Tonight, He Comes

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Lastest Revisions
(12-12-2002)

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"Tonight, He Comes"

FADE IN:

BLACK. It's everywhere. It swallows the screen. And so we stare into a sea of BLACK.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
I saw a severed head once. Except for the paleness, it looked healthy, well-fed. The end came abruptly you could tell 'cause the mouth froze in mid-sentence. "Shh...," the curled lips attempted. Like it started saying "shucks" or "Shirley" or... "shit happens." Your eyes don't forget things like that. Like you don't forget the sound animals make when they're humping. Primal. Raw. They endure in you forever because the senses have a brain all their own and they recall long after you've succumbed to the la-la of forgetfulness.
(a pregnant beat)
Sometimes when it's dark out, so dark it's black, I'll see HIM.
(beat)
And it starts all over again.

From this blackness, a streak of LIGHTNING splits the night sky.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

We are in the eye of a STORM, an angry mass of clouds raging across the black sky. It brings RAIN and THUNDER and the swirl of a howling WIND.

An ENTITY emerges from this moist darkness. It flies through the weather and advances into our scope of visibility.

A FLASH of lightning erupts and it illuminates the sky. We SEE the approaching entity as it hovers before us.

It's a man.

It's a man, plus.

It's a SUPERHERO,

garbed in an elastic dark-grey outfit - a faded RED CAPE extends behind him, thrashing against the wind and rain.

This Superhero (30). Unshaven. Disheveled. Worn. A face chiselled with mileage.

In the eyes, we can see his soul. Intense. Fierce. An exposed nerve, snagged in a fish hook.

He hangs in the air, tired, rain-soaked, pissed-off.

He stares down at the earth below and he beholds the saturated visage of SHEEPSHEAD BAY, a seaside Brooklyn neighborhood.

And from the bowels of his very soul, this Superhero belches a thunderous ROAR. He pivots in the air and dives toward land.

He slices through the downpour, arms extended, body erect, engulfed in the dimensions of his cape.

The ground approaches, fast. He accelerates as if to embrace it. Velocity sucks up all remaining space and there is IMPACT.

An EXPLOSION as he rips through the street surface, penetrating the asphalt - head first. Debris and concrete spew from the ruptured orifice as he disappears inside.

There is an expulsion of subterranean pressure and it launches nearby manhole LIDS from their spots - they bounce and CLANG down the street like loose change.

The rain continues its onslaught.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rain sloshes against a kitchen window. Where the sink is. Not far from the kitchen table. Where the LONGFELLOW Family sits, dinner before them.

HORUS (35) leans over his plate, eating his meal. Here idles a man of diminutive frame, bespectacled, placid - as harmless as low fat milk.

He sits opposite MARY (30), frenetically appropriating food. A gentle beauty entwined in maternal angst she is estrogen with an attitude.

A meek little AARON (8), slouches between the folks - a BLACK EYE tattoos the left of his face. Aaron stares at the damn plate, finding no humor in eggplant.

MARY
The principal did nothing. Like schoolyard terrorism is no worse than being tardy. What's the matter with education? Back when, you could go to school and learn about Betsy Ross and... mollusks and... not get stabbed on the way home.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)
It's not Little House On the Prairie anymore, it's a war zone out there.

HORUS
Were they local, son?

Aaron stares at the damn eggplant, stoic.

MARY
Local? Horus, this is a national epidemic. What's the difference if it's Armageddon everywhere. It's just not safe anymore. He needs protection. He needs Jujitsu lessons so he can inflict pain.

HORUS
You're upset.

MARY
Of course I'm upset. Strangers are beating up our only child and you're not upset?

Mary hands Aaron a KETCHUP bottle.

MARY
(to Aaron)
Try this.
(to Horus)
You can't just sit there and let it happen without having some kind of strong feelings about it.

Aaron accepts the bottle. Grimaces to wrench it open. It pays no heed to prepubescent power.

MARY
Rage violent about this.

She takes the bottle from Aaron. Hands it to Horus. He takes it. Taps it against table. Napkin over cap, he proceeds to unscrew it - the strength just isn't there.

HORUS
I'm not comfortable... with violence.

Mary scoffs such a thought, stabs the eggplant. She glances across the table at her husband.

Horus, battling the ketchup bottle. Face bright red, knuckles white to the bone - like he's taking a constipated shit.

Aaron watches this: His father wrestling ketchup... and losing.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

A subway TRAM idles by a passenger ramp. STEAM hisses from its side and plumes into a wall of white mist.

And from this cloud of angry vapors, a figure appears. He surfaces from the dark subway tunnel, a cool nonchalance in his gait.

It is the Superhero, his identity safely concealed under the collar of a tattered TRENCHCOAT. He traverses the loading deck, PASSENGERS boarding and disembarking around him.

He wades through them - to a deserted section of the subway. He strolls over to a CIGARETTE MACHINE, up against the grafetti-raped subway wall.

On the wall, a line of profanity declares that...

"YOUR MOTHER TAKES IT UP THE ASS."

He surveys the machine. His right arm appears from the coat pocket. Fingers merge into a tight fist. And casually, he rips into the metal vendor like it was Jello.

His fist withdraws a handful of bills, coins. He pockets the loot. He reaches back in and withdraws a carton of LUCKY STRIKE. Deposits it under his coat.

And with that, he heads for the stairs - to the flooded streets above.

At the ramp, and on cue, the subway tram closes its doors. Trembles. Moves. Steams into the deep dark tunnel. White SMOKE mushrooms from its tail. It lingers in the air as we...

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

... see STEAM, rising from a faucet of running HOT water.

It rises from a sink of soiled dishes - where Mary deposits another set of pots. She's clearing the table.

Down a dark hallway, a streak of light escapes from an open door. Inside and on the bed, the frail posture of Horus changes out of his clothes.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Horus disrobes down to his t-shirt and briefs. He stands before the closet mirror, scrutinizing the emaciated, sand-kicked-in-the-face body.

Horus strikes a He-man pose, his biceps flapping in the wind.

He retrieves a dry-cleaned UNIFORM from the closet. Its official tailoring and cut suggests standard issue police apparel.

He removes the plastic. Proceeds to put it on.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The rain continues its assault. The sky groans for more. And a FLASH of lightning joins the fray.

The Superhero, he walks the empty streets. He crosses to a motel. The RED EYE MOTEL, says the blinking neon sign.

INT. RED EYE MOTEL - NIGHT

If the lobby is any indication, this place is a large yeast infection. Damp, urine-colored carpeting accompany rotted furniture and peeling wallpaper.

A PROSTITUTE drapes across a bench, too tired to remove a cigarette butt from her mouth. Her PIMP orchestrates a deal at a nearby pay phone.

The superhero strolls through the lobby, drenched like a wet rag. Makes for the check-in CAGE.

Behind the cage, the oily head of a MAN stares back at him. He is bent over a magazine, picking his nose.

The Superhero watches him. Waits. He taps a BELL - RING.

The man continues picking...

Again - RING. And again - RING.

MAN
Shit!

The man chucks the magazine. Wipes his finger between his armpits. Turns. This pale, mangy fungus is FISH (27).

FISH
How the fuck can I help you, sir?

He brushes his hair back with the stroke hand.

SUPERHERO
A room.

His blood-shot eyes mean it.

Fish turns to the back wall. Grabs a random KEY from a nail.

FISH
Top floor, 7F. Fifteen a pop, up front.
(re: the check-in sheet)
And your John Hancock makes it sweet.

The Superhero scrutinizes the CHECK-IN sheet. Scribbles

HANCOCK

on the dotted line.

Fish hands over the key. Then, pulls it back from Hancock's grab.

FISH
I don't take messages, I don't do favors, and I don't know you from Jack. You want sheets, they're extra. Towel's extra. Plunger's extra.

HANCOCK
I need quiet. Is it quiet?

FISH
Quiet? Hey pal, we look like a public library to you? The girls work. Some of them scream, some of them moan...
(smiles)
... and some of them just kinda lay there cold. You want quiet, I got cotton balls you can stick in your ear. They're extra.

Hancock eyes Fish, mentally dissecting the vermin with his bare hands. He withdraws from his coat the WAD OF LOOT. Pushes it under the window.

And while Fish collects, he leans into the window and emits a deep GROWL. Fish recoils. The bills fly.

Hancock takes the key. Exchanges it with a metal ORB - the strangulated remains of the bell. It rolls out of his palm and CLINKS off the counter.

Hancock sidles off. Fish - the cat's got his tongue.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Horus, in full uniform - dark blue pants and a well-ironed shirt.

He dips into a dresser, pulls out a thick black LEATHER BELT; it comes complete with a HOLSTER.

Horus returns to the dresser for ONE FINAL ITEM; it's obscured by his arm but we feel it to be some heavy chunk of metal.

He confronts the mirror, twirls this piece, holsters it. Reveal: it's a FLASHLIGHT.

His SHOULDER PATCH reads: "U-RENT SECURITY CO."

Their motto: "TO OBSERVE AND RECORD".

INT. AARON'S ROOM - NIGHT

A jar of MARBLES rests upon a window ledge. Outside, the story is rain.

On a bed, sprawled on his back, Aaron gazes up at the empty ceiling. The black eye squats prominently on his face.

Aaron brings his hand before his eyes. Looks at it. Studies it. Slowly, his fingers converge into a tight FIST - a boy's interpretation of a man's weapon.

Horus peers in.

HORUS
How's the eye?

AARON
Black.

Horus enters, stands awkwardly before his son.

HORUS
It'll be gone in a week. Mom'll touch it up with some make-up and you won't even know it's there.

AARON
Yeah I will. And I don't want any girly make-up on my face.

Aaron holds up his fist, clumsily releases the middle finger, shows his father the bird.

AARON
(no clue)
One of the kids did this. What does it mean?

HORUS
Um... it's nothing... a kind of salute.

Horus deposits himself on the bed. Hunches over his knees.

HORUS
(almost apologetically)
Son. There'll always be people around who'll... exert force over those of us who just want to live in peace.

Aaron listens, observing his father's efforts.

HORUS
(pain in every word)
The thing to do is... to avoid them. They're no-wins. Can't-wins. You hold the anger... and move on.
(turns to Aaron)
I tell you because I can't take it, seeing you hurt. You're part of me.
(beat)
Turn away... that's what you do... the other cheek. You do that for me. No, you're not the coward. Not you. I'll be the coward, all right? 'Cause I don't want to see you hurt. I ask you to do that for me... your old man.

And while he utters these words, Mary watches from the dark hallway - moved by his affection.

She oversees a father-son embrace.

HORUS
I'm late for work. Get some sleep. Tomorrow always feels better...

AARON
...after a good night sleep.

The light FLICKS off and the man's silhouette form exits the room.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Horus backs his way out. Shuts the door. Mary's hand greets him from behind.

It startles the man. He tries to regroup.

HORUS
Mary.

Mary inches closer - passion oozes from every pore. She nestles up against her husband.

Horus stands uncoordinated, pressing his hands against her back. He is gentle, but as effective as an armless masturbator.

Mary caresses his neck. Moves her lips to his ear, enraptured by the moment.

And out of nowhere...

HORUS
(awkward)
I'm late.

Mary snaps from her trance. Unshackles her hold, like she almost expected it.

MARY
Right.
(beat)
Coffee's by the door.

She marches back into the kitchen. Horus stares at his feet. Shakes his fists, mentally kicking himself in the face.

He settles for the door, grabs his jacket, his coffee thermos. A quick look at Mary and he's out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mary - against the kitchen sink.

Her thin cotton dress clings to a body still robust with energy, to breasts so full they could pop a boner in your dead uncle.

And while the storm rages outside, Mary burns in a feverish sweat. The swelling steam and running hot water combine to saturate her chest and face - she drips.

Mary gazes out at the wet abyss, possessed by some inner longing.

INT. MOTEL ROOM (7F) - NIGHT

A T.V. SET. It MOANS from the corner of a room. Scant lighting and blinking red neon from the street cannot disguise the torture this room has seen.

Torn, mildewed curtains. Damp carpeting, stained by every form of bodily discharge. No self-respecting maggot would want to be caught dead here.

On a shredded mattress, blotched with urine and cum, we see a trenchcoat. An open carton of cigarettes accompanies the picture.

An open door faces the MOANING TV set. It's the bathroom and it's occupied by the intensely frazzled image of Hancock.

He squats on the TOILET, pants around the ankles, cape shrouded around him.

Those unforgiving eyes plant on the TV screen, a cigarette dangling from the corner of his lip.

We discern the MOANS to be human and we see that he is watching a PORNO FLICK - flashes of flesh upon flesh in a fucking frenzy.

T.V. SET (O.S.)
(female)
Ooh yeah, big fella. That's it. Shoot your load, baby. Let it fly... FLY...!
(male; in ecstasy)
... YES! GOOOOD!

Hancock absorbs the action from the can, a glint of pain on his face.

He takes a long hard drag on the cigarette - a full stick deteriorates into ashes before our eyes.

And outside, it rains like there's no tomorrow.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHEEPSHEAD BAY - DAY

Morning brings a cease-fire on precipitation. The streets glimmer from puddles left behind from the night.

The overcast sky - its precarious rain formation indicates that the storm is far from over.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A SUPERMAN lunchbox perches on the kitchen table. Mother and son prepare for school.

Aaron adjusts his raincoat, looking disturbed.

Mary parts his hair. Straightens his shirt. Her maternal hands orchestrate the complete morning routine.

MARY
Stay inside.

AARON
(irritated)
I don't need you walking me to school.

Mary clasps her ears - deaf.

MARY
Lalalala... I'm not listening.

AARON
(in disbelief)
I got the only mother in the world that does this.

MARY
I'm not listening. Lalalala...

INT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - THIRD FLOOR - DAY

A light beam.

It dances over the consoles of Hi-fi's, televisions, stereos. Horus holsters his flashlight and moves across the showroom floor.

HORUS
(into his WALKIE TALKIE)
Third floor, clear. Perimeter, over.
(again)
Perimeter, over.

No answer; he takes the stairs down.

INT. BASEMENT FLOOR - DAY

Horus crosses the floor to the back, to where

ROHEIM (50)

stoops, on a stool and in a deep snore. A line of SALIVA dangles from his mouth over his saturated sleeve. His WALKIE TALKIE rests his lap.

The badge and uniform reveal another U-Rent Security Co. employee. Roheim is your uncle - lovable, sexually deviant, and as threatening as a burnt-out matchstick.

Horus stands over Roheim's slumpness. Removes a handkerchief from his own pocket.

HORUS
(gently)
Roheim.

He's done this before.

ROHEIM
(dream state)
Olga...

HORUS
Roheim. Let's go home.

Roheim stirs...

ROHEIM
... bitch.

From the dark recesses of sleep, he wakes. Straightens up. Slurps back his dignity.

ROHEIM
(barely)
What, already?

Takes the handkerchief. Wipes his mouth.

HORUS
Punch out. I'll make the last perimeter check for you.

He helps the old man to his feet.

ROHEIM
You're a good man, Horus Longfellow.

INT. RED EYE MOTEL (7F) - DAY

An ASHTRAY buried under a mountain of butts.

A bed unslept. The TV is on, commercialing some spring-fresh vaginal wash. The room sits empty.

But the bathroom door is open. Inside, the supersuit peeled down to his waist, Hancock shaves.

HANCOCK
(mumbling; rehearsing)
... it's about responsibility...
(MORE)

HANCOCK (CONT'D)
with what is empowered in you... to correct the ills of man.

No foam. No gel. Just skin and the razor edge of his belt BUCKLE - it slices through stubble, clearing up a face that has yet to sleep.

HANCOCK
(again)
... it's about responsibility...

Hancock reaches into the cabinet below the sink, pulls out a bottle of 409 ALL-PURPOSE CLEANER.

On the tube, the commercial segues way into...

T.V. (O.S.)
(faintly)
And on the world front, heavy fighting continues in Angola as rebel forces storm... regime... under the military stronghold...

The SOUND of machine guns CRACKLE amidst mortar explosions and civil destruction.

Hancock listens. The images of war and chaos disturbs him. He whirls around, accosts the TV, rips it from the wall, dumps it in the WASTEBASKET.

He returns to the bathroom. To the mirror. Proceeds to spray his teeth with 409.

EXT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - DAY

Behold this imposing, block-long behemoth of commerce and decadence. A shopper's wet dream, this is WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM.

From the street, notice the display windows - all mannequins come complete with outfit and ultra-erect nipples.

As EMPLOYEES file into the service entrance, out comes Horus and Roheim. They head streetward.

ROHEIM
They say I'm a negative influence on you, Horus. They say I'm no good for nobody. Know what I say?

Roheim unscrews the battery cap from his flashlight.

ROHEIM
I say: man's gotta enjoy himself.
(takes a swig out of the flashlight)
It's his primordial right. It's your right.

He offers it to Horus, who gestures a "no thanks."

ROHEIM
One day, you'll see it my way. Till then, I'll play out the rest of this Eight Ball...

He downs the flashlight. Laps up the last drop. He reloads it with a couple of batteries from his jacket.

ROHEIM
(caps it)
... rack 'em up.

Horus looks on - silent.

A POLICE VEHICLE enters this urban landscape. It slows in front of them. The cops: RUTGER and ADAMS, two hairy-knuckled testosterone cases with nothing to do.

RUTGER
(passenger seat)
Boys...

The cops smile at one another. A large SHOTGUN rests fully erect between them. And they drive off.

Horus, watching them go, focuses in on the

"TO SERVE AND PROTECT"

of their vehicle.

Roheim watches him, watching Horus turn red with drama.

HORUS
(tries to preempt Roheim)
Don't...

ROHEIM
... Bastards couldn't protect a pitcher of warm spit. Couldn't find their own cocks, two hands and a homo.
(beat)
It's their loss, know what I'm saying.
(MORE)

ROHEIM (CONT'D)
They don't got the heart, the sensitivity of a man like you.

Horus tries to shrug off these words. No good - they stick like a thorn in the eye of his soul.

ROHEIM
Let's go home.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

On the rooftop; the Red Eye Motel.

A trenchcoated figure - we see him from the back, only. We recognize the broad of his shoulders and the red of his cape, peering out from a hole in his coat.

A cloud of smoke lingers above his head, from an unseen cigarette. He stands before the Sheepshead neighborhood, ever so still.

Something brews within this superman.

