Secret Agent Deadly Pt.1

by

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FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

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

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

MITCH fights to hold off fake tears

MITCH (CONT’D)
And I just want to let all of our viewer out there that if you have dreams-

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

CUE SAD VIOLIN MUSIC

MITCH (CONT’D)
You can dream them until they’re not dreams anymo- Hey! What is this?

GORILLA makes ANIMAL NOISES quickly

MITCH (CONT’D)
What’s that? You’re playing the worlds smallest violin just for me because of my extricatingly touching and sad speech?

GORILLA makes ANIMAL NOISES for a longer time

MITCH (CONT’D)
He said yes.

GORILLA EXITS

MITCH (CONT’D)
So stupid... see? That’s why this is the last show. That right there. (MORE)
MITCH (CONT’D)
I suppose we deserve it being
located next to the School for
Gorilla Savants.

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

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

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

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

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

MITCH salutes then stands up and removes his MIC and JACKET

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

CAMERAMAN
Nice. Great show man.

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

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

MITCH
Really? I heard some stuff on their
myspace... not that great.
CAMERAMAN
Yeah I know but this was totally different. Like... I don’t even know. They have a recording, when we meet up with them later you have to hear it.

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

CAMERAMAN
Oh shit, like right now.

Yells to JOE OS

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

MITCH, CAMERAMAN, JOE EXIT up the stairs.

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

CUE THE BANDS SONG

SUPER: TITLE AND CREDITS

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

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

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

FADE TO:

EXT. SAME LOCATION - DAY

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

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

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

MITCH is in the basement on the computer, his face illuminated in a bluish white light. Cables run to blinking equipment and T.V monitors.
MITCH hits a keystroke and leans back seemingly satisfied at his editing job. He hits play and watches the screen.

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

INT: OFFICE ROOM - DAY

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

MAN 1
Hey, um, get someone down here. I think I got something.

Pauses

MAN 1 (CONT’D)
It’s a song... yeah. Uh huh.

Pauses

MAN 1 (CONT’D)
Yeah, no. Just some kid, 20 something...

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

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

MAN 2
Just sit tight. I’m calling Number One.

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

MAN 2 (CONT’D)
Sir, we have a situation... Yes. We found one. One oh thirty four... Yes, Number One.

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

CUT TO:
INT. HALLWAY - DAY

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

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

NUMBER ONE opens one door and finds MAN 1.

    NUMBER ONE
    We got dox on these guy’s?

    MAN 1
    Everything. It’s all right here, sir.

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

    NUMBER ONE
    Damnit I told you to quit with the sir bullshit.

Under the bluish light N1 flips through the file

    NUMBER ONE (CONT’D)
    My god... this really is it. OK, get a team ready to go on my call at... this address.

Points to a paper in the file

    NUMBER ONE (CONT’D)
    I’m going to trail, see if they even know.

    MAN 1
    I doubt that si- Number One. It appears they only used it on... July 12th, 21 hundred.

    NUMBER ONE
    Noted. But, I’m still going after them. Have that team ready.

N1 walks away and EXITS quickly

    MAN 1
    Yes... sir
EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

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

CUE FILM NOIR JAZZ MUSIC

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

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

N1 walks into a building and enters his office.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

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

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

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

A KNOCK at the door.

     NUMBER ONE (CONT’D)
     Door’s open. C’mon in.

WOMAN ENTERS

CUE SAXOPHONE
N! Motions for her to sit.

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

NUMBER ONE looks up abruptly.

NUMBER ONE (CONT’D)
Look... dollface-

FELICA FATALE
The names Felica. Felicia Fatale

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

FELICA FATALE
I’ll pretend I didn’t hear that...

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

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

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

NUMBER ONE (V.O.)
This didn’t sit well with me. It didn’t sit at all.
(MORE)
NUMBER ONE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Seemed like a whole lotta B.S to me and she read me like a book.

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

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

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

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

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

FELICA EXITS

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

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

NUMBER ONE (CONT’D)
What the...

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

FELICA FATALE
Get in!

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

FELICA FATALE (CONT’D)
Any fuckin’ time would be nice!
NUMBER ONE jumps in and the car speeds away.

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

NUMBER ONE (V.O.) (CONT’D)
My deductive reasoning lost it’s edge after nearly being killed.

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

NUMBER ONE
What are you some sort of-

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

NUMBER ONE
Then what else am I on this for?

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

NUMBER ONE
What thing...

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

NUMBER ONE
Sounds about right. Hows the map look from here?
FELICA FATALE
You get the gift. We scan your thoughts and use the sugar to make candy for payday.

NUMBER ONE
Stock market? Scientific advancements? Military engagements?

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

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

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

MITCH
Sage!

KEVIN
Huh?

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

KEVIN
Shits weak.
MITCH
Hey, I gotta use the bathroom. Do you need anything?

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

MITCH
So... no?

MITCH gets up and leaves O.S.

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

MITCH sneaks up behind KEVIN

MITCH (CONT’D)
Gettin’ a little fap time are we?

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

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

KEVIN
It’s nothing. Nevermind.

MITCH
That’s a shitload of music! Lemme at some of it.

KEVIN
No. You can’t, its all DRM.

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

KEVIN
Um... no. Ok, look. Something... happened with the computer. It knows the future, and the past, like fucking EVERYTHING. Dude, look at the hard drive capacity... the whole window is numbers.
MITCH
You mean to tell me, your computer all of a sudden became like God or something?

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

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

KEVIN
I don’t think it works like that.

MITCH
Here. Lemme do it.

Sits down and types away.

MITCH (CONT’D)
Alright... Ask Jeeves-

KEVIN
It’s just “ask” now.

MITCH
Damnitall

KEVIN
I know, Jeeves was the man

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

KEVIN
What's it say?

MITCH
Look.

Stares blankly at the screen

MITCH (CONT’D)
This is insane. The CIA or someshits going to be after you, or me.
KEVIN
How would anyone even know?

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

KEVIN
Shit dude...

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

KEVIN
Or find out what the hell is going on.

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

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

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

NARRATOR
There wasn’t.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

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

NUMBER ONE is strapped to a chair with wires running all over his body attached to high tech computers and monitors.
The GANG is all there surrounding him. Waiting for the power to overcome him.

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

ALL
(murmur agreement)

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

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

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

FELICA FATALE
Stephen! Now!
NUMBER ONE’s eyes dilate fully. His face contorts.

NUMBER ONE
(Screaming)

FELICA FATALE
Whats the readings?!

STEPHEN
700 Giga bytes per second! Vitals are secure!

NUMBER ONE is still screaming and thrashing.

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

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

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

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

STEPHEN
Shit!

FELICA FATALE
Goddamnit! Lemme go!

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

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

NUMBER ONE is screaming and thrashing in the chair

FELICA FATALE
Ok! Ready?

FELICIA cuts the wires and unplugs the computer cables.
NUMBER ONE stops moving and goes limp.

STEPHEN
(breathing heavily)
Ok, I think we got what we needed.
I’m running a scan and converting the raw.

FELICA FATALE
Damnit! He might still be in there.

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

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

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

CUE FILM NOIR JAZZ MUSIC

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

INT. MOVING VAN - NIGHT

All 4 gang members are present. Felicia is driving.

STEPHEN
What about our key? Don’t you think he’ll be pissed that he isn’t gettin’ a cut?
FELICA FATALE
Look. I KNOW he’s gonna do nothin’
on us. Remember who I am?

STEPHEN
Oh right. Sorry.

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

FADE TO:

INT. KEVINS APARTMENT - DAY

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

INT. VAN -DAY

Parked outside KEVIN’s apartment on the street.

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

INT. KEVINS APARTMENT - DAY

The room is lit up with gunfire debris flies everywhere.
The door is broken down. SWAT team like people run in
pointing M-16’s at the couch. Only to discover that all four
people were dummies.
They search the rest of the apartment

AGENT #1
(To walkie talkie)
Sir... It was a set-up. There’s
nobody here.

NUMBER ONE
(Through walkie)
The computer!
(MORE)
NUMBER ONE (CONT'D)
I don’t give a shit about the kids... what about the computer?!

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

AGENT #1
They’ve destroyed it... and took the hard drive...

NUMBER ONE
Shit. Shit. Ok... look around for some lead. I’m coming u-

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

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

NUMBER ONE walks down the sidewalk smoking a cigarette.

CUE FILM NOIR JAZZ

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

INT. MOVING CAR - DAY

MITCH, KEVIN, JOE, and GRIMES are present. MITCH is driving.
MITCH
All I’m sayin’ is you can’t buy an island. It’s a myth, like Santa... or penguins.

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

MITCH
Now thats retarded.

GRIMES
Well what are you going to do with the money?

MITCH
Build the ultimate treehouse.

GRIMES
Go on...

MITCH
...On an island. Damnit!

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

KEVIN
Well except for doing something actually badass.

GRIMES
Like...

KEVIN
A space helicopter?

MITCH
That’s impossible on a buncha’ different levels.

JOE is reading some papers.

JOE
Shit! get over!

MITCH swerves over and a motorcycle goes flying past.
MITCH
Damn. That thing-

JOE
-really works. Yep.

Pauses.

MITCH
Win-

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

NARRATOR
Touche

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

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

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

JOE
Why would you need a car on an island?

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

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

MITCH
Yep.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

MITCH pulls in and parks the car. He opens the trunk, puts on latex gloves and pulls out a briefcase.
He walks into the shrubs and peers out. The van is right where it should be. He opens the case and checks the contents. He takes a breath and starts to step out. When all of a sudden... CLICK... the sound of a gun being cocked.

NUMBER ONE
Freeze.

MITCH freezes.

NUMBER ONE (CONT’D)
Alright. Lay it down. Slowly. Ok. Turn around, hands on your head.

MITCH obeys

NUMBER ONE (CONT’D)
Betcha your little papers didn’t tell you this, eh?

MITCH
Nope.

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

MITCH
-how did you... oh, right.

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

MITCH
(nervously)
In. In the trunk. Theres a bunch of hard drives and printouts.

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

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

He walks up to the trunk. Shoots the lock and it springs open, and empties the explosives and loads up the hard drives and papers.
He goes to light a cigarette. A bullet whizzes by and takes the lit part of the match clean off.

NUMBER ONEN

Shit.

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

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

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

EXT. GRASSY KNOLL - DAY

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

INT. MOVING VAN - DAY

JOHNNY DEADEYE

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

FELICA FATALE

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

JOHNNY DEADEYE

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

FELICA FATALE

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

JOHNNY DEADEYE

Yeah...

FELICA starts the van and drives off.

She pulls out a walkie.
FELICA FATALE
Max? Do you copy? He’s moving

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

MAX ATTACKS
Copy. I’m on it.

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

INT. MOVING CAR - DAY

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. MOVING CAR - DAY

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

NUMBER ONE
Ohhh shit...

MAX appears 100 ft. From the car.

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

NUMBER ONE puts the seat up and continues speeding along.

CUT TO:
EXT. STREET – DAY

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

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

FELICIA FATALE
I. I don’t know. He did something.

POLICE CHIEF
Well fuck me. I though you were a psychic.

FELICIA FATALE
It doesn’t work like that. Damnit. Put a 340 on him. All units on high alert.

POLICE CHIEF
All?

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

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

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

POLICE CHIEF
Don’t remind me

POLICE CHIEF walks away and makes a call.

POLICE CHIEF (CONT’D)
(On phone) Call up the special squad we’ve been saving. Yeah it’s that bad...

POLICE CHIEF walks out of hearing distance.
FELICA FATALE
I suppose this is more interesting. It’s strange not knowing what to expect.

JOHNNY DEADEYE
I told you we should have killed him there.

FELICA FATALE
And I told you to shut the fuck up.

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

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

CUE FILM NOIR JAZZ

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

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

NUMBER ONE darts into a dark alley way.

FADE TO BLACK