

BOSS LEVEL

Screenplay by
Joe Carnahan

Based on the script "*Continue*"
by Chris & Eddie Borey.

PRODUCTION DRAFT 1-29-18
BLUE REVISED 2-6-18

WarParty Films
Emmett/Furla/Oasis Films
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NOTE TO READER:

BOSTON'S "FOREPLAY/LONG TIME" scores this entire sequence...

...so crank it up on your computer.

CUT UP ON:

BLACK CARD. WHITE TYPE. **"ATTEMPT 139"**

HARD CUT TO:

1 INT. ROY PULVER'S APARTMENT - MORNING 1

A large, loft style apartment.

A SHADOW appears from the front doorway and begins creeping across the room.

THE CAMERA TRAVELS WITH IT...

...OVER A TABLE. A woman's purse. A cellphone vibrates wildly, disgorging from the purse itself.

A gnarled, heavily-tattooed hand, holding a hunting knife, reaches into FRAME, silencing the phone.

The shadow resumes its journey across the loft. Past scattered clothing. A man's sock. A woman's blouse.

The shadow moves menacingly across a bed. Circular. Gold sheets in a spiral, wrapped around a WOMAN. Blonde. Her name is ALICE.

She rolls over to ROY PULVER. 40's. Passed out cold. Boyish good looks gone booze-pickled, weather-beaten. He may have given a genuine shit at some point but that point has passed. *

The shadow falls over them both. Alice's eyes snap open and she SEES a MAN IN BLACK standing over the bed. No. Not Johnny Cash. *

This is MR. GOOD MORNING.

Alice SCREAMS.

Roy's eyes snap open. Mr. Good Morning lunges. Roy moves, the knife impales his pillow. Feathers fill the air. *

ROY (V.O.)
Can you imagine waking up like this every fucking morning...?

Roy wraps up Mr. Good Morning's knife hand and rams his head into the wall, twice, splitting it open. *

ROY (V.O.)
 ...with some random jerkoff, trying
 to stab you in face?

Alice tumbles out of bed. Lands on her ass. SCREAMING as she scrambles for the front door, still wrapped in a sheet.

Roy rolls out of bed and past a stunned Mr. Good Morning, grabbing his shirt and yawning. *

Mr. Good Morning recovers and rushes Roy from behind. *

Roy fumbles with his shirt. Looks like he's sleepwalking

ROY (V.O.)
 You know how people say "*Oh, I can do that with my eyes closed.*" and you always think they sound like assholes-- but, whatever. Watch.

Mr. Good Morning stabs at Roy but Roy anticipates his attack perfectly, almost as if it were choreographed, wrapping the shirt around Mr. Good Morning's neck and judo flipping him.

Roy wipes his eyes, slips his shirt on, grabs a coffee cup. Pours. Blows. Drinks.

Mr. Good Morning leaps up and attacks.

Roy knows what's coming.

ROY (V.O.)
 Stab. Stab. Slash. Slash. *Coffee anyone?*

Roy flings the coffee pot it into Mr. Good Morning's face. Replaces it. It keeps brewing. Roy stretches. *

ROY (V.O.)
 ...and this might have been fun for awhile, once the shock wore off, once I realized what was happening, but...

Mr. Good Morning claws at his eyes in agony, slashing wildly.

Mr. Good Morning relaunches his attack. Roy snaps his forearm and buries his own knife into his forehead.

Mr. Good Morning falls backwards, his weight pulling the knife free.

ROY (V.O.)
 ...after nearly a hundred and forty
 times, it's just fucking *annoying*
 now...

Roy wipes the knife on a kitchen towel. *

ROY (V.O.)
 ...and boring...

His eyes are stuck at half-mast. Bloodshot. *Hungover*. He
 doesn't look like he's in any shape to do what he just did.

ROY (V.O.)
 ...and I want it to *stop*...

His ceiling begins to shake as the SOUND of a HELICOPTER
 fills the air. Roy dries the K-bar off. Decides it's dull and
 sharpens it in his kitchen knife rack.

Outside his balcony window, an ATTACK CHOPPER with a GUNNER
 manning a side-mounted 30MM MINI-GUN rises into FRAME. *

The weapon's barrels begin spinning up pre-fire and BLASTING
 the window out.

Roy barely looks over before expertly flinging the K-BAR
 through the now shattered balcony window.

ROY (V.O.)
 ...but I know it won't...

The astonished Gunner catches it right between the eyes.
 STILL BLASTING, the bullets ripping past Roy who casually
 steps out of their path. *

Roy grabs his boots as the skewered GUNNER'S death spasm
 begins tearing Roy's loft in half. *

Plaster and wood framing detonate as Roy's recent kitchen
 remodel is undone by a Baghdad-styled *bulletstorm*. Roy
 finishes his coffee and pulls his boot laces tight.

A FRAMED PHOTO clatters down from the wall behind him. The
 glass breaking.

Roy retrieves it, pulling it from the broken frame.

It's a picture of Roy with a WOMAN...and he looks far more
 troubled by this than by the salvos of .30mm rounds currently
 ripping the shit out of every single thing he owns.

ROY (V.O.)
 ...I was happy once...

The Gunner convulses a final time before falling. As he plummets from the chopper he pulls his aim and FIRES the MINI-GUN into the cockpit, killing the pilot.

The bird begins to list and auto-rotate, losing control.

Roy exhales some minor annoyance and stands, grabbing his coat as the chopper crashes into his loft sidelong, EXPLODING. *

ROY (V.O.)
...now I'm just pissed off.

Roy runs to the opposing balcony, just ahead of the crash. *

2 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 2

He falls four stories and lands in the bed of a passing DUMP TRUCK filled with sand. *

ROY (V.O.)
I missed this truck exactly twenty-two times before. You know how it feels, falling four stories to the street below, twenty-two times? *

(beat)

It fucking hurts is how it feels.

Roy hops off the truck and walks across the opposing intersection toward a pair of CARS awaiting the light change. *

He "Froggers" around traffic moving past him, horns blare, cars swerve. Roy looks like he's out for an evening stroll. *

He turns back. A MERCEDES STATION WAGON roars up behind him. *

ROY (V.O.)
"Pam" is in that station wagon...I don't know if her name is actually "Pam", she just looks like a "Pam"...

3 INT. BLACK SEDAN / EXT. STREET 3

In the passenger seat sits "PAM" 40's. Dressed in a dowdy blouse, CVS reading glasses and Crocs.

Her driver is a grim LATINA CHAUFFEUR.

ROY (V.O.)
...and "Pam" might be the best shot with a pistol I've ever seen.
(beat)
(MORE)

ROY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Give her anything under 200 yards
 and she'll put a round right in
 your ear.

"Pam" prepares to fire her pistol with the kind of precision
 and practiced hand of a world class watchmaker.

She and the Latina chat in a monotone, mirthless manner
 without ever making eye contact.

"PAM"
 Get in the left lane--

*

LATINA CHAUFFEUR
 --don't tell me how to drive--

"PAM"
 --I'm not telling you how to drive--

LATINA CHAUFFEUR
 --then let me make the lane change--

"PAM"
 --you're cranky when you don't eat--

LATINA CHAUFFEUR
 --always with the judgments--

"PAM"
 --you love to argue--

LATINA CHAUFFEUR
 --sometimes I wish you'd just shoot
 me--

"PAM"
 --me too.

4 EXT. THE STREET

4

Roy moves toward a BMW 7-Series Sedan and a souped up Dodge
 Challenger.

*

*

ROY (V.O.)
 I hate taking either car. The woman
 in the Beamer is 3 months pregnant
 and the one time I tried to get a
 lift from her--

*

*

*

*

CUT TO:

*

FLASHBACK

Roy hops in the stunned Woman's BMW only to be confronted by CHER singing "IF I COULD TURN BACK TIME" at full volume.

ROY
(to Woman)
Nope. I'm good.

And he exits the car just as quickly as he entered.

RETURN TO SCENE

ROY (V.O.)
--it didn't work out so well--

Roy reaches the Challenger door and pulls it open--

ROY (V.O.)
--"Mr. Man's Man" in the Challenger
here screams--

Roy SCREAMS in perfect stereo-sync with the terrified DRIVER:

DRIVER ROY
I'M BEING CARJACKED! *I'M BEING CARJACKED!*

ROY (V.O.)
--at *date-rape volume*, every single
time--

Roy hauls him out of the car. The driver spills to the pavement and scrambles to his feet in full flight.

Roy hops in and floors it. He blasts through a light change, bashing right into "Pam"'s station wagon as they both converge on the same street. Roy pulls ahead, slicing through slower moving traffic.

Somewhere in the distance the SOUND of SIRENS grow.

ROY (V.O.)
Alright. Now after the ambulance,
it's pretty much smooth sailing and
I can--
(nods to himself, then)
--Wait a second, did I-- shit, did
I get to the ambulance yet?

As he crosses an intersection he looks left and SEES the flashing AMBULANCE fill his side window at full speed.

ROY (V.O.)
Nope.

BOOM. The ambulance collides with the Challenger at 60mph plus. Roy, sans seatbelt, is blown out the passenger door, flying over a hundred feet in less than half a second before smashing through a department store's display window. *

Screams. A crowd gathers. Roy's body is mangled beyond belief. Limbs twisted and snapped. His neck is broken.

A sweet, older SALES LADY rushes to his side and clasps a hand over her mouth at the horror of it all.

The Wagon pulls up. The window rolls down and "Pam" begins dialing a number on her cell before driving off. *

As Roy slowly bleeds out, his eyes don't reflect a fear of death...but an utter fucking frustration with life.

ROY (V.O.)
Don't feel bad for me...*This kinda
shit happens every day.*

CUT TO:

5 INT. ROY PULVER'S APARTMENT - MORNING 5

BLACK CARD. WHITE TYPE. **"ATTEMPT 79"**

The coffee maker percolates. The cellphone buzzes. Alice the blonde stirs next to Roy in bed. The shadow falls over her. *

This is the same morning, **again.**

ROY (V.O.)
I used to complain that every day
felt the same and then May 9th came
...and now every day is the same.

Mr. Good Morning. The knife. Roy's eyes open. He's staring back at himself in the reflection of the blade. *

ROY
Hey, handsome. *

Alice screams and flees. Roy kills Good morning. Then the helicopter gunner. *

ROY (V.O.)
...with slight variations.

This time, Roy spills his coffee as he ducks the bullet storm, which stops him momentarily-- *

ROY *
Fuck *

ROY (V.O.)
The one thing that never changes...

...and the 30mm's canonnade mincemeats him where he stands. *

ROY (V.O.)
...Is I die.
(beat)
Every. Single. Day. I DIE.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROY (V.O.)
How long has this been going on?
Too fucking long.

6 MONTAGE

6

What follows is a continuous split screen - TWO SCREENS. Then FOUR. Then EIGHT...All depicting ROY's deaths.

He's stabbed to death in bed. THE SCREEN SPLITS.

He's gunned down on a street corner. THE SCREEN SPLITS.

He's hit by the ambulance.

THE SCREEN SPLITS again and again.

He's knifed in a Chinese restaurant. *

He's blown up by a grenade.

He's riddled with bullets inside a Dodge Challenger. *

ROY (V.O.)
I don't even know why they want to
kill me or what I've done to
deserve getting killed but there's
a shit ton of 'em. You've met
"Pam"...

One of the SCREENS enlarges.

7 EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE ROY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

7

Roy lands in the bed of the sand truck. Is slow to climb
down. Pam's station wagon roars past. *

ROY (V.O.)
 ...here's a little highlight clip.

"Pam" takes aim out the window and FIRES. Roy takes a bullet in the head. Sinks to his knees and dies.

ROY (V.O.)
 She did that to me another fourteen times before I finally got her timing down.

WE RETURN TO the SCREENS. Another one enlarges.

8 EXT. ALLEY - DAY 8 *

GUAN-YIN is a Kewpie doll crossed with Triad Mob Boss, in jet black warpaint, wielding a huge Jian-style SWORD. *

Roy rushes the length of the alley, looking over his shoulder. A pair of LEGS suddenly drop down around his neck, clamping tight and cutting off his air. This is GUAN-YIN. A Kewpie doll crossed with Triad Mob Boss, in jet black warpaint. She wields a huge Jian-style SWORD. *

ROY (V.O.)
 This little angel-faced asshole is known as Guan-Yin.

She releases from a lattice of pipes, dropping down onto Roy as he struggles against the python-like grip of her legs...

ROY (V.O.)
 ...How do I know her name...?

...and just as he's about to pass out, she twists violently to one-side and snaps his neck. She BELLOWS in victory.

GUAN-YIN
I AM GUAN-YIN! I HAVE DONE THIS!

ROY (V.O.)
 ...bingo...Her name means "Goddess Of Mercy".

She then unsheathes her sword and as she releases his limp body, decapitates him cleanly.

ROY (V.O.)
 I think she digs "irony."

The screen shrinks back down. Another SCREEN enlarges.

9 EXT. A PHONE BOOTH - MORNING 9

A haggard Roy, just one step ahead of his assassins, piles into a phone booth and begins rapidly dialing a number.

A MAN appears. A pudgy, nondescript middle-age perv who looks like he subsists on free porn and frozen pizzas.

ROY (V.O.)
I call this living, breathing *Amber*
Alert, "Kaboom."

He rolls a grenade right up to the phone booth, giggling in pure glee as he waddles away.

The grenade EXPLODES. Swallowing the phone booth whole.

ROY (V.O.)
I've given 'em all nicknames. The
Butcher. The German Twins. Smiley. *
(beat)
Roy Number Two...

10 INT. DYNOW LABS - LOBBY 10 *

One of the SCREENS enlarges and WE SEE ROY in a standoff with ROY #2. A guy who resembles him in a creepy, unexplainable way, right down to the same haircut.

ROY (V.O.)
...who just happens to be some
asshole that looks exactly like me.

They do double takes before blasting each other to bits.

ROY (V.O.)
Sometimes I manage to kill them...

11 EXT. SNIPERS PERCH 11 *

He ices "PAM" from a Sniper's perch. *

ROY (V.O.)
...but it doesn't matter...

12 EXT. GUNFIGHT 12

A blazing gunfight with SMILEY and his terribly yellowed teeth which Roy puts a bullet right through.

ROY (V.O.)
...there's no end to it...

13 EXT. STREET 13

Roy runs over THE BUTCHER with the Challenger. *

ROY (V.O.)
...they just keep fucking coming.

14 EXT. ALLEY / STREET 14

Roy runs between the GERMAN TWINS and gets them to shoot one another.

He leaps to his feet, exultant.

A blade suddenly passes through his neck from behind. His smile evaporates as his head topples from his shoulders.

ROY (V.O.)
...and eventually take me out...

THE CAMERA PULLS FOCUS TO...GUAN-YIN.

GUAN-YIN
I AM GUAN-YIN! I HAVE DONE THIS!

THE ORIGINAL SCREENS reappear. On each SCREEN, a different assassin produces a phone and dials.

ROY (V.O.)
...then they make a phone call,
right after...

They speak to an UNKNOWN person on the other end.

ROY (V.O.)
One day I'm going to find out who
they're talking to...and make the
man on the other end of that line
the sorriest sonofabitch alive...

CUT TO BLACK

BLACK SCREEN

All the clamor of Roy's many deaths fades. We're in this dark, silent VOID now...the place between death and rebirth.

ROY (V.O.)
...'Cuz he's had me killed over a
hundred and thirty eight times...
(MORE)

*

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

(beat)

I don't know how this is possible
or why I keep repeating the same
day. I've never had time to figure
it out. It's a shitshow from the
second I open my eyes.

BLACK CARD. WHITE TYPE. **"ATTEMPT 48"**

15 EXT. STREET - DAY

15

Roy. Ragged. Beaten. Climbs into a phone booth. Dials. WE
RECOGNIZE this scene from earlier.

ROY (V.O.)

Jia. The only woman I've ever loved
and the one person who has the
answers I'm looking for--

--Jia's line is answered.

INTERCUT

16 INT. DYNOW LABS - JIA'S OFFICE - DAY

16 *

A weathered, combat-creased, silver-maned man holds her
phone. This is COLONEL CLIVE VENTOR. Former Pentagon power
broker. Current Private Military contractor *nonpareil*.

VENTOR

Hello.

ROY

Hello? I'm-- trying to reach Dr.
Zemin.

VENTOR

Who's this?

ROY

This is her husba-- *boyfriend*, Roy.

VENTOR

Ahh, *Captain* Roy Pulver, he of
"Delta Force" fame.

ROY

Who's this?

VENTOR

This is Colonel Clive Ventor.

ROY
Jia's boss.

VENTOR
(thrown away)
Until recently.

ROY
Is she around?

VENTOR
Well, no unfortunately. She's not.

ROY
When will she be back?

VENTOR
Now, that is more of a *cosmic*
question that I'd have to hand over
to a higher power.

ROY
Huh?

VENTOR
She's dead.

ROY
What?

VENTOR
Hate to be the bearer of bad news
but Miss Zemin took a nasty spill
and snapped her neck, last night.

ROY
No...

VENTOR
An accident in the lab. Working
late. Likely very fatigued.
(beat, almost jovial)
Can I ask where you are?

ROY (V.O.)
That was no fucking accident.

Kaboom appears in the glass behind Roy, bowling that grenade
toward the phone booth.

ROY (V.O.)
Why is she dead? And who killed
her?

It bounces off the side. Roy doesn't even run.

Tears fill his eyes as the grenade DETONATES.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

ROY (V.O.)

...I've never lived long enough to
find out.

...so where were we? Uh...yeah. Ok.
The ambulance.

