THE BOYS

Episode #206

"The Bloody Doors Off"

Written by

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Directed by

Sarah Boyd

Based on the Comic by

Garth Ennis and Darick Robertson

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THE BOYS
Episode #206
"The Bloody Doors Off"
9/23/19
(REVISED 2ND BLUE PAGES)

CAST LIST

BILLY BUTCHER.....	Karl Urban
HUGHIE CAMPBELL.....	Jack Quaid
HOMELANDER.....	Antony Starr
ANNIE JANUARY/"STARLIGHT".....	Erin Moriarty
QUEEN MAEVE.....	Dominique McElligott
A-TRAIN.....	Jessie T. Usher
MOTHER'S MILK.....	Laz Alonso
THE DEEP.....	Chace Crawford
FRENCHIE.....	Tomer Capon
KIMIKO.....	Karen Fukuhara
STORMFRONT.....	Aya Cash
ASHLEY BARRETT (VOUGHT PUBLICIST)	Colby Minifie
GRACE MALLORY.....	Laila Robins
ALASTAIR ADANA (THE COLLECTIVE)....	Goran Visnjic
THE LAMPLIGHTER.....	Shawn Ashmore
ELENA.....	Nicola Correia-Damude
CHERIE (FRENCHIE'S ASSOCIATE).....	Jordana Lajoie
JAY (FRENCHIE'S FRIEND, FLASHBACKS)	
DENNIS (KILLED BY STARLIGHT).....	
PERP (KILLED BY HOMELANDER + STORMFRONT)	
TIM (INSTITUTE PATIENT KILLED BY LAMPLIGHTER)	
CINDY (PATIENT AT INSTITUTE).....	
PATIENT (ESCAPES INSTITUTE, HURTS HUGHIE)	
LOVE SAUSAGE (PATIENT AT SAGE GROVE)	
HUSBAND (FLIGHT 37 VIDEO).....	
CHRIS LENNERTZ (A-TRAIN RAP DEMO)	
INTESTINE BOY (SAGE GROVE PATIENT)	
SECURITY GUARD (SAGE GROVE).....	
ANOTHER GUARD (SC. 23).....	

DEANNA (ASHLEY'S ASSISTANT).....

INTERVIEWER (WITH HOMELANDER/STORMFRONT ON SET)

NEWS ANCHOR.....

OMITTED

AL ROKER *

THE BOYS
Episode #206
"The Bloody Doors Off"
10/18/19
(REVISED 2ND PINK PAGES)

SET LIST

INTERIORS

SEVEN TOWER –
QUEEN MAEVE'S APT –
BEDROOM
STORMFRONT'S APT – BEDROOM *

HAITIAN KINGS BASEMENT

CHURCH OF THE COLLECTIVE
RENEWAL CENTER

SAGE GROVE CENTER –
MEDICAL SUPPLY ROOM
SECURITY ROOM
HALLWAY 1
HALLWAY 2
HALLWAY 3
HALLWAY 4
HALLWAY 5
HALLWAY 6

"DAWN OF THE SEVEN" SET –
HOMELANDER'S TRAILER
MAEVE'S TRAILER

MEDICAL CLINIC

RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE (FLASHBACK)

INTERROGATION ROOM (FLASHBACK)

SEEDY CHELSEA APT. (FLASHBACK)

RECORDING BOOTH

DIAMOND STORE –
BASEMENT

EXTERIORS

"DAWN OF THE SEVEN" SET –
BASECAMP
HOMELANDER'S TRAILER

SAGE GROVE CENTER –
FIELD OUTSIDE

RURAL ROAD

WOODED ROADSIDE

CLEARING

VARIOUS NEW YORK EXTERIORS –
ALLEY (SCENE 3)
MEATPACKING DISTRICT (SC. 35)

VEHICLES

FRENCHIE'S VAN
HYUNDAI
SAGE GROVE AMBULANCE
CAB

OMITTED

INT. SEVEN TOWER –
HOMELANDER'S APT –
BEDROOM *

THE BOYS
"The Bloody Doors Off"

FADE IN...

We hear French rap pumping loud, as a NUTRIBULLET WHIRS --

CHYRON: 8 YEARS AGO.

1 **INT. SEEDY CHELSEA APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK** 1

OPEN ON FRENCHIE. JOINT in his mouth. A smile on his lips. Happy. Light. Surrounded by his best friends in the world: CHERIE (yes, that Cherie) and JAY (20's, handsome, West-African). The Three Musketeers.

Jay snorts a line of coke. As Frenchie frowns at Cherie --

FRENCHIE
Why are you laughing?

CHERIE
You're ridiculous.

FRENCHIE
I'm not ridiculous.

CHERIE
Then you're high.

Frenchie opens the Nutribullet, checks the white powder he's been grinding. Breathes deeply.

FRENCHIE
Beside the point. Point is, I learned everything I know from those girls.

JAY
(just confirming)
The Golden Girls.

Frenchie stops the Nutribullet and uses a funnel to dump the powder into a DIY pressurized "fill-station" fastened to the table. All meant to be a glimpse of his grimy, powder-caked, mad druggy brilliant scientist lab skillz.

FRENCHIE
I was 17 years old, alone in New York. Turning tricks, begging for scraps. Who kept me company? The Golden Girls. 3am to 5am. They lit up that shelter's shitty TV.

JAY
You're not talking porn? Golden Shower Girls?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 1

FRENCHIE
That's disrespectful.

CHERIE
So sensitive.

Frenchie pivots to an adjacent table. More lab equipment, a CLUSTER of Xanax prescription bottles (Alprazolam). Tricked-out PET soda bottles. He uses the "fill station" to load the bottles with pressurized Xanax... (give us all of this business in fun close-up inserts please). *

FRENCHIE
(dead serious)
Those saucy ladies made their own family. I didn't know it was possible to make your own family. So I did what they did. You are my Golden Girls.

JAY
I'd rather not be.

FRENCHIE
(to Cherie)
You are my Blanche. And Jay, you are my Dorothy.

CHERIE
(to Jay)
Because you're gay.
(ALT., we'll see!) *
Because you're a little bit gay. *

Jay can't argue with that.

FRENCHIE
Thank you for being a friend.

JAY
So you're Betty White?

FRENCHIE
What a fucking question. Of course I'm Betty White.

Frenchie smiles at them. Full of love.

FRENCHIE (CONT'D)
Now. Who wants to rob a bank?

2 **INT. DIAMOND STORE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - PRESENT** 2 *

MATCH CUT TO FRENCHIE. As he pulls on a pair of goggles. The classic comic book version of Frenchie.

Then he picks up a diamond DRILL -- revs it -- *zzzzeee* --

2 CONTINUED: 2

Behind him -- multiple HASIDIC MEN CUT DIAMONDS with saws, other equipment. This is the scruffy, cluttered basement level of *Jaffe Jewelers*.

Frenchie turns. Reveal ANNIE and HUGHIE across from him.

ANNIE
Will it get through my skin?

FRENCHIE
If it can't, nothing can.

Hughie looks nervous. Nervous and queasy.

HUGHIE
I don't know about this.

ANNIE
Stormfront knows I leaked the V.

HUGHIE
She hasn't come after you yet.

ANNIE
Even worse. That means she's got some fucked up plan for me. I want this chip out, now. *

FRENCHIE
I understand, Petit Hughie. Though you've been covered with the entrails of many a person -- even a sea mammal -- it's harder when it's someone you love.

HUGHIE
(flustered)
What? I don't -- I mean, of course I do, but not like, we're just friends -- *

Annie averts her eyes. Awkward.

ANNIE
Can we just do this please before I change my mind?

Annie pulls her collar aside. Taps the area just below her neck and steels herself -- Frenchie FIRES UP THE DRILL -- * *

FRENCHIE
(over the WHIRRING) *
This might sting a little! *

Hughie clutches the gauze tightly. Can barely look.

He LOWERS IT against Annie's neck... the DRILL SLOWS as it hits the surface... whining with overexertion... then WHOOOOOSH... *

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2) 2

punctures through the skin as a spray of BLOOD spatters Frenchie's goggles. Hughie's splattered on the face as well. * Grimaces. *

Annie winces, it's a fair amount of pain.

HUGHIE
Oh my god. Oh my god.

Frenchie stops when he spots metal. Fishes the chip out with a pair of gemstone tweezers -- speaks to it --

FRENCHIE
Bonjour, my little spy. Hughie!
The box.

Hughie hands him a small box covered in RF shielding foil. Frenchie drops the chip inside. Closes the lid.

Hughie covers Annie's wound with gauze. Puts pressure on it. Likes being this close to her, does not like all the blood --

HUGHIE
You okay?

ANNIE
(through gritted teeth)
I feel lighter already.

Off the two of them. Connected. But not. All at once.

3 **EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT** 3 *

Handheld. A scruffy PERP, 30s, runs with a gun and a plastic bag full of loot down a filthy, out of the way, trash-strewn alley. He ducks behind a DUMPSTER. A distant SIREN. *

The Perp examines his winnings: a wad of money, two cartons of cigarettes and a box of SLIM JIMS.

When suddenly -- A RED BOOT steps beside the loot. He looks up to find -- HOMELANDER smiling down at him.

HOMELANDER
Howdy ho, buckaroo.

The Perp freaks and starts to run, but is cut off by -- STORMFRONT blocking the rear exit. He pulls his gun, but she * smacks it away, shattering his wrist.

PERP
SHIT! You broke my hand!

Homelander approaches. *

STORMFRONT
What do you wanna do with him?

3 CONTINUED: 3

HOMELANDER
Well, hand him over to the police. Of course.

PERP
It really hurts!

They talk past him.

STORMFRONT
Yes, of course. We are heroes, and that's what heroes do.

HOMELANDER
Absolutely.

STORMFRONT
Though. He'll probably just get released tomorrow.

We start to realize -- this is SEXUAL FOREPLAY. The Perp also starts to realize something troubling is going on...

PERP
Please -- can you take me to the hospital?

HOMELANDER
You know, sometimes it feels like the justice system doesn't even work anymore...

STORMFRONT
(seductive)
Everyone recording everything on their phones -- it's like you can't even do your job.

Man, it's fucking sexy the way she says that. Brushing her hands on his chest -- Homelander's hot and bothered --

HOMELANDER
(voice thick with lust)
Really, uh, really speaks to the deterioration of, uh, God fearing American values.

PERP
Please... just turn me in...

STORMFRONT
What is the world coming to?

HOMELANDER
Someone should do something.

Perp screams out at the top of his lungs --

3 CONTINUED: (2) 3

PERP
(terrified now)
HELP! HEL --

He doesn't get a chance to finish -- Homelander covers the Perp's MOUTH with his glove. Starts pushing his head back against the WALL. The GUY HOWLS in MUFFLED AGONY.

As Stormfront RUBS Homelander's CROTCH, titillated. Murder as a sex act. Then --

Homelander PUSHES his PALM right THROUGH the guy's face. RENDERING IT INTO A BLOODY PULP. Stormfront and Homelander lock eyes excitedly. Fuck this is hot.

The Temptations "My Girl" plays as they lunge at each other, kiss hard. Homelander smears the Perp's blood on her cheek.

TIME CUT. PAN OFF THE CORPSE -- Homelander's pants are at his ankles, Stormfront's are off. They fuck hard against the wall, her legs around him, face to face. Pounding. The corpse at their feet. They got sunshine on a cloudy day...

