

KILLER THERAPY

written by

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Absolutely none of this is based on a true story.

Thank goodness.

FADE IN:

An inky silhouette of a LITTLE GIRL'S head and shoulders matted against a flat silver sky. Playful banter.

As she sways, the summer sun peeks around her dangling hair, a tufted bird's nest. It bathes us in blinding sunlight, then shade. Brightness, then shadow. Light, then dark.

EXT. NOLAN'S SUBURBAN HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY

Spreadeagle, the little girl, GEMMA (5) balances on her FATHER'S outstretched hands as he lies in the grass.

In one motion, he rolls her onto her back and launches into a tickle attack.

She giggles.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Nolan!

Smiling, her father, NOLAN (35) snaps his face toward the house. His smile melts away.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE

NOLAN

EXT. NOLAN'S SUBURBAN HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY

Nolan climbs to his feet. He's perfect on paper. Checks all the boxes. And it's all an absolute made-up, messed-up, smiling-right-to-your-face, fucking lie.

A no-nonsense suburban homemaker, RACHEL (35) waves Nolan's cell phone. She loves her husband. Hates his job.

Cautions from the porch...

RACHEL
It's work.

Nolan starts away.

GEMMA
Aww...

NOLAN
Gotta go, Gem-bug.

Gemma stands. Knows she'll never win this fight. Blows a stray blade of grass from her lips.

Nolan pecks Rachel's cheek as she hands him the phone.

RACHEL
Sounds bad.

INT. NOLAN'S SEDAN - DAY

With his game face on, Nolan drives.

EXT. WORKING-CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Lit like a beacon, a police cruiser wraps one house in red and blue whirling lights. Concerned NEIGHBORS gather.

A uniformed cop with a chip on his shoulder, BRASH (25) huddles with Nolan's partner, AJ (30) an inexperienced homicide detective. Folksy. A modest twang to his words.

Nolan's sedan eases to a stop.

BRASH
That him?

AJ
The man, the legend...

BRASH
Is it true he hates cops?

AJ
More like he don't trust 'em or anyone for that matter-- But especially cops. In fact, y'all shouldn't say too much. And, maybe, go stand yonder.

Offended, Brash steps back. Back. Back.

AJ
Yeah, a little farther. More than
that. A little... Yeah-- Bingo.

A BOOT PRINT in a patch of earth near the porch.

Nolan studies the ground. The house. The very basic footwear
of the neighbors. Then turns to AJ.

And that's his cue...

AJ
Whaddya got, boss?

Nolan drops to a knee.

Raises a handful of soil to his nose. Breathes deeply.

Offers it to AJ.

Who leans close. Takes a quick whiff.

NOLAN
Taste it.

AJ
Eh, it's dirt, boss.

Nolan keeps his arm extended.

NOLAN
You're never gonna build a sample set
if you don't start.

Nods sharply at his hand.

Trapped, AJ weighs his options.

Reluctantly, sticks out his tongue. It quivers.

AJ shuffles closer. Closes his eyes.

As his tongue barely touches it...

AJ
(jerks back)
I can't do it.

Nolan laps a bit of dirt.

Rolls it around in his mouth.

Spits it out. Stands.

NOLAN
Familiar, but I can't place it.

Across the yard over Nolan's shoulder...

BRASH
Hey, superstar...

AJ drops his head. Sighs.

Nolan searches the skies for patience.

AJ
I warned him, boss.

BRASH
... You call that police work?

Brash chuckles in front of a group of neighbors.

NOLAN
(to AJ)
You know it's not that crazy.

Picks dirt out of his mouth.

AJ
Nobody said it was--

NOLAN
He did.

AJ
He ain't nobody. But it is a little
crazy, boss--

NOLAN
And stop calling me boss--

AJ
Only if y'all stop eating dirt around
the guys. It's embarrassing, Nolan.

NOLAN
What's inside?

AJ
Forced entry. One female-- Deceased.
She's been in there a while.

INT. WORKING-CLASS HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nolan and AJ scan the dim room as they enter.

NOLAN

Pattern out there looked like a
military-issued boot.

AJ

Get a cast made. Copy that.

Flips the light switch with his elbow.

NOLAN

Kitchen.

The body of a dead WOMAN lies prone on the linoleum. Her neck
twisted at an impossible angle.

A deep sigh cracks from Nolan's chest.

NOLAN

I'll, um, start out here. Check the
back rooms for anything.

AJ nods. Leaves.

KITCHEN

Nolan works his way around the body for a better look at her
face. Squats.

His eyes light up. SHOCKED.

It's... It can't be.

IT'S RACHEL.

Nolan leans closer. Stares.

NOLAN

Rachel?

Oh, god. A thought blanks his face.

Sends him flying into the...

LIVING ROOM

NOLAN

Gemma?

Searches for his daughter. Frantic.

AJ rushes into the living room.

AJ

Nolan?

NOLAN
Where's Gemma?

AJ
At home?

Turns to the dead body. Then Nolan.
Confused, Nolan digs for his phone.
Dials.

AJ
Nolan, what's going on?
Clearly, Nolan has no idea.
His phone rings. And rings.
Nolan sprints away.

PRELAP AUDIO: A phone rings through car speakers.

I/E. NOLAN'S SEDAN - DAY

Undone, Nolan turns over every scenario in his mind.
His car races through traffic, ignoring red lights, common sense and the laws of physics.
As Nolan's phone rings over the car speakers...

NOLAN
Pick up the goddamn phone, Rachel.
... And the call goes to voicemail.

EXT. NOLAN'S SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Nolan's sedan skids across the lawn.
He flies out without closing the door.
Sprints to the stoop.

INT. NOLAN'S SUBURBAN HOME - CONTINUOUS

Nolan explodes through the front door.
Slides to a stop.
Abruptly, Rachel and Gemma turn.

GEMMA

Daddy!

Nolan's as shocked as they are.

RACHEL

Nolan, what's going on?

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE

KILLER THERAPY

EXT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - DAY

Darkness thins. Gives way to morning light. Ancient blue peaks spiked with evergreens reach from the horizon. Contrast with a complex of modern buildings in the foothills.

TITLE "THREE MONTHS LATER"

Two STAFF MEMBERS in white smocks escort a discharged PATIENT across manicured grounds.

Out of a waiting sedan, an exotic-looking DRIVER covertly slips the Patient a pistol.

He wheels-- Two muzzle flashes.

The Staff Members collapse dead in a heap.

The Patient spits in their direction. Climbs into the car.

As the sedan SPEEDS off, the pistol flies out the window.

A SIGN at the entrance says "Happy Valley Treatment Center."

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

In the middle of a group therapy session, patients lounge on comfy chairs arranged in a semicircle. The place looks like Tesla redesigned the Hotel California.

A wheelchair-bound therapist and insecure control freak, FLETCHER (60s) leans close.

FLETCHER

... But why do you think the victims appeared to be your wife and daughter?

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE

FLETCHER

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

Uncomfortable with his hallucination, Nolan surveys faces.

It's a room full of patients who look like Nolan.

For the rest of the scene, each patient (who we will meet shortly) looks like Nolan. Each patient sounds different and wears a "HELLO, MY NAME IS _____" name tag to help tell them apart. Fletcher looks like Nolan's wife, Rachel.

TICKLES

(chortles)

Okay, now, that's some really fucked up shit, right there.

FLETCHER

Tickles, you know the rules. No cross-talk until it's your time to dialogue.

NOLAN

--Thank you, doctor--

FLETCHER
I'm still not a doctor.

NOLAN
Well, uh, seeing something like that.
It... It makes you kinda rethink a
lotta things, you know.

FLETCHER
Own it.

NOLAN
Makes me rethink a lot of my life
decisions.

FLETCHER
Go on.

NOLAN
Like, for example, why I ever got into
this line of work in the first place.

FLETCHER
As a cop?

NOLAN
How many times I gotta explain this?
I'm not a cop. I hate cops. I'm a
detective-- Whole different thing.

FLETCHER
All right then, let's talk about your
work as a contract killer.

TICKLES
--I, um, prefer the term hitman.

PLANK
Hired gun

QUAN
Ninja.

RATTLER
Closer

JEET
Assassin.

JERSEY
House painter.

FLETCHER
(clears his throat)
Again, it's Nolan's time to talk.

NOLAN

I took a small town homicide job so I could put all of that behind me and lead a quiet, normal life...

Nolan loses himself in Fletcher/Rachel's eyes.

NOLAN

... With the woman of my dreams.

FLETCHER

Please stop looking at me like that.

NOLAN

Fuck the life. Fuck The Corporation.

TICKLES

--Yeah, fuck The Corporation.

The therapy group murmurs in agreement.

FLETCHER

Just a friendly reminder, The Corporation sponsors all of this: my time and a lifetime commitment to your mental well-being.

TICKLES

--Fuck. The Corporation.

FLETCHER

But deep down inside isn't that killer still a part of you, Nolan?

NOLAN

I mean... Can you ever really, like, duck out on who you really are?

FLETCHER

Would you like to share something about your family with the group?

Nolan studies the other patients.

FLETCHER

This is a safe place.

Nolan's done sharing.

FLETCHER

Does anyone else feel like our special line of work endangers our loved ones?

TICKLES

Fuck my ex.

RATTLER
 (Aussie accent)
 Wouldn't mind another crack at her.

TICKLES
 God Almighty! I will park a fucking
 slug in your fucking brainpan--

DANNI (O.S.)
 --Hey!

A female patient, Tickle's effervescent ex-girlfriend, Danni, looks like Nolan's daughter, Gemma.

DANNI
 Hey, assholes. Is everybody here
 invisible or is it just me?

EXT. WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The bitter end of a one-sided shootout. Floodlights. Sirens.

A MAN IN BLACK TACTICAL GEAR toes one of the many bodies.

Nothing.

Winded, the lead MERCENARY (30) slips, undetected, around a cargo container. Whispers into a satellite phone.

MERCENARY
 Sir, yessir. That's a negative, sir.
 I'm the only one left.

The brutal CRACKLE of automatic weapons fire in the distance.

He checks over his shoulder.

MERCENARY
 (resigned)
 Yeah, I'm sure.

High above through a sniper scope, we sweep the scene. Acquire the Mercenary. Follow him as he scurries to a...

HUMVEE

As the Mercenary slips inside his vehicle...

MERCENARY (V.O.)
 Oh, no, sir, negative. I would not recommend that action, sir. Well, basically, because they're all in therapy for a reason, sir. They're defective-- Wrong in the head.

ROOFTOP

A SNIPER lies prone behind a REMINGTON LONG GUN.

Her finger readies over the trigger. **Nails painted black.**

She pulls a long, slow, even breath.

HUMVEE

The Mercenary drops the key fob.

MERCENARY

Exactly how many other teams have The Corporation sent before us? You're kidding, we weren't even Plan B?

Ducks down to retrieve the key fob.

The Humvee window SPIDERS.

The Mercenary pops up like a bug-eyed jack-in-the-box. Turns.

Hot on the tail of a SECOND BULLET, we race toward his face.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

Fletcher addresses the same patients we met the day before.

However, this time everyone appears as themselves, not as Nolan's hallucination. They're still wearing their name tags.

The unmistakable hint of danger in his smile...

FLETCHER

Greetings fellow travelers. My name is Fletcher and I am a killer.

Disinterested patients mumble his name and grouse.

FLETCHER

Why don't we, um, get started with shares. Anything anyone wants to share with the group? Shares? Anyone? No? Well, I have some exciting news.

Begrudgingly, the group warms.

FLETCHER

The Corporation has granted permission for us to participate in a live fire off-site. Three short days from now.

TICKLES
 (hopeful)
 A hit?!

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE

TICKLES

INT. SKYSCRAPER BOARDROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

A bipolar hitman fighting to control his anger issues, TICKLES (35) bawls as he spins in a 360 on top of a boardroom table. He blasts the unseen below him with an assault rifle.

Bodies lie scattered on the floor. Slumped in chairs.

Wind bellows through a shattered window.

Tickles falls to his knees. Sobs uncontrollably. Mumbles something about his mommy.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

NOLAN
 Timeout. What does all that crap mean?

DANNI
 (crows)
 Field trip!

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE

DANNI

EXT. MANSION - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Lounging in a hot tub filled with cherry blossom petals, DANNI (25) a weaponized narcissist and psychopathic killer, flashes duck lips. She's wearing a tiara.

Snaps a selfie.

DANNI

(to someone off-camera)

Tell me, babe. Am I getting way too chill with all uh this? The death. The killing. The mayhem. Babe? Babe!

The ass-end of a DEAD MAN breaches the rose pedals. Bobs.

DANNI

Ah, there you are.

Fishes under the layer of cherry blossoms and grabs a fist full of hair. Lifts the Dead Man's head out of the water.

