

RESURRECTION RUN

by

Sean Mick

(775) 671-4047

(775) 885-8773

mcmonkmick@prodigy.net

*"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. MADDOX ESTATE - LAKE TAHOE - DUSK

Deep in the trees. Rustic luxury. Hewn from native granite.

JOSELIO RIVERA. 40's. Cuban. Smooth. Fit. Ex-boxer's broken nose. Smokes a fat Cohiba on the flagstone patio and watches the sun die.

His cell phone BUZZES.

Rivera checks the screen. Goes inside.

INT. RIVERA'S OFFICE

Golden Gloves Trophy on the desk. A wireless ink jet spits out an 8 x 10 color print.

Rivera tucks the photo in a file. Moves.

INT. MADDOX ESTATE - GREAT ROOM

ESPN "Classic Boxing" on the 80" 4K UHD screen: Ali/Frazier III. On MUTE.

LESTER J. MADDOX. Maybe 50, maybe 90. You just can't tell. Sleeps by the fire in his power wheelchair.

His portable oxygen unit HISSES like a snake.

Rivera brings a tray with a glass of apple juice and a pill, file under his arm.

RIVERA
(a nudge)
Señor Maddox?

Maddox awakens with a snort.

Rivera gives him the pill and juice.

Maddox takes his medicine and snuggles back under his quilt.

MADDOX
Just can't get warm tonight...

Rivera offers the file. No words necessary.

Maddox takes it with trembling hands, and slowly peruses the contents.

He looks Rivera the question.

RIVERA
 She's in Los Angeles.
 (then)
 I can take the jet, be there before
 dawn --

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 gathers the tray. Leaves.

Maddox opens the file to the 8 x 10:

Telephoto C.U. of a GORGEOUS YOUNG WOMAN at her food truck
 window. Yellow chef's jacket. All smiles. To die for.

MADDOX
 (sighs)
 Finally...

EXT. SAN QUENTIN - DAY

Fog horns BELLOW. Mist rolls in off the Bay.

EXT. EXERCISE YARD

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

MARSHALL KINCAID. 30's. Steel. Watches calmly from the
 bleachers. He's seen it all here. Twice.

A TATTOOED SKINHEAD snags the ball and stands there slow-
 dribbling. Eyeballing Marshall.

Marshall doesn't take the bait. Doesn't look away either.

Skinhead scoffs. Returns to the game.

Marshall just shakes his head.

Same shit, different day.

MONTAGE:

Prison cafeteria. Marshall eats breakfast. 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. Gazes at a dog-eared photo:

Marshall and VERONICA on their wedding day, posed in front of
a ramshackle Victorian on the Mendocino coast.

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

INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY

Shower 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, Kincaid.

INT. COURTROOM

JUDGE. No jury. D.A. RANDOLPH and her ASSISTANT.

Marshall sits at the defendant's table as his lawyer, TONY
GILLETTE, ESQ. holds up a blood-stained belt buckle knife in
an exhibit bag for all to see.

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
him his immediate release. Unless,
of course, the State has some
objection...?

JUDGE

Ms. Randolph?

D.A. RANDOLPH
(rises)

We have no objection, your Honor.

JUDGE

Very well.
 (then)
 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 help mitigate what you've endured these past three years. So, let's keep it simple, shall we? Motion granted. You're free to go.

He BANGS his gavel.

EXT. COURTHOUSE

TWO UNIFORMED COPS hold back a small but noisy herd of TV REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN at the bottom of the stairs.

Marshall and Tony step out.

MARSHALL

Fuck me.

TONY

Fuck them. C'mon...

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

Tony's AUDI R8 cuts through traffic. Northbound.

INT/EXT. TONY'S CAR (MOVING)

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

TONY

Page eighty-five.

Marshall finds a two-page spread:

Photographs: Marshall in SFPD blue. Sleazy-hot BIKER CHICK in handcuffs. The belt buckle knife.

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

MARSHALL

Karate Cop?

TONY

Hey, don't knock it, I've already had some calls. We can turn this thing into a book, get you on the "Today" show, Ellen...

MARSHALL

Swell.

He tosses the magazine in the back seat.

TONY

Gonna have to do something. Your personal shit's still in storage, but Veronica got it all, brother. Cash, condo... everything.

MARSHALL

She didn't get the Victorian.

TONY

She didn't want the Victorian. Neither does anyone else.

(sighs)

Look, Marshall... I know it was gonna be your dream house, but the dream is over. Besides, you can't fix what you can't afford... and you're two short hairs this side of Chapter Eleven?

MARSHALL

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

TONY

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

(a look)

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

MARSHALL

Why?

EXT. SAUSALITO - TONY'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

Small PARTY rocking. B.B. KING on the stereo, Steve McQueen as "Bullitt" on TV.

Marshall comes out on deck with his post-release envelope.

He takes out his old SFPD badge. Feels its heft.

And remembers...

INT. CASA DEL BLUES (THE PAST) - NIGHT

SRO. HOUSE BAND tearing up the stage.

At the bar, Marshall checks his watch, done waiting. Downs his beer. Heads out.

EXT. CASA DEL BLUES (THE PAST)

Marshall pauses. Looks back. VOICES draw him to an alley.

EXT. ALLEY (THE PAST)

Huge HARLEY MAN has the BIKER CHICK from "People" against the wall, hand up her skirt.

Harley WHISPERS in her ear. She slaps his face. He returns the favor. Foreplay.

And Marshall is there.

MARSHALL
Everything all right?

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 raises his hands. No fucks to give. And suddenly launches a fist at Marshall's head.

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

Harley YELLS in pain as blood spurts through his fingers. He grabs at his belt.

The buckle knife gleams in his hand.

Harley grins. Goes for the kill.

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

Harley drops the blade and falls. Choking on his own gore.

Marshall ignores his own bleeding wound. Rolls Harley over and checks for a pulse.

Biker Chick moves closer. Gaping.

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. Runs like hell.

Marshall pounds Harley's chest. CPR. A lost cause.

A CELL DOOR CLANGS SHUT!

EXT. TONY'S HOUSEBOAT - SAME NIGHT

Marshall SIGHS. Lost in the past. Or maybe just lost.

Tony joins him, toting a bottle of champagne. A wee bit tipsy. Offers Marshall a drink. He declines.

Tony shrugs and sips. Notes the badge.

TONY

We can make them take you back...

MARSHALL

They had their chance.

He sidearms the badge into the bay.

TONY

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: one Saturday night four years ago. You're off duty but, instead of meeting your wife like you're supposed to, you go helpin' some stupid 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 notes the TV inside. Car chase time.

TONY

We're missing the best part.

MARSHALL

I've seen it.

EXT. BAY CITY STORAGE - DAY

Two WAREHOUSE MEN stack a half dozen moving boxes in front of Tony and Marshall.

MARSHALL

Least I won't need a truck.

TONY

No, but you will need some wheels...

On cue, another WAREHOUSE MAN drives a cherry 1968 GTO ragtop out to the curb. Top down. Leaves it running.

Marshall caresses a fender. Blown away.

As the Warehouse Men load the boxes in the back seat:

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)

Just do me a favor? Next time you decide to play hero -- don't.

MARSHALL

Next time.

The loading is done. Time to go.

Marshall offers a hand. Tony bear hugs him.

TONY

Now, will you get outta here? Or I'm gonna start billing you for my time...

Marshall nods. Takes the wheel of the GTO.

It's like coming home.

He notes the cassette in the deck. Pops it in.

Stevie Ray Vaughn BLASTS from the stereo.

Tony grins.

Marshall drops it in gear. Nods. And ROARS off. Tires SCREAMING!

EXT. HIGHWAY 1 (MOVING)

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

EXT. VICTORIAN

On a windswept bluff overlooking the Pacific. In desperate need of Chip and Joanna Gaines. Or a bulldozer.

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

INT. VICTORIAN

Empty. The "For Sale" sign hits the floor, throws up a huge cloud of dust.

Marshall shuts the door. The knob comes off in his hand.

MARSHALL

Welcome home.

EXT. VICTORIAN

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

He steps back, sees the countless hours of work ahead.

His cell phone RINGS. He answers.

MARSHALL

Thought you had court...

INT/EXT. TONY'S AUDI (MOVING)

Tony drives and talks on his cell.

TONY

I do and I'm late, so shut up and listen... Think I just found you a job... Yes, really... Ever hear of a guy named Lester Maddox?

EXT. HIGHWAY 50 (MOVING) - DAY

Marshall drives his GTO through the Eastern Sierras.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

Should I have?

TONY (V.O.)

He's a billionaire. Seventeen on the Forbes List, has an estate up at Tahoe. Did some contracts for him last fall.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

Great. What's the gig?

TONY (V.O.)

All his man would say is they "have need for someone... capable." And that's definitely you. Now, quit asking questions and get your ass up there.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

I'm on my way...

The GTO rounds a bend. Lake Tahoe ahead. Liquid turquoise.

EXT. PRIVATE PIER

The GATE GUARD checks Marshall's ID, waves him through.

Marshall parks the GTO. Gets out. Moves past a row of Audi A5 sedans to the gleaming Azimuth Flybridge motor yacht.

TANI. 30's. A Polynesian mass of muscle and tribal tattoos, silently pats Marshall down. Escorts him aboard.

Maddox ASSOCIATES #1 and #2 get the lines.

EXT. YACHT (MOVING)

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

EXT. BOAT HOUSE DOCK

The yacht docks near a line of Kawasaki jet skis. Tani drops the gangway for Marshall.

Rivera is there to greet him.

RIVERA

Mr. Kincaid? Joselio Rivera.

(shakes hands)

Thank you for arriving so quickly.

Señor Maddox doesn't like to be kept waiting.

MARSHALL

Neither do I.

INT. MADDOX ESTATE

Rivera escorts Marshall down a granite tunnel... up a spiral staircase... through the great room to a glass slider...

MARSHALL (V.O.)

Nice place.

RIVERA (V.O.)

Sí, es un clásico. It was built by bootleggers during the Prohibition, hence the tunnels. When that ended there was a... disagreement among the partners. Then some time after World War II... *Señor Maddox* bought it. He's lived here ever since.

EXT. GAZEBO

Maddox waits in his wheelchair. Rivera leads Marshall over.

RIVERA
And here he is...
(a smile)
Marshall Kincaid? May I present
Lester Maddox, the Third.

MARSHALL
Good to meet you, sir.

He offers a hand that Maddox ignores.

MADDOX
We'll see about that...

Rivera WHISTLES!

TWO ASSOCIATES burst from the trees and launch themselves at Marshall like attack dogs.

Marshall flows like water. Wrist locks 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.

MADDOX
(a look)
He'll do.

