

A.P.U.

By

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Fade in:

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

In a crummy one room apartment stands GUY (30), naked. He has the skinny musculature of an ex-junky, his skin is crawling with scars and prison ink.

Despite his hardened appearance, his expression is mellow and saddened.

Slowly, Guy dresses himself in a mismatched salvation army suit.

He tightens the tie into a lopsided knot, regarding himself in the full length mirror. Finishing, he turns around, facing the rest of the apartment.

On the bed lies ROSIE (22), pregnant and pretty.

Guy walks to the bed, not meeting Rosie's gaze. He reaches his hand under the pillow, sliding it back and forth. He doesn't find what he's looking for.

After a beat Rosie holds out a HAND-GUN, blank-faced.

Guy grabs it from her hand. After a moment, his expression softens, he tucks the gun under his arm, resting a hand on her belly.

She rests her hand on his for one second before he pulls away.

Guy walks out the door, tucks the gun into his waistband.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Credits throughout MONTAGE.

Guy walks through dirty concrete streets of his crummy neighborhood. Around him the streets are full of HOMELESS, DRUG-DEALERS, and HOOKERS.

Guy passes more closed storefronts, head down, ignoring everyone around him.

Slowly, the streets empty of scum, GUY begins walking through nicer neighborhoods.

His cheap suit begins to blend in to a swarm of suited businessmen.

Finally he reaches his destination, a fancy stone and pillar BANK.

INT. BANK - DAY

Guy strides across the marble floor of the bank.

The bank is full of CLERKS and well dressed CUSTOMERS.

Scattered amongst the customers are a half dozen HENCHMEN. Like him, they are dressed in mismatched suits, unshaven and hard looking.

Guy walks up to the counter. Behind the counter are the over-sized BARS blocking the way to the VAULT. Through the bars, shelves and CASH are visible.

A CUTE TELLER (22) smiles at Guy as he reaches the counter, then her expression fades as she sees the tattoos creeping out of his sleeves.

CUTE TELLER  
Can I help you, sir?

Guy pauses, looking around. The other HENCHMEN are spread throughout the Bank, also at ready positions.

CUTE TELLER  
Sir?

One very large man, suit nicer than the other henchmans' walks into the middle of the floor. This is HEAD HENCHMAN.

He pulls a SAWED-OFF shotgun from under his suit coat, fires it into the ceiling.

HEAD HENCHMAN  
Everybody down!!

The bank turns to pandemonium, someone screams, customers hit the floor. Two henchmen positioned at the doors keep anyone from leaving, other henchmen violently subdue the rest.

Guy vaults the counter, shoving the CUTE TELLER against a wall. He pistol whips a BANK MANAGER trying for an alarm button.

One henchman moves to each security camera and covers them with spray paint.

Everyone scrambles for a few moments, then the robbers have control, clerks and customers are face down or at gunpoint.

Guy has Cute Teller pinned next to the vault, gun to her head.

She stares at him, wide-eyed and scared. Slowly, she looks down to where his hand is pressed against her belly, holding her against the wall.

Around them the bank is quiet, everyone seems to be waiting for something.

HENCHMAN BOB

Where is he?

GUY

He's coming.

HEAD HENCHMAN

Don't nobody fucking move.

The customers look around from the floor, scared.

HENCHMAN BOB

Where is he?!

Finally, the front doors revolve and THE BANKER (50) enters. He's dressed in an expensive three button suit, distinguished with gray hair. He carries a cane with crystal knob.

The Banker strides in, relaxed and confident. He smiles lightly at the costumers pinned down, nodding to the henchmen.

BANKER

Good morning, everyone.

He makes his way around the counter. Guy and Cute Teller watch him warily as he approaches.

The Banker stops next to them, tapping the head of his cane against the bar with a dull THUNK.

BANKER

(to Cute Teller)

You know, I used to work in a place like this.

He taps the cane against the next bar. THUNK.

BANKER

That was before I found my true  
calling.

He swings cane forward to next bar, the cane goes right  
through the bar, with a slight ripple.

Banker smiles, swings his cane side to side, it passes right  
through the bars. Guy and the Cute Teller watch with  
fascination.

BANKER

Ready to make some money?

EXT. GANG HANGOUT - CRIME SCENE - DAY

A basement lined with battered couches, walls covered in  
graffiti.

Spread around the room are the bodies of a half dozen  
GANG-BANGERS, brutally slashed to death. A half-naked WOMAN  
is mixed in, blood pooling around her obviously fake  
cleavage.

Mixed in the carnage are hand-guns, drug paraphernalia, and  
cash.

A few FORENSIC EXPERTS and OFFICERS mill around, taking  
pictures and samples. Among them is DETECTIVE MILLS (48),  
overweight and grizzled.

AGENT EDDIE ARCHER (30) enters. He's a tall, broad man with  
cropped hair and a serious face. He looks around  
dispassionately.

ARCHER

What you got here?

Detective Mills turns around, noticing him for the first  
time.

DETECTIVE MILLS

Archer, I guess you're the unlucky  
son of a bitch.

ARCHER

I guess I am.

Mills gestures around as he gives the report.

DETECTIVE MILLS  
We got seven dead, all from knife  
wounds. Six men and the one  
female.

ARCHER  
Who was she?

Mills shrugs.

DETECTIVE MILLS  
Probably a nobody. He wasn't after  
her.

ARCHER  
Why you say that?

DETECTIVE MILLS  
She was done quick, single  
wound. The rest were torn up, left  
to bleed out.

Behind them, DETECTIVE DRAKE (30) enters. He's tall,  
handsome. His eyes are narrowed angrily at the scene.

ARCHER  
And who were the guys?

Before Mills can answer Drake interrupts.

DETECTIVE DRAKE  
They were murdering, gang-banging,  
dirt-bags.

Archer turns to him.

ARCHER  
Yea?

DETECTIVE DRAKE  
We're been after this crew for  
eight months. Every time we've  
charged them witnesses would start  
dying. They've killed two cops,  
who knows how many others.

Drake spits on the floor in disgust.

DETECTIVE DRAKE  
Good fucking riddance.

ARCHER

Hey, this is a crime scene,  
man. Take it outside.

Drake walks away, muttering. Archer and Mills exchange glances.

One of the forensic experts finds something on a body.

FORENSIC EXPERT

Hey, look at this.

He slowly raises the item in a pair of tweezers. Mills and Archer look over.

It's a large white MOTH. A bloody pin is stuck through it, where it was pinned to the body.

Mills looks at Archer, raising his eyebrows.

Another Officer calls from a side room.

OFFICER OS

Hey, we got surveillance tapes in  
here.

INT. GANG-BANGER HANGOUT - SIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small room used for storage. A tiny desk has a TV console and VCR deck.

Mills and Archer enter.

ARCHER

Let's see what we got.

The OFFICER pokes a VCR tape back into the machine with a gloved finger.

INSERT SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE

The footage is choppy and grainy, without sound.

The Gang-Bangers lounge around on the couches, drinking forties and smoking. The woman dances around them, taking off her shirt as the guys cheer her.

Suddenly, the guys react to something OS, jumping to their feet, reaching for weapons.

A blurred figure tears into them, moving impossibly fast. There are flashes of gunfire, furniture flies across the room, the Gang-bangers fall to the ground, bleeding.

Just as abruptly, it's over, everyone lies bloody. Some of the Gang-bangers writhe slowly, dying. The rest are already dead.

The scene is recognizable as the crime scene outside.

MILLS (OS)

Goddamn...

Without warning a masked face appears, right up close to the camera.

It's DARWIN, shaved head, wearing a black bandana across his face. On the bandana is printed the lower jaw of a skull, so it looks like his. Jeans and a bulletproof vest over a T-shirt complete his costume.

Darwin stares out of the footage for a moment, then the tape cuts to static.

INT. POLICE STATION - MUSTER ROOM - DAY

A large modern muster room, with glass walls separating it from the rest of the station.

At a table in the center sit CAPTAIN ELLIS (50), officious and world weary, and MELISSA DEMING (26), in a sexy business suit.

Between them are a notepad, voice recorder, and pictures of masked HEROES and VILLAINS. Amongst them Darwin's masked face is visible, as well as the Banker.

The Captain and Melissa are in the middle of an interview.

MELISSA

And why are they all here, in this one city?

The Captain shrugs, shuffling through the pictures.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

I wonder the same thing.

(beat)

I think they need each other. The good guys need the bad guys and the bad guys need the good guys. It validates them, allows them to wear those masks.



MELISSA

The mayor is contemplating declaring a state of emergency. Do you think the situation is out of control?

Throughout the answers, Melissa writes on her pad.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

What is happening here is nothing new. Today we have a bank robbery, and some gang members were murdered. Sorry to be callous, but that's old news.

MELISSA

That's a pretty simplistic way to look at it.

The Captain shrugs.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

There are always those who have the power, and others that want it.

MELISSA

And which are you, Captain?

CAPTAIN ELLIS

I'm just the guy who tries to keep the balance.

Melissa smirks at the quote, jotting down a few notes.

MELISSA

And what about Darwin? He seems to be doing what the police aren't able to.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

The vigilante you've decided to call 'Darwin' is a butcher and a murderer.

MELISSA

Who only murders other murderers.

The Captain shakes his head tiredly, clearly this is a discussion he's had too many times.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

Look, for someone to make a true advance against crime they need to

CAPTAIN ELLIS  
 be highly trained and dedicated to  
 the morality of the law.

Behind Melissa, Archer quietly lets himself into the Muster room, gesturing to the Captain with a cell phone.

CAPTAIN ELLIS (CONT'D)  
 As in a police officer.

MELISSA  
 That's interesting, considering  
 that many people have suggested  
 Darwin is in fact a member of the  
 police force.

Unseen by Melissa, Archer taps the phone, impatient. The Captain nods, preparing to leave.

CAPTAIN ELLIS  
 Fascinating rumor. Now, if you'll  
 excuse me, I have some police  
 business.

He stands and walks to the door. Melissa turns and notices Archer for the first time.

MELISSA  
 Eddie?

Archer ignores her, handing the phone to the Captain, then following him into the hallway.

Melissa grabs her recorder and follows Archer into the hallway.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Melissa hustles to catch up to Archer. He doesn't turn to acknowledge her.

MELISSA  
 I understand you've been appointed  
 leader of the new 'Anti-Power  
 Unit.'

Archer continues to ignore her, walking down a hallway.

MELISSA  
 Come on Eddie, give me something  
 here.

ARCHER  
Yea? Like last time?

MELISSA  
Look, you never said 'off the  
record.'

He stops and turns to face her.

ARCHER  
I kind of thought that was implied  
once we were in the bedroom.

MELISSA  
Bedroom? I don't remember any  
bedroom. I remember some couches,  
your living room floor a few  
times. Some supply closets.

She looks at a door in the hallway marked 'MAINTENANCE.'

