

NOBODY

Written by

Derek Kolstad

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FADE IN:

1

INT. AN INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

1

Sitting at the end of a long table facing us, HUTCH MANSELL - his eyes are hidden behind a pair of chrome-tinted Aviator glasses- has seen better days.

Far... better... days.

With his hands resting palms down upon a partially-destroyed, blood-stained MONET resting on the table before him, we notice a 1971 OLDSMOBILE CUTLASS CONVERTIBLE promotional watch prominent upon his left wrist. His left ear is torn, lips cracked, nose shattered, one cheek slit, and the other bruised.

His tie is loose, his white shirt and simple suit jacket stained with blood, caked with soot, and sodden with mud.

He looks like a corpse sat upright upon his seat, unmoving...

...until suddenly...

...THE LETTER by THE BOXTOPS (or whatever the appropriately-frugal song might be for this scene) begins to play (probably only in Hutch's head), reverberating with deafening retort.

*
*

Hutch reaches into his INNER JACKET POCKET and retrieves a fresh packet of cigarettes. He unwraps the plastic and -as he taps it against his palm- realizes that the pinky and ring finger of his left hand are DISLOCATED.

Upon slipping free a cigarette, he places it between his lips, lowers the pack, reaches over, and snaps the fingers back into place.

Satisfied, he reaches into his RIGHT PANTS POCKET and slides free a silver lighter -with an odd dent in its side from a bullet impact years ago- which he sparks to flame, expertly rolling it across his knuckles before lowering it down onto the table.

Hutch pulls in a deep drag, holds it, and exhales.

A beat... and he reaches into his LEFT PANTS POCKET to wield an old school CAN OPENER. As he rolls it across the knuckles of his left hand -ignoring those attached to the pinky and ring finger- Hutch reaches into his RIGHT JACKET POCKET to retrieve a can of tuna which he solemnly opens, setting aside the lid.

Again, Hutch takes a drag, holds it, and exhales...

...as from his LEFT JACKET POCKET he removes a kitten, placing it down to dine on the table in front of him.

Hutch lowers his hands back down upon the table -palms down- and shifts the cigarette from one side of his mouth to the other...

...as the song ends. A long beat... and-

AGENT (O.S.)
Just who the fuck are you?

HUTCH
(a long beat, then)
Me?

Again, the cigarette shifts to the other side of his lips, his cracked and bloodied teeth clenching down upon it as he grins.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
(a long beat, then)
Me, I'm-

CUT TO: BLACK

SUPER: **NOBODY**

FADE IN:

2 **INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 2

Sleeping on his back with his hands folded upon his stomach, HUTCH shares the bed with his wife **BECCA MANSELL** -forties, athletic, attractive save for the perpetual scowl.

A wall of pillows -built by her every night- creates a physical rift between them which reflects their relationship nowadays.

Thump.

A beat... and Hutch opens his eyes. Stifling a yawn, he listens for a long moment. Nothing. Hutch rolls onto his side, closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, and exhales as-

-Thump-Thump.

Hutch opens his eyes and sits up with a sigh. He runs his fingers through his hair and stands with a groan. We follow Hutch out into-

3 **INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

-where he pauses to glance into his daughter's room where **ABBY MANSELL** -nine years old, petite, swift to smile- continues to doze.

He then looks into his son's room...

...to find **BLAKE MANSELL** -sixteen, stereotypical jock, a bit smarter than he lets on but not by much- laying on his side with his eyes open: he heard it, too.

Hutch motions for him to stay and heads down into-

4 **INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - FOYER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 4

-where he slows, listening to hear whispered voices. Still not putting two and two together, Hutch walks into-

5 **INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 5

-where he freezes at the sight of TWO THIEVES -one male and one female, dressed all in black, each wearing masks and thick gloves- who are in the process of ransacking his home.

Hutch ducks back out into-

6 **INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 6

-moving slow and low to enter-

7 **INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 7

-where he reaches to pull a PUTTER from the golf bag leaning against the corner. He hesitates, slides it back, searches, and pulls free a DRIVER.

Shouldering it, Hutch lifts the phone from the receiver when-

-he grows still, turning to find himself staring down the barrel of an old .38-special- in the unsteady hand of the FEMALE THIEF.

A beat... and she motions for him to hang up the phone which he does with a nod.

HUTCH'S POV: In the living room behind her, we see a **MALE THIEF** rooting around.

HUTCH

Look... We don't want any trouble.

FEMALE THIEF

(motions)

Your money. Cash.

The Female Thief pulls back the hammer with a CLICK.

FEMALE THIEF (CONT'D)

Now.

Hutch motions to the bowl which is full of change, dry cleaning tickets, loose keys, antique candy, crumpled bills, and "who knows what else".

HUTCH

That's about it on that.

She mutters something under her breath and grabs a handful of the contents, stuffing it into her pocket.

HUTCH (CONT'D)

Sorry. I use a debit card for-

The Female Thief holds up Hutch's WRIST WATCH.

FEMALE THIEF

(interrupting, motions)

Is this worth something?

We see a flicker of shadow cross his eyes, but only just barely.

HUTCH

(softly)

To me. Sure.

As she slips the watch on, we see a tattoo of a DOVE upon her wrist.

HUTCH (CONT'D)

Look, I-

We hear a CRY-

HUTCH'S POV: -as Blake tackles the Male Thief to the ground and begins to pummel him.

Both Hutch and the Female Thief react. As the Female Thief strides out of the room, Hutch follows, his knuckles white around the grip of the driver as we-

CUT TO:

8

INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

8

-Blake who is choking out her partner.

FEMALE THIEF

Get off him! Now!

Blake looks past her...

...to see his father emerging from the shadows behind her, moonlight glinting off of the driver. A grin crosses Blake's lips as -in this moment- he has "tunnel vision" and does not realize that the Female Thief has her gun on him.

Blake's look devolves into dejection as Hutch -his gaze growing shallow as he takes notice of something only he can see- drops the driver to the floor...

...and steps out between them. Hutch's eyes are hard upon her own as he ignores the unsteady weapon in her hand now aimed at his chest.

HUTCH

Son!

(a beat, then)

Let him go.

BLAKE

(incredulous)

What?

HUTCH

I said...

(turning)

...let him go.

A beat... and Blake releases the man with a scowl, shoving him aside to gasp for breath.

BECCA (O.S.)

(softly)

Please.

All turn to find Becca, hugging herself with wide eyes, trembling.

(With both her vantage point and timing, Becca only witnessed the macro of the situation while Hutch perceived the slightest of details.)

BECCA (CONT'D)

(softer still)

Just... leave.

A beat... and the Female Thief lowers the pistol to be tucked into the pocket of her hooded sweatshirt. She strides past and pulls her partner to his feet before they exit through the front door.

Becca moves towards Blake, reaching for him-

BECCA (CONT'D)
Honey, are you okay?

-only for him to -frustrated- ignore her hand, pulling himself to his feet with a scowl.

BLAKE
I'm fine.
(a beat, then to Hutch)
You could have taken her, Dad.

Hutch stares through his son with a vacant look. Blake shakes his head and he walks past-

BLAKE (CONT'D)
(mutters)
...Jesus...

-as Becca tosses Hutch a fleeting glance "rife with question" as we-

FADE TO:

9

EXT. A SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT - LATER (A MUTED HUM)

9

With a police car parked in the driveway, Becca -obsessed with worry- and Abby -exhausted and confused- look on...

...as Blake excitedly reenacts his engagement with the thief to POLICEMAN #1 who jots a couple of notes down upon his notepad...

...while a rather bored- looking POLICEMAN #2 looks on.

Hutch stares at the overloaded trash can in the garage, an old cereal box having tripped the sensor to keep the door from closing.

(Now that Hutch's wrist watch has been stolen, he is always playing with his sleeve or holding his left wrist in his right hand, almost as if he is hiding something...)

Hutch glances towards POLICEMAN #1 who is suddenly talking to him. Hutch blinks hard, focusing as our sound suddenly returns.

HUTCH

Excuse me?

POLICEMAN #1

So, she took maybe twenty bucks and
an old watch?

HUTCH

Yeah.

POLICEMAN #2

And the golf club. You didn't even
take a swing?

HUTCH

She had a...

(trailing off with a sigh)

No.

POLICEMAN #2

Y'know, if it was my family, I'd
have-

Policeman #1 slaps close his notepad with a dismissive sigh,
casting Policeman #2 a glare, shutting him up.

POLICEMAN #1

You did the right thing, Mr.
Mansell.

His tone, however, does not match his words, his eyes unable
(and unwilling) to meet Hutch's own.

POLICEMAN #1 (CONT'D)

We'll get out of your hair.

(motions)

Just keep that garage door closed,
ok?

HUTCH

Yeah.

As the cops turn to leave-

HUTCH (CONT'D)

Sure.

-Abby and Blake head back inside. Becca, hugging herself,
stares off after Hutch, who can't meet her gaze. This silent
moment speaks volumes before Becca -desperate for him to
connect with her- turns to follow.

Hutch now finds himself standing at the end of the long driveway... alone.

FADE TO:

10	<u>INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - THE BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER</u>	10	*
	Hutch clicks on the light and walks down the stairs...		*
	...into a veritable man cave of a sort. We see an old <u>pinball machine</u> , pool table, and large screen tv...		*
	...along with <u>a massive LP collection</u> .		*
	Hutch lays down on the sofa to stare up at the ceiling.		*
	A long beat... and Abby -dragging her blanket and a pillow, half-asleep- joins him.		
	HUTCH		
	(smiles)		
	Hey.		
	ABBY		
	(yawning)		
	Hey.		
	HUTCH		
	Scared?		
	Abby curls up next to him.		
	ABBY		
	No. You?		
	HUTCH		
	Yeah.		
	ABBY		
	Don't be.		
	(softly)		
	I'm here.		
	Hutch smiles and holds her tight.		
	ABBY (CONT'D)		
	Hey, dad?		
	HUTCH		
	Yeah?		

ABBY
(matter-of-factly)
We need a cat.

HUTCH
Oh?

ABBY
Yeah.

HUTCH
(mutters)
Yeah, I was thinkin' the same
thing.

FADE TO: BLACK

FADE IN:

11 **INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - THE BASEMENT - DAWN** 11 *

As we hear the sounds of a garbage truck out front, we see -
from behind the couch- Hutch sit up.

HUTCH
Shit.

CUT TO:

12 **EXT. A SUBURBAN HOME - DAWN - MOMENTS LATER** 12

The garage door opens before Hutch who drags out a pair of
trash cans-

HUTCH
WAIT!

-only to find himself staring off at the swiftly retreating *
garbage truck. Frustrated, Hutch slaps a hand down upon the *
trash can as we-

CUT TO:

13 **EXT. A PLAYGROUND - DAY - CONTINUOUS** 13

Jogging at an impressive pace, Hutch -wearing an athletic
outfit in dire need of replacement- nears the end of his run.
With a final burst of energy, Hutch sprints for a bit before
slowing, folding his hands over the top of his head, gasping
for breath.

As trio of younger runners jog past from the opposite direction, Hutch offers them a nod, but is completely ignored.

Dejected, Hutch walks over to the bus stop, reaches up, and starts doing pull-ups, one after another.

As he does so, we PAN OVER to see a poster of his wife -BECCA- emblazoned with the words "YOUR COUNTY'S NUMBER ONE REALTOR FOR EIGHT YEARS STRAIGHT!"

Hutch slows to a stop, hanging there for a moment, before continuing on, punishing his body as we-

FADE TO:

14

INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - DAY - LATER

14

As Abby makes a sandwich comprised of pickles, peanut butter, bacon, and capers, Blake devours a small stack of toasted bagels, the amount of cream cheese found therein more than a tad bit horrifying.

Becca pours herself a cup of coffee, emptying the pot just as Hutch -freshly showered and shaved, his suit pressed and clean, but no less discount rack- was looking to get one for himself.

BLAKE

So, I need to do a report on a veteran for history. Can I just interview you?

Abby climbs up onto a chair and starts sifting through the bowl resting there on.

HUTCH

Sure, but I was an auditor, son, and that makes for a pretty dry story.

BECCA

Why don't you interview your Uncle Charlie? He was a real soldier.

(on Hutch's look)

I didn't mean...

BLAKE

I already left him a message. I'll try again later.

ABBY

I can't find it.

HUTCH

What, honey?

ABBY

My kitty-cat bracelet! I can't find it!

(face falling in shock)

They wouldn't have stolen that, would they?

HUTCH

Of course not. I'm sure, it'll turn up.

ABBY

(sighs)

Ok.

BECCA

(to Hutch, softly)

You missed the garbage.

HUTCH

(forced smile)

I know.

BECCA

(hesitating, then)

Sorry. I just...

(sighs)

An awkward beat... and Becca notices the empty travel mug in Hutch's hand along with the empty pot nearby.

BECCA (CONT'D)

...sorry...

Becca proceeds to pour half of her coffee into his cup-

BECCA (CONT'D)

(to the kids)

All right, guys!

-before screwing a top on tight.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Let's move.

(to Hutch without looking)

Have a good day.

HUTCH

(nods)

You, too.

While Blake completely ignores Hutch, Abby gives him a big hug, closing her eyes with a smile as she leans into him. After a long moment, she pulls back to leave with the others.

Hutch finds himself alone in the kitchen...

...where he stands for a lingering moment, lost in thought.

FADE TO:

15

EXT. A SUBURBAN HOME - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

15

-where Hutch -carrying a travel mug of coffee- closes the door behind him, using his key to lock it. Turning, he sees his neighbor, JIM, pulling the tarp off of a fully-restored MUSCLE CAR in his driveway.

JIM

Heard you had some excitement last night.

HUTCH

Yeah, it was just-

JIM

(interrupting)

Man, I wish they'd a' picked my place!

(motions)

I got me an AR-15 tucked beneath my mattress. Been itchin' to see what she can do in real life, y'know?

HUTCH

(a beat, then motions)

That's new.

JIM

Pretty cool, huh? The old man just croaked. Didn't have much to leave, but at least I got something out of it.

HUTCH

Sorry for you loss.

JIM

(shrugs)

Nothing there to mourn, man.

Pretty slick, though, huh? She's a '72 Maserati Indy. Four-point-

Nine liter V-8. Zero-to-sixty in...