Rivera nods. 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)
They're all right. If you want to
make yourself useful, try fixing us
a drink.

RIVERA

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

MADDOX

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

(then)

How do you like your whiskey?

MARSHALL

In a glass is fine.

MADDOX

Make it two.

Rivera sends the Associates on their way.

Then he goes to the outdoor bar, breaks out two glasses and the Wild Turkey.

Maddox turns to Marshall.

MADDOX

Let me see your hands.

(holding 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 the drinks.

MADDOX

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

RIVERA

Some other time.

Maddox waits until he's gone. 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.

Maddox grunts. 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.

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

Good. I've spent a fuck-load of money to look this good... and not just on the occasional nip and tuck. Twice a year I fly to a very private, very expensive clinic in Pyongyang for a complete cellular 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 to it, shall we?

He pulls the file from under his quilt. Hands it over.

Marshall opens it to the photo.

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. Told her I'd pay for the abortion, but she wouldn't take a nickel. Just had the baby and disappeared.

(then)

That was over twenty years ago. Now this girl is all I have left. I want to see her... tell her who she is, where she's from... before it's too late.

MARSHALL

Too late for what?

MADDOX

For me.

(sighs)

"Time works against us." You know who said that? Hitler. And damned if the Nazi bastard wasn't right, because now... even with all my money... the same quack who says I can't drink is telling me my time is just about up.

Marshall nods sympathetically. Then:

MARSHALL

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 get 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 plane crash... a shooting... 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. Nurse HELGA KRONK. 40's. A human troll. On his heels.

RIVERA

Señor Maddox, no más. Por favor...

MADDOX

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

Rivera ignores him. Nods at Helga.

Helga takes control of the wheelchair.

Before they can move, Maddox snatches Marshall's wrist.

A death grip.

MADDOX
 Say anything. Do anything. But,
 please... bring me my daughter.
 (a smile)
 I don't want to die alone.

MARSHALL
 You won't.

Maddox slumps back. Spent.

Helga puts the chair in neutral, wheels Maddox inside.

Marshall shakes his head sadly. Then:

MARSHALL
 How long?

RIVERA
 A month... perhaps even weeks. The
 doctor can't be sure.
 (off his look)
 Come. We can finish in my office.

INT. RIVERA'S OFFICE

Rivera opens a briefcase on his desk filled with crisp Ben
 Franklins.

MARSHALL
 You handle his money too?

RIVERA
 Telling me my duties, Mr. Kincaid?

MARSHALL
 Just trying to figure out what they
 are.
 (then)
 I see you did your research...

The copy of "People" is on the desk.

Rivera just shrugs.

He tucks one stack of hundreds in an envelope and hands it to
 Marshall.

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

MARSHALL
 Does she have a name?

RIVERA

Allison Stone. You'll find her in Los Angeles, where she operates *un camión de catering...*

(a smile)

A food truck?

MARSHALL

And she cooks too...

RIVERA

¿Perdón?

Marshall shakes his head. Glances at the 8 x 10.

MARSHALL

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

RIVERA

Quite sure. Besides, a simple DNA test will confirm *Señor Maddox's* parentage before he becomes... too involved.

(a look)

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. Besides... under the circumstances, he felt the situation would best be handled by a neutral party.

MARSHALL

Circumstances?

RIVERA

Didn't he tell you? Not only is Ms. Stone unaware *Señor Maddox* is her father, she has no idea who her father is. She may require some... convincing.

(shuts the briefcase)

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

INT. GREAT ROOM - DUSK

Rivera watches the yacht head back across the lake. Moves.

INT. CHAMBER ROOM

Sterile. Enough equipment to outfit an ICU. Helga watches over Maddox, asleep in an open hyperbaric chamber.

Rivera gets the quilt from the wheelchair, gently tucks it around Maddox.

Maddox stirs.

RIVERA

Está bien.

He pushes a button. As the chamber lid HISSES shut:

MADDOX

(sighs)

It's hell getting old...

EXT. LOS ANGELES CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Another building on its way up. 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, heads for "The Yello Sub," a bright chartreuse restaurant on wheels.

The menu is a hand-lettered chalk board: *Cappuccino. Home-made soups. Sandwiches. Today's Special Grilled Salmon.*

Old BLUES plays over their sound system.

ALLISON STONE. 20's. Tough. Smart. Works the window in her yellow chef's jacket. More gorgeous in person.

ALLISON

What can we get you?

MARSHALL

Not sure where to begin...

ALLISON

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!

DON and JUSTINE WELLS. 20's. Staff the kitchen.

JUSTINE
Double capp! Yes, Chef!

Marshall pays Allison. Notes the music.

MARSHALL
Nice tunes.

ALLISON
Blues fan, are you?

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

ALLISON
Albert King. You know your music.

MARSHALL
I have moments.

They share a smile.

Justine brings the coffee, stealing a look at Marshall and giving Allison a sly nudge.

Allison ignores her. Expertly taps cinnamon over the foam, pops on a top.

She hands the cup to Marshall.

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

Before Marshall can reply, the LUNCH WHISTLE SOUNDS.

ALLISON
Start the ball, kids.

DON & JUSTINE
Yes, Chef!

Hungry workers swarm the food trucks like locusts.
The Yello Sub gets more than their fair share.
Allison juggles orders and money. The consummate pro.
Marshall watches the chaos. And sips his coffee.

MARSHALL
Bold as hell.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - LATER

End of shift. The food trucks head out one by one.

Justine and Don close down the Sub as Allison chats up the workers still hanging around.

One Hard Hat drapes an arm round Allison's shoulder. She casually removes it.

The workers CRACK UP.

The helicopter hovers overhead. KEVIN. 40's. The hard-ass pilot. Makes a beer drinking gesture.

Allison talks to Justine and Don, gives Kevin the thumbs up.

The chopper banks off.

Allison and crew drive off in the Sub.

Marshall follows in the GTO.

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

Packed. Allison, Justine and Don, and Kevin share a table.

Justine nudges Allison.

ALLISON
Justine...

JUSTINE
At the bar. Mr. Double Capp on the fly, remember?

Allison sees Marshall. He nods politely.

JUSTINE
You should go for it. I would.

DON
I heard that.

JUSTINE
Oh, honey...

She kisses his cheek.

ALLISON
My luck, he's another Ted Bundy.

JUSTINE
Allison Stone, that is so romantic.
(off Marshall)
Besides, he's too cute to be a
killer.

DON
So was Ted Bundy.

ALLISON
Exactly. Besides, how come he's
following me?

JUSTINE
Maybe he wants a refill...

KEVIN
Want me to get rid of him?

ALLISON
Kevin, it's fine. Really.

KEVIN
Relax, Ally. I got this.

DON
Here we go...

Kevin downs his beer. Heads over.

The big pilot looms over Marshall.

MARSHALL
Can I help you?

KEVIN
My friend says you been followin'
her. She don't like it.
(leans in)
I don't like it neither.

MARSHALL
Maybe I should apologize...

KEVIN
You should go. Now.

He opens his jacket and reveals the Glock 9mm on his hip.

MARSHALL
Y'know, you need a permit for that
thing...

KEVIN
In my wallet. Now --

Marshall moves. Hands a blur.

Now he has the Glock. Aimed right at Kevin.

Kevin raises his hands. Freezes.

The place goes silent. Allison holds her breath.

Marshall ejects the clip. Thumbs out the rounds. Shoves the
gun in the bar ice bin. Shrugs at Kevin.

Kevin GROWLS and charges like a wild bull.

Marshall side steps. Drills Kevin with three lightning fast
strikes. Takes him down.

Another WORKMAN joins in. Grabs Marshall from behind.

Marshall spins free, throws a hammerlock on the guy and runs
him headfirst into the bar.

The Workman drops. Out cold.

Kevin is up in a flash. Grabs a bar stool. Takes a home run
swing at Marshall's head.

Marshall ducks and SLAMS a perfect kick into Kevin's balls.

Kevin COUGHS. Drops to the floor. Curls up like a baby and
cradles his wounded *cojones*.

End of fight.

MARSHALL
Anyone else?
(apparently not)
Good.

He glances over at Allison. Leaves.

DON
Who is that guy?

ALLISON
Only one way to find out...

JUSTINE
Ally, wait --

Too late. Allison dashes out...

EXT. VENICE BEACH WALK

...and catches up to Marshall. He turns. Ready.

ALLISON
Easy, Bruce Lee.

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

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

MARSHALL
Kincaid. Marshall Kincaid.

He offers a hand. She doesn't take it.

MARSHALL
I'm not looking for trouble.
Honest.

ALLISON
What are you looking for?

MARSHALL
You. Your father hired me.

ALLISON
My father...?

Before Marshall can say more:

Justine and Don leave the pub, a woozy Kevin between them.

EXT. VENICE STREET

Allison and Justine wait by the Yello Sub as Marshall and Don
ease Kevin into his NRA-stickered, camo-green Hummer.

The vanity plate reads "GLOCKMAN."

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

DON
 Thanks.
 (a look)
 C'mon, Justine...

Justine makes a "call me" gesture to Allison, gets in the
 Hummer as Don takes the wheel. They drive off.

Allison turns on Marshall.

ALLISON
 So, 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 all about Lester J. Maddox...
 and I hope he rots in hell.

She turns to go.

Marshall takes her arm. She pivots on a dime, breaks his
 grip. Steps back.

ALLISON
 Don't.

MARSHALL
 Okay.
 (then)
 Look, Ms. Stone... you hate your
 father, I get it. You don't want
 to see him, I get that too. But he
 needs to see you. Could be your
 last chance...

ALLISON
 Why? Is he sick?

MARSHALL
 He's dying.

ALLISON
 (a look)
 Bummer.

She gets in the Sub and SLAMS the door.

ALLISON
And in case you're thinking of
following me again...

She holds up a meat cleaver. Tucks it away. And drives.

MARSHALL
Swell.

INT. ALLISON'S BUNGALOW

Cute. Cozy. Punching bag on a stand in the corner.

Allison curls up on the sofa with a glass of Merlot and a photo album. Flips through the pages. Stops.

Glossy shot of a LAS VEGAS SHOWGIRL table side with Maddox, circa early 2000's. All big hair and smiles.

Then a snapshot of the same woman, no make up, regular clothes, with her LITTLE GIRL.

Allison smiles sadly. A KNOCK on the door. She gets it:

Justine holds up a grocery bag full of magazines.

JUSTINE
Screw the phone. Besides, it's
Tabloid Time...

They settle in.

Justine pours herself some wine as Allison pulls a stack of tabloids from the bag.

ALLISON
Tell me again why we read this
stuff...

JUSTINE
Who said anything about read?

She holds up "In Touch." Shirtless Zac Efron on the cover.

