

MAGNUM OPUS

Written by

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"If there is nothing but what we make in this world,  
brothers...let us make it good"  
-Beta Ray Bill

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A small CRASH echoes in the distance and quickly drowns out in the sound of traffic.

A second, louder CRASH booms, rivaling the hustle and bustle of traffic as we -

FADE IN:

INT. REMY'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A quiet, stylish living room sits unperturbed. Think Contemporary meets Shabby chic. It could be a model home, save for the man snoring and twitching in a beat up recliner.

A third, foundation-shaking CRASH knocks a picture to the ground-

The man jolts awake. His sudden movement knocks empty beer cans and a full glass of water off his side table.

REMY

Jesus h.

REMY LAWRENCE (45) looks around. Eyes still heavy with sleep, he runs his hands through his messed up salt and pepper hair. He would look his age, but his scowl adds about ten years.

His phone buzzes. A robotic voice speaks to him.

REMY'S PHONE

*Expect delays. Villain activity  
level 4.*

Remy, annoyed, checks the time and groans. 8:28. He struggles to his feet and looks at the two messes on the floor. He groans even louder.

He picks up the glass along with the picture. In it, he's building sandcastles with a little girl in a PINK swimsuit.

A pitch perfect voice rings from outside, snapping him back to reality.

OCTOLAD

I'll see you return those  
Picasso's, villain, or my name  
isn't Octolad.

Remy mimics their voices with his hand.

EL RANCHERO

You can't stop El Ranchero. I'll  
make millions on the black market  
for these.

Remy walks into his bathroom, picture absentmindedly in hand,  
desperately trying to stretch the sleep out.

INT. REMY'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Remy walks out of the shower wrapped in a towel. A gruesome  
amount of scar tissue stretches across his gut.

The crashes of the battle continue as Remy gets ready for  
work, but he doesn't flinch.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The hallway leads to an open kitchen layout. A PINK DOOR  
stands out amongst the sleek, chrome design.

Remy turns on a small TV.

REMY

Alright, lets see what this  
commotion is all about.

A man interviews a large, muscular man bursting out of an  
expensive suit sitting next to him. This mountain of a man is  
MAGNANIMOUS.

TV HOST

So I'm sure the people want to  
know, what fuels your desire for  
justice?

MAGS

The people themselves. I do it to  
see the smiling faces of everyone I  
save. And the discounts I get at  
restaurants aren't bad either.

TV HOST

Wonderful! I hear there's talk  
bout a super group forming? What  
can you say about that?

MAGS

I can't speak to that,  
unfortunately. But that's not a no.

Magnanimous winks at the camera. Remy sighs as he shuts it off. A Tabby cat runs around his feet, meowing loudly.

REMY

Not like I need to plan my commute  
or anything. Asshats.

He dumps cat food into a bowl and sets it on the counter. The cat smells it and hops down.

REMY (CONT'D)

I swear, cat. One of these days.

More crashes, including rending metal and broken glass. Remy ignores it as he pours cereal in a bowl. He reaches into the fridge for milk and shakes the half gallon. Empty.

REMY (CONT'D)

Spectacular. This morning keeps on  
giving.

He grabs an apple instead and walks out the door.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

He drops his apple as he sees his car, a dinged up Acura, totaled with a large chunk of a Brownstone. He looks down the street and sees the titans clashing and flips them the bird.

REMY

Just a few more payments, just a  
few more payments.

He whips his phone out and dials a number. The stern voice of JUDY answers.

JUDY (O.S.)

Hey boss man, what can I do for  
you?

REMY

Hey Judy, it's looking like I'm  
gonna get in around 9:15. Can you  
push the meeting back?

JUDY

I'm way ahead of you, I did it as  
soon as I saw where it was.

REMY

You are a godsend. Remind me to  
give you a raise.

JUDY

All I ask is pay me my worth.

REMY

We both know I'd be bankrupt if I did that. I'll see you two in a second. Oh and tell Peter not to wear that stupid ass costume.

JUDY

I'm good, but I'm no miracle worker. See you when you get here.

Remy hangs up and marches away from the fight still raging in the background.

INT. MONORAIL - LATER

Remy stands packed in a tight monorail car. People keep jostling him for position. A raspy conductor voice comes over the PA system.

CONDUCTOR

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm happy to report that Octolad succeeded in subduing Ranchero with only thirty casualties.

Cheers throughout the car. Everyone's alive talking about Octolad. Well, almost everyone.

RANDOM SUBWAY GUY

That's the way Octolad.

RANDOM SUBWAY GIRL

Octolad is so dreamy!

REMY

(sotto)

Are you kidding? 30 casualties?

INT. JPR DESIGN RECEPTION - LATER

Remy walks in as his receptionist, Judy, a very professionally pretty lady, clear her throat and nods to the clock beneath the JPR DESIGN sign. 10:02.

JUDY

This one might be a record.

REMY

You guys are lucky I came in at all. Can you do me a favor and call my insurance agent?

JUDY

I told you the hero package was worth it.

REMY

I didn't disagree, I've learned to not argue with you.

She smiles at him as he walks by into his office.

INT. REMY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He walks into the organized chaos he calls an office. Various designs litter his draft board. A poster of a cabana hangs next to a white board three quarters of the way filled in with marker.

He throws his bag into a nearby chair and sits at his desk. He sulks and stares at the poster, or maybe the white board.

A tall, muscular black man, PETER (43), knocks at the doorway. He would be very attractive if it weren't for the garish costume he's wearing. You'd never guess he was gay if not for this wild outfit.

REMY

Oh Lord, I told you to never wear that again. I swear Peter I'm gonna go blind looking at you.

PETER

Don't hate the player, man. And you know you gotta call me Austin Tacious when I'm in character.

REMY

Never. Remind me, again, why I associate with you?

Peter cheeses a big grin and makes a heart with his hands.

PETER

Because you love me, obviously.

Peter points to the cabana poster.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Now let's get going, you can't buy  
an island without actually working.

REMY  
Owing money to the wrong guy  
doesn't help either.

Remy grabs his bag and they walk towards the door. Remy stops  
and grabs a trench coat off the coat rack.

Remy throws it at Peter, who catches it with his face.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Put that on, I can't have everyone  
thinking I'm running some sort of  
tights gig in here.

Peter nods and dons the coat with a flourish.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NOON

Peter's car cruises along a lonely highway.

INT. PETER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Remy sits next to Peter and swipes back and forth through  
pictures on his tablet.

REMY  
Ok, remind me again who we're going  
to see.

Peter side-eyes Remy.

PETER  
Dr. Psychosis. How did you forget.

Remy shows him his iPad and scrolls through multiple  
blueprints. They show incredibly similar buildings. Black.  
Gothic. Generic.

REMY  
How could I remember. When all your  
clients want the same thing, they  
tend to run together. They don't  
know shit.

PETER  
And you do?

REMY

You're damn right. I'd make them the greatest lair on the planet. But no, they all want their hackie towers, escapable death traps, and acoustically sound war rooms.

PETER

If you'd play the game, I'm sure you'd have more creative freedom.

REMY

I'd rather take another rebar pole. Nothing worse in this world than anyone who runs around in costumes. Present company excluded.

Peter smirks and dusts nonexistent dust off his costume.

PETER

It helps more than you think. Anyone that dresses this absurdly has to be good at their job.

REMY

Ya, It only costs your dignity.

EXT. DR. PSYCHOSIS' LAIR - AFTERNOON

The car pulls up to a nearly completed, Gothic style castle. It looks almost identical to the ones on the tablet.

INT. DR. PSYCHOSIS' LAIR - MOMENTS LATER

Workers hurry along putting the final touches on the building, but something is off about them. We see all the workers are clones of one man, MULTIPLICITY.

Remy and Peter walk alongside Dr. Psychosis, a knockoff Dr. Frankenstein, through the dark halls. Peter wears a fake smile while Remy trudges behind.

REMY

I trust Multiplicity has been working hard.

DR. PSYCHOSIS

Yes indeed, you've got a good one there. I tried offering him a job as a minion of mine but he would not be swayed.



REMY  
They like being their own boss. I  
can respect that.

Multiplicity workers keep saying hello to Remy and Peter as  
they walk into the -

INT. MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A large, daunting desk with an oversized swivel chair rests  
in the middle of an open floor.

Workers pull cosmetic pillars up in the back.

PETER  
Everything looks good, so tell me,  
are you ready for the big leagues?

DR. PSYCHOSIS  
The real question is will the city  
be prepared for when I-

REMY  
(interrupting)  
-Hey, that's Super!

Dr. Psychosis leers at Remy, displeased that his monologue  
got interrupted. Peter leads Psychosis to the chair. Peter  
gives it a spin before offering it to him.

PETER  
Go ahead and try it out.

Dr. Psychosis claps his hands quickly and gleefully. It'd be  
cute if it weren't a grown man in a lab coat doing it.

Peter rubs his fingers against his thumb, giving Remy the  
"money" hand signal. Remy nods.

REMY  
Doctor, I hate this part of the  
job, but I'm afraid I need your  
payment at this time.

Psychosis snaps out of his giddiness and rises from his  
chair.

DR. PSYCHOSIS  
I was under the impression we'd  
square up when everything was  
complete.

REMY  
I think 99.9% complete is good enough.

DR. PSYCHOSIS  
Mostly done might be good enough for you, but not for me.

Peter gently pulls Remy back from Psychosis.

PETER  
Doctor, I assure you, it's just a formality. We don't plan on cutting any corners after payment.

DR. PSYCHOSIS  
You better not, or you'll rue the day you crossed Dr. Psychosis.

REMY  
Oh, we won't have to worry about that.

Psychosis doesn't catch the sarcasm.

DR. PSYCHOSIS  
Let me grab my tablet and we can continue.

Psychosis walks out and Remy pulls out his iPad and clicks on an app that's just black with two white eyes for an icon. A loading screen pops up that says "Shadow Broker Network."

The workers in the back are struggling to raise the pillar.

REMY  
Just connect to my network and transfer the money.

SLAM.

The pillar falls and crushes a copy of Multiplicity. Blood splatters everywhere, including Psychosis' face.

Peter and Remy fight to not turn around. The copies of Multiplicity all pass out. Psychosis glares at them as blood drips off his face.

Peter produces a handkerchief and attempts to clean him off. Remy quickly stows his tablet away.

REMY (CONT'D)

Hey, that's no big deal. He'll wake up and get it fixed in no time. So how about you go ahead and pay.

A vein bulges from Psychosis' forehead.

DR. PSYCHOSIS

I won't hesitate to kill you two.

Remy and Peter look at each other. They slightly shake their heads to call his bluff.

REMY

No, I don't think you will. I think you know we've got protection.

He eyes the two of them hard. He mouth curls into a smirk. He pulls out his phone and dials.

DR. PSYCHOSIS

You're right, I won't kill you. I'll just talk to Shadow Broker myself, I'm sure he'd like to know his lap dog isn't performing his tricks.

Remy clenches his fist at his side. He takes a step forward, but Peter stops him.

PETER

How about we knock off 5 percent?

Psychosis smiles smugly as he turns his phone off.

INT. PETER'S CAR - LATER

Remy rubs his temples. Peter turns on the radio to drown out the silence, but Remy shuts it off.

REMY

5%.

PETER

A small price to pay to forego dealing with Shadow Broker.

Remy jabs a finger at Peter.

REMY

That's coming out of your cut. I can't afford that.

PETER

Hey if anything, that should come  
out of Multiplicity's.

Remy puts a hand over his chest, clutching at imaginary  
pearls.

REMY

Wow, a part of him died today and  
you want me to put that on him.  
Shame, Shame.

Peter smirks and punches Remy in the arm.

PETER

How about this, drinks on me  
tonight.

REMY

It better be, the going rate for an  
island is 2.5 Million these days.

INT. CORNER POCKET BAR - EVENING

Remy and Peter sit at the bar. The occasional clacking of  
pool balls interrupt the low jukebox music.

Peter wears jeans and dusty boots with a slightly sweaty  
white undershirt. A stark contrast to his costume. MICK, a  
bartender in his fifties, takes their order.

MICK

Evening, boys. What'll you have?

PETER

I'll take the usual, Mick.

REMY

Take me somewhere warm.

Mick nods and heads for their order. The muted TV is playing  
an interview of a scantily clad heroine.

Mick walks back with a a bottle of mid-level scotch and a  
glass of ice and a very frilly SEX ON THE BEACH, complete  
with fruit and tiny umbrella.

MICK

Here we are.

Peter grabs the scotch and Remy grabs the Sex on the Beach.  
Remy raises his glass up to cheers with Peter.

REMY  
To another step closer to freedom.

PETER  
I've drank to worse things.

They clink glasses and drink. Remy notices the heroine being interviewed.

REMY  
That's something I'll never understand.

Peter looks up at the TV.

PETER  
What's that?

REMY  
Why dress like you're looking for a john?

PETER  
Easy, same reason I dress like I'm leading the parade. Selling the brand, baby.

Remy takes another gulp and points to the screen.

REMY  
And what brand is that? Daddy issues and lack of safety?

PETER  
Sex sells, haven't you ever seen any horror movie from the Eighties?

REMY  
That's stupid as shit. I'd never let my daughter go out like that.

The pool balls clack as Peter takes a long drink.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Hey Mick, change it to the game will ya?

Peter groans at this suggestion.

PETER  
Why do you still watch that stuff? It's terrible.

REMY  
I get tired of powers, man.

Mick flips it to the basketball game. A ball clanks off the rim in front of a very sparse crowd.

Before Remy can enjoy the game, his phone goes off. The ID reads 'Carlyle'. Remy groans and Peter reads it as well.