(trailing off)

*
*

As Jim continues on his audible tour of the vehicle, Hutch stops listening, staring through him as we-

CUT TO:

16 **INT. A BUS - DAY - MOMENTS LATER**

16

Allowing the others on first, Hutch enters last, greeting the Driver with a nod before *pausing to awkwardly tap his METRO CARD against the reader.*

As Hutch moves his way down the aisle, he greets -and is greeted by- a number of commuters, all having become friends upon their route.

As Hutch takes a seat, we-

*

FADE TO:

17 **EXT. A STREET - DAY - LATER**

17

Hutch takes his time as he walks, taking in the warmth of the sun.

As he rounds the corner, he pauses to stare into A GUN SHOP.

After a long beat, he shifts his focus to see his own reflection in the window. He lowers his eyes, second guessing himself before turning to walk over to the TACO TRUCK idling by the curb with a wave and a forced smile.

FADE TO:

18 **EXT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - ESTABLISHING - DAY**

18

With a commercial facade, the industrial building seems a bit out of place and out of time, but no less welcome.

19 **INT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - LOBBY - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

19

Nursing a breakfast burrito, Hutch enters to find THE RECEPTIONIST off in the distance using a mop handle to bang up against an air vent.

HUTCH

What you thinkin' this time? Rats?
Possum, maybe?

Hutch is answered with a shrug as she continues on with a scowl.

As he moves on, we notice her lunch on her desk: crackers, a can of tuna, and an old school can opener. It is the same every day.

*
*
*
*

Hutch walks into into-

20 **INT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - MAIN FLOOR - DAY - CONTINUOUS** 20

-where he does the rounds, checking in on his two dozen or so employees. The space is both a museum to antiquated -yet perfectly working- machinery alongside cutting edge, 3-d printers. Checking his wrist -only to realize that his watch is not there- Hutch heads upstairs and into-

21 **INT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - HALLWAY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER** 21

Hutch walks somberly past a wall emblazoned with "EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH" but his face is nowhere to be seen with CHARLIE WILLIAMS -late thirties, former military, tight-skinned beer belly, tall, thick beard, thicker head- suspiciously appearing far too many times among the shallow roster.

22 **INT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - HUTCH'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER** 22

Overlooking the shop floor, the space looks like something lifted from the pages of LIFE MAGAZINE from the early fifties... which is just the way Hutch likes it.

He sinks down into his chair and powers on his computer. He then opens a nearby folder filled with physical receipts and begins to enter the data into an EXCEL spreadsheet.

As Hutch stifles a yawn, we-

CUT TO:

23 **INT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - KITCHEN - DAY - LATER** 23

-where Hutch opens a cabinet, reaching inside for a mug-

CHARLIE (O.S.)

So...

-fumbling with it-

-only to **effortlessly catches it behind his back without looking-**

-before calmly placing it upon the counter-

HUTCH
Mornin', Charlie.

-as he turns to face his brother-in law, CHARLIE who is drinking coffee from an oversized, plastic travel mug.

CHARLIE
...did I hear right?

HUTCH
Depends on who you talked to.

CHARLIE
Blake called.

HUTCH
(nods, mutters)
Then, of course you did.

CHARLIE
He said you had the drop on one of
'em. Why didn't you take 'em out?
Shit, I woulda'.

HUTCH
I just...
(softly)
...tried to keep the damages at a
minimum.

CHARLIE
How'd that work out for you?

HUTCH
We're all safe, so I'm thinkin'-

Charlie reaches into the back of his pants and pulls free a SIG-SAUER P250, placing the barrel between Hutch's eyes.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
Jesus!

CHARLIE
Don't worry. Safety's on.
(frowns)
Wait.

Charlie checks the weapon...

...and clicks the safety on.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Oops. There. See? Now...
(grins)
(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Nothing turns off the lights right
quick like a fuckin' bullet to the
fuckin' brain, man. So, here.

Charlie offers him the pistol.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Take it.

HUTCH
Thanks, Charlie, but -uh- I don't
want it.

CHARLIE
It ain't a matter of want, Hutch-

Charlie reaches out, opens Hutch's hand, and places the gun
into it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
-but the principle of need.
(motions)
So, man the fuck up, son. You made
it through boot camp back in the
day!
(smirks with a wink)
Or did you?

Charlie turns and leaves Hutch to stare down at the pistol.

A beat... and Hutch opens the freezer, reaches into the very
back, and finds a half-full box of VEGAN BURRITOS which looks
not to have been touched in years. Hutch opens it, tucks the
pistol inside, folds it shut, tucks the box back into the
rear of the fridge, and closes the door as we-

CUT TO:

24 INT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - HUTCH'S OFFICE - DAY - MOMENTS 24
LATER

As he takes his seat, he hears a knock at his door. He spins
to face his father-in-law, EDDIE WILLIAMS -sixties, former
boxer, thinning hair, thick glasses, white shirt, no tie,
work boots, emotionless- who is wolfing down a double-sausage
breakfast burrito, drowning each bite in hot sauce.

EDDIE
Hey.

HUTCH
Hey.

Silence.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
I take it she called?

EDDIE
She did.
(motions)
And while I'm sure Charlie sees
differently, I'm thinkin' you did
the right thing.
(on his look)
For you.

HUTCH
(taken aback)
Oh.

EDDIE
Y'know, bein' a civilian and all.
I mean, you served, sure, but-

HUTCH
(interrupting)
-I gotcha'.

EDDIE
Good.

Eddie turns to leave, but then hesitates, glancing back.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Now, about that buyout offer of
yours...
(motions, amused)
You really wanna get rid of Charlie
and me that bad, huh?

HUTCH
No. You're family, Eddie. I just-

Eddie interrupts with a sheepish smile and a raised hand.

EDDIE
What do I keep telling you, Hutch?

HUTCH
(realizing)
Right.
(motions)
Mr. Williams. I just want you to
enjoy your retirement, and Charlie
his...
(searching)
(MORE)

HUTCH (CONT'D)
...youth.
(on his gaze)
I made you a fair offer-

EDDIE
(interrupting)
But not a **good** one. Son, I built
this company -with these hands- up
from nothing. In order for me to
sell it, that offer better be
goddamned **great**, you got me?

HUTCH
(nods)
I do.

EDDIE
Why do you want this place so bad
anyways?

HUTCH
(unsure, uncomfortable)
I dunno. I mean, I know it pretty
well, and... well... I'd like to
have something that's mine...
y'know?

EDDIE
Oh, I do.
(a beat, then nods)
You may not believe it, Hutch...

Eddie turns to leave.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
...but I'm rootin' for ya'.

FADE TO:

25

INT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - MAIN FLOOR - DAY - LATER

25

We watch as Hutch wanders the expansive environment, forcing
a smile to an employee here and nod to one there, but for the
most part, his mind is vacillating between too many thoughts,
and none at all.

FADE TO:

26

INT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - HUTCH'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER

26

With his meal half-eaten, Hutch stands, closes the door to
his office, and locks it.

He takes a swig of Big Red -from a glass bottle- and unlocks the hutch of a small desk in the corner. He swings it open to reveal an impressive, antique, large-tube, SHORTWAVE RADIO.

He flicks a switch and begins fidgeting with the dials...

...until finally...

...he hears HARRY strumming on his acoustic guitar while singing NOTHING ELSE MATTERS by METALLICA.

Hutch leans back with a smile, listening for a long moment...

...before the music abruptly ends.

HARRY (O.S.)

(sighs)

How long have you been listening?

HUTCH

Long enough. You're gettin' pretty good at that thing.

HARRY (O.S.)

Yeah, well...

(sighs)

...there ain't much else to do on this island.

HUTCH

(smirks)

Rough life.

HARRY (O.S.)

You don't know the half of it.
So... tell me about last night.

HUTCH

How'd you know?

HARRY (O.S.)

Police scanner. What can I say?
I'm always lookin' out of ya',
brutha.

HUTCH

Is that what it is?

HARRY (O.S.)

(chuckles)

In a way.

HUTCH

There were two of them. A man and a woman. Young. Late twenties. Latino.

(softly)

They were scared. Desperate. You could smell it on them.

(a beat, then)

She had a pistol.

HARRY (O.S.)

What kind?

HUTCH

An old .38-special. Hadn't been shot in a while. Hadn't been cleaned even longer. And it was... a...

CUT TO:

27

INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - THE KITCHEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

27

As the Female Thief pulls back the hammer of her pistol, Hutch can see that the chamber is-

HUTCH (O.S.)

Empty.

CUT TO:

28

INT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - HUTCH'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Hutch uncaps a second bottle of Big Red-

HARRY (O.S.)

Seriously?

-and takes a long pull from it.

HUTCH

(sighs)

Seriously.

HARRY (O.S.)

Huh. Well, then, now I know why you didn't do what you didn't do.

(This statement infers volumes.)

HARRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What'd they get?

Hutch instinctively reaches for the watch missing from his wrist without thinking about it.

HUTCH

Not much. Just a couple of bucks.

HARRY (O.S.)

Ah, well... I guess it coulda' been worse, huh?

HUTCH

Yeah. Maybe.

HARRY (O.S.)

(hesitating, then)

You holdin' back on me, brother?

HUTCH

No, I'm... I'm just not feeling up for a game today, Harry.

HARRY

I hear ya'.

(on his silence)

Circle back when you're centered, Hutchie.

The radio feeds dies, leaving Hutch to stare down at the chess set as we-

FADE TO:

29 **EXT. A SUBURBAN HOME - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT**

29

30 **EXT. A SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

30

Hutch trudges up the front walk with his face down, shoulders slumped. He slows to a stop and looks up.

HIS POV: Through the front window, he sees BECCA, BLAKE, and ABBY in the kitchen preparing dinner, all smiles and laughter.

Hutch stares at them for a long moment...

...before turning to walk away.

HUTCH (V.O.)
 (on to the phone to Becca)
 I'm gonna' go bring dinner over to
 dad. It's been awhile.

CUT TO:

31 **INT. A BUS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

31

Hutch sits alone, staring at the front of the vehicle, lost in the absence of thought, his arms resting limply within his lap.

HUTCH (V.O.)
 I know it's short notice. I'm
 sorry. Ok. All right. See you
 soon. Bye.

CUT TO:

32 **EXT. A NURSING HOME - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT**

32

Carrying dinner in take-out bags, Hutch opens the front door and enters-

33 **INT. A NURSING HOME - LOBBY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

33

-where he approaches **JOEY** -the security guard- at the security kiosk.

JOEY
 You do know visiting hours are long
 past, right?

HUTCH
 All I know...

Hutch tosses Joey one of the bags before signing in on **the clipboard**.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
 ...is that you like Pastrami on
 rye. Extra mustard, extra
 pickles... and no sauerkraut.

JOEY
 (grinning)
 My man...

CUT TO:

34 **INT. A NURSING HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER** 34

Hutch approaches door number 118 and knocks out of respect before-

35 **INT. A NURSING HOME - DAVID'S UNIT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 35

-entering to find **DAVID MANSELL** -late seventies, tall, gray, piercing eyes, stoic, mute by stroke- perched in his recliner before a large television set, currently playing an old, black-and-white episode of PALADIN.

Hutch heads into the kitchen where he carefully plates their meals on to a pair of trays. We notice an AMAZON ALEXA gathering dust on the counter.

For himself, Hutch has a large plate of corned beef and cabbage with a side of onions and potatoes. He uncorks a bottle of wine and pours himself a glass.

For David, Hutch assembles a plate consisting of meat loaf and mashed potatoes with heavy gravy, a side of roasted corn, and a roll. He then places a can of BUDWEISER alongside a glass of brandy...

...before delivering the tray to his father who begins to eat, his eyes only tracking the television and his meal.

 DAVID
 (a long beat, then)
 You ok?
 (motions)
 Because you don't look ok.

Hutch sits down beside him-

 HUTCH
 I'm fine.

-and begins to eat in silence. As he does so, we notice a framed picture taken forty years ago of Hutch, DAVID, NEA - the baby sister- MARJORIE -the matriarch- and HARRY who, although it is far too big, is proudly wearing HUTCH'S "NOW STOLEN" WATCH.

FADE TO:

36 **INT. A NURSING HOME - DAVID'S UNIT - NIGHT - LATER** 36

As David now sleeps in his chair before the television, Hutch does the dishes. Once done, he hesitates...

and opens a drawer to find a pack of cigarettes and the ZIPPO lighter which we recall from the very first scene.

As he taps one out, he walks onto-

37 **EXT. A NURSING HOME - DAVID'S UNIT - PATIO - NIGHT -** 37
CONTINUOUS

-where he sparks a flame to the lighter, but does not light cigarette. Instead, he just enjoys the feel of the cigarette between his lips. *

As he does so, his gaze becomes that of a thousand yard stare, the mingled sounds of the city gradually becomes a mind-numbing, high-pitched squeal before we abruptly- *

SMASH CUT TO:

38 **INT. A NURSING HOME - DAVID'S UNIT - BEDROOM - NIGHT -** 38
MOMENTS LATER

Hutch opens the closet door, reaching inside to turn on the light. Inside, we see a menagerie of plastic-wrapped clothing hanging beneath a shelf on which dozens upon dozens of shoeboxes are stacked tightly, many wrapped in twine. Hutch reaches deep within, searching...

...to pull free an antique **MOSSBERG SHOTGUN**: a stunningly beautiful piece of weaponry. He clicks it open to find it loaded before closing it again. Hutch thinks for a long moment before replacing the shotgun, opting out of that much power.

Unfolding a small step ladder leaning against the wall therein, Hutch climbs to the top, reaches back into the closet, and pulls free an old, Cuban **CIGAR BOX** - it too wrapped in twine.

Hutch places it on the ledge of the shelf, hesitates, and unwraps the twine. He then takes a breath, holds it, and - with eyes unblinking- opens the cigar box.

HIS POV: Inside we see an old -but perfectly cleaned and polished- **COLT 1911**; silver with a mother-of-pearl inset grip. Resting beside it are **TWO MAGAZINES**, a **THICK WAD OF HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS**, and a weathered, leather, **BADGE HOLDER**. He opens it to find his father's old **FBI IDENTIFICATION AND BADGE**.

Hutch closes it and tosses it down onto the bed followed by the wad of cash. Selecting a magazine, Hutch claps it into the pistol, and pulls back the slide; locked and loaded.

He tosses the weapon down next to the cash, closes the box - leaving just the one magazine behind- and reties it with the twine before sliding it back into place.

Hutch climbs down, refolds the step ladder, and returns it to lean against the wall. Knowing his father's long forgotten wardrobe well, he searches, flipping through the sealed garments...

...until he comes upon a time-worn BOMBER JACKET, a cross-thatched bandage of duct-tape affixed to the lower back.

