

BLUE FALCONS

Written by
Chad St.John

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EXT. CITY SKYLINE - DAY

Office towers point towards Valhalla. Mid-sized metropolis.

A POLICE HELICOPTER streaks into the frame.

TRACKING WITH: It descends lower. Streets below become visible. A din of voices crashes into audio focus.

RADIO CHATTER...

RADIO VOICES (O.S.)
*Suspect vehicle turned North on
Main... Shots fired! Shots fired!
We're West on 15th! Officer down!
I need EMS...*

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SEDAN - DAY

TRACKING WITH: A banged-up sedan tears ass through traffic. Two BANK ROBBERS in masks hang out the back windows...

...FIRE AK-47's AT THE POLICE CARS IN PURSUIT.

The Cops slow. Windshields shatter. Steam pours from hoods...

WE MOVE ONE PARALLEL STREET OVER...

EXT. ONE STREET OVER - CONTINUOUS

TRACKING WITH: A 15-year-old piece of shit ECONOBOX of a car that's powered by broken dreams and a half-dead hamster.

Did I mention the UBER STICKER on the windshield?

INT. ECONOBOX - CONTINUOUS

A 65 year-old hard ass is behind the wheel. Keeps his keen eyes on the BANK ROBBERS racing parallel, one street over.

Suicidally fast. Dodges traffic. He makes the car defy every law of physics. A goddamned surgeon behind the wheel.

He's big. He's strong. His 3-day beard is full of white.

His Hawaiian shirt has mustard stains.

He's JONAS "JOE" HAYES.

HIPSTER DORK (O.C.)
Oh, God...

Joe glares at his fare--a terrified HIPSTER DORK who snots all over himself in the backseat.

JOE

Hey..!

Joe taps a sign on the back of a seat--"**NO CRYING. THANK YOU.**"

A snarled Frankenstein of a laptop, wires, a scanner, and antennas all spliced together on the floorboard. COMPUTER CODE races across the screen. Digitized voices...

DIGITIZED VOICES (O.S.)

*...they're shooting at the
helicopter! Get it out of here.
Turning North on 14th...*

JOE

They lost the air asset...

Joe swerves around a car and barrels down the sidewalk.

HIPSTER DORK

I'm gonna die! I'm gonna die..!

JOE

Don't be ridiculous. Emergency
Medicine is very good these days.

HIPSTER DORK

I just wanted a Venti Chai Soy
Latte!

JOE

*That's why you're crying. Whiskey.
Black coffee. That's what a man
drinks. Now hold on. We can't let
these guys get away.*

HIPSTER DORK

We..? I'm not a cop, man!

JOE

Me neither.

The Hipster screams, as Joe cuts the wheel and stomps the gas...

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Sirens echo in the distance. The Sedan skids around a corner. Alone. No cops in sight.

When...A FUCKING GARBAGE DUMPSTER ROLLS OUT OF AN ALLEY AND SLAMS INTO THE CAR.

The Sedan is knocked into a phone pole. Joe runs towards the car with a fucking newspaper machine held in front of him...

The dazed Bank Robbers stumble out. FIRE at Joe. The rounds are absorbed by the newspapers in the machine.

Joe bashes the closest Robber (#1) over the head with the newspaper machine. Takes his AK. Drops the magazine...

Throws it over the car. THWACK--hits #2 in the face with it. #2 and his broken nose drop like a prom dress.

Joe swings the empty AK like Babe Ruth and hits #3 squarely in the good times. Lifts him a foot off the ground.

Dude screams like a mouse whose parachute won't open.

He drops to his knees, as a herd of police cars skid to a stop. COPS get out. Guns drawn.

OFFICERS TANNER AND RODRIGUEZ grab Joe. Drag him away from the other Cops.

They give him the disapproving Cop Glare.

JOE

I know what you're going to say...

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ

Again? What is this? Third time this month?

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ

Do I even want to know how you're here?

JOE

Well... they stole a car with a satellite radio.

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ

So?

JOE

I isolated the equipment ID it was broadcasting. Then, it was just a matter of triangulating the...

Tanner holds up the STFU hand.

OFFICER TANNER
Can't you just be retired? Stop
doing this shit!

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ
Don't you have hobbies? Golf or
something? A life? Grand kids?

Joe eyes them both. Sighs. Shakes his head.

OFFICER TANNER
I'm serious, Joe. You are too old
for this.

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ
Act your age. One of these days,
you're...wait. Today's Thursday...

JOE
That's some fine police work.

OFFICER TANNER
Aren't you supposed to start your
court ordered therapy today?

Joe goes wide-eyed. Oh shit.

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ
Damnit, Joe. We went to bat with
the Judge for you, man.

A SCREAM scares the hell out of everyone. The Hipster Dork
runs out of the alley. Beats feet up the street.

Tanner raises his gun.

JOE
He's with me...
(yells at Hipster)
I better see a four star rating,
Brian!

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Swank Office. Joe stares at the floor. Clenches fists.

JOE
The little fucker gave me one star.

He sits in a GIANT CHAIR. Huge. Even his big frame is
swallowed by it.

THE DOCTOR
Does that make you angry?

A severe woman sits opposite. 40's. Severe skirt. Severe heels. Severe turtleneck. Severe pony tail--DOCTOR SIMMONS.

Joe squirms in the chair. Sinks further into it.

JOE
This chair. Is this chair normal?

THE DOCTOR
It's Jungian.

JOE
What?

THE DOCTOR
Does the chair make you angry?

JOE
Can't you just sign somethin' and put an end to this?

THE DOCTOR
This is court ordered therapy, Joe. Why keep putting your life in danger? Chasing bad people?

JOE
To stay sharp.

THE DOCTOR
Sharp...

JOE
Keep my skills honed.

THE DOCTOR
I see.

JOE
Stay ready for contingencies.

THE DOCTOR
Do you expect something bad to happen to you?

JOE
Lady, that's the only thing that happens to me.

THE DOCTOR

Let's talk about yesterday. You said it was an anniversary. Twenty years since your wife left.

RIIIIP--Joe tears one of the arms off the chair.

JOE

Sorry... I can. Some staples, or something...

THE DOCTOR

The same day you retired from the CIA? Why do you think she left?

Joe sighs deeply.

JOE

Be honest with each other, right? Ain't that what you do in a marriage? Retired. I told her everything I had ever done. *Everything.*

THE DOCTOR

I bet it felt good to finally be honest with someone.

JOE

Sure. Until she took the kid. The dog. Kicked me in the Stallones and walked out the door.

He flings the chair arm over his shoulder.

JOE (CONT'D)

Twenty years of lies. Deep cover. What was I thinking..? What kind of idiot would be honest about *that?*

THE DOCTOR

The kind who thought he was doing the right thing. She died a year after that?

JOE

Cancer. We didn't know... My Son blames me. Haven't talked to him in 15 years.

She places a hand on his.

THE DOCTOR
Joe, I think I can help you.

He looks at her with hopeful, expectant eyes.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Let's talk about the source of this pain and regret. The things you had done. Let's dig. Do you remember the things you confessed to her?

Joe nods.

THE DOCTOR
Will you tell them to me?

JOE
If you think it will help...

THE DOCTOR
I know it will. There's no judgement here. Just relax. Open yourself. And, tell me.

JOE
OK...

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

Sterile, Restoration Hardware waiting room. Musak plays.

GRAPHIC: 45 MINUTES LATER.

The door opens. Joe backs out. The Doctor stares at him. Hard. He stares back. Then, very calmly...

THE DOCTOR
I have heard some fucked up shit in my day.

JOE
But...

THE DOCTOR
I believe you to be irredeemable and a terrible person. I wish nothing but misfortune upon you. That poor woman.

She slams the door in his face. Joe blinks at the door placard in his face--"Dr. Janet Simmons". His jaw clenches.

His left eye twitches. He becomes aware he's not alone.

An OVERLY MADE-UP "WIFE OF BEVERLY HILLS" PATIENT stares at him over a PEOPLE MAGAZINE. Joe forces a smile at her.

JOE
She says I'm making a *lot* of
progress.

PATIENT
Stay away from me, Weirdo.

Joe sucks teeth. His eyes narrow. That's it.

JOE
Do you use a paint brush to put all
that shit on your face? Or, do
your Flying Monkeys use rollers?

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL BUILDING HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Two large SECURITY GUARDS push Joe down the hall...

JOE
She started it.

...and into an elevator.

SECURITY GUARD #1
Have a nice day.

The elevator doors close.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

CLOSE ON: A parking space name painted on the asphalt. "Dr. JANET SIMMONS". Liquid runs across it...

A really nice Mercedes is parked in the spot.

Joe takes a whiz on the car. Pretty fucking pleased with the notion. You just know this is the best he's felt all day.

His phone rings. He zips. Answers his ANCIENT FLIP PHONE.

His face almost falls off, when he hears who is on the other end...

JOE (ON CELL)
Sugar..?
(BEAT)
Yeah. Gimme twenty minutes...

Someone taps him on the shoulder. Joe turns. It's the Security Guards again. They look at the car. They look at the wet ground.

JOE (ON CELL)
Better make that an hour.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

In dire need of paint. Nice neighborhood...thirty years ago. Every house is run down. Mailboxes dented.

But, Joe's lawn is fucking perfect. Complete with a sign stuck in the grass--"KEEP OFF LAWN."

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM- DAY

Modest. Outdated. Everything in its place. But, dusty.

Exactly the way his Wife left it. Blankets and a pillow tell us he sleeps on the couch, not the bedroom.

SUGAR, another 60+ former spook, gives the room the skunk eye. Oxygen tank on wheels by his side. Tube up his snout.

He runs a finger along a family portrait on the wall--JOE, THE WIFE, and a 3 year old kid, CHUCK.

Sugar's finger leaves a clean trail through the dust.

SUGAR
Who was President, the last time I
was here..?

No reply...

INT. JOE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Joe at the kitchen table. Sugar enters. The wheels on his oxygen tank squeak. He sits opposite Joe.

SUGAR (CONT'D)
You haven't changed a thing since
she left.

JOE
Lightbulbs.

Sugar grabs the half-empty bottle of bourbon in front of Joe. Turns it up.

SUGAR
You got a head full of squirrels,
Kemosabe. Angry fuckers.

Joe takes the bottle. Hits it. Eyes the Oxygen tank with discomfort. Sugar clocks it. Waves a hand.

SUGAR

(re: oxygen tank)

COPD. They make me walk around with this thing. Jokes on them. I cut it with nitrous oxide. Come Ladies Night at the Old Folks Home, I'm geeked up and ready to riot.

JOE

What the fuck happened to us, Sugar?

Sugar hits the bottle. Puts it down with authority.

SUGAR

Three words. Blue. Falcon.

JOE

Haven't thought about him in years.

Sugar sizes him up. Doesn't like it.

SUGAR

Uh huh. Are you still doin' that dumb shit? Runnin' around, chasin' bad guys? A pathetic attempt to stay sharp, in case he comes back?

JOE

No...

SUGAR

I was your handler for twenty-five years, Jonas. I see through you like a wet T-shirt.

Joe turns on the stove and opens a cabinet door...

SUGAR (CONT'D)

The day your old partner went rogue, is the day you changed.

JOE

Ancient history.

...the Refrigerator slides away from the wall--REVEALS A FUCKING ARSENAL ROOM. Rifles. Machine guns. RPG's.

Joe pulls two Glocks from his waist band. Two revolvers from ankle holsters. A fucking machete from...

SUGAR

Did you just pull a machete out of your pants?

JOE

What do you keep in your pants?

SUGAR

Not the point. You got obsessed with catching Vick. *That's* why you wrapped your life around a tree.

Joe puts his weapons on a table in the room. Steps out. Pushes the refrigerator back into place...

JOE

I was never obsessed.

Sugar jams his oxygen tank behind the fridge--stops Joe from closing it.

INT. ARSENAL ROOM - DAY

Full of weapons and every implement of death devised by man. But one wall...

...one wall is covered in old maps. Meticulous. Papers. Photos. Diagrams. From floor to ceiling. Many are marked "TOP SECRET". A few more are marked...

..."OPERATION BLUE FALCON".

Concentric rings of info/data on the wall. At the center of which is an old photo of...

...VICK ABARCA (the lovely and talented Danny DeVito). Somebody scribbled devil horns and glasses on him.

Sugar looks at the wall of data. Then, at Joe. He pulls the tube out of his nose. Holds it out for Joe...

SUGAR

You *really* need to hit this.

JOE

He's still out there, Sugar.

SUGAR

Look, you will always be the second best Operative the CIA ever had. But, that little bastard was the best. Dude literally fucked over everybody on earth. CIA, KGB, BND. Girl Scouts.

(MORE)

SUGAR (CONT'D)

At least two Boy Bands. And, he's *still* out there. What does that tell you? Let it go, man.

Sugar is wracked by a fit of coughing. Weakens him. He really is sick. Joe grabs him. Helps him sit on some boxes.

Sugar looks at all the Data on the wall again. Smiles.

SUGAR

But...what I would give for one more ride. The three of us. Back in the day. Remember when we took down Bron "The Animal" Baptiste?

Joe reads the tea leaves. Puts a hand on Sugar's shoulder.

JOE

That's why you reached out after all these years... You're dying.

SUGAR

Since the day I was born.

Sadness sneaks up on Joe. Mortality.

JOE

How long?

SUGAR

Don't matter. I've smoked about all this doob I can stand, to tell the truth. But, you? You have a son out there, somewhere. *Family*. We're runnin out of road, Joe. It ain't too late. Not for you.

JOE

The Kid hates me.

SUGAR

He hates who you were. Show him you're not that guy anymore. And, then...don't fuckin' be that guy anymore.

Joe sits next to him.

SUGAR (CONT'D)

But, you have to let the Blue Falcon go. Think about it. Chances are, he's dead by now, anyway. Right?

Joe rubs his face. Smiles at the thought.

JOE
How could somebody that twisted.
That rotten. That evil. With such
an unnatural love of Captain and
Tennille, still be walkin' this
world? You're right. Somebody has
to have killed him, by now. He's
gotta be dead...

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWN THE BLOCK FROM JOE'S - DAY/CONTINUOUS

The Blue Falcon, VICK ARBACA sits on the hood of a fucking Bentley.

CAPTAIN & TANNILLE'S "LOVE WILL KEEP US TOGETHER" blares from the stereo.

