

THE COURIERS

By

Javier Grillo-Marxuach

based on the AiT/PlanetLar graphic novels by
Brian Wood and Rob G

April 20, 2008

Intrepid Pictures
1221 2nd Street
Suite 200
Santa Monica, CA 90401

the couriers

FADE IN

NEW YORK CITY - RIGHT NOW

A thick sludge of PEOPLE IN DARK SUITS moves down A BUSY MIDTOWN SIDEWALK. Expressionless drones trudging to work.

The Dark-Suited corporate 'droids move like a dirge, their black-shod feet hitting pavement in pack-like strides...until a different pair of feet RUSHES through the crowd.

REVEAL MOUSTAFA (17, MIDDLE EASTERN)

With long, black hair swept over a look on his face like he's up to something, Moustafa rocks a prep-school blazer over a shirt, tie and khakis - a mischievous boy among grown-ups.

Moustafa picks up speed, LOPING up onto a marble half-wall running down the length of the sidewalk. Hovering over the sea of drab suits, Moustafa hops from the half wall to:

A PLAZA LEADING TO A LARGE GLASS AND CONCRETE BUILDING

As he cuts to the entrance to the VAST FRONT ATRIUM:

CUT TO

MOUSTAFA - IN THE BACK OF AN ELEVATOR

Surrounded by MORE MEN IN SUITS. All staring ahead blankly, seeing nothing - but Moustafa looks through the CLOSING ELEVATOR DOORS to see.

AN ABSURDLY HOT YOUNG WOMAN

Lean and strong - a bike messenger type in olive combat shorts and a tight black tank top, carrying a sleek backpack - her chiseled, coltish body moves like liquid metal as she RUSHES to the elevator.

THIS IS SPECIAL (20'S)

Moustafa reaches forward through the apathetic businessmen and hits the DOOR OPEN button. Special SLIPS IN as the so-slick-they-are-mirrored doors open to accept her.

As she turns to face the doors, Moustafa OGLES HER REFLECTION - checking her out front and rear. He could do this forever.

The elevator doors open with a DING! Special STRIDES out with purpose and keeps moving into:

THE BULLPEN OF A LAW OFFICE

Moustafa follows Special out of the elevator, watching as she stops at the RECEPTION DESK and leans in to speak to the RECEPTIONIST, her demeanor clipped - on a mission:

SPECIAL

I have a special delivery for Mr. Mandelbaum...he needs to sign for it personally.

MOUSTAFA

Stands there entranced...until A WEASELY WHITE DUDE (20's) wearing assistant-grade clothes - taps him on the shoulder:

WEASELY WHITE DUDE

Yo prep school. Into my office.

Weasely grabs Moustafa's head like a cop ducking a perp into a cruiser and maneuvers him out of reception and into:

A SMALL MAIL ROOM ON THE SIDE OF THE CUBICLE BULLPEN

A fluorescent-lit area the lawyers don't let clients see.

MOUSTAFA

Dude - you seen that bike messenger before? She's hot.

WEASELY WHITE DUDE

I don't mack on the help. Swanky guy like you ought to know that. You got the merch?

But Moustafa is busy looking into the cubicle farm to see:

SPECIAL - ENTERING A LARGE OFFICE

And CLOSING THE DOOR behind her.

MOUSTAFA

Man. She is fucking awesome.

RESUME ON WEASELY

WEASELY WHITE DUDE

'stafa, wake up, I got a conference room full of stressed-out defense attorneys waiting for this shit.

Moustafa drops a Ziploc in his hand. Inside: the unmistakable green goodness of reefer. Weasely sniffs at the bag.

MOUSTAFA
C'mon, I don't have all day. My
shit's good and you know it.

Moustafa holds out his hand. Weasely hands Moustafa a LARGE
WAD OF CASH...but Moustafa doesn't look at the money...

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
Pleasure doing bid-ness.

...he's WALKING across the cubicle farm to the closed door
behind which Special vanished...muttering under his breath:

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
Hello. I'm Moustafa, what's your
name...uh...hi. Moustafa here, who
are you?

Now he's close to the door. Straightening his jacket. Getting
into character. Moustafa takes a step back and leans against
a wall by the door.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
Hey. The name's Moustafa.

UNGH! THUD!

Like someone getting punched and dropped to the floor - both
MUFFLED From behind the door. Moustafa reacts. Looks around.
No one close enough to have heard but him.

UNGH!

What the hell? Moustafa looks around again - phones are
RINGING. Busy people are doing business.

THUD!

Moustafa puts his hand on the door handle. Should he? What if
his dream girl is in danger? Fuck it.

Moustafa OPENS the door.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
Hey - is everything OK ?

No. Everything is pretty fucking far from OK.

INSIDE THE OFFICE

The lawyer BLEEDS FROM THE NOSE AND MOUTH - held at the edge
of his desk by Special: putting a knife to his throat as she
SLAMS shut a Halliburton Zero briefcase on the desk.

MOUSTAFA

Holy shit!

Special TURNS to see Moustafa - giving the Lawyer just enough time to SWAT at the knife and BREAK Special's hold.

Moustafa backs away from the door.

Special gives the Lawyer a vicious FRONT KICK to the solar plexus that sends him over the desk.

Freaked out, Moustafa turns and RUSHES away.

SPECIAL

GRABS THE HALLIBURTON BRIEFCASE and heads out of the office. The lawyer recovers enough to grope for a button on his desk.

A SECURITY ALARM

The SHRILL BLARE ECHOES through the BULLPEN as Moustafa rushes for the elevator.

THE LAWYERS AND ASSISTANTS IN THE BULLPEN

PANIC - prairie-dogging from their cubicles to see Special...until she pulls a TORCH LIGHTER from a pocket and drops it into a passing MAIL CART...all of the paper in the cart catches FIRE.

Special just keeps moving - back kicking the now-flaming mail cart to the floor as the smoke RISES.

MOUSTAFA

Reaches RECEPTION and RUSHES for the elevator - which opens to spill out a PHALANX of BLACK-SUITED SECURITY MEN.

THE OFFICE SPRINKLERS KICK IN

Now it's BEDLAM, and no one looks at Special anymore as:

SECURITY MAN #1

Over there - the messenger.

Moustafa watches them head for Special, one of them pulling out a TASER...but as Moustafa backs into the elevator...

SPECIAL KICKS THE SHIT OUT OF THE FOUR MEN

Fast and without mercy.

The first security man GOES DOWN - hit to the throat with the Halliburton Zero - the second gets his legs KICKED OUT from under him - she stomps on his chest and takes the TASER from the third to STUN both him and the fourth!

The last thing Moustafa sees as the doors close is Special, heading for the elevator: cutting through the falling water like a goddamn terminator.

IN THE ELEVATOR

Moustafa tries to catch his breath when BANG! BANG! BANG!

GUNFIRE. He looks up, horrified. Then THUNK!

ONE OF THE CEILING PANELS ABOVE HIM

LIFTS to reveal Special: standing on the elevator roof!

Moustafa backs out of her way, truly intimidated:

MOUSTAFA

Oh god...

Special tosses a BACKPACK at Moustafa, who has no choice but to grab it as she lowers herself in.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)

...look, don't...kill me...

Special shakes her head, saying nothing. She SNATCHES the backpack, taking out a pair of rollerblades and jamming the Halliburton inside in their place.

Special then looks at her watch, concerned.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)

...I mean, I didn't see you. I
can't ID you, I promise.

Special grabs the door frame and stands, the Halliburton in hand as Moustafa notices:

A CHINESE CHARACTER ON HER FOREARM

Just as she looks and throws him a glance that is equal parts threat and enticement:

SPECIAL

Wanna help me out?

Before he can reply, she PULLS OUT A KNIFE and hands it over:

SPECIAL (CONT'D)
Hold that for me, will you?

Moustafa can only do what this dangerous goddess tells him.

The elevator door OPENS - Special LAUNCHES herself out:

INTO THE ELEVATOR BANK BEFORE THE LOBBY

Moustafa follows out of the elevator...watching Special as she clears the elevator bank and turns toward:

AN INCOMING GROUP OF FIRST-RESPONDING POLICEMEN

And, surprisingly, speaks to them:

SPECIAL
He's behind me, he's got a knife!

THE POLICEMEN TURN TO SEE MOUSTAFA - KNIFE IN HAND!

And REACT with practiced intensity, pouncing and disarming the too-stunned-to-struggle Moustafa with painful efficiency:

FIRST COP
(into his radio)
Control, this is Ground 34, we may
have a perp from upstairs -

...and at the exact moment Moustafa hits the floor: several
baggies full of reefer spill from his jacket!

The guns come out. A cop's boot on his back, Moustafa feels the BRRRIP! of handcuffs encircling his wrists.

SECOND COP
You are under arrest! You have the
right to remain silent -

Moustafa cranes his neck up to see:

SPECIAL

ROLLERBLADING the vast lobby...Scott-free and SMILING, she LEAPS over a bench, past the SECURITY DESK, through glass doors and into THE STREET.

RESUME ON MOUSTAFA

Fucked.

DISSOLVE TO

MOUSTAFA - IN THE BACK SEAT OF A POLICE CAR

DISSOLVE TO

THE SAME POLICE CAR

PULLING into the circular driveway of A PALATIAL HOME IN ALPINE, LONG ISLAND...

...as Moustafa's PARENTS step out the front door. His father wears a dark suit, pressed and creased like a knife. His mother is coiffed, bejeweled and styled like a stone gargoyle....and they are not pleased.

DISSOLVE TO

A LARGE FLAT-SCREEN TV

Showing a LOCAL NEWSCAST - the banal graphic behind the NEWSCASTER reads "MIDTOWN FIRE SCARE."

NEWSCASTER

A freak accident at an office building triggered fire alarms and gridlocked midtown traffic this morning.

REVEAL MOUSTAFA: WATCHING

Still in his prep-school uniform, but carrying a backpack. Flanked by his parents at an AIR EGYPT gate at JFK airport.

MOUSTAFA

Freak accident?

NEWSCASTER

Although the building was evacuated and first responders were called to the site, no one was injured and the blaze was quickly contained.

Moustafa's parents escort him toward the plane as he reacts to the news's version of what he saw today:

MOUSTAFA

That is NOT what happened. Where do these people get their news?

Moustafa's Father SNAPS at him in subtitled Arabic.

MOUSTAFA'S FATHER

My brother will pick you up at the Cairo airport. You will hand him your passport.

(MORE)

MOUSTAFA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

*On your eighteenth birthday, he
will take you to the military base.
They will take your passport until
you finish your compulsory service.*

Moustafa looks at his parents: if you looked up his own personal definition of "shit sandwich" in the dictionary, this would pretty much be it - and he is not above pleading.

MOUSTAFA

Don't do this to me.

MOUSTAFA'S MOTHER

*The American Police will not be
able to extradite you from there.*

MOUSTAFA

But - it wasn't my fault -

MOUSTAFA'S FATHER

*You are right. It is our fault that
you were caught with drugs. Now we
will make it right by sending you
back home to do your duty.*

MOUSTAFA

When we moved here you said I could
stay in America, you said I
wouldn't have to go back and serve -

MOUSTAFA'S MOTHER

Things have changed.

MOUSTAFA

Please.

Moustafa's father remains still and expressionless. His mother shakes her head. His fate has been decided.

No hugs. No tears. Moustafa's father points him to the gate. As Moustafa turns to the GATE AGENT, eyes downcast...

CUT TO

THE JETWAY

Moustafa stands surrounded by MIDDLE EASTERN MEN in keffiyeh, SCREAMING CHILDREN and their MOTHERS, shouting in Arabic.

CUT TO

MOUSTAFA - IN HIS ECONOMY-CLASS SEAT

Hot and NOISY. The plane is FULL, thick with humanity. Moustafa SWEATS...watching a VERY HEAVY MAN coming toward him, toting a stained roll-aboard.

The HEAVY SET MAN turns, his MASSIVE rear end SPILLING into Moustafa, as he HEAVES his roll-aboard into the overhead.

The Heavy Set Man then swings himself around to show Moustafa his ticket.

HEAVY-SET MAN

I'm next to you.

Moustafa stands to let him in - SQUEEZING himself out of the way as the Heavy Set Man pours himself into the seat next to Moustafa, spilling out well over his allotted space.

Moustafa looks at the Heavy-Set Man, settling in. He looks around the crowded plane...his breath QUICKENS...he BLINKS a bead of sweat from his eyes and looks ahead...

...the FLIGHT ATTENDANTS are closing the door to the plane.

Is this it? Eleven hours in a plane with this fat fuck? Egypt? Compulsory military service? Is he giving up without a fight?

Fuck no.

MOUSTAFA TURNS AND RUSHES FOR THE BACK OF THE PLANE

NUDGING other passengers aside. SQUEEZING through. Picking up speed as he nears the GALLEY AT THE MIDDLE OF THE PLANE...

...where a MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT removes his jacket and hangs it in a closet, then moves away...Moustafa takes off his prep school jacket and leaves it on a seat...

...and then, without stopping, SWIPES the flight attendant jacket from the closet and keeps moving. Almost there. Almost there...

...now he's CLOSE TO THE REAR GALLEY...abuzz as GROUND SUPPORT STAFF load catering trolleys through a side entrance...Moustafa SLIPS ON the flight attendant jacket...

...and walks into the galley - past the GROUND SUPPORT CREW - sidestepping them as they wheel in a food trolley.

And as Moustafa STEPS OUT of the open door leading out of the plane and onto the service vehicle...

TIME CUT TO

THE CATERING VEHICLE

LIT UP in the dusk by terminal lights...the container held up to the plane by a SCISSOR LIFT...

...and shrouded in darkness, UNDER THE PLATFORM connecting the container to the plane:

MOUSTAFA - HANGING ON - FACE DOWN

The Ground Service Personnel step onto the platform above Moustafa and tap the control panel.

The container platform DESCENDS with a hydraulic WHINE as Moustafa watches the truck cab beneath him...

...coming closer and closer...about to CRUSH him.

Moustafa BRACES his arms and LOWERS his legs onto the truck cab, stealthily getting a foothold...then SLIDES himself down the rear of the cab to the platform.

The scissor lift connects to the truck bed with a THUNK!

But Moustafa has already rolled off onto the tarmac...and as he STANDS and RUSHES away from his destiny:

SMASH CUT TO

A SPEED CHESS GAME

Between a STREETWISE CHINESE DUDE and a RASTAFARIAN. Moustafa stands by Streetwise, sleeve rolled up, drawing the tattoo he saw on Special's forearm on his own arm with a Sharpie:

MOUSTAFA

She was blonde...super hot...and
had a tattoo on her arm - right
here - looked just like this.

Streetwise regards the tattoo, then SLAPS on the chess timer:

STREETWISE CHINESE DUDE

Dude. You do not wanna know what
that is.

MOUSTAFA

Yeah - I do.

STREETWISE CHINESE DUDE
Nu-uh.

MOUSTAFA

Just tell me.

The game rages on as Streetwise speaks, his sentences accented by his SLAPS! on the chess timer:

STREETWISE CHINESE DUDE
You don't (SLAP!) It's one thing to
sell dope to your prep school buds
(SLAP!) but this is triple-next-gen-
shit right here (SLAP!) the only
people I've seen with that tat are
Couriers.

MOUSTAFA
Couriers?

As Streetwise answers, Moustafa takes off his shoe, REMOVING the insole and pulling SOMETHING from a hidden compartment...

STREETWISE CHINESE DUDE
Illegal messengers (SLAP!) they
work for bad people (SLAP!) people
you don't want to know.

...an intent-to-sell-sized bag of weed which Moustafa drops SMACK into the chessboard.

MOUSTAFA
I appreciate your concern. You know
where I can find these couriers?

Streetwise looks at the bag, then at Moustafa, then at Rastaman, who NODS AND SMILES. And off Moustafa, knowing he's getting what he came for...

SMASH CUT TO

THE SYMBOL FROM SPECIAL'S FOREARM

Painted on the front door of A MASSIVE TENEMENT BUILDING RINGED BY LESSER EDIFICES. Two buffed-out, armed CHINESE MEN IN SUNGLASSES stand guard.

The LOW BASS RUMBLE of a PARTY booms at street level as A LARGE GROUP OF HARD-ASSED HIPSTERS - tattooed, pierced and mean - step up, showing their forearms to the guards...

...all of the hipsters entering have the same Chinese character on their forearm. As they enter -

REVEAL MOUSTAFA

Standing in shadow in the mouth of AN ALLEY ACROSS THE STREET, stepping forward to get a closer look at...

SPECIAL

Showing off the symbol on her forearm to get in.

THE ANGER BUILDS IN MOUSTAFA'S FACE

As he steps out of the alley toward the building doors. He's about to call out to Special...but then:

ONE OF THE GUARDS

Yanks a WIRY GUY trying to sneak in with the entering crowd.

GUARD
Hey! No mark, no entry!

WIRY GUY
I just need to see Johnny.

Before he can get in another word, Guard #1 SLAMS! wiry guy in the face with his fist. Wiry guy eats pavement: and as Guard #2 LANDS A THUDDING KICK to Wiry Guy's side...

...Moustafa turns away, lesson learned.

CUT TO

AN EXTREME CLOSE UP OF MOUSTAFA

PANTING. SWEATING. The BASS RUMBLE of the party seems to be getting closer and closer - but it's not clear what Moustafa is doing until:

WIDER TO REVEAL

That Moustafa is scaling the SIDE OF THE TENEMENT - his hands and feet finding hold in the gutters - the air vents and the cracks between the concrete blocks of the building, Moustafa looks up to see...

THE PARTY - ON THE TENEMENT ROOFTOP TOWERING ABOVE HIM

The rooftop GLOWS with bright lights - PULSATING with the rumbling bass. Whatever is going on up there, it's big.

As Moustafa ascends, his agility impressive, his grip true:

CUT TO

A GROUP OF PARTY GUESTS

Walking past a window in a TENEMENT HALLWAY to REVEAL
MOUSTAFA - peering in from outside...and looking up to see...

A SECURITY CAMERA

Monitoring the hallway. As Moustafa lowers his head...

CUT TO

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

His feet barely balancing on a pipe and his hand on the
windowsill for balance, Moustafa reaches into his pocket...

...a few dollars FLY OFF INTO THE NIGHT as he removes his
keys...his keychain fob is a small LED flashlight.

Moustafa flicks the light ON. Three little, bright LEDs...and
as he places the little flashlight in his mouth...

CUT TO

A SECURITY MONITOR - IN THE GROUND FLOOR TENEMENT LOBBY

Showing the TENEMENT CORRIDOR eleven stories overhead - as
Moustafa opens the window...but as Moustafa heaves himself
over the window and looks up toward the camera...

...HIS FACE APPEARS AS A BLUR OF LIGHT - the LEDs spoofing
the imaging element in the camera.

As a hand (the forearm also marked with Special's character)
TAPS the screen...REVEAL that the monitor is on a security
desk - and manned by two highly armed, tattooed and pierced
BODYGUARDS.

BODYGUARD #1

What the fuck?

CUT TO

THE ACCESS DOOR TO THE ROOF

The THUMP-THUMP-THUMP of the bass shakes the heavy door.
Moustafa gets closer - closer - closer - finally entering
frame to push open the door...

