

# **SHADOW FORCE**

---

Current Draft By Joe Carnahan

MAY, 2020

Previous Draft By Leon Chills

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY HOTEL SUITE - DAY**

WIDE On a high-end high-rise hotel suite on the city's upper west side. Suddenly A SNIPER RIFLE rises into FRAME. Its SCOPE assuming our field of vision.

Blurred at first, then gradually focusing and bringing A SHADOWY FIGURE into sharp refrain.

He's in the corner room on the 15th floor. The windows are smoked but his silhouette is very much visible.

The cross-hair reticle alights on his form. Tracking him tightly. Assuming his movements around the room.

The SNIPER settles their weight into a bi-pod just off the window sill. Shouldering the stock and steadying their aim.

A GLOVED FINGER curls around the trigger.

A HAZEL EYE is magnified through the opposing end of the scope. It appears to be female.

THE SHADOWY FIGURE moves purposely around the suite.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The SHADOWY FIGURE, his back to us, is speaking to someone on an encrypted cell. WE SEE a wide array of military-grade WEAPONRY laid out, pre-action.

SHADOWY FIGURE

I think I've found him. "Sombra" Bounty  
is still intact. 50 million for his head.

**EXT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Back in the sniper's nest, tracking the Shadowy Figure.

A finger tightens over the trigger.

WE HEAR her draw in a deep, practiced, steady inhalation, the reticle locking over the Figure's moving form--

KID'S VOICE (V.O.)

--POW--!

--A FLASH-- the window in the distance spiders. The SHADOWY FIGURE crumbles, disappearing from the scope.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The Figure lies prone. Shot dead.

KID'S VOICE (V.O.)

*POW! POW!*

**ON SCREEN WE READ:**

NAME: ~~██████████~~

CODE NAME: "ALOKA"

STATUS: **DECEASED**

A PHOTO remains locked in "Aloka's" grip: A handsome, African-American man, receiving a commendation...Rivulets of blood stream over his IMAGE as WE CUT TO:

**INT. MODEST HOME - MORNING**

KY SHIELDS, 5, runs around with his arms stretched out in front of him and an ACTION FIGURE, gripped in each hand.

KID'S VOICE

*POW! POW!*

He clashes the man and woman action figures together--

KY

*--BAM! BAM! BAM!*

He runs into DAVID SHIELDS, late 30's, his father...and we realize right away that this is the same man we saw in the shadowy figure's photo.

David possesses all the outward pleasantries of a mild-mannered, fatherly figure but we sense something deliberately contained beneath it...something dark and dangerous that he let go and left behind, *long ago...*

DAVID

*Whoa! Watch it Batman.*

He scoops up his son with a big smile.

KY

*I'm not Batman, Dad! I'm Black Panther.*

*(holds female figure up)*

*And this is Momma!*

DAVID

*Momma's fighting Black Panther?*

KY

Black Panther tried to find Momma and she didn't like that, so she's fighting him!

DAVID

What was Black Panther *thinking*?

KY

I don't know but Momma's *mad*!

DAVID

And Momma's *stronger* than Black Panther.

KY

She is!?

DAVID

Mm-hmm. Stronger and better and *faster*!

Ky stares in wonder at the female action figure in his hand as David sets him down at the kitchen table.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So what do you want for dinner?

KY

*Marshmallows!*

DAVID

Who eats marshmallows for dinner?

KY

*Cool dads!*

DAVID

(cackles at that response)  
Well I'm the *coolest* dad ever and I've never made Marshmallows for dinner. How about steak?

KY

*Then Marshmallows?*

DAVID

If you eat your steak.

KY

Can we burn them in the fire?

DAVID

Roast them in the fire, bud. Roast. Sure.

Ky nods and resumes battering the action figures off of one another while providing that rambling, *impossible to follow* play-by-play only a 5 year old mind can conjure.

David then notices a bruise on the back of Ky's neck.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hey, what's that?

Ky whirls in circles with his action figures, shrieking--

DAVID (CONT'D)

--Ky, hey, c'mere--

--David draws Ky over to him, interrupting his play--

DAVID (CONT'D)

--What is that? That bruise? On the back on your neck?

Ky's little face, already flushed with effort, darkens still. His breathing slows, he casts his eyes down.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ky?

Ky stares at his feet for a moment.

KY

Lonnie hit me.

David examines the bruise.

DAVID

Did you tell your teacher?

Ky shakes his head "no".

DAVID (CONT'D)

Why not?

KY

He said if I did, he would hit me harder.

David, his jaw tightening as he nods to himself and pulls his son into a brief but reassuring embrace.

DAVID

Ok. Why don't you go get washed up.  
Dinner will be ready in a minute.

KY

(with a cocked eyebrow)  
One minute or one thousand minutes?

David abruptly tickle-seizes his son, sending Ky into hysterics as he squirms from his father's grasp--

DAVID  
(laughing along with Ky)  
*--When it's ready! How 'bout it!*

Ky continues to squeal with laughter as David upends him and hangs him upside down, still tickling him.

KY  
(between fits of laughter)  
*Stop Daddy! I can't breathe!*

David sets Ky down, who weaves unsteadily as his father gently ushers him off toward the bathroom.

David stews, staring off, cracking his knuckles -force of habit- one by one...

#### **EXT. MODEST HOME - MORNING**

The type of bland, homogenized neighborhood you only see in stock real estate photos.

A generically pleasant suburban housing tract...Every home a cookie-cutter of the one preceding it.

David and Ky rush toward his car, a beat-up grey Pontiac parked in the driveway.

#### **INT. DAVID'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

David starts the car, adjusting the mirror.

DAVID  
What are you feeling like today, bud?

KY  
(no hesitation)  
Lionel Richie! Or The Commodores!

DAVID  
Those are basically the same thing, son.  
How about some Curtis Mayfield or Prince--

KY  
*--What's a "Brick House" Dad?*

David stammers, can't think of an quick response.

DAVID  
Uhhh, *what's that buddy?*

KY  
A "Brick House". They say "*thirty-six, twenty-four, thirty six.*" What's that?

David, *struggling, mightily...*

DAVID  
...Uh...that is...the...*address!* Of...*The Brick House!*

KY  
(not buying it)  
*Really?*

David sighs, decides to level...*gotta-learn-sometime-son.*

DAVID  
Actually buddy, no, a uh, a "Brick House" is a term for a very beautiful, very curvaceous woman.

KY  
Oh...What's "*Curvaceous*".

DAVID  
(now he's struggling)  
Uhh. Um...  
(aside, to himself)  
...*dammit, why did I use that word.*

Then--

KY  
--Like *boobies?*

David reacts. *Viola!*

DAVID  
*Exactly, son! Like boobies! There you go!*

KY  
And booties too?

DAVID  
And, mm-hmm, both those things. Yes.  
(pew, moving on)  
Ok, so can Dad pick the music today, or--

KY  
--Lionel Richie! Come on, Dad!

DAVID  
 (just-go-along-with-it)  
 Ok, Lionel Richie. We-love-Lionel-Richie.

David dials up his "LIONEL RICHIE" playlist and starts thumb scrolling songs. He pauses at "**TRULY**", considers it...but something about this song gives him pause...

...and he scrolls past, punches another selection and "**SAIL ON**" begins. Ky starts singing along, word-for-word. The boy's got some *pipes* and Dad is duly impressed!

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 Listen to that kid blow!

#### INT. GYMNASIUM - MORNING

Little boys playing basketball, which looks a lot more like a full contact sport. It's the 4th quarter and with only 2 minutes left to play. It's a blowout.

*Ky checks into the game now for the first time.*

David puts his hands together for his son.

DAVID  
 Alright, Ky! Play tough now, bud!

A gym-muscled MEATHEAD DAD with frat tats, scoffs.

MEATHEAD DAD  
 If he played tough, he wouldn't be getting garbage time at the end of a game.

David kinks, gazing down at the man.

DAVID  
 I'm sorry, what did you say, sir?

Meathead turns around, glaring up, flexing his forearms.

MEATHEAD DAD  
 I think you heard every word, bro.  
 (beat, turning back)  
 Your kid can't play.

The gathered parents titter nervously against the rising tension. Meathead exults his own son as a plus-sized kid with a bleach-blond faux-hawk, brings the ball up court.

MEATHEAD DAD (CONT'D)  
**COME ON LONNIE! BREAK SOME ANKLES!**



David feels his blood go hot.

DAVID  
You're Lonnie's dad?

Meathead swivels back, fixes David with a Fuck You sneer.

MEATHEAD DAD  
Yeah?

DAVID  
Apple never falls *that* far, does it?

MEATHEAD DAD  
What didja say?

DAVID  
I think you heard every word, bro.

Meathead lunges to his feet, clambering up the bleachers so aggressively that *gasps* escape more than one parent in anticipation of something horrible about to happen.

David doesn't budge, gazing up into this violent, vein-bulged visage BOOMING down at him like a bull-horn--

MEATHEAD DAD  
**--C'MON! TALK SHIT NOW, BITCH!!**

David lowers his eyes-- a gesture which creates the same immediate dread as a shark's fin breaking the surface.

Meathead is perplexed, put off, trying to look tough but realizing he's wandered in too deep. David glowers up.

DAVID  
If your son, lays another hand on my boy,  
then you and I wi--

--Now David realizes that the game has ground to a halt as most of the gathered crowd, as well as the kids on the floor, are focused on this confrontation in the stands.

Meathead realizes that this lapse works in his favor, then sees David's gaze soften and *seizes* on this shift.

MEATHEAD DAD  
I'll beat your ass right here.

DAVID  
(his eyes on Ky)  
If you want to do this, we'll make the  
time, *trust me*...just not now.

Ky. Wide-eyed. Hands frozen over his mouth in confusion.

The buzzer SOUNDS now as play resumes. David rises and clambers down the bleachers.

MEATHEAD DAD  
(as David departs)  
That's what I thought, bitch.

**EXT. GYMNASIUM - DAY**

Ky can feel his father's vibrating anger as they walk toward their car and wants *only* to alleviate it.

KY  
Are you ok, Dad?

DAVID  
I'm fine, bud.

Ky, this pressurized pause, his curiosity set on edge.

KY  
What did that man say to you?

DAVID  
We just had a little disagreement.

KY  
That was Lonnie's dad.

DAVID  
Yeah, I know.

They continue walking. Ky then just randomly asks:

KY  
Is he an asshole too?

This snaps the tension at once. David busts out laughing--

DAVID  
--whoa! *What is that!?*

Ky grins up at his Dad like the-cat-who-ate-the-canary.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
We don't say that word, buddy. Ever.

KY  
You say it when we're driving in the car.

DAVID  
Under my breath maybe.

KY  
What's under-my-breath?

DAVID  
Where kids can't hear me.

KY  
I can hear you. You say it to the *other*  
cars, too. *A lot.*

**INT. DAVID'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

David finishes shaving, shirtless. His upper body is criss-crossed with keloid scarring and covered with what appears to be ancient puncture wounds, healed over ugly.

WE SEE two small EARBUD IMPLANTS on the sink basin that David gingerly slips into each ear.

Ky sit in the bathtub, absently playing with his action figures, his mind more on his father's scarring...

KY  
Dad, how'd you get the scars? Was it the bad guys?

DAVID  
Yeah. It was the bad guys.

KY  
And they hurt your ears too? With 'splosions?

DAVID  
Yup, with 'splosions.

KY  
Did they hurt momma's ears too?

DAVID  
No...They could *never* hurt your momma.

KY  
'Cuz she was better than Black Panther?

DAVID  
*Exactly.*

KY  
Did momma help you beat the bad guys?

DAVID

Yes she did.

KY

Is that what she's doing now? Beating up  
the bad guys?

David suddenly seems like a much *older man* in this  
moment...something buried behind those eyes...a  
loss...deep and indelible...

DAVID

...Yeah buddy. That's what she's doing.

Ky lays his little head against the side of the tub.

KY

*I miss her.*

David sits down on the toilet opposite the tub, rubbing  
his son's head as the only measure of comfort he's  
capable of...clearly the subject of "*Momma*" comes up with  
a frequency that both troubles and frustrates him...

KY (CONT'D)

...can you tell me the story about  
momma's tummy?

DAVID

You like that story, huh?

KY

Mm-hmm.

David's eyes glaze over as he gazes off at some  
indeterminate point in his past...as this is a story that  
he's told and retold but one that he seems to still  
relish telling, all the same...

DAVID

...So we know about the bad guys and the  
'splosions and why daddy's ears don't  
work, right?

KY

Right.

DAVID

So when momma was pregnant with you, she  
used to lay daddy down in her lap, right  
on her tummy, so I could feel you move  
but sometimes, you wouldn't move.

Ky is perfectly still, hinged on his father's every word.

KY

*Why?*

DAVID

Because you were asleep in there, so when you were asleep, momma used to do this...

...and David begins tapping the side of Ky's head, softly, rhythmically...

DAVID (CONT'D)

...and that's how Daddy could hear your heartbeat and know that you were ok.

A long silence stretches as David continues to gently tap out the cadence of a heartbeat, finally, he glances down to find his son sound asleep.

He smiles to himself, retrieving a towel from the rack.

SMASH CUT TO:

David lays wide awake with Ky passed out next to him.  
Sleep is a stranger that only visits occasionally.

He gazes at the shifting, kaleidoscopic patterns of passing car lights, strafing the ceiling above him.

He checks the time on his phone: **4:03 AM**. He closes his eyes, only to reopen them a second later...his mind a million miles away from this moment.

He retrieves his Earbud Implants from the nightstand and plugs them in, connecting the Bluetooth. The previous playlist comes on...LIONEL RICHIE'S **"STILL"**.

David doesn't change it...or attempt to fight off the strange swell of emotions that follow as he hits PLAY...

**"STILL"**

*...two people lost in a storm, where did we go, where'd we go? Lost, what we both had found, you know we let each other down...But then most of all, I do love you...still.*

...the song ends and David finally closes his eyes.

**INT. UNION & TRUST BANK - MORNING**

David is speaking with a TELLER and going over his statement. Ky is plopped down at his feet, playing with his action figures. David indicates a particular charge--

TELLER

--that's a disclosure fee, sir.

DAVID

A "Disclosure Fee"?

TELLER

It's a small charge that the bank levies for teller/client interaction.

DAVID

I don't-- *what does that mean?* I'm not trying to be difficult here, Miss. I'm just seeing all these fees and I can't make sense of them. So, the "disclosure fee" covers...?

TELLER

Teller/Client interaction.

DAVID

*And what's that?*

The teller gestures, indicating David and then herself...

DAVID (CONT'D)

...Wait, you mean, us...*talking?*

TELLER

(with a small shrug)

It's considered *transactional* sir.

DAVID

Right, or as it's commonly referred to, "*Customer Service.*"

(beat, shaking his head)

Listen, if you go into McDonald's and order a Big Mac.

TELLER

I don't eat meat.

DAVID

Ok, whatever the *plant or vegan-based option* might be. Let's just pretend. I'm the guy behind the counter and I'm telling you, that I'm going to have to charge you more for your burger, because you're *ordering it, from me.*

(off her non-reaction)

Does that make even a *lick* of sense to you, Miss--

(reading her name tag)

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 --Darlene. Am I missing something? Am I  
 just dense? Help me out here.

Ky stands, slowly wandering away from the counter as he spins around the lobby, playing with his action figures.

KY  
*Pow-Pow-Pow...Bam!Bam!Bam!*

WE SEE the front door open behind him and three MEN enter, blurry and out of focus as they approach.

Ky continues backing away, engrossed in his action figures, until he bumps into one of these MEN and wheels around, looking up--

--and into the glowering blue eyes of A BANK ROBBER in a ski-mask, who raises an AR-15 and FIRES a short burst into the air--

--Ky flinches and *CRIES OUT*, dropping his action figures--

BANK ROBBER #1  
 --*EVERYBODY DOWN! THIS IS A ROBBERY!*

This happens faster than anyone else can process.

BANK ROBBER #1 (CONT'D)  
*KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE WE CAN SEE THEM.*  
*ANYBODY MOVES GETS SHOT!*

**--A flash panic of pure terror as PATRONS STARTLE/SCREAM--**

--David spins back as he realizes that Ky isn't with him.

The SECURITY GUARDS raise their hands as the bank robbers put them behind the barrels of their assault rifles.

Bank Robber #2 waves his weapon at CUSTOMERS in line, motioning them *DOWN*. They cower, knitting their hands behind their heads and lowering themselves to the floor.

David is slow to comply and even *slower* to kneel. He finally SPOTS Ky across the lobby and calls out for him.

DAVID  
*Ky!*

A terrified Ky turns to find his father beckoning him.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
*Come to me son!*

Bank Robber #1 closes on David, training his aim on him.

BANK ROBBER #1  
*I SAID DOWN! **NOW!***

David implores the man, gesturing to Ky.

DAVID  
*That's my son there, please, just let him  
 come to me.*

Bank Robber #1 racks the bolt, charging the weapon.

BANK ROBBER #1  
***YOU GOT 3 SECONDS!***

DAVID  
 (helplessly)  
*Please, please, that's my boy--*

--The Bank Robber turns to Ky and points the gun at him--

BANK ROBBER #1  
*--That boy!? That one there!?*

Ky, frozen, his tear-streaked eyes etched with a horror  
 that David will never forget...

...a horror that erases his own, in an instant.

Now David intones, with nothing but menace in his VOICE--

DAVID  
***--Don't Point That Gun At My Son.***

Bank Robber #1 scoffs mockingly and begins advancing on  
 Ky, bringing his AR-15 up to a pre-fire chin-weld, *the  
 barrel about to be pressed into Ky's skull*--

--Ky's small voice is now the only thing David can hear--

KY  
 --Dad...?

...David reaches up now and purposely removes both of his  
 earbuds, which submerges us in this strange aural  
 SOUNDSCAPE where all the surrounding clamor and chaos of  
 the bank ebbs away to nothing...

...he breathes in deep, his entire being seeming to  
*supercharge with this bristling, brutal energy.*

He reopens his eyes now, locking gazes with Ky...



DAVID  
...close your eyes son...and cover your ears.

And Ky does just that, quietly, these stray tears spilling down as he shuts his eyes tightly and brings his hands up to cover his ears as WE SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

**RAM!RAM!RAM!RAM!RAM!RAM!**

BANK ROBBER #1  
AHHHH!

CHAOS.

SCREAMS. SHRIEKS.

SHELLS CLATTER.

BANK ROBBER #2  
WHAT THE FU--!!

**RAM!RAM!RAM!RAM!RAM!RAM!**

A BODY DROPS.

BANK ROBBER #3  
I'M GONNA KILL YOU, YOU MOTHERF--

**RAM!RAM!RAM!**

Then. *Nothing.*

Just this soft whimpering that falls away.

This odd, charged stasis takes hold...the surrounding bank falls utterly silent as WE SLOWLY FADE UP ON:

KY. His eyes still closed. His ears still covered.

Muzzle smoke lingers, drifting through FRAME as THE CAMERA TRACKS INTO KY as he's hoisted up and into his father's arms.

DAVID  
Open your eyes, son.

CHEERING AND APPLAUSE ERUPT

Ky opens his eyes to see the shocked faces of the BANK PATRONS and STAFF, who abruptly applaud David's heroics--

--then he SEES blood and the wounded bank robbers, lying strewn around the lobby. David quickly shifts his own body to shield the scene from his son.

KY

*What happened?*

DAVID

Daddy got the bad guys.

David glances away from Ky and meets the awestruck gaze of MEATHEAD DAD, Lonnie's father, standing there, still in line, slack-jawed, piss-puddled, too scared to clap.

David, dead-eyed, unblinking, encourages the gesture with his own hands and Meathead abruptly snaps to and begins applauding wildly, with *encore-like* zeal and enthusiasm.

One of the EMPLOYEES has his I-Phone out, recording. David notices, tenses, motions for the man.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Can I please see your phone?