MELISSA  
In fact this looks familiar right  
here. Maybe we should step inside,  
would that loosen your tongue?

ARCHER  
Go fuck yourself.

MELISSA  
(Smiling sweetly)  
But I don't need an interview with  
myself.

He turns to a passing OFFICER.

ARCHER  
If you would escort Ms. Deming to  
the lobby.

Melissa is pulled away by the officer as Archer continues  
walking away.

MELISSA  
See you soon, Eddie.

She stands watching him walk away, her smile fades, for a  
moment there's a flash of real emotion on her face.

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAINS OFFICE

Archer catches up the the Captain in his office, just as he's getting off the phone.

CAPTAIN ELLIS  
(into phone)  
Alright, thank you, sir. We'll  
have our team ready.

The Captain hangs up, turning to Archer.

CAPTAIN ELLIS  
What's the word on the multiple?

ARCHER  
Seven dead. It was Darwin.

Archer holds up a plastic evidence bag with the white moth inside. The Captain raises his eyebrows in recognition.

CAPTAIN ELLIS  
The vics?

ARCHER  
Gang-bangers. Drake says he's been  
chasing them for months.

The Captain shrugs, not entirely interested.

CAPTAIN ELLIS  
Fuck'em. Mills will handle  
it. We've grabbed a location for  
Gates.

Archer raises his eyebrows, surprised.

CAPTAIN ELLIS  
Judge is signing a No-Knock Warrant  
as we speak. Get your guys  
together, we'll go in tonight.

ARCHER  
Ten-four. We'll be ready.

Archer turns back to the door, ready to work.

CAPTAIN ELLIS  
Oh, and Archer...Don't expect him  
to go down easy.

INT. GATE'S PENTHOUSE LOFT - NIGHT

An ultramodern loft, walls covered in abstract art. It's dimly lit and silent.

The door SMASHES open, a six man APU SWAT TEAM swarms in, wearing body armor and carrying sub-machine guns.

Archer leads the way as they sweep the loft, reaching the bedroom in seconds.

Archer kicks the door open, revealing two beautiful naked BIMBOS laying on either side of GATES (25). GATES is an extremely attractive man, wearing nothing but a silk robe.

INT. GATE'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gates scrambles out of bed, the Bimbos scream as the APU team covers the three with laser sights.

ARCHER

Don't fucking move, Gates. Game's up.

Gates recovers his cool, slowly puts his hands up, smiling.

GATES

You sure you brought enough men?

ARCHER

Shut up, get down.

Gates's smile widens, he puts his hands on his robe, begins to pull it open.

ARCHER

No, don't!

With a quick movement Gates pulls the robe off, he TURNS INVISIBLE before it can hit the ground. The laser-sights flash on the wall behind him, the Bimbos gasp with surprise.

ARCHER

Shit!

The APU team shifts, nervous, their guns moving, wondering where Gates went.

SLOMO: One of the APU team's nose is hit by an invisible object, crumpling into his face.

He screams, fires a burst into the wall.

Other agents fire, their bullets tear holes in the wall without hitting anything.

ARCHER  
Hold fire!!

They cease, still nervously looking around. The agent with the broken nose groans on his knees.

ARCHER  
Gates! You don't want to do it  
like this!

There's no response, the silence is oppressive.

In the back of the team, one agent's sidearm HOLSTER pops open. No one notices as the handgun slowly lifts itself out of the holster.

After a moment, the Agent finally looks down, sees the floating gun. He spins, the gun fires, hitting him in the side.

All the agents turn, firing at the floating gun. Gate's shoulder flashes into visibility as a bullet hits it, BLOOD SPRAYS.

The gun drops to the floor and Gates disappears again.

The APU team bunches together, facing out. The two injured men moan from the floor.

ARCHER  
Garcia, keep that door  
covered. Franks, help the injured.

In the kitchen a KNIFE pulls itself out of a kitchen block. Archer spots it.

ARCHER  
There!

He fires as the knife flies into AGENT ANNA GARCIA (25).

Archer's bullets hit something, Gates flashes visible again, then gone. He leaves a smear of blood across the fridge, but a second spray of bullets hit air.

Agent Garcia slowly pulls the knife out of her shoulder. Her face registers more anger than pain.

The few remaining APU Agents circle tight, back to back.

ARCHER  
Last chance, Gates...

No answer.

Small drips of blood hit the hard-wood floor of the living room. A drawer on a coffee table slides silently open. Inside rests a CHROME PISTOL.

Blood drips onto the surface of the coffee table as the gun moves...

Archer sees the blood, turns and fires twice. Gates crashes back into the couch, visible and with two holes in his chest.

Archer and the team move close, the red of their lasers playing across his bloody gunshot wounds.

Gates pants painfully, naked and dying.

He tries to raise the gun, fails. Giving up, he grimaces a smile.

GATES  
So, you're the guy then...

Archer nods, Agent Garcia kicks the pistol away from Gates.

ARCHER  
Yea, I am.

Gates coughs up a little blood, looking down at his wounds.

GATES  
Alright then.

As the team stands over him, guns drawn, Gates dies.

Blood pools slowly around his naked body.

EXT. GATE'S PENTHOUSE - BALCONY - NIGHT

Archer stands looking out at the darkened city.

Behind Archer the suite is being turned into a crime scene, medical and forensic PERSONNEL move around.

Captain Ellis moves through the crowd, joins Archer.

He rests his arms on the balcony, pursing his lips for a moment. He looks at Archer, then follows his gaze out to the city.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

This was a good thing.

Archer looks at him, poker faced.

Captain Ellis looks at him, holding his gaze.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

There's a lot of work to be done in  
this city, I need to know you can  
handle it.

Archer looks over his shoulder at the remains of violence in  
the penthouse. Gates' body covered with a bloody sheet. He  
meets the Captain's look.

ARCHER

I can handle it.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

Good. If this is how they all want  
to go, then this is how we do it.

The Captain nods to himself, satisfied.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

Now go home.

INT. ARCHERS APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Archer walks up to the door to his apartment, pulling his  
key out of a pocket. His expression is preoccupied and  
solemn.

Putting his hand on the knob, he realizes the door is  
already unlocked.

He freezes for a moment, then trades his keys for a handgun.

Using the doorway as cover, he quietly pushes the door  
open. He swings into his entryway, gun out. Nobody there.

INT. ARCHERS APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Archer moves into his apartment, clearing it room by room.

He reaches the bedroom, the only room with a light  
on. Keeping his gun up, he slowly pushes the door open.



ARCHER  
That's certainly not where I'd  
expect to find you.

Melissa is lying in his bed, naked under the covers.

MELISSA  
Well, you got me thinking. (beat)  
You can probably put the gun away,  
Eddie.

He hesitates, weighing the gun in his hands.

ARCHER  
I'll think about it.

MELISSA  
I heard you killed the Invisible  
Man.

Archer doesn't answer. She grins a little lewdly.

MELISSA  
So, did he bleed invisible?

Silence. Melissa pouts for a moment.

MELISSA  
Well, then lets not talk. But  
since I'm finally in bed...

Archer slowly lowers the gun.

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Guy enters his crappy tenement building, backpack slung over his shoulder.

In the hallway four CHOLOS hang around. They close on him as he passes, forcing him to shoulder through them, head down.

He reaches his door, unlocks it.

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Guy enters his apartment, drops the backpack to the floor.

On the bed Rosie is asleep, pregnant belly looming large under the covers.

Guy pulls his gun from his waistband, sliding it under a pillow on the bed. He watches Rosie for a minute, she doesn't move.

He sits on the edge of the bed, begins pulling off the cheap suit.

Behind him Rosie opens her eyes, watching him silently for a moment.

ROSIE  
I watched the news.

Guy doesn't turn around.

GUY  
What I told you about watching the news?

ROSIE  
It's better than waiting all day to see if you come back.

GUY  
I come back every time.

ROSIE  
Every time 'til you don't.

He turns, puts a hand on her leg.

GUY  
The Banker's smart, and he pays.

ROSIE  
They say he's got Darwin after him now though.

GUY  
Don't worry 'bout the banker.

ROSIE  
I'm worried about you. I don't want to be living this life. This whole city is poisoned.

Guy doesn't answer, staring at the wall contemplatively.

INT. ARCHERS APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

On the bed Archer is still passed out, face down. Melissa slowly stretches, waking up.

She sees Archer's asleep, slides out of bed.

She pulls her slacks on, resnapping her bra.

Melissa looks over at Archer, gently pushes his shoulder. He doesn't respond.

Quietly, Melissa begins snooping around the room, looking for something.

INT. ARCHERS APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Melissa continues her search, the sparse bachelor apartment not offering her much. There are barely any pictures on the walls.

She pushes one door open, sees a bench with weights, a punching bag. She closes the door, moving on.

INT. ARCHERS APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Melissa looks around the kitchen, opens the fridge, it's full of take-out and protein shakes.

She checks the calender on the fridge, not finding anything interesting.

She finds the door to his office, jiggles the handle, it's locked.

Melissa looks back towards the bedroom, Archer hasn't moved.

Pulling out a hairpin, Melissa sets to work on the simple lock. After a moment it clicks and she lets herself in.

INT. ARCHERS APARTMENT - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A typical home office, with the exception of the giant PHOTO WALL.

An entire wall is covered with photos of masked Heroes and Villains, diagrams connecting them, police reports.

It looks like a police board, except more obsessive.

Melissa smiles to herself. She makes a final glance at the bedroom, then pulls out her CAMERA PHONE and begins snapping pictures across the wall.

INT. ARCHERS APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Archer turns on the bed, stretching. His hand stretches across the bed behind him, feeling the hollow where Melissa was sleeping. Slowly, he opens his eyes, rolling over.

Melissa stands beside the bed, slowly buttoning her shirt. She smiles to see him awake.

MELISSA  
Good morning.

ARCHER  
You're up early.

MELISSA  
Lotsa work today.

Archer grunts, sagging back into the pillows.

ARCHER  
What you doin' tonight?

MELISSA  
Why? Got something in mind?

ARCHER  
What about a date?

MELISSA  
A date?

ARCHER  
Like dinner. Movie.

MELISSA  
I'm not the girl you date, Eddie.

Archer nods to himself, disappointed.

ARCHER  
Yea, I guess not.

Melissa looks sorry, she opens her mouth to say something, but is cut off by Archers phone ringing.

Archer answers.

ARCHER

Yea?

DARWIN(VO)

So how did it feel?

Archer registers confusion.

ARCHER

What are you talking about?

DARWIN (VO)

Did it feel like Justice?

ARCHER

Who is this?

DARWIN (VO)

I'm not a journalist, if that's what you're worried about.

Archer looks sideways at Melissa, then walks to the window, peeking out the shade. Melissa watches him curiously.

DARWIN (VO)

You know why I left the tape for you?

Archer is silent, realizing who the voice must be.

DARWIN (VO)

I was hoping it would inspire you. Seems like it worked.

