

Arclight Films

THE COURIER

By

Michael Brandt & Derek Haas

beverly hills

8447 Wilsire Blvd, Suite 101
Beverly Hills, CA 90211
USA
T +1 (310) 777 8855
F +1 (310) 777 8882

sydney

Suite 228 Building 61 (FSA#40)
Fox Studios Australia
Driver Avenue, Moore Park
NSW, 2021
AUSTRALIA
T +61 (2) 8353 2440
F +61 (2) 8353 2437

new york

380 Lexington Avenue, 17th Floor
New York, NY 10168
USA
T +1 (917) 338 6912

E info@arclightfilms.com
www.arclightfilms.com

THE COURIER

EXT. TENEMENT ROOF - DAY

A stunning morning with clear blue skies, trees and hills in the distance. A sunny gift from God. Sound of wood creaking - like a tree limb gently swaying in the breeze.

Camera reveals FEET ON A BOARD, seemingly floating in the air. Pull back further to reveal a mammoth BLACK MAN STANDING ON A PLANK - and not even a 2-by - a fucking 1-by! Don't see his face yet but he's clearly way too heavy to be standing on a plank that thin.

Further reveal that the plank is extended out from the roof 4 stories over concrete.

On the other side of the plank stand 4 SKINNY KIDS, just barely heavy enough to keep the plank and the black dude on the far side from falling.

Now reveal the black dude's face - TONY. He's fucking terrified - as he should be.

The skinny kids holding the plank in place stare at him without emotion. And they don't seem heavy enough to counterbalance his weight. But so far it's working.

EXT. RUGGED UNPAVED ROADS - DAY

An old high-mileage 4x4 bounces at high rate of speed down a steep mountain road. Whoever's driving is really in a hurry.

EXT. TENEMENT ROOF - DAY

Back with Tony, who is still staring at the skinny kids as sweat drips from his face. Then...

...a 14 YEAR-OLD KID dressed in an ill-fitting suit and carrying an AK appears from an entrance doorway.

Tony can see this kid is an authority figure of some sort.

TONY

I'm not the courier. I just flew the plane ok? I don't know what he was delivering or where he went. Said he'd be back in 45 minutes. He'll make the delivery. He always makes the delivery.

EXT. RUGGED UNPAVED ROADS - DAY

The old 4x4 is bouncing over a very rough section when a TIRE BLOWS. The truck nearly flips but the driver manages to keep it upright and stop it in a ditch.

Then from the driver's side jumps THE COURIER, strong, focused, dressed in black cargo pants with stuffed pockets - but no visible weapon.

He runs around to the back of the now-worthless vehicle, opens the door, grabs a BACKPACK and throws it over his shoulder. Then he grabs from his hip pocket a set of MINI-BINOCULARS. He raises them to his eyes and glances down into the valley village below to see...

POV THRU THE BINOCS: ...Tony standing on the plank, the 3 kids still standing on the other side.

Courier puts the binocs back into his pocket and starts running straight down the mountain as the crow flies - road be damned.

EXT. TENEMENT ROOF - DAY

Silence save the wind. Then...

...one of the 4 skinny kids opposite Tony says something in his language. The 14 year-old with the AK rolls his eyes and scolds him in return, which makes the skinny kid start arguing back.

On the fuck-you end of the plank, Tony's eyes fill with horror as they argue and gesture. Any slight movement could send him falling to his death.

Finally the 14 year-old yells something at the skinny kid which shuts him up unhappily. Then slowly the skinny kid UNZIPS HIS FLY. He has to piss.

Tony watches as the kid starts pissing while still standing on the safe side of the plank. But the kid makes the mistake of pissing into the wind and some of the urine blows back onto his 3 ballast comrades, who start yelling at him.

All this makes the plank sway even more. Tony freezes in horror as the pissing kid stops the flow (not easy for any male) and gingerly maneuvers so that he can pee off the other side of the plank. The movement makes the plank wobble but not fall. Finally the kid starts urinating off the other side. The wind is strong enough to propel the stream all the way off the roof. And as he pisses...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

...the lost weight of the pissed urine makes the plank seesaw even more - and not in Tony's favor.

Freaked out, Tony slowly starts unbuttoning his shirt and taking it off. Anything to make himself lighter.

EXT. VILLAGE STREETS - DAY

The Courier is now running through the streets, the heavy backpack not slowing him down a bit. Suddenly...

...a SHIRT FLUTTERS past him to the ground. Without stopping he looks up and sees...

...the now shirtless Tony on the plank atop a nearby building.

The Courier bolts into that building.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

The Courier dashes up a staircase but is suddenly confronted by a THUG WITH AN AK-47.

Courier speaks to him in his language.

COURIER
(subtitled)
I've got the delivery. It's right here.

The thug doesn't speak English and motions for him to drop to his knees.

COURIER (CONT'D)
No time for that. Where's Milos Barken? Your boss. This is for Milos Barken.

The thug doesn't like being defied and starts yelling at the Courier and pointing the gun in his face.

Fuck this... Suddenly the Courier pulls a move and disarms the thug easily. Then he slams the guy to the ground and sends him tumbling down the stairs behind him while he keeps climbing the stairs.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Courier enters the top floor hallway to see...

...10 more thugs staring at him, guns raised.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Courier stops cold and motions toward the backpack.

COURIER

For Milos Barken.

Slowly an older man with a very stern face - MILOS BARKEN - appears from behind the thugs. He is dressed in a pressed military type suit with no decorations. Hard to predict what he is: organized crime thug, rebel leader?

The Courier takes the backpack off and lowers it to the ground. Barken walks over and looks inside. We do not see what he sees but he seems satisfied and nods, motions for the Courier to follow him into...

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

...where Barken walks to an open window and looks up. Courier is right behind him and out the window he sees...

...Tony standing on the plank above him.

Barken yells something to the kids on the roof.

EXT. TENEMENT ROOF - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The kid with the AK motions for Tony to come in off the plank and slowly Tony starts walking. But just then...

...the PLANK SNAPS, sending Tony and the broken board plummeting. But as he falls past the open window...

...Courier reaches out and grabs Tony's flailing arm, catching him. But the momentum of the fall still sends Tony slamming into the outside wall as the Courier holds tight to his arm with one hand while holding the window frame with the other.

It's an amazing feat of hand-eye coordination and strength. Slowly Courier pulls Tony into...

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

...where a stunned Tony, his face now bloody from slamming into the outside wall, can only stand and thank his lucky stars he is still alive.

Milos Barken and his men are impressed with what they just saw and Milos slaps the Courier's shoulder and says something that probably translates into...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILOS BARKEN
(in his language -
untranslated)
Nice catch.

The rest of his thugs start applauding in admiration.

EXT. SMALL PRIVATE AIRPORT - NIGHT

A private jet lands.

MOMENTS LATER the jet taxis to a stop.

NIPPY TAYLOR - a Steve Buscemi type - approaches the jet as the door/steps open and lower to the ground. He is wearing wireless headphones and silly TEEN POP music can be heard from the little speakers as he pulls them off his ears to greet the arrival.

NIPPY
(happy, energetic)
Alright, Alright. Another
successful delivery.

He stops cold when he sees...

...Tony exit the plane. He is shirtless and his face now bruised from the wall slam. He looks pissed off.

NIPPY (CONT'D)
Holy shit. What happened to you?

TONY
Fuck this shit, man. Fuck it...
Fucking bullshit... Fuck him.

Tony pushes past Nippy as the Courier exits the plane behind him. Nippy sees him and shrugs a 'what the fuck?'

COURIER
Wrong address.

And with that he walks away, leaving Nippy still wondering *what the fuck?*

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A black SUV pulls into and parks in a downtown parking lot.

Courier, still dressed as he was in opening, gets out, beeps the car locked and starts walking.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREETS - NIGHT

Courier walks past downtown buildings and approaches a freeway tunnel.

Near the tunnel entrance is a maintenance door. Courier approaches it, quickly picks the lock and disappears behind it.

INT. MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Carrying a flashlight, Courier moves through the tunnel with confidence. He has obviously been here before.

(NOTE: Whatever New Orleans city services or drainage tunnels could be used. I also found an internet reference to a half-complete freeway tunnel that was abandoned for lack of funds.)

INT. LOFT BUILDING BASEMENT - NIGHT

Courier emerges into the basement through a small hatch that leads to the city services tunnels below the streets.

INT. LOFT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Courier walks down the hall and toward his apartment's front door. As he does he passes the elevator, which opens revealing...

...ANNA ARCENAU, 25-35, holding groceries. She's athletically hot like Marisa, Elle or Gabrielle. Seems surprised to see him.

ANNA

Hey, how are you?

Courier seems just a little awkward at seeing her.

COURIER

Hi. I'm ok.

She glances at his dirty clothes.

ANNA

Where are you coming from? I didn't see you downstairs.

A beat as he thinks about it.

COURIER

I was...doing laundry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She glances at his dirty clothes and he get what she's thinking.

COURIER (CONT'D)
Just seeing if the machines were open.

ANNA
Hadn't seen you in a few days?
Been traveling again?

COURIER
Yeah.

He's a man of few words. But they seem to have a pleasant rapport nonetheless.

ANNA
I was gonna make dinner but I hate to eat alone. You wanna join me?

Courier considers it a moment. But then with a smile...

COURIER
Little tired. Rain check?

He turns and enters his loft.

INT. COURIER'S LOFT - NIGHT

Camera moving through Courier's loft, which is spartan. The few pieces of furniture show very little personality and don't even match. Looks like he bought whatever he thought was comfortable or utilitarian without a care for aesthetics. There is nothing that betrays any emotional connection to the world - no photos, knick-knacks. A small TV sits to the side but there are not even any chairs facing it.

In the trash are old microwave dinner trays and junk mail addressed to "current resident".

Camera moves into...

...THE BATHROOM

...where Courier is taking a hot shower revealing lots of scars all over his body.

INT. COURIER'S LOFT - NIGHT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Still dripping from the shower, Courier is standing in front of the mirror staring at his scars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He focuses on each one and concentrates, seems to be trying to remember where they came from.

Ultra-fast, practically SUBLIMINAL IMAGES FLASH ONTO THE SCREEN. So fast cannot even see what they are. Seem to be related to the scars. But then...

...they are gone. Courier stands in front of the mirror, lost.

INT. CORNERMAN'S GYM - DAY

A first floor boxing gym with large windows that look out over the street. Inside there are several aspiring boxers working out at the various stations while...

...in the MAIN PRACTICE RING the Courier is sparring with a MEXICAN BOXER. The Mexican looks a little older in the face, 40s, but is still in top shape.

The two men are going at it pretty hard. The Mexican has a trainer and several other men in his corner. There is no one encouraging the Courier.

Nearby the 50 year-old owner of the gym watches closely. This is CORNERMAN.

In the ring Courier and the Mexican go after it harder and harder. It's transforming from a friendly sparring round to a serious competition with both fighter getting into it, wondering who's tougher. But they like the competition and smile in silent compliment when the other lands a blow.

In the Mexican's corner, his team clearly wants the sparring to end but the boxer overrules them, tells them to shut up in Spanish and turns back to the Courier with a smile. He wants to finish the round.

Around the gym the other boxers stop training to watch the spar as Courier and the Mexican keep slugging each other but no one falls.

Outside the gym's front window, ANNA JOGS past. She glances in and sees the Courier boxing. She slows down, jogs in place and starts watching him fight.

When the bell sounds round's end the Mexican stands straight, smiles and slaps the Courier's hands.

MEXICAN BOXER
You box well. Ever fight pro?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURIER
(shakes his head)
No... far as I know.

The Mexican boxer reacts to the weird response as the Courier steps out of the ring and toward Cornerman who starts taking off his gloves.

CORNERMAN
You don't even know who you were
sparring with do you?

Courier shakes his head.

CORNERMAN (CONT'D)
Guy made 30 million bucks when he
was welterweight champ 20 years
ago. Now he's got nothing. Trying
a comeback. You just held your own
with a bad son-of-a-bitch.

Courier looks surprised. Didn't seem so bad to him. He glances up to see...

...Anna sweaty in her jogging clothes jogging in place outside smiling at him.

He smiles back as she waves and then jogs on.

Cornerman sees the interaction and smiles to himself, glad to see the Courier interacting with a woman.

INT. ANNA'S LOFT - NIGHT

A knock on the front door. Anna, her hair and make-up done but just wearing a bath towel, answers the door to reveal...

...the Courier standing outside. He is now dressed in nicer clothes but even though he cleans up nicely, still seems a little awkward - especially seeing her in a towel.

ANNA
I'm sorry. I'm the worst at being
on time.

With a flirty smile she turns toward her bedroom.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Just need to throw on a dress.
Make a drink if you want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She lets the towel drop a moment before disappearing into her back room.

Courier smiles. Can see she's flirting with him hard. Can't tell if he likes it or not.

He glances around her apartment.

Contrasting to Courier's loft, Anna's is full of things. But it's not girly. Lots of nice furniture and electronic gadgets. It's the decor of someone who likes spending time at home - or maybe never does and wants to.

COURIER

You've done a lot of work in here for 3 months. Was it the standard floor plan when you moved in?

Anna pops her head around the corner as she adjusts her dress, which is red.

ANNA

(proudly)

Yeah. Did everything myself, the new layout, the walls, electrical. I haven't been working for a while so had lots of time. I hate a house with no personality.

Courier sighs. *You'd hate my place then.*

He steps to a WALL OF PHOTOS, all of which feature Anna and an OLDER MAN standing on and in front of different expensive sailboats, yachts and airplanes. In some of the photos she is driving the boats. And in a final picture she is smiling from the cockpit of a Gulfstream. Looks like this woman comes from a very wealthy family.

She enters looking stunning...the woman in red.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Cool boats, uh? Unfortunately we never actually owned them.

COURIER

Yeah, I figured.

She's a little taken aback. He realizes he inadvertently offended her. He's not the best in social situations.

COURIER (CONT'D)

Sorry. I didn't mean to offend you. I just...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURIER (CONT'D)

(shrugs)
...daughters of men who own
property like that, don't know how
to run electrical.

She is impressed with his observations.

ANNA

Pretty intuitive. So what do you
think it is?

COURIER

Different boats, planes. All
expensive. Repo?