The grateful employee is more than happy to oblige until David snatches the phone away, smashing it on the floor--

EMPLOYEE

*--hey man! What the hell!*

DAVID

I'm sorry, I can't--

--David spots the CCTV SECURITY CAMERAS now, arrayed around the bank...and they've captured everything-- Dread seizes hold as he turns and hustles Ky out of the bank--

# **EXT. UNION & TRUST BANK - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

--and right into a gun-toting swarm of gung-ho POLICEMEN.

POLICE OFFICER

*--HANDS! LET ME SEE YOUR HANDS!*

David makes a concerted effort to raise his hands while trying to hold his son but he's not moving fast enough for the advancing, *adrenalized* officers--

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

POLICE OFFICER #2

*I SAID GET 'EM UP!*

*HANDS! HANDS!*

Bank Patrons are now filing out of the bank to the commotion involving David and Ky--

BANK PATRON	BANK PATRON #1
--STOP! He's the one that saved us! He stopped them!	--Put your guns down! He didn't do anything!

A loaded beat ensues, crackling with tension...

...the Officers finally relent and allow David to pass but not before--

POLICE OFFICER  
--sir, if you were involved here, we're going to need a statement from y--

DAVID  
--my five year old son was just involved in an armed robbery. Men were shot in front of him, so I need to get him to a Doctor and make sure everything is--

POLICE OFFICER  
(pointing out ambulance)  
--we've got an EMT here that can check him out and--

DAVID  
--Officer, I'm getting my son out of here. My name is David Shields. I live at 662 Westmont Boulevard.

POLICE OFFICER  
We're going to send a unit by in a bit, so please make yourself available Mr. Shields, we're really not supposed to let you leave the crime scene but...  
(glancing at Ky)  
...I understand, I have a son his age. So, we'll review the security tapes and get back to you later on today.

David feels a softball-sized lump rise in his throat when he hears mention of those security tapes. He nods curtly and continues toward his car with Ky in tow as WE CUT TO:

#### **INT. UNION & TRUST BANK - SECURITY ROOM - DAY**

The on-scene OFFICERS huddle around a monitor...The security footage is queued up.

POLICE OFFICER

This it?  
(off their nods)  
Alright, let's run it.

As the playback begins, WE SLOWLY ZOOM IN until we're...

**INT. UNION & TRUST BANK - DAY - FLASHBACK**

...Back in the bank: *Living out the robbery in real time.*

DAVID

*Close your eyes son...and cover your ears.*

BACK ROBBER #1's finger curls over the trigger of that AR-15 as Ky shuts his eyes and covers his ears.

What happens next is shocking and savage and over in seconds.

David MOVES with tremendous speed, sliding alongside Bank Robber #1 and smashing the AR-15 upward with the heel of his hand which spins the rifle around--

--allowing David to seize the buttstock, jam his own finger into the trigger guard and FIRE--

**RAM!RAM!RAM!RAM!RAM!RAM!**

--The AR-15 is discharged right into the man's sternum, his body armor absorbing the barrage of bullets but knocking him senseless all the same.

He's blown backwards but not before David relieves him of the 9mm GLOCK on his right hip.

BANK ROBBER #1

AHHHH!

David wheels on BANK ROBBER #2, siting him down, watching as he lifts his own weapon up and takes aim--

BANK ROBBER #2

WHAT THE FU--!!

David has him *dead-bang*, burning the Glock's mag full.

**RAM!RAM!RAM!RAM!RAM!RAM!**

And shredding both knees. The Bank Robber SQUEALS as he collapses in a heap.

An astute SECURITY GUARD slides David his sidearm, a .38 snubnose revolver that skates across the floor toward him as Bank Robber #3 stalks across the lobby, bringing his weapon around--

BANK ROBBER #3  
--I'M GONNA KILL YOU, YOU MOTHERF--

David dives, grabs the .38 with his off-hand and FIRES--

**BAM!BAM!BAM!**

Bank Robber #3 is struck in both legs and capsizes, crashing to the floor and clutching his legs with a whimpering whine.

David glances back at the Security Guard and nods his thanks. The guard grins back, bobbing his head enthusiastically.

David turns back to Ky, still standing there, stock still. His eyes closed. His ears covered.

David crosses over to him, lifting him aloft.

DAVID  
*Open your eyes, son.*

Ky does. The bank exults in applause as WE CUT BACK TO:

**INT. UNION & TRUST BANK - SECURITY ROOM - DAY**

A stunned beat as they all stare in awe at the monitor.

POLICE OFFICER  
Holy. Shit.

Off the room's shared astonishment WE CUT TO:

**EXT. ANTEBELLUM STYLED RESIDENCE - LAP POOL - EVENING**

A MAN does exhaustive yet metronome-like laps.

Each stroke measured, precise and near-perfect as he glides the length of the lap pool and back.

**SUPER: RESTON, VIRGINIA**

JACK CINDER, late 50's, seasoned beltway vet with an air of former spook about him. A former CIA 'Trouble-Shooter' turned Republican appointed Secretary Of Defense.

Cinder is a master of the trade-craft and was the Pentagon's go-to-guy for high level blowback, risk assessment and 'plus level' security threats.

He pulls himself from his final lap, his physique that of a marathon runner as two excitable Pit bulls named "ADAMS" & "MADISON" scuffle and skitter at his feet.

CINDER

Relax gentlemen! *Relax*, Good Lord.

He grabs a towel and makes his way over to a table inside an outdoor cabana, where a small cooler awaits.

**INT. CABANA - CONTINUOUS**

Cinder sits. The dogs compete for his attention.

CINDER

...who are my best boys!? Who are the two best dogs on *the planet*?

The Pits yip and yowl until he produces a raw steak which instantly turns them into ramrod-stiff, still-lives, their finely muscled flanks quivering in anticipation.

CINDER (CONT'D)

*Mr. Adams?*

The dog on his right extends his paw. Cinder shakes it. He then tosses him the T-Bone. He turns to the other dog.

CINDER (CONT'D)

*Mr. Madison?*

The other dog extends his paw. Cinder shakes it and tosses him the steak. The two Pits tear the meat apart.

Cinder's wife LORRAINE appears on the back patio.

LORRAINE CINDER

Do those have bones in them?

CINDER

How do wild dogs or wolves eat, Lorraine?

LORRAINE CINDER

They're not wild dogs or wolves!  
The vet said they could get splinters in  
their mouths by eating the bones!

CINDER

Is this the vet that does the  
*acupuncture*? The one with the crystals?  
Wears sandals with socks.

LORRAINE CINDER

Stop.

CINDER

She's nuts, No. Let me handle the lads.

The dogs begin baying their approval. Cinder catches a  
NEWSCAST playing on the big-screen mounted on the  
Cabana's wall. "The Cuomo Hour" on CNN. He unmutes it--

CHRIS CUOMO

*--as the next Iran-Contra scandal? The  
illegal sale of large stockpiles of  
American weapons to our enemies by a  
department, now under investigation by  
the Office of The Inspector General. The  
man at the center of the intrigue? IC  
veteran and former #2 at the CIA, Defense  
Secretary Jack Cinder who's called it a  
"Liberal Conspiracy" And a "Wild goose  
chase, designed to weaken the very heart  
of our country's covert operations"...*

ON-SCREEN, a collection of Democratic REPS from the House  
and Senate, buzz around a podium, delivering stern  
admonishments and warnings.

CINDER

(sneering/seething)

*Cowards.*

Two of Cinder's three cellphones buzz urgent. He answers  
the more impressive looking of the pair.

CINDER (CONT'D)

Cinder...

He listens. This long twisting frown begins to form, then  
sour into a scowl...whatever news he's receiving is  
ruining his day.

CINDER (CONT'D)

*Goddammit. I want an activation, now. And  
I mean NOW.*

He angrily thumbs water from the face of his wristwatch--

CINDER (CONT'D)  
 (listening, then)  
 --No. It'll take too long. No. Patrick--  
 (impatient, then pissed)  
 --PATRICK. *LISTEN!* Get me an airlift.  
 Crippens Helipad. 30 minutes.

Cinder clicks off. Lorraine has returned to the patio.

LORRAINE CINDER  
 Are you watching Chris Cuomo? He doesn't  
 appear to be your biggest fan, honey.

Cinder fixes his wife with deadpan glare. She laughs, a little innocently, a little mockingly.

LORRAINE CINDER (CONT'D)  
 (sing-song)  
 I'm sure you'll work it out. *Y'always do.*

She goes back inside. Cinder turns to his dogs.

CINDER  
 Lads, if you see the opportunity...

...he tosses the last steak on the ground, letting the dogs duel for it, snapping and tearing...

CINDER (CONT'D)  
*...take her out.*

#### **EXT. PARK - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY**

MARVELLA "AUNTIE" MASON and ARTHUR "UNC" BRYANT, former special operators, still contracting for Uncle Sam.

They're posted up in a park, on surveillance detail.

UNC, mid-40's, plays pick-up ball with a younger crew. He's struggling, dragging ass up and down the court.

He's watched with appropriate skepticism and scorn by a AUNTIE, 30's, who offers unsolicited coaching tips as he hobbles by the bleachers:

AUNTIE  
 Stay on the wing, now baby. The paint  
 ain't *no place* for middle-aged men!

He waves her off, winded, trailing a fleeing fast break.



Auntie keeps one eye on him and the other on a pair of sunglassed, SHADY SLEAZEBALLS, speaking with their backs turned to one another, so it doesn't appear as though they're together, or in conversation at all.

Auntie lifts a Nikon and snaps the pair on the sly, her right ear plugged into a MINI DIRECTIONAL MICROPHONE as she tracks and records the pair. WE PICK UP THEIR CHAT:

SHADY SLEAZEBALL #1

*...which can't come back to us. The IG's office is all over our ass now--*

SHADY SLEAZEBALL #2

*...it's the fucking U.S. Defense Department! They can shut this down? We got sixty crates of Stinger Missiles on their way to Saudi Arabia, sitting in a warehouse in Opa Locka--*

--Auntie scribbles notes furiously, never looking down at the notepad on the bench next to her.

### ON THE COURT

Unc is gassing out *fast* but even doubled over, huffing and puffing, he still calls for the ball, relentlessly.

UNC

*Outlet! Outlet! I'm open! ROCK!*

Unc catches a cross-court pass and heaves a *looooong* three from five feet beyond the arc, hitting nothing but iron.

TEAMMATE

*Come on, STEF HURRY! Work the ball, man!*

Unc lumbers back on defense slowly, rolling out both wrists like he still needs to warm up his stroke. He passes Auntie again. She notes his condition.

AUNTIE

*TIME!*

The entire court GROANS. Unc curses, limping over to her.

AUNTIE (CONT'D)

(indicating Sleazeballs)

*We're supposed to be working...so why don't you eyeball and earshot on our two conspirators and let mama get a run in.*

UNC

*Why you always gotta salt my game!*

AUNTIE

'Cuz I've seen goddamned *newborn babies* with better ball skills! And wassup with the breathing!? Y'having an asthma attack and going into labor at the same time?

The bitching and moaning from the other players crescendos and Unc returns to the court for the inbounds.

The YOUNG KID he's guarding is bringing the ball up the court. Unc bodies up, hand checking him, aggressive.

UNC

*Alright Young Pup! Bite Down! Wassup!?*

The kid crosses Unc over not once but twice, then blows by and rips a posterizing windmill dunk off the baseline.

Unc, still sprawled on the asphalt, is slow to get up. The young kid shit-talks and taunts him *immediately*.

YOUNG KID

*I'mma getcha' a good deal on a set of replacement ankles, Old School!*

Auntie moans her disappointment as her phone chimes with an odd ring tone. She tenses. Checks. A SECURITY PROMPT gets her full attention. She sits up, suddenly frosty as she enters an extended series of numbers into the prompt:

The screen reads: **TRACE ECHO-- CRYPTO BURST TRANS-- SECURITY INTERCEPT--**

She SEES telltale top secret data material/burst transmissions stamped with **JSOC** and **CIA** clearances.

AUNTIE

Aww shit...

--Then...the CCTV security footage from the bank plays.

AUNTIE (CONT'D)

(with a shocked rasp)

...David...

She goes ashen, her hand covering her mouth.

AUNTIE (CONT'D)

(looking up, yelling out)

**UNC!**

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

A rough, calloused hand skins a dead deer with a K-Bar.

A vibrating buzz emanates from a backpack.

The hand sets the knife down and retrieves a SAT-PHONE.

A security challenge appears. The hand punches in a code.

*The CCTV security camera footage from the bank plays.*

The hand returns the phone to the backpack and hoists it aloft.

**ON SCREEN WE READ:**

NAME: ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

CODE NAME: "CSYGOD"

STATUS: **ACTIVATED**

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

A pair of hands featuring BLOOD RED NAILS apply make-up to an unseen face. Her phone buzzes. She checks it. A security challenge appears. She punches in her code.

*The CCTV security camera footage from the bank plays.*

The Woman spins on her heels and exits post haste.

**ON SCREEN WE READ:**

NAME: ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

CODE NAME: "ANINO"

STATUS: **ACTIVATED**

**INT. RESTAURANT - DAY**

A crooked smile. Butter brown. Tombstone-shaped teeth.

Grease-smudged glasses set atop A FACE we can't completely SEE.

This man's phone BUZZES and RINGS.

He checks it. Clears the security challenge.

*The CCTV security camera footage from the bank plays.*

ON SCREEN WE READ:

NAME: ~~ANONYMOUS WOMAN~~  
 CODE NAME: "SCATH"  
 STATUS: ACTIVATED

**INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY**

A phone buzzes on the desk. An ANONYMOUS WOMAN checks it.

A security challenge appears. She punches in her code.

*The CCTV security camera footage from the bank plays.*

She checks the time, then crosses to an attic ladder above. She pulls it down and reveals that the ladder itself has been replaced by a ROW OF HIGH-TECH WEAPONRY.

ON SCREEN WE READ:

NAME: ~~ANONYMOUS MAN~~  
 CODE NAME: "MORITI"  
 STATUS: ACTIVATED

**EXT. MUAY-THAI TOURNAMENT - BANGKOK - DAY**

A MAN. Hulking. Huge. His face buried beneath a wide-brimmed herder's hat.

He trades thousands worth of "Baht" (Currency) with a bustling throng of GAMBLERS and BETTORS as two MUAY-THAI COMBATANTS beat one another senseless inside the ring.

The man's phone chimes. He retrieves it. A security challenge appears. He punches out a code.

*The CCTV security camera footage from the bank plays.*

The man rears up, dumping a handful of Baht into the crowd and creating a temporary melee as he exits the stands.

ON SCREEN WE READ:

NAME: ~~ANONYMOUS MAN~~  
 CODE NAME: "VARJO"  
 STATUS: ACTIVATED

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

A WOMAN. Her face unseen but we recognize those HAZEL EYES. She suns herself.

Her phone buzzes. She ignores it.

It alerts again. The ring tone has changed.

*It chills her.*

She snatches up the cell hastily, consulting the screen:

**"K.....SECURITY INTERCEPT. CINDER ALERTED. FULL ACTIVATION.....AUNTIE"**

WE HEAR HER VOICE NOW...

HAZEL EYES

...no...

She clicks the secured link.

*The CCTV security camera footage from the bank plays.*

She watches it intently, rapt, absorbing every detail.

The playback concludes. She immediately rises up and rushes off as WE CUT TO:

**EXT. RURAL ROAD - DUSK**

David races down the highway, ignoring the posted speed limits as he tries to put as much distance between himself and the incident at the bank as possi--

**--WOOP WOOP--!**

--A short strobe blast from a police siren, issued from the STATE TROOPER that's pulled in, *directly behind them.*

DAVID

Damn.

KY

What's wrong, Dad?

Ky turns to SEE the Cruiser tailgating him. A SPOTLIGHT blasts in hot, casting everything glare white. Another bleat from the siren prompts David to pull over...

DAVID  
 ...Ok buddy. Listen to Dad. We're gonna  
 be calm and polite and do *whatever* the  
 officer tells us to do. Ok?

Ky nods nervously as David adjusts the side-view mirror.

**EXT. RURAL ROAD - DUSK**

The TROOPER, an ancient silver moustache with mirrored  
 sunglasses, saunters up the shoulder toward the car.

David braces for the worst. The Trooper taps the window.  
 David rolls it down and without any preamble, says...

DAVID  
 ...Officer, I am reaching into my glove  
 compartment for my registration. I have  
 my young son in the car with me and I am  
*fully compliant* wi--

--the Trooper interrupts him.

TROOPER  
 That's not necessary, Mr. Shields.

David turns. The Trooper grins down, extending his hand--

TROOPER (CONT'D)  
 --My daughter-in-law Darlene works in  
 that bank. You were in her line today and  
 if you hadn't done what you did, then I  
 don't know that she'd still be with us  
 and I just wanted to shake your hand--

--David, dumbfounded-- *what-the-fuck-is-thi--*

TROOPER (CONT'D)  
 (seizing David's hand)  
 --and thank you...World seems to be  
 running *awfully* short on bravery these  
 days, so when a man like you comes along,  
 it should remind us that we're *blessed*,  
 to still have men like you, come along.

David, his hand being *vigorously* shaken by the Trooper.

DAVID  
 I'm-- thank, thank you Officer. I was  
 just, doing what needed to be done.

TROOPER

And my grandbaby's momma is still here  
because of that.

The trooper releases his vise-like grip.

TROOPER (CONT'D)

Listen, the detectives would like to  
speak with you, they put out a BOLO on  
your vehicle and I just happened to be  
passing. If you could spare a few moments  
with them, they're at your residence now--

DAVID

--of course, Officer. I'm on my way home.

The Trooper pats David on the arm.

TROOPER

I'll let the detective in charge know  
that. You have a great rest of your day,  
Mr. Shields. And thank you again.

One last meaningful arm pat and then the Trooper departs.

KY

The policeman really liked you, Daddy.

David nods absently as he restarts the car.

DAVID

First time for everything, son.

KY

What's that mean?

DAVID

That means it'll probably never happen  
again in my lifetime...or *any other black  
man's*.

Ky is too young to glean the import of this comment.

KY

You're silly, Daddy.

DAVID

Yeah...

(re: the trouble to come)

...Daddy is very silly right now.

(beat, then)

You ready to take a trip, bud?

Ky brightens at this suggestion.

KY

*A trip where?*

DAVID

To a special house that Daddy has.

KY

A special house?

DAVID

In the woods. *Far* away from here.

The Trooper's cruiser passes them. David waits, watching its tail-lights fade. He turns to Ky, forces a smile.

DAVID (CONT'D)

*You ready?*

Ky nods and David flips a quick U-Turn, speeding away.

#### **INT. PENTAGON - NIGHT**

Cinder stalks through a series of armed security clearances, taking him deep into the working parts of the United State's covert intelligence community.

He removes a .380 SMITH & WESSON from his rear waistband as he's wanded and cleared through a metal detector.

Flanking him step for step are PARKER and PATRICK, late 20's. Think the Winklevoss Twins but not as creepy.

Patrick hands Cinder an I-PAD with the bank footage:

PARKER

(indicating screen)

Sombra had been inactive and off-grid for the past four and a half years.

CINDER

(watching footage)

And this trio of dipshits just happened to be robbing a bank that he was in?

PATRICK

With what appears to be his young son.

CINDER

(this is *real* news)

*A son? Jesus...was that it?*

Cinder stops walking, his mind spinning, then, softly...



CINDER (CONT'D)

That was it...she got pregnant...

Patrick, *oblivious* to the Boss's clear internal torment--

PATRICK

--Is this "*Ombra*" you're referring to,  
sir? Kyrah--

--Cinder's anger suddenly flares **red-fucking-hot**--

CINDER

--I KNOW HER FUCKING NAME!! AND HER  
GODDAMNED CODE NAME! I GAVE IT TO HER!