DANNI

You know, of course, we're breaking up. Right?

Pecks his forehead.

Leaves a double scarlet lipstick stain.

He sinks back underwater.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

FLETCHER
Better known as team building, Nolan.

DANNI
(bear claws)
... With villainy sprinkles.

TICKLES
C'mon man, just call it what it is.
It's a goddamn hit.

RATTLER
(deadpan)
Should be fun.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE

RATTLER

INT. RATTLER'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Out of a restless sleep, a schizophrenic Aussie hitman, RATTLER (30) starts awake-- Sits up in bed. The face of unconditional rage tinged with fear, Rattler screams until he's shaking.

Pants.

Imposing as a professional rugby player, Rattler's a self-loathing time bomb. A sullen, miswired bundle of tics. And carries his own personal demons with him everywhere. Even into his dreams.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

FLETCHER

Now, I'm gonna break us into teams--

DANNI

--Oh, I'm team leader!

FLETCHER

Lion team is responsible for all hardware. Tickles, Danni and Rattler, I know you three have a past, but you've all made great progress.

JEET

I'm very sorry, but I work alone.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE

JEET

INT. FARM HOUSE - FLASHBACK - DAY

An antisocial revenge killer for hire, JEET (40) stares at a shapeless lump on fire in the middle of the room. The fire quickly spreads. We can't assume it was a person tied to a chair and burned alive. But it was.

The only thing Jeet loves more than fire is blowing shit up. His dashing good looks, devilish smile and waxed mustache belie the fact he was booted from the Pakistani military for excessive violence.

Warms his hands over the burning body.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

FLETCHER

Tiger team: Strategy and logistics.
Jersey, Quan and Jeet.

Jeet simmers.

QUAN

Wait. What's it pay?

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE

QUAN

INT. TRENDY APARTMENT - FLASHBACK - DAY

Through a translucent door, we see TWO FIGURES struggle.

One pulls a gun.

Snap. Snap. Snap.

The other spasms. Collapses out of sight.

With a skewer sticking out of his cheek, QUAN (17) calmly slides open the door. Eases the skewer out of his face.

Quan's dapper and well-groomed. That's the upside of his OCD. He's also a money-motivated hitman who sometimes acts before he thinks. That's the downside of his ADHD.

He opens and closes a briefcase stuffed with foreign currency four times.

Lights up a cigarette. Savors a drag.

Smoke jets out of the hole in his cheek.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

FLETCHER

Double your standard fee.

NOLAN

Okay, I'm out.

FLETCHER

We're, uh, pretty firm on the rates.

QUAN

Hmmp, more for the rest of us.

FLETCHER

There is no cut, Quan. It's just your rate, times two.

QUAN

Oh, yeah. I knew that.

NOLAN

I don't care. I'm not a murderer.

FLETCHER

Nolan, I'm sorry but participation is mandatory. Consider it a test of your commitment to the program.

JERSEY

--Eh, what's the target, chief?

FLETCHER

No minors.

Satisfied, Jersey nods sharply.

QUAN

Can the O.G. still carry his end?

JEET

You two will do fine--

QUAN

We'll all do fine.

JEET

As I was saying earlier, I work alone.

JERSEY

I'll be working alone, I hear any more chirping outta you two squids.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE

JERSEY

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - FLASHBACK - DAY

At the head of a line for fresh deli meats, a haunted hitman with PTSD, JERSEY (65) gladly accepts a pound of thin-sliced pastrami from the BUTCHER.

Jersey spins with a revolver. Points it at MRS. GLOSTER (70) standing behind him in line.

JERSEY

Yer husband, he forgave ya. The Corporation saw it different.

He fires once.

BLAMO

Jersey breaks into a smile.

Mrs. Gloster falls forward...

Reveals the bullet went straight through Mrs. Gloster and into a YOUNG GIRL standing behind her. She collapses too.

Horrified, Jersey drops his gun.

Runs. Slips.

Drops his pastrami.

Peers back. Eyes filled with questions.

Jersey scrambles away.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

FLETCHER

And Bear team will be responsible for research and recon. Consisting of myself, Nolan...

NOLAN

(scoffs)

Were you not listening to anything I just said?

Plank raises his hand.

PLANK

Oh, pick me. Pick me.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE

PLANK

EXT. CROWDED PLAZA - FLASHBACK - DAY

Dumb as a board, PLANK (25) studies a photo on his phone...

A HANDSOME MAN in a blue suit jacket and white cowboy hat.

Plank spots a man in the same blue suit jacket and white cowboy hat across the plaza.

He threads through the crowd.

Whips out a gun and BOOM. BOOM.

Stuffs a couple in the man's back.

The man falls. Rolls. It's the WRONG MAN.

Shit. Plank double-checks his phone.

ANOTHER MAN in a blue jacket and white cowboy hat approaches.

BOOM. BOOM.

Plank drops him too.

Again, it's not the right man.

PLANK

How many guys wearing blue suit jackets and white cowboy hats can there be in one town?

People realize what's happening. Scatter.

Across the plaza, the actual target, Handsome Man, and two armed GUARDS spot Plank. Draw weapons. Sprint after him.

Screaming like a little girl, Plank runs for his life. Closes his eyes. Fires blind.

And with dumb luck, drops both Guards and the Handsome Man.

Plank runs into a hotel. A sign over the entrance reads, "Welcome Big Oil Attorney Convention."

END FLASHBACK

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

FLETCHER

And the third team member is...

--Plank gasps in anticipation.

FLETCHER

... Plank.

PLANK

Yee-es!

FLETCHER

Okay, people. We only have two days to do our prep work. Let's get on this.

His mood darkens.

FLETCHER

(growls at Nolan)
You, too.

A determination grows in Nolan's eyes.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - CAFETERIA - DAY

STAFF come and go. Eat. Talk in hushed voices.

At the soda bar, Fletcher speaks to someone over a headset.

Tips a large cup under the ice dispenser. Nothing comes out. He tries again and again. It becomes a war of wills.

FLETCHER

Excuse me? Eh, I'm sorry, ma'am, but I'm not sure you fully comprehend how special my therapy really is-- and by proxy me. I mean, people throw around the word genius but...

An avalanche of ice buries his cup.

Fletcher dumps the spare ice.

FLETCHER

You think it's easy, turning this Island of Misfit Toys back into invincible killer robots?

Presses the cup under a soda nozzle.

The cup slowly fills.

FLETCHER

Uh, huh. Oh, yeah, but. But... Oh, yes, ma'am. Nolan?

The nozzle spits air.

Splashes Fletcher.

FLETCHER

Oh, they'll all be highly functional.

Rests his drink in the wheelchair cup holder.

Reaches for a straw wrapped in paper.

Struggles to free the straw from the paper.

FLETCHER

(under his breath)

I would not refer to the others as expendable. And might I add...

(frustrated)

Agreed. Nolan's the priority. Turn him back into a mindless murder machine-- Got it.

In a fit, Fletcher throws the straw, rakes the headset off and sweeps the soda across the cafeteria.

Everything's against him.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nolan talks to his wife on a landline phone.

NOLAN
... And how's Gemma doing?

RACHEL (V.O.)
What about you?

NOLAN
Me? I'm... I'm fine.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Her teacher says she's doing, like,
really advanced work.

INT. NOLAN'S SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gemma pops out of her homework. Flashes a smile.

NOLAN (V.O.)
Mm-hmm.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

RACHEL
We miss you, Nolan.

NOLAN
I, um. I miss you too.

RACHEL
Okay, what's wrong?

NOLAN
Nothing.

She bites her lip.

RACHEL
Can we visit yet?

NOLAN
I dunno.

RACHEL
(scoffs)
Well, have you asked?

Nolan just stares.

Rachel sees past his silence.

RACHEL
Okay, what's wrong?

NOLAN
They want me to do this "team-
building" thing.

RACHEL
What the hell's that?

NOLAN
Right? I don't wanna do it.

RACHEL
Well, do you have to do it?

NOLAN
It's part of the therapy, I guess.

RACHEL
Do you trust 'em?

NOLAN
That's the thing.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - BOARD ROOM - DAY

Fletcher slows his electric wheelchair. Glides to the head of the table. The Lion, Tiger and Bear teams gather.

FLETCHER
Tiger team! Strategy review.

JEET
The Corporation has been getting its
butt handed to it by The Squad--

JERSEY
I wouldn't go that far.

DANNI
Hmmp, we did lose our Black Diamond
rating--

QUAN
And every choice contract lately.

JERSEY
A little loyalty to the firm what made
ya wouldn't be outta order, Sonny.

QUAN
(scoffs)
One more, old man--

JERSEY
Anytime, Pimple Farmer.

Fletcher waves his hands.

FLETCHER
Okay-okay, who needs a time-out?

Fletcher's fancy wristwatch catches Nolan's attention.

JEET
The Corporation has already launched
three frontal attacks on The Squad's
headquarters. All three disasters.

NOLAN
So whatcha fellas got?

JERSEY
The kid has an idea, but if we hate
it, I'm good with going all Charge of
the Light Brigade.

Attention moves to Quan.

QUAN
We take out their money. A bank in the
Cayman Islands, two hours from here.

DANNI
--Oh, we are so doing that.

JEET
(to Fletcher)
So we will be needing the P.J.

Fletcher shrugs.

QUAN
But there is a catch.

Nolan doesn't like any of this.

QUAN
Check this out. It's the same bank
that backs The Corporation.

RATTLER
--What the fuck?

DANNI
--Is that even legal?

QUAN

It's like owning Coke and Pepsi. They run the whole market, every contract hit for every government, business and the entire underworld.

PLANK

I thought this was a bank?

TICKLES

It's a metaphorical anecdote, moron!

FLETCHER

We need sign-off on all this, but I love it.

Spirits rise in the room.

And then are dashed.

NOLAN

Well, I hate it. I hate bank jobs. Scared people are dangerous.

DANNI

Should we vote or sumthin'?

FLETCHER

Pfft, I just did.

Counts faces.

FLETCHER

Where'd Jeet go?

Jeet's no longer in the room.

JERSEY

He does that.

DANNI

Totally sus, and a little creepers.

QUAN

Well, what're we waiting for? Let's go rob a bank.

As the group breaks up, Nolan sidles up to Fletcher.

NOLAN

Noticed your bracelet.

FLETCHER

Oh, you mean this?

Stretches out his arm.

FLETCHER
(brags)
My dad's. A Da Vinci.

NOLAN
Nice--

Flashes his own wristwatch.

NOLAN
My father's Patek Philippe.

They trade.

FLETCHER
Took it off my old man's dead body
after I beat him to death.

Wow. Nolan's never seen this side of Fletcher.

FLETCHER
Enjoyed beating me and my brothers a
little too much and once too often.

NOLAN
And you've been trying to earn his
respect ever since.

They return each other's watch.

FLETCHER
I treated your father, you know.

NOLAN
That why he's dead?

FLETCHER
The story goes he crossed some crooked
cops.

NOLAN
So they say. He, um, gave me the
watch, in case you're wondering.

FLETCHER
Is that why you followed in his
footsteps? Revenge on the world? Or
are you trying to earn his respect?

Nolan glares.

FLETCHER

You know I'm only trying to get you to a better place.

NOLAN

Oh, I know that doc. Wait-- I said that wrong. No. No, you're not.

FLETCHER

And I'm still not a doctor.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - FLETCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

On his desk, Fletcher lays out three black GLOCK pistols.

Danni, Tickles and Rattler select a weapon.

Rattler's face tics.

Tickles scowls.

Danni pretends to fire at imaginary people.

DANNI

Pew! Pew-pew!

INT. HAPPY VALLEY SHUTTLE VAN - DAY

From the driver's seat, Tickles adjusts the rearview mirror.

In the back, Danni and Rattler sit side-by-side.

A little too close for Tickles' liking.

MOMENTS LATER

In the rearview mirror, Tickles and Rattler sit side-by-side.

From the driver's seat, Danni adjusts the mirror.

EXT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

As the SHUTTLE VAN pulls away, light catches the Happy Valley Treatment Center logo on the side door.

We hear one side of Fletcher's phone conversation.

FLETCHER (V.O.)

Yes, ma'am. One team will rendezvous with our contact in town. She'll have small arms and tactical equipment.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - BOARD ROOM - DAY

Nose to nose, Jersey and Quan scowl. Jeet nowhere in sight.

FLETCHER (V.O.)
 ... Another team will continue working
 on logistics and refining strategy...

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

Nolan struts to a PRIVATE JET.

Fletcher and Plank trailing at a distance.

FLETCHER (V.O.)
 ... And my team will conduct recon on
 the bank in the Caymans. Yes, ma'am.

Nolan greets AJ wearing a pilot's uniform, and a stewardess
 with eyes as big as an anime character, DAPHNE (20).