He sports an Armani suit. A Big Gulp in one hand. A hamburger in the other.

He watches Joe's house, as A FEDEX Truck pulls up to Joe's house. THE DRIVER rings the bell. Joe answers. The Driver hands him an envelope.

VICK
(to self)
Ugh, Joe. You let yourself go,
man.

Vick slurps the Big Gulp. Kicks his feet.

Takes a chomp of the burger. The Fedex Truck goes down the street. Hangs a U-Turn. Pulls up next to Vick's Bentley. The Driver gets out.

THE DRIVER
I delivered it.

Vick hands him a wad of cash.

VICK
A little somethin' extra. Take the
Kids to Sizzler.

THE DRIVER
I don't have kids.

Vick digs more cash out of a pocket. Hands it to him.

VICK

Well, buy some. Kids are great. I know some guys. Want the number?

The Driver stares horror at him.

VICK (CONT'D)

Fuckin' with ya. I gave up Human Trafficking years ago. They kept gettin' outta the boxes.

THE DRIVER

Man, I thought it was just an envelope. This wasn't some kind of illegal shit, was it?

VICK

Illegal? We're *helping*...

Vick throws an arm around the Driver. Nods at Joe's house.

VICK (CONT'D)

Look, Bob...may I call you Bob?

THE DRIVER

My name's Fred.

VICK

Bob, that guy who answered the door? Big stupid guy? Jerk face? Right now, he's opening that envelope. Reading what's inside. Let me tell ya, he's having the best day of his miserable life.

You can hear Joe YELLING joyously all the way out here. Vick nods with satisfaction.

VICK (CONT'D)

Warms the cockles, don't it? Ever had your cockles warmed, Bob?

THE DRIVER

Uh...

VICK

That was the sound of joy. We gave him that. You and me. Isn't that wonderful?

THE DRIVER

Man, I don't even know...

Vick grabs him by both shoulders.

VICK
Bob...the giving has just begun.

INT. AIRPORT TICKET COUNTER - DAY

The TICKET AGENT stares boredom at Joe, who is all smiles.
The pissed off grumpy fucker we've seen is gone.

He waves a WEDDING INVITATION around like a magic wand.

JOE
...I'll tell ya what it is. It's a
wedding invitation! My Son invited
me! Me! He invited me to his
wedding.

The Ticket Agent hands him a ticket.

TICKET AGENT
You can leave now.

JOE
I haven't talked to him in years.
He doesn't hate me. Can you
imagine what that means? There's
all these emotions. In here. It's
like... It's like. I don't even
know how to process...

INT. AIRLINER - DAY

Joe is wedged in the middle seat between a MAN and WOMAN who
are ready to hang themselves.

Joe cries.

JOE
(sobs)
Do you know how many times I wished
for this? Falling stars. Birthday
candles. Flingin' nickels in every
fountain I see. Your Oprahs. Your
Dr. Phils. Positive
affirmations...

He blows his nose.

JOE (CONT'D)
I'm just so happy.

INT. TAXI - DAY

A CARIBBEAN ISLAND PARADISE outside the windows. The TAXI
DRIVER pinches the bridge of his nose.

Joe in the backseat. Grins like a jackass.

JOE
He wants *me* there, you know? We
can be a family again! Yeah, yeah.
I know. Baby steps...

TAXI DRIVER
Please. For the love of all that's
Holy. Stop talking...

A BEAT passes. Then, Joe starts sobbing again.

JOE
Sorry. I don't understand why this
just keeps happening...

EXT. DORADO CAY LUXURY RESORT - DAY

Stunning luxury Caribbean resort. Swank as all hell. Just
look at it and they'll bill you \$500 in resort fees.

Joe's taxi pulls in...

INT. DORADO CAY LOBBY - DAY

Skating on Cloud Nine, Joe goes to the Front Desk. The CLERK
greet him with a smile.

JOE
Checking in. Jonas Hayes. My
son's getting married.

He shoves the Wedding Invitation into the Clerk's face.

JOE (CONT'D)
He invited me.

The Clerk clicks buttons.

CLERK
The Hayes wedding. Of course. We
have you reserved for our Mermaid
Suite.

JOE
Sounds swanky. That's my boy.
Nothin's too good for his Old Man.

CLERK
And, how would you like to pay?

JOE
Pay?

CLERK
Shall we put it on your card?

JOE
Put what on my card?

CLERK
The Suite, Sir.

JOE
Oh. I assumed... Of course.
Yeah. Card. Sure.

He pulls his wallet.

CLERK
That will be \$3,800 a night...
Would you like to leave the card
for incidentals?

JOE
I'm sorry. I thought you said...

CLERK
\$3,800 a night. Before resort
fees.

JOE
Is there an AARP discount, or
something...?

She deadpans him. He hands her the credit card.

JOE
Is the rest of the wedding party
here?

She points across the lobby. Joe turns...

CLERK
Your son, Chuck, is right over
there.

...a STUD stands across the Lobby (25). Handsome as hell.
Arms like telephone poles. Legs like tree trunks. Dude
looks like he was carved out of marble.

Joe gets misty.

JOE
He grew up exactly how I knew he
would. He's just like me. I
haven't seen him since he was
little. Could you finish this up?

He doesn't wait for an answer...

INT. ACROSS LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

TRACKING WITH JOE: He strides across the Lobby. Smiles bigger with every step. He yells...

JOE
Chuck. Son! It's me. It's Dad.
I'm...

The Stud steps aside, revealing...

CHUCK
Dad..?

...a diminutive little dude that just screams accountant and asthma inhaler--CHUCK HAYES (28).

Joe stops 'record scratch' cold.

JOE
You really took after your Mom...

Joe goes for a hug. Chuck sticks out a hand.

CHUCK
It's nice to see you, Dad.

Joe shakes. Tries to be grateful for it. Tries to stop the locomotive of emotions that already left the station.

JOE
It means a lot that you invited me.

CHUCK
It took a lot to invite you.

A GORGEOUS woman approaches-27. A head taller than Chuck. Old School Super Model looks, with an apple pie disposition. Meet FRANCES.

FRANCES
Is this him? It's him! I can
tell. It's like I'm looking at
twins!

JOE
(to Chuck)
Is *she*..?

CHUCK
Dad, this is my fiancée, Frances.
Frances, meet...my Dad.

She hugs the hell out of a baffled Joe. He just can't understand this math.

FRANCES

Hi, Dad! Can I call you, Dad?

Joe's mouth moves. Nothing comes out. Until...he raises a hand to slap a high five to Chuck.

JOE

Hell, yeah!

Chuck grabs his hand. Yanks it down.

CHUCK

(to Frances)

Would you excuse us? I'd like to have a word with my Dad.

Chuck drags Joe across the lobby...

EXT. DORADO CAY LUXURY RESORT ENTRANCE - DAY

...and right out the door. Past a herd of Ferraris and Lambos.

JOE

Her Old Man payin' for all this?
Hot damn, they gotta be loaded...

CHUCK

Don't you screw this up.

He aims a finger at Joe.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

You're a stranger to me. OK? I didn't want you here. I *don't* want you here. Frances and her father are ones who convinced me to invite you. Family is important to them.

JOE

It's important to me, too.

CHUCK

I'm giving you a chance here. Maybe... *Maybe*, I can forgive you for what you did to our family.

JOE

Chuck, I swear I won't do a thing you don't want. I just want to be here for you. I love you, Son.

Chuck fidgets. Out of ammo. Unsure of where to go now.

Frances comes out the doors.

FRANCES
You boys, OK?

Joe grabs her hands in his.

JOE
Frances, I can't tell you how much
this means to me. Thank you.
Thank you, so much.

FRANCES
Its a new beginning for all of us,
right?

JOE
Is your Father here? I want to
thank him, too.

The GROWL of exhaust enters audio focus--a swingin' dick
American V-8. A jet black 1986 DETOMASO PANTERA GT5-S
rumbles up the entrance.

FRANCES
(re: Pantera)
Oh, here he is now...

The engine guns. The 351 Cleveland Engine ROARS. Scares the
shit out of birds. The door opens, and...

...OUT STEPS VICK FUCKING ARBACA.

Joe's eyes narrow to slits. His knees nearly give way. He
staggers back.

Then...

...JOE BELLOWS LIKE CONAN, PICKS UP A GARBAGE CAN, AND BEATS
VICK TO DEATH WITH IT.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. DORADO CAY LUXURY RESORT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Joe closes his eyes tight. Opens them again. Vick is still
there. The previous was a vision/fantasy.

Vick approaches. Doesn't really walk. It's like the whole
damned place moves to him.

FRANCES

Daddy...!

Frances gives Vick a hug.

Chuck gives Vick a complicated "Bro Handshake" that goes on for 10 solid seconds and includes, in no particular order: a High five, a low five, a shoulder bump, and a cabbage patch.

Joe's left eye twitches.

JOE

You...

VICK

Vick Jones. I've been waiting for this moment for a long time. Can I have a hug? I'm a hugger.

Chuck shoots Joe a look. Joe weighs it. Command decision...

He reluctantly hugs Vick. They frisk each other for weapons. On the sly.

JOE

(clenched teeth)

Pleasure to meet you.

Vick grins like the cat that fucked the canary. And, its sister.

VICK

The pleasure is *all* mine. Hey, would you join us for dinner? The South Sea Mango Halibut?
(dead pans Joe)
To die for.

Joe gives him the Clint Eastwood eyes.

JOE

They say the Tiramisu is *killer*.

VICK

The Goat Cheese flat bread?
Lethal.

JOE

Can't wait.

VICK

Won't be long.

The Hotel Clerk exits. Hands Joe his credit card.

CLERK

Mr. Hayes? Your card was declined.

VICK

Well, *that's* embarrassing. Joe, don't be ashamed. We all hit the occasional rough patch.

(to Clerk)

Put him on my tab. Treat this man like it's his last day on earth.

CHUCK

That's so generous. Right, Dad?

Joe's teeth grind.

JOE

(to Vick)

Thank...you.

INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY

Joe stomps in. Pissed. Walks right up to the bar. The BARTENDER smiles.

JOE

Scotch. Best. Now.

The Bartender puts a bottle on the bar for Joe to see.

BARTENDER

On the rocks, or neat, Sir?

Joe grabs the bottle.

JOE

Don't complicate it.

Turns it up. Pulls out his FLIP PHONE. Dials. Walks out...

INT. DORADO CAY LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Behind a planted palm. Flip phone in one hand, bottle in the other, Joe watches Vick glad hand everybody, like the Mayor of Happy Town.

JOE (ON CELL)

Sugar! Call me. Fuck that. Get your ass here. You can make it by tonight. I'll send the info. The Blue Falcon is alive. And, the bastard is *here*. He's up to somethin'. Bring Glock 19's. And, a Remington 700 in 6.5 Creedmor.

(MORE)

JOE (ON CELL) (CONT'D)
And, an M240. A dozen M67
Fragmentation Grenades...

INT. DORADO CAY LOBBY - WITH VICK - CONTINUOUS

Vick tips everything with legs from a fistful of Franklins...

CLOSE ON: There's a barely visible ear piece in Vick's ear.
He listens as Joe leaves his message for Sugar.

JOE (OVER EAR PIECE)
...maybe five pounds of C4. Oh, a
full surveillance platform. The
Delta Two Nine variant...

Vick rolls eyes.

VICK
(to self)
Such a Drama Queen. Get laid much?

JOE (OVER EAR PIECE)
...We're back, Buddy. I don't know
what he's up to, but we're gonna
get the son of a bitch. See you
soon.

VICK
Let's Macarena, Poindexter.

INT. THE MERMAID SUITE - DAY

Tastefully garish. The front door is pushed open. Slowly.

Joe stands in the door way. Runs his hands along the door
trim. Satisfied, he enters. Closes the door.

Gives the room the skunk eye for a long, lingering BEAT. He
unplugs the coffee maker. He checks under the bed.

Wait. Something just moved under the bed sheets. Joe flings
back the covers...

...THREE VIPERS ARE CURLED UP UNDER THE SHEETS.

Joe rolls eyes.

JOE
*Oh, that's bush league. Bush.
League.*

He grabs a coat hangar. Picks up the snakes. Stuffs 'em
into a pillow case.

JOE (CONT'D)
I'm disappointed, Vick. This is
gonna be easier than I thought.

Joe takes the sack-O-snakes to the window--pushes it open...

...TOO LATE, HE SEES A STRING THAT PULLS A FUCKING HAND
GRENADE RESTING ON THE CURTAIN ROD.

Joe drops the pillow case and GRABS THE GRENADE IN MID-AIR.
A split second before the spoon separates. Unbelievably fast
reflexes.

He stares at the grenade.

JOE
Cute.

Joe picks up the pillow case. Problem is...IT'S NOW EMPTY.
He shakes it...

JOE
Oh, *shit*...

Still empty. He gives everything in the room a stern lookin'
at. When...

...his cell phone DINGS. Startles the hell out of him.

He checks it.

CLOSE ON CELL: A text from Sugar's Number--"HELP IS ON THE
WAY."

Joe smiles. Cracks his neck.

JOE
Game on, Jackweed.

Then, he yells blue murder, as something slithers over his
foot.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The pretension is free. You're payin' for the great view.
UPPER CRUST PATRONS. Nose in the air WAITERS.

Everyone dressed like they have a court appearance.

We find Chuck and Frances waiting at the Hostess Stand. Hand
in hand. Gazing into each other's eyes.

FRANCES

Baby? Was it just me... or did you pick up on some weird tension between our Dads?

CHUCK

He has that effect on people. Joe rubs everybody the wrong way. Five years old and I could tell he was a jerk...

FRANCES

We're letting the past go, right? He's been alone for a long time.

CHUCK

There are reasons for that, Fran.

WE LOOK PAST THEM. Out the picture windows. Look closely...

Joe is in a fucking tree.

EXT. TREE ON RESORT GROUNDS - NIGHT

Joe is six feet up a small tree. Peeks between the branches. Spies on the restaurant through the windows. Scours the place intently with his eyes.

Vick strolls up out of the shadows. Looks up at Joe. Squints at the restaurant.

VICK

Do ya see him?

The whole tree shakes, as Joe is startled. No reply.

VICK (CONT'D)

I know it's you. Owls don't dress like assholes.

