

WILL POWERS

By

Andrew Eisen

FADE IN:

EXT. GREEN TOWNSHIP - NEW JERSEY - DAY

Rolling hills, farms and lakes. A long, winding driveway leads to a log home with a gambrel roof.

INT. LOG HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

LAWRENCE POWERS, 40s, unshaven with a mop of unruly hair, slumps on the faded leather couch. Empty beer bottles cover the coffee table. The flat screen TV dwarfs the room.

Pellets of water drizzle from the tongue and groove ceiling.

A hand slaps the back of his neck.

LAWRENCE

What the fuck?

WILL POWERS, 60s, intense with a penetrating glare, looms over his poor excuse for a son.

WILL

How many times have I told you to fix the damn leak?

LAWRENCE

What's the point?

WILL

You need to stay strong.

Lawrence sighs, his face sinks into his hands.

WILL

Up for a game, son?

LAWRENCE

Cop on!

WILL

Bet for the Caddy. Almost done restoring her.

LAWRENCE

What would you want from me?

WILL

Same as always. Nothing.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

Lawrence stumbles, grips the grass for balance.

Will eyes the rusted rim hanging above the oversized detached garage, scoops the basketball, thrusts a bounce pass.

Lawrence clumsily lifts his head. The ball ricochets off his face, pounds the pavement. Dazed and close to tears, Lawrence staggers towards the ball.

WILL  
I'm getting old, son.

LAWRENCE  
Fuck it.

WILL  
You're quitting? Sure. Why not?  
Never finished a god damn thing.

Lawrence grabs the ball with one hand, raises above his head. His eyes bulge with rage.

WILL  
Come on. Throw it for Christ's  
sake.

Lawrence whips his arm, stops in mid-motion, winces.

LAWRENCE  
My back.

He bends over in agony.

WILL  
Got no killer instinct, son. Lord  
knows I tried to help you with  
that. Could have been a Crossbow  
champion. Could have been  
anything.

INT. LOG HOME - FINISHED BASEMENT - NIGHT

Rough hewn wooden floor. Kitchenette with wood burning stove. Walk-out door.

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Will sleeps fitfully.

SISSY POWERS, 60s, but looks much younger, inches closer to her husband. Her hand slips under the covers, slides down his body.

Will turns over. The warmth of Sissy's smile melts his frozen frown.

SISSY

What's wrong sweetheart? You look so tense.

Her voice is easy on the ears, soothing.

Will sighs.

SISSY

Is it Lawrence?

He nods.

SISSY

With Maria being sick and all, he's having a rough time.

WILL

I know, but it's always something. I'm tired of his excuses. Damn tired.

SISSY

You're not the easiest person to please.

WILL

Ya think?

He pulls her closer.

WILL

What would I do without you?

SISSY

I hope you never have to find out.

Will smiles, climbs on top, kisses her passionately.

INT. REGIONAL MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

A small Christmas tree rests on the night stand. Poinsettia plants abound, a wreath hangs from the window.

MARIA POWERS, 46, rests in bed. Thick, scaly rashes on her face and neck, thinning hair, pale lips. Her high cheekbones are reminiscent of a striking beauty.

The door creaks open.

Will strides towards her bed.

WILL  
How's my best girl?

MARIA  
Been better.

She grimaces, cups her mouth in agony.

MARIA  
Ulcers.

He takes her hand.

MARIA  
Where's Sissy?

WILL  
Making you some Chinese herbal  
soup.

She sighs with happiness then a stern expression spreads  
across her face.

MARIA  
Will...

He moves in closer.

MARIA  
Promise me you'll be there for  
Lawrence.

WILL  
If you haven't noticed, I'm not  
doing such a great job myself.

MARIA  
Have I ever asked you for anything?

WILL  
No. You're a giver.

MARIA  
He needs you.

Will exhales, rubs the back of his neck.

MARIA  
Tell him how you really feel before  
it's too late.

WILL  
What if I can't?

Maria's pupils open wide. She gasps for breath. Her right hand shakes, her lips smack.

Will grapples her throbbing body.

The door flings open.

JASMINE POWERS, 17, totes a large envelope in one hand, a ragged book with the other.

The cover reads "RUNNING & BEING BY DR. GEORGE SHEEHAN."

As she enters, her playful gaze lights up the room. She moves with the grace of a veteran athlete.

JASMINE  
Mom...

The protein bar in her mouth thwacks the floor.

Maria slowly slackens, squints across the room. A sudden burst of vigor.

MARIA  
Jazzy.

She extends her arms, wipes her daughter's tears.

MARIA  
Getting enough sleep?

Jasmine sighs. The dark shadows under her eyes don't lie.

MARIA  
You look thin.

JASMINE  
Training for Boston.

Her long sleeve shirt reads "RARITAN VALLEY ROAD RUNNERS."

Maria strokes Jasmine's hair, fixates on the envelope.

MARIA  
Princeton?

JASMINE  
Let's wait for dad.

She can't help but smile.

MARIA  
I'm so proud of you.

JASMINE  
I love you mom.

Jasmine leans in close, gives her mother's frail body a gentle hug.

Lawrence staggers through the door, looks lost in thought.

MARIA  
Are you okay?

LAWRENCE  
I'm fine.

He glares at Will.

Maria taps the envelope, beams with pride.

LAWRENCE  
I knew it!

He bear hugs his daughter, heaves her off the ground.

JASMINE  
Dad, I'm 17.

LAWRENCE  
Sorry.

He puts her down.

WILL  
Jasmine.

She looks up.

WILL  
Let's give them a moment.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Will paces back and forth, sighs, scans the corridor.  
Jasmine sits on the floor, absorbed by her book.

Footsteps echo.

A MAN wearing oversized short-sleeve scrubs. A Caduceus tattoo sits on his right arm, a red medical cross tattoo on the left.

His badge reads "MARTIN POPE, MD: DIVISION OF RHEUMATOLOGY."

WILL  
Sweetheart, I'd love a coffee.

Jasmine nods.

WILL  
What ya reading?

JASMINE  
My bible.

She cradles it like a baby, stands, strolls down the hall.

Dr. POPE'S ponytail sways freely. His face wears the look of grave concern.

DOCTOR POPE  
(to Will)  
I'm afraid Maria's Lupus has become organ threatening.

He fiddles with his stethoscope.

WILL  
There must be something we can do?

DOCTOR POPE  
Hopkins. Stem cell transplant.

WILL  
What are her chances?

Dr. Pope sighs, chews his lower lip.

BACK TO MARIA'S ROOM

Lawrence paces, rubs his hands through his hair.

MARIA  
Honey, what's really bothering you?

LAWRENCE  
I can't take it anymore. I hate him.

MARIA  
Don't talk like that. You're his son. He loves you.

LAWRENCE  
Yeah right. No matter what I do, I can't win. Why do I keep seeking his approval? What the hell is wrong with me?



MARIA  
He's your father.

LAWRENCE  
No.

He shakes his head.

MARIA  
Do I need to remind you. We had  
nothing. He took us in.

Lawrence scoffs.

MARIA  
Lawrence...

She raises her voice, coughs.

MARIA  
I need you to do two things for me.

LAWRENCE  
Don't talk like that.

He stifles a sob.

MARIA  
Promise me you'll protect him. His  
heart is weak. And let go of the  
blame. See him for who he really  
is.

LAWRENCE  
Maria, you know I'd do anything for  
you. But what you're asking...

MARIA  
Give me a reason. Give us hope.

She smiles.

He bends down, embraces her, cries in silence.

INT. LOG HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The TV plays quietly in the background.

A trail of empty candy wrappers, chip bags, and cookie boxes.

Lawrence slacks on the couch. His cheeks bulge, chocolate  
stains smear his face.

Will strolls in, cradles a basketball under his arm.

WILL  
What the hell? Gorging yourself to  
an early grave, son.

Lawrence nods with a sardonic grin.

WILL  
Let's go, now.

He spins the basketball on his finger.

Lawrence scowls.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
(on television)  
Released from prison two months  
ago, construction magnate RICHARD  
SMALLIS is hot on the fund-raising  
trail.

Will looks intrigued, amplifies the volume on the television.

ON THE TV

Smallis, mid 50s, waves to the crowd, flashes a smug smile.

"ATTICA CORRECTIONAL FACILITY (previously recorded)" appears  
at the bottom of the screen.

WILL  
Did you know about this?

Lawrence averts his gaze, nods.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
(on television)  
Smallis was convicted of  
manslaughter for the deaths of  
three workers...

Lawrence peers closer to the screen, sees a large four-  
wheeled motorcycle parked behind Smallis.

LAWRENCE  
What the fuck is that? Looks like  
something out of a "Terminator"  
movie.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 (on television)  
 One of his 30 year-old cranes  
 buckled over and collapsed during  
 the construction of a high-rise  
 apartment building in May of 2000.

LAWRENCE  
 Can't be street legal.

Will steals a glance, gestures for Lawrence to keep quiet.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 (on television)  
 The testimony of former Lieutenant,  
 Will Powers, proved critical in  
 securing a conviction. Smallis's  
 equipment corporation made inferior  
 repairs and used subpar materials  
 from third world countries to save  
 money.

ON THE TV

footage shifts to outside a 40-story building in downtown New  
 York City.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 (on television)  
 News correspondent, SANDY LARSON,  
 reports live from Camelot  
 Construction.

SANDY  
 (on television)  
 I'm standing here with Richard  
 Smallis whose Center promises to  
 raise a life-changing sum for the  
 upcoming Children's World Adoption  
 fund-raiser. The question on  
 everyone's mind. Why now, after a  
 decade of incarceration?

She points the microphone in his direction.

SMALLIS  
 (on television)  
 My perspective has changed.

Smallis sighs, rubs his teary eye.

SMALLIS  
(on television)  
Prison can do that to you.

Will scoffs.

WILL  
Looks like I may have to come out  
of retirement.

EXT. LOG HOME - DRIVEWAY - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Will dribbles the basketball, jumps to the right, releases it  
high above his head for a swish.

Lawrence watches unamused.

LAWRENCE  
I really need to do some errands.

WILL  
What? So you can eat more crap?

Lawrence sighs, heads for his FORD F-150 TRUCK.

Will extends his arm as a barrier.

WILL  
Please, son...

Lawrence exhales deeply, nods.

Will hands him the ball.

LAWRENCE  
Winner takes out.

Using his body, Lawrence nudges Will until he topples.

WILL  
Nice move, son.

Lawrence smirks.

Will struggles to stand, winces. Lawrence plows forward.

Will steps aside, sticks his hand out for an easy steal. He  
fakes to the right, spins clockwise, swishes from a distance.

WILL  
Not bad for an old timer.

SEVERAL BASKETS LATER

WILL  
Game point.

Will fakes to the left, his elbow smacks Lawrence's chin. A lay up wins the game.

Lawrence taps his tongue. He's bleeding.

LAWRENCE  
Shit. Meeting with Smallis later.

WILL  
What the hell are you thinking, son?

LAWRENCE  
I thought you wanted me to work.

WILL  
You're a corker.

LAWRENCE  
It just kills you.

He shakes his head in disgust.

LAWRENCE  
Someone might actually believe in me.

WILL  
Please, son. You don't know what he's capable of.

LAWRENCE  
You don't know what I'm capable of...

His fist pounds his chest.

Will sighs, takes a few steps, faces Lawrence.

WILL  
Tomorrow, let's play for your TV.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DAY

A Koenigsegg CCXR sports car glides into a reserved spot.

