

TIME JACK
Pilot

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TEASER

EXT. DUST STORM - DAY

The ground is CRACKED and SCORCHED, the Sun is blurred out by angry red clouds.

Lighting EXPLODES from the sky in rapid patterns, creating the only source of light.

FOCUS on six figures BATTLING violent WINDS. We accompany them, as they climb over the hill after sandy hill, exploring the VAST desolate wasteland.

The SUITS they are wearing look futuristic, meant for outer space.

Is this MARS?

The hurricane winds die down. They all stand next to each other, staring out into the distance.

SUPER: Extraterrestrial text transforms into English; "2119 AD."

What are they are looking at?

SUPER: Extraterrestrial text transforms into English; "Chicago."

ON SCREEN- We witness an apocalyptic wasteland of the Chicago skyline loaded with the skeletons of skyscrapers. The carcass of a 747 and sand-covered cars litter the foreground. Human SKULLS at their feet.

FADE OUT

ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE 2007 - NIGHT

**SUPER: Extraterrestrial text transforms into English;
"Chicago, 2007 AD."**

An aerial view above a VIVID downtown Chicago, a spectacular gaze at its buildings and vibrant lights. HORNS and SIRENS perfume the air.

EXT. FORD CROWN VIC - TRAVELING - NIGHT

An unmarked squad car is driving down Michigan Ave, at every red light, they put their SIRENS on and blow right through with no urgency. WHO'S INSIDE?

Riding shotgun is old-timer grizzled Detective JACK BOWLER (65) weathered, his fashion sense is the clearance-rack at Goodwill. At the wheel is Chicago PD Detective FRANK DEL BOSCO (49) confident, good looking and dresses way better.

They pass by a CTA bus with an "Obama For President 08." Banner on its side. Frank checks it out.

FRANK

Ha! Obama, MY ass!

Jack CHUCKLES.

JACK

Come on, Frankie, he doesn't get your vote?

FRANK

Ha! Not on your life, old man. Don't tell me he has yours?

JACK

Yeah, right.

FRANK

Hey... when you putting in for your retirement? People are asking.

JACK

Who's askin?

FRANK

The boys at the station.

Jack SIDE-EYES Frank... he calls bullshit.

JACK
I put in for it the other day. The
Sergeant seemed relieved, damn
prick!

FRANK
Ha!

JACK
Guess you're stuck with me for
another few weeks.

FRANK
The crew will miss yeah, Jackie
boy. What're your plans? You
staying in town?

JACK
Hell no! I've been saving up some
of that cash. Thinking about...

Jack needs a second.

JACK (CONT'D)
Arizona.

FRANK
Arizona? Nice, make sure you send
me that address.

Jack just stares out the passenger window.

JACK
Yep... will do.

They draw up to a red-light. The car next to theirs has four
black teens inside. BASS THROBBING HARD! They all LOOK at
Jack.

Jack GLARES back as he LIGHTS up a cigarette all cool like.

One of the PUNKS (16) flashes a gang-sign, thinking it would
scare the old goat... nothing scares Jack... He likes it.

PUNK
(To Jack)
Hey OLD MAN! You got a problem?

Jack is still staring them down as he gives an evil smile. He
then pulls out the CHERRY and puts it on the roof as he
FLICKS the lit cigarette into their backseat. The punk tries
to stomp it out.

PUNK (CONT'D)
 Hey man...what the---

Frank CHIRPS the siren.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT

Jack and Frank start frisking the teen's. All four have their hands on the car-hood. Jack moves on to FRISK the next KID (16)...THE KID BOLTS!

FRANK
 (To Jack)
 Go get him old man!

Jack TAKES OFF after the kid, the boy is fast as a Rabbit. One block...two blocks...Jack is HUFFING and PUFFING.

FLASHBACK: 1956 Chicago.

EXT. SCHOOL RACE TRACK 1956 - DAY - BLACK AND WHITE

Young Jack (15) is *SPRINTING* down the track. A man; JACK'S FATHER (40's) dressed in his police uniform is holding a stopwatch.

JACKS FATHER
 Come on Jack! You're baby sister
 can run faster! One more time!

YOUNG JACK
 I can't...

Jacks father *CRACKS* him in the head, knocking him down on the ground.

JACKS FATHER
 I said *ONE MORE TIME!*

EXT. ALLEY WAY - PRESENT DAY - COLOR

The kid is getting FURTHER and FURTHER away, Jack knows it and he just CAN'T RUN ANYMORE.

JACK
 I can't...

The kid *TURNS* back to look at him, *LAUGHING* and then...WHACK!!!! *SLAMMED ON THE CAR HOOD* by Frank in the Crown Vic. The Kid *TUMBLES* to the ground holding his leg.

KID
You BROKE my leg!

FRANK
That's what you get for running.
(To Jack)
Come on old man!

Jack limps up to the teen, trying to catch his breath. He starts FRISKING him again and pulls a HANDFUL of cash out of the kid's pocket, all HUNDREDS.

JACK
What is a hood-rat like yourself...

Jack takes another DEEP BREATH.

JACK (CONT'D)
...Doing with all this moolah?

FRANK
Drinks on you tonight, Jackie Boy!

Jack puts the wad in his pocket.

KID
Hey... this is bullshit, man!

Jack KICKS his leg. He SCREAMS in pain.

JACK
You better show some respect to the
poo-lice!

Frank giggles as he receives a text message.

ON SCREEN: TEXT MESSAGE; Pink Donkey 10pm!

FRANK
Hey! We got to go! We GOT a meet at
ten.

JACK
At Pinks?

Frank nods his head, yes, they both get back into the car and take off, leaving the kid in a cloud of dust. Jack gives him the middle finger out the passenger window as they pull away.

INT. CAR - TRAVELING

Frank is at the wheel, checking out his cell phone.

JACK
 You and that God damn cellphone!
 Pinks again?

FRANK
 No...just got some excellent Intel.
 You need to get one old man.

JACK
 BAH! If someone wants to get a hold
 of me... they can page me.

FRANK
 I think you're the only guy I know
 That still owns a pager. You need
 to change with the times, Jackie,
 get all high-tech.

JACK
 High tech, my ass!

EXT. GHETTO - NIGHT.

Boarded up houses litter the block. The neighborhood is very active. Jack pulls over to a house. Two black thugs stand guard.

FRANK
 Tell B-Money I need to see him.

One of the THUGS (19) walks up to the car.

THUG
 Yo...you tell me, and I'll tell
 B.

FRANK
 Listen, I don't have time for your
 bull-shit...I said get B-
 Money...NOW!

The Thug walks back in the house and sticks his head inside. B-MONEY (28) walks out with pants down to his knee's with tattoos all over.

B-MONEY
 What up man, what you got for me?

Frank and B-Money do some jive hand shake.

FRANK
 Word on the street is your crib is
 going to get raided first thing in
 (MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

the morning. You better get your boys and start cleaning up.

B-MONEY

SHIT! Mad respect Frank, we just unload a shipment of BLOW man. DEA and the POPO would have a field day with us. Thanks for the tip brother!

B-Money smiles and then hands Frank a BROWN PAPER BAG. Frank peeks inside...

ON SCREEN: TWO Bundles of HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS and a baggie of COKE.

EXT. GHETTO - CONTINUOUS

B-Money leans in closer.

B-MONEY

The Westside B Nation thanks you boy's for yo service.

JACK

(To B-Money)

Hey! I heard Jose from the 26th Street Vato's. His kid got shot last week. He was ten.

B-MONEY

The price you pay for turning on WBN.

He heads back inside the house as Frank peels off some bills and hands Jack his cut.

JACK

You think that was a good idea giving him that tip?

FRANK

Hey...weren't you the one to tip off the Mexicans a few months back?

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A lit up brand new billboard "PINK DONKEY EXIT NOW": they get off on the ramp as they pass it.

EXT. PINK DONKEY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The bar is NEW, FRESH, and ROCKING with a crowd at the entrance. A HUGE BRIGHT pink neon sign of a Donkey hangs above. Jack and Frank pull up to the front door and make their own parking spot.

Jack looks around the lot.

ON SCREEN: CLICK, CLICK... Black and white surveillance photos being taken of Jack and Frank from a distance.

EXT. PINK DONKEY - NIGHT

They cut through the line and flash their BADGES at the door.