Parker and Patrick shrivel as one, taken aback by the  
outburst...Cinder's rage subsides now but only *slightly*--

CINDER (CONT'D)

--What I want to know is where she is and  
what she's doing, right now.

(beat, resolved)

And I want *every single resource* inside  
the IC tracking her in real time.

PATRICK

She's gone to ground, sir. There's been  
*no movement* at all.

PARKER

(checking stats)

For the past four and a half years.

CINDER

(that anger slowly returning)

Six Shadows, her former fucking teammates  
have been killed in that same time frame.  
Did we deploy a Kick Team?

PATRICK

They've already been there.

#### **EXT. DAVID'S HOME - NIGHT**

FIGURES move swiftly and quickly along the property line.  
A FIVE PERSON TEAM in blackout camo and balaclavas take  
down David's back door with soundless precision and sweep  
inside, WEAPONS UP, clearing the home, room by room.

PATRICK (V.O.)

*...If they're still together, there was  
absolutely no indication that she was  
living with them...*

QUICK CUTS as the TEAM collects and bags a miscellany of items from PHONE BILLS to PHOTOGRAPHS.

They torch a small personal safe and find multiple PASSPORTS with David's photo in each one and various aliases attached.

PARKER (V.O.)  
*...he left a small cache of passports behind, he might have duplicates in his possession but the odds he'll try to travel on any of them are slim and none.*

The TEAM exfiles, melting back into the midnight shadows. David's home begins to burn behind them as WE CUT TO:

**INT. DAVID'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT**

David slows as he makes a left turn down a rural switchback, driving for several miles until arriving at a remote wooded area with no access road.

He jostles a sleeping Ky in the passenger seat.

DAVID  
 We're here, buddy.

**INT. CAR - UNKNOWN**

Moving at great speed through the countryside.

WE SEE those same HAZEL EYES behind the wheel. She's texting someone across a encrypted DST line. The letters immediately scramble as they're typed out...

**...UNC...NEED OPTIONS. BOY PRIMA...--**

**EXT. "CLUB CHAOS" -- CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA - NIGHT**

Auntie and Unc angle up to the head of the huge line formed out in front of the club. They're waved in by the doorman, FRITZ: 6'5, minutely muscled and slavishly styled with a distinct, *Southern Belle's* disposition.

AUNTIE  
 Fritzie!

FRITZ  
 Oh goodness! *Look at all this gorgeous!*

Fritz takes Auntie's hand, kissing it and then ghetto-claps Unc like they're back on the block.

FRITZ (CONT'D)

So what brings ya'll over to the Beach on this blustery sabbath?

Auntie pulls out a series of PHOTOS...WE RECOGNIZE the two SHADY SLEAZEBAGS from the park.

AUNTIE

Need a little background. These two like to club. Like to spend. Love the girls.

Fritz scrutinizes the photos, recognizes them, scoffs--

FRITZ

--besides being living breathing, bipedal proof, that money can't buy class, they try to pass themselves as amateur-hour "arms dealers"--

UNC

(incredulously)  
--Hold up, these two actually walk around, telling people they move weapons?

A group of rowdy, FRAT TYPES press up to the velvet rope at that moment. Fritz excuses himself momentarily.

FRITZ

Hold on half a tic, ya'll.

Fritz drops the sugar-coated Scarlet O'Hara act and gets straight HOOD. The metamorphosis is amazing--

FRITZ (CONT'D)

--What *THE FUCK* ya'll want!?

A TOW-HEADED SURF PUNK asks meekly--

PUNK

--Are you Fritz?

FRITZ

Fuck you care who I am! We *related* ho!?

A short, goatee'd TOAD pipes up.

TOAD

We're from Fort Lauderdale.

FRITZ

*FUCK FORT LAUDERDALE!* Ya'll shoulda stayed home! We ain't got no room for a buncha sunburnt, surf's up, pipeline ridin' pussy-ass tourists!

(to the shortest one)

--Yeah I'm talkin' to you Shrinky Dink! You ain't confused! Don't trip!

Auntie and Unc smother a laugh.

FRITZ (CONT'D)

Look here, this ain't no twenty-dollar-a-head frat party, suckin' on a stale keg! I'mma need a thousand dollars each just a getcha y'punk asses past the rope!

TOAD

*That much?*

FRITZ

(to no one in particular)

Look at this little sawed-off neckbone talkin' bout--

(spot on imitation of Toad)

--*that much??*

Fritz turns back, winking at Auntie and Unc. The frat boys convene, a TRUST FUND type in a pink polo with a shot collar digs out a BLACK AMEX and palms Fritz.

FRITZ (CONT'D)

(taking the AMEX)

Oh so now we on that *real shit*--

--Unc's cellphone pings, he steps away, checking it:

**UNC...NEED OPTIONS. BOY PRIMARY CONCERN. PLEASE HELP.....K.**

Unc enters a separate set of digits in an overlay that erases this incoming message.

WE SEE his SCREEN pixelate and then *reform* as he types:

**....HAVE OPTIONS...BURN CURRENT CELL...STAY OFF CIV COMMS.....UNC.**

He then powers down his phone, glancing over at Auntie. She sees his expression and quickly crosses over to him, asking cryptically--

AUNTIE

--*is she moving?*

UNC

She's moving.**EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT - LATER**

David walks along the road, holding Ky's hand and shining a flashlight over a series of REFLECTIVE TREE MARKERS.

The beam finds one marker in particular. Its number has been removed. David hands Ky the flashlight and crosses to the tree, gripping the trunk and lifting it aloft...

...it isn't rooted. Behind it, is a narrow dirt path.

**EXT. DIRT PATH - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT**

David eases the car down the path, which gradually constricts with vegetation, battering and scraping the vehicle with passing branches.

**INT. DAVID'S CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS**

David leans across the steering wheel, peering out into the path as it finally dead ends. He turns to Ky.

DAVID

C'mon buddy, let's go.

**INT. PENTAGON - SECURED "SCIF" BRIEFING ROOM - DAY**

Cinder, Patrick and Parker enter. The room is comprised of buttoned down, AGENCY/ANALYST TYPES and beige-colored, bureaucratic CONGRESSIONAL COGS.

Cinder stops cold, spinning back to Patrick, tightly--

CINDER

--why are there politicians here?

PATRICK

Congressional committee reps from Armed Services and Homeland. The OIG investigation has everyone nervous.

CINDER

Democrats?

PARKER

Yes.

CINDER

*Fuuuuck.*

Cinder turns back to the room, Parker begins making introductions which Cinder immediately short-circuits--

CINDER (CONT'D)

--let's not waste time. It's late. The people in this room have been "read in", so here it is, short, sweet and unredacted: Eight years ago we recruited a group of elite special operators for a unit called "Shadow Force": A clandestine kill-team tasked with handling hot spot, high-level terminations, dictators, tyrants...doing God's dirty work around the globe. Each member had a codename, "Kivuli" "Varjo" "Anino" "Aloka"-- all different language derivatives of the word "shadow" There were--

--Cinder points back at Parker, cueing him--

PARKER

--Thirteen.

CINDER

*Thirteen*, wildly successful members of this unit and *then*, internal strife tore them apart and the unit disbanded to the tune of 362 million tax-payer dollars in developmental and deployment costs.

BUREAUCRAT #1

And how does this David Shiel--

CINDER

--that brief dramatic pause was neither the end of my speech, nor designed to signal follow-up questions from you. As I tell my two dogs: "*listening is a skill*"

The Bureaucrat, chastened, clams up. Cinder inhales, gathers himself, appears to collect his thoughts and then...blank--

CINDER (CONT'D)

--now I can't remember what I was going to say...*Goddammit*.

Patrick and Parker, ever vigilant and at-the-ready.

PATRICK	PARKER
...the unit disbanded...?	...the loss of hundreds of millions...?

Cinder, pissed this narrative thread is now eluding him--

CINDER  
 --No, no, I said that, that was...  
 (shaking his head)  
 ...shit...lost my train of thought.

A stagnate beat. The room uncertain as to how to react.

PARKER  
 (gently offering)  
 The reason the unit broke up?

Cinder. *Eureka!*

CINDER  
 Ahh, yes-- David Shields, the man in the bank video and, *Kyrah Owens...*

Cinder utters "Kyrah Owens" like he just took a big bite of something rotten that he can't spit out.

IMAGES of David and Kyrah begin cycling past on a large VIDEO SCREEN directly behind him.

CINDER (CONT'D)  
 ...these two meet as Shadow Force Co-Commanders, romantic entanglements being, *strictly* forbidden, a May-December thing blossoms in spite of, which results in aforementioned "internal strife" and they *abandon* both the unit and their command.  
 (more than a kink of emotion)  
 I now believe the woman "Ombra" may have been *with child* at the time which would've *hastened* their flight--

--Cinder pauses as he fends off some internal turmoil. It's as if the mere mention of Kyrah's pregnancy damaged some deeper part of him...this is one of the more smugly *chipper* CONGRESSIONAL COGS asks:

CONGRESSIONAL COG  
 Secretary, can we ask what *operational* measures you're implementing?

Cinder, *never* in a mood to mince words.

CINDER  
This is a search and destroy.

The bluntness of this edict seems to unsettle the Cog.

CINDER (CONT'D)

The recruitment for Shadow Force came with a single iron clad rule: No one leaves. You die or you retire out. Violation of this rule put a *25 million dollar bounty* on that individual, to be collected by their fellow teammates.

An ANALYST chimes in.

ANALYST

How many members remain in Shadow Force?

CINDER

One was killed in New York last week.

Cinder jabs a finger at Parker, who's initially confused--

PATRICK

--sir?

CINDER

*The name?*

PATRICK

CINDER (CONT'D)

Code or--

--Code--!

PARKER

(to the rescue)

--*Hooskii*, which is *Somalian* for Shado--

--Cinder jabs that same finger back at Parker with twice the force, halting him mid-sentence--

CINDER

(back to the room)

--So, this operator's demise leaves only five members in the hunt.

ANALYST

And these remaining members are now *tactically* engaged?

CINDER

There's been an "Activation" yes.

(pointing back at screen)

And the price on their combined heads, is 50 million USD, tax free.

Cinder can feel the temperature in the room rising. The second-guessing and armchair quarterbacking, *imminent...*



## CONGRESSIONAL COG

Secretary, with respect, your department is the subject of a fairly broad and far-reaching OIG investigation at the moment. Any illegalities that this "manhunt" might trigger could land you in even hotter water with the Inspector General.

## BUREAUCRAT #1

You could face federal subpoenas, impeachment and the possibility of jail.

## ANALYST

And there are rumors that moles and whistle-blowers may be operating within the State Department that could furth--

## CINDER

(agitated, out-of-patience)

--these are the risks that I run. I'm sure some of you would suggest that we simply let these sleeping dogs lie but I would submit that these same dogs will eventually wake up *and shit all over our rug...* These are outlaw, *lethally trained*, highly-skilled operators privy to years of our most sensitive secrets. Secrets that can be reborn, as *blackmail*.

(beat, toward the cogs)

I know these meetings are part of some congressional "transparency program" but what we do on the covert side is cloudy and opaque and what we accomplish is *real...Keeping this country safe*.

(beat, this thin smile)

And I can't think of a better line to walk out of a room on...

...And with that, Cinder exits.

Patrick and Parker trade a quick, almost conspiratorial glance and then follow him out.

**INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT**

Their path lit by the flashlight function on David's I-Phone. He keeps Ky close as they maneuver along, wading through brackish water.

**INT. SAFE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

A false floorboard pops open. David's head pokes through, the flashlight follows, moving around the darkened room.

DAVID  
(glancing down)  
Ky, stay right there, give Dad a second.

KY (O.S.)  
Ok.

David pulls himself the rest of the way up, rolling onto his feet and quickly crossing to a credenza against the wall, near the entrance. He feels along the lip, presses a release button. The lid rises automatically...

...WEAPONS are secured to its underside. He removes a RHINO 200DS .357 from its housing and tucks it into his waistband, quickly closing the credenza's lid.

David flips the lights on now, illuminating the room.

DAVID  
(calling down)  
Alright bud, come on up.

Ky's head appears a moment later, gazing around. David hoists him up.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
What if I told you, you didn't have to go to school for awhile?

KY  
(genuinely excited)  
*I don't have to go to school!?*

DAVID  
Ok, let's not get too fired up, this isn't forever, it's just temporary.

Ky leaps around anyway, exulting, elated. David smiles weary, half his attention here, the other half mindful of what might be moving around them...and closing in.

**INT. SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Father and son devour bowls of Ramen at the table.

DAVID  
How is it?

Ky is eating so ravenously, he's only able to nod.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Dad is usually a disaster in the kitchen  
but he can cook the hell outta some ramen  
noodles, can't he?

Ky swallows, setting his fork down...

KY

...Dad?

DAVID

Yeah, bud?

A beat.

KY

Why did you take your ear plugs out?

DAVID

What do you mean? *When*?

KY

In the bank, with the bad guys. You took  
them out.

David nods, chewing, formulating an appropriate reply...

DAVID

...Y'know *Daredevil*? How he's blind?

KY

Yeah.

DAVID

But he's still a super-hero because his  
super-power is, he can *hear* everything.

KY

Yeah.

DAVID

Well, Daddy's is like that but it's when  
I *can't* hear. That's my super-power.

KY

(genuinely curious)

How?

DAVID

I don't know. I just get really focused.  
Everything slows down. I feel strong.

KY

Is that why you got the bad guys?

DAVID

Mm-hmm. I think so.

Ky nods, nibbles nervously on his lower lip, reluctant to ask this next question...Then:

KY

You were never a bad guy, *were you Dad?*

David stops eating...he can SEE this growing anxiety in his son and wants only to alleviate it, *immediately*.

DAVID

...Y'know, a long time ago...I was.

Ky absorbs this. His little eyes beginning to mist.

KY

...*Was* *momma* too?

David nods solemnly.

KY (CONT'D)

Why?

David, his mind being implacably pulled back into the murk and madness of his past...

DAVID

...*We thought we were the good guys*.

Ky gazes unblinkingly at his father. Expectant. *Hopeful*.

KY

Are you now?

(his voice warbling/cracking)

*The good guys?*

David reaches out and rubs his son's head reassuringly...

DAVID

...Absolutely.

**INT. SAFE HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

David showers, head hung. The weight of what he's feeling isn't something that hot water has ever washed away.

**INT. SAFE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

David climbs into bed next to a sleeping Ky, kissing him on the forehead, listening to him breathe. David closes his eyes, trying to drift off to that dulcet rhythm...

...it doesn't work.

He flips on the older console TV atop of the dresser and SEES HIMSELF in CCTV FOOTAGE from the bank, accompanied by a blow-dried talking head's NEWSCASTER narration.

The video has been blurred to obscure the violence.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

*...as authorities continue their search for "local hero" David Shields. The Woodbine man who single-handedly foiled a mid-morning bank robbery at First Federal in Regent Hill earlier today. Mr. Shields left after the incident with his young son in tow and their whereabouts are currently unknown...*

The video shifts to an interview with a local SHERIFF.

SHERIFF

*We just want to question him, he's in no trouble, it's pretty clear from the bank footage that he did a really heroic thing that potentially prevented a real loss of life...*

David clicks off, settling back into bed, his thoughts spooling wildly...keeping him hard-wired and wide awake.

**INT. SAFE HOUSE - BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN**

--CREAK.

David cracks an eye open.

CREAK-- it sounds like someone is in the house.

He glances over at Ky, who stirs, still asleep.

He removes the Rhino Snubnose from the nightstand and carefully climbs out of bed.

**INT. SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

David moves with a gun like he was born holding one.

Precise, practiced, movements, mastered over years of combat and engagement.

He sweeps room to room, pure stealth, pistol leading.

He reaches the living room and flips the lights on.

Nothing.

He walks over to the floorboard, it's been moved--

--Suddenly the pistol is kicked out of his hand from behind.

He turns and gets cracked in the face by a masked intruder with *HAZEL EYES*.

She attacks with a steady combo of blows to the head and body, each punch with pop and purpose and *vicious intent*.

David, on his back foot, trying to defend himself, is caught completely off guard this aggression.

He's able to block and parry while getting his bearings, but is being steadily backed across the living room as he attempts to weather and withstand this assault.

These barrages are thrown with a fury and anger that seems intensely personal.

Now David launches his counter-attack and they really go at it, both of them equally skilled and evenly matched: A full on, expertly fought brawl between two combatants that seem to mirror and mimic one another's movements--

--then Hazel Eyes lands a spinning round house kick and follows it up by sweeping David's legs and taking his balance, putting him flat on his back.

Hazel Eyes mounts him, ripping her mask off...and WE RECOGNIZE this woman immediately as KYRAH OWENS.

KYRAH

*How could you put him in danger?!*

David stares up at her, this look of regret and sadness, *until he moves*, whiplash fast, executing a maneuver that reverses their positions and puts him on top of her.

DAVID

*Where the hell have you been?*

Kyrah bridges upward, wraps her leg around David's neck and then rolls him over, going for an arm-bar submission.

KYRAH  
*Watching your back!*

David shifts, postures up and then lifts her aloft with him like he's going to power-bomb her into the floor.

DAVID  
*Then what the fuck are we doing here!?*

She immediately releases her hold and bounces back to her feet, her hands raised in a traditional guard, her front leg slightly aloft as she advances in a Muay-Thai stance.

They're both ready to launch into one another anew when they notice--

--KY. Standing there. Slack-jawed. Staring at both of them, his action figures frozen in either hand.

The sight of her son immediately cancels whatever anger and aggression she's feeling. Tears slowly fills her eyes as she crosses over to Ky and kneels down.

Mother and son regard one another for a sustained moment.

Ky looks at Kyrah for a long time, this small smile forming as he utters the following, whisper-quiet...

KY  
...I like your face. It's pretty.

Kyrah smiles, releasing tears. She reaches out and touches her son's cheek now, softly stroking it.

KYRAH  
I like yours too. It's handsome.

KY  
Why did you fight my dad?

Kyrah shoots a side-eye at David, then returns her gaze to Ky, placing her hands on his shoulders and squeezing, looking nervous and unsettled, her voice warbling...

KYRAH  
...do you know who I am, honey?

Ky searches her face, his gaze playing over her features carefully, processing something-- then his gaze abruptly shifts down to the female ACTION FIGURE he's holding in his hand, before returning at Kyrah...

...who looks exactly like the action figure.

This gasping, gobsmacked realization comes over Ky and those little eyes beam back at her now, *spellbound...*

...then he touches her face and says in a voice that reminds Kyrah that there is indeed a God...

KY

...*Momma?*

She nods. Tears fall. Ky, marveling at the sight of "momma", collapses into her all at once, his little frame melting into her as he begins to buck and sob...

KYRAH

...Don't cry baby, it's ok.  
(reassuring, soothing)  
I'm here...*Momma's here.*

David watches this reunion with a mix of melancholy and relief as he begins returning the living room to normal, righting overturned furniture and re-hanging frames...

#### **INT. SAFE HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

David tucks Ky back into bed. He smiles, whispering up to his father excitedly...

KY

...*Momma's here.*

DAVID

She is, bud.

KY

Is she gonna be here when I wake up?

DAVID

Yes. I promise. Now go to sleep. Momma and I have a lot to talk about.

David kisses him on the forehead as rises to leave. As Ky's eyes close shut WE MATCH CUT TO:

#### **INT. MODEST HOME - BEDROOM - FLASHBACK**

BABY KY, sleeping in a crib.

#### **SUPERIMPOSE: 4 YEARS AGO**

OFF-SCREEN, WE HEAR arguing coming from another room.



**INT. MODEST HOME - FLASHBACK**

David paces. An annoyed Kyrah stares at him.

KYRAH

*Go back!?*

DAVID

We made a mistake.

KYRAH

David, we went AWOL from a Special Missions Unit. A unit we were commanding. There's a *50 million dollar bounty* on us! Our teammates are coming to collect.

