

SUICIDE SQUAD

by

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Based on the DC Comics Characters

2/3/11

Lin Pictures

FADE IN

EXT. ASMARA, ERITREA -- DAY

"North Africa"

Hot, crowded, dusty streets. Vendors hawking goods outside of packed storefronts. And through this scene passes...

A BEAT-UP TOYOTA SUV

INT. TOYOTA SUV, MOVING -- DAY

Cruising at a brisk, bumpy speed.

A taxi carrying three passengers. Not from around here. In the front, a burly man with a bushy beard, MANTICORE (30s). In the back, RAVAN (30s), lean Middle Eastern with a compact, athletic build.

And next to him is RUSTAM (30s). He's the one we should be worrying about. Intense psychopath. The man in charge.

They are flipping through SCHEMATIC BLUEPRINTS.

The DRIVER -- young, probably 16 -- glances at the rear view mirror, curious as to what his passengers are doing. All he gets is a dead stare from Rustam. Averts his eyes.

Finally, Rustam snatches the blueprints from his partners' hands and HOLDS THEM TO A LIGHTER. Burning them as he --

EXT. STREETS OF ASMARA -- DAY

Tosses them out the window.

The FIREBALL settles to the ground. The SUV drives off.

EXT. ASMARA AIRPORT, FRONT CURB -- DAY

AFRICAN SOLDIERS monitor the airport, .50-cal guns ready.

The TOYOTA SUV stops in the crowd. Its THREE PASSENGERS disembark and disperse without looking at each other.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY -- DAY

A GULFSTREAM G550

Touches down on the tarmac. Russian lettering on the side. It taxis towards a petrol kiosk.

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Mechanics run to the plane and begin refueling.

The door cranks open and TWO AGENTS get out, surveying the run-down airport with hawklike precision.

INT. GULFSTREAM G550 -- CONTINUOUS

A nervous COURIER waits inside.

AGENT (in Russian)
[Twenty minutes to refuel.]

COURIER
[Make it fast.]

ON THE COURIER'S WRIST is a handcuff attached to a STEEL BRIEFCASE. Whatever this guy is carrying is important.

INT. ASMARA AIRPORT, SECURITY -- DAY

MANTICORE strides through the military-guarded checkpoint. Puts his duffel bag through the scanner.

Ahead of him, a view of the tarmac. And the GULFSTREAM.

Manticore flips open a cell phone and SENDS A TEXT MESSAGE.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM -- DAY

RAVAN receives the message and proceeds to security.

INT. GIFT SHOP -- DAY

RUSTAM is standing by a magazine rack. In the mirror he can see FOUR ARMED SOLDIERS chatting behind him.

INT. DEPARTURE TERMINAL -- DAY

MANTICORE carries his duffel bag out of security. Kneels beside an OUTLET and pulls out a FLASH DRIVE. It PULSES with light -- as if something were alive inside.

He begins wiring it to an AC ADAPTER.

INT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT -- DAY

RAVAN crosses through the metal detector --

AND IT RINGS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alerting a SOLDIER, who cautiously approaches. Ravan extends his hands, waiting for the search.

INT. DEPARTURE TERMINAL -- DAY

MANTICORE has finished tethering the wires together and plugs the flash drive into the AC slot...

INT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT -- DAY

...just as the soldier pulls open RAVAN's coat to reveal --

DOZENS OF KNIVES

Fastened to his chest via pull-away straps. All shapes and sizes. None of them friendly-looking.

INT. DEPARTURE TERMINAL -- DAY

The flash drive engages. We see the lights PULSING, as if the living thing inside it were suddenly being RELEASED into the voltage and --

INT. SECURITY MONITOR ROOM -- DAY

SURVEILLANCE MONITORS suddenly cut out. The hint of a GHOST-LIKE FACE-- belonging to DJINN. He has the soul of a man, but he is not a man. He is a living computer virus.

INT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT -- DAY

The soldier backs off of RAVAN. THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

INT. GIFT SHOP -- DAY

The gift shop goes dark around RUSTAM. Then --

A WHITE LIGHT

Slices through the pitch black. Cutting through soldiers' flesh. We see NOTHING, but we hear EVERYTHING.

