

ROGUES GALLERY

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5/21/08

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6/2/08

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6/17/08

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INTERVIEW ROOM -- DAY

In the middle of a small, windowless office room, an empty chair sits across the sterile surface of a desk. We're looking from the POV of the INTERVIEWER. A bamboo stalk sits in a vase next to a box of Kleenex. A clock ticks. Lights hum. The air conditioner yawns. The JOB CANDIDATE, 29, sits down in a wrinkled navy suit and white dress shirt. He's out of breath and missing his tie.

JOB CANDIDATE
Sorry I'm late. I had to sneak out
of my other job.

An icy female voice speaks. It's the unseen INTERVIEWER.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
I understand.

The Job Candidate smooths his tousled hair and smiles nervously. He's handsome in an anonymous sort of way. The kind of face you'd have trouble placing, minutes after meeting him. He notices the bamboo on the desk.

JOB CANDIDATE
I like your bamboo.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Are you being facetious?

He clearly has no idea what "facetious" means.

JOB CANDIDATE
Uh... well... no?

He stews for a second in an awkward pause.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
It means "good luck."

JOB CANDIDATE
"Facetious?"

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
(sternly)
The bamboo.

JOB CANDIDATE

Oh, right, right, right. Of course.
Uh, can we start over?

He smiles weakly. Rubs at the sweat moustache under his nose.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Your resume is impressive. BA. MBA.
Recruited out of school. You enjoy
self-help books, working with the
elderly, and fantasy football. So,
why leave your current job?

JOB CANDIDATE

Oh, I'm just temping there. I'm
really looking for something with a
little more job security. And
what's more secure than a
government job, right?

Dead silence. He smiles, wipes the shine off his forehead.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Do you prefer working in a team or
independently?

JOB CANDIDATE

Either way. I'd call myself an
individualistic-team player. A
self sufficient people-person if
you will. I love all races,
creeds, lifestyles... I love gay
people.

(catches himself)

Which is not to imply you're a
lesbian...

(realizes his mistake)

Unless you are, then I'm totally
supportive...

(totally lost)

Sorry, what was the question?

She clears her throat. He shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

INTERVIEWER

If you witnessed a co-worker
stealing from work what would you
do?

JOB CANDIDATE
Is he a friend of mine?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Does it matter?

JOB CANDIDATE
Of course. I mean no. Well maybe...
not. What are your thoughts?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Have you ever stolen anything on
the job?

He gives her a mischievous smile.

JOB CANDIDATE
Kind of a rhetorical question,
isn't it?

Dead silence again. He wipes a bead of sweat off his nose.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
I think that'll do. Do you have any
questions Mr.--

JOB CANDIDATE
(desperate)
No wait... Don't end it like that.
Look, I may not be the best
interviewee, but I'm the hardest
worker you'll ever meet and I know
I'm perfect for this job. I'll do
anything to work here. Anything. I
just need you to give me a
chance... Please, can you just give
me a chance?

The Job Candidate looks at her with a pained expression,
unaware of the patch of BLOOD blossoming on his white shirt,
seeping out from under the lapel of his jacket.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Excuse me. Are you... Are you
bleeding?

JOB CANDIDATE
Am I wha...?

He looks down, his white shirt turning blood red. He pokes a finger through a bullet hole in his jacket shoulder.

JOB CANDIDATE (CONT'D)
Oh, shit. I'm sorry about that...

He frantically swipes at the box of Kleenex on the desk, wiping at the red mess on his chest.

JOB CANDIDATE (CONT'D)
Yeah, no... that's just the way the shirt is made... It's like, uh... you know the jeans with the bleach and the holes on them...? Same sort of concept.

He stops suddenly.

JOB CANDIDATE (CONT'D)
Oh, I got a question... Can we pick our own code names?

BLACKOUT. OPENING CREDITS.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Our Candidate sits, sipping COFFEE from a to-go cup, reading a NEWSPAPER. A dangerously beautiful ASIAN WOMAN (30) enters the shop, crosses to him, taps him on the shoulder.

WOMAN
Excuse me, can I sit here? All the other tables are full.

WIDE: The coffee shop is NEARLY EMPTY.

JOB CANDIDATE
Go right ahead.

The Woman smiles, SITS, opens an issue of GUNS AND AMMO.

JOB CANDIDATE
(carefully)
Just another... manic Monday.

The Woman replies without looking up from her magazine.

WOMAN
Wish it was Sunday.

JOB CANDIDATE
That's my fun day.

WOMAN
My I don't have to run day.

They continue avoiding eye contact. Beat.

JOB CANDIDATE
How do I know for sure you are who
I think you are? Maybe you're just
a Bangles fan.

WOMAN
Well for one, we were just speaking
in code. Two, I currently have a
Para Carry Nine Millimeter aimed
squarely at your crotch.

Candidate FREEZES, notices the Woman's HAND, hidden beneath
the table.

JOB CANDIDATE
Oh, thank god! I just thought you
were a trans-sexual...

WOMAN
Excuse me...?

JOB CANDIDATE
Well, it wasn't just that... I mean
the shoulders, the Guns and Ammo -

Our candidate, shifts suddenly in his seat...

JOB CANDIDATE
Ow... Fuck! Watch where you swing
that thing!

The Woman smiles....

WOMAN
I'm the High Priestess... It's a
pleasure to meet you.

INT. BUILDING - CORRIDOR - LATER

A DOOR OPENS with a pneumatic HISS. Framed in SUNLIGHT, the High Priestess and our Job Candidate ENTER from the outside. Candidate holds his COFFEE CUP, looks about, wide-eyed.

JOB CANDIDATE

This place has a good feel to it.
Nice energy. Great Feng Shui. *I
could definitely work here.*

WIDE: The two walk down a SPARSE HALLWAY, passing the occasional dead-faced SUITED EMPLOYEE.

JOB CANDIDATE

The people look happy. I mean that
guy...

The High Priestess sighs. A MAN in an incandescent RED NECKTIE and SOLID BLACK SUIT and SHIRT head towards them. He's a weathered man in his 30's.

CHARIOT

Well, well, well...

HIGH PRIESTESS

(to the candidate)
Meet... The Chariot. Your new boss.

Chariot motions to keep walking.

JOB CANDIDATE

Wait... Are you guys all named
after Tarot cards?

CHARIOT

Dumb fucking idea if you ask me...

JOB CANDIDATE

It's not that bad...

CHARIOT

Jesus... Just what we needed... one
more goofy fuck...

(to Candidate)

So you're some master thief or
something. I tried to read your
file, but it bored me to shit.

JOB CANDIDATE

Um... Well... I don't know about
master thief... but -

CHARIOT

Sort of like Thomas Crown minus the
pussy, right? Where'd you buy that
suit? Marshalls? What the fuck is
wrong with you?

JOB CANDIDATE

Uh...

CHARIOT

Don't even answer that. I have a
kidney stone the size of North
Africa making it's way out of me.
And I don't want to have to paint
the walls with your shit for brains
on my first day.

JOB CANDIDATE

Uh... Okay. So am I gonna get to
pick a Tarot card name?

CHARIOT

The Fool.

The Job Candidate laughs...

JOB CANDIDATE

I was under the impression I could
choose my own code name.

INT. BUILDING - TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

Our Candidate; now known as THE FOOL, walks next to High
Priestess and Chariot as the three move down a dilapidated
and badly-lit TUNNEL.

FOOL

So what happened to the guy who I'm
replacing?

HIGH PRIESTESS

Strength...

CHARIOT

Turns out he wasn't strong enough.

FOOL

Okay... Understandable.

CHARIOT

Now for the formalities... Jason Priestly, will you do the honors?

HIGH PRIESTESS

Don't call me that.

(to The Fool)

As of this moment, you are officially hired by The Factory: an elite espionage cell ostensibly unacknowledged by the US Government and staffed by non-official covert operatives.

(beat)

The company is divided into two teams, Alpha and Omega. Chariot is the Creative Director of Omega, so you'll report to him.

FOOL

Why the two teams? What's the point?

HIGH PRIESTESS

The factory is split into two teams so that every employee is never off on a assignment at the same time. In case of a Crisis Situation.

FOOL

Like what?

CHARIOT

You know, the usual, some President, U.N. Official or American Politician wants to talk shit about the Military Industrial Complex. Wants to stop spending 150 billion dollars on a war with no fucking end. Whether it be 1963 or now... And you know... we gotta step in and intervene.

(beat)

(MORE)

CHARIOT (cont'd)

Let's just say we're like the smoother running, more efficient version of the CIA if they had less oversight and their Intel was actually... you know... *fucking Intel.*

They enter into an elevator. The doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Light Muzak plays softly in the background. Chariot enters a code into the keypad. The elevator starts to move. Chariot pulls out a flask shaped like a gun and takes a hearty swig. He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

CHARIOT

So anyhow, this here joint is run by the big-bad-bossy-boo - a rather portly bastard with manicured nails, no real field experience, and the razor sharp wit of 6 year old autistic boy. He's named The Devil because... you know... *he's scary and spooky!*

FOOL

(to HIGH PRIESTESS)

Is he always this spiteful?

HIGH PRIESTESS

Unfailingly so...

FOOL

That's cool, just ... checking.

The Fool looks over at Chariot who takes another swig of his flask and MUMBLES:

CHARIOT

Faggot.

INT. CLEAN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DING! The elevator doors OPEN on a flood of WHITE LIGHT.

Fool, Chariot, and Priestess begin moving down a LUMINESCENT WHITE CORRIDOR, at the end of which is what looks like an opaque drive-through BANK TELLER WINDOW. A SIGN reads:

"ABANDON ALL CONCEALED WEAPONS AND/OR MUNITIONS BEFORE ENTERING. NO EXCEPTIONS."

A large METAL TRAY below the window SLIDES OPEN.

FOOL
What's all this?

CHARIOT
Company policy. The boss is afraid one of us killing him... although I could just as easily snap his neck as shoot him... so?

The Chariot makes a farting noise with his tongue.

CHARIOT
It's all for show... Plus it looks cool every time we unload our weapons.

Chariot and Priestess proceed to unload a veritable ARSENAL of weapons into the tray: HANDGUNS, AUTOMATICS, KNIVES, GRENADES, NINJA STARS. All from their pockets, boots, pants.

The Fool unhooks a tiny SWISS ARMY KNIFE from his KEY CHAIN and drops it atop the huge pile. The tray shuts with a CLANK.

FOOL
I'm gonna get that back, right?

Chariot walks through a giant X-Ray machine to an elevator. High Priestess follows suit, then Fool. They stand there waiting in front of an elevator. Chariot sighs impatiently as he looks up at a surveillance camera.

CHARIOT
These fucking people. C'mon!
(to HIGH PRIESTESS)
I tell you, whoever works the Monday morning shift is a goddamn retard. I once stood here for twenty minutes.

DING! The elevator door opens.

INT. COMPANY ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

More standing. More ELEVATOR MUZAK.

FOOL
Where's the surveillance footage go
to?

HIGH PRIESTESS
Corporate.

FOOL
Who's corporate?

High Priestess and Chariot shrug.

FOOL
You do this every morning? This
process is exhausting.

CHARIOT
Tell me about it... That's why I
drink a half-gallon of Popov Vodka
a day. It's easier to walk down all
those hallways when you can just
lean forward and stumble.

The Chariot bursts into laughter. High Priestess rolls her
eyes and sighs deeply.

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator OPENS. The three step out, and the elevator
doors CLOSE behind them with an ominous, resonant BOOM.

CHARIOT
(grandiose)
Welcome... to the Factory.

WIDE: The most deeply mundane lobby area in current
existence. An unnecessarily large DENTIST'S WAITING ROOM.

FOOL
It certainly is... old school.

HIGH PRIESTESS
You won't find a finer espionage
office in the entire country. This
is where people like us make the
world a better place to live.

