

The Bobby Project

by

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Based on "Bumpy Bobby" by Dennis Hansen
Story by Dennis Hansen & Georges Bejue

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 1

The streets are quiet and surreal, sparsely populated, obscured by shadow and a moderate fog. The sound of bootheels clicking on cement echoes through the haze.

BOBBY is revealed through the fog. In his mid-20s, decked in shades and classy threads, he struts with total confidence.

As he passes the mouth of an alley, he hears a muffled cry. He slows, looking into the alley with a frown.

2 EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS 2

A PRETTY WOMAN has been surrounded by FOUR PUNKS, most in their mid-20s. TWO OF THEM hold her by the arms, leaving her to struggle against the brick wall. The THIRD PUNK stands just behind THE LEADER, watching over his shoulder.

The Leader is holding a switchblade in front of her wide, terrified eyes, waving slowly back and forth.

LEADER

Don't worry, baby. We're not gonna hurt you.

He steps closer, puts his hand on her thigh.

LEADER

Though I am gonna poke ya...

She whimpers and pleads, but the punks hold her tight.

LEADER

Shut up and enjoy it, bitch. Ain't no one gonna come to your rescue--

CRACK! Suddenly, the Third Punk is flying through the air. He crashes headfirst into a wall, crumbling to a heap.

The Leader turns just in time to get a kick in the gut.

He hits the pavement, cradling his stomach, and looks up into the face of Bobby.

The other Punks let go of the Woman and approach Bobby, each circling around to his sides. But Bobby doesn't look fazed.

The First Punk leaps, leading a high kick toward Bobby's face. Bobby sidesteps and grabs the Punk's leg as he sails by, swinging him like a baseball bat into the Other Punk. They both go down like ragdolls.

Eyes agog, the Leader drops the knife as he scrambles to his feet, then scurries away into the darkness of the alley.

Bobby turns his attention to the Woman. Smiling, she jumps into his arms, hugging him and kissing his face all over.

WOMAN

Thank you, Bobby! Thank you!

3 EXT. BIGGS SCIENCE INSTITUTE - LATE AFTERNOON 3

Bobby smiles. In the daylight, he doesn't look as cool as before. He wears skewed glasses, sloppy janitor's overalls, and his hair is unkempt. The ground around him is littered with what's left of his lunch: a half-eaten carton of yogurt, a bag of chips and a small milk carton lay about.

He dozes under a tree near the sidewalk of an upscale research institute, BSI. With dozens of buildings--lots of glass, brass and slick, angular architecture--it's obviously a well-funded and successful operation.

An Afro-American research assistant steps out a small side door, lighting a smoke. EDDIE BEAKERTON, early 30s, regards the sleeping man for a moment, before tossing a half-empty Coke into the overstuffed trashcan near the door. He pulls a comic book from his back pocket and sticks his nose into it.

4 EXT. BSI PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS 4

A black Dodge Charger pulls into the parking lot, stopping in the red zone. FOUR PUNKS--the same guys from the dream--get out of the vehicle. Mostly in their mid-20s, they don't seem to belong among the white coats on campus, with their tatoos, crazy haircuts, black leather and biker boots.

Three of the punks slide naturally behind JIMMY BIGGS--the dream leader. Handsome if he'd smile, his constant scowl often makes him look petty and childish. Just over his left shoulder broods SPIKE, the hulking driver with sharp eyes. A step over is ERNIE, somehow bigger than the massive Spike. ACE, thin and wiry under a heavy metal slash of hair--and out of place in his mid-30s--brings up the rear.

5 EXT. BSI COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS 5

Eddie watches silently over the top of his comic book as they pass, clearly hoping to stay off their radar.

Under the tree, Bobby begins snoring.

Jimmy hears him and slows, glaring. He glances at the half-empty Coke Eddie just tossed onto the trash pile.

6 FARTHER DOWN THE CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS 6

As they walk, two attractive young women, both early-20s, haven't noticed the thugs up ahead. BECKY, a redhead, short and slightly plump, seems anxious about something.

BECKY

You sure about this, Mimi?

MIMI NANTAN rolls her eyes and laughs. An Apache Indian, she is smart, confident, together, pretty when she smiles.

MIMI

Would you relax? I'd do it, but
I've got to meet my brother later.
Besides, it's fifty bucks...

BECKY

Isn't there some kind of rule about
not going with strangers for money?

7 EXT. BSI COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS 7

Bobby still smiles, until Eddie's Coke can bounces off his head. Sticky liquid spews everywhere. Ace and Ernie burst into laughter as Bobby startles awake, arms flailing.

Bobby readjusts his skewed glasses and stares at the punks like a deer trapped by headlights.

JIMMY

(approaching Bobby)

What're you doing sleeping on the
job, Cinderella?

SPIKE

Wouldn't that be Sleeping Beauty?

JIMMY

Shut up!
(to Bobby)

(MORE)

JIMMY (cont'd)
 Sounds like a pretty good reason
 for my dad to fire your ass!

Bobby stands up, but his eyes stay planted to the ground.

BOBBY
 I'm s-sorry. I was e-eating lunch--

JIMMY
 Lunch? It's almost quitting time,
 you dumbass.

Bobby bends over, nervously gathering his trash.

JIMMY
 Hey! Look at me when I talk to you.

Bobby stuffs the garbage into his wrinkled brown bag.

Jimmy boots Bobby in the butt. Bobby lurches face first into his trash. He rolls over, cover-alls dripping milk, cola and globs of yogurt.

Eddie puffs on his cigarette, watching the punks with distaste. He glances at the superhero on his comic.

EDDIE
 Wish I had your powers right now...

Closer now, Mimi and Becky stop, just noticing the drama.

MIMI
 (overlapping Jimmy)
 Did you see that?

JIMMY (BG)
 Ya know, Cinderella, my dad
 don't pay you to sleep.

BECKY
 (overlapping Jimmy)
 What a jerk...

JIMMY (BG)
 Why, that's just like
 stealing from the school.

MIMI
 Looks like he could use some help.

She steps onto the grass. Becky grabs her by the arm.

BECKY
 Are you kidding? Those guys look
 like they could be killers or
 rapists...or killer rapists--

MIMI

His dad owns BSI, so he thinks he's Executive Asshole or something...

BECKY

Well what about me?

Mimi points toward the research assistant.

MIMI

That's Eddie. He's the doctor's assistant. He'll help you.

She slips from Becky's grasp.

Jimmy looms over Bobby. He's been ranting the whole time, as Bobby bobbles his pile of trash.

JIMMY

Y'know, Cinderella, even a piece of shit like you is a representative of this institution. Why can'tcha take pride in your work--like me?

BOBBY

I'm s-sorry. I-I'll t-try harder...

JIMMY

Damn well better. I'll go Wicked Witch on yer ass.

SPIKE

Wouldn't that be evil step-mother?

Jimmy spins on Spike.

JIMMY

Are you Motherfucking Goose or something? Shut up!

(back to Bobby)

As for you, Cinderella, I--what the fuck is this?

Mimi is now stooped next to Bobby, helping to pluck up the trash. Bobby shies away, flinching slightly. But she flashes him a friendly smile, and he relaxes. A little.

JIMMY

I said what the fuck, man?

Mimi squares Jimmy in the eye and stands.

MIMI

He looked like he needed some help.

Jimmy snorts, off kilter by her directness, then simply ignores her by stepping in close to Bobby.

JIMMY

Are you such a coward you gotta
hide behind a little girl?

Mimi holds her ground.

MIMI

He's not hiding behind anyone. I'm
just helping him. Being nice.

JIMMY

Nice?

(beat)

Oh, nice. Sure. 'Cos it must be
pretty princess hour since you're
here, right Pocahontas?

Jimmy throws a mischievous glance at Ace. The thug nods, fading away from the group as Jimmy turns back to Bobby and Mimi, offering his hand to the janitor.

Mimi looks at Bobby seriously.

MIMI

Don't.

Bobby looks at the unclenched fist wearily. Then at Mimi. Then back to Jimmy, who waits patiently. Bobby raises his hand to take the offer. Jimmy grabs hold and pulls Bobby up.

JIMMY

You got one helluva grip there,
Cinderella. Must be from working
that broom handle all day, huh?

Jimmy strokes the air. Before Bobby can respond:

JIMMY

Just kidding ya, man. That's what
friends do, right buddy?

Bobby laughs punily.

BOBBY

Yeah, sh-sure...

JIMMY

(to Mimi)

Whatta guy! Takes it like a man!

(to Bobby)

Y'know, pal...I really feel like
you got this coming to ya, but...ya
see, I'm no good at...you know--

Bobby is just eager to get this over.

BOBBY

Th-that's okay.

Mimi looks away in disgust.

Jimmy smiles.

JIMMY

Hey, that's great. 'Cos nothing
would make me feel better...

(beat)

Except this.

Jimmy's arms spring out, pounding Bobby in the chest. Bobby
sprawls backwards over Ace, who has crept up behind him on
all fours. Jimmy's gang bellows with laughter.

ACE

Have a nice trip...

ERNIE

See ya in the fall...

Mimi crouches protectively beside Bobby.

MIMI

Pick on someone your own size!

JIMMY

But we're just getting to know our
new fairytale friend...

8

INT. BIGGS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

8

DR. BIGGS stands in the window, looking down on the scene
below. He is the owner of BSI, in his late 50s,
clean-shaven, tucked into a crisp, taylor-made business
suite. A faint smile plays off of his otherwise cold
demeanor.

A rotund, bearded Mafioso type, MARIO SCAGNETTI, stands next
to him, also watching from within a fine suit. Two of his
thugs hover in the background. KNUCKLES is in his late-30s
and ambitious; FLOYD is a bit younger, a lackey to the end.

DR. BIGGS

Takes me back to my youth...

SCAGNETTI

You know, it's great to reminisce,
and all, Biggs, but I've got other
business to attend to...

DR. BIGGS

Yes, I suppose so. Why don't you
send one of your goons down to
collect them?

9

EXT. BSI COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

9

MIMI

What are you doing?

Spike, the mountain of a man, has picked Bobby up, and is carrying him like a sack of potatoes toward the parking lot. Jimmy leads him.

JIMMY

We just wanna go cruising with our
new friend.

Jimmy steps into the parking lot without looking, directly in front of a car. It brakes to a halt as he throws his hand out nonchalantly.

JIMMY

This'll do.

Spike tosses Bobby on the hood.

THE DRIVER looks on, terrified, as Spike lumbers to the driver's side door, opens it, and yanks The Driver from behind the wheel. Bobby watches from the hood, uncertain.

Spike gets in, shifts into gear, and stomps the gas. The tires squeal.

MIMI

Oh my God! Stop it! You'll kill
him!

Bobby's eyes are wide and terrified. He hangs on grimly, Spike skidding and swerving around corners, scaring students as he narrowly misses them.

Scagnetti's right-hand man, Knuckles, stalks down the walk.

KNUCKLES

Hey assholes! You're keeping
Scagnetti waiting.

Jimmy turns around.

JIMMY

Chill out, needledick. We're just
havin' a little fun here.

KNUCKLES

The Boss don't like to wait, punk.

JIMMY

And I won't either when I'm your
boss...

Before Knuckles can respond, Jimmy turns around. Spike skids around the far corner, zooming toward them. Jimmy draws his hand across his throat, then dips his head toward Knuckles.

Spike nods and grins, gunning the engine. He speeds directly toward the small group at the edge of the parking lot.

At the last second, he slams on the brakes. Bobby catapults off the hood, flying through the air. He crashes into Knuckles. They go down in a tangled heap on the grass.

Spike gets out of the car and they all make for the building, laughing and carrying on.

Knuckles shoves Bobby off. Getting up, he brushes his suit furiously as he stomps up the walk.

Mimi bumps him as she rushes toward Bobby.

KNUCKLES

Watch it, bitch--

He stalks inside.

Mimi crouches beside Bobby.

MIMI

Are you all right?

He sits up and nods his head, though he is clearly not okay: he's bruised, bleeding. Beaten.

MIMI

Here. Let me help you.

She pulls a handkerchief from her purse, begins gently removing the blood from his face.

MIMI
I'm Mimi, by the way.

BOBBY
(hesitant)
B-B-Bobby.

MIMI
It's nice to meet you, Bobby.

BOBBY
Thank you. Y-you are v-very nice.

MIMI
I just thought I'd help.

Bobby is quiet for a moment.

BOBBY
Why?

Mimi smiles. She wipes at a smudge on his cheek.

MIMI
I guess I'd help anyone in a fix.
(beat)
And I like your hair.

Bobby blushes. Reflexively, he puts his head down, and accidentally jabs himself in the eye with Mimi's finger. Bobby jerks his head away, covering his eye with both hands.

MIMI
Oh, God--sorry! Are you okay?

Bobby nods his head.

BOBBY
Yes. Yes.

He lowers his hands, though he still squints with his watering eye.

BOBBY
Y-you can e-e-even clean off
m-more...i-if y-you want...

Mimi laughs and scrubs his chin.

MIMI
Where are you from?

BOBBY
Montpellier, in S-south France.

MIMI
Really? Wow! I've never been out of
New Mexico...

10 INT. BIGGS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

10

Scagnetti stands to the side of the desk, looking down at Dr. Biggs, who is now comfortable in his plush leather chair. He holds a newspaper.

The headline reads: CRIME DOWN 9%

SCAGNETTI
...and they're up to something, I'm
telling you.

DR. BIGGS
We'll soon know, won't we?

Jimmy walks into the office alone.

JIMMY
Hey, Dad. Scagnetti. What's up?

Dr. Biggs tosses the newspaper across the desk.

DR. BIGGS
This.

Jimmy catches it and looks.

The headline reads: CRIME DOWN 9% IN TOWN.

Knuckles comes in as Jimmy peruses. The goon still fumes, glaring daggers at Jimmy. Scagnetti takes this in.

JIMMY
What?

DR. BIGGS
How's crime going down, son? You've
brought me four cars in less than
two weeks.

JIMMY
We've been shopping other markets.
Durango. Albuquerque.

SCAGNETTI

Driving stolen goods that far?
You're dumber than I thought.

JIMMY

You think I'm not hooked up
everywhere? They're clean before we
ever take 'em on the road, man.

SCAGNETTI

Yeah? Then why's most of your
deliveries the same make and model
as cars boosted off our lots?

JIMMY

'Cos you like those kinda cars,
retard. It's what you ask for.

SCAGNETTI

Whatever...

JIMMY

And, I'm taking some of the local
heat off. If you don't like the way
I work--fine. Get someone else.

DR. BIGGS

No, you're doing just fine, son.
That will be all.

Scagnetti barely contains his outrage, but Biggs puts up a hand

Jimmy stares acid at Scagnetti, then turns for the door, shooting a cocky smirk at Knuckles before the door closes.

DR. BIGGS

Have your men follow him.

Scagnetti nods, satisfied. He shifts his glance to Knuckles.

Knuckles grins sadistically.