INT. DEPARTURE TERMINAL -- DAY

MANTICORE tosses a soldier into a wall.

Another raises a sidearm and FIRES, but the bullet BOUNCES off Manticore's shoulder like a pinball. He kneels to the ground, raises his fists, and --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLAMS THEM DOWN with incredible, superhuman force. Like nothing we've ever seen.

The tiled floor CRACKS OPEN like an earthquake, sending a FISSURE towards terrified soldiers and tossing them aside.

INT. SECURITY MONITOR ROOM -- DAY

Monitors EXPLODE around TECHNICIANS. We can make out the hazy image of DJINN bouncing across the screens.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY -- DAY

One of the Russian AGENTS hears sounds of GUNFIRE. He tosses his cigarette and bounds back into the plane.

INT. DEPARTURE TERMINAL -- DAY

RAVAN meets MANTICORE in the center of the terminal.

More soldiers are rushing in. Surrounding them. Weapons poised. Ravan reaches for his knives...

...AND NOW WE SEE WHERE HIS TALENTS LIE.

He's an expert with throwing weapons. Juggling them, slicing down half a dozen guards like they were made of paper. Speed plus perfect accuracy.

INT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT -- DAY

Pandemonium. Civilians are fleeing the scene.

RUSTAM is the only one walking in. Stepping over injured soldiers. Passing a scared family. Making his way calmly -- inevitably -- towards the departure terminal.

And the bastard is WHISTLING.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY -- DAY

The Gulfstream begins to taxi down the runway.

INT. GULFSTREAM G550 -- DAY

The COURIER leans over the PILOT's shoulder.

COURIER (in Russian)
[Get this plane off the ground!]

INT. DEPARTURE TERMINAL -- DAY

MANTICORE effortlessly knocks out a support post, causing the ceiling to collapse on top of several soldiers.

RAVAN watches a soldier flee. He tosses a knife that BOUNCES OFF A WALL, twisting around a corner and hitting the soldier in the back.

And RUSTAM continues whistling as he strides past.

In front of him are SECURITY-LOCKED DOORS leading to the tarmac. We see the keypad's lights SWELLING. DJINN is coursing through its electronics and...

...the doors UNLOCK just as Rustam pushes outside.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY -- DAY

The Gulfstream reaches the edge of the runway. Enough room for a takeoff. It turns and centers.

INT. GULFSTREAM G550 -- DAY

The PILOT angles the accelerators. They begin to move.

AND THEN HE SEES SOMETHING...

...or someone, walking into the middle of the runway.

PILOT
[What is he doing...?]

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY -- DAY

RUSTAM stares down the massive plane as it barrels towards him. Indifferent to the danger. Still whistling, in fact. He extends his right hand and snaps his fingers as --

A BLAZING LIGHT-BASED SCIMITAR

Suddenly stretches from his fingertips. White hot -- able to slice through anything it touches. We saw a glimpse of it in the gift shop.

The Gulfstream bears down on him. Rustam ducks to one knee, swinging the scimitar in a wide circle and --

CUTTING OFF THE PLANE'S LANDING GEAR!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Causing a chain reaction -- a rapid de-stabilization. The front of the plane suddenly SMASHING TO THE GROUND, sliding along the concrete at a high velocity and --

CARTWHEELING IN A THOUSAND PIECES.

Finally the fuel tank catches fire and the plane EXPLODES!

INT. DEPARTURE TERMINAL -- DAY

WINDOWS BLOW IN, pushing the last soldiers to the ground.

MANTICORE returns to the AC outlet, waiting to see the RED LIGHT turn GREEN -- indicating DJINN has returned to the flash drive. He removes the disk.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY -- DAY

RUSTAM strides through the flaming wreckage. The scimitar disappears from his hand. He hovers over...

THE STEEL BRIEFCASE

Lying unharmed on the ground. The courier it was once attached to has been incinerated.

But Rustam is more fixated on the surrounding flames.

MANTICORE and RAVAN approach behind him.