Joe climbs down. Leaves in his hair. Tries to play it off all smooth and shit.

JOE

You think I don't know what you're up to?

VICK

Joe, who said I'm up to anything?

JOE

This is all a big coincidence?

VICK

Can you imagine the odds? All the kids, in all the world. And, ours fall in love.

JOE

That girl is adopted. We both know it.

VICK

Eh, she took after her Mom. Didn't work out. Super models can be so clingy...

JOE

You did not have a kid with a Super Model.

VICK

I had a little more than that with her, if ya know what I'm sayin'.

JOE

I hate you so goddamned much. I hate you, Vick.

VICK

See? That? Right there? That's what I wanted to talk about. I've been thinking. For our kids. We should call a truce.

JOE

I'm not fallin' for that.

VICK

No. No, I'm serious. Before this gets out of control. Shake on it.

He extends a hand. Joe stares at it.

JOE

I'm not shaking that.

VICK

Come on. Shake.

JOE

You got some kind of exotic fish poison on your hand.

VICK

No, I don't. I've never been more sincere, Joe.

Joe deadpans Vick. He slowly extends his hand. Vick pulls his back...

VICK

Hang on.

Vick pulls out a hankie. Wipes his hand. Extends it again.

JOE

Why'd you wipe your hand?

VICK

Sweaty palms.

Joe give him maximum side-eye.

VICK

Truce?

They shake on it.

VICK

You don't have your fingers crossed behind your back, do you?

Yes.

JOE

No. Do you?

Yes.

VICK

Nope.

They back away from each other. Neither turning his back.

VICK

See you at dinner.

JOE

See *you* at dinner.

Vick disappears into the shadows. Joe waits a BEAT. Sure that he's gone. Then, runs like hell for...

INT. DORADO CAY LOBBY - NIGHT

Joe looks here and there. Doesn't see what he's looking for.

He goes to the counter. Asks the CLERK...

JOE
Have I had any visitors? Calls?
Jonas Hayes?

The Clerk shakes her head.

JOE (CONT'D)
Have you seen an old guy? Pushing
an oxygen tank. Under the
influence of more than one illicit
substance?

CLERK
I'm sorry, no.

Frustrated, Joe checks his watch. The hour doesn't improve
his mood. Just as he's about to leave...

SHARON (O.S.)
You. You're Joe...

Joe turns to see a woman approach him (30). She seems like
the librarian that could beat up the other librarians.

She extends a hand to shake. Trips on her own heels.
Stumbles forward and accidentally slaps Joe across the face.

He rubs his cheek. She smiles sheepishly.

SHARON
I'm Sharon. Delmar's daughter.

JOE
Who the fuck is Delmar?

SHARON
Code Name Sugar.

JOE
Delmar?
(BEAT)
He never told me he has kids...

SHARON
He kept his lives separate.

JOE
Where is he?

SHARON
Sugar died last night.

Joe reels. Stunned. He sits on a bench.

JOE
I just saw him. He was... He's gone? Thank you, for telling...

SHARON
There's nothing he wanted more, than to catch the Blue Falcon. I listened to the message you left. I came to help, for my Dad.

JOE
No thanks.

Joe turns to walk. She follows.

SHARON
I'm Agency.

JOE
You're a Handler?

SHARON
Well, no. I work in the archives, but...

JOE
Go home.

She grabs his arm.

SHARON
I didn't know my Dad very well. He was gone a lot. He was a stranger to me in a lot of ways...

Joe winces. Looks everywhere but at her.

SHARON (CONT'D)
I thought you could... Let me do this. I can't think of a better way to connect with who he was. Let me finish what he started.

JOE
You don't know the evil this man is capable of. I can't involve you in...

Suddenly, Joe grabs her. Yanks her behind a column...

INT. BEHIND COLUMN - CONTINUOUS

Joe peeks around the column. There's Vick. Talking with a SHADY DUDE sporting a beard...

Sharon peeks around Joe.

SHARON
Is *that* him?

JOE
Yeah, but you gotta picture him
with horns and hooves.

SHARON
Why's he called the Blue Falcon?

JOE
Code for Buddy Fucker. Military
parlance for the guy who will screw
over anybody.

Vick tosses a look over his shoulder. Then, slides the Shady
Guy an envelope on the sly...

SHARON
Did you see that? What was that?

JOE
Money. Stolen state secrets.
Souls of small children...

Joe ducks back behind the column. Checks his watch.

JOE
Damn.

SHARON
What's wrong?

JOE
There's a South Sea Mango Halibut
with my name on it.

SHARON
Is...is that a code for...

JOE
Alright, look. You do what I say.
You don't get on my nerves.
Starting in ten seconds, we cannot
be seen together. You're a shadow.
An intangible asset. Got a smart
phone?

She whips out her iPhone--COMPLETE WITH A "HELLO KITTY" case.
Joe grabs it. THROWS IT IN A TRASH CAN.

JOE (CONT'D)
No Tik Tacs. Instabook. Or,
Facewhatevers. There are a hundred
terrorist organizations, bounty
hunters, and state intelligence
services still looking for me.
They scour the internet, looking
for clues. You're a ghost now.

SHARON
That's so fucking cool.

JOE
I need the guest list of who is
staying at the resort.

SHARON
I'm on it.

TWO HOUSE KEEPERS pass by with carts. Joe yunks the "walkie
talkie" radios off their carts. Changes the channels. Hands
one to Sharon.

JOE
Channel 10. Tell me when you have
it.

SHARON
Wait.

JOE
What?

SHARON
Do I get a Code Name?

Joe blinks at her.

SHARON (CONT'D)
Raven. No, wait. Like...maybe
Wolf something...

Still blinking.

SHARON
Mako. Mako is cool... Oh. Oh!
Reaper.
(off Joe's look)
I'm annoying you, aren't I?

JOE
Yes. Yes, you are.

She salutes him.

SHARON
Ravenfire, signing off.

She turns on her heel...and crashes right into the Housekeeper's Cart. Knocks it over with a mighty crash.

Joe's left eye twitches again. He sighs deeply. Walks away.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Frances, Chuck, Vick, and Joe are seated at a table. WAITERS pick up finished plates...

FRANCES
Well, we wanted it to be a small affair. Too many people distract from the moment. Just a hundred and fifty people. They arrive tomorrow night.

CHUCK
Vick chartered a 737 for them.

JOE
That was nice of him.

VICK
I'm a giver.

Joe squeezes a fork, tightly. Resists the urge to stab Vick with it.

JOE
(to Chuck)
So, where'd ya have your Bachelor Party?

CHUCK
That's really not my thing. I decided I didn't want one.

Joe stares bafflement. But, before he replies...

A WAITER approaches with a Flambé Cart. Vick jumps behind the cart. Waves his paws around like a Vegas magician.

VICK
Kids, prepare to be amazed. Your taste buds are gonna hate you for the rest of your life. 'Cause, it's all down hill after this. For dessert? I'm makin' us my New Orleans Cherries Jubilee Jamboree Jambalaya Flavor Festathon!

Joe frantically drains his cocktail. Grabs the Waiter.

JOE

I need three more of these...

Frances claps with glee, as Vick gets to work.

FRANCES

You haven't made that since I was a kid.

VICK

It's reserved for special occasions. I think Joe being here qualifies.

Frances leans towards Joe. Lowers her voice, all titillated.

FRANCES

Chuck told us you were in the CIA. I bet you did so many heroic things.

As pans SIZZLE...

VICK

Tell us a story, Joe. Something' with some pizazz.

JOE

I could tell ya about my old partner. Snake in the grass. A little fucking weasel, who betrayed everything and everybody. That one's chock full o' giggles.

VICK

Boring...

CHUCK

I don't really want to hear about this subject.

JOE

You got it, Son.

Chuck smiles. Pleasantly surprised. When...

WHOOSH--A GIANT FUCKING FIREBALL SPEWS TOWARDS JOE FROM THE CHERRIES JUBILEE! Joe stabs a charcuterie board with a steak knife and holds it up as a shield, just in time.

In a FLASH, the fire engulfs him and dissipates.

FRANCES

Oh my God!

Random SCREAMS from the patrons. Joe calmly pats out his, now, smoking jacket. Continues, as if nothing happened.

JOE (CONT'D)

(to Chuck)

Chuck, I mean it. I want the past to stay there. That was a different man. And, he's not the one lookin' at you now.

Chuck just blinks. Jaw on the floor. Shocked dumb by the spectacle.

VICK

Joe, are you OK? Damn this faulty equipment. You could've been seriously injured. I'll have someone's ass over this...

Joe notices someone outside the windows. Waving her arms for his attention. Like she was being attacked by bees.

It's Sharon. Pointing at her radio.

JOE

I think I'm gonna call it a night.

FRANCES

Aw, no...

VICK

Is it the whole being burned alive thing? It's the burned alive thing, isn't it?

INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Joe speed walks away from the table. Turns on the radio...

SHARON (ON RADIO)

Thunder Eagle to Fluffy, come in Fluffy. Talk to me Fluffster...

JOE (ON RADIO)

Who in the fuck is Fluffy?

SHARON (ON RADIO)

That's your code name. It's ironic.

Joe stops cold. Grabs the drink OUT OF THE HAND OF A PATRON.
Downs it. Hands back the glass.

SHARON (ON RADIO)
I have the goods.

That's the moment Joe sees the SHADY DUDE from earlier pass
the restaurant entrance. Joe's eyes narrow.

Prey spotted.

The Shady Dude looks over his shoulder. Almost sees Joe, who
ducks behind a corner. Avoids detection.

JOE (ON RADIO)
I got eyes on a P.O.I. I am Oscar
Mike.

SHARON (ON RADIO)
Oh, sorry Oscar. I thought this
was Joe.

JOE (ON RADIO)
It...just. Get over here!

Joe slinks after the Shady Dude in pursuit.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Vick walks Chuck and Frances to a Suite Door.

FRANCES
That was a helluva dinner...

VICK
Accidents, right? I'll make it up
to him. Just goes to show, you
never know when it's your time. I
think this gives us all something
to think about.

Chuck does exactly that.

CHUCK
You know... I'm really starting to
think he *is* a different guy now.

Vick puts his hands on Chuck's shoulders.

VICK
We're buildin' bridges here, Chuck.

Chuck and Frances hug Vick goodnight. Disappear into the
Suite.

Vick turns on his heel. Marches down the hall...

TRACKING WITH VICK:

TWO SERIOUS LOOKING DUDES in serious suits enter from a stairwell door. Fall in behind Vick. March with him.

Vick doesn't even turn. Expects them.

SERIOUS DUDE #1
Preparations are almost complete.

VICK
Schedule?

SERIOUS DUDE #2
No change, Sir.

VICK
Problems?

SERIOUS DUDE #1
Nothing we can't handle.

VICK
Our friend, Joe?

SERIOUS DUDE #2
That's being addressed.

VICK
Bitchin'.

Vick walks into an elevator. The Serious Dudes break off in two different directions.

Stone cold. All business. Vick stares dead into our eyes, as the elevator doors close.

EXT. DIFFERENT HOTEL HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Joe and Sharon slink around corners. Keep tabs on the Shady Dude, as he walks down halls.

Whispers...

SHARON
Why don't we just call the Cops?

JOE
Chuck just started talking to me.
I'm gonna call the Cops on his new
father-in-law? He loves the
jackass...

The Shady Dude turns a corner. They keep an eye on him.

JOE (CONT'D)

I have to catch Vick in the act.
It has to be perfect. I can't lose
my son again.

SHARON

I just can't believe you two were
partners. You guys were legends in
the Agency. You took down Bron
"The Animal" Baptiste, didn't you?

JOE

What do you know about him?

SHARON

They said he was a Freedom
Fighter...

JOE

He was an asshole. Who blew up a
plane full of people. After he was
a beaten. When it didn't make a
difference. Just out of hate...

SHARON

How does that happen?

JOE

Decoy explosives. We...got the
wrong bomb.

Sadness passes over Joe's face. Quickly replaced with anger.

JOE (CONT'D)

And, Vick Arbaca is no legend. He
didn't think his talents were worth
a government paycheck and a shitty
pension. So, he sold them to the
highest bidder. A legendary
asshole, maybe. Nothing else.

The Shady Dude stops at a door. Looks around. SLIDES AN
ENVELOPE UNDER THE DOOR of SUITE 12. Moves on...

JOE

You got that guest list?

Sharon pulls out folded sheets of paper from a pocket.
Peruses...

SHARON

Suite 12..? *Victor Jones.*

JOE
I'm gonna find out what's in that envelope. If you see Vick coming, you tell me.

SHARON
Got it.

Joe takes a step towards the Suite. Stops. Returns.

JOE
No code names. No fuckery. No James Bond's little sister...

SHARON
I understand.

JOE
How 'bout this. Just say, "danger, danger, danger". Easy.

SHARON
Can do.

Joe takes a step towards the Suite. Stops. Returns again.

JOE
To be clear. That's into the radio. You say, "danger, danger, danger" into the *radio*.

SHARON
Oh...see. That makes more sense.
(off his look)
Do you treat *everybody* like they're an idiot?

JOE
There's a reason for that.

INT. SUITE 12 - NIGHT

Damn. This place is huge. Gorgeous.

Lock picked, Joe comes through the door. Closes it gently. Pauses a beat to listen. Silence.

The envelope is on the floor. He grabs it. Pulls out the contents and finds...

...three single dollar bills.

JOE
What the hell is this..?

He holds them up to the light. Squints. Gotta be something more to this. Baffling.

He shoves the dollar bills into a pocket. Looks around.

Spots a folder, open, on a desk...

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY WITH SHARON - NIGHT

Sharon looks this way. She looks that way.

She bounces up and down. Crosses her legs.

She REALLY has to take a leak.

Bites her lower lip.

Grits teeth. Summons all her discipline. Wills it to go away. Demands it go away...

Don't work.

Fuck it. She runs around the corner...

TWO BEATS LATER--Elevator doors open. Vick steps off. Heads for his Suite...

INT. SUITE 12 - NIGHT

There's a photo in the open folder. Joe picks it up.

CLOSE ON: A Mid-Eastern dude (50). A name across the bottom: AMB. NAJI MEHRJUI.

JOE
Ambassador...

Then...THE SOUND OF A BATHTUB DRAINING. A woman's voice from the bathroom...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Vi-iiick..?

