

**BULLET TIME**

by

Quentin Hidalgo and Douglas Johnson

FADE IN:

EXT. CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

The night sky glows an angry red. A billion street lamps burn away anything so delicate as starlight.

SUPER: "THE SPRAWL - A few years from now"

INT. LOFT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Peaceful. A man restlessly shifts across a bed.

This is SHARKEY. A face of chiseled stone, chipped away by life. His arm seeks out...

SAMANTHA (SAM). A lithe, redheaded beauty filling out the sheets beside him. His arm envelops her and they fold into each other. An island of two, adrift in sleep.

The home is comfortable, but spartan. Few personal touches:

Some candles, An ORNATE BRASS CRICKET BOX, and...

A HUGE FUCKING GUN. 9MM long-slide. Custom grip.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Early morning sunlight highlights a FRAMED PHOTO. Sam and Sharkey on a beach. Younger days. A faded memory.

A window slowly pushes inward...

The frame is knocked to the ground. A BLACK BOOT swings inside, crushes the glass. CRAAAACK.

IN BED

Eyes SNAP open.

SHARKEY

You hear something?

SAM

You. Snoring. Go back to sleep.

Eventually, he relaxes. Too soon...

A door BURSTS open, a GUNMAN crashes in. Auto-fire FLASHES death.

The nightstand is shredded...But, the 9mm has disappeared.

It's already in Sharkey's hand, BLASTING. The Gunman drops.

More FOOTSTEPS across the roof. Sharkey tracks the sound...

A shotgun BLASTS a hole through the ceiling. The bedpost disintegrates. Sam SCREAMS.

Sharkey pulls her away. Tosses her to the living room. He RETURNS FIRE toward the ceiling. A body DROPS to the bed.

Someone RUNS. Sharkey dashes outside to the...

CITY STREETS

The KILLER flees. Sharkey raises his gun. Lines him up in the CUSTOM SIGHT - platinum against cobalt blue. And...

He pulls up. Sharkey watches him disappear.

BACK INSIDE

Sharkey scans the room for Sam. She's gone! Fear creases his brow for the first time...

Sam enters from the bedroom, angry.

SAM

They followed you here?

SHARKEY

I don't bring my work home with me.

SAM

Your work is bleeding out all over my bed!

She cups something in her hands...

A SHADOW rises from behind the bar. Sam glares through Sharkey, oblivious to the threat.

Sharkey hesitates. The intruder is a WOMAN...

BLAM!

Blood splatters Sam. She collapses to the floor.

SHARKEY

Sam!

Her rushes to her side. Blood covers Sam's hair and nightgown. He checks for a wound.

SHARKEY

You're ok. It's over.

She opens her hands, revealing...

THE BRASS CRICKET BOX.

She pushes it into Sharkey's hands. Inside, coins jingle.  
She all but spits with disdain.

SAM

One more for your collection box.

Sharkey takes the cricket box. Stands.

SHARKEY

I'll call Z.

SAM

Tell him you're done.

SHARKEY

I can't.

SAM

It's a job, Johnny. Nothing more.

Sharkey spots the broken frame on the floor. He picks it up. Glass shards cover happy smiles.

SHARKEY

I leave, they retire me. They retire us both.

SAM

So, we only have one way out? When you're dead? What kind of life is that?

Sharkey looks at Sam. Covered in another woman's blood. Another glance at the shattered photo. Memories violated.

SHARKEY

When you're dead...

SAM

What?

He pries the gun from the dead woman's hand.

SHARKEY

One way out. When you're dead.

He raises the gun. Sam's eyes go wide...

DR. MARU (V.O.)  
 "Ah, my Beloved, Fill the cup that  
 clears / Today of past Regrets and  
 future Fears"

BAM!

INT. THE OMNI - LAB - DAY

A hand slams shut the safe-like door of THE SCOOP.

DR. MARU  
 From "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam".

DR. MARU struts around the lab, as if on a stage. Rock star  
 meets mad scientist.

SUPER: "EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER"

Behind Maru, WHITE-COATED LAB TECHS dote on The Scoop.

DR. MARU  
 When we embarked on this project,  
 that was the goal. Clear today of  
 past regrets.

THE CONTROL ROOM

Safely behind glass, a group of CORPORATE TITANS, sit along  
 a long conference table, engrossed by the performance.

DR. MARU  
 And we discovered...It can't be done.

The group shifts uneasily. Murmurs.

At the head of the conference table, a FLICKERING HOLOGRAM  
 holds sway, like an aging mafia don...

NICK. The reclusive, ruthless founder of OmniCorp.

DR. MARU  
 Oh, the Scoop works, gentleman.  
 Just not as we intended.

Nick's hologram nods to Maru...begin.

Maru turns back to his dream, his baby...

THE SCOOP

A futuristic containment chamber made of high-density steel.  
 A keypad, some levers. A billion dollar gleam.

DR. MARU  
History is inviolable. The Scoop  
tested it and proved it. Not even  
God can change the past.

Maru punches in the coordinates. The Scoop WHIRS to life.

DR. MARU  
But, the future?

He smiles confidently, presses his face to a small viewer on  
The Scoop, and manipulates the levers.

FLASHES of light. A CRACK of thunder...

The machine powers down. Maru spins the lock on the door.  
As mist billows out, he reaches in and removes...

A few SMALL, FURRY balls.

DR. MARU  
A week ago, we used The Scoop to dip  
into the future - three years into  
the future - and we pulled back  
something exactly like these.

He walks into the Control Room and sets them gently onto the  
conference table.

DR. MARU  
Meet Bizzle. Part web browser, part  
media device, part...Pet.

An Executive touches one. It GROWLS. Maru smiles.

DR. MARU  
He doesn't know you. It imprints to  
its "master". If you lose it, it  
will find you. If someone steals  
it, it won't work for them.

Nick eyes the Bizzle, fascinated.

DR. MARU  
The circuitry is neuron-based. The  
memory capacity is so large, its  
limit is unknown. The bio-gene  
technology so advanced there is no  
known precursor.

NICK  
A living machine.

EXEC #1  
So, three years from now OmniCorp  
unveils the first man-made life form?

DR. MARU  
No.

Maru reveals the I.D. plate hidden in the ear of the Bizzle:  
"Patent Pending: Pangaea Corp".

NICK  
Pangaea does.

EXEC #1  
Z.'s company?

DR. MARU  
In one possible future, yes. But,  
if we can reverse-engineer the Bizzle  
and file for the patents first, the  
Bizzle becomes ours. Pangaea expends  
the effort, OmniCorp reaps the reward.

The Executives smile, impressed.

DR. MARU  
The Scoop is the future of industrial  
espionage.

NICK  
A brilliant idea. With one problem.

NICK'S ASSISTANT tosses some papers on the table.

NICK  
Z. filed for the patents six days  
ago. 24 hours after you brought  
back the first Bizzle.

Maru slumps.

NICK  
Somehow, by invading this possible  
future we made it more likely to  
happen. A most unwelcome side effect.

Nick reaches to crush one of the Bizzles. His hologram-hand  
passes right through it. The Bizzle YELPS in fear.

NICK  
Now, I need you to fix it.

DR. MARU  
It's too late. The past cannot be  
changed, only the future is in flux.

NICK  
Then I need a new future. One in  
which Pangaea ceases to exist.

The Assistant hands a slip of paper to Maru. Nick waves  
Maru back to The Scoop.

Maru types the coordinates into the keypad. The machine  
WHIRS to life once again!

NICK  
One in which Z ceases to exist.

Maru presses his face to the viewer. Suddenly, he jumps  
back - an expression of shock and confusion.

DR. MARU  
No! This is playing God. We have  
no idea of the implications.

NICK  
Bring me my future.

Reluctantly, Maru manipulates the levers.

FLASHES. THUNDERCRACK. The machine powers down.

Maru spins the lock. The door BLOWS OPEN.

Trembling, Maru reaches into the blackness. He withdraws  
something from the belly of The Scoop...

SOMETHING BLOODY. The Executives GASP. All except for...

Nick. An electric smile spreads across his holographic face.

Seeing is believing.

INT. THE OMNI - LAB - NIGHT

A vacant office. Dim light. Secrecy.

THE MOLE, a shrewish-looking Lab Tech, one of the White Coats  
from Maru's demonstration, hisses into a disposable phone.

MOLE  
Send in Sharkey. NOW!

The Mole crumples the phone. He moves to a row of containment  
cabinets, presses open the first door.

A few BIZZLES roll out onto the counter. The Mole ignores  
them. Focused - a man with a plan.



He pops open the other doors, cherry picks a few items, then sweeps them into a titanium suitcase.

A CALICO BIZZLE ambles up to him, looks up inquisitively.

The Mole smiles. He nabs the Bizzle and grabs his case.

MOLE

Let's go make some money.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

The inlet teems with boats. Every square inch occupied. A once exclusive marina, reduced to a seafaring tenement. You couldn't reach the ocean if you tried.

Sharkey steps across a sloop and onto his...

HOUSEBOAT

Sharkey approaches the cabin door. A cat greets him: MAO!

SHARKEY

What are you doing here?

He reaches for the keypad, but the door is ajar.

Sharkey pulls his pistol. The cat slips casually...

INSIDE

Sharkey KICKS the door open, aims his gun at...

TYLER - a stunning blonde with a warm face and a dancer's body. Pouring drinks.

TYLER

Hey Sharkey. Don't shoot me, 'kay?

SHARKEY

What's going on?

TYLER

I'm making drinks, silly.

She hands him a glass.

SHARKEY

That's not why I gave you the code.

TYLER

Hush yourself! What would you do without me? I'm your favorite neighbor.

SHARKEY

I just don't want you to be my  
favorite dead neighbor. What's  
that smell?

TYLER

I made dinner. Hungry?

She whispers the last bit in his ear. He pulls back.

TYLER

Tense. I can cure that.

She runs her hands across his chest. He pulls her away.

SHARKEY

I told you, I'm not one of your  
Johns. You need something, I'm  
here. Otherwise...

He nods toward the door.

TYLER

Sorry. Old habits. Do something  
long enough, it becomes who you  
are.

SHARKEY

You are not what you get paid for.

He sits down, lays his gun on the table.

TYLER

Some nights, doesn't feel that way.

SHARKEY

No. Some nights it doesn't.

She reaches for her drink. Spots the photo of Sam and Sharkey  
on the beach. Re-framed.

TYLER

You never talk about her.

SHARKEY

Let's keep it that way.

TYLER

I don't want to be alone tonight.  
Can I stay? Just for a while?

SHARKEY

You cooked dinner, didn't you?

Tyler smiles. Refills his glass, raises hers.

TYLER  
To us. A couple of strays.

SHARKEY  
Dinner. That's it.

TYLER  
You do wonders for a girl's self-esteem, Sharkey.

SHARKEY  
I like you, Tyler. But, if anybody found out...

TYLER  
Yeah, I get it.

SHARKEY  
No, you don't. My job...

A RING interrupts them. Sharkey touches his ear.

SHARKEY  
Sharkey.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Now!

Disconnect. Sharkey pauses, then stands and grabs his gun.

SHARKEY  
I have to go.

TYLER  
You always do.

SHARKEY  
Sorry. Old habits.

TYLER  
You are not what you get paid for.

SHARKEY  
Some nights, doesn't feel that way.

INT. THE OMNI - MARU'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Maru ponders the skyline, deep in thought. A HULKING BEAST of a bodyguard, TEDDY, enters, clears his throat.

TEDDY  
Need something, Doc?

DR. MARU  
When Prometheus stole fire from the  
gods, do you know how they took  
their revenge?

TEDDY  
Who?

DR. MARU  
They tied him to a rock, where an  
eagle feasted on his liver. Every  
night the liver grew back and every  
day the eagle would eat it again.

He faces the guard, smiles sadly.

DR. MARU  
I wonder what the Gods have in mind  
for me?

TEDDY  
I'm sorry, I don't--

DR. MARU  
I'm expecting a visitor. Have him  
meet me in the lab.

Maru turns his back on him. That is all.

SECURITY DESK

Teddy exits Maru's suite and signals to STAN, a uniformed  
security guard manning a complex control panel.

TEDDY  
I swear I never know what he's  
talking about. He's all worried  
about eagles and shit.

STAN  
Eagles? I thought they were all  
dead?

TEDDY  
Hey, Toshi. Heads up. Einstein's  
expecting somebody.

The panel in front of him BEEPS as the elevator nears.

TEDDY  
Doc's mystery man?

STAN  
I dunno. They didn't call it up.

Teddy approaches the elevator just as the cab arrives.  
Doors slide open...smoke seeps out. Zero visibility.

TEDDY  
What the fuck is this?

Stan panics and unleashes a barrage into the cab. Teddy draws and pops off a few, as well.

They drop magazines and reload. Guns held on the doors.  
The smoke clears. No one here.

TEDDY  
Stupid fucking prank. Call those idiots up, and...

DING! The elevator behind them opens. Sharkey steps out, BLASTING fire in front of him.

Stan falls. Teddy takes a body shot and drops like a rock. Sharkey steps over him and crosses to the security panel.

TEDDY  
Freeze, motherfucker!

Sprawled across the floor, spitting up blood, Teddy fumbles with his gun. Sharkey turns...

SHARKEY  
I'm not here for you.

TEDDY  
Fuck that.

SHARKEY  
Your choice.

BLAM! Sharkey draws and fires before Teddy even reacts.

THE LAB

Sharkey steps in, gun first. He scans the room.

It's a DISASTER AREA. Tables overturned, papers burning. The Scoop lies gutted and battered. Ruined.

Maru sits calmly in the center of it all.

DR. MARU  
Right on time, Mr. Sharkey.

SHARKEY

You know me?

DR. MARU

Absolutely. Do you?

Maru faces him. Sharkey is taken aback by the oddity of the reply. He lowers his gun.

DR. MARU

This is the case your boss has sent you to retrieve.

SHARKEY

What's inside?

DR. MARU

The future. Signed, sealed, and now delivered. Would you like to see?

SHARKEY

It has nothing to do with me.

DR. MARU

And, what if it did?...Are you familiar with Heraclitus?

SHARKEY

No.

DR. MARU

Pity. He once wrote that a man's character is his fate. Do you know your character, Mr. Sharkey?

SHARKEY

I know your fate.

DR. MARU

Tell me then, are they the same?

Suddenly, Maru PULLS A GUN and SHOOTS HIMSELF in the head.

A millisecond behind, Sharkey draws, doesn't fire. No reason.

He hoists the case onto the desk, inspects the lock.

On impulse, he punches in a random number. The lock POPS OPEN. Sharkey jumps back, surprised.

He lifts the lid, tentatively. Thinks better. He shuts it.

EXT. THE OMNI - PLAZA - DAY

Sharkey walks away. Dawn rises on the horizon.

INSIDE MARU'S OFFICE

Maru's body slumps to the floor, his hand bumps against a DIGITAL TIMER ticking off: 4, 3, 2, 1...

BOOOOOM!!

BACK OUTSIDE

THUNDER. Glass SPRAYS outward. A FIREBALL erupts from the 20th floor. Sharkey speeds away.

EXT. PANGAEA COMPOUND - DAY

A next-gen corporate campus. Part city-state, part continent-island. An eruption of technological beauty sprung from concrete and macadam.

INT. PANGAEA COMPOUND - PLAZA - DAY

Sharkey strides across the plaza. Light dances through water, as fountains pipe Bach. Opulent.

BURKE approaches. The chairman's 'yes' man. He reaches for the case.

BURKE

Excellent! Z will be pleased.

Sharkey ignores him, walks on.

BURKE

Right. You give it to him.

INT. PANGAEA COMPOUND - THE GROTTO - DAY

MR. Z Stands in a jungle-themed grotto, flanked by TUXEDO'D POLITICIANS. A black tie fund-raiser.