RUSTAM
Isn't it beautiful.

They pause. Rustam breathes it all in. Absorbing the carnage. Relishing the silence of its aftermath.

Then he turns and walks away. Manticore lifts the briefcase. Carrying it with them into the smoke as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. 93 HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

"Boston"

A more familiar setting. Rain bogs down nighttime traffic.

A SEDAN idles on the side of a highway, where A THUGGISH BODYGUARD is waiting, coat clenched tightly.

A RANGE ROVER pulls onto the shoulder. Hazards flashing.

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Several THUGS get out. Among them is VINCENT TARTAGA (40s). He's a powerful crime boss, but it looks like he hasn't had a good night's sleep in some time.

TARTAGA

What happened?

BODYGUARD

This guy shows up, takes out three guards at the booth. Then he just lies down and asks for you.

TARTAGA

Are you sure it's him?

BODYGUARD

He had this on him...

The bodyguard OPENS THE TRUCK to reveal A DOZEN PISTOLS. OFF THE THUGS' FRIGHTENED FACES...

INT. SEDAN -- NIGHT

TARTAGA moves in beside the DRIVER.

TARTAGA

Drive.

They start to go. Behind them, the Range Rover follows.

There are TWO THUGS in the back, flanking A TIED-UP MAN IN A HOOD. Bound in a makeshift straight-jacket. His arms fastened against his chest. Tartaga nods, and they pull off the hood to reveal --

FLOYD LAWTON (late 30s). The hero of our story. But for reasons we're about to understand, he's not exactly your "textbook" hero. On the streets they call him...

TARTAGA (CONT'D)

Deadshot.

LAWTON

Hey Tartaga. You're a hard man to find.

TARTAGA

I haven't slept in four days, you know that, you sonofabitch?

LAWTON

Not on account of me, I hope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARTAGA

What are they paying you to kill me?

LAWTON

Full freight.

TARTAGA

You don't think I could double that, get you to come over...

LAWTON

Instead of coming after you? I don't think that's gonna work out.

TARTAGA

Why not.

LAWTON

'Cause I got a reputation to keep. Maybe when I'm done. How's that.

TARTAGA

When you're done I'll be dead.

LAWTON

Yeah. Then I don't think it's gonna work out.

One of the thugs grunts a laugh. Tartaga isn't amused.

TARTAGA

You're some piece of work, Deadshot. Ballsiest contract killer I ever met. They oughtta give you some kind of memorial --

LAWTON

Monument.

TARTAGA

Huh?

LAWTON

Memorials are for the dead. They give monuments to the living. I'm not dead, so I get a monument.

TARTAGA

Who the hell cares if you're living or dead?

LAWTON

Are we speaking grammatically, or is this a new subject?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another laugh from one of the thugs. Meanwhile, this whole time Lawton has been discreetly flexing his fingers.

TARTAGA

I bet you enjoy this, don't you. These jobs make your life worth living-- 'cause in spite of the fact that you're just another bottom feeder, when you're killing, you're actually on top. Ain't that right?

Lawton shrugs. Seemingly indifferent, but there's pain beneath the surface. He studies his surroundings.

LAWTON

What's this, armored exterior?

TARTAGA

Yeah. So what?

LAWTON

It's nice. Tough to shoot through. Couldn't hit you from the outside.

Lawton props his feet against the seats in front of him.

TARTAGA

Hey-- hey! What are you doing?

LAWTON

Bracing myself. You guys might want to as well, in case you're still breathing when we hit.

And before they can figure it out --

TWO HOLES suddenly pop through Lawton's straight jacket. BULLETS whizzing out of nowhere, hitting the armored sides of the car, bouncing around at impossible angles and --

KILLING ALL FOUR MEN IN THE CAR!

Lawton pulls back on the torn straight-jacket to reveal TWO WRIST-MOUNTED PISTOL BARRELS. Homemade. His specialty. Just small enough to evade detection. Just powerful enough to be deadly as hell.

Tartaga is dead -- and the driver is now slumped on the dashboard. Which means this car is out of control.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER BRIDGE -- NIGHT

The sedan veers right and GOES OVER THE BRIDGE! Plummeting forty feet and sinking rapidly into the river.