The three walk across the space and through a set of DOORS.

INT. LARGE OFFICE - DAY

The CAMERA TRACKS THROUGH THE OFFICE revealing about 10 or so massive cubicles/workstations.

The EMPEROR, 50s, immaculate white suit, carries himself like a gentleman spy. He sits at workstation surrounded by framed photos of himself with various world leaders. He sits in a leather chair, obsessively cleaning his glasses. On his lap sits the Sunday Times.

CHARIOT (O.C.)

Before heading up Omega Team, the Emperor spent over thirty years in the field on active duty, sleeping with hundreds of exotic women, contracting a plethora of sexually transmitted diseases and saving the world from imminent annihilation on numerous occasions. He speaks about 12 languages... *as if that's some big fucking feat.*

The CAMERA FINDS JUDGEMENT. An unkempt, excessively tattooed-and-pierced African-American thirtysomething, eats a rope of licorice, guzzles a diet soda, leans against his desk.

REVERSE: Judgement is using a smallish PALM CHISEL to carefully carve a SMILING BUDDHA out of what looks like an oversized chunk of soap.

CHARIOT (V.O.)

See that cro-magnon fuck? That's Judgement. A real piece of work. Deals solely with Demolitions and I.T. The rest of his energy is spent saying shit like, "It's Judgement Time, baby!" But nevertheless, he can take down a 747 with only his iPhone. Basically, he's... Chuck Norris without the personality.

The CAMERA MOVES PAST a series of unmanned work stations.

CHARIOT (O.C.)

Where the fuck is Alpha Team?

REVERSE: Chariot looks around curiously. Judgement speaks up from his work station.

JUDGEMENT
Conference room.

CHARIOT
What for?

JUDGEMENT
Beats me.

CHARIOT
(to HP)
Did you know about this?

HIGH PRIESTESS
No, sir.

At the end of the office three members of Alpha Team walk in and start to take their places at their respective workstations.

CHARIOT
Ah, just in time... Alpha Team.

MAGICIAN:

A sharpened BLACK PENCIL whizzes through the air and thunks into a CABINET DARTBOARD hanging on the wall.

CHARIOT (V.O.)
CD of Alpha Team, The Magician
occupies my slot on the other side.

REVERSE: The MAGICIAN, late 30s, greasy black hair, the yuppie Wall Street type takes his seat at his desk. His suit and shirt are both a vibrant RED, partially bisected by his shiny BLACK NECKTIE.

CHARIOT (CONT'D)
A complete and utter douchebag.
Bought himself a magic kit at the
age of five, and so began the
downward spiral.

Seemingly from out of thin air, ANOTHER PENCIL appears in the Magician's hand. He whips it at the board.

CAMERA TRACKS OVER TO:

TOWER:

TOWER, 30's, innocuous, short, balding, and wearing horn-rimmed eyeglasses. He plays a first-person shooter game on his computer.

CHARIOT (V.O.)

That's Tower. Ex-Con from some shit state like Kentucky. Pure muscle. Just point in a direction and he charges. The rest of the time he just sits there killing people on his computer.

CAMERA TRACKS OVER TO:

HIEROPHANT

Hierophant (early 30s), a perky blonde in a JC Penney's pantsuit, stares intently at something OFF-SCREEN, smiling.

CHARIOT (V.O.)

Hierophant never met an exclamation point she didn't like. The highschool cheerleader who -

REVERSE: Hierophant is slowly pulling the wings off a fly.

CHARIOT (CONT'D)

Kneecaps the competition. A real fuckin' nut.

BACK OVER TO -

Chariot and Fool who are now walking through the office.

CHARIOT

Not sure where Temperance and Empress are... But we'll find 'em. Let's go meet the Devil.

FOOL

Alright.

CHARIOT

By the way, your first assignment, as you get to know everyone here, shake hands, make small talk, etc... Is to steal something from every agent in this office, including me.

(MORE)

CHARIOT (cont'd)
 Just don't steal my flask or I
 swear to God I'll nail your nutsack
 to the hood of my Neon.

FOOL
You drive a Neon?

CHARIOT
 Go fuck yourself.

Fool opens his jacket and pulls out Chariot's flask and hands it to him.

CHARIOT
 (impressed)
Not too bad... Not too bad.

INT. DEVIL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A consistently average-looking OFFICE: desk, mini fridge, bank of WALL-MOUNTED MONITORS displaying NUMERICAL DATA.

The DEVIL, 50's, amiable but measured, leans back in his chair, filing his nails. Across the desk EMPRESS, 50's, a born femme fatale, stands, arms crossed.

DEVIL
 Look, things got messy, and now -

EMPRESS
 Omega dropped the ball.

DEVIL
 But that's inconsequential.

EMPRESS
 No, it's not.

DEVIL
 Project Safehouse was an easy job. They screwed up. I'm not negating that. But nevertheless, Corporate wants to install certain safeguards, to ensure mistakes like that don't happen. Understand?

As Empress begins to speak, there's a knock on the door. The Devil motions to Empress to curb her conversation as he -

DEVIL

Come in.

Fool and Chariot enter.

DEVIL

This is our new Procurer? I thought we hired the redhead with the big tits. What was her name - ?

CHARIOT

Ashley. I know, I wanted her too.

EMPRESS

Way to make the boy feel at home.

CHARIOT

Why don't you find a nice little bathroom stall to go fuck yourself in.

EMPRESS

Ahh, the same attitude that screwed you on Safehouse. Glad to see you learned your lesson, Chariot.

DEVIL

Let's not get into politics right now...

EMPRESS

If you think Omega fucking up Operation Safehouse and jeopardizing this whole company is just politics, than we -

DEVIL

Enough!

CHARIOT

(to Fool)

This 55 year old firecracker goes by the name *Empress*, the most notorious agent 1980s America never heard about. Currently the executive of Alpha Team. Be a gentleman and introduce yourself.

FOOL
Pleasure to meet you. I'm.. Uh -

CHARIOT
The Fool.

Fool smiles as he shakes Empress's hand.

EMPRESS
Charmed.

The Empress lights a CIGARETTE, sizing up the Fool.

CHARIOT
And the Devil over here...

FOOL
Nice to meet you, sir.

DEVIL
Come here son, I want to show you something.

The Devil motions for the Fool to join him as he moves toward a wall-mounted GLASS CASE with an odd THREE-PRONGED KEYHOLE.

The Devil takes a golden, pitchfork-shaped KEY from a chain around his neck. UNLOCKING the case, he removes the peculiar weapon inside: an ornate, engraved, fifteen-inch combination BOWIE KNIFE and PINFIRE REVOLVER.

DEVIL
This, son, is a nineteenth century Pinfire Naval Knife-Pistol. It was awarded to me for a job I did in Prague a couple of decades back.

CHARIOT
A job you oversaw, sir.

DEVIL
Semantics, Chariot. It's all semantics.

The Devil TWIRLS the weapon, TOSSES it from hand to hand.

DEVIL

Anyway, we led a covert ops mission against a militant cell of Krishnas.

(beat)

Turned out, it was a trap: we engaged in a surprise fire-fight. It was a mission that should of made hamburger helper out of every one of my men, but because of our ability to work together we made it out, with no casualties.

The Devil points the blade of the knife-gun directly at Fool.

DEVIL

I keep this weapon as a reminder of my twelve coworkers. The importance of teamwork.

The Devil points the tip of the knife, the barrel of the gun, directly at the Chariot.

DEVIL

No one questioned authority.

He points the gun at the Empress.

DEVIL

No one questioned the decisions of the management.

He points the gun directly against his own head.

DEVIL

We just did our jobs because if we didn't...

CLICK. The Devil pulls the trigger. The Devil smiles.

DEVIL

Good thing the firearm half of this thing hasn't worked in about a hundred years. Otherwise, you guys would be mopping my blood off the floor instead of bickering like little kids.

A SUDDEN KNOCKING at the door.

In walks TEMPERANCE, the girl next door, all grown up, heartbreakingly beautiful.

TEMPERANCE
Sorry to bother, I just...

Temperance TRAILS OFF, locks eyes with the Fool. The Fool's jaw drops. Temperance's life seems to undergo a small, silent, seismic shift. Oppressive silence.

Everyone watches, the collective curiosity piqued.

DEVIL
My uncanny powers of deductive reasoning tell me you two kids might know one another. Care to fill me in...?

The Fool swallows thickly.

FOOL
Me and--

TEMPERANCE
Temperance.

FOOL
Right. Temperance. We uh..

TEMPERANCE
Trained together.

FOOL
Right. Trained together at... uh...

TEMPERANCE
Langley.

FOOL
Right.

TEMPERANCE
Five years ago.

Everyone stands, motionless. The tension is palpable.

DEVIL

Well, nothing like fluorescent
lighting to rekindle.. *the flames
of love.*

(then)

Anyway, we have a briefing in...

He looks at the WALL CLOCK behind him, it reads: **9:39.**

DEVIL

Thirty minutes... Ten-Ten, sharp.
Everyone out.

Everyone files out. Temperance WHISPERS to the Fool:

TEMPERANCE

We'll talk.

Chariot talks to Empress.

EMPRESS

Please don't breathe on me... you
stink like vodka.

EXT. DEVIL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: Temperance's backside as she walks off.

CHARIOT (O.C.)

She is hot to trot, my man. Built
like a fucking thoroughbred. Look
at the way she moves... the human
body is one well-oiled machine, my
friend.

REVERSE: Chariot and Fool mouths agape as they watch
Temperance and Empress walk off.

CHARIOT

I want details... *All the details.*

FOOL

There's nothing to be said, we
dated, we broke up.

CHARIOT

I don't give a lazy shit about your
relationship!

(MORE)

CHARIOT (cont'd)
What's she like in bed? In bed! ...
 See, I always imagined, she
 would...

FOOL
 Please, I'd rather not hear it...
 What does she do here anyway?

Chariot and Fool start to walk.

CHARIOT
 Mostly seduction. Gathers a little
 intel after the deed is done. You
 know, Ambassadors, Prime Ministers,
 Secretaries of State -

FOOL
 Okay enough, I get the picture.

INT. LARGE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Chariot leads the Fool to an OFFICE CUBE.

CHARIOT
 Here it is. Your new home.

The Fool looks into his cubicle. It's small, gray, empty. A
 single "**WELCOME!**" balloon is tied to his swivel chair.

FOOL
 But everyone else's is bigger.

CHARIOT
 True. But it's your first day and
 you're a loser.

Chariot shrugs before he turns and walks away.

The Fool rolls out his chair: there's a box on it that reads
 "**OFFICE IN A BOX**". He opens it. There's a stapler, a pen, a
 box of paper clips, a stack of "Fool" Tarot cards.

The Fool glances casually up, blanches at the SURVEILLANCE
 CAMERA pointed squarely at his cubicle.

INT. DEVIL'S OFFICE - DAY

The WALL CLOCK reads **9:58**. The Devil sits at his computer.
 There is a sudden, insistent TAPPING at the door.

DEVIL

Come in!

The door opens and an UNSEEN FIGURE walks inside.

DEVIL

(beat)

What do you want?

SILENCE. The Devil's face changes.

DEVIL

Well, I could have predicted this was going to happen.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The clock reads **10:15**. The two teams sit casually, talking, on opposite sides of a LONG CONFERENCE TABLE.

One side is Alpha Team: EMPRESS, MAGICIAN, TOWER, TEMPERANCE, HEIROPHANT.

The other is Omega Team: EMPEROR, CHARIOT, HIGH PRIESTESS, JUDGEMENT, the rather overwhelmed FOOL.

HIEROPHANT

- He's good. But that black-haired girl, when she sang that Captain and Tenille song, last night... I. WAS. FLOORED! I voted for her.

EMPRESS

You vote?

HIEROPHANT

Every single frickin time!

(beat)

I love that show!