Joe goes bug-eyed. He heads for the door...

...WHEN THE SOUND OF AN ELECTRIC LOCK CLICKS. The door handle moves.

SHIT.

JOE
Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck...

Joe dives under the bed.

INT. UNDER THE BED - CONTINUOUS

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
 Vick! I thought I heard you.

Joe curses his luck silently

VICK (O.C.)
 Was it the pounding of my heart you
 heard? Or, the roar of the flames
 burning in my loins.

Joe gags.

Then, from wall mounted speakers, "DO IT TO ME ONE MORE TIME"
 BY CAPTAIN & TENNILLE blares.

JOE
 Oh, God no... No, please no...

A wet towel drops to the floor in front of his face. The bed
 SQUEAKS loudly, as two people jump onto it.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY WITH SHARON - NIGHT

Sharon sits against the wall. 15 empty bags of chips strewn
 on the floor. A few magazines. Three empty coffee cups.

She throws a fourth one into the air and catches it. Over
 and over. Bored stupid...

INT. UNDER THE BED - NIGHT

The bed squeak, squeak, squeaks with sweet, sweet lovin' over
 Joe's head...

GRAPHIC: TWO AND A HALF HOURS LATER.

...Joe stares blankly ahead. No KGB torture was ever this
 bad. Finally, thankfully...the squeaking slows. Then stops.

Joe exhales relief. Thanks every god he knows. Until...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
 Vick! Again..?

JOE
 (under breath)
 No way.

The squeaking starts again.

JOE
 I hate you so fucking much.

INT. SUITE 12 - MUCH, MUCH LATER

Lights out. Vick snores. The Woman tangled up with him in bed.

Joe rolls out from under the bed. Pink Panthers his way towards the front door...

...when someone stirs in bed!

Joe dives onto the floor. The front door is too far. He crawls for the nearest door he can find...

INT. SUITE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe quietly closes the door. The bathroom is bigger than his house.

French windows! In a mad dash for freedom, he flings open the curtains. To find...

...FUCKING SHARON STARING AT HIM THROUGH THE WINDOW. He yelps. She yelps. Startled. She falls back. Arms pinwheeling to keep balance...

EXT. OUTSIDE BATHROOM WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Sharon teeters on a narrow ledge FIVE STORIES OVER THE GROUND. The windows open. Joe grabs her by the shirt, before she plummets.

JOE

What are you doing out there?

SHARON

You've been in there for hours. I was coming to save you! I crawled over from next door. Why didn't you call me on the radio?

JOE

The battery died three hours ago.
So did my will to live.

A COUGH from somewhere. Joe looks over at the bathroom door...

INT. SUITE 12 - MOMENTS LATER

Bleary-eyed, Vick walks into the bathroom. Drains the lizard.

The windows are closed. Nothing seems amiss. A cell phone RINGS somewhere.

VICK

Damn...

Vick "zips" up. Scampers out of the room. Comes back a BEAT later with a cell phone to his ear...

VICK (ON CELL)

Do you know what time it is? He
what? Hang on...

Vick closes the bathroom door gently, as to not wake his paramour. OPENS THE WINDOWS. Leans out to be quiet...

EXT. OUTSIDE BATHROOM WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Vick has his elbows on the windowsill. Leans out the window...

...FUCKING JOE AND SHARON DANGLE BY THEIR FINGERS TWO FEET BELOW HIM FROM THE LEDGE.

VICK (ON CELL)

There's no backing out now... No,
no. Plans have been made. Money
has been paid. The pieces, set up.

SHARON SLIPS! Joe grabs her, at the last possible instant. Holds them both up with one hand...

VICK (ON CELL)

Listen to me. He's a dead man.
You hear me? Dead.

Vick closes the windows, pissed. The lights go out.

Joe pulls Sharon up to the ledge. She nods at an OPEN WINDOW a few yards away...

INT. EMPTY SUITE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Joe pulls Sharon inside. They catch their breath.

SHARON

Was it just me, or did that call
sound a little ominous?

Joe sits on the john. Rubs his face.

JOE

I found what looked like a target
packet in Vick's room...

SHARON

Target packet...

JOE

A dossier. A package of information for a hit. I didn't have time to see all of it. A dude named Naji Mehrjui...

SHARON

Mehrjui? Joe, that guy's *here*.

She unfolds the guest list. Points at an entry.

SHARON (CONT'D)

You don't forget a name like that. I saw it on the guest list. He's staying at the resort.

JOE

I fuckin' *knew* he was up to somethin'...

(to Sharon)

Mehrjui is an Iranian Ambassador. I bet Vick is going to use the wedding as cover to assassinate him.

SHARON

Why assassinate him *here*? I mean, of all the places?

Joe ponders the math. The solution slaps him in the face.

JOE

Why here? Because, *I'm* here! That's why all this is happening. He brought me here to frame me for the hit. It's his chance to eliminate of me...

SHARON

But, he could just kill you...

JOE

My Son. A dead father would be sad, right? But *this*? Good old Dad. Ruined my life. Ruined my wedding day. Whacked a guy at the reception. Boom. Dad rots in prison.

Joe paces. Arms wave.

JOE (CONT'D)

Chuck would never forgive me. Not that it matters.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

'Cause, I'd get shived by some jackass in the shower. The Iranians would see to that. Vick would be rid of me for the rest of his life. He is stealing my Son.

Joe considers. Ponders. Mulls. Aims a finger at Sharon.

JOE (CONT'D)

Find Mehrjui and stay on him.

SHARON

If I warn him, Vick will know we're on to him.

JOE

Don't say a word. I'm gonna crawl up Vick's ass and pitch a tent.

SHARON

OK. Is that another code or...

JOE

He can't do anything, if he puts a hand in his pocket and I'm in there. I'm gonna stick to him like cheap Hooker lipstick. I am the In-Law from hell.

INT. SUITE 12 - MORNING

Vick sits up in bed. Somebody is BANGING on his door. He checks the clock: 6:10 A.M.

He glances at the bed--IT'S EMPTY.

Vick leaps outta bed. Slaps on a robe. Finds his pants. Pulls out his wallet. Opens it...

...IT'S EMPTY.

VICK

Ugh. Figures...

That jackass is still banging on the door. Vick stomps to the door. Flings it open to find...

...JOE. All smiles. Sporting the loudest "tourist threads" money can buy. Already has a streak of zinc on his nose.

JOE

You gonna sleep the whole day away?
Come on!

VICK
I have killed men for less than
this.

JOE
You were right, Vick. The past is
the past. We should bury the
hatchet.

Joe walks in. Puts an arm around Vick.

JOE (CONT'D)
Pals. Sounds nice, don't it?
Compadres. *Fathers-in-law*. I'm
startin' to feel the love.

VICK
That's not love I'm puttin' out.

JOE
We've got a day to seize.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

Ass crack of dawn. Vick, Chuck, and Joe stroll down a dock.

Vick sports dark glasses. A cup of coffee. And, a bottle of
brandy. He pours hooch into the coffee on the hoof.

Chuck is all smiles. Walks next to Joe. Who is so goddamned
effervescent, it's nauseating.

CHUCK
What is all this about, Dad..?

Joe stops at a 25-foot fishing boat. A cooler awaits. Joe
pulls a couple of six packs out of it. Holds them up,
triumphantly.

JOE
Bachelor party! You and me and
Vick. The boys. Outlaws on the
high seas.

Joe breaks off a beer and tosses it to Chuck. Who completely
misses it. The beer splashes into the water.

JOE
We'll do some fishin'. Maybe
island hop. Pirates for a day.

Chuck smiles, in spite of himself. But...

CHUCK
I dunno. The rest of the wedding
party gets here this afternoon.

VICK
I am lovin' this idea.

You do? CHUCK You do? JOE

VICK (CONT'D)
Who doesn't wanna be a pirate?
That's a fine boat, Joe.

Joe slaps the hull.

JOE
Rental set me back a month's pay.

CHUCK
Dad, you didn't have to do that.

JOE
Nothin' is too good for you.

VICK
Joe, I couldn't agree more. So,
I'm just tossin' this out there.
But, we could...and it's just a
suggestion. Take *my* boat.

Vick points a few docks over. A fucking GLORIOUS 150 FOOT YACHT sits, docked.

Chuck looks at Joe. Joe forces a smile...

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DAY

Gorgeous sky. Gorgeous water.

We hear the loud THUMP-THUMP-THUMP of obnoxious dance music.
Long before Vick's Yacht sails into the frame...

...like the Imperial Star Destroyer at the opening of Star Wars.

YELLS. WHOOPS. A HUNDRED PEOPLE PARTY THEIR ASSES OFF ON THE YACHT. Looks like a floating Spring Break.

EXT. YACHT SUN DECK - DAY

Vick holds court with a bevy of BIKINI CLAD LADIES and beer swigging BROS. Like the Ring Leader of a Circus...

EXT. YACHT BOW - DAY

Joe is alone with his fishing pole. Sips a beer. Fish out of water.

He pulls those THREE DOLLAR BILLS out of his pocket. Stares at them. Ponders...

Chuck approaches.

CHUCK
Some party, huh?

JOE
Havin' fun?

CHUCK
I know what you did. Were trying to do, I mean. I just wanted to tell you...I noticed.

Joe nods around the yacht.

JOE
Hard to compete.

Chuck snags a beer. Cracks it up. Sits next to Joe. First beer together. Joe smiles. He's waited a long time.

CHUCK
You were my hero... When I was a little kid. You were.

Joe is stunned.

JOE
But, you didn't know what I did...

CHUCK
Don't you get it? When I thought you sold plumbing fixtures, or whatever it was. It didn't matter. You were my Dad. You were Superman. Then, I found out my hero lied to me...

Joe lowers his head. Takes it. No defense.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Look. Whatever happened between you and Mom...I get it. But, me? It took awhile to realize my hero...really was a hero. I'm sorry about that.

JOE

I was never a hero. And, I never will be.

CHUCK

Right, or wrong. You were trying to protect us, weren't you?

Joe nods.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Well. There ya go. I just wanted to say that.

Chuck stands. Joe does, too.

CHUCK

I'm glad you came.

He hugs Joe. Over too fast. But, it's the greatest goddamn thing that has ever happened to Joe.

Then, Vick swoops in between them. Tosses an arm around them both.

VICK

That last group of college kids we picked up? Maniacs!

A herd of PARTIERS surrounds them.

VICK (CONT'D)

What are you two doin' down here? Let's get it on.

CHUCK

We should probably head back. The Rehearsal dinner is tonight. The rest of the Wedding party will get there soon...

VICK

You're absolutely right. We'll head back. But, we party all the way home. What dya say, Mateys?

Hoots and shouts from the Partiers.

Somebody shoves a drink into Joe's face. Somebody else shoves a drink into Chuck's face. A drink is shoved into Vick's face.

CHUCK

Well. What dya say, Blackbeard?

Joe smiles. Grabs the drink.

JOE
I say, it's the Pirate's life for
me!

Vick, Chuck, and Joe toast and down their drinks. They slam the empties down, as Bikini Clad Girls and Buff Bro's drag them out of the frame, hooting, hollering, and dancing.

Poorly.

CLOSE ON EMPTY DRINK GLASSES: The ones Vick, Joe, and Chuck just put down. Look closely...A POWDERY RESIDUE slides down the inside of each glass...

The dance music rises to a feverish crescendo and...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - NIGHT

Dead silent. Bright moon. Starry sky. Black water.

The Yacht floats silently. Adrift. Empty. Dark. Just a couple of lights flicker.

INT. YACHT'S BRIDGE - NIGHT

What a mess. It looks exactly like a hunch of college kids spent all day getting obliterated in here.

Wires dangle. Shit's broken. Everything is covered in booze. Sparks spit from electronics. Empty booze bottles and beer cans everywhere.

Joe sits up off the floor. He's wearing different clothes and arm floaties. Holds his head to keep it from reaching orbit without him.

JOE
What the fuck...

Chuck is sprawled out on a table. Out cold. Joe shakes him.

JOE
Chuck...Chuck..?

Chuck sits bolt upright.

CHUCK
Oh, God no! Not the green ones!

Then, passes out again.

Vick crawls out from under a mountain of empty beer cans. Pokes Joe, like he's not sure if he's real.

Joe slaps his hand.

VICK
I think we were roofied.

Joe stares daggers at him.

VICK (CONT'D)
(doomed)
They found my stash.

Joe looks over the controls. Everything is dead, or glitching.

JOE
Dead in the water. Radio's shot...

VICK
How long have we been adrift..?

Vick looks at a cracked clock: 2 A.M.

VICK (CONT'D)
Ohhhhhhhh, no. Oh, shit. Frances
is going to kill you.

JOE
Me?

VICK
Well, I'm not takin' the blame for
this.

JOE
It's. *Your.* Fault.

VICK
I really don't see what that has to
do with anything. She's totally
gonna dump Chuck.

JOE
Just fuck over everybody. That's
what you do, ain't it? The
country. The CIA. Me. Chuck.
Your own *daughter*? You're a
terrible person. Has anybody ever
actually said that to you?

Vick is stunned.

VICK

Those were my Mom's *exact* dying words...

JOE

I was playin' nice, because of our kids and the wedding. But, if I'm gonna get blamed for all this? Fuck it. I got nothin' to lose. I'm gonna break it off in your ass, Vick.

VICK

Now, Joe...I can see somebody's a little emotional. This isn't the time to be making enemies...

JOE

Emotional? I haven't experienced a single emotion in twenty years! And, then you came back...

Joe pulls the THREE DOLLAR BILLS out of his pocket from Vick's room.

JOE (CONT'D)

Know what this is? Right here? I figured it out, Vick. Add the serial numbers up. The total is an account number, isn't it? I found your dossier on Ambassador Mehrjui. Get any interesting calls last night?

VICK

Oy. You heard that, huh...

JOE

And, you were gonna pin it on me. If Chuck didn't love you, I would throw your ass off this boat right now.

VICK

You think Chuck *loves* me?

JOE

He looks at you the way he looked at me, when he was a little kid. You should thank him, when he wakes up...

Joe grabs a half-empty bottle.

JOE (CONT'D)
'Cause, that's the only reason
you're not fucking dead.

Joe storms off the bridge.

JOE
I'm gonna try to figure a way out
of this.

