

RESURRECTION RUN

by

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*"The sun is the same in a relative way
but you're older.
Shorter of breath and one day
closer to death."*

Roger Waters

FADE IN:

EXT. LAKE TAHOE - THE MADDOX ESTATE - DUSK

At the water's edge. Hewn from native granite.

Near a huge gazebo, JOSELIO RIVERA. 40's. Suave. Fit. Ex-boxer's nose. Puffs a Cohiba and watches the sun die.

BZZT!

Rivera's cell. He checks it. Good news. Goes inside.

INT. RIVERA'S OFFICE

Rivera removes a color 8x10 from the wireless ink jet, tucks it in a folder. Moves.

INT. MADDOX ESTATE - GREAT ROOM

ESPN on the huge 4K screen: Ali/Frazier III. On MUTE.

And LESTER J. MADDOX. Hard. Nasty. Could be 50... could be 90... you just can't tell. Dozes by the huge fireplace in his electric wheelchair.

His portable oxygen unit HISSES like a snake.

Rivera sets a tray holding the file, glass of juice and a pill on the side table beside him.

Rivera smiles sadly. Then:

RIVERA
Señor Maddox?

Maddox awakens with a grunt.

Rivera hands him the pill, then the juice.

Maddox takes his medicine with a grimace. Snuggles back under his quilt.

MADDOX
Don't know what it is. Just can't
get warm tonight...

Then he sees the file.

Rivera just shrugs. And Maddox takes the file in trembling hands, peruses the contents.

Maddox slumps back. Relieved.

RIVERA
 She's in Los Angeles.
 (then)
 I can take the jet, be back by
 morning.

MADDOX
 I need you here. Besides, I want
 an outsider for this... someone
 beyond reproach.

RIVERA
Como deséas.

MADDOX
 English, dammit! How many times do
 I have to tell you?

RIVERA
 As you wish.

He leaves with the tray.

Maddox opens the file, gazing at the 8x10:

Telephoto shot of a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN at her food truck
 window. Yellow chef's jacket. To die for.

Finally:

MADDOX
 It's about time...

EXT. SAN QUENTIN - DAY

Fog horns BELLOW mournfully. Mist rolls in off the Bay.

EXT. EXERCISE YARD

GUARDS in the towers. INMATES playing basketball. Killing
 time instead of each other.

MARSHALL KINCAID. 30's. A good man in a bad place. Watches
 from the front row of the bleachers.

He's seen it all here. Twice.

The ball goes astray. A TATTOOED SKINHEAD snags it and just
 stands there. Slow-dribbling. Eyeballing Marshall.

Marshall doesn't take the bait. Doesn't look away. Skinhead
 scoffs... and returns to the game.

Marshall shakes his head. Same shit, different day.

MONTAGE:

Prison cafeteria. Marshall eats his meager lunch. Alone.

License plate factory. Marshall feeds the embossing machine. Soul-killing routine.

Showers. GUARD on duty. Marshall bathes solo. Gnarled old knife scar on his right side.

Cell. Marshall on his bunk, gazing at a dog-eared wedding photo of him and VERONICA in front of an old Victorian.

The door CLANGS open. Shower Guard nods. Time to go.

INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY

Showers Guard escorts Marshall down the corridor. Inmates ad-lib TAUNTS as they pass: "Motherfucker" this, "Suck my" that.

Marshall doesn't even blink. Zen man walking.

They reach the door. Shake hands.

SHOWER GUARD

Good luck.

INT. COURTROOM

No audience. No jury. Marshall at the defendant's table.

TONY GILLETTE, ESQ. 30's. Holds up an evidence bag holding a blood-stained belt buckle knife for the JUDGE and D.A.
JOYCE RANDOLPH.

TONY

...and so, your Honor, in light of this new evidence... not to mention my client's spotless record as a police officer... we ask that you set aside Mr. Kincaid's conviction for second degree murder and grant his immediate release. Unless the State has some objection...?

JUDGE

Ms. Randolph?

D.A. RANDOLPH

(rises)

We have no objection, your Honor.

JUDGE

Very well. Mr. Kincaid...?

Tony nudges Marshall. He stands to face the judge.

JUDGE

I like to think the time I've spent in this court room has made me an eloquent man... but I can't find a single word to mitigate what you've endured these past three years, so we'll just keep it short and sweet. Motion granted. You're free to go.

He BANGS his gavel.

EXT. COURTHOUSE

At the foot of the stairs, UNIFORMED COPS corral a noisy herd of REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN.

Marshall and Tony step out.

MARSHALL

Fuck me.

TONY

Fuck them. C'mon...

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

A Lexus ES 350 slices through traffic. Northbound.

INT/EXT. TONY'S LEXUS (MOVING)

Tony at the wheel. Digs in his door pocket, tosses a copy of "People" Magazine in Marshall's lap.

TONY

Page eighty-six.

Marshall turns to the two-page spread:

Photos of Marshall in SFPD blue. A sleazy-hot BIKER CHICK in handcuffs. The belt buckle knife.

The headline proclaims "AN INNOCENT MAN? DNA on stolen knife supports 'Karate Cop's' self-defense claim."

MARSHALL

Karate Cop?

TONY

Better than "killer cop." Anyway, don't knock it... I've already had some calls.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

We can turn this thing into a book, get you on the "Today" show, Kelly Clarkson...

MARSHALL

Swell.

He tosses the magazine in the back seat.

TONY

You need to do something, brother. Your personal shit's still in the storage, but Veronica got it all, cash... condo. Everything.

MARSHALL

I still have the Victorian.

TONY

Look, Marshall... I know that was gonna be your dream house, but the dream is over. Besides, you can't fix what you can't afford... and you are just two short hairs away from Chapter Eleven.

MARSHALL

I don't care. It's not for sale.

TONY

Your ex was right about one thing: you're a stubborn son of a bitch.

(then)

She's still in "The City," if you want to look her up...

MARSHALL

(a look)

Why?

EXT. SAUSALITO - TONY'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

Small PARTY inside. Blues on the stereo, Steve McQueen as "Bullitt" on the big screen TV.

Marshall steps to the rail with his post-release envelope, takes out his old SFPD badge.

And remembers...

INT. CASA DEL BLUES (THE PAST) - NIGHT

SRO. HOUSE BAND tearing up the stage. At the bar, Marshall checks his watch. Downs his beer. Heads out.

EXT. CASA DEL BLUES (THE PAST)

Marshall pauses near an alley. And VOICES draw him in...

EXT. ALLEY (THE PAST)

A huge HARLEY MAN has the BIKER CHICK from "People" against the wall, one hand up her skirt. Tongue in her ear.

Harley murmurs a suggestion and Biker Chick slaps his face! He grins. Returns the favor. Foreplay.

Marshall only sees the slap.

MARSHALL

Everything all right, miss?

HARLEY

She's fine, asshole. Hit the bricks.

MARSHALL

Soon as I know the lady's okay.

HARLEY

"Lady?" This skank here?

BIKER CHICK

Hey!

Harley turns her loose. Looms over Marshall.

HARLEY

You fucked up the mood, shit bird.
Now I'm gonna fuck you up...

Marshall flashes his off-duty badge.

Harley smirks. No fucks to give. Suddenly launches a fist at Marshall's head!

Marshall moves, blocks, hammer-fists Harley's nose.

Harley YELLS in pain, blood spurting through his fingers... and grabs at his belt.

The buckle knife gleams in his hand.

Harley spits blood. Moves in for the kill.

Marshall barely evades the thrust... parries... hits Harley once in the throat. Cartilage SNAPS!

Harley drops the blade. Drops. Choking on his own gore.

Marshall barely notes his own bleeding wound, rolling Harley over. Checks for a pulse.

BIKER CHICK
Is he dead?

MARSHALL
Call 911. Now.

BIKER CHICK
Holy fuck! You killed him!

MARSHALL
(ice)
Just do it.

Biker Chick hesitates. Grabs the knife. And runs.

Marshall administers CPR, pounding Harley's massive chest. A lost cause...

As SIRENS WAIL and a CELL DOOR CLANGS SHUT!

EXT. TONY'S HOUSEBOAT - SAME NIGHT

Marshall gazes off, lost in the past... or maybe just lost.

Then Tony joins him, toting a bottle of champagne. Offers it to Marshall... he declines.

Tony shrugs and sips. Then:

TONY
(re: the badge)
Marshall. We can make them take you back...

MARSHALL
They had their chance.

He sidearms the badge into the bay.

TONY
You know what you're problem is, Kincaid? You're a romantic.

MARSHALL
A what?

TONY
You don't believe me? Let's review the evidence. Exhibit A: you drop out of Stanford to marry Veronica, the first girl you ever shtupped --

MARSHALL

Not the first.

TONY

-- and now that being my partner is out of the question, you join the force so you can, and I quote, "help people." Which brings us to Exhibit B: Saturday night -- four years ago. You're off duty but, instead of minding your business like a normal person, you jump in to "help" some dumb biker bitch... and damn near get yourself killed.

MARSHALL

You done?

TONY

Just one last question, your honor: was it worth it?

No reply.

Tony sips, glancing at the TV inside. Car chase time.

TONY

Missing the best part...

MARSHALL

I've seen it.

EXT. BAY CITY STORAGE - DAY

Marshall and Tony watch two WAREHOUSE MEN pile a few paltry moving boxes at the curb.

MARSHALL

Least I won't need a truck.

TONY

No, but you do need some wheels...

Another WAREHOUSE MAN drives a cherry 1968 GTO ragtop out to the curb. Top down. Leaves it running.

The Warehouse Men load the boxes in the back seat as Marshall caresses a fender. Quietly blown away.

MARSHALL

You said she got everything...

TONY

So I lied. Sue me.

MARSHALL
I'll call my lawyer.

TONY
He any good? Besides, I couldn't
save your marriage, least I could
do was save your damn car.
(then)
But do me a favor... next time you
decide to play hero -- don't.

MARSHALL
Next time.

He gazes at his friend. No words.

TONY
I know.
(hugs him)
Now, get outta here. Or I'm gonna
start billing you for my time...

MARSHALL
Thanks.

He takes the wheel. It's like coming home.

A cassette tape protrudes from the dash. Marshall pops it in
the deck. Blues BLASTS from the speakers.

Tony grins. Steps back.

And Marshall drops it in gear. ROARS off!

EXT. HIGHWAY 1 (MOVING)

Marshall drives north. Top down. MUSIC UP. Free.

EXT. VICTORIAN

From the wedding photo. On a windswept bluff overlooking the
Pacific. In desperate need of Chip and Joanna Gaines.

Marshall parks the GTO near the "For Sale" sign. Sighs.

INT. VICTORIAN

Empty. Marshall tosses the "For Sale" sign on the floor,
throwing up a huge dust cloud. Shuts the door.

The knob comes off in his hand.

MARSHALL
Welcome home.

EXT. VICTORIAN

Marshall shirtless. Tool box open. Re-installs the front door knob, tries it. Success!

He surveys the place and the daunting hours of work ahead finally sink in...

BZZT!

Marshall's cell phone. He grabs it.

MARSHALL
(into phone)
Thought you had court...

INT/EXT. TONY'S AUDI (MOVING)

Tony talks and drives:

TONY
(into phone)
I do and I'm late, so shut up and listen... Think I just found you a job... Yes, really... Ever heard of Lester Maddox?

EXT. HIGHWAY 50 (MOVING) - DAY

Marshall drives the GTO through the Eastern Sierras.

MARSHALL (V.O.)
Should I have?

TONY (V.O.)
He's seventeen on the Forbes List. We did some contracts for him last fall. Has an estate up at Tahoe.

MARSHALL (V.O.)
Good for him. Now, what's the gig?

TONY (V.O.)
All his man would say is "they need someone capable." And that's you. Now, quit asking questions and get your ass up there.

MARSHALL (V.O.)
Already on my way...

The GTO rounds a bend.

Lake Tahoe shimmers in the basin ahead. Liquid turquoise.

EXT. PRIVATE PIER

Marshall pulls his car up to the security gate. The GUARD on duty checks his ID. Waves him through.

Marshall parks. Gets out.

He moves past a row of Audi A5 sedans to the gleaming Azimuth Flybridge motor yacht.

TANI. 30's. Silent. A Polynesian mass of muscle and tribal tattoos. Pats Marshall down. Shows him aboard.

Maddox ASSOCIATES #1 and #2 get the lines.

EXT. YACHT (MOVING)

The huge craft slices across the lake. Marshall at the bow.

EXT. BOAT HOUSE DOCK

The yacht docks near a pack of Sea Doo jet skis. Tani drops the gangway for Marshall.

Rivera is there to shake his hand.

RIVERA

Mr. Kincaid? Joselio Rivera.
Thank you for arriving so quickly.

MARSHALL

No problem.

RIVERA

Follow me.

EXT./INT. MADDOX ESTATE (ON THE MOVE)

As Rivera escorts Marshall into the boat house... down a long granite tunnel... up a spiral staircase... through the great room to a glass slider:

MARSHALL (V.O.)

Nice place.

RIVERA (V.O.)

It was built by bootleggers during Prohibition -- hence the tunnels. Once the liquor became legal again, there was a... disagreement among the owners and it sat empty until some time after World War Two when Señor Maddox bought it. He has lived here ever since.

EXT. GAZEBO

Maddox waits in his wheelchair. Rivera leads Marshall over.

