

JERICO

Written by
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EXT. OPEN SKY - DAY

A cloudless, auburn sky stretches across the horizon.

A low thrumming noise becomes audible. Slowly it grows louder and louder, building to a near deafening WHOP WHOP WHOP.

A large black helicopter soars into view, slicing through the peaceful view.

INT. HELICOPTER - EVENING

MARCUS "MARC" SPENCER, (30's, think Aaron Paul) sits slumped and asleep in between two armed GUARDS.

Standing across from them is their SUPERIOR OFFICER, a stiff, military type.

The Officer peers out a window, then checks his watch. He turns and addresses the cockpit.

OFFICER
What's our ETA?

PILOT
Five minutes, sir!

The Officer nods and points to Marc.

OFFICER
Wake him up.

One guard reaches under his seat and pulls out a water bottle. He unscrews the cap, takes a sip, and then splashes the rest of it into Marc's face.

Marc pitches forward, sputtering and coughing. He brings his cuffed hands up to his face, wiping water and sleep from his eyes.

OFFICER (cont'd)
Rise and shine sleeping beauty.

MARC
Where are we?

OFFICER
As of right this moment, we are approaching the walls of Jericho Penitentiary. Take a gander.

Marc twists around and peers out the window behind him.

Far below, miles upon miles of open prairie rush by as a brownish blur. On the horizon, a rapidly approaching mass.

A wall, enormously tall and stretching endlessly in every direction.

The marvel is only visible for a few seconds before it is swept away beneath the helicopter, replaced by more endless prairie.

MARC

I don't see the penitentiary.

The Officer picks up a hiking backpack from a seat and sets it down in front of Marc.

OFFICER

Inside this pack is everything you are going to need for your stay here in Jericho. Two weeks worth of supplies.

MARC

Supplies?

OFFICER

Food, a water purifier. Don't lose that. Two changes of clothes, another for cold weather, the makings of a shelter, and of course the official Jericho Survival Manual.

The Officer holds up the MANUAL for Marc to see.

The Officer turns back to the cockpit.

OFFICER (cont'd)

Take us down.

Marc twists back around to the window to see nothing but prairie in all directions.

MARC

Where are we?

The Officer smirks.

The guards pull a reluctant Marc to his feet.

OFFICER

Now, I'm going to undo these cuffs and I don't want no trouble from you, understand?

MARC

I want to know where we are.

OFFICER

This is Jericho, son. We have arrived.

The officer opens the door of the helicopter and waves the guards over with Marc. He resists.

MARC

Wait.

The guards drag Marc forward. He pushes at the guards.

MARC (cont'd)

Now hold- Just hold on!

Both guards wrestle with Marc who is now thrashing about.

Marc drives his shoulder into one of the guards sending him sprawling. He turns and then head butts the other guard.

The Officer lunges forward with a taser, jamming it into Marc's neck. Marc's body stiffens and he collapses to the floor.

OFFICER

Every damn time. Tag him.

A guard leans over Marc holding some sort of SYRINGE GUN.

OFFICER (cont'd)

No. Not that one.

He hands the guard a different syringe gun.

OFFICER (cont'd)

In the ear like before.

The guard takes it, presses the gun to Marc's ear, and pulls the trigger.

A HISS and a CLICK. Marc yelps.

The Officer leans over with a pair of keys and unlocks Marc's shackles.

OFFICER (cont'd)

I'd advise finding a weapon quickly.
The inmates don't play nice.

The other two guards pick up Marc under his arms and haul him towards the door of the helicopter. Marc struggles weakly.

They bring him to the edge of the door, his upper half hanging out of the helicopter.

The helicopter hovers ten feet above the ground. In front of him there is only endless prairie.

OFFICER (cont'd)

Drop him.

The guards toss Marc out the door. He falls several feet to the ground, landing hard on his side. He gasps, writhing in pain.

The backpack lands next to his head.

Marc slowly crawls to his feet. The helicopter door above him slams shut as the helicopter ascends.

Wheezing, Marc stumbles after the rapidly ascending aircraft.

MARC

Wait!

He breaks into a sloppy run, chasing after what will soon be just a dot on the horizon.

MARC (cont'd)

Stop!

Out of breath, he stumbles and collapses to his knees.

MARC (cont'd)

Please...

Marc watches on his knees as his only hope for escape slowly disappears into the fading sun.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Marc sits in a sterile, hospital waiting room, hunched over a job application resting on his knee.

ON THE PAGE

"Have you served in the military?"

Marc checks the box underneath "yes".

ON THE PAGE

"Have you ever been convicted of a felony? If so, check yes and please explain in detail on a separate page."

Marc's pen hovers over the boxes for this one for a few moments. He leans back and fiddles with his pen, clicking it repeatedly.

A sigh.

He marks the box "yes".

He flips the application over and writes on the back.

A nurse walks up.

NURSE

Sir?

He looks up.

NURSE (cont'd)

Your sister is ready to see you now.

MARC

Oh, thanks.

NURSE

Right this way.

Marc hastily shuffles his papers and follows.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Marc pokes his head in and knocks.

GRACE, Marc's sister, smiles at him groggily from the hospital bed.

GRACE

Hey.

Marc enters and takes a seat next to the bed.

MARC

How are you feeling?

GRACE

Oh, everything hurts and I'm dying but you know, pretty good.

Marc chuckles and takes his sister's hand.

MARC
Anything I can do?

GRACE
Nah. They have me doped up pretty good. It's pretty great actually, you should try some.

Marc gives a weak smile.

GRACE (cont'd)
So, did you call the insurance company?

MARC
Yeah. Don't worry about it. It'll be fine.

A beat. Grace gestures at the job application in Marc's hand.

GRACE
Any takers?

MARC
I'm still waiting to hear back from a few places.

GRACE
Like?

MARC
Umm, there's a bookstore, the Walmart over by Jim's place, convenience store...

He waves the application he's been working on.

MARC (cont'd)
Mickey D's.

GRACE
Ew. I hope they don't call you back.

MARC
Gotta cast a wide net.

GRACE
Still. Flipping burgers?

MARC
Pays the bills. Plus, free ice cream on breaks.

GRACE
Oh, well who could pass that up?

He hesitates.

MARC
I don't want to jinx it...but...

GRACE
Oh?

MARC
I have an interview tomorrow for a sales position. Full time, salaried with benefits. Jason set it up.

GRACE
Marc, that's amazing!

MARC
It's just an interview, probably won't go anywhere.

GRACE
Hush! This is exciting. I'm excited for you.

Marc cracks a smile.

MARC
Thanks.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE/ INT. CAR - NIGHT

Marc's car gives off two chirps as he unlocks it from across the parking lot. He jogs over to his car, opens the door, and climbs in.

He plops down into the driver's seat. He cranks up the car's engine, puts the car in reverse backing out of his space.

He turns the wheel and-

BANG!

Out of nowhere another car collides with Marc's, sending it spinning before grinding to a halt.

Marc slumps forward against the steering wheel, bloody and unconscious.

A third vehicle pulls up beside Marc's.

Marc is pulled from the wreckage of his car by unseen hands and tossed inside the third vehicle. The vehicle's door slams shut.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

The sun hangs low on the horizon.

Miles upon miles of sparse grassland stretch in every direction.

Amidst the dry yellow-brown canvas trudges Marc, a dark smudge on the landscape.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

On the wall a large screen with a topographical map on it. A small red dot pulses, moving slowly.

A dozen or so LAB TECHS fill the room behind computer monitors. TAMARA LANGSTON, middle aged with a stern face, watches the map.

TAMARA

Jackson, how's the signal?

JACKSON, a young tech turns to address his superior.

JACKSON

Strong signal, ma'am.

A name pops up by the dot: "MARCUS SPENCER".

CUT TO:

EXT. PRAIRIE - CONTINUOUS

Marc scratches at the space behind his ear where he was injected.

He stops, dropping his pack to the ground, and following suit a second later. He unzips it, rummaging through the contents.

Out comes a white T-shirt, a blanket, and a bottled water which he takes a sip from.

Setting this aside, Marc reaches into the pack and procures a small book. The cover reads:

"The Official Jericho Survival Guide"

Marc opens the book and hastily tears through the pages until he comes to a chapter labeled "Hunting".

He rips the page from the book and tears it in half. The inside of the page is hollow, a pocket of paper.

And it's empty.

His brow creases with confusion. He flips through the book, looking for something. Digs through his bag, frantically searching.

Whatever he's looking for, it's not there.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

The small red dot pulses on the screen, unmoving.

TAMARA

What's he doing?

JACKSON

Maybe he's making camp?

TAMARA

Alright, keep an eye on him.

Tamara walks towards the doors which suddenly burst open. In walk two TECHS. One holds out a piece of paper, obviously furious.

TECH #1

We've got a problem.

Tamara takes the piece of paper. It's a photograph of a man we've never seen before.

TAMARA

What is this?

TECH #1

(to Tech #2)

Tell her what you told me.

TECH #2

Ma'am, that was supposed to be in Marcus' bag.

TAMARA

Pardon me?

TECH #2

I don't know how or when but somehow
it slipped through the cracks and-

TAMARA

Are you telling me he has no idea
what his mark looks like?

TECH #2

It was for security purposes. We were
told-

Tamara turns from the techs and marches back into the
observation room.

TAMARA

Someone get me our target's last
known location and make preparations
for the payload drop. We're going to
have to guide him. Jackson, point him
in the right direction.

Techs rush to work.

Jackson types on his computer.

EXT. PRAIRIE - CONTINUOUS

Marc drops the bag, its contents strewn about around him.

The picture isn't there. He's at a loss.

Suddenly, the high pitched whine of feedback pierces the
silence. He cringes, clutching at his ear.

The whine softens into the hiss of static.

And then, a voice, metallic and artificial.

RADIO (V.O.)

Marc. Spencer. Advance. Ten miles.
Due east.

MARC

Hello? Who is this?

RADIO (V.O.)

Advance ten miles. Due east.

MARC

What will I find there? Is that where
Cyrus is?

Silence.

MARC (cont'd)
Hello? Hello?

No response comes from the radio.

MARC (cont'd)
Least you could do is put somebody on
the other end.

Marc reaches into his pack again and produces a bag of beef jerky. He rips it open, popping a piece in his mouth.

A few moments later he gathers his things back into his backpack, tosses it over his shoulder, and starts walking.

EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT

Some time later. The sun is gone, leaving only blue twilight in its wake.

Marc slows to a stop and drops to one knee, taking off his pack, setting it on the ground.

He pulls a set of flint and steel from the pack, followed by the Jericho handbook. He flips to a page marked "How To Start a Fire".

Without a moment's hesitation he rips the page out and wads it up into a loose ball. He repeats the process with a few more hunks of paper.

He stacks these balls on top of a few hand fulls of grass. He strikes the flint and steel together, sending sparks into the paper.

The paper lights up.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT

A small campfire crackles at Marc's feet. Arms resting on knees, Marc's gaze rests on the flames as they dance.

A small rabbit hops into the light of the fire. Marc watches it come closer. He picks up a rock, slowly raises it.

Dinner.

The rabbit munches of prairie grass.

Marc's face softens. It's kinda cute. He lowers the rock.

Reaching into his pack he pulls out a protein bar. He pinches off a small bite and extends it to the small animal.

It timidly approaches before taking the food from his hand. He smiles and takes a bite for himself, watching the bunny eat.

EXT. CREEK - DAY

Marc kneels in front of a creek working a pump water filter.

Small spurts of water are spit into his water bottle from a tiny hose on the pump. The work is very slow.

As he pumps, he glances about, taking in his surroundings.

Back the way he came, something stands out. A black smudge on the tan/brown landscape.

He stops his pumping and squints.

The smudge is moving. In fact, there are several smudges. Becoming clearer. Moving closer.