DAVID

We reach out to Cinder, we tell him we made a mistake, you got pregnant, none of this was planned--

KYRAH

*--We're not doing that! We can't do that!*

DAVID

Why not!? *What the hell is it?*

KYRAH

David, our unit was shut down! Do you know how many hundreds of millions in defense spending was either frozen or stripped from Cinder, after we fled? Shadow Force went dark, because of US.  
(beat, understand this)  
And that doesn't get forgiven, ever!

DAVID

Kyrah. You wanted to run. I loved you. I wanted to run with you but you're *scared* and you've been scared and you're not telling me why!

Kyrah plops down in a chair with this long pained sigh...

KYRAH

*...Cinder recruited me, personally.*

David nods, nervous now, not sure where this is going...

KYRAH (CONT'D)

*...we had a, moment together. A long time ago, when I was with DevGru, before I ever laid eyes on you, baby.*

(MORE)

KYRAH (CONT'D)

He said he was separated from his wife, I found out that he was lying and I broke it off.

David stops pacing, looks positively *gut-punched*...

DAVID

...why did you *never* mention this to me, Kyrah?

KYRAH

Because I didn't want to see the look on your face that I'm seeing right now.

(beat, the gravity of it)

Even after you and I got together, he never stopped pursuing me.

(beat, grim)

And I don't think he'll stop now.

David's eyes slam shut. His voice a sharp rasp.

DAVID

The baby.

KYRAH

I know.

DAVID

You should have told me.

KYRAH

I just did.

DAVID

So you had *an affair* with the second-in-command at the CIA--

KYRAH

--if you're going to turn this into some jealous boyfriend bullshit then I'm gonna walk out of this room, *right now*.

(beat, reminding him)

What did we decide? That Shadow Force was being *politicized*. That there was *no room* for us anymore. That Cinder was turning it into a private army. You *have* to trust me now David, there is no going back.

DAVID

Then we need *real operational strategy* or we're gonna spend the rest of our lives, looking over *both* shoulders.

KYRAH

We split up.

DAVID

*Split up?*

KYRAH

Not in that way. I mean physically.  
They'll be looking for us, *for you and I.*  
(beat, her gaze dropping)  
What they won't be looking for, is a  
single father, raising his son.

DAVID

What are you talking about?

KYRAH

Our boy. And keeping him safe ***no matter what***. The two of us together are a huge target right now.

DAVID

So what are you proposing?

KYRAH

Time. Time to draw out the threats and  
*deal with them*. We can live off our  
savings and set up our future and when  
it's safe, we disappear, *together*.  
(beat, hoping this lands)  
As a family.

DAVID

When?

KYRAH

I don't know. A few years.

DAVID

*Years?*

KYRAH

(irritated now)  
How long would you keep looking for 50 million dollars, David!?

DAVID

So you want to face them down alone?  
Shadow Force?

KYRAH

I trained 'em, I know their tendencies,  
their tricks.

DAVID  
And why you--?

KYRAH  
(sudden, final)  
--*Because I'm his mother...* which means  
there's **nothing** on the planet that can  
protect him better than me.  
(beat)  
Not even you.

BACK TO:

**INT. SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING**

David and Kyrah sit across the table from one another.  
Dead silent. Disengaged. The obvious emotional distance  
between them seems *impossible* to bridge at the moment.

Finally...

DAVID  
...Where have you been, Kyrah?

KYRAH  
Where do you think?

DAVID  
I don't know *what* to think, beyond the  
thought that we got *ghosted*.  
(anger/remorse)  
What happened to our plan? Our happily  
ever after?

Kyrah, this flash of *real* regret in her eyes...

KYRAH  
...you have *no idea*, what I've been  
doing, to keep this family safe.

DAVID  
*Family?*  
(beat, leaning toward her)  
Is that what we are all of the sudden?

She brings her gaze up on him like a weapon, glowering.  
He demurs, not wanting to make this situation any worse.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Who's left? The Shadows.

KYRAH

I got Hooskii last week. He was closing in on you. He had photos and a work-up.  
(beat, with some despair)  
Five Shadows are still active. The worst of us...the ones I'm most worried about.

DAVID

Let me guess...Cysgod. Moriti. Anino. Scath. Varjo.

Kyrah squeezes her temples, nodding.

KYRAH

Yeah.

*INSERT: QUICK FLASHES of HUNTING KNIFE, RED NAILS, GLASSES, ATTIC WEAPONS, HULKING MAN.*

KYRAH (CONT'D)

Plus whatever systems support they have.

DAVID

Meaning every last fucking *molecule* of JSOC now that Cinder is running Defense.

KYRAH

He triggered the activation.

DAVID

(with attendant worry)  
Then he knows about Ky.

A fear and foreboding floods Kyrah's eyes as Ky appears, wandering into the living room, rubbing off the sleep. He stumbles toward his mother and capsizes into her...

...he's *snoring* a half-second later, still standing. After a moment...

KYRAH

...is he asleep?

David smirks/scoffs with more than a tinge of envy.

DAVID

No idea how he got *that* comfortable with you, that fast.

Kyrah redirects David's little dig.

KYRAH

Maybe he finally feels safe.

David death-stares her for that remark but she's focused on Ky's face, her hand brushing over its small contours.

DAVID

I want to get him somewhere offline and away from us for now.

KYRAH

*Absolutely not.* I'm not letting him out of my sight.

DAVID

Kyrah. They are coming for us and *it's ON...*and whether we want this fight or not, it's gonna fucking *find us*.

(beat, pointing to Ky)

But it cannot find him...You've been the hunter. *We've been the hunted.* Hiding. Hoping. Living in fear.

(beat, resolved)

So we're gonna get our son locked down.

KYRAH

(a beat, then)

Auntie and Unc. They're working for the IG, down in Florida, investigating illicit arms deals that may *lead back* to Cinder.

DAVID

(the magnitude of it)

Jesus. And they've been helping you move?

KYRAH

I've been bouncing data bursts between the both of 'em, so there's no redundant comms.

David gets suspicious.

DAVID

They *ran* tactics and logistics for Shadow Force, Kyrah--

KYRAH

--and what does that matter?

DAVID

Because they were *tight* with Cinder.

KYRAH

Then...Now, they're investigating him.

DAVID

And they had every reason to *hate our guts* for quitting that unit--

KYRAH

--And, they've been *nothing* but rock solid for me since we went rogue.

DAVID

Then we get Ky, tucked in with those those two and then mommy and daddy go *fuck some shit up*.

KYRAH

What do you mean?

DAVID

Cinder. He's the head of the snake.

KYRAH

And *the most* powerful man in Special Operations--

DAVID

--Which makes him, *the-man-most-likely-to-hunt-us-till-the-ends-of-the-earth*.

KYRAH

Why don't we just gun for *Godzilla* instead? Or go into Hell after Hitler.

DAVID

We can get him, you and me. Together.

Kyrah studies David now...with more than a measure of *skepticism* in her eyes.

KYRAH

And this isn't, in *any* way, personal for you--?

DAVID

--Not personal. Tactical. *Everything*, including The Shadows, falls apart without him...*So he's the one that needs to get "got"*.

(a deliberate dig on her)

Unless you don't think you can do it...because of, *your past* with him an--

--Kyrah cuts him off with a look, a warning in her eyes--

KYRAH

--Don't.

David de-escalates, realizes his error, goes quiet. Kyrah returns her attention to their slumbering son, sighing.

KYRAH (CONT'D)  
(the weight of it all)  
So we're supposed to go to *assassinate*,  
the sitting Secretary Of Defense.

DAVID  
What's wrong with that?  
(allowing for the absurd)  
*Besides* the obvious.

KYRAH  
Well, that's a lot of what's wrong.  
That's most of it.

DAVID  
What's the rest?

She stares over up at him. Blunt. No bullshit.

KYRAH  
You're not up to it. Any of it.

A charged beat. David's gaze tightens on her.

DAVID  
What are you talking about?

KYRAH  
You're not sharp. You've lost a step.

DAVID  
Well, three assholes that recently *robbed*  
*a bank*, might beg to differ.

KYRAH  
Three *civilians* who bought their gear at  
gun-shows and shot paper.

Now it's David's turn to be offended.

DAVID  
I'll handle mine, you handle yours.

And with that David stands and stalks out of the room.

Kyrah lingers a moment longer, watching Ky sleep...then,  
listening for his pulse, she begins gently rapping out  
its rhythm on his cheek...

...beat-beat...beat-beat...beat-beat...



**INT. FOUNDRY - SOMEWHERE IN THE BELTWAY - DAY**

WE FOLLOW CINDER, PARKER and PATRICK through a massive, abandoned foundry with derelict structures covering several square miles...

...the perfect place to hide from the world and plot.

Arrayed around an ad hoc staging center, chatting with one another...are all five remaining SHADOWS: CYSGOD. MORITI. ANINO. SCATH. VARJO.

Three men. Two women...and perhaps the most poised and polished, professional assassins ever assembled.

Each of them carries the barb and cold blood of their calling and each of them wield the unmistakable and distinct mien of former Spec Ops:

Expert soldiers in every measurable way.

Orbiting the perimeter are a motley mix of MERCS and SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE: Two dozen or so guns-for-hire.

Cinder arrives, greeting each of his former team with a curt nod and bringing their impromptu reunion to a halt.

CINDER

You're all familiar with one another and we all share *deep* history so I'll skip the lecture on 'Do's & 'Don'ts' and get right to my list of demands. One: Don't bitch about money because I'm *doubling* the bounty.

The Shadows audibly and *effusively* react to this news.

CINDER (CONT'D)

100 million five ways, is a huge payout and exclusive to *this* Op. Two: We don't do advances, loans or the like. Payment is due, *in full*, after-action. Three: We plan and execute with precision. We don't play odds. We don't rely on luck.

(beat)

Not with these two.

**INT. SAFE HOUSE - BASEMENT - MORNING**

Kyrah and David stand in front of a makeshift gun-range built in the cellar of the Safe House with traditional circular targets and human silhouettes at either end.

Kyrah un-holsters her pistol, offering it to David.

KYRAH  
Your cold shot, let's see it.

David stares at her gun.

DAVID  
You gonna let me zero it out to my specs?

Kyrah withdraws her pistol and re-holsters it as David snaps into action, pulling his own weapon and FIRING a "double tap" downrange.

**ANGLE ON TARGET:** TWO HOLES...spaced less than half an inch apart. David smiles at the result.

Kyrah grins, mock-approvingly.

KYRAH  
That's really something, wow, you--

--she then snap draws her own sidearm and **BLAM-BLAM--**

--puts two holes right next to his, these two holes, her "Cold Shot", overlap and appear as one.

KYRAH (CONT'D)  
I was always a better shot than y--

DAVID  
--you were *not*, always a better shot than me, plus you've been operational.

KYRAH  
--shouldn't we both be *operational*? When you're the primary protector of our son?

DAVID  
It's called "*parenting*" Kyrah...and it doesn't allow for a lot of trigger time.

Kyrah takes this slight in stride, replies with her own.

KYRAH  
You gotta clean your targeting up. It's *consumer grade*. Remember Odessa?

DAVID  
Oh here we go. *Ancient history*. **Again**.

Kyrah yanks down her right sleeve at the shoulder, revealing a keloid scar, in the shape of a bullet wound.

KYRAH  
*You shot me in the shoulder!*

DAVID  
 And distracted the asshole holding you at  
 gunpoint, which allowed me, to *kill him*.  
 (beat)  
 He was moving and shifting behind you,  
 the only thing I could get a bead on,  
 with any degree of accuracy--

KYRAH  
 (recovering the scar)  
*--was my shoulder?*

DAVID  
 Was. Your. Shoulder.  
 (beat, beside himself)  
 I mean woman, can you hold onto some  
 shit, or can you hold onto *some shit*!?

Kyrah exits in a huff, giving David her back.

KYRAH  
 I'm gonna grab Ky. We need to get moving.  
 (as he climbs the stairs)  
*Remember to reload.*

David flips her off, slapping a fresh mag into his gun.  
 He then turns and sends two more rounds down range.

***BLAM! BLAM!***

This double tap nearly touches. David shrugs, satisfied.

DAVID  
 See? That didn't take long.

# **INT. FOUNDRY - DAY**

Cinder leads The Shadows into a staging area, indicating  
 the tables that are carefully arrayed with the highest  
 military grade of weapons, explosives, ammunition, etc.

CINDER  
 I'm sure you prefer your own *loadout* but  
 we "stocked the fridge" just in case.  
 (beat)  
 You may encounter civilians, including a  
 child. If you have to eliminate them, do  
 so, but if they can be preserved, that  
 would be my, "operational preference".

Parker and Patrick appear unsettled by this statement.

ANINO

Including Ombra and Sombra?

CINDER

The opportunity to put a bullet in each of their heads is one that I'm *savoring* at the moment...Especially hers. Remember, our two little defectors are carrying a tidy little *shit ton* of money between them...we have actionable, real-time intel on their whereabouts and we're locking in their location now...so, *game on boys and girls...go get 'em*.

The remaining Shadows begin prepping for the Op. Cinder turns to Parker and Patrick.

CINDER (CONT'D)

You two are overseeing this for me.

(beat, a grim warning)

*Don't fuck it up.*

They nod their nervous acknowledgement. Cinder breaks away, briskly. They follow him at a respectable distance, Patrick retrieving his cellphone and checking something.

He looks over at Parker, who consults his phone as well.

#### **EXT. WOODS - DUSK**

Kyrah tears the tarp off one of the last of the Muscle Car's eras true masterpieces: A 1987 BUICK GRAND NATIONAL (GNX). This thing is *no bullshit*, all business and murdered out in matte black.

KY

Wow, momma! *Is this your car!?*

KYRAH

This is momma's *whip*, baby! You like it?

KY

*It's soooooo coooooool!*

Ky "oohs" and "ahhs" it as he circles the vehicle.

DAVID

Do Auntie and Unc know we're coming?

Kyrah nods, popping the trunk and pulling out a stack of LICENSE PLATES. She removes the one attached and replaces it with an ARIZONA PLATE which magnetically affixes.

DAVID (CONT'D)

How clean is this thing?

KYRAH

I run anti-RF, short-wave and sat-com scans, before the key ever touches the ignition. Then separate scans for U-V, FLIR, Thermal and millimeter-wave radar.

DAVID

What are you carrying?

KYRAH

All custom. Quarter-inch, inlaid titanium carbon-fiber up-armoring. V-12 short stroke switchout engine. Reinforced bumpers so it can punch through roadblocks. Run flat tires. UL Level 10 Bullet-resistant glass.

Kyrah slams the trunk. David grins.

DAVID

*I'm driving.*

Kyrah smiles at Ky as he wraps his arms around her waist.

KYRAH

Yes you are.

#### INT. CAR - LATER

David drives, yawning, dead tired, checking the NAV on his I-Phone. He SEES a WEATHER UPDATE, clicks: **HEAVY FOG - 5 MILES AHEAD...**But no sign of slowed/stopped traffic.

Kyrah occupies the backseat with Ky...Mother and son whisper and giggle with one another, gleefully reestablishing their bond and catching up on lost time.

DAVID

(holding up power cord)  
Kyrah, where do I plug in?

KYRAH

Glove box.

David pops the glove box. It's stocked with a first-aid kit and road flares. He spots the USB port and plugs in.

KY

Daddy, can we play some music?!

DAVID

Sure, bud.

David absently calls up the last playlist on the I-Phone.  
It loads...and LIONEL RICHIE'S "**TRULY**" fills the car--

LIONEL RICHIE

*--girl, tell me only this, that I have  
your heart, for allllwaaaays--*

--David reacts with minor panic and a marked wince,  
quickly hitting pause, then hastily killing the volume--

KY

*DAD!? Why'd you stop it!?*

David's eyes dart to the rear-view, meeting Kyrah's.  
Clearly some *shared history* with this particular tune.

KYRAH

*Yeah, Dad!?*

KY

*That's your favorite song!*

DAVID

(quickly/defensively)  
That's *not*-- NO, bud, that's not my  
favorite s--, that's not even close to my  
favori--

KY

--you listen to it a lot.  
(innocently, to Kyrah)  
He listens to that song a lot, momma.

KYRAH

He *does*, huh?

Kyrah's gaze shifts back to the rear-view, this sly, shit-eating grin forming...

KYRAH (CONT'D)

*...well can I hear it?*

David chortles, nervous, nodding...Kyrah toying with him.

DAVID

Maybe we can just enjoy the quiet, huh?

Ky persists.

KY  
*Come on, Daddy! Play it for momma!*  
 (to Kyrah)  
 You want to hear it momma?

Kyrah *leans in*, enjoying David's temporary torment.

KYRAH  
 I really, really, **really** do!

David groans, battling back a scowl as he un-pauses the song and restores its volume.

Ky begins belting out the lyrics, beautifully.

KY  
*...let me hold youuuuu, I need to have  
 you, near meeeeeee...and I feel with  
 youuuu, in myyyyy heart, this love will  
 last forever, because I'm truuuuuullllyyy,  
 truly in love with you girl...!*

Kyrah is amazed.

KYRAH  
 Wow! Listen to that voice!  
 (beat, up to David)  
 Did you know he could sing like this!?

David squirms, this pasted on half-smile. Ky continues singing and now Kyrah joins in, full-throated.

David, *miserable* now, swipes one of his earbuds on the sly, removing it from his right ear. This goes unnoticed.

WE ASSUME his aural state once again...muffled and muted but somehow elevated and extra-sensory.

He can SEE them singing but can barely hear a thing.

Strands of FOG begin to appear now and slowly increase. The fog congeals. Thickens like cloud cover. Goes opaque.

Headlights refract back glare and zero visibility.

David grips the wheel tighter, blasting through banks of it now.

DAVID  
 Kyrah, make sure he's got his belt on.

Kyrah SEES the onrushing fog and straps Ky in.

David kills the high-beams, diminishing the glare, his focus *pinpoint* and almost preternatural as he wends his way through the thickening banks.

He seems to sense something now, some approaching threat, he checks the rear-view, SEES this silvery, shifting mass rushing up behind-- barreling in fast--

DAVID (CONT'D)  
--EVERYBODY HANG ON--!

--~~CRUUNCH~~-- they're struck from behind at high speed.

HIGHBEAMS are tripped from TWO PURSUIT VEHICLES, blinding the Buick's cab--

--Ky SHRIEKS, Kyras instinctively covers him--

David jams the earbuds back in, SOUND POUNDS IN--

--GUNFIRE erupts. Tracer rounds streak past sub-sonically, lighting the fog around them an infernal red--

DAVID (CONT'D)  
--CONTACT REAR!!!

"**MACHINE GUN**" By *THE COMMODORES* begins playing over the stereo, providing an oddly upbeat piece of disco/pop to the brutal running gunfight/car chase that follows.

The PURSUIT car plows back into them, steel gnashing and grinding, its engine revving out red-line as both cars duel with one another in a high speed demolition derby.

David feels the Buick drift and slide. He rips the wheel right, banking back in from the shoulder and punching it-- unleashing all 740 horses from that V-12 Switchout and putting temporary distance on their pursuers.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
*WHERE DID THEY COME FROM!?*

David swerves around a slow moving CAR that materializes out of the soupy fog suddenly--

--Kyras acts quickly, pulling out the rear seat down and accessing the trunk. She removes the lid that contained the spare tire compartment. The tire is gone. The space has been modified and reinforced to carry human cargo.

Kyras instructs a terrified Ky to crawl inside.