JUDGEMENT

I like that guy Enrique. He's good. Every rose has a thorn. I would of given him a ten. *If I was the judge...*

Judgement heartily giggles.

CHARIOT

We know what your fucking name is
Judgement. Get it over, you
overgrown man-baby.

HIEROPHANT

Don't be so harsh, Chariot!
(to Fool)
Do you watch it?

FOOL

Um, I actually don't have a TV.

HIEROPHANT

Oh my god! How do you, like, even
survive!

MAGICIAN

Where is the Devil? It's already
ten-seventeen.

HIEROPHANT

I'll go find him. Back in two
shakes of a lambs tail!

The Hierophant skips off.

MAGICIAN

Hermit. We're missing the Hermit.
Where is that crazy son of a--

FOOL

(to Chariot)
Who's Hermit?

CHARIOT

That's right... The Hermit. He's a
solo act. Doesn't do teams.
Currently deals with chemical
agents. Ricin, Sarin, Abrin. The
whole gamut. Used to do
assassinations before he got
diabetes. Fat little fucker. But a
serious agent.

FOOL

Sounds like the only person you
somewhat respect.

CHARIOT
Just scared of him, that's all.

FOOL
Nice to hear a little humility...

CHARIOT
Wait'll you meet him, asshole.

A sudden and blood-curdling SCREAM comes from outside the room. Ten pairs of eyes swing toward the door.

INT. OFFICE CUBES - MOMENTS LATER

The SCREAMING continues as the ENTIRE GROUP makes their way toward the source: the Devil's office.

INT. DEVIL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone files into the room. The Hierophant cowers in the corner, wide-eyed. The Devil is lying face-down on his desk, a dozen pens and pencils stuck in his back, very much DEAD.

The group stands, staring, motionless.

Empress moves forward, staring at the MONITORS on the wall, taking notice of a lot of BLINKING RED TEXT.

EMPRESS
What the hell? Did someone initiate
a lock down?

The group looks at each other, silent. Then the High Priestess seems to realize something. She strides toward the Devil's body, hoisting him BACKWARDS, revealing...

CLOSE: The Devil had collapsed on a RECESSED PANEL in his desk bearing an LCD SCREEN counting down from "1:39:19."

High Priestess lets out a tightly controlled SIGH.

HIGH PRIESTESS
He activated Project Endgame.

Bursts of PANIC in varying degrees from everyone present. After a few moments of this, the Fool speaks up:

FOOL
Um, I'm sorry, what..?

CHARIOT

Project Endgame is the Factory's be-
all, end-all contingency device.

EMPEROR

It activates a silent physical and
communicative lockdown before
starting a clock programmed to
vaporize the entire facility at the
end of two hours.

FOOL

Wait? Are you joking? Is this -

CHARIOT

Well, goodnight ladies and
gentleman. I'm gonna see if I can
go drink myself to death in 90
minutes.

EMPRESS

Don't fucking move, Chariot. Nobody
leaves this room.

The Emperor crosses to the Devil's DESK and starts rifling
through various DRAWERS.

FOOL

Wait, that doesn't make sense...
Why would the bomb be on a timer if
the whole place was locked down and
nobody could get out?

EMPEROR

Rumor was... that the person in
charge had access to some kind of
emergency exit.

HIGH PRIESTESS

The timer would let them gather
whatever they needed and tie off
any loose ends before they got the
hell back to the surface.

FOOL

And I'm assuming... nobody knows
where that is.

The ENTIRE GROUP speaks in unison, slight variations on:

ALL

Nope.

EMPRESS

A lot of us have money on the fact that, if the exit ever existed, it was probably bricked up during some oblivious corporate remodel twenty years ago.

The Magician studies the data on the wall-mounted MONITORS.

MAGICIAN

No movement recorded in the elevators within the last hour.

CHARIOT

So the killer is among us...

Chariot lets out a ghoulish laugh. Empress grabs Chariot by the throat, slams him against the wall.

EMPRESS

I will kill you just on principle. You understand?

CHARIOT

You are so sexy when you're -

Empress knees Chariot in the crotch. He collapses to the ground as he howls in pain.

CHARIOT

Fuck... What was that for?

MAGICIAN

No unauthorized personnel could have gotten past our security...
(beat)
So there's a mole.

EMPEROR

Still quick as ever, Magician.

MAGICIAN

What was that? You wanna say it again?

TEMPERANCE

Can we all just calm down!

FOOL

What about, you know, checking the surveillance tapes?

EMPEROR

All the cameras here operate on an external feed; the images go straight to corporate. There's no way to directly review any of it from down here. Plus all the feeds get shut down with Endgame.

FOOL

Well, can't we just call them?

MAGICIAN

No, Fool, we cannot. Com gets shut down with activation.

FOOL

So, no one's coming to save us...?

MAGICIAN

Correct.

The Emperor gestures toward the LCD COUNTDOWN.

EMPEROR

Well, He's been dead for twenty minutes.

HIGH PRIESTESS

Right before ten o'clock.

CHARIOT

Who gives a shit? I say good riddance!

EMPRESS

Shut the fuck up, Chariot!

The Emperor looks up from his series of OPEN DRAWERS.

FOOL

So is there any way to disarm it?

EMPEROR
Yes, but no one knows the code.

EMPRESS
It's a phrase.

FOOL
But, what would it be?

EMPEROR
Our best bet is to find a way out.

CHARIOT
(toasting his flask)
Let's just call it a night, folks!

Empress kicks Chariot in the gut. Judgement grabs her by the arm. She turns, fiercely.

EMPRESS
Remove your hand from my arm.

JUDGEMENT
I'm just trying to get you to calm down, baby.

EMPRESS
What did you just call me?

EMPEROR
Empress, enough! Judgement, back away.

MOMENTARY SILENCE as the group considers this.

EMPEROR
Everyone back to the conference room. Staff meeting today means something a little different.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Our two teams are back at the LONG TABLE, the Emperor and Empress at the head. All listen to JUDGEMENT.

CHARIOT
This is a waste of fucking time.

JUDGEMENT

Well, Hierophant and I. Our alibi....

INT. BREAK ROOM - MORNING

The clock on the wall reads **9:58**.

JUDGEMENT (V.O.)

Around ten o'clock, both of us were in the break room...

Hierophant makes coffee as Judgement paces...

JUDGEMENT

What about, *"You've officially been Judged!"*

Hierophant shakes her head, "no."

JUDGEMENT

Okay, what about, *"I'm the Judge, and here's your sentence!"*

Hierophant, tilts her head, thinks...

HIEROPHANT

I kinda like that one!

They both start giggling.

HIEROPHANT (V.O.)

What about you, Priestess?

HIGH PRIESTESS (V.O.)

Me? Chariot, Emperor and I were over in the copier room...

CUT TO:

INT. COPIER ROOM - MORNING

The clock reads **10:01**. The Priestess and the Emperor and Chariot are standing in the copy room; whispering.

CHARIOT

I'll tell you right now, Empress is planning something.

EMPEROR

She's been talking with Corporate,
I know that...

HIGH PRIESTESS

But what does any of that mean?

CHARIOT

I just don't trust her, Safehouse
went south, and Corporate is livid.
That was a big deal.

HIGH PRIESTESS

Safehouse wasn't our fault. The
hired gun fucked it... We're not to
blame.

CHARIOT

We all know the hired gun fucked
it... But the logistics don't
matter; We keep an eye on her and
Alpha. Because I have a bad
feeling...

HIGH PRIESTESS

Sure it's not the DT's, Chariot?

CHARIOT

This isn't about me, you know that?

EMPEROR

You have to get yourself under
control, Chariot. It doesn't look
good for Omega... Especially -

HIGH PRIESTESS (V.O.)

Well, no one hated the Devil more
than you, Empress.

EMPRESS (V.O.)

True, but... I was with Magician
and Tower in my office.

CUT TO:

INT. EMPRESS'S OFFICE - MORNING

The clock reads **9:53**. Empress paces angrily as Magician and Tower listen.

EMPRESS

Omega fucked up. They botched Project Safehouse... That was an easy in and out... Corporate wants it dealt with...

TOWER

How?

EMPRESS

In whatever way we deem necessary.

MAGICIAN (V.O.)

We were in there at least until 10:07...

(beat)

What about the new guy?... Fool?

FOOL (V.O.)

I was... uh...

TEMPERANCE (V.O.)

With me...

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING

A WALL CLOCK reads **9:50**. The Fool approaches a SMALL ROOM marked by a GLOWING SIGN: **"THIS IS NOT AN EXIT."**

Fool looks inside to see that the room contains nothing but a few FIVE-GALLON WATER JUGS, a few lonely CABINETS, and a single WATER COOLER, which the Tower stands beside.

INT. COOLER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Fool moves cautiously closer.

FOOL

Hey, um, The Tower? Do you know where the meeting today is?

Tower stares at the Fool, loudly drinking a cup of water. He finishes, EXHALES, crumples the cup and EXITS, brushing by TEMPERANCE, who enters, gets a DRINK.

The two stand, trying to appear causal.

TEMPERANCE

(angry)

What the fuck do you think you're doing here? Is this your plan? Is this some kind of sick fucking plot? One of -

FOOL

Oh, come on... "Temperance..." Not everything revolves around your -

TEMPERANCE

I don't wanna start all this again.

FOOL

Start what again? Huh?

TEMPERANCE

Everything... I've spent too many years trying to -

FOOL

Trying to what? Numb yourself? Get over it? Turn yourself into a vapid bitch that... *fucks for intel?* Don't make it sound like it was difficult...

TEMPERANCE

Oh, fuck you, we don't exactly work at WalMart. Deception comes with the territory.

FOOL

Glad to see you're dedicated...

There's a beat of silence between the two.

BACK TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The group stares at one another, paranoia setting in.

CHARIOT
Well, I'd place my bets on Hermit.

EMPRESS
And his motive?

CHARIOT
Umm... *mental illness.*

EMPRESS
Mental illness?

CHARIOT
The guy walks around in a Hazmat
suit... for Christ's sake.

FOOL
Would he know the activation code?

The Fool suddenly STANDS.

FOOL
All right! You got me!
(beat)
This is good. You're messing with
the new guy on his first day,
right? An initiation ritual or -

Everyone stares, unblinking. Then...

FOOL
Okay... Guess not...

CHARIOT
It's the Hermit, people!

FOOL
Who's the Hermit? What's he look
like?

EMPEROR
The Hermit is a master of stealth,
sabotage, escape and evasion... And
also happens to be the fiercest,
freakiest, cold-blooded agents in
the history of United States
espionage.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

The Hermit, short, portly and bald, stands in front of a VENDING MACHINE, wearing a plastic Chemical Suit.

A coil WHIRS, holding back a bag of COOKIES. The cookies are STUCK, dangling helplessly. Hermit stares, expressionless.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The group paces, stretches, prepares.

EMPEROR

Priority one is a two fold mission. A top-to-bottom sweep of this facility. We are looking for hollow walls, secret doorways, tunnels and/or elevators. Also, we must track down, the Hermit. No one knows this building better than him. He must have an escape route.

FOOL

What if he has already found the exit, left and blocked it up?

EMPEROR

Then... that's that...

HIGH PRIESTESS

And, how long until this place becomes a crematorium?

The Emperor checks his watch.

EMPEROR

Seventy-five minutes.

CHARIOT

Any bathroom breaks?

EMPRESS

Shut up, Chariot.

(beat)

I say we pair off; one Alpha for one Omega. I don't trust your team.

EMPEROR

I agree. We each pair off with our mirror agent on the opposing team and keep an eye on the other. Alpha and Omega are working together on this one.

A collective GROAN.

EMPEROR

Chariot and Magician, check over the server rooms. Tower, High Priestess, you two can take the file room. Hierophant and Judgement, cover the break room. Temperance and Fool, I want you to scour the Devil's office... Tear it apart. Look for any clues... Blueprints of the building. Any deactivation codes...