4 **INT. HAITIAN KINGS BASEMENT - NIGHT** 4 *

CLOSE ON BUTCHER. Sitting at one end of the couch. Watching the television. Quietly furious.

ON THE SCREEN. Homelander and Stormfront. In directors' chairs. ON SET for "Dawn of the Seven."

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
All right. Be honest. Who's the biggest prankster on set?

Homelander and Stormfront laugh. Flirting. Can't help it. This is so fun. Homelander points to Stormfront --

HOMELANDER
("this one")
Oh, no comment...

BUTCHER. Watching. Burning.

KIMIKO. On the other end of the couch. Glaring at Stormfront. Also burning.

They can both read the body language loud and clear.

BUTCHER
(through grit teeth)
...they're fucking.

Kimiko agrees. Two killers, quietly hungry for blood.

5 **INT. HAITIAN KINGS BASEMENT - NEAR THE STAIRS - NIGHT** 5 *

MOTHER'S MILK sits by himself -- inspecting a FOLDED, WELL-WORN PIECE OF PAPER.

INSERT. A childish cartoon drawing of a penguin with a chainsaw. Signed "LOVE, JANINE." We saw his daughter give it to him in Ep. 107 last year.

He stares at it. Lost in regret. When he hears his friends coming, so he folds it up, puts it away. As --

Frenchie hops down the steps. Followed by Hughie. Followed by... Annie.

MOTHER'S MILK
You get the chip out?

Frenchie nods. Annie looks around. Disgusted. Some pity.

ANNIE
This is where you're living?

HUGHIE
It's got its charms. The rats are like Pokemon. With Hep-C.

Annie feels guilty. Living in luxury, while Hughie is here?

ANNIE
I'm sorry.

HUGHIE
(lies)
It's not so bad.

Kimiko approaches --

FRENCHIE
So? You're back? You got tired of killing people for money?

Kimiko FLIPS HIM OFF. Otherwise, doesn't even look at him. * Steps to Annie. Just stares at her. Face to face. Blankly. Annie is Stormfront's teammate, after all.

ANNIE
Uh. Hi. Remember me...?

HUGHIE
(please don't kill her) *
She saved you from the black site, remember Kimiko?

Long beat. Face to face. Is Kimiko going to attack? Then -- Kimiko HUGS Annie tightly. Tenderly. Annie reacts, surprised. Then Kimiko backs up, holds Annie's hand. It's a leeetle bit awkward, but okay --

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 5

ANGLE. Butcher hangs back a bit. Watching this happy little bunch. Nice and cozy with a fucking Supe. Kimiko is still holding Annie's hand. Butcher sees it, rolls his eyes. *

BUTCHER
Well, well, well. What have we here?

HUGHIE
I know what you're gonna say --

BUTCHER
Starlight. Don't you just light up a room. You're looking well.

Hughie stares. That's not the reaction he was expecting. Butcher is pristine politeness. Hughie waits for the other shoe to drop. So do we.

ANNIE
No thanks to the 50 caliber round you pumped into my chest.

BUTCHER
That was awkward. But you know what they say: what doesn't kill us, makes us stronger, eh?
Now what brings you by? *

HUGHIE
She has a lead on Stormfront.

ANNIE
I broke into her laptop and got a look at her inbox. Dozen messages from Stan Edgar.

BUTCHER
Oh? And what does Vought's Big Slapper have to say?

ANNIE
How they're close to a break-through. At the Sage Grove Center? It's a psychiatric hospital in * Pennsylvania. *

HUGHIE
What kinda breakthrough?

ANNIE
She came in before I could see any more.

MOTHER'S MILK
Anyone else on the email?

ANNIE
Someone named 'Elle?'

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2) 5

MOTHER'S MILK
Elle? Who's she?

Annie shrugs. You got me.

BUTCHER
Well then, let's have ourselves a dekko at this looney bin. Starlight, would you be amenable to joining us on this little caper?

Hughie. Annie. Seriously, what's up with Butcher?

HUGHIE
You -- want her to come?

BUTCHER
Naturally. Things go tits up, who do you think Vought's after? Us or their billion dollar baby turned traitor who ripped out her own chip? Never go into shark infested waters without bringing chum. Cheers.

He smiles pleasantly, heads away. Off Hughie, Annie. There it is. There's the other shoe. From there, we CUT TO: *

A6 **A NEWS REPORT.** STOCK FOOTAGE of two different factions of people SCREAMING and SHOVING at each other. A6 *

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) *
With the House Judiciary Hearing into Vought just four days away, pro and anti Vought camps clashed in Manhattan this morning. Congresswoman Victoria Neuman said that Compound V must -- *

Then -- BZZT -- channel changes -- *

B6 **A TV COMMERCIAL** B6 *

Moody, in black and white, like a classy-ass Nike spot. *

Maeve regards herself in a mirror. Then turns, seemingly challenging the camera, challenging the viewer. *

MAEVE (V.O.) *
This is who I am. Who are you? *

Maeve lifts a PRIDE BAR -- rainbow wrapper, the only colored thing in the commercial -- takes a bite -- *

MAEVE (V.O.) *
Brave Maeve Pride Bars. Because you can't be proud on an empty stomach. *
*

6 **INT. QUEEN MAEVE'S TRAILER - DAY** 6 *

The commercial PLAYS ON MAEVE'S TELEVISION -- *

THE ACTUAL MAEVE. Vapes marijuana, stares at the TV. Things are getting so fucked, so fast. When there's a KNOCK on her door. She switches off the TV -- *

QUEEN MAEVE
Come in!

As DEEP lets himself in. With a backpack.

QUEEN MAEVE (CONT'D)
You were supposed to call first, you fucking idiot. Anyone see you?

DEEP
I'm allowed to visit my friends.

QUEEN MAEVE
You find it?

6 CONTINUED: 6

DEEP
Sorry. No black box.

Maeve grimaces, disappointed. But Deep smiles. He loves proving useful.

DEEP (CONT'D)
But -- I told my contacts to keep an eye on the North Atlantic Current. And this school of Halibut -- I mean, these dudes are rowdy motherfuckers --
(off Maeve's withering look)
Anyway, they found some of the wreckage that drifted up near Iceland. Found this.

From his backpack, Deep brings out.. a BATTERED WATERPROOF GO-PRO camera, damaged... but still intact.

DEEP (CONT'D)
I doubt it even works...

Maeve takes it. Evidence from the plane. She's pensive. Troubled. Suddenly melancholy.

DEEP (CONT'D)
Flight 37. That was the one you and Homelander got to too late, right, it already went down?
(Maeve nods)
What do you care about it?

QUEEN MAEVE
If you want back in the Seven? Not a fucking word of this to anyone, you understand?

7 **INT. RECORDING BOOTH - DAY** 7

CHRIS LENNERTZ, our brilliant, lovable, and Caucasian composer, stands alone in the booth. Headphones on his ears. Then the beat kicks in, he starts singing a rap song --

CHRIS LENNERTZ
What... okay... What what... ready, set, go... Here Comes the A-Train, Mr. Fleet feet/ Saving lives and takin' names, nice and easy/ Ain't no day like a race day, what/ Ain't no love like a raceway, what...

PULL OUT TO REVEAL THIS IS PLAYING ON A TABLET --

8 **EXT. SET OF 'DAWN OF THE SEVEN' - DAY** 8

A-TRAIN watches on the tablet at video village. Same 'wrecked NYC' movie set behind them that we saw in ep. 205. The crew's broken for lunch. He's beside ASHLEY.

8 CONTINUED: 8

ASHLEY
Isn't it lit? Your very own goodbye anthem?

A-TRAIN
(defeated)
Dope.

ASHLEY
This is just a demo of course. We're going out to Lil Nas X for the official version. Maybe you could bust out Prince's Guitar for the video?

A-TRAIN
I had to sell it. I'm going 10-1.

A-Train walks away. Despondent. Behind him, DEANNA APPROACHES Ashley, who's moved on to other business. *

DEANNA *
I can't find her. *

ASHLEY
So where the FUCK is Starlight?

WITH A-TRAIN. Walking. Yesterday's news. He notices Stormfront, walking toward him. Their eyes catch. She regards him as if seeing a street urchin. Gives a wide berth as she passes. A-Train shakes his head -- Bitch, seriously?

DEEP (O.S.)
Yo! Here comes the A-Train!

Deep approaches, carrying his backpack. A-Train swears to himself. When it fucking rains. He tries to ignore him --

DEEP (CONT'D)
Hey man! Hello? It's me! Right here!

Deep steps up, they bro hug, a little stiff. A-Train doesn't like him much.

A-TRAIN
What are you doing here?

DEEP
Oh, I came to see -- no reason.
(leans in)
Bro. Been thinking about you. I'm sorry. Talk about getting assfucked with a soup can.

A-TRAIN
What do you mean?

8 CONTINUED: (2) 8

DEEP
C'mon. If anyone knows what it's like to get bounced, it's me.
(MORE)

8 CONTINUED: (2) 8

DEEP (CONT'D)
Did some shit I'm not proud of.
Weird shit.

A-TRAIN *
(lies) *
I'm fine. My people are talking to *
Nike and Under Armour. This'll be *
good for me. *

DEEP
Hey, that's great. Well, then you don't need his help. Forget I said anything.

A-TRAIN
Okay, cool.
(then)
Whose? Help?

Deep reaches into his backpack -- takes out a CAN --

DEEP
Would you like a Fresca?

9 **EXT. SAGE GROVE CENTER - DAY** 9

A STONE SIGN: SAGE GROVE CENTER.

A HOSPITAL. In Pennsylvania. Quiet. Tranquil. Isolated. But still SECURE. A CHAIN LINK FENCE SURROUNDS IT. *

10 **INT./EXT. FRENCHIE'S VAN - DAY** 10

Away from the main gate, the van is safely parked out of sight, hidden in some surrounding trees.

Butcher watches the hospital through a pair of small binocs.

Kimiko, Frenchie, Mother's Milk all wear dark blue SAGE GROVE * scrubs. M.M. has his laptop open --

MOTHER'S MILK
Sage Grove. A proud subsidiary of Global Wellness Services, which is a subsidiary of --

BUTCHER
I can guess.

Butcher checks a couple PISTOLS. Hands one to M.M.

CLOSE ON: Frenchie hands out PERFECTLY FORGED SAGE GROVE lanyards with fake photo IDs of Frenchie, Kimiko, M.M.

He notices Kimiko is wearing a flashy, three-finger gold ring, encrusted with diamonds that say **BOSSY** --

10 CONTINUED: 10

FRENCHIE
That's what you bought with your blood money? No one will believe you're an orderly with that.

Kimiko holds up her hand. Examines the ring. Maybe he's right. Then breathes onto the diamonds, as if polishing them. Smiles. Nope. Fuck off.

ANNIE
I should go in with them.

BUTCHER
How will they ever manage without a bony blonde Supe? Just get 'em in and get the fuck back, yeah?

Hughie. Wanting peace between these two.

HUGHIE
Annie. If they recognize your face in there...

Starlight. She's stronger than all of them. Part of her wants to blast Butcher. But she stands down. Nods.

Mother's Milk opens the back and jumps out. Kimiko follows. Then Starlight, pissed. Frenchie is the last to go.

BUTCHER
And don't get caught.

FRENCHIE
I never do.

11 **INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT - <u>FLASHBACK</u> - 8 YEARS AGO** 11 *

MATCH CUT TO: FRENCHIE. Cuffed to a table. CAUGHT. He * wears the same clothes from the first scene. When he hears -- *

MALLORY (O.S.)
Weaponized Xanax.

