

"TONIGHT HE COMES"

by

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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.

(MORE)

MARY (cont'd)

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. 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

(continuing; 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

(continuing)

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 non-chalance 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 handfull 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.

He enters the building.

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 randomn 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, shirt.

He dips into a dresser, pulls out a thick black leather belt - complete with 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. And we SEE it to be a FLASHLIGHT.

A shoulder patch reads...

U-RENT SECURITY CO.

Their motto: "TO OBSERVE AND RECORD"

Horus tucks a hat under his arms, ready to move.

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.

A gentle KNOCK disperses the knuckles. 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.

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

HORUS

(almost
apologetically)

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

(continuing; 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. You hold the anger.

(turns to Aaron)

I tell you because I can't take it, seeing you hurt. You're part of me.

(beat)

I've felt what you're feeling now. And if you've got any of me in you, you're gonna feel what I felt when you go up against one of 'em. Turn away... that's what you do... the other cheek. You do that for me. No, you're not the coward. Not you. No. I'll be the coward, all right? 'Cause I don't want to see you hurt. I love you. 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...

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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

(disappointed)

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, 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 t.v. 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 t.v. 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)

... fly. 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

I'm not listening. Lalalala...

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 HiFi's, televisions, stereos. Horus holsters his flashlight and moves across the showroom floor. He takes the stairs - down.

Horus passes the second floor.

INT. FIRST 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.

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

I just made the last run.

He helps the old man to his feet.

ROHEIM

. You're a good man.

INT. RED EYE MOTEL (7F) - DAY

An ASHTRAY buried under a mountain of butts.

A bed unslept. The t.v. 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...
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 - it disturbs him. He whirls around,
accosts the t.v. Rips it from the wall, throws it out the
window. And a CRASH eradicates images of war and chaos.

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, to the sidewalk.

Roheim unscrews the battery cap from his flashlight. Takes
a swig from its hollow interior.

ROHEIM

I'll just play out the rest of
this Eight Ball...

He laps up the last drop. Reloads it with a couple of batteries from his jacket.

ROHEIM
(continuing; caps
it)

... like that.

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 - turning red with drama.

ROHEIM
Bastards... couldn't protect a
pitcher of warm spit...
... couldn't find their asshole
with common sense and a thumb.
(beat)
Like I been saying, it's their
loss. The jerk-offs, 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
(continuing)
Come on, 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 NEWSTANDS 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-Christis.

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
Give me 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.

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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? We got one
word to say to you folks...
(shrugging;
smiles)
Recession.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - DAY

Order in the bank - employees and patrons are now coralled
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
(continuing)
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 yet 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 knawing 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 has pressed the alert signal on his belt BEEPER.

In one swift motion, Jerry #1 is there to KO 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 (?), 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 waves 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 enroute 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.

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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

(continuing;
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... 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! Those are the realities, spelled out.

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. 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 - they eclipse 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,
before him - 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.

We SEE in the background and across the street, the Jumper nose-diving into the sidewalk - without much 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 t.v. 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
(to Mary)

Mary?

Mary blinks back her attention.

HORUS
(continuing)
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 did. 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 t.v. - more Hancock FOOTAGE.
He watches Mary.

HORUS
Mary?

MARY
Yes.

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HORUS
I... had no idea.

MARY
(on the t.v.)
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... 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
(a her voice
trembles)
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), as tough as a steel-belted radial. The others regroup their DRUGS.

SCARPO
Nutri-cop.

Horus keeps walking.

SCARPO
(continuing)
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 - revealing 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 slimmy 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 are 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
(fuck me)
Shit...

HANCOCK
What are 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 and this time - 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 - intense.

Is this getting through?

HOODLUM
(continuing)
... 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 t.v. - it's like he can't escape the good news.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The t.v. 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 t.v. 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 - so dark under the 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...

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, etched inside.

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, 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, crashing 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: KILLYBECS TEXTILES, looming above the rest. Boarded-up windows indicate abandonment - an urban relic.

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, succumbing to his mother's song - his lids flutter.

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

Mary - 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.)

(continuing)

"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
(continuing)
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. 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.

(MORE)

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HANCOCK (cont'd)

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.

(beat)

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... "I jump and I die for sure. I stay, confront them and I'll get my ass butchered." Decision time.

(MORE)

HANCOCK (cont'd)
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
(continuing)
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.

