

Shoot 'Em Up

by
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FADE IN:

As the HARDBOILED LONER guides the baby's head from its MOTHER'S womb, he fires the Walther at the THREE GUNMEN spraying bullets at them.

MR. SMITH
Come on, push, dammit, push...

Only the night and a derelict car IN THE ALLEY provide cover.

But not for long.

The assassins race to forward positions.

A stray bullet smashes the windshield.

The mother screams in pain of giving birth.

And she screams in fear of the professional killers.

The loner, MR. SMITH, talks to the mother to calm her and himself.

MR. SMITH
You know what I hate?

Mr. Smith sees the FIRST GUNMAN dive behind a dumpster.

The assassin is some dip-shit with a pony tail.

MR. SMITH
I hate these forty-year-old
jack-holes wearing pony tails.

The mother's knees are raised for delivery.

He steadies the barrel of the Walther on the mother's raised knee.

MR. SMITH
You're not fooling anyone, grandpa.
That pony tail doesn't make you
look hip or young or cool.

Mr. Smith aims.

MR. SMITH
Come to think of it. If you have a
pony tail, that makes your head a
horse's ass.

He fires.

The pony tailed dip-shit gunman cries his last cry.

The baby cries his first cry.

The child is almost out of the womb.

The mother is in hysterics.

Mr. Smith remains calm.

And grim.

The SECOND GUNMAN scrambles to a doorway position and shoots.

The gunman anxiously gnaws on chewing gum.

MR SMITH

You know what else I hate? People
who chew gum with their mouths
open. It makes such an annoying
sound.

The Second Gunman kneels to reload...

...exposing his flank to Smith's aim.

Smith's shoots the man in the butt.

The killer falls on his big, bloody ass.

MR. SMITH

How do you like that, Bazooka Joe?

The baby is finally out of the woman's belly.

GUNMAN THREE, the leader, calls for backup on his cell phone.

MR. SMITH

And these damn cell phones. If you
have something important to say to
me, take the time to sit down and
talk to me on a real phone...

Mr. Smith cuts the umbilical cord with a shard of glass.

The hot barrel of the gun sterilizes the infant's belly
button.

Mr. Smith raises the Walther again.

MR. SMITH

Sorry pal, I don't have time to
wait for you to get brain cancer
from the electro-magnetic field
created by your phone.

Click!

Damn, the Walther JAMS...

MR. SMITH
Hell's bells, we are permanently
screwed.

He lifts up the mother and child.

He retreats into an...

INT. OLD ABANDONED BUILDING -- DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN -- SAME TIME

Mr. Smith carries the woman and her baby up a stairway...

...and down a moonlit hallway and into a room.

They traverse the MAIN ROOM into a SMALLER ONE.

Mr. Smith notices the woman has bled alot.

MR. SMITH
Sorry about the messy delivery,
mom.

He spies...

A TRAIL OF CRIMSON WHICH DOTS A PATH TO WHERE THEY HIDE.

This gives Smith an idea.

He finds an old drop cloth and wraps it around...

...the mother so no more blood hits the ground.

He picks up the mother and child.

He carries them BACK INTO THE MAIN ROOM...

...and away from the path of blood.

They hide in a dark corner.

The mother is shaking.

The newborn cries.

MR. SMITH
We need quiet. Give Junior there
something to drink.

Junior shuts up when he finds mom's breast.

GUNMAN THREE emerges from the stairwell...

...and he heads down the hall.

The killer enters the MAIN ROOM.

The killer sees the trail of blood on the floor.

He follows it away from the trio and towards the SMALLER ROOM.

Gunman Three continues to follow the path of blood.

He figures mom and baby must be near.

Mr. Smith stealthily rises to his feet.

He creeps forth and attacks the killer from behind.

They struggle.

Mr. Smith wrestles the 9mm Glock away from the assassin.

The Third Gunman, known to his comrades as HERTZ, laughs.

HERTZ

Bravo, Mr. Hero. Bravo.

MR. SMITH

Why are you trying to kill this woman?

Hertz just chuckles.

MR. SMITH

What's so funny?

HERTZ

I was just remembering a limerick:
There once was a woman who was
quite begat. She had three babies
named Nat, Pat, and Tat. She said
it was fun in the breeding.... But
hell in the feeding... When she
found there was no tit for Tat.

Mr. Smith doesn't find it funny and raises the gun.

HERTZ

You have caused me a great deal of
trouble. Now, I shall return the
favor. Tit for tat.

Hertz glances out of the window.

Outside, a HALF DOZEN OF Hertz'S MEN storm the building.

Mr. Smith sees them too.

He takes aim at one of the storm troopers.

Pulls the trigger of the Glock 9mm.

Nothing.

HERTZ

(re. gun)

It's the latest thing. The gun will only fire when it recognizes the fingerprint of the owner. It makes firearms safer and it cuts down on crime.

Smith hits Hertz with the gun.

Hertz crumbles.

Mr. Smith picks up the mother and child.

He carries them down the hallway.

Hertz pulls a Beretta out of his boot.

He fires after the man, woman and child.

Mr. Smith and his human cargo make it to the...

INT. FAR STAIRWELL -- SAME TIME -- NIGHT

Smith uses the last of his strength to climb up the stairs.

MR. SMITH

Who are you?

The woman doesn't speak.

MR. SMITH

What's your name, lady?

The woman is still silent.

Then, Mr. Smith sees the pencil-sized hole in her temple.

Hertz's bullet has found its mark.

Mr. Smith freezes.

The baby still suckles his dead mother's breast.

What the hell is he supposed to do now?

MR. SMITH

Ah, screw me with a rusty nail.

The baby starts crying as he tears the infant away from its mom.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF THE ABANDONED BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER -- NIGHT

There's nowhere for Mr. Smith to run.

In the distance, the city looms around him.

To his left is another building five feet away -- an easy jump.

In front of him, a tenement -- still a safe leap.

On his right, a slum building -- too far away to make.

But a baby in the far slum cries.

Then, another infant wails inside the rundown building.

That settles it.

Mr. Smith tucks his baby underneath his arm and runs.

He leaps from the abandoned building to the slum rooftop.

Amazingly, he makes it.

He bobbles the baby as he lands.

INT. THE SLUM -- MOMENTS LATER -- NIGHT

Mr. Smith pulls a fire alarm.

The shrill sound causes all of the babies in the building to cry.

Their shrieks drown out the cries of the newborn in Smith's arm.

INT. ANOTHER FLOOR OF THE SLUM -- MOMENTS LATER

Hertz and his men search the building.

They knock on every door where they hear a crying baby.

There are dozens of infants in this building of squalor.

HERTZ

Find them.

INT. SLUM APARTMENT -- A LITTLE LATER

A door is smashed opened.

Hertz glares at the PUERTO RICAN WOMAN and her crying baby.

The assassin and his MEN move on to the next apartment.

The woman closes the door revealing Mr. Smith.

He has his gun trained on the immigrant mother and child.

EXT. THE SLUM -- SAME TIME

Mr. Smith and the infant orphan disappear into a subway.

The slum of wailing babies echoes behind them.

Out of the shadows steps a LONE MAN in a charcoal overcoat.

He follows Mr. Smith down into the subway.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF A BULLET SHELL

A hand picks up the fresh shell.

Widen to the...

EXT. ALLEY WAY -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Hertz handles the shell.

He holds it up to his nostril.

He sniffs it as if doing a hit of cocaine.

He loves the smell of cordite.

His men report back to him.

A GUNMAN

No sign of them, sir.

Hertz sights Gunman Two with the bloody ass.

Hertz kicks the man's wounded buttock.

HERTZ

How the hell did this happen?

The man yells bloody murder.

GUNMAN TWO

(in pain)

Everything was going smooth... at the safe house...when the woman draws a gun....Who expects a pregnant lady...to pull a piece on you?

HERTZ

And who was the man with her?

GUNMAN TWO

I don't know... After the woman escaped...we tracked her to this alley...This guy was scrounging around in the dumpster...We decided to deal with him later...but when we went after the woman...he gets in on the action... He took her gun and started shooting at us...That's when you arrived.

HERTZ

You're saying some bum came to her rescue?

GUNMAN TWO

Yes sir.

HERTZ

Well, this is a fine mess.

GUNMAN TWO

I won't make a mistake like this again... I got a piece of lead in my butt as a reminder.

Hertz takes his gun and shoots Gunman Two in the other cheek.

HERTZ

And let that be a reminder never to fail me again.

Gunman Two moans in agony.

Hertz walks away from the man with the bleeding buttocks.

He steps into...

INT. A WAITING CAR -- SAME TIME

Once Hertz is seated, the car pulls out.

Hertz speaks to the DRIVER.

HERTZ
Inform Hammerson of our situation.

Hertz dials his cell phone.

HERTZ
(sweet as molasses)
Hello, honey. I'm sorry to wake
you. Listen, this business trip is
going to take longer than I
thought...I don't know how long.
I'll call you later. Give Timmy a
hug and a kiss. Goodbye. Love
you.

He hangs up and turns to his cohort.

HERTZ
Order two dozen long stem roses and
send them to my wife with my
apologies.

INT. UPTOWN SUBWAY PLATFORM -- DAWN

Mr. Smith keeps a wary eye on everyone on the platform.
The BUSINESS MAN with the briefcase makes him nervous.
The STREET MUSICIAN with the guitar needs to be watched.
Even the LADY IN 'FUCK ME' PUMPS makes him suspicious.
Then, of course, there is the Lone Man.
Everyone periodically throws a quick look at Mr. Smith.
Maybe it is because Smith holds the baby so awkwardly.

MTA ANNOUNCER
This is the Uptown Express. Please
stand away from the tracks.

The train arrives on the platform.

Mr. Smith steps onto the train.

The crowd boards.

Mr. Smith backs out of the subway car.

Two cars down, the Lone Man steps out.

MTA ANNOUNCER
Thirty-fourth Street next.

Mr. Smith thinks about boarding again.

He can't; the doors are closed.

Mr. Smith turns away from the Lone Man.

He heads towards a...

INT. MEN'S ROOM -- SAME TIME

Mr. Smith quickly enters a stall.

He sets the baby down on the water tank of the toilet.

Smith takes out the Walther that jammed on him.

He works with the mechanism.

He gets the weapon to work again.

The baby starts screaming.

It startles Mr. Smith.

He drops the Walther into the toilet.

MR. SMITH

Damn!

INT. UPTOWN SUBWAY PLATFORM -- SAME TIME

The Lone Man marches towards the men's room.

He has his hand deep in his pocket.

INT. MEN'S ROOM -- SAME TIME

Smith hesitates before reaching for the pistol in the toilet.

It's gross.

He goes for it.

Smith gets the gun.

He leaves the baby in the stall.

He goes towards the hand dryer.

He punches it on.

He quickly takes out the cartridge and bullets.

He starts drying them individually under the dryer.

SMITH
Come on. Come on.

Smith even blows on the bullets as he dries them.

INT. UPTOWN SUBWAY PLATFORM -- SAME TIME

The Lone Man reaches the bathroom.

He pulls a .38 out of his pocket.

INT. MEN'S ROOM -- SAME TIME

Smith loads the dried bullets back into the cartridge.

He slams home the cartridge.

LONE MAN
(on the other side of the
door)
Don't make me kill you to get the
baby.

Smith aims at the door and pulls the trigger.

Click!

Still too much moisture in the Walther.

The Lone Man hears the misfire.

The Lone Man charges in.

Smith pounces on him and grabs the man's wrist with the .38.

The two struggle.

Smith wrenches the man's hand and gun underneath the hand dryer.

Smith holds the man's paw close to the air nozzle.

MR. SMITH
Getting hot.

The two men grimace in pain.

It is getting hot.

The Lone Man drops the .38 to the tile.

The Lone Man puts a move on Smith.

He's behind Smith now.

Choking Smith with his forearm.

Smith gasps.

LONE MAN

I'm sorry it has to be this way.

Mr. Smith reaches for his gun.

He tries to fire it.

Click.

Still too much moisture in it.

Smith holds his Walther underneath the dryer.

He keeps pulling the trigger hoping it will fire.

The Lone Man draws a stiletto.

Smith's gun fires.

Mr. Smith turns it on the Lone Man.

MR. SMITH

Back off.

The Lone Man lets go of him.

Smith holds the Walther on the man.

Mr. Smith picks up the .38 on the floor.