Frenchie looks up to see -- A FIGURE WALKS IN. With a THICK DOSSIER. She sits as we reveal -- it's MALLORY.

MALLORY (CONT'D)
The grenades you used on Behemoth during the bank heist.
(Frenchie doesn't respond)
You got a Supe activated by rage, so you simply take away his rage -- *
turn him into a cupcake. Clever. *

FRENCHIE
I don't know what you're talking about.

Mallory looks at him, impressed.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

MALLORY
And Cold Snap two months ago?
Malchemical a month before that?
You don't know about those either?

FRENCHIE
What is this about?

Mallory gets to business, drops the dossier before him.

MALLORY
Armed robbery, breaking and entering, aggravated assault on a Supe. You're looking at twenty to twenty-five, minimum.

Frenchie's stomach plummets. He's fucked.

MALLORY (CONT'D)
Or you can come work for me. I could use someone with your imagination.

Frenchie's street code won't allow him to accept.

FRENCHIE
Madame. Fuck you.

Mallory looks genuinely disappointed.

MALLORY
That's a pity -- for you, but even more for --
(looks at file)
Cherie and Jay, I believe?

Fuck. Frenchie swallows.

MALLORY (CONT'D)
ADX Florence, it's a Supermax in Colorado. They got the Unabomber, head of the Aryan Brotherhood, all the greats. And your friends too, maybe. Or, they go free. But that depends on you. Right now. *

FRENCHIE
You can't do that.

She smiles -- *can't I?* -- and starts for the door.

FRENCHIE (CONT'D)
Wait!

She pauses, holding all the cards.

FRENCHIE (CONT'D)
What kind of work do you do?

12 **OMITTED** 12 *

A13 **EXT. DAWN OF THE SEVEN SET - BASECAMP - DAY** A13 *

Homelander and Stormfront head past all the talent trailers. *
He starts to pull her towards his trailer. *

HOMELANDER *
Hey -- come into my trailer. Got a *
surprise for you. *

STORMFRONT *
(playful, loving) *
Gotta swing by the Tower first, meet *
with my social guys -- *

HOMELANDER *
Blow 'em off. *

STORMFRONT *
Be back in twenty, okay? Then you *
can surprise me. Wherever you want. *

But Homelander isn't used to ANY REJECTION WHATSOEVER. *

HOMELANDER *
Yeah. I mean, yeah, sure. *

She kisses him and heads off. Off Homelander. Feeling a *
little needy and insecure. He steps up into his trailer -- *

13 **INT. HOMELANDER'S TRAILER - DAY** 13

-- to REVEAL he was going to surprise her with a special *
gift... a BANAL VASE OF FLOWERS. Beside it, there's a pre-
printed card from the flower company -- "Thanks for a great
night!" -- carefully signed in pen -- "XO, Homelander."

The "great night" was, of course, the two of them killing
someone and fucking beside their victim's corpse.

Homelander looks at the card, smiles, proud. CLOSE ON THE *
XO. Really feels like he's nailed this one. He glances at
the clock. 2:15. She'll be back soon.

14 **EXT. FRENCHIE'S VAN - DAY** 14

Hughie. Looking up at the roof of the VAN --

Where Butcher is on his belly. With a SNIPER RIFLE.
Providing COVER, just in case. Looking into the scope --

HUGHIE
You see 'em?

BUTCHER
I see 'em.

14 CONTINUED: 14

SCOPE POV. Annie points her PALM at the FENCE -- A BLINDING FLASH THAT FLARES the SCOPE -- blasting man-sized hole in the fence, RED METAL sizzling at the edges. She turns, leaves them as they SNEAK ONTO THE GROUNDS --

INTERCUT BUTCHER and that SCOPE POV. He sets the cross-hatch target on Annie. Follows her. Thinks very seriously about pulling the trigger. But doesn't. But WE SEE IT -- and it's pretty fucking troubling. His hate for Supes burns deep.

14 CONTINUED: 14

Frenchie nods. Enters, M.M. and Kimiko behind. Annie peels back, returning to the van.

15 **OMITTED** 15

16 **INT. SAGE GROVE CENTER - HALLWAY 1/2 - DAY** 16 *

Mother's Milk, Frenchie, and Kimiko ENTER FRAME (or through a door) head down a hallway. They spot an empty ROLLING BED. Frenchie pivots to Kimiko. A whisper, maintaining cover -- *

FRENCHIE
Get in.

She silently mock-imitates him -- 'get in.' Just a fuck you. He rolls his eyes.

Frenchie climbs into the bed. Under the sheets.

M.M. and Kimiko push. Suddenly, they all look like they completely belong. Orderlies and patient. *

17 **EXT. FRENCHIE'S VAN - DAY** 17 *

Annie approaches as Butcher hands the sniper rifle down to Hughie, as he climbs off the van roof. She reaches out to give him a hand.

ANNIE
Here.

He moves past her, without touching her. She drops her hand.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Seriously?

Butcher heads to the side doors of the van. Annie follows.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
What is your problem with me?

BUTCHER
I ain't got no problem with you.

ANNIE
That's why you won't even touch my hand?

HUGHIE
Guys, c'mon, not the time.

ANNIE
I think it's exactly the time. I think the time is long overdue.
(to Butcher)
You know I hate Vought as much as you do. But it doesn't matter.
(MORE)

17 CONTINUED: 17

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Cause what you can't stand is in my blood. I'm sub-human to you. Only good Supe is a dead Supe, right?

BUTCHER
You said it, not me.

HUGHIE
That's enough --

ANNIE
You know. Under all that swagger, you're just a bigot and a bully. I know a guy just like that. He's got a flag for a cape.

HUGHIE
(oh FUCK)
Annie, stop!

Butcher. He gives her a homicidal look. A look that says, I'm gonna kill you for that one day. Even Annie averts her eyes, the look is so scary.

The tense frozen moment is broken, when -- a sudden CRACKLE RIPPLES overhead -- *

They all DUCK DOWN -- shit -- STORMFRONT FLIES OVER! *

Did she see them? Didn't seem to. Butcher grabs a pair of high-powered BINOCULARS, looks -- *

STORMFRONT DROPS OUT OF THE SKY BEFORE THE SAGE GROVE ENTRANCE, PLASMA TENDRILS stretching to the ground as she lands. SHE STROLLS THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR -- *

BUTCHER
Fuck me. *

18 **OMITTED** 18 *

19 **INT. SAGE GROVE CENTER - HALLWAY 3/SECURITY ROOM - DAY** 19

A UNIFORMED SAGE GROVE SECURITY GUARD oversees a BANK of MONITORS. When... a KNOCK on his LOCKED door --

He heads over, looks through the small window in the door --

POV. It's M.M. Frenchie is convulsing in the bed. (Let's make sure it's not big, but scary and realistic, as these things really are).

MOTHER'S MILK
Open up, I need help. He's gonna swallow his tongue, now open the goddam door!

The SECURITY GUARD hesitates, then opens the door --

19 CONTINUED: 19

SECURITY GUARD
What's wrong with him?

That's the last thing he'll ever say -- THWIPPTHWIPP! -- Frenchie sits up, FIRES A PISTOL WITH A SUPPRESSOR TIP. The Guard collapses --

Kimiko pulls his dead body into the room. As M.M. pushes Frenchie's gurney in quickly. Frenchie leaps out of the bed, climbs up on a table, DISABLES the Security Camera in the room by pulling its cord out. As M.M. locks the door. A well-oiled machine.

Kimiko stares at all the monitors. STUNNED. M.M. and Frenchie soon join her. Soon they're just as stunned.

MOTHER'S MILK
What in the holy fuck?

REVEAL -- TEN MONITORS. Each showing SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE of TEN DIFFERENT ROOMS. Clean, white, with HEAVILY LOCKED DOORS. Half hospital room, half cell.

And each room has a BAREFOOT PATIENT. With SUPER POWERS. (Remember the security room in "Cabin in the Woods." All the different monsters. This is our wacko version of that. Should be a GONZO MOMENT.)

Some powers seem odd -- for example, one PHASING PATIENT vanishes and reappears uncontrollably in his room, but can't seem to get out.

But others are horrific SUPE FREAKS -- one PATIENT sits in his cell, his intestines flowing out of his mouth, squirming and beating on the outside of his body. He mumbles something, muffled because his mouth is so full.

Mother's Milk turns up the audio dial, so we hear --

INTESTINE BOY
...someone kill me...

Another PATIENT VOMITS ACID onto a tray of food, it smokes as he leans over and laps it up.

Another is a heavy-set bearded man, with what seems to be a massive, elephantiasis-inflicted penis straining his pants. The metal walls in his room are pocked with large dents.

MOTHER'S MILK
Whoa, brother's got a love sausage.

Kimiko. Staring at a different monitor. A YOUNG WOMAN (CINDY) sitting on the floor. Drugged. Head shaved. Arms around her knees. No powers to speak of, but her silence and stillness are frightening. She seems to sense Kimiko, looks up at the camera -- as if right at Kimiko.

The two young women seemingly lock glances for an eerie beat.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2) 19

FRENCHIE
What is this? Vought's making more Supe Terrorists?

MOTHER'S MILK
If they are, they're doin' a pretty piss poor job.

M.M. notices another MONITOR. STORMFRONT! Fuck. She enters with a MAN IN SCRUBS (we briefly glimpsed him in ep. 205). They talk to a PATIENT, TIM, who is nimbly making a ball float in the air of its own accord -- *

FRENCHIE *
Stormfront is here? Merde! *

CLOSE ON KIMIKO. WIDE ANGLE, SHALLOW FOCUS. Tense. Stormfront is the SOURCE of her PTSD. M.M. puts a comforting hand on her shoulder. *

MOTHER'S MILK *
It's alright. You're okay. *

She nods, grateful -- Frenchie watches, wishes he were a part of it. Wishes he could comfort her. But he can't. Those days have passed. *

M.M. turns up the audio on that camera -- *

STORMFRONT (ON SCREEN)
...pretty impressive, Tim. Any trouble sleeping? Depression?

TIM (ON SCREEN) *
No, ma'am. *

M.M. notices the Man in Scrubs. Give us a pixellated CLOSE-UP on the screen -- *

MOTHER'S MILK
Yo. That dude she's with, he look familiar to you? *

STORMFRONT (O.S.) *
What about nausea? Headaches? *

TIM (O.S.) *
No. *

FRENCHIE
(he does, but Frenchie can't place it)
Je ne sais pas. *

STORMFRONT (ON SCREEN)
(to the Man in Scrubs)
That's promising. I think we're pretty damn close.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3) 19

TIM (ON SCREEN)
Ma'am. I'd like to go home now. See my family.

STORMFRONT (ON SCREEN)
You were admitted to Sage Grove as suicidal, Tim. You still may be a danger to yourself.

TIM (ON SCREEN)
Well. I'm not doin' anymore of these stupid pet tricks until I talk to my sister.

STORMFRONT (ON SCREEN)
Okay, okay. We'll sort it out.

She gives the Man in Scrubs a pointed nod. Then walks out.