EXT. SHEEPSHEAD BAY - DAY

The streets of Sheepshead: apartments, brownstones speckled with DELIS and NEWSSTANDS and BARBER SHOPS and OUTDOOR MARKETS - they are the "esque" in Brooklynesque.

Through this hustle-bustle, we spot Mary and Aaron on their way to

BRADLEY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

Schoolyard activities abound. Buses, bouncing balls, and hoards of screaming little anti-christs.

Mary leads Aaron along the playground fence, the latter trying to pull ahead and away.

MARY
Will you slow down.

AARON
I know it. I know it.

MARY
I think I'm... slow down... I'm gaining weight. Honey, take a look at my waist.

AARON
What?

MARY
Is my dress too tight?

AARON
What? Nothing. It's fine.

MARY
Really, my waist isn't too big?

AARON
What? Not here, mom.

MARY
All right, already. Two-thirty. You don't leave the building till then. I'll be there.

AARON
I know it, mom. Can I go now?

MARY
Gimme a kiss, you snot.

AARON
(there is no god)
Geez!

He turns back. Plants a kiss on Mary's smiling cheeks.

MARY
Two-thirty.

AARON
All right, mom.

He leaves, merging into the undulating sea of children.

MARY
(after him; in vain)
You want anything from the store?

He's gone.

EXT. STREET - DAY

This is the Longfellow's street. Lower-middle class but comfortable, quaint, safe. Mr. Longfellow, hustling through the street, takes us home.

Greeting him at the entrance, at the mailboxes, is CLYDE BANNER (35). Quite large this tenant is, quite simply a Cro-Magnon Man.

Clyde stands with the morning paper in hand, searching carelessly through. He finds the SPORTS PAGE. Hides it under his robe.

CLYDE
(loud)
Longfella. Good to see you.

HORUS
Clyde...

Clyde shoves the remains of the paper at Horus - in his face.

CLYDE
Picked this up for you.
(pulls the paper back)
Say thanks.

HORUS
Thanks.

CLYDE
(hands it over)
You're a good man.

He heads inside.

Horus swallowing it. He unshuffles the paper, finding the front page. The headline reads...

"RAINSTORM HITS SHEEPSHEAD. NO END IN SIGHT."

Horus checks the sky - a sinewy mesh of angry clouds. He lumbers inside.

INT. NICK'S MARKET - DAY

Your average market, mom and pop.

Artichokes! Mary handles an artichoke, contemplating. NICK (30), the grocer, moves in behind her. He's handsome in a greasy, grimy, rebuilt carburetor kind of way.

NICK
That's a lovely dress, Mary.

If he could mount her now, he would.

MARY
You're sweet, Nick.

He cracks a wet smile. Mary, aware, unhands the artichoke. Moves on.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mary moves through the street, embracing a grocery bag.

She continues her way, purpose in every step. No window shopping bullshit for this woman - Mary's strong, beautiful.

She crosses the street, her destination: CENTRAL FIDELITY BANK.

A dark CHEVY eases pass Mary on this street, pulls to a stop. Mary continues forth, entering the bank.

INT. BANK - DAY

Sheepshead DENIZENS crisscross amok. People queue behind teller lines, taking care of business.

Mary takes her place. She glances at the bank CLOCK - it's 10 o'clock.

EXT. BANK - DAY

A BEE spirals the air and lands on the sleeve of a nervous ARM. This arm protrudes from the dark Chevy, parked before the bank. The engine is running.

The arm fidgets. SHOOS the insect away. With white knuckles, it grips the wheel.

INT. BANK - DAY

Same bank, same people. Mary awaits service in the same line.

A MAN ambles pass Mary's line, up towards the front. He cuts off the person in front, an elderly WOMAN.

WOMAN
Hey, what's the idea?

The man turns. Smiles. His smile fades, turning into a maniacal grin. This man is TOM (35), as plainly evil as the eye can see.

TOM
You know what, you remind me of my grandma.

Tom whips out a sawed-off SHOTGUN from his pants...

TOM
(continuing)
She gave me this when I made parole.

He aims the barrel in her face.

TOM
(continuing)
Thanks, Granny!

Of course, by now, people have realized the implications of the situation at hand. They begin to panic.

On cue, two new GUNMEN, JERRY and JERRY (30's), emerge from the crowded bank, both revealing automatic RIFLES.

Jerry #1 drops the SECURITY GUARD with the butt of his gun.

As planned, they take aim at the surveillance CAMERAS on each end of the bank. BANG. BANG. They miss, much to Tom's chagrin.

The crowd ducks, Mary among them. Terror grips the queues.

The Jerrys try again. BANG. BANG. No more cameras. And with that, Tom takes center stage. He leaps on the teller counter.

TOM
Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. My name is Tom. These are my assistants, Jerry and Jerry. Why're we doing what we're doing, you ask?
(shrugging; smiles)
It's the economy, stupid.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - DAY

Order in the bank; employees and patrons are now corralled at the center of the bank. Their faces all register pain. And we find out why...

They all squat in the LOTUS position, legs crossed like pretzels.

TOM
(to Jerry #2)
Thank you, Jerry.

Tom is referring to Jerry's demonstration of the lotus Jerry does not respond.

TOM
Thank you, Jerry.

JERRY #2
I'm stuck.

Mary, amongst the crowd, watches on with interest.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Bradley Elementary School.

Class is in session, captained by ravishing MS. MILLIS (28). Lips, legs, lungs - stuff prepubescent wet dreams are made of.

Aaron, nestled mid-room, tries to keep his eyes straight.

He steals a quick look to the back of the room: there, in the back, a BLONDE boy (8) sits chewing gum.

This kid, from the slicked-back hair and rolled-up t-shirt sleeves, is a sub-species of vermin.

He taunts Aaron a smile, opens his mouth, and we realize that he's gnawing on a plastic DOLL HEAD.

INT. BANK - DAY

Behind the teller window is Tom, assisted by a quite voluptuous employee - VERONICA, (23), with an IQ to match.

TOM
(to the crowd)
And while I take care of business, my associates will be making their rounds.

The Jerrys leap into action - guns pointing. They rummage the helpless patrons for jewelry, cash and collectables.

TOM
(continuing)
Please be cooperative and more importantly, charitable. We'd like you to think of it as donations... for Jerry's kids.

Jerry #2 weaves through crowd waving his automatic wand. People dish out valuables into his canvas BAG. He arrives at Mary, motioning at the bag with the rifle.

MARY
(unintimidated)
I have no money.

JERRY #2
(I wasn't born yesterday)
Come on, sis. What the hell you doing in a bank if you got no money?

MARY
I'm here to withdraw money.

This stumps the brainless beast.

And over by the teller, while he's stuffing her bag...

TOM
Don't hate me 'cause I'm beautiful.

She's too scared for speech.

But back on the bank floor...

JERRY #2
(at her ring)
Give me that.

MARY
No.

JERRY #2
Give me it.

MARY
No.

JERRY #2
Give me.

He deplores but Mary's answer - still negative.

JERRY #2
(pouting; at Tom)
Tom, she won't give.

An ominous HUM seizes the room, a little RED BULB blinking spastically above the bank's entrance. Everybody REACTS, Tom and the Jerrys.

We SEE the culprit: the no-longer-unconscious security guard. He's sounded the bank alarm on his belt BEEPER.

In one swift motion, Jerry #1 KOs the dazed guard.

TOM
Jesus fuck!

JERRY #1
I swear Tom I done him hard!

TOM
Jesus fuck!

JERRY #1
I done him real hard.

TOM
Get Fred! We're moving.
(packing up)
Move!

Jerry #2 is out the door.

EXT. BANK - DAY

The BANK ALARM is deafening out here. Jerry #2 scrambles out, raising his rifle to flag the getaway Chevy.

The car responds. Tires SQUEAL against asphalt. The vehicle moves, but it moves away. It takes off, off and away.

Jerry #2 - testicles in his throat.

INT. BANK - DAY

Tom is out on the floor, gun wielding. Jerry #1 is with him, loot bags in hand.

TOM
(to the crowd)
No heroes! No heroes!

Jerry #2 returns, bad news on his tongue.

JERRY #2
He flew! Fucking Fred flew!

TOM
Fuck! Fuck!

A wave of SIRENS punctuate their state of "fuck." It crescendoes around the building.

EXT. BANK - DAY

SQUADS of POLICE CARS form a noose around the building. A S.W.A.T. team spews from a transport unit, armed for the big tightening. Guns and ammo abound.

INT. BANK - DAY

Jerry #1 is at the entrance, peering out at doom.

JERRY #1
(impressed)
Wow, S.W.A.T.

TOM
(muttering; spelling the end)
I'm not going back.

Mary, amongst the crowd, takes a glance at the CLOCK - one thirty.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK DAY

Time LAPSES. It's 2:30.

Mary turns from the clock, concerned. She studies the situation, the robbers - an overall glumness tells the story. At the entrance - Tom. He looks desperate. Irrational. Ready to snap.

The hostages huddle on the floor, tired. They wait.

EXT. BRADLEY ELEMENTARY - DAY

The CLOCK on the building reads 2:30 school is out. Children file out of classrooms. Scatter. Only Aaron remains, alone to the elements - waiting.

A ball bounces, rolls to his feet. Aaron looks...

It's not a ball. It's a doll's head.

Aaron's face - dread.

EXT. BANK - DAY

A portly man, oily, thick, bellows out negotiations via his HORN; Introducing TED, the police captain, BROCK (45) - aspires to be Warren Beatty, more like Ned Beatty.

TED
(yawning)
Time's running out, fellas.

He turns to his sidekick, CHAD (25), a fellow cop. Chad's on the phone deliberating an important call.

TED
(tapping his attention)
The pizza here, yet?

CHAD
Negative.
(hands over the phone)
Tami.

TED
Ooh, one sec.
(to the bank)
Time's... all Hell's gonna break loose, fellas.
(to phone)
My koochie, woochie, oochie ooo...

A BLAST rings out from Central Fidelity.

Glass shatters from the entrance. A body, the security guard, tumbles out and onto the sidewalk.

Blood and brain exits in OOZES where the bullet had entered - he's probably dead.

The cops, Ted. Chad. Rutger and Adams - they all REACT, guns raised.

INT. BANK - DAY

Tom huddles by the entrance, gun smoking. Cool and suave has succumbed to psychotic. The Jerrys are nearby, nervous. As are the hostages, clumped together in fright.

TOM
(snapped)
I'm not gonna say it again, Ted!
(re: hostages)
Swiss cheese. All of them!

TED (O.S.)
Time's running out, fellas!

The hostages grimace, hell not so far away.

TOM
I want that car, Ted!

EXT. BANK - DAY

Ted punches Chad on the shoulders.

TED
Where's that car, Jesus!

CHAD
It's out getting your pizza.

TOM (O.S.)
...a car and I want it NOW!

And on this cue, the sky answers with a thunderous surprise - a CAR comes CRASHING down before the bank entrance.

It came from the clouds and it looks familiar - it's the getaway Chevy, bruised and punctured beyond recognition, its hubcaps still reeling from the impact.

The sky answers again, this time with the tattered body of FRED, the getaway driver (alias, the arm.) Fred lands on the hood of the Chevy, sinking into its metal frame.

SHOCK ripples across faces of stone. The cops all look up.

TED
(at the sky)
What the...

There in the sky, a caped figure works his magic of flight. He examines the ground below. And he dives.

Hancock approaches earth and swings lateral. He circumvents the bank structure, flying around and around.

Everybody ducks. Trash and paper batter about behind his draft.

INT. BANK - DAY

Tom and the Jerrys stand shackled in their spots.

Their eyes wander about, lost in confusion. The WHIR outside subsides. Stops.

A loaded beat.

Tom, in mid-swallow, watches as a spectacular EXPLOSION of bricks sprays the air inside. A caped figure bursts into the scene amidst SCREAMS from clueless hostages.

In the blink of an eye, Hancock has Jerry #2 by the collar. With a flick of the wrists, Jerry #2 is a human projectile en route to the windshield of a police vehicle outside.

Jerry #1 opens FIRE on Hancock. Bullets careen off flesh of steel.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Jerry #1 rides air and glass out and across the street into another awaiting police windshield.

INT. BANK - DAY

Smoke and debris smother the air. And as they subside, all eyes fall on the caped figure that is Hancock, erect in the rubble.

Mary can't believe her eyes. She surveys every inch of his frame, now clean-shaven, combed, comic book perfect.

Hancock scans the crowd of stunned hostages - his eyes pick out the WOMEN - Veronica's wet smile takes him.

A heartbeat.

HANCOCK
(god)
Everybody out, please.

Bodies bang about, all moving for the door.

Mary follows the herd out but her eyes remain on the caped figure, until real estate ushers her into the street.

EXT. BANK - DAY

PARAMEDICS converge on the hostages.

The cops are at a loss - deers staring down a pair headlights. They train their guns on the bank, waiting for answers.

INT. BANK - DAY

The bank floor in shambles. No one in sight. But movement jars us to the back, where the BANK SAFE is.

We SEE Hancock wade through rubble towards the open safe, a thick steel chamber of commerce. Hancock arrives at the safe. Confronts the object inside - Tom.

INT. BANK SAFE - DAY

There he is, in the corner, a sweaty piece of misery. Tom bears his revolver, aimed at Hancock. Hancock enters the safe.

TOM
Stay away.

Hancock does not respond.

TOM
(continuing)
I'm not going back.

Hancock turns, grabs the safe door. Slams it shut with a resounding THUD. They're locked in.

TOM
(hysterical)
What're you doing?

Hancock does not respond.

TOM
What's going on, here?

Hancock no response. Tom raises his gun, and meaning it.

TOM
Answer me! Say something!
(fires)
Fuck me!

BANG! Tom fires a shot off Hancock's forehead. The BULLET ricochets about the steel interior, under great velocity.

It rips Tom's right EAR from his head.

HANCOCK
(catching the renegade slug)
Why'd you go and do that for?

Tom retrieves his ear from the ground. Tries to put it back, clutching his head. He bleeds.

TOM
Fuck... my shirt.

HANCOCK
(steps forward)
Why don't we call it the day.

TOM
(gun raised)
Don't. I told you... I'm not going back.

HANCOCK
(irritated)
If you're going to tease, cock the damn gun. Otherwise, spare me the wounded animal act of desperation. I don't got time for rhetoric and sympathy so don't expect...
(MORE)

HANCOCK (CONT'D)
dialogue and "come with me and you won't be hurt" bullshit. You walk out of here with me and your life is a violent storm. You will be hurt, you will be abused... whatever turns them on. Either way, your days are shit!

TOM
What's eating you, man?

HANCOCK
(upset)
You got half the precinct out there, armed, trained to blow the tail off a sperm from a hundred yards. You're standing in here, cornered, three bullets left in that squirter of yours, if you're lucky, and you got one ear. What's eatin' me is I don't need the aggravation. I don't need this.

TOM
Man, you're jaded. I'm not asking for a rainbow... you don't got to shower me with respect. Just a little tenderness, is all. Have you no mercy, mister?

HANCOCK
(he's had enough)
I'm all out. Let's go...

And as he utters this, he approaches Tom.

TOM
(hurt)
Fuck you.

Close on his trigger finger. It tightens...

HANCOCK
NO!

INT. BANK - DAY

On the bank floor, where a group of cops now huddle, we hear THREE SHOTS - from the safe.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The schoolyard; it looms in the background, as a reference to where we are.

Aaron occupies this alley and we see what he sees: trash and fire-escapes and ominous gray skies. DARK FIGURES move into this sight, eclipsing the heavens.

And there Aaron is, twisted in a contorted heap of arms and legs, his body eternally locked within the stranglehold of SPENGLER and ERLICK (both his age.)

Aaron's face -- another BLACK EYE makes it a set. Rage distorts his mouth out of symmetry. He stares at PERCEVAL, the blonde kid from class.

We HEAR water, a stream of liquid-something SPLASHING about, SPRAYING. Perceval - he's taking a leak on Aaron's exposed leg.

EXT. BANK - DAY

The aftermath.

Hancock is swarmed under MEDIA LIGHTS, reporters squeezing through a wall of people, police, trying to get a piece of this superman.

We follow Hancock's scope amidst the melee it spots luscious Veronica again, it spots WOMEN, all who'd die for a chance to suck on his cape.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mary hastens after Aaron, urine-soaked and on the verge of tears. He rages down the street while his mother pursues.

MARY
Tell me... what happened?

AARON
(about to break)
You were late.

MARY
I was held up...

AARON
The asshole peed on me. I'm dog shit.

MARY
...at the bank. Honey, were they the same ones? Don't cry.

AARON
Get a grip, mom.

They arrive home, both storming through the entrance and up the stairs.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

The door SLAMS to signify arrival. School books go flying. Mother and son march down the hallway. They are greeted by Horus, sleep still on his face.

HORUS
How was your day?

Mother and son - if eyes could disembowel.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Just your average professional building, several stories of brick and cement.

But all is not well with this typically normal picture. On the top floor, outside and on the ledge - a JUMPER stands poised before blood and concrete. His TIE flaps in the wind.

From an adjacent window, a SECRETARY, a FIREMAN attempt to get him down.

JUMPER
(self-pity)
People ignore me.

From his vantage - a congregation of PEOPLE swarm below in his honor. A woman cradling a BABY watches from a building window across the street.

FIREMAN
Mr. Fisher.

SECRETARY
(through her teeth)
You're not unattractive.

FIREMAN
Baldness is not fatal.

JUMPER
My wife ignores me.

FIREMAN
Your wife's a cunt, Mr. Fisher.

SECRETARY
We like you, Mr. Fisher. The girls acknowledge you, we all do.

JUMPER
No.

SECRETARY
Yes.

JUMPER
Really?

The secretary SCREAMS. All attention shifts to the BUILDING across the street. The secretary points...

EXT. OPPOSITE BUILDING - DAY

There.

On the top floor. Outside and on the ledge. The baby seen earlier, diaper-clad, crawls precariously on the rim of doom. His mother's FREAKING from the window.

Below, the crowd makes its way across the street. They point and gasp at the infant's every movement, leaving the jumper by his lonesome.

The baby teeters along the edge. It heads for a FLAG pole, dazzled by the red-white-and-blue. It reaches out at fabric. Almost. Not quite. The baby DROPS from the precipice.

On the street, people CHOKE on their tongues as gravity pulls the infant down.

But wait... Hancock swoops out of the thin blue, swift and silent. He cradles the baby from utter concrete.

He deposits the youngster with the ecstatic crowd; they, of mostly the FEMALE persuasion, all form around the savior.

