

the couriers

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based on the AiT/PlanetLar graphic novels by
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the couriers

FADE IN

AS THE CAMERA FLIES OVER THE NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE AT NIGHT

The sound of a GENTLE WIND fills the air, but then - as THE CAMERA crosses to BROOKLYN and hits street-level - the soundscape is overrun by CARS, HORNS and VOICES...

...CAMERA gets closer and closer to a LOFT BUILDING, and the voice of a young woman who will soon be known as SPECIAL, making a lullaby of a Black Flag Song...

SPECIAL

This fucking city is run by
pigs/They take the rights away from
all the kids/Understand we're
fighting a war we can't win/They
hate us, we hate them/We can't win,
no way/Walking down the street/I
flip them off/They hit me on the
head with a billy club...

CAMERA GOES THROUGH THE WINDOWS INTO THE LOFT

SPECIAL (19) gorgeous in a rough-neck way - carries a little Asian GIRL (8 years old) to a bed, laying her down under the sheets...the Girl looks up at Special and smiles...it looks like a perfectly domestic scene - a young woman baby-sitting a young girl...until...

Special hears a dull **THUNK** from a window...then another from another window...and another...Special turns to see...

A WAD OF PLASTIQUE ON ONE WINDOW - AND ANOTHER, AND ANOTHER

Special shakes her head, then signals to the Girl. A signal clearly identifiable as a form of sign language.

Responding to Special's signals, the Girl nods and scampers under the bed...as Special reaches for an MP-5 machine pistol and Katana on the night-stand.

BANG! KERRASH! BANG! KERRASH! BANG! KERRASH! The windows ERUPT. Glass flies. Every light in the place is BLOWN OUT by the concussion.

Five INTRUDERS IN BULLETPROOF VESTS - carrying submachine-guns and maglights ENTER from the fire escape...

INTRUDER #1

*The little girl - we need her
alive. Kill the other one.*

SCHWISH! AAAARGH! Intruder #1 drops - clutching his ankle as THE CAMERA TILTS DOWN to REVEAL:

A CLEANLY SLICED BLOODY STUMP WHERE HIS FOOT ONCE WAS

Now it's on.

SCHWISH! The katana goes through the throat of Intruder #2!

USING HIM AS A HUMAN SHIELD, Special raises her automatic pistol and opens fire.

RATATATATATATATAT! THE INTRUDERS RETURN FIRE, riddling #2 with holes before Special KICKS him over toward her attackers - a sack of dead weight that knocks down Intruder #3 -

- Special lunges - her every move an apocalypse of ultra-violence - she cuts Intruder #4 practically in half while firing her MP-5 at Intruder #5.

Special's MP-5 SPUTTERS. The loft is quiet.

Letting the gun fall, Special rushes to a table, grabs a distinctive pulp-paper notebook covered with Tibetan symbols - and as she gathers a few pencils into a beat-up tin case -

INTRUDER #3

- shakes out from under the bloody corpse of #2 and rises to shoot Special - who lifts up a pen, flips it and -

SHUNK! The pen GOES THROUGH #3's eye.

This fight is done.

SMASH CUT TO

THE FIRE ESCAPE

Special carries the Girl down to the final landing...signals for her to stand back and leaps over the rail onto THE ALLEY...Special then reaches up as the Girl maneuvers herself over the rail and into Special's waiting arms.

Special lowers the Girl to the pavement...kisses her on the forehead. The Girl smiles.

Special smiles back, looks around. The coast appears clear.

THWOCK! THWOCK! It isn't. Two TASER darts imbed in her chest.

SWISH PAN TO REVEAL

INTRUDERS #6 AND #7 THE BACKUP. HIDING ACROSS THE ALLEY.

Before Special can react, Intruder #6 hits the TASER. Then the crunchy BUZZ of coursing electricity.

Special WRITHES and falls. The Girl backs away, abject fright on her face.

Intruder #7 scoops the Girl up. Special reaches up...she wants to fight. Intruder #6 hits the TASER again - BUZZ!

SPECIAL'S POV: THE ENTIRE SCREEN GOES BLURRY

Intruder #7 vanishes into the night with the Girl and Intruder #6 discards the TASER and lifts a gun - **BANG!**

SHOCK CUT TO BLACK

The voice of a young man (MOUSTAFA, 17) rings over the darkness...and as he speaks...

...his questions appear in **white text** over the black screen:

MOUSTAFA'S VOICE

Right now you have questions. Who was that kickass female? Why was she protecting that little girl? And most importantly: did those gangsters plug her ass or what?

(beat)

You want answers? You gotta get to know me.

SMASH CUT TO**A YOUNG MAN STRIDING DOWN A CHINATOWN STREET**

In wigger hip-hop gear...BUTTONING a pair of passers-by and laying down his a sales pitch as he reaches into a pocket and surreptitiously shows them a dime bag full of weed...

MOUSTAFA'S VOICE

No, that's not me. That's some scrub-ass little pudknocker I paid off to sell weed in front of a highly-guarded tenement block. Why did I pay off a scrub-ass little pudknocker to sell weed in front of a heavily guarded tenement block?

REVERSE ANGLE

On two buffed-out CHINESE MEN IN SUNGLASSES...guarding the door to a TENEMENT BLOCK across the street...noticing Scrub-Ass Little Pudknocker selling his dime bags...the two guards exchange "what the fuck" looks.

MOUSTAFA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

So I could distract the guards and get into the tenement block - duh!

As the Guards leave their posts to break up the transaction -

- another YOUNG MAN (17) - Middle-Eastern with floppy clothes, Doc Marten's boots and stringy hair - SKATEBOARDS up to the now-vacant front door of the tenement block. He KICKS UP his board, CATCHES it in mid-air, and walks through the unguarded front door into the tenement.

This is MOUSTAFA...and off his shit-eating grin as the Guards BOUNCE Scrub-Ass Pudknocker to the curb:

CHYRON: MOUSTAFA MCGOWAN - 17 YEARS OLD. HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR AND FULL-TIME WEED FIEND.

SMASH CUT TO

MOUSTAFA - RACING UP THE STAIRS IN JOHNNY FUNWRECKER'S LAIR

MOUSTAFA'S VOICE

So why go through the trouble? I'll tell you why: 'cause long as I can remember, all I ever wanted to be was a criminal, and in this building lived the biggest mother-fucking criminal of them all...

SMASH CUT TO

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER'S RIPPED TORSO

Tattooed with the words "NO FUN" in Gothic/vato script above the Chinese characters for "NO JOY." On Johnny Funwrecker's chest, tattoos of Gozu and Mezu: the horse and bull head demons that guard the path to Buddhist hell.

And over his heart: five fully-healed bullet wounds.

Johnny Funwrecker's wrists are covered by bracelets, and his heavily-ringed hands clutch a massive belt buckle with a relief of a cowboy-hatted skull above crossed pistols.

And by the way, Johnny Funwrecker is always bare-chested.

MOUSTAFA'S VOICE
Johnny Funwrecker.

WIDER TO REVEAL THAT JOHNNY IS SITTING IN A LIMOUSINE

He's Asian, bald-headed and mean as fuck. The limousine is driven by a thick-necked asshole bodyguard named HWANG.

Hwang and Johnny Funwrecker's bodyguards always wear black suits with silk shirts. Hwang's shirt is always ruby red.

MOUSTAFA'S VOICE (CONT'D)
There wasn't a single illegal thing
in the city he didn't have his
hands on. No one messed with Johnny
Funwrecker.

The limo STOPS. As Johnny THROWS the door open and steps out:

SWISH PAN TO REVEAL

THREE GOOMBAHS: crowded around the trunk of an OLDSMOBUICK ON A STRETCH OF RIVERSIDE ROAD dominated by the skyline across the Hudson...the Goombahs exchange money for hot stereo equipment...until one of the Goombahs looks up:

GOOMBAH #1
Holy shit! Johnny Funwrecker!

The Goombahs DRAW WEAPONS - Johnny Funwrecker BRANDISHES twin MP-5 automatic machine pistols, loosing an apocalyptic hail of gunfire on his prey:

BANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANG!

Johnny Funwrecker steps through the haze of blood and cordite to address the newly-departed.

JOHNNY
Moonlighting cocksuckers! You steal
from me, you pay the price!

Johnny Funwrecker turns toward the skyline, lifts his arms:

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Fuck you city! My name is Johnny
Funwrecker! You fuck with me you
die instead!

FREEZE FRAME ON JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

MOUSTAFA'S VOICE
Yup. Johnny Funwrecker...

SMASH BACK TO MOUSTAFA

Racing up the last flight of stairs toward a door labeled ROOFTOP ACCESS...the sound of a BOOMING BASE now shakes the air...there's a MAJOR PARTY going on beyond that door...

MOUSTAFA
...and I just busted into his place
to ask for a job...was that a dumb
ass move?

Moustafa stops, looks at the camera and SMILES.

SMASH CUT TO

A MASSIVE ROOFTOP PARTY

A DJ spins turntables old school - WAITERS pour champagne - bikini GIRLS by a rooftop pool strip off their tops and dive in - assorted GANGSTER/HIPSTERS party the day away.

CHYRON: JOHNNY FUNWRECKER'S COMPOUND AND 24 HOUR BLOCK PARTY.
JOHNNY FUNWRECKER IS GOOD TO HIS PEOPLE.

Johnny Funwrecker stands with a crowd of SYCOPHANTS, watching a video on a 17 inch laptop held by asshole bodyguard Hwang.

JOHNNY
Shitfuck - this is the tits!

ON THE SCREEN

Is FOOTAGE of a helicopter, firing outboard machine guns.

APPROPRIATELY MASCULINE NARRATOR
For our military clients, the GR-26
is available with remote mounted
machine guns.

JOHNNY
I'd have the world hanging from my
nuts with one of those.

MOUSTAFA (O.S.)
Hey you Johnny!

Johnny Funwrecker TURNS and sees Moustafa, stepping up, all swagger and attitude...

...until asshole bodyguard Hwang hands off the laptop, lunges forward, draws his Glock and holds it to Moustafa's head.

HWANG

The fuck are you, small fry?

MOUSTAFA

I want to talk, that's all.

HWANG

I know the list. You aren't on the list. How'd you get in here?

MOUSTAFA

Chillax, man. I talked my way in. I just want a job.

Moustafa's talking for his life; he looks up over the barrel of the gun on his forehead to address Johnny Funwrecker:

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)

Seriously. Johnny, give me a job, let me sell weed for you, man!

Johnny Funwrecker steps up...his curiosity peaked.

JOHNNY

Weed? You want to sell weed? Like what? Dimebags?

Hwang presses the gun further into Moustafa's head:

HWANG

Answer the man, cockboy!

MOUSTAFA

Yeah. Dimebags!

JOHNNY

Who the titty-fucking, cocksucking, pussy-eating hell do you think you are to crash me? I got more sellers than I got dimebags, small time. You wanna work for me, you bring me something I don't have!

MOUSTAFA

(desperate, grasping)

I have something! I swear!

(off the looks)

It's a piece of art, one of a kind: worth millions, and it's totally unguarded. It's in my house.

Johnny Funwrecker SNATCHES the gun from asshole bodyguard Hwang, grabs Moustafa and jams the gun into his mouth!

JOHNNY
Worth millions?

MOUSTAFA
HNNNGH!

JOHNNY
Buy-me-a-chopper millions?

MOUSTAFA
(nodding vigorously)
NNNGH-HHHNNNG!

JOHNNY
No way you come here and offer me
shit you don't got, right? No way
you waste my motherfucking time,
right? No way you're that stupid,
right?
(leaning in)
My name is Johnny Funwrecker. You
ask around, you lie, you die.
Better you take your shot and kill
me now instead of trying to trick
me. Dig, little man?

Moustafa NODS. Johnny Funwrecker turns away and CALLS OUT:

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Special! Where's Special?

**SNAP ZOOM ACROSS THE ROOFTOP TO FIND SPECIAL
BY THE BAR, SURROUNDED BY A BUNCH OF MISFITS WHO LOOK OUT OF
PLACE EVEN IN THIS PARTY**

These are Johnny Funwrecker's COURIERS: young urban
mercenaries who ferry Johnny Funwrecker's illegal booty all
over the city - but more about that later...

...because right now, Special holds a switchblade and a lemon
- she tosses the lemon up and FLINGS her switchblade -

SWISH WITH THE BLADE TO A WALL SEVERAL FEET AWAY
- where the knife BURIES itself, IMPALING the lemon.

Some CHEER, others shake their heads as MONEY EXCHANGES HANDS
- bets were made here: our girl proved the naysayers wrong.

SPECIAL
Thank you - and hand over my
action.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
SPECIAL! GET YOUR CAUCASIAN ASS
OVER HERE!

Special exchanges looks with one of the other couriers - a young Luis Guzman-type named ESTEBAN, who hands her back the switchblade and a stack of cash -

ESTEBAN

Yo Special - Bossman says to get your Caucasian ass over there.

SPECIAL

(already out of there)
Guess I'd better.

ESTEBAN

And a damn fine one it is, for a Caucasian.

Special shoots Esteban the finger as she makes her way into the crowd toward Johnny Funwrecker...

CHYRON: SPECIAL, LAST NAME UNKNOWN. A VETERAN OF THE GAME AT EIGHTEEN. HAS ALREADY LIVED WELL PAST HER LIFE EXPECTANCY.

...finally getting there, Special exchanges looks of mutual disdain with Asshole Bodyguard Hwang as she looks at Johnny: still holding a gun in Moustafa's mouth.

SPECIAL

You rang?

Johnny takes the gun out of Moustafa's mouth, and as Moustafa recovers from the shock:

JOHNNY

This kid here says he's got a priceless statue for me. You go with him. Check it out. If he's lying, slice his nuts off.

SPECIAL

'cause that's what I do.

JOHNNY

Have fun. Take the Nice Car.

SPECIAL

Nice Car's in the garage.

JOHNNY

Then go get it from the garage.

Johnny throws his arms around two comely female PARTYGOERS:

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
How about a Johnny Funwrecker
sammich, bitches?

The girls TITTING at his wit, Johnny disappears into the dispersing crowd...and off Special turning to stare a dagger at the sheepish Moustafa...

SWISH PAN AWAY FROM SPECIAL AND MOUSTAFA

...toward the city skyline beyond the tenement and...

SNAP ZOOM

To a street many blocks away - CAMERA DIVES toward a SQUAT BRICK BUILDING IN AN INDUSTRIAL AREA...

...the sign on the building reads SPATH'S CHOP-SHOP. CAMERA BANKS to street level to FIND:

MOUSTAFA AND SPECIAL COMING DOWN THE STREET TO THE GARAGE

MOUSTAFA
So...Special. That's a pretty
Special name. Special.

Moustafa lets out a BIG, STUPID LAUGH. Special walks faster.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
So...uh...there is one thing I've
been meaning to - you know - you
don't really slice off people's...

Special pulls out a switchblade, turns to Moustafa and **SNICKT!** Moustafa GULPS at the sight of the blade:

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
...so...uh...what else do you do
for Johnny Funwrecker?

SPECIAL
Urban Mercenary Courier.

MOUSTAFA
You're, like, a bike messenger?

SPECIAL
You want a beatdown?

MOUSTAFA

What?

SPECIAL
Kid. This is a big city...

And as Special delivers her speech:

SPLIT SCREEN WITH

A GROUP OF SHADOWY MEN INSIDE AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

- one of the SHADOWY MEN takes a crowbar to a crate, revealing a lot of small bottles with PHARMACEUTICAL LABELS. One of the SHADOWY MEN lifts a bottle to reveal the writing on the label: VIAGRA/ECSTASY: PHARMACEUTICAL GRADE.

SPECIAL (CONT'D)

In a big city there's illegal shit - black market shit, grey market shit - shit that don't show up on the shelves at Target - and there's people who need it. Only the illegal shit and people who need it are never in the same place.

CUT TO

SPECIAL STANDING ON A CITY STREET

- getting a text message on her Sidekick.

GET YOUR SKINNY WHITE ASS TO THE DOCKS - JOHNNY

SPECIAL (CONT'D)

So Johnny calls one of his couriers - someone like me, someone who picks up the illegal shit...

CUT TO

A CLOSE SHOT ON SPECIAL - ROLLERBLADING DOWN A CITY STREET

- the city lights BLURRING as they SPEED by -

CUT TO

THE FRONT DOOR OF A SWANKY APARTMENT

- opening to REVEAL a HUGH HEFNER TYPE GUY - in way too revealing a satin shortie robe and a chestful of hair (and several HOT PLAYMATES in various states of undress behind him) exchanging the bottle for a huge stack of cash.

SPECIAL

...and puts it together with the people who need it. The courier gets paid. Johnny gets his cut. We done?

END MONTAGE AND SPLIT SCREEN ON MOUSTAFA

MOUSTAFA

Johnny Funwrecker gets his cut?

SPECIAL

Rule number one: Johnny Funwrecker always gets his cut. Rule number two: never steal from Johnny Funwrecker. He finds out, he puts one behind your ear. We done?

MOUSTAFA

Daing. So how'd you get this job?

SPECIAL

Johnny got me out of an orphanage, I'd been there since I was five, and no one adopted me. He taught me the streets.

MOUSTAFA

Really?

SPECIAL

No, you asshole. Get inside.

THE TWO CROSS THE THRESHOLD INTO SPATH'S CHOP-SHOP

...a large garage where assorted COURIERS fix up cars, bicycles and skateboards at assorted workbenches...music - from NU-METAL to HIP-HOP to NORTEÑAS - BLARES from boom boxes set up near the many vehicles under repair.

There's nothing slick or MTV about Spath's, it's funky and lived-in: **seriously, prospective director, if I go see this movie and Spath's looks like the chop-shop from XXX: State of the Union, I will personally murderize you.**

As Special walks by the repair stalls, you can hear the voices greeting her in half a dozen languages - "SPECIAL!" "YO SPECIAL" "HEY BABY" -

- and by the way she exchanges greetings with everyone there. You can tell she's the queen of the motherfuckin' roost.

MOUSTAFA

All these people work for Johnny?

SPECIAL

Couriers. Every last one of them.

A lanky dude a decade-and-change older than most of the gathered couriers steps up to Special (imagine a dreadlocked Eric Stoltz dressed in grease-stained coveralls).

SPATH

Yo Spesh - who's this?

SPECIAL

No one.

MOUSTAFA

The name's Moustafa.

SPATH

I believe her more.

SPECIAL

Where's the Nice Car, Spath?

Spath points to the Nice Car...a NITRO-BREATHIN', LUMPED OUT 1968 CAMARO. Moustafa's eyes bug big time.

MOUSTAFA

This car is fucking kickass - 1968 SS with the bog block V-8 innit?

SPECIAL

It even has a CB and a LoJack, now shut up and get in.

SPECIAL STEPS INSIDE THE CAR

...as Moustafa opens the door, looks in to face her...

MOUSTAFA

Please would be nice.

SPECIAL

Listen, you fucking idiot, and don't you dare lie to me. You have that shit for real?

MOUSTAFA

Yes!

SPECIAL

If you don't...you can tell me and I let you walk away since you're a kid and all.

MOUSTAFA

I swear, it belongs to my parents. I really want to work for Johnny Funwrecker. This is my ticket in.

(MORE)

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
 I'm not gonna fuck it up.
 (climbing in)
Please?

SPECIAL
 Whatever. Your life. Punks jump up
 to get beat down.

Special hits the starter. The Nice Car comes to life with a growling, big-block VROOM! Special YANKS the gearshift...

CAMERA FOLLOWS THE NICE CAR

...out of Spath's Chop-Shop...THE FILM SPEEDS UP...the car steers through the streets of Brooklyn...GETTING FASTER AND FASTER...across the streets of Manhattan...over the George Washington Bridge...down the Palisades Parkway...