PETER  
(RE: Mick)  
One more.

REMY  
Hello?

Mick sets another glass down and leaves the bottle of scotch.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Ya, I know it's the end of the mo-

Peter pours a little more in the glass.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Listen, you'll get your money. I'll  
send it tomo-

He gets cut off again. Peter pours again.

REMY (CONT'D)  
I just got my payment today, so  
it'll be there tomorrow, good god.

Remy silences his phone before turning it off. He toasts the healthy glass beside him.

REMY (CONT'D)  
To freedom.

PETER  
Here here.

They both down their glasses. It might be a long night.

EXT. CORNER POCKET - LATER

The door swings open and Remy and Peter walk out holding each other up. They carefully walk down the stairs.

REMY  
Hey man, I'll see you tomorrow. You  
stay safe now, ya hear.

PETER

I always do, and stay away from that convenient store, you know that always destroys you.

REMY

I wouldn't dream of it.

Peter snorts out a laugh and gives him a thumbs up. They start walking in opposite directions.

INT. CONVENIENT STORE - MOMENTS LATER

The double doors BUST open as Remy walks in. The cramped aisles are lit by flickering, buzzing fluorescent lights and the warm glow from the heat lamps.

REMY

Good evening, gentleman.

The cashier plays on his phone and a young man fidgets nervously next to the front.

Remy grabs bags of chips and snacks. He walks up as the man pulls a gun from his waistband.

ROBBER

PUT YOUR FUCKING HANDS UP. I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU BUT I WON'T HESITATE.

Remy counts the bags of food as he does some mental math.

CASHIER

I'll do what you say just don't do anything crazy.

ROBBER

Good man, now hand over all your cash.

Remy's eyes widen as he comprehends the situation. He cracks a smile and points at the robber.

REMY

Oh shit! You're robbing this guy.

The young man steps back nervously.

ROBBER

Uhh, yeah man. And you can hand over your cash and cards too.

The man sticks his gun in Remy's face.

REMY

Don't carry cash, and I'd cancel my cards the minute you'd leave.

The man scratches his head with the gun barrel.

ROBBER

Well, that's a fair point. Just don't get in my way and you won't get hurt.

REMY

Don't worry about me. But if this is your first robbery, it's going pretty well?

He puts his stuff on the counter as the cashier stares at it.

CASHIER

What is happening right now.

REMY

Buddy, you're getting robbed. And if it's your first time, you should go ahead and do what he says.

The lights flicker for a second. No one notices.

ROBBER

Ya, what he said.

Suddenly, the light violently swirls out of the room.

ROBBER (CONT'D)

What the f-

SLAM. The robber's head hits the counter forcefully. Glass shatters and wrappers crinkle under foot. Until, silence, save for the robbers groans and slight sobbing.

REMY

I didn't think I was that drunk.

The lights creep back in. Aisles overturned. Glass and smashed candy and chips strewn about. A beefy man in black, NIGHTLOCK stands over a battered heap of a man. And is he ...posing?

CASHIER

Oh, god bless you Nightlock! You saved me and my store.



The man, NIGHTLOCK, barely turns his neck towards him. He speaks out in a fake gravely voice.

NIGHTLOCK

No need to thank me, it's my job to clean trash like him off the streets.

Nightlock spits on the floor towards the criminal.

Remy scratches his head and surveys the scene. The cashier stares bright eyed at Nightlock.

REMY

Thank you? Look at what you did.

Nightlock slips slightly on the blood. The cashier's smile fades as he looks around.

NIGHTLOCK

Uh, well, that's just the price.  
The price for justice.

Remy saunters over to Nightlock and jabs a finger into his burly chest.

REMY

Ya, how about you weigh the cost of "Justice" to the collateral damage this guy's on the hook for. It's always punch first and never ask questions with you powers.

Nightlock rubs the back of his head as Remy continues.

REMY (CONT'D)

Why are you still here anyway?  
You're probably late for a My Chemical Romance concert, you Goth asshole.

NIGHTLOCK

Hey don't hate the costume.  
Besides, I'm sure this place has hero insurance.

They both turn towards the cashier, who avoids the men's gaze.

CASHIER

Well, actually, the monthly rates are too high in this neighborhood.

Red and blue cop lights flood the store, and Nightlock glances out the broken window.

NIGHTLOCK

I'd love to stay and chat about this, but I need to book this guy.

REMY

No, that guy needs a hospital, his lungs are probably half filled with blood from that savagery.

Nightlock ignores Remy and slings the man over his shoulder. A rib snaps. The cashier winces, but Remy does not.

REMY (CONT'D)

Well anyway, let me check out.

CASHIER

Check what out?

Remy looks around. His snacks have been strewn about, just another addition to the mess.

REMY

Well. Shit.

He walks to the door and opens it. The cashier quietly cries. Remy sighs and turns.

REMY (CONT'D)

Tell me where a damn mop is.

INT. REMY'S FLAT - LATER

Remy fumbles with the lock and stumbles in. He starts to fall down but catches himself on the PINK DOOR.

He looks up at his support. His face slides from anger to one of pensiveness. He sighs deeply and drags himself to bed.

EXT. CEMETARY - MORNING

An overcast day, as we see Remy sitting down over a grave. The wind rustles the leaves. Etched into the headstone is "EMMA LAURENCE". His phone buzzes. It's Judy. He turns off his phone.

REMY

Hey darling, I'm sorry I haven't visited you in a while, I've been really swamped. You know how work can get.

He pulls a pint of alcohol out of his jacket pocket and takes a swig. He lets it burn in his throat.

REMY (CONT'D)

You'll be happy to know that your cat is doing well.

He laughs a little to himself, but his voice starts to quiver.

REMY (CONT'D)

He still hates me though.

He wipes tears away.

REMY (CONT'D)

I hope you don't hate me, I tried my best.

A person softly walks up behind Remy now. Remy either doesn't notice or doesn't care.

KAREN

She would never hate you Remy.

Remy's ex-wife, KAREN (46), stands behind him clutching a small doll. She's well dressed and confident. Her pensive face could be looking at the headstone or Remy.

REMY

Why wouldn't she? You do, Karen.

She rests the toy on the tombstone.

KAREN

I don't hate you, you're just not the man I knew anymore.

Remy hands her his alcohol as a peace offering on hollowed ground. She takes a seat and a swig from the bottle.

REMY

I thought it would make us feel better.

KAREN

I know.

The wind shakes the trees around them.

REMY  
How's your boyfriend doing.

KAREN  
What do you care, you hate him.

REMY  
I don't, I just have to. That's the  
rules of divorce, don't you know.

They both laugh quietly to themselves. The wind kicks up  
leaves.

KAREN  
Why don't you come to dinner with  
us, you shouldn't be alone tonight.

REMY  
Who says I'm alone?

Remy takes another swig, more to give himself time to think  
before answering.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Only if I can get the most  
expensive thing on the menu.

KAREN  
I think we can swing that.

They share silent pulls of alcohol.

INT. PARKED CAR - LATER

A car sits on the street next to the cemetery. A man, WITT  
KIRBY(40), taps his fingers to a beat. His bright colored  
clothes run a couple sizes too big.

Witt jumps at the tap at his driver side window.

KAREN  
Remy's gonna eat dinner with us.

He smiles at her and unlocks the doors. She walks around to  
the shotgun seat. Remy walks up to the driver window and  
extends a hand. Witt smiles and shakes his hand.

REMY  
Remy, thanks for the ride.

WITT

Witt! It's nice to finally meet you! I feel like I know you already.

Remy breaks off the handshake and gets in.

REMY

Unless you're a regular at the Corner Pocket, I doubt that.

Witt adjusts the rearview mirror on Remy while pushing play on his Ipod. My Chemical Romance comes on.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Remy, Karen, and Whit sit at a table. Scraps left on the plates in front of them and plenty of empty cocktail glasses. Two glasses in front of Karen, none in front of Whit, and five in front of Remy. Wait, the bartender drops off one more to make it six. He gives it a stir.

REMY

Karen, I know we're somewhat hostile, but thanks for tonight.

KAREN

You're the only one who thinks that we're hostile, but anytime.

She coughs and nods towards Witt, buried in his phone. Remy rolls his eyes.

REMY

And, thanks for dinner and drinks, Witt.

His name pulls him from his phone.

WITT

Oh, no problem, I can drive you home as well if you need it.

REMY

Walking clears my head, don't worry about it.

He takes a big pull from his drink and sets it down. He counts the glasses in front of him and the gears start turning in his head.

REMY (CONT'D)  
My math tells me I gotta hit the head.

He walks away. Karen turns to Witt.

KAREN  
So, first impressions?

WITT  
Well, first impressions happened a while ago, apparently.

He shows his phone. The screen shows the route from the Corner Bar to this address along with the convenient store where Nightlock hospitalized that guy.

KAREN  
What am I looking at?

WITT  
Remember I told you about that belligerent guy when I stopped that mugging?

She thinks for a second.

KAREN  
Oh. Oh.

WITT  
Ya, He doesn't exactly seem to like either part of me.

KAREN  
Well, going through what he went through, I don't blame him. He's got good intentions.

WITT  
The road to hell is paved with good intentions, but I can see your point.

She leans over and kisses him on his cheek. He beams.

KAREN  
Thanks for being so kind and patient anyway.

WITT  
No problem, but it might get rough for him if he meets some of the others.

The waiter drops off the check. As he finishes signing, Remy walks back up.

REMY  
Oh are we done?

KAREN  
We can wait until you-

He chugs his drink.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Well nevermind then.

WHIT  
We'll see you around, Remy.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Remy emerges from the subway tunnel. A black sedan parks out front. An inconspicuous man tails him.

As Remy walks by the two, after about ten feet they both move after him. The man overtakes him and Remy gets shoved into the open car door.

REMY  
Hey, what the fu-

WHAM. His question is answered by a fist. A voice barks a command.

CARLYLE  
Don't try anything or I'll break  
your jaw with the next one.

Remy stops his struggling as he recognizes the voice of CARLYLE (33), the scarred muscle of Shadow Broker. If doing what you love means never having to work, then this man has never worked a day since joining Shadow Broker.

REMY  
Jesus Carlyle, you know I would've  
come willingly, I'm very adverse to  
getting punched.

CARLYLE  
That's for hanging up on me.

Remy exhales in resignation and slumps his shoulders. He can guess what this is about.

REMY

Can you at least turn on the A/C,  
this sack isn't exactly breathable.

Carlyle rolls his eyes and nods to the driver.

REMY (CONT'D)

Much better, thanks

The car comes to a halt outside a hole in the wall Italian restaurant Luca's. Carlyle grabs Remy's arm and forces him out of the car and into the restaurant.

INT. LUCA'S - CONTINUOUS

Signed HEADSHOTS of heroes line the walls of this cleared out restaurant. A finely dressed man with thinning grey hair, SHADOW BROKER, sits at a table. He's flanked by more guards. He slices through a piece of pizza with a fork and knife in one smooth cut.

Remy is forced into a chair and the bag is ripped off. Shadow Broker doesn't look up from his plate.

REMY

What's this about?

Shadow Broker scrapes the plate as he cuts another piece.

SHADOW BROKER

I've got a question. Who do you  
think you are?

Remy looks around then down at himself.

REMY

I don't understand.

Shadow Broker shakes his head as he takes another bite.

SHADOW BROKER

Introspection can be a valuable  
thing, Remy. I'll tell you who you  
are. You're my slave.

He puts the fork down but carries the knife.

SHADOW BROKER (CONT'D)

You're nothing but a tool to  
further my own ends.

Remy rubs where he got punched.



REMY  
I sure feel like a tool.

SHADOW BROKER  
Good that you recognize that. So  
why does a slave think he can  
disrespect his owner.

Remy's eyes grow wide. He raps his knuckles on the tabletop nervously.

REMY  
Oh, *that*. I was thinking that it'd  
be disrespectful to you if I died  
before paying you back.

Shadow Broker walks around Remy and grabs his shoulders.

SHADOW BROKER  
I'm not an attack dog to be used as  
a threat.

Remy's glances back at the goons guarding the door.

REMY  
Yes sir.

SHADOW BROKER  
I want you to know one irrefutable,  
inescapable fact. Your life is  
mine. You do what I say. If I want  
you to build a doll house for my  
granddaughter you do it, if I want  
you to take a job for a psychopath  
you do it, if I want you to jump  
off a cliff what do you do?

Remy tries to follow Shadow Broker as he circles him.

REMY  
Bring a parachute?

Shadow Broker Pats him on the back. Remy relaxes his hand.

STAB. Shadow Broker pins Remy's hand to the table with a  
knife. Remy screams.

SHADOW BROKER  
Fortunately for you, I only ask you  
to do two things. Build your  
designs and pay me what I'm owed.  
Which, speaking of, what's it at  
these days?

SHADOW BROKER rips the knife out. He answers without hesitation as he stares at his bloodied hand.

REMY  
6.8 million.

Shadow Broker laughs to himself.

SHADOW BROKER  
Gonna be a long time before you're free from me.

REMY  
If you keep putting me in touch with villains, I promise I'll keep building designs and paying you back.

Shadow Broker stares hard at Remy.

SHADOW BROKER  
For your sake, I hope that's true. One more fuck up and we'll be done.

REMY  
Don't worry, I'm not that dumb.

Shadow Broker whips most of the blood of the knife and resumes eating.

SHADOW BROKER  
That remains to be seen. I've also got a proposition for you. What have you heard about a new hero group?

REMY  
Not much, probably just the same rumors you've heard.

SHADOW BROKER  
I thought not. Due to my considerable kindness, I'm giving you a chance to make back some of what you owe me.

