

HALLOW KNIGHTS  
by  
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FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - PRODUCTION FLOOR - NIGHT

An old manufacturing plant, decaying and decrepit. It once produced children's toys; now only tetanus and cockroaches. ROCCO, a thick, over-the-hill thug, slurs on a cell phone.

ROCCO

She's starting to get real annoying. I have a bad time with things that annoy me. Things get out of control when I'm annoyed.

MR. REILLY (V.O.)

Please. Anything you say. Just don't hurt my Heather.

ROCCO

Hamilton Park. One million in the northwest trashcan. Midnight alone. No getting smart.

He hangs up snickering. SILAC JONNAH, 30, the slick leader of the troupe, approaching clapping proudly.

SILAC

Good, Rocco. Everything is set?

ROCCO

Set and ready to go, Mr. Jonnah.

SILAC

And the call was clean, Watson?

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - OFFICE

Watson, 37, the crew's technogeek, pokes his head out of an office with his ever-present laptop strapped to his chest.

WATSON

Let's just say that there's an old lady in Brussels that may be surprised when the fuzz breaks down her door.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - PRODUCTION FLOOR

SILAC

Perfect. All right gentlemen. One hour from now and we'll all be in a higher tax bracket.

FOUR THUGS throughout the building pump their fists in the air. TIKI, patrolling the dark catwalks above, lights a smoke. As he puffs, the glowing amber illuminates a FIGURE behind him lifting a custom pistol.

TIKI

That's what I'm talking about.

The figure shoots Tiki in the back of the neck with the help of a silencer. Tiki collapses. The figure catches him before he hits the deck and lays him down.

FIGURE

The dart in your neck has paralyzed you. Its effects are temporary. Mine, however, are quite permanent. Now where's the girl.

TIKI

(gasping)

Elevator.

Tiki's pupils point towards the rusty elevator doors across the way.

INSERT - FIGURE'S POV

Infrared image across the catwalks towards the elevator. Distances are instantly calculated. Targets identified.

BACK TO SCENE

The figure leaps back into the darkness above, snatching a SECOND GUARD on the way.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - ELEVATOR

HEATHER REILLY, five-year-old bargaining chip, grips her teddy bear while huddled in the corner. Her attention shifts above where a ceiling tile is slowly taken away. Two glowing white eyes shine through the hole.

## FIGURE

Shhhh.

INT. CHARITY BALL - NIGHT

The elite of the city hob-nob on the taxpayer's tab. A *GOOD LUCK COMMISSIONER HALEY* banner hangs above the dance floor. JO ANNA HALEY, fifty-ish yet still attractive, blows cigarette smoke out of an open window.

Her sly successor, MICHAEL GREY VALENTINE, 42, approaches bearing scotch.

VALENTINE

Hell of a shindig, Haley.

HALEY

More like a wake.

VALENTINE

It's a nice gesture anyway.

HALEY

I'll remember to mention that when they plan your retirement party.

VALENTINE

Sounds like this wasn't your idea.

HALEY

You know as well as I do, I'm being railroaded. Guess I'm too old school.

Valentine stabs at the ice in his drink with his straw.

VALENTINE

So are you the only one retiring?

HALEY

Whatever do you mean?

VALENTINE

Now who's playing stupid? I'm talking about your friend. The vigilante.

HALEY

You know I have no such ties to--

VALENTINE

Enough of the bullshit. I know you've been protecting him all these years. That's why the Mayor's bringing me in to do the job you can't, or won't do. You tell him, your hero, it's over. Not in my city.

HALEY

Will do Commissioner Valentine.

VALENTINE

Good. Because I'd hate to have to bring you in front of a judge.

HALEY

Now you listen, you little twerp.

Just as things turn dirty, THREE UNIFORMED COPS cut through the crowd to Commissioner Haley.

COP

Commissioner, we've have a development in the Reilly kidnapping. Please come with us.

Pulled away by duty, she snuffs her smoke in Valentine's drink. He stand there smiling, thinking himself victorious.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Silac leans in the window of Rocco's black Monte Carlo.

SILAC

Just remember, Rocco. You screw this up and I'll turn you inside out. Now make me proud.

Swallowing his nerves, Rocco drives off.

INT. HALLOW CITY FIFTH PRECINCT - NIGHT

MR. REILLY is fitted with a wire. MRS. REILLY sits nearby weeping. Haley gives the father simple instructions.

HALEY

All right. There's a bug in the latch of this briefcase. Wherever the money goes, we'll know. We're going to get your daughter back.

MR. REILLY

I just want her back.

Haley has no words to calm him. She flashes an optimistic grin and walks away. More cops brief the father.

Off to the side, she wipes away a silent tear. She's seen this too many times and it doesn't always end well.

Mrs. Reilly continues sobbing. She then feels a tug on her sweater. Looking down she finds the source: Heather.

HEATHER

Don't cry, Mommy.

But she does. Glorious tears of joy and relief. Mother embraces daughter; father embraces them both. The whole station can't help but smile. Even Haley, who walks over.

HEATHER

Are you Ms. Haley?

HALEY

Yes, Heather. How did you know that?

HEATHER

The nice man told me to give this to you.

Heather hands Haley a small black cell phone bearing an engraved "C" on its face.

HALEY

(into the phone)

Do I have to guess?

FIGURE (V.O.)

Evening, Jo Anna.

HALEY

Evening, Citadel. Looks like you've come through again. Thanks. Just wish you could see it from this side one time.

CITADEL (V.O.)

That's not important. When's the drop.

HALEY

It was going to be at midnight, but you saved us the trouble.

EXT. HAMILTON PARK - NIGHT

Rocco surveys the area. Mr. Reilly walks past a trashcan, slipping a briefcase inside, then drives off. Cautiously Rocco makes his way towards the loot while on his phone.

ROCCO

Here we go.

CITADEL (V.O.)

To hell with that. There's still going to be a drop.

HALEY (V.O.)

For what? The girl is safe.

Rocco reaches in and pulls out the case. Flipping the latches, he finds...

CITADEL (V.O.)

Jo Anna, they don't know she's gone.

...A matching set of Hallow City phone books.

ROCCO

It's a trap. It's a damn trap!

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - PRODUCTION FLOOR - NIGHT

Silac chucks his phone against the wall and flips a table into the air. He wants blood.

SILAC

No! Bring me that little brat now!

The two thugs guarding the rusted elevator doors wedge crowbars in to separate them. Pulling them open, they find not a little girl.

They find the savior of Hallow City. The masked hero with the long black hair and flowing white cape.

They find the CITADEL.

THUG #1

Holy crap!

THUG #2

The Citadel!

The two guards swing their crowbars at the hero. Citadel ducks and the tools strike each other, vibrating out of the goons' hands. A sweep kick and slicing uppercut send the lowlifes to the ground.

Two more henchmen rush over and it quickly becomes an unfair four on one melee; unfair for the thugs. Our hero displays a clinic of hand-to-hand combat. He's playing with them.

SILAC

Nobody screws with my payday.

Silac pulls an M-16 out of his Hummer's trunk and takes aim. Citadel inserts a zip-line mag into his pistol and fires at a far wall down an adjacent hallway. The line retracts and Citadel soars clear as Silac shreds his own men.

Citadel lands next to Watson's office. Watson grabs a blade from his boot and charges. At the last second, Citadel swings the door shut and Watson crashes through its plate glass.

From around the corner, a massive engine ROARS. Silac hairpins his Hummer and barrels down the spacious hallway at Citadel. With no room left, Citadel leaps on to the wall and executes a perfect backflip. Silac slams into the wall, throws it in reverse, and hits the gas as hard as he can.

Citadel fires another zip-line to swing around the corner, avoiding the truck by inches. He can't stick the landing and tumbles as Silac cuts hard left, sending the truck into an uncontrolled spin.

Citadel can't get out of the way. Bracing for impact, his body HUMS.

SLAM!

Our hero gets sandwiched between the passenger door and the bulkhead. Amazingly, he's not dead.

He pushes the Hummer off him sideways. Silac fumbles under his seat for a gun. Citadel smashes the window in and reaches for him.

BAM!

Silac shoots the vigilante right between the eyes. His whole body falls limp, halfway through the passenger window.

SILAC (cont'd)

Guess you had to die someday,  
didn't you.

Citadel springs back to life and grabs Silac's neck.

CITADEL  
Just not today.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - WORKSHOP - NIGHT

A superhero's workshop. Electronic guts spewed about. Spare costume parts. Files and surveillance equipment. Dark, dingy, and totally packed to the ceiling.

Citadel makes his way through the clutter with aspirin in one hand and Jack Daniel's in the other. He slumps in his control chair and removes the faceplate on his mask, his face still in shadows.

HALEY (V.O.)  
(via speakerphone)  
Nice job tonight. Three thugs dead.

CITADEL  
I didn't kill anyone.

HALEY (V.O.)  
Came close with Silac.

CITADEL  
Punk shot me in the face.

HALEY (V.O.)  
You know you should've let us handle it.

CITADEL  
You always say that.

HALEY (V.O.)  
And you never listen. You know this new guy, Valentine, he's got it in for you.

CITADEL  
So did you at first if I remember correctly.

HALEY (V.O.)  
I'm serious. It's been thirty years. Maybe it's finally time to hang it up.

CITADEL

No offense Jo Anna, but I'm the only one who can do the things I do. I'm gonna get going.

HALEY (V.O.)

Goodnight, Cit.

Citadel ends the call and takes a drink. It won't be his last.

INT. CASEY HOUSE - JAMIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

A standard teenage boy's bedroom. CD's and socks scattered about. The blinds barely let the morning sun in.

Under a pile of blankets and dirty laundry, something stirs. A hand pokes out and fumbles along the ground, finds an alarm clock, and brings it into the mess.

The sheets fly up and sixteen-year-old JAMIE CASEY pops out. Typical teenager. Not built, but not scrawny. Still trying to find his niche, and late for school.

JAMIE

Nine fifteen? Dammit!

He jumps to his computer, hits print, finds a shirt and rubs deodorant in its pits, grabs the printout, and fumbles out of the room all in about ten seconds.

INT. CASEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jamie races in and his backpack vomits on the floor. His PARENTS are too busy reading their morning papers to notice.

JAMIE

Dad, why didn't you wake me up?

No answer from behind the *Hallow City Times*.

JAMIE (cont'd)

Dad!

DAD

Jameson, you're a young man now and I hardly think I should have to make sure you've gathered the will to roll out of the bed each morning.

JAMIE

But I asked you to. I told you I'd  
be up late working on--

DAD

Arguing will only make you later.

Jamie gives up. Throwing his bag back on his shoulders, he checks a pan on the stove, finding only egg residue.

JAMIE

Mom, you didn't even save me  
breakfast?

A five-dollar bill rises from the *Hallow Gazette*. Deafeated, Jamie takes it and exits. The parents switch papers and carry on.

EXT. CASEY HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Jamie hops on his bike and rides off. Over the trees of suburbia, we can see the majestic skyline of Hallow City.

EXT. HALLOW HILLS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Jamie pulls up and with precision slides his front tire in the bike rack. He slaps on the lock and dashes inside, Egg McMuffin in hand.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Jamie rushes for the last door in the corridor. As he reaches for the doorknob, the bell RINGS and a barrage of teenagers spew into the hallway. Jamie fights upstream while pulling his report from his backpack.

JAMIE

Ms. Cooper! Ms. Cooper!

Annoyed, MS. COOPER meets him at the door.

MS. COOPER

Yes, Mr. Casey.

JAMIE

Ms. Cooper, I got my report.

MS. COOPER

Good for you. You can hand it in tomorrow with a twenty point lateness penalty.

JAMIE

But I have it here now.

MS. COOPER

Then I suggest you show up for my class on time. If you'll excuse me, I have some important papers to get back to.

She shuts the door, sits at her desk, and resumes her crossword puzzle.

Out of nowhere, Jamie is slammed into the lockers and crumbles to the ground. His report goes flying. His assailant, DIRK, 230 lbs. of adolescent testosterone, grins.

DIRK

Morning, faggot. Know what day it is?

JAMIE

How many times do I have to tell you, Dirk? Thursday's the one that comes after Wednesday.

Jamie gets a kick to the ribs for his wit.

DIRK

Shut up, pussy. Today's the day I've been waiting for since the start of school. I've sat through volleyball, tennis, and all the other pansy ass games they make us play. But today starts the four-week tour of me handing you your ass on a regular basis. Today in gym, we start football.

JAMIE

God bless the public school system.

DIRK

See you fourth period, dick.

Dirk waddles off. As Jamie collects his papers, a crimson pair of Doc Martin's arrives.

KEEFE

Gravity still giving you a hard time, Jamie?

The boots belong to KEEFE, 16, a spunky little riot grrl. Cute, but not obviously. Probably Jamie's only real friend.

JAMIE

Keefe, I gotta move to a safer school district, like Fallujah.

KEEFE

And leave lil' ol' me here all by my lonesome. Forget about it. Now get up, will ya. I got a present for you.

Climbing to his feet, she gives him an envelope.

JAMIE

Oh, geez. An envelope! Just what I always wanted. And white, ohhh, my favorite color.

KEEFE

Shut up and open it.

He does and finds...

JAMIE

Beastie Boys tickets! How did you--

He picks her up and twirls her, almost smacking her feet into kids passing by.

JAMIE (cont'd)

Awesome. How much do I owe you?

KEEFE

Shut up, retard. They're a birthday present.

JAMIE

Keefe, my birthday was two months ago.

KEEFE

So don't expect anything next year. Anyway, you in?

JAMIE

Hell yeah!

KEEFE

Cool. It's a date.

JAMIE

(squirming)

Yeah, uh, a date. Whatever.

The bell RINGS, giving Jamie an out.

JAMIE (cont'd)  
 Listen, I gotta go. Talk to you  
 later, alright?

Jamie scampers off, leaving Keefe to replay her blunder to herself.

KEEFE  
 Yeah, uh, a date. Whatever. Stupid.

EXT. HALLOW CITY CEMETERY - DAY

The morning fog has moved off the river and spread into Hallow City Cemetery. A HOODED MAN walks through with a single rose and stops at a tombstone with a stone cherub.

He thumbs the rose stem while preparing to speak.

HOODED MAN  
 Morning, baby. I brought you a  
 rose. I know you used to hate them.  
 Thought they were so cheesy. So  
 cliché. Not too cliché for you to  
 light up whenever I got them  
 though. What can I say? I'm a  
 sucker for the classics. I'm  
 officially off now. Paperwork went  
 through. It's okay. I couldn't do  
 it. Not like that. Not anymore.

The thorns begin to slice his thumb. He doesn't notice.

HOODED MAN  
 It's been a year. I can't believe  
 it. Feels more like a lifetime. And  
 it's so quiet at home without you  
 there. And Morrison, he doesn't  
 play, he doesn't bark. He just lies  
 at the door waiting for you to come  
 home and I wish I could tell him  
 that you're not coming home but I  
 can't... 'cause I'm waiting for you  
 to come home too. Anyway, I just  
 wanted to tell you I'll be seeing  
 you soon. I just have a few more  
 things to do but I'll be seeing you  
 soon and I love you.

He stands there for a moment, then lays the bloody rose against the tombstone reading: MARISA MARINO, 1980-2006. He turns and leaves.

EXT. HALLOW HILLS HIGH SCHOOL - FIELD - DAY

A regulation sized football field divided into four smaller fields via cones. COACH GUFFMAN, an overflowing mountain of a man, turns a blind eye as his varsity squad runs through the general populous.

Shirt already grass stained, Jamie gets lateralled the ball. It's a setup and Dirk is right there to demolish him.

DIRK

That's right, pussy. Stay down.

COACH

Watch it, Dirk. Remember the homecoming game this weekend.

Jamie huddles up with his CREW OF REJECTS.

JAMIE

C'mon guys. We're getting hammered out there.

GEEK

No, Jamie, you're getting hammered out there. No offense Jamie, but if they're gunning for you, we might just live 'til lunch. Ball's yours.

JAMIE

Well at least we got that teamwork thing down. Break.

They take the line. Jamie: a dead man walking.

DIRK

I'm coming for you, loser!

Jamie's brow furrows; sick of it, angry. So angry he barely notices all the hairs on his arms standing tall.

The ball is hiked and quickly pitched to Jamie. Dirk advances with a Neanderthal HOLLER.

Jamie grows madder. Consequently, he runs faster, harder than he should be able to. Dirk notices it, a second too late.

