

Secret Agent Deadly Pt.1

by  
Scott Osowski

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A cinder block walled basement containing a makeshift television studio. A poorly constructed talk show background. Lights are hung with rope and tape. MITCH wearing a red suit jacket and tie sits behind the desk and looks at the camera.

MITCH

Well, this is it, the last show of our first and last season. It's been a heartwarming experience working with all the people here. Having fun and... working with all the people here...

MITCH fights to hold off fake tears

MITCH (CONT'D)

And I just want to let all of our viewer out there that if you have dreams-

A GORILLA playing creeps up slowly from the right rubbing his fingers together.

CUE SAD VIOLIN MUSIC

MITCH (CONT'D)

You can dream them until they're not dreams anymo- Hey! What is this?

GORILLA makes ANIMAL NOISES quickly

MITCH (CONT'D)

What's that? You're playing the worlds smallest violin just for me because of my extricatingly touching and sad speech?

GORILLA makes ANIMAL NOISES for a longer time

MITCH (CONT'D)

He said yes.

GORILLA EXITS

MITCH (CONT'D)

So stupid... see? That's why this is the last show. That right there.

(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

I suppose we deserve it being  
located next to the School for  
Gorilla Savants.

Cue RIMSHOT. MITCH fake laughs then snaps his fingers and stops.

MITCH (CONT'D)

And it's gone. Alright, seriously  
folks this IS our last show and we  
thought we'd get a musical guest to  
commemorate the situation... All  
the way from across town... Liquid  
Sex!

MITCH's pointing finger leads to a equally poorly constructed stage. Bedsheets drape over boxes and junk. A sea of cables and shag carpet cover the floor.

There is no band. All the instruments are unattended to. We go back to MITCH sitting at the desk.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Fantastic band, really great stuff.  
They're having a show later this  
month if the one guy watching also  
happens to follow blindly  
suggestions from- I don't even  
know. We're done. I'm outta here.  
Goodbye

MITCH salutes then stands up and removes his MIC and JACKET

The CAMERAMAN takes off his HEADSET and proceeds over to MITCH and high fives.

CAMERAMAN

Nice. Great show man.

MITCH

Yeah. You too. Hey... so how did  
the taping go for Kevin and them?

CAMERAMAN

Eh, we had some issues with sound  
but it turned out all right. But  
dude, the song they played  
fucking... it was good.

MITCH

Really? I heard some stuff on their  
myspace... not that great.

CAMERAMAN

Yeah I know but this was totally different. Like... I don't even know. They have a recording, when we meet up with them later you have to hear it.

MITCH

Yeah, ok. What time are they gonna be here?

CAMERAMAN

Oh shit, like right now.

Yells to JOE OS

MITCH

Hey! C'mon we're leaving! Put that suit back in the box too. That damn hair gets everywhere...

MITCH, CAMERAMAN, JOE EXIT up the stairs.

One by one the lights tied to the ceiling go out.

CUE THE BANDS SONG

SUPER: TITLE AND CREDITS

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

MITCH, Joe, Cameraman, Kevin and Grimes are in a 4-door car driving along a fairly busy road.

We move up and slow down, THE CAR passes under us.

FADE TO:

EXT. SAME LOCATION - DAY

THE CAR returns and we follow it back to MITCH's house.

MITCH gets out of the car and walks up the driveway and ENTERS the house.

MITCH stumbles into the KITCHEN pours himself some coffee, lights a cigarette and stares out the window.

MITCH is in the basement on the computer, his face illuminated in a bluish white light. Cables run to blinking equipment and T.V monitors.

MITCH hits a keystroke and leans back seemingly satisfied at his editing job. He hits play and watches the screen.

He is editing the talk show MITCH and CAMERAMAN taped earlier. Zoom out to show:

INT: OFFICE ROOM -DAY

There are no windows, rows of high tech computer screens and people monitoring them. The people are all dressed in a tan jumpsuit and wearing a headset. MAN 1 is monitoring MITCH'S talk show and looks suspicious. He presses his hand to the headset

MAN 1

Hey, um, get someone down here. I think I got something.