INT. PINK DONKEY - NIGHT

Both STRUT through the massive double doors into the luxurious club. The club is packed with horny men tossing out dollar bills like confetti. They both LIGHT-UP smokes and check out the view...

Gorgeous GIRL'S in bikinis DANCING on every table. Disco lights FLASHING with the music THROBBING.

Jack walks up to one of the dancers. He FOCUSES on a beautiful busty young black DANCER (late 20's) with a tight killer body. Her SEDUCTIVE moves would cause any man to stop in his tracks.

JACK

Hey, Baby.

DANCER

Hey, to you. You looking for a dance, Sugar?

JACK

Maybe... you got a name?

She slowly...provocatively wiggles down to Jack's ear and whispers.

DANCER

You can call me anything you want, Sugar.

Jack smiles as he looks into her big brown eyes.

JACK

Well---

Out of the shadows, a no-neck bouncer appears.

BOUNCER

Mister Porcaro is waiting for you
two.

JACK

(To dancer)

Sorry Sugar, I'm on the clock.

The Bouncer leads Jack and Frank into the back room. Jack is still watching the girl as she continues to dance... as she is WATCHING him vanish into the shadows.

INT. BACK MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is small and drab. A 50-watt bulb dangling from the ceiling is the only light, as it reveals the cigarette SMOKE lingering in the air. A solitary man sits at a cheap card table.

MR. PORCARO (70's) who looks straight out of the God Father movies.

MR. PORCARO

I got a job for you two.

The old man slides over to them a folder. Frank opens it up, glances at it, and shares it with Jack. Jack takes a peek.

JACK

Are you kidding me?

In walks the young prodigy... MIKE PORCARO JR. (38) good looking Dago with his black hair greased back and sporting an Armani.

JUNIOR

My father doesn't kid.

Mr. Porcaro then places a zip-lock bag with a Beretta 9mm inside it on the table.

Jack pulls out a photo from the folder. He then WAVES the 8x10 picture of a young black male to Mr. Porcaro.

JACK

This is Rev. Wilson's son?

JUNIOR

Yes, that is, and he's cutting in
on our territory.

JACK
What is he... Sixteen?

MR. PORCARO
Seventeen, and is that a
problem...JACK?

JUNIOR
Yeah...when did the infamous Jack
"The Ripper" Bowler start getting
soft. You've been breaking legs and
burying bodies for my old man for
decades.

Tension builds in the air. Franks steps up...

FRANK
No...no problem at all, Mr.
Porcaro. We'll take care the
problem. Right Jackie boy?

JACK
(Mumbles)
No problem at all.

The tension calms.

MR. PORCARO
Good... that's good to hear.

Junior walks by Frank, giving him a wink as he hands him a
thick white envelope.

JUNIOR
(To Frank)
Take care of this for us, and I
won't forget.

FRANK
Yes, Junior, thank you.

Jack and Frank both exit the room, leaving the two mobsters
alone.

MR. PORCARO
Are we doing the right thing?

JUNIOR
We can't have any loose ends Pops.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. PINK DONKEY - NIGHT**

They both jump in the car. We watch them pull out and then pursued by another black Ford VIC a few seconds later.

INT. CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Frank turns on the radio; Dean Martin comes on as they cruise up Lake Shore Drive.

JACK

Hey, stop at my house for a second.

Jack points at the EXIT ahead.

FRANK

You mean your apartment? That's all the way up on the north side.

JACK

My house...my house.

FRANK

You mean, Carol's house? She's going to be pissed with you showing up this late.

JACK

Just do it.

EXT. NICE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

They pull up to a row of two-flats. Chicago White Sox 2005 World Series Flags flying in front of most.

FRANK

Man...she's going to be pissed!

Jack looks at his watch.

JACK

It's not even eleven. Relax.

Jack gets out and rings the DOORBELL. After a few seconds RINGS it again. Jack looks back to Frank...who is shaking his head.

ON SCREEN: CLICK, CLICK... Black and white surveillance photos being taken of Jack from a distance.

EXT. SMALL TWO FLAT - NIGHT

Then he HEARS the deadbolts being unlocked. The door OPENS...

CAROL (38) has that Ex-Stripper look to her, rough and used. She is NOT HAPPY.

CAROL

What the hell, Jack! I told you a dozen times...you have to call first.

JACK

I...I'm sorry, I just needed to see the girls.

CAROL

It's almost eleven o'clock Jack---

GIRL VOICE (OS)

DADDY!!!!

MADISON (12) pigtails and cute as a button comes racing out the door in her Hannah Montana PJ's JUMPING in Jack's arms.

JACK

JESUS baby girl! You're getting big.

Jack puts her down as he GRABS HIS BACK in pain.

MADISON

I miss you Daddy!

JACK

I miss you too, baby girl. You're just getting too big for daddy.

GIRLS VOICE(OS)

(Snarky)

Or... you're just getting TOO OLD!

Inside, Jack can see his other daughter; SABRINA (15) who's in the GOTH phase. She's not as excited to see him as her little sister.

JACK

(To Sabrina)

Hi.

SABRINA

(Dry)

Hey.

Carol SPOTS Frank in the car and waves to him, he returns the favor.

CAROL
 (To Jack)
 Come inside, BUT only for a minute.

INT. CAROLS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack pulls out that WAD of cash and hands it to her.

CAROL
 Jack! I don't want your dirty money!

Jack is embarrassed in front of the girls.

JACK
 Hey...slow down...relax, I won that at the casino last night.

Madison walks over to the table and pulls out one dandelion from a bouquet...gives it a kiss and puts it in Jack's shirt pocket.

MADISON
 These will remind you of me while you're chasing the bad guys.

She gives Jack another hug as she leaves the room.

JACK
 Carol... I need to talk to you for a second.

CAROL
 I knew there was a catch.

Jack leads Carol into the kitchen.

CAROL (CONT'D)
 What is it? What kinda trouble you are in now?

JACK
 Trouble? No...nothing like that. I just put in for my retirement. I was thinking...maybe... about taking you and the girls to Myrtle Beach.

CAROL
 Myrtle Beach?

JACK

Yeah, to be close to your parents. Start fresh. Just you, me and the girls. All I want is to watch my girls grow up and be happy. We can maybe...work on things... perhaps a second chance?

CAROL

Second chance? With you? Ha! Maybe try tenth, eleventh chance! Hell no!

JACK

Come on, Carol! I've been getting better. No more booze...no more coke. I'm clean now. I'm doing this for you and the kids, for me.

Carol holds up the WAD of cash.

CAROL

What...this?

She WAVES the money in Jack's face.

CAROL (CONT'D)

You do THIS for me and the kids? At what cost Jack? What's the COST to others?

JACK

That part of my life retires also.

CAROL

Bullshit! That DEMON will always be on your shoulder whispering in your ear!

The car horn HONKS from outside.

JACK

That's not true. Please...please think about it? For the girls, please.

EXT. CAROLS HOUSE - NIGHT

Carol escorts Jack to the door. Both the girls hug him farewell. As Jack walks out, Madison is waving goodbye from the front window.

FLASHBACK: *Chicago 1956*

INT. HOUSE 1956 - DAY - BLACK AND WHITE

Young Jack (15) watching his father through the living room window getting into his 1956 Chevrolet Bel Air Police Car. Jack waves to his father, his father just looks back...COLD without a smile. HE DRIVES OFF.

EXT. CAROLS HOUSE - PRESENT - NIGHT - COLOR

Jack blows a kiss to Madison, and she blows one back to him. Jack CATCHES it.

EXT. STREET - TRAVELING - LATER

The mystery car is a few lengths behind Frank and Jack. The traffic light ahead is RED and Frank BLOWS RIGHT THROUGH IT. The other cars behind them STOP, and our mystery car is trapped in the herd.

INT. MYSTERY CAR - CONTINUOUS

A BLACK FIST hits the steering wheel in rage.

INT. FRANKS CAR - DRIVING

The view of the RED TRAFFIC LIGHT disappears in the passenger mirror as Jack LIGHTS up another cigarette.

JACK
I don't kill kids.

Frank makes a funny face back.

FRANK
You're getting SOFT. Come on, just one more job before you retire. Relax, I'll do all the dirty work.

He holds up the bagged Beretta 9mm and shakes it.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You just watch my back.