17	INT. CHALLENGER / EXT. THE STREET - SCRAP YARD	17	*
	LOWER THIRD SUPER: "ATTEMPT 140 IN PROGRESS"		*
	Roy. In the Challenger. Rides the brakes as the ambulance, swerves and narrowly misses him this time.		*
	He floors it. Hangs a sharp right at a red light.		
	<u>"Pam"'s" station wagon appears in the rear-view mirror.</u>		*
	She gives chase through the city streets. Roy staying just ahead of her as he eyes the on-ramp for a BRIDGE.		*
			*
18	INT/EXT. THE CHALLENGER - CONTINUOUS	18	*
	Roy power-slides onto the bridge with "Pam" in hot pursuit. They roar across its expanse, weaving in and out of traffic at over 90mph.		*
			*
			*
19	INT. PAM'S WAGON / EXT. THE BRIDGE	19	*
	Pam. Placidly annoyed, retrieves a huge, fuck-off ASSAULT RIFLE from the rear seat.		*
			*
	LATINA CHAUFFEUR		*
	<i>Someone means business.</i>		*
	PAM THE SOCCER MOM		*
	<i>Because someone else can't keep up.</i>		*
	The chauffeur scowls as Pam pops up through the sun-roof and begins BLAZING AWAY on the fleeing Roy, unleashing torrents of GUNFIRE on the Challenger.		*
			*
			*
	Roy reaches the far side of the bridge and bombs down the exit ramp. Pam's station wagon follows. They both speed toward the docks. The wagon narrowing its pursuit.		*
			*
			*

*

19A EXT. DOCKS / INT. ROY'S CHALLENGER - CONTINUOUS 19A *

Pam races up on Roy, the station wagon bashing off the challenger as the two vehicles trade paint and engage in high speed demolition derby as they roar toward the dock's edge. *

Pam cuts loose with the assault rifle again, riddling the Challenger with GUNFIRE, the interior detonating around Roy who brakes hard. Pam blows past, then Roy punches it, ramming the station wagon sideways and shoving it right off the dock. *

The wagon impacts the water's surface and quickly slips beneath it, disappearing into the river's chop. *

20 EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS 20 *

Roy ditches the shot up Challenger. He's moving with purpose. Working from routine. *

The battered neon sign for "**SHÍJIAN CHU CHINESE RESTAURANT**" blinks and crackles in the alley ahead.

Roy enters the restaurant. *

21 INT. SHÍJIAN CHU CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY 21

Muted. Metallic interior. Like a subway car turned diner. Despite the early hour, the place is packed.

The bar has a seat left. Roy slogs toward it. CHEF JAKE HUAN, a garrulous, portly sort, brightens when he sees him.

CHEF JAKE
Hey! Roy! *Happy birthday!*

ROY
Thanks Jake.

Chef Jake notices how banged up Roy is.

CHEF JAKE
What happened to you?

ROY
Just woke up wrong.
(waving off his concerns)
I'm fine, don't worry.
(beat, so *unfunny* this is)
Happens all the time.

Roy plops down.

ROY (CONT'D)

Can I get a large bottle of Baijiu?
Actually *two* large bottles.

Chef Jake glances up at the wall clock as he pulls a bottle of Baijiu down from the shelf.

CHEF JAKE

Let the celebration begin.

ROY

Well we only have *today* right Jake?

Chef Jake grins, pours a glass of Baijiu for Roy.

CHEF JAKE

'Tomorrow' is not guaranteed.

Roy shoots the glass. Taps for a refill. Jake obliges.

ROY

Fuckin'A pally...*Fuck-en-'A'*

Roy just starts swigging straight from the bottle.

DAVE. 40. A business college drone in head to toe tan khaki, watches Roy with a mixture of awe and alarm.

DAVE

How can you drink like that?

Roy shoots him a sidelong glance. In addition to the 'co-po' or '*Company Polo*' Dave wears not one but *two* separate cell phones on his belt holster...prompting Roy's response:

ROY

How can you *not*?

Dave is far too self-absorbed to register the jab.

DAVE

You know, a lot of expert internal security pundits and mind you, I'm one of them, think that the next 9/11 will be targeted at our distilled spirits. You've got a country with a rate of alcoholism somewhere in the thirty-eighth percentile and should you wipe out, en masse, *that* many people with an infiltration of breweries, distilleries and the like...

Dave blathers on. He doesn't notice Roy mouthing the words.

ROY (V.O.)

This beige-colored douchebag is named Dave. Dave is a 'Security Specialist' with some private firm and it doesn't matter what my answer is to him asking "How can you drink like that, this early." He always launches into this exact same fucking speech. I know what he's going to say, word for word.

(beat)

I know *everything* that's going to happen from the second I walk in.

22

INT. SHÍJIAN CHU CHINESE RESTAURANT - MINUTES LATER

22

A older, distinguished Chinese man enters, DAI FENG, 60. Super fit. Stoic. Roy turns to look.

ROY (V.O.)

At 11:05, this famous swordfighter comes in. He was a twelve time world-champion.

CHEF JAKE

Holy Shit! *Dai Feng!*

(to Roy)

Roy, you know he's one of the most famous--

ROY

--Wudang swordsman in China.

CHEF JAKE

A twelve time--

ROY

--World Champion.

CHEF JAKE

Have I told you about him?

ROY

At least a hundred times.

CHEF JAKE

Really? I don't remember.

ROY

(under his breath)

I do.

Roy nods a 'hello' to the elderly man. Dai Feng glowers back.

ROY (V.O.)
Sifu Feng here is the reason I have
to bust my ass to get to the bar
every day. If I'm later than 10:45,
he takes the last seat.

Chef Jake barks at PEDRO, his assistant chef.

CHEF JAKE
Pedro! Set up a table for Shuo Shi
Feng!

Roy bombs back more Baijiu as Sifu Feng takes a seat.

23 INT. SHÍJIAN CHU CHINESE RESTAURANT - LATER 23

Roy. Buzzed. This lop-sided grin as watches in anticipation
of something...

ROY (V.O.)
At around noon-- Ok, I feel a
little bit bad about this next
thing...

...Pedro comes bounding around the bar, hits a wet spot and
pratfalls hard to the floor. Roy snorts Baijiu as he smothers
a laugh.

ROY (V.O.)
...but I love seeing him wipe out.
I'm sorry, I've seen it a ton of
times but it's still fucking funny
and it's not like I got a *whole lot*
to laugh about these days.

24 INT. SHÍJIAN CHU CHINESE RESTAURANT - LATER 24

Roy slams back the remains of his first Baijiu bottle. He's
drunk working on *wasted*.

ROY (V.O.)
At 12:20, Dave the pantload finally
goes back to work...

Dave gets up, signs his check and starts toward the exit.

DAVE

(laughing pre-punchline)
You better hope the terrorists
don't decide to start poisoning the
world's Baijiu supply Roy!

ROY (V.O.)

...but not before delivering *that*
little fucking side-splitter.

DAVE

You trying to float a battleship or
what?

Roy. Suddenly. Abruptly. And seemingly out of nowhere says--

ROY

--You ever been shot in the face
Dave?

DAVE

Huh?

Roy does slow circles around the bar with the bottom of the
Baijiu bottle, staring at it.

ROY (V.O.)

Whoa, Ok. I'm bombed today. Little
twist on the 'war story.' I start
talking about other times I've died
when I've had too much to drink.

Roy's gaze weaves up off the bar and wheels over to Dave.

ROY

I was shot in the face and a funny
thing happened, just before I died,
this was awhile back. Uh, I don't
know it was umm, a .45 ACP round I
think--

(points to right cheek)

--it enters here, *clean*, bullet
winds up, in my mouth, almost
intact and I remember, I tasted
steak. Like a really great Ribeye
and it was only later, when I was
alive again that I thought '*shit,*
that taste was actually the heat
from the bullet, cooking my
*tongue...*that's what I was tasting!
Believe that? S'fucking wild, dude.

Dave trades looks with Chef Jake, tipping an imaginary bottle back before exiting. Chef Jake watches Roy with concern as he begins gleefully pounding back his second bottle of Baijiu.

25

INT. SHÍJIAN CHU CHINESE RESTAURANT - LATER

25

A blitzed, bleary-eyed Roy looks up at the clock...It's just past 12:45.

ROY (V.O.)

At exactly 12:47-- Well, lemme get to that in a second but by say quarter till, I've usually got a reeeeeally good buzz on and I'm feeling fuckin' goooood. Today I'm just *legless drunk*.

He drains the last drop of Baijiu.

ROY (V.O.)

See, as long as I make it to this bar, I can drink until they find me. I can get absolutely shit-faced...

Roy opens his wallet to pay...a folded photo falls from it...it's that same one he removed from the frame in his apartment. It's Jia.

ROY (V.O.)

...and not feel a thing.

This terrible sadness creeps into his eyes.

The bar doors are bashed open behind him.

Silence.

Patrons SCREAM and SCATTER but WE CAN'T HEAR THEM.

ROY (V.O.)

12:47 P.M. I've never. Not once, made it a minute *past* this point.

Roy doesn't even tense up or turn around.

WE RECOGNIZE the Assassins: Guan-Yin, Roy #2, "Pam", Smiley, The German Twins, The Butcher, "Kaboom".

*
*

Too many to fight at once.

They take aim on Roy. This ad hoc firing squad.

ROY (V.O.)
 Why do I let it happen? *Why not.*
 Cuz outside of this bar, no matter
 what direction I run and no matter
 how hard I fight, I've never lived
 past 12:47pm. They always get me. A
 bunch of assholes I've never met,
 killing me for reasons that remain
 a mystery...

Roy is riddled with bullets and blown clear of the bar. He collapses in a bloody heap. The PHOTO slips from his grip. It lands on the bar. Freckled with blood.

ROY (V.O.)
 ...and she's dead. *My Girl.* Gone in
 a moment further back than I can
 ever go...stuck here in the 'death
 loop' of a 'never-ending' day.
 (pause)
 ...I know I can't keep drinking my
 way through it. Not when every day
 ends like this.
 (beat, exhaling)
 I need a plan now...I need to make
 somebody pay.
 (beat)
 They have an army.
 (beat)
All I have is time.

Roy lies there. The pupils in his eyes dilate down. The iris clouds over gray as he dies...THE CAMERA SLOWLY BOOMS DOWN.

He stares up. The Assassins crowd over him. Guan-Yin pulls a cellphone. "Pam" and Smiley follow suit. Soon they are all dialing an unknown number and speaking to an UNKNOWN PARTY on the other end.

Roy's eyes dim as he dies. His expression slowly going slack.

ROY (V.O.)
 ...Yesterday was *months* ago.

CUT TO BLACK.

BLACK CARD. WHITE TYPE. **"YESTERDAY"**

LABCOATS buzz and pinball about the hangar-like lab, consulting clipboards and computer tablets.

A dozen studious, mostly bespectacled, multi-ethnic ACADEMICS and SCHOLARS circle the space.

The focus of their considered attention is the "QDE" or "QUANTUM DISPLACEMENT ENGINE"...A formidable, frightening-looking machine emitting occasional blasts of coolant as though it were awaiting a countdown to launch.

COLONEL CLIVE VENTOR holds court in front of the "QDE" for a shady coterie of sunglass-shrouded men in suits. *

VENTOR

Time is a weapon.

(beat)

It is God's Great Big Gun.

(beat)

And I've got my finger on the trigger.

(a thoughtful pause, then)

A man reaches an age whe--

--a LOUDMOUTH in a leather jacket cuts the Colonel off--

LOUDMOUTH

--when do we see some results h--

VENTOR

--and *just* as I begin to speak, before I can so much as string my "thesis statement" together...

...Ventor makes a mock grand gesture toward Loudmouth as though introducing the "Star Of The Show."

VENTOR (CONT'D)

...we get, this guy...

(tasting something sour)

Krieg Corporation, is it?

Loudmouth does a little chest puff and nods the affirmative. Ventor smiles like something with fangs.

VENTOR (CONT'D)

Mercenaries -*sorry*- Soldiers Of Fortune -*SORRY*- Private Military Contractors.

(beat)

Is that the "appropriate" phrasing these days?

(MORE)

VENTOR (CONT'D)

God forbid I was to run afoul of the "Liberal Opinion Police" the last thing I would thing I would ever call you folks are 'Heavily-Armed Whores Who've Traded Flag And Country For Fucking Stock Options.' You'll just never hear me say those sorts of, *unsavory* things.

(hands up, mock defense)

Hey, I'm the *last man* to judge how the next man makes a living.

Then Ventor laughs. This mildly unhinged, homicidal little laugh. His blue eyes burning *rings* right through Loudmouth's shriveling psyche.

Then:

VENTOR (CONT'D)

...Ok, as it seems we've abandoned basic manners as well as the ability to listen and absorb -and as my father was a man of miserably few words and even shorter sentiments- let me offer *the demonstrative* in lieu of a lecture.

Ventor reaches toward BRETT, an overly tan, tribal-barb tatted, squared-jawed juicehead and his second-in-command.

Brett unholsters a .45 and hands it to Ventor, who promptly releases the magazine and begins thumbing bullets into his open palm before reloading the weapon and racking the slide.

VENTOR (CONT'D)

This is our current line-of-defense against anarchy, global terror and total societal collapse.

Ventor hurls the handful of bullets at Loudmouth who flinches and covers as they bounce off him and scatter to the floor.

VENTOR (CONT'D)

And this is the line I'm proposing.

Ventor whips the .45 back up and BLASTS Loudmouth center-mass with six shots, blowing him off his feet and leaving him lying there, writhing, groaning and gasping.

VENTOR (CONT'D)

(holding up a bullet)

The raw materials remain the same.

(handing gun back to Brett)

(MORE)

VENTOR (CONT'D)
 It's the *delivery system*...that
 makes all the difference.

*

The rest of the group stares down in muted shock as Loudmouth manages to rip away his shirt and reveal perfectly pancaked .45 caliber rounds, embedded in his body armor.

VENTOR (CONT'D)
 Now that's thinking ahead!

GUEST
 (genuinely stunned)
 You didn't know he was wearing body armor?

VENTOR
 (cat that ate the canary)
 I mean, you want my, *honest* answer?

27 INT. DYNOW LABS - JIA'S OFFICE

27

Clutter everywhere. A dry erase board is filled top to bottom with an EQUATION. Vectors and scalars. Quantum mechanics. DR. JIA ZEMIN, 30's, frets over a particular section as steals looks at an array of SECURITY CAMERAS just outside.

They pan back and forth. Observant. Omniscient.

One remains fixed on her office.

We get the sense that the laboratory staff's every movement, down to the smallest gesture, is being marked and recorded.

Roy stumbles into her office, still fumbling with his clip-on VISITOR'S BADGE.

Jia forces a smile when she sees him...If Roy were paying attention, he could see that she's under duress.

He greets her with a big hug. She returns it awkwardly.

ROY
 My God, *look at you woman!* Wow.

JIA
 Roy, c'mon.

ROY
 (with a thumb back)
 Do all those geeks work for you?

JIA

Those "geeks" are some of the
smartest people on the planet.

ROY

Maybe it'll rub off on me then.

JIA

I wouldn't hold my breath.

But Roy does just that...inhales deep and holds it, forcing
himself to turn red. Jia eventually breaks down and laughs.

JIA (CONT'D)

You're an idiot. *

ROY

Who can *always* make you laugh. *

JIA

Do you have something against
telephones Roy? *

ROY

I just got back so my cell was shut
off and I forgot to get my home
line squared away before I left, so-

JIA

-they shut that off too?

ROY

Yeah, it's really just luck that
you got ahold of me at all.

JIA

Yeah, I mean the amount of luck it
took to call *the bar* at the bottom
your apartment building and find
you there...*What were the odds?*

ROY

Well hey there '*sarcasm*'! How you
been, stranger? I haven't heard
from you in awhile!

Jia scowls. Roy pulls crumpled paper from his coat pocket,
which he tries to smooth out like some schoolkid's homework.

JIA

What is that?

ROY

...I brought my resume--

--he hands it to her and points out a portion on the page--

ROY (CONT'D)

--the printer I was using was low
on ink, so the 'Delta Force'
section is tough to read

(beat)

Y'think that hurts my chances?

Jia doesn't respond, setting Roy's resume aside as she checks her watch, stealing another glance at the SECURITY CAMERAS.

She then grabs a measuring tape off her desk and deliberately wheels the dry erase board around so it's blocking them from the CAMERA'S VIEW.

JIA

Listen, they have uniforms here,
the security personnel, so I'm
gonna measure you for one, ok?

ROY

Oh. Alright. Cool.

(as she measures him)

They're not like those maroon deals
are they? Like mall security? I
don't think I can rock that look.

(beat)

And do you have any idea what the
starting salary is? Or if there's a
co-pay with medical? I've got pre-
existing-- y'know--

(lowering his voice)

--*combat stuff.* Wounds.

Jia measures him in haste, like she doesn't want to be caught doing what she's doing.

Roy appraises the surrounding lab.

ROY (CONT'D)

What is it you're doing anyway?

Looks big, whatever it is.

You been working on it awhile?

Jia. *Conspiratorial.*

JIA

Just long enough I hope.

Roy looks out onto a huge, cylindrical-shaped structure. The centerpiece of the lab outside her office.

ROY
What is that thing anyway?

JIA
That's 5 years worth of sleepless
nights and round-the-clock
research...and it means more to me
than you can possibly imagine.

ROY
What does it do?

Jia jots Roy's measurements down on the dry erase board
containing the elaborate scientific equation.

JIA
...unmakes all of time and space
and destroys the planet in it's
entirety...
(trying to make the
following land)
...if improperly used.

A beat.

ROY
No shit? Wow. Hmm. *
(beat, turns back) *
Hmm. Like 'Doomsday' destroy? *

Jia nods solemn. Roy glances back at the Spindle, nodding...

ROY (CONT'D) *
...whoa. *
(grinning, back to Jia)
You must be reaaallly stressed!

Roy laughs, oblivious, missing the import of what Jia is
trying to quietly convey.

She sighs. Keeps writing.