Each agent eyes their assigned partner.

EMPEROR

Empress and I will check the lobby. If you feel the need to arm yourselves, you can commandeer anything you might find in or around the offices. Hermit, is an incredibly skilled agent. So anything, and everything will come in handy.

FOOL

You mean there seriously isn't a single weapon down here?

EMPEROR

As termed by the modern standards of international warfare? No.

The agents prepare to leave. Chariot lays a hand on the Fool.

CHARIOT

Hey. You gonna be all right?

FOOL

So, sweet of you to ask...

INT. DEVIL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Temperance and Fool enter.

TEMPERANCE

Check the bookshelves. Look for any clues as to what the phrase may be.

(beat)

I'm going to tear up the carpet and the shelving. There has to be a safe in here.

FOOL

Yes, ma'am.

Temperance shoots Fool a look.

INT. COPIER ROOM - LATER

Judgement and Hierophant search the closets and cabinets: he holds a BROOMSTICK HANDLE; with three metal screws protruding from the tip. She is UNARMED.

JUDGEMENT

I mean, Hermit always seemed a bit loopy... Just not... *this loopy*.

HIEROPHANT

I know, right! It's so crazy!

JUDGEMENT

When I find him, I think I'm gonna test out my new line... The "Im the judge one..."

HIEROPHANT

That'd be cool...

(beat)

Can I ask you, like, a personal question?

She looks at him...

JUDGEMENT

... I'm nine and half... uncut.

HIEROPHANT

Ew!... No! I was gonna ask... if you... you know, believe in Heaven and all that stuff?

Judgement looks overwhelmed and bewildered by the question.

INT. FILE ROOM - DAY

The Priestess and the Tower are in the FILE ROOM, a large space of row after row of six-foot high FILE CABINETS. Enough to be disconcerting, surreal. Like an Escher print. Both of them are opening and every cabinet and looking inside.

TOWER

So what? We're just looking for a button or something? A passage-way?

HIGH PRIESTESS

Yes sir.

(beat)

You ever wonder if you've chosen the right profession? I mean, I've got some seriously marketable skills. Highly motivated, highly organized. I mean, I could be running NEWS CORP or something. Instead, I'm assassinating people for a living. It just... I don't know... like a poor career choice.

INT. SERVER ROOM - DAY

A mess of computer equipment, wire coils, machinery. A row of SERVERS hum in the corner. The Magician pokes about.

Behind him, the Chariot removes what appears to be a SILVER HANDGUN from his jacket pocket. He raises it, aims it at the back of the Magician's head. The Magician turns.

CHARIOT

Bang. You're dead.

MAGICIAN

Fucking drunk.

The Chariot unscrews the recessed cap from the hollow shell, takes a hearty swig of the spirituous contents.

MAGICIAN

What happened to you, Cherry? When I started here I thought you were cooler than polar pussy... and now... look at you... You're a third-rate, dead-beat fuckup of an agent.

CHARIOT

Shit happens.

MAGICIAN

Yes, it does.

Chariot stares at Magician, takes another swig from his flask, turns away. Behind him, a gleaming LETTER OPENER appears in the Magician's hand. He watches Chariot walk in front of him.

MAGICIAN

You know, Chariot, I always wondered who would win a fight between you and me...

Chariot's P.O.V - In the reflection of a monitor: As Magician begins to move towards him...

INT. DEVIL'S OFFICE - DAY

Temperance tears apart the carpet with a LETTER OPENER as Fool watches her. She looks up at him. There's a beat.

TEMPERANCE

What?

FOOL

I was just thinking, you remember that time we drove down to Bethany Beach? And you wouldn't get on the Ferris Wheel? And I kept asking and asking... and begging and begging... until you started to scream so loud, that those cops showed up on those little scooters?

A beat.

TEMPERANCE

What's your point?

FOOL
No point. Just thought about it,
that's all.

Temperance smiles, removes what looks like a thick cylinder of LIP STICK from her pocket. The Fool studies her.

FOOL
I guess, I was just thinking that
you seem a lot more confident than
you used to be.

TEMPERANCE
Maybe, I am.

Temperance UNCAPS the lipstick, revealing HOLLOW STEEL TUBING, a small DIAMETER HOLE drilled into the rear. Fool watches, intrigued, as Temperance removes one of her SILVER EARRINGS and plucks a CONCEALED BULLET from the tip.

Fool, piecing it all together, quietly marvels:

FOOL
It's a zip gun...

Temperance WINKS, slides the bullet into the end of the lipstick until it CLICKS. She looks to Fool, gesturing:

TEMPERANCE
Firing pin, cartridge, primer, end
cap. Bang bang, cowboy.

Temperance mimes whacking the heel of her palm against the gun's END CAP. Fool nods, impressed. Beat. She puts the gun back in her pocket. She goes back to stripping the carpets.

TEMPERANCE
You've grown up too, you know? You
lost that stupid grin of yours.

FOOL
That's only because I'm looking at
you right now and thinking... "In
about an hour, nothing will matter.
You. Me. And every moment we spent.
... It'll all be dust."

TEMPERANCE

I see. And if you knew for sure
that there was no escape, how would
you spend that last hour?

FOOL

Honestly?

TEMPERANCE

Honestly...

Temperance and Fool each hold the other's gaze a moment
longer before POUNCING on each other like wild animals.
Rolling around the floor of the office, tearing each others
clothes off...

INT. EMPEROR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Empress lounges in a chair while the Emperor kneels
behind his DESK, opening a HIDDEN SAFE nestled in the floor.

EMPEROR

I'll just be a moment.

The Emperor spins a huge COMBINATION LOCK, a wheel of numbers
as big as a dinner plate. He OPENS the safe: we don't see
inside, but the Emperor removes an ornate, medieval-looking,
twenty-one inch long FLANGED MACE.

EMPEROR

Given to me by the incumbent
President of Mother Russia himself.

The Empress stares. The Emperor SHUTS the safe, rises.

EMPEROR

Come along then.

As the two head for the door...

EMPEROR

Do you really believe that the
Hermit killed the Devil?

EMPRESS

No.

EMPEROR

Me neither.

(beat)

And do you think we'll make it out
of here alive?

EMPRESS

Nope.

EMPEROR

Me either.

The Emperor grabs an awaiting UMBRELLA as the two EXIT.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Hierophant taps her fingers against the far wall. Judgement stands behind her holding the Broomstick handle with the three screws sticking out.

HIEROPHANT

It's a hollow area. You hear that?

JUDGEMENT

No, my ears are shot...

HIEROPHANT

I'm gonna break through the wall.

(beat)

Let me see that broomstick.

She reaches her hand back, Judgement gives her the stick.

HIEROPHANT

Here, give me some room.

Judgement backs away as Hierophant takes a step back as well. Hierophant RAISES THE STICK but at the last second SPINS AND SWINGS it right into Judgements TEMPLE, the three screws digging deep into his skull. BLOOD STARTS TO POUR from the THREE WOUNDS. JUDGEMENT lets out a HOWL as he futilely SWINGS HIS ARMS, like a stunned animal. Hierophant holds him at bay with stick, like a lion tamer. JUDGEMENT's gasps get deeper and deeper.

HIEROPHANT

Judgement, I kinda sorta have to
confess something to you...

(MORE)

HIEROPHANT (cont'd)

The reason I asked you about Heaven and all that stuff was... because I totally knew this time was coming and it really makes me upset that you haven't accepted Christ as your lord and savior, because, like, I think you're really sweet and I just don't want to think of you, like melting in Satan's lake of fire... for, like, all eternity... I mean that's depressing, you know...?

(beat)

So like... do you want to take these last couple of seconds to give yourself over to Christ?

Judgement gurgles.

HIEROPHANT

Uhh... I guess, I'll like take that as a "yes."

Hierophant giggles like a demented school-girl before RIPPING THE STICK BACK and sending Judgement flying forward. He lets out guttural grunt as the screws tear throw him. A SPRAY OF BLOOD paints Hierophant and the wall behind her.

She drops the stick with disgust.

HIEROPHANT

(to herself)

Okay, oh my god! Where's the Purell! Fuck! Shit!

She daintily jumps over Judgements body towards the exit, but as she does, JUDGEMENT'S HAND GRABS HER by the ANKLE and she lands chin first against the linoleum with a SICKENING CRACK. She hollers out in pain as blood starts to run out of her mouth. She looks back at Judgement whose grip releases as he dies. SHE STARTS TO GURGLE BLOOD as she tries to stand up -

INT. FILE ROOM - DAY

The Priestess continues searching the various rows of filing cabinets, turning to find that the Tower is GONE.

HIGH PRIESTESS

Tower?

The Priestess looks around. She stands at the far corner of the room, surrounded by rows of FILING CABINETS.

It's eerily SILENT. Priestess moves stealthily across the BACK WALL of the room, scanning the many rows, passing each miniature, makeshift corridor, finally coming upon a small FOLDING TABLE set up as provisional WORKSTATION.

Tower stands at the table, a TELEPHONE to his ear. He holds up a finger: "*One moment.*" Priestess sighs, annoyed, turning. Until she realizes...

HIGH PRIESTESS

Isn't Com shut -

Tower LUNGES, wrapping the cord around Priestess' NECK, strangling her. Several moments of this before...

The Priestess whips her head back, catching Tower in the face. She runs UP the side of the wall and FLIPS over him, freeing herself from the cord, GRABBING the phone, spinning, SMASHING the Tower repeatedly across the face.

INT. SERVER ROOM - DAY

Magician has begun to CIRCLE the Chariot, tossing his letter opener from hand to hand. The Chariot instinctively circles back. Magician grins, stabbing the air in front of him.

CHARIOT

First I'm gonna take that letter opener from you...

MAGICIAN

I'd like to see that.

CHARIOT

Then I'm gonna toss it down the air duct.

The Magician swipes at Chariot, but misses.

CHARIOT

And then, I'm gonna beat you to death with my bare fucking hands.

Magician suddenly STRIKES OUT, slashing across the top of Chariot's HAND, drawing blood. Chariot stares.

MAGICIAN

Sure you don't want to concede?

Magician lashes out at him again, barely missing Chariot.

CHARIOT

So you killed the Devil? You baby-dicked bitch. Still never pictured you going rogue... You're too soft.

MAGICIAN

I didn't kill the Devil, and I didn't go rogue.

CHARIOT

So, what's this, Roid Rage?

MAGICIAN

Nope. Just orders. Following orders.

CHARIOT

Well, it's a damn shame... Your subservience will be the death of you.

Magician strikes at Chariot again, but Chariot grabs his arm, THROWS HIM into a tower of servers, TWISTS HIS ARM behind his back and BITES INTO THE MAGICIANS HAND. The Magician drops the letter opener as he howls in pain, but quickly spins out of the hold and KNEES CHARIOT IN THE FACE.

INT. OFFICE CUBE - DAY

The Fool and Temperance are rolling around the floor like impassioned, drunken coeds.

CLOSE: Temperance reaches into her pocket and slowly, carefully removes her lipstick ZIP GUN.

In one move, Temperance suddenly breaks the Fool's embrace, slams him into the floor, and presses the barrel of the gun into his eye socket.

A moment of complete suspension. Temperance quivers, UNMOVING, her palm hovering above the firing pin.

Finally, quietly, the Fool SPEAKS:

FOOL

Some things never change.

The gun FALTERS in Temperance's hand. Fool SEIZES the moment, breaking the hold, and quickly slapping her across the face.

Temperance SITS, stunned as the Fool, stares at her shaking his head.

FOOL

I'm going to find a way out of here.

The Fool walks out of office.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Emperor holds his UMBRELLA, the MACE is tucked into his belt. Empress searches through the RECEPTION DESK, finding and pocketing a stainless steel DRAFTING COMPASS.

EMPEROR

The more I think about it, I feel like this might have something to do with Safehouse... You know what I mean?