KYRAH

*Go baby! Stay in here and stay down, stay flat. It's ok! You're safe! Here--*

--she snags a pair of "shooter's cans" (soundproof headphones) and slips them on her son, kissing his forehead reassuringly before returning the lid--

--David, navigating *nearly blind* through the fog, squinting at the rapidly onrushing road--

DAVID

*--Is he safe in there!!--*

KYRAH

*--that's the safest place in this car!*

Suddenly, GUNFIRE pounds in from above, mushrooming the Buick's roof, the ballistic armor holding fast against the brief fusillade--

--FLARES begin falling from the sky now, dozens of them, burning these bright orange coronas of light as they strike the road in front of the Buick, hurtling back--

DAVID

*--they've got a bird on us!*

Kyrah reaches up, folds the front passenger seat forward and collapses it. She then tears a kevlar'd section free, revealing the seat itself to be stored with WEAPONS.

DAVID (CONT'D)

*Kyrah! How did they find us!?*

KYRAH

*I have no idea David!*

DAVID

*And where did they get air support--*

KYRAH

*--could we focus on the fucking gunfight that we are presently in, PLEASE!*

She grabs a FN F2000 ASSAULT RIFLE, charges it and primes the weapon's 40mm FN EGLM GRENADE LAUNCHER.

David suddenly turns off the headlights.

KYRAH (CONT'D)

*What the hell are you doing!?*

DAVID

*Don't return fire yet! They're running as blind as we are! They're aiming at the lights!*

David gazes out at the onrushing road and into the impenetrable fog bank he's barreling through.

KYRAH

*How the hell can you see!?*

DAVID

*I can't--*

KYRAH

*We hit anything at this speed and we'll be scattering our own ashes!*

DAVID

*You want the wheel!?*

KYRAH

*Don't tempt me!*

Another slow-moving CAR hurtles into view. David reflexively avoids it, slaloming the vehicle at speed.

DAVID

*(grousing aloud)*

*Shoots better than me, drives better than me, why don't you do-it-all-you're-so-goddamned-good-at-everything--!*

KYRAH

*Are you talking to yourself or is that meant for ME!? Just keep your full five on the road, please!*

Kyrah straps the seat-belt across her back and leans across the folded seat, targeting the sky above through the T-top, looking for descending flares--

--RANDOM ROUNDS thump in, hitting the trunk.

DAVID

*We're taking impact on that trun--*

KYRAH

*(rifle nuzzled)*

*--It's up-armored! Ky is fine!*

Kyrah stands, aiming back down at the retreating road, tracking movement with her aim--

--liquid, shifting, impossible to pinpoint as their PURSUERS melt in and out of the FOG.

Her patience frays into frustration, *fast*.

KYRAH (CONT'D)

--*alright, this is pissing me off.*  
*Listen, we're gonna brake and we're gonna*  
*brake hard on my count--*

DAVID

*Wait, WHAT? Why?*

KYRAH

(at the trunk)

*Ky! Baby!? Can you hear me?*

From the trunk, this small voice, muffled--

KY

*--I hear you momma!*

KYRAH

*I want you to hang onto those little hand-*  
*holds above your head, do you see them?*

KY

*Yes!*

KYRAH

*Ok, baby, hang on to those really tight!*  
*There's gonna be a big bump but you'll be*  
*ok, ok!? Don't be scared! Just HANG ON!*

KY

*Ok, momma!*

Kyrah turns back to David.

KYRAH

(forgetting/distracted)

*Babe, list--*

(adjusting/awkward)

*David, listen, on my count in three--*

DAVID

*--Kyrah, what the hell are w--*

KYRAH

*--Two--*

DAVID

(getting ready)

*--Are you fucking serious!!--*

KYRAH

--One-- HIT IT!--

--David rams the brakes and downshifts, feet-to-the-floor. The car shudders and fishtails, WE ARE LOOKING OVER KYRAH'S SHOULDER as a pursuit VEHICLE appears from nowhere, colliding with their rear-end, bumpers locking--

--Kyrah UNLOADS at point-blank range. The pursuit car's radiator, grill and headlights DETONATE beneath the barrage. Kyrah strafes the front tires, shredding them, the car *bites* the pavement at speed--

--Kyrah pumps the grenade launcher THOOMP-THOOMP, putting two 40mm slugs into the wildly careening car-- it EXPLODES, catapulting end over end before barrel-rolling off into the fog.

Kyrah, this big Cheshire grin for David when a huge IMPACT knocks her across the seat as another pursuit car rams them blind from the driver's side.

BULLETS blaze point blank from the pursuit car, blackening and bubbling the Buick's ballistic glass and pocking the side and quarter panels--

--the car bashes back into them--

--David seizes the wheel, struggling to stay on the road, running over the rumble strip.

He sees reflectors up ahead, caught in their pursuers headlamps--

--something parked at the side of the road.

He sideswipes the pursuit car, sending it onto the shoulder as A BIG RIG, parked in the breakdown lane, appears, too late to avoid--

--the pursuit car swerves to miss it but clips the back end and caroms off, out of control.

Kyrah un-clips from her belt, clearing the Buick's T-Top and taking aim on the retreating road, FIRING fast bursts back down it. Spent brass skates across the backseat.

David drives blind. His headlights remain off.

The fog flattens out and then thickens again. David's gaze snaps back to the NAV--

--Hairpin curves loom. Coming up hard.

DAVID  
*I'm hitting the lights! HANG ON!*

David pops the high-beams and the horizon line behind them lights up like flashbulbs at the Super Bowl--

--their pursuers unleash fusillades of artillery in a *blaze of blind-fire*.

*David cuts the headlights again.*

Kyrah reloads and re-shoulders his assault rifle. Popping back up into a firing position.

David eyes the NAV-- curves in less than a quarter mile.

They're running out of time and running out of road.

The overburdened car begins to buck and wheeze. Pistons rattling. Engine failing fast. David throws anxious looks at the dash. His speed dipping. RPM'S nose-diving--

--then their right tire suddenly ruptures and blows clear through the front fender. Splayed rubber and steel-belted laminate *blast through the cab like shrapnel*.

The car SLAMS down. Grinds asphalt. The front axle snaps in two as the car goes into a dead spin. The road pitches away. Gravel & bramble assault the interior.

The car rams something-- fractured fence post and barbed wire snag the vehicle's frame as it flips on its roof, rag-dolling David and Kyrah within--

--the car barrel-rolls again as it uprights and finally grinds to an ugly, convulsing halt.

Smoke and steam rise from the ruined heap like a mushroom cloud.

The engine raps out a death rattle in fried pistons and scorched parts. Kyrah retreats to the trunk to check on Ky. She cracks open the spare tire compartment to find her son a little shaken but still in one piece.

She hugs him tightly.

After a moment of relative calm and recovery, a SOUND like a snapping ship's mast seems to spread beneath the car itself...

KYRAH  
*...what the hell is that?*

David reaches down and flips on the headlights. Spindrift swirls off a winter white surface in front of them.

He glances down at the dying NAV...and SEES that they are presently sitting right in the middle of a lake.

DAVID

*Kyrah! MOVE!!*

The car lurches violently forward and collapses through ICE. The lake was frozen solid and now they're sinking fast.

Kyrah grabs Ky, swimming up and out the shattered rear window as freezing LAKE WATER floods in. As it crests, David takes a deep breath and goes for the glove box.

**EXT. FROZEN LAKE -- NIGHT**

Kyrah lifts Ky up through the ragged hole in the ice. She climbs out next, grabbing up Ky and rubbing him to keep him from going hypothermic and freezing to death.

She circles the hole, staring down into the rippling blackness below. Waiting. Dread building by the second...

KYRAH

*...David!*

Seconds stretch. Kyrah strains to SEE--

KYRAH (CONT'D)

(yelling down)

--DAVID!!

He suddenly breaks the surface. Kyrah hauls him out onto the ice, relieved. David, teeth chattering, drops the FIRST AID KIT onto the ice, then pulls a pair of ROAD FLARES from his coat, sparking one of them.

KYRAH (CONT'D)

*Smart man.*

He plants it in the ice, it burns a phosphorous red. They huddle tightly around Ky, desperate to warm him first.

It's the first intimate space they've shared in ages and they regard one another now. Former lovers. *Inches apart.*

KYRAH (CONT'D)

*That was...exciting.*

DAVID

*Old times, huh?*

They draw closer still...then the HILLSIDE behind them alights with the glow of approaching VEHICLES and the steady thrum of ROTORS rise as a CHOPPER approaches.

DAVID (CONT'D)

*Come on, let's move.*

David tosses the flare in the water, extinguishing it as they hustle Ky to the treeline at the edge of the lake.

Kyrah snaps back around-- their footprints are visible in the snow, leading away from the lake--

--She debates what to do but is forced to duck into the dense forest as the chopper arrives--

KYRAH

*--our footprints!*

DAVID

(realizing)

*Shit...*

Both of them instinctively go for their 9mm sidearms. They drop their clips and jack the slides. Clearing the lake water from both the barrel and the firing mechanism.

The chopper circles, its searchlight strafing the surface of the frozen lake, *searching...*

At that moment ENEMY VEHICLES arrive en masse at the edge of hillside. FIGURES disembark. Floodlights pan and arc over the scene.

David, Kyrah and Ky huddle in the heavy brush, watching as the chopper's rotor wash scatters the accumulated snow from the lake's surface and erases their footprints.

David draws them deeper into the brush, away from the lakeside. Kyrah shrugs free, drawing her FN F2000 up and taking aim on the hillside, gazing through the scope--

DAVID (CONT'D)

*--Kyrah, what are you doing?*

P.O.V.: KYRAH'S SCOPE - Those FIGURES on the hillside...Kyrah recognizes each and every one...The five remaining SHADOWS. Their former teammates...TOGETHER.

KYRAH

*Oh...No.*

DAVID

*What is it?*

DAVID (CONT'D)

*Kyrah?*

Kyrah settles into the weapon now, nuzzling it tight, eye tight to the scope, aim traveling over her former teammates, the crosshairs alighting on each, momentarily.

KYRAH

(with grim resolve)

*They're all there, David. All of them.*

DAVID

*The Shadows?*

KYRAH

*I can get them.*

David's gaze darts to the hillside, then back to Kyrah.

DAVID

*You'll give us up!*

KYRAH

(determined, dead-eyed)

I can end this.

Her finger slides from the trigger guard to the trigger.

DAVID

(whispering to her now)

*That weapon is at the edge of its range  
and if even if you capped all five, what  
about the rest of them?*

Kyrah agonizes, every part of her wanting to pull that trigger and take her chances...then she feels a tug at her waist and looks down. Ky stares up, his voice low.

KY

*Momma? Are you ok?*

Kyrah chokes back a sob before shouldering the weapon and scooping him up into her arms. David leads them through the undergrowth as the chopper's searchlight finally finds the hole-in-the-ice.

The chopper holds a tight orbit above as WE SEE the armed convoy on the hillside begin to descend down.



**EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

David sparks the remaining flare, lighting the mouth of an old earthen cave that seems suitably deep enough for them to hide in. Ky peers out from behind his mother.

KY

Are there bears in there, Daddy?

DAVID

We've got guns bud, we'll be fine.

KY

(suddenly incredulous)

*We can't shoot the bears!*

KYRAH

Yeah, maybe they're nice bears and not man-eaters...and made us porridge!

KY

(oblivious to mom's sarcasm)

*Yeah, dad!*

**EXT. FROZEN LAKE - NIGHT - LATER**

The scene around the hole-in-the-ice has now taken on all the dimensions and drama of a full-blown clusterfuck.

ANINO and MORITI, their cellphones aimed down as they orbit the hole, on a secured VIDEO CALL with Cinder. WE SEE HIM ON-SCREEN, *super pissed* and stalking down a corridor after being pulled from a black tie event...

CINDER (ON SKYPE)

*...consider it buried treasure!*

ANINO

*Sir?*

CINDER (ON SKYPE)

*I want that goddamn car dredged up and those bodies recovered! Dead or alive, they're worth 100 million dollars to you!*

He disconnects. CYSGOD and SCATH scoff at this demand.

CYSGOD

How the hell are we supposed to do that?

SCATH

You can't dive on this without wet-suits and torches.

CYSGOD

You'd also need a winch and about five-thousand foot-pounds of torque to have any shot at dragging it to the surface.

VARJO indicates a ARMORED HUMVEE at the edge of the lake.

VARJO

That rig'll do it.

Scath and Cysgod turn.

SCATH

Too heavy, it'll fall through the ice.

Varjo removes his entire tactical array, stripping down to his skivvies.

CYSGOD

You're outta your fucking mind.

VARJO

Look at you lot...Couple of pussies, dressed up like dicks.

And with that, Varjo drops feet first into the hole, disappearing into the depths below...

#### **INT. CAVE - LATER**

The remaining road flare burns out in a roaring blaze of a BONFIRE. David has strung a length of suturing wire from the first-aid kit and secured it to either side of the cave to allow their clothes to dry.

Ky is sound asleep, curled up close to the fire and covered in an emergency poncho from the first-aid kit.

David and Kyrah sit across from each other...her in just a bra and panties and David shirtless, in his boxers. They are mid-conversation...

DAVID

...what did we expect?

KYRAH

Not this kinda smoke. Not them teaming up.

DAVID

50 million, five ways is still a lotta cash. I can't say I'm surprised.

Kyrah is clearly and *deeply* troubled by this news.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What did you think they were gonna do,  
Kyrah? Line up single file like some  
silly ass kung-fu movie and fucking fight  
us, *one at a time?*

KYRAH

We can't beat them. Not united like that.  
And with the extra firepower Cinder's  
throwing behind 'em, they're like the  
goddamned Legion Of Doom.

David, this fixed stare, popping his knuckles one by one.

DAVID

I want to know how they found us.  
(beat, pointed)  
There's *no way* you were emanating?

KYRAH

*Impossible.*

DAVID

Then we got shopped.

KYRAH

*By Auntie?* Not in a million.

DAVID

What about Unc?

KYRAH

*Never.*

David scratches his head, slides closer to the fire.  
Kyrah scoots closer too and they find themselves sitting  
side by side now, silently staring into the flames...

...Finally:

KYRAH (CONT'D)

So you've been listening to our wedding  
song, huh?

DAVID

(clarifying)  
Our son has. He's got this Lionel Richie  
fixation, especially "Truly".

KYRAH

I feel like we should get him on American  
Idol with that voice.

DAVID  
Imagine if that were the worst of our  
worries, right now.

Kyrah leans against him, letting her head lightly rest on  
his shoulder.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
...so what do we do?

KYRAH  
Pray?

DAVID  
Not giving me a *ton* of confidence here.

KYRAH  
You gotta *have it* to give it.

DAVID  
Well don't make it worse.

KYRAH  
I think that's almost *impossible* now.

David pauses, considers their current fate...and realizes  
that she might be right...

DAVID  
...so have we hit rock bottom here?

KYRAH  
(nodding in agreement)  
The earth's core.

DAVID  
The earth's core is made of *fire*.

Kyrah glances up at him with this small, pained smirk.

KYRAH  
Now who's making it worse?

David scoffs, it turns into a short chuckle. Kyrah joins  
him. Their laughter tapers off, returning them to the  
crackling pop and hiss of the fire.

KYRAH (CONT'D)  
You know...I was always around. *Nearby.*  
(a long pause, then)  
Two years ago, at this little carnival in  
the Southpoint Mall, in Durham--

DAVID  
*--you brushed my hand in a crowd.*

Kyrah turns toward as WE FLASH TO:

**INT. MALL - FLASHBACK**

David lugs a much younger Ky through the mall, his left arm at his side...A WOMAN'S HAND *barely* brushes his in passing but WE SEE him react to this moment, and smile...

RETURN TO:

**INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS**

Kyrah stares up at David intently. He stares back.

DAVID  
 You don't think I would know *your touch*?  
 No matter how brief or fleeting it was?  
 (beat, laying himself bare)  
*I know that like I know my next breath.*

Kyrah, still staring, slowly tilts her head-- and then leans in and kisses him abruptly, unexpectedly. He kisses her back. Things heat up. They break. Nearly breathless.

They regard one another in the firelight for what feels like an eternity...Then, she whispers to him, softly...

KYRAH  
*...I missed you, so much...*

David just touches her face softly...not wanting to spoil whatever this is with words. Then they kiss again, harder, heavier.

He pulls her to him now and they entwine quietly, simply, nothing forced, nothing rushed, every breath seemingly synced to this *perfect* radiance passing between them.

Their eyes lock...and they feel their souls touch...at once familiar and frightening...

They smile and they cry...and all at once, the time between them seems to dissipate and dissolve and fall away as they *disappear* into one another...

**INT. PENTAGON - CINDER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Cinder comes stalking in, in his tux. Furious. Fit to be tied. Patrick and Parker mewl *immediate mea culpas*--

PATRICK

--sir, we're *deeply* sorry--

CINDER

(tearing off his bow-tie)

--well that's *wonderful*. I find the raw power of an "apology" so *fucking helpful* in these moments.

PARKER

They went off the road during the takedown, it was an unforeseen accid--

--Cinder rams an index finger into Parker's chest--

CINDER

--"*UNFORSEEN*" because you lack VISION my boy and the basic sweat and salt of experience! Too much time on treadmills and not enough *running in the real world*.

Cinder begins removing his coat and rolling up his sleeves. He removes that small .380 SMITH & WESSON from his rear waistband, pausing to study his hand a moment...

CINDER (CONT'D)

...Y'know, I didn't get my first manicure until I was 30.

(lightly touching his suit)

Didn't own a tailored suit till I was 40.

(to the Mercs)

So you see me now, with the buff and polish and lapel pin and think I've never used a knife in my life or beaten a man half dead.

(spoken like a threat)

But you'd be gravely, *gravely* mistaken.

Cinder's forearms flex as he forms fists. Patrick and Parker remain mute, motionless, *fear* building in both.

CINDER (CONT'D)

There's a notion that with success comes this "softening". That it slowly turns a man's armor to *silk*, so, every once in awhile, I like to remind myself who I am...and conversely, *who you are*--

--Cinder throws a fast, *lacerating right hand* that knocks Patrick, *flat-on-his-ass*. Parker squares on his boss, his instincts hard-wired to fight back, regardless.

CINDER (CONT'D)  
(pleased by this)  
Atta boy! *Defend yourself! FIGHT!*

They circle one another. Cinder feints, then steps in and throws a pinpoint perfect *one-two-three* combination, the left hook finisher pitching Parker face first into a coffee table and shattering it.

Patrick staggers back to his feet and Cinder makes short work of him, beating him senseless until he collapses to the carpet, weaving on his knees, his nose busted flat.

CINDER (CONT'D)  
(barely out of breath)  
You're both terminated. Be thankful I'm not talking about your *lives*.

Cinder's cellphone chirps. He retrieves it from his coat.

CINDER (CONT'D)  
(answering)  
Cinder.  
(a beat, he listens, a smile)  
Good...*then pick up the scent, please*.

He clicks off, turns to his two bloodied/battered aides.

CINDER (CONT'D)  
They survived.  
(as he exits)  
You've both been rehired. Call me a car.

Patrick and Parker help one another to their feet. They lick their wounds, wiping blood on their sleeves and glowering after their boss as he departs.

Parker eyes Patrick. Some silent understanding passes between them. Patrick just shakes his head, slowly...

PATRICK  
(cryptically)  
...not yet.

#### INT. CAVE - PRE-DAWN

David lurches up out of dead sleep. His head on a swivel, snapping around, looking--

--Ky slumbers...But Kyrah is gone...and David seems to silently intuit, *all the reasons why...*

DAVID  
...goddammit, girl...no.

He leaps up and begins gathering his clothes.

**INT. BUS - DAY**

Kyrah is jammed into the back of a crowded, overheated Greyhound bus, teeming with tourists.

She unwraps a cheap burner phone and dials...

**EXT. CINDER RESIDENCE - DAWN**

Cinder performs those same tireless laps in the pool. His dogs anxiously await him near that cooler of raw steaks.

His cell buzzes. The ringtone conveys the call's urgency.

He hauls himself from the pool and dries off, answering:

CINDER  
Cinder.

Kyrah's VOICE crackles back over the line.