AJ
 You know I can't fly.

Nolan pecks Daphne's cheek.

NOLAN
 Okay, Daphne, just play dumb. Got it?

DAPHNE
 Anything for Gemma.

NOLAN
 (to AJ)
 My family safe?

AJ
 Can confirm, boss.

NOLAN
 Try to stay up.

AJ
 Do I have options?

NOLAN
 None that I see.

Spins to face Fletcher and Plank as they arrive.

FLETCHER
 Where the hell's Jimmy?

NOLAN
It's Jimmy's day off.

AJ
Hiya, I'm AJ. Guess I'll be flyin'
you, good folks, today.

Reaches for Fletcher's hand. No handshake coming.
Plank shakes instead.

FLETCHER
Basically, for what we pay Jimmy, he
doesn't get days off.

DAPHNE
I'm Daphne.

Plank shakes her hand.

PLANK
They call me Plank.

FLETCHER
--He's nobody.

PLANK
(smitten with Daphne)
I... He's joking around.

FLETCHER
Nobody important.

NOLAN
Well, it's AJ or commercial.

FLETCHER
Ugh, fine. Does he know he needs to
help me inside?

AJ
I'd be happy to help get--

NOLAN
Except AJ is feeling a little sick.

AJ coughs. Clears his throat.

AJ
Nothing serious. Is it, Nolan?

FLETCHER
If I get Monkeypox, I'm not saying I'm
having Jimmy killed... But I'm having
Jimmy killed.

NOLAN

Okay, there it is. AJ stays in the cockpit for the whole trip. Me and Plank'll get Fletcher situated.

EXT. HAPPY VALLEY NAIL SALOON - DAY

Danni, Tickles and Rattler stare up at a...

SIGN "Happy Valley Nail Saloon."

... Rattler never takes his attention off the sign.

TICKLES

What the fuck are we doing here?

RATTLER

No.

DANNI

Boys, I haven't had professional cuticle care in months. I know you don't expect me to show up to an arms deal looking like this?

Presents her hands.

RATTLER

No.

DANNI

I, like, know you're trying to say yes, but it keeps coming out no and that's terribly confusing.

RATTLER

No, they spelled it wrong.

DANNI

Spelled what wrong, Sunshine?

RATTLER

Nail salon.

TICKLES

(rambling to Danni)

You ever hear that hamster wheel of human suffering ever say more than one sentence back to back?

Amazed, Danni shakes her head.

RATTLER

Not saloon.

DANNI

Oh, no, it's spelled right. See, Mommy always needs a belt or three before she does bid-nes. It helps keep her from making catastrophic decisions.

RATTLER

(one eye spasms)
Booze?

DANNI

Uh-huh.
(to Tickles)
I think we finally have his attention.

TICKLES

I think the big galoot finally smiled.

DANNI

Awww.

TICKLES

Right there, that little curl to his lip... Oh, there, it's gone again.

DANNI

Gentlemen, let's get some real therapy.

Tickles holds the door for Danni.

DANNI

Nuh-uh, this ain't a date.

Crestfallen, Tickles sighs.

Danni sashays away.

Rattler gives up on the sign. Follows her inside.

INT. PRIVATE GULF STREAM JET - CABIN - DAY

In the back of the plane, Fletcher quizzes Daphne...

FLETCHER

Is he in the cockpit--?

DAPHNE

AJ's in the cockpit.

FLETCHER

In the bathroom--?

DAPHNE
Plank's in the bathroom.

FLETCHER
Then where the hell is he?

She surrenders. Holds up her hands.

Plank exits the restroom.

FLETCHER
You! Did you see Nolan leave the plane
before we took off?

PLANK
Eh, I don't think so.

Fletcher waves his hand in front of his nose.

FLETCHER
Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Did you just
drop a deuce in the PJ?

PLANK
Nooooo.

Embarrassed, Plank checks Daphne.

FLETCHER
Then why does it smell like a carnie
outhouse? Plank, there is no going
number two on the P.J.

PLANK
It wasn't me.

FLETCHER
You, like, just walked out of the
restroom.

Pleading with his eyes, Plank nods at Daphne.

FLETCHER
I can hear the stink all over you.

PLANK
Then stop looking at me.

FLETCHER
Oh, my gawd, my eyes are watering.

Fletcher grabs a pillow to cover his nose. Screams.

Daphne steps by Plank.

DAPHNE

Don't worry, I, um, grew up with three brothers.

Raps on the cockpit door.

COCKPIT

Daphne cranes her head inside.

DAPHNE

You want any coffee, AJ?

Nolan at the controls turns to Daphne. Shakes his head-- Crinkles his nose at the smell. Fumbles for an oxygen mask.

Daphne closes the door.

FLASHBACK EARLIER

Nolan and AJ trade places in the cockpit.

AJ slips behind Daphne... Off the plane... down the airstairs... and across the tarmac.

Daphne pulls down the cabin door handle to seal it shut.

Signals Nolan by wrapping twice on the cockpit door.

END FLASHBACK

CABIN

Fletcher barks into a phone...

FLETCHER

Either we left Nolan at the airport, or he ditched us. Oh, who am I kidding? He ditched us. Swing by his house, and hit his phone like he owes you money.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY NAIL SALOON - DAY

A NAIL TECH works on Danni's hand.

DANNI

Uh, yeah, like, no prob.

Presses END on her phone.

Raises a full champagne flute.

DANNI
 (laughs)
 Fletcher's so fucked.

Grinning, Tickles leans close. Clinks her glass.

Confused, Rattler stares at a...

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

... Finishing his pedicure.

Rattler throws down a shot of tequila. Pours another.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - BOARD ROOM - DAY

A finger presses a button on the conference call phone.

Quan searches Jersey's face for the answer.

QUAN
 You think this means more money?

JERSEY
 I think we do it cuz it's our job.

Quan presses the button again.

QUAN
 Yo, man. It's not like we're the ones
 who lost him.

FLETCHER (V.O.)
 Fine. I'll bonus you.

Snarling at Jersey, Quan crotch-chop dances.

FLETCHER (V.O.)
 Alive! No coma. No brain damage. No
 permanent damage at all. Not even a
 head cold. I want the tofu bacon
 equivalent of a smash and grab.

QUAN
 (freezes)
 One thousand percent--

Starts dancing again.

JERSEY
 We're on it, sir.

Quan presses the button. Dances. Presses the button. Dances.
 Presses the button. Dances.

INT. PRIVATE JET - CABIN - DAY

We move toward the cockpit door. Closed shut.
The rumble of jet engines growl.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - ROW OF COOLERS - DAY

Behind fogged glass, six-packs of ice-cold beer beckon.
Rattler grips the door handle. Can't open it.
Confused, he tries again.
Shakes the handle.
Wrenches harder. And harder.
Tickles cocks his head at Danni. He knows where it's going.

DANNI

You wanna tell him he can't have beer?

After a battle to the death with the door handle...
Rattler steps back. Rakes his face. Saws breaths.

DANNI

Focus on yer breathing, Rattler...

RATTLER

(squats)
Aaaaaaaaaah!

Stands. Spins. SHATTERS the glass with his elbow.
His deep sunken eyes, fiery red.

DANNI

... Or, just do that.

COUNTER

A pudgy ATTENDANT (18) hops off his stool. The guy's better at complaining than feigning outrage. And softer than Cool Whip.

ATTENDANT

Dang it, man.

ROWS OF COOLERS

Calmly, Rattler clears away glass shards.
Lifts out a six-pack.

ATTENDANT (O.S.)
That's, like, comin' outta my
paycheck, ya know.

Danni and Tickle move to the STORE ENTRANCE. Linger.

COUNTER

Before Rattler gets to the register, an anxious CLOWN (20) in full circus regalia and face paint cuts in front of him.

CLOWN
Twenty bucks on three and a carton of
Reds.

In disbelief, Rattler can't stop blinking.

Steals a gander at his beer.

RATTLER
(calm)
Uh, 'scuse me--

CLOWN
And all the money in the register!

The clown whips out a BURP GUN.

The day gets very real for the Attendant. He steps back.

Rattler glances at Danni and Tickle.

ENTRANCE

Danni and Tickle can't stop staring.

TICKLES
Do we warn Bozo?

DANNI
Don't you dare ruin this for me.

COUNTER

The Clown puffs up. Slaps the countertop.

CLOWN
C'mon. Come on!

Edges between the Attendant and Rattler.

The Attendant lifts the drawer out of the register.

RATTLER
Oi. Oi!

CLOWN
 (to Rattler)
 Back it up, man.

RATTLER
 I don't give a Tinker's cuss. I just
 want my beer, mate.

The Attendant stuffs more and more cash into a plastic bag.

Rattler wrestles with the moment. Sorts it quick.

Clutching one beer bottle by the neck...

He lets the rest of the six-pack plummet to the floor.

SMASH!

And clubs the Clown unconscious with the beer bottle.

ENTRANCE

Euphoric, Tickles' eyes twinkle.

DANNI
 Rattler, no. Bad. Bad, Rattler. No
 braining the customers... Until I can
 live stream this shit.

Pecks on her phone.

DANNI
 Can we do it again? I'll cue you.

COUNTER

Rattler's muddy boot kicks the burp gun across the floor.

From under the counter, the Attendant pops up with a SHOTGUN.

Squares it at Rattler.

ATTENDANT
 You. P-put it down. Now!

Rattler stares at his hard-fought beer.

Grimaces. This won't end well.

With his pistol drawn, Tickles marches toward trouble.

TICKLES
 Oh, the hell you fucking will--

Danni slides in front of Tickles.

She twists the shotgun out of the Attendant's hands and with the rifle butt... BAM. Knocks him out cold.

Unceremoniously, Danni tosses the shotgun away.

DANNI
Mmm, Juicy Fruit!

Grabs a pack of gum.

Tickles considers the bag of cash on the counter. Ignores it.

Rattler opens the beer with his teeth. Foam oozes.

He sips. Heads for the entrance.

Behind him, the Clown rises with the shotgun.

CLOWN
Hey, Beer Man.

Without hesitation, Danni, Tickles and Rattler wheel around and shoot empty.

Drop him like a circus tent.

Danni blows chef kisses to surveillance cameras. Waves.

TICKLES
Christ's hairy balls, what're ya doing?

DANNI
How else will my fans know it was me?

TICKLES
Wha-why?

DANNI
Look, I'm only in this program for the free drugs -- the good stuff, not that Ritalin crap -- and documentation for my later insanity defense deal.

The trio strides to the shuttle. Nonchalant.

Holding his forehead, the Attendant fights to his feet.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARKING LOT - LATER

Danni, Tickles and Rattler wait at a TACO TRUCK.

TICKLES
What if I want a burrito?

Inside, a Latino boy, LADIO (12) lifts a pencil and pad.

LADIO
It's a taco truck, man. We do tacos.

TICKLES
What if I don't like fucking tacos?

LADIO
(snorts)
Next!

DANNI
Oh, yeah, that's me.

LADIO
Wanna hear duh specials again, lady?

DANNI
No, we called ahead. We're the ones
who ordered the Happy Meal to go.

RATTLER
He's our contact?

A Latina cook, MEDUSA (35) glares. Snake tattoos ring her
throat. Clinks her spatula twice. Drops it.

LADIO
Around back.

INT. TACO TRUCK - DAY

Outside the door, Rattler stands watch.

Tickles rummages through small arms and equipment.

TICKLES
(points)
What in the hell is that shit?

MEDUSA
It's called Ka-Boom. Just like C4
putty but cheaper. Just make sure you
keep it at room temperature.

DANNI
Or what?

MEDUSA
Room. Temperature.

TICKLES

The communications array is crap, I pulled better small arms off ants--

MEDUSA

Yeah, well, basically when you give me zero lead time...

TICKLES

And most of the rounds don't match the weapons. We ain't breaking bank for this donkey pull.

DANNI

The tacos look nummy.

Police cruisers RACE past. Lights and sirens.

TICKLES

We're done here.

MEDUSA

What the fuck, man? Not cool.

As Tickles and Danni storm out of the truck...

DANNI

Okay, genius, where we gonna find all the stuff now?

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN ISLAND - DAY

A honey bee lands on an exotic flower.

An alligator trods across a golf course green.

Palm trees. Sunshine. Shorts and sun hats everywhere.

Fletcher and Plank approach an unassuming five-story building in the business district. Behold! The headquarters of WEST BAY FINANCIAL INVESTMENT CORP.

FLETCHER

Tiger team has structural layouts of the entire building but I was here last year on company business. Institutional banking's on the third floor. That's our target.

Plank nods.

FLETCHER

So, today, we need to--

PLANK

Log camera positions, guard rotations
and spot any potential issues. When
did you start being the smart one?

