd say that.

**INT. RUSTIC CABIN - MOMENTS LATER**

Nolan says goodbye to Rachel.

Hugs her like it's forever.

RACHEL

See you're bringing your toys.

Stares at a dark hard-shell carrying case.

NOLAN

They're coming for me sooner or later--  
I need to get ahead of this. If A.J.'s  
case don't back 'em off, I will.

RACHEL

Come right back, Nolan. Deal with this  
shit and come right back.

No promises offered.

Hiding, Gemma hugs the back of her mother's leg.

Nolan kneels. Contrite before Gemma.

She steps close. Hugs him.

They share a cry for Gemma's furry little friend.

**EXT. RUSTIC CABIN - MOMENTS LATER**

Nolan hefts his case into A.J.'s Jeep.

Sneaks a peek back at the porch.

Sees Rachel standing next to Gemma. And ain't that the shit.

**Hallucinates that Gemma has a squirrel head.**

Both wave.



**INT. THE CORPORATION HEADQUARTERS - PENTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY**

On the walls, framed photos of Marquis posing with dictators. Stuffed heads of exotic animals. One is human.

Impossibly elegant, Marquis sits behind a spartan desk.

Her personal assistant and hypersexual daughter, BRANDI (25) shuffles across the polished floors in bare feet.

BRANDI

Oh, yeah, hey, Mom, bummer. But, you know that whole man-harem of arm candy you sent to guard some bank in South America--?

MARQUIS

(scoffs)  
The Cayman Islands, dear.

Brandi double-checks the tablet in her hand.

BRANDI

Whatevs...

MARQUIS

Please, skip to the important words.

BRANDI

M'kay, well, they're all, like, dead now. Even that bangin' "fire god" you were all, like, eye smashing.

MARQUIS

What? What happened?

BRANDI

I know. Like, serious frowny face.

MARQUIS

(curses)  
Fletcher.

BRANDI

No, he was a Clark or something.

MARQUIS

Brandi, double building security.

BRANDI

Oh, more beefcake? Yes, please. Way to rebound, Mom.

MARQUIS

And alert my rapid response team.

BRANDI

All major Betties. And good on you for being all sexually fluid.

MARQUIS

Screw that.

BRANDI

That's what I'm talkin' about. You go, Mom Boss.

MARQUIS

I'm not going anywhere, you fool. I'm sending helos to Happy Valley to shove a few Hellfire missiles up their ass.

**INT. PRIVATE JET - CABIN - DAY**

Fletcher glares straight ahead.

Welts visible, Danni, Tickles, Plank and Quan scowl at him.

Silence. Except for the rumble of the jet engines.

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY VAN - DAY**

No one's expression has changed from the plane.

Only the sound of tires humming on asphalt.

As Fletcher drives, Plank opens his mouth to speak.

With complete animus, Fletcher holds up his hand to stop him.

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY**

No one's expression has changed from the van. Each clinging to their last lick of patience.

FLETCHER

Let us begin as we always begin...  
Greetings fellow travelers--

TICKLES

Oh, cut the shit, Fletcher!

DANNI

(overlapping)  
Yeah, I gotta share for you. Fuck you!  
Rattler and Jeet are dead--

TICKLES

And Jersey!

QUAN

(overlapping)

And where's my money?!

FLETCHER

Your money? You failed.

PLANK

Yeah, double our rate.

FLETCHER

You...

Points at Plank. He's so angry nothing comes out.

A dim-witted orderly, LEN (30) rushes in.

LEN

The Corporation on line two--

FLETCHER

Not now!

LEN

I think it's urgent.

FLETCHER

Why?

LEN

Subtle ain't her thing.

Fletcher's cell phone vibrates. Lights up.

He smashes it to pieces on the table.

FLETCHER

Fuck her off to voicemail.

Fletcher fires phone parts at him.

Slowly, Len backs away.

FLETCHER

(calm)

Can't we all simply agree this is not my fault and blame Nolan?