DR. BIGGS

But don't even think about laying a
hand on my boy.

The grin sours.

11 EXT. BSI COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

11

Bobby and Mimi sit on the grass. Bobby is as cleaned up as he can get for now.

BOBBY

It t-took most of my i-inheritance to g-get here. S-sweeping f-floors does not pay well, but no one else will h-hire me without e-education.

MIMI

So why don't you go to school?

BOBBY

Like I say--s-sweeping does not p-pay me enough.

MIMI

What about scholarships or grants?

BOBBY

I do not know h-how to do that. I-I cannot r-read English well.

MIMI

I can help you with that.

Bobby smiles.

In the background, Ace comes out of the entrance. He notices the pair.

Bobby struggles with something for a moment--then:

BOBBY

Y-y-you are m-my f-f-friend.

MIMI

Thank you.

The pair share a smile as Ace disappears back inside.

BOBBY

My first.

Mimi smiles back. She picks at a few blades of grass stuck to the yogurt on his cover-alls.

MIMI

I think maybe I can help you with something else...

(beat)

(MORE)

MIMI (cont'd)
 You should learn to defend
 yourself, Bobby.

BOBBY
 (embarrassed)
 I-I'm s-sorry. B-b-being raised
 b-by my m-m-mother...I never--

MIMI
 You don't have to be embarrassed. I
 think it just adds to your charm.

Bobby grows red in the face.

MIMI
 My brother teaches karate. He'll be
 at the strip club for a demo
 tonight at...

She checks her watch.

MIMI
 Omigod! He's gonna be there in ten
 minutes, and I'm supposed to meet
 him. Look, I've got to go, Bobby.
 Will you be there? Foxtails?

BOBBY
 Um...y-yes. I-I'd l-like to.

Ace and the HEAD CUSTODIAN come out. Ace points toward
 Bobby, then walks away.

MIMI
 Good. I'll see you there.

Mimi hurries away.

Bobby watches her longingly.

The Head Custodian marches up behind him.

HEAD CUSTODIAN
 What the hell are you doing, Bobby?

Bobby jumps.

BOBBY
 Oh--I'm sorry--

HEAD CUSTODIAN

Where you been all afternoon?

12 INT. AUTO SHOP GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

12

Ace, Spike and Ernie sit on and around a nice Camero in the garage, smoking cigarettes and laughing. A DOZEN OTHER TOUGHS work on other vehicles in the garage, though a few have stopped to listen to Ace ramble.

ACE

...when he went flying into Scagnetti's guy--POW! Man, that was just too cool.

SPIKE

You could say I aim to please...

Ace and Ernie seem to think that's funny.

Jimmy walks in, nods for the other goons to scam. They do.

JIMMY

Is it ready?

SPIKE

Down to the dents...

JIMMY

Good. We're lifting another one tonight.

SPIKE

Another one? From Scagnetti?

Jimmy nods.

SPIKE

No way--it's too soon. He's gonna get suspicious--

JIMMY

He already is.

SPIKE

Then what the hell? I told you he'd figure it out when he kept getting the same cars...

JIMMY

That's why we're getting the other Camero tonight. We show up a few

(MORE)

JIMMY (cont'd)
 hours later with this one--no way
 we could re-deck it in that time.
 And he damn-well knows it.

ACE
 Right...

13 INT. BRIGHT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 13

Bobby comes out of a classroom with a bag of garbage. He tosses the trash into a large bin on his cart, then pushes it down the hall.

Bobby stops at the end of the hallway, grabbing trash bags before he shambles into the room. The plaque outside the door reads: AUTO SHOP GARAGE

14 INT. AUTO SHOP GARAGE - CONTINUOUS 14

Bobby heads for a trash can. He doesn't notice Jimmy and his gang over in the corner.

But Jimmy notices Bobby.

Jimmy gets Ace's attention, pointing. Ace nods his head and slips away.

Jimmy, Spike and Ernie make a bee-line for Bobby.

Bobby has his back to them. He pulls the bulging trashbag from the can as Jimmy steps up behind him.

JIMMY
 Hey Cinderella!

Bobby whirls around. The bag slips from his hand. Trash tumbles across the floor. Fear splashes Bobby's eyes.

Jimmy holds his opened hand up, palm palm toward his face, all five fingers splayed wide. He pulls his thumb in. A second later, his little finger, as if he's counting down. His ring finger retracts next. Finally his index finger disappears--now Jimmy is flipping Bobby off.

Ace slips behind Bobby with a small metal trashcan, mostly empty. He dumps it on Bobby, and lets it fall over the janitor's head.

Before Bobby can react, Jimmy and Ace high-kick either side of the can, crumpling it from either side. Bobby drops. Writhing in pain, he wrestles the dented can off and cradles his aching skull.

JIMMY

Guess Pocahontas can't protect you
all the time, huh, princess?

He indicates to the trash on the floor.

JIMMY

Now clean up this shit...

He steps over Bobby. Spike kicks him in the ribs as he steps past. Ace steps on him.

Then Ernie picks him up and dumps him headfirst into the larger can Bobby emptied. The others laugh as they leave.

15

INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

15

Not a typical lab with beakers and burners, but computer monitors and electrodes, machines with knobs, dials and lights. Lots of wires. Lights flash. Machinery hums and beeps. Comic books are stacked here and there.

On the far side of the room is a large padded leather chair. It, too, has many electrodes and wires. Mechanical "arms" reach out on both sides of the headpad.

In the opposite corner are a number of physical training devices--treadmills, weight stations, etc.--all with their own octopus-configuration of electrodes.

Eddie Beakerton argues with Becky, who crosses for the door.

DR. ZAZZYAZZESTEIN, mid-50s, graying, German accent, paces impatiently, muttering to himself as he keeps a weather eye on the drama.

BECKY

Sorry, you guys. Changed my mind--

EDDIE

You can't leave! We paid you.

Becky stops, searching her pocket. She pulls out a fifty dollar bill, flings it at Eddie.

BECKY

Keep it! I'm not letting you inject
some...computer virus into me!

EDDIE

It's not a computer virus. They're
just tiny microprocessors that
adhere to your cranial arteries and
emit synaptic-like pulses--

BECKY

Fuck you!

With that, she's gone.

Eddie stoops, swiping the cash from the floor.

EDDIE

Not for fifty bucks...

16 INT. AUTO SHOP GARAGE - CONTINUOUS 16

Bobby, scooping the last of the trash up, hears the
commotion.

17 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS 17

Dr. Z waives his hands in dismissal.

DR. Z

She was the wrong character type,
anyway.

EDDIE

Yeah. Bitch.

Eddie steps up to Dr. Z.

EDDIE

Look, Dr. Z--use me. Inject me.
I'll be the guinea pig--

Dr. Z paces back and forth.

DR. Z

No, no. Then who would assist me,
then? I do not know how to work all
of these...gadgets.

He indicates to the wall of screens and monitors.

EDDIE

I can preset them--

DR. Z

What if we needed to change the
influx? Decrease the flow?

EDDIE

I can teach you--

Dr. Z shakes his head and waives his hands, pacing.

DR. Z

My mind will be on other things--

EDDIE

Like what, pacing? Look, all I know
is we were supposed to get this
test done on Monday, and since
then, we've had five test subjects
walk. And if we don't have results
by the end of August, our grant
money's gone. Look, Doc, I am here,
now, and I'm willing to do it.

DR. Z

No. No--

EDDIE

Then how are we going to do this?

DR. Z

We will find someone...

EDDIE

Where? I've practically had to drag
the last two down here.

DR. Z

I'm not sure where. But I am
confident that--

EDDIE

That what? That the perfect lab rat
is just gonna walk through that
door? I hate to tell you this, Doc,
but we could wait for the next ten
years and no one would--

Bobby steps into the room. He freezes when he realizes he's
not alone.

BOBBY

Oh, s-sorry. I get your trash and
leave.

Dr. Z looks the janitor over, thoughtfully stroking his chin
as Bobby fumbles with the trash.

EDDIE

Yeah, just grab it and get the hell
on outta here.

(back to Dr. Z)

So, what do you say, Doc?

DR. Z

I say he's perfect.

EDDIE

What?

DR. Z

He's perfect.

EDDIE

I meant me.

DR. Z

I meant him.

EDDIE

But--

Dr. Z waves Bobby over.

DR. Z

Come here, my boy. Let me get a
look at you.

Bobby looks at him like a deer caught in headlights.

BOBBY

Me?

DR. Z

Yes, yes. Hurry up!

Bobby hesitantly crosses to him.

DR. Z

What is your name?

BOBBY

Bobby.

Dr. Z extends his hand. As he speaks, Bobby slowly extends his own and shakes.

DR. Z

I'm Dr. Zazzyzazzestein, head of this department, but everybody just calls me "Dr. Z." This is Eddie--

EDDIE

(overlapping)
Dr. Beakerton.

DR. Z

--my assistant.

Dr. Z indicates to the mess Bobby has become.

DR. Z

You look like a fellow who could use some help, Bobby.

18

EXT. FOXTAILS' PARKING LOT - DUSK

18

Mimi waits outside of Foxtails, arms crossed, foot tapping impatiently. She scowls slightly (but with a twinkle in her eye) at a man crossing the parking lot toward her.

He's well-built, an Apache Indian, seemingly chiseled from granite. Intense. Intimidating.

Then a smile belies her brother's affection.

Mimi thrusts her hands on her hips dramatically.

MIMI

Keep all the girls waiting like that, it's no wonder you're still single, Jean...

JEAN

Sorry. But you know the only reason I'd keep a pretty lady waiting is for my agent...

Mimi brightens.

MIMI

Good news?

Jean can hardly conceal his grin.

JEAN

I got the part, Mimi!

MIMI
In the Stallone movie?

Jean nods.

MIMI
Oh my God! That's great!

JEAN
We start training in two weeks.

They begin walking toward the front door.

MIMI
Oh my--I can't believe it!

JEAN
(grinning from ear to ear)
You can't believe it...?

MIMI
Just don't forget about the little
people, okay Mr. Schwarzenegger?

Jean laughs giddily.

Jimmy's gang pulls up by the front door. Jimmy and Ace bail out.

Mimi glances their direction with distaste. Her eyes roll.

MIMI
Oh, great.

JEAN
What?

MIMI
God's gift to assholes just showed
up.

JEAN
Who is he?

MIMI
His name's Jimmy. His dad owns BSI.
He thinks being an asshole is a
God-given right.

Jean studies Jimmy, unimpressed as Jimmy steps out of the car.

JIMMY (B.G.)
Meet me back here.

Jimmy shuts the car door. He and Ace disappear into the club. Techno bleeds from the opened door as Spike's Charger screams out of the parking lot.

MIMI
Say, that reminds me. I'm meeting a friend here, tonight. Those idiots hassle him a lot, and I wondered if you could teach him some moves?

JEAN
Yeah, sure. Be happy to.

They go in.

19

INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

19

The two scientists already have Bobby sitting in the leather chair. Dr. Z attaches electrodes to various parts of Bobby's torso and head, then scurries off.

Eddie turns toward Bobby with the fifty, then pauses. He dips into his pocket, replacing the fifty with a twenty. He slips that into Bobby's breast pocket.

BOBBY
What is that?

EDDIE
Oh, uh...we pay all our subjects.

BOBBY
Oh--thank you. This is so fast.

DR. Z
We've spent years preparing for this very moment. Most of the work has already been done. Why, it has only been a matter of finding the right person for a week now.

EDDIE
Paperwork's ready, Doc.

DR. Z
Good. Good. Bring it here. Quickly.

He grabs a clipboard and steps over.

DR. Z
We need you to sign a few release
forms and, uh...how do you say...

EDDIE
Waivers?

Dr. Z grabs the clipboard and hands it to Bobby.

DR. Z
Yes. Waivers. If you could just
sign there...

EDDIE
Shouldn't he read them first?

BOBBY
Oh--I cannot read English well.

DR. Z
See? See? He does not need to read
this. Just sign there...

EDDIE
Then we need to explain it to him--

Dr. Z sighs.

DR. Z
Very well. Now Bobby, first I will
be injecting a saline solution with
tiny little microchip radio
sender-receivers units into your
carotid artery, which will--

Bobby stares blankly.

DR. Z
Are you understand anything I am
saying?

Bobby shakes his head.

DR. Z
Just sign the papers...

Bobby takes the pen.

Eddie throws his hands up in disgust.

DR. Z
...there...and now there. Very
good, Bobby.

(to Eddie)
 Take these, please. And bring me
 the serums.

He hands the clipboard to Eddie.

EDDIE
 (under his breath)
 And he wonders why I call him the
 mad scientist...

Dr. Z lowers the mechanical "arms" around Bobby' head.

DR. Z
 Now, when we put these around your
 head, we will be creating a strong
 electromagnetic field to help align
 the microchips in your brain so
 they can bond. I tell you this
 because electromagnetics can
 produce hallucinations. You may see
 some very kooky things over the
 next few minutes. But no worry...

Eddie returns with both serums. They are mounted on
 injection guns.

DR. Z
 Ah, very good. Are you ready,
 Bobby?

Bobby nods.

DR. Z
 Okay. Lift your head up. There will
 be a little sting, like a bee.

Bobby lifts his head. Dr. Z puts the nozzle of the gun over
 Bobby' neck artery and pulls the trigger. Bobby flinches.

DR. Z
 All done with that one. This next
 shot needs only to go in your arm.

Bobby rubs his neck.

BOBBY
 Good.

Dr. Z puts the other serum gun to Bobby' arm, pulls the
 trigger.

DR. Z

This is the Synergy serum. It will help to sustain the vast amounts of energy you will be using. Though the more energy you use, the more quickly you will use up the serum.

BOBBY

What happens then?

DR. Z

You will probably go to sleep. You will be very tired and hungry. You will have no natural energy left. Your own body acts as the battery for the processors, as well as for yourself. And this process will take a great deal of energy. But don't you--ah...

Bobby gawks at Dr. Z, looking the scientist up and down.

DR. Z

Is something the matter?

BOBBY

Where did your clothes go?

DR. Z

What? My clothes...

He checks himself as Eddie laughs.

EDDIE

He's hallucinating.

(beat)

And, considering what he's seeing, maybe I'm glad I didn't do this.

Dr. Z smirks at Eddie.

20

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

20

An unmarked sedan is parked on a quiet side-street. Two men in suits sit in the front seat.

21

INT. GOVERNMENT CAR - CONTINUOUS

21

AGENT JOHNSON--mid-30s, serious yet relaxed, handsome, a good agent--and AGENT NEUMEYER sit in a plain sedan. Agent Neumeyer fidgets, a rookie in his early 20s, raw and eager.

Two blocks away, a large sign reading SCAGNETTI'S USED CARS hangs over a large car lot.

AGENT NEUMEYER
Where the hell are they?

Agent Johnson shakes his head.

AGENT JOHNSON
The could be waiting for someone.
Hiding out. Hell, maybe they're on
to us.

Spike's Charger rips around the corner in the background.