The sign reads: "R. SMALLIS - CEO CAMELOT CONSTRUCTION."

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Lawrence paces in front of the floor to ceiling windows of the Manhattan skyline.

Smallis struts into the room. He flicks a piece of lint from his tailored Italian suit. Cashmere-lined leather gloves grace his hands.

He winks at CERISE, 30s, secretarial. Seemingly staid, she brims with sensuality.

Smallis nods at Lawrence.

SMALLIS  
(to Cerise)  
Give me two minutes.

He pulls his gloves tight, uses the fingertips to turn the door knob.

INT. SMALLIS'S OFFICE - DAY

Smallis hustles, tosses his gloves and jacket on the Georgian mahogany desk, rolls up his shirt sleeves.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Smallis opens the medicine cabinet to reveal neatly packed bars of soap. He grabs one bar, peels the wrapper, twists the faucet.

SWIRLS OF STEAM.

He scrubs his right hand up to the elbow. Using a second bar, he repeats with his left hand.

He dries both hands with separate towels, steps on the foot pedal of the stainless steel trash bin, tosses both.

BACK TO SMALLIS'S OFFICE

Lawrence sits in front of Smallis's meticulous desk.

On one side is an antique gold box, on the other, an autographed baseball atop a wood base. The signature reads "BABE RUTH."

Lawrence reaches for the baseball.

SMALLIS (O.S.)  
Hey!

Instinctively, Lawrence freezes.

SMALLIS

No one touches the Babe.

Smallis pulls his gloves tight, removes the abstract Pollock, opens the safe.

Bundles of cash. He grabs two with one hand, holds them.

SMALLIS

I think you'll appreciate this more.

He snatches a Baseball Bat leaning against the wall, taps an imaginary home plate, draws a batter's box, steps in.

Smallis tosses the bundles in rapid succession, belts with one hand.

Lawrence juggles, the chair tips, he falls to the floor.

Smallis gazes at his bat longingly.

SMALLIS

I coulda been a contender...

A half-smile.

SMALLIS

Banished to the minor leagues.

Lawrence pulls himself up, sits, rests the cash on the desk.

LAWRENCE

I don't understand.

SMALLIS

Consider it an advance.

LAWRENCE

For what? A job? You made sure I'd never work again.

SMALLIS

Still upset about that, pal?

Lawrence's fingers clutch the desk, twitch.

SMALLIS

Tell you what. To ensure no hard feelings, I'm offering you a shot at redemption.

Lawrence leans forward.

SMALLIS

The FBI arrested DiLongo for accepting bribes.

LAWRENCE

Tony? We're friends. Did some work on his house.

SMALLIS

Thousands of dollars worth. Looks like a bribe. Tony boy ignored violations and permits for several of our projects.

LAWRENCE

What's this have to do with me?

SMALLIS

We're giving the Feds your name.

Lawrence flops down, sighs.

SMALLIS

Can you help me out, pal? The District Attorney is on my ass. I can't even piss in peace...

His fists pound the desk.

SMALLIS

Their next target could be my Adoption Center.

Smallis's expression turns somber. His eyes plead mercy.

Lawrence gazes at the money, licks his lips, rubs his face.

LAWRENCE

I'm sorry...

He looks up.

LAWRENCE

I can't do this.

SMALLIS

Too good for my money...

He shakes his head in disgust.

SMALLIS

Just like your fucking father. You know, pal, every decision we make has consequences.



LAWRENCE

I think I can live with this one.

SMALLIS

What about your wife?

Lawrence gasps.

SMALLIS

Do you think anyone else would ever help you? This is how you repay me?

As Lawrence staggers out, Smallis bellows.

SMALLIS

You self-righteous piece of shit. Just sealed your own fate.

Smallis snatches the phone, his finger pounds the keypad.

EXT. CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS - TENNESSEE - DAY

Steep hills, deep hollows, dense thickets.

MOJACK, 40s, sniffs scat. Tiger stripe jungle fatigues grace his sinewy frame. A stainless steel peace sign pendant on a silver chain dangles with each step.

His satellite phone buzzes.

MOJACK

(into phone)

Mojack.

(listening)

A throaty growl. Branches breaking.

Mojack parts his long locks under his patriotic headband, draws a 15" Bowie Knife.

A Russian Razorback Wild Boar appears. Five inch tusks, 400 pounds, snorts.

MOJACK

(into phone)

Hang tight, Dick.

BACK TO SMALLIS'S OFFICE

SMALLIS

(into phone)

No!

His teeth clench with impatience.

BACK TO MOUNTAINS

MOJACK  
C'mon, Hogzilla.

The Black Beast paws the dirt, lowers his head, charges. His mighty tusks slash upwards.

Mojack spins, slips around him, grabs the hind legs. His knife thrusts between the head and back of the Beast's shoulder.

The Black Beast squeals, thrashes, hurls Mojack into the air. His face spatters the boggy terrain.

Black fury in his eyes, the Beast lunges forward.

Kneeling, Mojack slings his knife.

The Black Beast swoons.

Mojack rips out the knife, inspects his kill. He traps the satellite phone between his ear and shoulder.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

MOJACK  
Pork chops?

SMALLIS  
Fuck!

His fingers spread wide with rage.

SMALLIS  
After what he did to my family, I don't just want him dead. I want him to lose everything, starting with that useless piece of shit he calls a son. And then, we're really going to hurt him...

His eyes glow with a psychotic gleam.

SMALLIS  
And make it look like an accident. I have enough to worry about.

MOJACK  
Sure thing.

EXT. CINDER-BLOCK BUILDING - DAY

Nondescript corner of downtown intersection.

The sign reads: "DEMPSEY'S MIXED MARTIAL ARTS."

INT. KARATE DOJO - DAY

Concrete floors. Exposed steel beams. Oscillating fans. Soft mats cover half the floor space.

A Hokkaido wave print on the wall, posters explaining belt colors, a glass display case filled with student trophies.

SEAN DEMPSEY, late 30s, bald by choice, conducts a private lesson with Jasmine. His skin-tight gi reveals years of strength and endurance training.

Will sits on a bench, watches attentively.

DEMPSEY

(to Jasmine)

A 540 is essentially a spinning tornado kick in the air. You're going to jump, kick, and land on the same leg. My weight is on my kicking leg.

Dempsey slaps his right leg.

DEMPSEY

Notice my left heel is upwards.

Jasmine stands on her toes.

DEMPSEY

Now let me see you pivot.

Jasmine pivots, holding her back leg in the air until she reaches 180 degrees.

DEMPSEY

Great!

His thumb thrusts skyward.

Now when you jump, kick upwards, spin out smoothly and land. It looks something like this.

Dempsey easily executes a 540 flying kick. His movements possess explosive speed and power.

DEMPSEY

Okay, kid. Give it a shot.

Jasmine jumps, kicks, spins half-way, slams the mat.

DEMPSEY

Almost.

He holds his thumb and index finger close together.

Frustrated, teary-eyed, Jasmine performs a kip up.

DEMPSEY

Try to keep your arms close to your chest for more compact spin when you kick.

He demonstrates, smiles reassuringly.

Jasmine jumps, kicks too hard, slips.

JASMINE

I can't do this.

She pounds the mat, sobs.

JASMINE

I'll never be ready to test.

DEMPSEY

Jasmine...

He wipes her tears with his thumbs.

DEMPSEY

Do you think I nailed the 540 on my first attempt?

JASMINE

Yes.

She shakes her head vehemently.

DEMPSEY

Actually...

He laughs.

DEMPSEY

It took me several weeks.

She looks surprised.

DEMPSEY  
 You're going to Princeton on a full  
 scholarship?

She nods.

He points to the display case.

DEMPSEY  
 How many are yours?

She smiles.

DEMPSEY  
 Come on.

He puts his arm around her, helps her stand.

Will looks intrigued.

DEMPSEY  
 (to Jasmine)  
 Remember to keep your head up and  
 kick out in a circular motion.

INT. SMALLIS' OFFICE - DAY

Smallis slumps back in his chair with a heavy sigh, slides open his desk file drawer. A heaping pile of letters addressed to "SAMANTHA SMALLIS" stamped "UNDELIVERABLE."

Very gingerly, he opens the gold antique box on his desk, removes a photo encased in plastic laminate. An angelic young girl with a big smile. He cups his mouth as he gasps and chokes back tears.

CERISE (V.O.)  
 (over speakerphone)  
 I have a Mr. Toscani, sir.

SMALLIS  
 (into phone)  
 Put him through.

Smallis takes a deep breath, snatches the receiver, presses it against his ear.

SMALLIS  
 (listening)  
 No...

He shakes his head.

SMALLIS

You wait.

(listening)

I don't care. I rotted in hell for ten years. Still in prison. No matter how hard I try, I can't get rid of the filth. He's mine. And stop wasting time. Find her!

He slams the receiver, looks at his gloves.

SMALLIS

Fucking OCD!

INT. LOG HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lawrence rests on the couch. A half-empty, open bottle of "VODKA OF THE GODS" hangs limply from his hand.

He turns over, squints to see Will towering over him.

LAWRENCE

You were right.

He slurs his words, dozes off, lets go of the bottle. Liquor swooshes as the bottle rolls across the floor.

Will snorts, clenches his teeth.

INT. DETACHED GARAGE - DAY

A covered mini-vehicle. An Excalibur Wolverine Recurve Crossbow hangs on the wall amid family photos.

Big red tool box. Tall padlocked cabinet reads "First Aid."

Jasmine skulks, retrieves her key made out of soft aluminum tape. She inserts into the lock, wiggles around until it springs open.

INSIDE THE CABINET

a wooden packing box sits on the top shelf of the tactical weapons storage rack. The label reads "HAND GRENADES - EXPLOSIVES."

Two Webley Revolvers, a pair of camouflaged military binoculars and a Sog Knife with a drop leg sheath grace the second.

The third shelf is long, split in two columns. On the left, a stack of Colt Commando Assault Rifles. On the right, a large tripod bag.

The door creaks open.

WILL  
What the hell are you doing?

Jasmine startles.

JASMINE  
Sorry, Grandpa. Always wondered...

WILL  
Got to respect one's privacy.

JASMINE  
I know...

She looks down for a second, then unabashedly confronts him.

JASMINE  
Where'd you get the guns?

Will's stern expression melts into a reluctant grin.

WILL  
Let's just say I have a few  
connections.

He smiles.

WILL  
Close the cabinet.

Jasmine obliges.

WILL  
Come here.

She drags her feet. He opens his arms for an embrace, kisses her forehead.

WILL  
Our secret.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Massive shark fins. Jet pod tail lights. Chrome front and rear bumpers. Bowdrill convertible cloth.

A small box labeled "GPS TRACKER" rests on the driver's side bucket seat of the 1959 Cadillac El Dorado Biarritz.

Will opens the box, bends down, attaches the magnet inside the rear tire mount.

The F-150 pulls up, parks in the corner space. Lawrence stumbles out.

LAWRENCE  
There's just no way...

WILL  
What are you talking about, son?

LAWRENCE  
The transplant. I can't cover it.

He chokes back tears.

LAWRENCE  
What am I gonna do?

WILL  
I wish I could help out more, son.

Lawrence glares at him.

LAWRENCE  
Sell the house. Sell that fucking car!

WILL  
Watch your tongue. Show some respect.

LAWRENCE  
If Maria dies, nothing matters.

WILL  
How will I live?