Marc begins pumping much faster. Waters spurts into the bottle.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELDS - DAY

Marc jogs across the rugged terrain. He glances behind him.

The STALKERS are gaining on him.

He turns his attention to the ground in front of him, scanning it. He scoops up a sizable rock from the ground.

He has a weapon.

He glances behind him.

The leader of the stalkers lets out a scream and takes off running towards Marc. The stalkers follow.

Marc turns tail and takes off running. Arms and legs pumping. Breathing heavy and fast. The load on his back bounces about, throwing off his weight. His run becomes more of a staggering jog.

Behind him his pursuers are quickly closing the gap. We can see them more clearly now.

They are WILDMEN, filthy, gaunt, half naked. They scream and let out war whoops as they close on their prey.

Marc staggers to a stop. He turns to face his opponents.

They are almost on him. He drops the pack to the ground.

His grip on the rock tightens.

The wild men do not slow.

Marc raises his stone, ready to brain the first man out of the gate.

THWACK. An arrow buries itself into the neck of the lead attacker. Another takes a primitive spear to the chest.

With a roar, a much larger, better armed force of HUNTERS rush past Marc and set upon the wild men.

A wild man is stabbed by a spear.

Another is clubbed over the head.

One particular SAVAGE tackles Marc. The two fall to the ground.

Marc slams the rock into the Savage's head. He shoves the Savage off of him and raises the rock, prepared to finish the job.

JACK (O.C.)

Drop the rock.

Marc turns to find this new group's leader, JACK, pointing a drawn arrow at his heart. More hunters surround him and the Savage, brandishing bows and spears.

The Savage throws his hands in the air in submission.

MARC

I don't want any trouble.

The bowstring creaks as Jack draws it back a little farther.

JACK

Now.

Marc lets the rock slip from his fingers.

A HUNTER rushes up behind him, wrenching his arms behind his back, binding his hands together with some sort of crude rope.

Another does the same for the Savage.

Jack points to Marc's pack. Another hunter scoops it up and opens it. He digs around for a moment and grins.

JACK (cont'd)
Good stuff?

HUNTER #1
Oh yeah. He's used barely anythin'!

JACK
Frugal one, eh?

Jack grabs Marc by the arms and hauls him to his feet.

JACK (cont'd)
Alright boys! Let's move!

He pushes Marc and the Savage forward into a walk. Another HUNTER comes up behind Marc, nudging him with his spear to get him moving.

HUNTER #2
You heard him.

Marc grimaces as he is spurred forward.

EXT. FIELDS - DAY

The hunting party races across endless fields with captives in tow.

EXT. BOOTH'S CAMP - DAY

The fields give way to thick forest.

The hunting party comes to a halt.

Out of the trees step three GUARDS in ragged clothing and pelts, decorated with antlers, bones, and teeth. Like barbarians from another time.

GUARD
Jack! Find us some goodies?

JACK
Oh, yeah. This one here was loaded.

The Guard gives Marc a once over.

GUARD

He looks pretty fit. It'd be a shame to waste him on a run.

JACK

That's for Booth to decide.

GUARD

Speaking of, he wants to initiate these new ones personally. Apparently Ryan just brought in some fresh meat too.

JACK

Perfect.

Jack waves his group forward.

EXT. BOOTH'S CAMP - DAY

Marc emerges from the tree line and is ushered into a large camp.

Makeshift lean-to's and tents dot the camp ground. Dirty, half naked men lounge about in ragged clothing.

The camp surrounds a large cavern mouth. Jack ushers his prisoners towards the cavern.

Towards the back of the cavern, sitting upon a large rock is BOOTH, Hispanic 40's, a large bear of a man.

In his hands is a large wooden club with shards of glass, flint, bone, teeth, and claws pounded into it. He pounds a human tooth into the wood with a rock as Jack approaches with his prisoners.

Marc and the Savage are forced to their knees in front of Booth.

Booth ignores the prisoners, continuing his work, now pounding a twisted bottle cap into his club.

He finally looks up, hefting the club.

BOOTH

(to Jack)

Ryan came in with a few this morning. Go get em'.

Jack nods and gestures to one of his men, who scurries off. He then lifts Marc's pack and hands it off to Booth.

Booth opens the pack and rifles through it. He pulls out the pack of jerky, tears it open, and shoves a fistful into his mouth.

He closes his eyes and lets out a contented sigh.

BOOTH (cont'd)
Manna from Heaven.

RYAN, another one of Booth's goons, arrives with more prisoners in tow. A particularly scrawny man is shoved to his knees next to Marc.

This is KENT, middle aged, black, he has more of the look of an accountant than a hardened convict. He's missing an ear.

Booth walks up and down the small line of prisoners, like an officer inspecting his men.

He stops in front of Kent.

BOOTH (cont'd)
You. I know you, don't I?

Kent shakes his head.

KENT
I don't believe we've met.

Booth kicks him in the stomach.

BOOTH
Yeah...you're one of Cyrus' boys,
aren't you? A spy?

Marc looks up at the name Cyrus, recognition on his face.

KENT
(wheezing)
There's no love lost between me and
Cyrus.

BOOTH
Good.

Booth resumes his pacing.

BOOTH (cont'd)
Take a good look around. What you see here is the closest thing to civilization inside these god forsaken walls. Every man here eats well, has shelter...

He taps the Savage on the back of the head with his club.

BOOTH (cont'd)
...And my protection from the outside world. My men live out their stay here in Jericho in relative comfort. And the good news for you is I am a very generous person. But, my gifts come at a price.

He stops in front of Marc and Kent.

BOOTH (cont'd)
The price for my protection is this: tomorrow, you will be escorted into my enemies' camp. You will take whatever you can find, and you will bring it back to me as tribute. Succeed, and you will be rewarded. If a single one of you fails...

He stoops down to Kent's level.

BOOTH (cont'd)
Or alerts my enemies to your presence, rest assured every last one of you will find yourselves at the bottom of my men's stomachs.

He turns his back on the prisoners.

BOOTH (cont'd)
Take them to the pit.

Jack and his men grab the prisoners and pull them to their feet.

EXT. THE PIT - DAY

Marc lands in a large pit, about ten feet deep. His fellow prisoners are tossed in after him.

He gets up.

Around ten prisoners are in the pit. Several of them appear sick. Coughing, shivering, many with disgusting abscesses and sores deforming their features.

Some barely look human.

Marc scans the pit before spying Kent. He slumps down next to him. Kent gives him a sideways glance.

MARC
What's up with them?

Marc gestures to the sick prisoners.

KENT
Don't worry, you can't catch what they've got.

MARC
You're so certain.

KENT
Yup.

MARC
You a doctor?

KENT
Sure.

They sit in silence for a few.

MARC
So, this Cyrus guy Booth mentioned, who is he?

KENT
What's it to you?

MARC
Just trying to get the lay of the land is all.

Suddenly, the loud whine of feedback erupts in Marc's ear.

RADIO
Mar. Spencer. Advance three. Miles.
North East.

Marc winces, raising his hand to his ear.

Kent's eyes widen.

KENT

Oh God, you're Carthage.

MARC

What?

Kent scrambles backwards. Marc jumps up. Kent leaps to his feet and tackles Marc to the floor. The two struggle on the ground.

MARC (cont'd)

Stop-

Kent sucker punches Marc. Marc retaliates, slamming Kent into the wall of the pit, He grabs Kent by the hair and bashes his head into the wall twice. Kent goes limp.

Marc catches Kent by the front of his shirt.

MARC (cont'd)

What is Carthage?

KENT

What?

Marc shoves him up against the wall

MARC

Carthage. Who are they? What do you know?

KENT

You don't know?

MARC

I don't want to hurt you, but I want answers. Now.

KENT

Alright. Fine. Fine! Can you let go? You're wrinkling my favorite shirt.

Marc releases his grip on the tattered rag Kent wears.

KENT (cont'd)

Thanks.

MARC

Carthage? Who are they?

Kent cocks an eye brow.

KENT

You really don't know?

MARC
Would I ask if I did?

KENT
Huh.

MARC
You seem pretty terrified of them.

KENT
You've never seen what they can do.

MARC
Oh, I think I have.

Kent takes a seat, nursing his head.

KENT
Who the hell are you?

MARC
I'm asking the questions.

KENT
Oh cut the crap. I think we're both a little confused here, so a little civility wouldn't hurt.

This gives Marc pause. He takes a seat next to Kent, offers his hand.

MARC
Marc.

Kent eyes his hand warily, but takes it.

KENT
Friends call me Kent.

MARC
You know Cyrus.

KENT
Yeah, you could say that.

MARC
Who is he?

KENT
Who is he to you?

Marc hesitates.

KENT (cont'd)
Look, you want me to play ball, you got to-

MARC
He's my ticket out of here.

KENT
How so?

MARC
Made a deal. Find Cyrus, and they get me out.

Kent laughs.

KENT
You made a deal with Carthage?

MARC
They didn't give me a name. Who are they?

KENT
They own this place. And getting to Cyrus...well that's going to be mighty difficult.

MARC
How's that?

KENT
Cyrus is the leader of the largest, best organized gang in Jericho.

MARC
...Well that does complicates things.

He stands to pace.

KENT
You're military?

Nods.

MARC
Former.

KENT
I'm going to guess marine corp.

MARC
I was a scout sniper.

KENT

And you get a get out of jail free card if you collect Cyrus?

MARC

Correct.

KENT

I can get you Cyrus.

MARC

If I get you a ticket out?

KENT

That was the thought, yeah.

MARC

You told Booth you two weren't on the best of terms.

KENT

We're not. But seeing as we're getting dropped off on his doorstep tomorrow I don't see why I can't lead you to him once we're there. I know where he sleeps, I know where the guards are posted. I know that whole camp like the back of my hand. I just need you to get us out because that's going to be a fight.

A pause.

MARC

I can handle that.

He holds out his hand.

MARC (cont'd)

Do we have a deal?

KENT

I believe we do.

He takes Marc's hand and shakes it.

MARC

Outstanding.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PIT - DAY

Morning arrives as the sun creeps up over the horizon.

Marc sleeps, slumped against the wall.

A rock comes flying out of no where and connects with his head. He jolts awake, clutching his head.

JACK (O.S.)

Up!

A few more rocks fly into the pit, pelting the prisoners.

JACK (O.S.) (cont'd)

Get up! We're moving!

The pit's inmates slowly rouse themselves, standing to their feet.

Jack and a group of GUARDS stand on the edge of the pit, tossing dirt and rocks in.

Prisoners attempt to climb the walls of the pit. The guards reach in with their spears, fishing for men.

Marc scrambles up out of the pit and into the sun. He lends Kent a hand.

JACK

Round em' up lets go!

One of the guards gives Marc a shove. He starts walking.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Marc and company are pushed, prodded, and kicked along deeper and deeper into the woods.

Sweat pours down Marc's face as he jogs along.

Marc and Kent converse in hushed voices, we come in on the middle of their conversation.

KENT

...And up north there's a gang led by a guy named Jerome, but he tends to steer clear of the others. Booth and Cyrus have this corner of Jericho pretty well locked down.

MARC

Why doesn't one of them just move?
Jericho's a big place.

KENT

Once you've established you're turf
you don't want to give it up I
suppose.

GUARD

Pick up your pace!

MARC

Do you think they're going to feed us
anytime soon?

KENT

Doubt it.

Suddenly, a loud whine breaks the silence of the forest.
Jack holds up a hand. The company slows.

The sound grows progressively louder and louder. A roaring
screech.

A FIGHTER JET soars overhead, surprisingly low. It
disappears into the distance.

Marc stares after it, befuddled.

JACK

We're moving!

Marc is prodded forward.

A SICK PRISONER lets out a series of wet coughs. He spits
out a glob of blood. Marc watches, concerned,

KENT

So, how'd you wind up in here?

A beat.

MARC

I killed someone.

KENT

Damn. Who'd you kill, the president?
As a matter of fact who is the
president now?