AGENT NEUMEYER
You know, I didn't join the bureau
for all this sitting around shit,
man. I joined up for...well,
y'know, like *Silence of the Lambs*,
and *Die Hard*. That shit happens all
the time, so when're we gonna see a
piece of the action?

Agent Johnson laughs.

AGENT JOHNSON
Oh, man--what planet are you from?

AGENT NEUMEYER
Planet Hollywood, man. What about
you?

AGENT JOHNSON
Reality. Try it sometime. Research,
stakeouts and paperwork'll keep you
busy. No time for gun-battles and
car chases, kid.

The Charger slows in front of Scagnetti's. Ernie slithers out, a slim-jim in hand. He fades between two Camero's on the lot. Spike peels down the road.

AGENT NEUMEYER
Holy shit! D'you see that!?

AGENT JOHNSON

Mm-hmm.

He logs Spike's make, model and license plate.

AGENT NEUMEYER

Well let's go!

He throws the door open.

AGENT JOHNSON

Keep your panties on, kid--

AGENT NEUMEYER

But--

AGENT JOHNSON

Get back in here! We don't know anything about that guy. Or the situation, for that matter. He could be one of Scagnetti's men or just some punk car thief.

Agent Neumeyer reluctantly closes the door.

An engine screams to life in the distance. A red Camero rockets out of Scagnetti's car lot, laying rubber halfway down the block.

AGENT NEUMEYER

Well what the hell are you waiting for? Let's go!

AGENT JOHNSON

That punk doesn't have anything to do with this case. We're here to keep an eye on Scagnetti's men--

Agent Neumeyer points.

AGENT NEUMEYER

Well, it looks like they're about ready to go.

Agent Johnson's head whips around toward the car lot.

Knuckles and three burly toughs scurry toward a white Cadillac, keeping an eye on the receding Camero. They pile in their car, then screech out of the lot.

Agent Johnson starts the sedan, kicking it into gear and rushes off. Agent Neumeyer whoops with excitement.

Eddie raises the mechanical arms on the chair from Bobby's head, then starts pulling electrodes off.

BOBBY

Hey, you found your clothes...

DR. Z

Uhhh...yeah, sure. How are you feeling, Bobby?

BOBBY

Like I need to pee.

DR. Z

Oh, well--we just have a few more tests to run. Shouldn't take but a few minutes--

BOBBY

I need to go very badly.

DR. Z

There are no facilities in this end of the building--

BOBBY

I know. I clean all the bathrooms here everyday.

(getting up.)

I'll be right back.

He heads for the door.

DR. Z

No, Bobby. Wait--

Bobby opens the door, accidentally ripping it off its hinges with no effort.

BOBBY

Oh. Sorry.

EDDIE

Look--I wired him up with the audio and video equipment, so we can keep an eye on him in case something happens. And we can check out the GPS locator while he's out, make sure it all works.

DR. Z
 (resigned)
 Yes, yes, alright. Just set the
 door down and hurry back, Bobby...

Bobby props the panel against a wall, then rushes for the nearest bathroom.

EDDIE
 Should've used me, Doc...

Dr. Z rolls his eyes as Eddie sits down in front of the row of computers. Moving a few comics out of the way, he begins typing on a keyboard.

On the monitor in front of him, a no-frills gridmap of the institute appears. A pulsing red dot represents Bobby's location: he's just entered the bathroom.

EDDIE
 Anywhere in this building--or any other wired school or government building--we can track his location to within six inches. In the city, we can track him to within six feet--even down the sewage tunnels.

The next monitor shows video from a small lapel-cam, attached to Bobby's shirt. Dirty white porcelain and part of the shiny handle can be seen.

The audio and monitors reveal that two students have entered the bathroom, GUY and DUDE. On the gridmap, they are represented by green dots.

GUY (O.S. - FILTERED)
 You going to Ann's party tonight?

23

INT. INSTITUTE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

23

Bobby zips up as Guy and Dude roll up to the trough.

DUDE
 Nah. There's a karate demo at
 Foxtails. I wanna check it out.

Bobby's eyes grow wide.

BOBBY
 Mimi!

24

INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

24

Dr. Z and Eddie both have puzzled looks on their faces.

DR. Z & EDDIE

What?

On the monitor, Bobby exits the bathroom.

DR. Z

What did he say?

EDDIE

It sounded like...pee-pee.

DR. Z

What is that?

EDDIE

I though that's what he was doing.

The blinking dot heads in the opposite direction from the laboratory.

DR. Z

Where is he going? He's not coming back here, Eddie!

EDDIE

I can see that--

Eddie begins typing.

DR. Z

Do something.

EDDIE

I am.

Eddie's fingers do the walking. Fast.

EDDIE

Dammit!

DR. Z

What?

EDDIE

I can't find the program! Where the hell is the Direct Command?

Eddie's fingers pound furiously.

DR. Z

We can't let him loose into the city like this, Eddie. He doesn't know his own strength.

EDDIE

Then you'd better start running, 'cos it's gonna take me a few minutes to get this program reinstalled...

25 EXT. FOXTAILS' PARKING LOT - NIGHT

25

Foxtail's is hoppin'. A few empty spaces in the backlot.

Spike pulls the Charger into a free spot. Gets out.

He fishes a pack of cigarettes from his trenchcoat. Digs a butt out. Lights it. He leans back against his Charger, watching the ladies in the parking lot.

A red Camero squeels into the next slot.

Ernie gets out.

ERNIE

Let's do this. I wanna party.

Spike leans through his window, removes a screw driver and a license plate.

He slaps it on their new acquisition. Ernie scrapes the prices off the windshield.

In the rear corner, a white Cadillac pulls into the lot, keeping inconspicuous.

When Spike is finished with the plates, he goes to his car and grabs some trash--empty cigarette packs, Coke cans. Tosses them into the Camero.

ERNIE

Why's Jimmy have us do that?

SPIKE

Makes it look lived in. Less suspicious.

Spike shuts the door.

SPIKE

Now time ta party.

He and Ernie take off toward the front door.

As they recede into the distance, the white Cadillac pulls in behind the Camero. In the background, the F.B.I. sedan pulls into the lot, also hanging back to observe.

Knuckles, Floyd, TONY and GUIDO have stopped to examine the boosted car, observing from inside their own.

KNUCKLES

They must make the deals here.
Let's go inside, take a look
around. See who that punk talks to.
Floyd--call Scagnetti and let him
know where we are.

Knuckles pulls down the row a few spaces. Parks behind a van. The goons get out and lumber toward the club.

The government car cruises slowly down the row.

26

INT. GOVERNMENT CAR - CONTINUOUS

26

AGENT NEUMEYER

All right--a titty bar. At least
we're gonna get some kind of action
tonight, 'cos that was the lamest
freaking car chase ever...

Scagnetti's men disappear inside as Neumeyer complains.

Agent Johnson pulls into a spot near the Camero.

AGENT JOHNSON

Told ya, kid. Now listen--you're to
keep your eyes on those men, not
all that writhing young flesh in
there, you got it?

They get out and converge on the bar.

AGENT NEUMEYER

Yeah, yeah...

AGENT JOHNSON

I'm serious about this--

AGENT NEUMEYER
Yeah, yeah--me, too.

Agent Johnson doubts that.

AGENT NEUMEYER
I am...

Bobby pulls into the parking lot, past the agents.

27 INT. FOXTAILS - CONTINUOUS

27

Music. Bodies. Flesh. All at top volume.

Jimmy and Spike sit in the near corner. Three YOUNG HOTTIES are all ready hanging off them. Skimpy. Eager. Ernie and Ace are nowhere in sight.

Mimi and Becky step out of the bathroom. Mimi looks around hopefully for Bobby.

No sign of him.

Jean and his assistant sit near the far corner of the dance floor. A floor mat rests nearby. Broken boards and smashed cinderblock bricks lay scattered around the edges. A sweaty Jean relaxes, though a mass people hover around them, shouting questions in a mass drone of voices.

Knuckles and his goons come into the building.

Mimi steps around the dance floor, colliding with Knuckles for the second time today.

KNUCKLES
Bitch--I said watch it!

Knuckles shoves her to the side.

The federal agents step in and see this.

Knuckles and his men trample away.

BECKY
Rude!

Mimi glares.

A few tables away from Jimmy, Scagnetti's men are just sitting down. Knuckles keeps his back to Jimmy while Floyd faces them, watching. TONY and GUIDO fill the other chairs.

Agent Johnson steps up to the end of the bar, eyes glued on the thugs. Agent Neumeyer's are glued to the topless girls.

BARTENDER
What's yer poison tonight?

AGENT JOHNSON
Water.

The bartender shrugs, looks to Agent Neumeyer.

BARTENDER
How 'bout you, loverboy?

Agent Neumeyer doesn't even hear him. The Bartender shrugs and blows them off.

Bobby comes into the building. A burly BOUNCER stops him.

BOUNCER
Where you think you're going?

BOBBY
To meet a friend.

BOUNCER
Not without paying the cover charge, pal.

BOBBY
But I have no money...

BOUNCER
Then you got no friends here.
There's the door.

Guy and Dude, from the bathroom, come in behind Bobby.

BOBBY
But I am supposed to meet her
here--

BOUNCER
Tough shit, pal. No dough, no show.
Now get out of the way of the
paying customers.

The Bouncer hitches his thumb toward the door. Guy and Dude wait impatiently.

BOBBY
But--

BOUNCER

All right, buddy. Warned ya--

The Bouncer grabs at Bobby.

Bobby catches the Bouncer's hands within his own, squeezing.

The Bouncer cries out, sinking to his knees. His knuckles crackle and pop.

BOUNCER

Stop! Stop it, goddammit!

Bobby grins, incredulous. He looks at the guys behind him.

BOBBY

Go ahead, friends. Tonight's on me.

GUY

All right!

DUDE

You're the man!

They strut in as Bobby let's go of the Bouncer's hands. The Bouncer shakes and cradles his fingers.

BOBBY

Oh! I just remembered--

He reaches into his breast pocket, pulls out the \$20 Eddie had given him earlier. He offers it to the Bouncer.

The Bouncer shakes his head.

BOUNCER

Forget it, pal. You'll need it for your girlfriend.

Grinning, Bobby struts into the hyperactive waves of flesh. No immediate sign of Mimi. Lots of T&A, though.

Bobby blushes, wading into the mass.

Mimi has been skimming the faces in the crowd. She spots Bobby. Hopping up, she cuts across the floor.

Bobby rubbernecks, pushing aimlessly into the room. He bumps into Ace, Ernie lumbering beside him.

Ace turns and scowls. Then realizes--

ACE

What the hell are you doing here, princess?

28 INT. SCIENCE LAB - CONTINUOUS

28

Dr. Z watches the minicam screen. He sees the punks, and that they mean business.

DR. Z
Isn't the program installed yet?

BOBBY (FILTERED)
I'm only looking for someone.

The keyboard chatters as Eddie races to finish.

EDDIE
Almost there...

ACE (FILTERED)
But we didn't say you could look here.

DR. Z
Which data discs are in the transmitter?

BOBBY (FILTERED)
I'm not afraid of you anymore. Get out of my way.

EDDIE
Uh...Strength Stimulation and Reflexes.

ACE (FILTERED)
Say what?

DR. Z
I think we should put a fighting disc in in place of the reflex. Boxing or martial arts.

BOBBY (FILTERED)
I said go pick on someone your own I.Q., like a banana.

EDDIE
(pointing)
Right there, Dr. Z. Get the lead outta yer ass.

ACE (FILTERED)
What did you say to me?

29 INT. FOXTAILS - CONTINUOUS

29

Ace shoves Bobby.

Mimi sees this. Spins. Weaves back toward her brother.

MIMI
Jean! Jean!

Bobby stands firm.

BOBBY

I said get out of my way.

30 INT. SCIENCE LAB - CONTINUOUS 30

Dr. Z fumbles with the discs.

EDDIE

Hurry up. He's defenseless if he
can't draw off those discs.

On the monitor, Ace takes a swing.

31 INT. FOXTAILS - CONTINUOUS 31

It connects with Bobby' jaw. Hard.

He flails into the air, ass over elbows. Smashes onto a
table. It splinters.

ERNIE

Hey--save some for me.

Ernie elbows past Ace. He hefts Bobby up high. Tosses him.

Bobby slams across another table. Patrons scatter. Bobby and
the table crumble.

Across the room, Spike stands.

SPIKE

What the hell're they doing?

Jimmy is caught up in the girls. He doesn't look up.

JIMMY

Letting off some steam. Who gives a
shit?

32 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS 32

Eddie pushes his roller chair away from the console.

EDDIE

Direct Command's in. Gimme that!

Eddie nabs the disc and slaps it into place.

33

INT. FOXTAILS - CONTINUOUS

33

The crowd has begun drifting toward the fight. Mimi battles through the thinning hoard.

Jean stands, scanning for the action as Mimi grabs him.

MIMI

Jean--my friend! He's in trouble--

Jean scrambles across the crowd.

But Bobby stands--something different in his posture now, as he brushes debris off his shoulder.

ERNIE

Oh--a tough guy.

Ernie takes another poke. Bobby blocks--not quite as fast as when he had upgraded reflexes--but he counters by snatching Ernie's throat, lifting, machine-gunning a few jabs into the ribs with his free fist before kicking the punk aside.

Ace rushes Bobby as Ernie bowls through the crowd.

Bobby spins kicks, foot extended high.

Ace's face blocks it. He bounces off the floor, writhing.

Ernie pushes off the floor and goes after Bobby as

SPIKE WATCHES IN DISBELIEF.

SPIKE

It's that janitor, Jimmy. He's kicking their ass!

JIMMY

What?!

Spike leaps for the action. Jimmy dumps the hotties and scrambles over the booth.

Ernie swings angrily. Bobby ducks easily, delivering a gut punch that takes Ernie off his feet momentarily.

KNUCKLES WATCHES FROM THE TABLE, SMILING.

GUIDO

What the hell should we do?

AGENT JOHNSON ANSWERS AGENT NEUMEYER'S QUESTION.

AGENT JOHNSON

Absolutely nothing. I've told you,
they're not our business.

Ernie wobbles, fighting for consciousness. Bobby spin-kicks again, planting his heel into Ernie's chest. Ernie flies backward into a wall. He collapses, pictures and memorabilia raining down around him.

Jean, Mimi and Becky stand on the edge of the crowd. Guy and Dude cheer next to them.

JEAN

That's your friend? What the hell
am I supposed to teach him?

Spike charges.

Bobby sidesteps, spinning, placing an elbow to the back of Spike's head as he passes.

Spike slides headfirst into the scrambling crowd, dropping them like bowling pins.

Jimmy snatches a bottled beer from a nearby drunk. Grasps the neck. Shatters it.

He waves the jagged bottle in front of his face.

JIMMY

Think you're tough, huh, Cinderlla?
Then let's dance.

Jimmy jabs with the weapon.

Bobby easily kicks it from his opponent's hand.