LAWRENCE  
What?! You order water at Starbucks. You won't even buy a cell phone.

His eyes burn, his breath becomes shallow.

LAWRENCE  
And did you really need to spend more money tagging another fucking car!

WILL  
You want the car. Take the god-damned car.

LAWRENCE  
Keys, please.



He whispers through clenched teeth.

WILL  
Check the ignition.

Lawrence slams the Caddy's door, guns the gas. The Caddy screeches, plows the garbage cans, swerves all over the road.

WILL  
Oh God. No.

Will scrambles, waves his arms.

WILL  
Lawrence!

He catches his breath, eyes the F-150.

EXT. INTERSTATE 80 EAST - DAY

The F-150 weaves frantically in and out of traffic.

Out of nowhere, a monstrous quadricycle cuts off the truck, roars ahead.

INT. F-150 - DAY

WILL  
Jesus!

Will brakes, jerks the wheel.

HIGHWAY

The F-150 skids into the other lane. Vehicles swerve to avoid being hit.

INSIDE THE F-150

Will sees the quadricycle racing side by side along the Caddy, too close for comfort.

HIGHWAY

The quadricycle surges ahead, screeches to a halt, several hundred yards in front of a bulk tanker truck.

The Diamond Hazmat placard reads "SPONTANEOUSLY COMBUSTIBLE" with a red flame.

MOJACK

hanging off the seat, salutes the TRUCK DRIVER, grins.

The Truck Driver slams his brakes.

Mojack pops a wheelie, changes direction, skyrockets like a bat out of hell.

The 18 Wheeler squeals, jackknifes, turns over.

The Caddy skids, pounds the tanker. Lawrence hurls into the air. The sky becomes a massive fireball.

The F-150 swerves, misses the blast by the barest of margins, crashes into a ditch.

Side-way collisions. Cars pile-up in every direction.

Will jolts out the F-150, climbs out of the ditch. Terror in his eyes, sprints.

LATER

Smoke and debris billow upward. FIREFIGHTERS battle the flames; PARAMEDICS, HAZMAT CREW and POLICE OFFICERS attend to the scene.

Will, hunched over, panting, holds his stomach.

A hand grabs his shoulder.

Will peers up. The officer's name plate reads: "SERGEANT DEMPSEY."

WILL

Lawrence?

His face looks terrified.

DEMPSEY

The details are sketchy, but a damn reckless motorcycle driver caused a bulk tanker to jackknife.

Dempsey retrieves his 2-way radio, listens, nods.

Will watches his every move.

Dempsey's eyes snap shut. His head drops.

WILL

No!

Will clutches his chest, collapses to his side, curls up in a fetal position, sobs.

DEMPSEY

Will!

Dempsey frantically gestures for the paramedics.

Will's body trembles, hands cover his face.

Dempsey squats down, touches Will's hand, glides away from his face.

DEMPSEY

Lawrence is alive.

Will breathes a sigh of relief, stands, embraces Dempsey.

DEMPSEY

He was thrown about 15 feet. He's unconscious.

Will steps back. His somber expression turns to a blazing rage.

WILL

This was no accident.

DEMPSEY

What are you saying?

WILL

Look at the skid marks for Christ's sake!

DEMPSEY

You think the driver deliberately manipulated the crash?

WILL

I saw him standing next to the bike.

DEMPSEY

Who?

WILL

Smallis.

DEMPSEY

What? That's crazy. He just got out of prison.

WILL

I know, but he survived thinking about only one thing. And he blames me for his wife's suicide.

DEMPSEY

How do you know the bike is his?

WILL

I don't, but I sure as hell will  
find out.

INT. LOG HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sissy cradles a portrait of Lawrence against her chest, sobs.

WILL

There wasn't enough time.

Will opens the closet door, drags an Olive Drab Duffle, zips  
open to reveal:

Gold Star bearing the inscription "VALOR" surmounted by an  
eagle

M-16 Assault Rifle.

SISSY

What are you going to do?

She looks terrified but knows she can't stop him.

He snatches the rifle, cocks with a vengeance.

WILL

This is the last straw.

INT. CAMELOT CONSTRUCTION - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Cerise pores over papers, transcribes dictation through her  
headset.

Suddenly, she sniffs, looks up, leans backwards.

Will stands before her. Unshaven with silver hair jutting in  
different directions.

His grungy tee shirt pools over his faded jeans. A fanny  
pack hugs his waist.

CERISE

May I help you?

WILL

Here to see Mr. Smallis.

CERISE

Do you have an appointment?

WILL

No, I do not.

CERISE

Mr. Smallis is taking meetings all day. Would you like to wait? It could be awhile.

Will unzips his fanny pack, retrieves his pistol.

WILL

Will this help?

INT. SMALLIS'S OFFICE - DAY

Smallis meets with three ASIAN BUSINESS ASSOCIATES.

The door barges open. Will points his pistol skyward.

WILL

This meeting is adjourned.

Smallis nods, gestures for his associates to leave, does his best to maintain composure.

The Asians scramble, their faces express a mix of horror and contempt. The door slams shut.

SMALLIS

Will Powers...

He scratches his chin.

SMALLIS

I thought you were dead.

WILL

Retired.

SMALLIS

Same thing.

He laughs.

SMALLIS

And to what do I owe the pleasure?

WILL

My son.

SMALLIS

Oh, I heard something about that. Horrible accident. I hope he makes it.

Will strides several steps, leans over Smallis's desk, looms up on him too close.

WILL

If I find out that you had anything to do with this...

SMALLIS

Are you threatening me?

Will scoffs.

WILL

You should know me by now.

Will scoops the Babe Ruth baseball, squeezes.

WILL

For it's one, two, three strikes...

Gripping the armrests, Smallis jolts half-way up from his chair.

Will lowers his gun, gives him a penetrating glare.

Smallis sits, swallows hard. The pistol clicks. He startles backwards.

WILL

You're out.

SMALLIS

You have no authority.

WILL

Don't need any.

Will wipes off the baseball with his tee shirt, plants atop the wood base.

Smallis's face looks tighter than a crushed scrap car.

SMALLIS

I did my time. Leave me the fuck alone!

As Will approaches the door, he turns, faces Smallis.

WILL

You made one mistake.

SMALLIS

And what's that?

WILL

My son.

EXT. RUSTIC FARMHOUSE - DAY

Converted barn and hangar on secluded acreage. A large tripod, secure with sandbags, rests in the middle of the elevated deck.

An empty helipad overlooks the lake. A seven-foot woven-wire fence.

Heavy breathing. Loud trampling. A massive head rams the fence. Deadly horns heave the pen off the ground.

The 2500 pound Bison stomps, raises his tail.

High-pitched whistling.

MOJACK (O.S.)

Tatanka.

Tatanka bellows.

MOJACK

Hamburger helper? Enough for winter.

Tatanka snorts, settles.

MOJACK

Been busy.

He grins.

Tatanka's lolling black tongue slurps the pretzel in his hand. Mojack's satellite phone buzzes.

MOJACK

Dang. What now?

He holds the phone against his ear, listens, nods.

MOJACK

(into phone)

I'm not a pacifist, but it has to be justified.

(listening)

It's not always about the money.

(listening)

I call that synchronicity. A meaningful coincidence.

(listening)

Prefer to think of myself as a  
peacemaker. Death is a gift.

He fiddles with his peace sign pendant.

The phone clicks.

Mojack rubs Tatanka's shaggy head.

MOJACK

Some people are never happy. What  
are we gonna do about pretty boy?

Tatanka's eyes glow a deep red. He paws up dirt.

INT. MCCARTHY'S PUB - DAY (LATER)

Circular bar. Shelves of liquor lined with tin foil.  
Guinness and Harp on tap.

Will sits alone, pensive, at the bar stool. His only  
companion, three empty shot glasses.

The BARTENDER wears a flashy red jacket, pours another shot  
of Jameson Irish Whiskey.

BARTENDER

Don't know how you do it, mate?

Will takes a swig, swallows hard.

WILL

One must persist.

The roar of a supercharged engine outside. The pub door  
swings open.

Will steals a glance, sees a gleaming bronze sports car  
outside from which Dempsey steps out.

AT THE BAR

Dempsey sits.

BARTENDER

(to Dempsey)

You okay?

DEMPSEY

Guinness.

The Bartender obliges, pours a pint.



WILL  
Looks expensive, Sean.

Dempsey smiles, sips his beer.

DEMPSEY  
It's a Lotus Elise.

WILL  
What brings you to the hinterland?

DEMPSEY  
Concern for a dear friend.

WILL  
That's mighty kind of you.

He smiles a drunken smile.

DEMPSEY  
I can't imagine what you're going through, Will, but I think grief is clouding your judgment. What happened to Lawrence...

WILL  
He may never wake up, Sean.

He takes another swig.

DEMPSEY  
I'm so sorry. If there's anything I can do. Anything...

WILL  
You could face his woman.

DEMPSEY  
Haven't been to the hospital yet?

Will massages his scalp, shakes his head.

DEMPSEY  
Holding a man like Smallis at gunpoint is not the answer.

WILL  
I know what I'm doing.

DEMPSEY  
If Smallis is involved, let the force handle it.

WILL  
You're right.

He nods.

WILL  
Not a job for an old broken down  
pug like me.

DEMPSEY  
Do you want to die, Will?

WILL  
No, Sean, I do not.

His expression turns serious.

WILL  
Just looking for a reason to live.  
One simple reason.

INT. REGIONAL MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - ICU - NIGHT

Lawrence lies in a coma. Bandages cover his forehead,  
feeding and breathing tubes.

Sissy sits by his bedside, holds his hand. Her eyes are  
swollen, blotchy, and red.

At the foot of the bed, Jasmine's head slumbers over her open  
book.

The door creaks open.

Will gapes in horror at the sight of his helpless son,  
scrambles into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

At the sink, Will snuffles, gazes into the mirror.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK - 1985)

Sissy busily prepares dinner.

Will enters, casts aside his police cap, exhales deeply.

WILL  
Can't do this anymore.

He chokes back tears.

SISSY  
What happened?

WILL  
Frank...

He looks down, shakes his head.

SISSY  
Oh God! No!

She holds his shaking body, wipes his tears, reassures him with her eyes.

He takes a deep breath, nods.

WILL  
What would I do without you?

He kisses her hand, gazes into her eyes.

SISSY  
I know...

Her face suddenly turns grief-stricken.

SISSY  
What about Sean?

WILL  
He's my responsibility now.

INT. ICU - NIGHT (PRESENT TIME)

Will kisses Sissy, strokes Jasmine's hair lovingly.

WILL  
(to Sissy)  
Watch over him, sweetheart.

INT. MARIA'S ROOM (MOMENTS LATER)

Will's silhouette stands in silence.

Sleeping fitfully, Maria suddenly awakens.

WILL  
How's my best girl?

MARIA  
What's wrong?

Something in his voice. She knows. She flicks her lamp.

He looks down.

MARIA  
You're scaring me.

Will steps closer, sits, takes her hands in his.

BACK TO ICU - NIGHT

The overhead PA system blares.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Code Blue Rheumatology Unit! Code  
Blue Rheumatology Unit!

Jasmine startles. She sees the Code Blue Team scramble down the corridor with the Crash Cart.

JASMINE  
No! No!

BACK TO MARIA'S ROOM

An ER PHYSICIAN performs CPR.

A RESPIRATORY THERAPIST inserts a tube in her nose.

The ICU NURSE hooks up the cardiac monitor.