GEEK

That's gonna hurt.

BOOM!

The two are engulfed in a cloud of dust, dirt, and grass. All run around to see the remains of Jamie's body.

But the dust settles and it's Jamie standing there, unscathed and victorious, over Dirk's aching frame.

COACH

Holy shit!

JAMIE

(confused and frightened)

I'm sorry. I don't know--

COACH

That was the hardest hit I've ever seen. Jesus, kid, I gotta get you on the team.

JAMIE

The team?

DIRK

(concussed)

Coach, I think I broke my everything.

COACH

(to Dirk)

Shut up, Dirk.

(to Jamie)

With you, we could make all county, hell, all state. Whadaya say?

JAMIE

Play on the team? I don't even like playing in gym class. Thanks but no thanks.

Jamie attempts to brush himself off but is quickly hemmed up by Coach.

COACH

Well, then that's a different story. See, if I thought you was trying out for the team. I could make an exception. But if you're just trying to hurt my students, that's something else.

INT. HALLOW HILLS HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Jamie sits, arms crossed and eyes stunk. PRINCIPAL HERBERTSON, a chihuahua of a man, hides behind his desk, flanked by Coach.

HERBERTSON

Now, Mr. Casey, we very well can't have, um, can't have students, um, assaulting other, um, students. I'm afraid we're going to have to, um, suspend you. It's not my decision. School board policy. Three days in school suspension.

COACH

(in Herbertson's ear)

You really want this little psycho roaming the halls for three days. Might be one of those shoot 'em up kids.

HERBERTSON

Good point. Let's make that out of school suspension.

(pressing the intercom)

Grace, have we been able to reach Mr. Casey's parents yet?

GRACE (V.O.)

No, sir.

HERBERTSON

Well, your file says, um, you have permission to walk home. Perhaps that would be best.

Jamie huffs and gets up to leave.

HERBERTSON (cont'd)

And Mr. Casey, next time use your words; not your fists. Your words.

INT. HALLOW HILLS HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Jamie storms down the hall, mumbling to himself.

JAMIE

Stupid principal. Stupid school. Let the jocks do whatever they want. How do I get in trouble?

He stops in his tracks when he sees a poster for the homecoming game. His fist balls as he pulls it back. He swings.

BOOM!

Cement flying. Water main splashing. The poster, hell, the wall is obliterated. Stunned, Jamie lingers for a bit, then books it for the door.

INT. HALLOW CITY - LIMOUSINE - DAY

LIONEL REDDING, 45, AKA RED LION due to his red hair and beard, stares out the window while cruising through downtown Hallow City, half listening to his bow tied attorney, ALFIE ATKINS.

ALFIE

So that combined with the concealed weapon permits, the missing surveillance tapes and the testimony against Officer Marino; they pretty much have to drop the charges. By the time it's final, I may even get them to issue a public apology.

RED LION

I'll just be glad when it's over.

ALFIE

Yes, well, if you stop acting like Red Lion and start acting Lionel Redding...

RED LION

You know what they say, Alfie. You can take the lion out of the jungle...

ALFIE

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Red angles his head, gazing at the majestic GRAN DE MARCOS COMPLEX. Two fifty story office building built as arches with a glass observation level keystone. The jewel of the Hallow City skyline.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

...and many crying foul at rumor off the case's dismissal. Mr. Redding continues to state that he

(MORE)

TV REPORTER (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 was at the Gran De Marcos Complex  
 on business and had nothing to do  
 with the tragedy that claimed one  
 woman's life one year ago.

PULL BACK from our window shot of the building which becomes  
 an image on TV in a...

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Jamie wades through the periodicals. Most recent: a *Rolling Stone* with an Oingo Boingo cover story.

TV REPORTER (Y.O.)  
 Many still think of Mr. Redding as  
 the "Red Lion," alleged criminal  
 mastermind of the 80's and 90's,  
 instead of the business capitalist  
 that helped restore Hallow City  
 afters years of depression. In  
 other news, impending Police  
 Commissioner Michael Grey Valentine  
 held a press conference urging  
 Commissioner Haley to order the  
 arrest of Hallow City's own Citadel  
 on charges of assault and battery.  
 Haley responded by reminding  
 Valentine that the Citadel is  
 actively being pursued and remains  
 an open case.

TV REPORTER #2 (V.O.)  
 Still towing that line after all  
 these years.

JAMIE  
 You did tell him it was an  
 emergency, right?

RECEPTIONIST  
 Then go to the emergency room.  
 Otherwise the doctor will be with  
 you shortly.

INT. COOKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Doctor JOSHUA COOKE, late 40's, classically handsome but  
 looking tired, fills out reports. His colleague, DR. FRANKS,  
 lets himself in.

FRANKS

Damn, Josh. You look like all kinds of hell. Late night?

COOKE

Something like that. I'm fine. Just a few papers to straighten.

FRANKS

Well if that's all, would you mind doing me a solid?

Cooke lets his pen slip out of his hand, annoyed.

FRANKS (cont'd)

Just one patient. Kid called up frantic, thinking he was Superman. Probably hepped up on something. Just take some samples and that's it. I'd do it but I got a tee time in thirty minutes. Please?

Cooke reluctantly nods yes.

FRANKS (cont'd)

You're a scholar and a gentleman.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Sliding the Plexiglas partition back...

RECEPTIONIST

The doctor will see you now.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Dr. Cooke readies his tools: Thermometer, sphygmomanometer, etc. Jamie enters, startled at the unfamiliar man.

JAMIE

Where's Doc Franks?

COOKE

I'm afraid Dr. Franks had some urgent business. I'm his colleague, Dr. Cooke. On the table if you could Mr. Casey.

Cautiously, he obliges. Cooke starts on the vitals.

COOKE (cont'd)  
So what seems to be the problem?

JAMIE  
Well lately I've been feeling weird. I... I'd rather talk to my regular Doctor about this.

COOKE  
Anything you say stays in here. Now, is there anything you might have taken to make you feel "weird?" Anything?

JAMIE  
No. Not that. It's just every now and then I feel stronger.

COOKE  
You're not done growing yet. It's normal.

JAMIE  
Tell that to Dirk.

Done with temp. and blood pressure, Dr. Cooke goes for his syringe set. Jamie immediately tenses up.

COOKE  
This? Just taking a little blood. A quart at the most.

Jamie lets out a WHIMPER as Cooke sterilizes his inner elbow.

COOKE (cont'd)  
Kidding. Close your eyes and you won't even feel it.

Jamie shuts them so tight it hurts. Cooke brings the needle to the spot. All of the tiny hairs on Jamie's forearm stand on end.

Cooke attempts to insert the needle. It won't puncture. Harder and still the skin won't break.

He tries again only to have the needle BEND!

JAMIE  
Is it over yet?

Jamie doesn't know. Eyes shut, he didn't see. Befuddled, Cooke reaches for another syringe.

COOKE  
Um, just relax, Mr. Casey. Just  
trying to find a vein.

Jamie's arm hairs go limp. This time the needle goes in  
first shot.

COOKE (cont'd)  
There. All done. Now, uh, in the  
bathroom. Cup. Fill the cup please.

Jamie hops off towards the head, rubbing his arm.

Alone, Cooke stares at the blood sample, amazed.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - OPERATION CENTER

Open medical journals cover his already cluttered work area.  
Monitors display chemical breakdowns, cell activity. Cooke's  
voice plays via MP3 file.

COOKE (V.O.)  
There's a level of epinephrine I've  
never heard of. A pheochromocytomic  
tumor wouldn't begin to explain it.  
No signs of being an adrenergic or  
any other pharmaceutical. Whatever  
it is, it's natural. And sudden.  
B.P. was normal right before sample  
was taken. And the glucose and  
lipid numbers. This kid is  
something special.

The Citadel holds the blood sample to the light.

CITADEL  
Who are you, kid?

EXT. HALLOW CITY - SLUM STREET - NIGHT

Thunder rumbles. A dark blue '68 Chevelle, glistening in the  
rain, turns down a shabby alley.

INT. HALLOW CITY - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Fluorescent bulbs light a dreary workshop. A trio of  
security monitors show a the Hooded Man getting out of the  
Chevelle and rapping on the door.

SULLY, greasy and hairy, taps his cigar in disgust, hitting  
the intercom.

SULLY

Yeah, what do you want?

HOODED MAN (V.O.)

I'm looking for Sully.

SULLY

Well Sully ain't looking for you so piss off.

HOODED MAN (V.O.)

I'm sure he wouldn't mind.

The Hooded Man flashes a thick wad of greenbacks.

SULLY

C'mon in. Let me see if I can't find him.

The door BUZZES open. The man slowly descends the stairs, small puddles amassing with each step, carrying a duffel bag. Sully feigns a search.

SULLY (cont'd)

Sully? Sully? Oh, here I am. Now, who the hell are you?

HOODED MAN

I understand you're the man to see in matters of protection.

SULLY

You a cop? It's entrapment if you is and you lie about it.

HOODED MAN

No, it's not. It would only be entrapment if you don't normally sell illegal weapons.

He flips the wad to Sully.

HOODED MAN (cont'd)

But no, I'm not a cop. I'm just in need of some fire power and you came highly recommended.

SULLY

Yeah? By who?

HOODED MAN

No one of consequence.

Sully thumbs the wad. Two grand. Mildly impressed, he pulls some ramshackle pistols out of a locked drawer.

SULLY

Is that so? Well I ain't got much right now. Couple of Colts, Glocks. Some Mossbergs in the back.

The Hooded Man pulls similar money stacks out of the bag, tossing them on the counter.

HOODED MAN

Look again.

SULLY

(impressed)

Damn, how could I forget?

Sully triggers a button under a counter. The walls roll up revealing an arsenal: sub-machine, RPG's, C4, everything.

SULLY (cont'd)

I just got some stuff in. Now how much are you looking for?

HOODED MAN

All of it.

SULLY

Ha. All of it he says, with a straight face no less. You do got a straight face, right? Lemme see it.

Sully tears back the hood. The man's neck is scarred with burns. Scars also begin at his cheeks and hide under a black bandanna with holes for his eyes. Like Zorro fresh out of the burn unit.

SULLY (cont'd)

Jeezus! You look like a devil's asshole. Lemme guess your name. Bernie, right? Ha.

HOODED MAN

Do we have a deal?

SULLY

Deal? I don't know how much you were looking to spend but--

HOODED MAN

Nothing.

SULLY  
Nothing? Who the hell do you think  
you are?

HOODED MAN  
Michael Everman.

SULLY  
Michael who?

Sully reaches for one of the old pistols. The Hooded Man grabs his collar and waist and throws him into the wall, knocking off various weapons.

HOODED MAN  
Michael Everman was walking his dog  
when he was caught in the middle of  
a drive by.

SULLY  
I ain't never killed no one.

The Hooded Man flips Sully over his shoulder on to the counter.

HOODED MAN  
Angela Martinez was taking the  
train home after a double shift.  
Gang members shot her after taking  
her whole twenty-eight dollars.

SULLY  
What's this gotta do with me?

HOODED MAN  
The guns, Sully!

He pulls a service issue M9 Beretta pistol from a hidden shoulder holster and rams it down Sully's throat so hard it chips teeth.

HOODED MAN (cont'd)  
The guns! Sarah White didn't have a  
chance when the bullet came through  
her wall. She was sleeping... in  
her crib!

The Hooded Man unloads all fifteen rounds into the scumbag until the trigger goes click.

INSERT - FLASHING IMAGES

1. Sully, racking a M-16.
2. A police officer ducking behind a wall.
3. Sully firing in a glass room high above the city streets.
4. A BEAUTIFUL GIRL falling hundreds of feet above a garden.

BACK TO SCENE

Not satisfied, he pistol whips Sully's into a pulpy mess. Hyperventilating, he steps back, covered in a jam of blood.

INT. CASEY HOUSE - JAMIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Leaning back in his chair, Jamie yaks on the phone.

JAMIE

Three days, Keefe.

KEEFE (V.O.)

That's garbage. I guess it's better that way. Dirk's out for the season. He's got the whole varsity squad gunning after you for bum rushing him.

JAMIE

I bum rushed him?

KEEFE (V.O.)

I didn't buy it either. You couldn't bum rush my Nana.

JAMIE

I'll have you know that I'm the assisted living bum rushing bandit.

KEEFE (V.O.)

Oh, really?

JAMIE

Really. Thirteen confirmed Little Rascal kills.

KEEFE (V.O.)

How could you?

JAMIE  
Easy. You don't lead them as much.

KEEFE (V.O.)  
Ha. So, what really happened?

JAMIE  
I wish I could tell you.

KEEFE (V.O.)  
Be that way. Oh, did I tell you the  
wall collapsed in the junior  
hallway right after you left.

Jamie squirms.

KEEFE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Cops thought it was a bomb but  
couldn't find any residue. Cleared  
out the whole school though. Weird.

JAMIE  
Yeah, weird. Listen Keefe, I'm  
gonna get going.

KEEFE (V.O.)  
More invalids to assault.

JAMIE  
Something like that. See ya.

Jamie hangs up. Grabbing his hoodie, he exits.

INT. CASEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie stops at the bottom of the stairs. The back of two  
heads poke over a couch.

JAMIE  
I'm gonna go for some air.

DAD  
Shhh. *Deal Or No Deal's* on.

Ignored, he mopes out the front door.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Jamie, hands in hoodie pouch, heads down the block. A black Cadillac, windows tinted, softly HUMS to life.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Ducking through an open wire fence, Jamie walks along a small bluff overlooking a desolate highway.

Hands held out, Jamie feels little raindrops. Then larger ones. The clouds open and it begins pouring.

JAMIE

Can't a guy get a break?

He turns back. Below a K-Car with a missing headlight speeds in the blinding rain. Looking down the road, Jamie spots a broken axel lying further down the lane.

JAMIE (cont'd)

Hey, look out.

INT. K-CAR - NIGHT

WIFE sleeping in the shotgun seat, the HUSBAND wipes the fogged windshield with his sleeve, revealing the debris.

HUSBAND

Ah mi dios!

Jerking the wheel, the car hydroplanes into the median, rolls over, and skids to a sparking stop a hundred feet later.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

JAMIE

Oh my God.

Jamie slides down the rocky slope to the accident. The Husband hangs unconscious in his seat. The wife, crying, reaches out for Jamie who tries the handle in vain.

WIFE

Ayudenos por favor! Ah, por favor!

JAMIE

Hold on. Uh, block your face!

Jamie smashes his elbow through the window. Face clenched, he rips the entire door off and grabs the woman. Bringing her to the shoulder lane, she keeps reaching back.

WIFE

Usted tiene que conseguir a mi  
marido! El es todavia en el coche!  
Mi marido! Mi marido!

JAMIE

Marido? I don't... the man? Okay.  
Just stay here.

Rushing over, Jamie sees the steering column piercing the husband's leg. Even worse, an 18-wheeler is approaching.

He rips the husband's door off but still doesn't know what to do. The truck, seventy MPH, keeps coming.

HUSBAND

Ayudeme.

Jamie panics. He waves his hands hoping the truck will see. It does, but it's too late. The brakes SHRIEK!

Last ditch effort, Jamie shoulder checks the whole car to safety leaving him in the path of the--

CRAAANCH!!

The truck's grill encases Jamie as if he was an immovable object! All water explodes off the vehicle as it jerks up, bending at the king pin, jackknifes in mid air, and crashes to the ground!

The Caddie from before pulls up to the wreckage. Citadel steps out of it and rushes to Jamie, unscathed in his metal cradle.

JAMIE

Are... are they okay?

CITADEL

They're fine, kid.

Jamie finally allows himself to pass out.

## INT. OPERATING ROOM

Jamie awakens. X-ray sheets illuminate the congested space. Rubbing his head, he feels a bump. He tries to locate himself. This is no hospital.

A melodic whisper trickles in. Jamie, on wobbling legs, investigates. He's halted by a sharp pinch in his arm. An IV. His face revolts, but he's too squirmish to remove it. Spotting the door, he rolls the IV with him.

## INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Cracking the door open, Jamie spies the Citadel facing away, soldering some sort of metal plate. OTIS REDDING croons "I'VE BEEN LOVING YOU TOO LONG" on vinyl.

JAMIE  
(whispering)  
Holy crap.

The room is packed with surplus costume pieces, various mechanical parts, and overstuffed manila files.

CITADEL  
I was wondering when you were gonna  
wake up.