ARCHER

Darwin?

The voice gives a dry laugh.

ARCHER

Where are you?

DARWIN (VO)

Goodbye, Special Agent. See you soon.

There's a click and the line goes dead.

Archer looks at the phone, then at Melissa.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

A two lane highway winds through wooded hills. In the distance, the jagged skyline of a city is visible.

After a beat, a lone BIKER speeds past.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

A CUTE CASHIER behind the counter watching TV. A round table style program is on.

FEMALE TALKING HEAD

(On TV)

The more so called 'powereds' we have, the more idiots put on tights thinking they're batman. Whether or not they actually have powers of their own, this should be a police matter.

MALE TALKING HEAD

But are the police doing their job?

FEMALE TALKING HEAD

Well that's the problem right there...

On a security TV next to the other the Biker is visible parking in front of the gas station.

The door jangles as the Biker enters. His face remains unseen throughout.

He walks to the rear of the store.

CLOSE ON: the Biker's hand opening a drink cooler. His knuckles are scabbed, fingers covered with heavy rings.

He pulls out a beer, opens it and drinks.

He walks down the aisle, flips through some postcards. Glances at a stack of newspapers. The headline reads 'DARWIN KILLS AGAIN,' a large photo shows the six bloody gang-bangers sprawled over furniture.

Behind him a bell rings as the door opens.

The Biker reaches out to pick up the paper, a bandana wrapped around his hand. On the inside of the bandana a white pattern is visible.

He's interrupted by a SCREAM from the front of the store.

Calmly, he turns and walks down the aisles. His head is cocked to the side, curious.

The Cute Cashier is being held up by two armed ROBBERS. Both the robbers wear ski-masks and carry PISTOLS.

ROBBER ONE  
The cash, bitch! Quickly!

The Cute Cashier hits buttons on the register, too nervous to find the right one.

CUTE CASHIER  
Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God!

Robber Two notices the Biker watching them.

ROBBER TWO  
Hey, fucker! Get down!

The Biker raises his hands, but doesn't get down.

Robber Two steps towards him, pointing his gun at the Biker's head.

ROBBER TWO  
You deaf, biker boy? I said-

He's cut off as the Biker moves impossibly fast, twisting the gun out of the robber's hand and slamming a fist across his face.

Robber Two crumples to the floor.

Robber One reacts, turning with his gun out. The Biker shoots him in the shoulder before he makes it, Robber One falls, dropping his pistol.

After a moment, the oppressive silence is broken by the groans of the two robbers.

CUTE CASHIER  
Holy Jesus...

Robber One reaches painfully across the floor for his fallen gun. Just as he reaches it his wrist is pinned down by the Biker's boot.

ROBBER ONE  
Aaarggghhh...

The Biker slowly crouches down. With the barrel of his gun he pulls the Robber's ski-mask up, revealing a frightened teenage face.

ROBBER ONE  
Don't...don't...

The Biker places the gun against the Robber's cheek.

ROBBER ONE  
Please...

The Biker fires, blood sprays across the linoleum.

The Cute Cashier watches as the Biker calmly stands and walks to Robber Two.

The Biker raises his gun as Robber Two struggles to his feet against the candy racks. The Biker fires twice, Robber Two falls to the floor, dragging down boxes of candy. Brightly colored packages spill across his dead body.

The Biker's shoulders sag, he straightens up.

He pulls out his wallet, removes a five dollar bill, places it on the counter. The Cute Cashier stares down at it uncomprehendingly.

The Biker grabs some JERKY out of a holder on the counter and walks out of the store.

A BELL sounds as the door swings closed.

EXT. CITY STREET - BAD NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

An UNKNOWN POV walks through the Projects.

Gang graffiti and trash are everywhere. The sidewalks and apartment steps are filled with HOODLUMS and HOS. They stare uncomprehendingly at the unknown POV.

A cluster of GANGSTERS glare at the POV as it approaches, reluctantly parting as it reaches them.

END POV

A chubby black teen walks down the street, dressed in an obviously homemade superhero costume. Over the mask he wears glasses which have been repaired by tape.

This is G-BOY (17).

Everyone on the street continues to stare as G-Boy strides confidently passed them.



ARCHER (VO)  
We all agree this has become an epidemic.

INT. POLICE STATION - MUSTER ROOM - DAY

AGENT ARCHER, CAPTAIN ELLIS, and the rest of the APU Agents sit in in muster room. Archer is addressing the group.

ARCHER (CONT'D)  
Since this began we have arrested a dozen Powered and four 'vigilantes' have been murdered. This led up to the shooting of Gates, AKA the 'Invisible Man'.

The audience listens attentively.

ARCHER  
We need different rules of engagement, or we can expect the same violence of last week every time we encounter a Powered.

Around the table heads nod. AGENT GARCIA, arm in a sling from a shoulder wound, grimaces.

ARCHER  
We will subdue first, every encounter with a Powered will automatically be a deadly force situation.

All the members of the APU look pleased, Captain Ellis looks somber.

ARCHER (CONT'D)  
We'll tailor our tactics and weaponry to the individual. If we go after an invisible man, we'll bring heat sensitive goggles. If-

Archer pauses as a POLICEMAN sticks his head in the door.

POLICEMAN  
'Scuse me, sir. There's been a shooting on the outskirts of the city.

ARCHER  
And?

POLICEMAN

It looks like it might be one of  
your guys.

A loud OS gunshot, then receding echoes.

EXT. FIRING RANGE - DAY

Another shot, echoes.

A large outdoor firing range, cardboard targets at one end.

GUY stands at the firing line. Next to him is ROSIE, she  
holds a HANDGUN.

She squints as she squeezes the trigger, flinching when it  
fires. Down-range a bullet hole appears on the target's  
right belly.

Guy takes the gun from her, ejects the magazine and reloads.

GUY

You're anticipating the  
recoil. You flinch away and push  
muzzle down.

Guy slides the magazine home, turns and fires three steady  
shots into the target. They punch a tight group of holes  
through the target's chest.

GUY

Don't pull the trigger, squeeze  
it. Just gently squeeze back until  
the shot's a surprise.

He fires two more slow shots, hitting the target's head.

Rosie puts her hand on her belly, looking up at Guy.

ROSIE

She's kicking.

Guy lowers his gun, walks over and puts his hand on her  
belly.

GUY

Must be the noise.

Rosie smiles up at Guy, eyes wide. His expression softens.

GUY  
She?

ROSIE  
Just hoping.

Guy kisses her forehead.

GUY  
Long as she gets your looks.

Their sweet moment is interrupted by a PHONE RINGING.

Guy answers his cell.

GUY  
Yes?...Yessir. I'll be there in an  
hour.

Rosie looks solemn.

GUY  
You'll be alright.

He hands her the gun.

ROSIE  
It's not me I'm worried about.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

MELISSA, well-dressed in a business skirt, strides onto the main office floor. COWORKERS glance up and wave as she passes, they exchange brief greetings.

Melissa reaches her office area, dropping her briefcase to the floor.

Behind her, MRS. COLINI (50) sticks her head out of a corner office.

MRS. COLINI  
Melissa! Get your undersized ass  
in my office.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - COLINI'S OFFICE - DAY

As Melissa enters, Mrs. Colini is already seated behind a large wooden desk.

MRS. COLINI

You've been gone for two days, what do you got for me?

MELISSA

Check these out.

She slides a bunch of photos across the table. The photos show a police style board with photos of Powereds, the dead ones with 'X's through them. Photos from Archer's home office.

Colini flips through the stack, poker faced.

MRS. COLINI

This doesn't look like the Police Station.

MELISSA

Even better. The head of APU's house.

Mrs. Colini's expression hardens.

MRS. COLINI

This paper isn't interested in whatever kinky vendetta you have against Archer.

MELISSA

This is hard news. The head of APUs private obsession with the men he's chasing. While I was there I'm pretty sure he even received a call from Darwin.

MRS. COLINI

No, this is sleeping your way into a story. And I did enough of that for the both of us.

She flips the folder closed, slides it into a desk drawer. For a moment she becomes mock nostalgic.

MRS. COLINI

When I was young it was all about romance. Now it's about crucifying each other in print. It's unhealthy.

From inside the desk, she pulls out another manila folder, pushes it to Melissa. Her demeanor returns to businesslike.

MRS. COLINI

Anyone can sell a story about blood and guts. You sell this story and you'll have a reason for that cocky attitude. And your conscience will be a little cleaner.

MELISSA

(doubtful)

What is it?

MRS. COLINI

You heard of EOA?

MELISSA

Early onset Alzheimer's? You're joking.

MRS. COLINI

Nope. This is your new assignment.

Beat, Melissa upset.

MRS. COLINI

You're getting too used to assuming everyone else is stupid, girl. I've been doing this for a long time, and I say there's a story here. (beat) You should probably trust me.

Melissa nods, thinking.

MELISSA

Alright. I could use a break from the blood and guts.

MRS. COLINI

Couldn't we all.

Melissa leaves, Colini sits down. She stares at the wall for a long moment, deep in thought.

INT. GAS STATION - CRIME SCENE - DAY

The bell sounds as the door opens, Archer enters.

The scene from earlier, with the addition of police INVESTIGATORS putting up police tape and collecting evidence.

He sees DETECTIVE MILLS poking at the candy lying on Robber Two. He picks off a bag of skittles, opens it and eats a few.

ARCHER

What you doing out here?

Mills turns and notices him.

MILLS

Turns out we're just within city limits.

Mills shakes his head, obviously less than pleased to be there. He offers Archer the bag of Skittles.

MILLS (CONT'D)

I could ask you the same thing.

Archer shrugs, waves his hand to turn down the candy.

ARCHER

There're some discrepancies in the video footage. Seems like the perp might be an old friend.

Mills looks at him, then around at the two dead bodies, realizing who Archer must be referring to.

MILLS

This doesn't look like Darwin's style.

ARCHER

I don't think it was planned.

FEMALE INVESTIGATOR (OS)

Hey, got something here.

Archer and Mills join the Investigator crouched by the drink coolers. She has a fingerprint brush, rubbing the handle to the cooler. The faint outlines of fingerprints are visible.

Mills smiles, Archer raises his eyebrows.

MILLS

Damn, looks like we might actually have something on him.

ARCHER

Nice work.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Guy walks along a city street, head down. From the corner of his eye he sees various SUSPICIOUS MEN standing around.

Guy quickens pace, glancing to the sides. The men follow him with their eyes, talking to each other.

Across the street one man talks into a cell phone, his eyes flick to Guy.

Finally, Guy turns a corner, drawing his gun.

He turns, lying flat against the wall, gun held up at head height, ready to kill anyone following him.

Moments pass, nobody comes.

Guy hesitantly looks around the corner, no one's there.

He sags against the brick wall, breathing deeply. He rubs his face, replacing his pistol.