ON THE MONITOR

Maria's heart beats wildly.

Dr. Pope storms the room, glances at the monitor.

DR. POPE  
V-Fib.

He grabs the electric defibrillator paddles, presses them against her chest.

DR. POPE  
Clear!

The staff step back.

KA-CHUNK!

Maria's body jerks involuntarily.

At the foot of the door, Jasmine gasps. Will grabs her, holds her trembling body.

Sissy catches up, watches in horror.

The tracing line on the monitor continues erratic beats.

DR. POPE

Again!

KA-CHUNK!

Maria's body convulses.

Dr. Pope's eyes widen with alarm.

DR. POPE

Damn! 360!

The ICU Nurse adjusts the machine, nods.

DR. POPE

Clear!

Maria's body spasms, slowly settles. The monitor beeps rhythmically.

DR. POPE

Whew, close call.

He wipes his brow.

DR. POPE

Her arrhythmia has stabilized.  
Next time she won't be so lucky.  
She needs the transplant and soon.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Will holds Sissy's shaking hand. Jasmine can't stop pacing.

JASMINE

What if they both die?

Will looks at a loss for words.

SISSY

God strengthens us when we have  
faith.

WILL

Come on.

He puts his arm around Jasmine.

JASMINE

I can't go home. I just can't.

WILL

Let's find the Chapel.



The film unspools.

Will claps. The room turns bright. He clicks off the 8mm projector.

WILL  
Was I too hard on him, sweetheart?

SISSY  
He was never easy...

Wood creaks. Will eyes the ceiling.

WILL  
Get in the tub, now!

Sissy's eyes open wide with fear.

WILL  
Don't come out no matter what happens.

She darts for the bathroom, slams the door.

Will grabs his duffle bag, unzips.

THUMP!

Will claps, slithers under the covers, waits in the dark.

The portal eases open. Each step creaks louder. A leg shifts the bed.

Will claps, the room brightens.

The THIN THUG covers his eyes, clumsily raises his Glock.

Will fires through the comforter.

The Thin Thug cracks the wall, collapses.

WILL  
Next time, ring the bell.

Will lowers his rifle, sighs in relief.

BLAM! BLAM!

The window shatters.

Squeezing his left arm, Will rolls across the bed. Blood gushes.

BLAM!

Goose down feathers splutter. Will's right hand flings in the air. His finger squeezes the pistol's trigger.

THE FAT THUG plummets, dangles from the window.

Will winces, shakily lifts the phone receiver. His bloody fingers clack the keypad.

WHUMP!

He crashes to the floor.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
911, what is your emergency?

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Smallis observes the fiasco, grips a gas can.

SMALLIS  
Idiots.

He removes the nozzle, splatters gas along the property.

SMALLIS  
I like things simple. Fuck with  
me. You die.

Smallis lights a match, flings it through the air. Flames whoosh.

BACK TO BEDROOM

The fire alarm blares.

Sissy opens the bathroom door. Smoke blankets the room. The drapes catch fire, crackle.

SISSY  
Oh my God!

She throws her hood over her head, covers her mouth, stays low to the ground. She works her way through the thick, black smoke.

Sissy stumbles over the Thin Thug, gasps for breath, then feels Will's leg. He's lying on his back, semi-conscious, but unable to move.

The front door is blocked by flames.



Kneeling at Will's head, Sissy slides her hands under his shoulders, gets a grip under his armpits. She heaves him upwards, drags his limp body.

AT THE BACK DOOR

her palm touches the knob.

HOT!

She yanks her hand away, winces in agony.

Sissy pulls off her robe strap, wraps her palm, pries open the door.

EXT. DETACHED GARAGE (MOMENTS LATER)

Sissy places her ear near Will's lips. He's not breathing. She blows two raspy breaths into his mouth, watches his chest, repeats.

Will coughs violently.

She sighs with relief, lovingly strokes the side of his face.

A nearby siren wails.

Sissy jumps up.

Will lifts his head, tries to speak.

SISSY

Over here!

She waves her arms, sprints into the front yard.

But Sissy stops dead in her tracks when she sees Smallis's smug smile and his shiny gold revolver.

A bullet to the head wipes off the shocked expression from her face.

SMALLIS

Two down, three to go.

IN THE DISTANCE

Will sees Sissy's body plummet to the ground. Fear in his eyes, army crawls towards his slain wife, collapses on her chest, sobs.

The CCXR screeches into the street. POLICE VEHICLES and a FIRE TRUCK swerve to avoid being hit.

INT. REGIONAL MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - ICU - DAY

Will sits upright in his bed with his eyes half open. His left arm is bandaged just above the elbow. The back of his right hand hooks into a portable IV line.

He peels the bandage, takes a peek. The skin is loosely closed, several stitches about one inch apart. The wound oozes.

He sighs in relief then his eyes pop open wide.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT (QUICK FLASH)

A gunshot. Sissy's body plummets to the ground.

INT. ICU - DAY (PRESENT TIME)

Will grips the IV needle, rips out with a vengeance.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

MEDICAL STAFF roam the hallways.

Will slithers against the wall.

A HOUSEKEEPER pushes a rolling laundry cart. She stops at a private room, enters.

Will limps around the cart, his left hand twined inside his gown. He inspects the shelves, watches the nursing station, crouches, waits...

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

A CAB pulls up, lowers the passenger side window.

FRIENDLY CAB DRIVER

Where to doc?

Wearing scrubs and surgical cap, Will lowers his respiratory mask.

EXT. LOG HOME - DAY (LATER)

Will wanders the property aimlessly. Nothing left. A charred shell.

EXT. DETACHED GARAGE - DAY

Still intact. Traces of soot. A dented up F-150 truck parked in the corner space.

INT. DETACHED GARAGE - DAY

Will opens the "First Aid" cabinet, grabs the tripod bag, fastens it to his shoulder using the strap.

He displaces the cover of the mini-vehicle with his right hand:

A 1966 Harley- Davidson Custom Chopper.

He puts on the skid lid helmet, rolls the bike onto the driveway.

He twists the throttle three times, kick starts the lever.

POP-POP...POP-POP...POP-POP.

The Harley growls down the driveway. The license plate reads, "WILPWR."

EXT. CLIFF-TOP PARKWAY - ALPINE, NEW JERSEY - DAY

Scenic views of the Ramapo Mountains. A sprawling Tudor Mansion perched high on the hill. Brick veneer. Dark wood-paneled walls, stained glass windows.

Will strides to the edge of the cliff, unzips the tripod bag, slides out the "U.S. Army" M-20 Super Bazooka.

WILL

Too dark and dreary. Needs a little light.

Using his right hand, he flips the Bazooka over his shoulder, takes aim.

Ka-BOOM!

The rocket fires. The mansion explodes. Flames and black smoke fill the sky.

INT. ICU - DAY (LATER)

Sitting at the edge of his bed, Will holds the IV needle in his left palm, fixates on the tiny, blue-black mark on the back of his right hand. He takes a deep breath, jabs himself.

INT. ICU - LAWRENCE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Maria sits in a wheelchair, clasps her husband's hand.

Jasmine paces in the corner of the room. Alternating hands, she tosses and catches her book.

MARIA  
Jazzy, come sit with me.

JASMINE  
I'm thinking.

Metal wheels rattle.

JASMINE  
Mom...

Maria faces the door.

Will stands, attached to his portable IV unit.

MARIA  
What are you doing here?

He steps into the room.

WILL  
I fell down the stairs. Getting  
clumsy in my old age.

MARIA  
You?

She shakes her head.

MARIA  
Maybe Lawrence.

For a brief moment, she smiles, then eyes her helpless  
husband. A tear trickles down her face.

WILL  
(to Maria)  
I'm cashing my pension.

Startled, Maria faces Will, rubs her eye.

MARIA  
You sure it's the right thing to  
do?

WILL  
You're getting the transplant.

Jasmine darts across the room, squeezes Will.

JASMINE  
Love you, Grandpa.

She gazes into his eyes, whispers.

JASMINE

Thank you.

He nods, caresses her cheek.

JASMINE

I've made a decision.

She beams with pride.

JASMINE

I'm deferring my admission to  
Princeton.

WILL

What?

He pulls away from her.

MARIA

Jazzy, are you sure about this?  
You've worked so hard.

JASMINE

Princeton can wait. There's  
nothing more important than family.

WILL

Sweetheart, an opportunity like  
this...

He sighs.

WILL

You can't...

He shakes his head.

WILL

You could end up...

JASMINE

Like my father. And what would be  
so terrible about that?

Will looks at Maria. Her eyes await an answer.

He gazes at his lifeless son, then faces Jasmine.

WILL

Nothing.

He inhales deeply.

WILL  
Nothing at all.

Will extends his arms, clasps both their hands.

DEMPSEY (O.S.)  
Now that's a nice moment.

Dempsey flashes a smile, thrusts his thumb skyward.

DEMPSEY  
Sorry, got here as soon as I could.

He removes his police hat, kisses Maria on the cheek.

DEMPSEY  
How's he doing?

MARIA  
The same.

Jasmine clears her throat.

Dempsey takes notice, gives her a big hug.

DEMPSEY  
Love you, kid.

Jasmine smiles like she's got a schoolgirl crush.

MARIA  
Where's Sissy?

Will, Jasmine, and Dempsey awkwardly lock eyes before Will quickly interjects.

WILL  
She's resting.

MARIA  
I hope to see her soon.

DEMPSEY  
Will, can I have a word.

Will nods, heads for the door.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Dempsey paces, looks serious.

DEMPSEY  
You have to tell her.

WILL  
No. And don't you dare.

He whispers through clenched teeth.

WILL  
Not until she's well.

DEMPSEY  
Are you okay?

WILL  
Just a flesh wound. I've been  
through worse.

DEMPSEY  
That's not what I meant.

Will sighs, bows his head in despair.

DEMPSEY  
If you need anything...

Will looks up, nods.

DEMPSEY  
Smallis's house...

He smacks his palms together.

DEMPSEY  
Blown to smithereens.

WILL  
You're kidding.

DEMPSEY  
Know anything about that?

Dempsey's eyes pry Will's cold, blank, poker face.

WILL  
How could I?

He grasps the IV pole.

WILL  
Been cooped up here all day.

A series of karate swish ring tones. Dempsey glares at his cell phone.

DEMPSEY  
Fucking whacko client.

WILL

Watch your tongue, Sean.

DEMPSEY

Sorry about that. Damn Bodyguard work.

He exhales deeply.

DEMPSEY

Smallis won't rest until all of you are dead.

WILL

Well then he better conserve his energy.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - NEW YORK - DAY

Vertical cables gleam across the sky, overlook the Hudson River. A bent cord supported by two majestic steel towers. Rustling of vehicles along the ramp.

In the distance, a figure disguised as a construction worker climbs to the top of the second tower. A sprawling view of Manhattan.

Mojack tiptoes along the frozen edge. He looks down, some 600 feet below, grins.

His satellite phone buzzes. His hand slides inside the wingsuit, draws the phone.

Mojack's jump boot slips. As he falls over, his hand grabs the ledge.

Listening with one hand, he holds himself up with the other.

MOJACK

(into phone)

Kind of hanging right now.

He grins, pulls himself up, listens some more.

MOJACK

(into phone)

No. I'm not a fucking adrenaline junkie. Kind of like an unknown planet, constantly moving with my own personal gravity.

(listening)

What's the rush? He's a broke-dick.



