

THE BERZERKERS

written by

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EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

Two Humvees and two five-ton trucks rumble down a rocky road. Dust and debris swirl around the military convoy.

TITLE: AFGHANISTAN, 2008

In the--

LEAD HUMVEE

are three SOLDIERS.

The driver: PRIVATE HANSON (20), nickname: GURPS. Black-- cocky-- mischievous-- Nerds Get Laid! tattoo on his neck.

The passenger: LIEUTENANT PARKERSON (30), nickname: POPS. White-- outdoorsy-- extroverted-- comfortable in his skin.

In the back: SERGEANT MARTINEZ (23), nickname: COLDBEER. Latina-- content-- eyes filled with life-- loosey-goosey.

A heated conversation's in progress:

POPS

How in the hell can you believe that 9/11 was an inside job, Gurps?

GURPS

Two words, sir: controlled fuckin' demolition. You a college boy, Pops, and you don't see that shit?

POPS

That fantasy role-playin' crap's rotted your brain. What's next? The moon landing was a hoax?

GURPS

Remember that movie *Capricorn One*? That shit was a documentary.

Coldbeer barks out a laugh.

GURPS

You should be on my side, Coldbeer.

COLDBEER

Sorry. I can't be on the side of someone who thinks Steven Seagal was the greatest action hero ever.

GURPS

He still is.

POPS

That's the worst thing I've heard you say all day.

Laughter-- three-way fist bump-- then their radio squawks--
a voice comes across the airwaves from the--

REAR HUMVEE

where the passenger, MAJOR FENTON (38), no nickname, just
a dyed-in-the-wool, badass soldier, grips the radio's mic:

FENTON

Our six is clear. Maintain speed.

The driver: SERGEANT KASAI (25), nickname: SANJURO. Asian--
radiates warmth-- she sings along with an amplified iPod.

The song: American Pie.

In the back: LIEUTENANT KASAI (24), nickname: IKIRU. Asian--
permanent sneer-- chews tobacco-- she writes in a journal.

IKIRU

For the love of fuckin' God, can you
turn off that fuckin' song?

FENTON

At ease, Ikiru, I like your sister's
voice. Carry on, Sanjuro.

Sanjuro looks in the rear-view and sticks her tongue out.
Ikiru flips her off. Sanjuro keeps singing: she's good.

IKIRU

A fuckin' karaoke star.

SANJURO

Karaoke is beneath my talents.

The convoy enters a makeshift village-- the radio squawks:

GURPS (V.O.)

Sir, I never reconned this village.

Ikiru snatches the mic before Fenton can grab it+:

IKIRU

Chill, scardey-pants, there's nothing
to fuckin' recon. Just fuckin' drive.

SANJURO

Why're you always pickin' on him?

Fenton studies the five-ton truck in front of him: it's
filled with BRAND-NEW PRIVATES, all scared shitless.

Back in the--

LEAD HUMVEE

Pops glances back at the other five-ton truck.

POPS

You think they know what they're in for?

GURPS

They in for a world of crappy MREs and diggin' holes to shit in afterwards.

COLDBEER

MREs aren't that bad.

GURPS

You forget about the chili with beans?
Wasn't a hole big enough to hold the
shit that came outta ya that night.

The trio surveys the "village" as they drive through: dirt-streaked KIDS, sullen MEN and WOMEN, stone hovels.

GURPS

Goddamn dust is killin' me--

Something catches Gurps' eye. He looks out his side window:

It's a WOMAN in dark clothes-- she glares at Gurps.

GURPS

Mutherfucka. It's Afsoon.

Gurps points. Coldbeer and Pops follow the point: Pops and Coldbeer can make out a woman, but dust obscures her face.

COLDBEER

Afsoon's in Pakistan.

GURPS

Bullshit she is.

Gurps slows the Hummer down.

POPS

What're you doing, Gurps?

Gurps slows down more. He keeps his gaze laser-focused on the outline of the woman hidden by the swirling dust.

REAR HUMVEE

Sanjuro hits the brakes when the convoy slows down.

Fenton picks up the mic:

FENTON

What's going on up there, Pops?

LEAD HUMVEE

Pops looks for the female figure standing in the dust storm.

POPS

Gurps thinks he's spotted Afsoon...
but I can't get a clear visual.

FENTON

(on the radio)
There's no way she'd show her face
anywhere in this country.

REAR HUMVEE

Fenton looks to Ikiru to confirm. Ikiru gets more on edge.

IKIRU

Gurps is fulla shit-- turn that
iPod off, I can't fuckin' think!

Sanjuro flicks the iPod off-- she's getting nervous, too.

LEAD HUMVEE

Gurps slows to a crawl-- the woman's face comes into focus.
Gurps comes to a dead stop-- his eyes widen-- yes:

GURPS

It's Afsoon, goddamn it!

Before Pops and Coldbeer can get a look, Pops sees something.

Pops yanks on Gurps to get his focus back on the road.

POPS

Gurps! Move it! Oh, my God--
(on the radio)
Sir, it's an ambush, it's a--

Gurps sees AFSOON'S snarling face as a flash of fire erupts.

OVER BLACK

Gunfire-- explosions-- shouts-- metal crunching-- then--

SANJURO'S

blood-flecked face snaps into sharp focus:

SANJURO

Grenade!

Sanjuro's face lights up, then the world, once again, goes--

BLACK

TITLE: SIX YEARS LATER

INT. COLORADO SPRINGS - APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tacky furniture-- bare wood paneling-- blackout curtains.

Pops, now pasty with self-cut hair, sits in front of his computer, twitchy as hell. On the computer screen:

A video conference with FIVE DAMAGED SOULS, all different ages, races, genders, and states of distress. Pops begins:

POPS

Hello. People call me Pops. And
I'm... an agoraphobic.

DAMAGED SOULS

Hi, Pops!

Pops' gaze wanders down to a wrinkled letter on the floor:
"Veteran's Administration - Benefits Denied."

DELFINA (30s), the least damaged of the souls, speaks up from her corner of the computer when Pops won't continue:

DELFINA

Admitting you have a problem's the
hardest part, Pops, but I promise
you'll get better, just like I did--

DING DONG! Pops and the members of the virtual meeting freak out at the sound of the doorbell. Pops gets his bearings:

POPS

It's okay. I bought "Minecraft"--
(yells)
Just leave the package at the door!

UPS GUY (O.S.)

You gotta sign, dude.

Pops tenses at the news. A palm smacks the door-- SLAP SLAP!

POPS

All right!

Pops puts on his prosthetic leg and wades through dirty clothes as he creeps up to his door.

Pops peers through the peephole: sure enough, an aggravated UPS GUY (20s). Pops opens the door and inches into the--

APARTMENT HALLWAY

The UPS guy hands over the signature pad.

POPS

I thought I checked, "leave at door."

Pops scrawls his name and hands the pad back.

UPS GUY

Last name?

POPS

Don't you know it?

UPS GUY

Just give me your last name, pal--

WHACK! Pops jumps back as the UPS guy gets thumped on the head by SOMEONE. The UPS guy sways and drops like an anchor.

Pops' fake leg slips-- Fenton (the SOMEONE), still a dyed-in-the-wool badass, grabs Pops to steady him. Pops' eyes bug out:

POPS

Major Fenton?

Fenton bends down and zip ties the UPS guy's hands, then he reaches in and pulls Pops' package from the UPS guy's bag.

FENTON

He had your package. Impressive.

POPS

Impressive? It's his job.

Fenton then pulls a taser and taser cartridges from the bag.

FENTON

His job was to interrogate you.

POPS

What? Why?

FENTON

To get you to tell him where I was.

POPS

I haven't seen you in years.

Fenton puts Pops into a fireman's carry. They go into--

POPS' APARTMENT

Fenton tosses Pops onto Pops' rickety twin bed, then he eyes Delfina and the damaged souls on the computer screen.

DELFINA

Wh-- who are you?

FENTON

That's on a need to know basis.

Fenton rips a plug from the wall-- the screen goes black.

FENTON

Get whatever you need, 'cause we have to get out of here. Now.

POPS

Out of here? But it's not Tuesday.

Panic attack! Pops falls to the floor-- hyperventilates--

Fenton clucks his tongue-- time for a new tactic:

FENTON

You ever listen to Tony Robbins?

The *non sequitur* catches Pops off guard.

FENTON

When they moved me to the Pentagon, this woman who worked there gave me the CDs. They are outstanding.

Fenton drags Pops up and sits him in a chair.

FENTON

Tony says we do everything to gain pleasure, or avoid pain. The only way to break the pattern is to make what's "comfortable" so painful, that you'll run away from that pain as fast as you can. Tony calls it, "getting leverage on yourself."

Fenton turns his back on Pops.

FENTON

Normally, you have to do lots of mental exercises to get enough "leverage on yourself," but we don't time for that.

Fenton holds up the UPS guy's taser-- pulls the trigger-- the barbs stick in Pops' chest-- electricity pulses.

FENTON

You could stay here, and I can keep this up, or you could come with me.

POPS

Go with you! Go with you!

INT. VW VAN - MOVING - NIGHT

Fenton drives-- Pops, still woozy from the tase, wiggles in his seat to put his fake leg back into place.

FENTON

Leg giving you trouble?

POPS

Nothing a few grand couldn't fix.

FENTON

Won't your parents help?

POPS

They can't get past the "your son's an ex-con" thing for some reason.

FENTON

What's Tuesday?

POPS

"Attempt to go to the store" day.

FENTON

As of now, every day is Tuesday.

POPS

And that's because...

FENTON

Afsoon's in America.

The name smacks Pops like a sucker punch.

FENTON

Check the file in my duffel.

Pops roots through Fenton's duffel bag and grabs the file-- it's stamped "Top Secret" in bold red-- Pops opens it:

On top: an artist's rendering of Afsoon's face. Gurps' signature is at the bottom. Pops flips ahead to--

a photo of Pops, Coldbeer, Gurps, Sanjuro, and Ikiru-- they stand in front of the batch of brand-new privates.

FENTON

Afsoon's got something bigger than 9/11 going down on the East Coast.

Pops scans a report with dread: "Afsoon Ambush... Massive Casualties... Five Survivors... Medal of Honor..."

Pops flips through more pictures. First, a photo of Fenton receiving the Medal of Honor from the president, then--

images of gore and carnage-- Pops flips the file closed.

FENTON

Intel says it's gonna happen sometime on the Fifth of July, so I gotta find Afsoon and take her out by the Fourth.

POPS

That's the Pentagon's problem.

FENTON

Negative, lieutenant. The Pentagon's leaking like a sieve. That's why I'm on black op status, and that's why I get to pick my own team. Starting with you.

Pops gets that "back up a second" look.

FENTON

That's right. Afsoon sucker punched us in Afghanistan, and we're gonna return the favor. You'd be out of your mind to turn this chance down.

POPS

I am out of my mind. Can't you find someone that, I don't know... has two legs and likes open spaces?

Fenton slams on the brakes and skids to the curb-- Pops hyperventilates-- Fenton places his hand on Pops' chest.

FENTON

I can't trust anyone on the inside. Having all your limbs? Overrated. As for open spaces? I've got leverage.

He holds up the taser to remind Pops of Fenton's leverage.

FENTON

There's your first assignment.

Fenton gestures at an apartment building across the street.

FENTON

I'd get Coldbeer myself, but I'm not the one with leverage on her.

POPS

I don't have leverage on Coldbeer.

FENTON

Don't play stupid with me.

Pops hops out of the van-- he chants his "outdoor mantra" as he scoots across the street:

POPS

Eyes to the ground, eyes to the ground, eyes to the ground--

Fenton glances in the rear-view-- damn! A few cars back... a dark sedan idles at the curb.

COLDBEER

Of course you'd ask me that, seeing as how you don't know what any kind of life looks like.

POPS

Don't turn this around on me.

JERK

You tell her, man--

Coldbeer engages the remote. The jerk tenses: he's being electrocuted. She tosses the shock collar remote away.

COLDBEER

Get out, Pops.

POPS

You owe me.

Coldbeer slow burns to Pops.

POPS

I'm a shit for saying it. But...

Coldbeer takes deliberate steps into the hallway and out of sight. Pops hears a door close, then--

a blood-curdling scream makes Pops and the jerk cringe--
Soon after, Coldbeer re-emerges as if nothing happened.

Coldbeer gives Pops an inscrutable look, deciding... fine. She grabs her phone and a few Miller High Life cans.

INT. VW VAN - MOVING - NIGHT

Coldbeer checks the end of the file. One redacted page: a sea of Sharpie. Coldbeer holds up the page, inquisitive.

FENTON

Somewhere in that black morass is Afsoon's location and her target. I've never seen anyone pull up words from a redacted page better than you. If you get me those words, we get Afsoon.

SST! Coldbeer cracks open a High Life-- takes a swig--

COLDBEER

If I do this, what then?

FENTON

We'll talk after we pick up Sanjuro.

The van swerves. Pops: panic attack! He reaches in his fake leg and pulls out some Ativan. He chews three and swallows.

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

Pops, "Ativan'd," plops down. Coldbeer heads to the bar-- while on the stage, JAN (30s) stops "singing." She adjusts her bowling shirt, primps her perm, and leaves the stage. The host steps up. It's Sanjuro, now with a bowl cut, her nails bitten to the quick. As far as her personality goes?

SANJURO
(monotone)
Let's keep it going at Kolorado's
Kookiest Karaoke. Up next is Ben.

BEN (20s), same bowling shirt as Jan's, claps for himself.

SANJURO
He'll be singing... "American Pie."

Coldbeer plops down next to Pops with a pint.

POPS
I'm surprised Sanjuro's so calm.

COLDBEER
I'm surprised about you. You seem to
be handling being outside pretty well.

POPS
Keep me high and away from wide open
spaces, and I can manage. Mostly.

Ben jumps on stage. Sanjuro tries a "be reasonable" look.

SANJURO
Please pick something else, Ben. I
can't hear that awful song tonight.

BEN
Awful? You haven't heard "American
Pie" until you've heard me sing it.

Ben gives Sanjuro's shoulder a friendly squeeze.

Sanjuro unfurls a game show host grin.

SANJURO
Should I give Ben a chance, folks?

Ben reaches for the microphone-- TWHACK! Sanjuro brains Ben with said microphone. Ben splats on the dance floor.

SANJURO
Hey, you don't sound so bad, Ben.

Coldbeer jumps up-- Pops yanks her back down.

POPS

We'll make it worse if we step in.
Just let her walk it off.

Jan helps Ben get up off the dance floor.

SANJURO

Get Ben the *fuck* outta here, Jan.
And do me a favor? Never fuckin'
sing again. You sound like a cat
with feline AIDS.

JAN

Apologize to us. Or else.

SANJURO

I'll fuckin' take the "or else."

Sanjuro drops the mic like a boss and leaps off the stage.

COLDBEER

She's not gonna walk it off.

Pops and Coldbeer push their way through the patrons.

Sanjuro attacks Ben-- snap kick-- leg sweep-- he's *done*.

Sanjuro unleashes a spin kick for Jan-- that Jan blocks!

Jan counters with a hammer fist-- Sanjuro blocks it easily.

Jan sidesteps Sanjuro, grabs her bowling bag, and swings
it. Sanjuro ducks the bag, but it puts her off balance--

Jan takes the bowling ball out of the bag and hurls it at
Sanjuro's gut-- STRIKE! Sanjuro flips backwards-- CRASH!

Jan, her perm all sweaty, flings herself at Sanjuro--

SMASH! Jan gets a mug upside her head. Sanjuro straddles
Jan and whips out a butterfly knife-- CLICK, CLICK, CLACK!

SANJURO

Never bring a bowling ball to a
fuckin' knife fight.

Pops grabs Sanjuro's knife arm-- Sanjuro snarls:

SANJURO

The fuck're you doing here, Pops?

WHOO-WHOO-WHOO-- here come the police.

SANJURO

Tell me later. I got warrants.

EXT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

Flashing lights color Coldbeer and Sanjuro-- they dive in the van. Pops shuffles behind them-- he chants:

POPS
Eyes to the ground, eyes to the
ground, eyes to the ground--

Pops hops in the van and Fenton floors it.

VW VAN - MOVING

Sanjuro picks herself up from the van floor and sits-- then she sees who's driving and turns Tasmanian Devil!

Pops wraps his arms around Sanjuro's waist-- she flails.

FENTON
It's me or the cops, Sanjuro.

Sanjuro retreats from her fiery abyss and fumes like a mad toddler. She tucks a pinch of chaw under her lip.

SANJURO
Is someone gonna tell me what the
fuck's going on?

FENTON
After we get to Fort Carson.

Pops sits back-- wait, what? Pops: a bit... disturbed:

POPS
We're goin' to get Gurps?

COLDBEER
That's a pretty tall order, sir.

FENTON
We need him more than anyone else.