MADDOX
About friggin' time...

RIVERA
Marshall Kincaid? May I present
Lester Maddox, the Third.

MARSHALL
Good to meet you, sir.

MADDOX
(ignores his hand)
We'll see about that. Joselio!

Rivera WHISTLES! Marshall barely has time to turn...

Then, suddenly --

TWO MADDOX ASSOCIATES burst from the trees like attack dogs.

Marshall flows like water, wrist locking the first Associate as he ducks the second Associate's punch, lets him fly.

Second Associate lands hard. Wind gone.

Marshall takes first Associate down. Steps back. Ready.

RIVERA
I think he'll do...

He goes to help the Associates.

MARSHALL
What the hell?

MADDOX
Three years in San Quentin would
dull anyone's edge. Even an ex-
cop's.

MARSHALL
How'd you know I was a cop?

MADDOX
I've still got a few teeth left in
my head...
(to Rivera)
Hell, they're all right. If you
want to be useful, try fixing us a
drink.

RIVERA

Señor Maddox, you know what Dr. Han said --

MADDOX

I don't give a single fuck about what that Korean quack says.

(then)

How do you like your whiskey?

MARSHALL

In a glass is fine.

MADDOX

You heard the man.

Rivera sends the Associates on their way. Goes to the patio wet bar. Fills two heavy glasses with Wild Turkey.

Maddox gives Marshall a once over.

MADDOX

Let me see your hands.

(takes them)

Christ, you could hammer nails with these things. Tell me, Kincaid... ever put that black belt of yours up against a boxer? I mean, a real professional?

MARSHALL

I've gone a few rounds.

MADDOX

Maybe we ought to match you up with Rivera...

(off his look)

Don't let the Ricky Ricardo accent fool you. Joselio was on the fast track for the Olympics 'til Fidel gave him the boot.

Rivera brings their drinks.

MADDOX

How about it? Care to go a few rounds with Kincaid here?

RIVERA

Some other time.

He goes inside.

Maddox makes sure he's gone... and dumps out his glass.

MARSHALL
Not thirsty?

MADDOX
Hell, my skull'd pound for a week
if I drank that. I just like to
remind Joselio who keeps him in
Cohibas. But you go ahead.

He watches Marshall drink... like Dracula watching Harker cut
his finger. Grunts.

Maddox rolls to the rail. Marshall follows.

MADDOX
How much do you know about me,
Kincaid?

MARSHALL
Just what I've seen.

MADDOX
And?

MARSHALL
It's good to be the king.

MADDOX
Even a king has to give up his
crown some day.

MARSHALL
You don't seem ready to retire.

MADDOX
How old do you think I am?
(off his look)
Don't worry, I'm not a peach... I
don't bruise easily. How old?

MARSHALL
Sixty-five. Seventy.

MADDOX
Ninety-seven last June.

MARSHALL
Right.

MADDOX
Care to see my birth certificate?

MARSHALL
I'll take your word for it.

MADDOX

I've spent a fuck-load of my money to keep looking like this... and not just the occasional nip and tuck. Twice a year, I fly to a very private clinic in Pyongyang for a full-body rejuvenation -- lamb placenta baths... stem cell injections. The works.

MARSHALL

Sounds fun.

MADDOX

It's a pain in the ass. Literally. Now, let's get down to it...

He pulls the file from under his quilt. Hands Marshall the color 8x10.

MARSHALL

Not bad. Who is she?

MADDOX

My daughter. Her mother used to dance at my casino down in Vegas.

(laughs)

You'd think a cock as old as mine'd shoot nothing but blanks, but there it was. I offered to pay for the abortion, of course, but the silly bitch wasn't having it -- just had the baby and disappeared.

(then)

That was twenty-five years ago, Kincaid. Now this girl is all I have left. I want to see her... meet her... before it's too late.

MARSHALL

Too late for what?

MADDOX

For me. "Time works against us." Know who said that? Hitler. And damned if the crazy, Jew-killing bastard wasn't right, because now, with all my money... all of this... the same quack who tells me not to drink is saying my time is just about up.

MARSHALL

So, what do you want from me?

MADDOX
My daughter.

MARSHALL
I don't get it...

MADDOX
You're a capable man, Kincaid. The kind of man who'll see she gets her here in once piece.

MARSHALL
What makes you think she wouldn't?

MADDOX
Don't you get the news in prison? Every day, another shooting... a plane crash... a rich man's child is kidnapped. Right now, this girl is the most valuable thing in the world to me... so valuable, I'll pay you a million dollars to fetch her to my side.

MARSHALL
You're joking.

MADDOX
I never joke about money --

He's wracked by a COUGHING spasm.

Rivera comes running, Maddox's Nurse HELGA KRONK. 50's. A human troll. On his heels.

RIVERA
Helga! *Llévalo adentro!*

MADDOX
Hell, I'm all right. And English, dammit! English!

Helga puts the wheelchair motor in neutral, aims it for the house, and...

Maddox snatches Marshall's wrist. A death grip.

MADDOX
Say anything. Do anything. Just bring me my daughter... please. I don't want to die alone.

MARSHALL
You won't.

Maddox slumps back. Relieved.

Marshall watches, moved, as Helga wheels the old man inside.

MARSHALL

How long?

RIVERA

A month... weeks. The doctor can't be sure.

(then)

Come. We can finish this in my office.

INT. RIVERA'S OFFICE

Marshall, 8x10 in hand, notes the Golden Gloves trophy on the desk as Rivera opens a gleaming Halliburton case.

It's full of crisp Ben Franklins banded in neat rows.

MARSHALL

He lets you handle his money?

RIVERA

Telling me my duties, Mr. Kincaid?

MARSHALL

Just trying to figure out what they are.

Rivera stuffs several bills into an envelope. Hands it over.

RIVERA

Expenses. You get the rest when we get the girl.

MARSHALL

Does the girl have a name?

RIVERA

Stone. Allison Stone. She lives in Los Angeles, where she runs *un camión de catering*... a food truck?

MARSHALL

And she cooks too...

Rivera doesn't get it.

MARSHALL

(off the photo)

Not much of a resemblance. Sure they're related?

RIVERA

Quite sure. Besides, a simple DNA test will confirm her parentage before we become too involved.

(then)

Anything else?

MARSHALL

You seem capable enough. How come Maddox didn't save his money, give this job to you?

RIVERA

The money is nothing. And I think he felt the situation would be best handled by a... neutral party.

MARSHALL

Situation?

RIVERA

He didn't tell you? Ms. Stone has no idea *Señor* Maddox is her father. She may require some convincing.

(shuts the case)

And remember -- we don't have much time.

EXT. YACHT (MOVING) - DUSK

Marshall at the stern, gazes back at the estate... and Rivera waves once. Heads inside.

INT. CHAMBER ROOM

Sterile. Enough equipment to outfit an entire ICU. Helga watches over Maddox... now resting in an open hyperbaric chamber.

Rivera takes the quilt from the wheelchair. Tucks him in.

MADDOX

(stirs)

What is it? What's wrong?

RIVERA

Nada. Está bien.

Maddox is too tired to argue.

Rivera pushes a button. As the chamber lid closes slowly:

MADDOX

It's hell getting old...

EXT. LOS ANGELES CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

A human beehive. A helicopter lowers a pallet of pipe to the HARD HAT WORKERS below.

Food trucks line the sidewalk like a United Nations of chow.

Marshall parks his GTO on the street, approaches "The Yello Sub," a chartreuse restaurant on wheels.

A hand-lettered folding menu board boasts "*Cappuccino. Home-made soups. Sandwiches. Today's Special: Grilled Salmon.*"

Old BLUES plays over their sound system.

And ALLISON STONE. 20's. Tough. Smart. Works the window in her saffron-colored chef's jacket. Even more gorgeous in person.

Her best friends, JUSTINE and DON WELLS. 20's. She's White - he's Black. Staff the kitchen.

Allison greets Marshall with a smile.

ALLISON

What can we get you?

MARSHALL

Not sure where to begin...

ALLISON

Well, the special is salmon. And we have an amazing feta burger, if fish isn't your thing...

MARSHALL

Too bad I already ate. How's the cappuccino?

ALLISON

Best in L.A.

MARSHALL

That's a bold claim.

ALLISON

It's a bold cup.

MARSHALL

Make it a double.

ALLISON

(calls back)

Double capp, on the fly, please!

JUSTINE
Double capp! Yes, Chef!

Marshall notes the music as he pays Allison:

MARSHALL
Nice tunes.

ALLISON
Like the man said, "If you don't dig the blues, you got a hole in your soul."

MARSHALL
Albert King.

ALLISON
Not bad...

MARSHALL
I have moments.

Allison allows herself a little smile...

And Justine brings the cappuccino, giving Allison a sly nudge as she hands it over.

Allison ignores her. Taps on the cinnamon, pops on a top.

ALLISON
Enjoy.
(off his look)
Was there something else...?

The LUNCH WHISTLE SOUNDS.

ALLISON
Start the ball, kids.

DON & JUSTINE
Yes, Chef!

ALLISON
You might wanna....

Marshall steps back just in time.

Hungry workers swarm the truck like locusts, Allison juggling orders and money. The consummate pro.

Marshall sips his coffee. Enjoying the show. Then:

MARSHALL
Bold as hell.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE

Shadows long. Hard Hats pack up for the day. In food truck row, Allison grabs her menu board as Justine and Don shut down the Yello Sub.

The helicopter hovers overhead. And KEVIN. 40's. The burly pilot. Makes a drinking gesture.

Allison checks in with Justine and Don, gives Kevin a thumbs up. He nods. Banks off.

And Allison notes the GTO parked down the street. Marshall at the wheel. He waves and drives away.

Allison watches him go. Curious...

EXT. CLANCY'S BREW PUB - NIGHT

On the Venice Beach Walk. Packed.

INT. CLANCY'S BREW PUB (VENICE) - NIGHT

Dark. Funky. Hard Hats beering it up. Allison, Justine, Don and Kevin share a pitcher at a booth in back.

Justine nudges Allison.

ALLISON

Justine... what?

JUSTINE

At the bar. "Double Capp on the fly," remember?

At the bar, Marshall raises his beer glass. Allison nods politely and looks away.

JUSTINE

Gonna go for it? I would.

DON

I heard that.

JUSTINE

Oh, honey...
(kisses Don, then)
He's very cute.

ALLISON

So was Vince. And look how that turned out. Besides, what's he doing here? You think he's following me?

JUSTINE

(grins)

I think he wants a refill...

Allison shoves Justine. Eyes Marshall. Then:

KEVIN

Want me to get rid of him?

DON

Not again...

ALLISON

Kevin, it's fine... really.

KEVIN

Relax, Ally. Got this in the bag...

He downs his beer. Heads over.

Marshall sips his beer, still on Allison... and trying hard not to stare.

Kevin looms over him.

MARSHALL

Can I help you?

KEVIN

My friend don't like you followin' her. I don't like it neither.

MARSHALL

Maybe I should apologize...

KEVIN

You should go. Now.

Kevin opens his jacket... revealing the Glock 9mm in the holster on his hip. And grins.

Marshall isn't impressed.

MARSHALL

Got a permit for that thing?

KEVIN

In my wallet.

(in his face)

Now, you gonna take it on the arches or do I have to --

Marshall moves. A blur. And now he has the gun.

Marshall aims at Kevin's chest.

The whole place goes quiet. Kevin raises his hands, standing there. A statue.

Don gapes. Allison grabs Justine's arm...

And Marshall lets Kevin sweat a few more heartbeats... then he lowers the gun. Ejects the clip. Thumbs the rounds out onto the floor.

Marshall tosses the empty gun on the bar. Shrugs.

Kevin snaps out of it. Charges!

Marshall moves, the eye of the storm... drilling Kevin with three lightning fast strikes! Takes him down!

Two HARD HATS join the fray. Grabbing Marshall from behind.

Marshall spins free, side kicks the first Hard Hat across the room -- then throws a hammerlock on the second and runs him headfirst into the bar!

The Hard Hat goes down. Out cold.

And Kevin is up in a flash. Grabs a bar stool. Takes a home run swing...

WHAM!

Marshall snaps a perfect kick into Kevin's balls!

Kevin drops, WHIMPERING, curling up in a ball and cradling his crushed *cojones*.

Marshall surveys the crowd.

MARSHALL

Anyone else?

Apparently not.

Marshall looks Allison an apology. And leaves.

DON

Damn. Who is that guy?

ALLISON

(moving)

Only one way to find out...

JUSTINE

Ally, wait --

EXT. VENICE BEACH WALK

Allison bursts out after Marshall. He whirls. Ready.

ALLISON
Easy, Bruce Lee.

MARSHALL
Sorry. Thought your boyfriend
might need another lesson...

ALLISON
The only thing Kevin needs is a
cup. And he's not my boyfriend,
mister...?

MARSHALL
Kincaid. Marshall Kincaid. I'm
not looking for trouble...

He offers a hand that she doesn't take.

ALLISON
What are you looking for?

MARSHALL
You. Your father sent me.

ALLISON
My father?!

Before Marshall can:

Justine and Don exit the pub, supporting a very green-around-the-gills Kevin between them.

EXT. VENICE STREET

Allison and Justine wait by the Yello Sub as Marshall and Don ease Kevin into the back seat of his Army green Hummer.

Kevin's vanity plate reads "GLOCKMN."