Surprised, Jimmy leaves himself open for just a second shot.

And like a lightning strike, Bobby's hand clenches over Jimmy's throat. Bobby pushes up, up, catapulting Jimmy straight into a supporting girder in the ceiling. Jimmy's head thunks hollowly off of it.

His unconscious body crashes to the floor.

KNUCKLES GRINS.

KNUCKLES

I could get to like this guy.

34

INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

34

EDDIE

Hot damn! He kicked their asses!

He does something like a touchdown dance.

Dr. Z frowns at the monitors.

DR. Z

He's used a lot of the Synergy serum. More than I thought he would, Eddie. Down to twenty-five percent--we need to bring him back.

EDDIE

Yeah. But let's make sure it's over. The Direct Command overrides all other programs, including the data discs. It could interrupt with the download if he needs to fight.

DR. Z

Very well. But as soon as it's over, we must bring him back here.

35

INT. FOXTAILS - CONTINUOUS

35

Ace sits in a heap, gasping and teetering. Ernie is motionless. But Spike is back up.

Spike swings a vicious roundhouse that connects, and Bobby drops.

On the ground, his foot darts through Spike's legs. Ace takes the kick in the face, flopping like a rag doll.

Spike cups his family jewels in his hands, eyes bulging in relief from the near-miss.

Bobby sees this. Then brings his knee up. Hard.

Spike grunts, wincing. He drops to his knees, pinning Bobby.

Bobby two-punches him solidly in the head and chest. The resistance sends Bobby sliding out from under the avalanche of Spike.

Bobby comes to a halt still at the ready. He breaths heavily, sweat coating his body, but his eyes are wide and alert, his muscles coiled.

All the punks seem to be down for the count, though.

BOBBY

Wow.

He marvels at his fists for a moment as the crowd cheers and claps. Grinning, Bobby rolls onto his back and swings his legs hard, back-jumping to his feet.

36 INT. SCIENCE LAB - CONTINUOUS

36

EDDIE

Synergy levels are critically low!
Twelve percent and falling.

DR. Z

Then use the Direct Command!

37 INT. FOXTAILS - CONTINUOUS

37

The crowd begins clapping and cheering.

Bobby releases a long breath, finally relaxing. He slumps, wobbling like a drunk. He's worn out.

Mimi hurries over and dusts Bobby off. Jean follows.

MIMI

Bobby, are you all right?

Jean pats him on the back.

JEAN

Those were some slick moves, my friend. And Mimi thought you couldn't fight.

BOBBY

I didn't know I had it in me.

An odd, passive look crosses over his face as the Direct Command overtakes him. Subtle, but abrupt.

BOBBY

I must go now.

He turns and begins walking away.

Jimmy begins stirring in the background.

Mimi and Jean follow.

MIMI

But Bobby, you just got here.

JEAN

Man, I was thinking you could show me some moves...

Bobby continues on his way. His shoulders sag. His feet scuff the ground. He's running out of energy.

BOBBY

I have to go now. Sorry.

MIMI

You don't have to be afraid of them anymore, Bobby...

Bobby limps through the door.

Mimi refuses to give up. She follows him out. Jean shrugs and goes along.

Then Jimmy sits up, shaking his head.

38

EXT. FOXTAILS' PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

38

Bobby stumbles. Keeps moving.

MIMI

Is it something I did?

He pushes on like he's trying to walk through syrup.

MIMI

Can't you stop and talk to me for one minute?

BOBBY

No. I do not think I have the English to explain. I need to get back to the lab now.

MIMI

What lab? The school? Will you tell me what's going on if I take you?

BOBBY

(stilted)

Yes, I can try. But hurry...I am tired...very tired.

Mimi drapes a supportive arm around him and guides him in a slightly different direction.

MIMI
My car is over here--

JEAN
We can take my truck.

MIMI
What about your demo?

Jean grins a sweet-and-sour grin.

JEAN
Nothing I do tonight can top the
show he just put on...

39 INT. FOXTAILS - CONTINUOUS

39

Jimmy stands. Ace is all ready on his feet.

JIMMY
Where the hell is he?

ACE
(pointing)
He went outside.

Spike gets to his feet.

Jimmy storms for the door.

JIMMY
That little asswipe's dead!
Fucking. Dead!

Spike follows him.

Ace grabs a stein from a patron and douses Ernie on the
floor. Ernie jerks awake.

40 EXT. FOXTAILS' PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

40

Jimmy crashes out the door, looking left and right.

A few people heading for the door. A few cars pulling
through the aisles. No sign of Bobby, though.

Then a pickup cruises past. Jimmy glances inside. Right into
Bobby' eyes.

JIMMY
You're dead meat!

He rushes the truck.

41 INT. JEAN'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS 41

BOBBY & MIMI & JEAN
Oh shit!

Jean floors it.

42 EXT. FOXTAILS' PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS 42

Jimmy chases the truck, screaming obscenities and threats as it rips out of the parking lot.

Jimmy veers for their car, Spike already most of the way there. Ace and wet Ernie rush from the bar.

Spike slams in and starts the Charger. Shrieks into reverse, skidding to a stop as his friends catch up. They pile in. Spike rockets down the parking aisle.

43 INT. JEAN'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS 43

The speedometer edges toward fifty as Jean pulls away from the parking lot.

Mimi watches out the rear window. Spike's car squeals onto the street.

MIMI
Here they come!

Jean gives it a little more gas.

44 EXT. FOXTAILS' PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS 44

Scagnetti's men burst out the door, racing across the parking lot.

Agent's Johnson and Neumeyer step into the night. Agent Johnson holds the eager rookie by the arm.

AGENT JOHNSON
Dammit! We have got to be casual
and nondescript, Neumeyer--

AGENT NEUMEYER
But we're gonna lose 'em!

The white Cadillac growls out of the parking lot.

Neumeyer pulls away from his superior, hurrying across the lot. Agent Johnson chases him.

45 INTERCUT: EXT. COLLEGE DRIVE/INT. JEAN'S TRUCK/INT. SPIKE'S CHALLENGER - CONTINUOUS 45

Spike catches up to Jean quickly, the Charger screaming up on the truck's bumper as Knuckles fishtails onto the street in the distance.

Mimi watches out the back window. Bobby is slumped against the door.

MIMI
They caught up!

JEAN
I know...

MIMI
Do something!

JEAN
Like what? Get out and push?

Spike races up behind. As he pulls along side the truck, Jimmy leans out the window with a baseball bat.

Jimmy begins hammering on the old vehicle. He breaks out the taillight with his first swing.

Jean pushes his truck the little more that it has. It pulls away.

Jimmy swings and misses. His aluminum bat kisses asphalt, sparks flying.

But Spike's Charger takes up the slack with little more than a purr. Jimmy beats on the truck again. Ernie leans out the back window with a crowbar and starts whacking.

Jean swerves away. Spike counters.

Jimmy swings. The driver's side mirror shatters under the assault.

Spike pulls slightly ahead.

Jimmy aims for the headlight as Ernie pops out the back window with a crowbar, preparing to bash in the windshield.

Jean hits his brakes as Jimmy swings, missing the truck and instead nailing Ernie square in the forehead.

Ernie drops the crowbar and collapses over the door as Spike slams on the brakes. Ace hangs onto Ernie, dragging him inside as Jimmy, still hanging out, struggles with the momentum shift.

Jean swings around Spike and floors it.

But Spike is quick. Jean just slips past as Spike downshifts and puts the pedal to the metal. Jimmy screams obscenities.

Jean skids, making a sudden right on Biggs Avenue.

Spike zooms past. He brakes, fishtailing around.

An oncoming car skids to a halt as Spike guns it, the tires squealing and smoking as he rips onto the new street.

46 EXT. BIGGS AVENUE - CONTINUOUS 46

The white Cadillac turns onto Biggs Avenue as Jean floors it, racing up the street. The Charger rides Jean's bumper.

47 INT. JEAN'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS 47

Jean swerves around a SLOW DRIVER. Spike darts around recklessly, forcing the Slow Driver to slam on his brakes and veer off the road.

Jean sees it.

JEAN

That asshole! Look--when we get there, you get your friend wherever he needs to go. I'll hold them off.

In the background, the FBI sedan appears as Knuckles swerves around the stopped driver.

MIMI

No!

JEAN

They don't want me. They're not going to waste any time on me.

MIMI
You might get hurt--

JEAN
I've taken my share of lumps. And I
told you I'd help him.

Mimi stares at him soberly.

But there is no fear in his eyes. No room for argument.

JEAN
Now wake him up. Be ready.

Mimi begins shaking Bobby.

48 INT. SPIKE'S CHARGER - CONTINUOUS 48

Jimmy is on his cell phone. In the back seat, Ernie rubs his red, goose-egged forehead.

JIMMY
...yeah, get everybody from the
shop--Crowder, Decker and that tall
redheaded fucker.
(beat)
Yeah, Jacobus, whatever--come on!

49 INT. KNUCKLES' CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS 49

Knuckles speaks to Scagnetti on his own cell phone.

KNUCKLES
Looks like we're going back to the
school, Boss.

He listens.

KNUCKLES
I'll be here.

50 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS 50

Eddie's eyes are glued on the monitor. The flashing dot has turned yellow.

EDDIE
They're almost here.

In the background, we can hear Mimi trying to wake Bobby.

MIMI (FILTERED)
 (overlapping)
 Bobby, wake up! We're almost there.
 We've got to be ready to go. Bobby!

Dr. Z is preparing the next injection of the Synergy serum.

DR. Z
 Are those ruffians still chasing
 him?

EDDIE
 Sounds like it. I don't know how
 they're gonna get him here...

51 INTERCUT: EXT. BSI PARKING LOT/INT. JEAN'S TRUCK/INT.
 SPIKE'S CHARGER - CONTINUOUS 51

Bobby is coming around, but very groggy.

MIMI
 Where do we need to go, Bobby?

Jean hangs a tight left into the main parking lot. Behind
 them, Spike doesn't miss a beat.

Bobby's speech is thick and stilted.

BOBBY
 I need to see the scientists...

MIMI
 What scientists?

BOBBY
 By the...auto shop.

MIMI
 (to Jean)
 That's over there--

JEAN
 I know where the auto shop is--

Abruptly, the driver's side window shatters.

The Charger is right along side of them. Jimmy is hanging
 out the window, swinging the bat again.

JIMMY
 Stop and fight, you chickenshits!

Jean swerves into them.

JIMMY

Oh shit--

Jimmy cringes, bracing for the impact, as Spike taps the brakes and jerks away, avoiding collision.

Jean veers off and guns it. Pulls slightly away.

Spike jams the pedal.

JIMMY

You're dogmeat! All of you!

Jean steps on the brakes, screeching to a halt in front of the auto shop. Mimi has the door open before they stop.

Spike locks his brakes, skidding past Jean's truck, coming around 150° before stopping.

Mimi, crutching the drained Bobby, takes off for the door.

Jean jumps out, dropping into his fighting stance between the thugs and his friends.

Jimmy, Spike, Ace and Ernie pile out of their car. Jimmy still has his bat.

JIMMY

Take care of that piece of shit.

Ernie squares off with Jean with a pair of nun-chuks as the others go for the entrance, running in front of the truck.

Mimi and Bobby disappear inside the institute.

Jean jumps, slides over the hood of the truck, landing on the other side up and running.

He leaps, extended leg stiff like a board.

Ace takes it in the middle of the back, sprawling.

Jimmy and Spike stop. Turn.

JIMMY

All right, you fuck. You want a piece of us?

Jean takes his stance.

Ernie nails him from behind with the nun-chuks.

Jean staggers forward, turning to face his new opponent.

Spike grabs Jean from behind, punches him in the kidneys a few times. Jean winces in pain. He throws a hard elbow into Spike's gut. Spike steps back, grunting.

Jimmy smashes Jean in the stomach with the baseball bat. Jean collapses, writhing in agony.

JIMMY

Now let's go get that fucking princess.

Ace gets up, slowing near Jean and kicking the downed man. Then he follows his friends.

Jean lies on the cement, face a rictus of pain, blood leaking from his mouth. He gasps for air as Jimmy and his gang go inside.

52 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS 52

Dr. Z scurries over to Eddie. He holds out the injection gun.

DR. Z

Go meet them with this. It is a double dose.

Eddie grabs it, bolts for the door.

53 INT. LONG HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 53

Bobby limps along, supported by Mimi. They are not moving very fast.

Behind them, closing in, Jimmy is running.

But the next hallway is close.

MIMI

Hurry, Bobby!

BOBBY

Leave me. Run.

But Mimi stays by his side.

MIMI

No--

BOBBY

I cannot...protec--

Jimmy catches up and shoves them. Bobby and Mimi fall.

54 INT. KNUCKLES' CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS 54

Knuckles and his men have parked farther back in the lot.

TONY

Should we follow 'em?

KNUCKLES

No. We wait on Scagnetti.

55 INT. LONG HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 55

Jimmy, Spike, Ernie and Ace encircle them.

JIMMY

Well, well, well, guys--I got some good news, and I got some bad news. But I'm a cool guy, so I'll give ya the bad news first.

Jimmy points at Bobby.

JIMMY

You are gonna die.

He shifts his glance to Mimi. Feels her up with his eyes.

JIMMY

The good news is, I think we can find something a little more creative to do with you...

Eddie crouches around the corner of the hallway, his back against the wall, listening. He doesn't know how to get the Synergy to Bobby, who is less than a dozen feet away.

BOBBY

(exhausted)

Don't you...touch her. Or...

JIMMY

Or what, Cinderella? You'll pass out on me?

Jimmy's hand snaps out and grabs Mimi by the hair. He lifts her. She scrambles to follow on tiptoes, crying out in pain. Jimmy drops his baseball bat, grabbing her with both hands, pulling her close and fondling her.

Bobby crawls forward weakly, head lolling.

Eddie watches this in horror, one eye peeked around the corner. The bat rolls to the corner. Eddie could reach out and grab it--

JIMMY

I'm touching her now, janitor.
What'cha gonna do about it?

MIMI

This--

She elbows Jimmy in the ribs.

Jimmy winces, but does not let go. He tightens his grip on her hair, pulling hard.

JIMMY

Guess we both like it rough...

56 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS 56

Dr. Z watches the video monitor tensely.

DR. Z

Come on, Eddie...Get the lead out
of your ass.

57 INT. LONG HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 57

BOBBY (O.S.)

Leave her...alone.

Eddie sits back and squeezes his eyes shut for a moment, perhaps offering a silent prayer. He opens them.

EDDIE

Here goes nothing...

He leans out into the hallway.

EDDIE

Psst--Bobby.

Everybody's heads turn toward Eddie.

Eddie sets the injector gun on the floor and pushes it.

It slides between Jimmy's legs, coming to a halt right in front of Bobby.

EDDIE

In your heart!

Bobby grabs it clumsily, struggling to lift and point it into his chest. Ace drops next to him, trying to grab it away, but Bobby pulls the trigger before the thug can knock it away. Bobby stiffens, slowly curling into a fetal ball.