He throws the Lone Man's pistol into a toilet.

Smith gets the baby and exits.

INT. UPTOWN SUBWAY PLATFORM -- SAME TIME

A train arrives.

Smith, baby in his arms, quickly boards.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - MORNING

Mr. Smith sits.

His long coat hangs like a cape.

His jaw is set with determination.

Heartbreak in his eyes.

He's not hard-boiled...he's ten minutes.

Mr. Smith bites on a carrot.

Carrots are good for the eyes.

The eyes are good for shooting.

Shooting is good for surviving.

The baby is nowhere to be seen.

The infant starts crying from somewhere.

Mr. Smith ignores the child...chomps on his carrot.

A WOMAN and her SON glare at Smith.

The MAN WITH THE TV GUIDE stares at him.

A BOY WITH A BOOM BOX gives Mr. Smith the evil eye.

Mr. Smith moves to the...

INT. THE NEXT SUBWAY CAR -- SAME TIME

Mr. Smith sits again.

He takes the baby out of his deep coat pocket.

Smith holds the baby out away from his body.

He sets the baby down next to him.

Not knowing what to do, he wraps the infant in The Daily News.

Makeshift swaddling clothes.

The infant keeps crying.

He stares at the baby.

What is he supposed to do with this?

What the hell is he supposed to do with this crying baby?

MR. SMITH
I hate babies.

EXT. A PARK -- MORNING

Mothers push strollers.

Nannies watch toddlers.

Fathers play ball with their sons.

It's as good a place as any.

Mr. Smith marches stoically across the park.

He hides the baby in his overcoat.

Hopes he muffles the baby's cries.

MR. SMITH

It's going to be okay, kid.

Mr. Smith sits on a Jr. Merry-Go-Round.

It's the kind of merry-go-round that kids can push themselves.

No children are around at the moment.

MR. SMITH

You'll be better off with this
Abercrombie and Fitch crowd. I'm
too Salvation Army for you.

Mr. Smith sets the baby down.

The baby cries as Smith leaves.

MR. SMITH

Don't worry. Someone will find
you.

Smith walks away.

Stoic.

Munches another carrot for keen eyesight.

He's halfway across the park when something makes him turn.

A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE WOMAN walks towards the merry-go-round.

Her arms are outstretched for the child.

She's a perfect Good Housekeeping mother.

Mr. Smith smiles.

MR. SMITH
I hardly knew ye, Junior.

Just as Mrs. Good Housekeeping reaches the infant, she tumbles.
She hasn't fallen, she crossed the line of fire of a SNIPER!
She's taken a shot intended for the baby.

MR. SMITH
Sweet leaping Jesus!

Mr. Smith spies the sniper on the roof.
Too far...no way can he take the man out with just his pistol.
The sniper has a clear shot again.
He lines the baby up in the cross hairs.
His finger tightens on the trigger.
Mr. Smith draws his Walther...shoots.
His shot hits the steel handrail welded to the merry-go-round.
The impact causes the merry-go-round to spin.
And the baby to move...and the sniper shot to miss!
The sniper lines up another shot as the baby slowly spins.
On the run, Mr. Smith pumps off shot after shot.
Each bullet hits another steel handrail.
This causes the merry-go-round to spin faster and faster.
The sniper can't get a shot at the baby.
Mr. Smith reaches the merry-go-round.
He times it so that the baby spins right towards his hand.
Smith scoops up the child and runs.

EXT. ON A ROOF TOP -- SAME TIME

Hertz witnesses the sniper's failure.

HERTZ
(re: Mr. Smith)
Who are you, Mr. Hero?

Hertz turns on his heels. He's flanked by a TRIO of men.

HERTZ
Contact Hammerson. Tell him I'm
going to need more manpower.

One of Hertz's men holds up a teddy bear and a toy dump truck.

HERTZ
No. No. No. My son wants a
Nintendo.

EXT. A BROWNSTONE -- AFTERNOON

Mr. Smith carries the infant in one hand.

He munches on a carrot in his other hand.

He enters the Brownstone.

INT. THE BROWNSTONE -- MOMENTS LATER

Several women share drinks with some men in a sitting room.

An older woman, MADDIE, greets Mr. Smith.

MADDIE
Welcome back, Mr. Smith.

MR. SMITH
I need to see DQ.

MADDIE
She's with a customer. Besides, I
thought Mistress Mary was more your
type.

Mr. Smith storms past Maddie into a...

INT. HALLWAY -- SAME TIME

Mr. Smith knocks open a door to each room.

In the room to his left, a DOMINATRIX wraps a NAKED MAN in
plastic wrap.

A GIRL DRESSED AS A NUN humps a OLDER MAN inside the right room.

Within the far room, a MAN IN DIAPERS

...suckles on the breast of a woman.

Mr. Smith charges into the...

INT. FAR ROOM --SAME TIME

Mr. Smith pulls the man off the woman's nipple.

MR. SMITH
The bar is closed, pal.

The woman, DQ, is unruffled.

DQ
Wait your turn, Smith. There's
plenty to go around.

MR. SMITH
No thanks, I'm lactose intolerant.

DQ
You look it.

DQ's customer gathers his clothes and scrams out of the room.

DQ
Why are you here?

Mr. Smith pulls out the baby.

DQ
Oooh. Kinky.

MR. SMITH
It's nothing like that, DQ.

DQ puts on her robe.

MR. SMITH
I want you to take care of this
baby for awhile.

DQ
This is not a child care center.
The only butts I wipe and diaper
are fifty years old and pay cash.

MR. SMITH
I brought my milk money.

He holds up a roll of fifty dollar bills.

MR. SMITH
It's five G's. That should be
enough to keep you off your back
for two weeks, DQ.

DQ thinks about it.

MR. SMITH
Are you clean?

DQ
You know I'm a good girl scout. I
got my new merit badge just last
week.

MR. SMITH
So, you'll do it.

DQ
Forget it, Smith. For all I know,
you snatched the kid. I don't want
to be accessory for kidnapping.

MR. SMITH
Come on. It's been a long time
since you made Park Avenue money.

DQ
I've given up the risky stuff. The
johns that have a lactating mother
fetish are never into any
roughhousing.

MR. SMITH
I didn't pinch the kid. Trust me.

DQ
Trust you? I don't even know your
real name. Who are you really,
Smith?

MR. SMITH
I'm a British nanny and I'm
dangerous.

DQ
Go jerk off with sand paper, Smith.

MR. SMITH
Why don't you sit on a juicer, DQ?

Mr. Smith plunks the baby onto DQ's lap.

MR. SMITH
Okay, just take the kid for a day.
You can keep the whole roll.

The baby finds DQ's nipple.

For a moment, tenderness crosses DQ's face.

She suddenly turns cold.

She hands the baby back to Mr. Smith.

DQ
Forget it, dad.

MR. SMITH
No worries. I can find another
Dairy Queen.

EXT. THE BROWNSTONE -- A MINUTE LATER

Mr. Smith and child leave the house of fetish.

It's beginning to get dark.

And cold.

INT. DQ'S ROOM -- LATER

DQ sterilizes a pacifier in a pot of boiling water on a hotplate.

Got to keep it clean for the next customer.

She hears the door open.

DQ
I already told you Smith; you're
not welcome in the land of Milk and
Honey.

It's not Smith.

It's Hertz and two of his GOONS.

HERTZ
I need a little cream for my
coffee...

DQ is frozen by the guns held by Hertz's lieutenants.

Hertz presses the hot cup of coffee to DQ's breast.

HERTZ
(continuing)
...and some answers.

DQ winces.

She knocks the cup in Hertz's hand.

Some steaming coffee splatters Hertz's crotch.

It's Hertz's turn to wince.

DQ
Oh, I'm sorry. Let me get you
another.

She slaps the coffee cup and more hot fluid hits Hertz.

Hertz turns to his men.

HERTZ
Leave us alone.

The men leave and close the door behind them.

Hertz turns to DQ.

HERTZ
Sit down, my dear.

DQ sits back on her bed.

HERTZ
A man was here with a baby not long
ago.

DQ
Yes, a real jerk. He puts the
"ick" in "prick." He wanted me to
take care of the kid.

HERTZ
And what is this man's name?

DQ
Smith. Mr. Smith.

HERTZ
I want his real name.

DQ
His name is Hugh.

HERTZ
I want his full name.

DQ
Huge Asshole. Why you looking for
him? Separated at birth?

Hertz pulls out a Smith & Wesson.

DQ
How the hell do I know his real
name. He visited me a couple times
when I was pulling straight tricks.
He always used the same name.
Smith.

Hertz fires his pistol.

He hits the wall close to DQ's head.

HERTZ
I don't believe you.

Hertz inhales the smoke from the barrel of his gun.

It's intoxicating.

After a moment, he opens DQ's robe with the barrel of the gun.

The barrel is hot.

He uses it to brand DQ's flesh near her rib cage.

She lets out a cry of pain.

HERTZ
You know more about this man.

DQ
He was a lousy tipper.

Hertz fires off two rounds from his gun.

HERTZ
It gets hotter the more times it is
fired...

Hertz sears her flesh with the gun just below her belly.

DQ
Look, the guy's a total sphincter.
If had I anything on him, I'd tell
you.

Hertz now fires the gun three times.

HERTZ
(continuing)
And it gets more painful the lower
I go.

Hertz slowly eases the barrel of the gun between DQ's legs.

DQ
(being tough)
Stop teasing me, baby and do it.

CRUNCH!

There's a sound of someone eating a carrot behind Hertz.

It's Mr. Smith.

Hertz turns to face him.

MR. SMITH
What's up, Doc?

HERTZ
(calm)
You're a wascally wabbit.

Hertz keeps his gun trained on DQ.

HERTZ
But not wascally enough.

MR. SMITH
Oh yeah. That's a six-shooter.
And I just counted six shots.
You've blown your load.

HERTZ
And what about you? Your Walther
is empty too. You fired four
rounds in the alley and emptied the
rest at the playground.

Hertz gestures to the new weapon, a P-38, in Smith's hand.

HERTZ
And you won't be getting it up with
that P-38 you picked off my man.

Smith glances at the pistol he holds.

HERTZ
(continuing)
Like my weapon, it also has the
fingerprint safety device.

MR. SMITH
I think I will. All I need is a
hand job.

Mr. Smith pulls a severed hand out of his pocket.

He threads a bloody finger onto the trigger.

The safety lock disengages.

Mr. Smith fires several slugs into Hertz's chest.

Mr. Smith turns to DQ.

MR. SMITH

Let's go.

EXT. THE STREET -- NIGHT

Mr. Smith and DQ tromp down the street yelling at each other.

Only the baby is quiet on DQ's breast.

DQ

Damn you, Smith. I could have been snuffed back there.

MR. SMITH

Nag. Nag. Nag. Is that all the thanks I get for saving your sweet back-door?

DQ

Why'd you wait so goddamn long?

MR. SMITH

You were a bad girl. You deserved to be punished. So which car do you want?

Mr. Smith gestures to a line of cars parked on the sidewalk.

DQ

What?

MR. SMITH

I'm tired of walking.

Mr. Smith sees a BMW parked in a HANDICAPPED ZONE.

MR. SMITH

Look at this...

Mr. Smith kicks in the passenger window.

MR. SMITH

You want to know the difference between a BMW and a porcupine?

Mr. Smith unlocks the door and gets in.

DQ
I give up.

He hot wires the car.

MR. SMITH
With a BMW, the pricks are on the
inside. Get in.

DQ
Tell me about it.

INT. DQ'S ROOM -- SAME TIME

Hertz opens his eyes...

Slowly gets up.

He rips open his shirt.

Slugs are embedded in his bullet proof vest like deadly hickies.

He walks from the room.

INT. HALLWAY -- BROWNSTONE

His men lay on the floor.

Their heads snapped at grotesque angles.

Next to one corpse is an FAO Schwartz bag.

Inside the bag is the Nintendo for Hertz's son.

Hertz picks up the bag.

He dials home.

HERTZ
Hello, honey...I'm glad you liked
the flowers...I picked up Timmy's
present. Yes, it's just what he
asked for. Look, it seems I have
to be here for at least another
day. Yes, I know. I miss you too.
I'll call you later. Hugs and
kisses.

INT. THE BMW -- LATER

The BMW speeds up the avenue.

MR. SMITH

...So, what was I supposed to do? These goons were stalking this pregnant lady. I couldn't just stand there. Besides, these cowboys weren't going to leave me alive as a witness.