MARC

No, he was a normal guy.

Kent barks a laugh.

KENT

Not sure if I want to know what you
gotta do to one normal guy to wind up
here.

More coughing echoes through the woods.

MARC

Well what about you?

KENT

Me? I'm innocent.

The Sick Prisoner collapses in front of them in a fit of
body wracking coughs.

The gang stops, all diverting their attention to the
prisoner, writhing on the ground. Eyes rolled up in head,
blood dribbling from his mouth as he wheezes.

Jack nods to one of his men. He rams a spear into the Sick
Prisoner's chest.

His convulsing stops.

The procession moves on. Marc spares the dead man a
lingering glance before being shoved along with his fellow
captives.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Jack calls for a halt. He gestures to two of his SCOUTS.

JACK

We're close. Scout ahead.

They disappear into the woods. Jack addresses his prisoners.

JACK (cont'd)

Show time. Bring back anything useful
you can find. Food, weapons,
supplies. Try to sneak off, you will
be shot. Let them know you're there
and they'll do worse.

One of Jack's scouts returns.

SCOUT

Top of the hill, two sentries.

He nods.

Jack's men usher the prisoners up the hill.

Jack advances to the front of the pack. Up ahead, two sentries are visible in the moonlight. Jack holds up his hand, then balls it into a fist.

Twin arrows zip through the air, each into the throat of a sentry. Soft gurgling followed by thuds are the only sounds they make as they fall.

Jack's men turn and point their arrows at Marc and his fellow prisoners.

JACK
Your turn, bring me back something useful.

Marc and Kent advance up the hill into the camp.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Tamara steps into the room, sipping a cup of coffee.

TAMARA
Update?

TECH #1
He's course corrected, ma'am. Almost to the target.

TAMARA
Weren't we sending him to the drop first?

JACKSON
Yes, ma'am. But he's been ignoring our instructions.

TAMARA
Interesting. Keep me posted.

She takes a seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. CYRUS' CAMP - NIGHT

Marc and Kent enter the camp, stealthily weaving between animal skin tents.

KENT
(mouthing)
This way.

Marc follows Kent silently.

Marc steps over many sleeping forms of MEN wrapped in fur blankets. He stops to scoop up a TOMAHAWK lying beside one of the sleeping men. Kent nods his approval.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF CAMP

Several other prisoners attempt to move stealthily through the camp. A SICKLY ONE plucks some meat off a spit.

Another BEARDED PRISONER cautiously opens the flaps of a tent to find a sleeping man inside.

EXT. CYRUS' CAMP - NIGHT

Kent points to a much larger tent fifty yards off. Marc nods.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Jackson types something into his computer and suddenly looks up.

There's a new dot on the corner of the large observation screen. It's moving fast.

Jackson turns to a fellow Tech.

JACKSON
Was there a test planned for tonight?

TECH #1
I'm not sure...let me check...

The dot is halfway across the map.

INT./EXT. OTHER SIDE OF CAMP/TENT - NIGHT

The Bearded Prisoner pokes around in the tent.

He comes up with a copy of the Jericho Survival Guide and grabs a handful of oddly shaped leaves.

The tent's occupant shifts restlessly in his sleep.

EXT. CYRUS' CAMP - NIGHT

Marc and Kent grow closer to the tent. Carefully but quickly they maneuver around the sleeping obstacles in their path.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Jackson sprints across the room to Tamara.

JACKSON

Ma'am, we have a problem.

He points at the screen.

The dot races towards Marc's location.

TAMARA

Shit!

EXT. CYRUS' CAMP - NIGHT

Suddenly, a loud whine breaks the silence of the camp.

Marc and Kent freeze, turning their eyes to the sky.

The sound grows progressively louder and louder. A roaring screech.

A jet soars overhead, dropping its payload.

A giant, metal canister buries itself in the ground near Marc and Kent.

Two more metal canisters crash to earth. Slots open in the sides and clouds of red gas are spewed from within.

The occupants of the camp stir.

One of the sleeping men bolts upright.

KENT

Run!

MAN

Enemy in the camp!

Marc and Kent bolt. Clouds of red gas flood the camp in every direction.

The camp's inhabitants awake and flood in from every direction, blocking Marc and Kent's path to Cyrus' tent.

Kent grabs Marc's arm and leads him in a new direction. More gang members block their path.

A GUARD tackles Marc. Marc flips him and lodges the tomahawk in his neck.

The Guard writhes on the ground, clutching his neck.

Marc stumbles backwards, watching the guard choke on his own blood.

He hadn't meant to do that.

Marc spins to see several GUARDS running in his direction.

With a sharp whistle, an arrow slices past Marc's cheek grazing it, leaving a bloody gash.

Marc turns to find an ARCHER far behind him.

The guards grow closer.

The archer nocks another arrow.

Marc leaps into action, spinning and charging towards the archer.

The archer pulls back the string.

Another metal canister slams into the ground, releasing more gas.

Startled, the archer unleashes his arrow into a nearby tree.

Marc snatches the arrow from the trunk of the tree, nearly on top of the archer.

The archer fumbles with another arrow, trying to place it on the string.

Marc smashes into him, stabbing him in the throat with his own arrow.

The three guards hurtle towards Marc.

Marc grabs the bow of the fallen archer and snatches an arrow from the ground. He drops to one knee, nocks the arrow, draws, and releases.

The arrow goes wide of the three guards running headlong for Marc.

He grabs another arrow from the body, knocks it, and fires.

It lands closer than its predecessor but still misses. The men draw nearer.

Marc plucks the arrow from the neck of the archer and nocks it. He fires. The arrow strikes the lead guard in the leg. He falls to his knees with a scream.

Bow in hand, Marc leaps to his feet. He sprints forward to meet his attackers head on.

The first, he smacks across the face with the bow.

The second comes at him with a club. Marc blocks the club with his bow, kicking his assailant in the gut with his foot.

The first guard jumps back up and leaps onto Marc's back, arms around his throat.

Marc throws his head backward, smashing the man's nose.

The guard releases Marc, clutching his broken nose.

Marc lunges at the second guard, delivering a punch to the throat followed by a blow to the temple with his bow, sending the guard to the ground.

Marc scoops up the downed guard's club, wheels back around to the first guard, and brings it down on the guard's head with a meaty thud.

The guard slumps to the ground, and Marc collapses to his knees, panting.

Screams. Red smog. Arrows fly.

Marc takes an arrow to the shoulder. He rips it out with a scream and continues running.

More MEN emerge from the fog.

Marc punches one in the throat. Takes a punch to the face, returns the punch.

Another thug tackles him, driving him backward like a linebacker. Marc buries his tomahawk in the man's side, sending the two of them sprawling.

Marc rolls on top of the man. He viciously hacks at the man with the tomahawk.

His face twisted in a grimace.

Blood flies.

KENT

Marc!

Marc freezes mid swing, covered in blood.

KENT (cont'd)

Come on!

Marc stands unsteadily. He looks down at the mangled corpse he just created.

Kent turns and runs.

Marc spares the corpse one last glance and then sprints after Kent.

They run through the chaos, dodging between tents and screaming combatants.

Suddenly, they burst from red smoke into open air. They keep running deep into the forest.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Kent and Marc slow to a stop. Kent collapses to the ground, wheezing. Marc slumps against a tree, clutching his bleeding shoulder.

KENT

I think... I think we lost them.

Marc a rips a strip of cloth from his shirt. It's stained red. In fact, most of his body is stained blood red.

He tries to wipes off his hands with the stained cloth but it does little more than smear the blood and dust around.

He wipes his hands on his trousers in vain before ripping another strip of cloth from his shirt, which he uses as a bandage.

Kent stands, still out of breath.

KENT (cont'd)
We'll head west, lie low a few days.
They'll probably stop looking for
stragglers by then.

MARC
We have to go back.

KENT
Are you insane?

MARC
We're not getting out of here unless
we get Cyrus.

KENT
There is no getting Cyrus now. After
a raid like that they'll have
sentries patrolling night and day!
Even you can't fight your way through
that!

MARC
I'll find a way.

KENT
You'll get yourself killed.

MARC
I don't have a choice.

A tense silence fills the air.

Marc resumes his bandaging.

MARC (cont'd)
I need to know what's going on here,
Kent.

Marc ties off the bandage. He scrubs at the blood on his
hands.

MARC (cont'd)
You and Cyrus, you were close?

A beat.

KENT
Yeah.

MARC
Did he tell you why Carthage wants
him so bad?

Marc scrubs more vigorously at the blood caked on his arm.

KENT
Look, maybe-

MARC
Answers. Now.

Kent holds up his hands.

KENT
Alright, alright.

A beat.

KENT (cont'd)
How familiar are you with biological warfare? Like germ warfare.

MARC
I'm familiar with the concept.

KENT
Usually not a good idea. You spread some virus around to kill off the enemy populace, suddenly it spreads to the surrounding regions and viola! You have an epidemic on your hands.

He leans forward.

KENT (cont'd)
But what if you could direct it? What if you could program a deadly virus so it only effects someone with a certain set of DNA? A certain ethnicity, bloodline, or a single individual.

MARC
That would change the face of war. You could assassinate a president with a handshake.

KENT
Exactly! Which brings us to Carthage.

MARC
They're developing something like that?

KENT
Developed.

Kent gestures around them.

KENT (cont'd)
Rat, meet maze.

MARC
Everyone in the pit.

KENT
Carthage needed bigger mice to
experiment on.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

We find ourselves in the same dark room, same large screen
on the wall.

The screen has a gigantic digital map of Jericho stretched
across it, thousands of little dots representing prisoners.

MEN in suits and lab coats sit behind computers and gesture
at the dots on the screen.

KENT (V.O.)
So they offered to build a private
prison for the government at no cost.
A place the worst of the worst could
be quietly swept under the rug and
forgotten. They called it their
"civic duty". The suits in DC ate it
up.

A small blip on the screen streaks past the dots. Several
grainy, overhead videos pop up on the screen, displaying red
gas flooding a campsite.

A SCIENTIST punches a key on his computer screen, bringing
up another video.

This is CYRUS LONGFELLOW before his days in Jericho. We do
not see his face, we haven't properly met him yet.

He turns to his SUPERVISOR.

CYRUS
Strain GUC1/12 has been successfully
deployed, sir.

SUPERVISOR
Any immediate casualties?

CYRUS

Yes, sir. This strain seems to be particularly fast acting.

SUPERVISOR

Good, keep me posted.

The Supervisor walks off to another scientist.

SUPERVISOR (cont'd)

Joshua, what's the status of H65V?

Cyrus turns back to his computer, and plugs in a THUMB DRIVE.

A video of choking, dying prisoners is playing on the screen. Cyrus minimizes this window and drags a file into the thumb drive.

KENT (V.O.)

Cyrus was one of their chemists. The idiot developed a conscious.

Cyrus leaves the room.

INT. CARTHAGE CORP LAB - NIGHT - FLASHBACK CONTINUES

Cyrus reaches into a freezer and pulls out two VIALS filled with liquid, one red, one yellow. He takes a syringe to a vial of yellow liquid and injects himself with it.

KENT (V.O.)

Maybe the possibility of mass genocides got to him. Maybe he just got tired of infecting a bunch of convicts. Regardless he decided to go public with what Carthage was making and who they were testing it on.

Cyrus pulls something from his pocket. It's a NECKLACE - a jewel on the end of a chain, but the jewel is actually a HOLLOW PLASTIC SHELL.

Cyrus plunges the syringe needle into the RED LIQUID. He draws out a sample - and SQUIRTS IT INTO THE HOLLOW CELL IN THE NECKLACE.

KENT

To ensure his safety, he created a virus that would only infect the brass at Carthage.

When he pulls the needle out, the plastic cell SEALS ITSELF.