EXT. BRIDGE DECK - NIGHT

Joe stares into the nothing out there. Vick comes out.

Stands next to him.

VICK
You're the only person I ever
considered a friend.

Joe looks at him like he has two heads. Scoffs. He takes
the bottle from Joe. Turns it up.

VICK (CONT'D)
When your wife died. I wanted
to...to reach out. But, I figured
you'd just shoot me in the face.

JOE
Good call.

VICK
I've looked out for Chuck since he
was a little boy. Because, he was
your Son.

Joe stares into his soul. Vick stares back.

VICK (CONT'D)
How do you think our kids met? He
just happened to get a scholarship
to Private School. Just happened
to get into all the right colleges.
I've been Chuck's Guardian Angel,
since your wife died.

Joe stands. Looks across the water. Reels.

VICK
Wanna know why I never popped back
up after you retired? Why you
could never track me down? I
retired, Joe.

JOE

Bullshit.

VICK

I retired before you did. I gotta tell ya, though. I miss it. I missed us. Batman and The Joker. Tom and Jerry. I'm the Villain. OK? But, without the Do-Gooder... Man, I'm just another asshole.

Joe takes the bottle back from him. Turns it up.

VICK (CONT'D)

Those dollar bills are just dollar bills. That guy was the DJ for the reception. It was just the change for the smoke machine rental. I should buy him a car. What kind of guy returns *three* dollars?

JOE

You want me to believe...hang on...

Joe turns up the bottle again.

JOE (CONT'D)

You want me to believe, you were making *all* this up? 'Cause, you're fucking evil. And, I don't.

VICK

Ambassador Mehrjui is a friend of mine. I invited him to the wedding. That folder was all the VIP guests. And, the call..? I knew you were hangin' outside my window. It was my accountant. I was screwin' with ya.

JOE

You puts snakes. In my bed.

VICK

That was a good one, right? You take some swipes at me. I take some swipes at you. It was like old times for minute. Wasn't it? I mean...didn't you feel alive again?

Vick takes the bottle back.

JOE

Yeah...

VICK

I'm lonely, Joe. Nobody gets me.
Do you know what that's like? I
just wanted a day or two, of the
old times. Don't you miss it?

Joe takes the bottle. Stares at it.

JOE

We were somethin' else, weren't we?

VICK

The best.

JOE

Wouldn't know it to see us now.

VICK

Rolled by college kids. Dead in
the water...

JOE

We got old, Vick.

VICK

How the fuck did *that* happen?

They share another chuckle, as the THUMP-THUMP-THUMP of
helicopter blades bleed into audio focus.

Joe and Vick squint into the distance. A LIGHT. Just over
the ocean, way out there...

JOE

Friends of yours?

Vick shakes his head.

VICK

Wonder what they're up to.

CUT TO:

EXT. DORADO CAY LUXURY RESORT POOL - NIGHT

Sharon kicks back in a lounge chair. Sips a margarita. She
watches NORTH KOREAN MERCENARIES "nonchalantly" pass by.

Conspicuously inconspicuous ITALIAN MERCS. All carrying guns
under jackets and shirts...

Sharon pulls a FAMILIAR iPHONE WITH A HELLO KITTY CASE out of her pocket. Scrolls Social Media with a Cheshire smile...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BEHIND COLUMN - THE NIGHT BEFORE

Where Sharon and Joe first met.

Sharon, alone, reaches into the trash can. Pulls out the iPhone Joe threw in there.

The Sharon we've known is a ruse. Hard-eyed. Stone cold. Jaw set...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT - THE NIGHT BEFORE

Sharon throws on a smile and a thumbs up. Snaps a goofy selfie.

CLOSE ON PIC: VICK AND JOE ARE CLEARLY VISIBLE THROUGH THE WINDOW BEHIND HER, HAVING DINNER WITH FRANCES AND CHUCK...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. RUSSIAN OPERATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

Dark. High Tech. SPOOKY RUSSIAN TECHS man all manner of gear.

An INSTAGRAM POST of Sharon's photo on a giant monitor. Computer algorithms dance on myriad other screens. ALARMS BLARE. Joe's face is zeroed in on...

...a dossier 100 pages long dances across screens.

The CAPTAIN of the facility grabs a phone.

THE CAPTAIN (ON PHONE)
(subtitled Russian)
Sir! We've found him! We *finally*
have that...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NORTH KOREAN OPERATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

ANOTHER CAPTAIN on the phone...

ANOTHER CAPTAIN (ON PHONE)
(subtitled Korean)
...that son of a bitch now!

Exactly like the preceding scene, only North Koreans. And, they've ZEROED IN ON VICK'S FACE...

INSERT MONTAGE:

ITALIAN MOBSTERS in the back of a smokey Dive Bar are shown the Instagram post by a MOBSTER.

SYRIAN TERRORISTS trade looks, as they answer DINGING PHONES in an alley somewhere in Damascus...

MEXICAN CARTEL DUDES take a break from torturing SOME GUY to answer their RINGING PHONES...

THREE CHINESE SISTERS (60's) stare hatred at Joe's face on a phone, in a Massage Parlor somewhere in Thailand...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE DECK - NIGHT

Where we left off.

Joe and Vick squint into the distance. A LIGHT. Just over the ocean, way out there...

JOE
Friends of yours?

Vick shakes his head.

VICK
Wonder what they're up to.

They shrug. Vick takes a nip from the bottle. Hands it to Joe, who notices a reflection on the bottle...

...A DUDE IN A BLACK MASK BEHIND THEM!

Joe spins and throws the bottle--TWACK. Right in the face of BLACK MASK #1.

...but, he has friends. BLACK MASKS #2 and #3 open fire on them!

Joe and Vick hit the deck. Crawl into...

INT. YACHT'S BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Bullets rip the place apart over Joe and Vick's heads.

JOE
Are you *sure* you don't know these
guys?

The Helicopter arrives--A DOOR GUNNER OPENS UP ON THE YACHT.
AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE RIPS THROUGH THE BRIDGE.

VICK
They sure seem to know you!

JOE
We gotta lure them away from Chuck.

VICK
I'm gonna get some weapons.

Joe grabs his arm.

JOE
Are you *actually* gonna get weapons?

VICK
Yeah. Weapons.

JOE
You're not gonna just get a drink
and wait for me to fix this?

VICK
Would I do that?

JOE
Beirut. 1983.

VICK
Are you still whining about that?

A Grenade CRASHES through the window. Lands between them.
Joe casually picks it up. Flings back.

JOE
Yes! Shit like that is why I still
have trust issues!

KA-BOOM. The grenade detonates outside.

VICK
Can I go now?

JOE
Don't you screw me.

The Helicopter makes another pass. Rounds chew the place up.
Vick scampers down stairs, below decks...

...AS ARMS CRASH THROUGH MORE WINDOWS. GRAB JOE. YANK HIM
OUT.

EXT. BRIDGE DECK - CONTINUOUS

Black Mask #2 bear hugs Joe, as #3 shoves a pistol to Joe's head.

Joe grabs the gun, before he fires. Pushes the slide out of battery with his left hand--the gun can't fire. With his right hand, Joe reaches back...

...AND BLINDLY DRAWS #2's pistol from his belt holster.

BAM. He shoots #2 in the foot, who releases Joe. Joe empties the mag into #3, who releases the grip on the first pistol.

Joe takes that pistol. Racks the slide to clear it. Turns. And, dumps the magazine into #2.

That went down faster than you can read this sentence.

Joe looks up to find the Helicopter hovering in front of him.

JOE

Aw...shit.

The Door Gunner opens up on Joe's position. Joe grabs a Rifle from a dead Black Mask dude and JUMPS...

...HE FIRES AT THE HELICOPTER AS HE FALLS...

EXT. YACHT MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

The Helicopter BANKS away, as Joe lands squarely in THE HOT TUB.

VICK (O.S.)

Joe..!

Joe looks up to see Vick's face peering over the Sun Deck at the top of the yacht.

VICK (CONT'D)

I got a plan!

JOE

What the fuck is *that*?

Bastard has a cocktail in his hand.

VICK

I have blood sugar issues. Get up here!

EXT. YACHT SUN DECK - NIGHT

The helicopter makes another gun pass. The yacht is burning.

Joe runs onto the deck to find Vick wielding a friggin' SPEAR GUN. Vick slaps an orange FLARE GUN into Joe's hand...

JOE
This is a flare gun...

VICK
Yeah. You'll need it.

The Helicopter sails by. Vick fires the spear gun--PLINK. The spear sticks in the body.

Far...far too late. Joe realizes a line is attached to the that spear...

...and he's standing in the line, snarled on the deck. It's around his feet.

He shoots a death glare at Vick for a BEAT.

JOE
I hate you so fucking mu...

JOE IS YANKED INTO THE AIR BY THE FEET. Dragged by the helicopter through the sky...

VICK
(calls after)
We got 'em where we want 'em now,
Joe!

EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Joe is dragged through the night sky like a "Just Married" tin can on a car.

He grabs the line. Hand over hand, struggling against the winds, he pulls himself up the line...

As the Helicopter banks for another gun run.

Joe makes it to the skid. Grabs the DOOR GUNNER, and throws his ass out. And, sees...

JOE
Sharon?!

SHE GLARES AT HIM FROM THE BACKSEAT FOR A BEAT. Joe is frozen in shock. She kicks him in the face.

Joe FIRES HIS FLARE GUN INTO THE COCKPIT AS HE FALLS OFF THE SKID. He drops through the sky...

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - NIGHT

Joe hits the water. Sees the BURNING AND SCREAMING PILOT LEAP OUT OF THE FLAMING HELICOPTER, as it careens out of control towards...

EXT. YACHT - NIGHT

The Helicopter slams into the burning yacht, with a thunderous CRASH.

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - NIGHT

A Boston Whaler glides up to Joe, who treads water.

It's Vick. In the boat the bad guys used to board the Yacht.

JOE
Where's *Chuck*..?

VICK
I got him.

KA-BOOM. THE YACHT/HELICOPTER WRECK EXPLODES INTO A GLORIOUS FIREBALL. Lights up the night.

JOE
Sorry about your yacht.

VICK
At least it wasn't the big one.
Our problems are a little more
profound...

Joe climbs into the boat.

INT. BOSTON WHALER - CONTINUOUS

Chuck is in a seat, still passed out. Joe can't wrap his mind around what he saw.

JOE
We've been had.

VICK
Been workin' on that theory awhile?

JOE
Sharon! She...she...

VICK

Who?

JOE

Yesterday, I called Sugar to help me kick your ass...

VICK

That lunatic is still alive?

JOE

His daughter shows up. Says he died. Wants to help. Vick, she was *in* that helicopter.

VICK

Why would she rat us out? I pulled the mask off one of those guys. The name Dimitri Vinogradov ring any bells?

Joe is stunned.

JOE

That old KGB Lieutenant..?

VICK

You know, I think he had some work done. Looked *really* good for 60...

JOE

It doesn't make sense. Why would she do this..? Who else did she tell?

Victor ponders. Nothin' but bad math.

VICK

We better assume *all* the cats are outta the bag...and shittin' all over the yard.

JOE

That means all the devils know we've been staying at that resort.

Vick sits.

VICK

Oh, wow. Whoa. Joe. This, uh. This just got kinda serious.

JOE
The past is about to catch up with
us, Vick. Good and hard.

VICK
Not just us...

Vick reels. Real emotion. No wise guy. Fear. Deep fear.

VICK (CONT'D)
I can't have this, Joe. Frances
can't know I've lied to her. For
her whole life. She can't know her
Dad was Public Enemy Number One.
I'm not that guy anymore. She
doesn't deserve that.

Joe looks at Chuck.

JOE
Neither of them did.

VICK
These kids deserve better than us.
They deserve to be happy.

Truth hits hard. They share a look. An unspoken resolve.

JOE
Guess we know what we have to do.

Joe extends a hand. Vick shakes.

JOE	VICK
We got a wedding to save.	We gotta <i>kill</i> 'em all.

JOE
...what?

VICK
What, what? I'm agreeing with you.

Chuck finally sits up. Sways. Looks at Joe and Vick. Looks
at the burning yacht...

CHUCK
What in the hell happened..?

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - MOMENTS LATER

The Boston Whaler races into the night. A half-charred BLOW
UP "SEX DOLL" DRIFTS INTO THE FRAME.

...Sharon clings to it. She is none too fucking happy with this state of affairs.

She keys the MILITARY-STYLE RADIO in hand and stares pure hatred at the receding boat.

SHARON
(subtitled Korean)
You have my coordinates. I'll be waiting.

INT. CHUCK AND FRANCES' SUITE - NIGHT

Wind blown, soggy, and looking like they've had a helluva night, Vick, Joe, and Chuck sit on a couch. Frances gives them the glare no man ever wants to get.

FRANCES
Pirates..?

	JOE		VICK
Pirates.		Pirates.	

FRANCES (CONT'D)
In the Caribbean.

Joe and Vick nod.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Pirates of the Caribbean.

VICK
They sank the yacht.

JOE
We never would've made it without Chuck.

CHUCK
I really don't remember anything...

VICK
You were blinded by rage. Blacked out in anger. It happens...I saw it on Dr. Phil. You just kept screaming at them. With a...a Holy Fury.

FRANCES
A Holy Fury?

Joe "re-enacts"...

JOE

"You won't stop my wedding! I'm getting married, you fuckers! I love Frances..!"

VICK

Bravest thing I've ever seen. He saved us.

Frances grabs Chuck. Who just can't get his head around any of this shit. She hugs him tight.

FRANCES

I was so mad. You weren't at the rehearsal dinner...

Vick notices A RED AIMING LASER DOT ON JOE'S CHEST--a SNIPER out the open window, somewhere.

Vick gets Joe's attention. Points at his chest...

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Everybody in the wedding party kept asking where you were.

Joe shrugs his hands out--*"What?!"*.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

I was so embarrassed. Baby, I'm sorry. I had no idea...

Vick points, like he was waving in an airplane. Mouths, *"LASER!"* Joe finally realizes...

FRANCES (CONT'D)

I was ready to call the whole thing off. Thank God, you're OK...

JOE DIVES ONTO THE FLOOR, A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE A SILENCED ROUND PUFFS A TINY HOLE INTO THE COUCH.

He bounces back up. Plays it off...

JOE

Calisthenics. Gotta stay loose.