A Mercedes changes lanes in front of the BMW without signaling.

MR. SMITH

Did you see that? I hate that. He changed lanes without signaling. How hard is it to use your signal?

DQ

So, you started shooting at them?

MR. SMITH

No. I don't carry a piece. I went to the woman and she had a gun on her. They started firing. I shot back.

The Mercedes changes lanes again without using a turn signal.

MR. SMITH

Ah look. There he goes again.

Smith hits his turn signal.

He changes lane and follows the Mercedes.

MR. SMITH

See, I move my finger one inch to use my turn signal. Why are these gaping assholes so lazy that they can't move their finger one measly inch to drive more safely?

Smith speeds up.

MR. SMITH

You want to know why?

DQ

Not particularly.

MR. SMITH

Because these rich bastards had to be callous and inconsiderate in the first place to make all that dough.

(MORE)

MR. SMITH(cont'd)

So when they get on the road, they can't help themselves. They have to be callous and inconsiderate drivers, too. It's in their nature.

DQ

You figured this out all on your own.

MR. SMITH

I've witnessed it thousands of times. BMW and Mercedes are the most selfish drivers on the road. You just watch. You'll see I'm right.

DQ

So, why don't you take the baby to the police?

MR. SMITH

I can't go to the police.

DQ

Why not?

MR. SMITH

I'm the Unabomber.

DQ

They caught the Unabomber.

MR. SMITH

That's what they think.

DQ

You know what? I almost believe you.

The Mercedes switches lanes again without signalling.

MR. SMITH

See. I rest my case.

Mr. Smith guns his car and pulls next to the Mercedes.

DQ

What are you doing?

MR. SMITH

He must be punished.

Mr. Smith jars his steering wheel left.

The BMW side swipes the Mercedes.

The Mercedes swerves and hits a parked car.

DQ
You are the angriest man in the
world.

MR. SMITH
Somebody has to do it. It might as
well be me.

EXT. A GUN SHOP -- NIGHT

The now smashed up BMW is parked outside.

INT. THE GUN SHOP -- SAME TIME

A wad of chewing tobacco is spit into a trash can.

The GUN SHOP OWNER stuffs another hunk of Skoal in his mouth.

MR. SMITH
And I'll need a box of three point
eight five caliber shells for the
Walther.

Mr. Smith pulls out his roll of money.

DQ and the infant are an incongruous image standing by the AK-47s.

GUN SHOP OWNER
You're a little short.

DQ notices that Mr. Smith only has a fifty.

The rest of the roll is just paper.

DQ
You lied. You said you had five
thousand dollars.

MR. SMITH
Got your attention, didn't it, DQ?

Mr. Smith pulls some coupons out of his pocket.

MR. SMITH
(to Gun Shop Owner)
How about we make up the difference
with food stamps?

GUN SHOP OWNER
You want to buy bullets with food stamps?

DQ
You're pathetic, Smith. We'll wait for you in the car.

DQ leaves the shop with the baby.

Mr. Smith watches her and then turns back to barter some more.

MR. SMITH
It's as good as cash. Look, why don't I sign over the check I got at the blood bank to you. It will more than cover the difference.

GUN SHOP OWNER
(sarcastic)
Throw in the check you got at the sperm bank and you've got a deal.

MR. SMITH
I don't get that check until Wednesday.

GUN SHOP OWNER
How about you take half a box of shells and I'll give you the other half when you bring me the rest of the money on Wednesday.

MR. SMITH
Deal.

EXT. THE GUN SHOP -- MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Smith steps out of the gun shop.

DQ and the infant are not in the car.

They're nowhere to be seen.

There's a noise in the alley.

Mr. Smith loads his Walther.

He moves into the...

EXT. ALLEY -- SAME TIME

He sees shadowy forms in the dark alley.

There's a MAN.

And DQ.

She is kneeling in front of the man as if giving prayer.

The man chants as he "gets prayer."

On the ground next to DQ is the baby.

Mr. Smith pulls DQ away from the man.

THE MAN
OWWW! You bit me.

DQ
Yeah well, I won't charge you extra
for it.

Mr. Smith picks up the baby.

The man zips up his pants and runs off.

MR. SMITH
What the hell are you doing?

DQ
Making some money.

MR. SMITH
You're making some money!

DQ
Yeah..To buy something for the
baby,

MR. SMITH
What?

CUT TO:

A USED BULLET PROOF VEST

DQ takes the KEVLAR BULLET PROOF VEST.

Wider on...

INT. THE GUN SHOP -- A MINUTE LATER

The gun shop owner puts DQ's cash in the register.

DQ
(re. bullet proof vest)
I think it's a better investment
than a crib.

MR. SMITH
Hey buddy, will you throw in a
couple of ear plugs?

EXT. THE GUN SHOP -- A MOMENT LATER

A few cars up, a Lexus double parks and blocks somebody in.
The MAN IN THE HONDA that is blocked in yells.

MAN IN HONDA
Will somebody move this thing!

DQ walks towards their BMW

MR. SMITH
We're not taking that one.

Mr. Smith smashes in the window of the Lexus.

DQ rolls her eyes.

Here we go again.

EXT. AN ABANDONED BUILDING -- NIGHT

The building is more of a shell.

Some of it is burned out.

Windows smashed.

Trash heaped next to it.

Mr. Smith escorts DQ and child into the building.

The child is bundled inside the bullet proof vest.

MR. SMITH
It's not the Ritz, but it's home.

INT. THE ABANDONED BUILDING -- A MOMENT LATER

The trio climbs to the top of a stairwell.

They walked down a hallway.

They come to a big locked metal door.

Next to the door is a turned over milk crate.

Smith lifts up the box.

He picks up the rat trapped inside.

He shows the rat to DQ and the infant.

MR. SMITH
Say hello to Mickey.

Mr. Smith lifts Mickey rat up to a small vent near the ceiling.

The rat runs into the vent.

INT. THE VENTS OF THE ABANDONED BUILDING -- SAME TIME

The rodent runs through a short maze of vents.

Mickey rat comes to the end of a vent.

Below is another milk crate with a carrot in it.

Mickey jumps into the milk crate.

A system of strings suspends the milk crate.

Mickey's weight causes the crate to descend.

The string moves through a system of pulleys.

The string pulls a latch up, unlocking the door.

Mr. Smith opens the big metal door.

He and his two friends step inside the...

INT. MR. SMITH'S CRIB -- SAME TIME

Mr. Smith turns on a light.

MR. SMITH
Welcome to my crib.

He turns on a few more bulbs.

MR. SMITH
I hooked up some wires to the Con
Ed power lines.

The windows are blacked out so no one knows Smith lives here.

He's made a mattress out of stuffing trash bags with newspaper.

A bench seat from an old Buick serves as a couch.

There's an ice box in the corner.

Mr. Smith opens it.

MR. SMITH
Can I offer you anything? A
carrot?

Mr. Smith chomps on a carrot.

He pats his pet rat which is also chomping on a carrot.

MR. SMITH
They're good for your eyesight.

DQ
Who are you, Mr. Smith?

CUT TO:

THE BABY

Smith curls his nose as he tosses away the used newspaper-diaper.

Smith wraps the baby's bottom in a clean newspaper.

He seals up the makeshift diaper with gobs of duct tape.

Wider on the...

INT. MR. SMITH'S CRIB -- LATER

He finishes taping up the baby.

DQ
Why would anyone want to kill this
baby?

The baby tugs at Mr. Smith's pinkie finger.

MR. SMITH
Hey, don't bend my finger.

The baby starts crying.

MR. SMITH
I hate babies. Here, take it.

He hands the baby to DQ.

DQ
Don't call him an "it."

MR. SMITH
It's an "it" to me.

DQ
Is there anything you like?

MR. SMITH
Yeah, my privacy.

The baby keeps crying.

Mr. Smith inches back his black curtains to peek out the window.

The street is deserted below.

MR. SMITH
I don't know why anyone would want
to kill it.

DQ glances at a television which is on in the background.

There is news footage of the baby's dead mother.

DQ
I could go to the police.

MR. SMITH
You'd never make it. They will
have shooters watching all the
precincts.

DQ
So what do we do?

MR. SMITH
The only way to save its skin and
ours is to figure this out.

The baby shrieks.

MR. SMITH
Hells bells. Make it stop crying.

DQ
He's not hungry anymore. And stop
calling him it. If we're stuck
with this baby, we might as well
name him. How about the name
Simon?

MR. SMITH
No way. Sounds like someone who
would own a cat.

DQ
What do you think of Dylan?

MR. SMITH
Forget it. Dylan is a guy that
wears Birkenstocks.

Mr. Smith gets up and changes the channel on the TV.

Some Heavy Metal MTV crap plays.

MR. SMITH
We can call him Oliver.

DQ
Oliver?

MR. SMITH
Yeah. Like Oliver Twist.

DQ
Because he's an orphan.

MR. SMITH
Because I like the book.

DQ
You liked the book?

MR. SMITH
I didn't hate it.

Mr. Smith changes the channel again.

MR. SMITH
Hey. Did you notice that?

DQ
Notice what?

MR. SMITH
Look. I put it on this crappy
emergency room show and he cries.
Now, when I turn it back to the
channel with this Heavy Metal
noise, he shuts up.

Mr. Smith changes the channel to an EMERGENCY ROOM SHOW.

Then, he switches it back back to the HEAVY METAL CRAP.

The baby stops crying.

MR. SMITH

See. News clip of a lame-ass
politician. He cries.

News clip of a SENATOR drones on.

Now back to HEAVY METAL GARBAGE

MR. SMITH

Heavy Metal garbage. He's quiet.
He must find it comforting.

DQ

So what? It doesn't surprise me
that Oliver is into Hard Rock.
Look at his surrogate parents.

Mr. Smith brushes back the black curtains over a window.

He anxiously looks out the window again.

Nervous habit.

The Lone Man stands on the sidewalk below.

MR. SMITH

It's time to go.

He ushers DQ with the baby over to a dumb waiter.

MR. SMITH

We have to take the back way.

Mr. Smith lowers DQ and the baby down the dumb waiter.

EXT. THE STREET -- NIGHT

The baby Oliver is wrapped in the bullet proof vest.

The baby and vest are stuffed in the backpack that Smith
wears.

Only the baby's head sticks out of the backpack.

Mr. Smith has his hand thrust in his long coat.

Gripped tightly on his gun.

DQ
This idea blows, Smith.

MR. SMITH
And so do you, Dairy Queen. It's
the only idea we've got.

DQ
You actually think that Oliver's
mother lived near a Heavy Metal
club and that he could hear the
music while he was still inside her
womb.

MR. SMITH
Yeah, that's why the kid doesn't
cry when he hears Limp Bizkit.

DQ
Ridiculous.

MR. SMITH
Well, he's not crying now.

The baby has on a set of Walkman headphones.

The infant listens to Limp Bizkit.

CUT TO:

A LUGER BEING OILED AND CLEANED

Hertz meticulously cares for his weapon.

As he rubs the oil and cloth over the GUN...

...he lays in a bed in a...

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- SAME TIME

A WOMEN is straddled around his naked waist.

The woman grinds herself on Hertz.

They do the nasty...

...while Hertz seemingly masturbates the barrel of the
pistol.

Hertz hands the woman his gun oil.

HERTZ
We need more lubricant.

The woman obliges.

Another of Hertz's men enters the room.

Hertz and the girl continue doing the nasty.

MAN

Sir, we have them.

HERTZ

(in ecstasy)

Yes!

EXT. THE STREETS NIGHT -- SAME TIME

Mr. Smith, DQ, and the baby have been ambushed.

They're being shot at from all directions.

Smith fires with the baby still in his backpack.

Smith takes down the FIRST GUNMAN.

DQ

Smith!

Smith hears the warning.

There's an ASSASSIN behind him.

Smith spins.

The baby twirls with him.

Smith shoots.

The second gunman falls to his knees.

Smith dives on his belly and fires at TWO MORE GUN MEN.

As he shoots, the baby's smooth head rubs up against Smith's cheek.

The next two gunmen die with a splatter of crimson.

A shoot out that is John Woo's wet dream ensues.

Smith prevails.

MR. SMITH

(to DQ)

Let's go.

They run down the street.

But they're not clear yet.

Behind them, a GERMAN SHEPHERD tracks their scent.

Four more of Hertz's MEN follow the dog.