KYRAH (V.O.)  
Hello, Jack.

Cinder resists his immediate reaction, letting his anger flare and then quickly fade, then goes purposely still.

CINDER  
That's *Secretary Cinder*, now...Ombra.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**EXT. DOCK - UNKNOWN - DAY**

Kyrah on a burner cell, duffel bag lashed across her back, walking along a busy dock.

KYRAH  
Oh...*I know*. All appointed and official sounding and even with an OIG investigation, nipping at your heels, here you are, hunting me down.



CINDER

And "Sombra"...and your kid too.

Kyrah recoils against this sudden *rush of fear* she feels.

CINDER (CONT'D)

(intuiting her reaction)

Wondering how I found you so fast?

(beat, matter-of-fact)

There isn't a distance you can travel  
where I can't reach you, or a hole deep  
enough to hide where I won't find you.

(beat)

You really want to run for the rest of  
your life?

(beat, pure menace)

One that's growing *shorter* by the second.

Cinder uses a separate cell to start a trace on her.

KYRAH

I have a proposition.

CINDER

*Besides* killing you?

KYRAH

Feels a little "*limiting*" doesn't it?

CINDER

You know what the most unsentimental  
thing in the world is, sweetheart?

(beat, chillingly)

*Revenge.*

KYRAH

It's also the most expensive.

CINDER

100 million is more than worth it.

KYRAH

(truly shocked)

You *doubled* the bounty on us?

CINDER

And I intend to *triple it* by week's end.

KYRAH

Even with your *entire department* in the  
crosshairs of a federal investigation.

(a nervous chuckle)

I can't help but feel a little flattered  
here, Jack...a little, *flushed*.

(MORE)

KYRAH (CONT'D)  
 (a change-up, a *challenge*)  
You want me.

A pause. Charged.

CINDER  
 I do...  
 (then)  
 ...*On your knees. Begging for your life.*

KYRAH  
*Not really my jam, Jack.*  
 (beat, girding herself)  
 Let David and my son, go. Call off the  
 Shadows and I will come to you.

There's a tinge of doubt in her voice that Cinder clocks,  
 triggering his suspicion...*and this supposition...*

CINDER  
 ...He couldn't cut it, could he? Dear old  
 David...And now you're scared. He's been  
 playing *Mr. Mom* too long and he's lost  
 his touch. Five years ago, you two would  
 have taken on your entire team...*and won.*

KYRAH  
 If it's war you want, Jack. *Keep coming.*  
 Or accept my offer.

CINDER  
 What about my wife?

KYRAH  
 That didn't seem to bother you before.

We can SEE Cinder mulling this over, his feelings for her  
 mixed but very real and worth rationalizing, right now.

CINDER  
 So you're just going to leave your boy  
 and your true love and--

KYRAH  
 (with a real edge)  
 --we're not in love anymore.  
 (beat, then)  
 But he is the father of my son and as  
 such, I want him spared.  
 (beat, imploring)  
Call them off, Jack.  
 (beat, the enticement)  
*You want me.*

(MORE)

KYRAH (CONT'D)

I can feel it, *now*, even through the phone...You've conquered everything you've ever encountered.

(beat, the dagger)

*Except me.*

CINDER

How do I know you're not just trying to get close to me and *do what you do best*.

KYRAH

Suicide Missions aren't my style.

Cinder checks his watch. Impatient now. Makes a decision.

CINDER

Where are you?

KYRAH

It's not where I am, it's where I can be. Still have that boat on the Chesapeake?

CINDER

Oh no, I have a much *bigger* boat now. Docked down in the Outer Banks.

KYRAH

Tarheel Country.

CINDER

*Far* away from prying eyes...

KYRAH

...then I'll see you out on the water.

Kyrah clicks off. Cinder checks the other cell. No trace.

#### **EXT. DOCKSIDE - DAY**

Kyrah rips the back off the cell and throws the battery into the water, retrieving another BURNER from her coat.

She powers it up as she moves up the dock, past a SIGN:

#### **BOAT RENTALS - JET-SKIS - PARA-SAILING**

Kyrah begins typing out a specific numerical code into the burner phone...

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

Auntie and Unc, low profile in that same park and surreptitiously recording those same SHADY SLEAZEBAGS...

SHADY SLEAZEBAG #1

*...I had this above-ground pool as a kid and my friends and I heard this noise, this crazy, whatever-it-was, like something howling but high pitched and we look over the fence and the neighbor's dog, this Dachshund, named "Kaiser" was literally fucking the family cat--*

*(as Shady Sleazebag #2 bursts out laughing)*

*--I'm not kidding, as God is my-- just going to town on this cat, that looks like it's lovin' every second. I never laughed that hard in my life...*

Auntie is once again, furiously transcribing this conversation while shaking her head at the same time.

AUNTIE

This shit is all kinds of *funky*. I don't like it.

UNC

Don't like what?

AUNTIE

These two go from talking about large scale, illegal weapons transactions for five weeks straight to *interspecies fucking*? To dogs smashin' cats n'shit?

UNC

I mean, if it happened, it's *funny*.

AUNTIE

*That's not the point. It's like they're playing pretend now. Like they're gaming it...You think they got tipped off to us?*

Unc's cellphone suddenly pings. He checks it.

AUNTIE (CONT'D)

*Kyrah?*

Unc nods curtly. Offers no follow up. Auntie waits...

AUNTIE (CONT'D)

*...and?*

UNC  
(as he pockets the phone)  
It's coded. Can't decrypt it right now.

AUNTIE  
Why?

Unc points, the Shady Sleazebags are exiting the park.

AUNTIE (CONT'D)  
Let's follow 'em.

**INT. VAN - LATER**

Auntie and Unc slide in, closing their respective doors.  
A VOICE from the backseat startles them--

DAVID  
--Don't turn around. Just drive.

Unc checks the rear-view and SEES David and Ky, lying on the floorboard. He puts the van in gear and pulls away.

UNC  
How'd you find us?

DAVID  
Haven't been out of the game that long.  
(beat, to his son)  
Ky, this is Auntie and Unc...They *used* to  
be mommy and daddy's friends, when we  
were all good guys.

KY  
Are they still your friends, Daddy?

DAVID  
*That's what I'm wondering.*

KY  
Do they know where Momma went?

DAVID  
Let's find out.  
(beat, to Auntie & Unc)  
I've got a--  
(spelling it out)  
--P.I.S.T.O.L., in my right hand.

KY  
What did you spell, Daddy?

DAVID  
Nothing, bud. Just-- let Daddy talk--

AUNTIE  
(eyeing rear-view mirror)  
--Where is she?

DAVID  
That's what I came to ask you.  
(beat, grave)  
If she was only in comms with the two of  
you, and then one of you, *shopped us*.

UNC  
You *trippin'*.

AUNTIE  
(spelling it out)  
I'd rather be D.E.A.D.

DAVID  
That is *rapidly* becoming a reality.

Ky is blissfully unaware of the bubbling tension brewing  
between the adults--

KY  
(to Auntie and Unc)  
--Do you have *Lionel Richie*?

DAVID  
Ky, not right now, ok, please?

Auntie & Unc cackle abrupt, then crack up. Can't help it.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
It's not funny.

Ky grins. Pleased with himself for making the adults  
laugh.

AUNTIE  
(in between laughs)  
Little man, if you want some Lionel  
Richie, Auntie's gonna hook you up.

DAVID  
He doesn't need music.

KY  
*One song, Dad!*

UNC  
 (still laughing)  
 Come on, D. It don't need to be this  
 tense, let's bring the temperature down.

Auntie begins playing "**HELLO**". Ky objects right away.

KY  
 No! Not that one! That one's sad!

AUNTIE  
 Ooops, sorry baby!

DAVID  
 Just play "Truly" he likes that song.

AUNTIE  
 I don't have that one on my phone.

UNC  
 You like Al Green, little man?

DAVID  
 Bud, just let me talk to them, ok? We'll  
 play Lionel Richie later--

--but Auntie calls up "**DANCING ON THE CEILING**" which Ky  
 loves. David quietly admonishes his son now:

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 Ok, they'll play the song but no singing.

Ky nods, mouthing the words silently.

David leans up toward Auntie and Unc in the front seat,  
 his tone a low, loaded *menace*...

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 How long have you been helping her?

AUNTIE  
 The whole time she's been in the breeze.  
 We've got a trace echo that hijacks any  
 top secret burst transmissions on CIA-  
 active towers, all over the world.

DAVID  
 How the hell did you do that?

UNC  
 Very carefully.

DAVID  
 What was your last link with her?

AUNTIE

She just hit up, Unc. Ten minutes ago.

UNC

(hasty, dismissive)

Nah, that wasn't her.

AUNTIE

Who was it then?

David leans in tighter, pressing, losing patience now.

DAVID

What was your last link!?

UNC

I told her to dump the burner and stay off civilian comms.

AUNTIE

She didn't tell you where she was headed?

DAVID

No...

(realizing now)

...which tells me where she's going.

UNC

Where?

A grim reality takes shape. One David is struggling with.

DAVID

Cinder. Solo.

AUNTIE

UNC

Shit.

Why?

DAVID

(shakes head in disbelief)

It's what she's been doing for years...

(the gravity of it)

...Protecting us.

# **EXT. OUTER BANKS - NORTH CAROLINA COAST - DAY**

Kyrah motors into view in a rented Scarab, entering the long shadow of a PRINCESS 30M: A multi-million dollar, one hundred foot "Super-Yacht", seized by U.S. Customs.



**INT./EXT. PRINCESS 30M YACHT - CONTINUOUS**

Kyrah docks alongside and is helped up onto the stern by Parker and Patrick. She's quickly pat-frisked for any weapons and cleared.

Cinder is waiting for her, looking as regal as a Royal Duke and smoking a Cuban Maduro.

CINDER

(glancing around)

Y'gotta love a drug lord's opulence  
*almost* as much as their stupidity.  
Thinking they could load 100 k's into the  
hull of this and run it up from Bogota  
without the Coast Guard getting curious.

KYRAH

This all yours now, Jack?

CINDER

Let's just say it's on "Permanent Loan"  
to the State Department.

Kyrah smiles thin, shaking her head at him.

KYRAH

Like a pig in mud. Nothing's changed.

CINDER

Oh, *everything's* changed, baby.

(beat)

Me? I'm on top of the world...and you?  
You're about to be *wiped from it*.

Cinder turns to one of his SHIP STEWARDS, who snaps to attention with a pure-purposed, Pavlovian zeal.

CINDER (CONT'D)

Could you pour this young lady a *double*  
of Johnny Walker Blue?

KYRAH

Reading my mind.

CINDER

I remembered.

(with a menacing wink)

And I feel like you might need it.

KYRAH

The feeling's mutual.

**EXT. AUNTIE & UNC'S HOME - DAY**

A modest tract development of largely prefab homes at the rear of a dead-end cul-de-sac.

Auntie and Unc disembark. David and Ky slide out of the back-- David *primed*, eyes peeled, gun flush to his thigh.

DAVID

Are we safe here?

AUNTIE

There's zero eyes on this place.

UNC

We're cool. We keep a few of these cribs on rotation, way off-grid.

They reach the front door. Something is tweaking David. The all-too-familiar "fear-tingle" that intuitively bad shit.

DAVID

And you *sure* we're clean?

Unc smiles flatly, nodding, like something pre-mediated.

**INT./EXT. PRINCESS 30M YACHT - DAY**

Cinder slow burns Kyrah, a look stranded somewhere between anger and lust. She smiles seductively as the Steward returns with a big tumbler of Johnny Walker Blue.

She nods, raising the glass toward Cinder. He returns the gesture, then gently sips the whiskey, eyes still locked on her. Kyrah scoffs at him and drains the entire glass.

She signals for a refill. The Steward obliges.

CINDER

Beautiful woman. Great whiskey. Sea surrounding. We should just set sail *now*.

Kyrah sets her glass down and then slowly saunters over to him, nodding toward Parker/Patrick and the STEWARD.

KYRAH

I'm not much for an *audience*, Jack.

Cinder eyes her lasciviously, reluctant to dismiss them. Kyrah closes the gap, getting into his personal space, pressing up to his chest and whispering softly...

KYRAH (CONT'D)  
 ...If you can't handle me now, Jack...  
 (pure sexual predation)  
 ...*how can you hope to handle me later?*

Cinder. His eyes ablaze with possibilities.

**INT. AUNTIE & UNC'S HOME - DAY**

David and Ky enter. Sparsely furnished. Monastic.  
 Temporary. A place designed to be abandoned, *post haste*.

DAVID  
 Can I get cleaned up?

KY  
 I'm hungry, Dad.

Unc indicates the rear of the house.

UNC  
 Down that hall, bathroom on the right,  
 spare bedroom on the left. Some clothes  
 in the closet.  
 (quickly, to Ky)  
*Little man, let's get you some food.*

Ky nods as Unc guides him toward the kitchen. Auntie can  
 tell that there's something funky about Unc's behavior...

AUNTIE  
 What's up with this buzz you got?

UNC  
 What "buzz"? I ain't got no buzz--

AUNTIE  
 (suspiciously now)  
 --*You buzzin'*. I known you twenty years  
 and when you're *off*, I can feel it.

UNC  
 Woman you trippin', *as usual*.  
 (ruffling Ky's head)  
 Let's get this youngster fed.

Unc leads Ky toward the kitchen, it feels rushed. Auntie  
 looks back down the hall as David enters the spare room.

**INT./EXT. PRINCESS 30M YACHT - DAY**

Cinder waves Patrick/Parker and the Steward away as Kyrah nuzzles into him, her hands wrapping around his waist. He squeezes her tightly, inhaling her.

She gazes up at him, sheepishly.

KYRAH

...I never thought it would be this easy...Getting close like this.

CINDER

I knew you'd come back to me. I know you too well. Trained you. Taught you.

KYRAH

You know my tendencies.

CINDER

I do.

KYRAH

Like I know yours.

CINDER

You're a bad habit, baby.

Cinder leans down to kiss her. Kyrah halts him with--

KYRAH

(an evil little grin)

--I know an even worse one, Jack--

--she moves now, fast as a rattlesnake strike, yanking that little .380 SMITH & WESSON from Cinder's rear waistband, jamming it flush to his chest and FIRING--

**--~~RAM!RAM!RAM!RAM!RAM!~~**

He's blown across the deck.

KYRAH (CONT'D)

*I was hoping that might be there.*

Patrick and Parker come rushing in, Kyrah spins back and has them both *dead-bang* behind the barrel of that .380--

KYRAH (CONT'D)

**DOWN! DOWN! DOWN!**

She closes the gap quickly. They can tell she means business and quickly flatten themselves out at her feet.

She disarms them both, kicking their weapons away...but failing to realize that Cinder is sitting up behind her, like the unkillable killer in some fucking slasher flick.

ANINO & MORITI materialize out of the shadows behind him.

**INT. AUNTIE & UNC'S HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - DAY**

David is changing into a fresh set of clothes when he HEARS what sounds like Auntie SHOUTING and then, like a cord had been cut, *silence...*

...there's a soft KNOCK on his door. David slowly brings the business end of that pistol to bear on it.

DAVID

...Yeah? I'm just changing...

...He waits for a response...none follow...He edges toward the door now, thumbing the pistol's hammer back.

As he reaches it, the door suddenly DETONATES around him. A BATTERING RAM, bashing through and shattering the surrounding jamb. David shields himself as MEN swarm in, quickly overpowering and subduing him--

--Punches and pistol butts rain down. David is beaten bloody, struggling in vain to defend himself.

Finally, the blows cease and a battered David gapes up to find a grinning, gargantuan VARJO, looming over...

VARJO

...*Hola, motherfucker.*

CYSGOD and SCATH and there as well, gloating.

CYSGOD

*How's things?*

SCATH

*We missed you man, you never write!*

David sneers up at them, then stands wobbly. Varjo greets him at the top with a sudden right cross that catches him right on the jaw, rocking him. He reels. Spits blood.

DAVID

Varjo, for all your size, your shit's never had snap. Hands like throw pillows.

Varjo throws *another* hard shot, but David slips it with suprising speed and counters with a brutal overhand.

Scath attacks now but David sidesteps and leg-whips him, *cratering* his right knee.

Scath HOWLS as Cysgod engages with David now, head-butting him from behind and scrambling his senses as Varjo grabs him and slams him halfway through a sheetrock wall...David just smiles, elbowing Varjo in the throat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

*Let's get those licks in, boys!*

Cysgod front ball kicks David from behind, then rips concussive hooks to his body, stealing his air.

David wheezes hard, weaving toward a hobbling Scath and jutting his chin at him--

DAVID (CONT'D)

--C'mon punk, *like your momma taught you--*

--Scath unloads, connecting with a big crashing haymaker that buckles David's knees and drops him to the carpet.

Varjo looms over. David lunges for the THAI PARANG MACHETE he wears around his leg.

VARJO

You want this, asshole?

Varjo unsheathes the blade slowly.

VARJO (CONT'D)

*Here you go--*

--He abruptly brings the hilt end of the blade down on the top of David's skull, *knocking him out cold*.

#### **INT./EXT. PRINCESS 30M YACHT - DAY**

Kyrah turns around slowly, SEEING her two former teammates, ANINO and MORITI, advancing on her, automatic weapons chin-welded as they fan out and flank her.

Cinder stands, popping open his coat to reveal a KEVLAR VEST, with four smashed slugs, still smoking.

He coughs out a pained rasp of a breath.

CINDER

Yeah, that feels about how you think it would feel, being shot that many times.

(to Kyrah, with this snarl)

Someone was, *determined*.

Kyrah raises her hands, dropping the .380. Parker/Patrick pop back up and retrieve their weapons, surrounding her.

Cinder, absently touching his vest where he was hit, hand sliding over his abdomen slowly, thoughtfully. His eyes grow vacant, fixed on some far off thought...

CINDER (CONT'D)

...You said "Suicide Missions" weren't your thing...You also said you didn't love him anymore...you're a liar, lady.

KYRAH

I learned it from *the best*. You.

CINDER

I *really* thought we had something.

KYRAH

You were my boss. What choice was there? And *I loved someone else*...and that meant more to me than you, or the team--

CINDER

--Oh, we're, well aware of all that now.

(indicating Anino and Moriti)

These ladies having *also* suffered the slings and arrows of your treacherous bullshit...not only breaking up the unit, but then ***hunting down*** and killing six of your fellow teammates?

(beat, a big shrug)

I don't know gals, feels like you both might need a "pound of flesh"--

MORITI

--or a few pounds.

ANINO

I like the sound of that *alot* more.

Cinder cackles now. As Moriti and Anino stow their weapons and assume fight stances.

CINDER

Ombra, for as good as you might've been once babydoll, you have fallen off just as fast. Did you really think I'd just let you walk in here and kill me, *the Secretary of Defense*, in cold blood?

KYRAH

Can I say I was hopeful?

Cinder strips the Velcro off his Kevlar vest and tosses it away, retrieving that Johnny Walker Blue and taking a big tug off the bottle.

CINDER

This should be a lot of fun to watch.

(to Anino and Morit)

Work her over, ladies. Just don't hit her in the face...save that for me.

Anino and Moriti square on Kyrah, who invites it.

KYRAH

Wade on in bitches...*come get some*.

The three of them clash violently, viciously, and the fighting is high-speed and expert level.

The tactics and training that each employ is the sum and substance of years spent as elite, *sui generis* soldiers.

Even outnumbered, two-to-one, Kyrah is formidable and ferocious and her former teammates must work in tandem to ultimately take her down and subdue her.

As the conflict subsides, Cinder is there, staring down at his former fling, this flinty look of *pity* for her...

CINDER

...this is the last time I'll be wrong about you...

...then he brings his boot down, bashing her unconscious.

### **BLACK**

FADE UP ON:

### **INT/EXT. PRINCESS 30M YACHT - DAY**

Kyrah, coming to, groggy, shackled to a deck chair, a strong swirling wind kicking up, enveloping her.