Roy SEES a photo on her desk: A BOY, eleven or so, decked out
in Dodger Blue. A bat in his hand. A glove on his knee.

ROY (CONT'D)
Look at Joe. *Jesus*. Getting so big.

Roy reaches for his wallet. Opens it. Inside, a younger
picture of Joe, he's maybe seven or eight.

ROY (CONT'D)
You mind if I switch these out?

Jia looks over, absently.

JIA

Hmm?

ROY

Pictures? Can I switch 'em?
 (holding up newer photo)
 You got another one of these?

Jia nods. Smiles.

JIA

You can take that one.
 (beat, quickly)
 Roy. How much do you weigh?

ROY

Uhh. 175-180. Why?

Jia doesn't respond. Roy pockets his wallet. A beat. Then:

ROY (CONT'D)

Have you thought about telling him?
 (longer beat)
 It would mean a lot to me if we
 could tell him...*Jia?*

She stops writing on the dry erase board. Flustered.

JIA

What would he gain out of knowing
 Roy? Honestly? You've been absent
 for most of his life.

ROY

Why do you have to *say it* like
 that? Like it wouldn't be worth me
really getting to know him now.
 (beat)
 My work kept me away from you guys--

JIA

--Roy, *c'mon* you loved that life a
 lot more than you loved the idea of
 sharing one with us. Getting shot
 at is a *waaaay* more exciting than
 diapers and mini-vans-

ROY

-that is your '*go to*' argument,
 y'know that!? I'm just the asshole
 who '*didn't* wanna hang around--'

JIA

--Roy, I don't care anymore. We made our decisions. We've moved on. Joe adores you anyway. He knows that we were close once.

ROY

So you still tell that we "just dated"?

Jia sees the regret in Roy's eyes.

JIA

What do you want, Roy?

ROY

I lost you, Jia. I know that. I made my peace with it.

(beat)

Please don't let that happen with my son. Ok?

(beat)

That's all I'm asking.

(beat, this longing)

That is our boy.

Brett suddenly appears at Jia's office door.

BRETT

Dr. Zemin. The Colonel's ready to see you.

JIA

Give me a minute. Oh, sorry-- Brett this is Roy. Roy, Brett. Brett's the head of security here at Dynow.

Brett glowers at Jia.

BRETT

Your office is considered a restricted area Dr. Zemin and therefore off-limits.

Jia squares on Brett with a mini-scowl.

JIA

I made it clear to The Colonel that I would accept visitors when I deemed it *appropriate*, Brett.

ROY

I'm actually just dropping off a resume, bro. All good.

Jia clenches her teeth...*shit*.

Brett breaks into this big predatory grin and grab Roy's dog-eared resume before Jia can stop him.

He reads.

BRETT
We're not hiring...
(glances up at Roy)
...*Captain* Pulver.

Roy extends his hand in anticipation of a shake.

Brett just stares at it.

BRETT (CONT'D)
I retired a Lieutenant Colonel.

Roy grins...*fuck this guy*. He brings that same hand up to salute but Brett just smirks and walks out of the office.

BRETT (CONT'D)
The Colonel is waiting.

JIA
I'll be right there.

Roy's salute morphs into a middle finger aimed at Brett's back as the door closes behind him.

ROY
Dick.
(back to Jia)
I thought you said they were hiring!?

JIA
They ar-- well, we are. I am.

ROY
What are you talking about?

JIA
It's a very *specific* security detail.

ROY
Is it black-bag stuff? Covert?

JIA
Beyond.

ROY
When would it start?

Jia. Her back to Roy. She mutters to herself.

JIA
...sooner than you think.

28

INT. DYNOW LAB - SECURITY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

28

Ventor peruses Roy's resume. A bank of SECURITY MONITORS keeps track of individual movement throughout the lab.

VENTOR
I read the man's resume and I see some 'cause for concern.'

BRETT
He could be making half that stuff up.

VENTOR
And the *other* half?

BRETT
(staring at monitor)
He doesn't look like much.

VENTOR
No one ever notices the housefly 'til he fucks up a good bowl of soup.
(beat)
There's something I don't like about him. He has that "trait."

BRETT
What trait?

VENTOR
The overachiever who makes up for a lack of talent with *hustle*. The guy on the playground we all grew up hating.
(beat, his gaze narrowing)
Vet his service history, if it's accurate, I want him tracked and monitored. If he starts to prove "problematic" then we'll deal with him. Reach outside the normal ranks. No one that could connect back to us, the more random the asset, the better--

BRETT

--if his background is actually legit, then I'd like to send in more than one.

Ventor's gaze returns to a SECURITY MONITOR. ON-SCREEN Jia and Roy are obscured by the dry erase board.

VENTOR

At that point, send as many as you like.

29

INT. LAB - JIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

29 *

Jia acts more and more harried. Nervously flitting about.

JIA

--Your bangs are uneven--

--And before Roy can offer proof to the contrary, Jia grabs a pair of lab scissors and snips off the offending follicles--

ROY

--Wh, what are you doing--?

--she then pokes his finger with a scissor tip--

ROY (CONT'D)

--Jesus, Jia! *Watch it!*

Blood trickles down the scissor blades. She sets them down next to the hair clipping.

JIA

Did you get my birthday present?

ROY

(checking bangs/finger)
You're acting weird. Y'know that?

JIA

Did you get it Roy? The present?

ROY

I don't know, I haven't checke--

JIA

--Please do. I mailed it a few days ago. Will you check for it--?

ROY

Yeah, of course, but wh--

JIA
 --you remember we went to that Art
 Museum in Shanghai, Roy? Years ago,
 we went to that big curated--

ROY
 (struggling)
 --oh, yeah...yeah.

JIA
 You have *no memory* of that moment,
 whatsoever, do you?

Roy. Half-smile. Plastered on. Busted.

JIA (CONT'D)
 There was that painting there you
 loved it. The Hanzi symbol that
 looked like three crossed swords--

--Jia's intercom BLARES. VENTOR booms over the speaker--

VENTOR
 --Dr. Zemin. Would you kindly
 report to my office.

JIA
 (keying an intercom)
 Be there in a moment, Colonel.

She clicks the line off, then punches 'MUTE' for some reason.

JIA (CONT'D)
 (suddenly rushed, harried)
 --Listen to me now, Roy. I know we
 haven't seen one another much. I
 know we've gone down very different
 paths--

ROY
 --yeah, I know we have but I think
 we can--

JIA
 --no, no, *listen*, just let me--
 (sighs, exasperated)
 --I forgot how *trying* this can be.
 Explaining things to you, then over-
 explaining because you are
oblivious to anything that's not a
foot in front of you.
 (before Roy can interject)
 I see a lot of you in Joe. I do.
 His lack of quit.
 (MORE)

JIA (CONT'D)

His willingness to succeed no matter what. He has your *best* qualities--

(beat, sours a bit)

--but he also has your selfishness and your ability to *disappear* when it suits him--

ROY

--And just when we'd *turned the page*--

JIA

--and run from responsibility--

ROY

--Jia, *what do you want from me?*

JIA

I want the man I fell in love with a *long* time ago. The one who gave me a son. The strong, *confident* version of you. Not the Roy who gets hammered every night and bangs a different bimbo--

--Brett reappears outside the lab. Watching. Jia clams up, draws close to Roy as she passes--

JIA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

--remember this. Lai Shyr.

She exits. Roy looks after her. Puzzled.

Humongous, humorless GUARDS arrive to escort Roy out.

30

INT. VENTOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

30

Jia enters. Brett follows, closing the door. Vantor sits at his desk, burning the business end of a cigar with a lighter.

VENTOR

Dr. Zemin.

(beat, indicating)

Does cigar smoke bother you?

JIA

Not at all, no.

VENTOR

The smell used to make me nauseous but not for the normal reasons, when someone finds it overpowering or less than pleasing.

(gazing at lit cigar)

It just always reminded me of my dad, putting them out on my arm, which he did--

(displaying arm)

--about that many times.

Round keloid scars, the skin heat-warped and mottled, dot Vantor's forearm. A least a dozen of them.

VENTOR (CONT'D)

At least they were Cubans.

Vantor affixes Jia with this cold, blank, blue stare as he draws deep off the cigar and turns its tip sun-flare hot.

VENTOR (CONT'D)

The Spindle.

JIA

(as she sits)

Yes?

VENTOR

Are we on schedule? Off schedule?

Jia sits. Brett positions himself just behind her.

JIA

We're experiencing a minor delay at the moment.

VENTOR

Define "*minor*".

JIA

A week. Two weeks at the most.

VENTOR

And...

(exhaling a plume of smoke)

...why?

JIA

R&D is not an exact science.

VENTOR

And yet that's exactly what we're after.

(MORE)

VENTOR (CONT'D)
 (beat, sitting up)
Exact. Science.
 (beat)
 Your "friend"--
 (lifting resume)
 --Captain Pulver.

JIA
 He wanted to drop off a resume.

Ventor walks around his desk and sits on its edge, near Jia.

VENTOR
 And *whatever* possessed him?

JIA
 I may have, in passing, mentioned
 the *military* presence we have here
 in the lab.

VENTOR
And whatever possessed you?
 (beat)
 The security protocols surrounding
 this project shouldn't be the
 subject of *pillow talk*--

JIA
 --and they're not. Roy and I aren't
 in a personal relationship.

VENTOR
 But he is the father of your son?

Brett shifts behind her. She clocks the movement.

JIA
 He is, yes.

Ventor stares at her, silently, this small nod, smoke
 drifting up from the cigar clenched in his fist.

He raises it to his mouth, inhaling mightily...and never
 breaking eye contact with Jia.

The cigar burns bright orange.

Jia gazes up at him.

VENTOR
 I'm not one for long stories. I'm
 someone who's always appreciated
 brevity, in any form. Greetings.
 Correspondences. Conversations.
 (MORE)

VENTOR (CONT'D)

The shorter, the sweeter. However, I do have one story that's been told and retold and it's the one I'd like to share with you now, if you'll indulge me.

Jia knits her fingers in her lap and nods.

JIA

I happen to like long stories.

VENTOR

Well we're both in luck then. Now, my preference still being for brevity, I have bullet-pointed and abbreviated it over time to give it a "punchiness" and keep it on plot.

(puffing away)

So. Burma. 1979. I was doing skunk work for the CIA's ground branch, setting up the black market, cross-border trafficking system that would bring enough opium into the country to backstop the very bloody military coup we would stage almost a decade later. This is all *mostly* declassified stuff.

(a little wink, then)

At any rate, I find myself in the jungle outside Rangoon, sniping soldiers from the KNU Liberation Front in what had become a three-day firefight that had cost my entire team. So there I am, on the verge of being overrun by machete-wielding rebels with *really* terrible attitudes and all I have is a Remington Buckmaster with a shot-out scope and 36 sleepless hours to try and squeeze out a win.

(beat, snaps fingers)

And then I hear it. This piercing squeal. Like a steam whistle. *Wild Boar*. The sound itself sends the rebels scattering, no one wants to fuck with the tusks. So now this sonofabitch gets a sniff of me and comes calling. Full charge, like a locomotive, barreling through the brush and right at yours truly.

(MORE)

VENTOR (CONT'D)

Now, I'd rather put a bullet in 10 men before killing a single animal but before I'm even presented with the do or die of it all, a 15 foot Burmese python descends on this thing from a banyan tree and wraps that hog up like a Christmas ham. Never seen *anything* like it. The speed. The strike. The perfectly synced mechanics of apex predation.

(beat)

And for the next ten hours, I watch, in wonder, *wide awake now*, as this snake slowly suffocates, crushes and devours this pig.

(beat)

With the rebels cleared off, it was quiet, mostly, so I could hear everything...the boar's bones snapping, this bellow's-like wheeze as its lungs collapsed that made it sound like the snake was *laughing*.

(beat, wagging his head)

It remains the most awe-inspiring act of violence I've ever seen.

(beat)

And what struck me most, even as the python extended its jaws a full *two feet* in length, was the calm and the calculation in its eyes.

(beat)

And it wasn't till later, when it finally moved, its mid-section now distended with the outline of that boar, that I saw a dozen eggs. Python eggs. That boar was about to trample the snake's nest and destroy its young.

(beat)

So what I initially thought was an act of aggression...was actually an act of love.

(beat)

The snake killing the boar not out of malice but *necessity*.

(for dramatic effect)

To prevent its future from being obliterated.

Ventor stops speaking. Draws off the long ash of the cigar.

Jia. The furthest thing from flummoxed, nods her "approval".

JIA
I enjoyed that story.

VENTOR
And I enjoyed telling it.
(entre nous)
Additionally, I thought it, *apt.*

JIA
(without flinching)
How so?

At this, Ventor grins, before his face goes cold and gray.

VENTOR
No more visitors to the lab,
Doctor. No more old boyfriends.
Former flames. Shadowy figures from
your past.
(beat)
If there are delays, I will know
about them, *post haste*. Yes?

JIA
Yes.

VENTOR
Wonderful.

Jia stands and excuses herself and exits without another word.

Ventor glowers over at Brett, exhaling a big plume of smoke as WE CUT TO:

31 INT. CHRONOS BAR - EVENING

31

Late night. Way past last call. Bar nearly empty.

Roy is having drinks with Alice, the blonde from the beginning and doing this snazzy little card tricks to impress her and GABRIELLE, the Bartender, a French-Parisian stunner.

Alice is bombed and Roy isn't too far behind.

GABRIELLE
So how long have you two known each other?

ALICE
We just met today!

GABRIELLE

Ahhh.

ALICE

(as she nuzzles Roy)
My brand new best friend!

ROY

Alice is a dental hygienist.

ALICE

Which is weird 'cuz I totally *hate* teeth. I mean, just the texture of them grosses me out. I can't *stand* touching mine or when someone else touches them.

GABRIELLE

Then a career in dentistry seems--

ALICE

--I know, *right!* Like *the last* thing I would ever do but I'm all about the *challenge*, y'know? Getting outside my comfort zone.

ROY

That's the only way you grow.

Alice gazes at Roy like he uttered some biblical profundity.

ALICE

Totally.

(beat)

And I wouldn't have met Roy if I wasn't cleaning teeth and I wouldn't be here right now, so...

ROY

...The universe once again, weaves its delicate web.

Alice and Roy kiss drunk-passionate. Gabrielle grins.

ALICE

So how long have *you guys* known each other?

ROY

As long as I've been drinking at this bar.

GABRIELLE

Since he got back from overseas and although Roy is reluctant to discuss what he was doing 'overseas' I have my suspicions.

ALICE

Oooh! *C'mon!* Tell us!

ROY

There's almost nothing to tell.

GABRIELLE

Then tell us 'almost nothing.'

ALICE

Wait! Not yet. I gotta pee.

Alice staggers off in the general direction of the restroom.

ROY

What do they call it in France? The bathroom. Is it 'the loo?'

GABRIELLE

'Les WC' or 'La Toilette.'

ROY

That's lovely. Lot better than the American equivalent, Certainly more charming.

GABRIELLE

Charm is something we French excel in--

ROY

--You're one of the most *gorgeous* women I've ever seen.

GABRIELLE

(in French)

Exceeded only by our immunity to the charms of *others*.

ROY

That sentence just sounded like sex.

GABRIELLE

You should take her home Roy.

Roy does a legit 'spit-take.' Gabrielle laughs.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

You're about to ask, '*Why not take you home too, Gabrielle?*' and I'll say, '*Maybe another night.*'

ROY

So I'm wearing you down--

GABRIELLE

(in French again)

--But that night will *never* come.

(back to English)

We'd have fun Roy but we'd never be in love.

Roy leans in a little closer. The bar phone begins to ring.

ROY

Why not?

GABRIELLE

Because you're *still* in love. With someone else. It's in your eyes. In the sadness I see there. There's a woman you long for but it's not me--

(with a nod to the 'loo')

--and it's not our lovely hygienist.

This seems to perplex Roy as he knocks back another whiskey. Gabrielle answers the bar phone and returns with it a moment later.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

For you.

Roy stifles a burp, glancing up at the clock. It's nearly 2am. He takes the receiver from her.

ROY

(over the clatter)

Hello?

INTERCUT

32

INT. DYNOW LABS - SPINDLE

32

Jia is clearly terrified. She's working fast. Purposeful.

JIA

Roy? Can you hear me?

WE SEE her placing Roy's hair-trimmings into a chrome-colored receptacle.

ROY

Sorry.

(puts a finger in his ear)

Jia?

She scrapes Roy's dried blood off the scissor tip into a separate section of the same receptacle.

33

INT. DYNOW LABS - SECURITY ROOM

33

Brett is monitoring Jia's outgoing call. The Colonel listens in. Behind him, an array DISPLAY MONITORS cycle video dossiers of the assassins and mercenaries WE RECOGNIZE.

ROY (O.S.)

Are you still at the lab? It's like 3am!

JIA (O.S.)

Roy, I may need to do something *drastic*--

ROY (O.S.)

Wait. *What?* Are you ok?

JIA (O.S.)

If something happens, you're the *only* person who can help me. I can't explain, you'd never understand but it's important that--

--Jia is abruptly cut off. She looks at the phone. Hangs up. Rushes off.

WE WATCH as she slips down a series of stairs beneath the metal grating that makes up the lab floor and steals away into the shadows with that chrome-colored receptacle.

34

INT. DYNOW LABS - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

34

Ventor watches Jia vanish into the sub-level.

VENTOR

It seems our dear Doctor has gone rogue. Find her.

35

INT. CHRONOS BAR - CONTINUOUS

35

Roy looks down at the receiver, then puts it back to his ear.

ROY

Jia? *Hello?* Are the there? I think
I lost you. I don't have your
number, call me back.

He hands the phone back to Gabrielle.

GABRIELLE

Who was that?

ROY

My ex. Sounded pretty worked up.
(beat, thinks)
Hey, didn't you go to the Sore-
bone? The school in Paris?