TICKLES

Hold the bus! You told us The Corporation blessed that cluster fuck.

FLETCHER

Well, let's say they did...

DANNI

... And pretend that's true?

PLANK

Fletcher, I. I got stung in places,  
you know, I... I can't even mention.

DANNI

Um, because there's a lady present.

Plank scans the room. Checks under a sofa cushion.

QUAN

I'm, like, gettin' paid, Fletcher. One  
way, one way or another. You feel me?

FLETCHER

Pfft, you threatening me, Quan?

QUAN

I don't come with threats. I come with  
guarantees.

FLETCHER

I'm putting a price on Nolan's head.

QUAN

You haven't paid us for the last job!

**EXT. MILITARY AIRPORT - DAY**

MEN IN BLACK FATIGUES rush toward APACHE ATTACK HELICOPTERS.

Blades whirl faster.

**EXT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY**

Alongside the parking lot, A.J. kneels.

Tastes a handful of soil.

A.J.

Same clay signature as the dirt  
samples at the house.

Proud. Nolan claps his back.

A.J.

These be our guys, partner.

As they make for the front door...

NOLAN

A.J., honestly, am I a good man?

A.J.

You're the best fuck in this town and everyone knows it. Stupid question.

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - FRONT DESK - DAY**

Len collects Nolan and A.J.'s guns.

Lock them in a drawer.

NOLAN

Don't tell me you don't remember me.

LEN

I don't remember you.

NOLAN

You're kidding? I was a patient here for months... Escaped two days ago...

LEN

Ringing no bells.

A.J.

Like I said, we need to speak with the three individuals in the footage--

NOLAN

And I wanna talk to Rattler alone.

LEN

That won't happen.

A.J.

We could come back with a warrant--

NOLAN

Lots of warrants.

LEN

Rattler's dead.

NOLAN

Dead?

LEN

Dead as Custer at the Alamo.

A.J.  
That was Daniel Boone--

NOLAN  
Davy Crockett--

A.J.  
Same thing.

LEN  
A self-inflicted gunshot wound. Self-  
inflicted-ish.

A.J.  
Okay, so maybe not him.

LEN  
Basically, you need to talk to--

NOLAN  
Don't tell me.

Rubs his temples like that's gonna help.

NOLAN  
Grab some bench, A.J. I'm up.

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - FLETCHER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Giddy, Fletcher squirms in his wheelchair. Rifles through a bowl of Skittles on his desk.

Nolan ignores Fletcher. Inventories the room with his eyes.

FLETCHER  
I'm so glad you're back, Nolan--

NOLAN  
I'm not back.

FLETCHER  
We should be friends--

NOLAN  
We're not friends.

FLETCHER  
But we're so much alike--

NOLAN  
We're nothing alike.

Spots a pair of military-issue boots near the closet.

NOLAN  
Those Rattler's?

FLETCHER  
No. Why?

NOLAN  
The woman who looked like my wife, the  
murderer wore the same kinda boots.

Fletcher grunts. **Stands.**

Walks over and laces up the boots.

FLETCHER  
Oh, you're wondering why I killed a  
woman who looked like Rachel? Oops,  
did I just say that part out loud?

NOLAN  
Okay, yeah, but we're definitely  
circling back to the other thing.

FLETCHER  
(glib)  
Genius really. Your baseline psych  
eval indicated I could trigger any  
number of issues by making you relive  
the trauma of your family being  
murdered when you were a child.

NOLAN  
I knew I couldn't trust you.

FLETCHER  
I located a double of your wife but I  
ran out of time finding a little girl.  
Tick-Tock. Deadlines, you know.

NOLAN  
--I could kill you.

FLETCHER  
That's the spark we're looking for.

Fletcher skips back to the wheelchair.

Grabs a handful of Skittles.

Basks in his perceived victory.

FLETCHER  
But the wheelchair was a masterstroke.  
See, I realized my superior intellect  
might be a little intimidating...

NOLAN

--You?