He lifts the plate, a part of his mask, and snaps it in.

CITADEL (cont'd)  
Come over here so I can take that  
out of your arm.

Jamie slides his feet forward, inches at a time. Citadel walks over with a jar of cotton balls.

CITADEL (cont'd)  
It's glucose. When I found you,  
your blood sugar level was low.  
Very low. On the verge of a  
hypoglycemic coma low. Were you  
feeling cold or clammy at all?  
Shaky maybe?

JAMIE  
(nervous)  
No.

Citadel slides the needle out. Jamie winces.

CITADEL

I didn't think so. Hold the cotton in place.

He does. Citadel completes the clean up.

CITADEL (cont'd)

I believe it's an andrenergic symptom. Do you know what epinephrine is?

Jamie shakes his head 'no.'

CITADEL (cont'd)

It's a hormone. It comes from your adrenal gland when you're stressed and it boosts the oxygen and glucose levels to your muscles and brain. Makes you stronger. But not strong enough to kiss an eighteen wheeler at full speed. So, kid, why aren't you dead?

No answer.

CITADEL (cont'd)

Typically when someone is hit by thirty tons of Mack truck, it leaves them... unrecognizable. You however have little more than a cat scratch.

Jamie is too nervous to speak. Almost too much to breath.

CITADEL (cont'd)

You shouldn't talk so much. It's unbecoming.

Citadel pulls a metal case from a drawer behind Jamie. Taking his custom pistol from the case, he loads a tranq round.

CITADEL (cont'd)

Anyway, point is there's something different about you. I don't know what it is, but I know it's there. I'll be watching you.

Coming up from behind, Citadel shoots Jamie in the back of the neck and catches him as he falls.

CITADEL (cont'd)  
This is the kid?

INT. CASEY HOUSE - JAMIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Half hanging off the bed, Jamie wakes, then springs up. Was it real? Couldn't be.

Itching his neck he feels a small bump. Nah.

Then on his desk is a BLACK CELLPHONE we've seen before.

INT. HALEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Most of her things are already collected in boxes. Rectangles of unfaded paint speckle the wall where her career used to hang on display.

Extracting files from her desk drawer, she finds a package in brown paper. Unwrapping it; a FRAME FRONT PAGE.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER

The Citadel, with a younger unconscious Haley in arms, coming out of a burning building. The headline reads:

HALLOW CITY HERO SAVES HALEY: New Commish still calling for arrest.

The paper is dated fifteen years ago.

BACK TO SCENE

She tenderly runs her fingers along the glass. Turning it over, she finds a note.

*We had a good run, C.*

VALENTINE

I enjoyed your speech at my swearing in. Especially the part about "the challenge ahead equaled only by the challenger taking it on."

HALEY

I was always good at bullshitting.

Valentine digs in a box, finding a picture of Haley and a man.

VALENTINE  
This Mr. Haley?

HALEY  
Yes it is.

VALENTINE  
Is he happy you're retiring?

HALEY  
Bob's dead, three years ago?

VALENTINE  
I'm sorry. I didn't know. Any kids?

HALEY  
Kids? No. No time. I spent the last thirty years babysitting this city. Now it's just me, and a cat, who pisses all over the rugs.

VALENTINE  
Well now you'll have plenty of time for whatever you want. I guess in a way, I'm doing you a favor.

Haley lifts a stack of boxes.

HALEY  
You really want to do me a favor, you could help me with some of these boxes.

VALENTINE  
Sure thing  
(shouting out the door)  
BITTERS! MAZZONI! Give Ms. Haley a hand.

Sighing, she flashes a sarcastic smile, which is returned.

EXT. HALLOW HILLS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Hiding in the bushes across the street, Jamie waits for Keefe.

Coach Guffman stands at the doors. Ms. Cooper exits. As she heads to her car, Coach futilely flirts MOS. She promptly flicks him a goodbye and drives off. Dejected, he waddles off to scowl loitering students.

Keefe emerges, lost in her own iPod sound tracked world.

JAMIE  
 (whisper shouting)  
 Keefe! Keefe!

Nothing. She walks across the street in his direction, oblivious to the traffic that almost hits her.

As she passes the bushes edge, Jamie grabs her arm. Instinctively, she thrusts her palm into his nose.

KEEFE  
 Get away from me!

JAMIE  
 (checking for blood)  
 Jesus, Keefe. It's me.

KEEFE  
 What are you doing here? The point of suspension is to stay away from school. If they see you--

JAMIE  
 We gotta talk.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Hands in pockets, Jamie divulges to her.

JAMIE  
 And then I blacked out. Next thing I know, I'm lying in my own bed, back home, no idea how I got there.

KEEFE  
 Jamie, I have one question. Where do you get your drugs? Like, are they good ones, or do you just huff gasoline?

JAMIE  
 Haha. The doctor said the same thing. But check this out.

Jamie whips out the cell phone. Keefe stands unimpressed.

KEEFE  
 A phone?

JAMIE  
 A phone.

KEEFE

A phone! Okay, so what?

She grabs it, pushing the buttons.

KEEFE (cont'd)

Oh, a broken phone. I stand corrected.

JAMIE

The 'C.' It's from him.

She traces the engraving with her fingertip. Maybe it is.

A white and rust '91 Ford Bronco bellows at them. Stopping recklessly close, Dirk, arm in cast, and half the offensive line spill out.

DIRK

Who do we got here? Psycho boy.

KEEFE

Shut up.

DIRK

Let's not forget Skankasaurus. How the crabs doing?

JAMIE

Why don't you just get lost?

Jamie gets a gut-buster from the defensive end for his chivalry. He falls to the ground, gasping for air.

DIRK

Shut your mouth, dick. 'Cause of you, I may lose my scholarship.

JAMIE

Didn't know Dunkin' Donuts University had a football team.

Dirk drives his foot into Jamie's sternum.

DIRK

That was my life, asshole, and you screwed it up. It's payback time.

Keefe runs over. Dirk throws her to the curb.

Bad move.

Jamie's pupils dilate completely. He leaps to his feet and takes them all on. His blows are errant, but savage.

Keefe can only watch through her fingers.

Gaining control of himself, Jamie stands in a circle of moaning bodies. Jamie's knuckles are covered in blood, but not his own. Keefe rises slowly.

KEEFE

What the hell was that?

JAMIE

We should get out of here.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A basset hound, MORRISON, lounges at the front door. A shadow appears under the door crack. The dog's tail wags exuberantly.

To his disappointment, mail falls through the slot. The tail wags no more.

HOODED MAN

Sorry, Morrison. Maybe next time.

Grabbing a duffel bag, he exits; the dog still waiting.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Jamie and Keefe fleeing. Winded, she stops, bracing herself against a tree.

KEEFE

Jamie, stop! I can't run anymore.

JAMIE

Do you think they're dead?

KEEFE

No, I don't think they're dead. I think they're jerks. Jerks don't die. Not before they get a chance to procreate at least.

Jamie slumps down a tree, head in hands.

JAMIE

You believe me now?

KEEFE

Yeah. I believe ya.

JAMIE

I just wanna know what's happening  
to me.

Keefe slides along her tree into the dirt. Thinking...

KEEFE

Jamie, who else did you tell about  
this?

JAMIE

Nobody. You know, and somehow the  
Citadel obviously knows.

KEEFE

What did you tell the doctor?

JAMIE

Just that I was feeling weird. Why?

Keefe begins digging through her bag for her phone.

KEEFE

You got the doctor's number on you?

JAMIE

Somewhere. Why?

Keefe flashes the "give it" sign. Calling the number.

KEEFE

Yes, hello. This is Diane Casey. I  
understand Jamie saw Dr. Cooke  
yesterday. Sure, I can hold.

Jamie freaks at the impersonation. She shushes him.

KEEFE (cont'd)

Dr Cooke? Pleasure to speak to you  
too. About those tests you ran  
yesterday. Everything normal you  
say? What a relief.

INSERT - COOKE'S OFFICE

Cooke leans back in his chair, choosing his words carefully.

COOKE

Still, I would like to run a few  
more tests.

BACK TO SCENE

KEEFE

I'll find out when's good for  
Jamie. Be sure to say hi next time  
I'm in. You too.

In boastful glee, she hangs up.

KEEFE (cont'd)

Liar!

INT. KEEFE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Keefe storms on, leaving Jamie at the door. she sifts  
through a glass bowl, looking for keys. Bingo.

JAMIE

Where's your parents.

KEEFE

I dunno. Aruba? Jamaica?

JAMIE

Didn't want to take ya, huh? Keefe  
what are you doing?

KEEFE

Last night the Citadel says you got  
crazy hormone stuff going on,  
right?

EXT. KEEFE'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Walking towards a beat up Cutlass.

KEEFE

But your doctor says everything is  
fine. The doctor you've never seen  
before.

JAMIE

So.

Flustered, she unlocks the doors. They get in.

KEEFE

Jamie. The doctor, he knows. Why?  
The doctor is the Citadel!

She punctuates her point with a screeching shift to reverse.

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - STREET - DAY

Keefe and Jamie play stakeout. A man with a briefcase heads out the doors.

KEEFE

Is that him?

JAMIE

No, it's not him. Keefe, this is stupid.

KEEFE

No, it's not. I'm telling you. Why else would he lie to your mother?

JAMIE

He didn't lie to my mother. He lied to you.

KEEFE

Whatever. Obviously you're not fine and he's the only one you talked to. You're gonna tell me the Citadel just happened to run into you after that.

Cooke sets out for his car.

JAMIE

That's him.

KEEFE

Alright. Let's go.

EXT. RED LION'S BUILDING - STREET - DUSK

Toughs push a wheelchair bound Silac, upper body in a full nelson of a cast, into a brownstone. Watson and Rocco, both heavily bandaged, are ushered in behind him.

INT. RED LION'S BUILDING - BOARDROOM - DUSK

More a converted dining room, it offers a spectacular view of the Hallow City sunset. Silac is ushered in and parked at one end of a long table, his cronies off to the side.

The sides are lined with no-nonsense HEAVIES. At the head, next to Alfie, sits...

RED LION  
Silac, how you feeling?

SILAC  
Little like hammered dog crap,  
Lion.

RED LION  
I understand.

SILAC  
Don't get me wrong. I do appreciate  
you posting our bail.

Red gets up and walks slowly, intimidatingly towards Silac.

RED LION  
What was I to do? Just leave you  
guys to rot in jail? Cute little  
things like you, they'd eat you for  
breakfast. No. You're like family.

SILAC  
Well, I always kind of felt like a  
son to you.

RED LION  
No. You're more like a family dog:  
loyal, eager, sometimes a little  
too much. Take this Reilly debacle  
for instance.

SILAC  
Red. It's not like that. I--

RED LION  
Shhh. I put you in charge of  
convincing Reilly to see things our  
way and what did you do? You went  
after a kid.

SILAC  
Red, I was only trying to--

RED LION  
There's only one thing to do when a  
dog goes after a kid.

Red Lion nods to one to TOUGH #1, who unholsters his weapon. Silac wiggles in his plaster shell. One shot, right between the eyes.

Silac looks over to Rocco and Watson. Message received. Alfie rolls his eyes.

RED LION (cont'd)

All of you pay attention. You will do what I say, exactly how I say. We are not murderers. We are businessmen, and we shall act accordingly.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Keefe blows through an intersection in pursuit, barely misses a city bus.

JAMIE

Red light! Red light!

KEEFE

You'd think I wasn't sitting next to someone who can't die. I know what I'm doing.

JAMIE

Sorry, I forgot. You've had your learners permits long enough it might as well be a license.

Cooke turns into a dead end alley.

JAMIE (cont'd)

There. Park over there.

Confidence turned to panic, Keefe begins a twenty point parallel park. Jamie stares befuddled as thirty motorists tests their horns at her. One wheel up on the curb...

KEEFE

So maybe I'm not so good at the parallel park.

EXT. THE ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Jamie and Keefe poke their heads around the corner.

KEEFE

You sure he turned here?

No car. No exit. Nothing but a solid brick wall.

JAMIE

You saw it too.

A bum, LEONARD, jumps in their faces, spitting with every word.

LEONARD

What da hell you doing here? Get out!

Petrified, they flee the alley. The bum settles back into his garbage, tearing the plastic off a new fifth of Jack.

INT. RED LION'S BUILDING - OFFICE - NIGHT

Red enters through double doors into his dimly lit office.

RED LION

(shouting behind him)

And I don't want him being brought up with the catch of the day. You got it?

Slamming the doors, he storms to his French Victorian desk. Unnoticed by Red, a shadowy figure places something between the doors at the top of the frame.

Settling into his antique chair, Red pulls his lamp chain revealing...

...The Hooded Man standing in the middle of the room. Red reaches for his pistol hidden under his desk. Instead of a boom, it just clicks. The magazine, held by the Hooded Man.

HOODED MAN

I thought these would just be a distraction.

RED LION

Who are you? How did you get in here?

The Hooded Man glances over the open window. Red holsters his weapon while hitting the silent alarm. Tossing the clip on the desk, the Hooded Man takes a seat.

RED LION (cont'd)

It's safe to assume you know who I am?

HOODED MAN

Very much so.

RED LION

And it's also safe to assume you know about the twenty men downstairs.

HOODED MAN  
Not a problem.

                  RED LION  
How so?

                  HOODED MAN  
I consider them guilty by  
association.

                  RED LION  
Who are you?

                  HOODED MAN  
I am justice for the bereaved. I am  
retribution for the mourning. I am  
the Widower, and I will--

BOOM!

Red's men try bashing through the door which sets off the C4 booby trap. The room explodes. Thrown against the far wall, Red scrambles for the open window. Swinging one leg out, he sees...

...THE WIDOWER, standing firm in the inferno. He tears off his flaming jacket and hat revealing his naked torso covered in scar tissue.

Flames lick his already burnt body. Face still shrouded, he does not break stare with Red.

EXT. RED LION'S BUILDING - STREET - NIGHT

Metal CRYING in the blaze, Red descends the fire escape. GUN SHOTS ring out from the fiery building. Red makes it to the ground. His DRIVER pulls up.

Alfie is thrown through the window, impaled on the cast iron fence below. The Widower stares at Red through the shattered glass as he dives in his limo.

The stretch speeds away. The Widower leaps to the sidewalk as his floor explodes.

A familiar Chevelle tears out of the smoke and debris.

INT. CITY STREET - KEEFE'S CAR - NIGHT

They sit, Keefe trying to find the right key.

KEEFE

It must have been another block.

JAMIE

Was that bum opening a new bottle?

KEEFE

He's a bum. Bums drink.

JAMIE

I just, I could have swore--

KEEFE

Jamie, there's nothing in that alley!

An engine HOWLS. The Citadel atop his EXTREMELY CUSTOMIZED MOTORCYCLE shoots out of the alley; Leonard cheering him on.

LEONARD

Go you magnificent bastard! Go!

Jamie looks to Keefe as if to say 'I told you so.'

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The limo needles through traffic, Chevelle in trail.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Red Lion racks a pistol from a compartment in the back.

RED LION

You are trying to lose him,  
correct?

The driver cuts hard left.

EXT. ROUNDABOUT - NIGHT

The limo drifts around the circle. Fleeing cars jump curbs. Widower skids around the circle, exchanging shots with Red through the center island fountain.

The fish-tailing limo cuts right, exiting, as does Widower and TWO POLICE CRUISERS that have joined the chase.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Bouncing off parked cars, the limo steamrolls on. The Chevelle rams its rear, jerking it up.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Red screams into his cell phone.

RED LION  
Just have it ready.  
(to the driver)  
Get to the pier!

EXT. ONE WAY STREET - NIGHT

The limo makes another sweeping right which the Chevelle perfectly duplicates. The two cruisers overshoot, losing some ground.

The driver floors it, racing through the steam billowing up from gratings.

At the block's end, obscured by steam, a DRUNK stumbles to his car. The limo sees him last second and rails along the parked cars on the left to avoid. The Widower rails along the right. Sparks shower down on the lush.

The trailing cops panic. The lead car cuts, careening into a parked van. The second launches up the first's rear into the air right at the drunk.

Nanoseconds before tragedy, Citadel on his motorcycle bullets out of the steam, whizzing under the flying car, grabs the drunk, and clears the police cruiser by inches.

Skidding to a stop, Citadel inspects the man.

CITADEL  
Are you okay?

DRUNK  
Yeah, I'll be fine. I'll be...

He vomits on the Citadel's boot.