In the background and across the street, the Jumper nose-dives into the sidewalk sans fanfare.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

An apartment building engulfed in FLAMES. FIRE TRUCKS don't even bother with the hoses, it's too late. Around them, TENANTS bemoan the loss of...

Like a wrecking ball, Hancock BURSTS through the burning rubble and surfaces clean on the other side of the building.

Blanketed under his cape are two little TODDLERS, and a young WOMAN IN BRA AND PANTIES. He lowers them to safety.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

We're in the hallway. Where Horus kneels. He's bent listening into Aaron's bedroom, in his security clothes. By the TV and in her apron, Mary watches the news...

NEWS
... paramedics have taken the rescued tenants to County General for smoke inhalation but no serious injuries reported thanks to the superheroics of this mystery man...

We see FOOTAGE of the dramatic fire rescue: Hancock recovering tenants from the pyre. Plebs and dwellers cheer in exaggerated astonishment.

HORUS
Mary?

Mary blinks back her attention.

HORUS
Why is he mad at me?

MARY
He's looking for answers. He's upset.

HORUS
(tapping the door)
Let me see your eye...
(to Mary)
I told him about the other cheek. Avoid confrontations... to turn the other cheek.

MARY
He turned the other cheek and they punched it.

HORUS
(pleading)
Aaron.

MARY
You're late. I'll try again later.

Horus finds his hat on the table. His eyes fall on Mary, her back to him. She's glued to the set.

HORUS
How... what about you?

MARY
(aloof)
What?

Horus turns his focus to the TV - more HANCOCK FOOTAGE. He watches Mary.

HORUS
Mary?

MARY
Yes.

HORUS
I... had no idea.

MARY
(on the TV)
What could you do?

Horus, hat in hand, goes to the door. He wants to stay.

HORUS
(opens door)
Good thing he was there. I don't know what I'd do... if you...

Mary does not hear him. Not until the door SHUTS behind her. She turns to face an empty room.

MARY
Coffee's by the... door.
(guilty)
Horus?

INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

A room, a place we don't know. It's dark save the street light outside. A rhythmic POUNDING reverberates through this darkness. More intense it becomes.

And then a high-pitch GASP. Two individuals, man and woman, stumble into view. Their silhouettes obscure the window.

They're locked at the hips, pumping away like high-revving pistons.

For a second, light dances off the woman's aroused face: it's Veronica.

VERONICA
(trembling)
Oh god.

The man surfaces from her cleavage for air, his face wet with sweat and saliva. He brushes his cape away from his arm.

Veronica uncoils yet another orgasm, her back arched, her breasts beckoning at ceiling.

Quite abruptly, he lets her go. Rights his pants. Unlatches the window. She paws after him.

VERONICA
What'd I do?

HANCOCK
(dejected)
Nothing. I'm sorry.

And with that, he floats out into the night.

VERONICA
(dazed; after him)
Hancock.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Horus. His walk. Unaware of everything but the storm inside his head.

He crosses an alley. A band of THUGS, neighborhood kids of malcontent, surprises him. And versa. They recoil at his uniform, his gun.

They quickly realize that he's rent-a-security.

The leader speaks first, he's SCARPO (25); pierced, TATTOOED, and as tough as a steel-belted radial. The others regroup their DRUGS.

SCARPO
Nutri-cop.

Horus keeps walking.

SCARPO
Look like the Man. Walk like the Man.
Shit, ain't half the Man.

OTHERS
Ain't half the Man.

Horus simply walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A streetlight HUMS. Blinks. Reveals a deserted alley in sporadic intervals. Garbage, etc.

A slight drizzle shimmers pass the streetlight. Pelts a soulful Hancock below. He moves through the gray dreariness in solitude.

He reaches behind his belt and withdraws a box of cigarettes. Taps himself a stick.

VOICE (O.S.)
How about spreading some of that joy?

Hancock turns and faces a young HOODLUM, scraggly in his own slimy kind of way.

In a huff, he shoves Hancock up against the building. Presses a gun to Hancock's temple.

HOODLUM
(psychotic)
Better yet, why don't I just take it.

Hancock. Enraged. In a caffeinated blink, he has the Hoodlum by the throat via one arm, the gun with the other.

HANCOCK
(super-psychotic)
What were you thinking?

The Hoodlum notices that he's dangling a foot off the ground; one of his SNEAKERS remains in its spot from the swift jolt. The other sneaker teeters on his one foot... and falls to the pavement.

HOODLUM
Aw, fuck me...

HANCOCK
... I ask again: WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?

Hancock wrests the gun from his hand. Places it into his own mouth. FIRES two slugs inside. The Hoodlum FREAKS.

HANCOCK
Huh?!

Takes the smoking gun out of his mouth. Shoves it up the Hoodlum's nose.

HANCOCK
Want to see brain? Huh?!

Sticks the gun back into his mouth. FIRES another shot inside. Takes it out, jams it into the Hoodlums mouth. The Hoodlum proceeds to urinate in his pants.

HOODLUM
(with his mouth full)
Please, mister. I got a baby coming... a wife... I got student loans...

Hancock. Insane. Is this getting through?

HOODLUM
Please. Have a heart, mister.

Hancock - the fire inside subsides, cools to a rational state. He lowers the Hoodlum.

He spits the THREE SLUGS into his hand. Deposits them in the Hoodlum's breast pocket. Walks away.

INT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - NIGHT

In the closing hours of business, employees pell-mell about in preparation for departure.

A group of LADIES form around a display T.V., taking in with frothy wetness every inch of Hancock's footage. They gasp amongst themselves.

Horus enters the picture, jacket and thermos. He notices the TV - it's like he can't escape the good news.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The TV set.

More news on the day's activities. Mary sits mesmerized on the sofa, holding a dish she had planned to dry.

Aaron surfaces from the hallway, lured out by the TV He comes up behind Mary - his black eyes on the news.

MARY
(surprised)
You're still up.

AARON
Can't sleep.

He rolls over the sofa, next to his mother.

They watch VIDEO clips of the foiled bank heist: the crashing Chevy, the aerial maneuvers, the sheer invincibility of this man.

AARON
(impressed)
That's him?

MARY
There's something about him... I don't know.

A female REPORTER concludes the footage...

REPORTER
(faintly)
And so we ask: Who is this man? Speculation abounds - government super-experiment, an aberration of nature, or extraterrestrial renegade? Who are you? Where are you now, superguy? Call me.
(smiles)
We'll get together. Have a drink.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

HADES - a smoky bar in the armpit of town.

NEON beer signs. POOL tables. CIGARETTE machines. This is home to mean people, tough guys - children of a fucked-up god.

We cut through the nicotine air to find the bar. A figure hunches on the far end, smoking. Popping vodka like mountain water in Dixie cups.

It's Hancock and his trenchcoat. The long day wears heavy on his face. Those perpetually red eyes, the horror they've seen.

HANCOCK
(muttering)
What he's got to do... a man's got to do it.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Hancock stumbles out, incognito, frazzled under his guise. Up above, the sky. Storm clouds.

We HEAR commotion in the side alley. And so does Hancock. He peers into the alley.

There, by a lighted PHONE BOOTH, a WHORE is fending off a horny JOHN. Hancock simply watches she drives her knee between his legs. He drops. SQUEALS like a little girl.

The John finds a two-by-four in the dirt. He reaches for it... but a COUGH stops him. It's Hancock and he discourages further violence.

Up and out of the alley, the John flees. Tail between his legs.

A long stare ensues; Hancock and the Whore, looking into each other's eyes for answers. The Whore approaches him. Touches his face. Studies it. Moves it into the light.

WHORE
(the sage)
You've been to Hell, it looks. And you're tired...
(beat)
... and in need.

Hancock - his eyes agree.

The Whore lifts her skirt, reaching into her panties. She takes out a MATCHBOOK. Hands it to him.

WHORE
My business card.
(to the phone booth)
My office.

Hancock inspects the matchbook: "555-GINA".

HANCOCK
(Geena)
Gina.

WHORE
(correcting; vaGINA)
Gina.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Aaron's room, his nightlight the only source of light. Mary sits on the bed and by her son.

AARON
Don't.

MARY
Just a quick one.

AARON
Don't sing.

MARY
I want to.

AARON
Mom.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

From the black night, a dark figure plummets... caroms off the side of a building... strikes the metal fire-escapes... crashes into the trash cans below.

Hancock stumbles from the wreckage, the garbage. Falls. He leans against the building, glazed over with drunkenness.

He turns to the only source of light, that of a building across the street - KILLYBEGS TEXTILES. An urban relic. Looming above the rest. Boarded-up windows indicate abandonment.

He stares at the building, perhaps sparing more attention than we think it deserves.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary swallows. Starts in on the tune.

MARY
"Once there was a way, to get back homeward. Once there was a way, to get back home."

AARON
Oh, mom.

MARY
Shut up.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

There, on his ass, his head a raging inferno, Hancock LISTENS. As if he can hear.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Aaron succumbs to his mother's song. His lids flutter.

MARY
"Sleep pretty darling, do not cry. And I will sing a lullaby..."

As her voice carries...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Something overcomes this fevered superman. He begins to unravel. A calm consumes him. Tames him. It could be Mary's voice - maybe he can hear it, and then maybe not.

MARY (V.O.)
"Golden slumber fills your eyes. Smiles awake you when you rise."

Hancock wavers on consciousness. Quite unlike him.

MARY (V.O.)
"Sleep pretty darling, do not cry. And I will sing a lullaby..."

And like that, a seamless fade into peace - he sleeps.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Erratic traces of an urban landscape JAG about.

Aaron's distorted view of his neighborhood comes sharp and in flashes as he is pursued by his tormentors.

Spengler. Erlick. Perceval. They chase him from behind, HOOTING, taunting poor Aaron - they're out for blood.

Aaron cuts into an alley, lungs pumping...

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

... but a brick wall stares him down, providing no exit. He swallows hard.

FOOTSTEPS approach. Just seconds away. Close on Aaron, as blood drains from his face. His eyes dash for a garbage CAN - but is there time?

Spengler. Erlick. Perceval. They can smell their prey.

ERLICK
He's not going anywhere.

SPENGLER
'Less he can walk through wall.

ERLICK
Fuck... squeeze through brick.

PERCEVAL
(just arriving)
Let's rock it up.

They turn the corner, attack mode. Aaron, nowhere in sight. Just the brick wall and a trash can.

They converge, baffled. Erlick inspects the solid wall. Spengler scratches his head. But Perceval's no fool. He spots the trash can.

He motions the fellas over. They circle the can. A beat. They ATTACK... an empty can. No one inside. Nothing.

That's because above them, no strings and no cables, Aaron hovers - under Hancock's capable arm.

In mid-air, they hang for a second. Then, Hancock takes them away.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Mary stands at the designated pick-up spot, pacing like her bladder's going to break.

MARY
(checking watch)
No... no... no!

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

A secluded view of the city, high above. Hancock, Aaron under his arms, rides a light breeze - and then lands.

Aaron scampers away. Turns and faces the man.

Hancock examines the boy's face, the black eyes. He shakes his head. Disappointed.

He reaches for his belt. Pulls out a cigarette. Lights it.

HANCOCK
You smoke?

AARON
What?

HANCOCK
Of course you don't. Nothing but a kid.
(beat; takes a puff)
Smoke no evil.

Hancock moves over to Aaron, now backed in a corner.

HANCOCK
(re: cigarette)
Ever curious... what it's like?

Aaron shakes his head.

HANCOCK
(hands it to him)
Go on... give it a try. One time. Won't kill you. Once.

Aaron under pressure, acquiesces. He takes the stick. Sucks on it. Doubles over, coughing.

HANCOCK
Good, huh? Tastes like compost... your first stick. Then, after a few more... it starts getting this flavor. A little nicotine buzz. A while passes and all of a sudden, it's as sweet as candy. Only now, it takes a whole pack to get there... and you won't settle till your mouth's as sweet.

Hancock takes another cool drag - Mr. Wisdom waxing philosophical.

HANCOCK
From manure to pure cane sugar. That's change. Today... you're a boy. Tomorrow, Mr. Penis comes knocking. Shakes your hand. Takes you for a walk... and tells you about life's simple pleasures. You're a man. And you don't look back.
(beat)
You see... things evolve. Nothing is wholly inert. A step in any direction... you're walking into pockets of evolution.
(MORE)

HANCOCK (CONT'D)
That is living... taking those steps. And change. Can start by changing some principles.

Blank best describes Aaron's face.

AARON
Principles?

HANCOCK
Principles. Here's one; very simple. Just about all you need to know: a man's got to do what a man's got to do.
(beat; smokes)
I look at your face, the shiners. You took a shove and you let it go clean. Not good. That's a formula for future abuse... an invitation to the loser's dance. Letting it go. Walking away.
(shakes head)
Bad policy. Won't be long 'fore you're running, looking for a place to hide.

AARON
What am I suppose to do?

HANCOCK
You do what is necessary.

AARON
I wanted... there were three of them.

HANCOCK
What is necessary.
(heat)
Let me tell you something, kid. There was this infantry unit, you see... badly outnumbered.
(thinks about it)
Wait, let me put it in kid terms. So you relate, OK? There's a fox, you relate? A fox and he's walking through what, the woods, the forests, right? Next thing the fox knows, he's staring down a pack of... hounds. Bloodhounds. And there's this chase, the fox's running his ass off, over boulders and through streams and, but the damn hounds are still on his tail. Finally the fox comes to this cliff, a precipice... and it's what, a seven hundred foot drop onto jagged rocks. He's in trouble 'cause the hounds are closing in and they're going to tear him to pieces. So what does he think...
(MORE)

HANCOCK (CONT'D)
"I jump and I die for sure. I stay, confront them and I'll get my ass butchered." Decision time. He thinks, "stay and least I'd have something, a chance. To slip away, maybe." The fox decides to go down fighting, make a stand. Right?
(beat)
The hounds come. What do you think happens?

AARON
(thinking about it)
He gets away.

Hancock inhales what's left of his cigarette. Blows smoke.

HANCOCK
No. The fox gets his ass kicked and some... I mean ripped apart by the dogs, like cheap fabric.

AARON
What're you saying?

HANCOCK
But you know, when the last hound was through with him, and he's walking away, he hears this noise. It's the fox and he's muttering something under his breath... words. The dog goes over. Gets up close. To hear what he's saying. You know what the fox's saying... just before he keels off?

Aaron - negative.

HANCOCK
Now he's gurgling, choking on his own blood, right? A massacre. The fox's lying next to his entrails, you know... and you know what he says?
(raises his fist in the air)
"No regrets."

AARON
What?

HANCOCK
No regrets. You make a decision and you stick to it. Like a man's got to do. And "no regrets."

Aaron - submitting it to memory.

AARON
Why're you telling me all this?

HANCOCK
(a beat to think)
Look at it this way... I got to do what I got to do.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Through the street darts Mary, eyes berserk in search for her son. She looks at her watch. She looks up. She sees Aaron, up ahead and by steps of her apartment... levitating in air.

Hancock explains this defiance of gravity. He gently lowers Aaron on the sidewalk, before his mother.

She beckons him. Like a shield, she envelops him with her arms. She stares up at Hancock, her eyes stricken with fear. Or possibly, they were awestruck.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Horus. Smothered in slumber.

He begins to stir, wrestling some unseen dream. He wakes, in defeat.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Close on a TV SET, featuring a COMMERCIAL in mid-hype; a portly man states his purpose. His name tag reads: DR. HOLE.

DR. HOLE
... at the Hole Institute, our experienced staff and cutting-edge technology means you need not spend another day in discomfort from hemorrhoidal flare-ups. Also, for anal fissures, warts, and secondary yeast infections, the institute is your complete rectal service clinic.
(beat)
And remember, I'm not just the Hole Institute spokesperson. I'm also a client.

As Dr. Hole proceeds to exhibit an enlarged PHOTOGRAPH of his hemorrhoidal tissues, the TV channel changes. A NEWS program, in progress.

On the living room sofa squats Hancock, remote in hand.

REPORTER (O.S.)
... more on the neighborhood robberies in our next hour.
(beat)
World news, today. Hundreds are believed dead when an explosion ripped through a crowded market place in...

Hancock staring into footages of bedlam, bloodshed. From the TV set, maternal CRIES spew forth grief and anguish.

Hancock grabs the remote. Fumbles around for the power button. He pumps the volume instead - the WAILS intensify his state of panic, pain.

CLICK; Mary, by the tube, switches off the mayhem. She studies his reaction, now marked with relief.

MARY
(savior)
Are you OK?

HANCOCK
I'm sorry.

MARY
I came in to... hope you like chicken.

Hancock nods, watching Mary as she retreats into the kitchen. He continues to stare at Mrs. Longfellow, in frenetics, prepping for dinner.

She catches him looking... looking surreal, this superman, there on her sofa.

A calm, while they stare. And then...

AARON (O.S.)
Table's done.

Mary turns to Aaron, offscreen.

MARY
Glasses.

AARON (O.S.)
Geez.

Horus enters from the hallway, disheveled from sleep. He does not see the superman on his sofa. He continues into the kitchen.

Mary stares at him. Aaron appears, also staring at him. Horus does a "what?" with his shoulders. Mother and son gesture behind him.

He turns and beholds: Hancock, rising in full garb, arm extended. All eyes on a befuddled Horus...

MARY
You know Hancock?

AARON
He comes for dinner.

Close on Hancock. Close on Horus.

HANCOCK
Man of the house?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dinner is served. All the key players, present. Horus sits facing his son, dethroned by the distinguished visitor. Mary serves.

MARY
(to Hancock)
Which piece would you like?

HANCOCK
Breasts, please.

Horus, watching everything, watching Mary and her every blush.

AARON
You want milk?

HANCOCK
No. It gives me gas. Thank you.

A beat; everyone visualizes a superFART.

AARON
It makes mom fart, too.

Mary CHOKES on her food.

Drops her fork. She maneuvers, in the allotted space, for the utensil - and finding difficulty.

Hancock grabs the table, one arm. Lifts it off the carpet and above everyone's head. Mary, startled, impressed, all of the above. She picks up the fork.

Horus - a chicken leg dangling from his lips, in mid-chew, looking impotent.

AARON
Good arm.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Later.

HANCOCK
... not about the labor... or the love of it.
(we've heard this before)
It's about responsibility... with what is empowered in you. The gift of might. Might to do what? Exploitation, because you can? Or a different path. To purvey justice. To correct the ills of man... because I can.