EXT. UNDERWATER -- NIGHT

Water floods in through the broken windows of the sedan.

LAWTON effortlessly frees himself of the straight jacket, pulling himself past the corpses and swimming out.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER BRIDGE -- NIGHT

The Range Rover screeches to a halt and the other BODYGUARDS run out. Staring dumbfounded when suddenly --

FWIPP! FWIPP! Bullets start flying out FROM UNDERWATER!

EXT. UNDERWATER -- NIGHT

LAWTON's feet are propped against the hood of the car. He's firing upwards via his high-powered arm pistols. Small cannons able to penetrate the concentrated medium.

THROUGH HIS POV: vague, murky forms of the bodyguards on top of the bridge. Impossible shots, but not for him.

One, now two dead figures PLUMMET into the water.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER BRIDGE -- NIGHT

The last standing BODYGUARD hysterically raises his rifle and FIRES BLINDLY! Emptying his entire clip. Watching the water to see if anyone floats up. But instead --

ONE MORE BULLET hits him right between the eyes and he falls like dead weight. SPLASHING unceremoniously.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER EMBANKMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

LAWTON crawls onshore as SIRENS rise in the distance. He looks back -- indifferent. A man who truly takes no pleasure in the joys of his work. He limps away.

EXT. NORTH END DINER -- NIGHT

A quaint all-night diner in a quiet part of town. Must be 3 in the morning by now. Rain is still pouring down.

INT. NORTH END DINER -- NIGHT

The door CHIMES as LAWTON steps in. Drenched from head to toe, but who's going to notice with all this rain.

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CONTINUED:

Not many customers in here. A few lowlives in various corners. A TV playing news in the background.

Lawton sits at the empty counter. Reaches into his pocket for a pack of cigarettes. Pulls them out. Waterlogged. So much for the cigarettes. He sighs wearily.

From the kitchen, the waitress emerges. ZOE (18). College girl. Youthful optimism only a college girl could have.

ZOE

Hey stranger.

And when Lawton sees her, he BRIGHTENS. It's not romance -- this relationship is far more complex...

LAWTON

How you doing, Zoe.

ZOE

My shift's done. I was about to hang it up.

LAWTON

Well what do you say? One cup?

She grins, pours the coffee --

ZOE

Why not. Raining like crazy out there anyway.

LAWTON

How's school, you graduate yet?

ZOE

Started BU this fall.

LAWTON

Really. What's your major?

ZOE

Not sure yet-- psychology, maybe?

LAWTON

I always took you for an artsy kind of girl.

ZOE

Yeah, well artsy-kind-of-girl doesn't pay the rent, I guess.

LAWTON

Is that what they say.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOE

That is. How about yourself?
Still selling-- what was it?
Pharmaceuticals?

He darkens slightly. Then settles for the lie --

LAWTON

Yeah, yeah. Same ol'.

He kicks his wet shoes. There's a fatigue here. A sense of regret over life choices. And while Zoe doesn't know what she's reading, she reads right through him...

ZOE

Floyd, when are you gonna find
yourself a new job? Something you
actually like for a change?

Lawton, wishing it was that easy. Covering with a joke --

LAWTON

I don't know-- you guys hiring?

Zoe laughs. Checks her watch.

ZOE

Okay, I gotta get up early.
(crumbles the bill)
This one's on me. I'll see you
next time you're in town, right?

LAWTON

Sure thing, Zoe.

ZOE

You good?

For a moment it looks like he wants to say something else. We can see him hanging on it... but finally...

LAWTON

Yeah, yeah. I'm good. Go. Take
care of yourself.

She removes her apron -- dangling it from the door.

ZOE

And I mean it, Floyd. There's
happiness in a good job. You don't
like the one you got, get another.

LAWTON

Get another. I like that.

She leaves. And his grin fades.