Frank receives a text with an address.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Bingo!

JACK
The kid?

FRANK
Yeah, the kid.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The car pulls up to an abandoned graffiti-covered warehouse. They both get out with their flashlights.

Jack tries to open the warehouse door as Frank puts rubber gloves on. It's locked. They look around; the warehouse is empty. Jack looks at Frank, confused.

JACK
Is this the right address?

Jack SIDE EYES Frank once again, as he slowly UNSNAPS his Thumb-Break on his gun holster.

FRANK
That's what they sent me.

A stretch limo rolls into the lot.

JACK
What the hell?

The limo pulls right up to the two and stops. The back window rolls down, and it's Mike Porcaro Jr.

JACK (CONT'D)
Porcaro?

JUNIOR
Sorry Jack, but WE can't let you leave.

Jack turns around to look at Frank; Frank just shrugs his shoulder. It's a SET-UP!

FRANK
Sorry, Jack, I had to tell them.
It's just business, nothing personal.

Jack's right hand, slowing making a motion towards his hip.

JUNIOR
We can't have any loose lips.

Jack reaches for his GUN.

BANG!

Jack turns around to Frank once again. We see Frank HOLDING the Beretta 9MM from the bag as SMOKE comes out of the barrel. Jack can't believe it as he stumbles backwards.

JACK
What the fuck?

FRANK
You're TO SLOW old man!

Jack tries to reach for his gun again.

BANG!

Jack goes down to the ground holding his neck. Frank stands over him.

Jack starts to gag on his own blood.

FRANK (CONT'D)
It's just business, Jackie.

Jack gurgles up more blood. The look in his eyes is true fear as he chokes and tries to catch his breath.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

The limo pulls away, leaving the two alone in the gravel lot as Frank UNLOADS the rest of the clip into Jack.

Jack is left to die in a GROWING pool of his own blood.

EXT. WAREHOUSE GRAVEL LOT - MOMENTS LATER

A black man with curls; wearing a navy blue POLICE windbreaker is standing over Jack's body. His name is DETECTIVE JERRY YOUNG (29) with the mystery Crown Vic parked alongside. He grabs his radio.

JERRY YOUNG
Units, we got a 10-1, 43 and
Ashland,"

He cries into his radio using the code for an officer in need of assistance followed by STATIC.

JERRY YOUNG (CONT'D)
"10-1, 43, and Ashland. Officer
down!"

INT. AMBULANCE - TRAVELING

JACKS POV: Getting loaded into the Ambulance. Paramedic puts an oxygen mask on him.

PARAMEDIC
Hang in there!

The Medic RIPS open Jacks drab polyester shirt revealing a Bulletproof Vest peppered with SLUGS.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

JACKS POV: Being WHEELED down the hallway. Nurses and Paramedics working on him in a PANIC. Det. Young running alongside.

Jack has Madison's DANDELION in his LEFT hand.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - HOURS LATER

The Doctors and Nurses are covered in blood.

DOCTOR
We're losing him!

Jack GRASPS the DANDELION harder.

**SUPER: Extraterrestrial text transforms into English;
"Jack Bowler will die in 3...2...1."**

His heart rate BEEPS go flat-line.

The DANDELION FALLS from Jack's hand.

Everyone steps back. His body is still, and all everyone can HEAR is the flat-line high pitch.

The DANDELION SLOWLY HITS the operating room floor.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Time of death...April 14th, 2007 at
0336.

FADE-OUT

FADE-IN

ON SCREEN: FLASH of bright light...

**SUPER: Extraterrestrial text transforms into English;
"Present Day - 18 hours from now".**

The bright light fades.

INT. BED - MORNING - PRESENT DAY

Birds are CHIRPING from outside. The Sun BEAMING through the bedroom window highlighting the dust in the air.

A NAKED MAN is lying in bed on his stomach. His body is refined, with every muscle pronounced.

DREAM SEQUENCE: A BERETTA 9MM BARREL POINTING AT US.

INT. BED - PRESENT DAY

The Naked Man's left-hand TWITCHES.

DREAM SEQUENCE: A SHOOTERS FINGER SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER.

INT. BED - PRESENT DAY

His LEFT-hand twitches again.

DREAM SEQUENCE: MUZZLE FLASH...BANG!!!!

INT. BED - PRESENT DAY

The Naked Man lets out a shocking LARGE GASP! Then BOLTS UP on all fours... all SIX FEET TWO of him. Still GASPING for air. He slowly crawls out of bed. We ONLY observe him from behind, his bare ass is perfect.

He examines the room, it's a pigpen cluttered with piles of dirty clothes and posters of girls in bikinis on the walls.

He STUMBLES as if his legs are asleep.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The naked man STAGGERS out of the bedroom, we still ONLY see his backside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The DECOR of the house is of empty beer cans and Hot Pocket wrappers. The backsliding screen-door is broken in with shards of glass everywhere.

EXT. BACK YARD

A large BURN CIRCLE is in the middle of the yard about 20 feet in diameter and is still smoldering.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He spots a cell phone on the kitchen counter.

NAKED MAN
Carol! I got to call Carol!

He starts pushing numbers.

CELL PHONE (V.O.)
(Computer voice)
The number you have dialed is out of service.

NAKED MAN
Out of service?

He begins TAPPING the screen again, his hand is SHAKING...It starts to RING.

VOICE (V.O.)
Chicago PD twelve district, how can I help you?

We ONLY see the back of his head.

NAKED MAN (V.O.)
This is Detective Jack Bowler. I need Sergeant Peacock.

VOICE (V.O.)
Sergeant Peacock? Sorry Sergeant Peacock retired eight years ago. Did you say your name was Jack Bowler? Det. Jack Bowler was murdered...nice try jerk-off!

CLICK!

The naked man drops the cell phone.

NAKED MAN (V.O.)
Murdered? This is crazy...a DREAM!
DAMMIT JACK WAKE-UP!

INT. BEDROOM

He walks in reverse into the bedroom and passes the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

He rambles in and looks into the mirror. HIS FACE is REVEALED for the first time!

The FACE of a younger HULKING; JACK BOWLER (30).

It SHOCKS him as he stumbles back and falls into the bathtub pulling the shower curtain down with him.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. BATHROOM - MORNING**

Jack gets up and LOOKS in the mirror again. He starts touching and poking his young face. Flexing his monster biceps, pumping up his chest, running his fingers through his full head of blonde hair, and then his six-pack Abs.

JACK
What the hell?

He then LOOKS DOWN...

JACK (CONT'D)
WOW!

... And smiles.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Do you approve? Number Six.

Jacks STARTLED and SPINS around, the DANCER from Pink Donkey is STANDING in the darkness of the corner.

He GRABS the shower curtain to cover his naked ripped body.

She saunters over to him, wearing a SHIMMERING white bodysuit from neck to toe. The material looks alien. Her EYES are ice blue matching the shimmer.

JACK
I...I know you.

He looks in the mirror once again.

JACK (CONT'D)
I must be dreaming?

DANCER
No... You are not dreaming Number Six.

Jack starts looking around the room.

JACK
Where are my clothes? My gun?

He sees himself in the bedroom mirror.

JACK (CONT'D)
What did you do to me? What did you give me?

He opens the closet, and only two T-shirts are hanging up. He takes one and puts it on. It's a white T-shirt double his size with a UNICORN on front.

DANCER

I didn't do anything to you. Number Six.

He digs in the Laundry basket and pulls out purple sweat pants. He smells the sweats and then puts them on.

JACK

Why are you calling me Number Six?
My name is Jack...Jack Bowler!

DANCER

Ok. Jack Bowler.

He tries to grab her, and his hand PHASES through her.

JACK

Stop! Wait! This is crazy?
Dammit... I must be going INSANE!

DANCER

You are not going insane. Your
brain waves are perfect.

JACK

Brain waves? What the fuck are you
talking about? What the hell is
going on?

DANCER

You are on a mission.

JACK

On a mission?

DANCER

Yes. You must save this planet.

Jack perks up.

JACK

Save the planet! Wait...what?

Jack starts looking about the cluttered room.

JACK (CONT'D)

Whose house is this?

He picks up an Adult DVD case next to a pile of ten or more.

DANCER

This is Dave Beckers house, age 24.
He was arrested for a DUI last
night and will be in jail for the
next 8 hours. It was a suitable
location for your arrival.