Faces of profound confusion. Still, Mary and Aaron are charmed by the visitor, his words secondary to his charisma.

Horus, the quiet observer, observes.

HANCOCK
... so, a job? Yes. And no. It's about... essence. The essence of the man... not his clothes. It's the job. Take away the arm, the leg... his bodily possessions but not his trade, his profession. That case, you strip him of what he is... a man.

Horus a firm grasp of the concept.

HANCOCK
What line of work are you in, Mr. Longfellow?

HORUS
(clearing throat)
Oh, it's not like you... what you do or anything. A department store over on Third.

MARY
Horus is in the securities business.

HORUS
I'm a security guard. I'm just...

Aaron rises from the table. Goes over to the fridge.

MARY
It's a large department store, over a couple million in merchandise... stereos, jewelry. On three floors.

HORUS
It's a night job. I sit around.

HANCOCK
You're a security guard. You keep the state of things. It's a job. You do it.
(pause)
We're in the same business.

Aaron returns with the ketchup bottle. A frozen moment while Horus ponders the implications. He stares at the BOTTLE.

HANCOCK
Aaron, could you show me the restroom?

Aaron points first door in the hall.

AARON
On the right.

He leaves to find bladder relief, leaving Horus to his family.

AARON
What do you think, mom?

MARY
(in a whisper)
Horus, what do I do?

HORUS
(at his watch)
I need to get ready.

AARON
... mom?

MARY
(to Horus)
What do I do with him... when you're gone? I have to entertain this super...

She doesn't finish her... a NOISE interrupts her and seizes the participants.

It comes from the bathroom: the sound of PISS, urine versus the surface tension of water.

LOUD. WET. A turgid firehose at full blast. The force of urination grips the room - as powerful as the penile mechanism from which it is generated.

The toilet FLUSHES. Hancock returns to a room of astonished faces - mouths agape.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Later, by a few minutes. Mary. Hancock. Aaron.

MARY
So, Hancock, you must get asked a lot of questions wherever you go. What's a typical one, so we can spare you the repetition?

He gives it a thoughtful beat. Then...

HANCOCK
... 'In your travels, what have you seen?' I get that one a lot. I tell them it doesn't matter where I am, a city, a town, a village. It's always the same. Wherever I go, I see a lot of Good People. From Good Families. Doing the best they can, under duress.

It hangs there, "under duress". Finally...

MARY
Under duress from what?

HORUS
(straight-faced)
Evil.

A beat; Mary's kicking herself for asking.

AARON
What is Evil?

MARY
(trying to shift gears)
... Maybe that's another question Hancock gets...

HANCOCK
Actually, no, I believe this is the first time anybody's asked me this question.
(MORE)

HANCOCK (CONT'D)
'Cause when it comes to the subject of Evil, people think they know.
(places his napkin on the table)
People think Evil is big and loud and you can hear it rounding the corner 'cause it's raw, 'cause it's brutish, 'cause it comes accompanied with a diabolical laugh and a Big Bad Plan. And it does, sometimes. If you're lucky.
(beat)
The Evil I've seen is more clever. It's subtle. It's patient. It lurks in the woods. It hides in dark places. And when you're not looking, it picks at you. Slowly. Quietly. Eating you alive. Until finally, when it's too late, your world is one of Chaos. And Disharmony reigns.

A beat. No one talks. Aaron's smitten. Mary, a mixture of repulsion and fascination.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the kitchen, in the sink, stacks of plates indicate that dinner is through.

Company has moved into the living room, with the exception of Horus. Aaron kneels besides Hancock. Mary, across from him.

AARON
(making a fist)
I wanted to kill him.

MARY
Aaron.

AARON
I want to deck him, just once. So bad I tense up... like I can't even move.

MARY
(to Hancock)
He comes home crying.

AARON
Did not. Not crying. It was pissed-off.

HANCOCK
(reacts)
No... there's no shame in it. The crying. It's relief...
(to Mary)
...

(MORE)

HANCOCK (CONT'D)
we're older and we don't remember when... we go, "God, when was the last time?" Maybe it's me. It's more an effort, now. Takes more pain... more blood. Like it's, do you have the time anymore? Even to look back and recall a moving experience. To be moved.
(Aaron)
By rage. Hurt.
(Mary)
By love.
(beat)
But if you have to remember the last time something touched you... you've missed it - you've forgotten how to cry.

Horus enters the room, Mr. Security Guard. He observes this magic Hancock works over his wife and kid - a talent whose nature he has yet to comprehend.

Horus opts to not disturb their trance. He makes for the door. Hancock holds him accountable.

HANCOCK
Mr. Longfellow. I'll be leaving, too.

HORUS
Oh, I... you don't have to leave. I don't want to interfere. I have work.

MARY
(the original sin)
Oh, I forgot to make coffee.

She rushes into the kitchen. Horus stops her.

HORUS
It's all right, Mary. I'm late.

MARY
No, I'll make it right now.

HORUS
I don't have time. I'll grab some on the way. Thanks.

Mary accepts it, but not entirely guilt-free.

HORUS
I don't want to interrupt. Please don't let me stop you.

HANCOCK
No, I need to go.
(at Mary and only Mary)
The last time I had a meal... an evening like this, I was... it was too long ago. I appreciate your kindness.

MARY
(awkward)
Please... you're welcome, here. Anytime.

Horus watches everything, watching her chest heave under Hancock's every word, watching his wife slip away.

HANCOCK
Aaron. Tomorrow. After the bell. I'll drop by after school. See how you're doing.

AARON
(smiles)
Yeah.

Horus watches this, watching his son slipping away.

The two men leave, Hancock ushering Horus out first.

Mary closes the door behind them. Leans against the door and EXHALES - a sign of relief, of despair, or, of a heart raging wild. We just don't know.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The two men appear from the entrance, shoulder to shoulder - sort of. They enter the street.

HORUS
(pointing)
I'm this way.

Hancock points the opposite way.

HANCOCK
Need a lift?

HORUS
It's a short walk.

Acknowledged.

An awkward beat while they stare at each other...

... until finally, they go their separate ways; Horus via walk and Hancock, with effortless grace, via flight.

From the sidewalk and awe-stricken, Horus watches Hancock merge into the blackness. A look of dread squats on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

The white fluorescent light of the neighborhood donut shop. Donuts. Coffee. Yellow formica. Etc..

A frazzled Korean woman, SOON-YI (60) watches over HOLLY (19), the trainee behind the cash register.

Officer Rutger and Adams sip joe in the corner booth.

ADAMS
(mid-confession)
... bleeding heart dyke, I know not what. Fuck martyrdom. Bottom line, Sheila won't put out...

RUTGER
No.

ADAMS
... won't blow me...

RUTGER
Shit stinks.

ADAMS
... says I'm keeping poontang on the side.

RUTGER
D'fuck she know? Shit smears, man.

ADAMS
Games. I don't need it.

RUTGER
Fuck games, fuck dames.

ADAMS
I got a wife, I don't need the aggravation...

RUTGER
Take a donut hole.

INT. DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

Horus wanders in. Finds the front counter. The cops watch him.

HORUS
A cup of coffee, please.

Holly takes the order. Leaves to fetch it.

ADAMS (O.S.)
Longfellow.

HORUS
(turns; with dread)
How are you, John?
(Rutger)
Frank?

ADAMS
(god, I'm funny)
Observe anything worth recording, lately?

HORUS
Things are slow.

RUTGER
Not for Samsone Electronics on fifth. Got hit on Thursday.

ADAMS
The guard, he was cut-up like a piece of meat.

RUTGER
Anything go wrong, you make sure you notify us, the authorities. No heroics without a license. You know the procedure.

Horus - he knows the procedure.

ADAMS
Of course he does.

RUTGER
Of course.

Holly returns with the coffee. Hands it to Horus - free of charge. From the back, Soon-yi intervenes...

SOON-YI
... He no have gun. Not copper.

HOLLY
Oh, I thought...

SOON-YI
He regular guy. Sixty-five cents for regular guy.

Horus - somebody shoot him, put him out of his misery.

INT. AARON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary's folding clothes by the dresser, busy with thought. Aaron squats on the bed, his brain going a mile a minute. He plops back against the bed. Brings his hand up to his face. Makes a fist. Thinking. Wondering.

MARY
What're you doing?

She's taken by this scene.

AARON
(releases fist)
Thinking.

Mary goes over to the bed. Sits.

MARY
About him?

AARON
No. Not really. Are you?

MARY
No.

They're lying through their collective teeth.

AARON
Me neither. I was thinking... about tomorrow.

MARY
Go to sleep. You know what dad says. Tomorrow always feels better...

AARON
... after a good night sleep, I know. He says that but he's the one working every night. Maybe it's 'cause of his job that he never feels better.

MARY
(amused by the child's insight)
Don't think about it.

She tucks him in. Turns off the lamp. And as she's out the door...

AARON
Mom?

She turns.

AARON
Who is Mr. Penis?

CUT TO:

EXT. SHEEPSHEAD - NIGHT

Time lapses into the late hours. This town experiences a serene moment - a peacefulness which says that this as night as a night will be.

INT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - NIGHT

Looking down aisles of electronics. Mostly TVs. Not a trace of life and not unlike a cemetery. We hear FOOTSTEPS, shoes pacing linoleum, shoes belonging to Horus. On duty.

Outside and like clockwork, a police vehicle drives by - real men en route to real work. Horus watches them from the window like a kid who can't come out to play.

ROHEIM (O.S.)
Breaks your heart, don't it?

Startled, Horus turns. Steps from the window.

HORUS
Trying not to think about it.

ROHEIM
Trying not to think about what?
(off Horus' look)
These lovelies.

Roheim, of course, is referring to the BIG-SCREEN TVs in the room.

ROHEIM
Breaks my heart every time I walk by 'em and know I don't get paid enough to buy one.
(MORE)

ROHEIM (CONT'D)
(beat)
What'd you think I said?

HORUS
Nothing.

ROHEIM
Get a load off, my good man.

He brandishes a REMOTE CONTROL. Presses the POWER BUTTON, activates a big-screen unit.

ROHEIM
Lose yourself in a little reality.

The NEWS is on.

NEWS
(re: Hancock)
... the trains seemed imminently bound for a catastrophic collision when this... this superguy...

ROHEIM
Man, almighty.
(switches on ALL THE TVs)
Check this out, Horus.

MORE FOOTAGE OF HANCOCK. Roheim is transfixed by the images.

ROHEIM
Bet he gets laid.

Horus - he looks terrible.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

It's dark out here in the night. On the roof. Overlooking the community, the Longfellow's apartment building... and Mary's bedroom.

From here, we can see her entering from the hallway. She disrobes down to bare back...

And from this darkness, the RED TIP of a burning cigarette GLOWS into view. Hancock watches from here, the cigarette BLAZES back towards his face intense.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOMEWHERE - NIGHT - DREAM SEQUENCE

A foreign TERRAIN of trees, of lakes so clear and blue. They pass below us as we soar through air and mist...

... the mist clears, thrusting us into the dense foliage of a JUNGLE. We penetrate the silence

... the silence, it fades into SONG - the silky, mellifluous voice of a woman (not unlike Mary's). Her siren call beckons us... takes us deeper into unknown greenery...

... but the sound of crackling GUNSHOTS punctuate the end to song. SCREAMS and CRIES rise from the smoke, women and children in hysterics...

... we quicken to a frantic pace, slicing through the growth. Rocket and mortar shells EXPLODE in our path, splitting trees and earth...

... we remain undaunted... but the WAILS of suffering continues...

... until we get there, there in a clearing as smoke and debris settle... and we see the remains of a lake, a lake full of BLOOD... of mangled BODIES floating like flotsam... WOMEN and CHILDREN... DEAD...

... we SCREAM!

INT. RED EYE MOTEL - NIGHT

Hancock bolts from his bed - horrified, eyes cracked with red veins. He is soaked.

INT. RED EYE MOTEL - LATER

CLOSE ON

the motel TV, propped against the dresser. It's the same one Hancock had ripped from the wall earlier. A COOKING PROGRAM plays over its cracked screen.

Hancock, trying to calm his soul, watches on with forced attention.

HOSTESS
(Martha Steward-esque)
... The sky is blue, the grass is green, and Mother Nature's smiling down on us with beautiful sunshine. Know what that means, don't'cha?

STUDIO AUDIENCE
(in unison)
PICNIC!

HOSTESS
That's right, whether it's with your family or with your special someone, nothing screams "I love you" better than a picnic.

On this note, the ORGASMIC SCREAMS of a prostitute seeps through from the adjacent motel room. The wall behind Hancock's bed begins to POUND to the rhythm of each pelvic thrust...

Hancock clasps his ears - tormented.

CUT TO:

INT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - DAY

Roheim in his usual state of sleep. His lips mutter dialogue from an unseen dream.

ROHEIM
Olga...

He snaps out of it...

ROHEIM
... bitch.

Consciousness slowly sinks in. He checks his watch, then the area around him. He spots Horus - slumped in a chair, lost in his own blank stare.

HORUS
(without looking)
Another dream?

ROHEIM
I was talking again, huh?

No response. Roheim gives Horus a good stare, knows there's a storm inside of him.

EXT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - DAY

A deserted street at this early hour. On the curb and by themselves - Horus and Roheim. Ruminating.

ROHEIM
... that look on her face, you know the look - when she's almost there. Makes you feel like a man.
(beat)
(MORE)

ROHEIM (CONT'D)
Then everything gets blurry and all a sudden, it's not my arm that's around her and it's not my hand that's touching her and it's not even me, my body. Some guy, this good-looking guy... he looks like the Marlboro Man, only shirtless. And so... the Marlboro Man's running his fingers through her hair. And he's... banging her... and her knees... by her ears, you know?
(beat; cringing)
And that look on her face. That look.

HORUS
(checks his watch)
Roheim.

ROHEIM
Bitch.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

The Longfellow's apartment, AS SEEN FROM THE SKY.

SKY POV: Clyde exits the building in his morning robe. Takes hold of the newspaper. Digs through it...

Mary and Aaron exit, surprising Clyde. Mary gestures at Clyde, pointing an accusing finger. She seizes the paper from him, sending him cowering inside.

She puts the paper back in the mail bin.

EXT. STREET - DAY

SPLASH - feet striking puddles, as Roheim trots through Sheepshead. Behind him, a reluctant Horus follows.

The two men round the corner. They walk into a drug transaction, in progress: Scarpo and his thugs, in a huddle around a buyer's CAR, doing business.

The car, upon Horus and Roheim's arrival, panics. Screeches off in mid-trade. Scarpo - dumbfounded with rage.

SCARPO
(after the car)
Come back... they're not cops! Come back here!

He turns to the two security guards, pissing bile.

SCARPO
Nutri-cops getting on my nerves. Fucking with the general happiness of my day. You realize that was business? So I can get my dear mother a nice birthday present.

ROHEIM
Hey Horus, you hear that? Scum's got a mother.

Horus tries to usher the contentious Roheim away - you know how he feels about violence.

ROHEIM
... Little punk asses, we got a good mind to throw you out of the neighborhood, you sons of bitches...

Scarpo fumes, fingers his SKULL RING as he watches them go.

SCARPO
Keep talking, old man.

ROHEIM
... How about a Remington for your mama's hairy ass.

Horus drags Roheim away. Down another street.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD DAY

Mary and Aaron. By the perimeter fence.

MARY
Have a good one.

AARON
I got to do what I got to do.

She watches him go - what did he just say?

EXT. SKY - DAY

SKY POV: the schoolyard. Aaron, sauntering to class. Mary, turning, walking away.

We soar through air and mist. Circle a street below. Hover over an alley. Descend from the clouds and into the depths of buildings and fire escapes.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mary, among other pedestrians, head homeward. Her pace says she's in no hurry to get there.

Out of an alley and into the street - Hancock, trenchcoated, inconspicuous, and in pursuit.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Horus waits outside, hands in his pockets. He paces uncomfortably. Roheim exits the liquor store, already imbibing from a brown paper bag.

ROHEIM
We coulda' taken them.

HORUS
Or we could've crossed the street, avoid the whole stir-up.

ROHEIM
Can't help myself, Horus. I see a pot and I stir. I see a red door, wanna paint it blah, blah, blah...

Takes a drink of booze.

ROHEIM
It's who I am.

He gives Horus a glance. Takes another swig.

ROHEIM
You disapprove, I know.
(preempts Horus' denial)
Sure you do. You disapprove and yet you allow me to drink. To poison myself. Your long lost friend.
(Horus gives him a look)
Well, all right, so we've only known each other a couple months. But I've been good to you, haven't I? Seeing you standing in the unemployment line, I sensed and recognized your pain. Which was why I recommended the nightshift. 'Cause I knew you needed the time and space to think.

HORUS
And I appreciate...

ROHEIM
... Maybe, given your background in law enforcement, it's traumatizing on a symbolic level to swap real firearm for a flashlight. Maybe you secretly hate the solitude and isolation of the night hours, your family vulnerable and nowhere near.
(beat)
If you did, you'd never let on. You just show up and take it.

HORUS
No.

ROHEIM
You're afraid to offend. You don't want to be abrasive. Provocative.
(beat; as Horus squirms)
So you suppress. Do nothing. Take it.

A beat; Roheim struck a nerve.

ROHEIM
Which is why, despite the hours, the inconveniences, you couldn't've found a better job.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mary. Walking.

Hancock. Following. From across the street. Mesmerized and in a world to himself.

He crosses the street, failing to look both ways... BAM! A UPS truck STRIKES the clueless superhero, sending him across air - towards Mary.

200 lbs. of superflesh EXPLODES into a JEWELRY display window - just ahead of Mary's path. Glass showers the scene. People SCREAM.

Hancock warbles out from the debris, his trenchcoat reduced to mere tatters. He pulls a severed SLEEVE from the rubble. Looks at Mary, reposed before him.

HANCOCK
(nothing happened)
How are you?

In unison, they turn to the UPS vehicle - a mangled heap of steel, STEAM billowing from its ruptured radiator.

Hancock shrugs a smiles.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mr. Longfellow rounds the corner and ambles home. He is tired and his face shows it.

There to make it worse - Clyde. He's back, getting at the sports page on the front steps.

A sudden burst of outrage consumes Horus. He approaches the steps with fire and...

HORUS
(burning...)
Clyde. Can I talk to you for just a brief moment?

CLYDE
(yawning)
Not now, Longfella. I'm all blocked up.

Clyde heads inside - with the sports page. He FARTS as he goes in.