DRUNK  
Maybe I should call a cab.

The Citadel kicks it in gear, leaving the puking man behind.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Chevelle continually rams the limo. Widower fires, blowing out the stretch's tinted windows.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

The back seat interior exploding from gunfire, Red jumps in the front, dropping his gun in the process.

RED LION

Gun it.

The driver looks ahead; train tracks with the HALLOW EXPRESS 11:05 roaring towards the crossing.

RED LION (cont'd)

Gun it or get out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The vehicles accelerate for the crossing, trading paint all along the way. The train charges, blaring its HORN. Red looks over to see Widower scowling at him, no regard for the approaching metal behemoth.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Red jerks the wheel left and slams down on the brakes.

RED LION

Now!

EXT. TRAIN CROSSING - NIGHT

The limo, nearly tipping bails in time. Widower is forced to crash through the barricade gates, barely beating the train, and 180's the car.

REVVING the engine, he waits what seems like an eternity.

The last train-car passes. Widower floors it.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Busting through the chain link fence, the limo skids to a halt at the boathouse. A BOAT GOON ushers them in.

BOAT GOON  
She's all ready, sir.

INT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Red runs over to his 30-foot SPEEDBOAT waiting pier side in the Hallow River. Leaping in, Red orders--

RED LION  
Nobody gets through that door.

Popping a magazine in his M-16...

BOAT GOON  
Not gonna be a problem.

Red begins untying the mooring lines. The Chevelle bursts through the wall, running over Red's driver and the goon.

Red unleashes the 525 engine and boat nearly angles at a 45.

Widower turns down the pier, racing alongside. Grabbing a backpack, he leaps out of the car into the boat. The boat shoots out the opening while the car crashes through the wall to a watery grave.

EXT. RIVER - SPEEDBOAT - NIGHT

Red Lion and the Widower size each other up as the speedboat rages on.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Citadel, tapping his ear, eavesdrops the police frequency.

POLICE FREQUENCY  
Suspects' twenty unknown. Suspect-  
wait one. Suspects spotted  
southbound in the river.

He immediately turns westbound.

EXT. RIVER - SPEEDBOAT - NIGHT

Red swings, tired and old. Widower dodges.

RED LION

You think you're the first to try  
to take me out?

Widower jabs. Red collapses into the captain's chair.

RED LION (cont'd)

I've survived tougher; better.

The small fire extinguisher catches his eye.

RED LION (cont'd)

I deserve better.

Reaching over he grabs the CO2 bottle. Desperately, he attacks. Widower catches Red's wrist.

INSERT - FLASHING IMAGES

1. Red Lion in the glass room, holding the beautiful woman hostage.
2. Guns fire.
3. Glass shatters all around
4. The beautiful woman falling.

BACK TO SCENE

WIDOWER

So did she.

Widower produces a switchblade, and drives it into Red's gut.

EXT. HALLOW RIVER PARKWAY - NIGHT

Citadel traces the solid yellow line as two directions of traffic dart inches beside him. Spotting the boat, he moves to the exit ramp.

EXT. MCCLOWSKI BRIDGE - NIGHT

Merging onto the bridge, Citadel taps the bike's LCD screen initiating the auto-drive. The bike adjusts its shape for a lower center of gravity.

Citadel hops up on the seat, riding the bike like a surfboard as it navigates itself through traffic. He watches the motorboat about to pass below.

He vaults off the bike, off the bridge, shooting a zip line into its deck, and swings under the structure, making a ten point landing on the front of the boat.

INT. HALLOW RIVER - SPEEDBOAT - NIGHT

CITADEL  
Where's Red Lion?

RED LION (O.S.)  
(gargled)  
You're in trouble now.

The Widower burns with his gaze. He reaches in his duffel, pulling out a small metal circle with a pin attached. He then dumps the rest of the contents of the bag: eight grenades.

Flicking the pin at Citadel, he dives overboard.

Citadel rushes to Red, collapsed between two seats; a bloody mess.

RED LION  
Almost thought you took the day  
off.

Grabbing Red, he leaps off the boat second before it--

BOOM!!!

Citadel, pulling Red, swims over to a buoy. Red's wounds color the water crimson. Coughing blood, Red laughs.

RED LION (cont'd)  
Funny. I always figured you'd be  
the one to finally do it.

CITADEL  
Me too, Red. Me too.

EXT. RIVER BANK - NIGHT

Citadel pulls Red's body up on the jetty. He checks his vitals. Dead. Citadel's bike pulls up. He reaches into Red's jacket, pulling out a comb, and fixes the dead man's hair.

He stands, saying his final goodbye, and takes off.

EXT. THE ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Jamie and Keefe peek in from around the corner. An empty bottle wiggles in the drunk's hand with every drunken snore.

KEEFE

C'mon. He's out.

They tiptoe through the trash, inspecting the grimy wall with their hands.

JAMIE

What are we looking for?

KEEFE

I don't know. A switch? A lever?

JAMIE

A turd.

KEEFE

We're not looking for a turd.

JAMIE

Well you found one. You're standing in it.

Picking her boot tread with a stick, Keefe leans against the wall. It begins to shake.

JAMIE (cont'd)

What did you touch?

KEEFE

Nothing.

They press their ears against the wall, hearing HYDRAULICS SHIFTING.

JAMIE

What is that?

The wall splits, opening wide outward, pushing Keefe and Jamie to either side, pinning them against the wall

The Citadel zooms through the alley into the opening. Squeezing out from behind the doors, they stare into the abyss. It begins to rumble again.

Keefe grabs Jamie's arm and drags him inside, doors closing behind them.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Darkness. The kids' breath echo. Their whispers, deafening.

KEEFE

Jamie?

JAMIE

I'm here. You okay?

KEEFE

Peachy. Now what?

JAMIE

Can you find the wall?

KEEFE

Yeah.

JAMIE

Follow it down. Careful. It slopes.

They scuffle in the dark and find a circle of light. Getting closer, it's a porthole, in a door. Jamie peers through.

JAMIE (cont'd)

I've been here before.

KEEFE

Huh? What do you see?

The Citadel walks by the window. Jamie cowers down.

JAMIE

The Citadel. He's here.

KEEFE

I knew it. I knew it.

Keefe quietly lifts the dog on the air-tight door.

JAMIE

What are you doing?

KEEFE

I didn't come all the way here just  
to turn back now. C'mon.

She slowly opens it. Lights flood in, illuminating the  
motorcycle parked behind Cooke's car. A black Cadillac is  
parked next to that. They enter.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Creeping along the walls, they venture in. A VOICE mumbles  
somewhere. They step over a bloody cape and gloves.

FOOTSTEPS. Getting louder, approaching. They duck into...

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

The kids huddle behind the examination table as Cooke, in a  
blood stained T-shirt, enters. They crawl back towards the  
door as Cooke gathers supplies. Jamie reaches for the knob.

His head knocks into a metal tray, sending it crashing down.

The Doc turns. The kids flee.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

They run into a brick wall named the Citadel.

JAMIE

Citadel?

CITADEL

Kid?

The kids fall to the ground. Doc rushes in.

COOKE

Jamie?

JAMIE

Doc?

KEEFE

What the hell is going on?

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

The door slams shut with the two kids parked on a bench.

JAMIE

Well, that went well.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - HOLDING CELL - LATER - NIGHT

Keefe sleeps on the bench, Jamie on the floor. Cooke opens the door, shushing Jamie.

COOKE

Jamie, I think we better talk.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Walking away, Jamie looks back at Keefe, still sleeping.

COOKE

Don't worry about her. She'll be fine. Now, what are you doing here?

JAMIE

We thought you were the Citadel.

COOKE

Sorry to disappoint you. I'm just a friend. Anyway, how'd you get here?

JAMIE

Followed you. Pretty smart, huh?

COOKE

Pretty smart. Jamie, this kind of puts us in an odd situation.

JAMIE

I know. She's cool though.

COOKE

It's not just her. Jamie, nobody else has ever been down here.

JAMIE

I have. The other day. He brought me here.

COOKE

He did? Forgot to mention that. Anyway, Jamie, what we have here--

CITADEL (O.S.)  
Just bring him in, Josh.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Citadel sits, bare-chested but still masked, on the table. His physique, that of an older pro-wrestler. Not what the costume displays.

Cooke stitches the gash in his side. Jamie stands still.

CITADEL  
Doc here thinks you're something special.

Cooke jabs the needle in hard.

CITADEL (cont'd)  
I think maybe he's got a point. Kid, you ever feel like you were meant for something else? You ever look around and wish you could make a difference?

JAMIE  
I guess so.

CITADEL  
What if I told you you could?

EXT. RIVER BANK - NIGHT

Valentine slides down the rocks to Red's body, covered by a sheet. FORENSICS take their samples.

VALENTINE  
Is this him?

FORENSIC COP  
Yes, sir. Sixteen stab wounds by my count.

The cop lifts the sheet. A DETECTIVE leans in.

DETECTIVE  
Not a pretty way to go.

The Forensic cop and Valentine stare at him.

VALENTINE

What is it, Detective?

Valentine walks back to his car, Detective chasing.

DETECTIVE

Sir, we traced the plates of the car dredged from the river to a Carl Cummings; a low level thug.

VALENTINE

Have we found him yet?

DETECTIVE

Wasn't hard. Been sitting in the morgue for 'bout a week. Most of what's left of him, anyway.

VALENTINE

I want this guy.

DETECTIVE

Some eyewitnesses but nobody got a good look.

VALENTINE

No, the Citadel. I want him; murder one.

DETECTIVE

Sir, the Citadel didn't kill Red Lion. Some psycho did. Same psycho who put four of our men in the ICU.

VALENTINE

Call him an accomplice and bring him in too.

DETECTIVE

But, sir, the Citadel--

VALENTINE

The Citadel isn't the law! We are! Cops! It's about fucking time we start acting like it.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie sits obediently as the Citadel hovers over. Cooke fills a needle from a glass bottle.

CITADEL

See kid, people, despite their best intentions, are passive. Non-confrontational.

(fighting off a cough)

The more there are. The worse it gets. They want something to be done, they just don't want to be the one to do it. It's called diffusion of responsibility.

Jamie hears nothing, transfixed on the needle.

COOKE

Don't worry. It's not for you. It's for your friend.

Jamie leaps to his feet. Citadel shoves him back down as Cooke exits.

CITADEL

Relax, kid. It's just gonna help her forget being down here.

JAMIE

What about me?

CITADEL

You get to choose. Doc can drug you. Hear it comes with a nasty hangover though.

JAMIE

Or?

CITADEL

I've been doing this for over thirty years. I don't know how much I got left in me. This city needs someone who will stand up for it when I'm gone.

JAMIE

Me?

CITADEL

(leaving the room)

I doubt it, but it's worth a shot. You still got that phone, kid?

JAMIE

Yeah, but it's broke.

Citadel returns with three books: *The Art of War*, LeBon's *The Crowd*, and *The Old Man and the Sea*.

CITADEL

It isn't broke. It just wasn't activated. If you think you got what it takes, just press send. After you read these, that is.

JAMIE

Sure thing.

Citadel hands him the books. Cooke reenters.

CITADEL

I make no promises, kid. That much is up to you.

INT. WIDOWER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Soaked by river water and blood, Widower limps in the front door, nearly tripping over Morrison.

INT. WIDOWER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

He stumbles to his desk, pulling out a folder. Rifling through, past various clippings of the Gran De Marcos Plaza and lowlifes with black X's crossed over their faces.

Grabbing a sharpie, he X's another picture: Red Lion.

He turns the page to the next target: The Citadel.

INT. KEEFE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Keefe wakes in her bed, immediately rubbing her temples.

KEEFE

Ohh, my head.

JAMIE

You should see the other guys.

Startled by Jamie's presence, she curls under the blankets.

KEEFE

Jamie? What happened?

JAMIE

You don't remember? Ran into Dirk and his friends. Knocked you over. Don't worry. I think I gave as good as we got.

KEEFE

You? Really? I guess I remember.

JAMIE

You kinda been out of it since...

How long has she been in bed? She checks under the covers.

JAMIE (cont'd)

Don't worry. Only took your boots off. The rest is up to you.

INT. HALLOW HILLS HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

While the rest of the class dozes, Jamie listens alertly.

MS. COOPER

Thirty-eight people, good people, did nothing. They did nothing the first time Ms. Genovese was attacked. Nothing the second time. And nothing when she was raped in a pool of her own blood. Why? Why did these people, who had the power to help her, let her die?

Jamie slowly raises his hand to Ms. Cooper's surprise.

JAMIE

Because they thought someone else would do it? It wasn't their problem.

MS. COOPER

Yes, Mr. Casey. But they were wrong. It's everyone's problem.

INT. HALLOW HILLS HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

The bell RINGS. Jamie spots Keefe. Cutting through the teens, he "boo's" in her ear. She elbows him.

KEEFE

Damn, Jamie. My head's killing me.

JAMIE

Still?

KEEFE

Yeah. And you won't believe this dream I had. You and me and the Citadel and superpowers and--

Jamie squirms as they turn the corner, bumping into a battered Dirk and company. Jamie holds his breath, awaiting vengeance but instead gets...

DIRK

Excuse me. My fault.

KEEFE

Yeah. No problem.

KEEFE (cont'd)

Wow. You really must have put a hurting on them. Wish I could remember.

JAMIE

I only did what I had to do.

KEEFE

You wanna cut study hall? Get some pizza?

JAMIE

Nah. I got some reading to do.

INT. HALLOW CITY - PAT'S MARKET - DAY

Haley approaches PAT, 42, the proprietor at the counter.

PAT

Jo Anna. The usual?

HALEY

No. Celebrating today.

She pulls a list from her purse; her wallet hangs half out.

PAT

Oh, yeah. Congratulations. Welcome to the civilian world.

HALEY

(giving the list)

Thanks, Pat. I'm just gonna go grab a one percent.

PAT

Fresh ones towards the back.

She moves to the refrigerated aisle. Bending down, she looks at all the expiration dates. A SCUMMY MAN sneaks up behind her, reaching for her wallet.

Something pulls him off screen. She gets up with the perfect gallon. A man in a green WOOL CAP passes by.

WOOL CAP MAN

Careful. Wallet's hanging out...

She checks; stuffs it back in. By this time, the man's gone.

EXT. HALLOW CITY - PAT'S MARKET - DAY

Haley, leaving, flashes a wave. The Wool Cap Man watches.

HALEY

Thanks, Pat. See ya next week.

PAT

Same time. Same place.

INT. CASEY HOUSE - JAMIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jamie finishes Hemingway's last page. He grabs the phone, juggles it in his hand, and flips it open. Pressing send...

CITADEL (V.O.)

If you know both yourself and your enemy...

JAMIE

You will, uh, come out of a hundred victories?

CITADEL (V.O.)

The man of modern times is more and more...

Jamie grabs LeBon's book, flipping to a highlighted passage.

JAMIE

A prey to indifference.

CITADEL (V.O.)

What kills Santiago's marlin?

JAMIE

Sharks.

CITADEL (V.O.)

Wrong. It was his pride. But you're close enough.

INT. SLUMS - TRAIN - DAY

Jamie scans the commuters timidly. His phone vibrates.

CITADEL (V.O.)

Tomorrow take the one forty-five east bound. Wear comfortable shoes.

JAMIE (V.O.)

Then what?

INSERT - TEXT MESSAGE

*Get off here, head south.*

BACK TO SCENE

Jamie looks out the window. Deserted buildings all around.

JAMIE

Here?

EXT. SLUMS - STREET - DAY

Jamie cautiously trolls the ragged avenue. Abandoned cars sit on blocks. Broken windows smile with glass fangs.

JAMIE

Lovely neighborhood. But are the schools any good?

Jamie reaches a T-junction. Straight ahead is the remainder of a chain link fence, enclosing the decomposing Liberty Factories. The phone vibrates.

INSERT - TEXT MESSAGE

*Inside the big one past the fence.*

BACK TO SCENE

JAMIE  
Of course.

INT. LIBERTY HANGER - DAY

Jamie shuffles his feet inside, mumbling gripes. Light strains in through the phlegm yellow windows casting awkward shadows around the discarded equipment that used to build weapons of war.

Citadel stands in the shadows, unseen.

JAMIE  
Alright, I'm here. Hello?

CITADEL  
See that line, kid?

A poorly painted white line forms a track around the hanger.

CITADEL (cont'd)  
Start running.

Reluctantly, he tosses his bag aside and begins his lap.