The Empress looks at him with a smile.

EMPRESS

How do you suppose?

EMPEROR

It was Devil's operation. He fucked up. He's fucked up before, and the Factory has never been squeamish about civilian casualties, but... if there's one thing corporate was never fond of, it was loose ends. And Safehouse had plenty of those.

EMPRESS

So you think Devil was taken out simply for screwing up?

EMPEROR

It's happened before. And as far as Human Resources is concerned, a hit is no different than being fired.

EMPRESS

We like to use the word
"downsized."

With a quick and dangerously efficient maneuver, the Empress snatches the MACE from the Emperor's waistline. Emperor gapes. Empress SMILES.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

CAMERA tracks as blood makes its way around two feet fitted with white sneakers and covered in crime scene plastic booties.

WIDE: We see the Hermit standing in a river of blood completely wrapped head to toe in a Biochemical plastic suit and gas mask. He stares curiously at the body of Judgement, who lies motionless and dead on the ground.

He lifts up his gas mask and takes a deep whiff through his nostrils. He breathes it out calmly.

INT. OFFICE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Fool walks quickly down the hall, his mind racing. As he passes by one of the RESTROOMS, the door FLIES OPEN, revealing the Hierophant. Both parties CRY OUT in surprise. Hierophant has several tissues clotting her blood-speckled face.

FOOL

Oh Shit! You scared me. What
happened to you? Are you okay?

The Hierophant grunts out a few unintelligible words.

FOOL

What? What did you say? Are you -
What happened? Who did this to you?

Hierophant gurgles out more nonsense. The Fool leans in closer to her.

CLOSE: The Hierophant holds the blood-caked BROOMSTICK HANDLE discreetly at her side.

FOOL

Just try and speak slowly... Okay?
What happened? Just give me the
name of -

Hierophant motions for him to come closer. Fool leans further in towards her.

Hierophant SUDDENLY SWINGS WIDE...

The Fool BLOCKS WITH HIS ARM as the THREE SPIKES catch him under the soft flesh of his bicep. FOOL yelps as he instinctively kicks her right in the gut sending her stumbling back through the bathroom door. The weighted door slams back shut. The BROOMSTICK handles droops from his bicep as he screams out in pain. He drops to his knees as he delicately pulls it back out his arm. Blood begins to soak through his shirt. He holds the handle out like a weapon. Staring at the closed WOMEN'S BATHROOM DOOR. He takes a deep breath as he slowly pushes the door open.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

The Empress keeps the MACE trained on the Emperor.

EMPEROR

So you did it. You killed the Devil...

EMPRESS

You were right, corporate wanted some loose ends snipped short.

EMPEROR

And the bomb?

EMPRESS

That was a mistake.

The Emperor tightens his grip on his UMBRELLA.

Empress LUNGES, but the Emperor parries the move with his umbrella, wielding it like a fencing sword. The two continue speaking amid their advances, retreats, thrusts, parries.

EMPRESS

(re: the umbrella)

I must say, I am a bit surprised I haven't smashed that stupid thing to pieces.

EMPEROR

I'm sorry, did I forget to mention?
Ballistic nylon over reinforced
titanium alloy. Because when it
rains, it pours.

EMPRESS

Ever the consummate spy.

The weapons CLASH, equally matched. Then...

EMPRESS

How come you never made a move on
me, Emperor?

EMPEROR

Never knew you were interested.

EMPRESS

Well, since I'm about to kill you,
I figure I'll be honest... I always
had a soft spot for you, old man.

The Emperor STRIKES OUT, but the Empress SIDE-STEPS,
maneuvering up and under, removing the DRAFTING COMPASS,
punching the NEEDLE-SHARP TIP deeply and repeatedly into the
Emperor's BACK. The Emperor GASPS and falls to the ground.

INT. OFFICE RESTROOM - DAY

The Fool stares at an empty restroom. Blood and wadded up
tissue paper coat the floor.

There are about 10 stalls all with their doors shut.

FOOL

I'll just let you bleed to death.

The Fool turns and exits the bathroom, waits against the side
of the wall.

The Fool presses his ear against the side of the wall.
Listens. We hear a creak from within the walls of the
bathroom. He turns his head back to SEE THE HERMIT STANDING
ABOUT 5 METERS AWAY. The Fool gasps.

HERMIT

I'm not sure we've met.

We can see in the Fool's eyes, a deep panic set in. He sees the blood covering the Hermit's plastic wrapped feet. From inside the bathroom we hear footsteps approaching.

HERMIT

Do you think I am unworthy of a response?

The Hermit begins to slowly approach The Fool. His PLASTIC CHEMICAL SUIT CRINKLING WITH EVERY STEP. The Fool raises his broomstick towards the Hermit. The Hermit stops walking.

HERMIT

Oh, I see. And to think, I was just coming to shake your hand.

The Footsteps from inside the bathroom immediately stop directly in front of the main door. The Fool is trapped, with Hierophant on just the opposite side of the door and Hermit about 10 feet away...

INT. SERVER ROOM - DAY

The Magician holds his bleeding hand as Chariot paces around him, blood pouring from his broken nose.

MAGICIAN

Imagine that teamwork was no longer the ideal. Imagine the primary objective had become a timely termination of the opposing agent.

CHARIOT

And why was the Devil killed?

MAGICIAN

Somebody has to take responsibility for Safehouse.

CHARIOT

So who killed him?

MAGICIAN

... Temperance.

CHARIOT

Should of known. She's so sexy I'd believe any thing that came out of her mouth.

Suddenly Chariot charges Magician, picking him up and slamming him against the wall. Chariot throws him to the ground.

As the Chariot moves in, the Devil's KNIFE-GUN suddenly appears in the MAGICIAN'S HAND. Chariot stops short, and bursts into laughter.

CHARIOT

Jesus Christ. Why the fuck did I
ever get into this business?

Magician hops to his feet. He SWINGS the weapon, Chariot leaps back, crashing into the desk, stumbling and falling, groping for the nearby DRAWER, pulling it out, scattering OFFICE SUPPLIES.

Magician advances as Chariot surreptitiously palms the FOUNTAIN PEN lying beside him. Magician grins, RAISING the blade of the knife-gun above his head...

In one move, Chariot pops the pen's cap and JAMS the gleaming nib into the Magician's thigh. Magician HOWLS and LEAPS BACK, stumbling OUT of the room...

Chariot gets to his feet, dashes into the HALLWAY.

INT. FILE ROOM - DAY

The Tower CHARGES down the long column of file cabinets toward the Priestess. At the last possible moment, the Priestess PULLS OPEN an eye-level DRAWER and the Tower slams into it. Tower reels but come back fast.

Priestess quickly OPENS a BOTTOM DRAWER, then a MIDDLE DRAWER. The charging Tower trips over the first and SMASHES into the second. Priestess RUNS, pulling out file drawers high and low, as many as she can leave in her wake. Tower smashes through them, in hot pursuit.

Priestess reaches the END of the row, TURNS.

HIGH PRIESTESS

Have it your way... amateur.

Another instant, and the two COLLIDE, beginning a furious exchange of hand-to-hand blows. Tower proceeds to GRAB Priestess and SLAM HER into one of the cabinets. Priestess stumbles back and falls to the ground, in a daze.

Tower grunts, pulls, TOPPLES one of the cabinets with a CRASH, PINNING the Priestess to the ground. Tower then grabs a SECOND CABINET and HOISTS IT over his head.

Tower approaches the immobile High Priestess. Priestess struggles, gasps, wheezes.

TOWER

My sincerest apologies, Priestess.

WIDE: The Tower brings the death blow down on the High Priestess. SILENCE. Tower chuckles, turning, finding...

The Chariot. Standing a hundred feet away. Staring at the Tower with the emotionless eyes of an executioner.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Fool stands staring at Hermit and listening for Hierophant inside the bathroom.

Suddenly the bathroom door CREAKS open slowly. The Fool braces himself against the wall keeping one eye on door on one eye on Hermit.

Before Hierophant can even appear in the door frame, the Fool SWINGS the BROOMSTICK at her, just MISSING HER as SHE DUCKS BACK. The Fool quickly glances to where Hermit was standing to find him now GONE. Before he can look back at Hierophant she lunges at him and hits him in the side of head with the butt of her palm.

The fool CHARGES Hierophant and knocks her back through the Bathroom door and onto the blood and tissue soaked floor. They STRUGGLE ON the floor, trading the blows. Hierophant gains the upper hand by pinning him down on the floor. Fool, holding the wooden broomstick PUSHES THE BARE STICK UP INTO HER JAW causing her to SCREAM AND GURGLE BLOOD ONTO HIS FACE. She hits him in the FACE with a couple of quick punches, allowing her to put all of her weight onto the broomstick handle and PUSH THE BARE BODY OF THE STICK ONTO HIS THROAT, CHOKING HIM. Hierophant holds strong as Fool struggles to breathe. HIEROPHANT LEANS OVER HIM AND GURGLES A FEW UNINTELLIGIBLE WORDS. Blood drips from her mouth on his face.

CLOSE: WE SEE A WOMAN'S HAND SLOWLY PUSH OPEN THE DOOR TO THE BATHROOM TO REVEAL HIEROPHANT ON TOP OF THE FOOL, CHOKING HIM TO DEATH.

REVERSE - WIDE: In the foreground we see the Fool and Hierophant struggle and behind them Temperance approaching. In her right hand, she carries the BROKEN BLADE of a LARGE 24" PAPER CUTTER.

She lifts the BLADE and OVER HER HEAD and with BOTH HANDS SWINGS IT DOWN INTO HIEROPHANT'S TRAPEZIUS MUSCLE.

Hierophant grunts as she falls on top of the gasping Fool. TEMPERANCE CONTINUES TO CHOP INTO HER FROM BEHIND, as Hierophant twitches on top of him.

FOOL
(screams from under her)
Okay, stop! Stop! Stop! She's dead!
She's fucking dead!

The Temperance gives Hierophant one last chop for good measure. Fool tenses and screams from under her lifeless body.

FOOL
Fuck! Are you done? Fuck!

Temperance takes a step back, holding the blood soaked blade in her hand. The Fool, still under Hierophant's body watches Temperance... The detachment that sets in after you commit a murder.

TEMPERANCE
Well, are you going to come out from under her?

FOOL
Uh... How do I know... *you're not gonna do anything?*

TEMPERANCE
(laughs)
What? You think Hierophant's gonna protect you?
(beat)
Come on... I need your help. I found something.

As the Fool starts to push off the body of Hierophant we -

INT. CORRIDOR - SECONDS LATER

The Tower is FLUNG from the file room and CRASHES to the corridor floor. Chariot appears, hoisting the dazed Tower to his feet, punching him into a nearby CUBICLE...

FOOL
 How about... you know... maybe
 explaining to me... WHAT THE FUCK
 IS GOING ON!?

Temperance grinds to a halt, wheels on the Fool.

TEMPERANCE
 Keep your fucking voice down. I
 will not hesitate to kill you right
 here.

Temperance starts walking again. Fool follows.

FOOL
 Fine. But what the fuck is this all
 about? Why did she -

TEMPERANCE
 You never knew when to stop
 talking, did you?

FOOL
 Oh, you wanna get into it?

TEMPERANCE
 No, I don't.

FOOL
 Cassie, listen -

TEMPERANCE
 Don't fucking call me that?

FOOL
 Oh, come on...

Temperance turns and looks at him, coldly.

TEMPERANCE
 Let me tell you something...
 (beat)
 Every single moment I spent with
 you... is over and done and gone.
 It's as if I read it a dime store
 novella. Because honestly, it
 doesn't feel like it ever happened.
 It's just information...
 (MORE)

TEMPERANCE (cont'd)
And nothing more. Do you understand
that?

FOOL
Yeah... whatever you say.