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CONTINUED:

ON TV, a PUNDIT is arguing with the camera --

TALKING HEAD (on TV)
*See now, that's exactly what's
 wrong with this country. We've
 got dangerous enemies at home and
 abroad, but we're less prepared to
 deal with 'em than ever before...*

Lawton reaches into a pocket and pulls out A DRY ENVELOPE.
 Recently collected. Stacks of HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS.

TALKING HEAD (on TV) (CONT'D)
*What I'm saying is, these days our
 greatest enemy is ourselves.*

HE SLIPS FIVE BILLS INTO ZOE'S APRON.

And as he's about to move for the door --

WALLER (O.C.)
 Do you think he's right?

A WOMAN is sitting in a corner booth. Tough, no-nonsense.
 She's eating an impossibly large omelet. This is AMANDA
 WALLER (black, 40s).

WALLER (CONT'D)
 Are we all just our own worst
 enemies?

LAWTON
 You asking me?

WALLER
 You are Floyd Lawton, aren't you?

Lawton hesitates. On alert.

LAWTON
 Lady, all due respect, but what is
 it to you who I am?

WALLER
 Relax, Deadshot. Have a seat.

His eyes dart back to the kitchen.

WALLER (CONT'D)
 She's gone. Heard her go out the
 back. It's just us now.

He reluctantly sits in the booth. Waller eats.

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CONTINUED:

WALLER (CONT'D)

Mmm. Can't get breakfast like this anywhere else in Boston. It's what they call local flavor.

LAWTON

Lady, what are you selling.

WALLER

First of all, my name is not lady. It's Amanda Waller. I work for the United States government. You might have heard of us.

It's unclear whether she's kidding. So she leans in with a FOLDER in her hand. An intelligence briefing on him.

WALLER (CONT'D)

A situation's come up, and we need your help. You're a man of unique talents. Talents that are hard to find. You do what you do primarily because you are very good at what you do. Some might call you a criminal. But you and I come from a place that is less concerned with that distinction. I believe that a bad man, under the right circumstances, can do good things. Do you believe that, Deadshot?

LAWTON

Ms. Waller. If I ever did what you think I've done... I assure you they all had it coming.

He stands and wipes his hands.

LAWTON (CONT'D)

Plus I'm out of your price range. So there's nothing to talk about.

WALLER

Who said I was offering you a price?

Lawton doesn't like her tone. He glances around. Starts to notice other things he doesn't like. The lowlifes in the opposite corner. A BUM on the outside stoop. They're not set dressing. They're AGENTS. Looking his way.

WALLER (CONT'D)

You're being renditioned. Afraid I can't give you much choice in the matter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWTON

Good luck. I've shot my way out
of worse rooms than this.

WALLER

I don't doubt that you have. But
your aim isn't that sharp tonight,
is it?

He laughs, starts to raise his hands, when he notices --

THE ROOM IS SPINNING. His vision is blurred.

He looks back at the cup of coffee he drank from.

WALLER (CONT'D)

Please don't think this has any
bearing on my respect for you.
But you have to understand, I
couldn't leave anything to chance.

And he DROPS TO THE FLOOR.

As Cage the Elephant's "Ain't No Rest for the Wicked"
comes blaring into the SOUNDTRACK and we FADE TO...

EXT. MILITARY HELICOPTER -- NIGHT

Our OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE.

LAWTON, drifting in and out of consciousness. Fastened
by heavy metal restraints inside of a bumping chopper.

DROPPING IN LOW OVER A MISTY BAYOU...

EXT. BELLE REVE PRISON -- NIGHT

A STEEL FORTRESS emerges from the steam. The Belle Reve
Prison for Super-Humans. A high-security facility built
for criminals with... extraordinary talents.

ARMED GUARDS rush forward to greet the chopper.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, WELCOMING COUNTER -- NIGHT

LAWTON, handcuffed and groggy. His belongings being thrown
into a cardboard box by a DESK MAN, who reads them off:

DESK MAN

Five fraudulent passports... sixty
cents loose change... one pack of
soiled cigarettes, and...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He curiously lifts THE WRIST-MOUNTED GUN RIG.

LAWTON
I'll want those when I get out.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, RINSE DOWN -- NIGHT

LAWTON is thrown to a cold linoleum floor in his skivvies.