Now she really is impressed.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Anna and Courier are walking along side-by-side.

COURIER

So did you really fly that
Gulfstream?

ANNA

Damn right. Been flying since I
was 17. My dad used to hire pilots
but it wasn't cheap. So I got a
license and we started working
together.

A slight longing appears in Courier's face.

COURIER

Must have been nice.

ANNA

It was. My father and I fought
like cats and dogs growing up. Too
much alike maybe. He was really
strict since my mom died when I
was young. But then he sprung 40K
for me to get a commercial. Now I
have 500 hours flying other
people's airplanes.

COURIER

So why aren't you working lately?

ANNA

(beat)
My father's been sick. In the
hospital.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURIER

I'm sorry.

Awkward beat. He realizes it's a touchy place for her.

ANNA

So tell me about your job.

COURIER

I deliver stuff.

She shrugs. *What?*

ANNA

So what makes you different than FedEx?

COURIER

Well... I don't really worry about what's in the box.

They approach a restaurant and he opens the door for her.

EXT. LOFT BUILDING - NIGHT - LATER

Courier and Anna approach their building. They stop at the entrance. He happens to be standing closer to the front door's security panel. He stares at the numeric pad for a moment. Doesn't know the code since he uses the tunnels.

COURIER

I always forget the code.

She looks at him like it's weird but keys in the numbers to buzz the door.

INT. LOFT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

They walk together toward their respective doors. When they get to hers, she stops.

ANNA

You want to come in for a drink?

He considers it a moment but then...

COURIER

Maybe another night.

She nods and then leans in, kisses him lightly on the cheek. He barely responds but smiles as she pulls away and then enters her apartment.

INT. MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - DAY

A flashlight beam cuts through the tunnel as Courier approaches the access door, which he opens. The daylight outside floods the tunnel revealing...

...LISPY, 50s, sitting near the access door inside the tunnel.

LISPY (O.S.)

(lisp)
Wouldn't the front door be little easier?

The Courier spins and attacks.

He throws Lispy to the ground and wraps his wrist around in a painful stress position.

LISPY (CONT'D)

Jesus! Ease up. It's me.

EXT. MAINTENANCE TUNNEL ENTRANCE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The access door slams open and a livid Courier exits the tunnels, followed by Lispy.

Now see that Lispy is dressed in a bland government suit but with a very loud tie - fluorescent teal and pink - the kind of tie that screams 'look at me'. Lispy is an anal retentive control freak. The kind of guy who puts the top back on the perfectly rolled-up empty toothpaste tube before he throws it away - and would yell if he saw you do otherwise.

He follows Courier as he walks away.

LISPY

The tunnels are certainly anonymous but don't they make getting the groceries in a little tough?

Courier spins and puts a finger in Lispy's chest. He's holding back some serious anger but prides himself on control so stays silent but menacing.

Lispy doesn't seem too scared.

LISPY (CONT'D)

Little more nervous than usual.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURIER

I get that way when I'm followed.

Courier turns and walks away. Lispy follows.

LISPY

Not following you. Just wants to discuss another job.

COURIER

And you need to follow me to do that?

LISPY

I did not follow you. Could never catch you coming home so I figured you had some secret way in. Read a few civil engineering plans. How did you find these old tunnels anyway? They're not even active anymore.

COURIER

Why didn't you just come to the gym as usual?

LISPY

Because this one's gonna be tough. And I don't want anyone outside you and me to know about it.

Courier stops walking and turns to him, studies him closely.

COURIER

What's the delivery?

LISPY

A briefcase. To a man named Evil Sivle.

Courier rolls his eyes and keeps walking.

COURIER

Sounds like you need a ghost hunter.

LISPY

Contrary to popular belief Evil Sivle is a real person.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURIER

Maybe so, but I'm not a cop or a bounty hunter.

LISPY

No but you're still a hell of a tracker. And we need this delivered immediately.

A beat. Courier suddenly gets the 'tracker' comment.

COURIER

But you don't know where?

LISPY

Nope.

Courier stops again and stares at him.

COURIER

This must be a good story.

I/E. RED CHARGER/MIDWEST FREEWAY - DAY

A RED CHARGER blasts past camera doing 100, suddenly followed by TWO IOWA STATE TROOPER PATROL CARS, lights flashing. It's a long straight piece of road with no exits upcoming. The sounds of the roaring engines are low, just barely audible.

LISPY (V.O.)

Interpol gave us a tip that a Russian courier was delivering English money made off Columbian drugs to Evil Sivle.

INSIDE THE CHARGER the RUSSIAN COURIER drives, although we do not see his face (*never will*). Beside him on the passenger's seat is a METAL HIGH SECURITY BRIEFCASE.

As they blast down the freeway, the state troopers OPEN FIRE on the Charger from behind.

LISPY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We couldn't find him at first but then TSA flagged a flyer who bought a round trip ticket from London to LA but didn't use the first leg.

The 3 CAR CHASE CONVOY speeds past an old WHITE FORD TRUCK barely doing the minimum down the freeway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISPY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We found him using the same passport to cross the border in upstate New York in a car he paid cash for in Ottawa. We tracked him all the way to Des Moines, where he had a little trouble with a couple state troopers.

The troopers finally SHOOT OUT THE TIRES of the Red Charger, causing it to crash into a LARGE CORN FIELD adjacent to the freeway.

The State Troopers skid their cars to a stop and get out, guns pulled. They run into the field toward the Charger but suddenly...

...BANG BANG BANG! They are shot dead by the Russian courier, who, having flanked the troopers, emerges from the corn behind them. *(Again do not see his face.)*

He passes the dead troopers without a second thought and PULLS THE BRIEFCASE from the wrecked vehicle. Suddenly...

...HIS HEAD EXPLODES from a gunshot (seen from behind). As he falls into the corn dead...

...reveal an OLD FARMER standing by the white Ford truck, which has stopped on the freeway. The farmer is holding a high-tech SNIPER/HUNTING RIFLE in his hands. He smiles a crooked satisfied grin and starts walking toward the crime scene. As he does...

...reveal an NRA BUMPER STICKER on the back of his truck.

BACK TO:

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Courier and Lispy have now stopped walking as Courier is listening to his story.

COURIER

So you were planning on following him to find Evil Sivle.

LISPY

Astute.

COURIER

And still not a cop. You can do your own job.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He starts walking again.

LISPY

How much?

Courier stops. Considers it a moment. He knows he can name his own price for this one. He turns back.

COURIER

Hundred?

LISPY

Twice your rate?

(beat, gives in)

Sure, it's a tough one.

COURIER

In that case make it two. You agreed way too quickly.

EXT. PARK - DAY

CU on TWO METAL HIGH-SECURITY BRIEFCASES being carried in each hand.

Reveal Lispy carrying them. He approaches a picnic table in an isolated area of a city park. Looks around. No one. He frowns in irritation as he puts the cases on the bench, pulls out his cell phone and starts to dial when.

COURIER (O.S.)

Impatient.

Lispy turns to see the Courier sitting at the table behind him. He wasn't there a split-second ago. Lispy's a little unnerved by it but simply opens one of the briefcases to reveal various FBI files inside.

LISPY

Wish I had more to give on this one. We have no confirmed photos of Evil Sivle. No unconfirmed either. Don't even know where he came from before he killed Boss Maxwell and took over his operation 4 years ago.

COURIER

Come on. No one takes over a huge organization that quickly without knowing the ropes. He was someone inside before he took his stage name - someone close to Maxwell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISPY

We figured the same thing. Just couldn't determine who. But we do know that immediately after he took over, some of Maxwell's most trusted capos split. Started a turf war.

Lispy opens one of the briefcases, pulls out several low-quality copied photos and hands them to the Courier.

COURIER

Nice printer.

LISPY

(shrugs)
Government doesn't upgrade that often.

Courier glances at the pictures. They are a series of photos of a very large strong woman and a very small devious-looking man, both in their 30s. These are THE CAPALLILOS.

Courier suddenly seems light-headed. Discreetly braces himself with his knee against the bench.

Lispy seems to be watching him closely. The Courier's EYES FLUTTER but he manages to stay calm and focus on the photos.

LISPY (CONT'D)

Mom and Dad Capallilo. Sided with Evil after the Boss went down. Nasty couple. Cruel, sadistic and just plain weird. Very bad combination. Under Maxwell, they were low-level enforcers who really enjoyed brutality. Now they're capos who really enjoy brutality.

Courier regains his bearings, glad to see Lispy didn't notice as he motions toward the second SECURITY BRIEFCASE.

LISPY (CONT'D)

And this is what you're delivering to him.

COURIER

When was the Russian due to fly out?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISPY

Sunday night.

COURIER

So Evil expects delivery before that.

LISPY

And we're afraid if he doesn't get it he might alert his partners overseas that they've been compromised. There's a worldwide surveillance mission at risk here. We need that case delivered by Sunday night.

He pulls a large stuffed envelope from the first briefcase.

LISPY (CONT'D)

As usual, twenty up front.

COURIER

'As usual' is half up front.

LISPY

I get stuck on numbers. Don't worry. I'm good for the rest.

Courier takes a deep breath - then pockets the money and picks up the case to be delivered.

COURIER

Did he cross the border at Wellesey or Sarnia?

Lispy hesitates. Courier knows his shit.

LISPY

Sarnia.

COURIER

What time?

LISPY

6AM.

COURIER

And what time was he killed in Des Moines?

LISPY

About 2.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURIER

(nods)
And of all the dead-ends in your
files, which one is the least
dead?

LISPY

Always start with the money. We're
pretty sure this guy's his
accountant.

He pulls another low-quality copied picture from his
briefcase and hands it to the Courier.

LISPY (CONT'D)

Works out of Miami. We've been
watching him for months but he
hasn't slipped up yet.

(smiles)
But a little thing like due
process won't stop you, will it?

Courier doesn't even acknowledge the comment, simply
turns and walks away with the briefcase.

Lispy watches him go, a faint trace of worry in his eyes.

INT. SMALL PRIVATE AIRPORT OFFICE - DAY

Tony and Nippy's little semi-legal smuggling airport.

The briefcase sits on a desk in front of Nippy. Courier
is standing opposite Nippy, who looks incredulous.

NIPPY

A motherfucking bomb?! Are you
crazy?

Tony walks by the door.

TONY

Motherfucker's crazy!

And then keeps walking. Courier watches him go then turns
back to Nippy.

COURIER

He's still pissed off?

NIPPY

Of course he is. And now I'm
getting pissed off. Get that thing
outa my airport!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURIER

(rolls his eyes)

When did you get all scaredy-cat?
We delivered live ordnance all
over the sandbox. Besides, if it
is a bomb it won't go off until
Sunday. So can you just x-ray it
for me?

NIPPY

I won't be able to read nothing.
Tony's the powder monkey.

Courier rolls his eyes.

COURIER

(yells out)

Tony!

TONY (O.S.)

Fuck off!

INT. SMALL PRIVATE AIRPORT - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Tony is staring at the monitor of a large airport baggage screening x-ray machine. Courier and Nippy are standing behind him.

The briefcase in question is moving on the conveyor belt into the x-ray mechanism.

A moment later the case's x-ray image appears on the monitor. Tony examines it closely then turns toward the Courier.

TONY

You're one lucky son-of-a-bitch.

Courier shrugs. *What?*

TONY (CONT'D)

'Cause if you had brought a bomb
in here, I'd have shoved it right
up your ass.

He takes a deep breath, still trying to calm down from the plank.

TONY (CONT'D)

But I don't think it is. Why did
you think so?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURIER

He said he scanned the case but who knows? Besides, The Russian tale didn't make sense. He said the guy crossed the border at 6AM and was shot outside Des Moines at 2. That means he averaged 80 miles an hour through both Detroit and Chicago. Doubt that. Plus I found no mention on the internet of dead state troopers.

(shrugs)

Obviously something they don't want me to know.

NIPPY

Always is.

COURIER

Yeah but usually I can figure it out. But this one doesn't add up.

NIPPY

(shakes his head)

In Nippy Taylor math it adds up to you taking a fall. Walk away, baby.

Courier smiles slightly, mischievously.

COURIER

When did a possible fall ever stop us?

That's too much teasing for Tony and he rises up and turns on the Courier, puts his finger in his chest.

TONY

Man, I oughta mess you up.

Courier's not too scared, keeps teasing his friend.

COURIER

Wow, how mad would you have been if I hadn't saved your life?

Tony just shakes his head and walks away mumbling.

TONY

I wouldn't even been on that fucking plank if it hadn't been for you. Help you out and all I get is shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURIER

I paid you.

TONY

(walking away)

Not enough motherfucker!

COURIER

Hey, Tony. C'mon. I gotta go to Miami. Can you fly me down?

TONY

Fuck you!

COURIER

Seriously, I don't have time to fly commercial.

Tony doesn't respond as he disappears into an office and slams the door.

A moment of silence as Courier looks at Nippy.

COURIER (CONT'D)

What if I double your rate?

Nippy shakes his head.

NIPPY

I think you two need some time apart.

INT. ANNA'S LOFT - DAY

Courier sits across from Anna, who looks incredulous.

ANNA

Steal it?

COURIER

(corrects her)

Rent it without prior approval.

ANNA

I'm not sure he'll see the difference.

COURIER

But you can do it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNA

ATC doesn't check who owns the plane if that's what you're asking. As long as you check in at the proper waypoints and the plane hasn't been reported... 'rented'.

COURIER

Good. So... how much?

ANNA

Excuse me?

COURIER

I'll pay you. It's what you do for a living right.

She considers it. Finally...

ANNA

If you can get us in the hangar, I can fly the plane.

EXT. SMALL PRIVATE AIRPORT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Courier is cutting the chain link fence around the tarmac. Anna is behind him. When he is done they waltz in through the newly cut opening.

ANNA

Nice security.

COURIER

Too cheap for an electric fence.

INT. SMALL PRIVATE AIRPORT HANGAR - NIGHT

Black, then a loud BUZZ as a door is opened through a security code and the door lock is electronically opened.

A shaft of ambient outside light cuts the hangar as Courier and Anna enter.

ANNA

They told you their password?

COURIER

No. They're just easy to figure out.

He reaches over and turns on a light switch, revealing...