FLETCHER

... Making it challenging for you to accept me as your therapist. So I gave myself a flaw to be less threatening.

NOLAN

--To me?

FLETCHER

They said it couldn't be done, but here I've done it. You're back!

NOLAN

Stop saying that.

FLETCHER

You're a cold-blooded killer, Nolan.

NOLAN

I'm not.

FLETCHER

I'm just here to remind you who you really are.

Flicks Skittles into Nolan's face as he speaks.

NOLAN

In which multiverse, do you-- Stop that. Do you see me working for you?

FLETCHER

Ha, we're playing way past that. We're about to attack The Squad...

NOLAN

--That's suicide.

FLETCHER

... And we need you to suit up for that one-- All hands on deck.

NOLAN

We're gonna question your people about a civilian who was murdered in town...

FLETCHER

--Oh, yeah, that fiasco.

NOLAN

... And if my partner finds probable cause, you're all going to jail.



FLETCHER

Nolan, there's no accumulation of points in this game. There's a price on your head if you don't cooperate.

NOLAN

The Corporation?

FLETCHER

Don't sweat it. No one's going to jail, and I won't let those ne'er-do-wells murder the Prodigal Son.

Plops his feet up on the desk.

FLETCHER

Though it could be interesting to see if The Boy Wonder walks out unscathed.

**EXT. HIGH OVER WILDERNESS - DAY**

Two Apache helicopters race over treetops.

**INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY**

The discard pile of patients congregate: Danni, Tickle, Plank and Quan. Their incredulous faces say they're still packing a grudge.

Fletcher directs traffic from his wheelchair.

FLETCHER

Sit anywhere. There... or don't. Okay, fine. Why don't we get started. Today, we have a some very special guests--

QUAN

Time out.

PLANK

Yeah, that ain't right. You always start with greetings fellow travelers.

DANNI

(to Fletcher)

Fuck-up.

TICKLES

Total fuck-up.

FLETCHER

Thank you, Plank. But we'll do that part later. For now, we have visitors from law enforcement...

Nolan taps the door open to a warm reception. A.J. follows.

PATIENTS

Ah! Nolan! Hey, Nolan. Welcome back.

NOLAN

Not back, but thanks. This is A.J.

PLANK

Is he a killer too?

NOLAN

No, Plank. A.J. arrests killers.

FLETCHER

I see that second grade education's still paying dividends, Plank.

A.J.

A hundred percent, Nolan--

TICKLES

Wouldn't mine killing Fletcher.

QUAN

After he pays us.

DANNI

He did get Rattler killed, and Jeet.

NOLAN

And Jeet?

DANNI

And Rattler.

QUAN

And the bank job was a shit show.

DANNI

Sucks the fun out of everything.

TICKLES

And bees everywhere. Fucking bees!

FLETCHER

The bees were not my fault.

TICKLES

Oh, do not use that pity voice on me.  
I perfected the pity voice.

PLANK

Ya heard he shot Jersey, didn't ya?

Confused, A.J. leans close to Nolan.

A.J.

Eh, Nolan, what's happening?

FLETCHER

Oh, I get it-- I get it. You all think  
you're better than me.

DANNI

Of course, I do. I love me.

A.J.

Okay, what does any of this have to do  
with the shooting at the Pump-N-Go?

QUAN

Oh, that...

TICKLES

Aww, good times.

DANNI

I did it.

TICKLES

We did it--

DANNI

Yeah, but mainly me.

PLANK

And Rattler.

A.J.

(to Nolan)

Why are they confessing?

DANNI

Change is hard for me.

NOLAN

She's bragging. He's arguing. He's  
clueless and he'll do anything for  
money. Ergo, therapy.

QUAN

Well, there's no un-fucking this now--  
Now, we have to kill A.J. And I better  
be gettin' paid for this one. Nolan,  
we killing A.J.?

FLETCHER

Whatever makes you temporarily happy.

A smug grin stretches across Fletcher's lips.