(listening)  
All right, tonight. The bat cave.

He replaces his phone, scowls.

MOJACK  
A little R & R. Can't go anywhere  
these days.

Mojack spreads his arms, jumps, descends through space. His hand grips the chute. He free-falls to:

100 feet, 50 feet, the canopy mushrooms, plunges into icy waters.

EXT. ABANDONED QUARRY - NIGHT

Snow flurries. Crusher buildings stand within flooded grounds. Illumination from an industrial plant to the north.

Smallis leans against the CCXR, scans the area.

MOMENTS LATER

A bold metallic quadricycle roars into the lot. Mojack clad in black leather, jams the brake. No helmet.

SMALLIS  
You brought the Tomahawk?!

MOJACK  
Good to see you too, Dick.

SMALLIS  
The name is Richard. I prefer  
Rick.

MOJACK  
Hey, what can I say. You look like  
a Dick.

Smallis scoffs.

SMALLIS  
I can't believe he's still alive.

His face tightens showing every muscle and vein.

MOJACK  
Try one of these.

He holds out the cigar.

MOJACK

It's an Opus X. Kind of strong.  
Might make you a bit dizzy, but  
very satisfying.

SMALLIS

I don't smoke.

MOJACK

Maybe you should.

Mojack grins.

SMALLIS

I don't like loose ends.

MOJACK

I understand, but this one's gonna  
cost you.

SMALLIS

I can't work. I can't sleep.

He exhales with an exasperated sigh.

SMALLIS

Just take care of it.

MOJACK

Sure thing.

INT. CONVERTED BARN - DAY

Mojack eyes his bike collection. The Tomahawk, Tesseract,  
and a Suzuki Hayabasa. He grins as he approaches his  
partially restored 1955 Chevy Belair Sport Coupe.

THE FAR CORNER OF THE BARN

where his AK-47's, M24's, and M2 machine guns rest against  
the wall.

He opens a cabinet, inspects his Glocks, Colts, and Lugers.  
He glances at the grenades and blocks of C-4.

Mojack opens a large closet, flips through his uniforms.

EXT. SOUTH BRONX - NEW YORK - DAY

Caved-in, burnt, collapsed buildings. Broken windows,  
cracked stairs. Giant piles of garbage, abandoned cars.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Gang graffiti covers the walls. Urine-stained floors. Leaky pipes. SQUATTERS smoke crack on the stairs. Roaches everywhere, rats roam freely.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

An upside down kitchen sink, plexiglass sheets for windows, stains on the floor.

IN THE BEDROOM

a STRUNG OUT ADDICT with glasses cowers on a soiled mattress.

Smallis struts into the room.

STRUNG OUT ADDICT  
I don't have it...

The Addict whimpers, grabs Smallis's leg.

SMALLIS  
Don't ever touch me, you filthy  
fuck.

Smallis kicks the Addict's face with an Ostrich Cap Toe shoe. The Addict's glasses shatter as he plummets backwards.

SMALLIS  
I'm raising the rent.

Disgusted, Smallis frantically wipes off his contaminated leg with a gloved hand.

He reaches into his coat pocket, retrieves a prescription drug bottle. The label reads "XANAX."

Smallis twists the cap, fills his palm with four pills, pops them like M & M's. He inhales deeply until a peaceful grin spreads across his face.

SMALLIS  
Who says drugs don't work?

Smallis's serenity is interrupted when TWO HOODLUMS, one with a bat, the other with a knife charge the room.

BAT HOODLUM  
Give us your motherfucking money...

He sneers at Smallis, chokes up on the bat.

Out of nowhere, the ball of a foot strikes the side of the Bat Hoodlum's neck. He plunges against the wall.

Hands slice the KNIFE HOODLUM'S eye. An elbow slams his jaw. The Knife Hoodlum crashes to the floor.

The Bat Hoodlum now standing, wipes his mouth, lunges forward.

Hands grab his neck. A knee strikes his groin. A side kick throws him down.

SMALLIS

That's why I pay you the big bucks.

He winks.

Slightly out of breath, Dempsey feigns a half-smile.

SMALLIS

Shall we?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Smallis shudders at the sight of a rat.

SMALLIS

(to Dempsey)

Next time, you're on your own.

Dempsey kicks open the adjacent door.

INT. HOSPITAL CHAPEL - NIGHT

A small interior with no windows. Pews run nearly the width of the room. The altar is neatly draped in scarlet cloth. A crucifix hangs on the wall.

Jasmine kneels on carpet remnants. She crosses herself, lifts her head.

JASMINE

Please spare him.

She prays with closed eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Mojack wears hospital scrubs and cap. A syringe juts out of his pants pocket.

INT. ICU - WILL'S ROOM - DAY

Will sits up, reads "CLASSIC CARS AND PARTS MAGAZINE."

MOJACK (O.S.)  
Have a subscription myself.

Mojack grins facing the edge of an open door.

MOJACK  
Restoring a 55' Chevy.

WILL  
I have my eye on a 48' Town and  
Country Wagon. Nicely restored,  
but not overly so.

MOJACK  
Impressive "woodie." Expensive.  
Parts are hard to find.

WILL  
I like a challenge.

MOJACK  
Sure thing.

WILL  
Haven't seen you before?

MOJACK  
Been doing this a long time.

Mojack retrieves the syringe from his pant's pocket,  
approaches Will's IV line.

WILL  
More morphine?

MOJACK  
Much better. You won't feel a  
thing.

Mojack empties the syringe into the IV line.

MOJACK  
Pleasant dreams.

He grins, slinks out the room.

Will thrashes. His shaky fingers grip the IV needle. As he  
rips it out, his eyes flicker, close.

INT. ICU - LAWRENCE'S ROOM - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Mojack inspects the IV bag, removes the protective cap from  
the spiked end.

With the steadiness of a surgeon, he taps and squirts the syringe.

A BURLY MALE NURSE steps into the room. He wears his keys around his neck.

BURLY MALE NURSE  
Excuse me?

Mojack turns slowly, hides the syringe behind his back.

BURLY MALE NURSE  
This is a restricted area.

Mojack smiles, inches closer to his prey.

MOJACK  
Just doing what I'm told.

BURLY MALE NURSE  
This is my shift.

MOJACK  
Well, you're late.

Mojack raises the syringe, strikes for the neck.

Instinctively, the Burly Nurse blocks with an open hand. The IV needle penetrates his palm.

He winces, thrashes, topples onto Mojack, body slamming him to the ground.

The Burly Nurse's fingers twitch, press the purple staff attack transmitter on his key-chain.

Within seconds, the overhead PA system blares.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Code Silver ICU! Code Silver ICU!

MOJACK  
Dang.

He slides out from underneath the gargantuan corpse.

MOJACK  
Sorry I can't stay...

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Bustling with patients, staff, and security guards, Mojack blends with the crowd.

SUPER: "THREE DAYS LATER."

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - HOBOKEN - DAY

Exquisite. Soaring ceilings, oversized windows. Large open loft floor plan. Gourmet kitchen with large island.

Will plays checkers with TIMOTHY DEMPSEY, five. He helps himself to a slice of soda bread on the coffee table.

KRISTEN DEMPSEY, eight, observes from a distance, looks annoyed.

WILL

I believe it's your turn, son.

Giggling, Timothy moves every which way, but diagonally.

WILL

Where did you learn to play like that?

Timothy laughs, grabs several of Will's checkers.

KRISTEN

That's not how you play!

Kristen shoves Timothy out of the way.

He thumps the floor, sobs.

TIMOTHY

Mommy...

Dempsey storms the room, shakes Timothy's arms, gets in his face.

DEMPSEY

We don't cry in this house.

Timothy looks terrified.

WILL

Sean...

Dempsey faces him.

WILL

Let's go for a walk.

Dempsey sighs, realizes that he overreacted, affectionately pats Timothy's cheek, twice.

EXT. STREETS OF HOBOKEN - DAY

Blocks of Brownstones, bistros, pubs, old-world cafes.

WILL

When was the last time you played  
with your kids? Took your lovely  
wife out to dinner?

DEMPSEY

I've got a lot on my plate. Don't  
push it.

He scuttles down the sidewalk.

WILL

Are you in over your head, Sean?

DEMPSEY

What else is new?

Dempsey picks up the pace.

Will strides, throws his arm around him, catches his breath.

WILL

Trust me. You're losing time, son.

DEMPSEY

Would you stop.

He throws Will's arm to the side.

WILL

Sean...

DEMPSEY

I'm not your son!

Will's jaw drops, his face flushes with a mix of contempt and  
rage.

DEMPSEY

And who the hell are you to judge?  
You stubborn son of a bitch!

Outraged, Will swings with a right.

Dempsey ducks, returns with a spinning backhand slap, a swift  
leg sweep.

Will's knees pound the ground.

Dempsey clutches his throat.



Will's left hand flaps over Dempsey's wrist, tries to break the hold. He shifts his throat, ducks his chin. Will's right arm swings upwards, hammers Dempsey's groin.

Dempsey winces, loses balance.

Gasping for breath, Will stands, delivers an uppercut punch to Dempsey's chin. He grabs Dempsey's neck, pulls it down, smashes his knee upwards.

Dempsey slams the ground.

WILL  
Got to respect your elders.

DEMPSEY  
I didn't mean...

Will nods, extends his hand, helps Dempsey stand.

WILL  
Taking Maria to Hopkins tomorrow.

DEMPSEY  
It's not safe. If it wasn't for the chief resident checking up on you...

WILL  
Could use a bodyguard.

DEMPSEY  
I'm working, but I'll arrange for a police escort.

WILL  
That's mighty kind of you.

Will smiles, notices the "DUBLINER" bar sign.

WILL  
Care for a bomb, Sean? I know I could use one.

DEMPSEY  
Tomorrow.

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

Photos of Operation Desert Storm grace the walls. Flying honors certificates, reads "MAURICE JACKSON".

Portable light stands illuminate a partially covered HH-60 Pave Hawk Helicopter.

Wearing a respirator, Tyvek suit, and latex gloves, Mojack squeezes the trigger of the bleeder spray gun. Metallic red paint streams the tail.

INT. HOSPITAL - LAWRENCE'S ROOM - DAY

Lawrence's mouth hangs wide open. Sensor pads spread across his bare chest.

Will sits down beside his son, straightens his unruly hair. His face expresses a mix of regret and anguish.

WILL  
Please wake up, son.

He takes Lawrence's hand, presses against his lips, holds.

WILL  
Things will be different.

Will looks skyward.

WILL  
I promise.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

A handful of PEOPLE pray in silence.

Will genuflects, crosses himself, bows. He scans the room. The alters' scarlet cloth hangs uneven.

A familiar book on the floor.

INT. NURSE'S STATION (MOMENTS LATER)

Carts of testing equipment, blood draw vials. NURSES, PERSONNEL, manning computer stations, speaking on the phone.

Will paces, rubs his hands through his hair.

WILL  
Excuse me.

The HEAD NURSE looks annoyed, gestures she needs a minute.

WILL  
I'm looking for Jasmine Powers.

The Head Nurse continues working on the computer.

SMACK!

Will slams Jasmine's book on the counter.

The Head Nurse jumps.

WILL  
I said Jasmine Powers. Have you  
seen her?

She gasps, shakes her head as if held at gun point.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - DAY

Will holds a pay phone with shaky fingers.

WILL  
(into phone)  
I'm at the hospital, Sean. I can't  
find Jasmine. I've looked  
everywhere. She left her book.