(MORE)

HANCOCK (cont'd)
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 beserk in search for her son. She looks at her watch. And up... up ahead, by steps of her apartment - Aaron, 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, in his bed - smothered in slumber.

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Close on a t.v. set, featuring a COMMERCIAL - in mid-hype
A portly man states his purpose.

His name tag reads - DR. HOLE.

DR. HOLE
... at the Hole Insititue, our
experienced staff and cutting-edge
technology means you need not
spend another day in discomfort
from hemorrhoidal flare-ups.

(MORE)

DR. HOLE (cont'd)
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 t.v. 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 t.v. 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
(nervous)
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 Horus - befuddled.

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 - Mary and her every blush.

AARON

You want milk?

HANCOCK

No. It gives me gas. Thank you.

A beat - as 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.

(beat; 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 - Mary and Aaron. But they are charmed, his words secondary to his charisma.

Horus, the quiet observer, observes.

HANCOCK

(continuing)

... 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 - 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.

HANCOCK
(lost; sombre)
... and you could see the flames,
through the storm... I get there,
the vessel's all over, spread
across three miles of South
Pacific. Bodies floating in the
water, shoes, kids who'd thought
it some routine reconnaissance
joyride. Turns out, the only one
alive was the captain, up against
a buoy... crying 'cause he didn't
go down with his men... and he's
got to live with it.

(beat)
Sprayed his brain all over the
dashboard in a parking lot a
couple months after. A good
man...

(at Aaron)
... did what he had to do.

A brief moment while the graphics sink in. 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)

... 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.

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Horus opts to not disturb their trance. He makes for the door.

Hancock - holds him accountable.

HANCOCK

(aware)

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 - not entirely guilt-free.

HORUS

(continuing)

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 - 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 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.

The entrance. Horus wanders in, lost in this environment. He 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
You know... 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.

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
I know, mom... after a good night
sleep. He says that but he's the
one working every night. Does that
mean he never feels better? He's
always feeling terrible?

MARY
(amused)
Go to bed, anyway.

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

AARON
Mom?

She turns.

AARON
(continuing)
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 merchandise - not a trace of life and not unlike a cemetery.

All is dead, with the exception of FOOTSTEPS - shoes pacing linoleum. It's Horus, on duty. His flashlight leads the way...

Outside, the SIRENS of police vehicles charge by - real men enroute to real work.

Horus watches them from the window - like a kid who can't come out to play.

He turns to look across the floor - Roheim, against a chair, watching the NEWS on a big-screen t.v.

NEWS

(re: Hancock)

... the trains seemed imminently bound for a catastrophic collision when this... this superguy...

ROHEIM

(impressed)

Man. I 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 silk, melifluous 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.

The orgasmic SCREAMS of a prostitute seeps through from the adjacent motel room - the wall behind Hancock's bed trembles to the rhythm of each pelvic thrust...

He 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

(continuing)

... bitch.

Consciousness slowly sinks in. He checks his watch, then the area around him. He spots Horus - slumped in a chair, in a thinking posture.

Horus seems lost in his own blank stare.

HORUS
(without looking)
Another dream?

ROHEIM
I was talking again, huh?

No response.

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)
Then everything gets blurry and all of 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
Roheim.

ROHEIM
(continuing)
Bitch...

HORUS
Come on.

ROHEIM
(gets up)
Walk with me.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

The Longfellow's apartment - seen from above.

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

Mary and Aaron - they 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

(continuing)

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

What, scums like you got mothers?

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

ROHEIM

(continuing)

... little punks. I'll throw you
out of the neighborhood, you sons
of bitches...

Scarpo fumes, as he watches them go.

SCARPO
Keep talking, old man.

ROHEIM
... get your mother... how about a
Remington for her 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 - curious.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The sky's 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 - 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.

Not a word from Horus.

ROHEIM
(post-gulp)
This stuff's going to kill me.

He gives Horus a glance. Takes another swig.

ROHEIM
(continuing)
You disapprove, I know.

HORUS
No.

ROHEIM
Sure you do. You disapprove and yet you allow me to drink... to poison myself. Your friend. Without a word of caution. Not a word. Just take it... you take everything.

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.

Roheim takes another gulp.

HORUS
(pulling teeth)
You shouldn't drink.

ROHEIM
My wife. She left a bad taste in my mouth. I drink to kill the taste.

Horus has no response to this.