The Man in Scrubs pulls his ZIPPO out of his pocket, FLICKS... then CONTROLS the FIRE... he's a Supe, too! He sends a WALL OF FLAME AT TIM -- WHO FALLS BACK, BURNING O.S.! *

IN THE SECURITY ROOM *

FRENCHIE AND M.M. watch. Screams of AGONY echo as Tim BURNS * ALIVE. GET A CLOSE UP ON FRENCHIE'S FACE. Eyes widening -- *

The Man in Scrubs, somber at this murder, closes the Zippo. * Get CLOSE on its ENGRAVING -- "Titty Committee". (Remember * that detail in 205? It's the same guy.) *

Frenchie. *About to lose his shit*. It's not so much big as * INTENSE -- he's almost quivering with RAGE. It's scary. Feels dangerous.

FRENCHIE
Lamplighter. That's fucking Lamplighter.

MOTHER'S MILK
Shhh --

FRENCHIE
I didn't recognize him without the mask and hood.
(realizing)
The "Elle" on Stormfront's emails -- the letter "L," Lamplighter. We are so stupid.

MOTHER'S MILK
Take a breath.

FRENCHIE
We have to kill him! *

MOTHER'S MILK
Just hold on --

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (4) 19

FRENCHIE
We have to. For Madame Mallory.
For her grandchildren.

MOTHER'S MILK
Okay but not yet. Not until we *
figure out what the fuck all this
is. Clear?

A long, long beat. Then Frenchie nods. Clear. He's a professional, after all.

In QUICK CUTS, they get to work. Pulling all the HARD DRIVES from the SECURITY COMPUTERS. (Or whatever electronic proof you'd really pilfer from the security room). They pack them neatly into the gurney bed. As --

M.M.'s phone BUZZES -- he answers --

HUGHIE (O.S.)
You alright? Stormfront was there!

20 **INT. FRENCHIE'S VAN - OUTSIDE HOSPITAL - DAY - INTERCUT** 20

BINOC POV. Hughie, in the passenger seat, sees STORMFRONT *
exiting. She launches up on a blast of PLASMA --

MOTHER'S MILK
That ain't all who's here.

HUGHIE
(on handless mode) *
Well, she just left. Get the hell
out.

MOTHER'S MILK
On our way.

FRENCHIE CLIMBS ONTO the BED, ON TOP of all the devices, then they put the sheet over him. Smart way to smuggle shit.

21 **INT. SAGE GROVE CENTER - HALLWAY 4 - DAY** 21

A DOCTOR passes. Then --

M.M. and Kimiko push Frenchie -- and the treasure trove of proof -- down the hall, towards the door -- freedom in SIGHT, when around the corner --

Comes LAMPLIGHTER!! Approaching in their direction -- *

M.M. and Kimiko play it cool. Keep pushing. No worries. Nothing to see here. Right past him.

Did they get away with it? We think so.

21 CONTINUED: 21

But in SLOW, LANGUID MOTION -- Lamplighter happens to look down at Frenchie. Who happens to look up at Lamplighter. MILK the connection. Lamplighter's EYES WIDEN.

LAMPLIGHTER
You.

Lamplighter PULLS his ZIPPO LIGHTER from his POCKET. Frenchie DIVES from the GURNEY -- FIGHTS HIM for the lighter before he has a chance to use it. To Kimiko and M.M. --

FRENCHIE
HELP ME!

Kimiko LUNGES at Lamplighter -- KNOCKING HIM OFF BALANCE -- * but too late -- *

IN SLOW MOTION as Lamplighter flicks the flame... *

A BILLOWING COLUMN OF FIRE SHOOTS WILDLY FROM THE LIGHTER -- * a FLAME THROWER but THICKER -- they and M.M. dive out of the * way at the VERY LAST SECOND. It catches an ORDERLY -- * MELTING HIM in seconds! -- *

CONTINUES THROUGH HIM and CRASHES INTO a HIGH SECURITY STEEL * DOOR. Blasting open a GAPING HOLE -- *

SCREAMS from inside the LOCKED ROOMS in the hall. POUNDING * ON THE DOORS. Patients are in there that want to get out. *

Lamplighter rises. Suddenly, he doesn't seem to care about The Boys. He's SCARED SHITLESS. Eyes on that hole. *

A long, ominous beat.

Then out walks CINDY, the young head-shaven woman. *

LAMPLIGHTER
Heyyyy, Cindy? Hey there... cool. Let's be cool, okay?

Cindy just looks at Lamplighter.

LAMPLIGHTER (CONT'D)
Remember the extra helping of Kraft shells n' cheese I snuck you? I like you. You know that, right?

CINDY
...who are your friends?...

MOTHER'S MILK
We ain't his friends! Fuck him up!

CINDY
...you're dressed like his friends. I don't like liars --

21 CONTINUED: (2) 21

We're not entirely sure what's gonna happen, but it seems like it's gonna be really BAD -- when --

BAMBAMBAMBAMBAMBAM! A SAGE GROVE SECURITY GUARD behind Cindy * OPENS FIRE into her back! *

She turns to them.

Lamplighter quietly starts backing down the hall -- *

Cindy CLENCHES a hand, makes a fist. *

And the GUARD is CRUSHED. As if by a massive fist. Every * BONE SHATTERED --

Mother's Milk, Frenchie, and Kimiko watch, stunned.

MOTHER'S MILK
Oh, shit!

When they notice -- Lamplighter is already hauling ass in the opposite direction -- AWAY from Cindy -- AWAY FROM ALL OF * THEM -- *

They also notice -- Cindy pivots back to them -- a sliver of her face -- one eye on them. *

So they haul ass, too -- after Lamplighter -- *

OFF CINDY -- in the middle of the hallway -- clenching her fists again -- as EVERY CELL DOOR on both sides of the hallway CRUMPLES IN like TIN FOIL, OPENING --

ANGLE ON BARE FEET shuffling out of various doors... one pair FLOATS... as a DOZEN SUPER POWERED PATIENTS STREAM OUT as an ALARM BLARES OUT --

22 **INT. SAGE GROVE CENTER - HALLWAY 3/OUTSIDE SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS** 22

Lamplighter RACES INSIDE the Security Room -- when Kimiko sprints towards him and WEDGES HERSELF in the DOORWAY before Lamplighter can close it!

LAMPLIGHTER
Let go! They're coming!

Kimiko shoves the door open. Lamplighter is thrown back * (ACTOR ACTION PLEASE) as Frenchie and M.M. race inside. His * lighter skitters across the floor away from him. Kimiko * slams the door SHUT behind them.

23 **INT. SAGE GROVE CENTER - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS** 23

The Boys are now trapped with their mortal enemy (and lost all their EVIDENCE, btw). Lamplighter scrambles for the * lighter, holds it out at Frenchie. *

23 CONTINUED: 23

LAMPLIGHTER
Stay the fuck back! I'll burn your skin off, asshole --

Frenchie doesn't give a shit -- he's ready to end it all, if it means ending Lamplighter -- he aims his pistol -- *

FRENCHIE
You won't get the chance --

NOISES outside approach down the hallway. The Supe Freaks will hear them any second --

MOTHER'S MILK
Shut up! They'll hear you!
Stow. Your. Dicks!

When the DOOR STARTS RATTLING --

GUARD (O.S.)
HELP! SOMEONE HELP ME!!

Suddenly, screams of HORRIFIC AGONY -- and the small window in the door is COATED IN BLOOD and gummy bits --

Our heroes stand TOTALLY STILL, listening, praying the freaks won't storm inside -- Lamplighter holds up his lighter, Frenchie with his gun, Kimiko poised.

More HORRIFIC SCREAMS from outside. SQUELCHING.

Meanwhile, M.M. has been watching the SECURITY MONITORS.

ON SCREEN. An ORDERLY knocked off his feet as a TENTACLE DRAGS HIM SCREAMING BY THE LEG out of frame. (What the fuck is THAT?)

The inmates have taken over the asylum.

M.M. pivots to Lamplighter. *

MOTHER'S MILK
(re: Kimiko)
Now listen. She's a Supe. So maybe you can burn us, but you'll just piss her off. So how 'bout we all * calm down, live through this * motherfucker?

Frenchie and Lamplighter trade suspicious looks.

ON THE MONITOR -- ANOTHER ANGLE -- A DOZEN SCREAMING PATIENTS POUNDING at a HEAVY LOCKED DOOR (HALLWAY 6) -- one pivots back to look at the CAMERA with GLOWING EYES.

MOTHER'S MILK (CONT'D)
(re: the monitor)
What's going on there?

23 CONTINUED: (2) 23

LAMPLIGHTER
Lockdown. No one's getting out.
(re: Kimiko)
Not even her.

MOTHER'S MILK
There's gotta be an access code.

LAMPLIGHTER
There is, genius, at the door. But no fucking way I'm telling you or taking you with me. Suck shit.

MOTHER'S MILK *
You got a Supe army out there who *
wanna rip you apart --
(gestures to Kimiko)
She can help --

LAMPLIGHTER
I'll take my chances.

Suddenly the DOOR behind him FLINGS OPEN, LOCK BREAKING! *
ACID VOMIT GUY BARRELS IN -- TACKLES Lamplighter to the FLOOR *
-- his ZIPPO KNOCKED AWAY -- *

LAMPLIGHTER (CONT'D)
FUCK!

Vomit Guy PINS Lamplighter down. Lamplighter STRUGGLES but *
can't do much, the dude's STRONG, arms like GRANITE! *
Frenchie and M.M. aim their guns, but can't take the shot, *
not without killing their only ticket out of here. *

Vomit Guy GAGS TWICE -- like a CAT COUGHING UP A HAIRBALL -- *
then VOMITS onto Lamplighter -- Lamplighter SQUIRMS his HEAD *
away, the puke HITS his SHOULDER -- WHICH SMOKES and BURNS! *

LAMPLIGHTER (CONT'D) *
AAAAAAHHHH! *

Vomit Guy leans closer for a KILL SHOT. GAGS TWICE -- here *
it comes -- when KIMIKO SPRINGS into Vomit Guy!! KNOCKS HIM *
ON HIS BACK -- as he VOMITS -- but it spurts up into the air *
and lands directly on his FACE. HE SCREAMS and his FACE *
SMOKES and BLEEDS as the vomit BURNS and MELTS INTO HIS EYS -- *
boring through to his brain. Until he's dead. *

Everyone watches this horror. A long, long beat. Then -- *

LAMPLIGHTER (CONT'D)
Okay, you guys can come. *

24 **OMITTED** 24 *

25 **OMITTED** 25 *

26 **OMITTED** 26 *

27 **OMITTED** 27 *

A28 **INT. SAGE GROVE CENTER - SECURITY ROOM - DAY** A28

SLAM! -- Mother's Milk SMASHES the SECURITY CONSOLE CONTROLS with a FIRE EXTINGUISHER. THE MONITORS FRITZ TO BLACK. He makes sure there's no record of them ever being there -- *

They peek out the door to make sure the coast is clear... then sneak out... leaving a dead, bloody Vomit Guy behind... *

B28 **INT./EXT. VAN - FIELD OUTSIDE HOSPITAL - DAY** B28 *

INSIDE THE VAN. Hughie still watches the hospital with binocs, stunned, through the windshield as -- *

BEDLAM. A BLUE SUPER-POWERED ENERGY BURST inside one unbroken supe-proof WINDOW. A blood splat against ANOTHER. *

HUGHIE
What the fuck??