Pauses

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

It's a song... yeah. Uh huh.

Pauses

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

Yeah, no. Just some kid, 20 something...

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Similar conditions as the office where MAN 1 sits. There are less computer stations and the people are wearing gold badges on their jumpsuits. MAN 2 puts his hand to his headset.

MAN 2

Just sit tight. I'm calling Number One.

He takes his hand off his headset and types for a few seconds, puts his hand back.

MAN 2 (CONT'D)

Sir, we have a situation... Yes. We found one. One oh thirty four... Yes, Number One.

Takes his hand off the headset and slumps in his chair.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A fluorescent lit hallway with blue gray carpet and plain white walls and black doors. The doors all have number locks and fingerprint scanners.

NUMBER ONE, a man, late 40's hardened face, fedora hat, trench coat, black hair slicked back: A 50's film noir private eye walks quicky down the hall

NUMBER ONE opens one door and finds MAN 1.

NUMBER ONE

We got dox on these guy's?

MAN 1

Everything. It's all right here, sir.

Hands NUMBER ONE a thick folder. NUMBER ONE (N1) quickly snaps it out of MAN 1's hand

NUMBER ONE

Damnit I told you to quit with the sir bullshit.

Under the bluish light N1 flips through the file

NUMBER ONE (CONT'D)

My god... this really is it. OK, get a team ready to go on my call at... this address.

Points to a paper in the file

NUMBER ONE (CONT'D)

I'm going to trail, see if they even know.

MAN 1

I doubt that si- Number One. It appears they only used it on... July 12th, 21 hundred.

NUMBER ONE

Noted. But, I'm still going after them. Have that team ready.

N1 walks away and EXITS quickly

MAN 1

Yes... sir

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

It has just stopped raining and the streets are slick and fog is rolling in.

CUE FILM NOIR JAZZ MUSIC

N1 stands up against a brick wall. Hat tilted down. He takes a drag of his cigarette and looks up.

NUMBER ONE (V.O.)

This 'aint my scene. It never was.  
Taking dumb ass cases from broads  
asking me to spy on their fuck  
buddies. See, these joebags got  
them molls that'll pay any scratch  
to get the skinny on their skinny  
business. Thats where I come in.  
Sniffing around like a snow-bird on  
a weekend bender for any scrap of  
"proof" that I can use against  
these saps. I'm sick of this graft,  
and I'm calling it quits.

N1 walks into a building and enters his office.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The words "Private Investigator" are written on the glass part of the door.

Inside is a hurricane debris of paper and books. Water stained ceilings. General disarray

NUMBER ONE (V.O.)

God I've had it up to here with  
this shit. It feels like the  
friggin' big house in here. Ironic  
because it's so damned small.  
Trapped like the rats who inhabit  
this god forsaken city.

A KNOCK at the door.

NUMBER ONE (CONT'D)

Door's open. C'mon in.

WOMAN ENTERS

CUE SAXOPHONE

N! Motions for her to sit.

NUMBER ONE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She walked in and the temperature jumped 10 degrees. I never saw anything like her. I held back drooling over her as I lit a smoke. She flapped her jaw, something about needing help. I was still trying to piece together this imponderable: why a hot piece of ass like her was in my roach infested office and didn't pay her any mind.

NUMBER ONE looks up abruptly.

NUMBER ONE (CONT'D)

Look... dollface-

FELICA FATALE

The names Felica. Felicia Fatale

NUMBER ONE

I don't remember asking you a goddamned thing... I don't have the dough for a pro skirt such as yourself, so if this is some sorta house call you'd better breeze off girlie.

FELICA FATALE

I'll pretend I didn't hear that...

She reaches into her coat and pulls out a folder and tosses it onto the desk.

NUMBER ONE

(flipping through the papers) Whats all this about? You got my life all on paper... who the hell are you?