He closes the curtains, as a KNOCK on the door arrives...

BELL MAN (O.C.)

Room service...

VICK

(to Frances)

Did you order...

FRANCES

No.

VICK

I'll take care of it.

Vick disappears from the room. Joe grabs Chuck and Frances. Turns them away from the hallway that leads to the door.

JOE

There's something I want to tell
you two...

Joe sees Vick and THE BELLMAN roll across the floor

CHUCK

Yeah, Dad?

The Bellman drags Vick across the hallway in a headlock.

JOE

What?

CHUCK

You had something to tell us?

Vick drags the Bellman across the hallway in a headlock.

JOE

Who..?

The Bellman chases Vick across the hallway with a HUGE
FUCKING KNIFE.

CHUCK

You *just* said that you...

JOE

I did. That's right.

Vick drags the now LIFELESS BELLMAN out the door. Joe looks
Chuck and Frances in the eye.

JOE (CONT'D)

And, I hope you always remember it.

A BEAT LATER--Vick runs past them with a CAKE. He opens
French Doors and throws it off the balcony, into the pool.

BOOM. A MUFFLED explosion. Water splashes the balcony.

VICK

Olé!

(off Frances' look)
(MORE)

VICK (CONT'D)

Family custom from the old country.
The Ancestors will bless your
union. Are ya surprised? I bet
you're surprised...

FRANCES

Dad, it's four in the morning.

VICK

That's why I didn't use the goat.

JOE

We need to go, *before*...

VICK

Right. Get some sleep. We've got
a wedding in seven hours!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SUITE 1211 - MOMENTS LATER

WE SEE #1211 on Chuck and Frances' door, as Vick closes it.

They stare down at the DEAD BELLMAN Vick just killed.

Joe pats down the dead guy down. Relieves him of a
SUPPRESSED PISTOL.

He tosses the dead guy over his shoulder. He and Vick stroll
down the hall. Professional. Like two old gangsters.

JOE

I'm feelin' good, Vick. It's
comin' back.

VICK

Like fuckin' a bicycle.

JOE

We just gotta clear these assholes
out before the wedding. Simple.

Vick nods.

VICK

Small teams. Single snipers.
Suppressed weapons. Limited Direct
Action. Crowded Area of Operation.
Can't draw the authorities.

Joe nods.

JOE
Won't risk the air space getting
shut down and cutting off fast
egress. Gonna be messy. But,
quiet. Gotta be fast. We screw
this up, a lot of innocent people
are going to die.

VICK
Just like Yugoslavia, back in '84.

Joe pulls the top off an ornate trash can at the elevator.
Dumps the dead guy into it.

JOE
You fuckin' shot me in Yugoslavia.

They share a look. Then, look back down the hallway. Same
thought...

VICK
They're probably gonna make a play
for the kids.

JOE
Yeah...

INT. DORADO CAY LOBBY - NIGHT

The Lobby is empty. Skeleton crew.

Joe and Vick stare at the entrance doors. Crack their necks.
Stretch joints. They share a fist bump, and start walkin'.

The doors are ten steps away...

VICK
Call it.

JOE
Been a while.

VICK
You're still Joe Fucking Hayes. Do
what you do. Call it.

JOE
One Sniper behind the tree at
eleven o' clock. Two more guys.
Suppressed MP5's at 3 and 9.

Joe pulls his gun, the Lobby Doors slide open...

VICK
Then, let's do it.

EXT. DORADO CAY LUXURY RESORT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

...TWENTY LASERS FROM EVERY DIRECTION POP INTO EXISTENCE--
COVER JOE AND VICK. WHO STOP COLD.

JOE
Damn.

Like a forest of skinny, red, glowing trees.

VICK
Shit..!

Two guys run for their lives in six different directions all at once. The PFFTPFFTPFFT of suppressed weapons doesn't even drown out the sound of frogs...

...BULLETS CHEW INTO CONCRETE. TREES. ANGRY HORNETS IN THE AIR. Joe does an OK job. Vick is so goddamned terrible and out of practice, that it's the only thing that saves his life.

Slipping and tripping. Sheer dumb luck.

They run all over the grounds, narrowly avoiding death...

NOTE TO READER: ALL THE GUN PLAY IN THE SCENES OF THESE SEQUENCES IS NEARLY SILENT. SUB-SONIC AMMO AND SUPPRESSED WEAPONS. UNDER EVERYONE'S NOSES, AS THE WORLD SLEEPS.

EXT. BEHIND PALM TREE - NIGHT

Joe and Vick reconvene behind a tree. Wild-eyed. They gave the Bad Guys the slip, for now...

VICK
Are you OK?

JOE
Yeah.

VICK
Are you sure? I heard screaming.

JOE
That was you.

VICK
Oh. How many did we get?

Joe ponders. Looks around. Does math. Ponders again...

VICK (CONT'D)
We didn't get anybody, did we?

JOE
It's really dark.

VICK
I gotta plan.

EXT. VENDING MACHINES - NIGHT

A few vending machines and a bathroom station. Joe and Vick sneak to the center machine.

VICK
Still got those three dollar bills?

JOE
This is no time for a Ho-Ho, Vick.

VICK
What I'm going to tell you, may shock you. I may have bent the truth, just a little bit. Don't get upset.

Joe pulls out the three bills. Gives Vick the Skunk Eye. Vick smooths 'em nice and flat.

VICK (CONT'D)
I hate smoke machines and that guy wasn't the DJ...

Vick slides the dollars into the vending machine--IT OPENS TO REVEAL A HIDDEN STAIRCASE.

Joe shoots him a look of bafflement. Vick shrugs.

VICK
I own the resort.

JOE
You own the resort...

VICK
I built a bunker. For Doomsday. Follow me.

INT. THE BUNKER - NIGHT

It's a billionaire's bunker. HIGH-TECH shit everywhere. GUNS. My God, the guns.

Joe stares agape and agog. You can hear angels singing.

VICK
Bitchin', ain't it?

Joe grabs guns. Mags. Silencers. Kit. Vick flips on computers and screens...

VICK (CONT'D)
Got the whole place wired with hidden cameras. Night Vision. Thermals. 4K High Def.

JOE
Is that a women's locker room?

VICK
That's a scene from Porky's. I've been using 80's movies to train the A.I.

JOE
Artificial Intelligence..?

VICK
Real time. You wouldn't believe the shit I can do with that. I've improved Baywatch mightily...

Vick hits a master switch.

A wall of monitors springs to life. One shows SECURITY GUYS TIED UP IN A ROOM.

VICK
They disabled the Security Team. Shocker.

...EVERY ANGLE ACROSS THE RESORT. ALL THE BAD GUYS CLEARLY VISIBLE IN THERMAL AND NIGHT VISION IMAGES.

VICK (CONT'D)
Wow. That's a lotta Bad Guys.

Must be FORTY of them. Then, the FACIAL RECOGNITION SHIT KICKS IN. Every Bad Guy's face is pulled--DATA/MUG SHOTS/DOSSIER INFO/PASSPORT PHOTOS...

JOE
(re: the data)
Holy shit...is that the Gorgon Stare software?

VICK
I borrowed it from MI6. Dorks.

...North Koreans. Italians. Germans. Russians. Etc etc...

JOE

Right there. Her. That's Sharon.

Her info pops up.

VICK

She ain't Sugar's kid.

JOE

(reads her Info)

Catherine Baptiste... She's Bron Baptiste's daughter.

VICK

I know that name...

JOE

The Animal. First guy you, me, and Sugar took down. Dickhead who liked to blow up planes?

VICK

He killed all those people after we caught him, right? Tricked us.

JOE

That's the one. I bet *she* killed Sugar. Wants us out of revenge.

Joe spots THREE MERCS headed for...

JOE (CONT'D)

They're making a move for Chuck and Frances.

Vick rolls eyes.

VICK

Like I'm readin' tea leaves...

Vick shoves an EARPIECE into his ear. Hands one to Joe.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SUITE 1211 - NIGHT

Three MERCS dressed as Hotel Employees move down a hall. One checks the soggy and torn GUEST LIST that Sharon had--"CHUCK HAYES SUITE 1211"...

They swipe a master key. Enter THAT SUITE...

INT. THAT SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Empty. Not even occupied.

MERC ONE (ON RADIO)
 (Subtitled Italian)
 They're gone. They've been
 moved...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SUITE 1211 - CONTINUOUS

The Mercs exit That Suite and shut the door. They move back down the hall quickly. As they do...

...DOOR NUMBERS FALL OFF DOORS--JOE AND VICK SWAPPED THE SUITE NUMBERS WHEN THEY WERE UP HERE BEFORE.

Chuck opens his suite door to investigate the noise. All sleepy-eyed. Sees nothing.

Goes back inside...

EXT. DORADO CAY LUXURY RESORT GROUNDS - NIGHT

TRACKING WITH JOE:

Joe moves through the place like a...well...Terminator. Silenced pistol THWWP-THWWP-THWWPing...

VICK (OVER EAR PIECE)
 ...four o'clock, twenty meters.
 Whoa, whoa, check your six.

Joe turns on his heel and smokes a Bad Guy behind him...

INT. THE BUNKER - NIGHT

Vick guides Joe through the battle, like God himself. All the Bad Guys are visible to him.

VICK (ON RADIO)
 They're flankin' your left. Fall
 back ten and button hook right...

A whole squad of Bad Guys descends on Joe's position on the Thermals.

JOE (ON RADIO)
 I could use a hand out here!

VICK (ON RADIO)
 (chuckles)
 Yeah, I can see that...

JOE (ON RADIO)
Come on, man!

Vick stands. Takes off out his ear piece. Drops it. AND, WALKS AWAY FROM THE STATION...

EXT. DORADO CAY LUXURY RESORT GROUNDS - NIGHT

Joe dives behind a tree as a swarm of silenced rounds tears up everything around him. Pinned down.

JOE (ON RADIO)
I can't see 'em. Where the hell are they? Vick..? Vick!

Nothing. Joe sends a few rounds somewhere useful.

JOE (ON PHONE)
Don't do this. You won't let me down. You're not that guy anymore.

Nothing. Joe empties his mag. Slides his last one in. He stares at the gun.

JOE (ON RADIO)
Nobody gets me, either. OK? Look, I'm lonely too, Vick. Goddamnit, don't make me say it!

Silence.

JOE (ON RADIO)
You fucker. Fine! You're the only friend I ever had, too. Alright? Asshole! I will not believe that you'll leave me hanging. Not this time...

A BEAT passes. Then...

...CAPTAIN AND TENNILLE'S "LOVE WILL KEEP US TOGETHER" BLARES OVER JOE'S EAR PIECE.

Vick steps out of the shadows. GIANT VR GOGGLES ON HIS FACE AND A PISTOL IN EACH HAND. He looks like a psychotic insect.

VICK
My radio shorted out, did you say somethin'?

JOE
I didn't say nothin'.

VICK
It sounded like you were saying
something.

JOE
I didn't say shit. What the hell
is on your face?

Vick tosses a another set of VR Goggles to Joe.

VICK
Virtual Reality and real time A.I.
generation, overlaid with the
surveillance data. I can see *all*
things!

Joe straps the goggles on...

EXT. DORADO CAY RESORT GROUNDS A.I./VR VERSION - CONTINUOUS

VICK'S A.I. AUGMENTED VR: IT'S THE SAME RESORT GROUNDS, BUT
WITH A HYPER 1986 MIAMI VICE AESTHETIC. THE SUN IS HIGH AND
BRIGHT.

The security camera footage of the Bad Guys is overlaid on
the A.I. World. Except, they're all dressed like 80's movie
Ninjas, with bubbles over their heads, telling us who they
are.

Joe and Vick start blasting. They have a godlike awareness
thanks to the tech. They can see what the bad guys cannot.

"In here", Vick still has his head, but his body is 6'3.
Buff has hell and sporting a kick ass Don Johnson white suit.

JOE
This is amazing!

Vick looks over at Joe--Joe still has his head...BUT HAS
DANNY DEVITO'S BODY.

Like shooting fish in a barrel. They stroll across the
grounds like two 80's Action Stars...

EXT. VENDING MACHINES - NIGHT

Sharon spots the VENDING MACHINE BUNKER ENTRANCE. Left open
by Vick, in his haste...

INT. THE BUNKER - NIGHT

SHARON sneers at the monitors.

CLOSE ON MONITORS: WE CAN SEE the 80's Action Movie POV of Joe and Vick being generated by the A.I.

JOE (ON RADIO)
They're falling back!

VICK (ON RADIO)
Falling back, hell. They're
retreating. Taking their dead and
wounded with them...

Sharon can see just that on the monitors.

PISSED, she starts unplugging shit. Kicking over
computers...

EXT. DORADO CAY LUXURY RESORT GROUNDS - NIGHT

Barrels smoking, Joe and Vick slap each other a high five.

VICK
Scatterin' like roaches.

JOE
It's almost like we know what we're
doin'.

An audible BZZZ--They pull their goggles off at the same
time. Stare confusion at them...

VICK
Connection went dead...

JOE
Don't matter now. We did it, Vick.
Who's still got it?

VICK
You don't understand. That can't
happen. Not unless...

JOE
Unless, what..?

They share a look. Turn around...

...TO FIND SHARON BEHIND THEM. GUN LEVELED AT THEM.

VICK
What the fuck is your problem,
Lady?

SHARON
Problem? *My problem?* You killed
my father!

JOE
Well, yeah. But, he was a dick.

SHARON
He was not a dick!

JOE
He was king of the dicks.

VICK
Like he pulled an ancient dick out
of a stone, and they crowned him
king. King of the dicks.

Sharon swallows the anger. Her eyes stone cold.

SHARON
I spent the last day learning what
mattered most to both of you. Just
so I can take that from you, too.
Your children are going to die. I
want you to know that.

She raises the gun...

Vick throws his VR Mask into her face. Her shot goes wide.
Joe barrels into her like a train. Her gun goes flying...

They CRASH in to...

INT. POOL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Glass doors shatter.

Joe is bigger and 10 times stronger, but HOLY SHIT, Sharon is
FAST. Vicious. She's kicked him in the face 5 times before
he even saw the first one. All over him like a Howler
Monkey.

Vick runs in.

VICK
Kick his ass!

JOE
What..?

VICK
Shit. Sorry! Force of habit. My
bad.

JOE
Shoot her!