He is rotund, yet powerful. Quiet, steely authority plain on a face altered by various vanity surgeries.

Z

Adapt or die.

GENETICALLY-ALTERED TIGERS pace behind glass. Blue, green, pink...every color of the rainbow EXCEPT orange and black.

Z

As the homes went up in Bhutan, it became clear that the tigers would have to find another place to live.

YOUNG BEAUTIES serve cocktails in skin-tight dresses made of electro-chromatic material. The gowns cycle from peek-a-boo to can't-see-through. Party-goers eat it up.

Z

We believe that owners will take to them like the once popular pit bull.

Sharkey and Burke enter.

Z

One of our many upcoming bio-gene products. Pangaea will lead the world into the next era.

POLITICIAN

Someone had better inform Nick. Omnicorp stock is chasing you down ever since he corralled Maru.

Z

We don't believe Maru will be with Nick for long. Now, if you'll excuse me...

Z approaches Sharkey and Burke with open arms. A woman takes over for Z, leading the group to another room.

Z

Well done, my boy. Well done.

Sharkey offers the case. Burke again puts his arms out for it. Sharkey ignores him, hands it to Z.

Burke turns his open arms to Z. Z hands it off without a glance. Burke all but hugs the case.

BURKE

I'll scan it immediately, Mr. Z.

Burke dashes away.

Z

Maru?

SHARKEY

Dead. He rigged the room to blow.

Z throws an arm around him.



Z

All the cleaner for us. Nick's new invention is just so much junk, and our stock should rebound by tomorrow. This is a glorious day, son. For your service, my spoils are yours.

Z sweeps an arm to show he means everything...and everyone. Waitresses pout preciously for Sharkey's attention.

SHARKEY

I'm tired.

Z

She's dead two years, Sharkey.

SHARKEY

Eighteen months.

Z

Carpe diem!

ONE OF THE WAITRESSES stalks forward. Long, athletic legs stretch all the way up to fierce green eyes. She cocks one perfectly arched eyebrow...

CONTESSA. A woman to be reckoned with.

SHARKEY

Maybe tomorrow.

A flash of anger from Contessa. Z catches the tension between them, bursts out in a chuckle.

Z

All business. Very well, I'll call you when I need you.

Z nods his dismissal, finger-waves Contessa to his side.

He cups a butt-cheek in his hand and dials her dress down to windowpane.

SHARKEY

One other thing. Maru? It's like he knew I was coming. He just handed over the case and gave up.

Z

Men act strangely when they face death, Sharkey. You should know that best of all.

INT. SHARKEY'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

Sharkey flips on a small light over a mini-bar. He places his gun on the counter and pours himself a drink.

He peeks into the bedroom. Tyler dreams peacefully. He hovers over her for a long beat, then quietly shuts the door.

He tosses a pillow onto the sofa and plops down. Only the eerie glow of the marina pulses through the windows.

MAO! His adopted companion jumps up and snuggles next to him. Sharkey curls his lip, but doesn't shoo it away.

He pulls over his brass cricket box and spills out some pocket change.

Carefully, he counts out two coins...then drops them into the brass container.

CLINK! CLINK! The coins jangle off others already stowed.

The ritual complete, he ponders the cat...

SHARKEY

When are you goin' home?

INT. PANGAEA COMPOUND - NIGHT

Burke winds his way through passed-out party guests and BURSTS through heavy wooden doors into...

Z'S PENTHOUSE

BURKE

You need to see this!

Pants around his knees, Contessa splayed across his desk, Z doesn't even break stride.

Z

This can't wait ten fucking minutes?

BURKE

No.

Z focuses, and forces the finish. He zips up his pants and ambles toward the bar. Pours himself a scotch.

BURKE

We scanned the case.

Z

It's empty?

BURKE  
No. There's something in there.  
Something...organic.

Z  
Bio-weapon? Virus?

BURKE  
No. Nothing like that.

Z  
You're trying my patience.

BURKE  
We were told Maru had brought back  
some kind of technological  
breakthrough. But, this is...

Z awaits a complete sentence...

BURKE  
Something that cannot be.

Z  
Again with the fucking word games?  
Did you open it?

BURKE  
Oh, god no!

Z boils...about to blow. Behind them, Contessa cackles.  
She straps a knife to her thigh. Tugs her skirt over it.

CONTESSA  
Pussy.

INT. PANGAEA COMPOUND - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Z throws open the doors. The room is crowded with  
TECHNICIANS, pouring over computer monitors in a corner.

Meanwhile, the case sits alone on the conference table. A  
number of video cameras capture it from every angle.

Z  
Let's end the suspense, shall we?

Burke turns and closes the heavy doors behind them.

BURKE  
There's something you should know  
first...

Z knocks the cameras away and pulls the case toward him. He throws it open and...

SOMETHING PLOPS from the case, and lands in his lap...

The shock of disbelief silences the room.

Staring up at him, is...HIS OWN SEVERED HEAD!

Z  
What the fuck is this?

Burke winces.

Z  
Is this my own head trying to blow  
me?

BURKE  
We believe so, yes.

Z holds the head up by its hair and stares into its eyes. The resemblance is so perfect, it's eerie.

He tosses it across the table.

Z  
A fake.

Burke nods. A Tech pulls out a thin metal rod and PLUNGES it into the head. SQUISH!

Z  
(to Burke)  
Is that what you're going to do  
with me, when I'm dead?

Burke manages a weak smile. The monitor at the end of the rod lights up. The LCD reads: NO DNA MATCH.

TECH  
How can there be no I.D.?

BURKE  
You called it. One of Nick's tricks.  
Pretty convincing, I might add.

He laughs. Some of the Techs join in. Z does not.

Z  
Does that thing access the government  
database?  
(off the nod)  
Set it for internal.

The tech flips a lever. Plunges the rod in again. Once again it lights up. This time: DNA MATCH!

Z  
The government doesn't have my real  
DNA profile.

No one knows what to say. Z scans the room, calmly.

Z  
All right. The head is mine. So,  
would one of you I.Q.-off-the-chart,  
M.I.T. degreed, worthless cocksuckers  
please explain to me how that's  
remotely possible?

The room falls silent, revealing a small CHIRPING noise. Like a cricket in the room. The conference phone.

BURKE  
Hello?  
(a beat)  
Nick is on the line.

Z  
Well, by all means, put him on.

Burke hangs up the handset and pushes a button on the phone.

A small dome of light expands from the box. Inside the light, a miniature videogram of Nick springs to life.

Z  
Nick. To what do we owe the  
pleasure?

NICK  
I hope you've opened Maru's present.

Z  
Yes, it's just what I always wanted.  
Very thoughtful of him.

NICK  
It's real, you know.

Z  
We've established that.

NICK  
Dated it yet?

Z  
No. We were about to.

NICK  
Shall I wait?

Z  
Why don't you save us the trouble?

NICK  
It's from next Tuesday.

Z  
The future?

NICK  
Your future.

Z  
Ah yes, the magical Scoop. So, I'm  
to believe that three days hence,  
my head and my body become embroiled  
in a terminal argument and separate  
forever. Is that correct?

NICK  
Afraid so.

Z  
Care to tell me who presides over  
the divorce proceedings?

NICK  
And ruin the surprise?

Z  
Anything else, Nick? I've got a  
million things to do before I die.

NICK  
You don't believe it.

Z  
What's not to believe? My own  
fucking head sits before me.

NICK  
But, you still think you can change  
the future?

Z  
Isn't that why we're both in  
business, Nick?

Nick sweeps his arms out.

NICK

Who's in the room with you, Z?  
Your best and brightest? Your most  
trusted advisors? I'll let you in  
on a little secret. The future is  
a virus. And, you just infected  
them all!

Z scans the room.

NICK

That head is your future - one I  
hand-picked for you. And, the more  
people who see it, the more certain  
it is to happen. You've just sealed  
your fate, Z. How's that for a  
head trip?

Z

Go fuck yourself.

NICK

You are now infinitely more capable  
than I.

Nick blinks off. The room explodes in chatter.

VARIOUS PEOPLE

Don't worry, boss...if we pinpoint  
the exact time of death...run an  
ocular imprint scan...

Z says nothing. Deep in thought. Suddenly, he rises.

Z

Who else knows about this?

BURKE

In our group? Only the people in  
this room. And, our Mole.

Z

What about Sharkey?

Burke weighs the possibilities.

BURKE

The case was unlocked.

Z walks out of the room. Puzzled looks all around. Finally,  
Burke claps his hands.

BURKE

All right people, let's move!  
(MORE)

BURKE (CONT'D)

We've got 72 hours to figure out  
who did this and why.

The Techs poke and probe the head, trying to make it give up  
its secrets.

The doors re-open. THREE ARMED GUARDS step in, Z behind  
them. He sweeps an accusing finger at the Techs.

Z

Kill 'em all!

The Guards OPEN FIRE. Burke dives for cover.

Techs wiggle and jerk as bullets RIP THROUGH THEM.

When the smoke clears, Z surveys the carnage, satisfied.  
Burke pokes his head up from under the table.

BURKE

That was close. Had to be done,  
though. Fewer people who know about  
your future, the less chance of it  
happening. Ingenious, boss. Ing--

BLAM! Right between the eyes.

The guards turn. Z holds a smoking pistol. Then...

GUARD

What the fuck is that?

Z's severed head lies before them. They turn back to Z. He  
cuts the Q&A short.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Z

A future none of you will ever live  
to see.

INT. PANGAEA COMPOUND - Z'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Contessa brings a crystal glass filled with scotch to Z, who  
sits like a King on his throne.

CONTESSA

Sharkey will be here at noon.

Z

Excellent, now get me Price.

She stands frozen, stunned.



CONTESSA

Price?!

Z

I'm having the fucking mother of all bad days, Contessa. Don't question me on this one.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

PRICE leans against a wall, bored. He's a tall, rock-hard killer with ice blue eyes and shock-blond hair.

He pulls a single bullet from his pocket. Taps it down into a closed fist. When he opens the fist, no bullet!

He mimes a gun with the hand, presses the finger-barrel against his temple and pretends to blow his brains out.

Tongue lolling from his mouth, he reaches up to his other ear and pulls out the vanished bullet. Ta-da!

A little magic to pass the time.

Suddenly, a town car pulls to the curb across the street. A WELL-DRESSED EXECUTIVE climbs out surrounded by bodyguards.

Price pulls a real gun. Snaps the bullet into the chamber.

He pushes through the crowd toward the Executive, just as his earphone goes off. BZZZZZZT!

PRICE

(into earpiece)

Can't talk now!

CONTESSA (O.S.)

(on phone)

Z needs your services.

PRICE

No-can-do, sweetheart. I'm busy.

Price spins the Executive around, puts the gun to his head.

BLAM! Brains splatter.

Bedlam as the Exec's bodyguards draw their own guns.

Price turns, gun BLAZING. He "fans" the hammer of his automatic: gunslinger-style.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The guards fall like dominoes.

PRICE  
Okay. Now, I'm free.

INT. PANGAEA COMPOUND - GROTTO - DAY

Z stands near a small waterfall. He watches his pet tigers fight over some fresh meat.

Contessa approaches quietly, Sharkey in tow.

Z  
Sharkey, my boy. Thank you for coming.

SHARKEY  
Who's the target?

Z  
Always thinking about the next job. How come you never ask why? Aren't you curious what was in that case? How it can hurt Nick?

SHARKEY  
It's not my concern.

Z  
Isn't it, though?

Z watches Sharkey closely, searching for a tell. Sharkey stares back, waiting.

Z  
It seems there is a second case. A companion to the first. Our Mole now possesses it.

SHARKEY  
Where is he?

Z  
He fancies himself an entrepreneur. He's gone underground, entertaining other offers. Find him. Bring him to me. Alive.

SHARKEY  
I'm on it.

Z  
Not so fast, son. I want you to meet someone.

Enter Price. A wry twist of his lip that might be mistaken for a smile.

Z  
I believe you two have met.

Price stifles a laugh.

PRICE  
Under different circumstances.

Z  
Price is your partner on this job.

Sharkey can't believe what he's hearing.

SHARKEY  
I work alone.

Z  
Not on this. This is too important.

SHARKEY  
He's freelance. He can't be trusted.

Z  
I'm not telling you to trust him.  
I'm telling you to work with him.

Z turns back to his tigers. Dismissed.

INT. SHARKEY'S CAR - NIGHT

Sharkey ZIPS through traffic, cutting across the Sprawl.

PRICE  
So, how's the wife?

SHARKEY  
You spend some time checking me out  
after Avalon?

PRICE  
I asked a few questions.

SHARKEY  
You should have gotten better  
answers.

PRICE  
Look, I'm just making small talk.

SHARKEY  
Well, you suck at it.

Near collision! Sharkey swerves, Price exhales.

SHARKEY  
She's dead. Eighteen months now.

PRICE  
Really? How?

SHARKEY  
Killed by freelancers. Like you.

PRICE  
Not like me.

Sharkey raises an eyebrow.

PRICE  
If it had been me, you'd both be  
dead.

EXT. SKUNKWORKS - NIGHT

Sharkey pulls to the curb, exits.

He draws his signature pistol and checks the slide - CHIK-  
CHUK! Price does the same. He has the same make as Sharkey.

PRICE  
Nice piece.

SHARKEY  
At least I trust your judgment in  
guns.

PRICE  
I've never seen that before.

Price points to the unique nose piece.

SHARKEY  
Custom. Extends the barrel another  
inch. Better balance, less heat,  
more velocity. My good luck charm.

He licks a finger and taps it.

PRICE  
Mind if I give it a tap?

SHARKEY  
Yeah. I mind.

Price glances around, notices the gates to the Skunkworks.

PRICE

You sure he's in this shithole?

SHARKEY

This is where every unimaginative  
ratfuck comes to hide.

He holsters his piece...

SHARKEY

Look, Avalon was a long time ago.  
You blinked, I benefited. Strictly  
business. We gonna have a problem?

PRICE

I got paid all the same.

SHARKEY

Then understand, this is my show.  
You move the wrong direction, say  
the wrong thing, I'll kill you.

PRICE

Rock on, tough guy!

INT. SKUNKWORKS - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

The yard is crammed with tables and wares. Permanent flea  
market. A year-round bazaar of crap. VENDORS descend...

VENDORS

(all at once)

Wanna fuck girls?...Get high?...Fresh  
mangoes?

Sharkey ignores them, points high a-top the walls. Watch  
towers. GUARDS with machine-guns pace back and forth.

PRICE

This is the old prison!

SHARKEY

Used to be. Now, it's a flophouse.

Price eyes heavily armed security.

PRICE

It's suicide storming in here.

SHARKEY

Nah...hard part is getting out.

MAIN HALL

Sharkey pushes into the dark, dank receiving center. Some OLD TIMER slumps over in a Plexiglas booth. Dead.

Sharkey moves for the entrance gate. Suddenly...

OLD TIMER  
Hey, hey, hey! Where you two  
shitbirds think you're going?

Turns out the Old Timer ain't quite dead yet. Easy fix.

Price's hand dips inside his jacket for his gun.

PRICE  
Showtime.

Sharkey grabs him by the wrist.

SHARKEY  
No guns. Not yet.

Sharkey turns to the Old Timer.

SHARKEY  
No trouble, old timer. We just  
want some action.

OLD TIMER  
Well, I want some tight pussy and a  
warm place to shit, but I ain't  
boring you with my letter to Santa.

PRICE  
Huh?

OLD TIMER  
Five hundred dollars.

PRICE  
For what?

OLD TIMER  
Five hundred gets you in. Whatever  
the fuck you do inside costs more.

SHARKEY  
(to Price)  
Pay the man.