He lifts up his shirt to reveal a small INCISION in the skin of his stomach. He peels it open to reveal a strange POCKET made from his own skin.

He slips the necklace up under his skin.

KENT (V.O.)
But that didn't pan out.

The door bursts open and a group of ARMED GUARDS rush in.

Cyrus is tackled to the ground.

A GUARD fishes around in his pockets while the other guards hold him down.

The guards drag him from the room.

KENT (V.O.) (cont'd)
They sent him the one place he'd never be found. Here.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Kent and Marc sit in silence for a moment as Marc takes this in.

MARC
So what changed? Now they want him back?

KENT
Before he tried to go public he realized that Carthage could easily kill him with one of the viruses he helped develop. So, he created two insurance policies for himself. First, he created the aforementioned virus for the Carthage brass, which he never got to use. But he also reverse engineered himself a vaccine.

MARC
So he's immune.

KENT
And Carthage has been trying to infect him for years.
(MORE)

KENT (cont'd)

I guess they finally figured out what he did and now they want him back to finish the job.

MARC

Or they want the vaccine.

KENT

Or both.

Marc rubs his wound tenderly.

MARC

Rest up, we have work to do in the morning.

KENT

Marc, we would need an army to get in there. It's not going to happen.

Marc stands, walks a few feet off, and bunches up leaves on the ground into a sort of makeshift mattress.

MARC

I guess I'll just have to sleep on it.

KENT

It's not going to happen. It's impossible.

He lays down on his bed of leaves.

MARC

You get first watch. Wake me up in a few hours.

Marc turns over, staring out into the dark.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The sun shines, sending shafts of light through the leafy canopy above. Marc's eyes blink open slowly.

He looks over to Kent, who is asleep in the same spot he occupied the night before. Marc rolls over, crawling to his feet.

MARC

Dammit, Kent.

He stretches out his stiff joints and walks over to a nearby stream.

Marc crouches and dips his hands into the water. His arms and hands are still crusted with red blood.

He scrubs at the stains in the water but they do not wash off. He scrubs harder. Harder.

Nothing.

Frustrated, he shakes the water from his hands.

His usual, steady, soldier like demeanor cracks slightly. He stares up at the heavens, looking for answers.

RADIO (V.O.)

Marc. Spencer. Advance two miles.
East.

He ignores it.

RADIO (V.O.) (cont'd)

Marc. Spencer. Advance two miles.
East. Marc. Spenc-

He frowns, brow creasing.

The sun hangs in the horizon, rising in the East.

Marc's eyes widen.

RADIO

Marc. Spencer. Advance two miles.
East.

He bolts back over to Kent, shaking him awake.

MARC

Cyrus' camp is to the West!

KENT

What? What are you-

MARC

Cyrus is West of us, right?

Kent feebly tries to push Marc away.

KENT

Uh, I think so. Why?

MARC

The radio. Carthage is telling us to
go East.

KENT

So?

MARC

So it's telling us to move away from
Cyrus.

KENT

That...why?

MARC

Maybe there's more than one way to
get to Cyrus.

KENT

Listen, Marc-

MARC

Come on!

Marc bolts to his feet. He scoops up the tomahawk from the
ground and takes off towards the rising sun.

Kent stumbles to his feet and gives chase.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Marc stumbles through the woods, Kent in tow. He pauses,
leaning against a tree, regaining his stamina. Kent
collapses to one knee, out of breath.

KENT

Where are we going Marc?

MARC

Wherever it's telling me to.

KENT

And what's there?

MARC

Don't know, but I intend to find out.

Kent starts to object, but Marc is already on the move
again.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Marc comes to a stop, nearly causing Kent to run into him.

Before them is a small clearing.

In the center of the clearing is a pile of crates, strapped together and half covered by a now useless parachutes.

Marc steps forward and pulls the parachute off of the crates. He pries open the top crate using his tomahawk.

Inside, a scoped sniper rifle.

Marc takes it out of the box almost reverently.

Kent lets out a whoop. He excitedly cracks open a crate and pulls out a machete.

He's like a kid in a candy store.

CUT TO:

Behind them, among the trees, a SPY watches. This is AARON, one of Cyrus' lackeys.

In the distance Marc inspects the rifle.

Aaron's eyes widen.

He scampers off into the woods without a sound.

BACK TO:

Kent digs through a crate. Produces a handgun.

KENT

Marc, do you realize what we have here? These are the keys to the place!

MARC

Well, it's no army. But it will do.

KENT

You could have the whole damn prison if you wanted!

Marc cracks open a box of ammunition.

Kent straps the machete to his back.

MARC

Have you ever fired a weapon before?

KENT

I went skeet shooting once.

MARC

And?

KENT
I hit three clays.

MARC
Out of?

KENT
Fifty.

MARC
Right.

Marc tosses him a shotgun from a crate.

Kent catches it clumsily and grins.

Marc picks a pistol out of a box and stuffs it into the back of his pants.

KENT
Oh, I can't wait to see the look on
their faces.

Kent cocks the shotgun.

EXT. CYRUS' CAMP - DAY

Aaron bursts into the camp from the woods. He makes his way through the camp, passing wreckage from the night before.

He arrives in front of the largest tent in the camp. JEB stands guard outside.

AARON
Jeb, I need to speak to Cyrus.

Jeb shakes his head.

JEB
Boss doesn't want to be bothered.

AARON
He'll want to be bothered by this.

JEB
No can do, I have my orders.

Aaron grabs Jeb roughly by the shoulders.

AARON
I saw Kent.

JEB

Who?

AARON

Kent. Our Kent.

Recognition dawns on Jeb's face.

JEB

What? When?

AARON

Last night. He was with Booth's gang when they attacked. He escaped but I followed him.

The tent flaps rustle behind Jeb and from the tent emerges CYRUS, 40's, weathered, and tough as nails.

CYRUS

Followed him where?

AARON

I was just coming to-

CYRUS

Where?

AARON

Just a few miles away. They have weapons. Real weapons.

Cyrus opens a flap of the tent and motions Aaron inside.

CYRUS

Tell me everything.

The two enter the tent.

EXT. EDGE OF CAMP - DAY

Marc and Kent lay prone in the dirt on a hill overlooking Cyrus' camp. Marc surveys the camp with the scope on his rifle.

The inhabitants mill about.

He lowers the scope.

KENT

Got a plan yet?

MARC
Working on it.

Marc swings the rifle over to view Cyrus' tent in the middle of camp.

KENT
Well?

MARC
We'll have to wait until nightfall.

KENT
Why? We have guns, they have sticks.

MARC
It's too risky. That's a hundred men to two out there and even with superior fire power I'm not confident we can handle that many.

KENT
So what, sneak into camp? We already tried that.

MARC
Maybe not, but-

KENT
But what?

MARC
I don't want this to turn into a massacre.

KENT
If there's anyone worth massacring, it's the men in that camp.

Marc shakes his head.

MARC
Stealth is our best strategy. We wait til tonight.

Kent glares at the camp before him. His finger lightly strokes the trigger of his shotgun. He shifts.

Kent leaps to his feet and sprints towards camp. Marc lunges after him.

MARC (cont'd)
Kent! Stop!

But he's already long gone. Marc flops back down to the ground, eye on scope, watching Kent go.

EXT. CYRUS' CAMP - DAY

A tall THUG spots Kent running towards the camp. He charges with a yell. Kent ends his life with a shot to the chest.

The shot rings out like a thunder clap.

Kent cocks the shotgun, swiveling around, aiming it at any gang members that get too close.

INT. CYRUS' TENT - DAY

Cyrus and Aaron both jump.

Cyrus rushes out of the tent.

EXT. CYRUS' CAMP - DAY

The shot still rings in the air. A dozen stunned gang members stand frozen in their tracks around Kent.

An arrow whizzes by Kent. BANG! The archer falls dead to the ground.

EXT. EDGE OF CAMP - DAY

Smokes curls from the business end of Marc's rifle. He racks the slide and fires again.

EXT. CYRUS' CAMP - DAY

A thug jumps at Kent from behind. He flops to the ground dead a second later as Marc's shot rings through the air.

Two more members of Cyrus's gang rush forward. Kent dispatches both with two blasts from his shotgun.

KENT

Hey guys! I'm back!

More gang members arrive. None approach Kent.

Kent advances towards the crowd. It parts like the Red Sea before him. He swings his gun around.

KENT (cont'd)
Where's your boss at? Me and him need
to talk.

Kent casually walks through camp towards the big tent at the center of it all.

A gang member takes a step towards Kent. A shot rings through the air and dirt kicks up near his feet. He stumbles backwards.

Kent keeps walking.

He reaches the tent.

KENT (cont'd)
Hey buddy, you home?

He rips the flap open. There is no one inside.

EXT. EDGE OF CAMP - DAY

Through the scope we see Kent open the flap, then turn to Marc's position and shrug.

Marc lowers the rifle, wildly scanning the camp.

There! Two figures disappear into the woods at the edge of camp.

Marc leaps to his feet and tears through the woods.

INT. CYRUS' TENT - DAY

Kent ducks into the tent and drops to his knees in one corner. He digs into the dirt floor using his hands. The dirt comes away quickly, revealing the treasure buried underneath.

A glass necklace, filled with red liquid.

The virus that Cyrus never had the chance to use on his employers.

Kent loops it around his neck, picks up his gun, and bolts out of the tent.

EXT. EDGE OF CAMP - DAY

Marc hurdles through the woods. He spots Cyrus, a dot in the distance, and takes off after him. The dot steadily grows larger. Marc doubles his speed.

Out of nowhere, Jeb tackles Marc. Marc grapples with Jeb before jabbing the barrel of his rifle into Jeb's stomach and firing. Jeb screams and stumbles away.

Aaron appears, hurdling toward Marc. Marc takes him out with a bullet to the shoulder.

Cyrus is getting away.

Marc kneels, sighting Cyrus through his rifle. He fires.

Cyrus goes spinning to the ground with a shot to the arm.

Kent sprints past Marc after Cyrus. Marc follows.

Cyrus gets back up, clutching his arm, stumbles back into an awkward run.

Kent runs like a madman, quickly closing the gap between him and Cyrus.

Cyrus glances behind him.

He trips.

Kent is on him in an instant, pinning him to the ground with a shotgun to the face.

KENT

Remember me?

CYRUS

Don't! I'm sorry!

Marc approaches.

MARC

We're not here to kill you, Cyrus.
We're here to save you.

CYRUS

What?

MARC

Get him up, we need to move.

Kent grabs Cyrus by the shirt and hauls him to his feet, shoving the barrel of the shotgun into his back.

KENT

Move!

Cyrus is spurred into a jog by his captors. The three sprint off into the woods.

EXT. CYRUS' CAMP - DAY

Aaron stumbles into camp clutching his shoulder. Small groups of gang members mill about. One spots Aaron.

GANG MEMBER

Aaron! What happened? Where's the boss?

A few more gravitate towards Aaron.

AARON

Get me a bandage.

No one moves.

AARON (cont'd)

Go!

A few scamper off.

AARON (cont'd)

They took him.

GANG MEMBER

He's dead?

AARON

No, not yet.

Someone returns with a dirty strip of cloth. Aaron begins winding it around his shoulder.

He pulls the bandage tight with a sharp tug.

AARON (cont'd)

Where were you?

A gang member raises his hands in defense.

GANG MEMBER

We were outgunned.

AARON

So was Jeb.

Aaron shoves past the gang member and stalks towards a tent. Several thugs follow after him like lost sheep. He reaches into the tent and pulls out a club.

AARON (cont'd)
I know where their camp is.

GANG MEMBER
So?

He tosses the club to the gang member.

AARON
So, I know where they got those guns.

He pulls a spear from the tent.

AARON (cont'd)
And I think it's time to even the playing field.

EXT. EDGE OF FOREST - NIGHT

Marc sits across from Cyrus, a small campfire separating them.