AND STOPS AT THE FRONT OF MOUSTAFA'S PARENTS' HOUSE

CHYRON: A SERIOUSLY OPULENT MANSE IN ALPINE.

CUT TO

SPECIAL - SURVEYING THE GILT LIVING ROOM OF MOUSTAFA'S HOUSE

The place doesn't just scream *nouveau riche*, it fucking yodels it from the rooftops.

SPECIAL
 Holy shit. You *live* here?

MOUSTAFA
 Over here.

Moustafa motions Special to an ILLUMINATED NICHE ON THE WALL. Inside is an alabaster STATUE on an illuminated platform.

SPECIAL
 Is that a pre-Christian statue of Ishtar, Babylonian Goddess of Love?

MOUSTAFA
 How'd you know that?

SPECIAL
 My dad was an archaeologist, at least until they fished him out of the Euphrates with his throat slit.

MOUSTAFA
 Really?

SPECIAL
 No, you asshole...
 (off the statue)
 ...this has to be worth a fortune.

MOUSTAFA
 Do I lie?

SPECIAL
 Your parents are gonna miss this,
 they're gonna call the cops on you.

As Moustafa delivers the following speech:

MOUSTAFA
 No they're not. See, I grew up all
 over the Middle East...dad was in
 import/export...

THE SCREEN SPLITS HORIZONTALLY

On the bottom we see SPECIAL AND MOUSTAFA, on the top,
 Moustafa's PARENTS both dressed in very expensive clothes...
 ...shaking hands with Saudi Royalty at a PALACE RECEPTION...
 ...toasting with SYRIAN MILITARY OFFICERS at a BANQUET...
 ...and finally, at a State Dinner, receiving the statue of
 Ishtar from A MAN CLEARLY IDENTIFIABLE AS SADDAM HUSSEIN.

MOUSTAFA
 ...he had a lot of friends in high
 places...anyway, I don't think he
 wants anyone knowing how he got
 this statue.

END SPLIT SCREEN ON SPECIAL

SPECIAL
 I don't get it, you have this
 awesome house...a couple of parents
 who are actually together...doesn't
 look like you ever really have to
 go without, know what I'm saying?
 You're gonna fuck this all up to go
 work for a Chinatown mobster?

But before Moustafa can answer, the living room fills with
 the sound of MOUSTAFA'S MOTHER'S Voice - speaking in ARABIC.

MOUSTAFA'S MOTHER (O.S.)
Moustafa? Is that you?

Moustafa rolls his eyes. His mother ENTERS the living room - she is one of those over-coiffed, over-dressed, shellaqued crones whose very gesture and accessory are designed to impress her wealth and power on you.

MOUSTAFA

Oh, shit.

Moustafa's mother shoots a glance at Special, not bothering to acknowledge her or change her language, even as Moustafa replies in English.

MOUSTAFA'S MOTHER

Who's this?

MOUSTAFA

She's just a friend from school.

Moustafa's mother regards Special like a bird dropping on the hood of her car...turns to Moustafa...

...and SMACKS! him across the face with an open hand...then, as she stares at Special:

MOUSTAFA'S MOTHER

(in perfect English)

Don't ever bring this trash into my house again.

And with that she is GONE. Moustafa recovers from the blow. Special looks at him. A beat.

MOUSTAFA

Now do you get it?

SPECIAL

We are so ripping off that cunt.

SMASH CUT TO

THE NICE CAR - PULLING THE HELL AWAY FROM THE HOUSE

And as the SPED-UP FILM SEQUENCE taking us from Brooklyn to Alpine plays again in REVERSE...

MOUSTAFA'S VOICE

Just like I told Special. My parents never called the police about the missing statue...and they sure as hell didn't call about their missing son.

SMASH CUT TO

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

Inside his opulent PENTHOUSE in the TENEMENT BLOCK (imagine Tony Montana's office with plasma screens) - flanked by his asshole bodyguard Hwang, and facing off against Moustafa...

...who unzips his backpack and takes out the statue - handing it over with great ceremony.

MOUSTAFA'S VOICE

And Johnny Funwrecker -- who knew he had a soft spot for pre-Christian Babylonian statuary?

Johnny Funwrecker keeps his eyes on the statue, transfixed by its sapphire eyes.

JOHNNY

Motherfucker...this is some primo ass shit. Johnny Funwrecker's buying himself a chopper!

MOUSTAFA'S VOICE

Anyway, the moment Johnny Funwrecker stared into Ishtar's sapphire eyes...he said four words that changed my life...

JOHNNY

You got a job.

Johnny hands the statue over to asshole bodyguard Hwang, who steps over to a walk-in safe and puts it in a shelf as Johnny turns to talk to Special...

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Special. He's your new partner.

...Moustafa BEAMS. Special stares at Johnny Funwrecker and shakes her head, no way she has to baby-sit this kid...

SMASH CUT TO

MOUSTAFA

SNORING...angle WIDER to REVEAL him sleeping in the ALLEY BEHIND A LARGE, INDUSTRIAL BUILDING.

MOUSTAFA'S VOICE

First night kinda sucked, what with my not having a home anymore and all...and it went downhill from there.

SPLOOSH! A bucketful of water hits Moustafa. His eyes SNAP open - the camera follows his gaze up to FIND:

SPECIAL - STANDING ON A FIRE ESCAPE ABOVE, HOLDING A BUCKET

CUT TO

A STOPWATCH - IN SPECIAL'S HAND

As she talks to Moustafa at THE 23RD STREET SUBWAY STATION:

SPECIAL

OK - Johnny Funwrecker's orders. I get you up to speed: tactics, weapons, street knowledge. Today we're doing speed and navigation.

(then)

I want a Jamaican jerk chicken sandwich from the street vendor at the Cortlandt street station. Get it. Bring it back. Hot.

(hits the stopwatch)

What? You like sleeping in the alley? GO!

SMASH CUT TO

THE STEPS DOWN TO THE SUBWAY

Moustafa CAREENS down - barely negotiating the crowd - stepping on toes and shoving people aside - until an OLD LADY trips him...Moustafa tumbles and as he falls...

CUT TO

THE TURNSTILE LANDING

...Moustafa TUCKS AND ROLLS into view...barely recovering from his fall, he races to the turnstiles, desperately searching his pockets...no change...so he VAULTS over...

...alerting several by-standing TRANSIT COPS...who drop their coffee and give chase...

CUT TO

SUBWAY PLATFORMS

A train spills out PASSENGERS - Moustafa RACES onto the platform - the transit cops hot on his six as he barrels in just as the train doors CLOSE...

...and as the cops are left in the train's wake...

CUT TO

THE CORTLANDT STREET STATION ENTRANCE

Moustafa races up the steps, soaked - a smile growing as THE STREET VENDOR comes into view, standing by his CART...

MOUSTAFA

Jerk chicken sandwich! Jerk chic -

...and that's when Moustafa sees Special, standing on the other side of the cart...biting into her own sandwich...

SPECIAL

The hell did you go, shrimpy? Take the scenic route? How's the Bronx this time of day?

SMASH CUT TO

SPLOOSH!

A bucketful of water hits Moustafa as he wakes up outside of SPECIAL'S BUILDING.

CUT TO

MOUSTAFA - AT THE OPENING DOOR TO SPECIAL'S LOFT

...SHAKING OFF the bucketful of water...camera stays on Moustafa as he steps in and his eyes WIDEN.

MOUSTAFA

This is your place?

SPECIAL (O.S.)

Get inside. Over here.

As Moustafa walks, REVEAL that Special's loft looks like a Japanese schoolgirl's hope chest - a big fluffy bed with dozens of stuffed animals in pretty pastels...everything here is pink, big-eyed and sickeningly cute.

MOUSTAFA

Is that a unicorn poster? What's a roughneck like you doing with rainbows and Hello Kitty? Holy shit is that a My Little Pony?

In answer, Special steps up to a framed picture of My Little Pony, she touches the frame and it OPENS like a cabinet...

TO REVEAL A RACK FULL OF LONG-RANGE RIFLES

...Special hits another framed picture, an image of Pochi the Penguin to REVEAL a foam-form hand gun storage locker loaded with Desert Eagles...

...and finally, she hits a framed image of a rainbow with fluffy clouds to show off her collection of brass knuckles.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)

You're like a whole bucket of mixed message, aren't you?

SPECIAL

Over here.

Special waves Moustafa to another section of the loft, this one looks more like a MARTIAL ARTS DOJO - mat on the floor, punching bags hanging from the rafters...

MOUSTAFA

(still ogling the guns)
You own a rocket launcher?

SPECIAL

I own two. The second one's in the car...ready to spar?

MOUSTAFA

Wha -

Special dances around Moustafa, SWATTING his floppy hair:

SPECIAL

C'mon, tiger, bring it. Hit me.
Bring it home.

MOUSTAFA

But - you're a girl -

...and no sooner have the words left his mouth that **WHAP!** Special punches him across the jaw.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)

OW! Stop that!

SPECIAL

Let's go, Short-round, a fight
waits for no man!

SPAP! She hits him again..and then, BACKS OUT OF THE FRAME continuing to taunt him. Moustafa LUNGES, following her out of the frame - HOLD FOR A BEAT - and then, from off-frame:

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! THUNK! CAMERA PANS OVER TO REVEAL Special, standing over Moustafa. On the mat. Out cold.

CHYRON:

<u>MOUSTAFA</u>	<u>SPECIAL</u>
STRENGTH: 3	STRENGTH: 50
DEXTERITY: 5	DEXTERITY: 50
CONSTITUTION: -1	CONSTITUTION: 50
INTELLIGENCE: N/A	INTELLIGENCE: 50
WISDOM: N/A	WISDOM: 50
CHARISMA: 2	CHARISMA: 50
HIT POINTS: -5	HIT POINTS: +100

SMASH CUT TO

SPLOOSH!

Water. Bucket. Alley. Moustafa. Get it?

CUT TO

A SERIES OF HUMAN SILHOUETTE TARGETS SET UP ON A ROOFTOP

SHHMP! The sound of a silenced sniper rifle.

A bullet **MAKES A HOLE** on the farthest white of the last target on one side: the last edge you could hit before whiffling the bullet.

SWISH PAN TO FIND MOUSTAFA

Looking up from the scope as Special looks at him - annoyed.

SPECIAL
How could you miss?

MOUSTAFA
I'm working on it, I'm
working on it!

SPECIAL
That cannon has a scope - it's
idiot proof!

MOUSTAFA
I have a crosswind!

Special **SNAPS!** the rifle from Moustafa's hand and aims it down to the street - and as she squeezes the trigger -

SHHMP! A WALL STREET GUY walking-and-talking down the street is shocked as his cellphone disintegrates in his hand!

SHHMP! An UGGS-WEARING YUPPIE's latte is **BLASTED** off her hands!

SHHMP! A WOMAN IN JUICY COUTURE shocks as the leash holding her dalmatian SNAPS! into two and her dog runs off!

RESUME ON SPECIAL

Handing the gun back to a speechless, fuckstruck Moustafa.

CUT TO

A SHOT OF KEVIN BACON RIDING A BIKE DOWN A NEW YORK STREET

While Roger Daltrey's voice shrieks over the wail of an OVERPRODUCED GIORGIO MORODER 1980'S UPTEMPO SYNTH ANTHEM...

<p>ROGER DALTREY LIGHTNING! I AM LIGHTNING! CHANGING! I AM TRADING THESE CHAINS FOR WINGS! FOR WI- IINGS!</p>	<p>MOUSTAFA (O.S.) This is the best film ever.</p>
---	--

REVEAL Special and an excited Moustafa in her LOFT...watching the Kevin Bacon movie *Quicksilver* on her plasma screen:

SPECIAL
I'm showing you this for a very
special reason.

MOUSTAFA
Damn straight. This is what I call
education!

Special's tone turns grave as she turns to stare him down:

SPECIAL
You ever do anything you see in
this movie and I'll kill you on
principle.

MOUSTAFA
You kidding? Look at that wheelie!

SMASH CUT TO

SPLOOSH!

Yep. Our boy's still in the alley.

CUT TO

MOUSTAFA: NEAR THE ARCH AT WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

Watching Special: out of earshot and holding a black, multi-pocketed vest as she finishes up a phone call. She steps up:

SPECIAL

Put this on.

Moustafa snatches the vest from Special - and lets his frustration and anger FLARE for her to see:

MOUSTAFA

You and I need to have a talk. I don't appreciate the water torture and the beatings and the verbal abuse. I didn't get into this for the Harajuku girl wannabe version of boot camp hell week. I think we should talk to Johnny and see if there isn't someone out there who isn't a better partner for me.

...and as Moustafa rants, Special wrangles him into the vest and **ZZZZIPS!** up the center zipper. Then, as she secures the vest in position with several electrical cable ties:

SPECIAL

Good to me. See, this is your last day of training.

MOUSTAFA

Really? You mean I made it?

SPECIAL

Not really, no. You can't fight, you can't run, you can't shoot...you liked *Quicksilver*. I don't get a sense that you're trying all that hard to learn.

MOUSTAFA

That's bullshit! I got moves - I got skills...I got mad skillz!

SPECIAL

Good, 'cause I just got off with the NYPD's tip line. Nice people, good phone etiquette. I told them there's a Middle-Eastern man in the center of Washington Square wearing a suspicious looking vest.

And that's when the sound of SIRENS fills the air - and a look of abject DREAD plays across Moustafa's face as he looks down to the vest, tentatively opening one of the pockets...

MOUSTAFA

What's that stuff in the pockets?

SPECIAL

C-4. Plastic explosive. I also
sewed it into the lining.

...Moustafa tries to get out of the vest - but the electrical
cable ties are making it impossible.

SPECIAL (CONT'D)

MOUSTAFA

So I figure you either ditch
the po-po and meet me back at my place in...oh...ten
minutes or it's Federal pound-
me-in-the-ass prison for you,
if they don't shoot you. Ohshitohshitohshit!

SPECIAL (CONT'D)

The way I see it, either you prove
yourself or you're no longer my
problem. You may want to get going.

SCREEECH! Two cop cars pull over to the edge of the square,
spilling out FOUR UNIFORMED OFFICERS -

UNIFORM #1

He's there! Get him!

- and with that, Moustafa is on the run - RACING out of the
park toward the relative cover of the busy street just as -

TWO MORE POLICE CRUISERS

SKID TO A HALT before him cutting him off!

MOUSTAFA

BANKS HARD - and POURS IT ON as he reaches a bank of CHESS
PLAYERS - he races up a chair and over the tables - knights,
queens and kings fly as he jumps off into a green -

- TUCK-AND-ROLLING TO HIS FEET, Moustafa looks back -

THE COPS ARE ON HIM - UNITING INTO A POD OF FOUR

Shit. One of the cops draws his gun and FIRES -

ON MOUSTAFA

- as the bullet grazes past him!

MOUSTAFA

Holy Shit! Fuck!

(then, really loud)

I'm wearing an explosive vest
motherfuckers!

Moustafa keeps running, bobbing and weaving between trees, trying desperately to get the vest off to no avail - the electrical ties have to be cut...he needs a knife!

SMASH CUT TO

WASHINGTON SQUARE STREET

Still trying to wiggle out of the vest, Moustafa crosses the street - a human game of Frogger as Moustafa's head - AND THE CAMERA - jerk from one side to the other - cars - cars - cars - coming in every direction - **HONK!**

SWISH PAN TO REVEAL

A TAXI - coming right at him!

Moustafa turns and LEAPS into the air, landing on the hood and running over the windshield and roof of the car...

...but the chasing cops deftly weave between cars to follow as Moustafa reels into a...

WIDE RESIDENTIAL STREET

...dotted with PASSERS-BY...Moustafa pushes, pushes, pushes...running toward camera as the police reach the mouth of the street some thirty meters behind...

...until the rear gate to a parked delivery truck SWINGS open before him - Moustafa dives HANDS FIRST to the ground - rolling himself into -

AN ALLEY

- and recovering to his feet in time to climb up onto a dumpster and CLAMBER from there up onto a FIRE ESCAPE.

His breathing ragged, Moustafa spots an OPEN WINDOW two flights up - pushes his legs as far as they can take him -

- just as the cops enter the alley:

COP VOICE

He's on the fire escape! Call for backup!

SMASH CUT TO

MORE COP CARS - PULLING UP TO THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING

Spilling out bacon!

CUT TO

A BEAUTIFUL APARTMENT KITCHEN

Moustafa jumps in through the open window - scrambles until he finds a knife rack - pulls out a large carving blade.

BANG! A massive bullethole opens on a cabinet - Moustafa DROPS the knife and FALLS to the floor - what the fuck?

SWISH PAN TO REVEAL

A HEAVY-SET BANKER in a cardigan, wielding a massive handgun:

HEAVY-SET BANKER
Fucked with the wrong armed
Republican!

Heavy-Set Banker aims. Moustafa kicks a step stool into the air and sends it flying into Heavy-Set Banker!

BANG! BANG! Bullets fly into the ceiling as Heavy-Set Banker falls back through the kitchen door as Moustafa scrambles for his knife...where the fuck did it go?

ON THE STAIRS COMING UP TO THE APARTMENT

COP VOICE
Shots fired! Shots fired!

SMASH CUT TO**MOUSTAFA - BURSTING OUT THE FRONT DOOR OF THE APARTMENT**

Sawing at the electrical ties with the knife as the cops turn the corner into the hallway.

Moustafa keeps running toward a window, a potted plant under the windowsill...the police are about to fire on Moustafa -

- until Heavy-Set Banker barrels out, brandishing his gun.

COP VOICE
GUN!

HEAVY-SET BANKER
Holy shit!

The COPS collide into Heavy-Set Banker. **BANG!** Heavy-Set Banker fires into the ceiling again! The cops fall back -

COP VOICE
Hold your fire! Drop the weapon!

Still running, Moustafa cuts the last electrical tie and TOSSES the vest aside - he then looks to the melee of cops:

They have Heavy-Set Banker down and are coming for him.

Moustafa looks out the window - makes a decision - he lets the knife go, grabs the potted plant and **CRASH!**

MOUSTAFA FOLLOWS THE POTTED PLANT OUT THE WINDOW!

Landing on a SECOND-STORY AWNING, Moustafa LEAPS FORWARD onto a BUS SHELTER.

THE COPS PEER OUT THE WINDOW TO SEE

MOUSTAFA, CLATTERING ACROSS THE BUS SHELTER ONTO A PASSING BUS

Which he surfs down the street!

Moustafa looks back at the Police - then LOWERS himself to his knees, SLIDING OFF the side of the bus -

AND ONTO ANOTHER CAR

- RUNNING across the roof and hood to the pavement...and as soon as his feet hit the street, running to catch the rhythm of the asphalt scrolling underneath...

A PAIR OF MOTORCYCLE COPS

Rush down toward the bus, SIRENS WAILING. The OFFICERS look around. Moustafa is nowhere to be seen...and as the two SPEED PAST CAMERA to continue the search -

CAMERA REMAINS

- then MOVES IN on the OPEN CELLAR GRATE to a NEIGHBORHOOD BAR...peering in as two DELIVERYMEN muscle in a keg:

CAMERA THEN FINDS MOUSTAFA INSIDE THE CELLAR

Breathing heavy under the cellar ladder. Spent. Pissed.

SMASH CUT TO

THE POWERPUFF GIRLS - ON A PLASMA SCREEN

Watched by Special, on her couch, sucking on a Hi-C Juice box.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! Special hears the knocking, walks to and opens the front door to REVEAL:

MOUSTAFA: sweat-soaked, cut up, and pissed as all hell...

MOUSTAFA
I'm-a kill you bitch!

Moustafa LUNGES IN, trying desperately to land a blow on Special - not caring that she's a girl, not caring about anything other than discharging his naked rage.

Juice box still in hand, Special DODGES MOUSTAFA'S EVERY BLOW as he backs her through the loft and into the dojo area.

Moustafa keeps punching through his growing fatigue, swinging wild and imprecise, like Luke Skywalker at the end of *Return of the Jedi*...until, finally...