Allison fakes a smile. Opens a magazine.

JUSTINE
We gonna sit? Or we gonna talk?

ALLISON
Talk about what?

JUSTINE
Ally, for God's sake...

ALLISON
Justine, leave it alone. Please?

JUSTINE
Last time I left it alone, we had
to do this in the ER --

ALLISON
Oh my God.

JUSTINE
What?

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

They share a look. Who is this guy?

EXT. ALLISON'S BUNGALOW

Yellow Sub in the driveway. Allison walks Justine to her car.

They hug. Say their "good nights."

Justine waits until Allison is back inside. Gets in her car
and drives off past the "empty" GTO.

Marshall sits up in the driver's seat. Watching.

INT. ALLISON'S BEDROOM

The alarm clock BUZZES. 3:30. Allison shuts it off. MOANS.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Another work day. Food trucks in a row. Marshall parks the
GTO down the street.

He gets out his cell. Dials.

MARSHALL
(into phone)
Hey, Tony. Got a bit of a
situation here...

INT. TONY'S OFFICE

Tony listens with growing irritation.

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

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

MARSHALL

Could throw on a kata-gatame and
toss her in the trunk.

TONY

Kata-ga... what?

MARSHALL

Sleeper hold.

TONY

Great. Add assault, kidnapping and
general dumb-assery to the list.
And kiss the Victorian goodbye...
'cause you'll be headed straight
back to D Block.

MARSHALL

If she presses charges...

TONY

You really are a romantic.
(sighs)
Let me know when they give you your
phone call...

MARSHALL

Okay, okay.

He hangs up.

Then he goes round and opens the trunk.

Inside, two gas cans secured with bungee cords. An old
blanket. And lots of room.

He shakes his head. This is insane. And SLAMS it shut.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE

Allison, Justine and Don work the Sub. They can see Marshall
down the street, leaning against the car.

Allison shakes her head.

DON

Least he's persistent.

JUSTINE

Don...

(to Allison)

Think you should talk to him?

Allison ignores her. And something catches her eye:

At the ice cream truck next door, a YOUNG DAD buys two cones, one for his LITTLE GIRL. Maybe 5. Adorable.

She takes a lick. Knocks her scoop right off the cone.

It SPLATS on the ground.

Little Girl bursts into tears.

And Dad hunkers down, wipes her eyes. Gives her his cone.

Allison smiles, all misty-eyed, watching father and daughter head off together.

Finally:

ALLISON
Hey, Just?

JUSTINE
Yes, Chef?

ALLISON
Think you and Don can man the Sub
for a couple of days?

JUSTINE
Sure we can.

DON
Why? What's up?

ALLISON
(sighs)
There's something I have to do...

EXT. DOWN THE STREET

Marshall stands a little straighter as Allison strides up.

MARSHALL
I know. I followed you again. I'm
sorry --

ALLISON
You're on.

MARSHALL
You sure?

ALLISON
Do I look confused?

MARSHALL
Great. Your father will be --

ALLISON
It isn't for him.
(then)
You know where I live? Of course
you do. Pick me up tomorrow at
four.

MARSHALL
A.M. or P.M.?

ALLISON
A.M. I want to sleep in.

She heads off.

Marshall gets out his cell. Dials.

EXT. MADDOX ESTATE

Maddox in his wheelchair, gazing out over the lake. Rivera
at his side.

Rivera's cell BUZZES.

RIVERA
(into phone)
Bueno?

He listens. Smiles. And pockets the phone.

RIVERA
That was Kincaid. They leave first
thing tomorrow.

MADDOX
Thank God.

EXT. ALLISON'S BUNGALOW - EARLY MORNING

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

INT./EXT. GTO

Marshall nods. Starts the car.

ALLISON
Where are we going?

MARSHALL
Lake Tahoe. Your father's place.

ALLISON
Tahoe? In this old hog?

MARSHALL
She's not a hog, she's a "goat."
Nineteen sixty-eight GTO.

ALLISON
So, let's go...

MARSHALL
Seat belt.

ALLISON
Whatever.

She buckles up.

Marshall drops it in gear. Drives.

EXT. L.A. FREEWAY

The GTO navigates traffic. Heading north.

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Marshall sneaks a look at Allison. Enjoying the view.

ALLISON
What?

MARSHALL
Nothing. Just wondering what made
you change your mind.

ALLISON
Did you know your father?

MARSHALL
Well, yeah --

ALLISON
There you go.

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

ALLISON
Not a goddamn thing.

EXT. STATE ROUTE 14 - DAY

Marshall aims the GTO at the on-ramp. Leaving L.A. behind.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT (SFO)

An Air Korea 757 ROARS in for a landing.

INT. SFO TERMINAL (CUSTOMS)

Rivera and Tani search the herds of disembarking PASSENGERS.

And here she comes:

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

HAN

Mr. Rivera.

RIVERA

Doctor Han. *Es bueno verte otra vez.*

He SNAPS his fingers. Tani takes Han's bag. They head off.

RIVERA

I trust your flight wasn't too exhausting.

HAN

Not as exhausting as you.

RIVERA

You seemed to enjoy me last time we met...

HAN

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

RIVERA

Yes, but can a dog...?

He WHISPERS in her ear.

HAN

Mine can. But he's been well-trained.

(then)

How is our patient?

RIVERA

Tired. Anxious. But doing well, considering the alternative. He's ready.

HAN

He'd better be.

EXT. SFO - PRIVATE PLANE HANGARS

Rivera and Han board a Maddox Industries 727. Tani follows with the luggage.

The jet taxis around to the runway. Takes off.

EXT. HIGHWAY 395

Asphalt shimmers in the heat. The GTO rolls on. Top up.

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Allison pulls at her shirt. Sweaty.

ALLISON
It's like an oven. Can't you put
the top down?

MARSHALL
Pack any sunblock?

ALLISON
No, I didn't...

MARSHALL
Me neither.

ALLISON
At least put on the air.

MARSHALL
It's a rag top.

ALLISON
So?

MARSHALL
No AC.

ALLISON
Great.
(a look)
Did you at least bring some water?

MARSHALL
Water I've got.

He reaches in the cooler behind the seat. Gives her a bottle of Cobb Mountain.

She holds the icy bottle against her forehead and SIGHS.

He offers her a Clif bar from the console.

MARSHALL
Breakfast?

ALLISON
Not right now.

MARSHALL
We can grab a bite in Bishop.

Allison shrugs. Cracks the water. Sips. Then:
She finds the file on the floor. Takes a peek.

ALLISON
Can I ask you something?

MARSHALL
You can ask...

ALLISON
What's Maddox paying you? How much
does it take to turn a cop into a
chauffeur?

MARSHALL
How'd you know I was a cop?

ALLISON
"People." Y'know, the magazine?

MARSHALL
Read that, did you?

ALLISON
I wouldn't be here if I hadn't.
(smiles)
That biker chick was kind of hot in
a white-trashy kind of way. She
the reason your wife left you?

Marshall doesn't answer. Staring at the road.

ALLISON
Sorry.

MARSHALL
For what?

ALLISON
The crack about your wife. It was
a shitty thing to say.

MARSHALL
It's okay.

ALLISON
 No it wasn't.
 (off his look)
 And you still didn't answer my
 question.

MARSHALL
 Which one?

ALLISON
 How much Maddox is paying you.

MARSHALL
 Enough.

ALLISON
 C'mon, I want to know what I'm
 worth.

MARSHALL
 A million dollars.

ALLISON
 Jesus.

MARSHALL
 He can afford it.

EXT. MADDOX ESTATE

Tani plays referee as Rivera and Associate #1 spar in a full-size boxing ring.

Han sprawls like a cat in a chaise. Watching.

Rivera steals a glances her way.

BAM-BAM!

Associate #1 lands a quick one-two.

Rivera whirls, fires a lightning combination. Drops him.

Tani begins a silent ten count.

Rivera looks over at Han... who sips her drink and yawns.

Maddox powers his wheelchair over. Helga in tow.

HAN
 Ahh, Helga.
 (a smile)
 Taking good care of our patient, I
 see.

HELGA

I do as I am instructed.

HAN

You're looking well, Lester.

MADDOX

I only feel like a bucket of warm piss.

(to Rivera)

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

RIVERA

It's a long drive from Los Angeles. You need to give them time.

MADDOX

What I need is a drink.

Han wags a finger at him.

Maddox GRUNTS. Rolls off.

EXT. BISHOP TASTEE-FREEZE

Allison sips her soda by the GTO as Marshall steps from the mini-mart next door. Bag in hand.

Allison takes a deep breath.

ALLISON

Home stretch...

MARSHALL

You'll be fine. I promise.

Allison smiles. Not so sure. Gets in.

Marshall unlatches the top. Folds it back. Gets in behind the wheel.

ALLISON

What about the sun?

MARSHALL

Catch.

He tosses her the bag.

Allison reaches inside, pulls out the tube of "Banana Boat SPF 70." And smiles.

Marshall nods. STARTS the car. Drives.

MONTAGE:

The GTO passes Mono lake, leaving the desert behind...

And heads into the Sierras...

They drive around a bend. Lake Tahoe dead ahead...

INT. RIVERA'S BEDROOM

Han sprawls naked in a tangle of sweaty satin sheets, puffing on Rivera's cigar.

Rivera steps from the bathroom, shower-wet.

HAN
(off his look)
Good dog.

Rivera grins. His cell RINGS. He gets it.

RIVERA
(into phone)
Yes? *Todo bien.*
(hangs up)
They're here.

EXT. BOAT HOUSE DOCK

The yacht slides in to a stop. Allison and Marshall together at the bow.

Allison touches Marshall's arm. Nervous. He puts a hand on hers. Smiles.

Allison tries to look reassured.

Tani escorts them down the gangway and into the boathouse.

No one notices her duffel bag, left behind on the boat.

INT. GREAT ROOM

Tani shows Marshall and Allison in. Rivera is waiting.

RIVERA
Welcome back, Kincaid. We were
beginning to worry...

MARSHALL
Sorry. Long drive.

RIVERA
And no *problemas*?

MARSHALL
Just the sunblock.

RIVERA
¿Qué?

ALLISON
It was fine...

RIVERA
And here she is... Allison Maddox.
Home at last.

ALLISON
Home is L.A. And my name isn't
Maddox. It's Stone.

RIVERA
Of course.
(nods)
And mine is Joselio Rivera. I am
your father's... *la mano derecha*.
His --

ALLISON
Right-hand man. I get it.
(a look)
So? Where is he?

RIVERA
On his way. His chair only moves
so fast.
(a smile)
May I say, Ms. Stone, you are even
more lovely in person than you are
in your photograph.

MADDOX (O.S.)
Takes after her mother...