CITADEL (cont'd)  
This complex built the weapons that defeated the Luftwaffe, took the 38th parallel, and were stopped by the Viet Cong. Here they made the parts of the machines that would shape the world for half a century. And now it's just a discarded toxic waste dump.

Jamie stops, alarmed, and jumps on a stack of wood palettes.

CITADEL (cont'd)  
Don't worry, kid. Nothing too bad. Just enough to make it more cost effective to contain it than to clean it up for something useful. Keep running.

Jamie does. Citadel steps forward.

CITADEL (cont'd)  
Bottom line is we shouldn't be bothered.

JAMIE  
 (under his breath)  
 Great. Would hate to be interrupted  
 while running my laps.

Citadel grabs a wooden crate and chucks it at Jamie,  
 narrowly but purposely not hitting him. Another and another.  
 Jamie leaps into a corner, rolled into a ball, terrified.

CITADEL  
 Was that too much for you? Hmmm,  
 maybe there's a reason we start at  
 the beginning. Now, run.

START MONTAGE

INT. LIBERTY HANGER - DAY

Citadel with laser pointer, looms behind Jamie, both staring  
 at a projected image of the circulatory system on the wall.

CITADEL (V.O.)  
 Right now, you are at zero. You  
 have no knowledge of the law, of  
 the body, of the psychology of the  
 challenges you face.

CITADEL  
 Review: how many principal pressure  
 points?

JAMIE  
 Eleven.

CITADEL  
 Twenty-two. Eleven on each side.

INT. LIBERTY HANGER - NIGHT

Jamie finishes his stretches. A set of hurdles lie ahead.

CITADEL (V.O.)  
 You're out of shape. Uncoordinated.  
 No muscle memory. Even if we figure  
 out how to control your little  
 'quirk,' it's only a sprint in a  
 marathon.

Citadel holds his pocket watch.

CITADEL

Go.

Cooke enters as Jamie starts. First hurdle good, second, third. He clips his foot on the fourth, crashes into the fifth and the rest go down in domino fashion.

Cooke advances alarmed. Citadel waves him off.

CITADEL (cont'd)

Again.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Jamie rubs his bruises on his arms and goes back to drawing possible costume designs in a notebook.

CITADEL (V.O.)

It's gonna be tough. It's gonna be slow. Feel free to quit at any time. But if you do, don't bother coming back.

INT. LIBERTY HANGER - DAY

A rope hangs twenty feet above Jamie's head. Citadel stands next to a dump truck with dump body fully tilted.

CITADEL (V.O.)

The Doc and I figure your ability stems from a particularly potent adrenal gland. Right now, it's an involuntary response. Let's see if we can't change that.

JAMIE

It's too high. I can't reach it.

CITADEL

That's too bad, kid.

Citadel opens the gate. Steel drums flood out on course to roll Jamie flat. "It" kicks in. Jamie leaps in the air, clutching the rope as the drums pass underneath.

CITADEL (cont'd)

How you feel, kid.

JAMIE

Scared shitless!

CITADEL  
Good. Remember that feeling.

INT. CASEY HOUSE - JAMIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jamie tries to hand sew two pieces of tan and beige fabric.

CITADEL (V.O.)  
This ain't a hobby. This ain't a  
phase. This is real life.

Jamie puts it on, realizing he's sewn the sleeves shut.

INT. LIBERTY HANGER - DAY

Jamie, in shooting stance, pulls the trigger on the zip gun.  
Nothing happens. Again. Nothing.

CITADEL (V.O.)  
People get hurt. People get worse  
than hurt.

Citadel walks behind him.

CITADEL  
Helps if you take the safety off.

Jamie does. His finger slips and he narrowly misses shooting  
himself in the face.

END MONTAGE

INT. LIBERTY HANGER - NIGHT

Moonlight floods through the half collapsed roof. Jamie  
poised in defensive stance. Citadel circles him.

CITADEL (V.O.)  
When it comes down to it, kid, we  
gotta teach you how to stay alive.  
And maybe, when I say, you might be  
ready.

CITADEL  
Strong side block.

Jamie thrusts his right forearm up to block his upper half.

CITADEL (cont'd)  
Weak side block.

Jamie does the same with the left forearm

JAMIE  
This will really help, provided all  
the bad guys tell me what they're  
gonna do ahead of time.

Citadel strikes in, jab after jab, each blocked by these rudimentary blocking techniques. Unfortunately, Jamie's feet tangle up as he retreats and he trips backwards.

JAMIE (cont'd)  
I know. I know. Never cross your  
feet.

Citadel extends his hand, jerking Jamie up.

CITADEL  
Then stop doing it. Let's call it a  
day. Go see the Doc.

Cooke tosses a bottled water at Jamie. He throws a towel around Jamie's neck and begins to rub his muscles.

COOKE  
How you holding up, Jamie?

JAMIE  
Barely. Doc, this is rough.

COOKE  
Yeah, I know. But the man knows  
what he's doing. You have to if  
you're to last thirty years.

JAMIE  
Whatever. Listen, I'm gonna be late  
for my train.

COOKE  
Let me give you a ride.

INT. HIGHWAY - COOKE'S CAR - NIGHT

Cooke's words are lost on Jamie who obviously has a question on his mind.

COOKE

And your skin. It's almost like it goes from an alpha keratin to more of a beta keratin makeup. More of a hide than regular skin. Then back to normal. Don't ask me how. It--

JAMIE

Doc, why are you here?

COOKE

How do you mean, Jamie?

JAMIE

Where do you fit into all of this?

Cooke debates whether or not to say. Finally...

COOKE

My father was... a good man. When my mother died, he did what he had to. But he was a still a good, moral man. Even when all around him were not. But sometimes that wasn't enough. My father was killed. Citadel made sure that the people responsible paid for it. And he saw that I wasn't lost in the shuffle.

JAMIE

So this is some kind of debt?

COOKE

No. It's not just that. I know what's wrong in this world. And if I can't change it myself, at least I can help those who can.

EXT. CASEY HOUSE - NIGHT

Cooke's car pulls up. Jamie gets out holding a tube of Icy Hot. Cooke rolls down his window.

COOKE

Rub it on the sore spots. And for God's sake, remember to clean hands before rubbing anything else.

JAMIE

Huh. Oh. Gotcha.

COOKE

And Jamie, I know he seems like a hard ass, but he's just a person.

JAMIE

Is he? I mean, I don't even know his name.

COOKE

I know. But trust me. He likes you. May not show it but... deep down, everybody needs a friend.

INT. HALLOW HILLS HIGH SCHOOL - LIBRARY - DAY

Jamie sits behind two stacks of books, taking notes and highlighting photocopies. A VOICE whispers behind the pile.

VOICE

Sneak, sneak, sneak.

Keefe parts the columns and sticks her head through.

KEEFE

Oh where, oh where has my Casey gone? Where, oh where can he be?

JAMIE

Hey Keefe.

KEEFE

Yeah, yeah. So, you'd rather be studying...

She lifts the *Hallow City Law Journal*.

KEEFE (cont'd)

...than hanging out with me. If you're hiding from those jocks, you picked the right spot. Not like you have to after whatever happened a couple of weeks ago. You know I think I heard one say 'gesundheit' to me the other day.

Jamie lets his pencil drop.

JAMIE

Keefe, what do you want?

KEEFE

Well I wanted to know if my best friend wanted to ditch last period and get some food, but I can't seem to find him anywhere.

She storms off. Jamie, hand over mouth, mulls it over.

JAMIE

Hey Keefe, wait up!

INT. WIDOWER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Widower lies on the bed like a corpse with eyes open. The police scanner HUMS. His eyes slowly slide shut.

INSERT - FLASHING IMAGES

The Gran De Marcos Plaza.

Citadel squares off against some goons while Red Lion holds a beautiful woman hostage.

A police officer jumps out, guns blazing.

Red and the goons fire at the cop.

Citadel grabs the girl, bringing her to cover.

Citadel wrestles with Sully who's holding a remote control.

The cop shoots at them, knocking them to the ground.

Sully accidentally presses the trigger on the control.

All the glass explodes.

The cop watches the beautiful woman falling.

BACK TO SCENE

Widower flies up in his bed, sweat pouring from underneath his bandanna mask.

POLICE FREQUENCY

All units, all units. Robbery in progress at four zero six McFarlane Boulevard, Hallow First National. All available units respond.

He runs to the front door, grabbing a duffel on the way, once again leaving Morrison waiting.

EXT. LIBERTY FACTORY - DAY

Jamie, looking over his shoulder, slips through the fence.

INT. LIBERTY HANGER - DAY

Citadel straddles his running motorcycle, using the touch screen on the center console. Jamie tosses his bag aside.

JAMIE

Is it alright if we skip laps? I feel like I got robot legs.

CITADEL

Go home, kid. No training today.

JAMIE

Great, I hauled my butt out here for nothing.

CITADEL

You got better things to do? Is that why you skipped class?

JAMIE

How did you... it was only one class. No biggie for a sidekick.

CITADEL

You ain't a sidekick yet, kid.

He peels out, leaving Jamie in a cloud of dust.

JAMIE

Crap.

INT. HALLOW FIRST NATIONAL BANK - DAY

ROBELLI, total scumbag, peers out the window at grid locked streets. Smiling, he walks to the bank vault, past his FIVE CRONIES and terrified patrons.

ROBELLI

Any day now, Watson.

Watson, still bandaged, works off a laptop plugged into the vault's access panel.

WATSON  
If you can bypass a triple-cyber  
lock, be my guest. Otherwise...

Frustrated, he smacks his computer.

ROBELLI  
What now?

WATSON  
Well I'm through all the fences but  
I still need the manager's  
fingerprint.

They look at very fat, very shot to death manager over in  
the far corner.

WATSON (cont'd)  
Robelli, I can't lift that.

ROBELLI  
Lou Dog.

LOU DOG, HGH machine, walks to the corpse. Even he doesn't  
want to lift the obese corpse. Producing a switchblade, he  
cuts off the manager's finger and gives it to Robelli.

ROBELLI (cont'd)  
Not what I had in mind but crisis  
averted. How we looking outside?

Watson checks a window labeled *Hallow City Traffic Control*.

WATSON  
Traffic's a little heavy today.

EXT. HALLOW CITY - RUSH HOUR STREET - DAY

The streets outside are literally a parking lot. All traffic  
signals blink randomly. Blocks away, cop cars, SIRENS  
blaring and lights flashing, are trapped.

INT. HALLOW CITY STREET - DAY

Valentine, on a cell phone, sits in the back seat. His COP  
DRIVER pummels the horn to no avail.

COP DRIVER  
C'mon! Move it already!

VALENTINE  
 (on the phone)  
 I don't care how. Fix it!  
 (to the driver)  
 Throw it in park. We're walking.

He jumps out and storms through the streets. CAPT MUELLER runs up to meet him.

MUELLER  
 Commissioner!

VALENTINE  
 Mueller. This is your jurisdiction.  
 So why the fuck is it going to  
 hell?

MUELLER  
 It's the whole city, sir. Even  
 since Red Lion was killed, every  
 hood wants to be top dog.

VALENTINE  
 Dammit. Tell all units to respond  
 on foot.

A slobbish CAB DRIVER gets out of his car.

CAB DRIVER  
 Hey. You pigs gonna get off your  
 asses and fix this shit?

Valentine smashes the cab's headlight with his foot.

VALENTINE  
 And ticket that man. He's got a  
 busted headlight.

INT. HALLOW FIRST NATIONAL BANK - VAULT - DAY

Robelli's guys load the last of the hostages into the vault.

ROBELLI  
 Remember folks. Little breaths.

Robelli slams the door closed.

ROBELLI (cont'd)  
 Alright. Everyone upstairs.

INT. HALLOW FIRST NATIONAL BANK - FOURTH FLOOR - DAY

Robelli tops the staircase, walking past two of his men setting up an explosive charge on the wall, over to Watson.

ROBELLI  
How's the train looking.

WATSON  
(checking his laptop)  
Right on time. You sure this is gonna work.

ROBELLI  
Trust me. These upper floors were add-ons. They don't have the steel boundaries in the walls. We blow through, walk through to the next building and out the front door, taking the D-train to freedom.

Watson laptop BEEPS and freezes.

WATSON  
Hey?

All the windows close themselves. A dialogue box pops on the screen: SO, CLOSE. SO, CLOSE.

Then the computer turns off completely.

WATSON (cont'd)  
We may have a problem.

EXT. HALLOW FIRST NATIONAL BANK - STREET - DAY

A SWAT TEAM lines up, gas masks donned. Another member, with a black bandanna under his mask and badge hanging from his neck, joins the end.

SWAT MEMBER  
I thought we're going in four-man?

WIDOWER  
No. Five-man. I got the rear.

SWAT POINT  
Get ready.

Valentine stands behind a barricade with the SWAT SERGEANT.

SERGEANT  
Hostages are all in the vault.

VALENTINE  
Alright, send them in...

Before the Sarge can give the order he sees something.

The Citadel leaping along the rooftops towards the bank.

When he reaches the building, he leaps off the front, fires his zip line into the roof ledge, and sweeps back through the fourth floor window, kicking Lou Dog to the ground.

VALENTINE (cont'd)  
Get in there!

INT. HALLOW FIRST NATIONAL BANK - FOURTH FLOOR - DAY

ROBELLI  
Get him!

Robelli's thug advance. Citadel fires his grappling into the far wall and slingshots himself through two thugs.

Two others draw pistols. Citadel ducks behind a desk which gets riddled with bullets. Between clips, Citadel picks up the desk and launches it at the hoods.

Turning around, Citadel spots Watson.

CITADEL  
You again?

Reunion cut short; Lou Dog grabs Citadel's cape and swings him into the wall. He pushes a file cabinet on top of him.

Rolling it off, Lou Dog lifts the stunned Citadel by the collar. Robelli runs over, grabs the knife out of Lou's pocket, and stabs Citadel. It doesn't penetrate, but rips his costume.

ROBELLI  
What the hell?

Citadel's body armor is revealed. Robelli runs his hand along the contours, finds a crease, and stabs it. Citadel SCREAMS in pain.

ROBELLI (cont'd)  
First chink in the armor, eh?

The SWAT team arrives. Citadel jumps away. Robelli and Lou grabs guns and fire. The cops fire back, killing them.

Citadel lands against the wall under the charge. Removing the knife, sparks shooting out of the wound, he turns and sees Watson cowering. Watson grabs the charges remote.

WATSON  
Payback's a bitch.

BOOM!

The wall explodes. Citadel goes flying. The SWAT team fall against the wall. Widower spots Watson leaving through the gapping hole in the wall.

The SWAT team circle Citadel as he hobbles to his feet.

SWAT POINT  
Stay down! Get down!

Injured, costume tattered, Citadel stands there, hands half raised. No one knows what to do next.

Except the Widower who unloads his MP5 on the vigilante, sending him back, crashing through the window to the street.

EXT. HALLOW FIRST NATIONAL BANK - STREET - DAY

Citadel lays motionless. Cops and pedestrians stand silent.

Then a BUZZ in the distance, growing louder. Citadel's bike rounds the corner on the sidewalk, releasing a smoke trail. It donuts around the Citadel, creating a giant cloudy cover.

VALENTINE  
Don't let him get away!

Too late. Citadel drapes himself across the bike, which drives itself away, leaving skid marks and an extremely angry Commissioner when the smoke clears.

INT. HALLOW FIRST NATIONAL BANK - FOURTH FLOOR - DAY

The SWAT team moves away from the window.

SWAT POINT  
Which of you fired?!

But the rogue member is gone.

EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY

Jamie looks over the ledge, spotting his train. A hobo with a RADIO tied around his neck picks through the trash. The radio's song stops abruptly.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

This just in, listeners. Seems those crazy traffic signals ain't the only light show in town. A three way fire fight between bank robbers, a SWAT team, and the Citadel ended with an explosion at Hallow First National and the masked avenger plummeting four stories. He managed to flee, but is speculated to be very injured.

EXT. THE ALLEYWAY - TWILIGHT

Jamie sprints into the alley. Leonard tries to get up but falls back into the trash.

LEONARD

Hey you. Get out of here.

Jamie runs over to the homeless man.

JAMIE

Is he back yet? Is he okay?

LEONARD

How do you know--

JAMIE

Is he okay?!

LEONARD

I dunno. He didn't look good.

Lips trembling, Jamie runs to the brick wall, desperately trying to find a way in. Cooke's car turns in the alley.