SANJURO
I've got no fuckin' clue what we're
doing, but I damn sure know I don't
wanna do it with fuckin' Gurps.

FENTON
This isn't a democracy, soldier.

SANJURO
Do I fuckin' look like a soldier?

FENTON
Did you know that dolphins fart?

The comment puts Sanjuro back on her heels.

FENTON

What I just did's called a "pattern interrupt." My man, Tony Robbins. Another Tony truism? "Change your focus, change your life." Pops?

Pops tosses Afsoon's file to Sanjuro.

She flips the file open and examines the Afsoon drawing.

FENTON

You're focused on killing me, when you should be focusing on the fact that we're this close to getting Afsoon, which means you can get revenge on the person you *really* wanna kill.

Fenton plucks the Afsoon drawing from the file-- he slaps it on the filthy, sticky dashboard.

FENTON

Regardless of what you think Gurps did or didn't do in Afghanistan, he's still the only one who's seen Afsoon in the flesh. Therefore--

SANJURO

Fuck Tony Robbins.

OUTSIDE THE VAN

Fenton paces, a look of disappointment on his face.

The trio stands at attention. Pops: eyes to the ground.

POPS

What'd you think was gonna happen tonight, sir?

SANJURO

He thought we were gonna get the fuckin' band back together.

COLDBEER

We're solo acts now, sir.

FENTON

You're all civilians. You can live anywhere you want, but you still live only three miles from each other, in the exact same town where they're holding Gurps. Why is that?

There's no answer for that one-- at least not one they'll say, based on their expressions. Fenton drives on:

FENTON

If we punch Afsoon's ticket, they'll hold a ticker-tape parade for us.

POPS

I'm still waiting for the first parade.

FENTON

All right. You leave me no choice.

Fenton reaches pulls out his Medal of Honor.

FENTON

I'm calling in my markers.

SANJURO

We didn't ask you to save our fuckin' lives, major.

FENTON

But I did save your lives.

The trio doesn't react-- he puts the medal away, pissed.

FENTON

Fine. But I need Gurps. So... if you bust him out of there, I'll consider your debt to me to be paid in full.

POPS

And if Gurps has another "incident"?

FENTON

That's my problem, lieutenant.

The trio looks at one another-- what choice do we have?

COLDBEER

How're we supposed to get him out?

Pops gets his "officer planning" mojo back:

POPS

The army-navy store's still open. We should pull a Bagram.

SANJURO

This isn't stealin' a heater from a fuckin' quartermaster, Pops.

POPS

You got a better idea?

Sanjuro doesn't, so--

SANJURO
Let's go get that motherfucker.

INT. FORT CARSON MENTAL HOSPITAL - REC ROOM - NIGHT

Pea green: the walls, the scrubs of KEVIN (20s), a weird orderly, and the tank top of "that motherfucker":

Gurps, now with sleepy eyes and bad posture. Something's changed, in a sad way, that's different from the others.

Gurps sits at a table and reads a book entitled: Generic Universal Role Playing System, Part Two: '80s Heroes!

GURPS
Aw, Steven Seagal's found yo ass.
Van Damme be in deep shit, dawg.

Gurps picks up a twenty-sided die-- roll, tumble--

GURPS
Boom! Fatal kick from my man Seagal.
Van Damme's splits didn't do shit!

Gurps looks up and laughs, but who's he laughing at?

There's no one at the table. Gurps' frustration builds-- he sweeps the book and the dice off the table.

CALLIOPE (O.S.)
Stop. Moving!

Gurps obeys, because here comes CALLIOPE (30s). Black-- severe-- linebacker strong-- demeanor of a cocked fist.

GURPS
My bad, Cantaloupe.

Calliope grips Gurps' shoulder. Gurps goes to his knees.

CALLIOPE
It's Doc-tor Kal-EYE-oh-pee. Do you
need "reflection time" again to work
on the pronunciation?

Gurps shakes his head through gritted teeth.

CALLIOPE
Clean up this mess. Chop, chop.

Gurps does as he's told. Calliope shrugs off her lab coat and crooks her finger at Kevin: Come. Here. Now.

CALLIOPE

First day on the job, Kevin? Get him to bed, and give him double meds, or it'll be your last.

She motions for Kevin to step aside.

CALLIOPE

I'm off to Arby's.

INT. ARMY-NAVY STORE - NIGHT

Earth tones and camouflage fill the shelves. By the--

FITTING ROOMS

Pops pulls the curtain aside: he's decked out in a Battle Dress Uniform (BDU). Fenton tucks Pops' hair under his hat.

FENTON

You almost look happy.

POPS

I almost feel like a soldier again.

Over at the--

UNDERGARMENTS SECTION

Coldbeer and Sanjuro tear through tees and underwear.

COLDBEER

I was hoping to hear you sing tonight.

SANJURO

Why're you giving me fuckin' shit?

COLDBEER

Not everything is an attack, Sanjuro.

SANJURO

The fuck you say it for, then?

COLDBEER

You have a kick-ass voice. Stop using it to spew invective.

SANJURO

You don't exactly exude fuckin' warmth.

Sanjuro snatches a T-shirt and some boxers and storms off.

At the--

CASH REGISTER

Pops grabs a clipboard and adds it to his purchases.

POPS

What's the deal with Tony Robbins?

FENTON

Tony helps me turn my mistakes into stepping stones to success. You know why I carry this around?

He pulls out his Medal of Honor.

FENTON

To remind myself that I'm a failure. Who gives the highest honor in the land to a man who lost almost his entire platoon? You guys hurry up.

Fenton's out the door before Pops can respond.

FITTING ROOMS

Coldbeer and Sanjuro make their final adjustments.

SANJURO

Tell me about Ikiru's funeral.

Coldbeer blanches at the unexpected request-- she fidgets.

SANJURO

I know I said to never talk about it, but... fuckin' talk about it.

Sanjuro's expression implores Coldbeer to talk. So:

COLDBEER

General McChrystal was there to give her the Silver Star, but, it was a closed-- I know your mom was upset, but I'm sure she really wanted--

SANJURO

Fuck my mother.

Sanjuro pulls out her phone. The wallpaper: a picture of her and Ikiru, arm in arm. Ikiru sneers, Sanjuro smiles.

SANJURO

That's all I have left of her. My family's reduced to fuckin' pixels.

COLDBEER

That's not the only family you have.

SANJURO

You think we're a fuckin' family?

COLDBEER

I'm through helping you.

OUTSIDE THE ARMY-NAVY STORE

Fenton has a smoke by the van. Pops approaches him.

FENTON

Hey. When you were in Leavenworth,
I wanted to come visit, but--

Pops waves Fenton away.

POPS

Coldbeer wrote to me. For a while.

Pops looks inside the store at Coldbeer.

POPS

I don't think what I did mattered.
I mean, do you know what she does
for a living? It's so ridiculous.

FENTON

Is it as ridiculous as me running
into a cave, filled with armed
terrorists, holding four of my
soldiers hostage?

POPS

You're not a failure, sir.

FENTON

I won't be. The second I take
Afsoon off the count, my medal
will truly have honor.

Coldbeer follows Sanjuro out of the store.

COLDBEER

Let's get this reunion over with.

INT. FORT CARSON MENTAL HOSPITAL - RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

The steel door with "Must Be Buzzed In By Reception! No Exceptions!" stenciled on it dominates the place.

In one of those dentist's office reception windows, PFC CORTEZ, an acne factory in fatigues, ogles a porno mag.

POPS (O.S.)

Unannounced inspection, private.

Pops, Sanjuro, and Coldbeer stroll into the lobby. Pops carries a clipboard. Coldbeer and Sanjuro look stern.

Cortez stashes the magazine-- he gives the trio's BDUs the once-over. He looks... puzzled.

SANJURO

Get that look off your face, Private
Porno, and fuckin' buzz us in.

Cortez glances under the counter, then stifles a laugh.

POPS

Something funny, private?

CORTEZ

The Army hasn't worn BDUs since 2008.
So... there's that.

Awk-ward: everyone's unsure of what to do until Coldbeer
jumps through the reception window and tackles Cortez.

Cortez's head cracks on the floor-- asleep by force.

SANJURO

He glanced under the fuckin' counter.
The buzzer must be there.

Coldbeer peeks under the counter.

COLDBEER

It's a keypad--

Sounds of PEOPLE approaching from outside. Sanjuro dives
through the window. Pops tries, but his leg comes loose!

Pops struggles to stay upright-- the front door opens:

TWO WORKERS come in-- they don't even look at reception--
they head to the steel door, open it, and walk through.

SANJURO

Of course the fuckin' lock's broken.
Our fuckin' tax dollars at work.

Pops secures his leg. Coldbeer gestures at Cortez.

COLDBEER

I'll watch him. You two get moving.

PROCESSING OFFICE

A DESK JOCKEY watches Pops and Sanjuro stroll toward him.

POPS

Unannounced--

Sanjuro's got the taser-- ZZZ-- the desk jockey vibrates.

SANJURO

Bagram, my ass.

She snatches the Jockey's ID badge and tosses it to Pops.

CALLIOPE'S OFFICE

Pops sits at Calliope's computer. Type, type, tap-- on the computer screen appears: "Hanson, Robert - Room 427."

Pops hears footsteps CLOP toward him-- he looks up at one of those mirrors that lets you see around corners:

Kevin the orderly heads his way.

Pops snatches Calliope's lab coat and shrugs it on.

Pops holds up a file to hide his face. CLOP, CLOP-- then the footsteps stop. Pops keeps the file up-- shit, shit--

KEVIN

You're not fooling anyone.

Pops flings the file in Kevin's face and takes the split-second distraction to grab his clipboard and--

SNAP the edge of it into Kevin's throat-- Kevin staggers-- GASP, GASP-- Pops uses the clipboard like a club-- CRACK!

Kevin crumples into a heap. Pops limp-runs into--

GURPS' ROOM

Dim light helps Pops make out the silhouette of Gurps in his hospital bed. Pops flicks the light on:

A single drawing taped to the wall catches Pops' eye: it's of the five survivors of the Afsoon ambush.

Two things stand out in the drawing: the group's dressed as Vikings... and Gurps doesn't have eyes in the drawing.

Pops pulls the Viking drawing off the wall. Sheets rustle:

GURPS

You finally came to visit my ass.

POPS

Actually, I'm here to spring you.

GURPS

Huh? Naw, dawg. This be my home now.

POPS

Fenton needs you to identify Afsoon.

GURPS

Cool. Say hi to Fenton for me. My extra meds be makin' me tired--

Gurps lies down and snores. Pops puts Gurps' drawing on his clipboard, then checks Gurps' hospital bed: it has wheels.

MENTAL HOSPITAL PARKING LOT

Fenton leans against the van. He sucks on a cigarette and peruses the Afsoon file. Then, a sixth sense kicks in...

Fenton peeks up from the file: another dark sedan. He sets the file on the van's roof and walks toward the sedan.

PROCESSING OFFICE

Pops bursts through the door. He pushes a sleeping Gurps on the hospital bed. Pops' clipboard rests on Gurps' chest.

Sanjuro gives the Desk Jockey another zap to knock him out.

POPS

Not bad, all in all--

EHHH! EHHH! An alarm cuts Pops' declaration off.

MENTAL HOSPITAL PARKING LOT

Sanjuro and Coldbeer push Gurps in his bed through the door. Pops trails behind them-- he shouts his mantra--

POPS

Eyes to the ground--

Fenton sprints toward the van. He hoists Gurps into his arms.

CALLIOPE (O.S.)

Hey!

Fenton stops-- Gurps, still out cold, hangs in Fenton's arms. The reunited platoon looks over at:

Calliope, some yards away, Arby's bag in hand, super shocked. Fenton looks pissed at the intrusion. Sanjuro does, too:

SANJURO

The fuck's your problem, lady?

Calliope drops the bag and goes into a dead sprint-- Fenton hauls Gurps into the van-- Pops and the rest climb in.

Cortez and Kevin storm out of the facility's front door.

IN THE VW VAN

Fenton jacks it in reverse-- everyone tumbles around like a dryer-- three-point turn-- Fenton punches it. As they leave:

POPS

The hell is all that?

Pops points outside-- pieces of paper flutter to the ground like snow. Fenton left Afsoon's file on top of the van.

MENTAL HOSPITAL PARKING LOT

Calliope gathers the pages of the Afsoon file, then faces Cortez and Kevin, her fury meter in the red:

CALLIOPE

Get inside and keep your mouths shut.

Cortez takes off, but Kevin stays. Calliope snarls-- until Kevin flashes his Homeland Security badge.

KEVIN

So much for an uneventful weekend.

CALLIOPE

Why didn't you tell me who you were?

KEVIN

The bigger question is, why did you let him escape a second time? Right. You wanted some shitty fast food.

CALLIOPE

Why didn't you stop him from leaving?

Kevin rubs the welt from where Pops whacked his head.

KEVIN

We're not talking about me, we're talking about a group that'll cause a national incident, thanks to you. And now, since they sent "lucky" me to observe and report--

CALLIOPE

They'll blame you as much as me.

Kevin whips out a pistol and cocks the hammer.

KEVIN

I'm well aware of the situation. So, do you think you can you clean up your own mess, doctor, or do I have to make a mess of this parking lot?

CALLIOPE

Before the weekend's over, he'll be back where he should be. Count on it.

KEVIN

I'll cover for us here. And if you don't get him back? I'll make sure you're dead long before they get to me. Count on that.

INT. VW VAN - MOVING - NIGHT

Fenton navigates the back roads outside Fort Carson.

FENTON
We have to dump this van.

POPS
How're we supposed to get home?

FENTON
None of you are going home.

POPS
What? You said Gurps'd make us even.

FENTON
Plans change the moment the first
shot's fired.

COLDBEER
The file had Afsoon's location.

FENTON
I have a plan B. And we've still got this.

He pats the drawing of Afsoon on the dash.

SANJURO
Fuck this shit, I'm jumping out.

Fenton slows to a stop. Sanjuro sees why Fenton stopped:

There's a Humvee-- with TWO STERN MPs standing next to it. A
"D.U.I. Checkpoint" sign flashes next to the MPs.

FENTON
Everyone stay here and keep quiet.

Everyone gets as quiet as Gurps, who's still asleep.

EXT. D.U.I. CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

Fenton passes the MALE MP. He hands his ID to the FEMALE MP.

VW VAN

Gurps opens his eyes. He looks outside, sees blurry figures.

One of them's familiar. Gurps rubs his eyes and looks again:
a shadowy shape in dark clothes... the face, obscured...

Gurps shakes his head and moans. Everything snaps into focus.
He eyes the team and Fenton at the D.U.I. checkpoint.

GURPS

This ain't no dream, is it?

Gurps howls and lunges for the door. Sanjuro restrains him.

POPS

Look what I brought for you.

Pops hands Gurps's Viking drawing to Gurps-- it seems to soften Gurps' mood. Pops turns all arrogant:

POPS

Pattern interrupt.

GURPS

Help! Help!

D.U.I. CHECKPOINT

Fenton grimaces as the MPs head toward the shouting Gurps.

FENTON

He's just a little drunk.

Gurps tumbles out of the van and pukes.

GURPS

Arrest me! Take my ass back!

The MPs handcuff Gurps and put him in their Hummer.

VW VAN

Sanjuro rolls her shoulders.

SANJURO

Get ready to fuckin' fight--

Sanjuro changes her mind when she looks back out at the--

D.U.I. CHECKPOINT

and watches Fenton hand his Medal of Honor to the female MP. Both of the MPs stare at it with reverence.

FENTON

How about a picture with the medal?

VW VAN

The trio inside the van cock their heads like curious dogs.

FENTON

Coldbeer! Come out here. Bring your phone so you can take a picture.

Coldbeer roots through a canvas bag that holds everyone's phones, wallets, and civilian clothes.

D.U.I. CHECKPOINT

Fenton moves between the MPs. Coldbeer approaches...

FENTON
Make sure the flash is on.

Fenton and Coldbeer share an "old married couple" look.

FENTON
Smile on three. One, two, three--

Fenton closes his eyes-- Coldbeer takes the picture-- the phone's light flashes-- MPs' night vision: screwed up, so--

Fenton conks the MPs' heads together, and down they go--
Fenton zip ties the MPs and drags them off the road fast.

FENTON
Start the Hummer up, Coldbeer. Pops,
Sanjuro, get in the Hummer. Now.

Fenton reaches in the VW van-- he grabs his duffel bag and takes the drawing of Afsoon off the dash.

Fenton runs to the Hummer's trunk, tosses his duffel in it, then pulls out the Hummer's spare gas can.

INT. HUMMER - MOVING - NIGHT

The VW van, now in flames, flickers in the distance.

POPS
Where's our bag of stuff?

FENTON
I left it in the van.

POPS
Our wallets were in that bag.

SANJURO
So was my fuckin' phone.