FLETCHER

And keep a sharp eye out. We still
need a diversion to get customers out
of the retail bank on the first floor.

As they approach the MAIN ENTRANCE, a mob of panicked
customers and staff rush out of the bank.

PLANK

Uh, ya mean like that?

As Plank noses through the doors--

He's frozen by a prehistoric ROAR!

Inside, an 18-foot alligator named MUM charges.

Ass over tea kettle, Plank scrambles out the door.

PLANK

Run.

FLETCHER

But I'm in a--

The thousand-pound beast stomps out the main entrance.

Scared shitless, Fletcher tumbles out of his wheelchair.

Climbs to his feet and outruns Plank around the corner.

From safety, they crane their neck around the building.

In front of the main entrance, MUM hisses. SNAPS.

SECURITY GUARDS with Ketch-All poles lasso the reptile.

Plank notices Fletcher **standing** next to him.

PLANK

Fletcher.

Points down.

PLANK

It's a miracle.

Plank bear-hugs him. Fletcher lets him.

INT. WEST BAY BANK BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR - LATER

Plank gets off the elevator with Fletcher, back in his wheelchair. They're joined by a very British BANK MANAGER (50) and a cheery Jamaican SECURITY GUARD (30).

The four men cut through a retail bank lobby, constructed of rainforest plunder and tropical flora.

Plank clocks SECURITY CAMERAS and pleasant Security Guards, all wearing sidearms and crested chartreuse blazers.

SECURITY GUARD

Nuthin' ta worry yourself about. Mum's through here on the regular. Certainly thinking she owns the place.

BANK MANAGER

And scares the Dickens out of the customers--

SECURITY GUARD

But she's perfectly harmless.

BANK MANAGER

Ha! She knows she's in charge.

SECURITY GUARD

(winks)

Just be steering clear of the business end and you'll be fine.

Plank stops the group. Won't stop nodding to Fletcher.

PLANK

Are you thinking wut I'm thinking?

Fletcher's anxious eyes bounce between all three of them.

FLETCHER

I am, um, certain, I'm not thinking anything, like, what your thinking.

PLANK

No, we were just lookin' for something that would be a...

(leading him to "distraction")
dis... dis... dis...

FLETCHER

(uncomfortable laugh)
What are you talking about--?

PLANK

We were just talking about it before we came in the bank. And then there was this giant alligator--

BANK MANAGER

--Mum.

SECURITY GUARD

--Yes, Mum.

PLANK

And wouldn't that be a perfect--?

FLETCHER

Plank, are you any good at keeping secrets?

PLANK

I don't think so.

FLETCHER

And that probably should have been the first question I asked.

INT. SPORTWORLD - FIREARMS DEPARTMENT - DAY

Rattler inspects a MOSSBERG 12-GAUGE. Pumps it.

TICKLES

God bless Republican intransigence.

Half grizzly. Half survivalist. The bearded clerk, SILAS (50), stacks ammo cases on the counter.

SILAS

Anything else, sirs? Ma'am? Patriots?

TICKLES

Oh, we're just getting started.

(under his breath)

Anything off the menu we can order?

SILAS

I'm sorry, sir.

Flashes a cunning glint at the...

CEILING CAMERA

SILAS

(side-eyes both directions)
But I am kinda due for a break.

Tickles grins hard enough his face might break.

TICKLES

I can see we're gonna be pals. Problem solved, Danni. Pay the man.

DANNI

Excuse you?

Rattler recognizes that tone.

Gently, places the rifle on the counter. Eases back.

TICKLES

You got the corporate plastic. Right?

DANNI

Yeah. You think you're in charge now? You think you're the boss of me?

TICKLES

(whines)

I didn't say that, baby.

DANNI

Are you the team leader now?

TICKLES

I didn't say that either.

RATTLER

(dips close)

Stop talking, mate.

Tickles shakes him off.

TICKLES

C'mon, Danni.

She paces off three steps. This can't be good.

TICKLES

Oh, no, don't do this.

DANNI

Oh, yes, it's happening.

TICKLES

(pleading)

Dan-ny.

SILAS

(to Rattler)

Uh, what's happening?

Rattler gestures to watch.

With magical thinking, Danni builds an invisible castle wall by drawing a giant rectangle with her fingers.

DANNI

It's done! The castle walls are up. I cannot hear you anymore.

Tickles shouts like she's on the other side of a wall.

TICKLES

But baby, please. Two people in love don't act this way.

DANNI

(turns away)
I don't hear you.

TICKLES

Dammit, Danni!

SILAS

This go on long?

RATTLER

Hours... Days.

SILAS

And it's, like, uh for real thing?

RATTLER

Well, when you say it like that, it sounds right stupid.

TICKLES

I... I know you can't hear me...

CUSTOMER (O.S.)

--The whole store can hear you, Doofus.

TICKLES

(screams to the customer)
I will fucking park a slug in your--

SILAS

(to Tickles)
Chill, man. Chill.

TICKLES

Baby, I know you can't hear me...

She huffs. Shifts her stance.

TICKLES

But if maybe you can, like, hear a little. I want you to know... I still love you. And. And you are absolutely the team leader. And we're gonna do whatever you tell us to do. Oh, come on, Danni, I'm lost without you.

Glowing, Danni walks up to the imaginary wall and slaps air like she's tearing it down.

DANNI

Hooray and thank goodness for me.

Slides Silas a black credit card.

DANNI

And don't spare the horses. We're in a bit of a time situation.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN ISLAND - AIRPORT - DAY

Seething, Fletcher stands inside an empty hanger with Plank.

PLANK

Huh, where's the plane?

FLETCHER

You know, you're really a lot right now.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - OUTSIDE OF HAPPY VALLEY - DAY

Nolan's sedan paces light traffic.

Passes a GENERAL STORE with a vintage GAS STATION out front.

INT. NOLAN'S SEDAN - DAY

Nolan drives. Rachel shotgun. Gemma in the back seat.

RACHEL

How much farther?

GEMMA

How much farther?

NOLAN

Never been there.

RACHEL

Hm-mm.

GEMMA

Hm-mm.

NOLAN

It's AJ's parents' place.

RACHEL

You sure you're okay?

GEMMA

Are you okay, Daddy?

Hugs the back of her father's seat.

That moves Nolan's eyes to the rearview mirror...

A MID-SIZE SUV overtakes them. Inside a FAMILY. An EXUBERANT DOG sticks his face out the side window.

SLOW MOTION HALLUCINATION

As the Mid-Size SUV slowly passes... Gulp. The **Exuberant Dog's face looks exactly like Fletcher.** Barks.

END SLOW MOTION HALLUCINATION

NOLAN

Yeah, but... Yeah.

INT. RUSTIC CABIN - NIGHT

In a white ruffled sun dress, Gemma watches her parents.

Nolan kisses Rachel.

NOLAN

I love you, you know?

RACHEL

(smirks)

Then stop saying it like a question.

Nolan nods to a back bedroom.

NOLAN

You two in back. This is me tonight.

Flops down on an over-loved couch.

Hand-in-hand, his girls step into the bedroom.

Gemma hustles back.

Plants one on Nolan's cheek.

He swoons. Grabs his heart.

Watching from the next room, Rachel beams.

EXT. RUSTIC CABIN - NEXT DAY

On a weathered wooden porch, Gemma squats.

Offers a cornflake to a brave little...

SQUIRREL

... He scampers close. Sniffs.

Gemma sets down the flake. Steps back.

After stops and starts, the squirrel snatches it up and runs.

Munches the treat at a safe distance. Yum.

Nolan and Rachel pass Gemma.

RACHEL

We're gonna be right over there, baby.

Spots the squirrel.

GEMMA

Mommy, it's a squirrel.

RACHEL

I can see that.

GEMMA

Can I keep him?

RACHEL

Absolutely not.

NOLAN

Don't feed the squirrel, Gem-bug.

RACHEL

And stay on the porch.

White morning sunlight shimmers across a tranquil pond.

Hand-in-hand, Nolan and Rachel pause at the water's edge.

NOLAN

I'm, um. I'm leaving therapy.

RACHEL

I assumed that.

NOLAN
I'll find another program.

RACHEL
So you're still pretty messed up.

NOLAN
Uh, there's a nice way to say that.

RACHEL
You're seeing dog people, Nolan. I want bonus points for not freaking out right now.

NOLAN
I'll find a new therapist.

RACHEL
And tell me why we're hiding in the woods? Help me square that circle.

NOLAN
What if they come looking for me--

RACHEL
The dog people?

Nolan cups her cheek. He softens.

Her face fills his heart.

NOLAN
Rachel, know that I am the immovable object that will always stand between you and danger. And Gemma.

RACHEL
She thinks the world of you, you know.

NOLAN
I married the both of you.

She rests her hands on Nolan's chest.

RACHEL
But after all this time, you don't think I can handle myself?

NOLAN
Rach, it's bad.

RACHEL
Worse than dog people?

Over his shoulder, Nolan checks Gemma.

The squirrel devours another cornflake.

NOLAN

I, um... You remember my old job...?

RACHEL

--I knew it. I knew it!

NOLAN

(rambling)

... Before I met you and everything changed.

RACHEL

You promised-- You promised me before we got married--

NOLAN

And I'm gonna keep that promise--

RACHEL

We agreed!

NOLAN

You think I'd ever put you and Gemma in danger? Ever?

RACHEL

Good. Wait, then, what are you saying?

NOLAN

(scoffs)

My therapist wants me to do a job.

RACHEL

Oh, no. You told him no, right? Nolan, tell me you told him no.

NOLAN

Yes. I mean, no. I mean I told him no.

RACHEL

But that doesn't make any sense.

NOLAN

Huh, right? They're sponsored by the same people who used to hire me so I thought they'd know something about what's going on. But I think they're just trying to get me working again.

Rachel searches his eyes.

RACHEL

You know this is a red line for me.

She hardens. Steps away.

Arms folded, she stares at the pond. Thoughts focused inward.

The weight of the moment scars Nolan's face.

Rachel drops her head. Rejoins him.

RACHEL

Anything else you're not telling me?

NOLAN

Rachel, what happened to my family is never gonna happen to you and Gemma.

Rachel looks unsatisfied.

Nonetheless, wraps him in a lingering hug.

NOLAN

We'll stay up here for a while-- It'll give us time to think. And when it's safe we'll figure out our next move.

RACHEL

We'll just stay here for a while.

They peer back at Gemma.

Who laughs and tosses the squirrel another treat.

INT. PALATIAL ESTATE - PRIVATE GYM - DAY

A bedraggled mess in stylish sweats pedals to nowhere on her stationary cycle. Curses her SPIN COACH (25) who shouts back in French from a giant wall monitor.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE

MARQUIS

INT. PALATIAL ESTATE - PRIVATE GYM - DAY

Mid-argument, her phone chimes.

The sociopathic CEO of The Corporation, MARQUIS (65) is as dead as a mummy inside. She grunts.

Lifts a remote.

COACH (V.O.)

Don't chew dare take that call!

Marquis clicks the remote. Keeps pedaling.

MARQUIS

(winded)

You know, I could easily have you killed.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - FLETCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Fletcher apologizes to his laptop...

FLETCHER

Eh, pardon, but did I catch you at, like, a bad time, ma'am?

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

Fletcher appears on Marquis' monitor. Her Spin Coach squeezed into a small box in one corner. Muted. Arms flailing.

MARQUIS

Apologies, I was talking to my workout coach. Sadistic sonofabitch.

FLETCHER

Oh, well, thank you. I try.

MARQUIS

Again, I was talking to-- What can I do for you, Fletcher? And puh-lease tell me you've found Nolan.

FLETCHER

Yeah, now, just spitballing... Do we, like, really need Nolan for this one?

Nothing but the sound of a cycle spinning.

FLETCHER

Understood, ma'am.

MARQUIS

You know, I could easily have you killed.

FLETCHER

Are you still talking to the coach?

Nothing but the sound of a cycle spinning.

FLETCHER

I mean, I get it, he's the cool one who does all the cool jobs-- I get it.

MARQUIS

You know what clients get, Fletcher? Clients get results. They get when, our boy, Nolan catches the scent, he never gives up. Clients get that shit.

FLETCHER

B-but I've created an entire team of Nolans-- Relentless super assassins!

MARQUIS

And I get that since Nolan's left, the entire division's cratered. It's invited competition and back talk!

FLETCHER

Ma'am, if I may--

MARQUIS

Enough!

Clicks the remote like it's an exclamation point.

The screen goes dark.

MARQUIS

(stops cycling)
Whew! Fletcher?

Towels down.

FLETCHER

Yes, Marquis-- May I call you Marquis? Because I feel like we're starting to--

MARQUIS

No, Fletcher. You may not.

FLETCHER

(disappointed)
K.