FELICA FATALE

That's not important. What is important is my proposition for you. I read your works, you seem like a straight shooter. Real ace stuff you done and I could use 'a gum shoe in this outfit I'm runnin'

NUMBER ONE (V.O.)

This didn't sit well with me. It didn't sit at all.

(MORE)



NUMBER ONE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Seemed like a whole lotta B.S to me  
and she read me like a book.

FELICA FATALE  
Of course this sounds ridiculous to  
you. Here. Meet me tomorrow. Noon.

FELICA takes a business card out and lays it on the desk.

NUMBER ONE  
Get the fuck out of my office. I  
don't need some doped up broad  
telling me what to do... Where to  
go...

N1 looks at the card. On it are the exact words he just said.

FELICA FATALE  
Heres the real meeting place. See  
you at noon.

FELICA EXITS

NUMBER ONE (V.O.)  
My head was spinning. Twisting  
around in my skull. I shoulda  
bolted the door if I knew what else  
was coming.

N1 look at the CARD, it reads: "Bottom drawer."

NUMBER ONE (CONT'D)  
What the...

He bends down to open the drawer, inside is another card that  
reads: "Out the window." At that second a shotgun blast  
breaks down the door and shatters the window. NUMBER ONE  
rolls over whipping out his revolver and takes 2 shots.  
Someone was hit. More gunfire is the response, this time it's  
a automatic, the rounds leave holes in the wall and ceiling.  
The lights are hit. NUMBER ONE takes 2 more shots and leaps  
out the window onto the fire escape. He slides down the  
ladder and a car SCREECHES beside him, the side door whips  
open.

FELICA FATALE  
Get in!

NUMBER ONE looks up at his office window, then back at  
FELICA. Paranoid over the bizarre events that are unfolding.

FELICA FATALE (CONT'D)  
Any fuckin' time would be nice!

NUMBER ONE jumps in and the car speeds away.

NUMBER ONE

This is a con, right? You sent the goons after me and planted your card in my desk.

NUMBER ONE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

My deductive reasoning lost it's edge after nearly being killed.

FELICA FATALE

No. But I don't expect you to believe that. I didn't plan that bump-off but I knew it was comin'

NUMBER ONE

What are you some sort of-

FELICA FATALE

Psychic. Yeah. But I wasn't all just spitting marbles, I do need your services. Not chasing tail though-

NUMBER ONE

Then what else am I on this for?

FELICA FATALE

The reason those icers were looking to gun you down. Some things gonna happen to you and the one part wants you dead, and us, we want to use that thing.

NUMBER ONE

What thing...

FELICA FATALE

Omniscience. All knowing. God's noodle. That sort of thing. The long of the short of it is that the universe requires that something knows everything. Otherwise nothing could exist. It jumps around and we tracked the next jump to you. Look, it doesn't make sense but nothing else does either.

NUMBER ONE

Sounds about right. Hows the map look from here?

FELICA FATALE

You get the gift. We scan your thoughts and use the sugar to make candy for payday.

NUMBER ONE

Stock market? Scientific advancements? Military engagements?

FELICA FATALE

Exactly. But we gotta do this quick and wrapped. A insider leaked to the feds and got out a call on your head, cue the little encounter you had.

NUMBER ONE (V.O.)

I didn't understand a damned thing. I knew enough to roll with the punches. They wanted me for a psychic con job and I'd be cut down if I stood up. Turns out she was the ringleader of a smalltown freakshow, all experts in their field: Johnny Deadeye can shoot a matchstick at 1000 yards. Stephen, the master burglar extraordinaire, robbed Fort Knox with a grapefruit. Max Attack the strongman, bear hunts with his hands. And Felica the psychic mastermind. And me, the soon to be a god-like-

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

KEVIN's living room. KEVIN and MITCH sit on a sectional couch watching Arrested Development re-runs. MITCH is on his labtop.

MITCH

Sage!

KEVIN

Huh?

MITCH

Oh. Some newfag on 4chan is spamming 3 month old cospypasta.