JACK

Arrival? What are you talking
about...arrival? Who in the hell
are you?

The ebony vixen waves her hand in the air and the entire
bedroom dissolves into a hologram of OUTER SPACE.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The two stand in the black emptiness of deep space.

JACK

Holy shit!

Jack is looking around in astonishment.

JACK (CONT'D)

OK...you slipped me acid!

DANCER

It started over two hundred years
ago. On our home planet of TELCON-
LOU.

EXT. TELCON-LOU PLANET - SPACE

They WARP-SPEED to a beautiful blue and green planet.

DANCER

The Telcon people were a loving,
peaceful race.

EXT. TELCON CITY - DAY

The Telcon people are walking around the city. They are a
humanoid-like androgynous race with LARGE anime eyes and with
no ears and hair. The buildings are architectural
masterpieces, with rivers that are bright blue and clean with
Telcon children playing and splashing.

DANCER

Then our planet was attacked by an
evil warrior race... The BENATAR'S.
We tried to make peace with them.

INT. TELCON CHAMBER ROOM - DAY

Six Telcon Elders are sitting ELEGANTLY at a long white table
as eight Benatar Soldiers MEANDER in dressed in CRUDE BULKY
BLOODSTAINED ARMOR. Two of the soldiers are holding the
Benatar Flag: Black with a hand/finger painted B in RED
BLOOD.

DANCER

But they wanted no part of it...

The Benatar Soldiers OPEN FIRE on the Elders killing them
all.

EXT: TELCON CITY - DAY

Hundreds of Benatar ships appear and start ATTACKING the
planet. The ships unleash LASERS and MISSILES as the city is
ENGULFED IN FIRE.

Jack DUCKS, missing a LASER BLAST. He then realizes none of
it is real.

They walk through mass fires and explosions.

DANCER (CONT'D)

They ravaged our planet and drained
all of our resources.

Large Benatar ships hover above the oceans SUCKING the water
upward inside them, one ship after another.

DANCER (CONT'D)

Then left us, baron, to die in the
wasteland.

Jack and the Dancer NOW stand in the middle of a desert, the
winds blowing debris.

DANCER (CONT'D)

We had to survive, so we ventured
into space.

EXT - OUTER SPACE

Thousands of big and small ships leaving the planet.

DANCER (V.O.)
Most did not make the journey.

They observe a ship, as it lights FLICKER and then finally goes dark. The VESSEL drifts off into space while the others continue.

INT. TELCON SHIP - DAY

A scared Telcon family huddles together. The sound of the HUM of the engines is loud. The lights FLUTTER. Focus on the children's panicked faces as the lights go DARK, and the engine HUM goes silent.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

They watch another ship followed by another drift behind.

DANCER (V.O.)
It took two generations of Telcons
to find your planet.

Now only a few dozen ships are left weathered and beaten.

INT. TELCON SHIP

Jack recognizes old golden age TV's Shows on their large monitors.

DANCER (V.O.)
We learned from your people.

Telcon people are watching TV's shows and repeating what they hear.

TV SHOW
To the moon, Alice!

TELCON CHILD
To... the... Moon... Alice?

Years of TV show's FLASH by; the Seventies, Eighties, the Nineties. Brady Bunch, MASH, Friends and so on...

DANCER
Then what's called the social media boom hit. So much data, so much information. We called it, the "Information Age." Then it all STOPPED.

ON SCREEN: Static.

DANCER (VO) (CONT'D)

The year was 2039 on Earth when we received the last broadcast from your planet. We then traveled another eighty more years in complete silence.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The ragtag Telcon fleet approaches Earth. The planet is a BROWN REDDISH GLOBE.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Four Telcons in space suits are touring the runes of Earth with Jack and the Dancer following. Jack looks around the GREEN HAZE, and it's a destroyed Chicago skyline.

DANCER

So hundreds of years searching and losing tens of thousands of our people. The Earth was as doomed as our planet. Running out of fuel, food, we only had one year of life support left. No other suitable planet within range. But... we had one more option.

EXT. MARYHILL CATHOLIC CEMETERY - DAY

The cemetery is in RUNES. FOUR Telcons in spacesuits start digging into the soil.

DANCER

Our smartest came up with a plan. Create the perfect human and send them back in time.

The GREEN HAZE lingers around the Telcons, the material of their space suits start to bubble and eat away.

DANCER (CONT'D)

We had minimal time on Earth, the toxic atmosphere was dangerous.

One of the Telcon's helmets cracks open...his face is exposed as he inhales the Earth's venomous fumes. The others try to help him, but it's too late. His body starts to convulse and then goes limp.

They rush and put SIX caskets in their dilapidated shuttlecraft. The ship SPUTTERS off back into space.

JACK (V.O.)
Wait a minute! Wait a minute!

The TELCON SHIP Hologram fizzles away, and they are back in the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

They both stand in the center of the room.

JACK
So you're telling me I'm a clone? WHY ME? Out of a billion other people to choose from? You choose a dirty cop? Plus! I didn't even look like this when I was younger!

Jack looks in the mirror again, and sees himself.

JACK (CONT'D)
I mean, I'm not complaining.

DANCER
Because out of all the DNA samples we collected, yours was the purest. The others were too contaminated. So we took your DNA and recreated you. We made you better, faster...stronger.

JACK
Better, faster...stronger?

DANCER
Like I said, we made you better in EVERY WAY!

JACK
Why go to all the trouble? Why not just send one of your people, or a whole mess of them back in time?

The Dancer TRANSFORMS into a TELCON female, flat chested, bald with EXTRA LARGE blue eyes and no ear lobes.

DANCER
And walk around YOUR people looking like this? How long will that last?

The Dancer TRANSFORMS back to herself.

DANCER (CONT'D)

And they calculated, we only had enough power to send only one...YOU!

JACK

Let's just say we change the Time-Line for your people and save Earth. The human race isn't very kind...not very peaceful. Once they get a look at your people they would freak out.

DANCER

The Elders have a plan when that happens. When it's time for the first contact.

JACK

A plan, good luck with that.

INT- TELCON SHIP - DAY

The bedroom morphs back into the Telcon ship. They both stand and watch JACK being created from an Alien 3-D like printer. His Skeleton is silver instead of bone. His muscles weaved, and skin grows. He is then placed in a Capsule with "NUMBER - 6" written on the front.

DANCER

Then we used the rest of our ships power to send you BACK IN TIME.

EXT- EARTH - BACKYARD - NIGHT

It's a FULL MOON. The SOUNDS of crickets fill a fenced in backyard and then A FLASH OF BRIGHT LIGHT. Everything goes SILENT. The SMOKE clears, and there stands a burnt naked man in the center of a smoldering circle of grass.

His body is charred and bloody.

His burnt eyelids OPEN as the CRICKETS start-up again.

We follow him as he walks like a robot to the back door. With each step, chunks of his scorched skin fall off, revealing new skin underneath. He then smashes through the screen door. He is healed entirely and naked.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The Hologram dissolves away once again. Jack turns to the Dancer.

JACK
So...do you like have a name?

DANCER
No.

Jack tries to touch her again, his hand passes right through.

JACK
Like, what are you?

DANCER
I'm your Holographic Personal Envoy.

JACK
A Holographic personal envoy?
H...P...E... HOPE? I
like it...your name can be Hope.

HOPE
Yes, that is a proper name. I'm
here to assist you on the mission.

JACK
But this is CRAZY! There is no such
thing as aliens!

HOPE
Wrong...on June 14th, 1947 the US
Government first captured 4 aliens
and their ship.

JACK
Wait...Roswell?

HOPE
Correct, Roswell, New Mexico.

JACK
So you're like a computer program?

HOPE
You can say that. I'm actually what
you call a computer-chip, embedded
in your brain. Only you can see and
hear me. I have knowledge of all
future events and the ability to
access all computer systems.

JACK

Like you're a Hot looking Hacker.
So...HOPE...what do you know? Like
what's the winning lottery numbers
for the next big game?

HOPE

12 · 14 · 22 · 24 · 48 + 21

JACK

Get out! For REAL? How much?

HOPE

\$48 Million, but James Davis, age
56 of Madison, Wisconsin will be
the only winner tomorrow night.