MARQUIS

Deploy your super assassins for the express purpose of getting me Nolan. Do not move on the bank without Nolan.

FLETCHER

But--

MARQUIS

It would be a tragedy to invest so much time and energy into this salvage operation of yours only to burn it to the ground. And you with it.

FLETCHER

Yes, ma'am-- Right away, ma'am.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - FRONT DESK - DAY

Thumbing a game controller, Plank plays Candy Match.

FLETCHER (V.O.)

We are, um, currently monitoring Nolan's online accounts...

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jeet burns one. Props against a telephone pole.

Traffic rushes past. Obscures our view. Jeet has disappeared.

FLETCHER (V.O.)

I have a man staked out at his work...

EXT. NOLAN'S SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

On the stoop, Quan admires a ladybug crawling on his finger.

FLETCHER (V.O.)

... Another at his home. Teams scouring the city...

INT. COMPACT RENTAL CAR - DAY

Determined, Jersey drives. Sings along with the radio playing *Suspicious Minds* by Elvis Presley.

FLETCHER (V.O.)

And, uh, my most experienced man shadowing his partner.

INT. AJ'S JEEP WRANGLER - DAY

Oblivious, AJ drives. Sings along with the radio playing *Suspicious Minds* by Dwight Yoakam.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - OUTSIDE OF TOWN - DAY

A very familiar **general store** and **gas station**. AJ's Jeep Wrangler passes. Then Jersey's Rental a hot second later.

FLETCHER (V.O.)

It should only be a day or so. Okay,
two... closer to three.

EXT. RUSTIC CABIN - PORCH - DAY

We hold on Gemma's face for a moment. Long enough to realize the impending dilemma for Jersey. Then see her face brighten.

She chases the squirrel.

And comes up empty. Fiddlesticks.

AJ's jeep rolls to a stop alongside the cabin.

EXT. NOLAN'S SUBURBAN HOME - PORCH - SAME

A clatter inside the house draws Quan's attention.

He rises.

Tilts his ear to the heavy wooden front door. Silence.

Checks who might be watching as he picks the lock.

INSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Quan searches from room to room.

Finds no one.

Muffled voices from the basement tempt him into the...

KITCHEN

... Quan's sneaker settles on a floorboard.

It moans--

He freezes. Still as paint.

On the other side of the basement door, a stair creaks.

Quan shoots his cuffs. Readies his gun.

More muffled voices.

QUAN
(loud whisper)
Hey, Nolan. That you?

Faint arguing.

Quan snaps his gun safety off and on. Off and on. Off and on.

INT. RUSTIC CABIN - DAY

Nolan and AJ clean and dry dishes.

AJ
... Y'all stay up here as long as ya
need. Ya hear?

A grateful smirk sparkles across Nolan's face.

NOLAN
I'll find another program.

AJ
No doubt. But, hey, Nolan. I got
somethin' for ya...

NOLAN
(smiles)
Bless you, you brought me a case.

AJ
You know, I could do this without ya--

NOLAN
One hundred percent--

AJ
Just like a fresh perspective. Your
perspective. Thoughts. Musings.
Ruminations. Whatever I can get.

NOLAN
Whatcha got?

AJ
A lotta ragged edges.

Behind them, a silhouette skulls past the window.

INT. NOLAN'S SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Quan throws open the basement door.

Jams his gun into the dark maw for seemingly an eternity.

DANNI (O.S.)
Quan? Quan is that you?

Quan goes limp.

Danni, Tickles and Rattler spill into the kitchen.

TICKLES
Sheez, I almost shot ya, punk.

DANNI
Aw, we weren't really gonna shoot you.
Well, maybe a little. When I show up,
people do expect a bit of a show.

QUAN
No Nolan?

Rattler scoffs.

DANNI
We been hiding down there for hours.

TICKLES
(enthusiastic)
--We did shoot a clown.

DANNI
I shot the clown--

TICKLES
We shot the clown.

DANNI
Yeah but mostly me.
(excited)
And let me tell you about the whole
shebang and whatnot...

Drunk as a pirate, Rattler stumbles to the sink. Hangs over the drain ready to be sick.

QUAN
(meaning Rattler)
He good?

TICKLES
In no fashion whatsoever.

DANNI
The alcoholism doesn't help.

RATTLER
They just get me.

DANNI
Nolan ain't stupid enough to come back here. We should dip out.

QUAN
Then how we gonna find him?

TICKLES
That's Fletcher's problem.

QUAN
What about the bonus?

DANNI
What bonus?

TICKLES
Fucking Fletcher.

Quan smiles. A bit more than he should.

DANNI
(glances at her phone)
Welp, Fletcher's officially having all the kittens. We should head back.

The four desperados start away.

QUAN
Anyone got eyes on Jeet or Jersey?

EXT. RUSTIC CABIN - DAY

Clear movement in the brush and brambles.

AJ (V.O.)
I know ya like to start with an unquestionable truth but don't laugh.

INT. RUSTIC CABIN - DAY

Nolan and AJ finish the dishes.

AJ
The victim was a clown.

NOLAN
 (grins)
 Sorry.

Wipes his hands with a dish towel.

Nolan and AJ stroll to the dining room table. Sit.

AJ
 That ain't even the weirdest part. He
 was robbin' the Pump-N-Go on Fourth.

NOLAN
 --In a clown get-up?

AJ
 Right. And three customers jumped him.

NOLAN
 Ballsy. Stupid.

AJ
 And... and they shot him three times.

NOLAN
 --The perp?

AJ
 Correct. Well, actually, they shot him
many times from, like, three different
 angles. Each in a tight circumference,
 no bigger'n, like, a silver dollar.

EXT. RUSTIC CABIN - POND - SAME

Rachel wanders back to the cabin.

Gemma lags behind. Hops like a frog.

Prattles on about her buddy the squirrel.

INT. RUSTIC CABIN - DAY

Nolan and AJ at the table alone.

NOLAN
 Three different silver dollars?

AJ
 --See what I mean?

NOLAN

So you're looking for three marksmen.
I'd start with gun range regulars. The
shooting justified?

AJ

The surveillance tapes say so. The
clerk was knocked out cold-- He's
still speakin' in tongues.

NOLAN

AJ I know weird. Weird's a friend of
mine. This ain't nowhere near weird.

AJ

After the hoo-ha, they blew kisses.

NOLAN

--The shooters?

AJ

The female shooter.

Nolan sits a little straighter in his chair.

NOLAN

(mumbles)
Lion team.

AJ

Ya think you know 'em? Nolan, we just
wanna talk--

The front door BURSTS open.

What the--?! Nolan stands. Reaches for his weapon.

Shocked, AJ stands. Backpedals. Unsnaps.

Rachel sweeps Gemma behind her.

RACHEL

(stern)
Nolan. AJ.

GEMMA

Mommy?

NOLAN

(to AJ)
Anyone follow you?

AJ

No. I don't think so. No.

NOLAN

I know you, AJ. Do not take on these guys alone-- I mean it.

Nolan and Rachel exchange uneasy glances.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - OUTSIDE OF TOWN - SAME

A very flat tire.

Standing at the gas station, Jersey calls for help.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

Jersey, Quan, Plank, Danni and Tickles dressed for the day.

Rattler in pajamas. Ratty hair and hungover.

Fresh cut marks on his forearms.

Fletcher slows to a stop in his wheelchair.

FLETCHER

Greetings fellow travelers. My name is Fletcher and I am a killer.

Blank stares.

FLETCHER

I have important news: The Corporation has ordered us to proceed immediately with the bank job against The Squad.

PLANK

Wut? Did someone find Nolan?

FLETCHER

Oh, p-lease, we don't need him.

TICKLES

That's one less gun.

JERSEY

A damn good gun.

FLETCHER

He's nickels and dimes.

Quan stands.

QUAN

Hell, I'm ready to get paid.

DANNI
I'd co-sign that.

From seemingly nowhere, Jeet is now seated at the table.

JEET
We need Nolan.

PLANK
--Where'd he come from?

DANNI
(to Jeet)
--Please stop doing that.

Slowly, Quan eases back into his chair.

JERSEY
Nolan's in the tall grass by now.

Rattler grunts.

FLETCHER
This isn't a democracy. It's part of
your therapy.

DANNI
You sound less like a therapist and
more like my last boyfriend, Bob.

TICKLES
Um, Bob?

DANNI
That's what I called him after I shot
him and dumped his body in a hot tub.

FLETCHER
Okay, everyone please stop talking.
We're running out of time thanks to
that little clown show of yours.

RATTLER
(explodes)
Go ahead! Blame me!

DANNI
Oh, stop hogging all the credit! I
shot the clown as much as you did.

FLETCHER
--Everyone, please.

RATTLER
Everything's always my fault.

FLETCHER

Do you people seriously not understand human language? Everyone shut up!

Rattler starts sobbing. Twitches.

Empathetic, Tickles stares at Rattler.

PLANK

Fletcher, you, like, made Rattler cry.

Tickles hacks into a choking cry.

PLANK

And now ya broke Tickles too.

FLETCHER

What in the ho-lee hell is happening?

TICKLES

(falls into his hands)

I... I just have big feelings.

JERSEY

I ain't going into battle with that.

JEET

Perhaps we should hold off until--

FLETCHER

I give zero fucks about all your busted shit. We're doing this!

DANNI

Wow, worst pickup line ever.

JERSEY

(stands)

No, we ain't.

BLAM! A muzzle flash winks across Fletcher's face.

Jersey collapses dead in his chair.

Everyone reaches for a gun, but no one's armed.

FLETCHER

(lowers his pistol)

There's no going back. We do this or die trying.

RATTLER

I welcome death.

FLETCHER
That's the spirit.

TICKLES
Perfect. Now we're missing two guns.

QUAN
--Fuck it, let's rock 'n' roll.

Stands. Walks out.

Everyone steals one last look at Jersey.

DANNI
Suck my bag of dicks, Fletcher.

PLANK
Where'd Jeet go?

He's gone again.

TICKLES
Three guns!

EXT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

The Happy Valley shuttle van is loaded with cases of weapons. Fletcher and his unhappy crew, including Jeet, pile inside.

FLETCHER (V.O.)
Look, all we have to do is create a diversion on the ground floor to clear out the civilians...

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Fletcher drives the van through light traffic.

FLETCHER (V.O.)
... Take the third floor by force--

TICKLES (V.O.)
Sure, like that's gonna be easy.

QUAN (V.O.)
That's gonna be easy?

TICKLES (V.O.)
It's-- None of this is gonna be easy!

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

The team strides to the private jet.

FLETCHER (V.O.)
 ... Then Danni moves their money...

EXT. OVER INTERNATIONAL WATERS - DAY

The private jet cuts through the sky.

FLETCHER (V.O.)
 ... While Jeet rigs the building with
 explosives to cover our tracks.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN ISLAND - BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

From inside an UNMARKED VAN, Fletcher wears a coms headset
 and microphone. Addresses the team...

FLETCHER
 We have the element of surprise,
 people. We don't need Nolan. You, just
 do you. See, I can be cool too.

Uninspired, everyone starts for the bank across the street.

INT. WEST BAY BANK BUILDING - STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

With enough firepower to invade Cuba, Rattler climbs stairs.

THIRD FLOOR

The HIGH NET WORTH FINANCIAL CENTER feels like someone
 shoehorned Versailles into a hedge fund. Ornate fixtures
 everywhere, data monitors and well-heeled future hostages.

Unsavory, heavily-armed MEN IN BLACK UNIFORMS stand guard.

ELEVATOR

Danni, Tickles, Quan and Jeet yank weapons out of cases.

Each wears a coms headset with microphone.

FLETCHER (V.O.)
 Okay, team, gimme a "Go," "No go."

UNMARKED VAN

Anxious, Fletcher studies monitor.

THE TEAM (V.O.)
 Go. Go. Yeah. Go. Fucking get on with
 it. Yeppers.

FLETCHER
 Alright then, Ground Floor, you're on.

PLANK (V.O.)
 Ow. Ow!

FLETCHER
 Ground Floor, execute.

PLANK (V.O.)
 I... I think my suit is busted.

FLETCHER
 We don't need the whole Ted Talk,
 Ground Floor. Go!

GROUND FLOOR

In a BEEKEEPER SUIT, Plank sprints into the lobby screaming.

PLANK
 Ohhhhh, shittttt!

Spikes a humongous BEEHIVE on the floor.

A BUZZING cloud of enraged bees ATTACK everyone in the bank.

Staff shriek. Panic erupts. Customers bolt.

FLETCHER (V.O.)
 Third Floor, you're up.

CITY STREETS

Running like he's on fire, Plank rakes bees off his suit.

GROUND FLOOR

A bee crawls over an air vent cover. More follow.

THIRD FLOOR

Men in Black Uniforms lay helpless on the carpet.