THE MUSIC KICKS IN - LOUD AND MOTHERFUCKING HARD

Moustafa's eyes WIDEN as he sees that he has landed in:

A MASSIVE ROOFTOP PARTY

A DJ spins turntables old school - WAITERS pour champagne - bikini GIRLS by a massive pool strip off their tops and dive in - assorted GANGSTER/HIPSTERS party away.

If you pulled the concept of "off-the-hook" out of Moustafa's seventeen year-old mind, you'd be hard pressed to do better than the flesh and debauchery on display.

Still winded from his climb, Moustafa makes his way across the roof - SCANNING the crowd - a WAITER passes with a tray full of drinks, and Moustafa SNATCHES a tall glass of something...but before he can take a drink:

MOUSTAFA SPOTS SPECIAL

Standing at a bar with a stocky Latino Guy (ESTEBAN, played by a young Luis Guzman) and STEVE, a black guy in a new-wave jacket, white shirt, skinny tie, porkpie hat and shorts.

Moustafa DROPS the glass. His fist CURLS. He PICKS UP SPEED - dodging TOPLESS CHICKS and the men chasing them...

...and as he reaches Special, putting a hand on her shoulder as he winds up his fist to PUNCH HER LIGHTS OUT:

MOUSTAFA

I gotta talk to you, bitch!

Special turns like a teleporting dervish, CATCHES Moustafa's fist and puts him in a MASSIVELY PAINFUL wrist lock.

SPECIAL

Who the fuck are you?

MOUSTAFA

OW! Shit! Fuck!

Moustafa gags on the pain as Esteban regards him, amused:

ESTEBAN

Spesh, who's your little stalker?

SPECIAL

Who gives a shit? He took a swing at me and now he's going over the railing.

Special twists Moustafa's arm behind his back, DRIVING him hard toward a railing...and the ELEVEN STORY FALL below as Moustafa spits his words past the excruciating pain:

MOUSTAFA

You fucked up my life.

SPECIAL
I don't even know you.

MOUSTAFA
The law firm...this morning.

A look of recognition crosses Special's face just as:

A POWERFUL VOICE BEHIND THEM
The fuck is going on?

Special, Esteban and Steve turn toward the pool as the crowd
PARTS TO REVEAL:

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

The bossman, motherfucking king gangster and owner of this party emerges from the pool.

Asian, bald-headed, and steely-eyed, Johnny Funwrecker's six-pack abs are tattooed with the Chinese characters from Special's arm. Above the characters: the words "NO FUN" in a Gothic script.

On Johnny Funwrecker's chest, tattoos of Gozu and Mezu: the horse and bull demons that guard the path to Buddhist hell.

Over Johnny Funwrecker's heart: five healed bullet wounds.

In spite of his being in the pool, Johnny Funwrecker's hands and wrists are covered with rings and bracelets.

And one more thing: Johnny Funwrecker is ALWAYS shirtless - no matter what the occasion, time of day or night or the weather. It's disturbing, but that's how it is.

Johnny Funwrecker speaks again, his tone even and in control.
He doesn't have to scream.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
I asked: what the fuck is this?

Special lets Moustafa go: intimidated. Several of Johnny Funwrecker's Bodyguards, led by a thick-necked ASSHOLE NAMED HWANG, grab Moustafa, dragging him up:

SPECIAL
It's nothing, boss - nothing.

Asshole Bodyguard Hwang DRAWS A GLOCK from his jacket:

ASSHOLE BODYGUARD HWANG
This little cocksucker broke in the
eleventh story window. Just let me
plug him right here and now.

But Johnny Funwrecker trains his stare on Moustafa: something
about this punk kid interests him.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
You climbed eleven stories? To come
to my party?

Moustafa realizes this is his moment to mount a defense:

MOUSTAFA SPECIAL
No - I mean - I had to talk
to her - she sold me out. Bullshit!

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER (CONT'D)
Everybody shuts the fuck up right
now. You don't bring the drama. I
bring the drama.
(turns to Special)
How do you know this guy?

SPECIAL
Things got a little messy this
morning. I threw him at some cops.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
Oh, you just "threw" him at the
cops.

SPECIAL
It was nothing.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
I say what's nothing. You work for
me. You let this little punk ass
see you and you don't even tell me?

SPECIAL
I brought you the damn briefcase.

But Johnny Funwrecker shuts her up with a withering glance -
then grabs a handful of Moustafa and draws him close:

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
You snitch her out to the cops?
(Moustafa shakes his head)
You come here to kill her? Me?
(Moustafa shakes his head)
Then why the fuck did you climb
eleven stories to crash my party?

Moustafa looks at the gathered crowd. All eyes are on him - even Special's annoyed glare.

ASSHOLE BODYGUARD HWANG
Answer the man, cockboy!

This is a moment of truth.

What does he want to do?

He points at Special:

MOUSTAFA
I want to do what she does.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
You wanna work for me?

MOUSTAFA
Yeah. I want to be a courier.

Johnny Funwrecker looks at Hwang, amused, then:

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
Holy shit. The kid wants a job.
(to Moustafa)
Think you got the balls?

MOUSTAFA
(glancing over at Hwang)
I busted your security, right?

Hwang whips his gun to hit Moustafa, but Johnny Funwrecker stops him with a wave, then:

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
You got a job.

Johnny Funwrecker lets go of Moustafa, who takes a step back - stunned, relieved and exhilarated - as Johnny Funwrecker turns to look at Special:

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER (CONT'D)
Special. You train him.

Special steps up: this is not how she'd planned her night.

SPECIAL
What?

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
Shut that shit up. This kid could have put you in a locker, instead he came here.
(MORE)

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER (CONT'D)

That's your good luck. You take him. Educate him. Bring back a loyal employee, or I educate you.

Johnny Funwrecker turns away as Hwang holsters his gun - shooting Moustafa one last disdainful look before heading off...and once everyone has gone away, and the party goes on, all that's left is Moustafa...

...under Special's stare.

SMASH CUT TO

MOUSTAFA

SNORING...REVEAL that he is still in the clothes from the previous day - the flight attendant's jacket under his head as he sleeps in the ALLEY BEHIND AN INDUSTRIAL BUILDING.

SPLOOSH! A bucketful of water hits Moustafa. His eyes SNAP open - his gaze TRAVELS up to FIND:

SPECIAL - STANDING ON A FIRE ESCAPE ABOVE, HOLDING A BUCKET

SPECIAL

Wakey wakey motherfucker. It's training day.

CUT TO

A SQUAT BRICK BUILDING IN AN INDUSTRIAL AREA - LATER

...a sign reads SPATH'S CHOP-SHOP.

FIND MOUSTAFA AND SPECIAL - COMING DOWN THE STREET

SPECIAL

There's two rules to being a courier. Do it fast and never leave a mark.

MOUSTAFA

Never leave a mark?

SPECIAL

That's Jedi Master shit. Today you're gonna learn "do it fast."
(off his look)
You're a courier. The shit you're carrying don't belong to you. You pick it up, you drop it off. Fast.

MOUSTAFA

I can do fast.

SPECIAL

Did I fucking ask? Get inside.

THE TWO CROSS THE THRESHOLD INTO SPATH'S CHOP-SHOP

...a large garage where assorted COURIERS fix up cars, bicycles and skateboards at assorted workbenches...music - from NU-METAL to HIP-HOP to NORTEÑAS - BLARES from boom boxes set up near the many vehicles under repair.

Spath's is funky: fight the power, not pimp my ride...and as Special passes, VOICES shout in half a dozen languages: "KONICHIWA SPECIAL!" "SALAAM, BABY!" "HOLA SPECIAL!"

A lanky dude a decade-and-change older than most of the gathered couriers steps up to Special, this is SPATH.

SPATH

Yo Spesh - who's this?

SPECIAL

New trainee.

SPATH

I won't get too attached.

MOUSTAFA

The name's Moustafa.

SPATH

I'm Spath. I fix the cars. That's Judy, she keeps the books.

Spath points to a LOFT OVERHEAD - where a highly-pierced black woman sits at a laptop, wearing Ray-Ban mirrorshades:

THIS IS SPATH'S BEST-FRIEND-WITH-BENEFITS, JUDY.

She never takes off the sunglasses.

Moustafa looks up, waves -

MOUSTAFA

Hey.

SPATH

She doesn't talk much.

SPECIAL

(to Spath)

Where's the Nice Car?

Spath points to THE NICE CAR...a NITRO-BREATHIN', LUMPED OUT 1968 CAMARO. Moustafa's eyes bug big time.

MOUSTAFA

Holy shit. This car is kickass -
1968 SS with the big block V-8
innit? Is this yours?

SPATH

It's Johnny Funwrecker's car.

SPECIAL

(to Moustafa)

And like your sorry ass, it's on
loan to me.

MOUSTAFA

Is this how we do it fast?

SPECIAL

(to Spath)

How long is it gonna take to
replace the alternator?

SPATH

25 minutes.

SPECIAL

That's how long you got.

MOUSTAFA

To do what?

SPECIAL

I want a Jamaican jerk chicken
sandwich from the street vendor at
the Chambers street station. Get
it. Bring it back. Hot.

MOUSTAFA

In Manhattan? Are you drunk?

Spath opens the trunk of the Nice Car, looks at Moustafa:

SPATH

24 minutes and counting.

SPECIAL

(to Moustafa)

You like sleeping in the alley? Do
it fast!

SMASH CUT TO

MOUSTAFA

RUNNING OUT the front door to Spath's, desperate.

CUT TO

THE CORNER INTO A BUSY INTERSECTION

Moustafa BURSTS onto the street and sees A SUBWAY STATION.

CUT TO

THE STEPS DOWN A SUBWAY STATION

Moustafa CAREENS down - barely negotiating the crowd - stepping on toes and shoving people aside - until an OLD LADY trips him...Moustafa tumbles and as he falls...

CUT TO

THE TURNSTILE LANDING

...Moustafa TUCKS AND ROLLS into view...barely recovering from his fall, he RACES to the turnstiles, desperately searching his pockets...no change...so he VAULTS over...

...alerting several COPS who SNAP TO and GIVE CHASE:

CUT TO

THE SUBWAY PLATFORM

A train spills out PASSENGERS - Moustafa RACES onto the platform - the transit cops hot on his six as he barrels in just as the train doors CLOSE...

...but the cops GET IN behind him...

CUT TO

MOUSTAFA

SOAKING IN SWEAT - and NUDGING his way down the crowded subway car as...

THE COPS

...make their way to him from A CAR LENGTH AWAY. Pushing through. Determined.

But when the COPS reach THE FINAL CAR ON THE SUBWAY...
Moustafa is nowhere to be seen.

CUT TO

MOUSTAFA - ROLLING IN THE FILTHY TUNNEL FLOOR

As he recovers from his jump and stands...covered in tunnel grease as the subway SCREAMS away from him...

MOUSTAFA
(checking his watch)
Fuck!

CUT TO

THE CHAMBERS STREET STATION ENTRANCE

Moustafa races up the steps, soaked - a smile growing as THE STREET VENDOR comes into view, standing by his CART...

MOUSTAFA
Jerk chicken sandwich! Jerk chic -

...and that's when Moustafa sees Special, leaning on the Nice Car...parked by the vendor...eating a sandwich of her own.

SPECIAL
The hell did you go? How's the Bronx this time of day?

SMASH CUT TO

SPLOOSH!

The water hits as Moustafa wakes up IN THE ALLEY.

CUT TO

MOUSTAFA - AT THE OPENING DOOR TO SPECIAL'S LOFT

...SHAKING OFF the bucketful of water...

MOUSTAFA
This is your place?

SPECIAL
Yeah, yeah, get over here.

Moustafa steps in, looks around, then:

MOUSTAFA
Is that where you sleep?

SPECIAL
Did I tell you to look in that direction?

REVEAL that Special's bed area looks like a Japanese School girl's hope chest. Her bed cover is pink and frilly, and covered with Japanese stuffed toys.

MOUSTAFA

I'm just saying - you're supposed to be this roughneck courier chick - what the fuck are you doing with rainbows and Hello Kitty?

Special steps over to the bed and moves the mattress over to reveal a COLLECTION OF WEAPONS - several funky, tricked-out handguns with taped-up handles, an MP-5 automatic pistol, a KATANA, and a collection of BRASS KNUCKLES.

SPECIAL

The plush toys make the weapons easier to sleep on.

MOUSTAFA

Where did you get all this ordnance?

SPECIAL

Former Soviet Union.

MOUSTAFA

Really?

SPECIAL

No, you asshole.

Moustafa looks at Special for a moment, then:

MOUSTAFA

You're a whole bucket of mixed message, aren't you?
(off her look)
So when do I get a gun?

Special waves Moustafa to a section of the loft that looks more like a MARTIAL ARTS DOJO - mat on the floor, punching bags hanging from the rafters...

SPECIAL

You don't. The second rule of being a courier is "never leave a mark." You get-in-get-out and don't tempt Johnny Law. You don't do with a knife what you can do with a fist, and you don't do with a gun what you can do with a knife.
(off his look)
(MORE)

SPECIAL (CONT'D)
A good punch can buy you all sorts
of time.

MOUSTAFA
A good punch?

WHAP! Special PUNCHES him across the jaw.

OW! MOUSTAFA SPECIAL
See what I'm saying? Now show
me what you've got.

SPAP! She HITS him again.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
Stop that!

SPECIAL
Come on Short Round - a fight waits
for no man!

Moustafa tries to keep his cool: but she is pissing him off.

MOUSTAFA
You're a girl - I don't hit -

SPECIAL
You can't fight, you can't carry -
now bring it home tiger!

POP! She lands another. Moustafa LUNGES - and she dodges,
then WHAP! clips him again.

IN QUICK CUTS

the sequence is repeated SEVERAL TIMES. He goes for the shot -
she DODGES and returns fire: ALWAYS MAKING CONTACT!

Moustafa winds up against a wall...panting...
bruised...bloody...and holding up his hands in surrender...

MOUSTAFA
Jesus - wait - just - answer one -

SPECIAL
What?

MOUSTAFA
What if you get in a fight you
can't punch your way out of?

Special SHAKES her head and turns away, then spins as a knife
drops onto her hand from the long-sleeve of her hoodie...

...and in a single motion, she spins the knife and throws it at Moustafa - SWOOM! pinning him to the wall as the knife goes through his shirt.

SPECIAL

Shenzhen Hetiansheng ceramic knife.
Doesn't show up in a metal
detector.

Moustafa looks down at the knife impaled in his shirt, but before he can say anything...

...Special produces another knife from her other sleeve and SWOOM! Moustafa has a second knife through his shirt.

SPECIAL (CONT'D)

I carry two.

CUT TO

SPLOOSH!

Moustafa wakes up IN THE ALLEY once again.

CUT TO

SPECIAL

Driving the NICE CAR at what seems a very SLOW SPEED...until the REVEAL that she's PULLING Moustafa - clothes tattered - by a rope tied from the rear bumper to his hands.

SPECIAL

C'mon 'stafa, do it fast!

...and as she gives it a little more gas...

CUT TO

SPLOOSH - MOUSTAFA - WATER - ALLEY

CUT TO

MOUSTAFA

Running down the length of CHAMBERS STREET...as he reaches the JERK CHICKEN VENDOR...and sees Special already there, leaning on the Nice Car, shaking her head.

CUT TO

MOUSTAFA - CARRYING A TRUCK TIRE

UP THE FIRE ESCAPE on the side of SPECIAL'S BUILDING...
STRAINING to reach the final platform...where he drops the
tire in front of Special...flush with accomplishment...

...until Special KICKS the tire off the platform. Moustafa
watches as the tire DROPS several stories to the ALLEY...

...and then turns to see Special, POINTING at him to go get
it...and off the pissed-off look on his face...

CUT TO

SPLOOSH - MOUSTAFA - WATER - ALLEY

CUT TO

MOUSTAFA (FROM SPECIAL'S P.O.V.)

Now changed into black shorts and a t-shirt, Moustafa appears
to have a vicious KNIFE FIGHT against Special...until she
enters frame to REVEAL she is fighting him with ONE HAND...

...and the other hand?

Secured behind her back with a plastic cable tie.

CUT TO

SPECIAL - BEHIND THE WHEEL OF THE NICE CAR

Pulling up to the Jerk Chicken cart...

...only to find Moustafa, SUCKING WIND, but exchanging cash
with the VENDOR.

Moustafa SMILES as he TOSSES the sandwich over to Special
through the open window of the Nice Car...and off Special,
nodding, but not quite in approval...

CUT TO

MOUSTAFA: NEAR THE ARCH AT WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

Enjoying his Jerk Chicken sandwich as Special stands out of
earshot...holding a black, multi-pocketed vest as she
finishes up a phone call. She steps up:

SPECIAL

Put this on.

MOUSTAFA

Can I finish my sandwich?

Special snatches the sandwich and tosses it aside, then wrangles him into the vest and ZZZZIPS! up the center zipper.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)

You can do your full metal
bullshit, but I earned that
sandwich. I got skills. Mad skills.
You can't take that away from me.

Special secures the vest with several electrical cable ties:

SPECIAL

I just got off with the NYPD's tip
line. I told them there's a Middle-
Eastern man in the center of
Washington Square wearing a
suspicious looking vest.

Before Moustafa can get a word in, the sound of SIRENS fills the air - and a look of DREAD plays across Moustafa's face as he looks down to the vest, tentatively opening a pocket...

MOUSTAFA

What's that stuff in the pockets?

SPECIAL

C-4. Plastic explosive. I
also sewed it into the
lining.

MOUSTAFA

Why?

...Moustafa tries to get out of the vest - but the electrical cable ties are making it impossible.

SPECIAL

You think I'm making you a courier
for running across town to get a
sandwich? You get out of this
alive, I might start treating you
like you know something, you let
the po-po catch up to you and
they'll be loving your ass in
Guantanamo.

MOUSTAFA

Ohshitohshitohshitohshit!

SPECIAL

I'll be at Couscous Express on
Fulton - their hummus rocks the
house. Good luck.

SCREEECH! Two cop cars pull over to the edge of the square,
spilling out FOUR UNIFORMED OFFICERS -

UNIFORM #1
He's there! Get him!

- and with that, Moustafa is on the run - RACING out of the park toward the relative cover of the busy street just as -

TWO MORE POLICE CRUISERS

SKID TO A HALT before him cutting him off!

MOUSTAFA

BANKS HARD - and POURS IT ON as he reaches a bank of CHESS PLAYERS...

...among them, STREETWISE CHINESE DUDE...who watches with amazement as:

MOUSTAFA

RACES UP A CHAIR AND OVER THE TABLES - knights, queens and kings fly as he jumps over a bench -

- TUCK-AND-ROLLING TO HIS FEET on the concrete at the other side, Moustafa looks back -

THE COPS ARE ON HIM - UNITING INTO A POD OF FOUR

Moustafa keeps running, bobbing and weaving trying desperately to get the vest off to no avail - the electrical ties have to be cut...he needs a knife!

SMASH CUT TO

WASHINGTON SQUARE STREET

Still trying to wiggle out of the vest, Moustafa crosses the street - a human game of Frogger as Moustafa's head jerks from one side to the other -

- cars - cars - cars - coming in every direction - HONK!

A TAXI

Drives straight toward Moustafa!

MOUSTAFA

Turns and LEAPS into the air, landing on the hood and running over the windshield and roof of the car...