She cracks open her eyes and SEES an AIRBUS/EUROCOPTER EC 120B HELICOPTER, touching down on the larger deck above.

A GO-FAST BOAT arrives at the same time, docking off the Starboard side of the vessel.

DAVID disembarks the chopper, bruised and battered, flex-cuffed and led at gunpoint by CYSGOD. SCATH and VARJO climb down from the main canopy's pilot/co-pilot seats.



David meets Kyrah's gaze, despondent, despaired. Kyrah's stomach drops like dead weight, her throat going dry, the horrible realization that her son is nowhere in sight--

--then, *Ky is there*, looking fragile and frightened, until he SEES his mom and dad...and then the briefest bit of relief flashes across his little face.

*He waves at them...*

...and it breaks David and Kyrah's hearts on the spot.

CINDER

(to Parker/Patrick)

Take the young man below deck for the moment, please.

(At Kyrah and David, grim)

We're not ready just yet.

Kyrah manages a smile for her son as he's marched past.

KYRAH

It's alright baby. We're here.

Patrick and Parker guide Ky toward the aft stairs. He keeps looking back at his parents as he's led away.

The Shadows strip off their gear, setting their weapons on a large dining room table and sitting down behind it.

David is shoved down next to Kyrah and shackled alongside. They regard one another, their injuries, etc.

KYRAH (CONT'D)

*I'm sorry, baby.* I didn't want to involve you. I wanted to keep you two safe, I--

DAVID

--I know why you did what you did.

(reassuring her)

*It's ok, love.*

Auntie arrives, in cuffs, trailed by Unc...who is not. Kyrah scowls.

KYRAH

You sonofabitch.

AUNTIE

Oh girl, you don't even *know* what I'm 'bout to do to this traitorous-ass little hoe, these cuffs ever come off.

Cinder smiles, handing Unc a PELICAN CASE.

CINDER

Old 'Unc here knows the *true value of*  
loyalty to his country.

UNC

(grinning at the case)  
Yeah, 'bout three mil *and change*.

AUNTIE

Twenty years, *ride or die* with your punk  
ass and you dime me and your  
*motherfuckin' country out, FOR MONEY!?*

UNC

I been sick of y'bullshit for *years!* All  
you do is salt me, all you do is *bitch*.

AUNTIE

Oh, you gonna see some *bitchin'!* I got  
something to say about how shit go down  
here and you gonna see it, *up-close-*  
*personal-point-blank-style, bitch*.

Auntie is placed in a chair opposite Kyras and David. Unc  
lingers behind her. David stares daggers through him.

MERCS arrive on deck now, carrying larger PELICAN CASES  
and placing one in front of each of the five remaining  
SHADOWS: CYSGOD. VARJO. SCATH. ANINO. MORITI, who each  
pop their case and confirm their identical payouts.

CINDER

Twenty million apiece.  
(to Kyras and David)  
And they barely even broke a sweat.

David gapes over at Kyras, confused. She nods back  
numbly.

KYRAS

He doubled it.

The Shadows chuckle spitefully. Cinder crosses to our  
couple now, relishing their defeat, *reveling in it*.

CINDER

So here's the thing...I kind of, sort of  
want to *murder your kid*, in front of you.

They rattle their restraints, lunging up at him--

CINDER (CONT'D)

(shrugging, fake exasperated)

--Now I know that *sounds* harsh but let me just lay out my logic and I think you'll understand "why"...I put *five long years* worth of sweat and toil into creating Shadow Force. Five years and you two, with your *deceit* and your *disloyalty*, took it from me. The thing I loved most.

(beat, malevolently)

Ky is about five, isn't he?

(deadpan)

And isn't he the, "**Thing You Love Most**"?

(beat)

So you see, me, in effect, *killing him*, makes us more or less, even. Doesn't it?

Kyrah shifts tact, tries to reason with Cinder now, *desperate* to save her son.

KYRAH

Jack--

CINDER

(exploding down at her)

--YOU BROKE A BLOOD OATH! An obligation to ALL OF US, you swore to uphold, under the penalty of death. *THAT WAS THE DEAL!!*

KYRAH

You were turning the unit on itself, playing teammates off one another. Manipulating us. *Poisoning us*.

CINDER

It's easy to frame it that way, isn't it, "Ombra"? Then *your* betrayal becomes my problem. Forget duty. Honor. Your commitment to your country!

DAVID

All this star-spangled boy scout bullshit, from a *fake-ass fucking* "patriot". We went from targeting terrorists to activating against your *personal* political rivals. All you were ever looking to do, was line your pockets and cement your power, Cinder. SAY IT!

Cinder scoffs, turning his back on them.

KYRAH

Did you tell everybody about us, Jack? Our little affair.

(MORE)

KYRAH (CONT'D)

(staring Cinder down)

He lied to me, which he's *brilliant* at but then I found out his marriage was still very much intact and broke it off.

(beat)

And when he couldn't keep fucking me the way he wanted to, he started fucking me the way he *needed to*. Threatening to relieve me of my command and strip me of rank.

(beat, with a scowl)

And then came the little comments about "going dark" and "black ops" and I knew he was hinting at something else, something ugly and *shitty* and -*I thought*- way beneath him. But no, he was spurned and he was pissed off at the world because for *all of his power...*

(beat, right at Cinder)

...he couldn't get a little "colored girl" to love him...isn't that right, Jack?

Cinder returns, kneeling down to face her, gloating.

CINDER

Watch how fast I wipe that little smirk off your face, bitch. You ready?

Cinder stands and turns back as Patrick and Parker return to the fore deck...but Ky isn't accompanying them...

CINDER (CONT'D)

*Where's the kid?*

PARKER

He's safe and sound below deck.

(beat, cryptic)

We didn't want him to see this.

Cinder bristles. His big moment being ruined.

CINDER

*See WHAT, you fucking idiot!?*

Patrick and Parker simultaneously produce .45 AUTOS from their suit coats and take aim on their now *former* boss--

PARKER

--Secretary Cinder, by order of the Office Of The Investigator General, you are hereby being remanded into our custody and transferred to the NSA Navel Annex at Norfolk, to await arraignment.

Cinder seems suspended in place, frozen, dumbfounded.  
Patrick and Parker slowly fan out on either side of him.

Everyone seems stunned and shocked by this plot twist--

CINDER

--what in the fuck are you talking abo--

PATRICK

--we're Special Agents with OIG and  
Justice. We've been building up a  
criminal case against you for *months*.

The Shadows get cagey quick. Leone-like leers aimed at  
Patrick and Parker--

VARJO

--So you two assholes are suddenly  
"undercover" and arresting your own boss?

CYSGOD

This smells like straight bullshit.

SCATH

Every bit of it and *I'm not buying*.

MORITI

Seems "staged" to me.

VARJO

*Fake as fuck.*

ANINO

And I'll bet you seize everything on this  
boat, too, huh? *Including our money.*

Kyrah and David can SEE Cinder reeling and unraveling and  
quickly *spike* that situation, adding their own spin--

KYRAH

--trying to *rip off* the team, Jack?

DAVID

Never trust a politician.

PATRICK

We are Federal Agents and you will comply  
with our deman--

--Scath moves suddenly, whiplash fast, going for his gun--

--Parker kills him before he clears his holster with a  
single shot to the head.

Scath collapses onto the table, pulling his Pelican case over on top of himself and dropping to the floor, dead.

PARKER

The Coast Guard and members of the Naval JAG Corps are inbound to assist in this apprehension.

PATRICK

Do not attempt to move against us, or we will respond with further lethal force.

There is a *veritable arsenal on the table*, at arm's length...and none of them seem keen on "going quietly".

This situation is quickly going from a simmer to a boil.

David and Kyrah begin to laugh, a titter that turns *tidal* and gradually becomes a full blown gut-buster. Auntie joins in as well, mocking the seeming *crushing defeat* that's happening to Cinder, right in front of them.

Cinder seethes, red hot.

PARKER

It's over sir. Place your hands in the air and get on your knees.

KYRAH

*On. Your. Knees. Jack.*

DAVID

Never thought I'd see it.

Varjo stews, staring at his SIG-SAUER 9mm, on the table, only *inches* away. He gently nudges Cysgod, who glances sidelong at the TACTICAL SHOTGUN sitting near his elbow.

Patrick rushes in on Cinder, jamming that .45 at him--

PATRICK

(forcefully)

--*Down on your knees!*

Unc bolts off. Running. Patrick and Parker instinctively turn to track his flight, taking their aim off Cinder--

--*and that's split-second diversion the Shadows needed.*

"Fight Or Flight" kicks in as the strained situation severs completely--

SHADOWS

They snag sidearms and FLIP the dining table in unison--

--the remaining weapons spill to the floor, skating away.

Someone SHOUTS "**SET-UP!**" someone else SHOUTS "**KILL 'EM!**"--

--A third VOICE bellows "**GET THE CASES!**"

Factions reform fast and EVERYONE STARTS SHOOTING--

The MERCS are caught in the crossfire, one is cut down--

--Cinder SCREAMS over the cannonade, trying to restore order and pull it back from the tipping point--

--BUT IT'S TOO LATE--

--*Confusion fuels chaos like a wild fire* and soon enough it's a full-blown clusterfuck.

The endless exchange of BULLETS beats a deafening DIN.

DAVID & KYRAH

David rears back, tipping over, the chair shattering beneath his weight as he snakes loose of his shackles.

Cinder SEES this and spins back, taking aim on KYRAH.

David reacts, pulling her over backwards as Cinder FIRES--

**--RAM!RAM!RAM!**

--the rounds sail wide, missing their mark--

One of the MERCS lobbs something into the shootout--

**--TING-TING-TING--**

--the telltale metallic trundle of a tossed GRENADE--

David kick-shoves Kyrah the opposite way, clearing her from the blast radius as the explosive DETONATES--

--bright white light blinds and burns as noxious phosphorous smoke floods and *fries* his lungs.

David is loopy, disoriented.

CINDER

Finds an AR-15 on the floor, slaps the stock, charges it and runs right into PATRICK, who is about to speak when Cinder *UNLOADS* that Assault-Rifle right into his chest, stripping him of his .45 AUTO in the process.

Patrick pinwheels, then face-plants into the deck, dead.

Parker FIRES on Cinder, who retreats behind a couch.

#### KYRAH

Freeing Auntie and pulling her into a small alcove as she presses Cinder's fallen .380 S&W PISTOL into her hand.

KYRAH

*Get to my son!*

Auntie nods, rushing off.

#### PARKER

The remaining MERC appears and backshoots Parker, who goes sprawling hard, the .45 loosed from his grip.

Auntie engages the Merc, kneecapping him with a double-tap from that .380, then finishing him off up close.

She drags Parker to cover, returning his .45 AUTOMATIC--

AUNTIE

(slapping gun into his hand)  
--Where's the boy!?

#### UNC

Below deck and looking for a way off this boat, lugging that PELICAN CASE along for dear life.

He moves quickly through from the aft toward the stern.

#### DAVID

This incessant pitched WHINE fills his head as he tries to recalibrate and get his bearings, post blast.

GUNFIRE rocks close, he backpedals across the deck, looking for cover, anything to hide behind--

--SHAPES coalesce out of the billowing gun/grenade smoke.

HIS FORMER TEAMMATES...stalking their prey in the haze.

David rams into a wall, running out of room.



They're nearly upon him, he gropes for any semblance of a weapon--

--then suddenly one is thrust into his hand, a 9MM PISTOL and Kyrah's face in there in front of his, smiling. They kiss impulsively and break just as fast.

KYRAH

Remember when you said "*mommy and daddy were gonna fuck some shit up*"...

David nods as Kyrah charges the AK-47 she's sourced during the skirmish.

KYRAH (CONT'D)

*I think it might be about that time.*

David racks the slide on the 9mm she gave him.

DAVID

*Then let's do what we do, boo.*

They rise up and ENGAGE their former teammates in unison, overlapping FIRING PATTERNS and TACTICAL PROFICIENCY sending the Shadows scattering and scrambling for cover.

David & Kyrah move with an almost-Olympian precision and poise, skill sets in total *lockstep* with muscle memory.

We now see exactly why they co-commanded this unit.

UNC

Searching for an exit. He rounds a corner and finds KY standing their in the middle of the corridor.

Ky's expression sours when he sees Unc. He points at him.

KY

You were mean to Auntie and Daddy at your house! You had a gun! You let those bad guys beat up my Dad!

Unc lays on the fake charm.

UNC

Naw, little man. It's all good! Come on, I'll take you to your folks!  
(beneath-his-breath)  
*...little fucking insurance policy.*

Ky doesn't budge, his gaze narrowing on Unc suspiciously.

KY

You're a *bad guy* too! Momma and Daddy  
fight bad guys!

Unc starts to stalk toward Ky.

UNC

Nah, I'm a good guy! I was playing a  
trick on the bad guys, acting like I was  
one of them. C'mere now!

AUNTIE appears in the corridor behind Unc, moving quietly  
and quickly closing the distance on him.

He doesn't sense her at all...until she wraps him up from  
behind with an expertly rendered rear-naked-choke.

AUNTIE

(whispering close)

*Wassup, ex!?*

Unc goes bug-eyed, horror-panic, dropping the pelican  
case as he tries to fend off Auntie...to no avail.

She addresses young Ky with the calm and collect of a  
school marm as she *slowly chokes Unc out*.

AUNTIE (CONT'D)

Now don't you worry, baby. Old Unc here  
has been naughty and needs to take  
himself a little *nap*.

Ky nods his approval, watching as Unc convulses and goes  
board stiff as Auntie renders him completely unconscious.

AUNTIE (CONT'D)

Now Ky, can you pop into that room there  
for a skinny minute for Auntie? She needs  
to have an "adult chat" with Unc.

KY

But can he hear you, Auntie?

AUNTIE

Oh no baby...but he can feel me.

This sentiment seems to make perfect sense to Ky as he  
ducks into one of the rooms. Auntie gives it a second  
before she starts *beating on Unc like a birthday piñata*,  
punctuating her assault with insults--

AUNTIE (CONT'D)

--MOTHER--

(haymaker dropping)

(MORE)

AUNTIE (CONT'D)

--*FUCKING*--  
 (another haymaker)  
 --*NO LOYALTY HAVIN'!*--  
 (closed fist Hulk-Smash)  
 --*BITCH-ASS!*--  
 (multiple blows)  
 --*PUNK!*--

KYRAH & DAVID

Reloading, in breath-for breath sync, *strategizing*--

KYRAH

--*Draw the Shadows off! I'm gonna find  
 Ky! COVER!!*

Kyrah races off to look for Ky as David lays down a stream of suppressing FIRE, re-engaging his former team in brutal back-and-forth volleys.

PELICAN CASES, overturned in the tumult, lie on the deck, stranded between these warring factions.

David scrambles over to them and begins hurling them off the stern of the boat and into the water.

Varjo SEES this, reacts--

VARJO

--*THE CASES!*

CYSGOD

*SMOKE CHECK THAT MOTHERFUCKER!*

They level their weapons on David and *FIRE*--

--David dashes off, heading below deck as BULLETS BLAZE--

**INT. PRINCESS 30M YACHT - ELSEWHERE - CONTINUOUS**

Kyrah moves through the shifting miasma of gunsmoke, her weapon extended, on full alert-- MORITI materializes in front of her and promptly *seizes* her gun wrist--

--She responds by bashing her with a hard backhand--

--Moriti is rocked but manages to release the magazine lock, loosing the clip from her AK, which tumbles free, engaging them in aggressive, hand-to-hand combat now--

--Kyrah drives her knee up, Moriti rolls away, ripping the AK free from her grip. It clatters across the deck.

Moriti pulls her own gun-- Kyrah lunges and meets her mid-draw, they struggle for the gun. Kyrah kicks out her legs, slamming her down on his back and stealing her air.

Moriti wrist-locks Kyrah's gun hand-- hauling her over with her weight and getting a finger inside the trigger guard, SQUEEZING--

--the pistol BUCKS and FLASHES between them-- bullets whiz wild, muzzle flash burns sunspots, *temporarily blinding them both--*

Kyrah SEES a COMBAT KNIFE on the deck floor, grabs it, slashing out defensively--

--Moriti slips the blade's arc, going for a fallen AK, the clip resting right next to it.

Kyrah springs, looking to bury that knife in her spine.

Moriti kicks out a table, it clips Kyrah's shin, claiming her balance, she pitches, falls-- but rolls right back up onto her feet and fires the blade like a throwing knife.

Moriti is struck right in the forehead. Center-punched. She goes comically cross-eyed, staring at the blade, before toppling over dead.

Kyrah scoops up a spare mag and a felled PUMP SHOTGUN and rushes off to find Ky.

#### **INT. BELOW DECK - CONTINUOUS**

David, running, BLIND-FIRING back over his shoulder. Varjo fills the corridor behind him, BLASTING AWAY--

--David dives into a state room as his weapon cycles to the slide-lock-- He's out of ammo. He drops the empty clip and stares.

Cysgod joins Varjo.

CYSGOD

*Forget him! Let's get the cases and pop smoke! Navy on its way!*

VARJO

*WE KILL THEM NOW!!*

David slots the empty mag and pulls the slide back with a loud **CLACK**-- fooling them into thinking he's reloaded.

*He holds his breath now.*

Varjo hesitates a moment longer-- wants David's blood.

CYSGOD

*LET'S GO!*

Varjo reluctantly retreats with Cysgod.

David breathes a sigh of relief, then realizes he isn't alone in the room and wheels around to find Ky and Auntie there-- with Unc gagged and tied up with curtain cable.

Ky rushes over to David, hugging his Dad tightly. David examines his son, checking him for any injuries.

DAVID

*You ok, buddy?*

Ky nods and David draws him back into a deep embrace.

Kyrah appears in the doorway a moment later to the sheer relief and delight of her son.

KY

*MOMMA!*

The trio embrace. Their little family finally reunited.

KYRAH

Let's get the hell out of here.

DAVID

We let Cinder and The Shadows slip away, they'll be hunting us inside six months.

Kyrah looks down at her son.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And I'm not living in hiding, or in *fear*, anymore, Kyrah.

(beat)

*Let's hit 'em now and end this.*

It's the last thing they'll expect.

(beat)

We're the hunters now.

Kyrah deliberates this course of action for all of split-second, then turns to Auntie, handing her the pump shotgun she recovered.

KYRAH

(a nod to Ky)

You got him?

AUNTIE  
 (racking the gauge)  
 Oh, y'best believe.

Kyrah leans down to Ky's level.

KYRAH  
 You stay with Auntie, baby. Mommy and  
 Daddy have one more thing to do, ok?

KY  
 Ok, momma.

She hugs him once more. David kisses the top of his son's head and together, he and Kyrah hustle down the corridor.

#### **INT./EXT. DECKS - CONTINUOUS**

CYSGOD and ANINO load the PELICAN CASES into the GO-FAST BOAT while above, CINDER boards the EURO CHOPPER, which is rotoring up to speed.

VARJO glasses the horizon with a pair of BINOS.

BINOCULARS P.O.V: THREE ATTACK BOATS bounding across the water toward them at high speed.

VARJO  
 Got a pair of Coast Guard Cutters and a  
 Navy FAC inbound.

Cinder beckons Varjo into the helicopter.

CINDER  
*Let's get airborne, goddammit!*

#### **NEARBY**

Kyrah and David creep toward the bow railing, both of them loaded for bear now, having collected most of the stray weaponry onboard the Princess.

They can HEAR Cinder's voice and throw tactical hand signals and semaphore back and forth, targeting each of the tandems above and below--

Kyrah finger counts, 3--2--1--

--they pop from cover and OPEN FIRE without any preamble, ambushing them. David pounding the Chopper's position and Kyrah blasting away on the Go-Fast Boat below--

--The Shadows respond, going for their guns and touching off a tremendous FIREFIGHT between the two factions.