INT. WAREHOUSE - BANKER'S LAIR - DAY

A giant warehouse, empty to the rafters. In the middle of the expanse, dozens of different sized SAFES are arranged in the rough outline of a room. In the center, the BANKER is seated at an ornate desk.

Guy walks across the emptiness, reaching the 'room'. He steps through a gap in the safes, approaches the desk.

The Banker looks up, smiling to see Guy.

BANKER

Guy, as prompt as ever. Hope I didn't tear you away from anything important.

Guy shakes his head.

BANKER

Good. We got something different planned for tonight.

GUY

Yea?

BANKER

Not the whole crew, just a couple guys. A nice quiet B and E.

GUY  
What's the location?

The Banker stands, stepping straight through the desk to stand in front of Guy. Guy leans back a little, but otherwise doesn't react.

BANKER  
Fifth and Edward.

GUY  
There money there?

The Banker taps the head of his cane against Guy's chest.

BANKER  
There's more to life than money.

Guy raises his eyebrows, confused.

The Banker walks to a safe, the closer look shows WELDING MARKS were all the safes have been permanently sealed.

The Banker reaches through the steel door, grimacing to himself, and removes a thick wad of cash.

Exhaling, he tosses the wad to Guy.

Guy stares down at the cash, impressed by the amount.

BANKER  
Get ready, we leave in two hours.

Guy nods, eyes still on the cash.

INT. POLICE STATION - EVIDENCE LAB - DAY

Archer hands a evidence bag with sheets of fingerprint cards to a TECHIE.

ARCHER  
Get these prints back, now.

Another LAB TECH sits in front of a computer screen, scrolling through the convenience store surveillance footage. The tape is very poor quality, grainy and black and white. There is no sound.

LAB TECH  
Hey, got that footage cued for you.

Archer steps over to him, watching the screen over his shoulder.



The footage rolls, Darwin enters the convenience store, face turned away from the camera. A minute or so later the two masked robbers enter, holding guns.

Darwin appears from the side, hands up, then faster than the tape can follow, kills the two robbers. He places the money on the counter and leaves.

LAB TECH

Damn...

ARCHER

Rewind that a bit.

The Lab Tech complies.

ARCHER

Stop.

The screen freezes as Darwin puts the money on the counter. Due to the angle of the surveillance footage, this is the best shot of his face.

ARCHER

Close in on his face.

The Tech taps some buttons, zooms in. Even zoomed in the face shot is grainy and poor quality.

ARCHER

Get a copy of that, clean it up as best you can. We'll put it out.

Behind Archer two suited federal agents enter, JESSICA SAMSON, and DAVID GREENWOOD.

GREENWOOD

Agent Archer?

Archer turns, takes in the newcomers.

ARCHER

That's me.

GREENWOOD

I'm Special Agent Greenwood, this is my partner, Samson. We need a few moments of your time.

INT. POLICE STATION - MUSTER ROOM - DAY

Greenwood closes the door behind him, then drops the shade, isolating the three of them from the rest of the station.

Although Greenwood does most of the talking, Samson seems to be in charge.

GREENWOOD

We understand there was a break in the Darwin case.

ARCHER

We'll see. It's only a matter of time before he slips.

The Feds exchange looks.

GREENWOOD

We want you to put the Darwin case on ice, and concentrate on the Banker.

Archer looks astounded.

ARCHER

We just got prints on him!

The Feds are nonplussed.

GREENWOOD

We believe the Banker is a higher value target.

ARCHER

He's a thief, Darwin's a murderer. And he's impossible to catch, when he's not in a bank he's a damn invisible man.

Samson raises her eyebrows.

SAMSON

As I recall, you just killed the Invisible Man.

Archer clenches his jaw, angry. Greenwood looks to Samson for some cue, Samson nods.

GREENWOOD

We have information on the Banker.

Archer hesitates, clearly upset, but interested.

ARCHER  
What information?

GREENWOOD  
Possible targets.

Samson holds up a paper, a half dozen addresses. Archer reaches for it, but Samson holds it just out of reach.

SAMSON  
You take this, you lay off  
Darwin. Otherwise we take it  
elsewhere.

Archer stares her down for a moment. Finally, he reaches out again, taking the paper.

He looks at it for a moment.

ARCHER  
These aren't banks.

He reads further.

ARCHER  
Hospitals, a research center. A  
Military Base? We don't have  
jurisdiction there.

GREENWOOD  
Then concentrate on the places you  
do have jurisdiction.

ARCHER  
What would a bank robber want with  
these places?

GREENWOOD  
Our help doesn't extend past the  
list.

Archer is still hesitant.

SAMSON  
A lot of important people want the  
Banker taken care of. They would  
be very...grateful...to you if you  
handled it.

Archer stays silent as the two Feds let themselves out.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - BASEMENT ARCHIVES - EVENING

In a dimly lit basement with row after row of filing cabinets, Melissa is doing research.

She sits in front of a computer screen, clicking through microfilm. Various articles pop up, "Returning Soldiers Suffer from Ailment," "EOA Growing concern for Docs," "Researchers say Increase is City Specific."

A knocking sound makes Melissa jump, looking up.

Archer stands at the desk, watching her.

ARCHER

Didn't mean to startle you. They said I'd find you down here.

Melissa recovers her composure immediately.

MELISSA

To what do I owe the pleasure?

ARCHER

I was half expecting some horrible article in the paper after we were together last. Consider this an apology for...doubting your morals.

He tosses two photographs on the table, slightly cleaner stills of Darwin in the gas station.

Melissa hesitates just a moment, then picks them up.

MELISSA

Who's this?

ARCHER

The person I want to catch most of all.

MELISSA

(without looking up)  
Besides me?

Archer ignores her, she looks closer at the picture.

MELISSA

So, this is 'Darwin'. I would've thought he'd be better looking.

ARCHER

He's killed dozens of people, and that's what you come up with? You thought he'd be better looking?

Melissa shrugs.

MELISSA

This looks like security camera footage. Has he been up to something I should know about?

Archer doesn't answer. Melissa looks through the photos on last time, then slides them into a briefcase.

MELISSA

Not like you to be cooperating with the press.

Archer shrugs.

ARCHER

Not much choice at the moment. Just don't say where you got those.

Melissa smiles.

MELISSA

Yea, yea, confidential informant et cetera, et cetera. I do this for a living.

Archer turns to leave.

MELISSA

You leaving already?

ARCHER

My night's just getting started.

He gestures around the dark and empty archives.

ARCHER

Don't have too much fun without me.

He leaves, Melissa sits alone for a minute, looking after him.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

An unmarked police car sits with its lights out, facing the hospital's emergency entrance.

The parking lot and street are empty and silent.

INT. POLICE CAR - HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

OFFICER CRISP sits behind the wheel. The interior of the car is littered with takeout, a pair of binoculars sit on the cops lap. A stake out.

Officer Crisp is on the phone.

OFFICER CRISP  
(into phone)  
Well yea, Honey, but we need the  
overtime.

Outside a van pulls up to the hospital entrance. Crisp doesn't notice.

OFFICER CRISP  
(into phone)  
I know, I know. But that frickin  
orthodontist...

Three men exit the van, walking toward the hospital. Officer Crisp finally glances over.

OFFICER CRISP  
Son-of-a-bitch! No, not you honey,  
look I gotta call you back. No,  
it's work, Jesus! Hey, I love  
you...

Crisp finally manages to hang up, starts frantically dialing.

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT

Archer pulls up in his car, skidding to a halt. He jumps out, walks up to Officer Crisp's window.

ARCHER  
What we got?

Crisp points to the van.

OFFICER CRISP  
Van came by, three guys got  
out. Also a town car, dropped a  
man in a suit.

ARCHER  
The Banker?

OFFICER CRISP  
Couldn't see. But maybe.

Archer nods, staring at the building hungrily.

ARCHER  
How far out is the team?

OFFICER CRISP  
Ten minutes.

ARCHER  
Fuck. They'll be gone.

Archer hesitates, looking around. He straightens.

ARCHER  
Fuck it, you cover the  
entrance. Send the team in as soon  
as they're here.

Archer walks quickly toward the entrance.

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Archer walks up to the Lobby desk, an unshaven MALE NURSE  
wearing a pink scrub shirt looks up at him.

MALE NURSE  
Can I help you?

Archer looks around, not seeing any sign of the men he's  
looking for.

ARCHER  
Hey...I'm looking for my friends,  
they just came through here.

MALE NURSE  
And you are?

Archer flashes his badge, the Male Nurse's eyes widen.

ARCHER  
Edward Archer, APU.

MALE NURSE  
Yes, sir. Ummm, I think they  
signed in, let me grab the book.

He reaches across the desk to a drawer, begins pulling it open.

As he does, Archer leans against the desk, and notices a duck-taped pair of legs protruding from under the desk.

ARCHER  
Mother...

Archer pulls out his gun, pointing it at the Male Nurses head.

ARCHER  
Don't fucking move.

The Male Nurse hesitates, but complies.

Archer circles the desk, sees a FEMALE NURSE duck-taped under the desk. She's wearing pink scrub pants and no shirt over her bra. Her eyes are wide over her duck-taped mouth.

The Male Nurse's hand is on a gun in the drawer. He's wearing jeans and combat boots under the scrub top.

The Male Nurse's fingers tighten around his pistol.

ARCHER  
Two in the chest, one in the head,  
fucker.

The Male Nurse releases his grip, raising his hands over his head.

ARCHER  
Where'd they go?

Male Nurse shakes his head, not willing to talk. Archer hesitates, then pistol whips the back of the man's head. He collapses, knocked out.

Archer pulls out a pocket knife, flicks the blade open. He cuts the nurse free.

ARCHER  
You okay?

The nurse nods, rubbing her wrists.



ARCHER  
Which way did they go?

The nurse points.

FEMALE NURSE  
Down the hall. They were asking  
where the archives are.

Archer nods, grabbing the MALE NURSE'S pistol out of the drawer.

ARCHER  
There's an officer outside. Walk  
across the street, he'll help you.

The Female Nurse runs out the front doors.

Archer looks back at impostor slumped across the desk. An ugly grimace crosses his face, he pistol-whips the unconscious man again, knocking him to the floor.

Archer turns, with his gun up he runs down the hallway.

INT. DARWIN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

A dimly lit concrete basement. Bare bulbs hang from the ceiling. Everything is duck taped and spray-painted.

Several TVs are stacked in one corner, playing news channels. Police scanners are jumbled on top. A heavy punching bag and weight benches dominate the room.

One wall is covered with various weapons, from automatic rifles to knives. In the center is a bullet proof vest, and Darwin's signature skull bandana.

Darwin sits on the bench, lifting weights, shirtless. His back is muscular, scarred and tattooed with biker symbols. A large diamond 'One Percenter' tattoo is on one shoulder.

Throughout the scene Darwin's face is hidden through shadow and angle.

As Darwin continues lifting weights, one of the police scanners cackles to life.