Unflinching, A.J. rests his hands on his hips.

NOLAN

No one's killing A.J.

PATIENTS

(disappointed)

Ahh.

FLETCHER

Oh, fine. But you rocket monkeys  
better climb back in the capsule or  
there could be a lot more killing.  
Your families, for example.

That sour note tugs at everyone's ear.

FLETCHER

It's not like The Corporation hasn't  
done it before. Right, Nolan?

Any suggestion of happiness drains from Nolan's face. The  
room pinwheels around him and becomes...

**INT. NOLAN'S CHILDHOOD HOME - FLASHBACK - NIGHT**

TEENAGE NOLAN opens the front door.

TEENAGE NOLAN

(whines)

Mom! The cops are back!

Two STERN POLICE OFFICERS step into the foyer.

MOM (O.S.)

What'd they want this time?

TEENAGE NOLAN

(to the cops)

I dunno.

Happy-go-lucky, he skips out the door.

TEENAGE NOLAN

Be back later!

In unison, the two Stern Police Officers move their gaze from Teenage Nolan to deep inside the house. Murder in their eyes.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Nolan mutters as he kneels at a baseboard. Is he praying?

NOLAN

(sotto)

I am a good person. I am a good person. I am a good person.

FLETCHER

So if you value your loved ones...

A black electrical cord WHIPS out of the socket.

Darkness steals light. Nolan's murderous face shines.

From behind, he windmills a ceramic lamp into...

FLETCHER'S SKULL

... Cinches the cord around his neck.

ZERO reaction from the patients.

A.J.

No, Nolan.

Plank steps A.J. back into a corner.

Fletcher's stunned. The cord BITES. His eyes CHARGE open.

Hands flailing, he grabs for the cord. For Nolan. For life.

Fletcher digs for the pistol hidden in his wheelchair.

Tickles and Quan pin down each arm. The gun tumbles away.

Nolan SQUEEZES his grip tighter. And fucking tighter.

Fletcher's legs kick. BANG. Thrash.

Fascinated, Danni slowly slides out of her chair and to the floor. Sits cross-legged. Front row for the big show.

Fletcher cycles through shades of purple, then blue.

A.J.

Nolan. Don't do this, man.

The indifferent face of...

Danni.

Tickles.

Plank.

Quan.

As Nolan slowly wrings the last spit of light from Fletcher's pupils...

NOLAN  
 (straining)  
 Greetings fellow travelers. My name is  
 Nolan. And I am a killer.

Nolan releases the cord. Pants.

NOLAN  
 And no one... threatens my family.

A couple of loose Skittles settle on the cut pile carpet.

After a cold, awkward silence, Danni pops to her feet...

DANNI  
 Okeysmokey, whadda we do now for  
 funsies?

PLANK  
 Um, find a new therapist?

A.J.  
 Hand to God, Nolan, what am I supposed  
 to do now? Arrest all of ya?

Attention lands hard on A.J.

A.J.  
 (eyes darting)  
 Because, I, uh, have no idea.

QUAN  
 He's a tourist--

NOLAN  
 No. He's one of us.

TICKLES  
 (scoffs)  
 Him?

NOLAN  
 How many in Afghanistan, A.J.?

Tight-lipped, A.J. glowers at Nolan.

TICKLES  
Bullshit, he served.

NOLAN  
Sometimes even on our side.

A.J. sweeps his steely gaze over the others.

NOLAN  
See, this one only fights for a cause.

PLANK  
We, like, got a cause now?

NOLAN  
We need killers now-- I do. Every last  
hard case packing hard rounds.

DANNI  
I like where your head's at.

NOLAN  
We're gonna take down The Corporation.

QUAN  
Dope.

TICKLES  
Fuck The Corporation.

QUAN  
We getting paid this time?

NOLAN  
No chance.

PLANK  
We gettin' killed this time?

NOLAN  
No way.

TICKLES  
We getta kill a lot of people?

NOLAN  
No question.