PRICE  
You don't carry a wallet?

SHARKEY

No.

He frowns, pulls out some money and shoves it into the slot.

INT. SKUNKWORKS - JAIL CELL ROW - CONTINUOUS

Sharkey and Price creep along a row of cells. Inside, junkies shoot smack, hookers turn tricks.

Monte Carlo night, by way of San Quentin

PRICE

What the fuck, man?

SHARKEY

When you need to lie low, you can't get any lower.

They move further into the abyss, continuing the search...

FOURTH FLOOR

Sharkey and Price exit a stairwell. This floor looks seriously fortified.

PRICE

Last chance?

SHARKEY

He's here.

PRICE

Or, you were wrong.

Sharkey ignores the taunt, signals Price to move one direction while he takes the other.

DEATH ROW

Price peers down the long, narrow Death Row cellblock.

Ten cells on each side. Solid metal doors.

INSIDE ONE OF THE CELLS

The Mole straddles a bunk, half undressed. Case beside him, the Bizzle in his hand, demented smile on his face.

He pumps the Bizzle's tummy with his thumbs. Texting.

MOLE

(to himself, typing)

Have items. What's your bid?

Price steps in, surveys the twisted scene...

PRICE

I don't even want to know what you're doing to that hamster.

MOLE

Who the fuck are you?

The Mole shoves the Bizzle in a pocket. Pulls up his pants.

PRICE

Z sent me.

He drops hold of his pants at the mention of the name.

MOLE

I wasn't gonna sell, I swear. I took it for him. I just want a fair price.

PRICE

Oh, yeah? Got something good?

MOLE

I know who does it.

SHARKEY

Does what?

The Mole spins. FACE-TO-FACE WITH SHARKEY.

MOLE

Holy shit. What are you doing here? Leave me alone!

The Mole claws past them like a frightened animal, breaks the glass on an alarm box and pulls the lever.

WHOOOP! WHOOOP! WHOOOP!

SHARKEY

Fuck!

Cell-doors at either end SCREECH INTO MOTION. The Mole slips through, as the door CLANGS SHUT behind him.

Price and Sharkey RUN for the other door.

Bars click tight...TRAPPED.

CELLBLOCKS

The Mole PILEDRIVES through. PULLS every alarm he passes...



BEEP-BEEP-BEEP! DINGDINGDINGDINGDING! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!  
 EVERYWHERE AT ONCE

All over the facility, Celldoors CLANG shut. SHOUTS OF  
 PROTEST from those locked inside.

Guards SCOOP UP Kevlar and guns.

Lots and lots of guns.

DEATH ROW

Sharkey inspects the locked-down cellblock. The heavy metal  
 doors hang on hinges, NOT pneumatic.

SHARKEY  
 Open the doors!

They SWING open down either side, like shields. Cover.

SOUNDS from around the corner...

Jackboots POUND grating. Guards MUSTER at either end.

Sharkey and Price close ranks in the center. DOZENS OF GUN-  
 BARRELS level at them.

Backs pressed up against each other, Price grins...

PRICE  
 Now is it showtime?

SHARKEY  
 Now.

Time slows. The two men draw pistols, and unleash death.

They're answered by the BLAST of machine-gun fire. Sharkey  
 and Price dive behind the metal doors, dimpled by lead.

Guards can't maneuver. Ricochets make it harder. Sharkey  
 and Price pick them off. Bodies pile up.

SHARKEY  
 How many on your side?

PRICE  
 Baker's dozen.

SHARKEY  
 I got eight. We go my way.

They step out. Side by side, they march toward the eight guards at the end of the hall.

7, 6, 5, 4... Fuck this! The last three Guards RUN FOR IT.

Price GRABS one of the dying men through the bars.

PRICE  
Hit the button.

The dying guard punches a BIG RED button.

The door slides open. They hustle through the gate. Price turns, kills the guard. Cold-blooded.

He snatches a stocked weapon belt off the corpse.

STAIRWELL

They plunge down stairs, BOOTS STOMP up toward them. Sharkey ducks out onto another level...

THIRD LEVEL LANDING

PRICE  
Where are you going?

SHARKEY  
The alarm. Gotta open these doors.

PRICE  
How do we shut it off?

Sharkey dashes past a closet. Stops, then doubles back. The sign on the door: ELECTRONICS ROOM.

He tosses open the door. Inside, thousands of switches TWITCH back and forth...

SHARKEY  
Nerve center.

In a blink, they both draw...BLAM! A shower of sparks.

Then, silence. Facility-wide, the alarms cease.

PRICE  
Which way now?

SHARKEY  
Only one way. The way we came in.

Down the stairs...

## SECOND LEVEL LANDING

Price and Sharkey emerge at the hub of a three-way corridor. Guards with machine-guns block two ways, the third quickly fills with more...

No way out.

PRICE  
Fun while it lasted.

SHARKEY  
I say when we die... Under/over?

He nods toward the weapons belt. Price smiles.

PRICE  
Over/under!

Price leaps in the air, tossing the weapons belt high.

Sharkey tumbles backwards as if slipping on a wet floor.

While falling, Sharkey shoots. The bullet slams into a smoke canister as the weapons belt passes over his head.

WHITE SMOKE TRAVELS DOWN THE HALL, FILLING IT.

Guards OPEN FIRE. Bullets rip through the cloud. Biting into the men at the other end. It's a turkey shoot!

Price and Sharkey crawl away in opposite directions.

Price finds a door, tumbles down a staircase into...

## THE MAIN HALL

He spies the Old Timer in the Plexiglas booth.

PRICE  
This is the worst fucking place  
I've ever stayed!

He reaches through the slot, grabs the guy.

PRICE  
Gimme back my five hundred dollars.

CLICK! Behind Price, someone cocks a gun.

Price turns, finds himself face-to-face with the BIGGEST, MEANEST, MOTHERFUCKING GUARD ever.

GUARD

Gotcha.

PRICE

Sorry, you're not my type.

GUARD

You're fucked, just the same.

Sharkey steps out behind Price, raises his gun.

THREE-WAY MEXICAN STAND-OFF. Price in the middle.

SHARKEY

Just like Avalon.

GUARD

Freeze, asshole.

The Guard shifts his aim from Price to Sharkey.

PRICE

Other side would have been nice.

SHARKEY

I'm fine.

PRICE

Good for you.

GUARD

Twitch and I open fire.

SHARKEY

I won't twitch.

Behind them, THE MOLE DASHES PAST.

He SLIPS on a used needle and CRACKS HIS HEAD on the lobby tile. Ka-BONK! He's out cold.

Everyone turns toward the ridiculous sight. Then, back to the matter at hand.

GUARD

Both of you, put down the guns.

PRICE

Whatever you say.

Price drops the gun. Holds up his hands.

GUARD

Now the other one. You.

Sharkey steps to the right. The guard steps left. The two men circle one another. Price at the bulls-eye.

GUARD  
Put down your gun or your friend  
eats it.

PRICE  
Hey, this is between you two.

GUARD  
Shut up.

Sharkey pulls back the hammer.

PRICE  
He's the one with the gun.

GUARD  
Shut the fuck up!

PRICE  
Take it, already.

Sharkey FIRES. The bullet WHIZZES AHEAD...

Past Price, who TILTS his head out of the way.

IMPACT!

The Guard SLAMS against the wall. TRAILS a bloodstain as he SLIDES to the ground.

SHARKEY  
All in good time.

Price nabs his gun.

PRICE  
I've seen better.

Deadpan. Can't hold it. Breaks into a grin.

THE MOLE

Shakes off stars. Sharkey extends a hand...

SHARKEY  
Ready to end this?

The Mole gets to his knees, offers up the case.

MOLE  
Don't kill me! Please!

Sharkey surrenders the gun. Shows empty hands.

SHARKEY

No one's going to kill you. Now,  
what's going on?

MOLE

You...you don't know?

SHARKEY

Do all you labrats talk in riddles?

MOLE

Oh my God! We just became best  
friends forever. Get me out of  
here, and I'll tell you everything...

SHARKEY

I'm taking you to Z.

MOLE

No! You can't go back there. Okay,  
listen. Two days from now...

The Mole's head EXPLODES. Red and gray matter SPLATTER the  
lobby wall. A millisecond later, the report.

BLAM!

Price, framed by the exit. Smoking gun in hand.

SHARKEY

What the fuck are you doing? We're  
supposed to take him alive.

PRICE

Change in plans.

SHARKEY

Z is going to have your head.

PRICE

Actually, it's your head he wants.

Price draws a bead. He's not kidding.

SHARKEY

Why?

PRICE

Who cares?

Sharkey casts a glance toward his gun. Price smiles.

PRICE  
The samurai master. Stranded without  
his sword.

Sharkey freezes.

PRICE  
Sorry, buddy. Scorched Earth. Z  
said everyone who's touched that  
case dies.

The dead Mole and the case lie an arm's-length to Sharkey's  
left. His gun lies a few feet to his right.

PRICE  
You don't really think you can make  
it, do you?

Sharkey glances at the gun. Crazy gleam in Price's eye.

PRICE  
Damn, that's the spirit!

Sharkey JUMPS. Price FIRES.

Sharkey's gun skips away as Price's shot RICOCHETS off it...

But, Sharkey went the other way! He snatches the Mole's  
case, HOPS UP...

BOOM! He blocks the next shot with the case. The silver  
sheen dimples from impact.

Sharkey CHARGES. OOOOFF! He slams Price in the gut with  
the case. Price crumples.

COURTYARD

Sharkey BURSTS into the sunlight, blinded.

Paper and produce FLY EVERYWHERE under a barrage of gunfire.

Up ahead, the large rusted gate swings shut.

Sharkey never breaks stride, bears right. He runs straight  
up a large pile of trash and leaps to the wall.

Another hop from the catwalk to the ground! And he's gone.

Tire SCREECHES and horn HONKS in his wake on the other side.

MAIN HALL

Price watches from the doorway. Bent double. GASPING.

He looks back at the Mole, just as...

The Calico Bizzle crawls from his pocket.

PRICE

What the hell is that thing?

He picks it up, amazed. Turns it over...

The Bizzle GROWLS and nips at his finger.

PRICE

You little bastard!

Price tosses the Bizzle in the air, whips out his pistol...

BLAM! The Bizzle explodes in a spray of blood and neural tissue. The furry carcass SPLATS unceremoniously.

Right next to a prize left behind in the rush. Price's eyes light up at the sight of...

SHARKEY'S GUN.

INT. JUMBO'S PAWN SHOP - DAY

The front gate opens. A WOMAN punches a security code into a keypad. All this with six pairs of shoes in her arms.

She maneuvers past goods: clothes, guitars, antiques, jewelry, watches. The only thing we don't see are...

SHARKEY

Guns! Where the hell are your guns?

The woman drops the shoes to the floor. With her body no longer camouflaged, her ample attributes are highlighted.

JUMBO is well-named.

JUMBO

Dammit! Sharkey? What the hell are you thinking, breaking in here?

SHARKEY

I need your help.

When he emerges from the shadows, she spots his wounds.

JUMBO

Jesus, what happened to you?

SHARKEY

Long or short version?



JUMBO

Short.

SHARKEY

I'm a dead man.

JUMBO

I missed something there. Long.

SHARKEY

Z turned on me. Serious mean. I don't have the slightest clue why.

JUMBO

The life you choose.

SHARKEY

Don't start. You sound like Sam.

JUMBO

Sam was right. You play with assfuckers, you get fucked in the ass.

SHARKEY

You kiss your girlfriend with that mouth?

JUMBO

And more, baby...

She hits a light-switch. A neon sign behind the counter comes to life: ABSOLUTELY NO STOLEN GOODS!

SHARKEY

Where'd you get the sign?

JUMBO

I stole it. What's in the case?

He plops the titanium case on top of the counter.

SHARKEY

I think it's why Z wants me dead...Which brings me to the guns.

JUMBO

You know I don't sell guns. I get enough heat from the cops. I don't need a 10-year bit getting broom-love from bull-dykes.

She examines the digital lock, scans it with a magnifier.

JUMBO  
 Crypto-lock. Military-grade. Did  
 you try a combination on this?

SHARKEY  
 Yeah. Thought I'd get lucky.

JUMBO  
 You're lucky you didn't blow your  
 head off. It's rigged.

SHARKEY  
 I need to see inside. How long?

JUMBO  
 Got a hot date?

SHARKEY  
 Are you listening? I need a gun.

She gives the case another once-over.

JUMBO  
 You've got time.

EXT. MARINA - SHARKEY'S HOUSE BOAT - DAY

Sharkey slinks across the dock, eyes alert. Wasted effort.  
 Just a quiet Sunday morning.

A few yards away, Tyler steps out onto the deck of the  
 houseboat. She wears his kimono, the stray cat in her hands.

Their eyes meet. Her lips curl into a sleepy-smile. Even  
 the cat perks up at the sight of him. MAO!

BOOOOOOOO!!!

The houseboat ERUPTS into a FIREBALL. Burning shrapnel  
 litters the marina-turned-battlefield.

The blast knocks Sharkey across the bow of a nearby boat.  
 He sits up slowly, coughing pain and smoke.

A burning lake of oil where his boat once moored...

SHARKEY  
 Tyler!

He runs toward the wreckage. Jumps in and wades through  
 chest high debris and burning remains.

Tyler's body bobs up to him. Hair matted with blood.

He reaches out to her: I'm so sorry.

CONTESSA

Boo-hoo. Did I blow up your favorite  
whore?

Contessa watches from the opposite end of the docks -  
detonator in hand.

Behind her, TWO GUNMEN race forward, machine-guns barking...

BRRRRRTTTTTTTT! Bullets pelt the water around him.

Sharkey dives...

UNDERWATER

White streaks in the water as bullets strafe past.

Sharkey swims under a hull. Bubbles trickle from his mouth.  
He looks for an opening...the boats tied closely together...

ON THE DOCKS

Gunmen straddle the decks, strafing the narrow waterways  
between the boats.

UNDERWATER

Bullets crosscut tracer paths through the water. Trapped!

The last of the air escapes from his lungs. No choice...

He pushes off from the hull and swims INTO the strafing.

ON THE DOCKS

Sharkey lunges out of the water. Right into the face of the  
First Gunman. Eyes go wide.

Sharkey pulls the Gunman backward.

The machine-gun SPITS wild as the man tumbles into the drink.

Bullets SPRAY the other boat. The Second Gunman JERKS as  
he's CUT IN HALF.

UNDERWATER

The Gunman sprays hate everywhere. Hull boards splinter.  
Fish explode.

A powerful kick...Sharkey's foot catches the gun barrel.  
The gun arches in a semi-circle.

Bullets pierce the hull above.

INSIDE A BOAT

SHOTS smash through the floor. A bullet RICOCHETS off an anchor reel. The reel spins wildly. SPLASH!

UNDERWATER

The Gunman regains control. Levels his machine-gun at Sharkey's chest, just as...

AN ANCHOR SLAMS INTO THE GUNMAN'S HEAD.

The weight catches on his jacket and drags him down.

Sharkey grabs the gun and pulls himself...

ON THE DOCKS

Gaspig for air.

BLAM! BLAM! Shots ricochet above his head. Contessa.

CONTESSA

Nobody fucks with me, lover.

SHARKEY

Come get a kiss.

PFFT. The machine gun spits out one sad, soggy bullet.

SHARKEY

You gotta be kidding!

CONTESSA

Can't keep it up?

Sharkey tosses the gun aside. He jumps from one boat to another, barely keeping his balance...

Contessa hops and leaps with no effort. Gaining on him...

He runs by a mast and grabs the boom, SPINS it around..

She JUMPS it with ease.

CONTESSA

Don't play hard to get with me.

He spots an opening and ducks in. She dives after him.