GABRIELLE

(gently correcting Roy's
pronunciation
'Sorbonne.' Yes. I did, but I
didn't graduate.

ROY

Which still makes you ten times
smarter than me or anyone else I
know. Y'ever heard of '*Lai Shyr*' or
know what that means?

GABRIELLE

Lai Shyr?

ROY

Yeah, it was something my ex said
today.

Gabrielle thinks.

GABRIELLE

Lai is traditional Chinese surname,
it also means "to rely on" or
"depend on".

ROY

Ok...That helps me, not at all.

GABRIELLE

Like I said. I didn't graduate.

Alice weaves back to their table.

ALICE
What'd I miss?

She practically collapses into Roy, curling up.

ROY
We were just talking about the
hottest people we've ever laid eyes
on and naturally, your name came
up!

ALICE
Awww, that's so sweet!

Gabrielle eyerolls that one.

GABRIELLE
Well mon petits, I bid you both
adieu. I've got to close out.

Roy. Oblivious. Just stares at Alice as she grinds into him.

ROY
Ok Gaby. See you soon.

Gabrielle grins as she tosses a bar rag over her shoulder and
dumps a tray of empty shotglasses into the sink.

Roy and Alice knock back another round, drunkenly engrossed
in one another.

ROY (CONT'D)
You feel like another one?

Alice's hand slides down Roy's stomach to his crotch.

ALICE
Another one *what*?

ROY
Let's get outta here. *

35A INT. ROY PULVER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

35A *

Roy and Alice, both obliterated drunk, go at it hot and
messy, making out and tugging on one another's clothing,
disrobing until both of them seem to run out of batteries at
once and collapse onto the bed, still (mostly) dressed. *

*

CUT TO BLACK

BLACK SCREEN

Back in this void. Colorless. Lifeless.

ROY (V.O.)

I should have tried to call Jia back but I was drunk and horny and didn't give a shit. I didn't know how important it was. I didn't know it would be the last time that I'd ever hear her voice.

(beat)

Some things you can't re-do.

BLACK CARD. WHITE TYPE. "ATTEMPT 141 IN PROGRESS"

*

ROY (V.O.)

And some things you're forced to do *over and over again...*

36 INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

36

Roy finishes Mr. Good Morning off, cleans the K-Bar and waits for the chopper to appear outside his balcony.

He glances at the stack of mail sitting on his counter...

ROY (V.O.)

I know this whole thing leads back to her. I just have no idea what 'this whole thing' actually is.

...then something occurs to him. He rushes to his still open front door and checks his mailbox...

...there's a small gift-wrapped PACKAGE inside.

It's from Jia.

He tears it open. It's a book: "CONTEMPORARY CHINESE ART"

He opens the front cover. A written inscription from Jia:

'Happy birthday Roy. May you always live your life forward and remember...Time waits for no man...much love, XO Jia.'

On Roy. Confused. Too preoccupied to notice that the CHOPPER GUNNER has spun the mini-gun barrels up to FIRING SPEED and is cutting loose into his apartment.

He turns. Too late.

ROY

Fuck me.

A cannonade of 30mm rounds, travelling at 1200 feet per second, *shred him* where he stands.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

ROY (V.O.)
Let's do that again.

BLACK CARD. WHITE TYPE. "**ATTEMPT 142**"

*

37 INT. ROY PULVER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

37

Like a symphony rehearsed a hundred times.

Alice screams. Wake up. Mr. Good Morning. K-Bar. Deflect. Block. Grab coffee pot. Splash. Scream. Grab K-Bar. Kill Good Morning--NOW...Deviate.

Roy runs to his front door. Grabs the mail. Jia's present. Cleans the K-Bar. Flings it. Kills the Chopper Gunner. *Runs.*

Chopper impacts his loft. Fireball. Roy leaps. Falls. Lands in the sand truck. Rolls off. Looks. Beamer or Challenger.

*

Challenger. Driver. *Hysterical.*

*

DRIVER ROY
I'M BEING CARJACKED! I'M BEING CARJACKED!

Haul him out. Heads up. "Pam" coming in hard.

Hop in. Hot-foot it out of there.

The Challenger roars up the street.

*

38 INT. CHALLENGER - CONTINUOUS

38

*

Roy rips open the gift. The book. He flips it open, starts reading. Checks his rear-view.

"Pam" is in full pursuit.

Roy scans pages. Tries to read while he drives. Bad idea.

HE HEARS SIRENS.

Realizes too late--

ROY
--FUCK ME!

The Ambulance T-bones him at 60mph. Everything IMPLODES.

Roy sails through the air. The store window shatters. He skids to a stop. Mangled. Broken bones. Bleeding profusely.

People crowd around in horror. Shriek.

ROY (V.O.)
...c'mon...c'mon...

CAMERA BOOMS DOWN ON ROY. His heartbeat slows...

ROY (V.O.)
...let's go!...

...his heartbeat isn't slowing fast enough...

ROY (V.O.)
...dude, die already! Goddamn!...

His pulse finally dulls...dims...and comes to a stop.

ROY (V.O.)
...s'about fucking time!

CUT TO BLACK

BLACK CARD. WHITE TYPE. **"ATTEMPT 143"**

*

39

INT. ROY PULVER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

39

Like a symphony rehearsed a hundred times...but even better!

Alice. Wake. Mr. Good Morning. K-Bar. Coffee pot. Splash. Scream. Kill Good Morning.

Front door. Mail. Jia's present. Clean K-Bar. Kill Gunner.

Run.

Chopper impacts. Fireball. Leap. Fall. Land. Roll.
Challenger.

*

DRIVER
I'M BEING CARJ--!

ROY
--SHUT UP!!!

Haul him out. Hop in. Hot foot it.

"Pam" is in pursuit.

Roy glances at the book.

ROY (V.O.)
Don't read and drive, moron.

40 EXT. THE STREET 40 *

Roy double-clutches down a one way street. Blowing past slower moving traffic. Pam's station wagon fills his rear-view mirror, charging up fast. *

41 INT. ROY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 41 *

He slams on the brakes, swerves down a side street. The station wagon is glued to him. Now WE SEE "Pam" rise up from the sun-roof with the assault-rifle. *

ROY *

Shhhhiiiiit. *

42 INT. ROY'S CHALLENGER / EXT. THE STREET 42 *

Roy rockets toward the freeway on-ramp. Hangs an abrupt hairpin left, diving down into oncoming traffic. The Challenger drifts. Starts to fishtail. He over-corrects. *

The speedometer climbs. *

"Pam" runs up off his bumper, bashing into him. *

Roy SPOTS something now...a nitrous switch underneath the dash. *

ROY (V.O.) *

How did I *never* notice this. *

He grins and flips it, punching the gas at the same moment.

Nitrous-oxide floods into the dual carbs and suddenly the Challenger is red-lining. Tach buried. *

"Pam"'s station wagon vanishes on the horizon line behind him.

Roy glances at the clock. Notes the time with disgust.

ROY (V.O.) *

This is what I get for trying something new. *

43 INT. SHÍJIAN CHU CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY 43

Roy arrives but it's 10:57am. Dai Feng the master swordsman has his seat.

CHEF JAKE
Roy! Happy Birthday!

Roy just turns and leaves.

44 EXT. STREET IN CHINATOWN - DAY 44

Roy is looking for somewhere else to collect his thoughts.

ROY (V.O.)
 The last time I went anywhere else,
 it ended bad.

BLACK CARD. WHITE TYPE. **"ATTEMPT 83"**

45 EXT. RAMIS' DELI - DAY 45 *

Roy sits before a table of empty beer bottles and is just about to bite into a beautiful Reuben sandwich when the prongs of a spear-gun suddenly pierce his chest from behind.

Roy drops the Reuben and looks down, trident-like blades poking cleanly through his sternum.

SMILEY, the assassin with the horrible teeth, takes a moment to admire his marksmanship, then slots the spear-gun into the trailer-hitch of his flatbed truck.

ROY (V.O.)
 At least getting shot is simple,
 straight-forward stuff...

He hops into the cab of his truck and floors it. The cable connecting the spear coils out fast then snaps taut--

--Roy is yanked out of his chair at 65mph.

ROY (V.O.)
*...who the hell thinks up shit like
 this?*

46 EXT. STREET IN CHINATOWN - DAY 46 *

Roy emerges from the alley. Checking his shoulder as he moves quickly up the street.

LOWER THIRD SUPER: **"ATTEMPT 143 IN PROGRESS"** *

ROY (V.O.)
 I just need some privacy...and a
 little reading time.

He SEES a subway entrance ahead and jogs down the steps leading to the platform.

47 INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

47

Roy boards the subway. Finds a seat. Checks his surroundings. Feeling safe, he starts flipping through the book Jia gave him.

Finds a page subtly marked with RED INK.

A painting.

Haunting and beautiful. A Chinese interpretation of a famous Egyptian legend "OSIRIS AND ISET."

Roy reads the description below.

ROY (V.O.)

*Iset...blah, blah...Egyptian high priestess -who cares- blah blah
blah...worshipped as the ideal mother and wife as well as a matron of magic...*

Roy stops reading. Something resonates in that...**MAGIC**. He turns the page and reads the following aloud.

ROY

...Iset was also known as the protector of the dead...

Roy. Intrigued. Keeps reading.

ROY (V.O.)

*...Osiris and Iset were a devoted husband and wife...
(long pause as he reads)
...an enemy of Osiris, measured him for a wooden coffin--*

Roy remembers Jia measuring him for his security uniform.

ROY

*(to himself)
...measured.*

He returns to the book. Flipping to the next page. Scanning.

ROY (V.O.)

...Osiris was eventually
dismembered into 14 parts and
scattered across Egypt by his
enemy...

(reads silently, then)

...Iset gathered the pieces
together...

(reads aloud)

*...and resurrected her dead
husband.*

(beat)

*Osiris became Lord of the
Dead...and the afterlife.*

(prolonged beat, no V.O.)

What the fuck?

Roy scans down and finds the title of the painting itself:

"LAI SHYR"...*"The death and rebirth of the soul"* The Hanzi symbol depicts what looks like three crossed swords.

ROY

Lai Shyr.

FLASH TO:

48 INT. SHANGHAI ART MUSEUM - PAST - FLASHBACK 48

*Roy stares at this same painting. It's massive. Taking up the
entire wall.*

Jia is draped over him.

They're young and deeply in love.

He looks at her and smiles. They kiss.

RETURN TO:

49 INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - CONTINUOUS 49

He flips back to Jia's handwritten inscription and rereads.

**'Happy birthday Roy. May you always live your life forward
and remember...Time waits for no man...much love, XOXO Jia.'**

On Roy. Processing this.

Then...he remembers the lab as we FLASH TO:

50 INT. DYNOW LABS - FLASHBACK 50

Roy stares at the massive cylindrical-shaped structure.

ROY
What does it do?

JIA
*It unmakes all of time and space
and destroys the planet in its
entirety...if improperly used.*

RETURN TO:

51 INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - CONTINUOUS 51

Roy. Still processing the magnitude of what all of this means when something grabs his attention.

He LOOKS over and sees JOE. He and Jia's 11 year old son, sitting at the end of the same subway car.

ROY (V.O.)
Joe...

52 INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - CONTINUOUS 52 *

Joe fishes through his bag, pulling out a can of beer. He looks around, then cracks the top open and sips it. He doesn't get more than a few gulps down before a short, burning burp makes him stuff it back into his bag. *

Roy watches. The train comes to a stop. Joe disembarks. Roy follows. *

53 EXT. THE EXPO CENTER - PARKING LOT 53 *

A flood of people are entering the expo center where VID-CON, an electronics and gaming expo is currently underway.

Joe climbs the steps from the subway and heads toward the expo. Roy follows at a safe distance.

54 EXT. EXPO CENTER - FRONT GATE 54

Joe has a ticket. Roy doesn't. He looks around. Spots the G4 CHANNEL table. He makes his way close. SEES a badge carelessly left out in the open and swipes it.

55

INT. THE EXPO CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

55

Vid-Con is a gamer's wet dream. Activision has a massive CALL OF DUTY display on the floor showing off the latest edition.

Booths line the length of the exposition center. Each one heavily attended to by scantily clad MODELS of every stripe, hawking their companies wares like porned-out pit crews.

Roy wanders in, flashing his G4 badge. He's overwhelmed by the sights and sounds. As he passes an array of jumbo video monitors set up for the vendors, the image skips...like some interference was messing with the signal.

This happens without Roy noticing.

He's looking for Joe...and finds him playing *Call of Duty* on a theatre-sized screen.

Roy eases up behind him. Then the screen rolls with static. Roy doesn't realize that this phenomenon is following him.

Joe spins around and SEES Roy.

JOE

Roy?

Roy smiles as he approaches. The interference on-screen is at its most intense. The display reads '**NO SIGNAL**'.

Again, Roy doesn't notice.

ROY

Hey Joe-Joe. How you been?

JOE

Whoa. What's up?

(notices his appearance)

You looked thrashed! What happened?

ROY

Bike accident.

JOE

Oh man! *You ok?*

ROY

I'm fine. Look at you! You've shot up! You were yay-high last time I saw you.

JOE

What are you doing at Vid-Con?

Roy looks around.

ROY

Oh, I'm a-- *big* gamer. You didn't know that?

JOE

You work for G4?

Roy. Thrown. Then he remembers the pilfered badge.

ROY

(glancing down at badge)

Oh, yeah-- consulting stuff. Can't really talk about it.

(beat)

Come on, show me around.

Roy and Joe begin strolling the expo hall...each monitor Roy passes experiences a complete signal drop.

JOE

How come we never played before? I was always on my X-Box when you used to come around.

ROY

I just got into it-- this one--

(points around)

I started playing it couple months back and got hooked.

JOE

Which 'Call Of Duty?'

Roy is trying to fake his way through this. It's painful.

ROY

Whatever, the one with, uh--

JOE

--Black Ops? Infinite Warfare? World War 2?

ROY

Yeah. Yep. That one.

JOE

Do you go on "Twitch" at all?

ROY

No, I'm not really--

--Suddenly, some GEEK dressed in BLACK OPS GEAR, not unlike to the goons Roy has been dealing with non-stop, appears with a flyer in one hand and a fake assault-rifle in the other.

Roy disarms and body slams the poor slob before he can so much as utter the following '**Enjoy fifteen percent off on your next 'Game Stop' purcha--**

The Geek weezes. Wind knocked clean out of him. Joe is awestruck. Roy is embarrassed. Security descends fast.

56

EXT. EXPOSITION CENTER - CONTINUOUS

56

Security escort Roy and Joe from the building. Joe is wildly animated, pantomiming Roy's assault on the Gamestop Geek--

JOE

--He was like, *vertical*, in mid-air! Like straight up and down. He got owned!

(beat)

How did you do that Roy?

ROY

Old habits Joe-Joe.

JOE

Are you like that dude, what's his name, the guy in 'Taken' who has a--

(mimics Liam Neeson)

--*particular set of skills, skills that make me a nightmare to people like you.*

ROY

That's me.

JOE

Really!? C'mon! Tell me!

ROY

Hey, why aren't you in school?

Joe. Busted.

JOE

I ditched. I know.

ROY

C'mon dude. You gotta do better than this.

JOE

I couldn't *not come*, y'know? This is like, the biggest gaming event on the planet! I know Mom would kill me if she knew I was skipping.

ROY

I won't rat you out. But if I ever see you drinking a beer before you hit puberty again, I'm gonna break both your arms, cool?

Joe's expression falls. Busted for real this time.

JOE

Where did--

ROY

--In the subway. I saw you.

Joe is too sharp a kid to chalk this one up to coincidence.

JOE

Wait.

(beat)

You're not here for the expo, are you? You followed me. Right?

ROY

Joe, I have to tell you something and it's gonna be really hard for you to hear.

Joe's face goes flush with fear. Roy sees his own reflection flash back at him. Years younger. It makes him want to cry. He lays a hand on Joe's shoulder. Squeezes.

ROY (CONT'D)

I don't know an easy way to say this because there isn't one--

--Roy glances up at the Expo's giant digital clock which is directly behind Joe. It reads '**12:50pm.**'

Roy cocks his head...*what the hell?*

ROY (V.O.)

12:50...three minutes longer than I've ever lived...**how?**

He moves toward the clock. As he draws closer, the digital numbers flutter and fitz.

The same thing is happening to a MONITOR on his right.

Roy realizes the following as we FLASH TO:

57 INT. SHÍJIAN CHU CHINESE RESTAURANT 57

Metal and lead-lined walls.

ROY (V.O.)
...the inside is all metal.

FLASH TO:

58 INT. THE SUBWAY 58

Roy rides.

ROY (V.O.)
...same with the subway.

RETURN TO:

59 EXT. THE EXPO CENTER 59

Roy. Dumbstruck.

ROY
(to himself)
...they're tracking me.

JOE
What?

Roy realizes what this means. He turns and SEES the menagerie of ASSASSINS, Guan Yin, Roy #2, "Pam", The German Twins, Smiley, The Butcher, Kaboom, closing in on him from all sides... *

...an ambush that he's walked Joe right into the middle of.

JOE (CONT'D)
What did you have to tell me Roy?

Roy moves to cover Joe. Shielding him with his own body as SHOTS rings out...

Roy's face falls slack.

Everything slows.

Joe gazes up at Roy. Bewildered. He knows something is horribly wrong but doesn't realize that Roy has been shot.

Roy feels his heart slowing. Blood runs warm across his back. The world begins to disjoint and blur. Fracture and fade.

He looks down at Joe. A long beat before.

ROY

...Joe...
 (as he expires)
 ...*I'm your father.*

Surprise registers in Joe's eyes, then a softness. This glimmer of great warmth and affection.

Roy dies looking into his boy's soul and his boy looking back into his.

ROY (CONT'D)

...I saw my son's love for me for a split-second and it was, *beautiful...*

FADE TO BLACK

We're back in that VOID. That place between both worlds.