REMY  
And I'm guessing it has something to do with those rumors.

SHADOW BROKER

Indeed it does. If you come across any information regarding this so called hero group, pass it along and, depending on the info, I'll consider some of your debt paid.

Remy wraps a cloth napkin around his hand.

REMY

Sounds too good to pass up.

SHADOW BROKER

It really is.

REMY

Deal. Anything I hear, you'll hear.

Shadow broker nods at Carlyle. Carlyle stuffs the bag over Remy's head and shoves him outside.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - DAY

Fluorescent lights buzz around a drab meeting room. A table of costumed heroes cram together as they elbow and jostle for much needed space.

Magnanimous and Nightlock are the only ones recognizable.

MAGS

Ok, Thanks for coming everybody, I know it's cramped here.

A woman, HIGHTIDE, wears a skintight lifeguard swimsuit with tight spandex shorts as a cover up, her eyes covered in sparkled red makeup as a mask.

HIGHTIDE

No thanks to your lard ass.

MAGS

Hey my weight is quite healthy, thank you very much, Hightide.

There's some scattered chuckles among the group.

MAGS (CONT'D)

Anyway, this place will have to do for now. On to the first order of business.

He clicks on the projector hanging from the ceiling. An extremely blurry picture of a man pops up. It reads "Who is Shadow Broker?".

MAGS (CONT'D)  
Who is Shadow Broker.

NIGHTLOCK  
No one knows.

He clicks the slide and "No one knows" pops up.

MAGS  
Correct.

He clicks again. "What does he want?"

A muscular black guy, BLACK POWER (31), with a cutoff T-shirt printed with a lone black fist shrugs.

BLACK POWER  
I don't know, evil?

"Evil?"

MAGS  
Correct again.

A mousy woman, BOOKWORM, in what appears to be sultry librarian attire with caterpillar designs chimes in.

BOOKWORM  
Did you bring us here just to hammer home the fact that we don't know anything about this guy?

MAGS  
Can you let me finish, I'm getting there.

He clicks to the next slide. Remy's face is front and center. Nightlock fidgets uncomfortably.

MAGS (CONT'D)  
We use this man, Remy Laurence.

There's a murmur around the table. A man in steampunk attire, STEAMPUNK, chimes in, literally one of his pipes goes off.

STEAMPUNK  
Who's this guy, anyway.

MAGS

You won't know him but you know his work. In fact, all of you do.

He picks up the clicker on the table and stands up. He clicks through a few slides of destroyed villain lairs.

MAGS (CONT'D)

Our intel suggests he does a good bit of business for our evil friend.

BLACK POWER

So we tail him for a while, kick some ass, and get our guy.

MAGS

If only it was that easy. We've tried in the past but no dice. That's why I've come up with a brilliant plan. We hire him.

The crowd murmurs again. Mags attempts to quell their fears.

MAGS (CONT'D)

Settle down, we need a headquarters and his work is undeniable. It's win-win. Spring Fever, do you remember the villain you took down, Ballistic?

SPRING FEVER, the man with a basic grey speed suit with a coiled spring for a logo, nods his head.

SPRING FEVER

Oh yeah. The acoustics on that place were great. When he was monologuing you could really appreciate the reverberations.

The crowd murmurs again and Mags nods his head as if to say "See".

MAGS

And, Black Power, what about your villain, Crocogator.

BLACK POWER

I was impressed by the symmetry throughout.

The crowd sounds even more in agreement now.

MAGS

Tundra, and your villain, Polar  
Opposite?

A man in a very oversized parka and ski goggles answers.

TUNDRA

His place was gorgeous, he even  
gave me a tour when he had me  
captured.

The crowd is convinced now and Mags looks pleased with  
himself. If there's one thing this guy can do, it's crowd  
work.

BOOKWORM

How will hiring him help us capture  
Shadow Broker?

MAGS

Kicking the hornets nest. When he  
finds out his man is working for  
us, he'll show. Whether to use him  
for his own gain or to kill him.

NIGHTLOCK

Are you serious.

MAGS

Dead serious.

NIGHTLOCK

You could get this man killed.

BLACK POWER

Anyone who deals with Shadow Broker  
deserves everything coming to them.

The crowd murmurs in agreement, save for Nightlock as he  
looks away to hide his confliction.

INT. JPR DESIGN RECEPTION - THE NEXT DAY

Remy walks in with a bandage on his hand. Judy stares at him  
as she taps her fingers. Remy ignores her, until she stands  
up and clears her throat.

JUDY

You need to answer your phone.

REMY

Oh, sorry, I must've missed it.

He waves her off. She notices the bandage on his hand.

JUDY  
What the hell is that?

REMY  
Oh, this? Just a business meeting  
with Shadow Broker. Could've gone  
worse, believe it or not. Even  
offered me leniency on my loan if  
get him info on this rumored  
superhero group.

A bottle of Pedialite sits on his desk. He says a silent  
thank you. Judy follows him in, her face solemn.

JUDY  
Will you listen to me. This is  
important. It *is* about to get  
worse.

Remy eases into his chair, exhaling like he just walked  
across a tight rope.

REMY  
Ok, I'm all ears, what's so urgent?

He gulps his drink.

JUDY  
Magnanimous called us for a job.

Remy chokes on his drink.

REMY  
I'm sorry, run that by me again.

JUDY  
Oh yeah you heard me. The big dog  
super hero wants to meet to discuss  
a building plan.

REMY  
You told him no way and to piss off  
right? Right?

JUDY  
He wouldn't take that for an  
answer, at least not from me. I'm  
sorry, but I had to schedule him  
for a lunch meeting.

Peter stands in the doorway, coffee in hand.

PETER

So did you tell him. And what happened there?

JUDY

Just broke the news. And Shadow Broker.

PETER

Oh, good. Just tell him no way, José and be done with it. Shadow Broker doesn't even have to know.

Remy spins in his chair. Judy furrows her brow and Peter smiles.

REMY

Don't worry, I'll keep it short and sweet. But, if an opportunity arises to get some dirt on this group, I'm taking the chance.

PETER

Just don't take too many risks. And don't do that antagonizing thing you do.

Judy turns from Peter to Remy and points a finger.

JUDY

Ya, don't do that.

REMY

What? I'm not antagonistic?

Judy shakes her head and Peter snorts. Even Remy has to smirk.

REMY (CONT'D)

Ok, I'll try my best. Or at least, I won't start anything. Am I at least eating good today?

JUDY

Don't worry, I knew it wouldn't be pleasant so I at least booked Fleur De Lis.

Remy rubs his hands together.

PETER

If you could, bring me back some of those Cajun shrimps?



REMY  
Only cause of this.

He shakes his hangover cure as he leans back and closes his eyes.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to  
mentally prepare myself.

Judy rolls her eyes and walks out and Peter turns off the lights.

PETER  
Don't let the bedbugs bite.

Peter closes the door.

INT. FLEUR DE LIS RESTAURANT - LATER

White cloths adorn the tables of this restaurant. Business casual patrons chat over smooth jazz.

Remy sits with Magnanimous. Mags sits on two chairs while signing autographs to a small crowd.

Remy clears his throat and catches the attention of Mags, who quickly finishes off one last autograph. He pockets his mahogany fountain pen.

MAGS  
Terribly sorry, a man of the people  
should serve the people.

Remy looks at the crowd and rolls his eyes.

REMY  
So what kind of business brings the  
larger than life Magnanimous to my  
small, humble firm.

MAGS  
Oh don't be so polite. I've heard  
your work is incredible.

REMY  
I said it was humble, not bad.

MAGS  
And that's exactly why we mean to  
hire you.

A waiter walks to them, pad out.

WAITER

Can I start you gentleman off with some drinks?

MAGS

Water for me.

REMY

I'll have a Bloody Mary.

MAGS

Alcohol? This early?

Remy nods at the waiter. The waiter hesitates with a look towards the hero before filling the order. Remy raps his fingers impatiently on the table.

REMY

First, It's a Bloody Mary, not a scotch and soda.

MAGS

It's also Thursday.

REMY

Second, I'm hungover if you must know. So, are you here to lecture me or solicit my business.

Mags raises a finger to argue further, but drops it.

MAGS

Fair enough. We need you to build us a headquarters.

Remy stops rapping his fingers.

REMY

We? Who's we? I need more details here.

The waiter comes back with Remy's Bloody Mary with excess garnishment.

Remy makes a point to stare at Mags while he takes a big swig, ignoring the garnishment touching his face.

Mags looks down his nose as he waits for Remy to finish.

MAGS

I'm afraid I can't tell you that until you sign the contract.

REMY

Sounds like a hassle. I think I'm gonna pass. Besides, you're not my usual clientele anyway.

Remy takes another swig and gets up to leave. Another man walks up to Mags and asks for his autograph. Mags' hasty signature rips the paper.

MAGS

Now before you completely say no, let me persuade you.

REMY

I hope you have one hell of a pitch, then.

MAGS

3 words. Complete. Creative. Control.

Remy sits back down and picks his drink back up.

REMY

Now you've got my attention.

Mags grabs another napkin and write down a number, again not breaking eye contact with Remy. He slides it over to Remy.

Remy's eyes widen at the number. He looks up, then back down, then back up. Mags smirks.

MAGS

Once in a lifetime opportunity.

He looks back down at his bandaged hand. Remy looks up at Mags resolutely.

JUDY (PRE-LAP)

Holy shit.

INT. JPR DESIGN RECEPTION - AFTERNOON

Judy stares at the napkin in her hand. Remy stares at her.

JUDY

Peter, get in here.

Peter walks in and hangs up his coat.

PETER

Yo, what's up with him?

Judy hands him the napkin. Peter eyes it before smirking.

PETER (CONT'D)

Good one, I wasn't born yesterday.

REMY

Oh it's real, straight from Uncle Sam himself.

The smirk runs from his face.

PETER

Even following government regulations, this would net us a little under 10 million each. That's stupid money.

REMY

Stupider, even.

Peter crumples it up again.

PETER

But why would he pick us? This has got to be a set up?

JUDY

Why would they bother with the meeting at all then. They would just arrest us on the spot.

Remy stands up.

REMY

I say, for this amount, who cares?

PETER

Well, personally, I don't want to be in prison.

Judy slides towards Remy.

JUDY

But this is big time.

Peter paces around. He seems to be the only one conflicted. He stops pacing.

PETER

Ok, I'm gonna be the smart one and veto this. Freedom is priceless.

REMY

Well, it's gonna be kind of hard to say no now.

Both Peter and Judy stare holes through Remy.

PETER

And why's that, Remy.

REMY

Cause I kinda already agreed.

Peter steps to Remy. Judy rushes to her desk and chucks her things in a box, except for a PHOTO of her wedding day, which she gingerly places on top.

REMY (CONT'D)

It was an executive decision! Trust me, it's everyone's best interest.

PETER

This isn't going to be like a villain lair. There's gonna be rules and shit.

JUDY

Well, we had a good run, but that's it for me. I quit.

REMY

What? You can't just quit. It's good manners to give 2 weeks, at least.

Judy rolls her eyes and scoffs. She stops packing up, but doesn't unpack anything except the photo.

REMY (CONT'D)

Listen, we're doing it and that's final. We'll just have to be extra careful.

Peter walks past the two into his office.

INT. REMY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Remy walks to the white board. He grins and fills in the rest of the board.

REMY

Shadow Broker slave no longer.

Peter and Judy talk in the reception area, muffled by the door. He sits down and puts on some headphones.

His pencil moves fast. He's done in an instant. The finished product is reminiscent of ancient greek architecture.

REMY (CONT'D)

This should be enough to get their  
dick's hard. But better have some  
backups just in case.

Next song kicks on. He finishes another sketch that looks like a feast hall fit for warriors in Valhalla.

He starts another one and another one. Each time he finishes, the smile on his face gets bigger and bigger. A loud knock at the door breaks his concentration. Judy pokes her head in.

JUDY

Sorry to pile on, but don't forget  
about the Manhunter follow up.

Remy puts his pen down and slumps into his chair.

REMY

Ugh, you broke me out of my zone.  
But, thanks for the reminder.

JUDY

You'll want to grab some  
disinfectant on my desk when you  
leave.

REMY

Thanks, I'm still trying to get  
that smell out of my clothes.

He waves goodbye as she closes the door.

INT. THRONE OF BONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amazonian women guard a circular room. Two guards fight in a bloody pit settled in the middle of the room. The other guards cheer.

A brutish, hairy man, MIGHTY MANHUNTER, sits upon a throne made out of bones.

Remy and Peter carefully walk around the pit, getting growled at by the ladies clad in fur and weapons.

MANHUNTER

How are you two? Can I get you anything? How about some meat.

He snaps his fingers and one of his lackeys brings over two big legs of mystery meat.

Remy and Peter look at each other in desperation, each man willing the other to go first. Remy holds his breath and takes a bite.

REMY

Wow, this sure is... Meat.

MANHUNTER

Thanks you, Manhunter kill it earlier today.

Peter and Remy both smile as they slowly put down the legs.

REMY

So how do you like the place so far.

MANHUNTER

It's drafty, bugs everywhere, and the wind wails through the openings all around us. Reminds me of my childhood.

REMY

Great to hear. It was a nice change of pace to design.

PETER

And how about the interior.

Manhunter claps his hands together in gratitude.

MANHUNTER

The furniture and detailing bring about a wonderful energy to our death pit. It really amplifies the blood lust.

Peter nods his head slowly.

PETER

That's, uh, exactly what I was going for. I'm glad to hear it.

Remy pulls his tablet from his bag and motions to Manhunter to get on with the business.

REMY

I'm glad to hear you liked everything, but we've got to get square unfortunately.