## INSIDE THE CABIN

He TRIPS her as she spills down the stair-ladder.

She turns her gun, he KICKS it away. He SWINGS at her...

SMACK! She goes down. Hard.

She looks up...lip bloodied, hurt in her eyes...

CONTESSA

How could you?

SHARKEY

Oh, please. You love it rough.

CONTESSA

Yeah. I do.

She snatches out her knife. A huge 10" serrated blade...

CONTESSA

Time to cut you down to size.

She jabs forward, he GRABS her by the neck and holds the knife arm. A deadly dance. Hot breath on the other's cheek.

They TOPPLE to the floor...THRASH AROUND...Her on top, then him. He gains advantage, pins her arms. And she...

Thrusts her hot mouth into his and KISSES HIM.

CONTESSA

Stick it in. I love grudge fucks.

Sharkey PUNCHES her in the face, scrambles for the hatch...

She HURLS the knife. THWACK! Split wood an inch from his face. Still vibrating...

She springs like a panther, as he hoists himself up the ladder. He snatches the knife...

SLAMS down the hatch and slips the knife through the lock.

She pounds on the hatch, screaming like a banshee.

SHARKEY

Just like old times, eh tiger?

## EDGE OF THE MARINA

The cricket box sits at the bottom of a shallow pool, glistening. Sharkey snatches it up and slips away.

INT. PANGAEA COMPOUND - Z'S SUITES - DAY

Face red, Z barks into a phone.

Z  
What the fuck is going on?

PRICE (O.S.)  
Looks like your gal blew it.

Z  
What do you mean?

EXT. MARINA - LATER

Price surveys the damage to the marina.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

PRICE  
I mean she blew it. Her men are  
dead and there's no sign of him.

Z  
Where's Contessa?

Prices pauses, hears muffled shouts from a nearby boat.

PRICE  
Hold on.

He strolls onto the boat. Kicks away the knife and lifts  
the hatch with a shoe.

Contessa glares up at him from the hold.

PRICE  
She's fine.

He lets the hatch slam shut on her again.

Z  
Goddamn cocksucker! I want his  
head. Hear me? You find him.

Price steps back out onto the dock.

PRICE  
I'd love to Z. Unfortunately, your  
dumb bitch blew up his houseboat.  
Along with anything that might have  
told us where he'll go next.

Contessa barges onto the dock behind Price, furious.

He points to his earphone, claps his thumb and fingers together, mimicking Z's mouth rambling on.

Z

Then, you smoke him out. Lean on his friends. Find his spot soft and squeeze it until he screams.

Price spots something floating in the water.

PRICE

Man like Sharkey doesn't have any soft spots.

Z

Everybody has a weakness, Price.

Price reaches out and pulls the item toward him.

A photo. Singed, but still intact. Sharkey and a redhead. Arm in arm on a beach.

PRICE

What's the story on Sharkey's wife?

Z

Dead. Blessing in disguise. Bitch never got with the program.

Price tears the photo in half: Sharkey on one side, Sam on the other. He stares at the woman...

PRICE

Yeah. Her name was...

Z

Samantha.

PRICE

That's right. A real hot number.

Z

You met her?

PRICE

Once or twice.

He palms the photo, passes a hand over it. Like a magician: The two together, then Sam disappears. Sharkey alone.

PRICE

So somehow these fuckups get past the deadliest gunman in the business, and kill his wife. Quite a trick.

Another pass of the hand and it's Sam on her own.

Z

What are you getting at?

PRICE

You know what ninety percent of magic is?

Z

En-fucking-lighten me.

PRICE

Misdirection.

The hand passes over again: Sam disappears, Sam reappears. Finally...they both disappear!

PRICE

I'll send Contessa back.

Z

Where are you going?

A flick of the wrist, and the untorn photo appears in Price's fingers. He stares at Sam & Sharkey. How happy they look.

PRICE

I found a soft spot.

INT. LOFT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Sharkey raises the pistol, points it at Sam.

SHARKEY

One way out. When you're dead.

Sam's eyes go wide.

SAM

What are you doing, John?

Sharkey aims at the dead female assassin. Red hair. Similar body type. The face is all wrong, though.

BLAM!

No more face.

SHARKEY

I can't leave, but you can. Shove whatever you need into a bag. Keep it light.



SAM

John.

SHARKEY

Now!

Sharkey flips through a wallet. It's full of credit cards and ID. Sam's.

He drops it beside the corpse.

IN THE BEDROOM

Sam opens a jewelry box. Pearls. Diamond earrings. An old Swiss army knife.

She picks up the Swiss army knife. Turns it over and over in her hands. Shoves it in a pillowcase.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Sharkey lights a candle. It's hand-made. Bits of detritus trapped in wax. Artsy. Signed by the artist: Samantha.

He uses it to SET FIRE to the curtains. The couch.

He reaches behind the couch and pulls out a CHERRY WOOD BOX. He runs a hand over the smooth finish.

Sam watches him from the doorway.

SHARKEY

Anniversary present.

SAM

That's next week.

Sharkey smiles. He hands her the cherry wood box.

SAM

You're getting rid of me?

SHARKEY

I can't protect you any more.

SAM

I never asked you to. All I want is for us to be happy again. Can't we do that?

SHARKEY

I gave up my shot at happiness when I chose this job.

SAM  
You chose me first.

SIRENS in the distance. Sharkey can't look at her...

SHARKEY  
Don't tell me where. Just go.

SAM  
Fuck you then, you pig-headed ass.  
I never want to see you again.

She shoves the box in the pillowcase and storms out.

SHARKEY  
It's better if you don't.

The entire house is in FLAMES now. Sharkey stands paralyzed.  
Eyes fixed on the floor....

ON A PHOTOGRAPH...

Sam and Sharkey on a beach. Younger days. A fading memory.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Miles away. Months later.

Sam stares down the road, lost in a memory. She sits astride  
her YAMAHA XR-52000 spinner cycle. A masterpiece of chrome  
and jet propulsion.

A YOUNG EXECUTIVE startles her.

EXECUTIVE  
My train leaves in three minutes.  
Can you get me there?

SAM  
If I don't, it's on me. Sam's  
Spinner Service guarantee.

EXECUTIVE  
I don't have to wear one of those,  
do I?

He indicates her helmet: old fashioned, hard plastic shell.  
She points to a pair of slim headphones on the seat.

SAM  
There's a phase-helmet there.

He slides it over his ears. An electric BUZZ and whiff of ozone, as a semi-transparent field crackles around his head.

EXECUTIVE

What's with your retro-helmet?

SAM

I like protection I can feel.

And, she's off. The bike SCREAMS to life as she darts into traffic and weaves her way through the city sprawl.

Advertisements FLASH at them as they bounce through traffic. The images burn onto her face shield and hold for a moment.

She grins as she finds a niche in the traffic and hits the THRUSTERS. She is good at this.

COMMUTERS dive out of her way, as she blows toward the station and up a ramp.

SCREEECHH! The bike comes to a sliding stop, tires smoking.

EXECUTIVE

Gate's closed. Too late.

He pulls a pass from his coat and scans it. A BUZZ disapproves. Another try. Nothing.

SAM

Let me give it a shot.

An unusual barrette flashes in her hand...

Bronze curlicues and gemstones married to steel. A hint of sawteeth, a screwdriver...industrial art.

She pulls a small blade, jimmies it into the electronic reader, then rips it free.

DING! The gate opens.

She pops the clutch. The bike ROARS up to the edge of the platform. Just in time to see the train pull away...

Sam frowns. The Executive removes the phase helmet.

EXECUTIVE

Damn, you're good. Where'd you get that hair clip?

SAM

It was a gift.

He pulls a bill and hands it to her. She waves it off.

EXECUTIVE

A tip. For the effort.

Sam ponders the \$10 bill. The HUD display flashes: \$90 destination fee. She slaps the display off.

INT. JUMBO'S PAWN SHOP - DAY

Jumbo slips a fiber strand inside the titanium case. The image of the lock gears fill a nearby computer screen.

ON MONITOR: Inside the lock, a small pincer nudges out toward a minuscule bubble of liquid.

JUMBO

What the hell is that?

Suddenly, the pincer SPRINGS. Quickly, she slips the pick between it and the bubble. A heart-stopping beat!

The bubble remains intact. Jumbo exhales.

RINNGGG! Jumbo JUMPS BACK. It's her earphone.

JUMBO

Hello?

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

SHARKEY

You get it open?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

JUMBO

I'm lucky I'm still breathing. You didn't tell me you boosted this thing from an evil genius.

SHARKEY

I didn't.

Jumbo slides her chair across the workstation to a computer monitor, taps some keys. She reads:

JUMBO

Dr. Julius Maru. Born 1994. Died, hmmm...yesterday! The Omnicorp press release touts his "extensive breakthroughs in quantum physics and string theory." Ring a bell?

SHARKEY  
But, he wasn't evil.

JUMBO  
Very funny. Do you have any idea  
what kind of shit this guy was into?

SHARKEY  
We didn't bond.

JUMBO  
Time travel. Word on the undernet  
is he cracked it.

SHARKEY  
I didn't get the case from Maru.

JUMBO  
Maybe not, but it's his. Get back  
here, pronto.

SHARKEY  
Too much heat. They tracked me to  
the boat. Tyler's dead.

JUMBO  
Shit. I'm sorry, Sharkey.

SHARKEY  
I let her get close. Stupid.

JUMBO  
Like Sam.

Sharkey stops in his tracks. A revelation hits him.

FLASHBACK

Sharkey and Price drive to the Skunkworks.

SHARKEY  
She's dead. Eighteen months.

PRICE  
Really.

Price cocks a doubtful eyebrow...

END FLASHBACK

SHARKEY  
He knows!

JUMBO

What?

SHARKEY

I'll get there when I can. Get  
that case open!

INT. NICK'S OFFICES - NIGHT

Paper walls, matted floors. TWO MEN square off, faces hidden by mesh masks. Each holds a 4-foot bamboo shinai.

A third man, THE SENSEI, nods. The taller warrior CHARGES!

THWACK! THWACK! The shorter man fends off attack, the tall man gains quick advantage - a fluid, graceful warrior.

With two quick strokes, he strips his foe of sword and mask.

Then, the coup de grace...the tall man sweeps his sword underfoot, tripping his foe to the ground.

The tall man extends his shinai...

TALL MAN

Yield!

The smaller man PULLS OUT A HUGE GUN from under his kimono.

SHORT MAN (DONOVAN)

Sod off!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Meet DONOVAN.

He adjusts his nosering and tosses off his kimono, revealing a tapestry of tattoos.

BRADY, the Sensei, approaches. There is a distinct resemblance between the men, though less decorative.

BRADY

What the fuck, Donovan?

DONOVAN

Bamboo is for wankers.

Brady steps on the shinai, kicks it into the air, snatches it cleanly. SWOOSH! SWOOSH! Sword and body as one.

Lightning fast, he strips the gun from Donovan, balances it on the tip, and directs it to his hand...

As his finger tightens on the trigger, Nick's hologram flashes in front of them.

NICK

Brady, I have a job for you and your brother. Are you going to kill him today?

BRADY

Not today.  
(lowers gun)  
He has so much more to learn.

INT. NICK'S OFFICES - NIGHT

One hundred million has a look all its own.

An open titanium case, stuffed with diamonds. Brady and Donovan eye the treasure. Nick's hologram addresses them.

NICK

I've got a lead on the man who killed Maru. Seems he has a wife. She lives in Steel Town.

BRADY

We'll handle it.

NICK

Careful. Z's own men hunt him now. I want you to find him first.

DONOVAN

We'll bring you his head on a silver platter.

NICK

For payment this precious, I have something more dangerous in mind. I want him alive.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Steam rises along the edges of the tight alley, traveling along laundry lines and porch lights. Compact housing lines each side - residences like storage containers.

A garage door rolls open and Sam eases her bike in.

INT. SAM'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Part garage, part office, part apartment.

She collapses into a chair and taps a remote. Music fades up. Roy Orbison cries for the lonely.

She flops some cash down. Slim pickings.

SAM

At this rate, I should buy my way  
out of here in, oh, 300 years.

Sam gazes at a photo hanging over her computer monitor. An open beach somewhere...uncrowded, untainted by civilization.

SAM

Hang tight. We'll get there.

EXT. SAM'S GARAGE - LATER

Gravel CRUNCHES under tires. Cars approach. Headlamps frame the door to Sam's container, then blink off.

INT. SAM'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Sam sleeps soundly...

SLAP! A HAND clamps over her mouth. Eyes snap awake! She struggles, but can't move.

SHARKEY

Shhhh.

Sharkey flashes a smile as he loosens his grip...

SLAP! Across his face. He stifles a reaction. Glares.

SAM

Lights.

The lights come on across the apartment/garage.

SHARKEY

I guess the "shhh" was lost on you.

OUTSIDE

Light shoots through vents along the top of the garage door.

Price steps from his car.

PRICE

He's here!

Price signals. MERCS approach the container...

BACK INSIDE

Sam dresses as Sharkey rifles through drawers.



SAM  
What do you want? I told you I  
never wanted to see you again.

SHARKEY  
I think we both said that.

SAM  
Yeah, but I meant it.

Round one: Sam. Sharkey keeps searching.

SHARKEY  
I need something.

He finds it. The cherry wood box. Inside: A PISTOL and  
engraved plaque: I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU. BE SAFE. SHARKEY.

It is intricately etched with gold lattice. Beautiful.

SHARKEY  
You did this?

SAM  
Found art. You use what you've got.

SHARKEY  
You amaze me.

He smiles. Checks the chamber. Pulls the mag. Nothing.

SHARKEY  
Where are the bullets?

SAM  
I don't have any.

SHARKEY  
Who the hell keeps an unloaded gun  
around?

SAM  
I didn't want the damn gun! Why  
would I buy bullets?

SHARKEY  
So, why keep it at all?

SAM  
Just take it and get out!

The garage door SHAKES under force. They can't open it.

SAM

What have you dragged me into now?

Sharkey JUMPS INTO ACTION. Grabs what he can, barricades the garage door. Locks deadbolts into the concrete.

SHARKEY

They were already on their way.

He snatches an oversized ball peen hammer and stows it in his belt, then bounds up the steps toward Sam.

Outside, bodies SLAM into the entryway door.

SAM

Damn you!

SHARKEY

Stay down and let me do my thing.

He shoves her through the bathroom door, pops open the circuit box with his hammer. Shuts down the entire unit.

Pitch black.

CRASH! The barricade gives and FOUR MERCS blindly push into the unit, tripping and clunking into furniture.

Outside light trickles in. Barely enough to see. Enough for Sharkey.

A small CREAK gives one away...

Sharkey comes down full force - the HAMMER focused on the Merc's sternum. CRUNCH!

His gun FIRES as his chest caves in. He drops, WHEEZING.

BLIND FIRE blazes. Mercs empty their weapons into each other. Gunblasts illuminate ghoulissh screams.

MERC LEADER

It's me! Hold your fire!

WOUNDED MERC

What're you doing? I'm hit!

Sharkey flips the circuit breaker. Light floods the room.

Everyone is blinded. More WILD GUNFIRE.

Sharkey HEAVES the hammer at Merc Leader.

A YOUNG MERC shields his eyes and FIRES at Sharkey...

He DIVES for cover, grabs the arm of the Wheezy Merc.

Wrestles for his gun. The guy has a death grip on it...

SNAP! He twists Wheezy's arm at an ungodly angle, aims arm and gun. BLAM! The Young Merc dies well.

Wheezy still won't drop the gun. He SCREAMS, as Sharkey twists his broken limb toward each new target.

Ow! BLAM! OWWWW!! BLAM!

Gun empty, Sharkey ends his pain -- an elbow to the throat.