POLICE SCANNER (OFFICER JACKSON)  
Dispatch, Unit Twenty One. We need  
backup at St. Vincent's Hospital,  
5th and Edward.

Darwin drops the weights noisily. He cocks his head, listening.

POLICE SCANNER (DISPATCH)  
Unit Twenty One,  
Dispatch. Ten-twelve?

Darwin begins pulling a shirt on.

POLICE SCANNER  
We have armed individuals entering,  
possibly the Banker. Alert SWAT  
and APU.

Darwin stands up, strides to his weapon rack. He grabs the bullet proof vest, pulls it over his head. He clips a holstered pistol to his belt, grabs a knife.

POLICE SCANNER (DISPATCH)  
Ten-four, APU is fifteen.

Darwin takes the bandana off the rack, heads toward the door.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Archer runs down empty hospital halls. He passes a row of elevators, just as one DINGS. He skids to a halt, sees the symbol indicating the basement light up.

He slaps the elevator button a few times, then runs out of patience and sprints for the stairs.

INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Guy, the Banker and HENCHMAN BOB move through the hospital basement, reaching a door marked 'Records.'

Guy tries the handle, finds it locked.

The Banker waves him aside, then reaches through the door.

INT. HOSPITAL - RECORD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Banker's hand appears in the doorway, fumbling around for the lock. It unlocks the door, then swings it open.

The three criminals walk inside. Motion activated lights snap on, revealing rows and rows of filing cabinets.

Guy notices the Banker grimacing again, flexing the hand he put through the door.

GUY  
You okay, sir?

The Banker ignores the question.

BANKER  
Find the folders we need.

Guy nods, the three of them being moving down the rows of cabinets, looking for something.

INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT STAIRS - NIGHT

Archer moves down the stairway, stepping lightly and silently. He reaches the basement level, cautiously steps out.

INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Archer follows the same path that the criminals just did, he approaches the door marked 'Records'. He reaches out, the handle swings easily, now unlocked.

Slowly, gun still raised, he pushes the door open.

EXT. HOSPITAL ALLEY - NIGHT

Darwin's Harley rumbles to a halt in an alley adjacent to the hospital.

He swings off, steps towards the hospital, then freezes.

Behind him, the masked figure of G-boy steps into view, in all his home-sewn splendor.

G-BOY  
You're not the only one with a  
police scanner.

Darwin turns, taking in the young kid and his homemade costume. He doesn't look interested.

DARWIN  
Go home, kid.

G-BOY  
No. You've killed enough people.

He grabs Darwin's arm as Darwin moves to walk away.

Darwin hesitates, then viciously backhands G-boy, knocking him to the ground.

Darwin turns and walks away.

Behind him G-boy stands.

G-BOY  
I'm not done.

Darwin ignores him.

G-boy looks around, then steps over to Darwin's bike, kicking out the kickstand. The Harley roughly topples to the ground.

Darwin hesitates, then turns and walks back towards G-Boy, eyes cold.

INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The door to the Records Room swings silently open, Archer can see all three criminals, their backs turned to him as they look through the cabinets.

He points his gun at the Banker, closest to him.

As if sensing the attention, the Banker slowly turns, taking in the gun pointed at his head. He opens his mouth as if to speak. One hand reaches into the small of his back.

Archer shakes his head, mouthing the word 'no'.

BANKER  
Guy!

The Banker jerks out a nickel plated pistol, Archer fires. The Banker seems to wince, Archer's bullet passes cleanly through him, not hurting him.

Archer eyes widen, he recovers just in time to duck away from the Banker's return shot, as Guy and Henchman Bob join in the gunfight.

From the doorway Archer returns fire, the three shoot back, cornered in the room.

ARCHER

There's no way out, guys. APU will  
be here any second!

The Banker grabs Guy, pulling him to the back of the  
room. Henchman Bob provides cover fire.

BANKER

Got what we wanted?

Guy holds up a thick folder.

BANKER

We're out of here.

He grabs Guy by the collar and runs toward the back wall.

Henchman Bob's gun runs dry, he drops the magazine, reaches  
for a fresh one.

Archer peaks around the doorway, sees the opportunity. He  
rushes into the room, firing.

Several rounds hit the Henchman's torso, he falls, spilling  
his gun and magazine across the floor.

Archer keeps moving forward, clearing the rest of the room.

On the floor the Henchman groans, feebly reaching for his  
gun.

Archer fires a single shot into his head, abruptly he's  
still.

The Banker and Guy are gone.

ARCHER

Shit...

Archer's shoulders sag.

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Banker and Guy come up through floor of a typical white  
on white hospital room.

Guy curls on hands and knees, retches onto the tile.

GUY

Holy Christ, is that how it always  
feels?

The Banker is collapsed against bed. He looks pale and weak.

BANKER  
(painfully)  
Some times are worse than  
others. Never pulled another  
person with me before.

Guy registers the fact that the Banker is in worse shape than he is.

GUY  
Oh, shit.

Guy pushes himself to his feet, then pulls the Banker up as well, supporting his weight.

GUY  
We gotta get out of here.

Guy notices the room is occupied. A young CHEMO-KID with a bald head sits in the bed, staring at them. Guy gives the kid a curt nod, then turns away.

Guy half supports and half carries the Banker to the doorway. He pokes his head out, then quickly withdraws it as Archer moves past the end of the hallway, searching.

Guy waits a moment, then moves, heading away from where Archer was.

The Chemo-kid stares out the door after them, wide-eyed.

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT

G-Boy flies bodily through the air, impacts a street lamp and crashes to the pavement.

Darwin walks up and gives G-Boy a solid kick to the ribs.

G-Boy sags to the side, gasping.

DARWIN  
Go back to your GI Joes, kid.

From the ground G-Boy punches Darwin, square in the balls.

Darwin groans, cupping his groin. With a single swift movement he pulls out a knife and stabs G-Boy.

G-Boy collapses, looking down at the knife protruding from his side.

Darwin immediately registers regret.

DARWIN

Shit...

He steps closer, hand out, placating.

Swiftly, G-boy pulls the knife out, stabbing at Darwin. Darwin moves, but not fast enough, taking a shallow gash on his stomach, right below his vest.

He steps back, clutching the bloody wound.

G-Boy straightens, unaffected by his own stabbing. Darwin's eyes go wide.

DARWIN

Oh, shit. You're one of us.

G-Boy pushes his glasses up his nose.

G-BOY

No. I'm a hero.

He tosses the knife to the ground, raising his pudgy fists.

INT. HOSPITAL

Guy and the Banker sneak down hallways, evading the Police. The Banker begins to recover, pushing away Guy and moving on his own.

They duck into an office at the sound of footsteps.

INT. HOSPITAL - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Guy walks to the back of the office, looks out the window. Across the street their van and town car are waiting.

Guy assesses the Banker, who seems to have fully recovered.

GUY

You ready to run for it?

The Banker nods.

BANKER

Of course.

EXT. HOSPITAL - REAR PARKING LOT

The office window shatters outward. Guy and the Banker climb out, dropping to the pavement as the sounds of pursuit come from inside the hospital.

The van and a town car race down the street towards them.

The Banker reaches his town car, just like the safes, the rear doors have been welded shut. Without pausing the Banker pushes himself through the door and the vehicle pulls away.

EXT. ALLEY - ACROSS FROM HOSPITAL

Darwin and G-boy continue to fight. Darwin is hitting G-boy a dozen times for every bump he takes, but G-boy is ultimately less effected.

The OS sound of a window smashing causes Darwin to turn his head. He sees Guy and the Banker running for their vehicles.

G-boy takes advantage of the momentary distraction by kicking Darwin right in the gash on his stomach.

Darwin grabs his leg, twists it, then drives his body weight through it. A dry snap sounds as G-boys ankle breaks, his foot facing the wrong way.

Darwin drops the leg, without any pause G-boy shin kicks him in the face with his injured leg.

SLOMO IMPACT: as G-boy's shin rearranges Darwin's face, his foot snaps back forward.

Darwin steps back, wiping blood off his lip. G-boy puts his foot down, good as new.

Darwin shakes his head, no longer enjoying the fight. Guy's getaway van is pulling away. Darwin turns from G-boy and runs down the alley towards his motorcycle.

G-boy hesitates, then his shoulders slump. He looks down at his fists, bloody from punching Darwin's wound.

The streets are empty except for police vehicles arriving at the hospital. G-boy turns and walks away, slipping unnoticed into the darkness.



INT. POLICE STATION - MUSTER ROOM - HOURS LATER

Archer and Captain Ellis sit in the muster room, tired. Two shot glasses and a bottle of whiskey are on the table in between them.

Both of them are bedraggled, staring off into space.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

What are they looking for in a hospital?

ARCHER

Dunno, but I'm gonna find out.

A moment passes, they both swallow their shots. The Captain opens the bottle, pours another two shots.

Archer takes it, and stands.

ARCHER

This is it for me, I'm going home to pass out.

He salutes with the shot, they both drink.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

More work tomorrow.

Archer shakes his head, less than excited at the prospect. He turns to leave.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

Oh and Darwin's prints came back.

Archer turns with renewed interest.

ARCHER

And?

Captain Ellis tosses a rap sheet in front of Archer.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

John Wilmer. Rapsheet includes some petty theft, trafficking in stolen goods, misdemeanor assault.

Archer sits back, confused.

ARCHER

That doesn't sound much like the criminal sociopath I've been chasing.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

No, it doesn't. He's even got a warrant for unpaid court fees. There's a number to call if he's encountered.

Archer thinks.

ARCHER

Alright, I'll check into it. But none of that adds up.

EXT. CITY STREET - GUY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Guy limps up the sidewalk to his apartment building door.

As he enters the front door, the low rumble of a motorcycle is audible.

Guy disappears inside.

A moment passes...

Darwin pulls up on his Harley, mask over his face. He comes to a stop, watching as a light comes on in Guy's apartment.

INT. POLICE STATION - ARCHER'S OFFICE

A large police board has photos and info on known Powereds within the city.

Below it is a small plastic basketball hoop over a trashcan.

A wadded up ball of paper arcs through the air, swishes into the trashcan.

It's surrounded by other failed attempts.

AGENT ARCHER sits at his desk, rips a fresh page out of a binder of forms, wads it up.

The door opens, a YOUNG OFFICER enters carrying a folder. He takes in the wadded paper on the floor.

Archer calls his attention back.

ARCHER

Yes?

## YOUNG OFFICER

Yessir, got the ID back on the fake nurse.

Archer takes the folder, opens it.

On the top of a stack of papers is a mug shot of a thug wearing pink nurse scrubs. Turning the page is another mug shot, same man but different clothes and hairstyle.

Another page is a rap sheet, Archer flips through the papers, impressed by the thickness of the stack.

He turns to his desk, begins entering information into his computer.

Navigating through the police database he clicks 'KNOWN ASSOCIATES'.

Various other mug shots show up, all hard looking men.