Slipping into it, a change seems to come over him. In fact, as he casts a glance at himself in the mirror, Hutch seems to be evolving... almost changing somewhat.

Hutch opens a drawer to toss in his wallet, keys, and cell phone. Just as he is about to close it, he pauses, reaches in, and removes a pair of **SILVER-TINTED AVIATORS** (which he was wearing in our very first scene).

Hutch slips them into his jacket pocket before turning to retrieve the pistol -which he tucks into the back of his pants- and both the ID and wad of cash which go into his inner-jacket pocket.

Hutch exits-

CUT TO:

39

INT. A NURSING HOME - DAVID'S UNIT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

39

-to find DAVID standing before him, his eyes heavy upon him. The two gauge one another in silence with Hutch unable -or unwilling- to meet his gaze.

HUTCH
(on his look, softly)
Pop?
(softer still)
There's this thing I gotta' do.

A long beat... and David offers him a slight nod before stepping aside.

DAVID
Then you best go do it.

Hutch moves past, exits, and closes the door behind him, leaving David to sigh, tilting his head to crack his neck as we-

CUT TO:

40 INT. A NURSING HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 40

Hutch takes a couple of steps, glances down, and kneels with a frown...

...to retrieve his METRO CARD which must have fallen out upon his arrival. Slipping it into his jacket pocket, he removes the Aviators, and -as he flicks them open- the song AIN'T IT FUNKY NOW by JAMES BROWN begins to play.

Hutch slides on the glasses, and as he turns towards us...

...we shift into SLOW MOTION. With each step he takes...

...Hutch seems to transform...

...as he mentally gets into character.

CUT TO:

41 INT. A BUS - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER (MUSIC ONLY) 41 *

Hutch sits with his gaze hidden behind chrome, his face stoic, body both relaxed and taut as we- *

CUT TO: *

42 EXT. THE CITY - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT (MUSIC ONLY) 42

We follow Hutch as he visits...

43 INT. TATTOO PARLOR #1 - NIGHT (MUSIC ONLY) 43

A tattoo parlor...

CUT TO:

44 INT. TATTOO PARLOR #2 - NIGHT (MUSIC ONLY) 44

After another...

CUT TO:

45 INT. TATTOO PARLOR #3 - NIGHT (MUSIC ONLY) 45

Hutch questions an eclectic array of shop owners...

CUT TO:

46 **INT. TATTOO PARLOR #4 - NIGHT (MUSIC ONLY)** 46

...to no avail...

...as he finds himself descending deeper and deeper...

CUT TO:

47 **EXT. THE CITY - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT (MUSIC ONLY)** 47

...in the dregs of the city as we-

FADE TO:

48 **EXT. A SEEDY TATTOO PARLOR - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT** 48

Located amidst a number of chop shops and low rent restaurants and bars, the building is dark, dank, and despondent.

49 **INT. A SEEDY TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 49

Hutch enters to approach THE OWNER who offers him little more than a passing glance, the wood matchstick in his mouth moving from one side of his lips to the other.

HUTCH
Agent Mansell.

Sitting nearby, a grizzled **VETERAN** -wearing a worn VFW cap-glances up from his dog-eared copy of **GUNS OF NAVARONE**, his interest piqued.

Hutch flashes the badge-

HUTCH (CONT'D)
FBI.

-and pockets it, the movement swift.

As the Veteran lowers the book to listen in, we notice a number of tattoos upon his forearms, most notably one of two playing cards - a pair of ACES, one spades, the other hearts.

(Note: These are the absolute best cards to be dealt in game of SEVEN CARD STUD.)

HUTCH (CONT'D)
(looking around)
I'm looking for-

THE OWNER

That's old.

HUTCH

(taken aback, then)

What?

THE OWNER

Your ID. The badge. It's expired
by about twenty years.

(on his look)

**And I'm pretty sure that ain't you
in the picture.**

A number of massive goons encroach upon their conversation.

A long beat... and Hutch smiles in such a way that the owner
is more than a bit taken aback.

THE OWNER (CONT'D)

Who are you?

HUTCH

Me?

Hutch reaches into his jacket pocket, and as the other grow
tense, they relax at the sight of a wad of hundred dollar
bills.

HUTCH (CONT'D)

I'm just a man... looking for a
man.

THE OWNER

Yeah, well... you probably
shouldn't flash cheese like that
around here, brother.

A shadow casts over Hutch, offering us a glimpse of who he
once was and -we hope- shall soon become.

HUTCH

**There are three kinds of people who
flash cheese -as you say- like
this: those who don't know better,
those seeking to intimidate... and
those, like me, who would really -
and I do mean with every ounce of
my being- really like someone to
try and take it from them.**

As Hutch moves...

...the VETERAN catches a glimpse of the tattoo on Hutch's left wrist, that of two playing cards: A TWO OF DIAMONDS and a SEVEN OF CLUBS.

(Note: These are the absolute worst cards to be dealt in a game of SEVEN CARD STUD.)

The Veteran's eyes go wide, the air sucked from his lungs.

THE OWNER

Buddy, you...
(trailing off)

Abruptly -and to the surprise of everyone save Hutch- the Veteran stands, clears his throat, swallows hard with wide eyes, and offers Hutch a nod-

VETERAN

(mutters)

Thank you for your service.

-before beating a hasty retreat into the back office...

HUTCH

(nods)

You, too, old-timer.

...where he noisily LOCKS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

Unsure as to what just happened there, the Owner turns his attention back to Hutch with a newfound degree of respect, albeit still begrudging.

THE OWNER

What can I do for you?

Hutch peels off three bills and slides them across to him-

HUTCH

You can send me in the direction of
this woman here.

-before tapping a finger to one of the POLAROIDs of tattoos hanging upon his wall, this one in particular being of the ink upon the FEMALE THIEF'S WRIST.

CUT TO:

A rare and steady rain begins to fall.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. A HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 51

Located in the very heart of downtown Los Angeles, the two-bedroom, one-bathroom hovel is unceremoniously located amidst industrial buildings on the verge of ruin.

52 INT. A HOUSE - THE KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 52

Standing over the stove, LUPITA MARTIN -early twenties, petite, weary, beautiful if ever she caught up on sleep- rips open two cups of dried ramen noodles.

Once the water boils, she turns off the gas, takes the pot, and fills the styrofoam bowls up to the appropriate line.

53 ***INT. A HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS*** 53

Behind a closed door, we hear a toilet flush -followed by the running of water in the sink- before the door opens and **LUIS MARTIN** -early twenties, thin, poor man's goatee, just as tired as his wife- exits, stifling a yawn.

Luis heads towards the kitchen, pausing to glance through an open doorway to a room beyond, before entering-

CUT TO:

54 *INT. A HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS* 54

-where he kisses her on the back of the neck. She offers the best smile that she can before motioning towards their small table.

LUIS
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Smells good.

Lupita checks her watch -as in Hutch's watch- before placing a plate of food down before him.

LUPITA (O.S.)
(in Spanish, subtitled)
You've gotta' go soon.

Behind her, we see HUTCH -perched like the goddamned boogeyman- standing at the end of the long hallway beyond, a living silhouette, light reflecting ominously off of his aviators, the gun held tight in his hand with knuckles white.

55

INT. A HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

55

A long beat... and Hutch -both tense and relaxed at the same time, a feral cat ready to strike- moves forward, silent and calm.

LUIS (O.S.)
(in Spanish, subtitled)
These double shifts are killing me.

LUPITA (O.S.)
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Me, too.

He treads softly, moving slowly, but then hesitates to glance down at the stack of mail upon the entry table.

HIS POV: All we see are MEDICAL BILLS and PAST NOTICE STATEMENTS.

Hutch glimpses through the open doorway which Luis had paused at before.

HIS POV: Their one-year-old SON -his chest heavily bandaged, a mask feeding him oxygen- lays in his crib, struggling to breathe.

Hutch lowers his face, understanding now, deflating for a moment before "returning to character".

LUPITA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(in Spanish, subtitled)
We're gonna' make it, right?

*

CUT TO:

56

INT. A HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

56

Luis reaches across to squeeze her hand.

LUIS
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Baby, I promise you, I...

Lupita trails off with eyes wide, mouth agape...

...as Hutch presses the barrel of his pistol against the back of Luis' head, the man reacting in horror as anyone would.

LUPITA
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Please, we don't have-

Hutch pulls back the hammer with a deafening CLICK, plummeting the room into silence.

HUTCH
(in Spanish, subtitled)
I speak... and you listen.

A long beat... as Hutch takes a deep breath, holds it, and exhales, centering himself as he lowers the hammer, his point made. Lupita's eyes water as she swallows hard while Luis clenches his eyes shut.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Do you know why I am here?

Luis and Lupita share an "oh shit" look.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Because I am a good man. A family man. And most importantly, a man who did not deserve...

We see a glimpse of feral rage in Hutch's eyes.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
(in Spanish, subtitled)
...your gun... in his face.

A moment of silence relished by Hutch and anguished over by the Martins.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Now...
(growls)
...the watch.

With a fumbling hand, Lupita removes the watch from her own wrist, and hands it to Hutch who slips it into his pocket.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
(in Spanish, subtitled)
And the kitty-cat bracelet.

LUIS
(in Spanish, subtitled)
The... what?

With a burst of sudden rage, Hutch drives the barrel of the pistol into the back of Luis' head, pulling back the hammer as he shoves Luis face first down upon the table as Lupita lets out a stifled cry.

HUTCH

(growls)

Give me... the goddamned... kitty-
cat bracelet... MOTHER... FUCKER.

This is the only time we see Hutch lose "almost and completely" lose his temper.

LUIS

(swallows hard, then)

I don't know what you're talking
about, man. I really don't.

A long beat... and we hear the baby in the other room begin to cry. A Lupita weeps and Luis trembles, waiting for the bullet, Hutch... lowers the weapon.

Hutch reaches into his pocket, removes the wad of cash, and tosses it down onto the table. As it comes to rest we-

CUT TO:

57

EXT. AN ALLEY - NIGHT - LATER (MUSIC ONLY)

57

Dejected, Hutch slowly trudges through the expanding puddles, oblivious to the rain. Suddenly exhausted, he stumbles, catching himself against the wall. As he moves to steady himself...

...his hands become fists as -with an anguished cry- he punches the aluminum-siding facade...

...until he draws back, his knuckles cracked and bleeding.

A beat... and Hutch pulls the watch from his pocket, studies for a moment, and then hurls it at the wall before trudging off screen.

A long beat... and he returns, dropping to a knee to retrieve it. As he straps it to his wrist, he trudges off into the night as we-

FADE TO:

58

EXT. A STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS (MUSIC ONLY)

58

-where Hutch slows to lean against the bus stop, staring off into nothing. A long beat... and the bus slows to a stop before him. The doors open, and Hutch steps up-

59

INT. A BUS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS (MUSIC ONLY)

59

-to stare through **DONNA** -fifties, black, rotund, hard but quick to smile- who says little as he taps his **METRO CARD** to gain entry.

Hutch offers a silent, half-hearted wave before making his way down the aisle. He passes a **YOUNG WOMAN** who offers him a half-smile before returning to lean her forehead against the glass, infatuated by the rain, her soda can in hand with a **BENDY STRAW** pressed between her lips.

The only other passenger is a giant, CAPTAIN AMERICA-looking **BODYBUILDER** who sits with his face down, eyes locked upon the pages of a dog-eared, paperback edition of THE STRANGER by ALBERT CAMUS. Hutch sinks down to sit in the middle of the row in the very rear.

As we slowly pull back from his dejected form...

...we hear the roar of a powerful vehicle as its headlights wash over the bus, soaring past, swerving erratically-

-to crash in front of it, the driver slamming on the breaks.

Through the front windshield, we see the drunken silhouettes of the vehicle's inhabitants emerge from the totaled vehicle...

...and flag down the bus as they approach.

Donna glances to her right with a worried gaze, hesitates, but then reaches over to pull back the lever to open the door...

...as AVE MARIA begins to play at an almost deafening volume.

Five, drunken **GOONS** -Russians, each wearing overpriced suits, silk shirts, and no ties- followed by their apparent alpha, one **TEDDY KUZNETSOV** - tall, thick, broad-shouldered, and thin skinned- who tosses a couple of bills at Donna to serve as their fare.

Hutch watches them as they continue to stand, laugh, and strike each other's shoulder, all drunk off of whatever they had been drinking and the testosterone pumping through their veins.

Teddy begins to hit on a young woman...

...while his boys egg him -and one another- on.

When she shoves aside Teddy's hand and stands to move, he grabs her -hard- and shoves her back down.

Suddenly, Teddy has a knife in hand. He turns to scream something at the driver...

...who at first ignores him...

...until his goons each produce blades of their own.

As Hutch witnesses this unexpected turn of events, his dour expression slowly evolves into one of pure zen.

Defeated, Donna pulls the bus over to the side of the road.

Surprisingly to everyone but Hutch, the Bodybuilder is the first one to flee the scene...

...with the others soon following.

With only Hutch and the driver remaining, Teddy sneers back at Hutch...

... who stands. As he moves down the aisle, he sidles past the goons-

-and casts a glance at the horrified, pleading expression of the young woman-

-before reaching the front of the bus.

Hutch sees that Donna has her cell phone in hand, looking to call 9-1-1...

...but Hutch shakes his head, something in his gaze convincing her to end the call.

Donna stands, eyes down, and walks off.

Hutch takes a step down, pauses-

-and then -to our surprise- takes a step back up, reaching over-

-to pull the lever, closing the doors...

...as **THE SOUND RETURNS**-

-as Hutch, without looking up at it, drives a fist back to break the bus' security camera.

HUTCH
(chuckles)
The universe, man. It's gotta'
unique way a' payin' out what's
owed.

*
*
*
*

Standing in the very rear of the bus, Teddy looks amused while his men share a confused expression.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
Y'know...

Hutch takes off his watch, and tosses it down onto the driver's seat.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
...I thought I'd finally have some
satisfaction tonight...

Hutch reaches behind his back-

HUTCH (CONT'D)
...but it was not to be...
(searching)

-and removes the pistol with eyes growing wide.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
(smirk)
...so this... this'll have to do.
(smirks)
And yeah, I'm thinking this...

Hutch pulls back the slide to catch the ejected round.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
...is what I've been waiting for.

LEAD GOON
(grins)
You and me both, friend.

Hutch slides out the magazine, pressing the bullet down to fill it out.

HUTCH
This...

Hutch places the weapon and the magazine down onto the driver's seat before turning to face them.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
...is just what I need.