JACK

Well, not if I play too! Ok...Ok,
how about did the Cubs ever win the
world series by 2039?

HOPE

The Chicago Cubs won its third
world series, breaking a 108-year
drought on Wednesday November 2,
2016.

JACK

Holy Shit! The Cubbie's finally
won! Wait...wait a GOD DAMN
minute... what year
is it?

DANCER

2020 AD

JACK

2020? Listen HOPE...my name is Jack
Bowler, I'm a Chicago Police
Detective...a cop.

HOPE

You were in 2007, you've been dead
for thirteen years. Det. Jack
Bowler was murdered on April 14th,
2007. Police reports marked as
unsolved.

JACK

Unsolved? It was my fucking
partner!

HOPE

Det. Jack Bowler was under investigation by Internal Affairs for corruption. The case was closed after your death.

Jack wanders back to the mirror and looks at his new body.

JACK

I...I've been gone for Thirteen years?

HOPE

Yes.

JACK

What...what about my daughters?

HOPE

Madison and Sabrina Bowler?

JACK

Yes. My girls.

Hope looks down in sadness.

HOPE

Madison Bowler was killed eight years ago.

Jack turns white as a ghost.

JACK

Killed? No...that can't be right!

HOPE

That's what the newspapers reported on May 16th, 2012.

JACK

Where...where is she buried?

HOPE

Oak Woods Cemetery.

Jack starts to panic.

JACK

I...I gotta go! I have to see her!

HOPE

No, Jack! Wait!

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Jack stumbles out of the house and RUSHES to the garage. He KICKS the garage side-door in.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Inside is a Honda Shadow motorcycle. He opens the large over head door and starts the bike up, it ROARS.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Jack BAREFOOT races down the highway weaving in and out of traffic on the MOTORCYCLE.

EXT. OAK WOODS CEMETERY - DAY

Jack pulls in on the bike, in the distance we see Hope standing over a grave.

Jack gets off the bike and RUNS over to her.

EXT. GRAVESTONE - DAY

The gravestone reads "Madison April Bowler" as Jack falls to his knees.

JACK
(Crying)
No...No...No! Not my baby...not my
baby girl! How...How did this
happen?

Hope stands over him.

HOPE
Drive-by shooting.

He stops sniffing...Then turns to Hope, his eyes are now full of RAGE.

JACK
Who did this? Who did this to my
baby girl?!

HOPE
Police reports show no one was ever
caught. But show they brought some
of the members of the Westside B
Nation in for questioning.

JACK
Westside B Nation?

Jack CLINCHES his fist.

EXT. GHETTO - DAY

Jack ROLLS up to the house he and Frank use to stop at, the Westside B Nation crib. It looks the same. Two thugs still sitting at the front door.

Jack gets off the bike and starts walking BAREFOOT towards them, the two thugs NOTICE, and both stand up.

INT. WESTSIDE B NATION HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

We HEAR a STRUGGLE going on the other side the vast STEEL Front door. Five deadbolt locks keep the door secured. It would take ten whacks of a battering-ram to knock the door in. A Thug walks up to it to see whats all the commotion outside. Another is ten steps behind him carrying an AR-15.

The Steel door EXPLODES IN taking the first thug DOWN with it!

Jack stands in the middle of the doorway, the two guards litter the front yard.

Jack walks ON-TOP of the front door SMASHING the thug that's under it even more.

The other points his AR-15 at Jack, and Jack just grabs the barrel and BENDS it like it was rubber.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The kid and AR-15 go FLYING through the air pass six more THUGS watching TV.

THUG
What the fuck?

As they all reach for their GUNS; Jack comes around the corner.

JACK
I'm looking for B-Money!

EXT. WESTSIDE B NATION HOUSE - DAY

Gun SHOTS and MUZZLE FLASHES can be seen and heard. The neighborhood kid's all run for cover.

TWO bodies come CRASHING out the front window and land in the street.

More GUNSHOTS can be heard.

Another body comes CRASHING out the SECOND-floor window.

INT. WESTSIDE B NATION HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

B-Money (older) is NERVOUSLY putting shells in his shotgun. Sounds of a FIGHT can be heard from outside his door.

The bedroom door comes CRASHING down with a 400 pound Thug passed out. Jack WALKS in...

B-Money pulls the trigger...BOOM!

Jack gets PELTED and is THROWN back out of the room from the MASSIVE BLAST.

B-MONEY
That's right!

B-Money starts BEATING his chest.

B-MONEY (CONT'D)
That's right...No one messes with
B-Money!

Then he hears the wood CREAK from outside the bedroom. It CREAKS again...

B-Money racks another round... JUST AS Jack rushes in and WHACKS the 12-gauge out of his hand. Jack's shirt is tattered from the shotgun blast.

B-MONEY (CONT'D)
Who are you?

Jack grabs B-Money by the throat...his feet DANGLE in the air.

JACK
Jack Bowler!

Jack TOSSES B-Money across the room like a rag-doll, and gets on top of him.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Westside B Nation KILLED MY
 DAUGHTER!

Jack starts to PUMMEL his face with his fists, blood
 SPLATTERS with each PUNCH.

Hope is standing at the doorway.

HOPE
 JACK! STOP! He's dead!

Jack STOPS as his hands are covered in blood. On the bed is a
 LARGE black duffel bag.

Jack opens it up, and inside is all CASH. Bundles and bundles
 of money, hundreds of thousands of dollars. Jack smiles as
 Police SIRENS are getting louder.

HOPE (CONT'D)
 Those are for you.

JACK
 I know...I know.

Jack ZIPS the duffel bag back up and swings it around his
 shoulder.

EXT. WESTSIDE B NATION HOUSE - DAY

Bodies sprawled out on the front yard all squirm in pain.

A crowd has gathered in front. Jack races out the front door
 with the duffel-bag and jumps on the motorcycle.

All of the onlookers have their cellphones out trying to
 record Jack at the scene. Hope NODS her head and... ALL THE
 CELL PHONES SPARK AND GO BLACK!

Jack takes off on the bike as the police arrive from the
 other direction.

EXT. OAK WOODS CEMETERY - DAY

Jack is kneeling at Madison's grave. He places a DANDELION on
 her gravestone as Hope stands behind him.

JACK
 Sabrina...how about her?

HOPE

She became a police officer just like her father.

Jack smiles for a second.

JACK

Carol? Their Mother?

HOPE

Carol re-married three years ago.

JACK

This was all my fault. The dirty stuff I was doing put my family in danger...for what... money? If I were a good cop like my dad... this wouldn't be happening. I'd still be alive...Madison would still be alive. I did this! I killed her!

HOPE

It was the Westside B Nation gang that killed your daughter...not you.

JACK

No...it was me! I let them slide, gave them a FREE PASS! We gave them protection. Made them rich. I should of nailed them, did my job.

Jack looks up at Hope.

JACK (CONT'D)

Do you have Sabrina's address?

HOPE

You can't go looking like that.

Jack looks down at his tattered clothes and DIRTY bare feet.

EXT. CHICAGO POLICE 12TH DISTRICT - DAY

Jack is sitting on the park bench across from the station WEARING new clothes and shoes. Police coming in and out.

Then...someone gets Jack's attention!

He SPOTS Sabrina walking out of the building. She's BEAUTIFUL in her officer uniform.

JACK
Is that...Her? Sabrina?

HOPE (OS)
Yes.

He watches her as she gets in her squad car and drives away.
A TEAR rolls down his face.

JACK
So tell me about this mission we
are on.

HOPE
We must change the timeline to save
the planet. To save your people and
mine.

JACK
And how in the hell are we suppose
to do that?

HOPE
Alter the future. I have a list of
targets.

JACK
TARGETS?

HOPE
I have a list of 148 names of
people who possibly had a hand on
destroying the planet.

JACK
What...like a HIT-LIST?

HOPE
You can call it that.

JACK
No...no more killing for me. B-
Money was my last kill. That scum
and his crew killed my little girl
in cold blood...but that WAS my
last murder. I had my vengeance.
From now on no more killing. Look
what that got me!

HOPE
Well, that is our mission. We must
follow through.

JACK

What are you going to do?
Deactivate me? Then BOTH of our
people are dead! Can we change the
timeline without killing... yes or
no?

HOPE

Yes.