ROY (CONT'D)

(quietly, as if in prayer)
 Please let this death be the last.

SMASH CUT TO:

60 INT. ROY PULVER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

60

Alice screams. Roy's eyes open. The K-Bar impales his pillow.

ROY

Mother-*fucker!*

LOWER THIRD SUPER: **"ATTEMPT 144"**

*

Roy leaps up. Makes short work of Mr. Good Morning. Breaks his arm. Imbeds the K-Bar in his shoulder and slams him against the wall, driving the knife in deep.

Mr. Good Morning BELLOWS in agony.

ROY (CONT'D)

How are you tracking me!?

Roy grinds the blade into Mr. Good Morning's back.

ROY (CONT'D)

Where's the device!?

MR. GOOD MORNING
Up your ass!

ROY
You're *fulla* ideas!

Roy yanks the knife from Mr. Good Morning's back and positions the blade tip against his ass.

ROY (CONT'D)
I won't waste time telling you how much this is gonna hurt but in terms of flat out fucking pain, I can't *think* of a close second.
(beat)
Where's the tracking device!?

Roy's interrogation is interrupted by the SOUND of the chopper.

The pre-fire whine of the MINI-GUN barrels winding up...

...Roy spins Mr. Good Morning around bodily, turning him into a bullet-shield. 30mm rounds pound in. Tearing him to pieces.

Roy drops and judo throws Mr. Good Morning's corpse clear.

He rolls up. Wrist flings the K-Bar and kills the Gunner. The Gunner in turns kills the pilot. Which in turn sends the chopper crashing sidelong into Roy's loft.

Roy leaps. Lands. Jacks the Challenger and flees the scene. *

61 INT. SHÍJIAN CHU CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY 61 *

Roy barges in but instead of taking a seat at the bar, he beelines for the restroom.

CHEF JAKE
Hey Roy! Happy Birthday!

62 INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER 62

Roy locks the bathroom door. Strips down. Clothes. Shoes. He starts turning his stuff inside out, looking for the bug. He runs his fingers through his hair, checks under his arms, his feet, his balls...he can't find a transponder anywhere.

Pedro exits a stall, observing a *deeply* distracted Roy.

ROY
 (digging in his underwear)
Where the FUCK are you?

Roy spins around. Freezes. Hand rooting around his skivvies. Pedro. This embarrassed half-grin. He nods and shuffles past.

63

INT. SHÍJIAN CHU CHINESE RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

63

Roy emerges from the men's room, dressed. It's 11:17.

Dave the security specialist who usually talks Roy's ear off, is now babbling incessantly at Dai Feng whose stone-faced stoicism is beginning to crack under the strain.

DAVE
 --I was polite, I kept my cool and said *'Well then I guess we've got two counter-intelligence experts on this bus.'* Then I said, *'But I'll see your counter-intelligence expert and raise you a 'counter-surveillance specialist' and you should have seen his face then. He was like 'Oops. He's got me. I'm nowhere near his level of talent or expertise so I should probably just zip it right now!'*

Roy realizes something. Stops.

ROY
Dave.

Dave turns. Delighted that *anyone* would engage him.

DAVE
Hey, Roy! Happy Birthday.

Roy glances at Dai Feng.

ROY
 Listen, I'm sorry to interrupt but--

--Dai Feng takes advantage of the intrusion and quickly returns to his tea and noodles.

DAVE
 No, I was just telling Master Feng about this loudmouth from Northrup Grumman that I had to take to task during a wine bus tour last week a--

ROY
 --Got it, good, great-- *you know
 anything about tracking devices
 Dave?*

DAVE
 I don't know anything about that
 kind of thing, Roy.
 (beat, this goofy grin)
 I know *everything* about that kind
 of thing, Roy.
 (laughs like he just
 invented jokes)
 What are we talking, traditional
 transponders? RFID? GPS-incoded?

*
 *
 *
 *

ROY
 The kind you'd put on a person.

DAVE
 Got it. Body based or an
 implantable device?

ROY
 Which would be better. If you
 didn't want the person to know they
 were being tracked.

DAVE
 An implantable version is *looads*
 more reliable. A body-based device
 would be attached to clothing and
 could therefore be removed, so i--

ROY
 --Where would you implant it?

DAVE
 Well, most think subcutaneously.
 Right under the skin but that would
 leave an incision mark or a scar--

ROY
 --ok, so where would you put it.

DAVE
 Me personally? The teeth. Ideally a
 molar. Almost impossible to detect
 and a very low failure rate. The
 mouth also acts as a natural
 transmitter...

Suddenly, Roy remembers...

ROY
 ...you gotta be shittin' me...

64 INT. DENTISTS OFFICE - FLASHBACK 64

ALICE. The blonde dental hygienist. She slips a mask on over Roy's face.

ALICE
 You're still so handsome with it
 on! What are you worried about?
 (beat)
 Now just relax and have a little
 nap. I'll be done in no time.

Roy smiles at her through the mask. The gas is turned on...

...but just as he passes out and his world pinholes down to black, he swears he SEES someone else enter the room...and Alice's smile slowly fade...

RETURN TO:

65 INT. SHÍJIAN CHU CHINESE RESTAURANT - PRESENT 65

Roy grabs Dave up by his shirt front.

ROY
 Would you be able to tell by
 looking at a tooth, if there were a
 tracking device in it?

Dave squirms under Roy's grip. Put off by this behavior.

DAVE
 Not while it's inside someone's
 mouth! If the tooth were removed--

ROY
 (to Chef Jake)
 --Jake, I need a big bottle of
 Baijiu and a pair of pliers.

CHEF JAKE
 A bottle of Baijiu and, wai--
 pliers?

66 INT. SHÍJIAN CHU CHINESE RESTAURANT - LATER 66

Everyone in the restaurant falls deathly still as horrifying SCREAMS emanate from the men's room...

67 INT. SHÍJIAN CHU CHINESE RESTAURANT - MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...But it's Dave who's screaming as Roy yanks yet another tooth free and displays it.

A mortified Dave shakes his head 'no' over and over, wanting this madness to end.

ROY

Don't worry, *they'll grow back!*

Roy drops the tooth into the sink, adding to a pile of pulled teeth stacked up in the basin.

He hands Dave the Baijiu bottle. Dave chugs it.

Roy clamps the pliers down and pulls another one free. Dave shoots looks at the door. Wants to bolt. Roy admonishes him.

ROY (CONT'D)

Dave, don't you dare run away--

DAVE

--Roy, you need help--!

ROY

--not when you're being so helpful!
(shows him fresh tooth)
Yes? No?

Dave sadly shakes his head 'No.' Resigned to ride this out.

ROY (CONT'D)

Wait. *What time is it?*

DAVE

It's 12:45.

ROY

Two minutes.
(beat)
We gotta hurry!

Roy rips out a rear molar. Snapping it right off the gumline. Dave begins to sob openly. *Shamelessly.*

DAVE

*Roy! Have you lost your mind!
Please, I can't stand all this--*

--but then Dave abruptly stops weeping. Points. Stunned.

DAVE (CONT'D)

--Wait...that tooth--

Roy quickly runs the tooth under the tap.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 There's an irregularity in that
 molar.
 (beat, wipes nose)
 I'd need to see inside of it--

--Roy places the tooth against the tile wall and SMASHES it
 apart with the plier tongs. He picks through the fragments
 and holds them up to the light...

...filament thin, translucent wires, protrude from the tooth.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 ...my God Roy...Someone paid a lot
 of money to keep track of you--

--The bathroom door is suddenly bashed open. Roy doesn't even
 bother turning around as "Pam", The German Twins and Smiley
 take aim on him...it's 12:47.

Roy grins up Dave, toothless--

ROY
 --I'll see you soon--!

--as the assassins all FIRE at once, blowing Roy away.

BLACK CARD. WHITE TYPE. **"ATTEMPT 145"**

*

68

INT. ROY PULVER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

68

7am. Alice screams. Eyes snap open. Lunge up. Catch Good
 Morning off-guard. Shove the K-Bar through his throat.

Grab Alice.

Spin her. Hold her fast.

ROY
 Who put the bug in my tooth!?

Alice blinks back shocked surprise.

ALICE
 I di--

ROY
 WHO!?

She ragdolls in his arms, babbling--

ALICE
 --They paid me, they said they
 wouldn't hurt you--

ROY
 --WHO PUT THIS TRACKER IN MY HEAD!?

Big mascara-streaked tears bubble. Shake her. She breaks.

ALICE
 Brett! His name was Brett!

ROY
Brett.

Rotor wash shakes the walls. The chopper has arrived.

ROY (V.O.)
 Mr. Frat boy, fake-bake, douchebag
 retired-Lieutenant-Colonel Brett.
 (beat)
 I'm gonna punch a giant sucking
 hole in his chest.

Alice wiggles free and runs out SCREAMING.

Roy flips the K-Bar up, balancing the knife tip on his
 finger. He rounds the corner and flings it like a fastball
 right into the GUNNER'S head as WE SMASH CUT TO:

69 INT. SHÍJIAN CHU CHINESE RESTAURANT

69

Roy enters, messed up as always. Chef Jake is about to issue
 his birthday congratulations but is preempted by--

ROY
 --Appreciate it Jake. Year older.
 Year wiser. Yep. I'd like a large
 Baijiu and a pair of pliers,
 please.

CHEF JAKE
Pliers?

70 INT. SHÍJIAN CHU CHINESE RESTAURANT - MEN'S ROOM

70

Roy leers at himself in the mirror, grinning back a big gap.
 He holds the extracted tooth up triumphantly, taking a huge
 swig off the bottle of Baijiu.

ROY (V.O.)
 I've died one-hundred and forty
 four times as of today...but this
 particular day, *I finally get to*
fucking do something about it.

*

71 INT. APARTMENT COURTYARD

71

"Pam" bursts into the courtyard with a suppressor-fitted
 pistol. She glides along the wall, eyeballing a GPS READOUT
 on her mobile device...The digital indicator blinks right on
the spot where she's stands.

She glances down. ROY'S BLOODY MOLAR is lying there.

Roy materializes from behind her, a .45 ACP trained on the
 back of her head.

ROY
 Drop it.

"Pam" stiffens, then reflexively relaxes. Sighs.

"PAM"
 I'm not dropping it.

ROY
It drops or you drop.

"Pam" slowly lowers the weapon to her side.

"PAM"
 This is a custom, *handmade* Walther
 PPK that cost me nearly a half-
 million dollars at auction.

ROY
 You bought a handgun for a *half a*
million dollars?

"PAM"
 And had my personal pistolsmith fit
 it with a vintage SD-22 SpielWaffen
 suppressor -of which there are only
 six in world- for an additional
 cost of 250 *thousand dollars.*

ROY
Three quarters of a million bucks?

"PAM"
 Correct.

ROY
And why the fuck, "Pam", would you
do that?

"PAM"
"Pam"?

Roy circles around in front of her, putting her behind the
barrel of a .45 and his aim right between her eyes.

ROY
I never gotten your name, so I just
call you "Pam".

"PAM"
We've met?

ROY
Oh, many, many times.
(beat, the obvious joke)
In passing.
(nods toward gun)
Can I see it?
(beat)
Just go ahead and hang it by the
trigger guard for me, hun.

"Pam" abides, dangling the gun from her thumb.

"PAM"
Handle as if it were *porcelain*,
please.

ROY
Soft as a whisper, "Pam".

Roy takes it. Examines it.

It's solid gold with an "**AH**" engraved into its pearl handle.

ROY (CONT'D)
"A.H.?"

"Pam" glares at him. Then, as if bored stiff by it all, says:

"PAM"
Adolph. Hitler.

Roy gapes up at her.

ROY
Que?

"PAM"

It was a personal gift from Carl Walther. Hitler kept it in his desk in Munich. It was stolen by an American serviceman in '45, etcetera and so on, flash forward, present day, and it cost me a very pretty penny--

ROY

(in disbelief)

--You've been killing me with fucking Hitler's Gun this entire time?

(in greater disbelief)

What is wrong with you?

"PAM"

I'm something of a collector.

ROY

So *dolls* or *stamps* not your jam?

"PAM"

Dolls are boring. Stamps get wet.

(with a grin)

Guns never get old.

(curious now, probing)

And what did you mean, I've, "*been 'killing you' this entire time.*"

Roy doesn't respond...he just stares at Hitler's Gun as though he were holding a *dead rat* in his hand.

ROY

Jesus, I didn't think this thing could ever get any worse.

(this nausea passing over)

And it just did.

(up at "Pam")

Who sent you?

"PAM"

Wouldn't you like to know.

ROY

Hint-Hint?

"PAM"

(forget it, stop asking)

Never.

(beat)

Are you going to kill me now?

ROY
 No. "Pam".
 (beat)
 I'm gonna shoot you.

BOOM.

Roy blasts her with Hitler's Gun.

ROY (CONT'D)
 That one's for the Jews.

"Pam" collapses, SHRIEKING in pain. Roy spins and hurls Hitler's Gun into a nearby river as he walks away.

ROY (V.O.)
 Payback's a bitch...

72

EXT. MARINA - DAY

72

A HUMMER roars in near the docks. A trio ride shotgun alongside SMILEY, who consults the same GPS readout as "Pam"...The indicator blinking right at this spot.

Smiley leaps out, looks, leans down...and plucks Roy's tooth from the radial tread on the Hummer's front tire.

He examines the molar, confused. Suddenly a spear-tip punches right through his breastplate. He gawks down.

ROY (V.O.)
 ...and mine's got her period.

The thugs spill from the Hummer and are summarily cut down by MACHINE-GUN FIRE.

Smiley manages to turn around, his eyes tracking dully along the steel-braided cable running from his body, along the dock and up to a smiling Roy, sitting on the stern of a RACING BOAT, right between two 1000 HP MERCURY OUTBOARDS.

Roy gives Smiley a small "fuck you" salute before slamming the throttle forward and hauling him off the dock like a hooked Marlin. The boat speeds away. Bucking whitetips as Smiley's limp body bounces like a rubber ball in its wake.

ROY (V.O.)
 Jia put me here on purpose. I don't know how...and I don't know why...

73

EXT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - MONTAGE

73

Quick clips as Roy assassinates his assassins. They fall en masse in fast succession...Guan-Yin, "Pam", The German Twins. The Butcher. Smiley. Roy #2.

*
*

ROY (V.O.)
...but she wanted me to keep repeating this day...

Roy drags a bound man, wiggling and writhing. THE CAMERA TRACKS HIM.

ROY (V.O.)
...so there's gotta be a good reason...

He stops at the edge of an elevator shaft as Roy positions the man over it. THE CAMERA TRACKS IN, REVEALING--

--KABOOM: Wide-eyed terror emitting muted screams beneath an S&M ball gag refashioned with a hand grenade.

ROY (V.O.)
...shit, there's gotta be a great one...

Far below in the empty elevator shaft, lie the piled bodies of the rest of Roy's killers.

ROY (V.O.)
...but she's gone...and I can't get far enough back to reach her...

Roy relieves Kaboom of his cellphone as he pulls the pin from the grenade and shoves him over the side of the shaft.

ROY (V.O.)
...so none of that matters now...

Kaboom spirals down. Lands in a heap. And goes KABOOM. Fire roars up the shaft. Roy smiles.

ROY (V.O.)
...there's only one real piece of business left...

Roy dials Kaboom's cell as he walks back toward The Challenger parked outside at the curb.

*
*

ROY (V.O.)
...revenge...

After a series of rings. The line engages. A long digital prompt cycles out, followed by squelch. Then, a VOICE.

VOICE

...Code and confirm kill.

ROY

Hello, *Brett*.

*

A pause on the other end.

ROY (CONT'D)

...and don't ask '*who's this*' 'cuz you know exactly who this is.

BRETT

...Where's Werner?

Roy reaches the Challenger and slides inside.

*

74

INT. CHALLENGER - CONTINUOUS

74

*

He puts Brett on speaker.

ROY

Who's that? Bomb boy? The one I affectionately refer to as Kaboom?

(beat)

He's part of a big company BBQ at the bottom of an elevator shaft.

(beat)

We're only missing two members. You and the shithead calling the shots.

BRETT

You assume there's someone *above* me.

ROY

You're a lapdog pal so there *must* be a leash.

(beat)

And I want who's holding it.

(beat)

I want the man who killed Jia.

(beat)

I think it's Colonel Vantor.

Brett. This glib, *priceless* little fuck.

BRETT

Well, you know where we are hotshot.

ROY
 ...and I know how to get there.
 (beat)
See'ya in a minute, motherfucker.

Roy clicks off. Tosses Kaboom's phone and punches the gas.
 The Challenger fishtails dust as it roars off. *

75

EXT. DYNOW LABS - LATER

75

Roy sits down the street like he's on a stakeout. Twenty-one foot high, concertina-tipped walls sit in front of him patrolled by assault-rifled, Kevlar-clad ARMED GUARDS.

The imposing DYNOW TOWER lies just beyond those walls.

ROY (V.O.)
 ...I'm guessing the big boss man
 has a penthouse view...

Roy's gaze moves from the tower down to the guard gate.

ROY (V.O.)
 ...But I'm about *sick to death* with
 all this sneaky, stealth, behind-
 the-scenes bullshit...

Roy revs the Stang's engine. It winds out to 10,000 RPMS.

ROY (V.O.)
 ...Let's go old school and just
 kick the fucking front door down...

He mashes the gas and pops the clutch. The Challenger lays smoke off the curb, speeding toward the Dynow Guard Gate. *

The GUARDS scramble. GUNFIRE pocks and peppers the windscreen.

Roy braces himself as the Challenger plows into the gate at nearly 60mph-- *

--but not through it.

The front end accordions. The airbag deploys, exploding in his face. Roy coughs up smoke, swatting the airbag down...

...it deflates and REVEALS a battalion's worth of GUARDS surrounding his vehicle...