Helga holds the door as Maddox rolls in.

He stops his chair across from Allison. Father and daughter,
together at last.

And... Welcome to "Awkward City."

Finally:

MADDOX
Wasn't sure you'd come.

MARSHALL
Neither was I.

ALLISON
 Why not? It's only been since...
 never.
 (a look)
 And my mother was prettier than me.
 She died six years ago. Or didn't
 you know that?

MADDOX
 I heard something about it...

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

MARSHALL
 Allison...

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

She turns to Maddox.

ALLISON
 Did you hear about how my mother
 fed me and bathed me, put clothes
 on my back and a roof over my head?
 Paid for my school?
 (moves closer)
 Anyone else would've sued for every
 penny they could get, but not her!
 Not even when she was sick and we
 needed the money! She did it all
 and she did it alone!

MADDOX
 What do you want me to say?

ALLISON
 Say something. Anything. Please.

MADDOX
 I...

He just doesn't know where to begin.

ALLISON
 This was a mistake.

She nods at Marshall.

MADDOX
 I have seen you before...

ALLISON
Really? When?

MADDOX
The day you were born.

ALLISON
Bullshit.

MADDOX
It's true.
(rolls closer)
Your mother let me see you that one
time at the hospital. And you were
raising holy hell, screaming and
fussing.
(a look)
You had a birthmark, an angry red
one... right there...

He points at the spot between her eyes.

MADDOX
It was lit up just like a Christmas
tree. Thank God it faded away like
the doctor said.

ALLISON
It's called a "stork bite." It
still pops up sometimes, when I get
angry...

MADDOX
Like now?

ALLISON
Exactly.

Maddox smiles.

Allison returns it in spite of herself.

MADDOX
Look, you're right. I am a cold-
hearted bastard. Selfish too.

ALLISON
That supposed to make me feel
better?

MARSHALL
Least he's honest.

MADDOX
 Only when I have to be.
 (to Allison)
 And to be honest, you don't owe me
 a goddamn thing, but I'm asking
 just the same. Stay.
 (a smile)
 You're all I have left.

ALLISON
 I don't even know you...

MADDOX
 Maybe we can change that.

He takes her hand.

Allison looks helplessly at Marshall... who nods, silently urging her on.

Rivera comes to Marshall's side.

RIVERA
 Shall we give them some privacy?

MARSHALL
 Good idea.

RIVERA
Excusa.
 (of their looks)
 But Mr. Kincaid and I have some
 business to conclude.

MADDOX
 Then get to it.
 (smiles)
 Helluva job, Kincaid. Worth every
 penny.

MARSHALL
 Thanks.
 (then)
 Good luck.

Allison mouths a silent "Thank you."

Marshall nods and follows Rivera out.

Helga stares impassively, a statue, as Allison turns to Maddox.

ALLISON
 Now what?

MADDOX

We've got plenty of daylight... and Tahoe's awful pretty this time of year. Why don't I give you the tour? After all, this could be yours someday.

ALLISON

You're joking.

MADDOX

I never joke about money.
(turns)
Helga. Door!

Helga opens the slider.

Maddox rolls out onto the patio, Allison on his heels.

Helga follows like a shadow.

INT. RIVERA'S OFFICE

Rivera shuts the briefcase full of cash. Hands it over to Marshall.

MARSHALL

That's it?

RIVERA

Eso es todo.
(nods)
Tani will escort you back to the yacht.

Tani opens the door. Waiting.

MARSHALL

All right, then...

RIVERA

You know, it's too bad we never got to "go those rounds," Kincaid. I think it would have been...
(lights a cigar)
Interesting.

MARSHALL

Like you said: some other time.
(hefts the case)
Gracias.

RIVERA

De nada.

EXT. GAZEBO

Allison and Maddox watch the yacht heading out, Marshall waving from the stern.

MADDOX

Mr. Kincaid just became a wealthy man. I think he has a bit of a crush on you.

ALLISON

Kind of soon to be fixing me up, don't you think...?

(huge yawn)

Sorry. Long day...

MADDOX

I'm the one who's sorry.

(a look)

Helga! Make yourself useful and show the lady to her room.

Helga turns to Allison. Nods curtly.

MADDOX

You can shower up, maybe catch a few winks before dinner. How's that sound?

ALLISON

Like heaven...

MADDOX

Then it's all settled.

(off her look)

What is it?

ALLISON

Nothing. I'm just...

MADDOX

(a smile)

So am I.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM

Helga opens the door for Allison.

HELGA

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

ALLISON

Thanks --

Helga SLAMS the door.

ALLISON
Right.

EXT. PRIVATE PIER PARKING LOT

The yacht IDLES at the dock. Marshall stows the briefcase in the trunk of the GTO. Looks back across the lake.

He takes out his phone. Dials.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM

Allison has undressed down to her panties, unbuttons her shirt. Her cell phone RINGS.

She pulls it from her discarded jeans. Answers.

ALLISON
(into phone)
Thought you'd be long gone by now.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

MARSHALL
Almost. How goes it?

ALLISON
So far, so good. I was about to take a shower...

MARSHALL
Could use one myself.
(beat)
Listen, I know Daddy Warbucks has a jet and all, but I was thinking maybe I could give you a ride home. When you're ready...

ALLISON
Think I'd like that...
(glancing around)
Shit.

MARSHALL
What's wrong?

ALLISON
I left my bag on the boat.

MARSHALL
The yacht's still here. I'll have the big guy bring it up.

ALLISON

Thanks.

The door opens silently behind her...

Helga bursts in. Grabs Allison in an iron grip, one hand over her mouth.

Allison drops her phone.

Han ducks in. Wearing a lab coat now. Syringe in hand.

She grabs Allison's arm...

HAN

Don't fight. It will only hurt more.

...and jabs the needle home.

The drug hits fast. Allison MOANS, muscles like jelly, and Helga scoops her up.

Han gathers Allison's clothes and phone.

MARSHALL (V.O.)

Allison? Can you hear me?

Han shuts it off. Leads Helga out.

EXT. PRIVATE PIER PARKING LOT

Marshall hits redial. Nothing. He frowns. Turns for the yacht. And stops dead:

Tani comes down the gangway with Allison's duffel bag.

Marshall ducks behind a car. Watches.

Tani empties the duffel bag into a Dumpster. Throws the bag in too. Returns to the yacht.

Marshall can't believe it.

MARSHALL

(ice)
Motherfucker.

The yacht engines ROAR.

Marshall races down the pier and makes a flying leap for the stern as the yacht moves off. Barely grabs on.

The huge boat zooms off!

INT. TUNNEL

Han opens the chamber room door for Helga, still carrying Allison. Maddox and Rivera already inside.

Han steps in. Shuts the door.

EXT. YACHT (MOVING)

Marshall drags himself over the rail. Lands in a heap on the deck. Drenched. Shivering.

He finds a towel locker, dries off. Heads along the cabin.

Then, suddenly --

The ENGINES stop. The big boat drifts quietly.

Marshall ducks down. Careful now.

SMACK!

A bullet rips the rail inches from his head.

And here comes Tani, silencer-equipped 9mm Sig Sauer in hand.

The Associates approach from the bow Guns drawn.

Tani FIRES again.

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

The gunmen scatter. Guns sliding across the deck.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

Tani fires away. A lousy shot. Bullets everywhere.

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

Tani shakes it off. Bear hugs Marshall. Crushes his ribs.

Marshall winces in agony. Boxes Tani's ears, shoves both thumbs in Tani's eyes.

Tani HOWLS and lets go.

Marshall lands like a cat 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 --

CRACK!

Marshall breaks Associate #1's neck. He drops.

Associate #2 grabs a boat hook. Attacks.

Marshall moves just in time. The hook burrows into the deck.

Marshall stomps the shaft, SNAPS it in two.

Associate #2 raises the broken end like a club.

Marshall yanks the hook end free, spins and throws...

It burrows into Associate #2's throat. He clutches the hook, blood SPURTING like a fountain.

Marshall steps away from the spray...

And Tani leaps up the side ladder.

Marshall side kicks him again. Races to the cabin.

Tani SPLASHES back down into the water.

Marshall FIRES the engines. Full throttle. Brings the huge boat around. Races off across the lake.

Tani breaks the surface. Methodically swims after the yacht.

INT. CHAMBER ROOM

Allison lies strapped to a gurney. Unconscious. Hooked to EKG and heart monitor.

Helga draws blood. And waits for instructions.

Han checks the leads. Brushes a stray lock of hair from Allison's forehead.

HAN

She's quite beautiful, Lester. And strong, just like you.

(a look)

Are you certain this is what you want?

MADDOX

Just do your work.

EXT. BOAT HOUSE DOCK

The yacht glides in to a stop. The ASSOCIATE on pier duty gets to work on the lines.

WHAM!

Marshall drops the Associate with a kick to the head.

Marshall jumps down. Drags the Associate into the bushes. Steals his gun.

Marshall glances round. All clear. Moves.

INT. BOAT HOUSE TUNNELS

Voices ECHO. Marshall creeps to the chamber room door.

INT. CHAMBER ROOM

Han boots up her laptop. Maddox and Rivera gather round.

HAN

As we discussed during your last visit to Pyongyang, we've exhausted all the conventional rejuvenation techniques at our disposal. This new procedure is our last resort... and dangerous.

MADDOX

Of course it's dangerous. Will it work?

Han smiles. Hits a computer key.

A video file opens on the screen:

CG animation. A tiny gland deep inside a human brain sends out a steady stream of blue pulses.

HAN

We begin here... with the pineal gland. Until the nineteen sixties, this organ about the size of a pea was regarded by scientists as a quirk of evolution -- a cerebral appendix, if you will. But we now know it is crucial to the 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 regulates the body cycle, 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 points to the screen. The CG pineal gland shrinks as the blue pulses fade.

HAN

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

MADDOX

For fuck's sake! If all I need are hormones, why can't you just give me another pill?

HAN

Hormones aren't enough. The pineal gland regulates the entire system. It's a complex process... one supplement therapy can't possibly duplicate.

MADDOX

What about a transplant?

HAN

The gland is deep inside the brain. Even with the most sophisticated microsurgery, we can't reach it without destroying the surrounding tissue. My technique is far more simple...

Video:

An elaborate medical lab. Han and her 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 the extract into the subject's failed 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.

Video:

Han injects a blue liquid into the brain of a GREY BEARDED CHIMP.

Cut to: the Greybeard frolics around 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 thirty... perhaps even fifty years.

RIVERA

What additional procedures?

HAN

My extract cannot undo the damage inflicted upon the body by disease and old age. As we no doubt have the perfect genetic match in Ms. Stone, after Lester recovers from the injection I propose that we begin a systematic replacement of all his major organs: heart, lungs. Everything.