LEONARD (cont'd)

I'm sorry, Doc. The kid--

COOKE

It's okay, Leonard.

Cooke pulls up to the wall. As it opens...

JAMIE  
Doc, you can fix him, right?

COOKE  
Yeah, Jamie. I'll fix him.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - DRIVEWAY - TWILIGHT

Cooke's headlights illuminate the motorcycle on its side and the Citadel laying bloody on the ground.

Jamie runs down the ramp, draping himself on Citadel. Cooke grabs a scoop stretcher off the wall.

COOKE  
Jamie.  
(no response)  
Jamie! I need you to roll him while  
I slide this under.

He tries to follow the directions. They lift on three and carry him to the operating room.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

They place him on the table. Cooke cuts the costume off.

COOKE  
Jamie. Second cabinet. Grab a  
surgical kit.

Jamie searches the cabinet. Medical supplies fall out. Finally he finds the kit.

Turning he sees Cooke taking apart different pieces of body armor. Fiber optics and small hydraulics run like veins on each piece's inner side.

COOKE (cont'd)  
Alright, scrub up. I'm gonna need  
you on this one.

JAMIE  
But I can't.

COOKE  
Just do it!

Jamie feverishly washes his hands. Cooke tosses something metal on the counter that stops Jamie in his tracks: Citadel's faceplate. He then tosses something else.

Citadel's hood, with trademark black locks attached.

Turning around, Jamie sees Citadel for who he really is.

An weathered man, mid-50's, thin, stringy, white hair down to his jaw. The old man eecks out a smile.

CITADEL

Maybe I should have stayed with you  
today, kid.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Watson tries to hide in his coat. TWO COPS get on at the other side of the car. Watson tries to leave but can't cut through the oncoming traffic.

The cops search the car; getting closer. Watson swims through the crowd to the next car. The cops get closer. He frantically opens the door to the...

INT. SUBWAY - ADJACENT CAR - NIGHT

...and is slammed up against the wall by Widower, now in his favored trench coat. His badge still tangles from his neck.

WIDOWER

Scream and I kill you.

WATSON

What do you want?

WIDOWER

The same thing you want. To see the  
Citadel dead. C'mon.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Jamie runs his hands along the body armor, assembled on a mannequin. Cooke's voice startles him.

COOKE

Really is quiet impressive. Type  
four Kevlar coating on multiple  
hydraulic units that run off a  
synapse processor. Basically an  
exoskeleton.

JAMIE

So he really doesn't have any powers?

COOKE

We're not all as lucky as you. Some of us have to fake it.

JAMIE

Where'd he get it?

COOKE

Get it? He made it, Jamie.

JAMIE

How?

COOKE

That's what he does. That's all he does.

JAMIE

Is that how he's been able to stay around for so long.

Cooke places the headpiece on the mannequin and plugs the suit into an outlet.

COOKE

Everybody gets old. When he started, he didn't need this black wig. You either adapt or...

JAMIE

It was close tonight, wasn't it?

COOKE

Been closer. Not by much though. You can see him now if you want.

Jamie runs his finger in the armor where the knife pierced.

JAMIE

I dunno.

COOKE

He doesn't get many visitors. It would mean a lot.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jamie knocks and creaks the door open. Inside he finds the Citadel in bed hooked up to fluids and a medical monitor.

The room itself is completely paneled in fine wood. Bookshelves cover an entire wall. An old TV sits inside an armoire. A few framed pictures rest on the bureau.

CITADEL

So you know, I may cancel training tomorrow too.

JAMIE

Ain't that like skipping class?

CITADEL

I'll have a doctor's note.

JAMIE

Does it hurt?

CITADEL

Yes, it does.

Silence invades. Citadel points to a black and white picture of two boys, 18 and 10.

CITADEL (cont'd)

Recognize anyone?

JAMIE

(holding the picture)

Is that Doc?

CITADEL

And yours truly.

JAMIE

You were friends. That's why you took care of him after his dad died, isn't it.

CITADEL

My father was a criminal. He held this town in a strangle hold for years. Had his hands in everyone, including the Doc's dad. But Mr. Cooke never made a dirty penny. He refused to. That's what got him killed.

Jamie puts the picture back on the bureau.

CITADEL (cont'd)

After that, I couldn't ignore it anymore. I did what I had to do. I knew my father had to be stopped. So I... I did it. Afterwards I took all the blood money he made and the tall kid in the picture was never seen again.

JAMIE

What's your real name?

CITADEL

Thurman.

Jamie extends his hand. Grinning, Thurman shakes it.

JAMIE

Good to meet you, Thurman.

THURMAN

It's good to be met.

EXT. HALLOW CITY SKYLINE - DAY

The morning sun burns golden through the city smog.

INT. VALENTINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Valentine tears into the room, leaving a humbled POLICE CHIEF at the door.

VALENTINE

I don't want excuses. I want him in custody, alive or otherwise.

He slams the door in the Chief's face.

VOICE (O.S.)

Trouble amongst the ranks?

MAYOR MALTESE sits too comfortably with his feet propped up behind Valentine's desk. Trying to remain respectful...

VALENTINE

Mayor Maltese. Why don't you make yourself at home.

MALTESE

I like what you've done with the place. Haley always had these air

(MORE)

MALTESE (cont'd)  
fresheners. Smelt like what my wife  
sprays after she takes a shit.

VALENTINE  
Nothing but Pledge, sir.

MALTESE  
Michael, I don't give a damn what  
you use and I really don't give a  
damn what you do with the place. I  
brought you in for one thing. Catch  
the Citadel.

Maltese kicks back from the desk, scuffing it and sending  
the chair jarring into the wall. He wanders around  
pompously. Valentine tries to buff the marks on the wood.

MALTESE (cont'd)  
Bring some honor back to the  
Goddamn town. Only city in the  
country that has a vigilante.

VALENTINE  
I assure you we're working--

MALTESE  
No, you're failing. From now on,  
whatever it takes. Understand?

VALENTINE  
Yes, Mr. Mayor.

Maltese puts on his coat.

MALTESE  
Good. Until then, you might not  
want to unpack.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - OPERATION CENTER - DAY

Thurman, in slacks and a white-T, plays video from the First  
National Incident. It plays up until Widower opens fire.

Freeze frame. He zooms in, increasing the resolution. Still  
vague. Zooms in again, running multiple filters to clarify  
the image. Eventually, the figure is in perfect focus.

THURMAN  
Who are you? You're not a cop.

He notices the badge: HCPD 2336.

THURMAN (cont'd)

Are you?

He brings up the HCPD database. Quickly it returns a profile: Mark Marino. Medically separated.

He hits print as Cooke enters to change his dressings.

COOKE

Where's Jamie today?

THURMAN

Gave him the day off.

COOKE

Good. He could use a break after last night.

THURMAN

He's tougher than he looks.

Cooke lifts Thurman's shirt and peels off the bandage.

COOKE

Your numbers came back today.

Thurman sees the result in Cooke's eyes.

THURMAN

That good, huh.

COOKE

When are you going to tell him?

THURMAN

Soon. He ain't ready yet. Are we done here?

COOKE

Yeah, we're done.

Cooke throws the dirty dressings in the trash. Thurman puts on a sweater and green wool cap. He heads for the door.

THURMAN

Good. I need milk and fresh air.

COOKE

It's not fair, you know.

THURMAN

It never is, Josh. It never is.

EXT. THE ALLEYWAY - DAY

Steam billows from a grate, concealing Thurman's exit. He walks to the alley's mouth, where people flash by like speeding cars. Leonard offers him a drink. He declines.

LEONARD  
Lemme ask ya. Was that your kid?

THURMAN  
No, Leonard. He's just a friend.

He stands at the sidewalk's end, watching his protected.

LEONARD  
That's good. Friends is hard to  
come by these days.

THURMAN  
You're telling me.

A wide swaggering HIP-HOPPER shoulders into Thurman.

HIP-HOPPER  
Wha'cho got something?

Thurman shakes his head as the urbanite walks away laughing.

HIP-HOPPER  
Yeah, white boy knows I'll kick his  
ass. Bla-ow!

Thurman sighs and merges into the human migration.

INT. HALLOW CITY - PAT'S MARKET - DAY

Thurman has a few items in his basket. Headed towards the refrigerated aisle, he sees Haley checking the milk.

HALEY  
Pat, where's the one percent?

Pat pokes his head out from the deli counter.

PAT  
Sorry, Jo Anna. All out.

She ponders. Mounting courage, Thurman approaches.

THURMAN  
Hard decision?

HALEY  
Life and death.

THURMAN  
(grabbing a two percent)  
You only live once.

HALEY  
(grabbing a skim)  
That's how it starts.

INT. HALLOW CITY - PAT'S MARKET - REGISTER - DAY

Thurman unpacks onto the conveyor belt. Haley gets in line behind him.

HALEY  
Thanks for the other day. My wallet?

THURMAN  
(impressed)  
How did you--

HALEY  
I was a cop for thirty years. You tend to recognize voices.

THURMAN  
Really?

She leans over, checking out his purchases.

HALEY  
Dinner for one?

Thurman hands the clerk some cash.

THURMAN  
What can I say? Bad company.

HALEY  
I'll take that challenge. How'd you like to have dinner with me?

THURMAN  
Are you asking me out, Jo Anna?

HALEY  
Brave new world. Hey, how'd you know my name?

THURMAN  
Pat's a loud guy.

Pulling a card from her purse, she hands it to Thurman.

HALEY  
Gotta love 'em. Anyway, my number's  
on the back...

THURMAN  
Thurman.

HALEY  
Well Thurman, call me.

He smiles, grabs his bag and leaves. Jo Anna stands in her own world 'til she notices the clerk looking at her.

HALEY (cont'd)  
(embarrassed)  
What? He's cute. Oh, shut up.

INT. HALLOW CITY - WATSON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Watson, sipping an energy drink, opens his front door.

WATSON  
I think I got it.

Widower walks in, having to step around the junk.

WATSON (cont'd)  
Alright. What makes him special?

No response.

WATSON (cont'd)  
The suit. Nobody's that tough.  
Nobody can do what he does,  
especially as long as he has. But  
the suit keeps him strong. Kill the  
suit though, you can kill the man.

WIDOWER  
How?

Watson turns to one of his laptops. His cell phone RINGS on the coffee table.

WATSON  
Can you get that for me? Please?

Reluctantly, he answers the phone. Watson grabs a hand held control, activating it. The phone sparks and smokes.

Widower throws it down and pulls his 9mm on Watson.

WATSON

Wait, wait, wait. Hold on. This is it. This is how we get him.

Widower still doesn't budge.

WATSON

Listen, he uses a wi-fi signal. It's part of his set-up. That's how he crashed my computer at the bank. And if he can transmit, he can receive. Only problem is I don't got his signal, yet. Next time, I can scan for it though. Set it into this puppy here like I did the phone. Kill the suit.

WIDOWER

(lowering the gun)  
Kill the man.

EXT. THE ALLEYWAY - DAY

Jamie enters with his backpack on. He spots Leonard.

JAMIE

Um, excuse me. About the other day. I'm--

LEONARD

Big man says you're good people.

They walk together to the concealed entrance.

LEONARD (cont'd)

Good enough for me. Name's Leonard.

JAMIE

Jamie. How you do?

LEONARD

I get by. Listen, I do this cuz he's takin' a shinin' to ya.

He looks over his shoulders, then pushes a dark brick. A door sized section of the wall opens.

LEONARD (cont'd)  
Juz don't let me catch every Tom,  
Dick, and Harry comin' through.

JAMIE  
I gotcha.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - BEDROOM - DAY

In a leather chair, Thurman twirls Haley's card between his fingers. Jamie, knocking, lets himself in.

JAMIE  
Hey Thurman. Still sounds weird.

THURMAN  
Tell me about it.

JAMIE  
I know you said we were gonna take  
the day off but I figure you're  
always giving me stuff to read.  
Thought I'd return the favor.

He dumps a stack of magazines out of his backpack. Thurman disapprovingly lifts a *Maxim* featuring a teen sexpot.

JAMIE (cont'd)  
I'm serious. You will be tested.

Thurman notices some fabric in the backpack.

THURMAN  
What's that?

JAMIE  
Well, I know I may be getting ahead  
of myself but--

Jamie whips out his homemade costume. Various shades of brown canvas and leather. Not professional but not bad.

JAMIE (cont'd)  
Ta-daa!

THURMAN  
Jamie, sit down.

JAMIE  
Did I do something wrong?

THURMAN

No. Just sit.

Sensing the mood, Jamie sits on the corner of the bed.

THURMAN (cont'd)

I'm dying, Jamie.

JAMIE

Huh? Doc said you'd recover.

THURMAN

Not 'cause of last night. Jamie, I have Leukemia. There's a cell my body makes. in my blood. The cell doesn't work and it blocks the other cells from keeping me healthy. It's called CLL. Jamie, there's no cure.

JAMIE

Is there anything we can do?

THURMAN

Doc's setting some things up but I will die. That's why I was looking. Looking for someone like you. There's something special inside you. And it's not just your power. It's your heart. You care about people. Care more than I ever did.

Jamie wipes a tear off his cheek.

THURMAN (cont'd)

This ain't a great life. And it requires a total commitment. You can't live as two people.

JAMIE

You mean--

THURMAN

For all intents and purposes, Jamie Casey will be dead. Ain't no such thing as an alter ego. Trust me. But it's all yours if you want it. Either way, I think I'm done.

Jamie gets up, walking to the door.

JAMIE

What are you gonna do then?

Eying the phone, Haley's number in hand.

THURMAN

Something I should've done a long time ago.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - HALLWAY - DAY

Jamie leaves Thurman to make his call.

THURMAN (O.S.)

Hello. Jo Anna? Yeah. Didn't know how long I should wait. I could call back.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - OPERATION CENTER - DAY

Jamie tosses his bag on the ground and sits at the computer center. He launches the web browser and searches 'CLL.'

THURMAN (O.S.)

I was just wondering... I like Italian. Uh, sure. On fifth street, right?

Perusing various sites, he hits *Print Screen*. Checking the printer, he finds the Widower's printout.

JAMIE

What the...

On the screen's toolbar, he finds two minimized windows: the First National footage and the HCPD Database.

THURMAN (O.S.)

Eight sounds great. Yeah. I'll see you then.

Jamie closes the windows. He takes his mask out of the bag.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - HALLWAY - DAY

Thurman, giddy, sticks his head out of the bedroom door.

THURMAN

Hey, Jamie. Jamie? Hello?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Jamie verifies the apartment number with the printout. He knocks three times. Nothing. Three more. The same.

He slips on his mask, his hair sprouting out the top and picks the lock.

INT. WIDOWER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Morrison's tail taps, slowly, then quicker. The door opens. Morrison stands.

JAMIE

Ahhh!

(relieved)

Hey boy.

The disappointed dog lays back down. Jamie closes and locks the door behind him. He slinks from room to room, not quite sure what he's looking for.

INT. WIDOWER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Jamie finds a file on Widower's desk. Flipping through, he finds the X'ed photos with news clipping about their demises. Two photos remain unmarked: Watson and the Citadel.

The front door unlocks and opens. Jamie, trapped, does a panicked shuffle. Widower enters, petting the dog.

Jamie throws himself in the closet. Peering through the bladed door, he watches Widower enter the room. Jamie's mask sucks in and out with every breath.

Widower grabs a picture from his dresser.

WIDOWER

Almost there, Marisa.

He takes his boots and jacket off. Removing his shirt and bandanna, Jamie can see the extent of his burns.

Widower turns and walks to the closet.

He opens the right closet door. Jamie hides on the left side. Widower hangs his coat up and closes the door. He lays on the bed in his distinct sleeping style.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - BEDROOM - DAY

Thurman, in a green suit, inspects his red tie in the mirror. Not content, he reaches behind his neck pulling four more ties, already knotted, to the front. He sorts through.

Yellow? No. Dark green? No. Piano? Hell no! He settles on black mustard stripes and throws the rest to the floor.

He checks his breath in his left hand. Not quite right. He checks again. Maybe the hand smells. He checks the other hand, pops a breath mint and splashes cologne on his palms.

THURMAN

You're a baaaad man.

INT. WIDOWER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jamie carefully fold the closet door open. He tip toes to the bedroom door. He opens it slowly.

It CREEKS. Jamie halts. The man stirs, but doesn't wake. Lifting the handle as he pulls, he opens it and slips by.