MANHUNTER

Of course, Manhunter rewards those who do right by him. Unlike that weakling Shadow Broker.

Remy and Peter glance around uneasily.

Manhunter claps and a lackey hands him a cracked, but functional tablet. He waves Remy over.

REMY

Ok, what's the Wifi?

MANHUNTER

"IP on your grave", Password: BLOOD

REMY

That's pretty good. Capital B?

MANHUNTER

All caps.

Remy types it in, but he can't connect.

REMY

Says there's no internet connection.

Manhunter slams a fist into his armrest. The bone splinters.

MANHUNTER

WHAT?! COMCAST PROMISED ME THEY'D FIX IT, THEY WILL RUE THE DAY THEY CROSSED MANHUNTER.

Remy backs away slowly and Peter stands up, ready to run if need be.

REMY

Uhh, we can come back after? As courtesy, if that helps.

Manhunter doesn't hear him, he's frothing at the mouth screaming. Eyes rolling back into his head.

MANHUNTER

THEY PROMISED AN INTERNET WIZARD WOULD COME A WEEK AGO. ONLY THE WEAK LIE.



Peter looks back towards the exit and scratches his chin.

PETER  
Is there anyway he could've fallen  
into one of the traps?

Manhunter stops raging for a second to think. He scratches at his head, considering this.

MANHUNTER  
It makes sense. Death smell  
lingering for about that long.

He booms a laugh out and the lackeys follow suite, sounding more like hyenas than people.

MANHUNTER (CONT'D)  
Boy is egg on manhunter's face. How  
about I come to office and settle  
there.

Peter quickly leans forward.

PETER  
No, no! We're more than happy to  
come back, we're professionals  
after all.

Manhunter smiles at them and nods

MANHUNTER  
Very well, Manhunter leave great  
Yelp review. Will e-mail when it's  
up.

Peter awkwardly bows and Remy just gives a thumbs up with a confused smile.

INT. JPR DESIGN RECEPTION - LATER

Judy immediately stops working and holds her nose as the two men walk in.

JUDY  
I guess I didn't get enough  
supplies? At least, you guys don't  
have to make any trips out there  
anymore.

Remy waves her off.

REMY

Well, unfortunately that's not true, maybe grab some cans of tomato juice and steel wool next time? I think it's soaked into our DNA.

JUDY

What happened.

Remy goes into his office and starts packing up.

REMY

Well, his Wifi didn't work, if you can believe it.

JUDY

I can honestly say I do believe that, yes.

REMY

He'll let us know when to come collect.

She lets out a frustrated sigh before reading a message from earlier.

JUDY

Also, Magnanimous called and they wanted you to come to the lot where they want to break ground tomorrow.

REMY

This week keeps getting better and better.

EXT. RECENTLY LEVELED CITY BLOCK - MORNING

A freshly bulldozed lot sits in the middle of a seedy neighborhood. Some thugs eye the costumed hero's talking in the lot.

The men shut up as Remy walks up.

REMY

Trying to do my job without me?

They both turn and we recognize the man as BLACK POWER.

BLACK POWER

Just wanna make sure you don't fuck up my room.

REMY

Hey if you wanna do the work  
instead, I don't mind. I'll get  
paid either way.

He turns to leave. Mags elbow Black Power, maybe a little too hard. He rubs his arm and grits his teeth.

BLACK POWER

Nah, I want you to earn that  
paycheck.

Remy walks through them towards the lot, before waving him off and smugly looking back.

REMY

That's alright, I'll forgive your  
ignorance, just try not to let it  
happen again.

Black Power fumes at this and takes a step toward Remy, only to be held back by Mags.

MAGS

So what can you do with this land?

Remy cocks his head and shrugs, still with his back to them.

REMY

I can work miracles, even for  
jackasses.

BLACK POWER

You know, we can still get someone  
else.

Mags pulls Black Power close.

MAGS

There is no one else.

Remy glances at man smoking a cigarrete in a nearby alley. The rest of the rabble has cleared out, except for him.

REMY

Some of the designs I sent should  
be perfect for this place. I can  
customize it once you've made a  
decision.

MAGS

Actually, I've been meaning to talk  
about that.

Remy snaps his attention to Mags.

REMY  
Those designs were fantastic. What could we possibly have to talk about.

Black Power smirks at his reaction.

MAGS  
They were fantastic, no doubt, but we were hoping for something different.

Remy throws his hands up in frustration.

REMY  
I have no idea what you want. Or "we" for that matter. If I had more info about this group, I could make something more group friendly.

The gears are turning for Mags. He's making a decision.

MAGS  
You're right. You need info for this to work. Are you free to discuss things now?

REMY  
Depends, are you going to shame me for getting a drink.

MAGS  
No, I promise.

Black Power side-eyes Mags. He better know what he's doing.

REMY  
I think I can do that. Is it a date or are we gonna have a third wheel.

He nods towards Black Power and Mags opens his mouth but gets cut off by BP.

BLACK POWER  
Of course, as long as I can get a drink as well.

REMY  
Ah, Maybe I misjudged you.

He cocks his head at him.

REMY (CONT'D)  
But probably not.

BLACK POWER  
There it is.

Remy throws a quick glance towards the lone man. Only the smoking cigarette on the ground remains.

INT. CHILI'S - NOON

Mags wait for Remy to finish drinking his daiquiri. Black Power, a tequila soda in hand, just stares at Remy incredulously.

REMY  
My process involves information.  
It's worked on plenty of people  
before. It'll work again.

BLACK POWER  
Can we talk to any of your old  
customers to get proof of this?

REMY  
Afraid not, Architect-Client  
confidentiality, you see.

BLACK POWER  
You made that up.

Remy nods in agreement.

REMY  
Yes I did. Doesn't make it less  
valid though.

Black Power rubs the bridge of his nose. Mags tries to calm him down.

MAGS  
It's ok, we thoroughly vetted him.  
He's the right man for the job,  
remember.

BLACK POWER  
Ya, ya, ya.

Mags turns his attention back to Remy.

MAGS  
Listen, It's not that your designs  
weren't good, it's just not us.

REMY  
I'd love to help you, but who is  
"us". It's hard to design something  
when I'm being kept in the dark.

BLACK POWER  
We've given you all the info you  
need.

Remy leans back and takes a drink.

REMY  
And I've given you kick ass  
designs, but here we are.

Black Power rocks the ice in his empty drink.

BLACK POWER  
I need another drink.

Mags reaches his hand over and calmly pats Black Power.

MAGS  
How much more do you need?

REMY  
Well, to be quite honest with you,  
a lot.

MAGS  
How can I try to help.

Remy puts his drink down and ponders.

REMY  
I'll need a full list of the team.

Black Power SLAMS down his cup. A crack forms in the side as  
a couple cubes jump out. The restaurant goes silent for a  
moment.

BLACK POWER  
No way. We can't trust a civilian  
with that. Not right now.

MAGS  
He's right. There's no telling what  
you could do with that information.

REMY  
I'll tell you what I'll do, my  
fucking job.

Remy aggressively shakes his drink.

REMY (CONT'D)  
 Plus, I already know you guys have  
 about seven to eight members  
 anyway.

Mags and Black Power share uneasy glances. Mags decides to go ahead and tell him.

MAGS  
 Plan for 9, actually.

Remy puts his drink down. He counts on his fingers, shocked.

MAGS (CONT'D)  
 Some of the space is dedicated to  
 becoming a game room.

Remy whips out his phone and types into it.

REMY  
 (to himself)  
 Note to self: Make bitching game  
 room.

He stows it.

REMY (CONT'D)  
 Besides, what's the harm in some  
 names only, I'm not asking for  
 weaknesses or loved ones, I just  
 need to know their aesthetic.

Mags nods slightly, while Black Power still looks apprehensive.

MAGS  
 Fine, you make a fair argument.

Mags takes his mahogany pen out and writes down names. They read: Magnanimous, Bookworm, Nightlock, Steampunk, Spring Fever, Black Power, Tundra, Hightide. He slides it over to Remy.

MAGS (CONT'D)  
 Memorize it and destroy it. Lives  
 depend on that secrecy.

Remy reads over it a couple times before ripping it up and pouring some of his unused water glass on it, the ink running together.

MAGS (CONT'D)

You could've done it in a way that doesn't inconvenience the bus boy, you know.

REMY

I'll tip extra. I'll get to work on a new design when I get back in the office.

Remy throws down a ten and gets up. Black Power eyes the wet napkin and can't help but get in a digging remark.

BLACK POWER

Good, you're last ones were complete trash.

Remy turns quickly to fire back. Mags gets up quicker.

MAGS

Let me walk you out so we can discuss some more points of interest.

REMY

Don't worry about it. I'm feeling sick now anyway.

Mags and Black Power wait until he leaves.

MAGS

Let the others know he's on the move.

BLACK POWER

Will do. But can I say, for the record, That guy's a huge dick.

MAGS

I agree, but we just need to get what we need from him, then we're done with him.

INT. REMY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Remy quickly sketches a design hidden from sight. Only the name is seen. BASTILLE OF JUSTICE.

REMY

Finally.

He takes it and walks out with it. Judy notices the design.



JUDY  
Looks great. That the final cut?

REMY  
God, I hope so. This is as good as  
it's gonna get, which is pretty  
damn good.

He scans it and then walks to Peter's office where Peter is  
killing time on his phone. Remy slaps the design down on the  
table with authority.

REMY (CONT'D)  
It's go time.

Peter looks up from his phone at Remy.

PETER  
It's go time? That's terrible.

REMY  
Whatever, words aren't my thing.  
Designing kick ass buildings is and  
decorating them is yours.

Peter eyes the design for a beat nodding his head as he does  
so.

PETER  
Looks good, I can work with this.

REMY  
Get cracking then. I want a fast  
turnover on this.

PETER  
You got it, boss. You're pretty  
chipper considering we gotta finish  
at Manhunter's.

REMY  
What can I say, I'm in the zone.  
Not even a trip to Manhunter's can  
get me down.

JUDY (O.S.)  
Can I put some money on that?

Peter quickly jots down some notes.

PETER  
You can, but Vegas has the odds  
staunchly against Remy, so you  
wouldn't win much.

REMY  
Screw you guys, it's gonna go great.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

We see from an unknown POV, The two men walk to Peter's car.

As the car drives off, the unknown man pulls up his phone and we see a black fist on the screen, Black Power's logo.

The screen loads and we see a map with a blip that follows the movement of Peter's car.

INT. MANHUNTER'S LAIR - NOON

Peter and Remy sit on animal skins holding another leg of mystery meat. Manhunter's lackeys fight and feast around them as he types on his cracked tablet.

Remy digs through his bag and produces his tablet.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Glad to see you got your internet sorted.

MANHUNTER  
Yes, it took three hours on phone. It was the worst torture I've ever been through. And I've had my hands drilled through.

Remy is about to hand him the tablet but Manhunter perks up like a dog when someone new comes over.

PETER  
Everything alright?

Manhunter nods to his pack and rises.

MANHUNTER  
Birds.

REMY  
Oh, just birds, that's not -

MANHUNTER  
Metal birds.

The two look around for birds. They tense up as the sound of helicopter blades cuts through the building.

PETER  
Remy, maybe it's time to go.

REMY  
Just need that paycheck first.

He pushes the tablet closer but Manhunter is in attack mode. He doesn't even give Remy a second thought. Not that he has many to spare anyway.

PETER  
Seriously, man, We got to get out of here.

Remy is about to protest again before-

CRASH. Black Power drops through the ceiling.

REMY  
You know what, you're right.

Remy stows the tablet and they start to walk out briskly.

PETER  
Manhunter, good luck with all this.

REMY  
Ya, I hope you taste the blood of your enemies, or something.

Manhunter doesn't register what they say, only focused on his opponent.

Black Power dusts himself off and eyes the room as the pack slowly closes to surround him.

BLACK POWER  
Sorry, I crashed the party.

Manhunter spits at his feet.

MANHUNTER  
Black Power, you've walked into your doom.

The mob surrounds him, no room to escape.

BLACK POWER  
It's a good thing I brought some friends then.

Armed men rappel down around the pack and surround them. The hunters become the hunted.

MANHUNTER

More fun for us.

Manhunter lunges at Black Power and slashes at him with his claws, but Black Power blocks it with his forearms. Sparks fly at their feet.

BLACK POWER

Claws are getting dull, aren't they.

Manhunter doesn't retort, eyes rolled back in his head. He's drunk off blood lust. The rest of the pack attacks and the full scale battle begins.

As it turns out, normal fists and makeshift weapons are no match for bullets and body armor. All Manhunter's lackeys get killed in quick work.

Only, Manhunter and Black Power are still fighting, until Black Power breaks both Manhunters arms. Manhunter howls, not in pain, but in rage.

MANHUNTER

I'LL KILL YOU AND EAT EVERYONE  
YOU'VE EVER LOVED

BLACK POWER

Eat this.

Black Power then stands over Manhunter and leans over him. Manhunter spits blood on his face. Before he wipes it off, Black Power punches a hole through the back of Manhunters throat, taking all his teeth with it.

Manhunter's lifeless skull is stuck on BP's fist. He tries to shake it off but gets annoyed and kicks Manhunter in the chest to finally free himself. A SWAT commander comes up to BP.

SWAT COMMANDER

What about the other two?

BLACK POWER

Those assholes? Boss says gotta let  
'em go.

Black Power stares at the doorway they escaped through before whipping the blood off his arm.

INT. PETER'S CAR - EVENING

Peter's car is silent as a mouse. Remy slowly rolls down the window before hurling outside the window.