...and there's Brett, a foot from Roy's head, grinning down at him from behind the barrel of .50 Caliber Desert Eagle.

BRETT
Ooooh! That was a good plan!

ROY (V.O.)
 ...I'm gonna gouge his eyes out.

Brett pulls the trigger as WE SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK CARD. WHITE TYPE. **"ATTEMPT 146"**

*

CUT TO:

76

EXT. DYNOW LABS - DAY

76

The Challenger comes soaring over the guard gate in mid-air ala 'Dukes Of Hazzard,' slamming down on its chassis and sliding to a rough stop.

*

Smoke and steam pour from its undercarriage.

The GUARDS descend and unload their weapons at close range.

The trunk is blown open, revealing two powder kegs of TNT.

Roy. Perched atop the gate. A PLUNGER in his hand.

He triggers it.

The kegs DETONATE.

The Guards are literally *liquefied* where they stand.

Roy grins. Hops down...and lands right under the barrel of Brett's .50 CALIBER DESERT EAGLE.

Brett glares down at him. Thumbs the hammer back.

Roy smirks up.

ROY
I can do this all day, dick.

BOOM.

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK CARD. WHITE TYPE. **"ATTEMPT 147"**

*

Tires screech to a hard stop.

77 INT. CHALLENGER - DAY 77 *

Roy sits. Stares. Plans. Plots.

ROY (V.O.)
Ok. Forget the front door. Let's
finesse this.

Roy is still scheming when a sedan exits the Dynow guard gate, pulling out onto the street...

...with Roy #2 sitting behind the wheel.

Roy grins and follows him.

SMASH CUT TO:

77A EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHT 77A *

Roy rips a stinging straight right across the jaw of Roy #2, separating him from his senses. He crumbles. Unconscious.

Roy begins looting his clothing. Finds his DYNOW I.D.: A high-tech sliver of a security card that goes opaque to translucent as Roy tilts it toward and away from the light.

He pockets it. Grabs Roy #2's sunglasses off the ground and removes his Dynow security gear.

78 EXT. DYNOW LABS - LATER 78

Roy pulls up, dressed as Roy #2. He flashes a neck badge and clears the checkpoint, driving right past a vigilant Brett.

79 INT. DYNOW LABS - LOBBY - LATER 79

Roy moves briskly through the lobby, nodding to fellow staffers without removing those sunglasses.

The GUARDS never give him a second look.

ROY (V.O.)
Roy #2 was unarmed and I'm *positive*
I'm not getting a weapon past these
guys.

Roy is wanded by a grim SECURITY GUARD, then passes through two more metal detectors.

80 INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

80

Roy enters. An ARMED SENTRY stands inside. Roy puts his back to the rear wall of the lift, glancing down at the Sig-Sauer riding on the Sentry's hip.

The Sentry glances over at him. A beat.

SENTRY

Sir?

ROY

(reacting)

Oh--

(pulls the security card)

--sorry.

Roy swipes it across the elevator's access panel.

It doesn't work.

He swipes it again.

The light remains 'RED'.

Flop sweat breaks across his brow. He goes to swipe it again--

--but the Sentry's hand intercepts his.

Roy looks up, sheepish.

The Sentry scowls.

81 EXT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

81

A struggle. A punch. The sound of a GUNSHOT. Passerbys bolt.

Roy steps off the lift, the Sentry's Sig-Sauer in hand, amidst a stampede of screaming STAFFERS.

Brett charges up the corridor with a dozen ARMED GUARDS.

Roy. Trapped. Looks at the gun in his hand...

ROY (V.O.)

*So do I do a Butch a Sundance,
Blaze of Glory bit here...Nah.*

He sticks the pistol to his own head instead...

ROY

...Never say die...

...and pulls the trigger.

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK CARD. WHITE TYPE. **"ATTEMPT 148"**

*

82 INT. DYNOW LABS - LOBBY 82

Roy. Once again dressed as Roy #2. He walks toward the bank of elevators.

83 INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 83

As he enters, he immediately sweeps the stunned SENTRY around into a rear-naked choke and removes his security key-pass.

The Sentry goes to sleep. Slumps to the lift floor.

Roy swipes the key-pass across the access panel and pushes the floor marked '50.'

The doors close. Roy removes the Sentry's Sig-Sauer and I.D. He waistbands the weapon and clips the I.D. to his blazer.

The elevator rises fast.

Roy glances up as they approach the top floor...and looks right into the round black orb of a security camera.

He sighs.

ROY
...ahhh, shit--

--They don't even wait for the doors to open as a cannonade of GUNFIRE rips through the elevator car, killing Roy.

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK CARD. WHITE TYPE. **"ATTEMPT 149"**

*

84 INT. DYNOW ELEVATOR - DAY 84

The Security Guard rides up the lift, alone. His head down. Arms at his side. THE CAMERA BOOMS UNDER HIM TO REVEAL:

Roy. Dressed as the Sentry. Making his way to the 50th floor.

85 INT. DYNOW LABS - 50TH FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

85

The elevator doors open.

A cadre of cloned 'Brett' MERCS glance over casually as--

--Roy breaks from the elevator with the Sig-Sauer extended.

He squeezes off a clean cold shot. MERC #1 falls. The other clones scramble and try to clear UZI SUB-MACHINE GUNS off their shoulders but Roy is dead bang on both.

He pumps half a clip into one and the remainder into the other.

Spent shells twang Grecian tile. Gunsmoke hangs. Roy moves through it, pressing ahead through a set of double-doors.

86 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

86

A vast, citadel-like room. Elaborate vaulted ceilings are adorned with Chinese mythological motifs.

Suits of MEDIEVAL CHINESE ARMOR and and JIAN SWORDS are alight in recessed alcoves lining the walls on either side.

The door at the far end of the room opens. REVEALING:

Guan-Yin. Barefoot. Black hair pulled up in a combat pony. She is sans bra in a crisp white wife-beater and camo pants.

She walks toward Roy. A demure smile and a little kiss-kiss gesture as she casually draws a gleaming JIAN SWORD from a scabbard mounted on the wall.

The raised steel edge catches the light from above and glows.

Roy notices twin THROWING KNIVES looped around the shoulders of a red-laquered TERRACOTA SOLDIER in an alcove nearby.

Guan-Yin's smile evaporates as she carefully and ceremonially raises and *locks* the blade above her head...

...then breaks into a run.

Roy hook slides into the alcove and snags both throwing knives. He comes up flinging both.

Guan-Yin deflects the first knife away but the second seems to strike her as she spins away on impact.

Roy rises to his feet as Guan-Yin turns back...He expects to see the blade imbedded in her face...

...but it's sitting in her open palm instead.

She caught the fucking thing.

ROY
Seriously, honey?

She motions to the wall. To another SWORD mounted there.

GUAN-YIN
 Take a weapon.

ROY
 I've never fought with a sword.

GUAN-YIN
 No?
 (beat, spins/swings sword)
 Come then...
 (can barely contain laugh)
 ...*I show you.*

She assumes a striking stance. The blade tip aimed right at Roy. He smirks and raises the Sig-Sauer. Taking aim.

ROY
 'Member in '*Raiders*' that asshole
 with the sword, actin' all cool,
 spinning it around and Indy just
 shoots him because he's exhausted
 and impatient and *sick of all the*
fucking bullshit.
 (beat, smiles)
 Y'remember that?

GUAN-YIN
 I have never seen this.

ROY
 No?
 (mimics Guan-Yin's accent)
 Come then...
 (pulls hammer back)
 ...*I show you.*

Roy pulls the Sig's trigger to a hollow '**click.**'

His face falls...*oh fuck.*

Guan-Yin bellows like a banshee and charges. Blade falling.

Roy tries to defend himself but it's laughable. Guan-Yin cuts the Sig in half and then slices Roy right down the middle.

ROY (V.O.)
 Something you might not know about
 getting killed with a sword. With
 the exception of attempt number 15--

87 EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE ROY'S APARTMENT - **FLASHBACK** 87

--Roy turns back from the Challenger and "Pam" shoots him right in the nuts-- *

--RETURN TO SCENE:

88 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 88

The Jian's blade is run clean through Roy. Its tip pokes out 'peekaboo' from his spine.

ROY (V.O.)
 --getting killed with a sword hurts
 worse than a gunshot. Another
lesser known *fun fact* about swords.

Guan-Yin grips the hilt of the sword like Babe Ruth.

ROY (V.O.)
 They hurt a *helluva* lot more coming
 out.

Guan-Yin twists and yanks the blade free. Roy ROARS in outrage before sputtering out and collapsing to the floor.

GUAN-YIN
I am Guan-Yin! I have done this!

CUT TO BLACK

BLACK CARD. WHITE TYPE. **"ATTEMPT 150"** *

88A INT. CONFERENCE ROOM 88A *

Roy FIRES the Sig-Sauer at her, having saved a few bullets but Guan-Yin seems to 'Neo' right around them, dodging the salvo just before chopping his right arm off. It hits the floor, Sig still gripped tight...His left arm follows.

She then takes both of his legs in one terrible slash and watches Roy slide apart like something filleted.

GUAN-YIN
I AM GUAN-YIN! I HAVE DONE THIS!

BLACK CARD. WHITE TYPE. **'ATTEMPT 151'**

*

88B INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

88B

*

Roy has grabbed an UZI off one of the Lobby Mercs, cutting loose on Guan-Yin who again seems to contort her body around the bullets with a speed that approaches superhuman.

Roy is slashed right across his middle. But before a scream can escape his throat.

He's decapitated.

GUAN-YIN

I AM GUAN-YIN! I HAVE DONE THIS!

Roy's severed head rolls across the floor and lands upright in FRAME wearing the telltale expression of his dying thought... **'Are you fucking kidding me?'**

BLACK CARD. WHITE TYPE. **'ATTEMPT 152'**

*

88C INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

88C

*

One leg missing completely. Roy is crawling across the carpet, trying to reach one of the swords.

Guan-Yin. Sadistic. Poised overtop of him.

Roy rolls over on his back and looks up as she shoves the blade down into his belly like hot butter.

Roy refuses to scream. Once again, she trumpets victoriously:

GUAN-YIN

I AM GUAN-YIN! I HAVE DONE THIS!

As the lights slowly fade in Roy's eyes and his pupils start to marble over...

ROY (V.O.)

...and this isn't even the worst part...

...A MAN emerges from the shadows...

ROY (V.O.)

...this is.

COLONEL VENTOR emerges from the shadows through a pall of cigar smoke. He's accompanied by a grinning, preening Brett.

ROY (V.O.)

The man who killed Jia. Ventor.
(beat)

The same bozo who's had me killed a
hundred and fifty fucking times.

Ventor strolls around Roy, careful not to bloody his shoes.

VENTOR

Captain as first impressions go,
this is truly standout stuff. I
know you did a turn with Delta but
how you were able to dispatch with
the *elite* level of high-speed
professional we tasked with your
termination is really *remarkable*
and you should be pleased with the
effort, regardless of its
outcome...

Brett stifles a laugh. Ventor admonishes him with a look.

VENTOR (CONT'D)

...I currently serve as chief
overseer for Dynow's 'Advanced
Science' division. Now, I give you
this little data point purely for
posterity but I do think it's
important, when possible for a
fellow combatant to know the force
to whom he's fallen. As a fellow
military man and one who bears the
same fraternal scars of battle, I
hope that this defeat, however
bitter, holds some solace.

Roy. Still clinging to what little life remains. His dying
gaze locked on Ventor.

ROY (V.O.)

...He must have that bullshit
memorized because it's word for
word the same, every single fucking
time...

Ventor kneels over Roy, waxing rhapsodic behind his cigar.

VENTOR

...all the men I've watched die and
lain to rest. In their multitudes I
see a singularity. The eyes. Their
gaze is identical in this moment:
Remorse and regret. '

(MORE)

VENTOR (CONT'D)
*What could I have done.' 'What
 didn't I do.'* All our best
 intentions, left to bleed out with
 the rest of us...

Ventor stands. Postures.

VENTOR (CONT'D)
 But what if we could remake our
 world whole and erase our mistakes?
 What if the ability to rewrite
 history was real...

ROY (V.O.)
 ...Wait a minute. I've never lived
 past this point, so all this crap
 is new...

VENTOR
 ...The Titanic. Adolph Hitler.
 Pearl Harbor. The Kennedy
 Assassination. 9-11.
 (beat)
 All. Reversible.
 (beat)
*What if we could grant ourselves a
 power to exceed even God's hand?*
 (beat)
 Who would you give that power to?
 Politicians? The President? In
 who's hands would you entrust a
 tool as powerful as *The Osiris
 Spindle?*
 (beat)
 I have your answer Captain. Mine.
 (beat)
 A man brought to heel by the brunt
 of human misery. A man who
 understands, as you do, the horrors
 of war.
 (beat)
 Who better to oversee and implement
 such a tool?
 (as if Roy answered him)
Exactly.
 (a longer pause, then)
 I am sorry about Dr. Zemin. She
 took us as far as her flawed
 ideology would allow her to.
 (as a final send-off)
 Blood on your hands is what you
 wanted when you came here Captain
 and blood is what you have...*just
 not mine*.

Ventor takes the sword from Guan-Yin and finishes Roy off.

BLACK

...that place between death and rebirth.

ROY (V.O.)

I know three things now. One, I'm gonna *fuck that guy up*, the next time I see him. Two, whatever I'm stuck in is called The Osiris Spindle and three, Ventor has no idea that it's *working*. That somehow Jia put me inside this thing and started it--

(beat)

--wait...

FLASH CUT TO:

89 INT. DYNOW LAB - FLASHBACK

89

Ellipses. Memories. Jia measures Roy. Clips a lock of his hair. Pricks his finger with the scissors.

She leans in. Whispers.

JIA

Remember this...Lai Shyr.

FLASH TO:

90 INT. SHANGHAI ART MUSEUM - FLASHBACK

90

*Roy and Jia kiss in front of the painting: **LAI SHYR***

Haunting and beautiful. It's a Chinese interpretation of a famous Egyptian legend: "OSIRIS AND ISET."

FLASH TO:

91 INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - FLASHBACK

91

Roy reads the book Jia sent him for his birthday.

ROY (FLASHBACK)

....she resurrected her dead husband Osiris.

(beat)

Osiris became Lord of the Dead...and the afterlife.

BLACK

ROY (V.O.)
I'm Osiris...

FLASH TO:

92 INT. LAB - PAST

92

Jia appears...sneaking past an ARMED SENTRY.

She carefully loads that chrome-colored receptacle of Roy's DNA into the Spindle and activates the LAUNCH SEQUENCE...

ROY (V.O.)
 ...Jia put me in here to stop them.

BLACK

FADE UP ON:

93 INT. ROY PULVER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

93

Roy opens in his eyes. He's horizontal in FRAME once again. Everything moves in SUPER SLO-MO.

He blinks. Calm. Serene.

ROY (V.O.)
 ...Jia put me in here to stop them.

A knife embeds the pillow next to his head.

ROY (V.O.)
 ...she wants me to keep repeating
 this day until I do...

Roy rises from his bed. Calmly. Purposefully.

In the background, Alice runs for the door. Mr. Good Morning yanks the knife free and squares up on Roy, who is far too consumed with his own thoughts to concern himself...

ROY (V.O.)
 ...*she had faith*...

...Mr. Good Morning lunges. Roy deflects and redirects the blow with the energy you might expend brushing your teeth.

ROY (V.O.)
 ...*she thought I could beat them*...

Roy spins Good Morning around and drives the knife into him while still staring off into space, his mind elsewhere. Good Morning dies. Roy pulls the knife and flings it absently toward the window at the end of the hall.

ROY (V.O.)
...she still believed in me...

The CHOPPER GUNNER rises into view on cue. The knife slams into his throat.

ROY
...and I'll be goddamned if I'm gonna let her down now...

94 INT. SHÍJIAN CHU CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

94

SUPER: 'ATTEMPT 153 IN PROGRESS'

Roy jams bar napkins into his jaw, having yanked the transponder tooth. He approaches Dai Feng the swordsman, who is having his ear yakked off by Dave the Security Specialist.

Roy yanks Dave out of his chair. Sits. Stares at Dai Feng.

ROY
I need to learn how to fight with a sword.

Dai Feng SEES that familiar glint in Roy's eyes. Something the old swordsman recognizes right away...revenge.

DAI FENG
I'm flying home to Shanghai in the morning...I only have a day.

Roy grins.

ROY
We can get a lot done in a day.

95 INT. DAI FENG'S WU KWAN - DAY

95

WE SEE the training MONTAGE of Roy locking blades with Dai Feng, intercut with his initial self-evaluation.

ROY
I'm a beginner. But I'm a quick learner.

LATER

ROY (CONT'D)
I've had some training but I'm
willing to work hard.

LATER

ROY (CONT'D)
I had a very good teacher. But I
need to learn more.

The MONTAGE builds. Dai Feng instructs Roy. *

DAI FENG *

It is the one who wields a weapon, *

that *makes* it a weapon, Roy. That *

sword is no more an extension of *

you than a set of car keys. In *

lesser hands, that Jian blade is *

just a flimsy piece of forged steel *

but within the most determined grip *

and under the keenest of eyes, it *

becomes an instrument of *

annihilation. *

Swords cross. Metal clashes.

The sound becomes symphonic, rising in a clattering crescendo
as WE CUT TO:

BLACK CARD. WHITE TYPE. '**ATTEMPT 200 IN PROGRESS**'

96

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

96

Roy deliberately drops the elevator Sentry's Sig-Sauer...then
the Lobby Merc's Uzi...

...before drawing a SWORD from the wall alcove.

A sneering Guan-Yin stands across the room in pre-battle
pose, the Jian's blade locked above her head.

Roy lowers the tip of the sword to the floor in front of him
as if assuming some ancient battle stance...before suddenly
mimicking a 'Johnny Carson' golf swing.