FLASHBACK 2007: *Madison is hugging Jack. Handing him a
Dandelion.*

EXT. CHICAGO POLICE 12TH DISTRICT - PRESENT DAY

Jack wipes the TEARS away and takes a DEEP breath.

JACK

No killing! Got it?

HOPE

Yes.

JACK

You said you know ALL future events
right? Like you know if someone
will be killed like tomorrow right?

HOPE

That is correct. Chicago has almost
two to three homicides a day. Fifty
six people die per day in total.

JACK

Then we can use that info and save
lives! That will definitely change
the timeline.

HOPE

Yes, that is true.

JACK

I can do good for once in my life.
I have to do it for Madison.

Jack PERKS UP.

JACK (CONT'D)

We need a car.

HOPE

I can take care of that.

Hope STANDS-UP, she puts out her hand...it quivers.

Jack looks at her like she's crazy.

Then across the street, the police gate opens...out comes a Black Tesla Roadster. No one is in the driver seat.

JACK

What the?

The car drives over to them.

HOPE

You like it?

JACK

Hell yeah... it's a badass car! But don't you think the boys working the impound will notice it missing?

HOPE

I just altered their records showing all paid-off and clear.

Jack tosses the duffel bag in the back and gets in the front seat. He is amazed by its looks.

They TAKE OFF 0-60 in 1.9 seconds.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. HOUSE - DAY**

A disheveled portly DAVE BECKER (30's) is trying to put his house key in the front door lock. He finally unlocks the door.

INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The front door opens, and the first thing he sees is the BROKEN screen door and all the GLASS. His MOUTH DROPS...

DAVE

What the...

He looks out the kitchen window and sees the garage side-door KICKED IN next to the BLACK circular burn-patch in the grass.

DAVE (CONT'D)

No...No....No!

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

He PEEKS inside sheepishly and notices the coast is clear. He WANDERS in and SMILES...the HONDA SHADOW is there!

He walks over and spots a note on the gas tank.

ON SCREEN: White envelope and written in PURPLE CRAYON "Sorry For The Mess!" with a WINKING SMILEY FACE.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Dave SLOWLY opens the envelope and inside...FILLED WITH HUNDREDS.

EXT. WESTSIDE B NATION HOUSE - DAY

Yellow Police Tape mark-off the house. Cops, FBI, DEA, and ATF litter the front yard while onlookers fill the street.

An unmarked squad pulls up to the house. The door opens...outcomes DET. JERRY YOUNG (42), older, now bald with a goatee.

He walks under the Yellow Tape and inside the house. He surveys the damage, smashed walls, doors, and bullet holes. The area is covered with YELLOW FLAGS marking shell casings.

One of the Yellow Flags is of a SMASHED BULLET HEAD, then another and another.

Det. Young picks one up with his gloved hand and studies it. An EVIDENCE TECH (30's) is standing near.

DET. JERRY YOUNG
Hey...who did they shoot at, SUPER-
MAN?

EVIDENCE TECH
I know! I count forty so far.

Det. Young looks closer at the FLAT bullet head.

DET. JERRY YOUNG
I don't see any blood?

EVIDENCE TECH
Crazy.

Det. Young makes his way upstairs into the B - Money's room. The cold body still in the corner. BLOOD COVERS THE WALL. He EXAMS the doorway and touches the shotgun pellet holes in the door frame. Then looks outside the doorway and SPOTS a few flat BB's on the ground.

The CITY CORONER (40's) stands over B-Money's body.

DET. JERRY YOUNG
Jesus!

CORONER
Yeah, need a cleanup crew for this
one.

DET. JERRY YOUNG
ID?

CORONER
B-Money.

DET. JERRY YOUNG
Holy shit...someone finally got B-
Money. How many dead?

CORONER
Just this one, the rest are only
beaten up. They'll survive.

In walks DET. SAL MALZOO (41) Perfect black hair and fading orange tan under his gold chain. He sees B-Money headless body and GAGS!

DET. SAL MALZOO
 Jesus Christ, Young! What the hell
 happened here?

DET. JERRY YOUNG
 I don't think it was gang
 retaliation. One man in and one man
 out.

DET. SAL MALZOO
 The boys found about ten kilos of
 Heroin in the basement and five of
 Coke in the kitchen getting bagged
 up. The hood's actually talking
 tonight, they said a white guy did
 this.

DET. JERRY YOUNG
 One white guy?

DET. SAL MALZOO
 Yeah...he walked out and jumped on
 a motorcycle and took off. Man they
 are pissed...they tried taking a
 video and their cell phones all
 took a shit.

Det. Young just gives Malzoo a look.

DET. JERRY YOUNG
 Took a shit?

EXT. WESTSIDE B NATION HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Malzoo and Young are interviewing a NEIGHBORHOOD GIRL (16)
 outside. Young is taking notes.

NEIGHBORHOOD GIRL
 So...like...yeah. Some white boy
 did all of this. Crazy shit!

DET. JERRY YOUNG
 This WHITE boy...how old?

NEIGHBORHOOD GIRL
 Shit...late twenties maybe, thirty?
 They all look alike.

DET. JERRY YOUNG
 How tall? What did he look like?

NEIGHBORHOOD GIRL
Man...I don't know, maybe six
foot...six foot three?

DET. JERRY YOUNG
Hair color?

NEIGHBORHOOD GIRL
Blonde.

DET. JERRY YOUNG
What was he wearing?

NEIGHBORHOOD GIRL
That's what was so crazy! He looked
like a bum! Like the dude had no
shoes on!

DET. JERRY YOUNG
No shoes?

NEIGHBORHOOD GIRL
Yeah man...Purple sweat pants and a
tore up white t-shirt. He had a
huge black duffel bag around his
shoulder too.

DET. SAL MALZOO
Black duffel bag? Interesting.

DET. JERRY YOUNG
Was he bleeding? Hurt?

NEIGHBORHOOD GIRL
No...that was the other thing. Shit
we heard about fifty gunshots and
B-Nation home boys being thrown out
the windows...like crazy shit. And
this bum comes walking out like it
was nothing and just takes off like
no big deal.

DET. SAL MALZOO
Tell him about the cell phones.

NEIGHBORHOOD GIRL
Yeah...we all be recording this
shit and soon as he walked
out...all of our cell phones took a
Shit. They all stopped
working...died.

She hands Young her cell phone.

DET. JERRY YOUNG
 Can I borrow this? I'll have my
 guys check it out?

In the background a black Cadillac Sedan ROLLS UP and HONKS.

DET. SAL MALZOO
 It's the Commissioner.

They both walk over to the CADDY. The door OPENS and out
 steps...

DET. JERRY YOUNG
 Commissioner.

Police Commissioner FRANK DEL BOSCO (now 62) older, grayer
 and dressed as if he works on Wall Street.

FRANK
 B-Money?

DET. JERRY YOUNG
 Dead sir.

FRANK
 Who? Kings? Southside Crew?

DET. JERRY YOUNG
 Lonewolf...a white male.

FRANK
 White male? One?

DET. JERRY YOUNG
 Only one.

A GAGGLE of reporters approach the Commissioner.

REPORTER
 Commissioner DelBosco! Commissioner
 DelBosco!

Frank gets back in his car and rolls down the passenger
 window.

FRANK
 (To Young)
 Find this guy and find him fast!

DET. JERRY YOUNG
 Yes, sir.

Frank, with a hand GESTURE, whooshes Young away.

FRANK
(To Malzoo)

Hey!

Malzoo sticks his head through the car window.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Keep an eye on him and let me know
what you hear...got it? I'm
announcing I'm running for mayor
next week, I need this shit cleaned
up by then. GOT IT?

DET. SAL MALZOO
Yes, boss. Got it, no worries.

EXT. FRANKS CAR - TRAVELING - MOMENTS LATER

Frank drives off and turns the radio on...Frank Sinatra.

In the REAR-VIEW MIRROR, we see an SUV approaching fast. The SUV starts to FLASH it's brights.

FRANK
What the fuck?

Frank pulls over into an empty parking lot. The SUV pulls alongside.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The back passenger window ROLLS DOWN on the SUV. Frank gets out of his car and walks over.

FRANK
Hey...what did I say about public
meetings like this!

Inside the SUV...

MIKE PORCARO JR. (now 51) still has his looks and sporting a nice Rolex on his wrist.

JUNIOR
Look at this guy!