...a CHALLENGER 601 private jet aircraft.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNA

Oh yeah. Challenger 601. 3A/ER I think. Lot of these hit the market when the 4 and 5's came out.

Suddenly an ANGRY SNARLING and the sound of dog paws clicking, running along the concrete floor.

COURIER

Stand behind me.

She gladly does as a massive ROTTWEILER runs toward them from across the hanger.

Courier stays cool, stands his ground and right when the dog gets close...

COURIER (CONT'D)

(loudly)

Slayer! No. Sit.

The dog instantly stops and stares at Courier, blood-thirsty drool dripping from his jowls. It seems surprised to hear his name.

COURIER (CONT'D)

(insistent)

Sit.

The dog instantly sits as his tail starts wagging, obviously recognizes both his name and Courier, who casually approaches the animal and starts petting him.

COURIER (CONT'D)

Good boy.

The dog loves Courier, who glances over at Anna.

COURIER (CONT'D)

'Slayer' was also the code.

INT. SMALL PRIVATE AIRPORT OFFICE - NIGHT

Courier lays 25,000 dollars cash on Nippy's desk. Before he leaves he glances down at...

...a CD of shitty music left laying on Nippy's desk.

Courier shakes his head in disgust and exits.

EXT. SMALL PRIVATE AIRPORT - NIGHT

The Challenger takes off into the night sky.

INT. CHALLENGER PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

As the jet climbs, Anna sits in the pilot's seat while Courier sits copilot.

COURIER

I never actually watched Tony start this. That was easier than I would have thought.

ANNA

Security on a plane is usually pretty loose. No one expects them to get 'rented' in the dead of night.

Courier nods. *Good to know.*

EXT. CHALLENGER PRIVATE JET FLYING - DAWN

Establishing as the plane is flying toward the rising sun.

ANNA (V.O.)

Seriously? Nothing? Not a single memory?

INT. CHALLENGER PRIVATE JET - DAWN

Anna and Courier are still sitting in the cockpit.

COURIER

I remember how to do things. But not how I learned them or... people.

ANNA

But those things you know, that's stuff a cop or maybe a soldier would do.

COURIER

Yeah but I could never find a record of my existence in any official government database.

ANNA

And you were in a coma how long?

COURIER

38 weeks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNA

Oh my God. Why would someone do
that to you?

He just shrugs.

ANNA (CONT'D)

How did they find you?

COURIER

This guy was looking at old
buildings to open up a gym.
Actually tripped over me in the
basement, laying there all bloody
and beat up.

(beat)

He did not buy that building. But
he did become my friend.

She laughs. He seems so cavalier about nearly getting
killed.

ANNA

And then you just wake up and
become deliveryman to the stars?

COURIER

Got a job driving a truck in Iraq.

ANNA

With a blank background?

COURIER

Pretty dangerous job at the time.
Guess they figured I'd be killed
soon so it wouldn't matter. You
meet a lot of 'interesting' people
doing contract work in a war zone.
Just grew from there.

An ALARM BEEPS on the control panel announcing a waypoint
and so she grabs the radio to check in.

EXT. MIAMI MANSION - MORNING

SAN FRAN TANNA, a lanky bookish-looking Asian man in an
expensive suit and coke bottle glasses, emerges from
inside the mansion and moves toward...

...a Maybach 62 waiting in his driveway. A BEEFY
CHAUFFEUR opens the vehicle's back door and lets Tanna
slide inside the car, then moves around to the driver's
seat.

I/E MAYBACH/DOWNTOWN MIAMI STREETS - DAY

A coffee is awaiting for Tanna in the cup holder. He takes a sip and turns on the seat-back TV to the morning financial reports as chauffeur navigates morning traffic.

The car comes to a **BUSY DOWNTOWN INTERSECTION** where it stops at a light, the 3rd car back and pinned in front and back. Suddenly...

...the Courier appears next to the driver's window with a slim jim, which he expertly slides down into the door by the window.

For a split-second the chauffeur is stunned but then, realizing that the car is pinned in, quickly pulls a handgun from his shoulder-holster.

He aims it at Courier's face only 2 inches away through the glass. Courier coolly keeps jimmying the lock as...

...BOOM! The Chauffeur fires what should be a kill-shot to the face. But the glass is bullet-proof and the slug lodges in the thick glass material.

The Courier flashes a quick shit-eating grin at the chauffeur. *Bullet-proof glass works both ways.*

Right then the Courier gets the door unlocked and with lightening speed reaches in, grabs the chauffeur's gun-side wrist and yanks it through the door just as the chauffeur fires again.

But the Courier has ducked down so the bullet goes over his shoulder as he slams the car door against the driver's forearm. He screams in pain and drops the gun as Courier opens the door and pounds the guy's face with a massive punch. Then he yanks him out and drops him in the middle of the street.

The Courier jumps in the Maybach and glances back at a terrified San Fran Tanna.

COURIER

Mind if I drive?

Tanna tries to leap out the back door but the Courier hits the gas, makes a dangerous U-turn into the opposite lanes and speeds away before Tanna can.

As he DRIVES THROUGH THE CITY and then up ONTO A FREEWAY, the Courier glances back at Tanna, who is staring at his kidnapper like he's seen a ghost.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAN FRAN TANNA

Jesus, what are you doing back here?

Courier suddenly realizes that Tanna recognizes him. For a split-second he is thrown off, flummoxed. But then he regains his bearings and gets back to business.

He even realizes he can use the remembrance.

COURIER

Don't seem too happy to see me?

SAN FRAN TANNA

What do you want? Heard you were gone.

COURIER

Yeah? And I heard you've been subtracting where you shoulda been adding.

Tanna's instant fearful reaction tells Courier all he needs to know. But Tanna tries to act indignant.

SAN FRAN TANNA

Who the hell are you to come accuse me? You don't lay down the law anymore.

Courier takes it all in but stays stoic. He can see he's getting to Tanna and so he keeps up the act.

COURIER

Really? Evil sent me.

Tanna is suddenly horrified.

SAN FRAN TANNA

What the fuck are you talking about? Listen, I do exactly what I'm told. I swear.

He's getting breathless and Courier lets him sweat. Tanna can't keep his mouth shut.

SAN FRAN TANNA (CONT'D)

Jesus, Frank, are you back in? Where the hell you been? And what about the Caps? You tell them I ain't done nothing wrong. Nothing. Check my books, whatever you want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURIER

Maybe we should go see the Caps.

That really scares Tanna.

SAN FRAN TANNA

Now wait right there.

Suddenly GUNSHOTS ping against the armored car. Courier looks over to see that...

...they are being chased by a RED SUV. In the car are TWO MEAN-LOOKING GUYS. The driver is dressed in faux cowboy clothes (TOM) while the passenger is in a black suit circa 1960 (SAM). Sam is shooting his 9mm toward the Maybach.

In the back seat, Tanna's fear grows even greater.

SAN FRAN TANNA (CONT'D)

Oh my god! They found me.

COURIER

Who?

SAN FRAN TANNA

Drive, please. Just drive!

Tanna is becoming a blithering idiot as he cowers down on the floor of the back seat.

Courier rolls his eyes as Sam keeps shooting at the Maybach, the bullets bouncing off the kevlar-lined doors and bullet-proof glass.

COURIER

It's bullet proof, you dumbass.

And with that he slams the Maybach into the SUV, causing it to swerve.

Courier then pulls his cell phone from a pocket, points it through the cracked window and takes a photo of Sam and Tom. Then he checks the pic.

CELL PHONE PHOTO: It's blurry and obscured by the cracked bullet proof glass.

COURIER (CONT'D)

(casual, like he's
inconvenienced)

Goddamn it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Courier rolls down the driver's side window.

In the back, Tanna can hardly believe what he's seeing.

SAN FRAN TANNA

What the fuck are you doing?

Courier ignores him and holds the phone out as the Red SUV pulls back along side the Maybach.

Instantly Courier starts taking photos with his cell phone while simultaneously slamming into the SUV just before Sam can start opening fire again.

The slams cause Sam to drop his gun out the SUV's window. In all the wind noise can barely hear him scream...

SAM

Fuck!

Sam pulls himself back into the SUV. Courier keeps taking photos until...

...Sam produces another handgun and aims it out the window.

But again Courier swerves into the SUV. The Mayback is so heavy it causes the red SUV to wobble hard and Sam loses his grip on the second pistol, dropping it this time inside the SUV.

In the driver's seat Tom is apoplectic.

TOM

Shoot him, goddamn it!

SAM

Shut up.

He takes aim again but this time Courier's had enough and swerves hard into the SUV, riding it into the guard rail.

He keeps holding left, causing the cars to stay together. This puts Courier's open window right next to the SUV's open passenger window. They are so close together that...

...Courier can SLAM HIS FIST INTO SAM'S FACE THROUGH THE TWO OPEN WINDOWS as the two cars race along, sending Sam falling back into Tom's lap, causing him to lose control of the SUV.

Courier veers away and takes an exit ramp as the red SUV CRASHES BEHIND HIM.

I/E MAYBACH/QUIET ALLEY - DAY

Moments later Courier pulls the smashed-up Maybach to a stop in an alley.

He looks back to Tanna.

COURIER

Who the hell was that?

But he sees that Tanna has been shot dead, blood all over his face and shirt.

COURIER (CONT'D)

Not so bullet-proof after all.

He pops the trunk and gets out. Checks it. Empty.

He opens the back door and starts searching the dead Tanna. Looks through his wallet - nothing but a few Bens and a license. He drops it, leaving everything inside.

But then in Tanna's inside jacket pocket he finds a SMARTPHONE and STICK DRIVE. He slides them both into his own pocket and walks away.

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

The plane is parked as Courier comes up the steps and then turns to close the door.

Anna appears from inside the plane and moves toward the cockpit.

ANNA

Nola?

COURIER

(beat)

Do we have enough fuel for Dallas?

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

Anna is flying while Courier sits in a cabin seat. On a table in front of him is a laptop which is now hooked into Tanna's smartphone.

CU of the smartphone's screen reveals that it is locked with a password.

Courier taps the laptop's keyboard a moment then smiles when...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

...the smartphone beeps. He has hacked into it. He picks up the phone and starts running his fingers across the touch screen, examining its secrets.

CU - TANNA'S SMARTPHONE: Courier scrolls down the LIST OF PHONE NUMBERS hoping to find something he can use.

EXT. DALLAS STREETS/HIGHLAND PARK VILLAGE - DAY

Big money Texas: luxury shops, trophy wives in sundresses, rich kids in flip flops, men in suits and boots.

Standing outside a Jimmy Choo boutique is a 40-something man in rumpled suit. RICHTER. He clearly doesn't belong in this bastion of the rich and beautiful. He is looking through the glass at the array of Choo shoes.

COURIER (O.S.)

The blue booties match your eyes.

Richter turns to see Courier standing behind him. Doesn't seem too happy to see him.

RICHTER

Get lost. I'm on debutante detail
because of you.

He gestures into the store where Courier sees...

...an overbearing 19 YEAR-OLD LATINA WOMAN trying on shoes and snapping at the employees. There are 3 other men in rumpled suits around her.

COURIER

(knowingly)
Daughter of the Mexican
ambassador.

RICHTER

You're so smart maybe I should
arrest you. She had death threats.

COURIER

So they transferred you to the
OFM.

RICHTER

It was my 'reward' after you
delivered that package to
Zimmerman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURIER

Maybe I can make it up to you.

RICHTER

Out of the goodness of your heart?
Doubt that. What do you want?

COURIER

Information.

RICHTER

Then you better put something
pretty good on the table.

COURIER

How 'bout Evil Sivle's accounting
records?

He holds out the stick drive he took from Tanna.

COURIER (CONT'D)

Straight from his dead bean
counter. Thousands of numbers and
files I don't feel like looking
through. But I'm sure you would.

Richter stares at it. Sounds too good to be true.

RICHTER

If that really is what you say,
why not use it yourself?

COURIER

Hidden money's not hidden from
everyone. Too much heat.

Richter considers it. Finally...

RICHTER

Well as far as I know there is no
file on Evil Sivle. At least not
one that my pay grade can access.
If there is it's DC only.

COURIER

Not Evil.
(beat)
Lispy.

RICHTER

(surprised)
What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURIER

He hired me for a job. Turns out there's a little more to it than he told me.

RICHTER

Not surprising. Guy will step over anyone to kiss the right ass. That's how he made DC.

That's news to the Courier and he hates being surprised.

COURIER

DC?

RICHTER

Just redecorated a nose bleed office up in Hoover.

Courier considers it a moment then pulls out his cell phone and shows Richter the photos of Sam and Tom.

COURIER

Know these guys?

Richter refuses to respond. Courier gets it and hands him the stick drive.

RICHTER

(re: the drive)

This better be straight.

Courier just nods reassuringly and so Richter looks at the Courier's cell phone.

RICHTER (CONT'D)

Jesus, that's Tom Parker and Sam Phillips. They refused to work for Evil. Went solo when the Boss died.

He shakes his head at the crazy pictures of the two men wielding handguns and firing toward the camera.

RICHTER (CONT'D)

Looks like they were shooting at you.

COURIER

Guy behind me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHTER
(rolls his eyes)
You're an idiot.

COURIER
Did I survive?

RICHTER
Did the guy behind you?

Courier just shrugs and walks away.

INT. PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

Anna is flying as Courier again sits co-pilot. They are approaching New Orleans.

ANNA
Isn't your friend gonna be pretty
pissed-off we took his plane?

COURIER
Extremely. Which is why we're
landing somewhere else. Use St.
Tammany. I'll tell him where it is
tomorrow.

She just shakes her head at the Courier's crazy world.

EXT. ST. TAMMANY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Anna and the Courier emerge from the small terminal building to see a cab waiting. He hands her some cash to get home.

COURIER
I need to run an errand.

ANNA
You want me to come? Save calling
another cab.

He smiles at her. Can see that she wants to be part of his world. But...

COURIER
I appreciate your help. But you
don't want to be involved in all
this.

She realizes that he means *I don't want you involved*. And so she just nods and gets in the cab, which drives away.

INT. LISPY'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Lispy, in pajamas and robe, enters his home office and turns on a light to see...

...the Courier sitting at his desk.

Lispy is stunned.

(NOTE: The office walls are decorated with photos of Lispy with many different celebrities and politicians. The guy is really impressed with himself.)