MARSHALL
Couple Advil, soak in a hot tub.
It'll help with the swelling.

DON
Thanks, man. C'mon, Justine...

Justine gestures "text me" at Allison, gets in the Hummer as Don takes the wheel.

Allison waits until they're gone. Then:

ALLISON

Let me get this straight -- my father sent you? My father?

MARSHALL

And you won't believe who he is...

ALLISON

Got news for you, Mr. Kincaid -- I know exactly who Lester J. Maddox is... and I hope he rots in hell.

She turns to go.

Marshall takes Allison's arm and she pivots on a dime, breaks his grip. Ready.

ALLISON

Wanna try me?

MARSHALL

I don't think so.

ALLISON

Then get out of my way --

MARSHALL

Look, Ms. Stone... Allison... you hate your father -- I get it. You don't want to see him -- I get that too -- but he needs to see you.

(finally)

Could be your last chance...

ALLISON

What's wrong? Is he sick?

MARSHALL

He's dying.

ALLISON

Bummer.

(gets in her truck)

Oh, and in case you were thinking about following me again... I have two more of these --

(holds up a meat cleaver)

And I know how to use them.

She starts the truck. Drives.

MARSHALL

(sighs)

Swell.

INT. ALLISON'S BUNGALOW

Cute. Cozy. Battered "BOB" (Body Opponent Bag) in a corner. Allison curled up on the sofa with a glass of wine, perusing an old photo album.

She pauses over a pair of photographs:

A LAS VEGAS SHOWGIRL. 30's. Big smile and big hair. Table-side with Maddox. Circa early 2000's.

Then the same woman -- no make up, mom jeans -- at the park with her LITTLE GIRL.

Allison smiles sadly. So long ago...

KNOCK-KNOCK.

Allison goes to the door, checks the peephole. Opens it.

Justine holds up a bag full of magazines.

JUSTINE
Screw texting. Besides, we missed
"Tabloid Tuesday."

They settle in on the couch.

Justine helps herself to the wine as Allison pulls the stack from the bag.

ALLISON
I don't know why we read this
stuff...

Justine holds up an "In Touch." Shirtless Chris Hemsworth on the cover. All six-pack and skin.

Allison manages a smile. Opens a magazine.

Finally:

JUSTINE
We gonna sit or we gonna talk?

ALLISON
Talk about what?

JUSTINE
Ally, for God's sake...

ALLISON
Please, Justine... leave it alone,
okay?

JUSTINE

Last time I left it alone, we had
to do this in the hospital...

ALLISON

Oh my God.

JUSTINE

What?

Allison holds up her issue of "People," open to the "Karate Cop" piece on Marshall.

They share a look. Who is this guy?

INT. ALLISON'S BEDROOM

The alarm clock BUZZES! 3:30. Allison kills it. MOANS.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Hard Hats back at it. Food trucks open. Allison, Justine and Don prep the Yello Sub for the lunch rush.

Marshall parks the GTO on the street. Gets out. He gives Allison a little wave...

She gives him a middle finger.

Marshall can't help it. He laughs.

Allison focuses on her work... but the DAD and LITTLE GIRL at the ice cream truck next door draws her eye:

Dad hands the Little Girl her cone. She takes a lick and knocks her scoop right off.

SPLAT!

Strawberry vanilla everywhere.

Little Girl bursts into tears. But Dad just wipes her eyes, smiles... and gives her his cone.

Allison sighs. And knows what she has to do...

EXT. DOWN THE STREET

Marshall gets on his cell. Dials.

MARSHALL

(into phone)

Hey, Tony. Got a bit of a
situation here...

INT. TONY'S OFFICE

Tony listens to his cell with growing irritation.

TONY
 (into phone)
 You could screw up a wet dream,
 Kincaid... you know that? So,
 what're you gonna do?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

MARSHALL
 Could put her in a kata-gatame and
 tuck her in the trunk.

TONY
 Kata-ga -- what?

MARSHALL
 Sleeper hold.

TONY
 Great. Add assault and kidnapping
 to the list.

MARSHALL
 If she presses charges...

TONY
 You really are a romantic.
 (sighs)
 When they let you drop your dime,
 you know who to call.

MARSHALL
 Thanks.

He hangs up. Opens the trunk.

He stares in disbelief at the folded up blanket... the fresh
 roll of duct tape... and the two new gas cans secured with
 bungee cords.

Then Allison is there. And Marshall SLAMS the lid!

ALLISON
 Relax, tough guy. Cleaver's in the
 truck.
 (then)
 Okay. You're on.

MARSHALL
 Really? You sure?

ALLISON
Why? Do I look confused?

MARSHALL
Great. Your father will be --

ALLISON
I'm not doing it for him.
(then)
You know where I live? Course you
do. Pick me up tomorrow at five.

MARSHALL
A.M. or P.M.?

ALLISON
A.M. I wanna sleep in.

EXT. MADDOX ESTATE - DUSK

Maddox watches the sun from his wheelchair as Rivera brings the pill tray. Rivera's cell BUZZES. He answers it.

RIVERA
(into phone)
Bueno? Excelente. See you then.
(hangs up)
That was Kincaid. They'll be here
tomorrow.

Maddox sighs with relief.

RIVERA
Take your pill.

EXT. ALLISON'S BUNGALOW - EARLY MORNING

GTO at the curb. Top up. Marshall at the wheel. Allison tosses her duffle bag in the back seat. Gets in.

INT./EXT. GTO

Marshall can't take his eyes off her. A little smitten.

ALLISON
What?

MARSHALL
Nothing. Seatbelt.

As she buckles up:

ALLISON
Where are we going anyway?

MARSHALL
Lake Tahoe. Your father's place.

ALLISON
Tahoe, huh? Sure this hog'll make it?

MARSHALL
She'll make it. And she's not a hog -- she's a "goat." '68 GTO.

ALLISON
Whatever.

MARSHALL
(starts the car)
Gonna be a long drive...

MONTAGE:

The GTO rolls up the 405... the 14 and 395... heading North.

EXT. HIGHWAY 395 - DAY

Lonely desert two-lane shimmers in the heat. GTO cruising.

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Marshall glances at Allison. Pops in the tape. More BLUES plays. He adjusts the volume down.

Allison is too hot and sweaty to care.

ALLISON
Why don't you put on the air?

MARSHALL
It's a rag top.

ALLISON
So?

MARSHALL
No AC.

ALLISON
At least put the top down...

MARSHALL
Bring any sunblock?

ALLISON
(sighs)
Guess I forgot...

MARSHALL
 (shrugs, then)
 But I do have this...

He reaches back one-handed, gets a bottle of water from the cooler behind the seat. Hands it over.

Allison gratefully presses it against her forehead.

MARSHALL
 I ask you something?

ALLISON
 You can ask...

MARSHALL
 What made you change your mind?

ALLISON
 Did you know your father?

MARSHALL
 Well, yeah --

ALLISON
 Then you wouldn't understand.

MARSHALL
 Why do you hate him? What did he do to you?

ALLISON
 (looks away)
 Not a goddamn thing.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT (SFO)

An Air Korea 757 ROARS in for a landing.

INT. SFO TERMINAL (CUSTOMS)

Travelers everywhere. Rivera and Tani search the herd of disembarking PASSENGERS... and here she comes:

DR. JIN-SU HAN. 30's. Korean. Hot and haughty.

RIVERA
 Dr. Han.

HAN
 Mr. Rivera.

Rivera takes her carry-on, shoves it at Tani. They head off together.

RIVERA
Estoy encantada de verte de nuevo.
 I trust your flight wasn't too
 exhausting.

HAN
 Not as exhausting as you.

RIVERA
 You seemed to enjoy me, the last
 time you were here...

HAN
 Even a dog will scratch when it has
 an itch.

RIVERA
 Yes, but can a dog...?

He WHISPERS something sweet in her ear.

HAN
 Mine can. But then he's been well-
 trained.
 (then)
 How is our patient?

RIVERA
 Tired. Anxious. But doing well,
 considering the alternative.
 (finally)
 He's ready.

HAN
 Good. He better be.

EXT. SFO - PRIVATE PLANE HANGARS

Rivera and Han board the idling Maddox Industries Bell Jet
 Ranger. Tani follows with Han's bags.

The chopper REVS up and lifts off.

EXT. HIGHWAY 395

The GTO rolls on. Top still up.

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Allison sips her water, studying Marshall as he drives. And
 her curiosity gets the better of her:

ALLISON
 Can I ask you something?

MARSHALL

"You can ask..."

ALLISON

What's Maddox paying you?

MARSHALL

What difference does it make?

ALLISON

Just wondering how much it takes to turn a cop into a chauffeur.

MARSHALL

Who told you I was a cop?

ALLISON

Oh, you know... "People."

MARSHALL

Read that, did you?

ALLISON

I wouldn't be here if I hadn't.

(teasing)

That biker chick was kinda hot in a trashy sort of way... that why your wife left you?

Marshall just stares at the road. Not amused.

ALLISON

Sorry. That was a shitty thing to say.

MARSHALL

It's okay.

ALLISON

No, it wasn't.

(then)

But you still didn't answer my question...

MARSHALL

Which one?

ALLISON

What's he paying you? C'mon, I wanna know how much he thinks I'm worth.

MARSHALL

A million dollars.

ALLISON
Holy shit.

MARSHALL
He can afford it.

EXT. MADDOX ESTATE

Rivera and Associate #1 spar in a portable boxing ring, Tani playing referee, as Han sprawls like a spoiled cat on a patio chaise with her iced tea.

Han sips and smiles. Rivera steals a glance her way and --

BAM-BAM!

Associate #1 scores with a quick one-two.

Rivera snaps out of it, drops him with a vicious hook.

Tani begins a silent ten count. Han just yawns...

Then sliding glass door opens and Maddox powers over in his wheelchair. Helga like a shadow.

HAN
You're looking well, Lester...
Helga taking good care of you?

HELGA
I do as I am told.

MADDOX
Well? Where are they? You said
they'd be here by now.

RIVERA
It's a long drive from Los Angeles.
Give them time.

MADDOX
I don't have time to give.

EXT. BISHOP, CALIFORNIA - CVS DRUG

Marshall exits the store, a small shopping bag in hand, joins Allison at the GTO.

MARSHALL
(gives her the bag)
Got you something.

ALLISON
What is it?

Marshal shrugs. Gets to work on the ragtop.

Allison checks in the bag, finds the tube of "Banana Boat SPF 70." Doesn't know what to say.

Marshall snaps the top down. Then:

MARSHALL
Home stretch...
(off her look)
It'll be fine. I promise.

Allison isn't so sure.

Marshall opens her door. Then takes the wheel. Drives.

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Allison finishes putting sunblock on her arms, face already done. Leans over and applies some to Marshall's nose...

A bump. She almost puts a finger in his eye.

They share a look... then a laugh...

EXT. HIGHWAY 395

...and the GTO rolls on, into the Sierras...

EXT. PRIVATE PIER

Yacht at the dock. Tani waiting by the gangway. Marshall parks the car, gets Allison's duffle and escorts her aboard.

EXT. YACHT (MOVING)

Marshall and Allison watch the lavish estate draw near. She touches his arm. All nerves. He covers her hand with his.

EXT. BOAT HOUSE DOCK

The yacht pulls in. The Associates get the lines. Marshall and Allison disembark with Tani. Head inside.

INT. GREAT ROOM

Rivera is waiting to greet them.

RIVERA
Ya es hora. We were starting to
worry...

MARSHALL
Sorry. Forgot the sunblock.

RIVERA

¿Qué?

MARSHALL

Never mind.

RIVERA

And here she is... Allison Maddox,
home at last.

ALLISON

My home is L.A. And my name isn't
Maddox. It's Stone.

RIVERA

Of course.

(shakes her hand)

And I am Joselio Rivera. Your
father's... right hand.

ALLISON

So. Where is he?

RIVERA

Coming. His chair only moves so
fast.

(a smile)

May I say, Ms. Stone, that you are
even more lovely in person than in
your photograph?

MADDOX (O.S.)

Takes after her mother...

Helga holds the door as Maddox rolls in, wheelchair HUMMING
as he approaches Allison.

No one speaks. Father and daughter... together at last.

Finally:

MADDOX

I wasn't sure you'd come.

ALLISON

Neither was I. I mean, it's only
been since -- what? Never?

Marshall winces. Ouch.

ALLISON

By the way, my mother was prettier
than I am. She died six years ago.
Or didn't you know?

MADDOX

I heard something about it...

ALLISON

Really? What else did you hear,
you cold-hearted bastard?

MARSHALL

(aside)

Allison...

ALLISON

Think I have a right to know, don't
you?

(in Maddox's face)

Did you hear how my mother fed and
bathed me... put clothes on my back
and a roof over my head?! Paid for
my school?! Anyone else would've
sued you for every penny she could
get -- but not her! Not even when
she was sick and we needed the
money!

(breaking)

She did everything for me and she
did it alone...

MADDOX

What do you want me to say?

ALLISON

Sau something! Anything!

Maddox doesn't know where to begin.

ALLISON

This was a mistake.

(then)

C'mon, Kincaid. We're outta here --

RIVERA

Ms. Stone. *Por favor...*

MADDOX

We did meet once before.

ALLISON

Really? When?

MADDOX

The day you were born.

ALLISON

Bullshit.

MADDOX

It's true.