Guns drawn.

GUNMAN

There they are!

Up ahead, Mr. Smith, DQ, and Oliver race to the corner.

The gunmen fire on them.

Mr. Smith throws a look behind his back.

He sees the tracking dog.

Bad news.

The trio rounds the corner.

EXT. AROUND THE CORNER -- SAME TIME

DQ examines the baby.

DQ

Look at this.

A bullet slug is flattened into the bullet proof vest.

Lucky for the baby.

Mr. Smith reloads.

Using the corner as cover, Mr. Smith fires.

The gunmen use parked cars as shields from Smith's bullets..

DQ

Do something. Shoot the dog.
Shoot the dog.

MR. SMITH

But I like dogs.

Mr. Smith withdraws around the corner.

The gunmen wait.

After a moment, the gunmen cautiously move forward.

The tracking dog strains at the leash.

Hertz's storm troopers round the corner.

Their quarry is gone.

But the dog is still on the scent.

The canine drags its handler down the street.

HERTZ
Follow the dog.

The gunmen race down the avenue with the dog.

EXT. A WAREHOUSE GARAGE -- NIGHT

Hertz arrives at the scene.

Several of his men are posted around the building.

GUNMAN
They're inside, sir.

HERTZ
Excellent. Release the dog.

A gunman smashes open the warehouse door, then steps aside.

The handler releases the German Shepherd.

The dog runs inside the building growling.

In moments, the dog starts howling like it has found something.

HERTZ
Storm the building.

The Gunman speaks into a headphone and orders the assault.

GUNMAN
Move in.

Hertz's men charge, guns drawn.

INT. THE WAREHOUSE -- SAME TIME

Men barge through doors.

They race towards the barking dog.

They surround the canine's quarry.

Hertz enters.

Makes his way through the crowd of men.

His smile turns to anger.

Tied by duct tape to the bumper of a car is a wad of paper.

HERTZ

Dammit.

GUNMAN

What is it?

Hertz grabs the wad of paper and sticks in the man's face.

HERTZ

The baby's diapers.

The gunman recoils from the potent smell.

EXT. HEAVY METAL -- NIGHT

A hard rock music blares from inside.

Mr. Smith, DQ, and Oliver approach.

MR. SMITH

This is the only club in this neighborhood where I met the mother.

DQ

I still say this is a wild hunch.

MR. SMITH

Then, how do you explain all these boxes of Pampers in this dumpster?

DQ peers inside the dumpster.

DQ

Somebody has been stocking up.

MR. SMITH

You'd have to eat alot of Gerber's Apricot and Apples to fill up all these diapers. And I doubt the crack mothers in this hood could afford them.

Mr. Smith hands DQ the ear plugs from the gun shop.

MR. SMITH
You'd better put these in Junior's
ears. We're going in.

INT. HEAVY METAL CLUB -- MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Smith protects DQ and the baby from the flailing bodies.

The music is loud.

Violent

And awful.

Mr. Smith approaches a BRUISER WITH DUAL NIPPLE RINGS.

MR. SMITH
Are you the owner of the club?

BRUISER WITH DUAL NIPPLE RINGS
Who's asking?

DQ
I am.

The Bruiser smiles at DQ.

BRUISER WITH DUAL NIPPLE RINGS
Can I offer you a drink?

DQ
No, I brought my own bottles, thank
you.

DQ offers the owner a view of her breasts.

Zip!

In an instant, DQ has her hands in the Bruiser's pants.

DQ
Just as I suspected. He really is
into jewelry.

The Bruiser's eyes express his sudden vulnerability.

MR. SMITH
Hey, you're pretty good at that.

DQ
 In my line of work, it's a basic
 job skill.

MR. SMITH
 Who occupies the rooms upstairs?

BRUSIER WITH DUAL NIPPLE RINGS
 Go to hell.

DQ
 Don't mess with me. I'd just love
 to yank out the ring around your
 rosy.

BRUISER WITH A DUAL NIPPLE RINGS
 You don't have the cajones.

DQ
 "Balls" cried the Queen. If had
 them I'd be King!

Off screen, DQ gives a tug on his pierced genitals.

BRUISER WITH DUAL NIPPLE RINGS
 Okay. Okay. I rented the two
 floors to some suit eleven months
 ago. Paid for the first year in
 cash. Never saw him again. I just
 figured he was always using the
 back way.

MR. SMITH
 Take us up there.

BRUSIER WITH DUAL NIPPLE RINGS
 Okay. Okay. But quit tugging.

INT. THE SECOND FLOOR -- MOMENTS LATER

DQ leads the Bruiser up the stairs.

There is a locked door at the top.

MR. SMITH
 Unlock it.

The Bruiser complies.

MR. SMITH
 Now, beat it.

The Bruiser leaves them.

Smith, DQ and baby enter the room.

Three GUARDS lie dead on the floor.

Beyond them...

A HI-TECH SECURITY DOOR HAS BEEN BLOWN OPEN BY EXPLOSIVES.

The hi-tech door leads to the inner sanctum of the second floor.

MR. SMITH

This is pretty fucked up right
here.

Mr. Smith steps through the security door into the...

INT. INNER SANCTUM OF THE SECOND FLOOR -- SAME TIME

It is lavishly furnished.

An expensive oriental rug is on the floor.

Antique furnishings.

A state-of-the art entertainment center hidden in a bureau.

DQ

Better than Park Avenue.

INT. HEAVY METAL CLUB -- SAME TIME

The Lone Man is in the club.

He navigates through the crowd.

INT. INNER SANCTUM OF THE SECOND FLOOR -- SAME TIME

Mr. Smith enters a GYNECOLOGICAL EXAMINATION ROOM.

Smith sees A BODY ON THE FLOOR...

...mostly hidden by a table with stirrups.

But he doesn't need to see much to know what happened.

MR. SMITH

Don't come in here, DQ.

DQ

What?

Smith exits the room.

He holds DQ so she can't go in to look...

...and to steady himself from the horror he's just seen.

MR. SMITH
They've killed another mother with
child.

INT. HEAVY METAL CLUB -- SAME TIME

The Lone Man reaches the landing of the stairs.

He begins to head up.

A meaty hand lands on his shoulder.

It's the Bruiser.

BRUISER
Not another one of you dicks.

He pulls the Lone Man back out onto the dance area.

The Lone Man struggles.

The Bruiser hits him.

The Lone Man falls into

THE MOSH PIT.

He can't get up because all of the DANCERS start kicking him.

They pummel him for good measure.

INT. INNER SANCTUM OF THE SECOND FLOOR -- SAME TIME

Smith peers into the NEXT ROOM.

His gaunt face tells DQ...

...that the scene is same as the previous room.

Moments later, he warns DQ not to look...

...in the THIRD ROOM.

Yet another horror no one should see.

THE LAST ROOM is empty.

Mr. Smith finds a photograph of the four mothers together, alive.

One of them is Oliver's mother.

Mr. Smith returns to the main area.

MR. SMITH

There were four of them. Only
Oliver's mother escaped.
Temporarily.

DQ

Monsters. They have to be monsters
to do this. Why?

MR. SMITH

I don't know. Let's see what's
upstairs.

INT. THE THIRD FLOOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Smith, DQ and Oliver ascend the stairs.

Afraid to find what's up here.

The third floor houses a stark MEDICAL FACILITY.

Cold.

Sterile.

Brushed metal and tile.

DQ

What is this for?

MR. SMITH

They must have wanted to deliver
these babies in secret. They
probably thought no one would find
their maternity farm above a Heavy
Metal club.

They enter a...

INT. LAB AREA -- SAME TIME

It's filled with equipment.

MR. SMITH
It's a fertility lab. See this
freezer. It stores donor sperm.

Mr. Smith opens it.

He removes some of the vials.

MR. SMITH
This is odd. There only seems to
be one donor.

DQ
One donor?

MR. SMITH
Yes. And a generous donor at that.

There is a third room beyond the fertility lab.

Mr. Smith enters the...

INT. TRANSPLANT ROOM -- SAME TIME

It seems even more sci-fi in appearance.

Mr. Smith discovers some tubes with dark red fluid.

DQ
What's this? A blood bank?

MR. SMITH
No. If I'm not mistaken, this is
bone marrow.

DQ
You know that? I'm impressed. Who
are you, Smith?

MR. SMITH
(ignoring her)
It's hard to find donor marrow that
matches that of the recipient. The
odds of a match are better if the
marrow donor shares the same DNA
with the person receiving it.

DQ
You mean these people were
harvesting babies for some guy's
bone marrow transplant?

MR. SMITH
 Yes. And his enemies wanted to
 make sure he didn't get it.

DQ
 That's why they want Oliver dead.

She holds the baby close.

MR. SMITH
 Bingo. You win the Kewpie doll.

INT. THE FLEABAG MOTEL -- DAWN

DQ pays for a room.

MOTEL MANAGER
 That will be twenty dollars for an
 hour.

He assumes DQ is pulling a trick.

DQ
 (pissed)
 We want it for the day.

MOTEL MANAGER
 That will be fifty.

Through the lobby window, DQ keeps her eye on...

MR. SMITH

...who is OUTSIDE at a...

EXT. PAY PHONE NEAR THE FLEABAG MOTEL

Mr. Smith finishes making a phone call.

The baby is still wrapped in the bullet proof vest...

...and sits in the knapsack on Smith's back.

Mr. Smith dials the phone.

MR. SMITH
 Give me the number for CNN.

Before he gets an answer, Smith spies...

THE LONE MAN

...approaching them.

Mr. Smith races out of the phone booth.

The Lone Man gives chase.

It's a foot race down the block.

Mr. Smith throws a look back over his shoulder.

The Lone Man's no longer alone; he's joined by TWO OTHER MEN.

Up ahead, THREE MEN DRESS JUST LIKE THE LONE MAN, appear.

More of the Lone Man's MEN appear across the street.

Mr. Smith has no place to flee except...

...around a corner into

AN ALLEY

Mr. Smith hauls ass...turning...left...right...left again.

The Lone Man and his men fan out charging down each passage way.

For a moment, it seems Mr. Smith and the baby have escaped into...

THE MAZE OF ALLEY WAYS

...until Oliver begins crying again.

MR. SMITH
God, I hate babies.

Too late.

The Lone Man and his squad gunmen hear them.

MR. SMITH
Dammit.

Mr. Smith charges down another alley.

LONE MAN
Stop Smith. We're on the same side.

MR. SMITH
Right. And that's not a gun in
your pants. You're just happy to
see me.

Just then, Smith realizes he's run down an alley which...

DEAD ENDS INTO A TALL, BRICK WALL.

He's trapped.

MR. SMITH
Goddamn it all to hell.

LONE MAN
Don't make me shoot you.

But Mr. Smith doesn't stop running.

He keeps dashing towards the dead end with...

A half dozen of the Lone Man's force not far behind him.

BLAM!

Smith fires his gun at the brick wall.

Shards of brick fly!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Smith shoots his gun again and again into the wall.

As he shoots, he keeps aiming higher and higher.

He reaches the wall and leaps.

HIS FOOT

...steps into a gap in the brick created by his bullet.

HIS HAND

...reaches for another chip in the wall caused by his gun fire.

Smith has shot a series of...

TOE HOLDS AND HAND HOLDS

..in the brick wall, so that he can scale the dead end and...

ESCAPE.

CUT TO:

THE BABY

...is set down into a bed of blankets in a bathtub inside the...

INT. FLEABAG MOTEL ROOM -- MINUTES LATER

DQ smooths out the blankets in the tub.

A makeshift crib.

Mr. Smith steps into the bathroom.

MR. SMITH

I called that guy I know at NBC.

DQ

Good.

MR. SMITH

Then I got to thinking. You know what I hate?

DQ

Here we go again.

MR. SMITH

I hate those lame action movies where the good guy just calls one person who ends up betraying our stupid hero.

DQ

Yeah, that's right up there with killing baby seals.

MR. SMITH

I don't want to be that guy in real life. So, I called ABC, CBS, The Times, The Post, and all the local news programs, the police, and the FBI. I even called Geraldo.

Mr. Smith flips on the television.

A lame ass cop show is on.

MR. SMITH

I told them about what we saw above the club on Avenue B. They all said once this story was public we would be safe.

DQ

So, what do we do next?

MR. SMITH

I figure we hang here and watch the news. See what breaks. Then, we'll decide.

DQ

Look, he finally went to sleep.