REMY  
Sorry, I'm not used to being that close to the action.

PETER  
I'm no expert either.

A few more beats of silence before Remy turns on the radio. Peter nearly jumps out of his seat from the sound.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Can we maybe not listen to anything, I think we should keep as alert as possible.

REMY  
Fair enough.

Remy looks at his shaking hands.

REMY (CONT'D)  
I need a drink.

PETER  
Wise beyond your years.

REMY  
Judy should probably be told

Remy pulls out his phone and scrolls to Judy's name

REMY (CONT'D)  
(on the phone)  
Hey, Judy. It got weird and we need some liquid therapy. Can you make sure we don't die. We'll tell you when we get there. See you soon.

INT. CORNER POCKET BAR - NIGHT

Remy, fruity drink in hand, walks to the only occupied booth in the bar. Peter and Judy look expectantly at Remy.

PETER  
What gives?

REMY  
Don't get your panties twisted,  
he's working on them.

Remy sits down next to Judy. He puts his drink down.

JUDY  
I never get invited to drink with  
you guys, mind clueing me in?

Remy and Peter both look at each other looking for the  
easiest words.

REMY  
First off, we ask you all the time,  
you just say no-

Judy pulls Remy's drink away from him.

JUDY  
But, seriously.

PETER  
Ok, at least let us get a couple of  
ounces of social lubrication first.

JUDY  
Never say lubrication again.

REMY  
Second.

Mick comes back with drinks in hand. Remy raises his glass.

REMY (CONT'D)  
To liquid therapy.

Everyone halfheartedly clinks their glasses.

INT. CORNER POCKET BAR - LATER

"A couple of ounces" passed a while ago. Empty glasses have  
piled up, more noticeably around Peter and Remy.

Judging by Judy's gaunt face, they just finished telling  
their tale.

JUDY  
Please tell me this is a joke.

REMY  
I wish I could.

Judy reflects on this information for a second.

JUDY

I quit.

Peter and Remy put their drinks down abruptly.

REMY

You can't do that!

JUDY

Well, I just did so...

PETER

He's right we can't function  
without you. I mean, have you met  
us?

She leans back and takes them in. She rubs her hands  
together, adjusting her RING.

JUDY

Shit, I don't wanna get murdered.  
I've got someone waiting at home  
for me. Unlike you two.

Remy stares hard at her. Judy immediately regrets her words.

JUDY (CONT'D)

I didn't mean that, I'm sorry. But  
I can't risk myself for this. I'm  
not like you guys, I'm just in it  
for the money.

Remy grins devilishly.

REMY

You remember how much, right?

JUDY

A metric shit ton. But, hard to  
spend money when you're dead.

PETER

What would it take to get you to  
stay.

Judy swirls her drink as she thinks.

JUDY

Peace of mind. I don't want to live  
in fear of getting a fist through  
my skull.

PETER  
Don't we all.

REMY  
As long as you don't threaten to  
eat their families, I think you can  
avoid that specific punishment.

Peter gets up. He stumbles slightly and holds the table to steady himself.

PETER  
Gotta see a man about a horse.

As he leaves, Remy rubs his temples.

REMY  
Look, can I be honest.

JUDY  
Of course.

He takes a drink to gather his thoughts.

REMY  
I need a win.

JUDY  
A win?

REMY  
Ya, I feel like people like us  
don't get enough wins.

JUDY  
I'm not following.

REMY  
Its like, it's like sometimes the  
heroes win and sometimes the  
villains win. But what about people  
like us?

JUDY  
We survive, Remy. It's what we  
always do.

REMY  
Bullshit. Everyone survives until  
they don't.

He slams his drink back.



REMY (CONT'D)  
It just seems like this is the only  
opportunity for us to get what  
we're owed from them. I'm just  
tired of losing.

Judy stirs her drink with her pinkie. Peter comes back with  
another drink and sits down. He senses the atmosphere has  
changed.

PETER  
What'd I miss?

Remy turns away, almost embarrassed at his vulnerability.

REMY  
Oh, uh, I was just um-

JUDY  
-He just convinced me to stay.

PETER  
Good work you silver tongued  
bastard! How about we get you guys  
some drinks as well.

Peter signals to Mick.

JUDY  
Good idea, drinking to celebrate is  
way more fun anyway.

REMY  
Here, here.

EXT. CORNER POCKET - LATER

Remy, Peter and Judy stand on the street. The bar's lights  
have shut off. Peter drunkenly holds on to Judy. He's close  
to passing out. Remy sways into the building to hold himself  
up.

REMY  
Make sure he's safe. That big baby  
needs to learn how to drink.

JUDY  
Don't worry, this isn't the first  
time I've had to take care of one  
of you.

REMY  
You're welcome for the practice.

Peter and Judy's ride pulls up. Judy helps Peter in. She goes to get in but stops.

JUDY

Remy, I want you to know I really  
am sorry for what I said.

Remy smiles and waves her off.

REMY

Don't worry about it. I'd forgotten  
already.

She smiles and closes the door. As the car drives off, the  
smiles melt away. He starts walking towards his house.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Remy walks alone through the streets. A young man stops him  
on the corner. He couldn't be more than 17.

TEENAGER

Excuse me, sir, do you have the  
time?

Remy looks him up and down before pulling out his phone.

REMY

Sure, it's-

Before he can finish, the teenager snatches his phone and  
turns to run.

REMY (CONT'D)

You little shit.

Remy drunkenly grabs at him. He miraculously grabs his shirt  
and swing him to the ground. The teenager drops the phone.  
Remy calmly picks it up and walks off.

WHAM. The teenager sucker punches him. Remy falls down in a  
daze. The teenager drags him into an alley and starts to beat  
him.

TEENAGER

Should've just let me have the  
phone, old man.

The teenager raises a fist to put Remy out cold, Only to be  
stopped by a black glove. Nightlock's black glove.

NIGHTLOCK

I can't let you do this.

Remy gets up and SHOVES Nightlock. The scared kid takes off.

REMY

What the fuck do you think you're doing.

NIGHTLOCK

I'm helping you.

REMY

I don't want help from people like you.

NIGHTLOCK

That kid might've beaten you to death.

REMY

I know that, maybe I'd prefer that to owing someone who thinks they can do whatever they want.

Nightlock steps up.

NIGHTLOCK

Hey now, I didn't do anything to you.

REMY

No, but I've seen how you help people.

NIGHTLOCK

I save people.

REMY

That might be true, but what can be said for the people you defend against, like the convenient store robbery.

NIGHTLOCK

I'm surprised you remember that.

REMY

How could anybody forget? Do you even know what happened to that kid.

Nightlock looks away. Remy types something into his phone. He reads for a second before shoving it into Nightlock's face.

REMY (CONT'D)  
I didn't think so. You'll be happy  
to know he won't commit anymore  
crimes because he died in the ICU a  
few days ago.

Nightlock leans against the wall, shell shocked.

NIGHTLOCK  
Are you serious.

REMY  
'Fraid so.

Nightlock slumps to the ground. He splashes up a puddle of  
dirty water that gets on his costume. He holds his head in  
his hands. Remy feels sorry for him. He sits next to him.

NIGHTLOCK  
How can I be better?

REMY  
I have no idea. Remorse is a good  
starting point though. Not many  
heroes get that far.

NIGHTLOCK  
What do you mean.

REMY  
It happened to me once, but  
afterwards, I always noticed it.  
The great and powerful heroes who  
always save the day never talk  
about the people caught up in their  
bullshit.

He examines his phone. The screen is cracked.

NIGHTLOCK  
What happened to you?

REMY  
What happened to me? I got lucky.  
Or maybe unlucky depending on your  
state of mind.

Nightlock side eyes him. Remy notices.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Do you remember the fight between  
Whitehot and Vortex.

NIGHTLOCK

Of course, it was a huge fight over some secret science formula or something.

REMY

Do you know how many casualties?

Nightlock shakes his head

REMY (CONT'D)

Didn't think so. There were too many, including my daughter.

NIGHTLOCK

I'm so sorry.

REMY

They weren't. Whitehot said he'd escape and do it again without hesitation, while Vortex basked in the glory. He shed no tears for those caught in the crossfire.

NIGHTLOCK

Didn't Whitehot die in a prison riot.

REMY

Ya, and Vortex died mysteriously about a month after that as well.

Nightlock stares at Remy now.

NIGHTLOCK

What are you saying?

REMY

I had some strings pulled. Big ones. I thought it would make me feel better.

NIGHTLOCK

You know you're talking to a hero right?

REMY

Ya, I do.

Remy rubs his eyes and leaves his head in his hands.

REMY (CONT'D)

I'm just too tired to care anymore.

Tears fall off his hands and into the dirty water. Nightlock gets up and offers Remy a hand. He hesitates.

NIGHTLOCK  
I'll be better.

REMY  
Talk is cheap.

Remy grabs his hand.

NIGHTLOCK  
You gonna be ok walking home?

REMY  
Should be, what're the odds I get mugged twice.

NIGHTLOCK  
In this city? I wouldn't take that bet.

They both smile. Remy walks off but Nightlock stops him.

NIGHTLOCK (CONT'D)  
It wasn't your fault, Remy.

Remy weakly nods and keeps on walking. Nightlock climbs to the rooftop. He pulls out his phone and dials.

EXT. REMY'S FLAT - LATER

Remy stumbles to the stairs of his flat. His shirt is dirty from trash water and blood. Karen waits on the stoop of the building.

REMY  
If you're here for a booty call,  
call me Beyonce cause I'm all about  
the single ladies.

KAREN  
Ugh gross, no, I got a call saying  
you need some help.

REMY  
Was it Judy or Peter? I need to  
know who to get mad at.

KAREN  
I told them I wouldn't tell.

He pushes past her and fumbles with his keys.

REMY

Well, I don't need any help.

He drops his keys. She picks them up and opens his door.

KAREN

You needing help is the understatement of the year.

INT. REMY'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

They walk into the kitchen. Karen eyes the PINK DOOR. She pats the counter and he steadily hops up.

KAREN

Where's your medicine?

REMY

Cabinet above the fridge.

She opens it. Only liquor bottles.

KAREN

I meant where you keep your first aid stuff.

REMY

Oh, cabinet above the sink.

She opens it and grabs a bottle of rubbing alcohol. She dabs a paper towel and wipes away the blood and grime at his cut. He winces.

KAREN

Cry me a river, you big baby.

She hands him a dry paper towel. He puts it on the cut.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Hold it there for a while.

Her eyes go back to the PINK DOOR. She carefully walks towards it. She wipes away the dust collected on it. But as she goes to open it-

REMY

DON'T TOUCH THAT.

She pulls back.

KAREN

Why the hell not?

She stares hard at Remy.

REMY  
You don't get to anymore.

KAREN  
You don't get to decide that.

REMY  
Like hell I don't, you abandoned  
us.

KAREN  
Abandoned? I just didn't want to be  
pulled down with a man drowning in  
his own misery.

He stares past her towards the door.

REMY  
That's not fair.

KAREN  
Jesus, not fair? I lost two people  
I loved that day, I wasn't losing  
myself too.

REMY  
Please, get out.

She takes a deep breath and walks towards the door. She looks  
back, genuinely sad.

KAREN  
Remy, she's dead. All the alcohol  
in the world won't change that.

She gently closes the door.

INT. REMY'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The couch is empty but the chair is full of Remy. A car  
laying on it's horn drives by, waking the slumbering man.

The tv's still on and it's softly playing a Sandals Jamaica  
commercial. He rustles himself and looks at the time. 11:42.

He gets up to go to the kitchen, but he stops and runs his  
hands over the pink door. He wipes the dust from his hands.

He cleans it off with a rag as his phone rings.



EXT. OUTSIDE SOMEWHERE - CONTINUOUS

Peter leans by his car with hangover shades on.

PETER  
Good morning sleeping beauty.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - CONTINUOUS

REMY  
Good morning, how'd your night go?

PETER  
Wonderfully, Judy's hubby made chicken curry that tasted even better cold and leftover. Then we watched Starship Troopers.

REMY  
How'd you rope Judy into that?

PETER  
Oh I didn't, it was just me and the husband, he's cool as shit.

REMY  
Judy does have great taste.

PETER  
Listen, I've got a time bomb of a hangover that needs to be taken care of. We can head to the site after.

REMY  
You read my mind. Come pick me up?

A car horn moves Remy to the window as he sees Peter waving at him.

REMY (CONT'D)  
That's good service.

PETER  
Make sure to rate 5 stars and give a big tip.

Remy hangs up and they both get in the car.

INT. GREASY BRUNCH KITCHEN - LATER

A long line waits outside a small, hole in the wall diner. The line is mostly costumed heroes, torn and bloodied. Seems to be a popular place after a night of brutality.

The line gives Remy and Peter glares and stink eyes as a they pass. A nicely dressed man, GREG, leads them towards a dirty back table.

Greg bussess the table, until the hostess walks over and whispers something in Greg's ear.

GREG

Bunch of babies, Excuse me gentlemen, someone's complaining about the line skipping.

REMY

Of course, thanks again for the table.

GREG

Thank me with your wallet, I've got to pay off the two con men who swindled me on this building.

PETER

I think we could do some charity for this dump.

He nods and smiles at them before walking off.

REMY

I hope we pissed some heroes off.

PETER

Undoubtedly, probably haven't been told to wait in years.

The two men look through their menus. A slight commotion comes from the entrance.

REMY

That guy's got some issues.

PETER

Can't take being told no.

The commotion gets closer. They keep their eyes glued to the menu, unconcerned. They don't even hear the angry voice of Black Power.

MAN

I'm gonna give those assholes a  
piece of my mind, do they know who  
I am.