FENTON
Credit cards, IDs, all useless, and
you know phones are tracking devices.

SANJURO
That phone was my sister's--

FENTON
I'm giving you a chance to crush the
woman who crushed everything you were
out of existence, but you'd rather
have a pity party-- pull over!

Coldbeer does what Fenton asks. When they've stopped:

FENTON

Evil people've been watching you.
And the only reason you're still
breathing is because Afsoon wasn't
sure what you knew. She's sure now.
And this time, Afsoon's gonna take
more than an eye or a leg. She's
gonna level a city.

Pops and Coldbeer seem to shrink in their seats.

FENTON

I was there when you needed me. Now
I need you. Help me complete this
mission, and I'll get you a clean
slate. Or you can get the hell out
now and take your chances. Decide.

Pops does a silent vote count: Coldbeer nods, Sanjuro
nods... Gurps just clinks the cuffs behind his back:

GURPS

The hell you askin' me for? I'm goin'
whether I want to or not. Shit.

Pops gives a nod to Fenton: we're in.

FENTON

Okay. This Hummer's too conspicuous.
We're gonna need a civilian car. And
we need some serious cash. Plan B
damn sure ain't cheap.

COLDBEER

I've got a stone to kill both those
birds.

FENTON

Then let's not waste any more time.

VROOOM! Off they go. The mission begins in earnest.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

A concrete warehouse sits in the distance. TWO HEAVIES,
armed to the teeth, patrol the perimeter.

Coldbeer pulls out her phone. Fenton gets pissed--

COLDBEER

MP photo. Not my fault you forgot.

Coldbeer: tap, tap-- up comes "deadbeatdads.com"-- tap-- up comes a picture with the caption: "#1 Deadbeat Dad."

The group looks at a mugshot of a hard-edged dude named:

COLDBEER
Hank Halston. Big time meth dealer.
Bigger time deadbeat dad.

Coldbeer grabs binoculars and peers inside the warehouse:

She sees a big SUV, and, next to the SUV, is HANK HALSTON (40s) in the flesh. Hank shoves cash into a suitcase.

COLDBEER
He's got everything we need.

Sanjuro grabs the MPs' shotgun-- Coldbeer and Fenton grab pistols-- Pops loads a cartridge on the taser. And Gurps?

Fenton gives Gurps a "sit tight" look.

GURPS
The hell you bring me for, then?

Pops looks around: wide-open spaces... his panic rises...

COLDBEER
Just keep your eyes on the back of
my head 'till we get inside.

Pops complies-- after a breath, he's refocused and ready.

FENTON
Square yourselves away. We've got a
couple of heavies to take out.

He gives a countdown, finger by finger: three, two, one--

OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE

HEAVY ONE: shotgun stock to the face-- zip ties.

HEAVY TWO: taser barbs-- uppercut-- zip ties.

FRONT OF THE WAREHOUSE

Coldbeer studies Hank Halston's mugshot on her phone--

Fenton snatches her phone-- he crushes it under his boot.

FENTON
Chasing deadbeat dads isn't your
job anymore, sergeant, completing
this mission is. Roger that?

Coldbeer's eyebrow twitches as she adjusts her shades.

FENTON

We don't know how many guys are in there. The element of surprise is the only thing we have going for us.

BOOM! Sanjuro blasts the door to bits with the shotgun.

SANJURO

Surprise, motherfuckers!

INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE

The warehouse occupants flinch and freak: Hank, by his SUV, and TWO GUYS in gas masks, working by a table.

Fenton and his team pour inside the warehouse.

BY HANK'S SUV

Hank gets on his phone-- Coldbeer takes aim at Hank's head-- Hank drops the phone and lays on the floor.

BY THE TABLE

One of the GAS MASK GUYS drags a pistol off of the table. He aims at Sanjuro-- she's slow on the draw, but POP POP!

The guy jiggles like Jell-O and wiggles to his death.

Fenton lowers his pistol. Smoke trails from the barrel.

FENTON

(to Pops and Sanjuro)

Get your heads into the game.

The LIVING GAS MASK GUY reaches for the dead guy's pistol.

Sanjuro racks her shotgun-- gas-mask guy tosses the gun-- raises his hands-- Sanjuro puts pressure on the trigger--

Fenton stops her. Sanjuro: the mad toddler returns.

SANJURO

I was gettin' my head into the game.

FENTON

Get the Hummer instead.

SANJURO

You got to fuckin' kill someone.

Sanjuro huffs away. Fenton appraises the gas-mask guy:

He's a shaking, pale praying mantis.

FENTON

What's your name, son?

IONESCO

Ionesco. Thanks for not killing me.

Fenton rakes his eyes across the table: charred beakers, jars of phosphorus, and other really scary chemicals.

FENTON

You can show your appreciation by securing this stuff, Ionesco.

Fenton leaves-- IONESCO (20s) peels off his mask to gather chemicals. Ionesco's face: unkind genetics.

BY HANK'S SUV

Coldbeer keeps Hank obedient with her pistol-- next to Hank and his clenched fists: the cash-stuffed suitcase.

Fenton grabs the case and puts it in the SUV. He gives the mega-SUV the once-over: the size of it's ridiculous.

FENTON

Is this a Ford Expedition?

HANK

It's a Ford "suck my dick."

FENTON

I'm not familiar with that model.

HANK

You know who you're fucking with?

COLDBEER

A jackass who doesn't care if his kid eats.

HANK

This is about my cunt of an ex-wife?

Coldbeer tenses-- Fenton side-eyes Coldbeer.

FENTON

Stay on point, Coldbeer. That's an order.

Hank enjoys watching Coldbeer get dressed down.

Coldbeer's eyebrow twitches-- Hank's pushing it.

INT. HUMMER - MOVING - NIGHT

Sanjuro, pissed, guides the Hummer toward the warehouse.

GURPS

Least you ain't in cuffs.

SANJURO
I'm not a fuckin' chauffeur.

GURPS
Why you cursin' like Ikiru now?

Sanjuro flashes a death look at Gurps, then she spies a tin of chewing tobacco. She fills her cheek with some.

GURPS
I thought you hated chaw.

SANJURO
Not as much as I hate you flappin' your fuckin' yap.

GURPS
You always be buggin' Ikiru to quit. Shit makes no sense.

SANJURO
I'm warning you--

GURPS
Shit-- extra meds-- I'm gonna puke--

Gurps moans as Sanjuro pulls the Hummer up to the warehouse.

BY THE TABLE

Pops munches Ativan like candy-- Ionesco notices Pops' leg:

IONESCO
How'd you lose the leg?

POPS
Protecting idiots like you.

The sound of puke splashing outside draws Pops' attention.

Ionesco sprints for the door-- Pops spins around, but his leg wobbles out of place. Pops wavers and cries out:

POPS
Ionesco, get back here-- Major!

BY HANK'S SUV

Fenton runs after Ionesco, leaving Coldbeer unsupervised. Snap decision-- Coldbeer cuffs Hank with her pistol butt.

COLDBEER
Gimme your wallet. And your phone.

Hank spits blood-- Coldbeer unleashes fury-- THWUNK!

Hank, cowed, hands Coldbeer his stuff. She pulls a credit card from his wallet and taps on Hank's phone-- Paypal.

HANK
I'll kill you for this.

COLDBEER
Not if I kill you first.

Coldbeer: focused on Hank's phone. Hank sneaks a peek. He risks moving a little-- Coldbeer doesn't notice.

FRONT OF THE WAREHOUSE

Gurps: bent over. Sanjuro: worried, hand on Gurps' back. Frantic footfalls arouse their curiosity. They watch--

Ionesco clear the door, really huffing it--

Fenton's too far behind to catch him, so--

Gurps, hands cuffed, barrels toward Ionesco-- he crashes into him-- momentum hurls them into the warehouse--

BY THE TABLE

where Pops sidesteps the Gurps/Ionesco freight train.

Gurps slams Ionesco against the table with the flammable materials on it. Beakers shatter-- chemicals bubble.

BY HANK'S SUV

Coldbeer: ready to press "send money"-- before she does--

Hank hops up-- he rips the phone and credit card from Coldbeer's hand. He shoves her-- kicks her pistol away--

Fenton's pistol belches bullets-- POP POP POP!

Hank dives into his SUV-- it squeals in reverse.

Fenton fires on the run-- POP POP POP!

Bullets ping the SUV as it busts through a cargo door.

Fenton looms over Coldbeer. His eyes burn with anger.

Coldbeer lowers her shades and points at her bad eye.

COLDBEER
He was in my blind spot.

FENTON
He sure was, wasn't he?

POPS (O.S.)
Guys!

BY THE TABLE

The toxic mess roils and bubbles-- then it transforms into flames, which are on a future date with two chemical tanks!

The crew musters near the table. Sanjuro rages at Ionesco:

SANJURO

You fucker!

Sanjuro snap kicks Ionesco-- he flips and rolls away.

The crew launch themselves out of there post-haste...

But Sanjuro comes back! She hurdles over the conflagration to get to Ionesco. She lifts him over her shoulder.

SANJURO

It wasn't a fair fuckin' fight.

OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE

Sanjuro dumps Ionesco and makes a run for it--

Ionesco gets up and huffs and puffs and BOOM BOOM BOOM!

Fireballs shoot up and out. Flames lick Ionesco and Sanjuro as they spin and crash from the blast's force.

Ionesco moans. He sees that Sanjuro's knocked out. Ionesco drags Sanjuro by the arms and makes it behind the--

BUILDING ACROSS FROM THE WAREHOUSE

where the rest of the team's taken cover. Pops mumbles his mantra-- Fenton turns Gurps around and takes his cuffs off.

GURPS

There go plan B.

FENTON

That's why there's a plan C.

CRASH-- CRUNCH-- BOOM!

The team takes a peek from behind the building to see: the front half of the Hummer, crushed under a hunk of concrete.

POPS

Plan C's off to a good start.

FENTON

Get the weapons and my duffel from the Hummer, Coldbeer.

Coldbeer doesn't move-- defiant.

FENTON

You wanna stay on my shit list?

IONESCO
You guys have fun.

As Ionesco walks off:

GURPS
You got a car, don't you?

Ionesco makes a run for it-- Gurps tackles him-- Sanjuro searches Ionesco's pockets-- there-- JINGLE-JANGLE.

The rest of the group catches up. Ionesco belly laughs.

SANJURO
The fuck's so funny, cuntknuckle?

NEAR THE BLOWN-UP WAREHOUSE

The source of Ionesco's belly laugh? His car:

A primer-painted Mini Cooper.

Coldbeer climbs in with Fenton's duffel bag. The rest of the team squeezes in: it makes a clown car look roomy.

Ionesco watches the Mini Cooper sit there, and sit there, and sit there. Fenton opens the door. Ionesco: "shocked."

IONESCO
Didn't I mention the DUI lock?

Sanjuro leans down to blow in the DUI starter lock.

IONESCO
Stop! If someone else blows into it,
the car locks up.

WHOO-WHOO-WHOO-- Fenton tenses at the sirens.

IONESCO
More bad news. If I don't blow into
that lock every twenty minutes, the
car just shuts down for at least an
hour. So...

WHOO-WHOO-WHOO-- no good choices. Fenton motions: get in.

IN THE MINI COOPER

Ionesco blows into the lock-- VROOOM. Ionesco squeezes in back. Fenton whips onto the road and crushes the gas pedal.

FENTON
That debacle happened because you
disobeyed a direct order, Coldbeer.

COLDBEER

Was I the one that knocked over the chemicals? Sanjuro should've kept Gurps under control.

SANJURO

Oh, here we fuckin' go.

GURPS

If Pops be doin' his job, I wouldn't be needin' to do what I did.

POPS

I could've done my job with two legs.

GURPS

You tryin' to say somethin'?

POPS

Do I need to?

SANJURO

Fuckity, fuck, fuckin' shut up!

Fists-- elbows-- knees-- feet-- the Cooper rocks.

FENTON

Knock it off, all of you! Each one of you is to blame for that fiasco back there.

Tensions ease... then:

IONESCO

(to Fenton)

You know, if you would've just killed me, none of this would've happened.

Fenton pounds the brakes-- noggins knock together like coconuts-- Fenton reaches back and cuffs Ionesco.

FENTON

You will only open your mouth to blow the car.

Sanjuro winces-- she lifts her BDU top:

Ouch-- there's a fresh wound from the blast.

FENTON

First aid kit's in my duffel, Pops. Help patch her up.

Pops grabs the kit. He pulls out gauze and bandages.

Fenton grabs a pill bottle from the first aid kit.

FENTON
Antibiotics. Not a request.

Sanjuro takes two pills. Fenton pulls back onto the road.

FENTON
I refuse to listen to any bitching.
Just keep your traps shut-- check
that. Tony taught me an exercise
that will guarantee our mission's
a success. Close your eyes. Now!

Everyone shuts their eyes *tout de suite*.

FENTON
Put a picture in your mind of the
absolute worst day in your life.
Most of you know what day that is.
Make that picture dim and dark.

Different reactions: sorrow... anger... confusion...

FENTON
Now picture us as a complete team.
Triumphant. Mission accomplished.
All our petty bullshit gone... A
clean slate.

Their breathing starts to synch...

FENTON
Make that picture big and bright.
Now, pull it away from your face
like it's in a slingshot.

It looks like they're pulling on imaginary slingshots.

FENTON
When I tell you, let the slingshot
go. Push the hand toward your face.
Feel the new picture rush toward
you, smashing the old picture into
pieces. When it smashes through,
you say, "WHOOSH!" Real loud. Okay.
On three. One, two--

POP! WHUMP, WHUMP, WHUMP!

The Cooper skids off the road. Fenton looks out his window:

FENTON
You better have a spare, Ionesco.

GURPS
This mission be fucked, man.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

Flat fields everywhere. It must be Kansas.

Ionesco works the jack, raising the rear of the Cooper.
He's awfully quiet, most likely because--

Fenton's right there, ciggy in one hand, gun in the other.

GURPS

leans on the hood of the Cooper. He's using the clipboard,
and he's drawing something on a napkin.

COLDBEER

You get my package?

GURPS

Already had the book.

COLDBEER

It just came out.

GURPS

You and Sanjuro think alike.

Gurps glances up, then goes back to drawing.

POPS

closes the trunk and chews another Ativan-- he keeps his
gaze to the ground. Sanjuro conspires with him:

SANJURO

I heard "Asshole Von Fishdick" got
promoted. Again. It's time you told
the fuckin' truth.

POPS

It's not up to me to tell.

SANJURO

It isn't... fuckin' fair.

Pops gives Sanjuro a "no shit, it ain't fair" look.

SANJURO

(like she's winding down)
What the... fuck... happened to you?
You used to be so... fuckin' cool...
you made patrols... fuckin' bearable.

POPS

That's the sweetest thing I think
I've ever heard you say.

Sanjuro falls into Pops' arms and goes limp-- she's asleep.

GURPS

puts the finishing touches on his drawing.

COLDBEER

Did Sanjuro ever visit you?

GURPS

Told ya. You and Sanjuro think alike.

Wind whips. Gurps peers into the blackness-- is something out there? A dark figure swirls-- Gurps blinks: it's gone.

GURPS

You say somethin'?

COLDBEER

I said I don't know why I didn't visit.

GURPS

I know why.

Gurps hands Coldbeer the napkin.

GURPS

Just wish I could do more for you.

Gurps strolls away. Coldbeer looks at the drawing:

It's a portrait of Coldbeer: with both her eyes.

The Cooper thumps back to level ground. The flat's fixed.

POPS

Can I get some help here?

Coldbeer and Fenton go to Pops. He's holding Sanjuro up. Sanjuro snores like a buzzsaw.

COLDBEER

Those pills weren't antibiotics, were they, sir?

FENTON

Just help me get her in the car.

Coldbeer helps out. Pops eyes a road sign: TOPEKA 195 mi.

POPS

We're going to get Ikiru's journal?
If Sanjuro finds out, she'll--

FENTON

Why do you think I knocked her out?
I never said plan C'd be pretty.

Fenton places Sanjuro in the passenger seat.

COLDBEER

Any of the contacts in that journal'd be... it's been years, sir.

FENTON

Any asset of Ikiru's will know about Afsoon's plans.

POPS

There's gotta be another way.

FENTON

There is no plan D.

EXT. TOPEKA, KANSAS - SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Fenton and Coldbeer get out of the Cooper.

FENTON

Here's a chance to redeem yourself.
Get in and out. Nice and quiet.

Coldbeer looks in on Sanjuro: she's still asleep. Coldbeer joins Fenton, and they regard an unfriendly looking house.

COLDBEER

Haven't been here in a long time.

FENTON

Nothing's changed.

COLDBEER

For who?

INT. HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Coldbeer slides the window open with caution. She throws the curtains open to let the street light in. She sees--

a photo shrine to Ikiru. No pictures of Sanjuro anywhere.