C28 **EXT. FIELD OUTSIDE HOSPITAL - DAY** C28 *

OUTSIDE THE VAN. Annie watches the windows. Butcher has been trying to get ahold of M.M., tries again. *

BUTCHER *
Bloody hell, M.M., pick up! *

When they pivot to see -- a young, skinny, haggard PATIENT. Must've gotten out before the lockdown. *

BUTCHER (CONT'D)
Hello. Easy, son. No trouble from us, you just stroll on by, yeah? *

PATIENT
(near tears)
I don't want them to hurt me again.

BUTCHER
No one's gonna hurt you, lad. We're your mates, ain't we?

Long beat. Then the Patient nods slowly. Yeah, okay. Just as Butcher and Annie breathe a sigh of relief --

OVERHEAD SHOT. The Patient clenches, unleashing a CIRCULAR ENERGY PULSE that widens like a ripple in a pond. Kicking up DIRT and DUST. Swatting Butcher and Annie to the ground, HARD. And ROLLING the VAN ON ITS ROOF --

From the dirt -- Annie looks up, horrified, to see --

BANGBANGBANG! The guy's chest EXPLODES with gunfire.

C28 CONTINUED: C28

REVEAL -- Butcher on the ground. Unloading his pistol into him. The Patient drops. Dead.

Annie stands. Eyes on the bloody Patient. Couldn't be more than 18. But her grim reverie is broken when --

BUTCHER (CONT'D)
Gimme a fuckin' hand!

The van is UPSIDE DOWN. Butcher SLIDES OPEN the SIDE DOOR, Annie quickly joins him, pulling a dazed Hughie out --

ANNIE
Hughie. You alright?

He looks at her. Nods. Then crumples. There's a JAGGED METAL FRAGMENT jutting out of his abdomen. It's really bad. Hughie collapses.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Hughie!

BUTCHER
Hughie, fuck!

They drop to their knees around him. Inspect the wound. Blood begins to flow. Too much blood. Way too much.

ANNIE
Oh no oh no.

BUTCHER
Can you cauterize it?

Annie holds up her hand. CAN'T make it glow. *

ANNIE
The kid must've fried everything. I *
gotta draw the power from somewhere. *

BUTCHER *
Well, you got a useless fuckin' *
superpower, dontcha? *

Butcher looks down at Hughie. There's only one choice. *

BUTCHER (CONT'D)
We gotta get him to a doctor.

ANNIE
Where? How?

BUTCHER
Well, we ain't gonna just fuckin' *
sit here and watch him bleed out! *

ANNIE
What about the others?

Butcher lifts up Hughie -- *

C28 CONTINUED: (2) C28

BUTCHER
They'll have to sort themselves.
Come on.

Together, they shoulder an unconscious Hughie, as fast as they can, across the field... both trying to repress their OUTRIGHT TERROR at the possibility of losing Hughie...

D28 **INT. HOMELANDER'S TRAILER - DAY** D28

The clock. 4:15.

Homelander waits. Stormfront is very, very late. He stares at the banal flowers. At his card. "XO, Homelander." It all seems so ridiculous now. So pathetic. *

XO? He's stupid. Weak to go out on a limb like this. Hates himself more than he hates her. XO!?

Off his twisting expression --

E28 **EXT. BASECAMP - DAY - LATER** E28

CAMERA FINDS: A PAIR OF FIREMAN BOOTS step over -- the charred remnant of the card -- "XO, HOMEL"

CREW watch as FIRETRUCKS and FIREMEN hose down Homelander's trailer. Extinguishing the raging fire that engulfed it. Mostly embers and charcoal by now.

Ashley sits with an EMT, being treated for smoke inhalation. She takes off her mask long enough to ask DEANNA -- business above health always -- * * *

ASHLEY *
Really, no one's seen Starlight yet? *

HIGH POV of the chaotic scene. Then we reveal --

Homelander watches from atop the Dawn of the Seven backdrop. A combustible mix of emotions. Insecurity. Petulance. * *

STORMFRONT (O.S.)
Been looking everywhere for you.

Stormfront steps up. Looking over at the smoking trailer.

STORMFRONT (CONT'D)
What happened to your trailer?

HOMELANDER
Oh. Electrical fire. How was your meeting?

She gives him a look. Can tell he's lying.

STORMFRONT
Sorry, it went long.

E28 CONTINUED: E28

HOMELANDER
You don't have to apologize. So I'm gonna go run lines with Noir. Scene 43 tonight. Real magilla.

He's a little stiff. Stormfront senses it --

STORMFRONT
What's wrong?

HOMELANDER
Nothing.

STORMFRONT
You sure?

HOMELANDER
Why would anything be wrong?

He heads off, with as much dignity as he can muster. But he can't help himself. His insecurity overwhelms him. He pivots back around --

HOMELANDER (CONT'D)
Oh, by the way? I went to the Tower. You weren't there. No one knew where you were.

STORMFRONT
You were -- checking on me?

HOMELANDER
I was checking to see how your meeting went. But it's fine.

STORMFRONT
Hold on. Just let me --

He steps forward. For a flash -- we see what a Homelander SCORNED looks like. Anger and hurt and violence. It should scare the ever loving SHIT out of us. He lightly brushes his hand over her throat. Then --

HOMELANDER
Explain? Why would you have to explain anything?

He walks off. Off Stormfront -- actually RATTLED for the first time. Which for her, is something. *

28 **OMITTED** 28 *

A29 **INT. SAGE GROVE CENTER - HALLWAY 5 - DAY** A29

Heads on swivel, M.M., Frenchie, Kimiko and Lamplighter. *
Walk down a hall. Over a MUTILATED ORDERLY CORPSE, face down *
in a big pool of blood. Lamplighter, still nursing his acid- *
burnt SHOULDER, stops at a particular ROOM -- *

(CONTINUED)

A29 CONTINUED: A29

LAMPLIGHTER
C'mon, in here.

29 **INT. SAGE GROVE CENTER - MEDICAL SUPPLY ROOM - DAY** 29

They lock the door behind them -- as Lamplighter moves to the antiseptic and gauze to wrap himself up.

CLOSE ON FRENCHIE. He looks around like Moses looking at the Promised Land: the room is STACKED FULL OF DRUGS!

SHELVES AND SHELVES of PILLS, LIQUIDS, you name it. (All pad-locked. Also syringes, oxygen tanks, brooms, wheelchairs.) *
GIVE US CLOSE-UPS of ALL THE PILLS for Frenchie's reaction -- *

FRENCHIE
(in awe)
It's so beautiful.

He immediately inspects all the goodies as -- *

Lamplighter grabs supplies. Dresses, bandages his SHOULDER. *

MOTHER'S MILK
What the hell's going on anyway?
(Lamplighter looks at him)
Juicing people with Compound V, only to roast 'em alive? Why? And why are you here?

LAMPLIGHTER
Maybe I just like watching people burn.

Lamplighter looks at Frenchie. Frenchie stops examining the drugs, looks back at him. It's loaded as fuck. * *

LAMPLIGHTER (CONT'D)
I remember you, y'know. You were tailin' me the night I torched those kids.

M.M. clocks Frenchie's guilt and anger roiling within.

MOTHER'S MILK
Frenchie...

LAMPLIGHTER
Why didn't you stop me? Maybe you like watching people burn, too.

FRENCHIE
FILS DE PUTE!

Frenchie charges him -- M.M. has to work like a MOTHERFUCKER to pull him back -- Lamplighter grins, he wants it --

29 CONTINUED: 29

MOTHER'S MILK
NO! Stop it!

Finally, Frenchie twists free. Tries to catch his breath. Push down his anger -- but more than that -- his ANGUISH.

Kimiko watches him. With some empathy. She's never quite seen him like this.

Off Frenchie, MATCH CUT TO:

30 **INT. RUN DOWN WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK** 30

FRENCHIE'S FACE. Staring at a gorgeous engagement ring in M.M.'s hand.

CHYRON: 5 YEARS AGO

FRENCHIE
Mon dieu...

MOTHER'S MILK
I don't wanna hear nothing about getting tired of the pussy. I love her. * *

Beat. Then Frenchie surprisingly hugs him. M.M. grins. We've never seen such warm camaraderie between these two. They used to be very good friends.

Mallory steps up. A small smile on her face. She carries a TABLET COMPUTER to be used a bit later.

MALLORY
Congratulations, Marvin.

MOTHER'S MILK
Thank you, Colonel.

FRENCHIE
Oh, the bachelor party I will throw you. What are your feelings about transgender strippers?

MOTHER'S MILK
Strippers ain't my kinda Hershey's, with or without nuts. I was thinking a golf trip maybe.

FRENCHIE
You're a fucking monster.

Mallory stifles a smile. Enjoys the camaraderie of her men. Meanwhile, an intense Butcher at the window, all business.

BUTCHER
He's here.

30 CONTINUED: 30

Butcher cocks the hammer on a 9mm at his side. The Boys position themselves behind Mallory. Game faces on.

ENTRANCE. AN ORANGE FLICKERING GLOW approaches, growing steadily brighter. LAMPLIGHTER enters. Sharp. Trim. Wearing his supersuit and carrying his renowned LIT STAFF. He posts before them in all of his Seven glory --

THE BOYS SNICKER. It's contagious. Even Mallory has to clear her throat and look away.

LAMPLIGHTER
What?

BUTCHER
Sorry, mate. You just look like one a' them poncy baton twirlers.

MOTHER'S MILK
Majorettes.

BUTCHER
Right. A majorette.

Mallory shows Lamplighter the TABLET. FLICKS through some images. We don't see the images, but the blood drains from his face.

MALLORY
So here's what happens now. You're going to tell us every single thing you see and hear at the Tower.

BUTCHER
Especially when it's about Homelander.

Mallory shoots Butcher a "shut up" look. Butcher looks back, defiant. When it comes to Homelander -- whatever it takes.

Lamplighter. Fury in his eyes. The intensity of the torch increases -- Butcher grips his gun. Frenchie glances at M.M. Tense. But Mallory remains cool.

MALLORY
Please don't pretend like you have a choice.
(hands him a card)
I look forward to your call.

A moment. Lamplighter takes the card, storms out. Butcher smiles, pleased with himself --

BUTCHER
What'd I say? Easy peasy.

Mallory drops her bravado.

30 CONTINUED: (2) 30

MALLORY
I don't like it. You don't back an animal like that into a corner.

BUTCHER
Fuck him. We own his arse.

MALLORY
Frenchie. Keep an eye on Lamplighter. Don't let him outta your sight.

FRENCHIE
Oui, madame.

Frenchie nods, heads out. Off this --

31 **EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY - PRESENT** 31

Country road, lined with thick trees on both sides. A Hyundai SEDAN rolls around the corner, BRAKES in front of --

Annie. Stepping into the road, waving her hands.

The driver -- businessman DENNIS, 40, loosened tie and blazer -- rolls down the window --

DENNIS
What's the trouble, miss?

ANNIE
Sir, I need you to step out of your car please.

DENNIS
What're you talking about?

Butcher steps up. Arm around a bleeding Hughie -- GUN conspicuously at his side.

BUTCHER
FBI. Need to commandeer your Hyundai. Bit of an emergency.

DENNIS
Jesus. What happened to him?

BUTCHER
Long story, that.

Dennis climbs out --

DENNIS
Can I see some I.D.?

BUTCHER
In my other pants, too busy saving *
this one, but you can ring my boss -- *

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 31

DENNIS
Look, I'll take you to the hospital. But it's the middle of nowhere, I'm not giving you my car. *

Butcher. A beat of resignation. *

BUTCHER *
Alright. Have it your way. *

Butcher carefully sets Hughie down against a tree. Then approaches. Menacing. Gun at his side. *

ANNIE
(cool it)
Butcher, no. Listen, sir -- *

When Dennis PULLS a GUN from his GLOVE BOX -- LUNGES from the car for a cleaner shot -- he's TERRIFIED --

DENNIS
Just stay back!