Finally he stops, the screen shows Guy's bruised face, holding up a police card for his mugshot.

Archer rifles through the papers on his desk, finds a surveillance photo from the hospital. He holds it up to the screen matching the two photos of Guy.

Archer smiles.

## INT. G-BOY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

A homemade costume hangs on the wall.

Under it sleeps G-BOY, chubby and innocent looking.

The room is layered with typical teenage mess. Comic books scattered amongst dirty clothes.

G-Boy stretches, waking up.

## INT. G-BOY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

G-Boy enters the cramped living room, wearing only boxers. NANNA, (65) is asleep on the couch. In front of her the small TV plays the news.

On an end table is a stack of mail. G-Boy scratches his round belly, picking up the mail.

Leafing through it he finds bills, more bills, and finally a letter.

Putting the rest down, G-Boy looks at the letter. The return address reads: "BRITE CITY CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION".

G-Boy looks at the letter with distaste. He hesitates, fingering the flap of the envelope without opening it.

Finally, he appears to come to a decision, not opening the envelope. Instead, he crosses the room to a closet, slides out a storage bin.

G-Boy removes the lid, revealing a tight mass of papers and memories. Dozens of letters, some opened, some not, are crammed in shoe boxes. Framed photos of family members are stacked on keepsakes and souvenirs.

He pulls out pictures, an older black male, DARIUS, is in them, accompanied by a woman. Around the man's neck a set of BRASS KNUCKLES hang on a gold chain.

G-Boy somberly caressed the woman's face with a fingertip.

Another picture shows the same male with a few gangster looking guys, some with handguns tucked in waistbands. The man stands in the middle, with arms crossed, brass knuckles visible on his hand.

Digging deeper G-Boy finds a chain, he pulls it out of the box. Hanging from it are the brass knuckles from the photo.

He stares at them somberly.

INSERT FLASHBACK:

INT. G-BOY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - YEARS AGO

The same living room, all the furniture looks brand new.

The same brass knuckles hang from the Darius' neck as he takes a belt to a YOUNG G-BOY. Young G-boy whimpers, bleeding, not protected by any superpower.

END FLASHBACK.

Today's G-Boy drops the knuckles back into the box.

He glances over his shoulder at the TV. The newscaster introduces security footage of Darwin fighting G-boy.

G-boy watches as on screen he's tossed around like a rag doll by Darwin.

The footage ends, returning to talking heads.

G-Boy pulls the brass knuckles back out of the box, contemplating them.

INT. RETIREMENT COMMUNITY - HALLWAY - DAY

Melissa follows an ORDERLY down the hallway. They pass a SENILE COUPLE, who stare at them wide eyed.

ORDERLY

We don't get many visitors here.

She stops at a door, decorated with a Christmas wreath and Halloween decorations.

ORDERLY

This is her room.

MELISSA

Thanks.

Melissa knocks on the door.

MRS. BANNER (OS)

Yes? Come in?

Melissa reaches for the door handle, hesitating when she notices the metal has been warped and crushed. She pushes the door open.

Inside is a typical senior care hospital room. Sparse and anesthetic, scattered with family photographs and personal items.

MELISSA

Ma'am? My name's Melissa Deming. Could I ask you a few questions?

MRS. BANNER

What's your rank?

MELISSA

My rank?

MRS. BANNER

Yes. I can't tell when you're out of uniform.

MELISSA

Oh, I'm not with the military.

MRS. BANNER

Ohh. A spook then. CIA? Doesn't matter, I haven't said anything to anyone.

Melissa hesitates, thinking.

MELISSA

Well, that's good then. The military came to talk to you before?

MRS. BANNER

Oh yes, all the time.

MELISSA

And what did they ask you?

Mrs. Banner laughs.

MRS. BANNER

A buncha useless stuff. What I drank, if I had filtered water. They were very worried about my fluids.

MELISSA

Your water?

MRS. BANNER

Yes. I think maybe they think the chlorine is what does it. You know, in tap water.

MELISSA

They think the tap water is what... made you sick?

Mrs. Banner nods.

MRS. BANNER

I shouldn't say anything, but a General even came to see me.

MELISSA

Really? What did he want?

MRS. BANNER

He apologized to me. Said I was a broken egg. I think he thought I was too crazy to remember, but I'm not.

MELISSA

When was that?

MRS. BANNER

It was last Saturday, just after I moved in.

MELISSA

Ma'am, you've been here two years.

Mrs. Banner stares at her confused, face slowly going slack.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - COLINI'S OFFICE - EVENING

Mrs. Colini sits behind a desk, working on a computer. Around her the lights are dimmed, everyone has gone home for the evening.

Her cell rings, she answers.

MRS. COLINI

Hello?

GENERAL KELVIN (VO)

Been a long time, Francesca.

Mrs. Colini keeps her tone formal.

MRS. COLINI

General...did not expect to hear from you again.

GENERAL KELVIN (VO)

Really? That's odd. Since you sent one of your errand girls to snoop around the old folks home.

MRS. COLINI

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

GENERAL KELVIN (VO)

We both know what will happen if you push this. There are reasons it was not previously brought to light.

MRS. COLINI

My employee was simply checking out reports on certain illnesses.

GENERAL KELVIN (VO)

You better hope she's as dumb as she looks, Francesca. If she finds anything there will be repercussions.

Mrs. Colini pauses, taking in the threat.

MRS. COLINI

Yea, I missed you too.

Mrs. Colini hangs up as soon as the words are out of her mouth.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Melissa sits on the corner of a desk, talking to EDITOR BARNES (35).

MELISSA

So I've got a series of incidences of this syndrome, the earliest happen to all be linked to the military.

MELISSA

Then one of the earliest civilian patients is visited by an unknown General, asking what kinda of water she drinks.

BARNES

You said she was a bit...

Barnes makes a crazy motion along his head.

Melissa shrugs.

MELISSA

Well I wouldn't exactly want to put her in front of a jury. But she knew something. I think Colini was right about this.

BARNES

You sound surprised.

Melissa laughs.

BARNES

Well all you've got is a teaser and a buncha questions. What next.



MELISSA

I think I need to keep tracking  
back in time.

INT. POLICE STATION - SMALL OFFICE

Agent Archer sits in an office across from OFFICER FRANKS,  
(40).

OFFICER FRANKS

I was wandering when I'd get this  
call. Did you find his body?

ARCHER

Not exactly. We looking for more  
information on John Wilmer. We  
found your number in his file.

Officer Franks laughs dryly.

OFFICER FRANKS

There is no John Wilmer. He is a  
fictitious construct of overzealous  
police work. John Wilmer is really  
John Kilborn, a police officer who  
has been missing and presumed dead  
for ten years now.

Archer takes in that information.

OFFICER FRANKS

I'm assuming from your reaction  
that he's not exactly dead yet? I  
had often thought that.

ARCHER

Why don't you start from the  
beginning...

Officer Franks narrative is accompanied by flash backs.

OFFICER FRANKS

Alright... John was few years  
behind me, I was his training  
officer. He wasn't anything too  
special, a better than average  
cop.

OFFICER FRANKS

Maybe eight years ago he starts  
getting bigger, faster.

OFFICER FRANKS

This one guy, wacked out on psp,  
raped some little girl. Me and  
Kilborn track him to some  
crack-shack up north.

Franks and Kilborn waking into an abandoned building, a few  
passed out DRUGGIES on the floor.

In the back room a few people are awake, they see the cops  
and run at them with guns and knives. Franks flinches,  
stuggling to get his gun out.

Kilborn reacts super quick, catching the first knife  
wielding druggie by the hand snapping his wrist as he pulls  
his gun. He fires twice, two perfect head shots.

A room full of dead men, each killed with amazingly well  
aimed shots.

OFFICER FRANKS

I been in two shootings, but  
nothing like that. Men train their  
whole lives to get half that  
good. We were heroes for fifteen  
minutes. I got a promotion, he  
went to special units, undercover.

ARCHER

Then what?

OFFICER FRANKS

Then he dissappeared on  
assignment. His undercover  
partner's head was mailed to the  
his family. Kilborn didn't have  
family, so we just guessed they  
just hadn't bothered.

Franks shrugs.

ARCHER

He was a cop and he disappeared?

OFFICER FRANKS

This was years ago when  
under-covers were disappearing left  
and right. Gangs wouldn't let  
anyone in that wasn't all tatted up  
just to prove themselves.

Archer sags into his chair. Thinking.

OFFICER FRANKS

So, does that mean he's not dead?

INT. POLICE STATION - ARCHER'S OFFICE

Archer sits at his office chair staring at his police board. In the center is a mugshot of Guy. Archer throws a crumpled up piece of paper, bouncing it off Guy's forehead.

Agent Jackson steps into the office, tapping a knuckle against the open door.

ARCHER

Better be good news...

AGENT JACKSON

No word on the missing guy yet. But I ran down those addresses the Feds gave you.

ARCHER

Yea?

AGENT JACKSON

They're all medical or research facilities, no obvious connection, 'cept one thing.

ARCHER

Which is...?

AGENT JACKSON

Every time I checked the histories of those facilities, one name kept popping up. General Kelvin.

ARCHER

Who is he?

AGENT JACKSON

He's was some kind of administrative science director. Most of it's classified but looks like viral weapons etc.

ARCHER

Damn.

AGENT JACKSON

Yea, then suddenly demoted. Now he does some terrorist liaison crap. Securing our power plants,

AGENT JACKSON  
water supply, all that. Desk  
jockey.

Archer nods, thinking.

ARCHER  
Alright, I've got some people I can  
call, figure out what this guy's  
deal is. He should know what the  
Banker's looking for... What was  
the name again?

INT. MILITARY OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

An office directory is posted on a wall, one slot is  
occupied by "GENERAL KELVIN - 312."

AGENT JACKSON (VO)  
General Kelvin.

A manicured fingernail slides over the name, over a few  
other offices and comes to rest on "MEDICAL ARCHIVES - B8"

MELISSA, dressed in a conservative yet sexy suit, taps her  
nail against the plaque.

Scanning the lobby she spots a hallway leading to a row of  
elevators. A metal detector and YOUNG MP stand  
guard. Melissa watches as the MP briefly checks the ID of a  
man entering the hallway before waving him through.

Melissa looks around, eyes a FEMALE SOLDIER entering the  
lobby, carrying a stack of folders.

Melissa strides across the rooms, runs into the Female  
Soldier. Papers spill the the ground.

FEMALE SOLDIER  
Oh, sorry, ma'am!

MELISSA  
Quite alright...

Melissa helps pickup the papers, surreptitiously clipping  
the soldier's ID to her blouse.

MELISSA  
You be careful now.

Melissa walks towards the Young MP guarding the hallway,  
adjusting her blouse for maximum effect.

The guard's eyes are caught in her cleavage, barely registering the ID as he waves her through. Melissa rewards him with a smile as she passes.