...but the chasing cops deftly weave between cars to follow as Moustafa reels into a -

WIDE RESIDENTIAL STREET

- Moustafa pushes - the police reach the mouth of the street some thirty meters behind...until the rear gate to a parked delivery truck SWINGS open before him - Moustafa dives HANDS FIRST to the ground - rolling himself into -

AN ALLEY

- and recovering to his feet in time to climb up onto a dumpster and CLAMBER from there up onto a FIRE ESCAPE.

His breathing ragged, Moustafa spots an OPEN WINDOW two flights up - his legs moving as fast as they can take him -

- just as the cops enter the alley -

HEAD COP

He's on the fire escape!

- one of the cops draws and FIRES HIS WEAPON!

ON MOUSTAFA - AS THE BULLET WHIZZES PAST HIM

MOUSTAFA

Holy Shit! Fuck! I'm wearing an explosive vest motherfuckers!

RESUME ON THE COPS

The head cop turning to his subordinate, pissed:

COP VOICE

Hold your fire! Hold your fire and call for backup!

SMASH CUT TO

MORE COP CARS - PULLING UP TO THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING

Spilling out MORE OFFICERS!

CUT TO

A BEAUTIFUL APARTMENT KITCHEN

Moustafa JUMPS in through the open window - scrambling past an island and a small dinette until he finds a knife rack on a counter and pulls out a LARGE CARVING BLADE...

...but just as he is about to go to work on the electrical cable ties holding the vest to him...

THE DOOR TO THE KITCHEN OPENS

And a HOUSEKEEPER enters. A kind-faced woman, scared to see a strange young man in the kitchen holding a knife.

The two lock eyes for a moment. This is awkward.

MOUSTAFA

I'm not gonna hurt you. I just -

But the Housekeeper has already figured out how she is going to deal with this...

...she GRABS a dinette chair and HURLS it across the island at Moustafa - who ducks, dropping the knife as the chair CRASHES into the cabinets above him.

Moustafa finds the knife - and the housekeeper coming toward him with another stool and a shrill SCREAM!

Moustafa PROPELS himself out of the kitchen door, arms over his head to protect himself as the chair CRASHES! barely missing him!

SMASH CUT TO

MOUSTAFA - BURSTING OUT THE FRONT DOOR OF THE APARTMENT

CHASED by the Housekeeper and SAWING at the electrical ties with the knife when he hears a COP VOICE:

COP VOICE (O.S.)

Out of the way!

Moustafa turns back to see a pod of POLICE OFFICERS - overtaking the housekeeper, who moves aside to let them pass.

Moustafa keeps running ahead toward a window with a potted plant under the windowsill as:

THE COPS TAKE THEIR GUNS FROM THEIR HOLSTERS

COP VOICE (CONT'D)

Stop! We will open fire!

THE LAST ELECTRICAL TIE ON MOUSTAFA'S VEST

GIVES WAY - Moustafa wiggles out of the vest, then grabs the potted plant and CRASH!

MOUSTAFA FOLLOWS THE PLANT OUT THE WINDOW!

Landing on a SECOND-STORY AWNING, Moustafa LEAPS FORWARD onto a BUS SHELTER.

THE COPS PEER OUT THE WINDOW TO SEE

MOUSTAFA, CLATTERING ACROSS THE SHELTER ONTO A PASSING BUS

Which he SURFS down the street!

THE COPS

Regard each other - what that kid just did took balls.

And as one of the cops lifts up the vest: and all of them realize they are holding several pounds of C-4...

MOUSTAFA

LOWERS himself to his knees, SLIDING OFF the side of the bus -

AND ONTO ANOTHER CAR

- RUNNING across the roof and hood to the pavement...and as soon as his feet hit the street, running to catch the rhythm of the asphalt scrolling underneath:

A PAIR OF MOTORCYCLE COPS

Rush down toward the bus, SIRENS WAILING. The OFFICERS look around. Moustafa is nowhere to be seen...and as the two SPEED PAST to continue the search:

REVEAL the open cellar grate to a NEIGHBORHOOD BAR...

...and, as two DELIVERYMEN muscle in a keg:

FIND MOUSTAFA IN THE CELLAR

Hiding under the ladder. Breathing heavy. Spent. Pissed.

SMASH CUT TO

A CUP OF HUMMUS, ON A TAKE OUT PLATE LINED WITH PITA BREAD

On the counter at COUSCOUS EXPRESS: a funky Middle Eastern restaurant. LOUD MUSIC streams from a TV over the counter before a small dining room.

A beautiful, doe-eyed and raven-haired WAITRESS takes the hummus and carries it through the dining room and out the front door of the restaurant -

- the waitress's name is OLIVE YASSIN, (18) - and as she steps out the front door REVEAL that the SIDEWALK is crowded with Vespas and bicycles...

...and on them: COURIERS. Sitting on their bike seats, eating dolmas and falafel.

As Olive moves, FIND Special, perched on a bike rack next to Steve - the black courier previously seen at Johnny Funwrecker's party. Olive hands Special the hummus...

SPECIAL
Thanks, Olive...

...but Olive's eyes are elsewhere...

OLIVE
What happened to that guy?

As Special stands, DROPPING the hummus...REVEAL MOUSTAFA - coming toward her, sweat-soaked, cut up, and pissed.

MOUSTAFA
I'm-a kill you bitch!

Moustafa LUNGES IN, trying desperately to land a blow on Special - not caring that she's a girl, not caring about anything other than discharging his rage.

The other Couriers form a circle around them, CHEERING AND SHOUTING for the fight to go to the next level.

Baklava still in hand, Special DODGES MOUSTAFA'S EVERY BLOW.

STEVE
Fifty on Special, who wants action?

Money exchanges hands like Marion Ravenwood's bar.

Moustafa keeps SWINGING through his fatigue. Special keeps dodging. The cheering gets LOUDER as:

OLIVE

STEPS UP - compelled by the fight...and as she ROOTS for Moustafa:

POP!

Moustafa LANDS A BLOW to Special's nose!

Some of the Couriers CHEER. Others BOO.

And as the money frantically EXCHANGES HANDS in the OPPOSITE DIRECTION:

RESUME ON SPECIAL - REELING FROM THE BLOW

SPECIAL
OW!

A trickle of blood PEEKS OUT through her nostril. Special regards the crowd gathered around her...and then:

POP!

Special pegs Moustafa right back. Moustafa's legs GIVE OUT and he FALLS straight down on his ass.

MOUSTAFA

OW! Sonofabitch that stings!

STEVE

And punkass goes down!

More CHEERS AND BOOS. Money exchanges hands. Special looks down at Moustafa...then offers him a baklava.

SPECIAL

"I'm-a kill you bitch!"

MOUSTAFA

(swats away the baklava)

Who does that? Who puts a vest on a guy and calls the cops and...you are a sick, sadistic bitch!

SPECIAL

Yeah...I am...but I finally got you to land a punch on me.

Moustafa stops, thinks - in a weird way, this actually is a win for him.

Special smiles - then lets out a giggle - which he returns before busing out into a full-on gale of LAUGHTER.

Moustafa finally takes the baklava and bites in, satisfied.

ESTEBAN (O.S.)

Yo Special!

Esteban steps up through the dispersing crowd:

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

Johnny Funwrecker needs us for a job. The kid ready?

Special says nothing, shoots Moustafa an unsure look:

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

It ain't the riddle of the fuckin' Sphinx - he ready or not?

MOUSTAFA
C'mon Special, tell him I'm ready -
put me to work!

As Special keeps her uncertain eyes on Moustafa...

SMASH CUT TO

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER - BY A FIREPLACE IN HIS OFFICE

As he takes an envelope from Asshole Bodyguard Hwang and waves it at Moustafa: who stands with Special and Esteban in front of Johnny Funwreckers' desk.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
It's a big job - big stakes - if
you're ready, you come and get it.

Moustafa looks at Special. She does nothing.

Moustafa STEPS UP and reaches across Johnny Funwrecker's desk for the envelope - and that's when Asshole Bodyguard Hwang grabs his arm and PINS IT DOWN.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER (CONT'D)
You're my bitch - for fucking ever -
you run for me, you break the law
for me, and you sure as fuck never
cheat me - better you try and take
your shot right now than steal from
me. Understand?

Before Moustafa can reply, Johnny Funwrecker reaches for a branding iron from the fireplace and JABS it into Moustafa's forearm.

MOUSTAFA
YEEEEEEEEAAAAHHHHHHH!

...and off Johnny Funwrecker, lined by the SIZZLING smoke rising from Moustafa's arm...

SMASH CUT TO

SPECIAL, ESTEBAN AND MOUSTAFA

RIDING bicycles down a STREET LINED WITH RITZY BUILDINGS.

MOUSTAFA
Jesus Christ that still hurts.

ESTEBAN
I thought you said you trained him.

SPECIAL

Why don't you go do your job?

Esteban waves and PEELS off. Special and Moustafa turn into AN ALLEY and ride the length of the buildings to the other side before coming to a halt.

SPECIAL (CONT'D)

Gimme your arm.

Special pulls out a small, round tin of burn cream, which she POPS open...and as she salves Moustafa's burn:

MOUSTAFA

So I guess I'm really Johnny
Funwrecker's property now.

SPECIAL

On loan to me, bitch.

MOUSTAFA

Always carry burn cream?

SPECIAL

Figured you'd need it.

Moustafa looks at Special as she takes care of his wound.

MOUSTAFA

That's pretty thoughtful of you.

Special takes her hands off Moustafa, puts the top back on the tin, her tone sharp.

SPECIAL

It ain't a fucking engagement ring,
I just need you to quit whining
about your arm and focus.

Special turns away as Moustafa reacts to her sudden shift in attitude, then:

MOUSTAFA

So this thing we're doing tonight,
is it, you know...the kind of thing
we're gonna be doing a lot?

SPECIAL

You won't believe the shit we get
to do.

Special points past the alley toward:

A SWANKY DOORMAN BUILDING

Just as Esteban CAREENS IN on his bike and CRASHES into a car parked before the building, CARTWHEELING his bike over the hood and landing on the ground.

ESTEBAN

OW! OH GOD! THE PAIN! THE PAIN!

The doorman runs to Esteban, who keeps SCREAMING, as Special sneaks into the building. As Moustafa follows Special into the door, he looks over at Esteban...who shoots him a wink:

SMASH CUT TO

SPECIAL - BRANDISHING HER KNIFE

- followed by Moustafa: backing ROSS ANDREWS - a Wall Street type in boxers - through his LAVISH APARTMENT, past his SPECTACULAR VIEW OF THE NIGHT SKYLINE and into an ORNATE GOLD-PLATED BATHROOM:

ROSS ANDREWS

Look - whoever you are...I don't keep any cash or drugs in my home -

SPECIAL

Are you Ross Andrews? Partner at Andrews, Johnson and Wenk? Last year's most eligible bachelor in the city according to New York Life Magazine?

ROSS ANDREWS

Uh - yeah.

SPECIAL

We're here to collect a sample.

ROSS ANDREWS

A sample?

Special flicks a metal test tube over at a horrified Andrews.

SPECIAL

Yeah, a sample. This city is full of extremely rich, extremely fertile women. You can go ahead and deposit it in the test tube - and I'm gonna watch, if you don't mind.

ROSS ANDREWS

Who are you?

MOUSTAFA

We're Couriers.

Special looks at Moustafa and SMILES...and as she shuts the bathroom door:

SMASH CUT TO

A PLATE FULL OF HUMMUS

Eaten by Steve - sitting with a bunch of Couriers outside COUSCOUS EXPRESS and looking up to see Special and Moustafa, followed by a perfectly-fine Esteban.

ESTEBAN

Hey everybody - Moustafa broke his
cherry tonight!

Steve STANDS. So do all the other Couriers around him.

But are there cheers? Congratulations? No.

All of the Couriers flick out their hands - SNICKT! SNICKT! SNICKT! and CERAMIC KNIVES come out. Moustafa looks at the crowd, confused...this is getting scary.

MOUSTAFA

Uh...nice knives...guys.

Moustafa looks at Esteban and Special - who also have their knives out.

ESTEBAN

Get him!

Before Moustafa can make a move, Special GRABS his arms - and all the Couriers DESCEND ON HIM...now CHEERING AND YELLING...

...and off Moustafa's SCREAMS as he is OVERWHELMED by the pouncing mob.

CUT TO

MOUSTAFA - COMPLETELY BALD - MOMENTS LATER

Sitting at a booth at COUSCOUS EXPRESS, eating a celebratory dinner with Special and Esteban...the occasional Courier walks by, exchanging HIGH-FIVES with Moustafa...

MOUSTAFA

I can't believe you psychopaths
shaved my head with knives.

ESTEBAN

That's just a thing we do.

MOUSTAFA
Oh yeah? Did you do it to Special?

SPECIAL
No fucking chance.

MOUSTAFA
Then how'd you get this job?

SPECIAL
Johnny Funwrecker picked me out of an orphanage. I was seven and no one had adopted me, he taught me the streets himself.

MOUSTAFA
Really?

SPECIAL
No, you asshole.

Olive picks up their plates, Moustafa turns to look at her:

MOUSTAFA
How you doin'?

OLIVE
Heard you popped your cherry.

MOUSTAFA
(a rakish smile)
Maybe I'll tell you all about it.

Special SWATS him across the head, then turns to Olive, and speaks in an uncharacteristically diligent, deferential tone:

SPECIAL
I'm sorry. Won't happen again.

Olive smiles and steps away. Moustafa GLARES at Special.

SPECIAL (CONT'D)
That's Olive. Her parents own this joint. You want to get banned?

Special indicates OLIVE'S PARENTS, standing by the register:

ESTEBAN
And you see those animals? Her cousins.

Esteban points out TWO BURLY, MEAN BUSBOYS BY THE COUNTER.

SPECIAL

You mack on her, you sign your own death warrant.

MOUSTAFA

I could get over on that. Totally.

ESTEBAN

One job and he's Tony Montana.

SPECIAL

You don't have the *huevos* and I don't have the energy to save your ass. Sit.

Moustafa steps away with a winking nod. Special and Esteban are left staring at each other...for a while...then:

ESTEBAN

He's dead.

SPECIAL

Not my problem.

ESTEBAN

They're gonna be serving him in a pita tomorrow.

SPECIAL

Not my problem.

ESTEBAN

He's Johnny Funwrecker's property.

SPECIAL

Fuck. My problem.

TIME CUT TO

SPECIAL - BUSTING OUT THE BACK DOOR OF COUSCOUS EXPRESS

To see the Burly, Mean Busboys...sitting on an overturned garbage can, smoking the biggest fatties ever seen on film.

MEAN, BURLY BUSBOY #1

That Moustafa dude's got some stone cold righteous shit right here.

Mean, Burly Busboy #2 lets out a stoned GRUNT. Special shakes her head then looks up to see Moustafa - who doesn't notice her - leaning on a wall chatting up a very flattered Olive.

MOUSTAFA

(in mid-story)

...I figure they'd have shaved my head in the Egyptian army anyway, so what the hell...right?

Moustafa lets it sit there, waiting for a reply as Olive gives him a long, hard look, and then:

OLIVE
You waiting for me to say you look good?

MOUSTAFA
Hey watch it. I got a shapely head, you know.

Olive lets herself smile - just a little - before putting the snark back on:

OLIVE
I'll be the judge of that.
(off his look)
So you're Special's boyfriend?

MOUSTAFA
Oh. No. She's...nothing.

Overhearing this, Special TURNS AND WALKS AWAY.

RESUME ON OLIVE AND MOUSTAFA

OLIVE
I always thought Special kept a boy somewhere - she's always getting takeout for two.

Moustafa's gears are ticking: a window into Special's world has finally opened. The implications roll around his brain:

MOUSTAFA
Takeout for two.

OLIVE
You jealous?

MOUSTAFA
Curious.

Olive regards Moustafa, taking her time - wondering about this cute, but sneaky kid's agenda:

OLIVE
She's in all the time - always gets the same - with a ton of hot sauce on the side.

MOUSTAFA
Hot sauce? I never - you really think she's got someone?

Olive looks him in the eye: now he's just annoying her.

OLIVE
Are you risking your life to talk
to me about "nothing?"

MOUSTAFA
No - I mean - Special's very
mysterious, and -

OLIVE
Oh. Buddy. You just blew it.

MOUSTAFA
Blew it? You kidding? I'm
just getting warmed up.

OLIVE
Go eat some hummus.

Olive turns and goes. Moustafa gives chase, putting all his charm and desperation in one convenient, fun package:

MOUSTAFA
You know you're the main event, but
you can't spin out a mystery for me
and think I'm not gonna bite.

Olive takes a moment to look him up and down - he's begging and she knows it, then, as she speaks...

OLIVE
I'll tell you what. The next time
Special shows up here alone, I'll
write my phone number on the
receipt. You want my digits, that's
how you get them...
(walking away)
...don't call 'til you figure out
your shit with Special.

...and off Moustafa, challenged...

CUT TO

OLIVE'S HAND - WRITING A PHONE NUMBER ON A RECEIPT

Which she STAPLES to a Couscous Express takeout bag: which she hands over to Special at the COUSCOUS EXPRESS COUNTER.

As Special walks into the BUSY NOONTIME STREET, Olive steps out from behind the counter, watching Special through the window as she puts the food in her backpack, climbs onto her bike and RIDES OFF..

...Olive's eyes then make contact with...

MOUSTAFA

....also on a bike, watching Special from ACROSS THE STREET...and as he goes after her...

SMASH CUT TO

SPECIAL

PUMPING HER BIKE down a STREET as:

MOUSTAFA

FOLLOWS unseen, riding at a safe distance...

UNTIL SPECIAL ZIGS FROM HER LANE

...making a SHARP LEFT TURN across traffic...Moustafa SPEEDS UP, then CRANKS his YOKE and takes the turn...barely avoiding a HONKING TAXI...

...only to find himself following Special down a ONE-WAY STREET and AGAINST THE FLOW TRAFFIC!

MOUSTAFA

Is caught by surprise - SWINGING his yoke madly to avoid becoming a grisly hood ornament as he dodges ONE car -

- then ANOTHER - then ANOTHER - barely hanging on for dear life as:

SPECIAL

CALMLY negotiates the opposing traffic...

AND BUNNY HOPS ONTO AN ONCOMING SPORTSCAR!

Special RIDES the rising slope of the vehicle and uses it as a RAMP to hop onto the SUV coming up from behind -

- and then SKIDS her bike at the top of the SUV into a NEAR RIGHT ANGLE TURN that sends her onto the roof of another SUV and:

ONTO THE SIDEWALK

Where - SWIFTLY crossing the incoming pedestrians - she disappears into the wide entrance of a SHOPPING ARCADE!

MOUSTAFA

Sees her from where he has landed after his own attempts to evade traffic...FOUR LANES OVER ON THE WRONG SIDE.

Moustafa shakes his head and BRINGS IT -

- executing a FLAWLESS CROSS to the other side of the street as it fills with BRAKE SCREECHES AND HONKS - but he keeps pushing into:

THE SHOPPING ARCADE

DODGING past bustling PEDESTRIANS and stalls filled with cheap merchandise as the air fills with PROFANITIES shouted at him in a dozen languages...