Addresses A.J.

NOLAN  
Partner, you wanna help me take down  
the people who killed my family?

A.J.  
Sounds like a fuckin' Shakespearean  
tragedy wrapped in a lost cause.

NOLAN  
The only ones worth fighting for.

A.J.  
Don't see ya keeping me out of it.

PLANK  
(unsure)  
Flexing on The Corporation...?

QUAN  
We gonna need mad firepower.

NOLAN  
Or one more good old-fashion, fire and  
brimstone, wrath of God, motherfucker.

DANNI  
Sounds like our kinda people.

**EXT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - DAY**

Panicked staff breaks clear of the building. Scream.

Two Apache helicopters hang overhead. Fire rockets. Pummel  
the complex. EXPLOSIONS.

A low-flying private jet SCREAMS past.

**INT. PRIVATE JET - CABIN - SAME**

Daphne hoists a champagne bottle and fluted glasses.

DAPHNE  
Champaign?

A.J. hoists tactical body armor.

A.J.  
Kevlar?

Nolan cracks his carrying case.

QUAN  
You still any good with that shit?

NOLAN  
(points at Quan)  
The angry end still go that-uh way?



A.J.  
That a Mark Five--?

NOLAN  
A six.

A.J.  
They made a six--?

NOLAN  
Unofficially. But this is my baby.  
Cradles an assault rifle in the crook of his arm.

TICKLES  
An M4 with a giggle switch. Sweet.  
But, hey, nothing beats the classics.  
Out of Tickle's case, Danni lifts an MG3 MACHINE GUN.

PLANK  
Whoa--

QUAN  
Expecting the whole Bolivian Army?

TICKLES  
One of the fastest fire rates in the  
world. Plus, a mini-Draco, banana  
extender, suppressed Beretta 92...

DANNI  
Sharesies?

TICKLES  
'Til death do us part.

Quan opens his carrying case.

QUAN  
A SIG 19-11 Emperor, Pop-pops, Semtex  
for the stubborn stuff. Oh, and, uh,  
Clif Bars. I have a blood-sugar thing.

The group stares at Plank. Waits. Well?

He brandishes a STREET SWEEPER and a 50 CALIBER HAND CANNON.

PLANK  
A Bulldog and a Desert Eagle.

DANNI  
Uh, well, one of us might be  
overcompensating a skosh.

TICKLES

Who has hideous scars?!

Buzzing, everyone rolls up sleeves and pant legs.

**EXT. THE CORPORATION HEADQUARTERS - 80-STORY BUILDING - DAY**

Beyond the jet-black windows of the lobby, stabbing flashes of light ERUPT. Gunfire inside. Screams. Mayhem.

An armed presence surrounds the plaza. The fallen strewn akimbo: PARAMILITARY-TYPES and well-tailored SUITS.

A TEAM OF MEN straight out of Call of Duty approaches.

**INT. THE CORPORATION HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - DAY**

Cold and intimidating, the entrance gives the impression Darth Vader might pop out from behind any corner.

Pinned down, Nolan, A.J., Danni, Tickles, Plank and Quan sporadically pop over the top of a granite reception desk and fire. They give. And take. A stalemate with ARMED GUARDS.

QUAN

I've had enough of this shit.

As Quan lurches around the desk, Nolan yanks him back.

NOLAN

When a hundred people are shooting at you, it ain't a manhood thing--

A.J.

It's a math thing.

PLANK

Should we, uh, give up? Seems like, you know, the perfect time to give up.

TICKLES

Hey, you wanna bottle that shit--?

PLANK

Well, I'm sorry if I don't wanna die.

TICKLES

Well, I'm sorry if you're an all-you-can-eat salad bar of bad ideas!

QUAN

C'mon, they can't kill all of us.

DANNI  
He's right, but only if math counts.

NOLAN  
Who's big idea was this again?

The Call of Duty Team enters the building.  
Met with harassing volleys from Tickle.

QUAN  
Okay, who's with me?