A beat... and Teddy laughs.

TEDDY
And I agree, you crazy fuck! Boys?

On cue, the goons surge into Hutch as one.

(Note: Hutch is always reactive when he fights, never the one to make the first move.)

When he first engages them, Hutch is unsure and a tad bit awkward. But with each movement -much like an old machine coming back to life- he finds his tempo and rhythm.

To the lead goon's surprise, Hutch moves swiftly still into him, ignoring the man's blade -which slices through his cheek- as he proceeds to shatter the man's left knee...

...and both arms...

...before kicking in his sternum...

...and breaking his jaw as he knocks him down.

The goons freeze as Teddy's eyes grow wide...

...as Hutch continues to pummel the center of the unconscious goon's face when suddenly-

HUTCH
(snarls)
STOP!

-he freezes...

...and stands...

...to face the others.

Hutch reaches up to touch the fresh wound on his face with a frustrated sigh.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
(mutters to himself)
Rusty, man. Rusty.

TEDDY
Dude... just... FUCKING KILL HIM!

We watch in sheer and absolute amazement as Hutch proves himself to be a force of nature.

*
*

He does not kill these men but instead wounds them to the point of perhaps desiring death.

With half of their number decimated, Hutch pulls back.

HUTCH
We can stop here..
(a beat, then)
Or continue on.
(MORE)

HUTCH (CONT'D)
(nods)
Your call.

A beat... and the remaining men surge into Hutch who counters their every move before delivering a pain unlike any of them had ever known.

At one point, his jacket is sliced, causing his METRO CARD to drop down onto the floor.

With each one down, Hutch seems to come into his own, his methods, means, and motions precise...

...until it is just Hutch and Teddy who -albeit a bit nervous- keeps his game face intact.

TEDDY
And a guy like you takes the bus?

HUTCH
What can I say? I like the company I keep.

A beat... and Teddy lunges into him with his blade.

Maybe tapping a bit too deeply into the memories of old, Hutch catches Teddy's outstretched arm, snaps his wrist, twists his arm to shatter, kicks in his leg, and drives a fist into his throat, crushing it.

As Teddy sinks, choking to the ground, Hutch takes pause, running his fingers through his hair.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
...fuck...

Hutch reaches over, plucks the bendy straw from the young woman's soda can, retrieves a blade, punctures a hole in the man's trachea, and inserts the straw, making for an improvised tracheotomy.

He stands, wiping the blood off on his pants.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
(to the young woman)
Are you ok?

She nods, unable to find the words.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
Good.

Hutch makes his way to the front of the bus where he collects his watch and father's pistol from the seat.

He tucks it into the back of his pants before pulling back the lever to open the door.

Standing down below, Donna (the bus driver) is grinning from ear to ear.

DONNA
Dude, that was... fan...
fucking... tastic!

HUTCH
(sheepishly)
Thanks.

Hutch exits the bus-

CUT TO:

60 **EXT. THE SIDEWALK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 60

-and walks off, a thin smile spreading, a weight seemingly lifted as we-

FADE TO:

61 **OMITTED** 61 *

62 **INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 62

Hutch enters to find Becca -unable to sleep- sitting at the kitchen table in the dark, nursing a glass of wine.

HUTCH
Hey.

Becca stands-

BECCA
Couldn't sleep. I-

-and turns on the lights, gasping as her face falls at the sight of him.

HUTCH
(a beat, then)
Yeah, it's been...
(sighs)
...a helluva' day.

BECCA

I can see that.

Becca wants to ask what happened to him, but she can read Hutch, knowing full well that he does not want to talk about it.

Becca walks towards the sink-

BECCA (CONT'D)

Come here.

-where she runs some cold water.

She soaps up her hands and takes his in her own, gently -yet firmly- massaging his raw knuckles.

Hutch watches her with a softening gaze as her eyes remain intent upon her task at hand.

HUTCH

(a long beat, then softly)

I miss you.

BECCA

(hesitates, then)

I'm right here, Hutch. I'm
always... right here.

HUTCH

I know.

Hutch opens his mouth to say something more, but decides otherwise. Catching this, Becca regrets her tone.

HUTCH (CONT'D)

Tonight. Well... it got me to
thinking.

BECCA

About what?

HUTCH

About... Becca... we haven't
embraced in three months. Haven't
shared a kiss in maybe a year.
Haven't had sex in two years, and
haven't made love in almost five.

(a beat, then)

I don't know if you hate me, but
you act as such, and maybe I'm
partially to blame. But only just
partially. All this to say - I
miss you.

(MORE)

HUTCH (CONT'D)
And I'd really like to find a way
back to us. But... if there isn't
one... I'm thinkin' we best end
this then because this? This...
isn't a life either of us want...
let alone deserve.

Hutch heads upstairs, leaving her with his honest thoughts as
we-

FADE TO:

63 **EXT. A SUBURBAN HOME - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT** 63

64 **INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 64

Hutch is dead asleep, deeper than he has been in years.

A long beat... and Becca quietly breaks down her wall of
pillows, and -for the first time in a long time- lays next to
him.

She takes a deep breath and exhales, satisfied as we-

FADE TO:

65 **EXT. A SUPPER CLUB - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT** 65

SUPER: HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

A classic, old-world steak house.

A 1955 FORD THUNDERBIRD pulls up to the curb out front.

66 **EXT. A SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 66

As CANDY MAN by SAMMY DAVIS JR begins to play, YULIAN
KUZNETSOV -forties, tall, lean to an almost skeletal degree,
a force of nature, humorless gaze, quick to inflict pain-
exits his car. He pauses to rub a smudge from the hood.

*

Upon tossing his keys to the valet, he enters-

CUT TO:

67 **INT. A SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER (MUSIC ONLY)** 67

-to shed his jacket, handing it to the coat check girl.

Like that classic "long-shot scene" in Goodfellas, we watch as Yulian makes his way through the restaurant, pausing to greet a couple of locals, ordering free bottles of wine for a table or two.

He then ducks into-

68 **INT. A SUPPER CLUB - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS (MUSIC ONLY)** 68

-which is in full swing. He tastes a bit of soup here and a bit of sauce there. He checks a fresh shipment of tomatoes, onions, and peppers, squeezing a couple for good measure. Satisfied, he grabs a tomato and starts eating it like one might an apple. *

Removing a pair of reading glasses, he puts them on and swats the ass of a young waitress striding past, eliciting a forced smile and pained giggle. With THE SOMMELIER standing nearby, Yulian selects a bottle of wine, studies the label, nods, hands it to the Sommelier, and walks off, removing his glasses before entering-

69 **INT. A SUPPER CLUB - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 69

-where he can't help but smile, pausing for a moment to do a bump of coke off his knuckle. With a shudder of ecstasy, Yulian strides out onto- *

70 **INT. A SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER** 70

-the stage, where a **SINGER** is doing a full on Sammy Davis Jr. set. At the sight of Yulian, the crowd goes wild. He grins, motions the singer over, and stuffs a wad of cash into his pocket. With a chuckle and a shake of his head, the Singer gives up the stage to his boss. *

As the song continues on, Yulian grabs the microphone and gives his own take on it... *

...and he is excellent.

In fact, Yulian has memorized every one of Sammy's "tics and movements", perfectly emulating his idol as he sashays through the song. *

With the final lyrics, he bows...

...to rapturous cheers from the restaurant regulars -most of whom are in his employ- and half-assed applause from those who aren't exactly "in on the joke".

As Yulian steps down from the stage, to approach a corner booth where a half-dozen, multi-ethnic **MOB BOSSES** await him along with a bevy of high-priced ESCORTS.

All applaud, save one: an **IRISH BRUTE** with a thick beard, gold tooth, hard eyes, and expensive tattoos.

We see Yulian take quick note of this...

...as PAVEL -fifties, cool, calm, and calculated, his right hand man- hands him a towel which he uses to wipe the thick sheen of sweat from his face.

YULIAN

Well?

PAVEL

You did Mister Show Business proud,
boos.

*
*

YULIAN

Y'know, I did, didn't I?

A YOUNG WAITER approaches to offer him a martini which he accepts, taking a sip...

...before lowering it with a contented nod and a smile-

YULIAN (CONT'D)

(to the table)

Gentlemen.

-only to crush it in his hand, sending his bloodied fist - embedded with jagged shards- down into the Irish Brute's face... time... and time... again... until he pulls back, satisfied with the degree of penalty dealt.

As the others look on with wide eyes, Yulian sinks down to sit beside Pavel who offers him a handkerchief-

YULIAN (CONT'D)

(in Russian, subtitled)

We were born in the wrong fucking
era, weren't we?

-which he uses to pluck the pieces of glass from his bleeding hand.

PAVEL

(in Russian, subtitled)

I don't know. I rather like cell
phones...

Pavel removes an escort's "curious" hand from his own leg with a sigh.

PAVEL (CONT'D)
(in Russian, subtitled)
...and penicillin.

Just as he is about to take a seat, Yulian glances over to find ALBERT -thirties, a giant of a man, suit one size too small- approaching with a worried expression.

YULIAN
(in Russian, subtitled)
What is it?

On Albert's look, we-

CUT TO:

71

INT. A HOSPITAL - ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

71

Yulian and Pavel stand over an unconscious Teddy who is surrounded by high-tech machinery, his body covered by various tubes and patches.

YULIAN
Jesus.
(motions to Pavel)
What the fuck was he doing on a bus
anyways?

*
*
*

Pavel answers with a shrug just as a DOCTOR enters.

*

YULIAN (CONT'D)
Will he walk again?

DOCTOR
(hesitating, then)
Sir... I am sorry to say, but...it
is doubtful that your brother will
regain consciousness. The damage
to his-

YULIAN
(interrupting)
What?

Yulian shoves the doctor up against the wall, tapping a finger time and time again to the intimidated man's chest.

YULIAN (CONT'D)
What are you saying? Are you
fucking kidding me?

PAVEL (O.S.)
He's not.

Yulian glances back to see Pavel reading Teddy's chart.

YULIAN
(in Russian, subtitled)
How fucked?

PAVEL
(in Russian, subtitled)
Real fucked.

Yulian pulls back from the doctor-

YULIAN
(mutters)
...fuck...

-tapping an apologetic hand to the man's chest. Yulian turns towards Teddy and takes his hand in his own.

YULIAN (CONT'D)
(in Russian, subtitled)
Who did this to you?

CUT TO:

72

INT. A HOSPITAL - ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

72

A half-dozen of his men lay in various states of disrepair as Yulian looks on, stunned.

YULIAN
(in Russian, subtitled)
How the fuck did this happen?

HEAVY #1
Boss, he was-

YULIAN
He?!? As in one man?
(in Russian, subtitled)
Are you fucking with me?

HEAVY #1
No, sir.

Yulian slaps a hand down onto the man's wounded leg, his fingers white as they constrict, eliciting a cry.

YULIAN
(in Russian, subtitled)
Don't you fucking lie to me!

HEAVY #1
(in Russian, subtitled)
I'm not! I swear!

A beat... and Yulian releases him, muttering under his breath.

YULIAN
What, exactly, transpired for this
one man to wreak such havoc?

HEAVY #1
It was Teddy. There was this girl-

Yulian silences him with a roll of his eyes and a wave of his hand.

YULIAN
When it comes to my brother and
trouble, there's always a girl.
(sighs)
Shit.
(thinking, then)
We got anything to go on?

A beat... and a bloodied hand extends up into the air-
-with HUTCH'S METRO CARD clutched between ashen fingers as we-

FADE TO:

73 **EXT. THE PARK - ESTABLISHING - DAWN**

73

A beat... and Hutch jogs into view.

74 **EXT. THE PARK - DAWN - CONTINUOUS**

74

With no one looking on, Hutch attempts a complex parkour move off a park bench with his wife's Real Estate Advertisement... and nails it, sprinting off with a grin as we-

CUT TO:

75 **EXT. A SUBURBAN HOME - ESTABLISHING - MORNING**

75

76

INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

76

Blake enters -followed by Becca- to find Hutch having prepared a veritable feast. Abby looks up from her chocolate chip pancakes with a grin, her cheeks packed with food.

BLAKE

Dad...
(motions)
...you look like shit.

HUTCH

Yeah, well...
(smirks with a wink)
...you shoulda' seen the other guy.

Blake scoffs with a roll of his eyes.

Becca hands Hutch a cup of coffee-

BECCA

Mornin'.

-and leans forward to kiss him on the cheek, eliciting a surprised half-smile.

HUTCH

Good morning.

The phone rings. Hutch answers it.

HUTCH (CONT'D)

This is Hutch.

HARRY (V.O.)

Last night... that was you, huh?

Hutch ducks around the corner with the phone to his ear.

HUTCH

We said no land lines.

HARRY (V.O.)

Relax. I've got thirteen seconds.
So? That was you?

HUTCH

(hesitating, then)
Yeah.

HARRY (V.O.)

(chuckling)
That a boy, big brutha. How'd it
feel?

HUTCH
Like salvation day.

HARRY (V.O.)
I bet. But, why now?

HUTCH
I dunno. It just... happened.

HARRY (V.O.)
Nothing just happens, Hutch. You made a choice, and just remember; once you let that genie out of the bottle, there ain't no bottle to go back to.

HUTCH
I know.

HARRY (V.O.)
(hesitates, then)
And if a certain someone catches wind, man... it's bad for all of us. As in "end times" bad.
(on his silence)
Ok. Well, then... I -uh- guess you best just keep on keepin' on, Hutchie. I'll circle back.

CLICK - Harry hangs up followed by Hutch.

BECCA
Who was that?

HUTCH
Ah, just a distributor of ours.

BECCA
Oh.

Hutch tussles Abby's hair and heads for the door.

HUTCH
I'll grab pizza tonight.
(to Blake)
Pepperoni, sausage, ham, and onions with red pepper flakes, parmesan, and pepperoncinis on the side, right?

BLAKE
(smirks)
Oh, hells yeah.

As Becca looks on a curious half-smile, we-

FADE TO:

77 OMITTED 77 *

78 EXT. A SUBURBAN HOME - ESTABLISHING - DAY 78 *

79 INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - THE BASEMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS 79 *

With an empty, canvas satchel hanging from his shoulder,
Hutch leans heavy against the pinball machine... *

...before -with shoulders slumped- he opens the front
register, reaches in and -with a great deal of effort,
removes a long, slender, burnished-aluminum case... *

...which he places upon his coffee table. *

Hutch snaps up the latches and opens it... *

...to reveal a KING'S BOUNTY: countless, tightly-bound
stacks of various, international currencies, dozens of
passports from dozens of countries, old fashioned bank books,
credit/debit cards, and bricks of gold and palladium bullion. *

CUT TO: *

80 INT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - EDDIE'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER 80 *

Hutch empties the gold bricks from the canvas satchel down
upon the desk as Charlie and Eddie look on, incredulous. *

 EDDIE
Come again?