(rolling closer)

At the hospital. Your mother let me see you that one time. And you were raising holy hell -- screaming and fussing. You had a birthmark on your forehead... right there.

(points)

Damn thing lit up like a Christmas tree.

ALLISON

It's called a stork bite.

(then)

They fade away when you get older. Mine pops up sometimes... when I get really angry.

MADDOX

Like now?

Allison can't help it... she smiles.

MADDOX

You were right: I am a cold-hearted bastard. Selfish too.

ALLISON

That supposed to make me feel better?

MARSHALL

Least he's honest.

MADDOX

When I have to be.

(then)

And you don't owe me a damn thing, but I'm asking just the same: stay. Just for a day. You're all I have left.

ALLISON

I don't even know you...

MADDOX

Maybe we can change that.

Marshall leans in close to Rivera.

MARSHALL

Maybe we should give them some privacy...

RIVERA

Indeed.

(then)

Excusa. Mr. Kincaid and I have *un poquito* business to conclude.

MADDOX

Then get to it.

(grins)

Helluva job, Kincaid. Worth every penny.

MARSHALL

Thanks.

(then)

Good luck.

Allison smiles him a "Thank you." The two men leave. Then:

ALLISON

Now what?

MADDOX

Tahoe's awful pretty this time of year... why don't I give you the two dollar tour? After all, this will be yours someday...

ALLISON

You're joking.

MADDOX

I never joke about money.

(then)

Helga. Door.

Helga opens the slider.

Allison follows Maddox onto the patio, nodding politely at the nurse.

Helga stares at her like she's a bug.

INT. RIVERA'S OFFICE

Tani waits by the door as Rivera shuts the Halliburton case full of cash. Hands it over.

MARSHALL

That's it?

RIVERA

Eso es todo.

Rivera lights a cigar.

RIVERA

It's too bad we never found the opportunity to go those rounds, Kincaid. I think it would have been... interesting.

MARSHALL

Like you said: some other time.

RIVERA

Tani will escort you back to the yacht.

EXT. GAZEBO

Shadows long. Helga lurks in the background as Allison and Maddox watch the boat take Marshall back across the lake.

MADDOX

I think Mr. Kincaid has a bit of a crush on you. And he is a wealthy man now...

ALLISON

Little soon to be fixing me up, don't you think?
(huge yawn)
Sorry. Been a long day...

MADDOX

I'm the one who's sorry. I'll have Helga show you to your room... you can have a shower, maybe catch a few winks before dinner. How does that sound?

ALLISON

Like heaven.

MADDOX

Helga. Room.
(then)
What is it?

ALLISON

Nothing. I'm just... glad I came.

Maddox smiles.

HELGA

(opens the door)
This way.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM

Cozy. Complete with bathroom. Helga shows Allison in.

HELGA

Mr. Maddox has his dinner promptly
at seven. I will come for you.

ALLISON

Thank you --

Helga SLAMS the door.

ALLISON

Bitch.

EXT. PRIVATE PIER

Marshall disembarks the yacht, Halliburton case in hand, Tani
staring at him from the stern.

And did the big Polynesian smirk just a bit?

Marshall shrugs. Heads for his car.

EXT. HARRAH'S HOTEL/CASINO - DUSK

South Shore. Lights sparkling.

INT. HARRAH'S HOTEL/CASINO

Front desk. Marshall pays the DESK CLERK in cash, takes his
key card.

The BELL HOP steps up to take his case and gear bag.

MARSHALL

Got it. Thanks.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

Sweet indeed. Marshall locks the door. Sets the case on the
table. Pops it open.

The bundles of Ben Franklins seem almost glad to see him.

Marshall bunches his fists, shaking with effort it takes not
to scream...

And flops in a chair. Spent.

MADDOX

(finally)
Fuck me.

EXT. MADDOX ESTATE - NIGHT

Yacht at the dock. Sea Doos in line. Associates on patrol.

INT. RIVERA'S BEDROOM

Rivera and Han lie sprawled and naked in a tangle of sweaty satin sheets.

HAN
(a look)
Good dog.

Rivera grins. His cell phone BUZZES. He gets it.

RIVERA
(into phone)
Yes? *Todo bien.*
(hangs up, then)
It's time.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM

Allison turns off the shower. Dries off with a towel, wraps it round her...

On the dresser, her cell phone RINGS.

She grabs it. Talking as she dresses:

ALLISON
(into phone)
That was quick.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

Marshall soaks in the huge tub, on his cell. Room service steak and lobster on the cart nearby.

MARSHALL
(into phone)
I'm still in Tahoe. Thought I'd
get myself a room.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

ALLISON
Living *la vida loca*?

MARSHALL
A little. How goes it?

ALLISON
So far, so good.

MARSHALL

Listen, I know Daddy Warbucks has a private jet and all, but maybe I could drive you back to L.A. I mean, when you're ready...

ALLISON

I'd like that. Call me tomorrow, okay? And Marshall...?
(then)
Thanks again.

MARSHALL

Any time.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM

Allison hangs up. Smiles. Checks her look in the mirror. And there's a KNOCK at the door.

It's Helga.

ALLISON

Thank God. I'm starved...

Then, suddenly --

Helga bursts in. Grabs Allison in an iron grip, pinning both of her arms. One hand over her mouth.

Allison struggles to no avail.

Now Han enters, doctor's white coat over her clothes. A full syringe in hand.

She grabs Allison's arm...

HAN

Don't fight. It will only hurt more.

ALLISON

No.

...and jabs the needle home.

The drug hits fast. Allison MOANS, eyes rolling up, muscles turning to jelly...

Helga catches her just in time.

Associates #1 and #2 arrive with a gurney. Load up Allison.

Han leads them off down the hall.

INT. TUNNEL

Helga opens the door to the chamber room and the Associates wheel the gurney in, Han on their heels...

And Helga SLAMS the door!

EXT. HARRAH'S HOTEL/CASINO - DAY

Marshall tips the VALET. Stows his Halliburton case and gear bag in the trunk of the GTO.

He sighs. Not a care in the world. Gets in and drives.

EXT. PRIVATE PIER PARKING LOT

Marshall pulls up to the shut gate... finds the Guard station empty. Not a soul in sight.

Marshall gets out his cell.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM

Tani rounds up the last of Allison's things, stuffs them in the duffle bag... and her cell phone RINGS.

Tani pulls it from the bag. Drops it on the floor.

CRUNCH!

He tosses the shattered cell in the duffle. Exits.

EXT. PRIVATE PIER PARKING LOT

Marshall hangs up. Frowning. Drives to the turn-out just down the road. Pulls in.

He glances back. Kills the engine. Gets out.

INT. CHAMBER ROOM

Vials of blood in a rack. Allison lies unconscious on the slant board as Helga checks the leads to the EKG and heart monitor.

Helga nods. Throws the switches. Equipment BEEPING softly.

Han sits at her laptop. The screen showing the double-helix pattern. Human DNA.

Now Rivera wheels Maddox in, parks him near Allison.

MADDOX

Well?

HAN
We're just waiting for the final
results now...

Maddox GRUNTS.

He gazes at Allison. Han joins him, brushing a lock of hair
away from the unconscious woman's forehead.

HAN
She's quite beautiful, Lester. And
very much like you. Are you sure
this is what you want?

MADDOX
Just do your work.

EXT. PRIVATE PIER PARKING LOT

Marshall at the gate, staring at his phone. Still nothing.
And... fuck it.

He pockets his phone. Climbs the gate. Jumps down.

Approaches the Audi sedans in their neat row...

A MOTOR RUMBLES.

And the yacht pulls up to the dock.

Associate #1 holds the big craft in place with a boat hook as
Associate #2 drops the gangplank for Gate Guard and Tani to
disembark.

Marshall raises a hand, about to shout a greeting... then, he
sees it:

Allison's duffle bag in Tani's hand.

Marshall ducks behind the Audis. A spy now.

Gate Guard goes to his station as Tani goes to the Dumpster,
flips open the lid.

Tani empties the bag. Tosses it in. Returns to the yacht.

Associates #1 and #2 release the boat and pull up the gangway
as Tani heads for the cabin.

And Marshall's lips say it all: "What the fuck?"

INT./EXT. YACHT CABIN

Tani REVS the engines. Aims for open water...

EXT. PRIVATE PIER

Marshall checks on Gate Guard -- busy prepping his station -- and races toward the dock as the yacht pulls away...

Marshall sprints the last few yards. Jumps!

WHAM!

Marshall hits the stern! Grabs the ladder just in time!

The yacht picks up speed and zooms off.

EXT. YACHT (MOVING)

Marshall drags himself over the rail, lands in a heap on the deck. Drenched and shivering.

He shakes it off. Stumbles to a locker. Finds a towel and dries himself off.

Marshall tosses the towel. Slowly makes his way along the main cabin, creeping now...

Then, suddenly --

The engines shut down. The boat drifting in the silence.

Marshall hesitates. Careful now...

SMACK!

A bullet rips the rail inches from his head!

And here comes Tani, 9mm Sig Sauer with silencer in hand, as Associates #1 and #2 approach from the bow. Guns drawn.

Tani FIRES again!

Marshall dives and rolls out of the line of fire and crashes into the Associates!

They scatter. Guns sliding across the deck.

Tani blasts away! Bullets flying! A lousy shot.

Marshall moves in. Crescent kicks the 9mm from Tani's hand, slams another kick into the big man's head.

Tani shakes it off, grabs Marshall in a bear hug. Squeezes.

Marshall winces. Ribs CREAKING.

He boxes Tani's ears, shoves both thumbs in Tani's eyes.

Tani HOWLS and lets go.

Marshall lands like a cat, recovering quickly, and sidekicks Tani over the rail.

SPLASH!

The big man disappears into the lake.

The Associates scramble to their feet. And charge.

Marshall whirls. Drops Associate #2 with a hook kick, slips Associate #1's punches, wraps him up and SNAPS his neck!

Marshall drops him like a bad habit. Turns.

Associate #2 grabs a boat hook. Attacks.

Marshall dodges the thrust, hook burrowing into the deck at his feet! Stomps it! SNAPS the shaft in two.

Associate #2 stares at his broken end...

Marshall yanks the hook end free. Throws! The hook buries itself in Associate #2's throat.

Blood SPURTS like a fountain! Associate #2 clutches at his throat and falls.

Marshall races to the cabin.

EXT. LAKE TAHOE

Tani shakes it off. Swims toward the stern ladder.

INT./EXT. YACHT CABIN

Marshall quickly study of the controls. FIRES the engines and slams the throttles forward!

EXT. LAKE TAHOE

Tani is almost to the stern ladder when the yacht suddenly shoots forward! Tani takes a breath... swims after it.

EXT. BOAT HOUSE DOCK

The yacht glides in. An ASSOCIATE on duty gets the lines... and Marshall snaps out a kick to the head. Drops him.

Marshall jumps down, drags the Associate into the nearby bushes. Steals his gun.

Marshall checks the load. Moves.

INT. BOAT HOUSE TUNNELS

Marshall sneaks down the corridor. The sound of VOICES draws him to the chamber room door:

INT. CHAMBER ROOM

Han is back at her laptop. Rivera wheels Maddox closer.

HAN

As I said during your last visit to Pyongyang, we have exhausted all of the more conventional rejuvenation techniques at our disposal. This new procedure something of a last resort... and dangerous.

MADDOX

Of course it's dangerous. But will it work?

Han hits a key. Supremely confident.

CG ANIMATION fills the laptop screen. A tiny gland deep in a human brain sends out a stream of blue pulses.

HAN

We begin here... with the pineal gland. Until the late sixties, this organ, barely the size of a pea, was regarded by scientists as a quirk of evolution -- a cerebral appendix, if you will. But further research has shown it is crucial to the body's endocrine system because of its role as the main producer of melatonin.

MADDOX

The sleep aid?

HAN

Melatonin isn't just a sleep aid, it's a hormone... secreted by the pineal gland when the body is in darkness. It modulates our body rhythms, bolsters the immune system, and may even enhance the sex drive... although this has yet to be proven clinically.

RIVERA

Let me know if you need a guinea pig.

MADDOX

Get on with it!

Han hits another key. The CG pineal gland shrinks... blue pulses fading.

HAN

As the body ages, the gland becomes calcified... decreasing the output of melatonin until it is barely detectable. And, finally... we grow old and die.

MADDOX

If all I need are hormones -- why can't you just give me another pill?

HAN

Hormones aren't enough. This is an extremely complex process... one that supplement therapy can't possibly duplicate.

RIVERA

Can't you do a transplant?

HAN

The pineal gland is deep inside the brain. Even the most sophisticated microsurgery can't reach it without destroying the surrounding tissue. My technique is both elegant and much more simple...

CLICK.

Streaming video: A medical lab. Han and her KOREAN SURGICAL TEAM perform brain surgery on a young chimpanzee.

HAN (V.O.)

First, we remove the pineal gland from a genetically compatible donor -- the younger, the better -- and distill the gland into an extract. Then, using a stereotactic needle, we inject this extract into the subject's failing gland. Just as stem cells duplicate the precise characteristics of a host organ, the extract restores the gland... reversing the calcification and jump-starting the entire endocrine system.

Streaming video: Han uses an incredibly fine needle to inject a blue liquid into the brain of a GREYBEARDED CHIMP.

A cut. And Greybeard frolics round his cage like an chimp half his age.