TICKLES  
Ain't no one with you, punk.

DANNI  
Hey, just because we used to fuck  
don't mean you getta vote for me.

TICKLES  
(demure)  
I only said that to impress you.

Hugging him with her smile, Danni coos.  
Quan flips Tickle the bird.

TICKLES  
Yeah, that the same finger you jam up  
your mother's ass?

Both men point their weapons at the other.  
Plank waves his gun at Tickle, Quan and Danni.  
Danni squishes Juicy Fruit into the barrel of Plank's gun.

A.J.  
(to Nolan)  
The edibles must be kicking in.

The Call of Duty Team braces in strategic positions.  
Nolan makes a call.

DANNI  
Like, where's your friend, Nolan? We  
could use some friends right now.

NOLAN  
(to the caller)  
Where are you? No, they're everywhere.  
(to the team)  
Okay, get low. Here they come.

A.J.

They?

Everyone bellies the floor.

QUAN

You're all a bunch of pussies...

NOLAN

(to the caller)

What about the other thing?

QUAN

... Pussies in sheep's clothing.

Nolan covers his ear. Circles an idea.

NOLAN

(to the caller)

Oh, that is a complete rip-off. We are definitely discussing this later.

Ends the call.

Puzzled, they all stare at him.

NOLAN

We had childcare issues-- Don't ask.

The manic CLACKING of motorcycle engines grows louder.

The RAT-A-TAT-TAT of automatic weapons outside.

NOLAN

It's my wife, okay?

A.J.

Rachel?

NOLAN

She's bringing The Squad.

Twenty-foot tall jet black windows...

SHATTER

... As a dozen MOTORCYCLES with gun-toting ASSASSINS fly through the glass.

Skid into the lobby like death on wheels.

Mow the lawn with lead.

**PENTHOUSE - OFFICE**

Hunched over her mom's desk, Brandi huffs glue.

Stares into space with a glassy smile. Ahh--

Marquis flies in hot...

MARQUIS

Out of my chair.

Startled, Brandi SHOOTs upward-- And like a yo-yo, she collapses back into the chair.

MARQUIS

We're under attack, you fool. Get a couple of our best men up here.

BRANDI

Oh, I am, like, so here for that.

Dives back into the glue.

MARQUIS

And can you stop sniffing glue for, like, two seconds, for Pete's sake?

BRANDI

Ha! You think I'm, like, gonna three-way with a couple of guards in front of my mom without sniffing glue?

## LOBBY

The carnage feels like a Michael Mann wet dream.

A.J. and Rachel leads ten members of THE SQUAD to the ELEVATORS. Some wounded. Some limping.

NOLAN

How we doing, Rach?

She hugs Nolan...

RACHEL

Scared. I just hide it better than you.

Wearing backpacks, Danni, Tickles, Plank and Quan join them.

RACHEL

Any more candy left in this piñata?

NOLAN

The top three floors.

Everyone hangs a brave face.

NOLAN

A.J., you keep down here, and for God's sake stall the cops when they show-- We're gonna need every second.

A.J.

No killin' cops, Nolan.

NOLAN

No killing cops.

Without a flicker of doubt...

NOLAN

What happened to my family, Rachel, is never gonna happen to you and Gemma.

**SERIES OF SHOTS: SLOW MOTION SHOOTOUT**

--The Squad steps through corporate offices spraying gunfire.

--Screaming at a dead run, Quan and Plank unleash hell.

--With sharp, jerky movements, Rachel squeezes tight bursts.

**END SERIES SHOTS**

**ELEVATOR**

Tickles readies his machine gun. An instrumental version of *On Top of the World* by The Carpenters plays.

Danni holds a pistol in one hand, her phone in the other.

Curious, Tickles furrows his brow.

DANNI

Live streamin', silly.

He nods with a crooked smile.

Ding! The elevator doors slide open.

From cover, Danni angles her phone around the corner--

YELPS as it's SHOT out of her hand.

Horrified, Danni sees...