He breathes heavily.

DEMPSEY (V.O.)  
(over phone)  
She's with me. Wanted to help out  
at the Dojo. I'll take care of her.

EXT. HOSPITAL GROUNDS - DAY

An EMT helps Will step aboard an ambulance.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

A defibrillator, syringe driver, suction unit, supplies.

Maria rests comfortably on the adjustable hospital bed.

Will's face looks pale.

MARIA  
Are you okay?

WILL  
Everything's fine.

He sits in chair, feigns a half-smile, holds her hand.

EMT  
Sit back, relax. We'll be there in  
a few hours.

EXT. I-95 SOUTH HIGHWAY - DAY

Police vehicles with flashing lights precede and follow the  
ambulance.

A loud whirring sound.

BAPP! BAPP! BAPP!

The Rear Police Vehicle tilts, screeches, slams the ambulance.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Will bumps his head, tumbles towards the back door.

HIGHWAY

The Rear Police Vehicle spins like a top, veers across two lanes, slams a cement truck, crashes into and over the guardrail. Cars skid, squeal, collide.

A Pave Hawk Helicopter with a Red Spider motif roars high in the sky.

INT. RED SPIDER - DAY

Mojack grins, puffs his cigar.

HIGHWAY

The Red Spider's mini-gun unleashes a tornado of bullets. The ambulance rear doors swing open, clunk back and forth.

The Lead Police Vehicle opens fire. The Red Spider soars upwards, performs a 360 loop, back flips, fires a rocket.

The Lead Police Vehicle explodes. The ambulance blasts through the fireball, ignites.

INSIDE THE AMBULANCE

Will winces, clutches the open rear side door with his left hand. The bolts rattle. His fingers slip.

HIGHWAY

The Red Spider circles, hovers at eye level.

INSIDE THE AMBULANCE

Will reaches down with his right hand, swings around the Webley revolver, fires.

HIGHWAY

POP! POP! POP!

The Red Spider's windshield cracks.

The fully ablaze ambulance wobbles. The engine clicks, sputters.

INSIDE THE RED SPIDER

Mojack's thumb, inches above the rocket launcher button.

HIGHWAY

The ambulance's engine blows. The bolts pop from the rear side door hinges.

Will hurls into the air, clutches the loose door for dear life, skids across the pavement, sparks fly.

The rocket rumbles.

INSIDE THE AMBULANCE

Maria 's eyes snap open wide. A shrill scream!

HIGHWAY

The ambulance bursts apart. Debris scatters everywhere.

INSIDE THE RED SPIDER

With a killer's grin, Mojack grips the throttle.

HIGHWAY

The Red Spider soars high into the smoke-filled sky.

ON THE SHOULDER

half-conscious, covered in soot and debris, Will lifts his bloody head.

As a slow-moving bronze Lotus drives by, he sees Jasmine banging on the passenger side window.

Her wrists are bound with thick rope, her mouth is gagged.

Will's eyes glaze over with white-hot rage as the Lotus speeds away.

LATER

FIREFIGHTERS battle the flames. PARAMEDICS attend to the injured.

Indistinct chatter. A swarm of POLICE OFFICERS, REPORTERS, and CAMERA CREWS surround a shaken Will.

A MAN in his late 50s flashes a badge which reads "NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY, SPECIAL AGENT."

His name is JIM SANDERS. His soulful eyes and wrinkled complexion reveal a terrible sadness.

SANDERS

I'll take it from here.

He gestures for Will to join him.

WILL

How's the Puzzle Palace, Jim?

SANDERS

Getting harder every day.

Will nods a half-smile, his expression turns serious.

WILL

Shouldn't be here.

SANDERS

I don't care. Wouldn't be inhaling any of this beautiful black smoke if it wasn't for you.

WILL

Nam was a long time ago.

SANDERS

One never forgets.

He nods, thanks Will with his eyes.

SANDERS

What happened?

WILL

Maria's dead.

SANDERS

Oh, God. I'm so sorry.

WILL

They took Jasmine.

SANDERS

Who?

WILL  
Smallis's crew.

SANDERS  
Need any help?

WILL  
You've helped enough, Jim. Kept me  
fortified all these years. Just in  
case...

SANDERS  
Just say the word.

Will nods.

SANDERS  
Come on. Let's get you out of  
here.

INT. HOSPITAL - LAWRENCE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lawrence cusses, thrashes violently, rips out his tubes, the  
IV line. Rapid eye movements.

DREAM SEQUENCE

Blurred images of faces. Distant voices.

Lawrence in the Caddy, speeds down a row of bathroom stalls.  
A wall. Flickers of light. Darkness.

BACK TO PRESENT

Lawrence tumbles over the bed rail, thumps the floor.

INT. ABANDONED MORGUE - NIGHT

Dim. Crumbled concrete floors. Loose pipes. A wall of  
stained vaults. One door stands open.

Jasmine curls up in a fetal position. Her hands tied behind  
her back with thick rope.

The door creaks open. She squints at the slant of light.

Ostrich Cap Toe shoes crack the floor.

SMALLIS  
Comfortable?

Her glare, full of hatred and anger, could strike fear in the  
most intimidating foe.

SMALLIS  
Best I could do on such short  
notice.

He chuckles.

SMALLIS  
Your grandfather...

He claps three times.

SMALLIS  
put up one helluva fight.

JASMINE  
You bastard!

SMALLIS  
It's such a shame, given the  
circumstances, but your daddy  
didn't pull through either.

JASMINE  
What?

SMALLIS  
His heart just gave out.

Tears roll down Jasmine's face.

SMALLIS  
Hey, don't be sad. I could kill  
you now. Let you join your family.  
Be my good deed for the day.

He looms in closer, strokes her hair in a loving, fatherly  
way.

Jasmine cringes.

SMALLIS  
I'll make it right, little Sammy.

JASMINE  
Sammy?

Her face turns cold. She struggles to pry her hands loose.

SMALLIS  
Now don't go anywhere.

The heavy duty door slams shut. The steel bolt locks.  
Jasmine's head drops in desperation.



INT. DETACHED GARAGE - DAY

Lying in an Army cot, Will rubs his weary eyes. As he struggles to stand, his head bumps a hanging picture frame.

He adjusts the frame, gazes deeply. A large banner in the background reads "PASSAIC COUNTY POLICE ACADEMY CLASS OF 1997." Will and Dempsey arm in arm.

Will snatches the frame, flings it with fury.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - ICU - DAY

Indistinct chattering. PATIENTS and their FAMILIES roam. STAFF scramble.

ICU NURSE (O.S.)  
He's awake!

Footsteps echo.

INT. ABANDONED MORGUE - DAY

Jasmine wriggles her hands in frustration. Leaning back, she kicks hard, performs a kip-up.

She rummages the crumbled floor for something sharp. Using her teeth, she snatches a rusty nail. She plunks against the corner wall, plops down, furiously works the rope bonds.

INT. HOSPITAL - LAWRENCE'S ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Lawrence opens his groggy eyes, looks up at the ICU Nurse.

LAWRENCE  
What happened?

ICU NURSE  
You were in a car wreck. In a coma  
for a week.

He squints, creases form on his forehead.

LAWRENCE  
I can't remember.

ICU NURSE  
You were very lucky. We expect you  
to make a full recovery.

Lawrence wiggles his hands, notices the straps down the side of the bed.

ICU NURSE

To keep you from tearing out your tubes and IV. Can I trust you?

She smiles, removes the straps.

ICU NURSE

Mr. Powers, we're having trouble reaching your father.

LAWRENCE

My father?

ICU NURSE

Does he have a cell phone?

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

A statue of Pomona, Roman Goddess of orchards, leads to view of a twenty-story French Renaissance Chateau.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

Elegant, ornamented archways, pillars and marble floors, grace the lobby.

A large sign reads "CHILDREN'S WORLD ADOPTION FUND-RAISER."

IN THE PALM COURT

marble pillars, lofty mirrors, and a luminous stained glass dome.

A packed to capacity CROWD stands, claps jubilantly.

Smallis approaches the podium, smiles, wipes a tear from his eye.

SMALLIS

Thank you.

He adjusts the microphone, gestures a "please sit."

SMALLIS

I'm very happy to be here. The accommodations are just a bit nicer than my previous residence.

The audience breaks out into raucous laughter.

SMALLIS

But seriously folks. Nothing is more important than helping our disadvantaged youth.

The audience applauds.

SMALLIS

As most of you know, I too am an adoptee. If it wasn't for my loving adoptive parents...

He looks up, sighs.

SMALLIS

I wish they could have been with us today to celebrate how far we've come. Yet, I know much work lies ahead. In the spirit of giving...

He removes a giant check from behind the podium.

SMALLIS

On behalf of the Smallis Center for Children and Families, I'm especially proud to present this check for five million dollars to the Children's World Adoption Fund.

The audience stands, gives a roaring ovation.

INT. HOSPITAL - LAWRENCE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lawrence picks at his food tray, flicks the remote control, glances at the TV hanging above on the wall.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(on television)

Reporting live from outside the Plaza Hotel is Sandy Larson.

SANDY

(on television)

Construction magnate, Richard Smallis, is quickly becoming one of the nation's most generous philanthropists.

Sandy gestures for Smallis to join her.

SMALLIS

(on television)

Adoption is a matter very dear to my heart...

Lawrence leans closer to the television, squints.

INT. SMALLIS'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Lawrence pulls himself up, sits, rests the cash on the desk.

SMALLIS

Can you help me out, pal? Their next target could be my Adoption Center.

LAWRENCE

I can't do this.

SMALLIS

Too good for my money. Just like your fucking father...

INT. LAWRENCE'S ROOM - DAY (PRESENT TIME)

LAWRENCE

Son of a bitch. He's laundering money.

Lawrence's eyes could freeze water. He sweeps the tray off his lap in anger.

EXT. RIVER ROAD - EDGEWATER, NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

A police vehicle parks in front of the "MUSCLE MAKER GRILL."

Dempsey steps out, strolls into the store.

At the end of the street, a 1948 Chrysler Town and Country Wagon, idles.

The license plate reads "MARIA."

EXT. RUSTIC FARMHOUSE - DAY

Mojack stands at the edge of the deck overlooking the majestic lake. He wears a blue-wired vest, hearing defenders, and dark colored eye protectors.

The automatic trap shooting thrower rotates back and forth. Mojack grips a 12 gauge Browning Citori rifle.

MOJACK

Pull!

The trap fires. The sporting clays soar high in the sky. Mojack lines up his targets.

POP! POP!

Shattered pigeons dust the lake. Mojack grins, launches another round.

His satellite phone buzzes. He hesitates. The pigeons retreat to the woods.

MOJACK

Dang.

He retrieves the phone.

MOJACK

(into phone)

Mojack.

INT. SMALLIS' OFFICE - DAY

Smallis paces, swings his baseball bat violently through the air, growls at the speaker phone.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

SMALLIS

Why isn't he dead?!

MOJACK

Maybe he's getting a little help.

SMALLIS

Who?

MOJACK

Someone with torn allegiances.

Smallis pauses, elicits a long, exasperated sigh.

SMALLIS

What the fuck is going on? His son awakened!

MOJACK

B-F-D.

Mojack grins.

SMALLIS

This is unacceptable.

He shakes his head, his eyes fill with fury.

SMALLIS

The money I'm...

MOJACK

Enough.

Mojack grins no more.

Smallis chokes the grip of his bat.