The man walks up to the table. Greg flanks him trying to get  
him to return to the waiting area.

The men don't look up, but instead, mistake Black Power for a  
waiter.

PETER

Could you give us a second, not  
quite ready. Thanks.

A strong, bloodied hand SLAMS the table.

MAN

I'm no goddamn waiter.

They put the menu's down and Remy turns to the man.

REMY

Ok, listen here assho-

He stops as soon as he sees who the man is. It's the man they  
saw, not 24 hours ago, put his fist through another mans  
skull. BLACK POWER.

Black Power grins wickedly as he slowly grabs Remy's menu.

BLACK POWER

You two look for familiar, Have I  
seen you around.

Remy tries to drink some water to calm himself. His nervous  
hand splashes water on the table.

PETER

Y'know, I don't reckon we have,  
mister.

He extends a hand to introduce himself. Black power grabs it  
with veins popping from his forearms. Peter winces at this.

BLACK POWER

Black Power, I'm sure you've heard  
of me, maybe even seen some of my  
work.

Peter nods slowly.

PETER  
Heard of you, yeah, but afraid I  
don't watch much tv. Name's French.

This ridiculous name snaps Remy out of his slight stupor.

REMY  
Um, Mr. Power?

Black Power releases his grip and looks expectantly at Remy.

REMY (CONT'D)  
You uh, you've got what I'm  
guessing is some blood dried around  
your fingers.

Black Power's gaze bores a hole through Remy.

BLACK POWER  
And?

Remy stops looking him in the eye.

REMY  
Just, maybe wash your hands is all.

BLACK POWER  
Thanks. I will.

Greg grabs Black Power's shoulder.

GREG  
Sir, you need to return to the  
waiting area now or I'm going have  
to ask you to leave.

Black Power shakes off Greg before turning to him with a  
cordial smile now, like a switch has been flipped.

BLACK POWER  
OK, I'll play nice.

He turns back to the table where the wide eyed men sit.

BLACK POWER (CONT'D)  
It was nice meeting you fellas. I'm  
sure I'll be seeing you two around.

Remy's leg bounces nervously up and down. He forces his hand  
to stop the bouncing.

The two men nod at Black Power. He just chuckles and walks  
away. Greg eyes the two men.

GREG  
You guys know *him*?

They both shake their head.

REMY  
No, can't recall.

PETER  
Nope.

Greg decides he doesn't care, or maybe doesn't want to know, and shrugs it off.

GREG  
Ok, *French*.

Greg walks off and the two men drop to whisper.

PETER  
We're dead, like, so dead.

REMY  
I think I'm gonna be sick.

Remy holds his mouth shut as he speeds to the bathroom.

INT. REMY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Judy raps her fingers. Peter quietly sits shell shocked. Remy tries to settle everyone down.

REMY  
Look, all I'm saying is, they would have cracked down on us already if we were their targets.

JUDY  
Maybe not yet, but what happens when they don't need us anymore.

REMY  
Probably nothing good. But we've got at least a little bit of time until their lair is finished.

Peter snaps out of his stare.

PETER  
The heroes are only half our problem.

They both look at him quizzically until they realize who he's talking about.

JUDY

Aw fuck. I forgot about him.

She whispers the last part, scanning the room as she does.

REMY

Oh, yeah, I'd forgotten about him.  
That's not great.

PETER

Exactly, I can't even think of our  
options right now.

They pause to think for a moment before Judy pipes up.

JUDY

Well, let's ask ourselves who we're  
more afraid of.

REMY

If you'd ask me a week ago, I'd  
have said *him*.

PETER

Ditto. But something about a hero  
murdering a man in cold blood  
changes your perspective on things.

JUDY

Fair point.

Remy slinks down into a chair as the clock ticks through the  
silence.

PETER

So what're our options.

Remy holds up three fingers.

REMY

Well, option one, flip on the  
Broker for immunity from the  
heroes, probably get murdered days  
later.

JUDY

Not ideal.

Remy puts a finger down.

REMY

Option two, Ask Shadow Broker for help. Either we get laughed at, put in crippling debt for the rest of our lives, or killed.

PETER

Also, not ideal.

Remy's down to one finger now.

REMY

Option 3. We bide our time. Maybe we'll get lucky and something will happen. As long as we control operations, we've got some sort of control.

PETER

So, nothing? I don't know if my anxiety can take that.

REMY

Well, I think we have some time, they haven't even picked a blue print.

Judy sucks in air from her teeth as even she doesn't want to say what she's about to say.

JUDY

Actually, they sent their approval on one this morning, with some notes of their own.

Remy rubs the bridge of his nose.

REMY

Of course they did.

JUDY

And they're starting construction with their own people.

Remy stops rubbing his bridge.

REMY

Come again? It sounded like you said they are starting to build.

JUDY

Mhmm.

Remy rises up.

REMY  
Ok, it's time to meet with Mr.  
Magnanimous again.

Peter grabs Remy by the arm.

PETER  
Are we sure that's a good idea.

REMY  
Best idea I've ever had.

PETER  
While I'll agree that's a short  
list, There's no way this could  
turn out good for us.

REMY  
Would you rather us give up the  
small semblance of control we have?

Peter lets go of Remy.

JUDY  
Ok, that's a decent point, but you  
don't have to dress it up to make  
us think you're smart.

Remy half shrugs in agreement.

PETER  
Fine, meet with him, but if you  
make this worse for us, they won't  
have to kill you cause I'll do it  
myself.

REMY  
Oh please, when have I ever done  
that.

Peter and Judy both open their mouths to shut him down, but  
Remy plugs his ears while humming and walks into his office,  
closing the door to his office.

He picks up his phone and dials Magnanimous.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Mags is sitting with his two chair setup as per usual and  
Remy takes a seat. The place is packed.



REMY

I'm glad you could finally pick a design.

MAGS

A decision by committee usually takes a while.

REMY

I guess you're just leader in name only then, huh?

Mags smiles at Remy, but grips the table leg so hard a crack appears.

MAGS

So what did you need to talk about.

REMY

About the construction.

MAGS

Nothing to talk about, we'll take care of it.

REMY

No sir, you won't. I only use my guy.

Mags raises an eyebrow.

MAGS

I'm afraid that isn't feasible at this time.

REMY

My work has a lot of fine details and I've seen government contracted workers in action. I'll take my guy every time.

MAGS

This is a Pentagon level building, we can't grant security clearance to a whole construction crew.

Remy leans back in his chair with a smirk.

REMY

Who said anything about a crew?

Mags looks at him quizzically.

MAGS

What do you mean? You'll need a crew of at least two hundred people.

Remy shakes his head.

REMY

Nope. I know a guy.

Mags waits for him to continue. He doesn't.

MAGS

Care to enlighten me here?

REMY

My guy's the best. It almost seems like he's in two places at once.

Mags leans back and tenses.

MAGS

So he's got powers.

REMY

Yep, you'll see when you meet him. He's so good I wouldn't be surprised if you tried to recruit him.

Mags rubs his chin.

MAGS

Having someone with powers complicates things.

REMY

Oh don't give me that crap. Not everyone with powers wants to rob banks or save the day.

MAGS

But we don't know that.

Remy throws his hands in frustration.

REMY

No one can know everything all the time. Just trust me.

MAGS

And why should I?

REMY

You remember what you offered me,  
right?

MAGS

A shit load of money and creative  
freedom.

Remy leans forward and looks Mags dead in the eye.

REMY

And you know which one sold me?

MAGS

The money, right?

REMY

I was stuck in a creative desert,  
dying of thirst. You gave me an  
oasis. So trust me when I say I'm  
going to absolutely rock your shit  
with this place. But only if you  
let me.

Mags breaks the eye contact. He pulls out his phone and gets  
up.

MAGS

I'll need to make some calls, but  
you'll get your guy.

Remy bows slightly in a thank you gesture and walks outside.

EXT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Remy gets on his phone. He opens up Uber. A few seconds later  
a black sedan pulls up.

Remy gets in, thinking it's his ride. He doesn't notice the  
familiar face of CARLYLE driving it.

REMY

Hey what's up.

Carlyle says nothing to Remy. He does notice, however, the  
car taking a different way than he would.

REMY (CONT'D)

Oh, go down Juniper street, it's a  
straight shot.

Carlyle only turns on his blinker, but not to go down Juniper  
street.

CARLYLE

Not to where we're going, it's not.

REMY

What are you talk- Oh for god sake.

Carlyle double checks his door locks and adjusts his rearview mirror.

CARLYLE

Trust me, I wish I didn't have to see you either.

REMY

Can you at least not beat on me this time?.

CARLYLE

Only if you don't talk.

REMY

Listen if neither of us talks, it'll be a 5 star Uber ride.

Carlyle actually smirks at this for the briefest of moments, but it doesn't escape Remy who smirks to himself in his little victory.

EXT. OPULENT HIGH RISE PENTHOUSE - LATER

At the foot of a discolored and dingy building, a homeless man lies passed out, brown bag in hand, in a gutter next to a drug deal going down as we--

Rise with the building, which gets cleaner and more posh, until we get to the all encompassing penthouse. The sleek, immaculately clean windows show two men talking.

INT. OPULENT HIGH RISE PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Remy fidgets on a leather couch across from Shadow Broker, who's swirling a glass of brandy. A fireplace, next to a bar, crackles and lights up the room. Carlyle stands by the door.

SHADOW BROKER

Do you know why I brought you here?

Remy leans forward like he didn't hear.

REMY

I'm sorry?

SHADOW BROKER  
C'mon, save us both some time here.

Remy leans back and shrugs.

REMY  
Look I'm just trying to keep my  
head down and pay off my debt.

Shadow broker sighs and finishes his drink.

SHADOW BROKER  
Incredible. I didn't know that  
anyone could fail at their goals as  
poorly as you.

He gets up to pour another drink. He makes a second and  
empties a CAPSULE into it.

REMY  
So I'm guessing you brought me here  
to berate me then.

SHADOW BROKER  
Not at all. How long did you think  
you could keep your extra  
curricular from me.

Remy sinks into his chair.

REMY  
Long enough to pay you and get out.  
But I guess that was just a pipe  
dream.

Shadow Broker sits back down and crosses his legs.

SHADOW BROKER  
I figured as much. That's strike  
two. You're out.

REMY  
What about strike three?

SHADOW BROKER  
You of all people should know that  
I don't play by the same rules as  
everyone else.

Remy fidgets. He doesn't like where this is headed.

SHADOW BROKER (CONT'D)  
But I'm not unreasonable. I'll let  
you take matters in your own hands.

He slides the second glass to Remy. Remy eyes it.

REMY  
Sorry, I think I'm quitting cold  
turkey.

Shadow Broker looks at his watch.

SHADOW BROKER  
Think of it as the last drink  
you'll ever have. I'd hurry up,  
this offer won't last long.

Remy looks back at Carlyle. He reaches for the glass. But he  
can't grab it.

REMY  
You don't have to do this. I can  
still be of use.

Shadow Broker grabs Remy's glass. He walks to the fire and  
dumps it in. It ROARS to life, threatening to burn Shadow  
Broker. He looks through Remy with cold eyes.

SHADOW BROKER  
The only thing you're useful for  
now is being a punching bag for  
Carlyle.

Shadow Broker nods towards Carlyle. Carlyle approaches from  
behind. His heavy boots thud against the ground towards Remy.

REMY  
No wait.

Carlyle picks Remy up by the collar and socks him across the  
face. A tooth flies out. Remy goes to the floor.

SHADOW BROKER  
I gave you an easy way out. But, at  
least this way Carlyle gets to have  
some fun.

CARLYLE  
Thank you sir.

Shadow Broker walks back to his chair and sits. Carlyle kicks  
Remy in the ribs. Remy scans the room for an escape. He looks  
at the doorway.

SHADOW BROKER

Looking for a way out? You of all people should know there's no escape from this place. After all, you designed it.

Remy looks at Shadow Broker. His eyes go wide. Carlyle pulls his foot back to kick again. But before he can-

REMY

A back door. A back door!

Shadow Broker eyes him suspiciously. Carlyle holds up.

SHADOW BROKER

A back door? For who?

Remy catches his breath and holds his ribs.

REMY

A back door for you, in the heroes hideout

Shadow Broker swirls his drink. Carlyle scowls.

SHADOW BROKER

You've got my attention.

REMY

Think about it. How many of your clients have lost to the heroes in that group? How many would pay to be able to slip in and slit their throats while they sleep?

Shadow Broker hesitates before he extends his hand. Remy shakes it.

EXT. DIRTY APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY

Remy rubs his hand before knocking on the door. The door flies open, only being caught by the chain lock in the inside.

A slightly grungy, familiar man pops his head through.

NORM

What do you want?

REMY

Hey Norm, how you been?

NORM  
Who are you?

REMY  
You don't remember? We've worked  
together a ton over the years.

He looks Remy up and down before slamming the door closed. He unlocks multiple locks before letting Remy in.

INT. DIRTY APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Remy and Norm sit amongst half empty pizza boxes, half drank beers, and dirty clothes.

Norm's clones wander around picking up trash and looking around for the trash can. It's almost like they don't know where it is.

NORM  
So you want me to, um, build again?

Norm snaps his fingers while trying to remember the word build.

REMY  
Ya, I've told you that a few times  
now. Are you feeling ok?

NORM  
Fine, just part of my injury thing.  
Doc says I just gotta get used to  
it.

REMY  
I'm sorry to hear that.

Norm waves him off.

NORM  
No problem, just bouts of  
forgetfulness, on account of part  
of my brain being destroyed.

Remy picks up a beer can and shakes it, the contents half full.

REMY  
Ya that'll do it.