Sharkey bolts to the bathroom, grabs Sam.

SAM

I hate you.

SHARKEY

Good. Use that to stay alive.

He drags her up to the makeshift kitchen, next to the oven.

GUNFIRE RIPS through the garage door, riddling the apartment with ricocheted bullets and debris.

SAM

You're wrecking my home.

SHARKEY

They're wrecking your home.

SAM

Well, stop them!

He snarls at the ridiculous request, scans the unit for the nearest dead man. The nearest gun.

The garage door now tattered, hanging by threads.

REINFORCEMENTS step through smoke and debris.

PRICE

Knock, knock. Is this a bad time?

Sharkey scrambles out and SNAPS up Young Merc's gun.

CLICK. Hammer-jam.

SHARKEY

Worthless Glocks.

Mercs grin and BLAST metal his way. He dives back.

PRICE

I need that case, Sharkey. Give it to me, and I'll only kill you. The ex can live.

SHARKEY

How did you know about her?

PRICE

I saw her trawling the station for fares about a year ago! Remembered her from Avalon. That's a face you never forget.

Sam can't help but smile at the compliment. Sharkey glares.

SHARKEY

Is there another way out of here?

She shakes her head.

SHARKEY

Then, we make one.

He SLAMS his elbow into the side of a portable oven.

SHARKEY

(shouting)

What if I don't have the case?

PRICE

Then, I'll have to kill you both and let Z sort it out.

The oven pops open, revealing a large propane tank. Sharkey yanks it free.

Sam reacts: Are you nuts?? He lies on his back, propping the tank on his feet.

SHARKEY

Hey, Price?

PRICE

Yeah?

SHARKEY

You're a shitty negotiator.

He LAUNCHES the tank into the air with his legs.

SHARKEY

Get down!

The Mercs react to the incoming assault...unleashing HELL!  
BOOOOOOMMM!! Hindenburg in a shoebox.

A MASSIVE FIREBALL RIPS through the apartment. Mercs fly backward, metal tears flesh. Sharkey covers Sam.

A war zone. Debris everywhere. Sprinklers tripped, fighting fires in vain. But...no openings in the walls.

He glances up...

A HUGE HOLE in the roof exposes night sky.

SAM

Nice. Did you bring a rocket?

Sharkey eyes a Spinner below them.

SHARKEY

You any good on that thing?

SAM

I can...wait, what are you thinking?

SHARKEY

Start it up. Now!

He topples the refrigerator, bridging the upper and lower levels. Then, heaves a shelf on top. Dishes and pans CRASH.

He leaps down and joins Sam on the Spinner, points to the fridge. It's a makeshift ramp.

Right up to the ceiling...

SHARKEY

Are you this good?

SAM

Baby, I'm the best.

Sam pops on her helmet and GUNS the engine.

Price and the Mercs OPEN FIRE as the Spinner HITS THE RAMP...

Bullets spatter as Sharkey and Sam hit the ramp and SHOOT through the hole and out onto...

THE ROOF

The edge of the hole. The Spinner CRACKS down hard.

They race to the edge and hurtle off the corner...

Onto the back of a truck, and then a JUMP to the road!  
The Spinner SCREECHES and TEARS out into the city.

INSIDE

Price fumes. He kicks down burning debris.

PRICE  
Get the damn cars started.

He grabs two Mercs nearby.

PRICE  
Not you two. You know how to ride  
a Spinner?

THE ROOF

A Spinner BLASTS out of the ceiling hole, a trail of fire  
behind it. The Merc lands wobbly, nearly losing control.

The second Spinner follows him out of the hole, kicking high  
and catching the rear wheel on the edge...

It FLIPS top over bottom and TUMBLES BACKWARD into the hole.

The first LEAPS off the building and onto the road just as a  
HUGE EXPLOSION rips the night sky.

THE ROAD

Sam glances back, sees the FIREBALL that once was home.

SAM  
You asshole. Everything I ever  
worked for was back there.

SHARKEY  
I'll make it up to you.

SAM  
Right. In another life.

INT. THE OMNI - SECURITY SUITE - NIGHT

Command central. Chatter-buzz of intel, glow of video feeds.

A SENTRY points to a pulsing BLIP on a GPS screen. Brady  
touches his earpiece.

BRADY  
We've got him.

EXT. THE SPRAWL - CONTINUOUS

Donovan and TWO GUNMEN cruise the streets in a suped-up car. A mean machine, built for speed.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

DONOVAN  
Brilliant, mate. Any longer and we  
would have nipped off.

He BLOWS through a red light.

POLICESHIELD CAR

A sleepy COP stirs as his radar RINGS: 100MPH.

Stenciled on his door: POLICESHIELD. A Pangaea Company.

DONOVAN'S CAR

BRADY  
Uploading location now. Cops should  
be all over it too.

CHERRIES flash behind Donovan. He smirks and SLAMS the pedal. Policeshield follows in hot pursuit.

DONOVAN  
Wouldn't be a party without Old  
Bill.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sam races, DODGING traffic. Sharkey leans, spying past her.

SHARKEY  
I can't see a fucking thing past  
that enormous head shell.

SAM  
Just hold tight. Trust me.

Bullets RICOCHET off nearby cars. Sam SWERVES quickly.

SHARKEY  
We've got company.

SAM  
I'll handle the road, you handle  
them.

Sharkey glances back. The Merc on the Spinner speeds toward them. Two cars behind, Mercs with GUNS BLAZING.

SHARKEY

Faster!

SAM

That, I can do.

Sam weaves across lanes, SLALOMS outside of the freeway supports then back into traffic.

The Spinner behind them moves close - keeping a straight line, barely DODGING frightened drivers.

SHARKEY

He's still with us.

Sharkey struggles to remove his jacket.

SAM

I told you to hold tight.

SHARKEY

Keep it steady.

Sam hugs a straight line. The Merc speeds closer...

Sharkey rips the jacket free as 9mm death whizzes past.

Sam barrels forward. 110mph, blowing through traffic.

Sharkey moves his hand over Sam's hip - a calming signal.

SHARKEY

We good?

SAM

Do it.

Sharkey lets go and BENDS BACKWARD! Head upside down, the rear wheel skimming his hair.

He flaps the jacket like a parachute...and, releases it.

It balloons open, COVERING THE HEAD OF THE MERC.

The Merc loses control, grabs at the jacket. Futile.

He SMASHES into a support pillar. The Spinner SHATTERS into a thousand pieces. His body, a smudge on the concrete.

PRICE'S CAR

PRICE

Get inside. I'm going to run this fucker off the road.



The Merc pulls his guns in and straps in.

SAM AND SHARKEY'S SPINNER

SHARKEY  
One down, two to go.

SAM  
Make that four.

She points toward...

AN ONRAMP

Two COP CARS swarm down the ramp, into the chase. Stenciled on these doors: OMNIFORCE: An Omnicorp Enterprise.

The four cars bear down...

SAM  
Getting crowded on this side.

She leans hard and SCREECHES across lanes and the divider...

INTO ONCOMING TRAFFIC!

Sam swerves in and out across panicked headlights.

PRICE'S CAR

PRICE  
Dammit!

He floors the pedal and signals to the other car: GET OVER!

The Merc driver reacts: ARE YOU FUCKING CRAZY?

PRICE  
Right fucking NOW!

The Merc nods and spots his opening...

WRONG WAY FREEWAY LANE

SMASH! Through impact barrels, water SPRAYS. An oncoming car spins out of control and SLAMS into the divider.

The Merc swerves in and out of the panicked wake behind Sam.

She leans toward the divider, then pops the throttle...

The Spinner SNAPS up and ONTO THE DIVIDER!

Price gawks at the Spinner doing a tightrope at 80mph on 8" of concrete between the two pursuing cars.

PRICE'S CAR

TWO OMNIFORCE CARS on either side of Price. PULL OVER!

PRICE

Time to end this fucking circus.

Price SWERVES and SMASHES into the cruiser on the inside.

Price forces him into the divider. Sparks fly. Metal SINGS.

CRUNCH! The Omniforce car catches on the divider. Price YANKS his emergency brake and TURNS into it...

He PUNCHES nose first into the divider, but not before the Omniforce car FLIPS UP AND OVER IT!

It flies high, headed straight at...

SAM AND SHARKEY'S SPINNER

In a split-second, Sam sees it and hops down to the road.

The Omniforce car SKIMS over her as it passes through...

And CRASHES ON TOP OF THE MERC ON THE OTHER SIDE!!

The Merc and several others pile up into a twisted grave of metal and fire.

On the opposite side, Price and the remaining Omniforce cruiser spin-out.

SHARKEY

If you get us through this, I'll kiss you.

SAM

What do you think I just did?

SHARKEY

We're not out of it yet.

Sam glances in her mirror...

ANOTHER CAR bears down on them.

SAM

You've got to be kidding me.

PRICE'S CAR

Price snaps to attention as DONOVAN'S CAR ZIPS past him.

PRICE  
Who the fuck invited this guy?

He throws his car into reverse. PEELS off the divider...SMASHES into the side of the side of another car...

The POLICESHIELD CRUISER chasing Donovan.

PRICE  
More fucking cops?

Price FLOORS it. Back in the hunt...

DONOVAN'S CAR

Donovan spots Price behind him. He smiles thinly, blasts some vintage SEX PISTOLS. His Gunmen lock and load.

DONOVAN  
Any o'them sods get close, X'em.

OMNIFORCE CRUISER

The Omni-cop pulls alongside the POLICESHIELD car...

OMNI-COP  
(over speakers)  
Stand down. You've entered an area under Omniforce protection. We'll take it from here.

POLICESHIELD COP  
Smoke this, fool!

PoliceShield Cop FLIPS HIM THE BIRD, peels away.

OMNI-PARTNER  
You gonna take that from some Pangaea piece of shit?

OMNI-COP  
Not fuckin' likely.

He SWERVES the wheel and SIDESWIPES the POLICESHIELD cruiser.

SAM AND SHARKEY'S SPINNER

Sam eyes the approaching sedan, FOG GROWS THICK ahead...

SAM  
You sure have a lot of friends.

SHARKEY  
And, I'm fresh out of jackets.

PRICE'S CAR

Price bears down on Donovan, blowing past the feuding cops.

PRICE  
Take this dick out.

MERC  
On it.

The Merc opens a window and leans out just as Donovan's car plunges into liquid-thick smog.

MERC  
I can't see--

BLAM! A barrage of bullets cut him short. Lights out.  
He hangs limply out the window as Price races into the fog...  
Visibility. Zero.

PRICE  
Fuck!

SAM AND SHARKEY'S SPINNER

Sharkey spots a sign: BRIDGE OFFRAMP. He points...

SHARKEY  
Time to leave.

Sam shears across lanes and LEAPS onto the ramp.

THE COP CARS

The Cops continue to swap paint. The chase a distant memory.

POLICESHIELD COP  
Omni sucks ass!

He SMASHES into the Omniforce cruiser again.

DONOVAN'S CAR

Deep into the fog now...

DONOVAN  
I can't see shite.

A Gunman leans out on the roof...

GUNMAN #1  
There they are!

The spinner cuts across their vision. Price SWERVES...

Gunman #1 tumbles out the window. Under Price's tires!

GUNMAN #2  
Jake!

PRICE'S CAR

Tires SMOKE AND SQUEAL, as Price lays a sharp turn.

He GRABS AIR and sails over an embankment, SMASHING onto the off-ramp, behind Donovan.

THE COP CARS

As the last glimpse of Price's taillights sink behind the off-ramp, both sets of Cops realize they've missed the turn.

In unison, they YANK THEIR WHEELS, and...

BOTH CRUISERS FLIP! Side-by-side, end-over-end, the POLICE CARS TUMBLE down the wide-open freeway. Out of the chase.

DONOVAN'S CAR

DONOVAN  
Up front, mate.

GUNMAN #2  
Fer fook sake.

DONOVAN  
Get your arse in that window.

Gunman #2 reluctantly climbs out the window.

DONOVAN  
Can you see the lane markings?

GUNMAN #2  
Keep it steady.

DONOVAN  
Find the bloody lines, or we both take a dive into the drink.

GUNMAN #2  
Okay, okay. I got 'em.

EXT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Sam KILLS THE LIGHTS. The world becomes eerily serene.

Only the WHINE of an electric engine purrs beneath them as they glide through the mist.

SHARKEY  
How can you see anything?

SAM  
I can't. Have to trust the HUD.

INSIDE HER HELMET: A heads-up display shows their bearings on a surface-image topographic map.

SHARKEY  
I'm at your mercy.

SAM  
You've never been at the mercy of anyone in your entire life. Now, you wanna take a breath and tell me what the hell is going on?

SHARKEY  
I'm not sure yet. Something about a case I left with Jumbo.

SAM  
And, the Four Horsemen back there?

SHARKEY  
Z's men. Some of them. I don't know who else is in on this.

SAM  
Familiar. Your ass is in a sling. Z is involved, and guns are pointed at us from all over.

SHARKEY  
I'll get us out of this. I promise.

SAM  
Like last time?

SHARKEY  
You wanted out, I got you out.

SAM  
I wanted us out. Not me. Us.

SHARKEY

You want to have this argument now?

SAM

Why bother? Nothing has changed...  
You are at the mercy of someone. I  
just can't get used to the thought.

The ROAR of pursuit closes in.

SHARKEY

Can we lose them once we're out of  
this?

SAM

Maybe.

SHARKEY

Not good enough.

SAM

Agreed.

She flicks a switch and the HUM of the electric motor dies.  
The Spinner DROPS BACK. A wraith floating in the clouds...

The two cars barrel forward, GROWLING ENGINES stalking.  
Lights reflect like expanding stars.

They PASS Sam and Sharkey, oblivious to the Spinner, or to  
each other!

SHARKEY

Now.

SAM

Not yet.

The light of the cars begins to fade, silence creeping back.

SHARKEY

Now?

SAM

Now!

Sam HITS a button and the Spinner SCREAMS to life. She pops  
the TURBO and her HIGH-BEAMS simultaneously...

The FLASH reflects across the fog: an EXPLOSION OF LIGHT.

## PRICE'S CAR

The LIGHT BLAST blinds Price. He jerks the car left, loses control...

## DONOVAN'S CAR

SMASH! Price careens into him. CRUSHING the leg of the gunman on the window.

Donovan loses his grip on the wheel and SLAMS into railing.

## THE BRIDGE

Sparks spray across the fog. The two cars wrestle for position, both losing to the railing.

Donovan's car FLIPS and ROLLS, side over side...

It STOPS in the middle of the bridge. Dead.

Price's car CRUNCHES into the railing, spraying steam. The front end punctured and bleeding out.

## SAM AND SHARKEY'S SPINNER

Sam and Sharkey speed away. Out of the fog and off the bridge...

## SAM

We made it!

HOOOOOONNNNNNNK!!

A TANKER TRUCK emerges from nowhere...Across their path...

She lays down the Spinner, instinctively.

Sam and Sharkey splay out, skidding across pavement.

The tanker brakes hard, shuddering and groaning. Trying to stop. Big tires lock in clouds of smoke...

Silence.

## SIDE OF THE ROAD

The wreck freezes in time. Smoke mixes with fog, a slow HISSING noticeable...

The shaken DRIVER jumps down off his rig.

## DRIVER

Mother on a mattress! You alri--



BLAM! His head explodes.

Price stalks forward. Smoking gun outstretched.

PRICE  
Wow! This thing really packs a wallop!

SHARKEY (O.S.)  
Looking for me?

Price spins, finds Sharkey in his sights. Sharkey notices the nose piece on the gun. HIS GUN.

SHARKEY  
Nice piece.

PRICE  
Isn't it? Gift from an old friend.  
Think you can take us?