ANNIE
Whoa, that's not necessary. Let's just talk!

DENNIS *
FBI. Get real. You're not even American! Is he even really hurt? This some scam?? *

The situation spins further and further out of control. *

BUTCHER *
If I wanted to nick some wheels, it wouldn't be a fuckin' Hyundai. * *

DENNIS
This is a stand your ground state. Stay back!

BUTCHER *
You stand where you want. *

ANNIE
Butcher, stop. Buddy, put the gun down!

Butcher keeps approaching --

DENNIS
I said stay back!

ANNIE
I said put it down!

31 CONTINUED: (2) 31

CLOSE ON ANNIE. She can see -- CLOSE ON DENNIS. CLOSE ON HIS TRIGGER FINGER. He's about to FIRE --

His Hyundai headlights suddenly FLARE -- as she HOLDS OUT her HANDS and BLASTS HIM BACK --

31 CONTINUED: (3) 31

Dennis sails through the air, CRACKS his head hard on the pavement. Blood starts pooling beneath him.

Annie rushes over. Checks his pulse. Tries to rouse him.

Butcher SNAGS Dennis' KEYS from his hands. Moves to Hughie, loads him into the back seat.

CLOSE ON ANNIE. PUSH IN. Her frozen stillness.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
He's dead. You couldn't just listen to me and stay back??

BUTCHER
Come on! You can cauterize it!

Annie. Leaves Dennis there, a murder in the road.

Heads to the open back door, where Hughie lays. Beside an EMPTY BABY SEAT, strapped in the back. Annie takes it in. The things she has to do. The depths she has to go. Then --

She reaches out her HAND. The LIGHTS inside the CAR PULSE, the RADIO FRITZES with static -- as she presses her now GLOWING HAND against Hughie's wound. We HEAR his FLESH SIZZLE. Even unconscious, he SCREAMS.

Annie struggles with seeing him like this.

Her power finally dims and goes out. The bleeding's stopped.

BUTCHER (CONT'D)
It won't hold long. Come on.

Butcher jumps in the driver's seat, she hops in the passenger's seat.

Even Butcher knows better than to fuck with her right now.

BUTCHER (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Thank you.

This doesn't make Annie feel any better. Not by a longshot. She watches Dennis's face-down body in the SIDE MIRROR as they leave it behind.

32 **OMITTED** 32 *

33 **OMITTED** 33 *

34 **INT. SAGE GROVE CENTER - MEDICAL SUPPLY ROOM - DAY** 34

CRASH! Frenchie's elbow SMASHES the glass of a MEDICINE CABINET. Starts stuffing them into his pockets --

MOTHER'S MILK
This really the time to go shopping?

Frenchie checks out the drug labels.

34 CONTINUED: 34

FRENCHIE *
One, why not? And two, this is good *
news. Perhaps we won't have to *
fight anyone. *

MOTHER'S MILK *
What do you mean? *

FRENCHIE *
With some aerated propofol, some *
other odds and ends? I make a *
knockout bomb. Even for Supes. *

M.M. reacts, it's a smart idea. Lamplighter keeps his *
distance. Tension between them still thick. Plays with his *
'Titty Committee' ZIPPO. Click. Click.

Frenchie eyes him as he selects PILLS, CHEMICALS, GLASS *
CONTAINERS. Sets up a make-shift lab. Something burns on *
his mind. Then... finally decides to say it.

FRENCHIE (CONT'D)
Why are we still alive?

LAMPLIGHTER
Dumb luck. *

FRENCHIE
Non. I mean that night. We went *
underground for months, but you
never came for us. Not you, not
Homelander, no one. Why?

LAMPLIGHTER
What, you're disappointed we didn't
kill you?

FRENCHIE
The Seven <u>always</u> retaliate.

Lamplighter's hiding something he wants to keep buried. He
grows annoyed. His Zippo. Click. Click.

LAMPLIGHTER
You're nobodies. You weren't worth
it.

Frenchie looks up at Lamplighter as he realizes --

FRENCHIE
You never told them, did you?

A moment. Lamplighter clearly grows uncomfortable.

FRENCHIE (CONT'D)
Why wouldn't you tell them?

LAMPLIGHTER
Who says I didn't?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2) 34

FRENCHIE
I figured you'd boast about it.
Must've found it thrilling.

Lamplighter shifts. Increasingly uncomfortable. Does NOT want to keep talking about this. Clickclickclick.

LAMPLIGHTER
I'm not an animal.

FRENCHIE
Only an animal would do what you did.

LAMPLIGHTER
Just fucking drop it, okay?

FRENCHIE
You murdered innocent children --

LAMPLIGHTER
(getting hotter)
Shut the fuck up --

FRENCHIE
You watched them burn alive, crying for their Mama -- if that's not an animal, then what --

LAMPLIGHTER
(finally blurts out)
I didn't know!
(then quieter)
I didn't know they were in the bed. I thought it was your boss. Wasn't until I heard them screaming... but by then it was too late.

For the first time Frenchie, SHOCKED, sees Lamplighter as far more complicated than he imagined. But M.M. doesn't care --

MOTHER'S MILK
You didn't mean to? We should feel bad for you? Fuck you.

LAMPLIGHTER
I don't want anything from you.
(to Frenchie, in real and genuine pain)
I saw you following me that night. Then you disappeared. I keep asking myself, why didn't you stop me? Why didn't you?

M.M. shoots Frenchie a simmering look.

MOTHER'S MILK
Good question.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3) 34

Kimiko watches, sympathetic -- as Frenchie IN ANGUISH stares * at M.M. and Lamplighter. His guilt crushing him down.

35 **EXT. MEATPACKING DISTRICT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK** 35

MATCH CUT TO Frenchie sticking to the shadows and watching Lamplighter (still in costume) entering an extravagant RED * CARPET ART GALA. He holds hands with a beautiful model -- * his date for the night. The crowd roars. Paparazzi flash * their cameras. Lamplighter grins a Tom Cruise smile.

VMMMT... VMMMT... -- Frenchie glances at his phone. CHERIE's face appears giving the camera a middle finger. He sends it to VM. It buzzes again: Cherie. Merde. Answers --

FRENCHIE
Cherie, this's not a good --

CHERIE
(crying)
He's dying!

FRENCHIE
Quoi?

CHERIE
Jay's OD'ing. I don't know what he took. Please!

Frenchie tries not to raise his voice.

FRENCHIE
Take him to the hospital.

CHERIE
Serge! Fucking come! Now!

Frenchie watches Lamplighter and the model enter the gala. * Checks his watch. Considers.

36 **INT. SEEDY CHELSEA APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK** 36

CLOSE ON Frenchie slapping Jay's face. He lies unresponsive on the floor. Cherie paces, distraught.

Frenchie empties a HYPODERMIC NEEDLE into Jay's abdomen. A bottle of Naloxone Hcl is at his side. Gives Jay mouth to * mouth. Jay stirs barely. Spittle on the side of his mouth. (This isn't Pulp Fiction -- it isn't sexy, there's no dramatic gasp.) His eyes barely open.

FRENCHIE
Jay, c'mon, mon ami. You're okay. You went out. Can you sit up?

Frenchie helps Jay lean on the couch. Drug paraphernalia lies everywhere in the unkempt room. This isn't the Jay we first met. He looks around, groggy. Cherie hugs Frenchie --

36 CONTINUED: 36

CHERIE
Oh my God!

But Frenchie glances at his watch, start's packing up.

FRENCHIE
Stay with him. Keep him up. Keep him talking.

CHERIE
Where're you going?

FRENCHIE
I told you, I've got something...

CHERIE
More important than this? Us?

FRENCHIE
Cherie, I cannot do this right now.

CHERIE
Fine, then go. Go! We don't give a shit.

Frenchie looks at her with guilt, but he can't stay.

JAY
...Serge?

Frenchie turns to his old friend, gives him a weak and heartbroken smile.

FRENCHIE
I'll come back. Je promets.

37 **EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY - PRESENT** 37

The Hyundai SCREAMS down the road. Pushing 90 mph.

38 **INT. HYUNDAI - MOVING - DAY** 38

Butcher drives, tense. Annie in the back, beside Hughie. At least he's not bleeding anymore. But he quietly moans. A fever. Infection starting to set in. Annie reaches over, feels Hughie's head.

ANNIE
He's burning up.

BUTCHER
Going as fast as I can.

Butcher. Annie. Riding in silence. Butcher looks over at her. Beat. Then --

BUTCHER (CONT'D)
Appreciate what you did back there.

38 CONTINUED: 38

ANNIE
Thanks. Your approval means everything to me.

BUTCHER
And some sarcasm to stick the landing. Nice one.
(long beat of silence) *
You didn't have a choice. *

Annie meets his gaze, steely --

ANNIE
I know. Know what I was thinking, looking at him? "Why'd you pull a gun, you stupid fuck?" That's all. Maybe once I would've cried for him, but not anymore. Now he was just another person in our way.

Butcher throws her a long look. Maybe even impressed --

BUTCHER
Huh.

ANNIE
No.

BUTCHER
No what?

ANNIE
No to that fucking look of quiet respect or approval or whatever it is. I don't want it. We're nothing alike. Nothing.

Off Annie -- she doth protest too much. Fact is, she is growing calloused, maybe a bit like Butcher. But hates it --

39 **INT. CHURCH OF THE COLLECTIVE RENEWAL CENTER - DAY** 39

OPEN ON A PHOTO PORTRAIT ON THE WALL. Church of the Collective Chairman ALASTAIR ADANA. Looking thoughtful.

Then PULL BACK to REVEAL the real ADANA. He's impeccably dressed in a fine suit and tasteful Rolex.

WIDE SHOT. Adana is with Deep and A-Train. In an ornate DINING ROOM. They're the only ones in here, save an ATTENTIVE CHURCH OF THE COLLECTIVE WAITER -- wearing what looks like CREAM LINEN PAJAMAS. (Inside the Church walls, these are the uniforms). He serves steak, spoons Bernaise.

ALASTAIR
Poor Phillip here lost his wife to breast cancer.
(MORE)

39 CONTINUED: 39

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
But after four levels of our "Renewal" study course? Just look at him now. *

DEEP
Congrats, man.

Phillip gives a shaky smile, still fragile.

They all have Frescas. Alastair sips from his.

ALASTAIR
Deep, your numbers among women have been ticking up quite nicely. Did you catch Malala Yousafzai's Tweet? Called you a sweetheart.

DEEP
She's the sweetheart.

Alastair turns to A-Train, who's still eating.

ALASTAIR *
So what's on your mind, A-Train? *

A-TRAIN
Hmm. Well, Mr. Adana. I mean, Deep invited me here. Having a, I don't know, a real nice lunch. *

Alastair nods, maintaining his warm smile.

ALASTAIR
And Deep? What's on <u>your</u> mind?

DEEP
I think A-Train has sabotaged me my entire career.

A-Train looks at Deep, dumbstruck.

A-TRAIN
...What?

DEEP
You think you're better than me. I fantasize about drowning you, you know that? Over and over again. And I don't want to have that feeling anymore. I wanna be clean.

ALASTAIR
Oh boy. Looks like we got ourselves a good old Truth Exchange.