 HUTCH
This is my offer.

 CHARLIE
For... what?

 HUTCH
The company. And if you know
anything about the commodities
market, it's not a good offer; it's
a great one.

CHARLIE
Now, wait a minute-

HUTCH
(interrupting, to Eddie)
-and seeing as how I know you've
been skimming...
(to Charlie)
...that's meanin' both of you...
(to Eddie)
...I recommend you take it. Lest
the IRS catch wind of what I know.

CHARLIE
Are you threatening us?

HUTCH
(smirks, eyes glinting)
Do you really gotta' ask?

A beat... and a frustrated Charlie suddenly rears back to
punch Hutch-

-who lands a lightening-quick palm to the center of Charlie's
thoracic diaphragm. Charlie goes limp, gasping for breath,
as Hutch catches him-

HUTCH (CONT'D)
Breathe. Just breathe.

-to lower him into a chair.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
(to Eddie)
So, we gotta' deal?

EDDIE
Y'know, I ain't gonna' ask how you
came by this, Hutch, but...
(smiles with a nod)
...it's a great offer, I'll give
you that.
(a beat, then)
Fuck it.

A beat... and Eddie extends his hand. As Hutch shakes it, we-

CUT TO:

Carrying the canvas bag, Eddie exits slowly -as if in a daze-
followed closely behind by Charlie who looks about the same.

Charlie tries to say something, managing little more than a gurgled snarl.

EDDIE

What say we ice that down with some beers?

Charlie nods with a sigh and as the two men walk off, we pull back... to find PAVEL and ALBERT watching from a distance.

CUT TO:

82 **EXT. A WAREHOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY - CONTINUOUS** 82

83 **INT. A WAREHOUSE - AN ART GALLERY - DAY - CONTINUOUS** 83

Dozens upon dozens of "illicitly-acquired" paintings adorn the walls...

...as Yulian -with a cigarette smoldering from between his lips- somberly -and a bit too slowly- sings the Russian love song KATYUSHA to himself as he basks in his collection.

(Note: This scene should play out longer than we expect...)

He answers his vibrating cell phone with an irritated sigh.

YULIAN

What?

PAVEL (V.O.)

We've followed this Hutch Mansell to what looks to be his place of employment. Should we engage?

YULIAN

Engage?

Turning to leave, he kisses his fingers before slapping a hand to the surface of a **MONET... which we recognize from our opening scene with Hutch.**

YULIAN (CONT'D)

What are we, the fucking Allies in some goddamned WW2 movie that no one fucking saw?

Exiting through a pair of large, reinforced, steel doors, Yulian enters-

PAVEL (V.O.)

Sorry, I-

84 **INT. A WAREHOUSE - COUNTING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS** 84

-where a pair of old men in simple suits with thick glasses use high-end bill counters to count out a hundred, hundred dollar bills to be bound, stacked, and eventually sealed into bales. The amounts look to be astounding.

YULIAN

Do I need remind you that this one man readily handed the shattered asses back to men far more accomplished than the two of you white-collared motherfuckers.

Yulian passes through into-

85 **OMITTED** 85 *

86 **INT. A WAREHOUSE - DISTRIBUTION CENTER - DAY - CONTINUOUS** 86

-where dozens of lackeys open crates to destroy cheap sculptures -but no less well made- filled with bags upon bags of crystal meth. *

YULIAN *

So -with that in mind- why don't we wait until we've learned just about all there is to know about this piece of work, shall we? *

Yulian ends the call and tucks his cell phone back into his jacket pocket. *

Amounts are weighed, repackaged, and shipped out for distribution at an alarming rate. *

YULIAN (CONT'D) *

What have you got for me? *

Yulian glances over at **BETA** -twenties, attractive young woman, glasses- sits at a desk with her feet up, seemingly bored out of her mind. *

BETA *

Found his dad. He's got him holed up at a nursing home downtown. *

YULIAN *

That ain't much. *

BETA
Hey, it's something.
(hesitating, then)
Mr. Kuznetsov, your man here looks
to be as vanilla as they come.

YULIAN
Yeah, well, I don't like it.
(in Russian, subtitled)
Feels like a wolf in sheep's
clothing.

BETA
Sir?

YULIAN
(mutters)
Just... keep looking.

Yulian takes one final toke off of his cigarette, drops it,
and as he crushes it beneath the toe of his shoe, we-

CUT TO:

87 OMITTED

87 *

88 INT. SCHMITTY'S PUB - DAY - CONTINUOUS

88

Eddie and Charlie sit at the bar in silence, each nursing a
beer. A beat, and Charlie abruptly stands-

CHARLIE
(standing with a mutter)
I'm gonna' go "take a load off
fanny".

-to amble off to the bathroom.

Eddie glances over at the duffel bag as he finishes his beer.
Lowering the bottle, he motions to the BARTENDER for another
as he produces his cell phone.

As he speed dials a number, we-

CUT TO:

89 EXT. A GOVERNMENT BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - DAY

89

A modern, gray marbled structure.

90

INT. A GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DARREN'S CUBICLE - DAY -
CONTINUOUS

90

Located in the middle of a vast cubicle farm, the workspace is impressively cluttered and exhaustingly claustrophobic.

Loosening the cheap tie around the neck of his even cheaper suit, DARREN -a life long, government employee- answers his phone.

DARREN

Records.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Hey, Darren.

DARREN

What's up, Eddie?

EDDIE (V.O.)

You mind doin' a little diggin' for me?

DARREN

Sure. Looks to be a slow day anyways.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Aren't they all?

DARREN

(mutters)

...truer words...

CUT TO:

91

INT. SCHMITTY'S PUB - DAY - CONTINUOUS

91

Eddie shifts in his seat.

EDDIE

See what you can find me on Hutch Mansell.

DARREN (V.O.)

Your son-in-law?

EDDIE

Yeah.

DARREN (V.O.)

Why do you ask now?

EDDIE

I'd -uh- just like to know a bit more about him, is all.

DARREN (V.O.)

All right. I'll see what I can find.

CUT TO:

92

INT. A GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DARREN'S CUBICLE - DAY -
CONTINUOUS

92

Darren leans forward in his seat, grabbing a pen and paper.

DARREN

Know where he was stationed?

EDDIE (V.O.)

No.

DARREN

His rank?

EDDIE (V.O.)

No.

DARREN

Hell, his position?

EDDIE (V.O.)

Oh -uh- he was an auditor.

DARREN

Don't you mean accountant?

EDDIE (V.O.)

Well... no. Not exactly. He always just said he was an auditor.

DARREN

That -uh- isn't exactly a title I'm familiar with.

EDDIE (V.O.)

(sighs)

I don't know what else to tell you.

DARREN

I'll see what I can find.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Thanks.

Darren hangs up the phone. Slipping on a pair of reading glasses, he brings up a program on his computer and types in HUTCH MANSELL.

Upon pressing the return button, the pinwheel spins...

...and his computer suddenly shuts down.

Forced to restart it, he again types in HUTCH MANSELL...

...only for the pinwheel to again spin before the machine shuts down.

DARREN
What the... fuck?

Darren tries to restart it, but the computer has now been completely bricked.

Darren stands and walks out into-

93 **INT. A GOVERNMENT BUILDING - CUBICLE FARM - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

-where dozens upon dozens of employees are complaining about their computers having "gone down".

Thinking little of it, Darren takes the elevator down to-

CUT TO:

94 **INT. A GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DEPOSITORY - DAY - CONTINUOUS** 94

-where he searches the countless rows of shelves lined with physical personnel files. The space is comically massive with no end in sight.

Darren searches... and searches... and searches until in a far off corner, partially-hidden behind a stack of boxes, he finds a shelf.

Every file before him is about a half-an-inch thick. Searching, Darren frowns, removes a pair of inch-thick files, and finds a yellow folder -which looks to be empty- with the name HUTCH MANSELL hastily scrawled upon it in pencil.

Opening it, all Darren finds inside is a yellow post-it note which reads: Refer to SUB-ARC-109-831. Darren sighs, replaces the file, and continues on as we follow him...

...down through numerous stairwells...

...narrow corridors...

...and long overlooked nooks and crannies before finally coming upon-

95 **INT. A GOVERNMENT BUILDING - CELLAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS** 95

-which is a fully-brick enclosed facility with low lights and poor air flow. The files here look to be of no importance at all, haphazardly stacked upon one another, albeit in an order all its own.

Searching, Darren eventually finds a stack of ledgers, files, and the like tied tight with twine, a yellow post-it note slapped onto the top binding which reads: 109-831(?)

We can tell that the question mark kind of throws him, but Darren shrugs it off.

Using a pocket knife, Darren cuts the twine and opens the first ledger...

...to find every line blacked out save a single word - **NOBODY**. As he flips through page after pager, ledger after ledger, and file after file... we can see that everything has been fully redacted save the word: **NOBODY**.

A beat... and Darren slams a ledger shut as we-

CUT TO:

96 **INT. A GOVERNMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER** 96

Lost in thought, Darren exits the elevator, walks with a furrowed brow, and enters-

97 **INT. A GOVERNMENT BUILDING - CUBICLE FARM - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

-seemingly unaware that the floor is now **completely empty**.

Flipping through pages of the file, each page as redacted as the last, Darren turns to enter-

98 **INT. A GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DARREN'S CUBICLE - DAY - CONTINUOUS** 98

-to find **SPECIAL AGENT BANION** -fifties, black, three-piece suit, impeccable, unblinking, and arguably the most intimidating man we have ever seen- sitting before his desk with FOUR AGENTS -eyes hidden behind dark glasses, each broad shouldered and well over six feet tall- standing at attention behind him.

DARREN
(intimidated)
Can I... help you?

BANION
Yes.
(motions)
By sitting.

Darren does as he is asked.

BANION (CONT'D)
Thank you. Now... Do you know who
I am?

DARREN
(trembling)
No.
(on his look)
I mean... No, sir?

BANION
(nods)
And did you find what you were
looking for?

DARREN
(softly)
Yes, sir. Well. No, sir. I
mean... kind of?

BANION
(glowering)
Care... to elaborate?

DARREN
I mean to say, sir... I found
nothing.
(swallows hard)
Sir.

BANION
(a beat, then grins)
That... pleases me.

Banion turns with a motion.

BANION (CONT'D)
(to his men)
To the chopper, boys.

Upon leaving Darren in his office, the door is closed behind
them.

A beat... and Darren's computer reboots with a **DING** as we-

FADE TO:

99

EXT. SCHMITTY'S PUB - NIGHT

99

With his phone in hand, Eddie and Charlie exit-

EDDIE

I'm gonna' call a cab.

-as **BANION** suddenly looms over them, his goons standing half-in/half-out of the shadows behind him.

BANION

Were you the one inquiring about
Hutch Mansell?

CHARLIE

And just who the hell are y-

In a move identical to the one Hutch pulled earlier in the day, Banion lands a lightening quick strike to Charlie's *thoracic diaphragm*, dropping him to the ground with a muffled grunt.

BANION

I am the one...

Banion calmly reaches out-

BANION (CONT'D)

...who can liquify all of your
assets on a childish whim...

-and calmly plucks Eddie's phone from his hand, crushing it as if it was little more than an after thought.

BANION (CONT'D)

...and donate the proceeds to a
charity you'd find morally
reprehensible. That being said,
though, in this moment, and far
more importantly...

(growls)

**...I am the one asking the goddamn
questions.**

EDDIE

(swallowing hard, then)

He's -uh- my son-in-law.

(on his silence)

I was just -uh- curious is all.

BANION (V.O.)
(a beat, then)
Curious.

EDDIE
Yes, sir.

BANION
Curious people... are a fucking
bane to a man like me. So with
that then said... are we still
curious?

EDDIE (V.O.)
(swallows, then)
No. No, sir.

BANION
(a beat, then)
Now...
(upbeat)
...where can we get some ice cream?

EDDIE
(taken aback)
What?

BANION
And I ain't talking that frozen
yogurt shit.

EDDIE
(motions)
There's a Dairy Queen just down the
way.

BANION
(turning with a nod)
Peanut Buster parfait, it is, then.
Good day, gentlemen.

Eddie watches them leave... as Charlie finally pulls himself
to his feet.

CHARLIE
What the fuck was that?

EDDIE
That, my boy, was an encouragement
to us both... as to us treating
Hutch like the family he deserves
to be.

CHARLIE
I don't follow.

EDDIE
And I don't reckon you should try.
(motions)
Come on. Let's walk this off.
(sighs)
All... of this.

As they amble off, we-

FADE TO:

100 OMITTED

100

101 EXT. A WAREHOUSE - DISTRIBUTION CENTER - NIGHT

101

Stifling a yawn, Beta leans back in her seat to rub her eyes...

...when one of her screens glows with a simple message which simply reads '1' FILE FOUND.

BETA
(growls)
...finally...

Beta leans forward to open the file...

...which includes an old, uncompressed, digital image of someone who "could be a young Hutch".

As she reads...

...her face falls as the blood drains from her flesh, breath caught in her throat.

Panicking, Beta suddenly stands, and slams her laptop shut as Yulian enters, casting her an odd look.

YULIAN
You find something?

Beta tucks her laptop beneath her arm-

BETA
I'm out. Good Luck. No need to pay.

-and beats a hasty retreat, eyes mounting with panic.

YULIAN
Well... shit.

Yulian makes a call on his cellphone.

YULIAN (CONT'D)
(a beat, then)
Let's just get this the fuck over
with, shall we?
(into the phone)
I want him alive. As for the
family?
(grins)
Surprise me.

CUT TO:

102 OMITTED

102

103 EXT. A SUBURBAN HOME - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

103

104 INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

104

With Blake and Abby doing the dishes, Hutch and Becca enjoy
their glasses of wine and rare moment of connection.

HUTCH
That was nice.

BECCA
It was. Y'know... I can't remember
the last time we all ate together.

HUTCH
Neither can I.
(motions)
Refill?

BECCA
Please.

As Hutch opens the door to the fridge, retrieving the bottle
of white wine, he casts a glance towards the street.

HIS POV: A trio of sedans, their headlights extinguishing in
one accord, slow to a stop at the curb.