Menacing, Quan points an assault rifle down at them.

Tickles horse collars a BANKER into a computer screen.

TICKLES
 Okay, Fucko, passwords.

STAIRWAY

Rattler repeatedly bangs his head against a concrete wall.

THIRD FLOOR

Danni furiously chicken pecks a keyboard.

DANNI
I'm gonna need a minute.

Hugging the carpet, BANK STAFF cower.

One of them gets stung. Flinches. Yips.

Tickles SMACKS a bee on his neck.

TICKLES
Fuckin' A.

Quan swats a bee off his arm.

QUAN
Bees!

FLETCHER (V.O.)
Bees? What bees? Our bees?

QUAN
(swats air)
Mean ones.

Bees stream out of the air vent.

DANNI
I'm, like, bouncing numbers all over
the internet. I'm gonna need a smaller
internet or more time.

SERVER ROOM

Jeet wires EXPLOSIVE PACKS to equipment racks.

JEET
--As do I.

THIRD FLOOR

Tickles stands over Danni.

TICKLES
Well, I can't shoot the goddam bees.

DANNI
Ow!

UNMARKED VAN

Plank climbs inside.

FLETCHER
Where'd you get those bees?

PLANK

I... uh. They're honey bees.

FLETCHER

May I ask, what kind of honey bees?

PLANK

African honey bees.

FLETCHER

Exactly just how many chips are in your head?

Deeply concerned, he addresses the team over coms...

FLETCHER

Be advised those are killer bees.

PLANK

No. No...

As they wrestle for Fletcher's headset microphone...

PLANK

They're African honey bees. I checked.

THIRD FLOOR

Several of the Bank Staff get stung. Flinch.

QUAN

Stay down.

Bees everywhere.

QUAN

Oh, fuck! One's in my mouth.

FLETCHER (V.O.)

Be advised, the internet says loud noises make them angry.

TICKLES

They're already fucking angry!

The entire floor grows dark with bees.

Quan shoots into a cloud of bees.

Danni sees they're doomed.

DANNI

Fuck it, we're outta here.

Danni, Tickles and Quan hustle Bank Staff off the carpet.

TICKLES
Playtime's over. Everyone out.

FLETCHER (V.O.)
Are we good?

DANNI
Negative, Air Boss. No joy.

FLETCHER (V.O.)
Fuck!

ELEVATOR

Danni, Tickles and Quan duck inside.

Quan presses the LOBBY button.

JEET (V.O.)
I'll be needing more time.

DANNI
Abort, Server Room. Abort--

Danni SCREECHES.

Shakes bees out of her hair.

FLETCHER (V.O.)
No, only I get to say abort. And I am
not saying abort. There is no abort.

The elevator opens to the ground floor. Mum ROARS!

Danni and Tickles share terrified expressions. Turn.

Spray erratic gunfire.

Quan pounds the CLOSE button. Repeatedly.

Mum charges. The metal doors slowly close.

From Mum's perspective, bullets whistle past.

Rounds bite but hardly hobble her advance.

Frantic, Quan presses the P1 and CLOSE buttons.

Just as the metal doors close, Mum RAMS them.

THUD

TICKLES
Can today get any more fucked?

UNMARKED VAN

Plank points to a flashing computer screen.

FLETCHER

Be advised, someone hit the silent alarm on their way out. We have two minutes or less.

TICKLES (V.O.)

That was rhetorical!

STAIRWAY

Surrounded by a dozen Men in Black Uniforms...

RATTLER

Yeah, or less.

One snatches Rattler's rifle.

An alpha-type TEAM LEADER (40) forces him to his knees.

TEAM LEADER

All right then, I'm only gonna ask you once and then I'm gonna count to five. You can count to five, can't ya?

Centers a pistol at Rattler's head.

RATTLER

Um, five.

TEAM LEADER

Very good-- No, you don't understand. I ask a question, then I count to five. Okay, we'll start again--

RATTLER

(eye twitches)
Five.

TEAM LEADER

No, we're starting at one and going to five. Why is this so hard?

RATTLER

Five!

Lowers his head. Resigned to a better future.

RATTLER

(soft)
Five.

TEAM LEADER

Oh, Jesus Christ.

UNMARKED VAN

Over coms, a pistol FIRES once. Echoes in the stairway.

FLETCHER

Stairway? Stairway?! Server Room, you
have eyes on?

THIRD FLOOR

Jeet staggers out of the server room, wearing a bee coat.

Strains against death with every step.

Heavily-Armed Men OPEN FIRE with loud automatic weapons.

Jeet falls to his knees.

The sound orgy excites the bees.

They swarm the Heavily-Armed Men.

The BUZZ deafening.

They fire wild. Their weapons useless.

Slowly, Jeet falls forward, clutching a DEAD MAN SWITCH.

UNMARKED VAN

Danni hug-shoves Tickles into the van. Quan on their tail.

Behind them, Bank Staff push out of the main entrance.

Mum hot on their heels. SNAPS.

TICKLES

Well, that was fucking delightful--

THE THIRD FLOOR OF THE BANK BUILDING EXPLODES.

Hope fades. Dour faces.

QUAN

Go! Go!

The unmarked van speeds away.

BLACK & WHITE SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE

A sliver of the Happy Valley Treatment Center logo becomes visible as the shuttle van rolls between gas pumps.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Bawdy bullpen chatter grows louder.

POLICE OFFICERS and DETECTIVES pass AJ's desk.

On his monitor, AJ rocks the video back and forth. Shuttles forward. Rattler, Danni and Tickle get out of the van.

AJ leans close.

Taps a key. Click. Click. Click.

The screen zooms into Rattler's muddy boots.

From under his desk, AJ lifts a pair of MILITARY BOOTS.

The surveillance footage is blurry but it's a match.

EXT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - DAY

AJ's jeep speeds outta the parking lot.

INT. AJ'S JEEP - DAY

With a phone pinned to his ear, AJ drives.

AJ
The clown shooting was Happy Valley.

EXT. RUSTIC CABIN - POND - DAY

Hopeful, Nolan talks on his phone.

NOLAN
But can you make it stick?

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

AJ
I think so-- And get this. I think they're connected to the murder of the woman-- The one who spooked you.

Nolan crosses his arms. Can this get any worse?

AJ
One of the clown killer's boots -- that's what we're callin' 'em -- they match the casts we did at the house.

NOLAN
We're going to Happy Valley.

AJ
I was just there. Everyone's gone.

NOLAN
Gone? Where?

AJ
Where do ya think, Nolan?

Alert, Nolan scans the woods for movement.

AJ
And no one'd tell me where they're at.
I'm headed for the cabin.

EXT. RUSTIC CABIN - PORCH - LATER

Nolan stands watch. Detective holster over his soiled T-shirt. Eyelids heavy. Adrenaline coursing.

A bit worn, Rachel pokes her head out the cabin door.

NOLAN
Inside.

Gemma pokes her head out too.

NOLAN
Both of you.

Movement in the underbrush turns Nolan's head.

The squirrel darts out. Poses.

Gemma squeals.

Slips past her parents and heads straight for her friend.

Who retreats back into the woods.

NOLAN AND RACHEL
No, Gemma. Where I can see you. Gemma!

Nolan hurdles the porch railing after her.

Peers deep into the woods. On full alert, he searches.

Concerned, Rachel creeps to the edge of the porch.

BUSHES RUSTLE!

Nolan readies his weapon.

Gemma comes into view.

Nolan points his gun at the sky. Relaxes.

Rachel relaxes.

Gemma trundles toward Nolan.

RACHEL
Baby, get back on--

Instinctively, Nolan snaps his aim at the porch.

Rachel flinches.

RACHEL
No!

A twig snaps deep in the woods.

Nolan spins. Sights it up. Nothing.

Sweeps the perimeter with his gun. Nerves humming.

More rustling close by.

Nolan wheels-- FIRES once.

Gemma runs behind her dad. Hands over her ears.

Mortified by what he's done, Nolan freezes.

NOLAN
(hugs Gemma)
Don't look, Gem-bug.

Of course, that's the first thing she does.

And SHRIEKS!

Rachel flies off the porch.

Gemma squirms out of her father's arms.

Runs to her little friend.

RACHEL
No, baby.

Clearly, the squirrel didn't suffer an instant.

Rachel stares at Nolan. Confused. Frightened.

The distant pop and crackle of a vehicle on a dirt road.

Nolan whips his aim down a long driveway.

Swings his gun around to the pond.

Then back to the driveway.

RACHEL
Gimme that.

She squeezes a pressure point on Nolan's forearm and he involuntarily drops the gun into her hand.

Gemma wails.

Rachel skips away.

AJ's jeep appears around a bend.

Broken, Nolan goes to his knees. Blinks away tears.

Hand-in-hand Rachel and Gemma shuffle back to the cabin.

Gemma snort-bawling.

RACHEL
(to Nolan)
You should leave.

INT. RUSTIC CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Nolan says goodbye to Rachel.

Hugs her like it's forever.

Rachel stares into a dark hard-shell carrying case.

RACHEL
See you're bringing your toys.

NOLAN
They're coming for me sooner or later--
I need to get ahead of this. If AJ's
case don't back 'em off, I will.

RACHEL
Come right back, Nolan. Deal with this
shit and come right back.

No promises offered.

Hiding, Gemma hugs the back of her mother's leg.

Nolan kneels. Contrite before Gemma.

She steps close. Hugs him.

They share a cry for Gemma's furry little friend.

EXT. RUSTIC CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Nolan hefts his case into the jeep.

Sneaks a peek back at the porch.

Sees Rachel standing next to Gemma. And ain't that the shit.

Hallucinates that Gemma has a squirrel head.

Both wave.

INT. THE CORPORATION HEADQUARTERS - PENTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

On the walls, framed photos of Marquis posing with dictators. Stuffed heads of exotic animals. One is human.

Impossibly elegant, Marquis sits behind a spartan desk.

Her personal assistant and hypersexual daughter, BRANDI (25) shuffles across the polished floors in bare feet.

BRANDI

Oh, yeah, hey, Mom, bummer. But, you know that whole man-harem of arm candy you sent to guard that bank in South America--?

MARQUIS

The Cayman Islands, dear.

Brandi double-checks the tablet in her hand.

BRANDI

Whatevs...

MARQUIS

Please, skip to the important words.

BRANDI

M'kay, well, they're all, like, dead now. Even that bangin' fire god you were all, like, eye smashing.

MARQUIS

What? What happened?

BRANDI

I know. Like, serious frowny face.

MARQUIS

Fletcher.

BRANDI

No, he was a Clark or something.

MARQUIS

Brandi, double building security.

BRANDI

Oh, more beefcake? Yes, please. Way to rebound, Mom Boss.

MARQUIS

And alert my rapid response team.

BRANDI

All major Betties. And good on you for being all sexually fluid.

MARQUIS

I'm gonna shove an entire air wing of Hellfire missiles up Fletcher's ass.

BRANDI

Okay, now, that is so totally you.

INT. PRIVATE JET - CABIN - DAY

Fletcher glares straight ahead.

Welts visible, Danni, Tickles, Plank and Quan scowl at him.

Silence. Except for the rumble of the jet engines.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY VAN - DAY

No one's expression has changed from the plane.

Only the sound of tires humming on asphalt.

As Fletcher drives, Plank opens his mouth to speak.

With complete animus, Fletcher holds up his hand to stop him.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

No one's expression has changed from the van. Each clinging to their last lick of patience.

FLETCHER

Let us begin as we always begin...
Greetings fellow travelers.

TICKLES

--Oh, cut the shit, Fletcher!

DANNI
 (overlapping)
 Yeah, I gotta share for you. Fuck you!
 Rattler and Jeet are dead--

TICKLES
 And Jersey!

QUAN
 (overlapping)
 And where's my money?!

FLETCHER
 Your money? You failed.

PLANK
 Yeah, double our rate.

FLETCHER
 You...

Points at Plank. He's so angry nothing comes out.

A dim-witted orderly, LEN (30) rushes in.

LEN
 The Corporation on line two--

FLETCHER
 Not now!

LEN
 I think it's urgent.

FLETCHER
 Why?

LEN
 Subtle ain't her thing.

Fletcher's cell phone vibrates. Lights up.

He smashes it to pieces.

FLETCHER
 Fuck her off to voicemail.

Fletcher fires phone parts at him.

Slowly, Len backs away.

TICKLES
 Hold the bus! You told us The
 Corporation blessed that cluster fuck.

FLETCHER

(calm)
Yeah, well, let's say they did...

TICKLES

... And pretend that it's true?

FLETCHER

Can't we all simply agree this is not my fault and blame Nolan?

PLANK

Fletcher, I. I got stung in places, you know, I... I can't even mention.

DANNI

--Um, because there's a lady present.