Sharkey eyes the dead driver between them. His jacket open, a 9mm protruding out.

PRICE  
Tsk. The world would be so much safer if fewer people carried guns.  
Don't you agree?

Sharkey tenses. Price cocks.

PRICE  
That's the spirit!

CHIK! Sam steps right between them. Sharkey's gift .45 held high - in all its laurel-etched, empty-chambered glory.

SAM  
You drop that hammer, I drop you.

THREE-WAY MEXICAN STANDOFF. Sam in the middle...with an unloaded gun.

SHARKEY  
Sam. Put the gun down. There's no--

SAM  
SHUT UP!

PRICE  
Easy little lady. You might hurt yourself.

SAM

I was married to John-fucking-Sharkey  
for eight goddamned years. You  
think I don't know how to use this  
beauty?

Price considers her.

SAM

Not that I need to. At this range,  
with this gun, I could blow a hole  
through you the size of my ass.

Price glowers.

Just then, DONOVAN'S CAR BLASTS OUT OF THE FOG...

Out of control, and on its last legs. It goes into a SPIN,  
headed straight for them.

Donovan leans out the window and SPRAYS BAD INTENTIONS...

Machine-gun bursts HIT the tanker as Sharkey drags Sam to  
the ground.

Price FIRES at Sharkey as he dives behind cover.

The tanker EXPLODES into a cloud of fire and smoke.

Price emerges, drawing a bead on what's left of Donovan's  
car...No movement.

A CLICK and REV of a Spinner captures his attention.

He turns just in time to spot Sam and Sharkey ZIP away. He  
walks slowly in their direction, then stops. No chance.

Behind him, Donovan stumbles from the car. Fully aflame.

PRICE

You fucked up my mojo, asshole.

Price drops him with a single shot, then walks to the body.

PRICE

Who sent you, anyway?

EXT. THE SPRAWL - NIGHT

Sam and Sharkey glide down backstreets. Sharkey grimaces.

SAM

Where to?

SHARKEY  
Drop me off. You'll be safe once  
you clear the Sprawl.

SAM  
That explosion affect your hearing?  
I said, where do we go?

He dabs a hand under his coat. Fingers red with blood.

SHARKEY  
Jumbo's.

She slaps her facemask down. The HUD displays: JUMBO'S PAYDAY  
LOANS.

SAM  
Have you there in 60 minutes. Sam's  
Spinner Service guarantee.

EXT. JUMBO'S PAWN SHOP - DAY

Sam swings the spinner past Jumbo's shop and eases down an  
alleyway. The HUD flashes: DESTINATION ARRIVAL.

SHARKEY  
Five minutes to spare.

SAM  
Easy pickins.

SHARKEY  
What do I owe you?

Sam pulls off her helmet.

SAM  
Thirteen-hundred-twenty-two dollars  
and fifty cents. Excluding tip.

SHARKEY  
And what's an appropriate tip?

SAM  
Big spender like you?

They lock eyes. Sharkey gazes at her, tenderly.

He steps toward her...Sam softens, closes her eyes. He leans  
forward. And...

COLLAPSES to the ground!

SAM  
Johnny!

She reaches down to grab him, and then she sees it...BLOOD.  
A small pool beneath him, growing. His blood.

SAM  
When?

SHARKEY  
Price.

SAM  
You should have told me.

SHARKEY  
Had to get you away from there.

INT. JUMBO'S PAWN SHOP - DAY

A BUZZER rings. Jumbo glances at a closed-circuit LCD.

ON THE MONITOR: Sam props up Sharkey.

Jumbo races to the door. She slips a hand around Sharkey's  
waist and helps him in.

Jumbo and Sam ease him down onto a couch.

SAM  
Gently.

JUMBO  
(to Sharkey)  
Who's the skirt?

SAM  
Hi, Maggie.

JUMBO  
Oh my, God. Sam!

She throws her arms around her.

JUMBO  
What are you doing here? You can't  
be seen with him.  
(suddenly angry)  
Wait! Did he...?

SAM  
Yeah.

JUMBO  
(now concerned)  
And, now they...?

SAM  
Yeah.

Jumbo shakes her head, then indicates Sharkey and Sam.

JUMBO  
(suggestive)  
So, have you...?

Sam glares.

JUMBO  
Well, it's good to see you. You  
look great...Have you lost weight?

SHARKEY  
Jumbo.

Jumbo turns back to Sharkey.

JUMBO  
Right. Sam, there's a med-kit in  
the window. Some junkie pawned it.

Jumbo peels away Sharkey's shirt. Reveals the wound. Bad.

Sam returns with the case.

JUMBO  
Okay. This is going to hurt.

Jumbo hauls back and SMACKS Sharkey across the jaw with the  
medical kit.

Sharkey BLACKS OUT.

INT. JUMBO'S PAWN SHOP - LATER

Jumbo tinkers with the titanium case. She looks over at Sam,  
who cradles Sharkey's bronze cricket box, lost in thought.

JUMBO  
You still love him.

SAM  
And, he still kills people.

JUMBO  
Sounds like a Mexican stand-off.

Jumbo points to the cricket box.

JUMBO  
What is that thing anyway?

SAM  
Cricket box. First piece I ever made. Crickets symbolize your conscience. Clean conscience, good luck.

JUMBO  
So, he uses it as a change purse?

SAM  
The coins come from his work. One for each...target.

JUMBO  
Sounds morbid.

SAM  
He doesn't like doing it, Maggie. He never did.

JUMBO  
A box full of coins don't make a clear conscience.

Sam shrugs.

SAM  
It's his debt. P.O.D. he likes to say...Payable On Death.

IN THE OTHER ROOM

Sharkey stirs. Sam moves to his side, wipes his forehead.

SAM  
We got the slug. You'll be fine.

SHARKEY  
Why does my jaw hurt?

SAM  
We didn't have a bullet you could bite on...but, we do now.

She pulls out the slug and flips it to him.

SHARKEY  
Nice.

SAM  
It was dug in deep. Both of us had  
to work it. Good thing I had this.

She flashes her barrette.

SHARKEY  
What the hell is that?

SAM  
I call it my Swiss Army barrette.  
(off his look)  
Don't you recognize it?

She shows off the contraption...

SHARKEY  
That old knife I gave you?

SAM  
Use what you've got. I had to do  
something...gifts were never your  
strong point.

He takes it into his hand. The practical tools still remain,  
some hidden underneath. But, now it's a piece of art.

SHARKEY  
Leave it to you to turn it into  
something beautiful.

Sam checks his dressing.

SHARKEY  
That stunt you pulled with Price...

SAM  
You're going to lecture me on  
reckless behavior?

SHARKEY  
No.

SAM  
Fuckin'-a-right you're not! Every  
day I expect to read how you finally  
got yourself killed.

SHARKEY  
I'm sorry. I...

She hushes him with a finger to his lips.

SAM

Stop there. You've never said "I'm sorry" before. I want to let it sink in.

She smiles. Squeezes his hand. Jumbo strolls in.

JUMBO

Ready to see how this turns out?  
I've got it open.

INT. JUMBO'S PAWN SHOP - WORK DESK - LATER

She opens the lid of the case...

INSIDE: A newspaper, headline obscured.

He ignores the paper and pats down the pockets and corners of the case. Nothing.

Sharkey frowns. That's it? A newspaper?

Curious, he lifts the paper out. Something slips from between its pages onto the floor...

SHARKEY'S GUN!

JUMBO

That looks familiar.

She leans down and picks it up. Sharkey puzzles this out...

FLASHBACK

Price, Sam and Sharkey on the bridge. Price pulls out Sharkey's gun.

END FLASHBACK

Same custom nose piece as the gun in Jumbo's hand.

SHARKEY

Something doesn't make sense.

Sam and Jumbo are baffled: No shit!

SHARKEY

Price has my gun. I left it behind when I grabbed this case.

JUMBO

Honey, it may be a little worse for wear, but this is your gun.



Sharkey takes the gun from Jumbo, turns it over. A long, deep SCRATCH runs down the handle...

FLASHBACK

Sharkey dives toward the case. Prices shoots. The bullet ricochets off Sharkey's gun, SCRATCHING it.

END FLASHBACK

SHARKEY

But, that's impossible.

Sharkey glances back at the case. Grabs up the paper. Shakes it, seeing if something else falls out. Nothing. Then...

SAM

John.

Sam nods toward the paper. Sharkey folds it over.

HEADLINE: "Z Assassinated!" And below that...

"John Sharkey identified as killer."

SHARKEY

What day is it?

JUMBO

Monday. The 29th.

Sharkey's eye skips to the dateline: TUESDAY, DECEMBER 30th.

He tosses the paper back into the briefcase.

JUMBO

What kind of twisted shit is this??

And then, the front of the store BLOWS OPEN!

Sharkey crawls from the rubble. The entrance, a gaping hole.

SHARKEY

Sam!

A HUGE MAN WITH A SHOTGUN ducks in the through the ring of fire that was the entrance.

SAM

I'm all right.

SHARKEY

Get Jumbo. I'll handle this guy.

Shotgun stands immobile, blocking the entrance. Sharkey ducks and rolls to the briefcase. Snatches up his gun.

SHARKEY

Two ways this can go down. Either one, we're walking out of here.

Sam pulls Jumbo from the debris. She's bleeding bad. Shard of glass in her side.

SAM

Maggie!

From behind Shotgun, two SMALLER MEN surge into the store.

Dressed in black, each wielding a signature weapon...

NUNCHUCKS, TIGER HOOKS.

Sharkey weighs his options. Not good.

Finally, one last man enters. BRADY. Blade at his side.

BRADY

Mr. Sharkey? We finally meet.

SHARKEY

You the boss? Good. You die first.

Sharkey shifts his aim. Brady laughs.

Nunchucks LASHES out. The chained-wood-blocks SLAP the gun out of Sharkey's hand. The GUN SKITTERS across the floor.

BRADY

Nick wants to see you. Me? I'd rather kill you. Don't push me.

Sharkey holds his stinging hand. Straightens up, defiant.

Nunchucks steps forward, whipping his weapon around his body in a blur of motion.

Sharkey reaches back. Grabs the nearest weapon...

A BOWLING BALL?

He fends off a couple of blows -- wood blocks slide harmlessly off the black orb.

Nunchucks charges again. Sharkey spots his chance...

BAM! Sharkey drops the heavy ball on Nunchucks foot. Instinctively, Nunchucks reaches for his smashed toes, and the wood blocks smash into his own skull. He goes down.

Sharkey dives across the floor...scrambles for the gun...

A tiger hook SNAPS the gun from Sharkey's hands.

Tiger Hook TWIRLS THE GUN on his blade. Casually, TOSSES it into another room. Twin blades shining, Tiger Hook slashes forward...Sharkey grabs...

A PRETTY PINK BIKE?

Sparkly streamers, flower basket on the front...Cute.

He holds the bike out like a shield. The tiger hooks SLASH away the tires, RIP spokes from the wheels, SLICE the seat off.

Desperately, Sharkey grabs at the bike chain...

He SNAPS it like a whip. CRAAACCK! The chain wraps around Tiger Hook's neck, slicing his throat. Tiger Hook falls to his knees, choking for air.

And then, there were two.

Brady gives Shotgun the nod. He STOMPS toward Sharkey.

Sharkey punches him in the gut and chest, but the blows glance off, harmlessly.

Shotgun picks Sharkey up, like a sack of shit. And THROWS HIM THROUGH A WALL.

IN THE CORNER

Jumbo COUGHS up blood.

SAM

I'll get help, Maggie.

Sam dashes for the door. Shotgun reaches back with one powerful hand and pulls her back.

SAM

She'll die!

Shotgun takes up his place in the doorway again. Shrugs.

IN THE OTHER ROOM

Sharkey rises to a knee. Brady turns the corner.

BRADY  
The tattooed man? The one you killed  
on the bridge? He was my brother.

Nudges his blade handle up with a thumb. SHHHIIINGGG!

BRADY  
I warned you not to push me.

Sharkey looks to his right. About a foot away, his gun gleams in the light.

Suddenly, Brady's eyes widen and sweep the room. Sharkey eyes the room, as well...

SAMURAI SWORDS DECORATE ALL FOUR WALLS!!

All shapes, sizes and weights. Quite a stash.

Sharkey steps away from the gun, turns to Brady. Bows low.

Brady smiles. Bows low, in return.

Challenge accepted!

Sharkey moves to a wall, handles a few blades before selecting a stunning gold-etched steel blade about three feet in length.

SHHHINNGGGG! Brady takes several practices swings.

Sharkey sweeps the blade before him. Pure, brute force.

The two men circle each other. Then...

Brady CHARGES. Sharkey fends off blow after blow.

Brady toys with Sharkey. Inflicting small, painful slices across his chest and arms. Death by a 1000 cuts.

Ducking a powerful slash, Sharkey throws himself into a wall.

SLAM! Blades shake from the walls, CLANK down on his head.

Feebly, he holds up his blade to fend off a blow.

Brady's blade SLICES right through Sharkey's sword...

The tip falls uselessly to the ground.

Sharkey is defenseless...finished.

Brady smiles. He presses on Sharkey's bullet wound, the torture contorting Sharkey's face. And then...

Sharkey REVEALS HIS GUN, snatched up during one of his tumbles! Aimed at Brady's heart.

SHARKEY

Maybe I'll stick to guns after all.

Sharkey smiles and pulls the trigger...

CLICK!

Empty. Betrayed again!

Brady plunges forward but pulls his blow at the final second...sword tip a lash's width from Sharkey's eye.

Shotgun enters, dragging Sam with him, kicking and screaming.

SHARKEY

I swear to you, if he hurts her, I will kill you.

Brady considers Sharkey for a moment. Then, makes a signal with his hand. Shotgun drops Sam to her feet.

Sharkey lets the gun fall to the floor.

EXT. JUMBO'S PAWN SHOP - DAY

Shotgun pushes Sharkey and Sam into the back of a sedan. Brady follows, titanium case in hand. He gives a signal...

Shotgun smiles, levels his namesake. Squeezes off a shot.

BLAM! Sam's Spinner EXPLODES from the blast.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Through the rear window, Sam watches burning shrapnel rain down, as the sedan races away from the scene.

SAM

Maggie...

Sam eyes Sharkey. He keeps his head down, but reaches over and squeezes her knee. It's not over yet.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE - DAY

A decrepit Victorian house. Boarded-up, abandoned. The sedan pulls to the curb.

Shotgun pushes Sam and Sharkey into the yard.

As soon as they break the plane of the gate, the ramshackle house DISAPPEARS, replaced by a modern, fortified safehouse.

The teardown is a mirage. A protective deception.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - FOYER - DAY

A SMALL ARMY on guard. Nick's hologram greets his captives.

NICK  
Excellent! Show our visitors to  
the library.

IN THE LIBRARY

Shotgun shoves Sharkey and Sam into a pair of plush chairs. Hologram Nick beams at them from behind a large oak desk.

Suddenly, a hidden doorway opens. Another man enters...

NICK

The real Nick. Flesh and blood. The hologram mimics his every move. Eerie.

Sam waves a hand through Holo-Nick's chest. It passes right through. Nick pushes a button and the hologram blinks off.

NICK  
A convenient protection. They can't  
assassinate you if you're not there.

He turns to Sharkey.

NICK  
Mr. Sharkey. You're a very difficult  
man to capture.

SHARKEY  
Why try?

Brady hoists the titanium case onto the desk.

SHARKEY  
You get a bulk discount on those  
things?

Sharkey nods to another case behind Nick. The glitter of diamonds inside. Nick SLAMS the lid shut.

NICK  
The contents of your case are far  
more interesting.

Nick raises the lid, removes the newspaper and tosses it on the desk: "Z Assassinated!"