Hutch replaces the bottle and closes the door, turning-

HUTCH
Ok, everyone. To the basement.

BECCA *
Hutch? What are you- *

Holds up a finger with glare, silencing now. *

HUTCH *
Just... Now. *

BLAKE *
(laughing) *
Jesus, dad, you- *

Hutch clamps a hand down onto Blake's shoulder, eliciting a *
hiss of pain as he corrals them into- *

CUT TO: *

104A **INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - THE BASEMENT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER** A *

Abby follows down the stairs- *

ABBY *
Is this a game? I like games! *

-after Blake who is massaging his shoulder. *

At the top behind them, Becca enters and turns to confront *
Hutch. *

BECCA *
What... is going on, Hutch? *

Hutch opens his mouth to reply but decides otherwise. *

With an apologetic sigh, Hutch reaches over to rip off the *
light-switch cover to reveal a second button inset beneath it *
within, pressing it. *

HUTCH *
(mutters) *
Don't call 9-1-1. *

Hutch closes the door... *

...and we hear a series of thick, internal latches sealing it *
shut with a pneumatic hiss. *

BECCA *
HUTCH! *

As she strikes the door with her fists, the THUD it makes tells us that while it may look like wood, it is anything but.

CUT TO:

105 **EXT. A SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

105

SEVEN GUNMAN -dressed head to toe in black body armor, their faces masked, eyes covered by night vision, heavily-armed with silenced Hecklor&Koch UMP submachine guns- swiftly approach the home.

CUT TO:

105A **INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - THE KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

105A

Hutch pulls free a knife from the block.

CUT TO:

105B **EXT. A SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

105B

One of the gunmen uses a military "lock-aid/lock-release gun" to jimmy open the door. They enter the-

CUT TO:

106 **INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - FOYER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

106

-to spread out.

107 **OMITTED**

107

108 **INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - THROUGHOUT THE FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT**
CONTINUOUS

108

Playing out like a horror movie, we watch as the shadows themselves seem to dispatch and devour one gunman after the next...

...as we hear the sound of a knife cutting through flesh accompanied by silenced gunfire...

...until FOUR remain.

A beat... and then Hutch -moving like the goddamned boogeyman- grabs a pillow, rips the pistol from a gunman's holster, and - as he turns- kicks in the man's knee. As he falls back down against the sofa at an odd angle, Hutch fires three rounds into his face at point blank range.

Suddenly, Hutch is hit in the back -followed a half-second later in the front- by a TASER, convulsing as he drops to the ground.

Hutch is kicked over onto his stomach as a pair of HANDCUFFS are latched tight around his wrists.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. A SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

109

Half-conscious, Hutch is carried to one of the Sedans at the curb.

The trunk is opened and he is unceremoniously dumped inside. As they close the trunk, we-

MATCH CUT TO:

110 EXT. A STREET - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

110

A beat... and the Sedan rolls past at a leisurely pace.

111 INT. A SEDAN - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

111

Removing their masks, GUNMAN #1 drives with GUNMAN #2 in the passenger's seat and GUNMAN #3 in the back.

GUNMAN #3

(a beat, then mutters)

Who the fuck is this guy?

GUNMAN #1

Did you see what he did to Sergei?

GUNMAN #2

Yeah, that was...

(softly)

...uncalled for.

CUT TO:

112 **INT. A SEDAN - THE TRUNK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 112 *

Hutch awakens in a daze. Squeezing his eyes shut hard, he shakes his head, centering himself. *

In one smooth -yet no less brutal- motion, Hutch DISLOCATES both of his thumbs with a moist CRACK to slip free the handcuffs. *

Searching, Hutch finds the trunk release cable and pulls it, opening it. But he hesitates, thinking... and then closes it. *

Hutch searches, pulling back the false floor to to find a **FIRE EXTINGUISHER**. Removing the pin from the fire extinguisher, Hutch holds it in one hand and grasps the seat release handle with the other. *

Positioning himself just right, Hutch plants his feet against the lower lip of the trunk behind him, tenses, and pulls the release- *

CUT TO: *

113 **INT. A SEDAN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 113 *

-folding Gunman #3 down before him as he pulls the trigger, **filling the interior of the vehicle with foam.** *

CUT TO: *

114 **EXT. A STREET CORNER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 114 *

A silent beat... and the sedan is launched into the air to land, tumbling end of over end before resting on its roof, sliding to take out a traffic signal, the red light blinking to oddly illuminate the scene. *

A beat... and Hutch -covered in foam along with blood- emerges. Reaching inside, he retrieves a pistol -making note of that the two gunmen in front are dead- stands, and walks around to the other side... *

...where Gunman #3 lays half-in/half-out of the back window, blood seeping between cracked lips, his lungs wheezing. *

GUNMAN #3 *

(a long beat, then) *

Sorry I tried to kill you. *

Hutch lowers his gun, turns, leans back against the sedan, and slides down to sit beside the dying man. *

HUTCH
(a beat, then shrugs)
Ah, it's just the game we play.
(motions)
So, who sent you?

GUNMAN #3
I can't just give up my boss, man.

HUTCH
Either you do that... or I leave
you to die alone.

GUNMAN #3
No, man, please, I...
(on his look)
...please...

Hutch nods, staying as the Gunman takes a shallow breath, his
eyes at half-mast.

GUNMAN #3 (CONT'D)
Yulian Kuznetsov.

HUTCH
I don't know him. So... why me?
Why now?

GUNMAN #3
Because... one of the men you...
uh... took out on the bus was
Yulian's brother, Teddy.

HUTCH
Ah.

GUNMAN #3
(mutters)
He's Vegemite now.

HUTCH
Vegemite?

GUNMAN #3
Yeah.
(on his look)
Y'know, like the spread.
(motions)
Vegetable-based.

HUTCH
Oh.
(a beat, then)
That wasn't my intent.

GUNMAN #3

Doesn't matter, man. Like my old
man used to say... we reap... what
we sow.

HUTCH

Wise man.

GUNMAN #3

Yeah, and...
(staring down at his
seeping wound)
...I'll be seein' him right soon.
(a beat, then)
You think... you think there's
any... thing, any... place... after
this?

HUTCH

(a beat, then)
Y'know, I never really gave it much
thought. I hope so. But then
again, I'm not so sure I'm owed
either place.

GUNMAN #3

Yeah.
(sighs)
Yeah, me neither.
(a long beat, then)
Who the fuck are you, anyways?

The Gunman's voice begins to slur, the blood loss heavy.

GUNMAN #3 (CONT'D)

Or maybe better yet...
(chuckles with a cough)
What... the fuck... are you?

Hutch hesitates, but then smiles, deciding in this moment to
tell the dying man the truth.

HUTCH

It's actually kinda' interesting.
I was what they called an auditor
for the CIA.

GUNMAN #3

So... you were a numbers man?

HUTCH

No. It's just tongue-in-cheek
slang.

(MORE)

HUTCH (CONT'D)

The spooks thought it sounded far more intimidating than the official government title of "independent counter-intelligence recon specialist".

GUNMAN #3

And what kind of job does that entail, exactly?

A shadow crosses Hutch's face. As he locks eyes with Gunman #3, we see a glimpse of the awakening demon within Hutch.

HUTCH

The kind where I -and I alone- was placed within a government, business, institution, or cartel... and told to bring it to its knees... by any and all means possible. But then, I fell in love. Had a family. Built a career. And now... here we are.

Hutch glances over to find that Gunman #3 has died.

HUTCH (CONT'D)

(sighs)

...here we are...

Hutch stays with him for a long moment, seemingly oblivious to the approaching sounds of police sirens. When suddenly, his face falls, eyes widening, remembering what is waiting for him at home.

115-121 OMITTED

115-121

122 EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

122

Hutch sprints home-

CUT TO:

123 INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - FOYER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

123

-entering to close and lock the door behind him. He takes a deep breath, holds it, and exhales, centering himself before moving into-

124 **INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 124

-where he flicks on the lights...

...to find the room morbidly stained with ARTERIAL SPRAYS and POOLS OF BLOOD beneath countless bodies of the dead.

HUTCH

...shit...

Hutch turns off the light as we-

CUT TO:

124A **INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - THE MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER** 124A

Hutch rips off his clothes, uses a towel to quickly wipe off the foam and blood from his body, and gets dressed in a new outfit before we-

CUT TO:

124B **INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - THE BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER** 124B

Becca, Blake, and Abby glances up at the sound of internal latches moving as -with a pneumatic hiss- the door opens.

Hutch enters sheepishly.

HUTCH

Hey.

CUT TO:

124C **INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - THE KITCHEN - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER** 4C

Becca leads, followed by Blake...

...both of whom recoil at the sight of a dead gunman laying face down in a large puddle of blood.

BECCA

Jesus.

BLAKE

Mom?

Hutch follows with a hand over Abby's eyes.

ABBY
What?

HUTCH
Just... keep on moving everyone.

CUT TO:

125

EXT. A SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT - LATER

125

With Blake and Abby in the minivan, Hutch closes the door to face Becca who is trembling, about to completely fall apart. While she is an emotional wreck -the tears welling to break, rolling down her cheeks- Hutch remains calm... all business.

BECCA
Hutch... you gotta' give me
somethin' here.

HUTCH
I... can't. Not really. I will,
but... not now.
(motions)
Go hunker down with your dad. I'll
circle back once I take care of
this.

BECCA
What is... this?

HUTCH
It is...
(shrugs)
...what it is.
(on her look)
I love you, Becca. I just... I
just need you to trust me here.
Blind for the last time, I promise
you.

A beat... and Becca nods, hugging herself.

BECCA
(softly)
Come back to us.

A beat... and Becca abruptly gets into the minivan and drives off.

As Hutch looks on, Abby waves at him with a huge grin -none the wiser- which he returns in like as we-

FADE TO:

126 **INT. A NURSING HOME - DAVID'S UNIT - BEDROOM - NIGHT -** 126 *
CONTINUOUS

With the bed perfectly made, David sleeps in the rocking chair beside it. When the phone rings softly, his eyes open - revealing him to be a terribly light sleeper- as he reaches over to place the handset to his ear.

HUTCH (V.O.)
(a long beat, then)
Heads up, pop.

CLICK - Hutch ends the call. David lowers the handset back down, turns his face to the window...

...and smiles as we-

FADE TO:

127 **INT. A SUBURBAN HOME - BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER** 127 *

Hutch removes the suppressor from a pistol which he then shoves into a pair of garbage bags, each full of weapons, magazines, and knives.

HUTCH
Well, fellas. *
(sighs)
...here we are, as it were...

Holding a glass of bourbon in one hand, Hutch lowers the needle down upon a record which begins to play a slow, acoustic rendition of a classic jazz tune.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
(mutters with a growl)
...history repeating itself...

Hutch removes his father's Colt from his lower back, screws the silencer into place, and tucks it back into his pants as he sinks down into his chair with a guttural sigh...

...to now face the bodies of the dead gunmen who now sit upon the couch and the floor, facing him.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
A couple of chapters back, there
this was this guy named...

Hutch opens the front of the pinball machine-

*

HUTCH (CONT'D) *
(searching, then)
Hank. No.

-and slides out the hidden sleeve. *

HUTCH (CONT'D) *
Henry? Wait.

Hutch opens it, finds an antique bank book, and taps out a *
small, translucent envelope full of stamps which he tucks *
into his pocket. *

HUTCH (CONT'D) *
(a beat, then smiling)
Alan. Yeah. Alan Breiseth.

Hutch slides the sleeve back into the machine and closes the *
door. *

HUTCH (CONT'D) *
He was a lower-level shit-heel for *
a minor crime family operatin' out *
of Dublin. Had a small family,
medium debts, and large illusions
of grandeur.

Hutch takes a long sip from his drink, pausing to savor it
before swallowing.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
So when he figured out how to glean
and skim off his various takes in
such a way that "none were the
wiser" -or so he thought- he did,
amassing a few million under the
radar over the years. However...
we reap what we sow.
(smirks)
What a day, huh?
(a beat, then)
Eventually, Alan found himself on
the floor of his master bathroom
with a broken nose, staring up at
yours truly who was aiming a...
uh...
(thinking, then)
...H&K USP-45 with suppressor down
at his face. He begged me -like
they all do- and while I tended to
pull the trigger before the
waterworks began, for some reason
this time... I listened.

Again, Hutch takes a drink, pausing to stare down at the liquid swirling about the inside of his glass.

HUTCH (CONT'D)

I listened to a man who truly regretted the life he had built for himself.

(softly)

He wanted nothing more... "than to shed the wolf's skin... and return to the pasture as a lamb".

(motions)

His words. Not mine.

(a long beat, then)

So, I let him. Two years later, I looked in on him, expecting to find him "once more unto the fold", but instead... Alan was living in a small apartment with his family in Boise, Idaho. He'd opened up an animal shelter, rescuing strays and the like. Alan was happy. He was a fine member of society, as they say... Or so I've heard.

Hutch finishes his drink, gingerly lowering the empty glass down onto the coffee table, pausing to run his fingers along with the smooth, wooden surface.

HUTCH (CONT'D)

In that moment, I wanted what Alan had... so I walked away from the life I'd known to find it.

(motions)

And I did. Y'know, it wasn't quite what I expected... it was better. And I liked it. Sure, I wasn't all that good at it, but I tried, man. I tried. Deep down, maybe I always knew it was a facade... me just being the wolf in sheep's clothing, and all, but still... it lasted a lot longer than I had hoped.

(sighs)

Y'know, I always knew this day would come. Maybe not like this, but...

Hutch stands with a stifled groan.

HUTCH (CONT'D)

...here we are.

Hutch studies his LP collection, searching...

*

...to stumble upon Abby's KITTY CAT BRACELET which rests upon the shelf.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
(smiles)
...sneaky devil...

Hutch slips it into his pocket.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
I hate to break it to you,
gentlemen, but they won't find you
among the rubble. Bone burns to
ash at fifteen hundred degrees
centigrade...
(motions)
...and this basement has been
designed to produce double that,
so... as I said before... I knew
this day would come.

Hutch selects an LP and studies the cover (which we have yet to determine) with a smile.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
I don't know why I chose this one,
but...

He slides out a record from its sleeve, and replaces it with the other upon the player.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
(mutters)
It now seems pretty goddamn
appropriate.

He lifts the needle, and hesitates.

He glances about at the space -his space- one last time...

...before lowering the needle down onto the outermost groove, turning to grab the garbage bags and beat a hasty retreat up the stairs.

