

MAN OF TOMORROW

by

Jeremy Slater

Kaplan/Perrone Entertainment
310.285.0116

UTA – Charlie Ferraro
310.273.6700

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Waiters glide among the tables of a dimly lit restaurant. The decor is elegant, timeless. Somewhere a piano plays.

We find HARRIGAN shoveling a porterhouse steak into his mouth. Late fifties, rumpled and messy, with hooded eyes and a suit that's faded to the color of dirty dishwater.

Harrigan skewers his next bite. Doesn't even glance up when someone takes a seat across from him.

HARRIGAN

Heard about Al. Hell of a thing.

TOMMY ANDERS regards him coldly. The difference between the two men couldn't be more striking. Tommy is powerfully built, perhaps as young as 30, with chiseled features and piercing blue eyes. A tailored black suit that screams money.

TOMMY

The answer's no.

Harrigan spears another bite, waggles it in the air.

HARRIGAN

Here's what I don't get about you, Tommy. You read the papers; you're a smart guy. You see where this is going. How long you figure before it's our boys over there, huh? Couple months, maybe?

TOMMY

They're not my boys.

HARRIGAN

No, I'm serious, take a look around. How many people in this room are gonna die? That waiter, he's about the right age. Some beach in France, he's just getting off the transport and zzzzzzip--
(he mimics a gunshot)

There goes his guts all over the mud. And he's crying out for mama, and his buddies, they're dying all around him, and you coulda stopped it. That don't bother you at all?

TOMMY

Are we done here?

Harrigan shakes his head in disgust.

HARRIGAN

Yeah. Yeah, we're done.
 (pretending to remember)
 Oh, there was one thing. Got a
 question I'm supposed to ask.

The old guy still has a flair for the dramatic. He pauses to light a cheap cigar, takes a few puffs, exhales greasy smoke through his teeth. Never taking his eyes off Tommy.

HARRIGAN

What are you missing?

TOMMY

(sighs)
 I don't know, Agent Harrigan. Why
 don't you tell me?

HARRIGAN

That's the thing, I don't know.
 They tell me, *give Tommy whatever
 he wants*. So I say, you're wasting
 your time. Because this guy--this
 miserable, cowardly piece of shit
 of a man--he doesn't even remember
 what that feels like. To want
 something you can't have.

Tommy's smile hardens. These are dangerous waters.

HARRIGAN

Only that don't go over so well.
 You can imagine. My boss, he says
 to me: everyone wants something.
 Except he says it more poetic-like.
*"Every life has a piece that's
 still missing."* His words, right,
 not mine. So.

TOMMY

You want me to name my price.

Harrigan leans forward. His voice dropping an octave.

HARRIGAN

I want you to surprise me. You
 don't care about saving all them
 lives? Fine. Then give me something
 better. Because I swear to God, you
 tell me "all the gold in Fort
 Knox," I'll come across this table
 and kill you myself.

Tommy actually smiles at this.

TOMMY

Is that right?

HARRIGAN

(takes another drag)

I ever tell you, my old man, he used to be a fight promoter? Anyway, he had this theory. *When it's tough versus mean, always bet on the mean one.* 'Cuz tough goes down once. Mean gets back up.

Tommy steeples his fingers. Regards Harrigan thoughtfully.

TOMMY

Chicago.

HARRIGAN

Chicago.

TOMMY

Is my price.

HARRIGAN

Well. How about that.

TOMMY

Surprised?

Harrigan smiles enigmatically. Doesn't answer the question.

HARRIGAN

Assuming you've got terms?

TOMMY

Consider this a formal secession. Chicago no longer recognizes the authority of the United States, or that of any other government.

HARRIGAN

Mmm. Anything else?

TOMMY

Full pardons and diplomatic immunity for my organization. My men can't be touched.

Harrigan gestures to the other patrons around them.

HARRIGAN

What about them?

TOMMY

Anyone who wants to leave will be free to go. You have my word.

Harrigan abruptly stands, tugs on his overcoat.

TOMMY

Well?

HARRIGAN

Well, what? Enjoy your city.

TOMMY

No haggling. Just like that.

HARRIGAN

You just traded the whole world for a pile of gold bricks. And I want you to understand: that's exactly what you did. Far as I'm concerned? We got ourselves a bargain.

TOMMY

If that's true, I guess it means you'll have to kill me.

Harrigan smiles. Like this thought only just occurred to him.

HARRIGAN

Huh. Guess it does.
(stubbing out his cigar)
Plane's waiting at Midway. You leave in two hours. Unless you wanna fly yourself.

TOMMY

I told you. I can't fly.

HARRIGAN

Yeah, that's what you keep saying. See you later, Tommy.

And with that, Harrigan turns and strides away.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

A battalion of SOLDIERS in black uniforms are huddled behind a makeshift barricade. Staring at a REINFORCED METAL DOOR.

From beyond the door, we hear a barrage of SHARP GUNFIRE. SCREAMS. MUFFLED EXPLOSIONS. Pure carnage.

Soldiers double-check their safeties. Sweat prickling on their brows. Trying to steady their shaking hands.

WHOOM! Another explosion. Right outside the door.

We drift down the hall until we reach the end of the corridor, and the small man huddled there...

It's ADOLF HITLER.

The *Führer* licks his lips. Addresses his bodyguards.

HITLER

*Jeder Mann, der sein Amt am Wüsten
Anblick, wird erschossen!*

INT. REICH CHANCELLERY - SIMULTANEOUS

The Reich Chancellery. Base of operations for the Nazi war machine, located in the heart of Berlin.

And currently under siege from just one man.

Tommy strides calmly across the domed rotunda, garbed in military combat gear. He's not carrying a weapon.

Four NAZIS round the corner and open fire. Tommy backhands the nearest Nazi, sending him CRASHING into the others--

Grabs another soldier, chucks him fifty feet through the air--

HITLER (V.O.)

*Sie kämpfen heute für die
Herrlichkeit des Reiches!*

Tommy pivots smoothly, revealing a German soldier on the far end of the rotunda, aiming a *Panzerfaust* rocket launcher--

TIME SEEMS TO SLOW DOWN as the rocket erupts from its launch tube, whistling toward Tommy--

Moving with impossible speed, TOMMY SNATCHES THE ROCKET OUT OF THE AIR AND WHIPS IT BACK ACROSS THE ROTUNDA! The rocket EXPLODES in mid-flight, swallowing the *Panzerfaust* trooper in a blossom of bright orange fire.

HITLER (V.O.)

Sie kämpfen für das Vaterland!

Tommy whirls around again, revealing DOZENS OF NAZI SOLDIERS pouring down the twin staircases toward him. From our vantage point, it looks like the entire goddamn German army.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - SIMULTANEOUS

Back in Hitler's sealed bunker, the dictator rages on:

HITLER

*Du hast nach Deutschland zu
kämpfen!*

As if to punctuate this note, the corridor outside suddenly goes deathly SILENT.

Hitler's bodyguards exchange nervous glances. Barely daring to hope. Could it really be over...?

Hitler exhales a shaky breath. Then he smiles, his confidence returning. He opens his mouth to speak--

With a sound like CASCADING THUNDER, the reinforced steel door is suddenly torn from its hinges--

AND TOMMY COMES CHARGING THROUGH.

His uniform has been shredded, the remnants smoldering...but underneath, his skin remains unmarked. Eyes blazing.

The German soldiers open fire, a hailstorm of bullets--

But the bullets PING harmlessly off Tommy's chest as he continues to advance--

Hitler cowers against the far wall. His voice becoming a high, reedy shriek:

HITLER

*Tötet ihn! Tötet ihn tötet ihn
tötet iiiiihn!*

WHAM! Tommy's boot slams into the frame, his shadow falling over the dictator, as we SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE CARD OVER A BLACK SCREEN:

CHAPTER ONE: THE TRAITOR

EXT. CHICAGO OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

A MILITARY VAN rumbles down the interstate. All four lanes are deserted; there's not another vehicle in sight.

The Chicago skyline looms on the horizon. Only a few lights glimmer among the skyscrapers. The rest of the city is dark.

FX: NEW CHICAGO, 1946

INT. BACK OF VAN - CONTINUOUS

In the back, two F.B.I. agents--PHELPS and CREERY--watch over the prisoners: JOHN NELLY, VIC FRANCIS and MOE SHANNON. No orange jumpsuits here; the thugs are wearing top of the line pinstripe suits, smoking cigars, laughing and joking.

FRANCIS

...so Torrio's in the penthouse, right, we're out in the hall, and we get this idea, have a little fun. So we all start yelling--

Francis pauses, produces a liquor flask from his jacket.

PHELPS

Hey, no booze.

NELLY

What're you gonna do, arrest me?

Derisive laughter all around. Agents Phelps and Creery watch helplessly as Francis takes a slug, wipes his mouth.

FRANCIS

Anyway, the penthouse. So we're all going, *it's Tommy, Tommy's here!* Just a gag, you know? Except Torrio, he doesn't come out. So we open the door, thinking, hey, maybe he's asleep. Torrio's not there. We look everywhere, can't find him. Then we notice the window's open.

SHANNON

Friggin' Torrio...

FRANCIS

Six stories up and the dumb son of a bitch jumps! You believe that?

The criminals explode in laughter. The two Bureau agents exchange a sullen look.

EXT. BLOCKADE - MOMENTS LATER

The van rumbles to a stop before a barricade erected across the interstate. THUGS patrol the entrance to Chicago, armed to the teeth. The message is immediately clear: this city has become a police state. No one gets in. No one gets out.

A GUARD saunters up and shines a flashlight through the window. Revealing HARRIGAN behind the wheel.

GUARD
You Harrigan?

HARRIGAN
What do you think?

GUARD
All right, let him through.

The gates are raised. Harrigan puts the van in gear.

And they enter New Chicago.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

"Ghost town" would be putting it mildly. This is closer to post-apocalyptic. Half the buildings are little more than burnt-out husks. The road littered with abandoned cars. Nearly all the homes are without electricity.

We glimpse a few residents here and there, dirty and frightened, shrinking away from the glare of the headlights.

The notable exceptions are the properties that clearly belong to Tommy. We pass taverns packed with rowdy gangsters. Upscale restaurants, untouched by the devastation. A glittering casino, neon lights blazing in the darkness.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

This isn't Harrigan's first visit. But the sight of the ruined city still hits him like a punch to the gut.

Beside him, CONRAD shakes his head, stunned. The younger agent is 26 years old, slender and thoughtful.

CONRAD
How do they stand it?

HARRIGAN
Six years, that's a long time.
Guess you get used to it.

Ahead of them, more vagrants scatter into the darkness, like rats fleeing a broom.

EXT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

A palatial estate, sprawling, excessive, lit up like a Christmas tree. Harrigan parks the van.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Conrad reaches for the door, but Harrigan stops him.

HARRIGAN

We get in there, you keep your mouth shut, let me do the talking. Don't stare. Don't make eye contact. He doesn't like that.

INT. MANSION ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

An ornate lobby, lit from above by an enormous crystal chandelier. The floors are polished marble. Impeccable.

The three prisoners saunter inside, the agents trailing behind them. Francis throws Harrigan an insolent grin.

FRANCIS

Thanks for the ride, boys.

Conrad takes in his surroundings, absorbing every detail--

Armed BODYGUARDS patrol the mansion with clockwork precision--

In the adjoining room, a harem of BEAUTIFUL, BORED-LOOKING WOMEN are lounging and gossiping in low tones. One spots Conrad and throws him a devious wink. He looks away quickly.

The heavy oak doors swing open and Tommy comes striding through. Wearing a suit that probably cost more than Harrigan's last car. He smiles at the sight of the agents.

TOMMY

Harrigan.

HARRIGAN

Tommy.

Tommy extends a hand. Harrigan hesitates before shaking it.

TOMMY
 Hope they didn't give you too much
 trouble.

HARRIGAN
 Just the usual.

LILY (O.S.)
 Tommy?

They turn to find LILY DAVERS descending the staircase. Early
 20s. Luminous eyes, milky complexion. Beautiful but fragile.

LILY
 Is everything okay?

TOMMY
 This is the guy from the Bureau I
 was telling you about. Agent
 Harrigan, Lily Davers.

HARRIGAN
 Ma'am.

Conrad suddenly realizes Tommy is watching him intently. He
 drops his gaze at once, but it's already too late.

Tommy saunters over. Like a shark circling a wounded seal.
 Conrad keeps his eyes glued to the floor.

TOMMY
 Who's the new meat?

CONRAD
 Wilson, sir. Conrad Wilson.

Tommy steps closer. Until they're practically nose-to-nose.

TOMMY
 I. Didn't. Ask. You.

The beat drags out...Conrad frozen...no one dares to breathe--

TOMMY
 (quietly)
 Boo.

Conrad can't help it; he jumps. Tommy steps back, laughing.

HARRIGAN
 Leave the kid alone, Tommy.

Still grinning, Tommy heads for the stairs.

TOMMY
Harrigan, I want you to see this.

INT. LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

The air is somber, rich with history. Hundreds of priceless first editions lining the bookshelves. Harrigan surveys the extravagance with a sour expression.

HARRIGAN
You gotta put a leash on your boys.
They killed four cops down there.
Almost had a riot when we took 'em
out of the station.

TOMMY
I'll have a talk. Here. Look.

Tommy carefully lowers a CHESSBOARD onto the desk. Flashing ivory and deep ebony, intricately detailed.

TOMMY
Handcrafted in Timor. That's real
ivory, cost a fortune. Go on, sit.

HARRIGAN
Eh, I'm not in the mood...

TOMMY
And I'm not asking. Sit.

With a sigh, Harrigan takes his seat. Makes the first move.

HARRIGAN
Don't you got guys for this?

TOMMY
They always let me win.

HARRIGAN
It's not like I ever beat you.

TOMMY
But you try.

Harrigan advances his knight. Tommy counters his every move instantly, relentlessly, always without hesitation.

TOMMY
Why do you think that is? Out of
everyone, you're the one person who
isn't scared of me.

HARRIGAN

I dunno, Tommy. 'Cuz I don't give a
shit about chess?

TOMMY

I'm not talking about chess.

Tommy sweeps another piece off the board. Harrigan scowls.

Suddenly A FLASHBULB goes off, blindingly bright. Harrigan
looks up to see a PHOTOGRAPHER in the doorway.

TOMMY

Thanks, Marco.

The photographer bobs his head, disappears out the door.

HARRIGAN

The hell was that?

TOMMY

I'm forming a publicity department.
Counter some of the negative press.
Show that I'm willing to work with
your government.

HARRIGAN

And what do you think's gonna
happen to me, huh? People see me
playing chess with Tommy Anders?

Tommy shrugs innocently.

TOMMY

I guess I never thought of that.
Your move.

HARRIGAN

(standing)
Nah. I think we're done here--

TOMMY

SIT. DOWN.

Tommy's voice becomes sharp, dangerous. Harrigan reluctantly
lowers himself back into the chair. A moment of silence.

Harrigan takes a closer look. Notices Tommy's bloodshot eyes.
The slight tremor in his hand when he reaches for a piece.

HARRIGAN

(quietly)
What's going on here, Tommy?

TOMMY

Check.

HARRIGAN

Forget the game--

TOMMY

Check.

Harrigan sighs. Moves his King. Tommy immediately counters.

TOMMY

Check.

Harrigan simply stares at him. Until Tommy gives in.

TOMMY

Erinyes.

(The name is pronounced *Aaron-EASE*, not *EE-rin-YES*. In case you were wondering.)

HARRIGAN

That supposed to mean something?

TOMMY

Someone's been killing my men.
Leaving that name behind, all over
town. It means "The Three Furies."

(Harrigan shrugs.)

In Greek mythology, the Furies were
supernatural beings. Objects of
divine vengeance against those who
shed innocent blood.

HARRIGAN

Sounds like you got yourself a
pissed-off librarian.

Tommy ignores the joke. Pulls a handful of photos from his pocket, slides them across the table.

ANGLE on the pictures. Black-and-white surveillance shots of Lily Davers, taken at long range. And in each picture, a set of red CROSSHAIRS have been drawn around Lily's head.

TOMMY

I found those last ones here.
Inside my house. Which means he's
already got a man on the inside.

We realize Tommy isn't just shaken. He's actually scared.

TOMMY
(quietly)
I can't lose her, Paul.

Harrigan stares at the photos. Makes his decision.

INT. TOMMY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Harrigan opens the door and ushers his three junior agents in. The men glance around apprehensively.

HARRIGAN
Agents Phelps, Creery and Wilson.
You are hereby being reassigned.
You will remain onsite as a
security detail, to be used at Mr.
Anders' discretion.

The agents gape. Conrad in particular looks stunned.

TOMMY
I already have security--

HARRIGAN
You've got dopes playing dress-up
with their daddy's guns. These men
are Bureau trained and field-
certified. You wanna keep this girl
safe? You need professionals.

Tommy sees the wisdom in this. Nods slightly.

TOMMY
Thank you.

HARRIGAN
I'm not doing this for you.

TOMMY
All the same.

Harrigan turns to leave. Conrad grabs his arm--

CONRAD
Sir. My wife...

HARRIGAN
Sooner you stop this guy, the
sooner you come home.

INT. MANSION ENTRANCE - SECONDS LATER

Harrigan lumbers down the stairs. But just as he reaches the foyer, a voice calls out to him.

LILY (O.S.)
Agent Harrigan.

Lily emerges from the parlor. Smiles shyly.

LILY
Tommy talks about you.

HARRIGAN
That right?

LILY
He's not what you think. He's a good man.
(hesitates)
I know it's not my place, I know that. But he could really use a friend right now.

HARRIGAN
Well then. Good thing he's got you.
(tips his hat)
Miss Davers.

Lily watches as Harrigan lets himself out.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

Dawn breaks over New York. Sun glinting through skyscrapers.

INT. F.B.I. FIELD OFFICE - DAY

The field office is a beehive of activity. Fedora-clad AGENTS chattering into telephones, pinning photographs onto cork boards, chain-smoking hundreds of cigarettes.

Harrigan makes his way to his desk. Other agents pass him without acknowledgement. Whispers dog his footsteps. The Bureau's very own pariah.

He reaches his desk, sinks into his chair with a sigh--

That's when he spots his present. It's a clipping of the front page of the Times, showing the now-infamous photo of Harrigan playing chess with Tommy. The picture has been framed, the words **FRIENDS FOREVER** drawn in blue marker.

He clutches the frame tightly, willing himself not to explode. Dozens of eyes watching from all around the office. Everyone waiting to see how he'll react.

He exhales. Drops the photo into his trash can.

Moving with a slow, weary dignity, he opens his case files and settles down to work.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The tavern is packed with rowdy drunks. Harrigan sits alone at the bar, nursing a drink. He motions to the bartender.

HARRIGAN

Club soda.

The bartender keeps working. Pretends he didn't hear.

A couple of burly guys playing pool keep casting dark glances in Harrigan's direction. Muttering to each other. We distinctly catch the word "Traitor."

Harrigan gazes down at the counter. Knowing everyone in the bar is staring. Knowing how much they all hate his guts.

EXT. PARK SLOPE - NIGHT

An upscale residential neighborhood. Harrigan knocks on the door of an elegant three-story home. Laughter and music echoing faintly from inside. Some sort of party.

At least Harrigan has made an effort tonight: he's wearing his best suit and tie, his stubble recently shaved.

His ex-wife ELLEN answers the door. Just as beautiful as ever, damn it. She blinks, a little surprised.

ELLEN

Paul.

HARRIGAN

How you been?

She allows an awkward hug, turning her head slightly, just so he doesn't get any bright ideas.

ELLEN

Good, good. We didn't know you were coming. You were supposed to mail the card back.

HARRIGAN
Sorry, right. Must've forgot--

DALE (O.S.)
Is that Paul?

DALE, Ellen's new husband, appears at her side. Handsome, confident. He pumps Harrigan's hand energetically.

DALE
Paul! Good to see you!

HARRIGAN
Hey there, Dale...

DALE
Come on in!

INT. ELLEN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dale ushers him inside. A few dozen adults and college kids milling about in formal wear, sipping champagne and laughing. A banner on the wall reads **CONGRATS CATHY**.

DALE
So. How are things?

HARRIGAN
Oh, you know. Keeping busy--

DALE
(interrupting)
Cathy! Look who's here!

CATHY (early 20s, radiant) turns away from her conversation.

CATHY
Dad.

HARRIGAN
Hey, kiddo. Congratulations.

He shambles over and envelops her in a hug. Over his shoulder, Cathy locks eyes with her mother. "*What's he doing here?*" Ellen shrugs helplessly.

Harrigan draws away, beaming, oblivious to her discomfort.

HARRIGAN
Look at you. Oh, almost forgot, I got you something--

He takes a battered envelope from his pocket--

HARRIGAN
It's not much, but...yeah.

CATHY
Oh. You didn't have to.

Dale swoops in, plucks the envelope from Harrigan's hand.

DALE
We'll just put that with the
others. Get you a drink, Paul?

Harrigan hesitates. Sees Ellen watching him closely.

HARRIGAN
Nah. Taking a little break.
(turning back to Cathy)
So. Let's see this rock.

He examines her engagement ring, whistles softly.

HARRIGAN
Ain't that something.

MARTIN (O.S.)
I know, it's obscene.

They're joined by MARTIN, 24, well-groomed. Kind of a smug little shit, to be honest. He slings an arm around Cathy.

MARTIN
I told her, one of these days
you're gonna lose that finger.

CATHY
Martin. This is my father.

A subtle change in Martin's expression. Some of the friendliness bleeding away. He shakes Harrigan's hand.

MARTIN
Cathy's told me all about you. Are
you staying for dinner?

HARRIGAN
I don't wanna impose or nothing--

MARTIN
We won't take no for an answer.

Harrigan glances to Cathy for permission. She forces a smile.

INT. ELLEN'S DINING ROOM - LATER

Cathy and Martin at one end of the dinner table. Harrigan has conspicuously been exiled to the far end, stuck among distant relatives and Martin's friends from college.

Harrigan picks at his meal. He doesn't recognize anything on his plate. Snippets of conversation whizzing over him:

COLLEGE KID #1	COLLEGE KID #2	*
--look at Britain's economy.	--don't see why we don't just	*
I'm saying there's a reason	send in the military--	*
we're still in this recession		*
and they're not--		*

COLLEGE KID #3	COLLEGE KID #1	*
--has nothing to do with	--18% unemployment. Eighteen.	*
economics. It's about doing	You look at Europe, they're	*
the right thing--	nowhere close to that--	*

Happy laughter from the far end of the table. Cathy is regaling the guests with a story, but we can't make out the words. Harrigan strains to hear--

Suddenly the COLLEGE KID seated across from him speaks up:

COLLEGE KID #2
You're him, right? Paul Harrigan?

Harrigan nods warily. The College Kid leans forward, excited.

COLLEGE KID #2
What's it like? Chicago.

The other conversations fade away. Everyone listening now.

HARRIGAN
Come on, we're having a party--

MARTIN
I think we'd all like to hear this.

Cathy touches her fiancée's arm, but Martin shakes her off.

MARTIN
I mean, it must be something to see, right? All those empty houses. Criminals running wild.

CATHY
Martin, stop--

HARRIGAN
I did what I was told.

MARTIN

So did the guards at Dachau.

Harrigan struggles to keep his temper in check.

HARRIGAN

Lemme ask you something. You being such an intellectual-type and all. Someone comes to you and says, here's a city, three million people. And over here, in your other hand, you got the rest of the world. Three *billion* people. And they tell you, now choose.

MARTIN

I'll tell you what I don't do. And that's send a civil servant to make the call.

Condescending chuckles from some of Martin's friends.

HARRIGAN

That ain't what I asked.

MARTIN

No, what you asked is for me to weigh the tangible against the hypothetical. Because that's the real comparison here. Three million people versus some...some fantasy doomsday scenario. You traded American lives to win someone else's war.

HARRIGAN

That's one way of looking at it.

MARTIN

And what's the other?

HARRIGAN

That I'm the only reason you're not over there getting your ass shot off right now.

MARTIN

At least I could have fought back.

Deafening silence. The other guests shift uncomfortably in their chairs. Too late, Harrigan realizes the truth.

HARRIGAN

You're from Chicago.

MARTIN

My grandparents. Oh, and you'll like this. The staff at their nursing home? One day they decided to just lock the doors and leave. Left all those people behind. No food, no electricity. So you tell me. How long do you think they held out in there? After the riots started? I figure, maybe a week. Maybe less.

All eyes on Harrigan. But for once, he's at a loss for words.

MARTIN

Your "world war?" That's the hypothetical. Walter and Barbara Anne Foley, 42 years of marriage, four children, 13 grandkids between them. That's the tangible.

EXT. PARK SLOPE - MOMENTS LATER

Harrigan storms out of the house, furious and ashamed, tugging on his jacket as he goes. Ellen follows him out.

ELLEN

Paul.

HARRIGAN

What?

He stares at her, defiant, chest heaving. Ellen says nothing.

Harrigan tries to flag down a passing cab, but it speeds right past. After a moment, Ellen joins him on the sidewalk.

ELLEN

Dale's offered to pay for the wedding.

HARRIGAN

What, you think I can't afford it?

She doesn't answer. Doesn't need to.

HARRIGAN

Guessing there's a catch.

ELLEN

(hesitates)

It's just...Cathy's been under a lot of pressure.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
 School, the wedding. And we just
 don't want anything to ruin the big
 day. You understand that, right?

Harrigan looks away. Trying to hide how much this hurts.

HARRIGAN
 (clears his throat)
 This guy...he treats her okay?

ELLEN
 Yeah. He does.
 (beat)
 You really give up drinking?

HARRIGAN
 I mean, we'll see if it sticks.

ELLEN
 Good for you.

He signals another taxi, and this one slows to a halt.

HARRIGAN
 Take lots of pictures for me, huh?

Ellen doesn't trust herself to speak, simply nods. Blinking
 back tears as she watches Harrigan climb into the cab.

EXT. NEW CHICAGO - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOTS of New Chicago's darkened skyline.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

It's past midnight, but the bar is still packed with Anders'
 men. Wannabe gangsters and hired muscle blowing off steam.
 Raucous laughter, the air thick with smoke.

We recognize Moe Shannon among the crowd. He grabs a passing
 WAITRESS and pulls her onto his lap.

SHANNON
 C'mere.

WAITRESS
 Moe, come on, I got tables...

SHANNON
 You're off the clock. Hey.

He leans in for a kiss. The waitress turns her head slightly, but Shannon roughly grabs her chin, jerks her back around.

SHANNON

I said come here.

She relents; it's not worth the beating. But just as Shannon's lips meet hers, we hear a new sound--

The sharp crackle of GUNFIRE in the distance.

The bar falls silent. Everyone listening as the shots continue to ring out. It sounds like a war out there.

Shannon nods to two of his men. The goons exchange reluctant looks, then trudge outside, weapons in hand.

That's when the power goes out. The entire bar plunged into sudden darkness.

A dozen weapons are drawn in unison.

Eyes on the door.

Breathless silence.

Another staccato blast of GUNFIRE. This time closer.

One of Shannon's goons comes stumbling back into sight. Slowly, the goon sinks to his knees. Topples over.

Shannon pushes the waitress aside. Stands.

CHUNK. CHUNK. CHUNK. Heavy footsteps. Just outside.

A FIGURE appears in the doorway. He's wearing a long black duster that trails behind him like a cape.

Beneath the duster we glimpse form-fitting leather battle armor, not unlike modern-day SWAT riot gear. His face hidden behind a REFLECTIVE SILVER MASK. The mask is featureless, like an unpainted doll, save for two darkened eye slits.

ERINYES has arrived.

The gangsters are too stunned to react. *Is this a joke...?*

Erinyes surveys the room. Then calmly starts forward. His footsteps echoing. The crowd parts before him. You can practically hear the Morricone score.

Shannon sees one of his goons slowly raising his pistol. Shannon shakes his head quickly. *Not yet.*

Erinyes reaches the bar. Surveys the bottles on the shelf like he's trying to decide on a drink.

SHANNON
You lost, mister?

The masked figure speaks in a low, gravelly whisper. A voice that sends chills right down your spine.

ERINYES
No.

SHANNON
You kill those men out there?

Erinyes drums his fingers against the counter. His gauntlets are studded with tiny RAZOR-SHARP BLADES.

ERINYES
Just the slow ones.

Shannon takes another step closer, gun in hand. The masked figure's back is still turned. This is almost too easy...

SHANNON
Now why you gotta go and do something like that, huh?

ERINYES
I have a message. For Tommy.

Slowly, carefully, Shannon raises his pistol--

SHANNON
Yeah? How about you tell me, I'll make sure Tommy gets it.

And just like that, Erinyes stops drumming his fingers.

ERINYES
You are the message.

When it happens, it happens fast.

Erinyes whips around, his arm a blur of motion--

Shannon stumbles backward, eyes widening, a series of small curved BLADES suddenly quivering in his neck--

Now the other gangsters open fire, creating a STROBE EFFECT, flashes of light and shadow--

We catch only glimpses of the action, SPEED-RAMPING in and out of slow-motion for emphasis--

--Erinyes catches the nearest gangster with a clothesline sweep, bending the man's spine nearly backwards--

--**SHHHINNK!** A quick snap of the wrist and TWO RETRACTABLE STEEL BLADES erupt from Erinyes' gauntlets. He spins in a tight circle, the blades cutting a swath of devastation--

--Two gangsters open fire from opposite sides of the room but only manage to hit each other--

--Heavy footsteps from the rafters above. Erinyes has taken to the air, leaping from one beam to the next. One of the gangsters opens fire, spraying bullets skyward--

--Just as a wire noose slips around his neck, launching him upwards into the darkness!

The waitress cowers behind the bar, hands clapped over her ears. A few more cries of pain ring out. Scattered gunfire.

Then only silence.

Finally the waitress stands. Surveys the ruined bar. Bodies strewn everywhere. All of them Anders' men.

WAITRESS

Oh my God...

A SHADOW drops soundlessly into frame behind her, landing in a smooth crouch on the bar.

The waitress senses the movement. Slowly turns. Erinyes is little more than a silver mask floating against the darkness.

ERINYES

Tell Tommy Anders. Chicago doesn't belong to him.

The waitress can only watch as Erinyes seems to melt backwards into the shadows.

ERINYES (O.S.)

Tell him Erinyes is coming.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - MORNING

A transit bus rumbles down the street. Harrigan sits in the back, watching as the city blurs past.

Welcome to an America that never quite escaped the Great Depression. Poverty runs rampant. Failing businesses on every corner. Soup kitchen lines stretching around the block. A businessman in a shabby suit, begging for change.

Harrigan takes it all in. Perhaps wondering just how much of this mess is his fault.

INT. F.B.I. FIELD OFFICE - MORNING

Harrigan enters the field office, looking rundown.

The mood is decidedly somber. Agents gathered around a radio in the corner, listening to a news report.

HARRIGAN

What's going on?

FBI AGENT #1

Freak in the costume. Hit another fuel depot last night.

FBI AGENT #2

That's what, the third one?

FBI AGENT #1

Guy's got a hobby--

FBI AGENT #3

Shut up, I wanna hear this!

NORRIS (O.S.)

Harrigan.

Harrigan turns to find NORRIS, his supervisor, standing in the doorway. Norris jerks his head. *Get your ass in here.*

INT. NORRIS'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE on a series of photographs...

--Tommy's tavern. Wrecked furniture everywhere. The bodies of Moe Shannon and several others hidden under blankets.

--A firebombed supply truck, still burning.

--A black sedan, riddled with bullets, two corpses slumped in the front seat.

Harrigan flips through the stack, his expression sour.

NORRIS

This guy's not stopping.

HARRIGAN

Looks that way.

NORRIS

You hear the latest? They got people marching in the streets now. They're actually supporting this whackjob, you believe that?

HARRIGAN

Bet Tommy loves that.

NORRIS

Don't get cute. This is your responsibility. You've got to, I don't know, calm him down. Make sure he knows we've got nothing to do with this.

HARRIGAN

Because that's the truth. Right?

The question hangs in the air. Norris's expression darkens.

NORRIS

If you've got something to say...

HARRIGAN

You ever see that news reel, the one where they wheel out Hitler's body? Got him strapped to that table, looks like he's sleeping?

NORRIS

Of course.

HARRIGAN

Well. What you didn't see is the four hours it took 'em to sew Adolf's head back on.

NORRIS

Tommy shot Hitler--

HARRIGAN

Tommy twisted his damn head off like a bottlecap. Course, that don't make such a good story for the folks back home. So.

NORRIS

Your point being?

HARRIGAN

Point being, we airdropped Tommy over Berlin and it took him 43 minutes to end the war.

HARRIGAN (CONT'D)

With his bare hands.

(beat)

So if this mook in the costume is
one of ours? If Tommy finds out?
Then how long you think the White
House is gonna take him?

Norris says nothing. His expression unreadable.

INT. BARRACKS - DINING HALL - NIGHT

The barracks where Tommy's men reside. Goons gathered around tables, drinking and playing cards. The air thick with smoke, laughter echoing. The gangster version of Neverland.

Conrad, Creery and Phelps eat alone in the corner. They pick at their food, looking miserable and homesick.

PHELPS

Where'd he come from, that's what I
wanna know.

(jabbing with his fork)

You ask me, it's evolution. Like we
replaced the cavemen, right? Now
Tommy, he's replacing us.

CREERY

I heard it's the government. Trying
to make some kinda super soldier.

CONRAD

If they could make guys like Tommy,
why would they stop at just one?

CREERY

What, you got a better story?

Conrad glances around, makes sure no one is eavesdropping.

CONRAD

Guy named Deke Anders. Small-timer,
working for Capone, but he's pretty
far down the ladder, right? So
here's Deke, he's out in the
boonies, Nebraska, some place like
that. Got about twenty cases of
Canadian whiskey in the back of his
truck, so he's taking gravel the
whole way, nice and slow. And all
of the sudden the sky lights up,
and he hears this whistling noise,
like a bomb coming down.

Creery and Phelps trade skeptical looks.

CONRAD

And when this thing hits, boom, takes out half the cornfield, leaves a crater the size of a school bus. And remember, this is the middle of nowhere. There's a farmhouse not too far away, but the old couple that lives there, they take one look at Deke and head the other way. So now it's just Deke and this hole in the ground.

CREERY

You're so full of shit.

CONRAD

(ignoring him)

Except this thing, whatever it was, it can't handle our atmosphere. It's already breaking apart. Crumbling. By the time he gets there, all that's left is this big pile of dust. But Deke starts poking around anyway. And at the bottom of this crater, he finds something. A glass tube. And inside there's a baby. Fast asleep.

Conrad shrugs, takes another bite. The other two just stare.

CONRAD

And that's how Tommy wound up in Chicago.

INT. HARRIGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A cramped, dingy apartment. Dirty dishes piled high.

We drift past a black-and-white television. A Western is playing. The lone gunman facing down a band of outlaws.

Harrigan is hunched over his workbench, paintbrush in hand. Detailing a piece of MINIATURE FURNITURE.

We reveal an elaborate DOLLHOUSE arranged before him.

A spot of glue added to a broken bannister railing.

A thin line of paint trailed along the cornice molding.

Harrigan's movements are surprisingly delicate. Adding daubs of color here and there, bringing the rooms alive.

Suddenly the telephone TRILLS, spoiling the moment. Harrigan closes his eyes, exhales.

Like he already knows bad news is coming.

EXT. NEW CHICAGO - MORNING

Harrigan's car is waved through the barricade. Enters the streets of New Chicago.

A change has come over the city. We see far too many armed gunmen patrolling the streets. But precious few civilians.

Like everyone has gone into hiding.

Harrigan passes a pair of sanitation workers trying to clean graffiti off a wall. A scarlet slogan splashed across the side of the building in letters three feet high--

ERINYES IS COMING

INT. MANSION ENTRANCE - DAY

Tommy's mansion is on high alert. Harrigan is frisked by several armed guards, all of them jumpy and wild-eyed.

Through the parlor doors, we glimpse Lily Davers in the next room. She looks pale, shaken. She briefly makes eye contact with Harrigan. Tries to smile. Can't.

Conrad and Phelps are standing watch outside the parlor. Their expressions sheepish, humiliated.

HARRIGAN

And where the hell were you?

CONRAD

(mumbling)

...shifts...

HARRIGAN

What's that?

CONRAD

Tommy had us working shifts. Last night, it was Creery's turn.

HARRIGAN

Yeah. Sure sounds that way.

Shaking his head in disgust, Harrigan brushes past them.

INT. TOMMY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tommy is seated before the baby grand piano in the corner. His fingers gliding effortlessly over the keys. The melody swoops and dives like a bird of prey, aggressive yet controlled, beauty in discordance.

The window behind Tommy's desk has been SHATTERED. Shards of glass everywhere. Chunks of plaster missing from the wall.

Harrigan surveys the damage, taking care to step over...

TWO UGLY BROWN BLOODSTAINS on the carpet.

HARRIGAN

Christ.

Tommy falls still. The last notes lingering in the air.

HARRIGAN

Didn't know you played.

TOMMY

Picked it up a few days ago. It's actually a good control exercise. Force comes easy. Restraint takes practice.

To demonstrate, he applies the tiniest bit of pressure with his pinky. From somewhere deep inside the piano's guts, a string TWANGS violently. The key cracks in half.

Harrigan looks stunned. It's one thing hearing about Tommy's strength. It's something else seeing it in person.

TOMMY

(very quiet)
He almost got her.

HARRIGAN

But he didn't.

Tommy stands, moves to the shattered window. A pause.

TOMMY

If I asked you to take Lily.
Somewhere far away. Would you?

HARRIGAN

Depends. You going with her?

TOMMY

I'm the reason she's walking around with a target on her back! So you tell me: where am I supposed to go? Where she won't be in constant danger? Everyone knows who I am!

Harrigan stares him down. Tommy deflates, sinks into a chair.

TOMMY

You didn't answer my question.

HARRIGAN

Yeah. We could take her.

TOMMY

But you're not going to.

Slowly, Harrigan shakes his head. Tommy smiles bitterly.

TOMMY

You know, it's crazy, but for a minute there, I almost thought we were friends.

Harrigan wasn't expecting that. Takes him a beat to recover.

HARRIGAN

This girl. You really love her?

TOMMY

Yes.

HARRIGAN

Then you know why I gotta say no. Every government out there, every two-bit player, they would kill to get their hands on someone like her. You're a gun, Tommy. Biggest gun in the world. And whoever's got that girl has his finger on the trigger.

Tommy meets his gaze. No hope in those eyes.

TOMMY

Just tell me what to do.

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS - LATER

Harrigan exits the mansion. Opens his car door. Glances back.

And there they are, silhouetted in the second-floor window. Tommy and Lily. She moves to him. He wraps his arms around her. Holding her close.

BUREAU ADMINISTRATOR #1 (O.S.)
100 percent out of the question.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE BUILDING - DAY

The headquarters for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Harrigan is seated across from Norris, along with two high-ranking BUREAU ADMINISTRATORS.

BUREAU ADMINISTRATOR #1
Hell, someone wants to take a swing at Tommy Anders, I say let him.

HARRIGAN
I'm telling you: Tommy, he wants out! We smuggle 'em out of the city, new names, some white picket fence in the middle of nowhere...
(turning to his boss)
You want Chicago back? This is how we do it.

Norris sighs. Not quite meeting Harrigan's gaze.

NORRIS
There won't be any deals, Paul. I'm sorry. Not with your history.

HARRIGAN
My history. History of what?

The men don't respond. Because Harrigan already knows the answer. He's been officially branded a collaborator.

INT. BARRACKS - CONRAD'S QUARTERS - LATE NIGHT

The barracks have fallen silent. Lights turned down low.

Conrad kneels beside his footlocker, organizing his gear.

Behind him, a SHADOW appears on the ledge just outside his window. Ever so slowly, the window eases open--

We TRACK with Conrad as he continues unpacking. When we finally PAN BACK, the shadowy figure has vanished.

But the window is still open.

Conrad notices the slight breeze. Whirls around--

AND COMES FACE TO FACE WITH ERINYES. Light glinting off his silver mask. A silenced pistol in his hand.

EXT. BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Just outside Conrad's room. Light FLASHES through the window, accompanied by the sound of two SILENCED PISTOL SHOTS.

INT. BARRACKS - CONRAD'S QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

A gloved hand trails a thin copper wire across the room...

A pair of black leather boots casually steps over the corpse sprawled across the floor...

Moving with exacting care, Erinyes connects the wire to several fat bricks of PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES.

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS - LATE NIGHT

Midnight. A swollen moon hangs low over Tommy's mansion. Scattered guards patrolling the perimeter.

Erinyes vaults over the fence, landing in the shadows.

He draws a pair of SILENCED PISTOLS from his belt. Checks his watch. Waiting...waiting...waiting...

WHOOOM! A massive FIREBALL rises in the distance. A split-second later the THUNDERCLAP ROAR reaches our ears.

There goes the barracks.

Still Erinyes waits, watching the guards scramble about in confusion--

There. Tommy emerges from the mansion, tugging on his clothes. He takes one look at the fire raging in the distance and springs into action, racing across the lawn...

And HURLING HIMSELF INTO THE NIGHT SKY! A leap so powerful it carries Tommy out of sight in a single bound.

Now. Time to move.

Erinyes darts forward, moving in a low crouch, approaching the mansion from an angle.

He finds a window cracked ever so slightly. Raises it the rest of the way. Slips inside.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

We TRACK AFTER Erinyes as he glides through the mansion.

THWIP! THWIP! Two bullets in the chest of the first guard. Erinyes moves quickly, catching the body before it can fall, easing it to the ground.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS echo from the stairwell. Erinyes slips around the corner, pressing flat against the wall, as several of Tommy's armed guards hurry past.

GUARD #1

Call Fire Team, send everyone to
the barracks--

Once they're safely past, Erinyes bolts from cover, quickly ascending the stairs--

Two more guards appear. Erinyes doesn't even slow down as he raises his twin pistols. **THWIP! THWIP!**

He pivots smoothly around the next corner--

Vic Francis is standing watch outside Tommy's bedroom. He sees the advancing figure and fumbles for his gun--

FRANCIS

Wait--

Erinyes drives his gauntlet into Francis's gut. **SHHHINNK!** One of the retractable blades punches through the back of Francis's jacket, skewering him like a pig on a spit--

INT. TOMMY'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Lily stands at the window, gazing at the inferno in the distance. Plumes of oily smoke etched against the night sky.

Her cheeks are wet, eyes red and bleary. She's been crying about something. An argument with Tommy, perhaps.

THUD. Something heavy topples to the ground, just outside the bedroom door. She turns as the door CREAKS open--

Erinyes stands silhouetted in the doorway. Both his pistols pointing right at her.

INT. HARRIGAN'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Harrigan has fallen asleep on the couch in his clothes. Empty beer bottles strewn across the table.

The phone blasts him awake. Harrigan fumbles for the receiver, scattering a few bottles in the process.

HARRIGAN
(into the phone)
Yeah, Harrigan.

He listens for a few seconds. And his expression changes.

INT. ELLEN'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

The sun has barely crested the horizon. But that isn't stopping someone from ringing the DOORBELL repeatedly.

Cathy--Harrigan's daughter--emerges from her room, still half-asleep. Starts down the stairs. Sees her mother standing at the front door, arguing in hushed tones with Harrigan.

CATHY
Dad...?

Harrigan peers over Ellen's shoulder. His face lights up.

HARRIGAN
Hey, kiddo.

He's carrying the bulky DOLLHOUSE. He senses the absurdity of the situation, gives her an apologetic smile.

ELLEN
We talked about this--

HARRIGAN
One minute. That's all.

Ellen sighs, lets him inside. Cathy joins them in the foyer.

CATHY
What are you doing here?

HARRIGAN
Well. Turns out I'm gonna have to go away for a while. And I know the wedding's coming up, but--

CATHY
Is that a dollhouse?

HARRIGAN

I, uh, didn't know what to get you. But I was going past this antique shop, right, and saw this in the window. Guess it reminded me of the one you used to have. You remember that old thing?

Cathy bites her lip. Nods.

Harrigan hurries on. The words catching in his throat.

HARRIGAN

Yeah. It was kinda beat to hell, so I had to give it, you know, a little touch-up. But I figured someday when you've got kids, a girl of your own, maybe she'd like to have something like this. And you and her, maybe you could play with it together.

He sets the dollhouse down on the table. Carefully opens the side, revealing the miniature furniture inside. It's immaculate. Everything freshly painted and detailed.

HARRIGAN

Got a little mirror and everything.

It takes Cathy a second to find her voice.

CATHY

It's...it's great. Thanks, Dad.

He puts his arms around her. Cathy stiffens at first, then gives in. Buries her face against his shoulder. And now we see just how hard Harrigan is struggling to hold it together.

HARRIGAN

Sure wish I could be there when you walk down that aisle, kiddo. You're gonna knock 'em dead.

ELLEN

Paul, is everything okay?

HARRIGAN

Everything's fine. Everything's just fine.

EXT. AIRFIELD - AFTERNOON - MONTAGE

Harrigan steps off the charter jet. Finds a government sedan already waiting for him on the tarmac.

EXT. BLOCKADE - LATE AFTERNOON - MONTAGE

Harrigan's sedan idles outside the entrance to New Chicago. The barriers have been erected; the city is on full lockdown. A panicked GUARD waves his rifle in Harrigan's face.

GUARD

No one in or out. Tommy's orders.

HARRIGAN

Get that gun outta my face or I'll stick it up your ass.

Another thug recognizes Harrigan and pulls the guard away. Whispers a few words in his ear. The guard nods, gestures.

With a rumble, the barriers begin to retract.

EXT. BARRACKS - MONTAGE

Harrigan stands outside the charred skeleton of what used to be the troop barracks. A few beams still smoldering. Bodies in dirty white sheets being carted out of the rubble.

A flicker of emotion crosses Harrigan's face. Knowing some of those bodies belong to the agents he left behind.

EXT. MANSION - DUSK - MONTAGE

Harrigan parks the sedan. Trudges toward the mansion.

Long shadows trail him. The sun dipping low, bathing the sky in hues of deep purple. Night will be here soon.

INT. MANSION - MONTAGE

Oppressive silence. Guards wandering in a daze. A few bodies arranged in the far corner, covered by blankets.

Harrigan steps into the parlor.

The shades have been drawn, the lights extinguished. Tommy sits alone in the shadows, his head bowed.

Slowly, Tommy raises his gaze. There's a hollow look in his eyes. Like his guts were just ripped out.

And lurking beneath the surface: cold, unstoppable fury.

Someone's going to die tonight.

EXT. SHIPPING YARDS - LATE NIGHT

The waterfront shipping docks, long since abandoned. Lake Michigan a flat expanse of darkness on the horizon.

Harrigan parks his sedan. No other vehicles in sight.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Harrigan takes out his sidearm, checks the magazine.

EXT. SHIPPING YARDS - CONTINUOUS

Harrigan starts across the loading dock. Footsteps echoing in the stillness. A gull cries in the distance. The rhythmic lull and crash of waves lapping against the pier.

Ahead of him, an old warehouse looms out of the darkness.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Harrigan hauls open the warehouse door and slips inside.

Shipping containers tower above him. Rats scuttle in the gloom. Watery moonlight trickling through dirty windows.

And there, at the far end of the warehouse...LILY. Bound to a chair. We can't tell whether she's still alive.

Harrigan remains motionless. Scanning the shadows.

HARRIGAN

I know you're here.

A swoop. A rustle in the darkness. A flicker of motion.

And Erinyes materializes out of the night.

HARRIGAN

Lose the mask.

(No response.)

I said take it off!

Instead, Erinyes slowly cocks his head to one side. Breathing heavily from behind that mask. Like he's excited.

And now we start to realize that something is deeply, dangerously wrong with this guy.

Harrigan gives up. Throws his hands up in disgust.

HARRIGAN

We had him. Do you not get that?
Tommy wanted out!

Erinyes circles him. His voice a low rasp.

ERINYES

He doesn't get to walk away. Not
after what he's done.

HARRIGAN

You're out of your mind--

The words die in Harrigan's throat.

Because he just noticed the object in the corner.

A heavy canvas tarp hides the object from sight. Whatever it is, it's big. At least the size of a heavy-duty fridge.

Harrigan approaches and draws the tarp aside--

We don't see what's underneath. But we see the blood drain from Harrigan's face. A look of sick horror.

HARRIGAN

(whispering)
What have you done?

While his back is turned, Erinyes draws his pistol--

Harrigan whirls around, his voice rising to a shout--

HARRIGAN

Goddamn it, we had a plan!

ERINYES

This was always the plan.

Erinyes fires. A single shot, burying itself deep in Harrigan's gut. Harrigan staggers. Collapses.

The masked figure kneels beside him. Speaking softly.

ERINYES

For what it's worth, I'm sorry.

Harrigan coughs. Blood foaming at the corners of his mouth.

HARRIGAN
Tommy's gonna kill you.

ERINYES
He's gonna try.

Erinyes stands. Fires two more bullets into Harrigan. Then turns and strides away.

And we SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD OVER A BLACK SCREEN:

CHAPTER TWO: THE HERO

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

FRANK "THE ENFORCER" NITTI storms down the hallway. Al Capone's second-in-command. A cold, imposing man.

FX: CHICAGO, 1918

A pair of nervous-looking ARMED BODYGUARDS stand watch outside the apartment. One of them nods to Frank.

BODYGUARD
Mr. Nitti.

FRANK NITTI
Open up.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Frank enters the apartment alone. Ornate decor, a staggering backdrop of the city's lights far below. Deathly silent.

FRANK NITTI
Tommy? It's Uncle Frank.

He opens the bedroom door, revealing a room filled with every sort of toy you can imagine. Model train sets, mobiles, plastic pop-guns, a cowboy hat hanging from a peg.

YOUNG TOMMY is huddled in the corner, knees drawn to his chest, his cheeks slick with tears. No more than eight years old. He's clutching a PLASTIC TOY DINOSAUR.

FRANK NITTI

Tommy, hey. I came as soon as I heard.

No response. Frank lowers himself to a kneeling position.

FRANK NITTI

How you doing, buddy?

YOUNG TOMMY

I didn't mean to.

FRANK NITTI

Yeah, we know that.

Tommy's voice hitches in his throat. A low, miserable sob.

YOUNG TOMMY

She was yelling. I just wanted to make her stop.

FRANK NITTI

Course you did. Course you did.

Frank casts a sidelong glance across the room...

Tommy's NANNY lies crumpled against the wall, eyes open but unseeing, neck wrenched sideways at a horrible angle.

Frank returns his attention to the boy. And without warning, his voice becomes cold, unforgiving.

FRANK NITTI

Now stop that pissant cryin'.

And Tommy does. He stares up at Frank, shocked into silence.

FRANK NITTI

(quietly)

You wanna know why God made some people weak? He put 'em here for us. Because we're the ones who move the wheel. The weak, they exist because we allow them this privilege. And privileges can be revoked.

Tommy listens raptly. Absorbing every word.

FRANK NITTI

You're gonna move a lot of wheels, Tommy boy.

FRANK NITTI (CONT'D)

And if you accept this
responsibility, this gift you've
been given, then you don't ever
have to apologize for what you are.

EXT. BANK - DAY

TOMMY, 24 years old and already impossibly handsome, stands on a street corner facing the First National Bank of Chicago. Takes a deep breath. Starts across the street.

INT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

The bank is bustling with activity. Tellers counting money. An elderly SECURITY GUARD standing watch in the corner.

A wealthy couple is next in line. Their young son fidgeting beside them, bored out of his mind. The boy is the first to notice when Tommy walks through the front door.

A frightened silence descends. Whispered murmurs.

Tommy calmly surveys the scene. Starts forward.

The guard draws his gun, plants himself in Tommy's path.

SECURITY GUARD

Just walk away, mister.

Tommy doesn't even acknowledge the guard as he strides past. The guard helplessly lowers his sidearm, ashamed--

The mother grabs her son, drags him out of Tommy's path--

Tommy slips behind the counter. Approaches the vault's MASSIVE IRON DOOR. All the bank tellers fall back.

Tommy pauses before the door. Glances around.

TOMMY

Someone gonna open this?

No one is brave enough to step forward. Tommy shrugs.

Then he clutches the door and TEARS IT FREE FROM THE WALL. The damn thing must weigh 500 pounds, but Tommy doesn't even break a sweat. He hurls the door over his shoulder with casual disregard--

A bracing CRUNCH as the door lands somewhere offscreen. Several people SCREAM. Tommy ignores them.

He enters the vault. Piles of gold bars stacked high on rolling carts. He methodically begins loading the gold into a duffel bag. Taking his time, gathering every last bar.

EXT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Tommy emerges from the bank, duffel bags slung over his shoulder. His expression is troubled, conflicted. Almost like he's having second thoughts about this entire affair.

Suddenly he stops short. We pan around him--

Revealing at least a HUNDRED POLICE OFFICERS on the street outside. A hundred guns pointed right at his forehead.

Here, at least, is a problem that Tommy knows how to solve.

TOMMY

Hello, boys.

INT. PRISON VISITING AREA - DAY

Now we skip ahead several years into the future. The visiting area of a maximum-security prison. Adjacent viewing rooms separated by a thick glass barrier.

The guards escort a PRISONER through the door. A heavysset man in an orange jumpsuit, paunchy and balding. He takes a seat.

On the other side of the barrier waits TOMMY. A few years older than when we last saw him, and a few million dollars richer. At least judging from that suit he's wearing.

PRISONER

Tommy boy. Starting to think you forgot all about me.

TOMMY

Mr. Capone.

And now we recognize the prisoner. AL CAPONE himself. He glances over Tommy's shoulder, nods curtly.

AL CAPONE / PRISONER

Not to tell you your business or nothing, but you might wanna take care of them screws first.

We PAN OVER Tommy to reveal that at least 20 PRISON GUARDS are gathered behind Tommy, pointing their rifles at the back of his head. Most of them look scared out of their minds.

TOMMY

I'm not here to "bust you out."
This is a professional courtesy.

Capone's smile falters.

AL CAPONE

The hell you talking about?

TOMMY

You should stay where you are.

AL CAPONE

Stay where...? Tommy! Come on, quit
playing, get me outta here!

TOMMY

You're not listening. There's
nothing for you out there. Not
anymore.

AL CAPONE

You unbelievable shit! Where's
Frank? Does he know you're here?

TOMMY

Frank's dead.

Capone blinks. He leans forward, voice dropping a register.

AL CAPONE

You think just 'cuz I'm stuck in
here, I can't get to you? Huh?

TOMMY

Threats from a fat man in orange
pajamas. You don't scare me, Mr.
Capone. You wouldn't even know
where to begin.

Tommy turns away without another word. Capone calls after
him, banging his fist against the glass--

AL CAPONE

Tommy! TOMMY!

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE on Tommy's face. His eyes are closed. In the
background, we hear soldiers SCREAMING in German. The rattle
and thump of heavy weaponry, explosions in the distance.

A symphony of death.

The memories are CUT OFF ABRUPTLY as Tommy opens his eyes--

EXT. STREETS OF WASHINGTON - DAY

Tommy is seated in the back of an open town car, following a parade down Pennsylvania Avenue. Hundreds of screaming spectators line the parade route.

Tommy waves to his fans. He's clad in a starched blue Army dress uniform. Flanked by a military honor guard.

Everywhere he looks, people are cheering his name.

He's a hero. The man who killed Adolf Hitler.

FX: **WASHINGTON D.C., 1940**

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - SHORT TIME LATER

Flashbulbs explode like artillery shells. Crowds of adoring fans. Signs and banners held aloft.

Harrigan stands on the erected dais in the center of the lawn, surrounded by military brass. Looking uncomfortable as the flashbulbs continue to erupt from the crowd below.

Tommy clasps the hand of PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT. The President shakes it energetically, smiling the whole time.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

You did a hell of a thing for your country, son.

TOMMY

It's not my country anymore. Sir.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

Just smile for the damn camera.

FLASH! Several BLACK-AND-WHITE PHOTOS of Tommy with the President...receiving a commendation...waving to the crowd...

The final photo shows Tommy shaking Harrigan's hand.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

The ceremony has just ended. Tommy descends the dais, heading straight for the crowd of reporters. The flashbulbs are blinding. A dozen questions shouted all at once--

Behind him, Harrigan and Norris watch uneasily.

NORRIS
What's he doing?

HARRIGAN
I don't know.

Tommy reaches the reporters. Holds up his hands for silence.

TOMMY
I have a message. For the
scientists. The philosophers. The
true artists of the world.
(beat)
New Chicago is waiting for you.

Back on the dais, Norris doesn't like what he's hearing.

NORRIS
Cut him off.

HARRIGAN
I don't think I--

NORRIS
Just do it!

Back to Tommy. Speaking directly to the reporters. A message that will be broadcast across the entire globe.

TOMMY
There are those who seek to stand
in the way of progress. Your
governments. Corporations.
Churches. Because they're afraid of
us. Of what we can accomplish.

Harrigan hurries toward the reporters--

TOMMY
That ends now. With your help, we
can build a safe haven for those
who dare to dream of a better
world. All that's missing is you.

His message delivered, Tommy turns away, ignoring the barrage of questions.

EXT. CHICAGO OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Chaos. The clamor of car horns. Hundreds of automobiles hopelessly gridlocked in an attempt to escape the city.

Chicago is emptying out. Its residents fleeing *en masse*.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - DAY

Families piling their belongings into trucks. Others have abandoned their cars altogether and scurry down the sidewalk on foot.

Crashing waves of humanity. People jostling and shouting. Tempers boiling over, fights erupting in the street.

A child sits on an abandoned stoop, sobbing inconsolably.

A looter heaves a brick through the window of a store.

Teenage lovers embrace before the boy is dragged away by his parents. The girl cries out after him.

An elderly couple watches from a second story window, holding each other tightly. The old man draws the blinds.

And still the crowd surges onward.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

A gloved hand SMASHES a glass display case and begins scooping necklaces into a bag.

Three men are looting a high-end jewelry store. We recognize Vic Francis and John Nelly. The third man is FRANCO DONELLI.

Outside, a fleeing figure dashes past the store. In the distance we hear shouts, mingled with the occasional gunshot.

Nelly plucks a diamond ring, holds it up to the light.

NELLY

Hey, Vic. Guess how much this rock goes for.

DONELLI

You two wanna hurry it up?

Donelli stuffs another handful into his bag, turns...

And finds Tommy standing in the doorway. His eyes blazing.

DONELLI

Boss! Hey.

TOMMY

What is this?

DONELLI
 Christmas shopping! Gotta start
 early, right?

Tommy's expression remains stony. Donelli quickly sobers up.

DONELLI
 We figured you'd want us to get
 this stuff. Before someone else.

TOMMY
 People are dying out there.
 Stabbing each other over a loaf of
 bread. And you're *shopping*.

DONELLI
 Tommy, c'mon, it was a joke--

TOMMY
 Vic. You're now Head of Security.

DONELLI
 (tries to smile)
 What, I'm getting demoted?

Without even looking, Tommy reaches out and seizes Donelli by the throat. SNAPS HIS NECK.

Vic Francis stares in horror as Donelli's body crumples.

TOMMY
 (quietly)
 Vic. Did you hear me?

Francis swallows hard. Drops his bag of loot, straightens up.

FRANCIS
 I won't let you down, Tommy.

Francis and Nelly hurry past, leaving Tommy alone in the ruined store. Sirens echoing in the distance.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

A spacious penthouse overlooking the Chicago skyline. Tommy stands before the window. Vic hovers in the background.

TOMMY
 I've never seen it so dark.

Most of the city appears to be without power. No lights visible from any of the skyscrapers. No lights at all.

TOMMY

How many did we lose?

FRANCIS

Still waiting on the final census,
but we're looking at about a 90
percent loss. Give or take.

TOMMY

90 percent. In one week.

(beat)

No one's coming, are they?

FRANCIS

You gotta give folks time.

TOMMY

We can't feed them. Keep them safe.
We can't even keep the lights on.

He stares out across the deserted city. Wondering how it all
went so wrong, so fast.

TOMMY

They never even gave me a chance.

INT. TOMMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Again we skip forward in time. Tommy has been running New
Chicago for several years now. Watching his city slip away.

FX: 1945

Harrigan slides his bishop across the battered chessboard.
Hesitates before taking his fingers off the piece.

Tommy merely raises an eyebrow. Daring him.

Harrigan sighs, returns the bishop to its original position.

TOMMY

I didn't say anything.

HARRIGAN

You didn't have to.

(beat)

I ever tell you, the guys back at
the office, they got a pool going
on you? Whether you can fly or not.
Up to a hundred bucks.

Tommy glares at him. This is obviously a well-worn topic.

TOMMY

And that's why I own six cars.

HARRIGAN

Hell, I dunno, maybe you don't wanna freak people out.

TOMMY

I told you. I can't fly.

HARRIGAN

Yeah, well, no offense, but I got ten bucks in the pot, so I'm gonna tell 'em you were bouncing off the walls like Peter Pan.

That earns a faint smile. Then Tommy grows serious once more.

TOMMY

I need a favor. Qualen Industries. They're leaning on the unions again. Blocking supply routes. If I lose those trucks, the riots are going to start all over again.

Harrigan moves his knight. Instantly Tommy counters, his castle ripping through Harrigan's left defensive flank.

TOMMY

Should have stuck with the bishop.

HARRIGAN

This right here? This is why people don't like you.

TOMMY

Qualen Industries holds a number of defense contracts. Ones it can't afford to lose. The right word in the right ear...

HARRIGAN

And you think, what, I'm your guy?

TOMMY

You are my Bureau liaison. I need those trucks running.

HARRIGAN

Yeah. Be a real shame if this place turned into a dump.

TOMMY

Do you want to know how I spend my days? The power department won't keep the lights on without a security detail. The guards won't show up for work unless they have some place to unwind after. The bars won't stay open unless they've got supply lines from the outside. And we can't even *contact* those suppliers unless the power department does its job in the first place.

HARRIGAN

Bureaucracy's a hell of thing. You gonna put me in check or what?

TOMMY

Harrigan. I'm not blind. I know things are bad, I know that. But you have to believe me: I can fix this. I just need more time.

INT. TOMMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tommy lies awake in bed, staring up at the ceiling. Flanked by two beautiful women, fast asleep on either side.

FX: 1946

He slides out of bed, moves to the window. Moonlight glinting off his perfectly formed body.

The Chicago skyline stretches before him, rising into the night like blades. Not a single electric light in sight.

Only darkness.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Tommy wanders down the deserted corridor. Six years of neglect has reduced this grand old building to a shell of its former self. A carpet of dust underfoot.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Tommy drifts through his former apartment. Nothing has been touched or removed since he lived here as a child.

The electric train set. The model airplanes dangling from the ceiling on wires, spinning lazily.

Something SQUEAKS underfoot. His old plastic toy dinosaur. Tommy turns it in his hands. Lovingly runs his fingers along the creature's stubby plastic teeth.

He kneels there in the darkness. The single most powerful man in the entire world.

Alone.

INT. TOMMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Tommy sifts through paperwork while arguing into the phone.

TOMMY

--isn't a negotiation. Listen, then
put a few of them on sanitation
detail, see how they like that--

Moe Shannon knocks on the door. Grinning like a goon.

MOE

Boss. 'Scuse me, sorry. There's a
girl asking for you.

Moe mimes an impressive pair of breasts, raises his eyebrows.

TOMMY

Tell her I'm busy.

MOE

You sure? This girl--

TOMMY

I said no.

Moe shrugs, turns away. And that's when Tommy catches a glimpse of the woman waiting in the hallway beyond.

LILY DAVERS. Her clothes may be shabby and threadbare, and who knows when she had her last real meal, but we'd recognize those eyes anywhere. Those unforgettable, luminous eyes.

TOMMY

Send her in.

Tommy hangs up the phone as Moe ushers the woman inside.

Tommy looks her up and down with a critical eye. Lily weathers his gaze with an air of quiet dignity.

TOMMY

Do we have a name?

LILY

Lily, sir. Lily Davers.

TOMMY

And what can I do for you?

LILY

Wouldn't say no to a hot meal.

TOMMY

This isn't a soup kitchen, Miss Davers. You want rations, you can join a work detail like everyone else. Can you sew? Cook?

(She shakes her head.)

What about a broom? Think you can figure that out?

LILY

If it comes to that.

TOMMY

You don't like it, there's always recreation. Entertaining the men.

LILY

I can play piano. Mostly classical--

TOMMY

Not that kind of entertaining.

Lily's expression darkens.

LILY

I'm no whore.

TOMMY

Clearly. Whores work for their money.

LILY

And I'm not here for a job interview.

TOMMY

Then why?

Her gaze is penetrating, a little unnerving. Tommy shifts in his seat. Not quite able to pin this girl down.

LILY
I wanted to see for myself. What
folks say about you. If it's true.

TOMMY
And what do they say?

But she only smiles ruefully. Then turns away.

LILY
Sorry to waste your time.

Tommy stares after her. For once, he's at a loss for words.
But just as she reaches for the door handle--

TOMMY
Wait.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Once upon a time, this was the classiest restaurant in town.
Now it remains in operation for a single customer.

A waiter glides over to where Tommy and Lily are seated,
refills their wine. The other tables remain empty.

Lily wolfs down her pasta. Tommy watches her attack the meal,
charmed. He takes a small bite of steak, savoring it.

LILY
You know some folks, they say you
don't eat...?

TOMMY
I eat because I enjoy it. Not
because I have to.

LILY
So you don't get hungry?

TOMMY
No.

She studies him, her expression pensive.

LILY
That's kinda sad.

TOMMY
Sad?

LILY

Food tastes better when you're hungry. How are you supposed to appreciate something if you don't even notice when it's gone?

TOMMY

Says the girl who hasn't tasted a single bite of that pasta.

LILY

(a sheepish grin)
Yeah, well. It's been a while.

TOMMY

How long is a while?

LILY

Since the beginning.

TOMMY

Six years without food rations?

LILY

It wasn't so bad at first. Matthew-- that's my brother--he got pretty good at finding stuff. We even had hot water there for a bit.

TOMMY

And where's Matthew now?

LILY

We heard there was a man selling milk, down on Lasalle. The real stuff, not the powdered kind. Matty went to check it out.

She shrugs. Doesn't need to finish the sentence.

TOMMY

You could have left.

LILY

Oh, trust me, I thought about it. I'm still thinking about it.

TOMMY

What stopped you?

LILY

(shrugs)
Some things are worth fighting for.

On Tommy, considering this.

EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD - LATE NIGHT

Wrigley Field as it stood in the late 1940s. The hallowed stadium has been deserted for years now. Trash strewn everywhere. Banners leached of color by the sun.

Despite all that, it's still a magical place. Tommy guides Lily onto the field. Grinning at her wide-eyed reaction.

TOMMY

My uncle Frank used to bring me here on weekends. Back when they were still the Staleys.

Lily turns in a slow circle. An infinite field of stars glittering high overhead.

LILY

You know what I always forget? How in the old days, you couldn't even see the stars.

Tommy watches her. Intrigued, but still a little wary.

TOMMY

When you came to the office. You said you wanted to see for yourself. What people were saying about me. Were they right?

Her smile fades. She gazes at him for a slow, measured beat.

LILY

I don't know yet.

TOMMY

What do they say?

LILY

That you're not human.

Tommy's face is a mask. Only the slightest flinch betrays him. How much that hurt.

TOMMY

But you haven't made up your mind.

LILY

Mmm. No.
(She starts walking.)

LILY (CONT'D)

You're smart. Handsome. You don't seem cruel. I like talking to you.

TOMMY

But.

She stops, spreads her arms to the ruined stadium.

LILY

But then I look around.

TOMMY

Do you want to know why I signed the Treaty? Because I looked around and saw a world run by sparrows.

LILY

Sparrows.

TOMMY

They're not an indigenous species, most people don't know that. An Englishman in New York released eight pairs into the wild. Before that, they didn't exist on this continent.

(beat)

But here's the problem: sparrows are nasty little things. They breed too fast, they eat what doesn't belong to them, they invade other birds' nests and murder their young. They consume and they kill and that's all they do. So the sparrows came along and wiped out most of the songbirds. But the songbirds were the only thing keeping the insect population in check. So now the bugs are running wild: introducing new diseases, ruining entire harvests, we're talking plagues and famines that cost thousands of lives. All from eight pairs of sparrows. Because an Englishman thought they were pretty.

LILY

So we're all just sparrows.

TOMMY

No. Just the ones in charge.

LILY

And you taking over the city is,
what? Altruism?

TOMMY

No, it's me dragging our entire
species kicking and screaming up
the evolutionary ladder.

(takes a step closer)

I have an IQ that can't be measured
because there's no one smart enough
to write the tests. I don't get
tired and I don't feel pain and I'm
sick of being the only one who
knows what that's like. So maybe
I'm not human. You tell me.

Now he's towering over her. But Lily gazes back, fearless.

LILY

You know what I think? I think
people choose to be alone.

She leans in closer. Until they're practically touching.

LILY

Maybe you should stop looking so
hard for a reason.

Lily brushes her lips against his. A fleeting kiss, but it's
electric. Unlike anything Tommy's ever experienced.

She smiles mischievously as she turns away.

LILY

Hell of a first date.

We CRANE AWAY from the pair as they cross the field together.

Until we reach the stadium's bleachers, high overhead.

Where a LONE FIGURE stands silhouetted against the night sky.

Without warning, the figure wheels away. His duster flutters
like a cape. Light reflecting off his silver mask.

Erinyes has arrived in Chicago.

INT. TOMMY'S OFFICE - DAY - MONTAGE

Tommy guides Lily into his office. Her eyes are closed. He
steps back with a flourish, revealing--

A BABY GRAND PIANO in the corner of the room.

Lily takes a seat. Tests the keys. Glances up at Tommy, suddenly shy. He gives an encouraging nod.

And Lily begins to play.

The MUSIC--which carries through the rest of this montage--is by turns uplifting and haunting. A tapestry of love and loss.

INT. DARKENED ROOM - MONTAGE

Erinyes slips a pair of silenced pistols into his belt.

Straps studded leather gauntlets over his forearms.

Slides that featureless silver mask into place.

INT. TOMMY'S OFFICE - MONTAGE

Tommy takes Lily's hand, guides her to her feet. They begin a slow waltz, moving as one. She rests her head against his shoulder. He holds her close. Breathing her in.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT - MONTAGE

Ugly graffiti splashed across a concrete wall.

ERINYES IS COMING

EXT. LINCOLN PARK - DAY - MONTAGE

The leaves are changing; canopies of green giving way to shades of burnt umber. Tommy and Lily walk hand-in-hand through the empty park, talking and laughing.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - MONTAGE

A pair of goons unloading cases of whiskey from the trunk of a car. A sound catches their attention. They turn--

Just as Erinyes steps out of the shadows and OPENS FIRE.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - MONTAGE

Locked in an embrace. Tumbling backwards onto the bed. Lily's hands tugging at Tommy's shirt, pulling it free. Her breath hot against his neck. Back arched in pleasure.

INT. MANSION - DAY - MONTAGE

Lily is back at the piano. But now the melody turns somber. Until it's practically a dirge.

In the next room, she can see Tommy conversing with his lieutenants. Hammering the desk, pacing like a cat.

Erinyes has struck again.

Finally Tommy notices Lily. He offers her a small, absent smile. Then closes the office door.

INT. TOMMY'S STUDY - MONTAGE

Lily unlocks the door to Tommy's old study. She stops dead in her tracks, eyes widening in wonderment--

The centerpiece of the room is a MASSIVE DIORAMA OF CHICAGO.

But this is Chicago as Tommy once imagined it. Gleaming white skyscrapers. Monorails zipping through town on elevated rails. Zeppelins hovering overhead. A self-sustaining utopia.

The walls are covered with blueprints, concept art, renderings of the city of the future. So much failed promise.

But a thick coat of DUST covers every surface of the room. No one has been in here for a very long time.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - MONTAGE

A shaft of pale moonlight plays across the room. Briefly illuminating Lily's sleeping form. She's alone in the bed.

As the MUSIC FADES, we reveal Tommy, watching her sleep. His expression deeply troubled. He glances down once more at the object in his hand...

A black-and-white SURVEILLANCE PHOTO of Lily. The picture was taken at long-range; Lily is laughing and unaware.

A set of crimson CROSSHAIRS have been drawn around her head.

For the first time in his life, Tommy has something to lose.

INT. TOMMY'S OFFICE / HALLWAY - DAY

Tommy paces, frustrated.

TOMMY

I already have security--

HARRIGAN

You've got dopes playing dress-up with their daddy's guns. These men are Bureau trained and field-certified. You wanna keep this girl safe? You need professionals.

Behind Harrigan stand the three junior agents: Conrad, Phelps and Creery. Their expressions stunned.

And no, you're not crazy; we've seen this all before. This is the scene from page 14, now shot from Tommy's perspective.

TOMMY

Thank you.

HARRIGAN

I'm not doing this for you.

TOMMY

All the same.

Tommy watches as Conrad stops Harrigan at the door.

CONRAD

Sir. My wife...

HARRIGAN

Sooner you stop this guy, the sooner you come home.

Harrigan exits, leaving the three junior agents behind.

A tense beat as Tommy evaluates the new conscripts.

TOMMY

You'll work in shifts. I want around-the-clock protection on Miss Davers. You will keep her safe, or you'll answer to me. Are we clear?

CONRAD

Yes, sir.

Tommy brushes past them. Heads down the corridor--

He pauses at the balcony railing. In the foyer below, Agent Harrigan is talking with Lily.

LILY

He's not what you think. He's a good man.

Tommy watches from above. Strangely touched by her faith.

LILY

I know it's not my place, I know that. But he could really use a friend right now.

HARRIGAN

Well then. Good thing he's got you.
(tips his hat)
Miss Davers.

After Harrigan departs, Lily turns back. Notices Tommy standing there and offers him a small, tired smile.

Tommy smiles back. Trying to hide how worried he really is.

INT. TOMMY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ANGLE on a map of New Chicago spread across Tommy's desk. Tommy's finger traces a twisting route through the city.

TOMMY (O.S.)

The supply truck, that's our Judas goat. We bring the convoy up Lake Shore, then send the truck into this cul-de-sac, here. There's no way out. If he's watching, that's where he'll make his move.

Vic Francis and John Nelly listen intently, bobbing their heads like circus seals.

TOMMY

I want snipers on the roofs here, here and over here--

He's interrupted by a KNOCK at the door. Agent Creery enters, looking apologetic. Carrying a paper parcel in his hands.

CREERY

Found this out front.

TOMMY

You find a strange package and you just bring it into my home?

CREERY

It's not a bomb or nothing. The
guys downstairs made sure.

TOMMY

Give it here.

Creery places the package on the desk. Tommy removes the lid.
His brow furrows. *What the hell...?*

He removes a small, rectangular object from inside--

A BATTERED, MILITARY-GRADE FIELD RADIO.

FRANCIS

Whazzat? Some kinda radio...?

Tommy CLICKS the power button. The radio hums to life--

Suddenly we hear a SHARP, BRITTLE CRACK! Like a twig being
snapped in half. Tommy turns in his chair--

Revealing that a SMALL HOLE has just appeared in the bay
window behind him. No larger than a quarter.

Tommy frowns. Glances back--

Just in time to see Agent Creery swaying drunkenly on his
feet. A red stain spreading across his chest.

Creery is dead before he even hits the floor.

NELLY

Shit!

Francis and Nelly bolt from their seats...but they're
interrupted by a sudden BLAST OF STATIC from the radio.

OMINOUS VOICE (O.S.)

Tell your men. They move, they die.

FRANCIS

Boss...?

Tommy nods slightly, and they sink back into their chairs.

OMINOUS VOICE (O.S.)

That's better.

With exaggerated care, Tommy turns back to the window--

TOMMY'S POV: A figure is crouched atop a highrise building a
few hundred yards away. Little more than a speck silhouetted
against the night sky.

TOMMY

Erinyes.

Now we INTERCUT WITH--

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Erinyes peers through the scope of a bolt-action SPRINGFIELD M1903A4 SNIPER RIFLE. An identical field radio at his side.

ERINYES

I want you to listen to me very carefully. You're going to leave Chicago. Tonight. And you're never coming back.

Tommy regards the distant figure for a long, thoughtful beat.

TOMMY

No.

ERINYES

(instantly)
Your call.

BOOM! John Nelly is lifted out of his chair as another deafening GUNSHOT rings out. Nelly's body slams lifelessly to the floor, one leg still twitching.

Erinyes is already chambering another round. His crosshairs are now centered over Vic's heart.

ERINYES

What do you say, Tommy? I can do this all night.

TOMMY

I say go ahead.

Francis moans miserably.

FRANCIS

Aw, Jesus...

TOMMY

Because the second you pull that trigger, there's nothing keeping me in this chair.

ERINYES

I'm counting on it.

FRANCIS

Tommy! Come on, it's me!

ERINYES

I want you to remember this. That I gave you the chance to call this off. Because somewhere out there, there's something you do care about. And I'm gonna find it, and I'm gonna take it from you.

And at that moment, *the exact worst possible moment*, the office door opens and Lily steps through.

LILY

Tommy? I heard someone--

TOMMY

LILY, GET DOWN!

Lily sees the bodies on the floor and freezes, her eyes widening. Tommy starts to rise from his chair--

ERINYES

MOVE AND SHE DIES!

He has no choice. Tommy reluctantly takes his seat once more.

ERINYES

Tell her to be still. TELL HER!

TOMMY

Just...stay where you are.
Everything's gonna be okay.

When Erinyes speaks again, he sounds almost amused.

ERINYES

Well, what do you know. Told you I'd find something.

ERINYES' POV: The CROSSHAIRS of the sniper rifle are now centered directly over Lily's heart.

ERINYES

So I'll ask you one more time. Pick a direction and start walking, I don't care where. Because the alternative, the only alternative, is you get to watch this girl die.

Tommy meets Lily's gaze. Sees the terror in her eyes.

LILY

Tommy...?

The beat drags out. Tommy staring at Lily in helpless anguish. When he speaks again, his voice is very quiet.

TOMMY

I have a counter offer.

(beat)

Ten seconds.

ERINYES

Ten seconds.

TOMMY

That's the head start I'm giving you.

ERINYES

Generous. I'll pass.

TOMMY

You shouldn't. You know how fast the average person can run? Ten, maybe thirteen miles an hour. I can do twenty-eight.

ERINYES

In that case, I'm already dead.

TOMMY

Not if you were smart enough to have a car waiting. Ten seconds, that's the difference between you reaching that car and me reaching you.

Lily watches Tommy with growing despair. Realizing this man will never give in. Not even to save her life.

ERINYES

Time's up, Tommy. What's it gonna be?

TOMMY

Five seconds.

Erinyes says nothing. Tommy continues to count down, keeping his gaze fixed on Lily the entire time.

TOMMY

Four. Three.

LILY

Tommy...

Erinyes exhales slowly, steadying his aim--

TOMMY

Two.

(beat)

One.

Lily closes her eyes.

Now things happen fast.

Tommy ERUPTS from his chair, pivoting, his arm a blur--

Erinyes fires. The recoil kicking the rifle against his shoulder, the report echoing like a whipcrack--

And then only silence.

Erinyes raises the rifle's scope to his eye once more--

And finds Tommy standing at the window, staring back at him.

Slowly, Tommy opens his fist. The FLATTENED SLUG clatters to the floor. He caught the fucking bullet.

ERINYES

(softly)

That's impossible.

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS / ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

And now the chase is on.

Tommy hurls himself through the shattered window. Hits the ground already running. His legs a blur.

Erinyes drops the sniper rifle, races across the rooftop--

Without slowing down, Erinyes snaps a steel clip onto a ZIP LINE CABLE and leaps fearlessly over the side--

At the same time, TOMMY LAUNCHES HIMSELF SKYWARD--

The handheld clip SCREAMS against the steel cable, leaving a trail of cascading sparks as Erinyes picks up speed--

CRUNCH! Tommy lands on the rooftop like a mortar shell--That's when twenty-five pounds of PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES scattered across the roof DETONATE SIMULTANEOUSLY.

The fireball blossoms white-hot against the sky, swallowing Tommy whole--

The zip line cable stretches the length of almost three city blocks. By the time Erinyes reaches the ground, he's traveling at least twenty miles an hour--

He hits the ground in a smooth combat roll. Then he's on his feet again, sprinting for his life--

A BLAZING SILHOUETTE launches itself from the rooftop inferno. Tommy plummets toward the ground like a meteorite, his clothes burning, landing in a graceful crouch--

But Erinyes has already reached a BLACK SEDAN, its engine idling. No time for doors; he hurls himself onto the roof of the car just as it takes off--

ERINYES

GO! GO!

Tommy charges after them, a streak of orange fire, bounding over cars, his feet barely seeming to touch the ground--

On the roof of the speeding sedan, Erinyes glances back--

Tommy is quickly gaining on them--

Erinyes pulls a HANDHELD RADIO DETONATOR from his belt--

Tommy is only seconds away--

The sedan screams past a parked GAS TANKER--

Just as Tommy reaches the tanker, Erinyes hits the button--

WHOOOOOM! The tanker EXPLODES, a brilliant orange fireball that lifts Tommy off his feet, SLAMMING him sideways straight through the nearest building!

The sedan skids around the next corner and disappears from sight, carrying Erinyes with it.

Seconds later, Tommy claws his way out of the rubble, singed and covered with dust but otherwise unharmed. He looks around, chest heaving, eyes alight with fury...

But the sedan is already gone.

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS - LATER

The damaged highrise building continues to burn, a candle against the night sky.

Tommy trudges up the path leading to the mansion. Guards hurry past, on their way to help put out the fire. Tommy ignores them all. Only one thing matters.

INT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Lily.

He finds her in the bathroom, curled in a ball, knees against her chest, trembling all over. She won't even look at him.

He takes a seat beside her. Gently pulls her onto his lap. Cradling her in his powerful arms.

TOMMY
(whispering)
It's all right. It's all right.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lily lies in bed, awake but unresponsive. Tommy adjusts the blanket over her. Brushes her hair aside.

TOMMY
You know I would never let anything happen to you.
(She says nothing.)
I calculated the path of the bullet. From the roof to the window. That's how I knew.

LILY
This time.

TOMMY
There won't be a next time.

She doesn't respond. Won't even turn to face him.

TOMMY
Maybe...maybe you should leave town. Just until it's safe.

LILY
Come with me.

TOMMY
You know I can't.

Tommy waits. But she doesn't speak again.

INT. TOMMY'S OFFICE - DAY - MONTAGE

A reverse shot of the scene from page 31. Tommy at the piano. Harrigan steps over the bloodstains on the carpet.

The PIANO MELODY carries through the next several scenes--

EXT. CITY STREET - MONTAGE

Harrigan stands on the street, surveying the aftermath of Tommy's chase with Erinyes. The charred husk of the gas tanker. The crumbling façade of the demolished building.

Harrigan shakes his head. *Jesus.*

Things are spiraling out of control.

EXT. NEW CHICAGO SKYLINE - DAY/NIGHT - MONTAGE

Days flash past. Perhaps a week. Burnt skies giving way to purple nights as the sun rises and falls in ACCELERATED TIME.

A rooftop overlooking the city. Erinyes crouches on the ledge. His black duster fluttering softly in the wind.

The piano melody becomes a BROKEN, DISCORDANT JANGLE. As those final notes linger in the air, Erinyes whirls away.

Night has fallen. It's time to go to work.

INT. ALLEY - MORNING - MONTAGE

And as the sun rises over New Chicago, another gruesome discovery awaits. Tommy stands over an automobile riddled with BULLET HOLES. Two dead gangsters inside. A Rorschach of blood blooms across the cracked windshield.

We PUSH IN on Tommy's face. Agony and anger. Indecision and regret. Knowing things are only going to get worse.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Conrad stands watch outside Lily's room. He straightens in a hurry as Tommy comes around the corner.

TOMMY

How is she?

CONRAD

Hasn't left the room.

TOMMY

Take the rest of the night off.
I'll stay with her.

Tommy hesitates at the door. Glances back.

TOMMY

I'm...sorry about your friend.
Agent Creery.

CONRAD

I appreciate that.

TOMMY

Was he...did he have kids?

CONRAD

Boy and a girl.

Tommy nods heavily. Two more names on his conscience.

TOMMY

Can I ask you something? What would
you do?

CONRAD

Sir?

TOMMY

If someone came after the people
you loved.

Conrad stares at him uncertainly. Then finds his courage.

CONRAD

I'd kill the son of a bitch. Sir.

TOMMY

You act like I haven't tried.
(Conrad hesitates.)
What?

CONRAD

It's just...the men are talking.

TOMMY

And what are they saying?

Conrad swallows hard.

CONRAD

They're saying...they're saying
this guy's got you spooked.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Scared to leave the house. And that
people are just gonna keep dying.
Sir.

Tommy stares at him for a dangerous beat. But his anger never surfaces. Because deep down, he knows Conrad is right.

He turns away without another word.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tommy enters the darkened bedroom. Lily sits by the window, staring out across the city.

He approaches her from behind. Wraps his arms around her, pulling her close. A soft kiss on the side of her neck.

Lily doesn't react. Her mind a million miles away.

EXT. BARRACKS - LATE NIGHT

The barracks that Tommy's men call home.

INT. BARRACKS - CONRAD'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Conrad has just returned to his quarters. He kneels on the floor, rummaging through his footlocker.

Behind him, the window swings open.

A pair of black leather boots step softly to the floor.

The curtains flutter. Conrad finally notices, turns--

Just as Erinyes steps out of the shadows, pistol in hand.

We SMASH CUT AWAY, the gunshots still ringing in our ears.

INT. BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Tommy lowers Lily onto the bed. His hands tracing the contours of her body. Caressing her, whispering gentle words.

The woman he loves is still in there somewhere. All he needs to do is reach her.

But when he leans in for a kiss, she turns away. Tommy finally notices that her cheeks are streaked with tears.

TOMMY
 What's wrong?
 (No response.)
 Did something happen?

When Lily finally speaks, her voice is very faint:

LILY
 It wasn't supposed to be like this.

INT. BARRACKS - CONRAD'S QUARTERS - SIMULTANEOUS

Erinyes attaches a copper wire to several bricks of PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES. Wiring the whole place to blow.

INT. BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Lily sits up in bed, takes Tommy's face in her hands.

LILY
 If I asked you to leave, leave the
 city, tonight, right now--

TOMMY
 We talked about this--

LILY
 Don't say no, don't say anything,
 just come with me--

TOMMY
 Lily--

LILY
 (blurting it out)
They're going to kill you!

Silence. Her words hanging in the air.

TOMMY
 What did you do?

She takes his hand. Trying to find the right words.

LILY
 I didn't want this. You have to
 believe me, I never wanted it--

TOMMY
 (jerking his hand away)
 WHAT DID YOU DO?

But before she can answer, the window behind them flares bright orange. An instant later we hear a distant RUMBLE.

Tommy is on his feet in a flash. A few blocks away, a massive fireball is rising against the night sky.

TOMMY

That's the barracks.

LILY

Tommy--

Lily reaches for him, frantic, imploring. But Tommy only has eyes for the fire on the horizon.

This is it. His chance to end this fight once and for all.

He brushes past Lily. The door slams shut behind him.

EXT. BARRACKS - MOMENTS LATER

The barracks have been decimated. Tongues of orange flame rising skyward. Injured gangsters hobbling past.

Tommy skids to a halt, staring in disbelief at the devastation before him.

INT. MANSION - SIMULTANEOUS

Except we already know what's happening back at the mansion.

Erinyes pivots around the corner, silenced pistols in hand.
THWIP! THWIP! The guards topple to the ground.

Erinyes takes the stairs two at a time.

EXT. BARRACKS - SIMULTANEOUS

Back at the barracks, chaos reigns. Men are still stumbling out of the inferno, clothing and hair ablaze.

Tommy turns in a slow circle, scanning the rooftops. No sign of Erinyes. Which means this was a distraction.

And too late, he understands his mistake.

TOMMY

Lily.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY / BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Vic Francis fumbles desperately for his gun--

FRANCIS

Wait--

SHHHINNK! Erinyes slams his retractable gauntlet blade into Francis's stomach without even slowing down.

Lets the bedroom door swing open.

Lily turns to face him.

INT. MANSION GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER

The mansion is silent. We hear a sudden RUSH of air, then Tommy lands on the lawn with enough force to form a CRATER in the soft earth. He sprints for the house.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Tommy bursts through the front door. But there are no guards to greet him; the mansion appears deserted.

TOMMY

LILY?

Corpses litter the ground. The floor slick with blood. The smell of cordite still thick in the air. *He's too late.*

TOMMY

LILY!

He races up the stairs. Past Vic Francis's body. Wrenches open the bedroom door--

But the room is empty.

Lily is gone.

INT. MANSION - DAY/DUSK

Tommy sits in the parlor, head bowed, motionless.

Time moves around him at an ACCELERATED RATE. The sun rising to its zenith before plunging back down. Tommy's men flickering through the frame like ghosts.

And still Tommy doesn't move a muscle.

HARRIGAN (O.S.)

Tommy?

Harrigan sinks heavily into the nearest chair. Mops his brow.

HARRIGAN

How you holding up?

(Tommy says nothing.)

We're gonna get her back. You know that, right? She's gonna be okay.

Another pregnant silence. Harrigan shifts in his seat.

HARRIGAN

Tommy, come on. Talk to me.

At last Tommy raises his head. There's a hollow resignation in his voice that sends chills right down your spine.

TOMMY

Did I ever tell you my first memory? The very first thing I can remember? It's looking up at my nanny, looking into her eyes, while she held my head underwater. Because somehow this girl, this poor dumb kid, had gotten it in her head that I was the Antichrist. So one night, after dinner, she poured a warm bath, and she said a prayer for us both, and then she wrapped her hands around my neck and spent the next 20 minutes holding me under. I was two years old.

Jesus. Harrigan looks away, sickened.

TOMMY

Do you ever wonder if things could have turned out differently?

HARRIGAN

(finding his voice)

Yeah.

TOMMY

I used to think about that a lot. But then I remember the look in that girl's eyes.

Tommy stands, moves to the window. Gazes out across his city.

TOMMY

I want to negotiate new terms.

HARRIGAN
Terms for what?

TOMMY
The surrender of Chicago.

HARRIGAN
What are you talking about?

TOMMY
Tell your bosses. They can have it
back. Tell them...tell them I never
meant for any of this.

HARRIGAN
(quietly)
What are you gonna do, Tommy?

Tommy doesn't answer. Doesn't need to. The answer is right
there in his eyes.

INT. MANSION - MONTAGE

Tommy wanders through the empty mansion. His soldiers have
all deserted him. Rats scurrying from a sinking ship.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MONTAGE

We recognize this scene. Harrigan confronting Erinyes in the
abandoned warehouse on the outskirts of town.

HARRIGAN
We had him. Do you not get that?
Tommy wanted out!

ERINYES
He doesn't get to walk away. Not
after what he's done.

INT. MANSION - MONTAGE

And finally it's too much. Tommy flies into a rage. Toppling
bookshelves. Flipping the piano. Ripping priceless works of
art from the walls and shredding them.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MONTAGE

Harrigan lets the corner of the tarp fall back into place. We
still don't see whatever is waiting underneath.

HARRIGAN
(whispering)
What have you done?

Harrigan whirls around, furious...only to find that Erinyes is now pointing a pistol right at his chest.

HARRIGAN
Goddamn it, we had a plan!

ERINYES
This was always the plan.

Erinyes fires.

INT. MANSION - MONTAGE

Tommy takes the head off a marble bust of Julius Caesar with a single punch. Lets out a SCREAM of pure anguish.

Exhausted, defeated, he finally sinks to his knees. Chest heaving. Surrounded by the wreckage of his former life.

And that's when the telephone begins to RING.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MONTAGE

Harrigan, motionless, his jacket darkening with blood.

Erinyes steps over the body, approaches the object hidden beneath the tarp. With a flourish, he whips the tarp away--

We see *something* large and metallic reflected in the vigilante's silver mask. We can't quite make out the details.

INT. MANSION - MONTAGE

Tommy takes a steadying breath. Answers the ringing phone.

BREATHING on the other end. A tense moment of silence.

ERINYES (O.S.)
I think it's time we met.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE - SHORT TIME LATER

The warehouse. The site of our final confrontation.

A rush of air. Then Tommy SLAMS into the frame, landing like a mortar shell. He stands, glances around.

Notices Harrigan's empty sedan parked out front.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tommy wrenches open the door and steps into the warehouse.

TOMMY
Harrigan?

Erinyes' mocking voice comes drifting out of the darkness:

ERINYES (O.S.)
Your friend is already dead.

Erinyes steps into view, a few dozen paces away--

Tommy starts forward. Murder in his eyes--

Erinyes immediately extends his arm. He's holding some sort of DETONATOR DEVICE in his hand.

ERINYES
That's close enough.

He cocks his head slightly. Tommy follows his gaze--

And sees Lily, bound and gagged in her chair. They share a brief, anguished look. Then he turns back to Erinyes.

TOMMY
Why are you doing this?

But Erinyes doesn't reply. Too busy savoring the moment.

TOMMY
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

ERINYES
I want you to know how it feels.
When someone takes everything from
you. I want you to know fear.

Slowly, Erinyes reaches up. Pulls his mask aside--

It's impossible. It can't be true. But it is.

Erinyes is Conrad.

CONRAD
And then I want you to die.

And we SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANK - DAY

We return to a familiar scene. Tommy, 24 years old, robbing his very first bank.

FX: CHICAGO, 1934

He slips behind the counter. Approaches the vault's MASSIVE IRON DOOR. Glances around.

TOMMY

Someone gonna open this?

When no one responds, Tommy clutches the vault door and TEARS IT FREE FROM THE WALL. Hurls it over his shoulder--

A sickening CRUNCH as the door lands somewhere offscreen. Several people SCREAM. Tommy ignores them. Enters the vault.

Moments later, Tommy emerges once more, carrying several bulging duffel bags. He starts back across the lobby--

Only then does he notice where the vault door landed.

Or, more specifically, on *whom* it landed.

A woman's purse. A man's pair of suede loafers poking out from beneath the ugly iron rim.

And kneeling beside the door, THE 14 YEAR OLD BOY we glimpsed earlier. Shell-shocked, his face streaked with tears.

Tommy hesitates. The boy raises his eyes, meets Tommy's gaze.

Tommy searches for a way to apologize, to explain that it was an accident. But the words don't come.

Instead he shoulders the duffel bags and continues onward, pushing through the front door and out into the sunlight.

ANGLE on the boy's face. His grief and horror slowly seeping away, replaced by something else. Cold loathing.

Out on the street, we hear the sounds of hell breaking loose. Police opening fire. Glass shattering, bullets ricocheting.

But the boy doesn't flinch. Doesn't even blink.

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE CARD OVER A BLACK SCREEN:

CHAPTER THREE: THE FURIES

MR. STERN (O.S.)
 Conrad? Do you understand
 everything we've told you?

INT. CORPORATE BOARDROOM - DAY

YOUNG CONRAD--the same boy we just met--sits at the end of
 the boardroom table, looking very small indeed.

YOUNG CONRAD
 Yes.

Seated across from him are FOUR OLD MEN in expensive suits.
 MR. STERN, the head lawyer, speaks.

MR. STERN
 In lieu of an actual will, we had
 to make an educated guess regarding
 your parents' wishes. But I think
 you'll be pleased with the results.
 (gestures to the others)
 Mr. Breckinridge will act as
 conservator for Qualen Industries
 until you and Sarah come of age.
 During that time, Mr. Dandish here
 has agreed to serve as your legal
 guardian.

MR. DANDISH
 Think of me as an uncle.

MR. STERN
 Your inheritance and controlling
 shares will be held in escrow under
 the supervision of Mr. Holmes and
 myself. Now, I know that's a lot of
 big words, and you probably have a
 great number of questions--

YOUNG CONRAD
 When can I have my money?

MR. STERN
 Naturally, a portion will be set
 aside for living expenses.

MR. STERN (CONT'D)

The rest will be waiting for you on the day you turn 18.

YOUNG CONRAD

But what if I want it now?

A few of the lawyers exchange smiles. *Just like a child.*

MR. STERN

That's what I'm trying to explain, Conrad. We're here to provide anything you might need. All you have to do is ask.

YOUNG CONRAD

Good. Because I want to learn how to fight.

That wipes the smiles off their faces in a hurry.

MR. DANDISH

If it's a matter of protection--

YOUNG CONRAD

It's not.

MR. STERN

Well. This is...certainly something we can discuss at a later date.

YOUNG CONRAD

No, I think we'll discuss it now.

The boardroom doors open and several well-dressed LAWYERS enter. Silently take their positions behind Conrad's chair.

MR. STERN

What is this?

YOUNG CONRAD

I took the liberty of arranging my own counsel. This company belongs to me. And I will not see it bled dry by greed and incompetence. Mr. Stern. Mr. Breckinridge. Mr. Holmes. Mr. Dandish. Your services are no longer required.

The old men can only stare.

INT. QUALEN PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The Qualen family's spacious penthouse. A servant silently arranges food before Young Conrad.

At the far end of the table sits Conrad's little sister SARAH. She's perhaps six years old, heartbreakingly sad.

Conrad takes a bite. Notices that Sarah is simply picking at her food, shuffling it around the plate.

YOUNG CONRAD
Sarah. You have to eat.

YOUNG SARAH
I want Mom.

YOUNG CONRAD
Mom's dead.

She snuffles, looks away sullenly.

YOUNG SARAH
I want her to come home.

YOUNG CONRAD
Dead means you don't get to come home. You're just dead.

Sarah considers this.

YOUNG SARAH
Does it hurt when you die?

YOUNG CONRAD
Yes.

YOUNG SARAH
Is the bad man in jail?

YOUNG CONRAD
No.

YOUNG SARAH
Dad said if you kill someone, you're supposed to go to jail.

YOUNG CONRAD
A lot of things are supposed to happen. But they don't.

YOUNG SARAH
Why?

Conrad stares across the long table. The first glimmer of obsession burning in his eyes like a fever.

YOUNG CONRAD
Because people are scared.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

The gymnasium alone is probably larger than your entire house. Padded foam floors. Weight racks, balance beams.

Barefoot and wearing loose-fitting robes, Young Conrad practices his striking techniques on a training dummy.

The door opens and GARMAN shambles in. A burly British guy with a shaved head, dense with ropy muscle.

GARMAN
Looking for Mr. Qualen.

YOUNG CONRAD
You must be Mr. Garman.
(shaking his hand)
I understand you're something of an expert when it comes to *baritsu*. I read all about it in Conan Doyle. *The Empty House*, fantastic story. Anyway. Ready to get started?

GARMAN
Started...?

YOUNG CONRAD
With my training.

Garman peers about uncertainly. Is this a joke...?

GARMAN
Guy on the phone didn't say nothing about no kid.

YOUNG CONRAD
And is that going to be a problem for you? Hitting a *kid*?

GARMAN
What, now I'm supposed to hit you?

YOUNG CONRAD
If you want the job.

Garman shakes his head in amusement. Then shrugs.

GARMAN

Hell. It's your dime.

He steps onto the padded mat, circles the boy.

GARMAN

Right, then. First things. *Baritsu*, it's all about momentum. Waiting for the other fella to make his move, then turning it back around--

YOUNG CONRAD

I'm not paying you to talk.

Garman hesitates...then lunges forward, striking with the flat of his palm. But his attack is tentative, half-hearted, already pulling his punch before it lands--

Conrad is faster. He sidesteps, grapples with Garman's wrist even as he slides behind the man and drives a heel into the back of Garman's knee. Garman spills forward onto the mat.

Conrad calmly turns and heads for the door.

YOUNG CONRAD

There will be a car waiting for you out front. Thanks for your time.

GARMAN

Wait.

Garman heaves himself to his feet. All jocularly has dropped away; his face has become a stony mask.

The two opponents study each other in silence.

Then Garman attacks. And this time he doesn't hold back. A flurry of strikes and leg sweeps, driving Conrad backward across the mat, faster and faster--

WHUMP! One of Garman's blows finally connects, catching Conrad right in the chest. Conrad goes flying backwards. Skids across the mat, flat on his back.

Garman stops immediately. *Shit. Please don't be dead.*

Conrad coughs, sits up. Wincing as he massages his chest. He climbs unsteadily to his feet, swaying a bit.

Then takes his fighting stance once more.

YOUNG CONRAD

Now show me how you did that.

Garman grins.

INT. QUALEN PENTHOUSE - MONTAGE

Sarah sits at the piano, plunking out a HALTING, CHILDLIKE MELODY THAT CARRIES THROUGHOUT THIS MONTAGE--

We see Young Conrad training with Garman. His form already more confident, his attacks surgical in their precision.

But that's only one aspect of his training--

IN THE GYM: Free weights and gymnastic practice. Push-ups, sit-ups, lunges. Agility exercises on the balance beam.

AT THE SHOOTING RANGE: Conrad hefts a comically large pistol. Takes aim at the paper targets. Fires.

As the years blur past, the piano melody becomes confident, faster, more percussive. Until it almost sounds military in nature. Like a march to war.

Conrad is no longer a boy. Childish fat giving way to layers of lean muscle. This is the ADULT CONRAD we already know.

IN THE GYM: Sparring with a Japanese teacher, dueling with bo staffs. He disarms the teacher with brutal efficiency.

IN THE BOARDROOM: Chastising a roomful of executives. Laying out his plans for the future of Qualen Industries.

IN THE GYM: Attacking the speed bags, a blur of motion. Hoisting a stack of plates on the bench press. Suspending his body between the parallel bars.

He's honing his body past the point of any Olympic athlete.

Transforming himself into a living, breathing weapon.

INT. QUALEN PENTHOUSE - DAY

Conrad emerges from the gym, mopping sweat from his face. He follows the sound of PIANO MUSIC through the penthouse--

SARAH--now an adult--sits at the piano, her back to the camera. Conrad pauses to watch. Shakes his head.

CONRAD

You're off-tempo. And don't slouch.

Sarah subtly adjusts her posture. Keeps playing.

CONRAD

You did something with your hair.

(beat)

It doesn't suit you. I'll have
Caleb set another appointment. Next
time ask me first.

Conrad strides off without another word. We slowly PAN AROUND
the young woman as she continues to play--

Until we see her face.

Conrad's sister is the woman we know as LILY DAVERS.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE - MORNING

FX: NEW YORK CITY, 1946

Dawn breaks over the city's iconic skyline. The Empire State
Building towering high above the rest of the skyscrapers.

EXT. QUALEN INDUSTRIES - CONTINUOUS

A 40s-era taxicab rolls to a stop before a gleaming, recently
completed highrise. QUALEN INDUSTRIES.

Harrigan climbs out of the taxi, passes a bill to the DRIVER.

HARRIGAN

I need change back.

DRIVER

Course ya do.

He crams a battered fedora onto his brow, straightens the
cheap tie around his neck. Then heads inside.

INT. QUALEN RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

The height of elegance. The floor is reflective marble. A
RECEPTIONIST behind a curved mahogany desk. That *Matisse* on
the wall looks suspiciously like an original.

Harrigan shifts uncomfortably in his chair, leg tapping out a
staccato rhythm. Crosses one leg. Thinks better and uncrosses
it again. Is it hot in here? Christ, he's sweating.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Qualen will see you now.

INT. QUALEN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Wait, scratch that, *this* is the height of elegance. The view alone must be worth at least a couple million.

Conrad springs out of his chair when Harrigan shuffles in.

CONRAD

Mr. Harrigan. Thanks so much for coming. Conrad Qualen.

HARRIGAN

(shaking hands awkwardly)
Good to meetcha.

CONRAD

Here, sit, sit.

Harrigan sinks into a plush couch. Fish out of water.

HARRIGAN

Hell of a view you got there.

CONRAD

You should see the birds smack it.
(Harrigan remains blank.)
Sorry. I'm not good with jokes.

HARRIGAN

Oh. Birds, right.
(An awkward beat.)
There some reason you wanted to see me, Mr. Qualen?

CONRAD

Yes. What can you tell me about Tommy Anders?

Harrigan sighs. He was afraid of something like this.

HARRIGAN

Sorry, pal, you got the wrong guy.

CONRAD

I don't think so. I've been following your career, Mr. Harrigan. The signing of the Treaty. Everything that came after. All that negative press. Threats against your family. Changing schools, houses, the divorce.

Harrigan's expression is growing stormier by the second.

HARRIGAN

The hell is this...?

CONRAD

You have Tommy's confidence and full access to the city. I'm going to need both.

HARRIGAN

I think we're done here.

Harrigan lurches out of his chair. Heads for the door.

CONRAD

Agent Harrigan. Aren't you even going to ask why?

HARRIGAN

No, I know why. 'Cuz you're rich and you're bored, and that makes you dangerous. You wanna get your kicks, meet the guy that won the war, maybe shake his hand? You go right ahead. Leave me out of it.

CONRAD

I'm going to kill him.

Everything stops. Like the air was just sucked out of the room. Slowly Harrigan lets his hand fall from the doorknob.

CONRAD

But I can't do that unless I know exactly what I'm dealing with.

Harrigan takes his seat. Considers Conrad for a careful beat.

HARRIGAN

What you're *dealing* with is a man that's got bulletproof skin, an IQ that's off the charts, and his own private army. And lemme tell you something: if he knew we were here, talking like this? We'd already be dead. So you want my advice? Forget you ever saw me. 'Cuz this thing here? It can't be done.

CONRAD

Alexander the Great conquered the whole world and died from a mosquito bite. Power still has its limits. We just have to find them.

INT. SCREENING ROOM - LATER

A darkened screening room. Harrigan takes a seat as Conrad fires up the bulky projector. GRAINY BLACK-AND-WHITE FOOTAGE flickers to life on the screen.

The silent footage shows scientists in some sort of high-tech RESEARCH FACILITY. Old men in tweed coats arguing in pantomime before a whiteboard. Workers in lead vests wheeling containers of hazardous materials past the camera.

CONRAD

Palo Alto, California. Owned and operated by Qualen Industries.

Conrad nods to the screen. It shows a severe-looking man striding through the workspace, issuing orders.

CONRAD

Julius Robert Oppenheimer. The architect of the Manhattan Project. Ever heard of it?

HARRIGAN

No.

Oppenheimer notices the camera, gives it a dismissive wave.

CONRAD

A team of scientists, tasked by Roosevelt with developing a new type of weapon. A bomb. One that would harnesses the power of the atom itself.

More grainy footage. Oppenheimer greeting a group of visiting consultants. *Christ, is that Albert Einstein?*

CONRAD

It was a weapon to end all wars. But as it turned out, we didn't need it. Because we had Tommy.

(shrugs)

After the war, the project became a political liability. The public had grown tired of war. They finally pulled the plug in 1941.

HARRIGAN

And then you came along.

CONRAD

And then I came along. I used our defense contracts to track down key members. Gave them the resources to continue their work.

Onscreen, the camera circles a bulky steel cone. It's unmistakably a WARHEAD. Harrigan looks stunned.

HARRIGAN

(softly)

You built the damn thing.

Conrad only smiles.

INT. QUALEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Conrad pours a round of whisky for Harrigan and himself.

HARRIGAN

And you really think this is gonna work. Your little bomb.

CONRAD

That little bomb has a ten mile blast radius and the concussive force of forty thousand tons of TNT. Trust me. It'll do the job.

A new thought strikes Harrigan. Not a pleasant one.

HARRIGAN

And where exactly is this gonna happen?

CONRAD

I've had QI subsidiaries purchasing land north of the city. So far we've got fifty miles of empty farmland. We'll lure Tommy there.

HARRIGAN

Yeah, maybe we can give him a treasure map. X marks the spot.

CONRAD

Is that a joke?

HARRIGAN

Starting to think this whole thing's a joke. I'm telling you, Tommy's too smart. He's gonna know it's a trap.

CONRAD
Not if we've done our jobs.

INT. QUALEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Now try to keep up, because we're going to be jumping back and forth in time as Conrad lays out his master plan:

CONRAD (V.O.)
Phase one. We bait the hook. First we have to give Tommy Anders something that's worth losing.

The door opens and the woman we know as Lily Davers enters.

CONRAD
My sister. Sarah.

INT. QUALEN'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Conrad has arranged reams of paper across his desk. Lily stares at the mountain of data, slightly overwhelmed.

CONRAD
As of now, you're Lily Marie Davers. Here's your backstory, family history, early childhood. I've got a dialect coach coming in next week to work on your accent.
(hands her another sheet)
A list of pre-approved words and phrases. Designed to trigger a specific emotional response.

Lily looks disgusted. With herself, with this entire plan.

LILY
To trick him. Into falling in love with me.

CONRAD
Do you want this to work or not?

LILY
(reading)
"I think people choose to be alone. Maybe you should stop looking so hard for a reason."

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY - FLASHBACK

A private plane waits on the tarmac. Conrad escorts Lily to the boarding stairs. But at the last moment she balks.

LILY

I can't--

CONRAD

We talked about this. You're going to be fine.

LILY

No, I can't do this, I'm sorry--

CONRAD

You don't have a choice. This thing's already in motion.

LILY

Then call it off! We can still call it off, Conrad. Please.

CONRAD

Listen to yourself. That man took everything from us. And now you want to walk away because, what, you're scared?

(shakes head in disgust)

If our parents could see you now.

Lily hangs her head, crushed.

Conrad softens. Gently touches his sister's cheek.

CONRAD

You can do this. You're a Qualen. That means you're strong.

(beat)

Now go make us proud.

Lily doesn't have a choice. She takes a deep breath. Nods.

INSERT: FLASHBACK SHOTS of Lily meeting Tommy for the first time. Eating dinner together in the empty restaurant. Walking hand-in-hand across Wrigley Field.

CONRAD (V.O.)

Lily will make first contact. Give Tommy the challenge he's been searching for.

INSERT: The end of their first date. Lily brushes her lips against Tommy's in a fleeting kiss. Pure electricity.

CONRAD (V.O.)
Phase two. Infiltration. I've
already assembled our team.

INT. QUALEN'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK

The men we know as Agents Phelps and Creery stand at attention. Harrigan looks them over skeptically.

CONRAD (V.O.)
Mr. Phelps and Mr. Creery. Former
Special Forces, backgrounds in
tactical intelligence and counter-
insurgency. Don't worry, they're
being well-compensated for their
part in this.

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A Zodiac raft cuts through the black water, approaching Chicago's waterfront district. Conrad, Phelps and Creery are onboard, dressed in black and wearing camo paint.

CONRAD (V.O.)
The waterfront's mostly deserted,
so we'll make our insertion there.
Set up a base of operations.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The abandoned warehouse in the waterfront district. Creery and Phelps are busy unpacking their gear. Conrad steps into frame, tugging the Erinyes costume into place.

HARRIGAN (V.O.)
Hold on. You didn't say nothing
about no costume.

INT. QUALEN PENTHOUSE - FLASHBACK

Conrad has unveiled the costume for Harrigan's approval. He slips on one of the leather gauntlets. Demonstrates the retractable blade. **SHHHINNK!**

CONRAD (V.O.)
It's not enough to threaten Tommy.
(beat)
We have to scare him.

INSERT: A flurry of action shots. Erinyes tearing through Tommy's henchmen. Riddling a gangster's car with bullets.

CONRAD (V.O.)

But we can't risk open war. If he catches us, we're dead. So we need to know where Tommy is at all times. Hit him every time his back is turned.

HARRIGAN (V.O.)

What are you thinking? Lily?

CONRAD (V.O.)

We can't risk exposing her any more than necessary. Which means we need someone else on the inside.

INT. TOMMY'S BEDROOM / OFFICE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Tommy and Lily, asleep in bed together. Without warning, Lily's eyes snap open. She slides out of bed--

Moving quietly, Lily enters Tommy's office. Glances around.

She takes a photograph from her pocket. Leaves it sitting on Tommy's desk as she slips back out of the room.

ANGLE on the picture: *It's the long-range surveillance photo of Lily herself.* Red CROSSHAIRS drawn around her head.

CONRAD (V.O.)

The trick will be making Tommy believe his security force has been compromised. After that, it'll be your turn, Harrigan.

INT. BACK OF VAN - FLASHBACK

A reverse angle of the scene from page 7. Harrigan, Conrad, Phelps and Creery escorting the three captured gangsters through the blockade and into New Chicago.

CONRAD (V.O.)

When the time is right, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Creery and myself will pose as Bureau agents under your command. You'll find some pretext for leaving us behind. A task force to assist in the investigation.

HARRIGAN (V.O.)
 What if he says no?

CONRAD (V.O.)
 He won't. You're the one person
 Tommy trusts.

INSERT: We see Harrigan presenting the three "junior agents" to Tommy. Conrad, Phelps and Creery standing watch around the mansion. Eating dinner in the barracks' mess hall.

CONRAD (V.O.)
 Phase three. We draw blood.

INSERT: More action shots of Erinyes as the vigilante carries out his reign of terror throughout the city. Attacking from the shadows. Darting from one rooftop to the next.

HARRIGAN (V.O.)
 Isn't that gonna look a little
 suspicious? You guys show up and
 the whole city goes nuts?

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Erinyes unbuckles his silver faceplate...revealing CREERY underneath. He slips out of the costume, passing each piece to Phelps, who immediately begins suiting up.

CONRAD (V.O.)
 We'll trade off wearing the
 costume. Coordinated strikes.
 Establish alibis for each man.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Tommy races down the hallway, ignoring the body of Vic Francis lying dead on the floor. He bursts into his bedroom. Looks around wildly.

But Lily is already gone.

CONRAD (V.O.)
 Phase four. Endgame.

INT. DARKENED ROOM - FLASHBACK

THE NUCLEAR WARHEAD sits in a shielded storage container. We slowly PUSH IN on the bomb's reflective surface.

CONRAD (V.O.)

We're going to dismantle his entire organization. Strip away everything that is good in his life. And when that's done, when Tommy's at his most vulnerable, we're going to lure him to the middle of nowhere and blow him straight to Hell.

INT. QUALEN'S OFFICE - BACK TO THE PRESENT

WE RETURN TO THE PRESENT as Conrad finishes his big speech. He looks first at Lily, then to Harrigan.

CONRAD

The Greeks believed that when blood was spilled by the hands of cruel men, the Erinyes would be called to punish the wicked.

(beat)

We will become the Three Furies.
And we will have our revenge.

EXT. NEW CHICAGO - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOTS of New Chicago's darkened skyline.

We've returned to our regular timeline. Conrad and his team have already infiltrated Tommy's inner circle.

No turning back now.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Conrad paces in the empty warehouse. He freezes at the sound of approaching FOOTSTEPS.

After an agonizing beat, the warehouse door slides open and Erinyes slips through. He's moving with a distinct limp.

CONRAD

Where have you been?

Instead of answering, Erinyes collapses onto a stack of pallets. Pulls his mask aside, revealing CREERY. He's red-faced, gasping, clearly in pain.

CREERY

Sniper...had to be...*ah, damn it!*...didn't see the shot...

Conrad kneels, helps him unfasten the steel chestplate.

CONRAD
Were you hit?

Creery can only nod. Conrad works the chestplate free, examines it. Sure enough, a bullet is embedded in the mesh.

CONRAD
It didn't penetrate. You're fine.

CREERY
(gasping)
Like hell. Knocked me...knocked me
off the damn roof--

Conrad doesn't seem particularly concerned as he begins suiting up. Snapping the chestplate into place.

CREERY
You hear what I said?

CONRAD
I heard. Your next shift starts in
an hour. Get moving.

CREERY
No. No, screw this. I'm out.

That gets Conrad's attention. He slowly turns back.

CONRAD
What do you mean, out?

CREERY
This ain't worth it. I'm done.

CONRAD
Now you listen to me. We're close.
You back out now, you blow our
cover, we're all dead!

Creery struggles to his feet. Tosses his gloves on the floor.

CREERY
I said I'm out! You're smart,
you'll do the same.

Conrad thinks fast. Trying to salvage the situation.

CONRAD
Okay, wait. Wait. You want out,
fine. But we do this right.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Say you had a family emergency,
have Harrigan bring in a
replacement. Two more days, tops.
And then you walk away clean.

CREERY

(hesitates)

I'm not going back out there.

CONRAD

We'll cover all the patrols.

CREERY

What about the money?

CONRAD

Full share.

An agonizing beat. But at last Creery gives in.

CREERY

Two days.

CONRAD

Thank you.

But as Creery turns away, we notice something alarming. All the emotion bleeds out of Conrad's face. His expression becoming stony. Remorseless.

Because no one is going to interfere with his plan. No one.

INT. TOMMY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Creery makes his way down the hall, carrying a brown paper parcel. He knocks on the door to Tommy's office. Inside, Tommy is arguing with Vic Francis and John Nelly.

CREERY

Found this out front.

TOMMY

You find a strange package and you
just bring it into my home?

CREERY

It's not a bomb or nothing. The
guys downstairs made sure.

TOMMY

Give it here.

Creery places the package on the desk. Watches as Tommy opens the box, pulls out the battered FIELD RADIO.

ANGLE on Creery, the confusion evident on his face. He clearly had no idea this was coming.

FRANCIS

Whazzat? Some kinda radio...?

Tommy clicks the power button. The radio HUMS to life--

EXT. ROOFTOP - SIMULTANEOUS

On the rooftop overlooking Tommy's mansion, Conrad--wearing the Erinyes costume--takes aim with the sniper rifle.

Centering the crosshairs over Creery's chest--

Conrad hesitates. But only for a moment.

Then he pulls the trigger.

INT. TOMMY'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Creery takes a wobbling step backward. Blinking in surprise as he touches his chest. His hand comes away bloody.

Then he topples over. Dead before he hits the floor.

As Tommy and his lieutenants stare in shock, we hear an OMINOUS RUMBLE building in the background, like the sound of a jet engine revving to life. As the rumble reaches its apex, WE SKIP FORWARD IN TIME--

EXT. ROOFTOP / STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Just as Conrad HURLS himself off the rooftop, attached to the zip-line cable. He goes streaking toward the ground--

WHOOOM! The plastic explosives strategically planted across the roof erupt simultaneously. A blinding FIREBALL.

Conrad hits the ground in a combat roll. A black sedan is idling nearby. Phelps hunkered behind the wheel.

Conrad throws himself onto the roof of the car just as Tommy hits the ground like an artillery shell.

CONRAD

GO! GO!

Phelps punches it. The sedan rockets forward--

But Tommy is right behind them. His legs a blur of motion. Clothing ablaze. Gaining ground fast--

Just as they reach the parked gas tanker, Conrad whips out a handheld RADIO DETONATOR. Hits the button--

WHOOOOOSH! The second explosion lifts Tommy off his feet, sends him flying headlong into the nearest building.

Conrad holds on tight as the sedan screams around the next corner. That was too damn close.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

They've ditched the sedan in an empty alley. Conrad strips out of the Erinyes costume, stashing each piece in a nearby dumpster. Nearby, Phelps is also changing clothes.

PHELPS

Did it work?

CONRAD

Definitely got his attention.

Phelps looks badly rattled. He manages a shaky laugh.

PHELPS

You see that guy jump? Christ. Never seen anything like that.

CONRAD

(matter-of-fact)
Creery didn't make it.

Phelps freezes. Not sure if he heard that right.

PHELPS

What do you mean, didn't make it?

CONRAD

Tommy used him as a human shield. I didn't have a choice.

PHELPS

You shot him?

Conrad whirls around angrily.

CONRAD

I said I didn't have a choice!

Phelps stares him down for an uneasy beat. Wanting to believe Conrad's story. But not entirely convinced.

CONRAD
It was an accident.

Phelps deflates. Shakes his head in disgust.

PHELPS
Shit.

Conrad drops the mask into the dumpster, slams the lid.

CONRAD
Let's just do what we came for.

INT. MANSION - SHORT TIME LATER

Conrad and Phelps enter the mansion. It's still in turmoil. Guards rushing off to help put out the fires in the distance.

Conrad climbs the stairs. Finds Tommy sitting on the bathroom floor, his back to the door, cradling Lily in his arms. *A reverse angle of the scene from page 70.*

Lily meets Conrad's gaze over Tommy's shoulder. He silently mouths the words "Are you all right?"

But Lily simply stares back at him. Loathing in her eyes.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - DAY

Conrad stands watch outside Tommy's bedroom. Ever so slowly, the door cracks open. Lily hovers on the other side.

Conrad keeps his gaze fixed straight ahead. Speaking quietly.

CONRAD
You were never in danger. The bullet would have missed.

LILY
That's not what Tommy said.

CONRAD
I know where I was aiming.

LILY
You could have said something. Warned me.

CONRAD
Your reaction had to be real.

A pause. Lily mustering her courage.

LILY
You're wrong about him. He's not
evil. He's done bad things, sure,
he's made mistakes--

CONRAD
Mistakes. He killed our parents.

LILY
He wants to change!

CONRAD
Tell me you're not buying this.
That you're not really this stupid.

LILY
I'm just saying. Maybe there's
another way.

Without warning, Conrad loses his cool. He whirls around,
SLAMMING the door open with his palm. Lily recoils.

Now we see just how unhinged Conrad has become. No sympathy
in those eyes. Just the first sick glimmer of madness.

CONRAD
Do I have to worry about you now?

The question hangs in the air. Finally Lily lowers her gaze.

LILY
No.

CONRAD
I hope you're right.

He closes the door in her face.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Agent Harrigan paces restlessly inside the abandoned
warehouse. He pauses to light another cigar--

Then notices an orange FLICKER in the darkness. The light
from his own match, reflected off a silver mask.

HARRIGAN
 How long you been there?
 (No reply.)
 Anyway. Got your message.

Erinyes doesn't approach. Doesn't say anything. Just remains perched there atop the boxes. It's a little disconcerting.

HARRIGAN
 The hell's your problem? Come on,
 take off the mask already.

ERINYES
 No.

He speaks in a gravelly whisper. Not Conrad's regular voice.

HARRIGAN
 (giving up)
 So what's the big rush?

ERINYES
 Take this back to New York. The
 dead drop on 42nd. My contact will
 take it from there.

Erinyes flicks a folded piece of paper that lands at Harrigan's feet. He stoops down, opens the note--

Revealing lines of RANDOM NUMERICAL DIGITS.

HARRIGAN
 This some kinda code?
 (No answer.)
 Gonna tell me what it says?

ERINYES
 Delivery instructions for the
 device. We may need to accelerate
 our timeframe.

HARRIGAN
 Accelerate our...the hell's that
 supposed to mean?

ERINYES
 I don't trust my sister. She may
 already be compromised.

HARRIGAN
 Whaddya mean, compromised? And take
 off that goddamned mask!

ERINYES

The mask stays on.

That gives Harrigan pause. Wondering--probably not for the first time--just how stable Conrad really is.

HARRIGAN

Conrad--

ERINYES

Erinyes.

HARRIGAN

(holding up the note)

How accelerated are we talking about here?

ERINYES

Just see that it gets done.

The silver mask melts backwards into the shadows.

Leaving Harrigan alone once more.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

The spacious dining room. Tommy and Lily eating in silence.

Conrad is on duty, standing watch in the next room, his back turned to give them the illusion of privacy.

Lily studies Tommy from across the table. His evident exhaustion. The SCORCH MARKS on the cuffs of his jacket.

LILY

It happened again, didn't it.

TOMMY

One of the factories downtown.
There was another bombing.

LILY

Was it bad?

It takes Tommy a moment to find his voice.

TOMMY

These people...they weren't soldiers, they weren't anything. You want to know what they were making down there? Fluorescent lamps. And he killed them for it.

Lily says nothing. Guilt hanging over her like a thunderhead.

Tommy notices her discomfort, tries to change the subject:

TOMMY

Tell me about your brother.
Matthew. What was he like?

Tommy takes another bite. Doesn't notice the way that Lily's eyes instinctively flicker over to Conrad's position.

LILY

He...he always took care of me.
Especially after our parents died.
It was just the two of us.

TOMMY

Must have been tough.

LILY

I was so little, I don't think I
really understood it at the time.
What was happening. It was harder
on Matthew. Growing up so fast. It
changed him.

Lily's gaze becomes distant. Lost in her own memories. This is no longer part of the script. This is real.

LILY

I knew this girl once, a friend
from school, who got diagnosed with
lymphoma. And I remember, right
before the end, if you got close
enough, you could feel this...this
heat coming off her in waves.
Matthew was like that. All that
anger, it was like it was eating
him from the inside. And if you got
too close, you could feel it. Like
he was on fire. I used to wonder,
how can anyone live like that?

Conrad's expression has grown hollow, lifeless. Every word is another dagger in his side.

TOMMY

I shouldn't have brought it up.

LILY

It's all right. He died a long time
ago. You know the worst part? I
don't even miss him anymore.

Tommy reaches across the table. Takes her hand.

TOMMY

I say he couldn't have been that bad. You turned out okay.

Lily smiles back. Squeezes his hand.

Conrad watches them from the doorway.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

The streets are empty. The taverns all closed, their windows boarded up. Everyone has left or gone into hiding.

Except for Tommy's armed patrols, that is. Here's one of them now: a black sedan gliding down the street, headlights off. Inside, two GANGSTERS nervously scan the rooftops.

They turn the next corner. The driver slows, peering ahead--

GANGSTER #1

That one of ours?

A deserted sedan idles by the entrance to an alley, both doors open. No sign of its former occupants.

GANGSTER #2

Go slow.

They creep closer. Weapons at the ready--

Gangster #2 raises a high-powered flashlight, angles the beam into the darkened alley--

GANGSTER #2

Holy God.

Erinyes crouches over a thug, slowly choking the life out of him. Behind him, another gangster dangles from the fire escape, a wire noose around his neck, legs still kicking.

Erinyes' head whips around just as the light strikes him.

Then he takes off. Bolting into the shadows.

GANGSTER #2

Go, go!

The driver punches it. The car blasts down the alley, narrowly missing the unconscious thug on the ground. The dangling man's legs have already stopped moving.

INT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Erinyes races around the corner. The sedan right behind him. Gangster #2 hanging out the window, firing wildly--

Bullets pinging off the concrete all around Erinyes--

The car plowing through debris--

Without slowing, Erinyes flings a handful of small silver objects to the ground--

A split-second later the phosphorous charges DETONATE, flaring white-hot. Momentarily blinded, the driver loses control and the car skews sideways into the wall, kicking up a shower of sparks.

Erinyes has reached a wrought-iron fence, perhaps ten feet high. He launches himself into the air--

KICKS off the nearest wall, propelling himself up and over--

And lands in a smooth crouch on the other side.

The driver hits the brakes a moment too late. The car SLAMS headlong into the fence and comes to a shuddering halt.

Gangster #2 leans out the window. Has time for a single shot--

The bullet catches Erinyes in his side, missing the body armor entirely, punching all the way through.

Erinyes staggers. Braces himself against the wall. Then keeps going, limping off into the darkness.

GANGSTER #1

Tell me you got him.

Gangster #2 can only shrug helplessly. No idea.

INT. BARRACKS - CONRAD'S QUARTERS - LATE NIGHT

Conrad kneels beside his footlocker, organizing his gear. We've seen this scene twice before. Except this is the first time we've gotten a good look at Conrad's face.

His lips moving in a silent litany. Blinking erratically. Skin clammy beneath a sheen of sweat.

Behind him, a shadow appears on the window ledge--

Conrad notices the slight breeze and turns to find Erinyes standing before him, swaying slightly.

CONRAD

Have you lost your mind? What if
someone saw you?

Erinyes drops his gun and collapses into the nearest chair.

Conrad peels the mask away, revealing PHELPS. His skin a
sickly shade of white. He's lost a lot of blood.

PHELPS

(forcing it out)
H-hurts...

Phelps hisses in pain as Conrad unclasps the battle armor,
tugs it free. Examines the bullet wound in Phelps's side.

CONRAD

How did you let this happen?

PHELPS

Hospital...please...

Conrad paces the room. Panicking. All his carefully laid
plans crashing down around his head.

PHELPS

Conrad...

Conrad stops. His expression suddenly thoughtful.

Because maybe it's not too late to salvage this situation.

He glances back at Phelps. Forces a comforting smile.

CONRAD

Don't worry. We'll get some help.

Phelps sighs gratefully. Closes his eyes.

Conrad picks up the silenced pistol from the floor. Hesitates
for only a moment.

Then grabs a pillow, jams it over Phelps's face, and pulls
the trigger twice in quick succession.

Now it's time to go to work.

Conrad suits up quickly, fastening the battle armor into
place. Slips the silver mask over his head.

He steps over Phelps's body. Trailing a thin copper wire
across the room. One end attached to a timer.

The other to a fat stack of PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES.

INT. TOMMY'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

A reverse angle of Tommy and Lily's conversation from page 74. She's on the verge of confessing everything.

LILY

If I asked you to leave, leave the city, tonight, right now--

TOMMY

We talked about this--

LILY

Don't say no, don't say anything, just come with me--

TOMMY

Lily--

LILY

They're going to kill you!

Tommy stares at her. Horrible realization flooding in.

TOMMY

What did you do?

LILY

I didn't want this. You have to believe me, I never wanted it--

TOMMY

WHAT DID YOU DO?

At that moment, a fireball blossoms on the horizon, accompanied by a RUMBLE that rattles the windowpanes.

Erinyes just blew the barracks.

INT. TOMMY'S BEDROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

We SKIP FORWARD IN TIME. Lily stands at the window, brokenhearted, watching the fire rage in the distance.

Knowing she's lost Tommy. Lost him forever.

A disturbance from somewhere in the mansion. Cries of pain. Muffled gunshots. The sounds are getting closer.

Lily knows what's coming. Closes her eyes.

From the corridor outside, we hear Vic Francis's voice--

FRANCIS (O.S.)

Wait--

SHHHINNK! The sound of Erinyes' retractable blade punching through warm human flesh. A THUD as the body hits the floor.

Then the door swings open. Erinyes silhouetted in the doorway like some insane avenging angel.

LILY

Tommy knows. I told him everything.

Erinyes ignores this. He strides across the room, seizes Lily's wrist, forcibly drags her toward the door.

LILY

Let go! Conrad--

She jerks free. Erinyes whirls back around--

Just as Lily grabs a lamp from the dresser and swings it with all her might! The lamp shatters against his skull.

Erinyes drops to his knees. Lily stands over him, brandishing the broken lamp like a baseball bat.

LILY

I won't let you do this.

(beat)

Pick a direction and start walking.

Silently, Erinyes rises to his feet...a dark specter looming over her...the beat drags out...

Then, without warning, Erinyes LUNGES FORWARD, hands closing around Lily's throat, just as we SMASH CUT TO BLACK!

INT. HARRIGAN'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING - MONTAGE

All the sound bleeds out of the world. The following montage is ENTIRELY SILENT.

We see Harrigan being awoken in the middle of the night by a phone call. Listening in stunned disbelief.

EXT. PARK SLOPE - EARLY MORNING - MONTAGE

Harrigan saying his final goodbyes to his ex-wife and daughter. Pushing the dollhouse into Cathy's hands. Embracing them both. Then turning and hurrying away.

Before they can see the tears in his eyes.

INT. MANSION - DAY - MONTAGE

Tommy sits alone in the shadows. Head bowed. Grief and fury playing across his face in equal measure.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

THE SILENT MONTAGE ENDS as Lily slowly regains consciousness.

And finds herself in the derelict warehouse. Tied securely to a chair, a rag stuffed in her mouth.

On the far side of the warehouse floor, Harrigan and Erinyes are arguing in low tones. Harrigan gestures emphatically.

HARRIGAN

We had him. Do you not get that?
Tommy wanted out!

ERINYES

He doesn't get to walk away. Not
after what he's done.

HARRIGAN

You're out of your mind--

Harrigan finally notices the object hidden beneath the tarp.

He brushes past Erinyes. Rips the tarp away--

REVEALING THE NUCLEAR WARHEAD DEVICE. The bomb that was supposed to be detonated in the middle of nowhere.

Now we understand what Conrad meant by "accelerating the timeframe." He's going to destroy the entire city.

HARRIGAN

What have you done?
(turning)
Goddamn it, we had a plan!

ERINYES

This was always the plan.

Lily jumps as the GUNSHOT rings out. Watches helplessly as Harrigan crumples to the floor. As Erinyes fires two more rounds into the agent before turning away.

Lily redoubles her efforts, straining against her bonds--

Suddenly Erinyes looms over her. Not saying anything. Just staring. Lily's face reflected in that horrible silver mask.

Slowly, he reaches out and caresses her cheek. There's something invasive--almost lascivious--about the gesture.

She recoils from his touch. With a shrug, he turns away.

INT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

From somewhere in the mansion, a phone begins to RING.

Tommy picks up the receiver. Hears only ominous breathing.

ERINYES (O.S.)
I think it's time we met.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Erinyes moves quickly now. He peels off his leather gauntlets, drops them to the floor.

He approaches the nuclear warhead. Begins flipping a series of dials and switches. Initiating a countdown sequence.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SHORT TIME LATER

The warehouse is silent. Harrigan's body sprawled across the floor. Lily still struggling in her chair.

Erinyes runs his fingers lovingly across the surface of the warhead. Cocks his head slightly, listening--

An IMPACT reverberates from somewhere outside. The sound of Tommy slamming to the ground after another giant leap.

Erinyes melts backwards into the shadows.

It's time.

We hear the front door creak open. Tommy's voice calls out.

TOMMY (O.S.)
Harrigan?

ERINYES
Your friend is already dead.

Erinyes steps into view. Tommy starts toward him, but he quickly holds up the RADIO DETONATOR DEVICE.

ERINYES
That's close enough.

He motions toward Lily. Tommy gazes at her for an anguished beat, then turns his attention back to Erinyes.

TOMMY

Why are you doing this?

(No response.)

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

ERINYES

I want you to know how it feels.
When someone takes everything from
you. I want you to know fear.

With a flourish, Erinyes rips his mask away. Revealing his true face. Conrad.

CONRAD

And then I want you to die.

Silence. Tommy circles Conrad cautiously, studying him.

TOMMY

Except we both know you're not very
good at killing me.

CONRAD

I'm just getting started.
(gestures to the warhead)
See that? It's called the atom
bomb. Power on a scale you can't
even begin to imagine. I press this
button and Chicago's a parking lot.

TOMMY

If that's true, you're not walking
out of here either.

CONRAD

You think I don't know that? I made
my peace a long time ago.

TOMMY

And what about Lily? All those
people out there? What do you call
them?

CONRAD

A fair trade.

Tommy seems shaken by the sheer intensity of Conrad's hatred. As we watch, the anger seeps out of Tommy. Replaced by something close to pity.

TOMMY

Whatever I did to you...I'm sorry.

Conrad wasn't expecting that. But he recovers quickly.

CONRAD

Do you know what it's like watching them throw a parade for the man who murdered your parents? Who took everything from you?

TOMMY

You want to hurt me? Hurt me. I won't fight back. Just let her go.

Conrad barks laughter. Waves the detonator at Lily.

CONRAD

Are you hearing this?

(back to Tommy)

You stupid bastard, you still don't get it. She was in on the whole thing. She set you up!

Tommy stares at Lily, his expression unreadable. She gazes back miserably, tears in her eyes. *I'm so sorry.*

Finally Tommy turns back to Conrad. Shrugs calmly.

TOMMY

I don't care.

Conrad blinks. Can't quite process that.

CONRAD

You don't care. She was lying to your face!

TOMMY

Then I'll forgive her.

Conrad reels on his feet, breathing like a steam engine. It wasn't supposed to be like this. Tommy was supposed to grovel, to sob and curse, to beg for his life.

Ten years of planning. A lifetime of hatred.

All in vain.

TOMMY

You can still let her go. Give her the chance we never had.

Conrad takes a steading breath. Meets Tommy's gaze.

And we realize in a split-second what he's about to do.

CONRAD

It's not what you did. It's that
you got away with it. That was the
crime.

He raises the detonator--

SHHHINNK!

Everything freezes. The sound still ringing in our ears.

Conrad's expression slowly goes slack.

The detonator slips from his hand. Clatters to the floor.

ANGLE on Conrad. His mouth moving soundlessly...

AS AGENT HARRIGAN RISES INTO VIEW BEHIND HIM.

HARRIGAN

And that was your spinal cord, you
son of a bitch.

Harrigan is wearing one of Erinyes' discarded gauntlets.

And he just plunged the retractable blade deep into Conrad's
lower back. Paralyzing him from the neck down.

As we watch, Harrigan gives the blade a vicious TWIST.

Conrad sways on his feet. A single tear escapes his eye, goes
careening down his cheek.

Then he topples over. Dead.

Harrigan collapses beside him. The agent has lost too much
blood; the only thing keeping him alive at this point is
sheer force of will. But now that's slipping away as well.

Tommy rushes over. Harrigan waves him off.

HARRIGAN

Get the girl.

Tommy reaches Lily's side. Tugs her gag aside, easily snaps
the cords around her wrists and ankles.

LILY

Tommy--

TOMMY

It's okay--

LILY

The bomb. He did something to the bomb.

Shit. Tommy races over to the warhead. Stares at the dizzying array of cables and switches. Knowing that somewhere deep inside its mechanical guts, a timer is counting down.

TOMMY

Harrigan! Tell me what to do!

But Harrigan only shakes his head. He doesn't know.

From inside the warhead's casing, we hear an ominous METALLIC CLICKING NOISE. Gradually speeding up.

Tommy is rooted to the spot.

He turns to Lily. Sees the helpless terror in her eyes.

And makes his decision.

Somehow, Lily understands what he's about to do.

LILY

Tommy...?

In an act of Herculean strength, Tommy lifts the massive warhead off the ground, dropping to one knee even as he flips the bomb over his head and onto his shoulders--

THEN LAUNCHES HIMSELF STRAIGHT UP INTO THE SKY!

Tommy explodes through the warehouse roof. Lily stumbles back as bits of debris come raining down--

EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE - CONTINUOUS

Tommy rockets higher and higher into the sky, carrying the warhead with him.

And as he continues to climb, we realize the truth.

That wasn't a jump. He's actually flying.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Harrigan watches Tommy's ascent. The ghost of a smile on the old agent's lips.

HARRIGAN

Can't fly, my ass.

Then he closes his eyes for the last time.

And as for Lily? She can only watch as the man she loves vanishes into the night sky.

EXT. UPPER ATMOSPHERE - SIMULTANEOUS

And still Tommy continues to climb.

The earth dozens of miles beneath him now as he reaches the upper layers of the stratosphere.

All the sound BLEEDS OUT. Now all we can hear is the sharp CLICKING of the warhead's internal timer.

Getting faster.

Tommy grits his teeth. The friction tearing at his body, his clothes bursting into flames--

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

Then a sudden silence.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Lily closes her eyes.

As a WHITE LIGHT washes over the screen.

Swallowing us whole.

DISSOLVE TO
WHITE

After a somber pause, we gradually FADE BACK IN.

EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE - DAY - MONTAGE

An iron flagpole silhouetted against the morning sun. As we watch, an AMERICAN FLAG is hoisted into frame.

We PULL BACK, revealing the flagpole sits atop Chicago's iconic WRIGLEY BUILDING.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - MONTAGE

The streets are jammed with automobiles and moving vans. The sidewalks busy with pedestrians.

We see the new MAYOR posing for a photo with the POLICE COMMISSIONER and several other politicians on the steps of City Hall. The mayor holds up a newspaper, beaming. The headline reads: **TOMMY ANDERS DEAD.**

EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD - MONTAGE

A baseball game is in progress. The bleachers packed with cheering fans. Life has returned to Chicago.

EXT. LINCOLN PARK - DAY - MONTAGE

A massive outdoor ceremony taking place in Lincoln Park. The unveiling of a new statue. Half the city must be in attendance. Political dignitaries gathered on the dais. One of them happens to be PRESIDENT HARRY TRUMAN.

Joining them on the dais are a few familiar faces. Harrigan's daughter CATHY and her new husband MARTIN. His ex-wife ELLEN.

The curtain is ripped away and the statue is unveiled. A 15-foot replica of HARRIGAN himself. Even immortalized in bronze, he still looks ruffled, slightly disheveled. But we'd recognize that lopsided grin anywhere.

The crowd bursts into applause. Flashbulbs explode.

Back on the dais, President Truman solemnly shakes Cathy's hand. She smiles back at him, her eyes filling with tears.

We PUSH IN on Harrigan's statue. Closer and closer. Until we can make out the words engraved on the pedestal.

IN MEMORY OF PAUL HARRIGAN

THE MAN WHO SAVED CHICAGO

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LINCOLN PARK - DUSK

The ceremony has ended; the park has cleared out. Only a few stragglers remain. Lovers stroll hand in hand. A nurse pushes a baby carriage down the path. An elderly man on a park bench scatters crumbs for a flock of pigeons.

LILY stands alone before the statue, gazing up at Harrigan's likeness. We sense none of her former fragility. The last few months have brought her some measure of inner peace.

Behind her, the sun dips toward the horizon. Transforming the surface of Lake Michigan into molten glass.

Lily smiles softly. Turns away.

She crosses the park. Takes a seat on the bench next to the ELDERLY MAN feeding the pigeons.

We only see the man from behind. He's bald, his skin cracked and leathery, dressed in a faded blue suit.

Except now that we look closer, we start to wonder just how old he really is. Because beneath that ratty old suit, he looks powerfully built. His shoulders unbowed by time.

Slowly, Lily reaches out and takes the man's hand.

And together they watch as the sky turns to gold.

FADE OUT

THE END