Kent comes dashing into camp, two rabbits swinging by his side.

He plops down, unsheathes his machete and skins one of the rabbits.

MARC
Not a lot of meat on those things.

KENT
Should be enough more than enough. A rabbit each is a lot of food around here.

MARC
Kent.

He gestures to Cyrus.

KENT
Only found two rabbits.

Kent continues skinning the rabbit.

CYRUS
No last meal for the condemned, Kent?

Kent ignores him.

CYRUS (cont'd)
So, what are you two waiting for?

MARC
We're not here to kill you.

Cyrus rubs his bandaged arm.

CYRUS
Forgive me for being skeptical.

MARC
Carthage wants you out of Jericho.

CYRUS
Carthage? Why would they want me?

MARC
I was hoping you could tell me.

KENT
Yeah.

Kent spears a skinless bunny onto his machete.

KENT (cont'd)
Tell us all about why Carthage would
want good ole Cyrus Longfellow.

He holds the rabbit above the flames of the campfire.

KENT (cont'd)
God knows we've talked about it
enough.

Cyrus laughs.

CYRUS
I see what you're playing at here,
Kent. Alright, I'll play ball. If it
means getting out of this place I'll
do whatever the hell you want me to
do.

He nods at the roasting meat.

CYRUS (cont'd)
Though I'd be a little more
cooperative on a full stomach.

Kent pulls the rabbit out of the fire and takes hunk out of
it with his teeth. He licks his lips.

KENT
Mmm, good stuff.

CYRUS
You sure this little cook fire of yours is a good idea, Kent? It hasn't rained in weeks. Don't want to burn the whole place down.

KENT
I know how to manage a little camp fire.

He sticks the rabbit back into the fire to cook longer.

KENT (cont'd)
What I wouldn't give for a hotdog to roast right now.

Marc shakes his head.

MARC
A deep dish, Chicago style pizza. Meat lovers, with bacon, sausage, pepperoni. Hell, I'd take a slice from anywhere right now.

CYRUS
I'd give anything for clean water. I can't remember what it tastes like.

MARC
Tomorrow.

Marc grabs the other rabbit and tosses it to Cyrus.

KENT
Hey!

MARC
This time tomorrow you won't have to worry about food. Save me half of that.

Marc stands.

MARC (cont'd)
Kent. A word.

He walks a little ways off into the woods. Kent gets up to follow. He looks over his shoulder at Cyrus, cocking his shotgun threateningly.

He catches up to Marc.

KENT

We need to watch him. He says he'll cooperate but-

MARC

We need to talk about what happened today.

KENT

We got him, what's there to talk about?

MARC

You rushed in, blindly. If you went down then they would have had a firearm. You weren't thinking.

KENT

I acted.

MARC

And how many people did you get killed?

KENT

Those aren't people. They're animals. And the only thing they respond to is strength. There's no code of conduct out here, Marc. No Geneva Convention. Just brute force.

MARC

We already have enough blood on our hands.

KENT

We? You brought me into this, buddy. You asked for my help. And I gave it, just like I gave it to them.

MARC

I appreciate your help, but-

KENT

Let me tell you something. I'm a pretty smart guy. So, when I wound up in here I thought I'd try to help make life a little better in Jericho. I helped form a group of survivors, showed them how to make it out here. Together we figured out how to make tents, forage, purify water.

(MORE)

KENT (cont'd)
Without me they'd still be
cannibalizing each others' corpses! I
brought them civilization!

Kent points back to camp where Cyrus waits.

KENT (cont'd)
And in return they tried to kill me.
They took my compassion and spat it
back into my face. Men who I had
considered friends were the ones who
ran me out! I barely escaped with my
life! Any blood spilled yesterday was
equally repaid.

A beat.

KENT (cont'd)
Every single man in Jericho more than
deserves to be here. Showing them
mercy will only get you killed.

Kent turns away and walks back towards camp.

MARC
I did two tours in Afghanistan.

Kent looks back.

KENT
Good for you. Thank you so much for
your service.

MARC
When you're driving a tank down the
road, protocol dictates that you
cannot stop for anything, even if
there's a child in the road. They're
counting on you stopping so they can
ambush you. At the end of the day
it's math. Crushing one kid might
save the lives of dozens.

KENT
Jesus.

He draws closer to Kent. Dangerously close.

MARC
I know better than anyone that having
a conscious can get you killed on the
field. I understand what needs to be
done.

(MORE)

MARC (cont'd)
But I'll be damned before we take one
more life than is absolutely
necessary.

KENT
Did...did you ever have to do that?

MARC
Don't get too trigger happy, Kent.

Marc turns and walks back to camp. He lays back against a tree and closes his eyes.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Darkness is stripped away and light floods in as a bag is ripped off of Marc's head. He blinks rapidly, groggily adjusting to the light.

Dried blood covers half of his face.

WILDER, 70's, head of Carthage, steps into view, taking a seat across from Marc.

WILDER
Good evening Mr. Spencer. Thank you
for joining me.

Marc gingerly touches the gash on his head.

MARC
What happened?

WILDER
I'm afraid you were in an automobile
accident.

Marc glances around.

MARC
This doesn't look like a hospital.

A chuckle.

WILDER
No, I'm afraid not. We've had you
examined however, you'll be fine with
some painkillers.

MARC
How's the car?

Wilder ignores this, produces a file and opens it.

WILDER
We have an offer of employment for
your consideration.

MARC
Who are you?

WILDER
My name is Alexander Wilder.

He flips through the folder.

WILDER (cont'd)
And you, are Marcus Spencer, middle
child of Joshua and Sarah Spencer,
born June 6th, 1980. Sibling to Grace
and Graham Spencer. Military
veteran, rising to the rank of scout
sniper, a most impressive feat.

MARC
You seem to know a lot about me.

WILDER
You had a bit of a rebellious streak
as a teenager, going so far as to rob
a gas station with some of your
compatriots.

MARC
Excuse me?

WILDER
A clerk, George Stanton, went for a
gun and you shot him for it. However,
since you were a minor, and your
friend Mark was the owner of the gun,
he received the blame while you got
shipped off to boot camp for
rehabilitation.

Marc stands abruptly, knocking his chair backwards.

MARC
I don't know what the hell this is,
but we're done.

He moves to the door on the far side of the room.

WILDER
It must be difficult, supporting your
sister with no job.

Marc stops.

WILDER (cont'd)

And we both know she can't work in her condition. In fact, by the looks of it, she may not have much time left.

Marc is across the room in a second. Wilder is half way out of his chair but Marc beats him to the punch, grabbing a fist full of Wilder's shirt and throwing him up against the wall.

He leans in, their faces just inches apart.

MARC

Now, it sounded like you were just threatening my sister. But, I must have misheard you. Surely, you wouldn't be that stupid.

WILDER

I assure you I meant no offense. However, if you don't release me, the guards outside will feel the need to intervene.

Marc loosens his grip but does not back down.

MARC

What do you want from me?

WILDER

Your expertise. Your talents.

MARC

Not very talented.

WILDER

Your military record says otherwise. You are a wolf among sheep. A wolf society has tried to turn into a lap dog. They want you tamed, rolling over and performing tricks. But a wolf you will always remain. It's in your nature.

Marc releases Wilder, steps back.

MARC

I don't have to listen to this.

WILDER

One million dollars. Cash. Plus whatever medical expenses your sister incurs until the day she no longer has need of them.

Marc hesitates.

MARC

What's the job?

Wilder returns to his seat.

WILDER

There is a top secret penitentiary where some very bad people have been locked away. We need you to get one of them out for us.

MARC

I don't know anything about breaking people out of prison.

WILDER

No, no, we'd get you in. And out. We just need you to guide our target to an extraction point.

MARC

You can't you just bribe a guard? You seem to have plenty of money to throw around.

WILDER

There are certain...aspects to this prison that would make that a challenge.

MARC

Such as?

WILDER

I am not at liberty to divulge at this time. This is all privileged information. I will need you to agree to our terms before I can give any further details on the operation.

A pause. Marc laughs.

MARC

This is insane. This is absolutely insane. No.

(MORE)

MARC (cont'd)

No, I'm sorry but I don't think I can accept your generous offer.

WILDER

Well. I believe you can find your way out. If you change your mind, give us a call.

Marc wheels around, rips the door open, and exits.

EXT. EDGE OF FOREST - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

The sun rises. Marc watches it crest the horizon.

He turns back to a sleeping Cyrus and Kent. He nudges Kent with his foot. Kent startles awake.

MARC

Wake up, we need to get moving.

Kent groans and stumbles to his feet.

MARC (cont'd)

Get him up. Gently.

Kent grunts. He grabs the sleeping Cyrus and rolls him over.

KENT

Rise and shine sleeping beauty, it's a brand new day.

Marc slings his rifle over his shoulder and starts walking. Kent hauls Cyrus to his feet and prods him forward with his shotgun.

KENT (cont'd)

Move.

Captor and captive stumble sleepily after their leader.

EXT. FIELDS - DAY

The trio treks over bare, grassy wilderness.

Sweat drips down Marc's face and neck.

Marc stops, scanning the horizon and checking the height of the sun. It is almost directly overhead. Kent comes to a halt behind him, wheezing.

KENT

What is it?

RADIO

Adjust course south east for one thousand feet.

Marc looks down. His shadow stretches slightly at his feet.

MARC

Nothing. Come on.

Marc resumes his walking. Kent and Cyrus follow.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

The three kneel at a small stream. All three slurp water down. Marc splashes water on his face and neck.

Jericho's wall looms closer in the distance.

EXT. FIELDS/EXTRACTION POINT - DAY

Marc, Kent, and their prisoner continue their journey until the sun begins it's decent into the eastern half of the sky. Marc wipes sweat from his brow.

RADIO (V.O.)

Extraction point in five hundred yards.

Marc stops...and then breaks into an all out sprint.

Kent gives Cyrus a shove.

KENT

Move!

The two break chase after Marc.

Marc hurtles toward his goal in a full on sprint.

RADIO (V.O.)

Three hundred yards.

A dot appears on the horizon.

RADIO (V.O.) (cont'd)

Two hundred yards.

Kent desperately tries to keep up while whipping Cyrus along.

RADIO (V.O.) (cont'd)

One hundred yards.

Marc slows, out of breath, Kent and Cyrus overtake him. Cyrus collapses.

Marc points. A little less than a hundred yards away is a large pile of wood. He stumbles forward.

RADIO (V.O.) (cont'd)
You have arrived at extraction point.

The three slowly approach the wood pile, winded from their sudden exertion.

KENT
So, we build a ladder?

Marc walks up to the pile. He brushes his fingers along the surface of the logs. He holds them up to his face to examine them. They appear wet. He rubs his fingers together.

He kneels.

A small wooden box rests at the foot of the wood pile.

KENT (cont'd)
Joan of Arc, what do the voices say?

Marc opens the box. Inside rests a set of flint and steel. He picks them up and strikes them together sending sparks flying.

He strikes them together again, sending sparks shooting into the wood.

With a burst of color and light the oil on the wood is set aflame.

KENT (cont'd)
Now what?

Marc sits down.

MARC
We wait.

CUT TO:

EXT. EXTRACTION POINT - DAY

The walls of Jericho loom in the distance, the sun sinking behind them. Marc watches its descent. Cyrus comes to stand beside him.

CYRUS
Magnificent aren't they?

MARC
Not the word I'd use.

CYRUS
Frustrating. Damnable. But still, a
feat of engineering.

KENT
Rumor has it the top is lined with
electrified razor just in case anyone
tries to climb it.

Kent lounges on the ground, absent mindedly plucking grass
from the dirt.

CYRUS
I'd believe it. A gang tried to
tunnel underneath it a few years
back. Found that the area around the
wall is a minefield.

MARC
Really?

Kent shakes his head.

KENT
Just an old wives' tale.

MARC
Are escape attempts common?