Mr. Smith stares at the baby for a moment.

DQ

Doesn't he look sweet.

MR. SMITH

You just wait. The moment you close your eyes for a nap, he'll start screaming, DQ.

He heads back into the bedroom followed by DQ.

DQ

You can't take a little pleasure in anything, can you? You just hate everything.

MR. SMITH

I don't hate you.

They're quiet for a moment.

DQ

Is that why you picked me?

MR. SMITH

You know why I picked you.

DQ

You have no idea what you've done to me.

MR. SMITH

We're going to get out of this. I swear.

DQ

You just don't get it.

MR. SMITH

What?

DQ

You bring me this child so I can feed him. Take care of him.

(MORE)

DQ(cont'd)

A baby that could be dead at any moment. And you never even think to ask me what happened to my own child.

MR. SMITH

You're right. It's unforgivable. I'm sorry.

DQ

Dammit. I am so hungry.

DQ chews on some ice in the ice tray.

DQ

You know, Smith. I've figured out what you hate most. Yourself.

MR. SMITH

What happened to your baby?

DQ

Forget about it.

MR. SMITH

Tell me. Please.

DQ thinks for a long time.

DQ

My pimp hit me in the stomach. My child was delivered stillborn.

She is near tears.

Smith goes to her.

He wraps his arms around DQ.

DQ

Get off of me.

Mr. Smith doesn't.

It seems he needs the hug as much as her.

He holds her for a long time.

He rocks as she sobs.

Finally, she breaks away from him and throws herself on the bed.

He goes to her.

He pulls some jars of GERBER'S BABY FOOD out of his pocket.
He sets them on the night stand.

MR. SMITH
I grabbed these before we left that
baby hatchery.

The baby starts crying again.

MR. SMITH
See. What did I tell you?

Mr. Smith goes into the bath room to check on the baby.
He starts cleaning his gun as the baby wails.
He does his best to ignore the child.
Finally, he gives in.
He offers the newborn some attention.

MR. SMITH
(to the baby)
Alright, I'll let you see it. It's
called a gun. A Walther PPK to be
exact. And see this, that's called
the grip.

The baby's crying lessens.

MR. SMITH
And this is called a safety. It's
really important. You have to keep
it on to make sure the gun doesn't
go off accidentally. And these are
bullets.

The baby is quiet.

MR. SMITH
The bullets go into the
cartridge...

The baby is asleep.

Mr. Smith realizes that DQ has been watching him.

She is slightly charmed by Smith's interaction with the baby.

DQ
Are you hungry?

She has a dollop of baby food on her finger.
Mr. Smith lets her put her finger to his lips.
He eats it.
Not bad.
Then, he kisses her.
Nervously at first.
Like a first kiss.
She doesn't resist.
He kisses her long and hard.

DISSOLVE TO:

MR. SMITH AND DQ
They're making passionate love on the bed.
No words.
Just body language.
Smith rubs his fingers gently over her belly.
Her hips.
She brings his lips to her breasts.
She begins to moan.
DQ is close.
On the television, COPS SHOOT IT OUT WITH THE BAD GUYS.
The mattress springs make a horrible racket.
The air conditioning roars.
She doesn't care about all the noise.
She moans louder.
Gasps harder.
So deep in the throes, DQ doesn't hear the baby crying.
Smith does.

He looks up.

He first sees the GUNMAN in the mirror.

Smith rolls still intertwined with DQ.

His hand finds his Walther.

He fires.

The assassin goes down.

But there's another.

The SECOND GUNMAN takes aim.

Smith, with DQ's legs and body locked to him, spins off the bed.

The Second Gunman's bullet hits the bed kicking up feathers.

Smith gets his shot off.

The Second Gunman takes it in the chest.

DQ moans either in fear or she is coming.

GUNMAN THREE runs into the room.

Smith sits up with DQ still astride him.

He fires.

Gunman Three is hit between the eyes.

Smith's momentum allows him to rise to his feet.

DQ is still wrapped around him.

It's as if she's part of his body.

He pivots and sees...

...that there is ANOTHER ASSASSIN storming the room.

Mr. Smith shoots.

The last man takes the bullet in the neck.

DQ comes.

DQ
Oh my god. You are incredible,
Smith.

She could be talknig about his love making...
...or his marksmanship.

Smith sets her down on the bed.

He races into the bathroom to check on the baby.

The baby is fine.

Mr. Smith gathers up the infant in his arms.

MR. SMITH
The boy saved our lives.

The infant grips Mr. Smith's pinkie finger.

This time, Mr. Smith lets baby Oliver hang on.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FLEABAG MOTEL ROOM -- MINUTES LATER

They're all dressed and ready to go.

Mr. Smith hands DQ the baby.

He gives her a warm look.

She exchanges a caring gaze.

Mr. Smith gathers up the assassins' weapons.

He's going to need as much fire power as he can get.

MR. SMITH
Look. This is a 9mm Hammer
Automatic. These aren't supposed
to hit the market for six months.

Smith examines the gun closely.

It's a CLUE.

EXT. THE STREET -- DAY

Hertz gets into the car that is waiting for him.

DRIVER
They missed.

HERTZ
I know.

DRIVER

But I do have some good news.

HERTZ

What possibly could be good news?

DRIVER

We've found out who your Mr. Hero is. I'll brief you on the way.

HERTZ

Excellent.

Hertz dials his cell phone.

HERTZ

Hello, Honey. Yes. I have to fly back tonight. I promise I'll be home before midnight at the latest. I wouldn't miss Timmy's birthday party tomorrow for the world.

The car pulls out.

INT. HISTORY MUSEUM -- LATER

Smith, DQ, with the baby, walk past exhibits on the history of war.

They pass a life-size display of warring savages with spears.

MR. SMITH

No more arguments. I have to investigate this alone.

They near a display of cannons.

MR. SMITH

(continuing)

And the only way I can do this is if I'm positive you two are okay.

The trio moves past a Gatling Gun Exhibit.

MR. SMITH

This is the only place I know that you will be safe.

A Panzer tank stands in the middle of the hall.

The massive war machine is cordoned off by ropes.

DQ

A tank?

MR. SMITH

A Panzer tank. You'll be safe from gunfire and most explosives.

DQ

You're whacked.

MR. SMITH

That I am. I'm also serious.

DQ

But nobody is allowed to get in it.

MR. SMITH

Don't worry. When I create a diversion, you climb inside.

DQ

What if the hatch is locked?

MR. SMITH

It isn't. I spent a night in this Panzer once to avoid the winter cold.

DQ

But it doesn't have cable TV.

MR. SMITH

(ignoring her)

Once you're inside, lock the hatch. Don't open up until you hear my voice and my voice only. You should have enough Gerber's Apricot and Apples to last you a couple days.

Mr. Smith pulls the 9mm Hammer Automatic out of his pocket.

MR. SMITH

You know how to use one of these, right?

DQ

Yes. But what if you don't come back?

MR. SMITH

I'll be back.

DQ

There's no way to be sure.

Mr. Smith takes DQ's left hand.

He moves the pistol towards it.

He slides her finger through the trigger guard as if it were a ring.

Hard-boiled but romantic.

MR. SMITH

I will be back.

Smith kisses DQ.

Baby Oliver gurgles happily between them.

CUT TO:

INT. HISTORY MUSEUM -- MOMENTS LATER

A WOMAN grabs her little BOY by the wrist.

WOMAN

If you don't behave, I'm going to spank you.

BOY

But I want to go home.

WOMAN

No more whining.

The woman begins spanking her son.

Mr. Smith grabs the woman's arm.

MR. SMITH

I hate it when parents hit their children.

WOMAN

Let go of my wrist.

MR. SMITH

Not until you stop hitting your kid.

WOMAN

I'll discipline my kids however I want.

MR. SMITH
It's wrong to hit children.

Mr. Smith is creating a scene.

Everyone in the museum watches them.

A security guard hurries towards Smith and the woman.

MR. SMITH
How would you like it if I spanked
you?

WOMAN
Help.

Mr. Smith starts spanking the woman.

WOMAN
Ouch! Yow!!!

MR. SMITH
Doesn't feel so good. Does it?

The woman's son starts laughing.

The security guard reaches the encounter.

He tries to tear Mr. Smith and the woman apart.

DQ climbs up onto the tank and into the hatch during the
commotion.

Mr. Smith sees that DQ is safely inside the Panzer.

He breaks away from the woman.

Smith slugs the guard and runs.

EXT. HAMMER FIREARMS AND COMPANY WAREHOUSE -- EVENING

The Hammer Firearm warehouse has the security of a military base.

A sedan stops at a guard booth to obtain entry.

GUARD
Your pass please.

A steel door opens once the driver receives authorization.

GUARD
You are cleared for entry.

The sedan enters the facility.

INT. HAMMER FIREARMS AND COMPANY WAREHOUSE -- SAME TIME

The Sedan is again stopped at a security check point inside.

DRIVER OF THE SEDAN
I'm here to see Hammerson.

CHECKPOINT GUARD
Step out of the car please, sir.

The driver steps out.

The driver is frisked while a GUARD DOG sniffs the vehicle.

ANOTHER CANINE smells the vehicle for...

...any hidden passengers or weapons..

Underneath the car, Smith hangs onto the frame of the car.

Smith immediately lets go of the bottom of the sedan.

He quickly rolls out from under the car.

He spins under a second car.

The second car has just completed the canine inspection.

Smith grabs onto the under belly of the second car.

The second car heads into a barricaded area within the warehouse.

INT. BARRICADED AREA INSIDE HAMMER FIREARMS WAREHOUSE

The second car stops in a parking area.

The driver gets out.

He marches to an open area where several men have assembled.

The men all have weapons.

Soldiers in civilian clothes.

Smith drops from the car.

He dashes for the cover of a shipping crate.

Smith's eyes turn towards the sound of Hertz's voice.

HERTZ

Mr. Hammerson, sir. I assure you we will have this operation complete in three hours.

Hertz addresses a man in a khakis and a leather coat.

He's got a hunting dog, A LABRADOR RETRIEVER, with him.

This is HAMMERSON.

He's owns everything here and must be...

..the brains or at least the money behind it all.

HAMMERSON

You can't even imagine how much money is at stake here.

Smith RECOGNIZES HAMMERSON who bends down to PET HIS DOG.

MR. SMITH

(under his breath)

Hammerson

Smith has seen enough.

He eyes the exit of the barricaded area.

HERTZ

We've discovered the identity of the man protecting the child. It has resulted in many promising leads.

Mr. Smith moves along the perimeter wall of the barricade.

HERTZ

(continuing)

His name is Adam Ramsey. Quite the sharp shooter. National Sports Pistol Champion at age fifteen. Olympic hopeful. Pride and joy of the Army's Marksmanship Unit. He spearheaded thirty Black Ops missions. Seventy-nine confirmed kills.

Mr. Smith hides behind a car parked near the exit.

He waits for the metal door to open.

A guard approaches.

Smith retreats behind some boxes.

HERTZ

((continuing))

After Yugoslavia, he was sent back stateside where he took over his father's gun and ammo shop on Lexington and Tenth. Did quite the business.

The guard senses Smith's presence.

Smith must maneuver his way back to the heart of the complex.

Smith ducks into a...

INT. INVENTORY AND SHIPPING AREA -- SAME TIME

The entire line of Hammer weapons are stored in this CAGED AREA.

MR. SMITH

(under his breath)

Charleton Heston's wet dream.

It's a central shipping and distribution point.

Smith cautiously enters.

At the far end is a HAMMER FIREARMS EMPLOYEE.

He has a cup of coffee.

The man is one of those people who has to go "ahh" after every sip.

Very annoying.

The man sips his coffee.

MAN

Aah.

He sips again.

MAN

Aah.

Mr. Smith makes a face; it's obvious he hates this.

The man with the coffee takes another sip of coffee.

THE MAN WITH THE COFFEE

Aah!

Mr. Smith can't stand this.

Mr. Smith steps into view and hits the man with his gun.

INT. BARRICADED AREA INSIDE HAMMER FIRE ARMS WAREHOUSE

Hertz finishes his briefing for Hammerson.

HERTZ

I understand this man now. I am confident we will succeed and very soon.

HAMMERSON

Good. I would hate for you to miss your son's birthday party. (beat) Dutch, fetch.

DUTCH, Hammerson's chocolate lab, fetches a box.

The dog brings it over to Hammerson who...