5... 4... 3... 2... and with 1-

-the record bursts into white hot flame which quickly spreads as we-

CUT TO:

128 **EXT. A SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER** 128 *

Hutch calmly exits his front door... *

...as his home burns behind him. *

He walks across his yard, rolls his head around his neck,
rears back his right arm- *

-and drives it through the driver's side window of his
neighbor's Maserati, oblivious to the new cuts earned upon
his knuckles. *

Hutch unlocks the door- *

HUTCH *

(muttering to himself) *

She's a '72 Maserati Indy, he said. *

CUT TO: *

129 **INT. A MASERATI - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 129 *

-and slides behind the wheel. *

HUTCH *

(muttering to himself) *

Four-point-Nine liter V-8, he said. *

In a series of seamlessly clockwork motions, Hutch rips open
the column and "hot-wires" the vehicle in a matter of
seconds. *

As the engine roars to life, Hutch shifts- *

HUTCH (CONT'D) *

(muttering to himself) *

Zero-to-sixty in "I'm about to find
the fuck out". *

-and crushes the gas pedal underfoot. *

CUT TO: *

130 **EXT. A SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 130 *

We watch as the Maserati peels out to spin before surging off
into the distance as we- *

CUT TO: *

- 131 **OMITTED** 131 *
- 132 **EXT. A NURSING HOME - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT** 132 *
- Driving an old Cadillac with the windows down, ANATOLY and VALENTIN -two, old school, Ukrainian assassins, in pricey suits with pricier watches- park at the curb. *
- They exit and approach to enter- *
- 133 **EXT. A NURSING HOME - FOYER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 133
- finding Joey sleeping behind his desk, arms folded upon his chest, an old episode of MR. BELVEDERE playing upon a decades old television.
- Anatoly spins the clipboard to face him.
- HIS POV: He sees that a few days ago, HUTCH MANSELL checked in to visit DAVID MANSELL in room 118.
- CUT TO:
- 134 **INT. A NURSING HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER** 134
- As Anatoly and Valentin approach the door, they each produce a silenced pistol.
- Anatoly prepares to kick in the door, but Valentin stops him with a frown and a shake of the head. He reaches for the doorknob, grasps it, and twists it to find the door unlocked.
- He opens it and they enter-
- 135 **INT. A NURSING HOME - DAVID'S UNIT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT -** 135
CONTINUOUS
- to find DAVID sitting in his chair with a blanket up to his neck, staring at the television in silence, his eyes unblinking as an old episode of HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL is playing upon the television.
- Rounding to face him, their weapons at the ready, Anatoly and Valentin offer one another a question look when suddenly-
- David reaches out with his right hand to push aside Anatoly's pistol, the hammer of it falling to pinch the skin between David's thumb and forefinger as-

-FOOM!-

-the shotgun hidden beneath his blanket discharges. The round catches Valentin in the center of the chest, folding him in half as he is lifted from the ground to be thrown back against the wall.

CUT TO:

136 INT. A NURSING HOME - FOYER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 136

Joey lurches forward, suddenly awake.

CUT TO:

137 INT. A NURSING HOME - DAVID'S UNIT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 137
CONTINUOUS

David's hand curls tight around Anatoly's pistol before he pulls the man into him, shifting to place the shotgun against his heart, pulling the trigger as we-

CUT TO:

138 INT. A NURSING HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 138

Fumbling with his keys, Joey -responding to the noise- sprints towards David's door.

CUT TO:

139 OMITTED 139 *

140 INT. A NURSING HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 140

Joey tries the nob and is surprised to find it unlocked. He swings the door open inward to find-

141 INT. A NURSING HOME - DAVID'S UNIT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 141
CONTINUOUS

-David sitting in front of the television -which is deafening-
smoking a cigar... *

...with the bodies of Anatoly and Valentin nowhere to be seen.

Joey sighs, grabs the remote, and lowers the volume.

JOEY
Come on, Davey.

Joey tosses the remote into David's lap with a motion.

JOEY (CONT'D)
And I'll let you finish that, but -
goddamn, man- it smells like wet
shit.

Joey leaves, closing the door behind him. A beat... and David stands with a sigh, lowering the cheap cigar to be crushed out within an open DVD case.

DAVID
(like gravel)
Alexa.
(thinking, then)
Play Nea's Mixtape. Volume Three.
Track Six.

A beat... and MUCHA MUCHACHA by ESQUIVAL begins to play as we-

FADE TO:

142 EXT. A BARBER SHOP - ESTABLISHING - PRE-DAWN 142

143 INT. A BARBER SHOP - PRE-DAWN - CONTINUOUS 143

With MILES DAVIS playing softly from the radio, BANION -eyes closed, hands folded upon his chest beneath the sheet- sits in a chair as ITZHAK -nineties, deaf- deftly cuts his hair with a surprisingly swift and steady hand.

Four of Banion's men sit nearby, reading magazines. A beat... and they look over to find HUTCH standing just inside the establishment.

They share a look with one another and stand.

HUTCH
Gentlemen.

As one, they glance back at Banion who -without looking- recognizes the voice.

BANION
Mr. Mansell.
(a beat, then)
It... has... been... some... time.

HUTCH

That, it has.

(hesitating, then)

Although, *technically*... I'm still
on the clock.

BANION

No, *technically*, you... are long
fucking dead.

HUTCH

Potato, *potato*...

BANION

(smirks)

...tomato, *tomato*...

(a beat, then)

What, pray tell, may we do for you,
good sir?

HUTCH

What can you tell me about Yulian
Kuznetsov?

Banion extends a hand and snaps his fingers. Hutch hands one
of the goons the wax envelope.

HUTCH (CONT'D)

It's -uh- been awhile, so I'm not
exactly sure how much this'll cost.

The Goon glances back towards Banion who thinks for a moment
before holding up four fingers.

The Goon opens the envelope -which is filled with TWO DOZEN
STAMPS -each sealed in their own small plastic pouch- and
selects four, tucking them into his jacket pocket as he hands
the envelope back.

**(Note: For authenticity's sake, let's make sure that all of
the stamps in the envelope are perfect replicas of real
rarities.)**

The goon clears his throat, signaling to Banion that the deal
is done.

BANION

Paper or plastic?

HUTCH

How do you mean?

BANION

Well, now... it has been awhile,
hasn't it?

(savoring, then)

Paper -as in physical- and plastic
bein' digital.

HUTCH

Gotcha. Paper. Please.

Again, Banion snaps...

...and another Goon steps forward, reaching into his jacket
to produce a folded set of pages.

HUTCH (CONT'D)

Am I now that predictable?

BANION

From where I sit, Mr. Mansell,
everyone is.

*

HUTCH

This Yulian... he's not an asset,
is he?

BANION

At some point, they all are, but at
this juncture, your Mr. Kuznetsov
here has finished serving his
purpose long ago.

(motions)

As you can see, he's as boiler
plate as they get.

(sighs)

Dealer, trafficker, smuggler,
killer... and so on, and so forth.
You know the type.

HUTCH

He got a hobby?

BANION

Art. To the tune of eight or nine
figures.

HUTCH

Anything good?

BANION

(mutters with a shrug)

Fuck, if I know.

HUTCH
(studying the pages)
Is this the address for-

BANION
(interrupting)
It is, now...
(a beat, then)
Will there be anything else?

HUTCH
(hesitating, then)
Yeah... uh... maybe a "dead man"?

We notice that Banion's men share a look at this as Banion himself smirks, choking back a chuckle.

Banion makes a motion-

BANION
I ain't even gonna' ask.

-to one of his men who approaches the wall where a dozen, framed pictures of professional boxers from over the years reside.

BANION (CONT'D)
Word of warning. When you left,
you did so having abandoned a
certain debt in need of repayment.

The man grabs the top of the picture...

**...and pulls out a long drawer built directly into the wall,
revealing it full of SHOE BOXES tied shut with twine.**

BANION (CONT'D)
Should you do what we expect you to
do, your creditor -one Abraham
Nithercott- will no doubt become
aware of your hitherto...
resurrection.

The man selects a shoe box, closer the drawer, pauses to wipe free his thumb print smudge from the glass of the picture, turns, and hands it to Hutch who takes it with a nod.

BANION (CONT'D)
Word of warning. So... we keen?

HUTCH
Yeah.

Hutch tucks the shoebox beneath his arm-

HUTH
Yeah, we're keen.

-and turns to leave.

BANION
Audit away, Mr. Mansell! To your
heart's content and beyond...

CUT TO:

144 EXT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - ESTABLISHING - MORNING 144

145 EXT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - MORNING - CONTINUOUS 145

As the SECRETARY approaches the double doors, she slows...

...to find them bound by YELLOW TAPE. There is a NOTICE
taped to the glass.

HER POV: "Apologies on the late notice, but the building has
experienced some electrical problems. It will remain closed
until the issue is addressed. Until then, you will receive
your normal pay so enjoy some well deserved off time.
Sincerely, The Management."

146 INT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - HUTCH'S OFFICE - MORNING - 146
CONTINUOUS

Watching from the window, Hutch glances over at the short
wave radio crackle with static.

HARRY (V.O.)
Hutch. You there?
(a beat, then)
Hutch, come on, man.

A beat... and Hutch flicks a switch.

HUTCH
Hey.

HARRY (V.O.)
(interrupting)
Dude.
(hesitating, then)
Abe knows you're alive.

HUTCH
(mutters, amused)
Gotta' love the timing.

HARRY (V.O.)

And if he's good with the math, and I am sure that he is, he'll put two and two together and figure out that I'm of the "still breathing persuasion" as well. Hutch-

HUTCH

(interrupting)

I'm finishing what I started, Harry-

HARRY (V.O.)

But-

HUTCH

(interrupting)

-so I'll cross that bridge when I reach it.

HARRY (V.O.)

Listen, dude, you can't just go it the fuck alone! You'll-

Hutch abruptly turns off the radio, runs his fingers through his hair, and stretches with a groan as we-

FADE TO:

-a MONTAGE...

...of Hutch building a number of booby traps throughout the building.

The first one takes the most time in the lobby: a complex array of pressurized tubes filled with re-bar. In essence, Hutch has created a "kill box" upon entry in the hopes of inflicting multiple casualties.

Elsewhere, Hutch wires a detonator to a series of four oil drums resting upon a metal pallet, we-

CUT TO:

147 **EXT. A WAREHOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DUSK**

147

148 **INT. A WAREHOUSE - SECURITY ROOM - DUSK - CONTINUOUS**

148

A GUARD paces, unnerved at the final minutes of a soccer game playing out on one of the dozen monitors situated on the wall before him.

He glances at one... to find Hutch standing alongside the four oil drums in a service elevator. The guard averts his gaze just as the feed scrambles momentarily, but then glances back... to find the elevator now EMPTY.

As the other team scores, the guard reacts with a defeated sigh and as the opening chords of yet another song by Sammy begins to play we-

*

CUT TO:

149 **INT. A SUPPER CLUB - STAGE - NIGHT**

149

-where Yulian walks out on stage to rapturous applause, relishing the moment. He takes a deep breathe, but before the first words of the song can escape his lips, he pauses...

...at the sight of **HUTCH** sitting at a small table out in the audience with his eyes down, focused upon the meal resting before him.

A beat... and Yulian drops the microphone, steps down off of the stage, and strides over-

150 **INT. A SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

150

-to take a seat across from Hutch with his men surrounding them. The other patrons look on, more than a bit perplexed as the song continues to play.

YULIAN
Mr. Mansell... Good evening.

HUTCH
Hey.

YULIAN
Enjoying your meal?

HUTCH
I am.

YULIAN
And the show?

HUTCH
(shrugs)
Meh.

YULIAN
What? You don't like my man,
Sammy?

*

*

HUTCH

I just prefer Joey, is all.

*

YULIAN

Huh. Now, that... is new. And then, call me curious, but what - pray tell- might be your thoughts on art?

*

*

HUTCH

(shrugs)

If it's not Rockwell, I'm not interested.

YULIAN

(bristling, then)

You have... some nerve... to be here... like this.

HUTCH

I guess. I mean, on the one hand, y'know, there's this long dormant piece of me now waking that wants - so very badly- to play this out.

Hutch calmly reaches into the SHOE BOX upon his lap to remove a CLAYMORE MINE, placing on the table between them so that Yulian may see the words "**FRONT TOWARD ENEMY**"-

YULIAN

...Jesus...

-as Hutch holds the detonator in hand.

HUTCH

Maybe see what you can do.

(shrugs)

Maybe see what I can handle. On the other, though, the more reasonable piece of me -what's left of it, that is- would like to end this little *tete-a-tete* right here and now. *What's done is done*. I mean, hell... we can both rebuild, right?

YULIAN

(thinking)

Right.

(a beat, then)

Wait... rebuild?

Hutch responds to this with a somewhat impish shrug.

Yulian's face falls.

YULIAN (CONT'D)
(in Russian, subtitled)
My paintings.
(in English)
What about my paintings?

HUTCH
What floor were they on, again?

YULIAN
Third.

Hutch opens his mouth to say something, but decides otherwise, choosing instead to lower his eyes with a shake of his head. Silence... as Yulian sits back in his chair, blood drained from his face, at a complete and utter loss.

HUTCH
Which doesn't exactly make us even,
I know, but...

Hutch stands-

HUTCH (CONT'D)
...you did come to my house.

-and takes the claymore-

HUTCH (CONT'D)
(motions)
And you know you don't do that.

-and tucks it into the back of his pants -beneath his jacket, still facing Yulian- as he calmly walks to exit the building, the door swinging shut behind him.

CUT TO:

151 **EXT. A SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

151

As a couple of busboys smoke out front, one of them places a fresh cigarette between his lips-

*
*

-which Hutch plucks from them to place between his own, unlit.