...Moustafa PLOWS through a booth displaying cheap T-Shirts...but he keeps PUSHING AHEAD - desperately flinging a blouse from his face as he looks ahead to see:

SPECIAL

Leaning into a RIGHT TURN INTO THE STREET at the opposite end of the arcade!

MOUSTAFA

Keeps moving - keeps moving - out of the arcade - SEEING SPECIAL GLIDING ACROSS THE STREET -

- Moustafa makes his own turn, watching her enter AN ALLEY ACROSS THE STREET, Moustafa RACES his bike to follow - and then -

HONK!

A TRUCK - SLAMMING! into his field of vision -

MOUSTAFA

SHIT!

- and off Moustafa:

HITTING THE BRAKES and heading for a SKID into the side of the truck!

CUT TO BLACK

WIPE IN FROM BLACK

WITH THE OPENING OF A SMALL, SPEAKEASY-STYLE DOOR

A hand reaches out and grabs the Couscous Express take-out bag - with Olive's phone number in the receipt - from Special's hand.

WIDER TO REVEAL Special in the CORRIDOR outside the apartment door with the speakeasy inset...as a Manila envelope SLIDES out from the speakeasy door:

SPECIAL

OK, Hot Sauce. I'll make pickup and delivery tonight.

The speakeasy door SLAMS shut. Special takes a beat...

...then STRIDES down the corridor from the apartment and turns into an INDUSTRIAL ELEVATOR LANDING, looking inside the envelope...she finally looks up to the arriving elevator...

...and gets a faceful of MOUSTAFA: SCRAPED, SCRATCHED and BEATEN UP (as one would be who just survived a close encounter with a truck)...

...but he made it, and he wants answers.

MOUSTAFA

What the fuck are you doing?

With frightening alacrity, Special GRABS Moustafa while simultaneously DRAWING HER KNIFE and PUSHING him into the arriving elevator.

IN THE ELEVATOR

...Special drives Moustafa hard into the corner, holding the knife to his face.

SPECIAL

You did not just follow me here.
You did not just ask me what I'm doing.

MOUSTAFA

You're training me. Johnny Funwrecker finds out about this, we're both street grease.

SPECIAL

He hasn't found out.

MOUSTAFA

Yet. You just put my shit on the line and I deserve to know what you're doing.

Special lifts the knife higher into his face: a threat. But Moustafa moves in to confront her with surprising ferocity:

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)

You gonna carve me up in your employer's elevator? The corpse of one of Johnny's employees? That's called "leaving a mark."

(then, deliberately)

Now get that fucking knife off my face.

But Special doesn't lower the knife. She's pissed off: at Moustafa for being resourceful, and at herself for being found out - and letting him read her.

SPECIAL

You think it's cool you have that scumbag's brand on your arm? You think it's cool being a slave?

(then)

There isn't a single courier I know who wants to pay Johnny Funwrecker his percentage...but he has the money and he's got the muscle...for now. One day, someone's gonna take him down - and I'm not gonna be waiting to be that someone else's slave.

Moustafa rolls this in his brain, then:

MOUSTAFA

So what's the job tonight?

Special says nothing. Moustafa reaches forward, putting his hand on her knife hand and LOWERING it as he speaks: she barely resists, she knows she's not going to shiv him.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)

You think I'm in this to be that flesh-branding sociopath's bitch? What you do: I do too.

SPECIAL

Fuck that. I don't have partners.

Moustafa looks at her: he's not going to say it, but he has something on her. Things just changed.

MOUSTAFA

Me neither. It's business...

(off her look)

...and I want the receipt for that takeout food.

The elevator door SLIDES open and Moustafa slips out from Special's grasp, walking out the elevator door. And off Special, alone in the elevator...pondering a life that just got a LOT more complicated...

CUT TO

OLIVE - PUTTING A GRAPE LEAF IN HER MOUTH

On the roof of COUSCOUS EXPRESS, lit by the city's nighttime skyline, she sits on a blanket next to Moustafa...the two sharing a picnic of takeout food from the restaurant:

MOUSTAFA

The guy's name is Hot Sauce. You want him to give you work, you gotta bring him food and hot sauce. Mickey D's, hot sauce. Chinese takeout, hot sauce. Nathan's hot dogs, hot sauce.

OLIVE

Hot sauce, I get it.

Moustafa smiles, reaches for a grape leaf:

MOUSTAFA

Apparently he's never left his apartment. No one knows what he looks like...or who he is.

Olive lets that sit for a moment, then:

OLIVE

Why are you telling me this?
(off his look)
I could run off and tell someone.
You just met me.

MOUSTAFA

I dunno. Seeing as I'm wanted by the police and my parents sold me out to the Egyptian army...I'd say you're the oldest friend I have.

Olive puts down her food, comes in closer...

OLIVE

What about Special?

...and that's when Moustafa leans in as well.

MOUSTAFA

That's...business.

He smiles winningly, she returns the smile. They kiss. Again. And Again. And as they do...

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

ON MOUSTAFA

Eyes CLOSED...STIRRING AWAKE in a futon. But where is he?

He's in his LOFT. His hair has GROWN OUT a few quarters of an inch and his shoulders are covered by an intricate maze of deep-black tattoos.

Moustafa crawls out of bed and stands, his muscles now DEFINED AND RIPPLING - courierring with Special has turned him from boy to man.

Moustafa WALKS across his living space, past band posters and leather furniture, the stereo, TV and game consoles...

...past several MOTORCYCLES (a Kawasaki Hayabusa GSXR1300R and a Honda CRF250X dirt bike)...the sound of the RUNNING SHOWER grows louder...

MOUSTAFA STEPS INTO THE BATHROOM

...a NUDE FEMALE SILHOUETTE - shapely and enticing - becomes visible through the fog on the glass doors to the shower...Moustafa comes closer...

MOUSTAFA

Hey babe.

Olive peers out from the fog. He kisses her hard...then:

OLIVE

Mom and dad are so going to ban you
from the restaurant.

Moustafa smiles and kisses her again, hard...their bodies crash into one another, hands wander below frame...it's getting hot...until the tinny SOUND OF A BLACK FLAG SONG FROM A CELLPHONE SPEAKER fills the air.

Moustafa disengages - shooting his girl an apologetic shrug - and steps out of the shower to get his cellphone from the basin - even as a playful Olive tries to distract him...

ON THE CELLPHONE SCREEN

HOT SAUCE 911 - MEET AT CCE - GET FOOD - SPECIAL

RESUME ON OLIVE

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Let me guess. Business?

Moustafa turns back to look at Olive...and as she ducks back under the shower...

CUT TO

MOUSTAFA AND OLIVE

Riding a VESPA down the STREETS OF BROOKLYN. Olive drives, Moustafa rides...

SMASH CUT TO

OLIVE - CLINGING ON TO MOUSTAFA AS HE DRIVES HER VESPA

...ACROSS THE STREETS OF THE CITY to Couscous Express, both wearing Kaiser-style helmets...

OLIVE
Engine's making that noise again.

MOUSTAFA
No it isn't.

OLIVE
You insist on doing maintenance on this scooter yourself, you may want to do it the right way.

MOUSTAFA
The right way? I built this bike by hand baby. I know how to fix it.

Olive rolls her eyes, then tries another tack...

OLIVE
We should take the bike back home, and you should show me how to fix it.

MOUSTAFA
I'll show you how to fix the bike.
(off her smile)
After work.

Olive head-butts Moustafa, and as he reacts...

OLIVE
You're lucky I'm not jealous.

...and off Moustafa, knowing that she's lying her ass off...

CUT TO

OLIVE'S HAND

Writing the words "I LOVE YOU MOUSTAFA" on a receipt which she then clips to a Couscous Express take-out bag...which she holds over the counter...

...as Moustafa steps over from a booth to take the bag, and regales Olive with a big kiss...

REVEAL SPECIAL - POKING HER HEAD IN THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR

SPECIAL

Yo - 'stafa - not like we have work or anything!

Moustafa looks at Olive as he ignores Special:

MOUSTAFA

I'll come home early...OK?

OLIVE

Like I believe you.

As Special rolls her eyes, Olive's mother STEPS UP to her, carrying a small container of hummus.

MRS. YASSIN

You take care of that nice boy.

SPECIAL

Nothing nice about him.

Mrs. Yassin looks at Special and hands over the hummus.

MRS. YASSIN

That's my future son-in-law.

SPECIAL

Sorry.

MRS. YASSIN

Now eat. Yes, you.

Mrs. Yassin then steps off, patting Moustafa's head...as he makes his way past Special to the door..

MOUSTAFA

C'mon, Spesh, not like we have work or anything.

...Special follows Moustafa...and Olive stands behind the counter...watching her boy go off with another girl...

SMASH CUT TO

THE SPEAKEASY DOOR INSET ON HOT SAUCE'S DOOR - OPENING

Moustafa follows Special, who impatiently GRABS the Couscous Express bag from him and jams it into the speakeasy door.

MOUSTAFA

Hey - wait - that ticket -

SPECIAL

Just hand over the hot sauce, will you?

Moustafa shakes his head and hands over a jar of Hot Sauce. A manila envelope emerges from the speakeasy door.

Moustafa tears into the envelope, pulls out a dossier and checks out the top sheet

MOUSTAFA

Oh shit.

SPECIAL

What?

MOUSTAFA

We've never - we've never...
couriered anything like this

Special grabs the dossier from Moustafa and sees:

A PICTURE OF A GIRL

11 years old. Black. STARING into the lens. A haunted look in her eye: Special regards the picture with growing empathy...

...we may not know what it is yet, but something about the expression on this girl's face touches her...

SPECIAL

She looks so sad...

...but Moustafa's attention is elsewhere as he peers in through the speakeasy door...

MOUSTAFA

Yo, hot Sauce. Who's paying for this?

HOT SAUCE (O.S.)

It's on a need to know.

MOUSTAFA
 (to Special)
 We've never done...people before. I
 don't like it.

Hot Sauce interjects from behind the door:

HOT SAUCE (O.S.)
 You just have to take her from the
 airport into town.

MOUSTAFA
 Like to the home of some degenerate
 who's gonna make her his underage
 fuck slave? Is that what we're
 discussing here? We may be
 criminals, but we're not fucking
 assholes.

HOT SAUCE (O.S.)
 All right - listen. It's from a
 human rights group. They're
 smuggling her out of Sierra Leone.

Hot Sauce slips another photo out of the speakeasy door:

A PRESS PHOTO OF A THIN BLACK MAN IN A MILITARY UNIFORM

The whites of his eyes piercing through his very smooth and
 very dark skin. Everything about his appearance and
 expression belies deep, abiding malice.

This is THE GENERAL.

HOT SAUCE (CONT'D)
 They call him "The General." He's a
 psychopath. A warlord who deals in
 blood diamonds. He starves his own
 people and spends the money on rare
 antiquities.
 (then)
 He wants to kill that little girl.

That's all Special needs to hear.

SPECIAL
 We're doing this.

Special walks off toward the elevator. Moustafa watches
 her...then shakes his head...and as he rushes behind her...

SMASH CUT TO

A LARGE CARGO PLANE

TOUCHING DOWN on the runway of TETERBORO AIRPORT as Special and Moustafa glide the Nice Car down a line of BARBED WIRE FENCE dividing tarmac from service road.

MOUSTAFA (O.S.)
 Seriously. You have a thing about
 orphans I don't know about?

SPECIAL

Turns to Moustafa, a lethally earnest look on her face:

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
 Someone flashes a cute picture of a
 girl with no parents and no name
 and you snap-to?

Special looks at him, eyes filling with genuine sorrow:

SPECIAL
 I was raised in an orphanage. My
 parents were Marist missionaries in
 Rwanda - they were killed by the
 government for trying to save
 refugees during the genocide. I
 spent two years in that Kigali shit
 hole before anyone knew to come for
 me.

Moustafa looks at Special. Holy shit. Is this it? The tragic story of her broken life that she has withheld so long?

MOUSTAFA
 Really?

SPECIAL
 No, you asshole.

Special shuts down the car and BOUNDS OUT. Moustafa takes a moment, shakes his head, then follows her to...

A PRIVATE TERMINAL ON THE OUTER PERIMETER OF THE AIRPORT

Followed by Moustafa, Special enters a RECEPTION AREA on the side of the building - a large, industrial enclosure subdivided with chicken wire pens full of cargo.

A large manual conveyor protrudes from the rear wall of the reception area and leads to the hangar. The place is sparsely populated by JUMP-SUITED, CARGO LOADING AIRPORT EMPLOYEES.

Special regards the picture of The Girl as...

THE GIRL APPEARS IN THE DEEP BACKGROUND

EMERGING from a pair of doors inside a chicken wire enclosure, escorted by a UNIFORMED AIRPORT EMPLOYEE.

She would look like an average eleven year old, but her bearing is quiet...taking everything in.

The Girl carries her only possession - A SMALL, BEATEN-UP VIOLIN CASE - on her back, strapped across her chest with a much-mended strand of leather.

The Girl looks up and locks eyes with Special. An instant connection as the Airport Employee unlocks the chicken wire gate and leads her over:

AIRPORT EMPLOYEE
You with the Human Rights group?

SPECIAL
We're the couriers.

AIRPORT EMPLOYEE
(looks down at The Girl)
She seems OK for someone who just spent the last thirteen hours getting smuggled in a cargo hold. You brought something for me?

Special hands over an envelope STUFFED WITH CASH.

AIRPORT EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)
Looks like your papers are in order. She's all yours.

As the Airport Employee EXITS, Special leans down to talk to The Girl.

SPECIAL
Hey you. I'm Special.

The Girl responds with a SET OF GESTURES.

SPECIAL (CONT'D)
Do you understand English?

The Girl SHAKES her head, then SIGNS again.

SPECIAL (CONT'D)
Very clever.
(looking up at Moustafa)
I think she's busting out some kind of sign language.

Special looks at The Girl and makes a series of GESTURES. The Girl responds in kind.

SPECIAL (CONT'D)
She's a mute...well, I think that's what she said.

MOUSTAFA
You do sign language?

SPECIAL
I don't "do" it. I sign it. Why do you think Hot Sauce picked me for this job?

MOUSTAFA
Who are you?

SPECIAL
Anyway, her sign language's kind of funky...gonna take a while to figure out exactly what -

But Moustafa looks away...and his eyes WIDEN as a look of fear plays across his face.

MOUSTAFA
Oh. Shit.

SPECIAL
What's going on, 'stafa?

SPECIAL TURNS TO FOLLOW MOUSTAFA'S EYELINE

And SPOTS Johnny Funwrecker's Asshole Bodyguard Hwang - ENTERING THE BUILDING...flanked by JOHNNY FUNWRECKER'S BADDEST ("Bodyguards #1, 2, 3 and 4"): thick-necked, mean-faced brutes.

Asshole Bodyguard Hwang and Special LOCK EYES.

IN SLO-MO

Asshole Bodyguard Hwang takes something out of his pocket

A PHOTO OF THE GIRL

Special and Moustafa exchange looks. Oh shit. Caught. Cheating. On Johnny Funwrecker.

ASSHOLE BODYGUARD HWANG

SIGNALS to the other men. They SPREAD out - a net to snare the couriers.

Hwang TOUCHES the hem of his jacket, drawing it back just ever so slightly to show Special the HANDLE OF HIS GUN...

...and as Asshole Bodyguard Hwang motions for Special to "COME HERE:"

RESUME IN FULL MOTION

Because what happens next is fast and nasty.

Special does exactly as she is told: she RUSHES up to BODYGUARD #1 - the one closest to her -

- then flicks out her sleeve and PLUNGES A KNIFE INTO HIS SIDE before DRIVING him into the approaching Asshole Bodyguard Hwang with a vicious FRONT KICK.

MOUSTAFA AND THE GIRL

React with the same amount of shock.

Special just killed a man.

Hwang REELS - falling to the floor under the bloody heap of bodyguard #1.

SPECIAL

LUNGES for bodyguards #2 and #3.

BODYGUARD #4

Grabs Moustafa from behind.

THE GIRL

SLIPS AWAY AND RUNS for the exit.

SPECIAL

Reaches behind her back, PULLS OUT a hammerless Smith & Wesson M340 PD handgun and FIRES into bodyguard #2

The shot REVERBERATES.

MOUSTAFA

Takes advantage of the shock, TURNS and delivers a BONE-SHATTERING OPEN-PALM BLOW to Bodyguard #4's face.

ASSHOLE BODYGUARD HWANG

ROLLS OUT from under Bodyguard #1 and runs for COVER behind a cluster of cargo boxes by the conveyor belt.

BODYGUARD #4

Rises and DRAWS his gun to shoot Moustafa in the back - but Special PUMPS a bullet into him just before -

BODYGUARD #3

- GRABS Special's gun hand, FLICKING out a knife of his own to put her down.

Special SLASHES with her knife. Their blades flash - a tight, mean fight that drives them to the conveyor belt and ends when Special slips her knife BETWEEN BODYGUARD#3's RIBS AND INTO HIS HEART.

Bodyguard #3 FALLS - the knife still in his chest - just in time for Special to see Asshole Bodyguard Hwang RISE from behind his cover...

...his gun less than a foot from her face.

Special PROPELS HERSELF INTO HWANG - her kinetic energy LAUNCHING them both onto the conveyor.

Now it's a SCRAMBLE as Special holds down Hwang's gun hand with her own, RAINING PUNCHES on Hwang!

As the two of them roll through the opening of the shared wall and INTO THE HANGAR -

SMASH CUT TO

MOUSTAFA

BURSTING out the doors to the building and CATCHING UP TO THE GIRL - running FULL TILT out of there.

MOUSTAFA

Come with me! Come on!

Moustafa GRABS The Girl's hand and PULLS HER toward the Nice Car, barely noticing:

THE CADILLAC ESCALADE PARKED NEAR THE DOOR

And inside: BODYGUARD #5 - the driver. As the Bodyguard HITS the ignition:

CUT TO

SPECIAL

Landing a BLOOD-SPATTERING PUNCH to Asshole Bodyguard Hwang's jaw!

But Asshole Bodyguard Hwang ju-jitsus into Special's stream of motion to TOSS HER off the belt onto the HANGAR FLOOR...

...a hangar floor populated by WORKMEN NOT YET FULLY AWARE OF THE SITUATION. Unloading equipment ABOUNDS: conveyer belts, ramps, a small OVERHEAD CRANE, and several LIFTING VEHICLES.

Special and Asshole Bodyguard Hwang roll away from one another just as -

AN ELECTRIC FORKLIFT CARRYING A CRATE COMES BETWEEN THEM

Special ducks out of the way of the incoming vehicle - Hwang raises his gun and FIRES, shooting the DRIVER!

And as THE WORKMEN panic and RUN toward the open hangar door:

SMASH CUT TO

MOUSTAFA

STARTING THE NICE CAR - looking back to see The Girl, curled in the back seat...but when Moustafa turns his attention back to front -

- he gets FACEFUL of Cadillac Escalade - RAMMING the Nice Car and driving him backwards toward the fence!

As Moustafa WRENCHES the gearshift and STOMPS the acceleration - his wheels SPINNING SMOKE as he tries to get out from the Escalade's grip:

CUT TO

ASSHOLE BODYGUARD HWANG

CROUCHED behind crates. Gun in hand. Sucking air. Peering over the crates to see:

SPECIAL

Unaware of him, but coming closer...closer...closer.