Plank surveys the room. Checks under a sofa cushion.

QUAN

I'm, like, gettin' paid, Fletcher. One way or another. You feel me?

FLETCHER

Pfft, you threatening me, Quan?

Without a second thought, Quan snatches a ballpoint pen. Holds it like a dagger. Not a doubt in his eyes.

It all becomes quite precarious. And Fletcher blinks.

FLETCHER

I'm putting a price on Nolan's head.

QUAN

You haven't paid us for the last job!

EXT. MILITARY AIRPORT - DAY

MEN IN BLACK FATIGUES rush toward APACHE ATTACK HELICOPTERS.

Blades whirl faster.

EXT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

Alongside the parking lot, AJ kneels.

Smells, then tastes a handful of soil.

AJ

Same clay signature as the dirt samples back at murder house.

Proud. Nolan claps his back.

AJ
These be our guys.

As they make for the front door...

NOLAN
AJ, honestly, am I a good man?

AJ
You're the best fuck in this town and everyone knows it. Stupid question.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - FRONT DESK - DAY

Len collects Nolan and AJ's guns.

Lock them in a drawer.

NOLAN
Don't tell me you don't remember me.

LEN
I don't remember you.

NOLAN
You're kidding? I was a patient here for months... Escaped two days ago...

LEN
Ringing no bells.

AJ
Like I said, we need to speak with the three individuals in the footage--

NOLAN
And I wanna talk to Rattler alone.

LEN
That won't happen.

AJ
We could come back with a warrant--

NOLAN
Lots of warrants.

LEN
Rattler's dead.

NOLAN
Dead?

LEN
Dead as Custer at the Alamo.

AJ
That was Daniel Boone--

NOLAN
Davy Crockett--

AJ
Same thing.

LEN
A self-inflicted gunshot wound. Self-
inflicted-ish.

AJ
Okay, so maybe not him.

LEN
Basically, you need to talk to--

NOLAN
Don't tell me.

Rubs his temples like that's gonna help.

NOLAN
Grab some bench, AJ. I'm up.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - FLETCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Giddy, Fletcher squirms in his wheelchair. Rifles through a bowl of Skittles on his desk.

Nolan ignores Fletcher. Inventories the room with his eyes.

FLETCHER
I'm so glad you're back, Nolan--

NOLAN
I'm not back.

FLETCHER
We should be friends--

NOLAN
We're not friends.

FLETCHER
But we're so much alike--

NOLAN
We're nothing alike.

Spots a pair of military-issued boots near the closet.

NOLAN
Those Rattler's?

FLETCHER
No. Why?

NOLAN
The woman who looked like my wife, the
murderer wore the same kinda boots.

Fletcher grunts. **Stands.**

Walks over and laces up the boots.

FLETCHER
Oh, you're wondering why I murdered a
woman who looked just like Rachel?

Touches his lip.

FLETCHER
Oops, did I say that part out loud?

NOLAN
Okay, yeah, but we're definitely
circling back to the other thing.

FLETCHER
(glib)
Genius really. Forcing you to relive
the trauma of your family being
murdered when you were a child.

NOLAN
I knew I couldn't trust you.

FLETCHER
Locating a double of your wife was
challenging, but I flat out ran of
time finding a little girl. Tick-tock.
Deadlines, you know.

NOLAN
I could kill you.

FLETCHER
That's the spark we're looking for.

Fletcher skips back to the wheelchair.

Grabs a handful of Skittles.

Basks in his perceived victory.

FLETCHER

But the wheelchair was a masterstroke. See, I realized my superior intellect might be intimidating for you...

NOLAN

--You?

FLETCHER

... Making it challenging for you to accept me as your therapist. So I gave myself a flaw. To be less threatening.

NOLAN

--To me?

FLETCHER

They said it couldn't be done, but here I've done it. You're back!

NOLAN

Stop saying that.

FLETCHER

You're a cold-blooded killer, Nolan.

NOLAN

I'm not.

FLETCHER

I'm just here to remind you of who you really are.

Flicks Skittles into Nolan's face as he speaks.

NOLAN

In which universe, do you-- Stop that. Do you ever see me working for you?

FLETCHER

Ha, we're playing way past that. We're about to attack The Squad.

NOLAN

--That's suicide.

FLETCHER

And I need you to suit up for that one. All hands on deck.

NOLAN

We're gonna question your people about a civilian who was murdered in town...

FLETCHER

--Oh, yeah, the clown fiasco.

NOLAN

... And if my partner finds probable cause, you're all going to jail.

FLETCHER

There's a price on your head if you don't cooperate.

NOLAN

The Corporation?

FLETCHER

Don't sweat it. No one's going to jail. And rest assured I'm not going to allow any of those ne'er-do-wells to murder the Prodigal Son.

Plops his feet up on the desk.

FLETCHER

Though it could be interesting to see if The Boy Wonder walks out unscathed.

EXT. HIGH OVER WILDERNESS - DAY

Two Apache helicopters race over treetops.

INT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

Patients congregate: Danni, Tickles, Plank and Quan. Their incredulous faces say they're still packing a grudge.

Fletcher directs traffic from his wheelchair.

FLETCHER

Sit anywhere. There... or don't. Okay, fine. Whatever. Today, we have some very special guests.

QUAN

Okay, time the fuck out.

PLANK

Yeah, that ain't right. You always say, "Greetings fellow travelers."

DANNI

(to Fletcher)

--Fuck-up.

TICKLES

--Total fuck-up.

FLETCHER

Thank you, Plank. But we'll do that part later. For now, we have special visitors from law enforcement...

Nolan taps the door open to a warm reception.

AJ follows him inside.

PATIENTS

Ah! Nolan! Hey, Nolan. Welcome back.

NOLAN

Not back but thanks. This is AJ.

PLANK

Is he a killer too?

NOLAN

No, Plank. AJ arrests killers.

FLETCHER

I see that second-grade education's still paying dividends, Plank.

AJ

A hundred percent, Nolan.

TICKLES

--Wouldn't mind killing Fletcher.

QUAN

--After he pays us.

DANNI

He did get Rattler killed, and Jeet.

NOLAN

--And Jeet?

DANNI

--And Rattler.

QUAN

And the bank job was a shit show.

DANNI

Sucks the fun out of everything.

TICKLES

--And bees everywhere. Fucking bees!

FLETCHER

The bees were not my fault.

DANNI

Oh, do not use that pity voice on me.
I perfected the pity voice.

PLANK

Ya heard he shot Jersey, didn't ya?

Confused, AJ leans close to Nolan.

AJ

Eh, Nolan, what's happening?

FLETCHER

Oh, I get it-- I get it. You all think
you're better than me.

DANNI

Of course, I do. I love me.

AJ

Whoa-whoa-whoa. What does any of this
have to do with the shooting at the
Pump-N-Go?

QUAN

Oh, that...

TICKLES

--Aww, good times.

DANNI

I did it.

TICKLES

We did it--

DANNI

Yeah, but mainly me.

PLANK

--And Rattler.

AJ

(to Nolan)

Why are they confessing?

NOLAN

She's bragging. He's arguing. He's
clueless. Ergo, therapy.

Quan slowly sidles up to AJ.

Unflinching, AJ rests his hands on his hips.

QUAN

Well, there's no un-fucking this now--
We have to kill him. And I better be
gettin' paid for this one. Nolan, we
killing AJ?

A smug grin stretches across Fletcher's lips.

FLETCHER

Whatever gets you to a better place.

NOLAN

No one's killing AJ.

PATIENTS

(disappointed)
Ahh.

FLETCHER

Oh, fine. But you rocket monkeys
better climb back in the capsule or
there could be a lot more killing.
Your families, for example.

That sour note tugs at everyone's ear.

FLETCHER

It's not like The Corporation hasn't
done it before. Right, Nolan?

Any suggestion of happiness drains from Nolan's face. The
room pinwheels around him and becomes...

INT. NOLAN'S CHILDHOOD HOME - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

TEENAGE NOLAN opens the front door.

TEENAGE NOLAN

(whines)
Mom! The cops are back!

Two STERN POLICE OFFICERS step into the foyer.

MOM (O.S.)

What'd they want this time?

TEENAGE NOLAN

(to the cops)
How would I know?

Uninterested, he heads out the door.

In unison, the two Stern Police Officers move their gaze from Teenage Nolan to deep inside the house. Murder in their eyes.

BACK TO SCENE

Nolan mutters as he kneels at a baseboard. Is he praying?

NOLAN

(sotto)

I am a good person. I am a good person. I am a good person.

FLETCHER

So if you value your loved ones...

A black electrical cord WHIPS out of the socket.

Darkness steals light. Nolan's murderous face shines.

From behind, he windmills a ceramic lamp into...

FLETCHER'S SKULL

... Cinches the cord around his neck.

ZERO reaction from the patients.

AJ

Nolan, no.

Tickles steps AJ back into a corner.

Fletcher's stunned. The cord BITES. His eyes CHARGE open.

Hands flailing, he grabs for the cord. For Nolan. For life.

Fletcher digs for the pistol hidden in his wheelchair.

Plank and Quan pin down each arm. The gun tumbles away.

Nolan SQUEEZES his grip tighter. And fucking tighter.

Fletcher's legs kick. BANG. Thrash.

Fascinated, Danni slowly slides out of her chair and down to the floor. Sits cross-legged. Front row for the big show.

Fletcher cycles through shades of purple, then blue.

AJ

Nolan. Don't do this, man.

The indifferent face of...

Danni.

Tickles.

Plank.

Quan.

As Nolan slowly wrings the last spit of light from Fletcher's pupils...

NOLAN
(straining)
Greetings fellow travelers. My name is
Nolan. And I am a killer.

Nolan releases the cord. Pants.

NOLAN
And no one... threatens my family.

A couple of loose Skittles settle on the cut pile carpet.

After a cold, awkward silence, Danni pops to her feet...

DANNI
Okeysmokey, whadda we do now for
funsies?

PLANK
Um, find a new therapist?

AJ
Hand to God, Nolan, what am I supposed
to do now? Arrest all of ya?

Attention lands hard on AJ.

AJ
(eyes darting)
Because, I, uh, have no idea.

QUAN
He's a tourist--

NOLAN
No. He's one of us.

TICKLES
(scoffs)
Him?

NOLAN
How many in Afghanistan, AJ?

Tight-lipped, AJ glowers at Nolan.

TICKLES
Bullshit. He served?

AJ sweeps his steely gaze over the others.

NOLAN
We need killers right now. Every last
hard case packing hard rounds.

DANNI
I like where his head's at.

NOLAN
We're gonna take down The Corporation.

QUAN
--Dope.

TICKLES
--Fuck The Corporation.

QUAN
We getting paid this time?

NOLAN
No chance.

PLANK
We gettin' killed this time?

NOLAN
No way.

TICKLES
We getta kill a lot of people?

NOLAN
No question.

Addresses AJ.

NOLAN
Partner, you wanna help me take down
the people who killed my family?

AJ
Sounds like a fuckin' Shakespearean
tragedy wrapped in a lost cause.

NOLAN
The only ones worth fighting for.

AJ
Don't see ya keeping me out of it.

QUAN

We gonna need mad firepower.

NOLAN

Or one more good old-fashion, fire and
brimstone, wrath of God, motherfucker.

DANNI

Sounds like our kinda people.

EXT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - DAY

Panicked staff scream.

Break clear of the building.

Two Apache helicopters hang overhead. Fire rockets.

Pummel the complex. EXPLOSIONS.

A low-flying private jet SCREAMS past.

INT. PRIVATE JET - CABIN - SAME

Daphne hoists a champagne bottle and fluted glasses.

DAPHNE

Champaign?

AJ hoists tactical body armor.

AJ

Kevlar?

Nolan cracks his carrying case.

QUAN

You still any good with that shit?

NOLAN

(points at Quan)
The angry end still go that-uh way?

AJ

That a Mark Five--?

NOLAN

A six.

AJ

They made a six--?

NOLAN

Not officially. But this is my baby.

Cradles an assault rifle in the crook of his arm.

TICKLES

An M4 with a giggle switch? Sweet.
But, hey, nothing beats the classics.

Out of Tickles' case, Danni lifts an MG3 MACHINE GUN.

PLANK

Fuck me--

QUAN

Expecting the whole Bolivian Army?

TICKLES

One of the fastest fire rates in the world. Plus, a mini-Draco, banana extender, suppressed Beretta 92...

DANNI

Sharesies?

TICKLES

'Til death do us part.

Quan opens and closes his carrying case three times before he notices everyone's watching.

QUAN

A SIG 19-11 Emperor, Pop-pops, CL-20 for the stubborn stuff. Oh, and, uh, Clif Bars. I have a blood-sugar thing.

The group stares at Plank. Waits. Well?