Vick tries to aim at Sharon, who leaps on Joe's back...

They stumble out to...

EXT. POOL - CONTINUOUS

Sharon wails on the back of Joe's head, as she rides him like a bronco. Vick tries to shoot Sharon, but almost hits Joe's face every time...

JOE
Don't shoot her!

VICK
I'm trying to!

JOE
Stop helping!

Joe finally manages to get his hands on her--THROWS HER OFF HIS BACK. She sails 20 feet. Rolls across the ground...

...AND COMES UP WITH A DISCARDED GUN. LEVELED SQUARELY AT OUR BOYS. Oh, fuck.

It's over.

SHARON
My father sends his regards.

THWWP-THWWP-THWWP--Bullets come out of the shadows. SHARON DROPS. Done for. Revealing...

SUGAR
Send him mine.

FUCKING SUGAR WALKS OUT OF THE DARK.

JOE
Sugar! I thought you were dead...

SUGAR
You sound like my last date.
(nods towards Vick)
Why aren't we killing *him*?

VICK
We're in-laws.

SUGAR
The question stands.

Joe hugs Sugar.

JOE

It's a long story. What happened?

SUGAR

I got wind Chick Norris there was askin' questions around Shady Pines. So, I switched rooms with Morty Johansson. She smoked Morty and took my phone. Guess she got the voicemail you left for me...

Sugar nods at the sky.

SUGAR (CONT'D)

Sun's comin' up.

VICK

I better call a staff meeting and clean this place up. I'm gonna be writin' some big checks.

SUGAR

What do ya wanna do with...

Sugar turns to point at Sharon. Problem is...

SUGAR (CONT'D)

How many dead chicks were here a minute ago?

JOE

One.

Sharon ain't there.

VICK

Oh, goddamnit!

Joe picks up a FLATTENED BULLET where Sharon went down.

JOE

Armor... How could you let her get away?

VICK

(points at Sugar)
He's the one that shot her.

SUGAR

Hey! I am *sober*, what do ya want from me?

They run into the shadows on the hunt...

EXT. DORADO CAY LUXURY RESORT GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER

VICK

See her?

Joe, Vick, and Sugar reconvene. Joe shakes his head.

VICK (CONT'D)

She wants to kill our kids, Joe.

JOE

We can't cancel this wedding.

SUGAR

You think she didn't come here with a Plan B? That's Bron Baptiste's kid. If she's half as fucked in the head as he was... What would he do?

BEAT.

JOE

He'd kill everybody.

VICK

In the whole resort.

Sugar nods the nod of the All Knowing.

EXT. DORADO CAY RESORT WEDDING PAVILION - DAY

A massive swimming pool. A small dais for the ceremony. A long aisle. Event tents. A STRING QUARTET PLAYS.

A hundred GUESTS in tuxedos and gorgeous dresses. Vick has done it up right. Beautiful day. Fairy tale...

And, then there's Joe. Nice tux. But, stressed. His eyes scan every thing, and every one.

He busts out a bottle of Pepto. Takes a swig. He glances at Sugar across the way, also in a tux. Catches his eye.

Sugar shakes his head no.

Joe has an EAR PIECE Radio...

JOE (ON RADIO)

Any fucking time.

INT. THE BUNKER - DAY

Vick, also sporting a tux, splices wires and conjures various voo doo gods to get his surveillance system back up.

Sparks shower. The system hums to life. He switches on monitors. The system is back...

VICK (ON RADIO)
We are Condition Viagra, systems
are finally up. Scanning...

The cameras scan. Facial recognition DATA streams across the screens...

Vick breathes a sigh of relief.

VICK (CONT'D)
No homicidal, psycho hose beasts.

EXT. DORADO CAY RESORT WEDDING PAVILION - CONTINUOUS

Joe breathes a sigh of relief, too.

VICK (ON RADIO)
But, if she steps foot on the
resort, we'll get an alarm. She
ain't gettin' near the wedding,
without us knowing.

JOE (ON RADIO)
I'm gettin' a drink.

Chuck intercepts Joe before he makes it two steps.

CHUCK
Dad...can I... Can I talk to you
about something?

JOE
Is this a Honeymoon thing?

CHUCK
What? No. Look, uh... I didn't
realize how much it would mean to
me. You being here, I mean.
Frances was right. She always is.

Chuck fidgets. Loses his way.

JOE
Son, it's OK. You can say anything
to me.

CHUCK

Dad, would you be my Best Man?

Joe, staggers back. His hand shoots over his mouth, to keep a squeal inside. His lip quivers. He damned near comes completely unglued by emotion.

All he can do is nod. And, make puppy noises.

Chuck places a WEDDING BAND in Joe's palm. Smiles.

CHUCK

The whole operation is in your hand. Don't blow it.

Joe holds up the ring.

JOE

This was your Mother's ring...

CHUCK

I talked with Frances. Considering the last couple of days... We thought it deserved another shot.

Joe puts the ring in his pocket. Hugs the hell out of Chuck.

EXT. DORADO CAY RESORT WEDDING PAVILION WITH VICK - DAY

Vick sips champagne with Sugar. Joe approaches.

VICK

Have you been crying?

JOE

No...

VICK

Crybaby says what?

JOE

What?

VICK

I knew it.

JOE

Chuck asked me to be his Best Man.

SUGAR

That's great, man!

Sugar offers up his oxygen mask.

SUGAR (CONT'D)
You wanna hit this?

Vick grabs it. Takes a snout full of whatever the hell Sugar has in that tank. Tosses arms around them both.

They stare at the gorgeous sky over the beach in the distance.

VICK
Feel that, Boys?

SUGAR
I can't feel anything below my nipples.

VICK
No. I mean the world changing for the better. *That* feeling. That things are gonna be alright.

JOE
Yeah. Yeah, I can feel it...

They share a smile. Then...all three notice a SMALL AIRPLANE cruise over the beach. Drags an advertising banner behind it: "COCONUT STAN'S HAPPY HOUR 5-7".

They watch the plane for a BEAT. Smiles slide off faces. An idea seems to bounce around all three of their heads.

Looks for something to connect with.

The frowns arrive, as they continue to stare at the plane.

SUGAR
Perchance... You guys thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?

JOE
Bron Baptiste...

SUGAR
Yeah.

VICK
We had him beat, didn't we?

SUGAR
Yup.

JOE
And, he still killed a bunch of people with a plane.

SUGAR

Uh huh.

BEAT.

VICK

Goddamnit!

JOE

Goddamnit!

EXT. DORADO CAY LUXURY RESORT GROUNDS - DAY

TRACKING WITH GOLF CART:

Vick drives the shit out of a golf cart. Joe and Sugar hang on for dear life. Yell at VACATIONERS to get outta the way.

VICK

Of course, she would do something like her Dad did! Last night was some kind of decoy. Why didn't you think of this sooner?

JOE

I have been distracted. I'm not emotionally equipped to deal with any of this, OK?

VICK

(to Sugar)

And, you! Some Handler you are.

SUGAR

Stop the cart.

JOE

The wedding starts in less than an hour...

SUGAR

Stop the fucking cart!

Vick hits the brakes. He and Joe turn to Sugar.

SUGAR

Who made you partners? I did that for a reason. You were the best operatives I had ever seen. And, what was the first thing you did? You fucked up and let The Animal blow that plane up. You thought you had him. You thought it was over...

Vick and Joe lower heads. Wince at the memory.

VICK

I never got over that. That's why I left. That's the reason why I went rogue...

JOE

No, it fucking wasn't.

VICK

Well, it coulda been! That was really traumatizing.

SUGAR

The past ain't done with us, yet. This family has a history of outfoxing you. You go tearing off, half-cocked, like you did the last time? That's exactly what she's expecting.

He stares them in the eye.

SUGAR (CONT'D)

Cancel the wedding. Evacuate the Resort. Or...be as good as I always thought you were.

Joe and Vick ponder. Weigh it all.

JOE

That *is* what she's expecting...

Vick smiles.

VICK

Maybe we shouldn't let her down.

EXT. DORADO CAY AIRPORT - DAY

Small. Not very busy. A few PRIVATE JETS. A few private propeller planes.

And, one Cessna 208 Caravan small transport. Look closely, and you'll see it has a couple of wireless CAMERAS MOUNTED ON IT...

EXT. RUN DOWN LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Perched on a edge of a rocky cove sits a small Lighthouse. A single, over-grown road leads to it. Hasn't seen use, or care, in decades.

On the roof is something out of place. A small "dish" type antenna pointed across the island...

INT. RUN DOWN LIGHTHOUSE LANTERN ROOM - DAY

Walls of dingy, broken windows. A large reflective lantern lens, shattered by vandals fifty years ago. And...

Sharon stares at FIVE OPEN LAPTOPS on a table. Gaming "Flight Controls" sit before one.

Annoyed, she checks her watch...

CLOSE ON LAPTOPS: One has computerized flight controls. The others are all CAMERA ANGLES INSIDE AND OUTSIDE OF THE CESSNA 208 we just saw.

And, one of those inside angles shows the plane IS FUCKING LOADED WITH EXPLOSIVES.

THE CAMERAS GO TO STATIC. FLICKER. Sharon jiggles cables. The video feeds return.

CLOSE ON LAPTOP SCREENS:

Joe and Vick appear in one of the camera views. They poke their heads into the open cargo door of the plane...

JOE A.I. (ON VIDEO)
Vick, this thing is loaded with explosives...

VICK A.I. (ON VIDEO)
I can't believe she thought we'd fall for this sort of thing again.

JOE A.I. (ON VIDEO)
Can you disable it?

VICK A.I. (ON VIDEO)
Need a closer look...

Sharon smiles. Sits in front of the Flight Controls.

SHARON
So predictable.

Joe and Vick get into the plane. She clicks a "Button". The plane cargo door slams shut. She starts the planes engines remotely. Shoves the throttles forward, and puts on a headset...

VICK A.I. (ON VIDEO)
The door's locked! We're trapped.

SHARON (ON RADIO)
Good afternoon, Gentlemen.

Joe and Vick's faces appear in the camera POV, as the plane launches into the sky.

JOE A.I. (ON VIDEO)
You don't have to do this.

SHARON (ON RADIO)
I beg to differ.

VICK A.I. (ON VIDEO)
Name your price! Leave our kids
out of it. Please.

SHARON (ON RADIO)
Like I was left out of it? Enjoy
the view. Relax. I'll get you to
the wedding on time. It's gonna be
a blast.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUN DOWN LIGHTHOUSE GALLERY DECK - CONTINUOUS

Joe is actually out here! He has a laptop spliced into the roof antenna cables. Another antenna in his hand. A coil of rope over his shoulders.

THE PLANE FOOTAGE VISIBLE ON THIS LAPTOP, TOO. Joe keys a radio...

JOE (ON RADIO)
You called it. She would be at the
highest point on the island. The
A.I. feed is coming through
strong...

CUT TO:

INT. THE BUNKER - DAY/CONTINUOUS

Sugar and Vick are kicked back with cocktails. Watch THE REAL-TIME A.I. GENERATED FOOTAGE THAT SHARON IS SEEING ON HER LAPTOPS. The actual empty plane camera feed shows beside it.

SUGAR
Pretty nifty. I've never seen
video Artificial Intelligence.

VICK
You wouldn't believe the shit I can
come up with.

They share a serious look for a BEAT.

SUGAR
Baywatch?

Vick puts a proud hand on Sugar's shoulder.

VICK
When this wedding is over, I'm
going to change your life.

Vick turns to a keyboard. A FLIGHT MAP appears on a screen.

VICK (CONT'D)
But, first... I'm gonna break it
off in this psycho's ass.

EXT. RUN DOWN LIGHTHOUSE GALLERY DECK - DAY

Joe peeks through a dingy window. Sharon is still in there, doing what she's doing.

VICK (ON RADIO)
I spoofed the target GPS
coordinates to your location.
She's gonna drop that plane on her
own head. You've got about four
minutes to be somewhere else.

Joe smiles.

JOE (ON RADIO)
Roger that.

Joe uncoils the rope. No time to tie it off. He just tosses the ends around a post in the rail...

EXT. SKY OVER THE ISLAND - DAY

The Cessna 208 banks gently away from its course...

EXT. BASE OF RUN DOWN LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

TWO TAILS of rope fall into the frame. Joe rappels to the ground. He slinks away from the lighthouse.

A terrible thought sneaks up on him. He stops. Puts a hand in his jacket pocket. Comes out empty.

He pats himself down furiously. Whatever he's looking for, he can't find.

Horror lands on his face. He looks back up at the Lighthouse.

JOE (ON RADIO)
I lost the ring... Vick, I lost
the ring...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Vick and Sugar trade a look.

VICK (ON RADIO)
What ring?

JOE (ON RADIO)
The ring! The ring!

VICK (ON RADIO)
You lost the *ring*?

JOE (ON RADIO)
Turn the plane. I'm goin' back up.

VICK (ON RADIO)
Uh, no... Bad idea...

JOE (ON RADIO)
Chuck *just* asked me to be his Best
Man. I can't lose his mother's
ring! You don't get over a thing
like that! Turn the plane!

VICK (ON RADIO)
I can't. I nuked the nav system so
she couldn't change it! It can
only be done manually from her
master controls.

EXT. BASE OF RUN DOWN LIGHTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joe shakes fists at the sky.

JOE
Shit!

VICK (ON RADIO)
You don't have time, Joe.

JOE (ON RADIO)
I'm going back up.

Joe kicks open the door at the base of the Lighthouse. Runs
inside...

INT. THE BUNKER - DAY

Vick drains his cocktail. Slams down the empty glass.

VICK

Damn...

He hauls ass outta there, like his legs were pogo sticks.

Sugar watches him go. Sips his drink. Nods.

SUGAR

That's what I was thinkin'. I'll
just... I'll stay here. Good
call.

EXT. DORADO CAY LUXURY RESORT ENTRANCE - DAY

Vick's 1986 DETOMASO PANTERA GT5-S GROWLS to life.

Vick drops the hammer. Smokes tires. Races out of the resort, engine screaming...

INT. RUN DOWN LIGHTHOUSE STAIRS - DAY

Joe trots to a stop. Clutches the stitch in his side. Looks at the SEVERAL MORE FLIGHTS OF STAIRS TO GO.

He keeps running. Sorta.