The Driver and HUGE bodyguard in the passenger seat both laugh.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

A two-timing dirty ass cop back in the day and now all mister high an mighty now.

FRANK

Come on, Junior.

JUNIOR

What happened at B-Money's house?

FRANK

He's dead.

JUNIOR

Did your people find my money?

FRANK

No...not yet.

JUNIOR

Goddammit, Frank! That money is mine! Eight hundred grand! I got to move this COKE...GOT IT!

FRANK

I got my guy on top of it...soon as I hear something, I'll let you know.

JUNIOR

This is on you, Frank! You're supposed to be protecting that house. Find me my money and find me who did this! People have a lot of money riding on you and this bid for Mayor...don't screw this up!

A CTA bus SLOWLY strolls by and on the side is a banner of a lovely blonde woman (30's) "CAROL BURNS for MAYOR of CHICAGO!"

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

And...you better take care of THAT PROBLEM too!

FRANK

Me and my boys are working on that, she'll be taken care of...soon.

The rear window ROLL's back up, and the SUV takes off leaving Frank all alone in the parking lot.

EXT. POLISH MEAT MARKET - NIGHT

Jack walks in...the little bell above the door RINGS. The BUTCHER (70's) comes out from the back.

BUTCHER
(Thick polish accent)
Sorry, we are closed...all the
meat is put away.

JACK
I'm looking for something else.

BUTCHER
(Thick polish accent)
Sorry, son, we just sell meat.

JACK
Jack Bowler told me about you.

BUTCHER
(Thick polish accent)
Jack Bowler has been dead for many
years.

The Butcher starts to FEEL for the 12-Gauge under the counter.

JACK
I'm his son...he told be stories
about this place...about Slavic.

The Butchers hand LET'S GO of the shotgun.

BUTCHER
(Thick polish accent)
Slavic was my uncle, he passed
away right after your father. Come
into my back room.

The Butcher leads Jack through the backroom curtain.

INT. TESLA - NIGHT

Jack fan's out multiple Passports, American Express Black Cards and State Driver Licences all with a picture of his face. He OPENS a small brown wallet, it's a Chicago Police Badge with his ID.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Jack and Hope are sitting on a park bench across from a row of luxury town-homes.

JACK
So that's Carol's house?

ON SCREEN: Gorgeous four-story.

HOPE (OS)
That's the Intel I have on her.

The front door OPENS, Carol (now 51) walks out, she looks marvelous. Her hair and make-up are perfect. She's wearing a tight little dress and high heels. She starts to walk down the steps.

A black Cadillac sedan PULLS up alongside her. The driver door OPENS and...

Police Commissioner FRANK DEL BOSCO gets out. Jack's JAW DROPS in SHOCK!

Frank walks up to Carol and they hug and kiss.

JACK (OS)
Carol...what is her married name?

HOPE (OS)
Marriage record shows
DelBosco...Carol DelBosco.

Frank opens the passenger door for her, and she gets in, looking back at him lovingly.

Frank walks around to the driver door...and STOPS.

He LOOKS towards the park and see's JACK standing looking back at him.

Frank checks Jack out for a second; and then gets in the Caddy.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Jack watches them leave. He starts to grind his teeth.

HOPE
Jack, your vitals are rising.

JACK
Him! Out of all the men to
marry...she marries HIM!

FLASHBACK: JACK 2007 POV: Frank is pointing a gun at us.

FRANK
It's just business, Jackie. I'm
sorry.

Frank UNLOADS the rest of the clip into Jack.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT - PRESENT NIGHT

Jack's body goes limp and FALLS back down on the bench. His hands rubbing his face.

JACK
She married the man that killed me!
I...I need a DRINK.

EXT. PINK DONKEY - NIGHT

The flickering PINK DONKEY neon sign BUZZES with a few of it's letters missing. Two cars parked in the massive parking lot.

INT. PINK DONKEY - NIGHT

The STENCH of stale beer is overwhelming. The place looks like it hasn't been cleaned in a decade. One girl dances on-stage with two bums watching, she looks 3-months pregnant.

Jack walks in and sits at the bar, all alone. The place is a ghost-town. The lone blonde bartender (30ish) looks haggard.

INT. PINK DONKEY BAR - LATER

Six empty shot glasses are in front of Jack. He TAPS the table, which is a code for one more. The bartender obliges.

Hope is standing next to Jack as he takes his SEVENTH SHOT.

HOPE
You won't get drunk, by the way.

JACK
What do you mean?

HOPE

We altered your body chemistry. You won't feel the effects.

JACK

God damn it! You just spoil all the fun.

Jack waves the bartender over again.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey, doe's the Porcaro family still run this place?

The bartender is cleaning glasses.

BARTENDER

Not for a few years now...sold it to Nikki No-Neck.

She points to a LARGE man, NIKKI (51) and the nickname is fitting.

JACK

Ain't that some shit.

The bartender walks away.

HOPE

(To Jack)

Property records show a company based in Los Vegas is the new Owner. Total shell company. Last years IRS tax return shows \$4.5 million dollars in income.

We PAN THE ROOM...they have more BOUNCERS loafing around than customers. The Bartender is WHISPERING to Nikki No-Neck. He LOOKS at Jack.

JACK

Classic money laundering outfit.

Two KING KONG looking Bouncers stroll pass Jack giving him the once over.

JACK (CONT'D)

So these superpowers I have. Can I like fly? Shoot lasers from my eyes?

HOPE

No, not like that. But as you know, when in a situation your skin can

(MORE)

HOPE (CONT'D)

harden making you bulletproof to
an extent.

Jack rubs his chest.

JACK

That shotgun blast sure hurt like
hell.

HOPE

You're stronger, faster...you can
heal quicker. You need training.

JACK

Training?

The bar lights start to TURN ON AND OFF. The Bartender walks
over.

BARTENDER

Hey, it's last call. Another shot?

JACK

No...I'm good.

Jack PLACES a Hundred Dollar bill on the bar.

The Bartender makes change for him, and Jack notices she's
MISSING A THUMB.

Jack gets a better look at her face, SCARRED lip and a
CROOKED nose.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey...how long have you been
working here?

BARTENDER

At this shithole? Way too
long...14-15 years maybe. Paying
off a debt.

FLASHBACK: 2007 CHICAGO

EXT. ALLEY 2007 - NIGHT

*OLD JACK is roughing up the YOUNGER VERSION of the BARTENDER
(early 20's, blonde, mini-dress, and high heels). She WAS
gorgeous a few minutes ago.*

*Then OLD JACK GRABS her LEFT hand and pulls out a CIGAR
CUTTER from his pocket.*

YOUNG BARTENDER
 No...No...I promise I won't steal
 from Mr. Porcaro again!

She starts to STRUGGLE, but he overpowers her.

YOUNG BARTENDER (CONT'D)
 Please....No!

He puts her THUMB through the Cigar-Cutter...

YOUNG BARTENDER (CONT'D)
 No...Nooooo!

SNIP!

EXT. HOVER OVER ALLEYWAY 2007 - CONTINUOUS

Her BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM ECHO'S for blocks.

INT. PINK DONKEY - PRESENT NIGHT

Jack peels off another Hundred Dollar bill and places it next to his change.

JACK
 I'm REALLY sorry.

In the corner, he spots six big bouncers gathering.

NIKKI NO-NECK
 Bar's closed, let's go!

The bartender takes the hundred and smiles at Jack.

BARTENDER
 Hey mister! Be careful out there.

EXT. PINK DONKEY - DAWN

The Sun is creeping up the horizon. Jack is the only person walking out the door. Nikki and SIX bouncers follow.

NIKKI
 (To Jack)
 Hey You!

Jack turns around.

NIKKI (CONT'D)
 Heard you been asking a lot
 of questions?

JACK
 Me? Not really.

Jack continues to walk towards the Tesla.

NIKKI
 Hey! I'm not done talking to you.

The rest of the bouncers fan out. The bartender walks out the front door and notices what's going on.

JACK
 Sorry man, I don't swing that way.

Two of the six-start to giggle as the other three reveal baseball bats.

NIKKI
 Look, we got a funny man. I heard
 you been asking about Porcaro?

Hope is now leaning against the Tesla.

HOPE
 I think this might be a good time
 to start, you're training.

Jack is walking backwards to the car keeping an eye on the six.