KENT
Less than you'd think. The wall's too
tall for anything feasible. Plus,
where would these people go if they
managed it? There's no life for any
of these poor bastards out there.
They might evade capture for a day, a
week, a month. But they'd never be
able to stop. They could never live
any sort of normal existence. People
talk a big game about rehabilitation,
but that goes right out the window
when there's a murderer living in
your building or a sex offender
residing near your kid's school.
People like us are an inconvenience,
best kept out of sight and out of
mind. Deep down, everyone believes in
the death penalty.

(MORE)

KENT (cont'd)

They just disagree on the time frame.
At least this place is honest.
Everyone knows who they are and who
everyone else is.

Marc frowns at this. He turns to the fire, smoke spiraling
hundreds of feet into the air. He scans the horizon.

MARC

They're taking too long.

KENT

You have somewhere else to be?

MARC

Not here.

He points to the pillar of smoke rising above them.

MARC (cont'd)

We're advertising our position. I
don't want to be here when someone
decides to come investigate.

Kent sits up and pulls his shotgun into his lap.

Cyrus takes a seat on the ground. His hand snakes out into
the grass next to him, subtly picking up a pointy rock.

CYRUS

Any chance you boys would lend me
something to defend myself with?

KENT

Nope.

CYRUS

So distrustful. I'm hurt.

KENT

Yeah, well last time I gave you some
rope you tried to strangle me with
it.

Cyrus chuckles.

CYRUS

You know, I always wondered if I
should have killed. I knew you'd come
back for me. And I was right. Just
not quite in the way I had thought.

A distant thrumming sound fills the air. Marc looks to the
horizon.

Kent stands.

A small dot appears.

MARC
Finally.

Cyrus walks up beside Kent.

CYRUS
I guess I should say thank you.

KENT
How about an apology?

The dot on the horizon grows larger.

Cyrus barks out a laugh.

CYRUS
You just weren't cut out for
leadership, Kent.

Cyrus' grip on his sharpened rock tightens.

At this, Marc turns to look at Cyrus.

MARC
Leadership?

CYRUS
You just didn't have the nerve to do
what needed to be done.

Cyrus whips out the rock, arm up, ready to pound in Kent's head.

MARC
No!

BANG!

Cyrus is thrown backwards by a blast from Kent's shotgun. Kent smirks.

KENT
I do now.

Marc jumps to Cyrus' side, scrambling to stop the blood gushing from his chest. Cyrus writhes in agony, choking.

Kent rams the butt of his shotgun into Marc's temple. He crumples to the dirt.

KENT (cont'd)
 Sorry Marc, but this has been a long
 time coming.

Cyrus feebly shrinks away, gasping for air.

KENT (cont'd)
 I built that gang from the ground up.

He kicks Cyrus in the face sending him sprawling.

KENT (cont'd)
 I gave you food, shelter, friendship.
 Invited you into my home.

He grabs Cyrus and throws him back to the ground.

KENT (cont'd)
 And you stole it.

A short ways off, Marc comes to. He tries to pick himself
 up.

KENT (cont'd)
 My men, my life, even my name.

He plants a foot in Cyrus' chest, pinning him to the dirt.
 Cyrus gasps.

CYRUS
 Kent...please...

KENT
 Only my friends call me Kent.

He places the barrel of his shotgun on Cyrus' head.

Marc climbs to his feet.

CYRUS
 Cyrus-

MARC
 Kent, no!

Kent blows Cyrus' head off.

MARC (cont'd)
 No!

Marc grabs Kent.

MARC (cont'd)
 He was our only way out.

Kent grins.

KENT
No he wasn't.

The helicopter noise grows closer, it is moments from arriving.

Marc points at the approaching air craft.

MARC
They only want Cyrus.

KENT
And they'll have him.

Marc's eyes widen.

MARC
He...he called you Cyrus.

Kent smirks, extends a hand.

KENT
Cyrus Kent Longfellow, friends call me Kent.

Marc looks to the near headless corpse on the ground.

MARC
Then-

KENT
That, is my old second in command, Joshua. Stole my name when he got the old gang to throw me out. They didn't want me in charge but the name still has weight with the other gang leaders.

MARC
You used me. You used me to get to him.

KENT
In my defense I did try to talk you out of it at first but-

He pulls out the red liquid filled necklace from under his shirt.

KENT (cont'd)
I left something there that I'll be needing today.

Wind whips up the grass around Kent/Cyrus and Marc. The helicopter has arrived. It descends.

KENT (cont'd)
And here's our ride!

Kent slaps Marc on the shoulder.

KENT (cont'd)
I owe you one Marc!

He moves towards the landing helicopter.

BANG!

Sparks fly as a bullet pierces the helicopter's frame.

The sound of gunfire fills the air.

Bullets pepper the ground and air around Marc and Kent. Black bullet wounds suddenly mark the helicopter. It pulls up and out of it's descent.

Aaron and the rest of Cyrus' gang march across the prairie towards the helicopter. They focus their fire on it.

A bullet pierces the front windshield. The rotor is hit. The helicopter begins spinning out of control.

KENT (cont'd)
No!

The helicopter tilts sideways. The blades slice into the dirt as the chopper comes crashing to the ground.

The momentum of the crash carries the wreck past Marc and straight for their attackers.

Gang members jump left and right to avoid the hurtling ball of steel and flame.

The helicopter grinds to a halt.

A beat.

A few gang members climb to their feet.

A loud shot rings through the air. The dirt at their feet is kicked up as bullets pepper the ground.

Kent points his shotgun at his old gang.

KENT (cont'd)
Nobody move.

AARON
Where's the boss, Kent?

Aaron approaches from the side, rifle trained on Kent.

Marc whips out his pistol.

MARC
Put the gun down!

AARON
We've got you and you're out numbered
twenty to two. Where's the boss?

They are completely surrounded on all sides.

KENT
You killed him.

AARON
What?

KENT
You idiots killed him! You came in
guns a blazing and he got caught in
the cross fire!

Kent points at the helicopter.

KENT (cont'd)
And then you shot down our only ride
out of here!

AARON
We were trying to save him-

KENT
Good job! So were we, and if it
wasn't for you he would have been on
a first class flight back to
civilization!

AARON
You kidnapped him!

KENT
Because you shot at me as soon as I
walked into camp! We were trying to
save him but you attacked us.

AARON
You-

Kent unloads a shot into Aaron, ending his life instantly in a spray of red.

KENT

I brought you all together! I brought us together so we wouldn't starve. And this is how you repay me? This is how you repay us?

He gestures to Aaron's corpse.

KENT (cont'd)

Because of him, we're stuck here. Again!

Marc backs up slowly.

MARC

Kent, we should go.

Kent ignores him.

KENT

But I can think of a way we can make our stay here a little more comfortable.

MARC

Kent...

KENT

Booth and his gang hoard food away in their caves. I've been there, I've seen it myself. I think it's about time they share their riches with the rest of us!

He raises his shotgun in the air.

KENT (cont'd)

We have the fire power to take all of Jericho for ourselves! We can be kings! Stick with me, and you'll never go hungry again! Are you with me?

One gang member, CALEB steps forward.

CALEB

Yes, sir! Always have been!

Many more voice their agreement.

KENT

This time tomorrow, we'll be feasting
in Booth's camp!

A cheer goes up from the gang.

Marc points his pistol at Kent.

MARC

Kent. This is insane.

Kent gestures to Marc.

KENT

Fire on him if he does not lower his
weapon in five seconds. Five.

Marc keeps his gun trained on Kent.

MARC

Stop this!

KENT

Four, three, two...

Marc slowly lowers his weapon.

KENT (cont'd)

Caleb, come relieve this man of his
firearm.

Caleb takes the gun from Marc, hands it to Kent.

KENT (cont'd)

I'm sorry, Marc. But you gotta play
the hand that you've been dealt.

Marc says nothing. If looks could kill.

Kent turns his attention back to Caleb.

KENT (cont'd)

Where are the rest of the weapons?

CALEB

In the crates where these were.

KENT

Take as many men as you need and move
everything back to camp.

CALEB

Yes, sir!

Kent watches him go and returns his attention to Marc. He gestures to a gang member

KENT

Keep your gun trained on him until we're out of sight, understood?

Back to Marc.

KENT (cont'd)

Look, I like you, Marc. I appreciate what you've done for me. So, I'm going to let you go. Just stay out of our way. And feel free to swing by and visit.

Kent pats Marc on the the face. He SMASHES the butt of the gun into Marc's ear.

Marc screams as a high pitched whine fills his ear. Kent follows this up with two more blows, sending Marc to the dirt.

He writhes in pain, clutching his bleeding ear as grating static-y feedback fills the air.

KENT (cont'd)

See you around, Marc.

He turns and walks back to his gang.

KENT (cont'd)

Tomorrow boys, Jericho's ours!

The gang cheers.

They move out, disappearing into the distance.

Marc remains the ground, moaning, watching the sun set on the wreck of the helicopter and his last hope of salvation.

INT. MARC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Marc stumbles through the door of his apartment, exhausted, bloody.

He trudges to the kitchen, opens the freezer, and pulls a out a handful of ice, which he holds to his battered face.

With his other hand, he reaches into his pocket and fishes out his keys and wallet. These he drops on the counter next to a pile of envelopes marked PAST DUE.

He freezes, then slowly reaches into his pocket again.

He pulls out his phone, as well as a second FLIP PHONE. Placing his phone on the counter, he flips the flip phone open.

A note is taped to the keypad. It reads:

"If you change your mind."

Marc tosses it into the garbage can.

CUT TO:

INT. MARC'S APARTMENT - DAY

The sound of a phone alarm going off.

Marc's eyes open groggily. He stands, sleep walks across the room, and picks up his phone.

On the screen: INTERVIEW 12:30

His eyes go wide.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Marc, now wearing a slightly disheveled suit, bursts through the door.

TED, a business man in a sharp suit, looks up.

TED

Oh. You must be Marc.

MARC

Hi. Yes. I'm so sorry I'm late, I had some car trouble.

TED

It's fine, don't worry about it. Please, have a seat.

His eyes travel to the scratches and bruises on Marc's face.

TED (cont'd)

What happened there?

Marc takes a moment to understand what Ted is referring to.

MARC

I had an accident.

TED
Just now with the car?

MARC
No, I- um- fell.

TED
I'm sorry to hear that. Anyways, I was looking over your application before you arrived and you've got some great credentials. Scout sniper, eh? That's pretty impressive.

MARC
It's one of my proudest achievements, sir.

TED
How many confirmed kills?

Marc is taken aback. He smiles awkwardly.

MARC
More than I'd care to discuss.

TED
Of course, I apologize. If you don't mind me asking, why did you wind up leaving the military?

MARC
Honestly, I was just looking for a change. Which, this position seemed like it might provide.

Ted laughs.

TED
This would be a change alright. In fact, maybe too much of a change for you. In fact, you seem a little over qualified for the position.

MARC
Perfect, when do I start?

Ted smirks. He picks up the papers in front of him and reads. His face grows more serious.

TED
Now, it says here that you have a criminal record, is that correct?

MARC

Yes, sir.

TED

We did do a little digging and it says you were accused of manslaughter?

MARC

Yes, sir. That is correct.

Ted flips through the papers in front of him.

TED

Care to tell me a little bit about that?

Marc leans forward. Ted doesn't look up.

MARC

I was a kid. I made some friends that I shouldn't have and made some mistakes.

Ted glances up.

MARC (cont'd)

But, I got straightened out and honestly, I don't even recognize the person I was then.

TED

Of course. Of course.

Ted returns to reading the papers in front of him.

A few awkward moments pass. At last, Ted looks up from his papers and breaks the silence.

TED (cont'd)

Well, everything seems to be in order. We've got your resume on file, and we'll let you know in a few days what we decide.

He stands and extends his hand. Marc takes it.

MARC

Great. Thank you so much.