LISPY

Jesus. How the hell did you find me?

Courier seems a little more intense than usual, like he's holding something back. Finally...

COURIER

Why Tanna?

LISPY

What do you mean?

COURIER

He knew me from before.

Lispy stares at him a moment, taken aback.

LISPY

Are you serious? Holy shit. Well what did he say?

Courier just stares at him. Won't let him get away with not answering.

COURIER

Why Tanna? Why send me to him?

LISPY

Because we think he's Evil's accountant. What are you suggesting? That I sent you there because I knew he knew you?

Courier rises and walks toward Lispy.

COURIER

Of all the people in those fucked up files... Tanna.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISPY

Now calm down. Take a breath.

The Courier stops right in front of him. Stares at him.

LISPY (CONT'D)

I have no idea, no fucking clue
how that's possible.

(beat)

Believe me: the day you remember
meeting me, is the day I met you.

Courier stares at him another moment. Looks like he might
try to muscle Lispy.

COURIER

You swear the Bureau's file on me
only goes back 3 years?

LISPY

I swear on my mother's grave. Your
fingerprints, DNA, bio-mets - none
of it is in the database.

Courier stares at him another moment. Finally...

COURIER

Your mother better be dead.

Courier steps away from Lispy.

COURIER (CONT'D)

He called me Frank. You know
anyone who worked for the boss
named Frank?

LISPY

Common name but I'll check.

(beat)

But the delivery is priority one.
Anything off Tanna?

Courier hesitates a moment then shakes his head.

COURIER

Nothing.

LISPY

Fuck.

(beat)

I need to know now: are you gonna
make this delivery?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISPY (CONT'D)
Because if not I got a lot of
explaining to do in DC and I'd
just assume get started.

Courier turns to him offended.

COURIER
I always make the delivery.

And with that he walks out the front door.

INT. LOFT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Courier walks down the hallway toward his apartment door.
From Anna's unit he can hear music playing.

He stops outside her door and for a moment listens. He
raises his knuckles to knock.

But at the last moment stops, drops his hand and walks on
past.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

A very stylized fast-cut sequence. CU images of people's
faces, including Tanna's face laughing, singing.

SAN FRAN TANNA
Happy birthday to you.

The images are absurdist, hard to interpret. Courier's
face flashes on the screen. He's smiling, looks happy.
Then something red.

Then a 50-SOMETHING SINGING MAN with a big smile and
receding hairline loudly crooning happy birthday out of
tune.

INT. COURIER'S LOFT - NIGHT

Courier wakes up from a dream. He's sweating. Doesn't
like or know what he dreamed. Takes a deep breath and
gets up. Not going back to sleep now.

EXT. PARK - MORNING

Courier is sitting at the same bench where he met Lispy
last time. He is sipping a Starbucks.

Lispy approaches carrying a shoulder bag.

LISPY
Not like you to be early. Trouble
sleeping?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fuck small talk. Today Courier's A to B.

COURIER

What have you got?

Lispy pulls from his bag several crumpled print-outs of old mug shots, hands them to Courier.

LISPY

These are all the 'Franks' on record from Maxwell's reign.

Courier looks over the photos. Clearly none are him so he drops them dismissively.

COURIER

What about Franks with no record?

LISPY

I ran a search on all the tap transcripts and found 2 references to unknown 'Franks'. But no last names or other identifiers. And not a single mention since the Boss was killed.

Courier considers it.

COURIER

Maybe they were close to him. Eliminated same time he was. Maybe I was one of them.

LISPY

They're mentioned twice. A big guy would get more love.

COURIER

Not if he was too big to mention by name. What did they say?

LISPY

Well, apparently Frank likes thin crust pepperoni.

COURIER

And the other one?

Lispy hesitates a moment. Courier catches it.

COURIER (CONT'D)

C'mon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lispy pulls out a print-out of the transcript he's referring to.

LISPY

The quote is...

(reading)

"I'm gonna send him to the same school as Frank's boy."

He lets the quote sink in and hands the print-out to Courier, who reads over the transcript.

COURIER

Frank had a son?

LISPY

Don't read too much into it. Who knows what all that means?

COURIER

It means there was a Frank you don't know about who worked for the Boss and had a son.

LISPY

Chatter's hard to interpret. Maybe 'Frank' was a code word. Maybe they said 'Hank' instead of 'Frank'.

COURIER

Or maybe I had a family.

Lispy stares at him.

LISPY

Maybe. Either way it's becoming increasingly clear when you find Evil, you'll find yourself.

INT. CORNERMAN'S GYM - DAY

Cornerman is working out a young boxer on a bag when Courier grabs his arm.

COURIER

Need a word.

INT. CORNERMAN'S GYM OFFICE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Cornerman and Courier enter and Cornerman closes the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORNERMAN

What's wrong?

COURIER

Who would know Maxwell's inner circle?

CORNERMAN

What?

COURIER

Old Boss Maxwell. Who would know his confidants before he died?

CORNERMAN

I have no idea. Why?

Courier thinks about it a moment and comes up with a different angle.

COURIER

Who's the sleaziest, best-connected street hustler you know?

Cornerman has never seen Courier like this.

CORNERMAN

This about you?

COURIER

(beat)

I met someone who remembered me.

But Cornerman can see that it's not all good.

CORNERMAN

But...

COURIER

Now he's dead.

CORNERMAN

That says enough. Do you really want to know?

COURIER

Yes. Now who knows the angles better than anyone else?

Cornerman thinks about it a moment.

CORNERMAN

Jack Straw.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Courier nods a thanks and turns to leave but just as he does...

CORNERMAN (CONT'D)
Sometimes the past is better left
alone.

Courier doesn't turn around, slows down just a touch as he considers it but then exits with determination.

INT. JACK STRAW'S VODOO AND HEAD SHOP - DAY

The kind of store wannabe-hippie kids hang out in. Fake voodoo novelties, real water pipes, rock-n-roll t-shirts. Instantly clear that this is the type store that fronts for something else.

Behind the counter sits JACK STRAW, 40-50, old-school hustler in a porkpie hat and rat pack clothes. He is watching the TVG horse racing channel.

He hears the door bell ring as someone enters the store. He glances up but only sees...

...a MAN STANDING IN SILHOUETTE in the doorway, the afternoon sun in the storefront windows behind him.

JACK STRAW
Come on in friend. What you
looking for?

The man steps a little further in, revealing that it is the Courier.

COURIER
Jack Straw?

Straw instantly tenses when he sees the Courier. Then suddenly turns and runs into the back of the store.

Courier immediately gives chase, jumping over the counter and bolting into...

...THE SHOP'S BACK STORAGE ROOM

...which is filled with boxes of stolen and counterfeit goods. Courier catches a glimpse of Straw running out the back door.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREETS/ALLEYS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

...Courier bolts out into a back alley to see...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

...Straw hitting the gas in a vintage '66 tail fin Cadillac Eldorado top down convertible and disappearing around a corner.

Instantly Courier starts chasing after it on foot.

But he doesn't follow it directly, cuts through **AN ALLEY** and then a **BACKYARD**, jumping over a couple fences and climbing walls in order to cut off the fleeing car. He's really athletic. Finally...

...he runs onto a RESTAURANT DECK OVERLOOKING A STREET BELOW.

He dashes through the patrons sitting with lunch just as...

...the Eldorado is speeding down the street below.

With perfect timing, Courier leaps onto a table, knocking a pompous businessman's martini all over him, and JUMPS OFF THE DECK and down into...

...THE SPEEDING ELDORADO, right beside Straw, who is stunned to look over and see the Courier sitting beside him.

Courier instantly grabs the wheel, yanks it out of Straw's control and, using the center hand break, sends the Caddie into a doughnut spin.

Straw is tossed around the car, which comes to a stop. He tries to jump out but Courier is too fast for him and tackles him to the ground prone while holding his arm behind his back in a painful stress position.

JACK STRAW

(pleading,
breathless)

Don't kill me. I ain't done
nothing. I don't claim a side.

COURIER

Then why you running?

JACK STRAW

Because you scare the hell outa
me, man. Always did.

Courier glares while Straw finally blinks away the gritty dirt and looks over his shoulder through bloodshot eyes. His look betrays a mix of surprise, awe and fear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK STRAW (CONT'D)
 Jesus, Frank. That you? Thought
 you were dead.

COURIER
 Common assumption.

JACK STRAW
 Well not many people survive the
 Caps. Scared the hell out me you
 walking in like that.
 (still catching his
 breath)
 You working the other side now?

COURIER
 What makes you think that?

JACK STRAW
 No way you work for Evil after
 what the Caps did to you and your
 family.

Courier is momentarily speechless.

JACK STRAW (CONT'D)
 I mean, Jesus Christ! They burned
 up your wife and little boy.

Courier's grip tightens as...

SMASH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK IMAGES:

Split-second images of a LITTLE BOY laughing, running in
 a park. A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MOTHER IN RED holding the
 child.

BACK TO:

THE SIDE STREET

STRAW and COURIER on the ground.

Courier's hands inadvertently grip harder on Straw's arm.
 He screams in pain, bringing Courier back to the moment.

JACK STRAW
 Man, don't break my arm, please.
 Please Frank.

Courier loosens up but keeps Shaw face down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURIER

Where are they? The Caps. Where
can I find them?

JACK STRAW

No one knows where they are. Or
where they come from. They just
show up and do what they do.

COURIER

And what's that?

JACK STRAW

Hurt people. Make sure everyone
knows who's the boss. Same as
you... before you disappeared.

Courier hates hearing this about himself. But knows he
must learn even more.

COURIER

What's my last name?

JACK STRAW

(weird question)
What?

Courier retightens his grip on Straw's arm.

COURIER

My last name.

JACK STRAW

(in terrible pain)
No one knew it. You were just
Frankie Favorite.

COURIER

Favorite?

JACK STRAW

Yeah, Maxwell's favorite. I swear
that's all I know.

Courier loosens up again but keeps hold of the arm just
in case he needs a little more persuasion.

COURIER

I hope for your sake you actually
know a little more.

JACK STRAW

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURIER

Where did I live? Who were my
associates? Where did I hang out?
I want to know everything you know
about Frankie Favorite.

Straw looks at him like he's crazy.

JACK STRAW

What are you talking about? You
were the Boss's muscle. That's it.
If you were happy that meant he
was happy. You didn't invite us
for dinner.

Courier stares down at him. Decides Straw's telling the
truth and lets his arm go.

CU on Straw for a moment as he catches his breath.

JACK STRAW (CONT'D)

Can I get up?

No response.

JACK STRAW (CONT'D)

Frank?

Slowly Straw looks around but the Courier is gone.

INT. CORNERMAN'S GYM - AFTERNOON

It's a slow day at the gym and Cornerman is working on
equipment maintenance when he looks up to see...

...Anna standing in the gym's front doorway.

INT. CORNERMAN'S GYM OFFICE - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

Cornerman sits on his desk, Anna in a side chair.

CORNERMAN

I'm just happy he has a lady
friend. Needs one. Something to
break his shell. Course I can
imagine why he built one.

ANNA

I just want to know more about
him.

CORNERMAN

We all do, including him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNA

And the cops never learned anything?

CORNERMAN

Nothing. Like he was born that day.

(sighs)

Re-born anyway. You can't imagine what he looked like.

He pauses, collects himself, clearly haunted by the memories.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Split-second images of a BLOODY COURIER lying twisted on the ground.

CORNERMAN (V.O.)

His fingertips were burned off and all his fingers snapped. Three limbs and eight ribs were broken, one of which punctured a lung. And Jesus, his legs...

Jump cuts of legs twisted at unnatural angles.

CORNERMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

His face was beaten in so bad he needed reconstructive surgery.

Courier's face smashed in - looks like a deflated Two-Face. Horrible.

Cornerman kneels over the broken Courier, not sure what to do to help. In slo-mo he turns to a horrified REAL ESTATE AGENT and says...

CORNERMAN (CONT'D)

(silent - just his mouth moving)

Call 911.

BACK TO:

INT. CORNERMAN'S GYM OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Cornerman explaining it to a horrified Anna.

He pauses, the memory almost too much for him to take.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORNERMAN

(hard to say)

And his...head was broke open. I
didn't even know what it was at
first but I could see his...

SMASH CUT TO:

THE BASEMENT

Cornerman reaches down to check Bloody Courier's pulse
and sees...

...(split-second) the back of his SKULL CRACKED OPEN,
dried blood and dura mater visible through a 6 inch
fissure in the skull.

BACK TO:

CORNERMAN'S GYM OFFICE

He can't finish the image out loud but Anna shudders at
the thought anyway.

CORNERMAN

No way he shoulda survived all
that.

(beat)

And then when I found out he had
no one, just a lost soul...

He looks at Anna and smiles.

CORNERMAN (CONT'D)

He acts tough - hell he is tough -
but he needs someone who cares
about him more than anyone I ever
met.

She nods, rises to leave, then turns back and takes
Cornerman's hand.

ANNA

Can you do me a favor? Don't tell
him I came. I don't want him to
think I'm checking up on him.

Cornerman smiles, smitten by her sweetness.

CORNERMAN

Hell, no. He's paranoid anyway.
I'll let him introduce you in his
own sweet time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Slowly the slightest trace of a bittersweet smile spreads across her lips.

INT. COURIER'S LOFT - NIGHT

Courier sits alone in his sterile loft staring at the briefcase still sitting on his table.

This delivery has gotten way too close. *Beware what you wish for.*

Suddenly he gets angry. Pissed off at the world for affording him a fucked-up life.

He grabs the briefcase and THROWS IT ACROSS THE ROOM. It smashes into the wall.

Then he GRABS A CHAIR and throws it across the room. Suddenly he is on a rampage, throwing and smashing whatever he can, releasing the anger he's kept inside for so long.

Finally he stops, breathless. Then...

...a knock on his door.

He tenses and grabs a gun.

Slowly he steps to the door and looks through the peephole. Seeing who it is he lowers the weapon and opens the door, revealing...

...Anna. She sees the gun still in his hand.

ANNA

Sounded like a fight. Are you alright?

He doesn't respond and she can see that he is deeply upset about something.

ANNA (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

They stare at each other for a moment.