HORUS
(extinguished)
Sure.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Along a street somewhere who cares - Hancock and Mary - in a cool stroll. Mary holds his trenchcoat, surveying the damage.

MARY
What were you doing in the street?
(the trenchcoat)
You ripped it pretty good.

Hancock - he's lost.

MARY
(continuing)
What're you... how old's this thing?

HANCOCK
... didn't see it coming... left myself open.

MARY
It'll be all right.

HANCOCK
All right?

MARY
It's just the seams. I can sew it back.

HANCOCK
What?

MARY
(the trenchcoat)
This. It's just the seams. I'll take good care of it.

HANCOCK
You'll sew it?

MARY
Yes. Me. I can. And I'll re-button it for you, all right?

Hancock acknowledges with a smile - a slight one.

MARY
(continuing)
Are you okay?

No reply. He stares at her - simply.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mary stands alone on the sidewalk, looking up at heaven. Her eyes search the gray sky for signs of life.

There, overhead - a DOT. It grows in size, getting closer and arriving fast... and gradually, it shapes into Hancock.

He swoops into view, straight downward. Pulls on the air brakes and eases into a soft landing - by Mary's side.

He is wet from his flight and his hands, we notice, are cupped together tightly.

MARY
(like a little girl)
Let's see.

HANCOCK
You have to be quick.

MARY
Come on, I want to see.

HANCOCK
If you blink, you'll miss it.

Hancock uncups his hands, releasing a billowy MASS of white something - it hangs in the air, and then dissipates into moisture. It showers into his open hands.

Mary reaches for it. Too late.

MARY
I saw it, right? A little cloud.

She peers into his hands - where only a pool of wetness remains. And with her fingers, Mary reaches inside to feel the rain.

Hancock watches this - the innocence in her face, as her hand touches his.

He stares down at her hand... at the wedding ring. Mary pulls her hand away.

MARY
The water is dirty.

HANCOCK
It is?

MARY
It is.

HANCOCK
I'm sorry.

MARY
(into his eyes)
It's not your fault.

Hancock looks away.

MARY
You're tense.

HANCOCK
I've been tired, lately.

MARY
You should slow down. Rest.

HANCOCK
So people tell me.

MARY
(beat; upon some thought)
It must be hard.

HANCOCK
Hard?

MARY
To always do right... do good when all you want to do is rest.

HANCOCK
It's harder to not do anything. What am I? It's not for me. It's for... it is about people. Rest? When there is despair? I cannot. I bring relief. I am relief. You know that instant, that split instant of time when you realize that the nightmare... the totality of fear itself... that it's all been a bad dream? That it's safe? That is relief. The infant in my arms... to the hysterical mother. When you can see her face, what's rest? It is self-indulgence.

Mary - in some advance stage of "wow."

MARY
(sizing up his words)
You probably get a lot of practice explaining yourself, on account of who you are and what you do.

HANCOCK
Why do you say that?

MARY
It's like, like last night, everything you say... sounds so perfect. Like you rehearse them so they'll be that way. I mean, not to say that it's insincere...
(beat)
I mean, maybe it's something about you but... it must be hard on you sometimes.

Hancock stares at his feet, perhaps reluctant to answer.

MARY
(apologetic)
But probably not... probably.

HANCOCK
Yes...
(pulling teeth)
... sometimes.

Mary allows the moment to sink in.

MARY
So, you never answered. Back there... what were you doing in the middle of the street?

HANCOCK
I was lost...
(exhales)
... but I think I'm ok, now.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Trash cans fly. Paper, swept up and sent aflutter. We've seen this before - Aaron, running for his life and the bullies in pell-mell pursuit.

He cuts into an alley. Looses them momentarily. Finds a DUMPSTER to his liking.

Erlick. Spengler. They zoom by and with great eagerness. Perceval strolls after them, too cool to sweat.

From the dumpster, little Aaron watches them... looks relieved... until conscience kicks in. A moment to reflect, he takes.

AARON
(Hancock)
"... before long, you're running, looking for a place to hide."

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Erlick and Spengler - at a dead end. Their trail leads them to a metal FENCE, the alley continuing beyond it. No time wasted - they scale it.

Perceval arrives - in time to see Erlick, landing on the other side. Spengler pulls himself over. Joins Erlick on the ground.

PERCEVAL
Shit, I'm not climbing this. Just combed my hair.

Erlick and Spengler turn to him, through the metal bars. Their eyes are of disbelief.

PERCEVAL
What's up?
(checks his hair)
What?

Perceval follows their gaze behind him - to Aaron, shivering with clenched fists.

PERCEVAL
(rolls up sleeves)
I just combed my hair.

Erlick and Spengler make for the fence, to join the fray.

PERCEVAL
Don't bother. He's mine.
(to Aaron)
No biting. I hate biting.

SPENGLER
Kick his ass, Percy.

ERLICK
(overlapping)
Do him, Percy. He's your woman.

PERCEVAL
Let's go. Let's have it. While we're still kids.

Nothing from Aaron - just a lot of balls.

PERCEVAL
Dick wad, let's go. Come on, you impotent little gonad.
(beat)
Your mother chokes on big, hard, veiny, purple-headed shlongs the size of...

All Aaron needs to hear. He charges - comatose.

And the pummeling begins. Perceval dictates the assault, landing BLOWS to the face and body.

Aaron - doing an impression of a punching bag. He wafts at air, left and right...

ERLICK
He's yours.

SPENGLER
Save some for us.

Someone blinks - and Aaron finds himself on the dirt, supine. Perceval looms over him, silhouetted against the sky.

He reaches for his zipper, doing that Perceval-thing. A look of recognition in Aaron's eyes - it's going to rain soon.

He reacts with knee-jerk reflects, administering a swift kick into Perceval's peeing apparatus. A faint SQUEAL eructs from the fellow's mouth. He drops like a wet tea bag.

Erlick. Spengler. Shock. Disbelief. Aaron gets to his feet, ready to book... but he doesn't. He stays.

ERLICK
What's he doing?

SPENGLER
Kick his ass, Percy.

Aaron stares at them, behind the fence. Then down at Perceval fetal position, mouth agape. Aaron reaches for his zipper ZIP, revenge presents itself.

ERLICK
That's cold.

SPENGLER
Kill him, Percy.

Aaron cranes himself over Perceval's face, over his open oral orifice. Contemplates his target.

Aaron - to pee or not to pee...

ZIP. He closes his fly. Steps away.

AARON
(to the boys)
Don't mess with me.

He struts out of the alley. Shifts into a mad sprint, adrenaline taking him away.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Horus sleeps. Mary enters from the hallway, hush-hush. She moves to the closet. Changes out of her clothes.

Not a stir from Horus - exercising stealth in his efforts to watch her, watching her sweater fall to the carpet.

Mary stands before the closet mirror. Does a profile check. She reaches for her bra... and from the mirror, catches Horus staring.

MARY
You're still up?

She moves behind the bathroom door. Self-conscious.

HORUS
Just get in?

Mary steps out of the bathroom, buttoning up her domestic attire. She nods affirmatively.

MARY
Nick's market. Are you sick?

HORUS
I can't sleep.

She goes to the bed. Palms his forehead with her right. Palms her own with the left, as reference.

Horus tilts his head away from her hand.

HORUS
Please, Mary.

MARY
You want some milk? I'll heat it up for you, how about that?

HORUS
No thank you.
(beat)
This Hancock's picking up Aaron, today?

MARY
Yes, he is.

He sits there in bed, struggling with the words. Mary continues dressing - oblivious.

HORUS
He'll take him home?

MARY
Yes.

HORUS
What do we know about this man? The papers... they don't have all the facts about him.

MARY
What facts? He's a hero.

HORUS
Yes. A hero. I know that...

MARY
Aaron likes him.

HORUS
I know that maybe, I've been neglectful... that I haven't been there...

Mary does not hear him. She's at the mirror, fixing her hair.

HORUS
(seriously)
I'm trying... you have to know... I'd like to be more... involved. Like it used to be. Before we moved here.
(notices Mary, applying lipstick)
Are you going somewhere?

MARY
No. I have to start on dinner. So how about that glass of milk?

Horus - shakes his head, annoyed.

MARY
All right. Try to get some sleep.

With that, she's out the door.

Horus alone in bed, staring into the vanity mirror at his wretched face.

He spots a brown paper BAG on the chair. Goes to inspect. Inside: Hancock's tattered trenchcoat. Oy, what does it mean?

Horus returns to bed, distraught. He buries himself under the cover.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Aaron races down the last leg of his street. On the steps of his apartment building - Hancock, making himself at home. Yes, a cigarette smolders from his lips.

Hancock looks at the boy. They share a second of silence.

And finally, Hancock puts out his hand - he approves. Aaron, triumphant, SMACKS it for five.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The dinner table. Post meal. Mid-digestion. Aaron is running off at the mouth.

AARON
... his mouth was open and he just stared up at me, it hurt that bad.

And while he narrates, Mary runs her fingers through his hair - a mother grooming her child. Meanwhile, Horus listens.

AARON
I said, "don't mess with me." Just like that. "Don't mess with me." Mom, remember that guy in the cop movie... he said that?

MARY
All right, already. How's your mouth?

AARON
It doesn't hurt, I told you.
(brushes her away)
He saw everything from the roof. Said I did what I had to do.

HORUS
(finally)
Aaron, tomorrow... I thought maybe you'd like it if I picked...

AARON
(to Mary; oblivious)
... He said tomorrow, he'd pick me up again...

AARON
... God, my friends will freak.

Horus, unheard, lets it go. Fades back to his meal.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Through the dim of light - Horus, alone, prepares for work.

A framed PHOTOGRAPH of a distinguished MAN (50's) sits on the shelf inside the closet - he poses in full police regalia, stern and proud.

Horus pauses to acknowledge the photograph. He closes the closet door.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

On the kitchen floor and under the light - Mary and Aaron, mother giving son a HAIRCUT.

MARY
Hold still.

AARON
I like it long.

MARY
Shut up.

Horus walks into the living room, in the dark. He looks at his wife, then at his son - doing their own thing. They don't realize he's there.

Horus leaves, the door CLICKS shut behind him.

MARY
Horus?

AARON
It's almost eight. Dad's late.

MARY
Horus?

She brushes hair off her apron. Moves into the living room, the bedroom - no husband. She goes to the front door. Opens it into the stairway outside.

There on the stairs and down below, Hancock stands. On his way up. They look at each other.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the kitchen and under the light, Mary. Hancock. Aaron. Mary is finishing up on Aaron, applying the last SNIP.

AARON
... like this?
(holds up hand)
How do you make a fist?

MARY
(grabs his head)
Aaron, hold it.

Hancock shoves his fist up close, almost between the boy's eyes. So there it is, the fist, this petrified mass of knuckles and bones. It SNARLS at Aaron.

Hancock holds it there, fingers locked together. Like he can't let go of them.

Aaron swallows, awestruck. Mary watches her guest, the change in him.

MARY
Hancock?

The sound of her voice takes him. He snaps out of it.

MARY
Hancock, it's your turn.

HANCOCK
What?

MARY
Your hair. Come on, have a seat.

AARON
Mom's gonna butcher your hair.

MARY
Shut up, kid. Hit the showers. And then homework.

AARON
Oh, mom. I want to talk to him. Tell her, Hancock.

Hancock shrugs a "what can I do."

AARON
Yeah, right. I know. I got to do what I got to do.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Big Haircut. Mary and Hancock - up close. Mary runs her fingers through his hair, testing his length. She leans into him. SNIP, goes her scissor.

Hancock, in his seat. Hard as marble. He seems a bit lost in her presence. Baffled.

From his position, the view consists of Mary - blossoming in her sweater.

And that's it. Not a word during this process - just the SOUND of their breaths.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hancock.

Erected before us, the immediate product of a mediocre haircut. He looks plain and un-super. He looks... goofy.

MARY
There. My hero.

He inspects himself via a hand MIRROR. Smiles. Politely.

MARY
How do you like it?

HANCOCK
Nice. Thank you.

Mary - peripatetic, putting away things...

MARY
I started out just trimming for Horus. Here and there. He had to look just right for the academy, says his father, a police captain there... in Philly. When we moved here, I pretty much took over as the resident barber. You know, to save some money.

HANCOCK
He was in the police academy?

A pause.

MARY
His father's idea. Not his. He went through it anyway, like he had something to prove...
(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)
the validation of his manhood.
(beat)
It took everything out of him. He didn't talk for days after he was cut. He took it real hard. I mean, still, he's not...
(edits herself)
... it was a difficult time for him.

HANCOCK
And what about you?

MARY
Me. I understand. I'm not intolerant of it, the working-through process. It's just, sometimes...
(at Hancock)
... I need his strength. I miss the strength.

HANCOCK
Is that what you want?

MARY
Want?

HANCOCK
What you need?

Mary realizes what she just said, who she just said it to.

MARY
(panicking)
The hair... I need to...

She kneels to sweep up hair. Hancock follows her down. They're eye to eye. Close.

HANCOCK
Mary?

MARY
Yes?

All the things he's seen, all the strength he possesses, Hancock can't find the courage to express himself. The moment just hangs there. Finally...

AARON (O.S.)
Mom?

Mary bursts from her perch. Regroups. Awkwardly. Aaron stands in the hallway, his hair still wet from the shower.

MARY
Yes.

Inside Aaron's head: My mother + Hancock? Nah!

AARON
... my mouth. It's starting to swell. I think he loosened a tooth.

Mary - maternal duty calls.

MARY
All right. Go to your room. I'll get the ice pack.

Aaron exits. Mary exits.

Hancock - alone and on his knees. He finally rises. Heads for the front door.

Mary returns with the ice pack. Catches him...

MARY
You're leaving?

HANCOCK
It's getting late.

MARY
I'm sorry.

HANCOCK
I'm going to take a walk.

MARY
Really? Where?

HANCOCK
I don't know.

Pause.

AARON (O.S.)
Mom.

MARY
I'm sorry.

She goes to him, without words to say. In this silence, he stares at her - his eyes, glazed with thought.

HANCOCK
(finally)
Good night, Mary.

MARY
Good night.

INT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - NIGHT

The clock - 9:45 pm.

The store rests in afterhour stillness. Horus paces by the side door, his ears pressed to the phone receiver - no answer.

He hangs up. Checks his watch. Goes to the front entrance and peers out at the street - no Roheim.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The bar. The smoke. The scums of humanity. Gina - over there, marketing her cleavage to anything with a pulse and a penis.

She mingles with a BAR FLY.

Her eyes locate Hancock entering, finding a seat.

From an adjacent stool, A MAN places his hand on Hancock's lap. Whispers to him.

MAN
I wear dresses. How about you?

HANCOCK
(considers; nah)
Get lost.

The warning comes across quite well - the man exits.

Gina saunters over, takes the vacancy. At the other end, the bar fly rises. Pays. Heads for the door.

GINA
(to bar fly)
Meet you outside. The El Camino, right?

The bar fly nods. Exits. Gina turns to Hancock. Takes his face in her hands, studies him.

GINA
Your eyes are calm. It's good.

She withdraws her hands.

HANCOCK
What?

GINA
But you're still here.

She rises. And as she makes for the exit...

GINA
Nice haircut.

Hancock watches as the night swallows her whole. He inhales the rest of his cigarette, pensive.

CUT TO:

INT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - NIGHT

The clock, it reads 1:05 am.

Horus, his flashlight, they're making their rounds. His routine takes him outside via an EXIT DOOR.

EXT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - NIGHT

A dark alley. Dumpsters. Boxes.

Horus peruses the premises. Heads around the building and to the street...

... as a RAGGED FIGURE collapses onto him. It's Roheim and he's been drinking, right?

HORUS
Dear God.

Horus catches him.

INT. WATANABE'S - NIGHT

They find a chair in the back, Horus positioning Roheim in the light. The old man isn't drunk, he's been seriously pummeled. His mouth is swollen, his face bruised, a chunk of lip dangles, bleeds.

We recognize the wounds on his face, they're imprints left by a skull ring - Scarpo's.

HORUS
Jesus.

Goes to the bathroom sink for some paper towels. Comes back to nurse the wounds.

ROHEIM
Figured I can get you by the front... but you weren't there.

HORUS
(dabbing the torn lip)
Who... what happened?

ROHEIM
They jumped me. That bastard Scarpo and his boys. They were waiting on me.

Returns to get more clean towels. And comes back.

HORUS
Why didn't you come through the back... standing out there in the dark?

ROHEIM
Couldn't find my keys. Must've dropped them in the fight.
(feels his lip)
Shit...

He works himself off the chair. Heads inside the bathroom.

HORUS
What're you doing?

ROHEIM
(into the mirror)
Look at what they did. Gave the old man a fat lip to match his big mouth. I'm for shit.

HORUS
(frustration)
Could you knock it off, please. Sit down so I can clean the cuts.

He leads the old wretch back to the chair.

ROHEIM
I'm a waste of skin...

HORUS
Stop.

ROHEIM
I'm too old for this.

HORUS
You're not old.

ROHEIM
Use to be, I blame the job. The job. I think, bullshit job. Not right for a man. "To observe and record..." I say, what the hell is that? Not for a man. It's for dogs. They got dogs doing this. D'only reason we're here, we don't shit on the carpet.

Horus looks away. Doesn't want to hear it.

ROHEIM
But you know what, Horus? That's all wrong. It ain't the job. The job don't make the man. It's me. Not the uniform. It starts right here... 'cause I'll fuck up my ABCs, I can't do anything right.
(grabs his sleeve)
I don't honestly know where I'd be if it weren't for you, Horus. You're a rock, man. You're the Rock of Gilbratar.

Horus winces, feeling underserving of the compliment.

EXT. RED-EYE MOTEL - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

On the rooftop of this motel. Hancock. On another end of a Marlboro. Eyes red. Hair in wet dishevelment. He's a mess.

HANCOCK
... got to do what you got to do.

He paces with nervous energy, pounding his fist into the other hand. We sense a decision brewing...

INT. THE LONGFELLOW BEDROOM - NIGHT

A desk clock points to 2:30 am.

Mary - awake undercover. She twists, turns...

A shadow engulfs the side of her wall, smothering the light in the room. Mary catches it. Rises above her blanket.

What she sees - outside the window, Hancock hanging there in non-gravity. He stares directly at her.

HANCOCK
I know you're up, Mary. I know you can hear me. Please meet me on the boardwalk tomorrow morning. Nine o'clock.
(gravely)
It's important, Mary.