Spike, Ace and Ernie look to their leader.

JIMMY

Grab him!

The trio grabs Bobby as Bobby uncurls in an explosion of limbs, sending the three punks hurling backwards.

Ace flies across the hallway, smashing into a glass trophy case mounted on the far wall. He hits the floor, motionless. Spike and Ernie slide down the hall in opposite directions.

Bobby lands on his feet and faces Jimmy.

At the far end of the hall, near the entrance, Spike is up quickly; Ernie too, now standing just in front of and to the side of Jimmy and Mimi at the hallway intersection.

Though they have Bobby trapped between them in the hallway, they hang back wearily, afraid to attack.

Jimmy slips a switchblade from his back pocket, resting it against Mimi's throat.

Just around the corner, Eddie sees this. He looks at the bat, then at the thugs, though their eyes are glued on Bobby; everyone has forgotten him. He considers the bat.

JIMMY

Touch me and she's dead.

MIMI

(to Jimmy)

Are you such a coward you have to hide behind a little girl?

JIMMY

Shut up, bitch.

BOBBY

You afraid to fight me? I'll even
let you use your toys...

JIMMY

All hopped up on PCP or whatever
that shit was? Probably couldn't
take you down with a bazooka, right
now. No, I think I'll keep her with
me for a little while--

He takes the blade away from her throat and points at Bobby.

JIMMY

--until you're feeling a little
more like your old self.

SPIKE

Watch it, Jimmy!

Abruptly, Eddie whacks Jimmy in the back with the bat.

Jimmy pitches forward to his knees, dropping the knife,
knocking Mimi away and to the ground.

Before Ernie can react, Bobby slips past him and punts Jimmy
in the stomach.

Jimmy launches up, off and over Mimi, tumbling backwards,
hitting the floor rolling.

A heap on the floor, Jimmy cradles his gut as Bobby helps
Mimi up. Eddie watches, only somewhat successful in looking
dangerous with the bat trembling in his hands.

Neither Ernie, very close to the trio of good guys, nor
Spike, at the far end of the hall, are willing to go at it
again just yet.

But Bobby is. He takes a step toward Ernie.

Ernie takes a step back.

Bobby grins. Takes two forward.

Ernie takes two back. Down the hall, Spike grows tense.

The door at the far end of the corridor slams open. Startled
and on edge, Spike leaps to the side, plastering himself
against the wall.

Jean streaks through the door and down the hall.

JEAN
We got trouble!

Spike sees him and swings a meaty fist, but Jean drops, skidding beneath the awkward roundhouse. He catches his feet again without missing a beat, hopping Ace's bloody body.

The door bangs opens again. A flood of punks--Jimmy's friends from the auto shop--pour into the hallway. Most carry crowbars, nun-chuks, heavy wrenches or knives.

SPIKE
Some of you go around back! Keep
'em inside!

Half of the punks bolt back out the door as the rest stampede past Spike, hellbent on Jean.

EDDIE
Oh shit--

Eddie drops the bat as Bobby pushes Mimi to him.

BOBBY
Take her to the lab--

Eddie grabs her hand.

EDDIE
Let's go!

He begins dragging her down the other hallway. Mimi digs her heels in.

MIMI
But Bobby! Jean--

EDDIE
Bobby can take care of
himself--trust me.

Jean zips past Ernie before the thug can react, as Ernie's back was turned to Jean, keeping a weather eye on Bobby.

Bobby flips the baseball bat into the air with his foot, catching it by the handle. He flings it at Ernie's head, the bat spinning like an helicopter's blade.

Ernie hits the deck, the whirling weapon missing his hair by an inch.

Behind Ernie, the mob of punk come on. The handle of the bat just slips between the TWO LEAD THUGS' heads, kissing off the forehead of the First Thug and the back of the other's, then ricocheting around, whacking the Second Thug in the forehead and the first in the back.

They go down, both unconscious.

A few thugs charging behind them leap over the bodies without tripping up, though half-a-dozen god down, crashing to the floor in a tangle.

Ernie launches himself at Bobby, leg locked forward in a flying leap kick. Bobby braces himself.

Ernie hits him as if Bobby were a brick wall, his leg and body crumbling into Bobby, then down to the ground.

Behind Bobby and Jean, Jimmy sits up, still cradling his gut.

JIMMY

Get those sonsabitches!

The thugs stampede toward Jean and Bobby, who begin retreating down the hallway. Jimmy scrambles to get out of the way.

Bobby stops and yanks Jimmy roughly to his feet.

BOBBY

Looks like you're feeling better.

Bobby throws Jimmy into the advancing crowd, who go down like bowling pins, no one making it past this tangle.

JEAN

Strike!

BOBBY

Now we should go. Lead them away from Mimi.

Bobby and Jean turn tail and begin running.

The mob of punks, now pissed, pick themselves up off the floor and begin the chase with renewed vigor.

58 INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 58

The lobby is large and spacious. Plate glass windows line the east and west side, with enclosed hallways running north and south. A staircase leads to upper floors.

More punks--ROACH, HARLIN, FROST and HAYBARKER, some of those whom Crowder sent around--dart through the doors and into the building.

59 INT. LONG HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 59

Bobby and Jean flee to the end of the hallway. They hit the doors at a dead run, slapping the door handles--

--and smashing into the locked doors.

60 INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 60

The south door thumps with the impact.

Roach points with his nun-chuks.

ROACH

There they are!

He scurries toward the door.

61 INT. LONG HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 61

Shaken though they are, they don't miss a beat. Bobby begins fumbling for his keys.

JEAN

There's no time for that!

Bobby glances back. Jean is right.

He turns and kicks the steel door.

It flies out of its frame.

62 INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 62

Roach is unlucky enough to step into the path of the rocketing door. It smashes him like a fly swatter, flattening him against it, propelling him halfway across the lobby before bouncing off the floor.

Jean then Bobby burst through the empty doorframe.

The punks rush them.

Haybarker leaps onto Bobby' back, attempting to tackle him.

Harlin swings his crowbar at Jean as Frost closes in, too. Jean catches Harlin's arm, quickly forces it and the crowbar out to the side. Frost clotheslines himself on the crowbar.

Haybarker begins hammering his fist into Bobby' head and shoulders, holding on with the other.

Bobby reaches up and behind with one hand, grabbing Haybarker by the back of the shirt and lifting. He flips the punk up and over himself, then pulls the punk hard toward the earth, smashing him into the tiled lobby floor, which cracks and buckles.

The other punks pour out of the doorless doorway.

Bobby whirls around to face them as Harlin kicks Jean in the side.

BULL, thick-necked and bald, leads the pack. In range, he thrusts his Bowie knife at Bobby.

Bobby sidesteps, trapping Bull's wrist and breaking it, then using Bull's momentum to fling him past.

Jean loses his grip on Harlin, and Harlin takes advantage, swinging on Jean.

Jean ducks, leans in, delivers a rapid-fire barrage of gut-punches, then a solid palm to the chest. Harlin sprawls.

BUTCH steps in behind Bull, holding a blackjack high and ready to strike. Bobby leap kicks, planting his heel firmly into Butch's chest. His head and arms fly forward as his body snaps back, crashing into the advancing gang. DECKER, JACOBUS, CROWDER and PACKARD go down under him.

63

INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

63

Eddie's fingers chatter across the keyboard.

DR. Z

What are you doing?

EDDIE

Seeing if I can't hack into the video security system, get a better idea of what's going on.

64 INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

64

Bobby punches the next one. JACKSON takes it in the nose and staggers back.

Frost is back up and going at it with Jean.

Bobby blocks Crowder's kick, kicking him in the other knee then stepping in, taking a backhand to the face before grabbing and lifting Crowder by his groin and lapel, throwing him into another mass of bodies.

Jean holds his own, though Harlin and Frost stand on both sides of him, throwing kicks and punches in rapid succession. Unlike Bobby, Jean is working hard.

Jackson steps up and swings, his nose bloodied. He nails Bobby square on the jaw, but it doesn't phase Bobby.

Bobby lunges into Jackson with a combination of right and left thrusting jabs. Ribs crack and snap with each impact. Jackson finds the cement as Butch whacks Bobby in the back with the blackjack.

Bobby goes down to his hands and knees, arches, snapping his foot up, burying it under Butch's jaw.

Butch lifts, flipping head over feet, head cracking against Decker's forehead as he spins in midair. They tumble to the ground, Decker cradling his face, Butch motionless.

65 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

65

Eddie sits back, whooping.

EDDIE

Got it!

On another bank of monitors, Bobby and Jean are revealed from two two corners of the room.

66 INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

66

Jean leaps, planting his foot violently into Harlin's chest, pushing off as Harlin falls, whirling in midair, bringing his other leg around to meet Frost's face.

Frost blocks the kick, but does not expect the hammer chop Jean delivers from above as he descends. Frost goes down.

Bobby legsweeps. Crowder falls into Bull and Jacobus.

Packard charges Bobby with a lead pipe.

Bobby leaps to his feet, traps the weapon between his hands. He pulls it and Packard into him, headbutting. The punk kisses tile.

Decker steps in, swinging.

Bobby blocks Decker with the lead pipe. Bones snap in Decker's hand.

67

INT. LONG HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

67

Jimmy sits on the floor, his back to the wall, cradling his gut. Spike is still out cold. Ace seems to be dead.

Ernie watches what he can see of the fight through the door.

ERNIE

He's kicking their asses--

JIMMY

It's that shit he booted up with--

Scagnetti and his men come through the doors at the far end of the hallway.

Jimmy sees them.

JIMMY

Oh, shit...

He kicks across the hallway, thumping Spike in the shoulder. Spike awakens, sits up, tenderly grabs the back of his head.

68

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

68

Crowder picks up a chunk of the broken floor-tile and hurls it at Bobby's head, hitting Bobby with a roundhouse as Bobby dodges the tile. Bobby drops the pipe.

The tile whooshes past Bobby and into Packard's nose, who was coming up from behind. Blood sprays.

Bobby hits Crowder with a palm to the chest, putting Crowder back and down on his knee.

Bobby kicks him so hard he flips over and onto his stomach.

Packard swipes the lead pipe off the floor and pounds the back of Bobby's knee.

Bobby goes to his other knee as Packard brings the pipe up for another attack. He aims for the head.

Jean steps in with an elbow behind Packard's ear. Packard bites the dust.

Bobby, back on his feet, lashes out at Jacobus. Jacobus' nose explodes as he topples backwards into Jackson.

69

INT. LONG HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

69

Scagnetti approaches Jimmy, all business. Floyd, Guido and Tony follow him.

JIMMY

Here for night classes, Scagnetti?
The grade school might be more your
speed...

Scagnetti grabs Jimmy by the lapel and shoves him back into the wall. Jimmy winces, grabs his head. Scagnetti grabs him by the chin.

SCAGNETTI

Where the hell is my car?

JIMMY

In the shop. I told you we'd--

SCAGNETTI

The car your bitch punks lifted
from my lot tonight.

JIMMY

I don't know what you're talking
about--

SCAGNETTI

(overlapping)
Knuckles...

Knuckles pulls a Mossberg shotgun from under his trenchcoat and puts it to Ernie's face. He pulls the trigger before Ernie can flinch.

Blood spatters the hallway.

JIMMY

Jesus Christ--

Scagnetti grabs Jimmy by the lapels.

SCAGNETTI

Now where the hell is it?

Knuckles turns and puts the gun to Spike's head.

SPIKE

Foxtails, man. In the parking lot--

Jimmy nods his head vigorously in agreeance.

SCAGNETTI

Who'd you leave it there for?

Abruptly, the remaining door at the far end of the hallway collapses inward, slamming to the floor. Bull's body crumbles in behind it, gliding on the polished floor.

Jittery, Jimmy spins to look. So do the rest of them.

After the body comes to a rest, Scagnetti shakes Jimmy.

SCAGNETTI

So?

Jimmy takes an extra moment to glance at the bodies of his fallen comrades, Ace and Ernie.

JIMMY

It was the muscle-man out there and those two. They double-crossed us. Me'n Spike were just catchin' on--

Scagnetti yanks a 9mm from his shoulder holster and rests it near Jimmy's left cheek.

SCAGNETTI

You wouldn't be lying to me, would you?

JIMMY

I wouldn't lie to you, Scagnetti...

Scagnetti cocks his head, rolls his eyes.

SCAGNETTI

Yeah, right--

JIMMY

Look--I'm telling you, that's the guy you want. Just watch it. He's all jacked up on PCP or something--he's not feeling anything right now.

Scagnetti turns, nods for Knuckles and the others to head toward the Lobby.

Knuckles and the rest of the men stalk down the hallway, digging out their weapons--handguns, uzis and shotguns.

Scagnetti looks at Jimmy.

SCAGNETTI

Stay put.

Jimmy starts to say something, but then thinks better of it. Scagnetti lowers the gun and steps down the hall.

Jimmy and Spike share looks of relief.

Scagnetti holsters his weapon, grabs his cell phone and dials. Puts it to his ear.

SCAGNETTI

Yeah, Biggs...Your boy's got us into a world of shit...

70

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

70

Nearly all of the punks are down now. Bobby and Jean hold Crowder and Jacobus up by their shirts, delivering blow after blow to the punks.

Decker steps in from behind, ready to put a stranglehold on Bobby, but Bobby throws his elbow into Decker's nose, taking him down before he launches his fist into Crowder's face.

Decker goes down as Bobby lifts Crowder up high, shaking him with angry frustration.

BOBBY

Leave us alone! You understand me?

Knuckles and the others step from the door. Indiscriminantly, Knuckles raises the Mossberg and fires.

A blood-blossom opens up on Crowder's back. He goes limp.

The other goons open fire. Two have automatic weapons, the rest armed with pistols and shotguns.

71 EXT. ALLEY LOT - CONTINUOUS

71

Johnson and Neumeyer are parked in back corner of a small parking lot, which looks directly into the large Lobby windows.

The agents are crouched behind their car, weapons drawn, watching the incredible fight raging inside the building.

As the gunplay begins, Neumeyer jumps up.

AGENT NEUMEYER

Let's go!

Agent Johnson restrains him.

AGENT JOHNSON

Not without backup. You wanna get yourself killed?

AGENT NEUMEYER

They're gonna get killed!

Agent Johnson shakes his head.

AGENT JOHNSON

The way they're kicking ass? I don't think so...

72 INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

72

Bobby and Jean hold the twitching bodies up as shields against the bullets and begin backing away.

Bobby stumbles over Roach and the broken door. He throws Crowder at the advancing mobsters and drops on top of the door, rolling over and covering himself with it. Slugs chew into the steel.

He snatches a pair of nun-chuks from the floor, stuffing them into his back pocket.

Bobby gets up, still holding the door, moving in front of Jean, covering them both with the door.

Jean drops the punk and stays behind Bobby.

The small glass window on the door shatters; a bullet grazes Bobby's arm.