HOPE (CONT'D)
 Say...TAKE OVER.

JACK
 (To Hope)
 Say what? What the hell are you
 talking about?

The SIX get closer. The bartender staying safe at the front entrance.

NIKKI
 Time for an ass-kicking boy!

HOPE
 Jack...say TAKE OVER!

JACK
 Take over?

Hope is **NOW STANDING** in Jack's spot.

Nikki No-Neck takes a swing at her and misses badly as she ducks. Hope RETURNING with a solid THROAT-PUNCH and a KICK to the nuts. Nikki DROPS.

Bouncer #2 and #3 both ATTACK at the same time. Hope masterfully uses Krav Maga, Jujutsu and Jeet Kune Do on them...they both GO DOWN hard!

Bouncer #4 SWINGS at her six times...missing every punch by a mile. Hope leg SWEEPS him and follows up GRABBING his WRIST and SNAPS his elbow. CRACK! He goes FETAL.

Bouncer #5 pulls out a knife and lunges towards her. She quickly disarms him and stab's him in the shoulder. He SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER in pain.

Bouncer #6.....just RUNS AWAY!

Jack is **NOW** standing in Hope's place.

Jack PICKS-UP a baseball bat and WHIPS it across the parking lot (about 50 yards) CRACKING the retreating bouncer in the HEAD...he's KNOCKED OUT!

Jack walks over to Nikki No-Neck and GRABS him by the throat and LEFTS all 300 pounds of him off the ground with ease.

Nikki starts to GAG...then Jack DROPS him. Nikki GASPS for air trying to catch his breath.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to Nikki)
Today is your lucky day.

The other Bouncers sprawled over the parking lot, MOANING.
The Bartender tip toes to her car.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to Bartender)
Hey!

BARTENDER
Please, Mister...

Jack walks over to the Tesla, pops the truck.

JACK
Come here.

She nervously walks over, SHAKING in her boots.

BARTENDER
Please...I have kids.

JACK
How old are they?

BARTENDER
Eleven and seven.

Jack pulls out two STACKS of money, Ten Grand each and hands them to her.

JACK
Take this. Make a better life for yourself and your kids. I don't want you to work here anymore, got it? Today is your last day. Start a new life.

The Bartender starts to cry.

BARTENDER
Why mister? Why me?

JACK
Because everyone makes mistakes, everyone deserves a second chance AT LIFE. You...ME...everyone.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT 5**EXT. HOSPITAL ER - MORNING**

Out LIMPS Nikki No-Neck as a black SUV pulls up and HONKS.

Nikki walks up to the rear passenger door...it's LOCKED. The front passenger window rolls down.

DRIVER

The front seat moron!

Nikki gets in the front.

INT. SUV - TRAVELING

In the back sits MIKE PORCARO JR. drinking a cup of Cappuccino.

NIKKI

I'm sorry Mr. Porc---

DRIVER

Shut-Up!

They travel off the highway as they see the DILAPIDATED "Pink Donkey Exit Now" sign.

EXT. PINK DONKEY - MORNING

As they TURN the corner, RED FLASHING LIGHTS gleam off the front window.

SIX Fire Trucks are hosing down what's left of the building. CHARRED wooden beams are the only thing left standing in the old Pink Donkeys spot.

DRIVER

What the fuck?

NIKKI

What the fuck?

Mike Porcaro Jr. leans forward to Nikki with RAGE in his eyes.

JUNIOR

I want you to tell me everything
about this guy who kicked your ass
last night...EVERYTHING!

FADE OUT

FADE IN

ON SCREEN: TV NEWS BROADCAST

BREAKING UPDATE scrolls across the screen with anchor DAVE
LEE (30's) at his desk.

DAVE LEE

This is Dave Lee with channel 10
News. Breaking news about last
week's devastating Bus accident.

A picture of a TOUR BUS dangling off a bridge POPS up on the
corner of the screen.

DAVE LEE (CONT'D)

Newly release Amateur cell phone
video shows MEGA BUS #24 right
before it went over the bridge,
killing all 56 passengers inside.

ON SCREEN: CELL VIDEO

The shaky video zooms in and out, but focused on the bus that
crashed through a bridge over water.

CELL PHONE OPERATOR (OS)

Jesus...BEEP...What the...BEEP

The bus is teetering off the BRIDGE as the camera zooms out
to show how long the fall is, about 100 feet to the water.

The camera ZOOMS in closer so we can see the passengers
SCREAMING.

FOCUS on a little girl(9) INSIDE THE BUS with PIGTAILS
crying.

The camera ZOOMS out again...and the BUS FALLS!

CELL PHONE OPERATOR (CONT'D)

NO...no...BEEP..no!

The 50 FOOT long bus FLIPS and hits the water HARD landing on
its roof. It starts to SINK fast.

INT. NEWSROOM. CONT

The news anchor is back on-screen. The look on his face is of disbelief.

DAVE LEE

TSA also released Bus dash-cam
video of the crash.

ON SCREEN: BUS DASHCAM: POV from the front of the bus, traveling normally on the three-lane highway. Then the bus starts to SWERVE back and forth until it CRASHES through the bridge....STATIC.

The STATIC disappears, and the video STARTS TO rewind FASTER...10X FASTER and 20X FASTER as we watch the bus travel in reverse.

SUPER: Extraterrestrial text transforms into English;
"Present Day - 47 minutes from now, 56 people will die".

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

It's a gorgeous sunny day. Mega Bus #24 is driving on the highway.

INT. BUS - TRAVELING

A passenger exits the rear washroom, from back to front all the passengers are happy and enjoying the ride. SMILES on every face.

A small girl; MOLLY (9) with PIGTAILS is sitting behind the driver playing with her RED BALL; THE SAME GIRL FROM THE NEWS VIDEO.

Her MOTHER (30's) is in the next seat.

MOTHER

Please be careful, Molly.

MOLLY

I will, Mommy.

Just as she says it...Molly drops the ball which goes ROLLING across the bus floor.

The ball is STOPPED by a lovely pair of "Christian Louboutin" Black dress shoes. A well-manicured hand, then PICKS-UP the ball.

ON SCREEN: JACK is holding the ball. He is sitting front row

and next to Molly and her Mother.

MOTHER
 (to Jack)
 I'm so sorry.

Jack smiles and hands the ball back to Molly.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
 What to do say to the man Molly?

MOLLY
 Thank you, sir.

JACK
 Your very welcome, Molly.

Jack checks out the bus driver. The driver is wiping the sweat off his forehead. He's sweating profusely for some reason.

MOTHER
 (To Jack)
 Are you heading to Ohio?

Jack isn't paying attention to her, he's focused on the driver.

JACK
 I'm sorry, what did you say?

MOTHER
 Are you heading...

The bus starts to SWERVE. The Bus Driver passes out. JACK jumps and grabs the wheel with one hand and unbuckles the driver with the other. The driver falls out of the seat and Jack JUMPS in.

The Bus HITS a pickup, and it SPINS OUT, Jack is STRUGGLING, the air brakes PUMPING as he GAINS control.

EXT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The Bus BUCKS as it PULLS OVER safely to the Emergency-Lane on the bridge. The AIR BREAKS are set.

Jack carries the overweight bus driver out of the bus as the passengers all watch.

JACK
 Someone call 911!

Jack hovers over the driver. We SEE Hope hovering on the other side of him.

HOPE
(To Jack)
You need to give him CPR.

JACK
I don't know how.

HOPE
Let me Take-Over

JACK
Take Over!

Hope **IS NOW** performs CPR on the Bus driver. She starts doing chest compression's. The Driver comes too.

Jack **IS NOW** kneeling next to the driver. The passengers start to clap as SIRENS can be heard approaching. Molly runs over to Jack and gives him a HUG.

MOLLY
You saved our lives!

Paramedics rush up to the Bus driver and administer help to him. Molly's mother gives Jack a KISS on the cheek.

MOTHER
Thank you.

The Black Tesla Roadster pulls up along the bus, NO ONE is driving. Jack gets in on the driver's side, waves at Molly, and takes off.

MOLLY
Cooooool!

INT. TESLA ROADSTER - TRAVELING

Hope's in the passenger seat with Jack driving.

JACK
Add 56 more to my Save-List

HOPE
56 has been added.

FADE OUT

THE END