ROHEIM
(smiles)
You're a good man, Horus...
(beat)
And you're right. This stuff's no good. It's a coward's way out and I know it.

He gives the bottle a guilty stare. Tosses the bottle into a nearby garbage can.

ROHEIM
(sick of himself)
What the hell. I can learn to love beverage.

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

(continuing)

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
Where... who are you?

HANCOCK
It's not important who I am, Mary.
Or what... where I'm from. It
doesn't matter. I'm a man. I am
every man.

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, 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
(thinks)
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. I
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 pee-ing 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, adraneline 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 not a hero.

HORUS

Yes. A hero. I know that...

MARY

Aaron likes him.

HORUS

(timid)

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 - concerned.

AARON

(continuing)

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.

(continuing)

He saw everything from the roof. Said I did what I had to do.

HORUS

(finally)

Aaron, tomorrow...

AARON

(to Mary; oblivious)

He said tomorrow, he'd pick me up again...

HORUS

... I thought maybe you'd like it if I pick you...

AARON

... God, my friends will freak.

Horus freezes - fades back to his meal, unheard.

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. Mary sees him... and 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 - in awe. Mary watches her guest, the change in him.

MARY

Hancock?

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

MARY

(continuing)

Hancock, it's your turn.

HANCOCK

What?

MARY

Your hair. Come on, have a seat.

AARON

Mom's going to 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, as 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
(continuing)
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... 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... I mean, he's still...

(edits herself)
... it was a difficult time for him. Me. I understand that. I'm not intolerant of it, the working-through process. It's just that, sometimes...

(at Hancock)
... sometimes, I need his strength. I miss the strength.

HANCOCK
Is that what you want?

MARY
Want?

HANCOCK
What you need?

MARY

The hair... I need to...

She kneels to sweep up hair. Hancock follows her down.

HANCOCK

Mary?

MARY

Yes?

HANCOCK

(beat)

You ever been down the boardwalk,
at night?

MARY

Why... what for?

They're eye to eye. Close.

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? On the boardwalk?

HANCOCK

Maybe.

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 pass them, 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 - his mouth agape, his face agashed with wounds from a serious pummeling.

A chunk of lip dangles, bleeds.

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 time...

HORUS

Stop.

ROHEIM

I'm too old for this.

HORUS

You're not old.

ROHEIM

What am I... I'm biologically
challenged. Any way you look, I'm
a waste of effort.

(beat)

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

(continuing)

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 can't do anything
right. Fuck up my ABC's.

(a beat; at Horus)

But you. Why do you put up with
this crap? A wife. A kid.
There... waiting for you at home.

Horus - he just doesn't know anymore.

EXT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILES - NIGHT

On the rooftop of this building - 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. It's important that I talk to you, then.

(gravely)

Please, 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

They're going to can me.

HORUS

No one's canning anyone. No one saw us... watch your step... leave.

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. Remove their shoes. Proceed into bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

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

HORUS
You're going to be okay?

ROHEIM
I don't know. You might have a
solo act tomorrow night.

HORUS
Get some sleep.

ROHEIM
You're a good man, Horus.

HORUS
(washing over it)
I have to get home, now. I'll
call.

Roheim grabs on to his sleeve.

ROHEIM
You know what Olga said before she
walked out on me? Her last words
to me. She turned at the front
door. Looked around the room and
she says, "keep it clean." That's
it, can you believe it? Then out
the door.

(beat)
But like a shmuck, I keep the
place spotless... in case she
walks through that door one day.

(at Horus; with
pain)
I don't think she's coming back.

EXT. STREET - DAY

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

He moves down his street. Looks ahead - where Clyde
stands, pillaging his morning paper. Clyde spots Horus on
the approach. Smiles at him, 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 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

(loosing 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
(continuing)
You'll get it back... after I take
my dump.

Clyde proceeds to close the door... but Horus interjects,
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 kamakaze 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 his 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, enraged, 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.

The thief dashes by - pass 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

Drink.

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

HORUS

(continuing)

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

(concerned)

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
(continuing)
But I don't ask, "why me?" I
don't question it. This is me. I'm
it.

(MORE)

HANCOCK (cont'd)

I do what I have to do. I get in there... all the killing... the blood... and I deal with it. I clean up. I make things right.

(beat)

And. But when... where does it end?