Bobby doesn't flinch. Just steadily backs toward the next set of doors.

JEAN
You all right?

Bobby nods.

Almost there.

Scagnetti's men advance, still firing.

Jean opens the door and disappears into the new building.

Bobby, with his strength, wedges the bullet-riddled door cockeyed into the frame, blocking their escape--for a moment.

Knuckles and the men close on the door as more THUGS join them.

73 INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 73

Bobby unhooks his keys and tosses them to Jean.

BOBBY
Get out of here. Go for help.

JEAN
What about Mimi?

BOBBY
She'll be safe with Dr. Z. Now go
get the authorities. I'll hold
these guys off. And here--

He pulls the nun-chuks from his back pocket and tosses them.

BOBBY
--just in case.

74 INT. LONG HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 74

Scagnetti is still on the phone.

SCAGNETTI
Your boy is fine, Biggs. He's got a
little headache, but we're not
responsible for doin' that.

Scagnetti listens.

SCAGNETTI

He's right here.

He turns around, holding out the phone.

SCAGNETTI

Yer old man wants to--

He looks around. The hallway is empty.

Scagnetti's shoulders sag.

SCAGNETTI

That little asshole!

75 INT. BRIGHT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

75

Jimmy and Spike limp down the corridor, passing the Auto Lab. Jimmy has the baseball bat again.

SPIKE

I've seen that nigger come past here before.

JIMMY

I want that shit he gave the janitor. Then I can kick his ass...

76 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

76

Eddie and Mimi hear and recognize the approaching voices.

They look desperately at each other, then at the broken door resting against the wall, unsure of what to do.

77 INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

77

Large and very nice. Lots of glass, a few comfortable sofas to sit on. The ceiling opens up into the second floor, where more labs and offices are visible in the murky, dimly-lit building.

Knuckles slips under the wedged door. A few of the men have already fanned out in the wide, dark hallway, guns poised and on the ready.

But there is no sign of Jean or Bobby. Knuckles steps in front of the men and looks around, calling into the dark:

KNUCKLES

You punks think you can rip us off?

He is greeted with silence. He peers into the darkness. No movement. No noise. Nothing.

KNUCKLES

Make you a deal, boys. Come out now, and I'll leave you the use of your arms.

Bobby' voice steals out of the darkness.

BOBBY (O.S.)

I'll make you a deal. Turn yourself in to the authorities, and I won't mop up the floor with your face.

KNUCKLES

Fuck you!

He fires into the darkness. The other men start firing.

Sparks ricochet in the darkness, echo. Glass shatters.

Knuckles raises his voice.

KNUCKLES

Stop! Stop!

The men stop.

KNUCKLES

Biggs'll shit if we shoot up his building. Just go find 'im.

The men branch out, two at a time, into the rooms.

78

INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

78

Jimmy stops near the door Bobby ripped off. He makes a production of examining it. Then he peeks into the room.

Dr. Z sits by himself at the console, staring in fear at Jimmy. He gets up and crosses to the door quickly. He leans against the wall and thrusts out his hips, trying to block as much of the passage with his body as possible.

DR. Z

Can I help you boys? Do you need something? Are you lost?

JIMMY
Well, well--aren't we Dr.
Frankenstein?

DR. Z
Excuse me--

JIMMY
Actually, we seem to have lost
something. Cute little brunette,
about yea high--

He holds a hand.

JIMMY
Seen her around?

DR. Z
I'm sorry. I don't know what you're
talking about--

Jimmy steps forward and grabs Dr. Z by the lapels. He pushes
the doctor back into the room.

JIMMY
I don't think so, Frankenstein. Why
don't I come in and have a chat?

Eddie stands in the corner by the door, Mimi behind him, a
small fire extinguisher in his hands.

Eddie steps forward to get in range, raising the canister
above his head like a club. He strikes.

But Spike slips in the door and catches it in mid-air. Eddie
turns, puzzled. Spike introduces his fist to Eddie's nose.

Eddie stumbles backward and lands hard on his ass. His hands
clamp around his bleeding nose.

Mimi kneels next to Eddie, putting her arms around him.

Jimmy shakes the doctor.

JIMMY
Any more bullshit, and Spike'll
unlearn your bone structure. Any
questions?

DR. Z
How can I make you not feel like
doing that?

79

INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

79

Another room full of computers and fancy looking gadgets. Half of the windows that lined the hallway wall are shattered, destroyed in the brief gunfire.

Two of Scagnetti's men step into the classroom. COPPOLA is large, but stealthy; HITMAN follows closely behind, uzi at the ready.

Keeping to the near side of the room, they move slowly toward the desk, the only thing large enough to conceal Bobby.

Bobby, crouched behind the desk, sees their feet.

Quietly, he slips underneath the desk. Then, quickly, he stands, picking up the desk from beneath and hurling it toward the mobsters.

Coppola ducks, but is chopped in half by Hitman, who pulls the trigger as he brings his weapon up, too late. The heavy metal desk smashes into him, crushing him between the wall.

80

INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

80

Floyd and APE, outside the windows of the classroom, peer in. Knuckles cautiously approaches from down the hall, Tony and Guido backing him up.

FLOYD

Yo, Coppola--d'ya waste him?

Coppola's body crashes through the remaining glass in the window, flopping into Floyd and taking him down.

Knuckles, Tony, Guido, and Ape all begin firing into the classroom, Ape backing across the hallway. Floyd pushes out from beneath the limp body and begins firing.

81

INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

81

Jean watches helplessly as the thugs open fire on Bobby.

He looks around for ideas.

82 INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 82

Bobby crouches next to the wall, below the windows. Bullets zing and ricochet above him. Glass shards rain down.

He scrambles for Coppola's sub-machine gun.

83 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS 83

Jimmy sits in the padded chair, electrodes and wires hanging off of him. Dr. Z is just injecting him.

Spike holds Mimi in one meaty hand, the bat with the other.

JIMMY

Try anything stupid, and he snaps her neck.

DR. Z

No, no--no stupid things in this laboratory.

Dr. Z looks uncomfortably at Eddie. He doesn't know how to say this without making Jimmy think it's a trick.

DR. Z

Uh...However, the electromagnetics will cause you to experience some minor hallucinations while you--

JIMMY

Whaddaya mean? I'm gonna start trippin'?

Dr. Z doesn't understand what Jimmy means.

Eddie, still tenderly doctoring his nose, understands.

EDDIE

You shouldn't have any of the disorientation--just the visuals.

Jimmy smiles.

JIMMY

Cool.

- 84 INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS 84
Jean drags a sofa toward the railing.
The gunfire below stops.
- 85 INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 85
MARIO, RICCI, LUCAS and LUIGI have joined the rest of the men now. Knuckles indicates for Luigi to go check for Bobby's body.
Luigi creeps up on the windows, shotgun held high. There is no motion inside the classroom. Luigi stops outside the windows, peering into the darkness.
Nothing.
He leans in past the shattered glass, listening.
Bobby's hand shoots up from directly below Luigi, grabbing him by the hair and yanking down.
Luigi's neck is punctured by the standing glass left in the frame. His body quivers helplessly against the wall, held up by his not-quite-severed head, blood streaming down.
Scagnetti's men open fire into the darkness.
- 86 INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS 86
Jean lifts one end of the couch up onto the railing, directly above the mobsters. He hurries to the far side of the sofa.
He bends deep in the knees, lifts, bringing the couch up, high above his head. The couch flips over the railing.
- 87 INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 87
One moment Floyd, Lucas, Mario and Ape stand four across, unloading into the classroom. The next, only Ape stands in place--still blasting--as the other three crumble under the crushing sofa.
Those left standing stop firing and turn. They see the couch, the writhing mass of limbs beneath, then look up.

JEAN

Sorry I couldn't drop in...

Knuckles, Ricci and Ape bring their weapons up and around and start blazing.

88 INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS 88

The railing disintegrates as Jean leaps back.

He scrambles across the room, chunks of ceiling tile raining all around him.

89 INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 89

Bobby sees his chance and takes it, darting for the door.

90 INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 90

The three men crawl from beneath the sofa.

Knuckles shoves Ape into Ricci. Points up.

KNUCKLES

Go waste that little shit!

The two henchmen go after Jean as Bobby sprints out of the classroom.

Knuckles catches the motion from the corner of his eye.

He whirls around and fires, the other goons a mere second behind him.

The wall behind Bobby explodes with gunshots.

Bobby thrusts the uzi behind him and pulls the trigger.

Tony takes two slugs in the hip as the rest of the men take cover and return fire.

Ape and Ricci reach the stairwell.

Bobby slips from the hallway amid a hail of bullets.

Agent Johnson fires the same time as Ape--then takes two hits: one over the heart and one below the shoulder. He keels backwards ass-for-teacups.

Ape reels, crashing into the wall, shoulder parting wetly under Agent Johnson's shot.

Agent Neumeyer, eyes full of terror, pulls his weapon back up as Ricci swings around on him.

It seems to take forever.

Up. Up.

Around.

Up.

Then his gun jerks, the muzzle flashing.

Ricci jerks in almost the same way. A crimson hole blooms in his chest as Ape stumbles back inside.

Neumeyer fires again. And again. And again.

Ricci twitches with each impact, then falls.

Agent Neumeyer lets out his breath. Time slips back to its normal pace.

He closes on the door, gun trained on the single body in the hallway. He peeks in. Empty--the other thug is gone.

He turns his attention back to Jean, who is tending to Agent Johnson. Jean sits back, relief spilling over his face.

JEAN

He's wearing a vest.

Agent Neumeyer nods.

AGENT NEUMEYER

Of course he is.

Then he leans over and vomits.

93

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

93

Frost sits up, still groggy. He probes his tender skull.

Guido grabs Frost by the front of his shirt and lifts him. In the background, Floyd and Lucas grab other conscious punks.

Knuckles gets in Frost's face.

 KNUCKLES
Where did he go?

 FROST
Who? I don't know--

Knuckles shoves his shotgun into Frost's gut.

 KNUCKLES
You know who.

 FROST
I didn't know! I just woke up--

 KNUCKLES
Then what good are you?

Knuckles pulls the trigger. Frost covers the ground.

Floyd and Lucas hustle a wide-eyed Packard over.

 PACKARD
(pointing)
He went out there. That way!

Knuckles shoots him in the face.

 KNUCKLES
Should've spoke up sooner, asswipe.

94 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

94

Eddie sits at the monitors.

 EDDIE
Bobby's down to twenty-five percent
Synergy level.

 JIMMY
Are you for real?

He is staring off to his right and slightly down.

Dr. Z, Eddie, Mimi and Spike, all to Jimmy's left, exchange puzzled glances.

 JIMMY
No shit.
(beat)
What are you, anyway?

Spike lets go of Mimi and steps toward his friend. Mimi scoots next to Dr. Z, who puts a comforting arm around her.

JIMMY

No way. I always thought that was, like, bullshit...

SPIKE

What the hell are you doing, man?

Jimmy looks at him.

JIMMY

Talking with the alien.

Spike's brow furrows.

SPIKE

The alien? There's nothing there, Jimmy. It's a trick--

But through Jimmy's eyes, a grey, three-foot alien with large black eyes stands just a few feet away. The Alien shrugs, looking up at Spike.

ALIEN

What the fuck does he know?

95

EXT. COMPUTER SCIENCE DECK - CONTINUOUS

95

Agent Neumeyer hangs over the railing, by now only dry heaving.

JEAN

I don't know why...All I know is my sister Mimi likes him, and she asked me to help him. He had four guys on him...how could I not help?

Agent Johnson has partially unstrapped his vest. One hand is thrust underneath, massaging his chest.

AGENT JOHNSON

Your sister--uh, Mimi. Where is she, now?

JEAN

Inside, somewhere. She went with some black guy, but Bobby said he was okay. He seemed to be helping--

AGENT JOHNSON
What black guy?

JEAN
Goddammit, I don't know! What I do know is that Bobby is in there by himself, facing half-a-dozen thugs with all kinds of weapons! We need to get in there and help him!

AGENT JOHNSON
Back-up will be arriving any minute now, and then we go in.

He indicates to Agent Neumeyer.

AGENT JOHNSON
If he ever quits puking...

Gunfire erupts from around the building.

96

EXT. ALLEY LOT - CONTINUOUS

96

Knuckles and the five men pump lead into another federal sedan. The AGENTS inside never had a chance.

The men fire until they are out of ammunition. They eject their clips and slap in fresh ones.

Behind them, the door to the lobby opens.

They whirl around, sighting down on Ape.

He takes his good hand from his bleeding shoulder and holds it up.

APE
Whoa!

The men relax.

KNUCKLES
What happened?

APE
Feds. They got Ricci. I plugged one of 'em, though.

KNUCKLES
Shit! Feds're crawling all over the goddamn place.

(beat)

(MORE)

Jimmy grins. He takes it and swings in one fluid motion--cracking Spike on the forehead! Jimmy brings the bat around, clobbering Spike again as he falls. Spike goes down like a ton of bricks.

JIMMY

What the...?

Dr. Z and Mimi don't know how to react. Eddie smiles, fondling the keyboard with a few more strokes.

On the furthest right of his three monitors--marked SUBJECT 2--in a small computer window under the words DIRECT COMMAND, Eddie has typed: "Leave. Take friend."

Jimmy grabs Spike by the shirt collar and marches for the door. Jimmy looks around wildly.

JIMMY

What the hell are you doing to me?
You better quit, dammit! I'll
fucking kill you!

He disappears through the door, still screaming, dragging Spike behind.

EDDIE

Love that Direct Command...

DR. Z

Eddie, you're a genius!

98 EXT. BSI PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

98

Knuckles and the goons round the corner of the building.

Scagnetti is already pacing next to the Cadillacs, screaming obscenities and kicking the vehicles.

Knuckles hurries toward him.

SCAGNETTI

God dammit! I'll kill you you
little punk! I'll make a Colombian
necktie out of your dick! You're
dead! You hear me? Dead!

KNUCKLES

What's wrong?

SCAGNETTI

This!

He points to the Cadillacs. There are holes punched through the hood. Wires protrude from the gaping craters. Oil drips to the ground.

KNUCKLES

Shit! The feds are here.

SCAGNETTI

I don't give a shit. We're gonna go the hell back in there and kill every last one of 'em!

Scagnetti stalks to the trunk of his car and pops it.

A large cache of automatic weapons are laid out in a velvet covered, form-fitted casing that fills the entire trunk. Several dozen loaded clips are in separate slots.

The men pull out sub-machineguns, extra clips. They load their pockets.

Only Knuckles holds on to his original weapon.

99 EXT. ALLEY LOT - CONTINUOUS 99

Jimmy slams through the doors, hell bent on the warehouse.

100 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS 100

MIMI

If you have control of him, why don't you stop him? Or tell Bobby to leave?

EDDIE

Look--those guys in the suits... I've read enough comic books to know that that's the mafia. You think they're just gonna leave Bobby alone if he takes off now? They're gonna hunt him down until they find him and kill him.
(beat)

Unless he gets them first...