Ted walks Marc to the door.

TED

And, we are looking at several strong applicants for this position, just so you know.

MARC

...of course.

TED

Thanks for coming in.

The door closes.

INT. MARC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Marc enters, stripping off his suit jacket and tossing it over a chair. He picks up the envelopes off the counter and starts sorting through them.

His phone rings. He answers it.

MARC

Hello?

WOMAN ON PHONE

Hi, this is Sharon from Insurecare.
We're calling about an unpaid
balance-

Marc hangs up and hurls his phone across the room. It smashes again the wall. He rips the bills in two, tosses them in the air, kicks his trash can across the room.

His anger lasts only a moment, dissipating, leaving him staring dismayed at his mess.

He picks up his phone inspecting the damage. He walks back over to the trash can and scoops trash back inside.

He stops.

There on the floor is the flip phone that Wilder left for him. He picks it up.

A beat.

He tosses it into the trash, followed by the remaining spilled garbage.

He crosses the room, sitting.

Marc fiddles with his phone, inspecting the new cracks in the screen. He sighs, exasperated.

He glances up at the trash can.

He stands.

Digging through the garbage, fishing out the flip phone. Flips it open. His finger hovers over the call button.

He hits the dial button.

RING.

WILDER

Have you finally tired of being a lap dog, Mr. Spencer?

MARC

I need my sister's bills paid up front.

WILDER

You'll receive the full payment once the task is completed.

MARC

No, this won't wait. If I'm going to do this, I need to know she's taken care of.

Silence.

WILDER

They'll be paid within the hour. But only this installment. Payment for future treatments will require you holding up your end of the bargain.

MARC

Fine. Then I'm in.

He hangs up. He slides to the floor, sitting among his shredded bills.

EXT. EXTRACTION POINT - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

Marc sits in front of the downed helicopter, still smoldering, rubbing his ear. The feedback of the broken radio has quieted, leaving a dull ringing.

He stares up at the stars.

MARC

What do I do now, Grace?

A booming noise can be heard in the distance. Gunfire.

At first he looks sorrowful. Which twists into rage.

Leaping to his feet, he stalks away from the wreckage, determination in his step.

His tomahawk rests in the grass. He scoops it up.

Stops.

The fake Cyrus, Joshua, lays there. Blood pooling.

On the tomahawk, dried blood.

EXT. CYRUS' CAMP - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

We watch again as Marc hacks a thug to bits with his tomahawk.

WILDER (V.O.)
It's in your nature.

EXT. CYRUS' CAMP - DAY - FLASHBACK

We watch again as Marc snipes Cyrus's thugs.

WILDER (V.O.)
...a wolf...society tried to turn
into a lapdog...

EXT. CYRUS' CAMP - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Marc stabs an archer with his own arrow.

KENT (V.O.)
...an apex predator...

He smashes in a man's nose.

He lodges his tomahawk in someone's throat.

EXT. CYRUS' CAMP - DAY - FLASHBACK

He snipes another one of Cyrus' men.

EXT. THE DESERT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Marc, in army fatigues, sniping a man in a turban.

EXT. CYRUS' CAMP - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Marc, covered in blood.

WILDER (V.O.)
...in your nature...

EXT. EXTRACTION POINT - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

Marc stands there, staring at the tomahawk.

He turns back, walks to the fire, and tosses the tomahawk in.

Marc scoops up a handful of discarded bullet casings off the ground and tosses them into the fire. Then another handful.

Another handful of casings.

MARC
I'm done.

He turns and screams at the sky, as though Wilder, Kent, and the rest of the world can here him.

MARC (cont'd)
I'm done!

He sits, watching the fire.

The bullet casings melt in the blaze.

One of the shells pops, some small fraction of gunpowder igniting. Marc's eyes widen.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his flint and steel.

He stands.

He starts walking.

MARC (cont'd)
I'm not going to let you win.

Marc breaks into a full-on sprint.

Arms and legs pumping.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The sun barely peaks up over the horizon.

In the light of dawn, Kent surveys his army. He smiles.

Some still carry the traditional spears and clubs of Jericho, but many are now wielding firearms, or at the very least steel knives.

A gang member covers his rifle with an animal pelt, disguising it.

Caleb approaches.

CALEB

We're almost ready, sir.

Kent nods. He holds out his shotgun to Caleb.

KENT

See if you can't find some ammo for this, I gave my last shell to Aaron.

Caleb takes the gun and hands Kent his revolver.

KENT (cont'd)

Good man.

He pats Caleb on the back. Kent jogs off to join his army.

EXT. BOOTH'S CAMP - DAY

A knife pierces fur, blood spilling out.

A pair of hunters work at skinning a deer. Booth supervises.

BOOTH

Been too long since we've had venison.

He turns to another hunter nearby.

BOOTH (cont'd)

We've over hunted. Tomorrow, take an expedition twenty miles out from camp. See if we can't find-

He is cut off by the sound of yelling from the edge of camp.

Jack bursts into camp, sprinting. He collapses in front of Booth.

JACK

Cyrus. His whole gang is on the move. Headed right for us.

This makes Booth smile.

BOOTH

So Cyrus wants to test his metal?
Bout' damn time.

He takes a few steps to the side and snatches up his club.
He slaps it into the palm of his hand.

BOOTH (cont'd)

I want every man we have armed and
ready to move. It's time to take care
of Cyrus and his ilk once and for
all.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Marc flies through the trees like a man possessed.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Booth and his gang abruptly break out of the cover of the
woods and find themselves in a field surrounded by trees.

A scout bolts across the field towards Booth.

Booth stops, his gang follows suit.

SCOUT

They're coming!

A whistle followed by a thunk.

The scout stumbles and falls to the ground, an arrow in his
back.

Kent emerges from the trees on the far side of the field,
gang in tow.

Gang members bear mostly primitive weapons along with
bundles wrapped in fur and cloth. Underneath the fur we can
see the barrels of fire arms just barely hidden from view.

Kent swaggers to the center, arms open wide.

KENT

Booth! Where are you? Where's your
fearless leader?

Booth stalks forward.

KENT (cont'd)
There you are! You know, before we
met, I thought you'd be taller.

Booth's gang marches towards the center of the field.

They vastly outnumber Kent's gang.

With a yell, Booth raises his clubs and charges.

A roar erupts from his men as they join him.

CUT TO:

EXT. TREES - CONTINUOUS

A RIFLEMAN crouches among the trees surrounding the field,
staring down his barrel at the two armies.

ANOTHER kneels behind a bush.

A THIRD sits in a tree, rifle at the ready.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Booth and his men pick up speed.

Kent watches him approach.

Caleb stands behind him, rifle barrel poking out from
beneath a fur bundle he's holding.

The two gangs are almost on top of one another.

Booth is only ten feet from Kent, club raised, ready.

Kent whips his pistol out from behind his back.

BANG.

Booth lurches sideways and falls, gunshot to the gut.

KENT

Fire!

Firearms appear in the hands of gang members.

Hell fire is unleashed from their barrels.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The thunder of gun fire echoes through the wilderness.

Marc stops his sprint. He stands rooted to the ground, listening to the distant echoes.

Screams join the far off cacophony.

He bolts back into a run.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Bodies fall to the dirt left and right as bullets riddle them. A scattered few of Booth's gang struggle against Kent's.

Someone takes a bullet to the face.

Another is stabbed, and then shot.

Kent wields his machete in one hand, revolver in the other, stabbing, slicing and shooting.

More of Booth's crew are mowed down by machine gun fire.

Booth moans and crawls to his knees.

Kent spots him. He approaches.

Booth tries to stand, but collapses back to his knees.

Kent levels his pistol at Booth's head.

A beat.

BOOTH

Do it.

Kent lowers his gun.

KENT

You're not worth the bullet.

With a flash of steel he slices Booth's throat with his machete. Booth falls over, lifeless.

EXT. CYRUS' CAMP - DAY

Marc crouches at the edge of camp, watching.

A handful of guards can be seen, posted on the far edges of camp.

There, in the center of camp, sits a large pile of boxes and ammunition. One guard stands nearby, back to Marc.

Marc slowly moves his way out into the open, looking this way and that for guards. He scampers from cover to cover, zigzagging closer to the pile and the guard.

In a flash, Marc leaps from cover, pulling the guard into a choke hold.

The guard struggles but quickly runs out of air, passing into unconsciousness. Marc slowly lowers him to the ground before approaching the stack of crates.

One crate's lid is slightly ajar. Marc opens it.

Inside the crate boxes of ammunition are stacked, with many stray shells and half empty boxes scattered on top. Marc shuts the lid.

He crouches in front of one of the crates, grabbing fistfuls of leaves, twigs, and pine straw, forming a small pile at their base.

He pulls the flint and steel from his pocket. Marc strikes steel to flint, sending sparks flying into the pile.

Nothing happens.

Marc frantically strikes the two together again and again.

Sparks land on the kindling but do no good.

Again.

A few pieces of pine straw smolder.

Again.

A leaf sparks into life.

Marc blows on the leaf, trying to make the flames spread.

A small fire appears for a few seconds, then burns itself out.

MARC

Dammit.

He turns. A little ways off, a campfire burns.

Marc scoops up his pile of kindling and dumps it inside the open crate. He quickly scavenges for more, dumping sticks and leaves into the crate.

He grabs a thick branch off the ground.

Marc turns his attention to the unconscious guard on the ground. He pulls the shirt off of the man and wraps it around the branch.

Marc peaks around the corner of the crates.

Not a soul between him and the fire.

He bolts out into the open, sprinting to his goal. He slides to a stop in front of the small fire and thrusts the branch into the flames.

Tongues of fire lick at the shirt, setting it ablaze.

GUARD

Hey!

A guard sprints across camp straight at him.

Marc spins and runs for the crates.

GUARD (cont'd)

Stop! Enemy in the camp!

The guard gains on him. Marc is almost to the crates.

The guard tackles him.

The two go tumbling to the ground. The torch goes flying and lands into the nearby brush.

They struggle on the ground, grabbing, twisting, punching.

The guard gains the upper hand, wrapping his hands around Marc's neck, choking him. Marc struggles, punching and kicking the guard to no avail.

He grabs the guard's arms, trying to pull his hands free. The guard does not relent. Marc gasps for air.

He slides his hands down the arms of the guard to his fingers, grabbing one finger and peeling it backward.

The guard gasps in pain as his finger is bent further and further backward. His hand is pulled away from Marc's throat.

Marc sharply inhales sweet oxygen. His fist shoots out, taking the guard in the chin.

The guard rolls off of Marc. Marc stumbles to his feet, lunging for the torch in a now inflamed bush.

The guard dives after him.

Marc grabs the branch, spins, and smashes it across the guard's face. He screams, clutching his burned face.

Marc sprints to the boxes and dumps the flaming branch into the open box. It hits the kindling inside, setting it ablaze.

He turns to see the bush fire has spread, and now several bushes are burning. The wind sweeps in, sending fiery debris flying in every direction.

Marc backs away from the growing bonfires.

GUARD 2

The ammo!

Multiple guards sprint in Marc's direction.

The fire spreads, engulfing more boxes. With a loud POP a bullet explodes from the box. Then another.

Marc books it out of there.

With multiple loud BANGS, bullets burst from the crates.

Shrapnel and bullet casings slice into the guards.

The guards reach the ammo crates. They attempt to put the fire out, throwing dirt on the flaming crates, fanning the flames with their shirts.

Fire has engulfed the crates and forest surrounding it.

Bullet casings explode, sending shrapnel flying in every direction with loud bangs.

Marc stumbles away from the quickly spreading flames.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

A red sun sets over the once peaceful clearing.

Crows fly about, feasting on the dead.

Kent's men pick among the corpses, collecting weapons and anything of value.

Kent approaches a sitting Caleb, who is nursing a wound on his arm.

KENT
How'd that happen?