KEVIN

Shits weak.

MITCH

Hey, I gotta use the bathroom. Do you need anything?

KEVIN

...theres all sorts of things wrong with what you just said...

MITCH

So... no?

MITCH gets up and leaves O.S.

KEVIN waits a little bit, then sneaks over to his desktop computer and begins typing and clicking.

MITCH sneaks up behind KEVIN

MITCH (CONT'D)

Gettin' a little fap time are we?

KEVIN

Dude! Who-ly shit! Don't um. Don't do that shit on me!

MITCH

Calm down man, it's not even porn. It's just iTunes... with... woah!

KEVIN

It's nothing. Nevermind.

MITCH

Thats a shitload of music! Lemme at some of it.

KEVIN

No. You can't, its all DRM.

MITCH

Dude, theres no way you have... 48,000 YEARS of mu- what the fuck?! Is that a glitch or something?

KEVIN

Um... no. Ok, look. Something... happened with the computer. It knows the future, and the past, like fucking EVERYTHING. Dude, look at the hard drive capacity... the whole window is numbers.

MITCH

You mean to tell me, your computer all of a sudden became like God or something?

KEVIN

That song we did for your show? I found it on here, the "date added" is 10 years from now.

MITCH

That explains a lot actually. That song was mind blowing... but hey! Um. Look up who killed JFK!

KEVIN

I don't think it works like that.

MITCH

Here. Lemme do it.

Sits down and types away.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Alright... Ask Jeeves-

KEVIN

It's just "ask" now.

MITCH

Damnitall

KEVIN

I know, Jeeves was the man

MITCH

The man with the plan... ok. Here... Um. Ok. We need to do something. I don't know.

KEVIN

Whats it say?

MITCH

Look.

Stares blankly at the screen

MITCH (CONT'D)

This is insane. The CIA or someshits going to be after you, or me.

KEVIN

How would anyone even know?

MITCH

If this can happen. Then pretty much anything is possible.

KEVIN

Shit dude...

MITCH

Wait... we have access to all human knowledge. Holy fuck. We could make sooo much money.

KEVIN

Or find out what the hell is going on.

MITCH

Yeah. Good idea. Um.

(typing)

Ok. Well. That was surprisingly easy. It says here that all knowledge has been transferred throughout all time. Solving a paradox... or something. But look here. a list of everybody thats had this... Alexander the Great, Socrates... but it doesn't last equally it says.

KEVIN

This is ridiculous. Call everybody. We need to do something with this.

MITCH

Yeah. ok. I'm checking if there's going to be a Arreted Development movie

NARRATOR

There wasn't.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Empty factory with ancient looking machinery and twisted, rusted pipes and stairways.

NUMBER ONE is strapped to a chair with wires running all over his body attached to high tech computers and monitors.

The GANG is all there surrounding him. Waiting for the power to overcome him.

FELICA FATALE

5 minutes 'till showtime! Get to your stations everybody. Max and Deadeye have security. Steveie and I have the data flow. Got it?

ALL

(murmur agreement)

NUMBER ONE (V.O.)

Strapped to the chair like Clockwork Orange. And these bratchnys, not my droogs. I was wired up real horrorshow like. How I wanted to pull the old ultraviolence on these lockheeds and the in-out in-out on the girlie chick Felicia. But enough of these pleasantries, I got myself into a real bucket of jam in this one. Something remarkable was about to happen. They gilled me for a bit, all shim, medical nonsense. Trying to peek if I could handle what was coming to me.

FELICA FATALE

2 minutes! Remember what we went over, eh? Try to control it, think about the future, some dope that'll make scratch.

NUMBER ONE

Yes, yes.

(V.O.)

My mind was spinning. There was so much that I wanted to know. All the knowledge ever. I was dropping brain acid like never before in less than a run to the stallhouse and they expect me to make them large and in charge? Crossing them the wrong way could spell trouble, the muscles and sharpshooter don't seem like the pair that-

FELICA FATALE

Stephen! Now!