INT. WIDOWER'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

He slides along the hallway hall, eyes fixed on the bedroom door. He rounds the corner towards the front door.

ROOERT! Morrison yelps after Jamie steps on his tail. Jamie drops to the floor, covering the dog's mouth. Petting the dog, Jamie stares down the hall. No Widower.

JAMIE

Damn, boy. That was close.

WIDOWER

No it wasn't.

He's standing in the kitchen behind Jamie. Jamie bolts for the door. Widower grabs. Jamie blocks with his strong side and punches Widower in the chest, sending him flying.

JAMIE

Holy crap. It worked.

Jamie unlocks the door and flees.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jamie darts towards the closing elevator doors. He sticks his fingers inside.

An OLD LADY crushes Jamie's hand with her umbrella handle. Jamie lets go and runs to the staircase.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT

The elevator doors open. The old lady takes one step when Jamie runs by. Jumping back in, she swings her umbrella.

OLD LADY  
Crackhead!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Jamie dashes out the door, down the block, and into the alley. He catches his breath between two trashcans.

He does not see the silhouette sliding down the fire escape. He does not see the silhouette approaching.

Only when passing headlights illuminate the silhouette, the Widower, does he notice.

Widower flips him around. Jamie throws a right hook, misses, connecting instead with a brick wall, fracturing it. Widower gut punches Jamie and pulls up his mask.

WIDOWER  
Picked the wrong guy to mess with.

JAMIE  
(pulling his mask back down)  
I could say the same about you.

Jamie tackles Widower. They spill out of the alley into the street. Cars, trying to avoid them, run the sidewalk, into walls, narrowly missing pedestrians.

Jamie repetitively punches Widower in the face. But these punches have little effect. Widower catches one mid-air, twists Jamie's hand behind his back into a hammerlock.

WIDOWER  
Go home, kid. I ain't gonna tell  
you twice.

He pushes Jamie into a stopped van. The driver flees.

JAMIE

So you can kill the Citadel? You  
can go to hell.

Jamie lifts the van and throws it at Widower who dives out of the way. The vehicle slides across the pavement, knocking into cars and plowing through a storefront.

EXT. HALLOW CITY - FLORIST - NIGHT

Thurman exits with a lilly bouquet. He smells them as two police cruisers race by. Alarmed he runs into...

INT. HALLOW CITY - BAR -NIGHT

The patrons are fixated with the newscast on the big screen.

TV REPORTER

Oh, that was close. That van almost  
hit those people. Again, a major  
conflict between two unknown  
suspects on the upper east side.

THURMAN

Jamie.

TV REPORTER

The one... Is that a kid? He just  
lifted a van. How'd he do that?

A discarded bouquet lies next to the swinging bar door.

EXT. HALLOW CITY - INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Widower races down the street chased by Jamie, denting car rooftops as he jumps along them. He pounces on Widower. They tumble into the intersection. The cars stops, making a ring.

WIDOWER

This isn't your fight, boy.

JAMIE

I'm making it mine.

Widower kicks Jamie off. He pulls out his 9mm.

WIDOWER

Have it your way.

Summoning his strength. Jamie tears off a manhole cover, deflecting the bullets. He slings it at Widower, knocking away the gun. The cover hits a fire hydrant, shattering it.

Widower implants his heel into Jamie's face, then his gut.

He retrieves his weapon and strolls back to Jamie.

WIDOWER (cont'd)

I gave you a chance. Could have walked away. Why didn't you?

JAMIE

Someone's gotta stand and fight.

With all his might, Jamie punches him in the chest. Nothing. Doesn't even knock him back.

WIDOWER

Too bad you thought it was you.

He lifts the barrel to Jamie's temple. Jamie shuts his eyes.

Something in the distance, arcing down the street. The Citadel swings down, grabs Jamie, and ascends.

The Widower unloads on him. Each bullet bounces off the hero.

Cop cars circle in on Widower. The police draw aim on him.

COP

Drop your weapon and get down on your knees now!

Crouching down, he lays his gun on the ground. He notices something. A wallet. He slides it up his sleeve and stands.

COP (cont'd)

I said down on your knees.

Widower baby steps backwards and drops through the manhole.

INT. SEWER - NIGHT

Widower flips open the wallet finding a train pass, four bucks, and a school ID of one Jameson Casey.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Citadel pushes Jamie down the ramp. The door closes behind.

CITADEL  
Get in there!

JAMIE  
What the hell is wrong with you?

CITADEL  
With me? What the hell were you  
doing out there?

JAMIE  
Gee, I don't know. Maybe what  
you've been training me to do.

CITADEL  
Didn't I also say that I, that is  
me and me alone, would decide when  
you were ready.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

JAMIE  
This was the same guy that tried to  
kill you, correction, tried to kill  
you twice.

CITADEL  
And what were you going to do when  
you got him?

JAMIE  
I dunno. Give him to the cops.

CITADEL  
How? How exactly were you gonna do  
that?

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Citadel takes his headgear off and fastballs it onto the counter, crashing into various mechanical projects.

JAMIE  
I guess... I'd... dammit. I was  
just trying to help!

THURMAN  
I don't need your help, kid!

JAMIE  
Could've fooled me. Seem to remember you being the one stalking me, bringing me back here, asking me to be your sidekick.

THURMAN  
Yeah, well, we all makes mistakes.

JAMIE  
What's that supposed to mean?

THURMAN  
What'd you think. It's done. Game over. Goodbye.

JAMIE  
You can't do that!

THURMAN  
I just did. Get your shit and get out.

Enraged, Jamie throws his mask against the wall. He leaves. Then returns.

JAMIE  
You coward. You think what you do here ain't selfish. You're hiding down here.

THURMAN  
Get out.

JAMIE  
You're afraid.

THURMAN  
Get out!

JAMIE  
That's why you're gonna die alone.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Citadel tackles Jamie and slams him up against the wall.

THURMAN

You little punk. You got no idea  
what it's like to sacrifice.

Jamie chops him hard on both trapezius muscles, sending him  
crumbling to the ground.

JAMIE

Spare me. You just burrow yourself  
down here cause you're too ashamed.

THURMAN

You don't know.

JAMIE

I know. I know you were too much of  
a coward to save Doc's dad.

THURMAN

You don't know.

JAMIE

You stood there while they killed  
him.

THURMAN

You don't know!

JAMIE

What don't I know?!

THURMAN

I KILLED HIM! I killed him. I...

Jamie stands stunned. Thurman's lip trembles. Tears stream  
down his cheeks. Jamie turns and leaves out the driveway.

Wiping his tears with his palms, Thurman chases after him.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

He enters, finding Jamie stopped short and...

...Cooke, sobbing frozen, keys still tangling in hand.

THURMAN

Josh. What are you...

COOKE

I thought he might be hurt.

Searching Josh's eyes, Citadel can tell he heard.

COOKE (cont'd)  
You bastard.

Doc gets in his car and drives out. Jamie looks back at the old man with a look of pity, and then leaves as well.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

MONTAGE - CITY - STREETS - DAY

A) Holiday shoppers bustle about the city. CHRISTMAS MUSIC drowns out the normal metropolitan clamor.

B) Stores put the finishing touches on their window setups.

C) A vagrant competes with a Salvation Army Santa. He loses.

D) A clerk changes a "Shopping Days Left" sign to five.

E) Cabbies still spurt expletives, only now they're wearing antler headbands.

INT. WATSON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wool blankets drape off the couch bed. The coffee table now houses Widower's revenge file.

A new target is displayed. Jamie: home address, schedule, photos of him, photos of Keefe.

Widower, shirtless, ribs wrapped, stares down at the street.

He watches a couple, 20's, buy hot cocoa from a vendor. The girl, sipping, gets whipped cream on her nose. Laughing, the guy licks it off.

WATSON (O.S.)  
We still on for--

Watson enters, immediately repulsed by Widower's scars.

WATSON  
Jesus, man! I don't mind you staying here since your place got raided but wear a damn shirt.

Widower shows no intention of covering up.

WATSON (cont'd)  
 Anyway, we still on for tonight?

Widower exhales, fogging the glass, obscuring the couple.

WIDOWER  
 Yeah. We're still on.

INT. HALEY'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Meticulously, Haley measures and cuts wrapping paper for a blender. Her phone rings. She checks it: number unknown. She lets it go to the machine.

ANSWERING MACHINE  
 Happy holidays! It's Jo Anna. Sorry  
 I can't--

The caller hangs up.

HALEY  
 Couldn't have been that crucial.

It rings again. Same unknown caller. Sighing, she answers.

HALEY (cont'd)  
 Happy holidays.

THURMAN  
 Jo Anna.

HALEY  
 Speaking. Who's this?

THURMAN  
 It's Thurman.

Annoyed, she doesn't respond.

THURMAN (cont'd)  
 From the market.

HALEY  
 I remember.

THURMAN  
 Listen, I'm sorry about, um,  
 standing you up.

HALEY  
 Don't worry about it. Apparently  
 you weren't for the past two weeks.

THURMAN

About that. It's been hectic. I'd love to make it up to you.

HALEY

Well, been pretty hectic around here too. Tell you what. I'll call you.

THURMAN

You don't have my number.

HALEY

Then I'll see you around.

THURMAN

Sorry. Could've had a good run.

Something in her head goes off as he hangs up.

HALEY

Good run?

She stares at the phone in disbelief. Star sixty-nining...

OPERATOR

The function you have requested cannot be completed.

She lets the phone slide from her hand onto the table. Her pondering thoughts interrupted by her urinating cat.

HALEY

Mookie!

INT. CASEY HOUSE - JAMIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jamie, chatting on his cell phone, puts on his coat.

KEEFE (V.O.)

Again? You'd think he'd figured out what was wrong by now.

JAMIE

Says it's probably just the flu. He just wants to see me one more time before the end of the year.

KEEFE (V.O.)

The guy's a quack. He's ripping off your parents' insurance.

Jamie grabs a wrapped present off the desk.

JAMIE  
What do I care?

KEEFE (V.O.)  
Well, just don't drag ass. Don't  
wanna miss the opening act.

JAMIE  
Not a chance.

He grabs two tickets and pockets them.

INT. CASEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jamie slides down the railing. The Christmas tree has a dozen gifts from Mom to Dad, and vice versa. Above the fireplace are gift cards for Jamie, not even wrapped.

JAMIE  
Mom. Dad. I'm ready.

He searches the living room. No one. Hearing voices from...

INT. CASEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Just a TV left on. Jamie finds a note on the table: At Dad's company party - Mom.

JAMIE  
What else is new?

Jamie digs out his phone and dials while the news plays.

JAMIE  
Hey Keefe. They did it again.

WEATHERMAN  
...six inches of the white stuff at  
least. So bundle up. Eva.

TV REPORTER  
Always love the first snow. We go  
now live to City Hall where  
Commissioner Valentine is holding a  
press conference.

Valentine, flanked by officers, appears on the screen.

VALENTINE  
Citizens of Hallow City. It is my  
fear that you have been misled and  
(MORE)

VALENTINE (cont'd)  
deceived. This "hero" which you idolize has been in fact stealing from you. In the past year alone, the Citadel has stole two million dollars in damages, lawsuits, and other costs. All that changes today. As well as assembling a special task unit to capture this criminal, the city is offering a half a million dollars for any information leading directly to the arrest and conviction of the Citadel.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Keefe is deep in a Highlights puzzle. Jamie smiles.

RECEPTIONIST  
Jamie, Dr. Cooke will see you now.

JAMIE  
Last squirrel's in the bush.

He gets up. Keefe checks the bush in the puzzle.

KEEFE  
I would've found it, you know.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Jamie enters and plops himself on the examination table.

COOKE  
Jamie, pull the paper down first.

JAMIE  
Sorry, Doc.

He jumps off and does what he's told. Getting back on, Doc inserts his stethoscope in Jamie's shirt.

COOKE  
How you feeling? Ribs okay?

JAMIE  
Good to go.

COOKE

Have you been, you know?

JAMIE

My power. Nah. Thing's been kinda boring lately.

COOKE

Probably better that way. Still don't know how it all works.

JAMIE

Well I guess it really doesn't matter anymore.

Cooke takes off his stethoscope and writes in Jamie's file.

COOKE

Guess not.

JAMIE

Have you...

COOKE

No. Not since that night. You?

JAMIE

Nah. You miss him?

COOKE

Running out in the middle of the night. Fixin' what's just going to get broken again.

JAMIE

Not it. Him. Do you miss him?

Cooke braces himself on the counter.

COOKE

No. No, I don't. It's time to get on with my life.

JAMIE

I know what he did but--

COOKE

Jamie. Your world isn't big enough to understand. Now, I have other patients waiting.

JAMIE

Oh. Sorry. Anyway, I got you something. Merry Christmas.

He takes the gift out of his jacket and leaves it on the table. He leaves Cooke to open it.

Pushing himself off the counter, Cooke reads the card: For the one I broke - Jamie.

He opens it. A hypodermic needle. Cooke cracks a smile.

EXT. THE ALLEYWAY - TWILIGHT

The first couple of flurries touch down. Leonard wraps himself in his soiled blankets.

The hidden door in the wall opens.

THURMAN (O.S.)

Leonard. C'mon in. It's cold.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Brushing snow off his shoulders he finds Thurman in plain clothes nursing bourbon.

LEONARD

You know this is the first time I've been in here? Leaves a lil' something to be desired.

THURMAN

Been meaning to clean it up. Grab a glass.

He's already got one and is pouring.

LEONARD

Cold as the Dickens out there.

THURMAN

Sorry I haven't had you in sooner.

LEONARD

Ah, don't be. Ain't part of my job. You guard the city. I guard the alley. Thanks anyway, though.

They both sip.

LEONARD (cont'd)  
 Heard about your uh, bounty.

Thurman squints at him.

LEONARD (cont'd)  
 Ah don't worry. You're one of the  
 only people that ever treated me  
 with respect. Secret's safe wit me.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Keefe and Jamie ride the westbound, poking fun at the  
 assorted characters.

A FAT GUY sits next to an ELDERLY LADY.

JAMIE  
 Ten bucks says he absorbs her.

KEEFE  
 Well she can't get away. She's  
 stuck in his gravitational pull.

The obese man lifts a cheek up, letting one go.

KEEFE (cont'd)  
 Did he just--

JAMIE  
 He did.

He playfully covers her nose.

JAMIE (cont'd)  
 Don't breath it in. She already did  
 once and look what happened. She's  
 only twenty.

KEEFE  
 Jamie. Shut up.

JAMIE  
 It's gonna look like she opened the  
 Arc of the Covenant in here.

KEEFE  
 You're retarded.

As their laughter trails, she rests her head on him.

KEEFE (cont'd)  
Glad you're back, Casey.

JAMIE  
Me too.

EXT. TRAIN - DUSK

The train throttles towards the city as the sun sets and the flurries grow.

EXT. HALLOW CITY - STREET - NIGHT

Keefe and Jamie chase each other on the sidewalks, making snowballs from the accumulating powder.

An errant toss from Keefe hits a BUSINESS MAN.

BUSINESS MAN  
You little...

KEEFE  
Oh crap. Jamie, c'mon.

Jamie briefly tries to console the man, who kicks snow at the kid. Keefe books it around the corner. Jamie follows.

Turning the corner, Jamie is pulverized with a snowball. Keefe falls down laughing.

JAMIE  
You think that's funny?

He grabs a chunk of snow, molding it. Keefe protests.

KEEFE  
Jamie. Jamie. It's yellow.

He looks down seeing the snow has already been "used." He throws it to the ground, disgusted at his urine soaked bare hands. Keefe is damn near hysterical.

JAMIE  
Oh, c'mon! Yeah, laugh it up.

KEEFE  
Trust me. I will.

JAMIE  
I'm gonna wash my hands.

KEEFE

Good idea.

Jamie opens a pizzeria door with his elbows and enters. Keefe composes herself, gets up, and brushes off.

A POLICE OFFICER comes up behind her, his face obscured.

POLICE OFFICER

Excuse me, miss.

KEEFE

Uh, yes, officer?

A familiar badge is attached to his jacket: HCPD 2336.

EXT. HALLOW CITY - STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jamie exits the pizzeria, holding two cups of Joe. A white van pulls away from the curb.

JAMIE

I got you a coffee. Couldn't remember if you like milk but I know you like...

(noticing she's gone)

free?

Jamie's phone RINGS. He sees Keefe's name on the display.