Coldbeer scans the room. There, in a glass case: A canvas-covered journal, worn, dirty, flecks of blood on the cover.

Coldbeer reaches for the case-- then the light flicks on:

Coldbeer sees a flash of steel and ducks just in time to escape the bullets that spew from a pistol-- POP POP POP!

MAORI (50s), a combo of Sanjuro's severe face and Ikiru's strong gaze, aims her pistol at Coldbeer.

MAORI

Touch that case and you die.

COLDBEER

Take it easy. You know me, Maori.

MAORI

I know you're an intruder. And I won't miss a second time--

SANJURO (O.S.)

Put the gun down, mother.

Maori, furious, spins to face Sanjuro-- Coldbeer snatches the pistol from Maori--

Maori whips back around in counterattack mode-- Sanjuro grabs Maori from behind.

SANJURO

That's enough!

Maori buries her elbow into Sanjuro's gut.

SANJURO

(to Coldbeer)

Take the journal and go!

Coldbeer grabs the journal-- she goes out the window-- Maori tries to stop Coldbeer-- Sanjuro grabs Maori.

SANJURO

This is between you and me.

MAORI

There is no you and me anymore.

SANJURO

This is my home, too.

MAORI

Not since you dishonor me.

SANJURO

Ikiru didn't give me a choice! She pulled me away before I could--

Maori slaps Sanjuro-- Sanjuro grips Maori's arm.

MAORI

You were her big sister.

SANJURO

You weren't there.

MAORI

You weren't at her funeral.

SANJURO

Did you forget the part where you told me to stay away?

Sanjuro lets go of her mother's arm and descends the--

STAIRS

as Maori runs out of Ikiru's bedroom.

MAORI

Sanjuro! Did Ikiru suffer?

SANJURO

Suffering's for the living.

Sanjuro jogs down the stairs and out the--

FRONT DOOR

Sanjuro checks to see if anyone's watching: they're not, so she lets her pain erupt like a long-dormant volcano.

MAORI

sits on the stairs with her cell phone: tap, connect:

MAORI

They were here. And...

INT. CALLIOPE'S GLASS WALLED OFFICE - NIGHT

Kevin listens on a speakerphone.

MAORI (V.O.)

You were right. They took her journal.

KEVIN

And you copied it like I asked?

MAORI (V.O.)

Yes. You promise no harm comes to--

Kevin hangs up without answering. He pulls up Skype-- Calliope's face fills the screen-- she's in her car.

KEVIN

Go pick up those pages.

Kevin gets close to the screen.

KEVIN

And Calliope? Keep it simple, and quiet, or I will drone your ass.

INT. MINI COOPER - MOVING - NIGHT

Sanjuro's up front, asleep. She grips the pill bottle.

Coldbeer's in the back. She scans Ikiru's journal and stops at a page-- an eyebrow arches.

COLDBEER

Found a bomb maker for Afsoon. Guy named Lenny. He renounced terrorism, moved to Chicago in 2007, but Ikiru thought he was still active... he opened a restaurant, the Happy Halal. It won... "Best of the Taste"?

POPS

Taste of Chicago. Huge food festival. I used to go every summer. If Happy Halal won "Best of the Taste," Lenny'll be there. Restaurants flog those awards for all they're worth.

FENTON

Let's pay Lenny a visit. Rack out, everyone. I'll need you sharp.

Pops lies back, closes his eyes. Coldbeer leans forward.

COLDBEER

How do you do it, sir? Act like... like it's another day?

FENTON

You know better than anyone that your scars aren't always visible.

Coldbeer glances back at Pops-- she whispers:

COLDBEER

Sometimes I hate myself for letting him do what he did.

FENTON

When you get out, the army makes you return their equipment, but they let you hang onto the guilt you picked up during your tour. It doesn't mean you have to keep it.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - 2ND LEVEL - DAY

The group assembles behind the Cooper. They're dressed in cheap, gift-shop touristy clothes.

Fenton checks his pistol. Coldbeer, Sanjuro, and Pops do the same. Fenton turns to Ionesco with questioning eyes.

FENTON

Do I have to put you on a leash?

Ionesco stays silent. Then, before Fenton speaks again:

IONESCO

I'm sorry, did you want me to talk?
Or should I just blow the car?

Gurps pukes on Ionesco's shoes-- Ionesco jumps away.

GURPS

I need my meds. I need somethin'.

Pops pulls Ativan out of his fake leg and gives Gurps two.

POPS

(to Fenton)

I don't think he's ready.

GURPS

That's funny, comin' from you.

Pops takes two Ativan himself, then secures his leg.

The team looks out at The Taste of Chicago:

Acres of food tents... and throngs of tourists.

POPS

Nothing is ever easy.

SANJURO

Easy ain't no fuckin' fun.

GURPS

We need a big-ass distraction.

IONESCO

I can make big-ass smoke bombs.

(to Fenton)

No need for a leash. Sir.

SANJURO

Why the fuck're you helping us, Mr.
Breakin'-fuckin'-Bad?

COLDBEER

Does it really matter?

SANJURO

Why're you fuckin' butting in?

Fenton gets in between Coldbeer and Sanjuro.

FENTON

You two focus on the task at hand.

(to Ionesco)

Tell me what you need.

VARIOUS HANDS GRAB:

bug spray cans-- foil-- sparklers-- duct tape-- matches.

END HAND GRABBING

At--

AN ENTRANCE TO THE TASTE OF CHICAGO

the crew clocks the food tent map-- there-- Tent 99: The Happy Halal. Fenton hands Ionesco a shopping bag:

FENTON

Two for Halal, one for our escape.
Don't make me regret trusting you.

Ionesco grips the bag and hustles off.

Fenton does a recon: TWO SEGWAY COPS scan the area-- TWO BEAT COPS look hungry and bored-- nothing to worry about.

Ionesco pushes his way through the--

THOROUGHFARE

and navigates around fat Chicagoans and their soon to be fat kids. Ionesco gets to the Happy Halal and stops.

TO IONESCO'S LEFT

Fenton and Gurps watch, wary of Ionesco's prowess, while--

TO IONESCO'S RIGHT

Sanjuro scours the area for Coldbeer-- shit, she's buying a beer? Coldbeer shrugs off Sanjuro's withering gaze.

COLDBEER

Everyone's got a drug.

SANJURO

What's my fuckin' drug?

COLDBEER

Pissing people off.

Coldbeer sips her beer and watches the goings on at the--

HAPPY HALAL TENT

where Ionesco arrives. He sets the shopping bag down.

IONESCO

Say... is Lenny working today?

LENNY (50s), staid, thick 'stache, crosses his arms. FOUR KITCHEN HELPERS in the tent stop and scowl at Ionesco.

LENNY

Do I know you, my friend?

IONESCO

I've just heard so much about you,
Lenny. "Best of the Taste," right?

LENNY

You bet your ass, my friend.

Lenny points at his "Best of the Taste" plaque. Ionesco scratches his head while Lenny admires his plaque.

TO IONESCO'S LEFT

Fenton sees the scratch. He engages his radio:

FENTON

Target confirmed. Get ready.

TO IONESCO'S RIGHT

Coldbeer gives Pops the once-over, checking in.

POPS

My leg'll hold. And I took another
Ativan to hold the demons off.

Pops gives the thumbs up.

Coldbeer juts her chin at Sanjuro.

Sanjuro tucks chaw in her mouth and watches the--

HAPPY HALAL TENT

Ionesco points at a menu item. Lenny turns--

LENNY

Anita! Falafel on a stick.

ANITA (20s), white, freckled, decked out in chef's garb and a furry fanny pack, gives Lenny a curt nod.

Lenny's distracted-- Ionesco grabs two foil-wrapped bug spray cans with sparklers poking out of them from his bag.

Ionesco gets the matches--- puts flame to the sparklers-- and he hits the asphalt just before the cans blow to bits!

Lenny covers his face as smoke billows from the cans.

Tourists panic, except for ONE, who holds up a camera: SNAP!

The tourist captures the team hurling themselves through the smoke and into the tent.

Pops hop-runs around to the--

BACK OF THE HAPPY HALAL TENT

and catches the kitchen helpers and Anita running out of the tent-- Pops aims the taser and zaps Anita with it.

Anita crawls back in the tent. Pops follows her in...

Which is why he doesn't notice the dark sedan nearby.

The kitchen helpers get AR-15s from the sedan's trunk... turning them into KITCHEN KILLERS-- they prepare for war.

Back--

INSIDE THE HAPPY HALAL TENT

Sanjuro and Gurps guard the front of the tent-- Coldbeer and Pops keep an eye on Anita. Fenton gives Lenny a smack.

FENTON

Have you been a bad boy, Lenny?

LENNY

How dare you! I love America!

Anita lunges forward-- Coldbeer puts a pistol in Anita's face. Anita plops down on a cooler and fumes.

Meanwhile, on the--

THOROUGHFARE

Ionesco scans the area: something black heads his way. A Lexus appears through the smoke-- FOUR DUDES pile out.

The dudes pull automatics and .357s... turning them into LEXUS LIQUIDATORS. The Liquidators have murderous stares.

Ionesco hightails it back toward the--

HAPPY HALAL TENT

Fenton holds Lenny down. Gurps wallops Lenny.

FENTON

What kinda bomb did you make this time, and where is Afsoon gonna--

LENNY

I have done nothing!

IONESCO (O.S.)

Guys with guns!

Ionesco flies into the tent-- the Lexus Liquidators unload:

BRRRAP! Falafel disintegrates-- chickpeas rain on the team.

Two Liquidators push through the smoke--

Sanjuro jumps up-- POP POP! Two dead Liquidators. The other two Liquidators retreat into the smoke.

GURPS

(to Lenny)

You've done nothin', my ass.

Pops peeks out the back of the tent-- BRRRAP-- a fusillade of bullets from the Kitchen Killers makes Pops dive back in.

POPS

(to Fenton)

Go out the front, we'll hold them off back here. See you at the car.

The team splits up:

FENTON

shoves Lenny through the front of the tent-- Gurps and Sanjuro go with Fenton-- they get enveloped by the smoke.

Once Fenton's crew leaves--

POPS

readies his pistol as Coldbeer and Ionesco handle Anita.

Pops glances outside-- Kitchen Killers unload-- BRRRAP! Rounds thunk near the cooler Anita sits on-- she freaks:

ANITA

Don't shoot what you can't see!

POPS

How about telling them to stop the shooting altogether?

Anita shoves her hand in her fanny pack. Coldbeer grabs the fanny and roots through it. She holds up a flip phone:

COLDBEER

Who still uses a flip-phone?

ANITA

You better give me my fanny back!

Coldbeer coldcocks Anita-- she rolls to the ground for a nap.

POPS

Go! I'll cover you.

Pops fires low-- BANG BANG! Ionesco and Coldbeer take off-- Pops follows them out of the tent-- BANG BANG!

FENTON

and Gurps search the thoroughfare as Sanjuro leads Lenny by the neck. Gurps waves smoke away-- his eyes water, then:

Gurps stares: a woman dressed in black appears through the smoke. The face: obscured. She gets closer... Afsoon?

Gurps waves smoke away-- looks again-- no Afsoon. In her place: two Liquidators, searching for Gurps and the team.

Fenton pushes Gurps, Sanjuro, and Lenny inside a tent.

FENTON

We're out of time, Lenny. Give us
Afsoon's location. Now.

Lenny: wild-eyed and confused-- Sanjuro cocks her pistol--

LENNY

Ph- Philadelphia!

FENTON

Is there a Hyderabad House in Philly?

Lenny's face gives him away: that's a "yes."

Fenton, ecstatic:

FENTON

We've got her.

VOICE (O.S.)

Not quite.

The crew whips their heads around in unison-- what the...

GURPS

Cantaloupe?

Calliope tosses an Arby's wrapper in the trash can.

POPS

takes up the rear. Ionesco and Coldbeer fire on the run--
Kitchen Killers take cover. Pops: slow, but his leg holds.

The trio slaloms between storage containers, which is when
the Kitchen Killers jump up and let loose-- BRRRAP!

Pops' leg wobbles-- he falls, spins, and fires-- BANG BANG!

The shots, dead center, end a Kitchen Killer's life.

Pops looks pleased as Coldbeer helps him up-- they jet.

FENTON

covers Lenny's mouth-- Gurps looks perturbed.

GURPS

How the hell you find us, Cantaloupe?

CALLIOPE

Maori was very helpful.

SANJURO

My fuckin' mother sold us out?

Calliope dismisses Sanjuro and looks over at the others.

CALLIOPE

You're coming with me.

SANJURO

Gurps is staying right fuckin' here.

CALLIOPE

Gurps is a voluntary patient.

SANJURO

The fuck're you talkin' about?

CALLIOPE

I'm talking about delusional disorder.

She fixes her gaze... on Fenton.

CALLIOPE

I stuck my neck out for you, major,
and you made me look like a fool.

FENTON

You made yourself look like a fool
when you took their side. I couldn't
stay locked up. There were too many
lives at stake.

SANJURO

You two fucking know each other?

CALLIOPE

We both worked at the Pentagon, until
I had him committed to Walter Reed.

Fenton, furious, stands, which frees Lenny's mouth--

LENNY

Help! Help!

The Beat Cops hear Lenny's cries-- they wave smoke away
and catch sight of the team, but cry out in agony when--

Liquidators bust caps. The Beat Cops do death pirouettes.

Fenton unloads on the Liquidators-- they dive for cover--
Calliope pulls a six-shooter out of her bag--

VOICE (O.S.)

Put the gun down!

Calliope turns-- POP POP! Her eyes widen in shock, because she realizes she's just killed the Segway Cops.

POPS

and his buddies hurl themselves into traffic. The Kitchen Killers raise their rifles and BRRRAP-- BRRRAP-- BRRRAP--

A curtain of lead: windshields explode, tires pop, asphalt spits up-- sparks ignite-- blood and chaos on the street.

POPS

Eyes to the ground, eyes to the--
screw this, I gotta get outta here!

Pops serpentine toward the garage-- Coldbeer and Ionesco follow suit. Anita joins the Killers and starts blasting:

ANITA

Gimme back my goddamned fanny!

FENTON

scoots away from Calliope. Smoke hides the group.

CALLIOPE

Come with me, and I'll protect you.

FENTON

You're putting my mission at risk--

CALLIOPE

The mission's in your head!

Calliope tosses a file to Sanjuro. Sanjuro catches it and opens it-- her face falls as she peruses:

Major Fenton's Walter Reed file. On top: A photo of a wild-haired, red-eyed Fenton, caught in mid-scream.

FENTON

They pumped drugs into me, tried to make me look crazy. Anything to spare them the embarrassment of their failures.

A line under the picture catches Gurps' eye: "Irrational, unyielding belief in an impending terror attack..."

FENTON

We don't have time for fairy tales.
Afsoon is not getting away this time!

Fenton's interrupted by BANG BANG BANG!

Liquidators let loose-- BRRRAP! Sanjuro takes one in the arm-- Gurps gets grazed-- Lenny gets one in the head.

Gurps, Sanjuro, and Fenton hightail it during the chaos--

Calliope tosses her gun when she hears pistols cocking.

She turns around. The Liquidators level their guns at her.

POPS

catches up to Ionesco and Coldbeer on the garage's second level. He sees that the Mini Cooper has a front flat tire.

Coldbeer bends down to check the flat-- what's that? A blinking light? Coldbeer takes a box off the undercarriage.

SQUEAL! A behemoth of an SUV swerves to a stop, and Hank Halston jumps out, Glock at the ready.

Coldbeer holds up the box:

COLDBEER

A tracking device?

HANK

(to Ionesco)

It's a good goddamned thing I did it. I knew you was up to some shit, but working with these clowns?

POPS

Ionesco had nothing to do with this.

BANG! Hank lets off a round into Pops' leg. Pops rolls over. Coldbeer and Ionesco fire at Hank-- CLICK-- empty!

Hank pulls Coldbeer's shades off and crushes them.

HANK

Me and you got unfinished business.

ANITA (O.S.)

We know you're in here!

Hank, distracted, looks away-- then, CLINK, ROLL...

Hank looks down-- a foil-covered can? POP! Hank flails as smoke heaves-- Pops snatches the shotgun from the Cooper--

Hank waves smoke away-- Pops racks the shotgun--

BOOM! Shotgun pellets pepper Hank's legs-- he rolls away.

FENTON

leads Gurps and Sanjuro into the parking garage. Gurps and Sanjuro exchange a glance as they run-- translation:

The fuck're we gonna do about Fenton?

POPS

gets the gear out of the Cooper: Fenton's duffel bag-- some blue gym bag... that's new-- Pops tosses them in Hank's SUV.

Coldbeer REVS the SUV. Pops, Ionesco dive in. Rubber burns. Smoke swirls as Anita and the Kitchen Killers appear:

ANITA

Give me my fucking fanny!