A-Train stands.

39 CONTINUED: (2) 39

A-TRAIN
Uh, hell no.

ALASTAIR
Please sit down.

A-TRAIN
I'm a Baptist, okay -- I saw that documentary about y'all -- this ain't my shit --

As he goes, Alastair calls after him --

ALASTAIR
For a man in seven figure debt, a heart condition, and in heavy withdrawal, you really have the luxury to get up and leave?

A-TRAIN
How do you know that?
(re: Deep)
He fucking tell you that?

ALASTAIR
No. The Church knows all kinds of things. But don't worry, we also know how to be discreet, especially for our members.
(then)
They're gonna give Shockwave your uniform, you know. Call him the next A-Train.

A-TRAIN
They can't do that.

ALASTAIR
Why not? A-Train is a trademark. You are just another nobody from the South Side of Chicago.

A-TRAIN
Fuck you!

ALASTAIR
I can help. With this Congressional * Hearing, Stan Edgar's gonna need a * united Seven. I can get you back in. But first? Sit down. And let Deep tell you his truths.

A moment. A-Train sits, looks at Deep, who needs this exchange. Alastair smiles encouragingly.

ALASTAIR (CONT'D)
See how much progress we're making?

40 **INT. SAGE GROVE CENTER - MEDICAL SUPPLIES ROOM - DAY** 40

Frenchie works his magic. Aerates a solution of pulverized pills and liquid with a nebulizer, then --

Attaches it to an OXYGEN TANK. Dumping the contents in, completing the knock-out bomb.

REVERSE TO REVEAL -- Mother's Milk, Kimiko, even Lamplighter stare at Frenchie's work with a mixture of awe and fear.

LAMPLIGHTER
(skeptical)
You really think this is gonna work?

FRENCHIE
I think so.

They regard each other. Brought together again by fate. Both men silently wrestling with thoughts of guilt and regret. Until an expression on Lamplighter's face. Fuck it.

LAMPLIGHTER
...they're not trying to make Supes here, these people are only test subjects. They're just trying to stabilize the V.

MOTHER'S MILK
Stabilize? What do you mean?

LAMPLIGHTER
Infants handle it best. But adults? Well, you saw. Sometimes you get powers. Sometimes you get -- freaks, sometimes you just explode. Vought wants to stabilize it. So you stick the V in any adult arm, anytime, anywhere, you get a solid Supe, solid powers.

M.M. and Frenchie lock eyes. Jesus Christ. Milk this. This is a HUGE SCARY REVEAL.

MOTHER'S MILK
(holy fucking shit)
A thousand more Supes, a hundred thousand? Why? Fucks their movies, their merchandising --

LAMPLIGHTER
They don't tell me. They just make me burn the evidence, y'know?

Lamplighter quiets. Genuinely tortured. Frenchie looks at him. Shocked to find the two of them have much in common. If Lamplighter opened up... Frenchie thinks he should, too...

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: 40

FRENCHIE
...my best friend was ODing and I left to save him that night.
(Lamplighter looks at him)
Why I didn't stop you. You were at a party. I was away for 30 minutes. *
Came back, you were gone.

M.M. leans forward. He didn't know. Neither did Kimiko.

LAMPLIGHTER
Did he live? Your friend?

FRENCHIE *
Oui. But I never saw him again. *
Then he died a few months later. *
Another overdose.

MOTHER'S MILK
You serious? Why didn't you tell us? *

FRENCHIE
What difference would it make?

MOTHER'S MILK
All these years... we woulda let you off the hook.

FRENCHIE
What makes you think I want to be let off the hook?

They all look at Frenchie with sympathy. Even Kimiko. Especially Kimiko. They've had such a chasm between them lately. Now she understands him better than she ever has.

The emotional moment is abruptly shattered when --

SMASH -- a THICK GLISTENING TENTACLE DARTS through a DOOR * WINDOW, WRAPS AROUND M.M.'s neck! SLAMS him against the * doorway. Strangling him! He CLAWS AT IT -- frantically * TUGGING AT IT! Back and forth! *

FRENCHIE (CONT'D)
Merde!

Frenchie tries to RIP at the tentacle -- no good! Lamplighter doesn't have a clean shot to burn it!

So Kimiko DIVES OUT of the ROOM -- we hear a THUMP, a SHOUT of PAIN -- and the TENTACLE suddenly drops to the floor. * Weaves up to the door, exits. *

M.M. gasps for air -- they move to the door to see --

THE BIG BEARDED DUDE. On the floor. Out cold. With **"BOSSY"** embedded in blood on his face.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2) 40

The tentacle retracts -- up his pajama leg --

MOTHER'S MILK
Wait. Was that -- ??

FRENCHIE
It's okay.

MOTHER'S MILK
Was that his fucking dick??

FRENCHIE
Don't be so closed-minded. Let's go.

Frenchie GRABS the oxygen tank and bolts out -- with a disturbed M.M., Kimiko and Lamplighter following...

41 **INT. SAGE GROVE INSTITUTE - HALLWAY 6 - CONTINUOUS** 41

They move down the HALLWAY -- rounding a CORNER --

LAMPLIGHTER
We're here.

UP AHEAD. THE DOOR. With a KEYPAD at the side. They made it! When --

CINDY steps out of a stairwell. Between them and the exit. Looking at them, chin down, eyes up. *

MOTHER'S MILK
Oh fuck!

They immediately RETREAT -- DIVING into a SIDE ROOM --

IN THE ROOM. Frenchie unscrews the NOZZLE on the OXYGEN TANK -- HURLS IT OUT THE DOOR, SLIDING across the floor to Cindy --

But she clenches her fist -- SCRUNCHING it into a tight ball * of twisted metal. And is otherwise UNHARMED -- *

MOTHER'S MILK *
You said that shit would work!

FRENCHIE
I said I thought it would!

They BACK AWAY. No other exit out of the room.

IN THE HALL. CINDY approaches. Closer. Closer. No escape.

INTERCUT our HEROES with CINDY, build some suspense. When --

SUDDENLY -- PURPLE PLASMA TENDRILS suddenly LASH OUT -- WRAPPING TIGHTLY AROUND CINDY'S ARMS AND TORSO --

41 CONTINUED: 41

As Stormfront ENTERS through the NOW OPEN DOOR -- she opened it from the outside. Out of the frying pan...

CINDY SCREAMS -- as it wraps around her, then she crumples to the floor, unconscious. *

STORMFRONT
Lamplighter?? You here??

IN THE ROOM. Lamplighter and The Boys trade frightened looks. Don't go out there, man. PLEASE. But then --

LAMPLIGHTER
I'm here!!

NO! They're dead meat. He steps out of the room --

Kimiko. Quells her PANIC. It's SO UNLIKE her to feel fear. But she feels it now. (Let's see a PTSD WIDE ANGLE). *

Frenchie takes her arm. Trying to calm her. They do their best to hide, perhaps behind a desk. But it's futile.

Play this next nail-biting moment from The Boys' POV. Stormfront and Lamplighter are JUST OUTSIDE THE OPEN DOOR.

The Boys. Tense. Will Lamplighter turn them in? Is this it? If so, they're ready to fight to the gory end.

STORMFRONT
I just killed six subjects out there like a fucking Teddy Bear picnic. What the hell happened?

Long beat. Lamplighter. Genuinely intimidated by Stormfront. What's he gonna say?

The Boys. Moments away from certain death.

LAMPLIGHTER
(finally)
Dr. Carlton got the propofol dose wrong again. So Cindy got loose, freed a bunch of the others. Some of them musta got out before the lockdown. *

STORMFRONT
Where's Dr. Carlton?

LAMPLIGHTER
In the cafeteria. And the hallway. And some on the walls.

Long, loooong beat. Will she buy it?

41 CONTINUED: (2) 41

STORMFRONT
Clean up this mess. I'll go see who else is loose.

LAMPLIGHTER
Yes, ma'am.

She turns, heads off.

Frenchie, M.M., Kimiko. Rising from their hiding spot in the room. Sharing an exhausted, grateful look with Lamplighter.

As CAMERA FINDS -- the spot on the floor where Cindy was. Only she's not there anymore. She's GONE...

42 **INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - DAY** 42

A sleepy, small town MEDICAL CLINIC. Probably one Doctor on call. A NURSE listlessly on-line shops for SHOES. When --

The DOOR BURSTS OPEN -- Butcher and Annie drag in a feverish Hughie, shirt drenched in blood.

BUTCHER
We need help!

43 **INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - DAY - LATER** 43

Hughie. Still unconscious. Stabilized in a hospital bed. The tranquil beeps of the machinery.

Butcher over him. Alone, we can now see the RAW WORRY in Butcher's face. How much he cares for Hughie. Which he immediately covers up when -- Annie enters.

BUTCHER
What'd they say?

ANNIE
Needs a day or two for the Cefazolin to kick in, but he should be alright.

Butcher doesn't like being a sitting duck.

BUTCHER
We ain't got a day or two.

ANNIE
We'll have to risk it.

Long beat. She looks down at Hughie. Brushes his hair out of his face -- catches a whiff of something -- smiles, warm --

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Jesus --

43 CONTINUED: 43

BUTCHER
What?

ANNIE
That kids' shampoo he uses.

BUTCHER
L'Oreal for Kids "Strawberry Smoothie." I seen the bottle. Hateful shit.

Annie smiles, thinking --

ANNIE
And his Axe body spray? It's how Vin Diesel must smell.

BUTCHER
You know Hughie slathers Creamy Desitin on his bum every morning.

ANNIE
I don't wanna know that!

BUTCHER
He's mental, is all I'm saying.

She smiles. Christ, are these two bonding?

ANNIE
But he never quite gives up on you, does he?

BUTCHER
Aye. He follows you around like a right little pup.

Long beat.

ANNIE
He's too good for either of us.

44 **INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY** 44

Elena moves past the bathroom where Maeve showers within --

ELENA
I'm gonna postmate Sugarfish.

QUEEN MAEVE
(from inside shower)
Sorry? I can't hear you --

ELENA
Where's your phone?

Elena looks around for Maeve's phone. No sign of it on the bed... it's in the DESK DRAWER for some reason...

44 CONTINUED: 44

She moves to it -- and spots something strange. Connected to the phone by a USB cord is... THE BATTERED GO-PRO.

Elena looks at the Go-Pro. Then at the phone screen -- a file that's been recently downloaded...

Maeve steps out of the bathroom, dries her hair --

QUEEN MAEVE
Did you say Sugarfish?

Maeve hears Homelander's voice before she registers Elena on the bed, looking at the downloaded footage of Flight 37 --

Elena watches the SHAKY FOOTAGE -- it's being taken by a terrified HUSBAND (30s) -- the plane WHINING, passengers SCREAMING, total panic. Husband turns the camera on himself, leaving a final message for his wife --

HUSBAND (ON VIDEO)
They're leaving us! Homelander and Queen Maeve. Oh my God, they're leaving!

He swivels the camera around and catches Maeve pulling the SWEET MOM and CUTE LITTLE GIRL toward HOMELANDER who waits impatiently at the OPEN REAR EXIT DOOR --

QUEEN MAEVE (ON VIDEO)
Take them! Just these two!

HOMELANDER (ON VIDEO)
So they can tell the world we let everyone else die?

Maeve stares at Elena watching the video. She can't breathe.

QUEEN MAEVE
Elena. Please...