*
*

Hutch crosses the street and enters-

*

151A **INT. A MASERATI - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 151A *

-which he again hot-wires to life. *

(Note: We notice the Monet resting in the at the foot of passenger's side seat.) *

His fingers remain in place, and actually look to be crossed, as Hutch looks to be hoping against hope... *

...as we wait with him for a long beat... *

...until Yulian furiously emerges from the supper club, motioning for his men to take chase. *

Hutch can't help but to allow himself a smile as he shifts into gear, pressing down the gas pedal as we- *

CUT TO: *

151B **EXT. A SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER** 151B *

The Maserati roars off with Yulian and his men clamoring as we- *

FADE TO: BLACK *

FADE IN: *

151C **EXT. A ROAD - NIGHT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER** 151C *

A long beat... and the Maserati screams towards us- *

-soaring past as we- *

CUT TO: *

151D **INT. A MASERATI - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 151D *

Hutch drives with eyes set upon the road, fingers relaxed upon the wheel. *

A beat... and he glances over to find an open, 8-TRACK TAPE HOLDER (encased in pleather) resting on the seat beside him. *

He selects a tape, places into the dash, and presses play. *

(Note: Whatever song we select for this moment is perfect as Hutch seems to relax even more as we see the thin semblance of a smile cross his lips.) *

152	<u>OMITTED</u>	152	*
153	<u>EXT. A STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS</u>	153	
	The convoy consisting of Yulian's crew -three cars in total- chews up the pavement as they continue in their pursuit of Hutch.		
154	<u>INT. YULIAN'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS</u>	154	
	Every muscle in Yulian's body is tense his eyes wild and teeth set as he sits in silence, anticipation mounting.		* *
155	<u>EXT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - THE PARKING LOT - NIGHT</u>	155	*
	A long beat... and the Maserati arrives-		*
155A	<u>INT. A MASERATI - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS</u>	155A	*
	Hutch hesitates, noticing something, and turns the wheel-		*
155B	<u>INT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS</u>	155B	*
	-to park in <u>the owner's spot</u> .		*
	Hutch exits with the claymore in one hand and the painting in hand...		*
	...just as Yulian's car -and two others- surges towards him...		*
	...joined by the deafening ROAR of his burgeoning convoy.		*
	Hutch has not expected this and moves faster towards the building.		* *
	As Hutch runs towards the doors-		*
	-YULIAN aims at him from his open window as his vehicle turns to skid. He fires-		* *
	-the round cleanly ripping through the flesh of Hutch's left shoulder. He stumbles to fall, catching himself against the painting, the claymore -along with his keys- clattering to the ground.		* * * *
	As Yulian aims to deliver the killing shot-		*
	-THOOM!-		*

155C **INT. YULIAN'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 155C *

-a sniper round strikes his driver between the eyes, exiting *
to rip off Yulian's ear. *

CUT TO: *

155D **INT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 155D *

Suddenly, as pieces of glass fall all around Hutch, the doors *
of the building behind him swing outward- *

-before **DAVID-** *

-who fires a sawed-off, lever-action, ten-gauge shotgun with *
lightening swift speed and ungodly accuracy. *

Silence... a beat... and David offers Hutch his hand. *

Hutch sighs with a half-smile- *

HUTCH *
Hey, dad. *

-and takes it to be pulled to his feet. *

David nods with a growl. *

DAVID *
Son. *

Hutch grabs the claymore and David the painting -and his keys- *
as they seek to take refuge in the building. *

Just when it seems to look like they are not going to make it- *

-SNIPER fire continues to erupt from the top floor of the *
Tool & Die Shop. Three rounds find their marks in quick *
succession, sending gunman flying, dead before they hit the *
ground. *

HUTCH *
Is that...? *

DAVID *
(shrugs) *
Who else? *

156 **OMITTED** 156 *

157 **OMITTED** 157 *

158 **INT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 158

Standing before the window, **HARRY** -forties, average height, lean, thick hair, three-day beard, dark features, perpetual smirk, eyes always hidden behind tinted sun glasses- chews on an intimidating wad of gum as he takes aim. *

(Note: Harry mutters a sing-songy version of a classic, Christmas carol... but it is anything but joyful.) *

HARRY *

On December five and twenty...

A half-beat, and as his finger tenses upon the trigger, we see a tattoo upon his wrist of a single card - the rules of poker.

HARRY (CONT'D)
(singing)
Foom.

Harry fires-

159 **EXT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 159

-and his bullet finds his mark-

HARRY (V.O.)
(singing)
Foom.

-again-

HARRY (V.O.)
(singing)
Foom.

-and again.

160 **INT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 160

As the others shift their fire upon his position, Harry dives to the floor with a grin as the ceiling tiles are chewed by bullets overhead, the fragments raining down upon him like snow. *

CUT TO:

161 **INT. AN SUV - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 161

Pavel leans forward, tentatively.

PAVEL

Y'know, I think he led us here?

Yulian presses a hand to the side of his head, blood seeping
between his fingers. *

YULIAN

(in Russian, subtitled) *

OH, YOU THINK!?!?!? *

CUT TO:

162 **INT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - LOBBY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 162

David and Hutch enter with David leaning the painting against
the wall just inside and Hutch "planting the claymore" before
turning to lock the door. *

CUT TO: *

162A **EXT. A TOOL AND DYE SHOP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 162A *

Leading the charge, Yulian -wielding a heavily-modified, AR-
15 with double-drum clip- fires indiscriminately. *

CUT TO: *

162B **INT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 162B *

As they move towards the counter, machine gun fire erupts
from behind him, shattering glass. Hutch leaps over counter
and dives down behind it as David calmly steps for cover
behind a large column. *

As Hutch peers over the counter, David removes a pistol from
his lower back. Doing so, we see a tattoo of two playing
cards FACE DOWN upon his wrist. He slides the weapon across
to Hutch who catches it, and performs a single-hand, chamber
check before dropping as a second wave of gunfire chisels
away at his position.

DAVID

(calm and casual)

Y'know...

David reloads the shotgun one round at a time, without looking at his hands, the motion having become like muscle memory.

DAVID (CONT'D)
...I tried the retirement thing. I enjoyed it.

As David talks, Hutch uses office supplies to tend to the wound upon his shoulder.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Sleep in late, breakfast, walk around the quad, chess with **Frank**... lunch, nap, swim, cribbage with the girls, dinner... drinks with the boys, cigar alone, my shows, my shower, my bed. Rinse, wash, and repeat.
(softly)
Rinse, wash, and repeat.
(softer still)
Rinse, wash, and repeat.
(softer still)
...enjoyed it...

A beat... and bullets eat away at David's position, eliciting an exuberant laugh, his eyes bright.

DAVID (CONT'D)
But goddammit, Hutchie, if I didn't miss... this... shit!

Like a man reborn, David returns fire alongside Hutch...

...before pulling back to reload what few rounds remain.

A long beat... and Yulian and his men approach.

Once they all enter, searching, Hutch reaches over to grab the firing mechanism for the trap he spent so much time on...

...only for it to **MALFUNCTION**, shorting out with a fizzle.

YULIAN
(laughing)
IS THAT ALL YOU'VE GOT?!?!?!?

As if in response, Hutch fires-

-his round ripping off Yulian's other ear. As he drops to his knees, screaming far more from rage than from pain, Hutch drops back into the building as the others take chase.

We watch as Hutch, David, and Harry work together as a family reunited.

While Hutch is sheer liquid motion...

...David is calm stealth...

...and Harry is pure and unadulterated chaos.

The other booby traps work wonders...

...one of which dispatches of Albert in a truly brutal fashion...

...slowly carving away at Yulian's army...

...including Yulian himself who may or may not be dead.

163 **INT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - KITCHEN - NIGHT - LATER** 163

Hutch ducks into the kitchen and as Pavel enters, firing, he swing open the fridge door to absorb three rounds.

Pavel adjust his aim and fires, just as Hutch opens the freezer door -to absorbs four round- to reach deep inside...

...to rip free the box of frozen vegan burritos. He pulls out the gun Charlie forced upon him and strides into Pavel, firing, the man dead before he hits the ground as we-

CUT TO:

164 **INT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS** 164

Harry and David continue to move outward as they lay waste to Yulian's forces, working together to drive them back from the epicenter.

165 **INT. A TOOL AND DIE SHOP - LOBBY - NIGHT - LATER** 165

Seeking to join David and Harry, Hutch is suddenly shot in the back by Yulian.

Hutch drops hard, crawling for cover, as Yulian continues to fire, hitting Hutch in the leg and shoulder before his weapon empties.

YULIAN

Tell me the truth, Mr. Mansell.

Yulian tosses aside his weapon-

HUTCH

Ok.

-and produces a wicked looking blade.

YULIAN

You love Sammy, don't you?

*

HUTCH

Of course.

(on Yulian's look)

I mean, as an actor.

Yulian snarls as he surges towards Hutch.

Three notes:

First, at some point, the air vent falls down to lean upwards at an odd angle.

Second, while Hutch intended to use the Claymore to kill Yulian directly, he is instead forced to face the explosive himself. Using a piece of thick, plate steel, Hutch takes the blast full on, causing the ball bearings which surge forth from it to ricochet into a "broken trap", causing it to impale Yulian.

*

*

*

*

*

*

Third, as Yulian lays dying, he does so facing the MONET painting. He dies with a chuckle and a smile.

With numerous police cars on fast approach, Harry and David help Hutch to his feet. They each share a look and a nod in silence.

David walks off in one direction -with Harry heading off in another- leaving Hutch to face the front doors of the building where a glowing cascade of police lights multiply like glow bugs.

Seemingly resigned to his fate, Hutch takes a few steps, and then pauses to kneel down next to the air vent...

...and retrieve a kitten-

HUTCH (CONT'D)

Hey.

-which he tucks into his jacket pocket.

He pauses to collect a can of tuna and an old-school opener from on top of the secretary's desk, stuffing them into his other pocket.

*

*

*

Hutch retrieves the painting -still leaning against the wall *
just inside the lobby- before exiting towards the police *
lights beyond as we- *

FADE TO: *

166 OMITTED 166 *

167 INT. AN INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT - LATER 167

-where Hutch, having just delivered his line from the beginning, leans back in his chair, reaching forward to stroke the back of the kitten as it dines. We pull back to see numerous FBI agents, detectives, and policemen facing him, all at a loss.

AGENT
That ain't much of an answer.

HUTCH
Trust me.

Everyone's cell phone begins to ring in one accord.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
It's answer enough.

FADE TO: BLACK

FADE IN:

168 EXT. A CRAFTSMAN HOME - ESTABLISHING - DAY 168

169 INT. A CRAFTSMAN HOME - KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS 169

As Eddie cooks up some flapjacks with Charlie squeezing oranges for juice, Hutch -bandaged up, but still looking a great deal worse for wear- clasps a hand on Charlie's shoulder, eliciting a slight twinge of fear.

HUTCH
Sorry about before.

CHARLIE
(thoroughly intimidated)
Yeah. Yeah, ok.

As Hutch moves to sit at the table with Becca, Abby, and Blake, Charlie sighs to himself, relieved.

ABBY

Hey, dad?

Abby -wearing her Kitty Cat Bracelet- reaches down to lift
SPARKY -the cat- into her lap, stroking his back. *

HUTCH

Yeah?

ABBY

Where you goin'?

HUTCH

On a trip.

(on her look)

A business trip.

ABBY

For how long?

HUTCH

I dunno.

(hesitates, then)

Awhile, but... I'll be in touch.

Abby nods... and then takes off her Kitty Cat Bracelet and hands it to Hutch.

ABBY

For luck.

(motions)

Keep it safe, ya' hear?

HUTCH

(smiles)

I hear.

FADE TO:

170

EXT. A CRAFTSMAN HOME - DAY - LATER

170

Hutch shakes the hands of both Eddie and Charlie, their past drama now silently considered "water under the bridge".

HUTCH

(to Blake)

Keep an eye on your mom and sis,
will ya'?

BLAKE

(nods)

Ok, dad.

(MORE)

BLAKE (CONT'D)
(hesitates, then)
Hey, dad.

Hutch turns back and can see that Blake doesn't quite know what to ask, let alone say.

HUTCH
I love you, too, kiddo.
(motions)
We'll figure you and me out when I
get back.

We can see that this is exactly what Blake needed to hear.

Hutch leans down to pick up Abby, clutching her tight. Upon lowering her, Becca takes his hand and walks him towards the motorhome. They walk in silence, but it is oddly comforting... reassuring.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
(hesitates, then)
I don't know how long I'll be.

BECCA
I figured.

HUTCH
You cool with that?

BECCA
No. But if it gets us back to
where we'd both like to be...

Becca smiles as she leans close and kisses him on the cheek.

BECCA (CONT'D)
...I'm good with it.

Hutch smiles, nods, and walks down to the street...

...just as a 1977, GMC MOTORHOME -painted yellow and orange- pulls up to the curb, its windows smoke-tinted.

Hutch opens the passenger's side door, hesitates...

...and strides back towards Becca-

HUTCH
We should probably-

BECCA
(interrupting)
Yeah.

*
*
*
*
*

-to embrace her, kissing her long and hard. We stay with
them for a moment before we finally-

*
*

CUT TO:

*

171

INT. A GMC MOBILE HOME - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

171

*

Hutch enters to find DAVID sitting behind the wheel.

*

David waits for Hutch to buckle his seatbelt before silently holding out his hand. Hutch reaches into his front pocket to produce the ZIPPO which he hands to David who places it on the dash. Hutch then reaches behind his back to slide free the COLT, offering it to his father. David takes it, pulls back the slide, ejects the magazine, and inspects it. Satisfied, he locks everything back into place and slides it into the shoulder holster hidden beneath his jacket.

HARRY (O.S.)

So...

Hutch glances into the rearview mirror to find HARRY surrounded by two dozen cellophane-wrapped bales of Yulian's cash along with dozens upon dozens of weapons, including magazines, accessories, and boxes of ammunition, making for a mobile armory/treasury. In the very back, the MONET proudly hangs upon the wall, repaired with -of all things- duct tape.

HARRY (CONT'D)

...think this'll be enough to buy
out Abe's rage?

HUTCH

I don't know. But here's to
hoping, Harry. Oh, and...

Hutch removes his wrist-watch-

HUTCH (CONT'D)

Here.

-offering it to Harry whose eyes grow wide at the sight of item. He tries to say something, but the words won't come.

HARRY

(a beat, then)
Hutch... I-

DAVID

(interrupting)
Volume Two. Track two.

Hutch and Harry share a look and a half-smile. All three of them have "Nea's Mixtape Collection" memorized. Hutch flips down the visor...

HUTCH

Good choice.

...where EIGHT CDs -Nea's Mixtapes #1-8- are tucked into a slim holder. He selects one marked Nea's Mixtape Volume Two and inserts it into the CD player, selecting TRACK TWO. KC AND THE SUNSHINE BAND begins to play GIVE IT UP.

Harry clasps the band of the watch around his wrist with a smile, relaxing visibly, seemingly at whole once again. Hutch places Abby's Kitty Cat Bracelet onto his wrist, face down, to perfectly hide his tattoo.

David shifts into gear as we cut to-

CUT TO:

172

EXT. A CRAFTSMAN HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS

172

-the motor home driving off into the distance, we-

FADE TO: BLACK

*