Han shuts it off. Triumphant.

MADDOX

My God. I'll live forever.

HAN

Not quite. But with the additional procedures I have in mind, we can give you another twenty... perhaps even fifty years.

RIVERA

What additional procedures?

HAN

My extract cannot undo the damage inflicted by disease and old age. And, as we no doubt have a perfect genetic match in Ms. Stone here... once Lester has recovered from my extract procedure, I will begin a systematic replacement of all his major organs -- the heart, liver, lungs. Everything.

(off Allison)

You see, Lester... she isn't your daughter, she's your resurrection.

MADDOX

When do we begin?

HAN

I'll have the DNA results soon. Once the girl's paternity has been confirmed... I suggest you pack your bags.

INT. TUNNEL

Marshall slumps back. Stunned. He's heard every word.

Then the chamber room door opens and Marshall ducks down the side passage just in time.

Maddox, Rivera and Han step into the corridor and head for the entrance to the house.

Marshall waits until they're gone... creeps to the door.

INT. CHAMBER ROOM

Helga reaches for a vial. Freezes. Marshall enters, closing the door behind him. Puts a finger to his lips.

Helga nods. A statue.

Marshall nudges Allison... she moans. Still out of it.

MARSHALL

What did you give her?

HELGA

A simple sedative. She will not be conscious for several hours.

MARSHALL

I can't wait. So, wake her up.
(levels the gun)
Now.

Helga carefully preps a syringe full of adrenaline. Turns to Allison...

And sets the needle down.

MARSHALL

What are you doing?

HELGA

I cannot betray my employer. And you will not shoot a woman.

MADDOX

You're right.

WHAM!

Marshall pops her a good one. Helga drops. Out cold.

MARSHALL

(finally)
Bitch.

He shoves the gun in his belt.

Marshall grabs the syringe. Hesitates. Finally jabs it in Allison's shoulder and shoves the plunger home.

And... nothing. Marshall stares at the empty syringe...

Then, suddenly --

Allison snaps awake, ready to scream! Marshall grabs her.

EXT. GAZEBO

The SERVANTS tend a sumptuous buffet. Maddox abstains as Han fills a plate, tasting and discarding as she goes.

Rivera scans the lake with binoculars.

MADDOX

What the hell're you looking for?

RIVERA

Tani.

(another look)

He should be back by now.

INT. CHAMBER ROOM

Allison settles down. Shaking. And Marshall gets to work unbuckling the straps.

MARSHALL

You okay?

ALLISON

I think so...

MARSHALL

Whoa.

Allison slumps into his arms.

Marshall holds her close... and it's a moment. Then Allison nods... she's okay now.

Marshall turns her loose.

ALLISON

(off Helga)

What happened to her?

MARSHALL

Later.

They move to the door.

Marshall opens it a crack. Peeks out. All clear. They head out together.

EXT. BOAT HOUSE

Two more Associates on patrol find the third Associate half-conscious in the bushes.

Lead Associate gets on his cell.

EXT. GAZEBO

Rivera's cell RINGS.

RIVERA
(into phone)
Si? Mierda.

HAN
What's wrong?

RIVERA
Trouble.

MADDOX
Think it's Kincaid?

RIVERA
Who else would it be?

He draws his gun.

HAN
What are you doing?

RIVERA
If Kincaid is here, he's here for
the girl!

HAN
And she cannot be damaged!

MADDOX
Fool. Put that thing away!

Rivera holsters his gun. Gets back on his cell:

RIVERA
(into phone)
Have you seen Tani? Okay. Call
the chopper, then have the others
meet me in the tunnel. And tell
everyone: no guns -- *comprende?*
Anyone fires a single bullet...
I'll kill them myself!

He dashes into the house.

EXT. BOAT HOUSE

The Associates holster their guns, drawing flexible metal
billy clubs...

Then Marshall and Allison step out.

For a moment, no one moves. Marshall goes for his gun as the Associates attack.

Marshall BLOWS the first Associate away.

EXT. GAZEBO

Maddox and Han react to the GUNSHOTS.

EXT. BOAT HOUSE DOCK

It's hand to hand now. Marshall drops the second Associate with a flurry of blows as Lead Associate moves in...

But Allison is there.

She blocks, parries, drops him quick.

MARSHALL

Nice.

ALLISON

I have moments.

Marshall steals Lead Associate's gun, ransacks the other two for extra clips.

ALLISON

Why didn't they shoot?

MARSHALL

They need you alive.

ALLISON

Why? What the hell is going on?

MARSHALL

You don't want to know. Now, get on the boat --

ALLISON

Too slow.

(off his look)

I've got a better idea.

INT. CHAMBER ROOM

Rivera and three more Associates burst in, find Helga out cold on the floor.

Rivera SNAPS out his billy club.

RIVERA

Vamonos!

EXT. BOAT HOUSE DOCK

Rivera and the Associates burst outside. Discover the dead man. Lead Associate stumbles to his feet and joins them --

An ENGINE ROARS!

A Sea Doo zooms off! Allison driving, Marshall behind her.

Rivera ducks inside, comes back out with a fistful of keys he throws at his men.

They all scramble aboard the remaining Jet Skis.

And Tani climbs up the dock ladder, drenched in water and shame. Shrugs an apology.

Rivera shakes his head. REVS up.

Rivera and the Associates head off across the lake.

EXT. LAKE TAHOE

The Sea Doo bounds across the waves. Allison still feeling the effects of the shots.

They have to SHOUT over the engine noise:

MARSHALL

Sure you got this?!

ALLISON

I'm fine!

(looks)

Shit.

Now Marshall sees it too:

Rivera and his squadron of Associates on their Sea Doos in their wake. Closing fast.

Allison hits the throttle!

And the chase is on!

EXT. BOAT HOUSE DOCK

Tani wrings out his jacket... and now the Maddox Industries helicopter swoops in.

Tani waves them toward the end of the pier. Lumbers over and jumps aboard.

The chopper zooms off!

EXT. LAKE TAHOE

The chase continues. Rivera signals the Associates. They move onto his flanks.

Rivera nods. They throttle up and ROAR ahead.

Marshall glances back, sees them gaining. Pats Allison on the shoulder.

She peeks back...

ALLISON

HANG ON!

...and swings around.

Allison guns it. Marshall hanging on tight.

The Sea Doos race at each other at incredible speeds. It's a game of chicken now... and nobody's blinking.

Rivera just smiles...

At the last second, Allison banks hard, throws up a huge wake in their path.

Rivera jumps it easily. Two Associates hit the rough patch, fly out of the saddle.

The Jet Skis CRASH into each other. EXPLODE!

EXT. COAST GUARD CRUISER

The CAPTAIN sees the distant fireball. Quickly signals his FIRST MATE.

BELLS RING! ENGINES ROAR! SIRENS WAIL!

The big boat aims for the commotion.

EXT. LAKE TAHOE

Allison swerves, throwing up another wake. Sends another Associate flying out of the saddle!

Rivera veers off!

Lead Associate hits the wake like a ramp. Loses his Jet Ski.

Allison banks left, leaving huge swells behind her. Swings round the other way.

Rivera punches it. Circles back to follow.

Allison grins. Punches it!

She jumps her own wake, sailing right at Rivera... forcing him to dive for safety.

SPLASH!

Allison handles the Sea Doo like a bronc. Zooms off.

Rivera and his men swim for their Jet Skis.

EXT. PRIVATE PIER

The Sea Doo ROARS in. Allison kills the engine and Marshall boosts her onto the ladder, follows her up.

They dash off toward the:

EXT. PRIVATE PIER PARKING LOT

Gate Guard burst out of his station with his billy club and Marshall doesn't even break stride... slides, spins and leg sweeps the Guard.

Gate Guard CRACKS his head on the pavement. Out cold!

Allison peeks in the station. Hits a button.

Marshall and Allison dash through opening gate...

EXT. HIGHWAY TURN-OUT

...and leap into the GTO.

MARSHALL

Buckle up.

They do.

Marshall FIRES the V-8. Slams it in gear. ROARS off!

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Marshall drives. Allison hugs her knees tightly.

ALLISON

I can't stop shaking...

MARSHALL

It's the adrenaline. It'll pass.

ALLISON

Good. Now will you please tell me what is going on?

EXT. PRIVATE PIER

Rivera and the Associates leap off their Sea Doos...

EXT. PRIVATE PIER PARKING LOT

...and race up to the station. They find the Guard still out cold...

And the gate hanging open.

RIVERA

Mierda!

Now blades SLICE THE AIR and the helicopter swoops in, hovers at the end of the dock.

Tani beckons from the helicopter door.

Rivera turns to the Associates:

RIVERA

Take the cars. And remember, the girl is not to be harmed.

LEAD ASSOCIATE

What about Kincaid?

RIVERA

El es mio.

He races back to the helicopter. Jumps in.

The Bell Jet banks round and skims off across the water, up over the trees.

The Associates split up into the trio of Audis.

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Marshall has told Allison everything.

ALLISON

You were right. I didn't want to know.

(then)

So. What's the plan?

MARSHALL

You think I have a plan?

ALLISON

You used to be a cop. Can't you call somebody?

MARSHALL

Not any more. Besides, guys like Maddox own the cops.

(then)

We have to find our own way.

EXT. HIGHWAY 50

The GTO zooms by the low retaining wall... and the three hundred foot drop below.

INT. BELL JET (FLYING)

Rivera pulls an AK-47 from a gear bag. Screws on a silencer. Slaps in a clip.

RIVERA

Para ti, Kincaid. All for you.

EXT. HIGHWAY 50

The Bell Jet swoops for the GTO like a bird of prey, Rivera leaning out the open door.

Rivera raises the weapon. Smiles.

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Marshall smiles back, in spite of himself. Then engines ROAR!

And here come the Audis. Closing fast.

Marshall shifts gears. PUNCHES IT!

EXT. HIGHWAY 50 (MOVING)

Marshall handles the car like Steve McQueen. Audis on their tail. Chopper overhead.

The cars race along, jockeying for position.

The chopper swings in. Rivera FIRES a burst.

Bullets dance along the asphalt in front of the GTO.

The lead Audi makes a move, swerves back to avoid an oncoming car. Tries it again... trying to cut Marshall off.

Marshall whips the wheel. Bumps them.

The Audi spins out of control and CRASHES through the guard rail down to the rocks below.

KA-BOOM!

The sedan goes up in a fireball!

EXT. HIGHWAY 50 (MOVING)

The Bell Jet dips through a gap in the trees, inches above the pavement. Directly in Marshall's path.

Marshall won't play. He floors it!

The car accelerates toward the chopper.

The PILOT hangs in as long as he can, finally pulls up as the GTO shoots past. Audis right on their tail.

The chopper zooms after them.

EXT. HIGHWAY 50 (MOVING)

The chase continues down the winding mountain. The GTO, then the Audis, the helicopter overhead.

They approach a turn-out.

Marshall throws the GTO into a controlled skid, flirting with the rocks.

He brakes hard, whipping the wheel. Does a 180. Floors it.

The GTO rushes off back the way they came as the Audis keep on going, trapped by oncoming traffic.

The chopper swings round. Follows the GTO.

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Marshall glances back. No Audis. Smiles grimly.

EXT. HIGHWAY 50

The Audis reach a break in the oncoming cars. Skid round and head back up the road to resume the chase.

EXT. HIGHWAY 50 (MOVING)

A sign reveals "PASSING LANE AHEAD." Marshall puts the pedal to the metal and zips ahead.

Then engines ROAR and the lead Audi pulls in ahead of them as the second Audi pulls in behind as the chopper swings in and keeps pace overhead.

They're bracketed.

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Marshall is not a happy camper.

MARSHALL

Fuck.

ALLISON

What are we gonna do?

MARSHALL

The cars I can lose. But that damn
chopper can follow us 'til we run
out of gas --

(it hits him)

I need you to drive.

ALLISON

Now?!

MARSHALL

Now.

They unbuckle their seat belts.

Allison steadies the wheel and Marshall quickly squirms into the back seat as she slides under him.

Allison takes the wheel, buckling up one-handed.

Marshall attacks the seat, pulling out the cushions.

Allison shakes her head.

EXT. HIGHWAY 50

The GTO passes the retaining wall from before. Rivera gets off a bursts.

Bullets RICOCHET. Allison flips the chopper "the bird."

Rivera can't help it. He LAUGHS.

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Marshall breaks through to the trunk and yanks one of the gas cans free from the bungee cords.

He quickly pops the cap, shoves a wad of seat stuffing into the neck. Shakes the can to wet it.

A makeshift Molotov.

Marshall leans past Allison, pops in the cigarette lighter.

MARSHALL

When I give you the word -- slow
down.

ALLISON

Slow down? What are you -- ?
(off the gas can)
Oh God.

The lighter POPS. Hot as a pistol.

Marshall grabs it. Touches it to the stuffing. It bursts
into flame!

MARSHALL

NOW!

EXT. HIGHWAY 50 (MOVING)

Allison downshifts, slowing the car, as the Bell Jet swoops
in for the kill.

Rivera has Marshall dead in his sights.

Marshall stands up in the back seat. Throws the can at the
chopper cockpit...

Rivera freezes.

Marshall draws his gun. FIRES!

BOOM!

The can BLOWS! Spewing flaming gas!

The chopper spins out of control toward the trees below.

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Marshall ducks down in the back seat.