CALEB
Snuck up on me.

Kent nods.

KENT
Get the men ready to move. I want to empty out Booth's camp before nightfall.

CALEB
Will we be moving everything back to camp?

KENT
Actually, I was thinking-

Kent stops mid-sentence.

Dull booms echo through the distance.

CALEB
Sir?

Kent holds up his finger for silence.

More booms, now almost constant, like popcorn in the microwave.

The sound of hundreds of bullet casings exploding.

A plume of smoke rises in the distance.

KENT
The ammo!

He swivels back to Caleb.

KENT (cont'd)
Get our boys ready to move, now!

He turns back to the pillar of black smoke.

KENT (cont'd)
Marc...

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The forest is ablaze. Bright orange flames engulf the landscape.

Marc stumbles through the trees, spurred on by the orange glow behind him. He coughs and wheezes at the smoke wafting through the air.

He slumps against a tree, resting against it as he hacks the smoke from his lungs. His coughs subside and he pushes away from the tree.

Suddenly, a yell is heard.

Below him, at the bottom of a steep slope, figures move among the trees.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Kent runs hard, arms and legs pumping. His army runs around him, some leading, others trailing behind.

Kent swivels back to the men behind him.

KENT

Hurry!

He turns back towards his objective but stops short.

In front of him, a long steep hill. At the top orange light radiates, a full blown forest fire behind.

Men continue to jog past their leader.

KENT (cont'd)

We're too late.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Jackson approaches Tamara's work station. She stands.

TAMARA

Did you find him?

JACKSON

Maybe. Not exactly.

He points. A video feed on the wall monitor shows a rapidly spreading forest fire.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

From a bird's eye view we see Kent's men trudging through the burning foliage, Kent bringing up the rear.

In the trees above, Marc watches them slowly move past. Kent is directly below him.

He leaps from the tree.

Marc lands behind Kent, grabbing him in a choke hold from behind. Kent's gang spins to face him.

MARC

Lay down your weapons!

Nobody moves.

MARC (cont'd)

Lay down your weapons or he dies!

KENT

He's bluffing! Shoot him.

The gang aim their weapons at Marc. Marc tightens his stranglehold on Kent.

Kent's hand drifts down to the holstered revolver on his hip.

MARC

Back off! Now.

Kent grabs the revolver, twisting it so that it is pointing backward towards Marc and pulls the trigger. The gun goes off, bullet grazing Marc's leg.

Marc loosen his grip on Kent in pain.

Kent twists out of Marc's choke hold but Marc keeps his grip Kent's arm. The two grapple, losing balance and tumbling down the hill.

Kent stops his fall before Marc, climbing to his feet.

KENT

Shoot him!

Marc scrambles behind a small outcropping of rocks. Chips of rock fly up as bullets ricochet off the rock.

The smoke is thick now, providing a thick smokescreen. The fire grows fiercer.

Marc peers out from behind the rock. Kent's goons approach.

A flaming tree falls nearby with a fiery crash. Marc takes this opportunity to burst from cover, diving into more dense bushes nearby.

The goons rush around the rocky outcropping to find Marc gone.

Four of the goons have guns, the rest bear clubs and hatchets. Their heads swivel about, scanning the trees for their quarry.

Marc bursts through the smoke like a phantom, grabbing a pistol wielding goon in a strangle hold, using the man as a shield.

One goon fires on Marc and his captive, riddling Marc's prisoner with bullets.

Marc grunts in pain as a bullet pierces his stomach.

He pushes the dead weight corpse away, rolling, coming up, and with his newly acquired pistol. He shoots a goon in the knee, another in the foot.

Two men with clubs burst through the smoke.

Marc quickly dispatches them, grabbing an arm, twisting it, shooting one man in the knee before clubbing the other one in the head with his pistol.

He aims his pistol at another foe. CLICK.

He stabs the barrel of his pistol repeatedly into the gut of the goon nearest him, clubs another across the face, before hurling the firearm into the face of a third.

He grabs a fallen club and brings it up in time to block a hatchet meant for his throat.

He twists the hatchet out of the new assailant's hand and delivers a punch to the throat, bringing him down.

A gang member bursts from the smoke with a spear. Marc decks him.

Another goon shoots at him. He grabs the fallen spear. Throws it, spearing the goon through the arm, rendering it useless.

More gang members charge towards Marc.

He dives for a gun on the ground. A semi automatic assault rifle. He rolls, coming up on one knee, rifle trained on his oncoming foes.

BANG! A gang member falls to the ground, clutching his leg.

Marc rolls as bullets kick up the dirt where he had been a moment prior. He retracts his rifle on his oncoming foes.

BANG! Another gunman is thrown to the ground with a bullet to the shoulder.

BANG! BANG! BANG! With stunning precision Marc takes out three more more men running towards him with non lethal shots to feet and shoulders.

More men charge out of the smoke.

He flips the switch on the side of the rifle from "semi" to "auto" and opens up fire. A spray of bullets peppers the ground at the oncoming gang members' feet, a few taking bullets to the legs, screaming.

The barrage of bullets seems never ending, gang members diving for cover left and right.

Marc stops, standing, gun trained on the gang in front of him. Nobody moves. They are outgunned.

MARC

Run.

One of the gang members takes a step back before turning tail, fleeing.

Another follows. Marc fires a warning volley over their heads. The rest flee, sprinting away from Marc as fast as they can.

He fires again but only receives a click. Out of ammo. Marc lowers the rifle, clutching his stomach where he has been shot.

BANG.

Marc gasps as a bullet enters his back, exiting through his upper chest. He is thrown to the ground.

KENT

Marc!

Kent storms towards Marc, revolver leveled.

Marc twists in the dirt, attempting to stand.

Kent fires again, then again and again, his shots wild and without aim, going wide of Marc.

Shakily, Marc stands to his feet. He limps towards a nearby body.

Kent fires another shot, hitting a nearby tree.

KENT (cont'd)
I let you live! And this is the
thanks I get?

He fires again, bullet landing nearby Marc's foot.

KENT (cont'd)
You've ruined everything!

Marc collapses next to the body.

Kent tries to fire his revolver again but receives only a click in response. He tosses it to the side and draws his machete.

He raises the machete and charges towards Marc.

Marc rolls to his feet, bringing up a tomahawk from where it lay near the body.

He blocks the machete with the shaft of the tomahawk.

Kent wrenches his machete away and takes another swing.

Marc grabs Kent's sword arm and holds it at bay.

He kicks Kent's legs out from under him, sending both of them sprawling to the dirt. Kent punches Marc in his side, directly in his wound. Marc gasps in pain, releasing his grip.

Kent kicks Marc off of himself and stands. He raises his blade.

Marc scoops the tomahawk off the ground and launches himself at Kent, knocking him down.

On top of Kent, Marc brings down his tomahawk.

Kent blocks it with the edge of his blade. The head is sheered off.

Pressing his advantage, Kent slices at Marc's neck. Marc catches him by the wrist.

They struggle.

Marc twists Kent's arm to an unnatural angle.

Kent screams in pain, his grip on the machete loosening.

Marc punches Kent in the face once, twice, three times. Kent drops the machete. Marc scoops it up, raises it in the air, prepared to stab Kent.

Kent screams, hands in front of his face.

Marc brings it down.

THUNK.

The machete is stabbed into the dirt right next to Kent's throat. Marc gets off Kent and stumbles away. He leans on a tree for support.

Kent massages his neck in disbelief.

The two stare at each other.

A beat.

MARC

I'm not going to kill you, Kent. I'm done.

He closes his eyes. Chuckles.

MARC (cont'd)

You know, it's funny. You didn't deserve to be here, but I sure as hell do. I deserve every moment and then some.

Marc pushes away from the tree.

MARC (cont'd)

But I'm done. I'm not your apex predator. I'm not Wilder's wolf. I'm not going to serve you up to Wilder just so he can kill you. You can kill me if you want to, but I'm done fighting. I'm done.

Marc shuts his eyes.

A loud thrumming noise cuts Marc off. A helicopter zooms over head.

As Marc watches it, Kent cracks a smile and hastily pulls the necklace out from under his shirt.

He pops open one of the liquid filled cavities and takes a swig.

He splashes the remaining red liquid on his hands.

Marc returns his attention to Kent.

KENT
I think that's our ride.

He stumbles off in the direction of the helicopter. Marc follows.

EXT. EDGE OF FOREST - NIGHT

The forest burns bright behind Marc and Kent as they stumble out of the smoke.

Above them, a helicopter hovers, slowing landing.

Two armed GUARDS burst out. They sweep the area, rifles aimed at the trees, before approaching Marc and Kent.

GUARD
On your knees!

Marc obliges.

They force Kent to his knees, checking them both for weapons. They slap Kent in cuffs.

One Guard pulls out a radio.

GUARD (cont'd)
Confirmed. We got him.

The other Guard hauls Kent to his feet, leading him to the helicopter. The other approaches Marc and nods to the blazing forest behind them.

GUARD (cont'd)
Signal for a ride?

He hauls Marc to his feet and leads him to the chopper.

They climb inside.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAWN

Marc slumps into a seat, not bothering to buckle himself in.

His breathing is ragged, shallow. Kent is seated across from him.

MARC

I'm sorry it had to be this way,
Kent.

Kent smiles.

KENT

I wouldn't have it any other way.

Marc doesn't seem to register this, a long sigh escaping from his lips as his eyes close.

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAWN

The helicopter soars off into the distance as the sun just barely crests horizon. It is soon just a dot in a dark blue sea.

EXT. HELICOPTER PAD - DAY

The helicopter touches down. Tamara and Wilder stand nearby, awaiting its arrival.

The doors open and Kent is ushered out, hands cuffed. The Guard tows him over to where Wilder is waiting.

WILDER

Cyrus.

KENT

Alex. It's been too long.

WILDER

I trust your flight was pleasant?

KENT

First class.

WILDER

We have some questions for you. I expect you to be accommodating.

KENT

Of course.

With that, Kent spits in Wilder's face.

KENT (cont'd)

I've waited a long time to do that.

Wilder wipes the saliva from his eyes, angrily waving the Guard away with Kent.

Kent is dragged off by the Guard, laughing.

Tamara turns to Wilder.

TAMARA

How should we proceed with Marcus?

WILDER

Get rid of him.

TAMARA

Yes, sir.

Wilder observes from afar as two guards pull Marc's unconscious body from the helicopter. They carry the limp form past Wilder. Marc is a bleeding, scarred mess.

WILDER

Wait.

Tamara turns to Wilder.

WILDER (cont'd)

See that he receives medical treatment. And wire payment to his sister. This one may serve useful in the future.

TAMARA

Yes, sir.

They continue with Marc, carrying him off the platform.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Marc's eyes gradually open.

We see he is laying in a hospital bed, smothered in bandages. He blinks, dazed, glancing around the room.

He tries to sit up.

WILDER

No, no. You'll tear your stitches.

Marc turns his head to find Wilder sitting by his bed.

WILDER (cont'd)

How are you feeling, Marc?

MARC
Where's Kent?

Wilder waves his hand dismissively.

WILDER
He is none of your concern.

At this he lets loose A STRING OF COUGHS.

WILDER (cont'd)
What I wish to address is your
spectacular performance. I was
pleased to say the least.

MARC
Why am I alive?

WILDER
I don't believe in wasting potential
assets Mr. Spencer.

MARC
No. Never again.

Wilder stands.

WILDER
That is immaterial at the moment. For
now, you have a visitor waiting that
I'm sure you'll be eager to see.
Farewell Mr. Spencer, we'll be in
touch.

He opens the door. Just as he's exiting, he let's out a
series of body wracking coughs.

A moment later, someone appears in the doorway.

Marc smiles.

Grace enters the room, wheeling an IV stand behind her. She
smiles.

GRACE
Hey.

MARC
Hey.

She closes the door behind her.

FADE TO BLACK