The microwave goes off and a clone hands Norm his instant ramen, but no fork.



NORM  
I think I gotta decline.

REMY  
C'mon, just this one last job.

Norm blows on his noodles and looks for his fork.

NORM  
It's not a good idea, I can't get hurt again, plus I don't think I'll be any good anyway.

REMY  
What're you talking about, you don't need your brain, construction's in your soul.

The clone cleaning up mutters to himself. Norm smiles softly to himself.

NORM  
You always had a way with words, but I'm pretty sure I said no.

A clone sets another pile of trash on the counter.

Remy's eyes widen. He gets up abruptly.

REMY  
Bathroom?

NORM  
Down the hall to the left. Wait, no to the right.

Remy walked down the hall and to the right. Then, to the bathroom door on the left.

INT. NORM'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Remy stares hard at the man in the mirror as the water runs.

He splashes water on his face and dries off, nodding nervously at the mirror.

INT. DIRTY APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Remy walks back in and extends his hand to Norm, who just stares at it, maybe slightly grossed out.

REMY

Norm, I'm so glad we could reach an agreement about work.

NORM

About what now?

REMY

Well, I convinced you to help us one last time. Pretty amazingly, if I may say so myself.

Norm snaps his fingers trying to remember, but he shrugs.

NORM

I must've forgotten it. Sorry about that.

REMY

No problem, I'll write it down and E-mail you the details so you don't forget. And probably call you a lot.

NORM

Thanks, you're a good guy.

Remy breaks his eye contact with Norm.

REMY

I'd hate to run, but I've got a full schedule today.

NORM

Ya ya, don't let me keep you.

Remy quickly closes the door on his way out before-

He quickly walks back in.

REMY

Don't worry about payment. I'll make sure you'll be comfortable the rest of your life.

Norm nods, sipping his ramen straight from the bowl, before offering a solemn acknowledgement.

NORM

Right on.

Remy nods as he closes the door more gently this time.

INT. REMY'S TOWNHOUSE - EVENING

Remy sits in his chair, laptop on lap and phone in hand.

He's searching for flight deals out of America.

REMY

I got Norm back on the team, so it shouldn't be too much longer.

PETER

Thank God. That's a weight off our shoulders.

REMY

I take it you're done on your end as well?

PETER

Yup, just gotta put the puzzle pieces into place.

Remy scrolls through the flights, shown to be to tropical locations.

REMY

You bring the champagne. I can't think of a better thing to drink to than freedom.

PETER

You got it. See you tomorrow

They hang up and Remy clicks a button as an airplane jet whooshes from the speaker.

EXT. BASTILLE OF JUSTICE - 1 WEEK LATER - DAY

A completed building sits in the lot. The fresh, clean look seems to be a beacon amongst the rundown tenements. Couples power walking in matching track suits replace the seedy thugs and criminals that used to loiter here. A small crowd gathers around the perimeter.

Remy and Mags walk through the courtyard of the building, tailed by armed men who seem to leer at Norm.

MAGS

The union lets one man work alone on this?

REMY

He pays more than his fair share of dues.

MAGS

Well, at least he's fast and easy to monitor.

REMY

He could be faster.

Remy glances around at the security guards patrolling, until he finds a Norm Prime taking a smoke break.

REMY (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Gotta whip the man into shape, you know how it goes.

Mags nods knowingly and sees to the fans gathered.

REMY (CONT'D)

Hey, Norm.

Norm waves absentmindedly at the man walking towards him.

NORM

Hey Remy, what's up?

REMY

Nothing much, just making sure everything is good to go.

Remy elbows Norm, who just stares back.

NORM

Going pretty good, should be done soon.

Remy clenches his fists and glances around.

REMY

Great, but what about that...  
(lowers voice)  
Late addition.  
(normal voice)  
I asked for?

The blank look is replaced by a triumphant one. Norm elbows Remy back.

NORM

Ohhhh, *that* addition. I'm working on it.

(MORE)

NORM (CONT'D)

It's hard to find some time to do it in this busy schedule. If you catch my drift.

He nods towards the armed men patrolling.

REMY

Ya ya, but will you get it done?

NORM

Of course I will, or my name isn't... Umm, Norm.

Remy breathes deeply and looks over his shoulder at Mags, who's busy signing autographs.

REMY

I'll be headed to the other property later.

NORM

That one should be done around the same time actually.

REMY

Good to know, you better be paying attention over there. Oh and where's Peter?

Norm closes his eyes and concentrates hard.

NORM

In the atrium.

REMY

Cool, thanks.

Remy returns to Mags, still seeing to his adoring public.

REMY (CONT'D)

Should be done by tomorrow, I reckon.

MAGS

Good, your guy does good work.

REMY

Of course, I only hire the best.

Mags doesn't register what he's saying, his fans coming first. Remy slowly backs away from Mags.

REMY (CONT'D)

Well I can see your a busy man, as  
am I, So I'll leave you to it.

Mags gives a non-committal grunt as Remy enters the building.

INT. BASTILLE OF JUSTICE - CONTINUOUS

He walks towards the building of his dreams. Norm works on  
cleaning up and moving furniture.

Peter directs traffic. Remy walks over to his friend.

REMY

How goes it, Pete.

PETER

Oh, it goes. It goes well. Follow  
me.

Remy complies and they stroll through the mostly completed  
building. The colors and architecture are exactly what he  
envisioned, the interior design goes perfectly with the  
layout.

Both men smile like they haven't in a long time.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'm really glad you make stupid  
decisions.

REMY

You know what, I am too.

They walk until they get to the -

INT. "MEETING ROOM" - CONTINUOUS

This seems to be the only room still under construction, with  
Norm trying to place some statues of Atlas. The statues look  
as if they're holding up the ceiling.

REMY

Hey Norm, be careful, you don't  
want to lose any more brain matter.

NORM

Brain matter?

REMY

Never mind.

Remy and Peter stroll around the room.

REMY (CONT'D)  
One last ride into the sunset, eh?

PETER  
Looks like we're going out with a  
bang at least.

REMY  
And I'm gonna ride that all the way  
to the sun and sand.

Peter runs his hands along the arm rest at the head of the  
table.

PETER  
What do you think?

REMY  
I prefer my recliner, but I get the  
appeal.

Peter makes himself comfortable in the chair.

PETER  
These assholes better love it or  
shove it.

REMY  
Of course they will, we designed  
it.

A copy of Norm calls to them from the bottom of the stairs.

NORM  
We're calling it a day, we'll  
finish up tomorrow.

REMY  
Great, I'll let Magnanimous know.

PETER  
Sounds good to me.

Remy puts his arm around Peter as they walk down the stairs.

REMY  
Tomorrows the day, then.

EXT. BASTILLE OF JUSTICE - MORNING

A crowd builds up along the fence of the newly constructed building. There's a ribbon set up for cutting already.

Remy and Mags stand just inside the ribbon. Remy drinks in the splendor of his work as Mags turns to wave to the people.

REMY  
Damn, I'm good.

MAGS  
I'll have to agree with you there,  
it turned out wonderfully.

REMY  
And that's how I earn the big  
bucks.

MAGS  
Speaking of, it should be wired  
into your account soon.

Norm walks up with bags of trash. Remy casts a quick, nervous glance in his direction.

REMY  
Great great, I'll just have to do  
one more walkthrough to make sure  
everything is up to snuff.

Mags walks over to give the people what they want.

MAGS  
You go on ahead, I've got some fans  
that need some attention.

REMY  
Always the man of the people.

Norm and Remy walk towards the building.

INT. BASTILLE OF JUSTICE - CONTINUOUS

They walk the chrome halls, passing by several open rooms. Contrasting designs make it obvious each room was tailor made for each hero.

REMY  
Everything looks good so far, great  
job.



NORM  
Thanks, It'll be better once it's  
fully furnished.

REMY  
And what about the, uh, addition  
that was requested?

They keep walking but Norm looks off in space, trying to  
remember.

NORM  
I did everything to spec.

REMY  
What if I told you this wasn't on  
the specs.

NORM  
Then I'd tell you I didn't do it.

Remy stops abruptly as Norm keeps walking.

REMY  
So you didn't put in that back  
door?

NORM  
Back door?

Remy takes a breath of air to remain calm.

It doesn't work as he-

EXT. BASTILLE OF JUSTICE - CONTINUOUS

BUSTS through the front doors, disrupting the selfies and  
autographs Mags gives.

REMY  
Something urgent came up and I need  
to leave. Everything looks great,  
just wire my money and we'll be  
square.

Mags eyes him, but the swarm of fans keeps him from  
following.

He watches Remy speed walk to the corner of the road before  
disappearing from view.

INT. JPR DESIGN RECEPTION - LATER

Remy enters into the office but finds Judy's desk empty. Literally, everything gone. Save for one last memo.

JUDY (O.S.)

To Remy and Peter, you guys are my family, but I'm not dumb enough to stick around to the end like you two lovable idiots.

Remy holds the note to his chest and breathes a sigh of relief, before running into his office.

INT. REMY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He throws papers aside and pulls drawers clean out of cabinets looking for something. In his wild search, he misses an electronic bug under his desk.

He finds it under the scribbles of buildings sitting on his desk. The blueprints for the hero hideout.

He whips his phone out so fast he almost drops it. He dials Peter. He traces his finger along the walls of the design.

REMY

Pete, listen, I failed the Shadow Broker, so I need your help.

PETER

Failed how?

REMY

Does it matter?

PETER

Good point. What do you need me to do?

REMY

Nothing much, we just need to break in and add the back door ourselves.

PETER

Oh yeah, easy peasy. Just break into the lair of the worlds strongest heroes. Light work.

REMY  
I know, I know, but we can just say  
we've got some last minute  
adjustments to make or something if  
we get caught.

Peter sighs audibly for Remy to hear.

PETER  
Fine. But only because Shadow  
Broker would probably kill me too.

REMY  
Thank you. We'll be in and out  
before anyone knows it, then we'll  
be home free.

Remy hangs up. He continues to trace the building, looking  
for the best possible location.

He traces a vent from the roof to the meeting room.

REMY (CONT'D)  
It'll have to do.

He grabs a backpack and leaves.

EXT. BASTILLE OF JUSTICE - NIGHT

Remy waits in a nearby alley way out of site. He looks at his  
watch and carefully pokes his head around the corner. No one  
else is around. He spots a pay phone. He takes one last look  
at the Bastille of Justice. He power walks over to the phone.

He shakily puts in change and dials a number. He nervously  
mills about as the phone rings.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Karen's phone wakes her up. She's alone in bed. She looks at  
the collar ID and answers wearily.

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

KAREN  
Hello?

REMY  
Hey, It's Remy, you gotta sec?

KAREN

It's like 2 in the morning. Can't it wait?

REMY

No, I don't think it can.

KAREN

Have you been drinking? I won't continue this conversation if you drunk dialed me.

A far off siren pulls Remy's attention. He looks around until the coast is clear.

REMY

No, I actually haven't drank since I last saw you.

Beat.

REMY (CONT'D)

Hello?

KAREN

Sorry, I'm just speechless. But what's up?

REMY

It's about our last conversation.

KAREN

It was more of a fight, but go on.

He holds the phone to his chest and takes a deep breath.

REMY

I was wrong and you were right. I couldn't let go of any part of her and we both suffered for it.

KAREN

You never say you're wrong? Are you in trouble, Remy?

REMY

Well, not more than usual.

KAREN

Listen, I can call for help. Please, let me know where you are.

REMY

Sorry, I can't do that. Besides,  
I'm not planning on anything  
happening to me, anyway.

KAREN

That's what worries me. Come one, I  
can get Witt to get you.

REMY

Don't worry about me, I'm sorry for  
everything and I hope you can  
forgive me.

KAREN

Remy...

REMY

I'll, uh, see you later.

He goes to hang up, but Karen yells for him.

KAREN

WAIT.

He puts it back to his ear.

REMY

Yeah?

KAREN

I forgave you a long time ago. The  
only person left to forgive is  
yourself.

REMY

Ya. I know.

KAREN

See you later, Remy.

REMY

Ya.

He hangs up the phone.

She looks hard at her phone before dialing a new number.

KAREN

Hey, It's about Remy.

EXT. BASTILLE OF JUSTICE - LATER

Remy sits in the alleyway playing on his phone. He's more bored than anxious at this point. Someone walks up to him.

REMY

It's about time- Are you serious  
right now?

Peter's outfit is on full display. Not exactly what you'd want for a stealth mission.

PETER

Hey, I want my identity protected  
in case this thing goes sideways.  
Which it obviously will.

REMY

Don't be so negative. I'm sure  
it'll work out.

Peter stares at Remy.

REMY (CONT'D)

Well, it won't get that sideways  
hopefully.

A man clad in black watches them go through the fence from the rooftop.

INT. BASTILLE OF JUSTICE - CONTINUOUS

The door CREAKS as it clicks shut. Peter walks ahead but Remy looks at the door incredulously.

PETER

Hey c'mon, I don't want to spend  
anymore time than we have to.

REMY

Has this door always been creaky?  
That's shoddy craftsmanship. I  
might need to have a word with  
Norman after this.

PETER

Oh my god, can we just go?

Remy looks at the door one last time before walking away. Suddenly, they hear footsteps.

REMY

Wait, is someone here?

A voice calls out.

SECURITY GUARD  
Hello, who's there?

REMY  
(to Peter)  
Why do the world's greatest heroes  
need a security guy?

PETER  
(to Remy)  
I have no idea, but you better  
answer him.

Before Remy can call out to the man, he notices Peter. He quickly shoves him outside, careful not to shut the door.