MARSHALL

GO! GO! GO!

Allison punches it.

INT./EXT. BELL JET (FLYING)

The Pilot wrestles the controls as Tani grabs a strap with
one hand, the other holding Rivera.

Rivera and Tani share a look. Crash or jump?

They jump.

EXT. THE MOUNTAINS

Rivera and Tani fall free toward the pines as the Bell Jet pinwheels into the cliff. EXPLODES!

EXT. THE TREES

Rivera and Tani tumble through the trees like human pinballs, limbs breaking their fall...

And slam into the ground!

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Marshall climbs up front. Gets on his cell.

ALLISON
Who are you calling?

MARSHALL
A friend.

INT. TONY'S OFFICE

On his phone, Tony can't believe what he's just heard.

TONY
(into phone)
You've got be shittin' me. Where
are you taking her? Okay, I'll be
in touch.
(hangs up)
Shit.

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Marshall tosses his phone on the dash. Slumps. Allison drives on, leaving Tahoe behind...

EXT. PIER PARKING LOT - DUSK

Tani and the weary Associates exit the Audis and trudge down to the yacht.

Rivera gets on his cell.

RIVERA
(into phone)
We lost them.

INT. GREAT ROOM

Helga holds an ice pack to her bruised chin. Han shakes her head, passing her cell to Maddox.

MADDOX

Then find them! Scour the earth,
scorch the countryside if you have
to! Just get me that girl!

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

RIVERA

And if they go to the police? What
then?

MADDOX

Who the hell's gonna believe 'em?

EXT. VICTORIAN - NIGHT

The GTO approaches slowly. Marshall driving again.

INT./EXT. GTO

Marshall parks, Allison dead asleep beside him. Kills the
motor and the lights.

Marshall slumps against the wheel. Spent.

ALLISON

(stirs)

Where are we...?

MARSHALL

Home.

EXT. VICTORIAN - DAY

Morning fog rolls in. GTO covered with an old tarp.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Allison awakens in a sleeping bag on the floor, every muscle
aching. Finally remembers who she is... where.

She sighs. Exhausted. Then:

The SOUND of pots and pans draws her to the:

INT. KITCHEN

Spartan. No table or chairs. Bacon SIZZLES in a pan. A
second pan sits warming.

Marshall cracks eggs into a bowl.

ALLISON

How long did I sleep?

MARSHALL

A while.

(pours her coffee)

Wouldn't call it "bold," but it'll
have to do.

Allison sips. Not bad. And stands there, watching.

ALLISON

Kind of nice...

MARSHALL

What?

ALLISON

Someone cooking for me for a
change.

MARSHALL

I make no promises.

ALLISON

Got milk?

MARSHALL

For the coffee?

ALLISON

The eggs.

(off his look)

Here. Let me...

She takes over.

She tosses butter in the pan. Gets the milk from the fridge,
adds a splash. A dash of salt and pepper. Whips the mixture
to a froth, pours it in the pan.

As she tends the eggs:

MARSHALL

What got you into food?

ALLISON

My mother worked a lot of crazy
hours, so I started making dinner
to help out... and it just kinda
built from there. Mom got me into
Chef Tech -- got me my certificate.
I bought the Sub with the insurance
money after she died...

MARSHALL

Bet she'd be proud.

Allison smiles.

Then she notes the wedding photo stuck to the fridge.

ALLISON

You're ex?
(off his look)
Pretty. How did you meet?

MARSHALL

Tony hooked us up. We all went to Law School together...

ALLISON

You're a lawyer too?

MARSHALL

I dropped out. Wasn't my thing.
(takes down the photo)
I worked the book store to cover tuition... after class, weekends. And one day, this gorgeous girl is browsing the racks, so I go over: "Help you find anything?" "Just looking," she says. Didn't even get her name. Later that night, I'm at Tony's for a party... and there she is. Turned out he was gonna introduce us but she wanted to check me out first.

ALLISON

Well, yeah. Had to make sure you weren't a troll or anything.

MARSHALL

That's what she said.
(then)
We went out the next night. Got married the next year.

ALLISON

Sounds romantic.

MARSHALL

It was.

ALLISON

So what happened? She didn't like being married to a cop?

MARSHALL

No, she just didn't like being married to me.

Marshall sets the photo aside.

MARSHALL

What about you? File said you were single...

ALLISON

Very. Oh, I had my share teenage romance and there was this guy at culinary school... and then there was Vince.

(sighs)

Thought he was the one... until he decided I was cheating and put me in the ER. Now, I keep my moves sharp and the cleaver handy...

(kills the stove)

Where do we eat?

INT. TONY'S HOUSEBOAT

Tony reads a text at his desk. Tosses down his phone. Yawns and stretches. Moseys to the open kitchen.

He gets a carton of left-over Chinese from the fridge, finds a pair of chopsticks. Digs in.

And doesn't see the speed boat approaching outside...

EXT. SPEED BOAT (MOVING)

Tani at the wheel. Rivera beside him. All business.

INT. VICTORIAN

Eggs all gone. Marshall dumps the paper plates into a box of trash as Allison wanders the room.

ALLISON

I like your place. Vintage-y.

MARSHALL

Belonged to my grandparents. Spent a lot of good summers here back in the day. Veronica and I were gonna fix it up... maybe open a B and B.

(off her look)

Kind of dumb, right?

ALLISON

Kinda great.

(then)

I just don't think a million is gonna be enough.

Marshall laughs.

Allison notes the moving boxes... the old school turntable and amp... a crate of old vinyl.

She flips through the LPs. All Blues. Muddy Waters. Albert King. Stevie Ray Vaughn.

ALLISON

Well, there's definitely no hole in your soul.

(then)

Play me something...

MARSHALL

What do you want to hear?

ALLISON

Something good.

Marshall selects an album:

Stevie Ray Vaughan and Double Trouble. "Live Alive."

He sets the disc on the turntable, drops the needle on "Ain't Gone n' Give Up On Love." Slow and sensual.

MARSHALL

Thought I'd try something bad instead.

He offers a hand.

Allison hesitates... and takes it. They slow dance for a few bars, slowly finding a groove...

Allison suddenly stops, gazing into Marshall's eyes...

She kisses him. Long and deep. Then:

MARSHALL

What was that for?

ALLISON

Saving my life.

(then)

Besides, I've been wondering what it would be like.

MARSHALL

And?

ALLISON

I'll let you know...

Another kiss. Bodies close.

ALLISON
(a smile)
Hello.

MARSHALL
Sorry.

ALLISON
It's okay...
(then)
How long were you in prison?

MARSHALL
Three years.

ALLISON
Long time...

Another kiss.

It catches fire quickly.

They move to the sleeping bag, lips locked, and gently fall down together...

Minutes later. Clothes strewn. Marshall and Allison in the sleeping bag now...

He gazes into her eyes. She doesn't look away.

Marshall kisses her forehead... her throat... slowly working his way down... down...

Allison sighs. Eyes closed. Everything else forgotten...

EXT. TONY'S HOUSEBOAT

Rivera steps out, puffing on a Cohiba, and joins Tani on the speed boat.

Rivera savors his smoke. Gets on his cell.

RIVERA
(into phone)
Give me *Señor Maddox*. No, don't wake him. Let me speak to the doctor. *Hola. ¿Y cómo está mi perrita sexy? Si.* We're headed there now. Relax, *Chiquita*... I have everything under control.
(hangs up)
Vamos.

INT. TONY'S HOUSEBOAT

Tony sits half-naked and bound to his chair with rags. Angry red cigar burns all over his chest. Left eye a cauterized and bloody mess.

His dead right eye staring into eternity...

EXT. BEACH BELOW THE VICTORIAN

Wind blows the grass along the top of the bluff as Marshall and Allison stroll the water's edge. Together now.

He checks his phone. Shakes his head.

Finally:

ALLISON

Do you really think he'd do it?

MARSHALL

I think Maddox will do anything to get what he wants.

ALLISON

He's crazy.

MARSHALL

He's human.

(then)

He sees the end and it scares the hell out of him.

ALLISON

It almost sounds like you feel sorry for him...

MARSHALL

Fuck him.

A flock of seagulls suddenly scatters!

Marshall and Allison stop dead, gazing past the frightened swarming birds...

And they see it:

A Maddox Inc. Helicopter skims the waves. Closing in.

ALLISON

Marshall...?

MARSHALL

Run.

INT. MADDOX HELICOPTER (FLYING)

Tani in back with the gear. Rivera sits with the PILOT.

PILOT
They've seen us.

RIVERA
Pendeco! Of course they've seen
us. Go after them!

EXT. BEACH

Marshall and Allison race toward the cliff stairs as the helicopter zooms in.

INT. MADDOX HELICOPTER (FLYING)

Rivera goes to the back. Tani passes him an AR-15 and a set of double banana clips duct-taped together:

One clip wrapped with red tape. One with blue.

RIVERA
Take care of the girl. I will deal
with Kincaid.

Tani nods.

Rivera loads the red clip. And RACKS the bolt.

EXT. CLIFF

Marshall and Allison reach the top of the stairs and dash off toward the Victorian.

The helicopter swoops after them like a bird of prey.

INT./EXT. MADDOX HELICOPTER (FLYING)

Rivera takes careful aim. FIRES a burst!

EXT. VICTORIAN

Marshall shoves Allison down, covering her with his body as bullets RIP up the turf at their heels.

The helicopter ROARS by overhead.

MARSHALL
Go!

They break for the house as the chopper swings round for another pass.

INT. MADDOX HELICOPTER (FLYING)

Rivera ejects the red clip, loads the blue end now.

EXT. VICTORIAN

Marshall and Allison almost make it to the porch. Then the AR-15 CHATTERS.

The burst knocks Allison down hard.

MARSHALL
ALLISON!

Allison lies there like a broken doll. Still.

MARSHALL
No...

He rushes to her side.

INT. MADDOX HELICOPTER (FLYING)

Rivera winks at Tani. The big man almost smiles.

EXT. VICTORIAN

Marshall rolls Allison over. She finally COUGHS. The air knocked out of her.

She's stunned, but unharmed.

ALLISON
What happened...?

Now Marshall sees the scatter of dark grey pellets littering the grass.

MARSHALL
He's using baton rounds.

ALLISON
Huh?

MARSHALL
Rubber bullets.
(gets her up)
C'mon!

He shoves her toward the house.

INT. MADDOX HELICOPTER (FLYING)

Rivera switches back to the red clip. Waves the Pilot on.

INT. VICTORIAN

Marshall pushes Allison inside as a burst of GUNFIRE chews up the doorway.

ALLISON
Thought he was using rubber
bullets?!

MADDOX
Must've changed his mind.

He draws his gun. Opens FIRE!

EXT. MADDOX HELICOPTER

Bullets WHANG off the fuselage. Rivera FIRES back! Then he's out!

INT. MADDOX HELICOPTER

Rivera ducks back. Reloads another combo clip. Red.

EXT. VICTORIAN

Marshall gets off a couple more shots as the helicopter moves on... out of sight.

INT. VICTORIAN

Marshall checks his clip. One round left. He glances at Allison and her face says it all... now what?

Marshall pops in the clip. Jacks the slide. Last stand.

INT. MADDOX HELICOPTER (FLYING)

Circling above the house. Rivera looks for a shot, noting the tarp-covered car... the propane tank out back...

Rivera smiles. Slaps the Pilot's shoulder. Points.

The Pilot swings them around.

INT. VICTORIAN

The whole house shakes as Marshall and Allison listen to the chopper passing overhead.

ALLISON
What are they doing?

MARSHALL
Who knows?

INT./EXT. MADDOX HELICOPTER (FLYING)

Rivera leans out the hold door with his AR-15 and BLASTS away at the propane tank!

EXT. VICTORIAN

Bullets rip through the metal skin! Gas HISSES like a thousand snakes!

BOOM!

The tank erupts in a mushroom cloud!

INT. VICTORIAN

Marshall shoves Allison at the door.

MARSHALL

GO!

EXT. VICTORIAN

Marshall and Allison just make it to the porch... then a ball of fire ROARS through the house!

The shock wave lifts them up, sends them flying...

A secondary EXPLOSION shakes the house!

Marshall and Allison tumble through space, landing ass over tea kettle on the grass.

For a moment, they can't move.

INT. MADDOX HELICOPTER (FLYING)

Tani smiles. Rivera motions the Pilot to take them down.

EXT. VICTORIAN

Half the place is in flames. Marshall shakes his head, still dazed. Then:

MARSHALL

Allison!

ALLISON

I'm okay...

Now the helicopter touches down fifty yards off. Rivera and Tani jump out.

Rivera reverses clips. Aims.

ALLISON
Marshall?

MARSHALL
Get to the car. GO!

Rivera FIRES!

Rubber bullets slam into Allison like tiny jackhammers! She drops.

Marshall tries to get to her. A BLAST stops him mid-stride and knocks him down!

Rivera reverses clips as he and Tani advance.

Rivera FIRES a quick burst!

Bullets SHRED the dirt at Marshall's feet.

Then Allison staggers to her feet... right into Rivera's line of fire. A human shield.

MARSHALL
What the hell are you doing?

ALLISON
What's it look like?

RIVERA
You're very brave, *Señorita!*

ALLISON
I'll come with you. Just let him go!

MARSHALL
No!

ALLISON
Marshall, please... they can't hurt me, but they'll kill you! You have to get out of here.