A SERGEANT and his #2 stand over him with a fire hose.

SERGEANT
Hey Deadshot. Welcome to the shit.

They turn on the hose and Lawton is BLOWN BACK --

-- AS WE FREEZE FRAME --

AND FINALLY SLAM OUR TITLE CARD: **"SUICIDE SQUAD"**

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, PRIVATE QUARTERS -- NIGHT

Passing over FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS on a steel desk. A Green Beret unit. SEVERAL DOG TAGS dangling from a lamp. And --

The finely-tuned body of CAPTAIN RICK FLAG (30s).

Doing pull-ups on the door-frame. A born soldier. Never known anything else. Raw order, raw discipline. Perfect. Unlike Lawton, this guy is your textbook hero.

WALLER enters, tosses a folder on his desk.

WALLER
They're all yours, Captain.

Flag picks up the folder. Not a man of many words. Flips through. Turns to regard --

A WALL OF MONITORS. A complete view of A-BLOCK, where --

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, A-BLOCK -- NIGHT

LAWTON is being paraded down Broadway -- recently deloused.

CATCALLS from all sides. Tough prisoners yelling out from behind steel bars. He could give a shit.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, HOLDING CELL -- NIGHT

LAWTON is tossed into his cell. The doors SLAM SHUT. He rises, looks around. About to touch the bars when --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARKNESS

Wouldn't put me hands on those bars, mate...

DIGGER HARKNESS (early 20s) sits in an adjacent cell. Australian. His hands are immersed in solid lead gloves.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

Might get a bit of a surprise.

He gestures to another cell, where a BIG MAN is pacing like a wild animal. He's testing each bar -- getting an ELECTRIC SHOCK each time.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

Blockbuster, he can take it. But you, I dunno. Takes a special kind of toughness to make it in here, and I ain't sure ya got it.

LAWTON

Belle Reve. Thought this place was just a rumor.

HARKNESS

Sure-- a rumor. Like you ain't really here and we ain't really talkin'?

Another PRISONER calls out from his cell --

PRISONER (O.C.)

Wouldn't that be the day, Harkness.

HARKNESS

Yeah, yeah.

Lawton scans his surroundings.

LAWTON

Doesn't make sense, throwing me in here. I didn't get a trial.

HARKNESS

Yah, well Waller does what she wants. She don't care 'bout super-human scum like you and me. Any more than she cares 'bout Blockbuster over there, or Mirror Master, or that guy in Cell Block D, shoots lasers outta his arse --

ANOTHER PRISONER (O.C.)

Harkness would you shut up?!

He spins towards the rest of the annoyed prisoners --

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CONTINUED:

HARKNESS

Hey, I'm talkin' to the new guy.
Ya see that? See how I'm talkin'?

PRISONER

No, we hear how you're talking.
It's all we hear all the time.

HARKNESS

Mate.... if I didn't have me hands
in these oven mitts, I'd come in
there and show ya what happens
when I stop talkin'. Ya follow?

PRISONER

Oh I'm real scared.

Turning back to Lawton --

HARKNESS

Sorry 'bout that. Buncha lunatics
in here. All of 'em want a piece,
but ya see I can't have it, on
account a' me condition. Waller
don't let me have no fun.

LAWTON

She mentioned something to me about
a job. You heard of that?

Laughing his ass off --

HARKNESS

Sure, a job. Maybe she'll have ya
scrubbin' floors the rest 'a your
life. Sounds like a Waller job to
me. New guys get me every time...

LAWTON, leaning back. Wondering just how he got into
this bullshit situation as we CUT TO --

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, HOLDING CELL -- NIGHT

Prisoners sleeping in their cells. HARKNESS, snoring
away. Even in his sleep he's loud as hell.

LAWTON is wide awake. Staring at the ceiling.

When he hears a HISSING NOISE. From the vent above, a
PURPLISH GAS flows into the cell. A toxin...

...which reaches Lawton's lungs and HE PASSES OUT...

TO BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sounds of CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER. Vague, distant. And then --

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, MEDLAB -- NIGHT

BLURRY SHOTS of DOCTORS working on THE PRISONERS.