ROY
HIII-YO!

Guan-Yin's sneer befouls into full blown rage.

She charges.

Roy is ready.

They fight.

Steel locks and separates in lightning strikes. Guan-Yin's bloodlust begins to slowly drain away as she realizes, much to her growing horror, that Roy is the superior swordsman.

He moves with a master's expertise and fluidity. Their blades grind and throw sparks. Roy jams her sword at the hilt, pirouettes her around and slashes her pony-tail free.

Guan-Yin spins back, *mortified*, her free hand groping the fresh bald patch on the back of her head.

Roy holds up her pony-tail. Then tosses it to the floor in front of her.

Guan-Yin's black gaze burns back pure hate as she resets her sword and charges.

Roy raises his blade and waits.

Guan-Yin brings the Jian down like a caveman's club strike.

Roy sidesteps it deftly and delivers a deathblow.

Guan-Yin wheels around, gazing down at herself in mock surprise...marvelling at the chasm-like slash loosed across her mid-section.

Roy lowers the blade to his side.

Guan-Yin careens around the room like a drunk before finally falling to her knees, hanging there and watching the life leak out the way you might ponder a passing stream.

Roy looms over as she's stood above him so many times.

ROY (CONT'D)

I wasn't gonna go there, thinking
it might be in poor taste but I
can't resist, so...

(deep breath before)

I AM ROY! AND I HAVE DONE THIS!

(beat, an after-thought)

...beotch.

Guan-Yin smiles, something strangely appreciative. She then capsizes over, collapsing to the floor, dead.

Roy HEARS footfalls approaching fast, reflexively raises his sword like a throwing knife and hurls it just as BRETT, gun raised, rushes into the room.

The Jian strikes him forehead high, imbedding itself like a giant bar dart.

Brett drops the gun and goes cross-eyed trying to extract it. Slicing up his hands as he gropes for the sword's handle.

Roy can't help but laugh. Brett looks like a blindfolded five year old, whiffing at a birthday pinata.

Brett's panics. Squeals. Slips. Shoes scuffling.

He bangs into the wall, hard...the sword lobotomizes Brett.

Roy ROARS with laughter.

Brett comes away from the wall. Pratfalls ugly. Feet upending. He lands flat on his back.

The impact pushes the sword even further into his forehead.

Roy is now nearly crying he's laughing so hard.

A shocked and dismayed Vantor walks into the room. The cigar tumbling from his unhinged jaw.

Roy walks over to Brett's body, wiping tears from his eyes.

Vantor's gaze travels from Brett to Guan-Yin before returning to Roy in disbelief.

Roy pries the sword free from Brett's head.

Vantor goes for his shoulder. Roy slashes fast. Cuts the holster free before Vantor can pull the .45 from inside it. It clatters to the floor.

Vantor then seizes the hilt of the sword in Roy's hand before head-butting the shit out of him.

It's on. Vantor and Roy in a knock down, drag out fisticuffs.

The two trade blows until a frustrated Vantor finally dives for his loosed pistol as Roy goes for the downed sword.

Vantor swings his aim back around on Roy just in time to have his *gun-hand removed from the rest of his arm* by Roy's blade strike.

He clutches the bloody stump, his face betraying zero pain.

VENTOR

...How?

ROY
How do you think?

Ventor's expression clouds over momentarily...and then gets very, very clear.

VENTOR
The Spindle.
(with disbelief)
She activated it?

ROY
Jia put me inside pal.
(beat)
She put me inside it to beat you.

VENTOR
(getting it now)
She told me there was a "delay".

ROY
She won, Ventor. I'm the proof.
I've died almost two-hundred times
to get here. To you.
(beat)
And finish this for her.

VENTOR
You don't understand, Captain.

ROY
No, you don't...and you killed the
only person who did.

VENTOR
She was no longer *aligned* with me.

ROY
--'Cuz she knew what you were all
about Ventor: A wannabe dictator
bent on a worldwide 'redo.'

Ventor scowls, chortles.

VENTOR
Fucking *Liberals.*
(beat)
So before she launched this little
Hail-Mary-Miracle to beat the bad
guy's big bad plan, did she mention
that the Spindle '*reaction*' if
maintained too long, could *destroy*
the entire planet in a split-
second?

Roy brings the Jian's blade tip to Ventor's face.

ROY

Don't worry dickhead. If the world ends *you won't be around to see it.*

VENTOR

(as calm as calm gets)

We can still fix this, Captain. All of this can be remade.

ROY

I came a long way to kill you.

VENTOR

The Spindle gives us the *power of God*. To recreate our world whole. Untouched by tragedy. Hitler. 9-11.

ROY

I've heard this bullshit speech!
The past is the past Ventor! It's *designed* to be left behind!

(beat)

To be lived and learned from!

Ventor grins this creepy gargoyle-like grin.

VENTOR

...this from an absentee 'husband' and a failed father. I would've thought you'd have more than a passing interest in 'redoing things.'

Roy's expression tweaks. He glares at Ventor.

VENTOR (CONT'D)

Young Joseph. Your son with Jia.

(beat)

And if you've come all this way to kill me Captain...

(beat, grins bigger)

...then *who's been saving him--?*

--Roy removes Ventor's head from his shoulders with one brutally clean strike as WE SMASH CUT TO:

It rockets toward CAMERA. WE PAN with the Benz as it passes. The vanity plate reads: **'BRETSJET'**

98 INT. MERCEDES AMG S65 - CONTINUOUS

98

Roy rips around gridlock, slaloming slower moving traffic.

ROY (V.O.)
I never thought Joe would be in
danger...

Roy brakes, downshifting at the same time and drifting
sidelong past a stalled tractor-trailer.

ROY (V.O.)
...I never thought, in a million
years that they'd ever target
him...

Gear shift to gas pedal in perfect sync as he upshifts.

ROY (V.O.)
...I'll kill Vantor and every one
of them another *thousand times* if
they've hurt that kid...

Roy SEES the exit sign for the EXPO CENTER looming ahead.

99 EXT. EXPOSITION CENTER

99

Roy speeds toward a police barricade. Beyond it, the red and
blue strobe of a crime scene.

100 INT. MERCEDES AMG S65 - CONTINUOUS

100

Roy's stomach roils. He pulls up. Leaps from the car.

POLICE INVESTIGATORS run yellow tape to cordon the scene.

Roy rushes right up to the barricade.

A PATROLMAN is quick to brace him.

PATROLMAN
Sir, I need you to stay on that
side of the cordon please.

ROY
My son is in there!

PATROLMAN
I'm sorry, I--

Roy grabs the patrolman's baton and knocks him out cold.

Another COP close by, reacts.

COP

HEY!

Roy vaults the barricade, running past migrating members of the C.S.I. TEAM.

A CORONER kneels over a prone form lying near a dumpster.

EMT'S lower a gurney next to the body and begin loading it.

Roy stops. Stares. The corpse is that of a young man...

...his son, Joe.

Tears flood tidal. Roy can't even muster the will to wipe them away.

ROY (V.O.)

How many times have I let him
die...?

Cops collide with Roy. Tackling him. He rears up like a gutshot bear, mauling the ranks of policemen trying to mollify him.

He disarms and dismantles the lot and is left screaming at the top of his lungs.

A wail of pure anguish sourced from the center of his being.

The horizon line behind him suddenly FLARES and ignites as if God had struck a mile-long match.

A nuclear whiteout...a brightness beyond blinding.

...then a low, unsettling, soul-rattling sound that feels like the unwinding of the world itself.

A blast wave the size of a mountain range rumbles toward Roy.

Buildings and skyscrapers shatter at sub-atomic speed.

Roy watches. His eyes widen. Fearless in the face of it.

ROY

And there it is...the end of the
world...*why not?*

(beat, a look back at Joe)

Mine's already over.

The blast wave hits him. He's pulverized to pure ash and scattered in the concuss of a nuclear gale.

BLACK

The place between it all.

ROY (V.O.)

I can feel it...not just death but being *unraveled*. Every part of me splits and splits again, along with everything else.

(beat)

There's nowhere left to run and the one person who could help is dead. So what if I avenged her? I'm the one that killed her. Not Ventor. Me. I killed her when I ran from our relationship. I killed when I ran from raising our son. I killed her when I didn't call her back.

(beat)

I'm the reason she's gone.

(beat)

I'm the reason Joe's gone.

(beat)

I'm the reason the world ends.

FADE UP ON:

101

INT. ROY PULVER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

101

Roy opens in his eyes. Once again, he's horizontal in FRAME. Everything moves in SUPER SLO-MO.

ROY (V.O.)

...so what the hell's the point?

Roy opens his eyes and stares right into CAMERA.

The K-Bar knife embeds the pillow next to his head.

ROY (V.O.)

...and why the hell should I even bother trying...

...Roy doesn't even blink.

The Knife is yanked free.

ROY (V.O.)

...nothing will ever matter again...

The knife comes back down, *plunging right into Roy's temple*.

...Roy doesn't even blink.

ROY (V.O.)
 ...not when you've lost everything
 you've ever loved...

SUPER: **A DIGITAL COUNTER.** It rolls upward from 'ATTEMPT 201'
 and keeps climbing...'202'...'203'...'204'...'205'...'206'...

WE SEE Roy getting stabbed to death over and over. He doesn't
 ever bother to defend himself.

ROY (V.O.)
 ...not when you're responsible for
the loss of all human life as we
 know it...

The K-Bar sinks in and out of him like a pincushion.

THE COUNTER CLICKS OFF: '222'...'223'...'224'...'225'...'226'

The K-Bar embeds the pillow. Roy's eyes snap open. Enraged.
 He leaps up. Headbutts Mr. Good Morning and stomps on him
 over and over again, SCREAMING.

ROY
 YOU MOTHERFUCKERS CAN'T EVEN LET ME
 SLEEP IN!!!

Good Morning finally goes still. Roy stops stomping. He
 stares down.

THE CAMERA TRACKS IN...Everything slows.

Roy grows still. Reflective. A sense of resolve settles over.

ROY (V.O.)
 ...so this is it then?...you're
 just gonna feel sorry for yourself
forever. Day in. Day out...and
 you're not gonna do a goddamn
 thing, even if there isn't a
 goddamn thing you *can* do.
 (longer beat)
 No. You are. You are gonna do
 something...

102 MONTAGE

102

Roy leaps off the balcony ahead of the fireball.

ROY (V.O.)
 ...time means *nothing* now...

Roy hauls the Challenger driver from his car and slides in. *

ROY (V.O.)
 ...it's no longer counting against
 you...

The Challenger hops the curb in front of the SUBWAY STATION. *

ROY (V.O.)
 ...and you never got to know your
 son.

Roy rushes along the platform to make the next train.

ROY (V.O.)
 ...so if that's all that's left.
 (beat)
It's more than you ever deserved.

The doors on the subway slide shut.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

BLACK CARD. WHITE TYPE. **"ATTEMPT 227 IN PROGRESS"**

103 INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

103

Roy plops down in the seat next to a surprised Joe.

JOE
 Roy? Hey-- What happened to y--

ROY
 Bike Accident. That's why I'm
 taking the subway. Skipping school?
 Lemme guess-- *Vid-Con*.

JOE
 How'd you know?

ROY
 Where do you think I'm going!

JOE
 You're a gamer?

ROY
 Absolutely-- I know you were always
 on your X-Box when I was over, I
 just didn't want to blow it with
 your mom by telling her I was into
 Call Of Duty, Infinite Warfare.

JOE
You play COD?

ROY
Who doesn't! Have you played COD:
WW2?

JOE
Yeah! The gameplay is sick! Did you
play the Nazi Zombie mode? I made
it through the 33rd wave!

ROY
My highest was 21 levels.

JOE
It's *hard* man, they just keep
coming for you, over and over.

ROY
(without a trace of irony)
I hear that.

JOE
Hey, you think mom'll be pissed I
bailed on school?

ROY
No, probably not pissed about
that...

Roy digs into Joe's backpack without prompt, producing a can
of beer.

ROY (CONT'D)
...*Definitely* pissed about this
though.

Joe. Busted big. Roy cracks the can. Gulps back the beer.

ROY (CONT'D)
What are you thinking Joe? Is Vid-
Con BYOB?

JOE
What's BYOB?

ROY
You're stealing beer and you don't
know what BYOB means?

A beat. Joe thinks.

JOE
Bring Your Own Beer?

ROY
By God, the boy still has a
fighting chance! It's not too late!
(beat)
I catch you skipping school or
carrying booze again, I get to go
Nazi Zombie on you. Cool?

Joe nods. Smiles.

JOE
Cool.

ROY
Good...Let's hang out.

104 INT. VID-CON - DAY

104

MONTAGE

The DIGITAL COUNTER appears in the lower third. It climbs.

'ATTEMPTS 227 - 248'

Roy enjoys time with his son he's never allowed himself to have. They laugh and talk and connect with one another.

They roam Vid-Con. Joe functions as unofficial tour guide. Roy finds himself marvelling at every aspect of his boy.

THE COUNTER CLICKS OFF: '230'...'231'...'232'...'233'...'234'

ROY (V.O.)
...all the years of this that I've
missed...

Roy and Joe play a variety of video games on giant screens.

ROY (V.O.)
...I want it all back...

Joe destroys Roy repeatedly at 'Call Of Duty.'

Behind ROY, on one of the big monitors, a GAMER has just died. The menu comes up:

">>>GAME OVER<<<<" or ">>>CONTINUE<<<<"

The gamer chooses to continue.

ROY
 ...but I'll take as much as I can
 get...

THE COUNTER CLICKS OFF: '235'...'236'...'237'...'238'...'239'

Now it's Roy who's beating a stunned Joe at 'Call Of Duty.'

ROY (V.O.)
 ...he has Jia's looks, smarts and
 sense of humor...Thank God.

Roy jams popcorn into Joe's face. Joe tries to fend him off.
 Roy laughs and keeps peppering Joe with fistfuls of popcorn.

THE COUNTER CLICKS OFF: '240'...'241'...'242'...'243'...'244'

Joe poses with a busty Vid-Con MODEL, blushing as Roy takes
 his picture on an I-Phone. Joe starts cracking up. He can't
 help it. Roy watches his son, totally spellbound by him.

ROY (V.O.)
 ...then I see that kid laugh and I
 see *myself* for just a flash. I see
 my own face, smiling back at me and
 it breaks my heart.

Tears spring to Roy's eyes in a sudden rush. He wipes them
 away just as quickly.

Joe SEES this.

JOE
 Roy, you ok?

Roy waves Joe off. Gathering himself. His back still turned.

ROY
 Fine-- just something flew into my
 eye. Bug or something.
 (recovers, turns back)
 Hey, you wanna get out of here, go
 get some dinner? It's getting late.

THE COUNTER CLICKS OFF: '245'...'246'...'247'...'248'...'249'

Joe devours a steak, talking animatedly between mouthfuls.

ROY (V.O.)
 ...I could do this forever...
 (pause)
 ...and I just might...

106 EXT. PIER - DUSK

106

Roy and Joe sit on a bench, looking out over a beautiful bucolic harbor. Neither says a word. Joe. Exhausted, starts to drift off. His head settles on Roy's shoulder.

ROY (V.O.)
 We've ended this day, just like
 this, over a *dozen* times now...and
 it never gets old.

Suddenly, that piercing, God-like light swallows the horizon line. Then that rumble, like the earth itself were rupturing.

Roy ignores it. Looking down at his slumbering son. Gently sweeping the hair back off his forehead.

ROY (V.O.)
 I like that he's sound asleep when
 it all ends...I like that he never
 stirs once.

The blast wave hits them both. Obliterating their forms.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

The place between.

ROY (V.O.)
 I want to tell him I'm his father,
 like I did before...but I'm scared.
 I'm scared he won't look at me that
 way again. And I won't see what I
 saw in his eyes...
 (pause)
 ...so I say nothing.

CUT TO:

BLACK CARD. WHITE TYPE. **"ATTEMPT 249"**

107 EXT. PIER - DUSK

107

Roy and Joe walk along the pier, away from the restaurant.

JOE
You want to sit, look at the
harbor?

Roy grins.

ROY
Sure.

JOE
I want to get a boat one day. Take
mom out in it. She never gets out
at all. She's always working.
(beat)
Could we rent one?

ROY
Rent one what?

JOE
A boat? Take mom out on the ocean.
I think she'd like that. Can we?

Roy sits down on the bench overlooking the harbor. Joe
follows.

ROY
I don't see why not.

JOE
When?

Roy exhales. Stares off.

ROY (V.O.)
This is when I tell him '*we can do
it this weekend*' then he sends his
mom a text telling her we're all
going sailing...this is what
usually happens.

Roy turns to Joe. A long beat.

ROY
Joe. Your mom. Uhh...

JOE
Yeah?

ROY
The project she was working on...

JOE
...The Spindle?

ROY

Yeah.

(beat)

Do you know what it does?

JOE

She can't talk about it 'cuz it's a secret and whatever but I know it's something big. She told me that it could wipe out *everything*, like the world I guess if they weren't careful. Do you believe that?

Roy. Doleful. Looks back over the harbor.

ROY

Yeah...I do.

(long pause, then)

We can't go sailing Joe.

JOE

Why not?

Roy can't turn to face his son.

ROY

We can't go past this point.

This poor kid. Confused. Scared. His eyes searching Roy's.

JOE

What do you mean?

Roy. Like his insides are melting. He wills himself to look over at Joe.

ROY

This is the end Joe. Of everything.
And it's my fault. Your mom trusted me and I let her down.

JOE

I don't-- what do you mean?

ROY

Last night, she...

JOE

...she didn't come home.

ROY

I know Joe...

Roy tries to find the right words, when...

JOE
...does she have a new boyfriend?

Roy laughs. Can't help it. Hugs Joe. Kisses the top of his head.

ROY
No. Forget it bud. Don't worry about it. It's not that.
(beat, tousles Joe's hair)
Forget it. It's fine.