But she just watches --

ON VIDEO. Maeve reluctantly releases the mom and little girl, takes Homelander's hand and the two leap out the exit. Desperate screams from the passengers as the husband swivels the camera back to his face. This is it...

HUSBAND (ON VIDEO)
I love you. Tell the boys I love them --

IN THE ROOM. Elena turns to Maeve. Blood drained from her face. Abject horror.

QUEEN MAEVE
I'm -- gonna show that to Homelander. He either leaves us alone, or I put it on CNN. This is * how we get out. *

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2) 44

Elena's got bigger issues right now. Voice small, quivering. *

ELENA
You just left them. How could you just leave them?

Maeve's held onto it too long -- but here it is -- the searing guilt, the crushing self-hatred. Like Frenchie, like Lamplighter, she can never forgive herself for what happened.

QUEEN MAEVE
I was scared. I know I should've stood up to him. But I didn't.
(can barely get it out)
So I watched them all, I watched that little girl, die.

Elena doesn't know what to say. What to think. Leaves Maeve dangling over a chasm.

QUEEN MAEVE (CONT'D)
Please. Don't look at me like that... say something.

She's reaching for comfort, understanding, *anything* -- but Elena just looks at her, frozen.

Off Maeve, searching for some kind of absolution that she knows doesn't exist.

45 **EXT. CLEARING - DAY** 45

Some unbelievably visual, wide open space upstate. Emmy winning? Fuck that. We're going full Oscar for this bitch.

A SAGE GROVE AMBULANCE, stolen, parked. OUTSIDE. Mother's Milk. Frenchie. Kimiko. M.M. on the phone --

MOTHER'S MILK
(to Frenchie and Kimiko)
Yo. Tight scrape, but Hughie's okay.

FRENCHIE
Bien. Tell Butcher about the thick penis around your neck. *

M.M. gives Frenchie a "seriously going to kill you" look. Then keeps speaking. As Frenchie leans over to Kimiko.

FRENCHIE (CONT'D)
I am sorry.

She looks up at him, curious.

FRENCHIE (CONT'D)
For a long time, I was trying to save you.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

FRENCHIE (CONT'D)
I thought if I did, somehow that would make up for the things I've done.
(beat)
But you never asked to be saved. It wasn't even about you. You cannot absolve my sins, no one can. I know this now. So. I leave you alone.

Kimiko stares at him, registering his growth and maturity. This is a mixed bag. Does she want him to leave her alone?

When a SEDAN PULLS UP. The guys noticeably tense.

And MALLORY steps out.

This is the first time Frenchie and M.M. have seen her since her grandchildren were killed. Gone is the easy camaraderie we saw in the flashback. It's LOADED with tension. Especially with Frenchie.

MOTHER'S MILK
Colonel.

MALLORY
Marvin. Where is he?

FRENCHIE
Madame Mallory. I know I wasn't welcome at the funeral, so all these years, I could never offer my condolences, but --

Mallory is chilly. Clearly hasn't forgiven Frenchie.

MALLORY
Where. Is. He?

We realize now -- she carries a GUN at her side. She's practically quivering with anger.

With that -- Kimiko and M.M. open the back of the AMBULANCE. Lamplighter sits inside. Waiting for her.

Mallory is a combustible mix of surprise and quiet rage.

MALLORY (CONT'D)
Why isn't this man restrained?

Lamplighter can barely make eye contact.

LAMPLIGHTER *
No need. I wanted to come. *

MALLORY *
I don't want to hear a single *
goddamn word from you. *
(anguish) *
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2) 45

MALLORY (CONT'D)
I thought this was behind me, but -- *
it's not, it never is. *

LAMPLIGHTER
Then let's both be done with it -- I *
know what you have to do. You'd be *
doing me a favor.

She gives him a long look. Surprised. He gives her a nod *
back. Giving her permission to do it. Pleads for it. *

Her face twists. Finger on the trigger. But then --

FRENCHIE
Madame. If I may? Besides you, no
one wanted him dead more than me.
But I am begging you for his life. *

MALLORY *
(anguished) *
I don't have a choice. *

FRENCHIE *
It won't help you. All you'd be *
doing is ending his torment. You
cannot punish him as much as he
punishes himself. Trust me, I know
this.

MALLORY
So -- what exactly -- are you
proposing we do with him?

Off Mallory. Off her swirling emotion. What will she do?

46 **INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - DAY** 46

Hughie blinks awake. Groggy.

HUGHIE
Mom?

Butcher. Sitting beside him. He cocks his head at the mention of Hughie's Mom -- huh -- *first we've heard of her.*

BUTCHER
Not quite.

HUGHIE
What... what happened?

BUTCHER
You bled all over the place like a
right wanker, that's what happened.

HUGHIE
Where's Annie?

46 CONTINUED: 46

Butcher shakes his head a little. Don't worry about it. Annie's gone. After all -- Hughie's too good for her.

47 **INT. CAB - MOVING - DAY** 47

Annie. In the backseat of a small town CAB. Blank-faced. We wonder if she's truly as closed up and closed off as she seems to be... off this...

48 **INT. SEVEN TOWER - STORMFRONT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY** 48 *

Stormfront enters her apartment. To find -- *

HOMELANDER. Just... standing in her place. Blank faced. * Not even looking at her. Is he here to hurt her? We don't * know. She treads carefully. She's even a bit scared. This * can go bad a hundred different ways -- *

STORMFRONT *
Hey -- you. *
(silence) *
Listen. I'm glad you're here. I *
want to say how sorry I am. Just *
let me explain -- *

He spins on her. Calm, chilling murder in his eyes. *

HOMELANDER
Flap, flap, flap goes that mouth of yours.
(his eerie blank look)
You told me you don't break easy. *
I've been thinking about that. A lot.

Threat received. She's intimidated. But calmly as she can --

STORMFRONT
I'll never lie to you again. I'll *
tell you everything.

He wasn't expecting that -- thrown off-guard.

STORMFRONT (CONT'D)
Starting with this.

Nearby, a LOCKED WOODEN HOPE CHEST. Has some aged history to * it. She unlocks it, opens it. First thing she shows * Homelander -- a picture from a few years ago. We saw it in her trailer in Ep. 205. Stormfront (in uniform) beside a very old, wrinkled WOMAN.

HOMELANDER *
Your... grandmother.

STORMFRONT
My daughter.
(off Homelander's surprise)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

STORMFRONT (CONT'D)
Chloe. She died of Alzheimer's a few years ago.

He takes this in, surprised. Beat. Then --

HOMELANDER
How old are you?

STORMFRONT
I was born in 1919. In Berlin.

She shows him another faded photo of a BERLIN STATE DINNER in 1940. Swastikas and Gestapo everywhere. Prominent Nazis at a table -- Goebbels, Goering -- and clearly STORMFRONT, in period appropriate hair and dress.

HOMELANDER
Is that you with...?

48 CONTINUED: (2) 48

STORMFRONT
Heinrich Himmler. He was a lovely dancer... there's Goebbels... and here, the most important man in the room.

She points to a MAN in the photo standing beside GOEBBELS. A German with a strong, proud face.

HOMELANDER
Vought. That's Frederick Vought.

STORMFRONT
He gave me the first successful V injection. He taught me everything. *
Then we fell in love, he gave me a daughter. He made me -- his genius made you.

She's a TRUE BELIEVER. Sincere. Even emotional.

STORMFRONT (CONT'D)
Frederick didn't care about fans or stardom or any of that shallow bullshit. We're in a War for the Culture. The other races are grinding us down, stealing what's rightfully ours. But we can fight back. With an army of super men, millions strong. That's the true destiny of Vought. And you're the one who will lead us.

CLOSE ON HOMELANDER. He doesn't have to say anything, but it's clear -- he likes the sound of that.

STORMFRONT (CONT'D)
So yes, I love you, with all my heart. How could I not?
(takes his hand)
Everyone I've ever loved is in the ground. But -- I found you, we found each other. We don't have to be alone anymore. That's the truth.

Long beat. Will he go for it? Then... he leans in and kisses her. It's passionate, overwhelming: a kiss of commitment, of love, of shared dreams. Of trust. She had him at Master Race.

Off this romantic image of our reunited lovers -- the theme song to "Golden Girls" kicks in, and we CUT TO --

49 **EXT. WOODED ROADSIDE - DAY** 49

One last post script. CLOSE ON BARE FEET. TILT UP to FILTHY HOSPITAL ISSUED CLOTHES. And an extended THUMB of a young woman. Reveal: CINDY. Alive. Escaped.

49 CONTINUED: 49

A car approaches from behind. STICK FIGURE FAMILY stickers *
on the rear window. Slows. *

WIDE. Cindy leans her head inside the car. We don't hear or see the exchange. She climbs in. The car drives off...

"You would see, the biggest gift would be from me, and the card attached would say: thank you for being a friend --"

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...

ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE

ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE FOR HOMELANDER, STORMFRONT AND THEIR INTERVIEWER ON THE SET OF "DAWN OF THE SEVEN" -- FOR BUTCHER AND KIMIKO TO WATCH AND REACT TO IN SCENE 4.

NOTE: Already scripted content is in **BOLD FONT**

4 **EXT. SET - NEAR 'DESTROYED NEW YORK CITY' - DAY** 4

Homelander and Stormfront. In directors' chairs. ON SET for "Dawn of the Seven."

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
In many ways, *Dawn of the Seven* is the first film of its kind -- The ultimate superhero movie.

HOMELANDER
It's certainly ambitious.

STORMFRONT
I mean, we got Mr. Marathon --
(re: Homelander)
We got him!

HOMELANDER
You're so humble!
(to interviewer)
She's amazing. Blows me out of the water. Every take.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
All right. Be honest. Who's the biggest prankster on set?

Homelander and Stormfront laugh. Flirting. Can't help it. This is so fun. Homelander points to Stormfront --

HOMELANDER
("this one")
Oh, no comment...

STORMFRONT
He's right.
(joking)
Black Noir has the biggest ego, though.

HOMELANDER
(going along)
Oh, of course. Total diva.

STORMFRONT
But really, I can't believe how chill everyone is. It feels like I'm back home, just making a movie with my friends.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
It's a complicated project.
Everyone still manages to get along?

HOMELANDER
I've been with roughly the same crew since *Homelander: Origins*. We really are a family.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
That's incredible.

Homelander and Stormfront stare, lost in each others' eyes...

ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE

ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE FOR THE NEWS ANCHOR IN SCENE 6. TO PLAY AS QUEEN MAEVE AND DEEP TALK.

NOTE: Already scripted content is in **BOLD FONT**

6 **INT. MAEVE'S TRAILER - DAY** 6

ON THE TELEVISION. STOCK FOOTAGE of two different factions of people SCREAMING and SHOVING at each other. We see this kind of thing at Women's Clinics and outside rallies.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
Police are reporting unrest throughout the city as the story of Compound V develops. **With the House Judiciary Hearing into Vought just four days away, pro and anti Vought camps clashed in Manhattan this morning. Congresswoman Victoria Neuman said that Compound V must be** brought under government control. Neuman's opponents maintain that the United States is in the midst of a National Emergency too dire to warrant regulation, and moved to postpone the hearing.
(then)
Foreign governments have launched probes into the presence of Compound V within their borders, petitioning top U.N. Officials to launch investigations. The Secretary General has yet to comment.
(then)
A growing faction of citizen activists are taking up the charge against Vought International. Protests have begun in 15 states so far, with growing anti-Vought crowds.