TEMPERANCE
Never address me by my real name.
(beat)
Because ... I will kill you.

FOOL
Sounds good.
(beat)
So, Temperance... *are you
originally from the greater D.C.
Area?*

INT. DEVIL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

WIDE: Chariot stands to the right of the door as Fool and
Temperance enter. The door momentarily hides him before
closing.

The carpet has been completely torn up. On the ground lies a
trap door that's been opened.

Temperance walks towards it with Fool as CHARIOT approaches
behind Temperance with a MEMO SPIKE. The Fool spots Chariot
in the corner of his eye as he goes in for the kill, raising
the spike towards the back of Temperance's head.

FOOL
No!

Temperance turns as Chariot grabs her and puts her in a
stronghold. The MEMO SPIKE AIMED DIRECTLY AT HER EYE.

CHARIOT
Drop the fucking weapon.

FOOL
Chariot. Don't! She's on our side.

CHARIOT
Fool, shut the fuck up!

Temperance drops the PAPER CUTTER BLADE.

FOOL
She on our side!

TEMPERANCE
I'm not here to kill you.

CHARIOT
Bullshit.

FOOL
No! It's true! She's -

CHARIOT
She killed Devil, Fool. Shut the
fuck up!

FOOL
(to Temperance)
You killed Devil?

TEMPERANCE
Just let me explain! Please!

CHARIOT
You have 10 fucking seconds!

TEMPERANCE
Well, it's a little more
complicated than ten seconds,
Chariot!

CHARIOT
Well, then you better start
talking...

TEMPERANCE
Okay,... We were called in early
this morning for a covert
briefing...

TRANSITION TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Alpha team is gathered around the conference table: the
Empress, the Magician, the Tower, the Hierophant, Temperance.

EMPRESS

Due to an unforeseeable economic downturn coinciding with recent events and select organizational restructuring, Omega Team is being laid off today.

The Empress slides a series of FOLDERS across the table.

EMPRESS

Due to security concerns, we have briefs for your next assignments straight from corporate. It's a rush job, due by end of day.

CLOSE: The Magician opens up his folder. Inside is a PINK SLIP clipped to a photo of the Chariot marked "**TERMINATE**".

BACK TO:

INT. DEVIL'S OFFICE - DAY

Fool and Chariot, (still holding her) take this in...

FOOL

See this is my luck... On my first fucking day!

TEMPERANCE

Well, there might be a reason you were hired today...

FOOL

Like, what?

TEMPERANCE

I don't know, asshole! I'm just saying... I somehow doubt it's all *just a fucking co-winky-dink.*

There's a beat; the Fool contemplates something and then -

FOOL

Wait... So you knew it was me, though? You knew you had to kill me. Before I even got here...

TEMPERANCE

What?

FOOL

You heard me. I want to know. When I first got here and we saw each other, here in this office, did you or did you not already know you were going to kill me.

TEMPERANCE

Who cares. Fool? I didn't kill you -

FOOL

Answer the fucking question, Cassie.

CHARIOT

Your real -

FOOL

Shut up, Chariot! Did you know? Did they give you a photo of me?

There's a long hard beat as Fool stares her down.

TEMPERANCE

Do you really need me to say it?

The Fool explodes with anger.

FOOL

Answer the fucking question, Cassie!

TEMPERANCE

(screams; angrily)

YES, I KNEW I WAS GOING TO KILL YOU! I KNEW IT WAS YOU! I SAW YOUR FUCKING PICTURE AND I KNEW I WAS GOING TO KILL YOU!

The Temperance still in Chariot's chokehold; breathes heavily... The Fool smiles bitterly as he shakes his head.

TEMPERANCE

(to Chariot)

Let go of me.

Chariot releases her.

CHARIOT
And what about the bomb?

TEMPERANCE
That... was... something I didn't
quite see coming...

CHARIOT
What?

TEMPERANCE
He got to the button before I
killed him.
(beat)
Look, I basically signed my own
goddamn death warrant when I
decided to not kill you and hack up
Hierophant. So... do you think you
can take that as an apology of
sorts and move the fuck on...

FOOL
It's fine...

Fool moves over to the trap door. Inside of it is a little cubbyhole containing a safe. On the front of the safe is engraved a single word: **HEAVEN**.

FOOL
Oooo-kay.

Chariot stares at the DESK, considering the LCD COUNTDOWN.

CHARIOT
Forty-four minutes and counting...

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Empress and Magician, weapons drawn, move down the corridor quietly. Empress, stops and motions to Magician to look at THE BLOODY FOOTPRINTS LEADING DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

They start to track the footprints down another corridor. It's a dead end hallway with a few vending machines. The glass in one of the vending machines has been broken. Right next to it is an 2' x 2' air vent. The bloody footprints lead right up to it.

EMPRESS
You take the air duct.

MAGICIAN
I'm not taking the air duct.

EMPRESS
That's a fucking order.

The Empress grips her MACE THREATENINGLY.

EMPRESS
Someone has crawled in there. Most likely Hermit. If there is an exit. A way out. He's found it.

MAGICIAN
Do we know who he's siding with?

EMPRESS
No.

MAGICIAN
So what do you want me to do if I find him?

EMPRESS
Eliminate him.

MAGICIAN
What ever you say, Empress.

EMPRESS
I'm going to head across the main floor. We're still missing Temperance... And before we find our exit we need to make sure all of Omega has been eliminated. If we don't and make it out alive, you can bet your ass, Corporate will hunt us down by morning.

MAGICIAN
But what if they escaped before us?

EMPRESS
Then Corporate will kill us anyway. Every body must be accounted for.

MAGICIAN
What's the time?

EMPRESS
(checks her watch)
38 minutes.

Magician crosses her and with a SWIFT KICK breaks the vent. He tosses it aside as he climbs into it. Empress heads back down the hallway.

There's a long beat before we see the Hermit crawl out from behind one of the vending machines. He's now wearing clean shoes and a clean chemical suit. He moves towards the vending machine closest to the air duct and begins to tip it over.

INT. AIR DUCT - CONTINUOUS

THE HOLLOW SOUND OF WIND. Magician is crawling through the cramped air system; the air blowing in his face. SUDDENLY behind him we hear a DEAFENING BOOM reverberate through the duct.

INT. DEVIL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Fool is still working on the safe. Temperance and Chariot look at each other trying to decipher where the sound came from.

CHARIOT
What the fuck was that?

FOOL
Letters to numbers.

CHARIOT
What?

FOOL
(writing on paper)
Heaven equals eight - five - one -
twenty-two - five - fourteen.

CHARIOT
Temperance, make a sweep of the
main floor. Find out where that
noise came from.

The Fool starts to turn the knob on the safe. Temperance hesitates as she looks at Fool entering the combination.

CHARIOT

Go! Now!

Temperance grabs her PAPER CUTTER and exits the office as the Fool continues to turn the knob. Suddenly a CLICK. The safe opens...

INT. AIR DUCT - CONTINUOUS

Magician kicks the machine blocking the vent but it doesn't budge.

MAGICIAN

That fucking bitch. I knew it.

He begins to crawl forward again through the cramped and claustrophobic space.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Empress enters through the main office and crouches behind a cubicle. She peers over the edge making sure the coast is clear. She covertly moves across the floor and finds cover behind another cubicle.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM: Temperance moves stealthily from cubicle to cubicle. She hears the light sound of footsteps. She listens. She crosses to another cubicle giving her a vantage point and a better view of the office. Her eyes scan the room. There's nothing.

INT. DEVIL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Fool pulls out a large manila envelope and begins to open its contents. Inside is a large blueprint of the office. He spreads it out on the floor. He also pulls out two smaller manila envelopes. One is marked CODE and the other SH. He opens CODE and pulls out a little white card with two words on it: NEVER HINTS.

FOOL

Never hints?

He flips the card. It's blank.

FOOL

This must be the deactivation code.

Suddenly a light thumping comes from within the air duct. Both Chariot and Fool freeze as they listen to the sound.

FOOL
(whispers)
I think it's coming closer.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Temperance is still crouched behind the cubicle. She hears a light thumping coming from inside the air ducts moving in the direction of Devil's Office. She stands up and traces the length of the air duct with her eyes. SUDDENLY A VOICE:

EMPRESS (O.C.)
Temperance, my dear.

Temperance gasps as she whips her head around to see Empress standing behind her staring; her FLANGED MACE DANGLING FROM HER HAND.

TEMPERANCE
Where have you been?

INT. DEVIL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Chariot stands below the air vent looking up at it. He motions to Fool to pass the CANISTER OF DUST-OFF that sits on the DEVIL'S desk. Fool hands it to him as Chariot pulls out a LIGHTER and holds it in front of the SPRAY CANISTER and AIMS IT UP INTO THE VENT.

FOOL
(whispers)
Should I type in the code?

The Chariot doesn't respond as Fool crosses over to the desk and looks at the DEACTIVATION KEYBOARD AND NUMERICAL PAD. He looks at the card: NEVER HINTS. He looks at the COUNTDOWN CLOCK, it reads: 29:45

FOOL
(whispers)
Are you sure it doesn't correlate to numbers?

CHARIOT
(mouthing the words)
Shut up.

FOOL
 (whispers)
 How many tries do I get? Is it
 gonna blow up if -

CHARIOT
 (mouthing the words)
 Shut up.

FOOL
 (whispers)
 Well, the fuck should I do? Do you
 want me to enter in the code or
 not?

CHARIOT
 (whispers)
 Enter the code.

FOOL
 (whispers)
 But what if it's not the right
 code?

The light thumping inside the air duct system is getting
 closer and closer.

FOOL
 (whispers)
 Should I do it?

CHARIOT
 (enraged but mouthing the
 words)
 Shut the fuck up!

The Fool takes a shallow breath. The Fool looks at the card.
 Studies it.

FOOL
 (whispers to himself)
 It's the same type-font as the
 safe. Heaven... Heaven...
 (beat)
 Heaven never hints. It's Heaven
 never hints. It makes sense. He's
 the Devil. And Heaven never hints.

He looks at the keypad.

FOOL

(whispers)

I'm gonna do it, I'm just gonna do
it... it's not my fault.

(beat)

It's my fucking first day.

Fool begins to type in the phrase on the keyboard.

H. E. A. V. E. N. N. E. V. E. R. H. I. N. T. S.

Chariot flicks his lighter. A little flame dances.

The Fool moves his finger to the ENTER KEY.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Temperance and Empress stand in the office talking.

EMPRESS

Oh, really. And where might they
all be, now?

SUDDENLY: ALL THE LIGHTS IN THE ENTIRE OFFICE SHUT DOWN
SIMULTANEOUSLY.

It's almost pitch black.

A SMALL EXPLOSION IS HEARD OFF SCREEN: Followed by a
squealing and banging from inside the air duct.

TEMPERANCE

What the fuck was that?

The banging and squealing continues. It sounds like someone
is trying to punch their way out of the duct.

INT. DEVIL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DARK. Except for the MONITORS and the LCD COUNTDOWN that
reads: 28:09. From deep inside the ventilation system they
can hear the squealing and banging.

CHARIOT

What the fuck did you do?

FOOL

I don't know! I just typed in the
code!

INT. MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Empress and Temperance stand listening to the sound of
MAGICIAN'S BODY BURNING ALIVE FROM INSIDE THE DUCT.

SUDDENLY: HIS FLAMING BODY CRASHES THROUGH AND LANDS ON A
CUBICLE WITH A THUD.

Empress runs towards him as Temperance takes this chance to
escape.

INT. DEVIL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Temperance bursts through the door.

TEMPERANCE
We need to go, now!

Fool scrambles to gather everything: The Blueprints. The
unopened Manila envelope. His weapon. Chariot, grabs his memo
spike and they all run out.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The three of them move across the floor, hunched and ducking
for cover as they cross and find cover in a cubicle.
Temperance moves her finger to her lips motioning to be
silent. They can hear the sound of Magicians body cackling
with flames. Suddenly: The teasing voice of Empress -

EMPRESS (O.C.)
Oh, Temperance... Where did you go,
my darling?