MADDOX

"He that believes in me shall live, for I am the resurrection and the life."

(off Allison)

And you're my savior now.

INT. TUNNEL

Marshall slumps back against the wall. Stunned.

He's heard every single word.

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

Maddox, Rivera and Han come out.

MADDOX

When can you begin?

HAN

I already have.

(a look)

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

Marshall waits until they're gone...

INT. CHAMBER ROOM

...creeps inside and shuts the door. Helga shuts off the centrifuge. Freezes.

Marshall holds a finger to his lips, gun in hand. And goes to Allison.

Marshall yanks the EKG leads free. Shakes her.

She MOANS. Still out of it.

MARSHALL

What did you give her?

HELGA

A simple sedative.

(a smirk)

She will not be conscious for several hours.

MARSHALL

Then wake her up.

(levels the gun)

Now.

Helga finds a vial of adrenaline and methodically preps a syringe.

She sizes up Marshall. And sets the needle down.

MARSHALL
What are you doing?

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

She smirks again.

BAM!

Marshall slugs her.

Helga hits the floor. Out cold.

MARSHALL
Bitch.

He tucks the gun in his belt. Grabs the syringe.

He pauses. Unsure where to begin. Finally jabs the needle
in Allison's shoulder and shoves the plunger home.

And... nothing. Marshall looks at the syringe.

Then, suddenly --

Allison snaps awake, ready to scream!

Marshall grabs her and holds on tight.

EXT. GAZEBO

The SERVANTS set out a sumptuous buffet. Han fills a plate,
tasting as she goes.

Maddox abstains. Rivera scans the lake with binoculars.

MADDOX
What is it?

RIVERA
Tani. He should be back by now.

INT. CHAMBER ROOM

Allison settles down. Marshall turns her loose, brushes hair
from her eyes.

MARSHALL
You all right?

ALLISON
I think so...

Marshall helps her off the gurney. Finds her clothes.

MARSHALL
Here, put these on.

ALLISON
Thanks.
(as she dresses)
God. What did they do to me?

MARSHALL
Later.

He helps her to the door, stepping around Helga, and peeks out into the tunnel.

Marshall nods. All clear.

They head out together.

EXT. BOAT HOUSE

The two Associates on patrol find the third Associate half conscious in the bushes.

Lead Associate breaks out his cell phone.

EXT. GAZEBO

Rivera's cell RINGS. He answers it.

RIVERA
Si?
(listens, then:)
Mierda.

MADDOX
What's wrong?

RIVERA
Kincaid. He's back.

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 in any way!

MADDOX

Fool. Put that thing away!

Rivera holsters his gun. Gets on his cell as he moves:

RIVERA

(into phone)

Where are you now? Okay. Call the chopper and tell the others to meet me in the tunnel. And no guns -- *comprende?* Anyone fires a single bullet -- I'll kill them myself!

EXT. BOAT HOUSE

The Associates holster their guns and draw 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 - DAY

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 and parries, drops Lead Associate with a killer right hand.

MARSHALL

Not bad.

ALLISON

I have moments.

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

ALLISON

They had guns? Why didn't they shoot?

MARSHALL

They need you alive.

ALLISON
Why? What is this?

MARSHALL
You don't want to know.
(nods)
Let's get to the yacht --

ALLISON
No. Too slow.
(a 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

Lead Associate comes to as Rivera and the Associates burst out of the boat house.

An ENGINE ROARS!

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

Rivera and the Associates race down the dock. Too late. And scramble for the remaining Jet Skis...

Just as Tani climbs onto the dock, drenched in shame.

Rivera shoots him a look. Punches it.

The chase is on!

EXT. LAKE TAHOE

The Sea Doo bounds across the waves. Allison exhales, still a little shaky.

MARSHALL
Sure you got this?

Allison nods. Glances back.

And Marshall sees it too:

Rivera and the Associates closing fast.

ALLISON

Hang on!

She THROTTLES down and swerves around.

Rivera smiles grimly. Signals the Associates.

They move onto his flanks.

Allison guns straight for them. Nobody blinks.

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. Signals his FIRST MATE.

ENGINES ROAR! SIRENS WAIL!

The big boat swings around toward the commotion.

EXT. LAKE TAHOE

Jet Skis tear across the water.

Allison swerves, knocks an Associate from the saddle. Throws up another wake.

Rivera swerves off but Lead Associate can't avoid it.

He 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. Forcing Rivera to dive for safety at the last second.

SPLASH!

The Sea Doo lands hard, bucking like a bronco.

Rivera and his men swim for their Jet Skis.

EXT. PRIVATE PIER

Allison kills the Sea Doo's engine. Marshall boosts her onto the ladder, follows her up.

They race across the parking lot to the GTO.

INT./EXT. GTO

Marshall and Allison jump in. He FIRES the V-8 and slams it in gear. TIRES SCREAMING!

EXT. PIER PARKING LOT

The GUARD on duty tosses down his cell phone, hits a button.

The electric gate CLANKS into motion. Closing fast...

The GTO shoots the gap with inches to spare. Zooms off!

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Marshall checks the mirror. No one follows. He glances over at Allison.

She hugs her knees. Blown.

ALLISON

I can't stop shaking...

MARSHALL

It's the adrenaline. It'll pass.

ALLISON

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

EXT. PRIVATE PIER

Rivera and the Associates leap off their Jet Skis, dash to the parking lot.

The GTO is gone. Rivera cusses under his breath.

Then a Maddox Industries Bell Jet Ranger swoops in, hovering alongside 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 to the helicopter. Jumps in.

The Bell Jet banks round and skims off across the water, into the sky.

The Associates split up into the trio of Audi sedans.

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Marshall has told Allison everything.

ALLISON
You were right. I don't want to know.
(a look)
So. What's the plan?

MARSHALL
What makes you think I have a plan?

ALLISON
You were a cop. Can't you call somebody?

MARSHALL
Not any more. Besides, cops won't bother a guy like Maddox.
(off her look)
It's just you and me.

EXT. HIGHWAY 50

The GTO zooms past the low retaining wall between them and a three hundred foot drop below.

INT. BELL JET (FLYING)

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

RIVERA
Para ti, Kincaid. All for you.

EXT. HIGHWAY 50

The Bell Jet swoops toward the GTO like a bird of prey.

Rivera cocks the AK-47. Smiles.

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Engines ROAR! Marshall looks back. The Audis, closing fast.

MARSHALL

Buckle up.

They do.

He slams it in gear. PUNCHES IT.

EXT. HIGHWAY 50

The GTO leaps ahead. Audis on their tail. Chopper overhead.

Marshall handles the car like Steve McQueen.

The cars jockey for position. The lead Audi makes a move, swerves back to avoid an oncoming car.

The chopper swings in. Rivera FIRES a burst.

Bullets dance along the asphalt in front of the GTO.

The lead Audi pulls into the other lane, tries 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!

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

It's chicken but 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.

The GTO shoots past. Audis on their tail.

The chopper swings around and gives chase.

A road sign reads: "PASSING LANE AHEAD."

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Marshall makes a racing change, pedal to the metal.

EXT. HIGHWAY 50

The GTO blows by the lead Audi toward the oncoming cars.

Marshall brakes hard, throws them into a 180. Floors it.

The GTO skids along the shoulder, flirting with the drop.
ROARS back the way they came.

The Audis continue on, trapped by traffic.

The helicopter swings around. Goes after the GTO.

A break in oncoming traffic. The Audis SKID to a stop, 180
it, and tear off after them.

The lead Audi guns ahead of Marshall. Second Audi behind.

The helicopter paces them above. They're bracketed.

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Marshall sees the trouble they're in.

MARSHALL

Fuck.

ALLISON

What's wrong?

MARSHALL

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

(it hits him)

Can you drive?

ALLISON

Now?!

MARSHALL

Now.

They unbuckle their seat belts.

Allison steadies the wheel as Marshall quickly squirms into
the back seat.

Allison takes the wheel. Buckles up one-handed.

Marshall tears out the back seat.

Allison steals a look, shakes her head. No idea what the
hell he's doing.

EXT. HIGHWAY 50

The GTO approaches the retaining wall from before. Bullets RICOCHET all around them.

Allison flips the chopper "the bird."

Rivera can't help it. He LAUGHS.

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Marshall breaks through to the trunk, yanks one of the red cans free from the bungee cords.

Gas SLOSHES inside.

Marshall pops the cap, shoves in a wad of seat stuffing into the neck. Shakes the can.

A makeshift Molotov.

He leans past Allison, pushes 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.

MARSHALL

NOW!

EXT. HIGHWAY 50

Allison downshifts. Marshall touches the lighter to the stuffing.

The fibers ignite. Marshall stands up in the back seat.

The Bell Jet swoops in. Rivera has Marshall dead in his sights.

Marshall throws the can, draws his gun. And FIRES!

BOOM!

The can EXPLODES! Flaming gas rains down on the chopper.

It spins out of control toward the trees.

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Marshall jumps down.

MARSHALL
GO! GO! GO!

Allison punches it.

INT./EXT. BELL JET (FLYING)

Fire engulfs the cockpit. The pilot wrestles the controls.

Tani grabs a strap with one huge hand, wraps an arm around Rivera.

It's crash or jump. They jump.

EXT. THE MOUNTAINS

The Bell Jet pinwheels toward the cliff as Rivera and Tani fall free toward the trees below.

The chopper slams into the rocks. EXPLODES!

EXT. THE TREES

Rivera and Tani tumble through the pines like human pinballs. Limbs breaking their fall.

They slam into the ground! Battered but alive.

EXT. HIGHWAY 50

The Audis pull up beside the clutch of TOURISTS gaping at the helicopter's smoking ruin.

The Associates jump out. Share a look.

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING) - DUSK

Rag top up. Lights on. Marshall gets out his cell. It's soaked. Dead.

He tosses it in the back. Allison passes him her phone, safe in its Otter case.

Marshall nods. Dials one-handed.

ALLISON
Who are you calling?

MARSHALL
A friend.

INT. TONY'S OFFICE

Tony on his phone. Can't believe what he's just heard.

TONY

(into phone)

Nice work, Kincaid. Look, I'm only one man -- guys like Maddox have more connections than God. Where are you taking her? Naturally. Okay, I'll be in touch.

(hangs up)

I think my pro bono days are just about done...

He SIGHS. And dials a number.

INT./EXT. GTO (MOVING)

Marshall returns Allison's phone.

MARSHALL

Thanks.

ALLISON

No. Thank you.

EXT. HIGHWAY 101

The GTO heads north up the road in the gathering gloom.

EXT. PIER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Rivera, Tani and the Associates exit the Audis and trudge toward the yacht at the dock.