And with that, he's off and away. Mary - stunned.

CUT TO:

INT. ROHEIM'S APARTMENT - DAY

We're in the staircase. Where Horus is, supporting Roheim up the stairs.

ROHEIM
You're too good to me, Horus.

HORUS
We're almost there.

They get to Roheim's door.

ROHEIM
Should be an extra key over the door.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

In the kitchen, Mary and Aaron - the morning routine. Something is off this morning, like someone threw a wrench into the machinery.

Mary appears a bit frazzled, handing her son toasts. She rushes back to the stove, her eggs beckoning.

AARON
The toast's burnt.

MARY
What?

Aaron inspects his Superman lunchbox.

AARON
We're late... you forgot the corn chips.

Mary serves up the eggs; sunny side up, and down, and all over the place.

MARY
Eat... and we'll go.
(checks her watch)
Where's your father?

She grabs a comb and proceeds to part Aaron's hair.

AARON
You forgot the corn...
(the comb snags)
... ouch!

MARY
I'm sorry, honey. I was hoping daddy'll be home before we leave. I'm sorry.

AARON
You having your period, mom?

She responds with a brisk slap to the head -- SMACK!

INT. ROHEIM'S APARTMENT - DAY

We enter an anal-retentively neat and manicured living room. Horus ushers Roheim in.

ROHEIM
Shoes.

The two pause. Horus, the full unwieldy weight of Roheim on him, manages to remove their shoes. Finally, they proceed into hallway...

ROHEIM
(directing)
... Door on the left.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Horus sets Roheim down on the bed. Tucks him under.

ROHEIM
I don't feel too good.

HORUS
Get some sleep.

ROHEIM
You don't understand, I really don't feel too good. You're gonna have to cover for me tonight.

HORUS
(it dawns on him)
I'll notify the agency for a replacement...

ROHEIM
... And tell them what, the old man got whupped by a bunch of street kids? The old man needs another day off?

Horus - weighing the implications.

ROHEIM
You need to cover for me.

Horus puts on a brave face, nods "I got it."

HORUS
Get some sleep.

INT. ROHEIM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Horus heads out. Pauses to take in the lonely existence of this man. Exits.

We hold on the empty living room for a beat. The bedroom door opens and out walks Roheim. Under his own strength. Feeling no pain. He walks to the fridge, retrieves TWO BOTTLES OF BEER... at which point the doorbell RINGS.

He takes the bottles with him, opens the door. There and before him - Scarpo. No look of shock, no recoil, no fright. And we find out why:

ROHEIM
Table's officially set for tonight.

SCARPO
Oughta' be a cake walk, pops.

Roheim stares at Scarpo for a beat, smiles, then hands him a bottle. When Scarpo reaches for it, he pulls it back, BREAKS the bottle over his head.

ROHEIM
(casually heads back inside)
That's for giving me the bloody lip.

SCARPO
(holds his head in pain)
Are you crazy, pops? You done told me to hit you hard.

ROHEIM
I didn't tell you to enjoy it like you did. Now quit your moaning and let's go over it one more time.

They sit at the kitchen table. Roheim hands his son a paper towel for his head.

ROHEIM
We'll show that cunt mom of yours a thing or two 'bout walking out on us.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Horus struggles homeward, his mind in a headlock with despair, self-doubt, a combination thereof.

He moves down his street. Looks ahead, finds Clyde at the front steps pillaging his morning paper. Clyde spots Horus on the approach. Smiles with impunity. Goes back in.

On Horus - you can boil an egg in his seething mouth.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Fist clenched, the morning paper under his arm - Horus steadies down the hallway. His eyes target the door at the end of the hall, seeing red.

He gets there, the door. He swallows. Wipes sweat off his hand. KNOCK. And again, KNOCK.

He fidgets in his spot, courage evaporating with every elapsed second. Until finally, Horus is a pile of dung.

The door opens.

And Clyde emerges, tall and ugly. He's holding up his pants with one hand and the SPORTS PAGE with the other. Caught in mid-defecation, he is none too happy.

CLYDE
The box scores are waiting and I got an inch of meat sticking out of my ass. Make it snappy.

HORUS
(losing his voice)
I'd like my sports page, please.

CLYDE
You what?

HORUS
I want you to stop taking my sports page.

CLYDE
All right.

Clyde closes the door. Horus - thunderstruck.

He stutter-steps... KNOCKS...

CLYDE
(agitated)
What's the matter, you deaf? I'll stop taking your sports page. Now get out of here and let me--

HORUS
(interrupts)
--I want today's sports page.

CLYDE
You what?

HORUS
That there... my sports page.

CLYDE
What's gotten in to you? All of a sudden? You don't even like football.

Horus does not budge.

CLYDE
You'll get it back after I take my dump.

Clyde proceeds to close the door... but Horus interjects with his foot in the door.

HORUS
No.

CLYDE
What?

HORUS
No. I would like my sports page now. Please.

CLYDE
After I finish.

HORUS
I'd prefer it now.

CLYDE
What's eating you, Longfella? You crazy?

Without warning, Horus wrests the sports page from Clyde's arm - a kamikaze move, indeed.

CLYDE
(shocked)
Give that back.

Horus lunges at his hulking opponent, lands a punch into Clyde's midsection. Harmless - it tickles him, maybe.

CLYDE
Why'd you go and do that for?

Clyde belts up has pants. Roles up his sleeves... and the massacre commences.

He simply tears into Horus... BLOWS to the stomach... RIGHTS across the face. It ends quickly and without resistance - as if Horus accepted it as fate.

Clyde kneels over. Picks up the sports page. And as if yawning, returns to his room.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

By the fence - Mary and Aaron.

Mary, with a brown paper BAG, seems distant, preoccupied in a far away place.

AARON
Are you all right, mom?

MARY
(distracted)
Yeah... why?

AARON
You're acting weird.

MARY
(didn't hear)
What?

AARON
I'm late for class. Go home, mom. I think it's time for your nap.

Aaron leaves.

Pensive, Mary begins her walk... to the boardwalk.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The door swings open to admit Horus, battered and disoriented. He confronts an empty apartment.

HORUS
Mary!

A deaf ear. No one's there to console him. He storms out of the apartment.

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

The ocean RAGES against the shore, in the distance and at some muffled volume.

Up against the railing leans Hancock, and the remains of a cigarette. His hair drips of salt water - he's been here a while, one would suspect.

COP (O.S.)
Come back here! Stop him!

In the background, a COP commences pursuit on a THIEF.

Said thief dashes by an indifferent Hancock. The cop follows suit, passing by.

COP
Stop him!

Hancock - his gaze wavers not from the distant waters.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Horus stumbles. Keeps his balance. Trudges down the street to a corner BAR.

INT. BAR - DAY

The bar is empty at this hour. The chairs are up, the floor swept. A husky BARTENDER unloads liquor in the back.

Horus enters. Finds a stool.

HORUS
I'm here to exercise my primordial right.
(pounds the counter)
Man's gotta enjoy himself.

The bartender comes out, considers this man's appearance.

HORUS
Is this a bar or what? Drink.
(uncomfortable with his own rudeness)
Please.

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

Mary stands there on the boardwalk, the bag in her arms.

It's cold this morning. A little wind has picked up. And the clouds - they're alive, restless.

She finds Hancock, staring at her, waiting for her.

HANCOCK
Hi.
(embarrassed)
Thank you for being here.

MARY
Is everything all right?

Hancock has no response.

MARY
What's wrong?

HANCOCK
(constipated; following some thought)
It's cold.

Mary and Hancock - we notice, they look good together.

HANCOCK
(at the clouds)
They're moving. The turbulence has started.

MARY
Tell me what's wrong.

He points to the distant ocean - where the horizon curves into darkness.

HANCOCK
Look out there and what do you see, Mary?

MARY
(perplexed)
Nothing. I don't know... I don't see anything.

HANCOCK
It's out there. But you can't see it, can you?
(beat; holding on to a thread)
And that's good, not seeing. But for me, I've seen it. It's where I'm from... out there.

MARY
Please, Hancock. What are you talking about? What's out there?

HANCOCK
Duty.
(beat; at Mary)
You ask a man, Mary, and he'll tell you. He'll say: "you do what you have to do." Or what? You let the next guy do it for you, if you don't... if you can't.
(losing it)
And... but... if I can't, then who? The next guy? No. There is no "I can't." Just "I must."

Mary - watching a grown superman unravel.

HANCOCK
And I don't ask, "Why me?" I don't ask, "For how much longer?" I don't question it. I am it. I go in, I clean up, I make things right.
(beat; staring out at the ocean)
And. But. I'm starting to wonder now. Where does it end? When will the hemorrhage stop? It's everywhere, it's out there, it's in here...
(points to his head)
... All that I can do, Mary, I can't blink away the hell I've seen. It's in here and it's making we wonder: What for? WHAT THE HELL FOR?

MARY
Hancock... what...

HANCOCK
I just want to let go, Mary. Or I'll break. Or I'll do something. Something bad.
(at Mary)
I need to get away. Get away to where? I don't know. I need your help.

MARY
Me? What can I do?
(helpless)
What do you want me to do?

HANCOCK
I want you to save me.

MARY
How?

Hancock leans forward. Towards Mary. And kisses her.

Their lips lock, twisted and entwined... until Mary, composing her senses, pulls away.

MARY
Don't.

HANCOCK
(desperate)
Don't you want to let go, too?

A beat; Mary considers his words.

MARY
I can't.

HANCOCK
You can.
(the hard sell)
Mary, I'll take you away. And Aaron. And I'll show you what... I'll get an apartment, like a real... like a Domestic Man. And I'll get a job. I'll do anything, flip burgers, sit behind a desk. Let me show you...

MARY
(overlapping)
... I'm married.

A pause.

HANCOCK
Let me prove it...

MARY
... I love him.

The kryptonite death blow.

HANCOCK
No.
(turns from her)
Unacceptable.

MARY
I love him. I'm sorry...

HANCOCK
(POUNDS his fist)
... But what if I insist?

Mary, frightened, does her best to maintain her composure. Hancock backs off...

HANCOCK
(grabs his face with both hands)
... No, I'm sorry. I'm very sorry.

One can almost hear life's precious air seeping out of this superman. He'd slump over if not for the muscles of steel.

Mary wants to console... but what can she do?

HANCOCK
I'm cold.

Mary hands him the contents of the bag - the trenchcoat. And without a word, she leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. BRADLEY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Aaron. The school hallway. He holds a wooden hall PASS, indicating that class is in session.

He swings into the BOYS ROOM.

INT. BOYS ROOM - DAY

An empty restroom. Little Aaron passes up on the urinals. Selects a private STALL. ZIP - urination begins. Aaron shakes off the last drop... PLOP.

And that's the cue for the adjacent stalls; arms like tentacles surface from below, shackle Aaron at the ankles. From behind, the stall door opens...

Guess who?

Perceval - possessed. He grabs the back of Aaron's head. Introduces it to the yellowed waters below.

SPLASH - the head goes in, submerged. What Aaron sees for the next several seconds: yellow, the thrashing of bubbles, the shine of white porcelain at intimate range.

What he hears: the GASPING of his own breath, GURGLE, and wicked LAUGHTER.

The ambush ends. Perceval. Erlick. Spengler. One of them says...

THEM
(mockingly)
"Don't mess with me."

They leave, laughing.

THEM
(in the distant)
Little shit.

Left there and in the stall - Aaron. Slumped against the bowl. On the tile floor. A wet rag of piss.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Mary, adrenaline coursing wild, hurries into the room.

She runs down the hallway to her bedroom, seeking solace in Horus. The cold, empty bed says he hasn't been home.

MARY
Horus...

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

The school front. KIDS swarm into the streets, freshly released from captivity. And there amidst bedlam - Aaron, roughed-up and soiled in disgrace.

He moves to the curb, waiting for someone to take him away. No Hancock, anywhere.

Aaron waits, hopeful.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Hancock walks an aimless walk. Into the oblivion of a WHISKEY BOTTLE. He's been drinking.

In his path and up ahead, a little girl SUE (8) beckons at the upper branches of a tree.

SUE
(so innocent, her voice)
Hymie. Come down, Hymie.

Mr. Superhero stumbles by.

SUE
Mister? My Hymie won't come down from the tree.

Off Hancock's "what?" reaction...

SUE
... My pussycat. She won't come down.

She stares up at him with big, blue, sad, helpless, innocent eyes.

So cool, Hancock reaches down for a PEBBLE - takes it in his palm. Finds the little pussy named Hymie. And with a simple flick of the wrist... shoots it down.

A sharp MEOW punctuates the task. Hymie drops from the branch, limp and lifeless. A THUD we hear on impact.

SUE
(so innocent, her voice)
Holy fuck.

Hancock resumes his course, taking off and into the wet sky.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Hancock's drunken flight - erratic and dangerously close to... BAM... buildings. He strikes the corner of a brick tower, plummeting downward with the dislocated debris.

He bounces off the concrete alley.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Mary is on the sofa - wondering where Horus might be. She checks her watch.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

The place is empty. Deserted.

Aaron. On the curb. Some trash flutters by his feet. On his face - the abandonment of all hope. Nobody's coming, this is clear.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Hancock - on his back and amidst the rubble.

He braces the building to get up. Drops. Doesn't get up. It's kind of comfortable here, here in this alley, alone and undisturbed...

AARON
(breathing hard)
... Hi.

Nothing from Hancock.

AARON
(the smile fades)
I saw you come down. Where were you today? You said you'd... be there.

Hancock - looking over Aaron's abused frame.

HANCOCK
I don't know what you're talking about.

He gets to his feet, makes his way out of the alley.

AARON
(follows)
Where are you going? Can I go?

HANCOCK
You don't want to go where I'm going.

AARON
Those assholes got me in the bathroom, today...
(trying to hold on)
... and you said you'd pick me up at school.

Hancock turns. He's upset now.

HANCOCK
Listen.

Aaron recoils.

HANCOCK
Listen. I'm not here to save you. No, not my job. Don't put that on me.
(pounds his chest)
Not my problem. Not on my shoulders. Deal with it, kid. You are what you are and...
(MORE)

HANCOCK (CONT'D)
what I say, it won't do you any change. You'll grow up to be just like your old man. A coward. Not a damn thing you can do about it... 'cept grab both ankles, hope by the grace of God the reaming's gentle.

Aaron backs away from his angry wrath.

HANCOCK
That's right. Walk away. Me... I'm not here to save you.

He watches Aaron break into a run - another youngster dashed against the rocks of disappointment.

In Hancock's eyes - a glint of regret.

INT. BAR - DAY

This empty bar.

With the exception of Horus and the bartender; while he's drying some mugs, let's call him JOEY (30).

HORUS
(boozed)
One more.

Joey studies him. He takes a mug and begins to fill it...

HORUS
No... nevermind.
(going to blow)
Where's your bathroom?

JOEY
(not in my place)
Bathroom's closed.

Horus politely stands - teeters a bit.

HORUS
How much.

JOEY
(sarcasm)
Let's see... that's one beer. Tell you what. I'll take care of this one.

HORUS
Thank you.

JOEY
The register ain't open yet, anyhow.

Horus doesn't hear him. He's already on the move, making a dash for the door. But too late - he VOMITS at the front entrance.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The front door opens, but slowly. Aaron steps inside.

From the kitchen, Mary spots him in his violated condition. He sees her reaction, that of shock... and like that, he runs sobbing into her arms.

EXT. HADES - DAY

In the armpit of town - Hancock. He lights a cigarette with the matchbook Gina had given him earlier.

At attention before him - Gina. Gnawing on her gum. Heaving in all her glory.

GINA
I've been waiting.

They stare for one horny beat.

Hancock moves into her. Buries his head into her bosoms, looking for solace. She takes him in, very maternal this Gina.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHEEPSHEAD BAY - NIGHT

There is movement in the sky above - aggressive formations and grooves in clouds once coy and demure. The wind HUMS its presence, toys with fallen leaves.

EXT. HADES - NIGHT

A phone booth in the back alley - Gina's office.

There and in this glass booth, we find Hancock and Gina. Their organs ensnared. Pumping away. Up. Down.

A surreal sight, indeed; the red of his cape and the black of her leather.

GINA
Come on, baby. Relax.

HANCOCK
I can't.

GINA
You can.

The phone begins to RING. They don't answer. They're busy.

HANCOCK
I can't.

GINA
Let go, baby. Just let go...

RING...

HANCOCK
(in tears)
I can't.

His arm rips through the glass...

GINA
... go.
(orgasms)
Oh god.

HANCOCK
I can't!

RING...

He DRILLS a hole into the phone with his fist. Kills it.

GINA
Don't give up, now.

He lets her down. Tears out of the booth. Finds the sky.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's dinner, but all is not well. Mary and Aaron and an empty chair.

They sit without talking. They eat without making a sound. Between them... a ketchup bottle.

The door bursts wide, coughing up Horus. He staggers in, locates his chair, plops on it... misses... kisses the carpet.

HORUS
(on the ground; prone)
Son. Go to your room.

Struggles to his knees.

MARY
What happened to you?

AARON
Dad, are you wasted?

MARY
Where... Aaron, he's not wasted. Go to your room.

AARON
He <u>is</u> wasted.

Horus rises, under great difficulty. Feels his way to the sofa. When Mary tries to assist, he waves her away.

HORUS
Aaron. Go to your room.

AARON
But dad...

MARY
(with authority)
Go!

Aaron obliges, at a reluctant pace.

MARY
What do you think you're doing, Horus Longfellow?

Horus gauges her.

HORUS
Don't "Horus Longfellow" me, Mary. I'm not your child. I'm your husband.

MARY
Horus, what're you talking about?
(re: bruises)
Who did this to your face?

Horus rises from his seat with mustered strength.

HORUS
(oblivious)
But you didn't know about me...

Mary knows where this is headed.

HORUS
You didn't know I was going to do this to you.
(a half-chuckle)
I guess I should've known. We were married and I knew... at the reception. I couldn't dance so I sat in the back and watched. You were with Stuart Olmsted and I watched you dance. In your white dress. And I remember zoning out... for a second, just watching you. God, Mary... the little girl next door who used to get into fist fights with her brothers in those patched-up Toughskins. We met only 'cause the tallest tree in the neighborhood was in my backyard and you needed to climb it.
(beat)
But that night. God, you looked so beautiful I had to realize it... how much I loved you... one more time.
(beat)
You and Stuart danced. Laughed. And I remember I'm watching you there, with him... together like that. You looked good with him, I thought all of a sudden. Like you belong... better. And as I stared across the floor, it was the same story with all the guys there, that they were more right for you.
(swallows)
More right because that night, you walked in with the wrong man.