NUMBER ONE's eyes dilate fully. His face contorts.

NUMBER ONE  
(Screaming)

FELICA FATALE  
Whats the readings?!

STEPHEN  
700 Giga bytes per second! Vitals  
are secure!

NUMBER ONE is still screaming and thrashing.

STEPHEN and FELICA are manning the controls and flipping switches, etc.

FELICA FATALE  
Anything on the readouts! Can you  
get a fix on any of it?

STEPHEN  
Negative there. It's flying too  
fast. He's not staying on anything!  
It's all over the charts! Wait! The  
data stream... it's... it's not  
steady, its shifting too much! Our  
system is gonna crash!

FELICA FATALE  
Well fuck! Pull it out! Better to  
get some scraps than lose the whole  
turkey!

STEPHEN  
Shit!

FELICA FATALE  
Goddamnit! Lemme go!

She jumps on the control and furiously flips switches and types.

STEPHEN  
It's overheating! Shit! We have to  
cut the lines!

NUMBER ONE is screaming and thrashing in the chair

FELICA FATALE  
Ok! Ready?

FELICIA cuts the wires and unplugs the computer cables.



NUMBER ONE stops moving and goes limp.

STEPHEN

(breathing heavily)

Ok, I think we got what we needed.  
I'm running a scan and converting  
the raw.

FELICA FATALE

Damnit! He might still be in there.

She goes to wake NUMBER ONE up. And slaps him across his face.

NUMBER ONE springs up and falls to his knees. He opens his eyes and blood steams out. He rolls over and passes out.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

CUE FILM NOIR JAZZ MUSIC

NUMBER ONE (V.O.)

They dumped me at a cleanhouse  
later that night. After the  
whitecoats picked me clean I  
drifted back to my office. I Was  
fairly certain that the earlier  
encounter was all a sham. I don't  
remember much of anything being  
strapped to the chair, the  
computers must have sucked all the  
memory out outta' me. But whatever  
they got, they sure as hell weren't  
going to give me a leg up on it.  
They were gonna' make off and it  
sat worse with me than a fat lady  
on adkins. That psychic bitch can  
suck it, I was after her from now  
on. But I knew I would need to even  
the playing field...

INT. MOVING VAN - NIGHT

All 4 gang members are present. Felicia is driving.

STEPHEN

What about our key? Don't you think  
he'll be pissed that he isn't  
gettin' a cut?

FELICA FATALE

Look. I KNOW he's gonna do nothin'  
on us. Remember who I am?

STEPHEN

Oh right. Sorry.

FELICA FATALE (V.O.)

But in fact I *didn't* know... the  
event must have had some sort of  
psychic blocking effect. No matter  
though, he was a sap and we have  
enough to make whatever we need.  
Let's see him just *try* to do  
anything...

FADE TO:

INT. KEVINS APARTMENT - DAY

Viewed through binoculars: four people sit on couches and are  
watching T.V.

INT. VAN -DAY

Parked outside KEVIN's apartment on the street.

NUMBER ONE

Ok, move in on my  
count...5...4...3..2...1... NOW!

INT. KEVINS APARTMENT - DAY

The room is lit up with gunfire debris flies everywhere.

The door is broken down. SWAT team like people run in  
pointing M-16's at the couch. Only to discover that all four  
people were dummies.

They search the rest of the apartment

AGENT #1

(To walkie talkie)

Sir... It was a set-up. There's  
nobody here.

NUMBER ONE

(Through walkie)

The computer!

(MORE)

NUMBER ONE (CONT'D)

I don't give a shit about the  
kids... what about the computer?!

AGENT #1 goes over to the computer turns on the monitor. He checks under the desk and sees that it has been smashed. Searches through the rubble.

AGENT #1

They've destroyed it... and took  
the hard drive...