NICK  
Have you caught up on soon-to-be  
current events?

SHARKEY  
Some sort of set-up.

NICK  
I assure you, it's real. It's the  
very reason your former employer  
has turned on you.

SAM  
How?

NICK  
So simple, it's brilliant, really.

Nick draws a large X on a piece of paper.

NICK  
You see, time isn't a line, it's an  
hour glass. The top of the chalice  
brims with all possible futures.  
In the bottom, lies the certainty  
of the past.

He points to the intersection of the lines.

NICK  
The place where they meet is the  
present. A singular event. The  
point at which one and only one of  
the possible futures becomes reality.

He draws an arrow thrusting from the past into the future.

NICK  
Now, what if someone could reach  
through the tiny hole of the present  
and scoop up evidence of one such  
future's existence?

SHARKEY  
Maru.

NICK  
Sadly, he didn't share his methods  
before his end. Thanks to you.

SHARKEY  
So, this is payback.

NICK  
 Hardly. If I wanted you dead, you'd  
 be history long ago.

SHARKEY  
 So, what do you want?

NICK  
 I want you to fulfill your destiny.

He taps the headline.

SAM  
 Why an assassination? Why not make  
 Z drop from a heart attack?

NICK  
 I'm sure those possibilities exist,  
 but I don't "make" anything happen.  
 I am forced to work with what I  
 find. I found you.

He points to Sharkey, smiling.

NICK  
 Now, shall we make history?

SHARKEY  
 No.

NICK  
 Mr. Sharkey, I assure you, if this  
 headline does not come to pass,  
 then you will discover one even  
 less to your liking.

SAM  
 John, don't do it.

NICK  
 How about "Woman Found Headless"?

Brady slides out his sword. SHHIIING!

SAM  
 Don't listen to him!

NICK  
 Or maybe "Wife Tortured to Death,  
 As Husband Watches"?

Brady steps forward...



SAM  
Goddamn it, Sharkey! No one tells  
you what to do!

NICK  
Donovan was good at headlines. I  
wonder what his twisted imagination--

SHARKEY  
Enough.

NICK  
Smart man.

SHARKEY  
Give me my gun.

Nick holds the gun out. Sharkey reaches for it...

Nick thinks better. Hands the gun to Brady.

NICK  
Brady will give you the gun when  
it's time.

Shotgun yanks Sharkey out of the chair.

NICK  
Get him patched up. Can't send him  
into the wolf's den bleeding out.

SHARKEY  
Let her go. Then, I kill Z.

NICK  
You know I can't do that.

TWO GUARDS pull Sam away.

SAM  
John, if you do this, he'll own  
you. Just like Z!

Sam is dragged through the hidden door.

SHARKEY  
I'll be back for her.

NICK  
Time, as they say, is a-wastin'.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - STORAGE ROOM - DAY

The Guards HURL Sam to the floor of a threadbare room. CLICK!  
The door locks behind her.

Sam surveys things. Only one door with a small peep-window.

She reaches into her hair, undoes her barrette. She pops  
out a hidden screwdriver and unsnaps a tiny nail file...

She's got work to do.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Sharkey cuffed in the back seat, cuffed. Shotgun rides next  
to him. Brady is at the wheel.

SHARKEY

You buy this time travel shit?

BRADY

Nick doesn't con.

SHARKEY

So, you think it's my destiny to  
kill Z? I suppose you'll be top  
dog after that.

Brady allows a smile to creep through.

SHARKEY

Makes you wonder. Was it also my  
destiny to kill your faggot brother?

Sharkey's turn to smirk. Brady swerves into an alley.

SHOTGUN

Where you goin'?

Brady hits the brakes.

BRADY

Get him out.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Brady steps out of the car. Shotgun follows.

SHOTGUN

Nick said...

BRADY

I'm not going to kill him.

Brady opens the trunk and pulls out his bamboo *shinai*.

SHOTGUN

If you kick the shit out of him, he  
won't be able to kill Z.

BRADY

Sure he will. It's his destiny,  
remember? Now, get him out!

Shotgun grimaces and leans back in to get Sharkey...

Sharkey KICKS his head into the roof, then wraps his legs  
around his neck...SNAP!

He shoves Shotgun out and leaps to his feet. Brady is  
waiting...

CRACK! The bamboo sword smashes him over the head! He falls  
to his knees and rolls away.

Brady charges toward him, sword raised...

Sharkey flips to his feet and catches Brady's hands.

The *shinai* flies away as Sharkey twists his cuffs and wrenches  
Brady to the ground.

He jumps on top of Brady and SMASHES his face into the  
asphalt. Again and again...and again. 'Til he's dead.

He reaches inside the stiff's jacket, pulls out a key and  
unlocks his cuffs. He spots a GLEAM, and reaches in Brady's  
jacket to grab...

HIS GUN.

He yanks the mag, checks the chamber. Empty.

Sharkey pats down the corpse's pockets. Nothing...he dives  
deeper, comes up with A SINGLE BULLET.

SHARKEY

One shot, huh? You knew I'd be  
gunning for you once we were done.

He pockets the lone bullet. For later.

SHARKEY

Guess what? We're done.

Sharkey gathers up the guns laying around. They won't need  
them anymore. He climbs behind the wheel of...

THE SEDAN

He flips open an ashtray compartment. Scoops out two coins.

VROOOOM! VROOOOOOMMMMMM! SCREEEEEECCCHHHH! Sharkey cuts a tight U and the car THUMPS over Shotgun's body.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Sam jimmys the lock and hears the final tumble CLICK. She quietly opens the door, peeks into the hallway.

A GUARD at the end of the hall. ANOTHER GUARD approaches.

GUARD

Car coming. We gotta check it out.

They leave.

Sam slips out of the bedroom, runs down the hall into...

NICK'S OFFICE

She searches the room for an exit. The windows are fake. Fluorescent bulbs behind lace.

The main door is locked.

Then, she spots it...on the desk...

THE NEWSPAPER: "Z Assassinated!"

She's drawn to it, despite herself. She opens it and drinks in all the lurid details. Then...

She GASPS!

SAM

No!

Nick lays a hand on her shoulder, from behind.

SAM

They find his body next to Z. That's how they identify him as the killer. You didn't tell him that.

She HURLS the paper at Nick.

SAM

You sent him to die!

NICK

Unfortunate, but...unavoidable.

From outside: GUNFIRE. Screams. Death.

SAM

Johnny?

The door to the office jiggles. It won't give. HUGE KICKS rock the frame.

SAM

Johnny! We're in here!

(to Nick)

He didn't do it. He didn't go!

Nick plops into his chair. His face a mask of disappointment.

The door CRASHES IN. Sam rushes forward. A moment of confusion, then fear flashes on her face...

It's Price!

EXT. SAFEHOUSE - DAY

The sedan pulls up in front of the Victorian house. Sharkey throws open the car door, grabs the shotgun.

CHIK-CHUK! Party time.

His face drops, as he breaks the plane of the gate...

Front door wide open. TWO DEAD BODIES on the lawn. Something is seriously wrong.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - DAY

Sharkey searches from room to room. Bloodstains, bodies. Total annihilation. No survivors.

Then he spots it...on the floor...

SAM'S BARRETTE.

He picks it up, clutches it tight. His eyes go vacant.

FROM INSIDE NICK'S OFFICE...

GURGLES. Sharkey follows the noise...

Until his jaw drops...

NICK

Don't look at me.

Sharkey can't NOT look: Blood and brake fluid gush from the holes in Nick's body.

Through ruined flesh, glimpses of shiny metal and wire...

NICK IS NOT HUMAN!!

SHARKEY  
Cybernetics?

Nick spits up an oily froth.

NICK  
Artificial intelligence. Softwired  
into this poor excuse for a  
container, like Gepetto's puppet.

SHARKEY  
Where's Sam?

NICK  
Price took her.

Nick smiles through the gore. A horrible sight.

SHARKEY  
(getting it)  
He's taking her to Z.

NICK  
You can't escape your fate...

SHARKEY  
Why Z? Why do you want him dead?

NICK  
Business! He's the competition.  
(coughs up more blood)  
And I'm tired of dreaming in  
silicone. Z holds all the crucial  
bio-gene patents.

That horrible smile again.

NICK  
I want to be a real boy.

Sharkey looks down at him in disgust.

NICK  
Save Sam, kill Z. Fulfill OUR  
destiny.

SHARKEY  
Oh, I'll kill Z...

Sharkey draws his gun. Slips the lone bullet he pilfered from Brady into the chamber.

SHARKEY

But, you won't live to see it!

BLAM! The Nick-robot TWITCHES AND SPARKS.

SHARKEY

That real enough for you?

FFFFFOOOOOM! The robot bursts into flames.

Sharkey watches Nick melt into goo. Shakes his head.

SHARKEY

Fuckin' suits.

INT. GUN SHOP - NIGHT

THE OWNER pokes his head up from behind the counter of a well stocked gun shop.

OWNER

What can I get ya, young fella?

SHARKEY

Bullets. Lots of them.

The owner swallows a frown. Piles box after box of ammo on the counter in front of Sharkey.

Sharkey waves him on...MORE!

INT. PANGAEA COMPOUND - NIGHT

Z paces his penthouse furiously. Price saunters in with TWO cases, tosses one to the ground.

PRICE

That's the case you want.

Z lunges for the case and pops it open. He flips it over...EMPTY...then hurls it against the wall.

Z

You brought me an empty case?!

PRICE

It wasn't empty when I opened it.

Price slowly draws the newspaper from his coat.

Z  
What's that?

PRICE  
According to the people who died  
for it, it's your future.

He hands it off to Z, then strolls over to the humidor and  
picks himself a cigar.

Z reads the story, the fear growing with each line.

Z  
I knew it! The fucking traitor. I  
treated him like a son!

Z crushes the paper in his hands. His eyes narrow...

Z  
You read this?

PRICE  
Relax. I've got a plan.

Z  
Is Sharkey dead? That's my plan!

PRICE  
Nope. He's on his way here.

Z  
You arrogant cocksucker.

Price yanks a pistol, levels it at Z. Z steps back.

PRICE  
I said relax.

Price admires the piece. Custom 9mm, platinum against cobalt  
blue. He twirls it, holds the butt out...offers it to Z.

Z  
The next words out of your mouth  
had better pique my fucking  
curiosity.

PRICE  
This is the gun that kills you.

Z nods: go on.

PRICE  
It's Sharkey's. I took it from him  
after I killed the mole.  
(MORE)



PRICE (CONT'D)

Read the article all the way through.  
The bullet that kills you? It's in  
this gun.

Z

What am I supposed to do with it?

PRICE

Whatever you want. That's not the  
question.

Z

Pray tell, what is?

PRICE

If you have the murder weapon, how  
can Sharkey kill you?

Z skims through the paper again...a smile growing...then...

ALARMS blare. Compound breach.

THE LOBBY

Glass CASCADES across the lobby as a BLACK SEDAN BARRELS  
THROUGH the front entrance.

The car bounces over some planters and ends up nose first in  
the fountain. A Bach fugue greets the intrusion.

Guards flood the area. SPIT automatic gunfire.

Sharkey marches straight in, BLAZING A PATH OF LEAD before  
him. No shots wasted. A single bullet for each guard.

Sharkey's ballet leaves a trail of bodies and shells. This  
is what he does best.

Z'S PENTHOUSE

PRICE

He's here.

Z thrusts his arm out. Sharkey's gun aimed at Price's head.

Z

What's in the other case?

Price tosses the case on the wet bar. Glass tumblers CRASH  
to the ground. He opens the lid. Flashes the diamonds.

Z  
Why didn't you just take the money  
and run?

PRICE  
I've got money. I want something  
more...I want to be Number One.

Z  
And, you think you can buy that?

PRICE  
Yeah. With Nick's gemstones and  
Sharkey's corpse.

Z  
How did you know Sharkey would come?  
It's suicide for him.

Price nods to one of the security monitors...

PRICE  
Ace in the hole.

ON THE MONITOR: Sam stares up. Mouth taped. Hair yanked  
back. Contessa twists the curly locks tight in her hands.

Z  
Nicely done.

PRICE  
Then, we have a deal?

Z  
Lead Sharkey to me. I want to kill  
him myself. With the very gun he  
would have used to kill me.

THE LOBBY

Sharkey stalks across the lobby. Guards run toward him.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Another line of dead men.

Monitors across the campus blink to life. The alarm silences  
for the first time...

Z smirks from out of the screens.

Z  
What's taking so long, Sharkey?  
You know the way to my office.

Z grins. Sharkey FIRES at the screen. It EXPLODES.  
The screens lining the walls continue to speak...

Z  
Or, maybe you're dead already?  
Pity. I'd hate to miss your visit.

SECURITY OFFICE

TWO TECHS track Sharkey's progress on multiple monitors.  
Price rides their shoulders.

TECH #1  
Section J is locked down.

PRICE  
Perfect. Leave the door at the end  
of the corridor open.

ON MONITOR: Sharkey creeps down a hallway trying doors.

PRICE  
Next one, Sharkey! Take the bait.

ON MONITOR: Sharkey approaches the last door. Jiggles the  
knob. Locked. He jiggles again.

PRICE  
What the fuck? Throw the lock.  
Throw the lock!

ON MONITOR: Sharkey moves along.

PRICE  
Shit! I told you to unlock the  
door.

TECH #2  
I did.

PRICE  
Loser.

Price BLASTS HIM OUT OF HIS CHAIR.

PRICE  
Where is he now?

Scared speechless, Tech #1 points to another monitor.

ON MONITOR: Sharkey bursts into a courtyard.

Price's eyes skip to another view of the courtyard.

ON MONITOR: A BATTALION OF GUARDS hide behind some rocks.

PRICE  
Oh, hell. Kill the fucking lights!

Tech #1 hits the switch. No response. Keeps trying.

TECH #1  
I can't!

PRICE  
What the hell is going on?

TECH #1  
I don't know. Don't kill me!

ON MONITOR: GUNFLASHES erupt everywhere at once. A firefight so HUGE it can be heard throughout the campus.

BZZT! Price touches his earphone.

Z (O.S.)  
What the fuck are you doing?

PRICE  
We're having some technical  
difficulties down here.

Z (O.S.)  
Bring him to me already! I don't  
need him fucking up my entire  
compound.

Price watches the monitors in awe. Sharkey is a blur. Poetry in motion.

PRICE  
Look at him. He's magnificent!

Tech #1 punches buttons. Raw panic. Nothing responds.

TECH #1  
Total system failure. I can't  
control anything. Someone is  
overriding us!

Price pull his gun. Checks the mag.

PRICE  
Who?

TECH #1  
Please, don't shoot me.

PRICE  
 Could it be him?

TECH #1  
 I don't know!

The tech throws his hands up in front of his face: Please!

PRICE  
 Like I'd waste a bullet on you.

The Tech relaxes. Price SHOOTS him.

Z'S PENTHOUSE

Z rummages through a closet. Finally, he comes out with a prize: A SAW!

Z  
 Cut off my fucking head, will you?  
 I'll mount yours on my wall!

From outside, EXPLOSIONS. Fireballs. Chaos. Screams. Z sprints to a window and observes.

Z  
 Goddammit! Can't anybody follow  
 orders any more?

COURTYARD

Price skids to a stop in the common area. Gunfire CEASES.

FIVE GUARDS point semi-automatic rifles in his direction.

Price follows their gaze to find...

Sharkey on the other side. Standing his ground.

SHARKEY  
 Looking for me?

PRICE  
 Always.

SHARKEY  
 Where's my wife?

PRICE  
 She's fine...When this is all over,  
 she's gonna give me a blowjob.

They simultaneously fire! Bullets pass within millimeters.

In an instant, the air is thick with screaming GUNFIRE.