HER DEAD PHONE

... With a slug lodged in the screen.

DANNI  
 (angry)  
 Lover...

TICKLES  
 Yes, cupcake.

DANNI  
 Impress me.

They march shoulder-to-shoulder, hurling a wall of death at anything stupid enough to be in their path.

**PENTHOUSE**

Quietly, the private elevator doors part. Nolan steps out alone -- if you don't count his M4. Sweeps both directions--

MARQUIS (O.S.)  
 It's about goddamn time.

Curious, Nolan follows the voice into the office.

At her desk, Marquis loads a SMITH & WESSON 500, possibly the biggest handgun in the world.

Spots Nolan. Oh, shit!

MARQUIS  
 You?

NOLAN  
 (sags)  
 Rachel?

Marquis angles her gun at Nolan--

Instantaneously, Nolan targets Marquis.

NOLAN  
 No, Rachel, it's me. Nolan.

MARQUIS  
 I know who you are. Where's Fletcher?

NOLAN  
 I killed him. He was behind all of this. What are you doing here?

MARQUIS  
 I don't know what to tell you. You're standing in my office.

NOLAN

Your office? I don't understand. You don't work for The Corporation.

Marquis grins. Convinced Nolan thinks she's Rachel.

Both of them relax.

NOLAN

They threatened to hurt you and Gemma if I didn't start working for them again. Now I know, I didn't tell you that part because, because, well, I knew you'd completely overreact.

MARQUIS

Well, I'm sorry to disappoint, but--

NOLAN

(ice cold)  
No, I'm sorry. Well, not that sorry.

MARQUIS

For what--?

RACHEL (O.S.)

This.

A BULLET SNAPS!

White smoke snakes from the black barrel of a rifle.

Shock painted across her face, Marquis crumples to the floor.

Rachel lowers her rifle.

RACHEL

Yeah, your therapy really blows.

NOLAN

What the hell took you so... forever?

RACHEL

The elevator was slow.

NOLAN

You-You're blaming the elevators?!

RACHEL

Did you send the elevator back down--?

NOLAN

She just about shot me.



RACHEL  
Well, sure, but it worked, didn't it?

NOLAN  
You do realize the timing of a  
diversion is everything?

They both steal a quick breath.

NOLAN  
And Gemma's safe.

RACHEL  
Gemma's fine. She's with Becky.

NOLAN  
That's right, Becky. No more Becky!

RACHEL  
What's wrong with Becky?

NOLAN  
She's a little pirate. She overcharges  
us, you know, and pads her time--

RACHEL  
Ugh, she was available.

NOLAN  
You're a soft touch and she knows it.

They both spin to...

BRANDI

... High as God's balls, shuffling to Nolan.

BRANDI  
Oh, Mommy want.

Paws him. Leans in. Opens her mouth. Tongue hungry.

From behind, Rachel pistol whips her out cold.

RACHEL  
Stay away from my things.

NOLAN  
You've been taking work while I was in  
therapy, haven't you?

Rachel averts her eyes.

Drums her fingers. **Black fingernail polish** -- just like the  
Sniper who shot the Mercenary.

NOLAN

Before we got married, we agreed, we would both stop working.

RACHEL

It was just an odd job here and there.

NOLAN

We, like, agreed!

RACHEL

Oh, stop making a thing out of everything.

The elevator doors open to Danni on point...

DANNI

It's bad.

NOLAN

Shit.

Tickles and Quan drag Plank out of the elevator. He's bleeding out from his side. Serious stuff.

PLANK

Nolan...

TICKLES

And the fucking cops are here.

NOLAN

How many?

QUAN

All of 'em, I think.

PLANK

Look... Look wut they did to me.

DANNI

You're, um, uh. You're gonna be fine.

Her eyes are cold comfort.

RACHEL

Don't worry, our ride's almost here.

NOLAN

Ride?

Members of The Squad file out of the elevator.

RACHEL

A helo. But it can't take all of us.