HWANG

LIFTS HIMSELF UP and steps out - leading with his gun - but Special is faster, she SLAPS the gun away - he SQUEEZES the trigger and FIRES into the crates -

BANG!

- but Asshole Bodyguard Hwang parlays his momentum into a BLOW that sends Special down on her back and SLIDING down the cement floor: it's all Special can do to keep a hold of her gun as her arm flies out over her head.

Asshole Bodyguard Hwang lifts his gun to shoot Special...she arcs her arm downward and FIRES -

AT THE OVERHEAD CRANE

- carrying a large box! Special's shot ECHOES, her bullet SEVERING THE HOOK CABLE.

THWOCK! Hwang's face registers SHOCK as he looks up to see:

THE HOOK AND THE LARGE BOX

Coming down on him!

The box LANDS on Asshole Bodyguard Hwang with a sickening, wet CRUNCH...

...and off Special: her work done.

CUT TO

THE NICE CAR

CRASHING TO A HALT against the fence!

Moustafa shakes his head - getting unstunned - then looks forward to see:

BODYGUARD #5

SLAMMING out of the Escalade and coming toward him: gun in hand - rising up into a firing solution for Moustafa's head!

SPLNGH!

- a knife blade SLITS out from Bodyguard #5's throat. His eyes go dark. He falls.

TO REVEAL SPECIAL

Walking toward the Nice Car - staring straight at Moustafa.

SPECIAL

Move over.

And off Moustafa and The Girl: shocked shitless by the sight of the bloodied street soldier before them...

CUT TO

THE NICE CAR - CAREENING DOWN A BACK ROAD

The PRE-CITY INDUSTRIAL SPRAWL OF MALLS, IKEAS, CHEAP MOTELS AND MORE MALLS all around as the Nice Car - the front end banged and smoking from its misadventure with the Escalade - prowls forward with a WOUNDED GROWL.

THE GIRL

Sits in the back seat - eyes shifting between Moustafa and Special, both of whom stare ahead: Special with battle-hardened intensity, Moustafa with freaked-out disbelief.

They sit there a moment, the sprawl scrolling by them, then:

SPECIAL

Get on the cell. Call Spath. Tell him to clear the garage. We need cover. He trusts me, he'll do it.

MOUSTAFA

What you did -

SPECIAL

Had to be done.

MOUSTAFA

You brought a gun. You left a mark.

SPECIAL

The moment Johnny Funwrecker finds out he'll feed us to his rottweilers. I've seen him do it.

MOUSTAFA

It was...it was...fucking awesome.

Special turns and CLOCKS Moustafa across the jaw - just hard enough to snap him out of it.

Special holds her fist close to the steering wheel, keeping her eyes on the road, blinking back a tear.

The look on her face is unmistakable: it isn't bravado or excitement...it's fear and regret.

CUT TO

A HELICOPTER

Landing on a HELIPAD by the Hudson.

Several BLACK MEN IN SUITS - all lean and muscular, their hair cropped close: African soldiers in civilian clothes - scurry to the helicopter, opening the door to let out...

THE GENERAL

...every bit as menacing as he was in the photo from Hot Sauce, he navigates the step-off with calculated efficiency, his every move coiled with the promise of violence.

The Black Men In Suits all snap-to as The General takes the lead and troops toward a MERCEDES BENZ S550 parked along with several other black sedans across the tarmac.

The General speaks - addressing no one in particular because he knows that whoever needs to answer will make it his business to be there - in subtitled *KRIO* (a creole tongue native to Sierra Leone).

THE GENERAL

Has The Girl's plane landed?

One of the soldiers picks up the pace to answer:

AFRICAN SOLDIER #1

*Yes, sir...but...this
operation...we are in this country
illegally, if we are found -*

The General turns a stare at his soldier.

THE GENERAL

*It will be no worse than if you
fail.*

The African Solider takes in The General's piercing gaze, then steps up and opens the door to the Mercedes.

AFRICAN SOLDIER #1

We will move to intercept.

Resolved, African Soldier #1 closes the door after The General...and as he turns to the other assembled men and gestures for them to move to their cars...

CUT TO

SPATH

Looking like someone pissed on his brownie.

SPATH

What did you do to the Nice Car?

WIDER TO REVEAL Special and Moustafa, exiting the Nice Car, now parked on A SET OF HYDRAULIC ELEVATION RAILS on the floor of SPATH'S CHOP SHOP.

Moustafa races to the open front gate and pulls the chain to bring it CLATTERING down quickly as Special turns to Spath - all business, hellbent on keeping her shit together.

SPECIAL
Clear the place out?

SPATH
You see anybody? Just me and Judy.

Special reaches into the back seat and pulls out the Girl.

SPATH (CONT'D)
Who's this - and I reiterate - what did you do to the Nice Car?

SPECIAL
I need the bathroom, she's in serious need - then I need you to fix the car - nothing fancy, just get her roadworthy.

The Girl waves at Spath, shoots him a shrug - as Special disappears into the back of the garage...

SPATH
Is one of you hoolies gonna tell me what you did to my pride and joy?

...and off Moustafa, not about to tell anything resembling the truth...

CUT TO

SPECIAL

Pulling the Girl across the cavernous REAR BAY OF THE GARAGE to the rest room...until The Girl stops, and looks up at her. Special returns the look - and after a moment...

NOTE: For expediency, Special and The Girl's signal dialogue will be presented as DIALOGUE but shown as SUBTITLES.

THE GIRL
You protect me.

SPECIAL
I'm trying.

THE GIRL
They were bad men. Don't grieve.

Special nods...and off the moment of connection between them:

CUT TO

SPATH - PRYING OPEN THE HOOD OF THE NICE CAR

SPATH

Aside from the obvious body
damage...it's leaking oil -
carburetor's cracked, maybe the
engine mounts and the frame -

But the diagnostic analysis is going to have to wait as Judy
interrupts from her loft:

JUDY

You guys expecting Johnny
Funwrecker?

Moustafa goes from already-jittery to sphincter factor 9.5:

MOUSTAFA

What?

JUDY

(coming down the steps)
Just pulled up outside - has an
army with him - it's the fucking
Flags of our Fathers out there.

Moustafa scrambles for the hydraulic control and THROWS THE
LEVER - the Nice Car RISES six feet into the air with a
resounding SHHHHHHMMMMMMPPP!

MOUSTAFA

Tell him we dropped off the car and
went to Jersey - seriously, you
don't want him knowing -

Moustafa turns around to see JOHNNY FUNWRECKER - coming in
the front door, followed by a passel of BODYGUARDS.

Johnny Funwrecker's men FAN OUT behind him...reconnoitering
and taking strategic positions around the place.

One of the Bodyguards cuts off the way to the rear bay and
rest room - and looks inside - seeing no one, not even -

SPECIAL

- propped up against the wall and out of the bodyguard's
sight, but dangerously close.

The bodyguard turns back to Johnny Funwrecker and gives an all-clear sign before leaning on the entrance, his back to Special.

RESUME ON JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
Where the fuck is everybody?

Spath looks at Johnny's men, all fingering their weapons - loaded for bear. What did Special and Moustafa get him into?

SPATH
Out on runs, making you money.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

Returns a smile at Spath's remark, then throws an arm around Moustafa - almost a headlock...

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
Yes. Money and the power.
(then, to Moustafa)
I wanted to send everyone a message
- all at once...but that's OK,
because you are going to send a
message for me, Moustafa -

While Moustafa is trying to play it cool, he's having a hard time keeping his face from telling the truth.

MOUSTAFA
I'm gonna send a message?

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
You're a loyal employee. I can
trust you. Right? RIGHT?

Moustafa has no idea how to respond - whether this is a death threat or a compliment - and he can barely get out the words -

MOUSTAFA
Yeah...sure thing.

Johnny Funwrecker nods, his tone evening out as he speaks:

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
A man like me has to keep eyes out
on everything. A money-making
opportunity shows up, I have to get
in on the ground floor. You follow?

Moustafa nods...and while Johnny Funwrecker speechifies...

INTERCUT WITH SPECIAL: IN THE REAR BAY OF THE GARAGE

Watching as much of the exchange as she moves - very quietly - toward the rest room door...

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

So I keep my interests diverse. I try to keep my finger in every pie...drugs, guns, money - you carry my shit, you know what I'm into.

...Special reaches the bathroom door and OPENS it stealthily to see The Girl standing there, about to hit the FLUSH.

Special SIGNS:

SPECIAL

BAD MEN. DANGER. DON'T MOVE.

The Girl obeys. Special takes out her Smith & Wesson and speed loader - loading with practiced intensity as:

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

Picks up a wrench, uses it to GESTICULATE as he continues to hold Moustafa with his other arm. Is he about to bash Moustafa's brain in? Who the fuck knows?

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

So I keep a lot of people on the payroll. Like my guy at Teterboro airport - I keep him in free junk, and he keeps an eye on the incoming cargo. When something worth my attention comes in, he lets me know. Like today...

Moustafa reacts to this - now it's getting real scary:

MOUSTAFA

...apparently an eleven year-old girl was being smuggled into the country. A girl with a massive bounty on her head. I thought it'd be a simple grab job, and the next thing I know, I hear from my guy that there's been a major shitkicking - four of my men are dead and one's in a coma.

Moustafa and Spath share tense stares as:

SPECIAL

Creeps along the wall toward Johnny Funwrecker's bodyguard - like Bruno Kirby during the rug heist in *Godfather Part Two*...she's ready to come out blasting...until Johnny Funwrecker drops an A-Bomb...

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

But I can't bring the hammer down
on the assfuckers who did this
until I know who they are - you're
going to help me find out.

The moment sinks in on both Special and Moustafa - the exact same thought running through both their minds.

MOUSTAFA

You don't know who did it?

SPECIAL

Processes. Realizes. Slides her gun back into her belt and stands down, moving away toward The Girl.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

So I'm putting fifty thousand on
their head. You spread the word,
Moustafa. You steal from Johnny
Funwrecker, nowhere is safe.

Johnny Funwrecker lets Moustafa go, and SMILES, then hands him the wrench in a polite - almost courtly way - before motioning to his men. Johnny Funwrecker's bodyguards leave their posts and gather around the boss, who walks to the door and outside faster than they do...

...then the sounds of MOTORCYCLES AND CARS TAKING OFF.

Moustafa stands there, staring at the bewildered Spath and Judy...an AWKWARD SILENCE that hangs as Special steps into the garage, gun in one hand, The Girl's hand in the other.

SPECIAL

So. I hope no one needs fifty grand
too badly.

But Spath isn't taking this so lightly:

SPATH

I can't believe you fucked up like
this...I...I don't even want to
ask...I'm gonna fix your car...but
after that...

Spath throws up his arms and turns back to the car. Judy just shakes her head and turns to help him...

...and off Moustafa, Special and The Girl...and the danger now binding them all...

CUT TO

THE GIRL - ON A BRICK LEDGE ON THE ROOFTOP OF SPATH'S

DRAWING on a notepad on top of her violin case...showing Special the image she has just drawn (a house on a field - with a figure discernible as a person running away)...

...and as The Girl alternately points to things on the page and tries to sign her words to Special:

SPECIAL

Wait...hang on...did you just say
"ran?"

(shaking her arms)
...like you were running?

...The Girl looks at Special's little pantomime and bursts into LAUGHTER - Special looks at The Girl and shares the laugh before trying the signal a few more times...

...but all it does is make The Girl laugh HARDER...

...and that's when a visibly worried Moustafa steps up through a STAIRWELL DOOR:

MOUSTAFA

The Nice Car's almost ready. You don't wanna know the looks they've been giving me downstairs.

SPECIAL

Spath and Judy are family. He's pissed but he won't sell us out.

MOUSTAFA

What about all the other couriers in town? Someone's bound to figure this shit out eventually.

SPECIAL

Would you put a bullet in another courier? Even if Johnny Funwrecker paid you?

MOUSTAFA

No...but...fifty grand's a lot of money. Someone's gonna take it.

SPECIAL

Can we talk about this later? I'm trying to figure something out that might help us.

(then)

See - her sign language - it's kind of ghetto, street. She just told me she's being chased by an African dude.

Moustafa regards his partner: is she shitting him?

MOUSTAFA

Some African dude? You don't say?

SPECIAL

That, or something about a cat.

MOUSTAFA

We murdered four people. Johnny Funwrecker's people!

SPECIAL

Control your shit, M. I need to make some sense out of this mess so that we can get some leverage.

MOUSTAFA

Leverage? Are you ratfuck insane? There's no leverage. There's breathing and not breathing.

SPECIAL

I'm this close to figuring out what's so important about her.

MOUSTAFA

Our job was pick her up and deliver her to the human rights people. Far as I see, our job hasn't changed.

This one hits Special like a brick to the teeth...this is a package she isn't eager to drop.

SPECIAL

Whatever this girl has was enough to make Johnny Funwrecker try to knock over an airport - don't you want to know why?

MOUSTAFA

No. I don't.

SPECIAL

Didn't I teach you anything?

MOUSTAFA

You taught me do it fast and never leave a mark - now that you decided to chuck that out the window and get a price on our heads, I'm thinking we need to deliver this package, get paid and get the fuck out of dodge before Johnny Funwrecker eats us for lunch.

Special nods, then looks back at The Girl, who looks up from her drawings to return the look.

By the time Special turns back to Moustafa, he is looking away. Done talking...

CUT TO

A PLAIN BRICK BUILDING IN NEW LITTLE ITALY

At the front entrance: two of THE GENERAL'S SOLDIERS from the helipad, STANDING BY THE MERCEDES BENZ S550.

One of the African Men takes a cigarette from a pack and offers his compatriot a smoke...as they SMOKE UP...

SPECIAL (O.S.)

Those guys look funny.

CUT TO

SPECIAL AND MOUSTAFA

In the Nice Car - half a block away - WATCHING. The Girl sits in the back seat, once again strapped to her violin.

MOUSTAFA

Funny weird or funny ha-ha?

SPECIAL

The cigarettes...555's - that's British Tobacco mostly imported to Africa. Both men are wearing the same off-the rack suit, machine-made, glued, not hand-sewn, their hair - razor cuts done in the last two days, military style - and the shoes are brand new - no long-term wear on the soles.

(conclusively)

(MORE)

SPECIAL (CONT'D)

What you got there is two Freetown
Irregulars who haven't been out of
uniform since before they had
pubes.

MOUSTAFA

You see all that from here? How?

SPECIAL

Mossad training.

MOUSTAFA

SPECIAL

Really?

No, you asshole.

MOUSTAFA

For all we know, they're at that
building for some other reason.

SPECIAL

African soldiers just happen to be
guarding the same building occupied
by a human rights group smuggling a
mute girl out of Sierra Leone?

Moustafa turns a defeated glance - all he wants is for this
whole thing to just be over. Special has other plans.

SPECIAL (CONT'D)

Pull through the alley and around
the block. If I'm not back in ten
and change, call the President.

Special hands Moustafa her Smith & Wesson:

SPECIAL (CONT'D)

Just in case.

Special opens the door and swings out. Moustafa looks at the
rearview - as The Girl looks up and offers him a look.

SMASH CUT TO

THE WORDS "WHO WILL ATONE FOR SIERRA LEONE?"

Silk-screened on a T-shirt...as a SPLATTER OF BLOOD gushes
down onto the WORD "LEONE."

REVEAL that the shirt is worn by a stringy-haired HUMAN
RIGHTS DUDE...tied to a chair in the LOUNGE of a SMALL FUNKY
OFFICE (the kind of propaganda poster-infested place a left-
wing NGO might keep).

Speaking of posters, there's one on the wall behind Human Rights Dude, featuring a composite image of the Earth surrounded by clenched hands, all behind a logo that reads:

CLEMENCY INTERNATIONAL

But that's not the focus here - what is the focus is that Human Rights Dude's body is riddled with DARTS.

Yes, darts, the pub game loved by beer-soaked lads around the world.

SHHHMP! ARRRGH!

Another dart SINKS INTO the soft tissue in Human Rights Dude's neck. As Human Rights Dude SCREAMS:

REVEAL African Soldier #1...who turns to his cohorts, speaking in subtitled *Krio*.

AFRICAN SOLDIER #1

Missed again.

African Soldier #2 steps up to Human Rights Dude - head now downcast, eyes closed - and lifts his face by the chin.

AFRICAN SOLDIER #2

*You had the sun in your face. You
need to move the target if you want
to hit the eye.*

Human Rights Dude tries to look away, but African Soldier #2 SLAPS him.

African Soldier #1 steps up to a DARTBOARD ON THE WALL - a picture of Dick Cheney has been affixed to the target - and pulls out the last dart - but as he aims -

- a hand reaches in from O.S., taking away the dart. African Soldier #1 spins to see:

THE GENERAL

THE GENERAL

Has he spoken?

AFRICAN SOLDIER #1

No, sir.

THE GENERAL

Dismissed.

The soldiers leave. The General turns to Human Rights Dude, who addresses him in his native tongue.

HUMAN RIGHTS DUDE
What did you do to my friends?

The General regards Human Rights Dude, then turns to a nearby desk - looking through the objects on top.

THE GENERAL
*You speak Krio. Cute, white man.
 Tell me how you managed to smuggle
 The Girl out of my country - how
 you evaded my men and placed her on
 a flight to America - and tell me
 when my package is due to arrive.*

HUMAN RIGHTS DUDE
No.

The General lifts the handset for a corded phone from the desktop, testing its heft.

THE GENERAL
That is not an answer.

HUMAN RIGHTS DUDE
It is the only one you will get.

The General nods - and then, his bearing calm and collected, SLAMS the handset into Human Rights Dude's head:

THE GENERAL
*I do not think so. (SLAM!) I have
 your phones and computers. (SLAM!)*
*I have many of your friends to
 question. (SLAM!)*

Human Rights Dude lets out his last BLOODY GURGLE:

HUMAN RIGHTS DUDE
They will oppose you.

THE GENERAL
*Not when they see what I have done
 to you.*

...with one final SLAM! The General sends a gout of Human Rights Dude's blood against the window.

SMASH CUT TO

SPECIAL

Her face BENEATH the window, she STARTS at the sight of the blood and lets out an audible GASP! But where is she?

THE GENERAL

HEARS Special's expression. He steps toward the window, and WIPES away the blood with his bare hand to look outside.

SPECIAL

Winces. However she's hanging on out here, it's painful.

THE CAMERA CIRCLES 180 DEGREES TO SHOW

That she is actually ABOVE THE WINDOW - her body held in place upside down just above the upper frame by her arms and legs: pressured against the twin pilasters framing the window and running up and down the height of the building.

THE GENERAL

Shakes his head and turns away having seen nothing...and as he takes out a handkerchief to wipe the blood off his hands:

CUT TO

THE OUTER WALL OF THE BUILDING

Special descends past the blood-stained window by letting go and falling a little bit at a time, then tensing her arms and legs against the pilasters to break the momentum...

...she does this for several stories until she reaches an OUTCROPPING, THE ROOF OF A LOBBY on the rear of the building.

Special vaults onto her feet at the outcropping, makes a two-story leap onto the street and TUCKS AND ROLLS INTO A RUN.

SMASH CUT TO

THE BODY OF HUMAN RIGHTS DUDE

CARRIED AWAY by two of the General's Soldiers as another brings in a second, scared shitless HUMAN RIGHTS DUDE - cut from the same cloth as the first one...

...only Second Human Rights Dude isn't nearly as strong...his legs give out - and an audible GASP escapes his lips - as he sees his bloodied friend dragged away...

SECOND HUMAN RIGHTS DUDE

Please...oh god...no.

The General motions to his men to lift Second Human Rights Dude...and as he comes into the eyeline:

THE GENERAL
You have a choice.

Second Human Rights Dude holds out a trembling hand to The General...in the palm of his hand:

A PACKET OF HOT SAUCE

CUT TO

MOUSTAFA - BEHIND THE WHEEL OF THE NICE CAR

Stopped. The passenger door SWINGS open. Moustafa turns - knee jerk - to aim the gun at the entering Special.

SPECIAL
Put that thing away, there's a kid
in here.

MOUSTAFA
Yeah, I'd hate for her to see
someone get shot.

She looks to the back seat of the car to see The Girl, busy drawing in her notebook...

SPECIAL
Just get us out of here.

MOUSTAFA
Sho 'nuff, Han, want me to get you
the hydrospanner while I'm at it?

SPECIAL
Know what you sound like? Someone
who's used up his entire
recommended daily allowance of
being a dick.

Moustafa lets his frustration flare - this day has gone on far too long and he only has one question in mind:

MOUSTAFA
Are we making a delivery or are we
making a delivery?

SPECIAL
It's the long, thin pedal under
your foot, give it a try.

Moustafa takes in the grave look on Special's face, then, as he HITS THE ACCELERATOR...

MOUSTAFA

The fuck did Hot Sauce get us into?

SPECIAL

I'm gonna find out - you and The Girl are gonna go back to your place, you keep her safe there -

MOUSTAFA

Since when am I the goddamn babysitter? You take her home, I'll get the 411 - then we return her, I get Olive and I'm gone.

SPECIAL

It's not going to be that simple.

MOUSTAFA

What do you want me to do, learn sign language and help you raise her?

Special turns to look at The Girl, something about that hitting her a little closer to home than she prefers.

SPECIAL

She doesn't deserve to be abandoned.

MOUSTAFA

It's business.

CUT TO

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

PLOUGHING through the antiseptic corridors of a BUSY HOSPITAL ICU, flanked by a pair of BODYGUARDS...the three men enter a HOSPITAL ROOM, and on the bed:

ASSHOLE BODYGUARD HWANG

Much the worse for the wear after his run-in with the forklift, but alive, and in a lot of pain.

The ORDERLY in the room turns to see Johnny Funwrecker.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

Is he awake?

ORDERLY

Came out of his coma less than an hour ago. Are you a family member?

Johnny Funwrecker steps up to the orderly and reaches into his pocket: simultaneously taking out a pair of C-notes and showing off the massive GUN clipped to his belt.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
(pushing the bills into
the orderly's hand)
I'm his fucking sister.

The Orderly regards the silver-or-lead expression on Johnny Funwrecker, clutches his hands around the bills and LEAVES.

Johnny Funwrecker turns to Asshole Bodyguard Hwang, LEANING to look into his henchman's black eyes...

ASSHOLE BODYGUARD HWANG
(a pained whisper)
Johnny...

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
Who fucked you up?

Hwang's lips move...Johnny Funwrecker leans in to listen...and his face HARDENS as Asshole Bodyguard Hwang's whisper reaches him.

Johnny Funwrecker STANDS and motions to his bodyguards: one takes a loaded syringe out of a pocket and uncaps the needle as the other reaches for Asshole Bodyguard Hwang's IV tube...

...and as the syringe goes into the tube...

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER (CONT'D)
(to Asshole Bodyguard
Hwang)
Thank you.

Asshole Bodyguard Hwang's eyes WIDEN...Johnny Funwrecker - his face filling with hatred for the couriers who betrayed him - STRIDES OUT OF THE ROOM, his two bodyguards in tow...

...and as HWANG'S HEART MONITOR fills the place with the signature SHRILL BEEP of a stopping heart...

CUT TO

THE GIRL

Drawing intently on the floor of SPECIAL'S LOFT...

...as she continues to use her violin case for a desk...
REVEAL that her drawings now number in the DOZENS as she uses
MARKERS, PENS and COLORED PENCILS to fill in the blanks.

The Girl turns from her drawings to look up at Special, who kneels at the mosaic of drawings, studying them intently...their eyes meet and The Girl SIGNS:

THE GIRL
Are we safe here?

SPECIAL
You're safe with me.

THE GIRL
When is your husband coming back?

SPECIAL
He's not my husband.

THE GIRL
You fight like he's your husband.

SPECIAL
(changing the topic)
Tell me about your drawings.

THE GIRL
I'm drawing a story. It's sad.

Special regards the expression on The Girl's face, then:

SPECIAL
I don't mind sad stories.

CUT TO

THE SPEAKEASY DOOR INSET ON HOT SAUCE'S APARTMENT DOOR

OPEN. Moustafa, carrying a motorcycle helmet and wearing leathers, looks through the door into the darkness beyond -

MOUSTAFA
Hot Sauce?

- no answer. Moustafa reaches through the speakeasy and grabs the door handle...it gives way with a CLICK and the heavy door OPENS - Moustafa steps in, tentatively.

NOW IT'S THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS, INTO *CASA DE HOT SAUCE*

Large. All the windows are covered in black foil -

- except for one where the foil is torn and the glass is conspicuously BROKEN. The shaft of light breaking through the foil here is the only source of light in the place.

Moustafa POKES AROUND. Hot Sauce's loft is FESTOONED WITH WAR TOYS. Tonka-sized Sherman tanks, Napoleonic miniatures, figures of Egyptian Charioteers...but now, everything is STREWN about the floor.

Casa de Hot Sauce has been worked over real hard.

As Moustafa walks deeper inside, something on the floor catches the light - and as he bends down to see a lead model of a CIVIL WAR GENERAL -

- the front door FLIES OPEN with a CRASH! - Moustafa spins around, drawing Special's Smith & Wesson...

HOT SAUCE
Don't touch General Halleck.

...and sees HOT SAUCE, standing by the door.

Hot Sauce is lit by a HARSH SHAFT OF LIGHT from a window and can only be seen from the neck down - but that's probably a good thing, because the rest of him looks like a train that smashed into a butcher shop.

Hot Sauce's clothes are TORN to ribbons - but it's hard to tell where the fabric ends and the skin begins because everything is SOAKED in thick, dark blood and SCRUBBED with bits of cement, broken glass and asphalt.

MOUSTAFA
Hot Sauce, what the fuck?

HOT SAUCE
Sons of bitches threw me out the window.

Hot Sauce turns and walks toward his bathroom.

MOUSTAFA	HOT SAUCE
Holy shit!	I've had worse.

HOT SAUCE WALKS INTO HIS BATHROOM

- and leans over his sink, back turned to Moustafa, who stands by the door.

MOUSTAFA
Who did this? Was it Johnny Funwrecker?

HOT SAUCE

Johnny Funwrecker? What the fuck's
Johnny Funwrecker got to do with
anything?

MOUSTAFA

We had kind of a gunfight.

ANGLE ON THE SINK

Hot Sauce picks pieces of bloody glass from his skin and they
fall in spiky drops on the basin - PLINK!

HOT SAUCE

Don't that take the fuckin' cake.

MOUSTAFA

Someone tipped him off about The
Girl. He wants whatever she's got -
and he put a fifty-thousand dollar
price on our heads to get it.

HOT SAUCE

Yeah, well, Flavor-Flav's got
problems of his own. (PLINK!) The
General and his soldiers were here.
I the U.S. Of A. In my fucking
house.

MOUSTAFA

Yeah. We ran into him too.

HOT SAUCE

Really? Thanks. You could have
warned me before his men threw me
out the motherfucking window.
(PLINK!) You got any other business
we need to discuss?

Hot Sauce REACHES UP for the medicine cabinet - just missing
showing his face on the mirror as he opens the door and
reaches for a bottle of alcohol.

MOUSTAFA

What do we do now?

HOT SAUCE

Fuck if I know. All bets are off.

MOUSTAFA

Jesus Christ Hot Sauce - what is it
about that little Girl?

ANGLE ON HOT SAUCE'S HAND

SATURATING a wad of gauze with alcohol.

HOT SAUCE

She has a photographic memory. She
saw something.

Hot Sauce's hand raises to his face just as -

MOUSTAFA

PROCESSES this new information.

HOT SAUCE (O.S.)

MOTHERFUCKERSONOFABITCHTHATSTINGS!

MOUSTAFA

What did she see?

CUT TO

THE GIRL'S DRAWINGS

On the floor of SPECIAL'S LOFT. Special leans in to
look...and as The Girl points to one of her sketches...

THE IMAGES DRAWN BY THE GIRL

...COME TO LIFE, a combination of ANIMATION AND LIVE ACTION:
the players in her narrative interact with their animated,
storybook surroundings: the longer the story goes, the more
the animated visuals cede to LIVE ACTION.

**As a narrative conceit, the Girl's sign language - first
rendered in SUBTITLES gives way to the sound of her VOICE:**

IN A DRAWING - The Girl stands in the middle of an AFRICAN
VILLAGE with her mother (20's, beautiful and beneficent)...

THE GIRL

I used to live in a small village
with my mother...

WIDER TO REVEAL a pair of MISSIONARIES, handing The Girl a
VIOLIN...she plays, eliciting a smile from her mother...

...and for a moment, the soundtrack fills with a CUTE, GIRLY
TUNE played on the little violin.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

...a group of missionaries taught
me how to play the violin...we were
happy...

THE DRAWINGS BECOME DARKER

As does the VIOLIN MUSIC...transitioning from the cutesy tune into something much MORE COMPLICATED AND SAD as The Girl continues to play in her cartoon form...

...and The General - also in CARTOON FORM and surrounded by UNIFORMED SOLDIERS - marches into the village.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)
...until an evil man chose to build
his home and house his soldiers
there.

IN MORE DRAWINGS

The General's men BAYONET the Missionaries (and they bleed red crayon)...and steer The Girl and her mother toward A MASSIVE PLANTATION HOUSE...

THE GIRL (CONT'D)
The missionaries were driven
away...and everyone was made to
work for the evil man, whether they
wanted to or not.

DISSOLVE TO

The Girl and her mother...herded by armed soldiers along with other VILLAGERS through the COURTYARD ENTRANCE TO THE PLANTATION HOUSE...

THE GIRL (CONT'D)
The evil man was pitiless. He had
great wealth but kept us
hungry...everyone in the village
was forced to work for him,
including my mother and me...

...and standing on the porch...The General...WATCHING the parade of villagers...and zeroing in on The Girl, and the instrument strapped to her back...

THE GIRL (CONT'D)
...the evil man saw that I could
play the violin...and he wanted me
to entertain him...

DISSOLVE TO

THE GIRL - PLAYING THE VIOLIN

...in a PARLOR in the plantation house...the place is festooned with art and antiques...

...The Girl is nervous...TREMBLING as she plays...cowed by The General, who stands with several of his OFFICERS... listening to her impromptu recital.

As The Girl plays, the soundtrack FILLS with her violin, which she now plays with accomplished, prodigious grace.

THE GENERAL

Watches intently...until The Girl...overcome by her fear, slips...and hits a SOUR NOTE.

The Officers break into LAUGHTER.

The General shoots them a look and holds up his hands in a beneficent gesture - as if chiding them for laughing at a nervous young Girl...

...he steps up to The Girl, smiles...

...then SNATCHES the violin from her hands, TOSSES it out of an OPEN WINDOW and SLAPS The Girl with a backhand BLOW that sends her down, her violin bow CLATTERING across the floor...

The General STORMS OUT, followed by his men...and off The Girl...on the floor, TEARS STREAMING...

DISSOLVE TO

THE GIRL

SNEAKING INTO a LARGE ROOM in the plantation house through a BACK DOOR - furtively cradling her beaten-up violin and bow in her arms.

That's when she hears the SOUND OF BOOTS -

- she looks to a corridor to see two SOLDIERS coming. They haven't seen her yet. The Girl looks further into the room and sees a door. She rushes and opens it to enter -

A DARKENED CORRIDOR

Quietly shutting the door behind as the Soldiers enter the room The Girl ventures down the into the darkness - seeing a light ahead. She follows and finds herself inside:

THE GENERAL'S COLLECTION GALLERY

A LARGE CHAMBER filled with RARE ANTIQUITIES. Statues, musical instruments, paintings, suits of armor, antique weapons, gilded chests: enough wealth to make Solomon blush.

The room is large, and several CORRIDORS stretch from the main area into the darkness.

The Girl steps toward a piano next to a Ming Vase on a pedestal - looking at the stand to see:

A LEATHER FOLIO

In the Folio: sheet music, written in longhand with ink on yellowing parchment paper. On top of the page:

SONATA IN C MINOR "BISBIGLIO" - W.A. MOZART

The Girl STARES at the sheet music.

Even to her young mind, this is a thing of beauty: and the more she stares at the sheet music, the more that she can HEAR the faint sound of MUSIC.

The Girl steps CLOSER to the sheet music.

The faint sound of the notes on the page grows LOUDER and LOUDER...the music in her mind resolving into something unspeakably fragile and beautiful.

But The Girl's communion with the divinity of objective beauty SHATTERS when -

THE GENERAL

- steps into the room from one of the corridors.

Their eyes LOCK. The General looks at The Girl with abject hatred - she is an animal to be put down - he DRAWS his gun.

The Girl thinks fast and kicks the pedestal holding the Ming Vase. The General DIVES for the priceless object - and catches it, falling to his knees to save it.

He then looks up to see The Girl - her violin still in hand - DISAPPEAR through the door.

THE GENERAL

Stop her! Stop that girl!

THE GIRL RUNS INTO THE BACK ROOM IN THE HOUSE

Where The Girl's mother - holding a broom - rushes in through the waiting soldiers to take The Girl into her arms.

THE GIRL'S MOTHER

What's going on - what's -

And that's when she sees The General - coming out the door to his chamber - lifting his gun. The mother signals The Girl.

The Girl's Mother does what any mother would do, she LAUNCHES herself at The General - hitting, biting and kicking.

The Girl runs out the back door.

The Soldiers PEEL Mother off and take the broom from her hands. The now scratched bloody General, who stands and raises his gun at Mother, as she is held back by his men -

BANG! BANG! BANG! - ENTRY WOUNDS blossom on Mother's torso.

THE GENERAL

Get The Girl! I want her dead!

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

The Girl runs. Faster and faster. Holding on to her violin. Entering the forest.

The dense foliage around The Girl becomes greener and greener - more and more saturated until it TRANSFORMS back into ANIMATION...from reality into her DRAWINGS...

PULL OUT OF THE DRAWINGS

...to RESUME ON SPECIAL, looking at The Girl - now speaking to her in subtitled SIGN LANGUAGE once again, the transition to objective reality complete.

THE GIRL

My mother was all I had.

Special holds The Girl tight...and closes her eyes, trying to hold back her own tears...

...but as they come nonetheless, dragging down Special's cheeks as The Girl returns her embrace...

CUT TO

MOUSTAFA

Listening to Hot Sauce, who has just told him the same story:

MOUSTAFA

Mozart?

HOT SAUCE

A lost composition. The General's the only person who's heard it in two hundred years. He wants to keep it that way.

Moustafa throws up his arms in complete and utter disbelief:

MOUSTAFA

Are you shitting me? You have any idea how much carnage I've seen today? For fucking Mozart? What the fuck kinda people are these -

HOT SAUCE

What the shit is wrong with you? You chose this life and you didn't think you'd be running with sociopaths? You're a goddamn criminal, cowboy the fuck up.

That one lands hard - Moustafa chose this life for himself, now the consequences are kicking his ass...he looks away from Hot Sauce, trying to center himself - then:

MOUSTAFA

Did you tell The General about us?

HOT SAUCE

They got my laptop. You best assume they know you were on the job and have your name and digits.

Moustafa TURNS AWAY from the bathroom door, hands on his head, trying to process all of this.

MOUSTAFA

You tell them anything else?

HOT SAUCE

I don't know a damn thing else about you and you don't know a damn thing about me: that's the whole damn point of our whole damn arrangement isn't it?

And that's when Moustafa spots something by an overturned table...a collection of bags from Couscous Express.

And stapled on the bags...check slips, with the words -

I LOVE YOU MOUSTAFA - OLIVE

- in Olive's pretty handwriting.

MOUSTAFA

You know where my girlfriend works.

And as that last revelation hits Moustafa:

SMASH CUT TO

THE FRONT WHEEL OF MOUSTAFA'S KAWASAKI HAYABUSA MOTORCYCLE

Hitting pavement hard - he VROOMS! down the street and into the night - his gaze determined through his visor...

SMASH CUT TO

THE FRONT DOOR OF COUSCOUS EXPRESS

Bursting open as Moustafa barrels in - head full of steam -

MOUSTAFA

What the fuck? I've been calling this place like crazy!

CUT TO

OLIVE - AT THE FRONT COUNTER, HANDS BY HER SIDES

OLIVE

Can I...take your order?

Moustafa stops. The place is quiet. No loud music. No sounds from the kitchen.

Moustafa turns and sees that the only people here are two BLACK MEN IN SUITS hunched over a table near the entrance.

And that's when he notices the machine-cut LAPEL on one of the men's suits.

Their short, razor HAIRCUTS.

Their SHOES.

The PACK OF 555 CIGARETTES peeking out of one of the men's pockets.

Yep, not just black Men...African Men. Soldiers.

MOUSTAFA

Oh. Shit.

NOW IT'S A REACH-FOR-YOUR-GUNS DERBY

And while Moustafa is pretty quick to draw the Smith & Wesson he borrowed from Special, African Soldier #2 beats him to the finish line - OPENING FIRE!

MOUSTAFA

LEAPS over the front counter, TACKLING Olive to the floor as African Soldier #2's fusillade SHATTERS THE DISPLAY GLASS - sending everything flying -

- and as the Baba-Ghanoush and Hummus EXPLODE and the cash register falls from the ERUPTING counter -

AFRICAN SOLDIER #1
CEASE FIRE! HE HAS THE GIRL!

African Soldier #2 OBEYS. African Soldier #1 shoots him a stink-eye and moves in to see if Moustafa is still alive behind the remains of the counter.

MOUSTAFA SPRINGS UP, SWINGING THE CASH REGISTER IN HIS HANDS!

And SLAMS! African Soldier #1 on the chin - sending him SMACK! into #2 -

- and giving Moustafa enough time to get out Special's gun - but as he aims for the big, fat kill:

AFRICAN SOLDIERS #3 AND #4 -

What? You thought they'd only send two guys?

- REACH OUT FROM THE KITCHEN

THROUGH THE HALF WALL and GRAB Moustafa, WRESTLING the gun from his hands - the weapon CLATTERS to the floor.

AFRICAN SOLDIERS #1 AND #2

LUNGE FORWARD - and get KICKED BY MOUSTAFA - using his newfound leverage with the two men holding him.

Moustafa LANDS back on his feet and - again, leverage - simultaneously SLAMS! #3 and #4 against the top of the dividing wall, and as they lose their grip on Moustafa -

OLIVE

- gets on her feet and RUNS into the kitchen.