(re: his cape)

Can't stop the hemorrhage... it's everywhere. And it stays. All that I can do, Mary. The things I am capable of doing, I can't blink away the hell I've seen. It's in me...

(points to his head)

... in here and I can't not think about it. It's in me. It's me.

MARY

Hancock... what...

HANCOCK

I just want to let go, Mary. Or I'll break. I need to get away. Get away to where? I don't know.

(at Mary)

I need your help.

MARY

Me? What can I do?

(she's 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)

Save me.

MARY

I can't.

HANCOCK

You can.

(the hard sell)

Mary, I'll take you away. And Aaron. And what... I'll quit. Get a real job. An apartment. I'll flip burgers. I don't know what I'm doing... what I'm saying anymore.

MARY

(overlapping)

I'm married.

A pause.

HANCOCK

To whom?

MARY

I love him.

The death blow.

HANCOCK

No.

(turns from her)

Unacceptable.

MARY

I love him. I'm 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.

MARY

I'm sorry.

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

A large restroom - empty. Little Aaron passes up on the urinals. Selects a private STALL. ZIP - urination begins.

Splash segues into drip. DRIP. Aaron shakes off the last drop... PLOP.

And that's the cue for the adjacent stalls - arms like tentacles surface from below, shackling Aaron in his spot. He can't see but, 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. hurries into the room - flustered, adrenaline coursing wild.

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 - in oblivion, a WHISKET BOTTLE in his hand. 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.

She catches Hancock, Mr. Superhero who can fly, stumbling by.

SUE
(continuing)
Mister? My Hymie won't come down
from the tree.

Hancock's reaction - "what?"

SUE
(continuing)
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 MOEW 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 - in an 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. Gets to his feet, only to be confronted by the police officer from the boardwalk.

We'll call this one officer REED - a beat cop with something stiff up his ass.

REED

What do we have here? A piece of shit.

A slow look of recognition seizes his face - this is that superguy.

Hancock stares at him.

HANCOCK

(humorless)

Fuck off.

He pushes past Reed, who acquiesces willingly.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Aaron. Walking home. Dejected. His eyes catch a glimpse of a particular pedestrian down the street - Hancock. He gives chase... and confronts him, out of breath.

AARON

(a slight smile)

Hi.

HANCOCK
(turning; drunk)
What're you doing here?

AARON
(the smile fades)
I saw you walking. 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.

AARON
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
(continuing)
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... 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
(continuing)
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.

In Hancock's eyes - a glint of regret. But only a glint.

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.

JOEY
Shit.

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, knowing on 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.

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.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADES - DAY

A phone booth - Gina's office.

There in the back alley and in this glass booth - Hancock and Gina, their organs ensnared. They're 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 - but they're busy.

HANCOCK
I can't.

GINA
Let it go, baby. Just let it...

MARY
Where... Aaron, he's not wasted.
Go to your room.

AARON
He is 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
(authority)
Go!

Aaron obliges, at 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
(continuing)
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.

(MORE)

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 - killing it.

GINA

Don't give up, now.

He lets her down. Tears out of the booth. Finds the sky.

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.

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 locates his chair and 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 (cont'd)

Something cuts at your masculine ego and it's the pressure... 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.

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.

HORUS (cont'd)

I couldn't dance so I sat in the back and watched. You were with Stuart Olmstead 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?

(MORE)

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 pass her. Finds the window... and he's off with a gush of wind.

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.

REPORTER

Shit.

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...

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

The room is dark, of course. A BED - as the SQUEAKING of springs suddenly stops.

A woman's VOICE says...

VOICE
What's the matter?

HANCOCK
I need a cigarette.

VOICE
You what? But you haven't...

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 t.v. 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.

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

In the kitchen - Mary, trying to sift through pieces of the evening. She finds no comfort.

She moves to the sink. Looks out at the night. The wind is alive. And dark clouds are on the move.

HANCOCK (O.S.)

(deep; demonic)

Mary.

Mary launches back, cold. Outside the window and in front of her - Hancock, suspended in air. The blood-red of his eyes portends nothing but bad news.

And being so, he EXPLODES through the glass. Glass rains through the kitchen, amplifying his entrance.

HANCOCK

(maniacal; drunk)

Amway, anyone?

The pursuit commences - Hancock steadies after Mary, in retreat around the living room.

MARY

(she's white)

What're you doing?

Hancock closes in. Corners her.