JAMIE (cont'd)

Keefe, where are you?

WIDOWER (V.O.)

Listen close. Nothing's going to happen to her if you do exactly what I say.

JAMIE

Who is this?

WIDOWER

You know who this is. Tell your friend to meet me at the Gran De Marcos. Alone. This ain't your fight and your girlfriend will be fine as long as you remember.

Widower hangs up. Jamie's hand, still holding the phone to his ear, trembles.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The hidden door closes behind Jamie. The airtight door to the hall is wide open. Voices ECHO. Jamie creeps in.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - OPERATION CENTER - NIGHT

Jamie finds Citadel, Leonard, and a half empty bottle.

LEONARD  
The whole building?

THURMAN  
Damn near the whole block.

LEONARD  
I thought it was some firm.

THURMAN  
(coughing)  
Dummy corporation. It's all me.

JAMIE  
Hey.

They turn. Leonard almost chokes on the tension.

LEONARD  
You want I should leave?

THURMAN  
No.  
(to Jamie)  
What do you want?

JAMIE  
I need your help.

THURMAN  
Well I'm a little busy--

JAMIE  
I need your help.

Thurman can see the tears in his eyes.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Citadel zips his costume up over his body armor.

JAMIE  
I feel so stupid.

THURMAN  
Good news is I don't think he'd actually kill her.

JAMIE  
Why?

THURMAN  
Pretty sure he wants to kill me.

JAMIE  
Why?

THURMAN  
He blames me for his wife's death.

Leonard brings the costume's headpiece over.

LEONARD  
Does this BCI work one-way or two?

They look at him surprised.

LEONARD (cont'd)  
The Brain Computer Interface? What?  
People throw out a lot of *Popular Mechanics*.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Citadel, fully garbed and checking his pistol, walks towards the exit. Jamie flanks him with Leonard in the rear.

JAMIE  
So how are we doing this?

CITADEL  
We aren't. I am.

JAMIE  
You've been drinking.

CITADEL  
No I haven't.

JAMIE  
I smell it on you.

CITADEL  
Maybe just a little.

JAMIE  
C'mon.

Citadel stops. He puts his hands on Jamie's shoulders.

CITADEL  
This guy is serious and he's  
unstable. All he wants is me.

JAMIE  
Well he made it personal when he  
kidnapped my friend.

CITADEL  
Fine.

Citadel bearhugs Jamie and throws him in the holding cell.  
He calls Leonard over.

CITADEL (cont'd)  
Don't let him out until I get back.

Jamie punches at the door. It CLUNGS, startling Leonard.  
Citadel leaves.

EXT. GRAN DE MARCOS PLAZA - NIGHT

Now at blizzard strength, snow falls on the magnificent  
arched buildings and covers the botanical gardens below.

Watson and Keefe trudge to the front door.

INT. GRAN DE MARCOS - NORTH TOWER LOBBY - NIGHT

A bored SECURITY GUARD watches a sitcom's Christmas episode  
behind his desk. Watson enters holding Keefe close.

SECURITY GUARD  
Can I help you, sir?

WATSON  
Just gotta grab some papers from my  
office and my little girl wanted to  
watch the snow from the observation  
level.

SECURITY GUARD  
Sorry, sir. Buildings closed on  
account of the weather.

WATSON  
Real quick?

Widower, in his police uniform enters; walks to the counter.

WIDOWER  
There a problem here?

WATSON  
This hard-on won't let me up.

SECURITY GUARD  
Excuse me. You better leave.

Watson doesn't. The guard looks to Widower for back up but gets none. The guard then sees Watson's gun in Keefe's side.

THUMP! Widower slams the guard's face into the counter, knocking him out. Keefe gasps, covering her mouth.

WIDOWER  
Make it quick.

Widower walks away. Watson drags Keefe around the counter, knocking the guard out of the chair and begins to hack the security system.

INT. GRAN DE MARCOS - BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

EIGHT MORE GUARDS watch the same Christmas show.

Widower barges in, throws handcuffs to the guards, and draws guns in both hands. The guard surrenders.

WIDOWER  
Rent-a-cops.

INT. GRAN DE MARCOS - NORTH TOWER LOBBY - NIGHT

Widower marches the guards out the front doors. Watson holds a schedule.

WATSON  
That should be all of them.

Widower goes to the elevator. Watson follows dragging Keefe.

WATSON (cont'd)  
Alright, girlie. Let's go.

EXT. GRAN DE MARCOS PLAZA - NIGHT

The three can be seen as the glass elevator ascends towards the observation deck. Each arch has two of these elevators.

EXT. HALLOW CITY BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Citadel rides through the slick streets, faster and faster.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Leonard, worried, sits against the wall next to the holding cell door. Jamie is still BANGING as hard as he can.

INT. GRAN DE MARCOS - OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

The best view in all of Hallow City. The entire room is a glass orb. Two levels of perimeter walkways and two more paths that intersect in the middle above the retractable glass floor. This is the keystone for all four towers.

Watson sets up his equipment on the higher walkway. Keefe is handcuffed to the railing beside him.

Widower places a charge on a structural stress point.

WATSON  
We're locked down. Is all that stuff really necessary?

WIDOWER  
One way or another, he dies.

WATSON  
Hope you don't think I'm blowing myself up.

WIDOWER  
Just take care of his suit. Then all will be forgiven.

WATSON  
What? Weirdo.

KEEFE

Let me go Mister. I never did anything to you.

WIDOWER

I know and for that I'm sorry.  
Watson, open the bowl. He's here.

EXT. GRAN DE MARCOS PLAZA - NIGHT

Citadel pulls up on his cycle to the North Lobby. Getting off, the bike speeds away. He checks the door. It's locked.

Looking up, he sees the Widower, flagging him to come up.

Aiming his pistol, he fires a grappling halfway up an arch, it releases in midair and he fires again. He repeats until he reaches the walkway across from the Widower.

CITADEL

Where's the girl?

Widower points to Watson and Keefe. Watson mockingly salutes and begins scanning for Citadel's signal.

CITADEL (cont'd)

(to Watson)

You again.

(to Widower)

Let her go.

WIDOWER

I will. I promise.

CITADEL

So how does this work?

WIDOWER

I kill you. The girl goes free.

CITADEL

And then?

WIDOWER

Doesn't matter.

CITADEL

This won't bring her back you know.  
This isn't justice.

WIDOWER

What would you know about justice?  
I was a cop. I was justice! And  
criminals like you took it all  
away. Everything I had. You took  
her away.

CITADEL

Trust me. It still won't bring  
Marisa back.

WIDOWER

Don't you say her name!

Widower pulls two ASP batons from his back pockets, extends them and charges. He strikes at Citadel with skill.

Citadel lands a haymaker. It fazes Widower, but only momentarily. The two are almost evenly matched as they battle with the snow swirling in a frenzy below them.

INT. CITADEL'S LAIR - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Jamie sits on the bench, knuckles raw from punching.

The door opens. Leonard stands there, distressed.

LEONARD

Go help him. He's gonna need it.

INT. GRAN DE MARCOS - OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

The battle rages on. The first police units arrive fifty stories below.

Citadel fires a roundhouse kick. Widower catches it. Citadel drives his foot into Widower's face, flips backwards, and lands by the north elevators.

Widower, nose broken and bloody, turns to Watson.

WIDOWER

Anything?

Watson checks his laptop: SEARCHING FOR SIGNAL SOURCE.

WATSON

Nothing.

EXT. GRAN DE MARCOS PLAZA - NIGHT

Valentine arrives to a dozen police cars. Mueller meets him.

VALENTINE

Why do we keep meeting like this,  
Captain Mueller.

MUELLER

Sorry, Commissioner.

VALENTINE

Tell me we're in there.

MUELLER

Buildings completely locked down.

VALENTINE

Dammit! Can you do anything right?

INT. GRAN DE MARCOS - OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

Citadel, next to the elevators, starts to bleed through his costume. Widower turns to Watson.

WIDOWER

Blow charge four!

Watson detonates it via laptop. BOOM!

A charge attached between the set of elevators explodes, reducing them to rubble and shattering the connecting glass.

EXT. GRAN DE MARCOS PLAZA - NIGHT

Everyone below covers from the blast, except Valentine.

VALENTINE

I hate this town.

INT. GRAN DE MARCOS - OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

Citadel, thrown from the blast, rises rattled and coughing. Widower spears him to the ground, smashing his fists raw into the hero's face.

Citadel grabs him by the throat and throws him aside.

CITADEL  
Nothing you do will bring her back.  
It's over!

WIDOWER  
It's not over. Not until one of us  
is dead.

CITADEL  
So be it.

Watson's laptop BEEPS: SIGNAL ACQUIRED.

WATSON  
I got it! I got it!

WIDOWER  
Send it!

He does. Citadel shakes violently. Sparks burn through his costume. The suit sizzles and steams.

Then nothing. Widower holds his breath.

Citadel tries to step forward but the weight of his armor sends him to his knees.

A malicious smile crosses Widower's face. Battered but renewed, he advances towards Citadel.

WIDOWER (cont'd)  
Oh, too bad. That armor must pack  
one what, ninety, maybe a hundred  
extra pounds.

Widower kicks him in the face. Citadel rolls backwards.

WIDOWER (cont'd)  
Must be a bitch to move.

Citadel tries to hit him but the armor restricts him. Widower kicks him again then steps down on his throat. Pulling his service pistol from an ankle holster...

WIDOWER (cont'd)  
This will be justice.

WATSON (O.S.)  
Save some for me.

WIDOWER  
But first...

Widower walks to the platform below Watson.

WIDOWER (cont'd)  
 You did great, Watson. Let me ask.  
 How'd you hack into the security  
 system so fast?

WATSON  
 Wasn't my first time.

WIDOWER  
 Forgot. Weren't you part of Red  
 Lion's crew.

WATSON  
 Ha. Never convicted.

WIDOWER  
 Well I forgive you.

WATSON  
 Whatever you say.

INSERT - FLASHING IMAGES

1. Watson shooting besides Red Lion on the observation deck.
2. The beautiful Marisa falling.

BACK TO SCENE

WIDOWER  
 I forgive. But she doesn't.

He shoots him. Watson's neck explodes, geysering blood, and he falls to the walkway below.

Widower looks up to terrified Keefe.

WIDOWER (cont'd)  
 It'll be over soon enough.

EXT. GRAN DE MARCOS PLAZA - NIGHT

Police officers blow the lobby doors off. Valentine hollers into his radio.

VALENTINE  
 Move in, now!

The radio is knocked out of his hand by a beige streak.

Jamie, in his costume, swings on a zip line towards the building while flipping Valentine the bird.

VALENTINE (cont'd)  
Why are there two?!

INT. GRAN DE MARCOS - OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

Widower holds Citadel over the walkway, over the opening.

WIDOWER  
You bastard. May you rot in hell.

He throws him over the side. His cape flutters as he falls.

Falling.

Falling.

Caught! Jamie swings in and catches him. Momentum sends them towards the eastern arch. Jamie smashes through the wall, landing in an office.

CITADEL  
What are you doing here?

JAMIE  
Everyone needs a little help.

Jamie leaps out the opening and up to the observation deck.

WIDOWER  
I thought I told you not to come.  
This ain't your fight.

JAMIE  
And I thought I told you I'm making  
it mine.

They run to each other, fists clenched. Jamie fights smarter than before. Widower struggles to defend himself.

Watson stirs, spitting up blood. His hand slowly creeps to his laptop with cracked LCD. He enters: DETONATE ALL.

WATSON  
You can all kiss my ass.

Nine explosive charges go up in sequence. The glass on the deck and top five floors shatter and mix with the snow.

Jamie and Widower scramble to the perimeter walkways as two neighboring sides of the intersection walkway become unattached and begin to bow.

The explosive shockwave separates the upper perimeter walkway from the outer frame. Keefe's section turns perilously over the abyss with her cuffed to the railing.

KEEFE

Help me!

JAMIE

Keefe!

WIDOWER

God, no.

Keefe's section rumbles and leans, the railings falling apart. Keefe slides down towards death.

Widower has the only shot to save her. He runs.

She skids, fruitlessly grabbing for anything. There's nothing to stop her.

Widower leaps off the path. Keefe slides into the open air.

He catches her.

Reaching out, fully extended, he snags the lower pathway's railing and pulls the both of them over.

WIDOWER (cont'd)

You're okay now. You're okay.

Jamie runs over as they catch their breaths.

WIDOWER (cont'd)

Get her out of here.

Jamie's wants to fight, but also wants to get her to safety.

THURMAN (O.S.)

Do what he says.

Thurman, no costume, no armor, just a black bodysuit, exits the east elevator.

Widower rises to his feet.

Jamie takes Keefe to the stairwell.

THURMAN  
 Hey, kid. Thanks for the help. I  
 needed it.

And then the two are left alone. Citadel versus Widower.

THURMAN (cont'd)  
 Is this the only way?

Widower nods.

THURMAN (cont'd)  
 Then what are we waiting for?

The WAILING of the bending walkways provides the bell.

The two men match blow for blow. The contest takes  
 everything they have in them. Widower's youth begins to  
 overpower the old fighter.

INT. GRAN DE MARCOS - OFFICE - NIGHT

Jamie spills through the stairwell door, Keefe in his arms.

JAMIE  
 Are you okay?

KEEFE  
 Yeah, I think so.

JAMIE  
 You're safe now.

KEEFE  
 I know, Jamie.

JAMIE  
 Uh, um--

She slides down his mask.

JAMIE (cont'd)  
 How'd you know.

KEEFE  
 I'll always know my best friend.

She kisses him like she's wanted to for years. He likes.

KEEFE (cont'd)  
 Plus nobody else has stupid hair  
 like this. Now get up there.

He does, but not before one more kiss.

INT. GRAN DE MARCOS - OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

Thurman combats Widower's speed by getting inside. He wraps him up but the perimeter walkway jolts and the two fall on the tangling paths, now hung at a forty-five degree angle.

They slide, tangled in each other, until they hit the cross section. The railing post drives into Thurman's collar bone. Widower chokes him with all he has left.

The third path ROARS as it breaks away from its support. The paths now hang like a cross, only one side still attached.

Widower is knocked the cross section and straight down the path like it was an elevator shaft.

Thurman pushes himself off the post. He falls catching the last railing post with his legs and Widower wrist with his left hand. His right side nearly crippled from his injury.

THURMAN

I got you. I got you. Hold on.

He tries extending his right arm but can't. His grip on the Widower slips from wrists to palms.

THURMAN (cont'd)

I'm sorry.

Slips to fingers.

THURMAN (cont'd)

I'm sorry.

Slips to fingertips.

WIDOWER

I know.

Slips to nothing. He falls into the white air below.

The last beam SCREAMS as it prepares to snap.

Jamie races out of the stairwell by the remaining path.

The last support breaks.

Jamie fires the zip line straight down.

Citadel reaches out for the line, holding it as the paths hurdle down inches besides him.

The metal cross falls fifty stories and crashes creating a blast of snow and foliage.

Retracting the line, Jamie pulls Thurman up. Laying him down he addresses his wounds. Thurman spits blood over the ledge.

THURMAN

Ah, kid. Thought I told you to get outta here.

JAMIE

You guys are always telling me what to do. When have I ever listened?

Thurman laughs up crimson.

THURMAN

Jamie. Jamie.

Jamie leans in. With his remaining strength...

THURMAN (cont'd)

You did good. I'm proud of you.

He closes his eyes, drifting off.

JAMIE

Thurman? Thurman, wake up!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. HALLOW CITY CEMETERY - DAY

Jamie walks through past through the headstones and plaques.

Past a familiar tombstone with a cherub on top that now has another tombstone next to it. The new one's cherub whispers in the first's ear.

Jamie works further in and stops at a memorial plaque.

JAMIE

I'm gonna miss you.

A man in a green wool cap steps up behind him.

THURMAN

Are you almost done? We have work to do.

Jamie turns, throwing his hands up at Thurman, bandaged and arm in sling.

JAMIE

Jesus, Thurman. Have some respect  
for the dead.

He walks towards a black Cadillac. Thurman follows leaving  
the new tombstone reading: JAMIE FRANCIS CASEY. 1991-2007.

THURMAN

But you're not really dead.

JAMIE

Now you're just splitting hairs. By  
the way, is it okay if Keefe stops  
by later?

THURMAN

You got quite a love life for a  
dead guy.

JAMIE

Jealous?

THURMAN

Shut up.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END