TICKLES  
I like her escape plan.

RACHEL  
What was your plan?

From her backpack, Danni snaps open a WINGSUIT.

DANNI  
Whee!

Rachel fires Nolan an "are you crazy" look.

NOLAN  
But you have room for Plank.

RACHEL  
Uh, maybe one of you--

TICKLES  
And me... I'll sit on his lap.

PLANK  
But if there's only one spot... Look,  
I'm not smart but I can count to one.

TICKLES  
(cries)  
But high places make me a-scared.

DANNI  
What were you thinking?

TICKLES  
I thought if I closed my eyes...

DANNI  
(takes his hand)  
We'll jump together, bae.

A tepid smile from Tickles. Nods. Turns to Plank.

TICKLES  
I know I got problems.

RACHEL  
(to Nolan)  
No jumping off buildings, buster.

As Quan quickly changes into his wingsuit...

QUAN  
Hey, I'm working for free here. This  
is the only reason I showed for this  
party.

Brandi slinks past with a handle of liquor.

BRANDI

Or...

Wraps around a SQUARE-JAWED MAN from The Squad.

A concealed PANIC ROOM door pops open. Sanctuary.

BRANDI

It's, uh, kinda undetectable. Food,  
water and nothing to do but vats of  
glue and stupid sick porn.

Intrigued, several men follow her into the panic room.

Directed at Nolan, Rachel clears her throat.

As the panic room door slowly closes, Brandi smiles.

BRANDI

I'll give 'em back in a day or so. Or  
after the cops leave. Or they wear  
out.

**THE ROOF - MOMENTS LATER**

Alongside Rachel, Nolan fireman carries Plank to the CHOPPER.

Followed by Danni, Tickles and the rest of The Squad.

Quan pushes past and dives spread-eagle off the ledge.

**EXT. THE CORPORATION HEADQUARTERS - 80-STORY BUILDING - SAME**

With his badge held high, A.J. slowly strides across the  
plaza to pensive police officers and first responders.

All heads tilt to Quan ROCKETING through skyscraper canyons.

Thunder CACKLES from distant thunderheads.

The chopper lifts off under an urgent, brooding sky.

**EXT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - DAY**

Smoke plumes from a Humpty Dumpty jumble of blackened  
wreckage.

**EXT. NOLAN'S SUBURBAN HOME - BACK YARD - NEXT DAY**

On a scalding grill, hotdogs and cheeseburgers sizzle.

Indistinct chatter of happy guests.

Nolan adds fresh patties.

A.J. totes sides out of the house and leads us to Rachel and Gemma, dressing the patio table.

In a wheelchair, Plank tips a beer. Sits with Quan. They talk up a couple of fellows from The Squad.

Danni and Tickles argue. Then hug.

On a side table, we move across framed photos: An ancient mug shot of Jersey, Rattler smiling and a military photo of Jeet. A candle burns in front of the photos.

Gemma adds her crayon drawing of the squirrel.

**INT. GEMMA'S CLASSROOM - DAY**

Quietly, Gemma sits in the back of the room at her desk.

Nolan, Rachel and her concerned TEACHER (25) sit up front.

TITLE "ONE YEAR LATER"

TEACHER

... The thing is, Gemma's grades are great. That scoring we did with her was off the charts.

RACHEL

But...

TEACHER

But the reason I asked you down here... Gemma has been displaying what we refer to as anti-social behavior.

NOLAN

Anti... social.

Gemma looks right at us. Flashes a fiendish smile.

TEACHER

Yes, but that doesn't mean--

RACHEL

Oh, we understand what it means.

Proud, Nolan cups Rachel's hand. She's glowing.

Nolan feigns sincerity to the Teacher...

NOLAN  
How can we help?

**FADE TO BLACK**

TITLE

If you or someone you know are experiencing emotional distress, contact the 988 Suicide & Crisis Lifeline 24/7 or find professional resources at [MindWideOpenProject.com](http://MindWideOpenProject.com).