NUMBER ONE

Shit. Shit. Ok... look around for  
some lead. I'm coming u-

The van NUMBER ONE is sitting in explodes in a fireball.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

NUMBER ONE springs awake. Sits up in bed for a minute. Then throws the sheets aside and jumps out fully clothed in his detective clothes, EXIT's the room and grabs his hat on the way out.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

NUMBER ONE walks down the sidewalk smoking a cigarette.

CUE FILM NOIR JAZZ

NUMBER ONE (V.O.)

That wasn't no dream. It was a  
memory. A relapse of the chair. I  
knew this wasn't going to be an  
easy job from the start. Now they  
wised up and it's gettin' thick.  
Not too thick, this puzzles an easy  
one to piece. See, they got outta  
Dodge and bricked the perp so what  
ever dox they have are on scratch.  
Can't be changed. I gotta' glimpse  
of somthin' they cant get. If  
everything goes clean they won't  
suspect a thing, plant a sap and  
catch 'em in the act.

INT. MOVING CAR - DAY

MITCH, KEVIN, JOE, and GRIMES are present. MITCH is driving.

MITCH

All I'm sayin' is you can't buy an island. It's a myth, like Santa... or penguins.

GRIMES

No... you totally can so buy an island. I'm going to get two, and their volcanoes will have island babys.

MITCH

Now *thats* retarded.

GRIMES

Well what are you going to do with the money?

MITCH

Build the ultimate treehouse.

GRIMES

Go on...

MITCH

...On an island. Damn it!

GRIMES

See? Owning your own island is the most badass thing you could do.

KEVIN

Well except for doing something *actually* badass.

GRIMES

Like...

KEVIN

A space helicopter?

MITCH

That's impossible on a buncha' different levels.

JOE is reading some papers.

JOE

Shit! get over!

MITCH swerves over and a motorcycle goes flying past.

MITCH  
Damn. That thing-

JOE  
-really works. Yep.

Pauses.

MITCH  
Win-

JOE  
-dows seven was my idea. It has the whole conversation right here. It reads like a drunk retarded person talking to himself.

NARRATOR  
Touche

MITCH  
Well, what are YOU going to do with the money?

JOE  
I don't know... *normal* things. A house, car, just... stuff.

MITCH  
Well, I'd rather have an island to put it all on.

JOE  
Why would you need a car on an island?

MITCH  
Um it's a underwater car... James Bond. Derr.

JOE  
\*sigh\* Ok. Just pull into this parking lot. That guy's van is right behind those shrubs.

MITCH  
Yep.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

MITCH pulls in and parks the car. He opens the trunk, puts on latex gloves and pulls out a briefcase.

He walks into the shrubs and peers out. The van is right where it should be. He opens the case and checks the contents. He takes a breath and starts to step out. When all of a sudden... CLICK... the sound of a gun being cocked.

NUMBER ONE

Freeze.

MITCH freezes.

NUMBER ONE (CONT'D)

Alright. Lay it down. Slowly. Ok.  
Turn around, hands on your head.

MITCH obeys

NUMBER ONE (CONT'D)

Betcha your little papers didn't tell you this, eh?

MITCH

Nope.

NUMBER ONE

You think this is funny? Do you even know what you have? Not some little gimmick to make money to buy islands-

MITCH

-how did you... oh, right.

NUMBER ONE

Like I said, this aint' a joke. In 30 seconds I'm gonna plug yer ass. Tell me where it is.

MITCH

(nervously)

In. In the trunk. Theres a bunch of hard drives and printouts.

Pauses. NUMBER ONE looks at his pocket watch and shoots MITCH in the head (with a silencer) and takes the BRIEFCASE.

NUMBER ONE peeks out at the car with the other 3. He takes aim and fires off 3 perfect headshots.

He walks up to the trunk. Shoots the lock and it springs open, and empties the explosives and loads up the hard drives and papers.

He goes to light a cigarette. A bullet whizzes by and takes the lit part of the match clean off.

NUMBER ONEN

Shit.

NUMBER ONE rolls over and in one fluid motion shatters the driver side window with the BRIEFCASE and jumps in the seat. He ducks down and in a second hotwires the car and burns rubber out of the parking lot.