Rivera gets on his cell.

INT. GREAT ROOM

Helga holds an ice pack to her bruised chin. Han passes her cell phone to Maddox.

He glares at the unfamiliar device. Then:

MADDOX

(into phone)

Well?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

RIVERA

We lost them.

MADDOX

Well, find them! Scorch the earth,
scour the countryside if you have
to! Just get them back! Now!

He returns the phone to Han. Exhausted.

HAN

And if they go to the police? What
then?

MADDOX

Who the hell's gonna believe 'em?

EXT. VICTORIAN

The GTO cruises down the dirt drive. Parks.

INT./EXT. GTO

Marshall kills the engine and lights. Slumps back against
the seat. All done.

Allison dead asleep in the passenger seat.

Marshall smiles. Gets out. Goes round and opens her door.

Allison stirs.

ALLISON

What is it...?

MARSHALL

Nothing. You're safe.

He gathers her in his arms. Heads inside...

INT. VICTORIAN

...and gently lays Allison down on the lone sleeping bag on
the floor. Locks the front door.

He removes Allison's shoes, covers her up.

Marshall slumps against the wall like a condemned building
imploding. Spent.

He checks his gun, sets it beside him.

And instantly falls asleep...

EXT. VICTORIAN - DAY

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

INT. VICTORIAN

Allison awakens to SOUNDS from the kitchen. Crawls aching from the sleeping bag, wearing her shirt and panties.

She pulls on her jeans. Pads barefoot to the doorway...

INT. KITCHEN

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

Marshall cracks eggs into a bowl.

ALLISON
How long have I been asleep?

MARSHALL
Awhile.

He pours her some coffee.

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

Allison takes the cup with a smile. Sips. Not bad.

Marshall returns to his eggs.

Allison leans there, watching him work.

ALLISON
Kind of nice.

MARSHALL
What?

ALLISON
Someone cooking for me for a
change.

MARSHALL
I make no promises.

ALLISON
(watches him, then)
Do you have any milk?

MARSHALL
For the coffee?

ALLISON
For the eggs.

MARSHALL

Uhh...

ALLISON

Here. Let me.

She sets her cup aside. Gets to work.

She finds milk in the fridge. Adds some to the eggs. Then a dash of salt and pepper.

She whips the eggs to a froth, pours them in the pan.

They SIZZLE enticingly.

Marshall enjoys the show.

As Allison cooks, she notes the wedding photo on the fridge.

ALLISON

Pretty.

(a look)

How'd you two meet?

MARSHALL

My friend Tony. We all went to Law School together...

ALLISON

You're a lawyer too?

MARSHALL

I dropped out after the wedding. 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." And she left. Didn't even get her name.

(a smile)

That night, I over to Tony's for a little party... and there she was. Guess he'd been trying to hook us up but she wanted to check me out first.

ALLISON

Well, yeah...

(a look)

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

MARSHALL
 That's what she said.
 (off the photo)
 Took her 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
 She just didn't like being married
 to me.

He sets the photo aside.

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

ALLISON
 Now and forever.

MARSHALL
 That bad?

ALLISON
 Oh, you know... the usual teenage
 romances... and there was this guy
 at culinary school. He was nice
 but, I don't know...

MARSHALL
 A little too nice?

ALLISON
 Exactly! My mother never got that.
 (sighs)
 Then there was Vince. We were a
 thing for a long time. And he was
 nice too... until he put me in the
 hospital. Now, I keep my moves
 sharp and the cleaver handy...

She shuts off the stove.

ALLISON
 Where do we eat?

INT. TONY'S HOUSEBOAT

Tony checks his cell, bleary-eyed with fatigue. YAWNS.
Stretches. Heads into the open kitchen.

He pokes around. Finds a carton of left-over Chinese in the
fridge. A pair of chopsticks.

He takes his snack out on deck.

EXT. HOUSEBOAT

Tony eats his lo mein. Doesn't even notice the power boat
out in the bay. Heading this way.

INT. VICTORIAN

Marshall and Allison sit on the floor with paper plates.

MARSHALL

Who got you into food?

ALLISON

My mother. She worked crazy hours,
so I started making dinner to help
out and just kind of fell in love.
Mom paid my way through Chef Tech,
helped me get my first jacket and
certificate. Got the Sub with the
insurance money after she died...

MARSHALL

She'd be proud.

ALLISON

Thanks.

She sets her plate aside. 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 used to
talk about fixing it up, maybe
opening a B and B someday.

(off her look)

You think it's dumb...

ALLISON

I think it's kinda cool. But a
million might not do it.

MARSHALL

You think?

Allison LAUGHS.

She goes to the turntable and stereo set up on boxes in the corner. Flips through the crate of LPs.

Stevie Ray, Robert Cray, Muddy Waters, Blind Gary Davis, etc.

ALLISON

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

(a look)

Play something good.

MARSHALL

Okay...

He finds a record, doesn't reveal the cover. Puts it on the turntable. Drops the needle.

Albert King PLAYS. "Born Under A Bad Sign."

MARSHALL

(off her look)

Thought I'd try something bad
instead.

He offers a hand.

Allison hesitates. Then moves to him. They slow dance for a bit. And she kisses him.

MARSHALL

What was that for?

ALLISON

Saving my life.

(a smile)

And I've been wondering what it
would be like.

MARSHALL

And?

ALLISON

I'll let you know...

Another kiss. She looks down, feeling him stir against her.

ALLISON

Hello...

MARSHALL

Sorry.

ALLISON

It's okay.

(a look)

How long were you in prison?

MARSHALL

Three years.

ALLISON

Long time.

Another kiss.

The MUSIC PLAYS. They move to the sleeping bag, gently fall down together...

Clothes strewn. In the sleeping bag now, Marshall on top...

She looks in his eyes. He doesn't look away. Moves closer now. Dangerously close.

Allison closes her eyes. And SIGHS.

Everything else forgotten...

EXT. TONY'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

Power boat tied up alongside. Tani at the wheel.

Rivera comes out, smoking another Cohiba. He joins Tani on the power boat.

Rivera takes out his cell. Dials.

RIVERA

(into phone)

Where is *Señor Maddox*? Don't wake him. Put the doctor on.

(waits, then)

Hola, mi perrito sexy. Did you see to the items we discussed? *Bueno*. Yes, send them with the helicopter.

(listens, then)

Of course we have more than one.

He hangs up.

Rivera blows a satisfied smoke ring. Then:

RIVERA

Vamos.

INT. TONY'S HOUSEBOAT

Tony doesn't see the boat heading away.

Naked and bound to a chair with towels. Cigar burns across his chest, arms and legs.

Left eye a cauterized mess.

Dead right eye staring into eternity...

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Marshall and Allison stroll the water's edge. Marshall stops to check Allison's phone.

He shows her the screen. No missed calls.

ALLISON

How much longer should we wait?

MARSHALL

Maybe we shouldn't. Maybe we should just head for The City.

ALLISON

Why?

MARSHALL

Safer in a crowd.

A gust of wind. Allison shivers, moves closer.

ALLISON

You really think he would've done it?

MARSHALL

Think he'll do anything to get what he wants.

ALLISON

He's crazy.

MARSHALL

He's human. 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 scatter. CAWING loudly.

Marshall and Allison look past the frightened birds. And they both see it:

A Maddox Inc. Helicopter skims the waves. Heading for them.

ALLISON
Marshall?

MARSHALL
Run.

INT. MADDOX HELICOPTER (FLYING)

Rivera sits with the PILOT.

PILOT
They've seen us.

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

He moves to the hold.

Tani passes him an AR-15. Then a set of double banana clips duct-taped together, one marked with red. One with blue.

RIVERA
You take care of the girl. I will deal with Kincaid.

Tani nods. Ready.

Rivera loads the blue clip. RACKS the bolt.

EXT. CLIFF

Marshall and Allison race up the stairs to the top and dash across the grass toward the Victorian.

The helicopter swoops after them like a bird of prey.

INT./EXT. MADDOX HELICOPTER (FLYING)

Rivera takes careful aim. FIRES!

EXT. VICTORIAN

Marshall shoves Allison down as bullets SLAM the turf at their heels.

The helicopter ROARS BY overhead.

MARSHALL

Go!

They break for the house.

INT. MADDOX HELICOPTER (FLYING)

They swing around and zoom in for another pass. Rivera takes careful aim.

EXT. VICTORIAN

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

A burst of rounds knocks Allison off her feet.

MARSHALL

ALLISON!

Allison falls like a broken doll. Lands face down. Lies still.

Marshall races to her side.

MARSHALL

No...

INT. MADDOX HELICOPTER II (FLYING)

Rivera winks at Tani. The big man smiles.

EXT. VICTORIAN

Marshall rolls Allison over. She MOANS. No blood and no wounds.

ALLISON

What happened...?

Dark grey pellets litter the grass.

MARSHALL

He's using baton rounds.

ALLISON

Huh?

MARSHALL

Rubber bullets.

(grabs her)

Come on.

He shoves her toward the house.

INT. MADDOX HELICOPTER II (FLYING)

Rivera changes to the red clip. Waves the pilot on.

EXT. VICTORIAN

Marshall pulls Allison inside. Stays in the doorway, draws his gun. Opens FIRE.

Bullets WHANG off the helicopter.

Rivera FIRES back.

INT. VICTORIAN

Bullets tear through the door. Marshall ducks back just in time.

ALLISON
Rubber bullets?

MARSHALL
Must've changed his mind.

EXT. VICTORIAN

The helicopter circles the house. Rivera looks for a shot.

INT. VICTORIAN

Marshall BLASTS at the helicopter.

INT./EXT. MADDOX HELICOPTER II (FLYING)

Rivera empties the clip. Rips it free. Tani passes him another red/blue combo.

Rivera reloads. Red again. Looks at the house... and has an idea.

He slaps the pilot's shoulder. Points.

The pilot nods, works the controls.

INT. VICTORIAN

Marshall FIRES his last rounds. He's out. The whole room VIBRATES as the helicopter passes overhead.

ALLISON
What are they doing?

MARSHALL
I don't know.

INT./EXT. MADDOX HELICOPTER II (FLYING)

Rivera aims for the propane tank out back. FIRES.

INT. VICTORIAN

Marshall shoves Allison toward the front door.

MARSHALL

GO!

EXT. VICTORIAN

Bullets rip into the propane tank. BOOM! A mushroom cloud.

EXT. VICTORIAN

Marshall and Allison burst outside as the fireball BLASTS through the house.

The shock wave lifts them off their feet.

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

A secondary EXPLOSION shakes the house!

INT./EXT. MADDOX HELICOPTER II (FLYING)

Rivera smiles. Motions the pilot to take them down.