The two men dance around one another, behind cover and out, as if they each know the other's moves ahead of time.

Neither man can get the edge. As they circle closer...

CLICK! CLICK! Gunslides snap open. Out of ammo.

PRICE

Goddamn! You really are the best.  
This is too fucking sweet.

SHARKEY

Still got my gun?

Price smiles.

SHARKEY

I'll be wanting that back, too.

PRICE

Come get it!

Empty mags drop. CHUK! CHUK! New mags lock and load.

And they're off again...

Sharkey spins behind a column, BLAZING AWAY. Price ducks and rolls. Pops up FIRING.

Price dives through a set of glass doors and into...

AN ADJOINING FOYER

A heavy metal bar SLAMS into place, seals the outside doors.

Price watches incredulously.

Bars seal him in from the other side. Price is trapped between two sets of glass doors!

Sharkey approaches, sizes up the glass walls. On the other side, Price shrugs confusion.

Sharkey aims at Price's head. BLAM! The shot bounces off the glass. Barely a scratch. Bulletproof.

Sharkey glares at Price through the glass.

SHARKEY

Some other time.

PRICE

Wait!

Price BANGS on the glass prison, as Sharkey strides away.

THE GROTTA

MONITOR: Price smashes at the glass wall with a velvet rope stand. He's getting nowhere.

Contessa watches. Smiles to herself. She punches some buttons on a security panel.

THE COURTYARD

The campus is PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS. A P.A. crackles to life...

CONTESSA (O.S.)

I've got what you want, lover.

Contessa YANKS the tape from Sam's mouth. OOOuuuch!!

Sam's SCREAM echoes throughout the compound.

SHARKEY

Sam!

CONTESSA (O.S.)

Let's have a threeway!

A few select lights FLICKER BACK ON. They create an illuminated path. Straight to Contessa.

Z'S PENTHOUSE

Z screams into his intercom.

Z

Contessa! What the fuck is this?

No response. Z throws his chair into his monitor. CRASH!

Z

Goddammit!

He touches his earphone.

Z

Price! Where are you? What the hell is going on?

PRICE (O.S.)  
 Contessa's taken control of the  
 compound. She's locked me in.

Z SMASHES his earphone on the floor. Stomps on it for good  
 measure, unable to contain his rage.

Z  
 I'm fucking surrounded by idiots.

THE GROTTA

Sharkey walks through the open doorway and scans the area.  
 The COLORED TIGERS pace back and forth in their dioramas.

GUNFIRE sprays the entry as Sharkey dives behind some rocks.

CONTESSA  
 You thought you'd be cute at the  
 marina? Now it's my turn.

Contessa steps into the dim light.

She holds a five foot pole in her hands. At the end, a slip  
 noose collar. The kind used to guide tigers around.

Inside the collar, bound and gasping for air...

SAM.

SHARKEY  
 Let her go, Tessa. This has nothing  
 to do with Sam.

CONTESSA  
 Doesn't it?

Contessa tightens the noose. Sam collapses to her knees,  
 clawing at the collar.

CONTESSA  
 What the hell do you see in this  
 scrawny bitch, anyway?

SHARKEY  
 She never did anything to you.

CONTESSA  
 No. But, you did.

Sharkey glares at her.

SHARKEY  
 So, let's settle it. One on one.



CONTESSA  
You really want me to let her go?

SHARKEY  
Yes.

CONTESSA  
Say please.

Sharkey shifts his gaze to Sam. Softens.

SHARKEY  
Please.

CONTESSA  
You're pathetic. She's not worth  
your begging...You need a real woman.

SHARKEY  
I asked. Now I'm telling you...Let  
her go.

CONTESSA  
Make me!

SHARKEY  
With pleasure.

Sharkey draw and FIRES. Contessa twirls to the side. The  
bullets ricochet off the glass dioramas.

Inside, the tigers GROWL displeasure.

Contessa ducks. Sam gets yanked into the side of the security  
desk. Head first.

Contessa pulls her 10" blade. Steadies the pole on the desk  
top and SLAMS the blade through wood and leather...

Pinning Sam in place.

CONTESSA  
Stay!

Contessa slips out of hiding and unleashes death: 100 rounds  
per minute...

Sharkey dives behind some fake plants.

The bulletproof glass on the dioramas cracks. Glass SHATTERS.

One of the tigers JUMPS DOWN into the room.

Sam stretches a hand out for the knife. The pole holding her at bay, just out of reach.

The machine gun continues to wreak havoc.

Other tigers amble over to the hole. One by one, they LEAP OVER THE SHARDS into the room.

SHARKEY

Fuck me.

CONTESSA

You said it, sweetheart.

The tigers pace along the perimeter. GROWLING.

One of the Tigers LEAPS.

BLAM! BLAM!

Sharkey rolls to the side. THUD! 1000 pounds of dead meat splays across the ground.

CONTESSA

Come on, kittens. Get your supper.

Contessa wiggles the pole holding Sam.

CONTESSA

Shake that ass for them, honey.  
They like live bait.

A tiger SNIFFS the air. Circles in for the prey.

BLAM!

Sharkey takes it down.

CONTESSA

This is natural selection at work,  
Sharkey. Don't interfere!

She BLAZES in his direction.

Some tigers race for the door: too crazy in there.

The black and pink tiger stays, ROARS. Gunfire ceases.

The Tiger crouches low...stalks toward Sam.

Sam struggles against the pole...

Contessa smiles at Sam's plight, teeth like a tigress herself.

Sharkey pops up. Contessa OPENS FIRE keeping him at bay.

The Tiger draws close...

Sam YANKS BACK ON THE COLLAR WITH ALL HER MIGHT. The knife POPS free. Twirls upward.

Contessa snatches it out of the air. Amazing reflexes.

The tiger LEAPS...

Sam swings her neck, the long pole ARCS AROUND. SLAMS INTO Contessa. KNOCKS her off balance.

The tiger CRASHES down on top of Contessa.

They wrestle across the floor, Contessa knifing its back.

Sam tosses the pole to the ground. Sharkey grabs her hand and they run out of the room. SLAMMING the door behind them.

The big paws maul at Contessa. She's no match for the beast. Two big CHOMPS and her body falls limp.

THE COURTYARD

Sharkey pulls Sam off to the side. Undoes her bindings.

SAM

You slept with that bitch?

SHARKEY

A moment of weakness.

SAM

Weakness, my ass. Your taste in women has always sucked.

SHARKEY

Not always.

Sharkey rubs the circulation back into her hands.

SAM

We can argue this later. Let's go!

SHARKEY

It's not over yet.

She grimaces, grabs his wounded shoulder...he SCREAMS!

SAM

You're not going anywhere with that.  
It's over.

He slaps a new magazine into his pistol.

SAM

Listen to me, John. If you go after Z, you'll die.

SHARKEY

This ends now.

SAM

Your body is found at the scene. Think it through, John.

She reaches for his gun. He pulls his hand away.

SAM

You said it yourself. This isn't even your gun. Price has your gun.

She reaches for it again. They both eye the gun in his hand.

SAM

This is an artifact from a future we don't want. The longer you hold onto it, the more certain it is to happen. Leave it. Walk away.

SHARKEY

I can't.

SAM

John, you're making the prophecy come true. It's your life or the gun. It can't be both.

He snatches his hand back, annoyed.

SHARKEY

Time for you to go. Far away. Someplace you love.

SAM

Don't do this again. When will you learn? You have to leave this behind.

SHARKEY

I have learned. You were right. And, tonight I finally do something about it.

He presses something into her hand, wrapped in tissue.

She opens the tissue to reveal her barrette. Tears run down her cheeks.

SAM

Please, John. We need to stay together.

SHARKEY

In another life.

He walks toward his destiny.

Z'S PENTHOUSE

Z tidies up his desk. Pours two generous scotches. He pockets Sharkey's gun and glances to the door.

Nothing to do now but wait. Not long...

SHARKEY STEPS OUT FROM BEHIND Z. Pokes a gun in his back.

Z

Can't you do anything the way you're supposed to?

SHARKEY

I used to. Then, you decided to kill me.

Z

I had no choice.

SHARKEY

You could have trusted me.

Z

Like I did when you told me your wife was dead?

SHARKEY

She was dead to me.

Z

I preferred her dead to me.

Z faces Sharkey. Calm as a summer day.

Z

Scotch? You look like you could use some.

He indicates Sharkey's wound and bloodied shirt.

SHARKEY

I didn't come to drink.

Z  
That's right. All business with  
you, isn't it?

SHARKEY  
I hate this fucking business.

Sharkey whips out his cricket box. He tosses it at Z's feet.  
COINS SPILL EVERYWHERE ACROSS THE MARBLE FLOOR!

Z  
What the fuck is this?

SHARKEY  
A debt. I pay off tonight.

Z fumbles for his gun. Sharkey cocks his. CHIK!

Price steps out behind Sharkey. Gun pointed at his head. Z  
steadies his own pistol.

PRICE  
Just like Avalon, eh?

THREE-WAY MEXICAN STANDOFF. Sharkey in the middle.

PRICE  
Deja Vu. Man, there is a shitload  
of that going around these days.

SHARKEY  
This doesn't involve you.

PRICE  
Comforting. Forgive me if I don't  
lower my gun.

Z  
Do you have any idea how much your  
little folly has fucking cost me?  
Get on your knees.

Sharkey stands tall. Z explodes.

Z  
I told you to beg, you son-of-a-  
bitch! Get down and lick my shoes  
like a good dog!

SHARKEY  
No begging tonight.

Z  
Don't you know what this is in my  
hand?

SHARKEY

A gun.

Z

The gun! Your gun! How the fuck  
do you think you can kill me when  
I'm holding your gun?

SHARKEY

That's not my gun.

A moment of confusion crosses Z's face.

He notices the gun in Sharkey's hand...custom nose piece.  
Spots the gun in Price's hand...custom nose piece.

Back to his own gun...

NO NOSE PIECE! Price gave him HIS gun...not Sharkey's!!

Z

Fuck.

They all SQUEEZE OFF at once.

Z: BLAM! Shoots wild.

Sharkey: CLICK! Chamber jam!

Price: BLAM! A screaming straight shot. The bullet whizzes  
past Sharkey's head...

It NICKS HIS EAR but keeps going. Toward its target...

Z's eyes go wide.

SLAM!! Right into his forehead. Z crumples.

Sharkey ducks and swirls, comes up aiming at Price.

Price holds his aim. Neither man moves. Finally...

PRICE

Your ear.

Sharkey touches a finger to his ear. Smears blood.

PRICE

I suppose you'd have done better?

SHARKEY

Nope.

Price lowers his gun.

PRICE

Liar.

Price smiles, tidies up the crime scene. Arranging it. Sharkey tries to puzzle it out.

SHARKEY

Why?

PRICE

I saw the future. And it wasn't with him. Give me a hand here.

Price grabs Z's shoulders. Sharkey takes his legs. They move him to center of the room.

PRICE

We need another body.

SHARKEY

The hallway.

PRICE

Grab that briefcase. Leave the other.

Price ducks out into the hallway. Sharkey looks around the room. Taking it all in.

He sees the empty suitcase, overturned in a corner. And the other, on the wetbar. With \$100 million. He also sees...

THE NEWSPAPER

Sharkey grabs it, reads all about how he is supposed to die.

Price stumbles back in DRAGGING A BODY behind him. Spots Sharkey reading the paper.

PRICE

Get rid of that, too. Or it'll blow the cops's minds.

Sharkey picks up a lighter. Lights a corner. Watches the prophecy burn to a crisp.

PRICE

All right. Now your gun.

Sharkey hesitates.

PRICE

That's the one they find at the crime scene.

(MORE)



PRICE (CONT'D)  
You need to leave it behind.

Sharkey presses his gun into the stiff's hand.  
Price raises the gun in Z's dead hand, and...  
BLAM! Point blank shot into the stiff's face.

PRICE  
So much for dental records. Only  
one more touch.

Price holds out his palms. Empty. A bravado flick of the  
wrist...

THE DNA TESTER appears in his hand! He smiles for show.

PRICE  
Do you know what ninety percent of  
magic is?

He takes Sharkey's hand. Pokes his finger. Blood wells.  
BEEP! DNA Match: John Sharkey.

SHARKEY  
Misdirection.

PRICE  
Smart man.

Price flips a switch on the tester, plunges it into the stiff.  
BEEP! DNA Match. This is now John Sharkey!

PRICE  
Voila! You're officially...

SHARKEY  
Dead.

PRICE  
Word of advice? Stay that way.

An understanding passes between the two men.

PRICE  
And, now for my final trick...

He produces: THE SAW!

Price leans down by Z's body, Sharkey stands by the doors.

SHARKEY  
What's the other ten percent?

PRICE  
Magic! Of course!

Next time Price looks up, Sharkey's gone. Curtains sway in the breeze. A disappearing act of his own.

Price grins, lowers the saw to Z's neck, and HACKS.

INT. PRICE'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Price enters carrying a paper sack and a titanium suitcase.

He bends down and grabs the morning newspaper...

The headline: "Z Assassinated!"

PRICE  
Fairy tales can come true.

He pulls out Sharkey's gun. Lays it on the table, with the paper, reaches into the bag and pulls out one final memento...

Z'S SEVERED HEAD.

He sets the head down. Stands back. Admires his haul.

Three good luck charms. Harbingers of bright days ahead.

He strolls to the bar. Splashes some scotch into a tumbler. Takes a well-deserved sip. Turns back and finds...

THE TABLE IS EMPTY.

The souvenirs are gone! Snatched away to the past... Price puzzles it out. Then laughs.

PRICE  
Won't do you any good, Nick.

Another sip. Then, he punches a number into a speakerphone.

VOICE ON PHONE  
Pangaea.

PRICE  
Call the board members. I wanna meet them. Tonight at 5 PM.

VOICE ON PHONE  
Who is this?

PRICE

Price. You all work for me now.

VOICE ON PHONE

Who died and left you boss?

PRICE

Everybody.

He lets out a smug little laugh. It's short-lived.

NICK (O.S.)

Not quite everybody.

A cold chill up Price's spine. He spins to face...

NICK'S HOLOGRAM

Alive and well. Smiling like the cat who outfoxed the hound.

NICK

I'd say you work for me now.

Price's smile fades, along with his dreams.

EXT BEACH - DAY

Bright, blue, unspoiled. Everything you see when you close your eyes and imagine paradise.

Sam sits on the beach, lost in thought. Eyes rimmed in red.

A newspaper flutters at her feet: "Z Assassinated!" The same old headline. Everything she feared.

SAM

Goddamn you, Sharkey.

She reaches into her hair and removes her barrette - the all-purpose industrial art keepsake...

Then, HURLS it out into the ocean.

SHARKEY (V.O.)

What are you doing?

She spins around. Sharkey smiles down on her.

SHARKEY

That thing was more useful than a gun.

SAM

I don't like guns.

SHARKEY  
Neither do I.

SAM  
The Sharkey I knew made his living  
with a gun.

SHARKEY  
In another life.

Emotions swirl in Sam. An awkward pause...

A BELLHOP struggles up. A titanium case in hand.

BELLHOP  
Excuse me, sir. Where should I put  
your luggage?

Before Sharkey can say anything...

SAM  
In my room.

She smiles, then THROWS herself into Sharkey's arms. She  
kisses him as if it were their first. About time!

When they finally come up for air...

SAM  
So, what we do now?

SHARKEY  
Live like there's no tomorrow.

Sharkey wraps an arm around her waist. They lazily follow  
the Bellhop.

SAM  
What's in the briefcase, anyway?

SHARKEY  
Who knows? Could be a newspaper,  
could be a stash of diamonds.

SAM  
But definitely not a gun?

SHARKEY  
Christ, I hope not.

FADE OUT: