

Wake

by  
Christopher Borrelli

H2F  
UTA

3% of all men are considered **sociopaths**, lacking concern for the well being of others or for the consequences of their actions.

1% of all men are born without the emotional capability to experience **fear**.

**Therefore**, a very small percentage of the male population will statistically be made up of sociopaths without fear.

And such men are trouble.

FADE IN:

THE OCEAN

Waves lap against a shoreline, blurry and dreamlike. The SILHOUETTE of a FULLY CLOTHED MAN steps into the surf.

Fully Clothed Man moves deeper out into the water, leaving frame. The waves keep coming.

Then: BLACKNESS, though the sound of WAVES continue - even build in intensity.

FADE TO:

THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, HIGH ABOVE - MORNING

A passenger ferry is just a speck on the broad sea below. MOVE IN...

Find a MAN IN A BLACK SUIT alone on the deck. This is RED FORESTER, 30's, broad shouldered, something permanently five-O'-clock shadowed about his soul.

Waves BREAK against the bow.

Red is changing the time zone on his wristwatch, the only expensive-looking part of his appearance. Then he senses something, hears it before we do...

A similarly-attired affable MAN is approaching. ROGER BENNETT, healthy-looking 50's, ruddy cheeks from this cold weather. He calls out to Red...

BENNETT

Storm coming, huh?

Red gives a nod, suspicious by nature.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Heading to the funeral?

Red nods again. The Man motions to the way they're both dressed...

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Thought so, neither of us look like locals.

(Introduces himself)

Roger Bennett - Sean worked for me. You?

RED

Brother.

Bennett is taken aback...

BENNETT

- Was my CFO for five years. Told me he was an...

Bennett stops himself. Red finishes it.

RED

Only child?

Red turns away, an unhappy grin on his face.

RED (CONT'D)

Yeah, heard that before.

A wave CRASHES. Bennett feels awkward, politely inching away when the FERRY DRIVER, a man in his early 60's we'll get to know as HOFF, yells like a conductor...

FERRY CAPTAIN / HOFF

Naskapi Island, last stop!

Red looks from Bennett to...

EXT. NASKAPI ISLAND - SAME

Breaks through the fog. A lighthouse just offshore.

The island is small, just one structure visible, a massive INN built right up on the cliffs. Sleepy in the off season, only a couple of its rooms emit light.

MOVE TO:

EXT. DOCK - MINUTES LATER

The Ferry is docked. An unpaved but well-worn road leads from the docks up to the inn.

Red walks the stark landscape, heading for the imposing structure - it dwarfs everything in sight.

EXT. ROAD / NASKAPI GRAVEYARD - MINUTES LATER

Old stones have been worn down to nubs by the elements. The edge of the field is newer, one mound in particular has been recently turned over. A new gravestone reflects the sun.

Red walks past the graveyard, looking at the fresh mound. He seems to slow but doesn't stay, moves on to the inn.

EXT. NASKAPI INN

Three floors and a hundred rooms of rugged wood and stone, a hulking, mean-looking solidarity. The windows are boarded over, a stray ladder suggests it's a new development.

Directly across from the inn is the island's only other structure - a small, rectangular trailer. This is the lifeguard station, no lights on inside.

Like some kind of modern gunslinger, Red walks between the buildings and up to the railings of the inn's wide porch steps and oversized front door.

INT. NASKAPI INN, LOBBY

A big, wide room with a high ceiling. The decor consists of mounted birds, a shotgun and old-school sporting equipment including cricket bats and snowshoes. Much of the furniture has been covered for the season.

Red closes the door behind, hooks for a thick iron bolt can be seen. Bennett is ahead of him, already checked in and heading for the old wire cage elevator.

A male CLERK waits behind the wide desk. He wears a tool belt and is arguing with Hoff...

HOFF

...Linda said a free room for anyone who made it out here for the party.

CLERK

Hoff, her son died - It's not a party.

But the Clerk relents anyway, PLUNKING a bare room key on the desk. Hoff takes it and moves off, an air of victory.

HOFF

Thank you kindly...

Red approaches, peeling cash off of a fat wad. The Clerk barely looks up.

CLERK

Linda said your money's no good.

RED

Mine?

CLERK

Anyone who made it out here for Sean.  
You are here for Sean?

Red looks as if this question means more...

RED

Yeah. I'm here for him.

CLERK

...Room Two-Two-Seven.

Red signs the register as the Clerk hands over a key and four coupons, cartoon drawing of an ice cream Sunday on them.

CLERK (CONT'D)

(explains)

Free Sundaes in our cafe. Besides the bar, there ain't much to do off season.

(looks at watch)

Two hours until the service. You got bags?

In answer, Red reaches in his coat, holds up a toothbrush.

Red forgoes the cage elevator for the stairs. A sign with arrows points up to ROOMS and down to ICEHOUSE.

FADE TO:

INT. INN, ROOM 227

Quaint, some of the furniture might be worn antiques. The window has been boarded so the only ocean view is a watercolor hanging at a slight angle.

Red squints at the sun poking around edges of the planked window - Preferring the dark.

From his jacket he removes a bottle of straight-grain whisky as well as an ornate pill box.

Like him it seems cut out of stone. He pops a pill, chases it down and keeps drinking...

INT. SHOWER

Handle set on cold. Red's body is muscled but scars and blue-inked tatoos keep him from looking too pretty.

MOVE TO:

INT. INN, HALLWAY OUTSIDE DINING ROOM - LATER

Dim lighting, most of the bulbs have been removed as a fire precaution. A BLACK-CLAD MOURNER enters the double doors. A ways back, Red watches, still drinking.

Finally Red stashes the now-empty bottle under a curtain, nods as if deciding something...

INT. DINING ROOM

Less than ten people. The Clerk is here snacking along with Hoff and Bennett and two more caretaker/local-types:

DOUG MASSEY - 50's, ex-hippie handyman and JO - 19, short order cook, sexy in a punk sort of way.

Eight-Year-Old FREDDIE, stares at everyone, tries to make sense of it all. A KNOCK on the outside of the door and he runs to answer it...

The owner, LINDA, also in her 60's but better dressed than the other locals YELLS...

LINDA

Wait Freddie!

(He freezes)

Let your mother get it.

SUSAN, the widow, (30's) looks at Linda, a bit of resentment there.

But she just nods and moves to open the door. GASPS when she sees Red standing there. All heads turn.

SUSAN

Red? You made it...

As Susan waves Red in, he and Linda meet eyes.

The older woman moves toward the back of the room and off into the connecting kitchen.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

We had no way of contacting you. I would have...

RED

(interrupts)

Suze? No big deal, okay?

She waves him in.

Nestled among the locals is the SHERIFF, 60's, gray hair, dyed-black mustache. Noshing from the communal table, he eyes Red as if there is something he instinctively doesn't like about the guy.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Red sits on a couch, sipping a coke. Somehow the furniture looks too small for him. Susan is across, the other guests have left their awkward conversation alone.

RED

Nice place. See why you guys would like it here.

SUSAN

Your mother's the boss, me and Sean shared her suite for the summer but usually stay...

(stops herself)

Stayed in New York.

RED

You guys... Got enough money?

SUSAN

Why, you going to give us some?

He thinks about it.

RED

Probably not.

She blinks, explains...

SUSAN

...Sean owned half the inn, it's only open for the summer months but does well. Freddie and I will get by.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(then)

How long you around for?

RED

Ferry leaves 9 A.M. tomorrow.

SUSAN

Why don't you hang out for a few days?  
We're closing up hard, hopefully keep the  
vandals out this year - You could help.

He's already shaking his head...

RED

9:05 - I'm gone.

He senses he might have offended her, doesn't know how.  
Freddie plops down near his feet.

RED (CONT'D)

That your son?

SUSAN

And your Nephew.

RED

...Looks like Sean.

Susan motions to an end table, a bank of photographs have  
been laid out for the wake. She reaches for one...

An old photo of TWO BOYS playing in ocean surf. The  
younger boy looks very much like Freddie, the other boy  
is a few years older, more serious and distant, though  
even he has a wisp of a smile.

The film stock has a dreamlike quality to it, much like  
that fully clothed man in the surf.

RED (CONT'D)

(explains)

Jersey shore. Ocean scavenger hunt game,  
we'd hide things from each other. Five  
minutes later a jellyfish stung him and  
he wouldn't stop crying.

A faint smile dies on Red's face and he says no more. Jo  
walks up to them.

JO

Susan, Linda says she needs you in the  
kitchen.

Susan rolls her eyes, rises and heads back. As she passes the LAUGHING DUO of Hoff and the Sheriff, conversation becomes hushed and they lower their voices.

Red realizes Freddie is staring at him.

He sits there, not knowing what to do. The boy initiates the conversation.

FREDDIE

Dad talked about you once.

Red sips his drink. Tries to play down his interest.

RED

What'd he say?

FREDDIE

Said you were crazy.

Not the answer Red expected. He leans in, nods...

RED

I'm not crazy. I'm what's called a sociopath. Just means...

(as if quoting a shrink)

I have a general disregard for the well being of others, a total absence of guilt and a tendency to act impulsively without regard to the consequences. Also, I personally don't experience fear. But I'm not *crazy*.

He's said more than he wanted to and stops. Freddie takes this in, stares...

FREDDIE

O-k.

Now Red gets up and leaves, heading out into the hallway.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Red approaches his room, sees an open door at the end of the hall...

INT. LINDA'S / MANAGER'S APARTMENT, LIVING AREA

A homey, extra large version of a hotel room. Red moves in deeper, sees a shut door.

INT. SEAN'S ROOM

The door opens and Red looks inside. Unlike the rest of the inn, this place is a mess, broken glass and furniture. It's borderline frightening, physical evidence of a mental breakdown.

He looks to the wide desk. Messy, haphazard writing flows from paper onto the wood beneath.

Looks closer, seeing account statements for a bank he's never heard of.

LINDA (O.S.)

...There's no money.

Red turns to the older woman. Somehow she's snuck up on him.

LINDA (CONT'D)

That's why you came, isn't it? For the will? You're not in it.

RED

Nice to see you too, Mom.

(trying)

I like your hotel...

Linda moves closer and into the light. Not much physical resemblance but the same firm demeanor.

LINDA

Sean loved it here. Bought it for me. He wasn't like you. No one *did him in* if that's what you think happened.

RED

Not much of my business if it did.

He stops, drops his guard, honest.

RED (CONT'D)

Got the news just yesterday. Thought maybe I should see my brother one last time.

But she sneers at this.

LINDA

Your brother's already buried. Had to get him in the ground before the storm hits.

(then)

You had *ten years* to see him.

She looks for some sort of reaction but he's stingy with emotions. Then he forces an effort...

RED

I'm on medication now, mom. Seeing a shrink... She said aggressive language's no good for me so I don't even swear anymore.

(then)

She says, people can change.

Linda smiles but her voice is filled with bile.

LINDA

No they can't.

Red mutters "HECK" under his breath, turns to leave but stops, can't help himself...

RED

You been saying Sean's smarter, kinder, better than me long as my memory goes. And maybe he was. But you know what, mom? -- *I'm still here.*

Linda's lips go tight, more anger than self-pity...

LINDA

Yeah, you're the one God leaves me with.

INT. INN, LOBBY, FRONT DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Red approaches the Clerk.

RED

...You got whisky?

CLERK

Sell you a bottle of brandy for twenty bucks but our whisky's down in the icehouse.

RED

Icehouse?

INT. INN / ELEVATOR

CLINK. Red frowns at the cage doors as the Clerk takes him down.

INT. ICEHOUSE VAULT

The basement of the Inn. The vault is an enormous iron door from the mid 1800's. A small sign mentions the historical significance of the place, shows a diagram of a deep hollowed-out cavern on the other side.

Red and Clerk exit the elevator, stare at the locked door.

CLERK

..Originally how they kept stuff cold before refrigeration. Now it's a vault for summer storage - Dug right into the rock.

RED

You gonna open it?

CLERK

For safety, keys are kept off island, the selectmen unlock it during bank hours.

Red SIGHS, waste of his time.

RED

...I'm guessing it's not bank hours.

CLERK

(oblivious smile)

May 1st.

Red abruptly turns and heads off, takes the stairs this time. The Clerk calls after, cheerily...

CLERK (CONT'D)

So the brandy then?

FADE TO:

EXT. THE OCEAN / POLICE BOAT - SUNSET

Storm clouds above, the island in the B.G.

INT. POLICE BOAT, OPEN CABIN

CHUGGING along in rough seas. The Sheriff is alone, his coat pulled tight around. HUMMING as he nibbles from a to-go bag from the funeral.

The wind blows harder.

INT. INN, LOBBY

Relatively crowded. Jo and Massey are playing chess on a carved table. Hoff and Bennett play cards.

Linda enters and, while the others don't exactly snap alert, her authority is noticeable.

LINDA

Massey? The window in two-fourteen. You didn't board it tight enough, storm's going to be here any minute...

He SIGHS theatrically and rises.

Red enters from the stairway. All heads turn, Bennett is the first to be friendly, motioning to his cards...

BENNETT

Red, c'mon over here, I'll teach you to play *Bezique*.

RED

...Some other time.

Linda meets his eyes, her tone civil but distant...

LINDA

What can we do for you?

The only person who can make Red uncomfortable. He fidgets with a twenty dollar bill already in hand.

RED

Nothing, came to get dinner.

At this, the Clerk cheerily PLUNKS down a bottle of brandy. Caught, Red takes the bottle, and hands over the twenty.

Linda SIGHS, disappointed if not surprised.

Jo motions for Red to follow, moves into the attached...

CAFE / BAR

Jo enters with Red in tow, moves behind the lunch counter and snaps her gum, indicating she's ready for his order.

Red looks at the menu, masking tape has been placed over most of the items.

RED

How about a Vegiburger and, can I get it with anything besides fries?

JO

You can have *no* fries.

Red realizes she's serious, nods. Before Jo turns away...

RED

Y'know - hold up. Forget the burger...

He digs in his wallet, takes out those four ice cream coupons...

A FAX MACHINE

WHIRLING and BEEPING, spitting out pages, the old roller-type.

We are back in the Lobby. The Clerk, Hoff and Bennett play cards. Hoff looks annoyed, blames it on the machine.

CLERK

(explains)

Sheriff made a call, said he might be getting a fax...

The Clerk rises, heads over to the machine.

Looks at the first page. FBI'S MOST WANTED at the top.

He reads further, sees:

A PICTURE of Red circa 1995, looking tough and pissed off - It's a rapsheet! Declares him as PERSON OF INTEREST in some cases, WANTED in others. A list of crimes below, on and on...

And the fax is still WHIRLING out pages!

HOFF

...That thing broken?

Wide-eyed, the Clerk holds up the first few pages...

CLERK

...No.

The three men crowd around, reading further. Dates and locations of MURDERS appear half a dozen times...

AT THE CAFE

Red is eating four ice cream Sundays.

He suddenly holds his temple in pain - Ice cream headache. He shoves the dishes away, rises...

LOBBY - SAME TIME

The Clerk grips the fax. Bennett and Hoff look on...

CLERK  
I'll call right now!

BENNETT  
Wait, just wait, let's think this through...

HOFF  
(interrupts)  
What the Hell's there to think about?

The Clerk SHUSHES Hoff, more out of fear of being heard than disagreement.

BENNETT  
...Just don't need some local hick - No offense - *Sheriff* busting in here and the two of them shooting it out. Think I know who I'd put my money on anyhow...

This last bit seems to resonate with the Clerk. The three men huddle there, then--

RED (O.S.)  
Hey, Bennett?

A ripple of fear in the trio.

CLERK  
(too fast)  
Hey pal...!

RED  
Just thought I might take you up on that card game after all.

Nodding, Bennett shoots the Clerk a last look - "Don't do anything."

AT THE CARD TABLE - LATER

Place has cleared out, just Red and Bennett playing.

The older man seems relaxed, finishes his drink. Red offers him a pour of his brandy and he nods.

BENNETT

You like your brandy, huh?

RED

We're friends.

Red almost smiles, it's good to see. Bennett reveals his cards with a snap of flourish...

BENNETT

Not your fault, Red. You had no good cards.

RED

Never heard of this game.

BENNETT

Bezique is the french name. It was the forerunner of Pinochle.

RED

Hell - I'm playing pea-knucle?

Bennett LAUGHS...

Behind them, the sound of the heavy door OPENING. They turn, wondering who it could be...

As the Sheriff enters, gun drawn and aimed at Red.

SHERIFF

Hands now!

Still holding the cards, Red slowly raises his hands. Bennett lowers his cards, can't meet Red's eyes.

MOVE TO:

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE, BOSTON - NIGHT

A sparse cubical with a view of city streets. AGENT SHAUGHNESSY is seated, early 40's, buff, a little too *Boston-y* for his own good. AGENT WAGNER, slim, mid 20's but better traveled, is standing.

They speak into the conference phone.

SHAUGHNESSY

...Well, that's just good work, Sheriff.

SHERIFF (O.S.)

(phone filter)

*...I guess this old dog still has a few tricks left up his sleeve. When will I see you boys?*

Squeezing a stress ball, Shaughnessy looks at Wagner.

SHAUGHNESSY

We're flying up, be there in about five hours...

Wagner interrupts...

WAGNER

...Storm you have coming might delay us longer, won't know until we get close.

SHERIFF (O.S.)

*Take it from an old timer, never fight a storm. I'll just sit tight 'til you get here.*

The agents THANK him and the phone cuts out.

Shaughnessy grins, whips the ball hard at Wagner. Frowning, he catches it in one hand.

SHAUGHNESSY

I guess Christmas comes a few months early for me this year...

WAGNER

What'd this Red Forester guy do?

SHAUGHNESSY

(chuckles)

What didn't he do...

Wagner's Treo BUZZES and he looks at the caller I.D.

Wagner picks up, his voice lowering as he turns away.

Shaughnessy watches, something resembling contempt on his face.

MOVE TO:

EXT. LIFEGUARD STATION

A light on inside...

INT. LIFEGUARD STATION / HOLDING CELL

A rarely used room with a connecting cell that's more of a drunk tank. Red sits on the only cot, quiet. The Sheriff leans back in his chair and grins - career high.

SHERIFF

Hoff called me.

(chuckles)

Sounded like he was hiding under a bed or some damn place... I think the bastard may even get a reward outta this.

Red doesn't seem interested. The Sheriff notices his wristwatch.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Never seen one like that. Where'd you get it?

RED

Off a guy.

SHERIFF

What'd it cost?

RED

Cost him plenty.

As these words settle in...

A KNOCK and the Sheriff jumps, it's only Jo.

JO

Thought I'd bring coffee.

Embarrassed by his fear, the Sheriff gets up.

SHERIFF

Keep it warm. I'm going to have a last look around before the storm hits. You're deputized.

Before Jo can protest, the Sheriff heads outside, yells over his shoulder...

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Borrowing Massey's van.

The door shuts. Awkward. Jo looks to Red, stutters...

JO

Coffee?

INT. INN, LOBBY

Hoff shuffles cards, motions for Bennett to join him but the man waves him off, the fun is out of the game.

Hoff SIGHS, the CLICKING of his shuffle...

HOFF

Fuckin' most wanted, right in our inn...

CLERK

(cuts in)

Our inn? I don't even know why you're here.

In a corner, Linda and Susan sit together sipping coffee. Freddie plays on the floor.

SUSAN

You going to visit him?

LINDA

Who?

SUSAN

Your son.

(before Linda can answer)

And don't get all dramatic on me and say you don't have one.

Linda's eyes narrow to slits, Susan stops, momentarily losing courage.

LINDA

Susan? If it wasn't for my Grandson... I'd have no use for you.

Susan gets up, moves to the other side of the room.

FADE TO:

EXT. ROTTED PRIVATE DOCK / FISHING TRAWLER - NIGHT

A fishing boat moored to the abandoned dock, a small inlet behind it. A combo of heavy mist and light rain in the air.

A flat-fronted, 1950's van MOTORS up, stops...

INT. VAN

The Sheriff is alone behind the wheel, looks surprised and irritated at the sight of the boat.

He BEEPS the horn, just once.

EXT. / INT. FISHING TRAWLER

TWO MEN in rain slickers come out onto the deck.

The Sheriff gets out of the van, walks onto the dock.

The men lower their rain slickers -- PHILLIP COLE is in his late 30's, lean but muscled. Behind him looms a tower of a man, BAKER, face like a permanently agro bully.

SHERIFF

...Evenin'.

Cole and Baker REPLY the same, not quite in unison.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

You boys can't fish here. Blackout dates 'til the spring.

COLE

We're not fishing, officer.

SHERIFF

No?

(studies them)

Mind If I check out your hold?

Cole and Baker don't answer. The Sheriff puts his hand on his gun.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

You need to step aside.

Baker looks to Cole as if for approval. Cole nods and they make room for the Sheriff.

INT. FISHING TRAWLER, CABIN

The Sheriff enters, moves toward a wooden door leading down into the galley.

He pulls on the door, stuck. SCURRYING comes from the other side.

The Sheriff looks back at Cole and Baker, neither have moved. Then he pulls with both hands and the door POPS free.

He fumbles for a light chain, pulls it, revealing...

INT. GALLEY / OPEN DOOR

...The SILHOUETTES OF SEVEN MEN. Seated as if waiting patiently.

SHERIFF

What the hell...?

Suddenly a different POP sounds as a splinter APPEARS on the edge of the opened door. A crimson liquid, as if the door is *bleeding*...

The Sheriff looks puzzled, feels his collar.

And realizes his neck is hemorrhaging!

Awkwardly, as if losing control of his motor functions, the Sheriff tries to face Cole and Baker. ANOTHER POP sounds, the Sheriff taking a hit in the forehead.

BAKER

...Lowers a silenced pistol as the Sheriff collapses. Cole gives a slight nod, then nudges the body with his foot, sending it TUMBLING down the stairs.

FADE TO:

THE LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

Waves whip around as the first of the strong winds batter the shore.

THE INN

Shutters FLAP in the wind, BANGING against the building.

EXT. ROTTED PRIVATE DOCK / FISHING TRAWLER

The beam of the lighthouse pans and illuminates Cole's boat, now uninhabited. Tall grass sways in the breeze.

MOVE TO:

INT. INN, CAFE / BAR - NIGHT

An 80's boombox ROARS Billy Joel. Storm party, no shortage of booze in the six caretakers.

Bennett takes out his cell phone, notices there's NO SIGNAL. The Clerk looks over his shoulder.

CLERK

...Must be 'cause the storm.

Hoff pipes up...

HOFF

Storm hasn't hit yet.

Then, a gust of WIND as the door BANGS open. Everyone turns to see...

TWO MASKED FIGURES leveling shotguns!

INT. LIFEGUARD STATION / DRUNK TANK - SAME TIME

Jo turns as this door is also thrown OPEN....

Revealing a masked GUNMAN in a green leather jacket. We'll get to know him as BLANCHARD. He CHAMBERS a shotgun, tag light mounted beneath. Shoves it in Jo and Red's faces...

BLANCHARD

...Right there!

Jo WHIMPERS. In his cell, Red turns his face, trying to hide it in the shadows...

Blanchard walks up to the cell, surprised to find someone in it. Can't help but grin.

BLANCHARD (CONT'D)

What'd you do?

In the B.G. a FAT GUNMAN enters behind Blanchard, immediately begins SMASHING the two-way radio. Still turned into shadow, Red shrugs...

RED  
 ...Public drunkenness.

Blanchard eyes Red as he instructs Fat Gunman.

BLANCHARD  
 Asshole looks like trouble. We'll lock  
 them both in together, take them to the  
 inn once the perimeter's secure...

Blanchard goes up to Red. Thrusts his shotgun in Red's  
 face.

BLANCHARD (CONT'D)  
 Turn around or you're dead.

RED  
 ...Sounds fair.

Red turns to face the wall.

Blanchard unlocks the cell, raising his shotgun like an  
 axe -- Bringing the butt DOWN on the back of Red's skull!

Red collapses to the floor, dazed but still conscious.  
 His eyes narrow.

INT. INN, CAFE / BAR - SAME

Frightened caretakers - Only young Freddie is absent. A  
 captor in a military-issue FACE MASK binds everyone's  
 hands with electrical tape.

TWO MORE FIGURES enter, it's Cole and Baker under masks -  
 Baker's height giving him away.

Baker moves up to Linda as Cole looks on.

BAKER  
 You the owner? Who else is here?

Susan looks at Linda, thinking about Freddie...

LINDA  
 This is everyone...

Baker SLAPS her. A collective GASP from the hostages.  
 Cole doesn't flinch.

HOFF  
 Excuse me sir? I think I know who you're  
 looking for...

Baker wheels to Hoff, PUNCHES him, knocking him over.

BAKER  
Wasn't talking to you!

Baker continues to KICK Hoff who curls himself into a ball. Cole looks at the others.

ON MASSEY

A few feet, glad not to be the center of attention. Quietly he moves into a crouch, as...

FACE MASK approaches Linda.

FACE MASK  
You heard him, bitch! Who else?

Suddenly Massey tears for the door...

BAKER  
YO!

Face Mask turns and FIRES blindly, DESTROYING a shelf but missing the fleeting man...

Massey has rounded the wall...

INT. HALLWAY, FIRE EXIT DOOR

A flat metal door, comparatively modern. Bound hands in front, Massey runs up to the door...

Face Mask on his heels, Massey BANGS through, tears outside...

INT. INN, CAFE / BAR

The group can hear the chase over Face Mask's WALKIE. The Clerk hunches lower, visibly frightened.

CLERK  
(under breath)  
Run Massey...

EXT. LIFEGUARD STATION / DRUNK TANK - CONTINUOUS

As Massey approaches, he sees Blanchard exiting the nearby hut and blocking his way, trying to get a shot --

Desperate and already breathing hard, Massey darts in another direction --

For an old hippy he's moving pretty fast --

EXT. INN / FRONT STEPS - SAME

Cole and Baker come outside.

BAKER

I got him...

As Cole and a trio of Gunmen look on, Baker raises a pistol...

Aims, pulls the trigger just once...BANG!

IN THE HOLDING CELL

Jo and Red hear the REPORT. She begins to weep. Fat Gunman seems thrilled.

WITH BAKER

Confidently lowering the pistol. Watching as Massey keeps moving away.

The other Gunman look at each other wondering "Did Baker miss?" Confident in Baker, Cole has already turned away...

...As Massey's gait seems to *change*.

He stumbles a few paces, then flops down in the street. Doesn't get up.

INT. DRUNK TANK

Sitting on the same cot, Jo looks to Red.

JO

Who are they?!

RED

I think they're here to kill me, just haven't recognized me yet.

JO

...What should we do?

Red thinks on this, the wheels in his head turning.

He gets to his feet, looks at Jo.

RED

You want to know what to do?

Jo nods. Fat Gunman interrupts...

FAT GUNMAN

Sit down - If you do what we say nothing  
will happen to you...!

Fat Gunman comes right up to the cell, his gun aimed in Jo's direction. Red doesn't turn to the Gunman, appears to not even be looking at him when --

Red's hand flies between the bars and -- Lightning fast --  
PUNCHES the guy in the chest!

TIME SEEMS TO SLOW as Fat Gunman collapses backward,  
spitting up blood - His body rocked by spasms...

JO

...Oh my God!

RED

(still facing her)

Yeah, I used to get called that a lot, as  
in - "Oh God, please don't!"

JO

...You're insane!

She wants to help Fat Gunman, but the bars prevent her,  
the man's eyes have rolled up.

RED

I'm not insane. I'm a sociopath.

Red sits back down.

RED (CONT'D)

Now Jo, I'm going to call the *other*  
*criminal* back in. He's going to ask you  
what just happened and I'll need your  
help.

Jo looks distracted by Gunman's WHEEZING SPASMS...

JO

My - Help...?

RED

I need to believe the following sentence from you: "Poor guy just collapsed."

JO

He... collapsed?

Red looks at her, his voice staying even.

RED

Jo? I'm going to ask again and - If I don't believe you - No offense but I'm going to snap your neck and take my chances.

She GASPS, full attention on Red now. He motions for her to continue, she concentrates as the WHEEZING gets even more desperate...

JO

(stronger)

"Poor guy just collapsed."

Looking unsure, Red studies her face, deciding...

RED

Wasn't... Great.

EXT. LIFEGUARD STATION / DRUNK TANK

Masks raised, Cole is standing over Massey's body with Blanchard and a bespectacled gunman, the demolitions man, FELIX. Baker lights a cigarette nearby, they all hear...

RED (O.S.)

Hey, this guy's having a heart attack!

Cole, Baker and Blanchard hurry inside...

INT. LIFEGUARD STATION / DRUNK TANK - CONTINUOUS

The trio of Gunmen rush in, they've forgotten to lower their masks...

COLE

(to Red)

Get away from the bars!

RED

You're the boss...

BLANCHARD

Hang on man, stay with us...

Fat Gunman is choking, trying to form words. He can't.

He points at Red but the others don't understand, actually push his hand down, trying in vain to relax him.

Red looks to Jo, carefully puts a finger to his lips, motioning "Shush."

Baker rushes both of them, grabs the cell bars...

BAKER

HOW'D THIS HAPPEN!?

Jo wants to say something but shivers as Red places a hand on her shoulder. More afraid of him than the gunmen she blurts...

JO

Poor guy just collapsed.

Best performance yet. Red gives the slightest pat to her shoulder.

COLE

Okay - Must be first aid somewhere...

(to Jo)

Where's the defibrillator?

JO

Kit's on the wall...

Cole hurries for it.

Baker roughly drags Fat Gunman to the office area, Blanchard hurries to help.

Now it's just Red and Jo. She's breathing hard and shaking.

JO (CONT'D)

You could've gotten me shot...

RED

...Chance I was willing to take.

Now Red yells out to Cole, his voice sounds *different*, as if frightened.

RED (CONT'D)

Sir - Pardon me, I don't mean to interrupt but I have some nitroglycerin in my room.

Blanchard hurries over, the guy is charged up, too much adrenaline.

BLANCHARD

...What the fuck you just say to us?!

Cole stifles Blanchard with a look as Red continues...

RED

Nitroglycerin tablets. I - They might help save your friend's life, but we'd have to get them now.

COLE

...Tell us where, we'll get it...

Red's tone is passive, nebbish...

RED

Oh, okay. So, go to my room, it's on the second floor - I'm not sure the number - but there's a sailboat picture over the bed. Now the tablets are beneath there, near that bureau but not in it, more to the side I guess you could say...

COLE

Okay, all right, shut up!

Cole unlocks the cell door, says to Blanchard...

COLE (CONT'D)

He tries anything put one in his spine.

EXT. LIFEGUARD STATION

Red's arms are taped in front. Blanchard has a pistol pointed squarely at his back, as they come outside and move across the street for the inn.

RED

Some wind, huh?

BLANCHARD

Shut up.

EXT. INN, FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

The two get to the large open door. Red motions he can't open the door with bound hands.

RED  
I'll wait...

Blanchard GRUMBLES, comes around Red and opens the heavy door.

Blanchard shoves Red in.

INSIDE

Red and Blanchard heads for the stairs.

RED  
The fat guy. He a friend of yours?

BLANCHARD  
Dude, shut up!

INT. INN, SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Red and Blanchard move quickly through the darkened hall, only one small bulb shows the way.

RED  
...So what was the plan? Knock out the phone lines, maybe a cell phone tower -- Buy you boys all the time you want, huh?

Blanchard is beyond annoyed, just shaking his head now.

They come to that single bulb, it illuminates Red's face like some unholy spirit...

Red stops walking. His voice suddenly loses its mock cheerfulness.

RED (CONT'D)  
Let me go. Safer for everybody.

Blanchard jabs him with the muzzle...

BLANCHARD  
What'd you say?

RED  
Safer for everybody, starting with you.

BLANCHARD

...One more word and I swear to God, I'll  
do you here!

The door to Linda's apartment opens, surprising both of them. In pajamas, Freddie stumbles out into the hall. Sees both men.

Blanchard gives the boy a strange grin. Freddie runs back in the room.

Blanchard stares after the boy, odd expression.

BLANCHARD (CONT'D)

You know him?

Red nods, then continues to nod - Turns to the light --  
-- and SMASHES it with his head!

The world goes pitch. Blanchard YELLS for an instant until...

A SMACK is heard.

EXT. INN, FRONT DOOR

A weasely, SHORT GUNMAN we'll get to know as MARLON is lugging equipment. WIND whipping his face.

He pulls on the *closed* front door. It won't budge.

MARLON

SHIT!

(gets on Walkie)

Hey - What genius bolted the door?

INT. INN, CAFE / BAR ROOM

All the caretakers except Jo are here, lined up, everyone has their hands taped.

Face Mask is their only guard, as the door opens he whips alert, points a sawed off shotgun...

Squints in the low light, seeing Blanchard's green jacket backing toward him -- *Dragging a body*.

Face Mask lowers the gun, LAUGHS, announces to the room...

FACE MASK

You see what happens?! - We can arrange  
it for y'all as well!

(to Green jacket)

Who's that you got...?

Green jacket whips around--

--Revealing Red wearing the garment, Blanchard's knife in  
hand he slashes--

Takes the man across the throat in one movement -- Red's  
other hand keeps the man's sawed off pointed down.

Face Mask claws Red's shirt as he dies...

Susan is looking at Red's face. For just an instant, as  
Face Mask's death throes weaken, Red looks pained, as if  
he's the one who has been cut.

The Clerk muffles a scream, shaking as he watches the  
kill.

Now Red snaps from his daze, cleans his bloody hand by  
wiping it off onto the gunman, then pushes the dead man  
over like so much trash.

Red cuts Susan's bonds...

SUSAN

...Freddie's sleeping upstairs!

She runs out of the room...

Linda takes the knife, begins freeing her own bonds. Red  
looks to her.

RED

I bolted the front door... Where else can  
they get in?

Linda starts freeing the others. The Clerk has become  
paralyzed, YAMMERING to himself.

LINDA

Emergency door around back. But it's  
locked...

RED

Hoff - You guys brace it anyway, whatever  
you can find, rest of you to the front.

Hoff just looks shocked and angry, not sure whether to  
listen. Face Mask's walkie SQUAWKS.

COLE'S VOICE (O.S.)

*Now or never on those tablets, he's dyi--*

Casually, Red CLICKS off the walkie. He takes off the green jacket, a bloody handprint on his shirt.

The Clerk isn't moving, MUMBLING to himself, catatonic from fear. Bennett tries to get the man to snap out of it but it's no use...

BENNETT

I think he's in shock!

RED

(to Clerk)

C'mon. You got to get back there and help brace those doors or we're all gonna get killed. Move.

Still the Clerk stays where he is, shaking, MUMBLING. The other caretakers are trying to help him.

HOFF

He *can't* move you son of a bitch!

Red snags a Swiss army knife off of Face Mask's belt, opens it. Steps to the Clerk's side.

BENNETT

Red, I'm telling you, he's helpless. Probably can't even hear us -

Without emotion, Red PLANTS the Swiss Army blade in the Clerk's shoulder.

GASPS from the onlookers. The CLERK looks at his shoulder - the knife protruding horizontally from it - CRIES OUT in pain.

RED

He heard that.

Blade still in him, the Clerk gets up, hurries to get out of the room, Hoff and Bennett in tow. Red calls after them, adding...

RED (CONT'D)

(RE: knife)

Though that's still no replacement for professional therapy. Believe me, I used to be a mess.

Now it's just Red, Linda and the unconscious Blanchard. Red drags the man toward an old-school ice machine chest as Linda glares.

LINDA  
 These men - This whole thing - It's  
 because of you, isn't it? What have you  
 brought into my home?!

Red doesn't answer, just picks up Blanchard, dumps him face down into the ice chest.

RED  
 Not now mom.  
 (slams lid)  
 Dig in your heels, we're in for a long  
 night...

MOVE TO:

EXT. INN, FRONT DOOR

Cole and his men stand in the rain, staring uselessly at the front door. A band of thieves meets an ex-military unit.

Cole tries his mike yet again...

COLE  
 (into mike)  
 ...Six?! Where the Hell are you?  
 (frustrated)  
 Four?

Baker hurries up, furious. Where the others all have shotguns or sidearms, Baker has a Mac-10 subgun and silencer hanging over his wide chest.

BAKER  
 You've got to be fuckin' kidding me!

Cole ignores the outburst, heads for the lifeguard station, something bothering him.

COLE  
 (yells to Baker)  
 Keep trying them. And get that door  
 open!

INT. LIFEGUARD STATION / DRUNK TANK - MOMENTS LATER

Fat Gunman now dead on the floor. Cole enters.

COLE  
 (to himself)  
 ...Bastard played me.

He looks to Jo, still behind bars.

COLE (CONT'D)  
 You got any idea what's happened to my  
 other guy?

She shakes her head. Cole studies her face, sees her  
 eyes wander to the floor - The Gunman's body.

JO  
 I - Could take a guess.

Cole frowns.

Sees the Sheriff's coat on a nearby chair. Swipes it,  
 throws it over the Gunman's face...

...Uncovering the fax printout. He picks it up, sees  
 Red's picture and begins to read.

MOVE TO:

INT. INN, LOBBY

Red holds the sawed off. He and the caretakers hurry  
 toward the front door - the massive bolt drawn across it.

HOFF  
 ...Killers outside so we're locked in..  
 With a killer!

SUSAN  
 Shut up, Hoff!

HOFF  
 Why?  
 (looks at Red)  
 Or you gonna tell me you didn't do all  
 those things the sheet says you did?

Hoff takes a much needed breath, looks like he could pass  
 out. The Clerk - his shoulder now bandaged - hangs back  
 and keeps his mouth shut. Bennett sounds the least  
 judgemental...

BENNETT  
 It's true though, right? You have killed  
 people?

RED

...No one good.

SUSAN

And you think they're after you?

RED

Armed gunmen coming to a sleepy resort island, that doesn't just happen.

BENNETT

But let's figure this out - Who would want you dead? - Someone who wants revenge, someone you stole from, perhaps - injured...?

RED

Yeah. Doesn't really narrow it down...

Red changes the subject, points to the mounted shotgun...

RED (CONT'D)

That work?

CLERK

(shakes head)

But - I think we still got buckshot and birdshot up in the attic.

Red holds up the sawed off.

RED

Get it. Least we got this - I can't aim to save my life.

Hoff sneers...

HOFF

How'd a fella get a rapsheet like yours without being able to shoot?

RED

Knives.

The Clerk eyes his bandage as Red turns to the room.

RED (CONT'D)

Everybody scrounge up what weapons you can. Anything - a hammer, a bucket full of bleach,

(motions: pool table)

A cue ball - Anything's a weapon.

HOFF

Against guns?! You're out of your mind!

Susan ignores Hoff, asks...

SUSAN

The door, you think it'll hold?

Before he can answer...

LINDA

...Held through a hundred and fifteen years of hurricanes. Shutters good and thick, the boards and bars we've put up will help too.

RED

And the storm's on our side. They can't burn us out long as it's raining.

CLERK

So, we might be alright...?

BOOM! Bullets punch holes in the wood!

Everyone ducks...

EXT. INN, FRONT DOOR - SAME

The GUNFIRE is coming from Baker - Spraying his submachine gun at the inn...

LOBBY

The door is too thick for the bullets, a few splinter the wooden shutters, doing more psychological than physical damage.

All but Red look frightened, Hoff seems to be screaming with his mouth closed.

The bullets stop. Red gets up, calmly walks for the stairs leading down...

HOFF

Where you going now?!

RED

Get some questions answered...

The others watch him descend, mystified.

MOVE TO:

WITH THE GUNMEN - SAME TIME

Baker lowers his subgun, takes a breath.

Doesn't meet Cole's eyes when he approaches...

COLE

You running this job now?!

Baker says nothing. Cole stares, pressing for submission until the big man shakes his head.

COLE (CONT'D)

(shows printout)

Here's our problem.

The wind is blowing hard now. Baker scans the page, gets the gist of it.

COLE (CONT'D)

...Got ourselves a siege.

Baker is actually *grinning*.

COLE (CONT'D)

Somethin' funny?

BAKER

Nah, just thinking - Those people inside -  
Shit, they'd be safer with us...

CUT TO:

THAT ICE MACHINE

Red opens it, inside Blanchard's body starts to stir.

INT. BOILER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Now Blanchard's eyes flutter open. He finds himself sitting up in an old chair, hands being tied by the same kind of electrical tape he used on Red.

Giant tanks are behind him, leaking steam, the feeling of extreme heat - though one side of his face is bright crimson, frostbitten from the ice chest.

Blanchard tries to stand, realizes his feet are tied as well. Furious, he uselessly rocks in his chair - But the tape holds firm.

Red stands a few feet away, finishes, throws away the tape. He takes out Blanchard's own knife, inspects it, whistling...

RED  
Expensive. What's your name?

Blanchard stops struggling, unnerved but still defiant.

BLANCHARD  
(finally)  
Blanchard.

Red begins unbuttoning his shirt, starts to take it off.

RED  
(explains)  
...Only have one set of clothes, can't get them messy.  
(pats his bare stomach)  
Feel free to laugh.

BLANCHARD  
Who're you?

RED  
I think I'm the reason you guys are here.  
Or you now gonna to tell me you came for something else?

Blanchard looks unsure how to reply. Creeped out he tries to negotiate.

BLANCHARD  
Okay look. Now, I'm sure we've both killed people, but --

RED  
You won't even be my first Blanchard.

Blanchard goes silent. Red does a little trick with the knife, letting it spin and fall off the back of his wrist, catching it before it hits the floor.

RED (CONT'D)  
Hey... You got any interest in astronomy?

Blanchard is confused...

RED (CONT'D)

My brother did. Remember him saying how looking at a star is looking into the past, the light from it can have left thousands, sometimes millions of years ago. Whatever you're seeing up there already happened.

(flips the blade)

You and me here, all this, somewhere it's already happened. You've already told me everything I want to know and I've already killed you. How long it's going to take is what they call a vari-able.

Blanchard's eyes go wide. Ready to deal...

BLANCHARD

You're - Going to kill me?

Red just stares, Blanchard struggles to appease him.

BLANCHARD (CONT'D)

Look - Cole, that's the boss, he just called me yesterday, crowd control, that's all. Didn't say what he wanted. It's - Something in this hotel...

RED

...There nothing in this hotel worth more than me - Price on my head would buy this whole damn place.

Desperation turns to anger...

BLANCHARD

That's all I know, man! Look, what do you want from me?!

RED

I want to get off this island.

BLANCHARD

Can't help you...

Red looks as if he thinks differently. His hands do a brand new dance with the knife.

Tears now in Blanchard's eyes. Red stares into them with his lifeless own.

RED

The boat you came in, where?

BLANCHARD

You don't want the boat, it's *guarded*...

Red SLASHES the knife along the stone walls, it sparks - his answer.

Blanchard stutters as he tries again...

BLANCHARD (CONT'D)

If - You take our boat, how will I get off this fuckin' island?!

Red takes a step closer...

RED

My man, you don't need to get off this island - You're *already dead*.

Blanchard's swagger has disappeared completely, he's now a sobbing, meek shell of a man.

BLANCHARD

Oh, no... Don't kill me, please...

He even hunches lower, trying to make himself look more pathetic.

BLANCHARD (CONT'D)

Okay, okay - Boat's in a little inlet by the lighthouse, can't miss it.

With his free hand, Red taps his pill box, his mind somewhere else. Blanchard forces, of all things, a smile.

BLANCHARD (CONT'D)

Please - Please...

Red closes his right hand around the knife, holding the blade so only its edge juts out...

As Blanchard squirms and MOANS, gnashing his teeth, Red comes closer with the blade but -

- instead throws a left roundhouse, SMACK...

Blanchard slumps forward, unconscious.

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Dressed, Red walks up the stairs from the basement. He does a little trick with his new knife.

A heated argument is in progress, the caretakers shrill and desperate...

CLERK

...Maybe they'll let us go if we just let them in!

As Hoff and Linda SHOUT him down, Red enters from the stairs, the room goes silent...

BENNETT

So...?

RED

Didn't learn a whole lot.

LINDA

Never mind. We have to try and figure out what they're going to do next...

HOFF

(looks to Red)

Let's ask the premier criminal here what he'd do in their position.

All turn to Red, he thinks about it. Gives an unemotional answer.

RED

After the first couple of deaths like we've had - I'd want to leave no witnesses. Kill everybody quick.

A collective gasp from the group. Red continues, seemingly unaware.

RED (CONT'D)

But these guys ain't me. Different kind of criminal and I don't think they'll do that.

Before even the slightest relief can set in...

RED (CONT'D)

They'll probably bind and gag everyone first. Before the butchering, some of the more deviant members may want to have their way with all of you. Y'know -

(air quotes)

"Sexually."

(looks at Hoff)

To some of them even the old salt over there will look like filet mignon...

LINDA  
 (interrupts)  
 Red, that's enough!

Red nods, then...

RED  
 Look - They can't stay out there forever,  
 especially with FBI on the way. You're  
 all safer if I just go...

HOFF  
 Finally some good news!

If anyone disagrees with Hoff they don't speak up.  
 Dammed by silence. Only Susan says...

SUSAN  
 You'll never make it.

BENNETT  
 He will if we can find a way to sneak him  
 outside...

CLERK  
 (cuts in)  
 I got one.

INT. ATTIC

Red is at the far wall with Susan and the Clerk. They  
 face a small chimney, crumbling in places.

A sledgehammer POUNDS it, bricks collapsing under the  
 weight. The Clerk swings again, widening the hole, even  
 taking out a little frustration on it.

Already out of breath, he looks to Red.

CLERK  
 They walled it up everywhere but up here,  
 it actually faces outside, used to be for  
 a rear patio way back in the day.

Red sticks a penlight through the hole. Sees a long  
 drop, leading down into blackness.

CLERK (CONT'D)  
 Figured you could crawl down -  
 (pantomimes it)  
 They actually call it chimneying - How  
 'bout that?

RED  
...How far's the drop?

CLERK  
About three storeys.  
(quieter)  
Three and a half.

Red frowns.

RED  
Walled up at the bottom?

The Clerk hands Red a small hammer, proud he's thought ahead...

CLERK  
Just boarded. Shouldn't be a problem for a tough guy like you.

Realizing he has no choice, Red begins squeezing inside. Susan speaks up.

SUSAN  
I guess this is goodbye.

RED  
If we're both lucky.

One leg in, he turns back to her...

RED (CONT'D)  
Hey, Susan? About all that happened, I'm sorry.

She looks surprised, as if Red has just spoken in a language foreign to him.

SUSAN  
Are you? You feel *sorry*?

Red pauses, shrugs as if teaching her something...

RED  
It's an *expression*.

She looks frustrated, sad at being abandoned..

SUSAN  
...Just go.

She turns her back and moves off. Red sticks the penlight in his mouth.

INT. CHIMNEY - MOMENTS LATER

Red climbs down, legs on one wall, arms on the other.  
It's claustrophobic. Soot and ages of dust in the air.

He loses his grip for a moment and slides/falls a dozen  
feet --

-- Cutting his hands as he drags himself to a stop -  
Bumping the pen light which falls from his mouth --

-- Illuminating the long, precarious drop as it falls.

EXT. INN / REAR PATIO - SAME

Strong WINDS, rain blows sideways. Baker approaches,  
heading toward the inn.

A hundred yards behind is the boarded up fireplace, we  
hear the CLINK of the flashlight but don't see it land.  
Only a splash of light through cracks in the wood.

INT. CHIMNEY BOTTOM, BOARDED FIREPLACE

Red drops silently into the old firebox. Retrieves the  
light. With the back of the hammer, he turns his  
attention to the boards...

EXT. REAR OF INN - MOMENTS LATER

Running, Red now heads away from the inn. He sees  
something, drops low...

Baker passes by and we can now see a long metal cord  
rolled in his hands. Red has his knife ready but the man  
doesn't turn.

Red slips away.

EXT. LIFEGUARD STATION

Massey's old van IDLES, exhaust translucent in the cold  
rain, a DRIVER waits behind the wheel.

Baker arrives with the metal cord, there's a plan in the  
works. Cole is overseeing, takes the cord from Baker.

COLE

...Felix brought all that Semtex to blast with, have Duncan bring it up here - Case this don't work.

BAKER

Now you're talking...

COLE

And Baker, don't fight me. You and me been to about every cesspool on earth, killing for God and Country. This one's for us. By daybreak we're all rich and moving somewhere warm.

Baker nods, exhales a cold breath...

MOVE TO:

EXT. ROCKY SHORELINE - MINUTES LATER

Momentarily illuminated by the lighthouse beam, Red moves along the rocky coastline. Surprisingly silent.

Up ahead he sees...

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER / ROTTING DOCK

Red steps onto the dock. As he approaches the boat...

An odd JINGLING comes from inside. Red sidesteps into some tall beach grass, hides as...

A GUNMAN exits the boat in a hurry. This is DUNCAN, 30's, Nordic good looks. He hurries toward the distant inn holding a box covered with a plastic sheet.

In a moment Duncan is out of sight.

RED

(quiet disdain)

Guarded, huh?

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER - MOMENTS LATER

Red steps on board. He sees the chain for the anchor, pulls it up from the water side.

Unties the lines to the dock, the WIND begins to jostle the craft.

He hurries into the cabin, the door is locked.

Takes out Blanchard's knife and begins to jimmy it open.

MOVE TO:

INT. INN, LOBBY

Linda peers through the slats of the shutters. Susan is watching Freddie sleep in the center of the room, the Clerk not far away. Like they're camping indoors.

LINDA

Try the phone again.

Susan sighs under her breath, picks up the desk phone, listens and puts it back down, shaking her head.

A LOUD CRACK sounds from the front door! Linda and Susan jump -- The Clerk snaps to his feet as Hoff and Bennett run in...

HOFF

What the Hell is that?

In answer, an AXE BREAKS through the boarded front door window!

EXT. INN, FRONT DOOR - SAME TIME

Marlon SMASHES the rest of the window.

Then he hurries away...

INT. LOBBY

Linda looks at the Clerk, cradling the sawed off.

LINDA

One of 'em puts his arm through to unhinge the bolt, you blow it off, got it?

The Clerk seems unsure of himself...

Everyone waits, sensing movement outside. Linda goes to the nearest window...

LINDA (CONT'D)

They're carrying something, can't tell what...

CHUNK! A heavy object appears in the window.

The Clerk watches as the object DROPS to the floor, heavy enough to chip the wood. All can see it now...

A ship's ANCHOR. A metal chain tied to it, in a moment the chain pulls taut and the anchor rises...

EXT. INN / MASSEY'S VEHICLE

Cole's men pull the chain tight as Massey's van is backed up.

INSIDE

The anchor twists and lodges tight against the door, the size of it blocking any attempt to get to the chain.

CLERK

Door might hold...

HOFF

No it won't - You know she won't...

GUNFIRE comes through the door, keeping everyone back.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FISHING TRAWLER, CABIN

Dark. Red gets inside, searches for a light...

That JINGLING SOUND again, followed by a LOW RUMBLING.

It becomes a GROWL and Red realizes he is not alone. He finds a light switch, flips it on revealing...

A little black PUPPY.

Braced for much worse, Red actually smiles. The animal nips at his heel, WHIMPERING.

Red leans down, playfully shaking the little animal.

More GROWLING - And Red notices that the Puppy isn't the one making the noise...

The MOTHER is here, a HUGE MASTIFF!

RED

Oh. Shoot.

The SNARLING Animal attacks! Leaping on Red so hard it SMASHES him into the side WINDOW!

HILLSIDE - SAME TIME

Running toward the inn, Duncan hears the Mastiff's BARKING a couple hundred yards behind him. He drops that covered box and runs back to the boat...

ON THE BOX: *Danger Explosives.*

WITH RED

Up against the spider-webbed glass. The Mastiff has its jaws locked on his thigh - he tries to pull it off but the animal is locked like a vice.

In excruciating pain, he looks around, spots a possible solution at the back of the cabin.

With a GRUNT, Red lifts all four of the animal's legs off the ground and heaves it toward...

A SINK

Stained with fish guts. Red grabs the attached hose, turns it on...

SPRAYING THE MASTIFF'S OPEN EYES!

The animals YELPS and lets go for a split second - Which is all Red needs to put it in a kind of headlock...

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER - WATER SIDE

Red kicks open the cabin's other door and dumps the SNARLING beast into the water - SPLASH.

Out of breath, he watches the Puppy trot out, look up at him.

Then it hops into the WATER to join its mother.

Red feels his leg, is about to turn to go back inside when, from the dock...

Duncan rushes at him, Glock leveled...

DUNCAN

...HOLD IT!

Red moves surprisingly fast, ducking back in the cabin as a SHOT rings out...

INT. FISHING TRAWLER, CABIN

Head low, Red punches the STARTER BUTTON and the deceptively powerful engines ROAR to life.

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER / SMALL DOCK

Duncan speaks into his handmike...

DUNCAN

Hey Cole! Some bastard's stealing our boat!

EXT. INN

Cole stands by the van, he CURSES when he hears this, motions for the others to follow.

COLE

Shit - Bet I know who...  
(yells to Driver and Marlon)  
Keep working, rest of you with me!

WITH RED

Head low as TWO MORE SHOTS pierce the cabin. He grits his teeth, peering out...

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER / SMALL DOCK

The slow moving boat has cleared the end of the dock, heading into the small inlet, ocean just beyond.

Duncan hears over his mike...

COLE (O.S.) (OVER MIKE)

*On our way. Stop him - whatever it takes!*

Duncan looks around, frantic.

Sees the rope Red untied. Duncan picks it up, it's long...

He hurls it at the stern of the boat...

## THE ROPE

Flies through the air, WALLOPING the stern and SPLASHING into the water directly below.

It gets sucked into the engines...

## WITH RED

Freedom on his face until the boat JOLTS to a stop - Red bumping his head on the windshield. The sound of CHOKING ENGINE.

## ON THE DOCK

As the boat stalls, Duncan gives himself a cheer...

DUNCAN

...Fuck yeah!

In the hills above, flashlights of approaching reinforcements...

## RED

Sees the rope leading from dock to the stern, quietly he processes, then throws the trawler into REVERSE.

## UNDERWATER

The double motor begins SHREDDING the rope, starting to pull itself free...

## ON THE DOCK

Duncan sees the boat backing up, about to ram! He FIRES another shot, then scrambles back, slips--

--As the trawler RAMS the dock, wood flies but the rotted dock holds.

Duncan is on his feet in a flash, just as the boat begins to again pull away...

He grits his teeth and leaps onto the boat.

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER, DECK

Duncan lands - panning his gun, hunting.

                                  COLE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
                                  (on mike)  
                                  *Wait for us...*

But Duncan moves forward.

EXT. HILLSIDE ABOVE THE DOCK

Cole and his men are hurrying down the rocky hill. Cole stops, knows something is wrong as the little boat now starts to drift...

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER, BOW

Red has abandoned the cabin for the front of the ship, sees a locked box of flares...

BUSTS it open - Grabs two flares and the plastic launcher, before he can load it...

Duncan comes around the cabin.

He meets eyes with Red - Perched on at the edge of the bow. Before Duncan can shoot...

Red jumps into the waves!

                                  DUNCAN  
                                  ...Holy Hell!

UNDERWATER

Red DIVES in, covering his head as his shoulder SMACKS the underside of the boat!

Dazed, he sinks lower into the black. He recovers, feet paddling wildly, trying to avoid the approaching motor...

Red swims up, the boat is above him like a great black whale...

He paddles closer and to the side - About to be overtaken by the props - when his hand reaches out, feels the underside, it drags him and he grabs up...

EXT. OCEAN / FISHING TRAWLER

Red's hand breaks the waves, grabbing the safety rope along the side.

He pulls himself up and onto the deck.

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER, BOW

Duncan sees the ship is heading for ground. He moves for the cabin...

INT. CABIN

Duncan runs in, moves to the controls. Putting his gun on the dash, he cuts the engine power to 1/3. Turns the boat for land.

Hears something on his left, swivels...

Sees Red's shape just outside the spiderwebbed glass door as...

Red's FIST SMASHES through the glass, WALLOPS Duncan in the nose!

The man SCREAMS and falls back.

Red enter the cabin.

A bleeding, unarmed Duncan scrambles out the other door...

EXT. HILLSIDE ABOVE THE DOCK - SAME

Still too far away to help, Cole sees Duncan fleeing the cabin. Watches...

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER

...As the boat GRINDS AGROUND!

Red takes the impact. Duncan's Glock slides across the floor and right into Red's waiting hand.

Red exits the cabin, seeing Duncan leap over the edge and SPLASH into shallow water, making his way onto land.

Red looks to Cole's approaching men. Then to the front of the boat, it ain't moving anytime soon...

Red jumps into the knee-high water, slogs toward land. A SHOT rings out, then ANOTHER.

EXT. HILLSIDE ABOVE THE DOCK

Some of the Gunmen are FIRING wildly. Cole and Baker aren't - They know better. Cole just looks at Red...

ON RED

Far away, he still meets Cole's eyes.

Turns to run in the opposite direction, along the shore, passing...

Duncan, crawling, still dazed. An angry look flashes on Red's face and he raises his pistol...

COLE

Knows what's about to happen...

COLE

No...

RED

FIRES THREE SHOTS at Duncan's head - lands ONE. With a brief SCREAM, Duncan slumps forward in the surf.

Red pauses, gives Cole a look: "How you like that?"

Then he slips into darkness.

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER / SMALL DOCK - MINUTES LATER

The explosives box Duncan was carrying is soaked, Felix is covering it with his jacket, angry.

Cole is inspecting the grounded boat with Baker.

BAKER

We're stranded 'til we get it back in the water.

COLE

...That's first priority now.

BAKER

Yeah and Felix says the semtex got wet -  
It should still work once the timers dry.

A NOISE and both men draw guns, turn...

To see the Mastiff pulling herself onto the dock and  
shaking water free. Her Puppy comes and nestles under  
her.

EXT. INN, FRONT / TRUCK

Cole isn't back yet - Just that Driver behind the wheel  
and Marlon - who finishes tying the chain to the van's  
trailer hitch, quick and dirty. Driver REVS his engine,  
then puts it into gear, testing...

The chain pulls tight, tires smoke...

THE FRONT DOOR

CREAKS and rattles. Begins to *splinter*...

INSIDE

As the splintering can be seen on this side now as well.  
Hoff stands in front of the door, close to tears for  
himself.

Susan has awoken Freddie. She pulls him toward the  
Clerk, Linda notices.

SUSAN

Where can I hide my son?

The Clerk looks distracted, frightened.

Linda now grabs the man around the collar - Quick for her  
age - This IS Red's mother.

LINDA

You heard her! Where?

The Clerk shakes off one fear for another, nods,  
thinking. Before he can speak a POUNDING comes from the  
back door - Everyone jumps.

HOFF

Now what?

EXT. INN, REAR DOOR

Red is here, checking around for any of Cole's men.

INSIDE

Susan comes to a small side window, Red can be seen.

SUSAN

...Red?!

RED

Yeah. Changed my mind.

There's now a heap of furniture blocking the door, hard to open it even from inside. As Susan begins to clear the furniture, Bennett and Hoff rush in behind...

HOFF

We just got rid of you!

SUSAN

...Not now Hoff, give me a hand!

LINDA (O.S.)

No. Don't.

All turn to her.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Don't let him in.

ON RED: Surprised at his mother, meeting her firm eyes as she speaks to him...

LINDA (CONT'D)

Not unless you help us...

EXT. INN, FRONT

The van PULLS again, the chain goes taut and the door holds - barely.

Marlon signals to Driver.

MARLON

Back her up, give it a head start!

Driver moves into reverse as behind Marlon...

Red moves up behind. Holding that Glock, heading for the van.

Marlon turns and sees him.

Red stares back.

Marlon's shotgun is on his shoulder. Knows he won't reach it in time, so--

-- He backs, then runs off, YELLS to warn Driver who can't hear him over the REV of the engine.

WITH DRIVER

REVVING the engine higher, pedal to the floor as Red approaches the trailer hitch...

And just as Driver floors it --

Red kicks the chain off.

The now-freed van rockets forward in a plume of smoke and rubber - About to hit the lifeguard station, Driver realizes, tries to BRAKE but the rain won't let the wheels catch --

-- SCREAMING from Driver as --

INT. LIFEGUARD STATION / DRUNK TANK - CONTINUOUS

The van comes CRASHING THROUGH THE WALL!

Well-protected in her cell, Jo can only stare.

INT. INN, LOBBY

Everyone has heard the crash, trying to get a good look through the shutter bars.

BENNETT

...Can anybody see anything?

Just wind now. Only seems to rediscover the tension.

Then, a simple KNOCK at the front door.

EXT. INN, FRONT DOOR

Red stands there. Something humble about him, as if returning home. Looks up at the rain.

The heavy bar SLIDES open and he is let inside.

MOVE TO:

A BIKINI-CLAD WOMAN

Impossibly still. Sporting a golden tan, 80's hair and sunglasses. BERMUDA in big letters at the top of this poster.

SHAUGHNESSY (O.S.)

Really Wagner? Nothing? Nothing at all...?

INT. AUGUSTA AIRPORT - NIGHT

The airport is small, geared mostly toward weekend pilots and the occasional charter. Shaughnessy and Wagner wear heavy jackets in the waiting area.

The frosted window behind shows a helicopter being covered by a PILOT as the storm whips around, more wind than rain.

As Shaughnessy again references the poster...

SHAUGHNESSY

You're telling me it doesn't move a *little*? I mean, you can really look at a gorgeous

(lowers voice)

...Piece of ass like that and feel nothing?

WAGNER

It makes me feel something.

SHAUGHNESSY

...See, now that's what I thought!

Wagner draws his coat closer around himself.

WAGNER

Feel like I'd rather be in Bermuda.

Shaughnessy frowns, shakes his head.

SHAUGHNESSY

...You think I'm making fun of you but I'm just curious.

Wagner raises his eyebrows, Shaughnessy realizes what he's said. Waves it off, abruptly motioning to the pilot.

SHAUGHNESSY (CONT'D)  
Our pilot's a fuckin' coward. We could've made it to the island...

Wagner glances out at the worsening storm, doesn't want to argue, just nods.

WAGNER  
When do the stateys get here?

Above a sign advertising flying lessons is a clock, ONE A.M.

SHAUGHNESSY  
(as if doing the math)  
A-bou... Twenty minutes ago. They'll run us over in a boat soon as the storm quits, probably six A.M. Have to share the glory but what the Hell.  
(then)  
Hey, I got another wicked-gay question...

WAGNER  
(sharply)  
Maybe we could not talk for a while.

Shaughnessy frowns, twisting his lips, angry or hurt or both.

Wagner doesn't seem to care which, gets up and leaves him.

BACK TO:

EXT. THE INN

The rain falls hard. Marlon pulls his hat down further, clothes soaked, shivering. Driver comes up, also on guard duty, his face bruised, a bandage over his broken nose.

On the second floor, a room emits faint light...

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT, LIVING AREA

Flare gun on the dresser. Red is in his boxers, on his leg the imprint of the mastiff's jaw can be clearly seen.

He slides the magazine out of the Glock, four rounds left.

Through the open door of a connecting room, Freddie can be viewed sleeping. Susan comes out from the room holding a clean set of clothes, shuts the door.

SUSAN

Sean's.

Red thinks about it, somehow doesn't want them...

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You gonna put them on or just stand there in your underwear?

He relents, begins dressing in Sean's slightly flood-ish pants. Susan sees Red transfer the pill box to the new pants. He explains...

RED

Medication... Keeps violent thoughts out my head.

She's a little touched at this.

SUSAN

And it works?

RED

It did. But now... Feeling like my old self again.

He frowns at the thought of this, absentmindedly tosses her the Glock.

She catches, holds it like a wet fish.

RED (CONT'D)

...Thought I was who they were after.

(then)

If there was anything worth anything, where would it be?

She thinks about it.

SUSAN

Summer boarders often lock stuff down in the icehouse over the winter.

He nods, finishes dressing. Grabs the flare gun.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
 Why you here, Red?  
 (off his look)  
 I mean, why'd you come for the wake?  
 What is it that you wanted?

He doesn't answer.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
 C'mon...

RED  
 It was more than ten years ago, Susan...  
 I don't care about it. I don't care that  
 you broke us up.

SUSAN  
 You mean you and Sean or... You and me?

He is silent. Turns his face away.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
 You've always blamed Sean. You think he  
 stole me away. But Red - did you think I  
 could have ever really stayed with you?  
 Raised a family with a -  
 (quietly)  
 Criminal?

Red still hides his face.

RED  
 (finally)  
 No Susan. I didn't think that.

Red leaves her. Moving out into the hall.

INT. HALLWAY / EXIT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Red opens a door at the end of the hall..

EXT. EXIT DOOR / THE ROOF

Dizzying heights, a grouping of eaves sloping and rising,  
 M C Escher up here.

Red comes out of the exit door, the storm is raging.  
 Instantly, Sean's clothes are soaked. Red shuts his eyes  
 and lets the water fall on him for a moment, needs it  
 right now.

Then he takes out the boat's flare gun and fires it with a POP.

The flare struggles skyward, Red coaches it...

RED

C'mon. Come arrest me...

EXT. INN - SAME TIME

Cole is here, surveying the damage. As the flare shoots up, Baker WHISTLES to him, calling attention to it...

BAKER

What do we do?

Cole thinks about it...

COLE

It gets spotted we pull out now. Burns out, we got another four hours 'til the storm breaks...

They watch, a lot riding on this...

WITH RED

Watching the flare. Hopeful...

Until the light fades and dies out, swallowed by the storm.

Red SIGHS, looks to his second and last flare. Decides to save it, heads back inside.

WITH COLE AND BAKER

BAKER

That shit was too close! We got to step this up...

Cole looks back at the lifeguard station, an idea forming...

INT. INN, LOBBY - SAME TIME

Everyone but Red and Freddie. Hoff is moving furniture in front of the bolted door, right now he's dragging a mini-fridge.

LINDA

Hoff, that door opens from the *outside*.

Hoff freezes. Before she can continue...

COLE'S VOICE (O.S.)

(over loudspeaker)

YO, RED! RED FORESTER!

The group looks at each other. Susan and the Clerk carefully inch toward the window and peer through the slits in the shutters.

SUSAN

Oh, no...

HOFF

What, what do you see?

OUTSIDE

Jo is standing in the wind, crying. Her hands and mouth covered in electrical tape. It's horrible.

Cole is next to her, sheltered behind the (worse for wear) van, only his M9 pistol visible. It's pointed at Jo's head.

Again he speaks into the lifeguard's bullhorn...

COLE

Red Forester, STEP RIGHT UP!

Nearby, Baker grins...

COLE (CONT'D)

Here's the deal - Open up. Just open the door and no one else gets hurt... Including you.

LOBBY

Everyone crowded around the window now, except for Linda - She just looks grim.

SUSAN

He's going to kill her!

All turn to see Red enter the room. He moves to another window.

WITH COLE

He steadies Jo as she trembles, again speaks into the bullhorn...

COLE

We will get in. Save yourself by cooperating... Just open the door, I didn't come here to hurt anyone.

INSIDE

Linda clutches her rosary, begins praying. Hoff speaks, his voice hard...

HOFF

Tell that to Massey.

But the Clerk has had enough, he runs for the door. Arguments abound...

HOFF (CONT'D)

No way, don't you open it...!

CLERK

He's going to kill my girl!!!

\*  
\*  
\*

HOFF (CONT'D)

And then we're next...!

BENNETT

Let's open the door, they'll take what they want and go!

HOFF

We don't even know what they want!

SUSAN

(cuts in)

...Have to do something!

Susan looks to Red. All the others do as well.

He shakes his head.

WITH JO

Rain like tears on her. No answer from the inn, Cole shakes his head. Finally raises the bullhorn...

COLE

Okay, fuck it! That's how you want it? I'm counting to three.

(MORE)

COLE (CONT'D)  
(then)  
...ONE!

WITH RED

Everyone looking at him, hoping for a miracle. Even Linda...

LINDA  
Red... Can you do anything?

He looks at his mother, her words seem to resonate.

Red motions and is handed the shotgun, CRACKS it.

COLE

Out here the men are all looking at him. Shakes his head angry...

COLE  
I ain't fucking around - TWO!

Jo's legs shake uncontrollably. Terror in her wide eyes, a PLEADING sound coming through the tape.

Cole cocks his M9 - Unnecessary but it's something to do.

RED

Nods as if he's decided something. He grasps one of the shutters.

COLE

Frowns at the silence, but nods, a choice made.

COLE  
(to Jo)  
Great friends you got...  
(then)  
Thr...

AS RED

Opens the shutters in a hail of wind...

And aims the sawed-off at Jo.

PLEAS and SCREAMS from the caretakers as Red FIRES BOTH BARRELS...!

JO

SCREAMS as she is HIT - Blown to the ground!

Cole ducks behind the van as the windshield is PEPPERED WITH SHOT...

COLE

The fuck...?!

RED

Lowers the smoking gun. Looks calm, ignoring CRIES and CURSES from the caretakers.

He hollers out the window...

RED

...You boys think you're just inventing this crap?! Anything you've done I've done five deep and worse...

OUTSIDE

Reaction shots of Cole's men. The rain pelting, they hunch lower in the chill.

WITH RED

RED

*I will go further than you. So go ahead - Stay out there all night - Kill whoever the heck you want - I might even help! But the inn is closed.*

OUTSIDE

A CLAP as Red bangs closed the shutters.

Baker lumbers over to check on Cole...

COLE

...Fuckin' animal. This guy - He's worse than us!

Both look to Jo, crawling through the mud, bleeding in several places though far from dead.

BAKER

What about her?

Cole waves it off, motions for one his men to lock Jo back up...

INT. INN, LOBBY - SAME

Red hands back the shotgun, moves for the stairs. The others step out of his way, Hoff staring daggers (at his back.)

PAN around the room on the caretakers, one kind of fear replaced with another.

The Clerk glances back outside, notices something through the slits...

CLERK

Hey, she's still alive!

As the others crowd for a look, Red keeps walking, as if uninterested. Linda notices the open box of BIRDSHOT near where Red was standing.

Only Susan calls to him.

SUSAN

Where you going?

RED

They brought semtex explosive. I saw it. Real soon they'll just blast us out of here.

BENNETT

So what do we do?

Red stops. Everyone turns to him, even Hoff is suddenly ready to listen.

RED

They want something in here pretty bad. Time we found out what it is.

MOVE TO:

INT. ICEHOUSE VAULT

Red, the Clerk, Bennett and Hoff face the giant vault door.

HOFF

Okay so the vault's built right into the rock. Late nineteenth century technology -- Brutish, this door's a flat iron plate probably a foot thick combined with a mess of concrete and rebar.

Linda come up behind them, she's holding a plastic case.

LINDA

Massey's stuff. I know it's not much.

Linda opens the case. A mini power drill, assorted tools...

BENNETT

Hoff, they got a saying. "I don't care *why* we're having sex, only *that* we're having sex." Now you told me you've held every odd job a person can, so we're all asking you - Can we get it open?

Hoff takes a breath, frowning even as he inhales. Red cuts in.

RED

If you can get me through the door, I can crack the combo safes on the other side.

Everyone looks back to Hoff, still frowning. Surprisingly he nods...

HOFF

Hell. Worth a try.

The drill WHIRLS to life...

MOVE TO:

A GAS STOVE

Blue tongues of flame lap at a gloved hand, something hard to see in its grip.

FELIX (O.S.)

My kingdom for a hair dryer.

We are in...

INT. LIFEGUARD STATION / DRUNK TANK

Cole and Felix are hunched over the small stove, the man's hand just over the flame. Wind whips at them through the demolished wall.

COLE  
...How much longer?

Felix opens his hand - He's holding a simple kitchen timer.

FELIX  
Another hour at least. I'm not wiring this up 'til I'm sure it won't short out on me.  
(looks at Cole)  
...Wind up blowing up in my face.

COLE  
But they'll work...?

Felix is angry.

FELIX  
I don't know - Leave your cell phone out in the rain, dry it and see.  
(Shrinks from Cole's glare)  
Probably not all three. Look - I wasn't expecting to be using them outside, thought it was for the vault.

COLE  
...Vault's going to be easy compared to this shit.

MOVE TO:

CU - A DRILL WHIRLING THROUGH STEEL

We are in...

INT. INN, ICEHOUSE VAULT

Hoff is DRILLING out the door's keyhole. Bennett and the Clerk look on. Hoff ruins another drill bit...

HOFF  
Next...

The Clerk scrambles to get Hoff another bit, feels good to be doing something.

It's crowded so Red looks on from the back, lets them work.

Linda comes up behind him.

LINDA  
...Could really use a cigarette but I don't want to be a bad influence on my son.

She smirks for an instant, Red returns it.

She seems almost shy for a moment, gets the words out...

LINDA (CONT'D)  
I've been wanting to ask, is there anyone in your life? For all I know I could have a few more grandkids out there...

RED  
(too quick)  
I'm alone.  
(then)  
Just kind of keep myself to myself.

The words hang there. Linda nods, tries something less intrusive...

LINDA  
What about work? Or do I not want to know?

RED  
My last boss ain't real happy with me. But it's okay - I'm glad to be most of the way retired.

She nods. It's hard for her but she asks...

LINDA  
If you ever have a family... I'd like to know.

Red meets her eyes. It's subtle but his look says yes.

Just then, the door lock POPS...

HOFF  
Try it now!

Red motions and Bennett and the Clerk try the door, it opens...

## INSIDE THE VAULT

Bennett is first inside. Dark until Red shines a flashlight.

The vault is long and ancient, like a man-made cave. From bikes to summer clothes to boxes - Lots of storage piled up in here.

An artisanal well is against the far wall. The clerk explains...

CLERK

Used to hang meat in here for winter, another month and the well will freeze up the room.

BENNETT

Not seeing much of value.

CLERK

This is just the common area, the safes are near the back.

Red moves deeper in, Bennett right behind him.

Their light beam finds a coupling of a half dozen safe-like deposit boxes at the far wall.

Red steps around a moped and looks at the combo locks on all six.

RED

Whatever they want, it must be in one of these.

HOFF

Which one?

RED

We hit 'em all.

(looks to Linda)

Where are your medical supplies?

SMASH CUT:

## AT THE FIRST SAFE - MOMENTS LATER

Red wears an old fashioned stethoscope. Puts it to the combo lock and begins turning...

MOVE TO:

EXT. BACK OF INN

Damp and miserable, Baker puts some fresh tobacco in his mouth as the Driver puts in a whistle pop.

Baker puts his hand out, Driver hands him an extra sucker, he sticks it in his mouth with the chew.

DRIVER

...Why are we waiting?

Baker looks off, too angry to answer.

His eyes fall on the inn, wooden struts holding it up, the compact form of Marlon stands nearby.

BAKER

Maybe we don't have to.

He CRUNCHES the pop.

INT. BOAT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Cole is here, staying out of the rain.

He stares at the coast, the storm raging.

GUNSHOTS are heard outside.

He jumps, draws his gun.

EXT. INN

MORE GUNSHOTS. Baker and the others, save for Marlon (conspicuously absent) are FIRING in the air.

COLE

(runs up)

What the Hell you doing!?

INT. CRAWLSPACE - SAME TIME

Very tight. Marlon squeezes through, GRUMBLING. He's the only one small enough to get past the pillars that run under the inn. Holds a custom-made circular saw.

Begins CUTTING directly above him. The already low *whirl* of the instrument is drowned out by the GUNSHOTS...

INT. INN, LOBBY

Red enters, stethoscope still around his neck. Linda and Susan already here...

Red looks out the shutter slats, sees the display.

RED  
Something's not right...

The Clerk and Hoff enter.

RED (CONT'D)  
Check the back door. And all the windows.

Hoff doesn't question, jogs to do as he says, the Clerk right behind...

Red puts the stethoscope back on. Puts it to the floor.

Motions for silence.

And listens...

MOVING THROUGH THE INN

Walls and doors are no obstacle as we fly through...

INT. BACK ROOM

STOP on a circular hole forming in the floor.

WITH RED

Even through the GUNSHOTS diversion, he can just barely distinguish the drill.

He lowers his scope, gets to his feet.

RED  
(to Linda and Susan)  
Need you to guard this door...From *inside*.

INT. BACK ROOM, HOLE

The drill cuts out and the wooden floor is pulled down.

Marlon pops his head up, shotgun in hand, short-barrelled .357 revolver in a shoulder holster. It's dark and he doesn't have his bearings.

Sees the door to the boiler room on his left. Hears MURMURING.

INT. BOILER ROOM

Marlon enters, surprised to see Blanchard. The man's eyes and ears are taped.

Blanchard SQUIRMS, fearful as he hears Marlon approach.

EXT. INN

Baker signals and the gunshots end.

Cole grabs him, furious.

COLE  
What'd you do?

Baker yanks himself away, motions over to the inn.

BAKER  
Door's going to open any minute. You and me, we can settle up later.

WITH RED

Moving through the dark, coming into the back room. He sees the hole.

Notices the boiler room door is ajar.

Holding his knife he inches the door open...

INT. BOILER ROOM

Empty. Only Blanchard's chair, tape strips hang to the floor.

INT. BACK STAIRWAY

Marlon follows Blanchard up, the latter massaging his stiff legs. Blanchard holds Marlon's revolver.

They get to the door that leads to the first floor.  
Marlon readies his shotgun, nervous.

But Blanchard continues moving up the stairs.

BLANCHARD

You get the front door, I left something  
upstairs...

MARLON

(harsh whisper)  
Blanchard!

But Blanchard keeps moving.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Dim. Blanchard moves through, frowns as he steps over  
broken glass from the light Red busted.

Sees a room at the end of the hall, door ajar and light  
coming from the edges.

Stalks toward it.

INT. LINDA'S / MANAGER'S APARTMENT, LIVING AREA

The door slides open. Blanchard stands there with his  
pistol. He looks around.

A flashlight has been left on, illuminates the small...

BEDROOM

And Freddie, sleeping in the bed.

Blanchard stares. A horrible fascination in the look.

INT. STAIRWAY, FIRST FLOOR - SAME

Passing the elevator, Marlon creeps toward the lobby,  
cautious.

LINDA AND SUSAN

Are crouched behind the cafe divider. They see Marlon's  
shadow approaching...

LINDA

Here he comes...

Marlon sees them too - FIRES his shotgun, missing but SHATTERING GLASS.

He looks past them to the bolted front door. With a YELL he charges for it, can't help himself...

Gets halfway there when a bottle flies through the air and KNOCKS him in the back!

Marlon stumbles. Turns and sees Susan ducking behind the entrance to the cafe...

Marlon SHOOTS, SHATTERS more glass...

EXT. INN

Perched just in front of the door is Baker. Driver backs him up. They hear the SHOTGUN REPORT.

Cole is a ways back, just watching.

INT. LINDA'S / MANAGER'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM

Another far-off gunshot. Blanchard grins, inches from sleeping Freddie.

BLANCHARD

...In a minute we won't have this time together.

Blanchard takes out the revolver.

Lays the barrel against Freddie's cheek. Stares, getting ideas.

Freddie's eyes open.

BLANCHARD (CONT'D)

What's your name?

Freddie doesn't answer, just stares, knowing something is very wrong. Blanchard tucks away the pistol.

BLANCHARD (CONT'D)

What? Someone cut out your tongue?

And as Blanchard edges closer...

RED (O.S.)  
 ...Wait outside, Freddie.

Blanchard turns slowly, nearly as unafraid as Red.

Freddie gets up. Moves past Blanchard, fully turned now.  
 The revolver jutting from the man's waistband.

Red holds no weapon.

Freddie moves past his uncle and out of the room, says...

FREDDIE  
 Thanks, uncle Red.

Now it's just the two men.

BLANCHARD  
 ...I embarrassed myself in front of you.  
 Kind of ashamed of it now, but, you did  
 have me scared.  
 (feels gun)  
 No longer.  
 (one step closer)  
 Should've killed me then.

Red shrugs.

RED  
 Whenever.

Blanchard draws his gun, Red leaps for him, just his  
 hands visible.

They hit together, roll over the bureau, SMASHING a  
 nearby mirror.

Red hurls a right ROUNDHOUSE at Blanchard's neck - Seems  
 to have no effect and the gunman rolls free.

Blanchard rolls to his knees, aims his revolver --

But Red has slipped into the next room.

Blanchard grits his teeth, jumps up and gives chase.

MOVE TO:

INT. LOBBY - SAME TIME

CH -CHUNK! Marlon CHAMBERS his shotgun, moving back for  
 the main door, only a few feet away.

Behind him, Hoff and the Clerk run up from the east stairs, Clerk has the sawed-off.

...Takes a wild SHOT at Marlon!

It scatters wide. Marlon FIRES back and both men duck.

Marlon gets to the door, the bolt, tries to undo it with one hand - he'll need both...

WITH BAKER

Just outside, yells...

BAKER

OPEN IT!

MARLON

...Can't - Has to lower the shotgun for a moment...

Sees the Clerk and ducks behind the pool table as--

BANG! Buckshot riddles the table, a little even hits Marlon. He CRIES OUT, bloody but no less dangerous...

...Turns to see the Clerk lowering the sawed off, both empty barrels smoking.

CLERK

...Oh, shit.

Clerk ducks behind the desk...

Marlon charges at him, enraged --

MARLON

...Kill all you fuckers myself!

Marlon closes the distance to the front desk, gets unarmed Bennett in his sights...

...But then whip turns instead to the Clerk, failing to see Linda on his right...

...As she throws a bucket of bleach in his face!

MARLON (CONT'D)

(screams)

FUCK!

Marlon claws at his burning eyes! FIRES blindly,  
harmlessly...

And then Hoff charges bravely, a cricket bat in hand,  
swings - CRACK!

SMASH CUT TO:

LINDA'S APARTMENT

Red is backing toward a corner, no way out.

Blanchard's silhouette enters the room, approaching him.

ON RED as Blanchard's voice taunts...

BLANCHARD (O.S.)  
Want to try begging for your life?  
(coughs)  
Worked when I did it...

But Red isn't paying attention - He's spotted something  
on Linda's bureau.

Mixed in among Linda's photos are several of Red as a  
young boy - The largest shows the two of them smiling,  
twenty-five years and a million miles ago...

BLANCHARD aims his revolver, he COUGHS again.

BLANCHARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hey, Yo! Over here - Face me before I  
kill you...

Red looks up, shakes his head.

RED  
I told you...

Red unfolds his hand - as before, he's concealed the  
knife here. But this time blood is on its edge...

RED (CONT'D)  
You're already dead.

And now we see Blanchard from the front, he's bleeding  
down his shirt, his throat's been slashed, only now does  
he realize...

Blanchard limps to the bathroom mirror, COUGHING...

INT. LOBBY

Marlon lies unconscious. Hoff stands over him, snatches the gun, finds some rope to bind the man with.

Susan runs for the stairs followed by Linda.

The Clerk looks at Hoff, surprised to still be breathing. They nod to each other.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Susan finds Freddie in the hall, scoops him up, kissing him. Linda continues on...

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT, LIVING AREA

Blanchard has collapsed in the bathroom. Red seems oblivious, turns as Linda runs in, worry on her face.

She sees he's alright, holding that photo. He puts it down, both of them momentarily embarrassed.

Then sees the dead man, the blood on the floor of her bathroom.

Red shuts the bathroom door, EXHALES...

RED

Whew. Don't go in there!

MOVE TO:

EXT. INN, FRONT DOOR - MINUTES LATER

Cole, Baker and Driver wait nervously...

A second floor window opens, excitement floods their faces...

Until Blanchard's body drops out, hitting the ground with a sickening THUD. Face Mask's body follows, SMACKING on top of Blanchard.

Baker's shoulder's drop. Cole leaves him, walks to the lifeguard station. Over his shoulder...

COLE

Put them with the other bodies.

INT. LIFEGUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS

Felix is still drying the timers, Cole moves in.

FELIX

Almost there, still need just a few minutes...

COLE

Time's up.

Felix looks scared...

SMASH CUT:

Cole looks on as Felix, cleans rain off his glasses, nervously attaching charges of Semtex to the front door, kitchen timers on all three.

Baker and the rest of the men have their guns pointed, looking for an excuse...

INT. INN, LOBBY

Red comes in. Sees the others huddled at the far window.

CLERK

(without turning)

... They're going to blow their way in.

OUTSIDE

Felix works fast, sweating bullets.

Baker studies the windows of the inn, sees Red's shadow appear.

Without hesitation he FIRES...

WITH RED

Ducks like he has a sixth sense. The rounds come through, shredding holes into the wooden shutters.

SUSAN

Red!

He's unscathed, strolls back to the safety of the pool table.

LINDA  
What now?

RED  
...They can get in. We're out of  
options.

EXT. THE INN

Felix splashes through puddles, back to Cole...

FELIX  
...Done. Still hard to keep dry though.  
Not sure all three will blow...

Cole's mike CHIRPS. Then again. He yells into it.

COLE  
Boys keep off the walkies!

RED (O.S.)  
(over walkie)  
...*Sorry Cole. New at this.*

Cole looks shocked.

RED (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
...*So maybe we should talk in person.*

COLE  
Oh sure. C'mon out.

RED (O.S.)  
*I'm already out.*

Cole whips around...

COLE  
Where?

EXT. GRAVEYARD - MINUTES LATER

The rain has ceased but the eye of the storm can be felt all around. The soil on the newest grave (Sean's) has turned to mud.

Cole moves through, he's borrowed Baker's submachine gun, wears a prominent bulletproof vest. The lighthouse silhouettes him, occasionally illuminating his cold breath.

The SILHOUETTES of Baker, Felix and Driver, shadow Cole. He flashes hand signs for them to fan out, hang back.

Cole sees a SHADOW up ahead. Stops and CALLS OUT...

COLE  
I ain't coming any closer!

The Shadow moves, is illuminated by the lighthouse beam.

RED  
Then I will.

Red approaches, sawed-off casually at his side.

COLE  
Mister Forester.

Red stares at Cole, the wind seems to stop for him to answer...

RED  
Please. Call me Red.

Cole bites his lower lip for a moment, leaves an imprint, continues.

COLE  
Okay, old business. You're a wanted man and the cop knew it. Who's coming for you and when?

RED  
...I don't plan to be here to find out and neither should you.

Cole nods, fair enough.

COLE  
So what'd you want to say so bad you'd risk meeting me face to face? Because my gut says shoot you right here.

RED  
...Can't say I feel the same. You been great to me. I'm a free man 'cause of you.

Cole suppresses a grin.

COLE  
Look - Got nothing against you personally.  
(explains)  
(MORE)

COLE (CONT'D)

Little - parable... Few years ago I was making my way through Texas, wanted one night in a real bed so I stop at this fleabag motel - And just as I lie down, a scorpion crawls out from the pillowcase.

THUNDER is heard, Cole talks over it.

COLE (CONT'D)

I had nothing against the creature. But they're poison, no way of reasoning with something utterly alien from you, no way to be sure you're safe 'less you kill it. And I did. It was just too dangerous to let live.

Cole finishes, seeing if he's shaken Red at all.

COLE (CONT'D)

You see what I'm getting at here?

Red seems to be thinking, nods.

RED

So you're...? You're comparing yourself to a scorpion.

Cole is stunned.

RED (CONT'D)

The inn is like your motel and when you're in your house... You can - sting?

COLE

No. No, that's not what I'm saying.

Cole is studying Red's face, is the guy putting him on? Red shrugs.

RED

Well, I've never been good at, what do you call that - *Symbolism*...?

COLE

Fuckin' forget it! What do you want?

RED

I want to know what I'm stealing for you.

Cole didn't expect this, CHUCKLES...

COLE

What you're stealing for me?

RED

I ain't smart - So I need to know what I'm looking for. 'Cause I'm already through the icehouse door.

Cole looks surprised, impressed.

RED (CONT'D)

Six safes at the back of the vault, just starting on them now. Need to know what you been hired to grab.

COLE

You think I'm a hired gun?

But Cole decides not to fight him on this, answers...

COLE (CONT'D)

A list. Seven or eight numbers.

RED

Numbers? This whole thing for some numbers?

COLE

No more gold standard, Red. Whole world is numbers. We're looking for a password.

RED

...Password hidden by a thief?

COLE

Actually, he was a money guy or something. Killed himself to avoid getting tortured.

RED

He was a thief. Like you and me - No better.

Cole shrugs, surprised by this slight outburst.

COLE

Whatever. But you haven't answered why I shouldn't just blow the front doors and charge in?

Red looks impossibly calm as he answers...

RED

That's why I'm meeting you. I'm here to make a deal or put you in the ground. One.

Cole looks to the edges of the graveyard...

PULL BACK:

GRAVEYARD, NORTH END

Baker crouches, signaling to Felix who is a little further off.

WITH RED

He looks off, smirks as he senses Cole's backup, then continues unfazed.

RED

Past few hours we've laid everything from bear traps to barb wire all over that inn. Caretakers armed with a shotgun per. You charge on in, dammed if we -  
(shrugs)  
Or *they* don't take down 'least half of you.

COLE

You bluffing...

RED

The heck I am!  
(quieter)  
'Least, last guy you sent in didn't think so...

Cole winces at this. Enough stick, Red shows the carrot:

RED (CONT'D)

Now - You let me work, I'll get you the numbers, no risk to you.

COLE

And what you find, I'm just supposed to believe you'll hand it right over...

RED

You're robbing the icehouse fair and square, I don't throw stones - Lived that life myself. But now, now I just need out of here. All the money in the world's no good if I'm dead or locked up.

Red studies Cole's face again, sees the wheels are turning...

The SOUND of one of Cole's gunmen moving closer. Red doesn't flinch. Cole makes another hand signal, waving them off.

Then Cole finally nods.

COLE  
Give you one hour before I blow through the door.

Respect between them now...

COLE (CONT'D)  
Just don't kill any more of my guys in the next sixty minutes, okay?

RED  
...I'll try my very, very best.

Red turns to leave.

RED (CONT'D)  
And I'm going to think on that scorpion bit. Really will.

COLE  
Don't worry about it...

RED  
(stops, reflective)  
You know, that's the funny thing, Cole. I never worry.

EXT. INN, SIDE WALL - MOMENTS LATER

Red walks up, glancing to one of those Semtex charges as he waits. Then, a rope of tied bedsheets drop and he grabs it, easily scrambles up the side of the inn and toward a second storey window.

Baker is joined by Cole. They watch Red go.

INT. ICEHOUSE VAULT / BANK OF SAFES - FIFTY MINUTES LATER

Stethoscope on his ears, Red is cracking the sixth and last safe in line, the other five safes are open, Bennett, Susan and the Clerk are rummaging through the contents, mostly jewelry and saving bonds.

Hoff tries on a diamond watch, Susan frowns at him.

HOFF

...What?

Red listens through the scope, Susan on his right. Hoff, Bennett and the Clerk look on like zombies. This night has taken it's toll.

He hears a light CLICK. Nods and tries the safe - It opens.

INSIDE - Empty.

CLERK

...Shit, nothing.

Faces fall. Bennett, uncharacteristically BASHES his flashlight against the wall. No one blames him.

Hoff looks at the diamond watch.

HOFF

We got seven minutes by my count...

But Red is in his own world. Thinking...

RED

Somehow we been looking in the wrong place.

HOFF

So...?

Red eyes wander over to the covered well.

SMASH CUT:

ARTISANAL WELL

The grate is heaved off. The group peers down into darkness.

CLERK

I think I see the top of the water...

Red steals the flashlight out of the Clerk's hands, drops it...

A little longer than he'd like before the SPLASH. The torch illuminates the water as it sinks.

CLERK (CONT'D)

(motions: flashlight)

What was wrong with yours...?

But Red sits on the lip of the well, swings both feet over...

RED  
The bedsheet with the knots, get it...

SUSAN  
(realizing)  
You'll freeze to death!

RED  
Less painful than what our friends  
outside want to do to me...

SUSAN  
Wait, what are you thinking?!

RED  
...Just a hunch.

Before anyone can say more, Red drops...

WELL - MIDAIR

Red falls thirty feet...

Before SPLASHING in.

The water is old and murky. A green glow from the sunken flashlight.

Red gets his bearings as best he can. The water has an odd, dreamlike quality...

His body begins to SHIVER uncontrollably.

A FLASHBACK:

EXT. THE BEACH - THE PAST

From the day the photograph of YOUNG RED and YOUNG SEAN was taken. They dive into the water.

UNDERWATER

Young Sean spies something, excitedly reaches out, grabs a plastic bag placed there.

BEACH

Sean sticks his head out of the water, Young Red joins him.

YOUNG SEAN

Found it!

Young Sean opens the bag, a candy bar inside...

Young Red just smiles at his brother, puts him in a friendly headlock...

Young Sean swims off, away from land. Keeps going...

YOUNG RED

Come back, Sean! Come back...!

BACK TO:

THE PRESENT

Through the murk, Red spies a plastic bag. Reaches out for it...

INT. WELL, WATER LEVEL

Red pops his head above water, grips the plastic bag in icy fingers.

He opens it as the others crowd around the rim of the well, looking down.

INT. ICE HOUSE VAULT

Bennett yells down...

BENNETT

AND?!

Red opens the envelope. Sees bank account numbers, a seven-digit password - And an amount: 33,800.00.

Red shoves it back in the envelope like so much trash.

RED

We got it...

INT. LIP OF WELL

Relief on everyone's face. The Clerk holds the knotted bedsheet, throws one end down.

RED

Shaking from the cold he grabs the sheet with one hand, the package with the other...

He gives the sheet a pull and is yanked up.

Red ascends, shivering, trying to massage warmth back into his fingers. The sheet drops again and he ties himself in, begins being pulled up.

Halfway up, the sheet stops. Red is stranded.

RED  
(yells up)  
Let's go!

A SCREAM is heard - Susan's!

RED (CONT'D)  
Susan?!

No answer. Red claws at the rocky well with frozen fingertips, begins climbing, can't even feel the cuts that appear...

SMASH CUT:

INT. INN - ASSORTED ROOMS

...Cole and his men have entered the inn. All their pent-up frustrations now come to the surface...

A SERIES OF CHAOTIC IMAGES--

-- Hoff being pistol whipped by a now-freed Marlon...

-- The Clerk being dragged by Baker to the center of the lobby...

-- As SCREAMS echo throughout...

BACK ROOM, HOLE - SAME TIME

Susan and Freddie. She lowers him into the hole Marlon made, ignores his PROTESTS...

SUSAN  
Run, get away from here!

As the boy looks at his mother, Baker appears, grabs her by the hair!

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
NOW!

FREDDIE'S POV

...Of his mother being dragged away from him.

THE BOY

Crying, slips away and through the crawlspace.

WITH BAKER

Holding Susan fast, he yells to Felix...

BAKER  
Get the kid!

SMASH CUT:

INT. LIP OF WELL - SAME

Red gets to the top, pokes his head through, shaking from the cold...

Sees Cole waiting. Bennett stands calmly behind, he's holding Marlon's pistol.

Before Red can react, Bennett snatches the package from Red, raises the pistol and brings it down, SMACK!

TO BLACK:

EXT. INN

In and out of consciousness. Alternating stygian dark and painfully blinding light.

Red is walking, his gait lumbering and uneven.

COLE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(chuckles)  
Keep moving, we ain't carrying you there.

"There?" Red squints, finds himself approaching...

EXT. THE DOCK

The furthest, deep water end. Ferry moored just behind them now.

Cole and Bennett lead Red, his arms bound, bleeding from his temple. Driver walks behind them all, lugging a cement block.

COLE

...Deep as it gets right here.

Red blinks his vision clear.

BENNETT

...You don't look surprised to see me.  
When did you figure it?

Red gets out the words...

RED

I didn't. I'm just not surprised.

BENNETT

Investigators breathing down my neck, had to throw this together so fast, couldn't even wait until a few more of those hicks had left.

RED

...You always going to kill us?

BENNETT

Hoped I wouldn't have to. But what your brother hid, sooner or later someone would've put two and two together, come up with my name.

RED

...My brother the thief.

BENNETT

We're all thieves here, Red. But your brother was also a sucker. He came to me with a problem. Needed forty grand for the down payment on this place.

Bennett motions back to the hotel.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

So I told him he could take the *bad debt write-offs* - they're accounts under a thousand bucks our firm considers too small to track.

RED

But that's not what he was really stealing...

Bennett shakes his head, a little impressed.

BENNETT

Pensions.

(explains)

Word got out much quicker than I expected. When Sean found out how many millions he'd taken - he knew he was ruined. Hid the funds to spite me I think.

(shrugs)

And then your fragile little brother took the easy way out...

SMASH CUT:

THE OCEAN - THE PAST

Our opening scene of Sean walking into the surf.

He looks terrified, a man at the end of his rope. Keeps walking toward the water...

BACK TO:

EXT. THE DOCK

Red faces the water. Bennett looks to Cole who suddenly holds a knife, comes at Red with it...

But only places the handle in Red's bound hands. Just as fast, Cole pulls it away, wraps it in a cloth without getting *his* prints on it.

BENNETT

I got lucky you were here.

(explains)

You cut all of our throats and then burned down the place. The knife you used was found but not your body - keep them searching for you and not me.

RED

...Sounds like it's already happened.

At this, Driver CLEARS HIS THROAT, strange and nasally with his broken nose, references the block in his arms, getting heavy. Bennett nods to the man.

Driver moves closer to the edge of the dock, waiting for the signal when he can throw the block in. Red sees the raw hate in the gunman's (bruised) eyes.

RED (CONT'D)

...Letting you do the honors, huh?

COLE

Still not worried, Red?

BENNETT

...That's because he's insane.

Red is about to disagree.

But he thinks about it, finally shrugs...

RED

A little.

One chance at this, Red makes his move, rushes Driver, the man can't dodge with the weight in hand --

Plows into him and the two men and the cement block go over the edge -- SPLASHING into the deep water...

UNDERWATER

Red rides the weight down, the cord from the block may be tied to him but he's wrapped it across the Gunman's body. The man struggles like a cat in a pool, but Red won't let him free...

THE DOCK

Bennett and Cole look down to the spot where the men have disappeared.

Cole stares in shock. Bennett is walking away.

BENNETT

You can go in after him. I'll wait.

Cole pauses, then takes out his walkie...

INT. INN, LOBBY

The caretakers are tied up. Cole's VOICE comes over Baker's radio.

COLE (O.S.)  
Done. It's done.

Linda hears this, lowers her head, Susan moves closer, trying to console her. And just when they both think things can't get any worse...

COLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I'm bringing the knife.

UNDERWATER - SAME TIME

Still sinking. Red has wrapped the rest of the cord around the Gunman. Choking the life out of him.

BELOW: The ocean floor coming up...

Red exhales a flood of bubbles. It's dark, visibility poor, the area stirred up from the weather.

THUNK! They hit bottom. Red forces the man down into the ocean sand...

Searches him, finds a pocketknife on his belt, begins to cut at the cord. In a desperate last gasp, Driver kicks...

And the knife is knocked from Red's grasp, falling into the sand.

Had enough, Red claps his bound hands over Driver's head, mercilessly BREAKS his neck!

Now Red turns around in the liquid, paddles down, searching for the knife...

Finds it, begins cutting the wire.

Red is almost out of air. His blood in the water...

Finally cuts through, swims up, lungs almost bursting. It's a long way up...

Losing consciousness, about to surrender to the dark.

A BRIGHT LIGHT...

MOVE TO:

EXT. PATH TO INN - MINUTES LATER

Cole walks with Bennett, who is tearing holes in a trash bag to make a raincoat.

BENNETT

...Make sure we use his knife as much as possible. Once the witnesses are gone, we should be free and clear. Have our money in a matter of hours.

Cole stares off, exhausted and a little dazed.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Tell your men I'm doubling all of your money, it should placate any hard feelings.

COLE

Guess you thought of everything.

They pass a GROUP OF COVERED BODIES, mostly gunmen killed by Red. Bennett sees this for the first time. His mind wanders...

BENNETT

Not *everything*.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. ROCKY BEACH

The dock off in the B.G. Waves CRASH against the shore.

And Red. Shivering as he comes ashore, his body fighting what divers call "The Bends."

He blinks, disoriented, sees...

Freddie. Waiting there, the boy doesn't know if he should approach.

RED'S POV

Blurry. Dreamlike. A version of that old photo.

RED

...Sean?

FREDDIE

Stares back at his uncle.

RED  
(weakly)  
Sean? I'm sorry... I couldn't save you.  
I'm your big brother - I should have been  
here for you...

Freddie backs away as Red COUGHS...

RED (CONT'D)  
No - Wait. Don't leave me...!

Head swimming, body weakened, Red collapses...

WITH FREDDIE - MOMENTS LATER

Running. He looks over his shoulder, slips and falls.

Grabs his ankle, wincing.

He looks around. No one to run to, the inn in front of  
him but he can't go there.

And now he begins to SOB.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Why you crying...?

Freddie looks up as...

Felix grabs his arm, roughly pulling him to his feet...

FREDDIE  
NO!

But the man drags, then pushes him toward the inn.

MOVE TO:

EXT. THE DOCKS / OCEAN

Shrouded in early-morning fog. A boat approaches.

It's a POLICE CRUISER. Pulls closer to the dock, right  
next to the ferry.

EXT. POLICE CRUISER, DECK

Wagner and Shaughnessy at the bow, a MAINE STATE TROOPER pilots.

Wagner turns to the Trooper...

WAGNER

Place always this empty?

STATE TROOPER

(nods)

This time of year it is. But lemme try the radio again...

EXT. POLICE CRUISER / DOCKS - MOMENTS LATER

The Trooper is tying up the boat.

Shaughnessy and Wagner start for the inn.

Wagner stops, turns and jumps back in the boat, motions to the trooper to unlock a shotgun mounted there.

SHAUGHNESSY

Don't think we'll need that just yet...

The Trooper looks from Shaughnessy to Wagner.

WAGNER

...Think I'll take it just the same.

The Trooper doesn't move. Waits for Shaughnessy to nod.

When he does, Wagner still frowns, irritated.

EXT. PATH TO THE INN

Tall grasses and rocks. Felix marches Freddie toward the inn, the graveyard can be seen on their left.

Freddie passes through a clump of foliage. Branches scratch at his face. SOMETHING WHISKS behind him.

The boy turns, sees Felix is *nowhere in sight*.

Notices a RUSTLE in the tall grass, FAINT GROANING SOUNDS. Freddie backs away, scared.

Then, movement in the brush and a FIGURE emerges...

Red. He looks at Freddie.

RED  
It's okay now, Freddie.

Tears in his eyes, the boy runs forward and hugs Red.  
Red is hiding Felix's Glock behind his back, tucks it away.

FREDDIE  
(points)  
Your finger...

Red looks at his right hand, for the first time he notices his pinky is grossly dislocated.

RED  
...Oh.

Without hesitating he CRACKS it back into place. Freddie winces, then...

FREDDIE  
The men...They got mom and Nana.

Red puts his good hand on the boy's shoulder, declares simply...

RED  
Then I'll go get them.

He feels his pill box, a moment of reflection on his face. Then, taking a breath he - dumps out the pills.

An eerie rasp in his throat as he tosses Freddie the box.

RED (CONT'D)  
Hold that. I'll be back for you.

The boy nods, seems comforted by the thought of Red returning for him.

Red heads for the inn.

INT. INN, CAFE / BAR

The caretakers including Jo are bound in the center of the floor. Marlon has a can of gasoline, pouring a trail of it.

Wearing gloves, Cole speaks to him.

BAKER

Not 'til the last second on that. We  
want to be long gone.

Marlon nods as Cole enters, hands Baker Red's knife...

Jo sees this, crying.

Susan looks up to see Bennett following Cole into the  
room. The man ignores them, like an afterthought...

SUSAN

(to Linda)

...Now we really are dead.

Cole looks to Bennett...

COLE

We're ready.

BENNETT

Do it quickly...

Linda looks at Susan, sees her daughter-in-law is  
shaking...

LINDA

You've been very good to me, Susan.

Susan nods, her movements jittery, looking at the  
knife...

LINDA (CONT'D)

Don't look there. Look at me. You are  
*part of my family* Susan. And, you are  
very, very loved.

Susan takes this in, seems to give her strength. As the  
other caretakers begin to SCREAM, Baker looks empowered,  
seeming to feed off of the hysteria...

EXT. INN, FRONT DOOR

Marlon covering tracks in a hurry, pulling the third and  
last explosive charge off the door.

He sees something, turns...

As Red walks toward him, forty feet away, gun leveled --

-- He FIRES REPEATEDLY! BANG - BANG - BANG!

Doesn't hit a thing. Marlon drops the sack, runs up the stairs, Red's BULLETS still WHIZZING by, missing him all the way.

ON WAGNER AND SHAUGHNESSY

Hearing the GUNFIRE. Wagner wants to run, Shaughnessy tries to hold him back...

SHAUGHNESSY

Hold up a sec...!

WAGNER

...I'm going!

Wagner runs ahead.

INT. INN, FRONT DOOR

Holding his shotgun, Marlon is crouched just inside the open door. Breathing hard but exhilarated, yells...

MARLON

Missed me, you fuck!

Silence, the man is about to turn and fire when...

THUMP. Something sails through the door.

Marlon looks -- It's the Semtex!

BOOM! The entryway EXPLODES into SPLINTERS...

Marlon falls back SCREAMING - Splinters lodged in his skin...

INT. CAFE / BAR

The caretakers watch as Cole snaps alert, looks to Baker.

COLE

Who the Hell's doing that!?

Jo speaks up...

JO

I - Could take a guess...

Baker grabs Hoff as a shield, runs out of the room, toward the madness...

Among the caretakers, seeds of hope...

WITH LINDA AND SUSAN

Linda's eyes light up as she realizes her son may still be alive. She leans in to her daughter-in-law...

LINDA

You know, Susan. Before he fell, Lucifer was God's favorite angel. So sometimes I think, when things are at their very worst, when there isn't any hope at all, God might have a plan for him too...

INT. LOBBY

Baker runs in, prodding Hoff, they see Marlon through the smoke. He's crawling away from the door in an odd swimming motion....

And then Baker makes an ironic call...

BAKER

BOLT THE DOOR!

Marlon turns for it, reaches up and slides the bolt...

BAKER (CONT'D)

Okay, next we...

BOOM! The door implodes in a hail of splinters - all over Marlon!

Furious and desperate, Baker pulls Hoff closer.

HOFF

...Stay the Hell away from me!

Baker ignores the protests, jams his pistol in his prisoner's face and backs into the shadows...

Red is already in the room, searching, hears the CHINK of breaking glass...

IN THE CORNER

Baker has smashed the only light bulb. He's made himself and Hoff almost invisible.

Red moves closer, then ducks behind the pool table as Baker UNLOADS A STREAM OF FIRE at him - Ripping up the green felt...

Red hunches lower, can't see his opponent. Looks around--  
--And then sees something that gives him hope.

BAKER

BAKER  
C'mon Red! Take your shot!

As Hoff squirms, the two men see Red firing --

The FLARE GUN.

The rocket WHIZZES past Baker and Hoff, lodges in the wall, illuminating them in perfect orange light.

Now Red aims his pistol at the two men - Hoff still a much easier target than Baker...

BAKER (CONT'D)  
(changes tone)  
Okay - WAIT... Hear what I have to say!

Red frowns, looking unsure, Hoff clues in, even more frightened now...

HOFF  
Don't you shoot you fuck - You're gonna hit me...!

Red inches closer, nods for Baker to speak.

BAKER  
We're predators, you and me. These are the *marks*, right? You think you one of them now?  
(motions to Hoff)  
Kill him, not me. Then we're both out of here, rich men.

RED  
That's what you wanted to say?

Baker looks confused, nods...

Red SHOOTS. One BULLET exits before the SLIDE comes back - Pistol is now empty...

He lowers it, frowns...

As Baker THUMPS to the floor.

Hoff realizes he's alive, Red looks at him, SIGHS...

RED (CONT'D)  
Heck. Missed again.

OUTSIDE

The inn behind him, a bloodied Marlon is running away from the chaos.

WAGNER (O.S.)  
...FBI!

Bennett throws up his hands, turns to see Wagner with a gun on him.

Marlon licks his lips, thinks quick...

MARLON  
Oh, thank God!

Wagner looks Marlon over, the man's clothes in tatters, splinters and blood.

MARLON (CONT'D)  
Madness in there - Carnage! It's Red -  
You have to go quick...

Wagner lowers his gun. Approaches, trying to calm the man...

WAGNER  
Easy sir, I'll get you help. Tell me  
what's going on...

Marlon pretends to stutter, points toward the inn.

Wagner turns, looks toward where he motions, as...

...Marlon draws his pistol, points it at Wagner's back...

BANG!

Wagner jumps, spins to see Marlon, slumping to the ground - Dead.

Shaughnessy emerges, lowering his gun. As Wagner processes...

SHAUGHNESSY

Look - You don't have to like me, but I  
can still teach you a few things, okay?

Wagner breathes, nods as both men face the inn.

INT. CAFE / BAR - SAME TIME

Bennett and Cole have heard the shot, look out the  
window, spotting the agents from far off.

COLE

Feds coming up the road, that psycho at  
the front door! What do we do?

BENNETT

...We?!

Bennett snags Cole's pistol right out of his holster.

COLE

...Yo!

Bennett ignores him, looks to the hostages, his eyes fall  
on Susan.

He nods to himself, grabs her by her bound hands and  
lifts her to her feet. Dragging her for the door.

LINDA

(calling after them)

NO!

ON COLE

Now alone, sweating. He takes cover behind the bar, good  
position to defend himself. The caretakers are all  
around, Red's knife still in the center of the floor.

It's surprisingly quiet.

Then Cole hears a noise just outside the hall..

And sees the last explosive charge thrown into the room -  
right next to Red's knife!

The caretakers SCREAM, helpless as the bomb TICKS its  
last twenty seconds. Cole ducks behind the partition,  
ready for the blast --

-- As Red glides into the room, stepping over the ticking  
charge and scooping up his knife.

CLOSE ON COLE

He looks up to see Red above him -- STABBING DOWN --

Cole CHOKES, dying. The last words he hears...

RED

You aren't much of a scorpion after  
all...

With a look of absolute frustration, Cole dies.

Red's expression loses its fury, that momentary sadness  
on his face.

Behind Red the explosive charge is still ticking...  
Caretakers SCREAM for his attention...

Only the Clerk smiles, confident in Red's diversion he  
seeks to calm everyone...

CLERK

It's okay everyone - Only a dud!

Red comes forward as the Clerk takes uncharacteristic  
command, soothing the others...

CLERK (CONT'D)

Relax, I can explain, it's was just a  
diversion-ary trick - A good one!

Red picks up the explosive...

Chucks it over the bar's partition, instantly --

BOOM! A RAIN of WOOD and GLASS!

The Clerk COUGHS, realizes... His eyes roll up and he  
nearly faints in Jo's lap.

The caretakers begin untieing each other.

JO

(disbelief)

...You came back for us.

Linda looks at her son in a new light, he asks...

RED

Where's Susan?

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Bennett drags Susan by her bound-in-front hands.

The man is covered in flop sweat, breathing hard, trapped like a rat in a cage.

He sees an exit door up ahead, desperately kicks it open and takes a step onto...

EXT. EXIT DOOR / THE ROOF

The wind blows hard over those wildly sloping eaves, the ocean-facing side drops precariously. Bennett looks around, surprised and discouraged.

SUSAN

Give it up, Bennett. It's over...

But he grabs her, turns back to the hallway, to try another route..

BENNETT POV - DOWN THE HALL

At the end of the hall, the silhouette of Red approaches.

BENNETT

Stops, fear gripping his heart. He puts the pistol to Susan's head.

BENNETT

Red! Come any closer and I'll...

Red FIRES a shot in their direction. Bennett CRIES OUT but Susan keeps her wits, tells her captor:

SUSAN

...That doesn't work with him.

Red is suddenly closer. Bennett yanks Susan further out onto the roof.

EXT. THE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Bennett drags Susan. The roof is slippery from the rain and Bennett stumbles, almost takes a header that would pull Susan with him.

Bennett looks down at the ocean-sloping eaves, dizzily.

He aims his pistol at the open door from the hallway, dares...

BENNETT  
C'mon out, Red!

Red's shadow can be seen just beyond the door.

Bennett backs Susan up to the roof's pinnacle. Forty feet of slanted shingle before the drop.

Then he gets an idea.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
Hey Red! You like this woman, huh?

ON RED

Just inside, flush against the doorway. The pistol is now in his front pocket, knife in hand.

BENNETT

Gets no answer.

BENNETT  
Well, let's just see how much...

Now Bennett **SHOVES** Susan backwards - she **SCREAMS**, falls on her back and begins **SLIDING DOWN THE WET ROOF!**

RED

Doesn't think - just dives out onto the roof, slip N sliding after her!

SUSAN

...she claws for traction but her bound hands only **SCRATCH** the roof - hardly slowing her - there is nothing to grab onto.

She sees the roof's edge coming up fast --

EDGE OF ROOF

Susan is about to take the fall when Red's hand grabs her!

They are about to go over the side together but, right at the edge, Red mightily JAMS his blade into the roof -- SHOOMP!

-- it holds and they stop short, joined together, dangling over the edge!

Red grimaces, might have just dislocated his shoulder. The two hang there, Susan pressed to Red's chest, both helpless.

The ocean shore is far below them, A wave crashes on the jagged rocks.

Bennett approaches from behind, gun aimed.

BENNETT

You got no good cards, Red.

Red's gun is in his jacket pocket, but he'd have to drop Susan to get it. Bennett is upon him now, right over his shoulder.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

She's why you came back, right?! You should've run, could have saved yourself.

(then)

Now who's going to save you?

As Bennett aims, Susan answers him --

SUSAN

...His family.

And lightning quick, she draws Red's gun with both bound hands --

Close on Red, time seems to slow as he doesn't even hear a shot, just a TERRIBLE RINGING sound as his world goes deaf.

Is he dead? Red's ear is bleeding. Then --

-- Bennett's limp form rolls and drops over both of them as he takes the long fall to the rocks below.

Susan releases the smoking gun and it joins Bennett.

Red's hearing is slowly returning, but his grip on the knife is failing. He looks at Susan with a kind of sadness, knows they won't be able to hang here forever.

A little water dances over them as Susan accepts this.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Let me go -- You can save yourself.

He only shakes his head.

RED

...No I can't.

The words speak volumes.

She nods.

Kisses him.

Finishes. His grip really straining now, about to release when suddenly --

-- Arms surround Red. Pulling, heaving --

-- Yanking Red and Susan up to safety. Almost symbolically he leaves the knife, looks --

Linda, Hoff, the Clerk and Jo. Relief, even laughter. Linda hugs Red tight, Red's a little surprised by all the affection.

He turns to the group.

RED (CONT'D)

Just one thing I need from everybody here, okay...?

(breathes)

Repeat after me...

FADE TO:

EXT. INN - LATE AFTERNOON

Police and coast guard on hand.

Jo is answering questions from Wagner and Shaughnessy, both taking notes. There's something familiar about how wooden Jo sounds...

JO

Officer, I'm very, very sure and would swear in a court of...

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

WITH HOFF - EARLY AFTERNOON

Also being questioned, he's a pretty good liar...

HOFF

...Court of law that I saw Red Forester...

WITH THE CLERK - BRIGHT MORNING

CLERK

...Saw Red Forester die.

BACK WITH JO

JO

...Red Forester is dead.

Wagner and Shaughnessy look at each other.

SHAUGHNESSY

I'd say all you people sound like a broken record but my partner's too young to know what that means...

Wagner gives a smirk. Jo just stares, she'll say no more.

Shaughnessy flips closed his pad.

MOMENTS LATER

Wagner and Shaughnessy walk toward the dock.

WAGNER

All dead ends. What do we do?

Respect in Wagner's tone. Shaughnessy picks up on it, thinks hard...

SHAUGHNESSY

What do we do? We get some pancakes.

Wagner looks confused as Shaughnessy moves off. Finally turns and follows him.

FADE TO:

EXT. BEACH AND OCEAN - NIGHT

Red stares at the water.

In the background, Susan plays with Freddie. Linda comes up on Red.

LINDA

Hoff's ready to take you over to the mainland. He says the police confiscated an old van over there. Yours?

RED

(nods)

I'll get another.

She nods, something on her mind.

LINDA

They're calling your brother a hero. Saying more than a hundred families would've lost their life savings without him hiding it from Bennett.

Linda comes closer.

LINDA (CONT'D)

A hero. Do you - Think they're right?

Red turns, wants so badly to argue and this is his opening...

She looks in his eyes. And for the first time Red sees his mother as vulnerable.

Finally he answers...

RED

Sean was a hero.

Linda looks as if a great weight has been lifted from her shoulders. Says quietly...

LINDA

Thank you.

Both look away. When Red looks back, his mother hands him something... The framed photo of young Red and Sean playing in the surf.

LINDA (CONT'D)

To take with you.

Red stares at the photo, his smiling brother...

RED

Just thinking...

(she encourages him)

Wish I could go back to that beach.  
Protect him from all the bad things about  
to come. I'd tell him everything's going  
to be okay - all is forgiven. And that  
his brother won't leave him again.

But he can't go back and stops, as close as he can get to  
tears without having any. A wave LAPS over his feet.

LINDA

Time keeps on moving, Red. The past is  
gone.

Red nods, looks over...

LINDA (CONT'D)

But it is a new day.

He looks at his mother and nods. Looks to Susan, staring  
at him from afar.

Then Red turns and stares out at the water.

Light from the stars above them all.

And the waves keep coming.

END