EXT. VICTORIAN

Aged wood bursts into flame. The place is a goner.

Marshall shakes his head. Dazed. Allison a few feet away.

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

Rivera reverses clips. Aims.

ALLISON

Marshall?

MARSHALL

Get to the car.

Rivera FIRES.

Rubber bullets slam into Allison like tiny jackhammers, knock her off her feet. Stunned.

Marshall tries for her. More rubber slugs blast him down.

Rivera and Tani advance.

Rivera reverses clips. FIRES.

Bullets SHRED the dirt near Marshall. Allison staggers to her feet, moves in front of him.

MARSHALL
What the hell are you doing?

ALLISON
What's it look like?

Rivera lowers the weapon.

RIVERA
You're very brave, *Señorita!*

ALLISON
Let him go and I'll go with you!

MARSHALL
No!

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

MARSHALL
No. 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!
(a look)
Por favor...

Allison turns to Marshall. Begging.

ALLISON
Go!

Rivera quick-changes the clip to blue.

The AR-15 CHATTERS!

A swarm of rubber bullets knock Allison off her feet.

Marshall YELLS. Breaks for the GTO.

Rivera changes back to red. Advances. FIRING.

Bullets RICOCHET!

Marshall yanks the tarp off the car. Jumps in. Drives.

Tani looms over Allison. Zip-ties her wrists, throws her over his shoulder and heads back to the helicopter.

Rivera aims at Marshall. Then:

CLICK.

He's out.

Rivera shakes his head, jogs back to the helicopter.

INT./EXT. MADDUX HELICOPTER II (FLYING)

They lift off, blades whirling. Tani straps Allison into a seat as Rivera tosses the double clips. Reloads. Red.

EXT. HIGHWAY 1

The GTO SKIDS onto the asphalt and zooms off. Chopper right on its tail.

Rivera BLASTS away.

Bullets SLAM into the car. Tearing into trunk.

INT. GTO TRUNK

Bullets rip open the briefcase full of cash. Puncture the gas cans. Petrol SPLASHES everywhere.

EXT. HIGHWAY 1

The chopper zooms in. Rivera FIRES at the GTO.

Windows SHATTER. Tires BLOW. The trunk ERUPTS into flame!

The GTO SMASHES through the guardrail onto a grassy slope...

And the hundred foot cliff just ahead.

The chopper swings round and banks off.

The GTO ROARS toward the edge, entire back end ablaze, and flies into space...

Marshall jumps free. Then the gas tank BLOWS!

The car hurtles toward the water, a fireball now.

Marshall free-falls. Down... down...

EXT. THE OCEAN

...and slams into the water! Vanishes from sight.

INT./EXT. MADDOX HELICOPTER II (FLYING)

Rivera hands Tani the AR-15. Dials his cell.

RIVERA
 (into phone)
 We're on our way. *Si. La chica
 está bien.*
 (a smile)
 I'm afraid *Señor* Kincaid didn't
 make it.

Allison looks away. In tears.

EXT. MADDOX HELICOPTER II (FLYING)

The chopper skims the waves. Zooms off.

EXT. UNDERWATER

Marshall drifts through infinite blackness. Blood leaking
 from his nose. Unmoving.

His fingers twitch. His body spasms.

A BLAST of air bubbles escapes from his mouth.

Marshall swims. Up. Up.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN

Marshall breaks the surface and GASPS for air!

EXT. BOAT HOUSE - DUSK

The yacht docks. Rivera exits. Tani carries Allison down
 the gangway, into the building.

INT. GREAT ROOM

Han relaxes with a glass of brandy by the fire. Rivera comes
 in, exhausted.

HAN
 Woof.

RIVERA
 Not now.
 (off her look)
 Where is he?

INT. CHAMBER ROOM

Rivera and Han enter. Tani straps Allison to the gurney as Helga prepares an injection.

Maddox sleeps inside his hyperbaric chamber.

HAN

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

Rivera touches the glass lid.

HAN

You really care for him, don't you?

RIVERA

(finally)

When can we leave?

HAN

Whenever. The DNA test 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 back in Cuba. In return, I promised him undying loyalty. And I always keep my promises.

ALLISON

Why? What can he do with a few more years?

RIVERA

(a look)

Live.

EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - NIGHT

An eighteen-wheel diesel rig RUMBLES through the darkness.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING)

TRUCK DRIVER at the wheel. Marshall in the passenger seat, a human shambles.

Marshall dials Allison's cell.

MARSHALL
 (into phone)
 The Marina Safeway. Thanks. See
 you there.

He looks at the phone, still safe in its case.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO MARINA DISTRICT SAFEWAY

The Truck Driver lets Marshall out. Drives off. A LEXUS GS
 350 sits alone in the empty parking lot.

VERONICA. 40's now. Marshall's ex. Gets out.

VERONICA
 Oh my God. Marshall...

MARSHALL
 Like I said, rough week.

Veronica gives Marshall her car keys.

MARSHALL
 Sure about this?

VERONICA
 It's insured.

MARSHALL
 How will you get home?

VERONICA
 Doug. He's right behind me. Oh,
 and you left this...

She takes a Berreta 92FS from the car, holding it with thumb
 and forefinger. Hands it over.

VERONICA
 Careful. It's loaded.

MARSHALL
 It better be.

He checks the clip, the safety. Tucks it away.

They share a look. So much to say. Not enough time.

VERONICA
 That night at the club... sorry I
 was late.

MARSHALL
 Me too.

A matching GX 350 pulls in. A MAN driving.

VERONICA
There's Doug...

MARSHALL
Do me one more favor. See if you
can get ahold of Tony --

VERONICA
Marshall... Tony's dead. They
found him this morning. Someone
broke into his boat, did terrible
things...

Marshall looks like he's been gut shot.

Finally:

MARSHALL
You better disappear for awhile.
Just in case.

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

Marshall nods. Gets in the car. Drives.

Veronica SIGHS. Watching him go.

INT. LEXUS (MOVING)

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

MARSHALL
(into phone)
Justine? It's Marshall Kincaid.
Allison's in trouble. I'll explain
later. Because... you wouldn't
believe me. Look, does Kevin own
that chopper? Good. Meet me at
the airstrip in Placerville.
(beat)
And tell him to bring guns. Lots
of guns.

EXT. PALMDALE AIRSTRIP - DAWN

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

Kevin, Don and Justine pile out.

Kevin grabs a heavy gear bag from the back, heads for the chopper.

Justine follows him... but Don hangs back.

JUSTINE

Don? What are you doing? Allison needs our help.

DON

Don't tell me you believe this guy?

KEVIN

I believe him.

DON

Why?

KEVIN

Because he don't fuck around. Now, we gonna do this or what?

DON

Nuts, the both of you...

They go aboard.

INT. CHOPPER

Kevin takes the controls as Don and Justine get in the cargo bay behind him. They hold hands.

EXT. CHOPPER

Rotor blades WHINE and they lift off into the sky.

EXT. MADDOX ESTATE - DAY

The servants bustle about. Closing the place down.

INT. GREAT ROOM

A FEMALE SERVANT in uniform covers furniture. 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.

Tani nods. Moves.

HAN
Shall I wake Lester?

RIVERA
Let him sleep a bit more --

MADDOX (O.S.)
I'll sleep when I'm dead.

He rolls up in his chair. Helga behind him. Subdues a small
COUGHING FIT.

Rivera and Han share a brief look of concern.

MADDOX
Let's get this fucking show on the
road.
(snaps)
Vamos!

RIVERA
As you wish...

EXT. HIGHWAY 50

Marshall drives the Lexus up the winding road. Passes a
sign: Lake Tahoe 65 miles.

INT./EXT. LEXUS (MOVING)

Marshall looks up, sees the chopper above the trees. He
waves.

Kevin waves back. Points up ahead.

EXT. PLACERVILLE, CA

Marshall turns off the exit and heads for...

EXT. PLACERVILLE AIRPORT

Two tiny asphalt runways surrounded by trees.

Marshall parks the car by the hangars just as the chopper
touches down.

Confused AIRPORT WORKERS come out and YELL.

Marshall ignores them. Runs to the chopper and jumps aboard.

They lift off.

The choppers banks around over the trees.

INT. CHOPPER (FLYING)

Marshall shuts the hold door.

MARSHALL
I owe you one.

KEVIN
We're even.

Marshall nods. Turns to Justine and Don.

MARSHALL
Okay. What've we got?

Don opens the gear bag. Reveals two AR-15 civilian models, boxes of ammo and magazines.

MARSHALL
Jesus...

KEVIN
Hey, everything in that bag is one hundred percent legal and clean. Like my conscience.

JUSTINE
Kevin...
(a look)
What do you want us to do?

MARSHALL
Can you load?

Justine opens a box of round. SNAPS them in a clip.

JUSTINE
Like this?

MARSHALL
Good. Get to work.

Justine and Don get to it.

Marshall pulls out an AR-15. A loaded clip.

DON
What's the plan?

MARSHALL
There is no plan.
(locks and loads)
We're just gonna fly in and save the fuckin' day.

EXT. LAKE TAHOE

The helicopter zooms across the water toward the estate.

INT. CHOPPER (FLYING)

Kevin circles above the main house.

KEVIN
(yells back)
There's too many trees! Gonna have
to use the hook.

MARSHALL
Got it!

He slings one AR-15 across his back, loads the other for Don.

MARSHALL
Anyone but me comes out of there,
get off a burst. I'll hear it,
come running.

DON
But --

MARSHALL
You're locked and loaded.
(demonstrates)
Don't jerk the trigger. Squeeze.
It'll kick hard, so be ready.

JUSTINE
You can do this.

DON
Yes, Chef.

He swallows hard. Ready as he'll ever be.

MARSHALL
Let's move.

He opens the hold door. Pulls on a pair of leather work
gloves and grabs the cargo hook cable.

Justine grabs his arm.

JUSTINE
Please. She's my best friend.

MARSHALL
(a look)
I know.

EXT. MADDOX ESTATE

The chopper hovers over the patio. Justine hits a lever, the cargo hook drops to the ground.

Marshall slides down the cable. Unslings his weapon.

He scans the grounds. All clear. Waves the chopper off.

And moves inside.

INT. MADDOX ESTATE (MOVING)

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

INT. CHAMBER ROOM

The female Servant covers the empty gurney with a sheet as Marshall bursts in, AR-15 leveled.

The Servant GASPS. Ready to scream.

MARSHALL

Don't. Where did they go?
(shakes her)
Where?

SERVANT

R-Reno... the airport.

MARSHALL

How long?

SERVANT

Half an hour. 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)
LOOK OUT!

He FIRES a wild burst!

Marshall ducks. Bullets slam into the open slider door.

The two ASSOCIATES there are blown to shreds.