POP! He lands a blow to her nose!

SPECIAL

OW!

As a trickle of blood PEEKS OUT through her nostril -

POP! - Special pegs Moustafa right back. Moustafa's legs give out and he falls straight down on his ass.

MOUSTAFA

OW! Sonofabitch that stings!

Special looks down at Moustafa...then sits next to him.

SPECIAL

"I'm-a kill you bitch!"

A beat...and then a GIGGLE from Moustafa...that turns into LAUGHTER from the two of them...an eruption that immediately validates the possibility that for all the abuse, these two have actually bonded deeply in the last seven days.

Special hands Moustafa her Hi-C. Moustafa sucks down a long drag as Special fishes her stopwatch from a pocket.

SPECIAL (CONT'D)

Fifteen minutes. Not bad.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Someone KNOCKS on the front door. Special springs over, opens it to REVEAL a smiling Esteban:

ESTEBAN

Mi pequeña caballita!

SPECIAL

Que te pica motherfucker?

ESTEBAN

Johnny Funwrecker needs us for a job. Is the kid ready?

Special LOOKS AT MOUSTAFA, then wipes the blood off her face:

SPECIAL
Yeah, the kid's ready.

SMASH CUT TO

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER - BY A FIREPLACE IN HIS OFFICE

As he takes an envelope from Asshole Bodyguard Hwang and waves it at Moustafa: who stands with Special and Esteban in front of Johnny Funwreckers' desk.

JOHNNY
This is a big job - big stakes - if you're ready, you come and get it.

Moustafa looks at Special, who nods.

Bolstered, Moustafa STEPS UP and reaches across Johnny Funwrecker's desk for the envelope - and that's when Asshole Bodyguard Hwang grabs his arm and pins it down...

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Take this and you're my bitch - now and for fucking ever - you run for me, you break the law for me, and you sure as fuck never cheat on me - understand motherfucker?

Before Moustafa can reply, Johnny reaches for a branding iron - in the shape of the characters for "NO FUN" - from the fireplace and JABS it into Moustafa's forearm.

Moustafa wants to be a man about it - but instead CRIES OUT, trying to make his SCREAM sound like...

MOUSTAFA
YEEEEEEEEAAAAHHHHHHH!

...and off Johnny Funwrecker, lined by the SIZZLING smoke rising from Moustafa's arm...

SMASH CUT TO

SPECIAL, ESTEBAN AND MOUSTAFA

STRIDING WITH PURPOSE down a CITY SIDEWALK LINED WITH RITZY BUILDINGS as Moustafa cradles his arm.

MOUSTAFA
I can't believe you let that psychotic brand me!

Special and Esteban exchange glances, then roll up their sleeves to show Moustafa their own identical brands.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
He does it to everybody?

ESTEBAN
(to Special)
I thought you said you trained him.

Special looks to a BUILDING across the street as she replies:

SPECIAL
Slow learner. How about you go do
your job and distract the doorman?

ESTEBAN
I'm on it.

Esteban RACES off. Moustafa looks away, pissed.

SPECIAL
Hey. You wanted to be a criminal.

MOUSTAFA
I didn't know there was gonna be
branding!

Special shoots him the most fucking irresistible smile ever:

SPECIAL
And now there's gonna be stealing.

SMASH CUT TO

SPECIAL AND MOUSTAFA - BRANDISHING GUNS

- backing ROSS ANDREWS - an insufferable Wall Street type dressed in boxers and a T-shirt - through his LAVISH APARTMENT, past his SPECTACULAR VIEW OF THE NIGHT SKYLINE and into an ORNATE, NOUVEAU RICHE, GOLD-PLATED BATHROOM:

ROSS ANDREWS
You two little shits gotta let me
go - do you know who I am?

Moustafa takes a magazine ("NYC WEALTH") from Johnny Funwrecker's envelope. The COVER features Andrews, grinning smugly under the banner "THE CITY'S MOST ELIGIBLE BACHELOR."

MOUSTAFA
NYC's most eligible bachelor -
according to a bunch of magazines I
could give a shit about.

SPECIAL

We only know that because we were hired to collect a sample from you.

ROSS ANDREWS

A sample?

Special flicks a metal test tube over at a horrified Andrews.

SPECIAL

Yeah, a sample. This city is full of extremely rich, extremely fertile women. You can go ahead and deposit it in the test tube - and I'm gonna watch, if you don't mind.

ROSS ANDREWS

Who are you?

MOUSTAFA

We're couriers.

Special smiles, and as she shuts the bathroom door...

CUT TO BLACK

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)

After that night, me and Special were inseparable...we ran together, broke the law together...and we cheated Johnny Funwrecker together.

SMASH CUT TO

A BOWL OF COUSCOUS ON A RESTAURANT TABLE

At COUSCOUS EXPRESS. A take-out joint with a small dining room in front and a counter in the rear. LOUD MUSIC FROM AN ARABIC VARIETY SHOW streams from a TV over the counter.

Moustafa's hand reaches in with a spoon and we TILT UP TO REVEAL that all his floppy boy hair is gone.

CHYRON: SPECIAL AND MOUSTAFA ARE EATING AT COUSCOUS EXPRESS...VOTED BEST TAKEOUT RESTAURANT FOR THREE YEARS IN A ROW BY THE NEW YORK TIMES...FAMOUS FOR ITS KILLER HUMMUS RECIPE...SPECIAL ALWAYS ORDERS THE FRESH MOZZARELLA WITH RED PEPPERS AND BASIL WITH A SIDE OF HUMMUS AND GARLIC PITA BREAD...MOUSTAFA IS PIGGING OUT ON THE LAMB WITH GRAPE LEAVES AND BABA GHANOUSH.

MOUSTAFA

I can't believe you shaved my head!

Special cuts a grape leaf in two with her switchblade, then stabs it and brings it up to her mouth:

SPECIAL

What, I'm a surgeon with this thing
- and by the way, you can stop
staring at my tits any time you
please.

MOUSTAFA

You noticed that?

A WAITRESS stops by to pick up the plates - she smiles at Moustafa...this is OLIVE YASSIN (18)...and yes, Moustafa now turns to stare at her chest.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)

How you doin'?

Special SWATS him across the head as Olive steps away:

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)

What?

SPECIAL

That's Olive. Her parents own this
joint - you want to get banned?

MOUSTAFA

You said to stop staring at your -

THE SOUND OF A BLACK FLAG SONG FROM A TINNY PHONE SPEAKER
interrupts Moustafa: the ring tone for Special's cellphone.

ON THE CELLPHONE SCREEN: HOT SAUCE 911

Special bounds out of her seat:

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

Special looks at Moustafa...then, after some thought:

SPECIAL

You my partner?

MOUSTAFA

(holding up his arm)
Hello - branding.

SPECIAL

No. Are you my partner?

MOUSTAFA

Need I remind you that mere hours
before I let you take a switchblade
to my hair, you and I stole sperm?

SPECIAL

Good point.

(then)

OK. You can come with me. You'll
need these. Partner.

Special takes a box from her backpack and hands it over.
Moustafa's expression turns to awe over what's inside...

TWIN TAURUS PT-145 HANDGUNS

...and off Moustafa, proud...and a little scared.

SMASH CUT TO

A SMALL DOOR INSET IN AN APARTMENT DOOR

Opening speakeasy style. A hand reaches out and grabs a
Couscous Express take-out bag from Special's hand...then
reaches back out to receive five packets of hot sauce.

WIDER TO REVEAL Special and a befuddled Moustafa, in a
CORRIDOR...as a Manila envelope SLIDES from under the door:

SPECIAL

Thanks Hot Sauce.

Special strides down the corridor, looking inside the
envelope...Moustafa turns to follow, dazed and confused...

MOUSTAFA

What the hell was that?

SPECIAL

If I tell, you're sworn to silence.

MOUSTAFA

I'm your partner - right?

SPECIAL

His name's Hot Sauce.

MOUSTAFA

I got that. Who is he?

SPECIAL

(her tone grave)

Some say ex-Green Beret...some that he's the guy that hacked Norad that time. I say he's both.

MOUSTAFA

Who is he?

SPECIAL

He's freelance and pays good money. Things get slow, he'll hook you up, but you gotta bring the food.

THE TWO REACH THE ELEVATOR

Special closes the iron gate and hits the DOWN button:

SPECIAL

He never leaves his apartment - no one knows what he looks like - so you gotta bring food - and no matter what, you bring the Hot Sauce - five packets of hot sauce. Tuna melt? Hot Sauce. Mickey D's? Hot sauce. Nathan's hot dogs?

MOUSTAFA

Hot sauce. I get it. Yeah. OK.

(exploding)

Are you psychotic? What about Johnny? Brand-you-like-cow Johnny? Slice your-nuts-off Johnny? Steal from Johnny and he'll put one behind your ear Johnny?

SPECIAL

Johnny's a sexist pig. The only reason I'm not showing off my kit at his pool and giving his bodyguards handjobs is I can shoot, run and make money, so I get protection and the bitchin' Camaro; but does he have women running things? No. Fact is, I don't have a future in that organization.

MOUSTAFA

Those girls give handjobs?

SPECIAL

Johnny and his asshole bodyguards get their cut for nothing while we couriers run ourselves ragged.

(MORE)

SPECIAL (CONT'D)

So don't get on my grill about what
I do on the side. It's business.

(then)

So. Do I gotta take the guns back
or what?

Moustafa regards Special for a moment, then:

MOUSTAFA

Fuck you. What's our job?

And off Special, opening Hot Sauce's envelope...

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

MOUSTAFA'S VOICE

Yep. We worked for Johnny
Funwrecker, and we ran jobs for Hot
Sauce on the side. It was
business...and business was good.

And then:

TITLE CARD: ONE MOTHERFUCKIN' YEAR LATER

FADE IN

ON MOUSTAFA'S EYES - OPENING

...and reacting to the early morning sun streaming from the
vast windows of his LOFT...Moustafa gets out of bed...

...and he's not the scrawny kid from the last thirty pages,
he's ripped, shaved-bald, and his shoulders and arms are
covered by an intricate maze of deep-black tattoos.

Moustafa walks to his bathroom - past the band posters and
leather furniture, the stereo, TV and game consoles...

CHYRON: MOUSTAFA'S LOFT - THE LEASE IS A HANDSHAKE, THE RENT
IS IN CASH AND THE UTILITIES ARE PIRATED. OUR BOY'S AN OUTLAW
LIVIN' OFF THE GRID, BABY!

...past several MOTORCYCLES (a Kawasaki Hayabusa GSXR1300R
and a Honda CRF250X dirt bike)...he keeps walking, past racks
full of guns and samurai swords...

...and the sound of the RUNNING SHOWER grows louder...

MOUSTAFA STEPS INTO THE BATHROOM

...a NUDE FEMALE SILHOUETTE - shapely and enticing - becomes
visible through the fog on the glass doors to the
shower...Moustafa comes closer...but who is it? Special?

MOUSTAFA

Hey babe.

It's Olive, the waitress from Couscous Express...she kisses him on the lips, then pulls back and smiles...

OLIVE

Mom and dad are so going to ban you from the restaurant.

Moustafa smiles and kisses her again, hard...their bodies crash into one another, hands wander below frame...it's getting hot...until the tinny SOUND OF A BLACK FLAG SONG FROM A CELLPHONE SPEAKER fills the air.

Moustafa disengages - shooting his girl an apologetic shrug - and steps out of the shower to get his cellphone from the basin - even as a playful Olive tries to distract him...

ON THE CELLPHONE SCREEN

HOT SAUCE 911 - MEET AT CCE - GET FOOD - SPECIAL

RESUME ON OLIVE

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Let me guess. The other wife?

Moustafa turns back to look at Olive, who shakes her head...and as she ducks back under the shower...

SMASH CUT TO

OLIVE - CLINGING ON TO MOUSTAFA AS HE DRIVES HER VESPA

...ACROSS THE STREETS OF THE CITY to Couscous Express...

OLIVE

The engine's making that noise again.

MOUSTAFA

No it isn't.

OLIVE

Hey, since you insist on doing the maintenance on this scooter yourself, you may want to do it the right way?

MOUSTAFA

The right way? I built this bike by hand baby! I know how to fix it!

As the two embark on a serious festival of bickering:

A PICTURE IN PICTURE OPENS: SHOWING MOUSTAFA ON A PARK BENCH

MOUSTAFA

You gotta love someone to argue with them like that. Me and Olive have been together almost a year now...the moment I started earning cash, I made my move. You like the Vespa? Yeah, I gave her that. Other guys give their girls clothes, jewelry...I rebuilt that bike for her bolt by bolt...'cuz that's how Moustafa McGowan closes the deal...and you wanna know how I know it's for real?

SMASH CUT TO

A CHECK FROM COUSCOUS EXPRESS

As OLIVE'S HAND reaches into frame and writes -

I LOVE YOU MOUSTAFA - OLIVE

- Olive staples the check to a COUSCOUS EXPRESS TAKEOUT BAG and hands it to Moustafa, who pays with a kiss...

MOUSTAFA'S VOICE

She gives it up in writing every day.

REVERSE TO SHOW SPECIAL, STEPPING THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR

SHOUTING over the Arabic SINGING from the Television.

SPECIAL

Yo - 'stafa - not like we have work or anything!

Moustafa looks at Olive as he ignores Special:

MOUSTAFA

I'll come home early tonight...OK?

OLIVE

Like I believe you.

As Special rolls her eyes, MRS. YASSIN, Olive's mother STEPS UP to her, carrying a small container of hummus.

MRS. YASSIN
 You take care of that nice boy
 Moustafa.

CHYRON: MRS YASSIN IS OLIVE'S MOTHER. HER FATHER'S IN THE
 BACK, MARINATING LAMB!

SPECIAL
 Nothing nice about him.

MRS. YASSIN
 That's my future son-in-law you're
 disrespecting.

SPECIAL
 Sorry.

Mrs. Yassin looks up and down at Special and hands over the
 hummus.

MRS. YASSIN
Eat. Yes, you.

Mrs. Yassin then steps off, tousling Moustafa's hair as he
 makes his way past Special to the door..

MOUSTAFA
 C'mon, Spesh, not like we have work
or anything.

HOLD ON OLIVE AS SPECIAL FOLLOWS MOUSTAFA OUT THE DOOR

...watching her boy go off with another girl...

SMASH CUT TO

THE SPEAKEASY DOOR INSET ON HOT SAUCE'S DOOR - OPENING

Hot Sauce reaches for the Couscous Express takeout - followed
 by five packets of hot sauce held out by Moustafa. The
 Speakeasy door closes...an envelope slides out.

Moustafa tears into the envelope, pulls out a dossier and
 checks out the top sheet, then hands the dossier back to
 Special and POUNDS on the door...

MOUSTAFA
 Give back the hot sauce, Hot Sauce.
 We're not doing this one.

HOT SAUCE (O.S.)
 Read the brief!

...as Moustafa rails, Special reads...

MOUSTAFA

No - I'm not gonna read the fucking brief, we do not traffic in people! No way I'm taking some Red Mafiya scumbag degenerate his underage fuck slave - shit, dog, you know better than to call us for this kind of work. It's sick and depraved.

HOT SAUCE (O.S.)

This one's different. The job comes from a human rights group -- they're smuggling her out of Tibet.

MOUSTAFA

So what? We're not doing it!

Special puts her hand on Moustafa's shoulder...

SPECIAL

He's right. This one's different.

...and shows him a picture from the dossier...it's the LITTLE GIRL from the opening of this movie...Moustafa regards the picture, then takes a deep breath and looks away...

...and camera FOLLOWS MOUSTAFA'S GAZE DOWN THE CORRIDOR, BACK OUT THE WINDOW...into the skyline...

SNAP ZOOM ACROSS THE CITY

...FASTER and FASTER - SPEED BLURRING until settling at...

JFK AIRPORT

...Special and Moustafa exit the Nice Car CURBSIDE NEAR BAGGAGE CLAIM...both wear stylized chauffeur uniforms...and Special hands a stack of HUNDREDS to an AIRPORT GUARD...

SPECIAL

Make sure we don't get towed, Juan.

MOUSTAFA AND SPECIAL WALK INTO BAGGAGE CLAIM

...a large CONCOURSE populated with arriving TRAVELERS and DRIVERS checking arrivals overhead-mounted monitors.

Special busts out a limousine company signs that reads GIRL.

MOUSTAFA

Can't believe we had to bust out the monkey suits. Seriously.

(MORE)

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)

You have a thing about orphans I don't know about? Someone flashes a cute picture of a girl with no name and you snap-to?

Special looks at him, eyes filling with genuine sorrow:

SPECIAL

I was raised in an orphanage. My parents were Marist missionaries in Rwanda - they were killed by the government for trying to save refugees during the genocide. I spent two years in that shit hole before anyone knew to come for me.

Moustafa looks at Special. Holy shit. Is this it? The tragic story of her broken life that she has withheld so long?

MOUSTAFA

Really?

SPECIAL

No, you asshole. Eyes up, here she comes.

SWISH PAN TO REVEAL

AN AIRLINE STEWARDESS in a natty outfit with a pillbox hat - walking THE GIRL - toward Special and Moustafa.

STEWARDESS

You're the couriers?
(off their nods)
She's been a very good girl on a very long flight. Spent the whole time drawing on her notebook.

The Stewardess hands over a pulp paper notebook decorated with Tibetan characters, and a beat-up tin pencil case.

ON THE PAGES OF THE NOTEBOOK

Are dozens of childlike drawings of trees and landscapes.

SPECIAL

We'll take it from here.
(as the stewardess exits)
Hey you. I'm Special.

The Girl responds with a set of gestures.

SPECIAL (CONT'D)
 Very clever little girl.
 (looking up at Moustafa)
 I think she's busting out some kind
 of sign language.

MOUSTAFA
 (looking elsewhere)
 That's...just...great.

Moustafa's eyes are widening and his skin is turning pale.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
 Oh...shit.

SPECIAL TURNS TO FOLLOW MOUSTAFA'S EYELINE

And SPOTS Johnny Funwrecker's asshole bodyguard Hwang...

...walking down the concourse, flanked by three more of
 JOHNNY FUNWRECKER'S BADDEST MEN (heretofore described as
 "Bodyguards #1, 2, 3, 4 and 5") - thick-necked, mean-faced
 brutes in dark suits and silk shirts.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
 What the fuck are they doing here?

And that's when asshole bodyguard Hwang...

LOCKS EYES WITH MOUSTAFA

...and pulls out a limousine company sign that reads "GIRL."

Hwang shakes his head and rolls his fingers in a menacing
 "come here" gesture.

He just caught them red-handed and isn't going to let it go.

The men flanking Hwang all reach into their coats...ticking
the anodized handles of their matching Glocks...

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
 We gotta get outta here. Now.

SPECIAL
Oh yeah.

Special herds the Girl behind her as they back out of there -
 but as Special TURNS TO LOOK TO THE EXIT...

...she sees two more FUNWRECKER BODYGUARDS (#4 and #5)...
coming into the concourse...pointing at her and Moustafa.

ASSHOLE BODYGUARD HWANG AND HIS MEN SPEED UP.

Coming closer. Closer. Guns now drawn under their coats.

Special looks at the Girl...Moustafa...the incoming enemy...

MOUSTAFA

Johnny Funwrecker's gonna kill us.

...and right before Asshole Bodyguard Hwang gets to them...

...a MAN DRAGGING A HALLIBURTON ZERO ROLL-ABOARD crosses BETWEEN Special, Moustafa, The Girl and the incoming Bodyguards.

SPECIAL

No. He's not.

Special spins...GRABS the Halliburton and **SMACKS!** Asshole bodyguard Hwang's face with a **BLOODY AND SATISFYING SPLAT!**

Asshole Bodyguard Hwang GOES DOWN. Special uses her momentum to THROW A LEFT HOOK into Bodyguard #1's face.