...hands the box to Hertz.

HAMMERSON

It's a gift for your, son.

Hertz opens the box.

Inside is a gun.

HAMMERSON

It'll be his first gun, right.

HERTZ

Thank you.

INT. INVENTORY AND SHIPPING AREA -- SAME TIME

The man with the coffee is bound and gagged.

Mr. Smith takes a sip of the coffee.

MR. SMITH

Aah!

Smith sips again.

MR. SMITH

Aah!

His hostage gets the idea.

INT. THE PANZER TANK AT THE HISTORY MUSEUM -- SAME TIME

Oliver sleeps in DQ's arms.

Perhaps, he can sense he is safe inside this iron womb.

DQ looks into the sighting device of the tank.

It's like a sub's periscope.

She sees the guards shutting off the lights for the evening.

EXT/INT. INVENTORY AND SHIPPING AREA -- SAME TIME

Smith cracks open the door of the inventory area.

He sees that the guard and his dog are back at their posts.

Smith steps outside.

Hertz's men suddenly rise from behind their cover in...

THE PARKING AREA.

Mr. Smith fires his weapon and retreats behind cover.

Hertz's men return fire.

Mr. Smith chomps on a carrot as he fires back.

HERTZ

Well, Mr. Bunny. You keep going
and going and going.

MR. SMITH

So do you.

HERTZ

I promise to spare your life if you
tell me where the woman and child
are.

MR. SMITH

Forget it. My batteries haven't
run down yet.

Hertz's assassins fire back forcing Mr. Smith to retreat...

BACK INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE

Hertz joins his men who keep firing on Mr. Smith.

A man near Hertz takes Smith's bullet in the chest.

HERTZ

The army trained you well and it seems you haven't lost your aim.

MR. SMITH

You think that's good. You should see me spell my name in the snow.

HERTZ

I know who you are.

MR. SMITH

Big whoop.

As he reloads, Mr. Smith has to listen to Hertz.

Hertz's men take the opportunity to fan out.

HERTZ

I even know how about that man who visited your little gun shop. Seth Borax. You sold him a pair of shot guns.

MR. SMITH

He was a real peach.

HERTZ

Yes. Too bad you were a little sloppy with his background check. One afternoon, Mr. Borax walked into a McDonald's and started shooting. It's a shame your wife and son also happened to be there.

Mr. Smith winces -- he hates reliving his past.

MR. SMITH

And too bad you weren't there.

HERTZ

The police charged you with selling fire arms to a felon. You jumped bail. And that's when you went underground, so to speak.

MR. SMITH

Great story. Now will you tell me the one about the Green Eggs and Ham?

HERTZ

Why don't you tell me another
children's story? How about my
favorite? The one about the baby.

MR. SMITH

I'm can't remember that tale.

Mr. Smith has reloaded and shoots back but...

...Hertz's men have now pinned Mr. Smith down...

NEAR THE INVENTORY AREA

It doesn't look good for Smith. He's outnumbered and out
gunned.

Mr. Smith fires as he retreats...

INSIDE THE CAGED INVENTORY AREA

Hertz laughs.

HERTZ

Well, Mr. Bunny. It's seems as if
you've run back into your cage.

ON SMITH

He sees the chain link fence of the caged inventory area.

HERTZ

There's no escape now.
Take him out men.

Hertz's men spring into action.

Two dozen men charge the...

INT. INVENTORY AND SHIPPING AREA -- SAME TIME

The first wave storms in.

They are met by massive gun fire.

High powered rifles!

Shot gun blasts!

Machine gun spray!

The men topple like rag dolls.

Smith has secured weapons from every potential vantage point.
He has locked them into position with packaging tape.
Packaging twine is attached to all the triggers.
From behind a desk, Smith pulls the strings.
He's a puppeteer of guns.
A second wave of gunmen charge.

MR. SMITH
That's right. Come to papa.

Smith yanks a new set of strings.
Bubbye.
The ammo is exhausted in the first set of guns.
Smith retreats to a fall back position.
Hertz's men use this opportunity to rush forward.

GUNMEN
Spread out!

Smith pulls more strings.
The point team falls.
But Smith is fired upon from his left flank.
Smith has to reach for another set of strings.
Just in time.
Triple shotguns rain lead.
Somehow, a gunman has maneuvered behind Smith.

GUNMAN BEHIND SMITH
Drop your weapon.

Smith slowly withdraws the pistol from his waistband.
He tosses the gun so that it hits...

ONE LAST STRING

BANG!

The last gunman falls.

INT. BARRICADED AREA INSIDE HAMMER FIRE ARMS WAREHOUSE

Smith kicks open the door.

He shoves his carrot into the trigger ring of a machine gun

It locks the trigger in fire mode.

Smith slides the gun onto the floor.

The gun spins on the floor and fires creating havoc.

Smith, loaded with weapons, comes out firing.

MR. SMITH

What do you think of the Second
Amendment now?

Hertz dives behind cover to avoid the hail of bullets.

Smith makes a runs for it.

He escapes from the compound.

INT. THE PANZER TANK AT THE HISTORY MUSEUM -- LATER

Mr. Smith has joined DQ and Oliver inside the tank.

The Panzer is their makeshift first apartment together.

MR. SMITH

I found out who hired those men to
kill our baby, here.

DQ

Who?

MR. SMITH

A man named Hammerson. Born with a
silver spoon up his butt.
Inherited the Hammer Firearms
Corporation from his old man. He
makes millions off manufacturing
weapons.

DQ

I read an article about him. Won't
go anywhere without his hunting dog
named...

MR. SMITH

...Dutch.

DQ

Right.

MR. SMITH

Hammerson means business. His resources are virtually infinite. I need to get you two out of town while I figure this all out.

DQ

But I really wanted to stay and show off my ring.

She raises her hand so she shows off her ring...

...the trigger guard of the gun Smith gave her.

MR. SMITH

They'll be watching all the trains, bus stations and airports. This is really the only safe way out of town.

He hands DQ a crumpled...

GREEN XEROX FLIER

It reads: TRAVEL CROSS COUNTRY CHEAP ON THE GREEN BUS.

DQ

Where should I get off?

MR. SMITH

It's better if I don't know.

DQ

Are you sure?

MR. SMITH

Yes. I'm sorry.

They share a quiet moment.

They had begun to like one another.

DQ

I understand.

She sadly begins packing up Oliver's baby food.

DQ
Any new ideas about who needs
Oliver's bone marrow?

MR. SMITH
Not yet.

Oliver starts crying

DQ
It's okay, little Oliver.

She lifts the baby up so his head rests on her shoulder.

Smith smells then sees that the baby has soiled the newspapers.

There's a blotch on the photo of SENATOR BARTON.

Senator Barton was the POLITICIAN ON THE TV...

...when Smith flicked channels...

...to show how the baby liked Heavy Metal music.

The soiled headline reads:

BARTON WINS N.H. PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY

TOUGH GUN CONTROL KEY TO CHARISMATIC SENATOR'S VICTORY.

MR. SMITH
It's him.

DQ
Who?

Smith points to the now shit-brown picture of Barton.

MR. SMITH
Senator Barton. He's the one who
needs Oliver.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

MR. SMITH HOLDS BABY OLIVER while DQ walks alongside.

MR. SMITH
I'll check out Barton. If
everything is okay, I'll get you
before you board that bus.

Just then, Smith sights a...

SEDAN

...bearing down on him.

Smith with the baby still in his arms dives to one side.

DQ flies in the other direction.

The car makes a U-turn from hell.

It heads back at the baby and Smith who races towards an...

EXT. OVER PASS -- SAME TIME

Down below THE OVER PASS, Smith spies a...

A CAR WITH A SUNROOF

Smith with the baby in his arms jumps off...

THE OVERPASS.

As he falls, Smith fires at the...

SUNROOF

..which shatters just as Smith falls through it.

Oliver cries as Smith sets him down under the glove compartment.

MR. SMITH

You took the words right out of my
mouth.

SMITH HOT WIRES THE CAR WITH THE SUNROOF

He peels out

MORE CARS BARREL AFTER SMITH'S CAR

Smith sees the fleet of vehicles behind him.

He stamps on the break.

His car fishtails 180 degrees.

MR. SMITH

Don't drive angry.

He drives at the fleet of vehicles and fires his gun.

BLAM!

He hits the driver of a car ahead of him -- it crashes.

Smith's car broadsides past a second car.

BLAM!

Smith takes out the driver of that car.

Road kill.

Mr. Smith turns onto an...

EXT. ACCESS ROAD -- THE CHASE -- CONTINUOUS

The access road follows the river.

BEHIND SMITH'S VEHICLE THREE CARS FOLLOW

In moments, there's a car BEHIND Mr. Smith...

...and a vehicle on his LEFT REAR.

And RIGHT REAR.

And they're all shooting Smith.

He has to do something fast.

MR. SMITH
You know what I really hate,
Oliver? Tailgaters.

Smith floors his car.

Up ahead is a...

AN 18-WHEEL TRUCK HAULING HUGE SEWER PIPES

The pipes are strapped down by SEVERAL HEAVY CHAINS.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Mr. Smith shoots off the chains...

The last chain he shoots as he passes the truck.

No longer strapped down...

THE PIPES ROLL OFF THE TRUCK

And into the path of the pursuing cars.

SMASH!

Three cars are clobbered.

The assassins are now bloody and dead on the red asphalt.

Crying can still be heard from...

OLIVER

...who is buried inside the bullet proof vest.

MR. SMITH

No...we're not there yet.

A VAN FILLED WITH GUNMEN

...suddenly appears on the right.

Bullets fly at Smith and his car.

Mr. Smith swerves left, but too much!!!

He drives up an embankment and he...

ROLLS HIS CAR

It rotates 360 laterally.

Not once.

His car spirals twice.

Smith fight for control of the car.

Finally, he rights it or maybe the car rights itself...

Smith can drive again.

MR. SMITH

Are you okay, kid?

Smith looks for Oliver.

He's not in the car!!!!

OLIVER, THE BABY

...has fallen out of the car when it rolled.

Smith turns his car into a radical fishtail...

...so that he can see the path where he fishtailed.

Smith sees...

THE BUNDLE IN THE BULLET-PROOF VEST.

IT IS QUIET

Then, Smith hears CRYING coming from the Kevlar swadling clothes.

Oliver is alive.

Smith drives towards the baby but...

HEADED IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION IS THE VAN FULL OF ASSASSINS.

Smith can make it to the baby before the van but...

...if Smith stops to pick the baby up...

...they'll be gunned down in seconds so...

Smith floors his car.

He zooms past the baby and...

AIMS HIS CAR RIGHT AT THE VAN.

Smith levels his gun.

KABLAM. KABLAM. KABLAM.

He shoots out his...

OWN WINDSHIELD

...and

THE WINDSHIELD OF THE VAN

...so as his car collides with the van...

SMITH IS THROWN WITHOUT A SCRATCH OUT OF HIS CAR...

...and Smith can...

FLY

..through the open windshield of the van.

He lands in the back of the vehicle behind...

THE STUNNED AND SHAKEN GUNMEN.

Smith rapid fires and shoots the eight men in the van.

MR. SMITH
So much for wearing your seat belt.

EXT. THE VAN -- MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Smith gets out of the van.

He approaches Oliver.

He's reassured by the baby's cries.

OUT OF NOWHERE

An engine roars.

A CAR DRIVEN BY HERTZ

...rockets towards...

BABY OLIVER STILL IN THE BULLET PROOF VEST

There's no way Smith can get to the baby in time.

MR. SMITH
NNNNNOOOOOOOO!!!!

Hertz's car runs over the baby.

MR. SMITH

...freezes in shock.

HERTZ DRIVES AT SMITH

Smith still in shock manages to stagger out of the way.

Hertz turns his car around.

He drives up to the...

BULLET PROOF VEST THAT HELD OLIVER.

Hertz gets out.

He has no qualms about unzipping the Kevlar bundle...

...to verify that his job is done.

But... Hertz is not prepared for what he sees.

INSIDE THE BULLET PROOF VEST

...is NOT a dead infant...

IT'S A CRUSHED TOY BABY AND A TAPE RECORDER...

...upon which Smith had recorded Oliver crying.

HERTZ HAS BEEN TRICKED BY SMITH.

He's been drawn away from the real baby by Smith's deception.

SMITH...

...disappears into...

CITY TRAFFIC

Smith looks back in the direction of Hertz.