He brandishes a STREET SWEEPER and a 50 CALIBER HAND CANNON.

PLANK

A Bulldog and a Desert Eagle.

DANNI

Uh, well, one of us might be overcompensating a skosh.

TICKLES

--Who else has hideous scars?!

Buzzing, everyone rolls up their sleeves and pant legs.

EXT. THE CORPORATION HEADQUARTERS - 80-STORY BUILDING - DAY

Beyond the jet-black windows of the lobby, stabbing flashes of light ERUPT. Gunfire inside. Screams. Mayhem.

An armed presence surrounds the plaza. The fallen strewn akimbo: PARAMILITARY-TYPES among well-tailored SUITS.

A TEAM OF MEN straight out of Call of Duty approaches.

INT. THE CORPORATION HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - DAY

Cold and intimidating, the entrance gives the impression Darth Vader might pop out from behind any corner.

Pinned down, Nolan, AJ, Danni, Tickles, Plank and Quan sporadically pop over the top of a granite reception desk and fire. They give. And take. A stalemate with ARMED GUARDS.

QUAN

I've had enough of this shit.

As Quan lurches around the desk, Nolan yanks him back.

QUAN

C'mon, they can't kill all of us.

DANNI

He's right but only if math counts.

PLANK

Should we, uh, give up? Seems like, you know, the perfect time to give up.

TICKLES

Hey, you wanna bottle that shit--?

PLANK

Well, I'm sorry if I don't wanna die.

TICKLES

Well, I'm sorry if you're an all-you-can-eat salad bar of bad ideas!

NOLAN

Who's big idea was this again?

The Call of Duty Team enters the building.

Met with harassing volleys from Tickles.

QUAN

Okay, who's with me?

TICKLES

Ain't no one with you, punk.

DANNI

Hey, just because we used to fuck
don't mean you getta vote for me.

TICKLES

(demure)

I only said that to impress you.

Hugging him with her smile. Chews her gum faster.

Quan flips Tickles the bird.

TICKLES

Yeah, that the same finger you jam up
your mother's ass?

Both men point their weapons at the other.

Plank waves his gun at Tickles, Quan and Danni.

Danni squishes Juicy Fruit up the barrel of Plank's gun.

Which defuses the situation.

The Call of Duty Team braces in strategic positions.

Nolan makes a call.

DANNI

Like, where's your friend, Nolan? We
could use a friend right now.

NOLAN

(to the caller)

Where are you? Okay-okay.

(to the team)

Everyone get low. Here they come.

AJ

They?

As everyone bellies the floor...

QUAN

You're all a bunch of pussies. Pussies
in sheep's clothing.

NOLAN

(to the caller)

What about the other thing?

Nolan covers his ear to hear better. Circles an idea.

NOLAN
 (to the caller)
 Oh, that's a complete rip-off. We are
 definitely discussing this later.

Ends the call.

Puzzled, they all stare at him.

NOLAN
 Childcare issues-- Don't ask.

The manic CACKLE of motorcycle engines grows louder.

The RAT-A-TAT-TAT of automatic weapons outside.

NOLAN
 It's my wife, okay?

AJ
 Rachel?

NOLAN
 She's bringing The Squad.

Twenty-foot-tall jet-black windows...

SHATTER

... As a dozen MOTORCYCLES with gun-toting ASSASSINS fly
 through the glass.

Skid into the lobby like Death on wheels.

Mow the lawn with lead.

PENTHOUSE - OFFICE

Hunched over her mom's desk, Brandi huffs glue.

Stares into space with a glassy smile. Ahh!

And collapses into her mother's chair.

Marquis flies in hot...

MARQUIS
 Out of my chair.

Startled, Brandi SHOOTS straight up.

MARQUIS
 We're under attack, you fool. Get a
 couple of our best men up here.

BRANDI
Oh, I am, like, so here for that.

Dives back into the glue.

MARQUIS
And can you stop sniffing glue for,
like, two seconds, for Pete's sake?

BRANDI
Ha! You think I'm, like, gonna three-
way with a couple of guards in front
of my mom without sniffing glue?

LOBBY

The carnage feels like a Michael Mann wet dream.

AJ and Rachel lead ten members of THE SQUAD to the ELEVATORS.
A couple of weeping flesh wounds. Some limp.

NOLAN
How we doing, Rach?

RACHEL
(hugs Nolan)
Scared. Just hide it better than you.

Wearing backpacks, Danni, Tickles, Plank and Quan join them.

DANNI
Any more candy left in this piñata?

NOLAN
The top three floors.

Everyone hangs a brave face.

NOLAN
AJ, you keep down here, and for God's
sake stall the cops when they show--
We're gonna need every second.

AJ
No killin' cops, Nolan.

NOLAN
No killing cops.

Without a flicker of doubt...

NOLAN
What happened to my family, Rachel is
never gonna happen to you and Gemma.

SERIES OF SHOTS: SLOW MOTION SHOOTOUT

--The Squad steps through corporate offices spraying gunfire.

--Screaming at a dead run, Quan and Plank unleash hell.

--With sharp, jerky movements, Rachel squeezes tight bursts.

END SERIES SHOTS**ELEVATOR**

Tickles readies his MG3 machine gun. A Muzak version of *On Top of the World* by The Carpenters plays.

Danni holds a pistol in one hand, her phone in the other.

Curious, Tickles furrows his brow.

DANNI

Live streamin', silly.

He nods with a crooked smile.

Ding! The elevator doors slide open.

From cover, Danni angles her phone around the corner--

YELPS as it's SHOT out of her hand.

Horrified, Danni sees...

HER DEAD PHONE

... With a slug lodged in the screen.

DANNI

(angry)

Lover...

TICKLES

Yes, cupcake.

DANNI

Impress me.

They march shoulder-to-shoulder, hurling a wall of death at anything stupid enough to be in their path.

PENTHOUSE - FOYER

Quietly, the private elevator doors part. Nolan steps out alone, if you don't count his M4.

Sweeps both directions--

MARQUIS (O.S.)
It's about goddamn time.

Curious, Nolan follows the voice into...

THE OFFICE

... At her desk, Marquis loads a SMITH & WESSON 500, possibly the biggest handgun in the world.

Spots Nolan. Oh, shit!

MARQUIS
You?

NOLAN
(sags)
Rachel?

Marquis angles her gun at Nolan--

Instantaneously, Nolan targets Marquis.

NOLAN
No, Rachel, it's me. Nolan.

MARQUIS
I know who you are. Where's Fletcher?

NOLAN
I killed him. He was behind all of this. What are you doing here?

MARQUIS
I don't know what to tell you. You're standing in my office.

NOLAN
Your office? I don't understand. You don't work for The Corporation.

Marquis grins. Convinced Nolan thinks she's Rachel.

Both of them relax.

NOLAN
They threatened to hurt you and Gemma if I didn't start working for them again. Now I know, I didn't tell you that part because, because, well, I knew you'd completely overreact.

MARQUIS
Well, I'm sorry to disappoint, but--

NOLAN
 (ice cold)
 No, I'm sorry. Well, not that sorry.

MARQUIS
 For what, dear?

RACHEL (O.S.)
 This.

A BULLET SNAPS!

White smoke snakes from a muzzle.

Shock painted across her face, Marquis crumples to the floor.

Rachel lowers her rifle.

RACHEL
 Yeah, your therapy really blows.

NOLAN
 What the hell took you so... forever?

RACHEL
 The elevator was slow.

NOLAN
 You-You're blaming the elevators?!

RACHEL
 Did you send the elevator back down--?

NOLAN
 She just about shot me.

RACHEL
 Well, sure, but it all worked out,
 didn't it?

NOLAN
 You do realize the timing of a
 diversion is everything?

They both steal a quick breath.

NOLAN
 And Gemma's safe.

RACHEL
 Gemma's fine. She's with Becky.

NOLAN
 That's right, Becky. No more Becky!

RACHEL
What's wrong with Becky?

NOLAN
She's a little pirate. She overcharges
us, you know, and pads her time--

RACHEL
Ugh, she was available.

NOLAN
You're a soft touch and she knows it.

They both spin to...

BRANDI

... High as God's balls, shuffling to Nolan.

BRANDI
Oh, Mommy want.

Paws him. Leans in. Opens her mouth. Tongue hungry.
From behind, Rachel pistol whips her out cold.

RACHEL
Stay away from my things.

NOLAN
You've been taking work while I was in
therapy, haven't you?

Rachel averts her eyes.

Drums her fingers. **Black fingernail polish** -- just like the
Sniper who shot the Mercenary.

NOLAN
Before we got married, we agreed, we
would both stop working.

RACHEL
It was just an odd job here and there.

NOLAN
We, like, agreed!

RACHEL
Oh, stop making a thing out of
everything.

The elevator doors open to Danni on point...

DANNI
It's bad.

NOLAN
Shit.

Tickles and Quan drag Plank out of the elevator. He's bleeding out from his side. Serious stuff.

PLANK
(weak)
Nolan...

TICKLES
And the fucking cops are here.

NOLAN
How many?

QUAN
(checks the window)
All of 'em, I think.

PLANK
Look... Look wut they did to me.

DANNI
You're, um, uh. You're gonna be fine.

Her eyes are cold comfort.

RACHEL
Don't worry. Our ride's almost here.

NOLAN
Ride?

Members of The Squad file out of the elevator.

RACHEL
A helo. But it can't take all of us.

TICKLES
I like her escape plan.

RACHEL
What was your plan?

From her backpack, Danni snaps open a WINGSUIT.

DANNI
Whee!

Rachel throws Nolan an are you crazy look.

NOLAN

But you have room for Plank.

RACHEL

Uh, maybe one of you.

TICKLES

And me... I'll sit on his lap.

PLANK

But if there's only one spot... Look, I'm not smart but I can count to one.

TICKLES

(cries)

But high places make me a-scared.

DANNI

What was your plan?

TICKLES

I thought if I closed my eyes...

DANNI

(takes his hand)

We'll jump together, bae.

A tepid smile from Tickles. Nods. Turns to Plank.

TICKLES

I know I got problems.

RACHEL

(to Nolan)

No jumping off buildings, buster.

As Quan quickly changes into his wingsuit...

QUAN

Hey, I'm working for free. This is the only reason I showed for this party.

Brandi slinks past with a handle of liquor.

BRANDI

Or...

Wraps around a SQUARE-JAWED MAN from The Squad.

A concealed PANIC ROOM door pops open. Sanctuary.

BRANDI

It's, uh, kinda undetectable. Food, water and nothing to do but vats of glue and sick porn.

Intrigued, several men follow her into the panic room.

Directed at Nolan, Rachel clears her throat.

As the panic room door slowly closes, Brandi smiles.

BRANDI

I'll give 'em back in a day or so. Or
after the cops leave. Or after they
wear out.

THE ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

Alongside Rachel, Nolan fireman carries Plank to the CHOPPER.

Followed by Danni, Tickles and the rest of The Squad.

Quan pushes past and dives spread-eagle off the ledge.

EXT. THE CORPORATION HEADQUARTERS - GROUND LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

With his badge held high, AJ slowly strides across the plaza to pensive police officers and first responders.

All heads tilt to Quan ROCKETING through skyscraper canyons.

Thunder CACKLES from distant thunderheads.

The chopper lifts off under an urgent, brooding sky.

EXT. HAPPY VALLEY TREATMENT CENTER - DAY

Smoke plumes from a Humpty Dumpty jumble of blackened wreckage.

EXT. NOLAN'S SUBURBAN HOME - BACK YARD - NEXT DAY

On a scalding grill, hotdogs and cheeseburgers sizzle.

Indistinct chatter from happy guests.

Nolan adds fresh patties.

AJ totes sides out of the house and leads us to Rachel and Gemma, dressing the patio table.

In a wheelchair, Plank tips a beer. Sits with Quan. They talk up a couple of fellows from The Squad.

Danni straddles Tickle's lap.

On a side table, we move across framed photos: An ancient mug shot of Jersey, Rattler smiling and a military photo of Jeet. A candle burns in front of the photos.

Gemma adds her crayon drawing of the squirrel.

INT. GEMMA'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Quietly, Gemma sits in the back of the room at her desk.

Nolan, Rachel and her concerned TEACHER (40) sit up front.

TITLE "ONE YEAR LATER"

TEACHER

The thing is, Gemma's grades are great.

RACHEL

But...

TEACHER

But the reason I asked you down was because Gemma's displaying what we refer to as anti-social behavior.

NOLAN

Anti-social?

Gemma lights up. Flashes a fiendish smile.

TEACHER

Yes, but that doesn't mean--

RACHEL

Oh, we understand what it means.

Proud, Nolan cups Rachel's hand. She's glowing.

Nolan feigns sincerity to the Teacher...

NOLAN

How can we help?

FADE TO BLACK