Horus takes refuge behind the locker, allows them to pass.

THUG #1
(whispering)
Stop grabbing my ass, man.

Horus slides out the back, into the alley. He crosses the street to a phone. Jabs in 911.

HORUS
Police?

EXT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILE (ROOF) - NIGHT

This dilapidated structure serves as landing pad for Hancock, easing Mary down with him.

A swift kick and the roof door is no more. He drags her down into the bowels of darkness.

MARY
What're you doing?

HANCOCK
What I got to do.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - NIGHT

The SOUND of distant SIRENS are heard. They arrive in the form of three POLICE CARS - pulling up in front of the building.

From one of the cars - Officer Rutger and Officer Adams, in control of the situation.

INT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - NIGHT

Scarpo and the thugs are at the front door - looking out at about... five to ten for armed robbery. They're in hysterics.

They observe as Horus emerges from the building across, trying to assist the authorities.

Scarpo recognizes this one security guard.

SCARPO
Nutri-cop.

THUG #1
He got out.

HANCOCK
It's the haircut, Mary.
(strikes his head)
I'm pissed!

Out of nowhere - Aaron charges the caped psychotic. He
trampolines on Hancock's back, trying to saddle him.

AARON
Don't you fucking touch her!

Mary SCREAMS. Hancock cringes, says...

HANCOCK
Shut your mouth.

He swats the kid off his back.

AARON
Don't touch her you bastard!

HANCOCK
You're getting on my nerves.

MARY
Hancock, please.

He reaches down and untangles Mary from her son - she
concedes out of fear for Aaron.

AARON
No! Mom!

MARY
Stay back, Aaron!

Hancock takes her away - like booty. Aaron dangles from
his cape, trying to save his mother. In vain.

The superhero springs into the night - with his woman.

AARON
(through heavy sobs)
DAD!

INT. WATANABE'S SHOPPING EMPORIUM - NIGHT

From the depths of defeat - Horus responds. He rises, his
attention focused on the back door. KEYS rattle.

Roheim? Roehim lost his keys...

The back door creeps open. Several FIGURES enter, under
great stealth. They move through shades of light - it's
Scarpo and his thugs.

INT. WATANABE'S DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

Scarpo. Thugs. They watch the squad cars move out and away. Disbelief would be an understatement.

THUG #1

What the...

SCARPO

They're taking off...

THUG #1

Fucking no way.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET - NIGHT

Horus, watching the red and blue light fade into the night. His complexion is the color of liquid paper.

INT. WATANABE'S DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

The display t.v. - tuned to the showdown at Killybegs.

THUG #2

(re: t.v.)

Check this out, fellas.

Scarpo. Thug #1, #3. They gather around - watching the woman reporter do her thing, at the scene.

REPORTER

... blocked off the streets.
Already, orders for more substantial fire power have been requested by the commissioner's office as police surround the condemned textile building in an all-out confrontation with Hancock, superhero-turned-renegade...

SCARPO

Fuck, you guys know what this means?

THUG #2

We're off the hook, man.

SCARPO

The store's ours.

THUG #3

What about that security guy?

SCARPO

He ain't coming back?

SCARPO
He's dead, man.

THUG #2
Fuck, we're dead! What, now?

EXT. WATANABE'S DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

Rutgers and Adams - cops with Dirty Harry delusions. They greet Horus as one would Rodney Dangerfield.

RUTGERS
You did the right thing,
Longfellow.

HORUS
(cop)
I saw four. Presumably armed. Only
other way out is through the back.

The cops trade laughs.

RUTGERS
Take a hike, Longfella. Get back
in your hole and watch the law
kick some ass.

Horus, reluctant, returns inside his building.

Rutgers moves to work the speakers - his action preempted
by the other COPS.

COP #1
We got something big going down.
(listens)
Shit, all units. What the hell's
going on?

ADAMS
(at the computer)
Killybegs Textiles. The Cap sounds
like he's chewing the rag.

RUTGERS
Fuck, what do we do with this?

COP #1
This is a wrap. Come on, lets
roll! All units.

ADAMS
I don't like the smell of this
shit.

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:

EXT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILE - NIGHT

POLICE UNITS flood this once quiet and forgotten block. 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.

Rutgers and Adams arrive. They take position next to fellow COPS.

ADAMS

What's with the Cap? Looks like someone just fucked his wife, or something.