MOUSTAFA

Grabs a skewer from a vertical spit roaster and goes after African Soldiers #1 and #2 just as -

AFRICAN SOLDIER #1

- REACHES for his gun.

Moustafa KICKS up a chair, grabs the back and pins African Soldier #1 against the wall with the chair legs as he DRIVES a skewer into African Soldier #2's heart.

AFRICAN SOLDIERS #3 AND #4

Recover - until Olive KLANGS! #4 with a skillet -

- and as African Soldier #3 SCAMPERS and she SWINGS WILDLY -

MOUSTAFA

- lets himself DROP to the floor to GRAB African Soldier #2's gun...LOOSENING his grip on the chair just enough for #1 to break free and draw.

But Moustafa is faster on the uptake - rising, gun in hand to JAM the barrel into the soft tissue under #1's jaw.

CLICK!

Oh. Shit.

Moustafa THROWS HIMSELF at African Soldier #1. The two HIT THE DECK - a tangle of limbs focused on keeping at bay the gun in African Soldier #1's hand.

Moustafa's free hand then FINDS -

A BOTTLE OF HOT SAUCE

- which he SQUEEZES into #1's face. As African Soldier #1 SCREAMS AND CLUTCHES HIS EYES:

AFRICAN SOLDIER #3

Finally gets far enough from Olive's WILDLY-SWINGING skillet to take out his gun -

KLANG! - until Olive BREAKS HIS HAND with one swing and KLANG! his head with the return.

Olive drops the skillet and RACES TO THE BACK OF THE KITCHEN...to a small BOOKKEEPING AREA with a desk and a filing cabinet.

MOUSTAFA

Picks up a table and RAMS African Soldier #1 - DRIVING HIM INTO THE GLASS WALL by the door to the restaurant -

- and SHATTERING the restaurant's façade!

But Moustafa can't stop to admire his handiwork - the rain of glass or the limp body of African Soldier #1 on the sidewalk -

- because he SEES African Soldier #4 through the half wall to the kitchen - rising, clutching his head -

AND LIFTING HIS GUN TO SHOOT OLIVE!

Moustafa BREAKS INTO A RUN -

- and with complete abandon DIVES THROUGH the half wall into the kitchen and FLY-TACKLES AFRICAN SOLDIER #4 from the back -

- the two men FALL IN A HEAP over a veggie prep area and SCRAMBLE TO RECOVER.

MOUSTAFA

Gets up first, PULLS a knife from an eggplant, and SHUNKS! it into African Soldier #4's arm -

- but Fourth African Soldier TEARS the knife from his own arm and turns it as a weapon.

Moustafa scrambles for a weapon - and stumbles back into a mop leaning on a shelf, but as he lifts it to defend himself -

- African Soldier #4 sends a kick into the mop - SNAPPING it in Moustafa's hands as -

OLIVE

- THROWS OPEN the drawers in the small office area - clearly looking for something.

MOUSTAFA AND AFRICAN SOLDIER #4

Start a major close-quarters knife fight. Fourth African Soldier slashes away at Moustafa in short, controlled bursts -

SWISHSLASHCUT! - each of which finds purchase. Moustafa's arm, chest, side - all SLASHED WITH FLESH WOUNDS.

Moustafa can barely keep up with the attack - the space is tight - African Soldier #4 is skilled - and let's face it, mop handle just doesn't beat razor-sharp knife.

OLIVE

Keeps throwing drawers open - but what is she looking for that's so important?

AFRICAN SOLDIER #4

Leads his knife into a deep lunge at Moustafa.

Moustafa drops the mop handle, locks Fourth African Man's knife hand in his arms and TWISTS himself so that his back is pressed into Fourth African Man's Chest -

- and as Moustafa SLAMS! African Soldier #4 over and over again into a set of storage racks -

MOUSTAFA

Olive! What the fuck?

BUT OLIVE JUST KEEPS RUMMAGING

OLIVE

They locked mom and dad in the freezer -

Moustafa keeps SLAMMING! African Soldier #4 keeps hanging on.

MOUSTAFA

They'll keep!

OLIVE

- with a bomb!

Moustafa ROLLS his eyes, then turns all his strength onto one focal point on Fourth African Soldier's body:

CRACK! FOURTH AFRICAN SOLDIER'S KNIFE HAND BREAKS - Moustafa Snatches the knife as the African Soldier #4's grip loosens -

- then turns and slides it between the guy's ribs.

MOUSTAFA

Christ, if it ain't one thing it's another.

African Soldier #4 hits the deck with a GRUNT, Moustafa races to the HEAVY STEEL WALK-IN REFRIGERATOR DOOR ON THE FAR WALL OF THE KITCHEN as -

OLIVE

- finally fishes a key out from a file folder and tosses it over to Moustafa -

- who plucks it from the air and puts it in the lock in the refrigerator door handle - then, as the lock gives way -

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)

I got it!

- he sees that Olive is now being held at gunpoint by African Soldier #1!

His face covered in Hot Sauce and his suit dotted with broken glass! He's back!

And he's got a second pistol to fire at Moustafa!

Moustafa FLINGS the heavy door of the refrigerator OPEN - and sees the INDENTATIONS made in the steel by the bullets as African Soldier #1 BLAMBLAMBLAMS! his clip at him.

The gunfire stops.

OLIVE'S VOICE

HELP! NO PLEASE NO!

Moustafa looks around the dented refrigerator door -

MOUSTAFA

Olive!

- and SEES the African Soldier #1 handing her off to another SOLDIER outside...then the sound of a car engine STARTING...

...right before African Soldier #1 reaches into a pocket...and produces a detonator...

...and hits the red light-up button with a SMILE.

BEEPBEEPBEEPBEEP! African Soldier #1 runs out. Moustafa looks in the fridge -

AND SEES MR. AND MRS. YASSIN - WITH OLIVE'S TWO COUSINS

- all tied up with duct tape.

And on one of the shelves:

A BLOCK OF C-4 WITH A TIMER ATTACHED

Seven seconds to go. Shit. The lady or the tiger. Moustafa looks in the fridge - then at the bomb -

- and cannon-balls the bomb through into the main dining room as he gets in the fridge and SLAMS! the door shut.

SMASH CUT TO

BOOM! COUSCOUS EXPRESS EXPLODES IN A FIREBALL AND SHOCKWAVE

- that SHAKES parked cars, SHATTERS windshields and windows and KNOCKS several PASSERS-BY, to the curb in a spray of glass and debris.

As the smoke settles...

MOVE IN CLOSER TO REVEAL that the fridge - with its heavy door and steel walls - is the only thing standing in the place!

THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR OPENS

Moustafa steps out - the look on his face making it clear that even he is surprised that this gambit worked.

Around Moustafa: the WRECKAGE of what was once Couscous Express - and the sounds of CAR ALARMS and incoming FIRST RESPONDER SIRENS.

Behind Moustafa, Olive's cousins untie Mr. and Mrs. Yassin...

..and then, the CHIME of Moustafa's cell phone.

MOUSTAFA
(into the phone)
Who is this?

INTERCUT WITH THE GENERAL - IN HIS MERCEDES-BENZ S550:

THE GENERAL
I have your woman.

MOUSTAFA
LISTEN YOU GENOCIDAL SACK OF SHIT -

THE GENERAL
No. You listen. She is my prisoner -
and my men have not had one as
pretty in a very long time. Do I
have your attention?

Moustafa regroups, his voice a snarling whisper as he realizes The General does have the upper hand:

MOUSTAFA
I. Am going. To frag. Your ass.

THE GENERAL
No, you are not. I will maim her,
and leave her to my soldiers unless
you give me what I want.
Instructions will be relayed.

The General CLICKS off.

Moustafa looks back and locks eyes with Mrs. Yassin, WEEPING in her husband's arms, surrounded by the debris of their American dream...

CUT TO

THE GIRL

Asleep on Special's lap, the two curled up on a blanket on the floor of her loft as the sun sets over the city...the two of them surrounded by The Girl's drawings.

Special stands, maneuvering herself to pick up The Girl...leaving her drawings and the violin on the floor...and take her to the bed...she puts her down and tucks her in...

...then hears a dull THUNK from a window...

...then another from another window...and another...Special turns to see...

A WAD OF PLASTIQUE ON ONE WINDOW - AND ANOTHER, AND ANOTHER

as Special REACHES UNDER THE MATTRESS - and pulls out her MP-5 machine pistol and Katana.

The Girl stirs - eyes open. Special signs:

SPECIAL

Hide. Now.

The Girl nods and drops over the side of the bed, sliding beneath as:

BANG! KERRASH! BANG! KERRASH! BANG! KERRASH!

The windows BURST. Glass FLIES. Every light in the place is BLOWN OUT by the concussion.

Five INTRUDERS IN BULLETPROOF VESTS - carrying submachine-guns and maglights ENTER from the fire escape.

SCHWISH! AAAARGH! Intruder #1 drops - and as he clutches his ankle, REVEAL...

A CLEANLY-SLICED STUMP WHERE HIS FOOT ONCE WAS

Now it's on.

SCHWISH! The katana goes through the throat of Intruder #2!

USING HIM AS A HUMAN SHIELD, Special raises her automatic pistol and opens fire.

RATATATATATATATAT! THE INTRUDERS RETURN FIRE, riddling #2 with holes before Special KICKS him over toward her attackers - a sack of dead weight that knocks down Intruder #3 -

- Special lunges - her every move an apocalypse of ultra-violence - she cuts Intruder #4 practically in half while firing her MP-5 at Intruder #5.

Special's MP-5 SPUTTERS. The loft is quiet.

Letting the gun fall, Special rushes to The Girl's violin case - next to her pens and drawings...as she picks it up -

INTRUDER #3

- SHAKES out from under the bloody corpse of #2 and rises to shoot Special - who lifts up one of the pens The Girl was using to draw, flips it and -

SHUNK! The pen GOES THROUGH #3's eye.

This fight is over.

SMASH CUT TO

THE FIRE ESCAPE

Lit by sodium lights in the encroaching NIGHT. Special and The Girl get to the final landing, The Girl once again carries her violin case STRAPPED to her back...

...Special signals for The Girl to stand back and leaps over the rail onto THE ALLEY...Special then reaches up as The Girl maneuvers herself over the rail and into Special's waiting arms.

Special LOWERS The Girl to the pavement...kisses her on the forehead. The Girl smiles.

Special smiles back, looks around. The coast appears clear.

THWOCK! THWOCK! It isn't. Two TASER darts imbed in her chest...from weapons held by...

INTRUDERS #6 AND #7 THE BACKUP. HIDING ACROSS THE ALLEY.

Before Special can react, Intruder #6 hits the TASER. Then the crunchy BUZZ of coursing electricity.

Special WRITHES and falls. The Girl backs away, abject fright on her face.

Intruder #7 scoops The Girl up. Special reaches up...she wants to fight. Intruder #6 hits the TASER again - BUZZ!

SPECIAL'S POV: THE ENTIRE SCREEN GOES BLURRY

Intruder #7 tosses The Girl into an Escalade. The sound of the vehicle SPEEDING away fills the night.

Intruder #6 discards the TASER and lifts a gun...pulling back the hammer...stepping toward Special...

INTRUDER #6
Johnny Funwrecker says good night.

THUNG!

Intruder #6's head SHAKES and emits a GOUT of blood as his body COLLAPSES out from under him...

REVEALING MOUSTAFA, holding A LENGTH OF PIPE in his hand.

SPECIAL

STIRS - trying to get on her feet as Moustafa rushes over Intruder #6 to get to her...but Special has been tasered twice: her body is not responding...she struggles to stand...

MOUSTAFA
Special?

Special tries to stand, but her body is not responding.

SPECIAL
They took her - he took her -
fucking Johnny -

Moustafa takes her hand, pulling her up into something resembling an embrace.

Special tries to SHAKE him off, but her legs are still too weak to carry her as she tries to race off after The Girl.

MOUSTAFA
You need to settle down -

SPECIAL
Goddamnit - we have to - we
have to go after them -

Moustafa draws Special in, HOLDING HER TIGHT, trying to keep her from falling.

MOUSTAFA
You're going to hurt yourself.

SPECIAL

I don't care! I'm not gonna let him have her - not like this.

MOUSTAFA

We're gonna get her back, Spesh, we're gonna do it together.

(off her look)

The General blew up Couscous Express. It's all gone. He took Olive. He wants to ransom The Girl for her.

Special gets out of Moustafa's arms: trying to process what he really means by all of this:

SPECIAL

I'm not giving her up to those men. You don't put a little girl like that on the street...you don't abandon her or give her up to men who want to fuck her over...

Moustafa looks at Special - maybe she is talking about principle...maybe she is talking about herself. It doesn't matter - he wants what she wants:

MOUSTAFA

Listen to me. We're gonna save her. We're gonna save Olive, and we're gonna save ourselves. You and I.

SPECIAL

You wanted to run.

Hot Sauce's words still burning his ears, Moustafa answers Special - and in doing so, makes up his mind about how his life is going to work and what kind of a man he's gonna be:

MOUSTAFA

If I run The Girl dies and Olive is fucked for life...and Johnny Funwrecker still gets his cut - and I don't want him to get his cut. I want to peace him out for good. He's done having us do his work. He's done branding us. He's one fucking us over.

Special regards Moustafa: she believes him, but it's gonna take more than words to get this done.

SPECIAL

Do you have a plan?

Special regards her partner...uncertain...are the two of them going to be enough to take down the Man?

But Moustafa shoots her a confident look:

MOUSTAFA

I have you.

And off Special...understanding his trust in her...

CUT TO

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

Sitting in his OFFICE: surrounded by SECURITY MONITORS and flanked by the two BODYGUARDS from the hospital.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

I only saw you a few hours ago, and now you come with information.

Johnny Funwrecker looks across the desk to lock eyes with:

SPATH AND JUDY

Dwarfed by the chairs on which they sit, and intimidated as all hell to be here in the lion's den.

SPATH

They came to get the Nice Car fixed. Now they're gone.

JUDY

Way the fuck underground. You don't have a shot to smoke them out unless you buy what we're selling.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

So, do you know where they are?

SPATH

You...you offered fifty thousand.

Johnny Funwrecker eyeballs Spath and Judy, then:

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

Twenty-five if your info's any good.

Judy rears up with an offended look on her face.

JUDY

We mean a hundred.

Johnny Funwrecker looks at Judy, then opens a wooden box to REVEAL a massive Smith & Wesson revolver...which he removes, using the end of the nine-inch barrel to scratch his temple.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

You always let your bitches do the
talkin' Spath?

Judy shoots Johnny Funwrecker a tough-ass look and REMOVES HER GLASSES.

JUDY

It's a hundred grand...or this
bitch guarantees you'll never see
Special or Moustafa again.

Johnny Funwrecker produces a speedloader from the box - and makes a show of checking the bullets...

...they're .500 Magnum, the largest handgun cartridge in the world - these bullets are the size of sausages and would crack the engine block of a Mack Truck...Johnny Funwrecker fingers the bullets, never breaking eye contact with Judy.

Spath opens his mouth to speak, but can produce nothing... Johnny Funwrecker loads the cylinder and SHOVES with a loud CLICK...

...and LAUGHS. Then, as he heads for his walk-in safe:

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

Normally, you and the Oreo'd be
rottweiler meat.

The safe door opens: it's a TREASURE TROVE and armory...with stacks of cash plundered by Johnny Funwrecker mixing in with rack after rack of guns of every size, breed and color...

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER (CONT'D)

But you caught me in a nice mood
today...

...and as Johnny Funwrecker reaches in for a stack of cash...REVEAL The Girl, BOUND on the floor of the safe.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER (CONT'D)

...and if your intel doesn't pan
out...

Johnny Funwrecker puts the cash in front of Judy.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER (CONT'D)

...I'm gonna fuck you, then shoot
you, then fuck you again.

Judy regards Johnny Funwrecker, her glare cool and unfazed.

JUDY

The General has something Moustafa
wants. You get it from him,
Moustafa comes to you.

And off Johnny, considering this...

SMASH CUT TO

OLIVE

Sweat on her brow, FEAR obvious through the gag over her
mouth as she sits bound with cable ties to a chair at A FANCY
HOTEL SUITE.

REVEAL THE GENERAL - sitting across a table from Olive and
flanked by one of his men, The General SMEARS caviar on a
blini from a ROOM SERVICE TRAY while one of his men holds the
cellphone to hie ear.

The General's other three remaining SOLDIERS stand in another
room in the suite, visible through a door as they clean and
check their weapons.

THE GENERAL

Yes Mr. Funwrecker, I do indeed
have Olive Yassin in my
custody...your terms for the
exchange are acceptable, as long as
you will take diamonds as a
substitute for currency.

(after a look at Olive)

I have no further need for Ms.
Yassin. I'd be delighted to hand
her over as well.

The General NODS. The Soldier takes the cellphone from The
General's ear and STEPS AWAY.

And off The General, regarding Olive...

CUT TO

SPECIAL

CROUCHING with Moustafa in an ALLEY. The two of them wearing
MOTORCYCLE LEATHERS...Moustafa's Honda CRF250X dirtbike
stands behind them...Special unfolds a WEAPONS BAG...

...and inside is her stash...the guns...knives and
grenades...and a few other steel-plated goodies...

...Moustafa looks at Special's arsenal with wide-eyed wonder.

MOUSTAFA
What's that?

SPECIAL
Remote detonator...don't touch it.

MOUSTAFA
How did you get all of this?

SPECIAL
Some people get to grow up rich in the suburbs and go to prep school...and some people get to grow up the way I did.

Special grabs a pair of GUNS and hands them over to Moustafa:

SPECIAL (CONT'D)
Taurus PT-145's with hot loads - extra powder. Make a big mess.
(off his smile)
What are you smiling at?

MOUSTAFA
Something you told me once..."You won't believe the shit we get to do."

But Special has no time for reminiscence...she looks up to the MOUTH OF THE ALLEY:

SPECIAL
The General's here.

REVERSE ANGLE TO REVEAL

THE GENERAL'S MERCEDES BENZ S550

GLIDING down the street to JOHNNY FUNWRECKER'S TENEMENT, followed by a dark sedan carrying his remaining Soldiers.

INTERCUT WITH SPECIAL AND MOUSTAFA

GEARING UP - watching from the alley as The General STEPS OUT of the back seat of his Benz...

...and Johnny Funwrecker's funk-ed-out GUARDS step out to meet their arriving guests...and as one of The General's Soldiers pulls a still-bound Olive out the back seat...

MOUSTAFA

SHAKES his head - PISSED at the sight of his girlfriend bound and gagged...Special puts a hand on his shoulder.

SPECIAL

Time to leave a mark.

TIME CUT TO

THE GENERAL

Flanked by his two men, who lead Olive into the rooftop...the place is empty but for Johnny Funwrecker, his two BODYGUARDS and The Girl, standing behind them...

...the lit-up pool shimmers like a Sapphire.

The General motions for his men to stand back, as does Johnny Funwrecker...and as Johnny Funwrecker and The General meet at the center of the roof by the pool...

...The General empties the contents of a SMALL BLACK VELVET POUCH into the palms of his hand, displaying a trio of DIAMONDS for Johnny Funwrecker to see...

But before the exchange can take place...

CUT TO

THE FRONT ENTRANCE TO JOHNNY FUNWRECKER'S TENEMENT BUILDING

Watched by two of his GUARDS - who stand before the General's S550, along with The General's two men...

...until an OBJECT flies toward them...from a building across the street...landing behind them with a solid metal THUNK!

The Guards look down and see the last thing they'll ever see.

A grenade.

KABOOM! THE MERCEDES EXPLODES

Lighting up the street as the gas tank catches the wave and the explosion doubles in size...as the guards FLY...

SMASH CUT TO

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

REACTING - and PULLING HIS MAGNUM ON the STUNNED General:

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
DON'T MOVE - DON'T FUCKING MOVE!

Johnny Funwrecker's bodyguards DRAW on The General's men -
it's a standoff as Johnny Funwrecker takes out his phone.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER (CONT'D)
What the fuck is going on?

INTERCUT WITH

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER'S LOBBY GUARDS

...SCURRYING about in a panic...one of them on the phone with
Johnny Funwrecker...

LOBBY GUARD
Someone's blowing up our shit!

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
No shit someone's blowing up our
shit - who is it?

...but before the Lobby Guard can answer...

THE DULL THUNK OF ANOTHER GRENADE

...and on the BLOSSOM of a second EXPLOSION!

SMASH CUT TO

MOUSTAFA'S MOTORCYCLE

CAREENING down the street in front of the FLAMING RUIN of the
front step to Johnny Funwrecker's tenement building -

- and TURNING sharply. Moustafa then SLAMS the throttle:

AND RIDES HIS MOTORCYCLE INTO THE BUILDING LOBBY

Tunneling through the smoke and haze of debris, as a pair of
SHOTGUN-TOTING FUNWRECKER BODYGUARDS make down a flight of
stairs to confront him -

- Moustafa overshoots the guards - now they're behind him -
he wrenches the yoke and SPINS THE MOTORCYCLE to a halt -
right before drawing his Taurus PT-145s and FIRING.

And the Bodyguards GO DOWN.

SMASH CUT TO

SPECIAL

RACING DOWN A BUILDING CORRIDOR (no, we don't know where it is yet)...and toward a LOFT STYE ELEVATOR. Inside the elevator: Moustafa's Kawasaki Hayabusa speed bike...

...and as she enters, and SLAMS the elevator door SHUT:

CUT TO

MOUSTAFA

Riding the Honda dirt bike up THE TENEMENT STAIRWAY.

Moustafa keeps pushing upward...until a door on a landing SMASHES OPEN - and three more BODYGUARDS step out, guns out.

MOUSTAFA HITS THE THROTTLE

- then spins into the landing, CRUSHING the first bodyguard with his back wheel -

- SHOOTING the SECOND with one of his Taurus PT-145s -

- and SLAPPING away the THIRD's shotgun, causing him to fire a blast just out of harm's way -

- but the third bodyguard PUNCHES in on Moustafa, sending the Taurus PT-145 flying down the stairs.

Moustafa PUNCHES the Bodyguard repeatedly, grabs a handful of the man's clothes, then HITS THE THROTTLE...

...and uses the motorcycle's power to help push the guy over the rails...and as he plummets, SCREAMING all the way.

Moustafa SPINS back into position - and as he heads back up the staircase...

SMASH CUT TO

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

Looking at his cellphone as he HEARS MOUSTAFA'S MOTORCYCLE...

ON JOHNNY'S CELLPHONE SCREEN

**JOHNNY FUNWRECKER UNDER ATTACK - NEED REINFORCEMENTS
CALLING ALL COURIERS**

Johnny Funwrecker hits SEND...his cellphone responds with a CHIRP...Johnny Funwrecker then turns to his Bodyguards:

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
 Someone's coming - guns on the door
 - kill anything that comes through!
 (then, to The General)
 You'd better order your men to do
 the same, or I'll blow your black
 head off.

The General NODS to his Soldiers...they draw their guns and
 turn to the door...and as the CRY of MOUSTAFA'S MOTORCYCLE
 gets LOUDER and LOUDER...

SMASH CUT TO

SPECIAL

KICK-STARTING MOUSTAFA'S KAWASAKI HAYABUSA - revving up,
 revving up, REVVING UP...and as she HITS GEAR:

REVEAL that she is on the ROOFTOP ACROSS THE STREET FROM
 JOHNNY FUNWRECKER'S TENEMENT!

SMASH CUT TO

MOUSTAFA

RACING DOWN THE TENEMENT CORRIDOR toward the roof access.

CUT TO

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

FACING THE ROOF ACCESS DOOR...flanked by Bodyguards and The
 General's men...ready to close Moustafa's eyes for good as:

THE KAWASAKI HAYABUSA

ACCELERATES with a SHATTERING BOOM: the fastest motorcycle
 engine in the world PROPELLING Special across the rooftop
 like an obsidian bullet.

Special HUNKERS - looking out to the street and Johnny
 Funwrecker's tenement building dead ahead - the Kawasaki
 Hayabusa keeps getting faster...FASTER -

- until the front wheel of the Kawasaki Hayabusa hits a
 makeshift ramp on the very edge of the building.

VROOM-WHOOSH! The motorcycle flies through the air - a guided
 missile crossing the width of the city street!

AND IN ONE MOMENT OF SHATTERING ACTION...

MOUSTAFA

BURSTS in through the roof access door as:

SPECIAL

Touches down on the roof with a SHRIEK!

THE GENERAL

DIVES for cover.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER AND HIS MEN

SCATTER...trying to evade the VEHICULAR CONFLAGRATION as Special and Moustafa cross the roof like jousting knights.

SPECIAL

SLAMS the brakes. The wheels SMOKE as the Kawasaki Hayabusa keeps moving on the enormous momentum of the stunt...until she tames the beast, bringing the machine to a stop mere inches from the abyss - she SKIDS AROUND -

- then DRAWS HER GUNS and OPENS FIRE!

Now it gets nasty.

THE LEAD FLIES

Johnny Funwrecker's men OPEN UP - so do The General's - but Special and Moustafa are too fast, and their bullets find only air as:

MOUSTAFA AND SPECIAL

Both SLAM THEIR THROTTLES for another pass...each steering with one hand and FIRING with the other!

BLAM! one of Johnny Funwrecker's men hits the pool, the water goes from sapphire to ruby.

Bullets PING! POP! and ZING! everywhere on the pool deck as Special and Moustafa cross again...

...taking down a second, then a third, then a fourth man, their heads and bodies bursting in crimson spray!

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

Sees this and it's time to get out of here...DISAPPEARING into the access door.

SPECIAL

PUSHES THE GAS AGAIN...gets as far as she can after Johnny Funwrecker, then dismounts - the bike LANDING IN A HEAP - as she races into the building after him...

MOUSTAFA

...also dismounts...and sees Olive and The Girl, cowering together. He rushes over and takes down Olive's gag...

OLIVE

Moustafa -

...and then, as he cuts her bounds:

MOUSTAFA

Are you OK?

Olive gives him a look: you mean other than the destruction of the family business, the abduction and the shooting?

OLIVE

- no!

- Moustafa holds her for a moment, giving her an understanding look...and then turns toward The Girl, ready to cut her free...but as he does:

THE GENERAL

RISES from his hiding place with a SCREAM.

And as The General FLY TACKLES Moustafa and the two men HIT THE DECK!

SMASH CUT TO

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

WORKING the lock to the vault in his OFFICE. The door gives way...revealing his weapons...but before he can enter:

SPECIAL (O.S.)

Step away from the guns, Johnny.

Johnny Funwrecker turns to see Special: gun in hand.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

I didn't think you courier pukes had the balls.

SPECIAL

Now you know.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
You shitwipes don't think you can
come in here and bust up my house
do you?

SPECIAL
It's just business.

Johnny Funwrecker steps up...slowly...CREEPILY...

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
You moonlight on me - steal from me
- Johnny Funwrecker, employer,
mentor and father figure and call
it business?

...MOVING IN on Special's gun barrel...letting it come up to
his chest, right in between his fully healed bullet wounds...

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER (CONT'D)
Fine, business it is. Just
remember...now my business is to
hunt and kill you fucks.

...Special stands her ground...but she doesn't shoot...there
is something powerful about Johnny Funwrecker ...

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER (CONT'D)
That's me. Johnny Funwrecker. A-
plus number one motherfucking
businessman.

And in the heat of the exchange - in the frightening
intensity of her boss's delivery -

- Special misses Johnny Funwrecker pulling a small, crescent-
shaped blade hidden in his belt buckle.

Johnny Funwrecker SHOVES his arm upward - SLASHING a deep
gash into Special's hand!

Special's gun DROPS.

Johnny Funwrecker moves in, fighting like a wolverine -
quick, dirty and mean - he rears up -

- and as he GASHES her cheek, sending Special's hand to her
face and a GOUT of blood into the air:

SMASH CUT TO

MOUSTAFA AND THE GENERAL

Locked in a VICIOUS FIST FIGHT.

The General SLAMS Moustafa's knife hand against the cement, causing his knife to clatter to the ground -

- as Moustafa GUNS his fist into The General's jaw!

The General falls back, a savage lust for destruction in his eyes as he reaches behind...and as he finds Moustafa's knife:

CUT TO

SPECIAL

Cheek and hand bleeding...DRAWING her Shenzhen Hetiansheng knife and LUNGING FOR JOHNNY as he steps up to cut her fucking ass.

As Johnny Funwrecker and Special exchange SLASHING BLOWS - each trying to cut the other to ribbons in a RAIN of savage, razor-sharp attacks:

SMASH CUT TO

THE GENERAL

Hand CLOSING around the knife. Coming up to STAB MOUSTAFA. His knife coming down in a vicious arc - inexorably moving toward Moustafa's heart -

- until a loud BANG! changes the stream of The General's motion...and an EXIT WOUND spreads across his chest.

The General falls.

REVEAL Olive - holding the smoking gun of one of the fallen Soldiers.

Moustafa looks up to his girlfriend...his love and gratitude clear...and as Olive DROPS the gun...shocked:

CUT TO

SPECIAL

DUCKING under Johnny Funwrecker's overhand attack, blocking his incoming blow with her gashed gun hand -

- and ignoring the SPASM of pain coursing through her body as she CANNONBALLS her knife into Johnny Funwrecker's stomach.

Johnny Funwrecker looks down. Special TWISTS the knife...

...and - matching Johnny Funwrecker's disbelieving look with a knowing stare - she levels a vicious front kick into Johnny Funwrecker's solar plexus...SENDING HIM INTO HIS SAFE.

And as she SLAMS the safe door shut:

CUT TO

THE GIRL

Stepping up as Moustafa and Olive stand over The General...

...he's still breathing, but in agonizing pain as the lifeblood SEEPS from his body. The General moves...his hand GROPING for Olive's gun.

THE GENERAL
(to The Girl, in Krio)
The music...it belongs to me...

The Girl shakes her head...then takes her violin case and puts it on the floor...opens it...takes out the violin...

...and PLAYS.

Moustafa and Olive exchange glances as the plaintive opening notes of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's lost sonata stream from The Girl's sad, beaten musical instrument...

...and as The General's face CONTORTS into an expression of greater agony than any physical pain he could possibly experience...

CUT TO

SPECIAL

Still in Johnny Funwrecker's office...she turns to leave and drops a GRENADE in her wake...

AS MOZART'S BEAUTIFUL LEGACY CONTINUES TO PLAY

...and the grenade sits on the floor...BEEPING...not exploding...yet...

CUT TO

THE STREET OUTSIDE THE TENEMENT

As Esteban and Steve STEP UP from a side street...pushing their bikes toward the tenement...

...and as they run into other approaching couriers...coming up in their Vespas, skateboards and bikes...some looking at their cell phones...obeying Johnny Funwrecker's text...

...but most looking up at the tenement roof...and HEARING The Girl's violin, playing the music of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart...

...and even for this rag-tag bunch of ass-kicking urban couriers, the experience of this music is MOVING.

CUT TO

THE GENERAL

CLOSING his eyes: the last thing ever to cross his mind being that his prized possession NOW BELONGS TO THE WORLD.

The Girl puts down her violin - but the music continues to play in SCORE.

CUT TO

SPECIAL, MOUSTAFA, OLIVE AND THE GIRL

REUNITING at the hallway outside of Johnny Funwrecker's office...exchanging weary, but triumphant looks.

Special picks up The Girl...and drops ANOTHER GRENADE...which falls to the floor... also BEEPING but not exploding..yet...

...and as the four heroes walk out of Johnny Funwrecker's place, this time for good...

CUT TO

THE STILL-SMOULDERING TENEMENT ENTRANCE

Special, The Girl, Moustafa and Olive exit step out...to face the GANG OF COURIERS assembled there.

And it's all of the couriers in town...every last one from the party, from Couscous Express...all looking at Special and Moustafa...everyone asking themselves the same question.

...what the fuck is going on here?

Moustafa and Special exchange glances.

Special puts The Girl down...and pulls out the little box Moustafa pointed out in her gun bag...and PUSHES A SWITCH...

AND ALL THE BEEPING GRENADES EXPLODE!

The tenement ERUPTS with multiple PLUMES of DIRTY FIRE as Johnny Funwrecker's legacy goes up in flames!

THE ASSEMBLED COURIERS

DUCK AND COVER - their eyes WIDENING in surprise - did Special just blow up Johnny Funwrecker's tenement?

Yes. She did.

ESTEBAN

Special...what the fuck?

SPECIAL

Johnny Funwrecker's dead. We just took out his bodyguards and blew up his tenement. He is over.

Special scans the crowd...and returns to Esteban...whose face only shows fear.

He and the other couriers BACK OFF...

...Special looks at Moustafa, who takes a DEEP BREATH.

The look on Moustafa's face makes it clear that something is terribly wrong.

As Special turns...

RACK FOCUS TO REVEAL JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

EMERGING from the BLOWN-OUT tenement entrance.

Clutching the bloody mess around his waist...blood streaming from his ears, the many open wounds on his body oozing...

...but very much alive and pissed off as all hell.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

Nobody fucking move...anyone helps these traitor fuckers and I'll make sure you never shit right again.

Johnny Funwrecker steps to stand in front of the crowd of couriers - standing off against Special and Moustafa.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER (CONT'D)

Shouldn't have kicked me into that fireproof safe, bitch.

(to the crowd)

I want everyone here to see this.

Special steps forward...facing Johnny Funwrecker: UNAFRAID.

SPECIAL

See what Johnny?

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
See what I do to traitors.

SPECIAL
You're going to do something? Far
as I can see, we already did you...

Moustafa looks at Special - sees exactly where this is going.

MOUSTAFA
...yeah, boss...and right now
you're standing in the middle of a
crowd of hard-ass Brooklyn
motherfuckers who won't have to pay
you, get branded by you, or take
any more of your orders if you
don't walk out of here alive.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
Somebody hand me a piece.

But the assembled couriers do nothing - they just stand there
- exchanging looks with Special and Moustafa.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER (CONT'D)
Goddamn it, one of you assholes
better hand me a weapon now!

Special takes The Girl's hand. Moustafa takes Olive's.

THE CROWD PARTS TO LET THEM LEAVE

MOUSTAFA
None of them carry weapons, Johnny.
If you were a courier, you'd know
that.

Johnny Funwrecker looks around, his rage GROWING as Special
and Moustafa get FARTHER AND FARTHER away...

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER
I'm gonna kill you all! Give me a
fucking - fuck!

Johnny Funwrecker turns and SLAMS Esteban in the face!

Esteban reels back...then regains his footing and FLICKS his
arm. His knife appears in his hand.

The Couriers standing behind him do the same.

SNICKT! SNICKT! SNICKT!

Johnny Funwrecker turns to look at the knife-wielding mob:

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER (CONT'D)
 You - you don't know who the fuck
 you're fucking with - I'm gonna -

SPECIAL AND MOUSTAFA

Just keep on walking away with The Girl and Olive.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

LUNGES AGAIN...and as Esteban pushes him to the street...

....and the crowd CLOSES behind Special and The Girl and
 Olive and Moustafa...

...the blades FLASH...Johnny Funwrecker's eyes go WIDE...

...and all of the Couriers in the city bust a LORD OF THE
 FLIES on their former employer...

...Special walks The Girl away from all of this horror...and
 Moustafa puts an arm around Olive...

...holding out his hand to show her something:

The three diamonds from The General!

Moustafa hands one of the diamonds to Olive...then turns and
 hands another to Special.

The three exchange glances...and as they walk - Moustafa in
 the center, Special and The Girl on one side, Olive on the
 other - the four look ahead to see...

THE NICE CAR

Beaten but roadworthy...Spath and Judy step out, their money
 in hand, smiling...

...keys and handshakes are EXCHANGED...and as The couriers
 pile in FIRE UP the engine...

...and vanish into the night...all their scores settled...all
 their debts paid...all the evils avenged...

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN IN TO A NEWSCAST

The BANAL GRAPHIC behind the NEWSCASTER reads: **MOZART?**

NEWSCASTER

A remarkable and mysterious piece of music attributed to Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart has historians buzzing with debate. Believed to be a long-missing work of the master composer, the song was uploaded to the web anonymously and has already been downloaded over a million times: let's have a listen...

As footage of an ORCHESTRA: playing Mozart's forgotten sonata fills the screen...

REVEAL THAT THE TELEVISION IS AT COUSCOUS EXPRESS

Where a small army of WORKERS AND PAINTERS - led by Olive's massive Cousins - are putting the final touches on the restaurant.

Couscous Express has been rebuilt.

The Girl sits at a table...violin case at her side...eating hummus and watching the orchestra on the television...

...and tended to by Special - now sporting her trademark face scar...and looking down at her CHIMING CELLPHONE.

Special then picks The Girl up and kisses her on the cheek, then carries her outside:

TO THE FRONT OF THE RESTAURANT

Where Mr. Yassin and Moustafa stand on a ladder, placing a large sign over the door:

COUSCOUS EXPRESS - GRAND RE-OPENING

Special puts The Girl down. She rushes over to Olive and Mrs. Yassin, whom she kisses on the cheek.

Turning away from Olive, The Girl and and Mrs. Yassin - and the two Burly Busboys, Special looks at her cellphone...

ON THE SCREEN

HOT SAUCE - 911 - PACKAGE FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

RESUME ON SPECIAL - NOW JOINED BY MOUSTAFA

MOUSTAFA

Another job?

SPECIAL

Let's go.

Special steps toward...

THE NICE CAR

All fixed up and shiny. Ready for action.

Special gets in on the driver side...Moustafa gets in on the passenger side...and looks back at:

OLIVE AND HER FAMILY

As Olive matches his gaze and smiles. She trusts him, he loves her. Moustafa returns Olive's smile...then LOOKS TO SPECIAL.

MOUSTAFA

Any idea what it is?

SPECIAL

Nothing I can't handle...I had a mercenary for a mother.

MOUSTAFA

Really?

Moustafa looks at Special: did she just punk him again?

SPECIAL

Yes. Really.

Moustafa sits there. Stunned. The truth? Finally?

SPECIAL (CONT'D)

I'll tell you all about it on the way.

She hits the IGNITION. The massive V-8 THUNDERS to life...and as she RELEASES the brake and SLAMS the car into gear.

THE COURIERS RACE DOWN THE STREET

- ready for their next assignment - the city sights BLURRING BEHIND THEM AS THEY GO FASTER AND FASTER -

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

THE END