REMY  
(to Peter)  
Don't make this more complicated  
than it already is.

The security guy shines a light on Remy. Remy holds his hands up.

SECURITY GUARD  
Sir, This is private property. What  
are you doing here?

REMY  
What am I doing here? I built this  
damn place.

SECURITY GUARD  
Looks built to me, so I don't see  
why you're here in the middle of  
the night.

Remy glances around.

REMY  
Look, I just needed to double check  
something really quick.

SECURITY GUARD  
I'm gonna have to call this in to  
the heroes.

REMY  
No no no, lease.

SECURITY GUARD

Look I'm just trying to do my job,  
give me one good reason why I  
shouldn't.

Remy thinks hard. He looks the security guard up and down.  
His already drab security uniform pales even more compared to  
the building he works for.

REMY

Because I'm just trying to do my  
job too. You work for those  
assholes too, you know what happens  
to those that don't do what they  
say.

SECURITY GUY

Ya I do, that's why I'm trying to  
do my job.

REMY

C'mon we're just normal guys. Those  
guys that run the place, they don't  
care about us. If we don't look out  
for each other, no one will.

The security guard thinks for a second.

He shuts off his light.

SECURITY GUY

Fifteen minutes. Any more than that  
and I'm calling it in. And if  
something happens, I'm telling them  
you took me out.

Remy sets an alarm on his phone.

REMY

Thank you so much. You don't know  
how grateful I am.

SECURITY GUY

Don't waste time thanking me,  
you're on the clock.

Remy nods aggressively. He opens the door and pulls Peter in.  
The security guard eyes Peter.

SECURITY GUY (CONT'D)

I'm already regretting this.



INT. HERO HIDEOUT - MEETING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The meeting room has a different vibe at night. Remy rubs the back of his neck as he feels the statues eyes on him.

REMY

Ok, that vent in the back, that's the one.

PETER

Looks pretty high.

Remy squeezes Peter's bicep.

REMY

Isn't this why you work out.

Peter shrugs him off. He walks under the vent and puts his hands together to give Remy a boost.

PETER

Just hurry your fat ass up.

Remy unscrews the covering, revealing a sheet of metal. Remy drops the screwdriver and digs a portable acetylene torch out. He sparks it up and gets to work cutting it out.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hurry that shit up, we're running out of time.

Remy looks at his phone. He's got around 12 minutes left.

REMY

Don't worry, we've got time.

INT. HERO HIDEOUT - MEETING ROOM - LATER

Remy has cut through about three quarters of the covering. The creak from the front door stops him dead.

PETER

What's the holdup, I'm not Magnanimous down here.

REMY

Didn't you hear that?

PETER

The front door? Probably the security guard.

Boots stomp towards them.

REMY

Ok, but the security guard wasn't wearing heavy ass boots like that.

PETER

How the hell do you remember how his boots sound, just finish it up.

He continues, but stops once more.

SECURITY GUY

(far off)

Now I know you can't be here.

His voice goes silent. They hear a heavy THUD.

REMY

Uhh.

PETER

Finish finish finish.

Too late. The heavy doors swing open. There stands Carlyle flanked by two goons. GOON #1 has a broken nose with matching facial scar. GOON #2 cracks his taped knuckles. Remy and Peter stare at them. Remy disables his alarm.

REMY

Uh, how'd you get in here? Security was air tight.

CARLYLE

Turns out, it's pretty easy to break into a hero lair when they aren't here. Looks like you couldn't do it, huh?

Remy looks back at the sheet of heavy metal.

REMY

Well, if you give me another 5 minutes I could.

Carlyle pulls up one of the meeting chairs.

CARLYLE

Sure, I could, but that wouldn't change what's about to happen.

Peter puts Remy down. They both take a seat as well.

REMY

Wait, he said I'd be home free if I did this.

CARLYLE

He did say that, yes, but then he  
listened to your conversation  
earlier and had a stroke of genius.  
We're gonna send a message.

The front door creaks open. Remy's eyes flutter towards the  
main door for an instant. No one else notices.

REMY

What message.

CARLYLE

A pretty simple one. They're only  
using you to get to Shadow Broker,  
so what better way to fuck with  
them than killing you in the heart  
of their so called fortress.

PETER

Damn, that is pretty good.

REMY

Who's side are you on?

PETER

Yours! But, c'mon.

Remy half shrugs in agreement.

CARLYLE

Plus just imagine how happy he'll  
be when I tell him you put the back  
door in, too.

REMY

As long as Shadow Broker is happy.

Carlyle stretches his right arm, about to finish the job when-

The doors fly open again, but this time Magnanimous,  
Nightlock and Black Power stand there.

BLACK POWER

You're in my seat, asshole.

CARLYLE

Come and take it, prick.

Black Power stares at Remy.

BLACK POWER

I was talking to him.

Remy quickly gets up and offers it to him.

MAGNANIMOUS

Looks like the plan didn't work as well as we hoped. But at least we can capture the right hand man.

Carlyle gets up and runs towards Mags.

CARLYLE

You can try.

Before he reaches Mags, Black Power slugs him hard. He flies into the wall, destroying it. A statue becomes loose among the broken stone and twisted rebar.

BLACK POWER

That all you got?

Carlyle dusts himself off and spits out blood. He cracks his neck and walks towards Black Power.

CARLYLE

I'm gonna have fun with you. Take care of our unfinished business, will you?

The goons advance towards Remy and Peter. They meekly put up some fists. Mags and Nightlock cut in.

MAGNANIMOUS

Sorry, they're ours to deal with.

Magnanimous swings at goon #1, who teleports away a ZIP. Nightlock fights goon #2, who's extremely limber body makes him hard to hit.

Remy and Peter see an opening to escape. They take their window of opportunity.

Carlyle socks Black Power in the stomach with a glowing fist and throws him to the side. He stops Remy and Peter in their tracks.

CARLYLE

It's not gonna be that easy.

He cold cocks Peter in unconsciousness. He picks Remy up by the collar and carries him to the rebar sticking out from the wall and-

IMPALES him through the gut. The statue teeters precariously. Carlyle laughs.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)  
Stick around for a while. I'll  
finish the job after take care of  
the rest of the trash

Black Power advances on Carlyle now. They trade heavy blows.

Mags tries to fight his goon, but he teleports just before he can land a solid blow. He pauses, taking a few hits, before he anticipates the location of the next teleportation. He grabs a leg and-

SNAP. He breaks the goons leg like a twig.

Meanwhile, Nightlock grapples Goon #2 to the ground and chokes him out. Both Nightlock and Mags walk towards Black Power and Carlyle.

Carlyle ducks a punch and unloads another glowing fist right across Black Power's jaw. He's out cold.

NIGHTLOCK  
Back down, you're outnumbered.

Carlyle looks around. He spots something or someone on the ground and nods towards it.

CARLYLE  
You really need to learn how to  
count.

They both look at the ground. Goon #1 grabs Mags' ankle and ZIP. Both are teleported away in a flash.

NIGHTLOCK  
I'm more than enough to take you  
down.

Nightlock looks at Black Power's unconscious body. He hesitates moving forward.

CARLYLE  
Show me what you got then.

Nightlock encases Carlyle's head in pitch black. He works his body with punches but to no effect. Carlyle swings wildly but misses by a mile.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)  
You're gonna need some heavier  
punches to take me out.

REMY

Just hurry up and kick his ass.  
It's getting old being up here.

Nightlock maneuvers behind and gets him in a headlock. Carlyle elbows him in the ribs but he doesn't let go. He slows down his movements until he stops. Suddenly, Carlyle jumps high and lands on his back, crushing Nightlock under his weight.

Nightlock coughs up blood and Carlyle is free from the darkness. He turns to Remy.

CARLYLE

You'll probably enjoy what I'm  
about to do to him.

He punches Nightlock so hard his mask rips. Remy looks wildly around for something, anything. His movement rocks the Statue above. He notices and bites his lip as he jostles himself even harder.

Carlyle brutalizes Nightlock, not noticing Remy. Remy wildly throws himself around, willing the large statue to fall. His violent movement causes him to slide off the pole. He eyes the statue as it slowly teeters towards the edge. The noise attracts Carlyle over to him.

It finally slips off.

REMY

Hey Carlyle, heads up.

Carlyle tries to escape but the pool of blood at his feet causes him to slip. The statue crushes him to death.

Nightlock, punch drunk, wobbles up to his feet. His mask obscures his eyes so he rips it off as he stumbles towards Remy.

NIGHTLOCK

Hold on, we'll get you help.

Remy holds his gut. He looks at the blood pouring out.

REMY

Sorry, I'm past the point of no  
return here. This ain't my first  
rodeo.

He looks up and sees who Nightlock really is, Witt.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Witt? If I'd have known that I  
would've let him beat on you some  
more.

They both laugh, but Remy doubles over in pain.

NIGHTLOCK  
You saved me. You're my hero.

REMY  
Ugh, don't insult me.

Remy looks over at Peter's unconscious body.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Hey since I saved your life, I  
think you owe me a favor.

Nightlock grabs Remy's bloody hand and nods.

REMY (CONT'D)  
Get him somewhere safe. He was  
never here for any of this anyway.

NIGHTLOCK  
Ya, I can do that.

REMY  
Tell Karen I'm somewhere warm.

NIGHTLOCK  
I'll do that too, don't worry.

Nightlock lets go of Remy's hand. It falls to the ground. He  
picks up Peter. As he walks off, Remy calls out.

REMY  
One more thing, burn that god awful  
costume.

Nightlock looks at it and laughs.

NIGHTLOCK  
I think that'd be doing him a  
favor.

They both smile. Remy looks around at his wrecked work.

REMY  
You know, I couldn't have built a  
better tomb.

NIGHTLOCK  
It really is magnificent.

Remy bows his head in gratitude. Nightlock nods back before leaving.

INT. TROPICAL BAR - LATER

INT. TROPICAL BAR - LATER

People clad in bathing suits and holding fruity cocktails crowd the place. Obviously, no shirt, no shoes, no problem here.

A man makes drinks with his back turned to the bar. He's wearing a garish Hawaiian shirt. A lady muscles her way through the bar. The TV above the bar shows a basketball game.

JUDY  
Bartender, take me somewhere warm.

The bartender stops making drinks at the sound of her voice.

PETER  
You're too classy to be in a place like this.

JUDY  
I don't have a problem slumming it to see a friend of mine.

Peter turns around and smiles at Judy. He hands her the drink he was making. The drunk guy stares open mouthed at him. Peter waves him along.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
You just treat your customers like that?

PETER  
It's what Remy would want.

She admires the place as she sweeps sand off the bar top.

JUDY  
Remy'd love this place.

A drunk frat guy bumps into her and spills his drink.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
Maybe not this part.



They both laugh. Peter hands her a rag.

PETER  
So what brings you round these parts?

JUDY  
Thought I'd take a break from retirement and check up on an old friend.

PETER  
And?

JUDY  
You're a small business owner. I couldn't be prouder.

Peter beams a smile.

PETER  
It's not easy to do alone, I could always use a good manager.

JUDY  
And go into work with you again? Once was more than enough, thank you.

He smiles and makes himself a drink.

PETER  
And how are you holding up.

JUDY  
I try to stay busy. Retirement is awful boring.

PETER  
That manager gig is a standing offer, you know.

JUDY  
Again, not that bored.

They laugh. Their smile fades, something's missing.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
Do you think he was happy? At the end I mean.

Peter takes a drink and thinks.

PETER

I don't know if he was ever really happy.

JUDY

That's true. Maybe happy isn't the right word.

PETER

You should've seen his face when looked at our building, though. Looked like all his worries and cares melted off him.

JUDY

What do you think he felt then?

Peter leans back against the bar railing and breathes deep.

PETER

I think it was peace, or something like it anyway.

She smiles softly before lifting her drink for a cheers.

JUDY

I'll drink to that.

He clinks his glass to hers. They take a drink and Judy's face sours.

JUDY (CONT'D)

That's horribly sweet.

PETER

I know, right? Wouldn't he love it?

JUDY

Ugh, ya he would.

They both laugh as their smiles fade away. The TV cuts to BREAKING NEWS. Judy grabs Peter's attention with a snap. Nightlock addresses the media in full costume.

EXT. HERO HIDEOUT - SAME

Nightlock stands up at a podium in front of the non-destroyed hero hideout. Photographers occasionally LIGHT UP his face. He patiently waits for the fervor to calm down.

NIGHTLOCK

Thank you all for coming here today. Us heroes have been in the dark for too long. I had a conversation with a man that put things in perspective for me.

He takes a deep breath. He calmly removes his mask. Flashbulbs pop as they SPOTLIGHT his face.

NIGHTLOCK (CONT'D)

My name is Witt Kirby. After a lot of long conversations with Mrs. Kirby, I've decided to come forward.

Reporters fervently try to get a question. Only one gets heard.

REPORTER

But why?

EXT. HEROES HIDEOUT - 3 MONTHS EARLIER

A crowd has gathered outside the gates of the hideout. The front of the building remains intact, but the damage can still be seen from the street.

INT. HEROES HIDEOUT - MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The meeting room has been undisturbed. The body of Carlyle hasn't been moved. The unconscious bodies haven't awoken yet either. Remy's body is the only thing that's moved.

NIGHTLOCK (V.O.)

I met a man. He hated me. He hated heroes. We had only failed him in his life. He died saving me. This powerless man saved my life.

A trail of blood leads to the head of the table. Remy sits in Mags' chair. He holds his head up in his bandaged hand. His eyes are closed and a ghost of a smile remains etched on his face.

NIGHTLOCK (V.O.)

There's still a long way to go, but this is the first step to repaying my debt.

FADE OUT.