BOOM! The rear windshield explodes from Pops' shotgun blast. Anita gets peppered with stray pellets.

The SUV makes the downhill ramp and-- shit! Coldbeer almost runs over Gurps, Fenton, and Sanjuro.

The SUV skids to a stop. Pops throws the back door open-- Fenton, Gurps, and Sanjuro dive in--

BANG BANG! An SUV window spiderwebs from Liquidator bullets.

Coldbeer rams the gas-- the exit gate splinters-- Hank's SUV swerves into the street. The team's outta there.

Calliope's not so lucky. The Liquidators hold her hostage.

INT. SUV - MOVING - DAY

Pops checks the tracking device from Ionesco's car-- he eyes the SUV's dash: a GPS system. A dot moves on the map.

Pops holds up the device-- Ionesco shrugs:

IONESCO

Drug dealers have trust issues.

Sanjuro glances over at Fenton. Worry...

SANJURO

You gotta tell the others, sir.

Fenton ignores Sanjuro and points at an alley--

FENTON

Pull in there. We gotta knock these shot-up windows out.

Coldbeer pulls in. Fenton and the crew pile out into the--

ALLEY

Fenton knocks out shards of glass with his pistol butt.

GURPS

The major knows Cantaloupe-- the
doctor-- from Colorado.

Gurps' words make Fenton freeze mid-swing.

SANJURO

She gave us this--

Sanjuro tosses Fenton's Walter Reed file to Pops. Pops and
Coldbeer discover Fenton's picture... shock...

Fenton blows it off-- he clears the rest of the rear
windshield out-- the team stays dumbstruck and immobile.

Fenton's had enough-- he whips around and snatches the file.

FENTON

This thing's filled with nothing but
lies and bullshit.

Everyone looks to Fenton: please... give us an explanation.

FENTON

The Pentagon knows Afsoon's here,
but they determined the attack's a
false alarm. Afsoon doesn't do false
alarms. She counts on our stupidity.
I wasn't gonna sit on it. They
locked me up. I broke out.

SANJURO

Why the fuck would the doctor lie?

FENTON

Why would she lie? Because she's a
government stooge, whose job was to
discredit me with fake photos, and
cockamamie stories about how it's
all in my head. You tell me--

Fenton points at Pops' fake leg--

FENTON

Is that in my head?

He points at Coldbeer's cloudy eye--

FENTON

Is that?

Fenton shoves the file in a dumpster.

FENTON

Lenny gave us Afsoon's location, or
was that in my head, too?

COLDBEER

If you'd told us this earlier--

FENTON

If I told you, none of you'd be here.
Tell you what, why don't all of you
leave right now?

Fenton: fed up, weary. He gets in the SUV and starts it.

FENTON

But if you do, think about if you
could live with yourself after the
attack.

GURPS

You trying to shame us?

IONESCO

You should be ashamed!

Sanjuro's gobsmacked by the unwitting "pattern interrupt."

IONESCO

(to Sanjuro)

You asked me why I'm helping you?

Ionesco rolls up his sleeve to show her a tattoo: Semper Fi.

IONESCO

(to Fenton)

You spared my life. I owe you.

Ionesco gets in the SUV. Shame fills the alley. One by one,
the others get in the SUV, too.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MAIN LEVEL - DAY

Liquidators, Killers, and Anita loom over Calliope.

ANITA

You killed Lenny. Now tell me why I
shouldn't kill you.

CALLIOPE

Kill Lenny? I don't even know Lenny.
Those idiots killed him, and I think
I know where they're headed.

HANK (O.S.)

I sure know what they're drivin'.

Anita watches Hank and his hand cannon head her way.

HANK

You're that crazy woman shoutin'
"give me my fuckin' fanny."

Liquidators and Killers aim their weapons at Hank-- Hank returns the favor-- Calliope cringes-- Anita sneers.

ANITA

Who in the hell are you?

HANK

Someone who wants to get aholda
those fucks's much as both of you.

ANITA

You act as if I should care.

Hank gestures toward Calliope.

HANK

Did you hear what she said, or are
you as deaf as you are stupid?

Bullets: imminent! Calliope gets between Anita and Hank.

CALLIOPE

Whoa! Stop! I think, If we can work
together, we can all get what we want.

ANITA

We've got guns. What do you have?

Calliope slowly gets her phone out-- tap, tap, Skype.

Kevin's furious face fills Calliope's phone screen:

KEVIN

This is how you do simple and quiet?
At least tell me you have him.

CALLIOPE

What I have is a plan to end this by
tomorrow. Show 'em your badge, Kevin.

Calliope turns the phone so Anita can see Kevin--

Anita's face suggests she's either scared or impressed.

CALLIOPE

The man on this phone can help us in
ways you can't imagine. So can we put
the guns down now, and talk?

Anita's posse and Hank lower their weapons.

ANITA

What is this plan of yours?

INT. SUV - MOVING - DAY

The SUV passes road signs for Dayton, Ohio.

IN THE BACK

Gurps, Sanjuro, Pops, and Coldbeer spread out amongst the ample back seats. Gurps scratches his arms-- he's jonesin'.

GURPS

Got any more pills, Pops?

Pops displays the hole in his fake leg.

POPS

Hank Halston shot my Ativan.

GURPS

You sure you don't got a stash?

POPS

I don't have anything for you!

Coldbeer and Sanjuro recoil at Pops' irritable outburst.

UP FRONT

Fenton navigates the holiday traffic. Ionesco counts ammo.

IONESCO

Two clips, five shotgun shells, and a taser with one cartridge left.

FENTON

Can't catch a damn break.

Ionesco: "light bulb over the head" moment.

IONESCO

I think we just did.

Ionesco probes under the seats-- yes!

Ionesco sets Hank's suitcase on his lap. Open Sesame-- mad stacks of \$100 bills. Fenton lets out a low whistle.

IN THE BACK

Gurps dry heaves. Pops shudders.

POPS

(to Gurps)

Go keep an eye on our six.

Gurps climbs in the trunk area. He watches their rear flank.

UP FRONT

Fenton side-eyes the money.

FENTON

All the money in the world doesn't
help us if we can't buy what we need.

IONESCO

It's Fourth of July. In Pennsylvania.

Fenton rolls it around in his head... then he gets it:

FENTON

Gun show. Roger that.

IN THE BACK

Pops grabs some duct tape and secures his leg to his stump.
Pops shakes... he's in a bad way, too... Ativan withdrawals.

COLDBEER

Shouldn't we should talk about it?

SANJURO

"It" being the fact that we decided
to throw our fuckin' lives away on a
mission that may not fuckin' exist?

COLDBEER

Wait. If there's no mission, why was
everyone trying to kill us back there?

SANJURO

To protect Lenny's fucking falafel
recipe? Who the fuck knows?

Pops sees Fenton's grim expression in the rear-view mirror.

POPS

I believe him-- I want to believe him--
don't we kinda have to believe him?

COLDBEER

What do you think, Gurps?

Gurps stares out the window. Dust and debris kick up from
the dry soil... Gurps locks his gaze on a blurry apparition.

POPS

I don't wanna hear Gurps' two cents.

SANJURO

What crawled up your fuckin' ass?

POW! The team flinches--

They all look over at a TEENAGER dropping M-80S out the window of a car. He's having the time of his life.

SANJURO
Fuckin' Fourth of July.

POW! Sanjuro winces-- she nurses a bleeding wound.

SANJURO
Should've fuckin' stayed in Chicago.

POPS
Nobody forced you to get in the SUV.

SANJURO
Tellin' the major to fuck off would make me look real fuckin' good.

COLDBEER
This isn't all about you.

SANJURO
Excuse me!?

UP FRONT

Fenton glances in the rear-view:

FENTON
The hell's goin' on back there?

IN THE BACK

Pops holds up his hands to cool Sanjuro off.

SANJURO
No, fuck that. She opens her damn mouth with no repercussions. We treat her with fuckin' kid gloves.

POW! Gurps jumps-- sweat flips off his forehead.

GURPS
Sir, the area be clear, but I haven't reconned this village.

POPS
Ease up on the crazy talk, Gurps.

Sanjuro balls her hands up, ready for a fist fight.

SANJURO
Fuckin' leave him alone, Pops.

Pops juts his thumb toward Gurps.

POPS

You wanna talk about treating
someone with kid gloves? Drop it.

SANJURO

Everyone loves to fuckin' shut me up.

COLDBEER

Can you please stop playing the
victim for once in your life?

SANJURO

You calling me a fuckin' victim?

Coldbeer's expression turns arctic. Pops: white as a sheet.

POPS

Let's all take a step back, here.

COLDBEER

No, I'd like to know what "Miss
Irascible" here is trying to say.

SANJURO

Oh, so now it's all about me?

Gurps: hypnotized by swirling dust: someone's there, then
not there. He shakes the cobwebs out-- focuses on the now.

GURPS

I thought you heard me...

POW! Gurps flashes wild eyes--

GURPS

I thought you heard me, Pops!

POPS

At ease, private!

(To Coldbeer and Sanjuro)

You two are not gonna play the
Oppression Olympics again.

SANJURO

I'm not playing a fuckin' game--

COLDBEER

That's right. You're just jealous
someone else got to play the martyr.

POPS

That's enough!

SANJURO

No. I think I wanna fuckin' play.

Coldbeer and Sanjuro look like boxers in the tenth round.

UP FRONT

Fenton white-knuckles the steering wheel.

FENTON
(to Ionesco)
Find out what's going on.

Ionesco climbs--

IN THE BACK

and tries to decipher the trio in a tense, angry staredown.

IONESCO
Hey... so... what's up?

SANJURO
Oh, nothing. We were just discussing
rape. Isn't that right, Coldbeer?

Coldbeer grabs Sanjuro by the throat-- Pops tries to pull them apart-- Sanjuro bares her teeth--

SANJURO
Look at Pops. White-fuckin'-knighting
for you. Again.

Shouts-- growls-- yells-- Gurps trembles in the back.

Ionesco, his face ashen, climbs--

UP FRONT

and sits next to Fenton. Fenton slaps the dash-- he wants to pull over, but he's boxed in by traffic.

IN THE BACK

Coldbeer claws her way over Pops to get to Sanjuro. Then, Coldbeer and Sanjuro: full on "out to kill each other."

UP FRONT

Fenton punches the gas to get around the car that's been dropping the M-80s. As he passes the car:

The teenager chucks another M-80 out of his window.

IN THE BACK

POW! The M-80 flips a switch in Gurps-- the dust worsens-- Gurps: sure now. Someone's outside... a woman...

And she definitely looks familiar.

Gurps puts Pops in a headlock as his fugue state worsens--

GURPS
It's her, one hundred percent!

SANJURO
(to Coldbeer)
You've always needed a fuckin' savior--

COLDBEER
That's rich coming from someone who's
only alive because Ikiru's a real hero.

Sanjuro intensifies the fight. Gurps squeezes Pops' neck:

GURPS
Listen to me!

Pops breaks free and unleashes suppressed rage:

POPS
You listen to me!

Headlights wash over the group as Fenton pulls in front of the car, just as the teenager tosses two M-80s in the air--

POPS
(to Gurps)
All you had to do was keep going, but
you slowed down and played right into
Afsoon's hands. We wouldn't in this
mess if you hadn't've fucked up!

POW! POW!

GURPS
Afsoon!

Gurps hurls himself through the bashed-out rear window.

HIGHWAY

Gurps thuds on the car's hood-- the car screeches to a stop. Gurps lands hard on the road, which knocks him back to:

AFGHANISTAN, 2008

Gurps gets up. His eyes blaze with fear. The front half of their armored Humvee's aflame. Chaos reigns.

Gunfire pings around Gurps. Pops and Coldbeer pile out of the Humvee, their rifles at the ready-- Gurps' eyes widen:

GURPS
Incoming!

BOOM BOOM BOOM! Rocket launchers take out the two five-ton trucks before the privates can get out. Gurps cries out--

Fenton's Hummer pulls around the wreckage. The Hummer stops short of running Gurps over--

HIGHWAY

The M-80 car swerves around Gurps and speeds off.

Fenton whips the SUV to the shoulder of the road as--

Gurps stumbles around the highway-- brakes squeal-- echoes of gunfire rings out in Gurps' ears-- Gurps looks back--

AFGHANISTAN, 2008

and sees Fenton, Sanjuro, and Ikiru take cover behind their armored Hummer. Fenton motions to Gurps, Pops, and Coldbeer.

GURPS

I'll cover you!

Pops and Coldbeer, on the move-- Gurps fires-- he howls as the bullet casings eject like metal confetti from his rifle.

HIGHWAY

Fenton hears Gurps howl as he jumps out of the SUV. Fenton races toward Gurps. Gurps, dodging cars, cries out--

GURPS

Ikiru!

AFGHANISTAN, 2008

Gurps watches a grenade arc over the Hummer and land near Sanjuro, Ikiru, and Coldbeer-- Sanjuro sees it land.

SANJURO

Grenade!

Sanjuro bends down to smother the grenade--

Ikiru grabs Sanjuro from behind and yanks her backwards--

Sanjuro spins away-- Ikiru throws herself onto the grenade--

WHUMP!

Ikiru's body lifts off the ground-- Sanjuro screams--

Coldbeer's eye disappears from slashing shrapnel--

Gurps tumbles backwards from the shockwave--

HIGHWAY

Fenton grabs Gurps and tosses him to the road's shoulder.

GURPS

My ears're bleedin', I can't--

Gurps rolls over and sees--

AFGHANISTAN, 2008

a mine in the dirt.

Before he can react, something else catches Gurps' eye:

It's Pops racing toward him.

HIGHWAY

Pops climbs out of the SUV--

Gurps holds up his hands--

GURPS

Pops, stay where you are!

AFGHANISTAN, 2008

Gurps' voice doesn't carry over the incessant gunfire and roaring fires. Pops keeps coming-- Gurps waves his arms--

GURPS

Pops! Eyes to the ground---

BOOM!

Pops' leg rips away from his body as he steps on the mine-- blood and bone sprays Gurps-- Pops collapses.

HIGHWAY

Gurps howls and crawls toward a stunned Pops.

GURPS

Goddamnnit, what'd I tell you, Pops?
Eyes to the ground. Hang on, I'll--

AFGHANISTAN, 2008

Bullets pockmark the dirt around Gurps and Pops.

GURPS

*I'll get your leg, Pops, soon as they
stop shootin'-- so much blood...*

HIGHWAY

Coldbeer and Sanjuro get out and stand behind Pops.

A truck horn blares-- Gurps screams-- the others flinch.

GURPS

I can't get it, Pops-- I know I
promised, I...

Fenton and Ionesco run over to Gurps. Pops, Sanjuro, and
Coldbeer stay put-- they're stuck in a cement of fear.

GURPS

I saw Afsoon. I took my eyes off the
road for a fuckin' second. I should've
seen 'em comin'. I thought you heard
me, Pops. I'm so sorry, Sanjuro...

Gurps reaches out to Coldbeer. She's too far away to touch.

GURPS

Coldbeer. They took too much from you.

Coldbeer looks away. Her hands tremble.

GURPS

It's on me... it's all on...

Gurps' shouts devolve into sobs. Fenton and Ionesco lift
Gurps up and carry him to the trunk of the SUV.

Coldbeer walks like an automaton and gets in the SUV.

INSIDE THE SUV

Pops climbs in the trunk with Gurps-- he grabs the pills
that knocked Sanjuro out in Kansas and gives Gurps one.

GURPS

Eyes to the ground, Pops. You stayed
put this time. You really heard me.

Pops: devastated. He pulls Gurps into a hug. Gurps sobs.

Coldbeer catches Fenton's look-- she covers her bad eye
with her hand. She's shaking more than Gurps was.

COLDBEER

Let me out at the next town. I'd rather
take my chances than stay here.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Rural. Deserted. A Greyhound stop sits beside the station.

INSIDE THE SUV

Fenton watches Ionesco walk into the gas station.

Coldbeer's absence makes Sanjuro stare at the floor.

FENTON

Sanjuro, what I'm about to say will undoubtedly piss you off. Look at me.

Sanjuro half-glances at him.

FENTON

Tony says that for real change to happen, you have to see things the way they really are. And you are a goddamned grenade. Someone pulls your pin, and you blow everything to bits.

Sanjuro locks eyes with Fenton.

FENTON

Put the pin back in the grenade.

Fenton gets out of the SUV. Sanjuro opens the door when--

GURPS

(from the trunk area)

I never got to put my two cents in.

Gurps spots Fenton pumping gas. He points at Fenton:

GURPS

You know who that is? That is Sarah Connor in Terminator Two. They put Connor's ass in a loony bin, 'cause they thought she was nuts, but she wasn't. Cyborgs was after they ass. And what'd she do? She saved the world. Just like Fenton will. Word.