At the elevator Melissa hits the down arrow. Over her shoulder she sees the Female Soldier patting her pockets as the Young MP detains her.

The elevator opens, Melissa slips in just as the female soldier looks down the hall suspiciously.

INT. MILITARY OFFICE - BASEMENT B12 - DAY

Melissa jimmys the simple lock open using her stolen ID card.

Pushing the door open she's greeted by a mess of filing cabinets and shelved folders.

She raises her eyebrows, less than excited.

INT. MILITARY OFFICE - BASEMENT - LATER

Melissa sits in the back, surrounded by folders. Her jacket's off and shirt sleeves rolled up as she pores over medical records.

Pulling out one sheet she reads the heading: "Chromosome Z".

Below the heading is a list of names and information.

She grabs her phone, dialing.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Editor Barnes answers the call.

INTERCUT as needed between Newspaper office and Military Office.

MELISSA  
(into phone)  
Hey, it's me.

BARNES  
Where are you?

MELISSA  
You don't want to know. Look I need a favor. Look up General Kelvin for me.

An OS NOISE from the hallway makes her jerk her head up.

MELISSA

Shit, I have to go...

She hastily folds the paper into quarters and slips it into her blouse.

From the next row of shelves the OS sound of footsteps moves closer to her.

Melissa straightens her blouse, nervous as the footsteps approach. She puts on an innocent smile as the figure turns the corner...

...The BANKER stares down the aisle at Melissa. Guy steps up behind him, looking over his shoulder.

Melissa's fake smile freezes on her face as she realizes it isn't security.

The Banker scrunches his brow, taking in the situation.

BANKER

Well now, what do we have here?

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Guy walks down the hallway towards his apartment. The same four Cholos as before lounge around with half empty forties.

They stare him down as he passes, making him skirt around them to get to his apartment. As he goes to unlock it the Cholos turn away to mess with someone else coming down the hall.

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Guy enters his apartment, drops his pack to the floor.

GUY

Hey...

Rosie stands in the kitchen, chopping carrots with a large knife.

ROSIE

Just in time. Go get cleaned up.

Guy looks around, acting slightly shell shocked. After a moment he walks to the bathroom, washes his face. From outside comes the steady sound of Rosie chopping.

Guy stares at himself in the mirror, expression grim.

OS clunk, the chopping sound stops.

Guy turns from the mirror, walks back into the apartment. He sees Rosie, terrified expression, then Darwin's masked face behind her holding the kitchen knife to Rosie's neck.

INT. UTILITY VAN - DAY

Archer and his APU team sit on benches in the back of a van as it moves through traffic. They are dressed in civilian clothes, but their cop look is obvious.

ARCHER

Alright, here's what we got: Guy Peters, 29 years old. Criminal history dating back to his fifteenth birthday.

Archer passes around pictures of Guy, his team studies them.

ARCHER

The last couple times he checked in with his PO was from a payphone in this neighborhood. Couple of low rent apartment buildings around, we're hoping to get lucky.

The van pulls to a stop, the agents make a final check of weapons and gear before concealing them.

ARCHER

You've all seen the surveillance footage. The Banker could have left him, but didn't. He's close to the man, and we want him alive and talkative.

The team nods.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

The unmarked police van is parked in a empty alley in a crappy neighborhood. The rear doors open and the agents jump out, spreading in two man teams.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Archer and AGENT JACKSON enter an apartment building.

On the first floor a door has 'LANDLURD' scrawled across it in permanent marker, then crossed out. Below it reads: 'LANDLADY.'

Archer shrugs, then bangs on the door.

A few moments pass, Archer bangs again.

A loud racket comes from inside, the sounds of things crashing around.

A steady stream of expletives comes from the door, getting louder as the resident approaches. Archer and Jackson exchange looks.

Finally, the door is pulled open, a giant black LANDLADY looks through the screen door.

LANDLADY  
How can I help you?

Archer takes a moment to register the change in tone.

ARCHER  
Ummm, yes, we're looking for a possible resident here.

The Landlady raises her eyebrows.

LANDLADY  
Aint nobody here that needs the cops knocking on they door.

Archer looks between him and Jackson, there are no markings to distinguish them as officers.

ARCHER  
Well, would you mind looking at a few pictures, maybe he just lives in the area.

The Landlady hesitates, then nods. She cracks her screen door open, accepting pictures from Agent Jackson.

Archer's phone vibrates, he answers.

ARCHER  
(into phone)  
Yea? alright...we'll be there.



He hangs up, reaches to grab the photos back from the Landlady.

ARCHER

Thank you for your time.

Archer runs for the door, Jackson follows. The Landlady stands confused, then shakes her head.

INT. GUYS APARTMENT - DAY

Guy is frozen, he stares at the knife held to Rosie's neck.

GUY

Don't hurt her.

DARWIN

Take your gun out, drop it to the floor.

Guy complies with exaggerated care, his eyes never leaving Rosie's.

DARWIN

Kick it here.

Guy complies.

Darwin releases Rosie, pushes her into the kitchen area. He puts the knife at Guy.

DARWIN

Just me and you now.

Darwin and Guy's staring match continues.

Behind Darwin Rosie reaches into her purse, sitting on the kitchen counter. She removes a small PISTOL, points it at Darwin's head.

Darwin's eyes creep off Guy, looking over his shoulder. He focuses on Rosie.

DARWIN

Do you know who I am?

Rosie's voice trembles, but the gun doesn't.

ROSIE

Yes.

DARWIN

I could take that gun from you and slit your throat in the space of one of your blinks.

GUY

Baby, the safety.

Rosie flicks the safety off. Darwin hesitates...

DARWIN

(to Guy)

Wasn't hard to find your weakness, was it?

GUY

You've come for me. I'll leave with you.

DARWIN

Oh, I haven't come for you, Mr. Peters. I'm only interested in your friends.

Guy's eyes widen...

INT. GUYS APARTMENT BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR

A long hallway leads to the main stairway.

The old-fashioned stairs circle the lobby all the way to the top floor, leaving a central opening.

Agent Garcia stands against a wall in the corner of the lobby.

Archer and Jackson approach, other agents behind them.

Archer approaches Garcia, who points to something out in the open under the stair way.

It's a pool of blood.

Archer follows the blood drip upwards, sees the landing it's coming from, three floors up.

He draws his pistol, pulls his badge out from under his shirt. The other agents follow suit.

They move tactically up the stairway.

INT. GUYS APARTMENT BUILDING - THIRD FLOOR

Archer leads his team onto the third floor, gun up.

The same four cholos sit in the hallway, slashed to death.

Bloody footprints lead from their corpses to Guy's door.

Archer steps over the slashed bodies, adjusting his grip on his pistol.

He tries the handle, it's locked.

ARCHER  
(whisper)  
Stack up!

The team forms a line against the wall, guns in hand, ready for entry. In front of the line, Agent Garcia gives Archer a nod.

Archer KICKS the door open, storms the room.

INT. GUYS APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Archer leads the team in.

Rosie, Guy and Darwin are in the same standoff.

Rosie is startled by APUs entrance, flinches and squeezes off a round.

The bullet hits the wall by Archer's head, he flinches.

Darwin uses Rosie's distraction to grab her, rip the gun from her and duck behind her, using her as a hostage.

Guy stands still, the only one with no weapon, as Archer and Darwin stare each other down.

Darwin pulls Rosie away, using the kitchen counter to get distance from the Agents.

There's intense silence between everyone...

Still focused on Darwin, Archer speaks to Agent Garcia.

ARCHER  
That the guy we're looking for?

Garcia looks at Guy.

AGENT GARCIA  
That's him.

ARCHER  
Take him down.

Agent Garcia hesitates, then drops her sights from the hostage situation. She steps to Guy and slams the butt of her pistol into his head. He sags down, Garcia and another Agent cuff him.

Archer never looks away from Darwin crouched behind Rosie.

ARCHER  
He's ours, Darwin. You've lost.

DARWIN  
We're both after the Banker, Agent Archer. You think you're gonna get him your way?

Darwin shifts his fingers on his gun as Archer watches.

ARCHER  
You don't want to kill cops, Darwin. You used to be one.

Darwin is silent, absorbing this information.

DARWIN  
You're right. I'll give up.

Darwin's grip on the gun relaxes, he tosses it on the counter. He pushes Rosie forward, then abruptly changes direction and dives through a window. An Agent fires and misses.

Archer runs to the window in time to see Darwin leaping from the fire escape and disappearing into the city.

ARCHER  
Fuck...

He turns back to Rosie, who's sagged to the floor, crying as Guy stares at her from under a pile of cops.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Archer and Agent Garcia sit on one side of an interrogation room. Guy sits across from them, eying them stonily.

Moments pass with the three just eying each other.

ARCHER

That's a sweet girl you have there. What is she, about six, seven months?

Guy doesn't respond.

AGENT GARCIA

That means, with good behavior, you can meet your kid sometime after he's in middle school.

Guy glares at Archer, but still doesn't speak.

AGENT GARCIA

That's too bad, all the other kids will know where his daddy is. Gotta be hard on a kid. But you know that from experience.

GUY

Fuck you.

Archer shifts around the files in front of him.

ARCHER

That's just the bright side actually. We're still waiting to hear back whether they want to charge her for attempted murder of an officer for that shot she took.

GUY

Fuck you, too.

ARCHER

We found a hundred eighty grand in your apartment. What you saving for, Guy?

Guy hesitates, then appears to make a decision.

GUY

You take that one eighty, put it in a backpack. Give it to Rosie, drop her at a bus station. You give me written immunity. From the DA himself. Then I give you the Banker.

Agent Garcia laughs.

AGENT GARCIA  
Buddy, you don't get to make the deals.

Guy smirks.

GUY  
I do, if you want the girl alive.

ARCHER  
What girl?

Guy stays silent. Archer loses his cool, bangs his hand on the table.

ARCHER  
What fucking girl!?

GUY  
The reporter we ran into at our last job. The Banker couldn't have her putting together what he was looking for. So he took her.

ARCHER  
Reporter?

GUY  
Cute too. Soon as the Banker realizes I'm caught he'll start burning his bridges.

Archer jumps up, grabs Guy by the neck and throws him to the ground.

ARCHER  
Where is he?!

GUY  
Gimme the deal!

Agent Garcia tries to pull Archer off Guy, looking at the video camera that monitors them.

AGENT GARCIA  
Chill out, Archer!

Garcia succeeds in entangling Archer, shoving him back.

GUY  
Get me the deal and he's yours.

ARCHER  
Done. Where is she?

INT. BANKERS WAREHOUSE - DAY

Melissa sits on a chair, hands tied in her lap, gagged. At his desk the Banker flips through papers, wearing bifocals.

Melissa mumbles through gag.

BANKER  
Shush. I'm working.

Melissa works her hands, trying to free them from the binds. She begins to work them loose.

The Banker looks up, peering at her over his bifocals.

He stands up, circles the desk. Holding her under the arm he pulls Melissa to her feet.