MARSHALL
I got you into this. I won't leave you again...

RIVERA
You can't stand there forever, *chica!* Now step aside and we'll end this! *Por favor...*

Allison turns to Marshall. And, quietly:

ALLISON

You know where I'll be... I trust
you.

(then, louder)

Now go! Please.

Marshall hesitates. Torn.

And everything seems to happen at once:

Rivera quick-loads the blue clip. FIRES!

A swarm of rubber bullets knocks Allison down as...

Marshall breaks for the GTO, yanking off the tarp and diving
in behind the wheel as...

Rivera changes back to red. BLASTING away!

Bullets RICOCHET off the car! The windshield shatters!

Marshall starts it up! Jams the pedal down! Accelerates
toward the dirt road...

Tani hunkers beside Allison. Zip-ties her wrists, throws her
over his shoulder and heads to the waiting chopper.

Rivera draws a bead on the GTO, the back of Marshall's head
like JFK... dead in his sights.

CLICK.

He's out.

The GTO zooms off.

Rivera shakes his head, jogs to the helicopter... Tani and
Allison already inside.

Rivera jumps in. The chopper lifts up and away!

INT. MADDOX HELICOPTER (FLYING)

Tani straps Allison into a seat as Rivera tosses the double
clips. Reloads. Red only this time.

EXT. HIGHWAY 1 (MOVING)

The GTO SKIDS off the dirt road, onto the asphalt and zips up
the winding two-lane.

The chopper swoops in. Closing fast.

Rivera leans out the door. BLASTING!

EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Bullets SLAM into the car. Tearing into trunk.

INT. GTO TRUNK

Bullets shatter the Haliburton case... the gas cans! Fuel and cash everywhere!

A RICHOCHET! A spark! And... WOOSH!

EXT. HIGHWAY 1 (MOVING)

The trunk of the GTO explodes into flames! Marshall keeps on driving!

And Rivera keeps on FIRING!

A tire BLOWS! The GTO skids out of control, smashes through the guardrail and plunges down the slope...

And the hundred foot cliff dead ahead!

The chopper banks off. Gaining altitude.

The GTO soars off the cliff, entire back end ablaze, sailing through the air...

Just as Marshall jumps free!

Blazing car and man free-fall toward the sea... hurtling down... down...

EXT. THE OCEAN

Marshall and his GTO hit the water! And vanish from sight.

INT. MADDOX HELICOPTER (FLYING)

Rivera hands Tani the AR-15. Gets on his cell.

RIVERA

(into phone)

Hola. Está bien. We're on our way now. No. I'm afraid Señor Kincaid didn't make it.

(hangs up)

Lo siento.

Allison looks away. In tears.

EXT. MADDOX HELICOPTER (FLYING)

The chopper skims off across the waves...

EXT. UNDERWATER

Marshall drifting through infinite blackness. Blood leaking from his nose. Still as a dead man.

Then his fingers twitch. His body spasms. And BLAST of air bubbles escapes from his mouth!

Marshall snaps out of it. And swims. Up... up...

EXT. THE OCEAN

Marshall breaks the surface and GASPS!

EXT. MADDOX ESTATE - DUSK

Every light ablaze. Armed Associates everywhere.

INT. CHAMBER ROOM

Maddox sleeps in his hyperbaric chamber. Allison back on the slant board. Helga on duty. A statue.

Rivera and Han enter. Rivera goes to Maddox, puts a gentle hand on the chamber lid.

HAN

He became so agitated, I was forced to sedate him.

(then)

You really care for him, don't you?

RIVERA

When can we leave?

HAN

Whenever you like. The DNA test has confirmed what we already knew and my lab in Korea is waiting.

ALLISON

You're crazy, all of you.

RIVERA

Not crazy, *chica*. Just dedicated. Señor Maddox extricated me from a rather... unfortunate situation in Cuba. In return, I promised him my undying loyalty. And I always keep my promises.

ALLISON

But why are you doing this?! What can he do with a few more years?!

RIVERA
 (a shrug)
 Live.

EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - NIGHT

An eighteen-wheeler RUMBLES down the empty two-lane.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING)

TRUCK DRIVER at the wheel. Marshall slumped in the passenger seat. A human shambles.

Marshall rouses himself.

MARSHALL
 Borrow your phone?

TRUCK DRIVER
 Go for it.

Marshall takes the cell from the dash clip. Dials.

MARSHALL
 (into phone)
 It's me. Sorry it's so late. I need a favor. Can you meet me at the Marina Safeway? It's a long story...

EXT. HIGHWAY 101

The big rig rolls on into the dark.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - MARINA DISTRICT SAFEWAY

The Truck Driver lets Marshall out. Drives off. A BMW sedan sits alone in the empty parking lot.

VERONICA. 30's. Striking. Marshall's ex. Beside the car.

VERONICA
 Oh my God. Marshall...

MARSHALL
 Later.
 (then)
 Thanks for coming. You look good.

VERONICA
 You don't.

MARSHALL
 Like I said... long day.

Veronica gives him her cell phone and car keys.

VERONICA
Don't worry, they're both insured.

MARSHALL
Thanks.
(then)
How will you get home?

VERONICA
Doug's right behind me.

She looks at him. So much to say... no time.

MARSHALL
I know. Me too.
(then)
Do me one more favor? Get hold of
Tony and...

VERONICA
Marshall... Tony's dead.

MARSHALL
What?!

VERONICA
He was found this morning. Someone
broke into his boat -- did terrible
things. I thought you knew...

Marshall looks like he's been gut shot.

Another BMW pulls in. A MAN driving. And Marshall pulls it
back together. Steel.

Finally:

MARSHALL
You should disappear for a while.
Just in case.

VERONICA
We will.
(off his look)
She must be quite a girl...

MARSHALL
Thanks again.

He gets in the car.

Veronica moves to her husband's car, watching Marshall go...

INT. BMW (MOVING)

Marshall drives hard. Man on a mission. Dials the cell.

MARSHALL

(into phone)

Justine? Marshall Kincaid. I need help. Allison's in trouble. You wouldn't believe me. Tell what's his name -- Kevin? -- tell Kevin to get his chopper to the Placerville airstrip as fast as he can.

(then)

And tell him to bring his guns.

EXT. PALMDALE AIRSTRIP - DAWN

Two WORKMEN finish fueling Kevin's helicopter as the camo Hummer rolls up.

Kevin, Don and Justine pile out. Moving fast.

Kevin grabs a heavy gear bag from the back, heads for the chopper. Justine on his heels.

Don hangs back.

JUSTINE

Don? What are you doing?

DON

You two actually believe this bullshit?

KEVIN

I believe him. Guys like him don't fuck around.

JUSTINE

This is Ally. She needs us.

Don shakes his head, but he follows them aboard.

INT. KEVIN'S CHOPPER

Kevin quickly starts the engine as Don and Justine settle in the cargo bay behind him.

KEVIN

Let's rock n' roll.

EXT. KEVIN'S CHOPPER

Rotor blades WHINE and they lift off into the sky.

EXT. MADDOX ESTATE - DAY

The servants bustle about, covering furniture with cloth.

INT. GREAT ROOM

Rivera and Han at the picture window. Tani joins them.

RIVERA

Contact the airport. I want the
727 fueled and ready for take-off
by the time we arrive.

HAN

Shall I wake Lester?

RIVERA

Let him sleep a bit more --

MADDOX (O.S.)

I'll sleep when I'm dead.

He rolls in. Helga behind him.

Maddox subdues a small coughing fit and Rivera and Han share
a brief look of concern.

MADDOX

Let's get this fucking show on the
road.

EXT. PLACERVILLE AIRSTRIP

Two tiny asphalt runways surrounded by trees. Marshall jumps
out of the BMW as Kevin's chopper zooms in... hovering inches
from the ground.

A trio of AIRPORT WORKERS burst from the hangar. Yelling.

Marshall ignores them, jumps aboard the chopper and they fly
off... just clearing the trees.

INT. KEVIN'S CHOPPER (FLYING)

Marshall slams the hold door.

MARSHALL

I owe you one.

KEVIN

We're even.

MARSHALL

Okay. What've we got?

Don shoves the gear bag at Marshall.

Marshall pulls the zipper, marvels at the two AR-15 civilian models... boxes of ammo and loaded magazines.

MARSHALL

What'd you do -- rob an armory?

KEVIN

Hey, all that shit is registered
and one hundred percent clean.

(a wink)

Like my conscience.

Marshall smiles. Hefts an AR-15.

DON

Sure you can handle that thing?

Marshall slaps in a clip. Locks and loads. Like he's done it a million times.

Marshall just looks at him. Anything else?

DON

Cool.

JUSTINE

So. What's the plan?

MARSHALL

There is no plan.

(a look)

We're just gonna fly in and save
the fuckin' day.

EXT. KEVIN'S CHOPPER (FLYING)

They soar onward... over the mountains.

EXT. MADDOX ESTATE

Quiet. No one in sight. The helicopter circles overhead.

INT. KEVIN'S CHOPPER (FLYING)

Marshall joins Kevin in the cockpit.

MARSHALL

Why don't you put her down?

KEVIN

Too many trees. Gonna have to use
the hook.

MARSHALL

Okay.

He moves to the hold.

Marshall slings the AR-15 across his back. Loads the second one for Don.

Don stares at like it's a snake.

MARSHALL

Don't jerk the trigger. Squeeze.
It'll kick hard, so be ready.

DON

But --

JUSTINE

You can do this, honey.

MARSHALL

You heard the lady.

He opens the hold door. Pulls on a pair of leather work gloves.

Justine grabs his arm.

JUSTINE

Please... bring back our girl.

MARSHALL

I will.
(then)
Let's go!

EXT. MADDOX ESTATE

Kevin swings the chopper into position, hovering above the patio and gazebo...

Justine hits a lever. The cargo hook drops to the ground.

Marshall slides down the cable. Unslings his weapon. Scans the grounds. All clear.

He waves the chopper off. Moves.

INT. MADDOX ESTATE (MOVING)

Marshall sneaks through the place like a thief... through the great room... down the corridor...

And into the tunnels...

INT. CHAMBER ROOM

A female Servant covers the empty slant board with a sheet as Marshall bursts in. AR-15 leveled.

The Servant readies a scream:

MARSHALL

Don't.

(then)

Where did they go? Where?!

SERVANT

R-Reno... the airport.

MARSHALL

How long?

SERVANT

Half an hour ago. They had to wait for the ambulance. Mr. Maddox was not feeling well...

MARSHALL

It's gonna get worse.

EXT. MADDOX ESTATE

Marshall steps through the slider, shouldering his weapon, as the chopper returns.

Then, suddenly --

DON

(yells down)

LOOK OUT!

He FIRES a wild burst!

Marshall ducks.

Bullets slam into the slider door... blowing the two MADDOX ASSOCIATES there to shreds.

Don gapes at weapon and the carnage he's unleashed.

Marshall jumps on the cargo hook.

As they reel him in, one more ASSOCIATE bursts from the house. Gun BLAZING.

Marshall unslings the AR-15, fires one-handed. Shoots him.

The chopper banks off across the lake...

INT./EXT. KEVIN'S CHOPPER (FLYING)

Justine hits the lever, stops the hook. Marshall climbs into the hold.

DON
Where are they?

MARSHALL
They already left.

JUSTINE
Oh God...

KEVIN
Which way?!

MARSHALL
Reno airport. By car. Maybe a
thirty minute lead.

KEVIN
No problem.

EXT. KEVIN'S CHOPPER (FLYING)

Kevin banks around and zooms off!

INT. KEVIN'S CHOPPER (FLYING)

Marshall reloads the AR-15. Don joins in, drops a handful of bullets. Hands shaking.

DON
Sorry...

MARSHALL
It's okay. You saved my ass.

Don almost blushes. Justine hugs him proudly.

EXT. MT. ROSE HIGHWAY

A motorcade of Audi sedans... private ambulance... and a limo winds down toward Reno.

INT. LIMO (MOVING)

Allison sits in back, flanked by two Associates. Tani in the opposite seat. She's trapped.

EXT. HIGHWAY INTERSECTION

The motorcade turns onto the main freeway. Moving fast.

INT. AMBULANCE (MOVING)

Han and Helga flank Maddox on gurney. Rivera takes his hand.

RIVERA
Casi estamos allí...
 (off his look)
 Almost there.

Maddox nods. Too tired to complain. Rivera's cell RINGS.
 He grabs it.

RIVERA
 (listens, then)
Maricón.

HAN
 What is it?

RIVERA
 Kincaid.

INT./EXT. KEVIN'S CHOPPER (FLYING)

Marshall, Don and Justine gaze at the line of cars down below.

MARSHALL
 There they are...

He aims out the window. Thinks better of it.

JUSTINE
 Why don't you shoot?

MARSHALL
 I don't know which car she's in.
 And these aren't rubber bullets.

DON
 Huh?

MARSHALL
 Nevermind.
 (then)
 Stay on them, big boy!

KEVIN
 You got it.

EXT. HIGHWAY I-580

The motorcade takes the Reno Airport exit. Chopper pacing them from above.

EXT. RENO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

The motorcade follows the access road toward a gated area.

The SECURITY GUARD waves them off. Then dives out of the way as the lead Audi CRASHES the gate!

EXT. PRIVATE PLANES AREA

The motorcade SCREAMS to a stop by Maddox's 727!