Nervous smiles from the fellas.

INT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILE - NIGHT

In the wide expanse of this top floor - Hancock and Mary. He squats before her, calm - unperturbed by the activities outside.

Mary huddles in her spot, occasionally stealing glances outside.

Hancock simply stares at her. At the curves of her gentle frame. The alcohol's wearing off.

INT. WATANABE'S DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

Scarpo. The Thugs. They sack the emporium, unimpeded.

INT. BACK DOOR - 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 t.v. stops him... it displays the seige at Killybegs Textiles.

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 - a look of horror on his face.

HORUS

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 look of dumbfoundment entwined in pain. He drops.

Horus goes for the gun. A struggle ensues, Scarpo finding strength from god knows where. He throws Horus to the side. Takes dead aim with a trembling arm.

BANG... Horus grimaces...

Scarpo drops.

Roheim steps forward from the darkness, the .45 (knocked from Horus, earlier) smoking in his hand.

ROHEIM

Did I get him?

Horus. Roheim. They look at Scarpo.

ROHEIM

(continuing)

Holy shit. I think I got him.

Roheim notices the unconscious thugs on the floor. Turns to Horus, measuring him.

HORUS

What're you doing here?

ROHEIM

Mary called earlier. She was worried about you.

HORUS

Mary...

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. KILLYBEGS-TEXTILES - 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 - a BULL HORN in his hand.

TED
Let the lady go, Hancock. Or all
hell's going to break loose.

RUTGERS
(to Adams)
Does he know anything else?

INT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILE - NIGHT

Hancock. Mary. She's slumped against the wall, exhausted.

TED (O.S.)
(bull horn)
Come on out!

Hancock seizes his ears - the bull horn testing his
nerves.

He bolts upright, turns to Mary. He seeks a special kind
of healing.

Hancock closes in - corners her.

MARY
Please.

But there's no denying this superman - he grabs her,
running his hand down her back and between her buttocks.

MARY
(in tears)
No...

HANCOCK
Please...

A sudden burst of anger seizes Mary. She SCREAMS...
STRIKES Hancock across the face.

MARY
NO!

He tears himself away. Disgusted. Tortured.

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 huddles against the wall. She watches on, watching him struggle.

TED (O.S)
You are surrounded. There's no way
out of this one... NO WAY OUT!

Hancock - on his knees, tears bubbling inside. He shakes it off.

HANCOCK
No... do what I got to do.

He unloads a PUNCH. PUNCTURES brick. Clear through...

EXT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILE - NIGHT

... the other side. The authorities react. They right their guns.

Ted Brock - a picture of grim impatience, breathing hard.

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.

INT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILE - NIGHT

Hancock - pacing the floor, trying to marshal some emotional order.

He drops to a squat, searching for calm.

MARY
I'm cold.

Hancock does not respond.

MARY
(continuing)
You're fighting a lot, right now.
I know that.
(beat)
They're out there waiting for you.
It's like... sometimes... you feel
like the world's waiting for you.
(MORE)

MARY (cont'd)
Expecting. What's your next move,
they want to know...

TED (O.S.)
... there's NO ESCAPE!

MARY
(continuing)
... and the responsibility. The
duty. You can't shrug it off.
(beat)
I know that. And I'm sorry.

Hancock - a committed stare into space. Can he hear her?

MARY
(continuing)
Maybe... if you knew that, that I
know. And. That I won't expect
anything from you. And... there
doesn't have to be a next move.

Hancock turns on this. Stares at her. He rises from the
crouch. Mary - back to wall, on the defensive.

He approaches. Stands before her.

He reaches back... and removes his CAPE. He covers Mary,
gently shielding her from the cold.

There is no eye contact.

EXT. KILLBEGS TEXTILE - NIGHT

Ted. Out of patience. He 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 in 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...

INT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILE - NIGHT

Bullets EXPLODE against walls... bricks... Mary SCREAMS, ducking to the floor.

Hancock REACTS, the chaos throbbing inside his head. And like that - something snaps.

He BURSTS out of the building - eyes lit with the Hell inside. He lands on the wet surface below. ROARS before the police force - possessed.

HANCOCK

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 Hancock - the target. They PING off his armor of superFLESH.

He stares at them all, invincible.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Through this downpour hobbles Horus - pass police CARS SCREECHING by, enroute to Killybegs. A police car sits in front of his apartment, lights blaring.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Horus storms into the room... in time to greet a police OFFICER, trying to pry Aaron from the bathroom sink.