MIMI

Well then help Bobby later, when he needs it! Get him out for now!

Dr. Z steps up.

DR. Z

I think we can only help for a while, Mimi. Once word of this gets out, I imagine Eddie and I will be looking for new jobs in federal prison. We've broken more than a few rules.

(sighs)

This has gotten very out of hand.

EDDIE

You can say that again...

Eddie looks at the monitors.

EDDIE

Twenty one percent. We need to get Bobby more of the serum.

DR. Z

I'll go prepare it.

101 EXT. ALLEY LOT - CONTINUOUS

101

Scagnetti and his men stride down the alley.

They see Jimmy crossing the lot. He is almost to the warehouse.

SCAGNETTI

Hey, punk! Hold it!

Jimmy turns, but does not stop walking.

JIMMY

That sonofabitch's in here!

SCAGNETTI

I said stop!

Jimmy steps into the warehouse.

SCAGNETTI

Damn it.

He begins walking double time. Knuckles and the other men follow. Tony struggles to keep up, hobbling and bleeding.

102 INT. WAREHOUSE FRONT - CONTINUOUS 102

The warehouse is not huge, but large enough to get lost in for a few minutes. Computer boxes, desks, chairs, junk food, crates of Coca Cola, shelves with reams of papers and receipt books are stacked from floor to ceiling, densely packed. It is poorly lit in the night, dim and murky.

Bobby rests near a crate of Snickers bars, chewing. Wrappers litter the ground around him. He drops another one, and pulls a new candy bar from the box.

Jimmy's voice floats out of the quiet air.

JIMMY (O.S.)
Hey, Cinderella--I got your glass
slipper. Why don't you come get it?

103 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS 103

Eddie is surprised.

EDDIE
Bobby's back up to twenty three
percent. Is he napping?

Dr. Z looks up. He's almost finished loading the serum.

DR. Z
No, no. He's gaining energy too
quickly. He must have found
something to eat...

Dr. Z finishes. He scurries back over to Eddie. He holds out the injector gun.

DR. Z
Here you go.

EDDIE
What?

DR. Z
Take it to him.

EDDIE
I don't think so. It's your turn!

DR. Z
Quit wasting time, Eddie. This is
serious--

EDDIE

I am serious. I almost got myself
killed last time. You think I'm
going back out there, you're crazy!

104 INT. WAREHOUSE FRONT - CONTINUOUS

104

JIMMY

You chickenshit? You afraid of me
now? Come out and fight!

Scagnetti and his goons enter behind him.

SCAGNETTI

Go kill the muscle-man.

Knuckles, Floyd, Guido, Lucas, Mario, Ape and Tony fan out
into the warehouse.

JIMMY

Call your mutts off, Scagnetti. I
can take care this punk now. I've
been fixed like him.

SCAGNETTI

Neutered, huh? Or is that spayed?

JIMMY

Oh--the wiseguy's a wise guy--

SCAGNETTI

Shut your face, punk, or I'll shut
it for ya...

JIMMY

You know, Scagnetti, if I thought
you had a dick, I'd tell you to go
fuck yourself.

Scagnetti turns red in the face. He sets his uzi on a
receiving desk, loosening his tie and collar button.

SCAGNETTI

I don't care who's son you are. No
one fucks with Mario Scagnetti...

He steps forward, fists raised to box.

Jimmy leans on his bat like a cane, casual as Scagnetti
advances. But when the mobster closes to within three feet,
Jimmy brings the bat up--hard--between Scagnetti's legs.

Airborn for a moment, Scagnetti comes down on his knees, holding on grimly to his aching balls. He gasps for air.

Jimmy grabs him by the collar and lifts.

JIMMY

No, greaseball. No one fucks with me, now.

105 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS 105

Mimi grabs the injector gun from the arguing scientists and marches for the door.

DR. Z

What are you doing?

Mimi keeps right on going, out the door.

DR. Z

Wait!

But she doesn't. He grabs two small items and rushes out.

106 THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 106

DR. Z

Wait. Take these with you!

She stops and turns. Dr. Z holds up what looks like a hearing aid.

DR. Z

Put this in your ear. We can speak to you, then.

He then hands her a small microchip.

DR. Z

Put this in your pocket. This will allow us to track you with the GSP Tracker in case, uh...uh, well...

Eddie walks up behind them as Dr. Z fumbles.

Mimi turns, slipping one hand in her pocket, putting the small piece of plastic in her ear with the other.

Dr. Z turns and stares at Eddie accusingly.

DR. Z
How could you just let her go?

Eddie gets defensive.

EDDIE
Hey--I didn't see you rushing to
beat her to it.

107 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 107

Bobby sighs, refreshed. A few dozen Snickers wrappers lie at his feet.

Then he hears the quiet scuffle of footsteps. He listens carefully for a second, then slips behind the crates.

Tony creeps up, pausing in the intersection of aisles. He pushes through this one, but hangs a left at the next one, just past a single-stacked row of huge crates.

Bobby lays flat on top of the huge boxes, listening carefully.

Tony limps down the aisle, eyes peeled wide. Bobby stands in a crouch and follows him, watching from above.

After a moment, Tony's brow furrows.

He stops, looking around. Paranoid.

He glances up and slightly behind himself, where Bobby was.

No one there.

Suddenly, the crate ahead of him explodes into the aisle. It crashes against the next row of crates--these double stacked--blocking Tony's forward progress.

Before he can retreat, the container behind him crashes into the row, trapping Tony. Tony lifts his weapon high, firing blindly over the top.

In the next aisle, Bobby kicks the last box.

The heavy crate skids across the aisle and into Tony, crushing him. Blood spurts from between the crates.

108 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

108

Eddie stops typing.

EDDIE

Whoa--he just dropped to eighteen percent with that one.

DR. Z

Yes, yes, fine. Mimi will get to him in plenty of time. Now hurry up with the security feeds.

Eddie works keyboard magic with his hands.

EDDIE

Almost there...

109 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

109

Scagnetti sits up, hands cupping his crotch, eyes still rolling in pain.

SCAGNETTI

That son of a bitch.

Scagnetti sees that his weapon is gone, too.

SCAGNETTI

Shit!

DR. BIGGS

What's the problem?

Scagnetti jumps, startled. He turns.

Dr. Biggs steps from the lightless doorway. Two Asian men, mid-thirties, thick and well-built, AKIDO and MR. CHU, follow him like bodyguards, one on each side.

SCAGNETTI

What are you doing here?

DR. BIGGS

I thought I would come down and have my men show your boys how to get a job done right.

Dr. Biggs tips his head. His bodyguards slip past him and into the dim warehouse.

DR. BIGGS
What happened to you?

Scagnetti gets up with some difficulty, slow and deliberate.

SCAGNETTI
Your psycho kid--that's what
happened to me...

Dr. Biggs laughs.

DR. BIGGS
That's my boy. He kicks ass with
the best of them.

Scagnetti isn't amused.

Behind them, Mimi sneaks through the doorway. Her eyes widen as she sees them. She only hesitates for a moment before quickly scampering off.

SCAGNETTI
What the hell? That little
snot-nosed punk is stealing money
from us and you're laughing it off?

DR. BIGGS
Who do you think taught him the art
of business, Scagnetti?
(beat)
Don't you know that's how the rich
stay rich?

He steps in to Scagnetti.

DR. BIGGS
It's also what separates us from
street trash like you.

110 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

110

Knuckles steps around the corner.

Bobby is not there, but Knuckles can see the gaping holes where the crates were kicked in.

He advances down the aisle, in case Bobby is hiding in the alcove.

A form moves at the far end of the hall. Knuckles brings the shotgun up at warp speed--but it's only Lucas.

LUCAS

Hey--

Knuckles throws his finger up over his lips: Shhh.

He points toward the gap with his weapon. Lucas nods his understanding. They approach the hole from opposite sides, both tense and ready.

Once at their respective corners, they pause to make sure they're in sync. Both spin around their corners, guns ready.

But no one is there.

111

INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

111

The monitors come to life.

EDDIE

Got it!

DR. Z

Yes, there's the girl. I don't see Bobby yet...

Eddie toggles a switch and leans into a microphone.

EDDIE

Mimi--we can see you.

Mimi begins looking around.

EDDIE

Behind you.

She turns.

EDDIE

Up a little...

She looks straight up.

EDDIE

Look--forget it. Bobby's just one row over from you, but way on down the length of the warehouse.

The GSP Tracker shows their positions, Bobby still in red and Mimi in green. She has about a third of the length of the warehouse to go.

EDDIE

We can't see him on video, but the GSP reads that he's straight ahead of you. Just be careful, 'cos there's lots of assholes with guns.

DR. Z

I still don't see--oh!

From the corner of his eye, Dr. Z catches motion by the door. His head snaps around as someone steps into the lab.

112 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 112

Mimi slips down a side aisle as Guido steps into view.

Jimmy struts down the center aisle.

JIMMY

The Ball's over, Cinderella...

Knuckles moves slowly down his aisle. Lucas matches his pace, one over. Mario steps from a side aisle. He and Lucas collide, training their guns on each other.

LUCAS

Almost capped your ass.

Bobby watches the pair from above, lying across the top of the stacked crates.

113 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS 113

Fortunately, the stranger proved to be Jean, with two federal agents in tow.

JEAN

Where's Mimi?

DR. Z

Who are you?

JEAN

I'm Mimi's brother. These are, uh...FBI guys.

Agent Johnson steps forward. Agent Neumeyer is still a bit dazed.

AGENT JOHNSON
I'm Agent Johnson, this is Agent
Neumeyer. F.B.I. We need all the
information you can give us about
the current situation--

JEAN
(urgent)
Where's Mimi?

EDDIE
She's at the warehouse, taking
Bobby some more of the serum.

Agent Johnson questions Dr. Z as Jean and Eddie talk.

JEAN
You let her go out by herself?

EDDIE
(fumbling)
Well, I, uh...have to... monitor
the equipment, make changes--

JEAN
(overlapping)
Where is she?

EDDIE
In the warehouse.

JEAN
Where?

Eddie traces the route on the computer screen with his
finger.

EDDIE
Through the lobby, across the small
parking lot. The big building on
the other side--

Jean takes off out the door.

AGENT JOHNSON
Hey wait!

But Jean is gone.

114 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

114

Bobby leaps off the crates, coming down hard between Lucas and Mario, arms extended, smashing both of them across the shoulders and breaking his fall.

The thugs reel as Bobby drops one hand on the ground then kicks out with his foot, first forward, sending Lucas staggering into the crates, the backward, putting Mario to his knees.

Bobby comes up, punching Lucas in the stomach, doubling him over. Bobby leapfrogs the goon, then back-heel kicks him. Lucas flies tumbles into Mario.

Bobby steps over and snaps his palm hard into the back of Lucas' head, which rocks forward, cracking Mario in the forehead and ricocheting his head into the cement floor.

Lights out.

Mimi appears far down the aisle. Bobby sees her. Smiles.

MIMI

Bobby!

She hurries toward him, holding up the syringe gun.

MIMI

I've got more--look out!

Bobby turns, just in time to see Knuckles raise his shotgun.

KNUCKLES

Gotcha...

He pulls the trigger.

Bobby takes it in the chest and gut. Blood twirls into the air as he sails over the unconscious thugs, crashing to the ground behind them.

115 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

115

Bobby' button cam monitor shows snow.

EDDIE

Oh shit! He's been hit!

116 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 116

Bobby curls in a fetal position, cradling his wounded torso and gasping.

MIMI

Nooo!

She runs to him.

KNUCKLES

(shouting)

Got 'em, Scagnetti!

Mimi falls over Bobby, cradling him. Weeping.

117 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS 117

The scientists and agents are crowded around the monitors, which reveal the scene in the warehouse: Mimi draped over Bobby, Knuckles stutting down the row toward them. And the other goons are getting closer.

EDDIE

Dr. Z--the Cell & Tissue
Regeneration disc. Get it!

Dr. Z searches the disc as Eddie leans back into the microphone.

EDDIE

Mimi! Inject him! It'll help!

He then cues Jimmy by Direct Command: PROTECT MIMI AND BOBBY

Dr. Z hands Eddie the disc. He ejects the disc tray.

EDDIE

Now get Marksmanship and Reflexes
for the punk!

118 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 118

Tears stream from Mimi's eyes. She sobs, cradling Bobby and cooing his name.

Footsteps approach, stop next to her head. She looks up into Knuckles's cold eyes.

He grabs her by the hair and lifts. Mimi squeals.

BOBBY
 (weakly)
 Stop it...

Knuckles sneers.

KNUCKLES
 You've been in my way all day,
 bitch--

JIMMY (O.S.)
 So've you, bee-otch--

Jimmy cracks him across the face with the baseball bat.
 Knuckles glides roughly through the air.

Mimi cringes as Jimmy turns his attention on her.
 Scagnetti's uzi is tucked in his belt.

JIMMY
 (indicating to Bobby)
 Get that piece of shit outta here,
 you cunt...I got your backs.

Guido comes around a corner.

Jimmy draws Scagnetti's uzi from his waistband, dropping and spinning fluidly, gun chattering and spitting fire as Guido rocks backward.

JIMMY
 Go!

Mimi gently grabs Bobby and drags him toward a side aisle.

The crate in front of Jimmy explodes with splinters. Behind Jimmy, Knuckles woosily chambers another round.

Jimmy ducks into an aisle as Knuckles fires another shot.

119 INT. WAREHOUSE FRONT - CONTINUOUS

119

Dr. Biggs and Scagnetti are gone.

Jean comes through the doors, hearing the gunshots. He hurries into the dim atmosphere.

120 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

120

EDDIE

His heart rate's good, breathing's good. The wounds seem to be mostly superficial. Very little internal organ tissue damage--the guy was too far away--

DR. Z

That's good...but why is the computer smoking?

Eddie looks up, toward the large panel of hard drives. A thin wisp of smoke seeps from the machinery.

Eddie frowns.

121 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

121

Mimi kneels with Bobby's head in her lap. Bobby seems to be more aware now.

MIMI

Are you okay?

Bobby looks down at his ruined chest, then at her.

BOBBY

Been better...

MIMI

I'm sorry. We're going to get you out of here, Bobby. Okay?

Eddie's voice comes through her earpiece.

EDDIE (FILTERED)

Mimi, we've put in a Tissue & Cell Regeneration program for Bobby to start accessing. It should fix him right up...

Mimi begins looking around for a video camera, so she can communicate with them using hand signals. She sees one and gives them a thumbs up, nodding big.

EDDIE (FILTERED)

Mimi, Bobby has a mic attached to his shirt--it wasn't damaged by the gunshot. Just talk to us.

She leans in to Bobby's bloody chest, then grimaces, thinking better of it.

MIMI

Okay.

BOBBY

What's going on?

MIMI

I have an earpiece. The scientists are trying to help us.