Tani drags Allison from the limo... onto the plane as Rivera jumps from the ambulance and beckons the Associates.

They hoist Maddox's gurney from the ambulance and carry him aboard.

INT. 727 COCKPIT

Rivera joins the PILOT.

RIVERA
Take off. Now.

727 PILOT
I can't.

RIVERA
Why can't you?!

727 PILOT
We don't have clearance. We don't even have a runway.

RIVERA
(draws his gun)
Find one.

727 PILOT
Yes sir!

He pulls on his headset. Hits the switches.

EXT. TARMAC

The 727 ROARS to life. Lurches forward.

INT. TRAFFIC CONTROL

The AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER turns to his SUPERVISOR.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER
Hey, boss? Something weird's goin' on over by private planes.

SUPERVISOR

What's that 727 think he's doing?
He's not cleared yet!

(then)

And where'd that fucking chopper
come from?

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

Fuck if I know.

SUPERVISOR

Better call security. And 911.
Shit, call everybody!

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL

A dozen AIRPORT SECURITY GUARDS race through the corridors,
guns bristling.

Terrified TRAVELERS scramble out of their way.

INT. 727 (MOVING)

Like an open lounge. Han grips her seat as Helga tends to
Maddox. Allison stares out her window, looking for help

EXT. TARMAC

The 727 trundles onto the runway, picking up speed, chopper
pacing them like a gnat buzzing an eagle.

INT. KEVIN'S CHOPPER (FLYING)

Marshall yells at Kevin.

MARSHALL

Can't you do something?

KEVIN

Workin' on it!

EXT. TARMAC

The chopper swings around, right into the 727's path.

INT. COCKPIT (MOVING)

The Pilot looks lost.

727 PILOT

What should I do?!

RIVERA

Just go. *Vamos!*

EXT. RUNWAY

The 727 taxis forward. The chopper reverses, backing up in front of the plane.

INT. KEVIN'S CHOPPER (FLYING)

Marshall has seen enough. Grabs his AR-15.

MARSHALL
Can you bring us alongside them?

KEVIN
Hell, yeah!

JUSTINE
What are you going to do?

MARSHALL
Whatever I can.

EXT. RUNWAY

The chopper swings alongside the 727. Marshall leans out the hold door. Opens FIRE!

Bullets dance down the tarmac, rip into the 727 nose gear.

The tire BLOWS! The nose of the plane dips as the bare wheel digs into the pavement.

INT. COCKPIT (MOVING)

The 727 Pilot wrestles the wheel. Shuts down the switches.

INT. 727 (MOVING)

The plane tilts. Everyone struggles to stay on their feet.

EXT. TERMINAL

The Security Guards leap onto luggage trams. Zoom off.

EXT. RUNWAY

The 727 GRINDS to a stop as the nose gear collapses. Sparks fly! Metal SCREAMS!

The chopper swings in above the plane.

Marshall leaps down onto the fuselage. Bounces and rolls, almost tumbles over the side.

He recovers quickly. Moves.

INT. 727

Rivera runs back to check on Maddox, Tani and the Associates on his heels.

RIVERA
Is everyone okay?

HAN
Of course we're not okay! We need
to get out of here! Now!

RIVERA
You will stay with your patient,
doctor. *Comprende?*

HAN
I will do no such thing!

RIVERA
As you wish.

He SHOOTS Han dead.

HELGA
I will stay.

RIVERA
Gracias.
(then)
Perhaps *Señor* Maddox would like
some whiskey...

MADDOX
Why the hell not?

Rivera smiles. Then beckons his men. Moves.

EXT. RUNWAY

The luggage trams pull up. Security Guards pour out.

The 727's windows EXPLODE outward as Rivera, Tani and the Associates BLAST away!

The Guards take cover behind the carts. Return FIRE.

INT. KEVIN'S CHOPPER (FLYING)

The battle rages below. Don and Justine can't believe it.

EXT. 727

Marshall races along the fuselage toward the tail.

INT. 727

Tani hears FOOTSTEPS overhead. Moves to follow.

INT. 727

Helga gives Maddox a glass of whiskey. He sips. And sighs.

EXT. RUNWAY

The gun battle rages. Bullets RICOCHET. One of the 727's engine springs a leak, fuel sprays everywhere.

It catches fire. Flames creep toward the plane.

INT. 727

Wisps of smoke fill the air. An Associate goes down. Rivera and the others BLAST away.

Helga unbuckles Maddox, struggling to get him off the gurney.

And Allison sees her chance.

HELGA

Nein! You must help me!

(then)

Please. Your father needs you.

ALLISON

For God's sake...

She helps Helga lift the old man from the gurney.

EXT. 727

Marshall stops near the tail. No way in. Then bullets RIP through the fuselage at his feet!

INT. 727

Tani empties his weapon into the ceiling. Tosses it.

EXT. 727

Marshall FIRES back, "drawing" a rough circle in the metal of the fuselage. Jumps on it...

INT. 727

...and CRASHES through the ceiling, slams Tani to the floor.

The big man jumps to his feet. Flexes his fists, CRACKS his neck. And beckons.

Marshall doesn't even blink.

He just raises the AR-15 and empties the clip into Tani's chest!

Tani staggers. And drops!

Marshall tosses the empty weapon. Moves through the smoke.

EXT. 727

The main cabin door near the cockpit opens, the emergency chute POPPING out!

Allison and Helga assist Maddox to the doorway.

EXT. RUNWAY

The LEAD SECURITY GUARD sees them.

LEAD SECURITY GUARD
Hold your fire!

He beckons.

Two more Guards grab a gurney and the trio dashes through the gunfire to the plane.

Allison and Helga wrangle Maddox onto the chute, then Helga climbs on behind him and they slide down together.

Allison follows them down.

The Guards bundle Maddox onto the gurney and, with Allison and Helga, race back to the luggage trams.

They take cover.

LEAD SECURITY GUARD
Now. Would someone please tell me
what the fuck is going on?

Before Allison can speak:

The chopper swoops in to a landing behind the trams and Kevin, Justine and Don pile out.

KEVIN
Allison!

JUSTINE
Thank God!

She hugs Allison tight. Then:

DON
Where's Marshall?

ALLISON
Still on the --

BOOM!

An EXPLOSION rocks the plane! One engine gone now.

Allison breaks for the plane...

JUSTINE
ALLY! No!

... but a FIREMAN holds her back.

FIREMAN
Jesus, lady! What the hell are you
doing?!

ALLISON
No...

INT. 727

Marshall staggers through the thickening smoke... and suddenly stops:

The last five Associates block his way.

They smirk at each other. Ready to rock.

Marshall isn't amused. He wades into them.

Marshall takes them one by one, a human hurricane -- smashing noses! Breaking bones!

An Associate goes down. Another. Another

The fourth Associate attacks with a series of flashy kicks... a trained professional.

Marshall retreats under the onslaught. Spins! And --

WHACK!

Fourth Associate hits the floor!

Marshall doesn't even look... he just stomps backwards and CRUSHES the man's throat!

The last Associate SCREAMS and launches a flying kick at Marshall's head.

Marshall drops to his back, kicks the Associate in the groin and sends him flying into the wall of the plane.

The last Associate goes down.

And Marshall "helicopters" back onto his feet. Moves.

EXT. RUNWAY

Chaos. EMTs hustle Maddox to an ambulance, Helga in tow.

Allison, Justine, Don and Kevin watch helplessly as FIRE CREWS pour water and foam to no avail.

INT. 727

Marshall approaches the cockpit... and a figure moves through the haze of smoke:

MARSHALL

Allison?

RIVERA

(steps into view)

No. Just me.

He raises his gun...

And Marshall knows he's dead.

But Rivera holds the weapon up high. Ejects the empty clip. Tosses them both aside.

They face each other. Empty-handed.

MARSHALL

Where's the girl?

RIVERA

With her father, I think. But what does that matter now?

(peels off his jacket)

It's too bad *Señor* Maddox won't get to see this. He did so enjoy a good fight.

MARSHALL

Bring it on, asshole.

RIVERA

(dings a "bell")

Round one.

And the fight begins!

Marshall snaps a front/hook kick!

Rivera blocks. Takes his boxer's stance. Drills Marshall, one-two-three.

Marshall staggers. Shakes it off. Swings and misses.

Rivera fires a double jab. One-two!

Marshall ducks and spins, slams a crescent kick into the side of Rivera's head... and Rivera rolls with the blow, digs in a left hook to the body.

Marshall COUGHS up all his air. And drops.

Rivera moves in for the kill.

EXT. RUNWAY

Smoke and flames pour from the 727. The Fire Crews giving up now. Backing away.

Allison turns to Justine. Tears in her eyes.

INT. 727

Marshall makes it to his feet just in time. Rivera attacks with a flurry of blows... breaking him down.

Marshall staggers. Lip split. Eye cut and bleeding.

Rivera can almost taste it now, up on his toes... dancing like Muhammed Ali.

He pops Marshall with the jab... a hook... then a cross.

Marshall goes down on one knee, semi-conscious. Suddenly spins and leg sweeps Rivera.

The Cuban lands hard.

MARSHALL

Time to throw in the towel, Rivera.

RIVERA

(spits blood)

Vete a la mierda.

He dives at Marshall.

They wrestle across the lounge. Marshall chops Rivera in the throat, bucks him off. Rolls onto to his feet.

Marshall blasts Rivera with a massive side kick!

Marshall follows up, punching Rivera with everything he's got... driving him back into the side of the plane.

Rivera won't give up. He swings wildly.

Marshall blocks. Arm bars him.

SNAP!

There goes Rivera's elbow.

CRACK!

Then a kick takes out Rivera's knee.

Rivera slumps back against the wall, broken arm dangling limp at his side.

Marshall hangs back. Breathing hard.

The two men share a look... warriors... gladiators in a smoke-filled Colosseum.

Marshall shakes his head. Rivera smiles. And lunges!

Marshall catches him in a neck hold. Rivera keeps punching, slamming his fist into Marshall's back... his kidneys.

Marshall grimaces, taking it. Then:

SNAP!

He BREAKS Rivera's neck. The Cuban goes limp.

Marshall eases him to the floor.

EXT. RUNWAY

Another EXPLOSION! Everyone ducks for cover. Except:

ALLISON
MARSHALL!

INT. 727

Smoke and flames fill the cabin. Marshall staggers through the haze, searching for a way out...

And there it is: the hole in the ceiling.

Marshall shoves the drink cart below it. Climbs on. Leaps upward... grabs the edge!

And pulls himself up.

EXT. 727

Marshall crawls onto the roof of the blazing plane, squinting through the smoke...

EXT. RUNWAY

Allison searches for some sign of life. Then:

KEVIN

Look!

ALLISON

Oh God! Marshall!

Marshall stands atop the burning plane. Trapped...

Allison races forward... Justine, Don, Kevin and a whole batch of Emergency Personnel on her heels.

Another series of EXPLOSIONS rocks the plane!

The 727 shudders, metal GROANING like some great beast crying out in pain...

The plane dips sideways, one wingtip touching the tarmac...

Marshall staggers, almost falls... then he races toward the angling wing and launches himself into space --

And hits the wing... diving, sliding... and SLAMS into the ground!

Allison and the others get Marshall on his feet.

KEVIN

You okay?

MARSHALL

Swell...

He collapses into Allison's arms.

Everyone gathers round, helps Allison get Marshall back to the luggage trams and...

The 727 EXPLODES!

Everyone on the ground ducks. Then, one by one, they slowly rise up... watching the plane burn.

MARSHALL

(finally)

Where is he?

Allison nods. She and Marshall head for the ambulance.

EMTs surround the gurney but no one is working because Maddox isn't moving. Or breathing. Almost peaceful.

Helga weeps silently.

ALLISON

Is he...?

EMT #1

They don't let us call it in the field, but yeah, he's gone. I'm sorry.

MARSHALL

Least he didn't die alone.

The EMTs load the gurney now.

And Marshall and Allison watch together as the 727 blazes away, Fire Crews back at it now...

EXT. MADDOX ESTATE - DAY

Multiple boats at the dock. FBI AGENTS swarm like ants.

EXT. GAZEBO

Allison gazes over the Lake. A FEMALE FBI AGENT joins her.

FBI AGENT

Is this really all yours?

ALLISON

Someday. When the lawyers get through.

The FBI Agent LAUGHS.

Allison turns to go... then she sees Maddox's wheelchair by the patio wall. Empty.

And she can't help it... she smiles. Sadly.

EXT. VICTORIAN - ANOTHER DAY

Half the house remains. Marshall hammers away at new two-by-four framing. A small pile of lumber nearby.

A V-8 RUMBLES. Allison drives up in a cherry 1970 Chevy SS convertible. Gets out.

Marshall tosses his hammer and comes over.

ALLISON
It's comin' along.

MARSHALL
Thanks again for the check.
(then)
Nice wheels.

ALLISON
Yeah. The money from the Sub just
about covered it.

MARSHALL
You sold your truck?

ALLISON
Justine and Don made me an offer I
couldn't refuse.

MARSHALL
What are you gonna do?

ALLISON
Heard there's a new B and B opening
up around here. Thought they might
need a chef...

Marshall pulls her close.

MARSHALL
Still wondering?

ALLISON
I'll let you know...

Their kiss is long and deep. With the promise of more to
come...

FADE OUT.

THE END