CUT TO:

COURIER'S LOFT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Anna and the Courier make love on his couch amidst the wreckage of his apartment. She straddles him, looking down and kissing him as they enjoy each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her eyes are open, accepting her partner visually as well as physically.

But his are closed. He's experiencing something else. Maybe it's just a simple release. Or maybe...

SMASH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK/MEMORY CROSS-CUT MONTAGE:

Split-second images of Courier and the Beautiful Young Mother making love passionately in the same position on a bed. But in this scenario his eyes are open, his heart full of love for his sexual partner.

CUT BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THE TWO LOVE MAKING SCENARIOS. Focusing primarily on the Courier even as all three "partners" get closer to ecstasy.

Finally the 'flashback Courier' climaxes, squeezing the young mother close, face-to-face as he does. She smiles, enjoys his ecstasy as much as her own. This man she loves will make her the mother she wants to be.

All this cross-cuts with present-day Courier and Anna. He also climaxes but it is a more private, selfish orgasm. Finally stay with...

...THE COURIER AND ANNA IN **COURIER'S LOFT.**

They have just finished. Her head is on his shoulder as they both catch their breath.

But he is still reliving the memories that have flooded back to him.

She pulls back and can see that he is dealing with difficult emotions. With a smile she puts her hand on his cheek.

ANNA

What's going on?

COURIER

I, uh...

He doesn't even know what to say.

ANNA

It's ok. You can tell me.

He considers letting her in. But then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURIER

I'm sorry. Just... things I have
to do alone.

She wants to be there for him but can see that he's not ready to let anyone in again. And so with a sad smile she kisses him lightly and climbs off.

INT. COURIER'S LOFT - NIGHT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Courier is now dressed and sitting alone in his loft. He is doodling on a sheet of paper.

Reveal his doodles are on the photos of the Caps that Lispy gave him.

He stares at the faces of the people who might have killed his family.

SMASH CUTS TO:

FLASHBACK

..images of Courier's bloody face in terrible pain. Barely enough time on the screen to see that he is being tortured.

BACK TO:

COURIER'S LOFT

...Courier staring at the photo of the Caps.

Then suddenly something hits him.

EXT. CORNERMAN'S GYM - NIGHT

Courier stands banging on the gym's locked front door.

He is also holding his cell phone to his face as if he's waiting for someone to answer a call.

COURIER

C'mon. C'mon.

He bangs again and finally the door opens revealing...

...Cornerman in his underwear. He lives in the upstairs of his gym. His eyes are puffy and his hair messed up. He has obviously been sleeping.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORNERMAN

What the hell's going on? You alright?

COURIER

Who was the real estate agent who showed you the building where you found me?

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

The Courier sits across from a toothy REAL ESTATE AGENT with a smile too big for his face. Now recognize him from the flashback when Cornerman found Courier in the basement.

COURIER

You listed the 2-story building at the corner of 4th and Grand, is that right?

REAL ESTATE AGENT

I did but it is no longer on the market. Are you looking for something in that price range or similar size?

COURIER

I just want to know the name of that property's previous owner, the client who retained you.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Oh, I'm not at liberty to discuss my clients' business matters.

Courier smiles slightly

COURIER

Do you remember the man you saw lying in that basement?

Suddenly the real estate agent realizes who is sitting in front of him. He is stunned.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Oh my god. You were...

The agent is also haunted by what he saw.

COURIER

That's right I was. And so I want to know who owned that building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now the agent is scared.

REAL ESTATE AGENT
(stammering)
I'm still not at liberty to
discuss it.

Slowly Courier opens his jacket to reveal a gun in a
shoulder-holster.

COURIER
Give you liberty or give you
death.

INT. CORNERMAN'S GYM OFFICE - DAY

Courier and Cornerman.

COURIER
That building's been foreclosed
but the day you found me it was
owned by a now defunct Bahamian
company run out of a one-room
office by a Nassau lawyer who
hasn't been seen in 4 years. That
sound familiar? People
disappearing 4 years ago?

Cornerman's not yet convinced.

CORNERMAN
I think you're seeing what you
wanna see.

COURIER
The company was called Fave
International. Frankie Favorite.
Fave also owned 3 residential
addresses in Las Vegas. One of
those properties burned to the
ground the week you found me. That
same property defaulted 3 months
later and was bought by another
offshore called Capstone
Financial. Cap. That's what they
call the Capallilos. They took
over my business, killed my family
and tried to kill me in my own
building.

CORNERMAN
But even if all this is connected
to you, what good will it do you?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORNERMAN (CONT'D)

Plus you got no proof you were this Frankie Favorite, anyway. Or that what you've been 'remembering' really happened. Maybe you're just wishing for a connection so much you're making it all up. Hell, Jack Straw's a natural-born liar.

COURIER

And Tanna?

That one's harder to blow off and Cornerman can only shrug it off.

COURIER (CONT'D)

No. It's true. I found 3 Vegas numbers on Tanna's phone. No names, no listing. Just the numbers. It all adds up.

CORNERMAN

What doesn't add up is why Lispy sent you on this delivery.

COURIER

And the only way to find out is to make it by tomorrow night.

He smiles and rises to leave on the bloody road to self-discovery.

CORNERMAN

Hey...

(Courier turns back)

Be careful.

Courier nods and walks away.

INT. COURIER'S CAR - DAY

Courier is driving back to his apt, cell phone at his ear.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - SIMULTANEOUS

CU Anna - so tight can't yet see where she is - as she raises her cell phone toward her mouth and takes the Courier's call on speaker phone so it can be heard in the room.

ANNA

Hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(NOTE: Intercut between Courier in car and Anna in the hospital room.)

COURIER

Gotta fly to Vegas. Where are you?

Reveal that Anna is sitting beside a hospital bed in which lies an UNCONSCIOUS OLD MAN hooked up to medical equipment. She looks upset and hesitates to answer honestly.

ANNA

(unconvincingly)

I'm walking home.

Courier's too preoccupied to catch her insincerity.

COURIER

Good. I'll pick you up in 30.

He disconnects.

Stay with Anna in the hospital. Slowly she lowers her phone. Then...

...reveal that Lispy is in the hospital room with her, sitting in a chair against the far wall. He has heard the call.

LISPY

You stay with him every minute.

ANNA

(shakes her head)

I can't do it anymore. I just can't. Please. You know where he's going. You can watch him, tail him.

Lispy shakes his head slightly.

LISPY

No, not him. Not close enough.

ANNA

Please. I've done what you ask.

Lispy smiles as a realization comes over him.

LISPY

You like him, don't you?

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISPY (CONT'D)

Well you want to be very careful with that. You have no idea the kind of things he's done to people.

Lispy rises and pats her on the shoulder as he walks toward the door.

She stays silent. Doesn't want to hear who the Courier was before.

LISPY (CONT'D)

When he finds Evil Siple you let me know immediately. Even if he's standing right next to you, you call, text, whatever it takes.

ANNA

I don't know where he goes or what he does. I just flew the plane. I'm not his partner.

LISPY

Make yourself useful.
(slight devil grin)
You've done that pretty well so far.

That comment stung. She's always been her own person and detests the implication of what he just said - but cannot deny it either.

Then he nods toward the sick old man in the hospital bed.

LISPY (CONT'D)

And just remember that your father is getting the best possible treatment here.

He knocks on the room's door and a PRISON GUARD standing outside the door unlocks it and opens it for him.

LISPY (CONT'D)

But he could always be transferred to a state prison.
(shakes his head)
And most of those are dangerously short on funds. All sorts of benefits cut.

The implication is clear to Anna as Lispy smiles and exits, leaving Anna staring at her bed-ridden father.

INT. LOFT BUILDING BASEMENT - DAY

Courier enters the building through the secret basement tunnel door.

INT. LOFT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Courier moves down the hallway and stops at Anna's door. He bangs on it.

COURIER

Are you ready?

No response. He bangs again.

COURIER (CONT'D)

Anna?

Nothing. She shakes his head and pulls out his cell phone as he walks toward his door.

INT. COURIER'S LOFT - DAY

Courier opens the front door to his loft and enters to see...

...Anna sitting on his couch, the only piece of furniture he didn't break before.

He stops cold. *What's she doing here?*

Suddenly a gun is placed to his head by...

...Sam, who steps out from a corner and smiles.

SAM

You owe me a new car.

TOM (O.S.)

No...

Tom steps out from the bedroom.

TOM (CONT'D)

(to Courier)

You owe me a new car.

(to Sam)

It's my car, you idiot.

Sam just rolls his eyes and glances back at the Courier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

But I'm sure what's in that
briefcase will more than buy a new
one.

Suddenly with lightning speed Courier spins, knocks the
gun from Sam's hand and sends Sam flying across the floor
with an elbow to the jaw.

Tom raises a gun to fire but Courier is so fast that he
tackles Tom before he can shoot.

A huge fight ensues as Sam and Tom try to regain control
of the Courier. All 3 men are experienced fighters but
Courier manages to get the best of them for a few
moments. After slamming Sam painfully to the floor,
Courier turns toward the bigger Tom.

But he is able to twist Tom's neck in the wrong way, thus
breaking it. He falls to the ground lifelessly as Courier
turns back toward Sam only to see...

...Sam PULL A KNIFE from his boot and throw it at the
Courier. But the Courier is so fast he KNOCKS THE KNIFE
AWAY right in mid-air just before it lands in his face.

For a split-second Sam is stunned at the Courier's
athleticism, which does not bode well for him and so he
picks up the weapon he dropped earlier and spins to fire
it. But just then...

BANG! Sam goes down with a bullet to the neck, blood
spurting out.

Courier looks over to see...

...Anna holding the smoking gun Tom dropped at battle's
beginning. She looks totally comfortable with the weapon.

A moment as Courier catches his breath. Then...

COURIER

Are you alright?

She lowers the gun and nods.

COURIER (CONT'D)

What's happened?

ANNA

They banged on my door. I thought
it was you and opened it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNA (CONT'D)

They barged in and then cut a hole in the bedroom wall to get in here. Guess they couldn't get your front door open.

COURIER

These guys work for a rival boss. But why come after me? And how did they know about the case?

Courier nods but decides to piece it all together later. No time to waste.

He moves into...

...HIS BEDROOM

...which sports a LARGE HOLE IN THE WALL connecting his bedroom to Anna's apartment.

He doesn't even acknowledge it as, in JUMP CUTS, he spins the combination dial of a WALL SAFE and then pulls out the delivery briefcase.

Next he pulls a large PRE-PACKED DUFFLE BAG from a closet.

Without changing his torn dirty clothes, he walks back out into

...THE LOFT'S MAIN LIVING ROOM

...and looks at Anna sternly.

COURIER (CONT'D)

Ready?

INT. SMALL PRIVATE AIRPORT - DAY

Inside the hangar Tony is LOADING BOXES into the Challenger. He takes one from a pallet up into the jet.

A moment later he appears on the top step coming back out where he sees...

...Courier standing at the bottom of the steps.

COURIER

See you found your plane.

Tony stares at him, both stunned and pissed off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURIER (CONT'D)

You're the only ones who know I'm
looking for Evil Sivle. The only
ones who know where I live.

A long beat, then he nods toward the boxes Tony's
loading.

COURIER (CONT'D)

A load for Sam and Tom I suppose.

TONY

(shrugs)
Just business.

And with that Tony dives down the steps and attacks. But
Courier expects it and there is a fight around the
Challenger.

Tony is bigger and stronger but Courier is quicker and
smarter. Using his boxing skills, he is able to stay
clear of Tony and keep slugging his face hard, drawing
more and more blood from the bigger man, who in turn is
getting more and more pissed off.

Meanwhile...

INT. SMALL PRIVATE AIRPORT OFFICE - DAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Nippy sits in his office with his ubiquitous wireless
headphones on. The music is so loud in his ears that it
can be heard through the headphones. It's some absolutely
awful Bieber-ish kiddie-pop.

And Nippy loves it, loudly singing the insipid lyrics and
bobbing his head to the sampled beat.

The office has windows looking out into the hanger but he
is facing the other way at his desk glancing over
paperwork so he cannot see or hear the fight happening in
the hangar.

But then he glances up and sees...

...his partner getting beaten up by the Courier.

He jumps up and dashes out of the office into...

...THE HANGAR

...where he is suddenly HIT IN THE CHEST with a massive 2
foot STILLSON WRENCH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He goes down so hard and fast that the HEADPHONES POP OFF his head and their own forward momentum takes them SLIDING ACROSS CONCRETE FLOOR. Now the shit music can be heard even more clearly through the headless headphones.

Just then Courier is able to grab Tony and pull an MMA tackle on him, slamming him to the ground so hard his head bangs the concrete and he is knocked unconscious.

Courier stands up and catches his breath. Tony's one tough fucker and the fight has taken it out of him.

But the crap crooning can still be heard through the headphones nearby.

Slowly Courier steps toward them and SLAMS HIS FOOT DOWN onto the headphones, smashing them to bits and silencing the talentless teen tune that had been poisoning the moment of his victory.

He glances toward Anna and shakes his head.

COURIER

Nippy always liked shitty music.

EXT. VEGAS - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The alluring bright lights of the bar-tramp city: it grows oh-so gorgeous as the night goes by, but seems oh-so ugly in the morning.

EXT. OFF-STRIP MOTEL - NIGHT

Anna waits by a rental car as Courier emerges from the motel office.

He hands her a room key. She can see that he is holding a second room key. She is taken aback by the implication, seems hurt, watches him a moment as he pulls his duffle bag out from the trunk of the rental.

Then he sees her reaction to having separate rooms.

COURIER

The other night...

He pauses, decides not to tell her about his family.

COURIER (CONT'D)

I just need to find out a few things before I start something new.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNA
Is there someone else?

COURIER
Maybe. Or maybe not.

ANNA
You mean from before?

COURIER
Just let me finish this thing.
Then we'll see what happens.

He smiles, then turns and walks toward his room, leaving her standing alone watching him recede.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Courier emerges from the bathroom wearing the same black cargo-type pants he wore during the opening scene: lots of pockets for gear. He pulls a black t-shirt over his head and then grabs the heavy duffle from the floor and tosses it on the bed.

He opens it, revealing not clothes but weapons. He pulls out a few and loads up, stuffing his pockets with the gear he will need.