SANJURO

Terminator Two's a fuckin' movie.

Sanjuro throws the door open and gets out of the SUV.

GURPS

You understand, dont'cha?

Pops lays his hand on Gurps' chest.

POPS

We have to kill Afsoon. For Fenton. For us. Does that about cover it?

Satisfied with the answer, Gurps falls asleep in Pops' arms.

INSIDE THE GAS STATION

Ionesco pushes through the doors, heads for the--

REFRIGERATED SECTION

and pulls up short when he sees Coldbeer perusing the beer section. It's a cramped, uncomfortable space...

IONESCO

I came in here to--

COLDBEER

After the Afsoon ambush, Pops and I spent some time in the hospital. Then, one night...

Coldbeer points to her bad eye.

COLDBEER

One night, a guy comes up on my blind side and puts his hand over my mouth. Didn't matter, with all the screaming that went on in there.

She reaches in and grabs a can of Miller High Life.

COLDBEER

Before he could... finish, Pops comes into the room, and he nearly beat the guy to death. With his fake leg.

DING! The gas station door opens.

Coldbeer downs the High Life.

COLDBEER

It's a good thing Pops didn't kill him. Otherwise he would've done life instead of a year at Leavenworth.

Ionesco looks confused. Coldbeer clarifies:

COLDBEER

I didn't report the rape, so Pops refused to say why he did it. Pops got court martialed, the asshole got promoted, and I let my best friend burn to save me from looks like the one you're giving me now.

Ionesco wants to protest-- Coldbeer holds up a hand.

COLDBEER

It's not your fault. It's Fenton's
for sending you in here without
knowing what you were up against.
It's too late for rah-rah speeches.
Tell Fenton his "neutral mediator"
ploy failed--

IONESCO

Fenton didn't send me... I came in
here for a Coke and some cigarettes.

Awkward level: one thousand.

SANJURO (O.S.)

He sent me to fuckin' get you back.

Ionesco jumps: there's Sanjuro, holding a small bag.

SANJURO

(to Ionesco)

Get your Coke and get the fuck outta
here. And pay for Coldbeer's shit.

Coldbeer plucks another High Life from the cooler.

OUTSIDE THE SUV

Fenton finishes pumping gas. Ionesco sidles up to him.

FENTON

We're pushing our luck with this SUV.
Have to get new wheels in the morning.

IONESCO

You think Gurps's gonna be okay?

FENTON

Those doctors messed with his head.

IONESCO

I meant for the mission.

Ionesco offers Fenton a cigarette.

REFRIGERATED SECTION

Sanjuro squirms while Coldbeer chugs her High Life.

COLDBEER

I could've stopped that guy by myself.

SANJURO

I know. Pops knows that, too. He just
had a leg up on you that day.

Coldbeer arches an eyebrow-- she almost smiles, but then--

COLDBEER
I'm still not coming back.

SANJURO
What I said, it was fuckin' low.

COLDBEER
What I said was lower. Families know pressure points. It's why you have to stay away from your family sometimes.

Coldbeer takes a long pull from the can.

COLDBEER
Why are you staying with them?

SANJURO
Did you like what you were doing in Colorado?

COLDBEER
Yes. I think I did.

SANJURO
That must be why you drink so much.
All that fuckin' celebrating.

Sanjuro's knows she's stepped in it. Coldbeer's look says: conversation over. Sanjuro hands Coldbeer the small bag.

SANJURO
Something for your trip.

Coldbeer takes the bag. It crinkles.

SANJURO
I'm staying because I can't leave those idiots on their own. As far as the "Oppression Olympics" goes?

Sanjuro pulls Coldbeer into a hug.

SANJURO
We both won gold medals, but we have to withdraw from the competition.

Sanjuro lets go.

SANJURO
I thought survivor's guilt was a load of horseshit. Shows what I know.

Sanjuro leaves-- once she's out of sight, Coldbeer opens the bag Sanjuro handed her and looks inside.

BY THE GREYHOUND STOP

Ionesco and Fenton sit on a bench. They smoke for a bit.

FENTON

Why were you cooking meth?

IONESCO

The military's like prison. Once you're out, you're on your own. Meth or McDonald's. Not much of a choice.

Fenton looks over at the SUV.

FENTON

I don't know what to expect tomorrow.

IONESCO

I know it's impossible to fill Gurps' or Coldbeer's shoes. But I'll try.

Fenton flicks his cigarette away and gives Ionesco a nod.

INSIDE THE SUV

Fenton and Ionesco get in. Fenton glances back at Sanjuro.

Her expression says everything Fenton needs to know.

Fenton pulls away from the gas pumps-- he hits the brakes when Coldbeer steps in front of the SUV.

Coldbeer gets in the SUV. She opens the bag Sanjuro gave her, and pulls out... a new pair of sunglasses.

Coldbeer slides them on-- she's whole again.

COLDBEER

Let's kill us a fuckin' terrorist.

INT. PHILADELPHIA - GUN SHOW - DAY

The bright sun shines through a window onto a gaudy banner: "GUN SHOW TODAY! HAPPY 4th! GO AMERICA! GO PHILLIES!"

Fenton and Ionesco cruise the patriotically painted aisles.

IONESCO

Look for rovers with backpacks.

Fenton spots some LADIES strolling with backpacks on. They carry AR-15s. On the back of their backpacks? Prices.

IONESCO

Private dealers, which means--

FENTON
No IDs or background checks--

IONESCO
Like the Founding Fathers intended.

Fenton hands Ionesco some cash.

FENTON
Better than a meth lab, yeah?

IONESCO
Better than McDonald's, sir.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Ionesco and Fenton stand at the curb with their new gear.
They gawk at their new ride: a busted-up minivan.

SANJURO
Beggars with no fuckin' ID can't
be choosers. Just get the fuck in.

INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT

The neighborhood: abandoned-- dirty-- busted street lights.

Fenton peers through high-powered binoculars: a few blocks down
the road... on the corner...

Hyderabad House. Neglected. Ominous.

Plastic bags crackle--

Sanjuro holds up some body armor: it's in pink camouflage.

SANJURO
What a fuckin' fashion statement.

Fenton holds up the drawing of Afsoon.

FENTON
(to Gurps)
Can you hold it together? We need
you in the room to identify her.

GURPS
Don't know what I'd do with a gun in
my hand. I'm sorry, sir--

FENTON
Okay. We'll bring Afsoon out, you give
us a nod, we'll turn her lights out.

Gurps hangs his head... disappointed... Sanjuro nudges him.

SANJURO
Your nod'll be the bullet that kills
Afsoon. That's fuckin' important.

FENTON
Roger that. Let's rock and roll.

EXT. STREET - BY THE MINIVAN - NIGHT

The team's rifles and shotguns are ready. They're decked out in black... with splashes of pink body armor.

POPS
I'll be right behind you.

The group takes off. Pops reaches for the minivan's door.

INSIDE THE MINIVAN

Pops sticks his head in.

POPS
Gimme your Viking drawing. Part of
you's gotta be in there with us.

Gurps gives up the Viking drawing, and they fist bump.

Pops goes back onto the--

STREET BY THE MINIVAN

and hop-races forward. His hands shake... he's losing it a bit... he rapid fires his mantra off for extra strength:

POPS
Eyes to the ground, eyes to the
ground-- eyes to the ground--

FRONT OF HYDERABAD HOUSE

The team: at the front door. Fenton puts his ear to it... nothing. Fenton hands Ionesco one of their two radios.

FENTON
Go through the rear entrance. Click
the radio twice when you're in place.

Ionesco slinks away-- then the team converges on Fenton.

SANJURO
Before we do this thing, sir--

COLDBEER
We wanted to thank you.

Fenton gets the gist.

FENTON
I was just doing my job.

POPS
The Medal of Honor says different--

The moment cracks: two radio squawks come over the radio.
Fenton uses his shotgun stock to break a window in the door.

HALLWAY

Fenton pushes the door open. The team sneaks in behind him.
Pitch black. Fenton flicks on a flashlight.

The unit moves in diamond formation on the balls of their feet. They scoot down the hall and reach the--

PRAYER ROOM

where the light from Fenton's flashlight flickers over colorful carpet. Fenton sweeps the room. THUNK! Lights on.

Oh, no. How can this be? There's--

Ionesco on his knees. Hank holds a gun to Ionesco's head.

Calliope stands defiant. A satchel sits in front of her.

Calliope disarms Fenton in the blink of an eye and shoves the barrel of Fenton's shotgun into his back.

CALLIOPE
Hear me out. If you're not convinced
by the end, then kill me.

Tension...

Coldbeer and Sanjuro rack their weapons and aim.

POPS
Talk fast.

CALLIOPE
Take the iPad out of my bag.

Sanjuro and Coldbeer cover Pops as he lowers his weapon and grabs the iPad. Tap-- the screen comes to life:

IPAD VIDEO

An office: Calliope behind her desk, Fenton sitting on the other side, gesturing and pointing and talking fast.

There's no sound for the video, so Calliope narrates:

CALLIOPE (O.S.)

When Fenton came to the Pentagon, he talked nonstop about Afsoon, so they sent him to me unofficially. I tried everything to take his mind off it.

Fenton's handed a package. He opens it:

Tony Robbins CDs.

CALLIOPE (O.S.)

But it only got worse.

The video changes: Fenton's shouting, getting in Calliope's face-- agents hold Fenton back-- the video cuts to black.

PRAYER ROOM

Fenton squirms under Calliope's foot.

FENTON

You brainwashed quack--

CALLIOPE

Before I could get him help for his delusional disorder, he...

Calliope gestures to the iPad. Pops taps the play button.

IPAD VIDEO

Fenton: at a filing cabinet. He jams files into a backpack, looks around the room with wild eyes, and sneaks away.

CALLIOPE (O.S.)

When he stole the files, they started listening, just not the way he'd hoped.

Fenton gets swarmed by armed agents and gets tackled.

Pops taps the iPad and pauses the video:

Fenton's face on the video-- frozen in unbridled fury.

PRAYER ROOM

Sanjuro aims her rifle at Calliope's head.

SANJURO

So he took Afsoon's fuckin' file. If it was bullshit, what did it matter?

CALLIOPE

It wasn't just Afsoon. He stole files on every sleeper cell in America. Years of intel that could blow agent's covers if they were released to the public.

FENTON

Bullshit. There were no agents, and the Pentagon'd be toast if the country found that out-- they're gonna let the Afsoon attack happen to justify their existence and cover their asses!

Calliope jams the shotgun into Fenton's back to quiet him.

CALLIOPE

They were going to kill him. I used what influence I had to stop them. He needed help. They allowed me to commit him to Walter Reed. I wish he'd've stayed there.

SANJURO

Lenny told us about this fuckin' place.

CALLIOPE

Lenny said Philadelphia. Fenton said Hyderabad House. I was there. Remember?

COLDBEER

Why would he tell us Philadelphia?

CALLIOPE

Because you were about to kill him?

POPS

The people watching us in Colorado--

CALLIOPE

Did you see anyone? Or did Fenton say you were being watched?

FENTON

Don't listen to her, she's working with Afsoon, don't you see that?

CALLIOPE

I had to clean up my own mess. Just me. I knew he needed Gurps to ID Afsoon, so they put me at Gurps' hospital in case something like this debacle happened--

FENTON

She's not telling the truth!

CALLIOPE

You want the truth?

Calliope nods at the iPad. Pops taps it. He goes white.

CALLIOPE (O.S.)

The truth is, Afsoon's dead.

The team gapes at the horrific autopsy photos of Afsoon. Afsoon's pale face in the photos matches Gurps' drawing.

PRAYER ROOM

Fenton growls-- Calliope presses on his back.

CALLIOPE

She's been dead for years. And Fenton knows it.

FENTON

Anyone can fake a photo-- you never showed me her corpse.

CALLIOPE

(to Pops)

You can't stop the tape running in his head. He'd have to personally watch Afsoon die. It's too late for that. But it's not too late for you.

Calliope pulls Fenton to his knees.

CALLIOPE

Let me out of here with Fenton, and I'll get him the help he needs. If you keep quiet about this, the Pentagon'll clean your slates. It'll be like this weekend never happened. You have my word. Decide.

The team refuses to meet Fenton's withering stare.

IONESCO

You're gonna betray him for a get out of jail free card?

Hank cracks Ionesco on his head and drags him away.

SANJURO

The fuck?

CALLIOPE

He's going with his boss. Sometimes you have to make a deal with the devil for the good of the country.

Pops meets Fenton's desperate gaze.

POPS

You look so--

CALLIOPE

Normal? That's why he's so dangerous. Look at this weekend. How many people do you think were killed in Chicago?

Calliope zip ties Fenton's hands behind his back.

FENTON

(to Pops)

The government discards people like us, you know that better than anyone. You were right, they didn't show us gratitude, but we can change that.

The team wants to crawl inside a hole.

FENTON

I brought you all back from the dead. Twice. How could you do this to me?

Calliope sticks a hypodermic needle into Fenton. He's out. Calliope puts Fenton over her shoulder and lumbers away.

Sanjuro puts pressure on the trigger of her rifle, but Coldbeer grabs Sanjuro's hand and pulls it off the trigger.

Something tumbles out of Fenton's pocket.

The trio's mortified when they see what fell out:

It's the Medal of Honor.

BACK OF HYDERABAD HOUSE

Calliope carries Fenton out the door. She watches Hank snap punch Ionesco. Ionesco goes rag doll, asleep by fist.

CALLIOPE

Find your own way home.

HANK

Bullshit, lady. That prick on your shoulder knows where my shit is.

CALLIOPE

Christ-- let's drop these "pricks" in my car, and then we'll take a walk and find your SUV, which, I'm sure, is close by.

PRAYER ROOM

Sanjuro paces around like a cloud of wasps-- Coldbeer sits and hangs her head-- Pops studies Fenton's Medal of Honor.

SANJURO

We just praised the major to the fuckin' heavens, and you just fuckin' let him go?

COLDBEER

You think I wanted to?

POPS

That doctor could really help him.

SANJURO

We should be fuckin' helping him!

COLD BEER

How? Put him on a leash? He's gonna be chasing Afsoon forever.

SANJURO

We could convince him--

POPS

Helping the major's a fantasy! We have to live in the real world. They offered all of us a clean slate, and after that bloodbath in Chicago, we all need to take it. No exceptions.

Pops looks to Coldbeer. She gives a near-imperceptible nod. Pops turns to Sanjuro. Sanjuro... resigned. She nods, too.

FRONT OF HYDERABAD HOUSE

Calliope carries Fenton, Hank drags Ionesco.

HANK

Crazy boy goes back to a padded cell, eh?

CALLIOPE

Fenton goes back to Walter Reed, and I get my career back. What they do to him there is not my concern anymore.

HANK

What about your word?

CALLIOPE

I lied. It's what the government does best. As for the others in there...

She and Hank turn the corner to regard:

Anita, three Kitchen Killers, and two Lexus Liquidators.

CALLIOPE

(to Anita)

I got what I needed. Get your "fucking fanny," and then, your government would be eternally grateful if you'd kindly--

Anita and her deadly posse locks and loads.

CALLIOPE

Clean their slates.

MINIVAN

Gurps squints-- what's that? He grabs the binos and sees:

Cantaloupe shutting a car door-- huh? Hank's with her?

Gurps shifts the binos-- aw, hell no:

Cantaloupe's with those fanny bastards? Shit-- the killers are heading inside Hyderabad House-- shit, shit, shit--

Gurps searches the van-- he tears bags open-- there it is! He grabs what he was looking for. Then, he steels himself.

PRAYER ROOM

The team heads for the hallway but get startled when--

the room falls back into darkness. Fenton's flashlight on the carpet provides the only illumination.

The team hears pairs of boots STOMP down the hall.

ANITA (O.S.)
Give me my fucking fanny!

Rifles vomit lead-- BRRRAP! Plaster walls crumble. Pops and Sanjuro take chest hits-- they tumble.

Coldbeer blasts holes in walls-- gunpowder hovers like dust motes-- Anita and her posse jump back into the hall.

NEAR THE MINIVAN

Gurps, clad in black with pink body armor, sneaks down the sidewalk, a plastic bag in one hand, a taser in the other.

Gurps hears the automatic gunfire-- he moves faster, but he ducks when Hank and Calliope pass nearby.

HANK
I'm gonna beat those pricks 'till they
tell me where my fuckin' ride is.

CALLIOPE
There's a few more streets to check.

Gurps checks the taser, weighs his options: take them now? No, too risky. When they're out of sight, Gurps huffs it.

PRAYER ROOM

Pops and Sanjuro gasp for air-- the bullets hit their vests.

A Liquidator runs in-- Coldbeer's aims-- CRACK, CRACK-- two to the Liquidator's head-- he does the back flip of death.

POPS
How'd you find us?

ANITA (O.S.)
We followed the scent of asshole.