122 A FEW ROWS AWAY - CONTINUOUS

122

Scagnetti's voice rings out.

SCAGNETTI

Have we got him or not? What the hell is going on?

Knuckles--Lucas trailing him, looking a bit dazed and rubbing his sore head; no sign of Mario--stalks up to Scagnetti and Biggs, Floyd scurrying quickly behind. Knuckles thrusts his finger at Biggs.

KNUCKLES

His boy's gone psycho. He wasted half my men--

Dr. Biggs snorts.

DR. BIGGS

Bullshit. Why would Jimmy--

Jimmy leans around some crates and releases a quick burst.

Floyd is hammered off his feet.

Knuckles spins and returns fire.

Dr. Biggs grabs him.

DR. BIGGS

What the hell are you doing? That's my son!

Knuckles pushes him to the side, glaring coolly. Dr. Biggs stares back, shocked. In a moment, he recomposes himself, and marches for the row Jimmy appeared from behind.

DR. BIGGS
 I'll take care of this.
 (calling out)
 Jimmy, what the hell's gotten into
 you, boy?

He rounds the corner and gets a look at his son

JIMMY
 You wouldn't believe me if I told
 you.

DR. BIGGS
 God dammit, son! You'd better start
 explaining--

Jimmy swings the bat.

It sinks deep into Dr. Biggs' gut, driving his breath out
 with a whoosh and doubling him over.

JIMMY
 Sorry, Dad--

He brings the bat down across the back of his father's head.
 Dr. Biggs collapses out into the aisle.

123 A FEW ROWS OVER - CONTINUOUS 123

Mimi gasps. Bobby's chest is slowly healing. The bleeding
 has stopped.

MIMI
 It's working--

Mimi throws her arms around him and squeezes.

Bobby gasps in pain.

MIMI
 Oh--sorry--

124 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS 124

Eddie curses under his breath while examining the hard
 drives.

DR. Z
 What's the problem?

EDDIE

Running both systems is putting too much strain on the circuits. We gotta drop the punk.

Eddie moves for the keyboard. Dr. Z steps in his way.

DR. Z

We can't! He's the only thing distracting them from Bobby!

125 ANOTHER ROW OVER - CONTINUOUS

125

Guido and Lucas take cover around a corner, opening fire on Jimmy as he dashes for the far end, the crates to either side of him torn up in a hail of bullets. They're sweep of gunfire is going to catch him.

Jimmy drops, finally losing the bat, landing on his shoulder and sliding, bringing the sub-machine gun up and delivering an unhealthy burst into Guido's chest.

Lucas darts back around the corner as Jimmy fires again. But the gun doesn't respond. He's out of ammo.

He grabs the bat and scrambles for the end of the row.

Knuckles steps around the far corner, unloads his shotgun the quick way.

Wood splinters rain on Jimmy as he rounds the corner.

126 A ROW AWAY - CONTINUOUS

126

Bobby' chest has almost scarred over completely.

MIMI

We need to get out of here.

She helps Bobby up, though, by now, he doesn't need much help. He pulls his tattered shirt off and nearly flings it.

MIMI

Wait!

Weary of the gore, she slips the microphone of his shirt and attaches it to hers.

They move down the row as Ape twirls around the near corner.

APE

Where you think you're going?

Bobby and Mimi stop, turn. Ape levels his gun. Bobby steps in front of Mimi, prepared to take another gunshot.

But a strange whooshing noise slices the air, growing.

Puzzled, Ape starts to look around, but a pair of flying nun-chuks smashes him in the face. He drops, gun clattering to the floor.

Jean skids around the corner.

Jean! MIMI

Nice shot! BOBBY

JEAN

There's more coming!

They hurry down the aisle.

In front of them, Jimmy comes around the corner. The trio slows as Jimmy comes on, Jean dropping into posture.

JIMMY

Relax, dickhead. I can't hurt you.

JEAN

Yeah, right!

No. He's telling the truth--I think. MIMI

He helped us earlier. BOBBY

JIMMY

(overlapping)

Look--we gotta get the hell outta here. Those assholes're gonna be coming around those corners any second, and I dunno which one of us they wanna kill more right now.

Bobby--chest no longer raw, though heavily scarred--kicks a crate from the middle of the row, sending it into the empty space in the next aisle, creating an alcove for them.

127 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS 127

EDDIE

He's good enough, Doc. I'll
separate 'em and drop the punk. Now
give me that Martial Arts disc.

In the background, Agent Neumeyer checks out a disc labeled
Kama Sutra.

128 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 128

Lucas pops into the aisle, firing.

Sparks glance off the floor next to Jimmy as he lets out a
burst.

Lucas wiggles and jiggles bloodily as he drops.

Jimmy turns and dives for the safety of the small alcove
Bobby made in the crates.

Knuckles and Scagnetti skid around the other corner. Their
guns do the talking.

Jimmy slides into the safety of the gap.

BOBBY

We need to get out of here.

JIMMY

Think I said that already...

Bobby places his palms against the displaced crate and
pushes. Slowly, an opening into the next row appears.

Bobby grabs Mimi and slips through the crack.

MIMI

Come on!

129 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS 129

Eddie types: STAY. DEFEND POSITION.

130

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

130

Jean squeezes through. Jimmy starts to follow, then stops. He widens his stance and levels his weapon.

Knuckles peeks around the crate. Jimmy fires.

Knuckles pulls back quickly, but not before he's partially scalped. The thug screams, slapping a free hand to his wounded skull and pushes his weapon around the corner with the other, firing blindly.

Jimmy leaps for the gap, but takes the brunt of the shot in the shoulder and back.

Pinballing through the opening, Jimmy hits the floor, reaching out blindly--

JIMMY
(gasping)
Help me...

But Bobby, Mimi and Jean are gone from the aisle.

JIMMY
No!

Knuckles staggers through the opening in the crates, gore gushing from the left side of his denuded scalp, running into his eyes. He

Jimmy hears him and rolls away as Knuckles wastes a precious second trying to blink the blood from his eyes. Jimmy gets the uzi up and squeezes off a burst.

A crimson line is tattooed across Knuckles' chest. He drops to his knees, then works to raise his weapon at Jimmy. Before Knuckles can squeeze off a shot, he pitches forward onto the floor, shotgun clattering from his lifeless hand.

Jimmy lets out a tense breath.

Then Scagnetti pops through and plugs him in the shoulder. The force of the slug lays Jimmy on his back, sliding.

Scagnetti tries to pump two more into Jimmy's chest, but the second shot is an empty.

It doesn't seem to matter: Jimmy's entire body tenses, then suddenly relaxes.

SCAGNETTI

Told ya nobody fucks with Mario
Scagnetti...Now gimme my gun.

Scagnetti wrests the gun from Jimmy's limp fingers.

131

INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

131

Eddie gawks at Dr. Z, who stares soberly back through a haze of smoke. He holds out the regeneration disc to Eddie.

EDDIE

Are you kidding me? The computer
can't take it! Plus, that son of a
bitch tried to kill us!

AGENT JOHNSON

His blood is on your hands, Eddie.
You put him into that situation.

DR. Z

Without him, Bobby and the girl
would be dead.

EDDIE

Hell, no! He was a bad guy, and he
got exactly what he deserved.

Dr. Z regards Eddie for a moment, but Eddie doesn't look like he will back down. Sadly, he looks away from Eddie, lowering the regeneration disc. Then Dr. Z's eyes fix and settle on a stack of Eddie's comic books. Inspiration!

DR. Z

You're right, he is a bad guy. But
is that really the kind of justice
your superheroes would dispense?

He points to the comic books.

Eddie drops his eyes in shame, then glances at the books full of his idols. His stance softens.

Dr. Z holds out the Tissue & Cell Regeneration disc. Eddie reluctantly takes it.

132 INT. WAREHOUSE FRONT - CONTINUOUS

132

Bobby, Mimi and Jean have nearly made it to the front of the warehouse. They run down the center aisle, hell bent for the door.

Abruptly, a foot pops out from behind a tall row of desks, clotheslining Bobby.

Bobby is flattened to the ground.

Jean and Mimi put on the brakes as Akido, the foot's owner, steps from the row.

Jean drops into his stance, facing the new threat.

A foot bounces off the side of his head, from behind. He drops the bat.

Jean tumbles, rolls, and comes back up to his feet, ready to fight. Mr. Chu dances in, fists striking rapid-fire.

Jean blocks, blocks, blocks again, no time for an offensive move.

Bobby flips to his feet as Akido's foot slams the ground where Bobby's head had been. He spins, heel-kicks Akido in the gut. Akido doubles over.

Bobby brings his leg up then down, driving his heel into the back of Akido's head. Akido rolls forward, extending a leg, kicking Bobby in the face as he tumbles.

Mr. Chu backs Jean down the aisle with his fists of fury. Jean does his best just to keep up.

133 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

133

Thick smoke pours from the computers.

EDDIE

We gotta shut one of 'em down!

DR. Z

We can't!

134 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

134

Akido uppercuts Bobby, flipping Bobby end-for-end, but Bobby brings his feet up together, catching Akido under the chin as he flips.

Mr. Chu backs Jean into the desks, then legsweeps. Jean leaps over the extended leg, bringing his foot out and into Mr. Chu's face.

Mr. Chu staggers briefly, then shakes it off and comes in.

Mimi clubs him from behind with the bat.

Bobby hooks Akido between the legs, lifting Akido over his head, spinning, throwing him into the desks.

The desks fall like a bowled pile of beer cans. Debris scatters the aisle.

Mr. Chu turns on Mimi, blocking her next swing.

Jean closes in and punches him three times--pop pop pop--in the kidneys.

Mr. Chu reels, but again recovers quickly.

Mimi whacks him across the face, then tosses Jean the bat.

Akido, dazed, tries to crawl from the pile. Bobby puts him away with a solid right hook.

Jean breaks the bat over Mr. Chu's head, but the thug just won't go down.

Then Bobby steps in, clubbing Mr. Chu on the head with a heavy fist. Night-night.

135 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

135

The computers begin to spark and flicker, coughing up smoke in huge black clouds.

Johnson and Neumeyer sweep in with fire extinguishers.

EDDIE

Hope that was all the bad guys,
'cos we're fried.

SCAGNETTI (O.S.)

All right, assholes...party's over.

The scientists and agents share panicked stares.

136 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

136

Scagnetti comes down the aisle, sub-machinegun trained on the trio.

SCAGNETTI

The only question is, which one of you first?

Bobby and Jean step in front of Mimi.

Scagnetti laughs sarcastically.

SCAGNETTI

How did I know?

Scagnetti aims. Click.

Eddie's voice crackles:

EDDIE (FILTERED)

Mimi, don't let Bobby try anything--computer's down.

Scagnetti curses as he ejects the clip, then begins digging in his pocket for another.

Bobby races forward toward the thug.

MIMI

No Bobby--you don't have your powers!

But he charges on as Scagnetti brings out the clip, slapping it into place.

Bobby is close, but Scagnetti chambers a round, getting the uzi up while Bobby is still three feet away.

Then Bobby's foot lands in one of the drawers scattered among the debris from the desks.

Bobby's arms flail as his feet glide out from under him and the drawer skates forward. One of his feet collides with Scagnetti's hand, kicking the weapon up, up and away from the thug's grip.

The other foot smashes into Scagnetti's already tender crotch, bringing him to his knees.

Eyes bulging in pain, Scagnetti wheezes--

SCAGNETTI
 ...gonna...kill y--

KONK! The uzi comes down on his head. Scagnetti pitches forward onto Bobby, out cold.

Mimi and Jean hurry down to help Bobby from beneath the man. After they pull him out, they smile, whoop and shout, hugging each other in victory.

137 INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS 137

The scientists give a cheer and high five each other.

EDDIE
 We did it! We did it!

DR. Z
 It worked!

Agents Johnson and Neumeyer stare at the monitors.

AGENT JOHNSON
 Unbelievable...

He turns to Agent Neumeyer.

AGENT JOHNSON
 Well, was that enough action for you?

Agent Neumeyer nods, still hanging onto the Kama Sutra tape.

On the monitors, they see several of the backup agents burst into the warehouse.

Through the speakers, they hear shouts of "Freeze" and "Put your hands up."

AGENT JOHNSON
 We'd better get in there.

He and Agent Neumeyer turn and head for the door.

Agent Johnson stops just before he goes through the door, turning.

AGENT JOHNSON
 Don't you two go anywhere. We have a lot of questions for you to answer.

Dr. Z and Eddie's moods turn a little more somber.

DR. Z

I'm sure...

The feds leave.

Eddie and Dr. Z look at each other soberly.

Then they grin. Laugh. Exchange a victory hug.

DR. Z & EDDIE

We did it!

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

138 EXT. ALLEY LOT - MOMENTS LATER

138

The small parking lot is filled with sedans, police cruisers and ambulances, agents, officers and paramedics scurrying all about. Bodies--only a very few still breathing--are wheeled out of the warehouse and other buildings en mass.

Bobby stands with his arm around Mimi, both leaning against a cruiser.

Jean, Eddie and Dr. Z stand close by, talking animatedly to Johnson and Neumeyer. Eddie hangs onto a number of discs.

Two paramedics roll a stretcher past, with Jimmy on it; his wounds are partially healed.

He glares silently at Bobby as the push him by. When he speaks, his voice is still weak.

JIMMY

This isn't over yet, Cinderella.
You left me to die. As soon as I'm
outta the hospital, you're mine.

BOBBY

(laughing)
I don't think so...

He turns, tapping Eddie on the shoulder and holding out his hand. Eddie sees the outstretched palm, then gives Bobby the discs. Bobby holds them up for Jimmy to see.

BOBBY

You're mine, now.

Jimmy glares.

JEAN

Hey, Eddie. Didn't you say you were working on a knitting program?

MIMI

How about hopscotch?

Eddie shrugs.

EDDIE

I don't know about that, but Dr. Z's got a huge cache of gay porn.

Jimmy gapes in horror.

Dr. Z fixes Eddie with a wry evil eye.

Jimmy continues to glare, not breaking eye contact until they load him into the ambulance.

Then Mimi looks at Bobby.

MIMI

I think that's about the most exciting first date I've ever had.

Bobby's eyes widen just a bit.

BOBBY

Date?

MIMI

Yeah, date. Unless you don't want that...

BOBBY

(stuttering)

N-n-no. I m-mean yes. B-but--

She frowns, puzzled.

MIMI

What?

BOBBY

Th-that wasn't the r-r-real m-me in there tonight.

(beat)

Well, m-maybe at the end...

Mimi looks him straight in the eye.

MIMI

It was you, Bobby. All of it. I could tell you had the heart of a hero when we first met. That's why I liked you. What Dr. Z and Eddie did to you just let you use it.

JEAN

Yeah. And now you've got the heart of a superhero, Bobby!

EDDIE

Hey--and I helped make you!

They all laugh as Dr. Z strokes his chin thoughtfully.

DR. Z

You know, Eddie, that gives me a crazy idea...

BLACK OUT