Just then a knock at the door...

...he covers up the weapons with the bed blanket and answers the door.

It's Anna. She stares at him, can see that he is preparing for a mission.

ANNA
I'm worried about you.

COURIER
I'll be fine.

Her feelings for him are clear and he's not used to anyone else giving a shit about him. Suddenly he is uncomfortable with the door open. He pulls her inside and closes the door behind her.

He looks at her in the eyes, finally opens up to her...

COURIER (CONT'D)
You don't know what it's like.
Jesus, I had to make up my own
name after I woke up.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURIER (CONT'D)

(beat)

But I may be able to get all of it back. Maybe not the actual memories or feelings, but at least the knowledge of who I am.

(long beat)

But who I was may not be what either of us would like.

She stares at him, then steps toward the bed and pulls the cover off the duffle bag of weapons. Stares at the arsenal for a moment.

ANNA

Knowing who you were before won't change who you are now.

(re: the weapons)

But using these will.

COURIER

I have to find out.

ANNA

Find out... or take revenge.

COURIER

What's the difference?

He slides a shoulder holster over his head. She can see he's determined to go.

ANNA

If learning who you are kills you then what good is it?

He doesn't answer - decision made - and shoves a handgun into the holster. Then moves toward the door.

She steps in front of him, stopping him. She is now desperate, her feelings for him on her sleeve.

ANNA (CONT'D)

You can't face Evil Sivle alone. A man like that will have thugs and bodyguards. It's not safe. Please don't go.

Her emotion is real, but the Courier stops cold and stares at her. Seems momentarily hurt but then anger grows on his face.

COURIER

I never said the name Evil Sivle to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She freezes, caught. He grabs her arms roughly.

COURIER (CONT'D)

Who do you work for?

ANNA

No one.

He shakes her, getting more and more livid.

COURIER

Who do you work for?

ANNA

I don't want you to get hurt.

He shoves her against the wall. His eyes are murderous and she can tell. She is really scared.

ANNA (CONT'D)

A man named Grover. I don't know his first name. He's an FBI agent.

Courier is stunned, lets her go. His face is now a cold mask of danger.

COURIER

Who has a lisp.

ANNA

(surprised he knows)

Yeah... He told me to watch you.

She can see Courier's not listening to her as he turns toward his duffle of weapons. She desperately tries to get his attention, explain herself.

ANNA (CONT'D)

My father's in prison. He's due to be released soon but he's so sick. He promised to make sure he's taken care of.

The Courier finishes packing ammo and weapons into his pockets. Ignores her. She tries to get in front of him.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. But my father...

Courier turns and grabs her again, roughly pulls her face-to-face with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURIER

Did he pay you to fuck me? Was that part of the deal?

ANNA

No.

She can't hide her feelings for him.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I did that because I wanted to.

But he doesn't want to hear anymore and so pushes her away, grabs the briefcase and opens the door to leave.

But suddenly she jumps in front of him and slams the door shut. Now she is standing between him and the door.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Don't act like you didn't use me too.

COURIER

I paid you to fly me.

ANNA

That's not what I meant and you know it.

They stare in each other's eyes a moment.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Neither one of us have much to show for our lives. But you act like not knowing who you are is a burden, a curse. Most people would kill for a fresh start, to put their past behind them.

(re: the weapons he's carrying)

But looks like you'd kill to discover yours, and whatever sins are hiding there.

COURIER

It's not my sins I'm worried about. It's someone else's.

And with that he steps past her and leaves.

EXT. VEGAS MANSION - NIGHT

Courier, night-vision capable binoculars up to his face, stands beside his rental car on a rise looking down toward a row of recently built Vegas McMansions.

Through the binocs he is focusing on one in particular: a large complex with high walls. The front gate of this mansion is formidable but there is no guard post - looks like everything is automated. Inside the walls there are several parked cars, a couple of which are very expensive sports and luxury cars. Suddenly...

SMASH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK IMAGES

...the SAME STREET IN DAYLIGHT, all the same houses except for the central mansion he's staring at. Because on that lot stands a DIFFERENT HOUSE. Less ostentatious but still expensive. There's a child's big wheel and jungle gym in the front yard - a family house.

The sounds of CHILDREN LAUGHING and PEOPLE SINGING. Images of lots of faces including the Courier's, the Young Mother's (wearing red), Tanna. Everyone singing happy birthday. To the side sit the Caps, smiling wallflowers. Then...

...the 50-something Singing Man happily belting out "Happy Birthday" off key.

The same memory flash Courier had after seeing Tanna but now more details to it. But then the images change to...

...FLAMES. SCREAMS. A HOUSE BURNING at night.

BACK TO:

RIDGE OVER THE VEGAS MANSION

Courier staring down at the mansion. He's no longer put off by fleeting memories returning, actually welcomes them. He considers what he has just remembered. Is this where his family died - was killed? Then...

...movement inside the mansion walls.

He raises his enhanced-light glasses to see...

POV THRU THE EERIE GREEN HUE: ...PEOPLE EXIT THE MANSION and start moving toward the parked cars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Looks like a meeting has adjourned and people are leaving. The cars start moving toward the front gates.

EXT. VEGAS MANSION - NIGHT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

The front gate is now open and the cars are all driving through.

When the last car (a LUXURY SEDAN) exits, the gates close behind it.

EXT. VEGAS RESIDENTIAL STREETS - NIGHT

FOLLOW THE LAST LUXURY SEDAN down the street as it leaves the mansion behind. Then, just as it makes a turn...

...MOVEMENT IN FRONT OF THE CAR, like something running across the road. Then...

...BAM! That something SLAMS INTO THE FRONT GRILL, causing the car to shake and swerve. It skids to a stop and THE DRIVER gets out. He's a burly guy with a suit and stylish hat.

He runs around to the front of his car and sees...

...a BROKEN BAG OF GRAVEL, spread out on the road. He has obviously hit the bag and it burst open from impact.

Incredulously he looks at his front grill - dented in.

BURLY DRIVER

What the fu....

WHAM! Courier sucker punches him from behind and the guy goes down cold.

Courier reaches down, grabs his hat and gets in the dented sedan.

EXT. VEGAS MANSION - NIGHT

The dented luxury sedan drives up to the mansion's front gate and stops.

INSIDE THE SEDAN sits the Courier in the driver's hat. He sees...

...two security cameras facing the car, one toward the driver's window and the other lower to read the license plate. Also a voice box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Courier partially rolls the window down but holds his hand against his chin on the window in an attempt to conceal his face.

MALE VOICE
(thru the security
mic)
Love us so much you can't leave?

COURIER
Left my gun.

MALE VOICE
Idiot.

The front gate starts opening.

INSIDE THE MANSION COMPLEX

...the sedan drives up to the same door the Courier saw the people coming out of a few minutes ago. With the hat still on, he gets out and walks to that entrance. A moment later the door opens, revealing...

...DADDY CAP, 30s but looks older. He's short and overly muscled out, as if to make up for his lack of altitude. He's in a dandy's suit.

Courier stares at him a slit-second as...

SMASH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK IMAGES

Daddy Cap, splattered blood on his face, staring at the camera pissed of.

DADDY CAP
This is what we do to rats.

Images of the COURIER'S BLOODY FACE, then something big and hard HITS HIS FACE...

BACK TO:

VEGAS MANSION

Courier's face goes dark as he finally remembers Daddy Cap.

Simultaneously Daddy Cap's jaw drops at seeing the Courier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Courier attacks, lunging at the smaller man and driving him hard across...

INT. VEGAS MANSION - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

...the mansion's entrance hall and into the far wall, breaking the wallboard. He then throws Daddy Cap to the ground, where he gasps for breath. All his overgrown little muscles will be of no use against the Courier's rage and superior size.

(NOTE: The interior of the mansion is gaudy. Moulin Rouge meets Miami Vice. Way over-designed. Even Tony Montana would find this ostentatious.)

Courier picks up Daddy Cap and throws him across the room, sending him crashing into a chair, breaking it.

Courier takes a breath and walks over slowly. He's gonna let this vengeance last.

Daddy Cap is still catching his breath from the painful blows when the Courier leans over and picks him up again, literally raising him over his head. But before he can throw him a second time...

MOMMA CAP (O.S.)

Put my husband down, you rat son-of-a-bitch.

Courier looks over to see...

...MOMMA CAP, 30s, standing in the kitchen doorway. She's very tall - even taller than the Courier - and grotesque in her overdone Tammy Faye makeup. She's muscular, like a bodybuilder, but wearing a very feminine ball gown that shows off her arms and shoulders.

And she's holding a machine gun.

Courier stares at her a moment.

SMASH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK IMAGES

Momma Cap, sweaty but in another gorgeous ball gown, pounding away with her fists at a tied up Courier. Her knuckles are bloody, either from their own cuts or from the blood all over Courier's face.

BACK TO:

VEGAS MANSION

A split-second as Courier and Momma Cap stare at each other with hatred. Then...

...Courier **THROWS DADDY CAP** toward his wife, hitting her square and knocking her back.

But as they fall back she squeezes off of a burst of machine gun fire that riddles the walls with bullet holes as the Courier darts from the room.

Courier ends up in a **LIVING ROOM**, which is decorated with guns and old antique weapons of all kinds. These people are really into the art and history of pain.

Courier pulls out a handgun and prepares for a fight.

IN **THE KITCHEN** Momma Cap checks on her husband, who is shaking off being thrown around. They have unnerving affection for each other and she cradles him like an injured little boy.

MOMMA CAP

Are you ok, Daddy?

He nods his head and then speaks quietly so as not to be overheard.

DADDY CAP

It's Frank. Frankie Favorite.

Her face freezes. Can't believe it.

MOMMA CAP

Frank fucking Favorite?

DADDY CAP

(scolding)

Language, Momma.

MOMMA CAP

I'm sorry but... seriously?

DADDY CAP

I swear it is.

She considers it a moment and then her face grows dark.

MOMMA CAP

Well, looks like we didn't finish the job first time around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She grabs the machine gun, ready to rock-n-roll.

MOMMA CAP (CONT'D)
But this time we put a bullet in
the brain.

DADDY CAP
(likes that idea)
Oh, Momma yes. But first...
(devil smile)
...we have a little fun.

IN THE LIVING ROOM the Courier is listening intently.
Silence. Then...

MOMMA CAP (O.S.)
(calling thru the
house)
Homecoming, uh Frank? Like old
times.

Courier doesn't respond, just tries to calculate her
position.

MOMMA CAP (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Well except that this used to be
your house... until we burned it
down and built our own.

Courier hates hearing that but is trying to stay calm.
Slowly starts moving through the house, toward the voice.

MOMMA CAP (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You're one tough motherfuck...

Stops before she gets the entire cuss word out.

MOMMA CAP (CONT'D)
...tough hombre to survive what
you did.

Courier's moves FROM ROOM TO ROOM, hunting his prey.

MOMMA CAP (CONT'D)
Where you been last few years?
Dreaming of getting even I
suppose.

Courier moves into an **OFFICE ROOM** which seems empty. He
turns to leave. Just then...

...a trap door opens in the floor and Daddy Cap silently
emerges from a subterranean basement area.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He is holding a garrote in between his hands. He smiles and climbs up into the office, then runs toward the Courier, who hears his footsteps too late as Daddy Cap LEAPS ONTO THE COURIER'S BACK and wraps the garrote around his neck.

Even though his feet are totally off the ground, Daddy Cap tightens the line around Courier's neck as hard as he can.

Courier falls backward, slamming his body weight onto Daddy Cap in an attempt to loosen the garrote. The body slam hurts Daddy Cap and it looks like Courier will get the garrote off his neck but just then...

...Momma Cap appears over him and with a satisfied smile slams the butt of the machine gun across his face, knocking him cold.

Under the Courier, Daddy Cap catches his breath but smiles nonetheless.

DADDY CAP

Now we can end the night on a high note.

Momma Cap purrs a kitty grin to her sexy little husband.

INT. BASEMENT TORTURE CHAMBER - NIGHT

Courier awakens in the Caps' basement. He is now strapped to a torture table, his hands and legs outstretched like a death-row convict facing his victim's family in his last few minutes.

The Caps are both standing over him smiling, still dressed to the hilt. (She looks as if she may have even put on more make-up for the big occasion.)

DADDY CAP

Welcome back. Been a while.

(beat)

Although not as long as I figured last time we met like this.

WHAM! Momma Cap slugs the Courier's jaw, whose eyes water momentarily. But he slowly shakes it off and returns his gaze to the Caps.

Mommy Cap then holds up her hands. For protection she is wearing black BOXING WORKOUT GLOVES - the kind with a metal bar in the middle so she doesn't make a totally closed fist, thus keeping her nails intact.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOMMA CAP

Not gonna ruin my nails on you
this time, you fucking prick.

DADDY CAP

Honey, please.

MOMMA CAP

(contritely)

Sorry.

She steps back as Daddy Cap moves toward Courier's face. He is a little too short to get eye-to-eye with him so he steps on a pedal underneath the table and the entire TABLE LOWERS so that he comes eye-to-eye with the Courier.

DADDY CAP

You seem different this time
around. Less... intense.

Courier just stares back, giving him nothing. Daddy Cap eyes him, trying to figure out just what's bothering him about the Courier's mien. Finally he turns to his wife.

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)

You see it Momma? Looks different.

MOMMA CAP

I do indeed Daddy.

Daddy eyes Courier again.

COURIER

I know what you did to me. And my
family.

(beat)

But I don't know why.

DADDY CAP

(taken aback)

You don't know why?

Daddy stares at him a moment longer. Suddenly it hits him and he turns to his wife.

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)

I think his body lived but his
memory died.

MOMMA CAP

I think you're right, Daddy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DADDY CAP

(back to Courier)

Well, heck. What fun is revenge if the guy doesn't know he deserves it?

He turns back to Courier.

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)

Now you obviously know a little because you came back here. But apparently you wanna learn everything.

(smiles)

And so I will oblige.

He pulls out a handgun from a side table.

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)

Whatever else happens this evening, I will put a bullet in your brain.

He lowers the gun to the Courier's head.

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)

If you are willing to die ignorant of who you are, tell me now and I'll pull this trigger.

(beat)

But if you really want to know the real you, then ask and I shall bestow that knowledge upon you. But...