MARY
Why do you say that?

HORUS
Because I let you down.
(beat)
I'm a coward. I can't do anything about it. Look at me, I'm breaking up in front of you. And God, I fear the day when I'd have to defend you and Aaron. What do I do, then? What am I if I can't do that... my own wife, family? Not a man.

MARY
(ballistic)
You're a fool, that's what you are. Did you think I was completely blind when I married you? Something cuts at your masculine ego and it's the pressure...
(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)
the standard's unreasonable. The woman, she wants me to part oceans. That's the kind of bull shit's made of. I went through it... I was there when the hurt came, when the academy said no. I was there. And when you felt like hiding... from me and your own son, taking the U-Rent job, I stepped forward. I was there. It was you, Horus Longfellow. Not me. I didn't take the love away. I'm still here.

Horus stands there - tears, almost. He takes to the closet, retrieving his U-Rent Security jacket. He grabs his security hat. Straightens his hair. Puts it on.

MARY
Horus, what are you doing?

Inserts the flashlight into his holster.

HORUS
All that I can do, Mary.

And with that, stumbles out of the front door.

MARY
Horus!

INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

A dark room somewhere. Close on the top of a dresser - a framed picture of a happy Ted "the police captain" Brock. The picture begins to RATTLE.

It comes from a BED nearby and it's ROCKING the room. A GIRL, obscured from view, is riding... writhing in her position, over Hancock. She's doing the best she can.

GIRL
Come on, baby. What's... wrong?

The picture of Ted "the police captain" Brock succumbs to the rattle. It DROPS off the dresser and...

DREAM SEQUENCE - SOMEWHERE

... EXPLODES into the rage and fury of an apartment fire. Casualties come in the form of CRIES, women and children on the verge of incineration.

Hancock's POV: a burning hallway, flames spewing from every crevice - we're walking through Hell.

We see a BOY, huddled under a table. Hancock wraps his cape around him. Bolts through the inferno... as glass SHATTERS... and gas pipes ERUPT.

He takes the boy to safety. Unwraps the cape... only to see the CHARRED remains of a human BODY...

... the CRIES, they continue...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON

a TV SET: familiar cooking program plays.

HOSTESS
... If you happen to run out of oranges for your picnic marmalade, a perfectly good improvisation is this:
(she holds up a SMALL CITRUS FRUIT)
Anybody recognize this versatile little bugger?

STUDIO AUDIENCE
KUMQUATS!

We pull back from the TV set, revealing an otherwise dark room. We hear the SQUEAKING OF BED SPRINGS. But not for long - the squeaking suddenly stops. A woman's VOICE says...

VOICE (O.S.)
... Can we turn that damn thing off?
(beat; no answer)
What's the matter?

HANCOCK
I need a cigarette.

VOICE
You what? We'll leave it on if it makes you...

HANCOCK
(losing it)
... I need a cigarette, goddamn it!

He storms from the bed. Heads for the bathroom.

VOICE
I don't smoke. What's wrong with you?

She rises after him and into view - it's no other than the TV reporter, in the flesh. She bounces over to the bathroom, as the door SLAMS SHUT.

REPORTER
What're you doing?

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Hancock stares into the mirror - a face in the latter stages of deterioration.

And in disgust, he swipes EVERYTHING off the sink.

REPORTER (O.S.)
What're you doing in there! I'm calling the police.

Hancock drops his pants.

Straight-arms the wall with his left. And with his right, latches on to his magnanimous member.

Outside and beyond the door, the reporter has her ear pressed against wood - listening.

So there our superhero stands, bent over a bit, yanking up a storm. His body convulses under said stimulation. He GROWLS...

Cue for the reporter to back away.

REPORTER
Jesus...

Hancock stiffens, in full throttle. Full. Throttle...

He GROWLS... up and into a fevered pitch... and BOOM, we hear a baby explosion. The reporter leaps back.

Beat.

The bathroom door flies open. Hancock emerges, buttoning his pants. He brushes past her. Finds the window... and with a gush of wind, he's off.

The reporter turns back to the bathroom. Looks inside. Debris everywhere, in shambles. Smoke. And in the ceiling, a GAPING HOLE - seething still from the launch.

Outside and on the TV set:

HOSTESS
... Kumquats in my marmalade, kumquats in my fruit punch, kumquats in my pie!

EXT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - NIGHT

The store bathroom.

Horus - his reflection in the mirror. He stares at himself. Disgust.

He washes his face.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Hancock's P.O.V. - a blurred, wobbly image of an alley. He takes a swig from a fresh bottle of whiskey.

He turns a corner... a dark FIGURE jumps him... knocks him against the wall... GUN pointed. It is the Hoodlum from before...

HOODLUM
Scream and I blow...
(not you again!)
... oh shit.

Hancock in a foul mood. He brushes the Hoodlum away, sending flesh and bone against the opposite wall. SNAP goes the landing.

The Hoodlum. Dead.

Hancock - realization. He hastens to the body, limp now, broken now. BLOOD spills from a wound in the Hoodlum's head.

He backs away. Horrified. Drunk. Hancock falls against the wall, drops to the ground, stares at his own boody hands...

HANCOCK
... No.
(louder)
No!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Aaron's bedroom. Mary - on the bed, rocking Aaron to sleep as she finishes off a familiar melody...

MARY
(stroking his hair)
"Once there was a way, to get back homeward..."

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Hancock listens.

MARY (V.O.)
"... once there was a way, to get back home..."

Her voice grips him. Torments him...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary. Aaron.

MARY
"Sleep pretty darling, do not cry. And I will sing a lullaby..."
(whispering)
Good night, darling.

Kisses him.

AARON
Thanks, mom.

MARY
Sleep tight.

She leaves. Aaron stops her by the door.

AARON
Mom. Tomorrow always feel better.

MARY
(smiles)
Really?

AARON
Probably.

INT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - NIGHT

Horus. On a chair, his face buried in his two hands. He sits alone, concealed in the darkness.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mary. In the kitchen, trying to sift through pieces of the evening. She finds no comfort.

She stares at the PHONE.

INTERCUT

Horus picks up the OFFICE PHONE. Dials. Waits. BUSY SIGNAL.

INTERCUT

Mary, on the phone, also gets a BUSY SIGNAL. They've called each other at the same time.

She moves to the sink. Looks out at the night. The wind is alive. And dark clouds are on the move. And now this - Hancock. Levitating outside her window. Looking like the eye of the storm. At once horrifying, at once pathetic.

He begins to circle the building. A slow desperate flight around the apartment. He's thinking... he's wrestling with himself... with inner demons... so around and around he goes... until finally... he's gone.

Silence. Mary backs away from the window. Where is he? Not knowing is far worse. But then again, not really - the doorbell RINGS...

MARY
(oh no)
Who... who is it?

No answer on the other side. She swallows, takes her long walk to the door. She starts to put the chain lock on, realizes what's the point, realizes there's no way out. Mary opens the door.

There. Who else. Hancock. He holds a BOUQUET OF WEEDS in his bloody hands. He doesn't say a word. He doesn't have to. The blood-red of his eyes portends nothing but bad news.

AARON (O.S.)
(standing sleepless in the hallway)
Who is it, mom?

MARY
(betraying nothing)
Go back inside, hon. Mommy's going for a little walk.

She grabs her coat, starts to walk out the door...

HANCOCK
(steps in)
... I was thinking we'd fly.

Hancock takes Mary by the hand, lifts her into his arms, and with a running start, EXPLODES through the glass window.

AARON
MOM!

The superhero springs into the night... with his woman.

AARON
(what do I do?)
DAD!

EXT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - NIGHT

Scarpo. His thugs. Making their way to the back exit.

SCARPO
Wire cutters.

Thug #1 holds it up, nods. He smiles, proffers Roheim's keys.

SCARPO
(re: Watanabe's)
Stick a tongue in her, she's done.

They all don their HOODS.

INT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - NIGHT

From the depths of defeat, Horus reacts, rises, his attention focused on the RATTLING OF KEYS.

Roheim? Roheim lost his keys...

The back door creeps open. Our hooded hoodlums enter, under great stealth.

THUG #1
(whispering)
Stop grabbing my ass, man.

Horus takes refuge behind the locker, allows them to pass. He makes his way over to the phone, dials... NO DIAL TONE. The phone is dead.

SCARPO
Spread out.
(fingers his skull ring)
And let the hunt begin.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

A deserted park of rusted swing-sets and overgrown foliage. The hollow, BURNT-OUT BODY OF A CAR sits in the sandbox. Not a soul in sight, not even transients.

One figure stands out amidst the urban detritus. It's Mary. She is alone. Before the obvious question is asked, it is answered - Hancock descends from the dark sky.

He carries what appears to be a bundled-up BED SHEET.

MARY
What're we doing here?

He tosses the contents of the bed sheet on the ground. We see scavenged food, a six pack of beer, some police flares.

MARY
You don't have to prove anything to...

HANCOCK
... Look around, Mary. Whaddaya see? It's a perfect day for a picnic.
(borderline crazed)
So we're gonna dine, see. And imbibe, all right. And then we're gonna talk into the wee wee hours of the deep dark night. I believe it's called bonding.

MARY
Why are you so angry?

HANCOCK
(smacks his head)
It's the haircut, Mary. I'm really really pissed.

CUT TO:

INT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON

shoes, shoes running, running for dear life. Horus, pursued by Scarpo and thugs, dash through the store - he's been spotted. He ducks into the women apparel area, hides behind rows of dresses.

Scarpo. His thugs. They close in, circle him, their flashlights crisscrossing the dark store looking for him.

Horus backs towards the storefront window, staying low, staying alive. Then, like crosshairs finding its target, a flashlight beam finds Horus' forehead.

THUG #2
Bingo.

Soon, all flashlight beams are upon him, backing him towards the front.

SCARPO
Coupla' ways we can do this.

Horus, arms up, steals a look at his watch. Then, as if waiting, as if hoping, he eyes the street behind him.

SCARPO
(re: the butt of his gun)
We can do this the unconscious way...
(re: the barrel)
... or we can do this the dead way.
What's it gonna be?

No answer from Horus.

SCARPO
Let's let Lady Luck decide.

And with that, he twirls his gun... stops it...

SCARPO
(holding the barrel)
The dead way it is.

On this cue, a police car drives by. Just like it does every night. Horus ducks, lets the flashlight beams escape into the street...

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

... and alerting Officer Rutger's sleepy eye.

RUTGER
What was that?

Officer Adams, the driver, stops the car. Both cops turn their gaze into Watanabe's Shopping Emporium, just in time to see a frenzied light show of flashlight beams inside.

INT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - NIGHT

Scarpo. Thugs. They all scatter, realizing what they've just done.

SCARPO
Kill the lights, kill the lights!

Out goes the flashlights. Outside, the police vehicle pulls over, stops. Out comes Rutger and Adams.

THUGS
(in unison)
D'fuck did Nutri-cop go... ? Aw man, this ain't good... We're fucked...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

First thing we see: the hollow burnt-out body of the car is now a PICNIC TABLE. Hammered and molded into shape by Hancock.

Police flares function as candles. The open hood now doubles as a BBQ pit. Mary sits obediently, stares at a pathetic buffet of superhero cuisine: BURNT HOT DOGS, BURNT BEER NUTS, BURNT CHICKEN WINGS, BURNT PRETZELS.

HANCOCK
Eat up and be Mary!

And with that, he takes a swig of whiskey, holds up a police flare, and blowtorches a hotdog in his bare hand.

MARY
What... what are you doing?

HANCOCK
I'm wooing you. This is me wooing you. How am I doing?
(off Mary's look)
Wait, wait...
(holds up a BOOMBOX)
You haven't seen me dance.

MARY
(trembling before his insanity)
Why, Hancock? Why... ?

HANCOCK
(pounds his chest)
BECAUSE I DESERVE IT!

He takes another swig of whiskey, spots something out of the corner of his eye - a S.W.A.T. officer, getting into position. And another. And so on, so forth.

EXT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - NIGHT

Rutger. Adams. Standing before Watanabe's Shopping Emporium.

ADAMS
(gazing into the dark showroom floor)
Could be the guards making their rounds.

RUTGER
I saw three or four beams. Something isn't right.

ADAMS
(signs; more work)
All right, partner. Get the shotgun.

INT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - NIGHT

Scarpo. The thugs. Looking out at the street from their hiding perch, looking at about five to ten for armed robbery. They're in hysterics.

ANGLE ON

Horus, sneaking past them in the background. He's trying to get outside to get the officers' attention.

EXT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - NIGHT

Adams withdraws his gun, awaits his partner's return.

RUTGER
(from the car)
We got something big going down.
(listens to his dispatch)
Shit, all units.

ADAMS
D'hell's going on?

RUTGER
The Cap sounds like he's chewing the rag.

ADAMS
Fuck, what do we do with this?

RUTGER
This is a wrap. Come on, let's roll!

ADAMS
I don't like the smell of this shit.

INT. WATANABE'S DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON

Horus, his complexion the color of liquid paper, watches the red and blue light fade into the night.

ANGLE ON

Scarpo. Thugs. Disbelief would be an understatement.

THUG #1
What the...

SCARPO
They're taking off...

THUG #2
Fucking no way.

ANGLE ON

Horus, seizing the moment, breaks into a mad run for the back exit. The thugs give chase but they're too late - he's gone.

THUGS
We lost him! He got away!

SCARPO
I don't think we have to worry about him.
(re: TV)
Check this out, fellas.

The DISPLAY TV: tuned to a developing situation. The woman reporter, in hushed tones, delivers the pipe.

REPORTER
... blocked off the streets. Already, orders for more substantial fire power have been requested by the commissioner's office as police surround the park in an all-out confrontation with Hancock, superhero-turned-renegade.
(beat)
The evening started when police got a call from a little boy who claimed his mother was kidnapped by...

SCARPO
You guys know what this means?

THUG #2
We're off the hook, man.

SCARPO
The store's ours.

THUG #3
What if the guard comes back?

SCARPO
If my old man is right, Nutri-cop ain't coming back.

In unison - their FLASHLIGHTS flick on.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

On Horus - as he swallows, backing away and down the street. See coward run. See coward hide. He disappears around the corner...

... but something pulls him back. He reappears, thinking, staring at his feet. Destiny awaits him.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Aaron, said "little boy," sits at the kitchen table. A BEAT COP sits across from him, babysitting. In the living room, the wind howls through the gaping window where Hancock had exited.

AARON
I want my Dad...

BEAT COP
(I hate kids)
... We tried calling but we didn't get an answer. Aight? Now quit your cryin'.
(beat)
Now I gotta go use the toilet, aight? Don't you go nowhere and make me look stupid.

He stands, heads towards the bathroom...

BEAT COP
(pointing his finger)
... Don't make me look stupid. Aight?

As soon as he closes the bathroom door, Aaron's already staring at the front door. He's going to make the guy look stupid.

EXT. BLOCK - NIGHT

POLICE UNITS flood this once quiet and forgotten park. S.W.A.T. teams ooze from vans. COPS kneel behind their cars, guns cocked.

We SEE Ted Brock - he's on the radio, hammering out orders. He looks pissed.

Rutger and Adams arrive. They take position next to fellow COPS.

ADAMS
What's with the Cap? All acting like someone fucked his wife or something.

Nervous smiles from the fellas.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

CLOSE ON

the boombox, playing a slow elegant number.

Hancock. Mary. In a slow awkward dance. He is completely unperturbed by the mounting police activities around him. Mary, trying to stay calm, isn't as carefree.

As the music plays... as the police flares burn out... as the alcohol wears off... Hancock simply stares at her. In his eyes, he knows it's over.

MARY
You're a good man.

HANCOCK
No.

MARY
(an eye of the police build-up)
No matter how bad it gets... or bad it feels, you'll always be a good man. That's who you are.

Nothing from Hancock - she's getting through to him.

INT. WATANABE'S DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

Scarpo. The Thugs. They sack the emporium, unimpeded.

INT. BACK EXIT - NIGHT

The silhouette figure of Horus - it enters the back room, bracing the wall for silence. He moves into the store.

From his vantage, several beams of light slice the darkness they indicate the positions of the thugs.

Horus sneaks in, heads for the second floor.

INT. SPORTING GOODS SECTION - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Thug #3 peruses this department.

Moving across the floor on bent knee - Horus, concocting some desperate strategy. He moves to the GUN counter. Slips his hand underneath and withdraws a hidden KEY.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Scarpo - stuffing his bag with merchandise. He waves Thug #2 over.

SCARPO
Take the show upstairs.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

The gun counter. Horus loads a .45 - it's foreign to his hand.

He rolls out in search for Thug #3, who is by the BASEBALL aisle. Horus cocks the .45 in pursuit. Sidles up behind him.

THUG #2 (O.S.)
(from behind)
Behind you!

Thug #3 swings around with a Louisville Slugger - it swipes the .45 from Horus's hand. Horus: "I'm screwed."

Thug #3 promptly knocks Horus against the BAT rack. Bats roll, spray the floor. Thug #3 slips hard on his approach, landing heavy on his head.

Thug #2 comes running, gun raised. Horus dives for a loose bat, his swing greeting Thug #2 in the face. CRUNCH, he goes down for the count.

Horus stands over the two bodies - as surprised as we are.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Scarpo - in full alert. He's heard the commotion upstairs.

SCARPO
Guys?
(no answer)
Fuck me.

He drops his loot. Heads for the second floor, cocking his gun.

INT. ELECTRONICS SECTION - THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT,

Thug #1, he's writhing to music under the privacy of headphones - unaware of Horus behind him... Thug #1 whirls around with a gun, catching Horus off guard.

Horus responds with a FLASH he had acquired from the camera section - the burst of light momentarily blinds the thug.

And a quick SNAP of the bat takes out Thug #1. Horus dispenses of the camera, his adrenaline raging. He commandeers the free gun, heads downstairs.

But the TV stops him... it displays the siege at the park.

REPORTER
... again, we believe that this is a hostage situation. Officials refuse to comment but we believe Hancock has abducted a woman, the identity of whom we do not yet know...

HORUS
(horror dawns on him)
Mary.

He's off, slowing to a ginger descent at the stairs. Makes his way down to the second floor... where he is greeted by a GUN NOZZLE, pressed against his temple.