SANJURO
Step into this fuckin' room. Please!

From the rear entrance, the remaining Liquidator unloads.
Flame flashes-- Sanjuro's vest absorbs a shot to the chest.
Coldbeer takes one in her side-- they howl and return fire.
Pops fires into the flashing void at the Liquidator as--
Anita clears the hall and flips into the room!

Anita opens fire on Pops-- flames dance-- Pops' back fills
with lead-- two bullets thunk into his real leg.

Sanjuro aims, fires-- BANG BANG!

Anita dives back into the hallway.

Coldbeer fires at the rear entrance-- BRRRAP!

FRONT OF HYDERABAD HOUSE

Gurps hustles to the front door, but stops. He looks back
at Calliope's car. Crap: Fenton and Ionesco are in the car?

PRAYER ROOM

Coldbeer leans against the wall. Her rifle shakes-- blood
trickles from her side. Oh, no:

One of the bullets got through Coldbeer's vest.

Sanjuro checks Pops: squashed bullets fill Pops' armor, but
none got through. His thigh, though? Not so lucky.

COLDBEER
All this for a fanny pack?

ANITA (O.S.)
You'll die because of Lenny. But if you
have my fanny, I'll kill you quicker--

SANJURO
Stop fuckin' sayin' fanny!

ANITA (O.S.)
Fanny, fanny, fanny--

Sanjuro unloads her clip-- BRRAP!

CALLIOPE'S CAR

Gurps tries the door. Locked. He peers into the window:
Fenton and Ionesco, knocked out. He pounds on the window.

PING, PING! Gunshots ricochet off the car's roof-- Gurps
splays out on the ground. He reaches into the plastic bag.

HANK (O.S.)

Get away from the fucking car!

POP POP-- more gunshots from Hank-- Gurps drops the now
empty plastic bag and sprints for the front door of--

HYDERABAD HOUSE

Gurps rolls his shoulders-- knock, knock-- the door opens
and a Killer steps out-- he comes face-to-face with Gurps--

Taser time-- ZZZZZZZZZ-- the Killer goes stiff as a board--

GURPS

Shocked to see my ass?

Gurps snatches the Killer's rifle-- he grabs the Killer's
neck: twist, SNAP, collapse. Gurps kills the Killer.

Gurps creeps inside the--

HALLWAY

and sneaks up behind Anita and two Killers.

GURPS

Merry Fourth 'o July, muthafuckas!

Gurps lights up the hallway-- bullets ricochet--

The Killers' chests flower like wet roses--

Anita gets pinged in the ass--

GURPS

Black Steven Seagal in the house!

Anita stumbles from the ass shot and flails into the--

PRAYER ROOM

where she's greeted with gunfire from Sanjuro.

Anita scampers across the carpet-- she gets hit again-- she
rolls toward the rear entrance and screams as she escapes.

Yellow flowers of fire pulse as the last Liquidator empties
his clip and backs out through the rear entrance.

Coldbeer falls on her face-- her shades crack in two.

Gurps creeps in the room-- he surveys the area:
 Blood and shell casings everywhere.
 Coldbeer's passed out.
 But they're alive.

INT. MINIVAN - MOVING - NIGHT

Gurps speeds down the road. The moribund crew moan.
 Sanjuro lifts Coldbeer's vest... blood. Lots of it.

SANJURO

It's bad.

GURPS

They'll arrest us if we go to a damn
 hospital-- shit, ain't got a choice--

COLDBEER

Find a vet...

Coldbeer passes out from the pain. Sanjuro holds her.

EXT. STRIP MALL - NIGHT

The minivan rolls toward the only place with the lights on:
V.F.W. Hall 5114 Dedicated to Those Who Served In All Wars.

INT. VFW HALL - NIGHT

VETS of every age, color, and gender pack the place. They
 carouse and sing along to "Proud to be an American."

GURPS (O.S.)

Haaaaaaaaaay!

The vets turn-- there's Gurps: wild eyes-- pink camo on--

GURPS

There a medic in the house?

One hand raises amongst the throng of veterans.

BACK OF VFW HALL - MAKESHIFT DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Sanjuro cradles her gauze-covered arm.

Coldbeer and Pops lay out on a countertop, in poor shape.

SANJURO

You built this place, Mooney?

MOONEY (50s), Vietnam War gaze, works on Pops and Coldbeer.

MOONEY

Ain't easy gettin' a VA appointment,
so they come here. I do what I can.

Gurps busts in with Hank's suitcase. He motions to a box:
"Clothing Drive For Homeless Vets."

GURPS

Gonna need clothes. In exchange--

He takes cash out of the suitcase and hands it to Mooney.

GURPS

Get whatever you need.

Sanjuro grabs an MC Hammer T-shirt and puts it on.

SANJURO

Looks like the '90s crawled into
this fuckin' box and died.

Sanjuro leaves. Mooney runs a scalpel under hot water.

MOONEY

(to Gurps)

This might take a while, brother. Get
yourself a drink. I'll come get ya.

MAIN VFW HALL - LATER

There's a stage with a mic in the back. A VET waxes poetic:

VET

Civilians think I'm crazy when I tell
'em the best time of my life was in
the Army. I'd give my right arm to re-
enlist. Oh...

She holds up her prosthetic right arm. Howls of laughter.

BY THE BAR

Sanjuro sips a double whiskey. Gurps gulps coffee.

SANJURO

It's the Island of Misfit Toys in
here. Everyone's all... "happy." So
annoying. What war were they in? The
war on sobriety?

GURPS

You sound better when you don't say
"fuck" all the time. You ain't got
nothin' to prove to no one. Ikiru's
gone, we're here, like it or not.

Sanjuro pulls out a tin of tobacco. She studies it.

SANJURO

Were you really in the nuthouse voluntarily?

GURPS

Not at first, you know that. But those meds... I just couldn't think. Heaven, man. Then... shit got let loose. I hope it don't happen again.

SANJURO

I won't let it.

Sanjuro tosses the chewing tobacco in the trash.

SANJURO

You're right. That stuff tasted like fuckin' shit. And I will say "fuck" if I want to. Like it or not.

GURPS

Bet.

MAKESHIFT DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Pops sits on the counter-- real leg bandaged up, fake leg freshly duct taped. He limps over to the clothing box.

Pops reaches in for new clothes, but before he changes, he reaches into his pocket: there's Gurps' Viking drawing.

Gurps and Sanjuro steady Coldbeer: she's awake, but pale.

GURPS

What about her pain?

Mooney nods-- he pulls out a pill bottle and shakes it.

MOONEY

One a these'll make you feel like Superman.

COLDBEER

Where'd Pops go?

From the main hall:

POPS (O.S.)

Can I get everyone's attention?

COLDBEER

Oh, my God.

GURPS

(to Mooney)

How many pills you give the man?

MAIN VFW HALL

Pops taps the mic on the stage-- FEEDBACK-- there's Pops: drugged out, and wearing a T-shirt that says "I'm With Stupid-->"

POPS
Hello. People call me Pops, 'cause
I was commissioned at the ripe old
age of twenty-six.

Gurps helps Coldbeer, who wears an "I'm With Stupid<--" T-shirt, into the main room to sit down. Mooney and Sanjuro follow.

Pops holds up Gurps' Viking drawing and points at Gurps.

POPS
My brother Gurps drew this. It's
the members of our platoon that
survived an ambush. We'd all be
dead if Major Fenton hadn't risked
everything to... to...

Pops assesses the drawing.

POPS
When I saw this, I thought Gurps
had lost his freakin' mind. Which
was understandable, since he was
in the loony bin at the time.

Laughter and backslaps among the vets.

POPS
Then I remembered I told him one
night about this book that I was
reading, about these Norse warriors
who fought for this god named Odin.

Pops puts the drawing away.

POPS
During peacetime, people called the
warriors useless. But when Odin
called them into battle, man, they
became invincible. They racked up a
body count with nothing but a dull
sword, and they thirsted for me.

Sanjuro makes her way to the front of the crowd.

POPS
Odin called them the *hamsacks*. In
English, it means "The Berzerkers."

Pops wobbles-- Gurps jumps up and steadies him.

POPS

I thought it was a cool fairy tale,
so I told Gurps here about 'em 'cause
he's the king of role-playing nerds.

Laughter from the crowd. Gurps shrugs his shoulders.

POPS

But when I saw his drawing, really saw
it, I realized it wasn't a fairy tale.
I think that everyone here knows what
I'm talking about.

War cries from everyone in the hall:

POPS

Odin called those warriors Berzerkers
with respect. He understood that you
had to be some kind of crazy to take
a life. So the next time a civilian
calls you crazy, you think of Odin,
and you tell them, "Hell yes, I am!"

More war cries--

POPS

And Odin's warriors knew it wasn't
about what they were fighting for. It
was about who they were fighting *with*.

The decibel level doubles--

POPS

That's why you can never leave one of
your own behind, no matter the cost.
Otherwise, to them, out there, we're
useless. And none of us are useless.

He raises his arms in victory:

POPS

We're fuckin' Berzerkers.

The roars from the vets rock the rafters.

Gurps and Sanjuro each take Pops by the hand. They push
through backslaps and hair musses, all of which hurt.

POPS

Let's go get Odin back.

SANJURO

Fuck yes! I'll fuckin' shoot my way
through Walter Reed if I have to--

GURPS

Maybe we don't gotta do that.

He holds up Hank's GPS, which gives the location of:

POPS

The Cooper's tracking device?

GURPS

I saw Cantaloupe send those killers in, I thought, what the fuck I gotta lose? So I put that shit on her car.

They check the screen: A dot marks a location. Could it be?

POPS

The doctor sicced that fanny woman on us. Why didn't you tell us earlier?

GURPS

I was gonna give the tracker to the cops, man. I didn't think none a ya'd be alive to do shit about it. Sue me.

Coldbeer downs a shot. She points at the BARTENDER'S face.

COLDBEER

You think I could...

The bartender takes off her eye patch (there's a Terminator eye painted on it) and hands it to Coldbeer with pleasure.

Coldbeer puts the patch on:

Her working eye burns with life, and she unleashes a bright smile unseen since Afghanistan. In other words: bad ass,

Mooney greets the crew. Gurps gives Mooney a bro-hug.

MOONEY

Anything you guys need, anytime.

SANJURO

You got any grenades?

EXT. OUTSIDE THE VFW HALL - NIGHT

The crew make their way to the minivan. Sanjuro's got pep in her step... and a grenade in each hand.

POPS

Hold up.

Pops stops in front of a sad clothing store: mannequins with cheap suits and dresses fill the windows.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Hey!

The team snap their heads around-- Kevin storms toward them, holding a silenced pistol.

GURPS

You that orderly. Do anybody that work at my hospital actually work there?

Kevin pushing Gurps through the clothing store window-- Gurps flips into the store: CRASH, SHATTER!

KEVIN

(to Sanjuro)

Put those grenades down.

Sanjuro reluctantly sets the grenades on the pavement.

KEVIN

Sorry I missed the party at Hyderabad House. Late flight. Whatcha gonna do?

He mocks their incredulous, surprised expressions:

KEVIN

"How did you find us?" You think you're the only ones who know about the underground VA clinics? I funded one in my hometown. But I digress.

Kevin cocks his pistol.

KEVIN

We got our man. And I was hoping that if you got out of there alive, you'd lick your wounds, drive off into the sunset, and go back to your shitty lives. I could've lived with that.

Kevin shifts his aim from Coldbeer and Sanjuro to Pops.

KEVIN

Heard your speech in there. Very inspirational. But it says to me you're not gonna drive off into the sunset. You're gonna do something stupid, and that I can't live with.

POPS

Careful. Bad guys that talk too much always lose.

KEVIN

How do you expect to win?

The sound of a battalion of guns cocking gives Kevin pause.
 Kevin turns to face: everyone from the VFW.
Everyone. All armed. Aiming at Kevin.

KEVIN
 Hey. I'm with the government.

MOONEY
 We're not big fans of the government.

Kevin goes white as a sheet. He tosses his weapon.
 Glass tinkles as Gurps climbs through the shattered window.

GURPS
 Let me kill his ass, Mooney.

MOONEY
 Nah, you guys get going. We'll keep
 him on ice until you're long gone.

Gurps knits his brow in confusion as Pops drags a mannequin
 wearing a dark dress out of the store.

POPS
 We need a pattern interrupt, Gurps.
 We gotta stop the tape.

Gurps gets it-- he high fives Pops.

KEVIN
 You can't run from Homeland Security--

Kevin gets cracked in the head from the mannequin that Pops
 swings like a golf club. As Kevin goes cross-eyed and falls:

POPS
 But we can kick its ass.

Pops gives his VFW brothers and sisters a salute.
 They give a war cry in return.

INT. MINIVAN - MOVING - NIGHT

Gurps drives. Pops rides shotgun... with a shotgun. Sanjuro
 and Coldbeer load weapons in the back.

SANJURO
 I wanna donkey punch that fuckin'
 doctor so fuckin' bad.

COLDBEER
 You sure about this plan, Pops?

POPS

Okay... we could do that Tony Robbins
slingshot thing for luck.

SANJURO

Just turn the fuckin' radio on. Please.

Gurps turns the knob and finds a station.

The song on the station? American Pie.

Everyone turns to stone as the chorus warbles from the
speakers. Gurps reaches for the knob--

but that's when Sanjuro joins in with the radio-- her voice
is as awesome as it was in Afghanistan.

Gurps turns it up-- everyone joins in:

EVERYONE

(singing)

And good old boys was drinkin' whiskey
and rye, singin' this'll be the day
that I die, this'll be the day that I--

KABLOOEY!

The side windows disintegrate from a shotgun blast.

The van fishtails. Gurps rights the minivan and looks over:

Of course. Another dark sedan.

IN THE SEDAN

A Liquidator drives. In the passenger seat?

ANITA

Give me my muthafuckin' fanny!

Anita cracks open her double-barreled shotgun to reload.

IN THE MINIVAN

Sanjuro aims her rifle-- three rounds fly-- POP POP POP!

FREEWAY

The sedan swerves to avoid the bullets, then swerves back--

CRASH!

The sedan slams into the minivan.

Gurps spins the wheel--

CRUNCH!

The minivan hits back.

IN THE MINIVAN

Coldbeer's got a Dirty Harry Magnum-- BOOM BOOM!

Swerve goes the sedan.

Pops watches Anita lay the shotgun down.

POPS

What's she doing?

Sanjuro finds out real quick what Anita's doing:

Anita sticks a fucking rocket launcher out the window.

POPS

Who is this woman?

COLDBEER

Grab my legs, Sanjuro. Pull closer!

Sanjuro does as she's asked. When Gurps gets close enough--

Coldbeer jumps out the window!

FREEWAY

Coldbeer snatches the rocket launcher from Anita's mitts.

COLDBEER

Pull me in!

Sanjuro pulls Coldbeer back--

IN THE MINIVAN

Coldbeer plops down in her seat with her new toy.

SANJURO

Put a rocket up her fuckin' ass.

COLDBEER

Nah. Let's give her what she wants.

IN THE SEDAN

Anita reaches for her shotgun again.

COLDBEER (O.S.)

Hey, Anita!

Anita turns her head. She sees Coldbeer's got her fanny!

COLDBEER

You win, alright?

Coldbeer tosses the fanny pack into Anita's lap.

Anita, triumphant, unzips her beloved fanny...

A grenade with the pin pulled greets her.

IN THE MINIVAN

Sanjuro gives the double middle finger salute:

SANJURO
Suck on your fuckin' fanny!

FREEWAY

BOOM goes Anita's sedan!

The roof pops off from the blast:

Smoke.

Flames.

Glass shards.

And Liquidator guts.

IN THE MINIVAN

Pops checks the GPS. They're close. He gives a thumbs up.

FREEWAY

As the minivan zooms away:

The roof of Anita's sedan crashes on the asphalt, followed by pieces of a flaming fanny pack, and a melted flip-phone.

EXT. TESSA'S MOTOR INN - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Gurps creeps to a car-- bends down-- bingo, the tracking device. Gurps gives the thumbs up.

The rest of the crew groan their way out of the minivan.

Pops tosses Gurps a rifle. The rest lock, load, and tighten their body armor. Coldbeer grips Pops' arm for balance.

They check Tessa's Motor Inn:

Two floors. Only four rooms have lights on, all on the top floor. The team give each other questioning glances.

GURPS
One in four chance.

Quad fist bump. Then--

They split up into two teams:

POPS AND COLDBEER

inch their way up the stairs, wincing as they go.

POPS

Been meaning to ask you. What're you gonna do about that jerk in the cage back at your place?

COLDBEER

Nothing. There's no lock on the cage.

POPS

Does he know that?

COLDBEER

Not my fault if the jerk's a moron.

From the other side--

GURPS AND SANJURO

make the second floor and creep side-by-side.

GURPS

Why'd we let the two gimps team up?