Anino slams the throttle forward on the GO-FAST, pulling away from the Princess, the mooring cables snapping free as it speeds out into the bay.

Varjo leaps into the Chopper and gets behind the stick as Cinder RETURNS FIRE. The chopper lifts off, following that GO-FAST BOAT.

David and Kyrah jump into that rented Scarab and give chase.

**INT/EXT. SCARAB - CONTINUOUS**

Kyrah rushes over to the controls, turns the engine over and jams the throttle full.

They bound out into the bay, crashing through the Go-Fast's wake and trying to close the distance but the bigger boat and more powerful and gradually pulling away.

DAVID

We'll never catch them in this.

Suddenly, they SEE the Go-Fast Boat and the Chopper abruptly bank back around...

...and head straight for them.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ok, maybe I didn't totally think this one through.

KYRAH

Sounded like a good idea at the time.

DAVID

*Story of my life.*

David brings up an ASSAULT RIFLE.

The chopper skims in right over the water, MUZZLE FLASHES bursting from the canopy. ANINO FIRING wildly-- Bullets splinter the Scarab's hull as David RETURNS FIRE--

--Kyrah SEES seepage below deck, throws open the bilge hatch, water streaming in--

--*Stray rounds.* Punched through the hull.

KYRAH

*SHIT!*

(turning to David)

We're hit, we're taking on water!

Kyrah snaps back around and SEES the GO-FAST BOAT rip past, right off their port side, CYSGOD and ANINO unload on them, more ROUNDS puncturing the Scarab's flimsy hull.

**INT. GO-FAST BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Anino throttles back as she banks the boat around.

CYSGOD reloads and charges a HK416 Assault-Rifle with RIP (Rapidly Invasive Projectile) semi-explosive rounds.

He moves at hyper-speed. His hands a blur as they move over the weapons. Skills acquired in heavy combat.

**INT./EXT. SCARAB POWER BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

The boat pitches, fore-deck dipping, nosing further into the water.

DAVID

*Find the pump!*

Kyrah abandons the helm, yanking open the aft compartments, tossing LIFE-JACKETS, looking. David does the same but a DUAL PARA-SAILING RIG is all he finds.

The boat lags, the flooding below deck steadily dragging the stern down and slowing its speed--

--the chopper and Go-Fast boat are a quarter mile off and closing for another attack run.

KYRAH

*We're losing too much speed!*

David, thinking...a wild idea takes hold.

He hustles over to the controls, turning back toward their pursuers. He jams a wrench into the wheel to keep the craft straight and throws the throttle FULL.

KYRAH (CONT'D)

*Are we actually playing chicken with a Go-Fast boat and a fucking helicopter!?*



**INT. EURO-COPTER - CONTINUOUS**

VARJO grins, slamming the stick forward as he SEES the Scarab below them, dead-heading their way.

CINDER preps an M-203 GRENADE-LAUNCHER and prepares to blow that boat out of the water.

**INT./EXT. SCARAB POWER BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

David pulls out that dual para-sailing rig and hustles over to the stern transom, strapping in.

KYRAH

*Are you kidding!?*

DAVID

*Get over here! Hurry!*

Kyrah rushes over and starts strapping into the tandem side of the Para-sailing rig.

KYRAH

*Are we really doing this!?*

DAVID

*Would you like to try something else 'cuz I'm kinda outta moves here, baby!*

They step up onto the stern transom now, slipping, heavy gusts throwing their balance.

Kyrah cinches a length of ROPE to the stern cleat and holds them fast for the moment.

The Go-Fast and Chopper are less than a half-mile off.

Suicide from any angle.

David takes up the loose para-sail, handing the other section to Kyrah.

DAVID (CONT'D)

*Get ready. We're throwing this straight up in the air and then we're gettin' on 'em! You good?*

KYRAH

*I'm nowhere near good but let's go.*

Kyrah glances down those TWIN MERC ENGINES under her.

The boat bucks huge swells, catching air, the propeller clearing the water.

The Chopper and Go-Fast Boat start FIRING simultaneously, bullets chipping hull, starboard, stern--

David...waiting...waiting...waiting...*THEN*--

DAVID  
--*I LOVE YOU BABY*--!

KYRAH (CONT'D)  
--*I LOVE YOU TOO*--!

DAVID  
--*NOW*--

--David tosses his section skyward, Kyrah follows suit--

--the para-sail deploys, the chute unfurling, catching the onrushing headwind and yanking them straight up in the air like a midway-ride.

They target those TWIN MERC ENGINES beneath them, FIRING-- slugs PIERCING the steel housing and EXPLODING--

--The passing Go-Fast boat is INCINERATED as the Scarab DETONATES-- the shockwave shattering the vessel.

Kyrah & David take aim on the chopper and FIRE-- rounds ricocheting off the fuselage, pinning axles, rotors, hitting oil lines--

--They keep squeezing, BLASTING the cockpit canopy glass--

--*a bullet scores blood splat*-- the chopper dips and rolls into a violent auto-rotation as black smoke begins issuing from the rotor.

The bird banks hard, whirling past and narrowly missing Kyrah and David as it bombs toward the beach below, the black smoke now pouring from it like a chimney stack.

Kyrah & David, still aloft, slowing sinking back to earth and landing on a sandbar just off the Island's northern tip.

The Chopper whirls and dips as it touches down inside a canopy of mangrove, shredding foliage and palm fronds as it bellies hard to the ground inside a WETLANDS RESERVE.

#### **EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER**

David and Kyrah drag themselves ashore, pausing to check their ammo.

DAVID

Split up?

KYRAH

Flush 'em out. I got a feeling Cinder survived.

DAVID

I got a feeling they *both* did.

KYRAH

What do you got?

David drops the remaining clip on his 9mm.

DAVID

Two rounds.

Kyrah pops her clip...A single piece of brass inside.

KYRAH

One bullet.

David re-racks the weapon.

DAVID

Well make that shit count.

Kyrah nods, contemplates something, then asks:

KYRAH

You think I should get the extra?

DAVID

The extra what?

KYRAH

Bullet. You've got two.

DAVID

That's not "extra"...*that's mine*. Why would I give you one my bullets?

KYRAH

You know, just--

DAVID

--just *what*?

MIKE LOWREY

--Just, I've-- y'know...I just feel like I'm, right now...I could be, a *better shot than you--? Maybe--*

(MORE)

MIKE LOWREY (CONT'D)  
 (quickly, like it'll help)  
 --baby?

DAVID  
 Don't baby me...

David jacks the slide, loosing an airborne bullet from the chamber. Kyras catches it.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 ...just don't miss.

Kyras grins, then turns and jogs up the beach. David into the cluster of mangrove and toward the palls of smoke pouring from the downed chopper.

#### **EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - DAY**

A large, expensive WEDDING in progress. The BRIDE and GROOM stare lovingly into one another's eyes as everyone ooh's and ahh's the traditional "Couple's Dance"...

...right up until the moment a bloodied and blackened, JACK CINDER, shouldering that M-203 GRENADE LAUNCHER, spills onto the dance floor, scattering wedding guests, who scramble for cover as he FIRES A BURST into the air--

--Tables upend. Champagne bottles fly and pricey floral arrangements are *shredded* by the flash panic of a full blown human stampede.

The PRIEST plows right into the wedding cake in full flight and winds up wearing most of the top layer, including the plastic topper, as he flees the scene.

The D.J., headphones on, oblivious the commotion erupting around him, continues spinning, his head down.

#### **EXT. BEACH/WETLANDS PRESERVE - CONTINUOUS**

We INTERCUT between David and Kyras as they advance separately.

#### KYRAH

She HEARS the GUNSHOTS in the distance and races toward the hotel.

#### DAVID

He arrives at the smoking chopper and finds it empty.

A bullet-punched cockpit. Blood on the pilot's seat.  
Trampled foliage leading away...David follows the trail.

**EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS**

The D.J. finishes plattering an LP with a big grin on his face...a grin that dissolves as soon as he SEES Cinder, staring back at him and holding a smoking assault-rifle.

CINDER  
Reception's over.

DAVID

Moving steadily through the wetlands, SEES blood on the passing branches, enters a clearing--

--A stray round whizzes right past, the sub-sonic snap of a bullet-by crackling right by his left ear.

His earbud SQUELCHES, he hauls it free as it buzzes and whines--

--MORE GUNFIRE pounds in. David sprawls prone.

He rolls to cover and rears up, only to feel the *massive* shadow of VARJO fall over him like a lunar eclipse.

David spins back with his gun, Varjo blocks it. David grabs the AR-15 Varjo is armed with, the two grapple for control. David manages to disengage the mag, then rack the action, rendering the weapon *useless* for the moment.

Varjo rag-dolls David into a Mangrove tree, pinning him.

VARJO  
Ohhhh, you got an *old testament beatdown*  
coming to you, son!

Varjo ROARS this locomotive-like war-cry in David's face as he FIRES a right hand right at his head. David slips the blow and counters with a one-two combo, which has the affect of a garden hose against granite.

**EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - DAY**

The D.J., his trembling hands raised, rushes off.

Cinder, his back turned, doesn't SEE Kyras stalking up behind him, gun extended...

KYRAH  
 ...give us a little pirouette now. Hands  
 high. Ride's over. *Leavenworth awaits.*

Cinder turns to confront his former flame, still armed  
 with that M-203, its barrel pointed at the ground.

KYRAH (CONT'D)  
Drop it.

CINDER  
 (with a wistful sigh)  
 Just how did we get here, hun?

KYRAH  
 Well, you being a highly motivated  
 homicidal maniac probably had a *lot* to do  
 with it...just off the top of my head.

CINDER  
 (almost wistful)  
 The top of your head...  
 (ugly/vindictive/mean)  
 ...What I wouldn't give to watch it being  
*torn off*, right about now.

Kyrah closes on him, tightening her aim.

KYRAH  
 I wouldn't be talkin' *any type'a shit*  
 about "*heads getting torn off*" if I was  
 you right now, Jack!

Cinder grins back blood, then, without another thought,  
*simply squeezes the M-203's secondary trigger--*

--THE GRENADE LAUNCHER--

--Kyrah goes wide-eyed, diving for cover as a 40mm ROUND  
 ricochets off the dance floor and DETONATES the  
 bride/groom table, sending a paroxysm of debris flying.

DAVID AND VARJO

Varjo wades in, clenched fists the size of cantaloupes as  
 he bombs away on David's mid-section with body shots.

David absorbs the percussive punches, covers and throws a  
 hatchet-style uppercut that catches Varjo flush in the  
 nuts and 'knock-knees' him-- sending him stumbling back.

KYRAH AND CINDER

Kyrah lifts her head, dazed, as Cinder emerges out of the blast smoke, ambushing her, slashing and moving, punches landing so fast that Kyrah is still processing the fact that she's being hit.

She staggers to her feet, throwing a brutal elbow which Cinder avoids, countering with a spinning backfist that catches her in the sternum and steals her air.

DAVID AND VARJO

Varjo recovers and rolls his massive shoulders as he tears the rest of his shirt away. David stands, squares, then removes his remaining earbud, plunging him into that extra-sensory aural state. He closes his eyes.

Varjo grins mean.

VARJO

I hope you getting right with God right about now, motherfucker...*'Cuz he about to call you home, bitch.*

KYRAH AND CINDER

Cinder is starting to get the better of Kyrah. Too fast. Too strong. Too angry.

She's starting to gas out.

DAVID AND VARJO

Varjo rushes David. David evades him, moving with measured ease and peppering Varjo with punches.

Varjo attempts to defend himself but David is simply too fast now. Too precise. Varjo is gassing out. David begins landing huge shots, finishing Varjo with a front kick that knocks him flat on his ass.

He spits blood, pulling a THAI PARANG MACHETE from the sheath lashed across his leg.

VARJO (CONT'D)

You wanted this before...

(aiming the blade at David)

...Now you're gonna get the good end.

Varjo rises, spinning the blade effortlessly as he walks David down. David remains rooted to the spot, watching, waiting. Varjo rushes him, gripping that Machete like a Bushido Blade and bringing it crashing down--

--David deflects its arc, deftly throwing a vicious knee right into Varjo's chin before spinning the Machete inside his grip and redirecting it right into his throat, *shish-kebob'ing him...*

...Varjo stumbles, geysering blood, spinning around like a little kid who's lost his parents in the supermarket.

He then falters, shuffle steps and timbers like a Redwood Tree...dead.

David scoops up his 9mm and Varjo's AR-15, lashing it across his back as he sprints off toward the hotel.

#### **EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - MOMENT LATER**

Someone's Worst Wedding Day...Ruined rental furniture everywhere. FIRES raging near the blast-blackened buffet. Shrouds of pitch black smoke drifting over everything.

David is facing the other way, searching for Kyrarah, when she appears out of the pall of smoke, with Cinder standing behind, her own 9mm pressed flush to her head.

David senses them and turns back slowly, his weapon, with its lone bullet, locked in his grip.

Cinder is taunting him. Kyrarah is *screaming* something...

...but David can't hear either...His earbuds remain out, his "*Super-Power*" still fully functioning...or so he thinks...until he aims that gun, trying to target Cinder--

--And Cinder responds by squeezing his forearm even tighter and constricting Kyrarah's air as he hauls her in closer, cheek-to-cheek, jamming that gun into her face...

...and now David realizes that whatever he has to do...he has to do it in **real time**.

He plugs the earbuds back in. SOUND crashes in like a wave. He starts to sweat and shake, his breath picking up steadily, anxiously and *beginning to betray him*.

That same sickening fear he felt in the bank, spreads through him like poison as he watches Cinder hover just behind Kyrarah, these reptilian eyes fixed on him...

CINDER

...I couldn't kill your son...but this is so much better and more, *appropriate*. And it's important you see it...and *HEAR* it.



Then, as if unnoticed or somehow unheard before...this *music* becomes suddenly, almost magically prominent...

...these familiar chords, playing from the abandoned D.J. station and over the outdoor sound system...

...a song intended for the "Couple's Dance"...

...a *Lionel Richie* song...

...THEIR FUCKING LIONEL RICHIE SONG:

**"TRULY"**

David and Kyrah utter, to themselves, at the exact same moment...

KYRAH	DAVID
...I don't believe it...	...I don't believe it...

They lock eyes now...and then, as though they'd rehearsed this a thousand times before, begin *serenading* one another, picking up the lyrics, mid-song...

DAVID (CONT'D)  
...let me hold yooooouuuu...I need to  
have you, near meeeeeee....

Cinder, both confused and perplexed, not expecting this--

CINDER  
--What the fuck is this?

They just sing louder, ignoring Cinder altogether...Kyrah quietly intuiting what David is thinking now...and gently nodding her consent...

DAVID & KYRAH  
...and I feel with yooooouuuu, in my  
heart...

...something comes over David: A *sureness* and a *certainly* and a *confidence* that he hasn't experienced without being deaf to the world around him...

DAVID & KYRAH (CONT'D)  
...this love will last, forever...

...this release that allows him to bring that 9mm up in one motion, smooth and steady and perfectly still...and put its single bullet right into Kyrah's shoulder--

**--RAM!**

--the wound sprays Cinder with her blood and *blinds* him temporarily--

--just as the song crescendos--

DAVID

--BECAUSE I'M TRUUUUUUUULLLLLLYYYYY--

--Kyrah wrenches free, spooling away from Cinder's grasp and pulling her gun from his grip--

DAVID (CONT'D)

--TRUUUULLLY IN LOVE WITH YOU GIRL--

--Kyrah FIRES both bullets into Cinder point blank, spinning him around like a top...

DAVID (CONT'D)

...I'M TRUUUUUUUULLLLLLYYYYY...

...David brings that AR-15 around off his back, draws down and CUTS LOOSE on Cinder, closing the distance--

--**RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT**--

DAVID (CONT'D)

--HEAD OVER HEELS, WITH YOUR LOVE...

...Cinder is blasted apart in almost *balletic* fashion. David keeps marauding forward, FIRING AWAY--

DAVID (CONT'D)

--I NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEED YOOUUUUUU...

...Cinder comes crashing down dead in the outdoor pool, disappearing from sight as David reaches Kyrah and wraps her up his arms, holding her as tightly as he ever has as Lionel takes over the song's final chorus...

LIONEL RICHIE

...AND WITH YOUR LOVE, I'M FREEEEE...AND  
TRUUUUUUUULLLLLLYYYYY...

...David and Kyrah, completely lost in one another now...

LIONEL RICHIE (CONT'D)

...you know you're alright...to,  
meeeeee...

The couple kiss for a long, *long* time as WE DISSOLVE TO:

**SUPER: 6 MONTHS LATER**

**EXT. BEACH SHACK - SOMEWHERE IN THE CARIBBEAN - DAY**

White sand, the consistency of baby powder, stretches unblemished for miles and miles in either direction.

Ky, chasing and fleeing the waves while bashing a new pair of action figures off of one another...happy and carefree and everything a five year kid should be.

Kyrah, looking renewed and refreshed and *healed*, watches her son from a beach-front hammock. She's on a SAT-PHONE.

KYRAH

...so that's a wrap on your stint as a "Government Contractor"?

WE INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. PARKING LOT - DAY**

AUNTIE, looking *chopped-to-death* in a DOLCE PANTSUIT.

AUNTIE

Yup. With Unc spending the rest of his bitch-ass life in prison, I'm back on the market. Professionally, *personally*.

Kyrah laughs, does a little catcall.

AUNTIE (CONT'D)

And the fallout from Cinder going down has created *all kinds* of opportunities.

KYRAH

Why do I get the feeling that you're calling me from Langley.

Auntie enters the main lobby of the CIA, grinning.

AUNTIE

Women's intuition?

KYRAH

And *whatever* will you be doing for them?

Auntie with a *deliberately* dramatic beat...

AUNTIE

...Shadow Force 2.0...Only doing it *right* this time.

Kyrah chuffs. Somehow she *knew* this was coming.

AUNTIE (CONT'D)

You interested?

KYRAH

Only in sunshine and sea breezes at the moment.

AUNTIE

Paradise is overrated, baby. *Everything* becomes stale bread after awhile.

KYRAH

Then let's talk *after awhile*...Be good, Auntie.

AUNTIE

You too, girl. Love.

Kyrah clicks off.

**INT. CIA LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Auntie stows her phone and WE PAN WITH HER TO REVEAL: PARKER. He smiles and shakes her hand as they proceed through a SECURITY CHECKPOINT together and WE RETURN TO:

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

David emerges from the shack, looking lean and muscled as he joins Kyrah in the hammock, lying his head in her lap.

DAVID

What do you want to do about dinner?

She wraps herself around him.

KYRAH

Didn't I hear something about spear-fishing?

DAVID

Yeah but I wouldn't count on that *actually* producing a fish, to consume.

KYRAH

I can make shrimp tacos.

DAVID

(calling out to Ky)  
Ky! You want Shrimp tacos?

Ky nods like a bobble as they watch him play in the surf.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I think I might make myself a mojito, you want one.

KYRAH

Can't.

David, still lying on her lap, eyes closed.

DAVID

*Can't?*

Kyrah smiles as she gently places her hands on his head...and then begins softly drumming out...

*...beat-beat, beat-beat, beat-beat...*

David registers this-- *and then realizes what it means--*

--his eyes snap open as he shoots up, spinning around.

A *pregnant* pause between them...then Kryah softly utters:

KYRAH

Yes.

He gathers her up in his arms, exulting, hugging her harder than he can ever remember hugging her.

DAVID

*Really!?*

KYRAH

(grinning, kissing him)

Really.

DAVID

Ky! Get over here son! Momma and daddy have some news for you!

Ky bounds up from the beach toward his parents as WE SLOWLY RISE UP OVER THE SCENE, up past the swaying palm trees, soaring away into cloudless sky above...

*...our little family is finally together...*

*...and at peace.*

**END**