(beat)

...the answer to each of your questions will cost a considerable amount of pain.

(devil smile)

...a tooth, a bone, a finger.

He lowers himself right to the Courier's face.

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)

And there's no turning back on the road to self-discovery. Once you ask that first question, this offer...

He taps the gun barrel against Courier's skull.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)

...is no more.

(beat)

So what's it gonna be?

A moment - and then the Courier SPITS IN HIS FACE.

Daddy Cap holds back his anger and steps away from the table as he wipes off the spit with a hanky.

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)

I'll take that as 'enlighten me.'

Momma Cap steps toward the table and LIGHTLY SLAPS Courier across the face.

MOMMA CAP

That was for your poor manners.

Daddy Cap smiles and then nuzzles an Eskimo air kiss with his wife. *Thanks for catching my back.*

Then Daddy turns his attention back toward Courier.

DADDY CAP

Now... what do you want to know?

COURIER

Did you kill my family?

DADDY CAP

(proudly)

Absolutely.

WHAM! Momma slugs Courier hard.

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)

We burned 'em like Joan of Arc.

WHAM! A second hard punch to the Courier's face.

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)

And then built our own dream house
on the ashes of your wife and
child.

WHAM! Another punch. Courier's face is now bleeding from his nose and lips.

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)

(snaps his fingers)

You know, we might even...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He starts running up the stairs to the main house.

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)
Be right back. Don't hurt him yet
Momma.

He disappears up the stairs. Momma Cap looks down at Courier.

MOMMA CAP
You're wife was sweet, few times I
met her anyway. But you didn't
bring your family 'round much.
Like you were too good for us.
Like you didn't want them
involved.

She runs a long painted fingernail along his bloody face.

MOMMA CAP (CONT'D)
But once you're in, you're in. And
so is every one you love.

Daddy Cap runs back down the steps. He is now carrying a large PHOTO ALBUM. Momma smiles at the sight of it.

MOMMA CAP (CONT'D)
Aw, Daddy. Our wedding photos.

DADDY CAP
(to Courier)
And I know you were there.

He opens the book and flips through it. Momma sidles up next to him to see the photos as well.

MOMMA CAP
Hey...

She stops the pages flipping and points to a particular photo, which is not revealed to the audience.

MOMMA CAP (CONT'D)
...whatever happened to that guy?

DADDY CAP
We killed him.

MOMMA CAP
Oh right...

Daddy flips on through until he comes to a certain page. He stops flipping and smiles deviously...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DADDY CAP

There they are.

Slowly he turns the photo album toward the Courier, who isn't even sure he wants to see it. But he has no choice and finally sees...

...THE WEDDING PHOTO: In it is the BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN standing next to the Courier, who is holding a 4 YEAR-OLD SON in his arms, the same family from all the flashbacks.

Finally seeing his long lost family, Courier's eyes water and tears stream down his face as...

SMASH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK IMAGES

ALL THE MEMORIES COME FLOODING BACK IN FAST MONTAGE: holding his son, kissing his wife. Singing 'Happy Birthday' to his little boy.

BACK TO:

THE CAP'S TORTURE BASEMENT

It's more painful than the torture and he HOWLS FROM A BROKEN HEART.

Mom and Dad Cap love seeing the pain.

DADDY CAP

There we go. There we go.

COURIER

Why? WHY?!

Daddy Cap smiles.

DADDY CAP

Now that's what I was waiting for.

Momma Cap smiles - can almost read her husband's mind - and pulls out a HAMMER from a side table.

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)

Why does someone deserve to see their family die? What could a man possibly do to warrant such violent retribution?

(beat)

You must already know that we all worked for the Boss.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)
 You remember him, don't you? Guy
 loved singing, but always off key.
 (beat)
 But did you remember that you
 taught me and my sweet love
 everything we know?

Courier stares at him stunned.

COURIER
 What?

DADDY CAP
 (loves the irony)
 Oh Frank, you were the master.
 Anyone who crossed the Boss had to
 face you. And you were...
 (sadistically)
 ...wonderful.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NON-DESCRIPT TORTURE CHAMBER - MONTAGE

JUMPS CUTS of the Courier, as FRANKIE FAVORITE TORTURING
 A MAN who is strapped to an examination table just like
 he is now.

Very fast cuts of the Courier punching him and cutting
 him.

BACK TO:

THE CAP'S TORTURE BASEMENT

Daddy Cap loves watching Courier remember.

DADDY CAP
 You made them pay, made them hurt.
 (voice rising)
 For goodness sake Frank, you
 taught us this...

BAM! Momma Cap SLAMS THE HAMMER DOWN ONTO COURIER'S HAND,
 crushing a finger.

SMASH CUT TO:

NON-DESCRIPT TORTURE CHAMBER

Courier doing the same thing - smashing a man's hand with
 a hammer - to someone else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

To the side stand the Caps watching.

BACK TO:

THE CAP'S TORTURE BASEMENT

DADDY CAP
(loudly)
And this!

BAM! Momma brings the hammer down on his hand again, causing a FINGER TO BURST and BLOOD TO SPLATTER across the torture table and onto Momma's gorgeous gown. The Courier cannot help but scream in agony, just like...

NON-DESCRIPT TORTURE CHAMBER - FLASHBACK

...his own victim does. What comes around goes around.

THE CAP'S TORTURE BASEMENT

DADDY CAP
(frenzied screaming)
And this!

Momma spins like a prima donna ballerina and slams the hammer down onto his hand a third time, crushing it horribly.

As the Courier's howls of pain echo to silence through the basement, Momma and Daddy Cap catch their breath.

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)
You were amazing. Inspirational.
(face grows dark)
Which is why it was so hard to
believe you could do what you did.

Courier is still recovering from the pain of his smashed hand.

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)
(shaking his head)
Betrayal. Dirty rotten betrayal. A
man has to choose a path. Choose
loyalty. Choose honor. If he
doesn't, then he deserves whatever
he gets. And Frank, you taught us
how to deliver "whatever" better
than anyone else.

He stares down at the Courier, still upset at the betrayal after all this time and vengeance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)

How could you sell out the Boss
after what he did for you?

COURIER

Are you saying I was a mole?

DADDY CAP

And if we hadn't gotten the tip
you might still be one.

COURIER

Tip from who?

Daddy Cap is taken aback by the question. *Why does he
care?*

DADDY CAP

(shrugs)

We found out. That's all that
matters.

He leans in close to Courier's bloody, sweaty face.

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)

So now you know why you got what
you got.

MOMMA CAP

And why you're about to get it all
over again.

DADDY CAP

Take it slow, Momma. He doesn't
deserve to die fast.

She smiles and steps toward the Courier.

MOMMA CAP

(to Courier)

Last time it took me 10 blows to
knock out your front teeth.

DADDY CAP

Bet you can do it in 8 now, honey.

She turns to him, insulted.

MOMMA CAP

I'm wearing gloves this time.

DADDY CAP

Make it 7.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She winks at her husband and then turns and slams her fist into the Courier's face.

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)

ONE!

She hits him again.

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)

TWO!

She hits him again. His face is totally covered with blood.

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)

THREE!

MOMMA CAP

Looks like whoever fixed his face did a good job. New teeth are tight. Better ramp it up.

She grabs a large PIPE WRENCH from the tool table and SLAMS IT against the Courier's jaw.

DADDY CAP

That counts 2, baby!

She's about to hit him again when Momma sees that her punching bag has been knocked unconscious.

MOMMA CAP

Oh, fuuuu...dge. He passed out. Get the modafinil so he'll stay awake.

DADDY CAP

Ah, honey I'll keep count.

He nuzzles up to his taller wife and slides his arms around her.

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)

Why don't we call a time out because you're turning me on.

She likes being wanted and relents, lays the wrench down, takes her husband's hand and leads him up the stairs and out of the basement.

On the torture table, Courier is passed out cold. No movement. Tiny signs of life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ECU of the VEINS in his arms, they're pulsing up and down with blood. But the beat is slowing.

ECU on his LIPS, breath barely audible, shallow and slowing.

He's dying, all signs of life expiring. Then...

ECU of his CLOSED EYELIDS. Can just barely see HIS EYES UNDER THE LASHES and NEARLY CLOSED LIDS. For a moment they are perfectly still, no movement. But then...

FLASHBACK IMAGES

A TODDLER'S FEET running through grass, the hem of a wind-blown RED DRESS against bare legs, a gorgeous SMILE. Hear a CHILD'S LAUGHTER, a cool breeze, and then...

LITTLE BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)
(echoing away)
Daddy....

THE CAP'S TORTURE BASEMENT

ECU - the COURIER'S CLOSED EYES. They begin to FLUTTER BACK AND FORTH like they are experiencing REM sleep. Faster and faster. Suddenly...

...A DEEP BREATH and his EYES OPEN.

He is still on the torture table, can barely move his head but manages to blink the blood away and look around, wondering how he can get out.

He rattles the straps but they're too strong. Then a terrible thought pops into his head. He glances over at his smashed hand still manacled to the table.

For a long beat he prepares himself, takes a deep breath and then starts PULLING HIS BROKEN HAND THROUGH THE MANACLE around his wrist.

Because his hand has already been broken it easily compresses in a sickening crunch as he pulls it through the manacle, which is the diameter of his wrist. Sweat pours down his face and he bites the pain as he forces his mangled hand through the small metal wring, the action lubricated by his own flowing blood.

Finally it comes all the way through, freeing his arm.

He catches his breath and lets the horrible pain subside, fighting to stay conscious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He checks his hand. Only his thumb and index finger work, the rest are twisted and crushed horribly. But those two fingers are enough to wedge under the straps holding his waist down to the table. He unbuckles them and frees himself.

Now he can maneuver just enough to do the same thing to his other hand, thus freeing it.

He sits up. With his good hand he unbuckles his ankle restraints.

The Courier is now free.

He stands and sees the Daddy Cap's HANDGUN still laying on the side table. On a wall hook is a roll of duct tape. He forces his fucked-up fingers around the gun's handle and then TAPES HIS FINGERS shut around it, thereby keeping the gun in his hand even though it no longer has the ability to grasp. His index finger can still work the trigger.

He quickly looks through the Caps other torture tools and GRABS A BOTTLE from a shelf.

Then he quietly makes his way upstairs and into...

INT. VEGAS MANSION - NIGHT

...a hallway. He HEARS MUSIC coming from an upstairs room.

INT. VEGAS MANSION MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

In a tasteless, Niagara Falls honeymoon-like love nest there is mood-lighting galore, including candles all around the room.

Daddy Cap, still in his dandy suit, is sitting on a couch watching big Momma Cap, muscles and all, do a god-awful striptease on a stripper's pole. She's still in her ball gown and can't really dance. Plus she's so big the pole bends under her weight.

But Daddy loves it.

DADDY CAP

Yeah, Momma. Work it. Work it baby!

Neither Mr. or Mrs. Cap see that...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

...in the doorway stands Courier watching the weird, pathetic and totally unsexy dance. Even in his beat-up state of mind he cannot believe what he is seeing. And so, as Momma Cap grabs the pole and raises herself off the ground to try a wobbly backbend...

...the Courier raises the weapon taped to his fucked-up hand and FIRES.

BANG! The bullet lands in her leg and she falls heavily to the floor at the base of the pole, landing hard.

Daddy Cap jumps up to see the Courier standing like a bloody fallen angel, still holding up the gun. Daddy keeps his eyes on the Courier but calls toward his injured wife.

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)

You hurt, Momma?

MOMMA CAP

Motherfucker shot me off the pole.

DADDY CAP

But you looked real hot, baby. And watch that language.

Daddy doesn't seem too nervous about Courier, like they've gone through life-and-death danger before.

COURIER

Evil Sivle.

DADDY CAP

What about him?

COURIER

Where is he?

DADDY CAP

Never met him.

Courier FIRES ANOTHER ROUND into Momma Cap's legs.

Suddenly Daddy Cap's getting worried. His tone becomes more pleading.

DADDY CAP (CONT'D)

I swear we never see him. No one does far as I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURIER

You're here in Vegas. So I think he's here. People like you - and me before - never live too far from the boss.

Daddy just shrugs in ignorance.

Courier will have none of it and so raises the weapon toward Momma's head.

DADDY CAP

Wait. All I know is that last few weeks, I've been taking lotta cash to the Sphinx.

Courier considers it a moment. Seems to accept it as the best he's gonna get. Then...

COURIER

Did you burn them alive?

It takes Daddy a moment to realize who he is referring to.

DADDY CAP

No. They were dead first.

Courier studies momentarily. Then...

COURIER

You're lying.

And with that he FIRES A BULLET into Daddy's leg, sending him falling to the ground in pain.

Slowly the Courier pulls from his pocket the bottle from the basement.

He throws it toward several candles surround the pole's floorboards. It smashes open and the liquid inside IGNITES IN THE CANDLE FLAMES.

Instantly Mom and Daddy Cap struggle to rise but they are too injured and can only reach out and grab hands as the flames rise around them (but not yet engulfing them).

For a moment the Courier watches them holding hands and looking into each other's eyes as firey death approaches. Even people as fucked-up as the Caps need love.

The slightest bit of jealousy... But then he turns and walks away.

EXT. VEGAS MANSION - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The Courier exits and walks away from the mansion, flames flickering higher in the windows behind him.

He stops and for a long moment considers something, then pulls out his cell phone, dials and puts it to his ear.

COURIER

There's a fire at 810 Horizon.

(beat)

Better hurry. There's people inside.

Then he gets in the vehicle and drives away.

EXT. LUXOR HOTEL AND CASINO - NIGHT

Courier, still bashed up from his encounter with the Caps, drives down Las Vegas Blvd past the famous Sphinx and Pyramid. The huge beacon light shines up into the sky above.

EXT. LUXOR HOTEL AND CASINO EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Large doors near a loading bay, the behind-the-glamor back entrance. It is being accessed by employees with key-cards.

A homeless guy walks by singing to himself.

A moment later the Courier casually steps from the shadows and walks toward the back entrance. Looks a little homeless himself with his bloody face and bashed-up hand, which still has the pistol taped into it.

His other hand is carrying the delivery briefcase.

He shoves the messed-up hand and gun in his pocket as he approaches the back door and slides in as an employee exits.

INT. CASINO EMPLOYEE HALLWAYS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Courier finds himself in a back hallway. Carefully he walks along, glancing in the different rooms off the hallways. He passes...

...A LOCKER ROOM. At the moment it's empty and so he steps in and grabs from a dirty laundry hamper a long EMPLOYEE UNIFORM COAT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOMENTS LATER he is moving down the HALLWAYS again, now wearing the coat. He has wiped the blood from his face but his eye is getting swollen.

He passes a HUGE KITCHEN where cooks and waiters are preparing hundreds of meals.

He stays to himself and the few employees that pass him are so busy they pay him no heed.

Up ahead he sees large swinging doors that lead into the casino beyond.

He approaches the door and looks out, sees...

IN **THE CASINO** ...a bustling den of inequity: gambling, drunkenness, profit.

There are mirrors all over the place making it look larger and more exciting than it really is.

Near the Courier's vantage point is an ELVIS IMPERSONATOR (Old Vegas Elvis in a white sequined jumpsuit, cape and sunglasses) performing on a side stage near the slots, sort of an afterthought show for those old women who have lost all their tokens in the one-arms. Over his head is a neon sign that reads:

LONG LIVE THE KING - ELVIS LIVE!

The performer is singing 'Suspicious Minds' to canned music - and not singing very well. Just a little off key.

He finishes the song and looks down at the 4 MIDDLE AGE WHITE TRASH WOMEN smiling up at him.

ELVIS IMPERSONATOR
I love singing for you.

Just then several SECURITY GUARDS APPROACH the door and so Courier slides into a side hallway to avoid them.

He takes a deep breath. Not sure what he's looking for. Then he sees it...

...A PRIVATE ELEVATOR with two guards standing on either side of the doors.

Suddenly he hears someone coming behind him. He darts into a bathroom and but glances out the door to see...

...the Elvis Impersonator walking between 4 guards toward the private elevator.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Courier furrows his brow - seems weird. He keeps watching as...

...the Elvis Impersonator is handed a cell phone by one of the guards as they all get on the elevator.

ELVIS IMPERSONATOR (CONT'D)
 (on the phone, seems
 angry)
 What do you mean 'can't find him'?
 A man like Daddy Cap doesn't just
 disappear.

As the elevator doors close on Elvis and the guards...

...the Courier is stunned at what he heard. His mind flashes back to...

FLASHBACK - the neon sign above the Elvis Impersonator's stage

LONG LIVE THE KING - ELVIS LIVES!

Then the same sign as reflected in the all the casino's mirrors.

!EVIL SIVLE - GNIK EHT EVIL GNOL

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BACKYARD - DAY - FLASHBACK IMAGES

The child's birthday party that Courier has been remembering more and more of.

The 50-something Singing Man is on the last off-note of "Happy Birthday".

SINGING MAN
 (way off key)
 ...to yoooooooooooouuuu!

He is singing directly to the Courier's 4 year-old son. He finishes the song and flashes a huge grin, then...

...PICKS UP THE COURIER'S SON.

SINGING MAN (CONT'D)
 I love singing for you!

The child smiles and hugs him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURIER'S 4 YEAR-OLD SON
Thank you, Uncle Maxwell.

BACK TO:

CASINO EMPLOYEE HALLWAYS

A stunning thought hits the Courier: Could Evil Sivle be the Boss - one and the same?

A thousand questions flicker across his face. *How? Why? What happened?*

But no time for that. He has one thing in his mind - delivering his revenge.

With lightening speed he darts from the bathroom and rushes the elevator guards. He swings the heavy briefcase up into one's jaw, sending him flying backward as blood shoots out of his nose and splatters the walls.

The Courier uses the swing's momentum to spin around and bring the briefcase 360 degrees into the other guard's nuts. The guy goes down into every man's nightmare fetal position. Then Courier cracks the briefcase down on the guy's head, knocking him out.

It's all done in a couple seconds. He hits the elevator's call button and then starts searching the guards.

On the first he finds a handgun and shoves it in his belt. On the second he finds another, but this one matches the gun taped to his ruined-hand. He ejects his spent magazine and reloads with the guard's ammo. Just then the elevator door opens.

He raises his gun to fire but sees that...

...the elevator is empty.

He enters and notices that the elevator only goes to one floor - the penthouse.

But it's also activated by a bio-lock mechanism. *Fuck!*

An idea and he grabs one of the unconscious guards and pulls his body into the elevator. Then he pushes the guards's index finger against the bio-lock glass scanner.

The penthouse button lights up and the door closes.

On the Courier **IN THE ELEVATOR**. He tightens his grip on the guns, ready for a shoot-out.

INT. EVIL SIVLE'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Stunning 360 views of Vegas. The decor is 60s hipster - a little bit country, a little bit rock-n-roll.

There are TWO GUARDS standing on either side of the private elevator doors in THE PENTHOUSE ENTRANCE HALL. They notice that the car is coming up. They look at each other confused, then draw their guns and aim them at the door, ready to fire when it opens.

A long moment, finally the elevator arrives. The guards take careful aim, ready to kill whoever has taken the elevator without permission.

The doors slide open revealing...

...the guard's body on the floor. It has been propped up against the back wall and his gun is in his hand. He's still unconscious but the top floor guards see the gun and being shoot-first guys, they START FIRING at their colleague, riddling him with bullets.

They stop when they realize they have killed one of their own. As the smoke clears the top guards enter the elevator.

TOP FLOOR GUARD

Holy shit. Why didn't he call us?

Then they see the Courier's briefcase to the side. For a moment they stare at it.

TOP FLOOR GUARD (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this?

Suddenly COURIER'S HAND EMERGES FROM THE CEILING PANELS of the elevator. He SHOOTS THE TWO GUARDS from above before they know what hit them.

He quickly jumps down from his hiding place atop the elevator and starts moving through the penthouse as other guards appear.

There is a big shoot-out and the Courier basically 'old-boys' himself through Evil's contingent of guards, incapacitating them all, some with his weapons, others by hand. Finally...

...no one else is coming at him and there is silence. He is dead tired and then hears...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVIL SIVLE (O.S.)

Dear God. I thought you were dead.

The Courier turns to see...

...EVIL SIVLE, holding a gun on him. He is still wearing the white sequined jumpsuit, cape and sunglasses he had on while performing downstairs.

COURIER

Because you ordered me dead,
didn't you... Boss.

Evil smiles and then slowly PULLS OFF HIS BIG SUNGLASSES and ELVIS WIG, revealing the familiar receding hairline seen on the singing Boss Maxwell in Courier's memories.

EVIL SIVLE

No, I didn't order that. Heard
about it. And you deserve it. But
I was already in federal custody
by then.

Courier is surprised at what he just heard. Evil can see Courier doesn't get it yet.

EVIL SIVLE (CONT'D)

What? You thought I really died?
Oh no, a very upwardly mobile
special agent had a different
plan.

It hits Courier like a ton of rocks.

COURIER

Lispy.

EVIL SIVLE

Your own handler. Used you to get
to me. But not to bring me down...

(beat)

...to take over.

(accusatory)

And you helped him do it.

(smiles)

But I finally got away. And Evil
Sivle was born.

(twisted glint)

You know I love to sing.

But then his smile fades and he stares at the Courier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVIL SIVLE (CONT'D)

Did he send you to find me?

COURIER

(not exactly)

Yeah. Yeah he did.

EVIL SIVLE

(incredulous)

For years you stabbed me in the back. And after I took you in, gave you everything. After you made me godfather to your firstborn son.

(raises the gun)

But you turned against me, Frank. And yes, for that you deserve death.

He raises the gun to fire when suddenly his HEAD EXPLODES in a bloody crimson spray. As the now headless Vegas Elvis body falls to the floor, Courier turns to see...

...Lispy, still holding his weapon up.

He doesn't drop it as he and Courier make eye contact.

COURIER

You knew the closer I got, the more I'd want to find him.

Lispy says nothing and Courier realizes that he cannot wait. He darts toward a side hallway as LISPY OPENS FIRE ON HIM.

Courier grabs a gun from the ground and dives into a **HUGE MASTER BEDROOM** as gunfire blasts into the walls beside him. Then...

...silence. Both men are waiting for a chance to attack.

Then Lispy starts backing toward the elevator, gun still at the ready.

LISPY

The Boss didn't make you. I did. I pulled you out of JJ when you were 13. Trained you and then set you up as a petty hood so the Boss would notice you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURIER

But no one else knew, did they? I was your little side project, an ace in the hole for your career. Which meant you could sell me out and take over his operation.

Lispy backs into the elevator.

LISPY

Oh no. I wanted you to take over his operation, to run it with an eye to keeping the public safer. You and I working together. Would have been epic.

(disdainfully)

We can never win the War on Crime. Best we can do it keep it contained.

He realizes that he cannot use the elevator without activating the bio-lock. He grits his teeth in irritation and keeps talking, hoping to keep the Courier occupied.

LISPY (CONT'D)

But you refused. Wanted to bring the Boss down and be a hero. But Frank, you were as much a killer as they were. That's why he loved you. Your intel was too good to lose. It served a greater good no matter what you did to get it.

In THE BEDROOM Courier is fighting an almost debilitating rage. He hates hearing all this about himself.

In THE ELEVATOR Lispy pulls up the dead guard's hand and puts it against the bio-lock. Doesn't activate. He rolls his eyes and starts wiping the blood off the dead finger.

LISPY (CONT'D)

But you had the pipedream of getting out. Didn't want your son to grow up in a world of violence.

In THE BEDROOM, Courier is stunned at the mention of his son.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BACKYARD PARTY - DAY - FLASHBACK IMAGES

The Courier holding his little boy in his arms. Both are happy, smiling. Courier kisses his son's forehead and the boy slaps his father's face playfully. A wonderful moment for any father, unless...

BACK TO:

INT. LUXURY PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

...it's the memory of a dead child.

Courier holds back tears, then his rages rises.

COURIER

And you put me there. And then
blew me to the Caps for your
fucked-up sense of justice.

LISPY

Once you refused to stay in, I had
no other choice. Arrest Maxwell?
So what? Someone else takes over
and the family goes on. So yes. I
set you up and took over Maxwell,
until he escaped.

In THE ELEVATOR, Lispy finally gets the bio-lock to trigger off the dead guy's finger and the doors start shutting.

In THE BEDROOM, Courier hears the doors activate and realizes that he's been outsmarted and bolts out into...

...the ENTRANCE HALL, blasting away toward the elevator doors as they close. But Lispy survives the barrage and the elevator starts descending.

Courier looks around and sees a FIRE EXIT.

INT. CASINO STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Courier bursts into the stairwell and starts dashing down the stairs. Follow him as he starts going faster and faster, taking two, three, four stairs at a time.

Finally he's athletically leaping entire flights - a man on a mission, running on rage and adrenaline.

INT. CASINO FLOOR - NIGHT

Courier bursts out of the stairwell and onto the casino floor. He is a fearsome sight - blood, sweat and tears all over him.

He runs to the employees-only door. As he does, some gamblers notice and jump out of his way while other's keep gambling obliviously.

INT. CASINO EMPLOYEE HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Courier bursts into the back hallways and past the private elevator door. It's standing wide open, the dead body still inside.

TWO ARMED SECURITY GUARDS appear and move for their weapons but Courier simply bulldozes past them and...

EXT. LUXOR HOTEL AND CASINO EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

...dashes out the back door, where he sees...

...Lispy getting in a car.

Courier opens fire, blasting the car and its tires. Lispy has no choice but to run.

Courier chases and within moments he is right behind him.

Lispy turns back with his gun but is so surprised at how fast the Courier caught him he stumbles and tumbles to the ground, his gun falling to the side.

He is now defenseless and stares up at the Courier, who glares back down with dark hatred.

Then he kicks him - hard. And again. Lispy tries to crawl away but Courier grabs him and throws him against a tree. Lispy is gasping for air but the Courier shows no mercy and kicks him again. Beats him mercilessly.

Finally Lispy is helpless - cannot even cover himself. A bloody heap of defeated antagonist.

Courier stands over him, breathless from the beating. Then he slowly kneels down, grabs Lispy's colorful tie with his good hand and raises his beaten face to his. For a moment it looks like Courier might say something, but then he simply RAISES THE GUN in his other hand to Lispy's head and prepares to send him to his just reward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISPY
(gasping for breath)
Kill me and you'll never find your
family.

Courier stops suddenly, loosens his grip enough to let
air rush back into Lispy's lungs.

As the older man gasps for precious air, Courier wonders
Is it a trick?

LISPY (CONT'D)
There were no bodies found in the
ashes of your house. We put out a
story to the contrary. But no one
died in that fire.

Courier is frozen a moment. What can he believe now?

COURIER
Where are they?

LISPY
(defiantly)
Get off me.

COURIER
For 3 years I've searched for who
I am while you hired me to make
secret deliveries and do your
dirty work. And all that time
you've known my family is alive.

LISPY
The business of justice. The
greater good.

COURIER
You're lying.

LISPY
Am I?

Courier considers it. Fuck this guy...

He raises the gun and slides into a stunned Lispy's
mouth. He tries to beg for mercy but can only mumble with
the barrel in his throat.

Courier's GOOD INDEX FINGER TENSES ON THE TRIGGER. But
then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNA (O.S.)

Don't do it.

Courier turns to see...

...Anna standing 20 feet away.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Don't kill him.

(beat)

You're not him anymore.

Courier considers it. Then sadly...

COURIER

I'll always be Frank.

ANNA

Not if you don't want to be.

For a long beat Courier stares at the treacherous Lispy. Then he pulls the weapon out of Lispy's mouth and HITS HIM IN THE FACE ONE MORE TIME. Lispy falls back unconscious.

As Anna approaches the Courier slowly rises. He's a mess: bloody chest, broken hand. But somehow his spirit seems liberated.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Oh my God. You need a doctor.

She moves forward to help him but he raises his good hand and holds her off, refusing her help.

For a moment they stare at each other.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

He can see that her emotions are true but he knows he can never be with her again.

COURIER

I've got a family...somewhere. And
I'm gonna find them.

She can only nod her bittersweet empathy - she understands family - and realizes that any chance she may have had with him is now dead.

But he still needs help and so she eases his arm over her shoulder and they slowly walk away into the Vegas night.