SANJURO

You'll never separate those two.

GURPS

Why?

SANJURO

Life is full of fuckin' mysteries--

Gurps sticks his arm in front of Sanjuro. He motions toward Pops and Coldbeer at the other end: stop. They comply.

Gurps points at a window. Sanjuro takes a quick peek... jackpot! Fenton's shotgun sits on the bed.

Gurps does the finger countdown... three... two...

Sanjuro kicks the door open before "one" and rushes in.

At the other end of the walkway--

POPS AND COLDBEER

turn when they hear the door next to them open up, and--

HANK

steps out. With a hand cannon.

Hank brains Coldbeer with the pistol-- Coldbeer crumples.

GURPS

sees Coldbeer go down.

GURPS

Sanjuro!

Sanjuro flies out of the room, rifle at the ready.

HANK

swings his arm to shoot Pops.

Pops swings his rifle like a bat--

WHACK! It smacks Hank's gun hand hard.

Hank slugs Pops in the gut-- Pops goes down.

GURPS

CRACKS off a round.

It PINGS off the railing near--

HANK

who ducks the shot and hightails it down the stairs.

GURPS AND SANJURO

give chase.

CALLIOPE (O.S.)

Oh, come on!

Gurps and Sanjuro whip back around:

There's Calliope, armed only with an Arby's bag.

SANJURO

I got this one, Gurps. Go help Pops.

Gurps hustles away.

A couple of HOTEL GUESTS peek out of their doors--

SANJURO

I let off a firecracker. Go the fuck
back to bed. Now, motherfuckers!

The guests disappear and SLAM their doors.

Sanjuro and Calliope have a staredown...

Then Sanjuro sets her rifle down.

COLDBEER

moans on the ground.

POPS

drag-walks to pursue Hank.

He grips the stair's railings and struggles to the bottom.

That's when he sees--

HANK

running through an abandoned field toward a fence.

POPS

fires his rifle and hears a satisfying THUNK as--

HANK

takes a bullet in his back and disappears in the weeds.

POPS

slogs his way into the weed-infested field.

CALLIOPE

sets her Arby's bag down. She looks Sanjuro over.

CALLIOPE

What now?

SANJURO

Now you die for fuckin' with my family.

CALLIOPE

I thought you hated your mother.

SANJURO

I wasn't talkin' about that family.

Sanjuro rips off her body armor.

Calliope cracks her knuckles--

CALLIOPE

I'm gonna hurt your feelings.

Sanjuro adjusts her MC Hammer shirt.

SANJURO

You can't touch this, bitch.

Sanjuro rages toward Calliope--

Calliope closes the distance with her powerful legs.

Sanjuro unloads a flying spin kick--

Calliope blocks it with a forearm--

CALLIOPE

Oh, I'm gonna touch you.

Calliope smashes her elbow into Sanjuro's neck.

Sanjuro's head smacks against the walkway.

GURPS

runs into--

HANK'S ROOM

and sees Ionesco, tied up, beaten to a pulp.

Fenton's tied up on the bed, still drugged and asleep.

Gurps unties Ionesco. Ionesco leaps up and hugs Gurps.

POPS

pushes through the weeds. He has to favor his fake leg-- the other leg's nearly fucked. Adrenaline keeps him going.

Pops gets closer to Hank, then he freaks when--

BOOM! A yellow starburst lights up the sky.

Pops looks around... Mooney's drugs: worn off...

It's an open field... and Pops is in the middle of it.

POPS

Eyes to the ground-- no, no...

Pops crumples.

HANK

gets up-- he watches Pops collapse... what the hell?

CALLIOPE

picks up a dazed Sanjuro and bodyslams her.

CALLIOPE

I'm no stranger to violence--

Sanjuro gets a leg sweep in-- Calliope stumbles back--

SANJURO

How's this for fuckin' violent?

Vicious kick to the chest-- there goes Calliope's wind.

IONESCO

continues to squeeze Gurps' guts out.

GURPS

I get it, you grateful, let go!

Ionesco complies. Gurps turns to check on Coldbeer:

Coldbeer's gone? Okay... Gurps sees Ionesco untying Fenton.

GURPS

Leave Fenton for now. We got us some work to do.

POPS

cradles his rifle and moans-- panic attack in full force.

HANK

picks up his pistol and inches toward Pops.

When he sees the mess that is Pops, Hank shakes his head:

HANK

You're a bigger pussy than that one-eyed skank.

SANJURO

knees Calliope's forehead.

Calliope falls on her ass-- UNH!

Sanjuro jumps up to pounce, but--

Calliope lifts a leg up.

Sanjuro lands on Calliope's shoe sole, and--

Calliope flicks Sanjuro away with vicious force.

Sanjuro crashes into the railing. Blood paints her teeth.

GURPS AND IONESCO

reach the minivan. Gurps opens the trunk and points.

Ionesco takes a gander. He touches something inside... wow:

IONESCO

You sly motherfucker.

Gurps pulls out that blue gym bag (last seen in Chicago). He unzips the bag and looks in. He can't believe it... wow:

GURPS
You sly muthafucka.

HANK

looms over Pops.

Pops mumbles. Tears stream down his face.

Hank yanks Pop's rifle away and hurls it into the weeds.

CALLIOPE

sees Sanjuro's rifle and lunges for it.

Sanjuro pushes up-- does a flip, kicks her legs out, and--
CRACK! Sanjuro's heels connect with Calliope's melon.

Calliope kisses the concrete and groans.

Sanjuro reaches for her rifle and drags it toward her.

SANJURO
I'm gonna blow your fuckin' head off,
and then-- fuck it, you'll be dead.

GURPS

grabs the suitcase of cash and the rocket launcher.

GURPS
Grab the duffel. Leave the rest.

Ionesco sets Fenton's duffel on the pavement.

GURPS
You know whatcha gotta do.

Ionesco grabs the blue gym bag and heads to the motor inn.

Gurps closes the trunk and hops in the driver's seat.

HANK

backhands Pops and loads up another one-- Pops blocks it.

Hank tries to knock Pops' hand away-- Pops won't let go.

Hank frees himself enough to snap kick Pops' gut.

Pops rolls up like a weak armadillo.

HANK
We can't win no wars cause o' useless
fucks like you--

COLDBEER (O.S.)
He's not useless.

The CRACK of the rifle happens a split second after--
the bullet tears through Hank's chest.

Hank's surprised face pleases--

COLDBEER

to no end. She keeps her rifle aimed at Hank.

COLDBEER

He's a Berzerker.

CRACK-- another chest shot-- pink mist puffs around--

HANK

as he drops like the sack of shit he is.

SANJURO

stands beside Calliope, who's still face down.

Sanjuro racks a chamber into her rifle. Moment of truth...

SANJURO

You're a fucking disgrace.

Sanjuro aims... then puts her rifle on safety.

SANJURO

But I won't shoot another soldier.

She straddles Calliope.

SANJURO

I will, however--

Sanjuro raises her rifle like a piledriver--

SANJURO

Give you a muthafuckin' donkey punch!

She slams the rifle stock into Calliope's kidney.

Calliope gasps and passes out.

COLDBEER

bends down and helps Pops sit up. Nearby, blood gargles:

HANK

I'll fuckin' kill you--

Coldbeer picks up Pops' fake leg and pummels Hank--

COLDBEER

Not! If! I! Kill! You! First!

No more noise from Hank.

Probably because the asshole's dead.

POPS

I could've stopped him by myself.

COLDBEER

I know, Pops. I just had a leg up on you today.

Coldbeer hands Pops his almost unusable fake leg, then--

Coldbeer pats Hank down and takes his phone and wallet.

POPS

What're you doin'?

Tap-- "deadbeatdads.com"-- tap-- Paypal-- in go the digits:

COLDBEER

Paying for a kid's college.

Coldbeer finally gets to press "send money."

IONESCO

unties Fenton on the bed in Hank's room. Fenton stirs.

IONESCO

We gotta go, major.

Ionesco helps Fenton get to the--

PARKING LOT

where Fenton shakes off the cobwebs.

FENTON

Where's Calliope and Hank?

COLDBEER

Hank's dead.

Ionesco and Fenton look over at Coldbeer, who leans on Pops while Pops leans on her-- mutual assistance.

Coldbeer tosses Ionesco her rifle.

COLDBEER

Best if we got rid of that.

Sanjuro catches up with the team.

COLDBEER

Have fun killing Calliope?

SANJURO

She's not dead. She'll be pissin'
blood for a few fuckin' months.

Everyone gives her simultaneous eyebrow arches.

SANJURO

That's right, I didn't kill her. Get
off my back. People can change, man.

COLDBEER

She sold us out to those killers. We
can't just let her go, can we?

IONESCO

I think I have a solution.
(to Pops)
Gurps says "green light."

Pops nods. Ionesco runs back upstairs.

Fenton takes in his team.

FENTON

Took you guys long enough.

POPS

It'll be worth the wait. Follow us.

IONESCO

drags Calliope inside Hank's room. After a moment...

Ionesco comes back out sans rifle and blue gym bag, but he
does have Calliope's car keys and her phone now.

Ionesco makes a call as he jogs down the steps toward the--

PARKING LOT

where Pops leads Fenton and the team toward the duffel bag.
Fenton eyes the rocket launcher next to his duffel, then--

he looks toward the end of the parking lot: there's the
minivan... and Gurps, by the trunk, in "serious" mode.

Ionesco joins the group.

IONESCO

We've got an audience.

All the motel room lights are on, and here come the sirens.

Gurps pops the trunk. It hisses open.

GURPS

Wake up! Time to die.

Gurps shakes something in the trunk.

GURPS

You were right, sir. She was hiding
like a coward. But we found her ass.

Gurps throws a punch-- an ear-piercing shriek--

Gurps stands aside: A body in the trunk.

A woman in dark clothing... the body's duct taped...

GURPS

Positive ident, sir. It's Afsoon.

Fenton's knees buckle. He stares in wonder at the body.

FENTON

Bring her here.

POPS

We've got a better idea.

Gurps steps away from the minivan and holds up a grenade.

GURPS

Want me to blow her ass up?

Sanjuro hands Fenton the rocket launcher.

SANJURO

Or do you want the fuckin' honor?

Fenton stares down at the launcher. SIRENS, closer now...

FENTON

Are you sure it's her?

GURPS

Sure as I was the day I saw her ass
in Afghanistan, sir.

FENTON

Then let's do it together.

Gurps tosses the grenade in the trunk-- he sprints away--

Fenton pulls the trigger. The rocket flies toward--

The mannequin from that clothing store by the VFW Hall.

Sanjuro starts a war cry... Coldbeer joins in... followed
by Gurps... then Pops... then Ionesco... and then Fenton.

Rocket? Meet trunk.

BOOM! The minivan catapults off the ground.

The crew howls: wolves at the end of the hunt.

The relief in Fenton's eyes tells the tale:

The "tape" in his head has stopped for good.

Pops grabs Fenton's duffel and tosses it in Calliope's car. Everyone else gets in-- Ionesco floors it. As they leave:

Motel guests take tentative steps outside. The sirens: loud and close-- cops, fire trucks, ambulances--

and an unmarked police car that zooms into the lot.

TWO DETECTIVES get out of the car. One heads into the open field, the other runs upstairs and into--

HANK'S ROOM

where DETECTIVE PADEL (40s) sees Calliope on the bed. She rubs her bloody, bruised head. Padel flips open her badge.

PADEL

Detective Padel. Detective Zale's downstairs. We got a call about suspicious activity from this room.

Padel picks up the blue gym bag-- she unzips it:

Inside? A shit ton of crystal meth.

CALLIOPE

That's not mine!

Padel nods at Coldbeer's rifle in the corner.

PADEL

I assume that's not yours either.

CALLIOPE

You're some detective.

ZALE (O.S.)

Padel, we got a body down here!

PADEL

Get up.

Padel puts the bracelets on Calliope and leads her to the--

WALKWAY

where Zale leads a MAN in a cheap suit up the stairs.

ZALE

Let her go, Padel.

PADEL
Why the hell would I do that?

Kevin (the "man") smiles at Calliope. He flashes his badge.

KEVIN
I'll take it from here.

INT/EXT. CALLIOPE'S CAR - NIGHT

In a parking garage, the team checks out the bus depot.
Fenton reaches in his duffel bag and pulls out an envelope:

FENTON
Phase two: go to ground 'till things
cool off. This is some flawless work...

He hands out passports to everyone but Ionesco.

Fenton opens the suitcase and takes out some stacks of
cash, while Ionesco turns on the radio and tunes it to--

BROADCASTER (V.O.)
-- attack at a motel that's left at
least one dead. Motel residents could
not describe any of the--

Everyone but Fenton pats Ionesco on the back and gets out.

FENTON
Care to come with us?

Ionesco pats the suitcase.

IONESCO
I'm goin' to Denver. Sell drugs legally.

Fenton reaches in his duffel and pulls out some CDs:

FENTON
You ever listen to Tony Robbins?

EXT. BUS DEPOT PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Pops and Coldbeer walk side-by-side, their "I'm With Stupid" T-shirts pointed at each other. The rest limp behind them.

POPS
I think I've had enough of this
holiday weekend.

COLDBEER
Got you out of the house, didn't it?

POPS
I'll drink to that.

Coldbeer bumps Pops with her hip-- they've got each other's number, weaknesses and all. Pops nudges her in her side.

POPS
I'll try if you try. Deal?

COLDBEER
You think it's gonna be that easy?

POPS
Nothing is ever easy.

SANJURO
Easy ain't no fuckin' fun.

POPS
Where exactly are we headed, sir?

FENTON
Canada. You'll love it. There's free legs there.

IONESCO

pays the PARKING ATTENDANT.

The attendant makes change as Ionesco watches the--

TV IN THE ATTENDANT'S BOOTH

A NEWS ANCHOR looks stern. BREAKING NEWS scrolls below her:

NEWS ANCHOR
The FBI has connected the motel attack to a brutal firefight that left four dead, and a horrific car wreck that killed two--

INSIDE THE BUS TERMINAL

Broken TVs hang in the corners of the depot. No one's in the depot but Fenton's group. Fenton hands out bus tickets.

POPS
I think this is yours, sir.

Pops holds out the Medal of Honor.

FENTON
That belongs to you guys now.

Fenton heads to the bathroom. Once Fenton's out of sight:

POPS
Thank God you can shriek, Gurps. You sold the Afsoon thing good, my man.

GURPS

Would've been cool to have saved the
country for real, though, huh?

The team stares out a window... ah, what could've been...

ON THE ATTENDANT'S TV

This just in! The news anchor reads with excitement:

NEWS ANCHOR

The mayhem in Philly is apparently
connected to the thwarted terrorist
attack at the Taste of Chicago.

IONESCO

listens to the radio in shock as he drives away:

BROADCASTER (V.O.)

-- and the dirty bomb, which was
discovered in the Happy Halal tent,
would have killed thousands. The
attack seems to have planned by--

Ionesco slaps the roof and honks the horn in celebration:

BROADCASTER (V.O.)

-- Anita Moussard, co-owner of the
Happy Halal. Lenny Moussard, her
father-in-law, was found dead at the
Taste. Anita is still at large.

BUS DEPOT

Fenton re-joins the team. Noise and light attracts them.
They head to a picture window: it's a big fireworks show.

BROADCASTER (V.O.)

-- the bomb's trigger, reportedly an
old flip-phone, was discovered near
the highway wreckage in Philly.

ON THE ATTENDANT'S TV

Someone hands the news anchor a piece of paper. She reads:

NEWS ANCHOR

It seems a team of five foiled the
attack at the Taste of Chicago. A
photo of the team has gone viral.

It's the tourist's picture of the team jumping into the tent.

NEWS ANCHOR

With their backs to the camera, no
identification can be made. Homeland
Security is currently investigating--

BUS DEPOT

A multitude of colors irradiate the team.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 Though the country mourns the death
 of so many, the general consensus
 seems to be a feeling of relief.

Greens, yellows, and reds paint their oblivious faces... it
 kinda looks like a virtual ticker-tape parade.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 It will take weeks to sort through
 the evidence. We may never know what
 happened. But one thing is clear...

The inadvertent heroes watch the fireworks as a team...
 triumphant... mission accomplished...

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 America is safer tonight.

All their petty bullshit gone...

POPS
 Here's to the Berzerkers.

FENTON
 Who are the Berzerkers?

COLDBEER
 We are, sir.

SANJURO AND GURPS
 Fuck, yeah.

Five-way fist bump like a bizarro Justice League. Fenton
 hangs onto their hands and nods. They all close their eyes.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 So, to that team of five... whoever
 and wherever you are...

They pull back their imaginary slingshots...

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 America owes you a debt of gratitude.

The fireworks finale explodes as the Berzerkers let go--

THE BERZERKERS
 WHOOSH!

to start their clean slate.

CUT TO BLACK.