CLOSE ON: TEMPERANCE, CHARIOT AND THE FOOL.

Huddled behind a desk... waiting... waiting... for their
chance.

OVER TO - EMPRESS: As she squirts a bottle of liquid whiteout
over the HEAD OF HER FLANGED MACE.

EMPRESS
Come on, Temperance... Enough of
the childish games.

She takes the DOUSED HEAD OF THE FLANGED MACE and dips it in
the FLAMES THAT COVER MAGICIAN'S CHARRED CORPSE. The MACE
IGNITES ferociously.

BACK TO - TEMPERANCE, CHARIOT AND FOOL.

The Fool tries to look at the BLUEPRINTS but it's too dark to see. Temperance looks around the corner and then turns back to them.

TEMPERANCE

On the count of three.

(beat)

One... Two... -

SUDDENLY Empress SWINGS the FLAMING MACE into the side of the cubicle smashing through the partition and narrowly missing Chariot's head. Chariot, Temperance and the Fool make a break for the door from behind the cubicle. Empress chases after them, swinging wildly as they wind their way through the desks. As they run the BLUEPRINTS flutter out of Fool's hand.

TEMPERANCE

Leave 'em.

Fool turns and dives for the BLUEPRINTS. He grabs the blueprints just as Empress SWINGS HER MACE DOWN AT FOOL. He ROLLS TO THE SIDE narrowly missing the FLAMING MACE as it burns past him and hits the floor with a thump.

Chariot rushes Empress as she sidesteps him, SPINS and ROUNDHOUSE KICKS HIM. CHARIOT CRASHES into a cubicle partition wall.

EMPRESS

Every single one of you will die
down here.

The Empress turns and heads toward where Chariot fell. The Fool gets to his feet and runs for the door. She holds her flaming MACE outward like a torch. But as the cubicle becomes illuminated in the light she sees that he's gone.

A door shuts, in the darkened distance.

INT. PITCH BLACK - CONTINUOUS

The sound of crinkling plastic. Light breathing. Rustling. Then a CLICK. A SPOTLIGHT ILLUMINATES AN OTHERWISE PITCH BLACK HALLWAY. The light moves from side to side.

REVERSE: Hermit wears a mining helmet with a light attached to the head as he walks down the hallway. In his hand he carries a steel rebar.

INT. SERVER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pitch Black, except for the little bit of light from the flashing red and green buttons of the Computer Servers. We hear the sound of Chariot, Temperance and Fool rustling through drawers.

CHARIOT

It's a big black toolbox.

The continue to search around.

TEMPERANCE

Got it... Here it is.

Suddenly a FLASHLIGHT CLICKS. She shines it on the faces of Chariot and Fool. She hands Fool a little mini flashlight.

TEMPERANCE

Kind of spooky, huh.

CHARIOT

Lay the map on the floor.

Fool spreads the BLUEPRINTS across the floor. It's a mind-puzzling series of lines, completely indecipherable to the trained eye. They all huddle around. Temperance points to a place on the map.

TEMPERANCE

So we're here.

FOOL

Right... The server room.

Chariot traces his finger across the blueprints.

CHARIOT

What door is that?

TEMPERANCE

Where?

CHARIOT

That door, right there. In the cooler room. Have you ever seen that door...?

Temperance looks at it somewhat quizzically.

TEMPERANCE

I don't know...

CHARIOT

Well, this says there's a door.

TEMPERANCE

But where's it lead?

CHARIOT

I don't know, it doesn't say...

The Fool starts to open the other Manila envelope marked SH, as Chariot and Temptress look over the BLUEPRINTS. The Fool pulls out a series of what appears to be satellite photos of a sprawling construction site, with several unfinished buildings on it. He holds them into the light. The photographs are covered with HANDWRITTEN SYMBOLS and LETTERS.

FOOL

What the fuck?

Chariot and Temperance continue to look at the blueprints.

TEMPERANCE

Is that an exit?

CHARIOT

No...

TEMPERANCE

I think that's an exit...

Suddenly a noise comes from off in the Darkness. Chariot and Temperance pay no attention.

FOOL

What was that?

The Fool looks around. Shines his little mini-flashlight into the oppressing darkness. Chariot and Temperance ignore him.

FOOL

You guys? Did you hear that?

CHARIOT

Hear what?

TEMPERANCE
I didn't hear anything.

FOOL
I think someone's here...

TEMPERANCE
No one's here.

CHARIOT
They'd have to come in through that door, right there...

FOOL
But I -

CHARIOT
(re: blueprints)
So if this is the server room...
Wait.. Hold on...

Chariot looks at the blueprints closer. The Fool goes back to looking at the photographs.

FOOL
(re: photographs)
This doesn't make any sense... How could he have these...?

CHARIOT
(re: Blueprints)
If this is the server room... then what's this other door?

TEMPERANCE
Where could it lead...?

CHARIOT
It leads to...
(beat)
Is that Hermit's...

TEMPERANCE
Could it be a trap door?

Chariot grabs Temperance's flashlight and shines it into the darkness.

TEMPERANCE
 (whispers)
 Could he be in here...?

Temperance wraps her fingers tightly around the handle of her paper cutter. Temperance turns to Fool...

TEMPERANCE
 (whispers)
 Get your things together... now!

The Fool starts to put the photos back into the manila envelope. Chariot moves his flashlight across the high rows of servers. There's nothing but wires and darkness.

A CRASH! Then someone runs off.

Chariot whips his flashlight around the room. DARKNESS. NOTHING. NOBODY.

FOOL
 What was that?

All they can see in the little spotlight of their flashlight are SEEMINGLY ENDLESS ROWS OF COMPUTER SERVERS.

ANOTHER CRASH! Then someone runs away. Chariot SPINS AROUND. Shines his light. One of the ROWS has been TIPPED OVER AND NOW LEANS into one of the others.

TEMPERANCE
 (whispers)
 Let's just run...

SUDDENLY ANOTHER LOUD CRASH. CHARIOT screams out in pain as his flashlight hits the ground, burns out and rolls around.

CHARIOT (O.S.)
 Motherfucker!

Fool shines his little flashlight around. We can barely make out two figures fighting in the distance. Fool goes running toward the two... His flashlight only illuminating the occasional random image. LEGS. A FIST. A COMPUTER. WIRES. THE FLOOR. THE CEILING...

THE FACE OF HERMIT.

MORE CRASHING. THE SOUND OF SOMEONE RUNNING OFF.

Temperance picks up the flashlight and bangs it against her hand...

TEMPERANCE

Come on... you piece of shit.

It clicks back on...

CHARIOT (O.S.)

Where the fuck did he go... ?

She points it over to where the fight was to find Chariot and Fool standing together, looking around in confusion. Across Chariot's HEAD is a LARGE GASH.

FOOL

Fuck it, we need to find a way out of here...

Chariot with Fool's flashlight looks around.

FOOL

Let's just go, Chariot...

TEMPERANCE

How much time do we have?

FOOL

(looks at his watch)

Nineteen minutes and some odd seconds...

(then)

Chariot... Come on...

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The three of them walk, Chariot holds the main FLASHLIGHT as Temperance moves swiftly aside him, PAPER CUTTER in hand. Fool trails them, his mini-flashlight pointed down, at the photographs he held from earlier.

CHARIOT

What are you looking at?

FOOL

Just these photographs of the Redikon site...

Chariot stops dead in his tracks and turns around.

CHARIOT
What did you just say?

FOOL
What?

Chariot hands the flashlight to Temperance as he moves forward menacingly.

CHARIOT
I asked you what the fuck you just said?

FOOL
I don't know... what do you mean, what I just said? What did I just say?

Chariot's anger level is quickly rising.

CHARIOT
Redikon, Fool. Redikon. How the fuck do you know the name Redikon?

FOOL
What's it matter?

Chariot grabs the fool by his throat and slams him against the wall. He holds the MEMO SPIKE to Fool's TEMPLE. Pressing the tip of it against his skin.

TEMPERANCE
Let go of him, Chariot...

CHARIOT
Shut the fuck up, Temperance.
(to Fool)
Answer the question or I will skewer your shit brain.

FOOL
Look - I know the name because I did a job there, okay?

TEMPERANCE
Drop the spike, Chariot.

CHARIOT
What job? When?

Temperance raises the PAPER CUTTER to the back of Chariot's neck.

TEMPERANCE
I told you to drop the spike,
Chariot... I will give you three
seconds.

Temperance starts to count... THREE...

CHARIOT
I want him to answer one fucking
question...

Chariot drops the Memo spike.

TEMPERANCE
Good, now take your hand off his
throat...

Chariot releases his grip on his throat. Fool collapses holding his neck. Temperance lowers her blade.

CHARIOT
Now, answer the goddamn question.

FOOL
A few days ago... I worked a job
there... At the Redikon site.
What's the big deal, Chariot?

CHARIOT
Did you happen to get shot?

Chariot presses his thumb into Fool's shoulder. He screams in pain...

TEMPERANCE
(realizing)
Oh my god...

CHARIOT
That was Safehouse, you son of a
bitch!

FOOL
That was Safehouse...?

CHARIOT
Yes... You motherfucker! And I'm
the one who shot you.

TEMPERANCE
Look, it's over and done with, we
need to keep moving...

CHARIOT
No. No. No. No. No... He fucked
that mission! He's the one
responsible... Not me. Not Omega.
Not the Devil. Just him. Solely
him.

FOOL
Look, the charges went off and I
didn't know... -

CHARIOT
You fucked it up!

FOOL
I was there for a simple crack job,
Chariot. That's it... I had faulty
detonators... How was I suppose to
know... it's a one in five thousand
chance ...

TEMPERANCE
Drop it, you too... Who the fuck
cares Chariot?

CHARIOT
I care! I care! I lost good fucking
agents, that day! Not to mention,
the goddamn bloodbath that we are
in right now! And whose fault is
all of this... Who's to -

FOOL
It wasn't my fault!

CHARIOT
Don't you dare fucking sidestep
your responsibility -

FOOL
But it wasn't my fault!

CHARIOT
The fuck it was!

Chariot unexpectedly punches Temperance in the face, dropping her to the floor as her flashlight rolls away. In the darkness, we hear him lunge at Fool, wrapping his hands around his neck and strangling him. Fool squeals and gasps.

CHARIOT
You will burn in hell for this!

SUDDENLY: A HIGH POWERED SPOT-LIGHT IS SHINED ON CHARIOT AS HE STRANGLES FOOL. HE HESITATES AS HE LOOKS TOWARDS IT.

THEN A PAIR OF METAL SCISSORS FLY RIGHT AT HIM, PLUNGING DIRECTLY INTO HIS FOREHEAD, AND DROPPING HIM IMMEDIATELY.

The Fool gasps before deciding to grab Temperance, lifting her to her feet and hauling ass.

They RUN as the SPOTLIGHT chases after them. As they RUN down the corridor, the EMERGENCY LIGHTS IN THE BUILDING suddenly POWER ON. The CORRIDOR is now FLOODED in SMALL POOLS OF LIGHT MIXED WITH LARGE DARK PATCHES.

They look behind them and see Hermit emerging from DARKNESS, running full speed at them, and armed with THE TWO STEEL REBAR'S. He wears a MINING HELMET with HEAD LAMP.

TEMPERANCE
(while running)
You gotta get to the cooler room.
There's a secret door in there.
I'll fight him off.

FOOL
No. No. We stick -

Temperance turns and holds her ground, standing in a large WELL LIT AREA as the Hermit runs towards her. Fool stops and turns.

TEMPERANCE

Go, Now! Get out of here!

The Fool hesitates before running off. Hermit continues to charge at her, breathing heavily, as he brandishes both of his STEEL REBARS. Temperance raises her 24" PAPER CUTTER.