AARON

Let me go you bastard.

OFFICER

Let go, you little assbite.

Aaron spots Horus in the hallway...

AARON

Dad!

He breaks loose - running into his father's arms, crying.

AARON

I'm sorry dad. I didn't know what to do...

OFFICER

Mr. Longfellow...

AARON
He's got mom, dad. He came and
took her away. What do we do, now?

Horus - he hasn't a clue.

On the t.v. - a graphic depiction of war at Killybegs.

OFFICER
There's not much you can do. We've
got every man out there, already.
I suggest you take your son some
place safe. Let us do our jobs.

HORUS
(on the t.v.)
Mary...

AARON
I'm sorry, dad. I'm sorry.

OFFICER
(dreading it)
I have to go... they need me.

He exits.

Roheim enters, out of breath. He notices the nasty, gaping
hole in the kitchen.

HORUS
He's got Mary, Roheim.
(blank; uncertain)
I got to get her.

ROHEIM
What do you mean, you got to get
her?

HORUS
I got to do what I got to do.

Aaron stares up at his father - "did he just say that?"

AARON
Damn right, dad. We got to get
her.

Horus at the screen - oblivious. "What can I do?"

ROHEIM
Brain damage runs in this family
or something?

Aaron senses his father's state of overwhelmness.

AARON

Dad. You ever hear about the fox
and the bloodhounds?

EXT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILES - 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 RIPS the vehicle in half.

An EXPLOSION punctuates its demise - sending the spinning
PROPELLER into wild trajectory. It crashes into a cluster
of Cops - heads are severed, sent flying.

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. KILLYBEGS TEXTILES - NIGHT

Hancock swoops down toward a patrol car. Scares the Cops
away. Hoists the vehicle over his head. Throws it at a
band of Cops.

He ROARS...

HANCOCK

Go away!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Aaron and Roheim arrive, finding their places behind
Horus. They startle him.

HORUS

Jesus, Aaron. I don't want you to
be here.

ROHEIM

(at the mayhem)

I need a drink.

Aaron, staring at the massacre - a HEAD rolls pass him.

It looks pale but well-fed, healthy. It Ted's.

Aaron ducks into his father's chest.

EXT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILES - NIGHT

In the blink of an eye, the police department is no more. The entire block - a panorama of bedlam, overturned vehicles, and mangled bodies.

Satisfied - Hancock returns inside the building.

From the street, we can SEE Horus - fumbling through the rubble, heading towards the confrontation. He passes a mutilated body - belonging to Adams.

A revolver dangles from his fingers. Horus reaches for the gun and stops. He looks around at the vast destruction and realizes that no revolver will do. He continues forth.

INT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILES - NIGHT

Mary is on the floor, wrapped in cape.

Hancock returns. He's pumped, deranged, and he's lost that loving feeling.

MARY

What have you done?

HANCOCK

I made them go away.

HORUS (O.S.)

Mary!

Mary responds to her name like a body to sugar.

MARY

(horror)

Horus!

HANCOCK

(holding his head)

The noise...

HORUS (O.S.)

Mary!

MARY

Horus!

HANCOCK

Why?!

MARY
Please, Hancock. Don't hurt him.
(grabs him)
It'll never go away.

Hancock responds to "it."

MARY
(continuing;
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 go
out there.

He just looks at her.

MARY
(continuing)
Just let go... and it'll go away.
Please, just let go.

HANCOCK
(despair)
I can't.

EXT. KILLYBEGS TEXTILES - NIGHT

Horus stands there in the rain - a feeble frame of a man.
He wants a fight.

And he gets it... as Hancock, once again, emerges from the
building - fire in his eyes.

HANCOCK
You ready to rock it up?

Horus runs - he runs for an overturned S.W.A.T. VAN.
Hancock follows, toying with the man.

Horus disappears inside.

HANCOCK
Come out, you little shit.

A pause in action - no reply from Horus.

HANCOCK
Are you a man?!

Horus answers...

He storms out with a ROCKET LAUNCHER.

He FIRES it at the unsuspecting Hancock. It's a hit and it BLOWS Hancock against Killybegs Textile. It lodges him inside the brick structure.

HORUS

Fuck you.