SMALLIS  
Finish the fucking job!

MOJACK  
Oh, I'll finish it...

Mojack chucks his phone high into the sky, fires with a vengeance. Bits and pieces sprinkle the property.

INT. ABANDONED MORGUE - NIGHT

Jasmine's wrists ooze blood. She rides the slack of rope over her palms and fingertips. She gasps in relief.

Footsteps approaching. The door squeaks.

Jasmine squints to the light.

Smallis wears a long, single-breasted overcoat with Godfather hat. As he exhales, his breath makes a tiny cloud of air.

SMALLIS  
Are you ready for some better accommodations?

She nods weakly.

Smallis removes his overcoat, throws over her shoulders. He bends before her, strains for the rope.

Jasmine's index and long finger poke his eyes.

Smallis grimaces.

She punches his solar plexus. A hand sword strikes his throat. A chop slices the side of his neck.

Smallis staggers backwards.

Jasmine stands, eyes her target, concentrates.

A perfectly executed 540 Flying Kick smacks his jaw. He slams the wall.

JASMINE  
Yes!

She pumps her fist.

A low-hanging, loose pipe rattles, thumps his head.

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL GROUNDS - NIGHT

Stripped, bare walls. Old hospital beds. Medical records strewn everywhere.

Jasmine dashes through the empty maze-like hallways, eyes a stairwell with a busted railing.

The floorboards creak. Footsteps echo.

Jasmine gasps, darts for the front door, yanks open.

EXT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL GROUNDS - NIGHT

Snow flurries. The wind howls.

Jasmine's hair loops around her face. She fumbles a loose ponytail.

EXT. NARROW DIRT LANE - NIGHT

Gnarled roots of trees poking out along the edges of the road.

A sign reads "PRIMITIVE ROAD - NO WARNING SIGNS."

The police vehicle screeches. Tires crunch gravel, stir dirt, spray rocks.

The Town and Country Wagon follows, maintains a safe speed.

INT. TOWN AND COUNTRY WAGON - NIGHT

Will clutches the steering wheel. His eyes burn with determination.

IN THE BACK SEAT

a wooden packing box reads "HAND GRENADES," a pair of military binoculars, and a Colt Commando Assault Rifle.

EXT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL GROUNDS - NIGHT

Jasmine shivers, stumbles along tall, uncut grass. She passes brick cottages, tudor-style dormitories, comes across a small dirt road.

Distant whirring.

Jasmine looks skyward. Nothing but darkness.

The whirring grows louder.

Jasmine races along desolate hills, overgrown farm fields. She sees a wooden shack rising up out of a tangle of vines and bushes. She kicks open the front door.

INT. WOODEN SHACK - NIGHT

A single chair faces a gaping hole in the roof.

Jasmine plops down, catches her breath.

An ear-splitting sound. She covers her ears. Her unblinking eyes lock on Mojack through the gaping hole.

EXT. FARM FIELDS - NIGHT

BAPP! BAPP! BAPP!

The Red Spider unleashes a tornado of bullets.

Jasmine screams, races into the fields.

The shack explodes. The Red Spider hovers in front of her. Jasmine raises her arms, surrenders.

INT. ABANDONED MORGUE - NIGHT (LATER)

Jasmine kneels. Her wrists tied with thick rope.

Smallis paces back and forth, shakes his head in disgust.

SMALLIS

I gave you my jacket.

He pulls tight his cashmere-lined leather gloves, clenches his fist.

SMALLIS

It didn't have to be this way. You ungrateful...

EXT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL GROUNDS - NIGHT

Will meanders, shines his flashlight with one hand, holds his Colt Commando Assault Rifle with the other.

DEMPSEY (O.S.)

Drop it.

Will raises his arms in surrender.

WILL

Was it worth it, Sean? The cars?  
The money?



DEMPSEY

It was never about that.

Will turns around, faces Dempsey.

WILL

Then, what?

DEMPSEY

Twelve years ago. Fresh out of the Academy. Blessed with my first bodyguard job.

INT. DILAPIDATED APARTMENT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Holes in the walls and floor. Torn-apart furniture. Decaying garbage. Roaches.

Smallis treks through a maze of filth.

SMALLIS

I want the keys. Now!

He pokes his head into the pitch-black bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

WHACK!

A frying pan scrapes his face. Stunned, Smallis feels his jaw, looks at his hand. Blood. His eyes scream for vengeance. He gives the cue.

Dempsey power kicks into the darkness.

SNAP! THUMP!

He flicks on the light.

A YOUNG WOMAN with a ravaged face, slumps against the front of a bathtub. Blood drips down the side of her neck.

Dempsey feels her pulse, gasps.

SMALLIS

I'll take care of it.

Whimpering, coming from the corner of the room.

A SMALL CHILD cowers over a urine-stained mattress.

Dempsey's eyes dart in horror from the Child to the Young Woman to Smallis.

SMALLIS

I said I would take care of it.

He smirks.

Dempsey's shaky hand covers his mouth, he can hardly stand.

SMALLIS

Get the hell out of here.

EXT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL GROUNDS (PRESENT TIME)

WILL

Why didn't you come to me?

DEMPSEY

I couldn't. You stole my life.

He holds his .357 Sig up high.

WILL

Frank was a good man.

DEMPSEY

He was a great cop.

WILL

But he took unnecessary risks.  
Always had something to prove,  
like you.

DEMPSEY

No. It was your fault. You were  
supposed to cover him.

WILL

I tried. I told him to wait for  
backup.

DEMPSEY

You're a liar. You cost me my  
father.

WILL

He was my partner. My best friend.

DEMPSEY

I don't care.

Dempsey walks behind Will, jams the Sig into his back.

DEMPSEY

Move it.

INT. ABANDONED MORGUE - NIGHT

The door creaks open.

DEMPSEY  
(to Smallis)  
Look what I found lurking in the  
dark?

SMALLIS  
Ah, Nico Toscani always gets his  
man.

Will looks confused.

SMALLIS  
Steven Seagal's character in "Above  
the Law." Not a bad alias if I say  
so myself.

Jasmine lifts her head.

JASMINE  
Grandpa, I thought you were...

WILL  
No, sweetheart.

JASMINE  
(to Dempsey)  
Why are you doing this? I loved  
you.

Dempsey averts her gaze.

SMALLIS  
So touching.

He approaches Will.

SMALLIS  
Are you for real?

He taps his cheek three times.

SMALLIS  
Why won't you die?

WILL  
It's not my time.

Smallis nods, follows with a quick back slap, a kick to the  
gut.

Will crashes to the ground.

Smallis gestures for Dempsey to put his gun away, removes a bundle of cash, tosses at him.

SMALLIS

I know it was difficult, but thanks  
for keeping your end of the  
bargain. He's mine.

Smallis draws his Korth .38 Special with gold coating and walnut stock, faces Will, takes aim.

SMALLIS

Looks like I won't be needing your  
services anymore.

Will's eyes snap open wide.

Smallis spins around, fires.

Dempsey takes a bullet in the chest, slams the wall,  
collapses.

Kneeling, Will draws the Sog Knife from his drop leg sheath,  
flings.

SQUISH!

Wincing, Smallis pulls the knife out from his shin, raises  
the .38 Special.

JASMINE

Grandpa!

Will turns his neck.

JASMINE

Duck!

Jasmine charges, jumps off Will's back, executes a flying  
front snap kick.

WHAM!

Smallis's head romps the ground.

Loud whirring coming from outside.

WILL

Jasmine...

The floor rumbles. Concrete shatters.

WILL

Run!

EXT. HOSPITAL GROUNDS - NIGHT

Will fumbles to untie Jasmine's wrists.

A thunderous explosion. The morgue disintegrates, flames roar. The Red Spider turns, pursues its prey.

Jasmine and Will stumble, dart for the woods. Bullets fire too close for comfort.

IN THE WOODS

a silhouette of large trees, branches, rocks, root studs.

Jasmine sprints through the mud and puddles.

Will's arm bangs a tree, a branch scrapes his face.

A short, thick stump. Jasmine trips, lands shin-deep in mud and standing water.

A spotlight shines. Will shields his eyes.

The Red Spider hovers.

Will lunges, tackles Jasmine, rolls. Bullets whizz. Mud and water scatter.

The edge of a cliff.

Will and Jasmine stumble over, mow down rocks, roots, sharp thorns. Will grabs the ground, branches.

SPLAT!

A bed of leaves and muck.

The spotlight shines.

Camouflaged in mud, Will holds Jasmine, covers her mouth.

The Red Spider flies lower, hovers in circles until its whining roar fades into the darkness.

Will rolls off Jasmine, gasps for breath.

JASMINE

Grandpa, what if we don't make it?

He stands, wipes himself off, mounts the hill.

Jasmine follows.

JASMINE  
Aren't you afraid?

He keeps climbing, groans with every exhalation.

WILL  
Always.

JASMINE  
But...

Will gestures a "keep quiet."

JASMINE  
What are we gonna do now?

They reach the top, observe the fiery remains.

WILL  
We wait.

IN THE DISTANCE

The CCXR crackles smoke and fire. Smallis watches in horror, flips his cell phone, presses against his ear.

EXT. RUSTIC FARMHOUSE - DAWN

A deluge of sleet, freezing rain, and ice. Trees sway, drop limbs, large branches.

Mojack wears a tee shirt and shorts. His muscles ripple as he carefully checks the trip wires for the grenades and land mines.

ON THE DECK

Mojack hoists his M2 machine gun onto the tripod. He pulls out his jet flame lighter, torches a cigar.

He inhales deeply, lets it settle in his mouth, blows a long, steady stream of smoke. He looks at his watch, grins.

EXT. BERGEN-PASSAIC EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Gale force winds. Snow flying horizontally. Ice forming on windshields. Emergency flashers blinking. Wipers thumping.

Trucks dead on the side of the road. Cars spinning, sliding, colliding one after another.

A mound of ice drifts off the top of an 18 wheeler, smacks the windshield of a Hummer H2.

The Hummer skids, slams a snowbank, screeches to a halt along the frozen shoulder.

INT. HUMMER H2 - DAY

Smallis breathes a sigh of relief, grips the wheel, guns the gas.

EXPRESSWAY

A short distance behind the Hummer, the Town and Country Wagon slips, slides, drifts in the heavy, wet snow.

EXT. RUSTIC FARMHOUSE GROUNDS - DAY (LATER)

A snow-covered truck. A smoldering vehicle, damaged beyond recognition.

Explosive charges fire randomly. A flying field of burning debris.

The Hummer slips, slides, evades. The Wagon inches closer, scuffs the rear bumper. The Hummer swerves. The Wagon charges, rips through the snow.

The Hummer spins wildly. Snow and ice blitz the Wagon's windshield.

INT. TOWN AND COUNTRY WAGON - DAY

Will's arm braces Jasmine for impact.

FARMHOUSE GROUNDS

The blast catapults the Hummer and Wagon in opposite directions.

Windows shatter. The Wagon flips, hurtles to the ground.

INSIDE THE WAGON

Seat belts holding them in place, Will and Jasmine dangle upside down.

WILL

Are you okay, sweetheart?

JASMINE

I have a headache.

Will turns over, crawls to the backseat, unlocks the wooden packing box. The safety pins, all in place.

He breathes a heavy sigh of relief, snatches his rifle, two grenades, slithers out the shattered driver's side window.

Jasmine releases her seat belt, squirms for freedom.

FARMHOUSE GROUNDS

WILL  
Stay in the car, sweetheart.