Don gapes at 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. SHOOTs him down one-handed.

The chopper banks off.

INT./EXT. CHOPPER (FLYING)

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

MARSHALL
They already left.

JUSTINE
Oh God...

KEVIN
Where to?

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

KEVIN
No problem.

EXT. CHOPPER (FLYING)

Kevin banks around and zooms off!

INT. CHOPPER (FLYING)

Marshall reloads the clips. 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

The motorcade of Audis, private ambulance and limo winds down toward Reno.

INT. LIMO (MOVING)

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

INT. AMBULANCE (MOVING)

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

RIVERA
Casi estamos allí...
 (a smile)
 Almost there.

Maddox is too tired to bitch.

Rivera's cell RINGS. He grabs it.

RIVERA
 (listens, then)
Maricón.

He glances outside.

HAN
 What is it?

RIVERA
 Kincaid.

INT./EXT. CHOPPER (FLYING)

Marshall, Don and Justine see the line of cars below.

JUSTINE
 Is that them?

MARSHALL
 Has to be.

He aims out the window. Thinks better of it.

DON
 Why don't you shoot?

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

DON
What?

MARSHALL
Nevermind.
(to Kevin)
Stay on them!

KEVIN
Fuck yeah.

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, beckons the Associates.

They hoist out Maddox's gurney, 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.

The 727 Pilot pulls on his headset. Hits the switches.

EXT. TARMAC

The 727 ROARS to life. Lurches and rolls forward.

INT. TRAFFIC CONTROL

The AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER turns to his SUPERVISOR.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER
Something weird going 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.
(a look)
Shit, call everybody!

EXT. TARMAC

The 727 trundles toward the runways. Picks up momentum.

INT. CHOPPER (FLYING)

Marshall YELLS at Kevin.

MARSHALL
Can't you do something?

KEVIN
Workin' on it!

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL

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

Terrified TRAVELERS scramble out of their way.

EXT. TARMAC

The chopper paces the 727 like a gnat buzzing an eagle. The
plane slows, makes the turn onto the runway.

The chopper swings around into their path.

INT. 727 (MOVING)

Han grips her seat, Helga stays close to Maddox.

Allison looks for her chance to escape.

INT. COCKPIT (MOVING)

The chopper is right in front of them.

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. CHOPPER (FLYING)

Marshall has seen enough. Grabs his AR-15.

MARSHALL
Fuck it.
(a look)
Bring us alongside them.

KEVIN
You got it!

JUSTINE
What are you going to do?

MARSHALL
Whatever I can.

EXT. RUNWAY

The chopper swings alongside the 727. Marshall climbs onto the hook, rides the cable down like an elevator.

He 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 moves above the plane.

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

INT. 727

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

RIVERA
You all right?

Maddox COUGHS. Makes a drinking gesture.

Rivera smiles.

HAN
What are we going to do?!

RIVERA
He's your patient, doctor. You will stay with him, *comprende?*

HAN
I'll do no such thing. We need to get out of here -- now!

RIVERA
Then get out.

He SHOOTS Han dead.

HELGA
I will stay.

RIVERA
Gracias, Helga. *Señor* Maddox would like a drink... whiskey, I think.
(a look)
The rest of you come with me.

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./EXT. CHOPPER (FLYING)

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

INT. 727

Helga gives Maddox a glass of whiskey. He holds it up to the light and sips. Savoring it.

EXT. 727

Marshall races along the fuselage.

INT. 727

Tani hears FOOTSTEPS overhead. Moves to follow.

EXT. RUNWAY

Bullets RICOCHET. One of the 727's engine springs a leak, spraying fuel 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.

Allison sees her chance to run. Helga stops her.

HELGA

Hilf mir! Mr. Maddox needs you.

ALLISON

To hell with Mr. Maddox.

HELGA

He is your father!

(a look)

Bitte...

Allison GROWLS under her breath.

Then she helps Helga unbuckle Maddox from the gurney.

EXT. 727

Marshall stops, looks for a way in... and bullets RIP the fuselage.

He dives out of the way just in time.

INT. 727

Tani empties his weapon into the ceiling. Tosses it.

EXT. 727

Marshall rolls onto his feet. BLASTS away at the fuselage. "Draws" a rough circle with bullets.

He jumps into the air. Lands on the circle.

The shattered plane skin collapses under his feet...

INT. 727

...and Marshall CRASHES through, lands on top of Tani.

Tani jumps up. Flexes his fists. CRACKS his neck.

He beckons Marshall. Bring it on.

Marshall doesn't even blink. Raises the AR-15. Empties the clip into Tani's chest.

Tani staggers and drops.

Marshall tosses the empty weapon. Moves.

EXT. 727

Smoke pours from the plane. The exit opens, emergency chute POPPING out.

Allison and Helga wrestle Maddox to the doorway.

EXT. RUNWAY

The LEAD SECURITY GUARD sees them.

LEAD SECURITY GUARD
Hold your fire!

INT. 727

Helga cradles Maddox in her arms and slides down the chute.

Allison slides after them.

EXT. RUNWAY

Lead Security Guard and two of his men break for the plane.

They bundle up Maddox and race back toward the luggage trams with Allison and Helga.

They all take cover.

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

BOOM!

An EXPLOSION rocks the 727. It tips to one side.

ALLISON
MARSHALL!

INT. 727

Marshall stumbles through the smoke.

MARSHALL
ALLISON!

EXT. 727

Another EXPLOSION. The remaining landing gear collapse.

The plane settles on its belly.

INT. 727

Marshall stops in the open lounge. The last five Associates block his way.

MARSHALL
Where is she?

The Associates share a smirk. Ready to rock.

MARSHALL
Fine.

He wades into them. A blur.

Marshall strikes, blocks, kicks. Bones SNAP! Blood spurts.

Two Associates go down.

A third Associate launches a whirlwind of kicks.

Marshall parries, leg sweeps him. Stomps his throat.

The last Associate 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.

Marshall "helicopters" up onto his feet.

A figure moves in the smoke.

MARSHALL

Allison?

RIVERA

No. Just me.

He emerges from the haze. Aims his gun.

Marshall freezes. Nowhere to run. And...

CLICK.

Rivera smiles.

He drops the gun. Removes his jacket. Rolls up his sleeves.

MARSHALL

Where is she?

RIVERA

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

(a look)

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

MARSHALL

Round one, asshole.

They meet in the open lounge area.

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.

Marshall ducks and spins, lands a crescent kick upside Rivera's head.

Rivera rolls with the blow and digs a left hook to the body that almost shatters Marshall's ribs.

Marshall COUGHS up air. Stumbles back.

Rivera moves in for the kill.

EXT. RUNWAY

Emergency PERSONNEL swarm the scene. Security guards, fire trucks and CREW.

EMTs hustle Maddox to an ambulance. Helga on their heels.

Allison watches helplessly as the fire crew pours water and foam on the blazing 727 to no avail.

A FIREMAN holds her back.

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

ALLISON
No...

INT. 727

Smoke and flames fill the cabin. An inferno now.

Rivera drives Marshall back with a flurry of blows, breaking him down.

Marshall stumbles. Lip split. Eye cut and bleeding.

Rivera can almost taste it. On his toes. Dancing like Ali.

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

Marshall drops to one knee, semi-conscious. Suddenly spins and leg sweeps Rivera.

Rivera lands hard.

MARSHALL
Time to throw in the towel, Rivera.

RIVERA
Vete a la mierda.

He lunges at Marshall, tackles him.

Marshall chops Rivera in the throat, bucks him off. Rolls up onto to his feet.

Marshall blasts Rivera with a massive side kick.

Marshall moves in. Punching Rivera with everything he's got.

Rivera staggers but won't stop. He swings wildly.

Marshall blocks. Arm bars him.

SNAP!

There goes Rivera's elbow.

Marshall snaps out a kick.

CRACK!

Takes out Rivera's knee.

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

He looks at Marshall, who just shakes his head. No.

Rivera smiles. And lunges.

Marshall catches him in a neck hold. Rivera keeps punching at Marshall's back and kidneys.

Marshall jerks. And BREAKS Rivera's neck.

The Cuban goes limp. Marshall eases him to the floor.

EXT. RUNWAY

The fire crew backs away from the blazing plane. Allison takes cover behind the trams.

INT. 727

Flames swirl through the cabin. Marshall searches for some way out. Sees it now:

The hole he shot through the fuselage.

He climbs onto the drink cart and climbs up.

EXT. RUNWAY

Allison searches the 727 for some sign of life.

Then she sees it:

ALLISON
Marshall!

Marshall stands atop the burning plane. Trapped...

And the chopper swoops in. Cargo hook like a pendulum below.

Marshall launches himself into space and catches the hook as the chopper banks off.

The 727 EXPLODES!

The chopper hovers near the emergency personnel and Marshall jumps down.

He stands there. A little wobbly...

Allison rushes to his aid.

ALLISON
You all right?

MARSHALL
Swell...

He collapses in her arms. Fireman move to assist.

FIREMAN #1
Easy, buddy...

FIREMAN #2
Let's get him to the EMTs.

They escort Marshall to the ambulance.

Maddox lies on a gurney. Peaceful. Still. Helga by his side, tears in her eyes.

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.

Kevin brings the chopper in for a landing.

Kevin and Don climb out as Justine rushes to Allison, hugs her tight.

The 727 blazes away, fire crew back on the job as RENO POLICE and a SWAT TEAM swarm the tarmac...

EXT. MADDOX ESTATE - DAY

Douglas County SHERIFF'S and FBI AGENTS swarm like ants.

EXT. GAZEBO

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

FBI AGENT
They say this'll all be yours
someday.

ALLISON
Someday. When the lawyers get
through.

The FBI Agent LAUGHS.

Allison turns to go.

Maddox's wheelchair sits by the patio wall. Empty.

EXT. BEACH - ANOTHER DAY

Marshall strolls the sand. Alone. And half-buried at the water's edge...

The fire-blasted and very empty remains of the briefcase.

He pulls it out. Finds one scorched \$100 dollar bill.

And Marshall can't help it. He LAUGHS.

EXT. VICTORIAN

Half the house remains. Marshall hammers away at new two-by-four framing. More wood nearby.

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

She gets out. Comes to his side.

They survey the place together. Still a long way to go.

Finally:

MARSHALL
(off the Chevy)
Nice wheels.

ALLISON
Thanks. The Sub just about covered
it.

MARSHALL
You sold your truck?

ALLISON
Made Justine and Don an offer they
couldn't refuse.

MARSHALL
What're you gonna do?

ALLISON
There's a rumor about a new B and B
opening near here. Thought they
might need a chef...

Marshall pulls her close.

MARSHALL
(a look)
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