SCARPO
You're starting to piss me off.

He pushes Horus down the remaining steps.

INT. SECOND FlOOR - NIGHT

Horus rolls to a halt. Scarpo greets him there... pulling him up by the hair... knees him in the gut.

Horus drops to the floor in a fetal position. Scarpo stands over him menacingly. Cocks his gun...

SCARPO
... Your move.

Horus uncoils an accurate kick to Scarpo's groin. Scarpo - a dumbfounded look entwined in pain. He drops.

Horus goes for the gun. A struggle ensues... BANG! Horus grimaces, sees blood - Scarpo's blood. He rolls over, gurgles up more of it.

SCARPO
Help me...

Horus, ever "the good man," obliges dutifully. He rips open Scarpo's shirt to find the wound, uses it to stop the bleeding.

HORUS
I'm sorry, I'm so sorry...

... And then he sees it... a TATTOO on Scarpo's shoulder: "Olga." Scarpo stares up at him, smiles ruefully...

SCARPO
Mom.

And with that, he takes his last breath. Horus backs away, thinks, adds Scarpo and Olga together, gets...

EXT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - NIGHT

... Roheim. Across the street. Hidden in a dark alley. He knows something is wrong.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHEEPSHEAD BAY - NIGHT

Those clouds that shroud the sky with gloom.

They begin to surge - a CRACKLE of lightning echoes through the neighborhood. And the rain begins to pour.

EXT. BLOCK - NIGHT

All right, so this block is squared off, surrounded. The local police force and your cousins are here, ready to pounce on cue.

Ted "the pissed-off police captain" Brock stands by his vehicle, screaming out orders. Finally, Chad hands him a BULL HORN...

TED
(to his men)
We ready for this?

CHAD
Sir. Are you sure we need to do this?
(off Ted's look)
It's just, they appear to be dancing.
Sir.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Hancock. Mary. Their slow dance continues.

MARY
You're fighting a lot, right now. I know that. And the responsibility. The duty. You can't shrug it off.
(beat)
I know that too. And I'm sorry.
(re: the police build-up)
They're out there waiting for you. It feels like... sometimes... like the world's waiting for you. Expecting. What's your next great move, they want to know...

TED (O.S.)
... All right, Bucko, this is the police. We have you surrounded...

Hancock recoils at the bull horn, clasping his ears. Mary, sympathetic, tries to keep him calm, focused.

MARY
... But, no, listen to me. Maybe... if you knew that, that I know. And. At this second in time. That someone, that I don't expect anything from you. That you'd find solace in knowing there doesn't have to be a next move...

TED (O.S.)
... There's NO ESCAPE!

EXT. BLOCK - NIGHT

Ted. The cops.

TED
... Let the lady go, Hancock. Or all hell's going to break loose.

RUTGER
(to Adams)
Does he know anything else?

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Hancock. Mary.

TED (O.S.)
(bull horn)
LET HER GO!

Hancock seizes his ears, the bull horn testing his nerves.

HANCOCK
(a desperate child)
Help me.

TED (O.S.)
(bull horn)
All HELL'S going to break loose!

Hancock recoils from this noise - in veritable pain. Clutches his ear.

HANCOCK
Make it go away, Mary.

Mary watches on, watching him struggle. She tries to wave the cops off.

TED (O.S)
You are surrounded. There's no way out of this one... NO WAY OUT!

Hancock drop to his knees, tears bubbling inside. He shakes it off.

HANCOCK
No... do what I got to do.

He uncorks a DEEP GROWL, rises into the air, faces the cops.

EXT. BLOCK - NIGHT

The authorities REACT. They right their guns. Ted Brock, a picture of grim impatience, does not relent.

TED
I want his balls in a jar...

Chad. The others. They take a good look at him.

TED
... in a fucking vice...
(into horn)
... this is the end of the line.

Ted signals to a RIFLEMAN atop an adjacent building. Signal acknowledged. The Rifleman loads his piece...

TED
Where the fuck is Chopper Three?

CHAD
(concerned)
This is a hostage situation, Cap. We've got a woman out there.

TED
Fuck the woman, this is Armageddon. I want that bastard in a body bag.

Ted waves a "go-when-ready" sign. The Rifleman steadies his high-powered weapon... FIRES...

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

... The boombox EXPLODES into a million pieces. A splintered shard cuts Mary across her cheek. She SCREAMS...

Hancock REACTS, the chaos throbbing inside his head. He lifts the hollowed remains of the car, places it over Mary. To protect and imprison. And with that, something snaps inside of him.

He turns toward the cops, eyes lit with the Hell inside.

HANCOCK
(possessed)
Go away! GO. AWAY.

The authorities; they pause, startled. They open FIRE. Cops. S.W.A.T. teams. Their cousins.

Bullets ZIP through the air and with dead accuracy. Hundreds of shells strike the target - Hancock. They PING off his armor of superFLESH.

He stares at them all, invincible.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Horus races through the street in the rain. He heads toward the park.

In the opposite direction and surfacing from an alley - Aaron. He's headed towards Watanabe's Shopping Emporium.

Father and son crisscross in the night.

INT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - NIGHT

Scarpo's lifeless body. Where Horus had left him. Roheim emerges from the dark stairwell, approaches his son's body. He kneels, slaps Scarpo's face, as if to wake him...

ROHEIM
... C'mon, kid. This ain't funny.

He slaps Scarpo's face again, and again, harder and harder.

ROHEIM
(tearing up)
Godammit, say something to your old man.
SAY SOMETHING!

AARON (O.S.)
(coming up the stairs)
Dad?

Roheim wheels around, sees Aaron. A look best describes as demonic envelops him. He takes Scarpo's gun.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

A HELICOPTER (Chopper Three) has since joined the picture of CHAOS. A strobe light cuts through the darkness and rain, zeroed in on Hancock.

A machine GUN mounted inside opens FIRE - a wave of bullets ricochet off the superhero with no effect.

Cops and S.W.A.T. teams continue their assault, it's the only thing they can do. And it's worthless.

And on that note, Hancock retaliates - with a vengeance.

First to go is the helicopter. He slices through the air and latches onto its propeller. The body of the helicopter, under said strength, spins. All law enforcement passengers, under the concentric force, are jettisoned from the cabin.

Hancock tosses the empty helicopter at a cluster of parked police cars, DEMOLISHES EVERYTHING.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Horus sprints through the downpour, following the SOUNDS of destruction. At the scene, he arrives in time to witness the dismantling of future law enforcement.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Hancock swoops down toward a patrol car. Hoists the vehicle over his head. Scares the Cops away. Throws it against a concrete building like a Tonka toy.

He ROARS...

HANCOCK
I said: Go! Away!

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Roheim, wearing Scarpo's skull ring now, drags Aaron down an alley.

AARON
Let go of me.

Roheim, get this, proceeds to punch Aaron in the face. BAM, knocks him out cold. A damn kid, for chrissakes. The guy's lost his mind.

Roheim throws him over his shoulder, heads toward a familiar building: Killybegs Textiles.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

In the blink of an eye, the police department is no more. The entire block - a panorama of overturned vehicles and freshly-bruised cops. Scared shitless. Retreating.

From the street, we can SEE Horus fumbling through the rubble, heading towards the confrontation.

Horus spots a revolver at his feet, reaches for it, stops. He looks around at the vast destruction and realizes that no revolver will do. Still, he continues forth.

HORUS
Mary!

Mary, huddled inside the picnic table/burnt-out car, responds to her name like a body to sugar. She tries to extricate herself from under the car but she can't. She's trapped inside.

MARY
(horror)
Horus?

Hancock - pumped, deranged, having lost that loving feeling.

MARY
Please, Hancock. Don't hurt him.
(tries to grab him)
It'll never go away.

Hancock responds to "it."

MARY
If you've got anything left... inside...
(hand over heart)
... and you do, I know you do... whatever it was that you felt for me... inside... then you won't hurt him.

He just looks at her.

MARY
Just let go... and it'll go away. Please, just let go.

Nothing from Hancock, he simply stares at feeble-framed Horus... advancing in the rain... despite the awesome demonstration of might he'd just witnessed... coming to get his wife.

It's difficult to gauge what Hancock's thinking...

HANCOCK
(steps in front of Mary)
... After all that. You still want some of this?

Horus, breathing hard, steps up. He's having a hard time fighting back the shakes...

HORUS
... I gotta do what I gotta do.

Hancock nods, appreciates the sentiment.

HANCOCK
(calm)
So do it.

Horus circles Hancock. Man versus Superhero. The rain comes down.

Without much to do, the fight begins: Horus charging Hancock... Hancock, without much effort, swats him aside, sends the family man flying.

And on and on it goes, Horus getting back to his feet, charging, only to be rebuffed and flicked away. He's no match for Hancock.

INT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILES - NIGHT

Roheim, Aaron draped over his shoulder, makes his way into Killybegs Textiles. He takes the stairs down into the basement.

CLOSE ON

Aaron, his eyes fluttering awake. From his vantage point, he sees Roheim's walkie-talkie attached to his belt.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Horus, battered though he may be, continues to come back.

HANCOCK
Tell him to stay away, Mary. Or I swear I'll kill him.

MARY
(through tears)
That's enough, Horus. Please, baby.

Horus gets to his feet again and again he charges. Hancock grabs him by the throat, almost freaked by his perseverance...

HANCOCK
(losing it)
I swear to God I will.

He tosses Horus to the ground - THUD.

MARY
(screaming)
Please...

HANCOCK
(stands over Horus)
SHUT UP! Tell her to shut.

On Horus - the situation presents itself. He unloads a kick into Hancock's groin muscle - CHINK - the sound of bone off metal. Absolutely harmless, except it enrages Hancock.

He rips a nearby YIELD STREET SIGN from its concrete base, raises this piece of jagged metal over Horus...

HORUS
(defiant to the end)
... No regrets.

HANCOCK
No mercy.

... He takes aim... and drives the sign into the ground. Mary SCREAMS. Hancock, horrified, staggers off into the park. Reveal: the sign missed Horus' head by a good foot. Mary was right - no matter how bad it gets, it's not in him.

Hancock falls to his knees, MOANS. What else can he do? He picks up a fallen police .38 revolver... points it at his head...

FIRES the remaining rounds against his temple. Bullets carom off skull.

Hancock discards the gun. Breaks into TEARS. Long SOBBING wet tears. He CRIES. He WEEPS. Into his cupped hands. Indeed, a surreal sight.

INT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILES - BASEMENT - NIGHT

It's so dark it's practically black. Roheim drops Aaron to the ground, finds a LENGTH OF ROPE, starts to tie him up... only to be decked by a feigning Aaron.

In the ensuing disorientation, Aaron snatches the walkie-talkie from Roheim's belt, breaks for the stairs.

AARON
(into walkie-talkie)
Dad! Can you hear me, Dad!

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Horus, supine and half-dead, hears his son's voice coming through his walkie-talkie...

AARON
... Dad, he's after me!

INT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILES - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Aaron is racing up the stairs, trying to dislodge the exit doors along the way - they're all locked.

HORUS (V.O.)
Who, who is after... ?

AARON
... I'm in the Killybegs building, hurry.

On that note, he trips, falls. The walkie-talkie falls from his hand, slides away. Aaron, with Roheim hot on his trail, keeps going. He's headed for the roof.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Horus is already running, headed for Killybegs Textiles.

HORUS
(into walkie-talkie)
Aaron, are you there? Are you still there?

ROHEIM (V.O.)
(picking up)
You couldn't leave it alone, could you Longfellow.
(beat)
You had to come back, didn't you.

HORUS
(into walkie-talkie)
What do you want, Roheim? Tell me what you want?

ROHEIM (V.O.)
I want you to experience the death of your only-born, Horus. I want you to feel my pain.

And with that, the line goes dead.

ANGLE ON

Mary, watching Horus race away. Something is clearly wrong.

INT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILES - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Aaron gets to the rooftop but there's nowhere to go. Nowhere to go but down. Roheim arrives, the length of rope in his hand, the look of madness in his eyes - he's precisely the kind of Evil Hancock had talked about.

EXT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILES - NIGHT

Horus arrives at the building...

HORUS
... AARON!

He breaks through a boarded-up window, enters.

EXT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILES - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Roheim backs Aaron in the corner, back against the edge. For a second there, Aaron considers taking a leap - this is precisely the coyote-bloodhound scenario Hancock had talked about.

ROHEIM
That's right, go ahead, maybe you'll survive the jump.
(readying his rope)
'Cause for sure you won't survive me.

Aaron - decision time. Decision made: fight to the death. He charges Roheim, kicking... punching...

ROHEIM
(fighting him off)
... Gutton for punishment, just like your old man.

Aaron takes a bite out of his hand... Roheim screams... levels the kid with a right-cross...

INT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILES - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Horus. On his way up. He grabs a two-by-four along the way.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Hancock. On his knees. Spent from a good cry. He rolls over, lies on his back.

HANCOCK
(a pathetic chuckle)
Now that... that, Mary, was a good cry.

Mary, still caged beneath the car, watches. She scans the area for Horus, worried, wondering what prompted his departure.

EXT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILES - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

An empty rooftop. Glistening from the rain. The air is clean and a light breeze blows. Horus steps out from the stairwell. No signs of Aaron, no evidence of life...

HORUS
(steadying his two-by-four)
Aaron!

He rounds the corner. Finds a FINGER on the ground. A finger with a ring skull on it. Horus follows the blood trail around a GLASS SKY LIGHT. This is what he sees:

Roheim, standing with his back turned, staring out at the departing storm. There's a eerie calmness about him, missing finger notwithstanding. And soon we find out why:

Aaron, standing off the edge, has a rope around his neck. He's CRIES SOFTLY, trying to maintain his tenuous balance; any wrong move will send him over the edge, effectively hanging him.

ROHEIM
(back still turned)
You were such good fun, Horus. All the issues, all the angst, all the pent-up frustration of the Modern Man, you had the whole package.
(MORE)

ROHEIM (CONT'D)
I practically skipped coming to work knowing I got to screw with you.
(turns, faces Horus)
We had it good, kid. You had to go and ruin it. You had to go and, what do they call it, ARC!

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Hancock. On his back. Dealing with it.

MARY
It's not... it's far from a perfect world, I don't have to tell you that. We have problems... raising a family, being a good spouse, making a living in a less than ideal job...
(beat)
All we can do every morning is get up. We get up and dress for work. Why, 'cause it's like you said: if not us, than who?

Beat; it's all sinking in. From his back, he listens to Mary's words. Absorbs them.

HANCOCK
Mary...
(he hears something)
... Do you hear that?

Mary - she doesn't.

HANCOCK
The crying hasn't stopped. The crying will never stop.

EXT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILES - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Aaron. Crying. Ever so softly.

HORUS
Please, Roheim. I beg you, please.

Roheim pulls out a gun.

ROHEIM
I coulda' shot him like you shot my son, don't know why I didn't.
(holds rope in his hand)
Guess I wanted to feel it with my bare hands.

And with that, he pushes Aaron off the roof. He holds the rope with one hand, pointing the gun at Horus with the other. Aaron hangs, suffocates while they face off.

ROHEIM
You wanted to be brave, so be brave.

Aaron, hanging from the end of the rope, gasps, CRIES...

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Hancock. Mary.

HANCOCK
(trying block out what he hears)
What about the cries, Mary? What do I do about the cries?

A beat.

MARY
You do what you're supposed to do: You answer it.

EXT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILES - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Horus. Roheim. The face-off. Horus takes a step closer...

HORUS
... Please.

ROHEIM
... Please what? Let him go?

ANGLE ON

Aaron, hanging, trying to reach the METAL BARS of a window.

Horus takes another step closer. Roheim cocks the gun.

HORUS
I'm begging you.

He takes another step... BAM! Roheim shoots him in the shoulder. Horus drops, bleeds...

ANGLE ON

Aaron, swinging now, reaching out to the bars... reaching...

Roheim, feeling the yank of the rope, turns to look... Horus seizes the moment, jumps him, lands on top, grabs onto the Roheim's rope arm.

SLOW MO... Aaron trying to reach for the metal bars... Horus wrestling towards the rope in Roheim's hand... Roheim smiling, laughing a "diabolical" laugh, letting go of the rope... just out of Horus' grasp.

Horus, bleeding from his shoulders, SCREAMS... turns his rage to Roheim... pummels him... violently...

REVEAL

Aaron, hanging on to the metal bars, having reached it just in time. He's safe... but only for a second... the metal bars rip off under his weight... he falls... he drops... he drops... he FLIES... tucked away in Hancock's arms.

ANGLE ON

rooftop, where Horus and Roheim square-off, their fight making way towards the glass sky light.

ANGLE ON

Hancock lowering Aaron into Mary's arms. That look on her face. That the nightmare was only a dream. That look of relief.

A CRASH gets their collective attention, the crash coming from a BODY falling through the sky light, dropping through the glass, caroming off the stairwell - THUD.

We hear a sound best described as a BALL ROLLING; it THUMPS its way down the stairs, ROLLING, THUMPING, and finally exiting through the exit door and onto the sogging grass - it's Roheim's severed head.

Mary covers Aaron's eyes but it's too late - he's seen it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
"Shh...," the curled lips attempted. Like it started saying "shucks" or "Shirley" or... "shit happens."

CUT TO:

EXT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILES - DAY

Dawn. The sun breaks over the horizon. Mary, Horus, Aaron, united.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Your eyes don't forget things like that.

Aaron searches for Hancock. He's nowhere in sight.

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

Hancock. Alone. On the boardwalk. He stares out at the ocean. Duty calls.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Aaron. Running through the wet streets of Sheepshead Bay. Running towards the boardwalk.

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

Hancock dusts off his cape, fixes his hair, and with that, bounds for the sky. He doesn't see Aaron coming, he misses the kid entirely, he doesn't see him waving, calling him back, come back, come back.

Aaron fixes his eyes into the horizon, watches Hancock fade into the big blue sky. With love, with respect, with the only sign of salute he knows, the kid holds up his middle finger to the departing superhero.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
... Sometimes when it's dark out...

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Aaron - in his pajamas, creeping down a dark hallway. He approaches a DOOR.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
... so dark it's black, I'll see him.

Aaron peers through the open door. His eyes wander inside ever so gently.

On the bed. Horus. Mary. They are in some latter state of coital bliss. Horus THRUSTS... Mary GASPS...

NARRATOR (V.O.)
... and it starts all over again.

FADE OUT:

THE END