Jasmine's eyes avert his grim glare.

WILL  
It ends here.

EXT. DECK - DAY

Mojack approaches the M2 machine gun, grips the spade handles.

FARMHOUSE GROUNDS

Will crawls high, cradles the Colt Commando in his arms.

Bullets spray in every direction. Will rolls, blasts three rounds.

DECK

Wood posts splinter. Mojack adjusts the blade.

FARMHOUSE GROUNDS

Will jolts up, blasts another round, scrambles for cover behind a 60 foot oak tree.

Panting, he pulls out his binoculars, scans the area.

SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS AWAY

the binocular lens zooms up close. A ponytail sways in the wind. Will gasps.

WILL  
Jasmine!

She turns. Their eyes lock. Will freezes with fear.

Bullets spray the property, raze the oak tree.



WILL

No!

The oak tree splits, cracks, dangles from above.

Smoke. Fire.

Oak tree crashing...

Will rolling...

IN THE DISTANCE

a figure leaps into the pathway of bullets, tackles Jasmine.

Blood spurts in every direction.

Will watches in horror as Jasmine's body plummets to the ground.

THUD!

The woods rumble. A cloud of white dust billows from the fallen tree.

Gasping, with all his strength, Will tumbles over the tree trunk. Tears stream down his face as he army-crawls towards his slain granddaughter.

To his astonishment, Dempsey's blood-soaked body covers her like a bear skin rug.

Will gingerly turns him over.

Dempsey tries to speak, coughs up blood.

WILL

How?

DEMPSEY

My vest.

WILL

Why, Sean?

DEMPSEY

I couldn't let it go. Sorry, for every...

Dempsey's head drops.

Jasmine sits up, sniffles.

WILL  
Thought I lost you forever,  
sweetheart.

A strong, loving embrace.

Will pulls away. His face tightens in anger.

WILL  
I told you to stay in the car. You  
could have been killed.

JASMINE  
When have I ever listened to you?

Will's lips curl into a grin.

Bullets rake the property.

WILL  
Jasmine.

JASMINE  
I know...

WILL  
Stay low.

Will snatches his rifle, checks his grenades. His face fills with grim determination.

FARMHOUSE GROUNDS

Will crawls flat against the snow. The butt of his rifle drags.

DECK

A hissing sound. Mojack looks up, blinded by blowing snow.

WHOOSH!

An arrow misses him by the barest of margins. Mojack pounces the deck, somersaults.

Arrows whizz through the air, plunk beside him.

Boxed in!

An arrow pierces his flesh. Mojack winces, yanks the arrow between his neck and shoulder.

UNDER THE DECK

with a grenade in each hand, Will pulls the pins, hurls high, runs for cover.

The grenades thump the deck.

DECK

Mojack's face expresses shock, then approval.

A FLASH! The deck explodes. Wood and shrapnel splatter everywhere. Mojack bites the dust.

FARMHOUSE GROUNDS (MOMENTS LATER)

Will removes the debris, struggles to stand, approaches his rifle.

SMALLIS (O.S.)  
Leave the rifle.

Will raises his arms, faces Smallis.

WILL  
How's the leg?

SMALLIS  
I'll live. Hard to believe that an old wrinkled piece of shit could cause so much trouble.

WILL  
Wheaties.

SMALLIS  
What?

WILL  
Every morning.

SMALLIS  
A sense of humor. I like that.

Smallis purses lips in approval, swings the barrel of his .38 Special, smashes Will's jaw.

SMALLIS  
But not on my time, old man.  
Believe in fate?

WILL  
Sometimes we have to take matters into our own hands.

SMALLIS  
We're a lot alike.

Will scoffs.

SMALLIS  
You destroyed my family.

WILL  
No.

He shakes his head.

WILL  
You did that all on your own.

SMALLIS  
Kind of sad that it ends here.

He raises his .38 Special.

Rustling sounds coming from the woods. Twigs snapping.

Smallis looks over his shoulder.

TWANG!

A blood curdling scream.

An arrow stuck half-way through Smallis's right hand.

The .38 Special swoops the snow.

Will spins around.

Lawrence beams, holds his faithful Excalibur Crossbow.

WILL  
Lawrence...

Will's face expresses a mix of gratitude and hope.

Jasmine's eyes pop open wide.

JASMINE  
Daddy?

She sits up, struggles to stand, winces.

Their eyes lock.

JASMINE  
Daddy!

LAWRENCE

Jazzy?

Father and daughter instantly burst into tears. Each of their steps spring faster than the next, culminating in a tight embrace.

JASMINE

Oh Daddy...

She squeezes him harder.

JASMINE

I love you so much!

LAWRENCE

I love you too, sweetheart. Are you okay?

JASMINE

Never better.

Will's teary smile suddenly turns cold.

Smallis bends down, his left hand gripping the .38 Special.

Will kicks the revolver a good ten feet.

WILL

I told you. It's not my time.

Stomping sounds coming from the edge of the woods. Snorting. Growling.

Will sees the shadow of a very large animal. Ghastly eyes emit a deep red glow.

Smallis gazes at his revolver.

WILL

Now or never.

Biting his lip, Smallis hops with his good leg.

Will strides, pushes him aside, scoops the revolver.

WILL

Nice gun.

Without hesitation, Will fires point-blank, hits Smallis's good leg.

Smallis staggers backwards, plunges the snow.

WILL  
You killed my wife.

Lawrence gapes at Jasmine. Her neutral expression cannot hide the pain in her eyes.

Will lines up his kill shot.

LAWRENCE  
Do it!

Will glances at his enraged son, then his nemesis shivering with fear.

PLOP. The revolver penetrates the snow.

Smallis opens his eyes, sees the sunken gun, Will's outstretched hand.

WILL  
I can't kill you in cold blood.

Smallis's face expresses a mix of surprise and relief. He squeezes Will's hand, pulls himself up.

SMALLIS  
I knew it...

He nods with a half-smile.

TATANKA

emerges from the trees, some 500 yards away.

Ears flicking, tail standing tall. His massive head unearths mud and snow.

WILL  
But he can.

SMALLIS  
What the fuck is that?

Tatanka bellows, stomps the snow, charges.

WILL  
Believe in the Hereafter?

Will releases Smallis's hand.

WILL  
Now's a good time.

Smallis's eyes bolt wide open as the monstrous bison runs down its prey. He staggers backwards, plunges the snow.

400 YARDS...

Smallis lunges, grabs Will's leg with his left hand, takes him down.

300 YARDS...

Will thrashes, kicks Smallis's hand, face.

Smallis's neck jerks, his left hand slips.

200 YARDS...

Smallis flips his right hand, stabs the arrowhead deep into Will's calf.

Will writhes in agony.

100 YARDS...

JASMINE

Daddy!

Lawrence retrieves an arrow from his shoulder holster, pulls the bowstring, cocks the crossbow.

The men roll in the snow like Siamese twins.

50 YARDS...

Loud trampling. Snow flies wildly through the air.

Lawrence looks through the scope, he can't get a clean shot!

40 YARDS...

Will grabs a rock.

Smallis's body swings to his side.

Will's fingers reach for the arrow.

30 YARDS...

Lawrence lines up his shot. The middle of the pine shaft.

20 YARDS...

Jasmine's clasped hands, shaking.

10 YARDS...

Will leans forward, grips the shaft, yanks with all of his strength.

STUCK!

5 YARDS...

Tatanka's breath steams the cold air.

Lawrence aims, inhales deeply, closes his eyes upon release.

TWANG!

The arrow whizzes, scrapes the base of Will's thumb, splits the pine shaft in half.

Will winces, jumps the hell out of the way!

Smallis's eyes freeze with fear.

Tatanka's horns puncture flesh.

Smallis flips in the air. His bones crack the ground.

Will cringes, turns away, blocks the view with his hand.

Tatanka crushes Smallis's chest, snorts at Will.

Will steps back slowly, spreads his arms, kneels.

WILL  
Nice buffalo...

Tatanka's nostrils flare. He lowers his tail, trots into the darkness.

WILL  
Got to respect nature.

Will exhales deeply, holds his bleeding thumb.

Lawrence and Jasmine catch up to him.

WILL  
(to Lawrence)  
How'd you find us?

LAWRENCE  
Your GPS.

He shrugs with a sheepish grin.

WILL  
I was wrong about you, son.



Lawrence looks surprised by his father's unexpected admission.

WILL  
Are you okay?

LAWRENCE  
Yeah. For the most part. My  
memory. Sketchy.

WILL  
I'm sorry, son.

Lawrence looks confused.

WILL  
Maria.

LAWRENCE  
She was sick. Needed a transplant.

Will nods.

WILL  
We ran into some trouble, son.

Will averts his gaze.

LAWRENCE  
Oh God! No!

Lawrence drops to his knees, looks skyward with burning eyes.

LAWRENCE  
I woke up for this?! Damn you!

He pounds the snow, looks at Will with teary eyes.

LAWRENCE  
What am I gonna do? I won't make  
it without her. Who will help me  
now?

WILL  
I will, son.

Lawrence scrutinizes his father's face.

WILL  
I will.

Will holds out his hand, helps Lawrence stand.

WILL  
We'll help each other.

Lawrence embraces his father, rips out a long, wailing sob.

Will holds his son's shaky body, strokes the back of his neck.

JASMINE

clears her throat.

Father and son open their arms, make room for her.

Jasmine's eyes mist up.

JASMINE  
I love you guys.

WILL AND LAWRENCE  
We love you too, sweetheart.

A big family hug.

Will looks skyward, scans the destruction.

Clouds of smoke. Ashes mix with snow. Burning vehicles.

WILL  
A helluva day.

JASMINE  
Grandpa, you're gonna need a new hobby.

Will chuckles, winces as he feels his sore leg.

He limps a few steps, throws an arm around each of them.

WILL  
Let's go home.

Three generations tread towards the snow-covered F-150 truck.

SUPER: "THREE MONTHS LATER"

EXT. PACIFIC NORTHWEST - COLUMBIA RIVER - DAY

Drizzly and overcast. The water is tainted and murky. A streamer sails into the vastness of the bone-chilling river. Drifts. Dangles.

Will lifts his rod slightly, drops again.

THUMP!

The high-pitched whirl of the reel. The rod bends, quivers.

A behemoth of silver fury soars into the air.

A primal scream.

The steelhead erupts in and out of the water.

Will's arms twitch and shake like noodles.

The chrome demon flurries and dashes until it surrenders.

Will wipes liquid sunshine from his brow, reels her in.

WILL

Life is too short not to fish.

He proudly holds the steelhead by the tail.

WILL

Not bad for an old timer?

Lawrence scowls.

WILL

We have to get Jasmine out here.  
When is she coming home from  
Princeton?

LAWRENCE

Next month.

Will smiles.

WILL

Give it another shot, son.

LAWRENCE

Can we just go?

WILL

Come on. We traveled all this way.

Lawrence nods, rakes the rod back too far. The tip drops short with a knot in the line.

LAWRENCE

Damn!

He gestures to break the rod over his knee.

WILL  
You'll get it, son.

Lawrence inhales deeply.

LAWRENCE  
I know. It's just so...

WILL  
Hey, whatever it takes. Let me  
help you.

Will places one hand on Lawrence's fly rod.

WILL  
Just flick back and forth using  
your wrist and forearm.

The other hand, slides across Lawrence's back, taps his neck  
affectionately, squeezes his shoulder.

FADE OUT.