The car speeds across the busy street and another bullet shatters the passenger side window.

THROUGH A SNIPER SCOPE: NUMBER ONES CAR AS IT SPEEDS BEHIND A BUILDING

EXT. GRASSY KNOLL - DAY

JOHNNY DEADEYE gets up and packs his gun away and hops into a van parked nearby.

INT. MOVING VAN - DAY

JOHNNY DEADEYE

Couldn't we just have killed him there? Why do we need to scare him?

FELICA FATALE

We're moving the pieces forward. Max and Stephen are waiting on the mark.

JOHNNY DEADEYE

Bullshit. I had him, just let me fucken do it.

FELICA FATALE

If we did kill him we would lose the data he's got. Just listen to me and shut the fuck up.

JOHNNY DEADEYE

Yeah...

FELICA starts the van and drives off.

She pulls out a walkie.

FELICA FATALE  
Max? Do you copy? He's moving

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

MAX ATTACKS  
Copy. I'm on it.

MAX crushes the walkie and steps off the curb into moving traffic and faces it head on.

INT. MOVING CAR - DAY

NUMBER ONES car speeding along passing cars left and right crossing lanes.

All of a sudden MAX appears in the windshield he leaps in the air and dropkicks NUMBER ONE through the glass. NUMBER ONES head is chopped clean off as MAX flys right through the car and lands on both feet on the pavement.

The car turns violently and flips. Crashing into a traffic light post. The van FELICA is driving drifts onto the scene JOHNNY jumps out and takes the BRIEFCASE from the wreckage, jumps back in and-

CUT TO:

INT. MOVING CAR - DAY

NUMBER ONE's car speeding along. The same shot as before.

NUMBER ONE  
Ohhh shit...

MAX appears 100 ft. From the car.

NUMBER ONE quickly flattens the seat and is lying down. He pulls out his gun and the instant MAX kicks through the glass fires 2 shots straight up. MAX crashes through the back window wounded severely.

NUMBER ONE puts the seat up and continues speeding along.

CUT TO:



EXT. STREET - DAY

Police cars surround MAX's corpse. FELICIA and DEADEYE are both standing among them.

POLICE CHIEF

I thought this was going to be a quick and easy job? What happened?

FELICA FATALE

I. I don't know. He did something.

POLICE CHIEF

Well fuck me. I though you were a psychic.

FELICA FATALE

It doesn't work like that. Damn it. Put a 340 on him. All units on high alert.

POLICE CHIEF

All?

FELICA FATALE

Yes. Even them. This is serious. Who knows what he has access to.

POLICE CHIEF

We can't be sure he's even going to stay in the city. I can't in good conscience start a all out war.

FELICA FATALE

He's after me. And I aint' leavin'. You took your oath, you'll do as we say.

POLICE CHIEF

Don't remind me

POLICE CHIEF walks away and makes a call.

POLICE CHIEF (CONT'D)

(On phone) Call up the special squad we've been saving. Yeah it's that bad...

POLICE CHIEF walks out of hearing distance.

FELICA FATALE

I suppose this is more interesting.  
It's strange not knowing what to  
expect.

JOHNNY DEADEYE

I told you we should have killed  
him there.

FELICA FATALE

And I told you to shut the fuck up.

FELICA and DEADEYE walk down the street past the police to  
their van.

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

CUE FILM NOIR JAZZ

NUMBER ONE pushes the car into the ocean, picks up his  
BRIEFCASE and walks down the pier.

NUMBER ONE (V.O.)

That was too close. But now its all  
even playing. All they have is what  
if I was killed, now that I'm not,  
well, I have the upper hand.  
Supposing these flashes keep comin'  
I can take out the rest of them and  
leave that girlie chick to deal  
with myself. I had a sinking  
feeling that they had more at their  
disposal than a muscle man on  
jumpers. They knew what I had too.  
This time, it's for keeps.

NUMBER ONE darts into a dark alley way.

FADE TO BLACK