BANKER  
Come on now. Just over here.

He leads her to a safe. Grasping her barely tied hands he pushes them through the steel of the safe door, then removes his hands.

Melissa's hands are effectively trapped within the door of the safe. She squeals into the gag, dislodging it.

MELISSA  
-goddamn son of a bitch! I'll tear  
your nut-

She's cut off as the Banker restores the gag.

BANKER  
Now be quiet or I'll put your head  
in there. I'm not sure how long  
you'd survive that.

Melissa quiets, glares at the Banker.

BANKER  
You think I'm a monster, right? I  
wasn't always.

Melissa rolls her eyes.

The Banker continues sorting through his papers, talking to her without looking at her.

BANKER

One day I wake up and walls don't mean anything to me. What am I supposed to do? I go to my work at night and rob it. On video camera.

The Banker laughs at his own stupidity.

BANKER

They arrest me, throw me in a cell. I walk out. I keep at it for awhile.

The Banker shares a glance with Melissa.

BANKER

But you probably know that part. One day I stumble across a memo in a safety deposit box. It's about me. Not specifically, but about us. The powered. And it mentions a formula.

Melissa's eyes widen. She stops struggling, simply paying attention to the Banker's story.

BANKER

And I realize I could rob every bank in the country and not come close to the worth of that formula.

An muted alarm begins on the Bankers desk. He looks at security cameras, sees police surrounding the warehouse.

Immediately, he begins grabbing papers, shoving them into a briefcase. Reaching into another safe, he scoops out stacks of money, scattering those on the papers.

BANKER

Men! We got company.

The henchmen run over, entering the square of safes. The Banker reaches into one of the safes, pulling out rifles and sub-machine guns. Head Henchman passes them out to the others.

The door's smashed open, APU and SWAT Agents stream in. The first is immediately shot down by Head Henchman. A gun fight erupts as the SWAT Team fires at the criminals. The henchman are well covered behind the walls of heavy safes.

As the gunfight continues, the Banker continues grabbing his things, keeping his head down.



The gunfight continues for minutes, the Agents slowly encircling the Banker's sanctuary. Both sides take losses.

The Banker looks over the safes, unconcerned about the bullets flying around him. He sees the Agents have him almost surrounded and his men continue to fall.

He looks around, increasingly frustrated at the situation. Finally he appears to make a decision. He stands and grabs Melissa from where she is crouched down.

He pulls her free of the safe, shoving her out into the open. The Agents cease firing as soon as they see her.

Archer makes eye contact with Archer across the warehouse.

In the ensuing silence Archer straightens up, gesturing his people to stay low. He makes eye contact with Agent Garcia, giving her a nod.

BANKER

You must be Agent Archer.

ARCHER

Put your hands in the air and let the girl go.

The Banker laughs.

BANKER

Why? You think your bullets can touch me?

ARCHER

I studied the tapes of you. I know what it takes out of you to use that ability.

The Banker loses his smirk.

BANKER

No, you don't.

ARCHER

We can work you all day, eventually you won't be able to use your power.

The Banker considers, recovering some of his swagger.

BANKER

Alright, I give up. Put the cuffs on. Where is this prison that will hold me?

ARCHER

That's not what we are here for.

Off to one side Agent Garcia has a rifle to her shoulder, aiming carefully.

The Banker sees her just as she fires, her bullet passes through him.

In that moment he uses his power, Melissa is able to slip through his hands. The Banker registers pain of using his power, Melissa spins away, his pen in her hands. She stabs him, then steps away.

The pen is lodged in his side, blood stains his suit.

Silence...then every cop in the place opens fire.

The bullets pass through the banker, but it's clearly taking a toll as he scrambles back into the safes.

His men stare at him, stunned at the weakness from their master.

BANKER

Shoot them!

His henchman comply, though the Agents are overtaking them.

The Banker sees his men are rapidly losing and runs from the safes to the rear wall of the warehouse. He his continually being shot at, flickers from the effort of using his powers.

Archer sees and makes a dash from cover after him.

The rear wall of the warehouse is made up of spray painted windows, letting in filtered light.

The Banker hits the wall and appears to be meeting resistance as he struggles to push through.

EXT. BANKERS WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Banker emerges from the rear wall of the warehouse, stumbling from the effort.

Behind him the windows shatter as Archer smashes through them, crashing into the Banker.

The two roll on the ground, struggling to their feet. Archer swings his pistol to the Banker's head. The Banker reaches out, grabbing the pistol.

He uses his power on the gun as Archer pulls the trigger...

Archer's hand is suddenly empty as the Banker pulls the gun through his hand.

Archer stares disbelievingly at his hand as the Banker backs away, holding the gun up.

BANKER

You got close... but it'll take more than that.

The Banker's hand finger tightens on the trigger...

The warehouse window shatters in a new spot, Darwin comes flying through. He rolls smoothly to his feet, already firing a pistol in each hand.

One bullet wings the Banker, blood sprays. The Banker engages his power, dives THROUGH Archer and uses him as a human shield. The Banker returns fire over Archer's shoulder.

Darwin weaves incredibly fast, ducking behind cover. He is unable to get a clean shot at the Banker hiding behind Archer.

Darwin empties his pistol into Archer's torso, knocking him and the Banker down. The gun falls from the Banker's hands.

Darwin and the Banker's eyes lock... Darwin pulls a knife and charges as the Banker turns and runs.

The Banker reaches a covered manhole with an 'X' spray painted on it, starts sinking through it...

Darwin reaches him, swinging his knife... which clangs off the manhole, a second too late.

Darwin tries to pry the manhole cover up, but realizes it's been welded shut. He howls in anger, realizing the Banker has escaped.

Yards away Archer struggles back into consciousness. His shirt is torn, showing his bullet proof vest where Darwin's bullets hit. Archer's eyes flicker open, focusing on his gun lying a few feet away. He pushes himself toward it.

As Archer's fingers finally reach the gun, Darwin's boot comes down, pinning it to the concrete. Archer sags back, giving up.

Darwin knocks Archer's gun away.

DARWIN  
You were doing alright... for an  
human...

ARCHER  
Fuck you, Kilborn.

Darwin hesitates at the use of his real name.

DARWIN  
Been a long time since I used that  
name.

Agent Garcia comes through the rear of the warehouse, Darwin sees her and turns to run.

Archer grabs a TASER out of his belt, fires the prongs so they hit Darwin as he moves. Darwin groans in pain, stiffening and falling.

He struggles, trying to reach back to where the Taser prongs are lodged in him. Agent Garcia fires two shots into Darwin's vest, knocking him back down.

Agent Garcia runs forward, Archer staggers up. Between the two of them they wrestle control of Darwin, cuffing his hands behind his back.

Once he's cuffed Archer rips the mask off his face. Darwin struggles against the cuffs, battered face in a snarl.

Other Agents arrive, gathering around the captured Powered.

DARWIN  
I saved your life, Archer!

Archer leans in close, whispers in his ear.

ARCHER  
And that's the only reason I didn't  
kill you...

Darwin hesitates, then his expression changes, he laughs out loud.

DARWIN  
Alright, brother, send me to jail,  
let them try and hold me... You've  
already got the taste for blood,  
don't you?!

Two Agents haul Darwin to his feet, pulling him towards a waiting Police Cruiser. Darwin keeps laughing as he's pulled away.

DARWIN

You're a killer, Archer! You and me gonna clean this city up!

Archer turns away as the area is swarmed by police.

WHITE SCREEN

Beat...

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

General Kelvin and Melissa face each other across a bare table. Melissa's briefcase and tape recorder sit in between them.

GENERAL KELVIN

It was started as an attempt to improve soldiers. The formula would bring out previously latent abilities.

GENERAL KELVIN

It was determined that statistically we wouldn't achieve significant results within the military. So we introduced the formula to the city.

MELISSA

On civilians?

GENERAL KELVIN

Yes.

He pauses, not showing the slightest remorse or shame.

MELISSA

You experimented on the civilian population of Brite City?

Kelvin waves a hand dismissively.

GENERAL KELVIN

I did not expect to live to see the first results. The reaction was much stronger than anticipated.

Melissa seems in shock, unable to grasp the casual attitude the General has.

MELISSA

Do you know how many people are sick and dying because of what you did?

GENERAL KELVIN

Two hundred sixty eight have suffered from the formula. Twenty five have become Gods. We continue to improve that ratio. I can live with those odds.

Melissa shakes her head, silent.

GENERAL KELVIN

You understand the gift we were giving the people of this city?

MELISSA

You were poisoning them. For what? A couple people with special powers?

Kelvin laughs.

GENERAL KELVIN

This isn't about a few stupid fucking vigilantes and thieves running around playing hero and villains. This is about evolution, about every single person in the country, in the world, having a power.

Melissa takes in this revelation, scribbling notes. Kelvin's tone lapses into slightly maniacal.

GENERAL KELVIN

This will change everything. The laws we have will become meaningless, our cultures will mutate as we do.

MELISSA

You're crazy.

The General lifts his hands onto the table, revealing that he is cuffed.

GENERAL KELVIN

How do you not see how glorious this is?

Melissa gathers her documents, turning away.

A heavy steel door opens, the room is a police interrogation room. Archer stands in the doorway, holding the door open.

ARCHER  
You done with him?

MELISSA  
Yea.

GENERAL KELVIN  
You think they can keep me here? This cell will become meaningless, your badge will become meaningless, this whole city will become the new Eden that I created-

The door swings shut behind Melissa, cutting off Kelvin's rant.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Archer and Melissa stand outside the interrogation room.

ARCHER  
That oughta make a nice article.

MELISSA  
'Maniac poisons city'... They'll give me an award.

Archer hesitates, then turns away.

ARCHER  
Well I'll see you...

MELISSA  
Wait, why don't you let me take you to dinner. You know, thank you for the whole 'saving my life' thing.

ARCHER  
That sounds kinda like a date...

Melissa sidles closer to him.

MELISSA  
Well, maybe.

ARCHER  
'Cause I'm not really sure I'm the dating type...

INT. BANKERS LAIR - DAY

The Banker sits behind a desk, newspaper in front of him. A large headline reads "DARWIN CAPTURED!" A smaller headline reads "General Suspected in Experiment Scandal."

An ornate phone on the desk rings, the Banker answers.

BANKER  
(into phone)  
Yes?

INT. TOKYO HIGHRISE - NIGHT

Floor to ceiling glass windows look out on the bright lights of Tokyo.

Behind an ornate desk sits MR. LEE, (55) an immaculately dressed Asian man. There are no lights on in the office, the opulent furnishings are clouded in shadow.

INTERCUT as needed between the HIGHRISE and BANKERS LAIR.

MR. LEE  
(into phone)  
Have you located the formula yet?

BANKER  
Not yet. But I know who can. The addresses you provided proved useful.

MR. LEE  
Good. My associates are expected results...

BANKER  
Tell them it won't be long now.

End