LAWTON groggily looks about. His hands and legs are tied. A doctor is INSERTING A TUBE INTO HIS ARM and we FADE TO --

EXT. BOSTON PLAYGROUND -- DAY --- DREAM SEQUENCE

Memories of children playing. A jungle gym. A see-saw.

A LITTLE GIRL going down a slide in SLOW MOTION.

And a younger LAWTON, hands stuffed in his pockets, watching from across the street, as we SLAM BACK TO --

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, HANGAR -- DAY

A BRIGHT SHINING LIGHT.

LAWTON sits up. No idea how much time has passed. He's lying on the floor amidst a dozen other PRISONERS. HARKNESS is there, as are a few of the other faces we've glimpsed. They're groggy, disoriented.

There's a SCAR on their forearms, but more on this later.

SPOTLIGHTS slam on around them. They are inside a hangar. Surrounded by ARMED SOLDIERS.

FLAG (O.C.)

Rise and shine, jail-birds.

And RICK FLAG steps forward. A drill-sergeant's scowl. Our first time beholding this bulldog in his element.

HARKNESS

You talkin' to us, mate?

FLAG

Yes I am. What is your name?

HARKNESS

How come ya wanna know my name?

FLAG, staring through HARKNESS. Pure contempt. And for a brief instant we have no idea what he's going to do...

...until he SWIPES HARKNESS'S LEGS, laying him out with a boot to his throat. A swift and efficient takedown.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLAG

You listen and you listen good. I don't know where along the path of your wayward little life you took a wrong turn-- but it is my job to show you back into the light. Am I getting through to you?

HARKNESS

Ya gonna show me the light?

FLAG

Sir.

HARKNESS

'Scuse me?

FLAG

You gonna show me the light, sir.

HARKNESS

Who the hell is this dingo?

Flag steps off and walks the line of prisoners.

FLAG

Good news and bad news, maggots. Bad news is you're all dead. Sentenced to death row for depraved criminal acts too vile to mention. Within one year, none of you will be breathing. That is a guarantee.

Letting this settle in.

FLAG (CONT'D)

But here's the good news. You're not dead yet. And you've been selected for a special new program at Belle Reve. It's called field rehabilitation.

HARKNESS

Rehabili-what?

FLAG

You do one mission for Uncle Sam. Help us get the job done, and we commute your sentence.

HARKNESS

You mean, like, we don't die?

FLAG

No, chances are you still die.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLAG (CONT'D)

But this time you do it for your country.

The prisoners exchange baffled glances.

FLAG (CONT'D)

Translation: you are not expected to survive this mission. Those who do? Ooh-rah. You just downgraded to a life sentence.

HARKNESS

He's jokin', right?

WALLER (O.C.)

I wish he were, Mr. Harkness.

WALLER comes in from the back of the room.

WALLER (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, we need your help.

She strides towards a PROJECTION SCREEN against the wall.

WALLER (CONT'D)

I see you've already met Captain Flag. He is a decorated combat veteran-- one of our best. We are lucky to have him. Thank you Captain, I'll take it from here.

She cycles through images on the screen. Brings up a shot of RUSTAM. A security photo taken from the airport.

WALLER (CONT'D)

Allow me to introduce you to Rustam. He is super-human, Type-A. Gestures with his right hand and a flaming scimitar materializes. Cuts through any metal. Very dangerous.

Two more images flash up behind her. MANTICORE and RAVAN.

WALLER (CONT'D)

His known associates. The one on the left is Ravan. Expert with knives. Big boy is Manticore. Came up out of Latvia.

Flashing through old CLASSIFIED DOCUMENTS.

WALLER (CONT'D)

Together they are the last surviving members of the Onslaught.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLER (CONT'D)

A super-human terrorist cell--
dates back to the Cold War. Used
to be they fought the Soviets, but
recently that's changed.

She flips to a new image...

WALLER (CONT'D)

48 hours ago they walked into a
military-guarded airport in Eritrea.
It took them 5 minutes to do this.