INT. RUN DOWN LIGHTHOUSE LANTERN ROOM - DAY

Sharon watches the A.I. Versions of Joe and Vick on her screen.

She's on a cell phone...

SHARON (ON CELL)

Three is fine. But, don't you dare
stick me with Manolo again. He is
hell on my cuticles. I want
Armand. Well, you better squeeze
me in...

Before her eyes, the A.I. Joe and Vick glitch. Pixelate.

SHARON (ON CELL)

I'll call you back.

She hangs up. Puts down the phone.

She hits the laptop. Jiggles cables. The A.I. Joe and Vick DISAPPEAR from the screen. Just an empty airplane on the screen.

It takes a BEAT. But, Sharon knows she's been had.

SHARON

No...

She catches a reflection in the giant mirrored surface of the lighthouse lantern--Joe slinking around on the gallery deck.

Fury in her eyes, Sharon grabs two guns...

EXT. RUN DOWN LIGHTHOUSE GALLERY DECK - DAY

Joe searches for the ring on the deck. Spots it.

Oh, happy day. He picks it up--JUST AS SHARON SHOOTS AT HIM FROM THE LANTERN ROOM. He hits the deck. The ring flies from his hand...

...AS THE GLASS EXPLODES OVER HIM. Showers him. And, the ring. He searches desperately for it in the broken glass.

Needle in a haystack.

EXT. BASE OF RUN DOWN LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

The Pantera skids to a stop. Vick gets out. Looks up. Damn, that's a long way. He hears the gun shots.

Then, he spots the two tails of rope Joe used earlier. Still dangling.

He ties one tail around the big fin on the back of the car. Pops the car into neutral. It rolls down the incline...

Vick grabs the other tail of rope. And...

...OH SHIT--he zooms up the side of the lighthouse. Pulled by the rolling car.

EXT. RUN DOWN LIGHTHOUSE GALLERY DECK - CONTINUOUS

THE SOUND OF AN AIRPLANE, DAMNED CLOSE, ROARS INTO AUDIO FOCUS.

Vick climbs over the rail, as Joe crawls past him--chasing that damned ring that is now rolling across the deck.

VICK

Hi, Joe.

JOE

Hi, Vick.

Joe shoots back at Sharon. Who ducks. He keeps chasing ring, as Vick crawls through a shot-out window.

INT. RUN DOWN LIGHTHOUSE LANTERN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vick looks out the windows.

THE CESSNA FILLS THE VIEW. BARRELS DIRECTLY TOWARDS HIM.

VICK
Oh, shit!

Vick grabs the master control stick and yanks it back...

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Cessna pulls up at the last possible instant. So close, it knocks the weathervane off the top of the lighthouse...

EXT. RUN DOWN LIGHTHOUSE GALLERY DECK - CONTINUOUS

Success! Joe finally grabs the ring.

Only to look up and see Sharon come around the bend, GUN BLAZING.

Joe fires back. Dives through a busted window, into...

INT. RUN DOWN LIGHTHOUSE LANTERN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe rolls across the floor. Knocks over Vick. Who knocks over the table.

Which knocks the flight controls onto the floor. Which moves the control stick...

EXT. SKY OVER LIGHTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Cessna ceases its climb. It rolls to the right...

...AND DIVES DIRECTLY FOR THE LIGHT HOUSE.

INT. RUN DOWN LIGHTHOUSE LANTERN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sharon shoots at Vick and Joe. They shoot at her. Running. Falling over. Diving for cover.

Vick crawls for the controls. Yanks the stick--THE CESSNA ROARS PAST THE WINDOWS. Near miss.

Sharon's guns run dry. Joe's gun runs dry. Vick's gun runs dry.

She kicks Vick in the face. Which sends the controls flying again. She pulls a big ass knife...

...AND CHARGES JOE WITH A WAR CRY.

EXT. SKY OVER LIGHTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Cessna banks hard. Heads back for the lighthouse at full screaming throttle...

EXT. DORADO CAY RESORT WEDDING PAVILION - DAY

GUESTS mill around. Drink.

WE MOVE towards an event tent...

INT. EVENT TENT - DAY

A GIANT COVERED TABLE. An obscenely large wedding cake. And...

Sugar. He's three sheets in the wind and making out with somebody's drunk AUNT EDNA.

AUNT EDNA
(all breathless)
I've never met a real Astronaut.

Sugar gives her a wink. They walk behind the covered table. Disappear to the floor.

Two BEATS later, Sugar sits bolt upright. Eyes wide. Face smeared with lipstick. Scared sober.

SUGAR
Edna?

She sits up next to him.

AUNT EDNA
Yes, Admiral Kennedy?

SUGAR
Can I borrow your phone?

INT. RUN DOWN LIGHTHOUSE LANTERN ROOM - DAY

Vick slides across the floor on his ass. Scrambles for the Flight Controls, as the CESSNA FILLS THE WINDOWS AGAIN.

He banks the plane away. Barely.

Joe's tux has been cut and sliced. He boots Sharon through a window...

JOE
Bring that plane around close!

EXT. RUN DOWN LIGHTHOUSE GALLERY DECK - CONTINUOUS

Joe jumps through the window, onto the deck. Sharon is all over his ass. Knife slicing through the air. Boots kicking.

It's like trying to fight a blender.

The Cessna races towards the deck. It'll pass by in two seconds.

Sharon almost removes Joe's head with a hack of her knife. Follows it by a kick for his face...

...Joe grabs her boot. Holds it high. Kicks her other leg out from under her. Drops her on her back. The knife clatters away.

Joe picks her up. Over his head...

JOE
Now boarding!

...and throws her ass off the deck JUST AS THE CESSNA PASSES BY--WHAM.

EXT. SKY WITH CESSNA - DAY

The lower half of Sharon's body has crashed through the cockpit windshield.

Buffeted by winds, she SCREAMS rage, as the plane climbs...

INT. RUN DOWN LIGHTHOUSE LANTERN ROOM - DAY

Vick mans the flight controls. Joe by his side. They watch the plane roll on it's back and nose dive...

...Vick drives it straight into the ground a mile away--CRASH.

VICK
Well, I'd say her Christmas is cancelled.

Joe wipes blood out of his eye.

JOE
Why didn't it explode?

VICK
Yeah...it shoulda blown up.

JOE
It was full of explosives, why
didn't it blow up?

JOE
She wanted to kill us...

VICK
She was pretty clear about that.

JOE
Crash us into the wedding.

VICK
And, blow up the wedding.

JOE
But...

VICK
The boom stuff in the plane was a
decoy?

JOE
Which means the real bomb...

They trade a look.

Shit! VICK Shit! JOE

A CELL PHONE RINGS. Scares the living hell out of them, like
they expect a bomb.

Vick spots the cell phone Sharon used on the floor.

VICK
I swear to God, if this is *her*
calling, I quit.

Joe yanks the phone away. Answers on speaker.

JOE (ON CELL)
(answers phone)
Yeah..?

SUGAR (ON CELL)
Hey, it's me.

JOE (ON CELL)
Why are you calling this number?

SUGAR (ON CELL)

That's my phone, Numbnuts. She stole it, remember? Don't lose it. I got nudes of Old Lady Goldstein down the hall on there and...

VICK (ON CELL)

Never mind that! We think there's a bomb at the wedding. You gotta find it.

INT. EVENT TENT - DAY

Sugar stares at the huge cake table. The table cloth is pulled up...

SUGAR

Funny you should mention that...

THERE MUST BE 500 POUNDS OF EXPLOSIVES UNDER THAT TABLE. WIRES and a TIMER.

EXT. DORADO CAY RESORT WEDDING PAVILION - DAY

The Pantera rips across the place. GUESTS scatter. Everyone gawks.

The car skids to a stop at the Event Tent. Vick and Joe get out of the car...

INT. EVENT TENT - DAY

Vick, Joe, and Sugar stare doom at the massive bomb.

VICK

That's a big bomb.

The TIMER just ticked by 03:00.

Chuck and Frances run in.

FRANCES

Dad! What the hell is going on!

Vick winces. More afraid of her than the bomb.

VICK

There was a *terrible* delivery error. But, don't you worry. I will have someone's ass...

FRANCES

Cut the shit, Dad.

CHUCK
Is...is that a *bomb*?

JOE
I'm sorry, Son. We have to cancel the wedding. And, get these people outta here. This is my fault.

VICK
Our fault. It's our fault.
(Frances)
I haven't exactly been honest with you about everything.

FRANCES
Is this the spy/international criminal thing?

Vick's jaw drops.

VICK
You *know* about that?

FRANCES
Dad? I cracked that code when I was ten. I'm not an idiot.

VICK
You don't think I'm a terrible person?

She takes his hand.

FRANCES
You haven't been that man for decades. Have you?

VICK
No...

FRANCES
Then, you're just my Dad.

Vick smiles like the sun. I swear, he grows six inches.

SUGAR
Touching moment. But. You know. Ka-Boom?

Chuck points at the bomb.

CHUCK
(to Joe)
Can you disarm that thing?

JOE
If we don't get everybody clear
right now...

CHUCK
That isn't what I asked.

Joe stares at the bomb.

JOE
Son, it's been a long time...

CHUCK
Our wedding is going to be
cancelled!

Frances whispers in his ear.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Oh, yeah. And...people might die.
There's that. The point is, you
can stop this. You were wrong.
You *can* be the hero.

Joe looks at Chuck.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
I believe in you, Dad.

Vick and Joe trade a look. Jaws set. Nostrils flare.

VICK
We're goin in.

JOE
Tools!

EXT. EVENT TENT - DAY

Frances and Chuck address the Guests outside the tent.

FRANCES
Thank you for your patience. The
ceremony will start in *just* a
couple of minutes.

CHUCK
Our Dad's are just taking care of
some last minute preparations.

A YELL from inside the tent.

SUGAR (O.C.)
Doomed! We're doomed, man!

Frances smiles.

FRANCES
Everything is under control.
(to String Quartet)
Play some fucking music already!

INT. EVENT TENT - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Vick sweat their asses off. Work on the snarled wires and TIMER with an emory board, nail clippers, and an Hors D'oeuvre Fork.

Sugar hovers over them. Wide-eyed. Sucking on a champagne bottle.

The Timer just past 00:01:02.

VICK
You got this, Joe.

Joe traces a wire. Snips it. Traces another...

VICK (CONT'D)
Think about it. Your own marriage
blew up in your face. Now, here
you are. Saving your Son's
wedding. Everything counting on
you. You're gonna be the Hero.
Or, you're gonna be the guy who
killed everybody. It's poetic in a
tragic kinda...

JOE
Would you please shut the fuck up?

Joe pulls a wire out of the snarl. Licks his lips.

JOE
This is it. Last wire.

Joe exhales.

Vick exhales.

Sugar hits his oxygen mask like Darth Vader.

JOE
Here we go...

SNIP.

The TIMER STOPS. With 42 SECONDS to spare.

Our boys yell in victory. Rejoice. Hug. Slap each other High Fives.

Then...

The fucking timer falls off...AND REVEALS THE REAL TIMER BEHIND IT.

They were working on a decoy.

It just ticked past 29 SECONDS...

SUGAR
Well, that blows.

Shit! VICK Shit! JOE

EXT. DORADO CAY RESORT WEDDING PAVILION - MOMENTS LATER

Joe and Vick push the Cake table out of the tent as fast as they can run.

Rolling it right over everybody in their path, and screaming their heads off...

JOE
Get outta the fucking way!

VICK
Move! Move...!

They push it down the aisle.

Almost flatten one very confused PRIEST.

And, shove the whole thing into the massive swimming pool.

Vick turns to the shocked crowd, waves his arms...

VICK
Hit the...!

KA-FUCKING-BOOM.

A goddamned mushroom cloud of water reaches into the sky. The shockwave knocks over everything and every one.

Screams. Yells.

A FOG OF MIST descends. All that water comes crashing down into it.

Slowly, the mist dissipates.

People get to their feet. In shock.

Two silhouettes emerge.

Joe and Vick. Tux's blackened and shredded. Soaked.
Limping.

Everybody looks at them.

Vick holds his hands up high.

VICK
The Ancestors have blessed this
union!

PRE LAP: THE WEDDING MARCH...OUT OF TUNE...

EXT. DORADO CAY RESORT WEDDING PAVILION - DAY

Collapsed tents flap in the breeze. Palm trees knocked over.

The String Quartet plays on broken instruments. Sounds
awful.

The Guests are seated. Some in bandages. Everybody soaked.
Hairdos ruined. Make up ruined. Tux's ripped...

Vick walks Frances down the aisle. Her dress is shredded.
Singed. Hair akimbo. She's missing a high heel.

Vick limps along with her. Smiling a mile wide.

WITH JOE:

He's got a black eye. Blown all to hell. Missing a leg of
his pants. Stands next to Chuck.

Best Man.

A terrible thought dawns on him.

Joe pats himself down. Every pocket...

...and pulls out the WEDDING BAND. He sighs relief.

Chuck smiles at him.

CHUCK
Told ya. Whole operation is in
your hand.

They hug.

Frances arrives. Chuck takes his place next to her.

Vick looks at Frances. He just can't walk away.

Joe waves him over.

Arms around each other, they stand side by side.

They spot Sugar in the crowd. An arm around Drunk Aunt Edna.

He raises a bottle of champagne to them.

VICK
To new beginnings.

JOE
And, Old Friends.

PRIEST
Dearly beloved...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

The sun beats down on a deserted desert highway. Sand dunes.

A BMW SEDAN cruises down the road.

A FIAT half a mile behind it...

INT. BMW SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Our old pal Iranian Ambassador NAJI MEHRJUI behind the wheel.
Alone. Listens to Katy Perry on the radio...

INT. FIAT - CONTINUOUS

Joe drives. Crammed into the tiny car. A Keffiyeh wrapped
around his head.

He squints at Mehrjui's car way ahead.

Raises binoculars, one handed...

INT. BMW SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

As Mehrjui drives...

...a head slowly rises from the back seat. A head wrapped in
a Keffiyeh. A face comes into view...

IT'S FUCKING VICK.

With a smile of pure glee, HE RAISES AN ASSASSIN'S GARROTE...

INT. FIAT - CONTINUOUS

Joe throws down the binoculars.

JOE
Oh, I *fuckin'* knew it!

And, stops the accelerator...

FADE TO BLACK.