MR. SMITH

Sucker.

CUT TO:

DQ

...and

THE ALIVE AND WELL BABY OLIVER

..who sleeps inside the...

INT. PANZER TANK -- HISTORY MUSEUM -- SAME TIME

DQ sneaks into the tank and picks up Oliver.

DQ

It's time to go little boy.

EXT. THE MUSEUM -- NIGHT

DQ scurries away with the baby into the...

INK BLACK NIGHT

...the darkness DISSOLVES into a...

A SHINY DAY

...over the...

EXT. CITY -- NEAR A KOREAN GROCERY -- DAY

Mr. Smith talks into a PAYPHONE.

MR. SMITH
 Hello information... Washington
 D.C... The number for the Secret
 Service.

Smith eyes a fresh pile of carrots at the grocery.

He takes a carrot and gnaws on it

MR. SMITH
 (now connected to the
 Secret Service)
 I don't know how you can direct my
 call but tell whoever is protecting
 Senator Barton that there's a man
 with a baby calling.

THE KOREAN GROCER

...is irate that Smith eats the carrots before paying.

MR. SMITH
 (to grocer)
 Don't worry. I'll pay for it.

CLOSER ON SMITH

He's been connected to the Lone Man.

MR. SMITH
 (into the phone)
 Nice job covering up your baby
 hatchery downtown. Not a word about
 it in the news..not even in the
 Inquirer. Only you guys in
 Washington have that kind of pull.
 So, can you fix it for me to see
 the Senator?

EXT. THE LONE MAN -- SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY

The Lone Man speaks into his cell phone.

LONE MAN
 He's leaving for North Carolina.
 The primary is in three days.
 You can fly with him. Runway seven
 in two hours.

EXT. KOREAN GROCERY -- BACK ON MR. SMITH

MR. SMITH
 (into the phone)
 I see anything I don't like, I'm
 blowing this party big time.

EXT. THE AIRPORT -- DAY

A LARGE PLANE sits on the runway like a big-ass bird.

The Lone Man escorts Smith to the plane.

LONE MAN
 Right on time.

MR. SMITH
 I hate people who are fashionably
 late.

INT. THE LARGE PLANE -- SAME TIME

The Lone Man leads Mr. Smith through the plane to...

.. SENATOR BARTON...

...who is surrounded by ARMED GUARDS...

...and a staff of doctors.

Barton is entangled with several tubes...

HIS CHEMOTHERAPY

SENATOR BARTON
 I owe you my life.

MR. SMITH
 So, this is where you get to do all
 those hookers.

Barton laughs.

SENATOR BARTON
 I've heard about you.

Barton's laugh turns into a cough.

For a moment, he reveals how sick he is.

MR. SMITH
 You look worse than you do on TV.

SENATOR BARTON
It's amazing what a little make up
can do.

MR. SMITH
And a lot of morphine.

Smith notices the Senator's morphine drip.

GUARD
Fasten your seat belt, sir. You
have a speech to make.

EXT. THE AIRPORT -- RUNWAY SEVEN -- DAY

The plane takes off.

INT. THE PLANE -- A LITTLE LATER

Mr. Smith takes a carrot off a tray.

SENATOR BARTON
So, you've pieced the whole thing
together.

MR. SMITH
It's simple. You're the Democratic
front runner for president and your
sweeping gun control proposals are
pissing the wrong people off.

SENATOR BARTON
If they're pissed now, wait until
I'm elected president.

Something catches Smith's eye.

He stares at...

SENATOR BARTON'S SUIT PANTS.

Some hair has been shed on them.

Mr. Smith keeps talking as he tries to figure out...

... "What's wrong with this picture?"

MR. SMITH
(continuing)
Yeah, it's finally time to butt-
fuck the NRA cross-eyed.

SENATOR BARTON

Exactly.

Mr. Smith notices Barton try to brush the hair off of his suit.

MR. SMITH

(continuing)

Unfortunately, you're sick.
and these Gun-Nazis found out...

Mr. Smith realizes that the hair on Barton's suit is...

DOG HAIR

..from A CHOCOLATE LABORADOR RETRIEVER.

One of HAMMERSON'S HUNTING DOGS.

MR. SMITH

(continuing)

...and they discovered your baby
hatchery, and boom. Their problem
is solved. They kill you by killing
the babies.

The Senator coughs again.

SENATOR BARTON

Correct. So where is my savior?

MR. SMITH

Never Never Land.

BARTON

I don't understand.

IN A FLURRY OF MOTION...

Mr. Smith grabs a gun away from an armed guard...

...and then he grabs the SENATOR...

...and holds the gun to his head.

The other guards draw their weapons.

But they're afraid to fire in fear of hitting Barton by mistake.

MR. SMITH

You know what I hate most? Liars.

SENATOR BARTON

What the hell are you doing?

MR. SMITH
You made a deal with Hammerson and
the gun nuts.

SENATOR BARTON
You're crazy.

MR. SMITH
I am a crazy wabbit...

He bites into his carrot.

MR. SMITH
...which gives me pretty sharp
eyes, Doc. When you got into bed
with Hammerson, you also let his
dog up on the mattress with you. By
the looks of all that dog hair on
you, I'd say ol' Dutch took a
liking to you.

SENATOR BARTON
I don't know what you're talking
about.

The door to the...

THE AIRPLANE'S PRESS ROOM

..opens.

Hammerson steps out with his Labrador, Dutch.

Mr. Hertz stands behind Hammerson.

HAMMERSON
Save your lying for when you're in
office, Barton.

MR. SMITH
If he ever makes it there.
(to Barton) You know what else I
hate? Hypocrites. And you're the
biggest one of all.

HAMMERSON
Can you blame him? All along, we
simply needed to kill one little
child to end the Senator's life and
the problem he was causing for us.

Mr. Smith tightens his grip on Senator Barton.

HAMMERSON

(continued)

Then, the Senator got wise and realized we'd get to the baby long before he did. Barton called me and offered us a proposition I had never considered possible. In exchange for his life, the Senator promised to protect our right...

MR. SMITH

...to go deer hunting with an Uzi.

The armed guards get nervous.

Their fingers tighten on the triggers of their guns.

Mr. Hertz, however is not nervous.

He aims his pistol and steadily trains it on Mr. Smith.

MR. SMITH

...keeps his gun on Barton and backs up into...

THE AIRPLANE'S PRESS ROOM

The gunmen follow.

Mr. Smith needs a plan to get out of there.

BARTON

I had to do it. I want to live. I am meant to be President.

MR. SMITH

You've got what it takes. You put yourself before the people.

BARTON

I can still do good in other areas.

MR. SMITH

How are you going to square it with the public?

BARTON

It is a Constitutional right. I've come around to their way of thinking.

MR. SMITH
 Come around? They had you at
 'hello.' Let me give you a little
 advice. Never trust the people who
 stand to profit. Plain and simple.
 They're the bad guys.

Mr. Smith keeps retreating through the compartment...
 ...with the SENATOR hostage.

THE LONE MAN
 Come on, Adam. Let him go. There's
 no escape.

MR. SMITH
 Maybe not for me, but there is for
 the woman and baby. If I shoot
 Barton, nobody will need to find
 them. They will be saved.

THE LONE MAN
 Don't do it.

MR. SMITH
 Can't you see the beauty of it?
 The senator can die with honor.

BARTON
 What?...

MR. SMITH
 Your assassination, Barton, will
 create a public outrage and trigger
 immense support for your proposals.
 The sympathy vote in the Congress
 will give your anti-gun bills
 passage by a landslide. Your legacy
 will live on.

Hertz fires at Mr. Smith, but he's anticipated this.

He dives, shoving Barton to the ground.

All hell breaks loose.

The gunmen shoot at Smith.

Hertz'S ASSASSINS emerge from the rear compartment.

They send lead flying at Smith.

He returns fire.

HAMMERSON

...attempts to take cover in the front compartment...

...but Mr. Smith shoots him dead.

His loyal dog licks the blood coming out of his forehead.

MR. SMITH
(mock cheerfulness)
Aren't guns just great, Hammerson?

THE REAR COMPARTMENT

Mr. Smith retreats into it...

...dragging the SENATOR with him.

HERTZ AND THE OTHERS

...take forward positions and return fire.

SENATOR BARTON
Do it. Let me regain some honor
with my death.

ON MR. SMITH

He hesitates as he aims at SENATOR Barton.

SENATOR BARTON
Save your family.

Mr. Smith shoots Barton between the eyes.

He doesn't take the time to contemplate what he's done.

Smith finds...

A PARACHUTE.

Puts it on...

..and opens...

AN EMERGENCY HATCH

Smith jumps through it and

DIVES OUT OF THE PLANE!!!

...barely avoiding a hail of bullets.

EXT. THE SKY ABOVE THE CITY -- SAME

Mr. Smith falls from the sky.

He flies down towards the city below.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Hertz's men...

PARATROOP OUT OF THE PLANE AND SHOOT AT SMITH!

Smith somersaults in midair so that he is...

FACING UPWARDS NOW.

He fires his weapon.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

He hits three of the paratroopers.

THE PARATROOPERS

...fly closer to Smith and surround him in the air.

Now Smith...

SPINS LIKE A TOP AND FIRES...TAKING OUT MORE PARATROOPERS.

Click! Click! Click!

SMITH'S GUN IS EMPTY.

Dammit.

MORE GUNMEN APPEAR IN THE SKY ABOVE HIM

This is bad.

SMITH STRAIGHTENS HIS BODY...

...to make it more AERODYNAMIC.

SMITH FLIES...

...towards...

A PARATROOPER HE'S ALREADY SHOT

Bullets rain down from above Smith.

He'll be dead meat in seconds unless...

SMITH FLIES AND REACHES THE FALLING WOUNDED PARATROOPER...

...and spins the man around and uses the assassin as...

A HUMAN SHIELD

The paratrooper's body spasms as his body is...

...hit with bullets intended for Smith.

Smith grabs a...

A GUN OUT OF THE DEAD MAN'S HOLSTER

...and fires back and upwards.

A COUPLE OF ASSASSINS FLYING ABOVE SMITH ARE HIT BAD.

BLAM!!!BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

HERTZ SOARS OUT OF NOWHERE

...and fires shot after shot at Smith.

A BULLET GRAZES SMITH'S SHOULDER

Smith yells in pain and drops his gun.

HERTZ FLIES AT SMITH AT POINT BLANK RANGE

Somehow...

Smith gets a hold of HERTZ'S HAND HOLDING THE GUN...

...and DEFLECTS A SHOT.

THE TWO MEN WRESTLE IN MIDAIR.

They struggle for control of the gun as...

THE CITY BELOW RUSHES UP AT THEM!

Hertz leverages his gun close to Smith...

Hertz fires again and again barely missing Smith...

...but Hertz does hit...

A GOODYEAR BLIMP

...that floats below them.

The Goodyear Blimp...

EXPLODES!!!!

Smith and Hertz are locked in mid-air combat as they...

PLUNGE TOWARDS THE FIREBALL

...that once was the Goodyear Blimp.

Hertz gains control of the gun.

He's got a clear shot at Smith!

HERTZ
Die, Mr. Hero!

Just as Hertz pulls the trigger.

SMITH PULLS THE RIP CORD ON HERTZ'S PARACHUTE!

Hertz's free fall has the brakes put on it.

It's like Hertz has stopped in mid-air.

His shot misses...

SMITH

...who straightens his body like an Olympic diver so...

SMITH CAN JACK KNIFE THROUGH THE FIREBALL!!!

MR. SMITH FLIES THROUGH the eruption of flames...

...only slightly scorched...

..while HERTZ WITH HIS NOW OPEN PARACHUTE...

FLOATS SLOWLY THROUGH THE MUSHROOMING FLAMES!!!

HERTZ
AAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

SMITH NOW FALLS LEVEL of a SKYSCRAPER

The windows of the tall building rush past him.

Suddenly...

GLASS SHATTERS EVERYWHERE!!!!

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!

SEVERAL PARATROOPERS WITH SUB-MACHINE GUNS...

...rocket at Smith...

...their stray shots causing...

...the glass of the building to SHARD INTO A BILLION PIECES.

Smith pulls his own...

RIPCORD

It's like SLAMMING ON THE BRAKE in mid air.

He STOPS while the...

...men with sub-machine guns plummet downward.

They rush past Smith.

Smith is now above and behind the assassins.