Hancock pries himself loose - enraged beyond imaginable. He GROWLS - looking to retaliate. But there's no Horus.

Hancock explores the rubble - by the building. A sudden EXPLOSION rips the base of a nearby wall - it jars the wall loose, sending it crashing down... on Hancock.

CRUNCH, the concrete rips right pass Hancock - stuns but does not subdue him. He shakes off the dirt. Finds Horus down the street.

Like a rocket, Hancock heads that way. He gets there, over Horus - grabbing him by the collar.

With a swift flick, he sends the family man flying.

THUD as his body careens off the Killybegs wall. He drops to the asphalt below. Horus - in pain, something broken, possibly.

He gets up. Tries to walk. Can't.

Hancock - on the approach, maintaining a cruel but steady pace towards his wounded game.

Horus tries to crawl. Can't. Too much pain. He peddles back against the curb, nowhere left to go.

Hancock arrives, looking fully steamed. He stands over Horus - not unlike Scarpo much earlier.

The situation presents itself - he reacts.

A kick into Hancock's groin muscle - CHINK, like the sound of bone off metal. Absolutely harmless. Horus simply shrugs. What else can he do?

Hancock tears a YIELD street SIGN from its concrete base. Raises this piece of jagged metal. Pulls it back. Ready to strike...

HORUS

(defiant)

No regrets.

HANCOCK

(cool)

No mercy.

He takes aim...

AARON (O.S.)

NO!

Mary SCREAMS in the background...

Horus. Hancock. They turn to witness the de-physicalization of Killybegs Textile.

Bricks... beams... they begin to crumble, weakened by the wear and tear of recent artillery.

Mary braces herself as the floor beneath begins to give. It slips... she SCREAMS... and collapses, taking the rest of the building with it.

A CRASH, followed by a cloud of billowing smoke.

Mary is no more.

HORUS

MARY!

Aaron. Roheim. In disbelief.

AARON

(blankly)

Mom...

Horus, he struggles to his feet. Pushes past Hancock, limping over to the building that once was.

HOPUS

MARY!

Hancock - not a word. He stands in comatose silence, looking pale.

Horus charges the building in possessed hysterics, trying to excavate his wife - one brick at a time.

Roheim meets him there, in an effort to console.

ROHEIM (O.S.)

-(you're wasting
your time)

Come on, Horus.

Horus - lost in the pain. He won't listen.

Slowly and with a sense of duty, Roheim joins the excavation. He rolls up his sleeve and gets to work.

Hancock drops the yield sign. Turns to the battlefield in his midst... surveys the carnage...

A loaded beat.

Hancock ROARS - a cry of desperation. He grimaces with defeat. Staggered off. SCREAMS, because what else can he do. Falls to his knees...

... by a fallen police GUN.

He picks it up...

... 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.

Horus. Roheim. Engaged to the task, brick by brick. Horus works his way down... to a lifeless ARM, protruding from its tomb.

He stops.

We pause - to let his soul cave in.

Horus reaches for her hand. Holds it... till death do you part...

MARY

Horus...

Horus leaps to his feet - stunned.

MARY

(continuing)

Get me out of here.

He digs into the heap, unearthing the rocks. Roheim pitches in.

There and beneath it all - Mary, wrapped in Hancock's CAPE, spared by this SUPER-apparel.

Horus. Mary. A husband-wife embrace. Aaron, he comes running into their arms.

Hancock beholds this twist of fate. Then, he stares at his hands - the tears. The TEARS. A CHUCKLE as he tries to fathom this event.

And another chuckle.

It's quiet all of a sudden. The rain - it has stopped. Morning dawns on this new day.

Hancock rises from his stoop. Gathers his faculties. He walks over - rejuvenated. Horus rises in a defensive posture to greet him.

They stare at one another.

Hancock fixes his gaze on Mary. A beat.

Mary moves to him. Hands him his CAPE. She says...

MARY

Thank you.

He takes it. Examines it, like a man rediscovering some forgotten dream.

Hancock fastens it back - silent. He turns... and fades into blue sky.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Aaron - in his pajamas, creeping down a dark hallway. He approaches a DOOR.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

... sometimes when it's dark out,
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 there - HIM... Horus.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(continuing)

... and it starts all over again.

And Mary. They are in some latter state of coital bliss.

Horus THRUSTS.

Mary GASPS...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Some things... you just never
forget.

FADE OUT:

THE END