TEMPERANCE

Let's go... you fat, diabetic,
piece of -

THEIR WEAPONS CLASH.

Temperance SPINS and ELBOWS Hermit in the face, sending him flying backwards into a POOL OF DARKNESS. We can see his HEAD LAMP TUMBLE OFF OF HIM. He quickly rises to his feet and charges Temperance again. With a STEEL REBAR in BOTH HANDS he swings at her. She's able to PARRY AWAY ONE of the REBARS but the other one CATCHES her in the RIBS WITH A DEEP THUMP.

She SCREAMS OUT IN PAIN as she RECOILS from the BLOW. She SWINGS her BLADE out, SLICING into left-side of HERMITS upper CHEST and drawing BLOOD that leaks down his chemical suit.

He GRUNTS as he drops the LEFT REBAR but SWINGS the RIGHT REBAR at her.

She BLOCKS it with her BLADE. And then STEPS BACK affording her a WIDER SPACE. She holds her blade out, ready to attack or defend.

TEMPERANCE

Sure you don't want to talk about
this first?

INT. ELECTRICAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Empress stands over an ELECTRONIC GRID. Showing all the EMERGENCY LIGHTING SYSTEMS and ROOMS throughout the OFFICE. She focuses in on a couple of blinking lights in one of the rooms.

EMPRESS

And someone just entered the cooler
room... Looking for something?

(beat)

Well... guess what?

(beat)

Not... any...more.

She presses a button.

INT. COOLER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Fool enters. The EMERGENCY LIGHTS illuminate the room, filled with an overwhelming amount of GIANT 5 GALLON JUGS of WATER...

FOOL
(to himself)
Okay... What am I looking for?

THE LIGHTS SUDDENLY SHUT DOWN, PLUNGING THE ROOM INTO ABSOLUTE DARKNESS.

FOOL (O.S.)
(defeated)
Well... fucking fantastic.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Hermit and Temperance circle each other, weapons drawn. They are in the middle of arguing.

TEMPERANCE
But what stake to you have in this?

HERMIT
Look, Temperance does everything
have to be up for discussion?

TEMPERANCE
Why are you siding with Alpha?

HERMIT
Temperance, really... I have a
headache and I feel woozy... my
blood sugar's low... Can we just
discuss this later?

TEMPERANCE
(yells)
What do you mean, later? This place
is gonna blow up in thirteen
fucking minutes, Hermit! There is
no later...

HERMIT
It's just... Can we... I'd rather
solve things without yelling... you
know?

TEMPERANCE

(yells again)

What the fuck is wrong with you?

Hermit seems extremely pained by all of this. He shakes his STEEL REBAR at her.

HERMIT

Oh, god... Oh, god...

(starts to stutter)

S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-see this is exactly why I... don't teams... I just... I don't have good people skills. I just wish...

(angrily)

Why do we have to talk? WHY? WHY? WHY?

He SWINGS his REBAR at her with an extreme amount of FORCE. She BLOCKS it with her BLADE. But the HARD CLASH causes her to drop the WEAPON to the FLOOR.

The HERMIT SMILES as he looks at her, longingly:

HERMIT

Hmph. You look so beautiful sometimes.

Hermit takes a step closer. Temperance takes a frightful breath.

INT. COOLER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Fool searches around the room with his mini-flashlight, checking for the walls for any secret doors. He finds a thin crack in the wall revealing what looks like it could, quite possibly, be a SECRET DOORWAY.

The MAIN DOOR to the COOLER ROOM, SWINGS OPEN. The CACKLE of FLAMES is heard as EMPRESS enters, holding her FLAMING MACE outward. Fool turns, frightened...

EMPRESS

Oh... I'm sorry, did I give you a fright? I honestly didn't mean to... But I can understand how one could... you know... be a little jumpy... especially in lieu of the circumstances...

FOOL
(spitefully)
Circumstances?

EMPRESS
Yeah, you know... the fact that
it's your first day... and you've
witnessed all this blood and mayhem
and now... you find yourself with
10 minutes left, searching for safe
haven and... now, I show up with
the pretty clear intention to
squander any and all hope... by...
uh... brutally beating you to death
with this... flaming mace.

The Fool swallows hard.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Temperance is on her knees as the Hermit stands above her. He stretches his arm out, the end of the STEEL REBAR, just below her trembling jaw. Her head is lowered shamefully. Hermit taps the bottom up her chin with REBAR.

HERMIT
C'mon, chin up.

She raises her head and looks up at him, tearfully.

HERMIT
I always believe one must be as, if
not more resolute than death
itself. For this is the moment,
where everything you have ever
experienced and accomplished and
took action upon, will finally find
it's meaning... or... lack thereof.
I hope, as you pass through the
uncertainty of this dawning night,
you find yourself, the confident
and graceful woman I have always
... seen you to be.

Tears start to roll down Temperance's face.

HERMIT
Open your mouth, please.

There's a beat as Hermit raises the STEEL REBAR like a javelin player and aims it directly at her MOUTH.

TEMPERANCE

If you want me to open my mouth,
let me put on my lipstick first.

HERMIT

Mmmm... What color is it?

Temperance pulls out her LIPSTICK ZIP GUN. Twirls it around
in her fingers...

TEMPERANCE

Guess...

She holds it level to her mouth and also his crotch.

HERMIT

Uh... Lemme think...

(beat)

Red.

TEMPERANCE

Wrong.

HERMIT

What is it, then?

Hermit smiles.

TEMPERANCE

Blood red.

BANG! Hermit SQUEALS as his REBAR CLANKS to the ground, and
he doubles over holding his now BLOODY SOAKED CROTCH. He
wheels around on the floor screaming in pain as Temperance
rises from her knees. She looks at him.

TEMPERANCE

Where's the exit door?

HERMIT

I don't know.

TEMPERANCE

Don't bullshit me, I know you know
the way out, there's no way you'd
of been as cool as you were. WHERE
IS IT?

The Hermit doesn't respond. Temperance pushes her foot into his crotch. The HERMIT screams BLOODY MURDER.

TEMPERANCE
Tell me where it is, Hermit.

HERMIT
Okay, okay, okay. stop, stop, stop.

Temperance removes her foot.

Hermit
The door is activated by a button.

TEMPERANCE
And where's the button, Hermit?

HERMIT
It's... under the water cooler...

Temperance picks up her PAPER CUTTER and starts to walk off. She stops.

TEMPERANCE
I almost forgot.

She walks toward Hermit, picks up the STEEL REBAR and RAMS IT DOWN INTO HIS SKULL, killing him instantly.

EXT. COOLER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Temperance approaches the door she can hear Fool pleading with Empress for his life.

FOOL (O.S.)
But wait... wait... just listen to me...

EMPRESS (O.S.)
I'm done listening, Fool... You have no idea how to get out of here... I might as well spend the next four and half minutes having fun killing you.

FOOL (O.S.)
No, no... please don't...

Temperance rushes inside to the cooler room her BLADE DRAWN just as Fool ducks the SWING of EMPRESS'S FLAMING MACE. Empress sees Temperance charging and quickly blocks the SLASH OF HER BLADE.

TEMPERANCE

The button's under the cooler.

Fool scrambles over to the WATER COOLER and searches underneath it as the TWO WOMEN continue to CLASH WEAPONS.

SUDDENLY: There is a muffled boom followed by a low rumbling.

As the wall behind the water cooler is slowly rolling aside to reveal a long brightly lit hallway at the end of which is an elevator.

Temperance parries Empress's blows as she slowly backs up, nearing the FOOL. The Fool runs down the hallway to the ELEVATOR. As he nears it he finds a KEYPAD where normally the button would be.

FOOL

Shit...

The Fool starts to enter in codes. At the beginning of the hallway, EMPRESS IS WILDLY SWINGING her FLAMING MACE, crashing it INTO EITHER SIDE of the WHITE WALLS.

EMPRESS

Give it to me straight, sweetheart.
Why all the recent flip-flopping?

TEMPERANCE

Defying the odds. I was struck by a sudden and inescapable bout of conscience. These people are our co-workers, our friends...

EMPRESS

You didn't seem to have much trouble killing the Hierophant.

TEMPERANCE

She was a psycho bitch.

EMPRESS

See? I could use a girl like you, Temperance. You're smart. Skilled. Dangerous.

(MORE)

EMPRESS (cont'd)

I have no idea why you've never had a chance for promotion before now.

TEMPERANCE

Maybe I haven't humped enough evil-doers for my country.

EMPRESS

Please. Do you think a woman successfully operating within this chauvinist sausage fest has the luxury of morals? Corporate has assured me that, after this, I'll be running the show. Help me, Temperance, and I swear, you'll get what you deserve...

TEMPERANCE

How about, you just give it up, and we can all get out of here alive...

EMPRESS

Don't think so... I'm just carrying out my orders... I think the lady at Human Resources put it best when she said on the phone, "You can't expect to be part of an operation so fundamentally fucked and continue to float through life."

The Fool types in, HEAVEN NEVER HINTS. A message appears, ERROR. The Fool pulls out a pen and writes on the wall, HEAVEN NEVER HINTS. He starts to re-arrange the letters. VENEER THEN VANISH. HEAVEN SENT NERV- H. I. A HEN SEVENTH RIVEN. THEN SERVE IN HEAVEN.

FOOL

Then serve in heaven... Then serve in heaven.

Fool types the phrase into the keypad and presses enter. An ERROR message appears. He looks at his watch. 1:09 seconds.

FOOL

(to himself)

Then serve in Heaven... what the fuck is that from?

(beat)

Then serve in Heaven...

(beat)

(MORE)

FOOL (cont'd)
 Better to reign in hell, than serve
 in Heaven.
 (beat)
 That's it. That's it. Paradise
 Lost. The Devil's speech.

Fool types in the phrase, BETTER TO REIGN IN HELL, THEN TO SERVE IN HEAVEN. The door's of the elevator open with a DING!

FOOL
 (to Temperance)
 Come on... I got it.

The Fool holds the DOOR OPEN button as Temperance continues to clash weapons with Empress. Fool checks his watch: **00:45**.

FOOL
 Now, Cassie! Run...

Temperance kicks Empress in the stomach knocking her to the ground. Her FLAMING MACE falls on top of her, igniting her clothes on FIRE.

EMPRESS
 No. No. No...

She tries to PAT OUT the FLAMES but she can't stop it. Temperance goes running for the elevator. She enters it and the Fool rapidly hits the DOOR CLOSE button.

In the hallway EMPRESS is now fully engulfed in flames. She runs full speed towards the elevator.

As the DOORS start to CLOSE, EMPRESS gets CLOSER AND CLOSER. SHE BREAKS OUT IN FULL SPRINT as tries to make it into the ELEVATOR and take them all down.

We see the doors coming to a CLOSE as she NEARS and for a second we think she's going to make it.

THE DOORS CLOSE as SHE THUMPS INTO THEM.

CUT TO:

DING! The elevator doors OPEN on a flood of bright midday sunshine, revealing that we are...

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

At the feet of 'ol Honest Abe. Fool steps out. On the floor of the ELEVATOR lies TEMPERANCE, VERY MUCH DEAD, the PAPER CUTTER JUTTING out of her chest. She looks like a speared animal.

Fool takes out his cell-phone as the DOORS CLOSE behind him. He begins to dial a number when he feels a slight tremor below the ground. The passing tourists barely notice.

He presses send on his phone.

FOOL

Hi... Nancy? Uh-huh...

(listens)

Right... well just calling to let you know everything has been taken care of...

(listens)

Uh-huh... Of course... Right...

(listens)

Okay-dokey...

(listens)

Thank you... Bye now.

He hangs up his phone as he walks out into the street, his hand RAISED HIGH in the air. He wiggles his fingers.

FOOL

Taxi!

BLACKOUT: