

"ESCAPE FROM THE KILLING FIELDS"

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY

The sun beats down on green meadows. A few scattered buildings here and there. No people.

Gravel roads snake their way to a --

EXT. MILITARY INSTALLATION -- CONTINUOUS

-- surrounded by a tall barbed-wire fence. Big signs, positioned at strategic intervals, states with black letters that this is: "OFFUTT AIR FORCE BASE."

And with bold red letters: "RESTRICTED AREA. USE OF DEADLY FORCE AUTHORIZED".

A fighter jet ROARS overhead.

INT. OFFUTT AFB - ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

A pair of boots stride down the shiny linoleum floor with purpose. The FOOTSTEPS echo against the dull and featureless walls

COLONEL LISA CHAPMAN (early 50s) runs a hand across her tightly cropped hair and slaps on her cap with its EAGLE insignia.

She rounds a corner and meets up with PROFESSOR ANDREW LEMAY (late 40s) who carries a metal briefcase. He offers her a courteous nod.

LEMAY

Colonel.

COL CHAPMAN

Doctor.

LEMAY

It's 'Professor', actually.

COL CHAPMAN

Indeed. All set?

LEMAY

Yes.

COL CHAPMAN

Let's go.

She leads him to a door and they --

EXT. OFFUTT AFB - AIR FIELD -- CONTINUOUS

-- step out into the sunshine. Moving at a brisk pace, the two of them quickly cover the short distance to the --

INT. OFFUTT AFB - BARRACKS -- CONTINUOUS

Soldiers snap to attention as the two of them enter.

COL CHAPMAN

At ease.

They do.

Chapman strides down the aisle between two long rows of perfectly groomed soldiers. She eyes them, sees the RANGER patches on their shoulders.

COL CHAPMAN

You're gonna make that Al-Qaeda mountain boy regret he ever farted in our direction.

RANGERS

(in unison)

Hoo-haa!

The outburst startles LeMay.

COL CHAPMAN

Before shipping you out next week, the good doctor here has a little cocktail for you that should take care of any A-rab disease you might encounter over there. Can't have you boys hawking the latrine every five minutes.

LEMAY

Actually, it's a series of inoculations designed to combat diarrhea, typhus, dysentery --

COL CHAPMAN

Thank you, doctor.

LEMAY

It's pro...

He gives up and takes out an injector gun from the briefcase.

COL CHAPMAN

Get in line, men.

INT. OFFUTT AFB - ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING -- LATER

Chapman and LeMay cross an empty hallway. The Colonel flips through papers on a clipboard, checking certain passages with a pen.

LEMAY

You think they bought it?

COL CHAPMAN

They're Rangers. Of course they did.

(slides the clipboard
under her arm)

When will we see a reaction?

LEMAY

I'll give them the second shot tomorrow and the final one two days after that. Then we'll wait.

EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE -- CONTINUOUS

Winds rustle the wide corn fields, kicking dust devils across gravel roads.

Houses dot the fields, some of them big -- most of them not.

EXT. ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

A faded blue pickup bumps along a pothole riddled dirt road, the suspension moans with each hit. Happy-go-lucky country music cackles off through the open windows.

The dirt track morphs into a paved road. The pickup passes a sign that says: "WELCOME TO ARAPAHOE, NEBRASKA".

EXT. DOWNTOWN ARAPAHOE -- CONTINUOUS

A typical mid-sized town community. A diner here, a gun store there. At its center, a more prominent church.

The pickup proceeds through and comes to a stop near --

EXT. DAILY MART -- CONTINUOUS

MATT SHEPARD (mid 30s), good looking -- not that he cares, slides out of the pickup and puts on a HUSKERS baseball cap.

He shuts the door and leans against the open side window.

BEN, a four year old Labrador Retriever, looks at him from the passenger seat.

MATT
Hold the fort, will you?

INT. DAILY MART -- DAY

Matt pushes a shopping cart in front of him, not even a quarter filled.

He throws a box of cereals into the cart, picks it back up and replaces it with a cheaper brand.

He rounds an aisle and nearly bumps into CINDY BECKET (mid 30s), and if ever there was a looker -- she would be it.

MATT
Hey, Cindy.

Zoned out, Cindy stares at the products on a shelf without really looking. She doesn't notice Matt.

MATT
Cindy?

She snaps out of it and lights up by the sight of Matt's face.

CINDY
Hi, Matt.

MATT
You doing okay?

CINDY
(fakes a smile)
I'm good. Just waiting for Sam.

As if on cue, SAM BECKET (mid 30s), arrives with a brimming cart.

The smile drains from Cindy's face.

Sam's gold rings, gold chains and gold necklaces don't quite manage to steer attention away from his receding hairline.

SAM
There you are.

He spots Matt and the look of a nervous inferior complex contorts his face.

SAM
Matt.

MATT
Sam.

The two men size each other up like boxers waiting for the opening bell.

Sam looks down at Matt's pathetically near-empty shopping cart.

SAM
So how are things? You writing again?

Matt flings out an arm and grabs a pack of Xerox paper from a shelf. And another.

MATT
I'm on a roll, Sam, spewing out pages left and right. Pretty unnatural.

SAM
Yeah?

Sam digs into his expensive looking pants and pulls out a thick wad of dollar bills.

SAM
Can't complain much myself.

He counts out a generous amount and hands it to Cindy.

SAM
Go buy yourself something nice, baby.

Cindy gives the bills a resentful look.

SAM
 (stern)
 Go.

She yanks the bills out of Sam's hand and heads off.

SAM
 Say hi to Maggie for me.

He chuckles and follows after Cindy.

Matt heads for the --

CHECKOUT

The CHECKOUT GIRL (19), clearly only doing this for the money, hands Matt back his American Express credit card.

CHECKOUT GIRL
 I'm sorry, sir, this card is
 closed.

MATT
 What? That's gotta be a mistake,
 could you try it again, please?

CHECKOUT GIRL
 Already checked it twice, sir.

MATT
 How 'bout this one?

He hands her his Diners card.

Several people waiting in line moan and sigh, Matt gives them an overbearing, yet slightly nervous, smile.

CHECKOUT GIRL
 Sorry, sir. Closed.

Matt cringes. He quickly scans his items and removes several products, leaving only toilet paper and dog food behind.

MATT
 How much is that?

The checkout girl sighs like only a teenager can.

CHECKOUT GIRL
 Six fifty.

Matt rummages through his wallet and digs out a fiver. He gives it a questioning look.

IMPATIENT CUSTOMER
Can we move it along?

CHECKOUT GIRL
Six fifty, sir.

He scopes the toilet paper.

CINDY (O.S.)
I've got it.

Cindy squeezes herself through the line.

MATT
You don't have to do that.

She smiles.

CINDY
Don't tell Sam.

As she bends forward to pay the girl, her shirt lifts, exposing a bit of skin above the waist line.

Matt stares at several purple and yellow bruises on her back. Cindy sees him staring and quickly tugs her shirt back down.

MATT
Cindy?

CINDY
Don't, Matt. It's --

She takes off.

CHECKOUT GIRL
Ma'am, your change?

Matt watches her disappear.

MATT
Keep it.

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE -- DAY

A seared lawn leads up to a small house, a one storey yellow brick building.

Matt pulls into the driveway, another car already waits in front of the house.

Ben BARKS and runs over to PETE (40s), dressed in a postal uniform, and receives a friendly patting.

PETE

Hey, Ben.

The dog barks a reply and paws at Pete's bag of mail.

PETE

Afternoon, Matt. I've got some for you.

He hands Matt a handful of letters.

Matt quickly skims the letterheads -- American Express, Diners Club International, Citibank -- and squirms.

PETE

Anything good in there?

MATT

Just fan mail.

PETE

So are we gonna read something new from you soon or what?

MATT

(re: letters)

Only my obituary if you keep this up, Pete.

PETE

The missus' still waiting for a follow up on your last novel. You kinda left it on a cliffhanger.

MATT

I've got some things brewing. You want a beer?

PETE

Thanks but I gotta get these letters delivered. How's the family?

MATT

I hear they're good.

PETE
Oh, I'm sorry, I thought you and
Maggie --

MATT
Nope.

A moment of silence ensues -- the uncomfortable kind.

PETE
Anyway...

MATT
Yeah, would you look at the time.

PETE
...I gotta get going. See you
around, Matt.

MATT
(smiles)
Not too soon, you hear?

Pete chuckles and heads off. Matt's smile evaporates the moment Pete turns his back to him. He looks back down at the envelopes and tears opens the one from "FIRST BANK OF ARAPAHOE".

He pulls the letter out. Turns pale white.

INSERT - LETTER, the headline reads:

"FORECLOSURE"

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Matt flings the toilet seat open and pukes into the bowl. He arches his back again and spews out another stream of vomit in the "BWUAARRRHH" kind of way.

LIVING ROOM -- LATER

A spartan interior that lacks that certain female touch. The bare essentials and that's it.

A layer of dust covers a retro typewriter parked in a corner.

On the wall above it hangs a framed (and faded) newspaper clipping that shows a younger version of Matt, who dons a wide smile. He holds a book in his hands.

The caption below reads: "THE NEW STEPHEN KING?"

Matt tosses the rest of the letters on a coffee table and runs a sleeve across his mouth. Stops.

An envelope with the name "BAKER & GIBSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW" catches his attention.

He picks up the letter and weighs it in his hand.

Ben looks up at him.

MATT
(takes a deep breath)
Okay. Okay.

Matt runs a finger through the closure and rips open the envelope. He pulls out the letter and stares at the paper.

Ben jolts as Matt slams the paper against the coffee table.

MATT
Goddammit, Maggie!

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - PORCH -- NIGHT

Matt sits in a rocking chair, gently rocking back and forth. Crickets chirp in the otherwise silent night. He sips from a can of beer and looks down at Ben who lies next to the chair.

MATT
When it rains, it pours, huh?

Ben blinks a couple of times with lazy eyes.

MATT
I hear ya.

He raises a framed picture of a vibrant young girl with pigtails and freckles that smiles back at him. Matt runs a finger across her face and chokes back tears.

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- EARLIER

Ben jolts as Matt slams the paper against the coffee table.

MATT
Goddammit, Maggie!

He grabs the telephone (landline) and punches in a number. Almost visibly fuming, his jaw muscles pulsate while his fingers tap the table.

RICHARD (V.O.)
(sleepy)
Hello?

MATT
Put Maggie on.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Who is it?

MATT
You know damn well who this is,
Richard.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Matt?

MATT
A Goddamn custody hearing? Put her
on!

RICHARD (V.O.)
She's asleep. We both were. It's
two in the --

MATT
I don't give a shit, put her on.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
(background)
Who is it.

MATT
Maggie?

RICHARD (V.O.)
Go back to sleep, honey.

MATT
Put her on the fucking phone,
Richard.

RICHARD (V.O.)
No.

MATT
Was this your idea? Did you put
her up to this?

RICHARD (V.O.)
Goodbye, Matt.

He disconnects.

Matt grits his teeth and smashes the receiver down so hard that the telephone breaks.

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - PORCH -- NIGHT

A tear rolls down Matt's face. He wipes it away with an annoyed jerk. Clears his nose. He bottoms the beer and crushes the can in his hand.

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- EARLIER

Matt stares at his framed picture with the "NEW STEPHEN KING?" caption. He catches his reflection in the glass, spots his weary eyes.

He slouches into a chair in front of the typewriter and blows the dust away from the keys.

His fingers glide across the different letters, almost caressing them.

MATT
Please.

Matt puts in a sheet of paper and turns it into place.

He glares at the pristine whiteness of the paper. If the white emptiness could speak it would, no doubt, mock him.

MATT
Please?

Matt takes a deep breath and raises a finger. Slowly, the finger travels through air and -- stops.

He quenches his eyes shut. His finger dangles in mid-air. It trembles, the knuckles white. Beads of sweat form on his forehead. His nostrils twitch.

MATT
Come on!

He pushes himself away from the typewriter and --

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - PORCH -- NIGHT

-- lurches from the rocking chair and hurls the crumbled beer can through the air. He takes a deep breath and empties his lungs in a long drawn-out scream of emotional agony.

Startled, Ben scoots to his feet. Even the crickets go quiet. Matt drops to his knees and lets the tears flow.

Ben comes over and sits down next to him.

MATT

I'll figure something out, boy.

He runs a hand across the dog's shiny mane. Ben repays him with a face full of dog-tongue.

Matt stares out into the night, his gaze hard and determined.

INT. OFFUTT AFB - BARRACKS -- CONTINUOUS

Darkness. Snoring. Lotsa snoring, the kind only men can make.

But CORPORAL MIGUEL HERNANDEZ (early 20s) isn't resting peacefully in the arms of Morpheus. Something is wrong. His eyes dart back and forth underneath closed eyelids.

Sweat trickles down his reddening face. His breathing laboured. Strained.

With a gasp of air, his eyes pop open. He blinks repeatedly, as if trying to shake off a horrible nightmare.

Hernandez throws off his blanket and rolls off the bunk. Lying on all four in nothing but his boxers, he grabs his chest and feels his heart. Like a jackhammer, it pounds away.

GA-DUNK GA-DUNK GA-DUNK

CPL HERNANDEZ

What's happening?

He wobbles to his feet, tumbles through the door and --

EXT. OFFUTT AFB - AIR FIELD -- CONTINUOUS

-- into the moonlit night. Staggered and confused, the Ranger wanders aimlessly across the yard until a beam of light lands on his face.

An armed SENTRY holds up his flashlight and looks at Miguel, somewhat puzzled, somewhat amused.

SENTRY
Soldier, why are you not in your
bunk?

Hernandez levels his bloodshot eyes on the Sentry.

CPL HERNANDEZ
I...there's --

His face contorts in agony.

SENTRY
Are you all right, man? You need a
medic?

Hernandez moans and drops to his knees. Realizing the severity of the situation, the Sentry grabs the Ranger by the arm and pulls him up.

SENTRY
I'm taking you to the infirmary.

Hernandez SCREAMS and throws himself at the Sentry. He kicks and punches in an uncoordinated attack while hissing in pure rage. The surprised Sentry takes a battering while desperately trying to fend off the violent onslaught.

The Ranger clasps his hands around the Sentry's throat and squeezes hard, huffing through clenched teeth. The Sentry manages to claw out his sidearm.

He presses the barrel against the side of Hernandez' shoulder and BLOWS a round clean through it.

The Ranger squeals and sags to the ground while the bruised Sentry scampers to his feet.

SENTRY
Jesus Christ, man.

He stares down at bleeding comrade in arms, running a hand across his bleeding lips.

A HISS distracts him. He spins around and faces all the Rangers. All of them with a deranged look of fury in their eyes. Behind him, Hernandez gets to his feet.

The Sentry brings up his weapon.

The Rangers charge.

INT. OFFUTT AFB - COL CHAPMAN'S QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS

A door flies open, lights spill from the outside hallway. An AIDE (mid 20s), buzz cut and fit, flicks on the ceiling lights.

Colonel Chapman squints in her bunk. She hears the outside commotion.

COL CHAPMAN
What's going on?

AIDE
We have a situation, Colonel.

EXT. DOWN TOWN ARAPAHOE -- DAY

The noon sun bakes down on the small town, leaving little room for shadows.

EXT. BANK -- CONTINUOUS

Matt's pickup, windows rolled down, sits across from the bank. People mill about outside, all too busy with their different chores to take notice of Matt's truck.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

Matt glares at the bank's glass entrance with a steeled look in his eyes. His irregular breathing, though, reveals anything but confidence. Ben sits in the seat next to him, observing as Matt pulls on a ski mask.

He adjusts it so that the eyes, nose and mouth align with the designated holes. He checks the rearview mirror. Not proud at what he sees.

He rolls the mask back up so that it looks like a regular knitted cap and holds a hand up in front of him.

It trembles.

He balls it up in a fist and reaches over to the glove compartment and retrieves a black nine millimeter semi-automatic.

Ben's eyes shift from the weapon to Matt. A bark builds in his throat.

MATT

Don't.

He stares at the gun in his hands. As he contemplates, he doesn't see the muscle car that pulls up near the bank's entrance. Or the three men, all dressed in black, that exit the vehicle and proceed inside the bank.

Matt sticks the gun in the side pocket of his jacket and opens the car door. Stops. Shuts the door. He takes a deep self-assuring breath and mans up. He opens the door again and slides out.

Matt closes the door gently and leans through the side window.

MATT

If I'm not back in fifteen minutes...

Unable to complete the sentence, he runs a hand across Ben's head and heads off. Ben watches as Matt crosses the street.

EXT. BANK -- CONTINUOUS

Matt strides toward the entrance with a purpose. He fingers the edge of the ski mask, ready to pull it down, as he pushes the glass doors open and --

INT. BANK -- CONTINUOUS

-- hands jerk him down to the floor. A man, donning a FRANKENSTEIN (the monster) mask, shoves a twelve-gauge shotgun in his face.

FRANKENSTEIN

You the big hero around here?

Matt stares up at the massive barrel-opening.

MATT

(lips trembling)

No. No.

FRANKENSTEIN

Keep it that way.

The bank robber grabs Matt by the collar and drags him over to a support pillar, placing him between two other men.

On his right sits DWAYNE JOHANNESON (late 40s), a burly man sporting a jacket with the words "D.J.'s MEAT OUTLET" stenciled on its front.

On his left, AMIR GHALIB (late 30s), a well-dressed bearded man of Middle Eastern descent.

Matt swallows the initial shock and gives the interior a quick once over.

The large high-ceilinged square room dons a short row of bank tellers behind a glass wall, one booth occupied by a FEMALE BANK TELLER, and a circular waiting area that fades into an open office with a few desks.

Two of them taken by Account Managers in suits.

He spots Sam lying on his stomach near the opposite pillar with his fingers interlocked behind his head. Matt almost smiles at the sight but then he notices Cindy, lying behind him.

Two other bank robbers fan out while Frankenstein locks the doors. These two also wear masks. One wears a WOLFMAN mask and the other a MUMMY mask.

Mummy aims his sawed-off at the glass wall.

MUMMY

Get outta' there!

The female bank teller behind it barely makes it underneath the counter before a BOOMING slug splinters the glass.

Mummy reaches down behind the counter and yanks the woman over it by her hair. She tumbles screaming to the floor.

Wolfman shoves Sam's face hard against the ground, Cindy yelps out in fear.

Wolfman trains his shotgun on the back of Sam's head.

WOLFMAN

You know this bitch?

SAM

Ye--yes.

WOLFMAN

Then shut her the fuck up before I do.

FRANKENSTEIN

Everybody, on your stomachs. Hands behind your heads, cross your feet.

Everyone complies.

FRANKENSTEIN

As you probably know, your money is insured by the Feds. No matter how much we take, your money'll always be there. So let's not get a whole John McClane vibe going here, all right? We don't much want that, and trust me...

(taps the shotgun's trigger)

...you absolutely don't want that. Do we have an understanding? Can I get an 'Amen'?

No one dares to speak up.

FRANKENSTEIN

A simple yes or no will do, people. Guess which one gets you furthest in life.

ALL

Yes.

FRANKENSTEIN

Gee, that kinda sounded unanimous. You're a wise bunch of folks.

He paces through the waiting area and heads towards the two men in suits.

FRANKENSTEIN

Who's the manager here?

No one replies.

He locates the younger of the two Account Managers underneath his desk.

FRANKENSTEIN

You. Get up.

TIM MURPHY (early 20s), sharply dressed in suit, tie and a face full of fear, stumbles to his feet with his hands raised ridiculously high.

FRANKENSTEIN
You the manager?

TIM
No --
(nods to his left)
-- he is.

An obese man, a few tables left of Tim's, stands up. Sweat covers his face and a good portion of his, now, dark blue shirt collar.

BOOM

A twelve gauge slug tears through the fat man, sending him flailing across a desk.

Tim stares in shock at his dead (and former) boss.

Frankenstein look over to Wolfman and his smoking shotgun.

FRANKENSTEIN
The hell is wrong with you?

WOLFMAN
What? You didn't want me to shoot him?

FRANKENSTEIN
No.
(shakes his head, turns to Tim)
That was over the top wasn't it? You can totally tell me. It's not like I'm gonna kill ya. After all, you are the boss-man now. I need ya.

TIM
I--I...

FRANKENSTEIN
Now, this doesn't give you a carte blanche, kid. If you for some reason decide to play hardball with me, then I will have to stick the barrel of this shotgun up in yo armpit and pull the trigger.

Tim winces.

FRANKENSTEIN

Obviously, that won't kill ya. You know, right away. But it does sound kinda painful. Don't you think?

Tim nods ferociously.

FRANKENSTEIN

Then why don't you take my boys here to the vault...
 (lowers his shotgun)
 ...and put your damn hands down, will ya, you distracting the hell out of me.

Tim leads Wolfman and Mummy through a door as Frankenstein strolls around casually while keeping an eye on the scared folks.

He locks the front doors.

FRANKENSTEIN

(checks the outside)
 Talk about the middle of nowhere. Look at the bright side though, family get-togethers probably involve the whole town, don't they?

He hums the "DUELING BANJOS" tune and chuckles.

FRANKENSTEIN

Freaks.

Frankenstein leaves the door and heads over to the pillar where Matt, Dwayne and Amir lie. He pokes Matt with his boot.

FRANKENSTEIN

You, hero. What ya think about my speech back there? I'm trying to do something different for each bank. Did it work all right for you?

Matt looks up, doesn't know what to say. Frankenstein taps him twice in the head with the tip of the shotgun.

FRANKENSTEIN

Hello.

MATT

It was, um, effective.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yeah? Not too rehearsed?

MATT

No, pretty spontaneous.

FRANKENSTEIN

Thanks, man.

He whistles a new tune, one of them big band tunes. He does a little jiggle to the music while adding some drum effects.

Matt carefully turns his head and locks eyes with Amir. They exchange questioning glances as Frankenstein picks up the tempo on his tune.

Matt shows Amir a quick flash of the gun in his pocket. The Middle Eastener quickly shakes his head and forms the word "NO" with his mouth.

Frankenstein finishes the tune with a dramatic drum roll.

FRANKENSTEIN

(takes a bow)

Thank you, thank you. I'm here all week.

Wolfman and Mummy barge back inside with Tim leading at gunpoint.

WOLFMAN

(taps his backpck)

We got it.

FRANKENSTEIN

How much?

MUMMY

Fifty, maybe sixty grand.

FRANKENSTEIN

That's it?

(grabs Tim by the hair)

The hell kinda place you running here?

TIM

We're a small bank. Small community, we don't usually --

He shoves Tim down on the floor.

FRANKENSTEIN

Everyone. Since you local bank
here is ain't exactly Money 'R Us,
I'm afraid I'm gonna hafta' ask all
you fine people to empty your
pockets.

Nobody moves.

FRANKENSTEIN

Now!

The natives spill the insides of their pockets onto the
floor, while Wolfman and Mummy scoop it into the backpack.

MUMMY

Hustle! We're on the clock here.

He grabs Sam's thick wad of bills off the floor and gives it
an impressive look. Noticing the gold chains around Sam's
neck, he snatches them off with a quick jerk.

SAM

Hey!

Mummy kicks Sam over on his back and presses the barrels of
his sawed-off against his left eye.

MUMMY

Something you wanna add to that?

Petrified, Sam shakes his head. Mummy looks down and sees a
wet spot form around Sam's crotch area.

MUMMY

(chuckles)

Walk it off.

He reaches over and yanks Cindy's diamond earrings off,
leaving her bleeding and screaming.

Matt pulls out his wallet and slides it across the floor.
Wolfman approaches, grabs the wallet but freezes. He weighs
it in his hand.

WOLFMAN

You holding back on us?

MATT

That's all I have.

Wolfman tilts his head and makes a clicking sound with his tongue.

WOLFMAN
Liar, liar, pants on fire.

MATT
I swear.

WOLFMAN
How 'bout them coat pockets?

Matt's eyes twitch. Wolfman sees it.

WOLFMAN
Get yo ass up. Come on, get up.

Frankenstein comes over.

FRANKENSTEIN
Problems?

WOLFMAN
Just another cheapskate.

FRANKENSTEIN
More hero stuff, pal?

MATT
I don't have anything. I'm broke
as a joke.

WOLFMAN
Check his pockets.

Wolfman trains his weapon on Matt's chest while Frankenstein reaches out for Matt's --

Frankenstein's head snaps around at the sound of a police siren building somewhere outside, approaching.

WOLFMAN
Shit.

The three bank robbers rush to the door and take cover behind support pillars.

FRANKENSTEIN
Get ready.

A police cruiser speeds past the bank, followed by another. And then -- nothing.

WOLFMAN

What the hell?

MUMMY

I say we book right the fuck now.

A BLARING siren. Not a police siren. No. That eerie oscillating wail from an air raid siren.

FRANKENSTEIN

Now what?

Frankenstein glues his face against the window and gawks outside.

EXT. MAIN STREET -- CONTINUOUS

All around Main Street, people step out onto the sidewalk. They stare up and around, confused. Strike that -- they're scared shitless.

A murmur spreads like a wildfire

The siren continues its foreboding wail.

INT. BANK -- CONTINUOUS

Frankenstein backs away from the window and turns to the anxious people.

FRANKENSTEIN

What is that?

DWAYNE

A tornado warning.

MUMMY

Tornado warning my ass.

(yanks Tim closer)

This bastard tripped the fucking alarm.

TIM

No, he's right.

Frankenstein looks around at the concerned faces. He places a hand on Mummy's shoulder.

FRANKENSTEIN

Cool it.

(to Tim)

You've got a radio somewhere?

TIM

There's one behind the counter.

FRANKENSTEIN

(to Wolfman)

Get it.

Wolfman jumps over the counter and knocks pens and papers out of the way until he finds a portable transistor.

He flicks it on.

RADIO (V.O.)

(monotone voice)

-- gency Alert System. The following is a coordinated alert for the residents of the counties Gosper, Norton, Furnas --

DWAYNE

That's us.

MUMMY

Shut up.

RADIO (V.O.)

-- and Phelps. All residents are advised to proceed inside immediately and secure all doors and windows. A county wide curfew is in --

Wolfman jams the tuner to a different station.

RADIO (V.O.)

This is the Emergency Alert System. The following is a coordinated alert --

WOLFMAN

What the hell?

He switches station again.

RADIO (V.O.)

-- and windows. A county wide curfew is in affect. This is not a test.

WOLFMAN

It's the same on every station.

EXT. DOWN TOWN ARAPAHOE -- CONTINUOUS

A traffic jam under build up, cars push their way back and forth. All trying to find out who can get out of town fastest.

Drivers yell at each other, threats fly across lanes.

EXT. BANK -- CONTINUOUS

Ben sticks his head out of the side window of the pickup and watches people stampede through the street.

INT. BANK -- CONTINUOUS

The droning ESA announcement churns on in the background.

FRANKENSTEIN

(re: message)

Is that shit normal? Is that how it works when a tornado hits?

The natives look around at each other, curious, puzzled.

FRANKENSTEIN

Hero, is that how it works?

MATT

No. No, they usually just come right out and say that.

MUMMY

Then what the hell is it, man?

DWAYNE

Some kind of terrorist attack, maybe?

SAM

Nuclear?

Dwayne suggestively directs their attention at Amir. The Middle Easterner rolls his eyes in disgust.

MATT

Come on, not that paranoid bullshit again.

DWAYNE
You know them bastard's chemical
weapons.

MATT
Amir?

DWAYNE
Well, how many ragheads live around
here?

AMIR
(slight accent)
You just can't help it, can you?

DWAYNE
(under his breath)
Raghead.

MATT
Knock it off, Dwayne.

DWAYNE
I just ain't big on them camel
jockeys. Not after Nine-Eleven.

MATT
Amir? He's a doctor. An ENT
specialist.

DWAYNE
Sleeper cells, Matt, sleeper cells.

FRANKENSTEIN
Whoa! When the hell did this turn
into a town hall meeting?

MUMMY
What are we even waiting for, man?
Let's just git.

Frankenstein eyes the muscle car parked outside the bank.

FRANKENSTEIN
Yeah. Yeah. Let's do it.

Wolfman straps on the backpack. Frankenstein faces the
natives.

FRANKENSTEIN

Ladies and gentlemen, you've been a most attentive audience and, if you're not too busy, we should definitely do this again someday.

(raises his hand in a salute)

And with that, I bid you --

SCREEEECH

EXT. BANK -- CONTINUOUS

An SUV careens across the street and plows into the muscle car. Both vehicles tumble over on their sides and burst into flames.

Broken glass flies across the street just as Matt's pickup rolls sideways past the bank.

INT. BANK -- CONTINUOUS

Ten pairs of eyes watch on in disbelief as the cars shoot past the windows.

Frankenstein lowers his hand and casually turns to face the carnage.

Just then, a convoy of five-ton M900 military trucks barrel through the street outside. A Humvee makes up the rear, its .50 caliber machine gun blazing.

FRANKENSTEIN

Oh-kay. Change of plans.

Matt stares at the banged-up shape that was once his truck.

MATT

Ben?

Frankenstein pulls Tim up off the floor.

FRANKENSTEIN

This place got some kinda basement?

TIM

Yeah, a storage.

FRANKENSTEIN

Let's go.

STAIRCASE

Frankenstein shoves Tim down a steep set of metal stairs, while the rest follow with Wolfman and Mummy making up the rear.

CORRIDOR

Lights flicker above a narrow passageway that quickly clogs up with people. Tim unlocks a door and leads them into the --

STORAGE

Wolfman shoves the eight natives inside. Not much room to speak of, mostly shelves filled with boxes. Frankenstein slams the door behind them.

CORRIDOR

Mummy reloads his sawed-off.

MUMMY

What are we doing here, man? Let's just fucking leave.

Wolfman nods.

FRANKENSTEIN

Not until I figure out what's going on. For all I know they called in the National Guard on us and if that's the case, then I'm not about to give up our only leverage...
 (points to the door)
 ...them.

STORAGE

Matt slides off the folded up ski mask and wipes sweat from his brow. Tim eyes the knitted lump with a questioning look. Cindy gently touches her blood-crusted earlobes. Her face painted by tears and smeared mascara.

CINDY

What's happening?

SAM
 Could you not talk, please. Would
 that be possible for a change?

TIM
 Matt, what's with the cap?

MATT
 This? It's just, um --

Tim yanks it out of his hand and lifts it up for all to see.

TIM
 A ski mask?

All eyes on Matt.

MATT
 I --

DWAYNE
 Whoa. What the hell, Matt?

TIM
 A new fashion statement? Something
 you wanna share with us?

MATT
 All right, I know this looks bad
 but it's just a --

TIM
 Bad? I don't think bad quite
 covers it.

AMIR
 That's why you brought the gun?

SAM
 What?

DWAYNE
 You've got a gun, Matt?

SAM
 What the hell are you doing with a
 gun?

MATT
 Look, I --

WHACK

Tim lands a right hook to Matt's jaw and sends him stumbling against the wall.

Amir throw himself between the two men and pries them apart.

TIM

Why didn't you use it, Matt? They killed Roy. You could've stopped them.

MATT

(massages his jaw)
It's not --

TIM

Why didn't you stop them?

MATT

Cos' it ain't real, all right?

Matt pulls out the gun and pull its plastic trigger. The gun SQUEAKS. Tim backs away, puzzled.

TIM

You were gonna rob the bank with a squirt gun?

SAM

I don't believe this.

MATT

I'm in a bind here. I can't write, can't pay the bills, I'm way behind on the alimony. You're gonna take the house. And Maggie. Maggie wanna move to Europe with Richard fucking Ramsbottom and she's gonna take Jessie with her...

(to Tim)

I was never gonna hurt you, Tim, you've gotta believe me.

Tim shakes his head.

AMIR

I believe you, Matt.

Matt scrounges up a weak smile.

MATT

Thanks.

SAM

I always figured you for a coward,
Matt, but this is just way the hell
beyond scraping the bottom.

CINDY

Sam, please.

SAM

What? This loser, he couldn't even
support his own wife and daughter.
No wonder Maggie ran off with
another guy.

MATT

That's enough, Sam.

SAM

You know how many times she pleaded
me to give you a job?

MATT

She did what?

A fist BANGS the door from the outside.

MUMMY (O.S.)

(muffled)

Shut the fuck up!

Matt and Sam stare each other down -- and slowly separate.

MAIN AREA

Frankenstein walks past the counter and turns the transistor
back on.

RADIO (V.O.)

-- Alert System. The following is a
coordi --

He flicks it off and heads for the entrance.

Scattered gunfire still audible through the thick glass, but
not a person in sight.

Frankenstein pops behind one of the support pillars and
fidgets about when a scraping sound distracts him.

He looks left, then right. Sees nothing. He turns back to
the entrance and --

FRANKENSTEIN

Fuck!

-- stares eye to eye with Ben.

FRANKENSTEIN

Jesus. Scared the shit outta' me.

The dog paws at the glass door, trying to get in.

FRANKENSTEIN

Go! Shoo!

WOOF WOOF

STORAGE

Matt looks up as he hears the faint sound of Ben's raspy bark.

MATT

Ben?

He jumps to his feet and BANGS the door with his fists.

MATT

Open up. Come on, open the door.
That's my dog up there.

Wolfman pries the door ajar.

WOLFMAN

What?

MATT

It's my dog.

WOLFMAN

Then tell Lassie to take its ass
out for a date. Step the fuck
back.

MATT

Come on. He's all I've got.

WOLFMAN

Man, you are pathetic.

He slams the door shut. Matt doesn't give up and pounds the door again.

SAM
Stop that. You'll get us all
killed.

Frankenstein blows the door open with so much force that it
sends Matt on his back.

FRANKENSTEIN
Now what, hero?

WOLFMAN
He says it's his dog up there.
Want me to go shoot it?

Frankenstein eyes Matt intensely and taps the shotgun's
trigger.

FRANKENSTEIN
I'm a dog-person myself but if that
pooch even drools in my direction --

MATT
I hear you. He'll be good.

MAIN AREA

Ben stands outside the glass door, it's tongue dangling from
its mouth. Matt lights up at the sight.

MATT
Ben!

Frankenstein opens the door and Ben sprints inside and jumps
into Matt's arms.

MATT
Where've you been, huh? I thought
something happened to you.

FRANKENSTEIN
We happy?

MATT
Yeah. Thanks.

FRANKENSTEIN
Get your ass downstairs.

Ben looks at Frankenstein and growls off a sneer.

FRANKENSTEIN

He better be doin' that shit cos'
he wanna hump my leg...or else.

MATT

Ben, stop that.

But Ben doesn't stop, instead he breaks out in a violent series of BARKS. His lips curl back in a vicious snarl.

Frankenstein brings up his shotgun, takes aim.

MATT

Whoa, whoa, wait.

Matt holds up a hand but something catches his attention, over Frankenstein's shoulder, through the glass door.

His eyes widen.

Frankenstein spins around just in time to see a man in a military uniform throw himself through the door, SMASHING it to a billion tiny glass pieces.

With a violent growl, the man scurries to his feet and hurls himself at Matt and Frankenstein.

Matt stumbles back, while Frankenstein drops to one knee and squeezes off a slug.

The twelve-gauge wobbles the man around and a second BLAST blows him on his back.

STORAGE

Everybody jolts.

CORRIDOR

Wolfman and Mummy stare at each other -- and bolt for the stairs.

MAIN AREA

Frankenstein bends over the bloody corpse. The man's face is swollen and bruised, his age indeterminable.

Blood mixed with saliva ooze from his mouth.

Standing at a safe distance, Matt puts down Ben but keeps a firm grip on his collar.

MATT

Is he...?

Frankenstein pokes him with the shotgun. No response.

FRANKENSTEIN

He sure as hell looks --

The man's eyes pop open and he hurls himself at Frankenstein with a SHRIEK.

Frankenstein staggers to his back and tries to block the attack.

The shotgun slides across the floor and comes to a stop at Matt's feet.

The man claws at Frankenstein at a frantic pace, his nails scratch the mask.

Frankenstein crosses his arms in front of his face as the man reaches out and --

BAM

The man's skull explodes and blood and brain tissue splatter against the pillar.

Out of breath, Frankenstein looks up.

Matt stands above him, holding the smoking shotgun in his hands.

MUMMY (O.S.)

Drop it!

Matt spins around as Wolfman and Mummy burst inside, their weapons ready for action.

WOLFMAN

Drop the shit.

Frankenstein snatches the gun out of Matt's hands.

FRANKENSTEIN

Cool it, fellas.

WOLFMAN

You okay?

FRANKENSTEIN
Just peachy.

MUMMY
What happened?

They gather around the headless corpse.

WOLFMAN
Yummy.

MUMMY
They sent the fucking army after us
or what?

FRANKENSTEIN
Army usually don't jump through
glass doors without packing an
assault rifle. And they usually
come in larger numbers.

WOLFMAN
So he's Rambo or something?

FRANKENSTEIN
Or something.

MATT (O.S.)
Guys?

MUMMY
So what do we do, man?

MATT (O.S.)
Guys?

MUMMY
Shut the fuck up!
(gets up to face Matt)
The fuck you even doin' up here
anyway? You should be downstairs
with the rest.

Matt points.

A yell from the outside gets their attention.

EXT. BANK -- CONTINUOUS

Two NATIONAL GUARDSMEN sprint across the street and slide for
cover behind Matt's toppled over pickup.

A HOWLING four-man mob of Rangers in tattered and blood stained uniforms charge across the lane.

One of the Guardsmen, PFC JEREMY SPITZER (early 20s), leans around the side of the truck, raises his M4 and lets off a short burst at the oncoming mob.

The rounds tear into the leader of the pack and, if he seemed pissed off before, well, then he's fucking fuming now.

Without missing a beat, the foursome storm at the two Guardsmen.

A well-placed headshot takes one of them out of the equation but the rest keep up the mad dash.

INT. BANK -- CONTINUOUS

Matt stares on in horror as the three Rangers reach their targets and tear into them with sickening bloodlust.

WOLFMAN

Shee-it.

The bank robbers fall back for cover

EXT. BANK -- CONTINUOUS

A dirty finger turns an eyeball into a mushy pulp, a hand tears an ear off while dark red blood spurts from the wound.

Life ebbs from one of the Guardsmen as hands, feet and teeth tear, stomp and gnaw his body apart.

Jeremy fights for his life, firing his weapon at random. He cuts down one attacker, kicks another before the third overpowers him.

Hands clench around his throat, his eyeballs bulge in their sockets.

Through all the commotion he hears Ben's faint BARK.

His vision upside down, Jeremy spots Matt standing nailed to the ground inside the bank.

He fights back with renewed strength and manages to break the attackers jaw with his elbow.

His nails dig into the asphalt as he regains his footing and hurdles for the bank's entrance.

INT. BANK -- CONTINUOUS

Jeremy storms inside. Nearly out of breath, he heads for Matt.

JEREMY
Help! Please!

Wolfman and Mummy appear out of nowhere and shoulder tackle him to the ground.

MATT
They're coming.

Finally able to move, Matt grabs Ben and runs off to the side as the two remaining Rangers storm the bank.

Frankenstein pops up from behind the counter. Shotgun blasts light up the interior.

Matt throws himself beneath a desk and covers his ears.

Slugs rip the Rangers' uniforms to pieces and blood cascades from wounds.

It doesn't stop them.

Mummy slides across the floor behind the Rangers and kneecaps one of them with the sawed-off.

The Ranger ROARS in pain and falls to his knees. Mummy's second round tears the back of his skull apart.

The other Ranger claws himself forward but Frankenstein and Wolfman unload at point blank range.

Spent cartridges fly through the smoke filled air and, finally, the Ranger succumbs to his wounds.

WOLFMAN
Persistent fuckers.

Frankenstein yanks Jeremy to his feet.

FRANKENSTEIN
You got some 'splaning to do, boy.

In the background, Matt crawls toward the staircase with as much stealth as he can muster.

JEREMY
 (stares at their masks)
 Who the hell are you people?

Wolfman pumps his shotgun.

WOLFMAN
 Let me do him right now, man.

FRANKENSTEIN
 Cool it.
 (to Jeremy)
 Don't worry about who we are.
 Worry about what me friend here'll
 do to you if I take the leash off
 of 'im.

Jeremy swallows.

FRANKENSTEIN
 Now talk. Who are you and what the
 fuck is wrong with Uncle Sam's
 finest?

STAIRCASE

Matt gently closes the door behind him and he and Ben tiptoe down the metal flight of stairs.

JEREMY (V.O.)
 Jeremy Spitzer, Private First
 Class, Nebraska National Guard
 Unit.

CORRIDOR

He finds the door to the storage and twists the door handle.

Locked.

JEREMY (V.O.)
 We got called out to Offutt Air
 Force Base, up in Bellevue, that's
 about --

FRANKENSTEIN (V.O.)
 Skip to where this gets
 interesting, soldier.

Matt takes a step back and rams the door with his shoulder. The wooden frame moans. He gives it another ram and the door splinters open.

The others stare at him in utter surprise.

MATT

Let's go.

Everyone hesitates.

MATT

Come on.

MAIN AREA

Jeremy wipes sweat and blood off his dirty face.

JEREMY

Can I get some water.

FRANKENSTEIN

No. What happened?

JEREMY

We get there and all these...
(re: dead Rangers)
...psychos just attack us. A total
bloodbath. We barely made it out
of there and they've been chasing
us across --

FRANKENSTEIN

They just flipped?

JEREMY

I could really use some water,
mister.

FRANKENSTEIN

(grabs Jeremy by the hair)
Enough with the fucking water
already.

JEREMY

All right, all right. There were
these rumors floating around.

FRANKENSTEIN

What about?

JEREMY

Something about an experimental drug they've been testing. A combat enhancer. You know, no pain, no fear just...urges.

WOLFMAN

I get those urges too, man.

FRANKENSTEIN

Looks like it works. So what happened? It got outta' control?

JEREMY

You tell me.

Wolfman nudges a dead Ranger with his boot.

WOLFMAN

They're not, like, Zombies, right?

The three of them stare at him in disbelief.

WOLFMAN

Hey, I'm just asking.

JEREMY

No. They, like, stay dead.

Wolfman jams his shotgun against Jeremy's neck.

WOLFMAN

You better not be giving me no wise lip, boy.

FRANKENSTEIN

Cool it.

MUMMY

Listen, we got what we came for. I say we use this diversion to sneak out.

JEREMY

There's more of them out there.

That landed.

FRANKENSTEIN

How many?

JEREMY

I don't know. Twenty. Thirty.

WOLFMAN
Great. Fucking great.

Mummy looks around.

MUMMY
Hey. Where'd the other one go?

CORRIDOR

Matt leads his small posse through the narrow passage.

SAM
What happened up there?

TIM
What was all that shooting?

CINDY
Are they gone?

MATT
(to Tim)
Is there another way out of here?

TIM
Yeah, there's a maintenance hatch
down by the furnace.

MATT
Take us.

SAM
(stops)
I'm not going anywhere until you
tell us what's going --

Ben BARKS at the direction they came from. His ears fold back
and a deep growl escapes his throat.

Running footsteps echo through the corridor.

MATT
Move!

BANG

Wolfman emerges from the shadows further down the passage and
fires his shotgun.

The pellets blow plaster off the walls and one hits Dwayne in
the thigh.

Screaming out in pain, the big man almost sags but Tim grabs him and pulls him along.

The posse storms down the corridor while shots ricochet off the walls.

Tim takes them left down a new passage and barges into the --

FURNACE ROOM

A massive maze of ducts, piping and machinery. Steam rises from vents in the grilled flooring. Faint light from wall mounted low-watt lamps gives the whole place an eerie feel.

TIM

It's down in the opposite end.

MATT

Of course it is.

He slams the door shut just as a slug splinters the wood. A pellet nicks him in the arm. He groans, throws himself to the floor.

TIM

This way.

MATT

(to Ben)

Go!

Tim leads the group down a steam crowded passage. Matt pulls himself up and follows. Another blast tears the door open behind him and he screeches himself to the right and heads down a duct.

His feet POUND against the grilled flooring as he hears his pursuer's CLANGING footsteps behind him. Matt ducks left then right, completely lost in the maze.

Wolfman's shotgun goes off somewhere behind him, sparking ricochets off the machinery. Matt reaches a T-section and spots the rest of the natives.

He changes direction as another BLAST tears past him and catches the female bank teller in the back, throwing her into Amir's arms.

TIM

It's just up ahead.

The group turns down another passage. Matt hears FOOTSTEPS approaching and makes a decision. He jumps off to the side and ducks behind a string of piping.

His eyes scan the steam filled duct. He still hears the FOOTSTEPS but doesn't see the man making them. Then the sound disappears, lost in the noise from the machinery.

Matt sticks his head up, scopes around. Sees nothing. He makes another decision and slowly climbs the piping while keeping an eye on all angles.

Sweating like a hog, Matt pulls himself up on a large piece of machinery. He flattens and pushes himself to the opposite edge. Scans around.

A SCRAPING sound on his left catches his attention. He rolls around and switches viewpoint. His eyes find a shadowy figure, obscured by steam.

ELSEWHERE

Tim runs to a vertical steel ladder and ascends it. His foot slips but he pulls himself back up.

Reaching the top, Tim yanks a lever that controls a pneumatic piston. An access hatch glides open above him and faint sunlight pours inside.

TIM
(waves to the others)
This way.

He pulls himself topside and helps Amir with the injured woman.

BACK TO MATT

Matt watches as the figure sneaks around below him, coming closer. He pulls himself closer to the edge, sits up and --

-- BANGS his head against a pipe.

The figure jerks around and fires. Sparks go off around Matt and he stumbles, dives over the edge.

Matt smashes against the floor, the wind knocked out of him. He rolls around on all fours just in time to receive a boot to the ribs.

He gasps for air and claws for support. Another kick in the midsection folds him like an accordion. Red faced and panting, he looks up as Wolfman trains his shotgun on him.

WOLFMAN
Nighty-night, hero.

WOOF

Ben leaps out of nowhere and bites Wolfman in the arm. The man squeals and stumbles back. This gives Matt just enough time to catch him with a left to the jaw.

Wolfman wobbles to his back as Matt and Ben burst for the exit.

They storm down a duct and reaches a circular room just in time to see Sam, as the last, disappear into the sunlight.

Amir reappears above the edge and waves a hand at him.

AMIR
Come on!

Matt takes a deep breath, jumps onto the ladder and catapults Ben up into Amir's arms. He takes the steps two at a time.

Halfway up, Wolfman screeches inside just as Matt pulls the squirt gun from his pocket.

The two men take aim at one another.

MATT
Don't come any closer.

Wolfman slithers across the floor.

MATT
Come on, you got the money. Just let us go.

WOLFMAN
I ain't doing this for the money.

MATT
Dammit, stop. I'll shoot.

Wolfman inches closer.

MATT
I mean it!

WOLFMAN

Then you woulda' done it already.

He takes aim, fingers the trigger and --

CLICK

Wolfman lowers the rifle.

WOLFMAN

Figures.

He drops the weapon and, before it reaches the ground, pulls out a .357 Desert Eagle from his pants.

Matt claws himself up the ladder as projectiles soar past him.

EXT. BANK -- CONTINUOUS

Amir pulls Matt to safety, kicks the hatch shut and blocks it with a garbage container.

MATT

Thank you.

The others gather around while he catches his breath.

MATT

What you all standing around for?
Run.

He picks up the pace and heads down an --

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

The others close up the gap behind him, Amir with the injured bank teller in his arms.

AMIR

Matt, slow down.

DWAYNE

Yeah, my leg hurts.

MATT

We've gotta hide somewhere.

SAM

Hide? No, we need to get out of town.

Matt sees the far end of the alley approaching, it leads into Main Street.

WHOOSH

A person darts past the alley.

MATT
Shit.

He scampers off to the side and waves the others away.

MATT
Hide, hide.

TIM
What's --

Matt places a finger across his lips. He scans the alley and spots the entrance to a rundown warehouse with dirt covered windows.

MATT
Stay low. Let's go.

They sneak along the alley walls. Matt reaches the door and squeaks the rusted door open on his second try.

MATT
Come on.

INT. RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

A wide open dark space greets them. Mold and mildew cover the walls and anything metallic is covered by a layer of rust. A couple of rats dart across the floor.

Amir gently puts down the woman by the wall and inspects her. Dwayne slides down to a sitting position and grabs his injured leg.

SAM
Okay. So why the hell are we
hiding and not running?

They turn their attention to Matt.

MATT
Something's come up.

EXT. DOWN TOWN ARAPAHOE -- CONTINUOUS

A ghost town. The lazy afternoon sun hangs low on the horizon and casts long shadows across the deserted streets.

INT. BANK - FURNACE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Standing at the top of the ladder, Wolfman bangs his shoulder against the access hatch.

It doesn't budge.

FRANKENSTEIN (O.S.)
You done here?

Frankenstein observes him from the floor.

Wolfman sighs, grabs the sides of the ladder and slides down to the ground with a thump.

WOLFMAN
No.

He raises his Desert Eagle and empties the clip at the hatch.

WOLFMAN
Okay, now I'm done.

MAIN AREA

Mummy keeps his sawed-off trained on Jeremy who sits on his knees, hands behind his head.

Frankenstein and Wolfman enter.

MUMMY
So?

FRANKENSTEIN
They got away. Doesn't matter.

MUMMY
(to Wolfman)
You let 'em get away?

Wolfman grabs Mummy by the collar and slams his against a pillar.

WOLFMAN
Go fuck yourself.

MUMMY

Get the fuck off me.

He shoves Wolfman away and punches him in the midsection. Wolfman cringes over but sucks it up and backhands Mummy across the face.

Mummy sails sideways, his masks all crooked. Wolfman prepares to take him down but Frankenstein steps between them and wrenches them apart.

FRANKENSTEIN

Enough of this amateur crap!

MUMMY

(fixes his mask)
He started it.

FRANKENSTEIN

What are you, five?
(to Wolfman)
And you, pull your shit together.

He shakes his head at the two men and huffs out a disgusted grunt. He turns to Jeremy.

FRANKENSTEIN

What's the army's contingency plan?

JEREMY

Quarantine.

EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN -- CONTINUOUS (QUICK FLASHES)

- Army personnel roll barbed-wire across roads.
- Armed soldiers take up position at a check point.
- A gunner on a Humvee trains his .50 caliber on the street.

INT. ARMY HUMVEE -- CONTINUOUS

Colonel Chapman stares at her men getting a roadblock in place.

The driver, her aide, passes her an aerial photograph of the town.

AIDE

Everyone's in place, Colonel. No one's getting in or out.

COL CHAPMAN
Very well. Notify Air Ops, tell them we need a Blackhawk.

AIDE
Ma'am, aerial reckon shows that there are still civilians within the town perimeter.

COL CHAPMAN
Good. We could use the bait.

AIDE
Ma'am?

She gives him an ice-cold stare.

AIDE
Understood.

COL CHAPMAN
I want patrols in there right away and prep a team for a night insertion. Standard Rules of Engagement, but --
(fixes her eyes on the aide)
-- end it. And end it quick.

AIDE
Very well, Colonel.

JEREMY (V.O.)
They're not gonna let a word of this get out, it'll be too embarrassing for them.

INT. BANK - MAIN AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Frankenstein pulls Jeremy to his feet.

FRANKENSTEIN
Well, we're getting out one way or the other and you, my new best friend, you're gonna help us.

INT. RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Sam puts his hands on his hips and chuckles, the chuckle evolves to a full-hearted laughter.

SAM
You buy any of this crap?

TIM
There was a lot of gunfire.

SAM
Psycho-soldiers? Are you kidding?

MATT
I'm just telling you what I saw.
Believe it, don't believe it, I
really don't care. But I'm not
going outside unless I absolutely
have to.

TIM
Yeah. I mean, let the army deal
with it.

MATT
I think they are but they...kinda
suck at it.

CINDY
What do you suggest we do, Matt?

Sam shoots her a furious scowl.

SAM
I just told you what we're gonna
do, we're getting the hell out of
here.

He grabs a hold of Cindy's blouse and drags her away.

CINDY
Sam, don't.

MATT
Come on, this is stupid. She
doesn't wanna go.

SAM
Mind your own damn business.

MATT
Sam, you're scared. Hell, we all
are but you've gotta stop --

Sam gets in Matt's face.

SAM

Don't you ever tell me what to do,
you hear me? I tell you what to
do, not the other way around.

MATT

Would you calm down, for Christ's
sake.

CINDY

Sam, stop it.

Cindy jerks her arm back. The fabric tears and the sleeve
comes off.

She stares down at her bruise-covered arm that tells a
totally separate story of domestic violence.

The others see it too.

A very, very uncomfortable silence follows.

SAM

She, um, fell when...Cindy's always
been a little...
(looks around)
...clumsy

He knows he's on a lost cause. The secret is out. Sam
staggers backwards, away from the piercing eyes.

SAM

I...

AMIR

She's dead.

Amir wipes blood off his hands and gently closes the dead
bank teller's eyes.

The sobering news hits them hard, especially Tim.

TIM

Oh, no.

He kneels next to her and caresses her hand. Amir pats his
back.

AMIR

It punctured her lungs, there was
nothing I could do. I am sorry.

Tim wipes tears from his eyes.

CINDY
What was her name?

TIM
Dottie. Her name was Dottie.

CINDY
Did you know her well?

TIM
Practically all my life.

Matt squeezes Tim's shoulder.

MATT
I'm sorry.

Tim eyes the hand, first with disgust but then with appreciation.

TIM
Thanks.

Dwayne moans in pain and presses a hand against his wounded leg.

AMIR
Let me look at that.

DWAYNE
No.

AMIR
I insist.

DWAYNE
Get your damn hands off me.

He pushes Amir away.

DWAYNE
You don't get to touch me, you hear, you...you Arab.

AMIR
Dwayne, I am Persian.

DWAYNE
Sounds like the same ragshit to me.

Matt squats next to Dwayne. He sees blood trickle through Dwayne's fingers.

MATT
You're bleeding, man. Bad. Let
Amir take a look at it. I got your
back. Okay?

DWAYNE
Yeah, okay.
(to Amir)
No funny stuff, you hear?

AMIR
I promise.

Dwayne removes his hand. The entire leg of his pants is soaked in blood.

Amir finds the entrance hole and grabs the fabric with both hands.

DWAYNE
Easy, dammit.

Amir rips the pants apart.

A jet of blood shoots a high arc through the air and catches Sam in the face. Both he and Dwayne scream, one in surprise, the other in pain.

Amir jams a hand against the gushing wound.

DWAYNE
What did you do? What did you do?

AMIR
It's the femoral artery.

Dwayne moans.

MATT
Come on! Fix it!

AMIR
I don't have the equipment.

Matt, determined, grabs Amir by the collar.

MATT
Your office downtown, does it have
what you need to fix him?

AMIR
(nods)
I go.

MATT

No, you're gonna stay here with him
in case anything happens. Tell me
what you need.

AMIR

Uh, needle. Suture. Clamps. And
any painkiller you can find.

MATT

(gets up)
Got it.

Ben gets up but Matt shoos him back down.

MATT

Stay.

TIM

I'm coming with you.

CINDY

Me too.

SAM

What? No. You ain't going
anywhere, Cindy. Matt, tell her.

She gives him a loathing stare.

Sam swallows

MATT

She comes.

AMIR

Go!

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Four pair of boots sprints across the littered sidewalk.

The three bank robbers and PFC Spitzer cut across the street
and head for an unscathed sedan, while the sun sets behind
them.

Frankenstein reaches the car first and shatters the driver's
side window with the butt of his shotgun.

He dives inside and disappears beneath the steering wheel.
The others maintain a perimeter around the car, eyes dart
from side to side.

Heavy footsteps approach.

JEREMY
You hear that?

MUMMY
(taps the hood of the car)
Come on.

The car coughs, stalls and then roars to life.

FRANKENSTEIN
Get in.

I/E. SEDAN -- CONTINUOUS

The three of them spill inside and --

SMASH

-- the windshield cracks in a milky white web of broken glass as a Ranger throws himself against the car.

More Rangers descend on the car. One grabs Wolfman from behind and tears him backwards by the backpack through the open door. Wolfman hangs on to the inside of the car.

A barrage of gunfire goes off, Frankenstein and Mummy blasting in all direction.

The straps snap and the Ranger flies to the ground with the backpack in his hands. Wolfman reaches out for the backpack just as Frankenstein floors the pedal and the car skids off.

THU--THUMP

The roof of the car bends downward from something heavy landing on it.

Frankenstein rips the car left and right.

Mummy fires his sawed-off up through roof, someone howls in pain up there.

The window next to Jeremy bursts into pieces, showering him with shrapnel.

He yelps. Hands claw at him. One catches his cheek and pulls him sideways out of the window.

Blood spurts from his mangled face as he and his gurgled screams disappear out of the window.

Mummy squeezes off the second barrel and switches to his handgun.

Frankenstein slams on the brakes and pulls the car in a ninety degree turn around a corner.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Matt, Tim and Cindy sprint across the street, careful to sidestep the dead National Guardsmen then decorate the pavement. Tim retrieves an M4 from the ground and a army rucksack.

TIM
Way better than a squirt gun.

Matt holds up a hand and stops them.

Frankenstein's car screeches around the corner, one Ranger still clinging on to the roof.

And more pursuit on foot.

TIM
Holy shit.

The car disappears down another street and the Rangers on foot change direction -- right at Matt's group.

TIM
Holy shit!

MATT
Run!

They turn left and bolt down an --

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Sweat bounce of their faces as they sprint along a littered passage. Matt spots the pursuers over his shoulders, gaining.

Hope turns to shock as the alley reveals itself to be a dead end.

MATT
No. Jesus, no.

CINDY
There.

She points to an outside fire escape ladder hanging off an apartment complex. It leads all the way to the roof.

I/E. SEDAN -- CONTINUOUS

A Ranger punches a hole in the rear windshield and grabs a hold of Mummy shoulder. The Ranger pulls himself through the cracked windshield and bites down hard on Mummy's jugular.

The masked man screams as blood sprays from his torn neck.

Wolfman grips Frankenstein's shotgun and blows the Ranger off the car.

WOLFMAN

The money. It's still back there.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - FIRE ESCAPE -- CONTINUOUS

With Cindy on point, the three of them scamper up the metal steps. Tim fires the M4 down at the approaching mob.

TIM

Faster.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The sedan takes another corner at high speed -- too high. It careens across the sidewalk smashes into the side of a building. It bounces off the wall and skids sideways across the lanes.

INT. SEDAN -- CONTINUOUS

The outside spins around at a sickening pace. Frankenstein clutches the steering wheel, jerks it around. A lightpole appears right in front of them.

CRASH

The car stops on a dime. Glass shatters, metal moans. The world turns upside down as the transfer of momentum rips them all from their seats.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

Cindy negotiates a small ledge and helps Matt. Tim slides over and fires down at the foaming mob.

TIM
Hurry, they're coming.

Matt sprints to the opposite edge of the roof. The sanctuary of the adjacent roof top a mere ten feet away.

MATT
We can do this.

Cindy backs away, shakes her head.

CINDY
I don't think I can't jump that far.

MATT
Sure you can.

CINDY
I can't!

Tears brim her eyes.

TIM
Watch this.

He leaps from the roof top and floats through the air before landing safely on the adjacent roof.

Tim waves the M4 at Cindy.

MATT
I don't know what garbage Sam's been filling your head with but what you did back there took lots of courage.
(grabs her hand)
I know you can do this, Cindy.
Your capable of a lot more than you realize.

Cindy wipes away the tears from her face and nods.

The two of them back away from the edge and suck in a lungful of air. And sprint forward.

The edge closes in rapidly, the gap between the buildings widen. Matt lines up his jump perfectly and --

Twists his ankle.

He scrapes across the coarse roofing and bangs his head in the process. As a result, Cindy's take-off doesn't get as good as it should have been.

She glides through the air. The opposite edge inches nearer. Almost within grasp. Cindy's rib cage bounces off the edge. She groans. Her hands claw for support as her body slides down the wall.

Tim throws himself to the ground and grabs Cindy by the arms as her feet skid off the building's wet brick wall.

Matt blinks back to life and shakes his head. He squirms as blood runs down the side of his neck. He gets to his feet and wobbles a bit.

Tim reaches down and grabs a hold of Cindy's blouse. She swings a foot up on the ledge, but it slips off and she slides down a couple of inches.

Someone growls.

A bloody Ranger stumbles up the fire escape behind Matt. Tim spots him.

TIM

Matt!

Matt clears the cobweb from his brain and spins around. The Ranger howls at him, his clothes lacerated.

Tim grits his teeth and yanks Cindy up over the ledge. They roll around just in time to see Matt burst toward the ledge.

The Ranger makes a mad dash at him, his eyes overflow with blood lust.

Tim raises the M4 but all he gets is a loud CLICK.

Matt leaps, his pursuer hot on his heel.

His clothes flow in the wind as he free-falls nearer the opposite ledge.

Tim hurls the M4 sideways through the air. Like a rotor blade, it chops a path just under Matt's feet and strikes the Ranger across the face.

The man halts in mid air and nosedives to a wet and crunchy rendezvous with the asphalt below, just as Matt lands on the other rooftop. Cindy and Tim help him to his feet.

MATT

Thanks.

Tim heads off for the opposite ledge.

CINDY

No. Thank you.

INT. RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Amir wraps a homemade tourniquet around Dwayne's thigh and pulls it tight. The big man grits his teeth.

AMIR

Sorry, but it has to be tight.

SAM

Is he gonna be alright?

Both Dwayne and Amir give him an less-than-welcome stare, already the outsider. Sam backs away, his complexion a queasy white. He heads off to the side, wrings his hands in guilt (or shame).

DWAYNE

What the hell is taking them this long?

AMIR

Be patient.

DWAYNE

You love this, don't you? Playing doctor with me? Gotta love the irony.

AMIR

I took an oath, Dwayne.

DWAYNE

Still, I've done nothing but rag --
(catches himself)
-- mock you at every chance I get.

AMIR

Nothing you say could ever hurt me.

He pulls off his shirt and ties it on top of the tourniquet.

AMIR

I had a sister in Iran. Noushin.
Brave girl. Strong.

(MORE)

AMIR (CONT'D)

(his eyes go vacant)

One day, this was back in '82, me and Noushin, we were playing hide and seek in the mountains and soldiers came. We lived far away from the cities so we hardly ever saw them, but I had heard stories. They wanted me for the Basij, Khomeini's army. To go look for Iraqi mines in the ground.

(snaps out of it)

Anyway, Noushin made me hide and told them that I didn't live there anymore. The soldiers, well, they didn't believe her. So they beat her. I watched them beat my sister to death. And I didn't do a thing to stop them.

Even Sam is listening now.

AMIR

We buried her the same evening.

He clears his nose and blinks away tears.

AMIR

The next day my family and I ran off to Turkey. Then here.

(locks eyes with Dwayne)

So your insults, they're just words to me.

He gets up.

DWAYNE

Hey. I'm sorry, man. I didn't...I didn't know.

AMIR

You could have asked, Dwayne.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Tim pulls a flashlight from the army rucksack and flips it on. The light reveal the mangled remains of PFC Spitzer lying halfway across the sidewalk, his feet on the lane.

CINDY

Oh, my --

TIM

Goddamn.

MATT

I saw him earlier. One of the good
guys. Come on.

The moves along the sidewalk, the flashlight their main
source of light.

TIM

Wait.

He lets the cone of light glide over a mosaic of broken glass
on the ground and rests it on Wolfman's backpack. Tim squats
and zips it open. He shines the light down at stacks of
dollar bills.

Tim zips it back up and ties two of the straps together
diagonally. He looks up at Matt for a second but throws it
to Cindy.

TIM

It's probably better if you carry
it.

(to Matt)

No offence.

EXT. DOWN TOWN ARAPAHOE -- CONTINUOUS

Deserted and quiet. Scattered street lamps light the night.

Underneath a particular one rests the banged-up sedan, its
front end curled around the pole.

Broken glass cover the area around it, along with a torn
FRANKENSTEIN mask. The driver side door squeaks open and a
boot hits the ground.

ZACK MCGRAW - AKA FRANKENSTEIN (mid 30s), chiseled in a
scoundrel kind of way, muscles his way out of the mangled
car.

He wipes blood off his stubbled chin and tosses his hair
back. Leaning against the car, he finds a bruised pack of
cigarettes in his pockets and lights a crooked one.

ZACK

You sure?

WOLFMAN (O.S.)

Yeah, he's fucking dead, man.

Zack gulps down a big swig of nicotine.

ZACK
Mom'll be pissed.

WOLFMAN (O.S.)
Mom's always pissed.

ZACK
True.

He takes a quick hit and flicks the cigarette away.

Wolfman pops up on the other side of the car. He leans across the roof, flips a glass shard away with his finger.

WOLFMAN
So, now what?

ZACK
Take the damn mask off, Cam.

CAMERON MCGRAW - AKA WOLFMAN (mid 20s), slides his mask off and runs a hand across his buzz cut. He looks a like a young but far more vicious version of Zack.

ZACK
Where did you drop the money?

CAMERON
I didn't drop --

ZACK
Where?

CAMERON
Where we got the car.

ZACK
Let's go.

CAMERON
We just leave him?

ZACK
You wanna haul his ass around be my guest. But I don't want an anchor with me if we run into any trouble.

Zack reaches inside the car, retrieves his shotgun and the two of them head off for the shadows.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

A single army Humvee rolls cautiously along the center of the street. The gunner, wearing Night Vision goggles, glides his .50 machine-gun from side to side.

POV - NIGHT VISION

The grainy and green surroundings lay quiet in the night. A few murky shadows move up ahead. A few more. Suddenly a mob of deranged Rangers pour out from behind cover.

BACK TO SCENE

The gunner yanks his machine gun around.

GUNNER

Contact!

He opens fire and cuts down the first line of attackers. Blood explodes from large wounds as projectiles shred through the strung-out Rangers.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

Matt looks up as the sound of distant weapons fire hits them.

MATT

Not good.

Tim shines his flashlight along the brick wall of a four-storey office building. Matt and Cindy follow in tow. They stop at a door.

TIM

Is this it?

MATT

Yeah, that's the place.

Tim grabs the handle. The door gives but only a fraction.

TIM

Something's blocking it.

MATT

Lemme' try.

CRASH

He splinters the door open with a powerful kick. The noise echoes through the street. They look around to see if anybody heard it.

Nothing.

Just more distant gunfire. This time followed by screams.

MATT

Let's go.

I/E. HUMVEE -- CONTINUOUS

The .50 rattles off more hellfire but the mob of Rangers charges relentlessly.

The Humvee wobbles as the Rangers slam against it. The gunner tries to repel them but clawing nails rip his face apart.

The windshield cracks as Rangers storm the vehicle. The driver opens fire with his handgun while screaming into his tactical headset.

DRIVER

Colonel, we've been overrun! Send reinforcement!

INT. ARMY COMMAND POST -- CONTINUOUS

Screens line one side of a large tent. Army personnel, with Colonel Chapman at the front, gather around a monitor that relays real-time aerial footage of the besieged Humvee.

COL CHAPMAN

(into headset)

Stand your ground, soldier. Air support's en route.

DRIVER (V.O.)

Help --

(static)

-- keep coming --

Chapman turns to her aide.

COL CHAPMAN

What's the ETA on the that Blackhawk?

AIDE

Still two minutes out, Colonel.

They see attacking Rangers pull the Humvee crew from the car.

DRIVER (V.O.)

No --
 (static)
 -- AAAARGH --

The aide covers his mouth at the gruesome sight of soldiers brutally killing fellow soldiers.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - STAIRCASE -- CONTINUOUS

With Matt taking the lead, the three of them ascend the creaking stairs. Slowly. The beam from the flashlight reveals mayhem through the dust-clogged air.

Matt jumps over a missing step. He notices a bloody palm print smeared across a wall. The others see it too.

They reach a landing and face a door. The door squeaks on its hinges -- already forced open.

AMIR'S CONSULTATION

Matt finds the light switch. What a mess. Furniture knocked over among scattered supplies.

Matt steps inside on wary feet. Cindy and Tim peek over his shoulder.

Matt does a three-sixty of the room, sees a smashed medicine cabinet with pills dotted about.

Cindy retrieves an orange pill bottle from the floor and checks the label. Discards it. She finds a syringe, morphine, looks up at Matt and nods.

Matt rummages through the office and finds a scalpel and a pair of scissors. He tosses supplies out of the way, picks up a roll of gauze.

A faint SCRAPING (O.S.)

Only Tim hears it. He backs out of the office.

TIM

I'm gonna go check something out.

Neither Matt nor Cindy take notice as Tim leaves, both busy searching.

HALLWAY

Tim sneaks a peek around a corner. The hallway lies dark and deserted in front of him. He searches for a light switch but doesn't find it.

The flashlight flicks to life and Tim lets the beam roam the corridor. He tip-toes forward, his neck stretched as far as humanly possible.

More SCRAPING. This time closer.

Tim hesitates, his breathing shallow. Unsure of what to do, he stops. Backs up. Turns to flee but a VOICE stops him. It comes from somewhere close but it's low and the words are impossible to make out.

Tim takes a step forward. The floor creaks under his shoes. He reached a door on his right and nudges it open with his foot.

ROOM

A blood covered floor greets him. A regular Bloodbath R' Us. But no sign of anyone. Tim covers his mouth and retreats back out into the --

HALLWAY

Scared out of his mind, Tim backs away from the door. A VOICE distracts him. He spins around and stares into the bloodshot eyes of a Ranger.

AMIR'S CONSULTATION

Matt holds up a small translucent bag with a black fiber inside.

MATT

Is this suture?

CINDY

I don't --

They jolt as Tim's terrified SCREAM reaches them. A body SLUMPS against the floor somewhere. Matt flicks off the light and backs away from the door.

Heavy footsteps move closer.

MATT
Get behind me.

They duck down behind a knocked over desk. Cindy's hands grasp Matt's shirt at the sound of coarse HISSING approaches.

WHAM

The door blows open.

Matt and Cindy hold their breath. Boots slowly SKID along the floor. Painstakingly slow. Stops. Labored BREATHING.

A drop of sweat rolls down Matt's forehead. His eyes glide from one side to the next, afraid to make a sound.

Something BUMPS against the table, moves it slightly. A dirty hand grabs the edge of the table. Cindy stares at the bloody fingernails and the nauseating filling underneath them.

The table slowly tip over and --

GUNFIRE goes off somewhere outside.

A GROWL followed by FOOTSTEPS running away, disappearing down the stairs.

Matt exhales. They put the supplies in Cindy's backpack and head for the door.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Zack takes down an oncoming Ranger with the twelve-gauge and switches to his handguns. He runs along the sidewalk, both guns blazing.

A Ranger jumps over a fallen comrade and sprints at Zack with bloody murder in his eyes.

Zack offs two .45 hollow-points, one for each leg. The Ranger flails across the ground like a ragdoll and takes a third round to the chest as Zack leaps over him.

Cameron has his own little war on the opposite sidewalk. He dives behind a wrecked car and unleashes a deadly salvo.

ZACK
No. Keep going. Don't stop.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Tim's flashlight lies on the floor and casts light on a blood smeared wall. Matt stops at the sight of a mutilated body and holds back Cindy.

CINDY

Tim?

MATT

Don't. Come on, we have to get back.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Rangers swarm over wrecked cars. Cameron kneels and lets his Desert Eagle dishonorably discharge one of them. He shifts target, pops off another round before running dry.

He ejects the clip and reaches for a new. Doesn't find it. A Ranger flies at him and brings him to the ground the hard way.

Scratching and clawing, the Rangers foams at the mouth as he does his best to kill Cameron. But Cameron ain't no punk. He fights back.

Zack sees his kid brother in trouble from across the street. He downs the closest Ranger and runs to Cameron's aid.

Reversing the tide, Cameron whacks the Ranger with a haymaker but another stark raven mad Ranger shifts the balance. He grabs Cameron's face from behind and pounds it again and again until --

BANG

-- his brains splatter against the shop window next to him. Zack takes the other Ranger down and drags his groggy brother to his feet. Bloody and battered but alive.

ZACK

When I say we move, we move. We don't go fucking window shopping, you follow?

Cameron jerks himself out of his brother's grip and shoots him a look of deep animosity. Zack hands him one of his guns but holds onto it as Cameron grabs it.

ZACK
 That's the last time I bail yo' ass
 outta trouble, baby brother. Now,
 let's get go the money.

He lets go of the gun and heads off. Cameron scowls for a moment but follows Zack.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

Hand in hand, Matt and Cindy ducks out into the night. They dash across the --

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

-- and skid to a halt.

MATT
 You hear that?

CINDY
 Yeah.

The sound of a helicopter swoops by in the night above them.

MATT
 D'you see it?

CINDY
 No.

Just then a bright floodlight hits them from above. Matt throws his hands in the air in triumph.

MATT
 We're saved! We're getting out of
 here! Hey! Down here!

He hugs Cindy tight.

The flood holds on them for a few seconds. The sound of the helicopter still right above them. Matt waves at the flood.

MATT
 Come on! What're you waiting for?

The flood stays on them, not moving.

CINDY
 I don't like this.

Then the beam of light moves off them. It glides along the street and fixes on a mob of charging Rangers who has set their sights on Matt and Cindy.

MATT

Jesus Chri --

KRAKRAKRAKRAKRA

An M-134 Minigun sprays the mob from above. Matt and Cindy cover there ears from the overwhelming noise while spent bullet casings shower them from on high.

Firing six thousand rounds a minute, the one-sided battle is over in a matter of seconds. Fuming corpses cover the street. Some still intact. Some not.

MATT

Whoa.

The floodlight switches back on them. And holds. A brutal realization dawns on Matt.

Cindy grasps his hand a little tighter. They share a quick glance. And sprint for the nearest --

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

With the helicopter somewhere above them, the two of them haul ass. The flood swings wildly around them.

Matt pulls Cindy into a semi-covered alcove and catches his breath as the helicopter circles above.

He looks at Cindy and to his surprise she actually smiles. No, chuckles.

MATT

This is funny to you?

CINDY

No, but I haven't felt this alive since...forever.

MATT

Really?

CINDY

Living with Sam, I've been so scared of dying I completely forgot how to live.

Matt peeks out at the sky. Then at Cindy.

MATT

Christ, I'm sorry. I never thought
it was --

She lifts her blouse.

MATT

Um...

Cindy points to several small circular marks around her belly
button.

CINDY

Sam doesn't smoke. But that didn't
stop him from buying cigarettes.

Matt doesn't know what to say or do except to just stand
there.

CINDY

This is where you ask why I didn't
just simply run away.

MATT

Nah, I'm not gonna stand here and
judge you. You had your reasons.
And whatever they were, I'm sure
they were the right ones.

CINDY

The right ones? He broke my jaw on
our honeymoon. For nine days he
beat me. Sure, he would tell me
how much he loved me and how sorry
he was. And then would beat me
again. The bones healed of course
and the bruises...but he had broken
something far worse. My spirit.
And it only took him nine days.

The floodlight swoops by, eerily close. They back as far
against the wall as possible.

CINDY

He hates me. He hates me for not
being Maggie.

MATT

What?

CINDY

I know what happened between you and Sam. You were best friends back in high school. But then you fell in love with the same girl. You won. He lost. And Sam hates losing.

Matt sags against the wall. A wave of guilt washes over him.

MATT

I don't know what to say, Cindy.

Cindy gives him a smile and squeezes his hand.

CINDY

You don't have to say anything. You've already done so much for me today and you don't even know it.

MATT

I haven't done anything. I tried to rob the bank.

CINDY

No. You took control. You showed me how to live again. And today is the best day of my life.

The sound of the helicopter moves away.

CINDY

Let's go.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Matt checks the black sky for any sign of the helicopter. He sees nothing but a faint rumbling tells him it's still out there.

They dash across the street.

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Zack holds back Cameron as they spot Matt and Cindy crossing the lanes further down the street. Somewhat impressed, Zack's lips produce a quick smile.

CAMERON

Would've figured them for a pinebox by now.

ZACK
Yeah, you could learn something
there.

CAMERON
You know, I've had about enough of
your shit.

No response.

CAMERON
I ain't fucking around here, Z.

ZACK
(points)
Is that your backpack she's
carrying?

Cameron squints.

CAMERON
Fuck. Yeah.

ZACK
And you've had enough of my shit?

His fists clenched at his side, Cameron struggles to keep his
composure.

Zack sneaks forward in the shadows, keeping his eyes trained
on Matt and Cindy. They turn left and head down a street.

Zack looks back over his shoulder at his younger brother.

ZACK
Go fetch, boy.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Matt leads Cindy down an empty avenue where most of the
street lamps are not working. A SOUND from behind spin them
around.

A Ranger takes the corner at high pace.

MATT
Go!

They sprint for their life with legs and arms pumping up and
down.

MATT
We split up.

CINDY
Matt, no!

He shoves her left down an alley while making sure the Ranger follows him. Reaching --

EXT. MAIN STREET -- CONTINUOUS

-- he tears right and heads for the --

INT. DAILY MART -- CONTINUOUS

Nobody bothered locking the doors in the earlier panic. The lights still on, several filled carts block the aisles where costumers left them. Knocked-over cans and other products litter the floor.

Matt leaps through an aisle, sidestepping the obstacles while the HISSING sound of the Ranger approach from behind.

Not looking back, he rounds an aisle but slips on a milk carton. The carton explodes and milk showers the floor. Matt slides through the milk on his knees.

He bounces back up and reaches the end of the store where he spots a door marked "STAFF ONLY". Matt pulls it open and throws himself inside.

CORRIDOR

Matt skids off the walls as he sprints down a passage with doors on each side. He chooses one and barges into the --

RESTROOM

He bounces back on his feet and shoves the door shut as gently as possible. He catches a glimpse of the Ranger as he storms past the door.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Zack and Cameron creep along the walls while the chopping sound of the helicopter grows closer. They see Cindy rushing through an alley and hurry after her.

The backpack bounces up and down on Cindy's back as she takes a corner. The flood immediately hits her from above. She grits her teeth and increases her pace.

The brothers screech to a halt at the sight of the light and take cover behind a car.

The light glides around the street, illuminating the shadows behind them and reveals --

-- a Ranger.

The soldier leaps at them and takes down Zack. His gun goes flying across the sidewalk. Cameron scurries away while his older brother fights back for his life.

ZACK

Shoot him!

Cameron backs up.

Nails scratch at Zack's face.

ZACK

Dammit, shoot him.

Cameron does a one-eighty and runs away while his brother's screams fade behind him.

INT. RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Dwayne, his face pale and sweaty, leans his head against the wall and takes a laboured breath. Ben lies next to him. Amir checks the tourniquet and tightens it.

Sam paces around near the door, occasionally running a hand through his hair.

DWAYNE

They ain't coming.

AMIR

Don't say that.

DWAYNE

Come on, it's over, get outta here.

Amir puts a hand on Dwayne's shoulder.

AMIR

I'm not going anywhere so stop this nonsense, okay.

SAM
It's not nonsense.

AMIR
That's your wife out there, have
you forgotten that?

SAM
My wife? You wanna repeat that?

Amir looks away.

SAM
I'm gonna take my chances out
there. I suggest you do the same.

AMIR
I'm staying.

Sam grabs the door handle.

SAM
Well --

Ben lifts his head. His ears alert. He rises to his paws
and lets out a deep growl. The others go rigid, snaps to
attention.

Sam finds a rusted pipe on the floor, readies it like a
baseball bat.

Hands scratch against the door from the outside. Sam
tightens his grip around the pipe. Amir holds his breath.

Cindy throws the door open and stumbles inside completely
drained. Sam quickly shuts the door and sticks out a hand to
help her up with.

Cindy shrugs it off and runs to Amir and Dwayne. She opens
the backpack and pulls out the supply.

AMIR
Where are the others?

CINDY
Tim's dead. I don't know about
Matt.

INT. DAILY MART - RESTROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Matt backs away from the door and catches his breath. He
steels himself and softly pries the door open.

His eyes dart back and forth, searching for danger. He opens the door a bit more and --

WHAM

The Ranger blows it wide open and launches himself at Matt.

A barrage of punches hail down on Matt. His knees wobble and he goes to the floor. The Ranger throws himself at him with open mouth and deranged eyes.

Matt kicks out his feet and catches the Ranger in stomach, lifting him up in the air. Matt rushes for the door but a hand grabs his ankle. He trips and bangs against the porcelain sink.

The Ranger is over him in a fraction of a second. He grabs Matt by the shirt, pulls him off the floor and crashes him against the mirror above the sink.

The mirror cracks.

Shrapnel flies by Matt's ears as powerful hands lock around his throat. Matt struggle to free himself from the death-grip but to no avail.

The Ranger's bloodshot eyes stare back at him with pure and unfiltered hate.

Matt throws a punch at the Ranger's face but this only makes the man squeeze harder.

A strained rattle gurgles up from Matt's throat and his trembling hands search for a glass shard in the sink.

He finds one.

With his last remaining strength, Matt drives the shrapnel into the Ranger's eye. The man howls in pain and staggers back.

Matt coughs and heaves for air, looks up.

Blood flows down the Ranger's face -- still alive. He lurches at Matt in a final desperate move but Matt throws out an openhanded punch and rams the glass shard deep up into the Ranger's brain.

They stand nose to nose for a long second before the shard short-circuits the impulses to Ranger's brain. His legs disappear underneath him and he crashes to the floor. Dead.

INT. RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Amir stabs a filled syringe into Dwayne's thigh. Sam winces. The big man barely moans.

AMIR
Hold his arms.

Cindy latches Dwayne's arm.

AMIR
Sam? Sam, you need to hold him down. This is going to hurt.

SAM
Uh...

CINDY
Dammit, Sam. Do it!

SAM
Ri--right.

Sam fumbles with Dwayne's arm as Amir grabs the scalpel and opens up the wound. Sam looks away, pale as a sheet.

SAM
I thought you were gonna --
(swallows)
-- fix him.

AMIR
I am.

He grabs a clamp.

Ben BARKS.

Amir reaches for the wound.

AMIR
Deep breath, Dwayne. This will hurt.

CAMERON (O.S.)
Not as much as this.

BAM

The top of Amir's head explodes. A spray of blood and brains shovers Cindy's face. She screams and falls on her butt.

Sam twirls around and stares into the working end of a .45 Glock 21.

Ben BARKS again and charges. Cameron swings the gun around and squeezes of a round that grazes Ben just above the hind leg.

The dog yelps and rolls across the floor.

CAMERON
Everybody just calm down.
(to Sam)
You, back away. Back away.

Sam moves against the wall.

EXT. RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Matt sneaks closer, reaches out for the door handle --

CINDY (O.S.)
(muffled)
What is wrong you?

CAMERON (O.S.)
(muffled)
Shut the fuck up.

-- stops.

INT. RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Cindy presses a hand against Dwayne's wound, stopping the flow of blood.

CINDY
He was a doctor. This man is hurt.

CAMERON
Yeah?

Cameron points the gun at Dwayne and --

BAM BAM

-- puts two in his chest.

Cindy screams and reels back.

CAMERON
Enough. We're doing this my way
now. Toss the bag.

EXT. RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Matt runs along the warehouse's wall, searching for another entrance. He spots a window, rolls a garbage container close the wall.

INT. RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Cindy stares at Cameron, her eyes filled with fury.

CAMERON
Toss the fucking bag.

SAM
Cindy, just do it for Christ's sake.

CAMERON
That's right, Cindy. Real slow, you hear?

She reaches out for the backpack and, just then, spots Matt as he slides through an open window at the back of the warehouse.

Cameron, his back to Matt, doesn't notice.

Matt glides the few feet from the window down to a raised grilled walkway. He scuttles closer.

Cindy grabs the bag by the strap and swings it in a high arc. Cameron stares as it floats through the air. He reaches out for it.

WHACK

Matt jumps at him from above. The two men drop to the ground, entangled in a brawl. Matt might have had the element of surprise but Cameron is a hardened criminal.

Matt goes for the gun, slams Cameron's hand repeatedly against the ground.

Sam reaches out for Cindy.

BLAM -- a round goes off.

Cindy's eyes pop wide open in a frozen moment. She exhales. Puzzled.

She looks down.

In front of her stands a pale Sam. His hands glide from his stomach. Blood drips from his fingers.

A dark red stain grows on his shirt.

Shocked, Matt hesitates just a fraction of a second, but it's all the time Cameron needs.

He grabs Matt by the back of his neck and headbutts him across the face. Matt's eyes go fuzzy. He crumbles like stale bread.

Cameron gets to his feet and aims the gun at Matt.

CAMERON

You don't know when to quit, do you? Pretty stupid, hero.

CLICK-CLICK

The barrel of a gun comes to a rest against Cameron's chin.

ZACK (O.S.)

You ain't so bright yourself, brother.

Cameron turns to face his older brother. Bleeding and bruised, Zack gives him a hard stare.

ZACK

Surprised or disappointed?

CAMERON

(shrugs)

Whatever pisses you off the most.

Cindy helps Sam onto the floor while Matt gathers himself, gets to his feet.

ZACK

Stay right there.
(to Cameron)
Drop the steel.

The gun clangs against the floor.

ZACK

Now back --

He freezes as Cameron pulls a fragmentation grenade from his pocket. He holds it up for his brother to see, jiggles it around a bit. Smiles.

ZACK

Drop it.

CAMERON

(deep breath)

Nah. I think I'm done taking orders from you.

Zack presses the barrel against Cameron's lips.

ZACK

I mean it.

Cameron smiles devilish.

CAMERON

So mean it.

He bites around the barrel and raises the grenade. He lets a finger play against the pin.

ZACK

It's like that, huh?

Cameron winks. His index finger slides into the loop, tugs the pin playfully. The pin moves.

ZACK

'kay.

BLAM

Cameron's face barely contorts in surprise as the bullet exits the back of his neck.

He slumps to the ground like a wet sack of dirty laundry, still alive. The grenade rolls out of his hand.

Matt backs away as Zack steps closer to his brother.

Cameron stares up at him with drooping eyes. A pool of blood builds underneath his head. He cackles, gasps. Dies.

Zack shakes his head.

Matt kicks the backpack across the ground. It stops at Zack's feet.

MATT

Just...

Zack faces Matt.

MATT

Just let us go, man.

Zack holds his stare on Matt. And picks up the bag. He flings it over his shoulder, heads for the exit and pulls the door open.

The sound of an incoming Blackhawk looms closer.

ZACK

You should get going.

And with that he disappears out into the night.

Sam grabs his bleeding gut, winces in agony. Cindy presses a cloth against the wound.

Matt turns as Ben whimpers in the dark. He runs to the dog and gathers it up in his arms. He sees the bloody wound on his back.

MATT

Dammit, Ben.

The Minigun ignites again outside with a violent roar. The sounds moves closer.

MATT

They're coming.

He runs back to Cindy and Sam.

MATT

Sam, can you move?

SAM

(coughs up blood)
I can't feel my legs.

Running footsteps move closer outside, followed by vicious howling.

Matt kneels next to him.

MATT

Sam, I --

SAM

Don't.
(nods at the grenade)
Give me that.

MATT
Come on, you can make it. You
don't have to --

SAM
Matt, give it to me.

Matt gathers the grenade and hands it to Sam.

SAM
Pull the pin, will you?

MATT
Sam...

SAM
Do it. It'll buy you some time.

Matt pulls the pin from the grenade. Sam's fingers tighten around the safety handle.

SAM
Get outta here.

Matt backs away.

Cindy looks down on Sam. He returns the look. Tries to smile, fails.

SAM
We did have some good days, didn't
we?

Cindy's lips tremble. Sam closes his eyes.

SAM
Go.

Cindy wipes her eyes and runs to the raised walkway that Matt used earlier. They run across the gridded flooring to the open window.

Cindy exits first. Matt gently slides Ben out into her arms.

SAM (O.S.)
Matt?

He turns to face Sam at the other end of the warehouse.

SAM
Take care of her.

MATT
(swallows)
I will, Sam.

He climbs out of the window.

Sam leans his head against the wall, takes a deep breath. His ears catch the sound of footsteps closing in.

The door slams open. Six Rangers, most of them wounded and bloody, charge inside. They spot Sam.

Sam lifts his fingers. A spring ejects the grenade's safety handle, it rotates through the air just as the six Rangers charge.

BOOM

EXT. RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The windows shatter behind them as Matt and Cindy stagger away from the fireball that shoots from the warehouse.

Both of them hurt, bruised and exhausted, they drag themselves towards a corner.

THUMP

They spin around.

A Ranger, Corporal Hernandez, pulls himself from the ground. Blood flows from deep cuts on his arms and upper body. He grimaces and limps towards them.

They back away from the wounded Ranger, turn into an --

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

The two of them pull forward. Stop. Stare at a blocked exit. The last spark of lifeforce drain from their faces.

Hernandez hobbles around the corner. Matt shields Cindy with his body.

MATT
Get ready to run...

CINDY
(on the verge of tears)
Matt.

MATT

...and don't look back.

The Ranger staggers closer on sheer will power. He heaves a deep breath. Slows down. Shakes his head. Quenches his eyes.

Stops.

Hernandez looks up at them.

CPL HERNANDEZ

Where am I?

He grabs his wounded shoulder and drops to his knees. Matt and Cindy stare at each other in a "What's going on here" kind of way.

The floodlight hits them from above, lighting up the entire alley.

Ropes swish through the air. A strike team repels down.

A small cannister lands in the alley and rolls across the asphalt. A FLASHBANG stun grenade.

As designed, it goes --

KA-BLAMO

-- and drowns everything in a nauseating and blinding

WHITENESS

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER

An uncomfortably bright room. Bare walls, a large panoramic mirror and a table with two metal chairs at opposite ends.

Matt sits in one of them, his chin resting on his chest. Eyes closed.

A metal door BUZZES open and Colonel Chapman enters. She pulls the other chair out from the table, its legs SCREECH against the floor.

Matt lifts his head. Dazed and confused, he shakes his head, regains his bearing. He looks down at the handcuffs that secures him to the chair.

COL CHAPMAN

Good. You're awake.

MATT
Where am I?

COL CHAPMAN
You're safe.

MATT
(re: handcuffs)
Safe?

COL CHAPMAN
What is your name?

MATT
What's yours?

COL CHAPMAN
Why didn't you leave the city when
the alarms went off?

MATT
It's a free country, ain't it?

COL CHAPMAN
(impatient)
Why didn't you leave the --

MATT
We couldn't, okay?

Chapman looks at the mirror.

BEHIND THE MIRROR

Her aide stares at a screen that replays black and white security footage from the bank.

It shows Matt entering the bank, the bank robbers yanking him to the floor.

BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Chapman turns back to Matt.

MATT
We were hostages.

COL CHAPMAN
And the woman?

MATT
Cindy? Where is she?

COL CHAPMAN
She's around. So's the dog.

MATT
Ben? Is he...?

COL CHAPMAN
The dog's fine.

Chapman gets up, walks to the other end of the table and pulls out a set of keys. She reaches out for his handcuffs.

MATT
What about those...soldiers?

Chapman freezes.

COL CHAPMAN
What soldiers?

MATT
The soldiers. They killed --

COL CHAPMAN
There were no soldiers.
(holds up the key to the
handcuffs)
Wouldn't you agree.

Matt stares at the key.

MATT
Come to think of it, yeah, there weren't any soldiers.

EXT. OFFUTT AFB - DAY

A Humvee revs its engine and speeds through a guarded checkpoint.

Colonel Chapman and Professor LeMay watch on as the vehicle disappears in a cloud of dust.

LEMAY
Is this wise?

COL CHAPMAN
What can they do?

With the vehicle out of view Chapman does an about-face and heads for the nearest building. LeMay hurries to keep up.

LEMAY

What did the, um, Joint Chiefs say?

Chapman stops, faces LeMay.

COL CHAPMAN

Increase the dosage.

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE -- LATER

The Humvee shoots across the barren landscape and comes to a SCREECHING halt. Dust surrounds the vehicle that, after a few seconds, takes off again.

As the dust settles, Matt, carrying Ben, and Cindy squint in the harsh sunlight. They look around. Matt nods west.

MATT

I think it's that way.

They turn and head in that direction. Hand in hand.

MATT (V.O.)

The Army covered everything up of course. The media bought it without question. Wonder why? I guess I should have changed the names, you know, to protect the innocent. But that just wouldn't have been right. No one should ever forget the sacrifices Tim, Dwayne, Amir and, yes, even Sam made. Without them, we wouldn't be here.

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE -- DAY

Sunny and warm. Blue skies and a mild breeze. Nice and quiet.

SUPER: "SEVEN MONTHS LATER"

The screen door flings open and Ben skids across the lawn.

A squeal chases the dog as JESSIE SHEPARD (8) gallops after it. A tomboy, she wears Matt's HUSKERS baseball cap and a pair of denim bib-overalls.

Jessie wrestles the dog to the ground and both of them tumble around in joyful play. Matt looks on from the porch while sipping a glass of lemonade.

MATT
Go easy there, Jess.

Jessie whips grass off her face and fixes her cap.

JESSIE
I don't mind, dad.

MATT
Yeah, well, Ben might.

The dog WOOFs and tackles Jessie.

JESSIE
See?

Matt shakes his head and smiles just as Postal Pete's car pulls up. Pete steps out and wipes sweat of his forehead.

He hands Matt today's mail.

POSTAL PETE
That's the regular, and --

He gets a big fat bag out of the trunk of his car and drags it over to Matt.

POSTAL PETE
(winded)
-- your fan mail.

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Much nicer now. Not that a whole lot have changed but there's a cozy feel to it now, warmer colors, even flowers.

The old typewriter still occupies the corner but not a spot of dust on it. In fact papers lay scattered around it and every single one of them has text on them.

Matt drops the regular mail on the coffee table and picks out a particular envelope. He's been waiting for this one.

Lying on the couch next to him, Cindy stretches and gives off a little purr. She rolls onto her back and opens a book.

CINDY
 (reads aloud)
 -- just wouldn't have been right.
 No one should ever forget the
 sacrifices Tim, Dwayne, Amir and,
 yes, even Sam made. Without them,
 we wouldn't be here.

She puts the book down on the coffee table. The title is obscured but the author's name is clear as crystal: "MATT SHEPARD".

Cindy fingers her new wedding ring and smiles at Matt.

CINDY
 It gets better every time I read
 it.

MATT
 Not too painful for you I hope?

CINDY
 The opposite actually. It's quite
 a cathartic journey.

Matt opens the letter and stares down at a check, made out to him, for the mesmerizing amount of USD 275,000.00.

MATT
 Yeah, I know how you feel.

A telephone rings, a fancy new cellphone. Matt, engulfed by the check, doesn't notice. Cindy picks it up.

CINDY
 Hello?

She hands it to Matt.

CINDY
 Matt, it's your...
 (a teasing smile)
 ...agent.

MATT
 Myello'?

JAY (V.O.)
 Matt, baby, how's my favorite
 client doing?

MATT
 (scopes the check)
 Oh, not bad.

JAY (V.O.)
 Did you get the check?

MATT
 I'm looking at it, Jay.

JAY (V.O.)
 And it's just the beginning, baby. Your book's at the top of The New York Time's best seller list so expect a whole lot of those. But that's not even what I'm calling about. Get a load out this. I talked to Mike.

(long theatrical pause)
 Are you sitting down? Is your genius ass firmly planted in a seat? Cos' I don't want you to trip and bang your head or anything. In fact don't ever walk around again. Get yourself one of those old-people scooters. And wear a helmet for God's sake.

MATT
 Okay, I'm definitely not doing that, Jay.

JAY (V.O.)
 Forgetaboutit. Are you ready? Can I say it?

MATT
 Lay it on me.

JAY (V.O.)
 Hollywood's going --
 (shouts)
 -- AAAAAAPE-SHIIIIIT!

Matt puts a little distance between the phone and his ear and chuckles at Cindy's startled expression.

JAY (V.O.)
 They all want the new book, baby. It's a bidding war. We're talking about a six-figure deal here. Minimum. You know what that means? Do you know what that means?
 (MORE)

JAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It means you rock! You da man! Da man with da tan! I love you. I gotta go now, Larry King's on the other line but, damn I love you!

Jay disconnects.

CINDY

What did Jay want?

MATT

Just, you know, tell me how much he loves me.

CINDY

Well, he should get in line.

MATT

Oh, should he now, Mrs. Shepard?

CINDY

Uh-huh.

She lets her fingers seductively crawl across his thigh.

MATT

Yes. Yes, he should.

She slides an arm around Matt's waist, leans in and gives him a kiss on the neck. Matt returns the kiss and adds a hug.

CINDY

I'll get lunch ready.

She heads for the kitchen as Matt goes through the rest of the mail. A postcard stands out against the envelopes. He picks it up and stares at the FRANKENSTEIN motif on the front.

He turns it over. A smile curls his lips.

JESSIE (O.S.)

Are you okay, daddy?

Matt puts the postcard on the table and turns to Jessie. She stands in the doorway, dirty knees and with grass in her hair but happy. Matt runs over, picks her up and showers her with kisses.

JESSIE

(giggles)

Yikes.

MATT

Yikes, huh? You just hold on to that thought, princess. Come on, let's go help Cindy.

He putts her down and they disappear into the kitchen hand in hand.

JESSIE (O.S.)

Dad, it's not like I haven't kissed a boy before.

MATT (O.S.)

What?

Cindy chuckles (O.S.).

JESSIE (O.S.)

You know Timmy from school?

MATT (O.S.)

What?!

Their voices fade.

The postcard lies on the coffee table where Matt left it. A Mexican post stamp in the corner and, past the divider, four big red handwritten letters that spell out the word: "HERO".

FADE OUT

THE END