A beat. Joe keeps staring at Roy.

JOE
Did she ask you to follow me?

ROY
Who? Your mom?

JOE
Yeah. Did she know I was ditching school? It felt like you were following me. Were you?

ROY
Yeah but, not because of that.

JOE
Why then?

ROY
I saw you and...I don't know, just wanted to say hello. Catch up. Why did you think I was following you?

JOE
Just something mom said this morning.

Wait-- *what?*

ROY
Wait, *what?*

JOE
On the phone. It was weird, she said if I got into any trouble, that I should find you. I didn't know what she was talking about--

ROY
--you spoke to her *today?*

JOE

Yeah. She gave me your address. She said you didn't have a phone, so--

--Roy. Knocked for a loop.

ROY

Wait, what time did you talk to her?

JOE

I don't know, uh--

ROY

--Joe, where's your phone? Can I see it?

Joe digs into his jacket pocket, produces his cell. Roy takes it from him. Checks his 'CALL HISTORY.' Scrolls down...

...and there it is...**7:14:am...MOM.**

ROY (V.O.)

She was still alive when I woke up.

(beat)

She wasn't dead yet.

FLASH TO:

108 INT. DYNOW LABS - DAY

108

Jia, having just snuck back down from the lab after loading Roy's DNA into the spindle. She moves through the lab's sub-level.

ROY (V.O.)

...Ventor hadn't killed her yet.

Jia stops and pulls her cellphone, texting Joe hastily.

Suddenly BRETT appears behind her.

109 EXT. PIER - DUSK

109

Roy, lost in thought.

JOE

Roy?

The horizon erupts with that blinding solar-like white light. Joe startles. Stares into it. Transfixed.

ROY

Joe...

Joe looks over at Roy. Terrified. Mute.

The world breaks apart around them.

Roy wraps his arm around Joe. Pulls him close.

ROY (CONT'D)

...don't worry, son...

(pulling him in tighter)

...I'll come back for you.

The blast wave washes over them and PAST CAMERA as WE CUT TO:

110

INT. DYNOW LABS - JIA'S OFFICE - DAY

110

Roy kicks the door down dressed as Roy #2.

He double taps both MERCS flanking Ventor.

SUPER: 'ATTEMPT 250 IN PROGRESS'

Guan-Yin unsheathes her sword. Swings. Roy re-grips the Sig-Sauer by its barrel and blocks Guan-Yin's blow. He releases the Sig's clip, catches it and bashes Guan-Yin unconscious.

Ventor leaps across the console to trigger the alarm. Roy reloads the weapon whiplash fast and puts a round into Ventor's forearm. Ventor squeals, seizing the wound.

Roy jams the smoking Sig in his face.

ROY

You killed her.

(beat)

You killed her but you're still trying to figure out how to cover it up!

Ventor stares.

ROY (CONT'D)

Where is she!?

VENTOR

...how?

Roy presses the Sig's barrel into Ventor's face, branding a dime-sized burn right above the bridge of his nose.

ROY
 I KNOW SHE'S DEAD! WHERE IS S--!

Then Roy realizes-- Jia is lying right there.

She's been dragged behind the console and dumped...

...her neck has been broken.

Roy goes to her. Kneels. Stares down. Faint bruising from where someone wrapped their hands around her throat...

...her face looks delicate and pale and lovely in repose.

Ventor makes a move. Rushing toward the door.

Roy spins back and blows his knees out from under him.

Ventor collapses to the floor, bleating a like a newborn.

Roy reloads and leaps up.

He grabs Ventor and drags him out of the lab.

111 INT. DYNOW LABS - SECURITY POD - CONTINUOUS 111

Roy hauls Ventor inside. The Sig-Sauer trained on BRETT, who already has his hands aloft.

ROY
 Tell your team to stand down and
 stow weapons or you and the boss
 get matching bullets in the head.

Brett keys a comm-link.

BRETT
 Stand down. Holsters. We have a
 hostage situation.

Beyond the security pod. A HALLWAY awaits. Long and ominous.

...a spectral white light throws shadows at the end of it...

...**it's the SPINDLE'S CORE.**

Roy returns his attention to Brett, who is seated at a row of SECURITY MONITORS.

On several MONITORS: MULTIPLE VIDEO LOOP.

It's Jia. Sneaking into the heart of the lab. Loading the receptacle and starting the launch sequence. She retreats. Begins texting Joe. Brett appears behind her. Grabs her.

ANOTHER SCREEN. Brett climbs the stairs with Jia's limp form slung over his shoulder.

ON THE THIRD SCREEN. Brett dumps Jia's dead body to the floor of her office.

Roy responds to seeing this by smashing Brett's bleach-white veneers with the butt of the Sig-Sauer...

ROY

You're trying to erase the evidence!

Brett drools shattered teeth.

BRETT

NO! We're trying to figure out what she was doing! How she started the Spindle's launch sequen--

VENTOR

--Shut your mouth Brett.

--Roy reaches back and re-shoots Ventor in both knees.

Ventor barely reacts to what could only be searing pain.

Roy returns his aim to Brett.

ROY

Continue.

BRETT

We can't get the Osiris Spindle to function! It's not responding!

Ventor, to his dismay, realizes the following...

VENTOR

...Jesus H. Christ...

(beat)

The Spindle is working...*it's you.*

(with awe)

She's made you the missing mass.

(beat)

It's the *only* way you could have infiltrated this facility. You--

(stops, then)

--*How many times have you done this?*

ROY

Lots.

Roy notices something on the video loop...The time stamp.

7:14am.

ROY (V.O.)

She was killed fourteen minutes
after I woke up.

And that's all the information he needs.

Roy shoots Brett dead. Then finishes Ventrone.

He proceeds to put the gun to his own head, smiling, pumped
up...

...Like he was about to take the field on Super Bowl Sunday.

ROY

Alright...*LET'S DO THIS!*

He FIRES and WE SMASH CUT TO BLACK

Back in that VOID. The place between days.

ROY (V.O.)

Jia is the only one who can stop
this and you've got around fourteen
minutes to reach her...

(beat, a breath, then)

Okay...what the hell...

(beat)

...here we go.

112 INT. ROY PULVER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

112

THE DIGITAL COUNTER appears ON-SCREEN.

It counts down from '14:00...'13:59'...'58...

BOSTON'S "FOREPLAY/LONG TIME" cranks up on the soundtrack.

Alice screams. WAKE UP.

Roy levitates upright before Alice can clear the sheets. He
kills Good Morning quick, quicker than he's ever killed him.

Rotor blades thrum. The chopper. Roy rushes up the hall,
sprinting full speed and leaping right off his balcony...

...the chopper appears beneath him. Roy lands on the strut, surprising the GUNNER.

Roy slams the K-Bar into his chest and hauls him out of the chopper.

He then swings the 30mm MINI-GUN around on the chopper PILOT.

ROY

Fly.

113 EXT. ROY PULVER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 113

The chopper crests the apartment complex.

"Pam"'s station wagon appears on the street below, trailing the helicopter...

THE COUNTER CONTINUES DOWN...12:42'...'12:41'...'12:40'...

114 MONTAGE 114

Each Assassin locks Roy's transponder signal and proceeds toward the Dynow Laboratories.

115 INT. CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS 115

The Dynow Tower looms in the distance. Roy looks at his watch. Admonishes the pilot.

ROY

Is this as fast as you can go!?

The nervous pilot nods like his head was on a spring.

116 EXT. DYNOW - DAY 116

Armed GUARDS and polo-shirted MERCS hear the approaching CHOPPER...followed by the distinct whine of the MINI-GUN barrels spinning up, pre-fire...

...and that's the last thing they ever hear.

Bodies come apart like paper mache puppets, pulverized into a fine mist by a fusillade of 30mm rounds.

Vehicles are riddled and reduced to scrap.

EXPLOSIONS trigger and domino down the line...

...A FUEL TRUCK goes up like Gomorrah.

Roy runs the MINI-GUN dry, burning every last bullet in the chain...A deluge of spent shells rain down on the dead.

A KLAXON sounds. The installation's SECURITY ALARM.

The chopper rotors up higher, toward the top of the Dynow Tower.

THE COUNTER CONTINUES DOWN...9:12'...'9:11'...'9:10'...

117

EXT. DYNOW TOWER - HELI-PAD - CONTINUOUS

117

The chopper touches down.

Roy punches out the pilot and disembarks.

He hustles toward a ROOF ACCESS DOOR.

The door opens just as he arrives...and Guan-Yin steps out from behind it.

Her long black hair billows in the wind like a death shroud. Mile long legs sit atop six-inch chrome-colored stilettos.

She looks like Louis Vuitton's version of the Valkyrie.

She unsheathes her Jian. The blade gleams. Guan-Yin grins.

Roy pulls the dulled K-Bar from his waistband and grins back.

Guan-Yin ROARS. Charges. Roy fends her off with the six-inch K-Bar like it was a medieval broad sword.

They duel. Steel clashes. Clatters and breaks.

Guan-Yin stumbles in her heels. Swings wild. Roy stalks her.

She thrusts. Roy deflects and disarms her. Stripping her of her Jian altogether.

He resets and squares up on her with both blades akimbo.

Guan-Yin. Wide-eyed shock as she realizes what's just happened. In a flash panic she grabs for her garter-holster.

Roy skewers her hand. Impaling it to her leg.

He retracts the blade.

Guan-Yin falls to her knees. Beaten.

She looks up at Roy. Her eyes barren. Lost.

After a nod to concede. She slowly lowers her head in shame.

Roy moves past, pressing on to the roof access door.

THE COUNTER CONTINUES DOWN...6:59'...'6:58'...'6:57'...

118 INT. DYNOW TOWER - CONFERENCE ROOM

118

Roy enters the grand conference room.

ROY (V.O.)
...I want the big knock down, drag
out now...

The German Twins await.

Concussion grenades skip across the marble tile toward Roy.

Roy winds up with the Jian and slapshots them back.

They detonate. The German Twins are knocked senseless.

ROY (V.O.)
...the battle royale...

Roy at a full sprint, snags another sword from the alcove and beheads both twins as he passes.

The lobby MERCS spill inside. Guns up. Roy slices them apart like Sunday roast. He relieves one Merc of his shoulder-slung UZI and keeps moving.

The sprinkler system has been activated.

The hallways rain.

ROY (V.O.)
...bring 'em all on...

THE COUNTER CONTINUES DOWN...5:31'...'5:30'...'5:29'...

The ASSASSINS arrive. All of them accounted for: "Pam". Kaboom. Roy #2. The Butcher. Smiley. The German Twins.

*

ROY (V.O.)
...every last one...

Roy. Ruthless. Attacks them at once. Leveling their numbers.

ROY (V.O.)
...so I can light 'em up...

The obliteration of his enemies is *breathtaking* in its beauty...

ROY (V.O.)
...and lay waste...

...A graceful, lyrical, balletic assault...

ROY (V.O.)
...'cuz I've been waiting for
this...

...Roy moves with a virtuoso's guile and a sprinter's speed...

ROY (V.O.)
...for a long fucking time...

...his swords making mulch out of them...

ROY (V.O.)
...and if practice don't make
perfect...

...Destroying. Dismembering...A Death Machine in overdrive...

ROY
...then perfect can't be made...

...Roy is unstoppable and the league of killers fall in kind.

THE COUNTER CONTINUES DOWN...3:12'...'3:11'...'3:10'...

He stands alone at the end. Breathless. Swords bloodied.

The bodies of his assassins lie like wreckage in his wake.

He presses on. Reaching the elevator. The power has been cut.

Roy SEES the stairs.

THE COUNTER CONTINUES DOWN...1:17'...'1:16'...'1:15'...

119

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

119

Roy bounds down the stairs three and four at a time.

THE COUNTER CONTINUES DOWN...'45'...'44'...'43'...

Flight after flight.

Floor after floor.

He's running out of time.

A TEAM OF MERCS charges up the stairwell toward him.

Roy leaps over the side of the railing, Parkour-style, sailing right past them and spraying them with the UZI.

They go down in a twitching/twisting heap.

Roy reaches out and snags a passing rail, hauling himself back up and into the stairwell.

He keeps moving.

THE COUNTER CONTINUES DOWN... '15'... '14'... '13'...

120

INT. DYNOW LABS - MOMENTS LATER

120

Roy bashes in. Brett is strangling Jia.

Ventor hip FIRES his .45 at Roy.

Roy dives. Slides across the floor and sticks the Jian right in Ventor's crotch. Shiska-bobbing his balls.

Roy draws the blade back. Raises high. Slashes down.

Ventor's head slides off his shoulders.

The .45 slips from his grip.

Brett releases Jia and goes for his sidearm.

Roy catches Ventor's .45 and kills Brett where he stands.

Jia rushes over to Roy. Speechless. Her eyes searching his.

Finally, by way of *badly needed* ice-breaker.

ROY

...I got your birthday present.

She laughs and pulls him into a deep embrace.

JIA

(whispering)

You did it...*you came for me...*

Roy just nods. Exhausted.

JIA (CONT'D)

...How many times did it take?

Roy grins.

ROY
...just one.

Jia hugs him tighter. They kiss. Tears fill her eyes.

JIA
I couldn't tell you, they were watching me, monitoring me. I had to sneak around the lab all night, I barely got that book to you.

ROY
It was just enough.

JIA
I think Vantor sent men after Joe--

ROY
--there's no one left. They're all gone. Joe's fine. He's skipping school today and going to Vid-Con.

JIA
How do you know that?

Roy considers something, smiles fondly, then...

ROY
...he's got a crush on a girl named Camille in class. He showed her all the different bus routes to school but he's scared to ask her to be his girlfriend.

(beat)

He and his friend Wyatt lied about their age to enter a paintball tournament two weeks ago. You asked him about a welt he had on his neck. He said he got it from a bug bite.

(beat)

He fractured his wrist skateboarding a month ago and now it makes this cool 'clicking' sound.

(beat)

He loves dogs. Especially Staffordshire Terriers. He thinks you guys should rescue one.

(beat)

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

He did a watercolor version of Van Gogh's 'Starry Night' for your birthday last year because he knew it was your favorite painting.

(beat)

He thinks his mom works too much and smiles too little...

(beat, touching Jia)

...but he loves her more than anything in the world.

Tears stream down Jia's cheeks. Roy thumbs them away.

ROY (CONT'D)

How do I stop this?

JIA

It's not about stopping, Roy. It's about *restarting*.

(beat)

I made your dimensions. Your DNA specific to the missing mass within the Spindle.

ROY

What does that mean?

JIA

It means you have to enter the Spindle's Core. Then, *theoretically*, the time-space continuum will reset and resume.

ROY

Theoretically?

JIA

I don't know Roy. I really don't. This whole thing was so cobbled together. I was trying to stop Vantor and flying by the seat of my pants. I didn't even know it had *worked* until you showed up.

(beat)

You have to remember...I just saw you yesterday.

ROY

And I haven't seen you in *forever*.

JIA

I didn't know what else to do. Or where else to turn.

(beat)

(MORE)

JIA (CONT'D)
 I knew the man you were Roy.
 (beat)
I know the man you are.

Roy smooths a loose strand of hair over her ear, looking off toward the light beaming from the Spindle's Core.

JIA (CONT'D)
 But I *don't know* what will happen
 to you if you go in there.

Roy glances back at her. Grim.

ROY
 I know what happens if I don't.

JIA
 The Spindle reaction was-- there
 was always the chance of a
 catastrophic event taking place...

...her voice trails off. She can read it in Roy's expression.

JIA (CONT'D)
 (more of a gasp)
 ...the end of the world...you saw
 it?
 (the scientist in her)
 ...*what was it like?*

ROY
Exactly what you'd imagine, only a
 helluva lot worse...Like being
 ripped apart and burned alive at
 the same time. Like every single
 cell in your body *exploding*.
 (beat)
 I can't let that happen again.

Roy rises to his feet. Starts toward the Spindle's Core.

JIA
 Roy. Wait. Let me, just give me
 some time t--

ROY
 --Lai Shyr.
 (off her reaction, then)
 '...*Always live your life
 forward...and remember...*

Jia realizes that this is the inscription she wrote to Roy.

JIA
 ...'time waits for no man.'

Roy takes her face in his hands.

ROY
 --Will it move forward? If I walk
 inside there, will things go back
 to normal?
 (beat, more importantly)
 Will you and Joe be safe?

JIA
 If you return your mass to the
 core, it should, but...
 (long pause)
 You may not make it Roy...
 (even longer pause)
 ...you may cease to be.

Roy smiles the smile of a man who's lived lifetimes.

ROY
 Then give me a kiss and tell me you
 love me...
 (beat)
 ...and I'll take it from there.

The two of them are beautifully backlit. Awash in the
 radiance spilling from the Spindle's Core.

They kiss like it was their last. Jia beams up at him.

JIA
 I love you.

She squeezes his hands as he slowly separates from her.

ROY
 Wait for me, huh?

JIA
I will.

Roy lingers there for a moment. He draws a deep breath.

ROY
 Alright.
 (beat, exhaling)
 What the hell.
 (a grin)
 Here we go.

Roy turns back to face the light and starts toward it.

WE STAY WITH HIM as slowly walks into the Spindle's Core.
He never breaks stride as he disappears inside of it.
The light flares impossibly bright, consuming him entirely.

121

INT. CORE - CONTINUOUS

121

It blazes white hot now. Surrounding and suffusing Roy in this blinding, supernal light.

His eyes slam shut and his body tenses mightily against the core's uncontained energy field.

Producing a luminance unlike anything we've ever seen.

The light appears to penetrate Roy and begin unwinding him as it breaks down his physical mass into sub-atomic particles.

Every part of him seems to scream out at once...

...then, as the light reaches its apex...

...at it's brightest possible point...

...Roy's eyes snap open and a wry smile forms as we--

--SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

THE END