Advantage Smith.

He shoots them from behind before they can turn!

Point. Match. And Victory for Smith.

WIDE AND HIGH ABOVE THE CITY

Smith guides his parachute so he flies down towards...

THE EAST RIVER

...and escape.

EXT. THE SHORELINE -- MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Smith drags himself from the murky water.

He can hardly believe he made it.

A GUN IS SUDDENLY SHOVED AGAINST HIS HEAD

It's Hertz.

He's survived the sky dive, too.

His skin is burnt and flaky...

...red and raw...

...as is his mood.

HERTZ
Don't move, Mr. Hero.

EXT. "THE CLUB" -- 42ND STREET AREA

"THE CLUB" is a family style restaurant and amusement center...
...with a GUN THEME.

HERTZ
(o.s.)
You have caused me great pain. Now,
you shall feel great pain.

INT. GUN-THEMED "THE CLUB" -- SAME TIME

A place like this has actually been built by the NRA...
...in the center of New York's entertainment district.

HERTZ
...Ah. The circle of life.

IN THE BASEMENT OF THE CLUB

Mr. Smith answers Hertz.

MR. SMITH
The circle jerk of life.

Mr. Smith is held down by THREE OF HERTZ'S MEN.

One man on his legs.

One man on each of his arms.

HERTZ
You have such a way with words.

Hertz grabs a hold of Mr. Smith's left hand.

HERTZ
Now. Tell me where the woman and
child are or I must cause you
considerable agony.

MR. SMITH
Nothing could be more painful than
listening to you jabbering on and
on.

He takes Smith's ring finger and breaks it back into an "L" shape.

Smith screams.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

DQ and the baby sit amongst several HIPPIE TYPES.

She stares at the crumpled Xerox flier for THE GREEN BUS.

She keeps nervously looking at her watch.

She scans the street hoping to see Smith coming to get her.

DQ
(to herself)
Come on, Smith. Where are you?

HIPPIE
(to DQ)
I'm going all the way to the coast.
How far are you goin'?

DQ
I don't know.

HIPPIE
(can't shut up)
You know Jerry Garcia rode on this
bus once. Did you know it's been
around since the sixties. Wow! I
can hardly wait to be "On the
Road."

INT. BASEMENT OF THE GUN-THEMED "CLUB" -- SAME TIME

Mr. Smith covers from the pain of his broken finger.

HERTZ
Again I ask. Where are the woman
and child?

Mr. Smith gestures with his right hand.

MR. SMITH
Do you know what this is?

Smith plays his five fingers out.

HERTZ
What?

MR. SMITH
Five of these.

Mr. Smith bends his digits to give Hertz "the finger."

HERTZ

That is the last time you will be doing that.

Hertz breaks the bone in Smith's right middle finger.

HERTZ

You know what I want to hear. It is your choice when the pain stops.

MR. SMITH

Why are you doing this? It's over.

HERTZ

Shortly it will be. I should really thank you. I just got a bigger contract because of you.

MR. SMITH

What are you jabbering about now?

HERTZ

Do you think the people that pay me were going to bend over and take your little stunt killing the Senator?

Smith stares at Hertz.

HERTZ

Do you think they would just stand by and watch the tidal wave of sympathy for Barton's death give the Congress a mandate to pass legislation that would destroy them.

MR. SMITH

There's no way you can cover up this whole thing up.

HERTZ

Mr. Smith. You are so naive. You have no idea how powerful these people are. They've already begun to clean up this mess.

MR. SMITH

How?

HERTZ

Didn't you hear the news? The
Senator's plane crashed into the
East River. They haven't been able
to find the body of Senator Barton.

Hertz grabs Smith's left middle finger.

HERTZ

Once I silence you and the woman,
the cover-up will be complete.
Where are they?

Hertz begins to bend Smith's finger.

HERTZ

Once again. Where is your woman and
baby?

MR. SMITH

Bring it on.

Hertz brakes the finger.

He now clutches Smith's index finger.

HERTZ

I believe this is your trigger
finger. (beat) Tell me.

MR. SMITH

Never.

Hertz breaks a third finger.

It dangles as useless as an earlobe.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

The Green Bus pulls up.

It's an old painted school bus with the seats ripped out.

Hippies pile into the bus and lay down on their sleeping bags.

It's definitely a hold-over from the 1960's.

DQ keeps looking for Smith.

Everyone else has boarded.

Someone yells at DQ to get on the bus.

Visibly upset, DQ, with the baby, gets on the bus.

INT. BASEMENT OF THE GUN-THEMED "CLUB" -- SAME TIME

Hertz waits a moment...

...giving Smith a chance to cough up the information.

HERTZ

Where is the bitch?

MR. SMITH

(to Hertz)

You know how I'd break your finger?

HERTZ

Enlighten me.

MR. SMITH

I'd punch you in the nose.

HERTZ

Very amusing. I give that joke the thumbs up.

He breaks Smith's right thumb.

Smith grimaces.

HERTZ

How does it feel? First you are responsible for the deaths of your own wife and kid. And now, you are the reason why another woman and child you love will die.

His fifth finger is snapped.

Smith's vision becomes blurry.

A sixth finger becomes an inverted "V"

The only thing that keeps Smith going is the image of the...

INT. THE GREEN BUS -- SAME TIME

...and DQ and Oliver riding it to safety.

INT. BASEMENT OF THE GUN-THEMED "CLUB"

Smith's hearing comes in and out just like his vision.

HERTZ

Tell me... End your pain.

His seventh finger breaks.

His hands now resemble an abstract sculpture.

HERTZ

Tell me...and I'll go easy on your
loved ones.

The eighth finger breaking hardly hurts him.

Smith imagines the...

INT. THE GREEN BUS -- SAME TIME

...hitting The open road and...

DQ and the baby have gotten away.

INT. BASEMENT OF THE GUN-THEMED "CLUB"

Smith's fists are swollen like grapefruits.

The ninth finger snaps...

HERTZ

I think we need to try something a
little more invasive.

Hertz picks up...

A SCALPEL.

He lowers it towards Mr. Smith's eye.

The only part of Smith's body that is not held down is his torso.

Smith jerks violently up.

The scalpel imbeds itself in SMITH'S CHEEK INSTEAD OF HIS EYE.

Held in Smith's flesh, the blade is ripped from Hertz's hand.

The knife falls in Smith's lap.

Somehow, Smith rips his right arm free.

His hand is too disjointed and swollen to grab the knife.

SO, SMITH SLAMS HIS PALM DOWN ONTO THE BLADE.

The SCALPEL GOES THROUGH HIS HAND.

With a backhand move...

SMITH HITS HERTZ WITH THE KNIFE EMBEDDED IN HIS HAND.

HERTZ
Aaaaaahhhh!

Another swipe, Smith hits a captor in the neck.

Blood fountains.

A second man draws a gun.

But Smith gets to his feet and gives the man the backhand too.

The pistol flies.

The scalpel is driven so hard into the man's gut it stays there.

AS SMITH'S HAND RECOILS, IT SLIDES OFF THE HANDLE OF THE BLADE.

Blood gushes from the hole left behind in his hand.

THE THIRD MAN

...draws his gun.

Smith aims his gashed palm at the man's face...

So that blood squirts into the gunman's eyes...

BLINDING THE ASSASSIN

This gives Smith time to go for

THE PISTOL ON THE FLOOR.

He hooks the trigger guard around a disjointed finger.

Smith can't aim...

...but he pulls painfully on the trigger.

Smith fires wildly.

HERTZ'S THIRD MAN CLEARS HIS FACE OF THE BLOOD

...so he can see Smith and fire at him...

...but the assassin just freezes.

HERTZ

Fool. He can't aim that thing.

Then, Hertz sees that one of Smith's wild shots has...

...wounded the man in the leg.

SMITH

...scrambles out of the room and up several stairways to...

MAIN ENTERTAINMENT OF THE CLUB

Hertz chases Smith.

HERTZ

You're down to one bullet.

ON SMITH

Smith holds the gun between both palms.

His fingers are twisted in some many directions...

...his hands look like an abstract sculpture.

There is no way he can shoot this with any accuracy.

It's a marksman's worst nightmare.

ON HERTZ

He slowly raises his gun.

THE PATRONS

...of the Club act like this is a floor show.

ON SMITH

He moves to a BRONZE STATUE OF A HUNTER

Smith fumbles a bit but finally succeeds at...

...sliding the trigger guard of his gun...

...around the barrel of the STATUE'S RIFLE.

This long shaft of metal supports Smith's gun.

And it can also be used to pull the trigger.

Smith lines up the shot.

Mr. Smith fires.

A carnation of blood blossoms in Hertz's chest.

Hertz flails to the ground.

Some patrons scream.

Some applaud.

They don't know if it is for real or just show.

Smith staggers over to

HERTZ...

...who is bleeding on the ground.

Hertz's gun and cell phone have fallen to the ground.

Smith fumbles but he can pick up Hertz's pistol.

The cell phone rings.

Smith answers it.

MR. SMITH

Hello.

He takes the phone to Hertz.

MR. SMITH

It's your wife.

Smith can't deny a dying man a last chance...

...to speak with his spouse.

Hertz listens to his wife on the phone.

His wife is overheard saying "tired of waiting" and "lies."

HERTZ

(a whisper)

She's leaving me.

Hertz slowly reaches for the Beretta hidden in his boot.

SLOW MOTION

Mr. Smith sees the threat.

MR. SMITH
You know what I hate?

It's painful as hell...

...for Smith to pull the trigger of the gun...

...he just picked up off the ground.

He needs to fire before Hertz can raise his Beretta.

Smith overcomes the agony.

He shoots Hertz at point blank range.

MR. SMITH
(continuing)
People who put work before family.

INT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK -- DAY

Mr. Smith walks into the park holding his pain wracked hands.

He notices something on the ground...

THE CRUMPLED GREEN XEROX FLIER FOR THE GREEN BUS

He knows DQ has gotten on the bus.

Mr. Smith looks forlorn.

He has no idea where DQ will get off the bus.

She's gone.

Oliver is gone.

At least they are safe.

And he's been alone before.

He can handle it.

He's grown accustomed to it.

A TALL HIPPIE

...speaks to Mr. Smith.

TALL HIPPIE
Don't worry. There will be another
bus next week.

DISSOLVE TO:

MR. SMITH'S BANDAGED HANDS

They look like two white clubs.
Only his left pinkie sticks out.
It was the only finger that wasn't broken.
He sits in the...

INT. THE GREEN BUS -- A WEEK LATER

The bus flies on the open road.
Someone listens to the radio.
ON THE RADIO there's a news report about
...an investigation into the connection between...
Senator Barton's plane going down and the baby hatchery.
Smith must have managed to tip someone off about everything.
The bus comes to a stop.

BUS DRIVER
Rest area everyone!

It still hurts for Smith to move.
Mr. Smith thinks about staying on the bus.
Then, he sees where they've stopped.
The bus is parked at the...

EXT. THE DAIRY QUEEN -- DAY

...in the middle of nowhere.
Could this be a sign???
Mr. Smith gets off the bus.
He goes inside the...

INT. THE DAIRY QUEEN -- SAME TIME

Smith hears a baby cry.

He approaches the woman with the infant.

SMITH
DQ. Oliver.

The woman turns.

It's DQ???...No...it's not her.

He slumps down at a table.

Life doesn't work this way.

It just doesn't work this way.

HE BURIES HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS.

Time passes...then...

Mr. Smith feels something tug on his pinky.

It's Oliver.

MR. SMITH
(incredulous)
Oliver?!

It's the first time Smith has called the baby, "Oliver."

And DQ is with the baby.

DQ
What took you so long?

DQ WORKS AT THE DAIRY QUEEN

...she's dressed in a TIGHT LITTLE DAIRY QUEEN OUTFIT.

She looks SEXY AS HELL.

Mr. Smith kisses her and throws her up against

THE SOFT ICE CREAM DISPENSER

Vanilla ice cream gushes on them as the kiss.

DQ
I don't even know your real name.

MR. SMITH
It's Adam. What's yours?

DQ
It's Rose. My name is Rose.

Mr. Smith stares at her.

DQ
(re. her name)
You hate it, don't you?

MR. SMITH
No.

DQ
Really?

MR. SMITH
I don't like it. I love it...Rose.

As they kiss again...BABY OLIVER chuckles happily in both
their arms.

FADE OUT

(MORE)