AND THEN THE FLASH OF A GUN

From Bodyguard #2. Special lets her spin carry her to the floor and away from the gun as -

MOUSTAFA

- LUNGES at Bodyguard #2, SLAPPING his gun-hand away.

BLAM! #2's weapon goes off.

Now it's a gun fight.

SLO-MO ON SPECIAL AND MOUSTAFA

Exchanging glances. This has just gone from zero to violence: time to do or die.

RESUME IN REAL TIME

As the concourse ERUPTS into CHAOS and the FRIGHTENED TRAVELERS respond to the gunfire - running everywhere!

BODYGUARD #3 TAKES OUT HIS GLOCK**MOUSTAFA DROPS TO THE GROUND**

- and GRABS A HANDFUL OF BODYGUARD #3's nuts - dropping him in a paroxysm of agonizing pain - before SWEEPING out Bodyguard #2's legs from under him.

Special picks up the Girl - holding her under her arm like a doll and SPINS around to see:

BODYGUARDS #4 AND #5 - RUSHING OVER

But she already has her Hammerless Smith & Wesson out.

BLAM! BLAM! Bodyguards #4 and #5 never even had a chance.

MOUSTAFA

RISES - twin Taurus PT-145s in hand. Asshole Bodyguard Hwang and Bodyguard #1 recover as -

AIRPORT SECURITY GUARDS

- flood the concourse, guns drawn.

NOW IT'S A CLOSE QUARTERS ORGY OF GUN-FU ULTRA-VIOLENCE

Special and Moustafa have to get their work done - and get out - and protect The Girl - and fast.

And it's a motherfuckin' symphony of precision: Moustafa Kicks #1 in the chest and FIRES at #2 - Special FIRES at #1 - Moustafa grabs Asshole Bodyguard Hwang's gun hand -

BLAM! Bodyguard #3 dies by Asshole Bodyguard Hwang's hand, but as Moustafa lets him go -

ASSHOLE BODYGUARD HWANG

- is in place to put a hole in Special's head.

Until one of several approaching Airport Security Men raises his gun and POPS HIM on the shoulder.

BLAM! HWANG GOES DOWN. Special and Moustafa RUN for the exit.

THE AIRPORT SECURITY MEN

Are catching up - about to reach Asshole Bodyguard Hwang -

- who is not quite dead yet. He RISES - lifting his gun -

MOUSTAFA

- sees this over his shoulder as he runs away. Moustafa turns, guns in hand and -

MOUSTAFA

(mocking)

"Answer the question, cockboy!"

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! - Moustafa's high caliber rounds sever A BANK OF MONITORS from the strut holding them to the ceiling!

The monitors come CRASHING DOWN with a SHOWER OF SPARKS on top of Asshole bodyguard Hwang's head -

- crushing Asshole Bodyguard Hwang once and for all with a sickening **CRUNCH!** - and SCATTERING the incoming Airport Security Men!

SMASH CUT TO

SPECIAL - RACING TO THE NICE CAR

Still carrying The Girl as Moustafa chases out of the concourse...and as she pulls the Girl around to the driver side door and into the back seat...

MOUSTAFA LOOKS TO THE STREET BEHIND THEM

...and sees a POD OF COP CARS - sirens SCREAMING and lights BLAZING - heading for them!

Moustafa DIVES IN through the passenger window and rolls himself into the seat...Special hits the starter...**VROOM!**

THE FILM SPEEDS UP

TRAVELLING OUT OF JFK - GETTING FASTER, FASTER, FASTER - REACHING THE BROOKLYN QUEENS EXPRESSWAY, CAMERA SPINS TO SHOW:

THE FRONT END OF THE NICE CAR

ROARING down the expressway - CAMERA TILTS UP to REVEAL:

SPECIAL - IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT

CAMERA keeps going OVER THE ROOF to REVEAL:

THREE COP CARS - COMING UP ON THE NICE CAR'S SIX

COP P.A. VOICE
THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING! PULL
OVER! WE ARE AUTHORIZED TO USE
LETHAL FORCE! PULL OVER!

And no sooner has the warning been delivered that -

SLAM! - the Lead Cop Car deals a calculated rear-end blow to the Nice Car!

THE GIRL

Looks back to the Cop Cars, fear-stricken - waving her hands at Moustafa as he tries to buckle her in:

SPECIAL

Would you get her buckled in? How many times do I -

MOUSTAFA

Doing the best I can here - she's kind of slippery - and I think she's trying to tell me something important - this is fucking impossible!

SPECIAL LOOKS UP TO THE REARVIEW

FOCUSING on the Girl's hands as she SIGNS, her hands changing positions rapidly - trying to communicate something.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)

What the hell are you trying to say you little freak?

THE FILM GOES TO A SLO-MO INTERCUT

- between SPECIAL'S EYES and THE GIRL'S HANDS IN THE REARVIEW...until -

SLAM! THE LEAD COP CAR HITS THE NICE CAR AGAIN

- and it's back to REAL TIME -

INSIDE THE NICE CAR

MOUSTAFA

What the fuck?

SPECIAL

M! Get over here. Take over!

MOUSTAFA

I repeat - what the fuck?

Special hits the accelerator with extreme prejudice -

THE NICE CAR

- JAVELINS forward - away from the Cop Cars - almost REAR-ENDING a TRUCK dead ahead -

RESUME ON SPECIAL

As the rear windshield of the Nice Car fills with accelerating Cop Cars!

SPECIAL

Take the wheel, I'm going back!

MOUSTAFA

The truck! Watch the truck!

SPECIAL

Calm down! Shut up!

Special HITS THE ACCELERATOR again, then wrenches the wheel -

THE COP CARS

- almost barrel into the truck as Special speeds up, then ZIGS into the next lane, barely avoiding a collision -

- and the TUMULT OF MOVING BODIES inside the Nice Car is clear even from this vantage as Moustafa tries to get himself into the driver's seat.

SPECIAL (O.S.)

If you don't take your hand off my ass right now, we're gonna have real trouble!

MOUSTAFA

Slides behind the wheel as Special tumbles into the back.

MOUSTAFA

Was that all necessary - what the fuck are you doing back there?

But Special ignores him. The Girl signs at Special. Special nods, then tries to communicate something with her hands - a rough pantomime of **I'M GOING TO BUCKLE YOU UP** -

- the Girl nods, and as Special BUCKLES her in...

BOOM! KERRASH! A SHOTGUN BLAST from one of the Cop Cars SHATTERS the rear windshield of the Nice Car!

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)

Special, if you really have a rocket launcher back there -

SPECIAL

Since when do we kill uniforms?
Lose the motherfuckers!

MOUSTAFA

- WINCES - then STOMPS the clutch - WHOMPS the gear shift -
PUNISHES the steering wheel - MACERATES the accelerator -

AND THE NICE CAR SPINS AROUND

- as the other cars on the freeway SWERVE -

THE NICE CAR IS NOW GOING IN REVERSE

- and as Moustafa draws his gun -

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

- more shotgun blasts from a COP in the passenger side of the
Lead Cop Car!

MOUSTAFA

- winces as the buckshot **WHIZZES!** around the Nice Car -
leaving scars all over the hood and windshield.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Moustafa sees SHOTGUN COP ducking back in to reload -

MOUSTAFA LOOKS IN THE REARVIEW

- over Special and the Girl - bonding over sign language -
then looks ahead to see that he's heading to -

AN OVERPASS

- exiting into Brooklyn.

MOUSTAFA

Gets a grip on his gun, STICKS HIS BODY OUT THE WINDOW - all
the while keeping up the dangerous reverse-driving maneuver -
and FIRES -

BLAM-KERROOSH! BLAM-KERROOSH! BLAM-KERROOSH! - the front
tires on Lead Cop Car and the two flanking Cop Cars EXPLODE
as Moustafa's bullets find their targets.

THE COP CARS SWERVE OUT OF CONTROL

As the OFFICERS inside struggle to stop their runaway
cruisers before anyone gets killed.

MOUSTAFA

Hits the clutch - gearshift - steering wheel:

THE NICE CAR SPINS OFF REVERSE

And Moustafa HITS THE THROTTLE HARD. The Nice Car HOWLS away...

WIDER TO REVEAL**THE EXPRESSWAY BEHIND THE NICE CAR**

Already BACKED UP FOR A MILE as the Cops step out of their vehicles - STOPPED in the middle of the road.

A perfect roadblock: courtesy of Moustafa McGowan.

CUT TO**SPECIAL, LOOKING UP FROM THE BACK SEAT**

As Moustafa slows down - veering the car into a SIDE STREET.

No need to go to exterior coverage here - the focus is on Special and Moustafa: all that needs to be seen from the windows is that the roads are getting narrower and quieter as Moustafa steers away from the ruckus...

...that, and the POLICE SIRENS DOPPLERING in the distance.

SPECIAL

For fuck sake M! Control your shit - we're getting banged-up back here!

MOUSTAFA

Excuse me if I'm not exactly rocking the whisperliner, but I'm trying to address some serious problems up in here - with little or no help from my partner!

SPECIAL

If I thought you couldn't handle it, I'd have taken over already.

MOUSTAFA

Oh, shut up.

SPECIAL

You shut up - I have a whole system of sign language to figure out here, M.

(off his incredulous look)

Why don't you focus on what's important and get us and this car off the road before the 5-0 figures out where we got our battle damage?

Moustafa looks ahead - he has nothing to add...

...and as he guides the Nice Car down the road...CAMERA swivels to face out the windshield - looking into the city passing by and...

SNAP ZOOM ACROSS THE CITY

...through SIDEWALKS AND STREETS, down through the SUBWAY and into the STREETS OF BROOKLYN...

...to the front of SPATH'S CHOP-SHOP and through the FRONT GATE...finally settling on:

SPATH

Looking like someone pissed on his favorite brownie.

SPATH

Sweet zombie Jesus - what did you scamps do to the Nice Car?

WIDER TO REVEAL Special and Moustafa, exiting the Nice Car - now parked on top of A SET OF HYDRAULIC ELEVATION RAILS.

Moustafa races to the open front gate and pulls the chain to bring it CLATTERING down quickly as Special turns to Spath - all business:

SPECIAL

Clear the place out like I asked?

SPATH

You see anybody? Shop's barren.
Just me and Judy.

Spath points to an overhead loft by a window - where a highly-pierced black woman (20s) sits at a laptop, wearing Ray-Ban Aviator mirrorshades:

THIS IS SPATH'S BEST-FRIEND-WITH-BENEFITS, JUDY.

And she never takes off the sunglasses.

SPECIAL

Yo, Jood, vow of silence.

JUDY

Like I talk to humans.

Special reaches into the back seat and pulls out the Girl.
Spath is reeling:

SPATH

Who's this - and I reiterate - what did you do to the Nice Car?

SPECIAL

I need the bathroom, this little Girl's in serious need - then I need you to fix the car - nothing fancy, just get her roadworthy.

The Girl waves at Spath, shoots him a smile - as Special disappears into A BATHROOM DOOR.

SPATH

Is one of you hoolies gonna tell me what you did to my pride and joy?

Spath bends down and smells the hood of the car:

MOUSTAFA

It's leaking oil -
carburetor's probably
cracked, maybe the frame -
timing chain -

SPATH

- oil and coolant, you lunatics.

But the diagnostic analysis is going to have to wait as Judy interrupts from her loft:

JUDY

You guys expecting Johnny Funwrecker?

Moustafa goes from already-jittery to sphincter factor 9.5:

MOUSTAFA

What?

JUDY

(coming down the steps)
Just pulled up outside - has an army with him - it's the fucking Flags of our Fathers out there.

Moustafa scrambles for the hydraulic control and **THROWS THE LEVER** - the Nice Car **RISES** six feet into the air with a resounding **SHHHHHMMMMMMPPP!**

Moustafa then runs to the bathroom door, turning to Spath:

MOUSTAFA

Tell Johnny we dropped off the car and went to Jersey - seriously, you don't want him knowing -

JOHNNY (O.S.)
Moustafa - my nigga!

Moustafa turns around to see JOHNNY FUNWRECKER - coming in the front door to the garage, followed by a passel of his signature-dressed BODYGUARDS.

Present in overwhelming force, Johnny Funwrecker's men FAN OUT behind him...reconnoitering the chop-shop and taking strategic positions around the place -

One of the Bodyguards cuts off the way to the rest room - you can smell the paranoia on Johnny Funwrecker and his men.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Where the fuck is everybody?

SPATH

Looks at Johnny's men, all of them fingering their weapons - loaded for bear. What did Special and Moustafa get him into?

SPATH
Out on runs, Johnny, making you money.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

Returns a smile at Spath's remark, then throws an arm around Moustafa - almost a headlock...

MOUSTAFA

Scans the chop-shop - Johnny Funwrecker's people have all the entrances and exits covered, if they all drew guns and opened fire, they'd dominate in seconds.

JOHNNY
Yes. The money and the power.
(then, to Moustafa)
I wanted to send everyone a message
- all at once...but that's OK,
because you are going to send a
message for me, Moustafa -

While Moustafa is trying to play it cool, he's having a hard time keeping his face from telling the truth - that he's wondering if he's a dead man.

MOUSTAFA
I'm gonna send a message?

JOHNNY

Yeah. You. Good boy. Loyal
employee. Right? Loyal employee?

Moustafa has no idea how to respond - whether this is a death
threat or a compliment - and he can barely get out the words -

MOUSTAFA

Sure thing J -

- before Johnny Funwrecker goes on the rant he came to give:

JOHNNY

See, I wasn't always the shit like
I am today. Did you know I even had
to do military service?

(off Moustafa)

In the Mainland, before I came here
to steal the motherfuckin' American
dream, I served three years under
the biggest cocksucker C.O. alive.

SMASH CUT TO

YOUNG JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

A slacker in unbuttoned, wrinkled military fatigues -
standing in formation - getting his face SLAPPED by his
SCREAMING C.O..

JOHNNY (V.O.)

I hated that piece of shit so much,
I swore I'd take him down - I
fucking swore I'd kick that
motherfucker's dick in the mud...

Now, pay close attention to the C.O. - as that mean-faced,
dark-eyed motherfucker pulls out a swagger stick and BEATS on
Young Johnny Funwrecker, DROPPING him to the ground -

- and know that you're gonna see this asshole again before
this movie's over.

SMASH BACK TO JOHNNY

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

...so when a friend who works
intelligence out of Tibet told me
that my old C.O. lost something...
something worth millions...
something being smuggled into the
US by a bunch of pussy-eating human
rights people...

While Johnny Funwrecker speechifies...

INTERCUT WITH SPECIAL: INSIDE THE REST ROOM

...amid the brick walls, exposed plumbing, girlie calendars...and grease-stained everything else:

SPECIAL

Exchanges glances with the Girl, and twirls her finger... signaling for the Girl to turn away and put her face against the brick wall.

THE GIRL

Looks away, doing exactly as she's told. Special then takes out her weapons and checks the clips with practiced intensity - locking and loading.

She's ready to go out guns a'blazing:

SPECIAL BACKS INTO THE REST ROOM DOOR - CRACKS IT OPEN

To see Johnny, still holding Moustafa in a near-headlock as he picks up a wrench and uses it to gesticulate - getting ever closer to Moustafa's head:

JOHNNY

...shit, dog...I saw the money and the power right there. I sent my best men to intercept...and now I hear about a major shitkicking at JFK - six of my men are dead.

MOUSTAFA

Shit, that's a lot.

JOHNNY

Makes me want to smell the fucking napalm in the morning.

SPECIAL

Backs up against the sink in the bathroom and lifts her leg to KICK OUT THE DOOR AND START SHOOTING when...

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

But I can't 187 the ass-fuckers who did this until I know who they are - and you're going to help me find out.

...and that's when - through the crack on the door -

SPECIAL LOCKS EYES WITH MOUSTAFA

- the exact same thought running through both their minds.

MOUSTAFA

You don't know who did it?

SPECIAL

Processes. Realizes. Slides one of her guns back into her belt and stands down - reaching out for the door to SLOWLY close down the crack.

JOHNNY

I'm putting a fifty-thousand dollar bounty on the information. That's five-oh grand, motherfucker. I want names and digits for the people who killed my men, 'cause I'm gonna bring the hammer down.

(then)

So spread the word, I'm getting my war on - you steal from Johnny Funwrecker - nowhere is safe.

To punctuate, Johnny Funwrecker spins and throws the wrench -

KLANG! - it lodges into an oil barrel, seeping dark muck.

Johnny Funwrecker smiles, lets go of Moustafa and motions to his men.

Johnny Funwrecker's bodyguards leave their posts and gather around the boss, who walks to the door and outside faster than they do...

...then the sounds of MOTORCYCLES AND CARS TAKING OFF.

Moustafa just stands there, staring at the bewildered Spath and Judy...

...the AWKWARD SILENCE hangs as Special steps out of the bathroom, a gun in one hand, the Girl's hand in the other.

SPECIAL

So. I hope no one needs fifty grand too badly.

...and off Special, Moustafa, Spath and Judy...the Girl in the middle of this mess...and the uncomfortable, unspoken danger now binding them all...

CUT TO

THE GIRL - ON A BRICK LEDGE ON THE ROOFTOP OF SPATH'S

...using her hands to communicate with Special, who tries to emulate her gestures...

SPECIAL

Wait...hang on...what about that one? Does that mean -
 (pointing up)
 - sky?

...the Girl regales Special with a shake of the head, and as Special tries the signal a few more times, Moustafa steps into frame through a STAIRWELL DOOR:

MOUSTAFA

Nice Car's almost roadworthy. Spath says give him a few minutes.
 (off Special's silence)
 If he doesn't open this place up soon it's going set people talking - I'm sure he's dying to get us out the door.

Special turns to the Girl, then pulls out her notebook and pencils. The Girl lights up, and as she bounces down from the ledge and pages through her notebook to a new page...

SPECIAL

What's that look?

MOUSTAFA

No look.

SPECIAL

Hey. I made you.

Moustafa shrugs, he gets it. He's transparent to Special, so she gets to the heart of the matter:

SPECIAL (CONT'D)

Spath and Judy are family, they're not gonna sell us out.

MOUSTAFA

That's comforting. Now we just got the rest of the five boroughs to worry about.

Special doesn't take the bait, she's got other fish to fry:

SPECIAL

Well, I've been gathering news and information over here. This Girl is deaf and mute. The gunshots, car crashes - nothing.

(MORE)

SPECIAL (CONT'D)

(then)

Anyway, I think I'm beginning to figure out the signing - it's a variation on ASL, but it's kind of ghetto, street level - wouldn't surprise me if the sign language was unique to this little Girl.

MOUSTAFA

Yeah, yeah, you're a genius, what else do you got?

SPECIAL

She been trying to tell us she's being chased by some Chinese dude.

Moustafa regards his partner: is she shitting him?

MOUSTAFA

A Chinese dude? You don't say?

SPECIAL

(dead serious)

That, or something about a cat.

MOUSTAFA

I see...hmm. That's good because -
(exploding)
- we murdered six people! Johnny Funwrecker's people! We probably have the police, Homeland Security and god knows who else gunning for us since we shot up half of JFK - and that's not including the brand-new fifty thousand dollar bounty we got on our heads.

SPECIAL

You need to chill and Zen this shit out, M.

MOUSTAFA

We don't need to zen out a damn thing. Tibet isn't our business and baby-sitting sure as shit ain't our business.

SPECIAL

I'm just trying to make some sense out of this mess so that when Johnny Funwrecker's people come after us maybe we can get some leverage.

MOUSTAFA

Leverage? Are you ratfuck insane? There's no leverage. There's breathing and not breathing.

(off Special)

(MORE)

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)

You wanna bond with the youth of Tibet, do it post-haste, 'cause we're dropping off this package fast like Fedex.

SPECIAL

We can't -

MOUSTAFA

What are we supposed to do, learn sign language and raise her?

Special looks away, Moustafa realizes that - strange as it may sound - what he just said hit weirdly close to home.

SPECIAL

I'm this close to figuring out what's so important about that little Girl.

Moustafa changes the tone, but not the message:

MOUSTAFA

Our job was pick her up and deliver her to the human rights people. Far as I see, our job hasn't changed.

(off Special's look)

Johnny Funwrecker's calling down the thunder. We need to get paid and get the fuck out of dodge before he eats our heads for lunch.

Special shakes her head - he has a point. She looks back at the Girl, who looks up from:

HER DRAWINGS

She has been using color pencils to fill a GREEN FIELD outside her drawing of an EXOTICALLY-SHAPED TIBETAN HOUSE.

THE GIRL

Shoots Special a glance. Special finds a smile for the Girl, who quickly goes back to work.

By the time Special turns back to Moustafa, he is looking away. Done talking. As Special looks out into the early afternoon haze of the city...

SNAP ZOOM ACROSS THE SKYLINE TO

BLURRING with mounting speed, and finally FINDING

A PLAIN BRICK BUILDING IN NEW LITTLE ITALY

CAMERA TILTS DOWN the stories of the building TO REVEAL two CHINESE MEN IN ILL-FITTING SUITS, standing before a stretch Mercedes Benz SL-500 parked outside the front door...

...one of the Chinese Men takes a cigarette from a pack and offers his compatriot a smoke...as they SMOKE UP...

SPECIAL (O.S.)

Those guys look funny.

SWISH PAN TO REVEAL

Special and Moustafa - in the Nice Car - half a block away...

MOUSTAFA

Funny weird or funny ha-ha?

Special looks over the hood to get a good look at the men, then, as Special speaks...

A SERIES OF PICTURE-IN-PICTURE WINDOWS

Open over her - showing CLOSE-UPS of the Chinese Men -

- their **CIGARETTES, LAPELS, HAIRLINES** and **FEET...**

SPECIAL

That pack of cigarettes...*Zhong Nan Hai*, chokweed tobacco sold in the mainland. Both men are wearing the same off-the rack suit, machine-made, glued, not hand-sewn, their hair - razor cuts done in the last two days, military style - and the shoes are brand new - no long-term wear on the soles.

END PICTURE-IN-PICTURE

As Special turns to Moustafa, dead certain:

SPECIAL (CONT'D)

That's two jarheads who haven't been out of uniform since boot camp in Wu-Han. Now they're trying to blend in.

MOUSTAFA

You see all that from here? How?

SPECIAL

My Mossad training.

MOUSTAFA

Really?

SPECIAL

No, you asshole.

MOUSTAFA

For all we know, they're at that building for some other reason -

SPECIAL

Chinese soldiers just happen to be guarding the same building occupied by a human rights group smuggling deaf-mute kids out of Tibet?

Moustafa turns a defeated glance - all he wants is for this whole thing to just be over. Special has other plans.

SPECIAL (CONT'D)

Pull back through the alley, go around the block. If I'm not back in ten and change, call the President.

Special opens the door and swings out. Moustafa looks at the rearview - as the Girl looks up and offers an adorable wave.

SMASH CUT TO

THE WORDS "FREE TIBET"

Silk-screened on a T-Shirt...as a SPLATTER OF BLOOD gushes down onto the WORD "TIBET."

REVEAL That the shirt is worn by a stringy-haired HUMAN RIGHTS DUDE...tied to a chair in the LOUNGE of a SMALL FUNKY OFFICE (the kind of liberal propoganda poster-infested place a left-wing NGO might keep).

Speaking of posters, there's one on the wall behind Human Rights Dude, featuring a logo of the world and clenched hands behind a logo that reads:

CLEMENCY INTERNATIONAL

But that's not the focus here - what is the focus is that Human Right Dude's body is riddled with DARTS.

Yes, darts, the pub game loved by beer-soaked lads around the world.

Hey - ever wonder what it'd be like if you threw a dart and it hit the soft tissue in someone's neck instead of a target?

SHHHMP! AARRGH!

Now you know. As Human Rights Dude SCREAMS:

REVEAL several CHINESE SOLDIERS in dark suits, similar to the ones in front of the building. Chinese Soldier #1 turns to his cohorts (and speaks in subtitled *Mandarin*):

CHINESE SOLDIER #1
Missed again!

Chinese Soldier #2 steps up to Human Rights Dude - head now downcast, eyes closed - and lifts his face by the chin.

CHINESE SOLDIER #2
You had the sun in your face. You need to move the target if you want to hit the eye.

Human Rights Dude tries to look away, but Chinese Soldier #2 SLAPS him.

Chinese Soldier #1 steps up to a DARTBOARD ON THE WALL - a picture of Dick Cheney has been affixed to the target - and pulls out the last dart - but as he aims -

- a hand reaches in from O.S., taking away the dart. Chinese Soldier #1 spins to see his feared boss -

THE GENERAL

- steely eyed and scary as hell.

Though slight and shorter than his men, The General's eyes are deep and intense - dark voids that suck the life out of anyone they happen upon.

And if the General looks familiar, he should...because The General is THE SAME MEAN-FACED MOTHERFUCKER WHO COMMANDED JOHNNY FUNWRECKER BACK DURING HIS ARMY DAYS.

THE GENERAL
Has he spoken?

The Chinese Soldiers snap-to. The expression on their faces turning to stone. No one wants to displease The General.

CHINESE SOLDIER #1
No sir.

THE GENERAL
Dismissed.

The soldiers leave. The General turns to Human Rights Dude:

FREEZE-FRAME ON THE GENERAL

CHYRON: THE GENERAL. AGE INDETERMINATE EX-CHINESE RED ARMY. EXILED TO TIBET BY SOFT ELEMENTS WITHIN THE CENTRAL GOVERNMENT. HE RETAINS THE RESPECT, LOYALTY AND DE-FACTO LEADERSHIP OF THE OCCUPATION FORCE AND SEVERAL DIVISIONS OF THE PEOPLE'S LIBERATION ARMY. HE IS RUMORED TO TRADE IN EXOTIC WEAPONS AND IS QUITE POSSIBLY INSANE.

END FREEZE-FRAME

Bending down to get in Human Rights Dude's grill. Human Rights dude opens his eyes, pushing through his pain:

HUMAN RIGHTS DUDE

What did you do to my friends?

THE GENERAL

You speak Mandarin. Good. Tell my men how you managed to smuggle the Girl out of Tibet - how you evaded my men and placed her on a commercial flight to America.

(pointedly)

And tell me when my package is due to arrive.

HUMAN RIGHTS DUDE

(gasping out the words)

No.

THE GENERAL

That is not an answer.

HUMAN RIGHTS DUDE

It is the only one you will get here.

THE GENERAL

I do not think so. I have your phones, your computers, and many of your friends to question.

HUMAN RIGHTS DUDE

They will oppose you.

As Human Rights Dude speaks, the subtitles to his words just hang in the air as The General enters frame in front of them.

The General slowly draws a straight razor from his breast pocket. Human Rights Dude's eyes turn to saucers.

The General grabs Human Rights Dude's head, turning him to face toward the window, and **SLASH!**

The subtitles **disappear** as a thick stream of arterial blood STRIPES the window.

THE GENERAL
(now in English)
Not when they see what I have done
to you.

SMASH CUT TO

A CLOSE-UP ON SPECIAL

Her face BENEATH the window as it fills with blood. Special STARTS and lets out an audible GASP!

But where is she?

Wait. For. It.

THE GENERAL

HEARS Special's expression. He steps toward the window, and WIPES away the blood with his bare hand to look outside.

SPECIAL

Winces. However she's hanging on out here, it's painful.

THE CAMERA CIRCLES 180 DEGREES TO SHOW

That she is actually ABOVE THE WINDOW - her body held in place upside down just above the upper frame by her arms and legs: pressured against the twin pilasters framing the window and running up and down the height of the building.

THE GENERAL

Shakes his head and turns away having seen nothing...and as he takes out a handkerchief to wipe the blood off his hands:

CUT TO

THE OUTER WALL OF THE BUILDING

Special descends past the blood-stained window by letting go and falling a little bit at a time, then tensing her arms and legs against the pilasters to break the momentum...

...she does this for several stories until she reaches an OUTCROPPING, THE ROOF OF A LOBBY on the rear of the building.

Special vaults onto her feet at the outcropping, makes a two-story leap onto the street and TUCKS AND ROLLS INTO A RUN.

SMASH CUT TO

MOUSTAFA - BEHIND THE WHEEL OF THE NICE CAR

Stopped in traffic. The passenger door SWINGS open. Moustafa turns - knee jerk - to aim his gun at the entering Special.

She looks down at his gun and grimaces him out of it - then looks to the back seat of the car to see the Girl, busy drawing in her note pad...

SPECIAL
Put that thing away, there's
a kid in here.

MOUSTAFA
Yeah, I'd hate for her to see
someone get shot.

SPECIAL
Just get us out of here.

MOUSTAFA
(putting his gun away)
Sho 'nuff, Han, want me to get you
the hydrospanner while I'm at it?

SPECIAL
Know what you sound like? Someone
who's used up his entire
recommended daily allowance of
being a dick.

Moustafa lets his frustration flare - this day has gone on
far too long and he only has one question in mind:

MOUSTAFA
Suck it up - thanks to your
newfound orphan fetish we'll be too
busy running from Johnny
Funwrecker's hitmen for the rest of
our lives to hang out and B.F.F.
anyway.

Special locks eyes with Moustafa - not that she'd ever let on, but she's actually wounded by what he just said, and Moustafa is too far out into his own anger to care.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
Now - are we making a delivery or
are we making a delivery?
(as she shakes her head)
Aw. What the fuck, S.?

SPECIAL

That was no human rights group.
 (off Moustafa)
 It's the long, thin pedal under
 your foot, give it a try.

Moustafa takes in the grave look on Special's face, then, as he HITS THE ACCELERATOR...

MOUSTAFA

The fuck did Hot Sauce get us into?

...and as the Nice Car lurches out of there...

SNAP ZOOM ACROSS THE SKYLINE TO

A GREY, INSTITUTIONAL BUILDING

...and going in THROUGH the MIRRORED WINDOWS of this very 1970's/brutalist looking office building...

INTO A DRAB BULLPEN OFFICE

...occupied by DARK-SUITED DRONES...the place is a labyrinth of low ceilings, acoustic tile, yellowing fluorescent fixtures...

...and on top of a a Steelcase desk with a brown panel top obscured by files and paperwork:

A COMPUTER MONITOR SCREEN

Displaying a SECURITY CAMERA IMAGE OF SPECIAL AND MOUSTAFA AT THE AIRPORT.

CAMERA FOLLOWS a CABLE from the monitor to the a printer...
spitting out a copy of the image.

The SEQUENCE SPEEDS UP as a MAN IN A SUIT: one of the many paunchy, WASPY, cheap-suited, wire-rimmed glasses-wearing drones in this place, picks up the printout...

...this is AGENT ROBERT GIBB - imagine him as a young J.T. Walsh...Gibb springs from the printer and CHEWS FLOOR down a homogeneous, Gilliam-esque corridor of cubicles to enter:

A BRIEFING ROOM

Where he hands the printout to another MAN IN A SUIT...think of him as played by a slightly older J.T. Walsh, his name is AGENT THOMAS WELK.

As Agent Welk looks at the image and steps away from the briefing, great concern on his face...

REVEAL A LARGE GRAPHIC ON THE WALL BEHIND WELK

Of the seal of the DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY.

MATCH CUT TO

THE EXACT SAME SEAL ON A BUSINESS CARD

SPATH'S VOICE
Agent Gibb...Agent Welk -

CAMERA goes WIDER TO REVEAL that the cards have just been handed to Spath at...

SPATH'S CHOP-SHOP

...where Spath stands OVER THE OPEN HOOD OF A CAR - squaring off against the Agents.

Gibb stands in the foreground, Welk turns to rummage through a nearby toolcart.

Noisily.

SPATH
What makes you think I know these people -

Spath puts the cards down on the car's exposed carburetor...

NEXT TO THE SECURITY CAMERA PRINTOUT OF SPECIAL AND MOUSTAFA

SPATH (CONT'D)
- and that I have the slightest idea how to find them?

The two Company Men exchange knowing looks. Gibb then turns to the printout - indicating Moustafa:

GIBB
All we have for the ay-rab is a juvie rap for selling weed in high school, a street address in Alpine and a couple of gilded, state treasury-sacking towelhead parents who were none too happy to see us.

WELK
And none too surprised to hear their son turned out a bad seed.

Welk pulls out a large grease gun from the tool cart.

SPATH

Would you mind not handling the -

Welk turns a glare at Spath and lets the tool fall...it SPITS a gob of grease onto the floor on impact. Welk goes back to rummaging the drawer as Gibb picks up the thread:

GIBB

White trash blondie's off the grid altogether. Know what that spells? Courier clans.

(driving it home)

We may look Brooks Brothers, Mr. Spath, but we know the street. This trash is your people.

WELK

Grey market. Cash only. No legal residence or electronic footprint.

GIBB

These two street rats shot up an airport and appear to have kidnapped a foreign national, Mr. Spath.

WELK

The bovine residue's gonna hit the fan, and you don't want to get stuck holding the shovel.

SPATH

Look, I'm flattered that you think I have that big a handle on -

GIBB

You best be something else before I have you declared a person of interest.

WELK

Here's how it's gonna go. You're gonna tell us where to find these two or you're gonna find your phones tapped, your shop turned into a long-term Federal investigation site and your personal finances subject to one of Uncle Sam's Patented anaesthetic-free colonoscopies.

GIBB

You should see the men we have for those. Thorough. Nerdy.

WELK
Sexually frustrated.

Welk pulls out a large screwdriver from the toolcart, as Gibb plants his index finger on his business card:

GIBB
Call us. We're open 24-7 like 7-11.

Gibb turns to go, Welk follows, letting the screwdriver drop to his side - SCRAPING not only the parked car...but also anything and everything beside him as he steps away...

...until he reaches the door and lets the screwdriver fall with a loud **KLANG!**

In short: what a dick.

SPATH LOOKS BACK TO SEE JUDY

...hovering behind the scenes...off their concerned looks...

CUT TO

THE GIRL'S DRAWINGS

Arranged on the floor of Moustafa's loft as the Girl puts them down like a massive jigsaw puzzle.

The Girl turns from her drawings to look up at Special...who stands by the bedside table, loading a mag into an MP-5 automatic machine pistol - the same one from the opening sequence. Special locks eyes with the Girl.

NOTE: For expediency, Special and the Girl's signal dialogue will be presented as **DIALOGUE** but shown as **SUBTITLES**.

THE GIRL
Are we safe here?

Special puts the gun on the nightstand, exactly where she will find it later when the shooting begins.

SPECIAL
You're safe with me.

THE GIRL
When is your husband coming back?

SPECIAL
He's not my husband.

THE GIRL
You fight like he's your husband.

SPECIAL
 (takes that in, then)
He went to talk to a friend.

The Girl nods, uncertain, as Special looks at her drawings and promptly changes the topic:

SPECIAL (CONT'D)
What's this?

THE GIRL
A story. It's sad.

Special regards the expression on the Girl's face, then:

SPECIAL
I don't mind sad stories.

CUT TO

THE SPEAKEASY DOOR INSET ON HOT SAUCE'S APARTMENT DOOR

OPEN. Moustafa, carrying a motorcycle helmet and wearing leathers, looks through the door into the darkness beyond -

MOUSTAFA
 Hot Sauce?

- no answer. Moustafa reaches in through the speakeasy and grabs the door handle...

...the door handle gives way with a CLICK and the heavy door OPENS - Moustafa steps in, tentatively...

NOW IT'S THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS, INTO CASA DE HOT SAUCE

Large. All the windows are covered in black foil -

- except for one where the foil is torn and the glass is conspicuously BROKEN. The shaft of light breaking through the foil here is the only source of light in the place.

Moustafa POKES AROUND.

Hot Sauce's loft is FESTOONED WITH WAR TOYS. Tonka-sized Sherman tanks, Napoleonic miniature soldiers, figures of Egyptian Charioteers...but right now, everything is STREWN about the floor...

...because Casa de Hot Sauce has been worked over real hard.

As Moustafa walks deeper inside, something on the floor catches the light - and as he bends down -

- to see a lead model of a CIVIL WAR GENERAL -
- the front door FLIES OPEN with a **CRASH!** - Moustafa spins around, drawing one of his Taurus PT-145s...

HOT SAUCE
Don't touch General Halleck.

...and sees HOT SAUCE, standing by the door.

Hot Sauce is lit by a harsh shaft of sun from the window and can only be seen from the neck down - but that's probably a good thing, because the rest of him looks like a train that smashed into a butcher shop.

Hot Sauce's clothes are TORN to ribbons - but it's hard to tell where the fabric ends and the skin begins because everything is SOAKED in thick, dark blood and SCRUBBED with bits of cement, broken glass and asphalt.

MOUSTAFA
(putting down his gun)
Hot Sauce, what the fuck?

HOT SAUCE
Sons of bitches threw me out the window.

Hot Sauce turns and walks toward his bathroom. Moustafa stands and follows.

MOUSTAFA
Holy shit!

HOT SAUCE
I've had worse.

MOUSTAFA
You have?

HOT SAUCE WALKS INTO HIS BATHROOM

- and leans over his sink, back turned to Moustafa, who stands by the door.

MOUSTAFA
Who did this to you - Johnny Funwrecker?

HOT SAUCE
What the fuck's Johnny Funwrecker got to do with anything?

MOUSTAFA

He sent people to the airport to get The Girl. They saw us and now he's got a fifty thousand dollar bounty out on me and Special.

As Hot Sauce and Moustafa speak:

ANGLE ON THE SINK

- as Hot Sauce picks pieces of bloody glass from his skin and they fall in spiky drops on the basin - **PLINK!**

HOT SAUCE

Don't that take the fuckin' cake.

Moustafa shakes his head - he knows Hot Sauce just got thrown out the window and all, but the cavalier attitude really pisses him off:

MOUSTAFA

He's got some kinda blood feud with a Chinese General, and you threw us in the middle of it.

HOT SAUCE

(a shrug)

Yeah, well, Flavor-Flav's got problems of his own.

- **PLINK!**

MOUSTAFA

You gotta tell me what's going on.

HOT SAUCE

What's going on is that the General was here, his men threw me out the motherfucking window and now I have to sew myself up best I can before Johnny Funwrecker sends his people to whack me - you got any other business we need to discuss?

- **PLINK!**

MOUSTAFA

Yeah - what's so important about that little girl?

Hot Sauce REACHES UP for the medicine cabinet - just missing showing his face on the mirror as he opens the door and reaches for a bottle of alcohol.

HOT SAUCE
I got the job from the human rights
people.

ANGLE ON HOT SAUCE'S HAND

SATURATING a wad of gauze with alcohol.

HOT SAUCE (CONT'D)
That little Girl has a photographic
memory. She saw something.

Hot Sauce's hand raises to his face just as -

CUT TO

MOUSTAFA

PROCESSES this new information.

HOT SAUCE (O.S.)
MOTHERFUCKERSONOFABITCHTHATSTINGS!

MOUSTAFA
What did she see? Hot Sauce - what
does that little Girl know?

CUT TO

THE GIRL

Pointing to the first of her DRAWINGS on the floor of
MOUSTAFA'S LOFT, as Special leans in to look...

CAMERA MOVES INTO THE DRAWING

- as images drawn by the Girl come to life, a combination of
animation matching her childlike drawing style and live
action, as the players in her narrative interact with their
animated, storybook surroundings...

The Girl's **signed words** stay up, "narrating" the visuals.

THE GIRL
Once upon a time, an evil man
lorded over a small village.

THE FIRST DRAWING: AN EXOTIC HOME IN A TIBETAN MOUNTAINSIDE

THE GIRL
Everyone had to work for the evil
man, whether they wanted to or not.

DISSOLVE TO

THE CENTER COURTYARD OF THE GENERAL'S HOME

Heavily guarded by uniformed CHINESE SOLDIERS.

A set of gates opens to admit a gaggle of TOWNSFOLK - among them, The Girl, holding a WHITE CAT, and THE GIRL'S MOTHER (mid 20's immediately readable as sweet and loving)...

THE GIRL

**The evil man was pitiless. Even to
the people who worked to keep his
house clean day and night.**

DISSOLVE TO

THE GIRL'S MOTHER - SWEEPING A HALLWAY

Festooned with ancient art. The Girl watches from a corner, holding her cat - her mother, who sweeps the floor along with several other workers, looks over and smiles...

...and then, as Mother turns back to work, the cat WIGGLES free from the Girl's arms and rushes off down the hallway, away from the cleaning group...

THE GIRL

**He was especially hard on the
little things.**

DISSOLVE TO

THE GENERAL - BEFORE AN ARMOIRE IN HIS BEDROOM

Grooming one of his dress uniforms with studied intensity. The room is regal and spotless, WITH VAST OPEN WINDOWS facing out into the mountains.

The General turns to see the cat...entering, followed by the Girl... who scoops the mewling creature up in her arms with an apologetic gesture.

THE GENERAL

Let me see it.

The Girl takes a few tentative steps toward The General and finally hands over the cat. The General takes it by the scruff of the neck, regarding it with disgust...

THE GENERAL (CONT'D)

Filthy creature.

...and throws it out the window! The Girl's face EXPLODES with tears as she rushes out of the bedroom...

DISSOLVE TO

A DENSELY WOODED HILLSIDE

A saturated shade of Crayola green. The General's house looms over as the Girl rushes down the hill, looking for her cat.

THE GIRL

The little girl went outside to
look for her cat, but found
something else instead...

As the Girl's narrative becomes darker and more ominous:

THE CARTOON SLOWLY TRANSITIONS INTO OBJECTIVE REALITY

AS THE GIRL SPOTS THE BACK ENTRANCE TO A BUNKER

A SOLDIER stands a few meters away, smoking a cigarette...as the Girl - curiosity on her face - sneaks in past the distracted Soldier...

DISSOLVE TO

A BUNKER HALLWAY

Dark and ominous. The Girl makes her way down the cinderblock-walled corridor - dotted with closed doors - toward a light, coming from a grate at the end of the hallway.

REVERSE ANGLE THROUGH THE GRATE

A SITUATION ROOM. The General stands in his dress uniform with several UNIFORMED SUBORDINATES, watching a plasma display as a BRITISH-ACCENTED CAUCASIAN SCIENTIST (which is why the dialogue plays in English) briefs the General:

SCIENTIST

The toxin targets people with
specific ethnic genetic markers.

THE GENERAL

It only kills Tibetans.

THE PLASMA SCREEN BLAZES WITH A MAP OF PROJECTED CASUALTIES

A map of Tibet that fills with little black CGI skulls and crossbones as the Scientist tells his tale:

SCIENTIST

Exactly. Within a week of dispersal, the sickness will have infected a tenth of the population, within a month a hundred thousand will be dead with over a million infected...within a year, two million will be dead.

THE GENERAL

And finally...Tibet will be purely Chinese.

...the Girl looks up at the plasma screen to see -

A COMPUTER DISPLAY OF A CHEMICAL FORMULA

- a conflagration of chemical symbols.

The General steps up to address his men...and sees across the room to the grate...

...and as he locks eyes with the Girl:

SMASH CUT TO**THE GIRL'S MOTHER**

Searching THE HILLSIDE and finding her daughter...chased by the General and his men, guns drawn, shouting in *Chinese*:

THE GENERAL

Don't let her get away!

The Girl's mother quickly realizes what's going on - her instinct kicks in - she speeds up and RUSHES The General -

THE GIRL'S MOTHER

Run! Run!

- Mother and The General COLLIDE. The two fall. The General's men stop to peel her off. The Girl runs. Hard.

The General stands and raises his gun at Mother, as she is held back by his men -

BANG! BANG! BANG! ENTRY WOUNDS blossom on Mother's torso.

The Girl runs. Faster and faster.

The dense foliage around the Girl becomes greener and greener - more and more saturated until it TRANSFORMS back into ANIMATION...from reality into her DRAWINGS...

CAMERA PULLS OUT OF THE DRAWINGS

...to RESUME ON SPECIAL, looking at the Girl.

THE GIRL

**My mother was the only relative I
had...so I have been running ever
since.**

And off Special, trying to keep from registering her profound sadness at this little Girl's tragic life...

CUT TO

MOUSTAFA

Listening to Hot Sauce, who has just told him the same story:

HOT SAUCE

There's going to be a genocide...
that little Girl's the only one who
can prove it.

MOUSTAFA

Why didn't you tell us?

(then)

Johnny Funwrecker's out for blood -
that General dude's fraggin people
left and right -

HOT SAUCE

You didn't think the package would
be hot? What the hell did you
expect? We lead a life of crime. We
work for bad people.

That one lands hard - all Moustafa ever wanted was to be a criminal, now here's a hot cup of reckoning, just like ol' Syd Field says to put in the rear end of every second act.

MOUSTAFA

Did you tell The General about us?

HOT SAUCE

They got my laptop. You best assume
they know you were on the job and
have your name and digits.

Moustafa TURNS AWAY from the bathroom door, hands on his head, trying to process all of this.

MOUSTAFA

You tell them anything else?

HOT SAUCE

I don't know a damn thing else
about you, that's the whole damn
 point of our whole damn arrangement
 isn't it?

And that's when Moustafa spots something by an overturned
 table...a collection of bags from Couscous Express.

And stapled on the bags...check slips, with the words -

I LOVE YOU MOUSTAFA - OLIVE

- in Olive's pretty handwriting.

Oh. Shit.

MOUSTAFA

You know where my girlfriend works.

And as that last revelation hits Moustafa like a hundred mile-
an-hour jack-knifing big-rig -

SMASH CUT TO

THE FRONT WHEEL OF MOUSTAFA'S KAWASAKI HAYABUSA MOTORCYCLE

Hitting pavement hard - he **VROOMS!** down the street and into
 the night - his gaze determined through his visor...

SMASH CUT TO

THE FRONT DOOR OF COUSCOUS EXPRESS

Bursting open as Moustafa barrels in - head full of steam -

MOUSTAFA

What the fuck? I've been calling
 this place like crazy!

SWISH PAN TO REVEAL

OLIVE - AT THE FRONT COUNTER, HANDS BY HER SIDES

OLIVE

Can I...take your order?

Moustafa stops. The place is quiet. The TV over the counter
 is off. No loud Arabic music. No sounds from the kitchen.

Moustafa turns and sees that the only people here are two
 CHINESE MEN IN SUITS hunched over a table near the entrance.

A SERIES OF PICTURES-IN-PICTURE POP UP AROUND MOUSTAFA

Showing the **LAPEL** on one of the men's suits.

Their short, razor **HAIRCUTS**.

Their **SHOES**.

The **PACK OF CIGARETTES** peeking out of one of the men's pockets.

END PICTURE-IN-PICTURE

Yep, not just Chinese Men...Chinese Soldiers.

MOUSTAFA

Oh. Shit.

NOW IT'S A REACH-FOR-YOUR-GUNS DERBY

Chinese Soldier #2 finds the finish line - OPENING FIRE!

MOUSTAFA

LEAPS over the front counter, TACKLING Olive to the floor as Chinese Soldier #2's fusillade SHATTERS THE DISPLAY GLASS - sending everything flying -

- and as the Baba-Ganough and Hummus EXPLODE and the cash register falls from the ERUPTING counter -

CHINESE SOLDIER #1

HOLD YOUR FIRE! HE CAN GIVE US THE GIRL!

Chinese Soldier #2 OBEYS. Chinese Soldier #1 shoots him a stink-eye...

...and moves in to see if Moustafa is still alive behind the remains of the counter.

MOUSTAFA SPRINGS UP, SWINGING THE CASH REGISTER IN HIS HANDS!

And **SLAMS!** Chinese Soldier #1 on the chin - sending him **SMACK!** into #2 -

- and giving Moustafa enough time to get out his guns - but as he aims for the big, fat kill:

CHINESE SOLDIERS #3 AND #4

What? You thought they'd only send two guys?

REACH OUT FROM THE KITCHEN

THROUGH THE HALF WALL and GRAB Moustafa, WRESTLING the guns from his hands - the weapons CLATTER to the floor.

CHINESE SOLDIERS #1 AND #2

LUNGE FORWARD - and get KICKED BY MOUSTAFA - using his newfound leverage with the two men holding him.

Moustafa LANDS back on his feet and - again, leverage - simultaneously **SLAMS!** #3 and #4 against the top of the dividing wall, and as they lose their grip on Moustafa -

OLIVE

- gets on her feet and RUNS into the kitchen.

MOUSTAFA

Grabs a skewer from a vertical spit roaster and goes after Chinese Soldiers #1 and #2 just as -

CHINESE SOLDIER #1

- REACHES for his gun.

Moustafa KICKS up a chair, grabs the back and pins Chinese Soldier #1 against the wall with the chair legs as he DRIVES a skewer into Chinese Soldier #2's heart.

CHINESE SOLDIERS #3 AND #4

Recover - until Olive **KLINGS!** #4 with a skillet -

- and as Chinese Soldier #3 SCAMPERS and she SWINGS WILDLY -

MOUSTAFA

- lets himself DROP to the floor to GRAB Chinese Soldier #2's gun...LOOSENING his grip on the chair just enough for #1 to break free and draw.

But Moustafa is faster on the uptake - rising, gun in hand to JAM the barrel into the soft tissue under #1's jaw.

CLICK!

Fuck.

Moustafa THROWS HIMSELF at Chinese Soldier #1. The two HIT THE DECK - a tangle of limbs focused on keeping at bay the gun in Chinese Soldier #1's hand.

Moustafa's free hand then FINDS -

A BOTTLE OF HOT SAUCE

- which he SQUEEZES into #1's face. As Chinese Soldier #1 SCREAMS AND CLUTCHES HIS EYES:

CHINESE SOLDIER #3

Finally gets far enough from Olive's WILDLY-SWINGING skillet to take out his gun -

KLANG! - until Olive BREAKS HIS HAND with one swing and **KLANG!** his head with the return.

Olive drops the skillet and RACES TO THE BACK OF THE KITCHEN...to a small BOOKKEEPING AREA with a desk and a filing cabinet.

MOUSTAFA

Picks up a table and RAMS Chinese Soldier #1 - DRIVING HIM INTO THE GLASS WALL by the door to the restaurant -

- and SHATTERING the restaurant's façade!

But Moustafa can't stop to admire his handiwork - the rain of glass or the limp body of Chinese Soldier #1 on the sidewalk -

- because he SEES Chinese Soldier #4 through the half wall to the kitchen - rising, clutching his head -

AND LIFTING HIS GUN TO SHOOT OLIVE!

Moustafa BREAKS INTO A RUN -

- and with complete abandon DIVES THROUGH the half wall into the kitchen and FLY-TACKLES CHINESE SOLDIER #4 from the back -

- the two men FALL IN A HEAP over a veggie prep area and SCRAMBLE TO RECOVER.

MOUSTAFA

Gets up first, PULLS a knife from an eggplant, and **SHUNKS!** it into Chinese Soldier #4's arm -

- but Fourth Chinese Soldier is badass - he TEARS the knife from his arm and turns it as a weapon.

Like I said. Badass.

Moustafa scrambles for a weapon - and stumbles back into a mop leaning on a shelf, but as he lifts it to defend himself -

- Chinese Soldier #4 sends a kick into the mop - SNAPPING it in Moustafa's hands as -

OLIVE

- THROWS OPEN the drawers in the small office area - clearly looking for something.

MOUSTAFA AND CHINESE SOLDIER #4

Start a major close-quarters knife fight. Fourth Chinese Soldier slashes away at Moustafa in short, controlled bursts -

SWISHSLASHCUT! - each of which finds purchase. Moustafa's arm, chest, side - all SLASHED - flesh wounds...for now.

Moustafa can barely keep up with the attack - the space is tight - Chinese Soldier #4 is skilled - and let's face it, mop handle just doesn't beat razor-sharp knife.

OLIVE

Keeps throwing drawers open - but what the fuck is she looking for that's so important?

CHINESE SOLDIER #4

Plunges his knife into a deep lunge at Moustafa.

Moustafa drops the mop handle, locks Fourth Chinese Man's knife hand in his arms and TWISTS himself so that his back is pressed into Fourth Chinese Man's Chest -

- and as Moustafa **SLAMS!** Fourth Chinese Man over and over again into a set of storage racks -

MOUSTAFA

Olive! What the fuck?

BUT OLIVE JUST KEEPS RUMMAGING

OLIVE

They locked mom and dad in the freezer -

Moustafa keeps **SLAMMING!** Chinese Soldier #4 keeps hanging on.

MOUSTAFA

They'll -
(SLAM!)
- keep!

OLIVE

- with a bomb!

Moustafa ROLLS his eyes, then turns all his strength onto one focal point on Fourth Chinese Soldier's body:

CRACK! FOURTH CHINESE SOLDIER'S KNIFE HAND BREAKS - Moustafa Snatches the knife as the Chinese Soldier #4's grip loosens...

...then turns and slides it into the guy's ribs.

MOUSTAFA

Christ, if it ain't one thing it's another.

Before Chinese Soldier #4 hits the deck with a GRUNT, Moustafa races to the HEAVY STEEL WALK-IN REFRIGERATOR DOOR ON THE FAR WALL OF THE KITCHEN as -

OLIVE

- finally fishes a key out from a file folder and tosses it over to Moustafa -

- who plucks it from the air and puts it in the lock in the refrigerator door handle - then, as the lock gives way -

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)

I got it!

- he sees that Olive is now being held at gunpoint by Chinese Soldier #1!

His face covered in Hot Sauce and his suit dotted with broken glass, the motherfucker came back!

And he's got a second pistol to fire at Moustafa!

Moustafa FLINGS the heavy door of the refrigerator OPEN - and sees the INDENTATIONS made in the steel by the bullets as Chinese Soldier #1 **BLAMBLAMBLAMS!** his clip at him.

The gunfire stops.

OLIVE'S VOICE

HELP! NO PLEASE NO!

Moustafa looks around the dented refrigerator door -

MOUSTAFA

Olive!

- and SEES the Chinese Soldier #1 handing her off to another SOLDIER outside...then the sound of a car engine STARTING...

...right before Chinese Soldier #1 reaches into a pocket...and produces a detonator...

...and hits the red light-up button with a SMILE.

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP! Chinese Soldier #1 runs out. Moustafa looks in the fridge -

AND SEES MR. AND MRS. YASSIN

- tied up with duct tape.

And on one of the shelves:

A BLOCK OF C-4 WITH A TIMER ATTACHED

Twenty seconds to go. Shit. The lady or the tiger.

SMASH CUT TO

THE FRONT ENTRANCE TO COUSCOUS EXPRESS

Moustafa pushes Mr. and Mrs. Yassin out the front door -

MOUSTAFA

GO! GO! GO!

BOOM! COUSCOUS EXPRESS ERUPTS IN A FIREBALL AND SHOCKWAVE

- that SHAKES parked cars, SHATTERS windshields and windows and KNOCKS Moustafa and the Yassins, as well as several PASSERS-BY, to the curb in a spray of glass and debris.

Pissed off and adrenalized, Moustafa shakes it off first - scrambling to his feet as he hears:

HIS CELLPHONE - CHIMING FROM HIS POCKET

Moustafa grabs the cell and answers:

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)

Who is this?

SPLIT SCREEN WITH THE GENERAL

Sitting in his MERCEDES-BENZ LIMOUSINE:

THE GENERAL

It is The General.

MOUSTAFA

LISTEN UP YOU COMMIE SACK OF SHIT -

THE GENERAL

No. You listen. Your girl is my prisoner - and my men have not had one as pretty in a very long time.

(lets it sink in, then)

Do I have your attention?

Moustafa regroupes, his voice a snarling whisper as he realizes The General does have the upper hand:

MOUSTAFA

I am going to frag your ass.

THE GENERAL

No, you will not. I have an army at my disposal and you are one man.

(then)

I will hurt her, and then leave her to my dogs unless you give me what I want. Instructions will be relayed to you.

The General CLICKS off:

END SPLIT SCREEN

Off Moustafa - looking back to lock eyes with Mrs. Yassin, WEEPING in her husband's arms, surrounded by the smouldering debris of their American dream...

CUT TO

THE GIRL

Putting her drawings away between the notebooks cover as Special wraps her up in a hoodie.

THE GIRL

Will you sing me a lullaby?

SPECIAL

You want me to sing?

THE GIRL

People look happy when they sing.

Special looks at her suspiciously, then, as she SCOOPS up the Girl and carries her to bed.

SPECIAL

I guess I'm gonna find out if you're really deaf.

(clears her throat)

(MORE)

SPECIAL (CONT'D)

This fucking city is run by
 pigs/They take the rights away from
 all the kids/Understand we're
 fighting a war we can't win/They
 hate us, we hate them/We can't win,
 no way/Walking down the street/I
 flip them off/They hit me on the
 head with a billy club...

As she puts the Girl down, Special hears a dull **THUNK** from a window...then another...and another...Special turns to see...

A WAD OF PLASTIQUE ON ONE WINDOW - AND ANOTHER, AND ANOTHER

THE MOVIE HAS NOW CAUGHT UP TO ITS TEASER

- so here comes the Cliffs Notes version -

The windows of the loft SHATTER. The Intruders ENTER.

CHINESE MAN #1

*The little girl - we need her
 alive. Kill the other one.*

THEN, IN QUICK CUTS

Special severs Intruder #1's foot - cuts #2's throat.

RATATATATATATATAT! Special uses #2 as a human shield - then shoves him onto #3, cuts #4 in half and riddles #5 with bullets...right before darting the rising #3 in the eye with one of the Girl's pens.

SMASH CUT TO

THE FIRE ESCAPE

Special lowers the Girl to the pavement...kisses her on the forehead. The Girl smiles. Special smiles back and looks around. The coast appears clear.

THWOCK! THWOCK! It isn't. Two TASER darts imbed in her chest.

SWISH PAN TO REVEAL

INTRUDERS #6 AND #7 THE BACKUP. HIDING ACROSS THE ALLEY.

Before Special can react, Intruder #6 hits the TASER. Then the crunchy BUZZ of coursing electricity.

Special writhes and falls. The Girl backs away, abject fright on her face. Intruder #7 scoops the Girl up. Special reaches up. Intruder #6 hits the TASER again - **BUZZ!**

SPECIAL'S POV: THE ENTIRE SCREEN GOES BLURRY

Intruder #7 vanishes into the night with the Girl and
 Intruder #6 discards the TASER and lifts a gun - **BANG!**

INTRUDER #6'S GUN HAND ERUPTS IN A HAZE OF RED

The focus goes SHARP as Intruder #6 drops to his knees in
 agonizing pain, REVEALING MOUSTAFA...

...lunging to turn Intruder #6 around as Special shakes her
 head, regaining her clarity:

MOUSTAFA
 Asshole bodyguards.

Intruder #6 says nothing. Moustafa lifts his gun to whip him:

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)
 How the fuck did Johnny Funwrecker
 find us out?

AND IN REPLY TO MOUSTAFA'S QUESTION: A QUICK MONTAGE

Showing AGENTS GIBB AND WELK going about the job of being a
 crack team of G-Men:

CORNERING A SKEEVY BIKE MESSENGER ON A SIDEWALK

GIBB
 (holding up the image of
 Special and Moustafa)
 We may look Brooks Brothers, but we
 know the street.

BUTTONING A SKEEVY OVERCOATED MAN IN AN ALLEY

GIBB
 (holding up the image of
 Special and Moustafa)
 We may look Brooks Brothers, but we
 know the street.

AND FINALLY, IN FRONT OF JOHNNY FUNWRECKER'S TENEMENT

Talking tough at JOHNNY FUNWRECKER HIMSELF as he stands at
 the open door to his limo, trying to contain his surprise.

GIBB
 (holding up the image of
 Special and Moustafa)
 We may look Brooks Brothers, but we
 know the street.

RESUME ON SPECIAL AND MOUSTAFA

As Moustafa PISTOL-WHIPS #6 into unconsciousness.

SPECIAL
Son of a bitch!

Moustafa picks up #6's gun, then stands to face his partner and deliver even further bad news.

MOUSTAFA
The General has Olive.

SPECIAL
Johnny Funwrecker's got the Girl.

Moustafa shakes his head, Hot Sauce's words still burning his ears as he makes up his mind about how the rest of his life is going to work and what kind of a man he's gonna be:

MOUSTAFA
Johnny Funwrecker's done getting his cut from us. We're peacing him out for good and getting back what's ours.
(then)
It's not personal, it's business.

SPECIAL
What about Olive?

MOUSTAFA
We're getting her back too.

SPECIAL
You got a plan?

Moustafa hands over #6's gun to Special, a peace offering. Special takes the gun, checks the clip with practiced speed:

MOUSTAFA
I got you.

SPECIAL
You're lucky.

Moustafa nods - he is and he knows it. The two turn to walk down the alley, then, after a beat:

MOUSTAFA
Sorry I was such a dick.

SPECIAL
Which time?

CUT TO

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

Sitting in his throne-like office chair before a massive desk...surrounded by SECURITY MONITORS...and flanked by one of his dark-suited, satin-shirt wearing BODYGUARDS (think of this one as "Asshole Bodyguard Hwang 2.0").

JOHNNY
I only saw you a few hours ago, and
now you come to me with
information.

SWISH PAN TO REVEAL

SPATH AND JUDY - dwarfed by the chairs on which they sit, and intimidated as all hell to be here in the lion's den.

SPATH
They came to us to get the Nice Car
fixed - we know where they're holed
up.

JOHNNY
When did they come to you?

SPATH
(ignoring the question)
You...you offered fifty thousand.

Johnny Funwrecker eyeballs Spath and Judy, suspiciously, not sure whether to push it, then:

JOHNNY
You mean twenty-five.

Judy rears up with an offended look on her face and, for the first time in the movie, takes off her sunglasses.

JUDY
We mean a hundred.

Johnny looks at Judy, amused, then opens a large wooden box to REVEAL a large Smith & Wesson revolver...which he removes, using the end of the nine-inch barrel to scratch his temple.

JOHNNY
You let your bitches do the talkin'
Mr. Spath?

JUDY

It's a hundred grand for the
information -
(off Johnny)
- and this bitch guarantees they'll
have moved by the time you get done
beating it out of me.

Johnny Funwrecker produces a speedloader from the box - and makes a show of checking the bullets...

...they're .500 Magnum, the largest handgun cartridge in the world - these bullets are the size of sausages and would crack the engine block of a Mack Truck...Johnny fingers the bullets, never breaking eye contact with Judy.

Spath opens his mouth as if to speak, but can produce nothing...Johnny loads the cylinder and SHOVES it in with a loud CLICK...

...and LAUGHS.

JOHNNY

Normally, you and the Oreos'd be
rottweiler meat..

Johnny Funwrecker stands and heads for his walk-in safe:

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

...but it turns out you caught me
in a generous mood...

The safe door opens: it's a treasure trove and armory...with stacks of cash plundered by Johnny mixing in with rack after rack of guns of every size, breed and color...

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

'cause I got a package to sell in
the black market: my enemies are
gonna lose face, and the money's
gonna pimp my life real hard.

...and as Johnny reaches in for a few stacks of cash REVEAL the GIRL, bound and gagged on the floor of the safe!

SMASH CUT TO

THE LOADING DOCKS OF JOHNNY FUNWRECKER'S TENEMENT BUILDING

Several massive garage doors SLIDE OPEN - CAMERA moves in to find a dozen motorcycles and three blacked-out Escalades...

...and Johnny Funwrecker's BODYGUARDS - all of them mean-faced and rearin' to fight - taking guns from racks, suiting up, locking-and-loading, and piling into the Escalades...

...it's a fucking army, and it's mobilizing for D-Day.

HEADLIGHTS BLAZE. Engines START. The Vehicles seem to go from 0-to-60 in nothing as they SCREAM out of the loading dock and into the side street by Johnny Funwrecker's tenement -

AS JOHNNY FUNWRECKER'S ARMY STORMS AWAY

CAMERA TILTS UP TO FIND Johnny Funwrecker...watching from the WINDOW as Asshole Bodyguard Hwang 2.0 looks along:

HWANG 2.0

Don't worry, Boss, that house in
Alpine's gonna be rubble by the
time they're done with it.

Johnny Funwrecker GRUNTS without moving his stare from the window...

**UNTIL CAMERA TILTS DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE BUILDING AND
ACROSS THE STREET TO FIND**

MOUSTAFA

Watching the loading dock from a nearby ALLEY, straddling his Honda CRF250X dirt bike...smiling.

Then, as he SLIDES down his visor...

TIME CUT TO

THE FRONT ENTRANCE TO JOHNNY FUNWRECKER'S TENEMENT BUILDING

Watched by two of his GUARDS...

...until an OBJECT flies toward them...from a building across the street...landing behind them with a solid metal **THUNK!**

The Guards look down and see the last thing they'll ever see.

A grenade.

KABOOM! THE ENTRANCE SHATTERS, THE GUARDS FLY

SMASH CUT TO

SPECIAL

On a ROOFTOP ACROSS THE STREET - lobbing a second grenade.

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

Turns from the security camera feed in his OFFICE to asshole bodyguard Hwang 2.0...

JOHNNY
What the fuck?

...and as the second **KABOOM!** shows up on his MONITOR and shakes the windows of his sanctum...

SMASH CUT TO

MOUSTAFA'S MOTORCYCLE

CAREENING down the street in front of the FLAMING RUIN of the front step to Johnny Funwrecker's tenement building -

- and TURNING sharply. Moustafa then SLAMS the throttle:

AND RIDES HIS MOTORCYCLE INTO THE BUILDING LOBBY

Tunneling through the smoke and haze of debris, as a pair of SHOTGUN-TOTING FUNWRECKER BODYGUARDS make down a flight of stairs to confront him -

- Moustafa overshoots the guards - now they're behind him, cocking their shotguns, he wrenches the yoke and SPINS THE MOTORCYCLE to a halt -

- right before drawing his twin Taurus PT-145s and FIRING.

And the Bodyguards go down.

SMASH CUT TO

SPECIAL

RUNNING down the length of the ROOFTOP to find Moustafa's Kawasaki Hayabusa, kick-standed at the other end.

She climbs aboard, puts on a helmet and KICKSTARTS THE MOTHERFUCKER - revving up, revving up, REVVING THE FUCK UP...then HITTING GEAR.

The Kawasaki Hayabusa ACCELERATES with a SHATTERING BOOM - the fastest motorcycle engine in the world PROPELLING Special across the rooftop like an obsidian bullet.

Special hunkers - looking out to the street and Johnny Funwrecker's tenement building dead ahead -

- the Kawasaki Hayabusa keeps getting faster...faster -

- until the front wheel of the Kawasaki Hayabusa hits a makeshift ramp on the very edge of the building.

VROOM-WHOOSH! The motorcycle flies through the air -

- a guided missile crossing the width of the city street and closing the distance between this building and:

THE ROOF OF JOHNNY FUNWRECKER'S FORTRESS

Special touches down with a SHRIEK.

She SLAMS the brakes. The wheels SMOKE as the Kawasaki Hayabusa keeps moving on the enormous momentum of the stunt -

- until Special tames the fucking beast, spinning to a stop that leaves her staring straight at the camera like Kenada in Akira...

...and it's fucking awesome.

SMASH CUT TO

MOUSTAFA

Riding the Honda dirt bike up the SAME STAIRCASE HE RAN A YEAR-AND-A-WEEK AGO when he was a snot-nosed punk who wanted nothing more than to be a criminal -

- only now he's a badass.

Moustafa keeps the speed on, pushing upward - he's gotta get to the top floor to Johnny Funwrecker...

...until a door on a landing SMASHES OPEN - and three more BODYGUARDS step out, guns out.

MOUSTAFA HITS THE THROTTLE

- then spins into the landing, CRUSHING the first bodyguard with his back wheel...

...SHOOTING the SECOND with one of his Taurus PT-145s -

- and SLAPPING away the THIRD's shotgun, causing him to fire a blast just out of harm's way -

- but the third bodyguard PUNCHES in on Moustafa, sending the Taurus PT-145 flying down the stairs.

Moustafa PUNCHES the Bodyguard repeatedly, grabs a handful of the man's clothes, then HITS THE THROTTLE...

...and uses the motorcycle's power to help push the guy over the rails...and as he plummets, SCREAMING all the way.

Moustafa SPINS back into position - and as he heads back up the staircase:

SMASH CUT TO

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

In his office, on the phone:

JOHNNY

I don't care if you're halfway to
fucking Alpine - my shit's getting
blown up in here!

Johnny SLAMS the phone down onto its cradle, turns to asshole bodyguard Hwang 2.0 - who clicks off on his a cellphone:

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Home many men do we have?

HWANG 2.0

Couple more in the lower floors,
they're on their way.

Johnny Funwrecker's face contorts with rage. He heads for the wall safe - punches the code - the door gives way.

INSIDE THE SAFE

Johnny steps in and past the tied-up Girl, locking eyes with her for a moment:

JOHNNY

Better be worth every cent.

He then reaches over her to retrieve an M16A1 assault rifle with an M203 underbarrel grenade launcher - you may recognize this particular weapon as Tony Montana's "Little Friend."

Johnny grabs a few clips...but the sound of an APPROACHING MOTORCYCLE fills the air. Johnny STRIDES OUT OF THE SAFE -

- and as Johnny Funwrecker stands next to asshole bodyguard Hwang 2.0 - locking and loading...

MOUSTAFA

...turns from a landing down a corridor in his Honda - facing the twin doors to Johnny's office...

JOHNNY AND HIS BODYGUARD

...raise their weapons...

MOUSTAFA

...stares down the length of the corridor...

SMASH CUT TO**JOHNNY FUNWRECKER AND ASSHOLE BODYGUARD HWANG 2.0**

In the foreground, ready to close Moustafa's eyes for good.

RACK FOCUS TO REVEAL**THE HUGE WINDOW BEHIND THEM**

And the piece of C-4 stuck to the glass...

with a detonator...and a little red light. Blinking.

KABLAM! The window EXPLODES.

As a SHOWER OF GLASS AND A SHOCKWAVE sends Johnny Funwrecker and asshole bodyguard Hwang 2.0 to the deck -

SPECIAL

- SWINGS in on a rope - LANDING on her feet in the center of the office -

- asshole bodyguard Hwang 2.0 reaches for his gun -

BANG! SPLAT! Special ENDS asshole bodyguard Hwang 2.0's short-lived screen career with one shot from her Smith & Wesson -

- and as Johnny Funwrecker RECOVERS from the explosion and starts to THINK about getting his assault rifle:

MOUSTAFA BUSTS THROUGH THE DOUBLE DOORS AND CAREENS IN

- and as he SPINS to a halt -

HIS BACK WHEEL

- HITS Johnny Funwrecker's weapon and SENDS IT FLYING.

Special wastes no time, she races to the doors, closes them and then upends a cabinet to keep them shut.

THE SMOKE CLEARS. Johnny stands. Eyeballs the two invaders.

JOHNNY

Special. Moustafa. I didn't think
you courier pukes had the balls.

Moustafa dismounts and drops his helmet:

MOUSTAFA

Now you have something new to
ponder.

JOHNNY

You two little fuckers think you
can take me down?

But Special has no time for the posturing:

SPECIAL

The girl. Give her back.

Johnny Funwrecker looks over to the open walk-in Safe.

Moustafa draws on Johnny - keeping him in sight as Special
moves over to the safe, putting her gun away - Moustafa moves
in complete synch with Special.

Moustafa looks to Johnny Funwrecker's SECURITY MONITORS:

TO SEE JOHNNY FUNWRECKER'S LAST FEW MEN GATHERING IN THE LOBBY

Three of them, LOCKING AND LOADING shotguns.

MOUSTAFA

Reinforcements are coming, S.

Then, as Special steps out with the Girl, untying her hands.

JOHNNY

You two little fuckers don't really
believe you can bust up my house
without repercussions, do you?

SPECIAL

It's just business, Johnny.

JOHNNY

You moonlight on me - steal from me
- Johnny Funwrecker, employer,
mentor and father figure and call
it business?

Special and Moustafa exchange glances as Special cuts the
Girl's bonds with her switchblade -

- and while Johnny Funwrecker speaks, he also fingers his ornate belt buckle.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Fine, business it is. Just
remember...now my business is to
hunt and kill you traitor fucks.

Defiant and unrelenting, Johnny steps up to Moustafa's gun:

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Johnny Funwrecker. A-plus number
one motherfucking businessman!

...as he reaches his last phrase, Johnny Funwrecker pulls a small, crescent-shaped blade hidden in his belt buckle - lunges, SLASHES Moustafa's gun hand and KICKS HIM BACK -

- and before Special can draw, Johnny spins to her - he fights like a wolverine: quick, mean and dirty - SLASHING at her face with the knife...

...and GASHING her cheek.

Moustafa rises, but can't get a clean shot - because Special's already on it:

She draws her switchblade and PLUNGES it straight into the Chinese characters on Johnny Funwrecker's stomach -

- Johnny Funwrecker drops his knife and locks eyes with Special...genuinely surprised as she takes this opportunity to TWIST THE KNIFE.

Johnny winces - Special pulls back her knife and KICKS HIM INTO THE SAFE.

Special SLAMS the safe door shut and turns to Moustafa.

MOUSTAFA
You OK?

SPECIAL
I'll be fine - let's go!

IN QUICK CUTS

- Moustafa heads for the window and finds the rope Special used to swing in.

- Special empties her backpack: ropes, straps and carabiners SPILL OUT. Ropes get TIED, straps are PULLED, carabiners are SLAMMED to the straps.

Special PULLS out a roll of duct tape, PEELS off a strip and puts it over the gash on her cheek.

SMASH CUT TO

THE SECURITY MONITORS

Showing the last of Johnny's men - now at the door - BEATING DOWN the barricade.

PAN OVER TO REVEAL

SPECIAL AND MOUSTAFA

Stepping away from the window and TOWARD the buckling door -
- with The Girl belted in - holding on to Special's back and secured in a rig on Special's climbing harness.

Special looks back at the Girl, puts her hands over her eyes: indicating to the Girl that she needs to do the same thing -

THE GIRL

Obeys and puts her hands over her eyes. Cute as all get out.

SPECIAL AND MOUSTAFA

Exchange glances. Nods.

And then do an about face and RUN toward the blasted-out window!

THE DOORS

Give way. Johnny Funwrecker's remaining Bodyguards STORM IN.

MOUSTAFA

UNPINS and TOSSES three grenades over his shoulder - in the way of the bodyguards -

- and then LEAPS out the window along with Special!

KABOOM-KABOOM-KABOOM! The grenades GO OFF - LIGHTING UP the floors above with triple blooms of dirty fire!

SPECIAL AND MOUSTAFA SOAR ACROSS THE SIDE STREET -

- as the flame and shockwave BURST behind them in a fuck-all pyrotechnic extravaganza -

SPECIAL AND MOUSTAFA LAND ON THEIR FEET

ON THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING ACROSS THE SIDE STREET!

Two stories down - But the MOMENTUM KEEPS CARRYING THEM -
across the rooftop -

OVER ANOTHER ALLEY TO A LOWER BUILDING

- and all the way across that rooftop and over the edge -

AND OVER ONTO A THIRD AND EVEN LOWER BUILDING

- as the speed and momentum wear down, and the three come to
a panting, adrenalized stop.

Special and Moustafa look at each other - did they really
just do this?

The Girl takes her hands from her eyes, looks at Special:

THE GIRL
Can we do that again?

SMASH CUT TO

AN ALLEY

Where the Nice Car sits in darkness.

Until a FIRE ESCAPE CLATTERS DOWN - Moustafa comes down first
and heads for the Nice Car -

- Special, The Girl still strapped to her back - follows as
Moustafa dives into the driver's seat.

The headlights COME ON. The engine HOWLS. Special unstraps
The Girl, puts her in the back and takes shotgun.

Moustafa HITS THE ACCELERATOR.

BUT AS MOUSTAFA WHEELS INTO THE STREET

- an approaching LIGHT draws Special's attention behind them:

SPECIAL
Oh shit -

BANG! KERRASH! The rear windshield erupts with a gunshot -

**FROM THE TWO APPROACHING ESCALADES AND ACCOMPANYING
MOTORCYCLES SCREAMING UP BEHIND MOUSTAFA AND SPECIAL**

- the revelation is clear:

SPECIAL
Johnny's army.

MOUSTAFA
I should have sent them to fucking
Jersey.

Moustafa SMASHES THE ACCELERATOR, Special pokes out the window and FIRES her Smith & Wesson -

SMASH CUT TO

THE DRIVER OF THE LEAD ESCALADE

DUCKS Special's fire, then waves one of his motorcycle riders up into the fray -

AS MOUSTAFA SWERVES THE CAR INTO A TURN

- SPEEDING through the narrow streets as PASSERS-BY dive out of the way of the rampaging Camaro and Johnny Funwrecker's Cavalry keeps up the pressure.

Special busts out her speedloader and dumps her casings - looking back at the Girl -

- who doesn't need a signal to know to cover her eyes.

THE FIRST MOTORCYCLE CATCHES UP ON THE DRIVER'S SIDE

- the RIDER raises his gun and FIRES -

THE BULLET

- drills through Moustafa's side window and out Special's open window - THE REARVIEW MIRROR CRACKS AND FALLS.

SPECIAL

Looks up from her reloading: way too close.

MOUSTAFA

KICKSTOMPS the throttle - getting a tiny lead on the motorcycle - just enough for Moustafa to SNAP his door open -

- right before he hits the brake!

The bike CRASHES into the door - the rider SOMERSAULTS over Moustafa's sheet metal - right before it TEARS away from the car with an awful METALLIC SQUEAL -

MOUSTAFA JAMS HIS FOOT ON THE ACCELERATOR

- as the bike falls back - but as the vehicular carnage creates yet another obstacle for the Escalades -

ANOTHER MOTORCYCLE SHOOTS FORWARD ON SPECIAL'S SIDE

This one carrying both a DRIVER and a BACKWARDS-FACING RIDER - carrying an AK-47 assault rifle!

MOUSTAFA

Turns the wheel - this is a narrow street and he can't afford a violent maneuver landing him into a building - NUDGING the bike -

THE BACKWARDS-FACING RIDER

- loses his bead and FIRES - **RATATATAT!** - riddling the rear quarterpanel of the Nice Car with bullets -

MOUSTAFA KEEPS NUDGING

- keeping the bike close, keeping backwards-facing rider off balance - keeping him from firing his weapon:

WHILE SPECIAL POPS HALF OF HER BODY OUT THE WINDOW

- sticks her gun in the rider's face and FIRES.

BLAM! The bullet goes through the rider and the driver's heads!

Then, as Special ducks back in the Nice Car just in time to avoid the CRASHING motorbike:

MOUSTAFA

Hang on - short cut!

THE NICE CAR

SCREECHES in a hairpin turn into:

AN ALLEY

The ESCALADES and remaining motorcycles OVERSHOOT the mouth of the alley as the Nice Car accelerates -

- followed by the **SHRIEK!** OF PEELING TIRES, THE **KEENING WAIL** OF BURNING BRAKES AND THE **THUNK!** OF A REAR END COLLISION.

As Moustafa smiles...

SMASH CUT TO

THE FAÇADE OF SPATH'S CHOP-SHOP

The Nice Car SKIDS to a halt.

The garage doors are closed...but Spath and Judy STEP OUT of the front door to meet Special and Moustafa as they scramble out of the Nice Car.

Spath eyeballs the Nice Car in shock and horror:

SPATH

The door? You took the door off?

Judy looks at Spath, shaking her head as she produces a large, thick Manila envelope:

JUDY

Leave them be, Spath - they've had a rough night.

MOUSTAFA

It's not over yet.

JUDY

(hands over the envelope)
Here's your share of the loot.

Spath can be heard in the background, having a conniption:

SPATH

You messed up the back quarterpanel...and what did you do to the rearview? Oh god!

MOUSTAFA

(to Judy, re: the envelope)
Twenty five?

JUDY

Fifty - what kind of people do you think you're dealing with?

Special reaches into the back seat and pulls the Girl out:

SPECIAL

You're a very courageous little Girl.

THE GIRL

And you are a reasonably capable grown-up.

Spath steps up, watching their exchange with great curiosity:

SPATH
Where'd you learn sign
language?

SPECIAL
(doesn't miss a beat)
M.I.T. Language lab.

SPATH
Really?

Special and Moustafa both turn knowing glances at Spath...but before Special can rebuke him -

- the ground SHAKES as -

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER'S ARMY

- turns the corner onto the street, BARRELING toward the Chop-Shop -

- then SMOKING the brakes as the Escalades and motorcycles STOP mere feet from Special and Moustafa, who just stand there, defiant as always -

- the Escalade doors open, disgorging Johnny Funwrecker's pissed off stormtroopers, all brandishing weapons -

LEAD FUNWRECKER STORMTROOPER
Put down your weapons! You're
coming with us motherfuckers!

Special exchanges glances with Moustafa:

SPECIAL
I don't think so.

Just as Johnny Funwrecker's Lead Stormtrooper is about to come up with a witty riposte:

THE GARAGE DOORS TO SPATH'S CHOP-SHOP OPEN

Spitting out EVERY COURIER IN THE CITY, led by a machete-wielding Esteban -

- that's right, HUNDREDS OF FUNKED-UP YOUTHS of every race, creed and color, united by one thing and one thing alone:

Every last motherfucking one of them has a high-powered, high-caliber weapon in hand.

THE COURIERS SURROUND JOHNNY FUNWRECKER'S STORMTROOPERS

All of them appropriately shitswatted by Special and Moustafa's show of force.

SPECIAL (CONT'D)

Johnny Funwrecker is dead and we're taking over -

(driving it home)

- from now on, we work for ourselves, we keep our own damned money, and we make our own rules.

MOUSTAFA

And if any of you punk-ass little bitches so much as tries to make a move against us -

The night air ECHOES with the sequential CLICKCLICKCLICK! of a hundred guns being cocked.

MOUSTAFA (CONT'D)

- we will personally cap every last motherfucking one of you.

Johnny Funwrecker's lead stormtrooper looks around -

AT THE MEAN, DETERMINED FACES SURROUNDING HIM

- he isn't gonna take the chance. He lets his weapon drop and gestures to his men - and as they head back to their cars:

SPECIAL

You can leave the rides.

- Johnny's lead stormtrooper shakes his head and glares.

The couriers part to let them go...and as the remains of Johnny Funwrecker's empire dwindle down the street, defeated and humiliated.

Esteban lifts his machete triumphantly:

ESTEBAN

Buenas noches bitches!

AND THE ASSEMBLED COURIERS FIRE THEIR GUNS INTO THE AIR

- a STREET PARTY breaks out all around Special and Moustafa.

But Moustafa isn't part of the celebration: his face is grim as he turns to look at Special...

FREEZE FRAME ON SPECIAL AND MOUSTAFA

...they still have unfinished business.

TIME CUT TO

A BUILDING NEAR THE RIVER**SNAP ZOOM IN ON THE GENERAL**

Standing on the ROOFTOP - the city lights blaze in the background - FIVE DARK-SUITED SOLDIERS stand behind him...

...with Olive: gagged, bound and held at gunpoint.

SPECIAL, THE GIRL AND MOUSTAFA

Step out of a roof access door. Special carries her Katana and both are strapped with their trusty guns. Special still has a strip of duct tape on her face.

Special looks down at the Girl, signs:

SPECIAL
Stay strong.

THE GIRL
Easy for you to say.

THE GENERAL

Looks ahead at the Couriers, then:

THE GENERAL
Bring her to me!

Moustafa and Special exchange glances, then:

MOUSTAFA
No fucking way. The hostages meet
in the center of the roof or we
walk! You hear me, you bolshie
pigfucker?

The General looks aside to one of his men:

THE GENERAL
(in Mandarin)
Is everything in place?

General's Man #1 lifts his hand and touches his earbud.

GENERAL'S MAN #1
Ready?

CUT TO

A CHINESE ARMY SNIPER

In a nest in a nearby building, LOOKING THROUGH HIS INFRA-RED SCOPE, talking into an earbud:

CHINESE SNIPER

*Tell the General that I have them.
I can take the blonde out and then
the Arab boy before they have a
chance to fire.*

AND IN THE CROSSHAIRS - SPECIAL**RESUME ON THE GENERAL**

Quietly giving orders as Man #1 relays them:

THE GENERAL

*Wait until the Girl has crossed to
the center of the roof, then do it.
(then, to Moustafa)
Very well - begin the exchange!*

The General's men remove Olive's blindfold and PUSH her over toward Moustafa.

SPECIAL

Bends down to look at the Girl. Their eyes meet:

SPECIAL

***It's going to be OK - go ahead,
just like we said.***

And as the two hostages walk across the rooftop:

THE SNIPER'S CROSSHAIRS

ZERO IN ON SPECIAL.

OLIVE AND THE GIRL

Walk toward each other - about to CONVERGE at the midpoint of the exchange.

MOUSTAFA

Locks eyes with Olive, WAVING for her to continue.

THE SNIPER

CLUTCHES the trigger...finger tightening...until A GUN ENTERS FRAME: against the Sniper's temple!

THE GENERAL

Turns to General's Man #1 - annoyed:

THE GENERAL
Take them out - now.

But nothing happens and -

SPECIAL

- just stands there, SMILING.

SPECIAL
Oh, and General, about your
sniper...

And off the General - wondering why Special's head hasn't
exploded in gore yet:

SMASH CUT TO:

AGENT WELK

STANDING OVER THE SNIPER - holding the gun to his temple!

WELK
Let go of the rifle, chinky, no
second amendment for you.

SMASH CUT BACK TO

SPECIAL

Smiling.

SPECIAL
Maybe now would be a good time to
tell you about our new best friends
at Homeland Security.

But before the General can reply -

THE ROOF ACCESS DOOR BEHIND HIM

- BURSTS open - spilling out PAUNCHY, DARK-SUITED J.T. WALSH
LOOKALIKE HOMELAND SECURITY AGENTS - all led by Agent Gibb,
all brandishing weapons and badges -

GIBB
Everybody Freeze! Don't make a
move! Drop your weapons!

- the entire roof is full of SHOUTING - as the Homeland Security men take down the General's men - and Gibb steps up to the General:

GIBB (CONT'D).
General. We have a lot to discuss.

OLIVE AND THE GIRL

Head toward Moustafa and Special - their faces light up with victory...and then...

WHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUP!

- the very air SHAKES and -

EVERYONE

- stops whatever they're doing - they look around - what the fuck?

A HELICOPTER

Dives in for the attack - an outboard mounted machine gun spraying the roof!

RAT!

THE HOMELAND SECURITY AGENTS AND THE GENERAL'S MEN

Are CUT DOWN - a SPLATTER of black suits and bloody mist in a HAIL OF BULLETS as the helicopter hovers across, STRAFING the roof with hot lead!

Agent Gibb takes a HIGH-POWERED SLUG on the shoulder and FALLS - firing his gun impotently into the air as another bullet CRATERS him on the leg.

All bets are off and it's every man for himself now.

SPECIAL AND MOUSTAFA

RUSH toward The Girl and Olive.

MOUSTAFA
What the fuck?

Moustafa gets there first, grabbing Olive by the arm - but just as Special is about to scoop up the Girl -

THE HELICOPTER

STRAFES her position - the pilot is GUNNING for her!

SPECIAL AND THE GIRL

- are SEPARATED. Special ROLLS AWAY from the gunfire - just as we catch up to -

THE GENERAL

- unharmed as he breaks away from the death and gunfire -

SPECIAL

- draws her gun to fire at the chopper -

SPLIT SCREEN ON SPECIAL AND THE GENERAL

- as they both look up to see -

SPECIAL
Johnny Funwrecker?

THE GENERAL
Johnny Funwrecker?

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER (SINGLE SCREEN)

A bandage wrapped around his stomach and a serious snarl on his face as he shoots Special and The General the finger!

RESUME SPLIT SCREEN ON SPECIAL AND THE GENERAL

SPECIAL
No fucking way!

THE GENERAL
(in subtitled Mandarin)
No fucking way!

SPECIAL

OPENS UP HER WEAPON - firing as the helicopter moves out of range - then, she turns and sees -

THE GENERAL

- recovering from his shock to GRAB the Girl and run toward the edge of the building.

SPECIAL

Gives chase in time to see The General - pulling the Girl into a reptilian embrace - clamber over the edge of the building -

AND ONTO AN ESCAPE TUNNEL

- a mesh-and-wire structure hanging from the side of the building, allowing him to make a controlled fall to the ground - the General's contingency plan!

As the General and the Girl descend -

SPECIAL TURNS TO MOUSTAFA AND OLIVE

MOUSTAFA

That helicopter's coming around for
another pass!

SPECIAL

Bring the Nice Car around, I'll
meet you!

MOUSTAFA

You can't -

SPECIAL

I know what I'm doing - trust me!

Moustafa and Special lock eyes - he does trust her,
absolutely - and off his look:

SPECIAL LEAPS INTO THE ESCAPE TUNNEL

Making her way down - story after story of falling through
mesh -

She LANDS feet first:

ON THE SIDE STREET BESIDE THE BUILDING

To see the General: TOSSING THE GIRL AGAINST THE BUILDING
WALL AND DRAWING HIS WEAPON FOR THE KILL.

SPECIAL

Draws her katana. The General turns to shoot her - Special
isn't close enough for a kill blow but -

SLASH! - the gun flies from the General's hand -

- along with his trigger finger -

- but he barely winces.

This is a man who is used to pain. With his steely glare, he
counters by SMASHING Special's sword arm against a wall with
his wounded hand -

- and drawing his straight razor with the other.

Now it's on.

The General cuts a gash into Special's sword arm -

- she GASPS - lets go of the katana -

- he SLASHES - she EVADES and PUNCHES - he SLASHES again - she LUNGES to hit him, but has to pull back - has to play a defensive game or he could slit her throat -

- and that's when the General falters, clutching his leg -

REVEAL THE GIRL

- holding Special's katana - having just SLASHED the General's leg.

The Girl drops the katana - horrified.

The General recovers quickly - reaches for his gun - pulls the severed finger out from the trigger guard -

- but Special is faster - before the General can take the gun in hand -

- she KICKS her katana up off the ground and, in one smooth move - takes it in hand -

- and decapitates the General.

Special turns to look at the Girl: she's covered her eyes.

VROOM! Moustafa pulls up in the Nice Car - with Olive by his side - looks out from the door-less driver's side -

MOUSTAFA

You done?

SPECIAL

Yeah, we're done.

MOUSTAFA

Oh, we're not done.

Moustafa points back -

WHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUP!

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER'S HELICOPTER

- comes bearing down the street!

SPECIAL

Move. I'm driving!

Moustafa piles into the back seat with Olive - Special tosses the Girl into the passenger seat -

OLIVE

Who's the guy in the helicopter?

SPECIAL
Johnny Funwrecker.

SMASH CUT TO

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

Hitting the trigger on his machine gun:

STRAFING THE GROUND BEHIND THE NICE CAR

As the chopper BEARS DOWN -

- the asphalt leading up to the Nice Car BURSTS in smoke and fire as Johnny Funwrecker's bullets come closer and closer -

SPECIAL

- hits the accelerator -

THE NICE CAR

ROARS! - down the street, with the helicopter in tow - FIRING MERCILESSLY!

SMASH CUT TO

MOUSTAFA - IN THE BACK SEAT

MOUSTAFA

It can't be Johnny. We totally greased him! Just now! With grenades!

SPECIAL

Maybe I shouldn't have thrown him into the fireproof safe.

MOUSTAFA

But - how did he even find us?

SMASH CUT TO

SPECIAL AND MOUSTAFA - IN SPATH'S CHOP-SHOP (FLASHBACK)

- an act-and-a-half ago, as Moustafa ogles the Nice Car.

MOUSTAFA

This car is fucking kickass - 1968 SS with the bog block V-8 innit?

SPECIAL

It even has a CB and a LoJack, now
shut up and get in.

SMASH CUT BACK TO

MOUSTAFA - INSIDE THE NICE CAR

As Johnny's helicopter fills the back window -

- the machine gun sending flares of light and projectiles of
red-hot lead at the Nice Car!

MOUSTAFA

That dick!

OLIVE

Shouldn't we be shooting him back?

MOUSTAFA

I bought him that fucking chopper!
He bought that shit with money from
my statue! Motherfucker!

SPECIAL

WRENCHES the Nice Car into an almost right-angle turn -

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER'S HELICOPTER

- overshoots the Nice Car -

THE NICE CAR HITS A DEAD-END ALLEY

SLIDING to a stop before it hits the brick wall.

OLIVE

What are we doing?

SPECIAL

We're trusting me!

Special turns to Moustafa - taking out her switchblade:

SPECIAL (CONT'D)

The back seat cushion - cut it!

MOUSTAFA

Why?

Special shoots him a glare - now he gets it.

He grabs the switchblade - TEARS into the cushion, moving Olive aside as he finds something underneath - something that causes his face to light up.

And off Moustafa - smiling:

SMASH CUT TO

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

- tapping his radio as he -

MANEUVERS THE CHOPPER IN A WIDE ARC

- coming into firing position -

SMASH CUT TO

SPECIAL

In the driver's seat as the Nice Car's CB CHIRPS with JOHNNY FUNWRECKER'S VOICE.

JOHNNY (FILTERED)
Fuckers! Traitors! You all die now!

Special grabs the CB mic, pulling the cord as she steps out of the Nice Car -

- spotting Johnny Funwrecker's helicopter in the distance:

SPECIAL
Johnny, you fucking psycho!

INTERCUT WITH JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

Pure unrelenting spite in his eyes:

JOHNNY
You don't dump Johnny Funwrecker,
you little bitch, you work for
Johnny, you work for life.

SPECIAL
Listen, you creepy ancient fuck -
we got your money - we destroyed
your house - every courier in
town's done working with you -
(then)
- how's it feel, knowing that your
big, huge criminal empire was
destroyed by a couple of couriers?

Johnny Funwrecker CLICKS OFF IN A RAGE.

THE HELICOPTER

Finishes its arc - bearing down on the alley for the kill,

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER LOOKS OUT HIS BUBBLE TO SEE

THE COURIERS, OLIVE AND THE GIRL

Standing in front of the Nice Car, defiant to the end!

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER

Heaves his battle-cry:

JOHNNY
Die, motherfuckers!

But before he can squeeze the trigger -

MOUSTAFA PULLS OUT A ROCKET-POWERED GRENADE LAUNCHER

- the same one they have been talking about the entire movie -

- the one Special said was hidden in the car -

JOHNNY FUNWRECKER'S EYES BULGE

- as the RPG smoke trails toward him, inexorable and unforgiving!

WHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHOOSHHH!

The RPG makes contact - Johnny Funwrecker's helicopter, the last vestige of his empire - EXPLODES -

KAFUCKINGBOOM!

- and as Johnny Funwrecker's face DISINTEGRATES in the inferno - his visage turning to fire and ash as he uses his final breath to SCREAM -

THE COURIERS

- watch the fireworks.

Moustafa gathers Olive about him - kisses her - and turns to look at Special:

MOUSTAFA
Guess you weren't kidding about the grenade launcher.

Special pulls out a roll of duct tape, tears out a long piece and puts it over the gash in her arm.

SPECIAL

I never kid about that.

Special then sweeps the Girl up into an embrace.

Everyone is safe and sound. A regular storybook ending -

- and off the tableau...as the last of Johnny Funwrecker burns and the Couriers stand before the battered Nice Car...

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE CARD: ONE MOTHERFUCKIN' MONTH LATER

FADE IN

ON THE GIRL'S DRAWING PAD

As she sketches out a complicated set of numbers, equations and chemical symbols over dozens of pages in her notebook: think *A Beautiful Mind*, but with a little Asian girl...

WIDER TO REVEAL

...that she's sitting at COUSCOUS EXPRESS, flanked By Special - now sporting her trademark scar - and Moustafa...

...along with Agents Welk and Gibb (his arm in a sling, his leg in a brace and a large bandage on his face) looking down at the Girl's drawing with great interest.

MOUSTAFA'S VOICE

Homeland Security held up their end
- the Girl told them everything,
and thanks to her photographic
memory, she even gave them the
formula for the General's bio-
weapon...

As the Girl draws, CAMERA GOES WIDER TO REVEAL that WORKERS AND PAINTERS are putting the final touches on the restaurant:

Couscous Express has been rebuilt.

MOUSTAFA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

...once they had enough information to embarrass the Chinese military for years to come, they made sure we weren't prosecuted for the reckless driving, or the millions in property damage...or, you know, savagely murdering all those bad people who had it coming anyway...

The Agents gather the pages with the chemical formula from the table, jam them into a briefcase and nod curtly before STEPPING OUT of the restaurant...

MOUSTAFA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

...Homeland Security even promised to have a look and see if the Girl had any family left in Tibet...

...but the Girl stays with Special and Moustafa.

MOUSTAFA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

...we told them she already had a family here.

Special picks up the Girl, follows the Agents out the door -

AND AS THE HOMELAND SECURITY MEN GET IN THEIR CAR AND DRIVE OFF

- Special, the Girl and Moustafa look to THE FRONT OF THE RESTAURANT, where Mr. Yassin and Olive stand on stairs, placing a large sign over the door:

COUSCOUS EXPRESS - GRAND RE-OPENING

AN APPROPRIATELY HAPPY BUT INESCAPABLY INDIE SONG plays in the soundtrack as Special puts the Girl down -

- the Girl runs over to Mrs. Yassin, who hugs and kisses her.

Moustafa finds Olive as she comes down the ladder - they kiss...then turn to Mr. and Mrs. Yassin: all of them admiring the sign, discussing the re-opening of the restaurant... facing their future together...

...Special stands alone on the street, and then...

THE TINNY SOUND OF A BLACK FLAG SONG BREAKS THROUGH THE SCORE

Special takes out her cellphone - looks at the screen:

HOT SAUCE - 911 - PACKAGE FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

Special turns to see Moustafa, standing next to her - handing her one of two skateboards:

MOUSTAFA

So. What's our next job?

Special raises her eyebrow, then drops the skateboard and gets going - SPEEDING down the street.

Moustafa looks back -

AT OLIVE AND HER FAMILY

- as Olive turns to look at Moustafa and smiles.

She trusts him, he loves her.

MOUSTAFA

Returns Olive's smile...then DROPS the skateboard -
KICKSTARTS himself to speed - and CATCHES UP to Special.

Special shakes her head - then SPEEDS UP -

AS THE COURIERS RACE EACH OTHER DOWN THE STREET

- ready for their next assignment - the city sights BLURRING
BEHIND THEM AS THEY GO FASTER AND FASTER -

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

THE END