SHOTS OF CARNAGE. The wreckage of the Gulfstream.

WALLER (CONT'D)

Our intelligence indicates they're
preparing an attack on American
soil. There was some bad blood in
the spy game, and it looks like
they're settling old scores. We
need you to stop it from happening.

Lawton finally speaks up --

LAWTON

Why is this our problem.

WALLER

You have a concern, Mr. Lawton?

LAWTON

I just thought you people had--
you know, people for this kind of
thing.

WALLER

It's a bit more complicated than
that.

LAWTON

Oh yeah? So why go to us?

Waller and Flag exchange a look. Lawton catches it --

LAWTON (CONT'D)

You don't have another choice, do
you?

WALLER

Mr. Lawton, you have no idea.

Turning to the rest of the group --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLER (CONT'D)

Your mission is to kill, not to contain. I don't need any heroes out there, so you people should fit in just fine. All you have to do is what you do best.

(beat)

Unless anyone has any sort of... conscientious objection?

Harkness raises a hand.

WALLER (CONT'D)

Yes, Mr. Harkness.

HARKNESS

Hey Ms. Waller, it's uh, sorry to bother ya... it's just, I for one have been grapplin' with this-- objection you're referrin' to. Like maybe I been cured of my violent nature, ya know?

Waller's not in the mood for his sarcasm.

WALLER

I see. You've become a pacifist.

HARKNESS

What's that?

WALLER

Someone who dies in prison because he isn't willing to cooperate.

HARKNESS

Well, not when ya put it that way --

WALLER

Get back in line, Mr. Harkness.

And he does. Waller turns to the rest of them.

WALLER (CONT'D)

Let me make one thing abundantly clear. The United States does not owe you anything. We don't owe you explanations, and we certainly don't owe you the kind of charity you're being offered right now. So you're welcome. Scratch our back, and we'll scratch yours.

She starts to leave with Flag. GUARDS move in with cuffs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLER (CONT'D)
Auditions will be held at 1800.
Good luck, everyone.

A guard clamps Lawton's hands with a long chain. We see he has managed to conceal EXTRA SLACK in his fist. Just a few inches -- but it's all he needs.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, CORRIDOR -- DAY

The PRISONERS are escorted down a long hallway.

LAWTON is looking for angles. Whispers to HARKNESS --

LAWTON
On my word we go.

HARKNESS
Go -- whaddya mean go --

Then they turn the corner and Lawton LEAPS INTO ACTION!

Knocking into one of the GUARDS and throwing him sideways. Another draws his PISTOL -- exactly what Lawton was waiting for. He unleashes the chain's slack around his neck, using the guard as a hostage while taking his gun and --

SHOOTING a third guard in the hip!

LAWTON
Harkness, get on it!

But Harkness isn't moving. In fact, none of the prisoners seem interested in helping out. They're afraid.

And as Lawton realizes he's all alone --

A guard SLAMS HIM in the head.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

A bruised up LAWTON is dropped in a seat across an aluminum table. The GUARDS leave him as --

RICK FLAG walks in. A file under his arm. He puts his hat down on the table. Neat and creased.

LAWTON
You again, huh.

FLAG
A few surprises in this file.

Flips the folder open --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLAG (CONT'D)

Says you were trained at Baton Rouge. I came up there myself.

LAWTON

Okay. What's that make us.

FLAG

(reading)

Dishonorable discharge, worked your way into the private sector, six years in Panama. Twenty kills, attributed. All perfect shots. You enjoy what you do?

LAWTON

It's a job.

FLAG

What does it get you?

LAWTON

Gets me paid, doesn't it.

FLAG

You ever thought of taking on a more honorable profession?

LAWTON

Honorable. Like what, killing for you instead of killing for me?

FLAG

For your country. Yes.

Lawton seems amused by the thought.

LAWTON

Let me ask you something-- how many honorable soldiers know the names of their victims? 'Cause I know the name of every asshole I ever put down.

FLAG

That doesn't make you a hero.

LAWTON

Right, it's the bars on your shoulder-- so what? I used to have a pair myself. Maybe some day they'll even bury me with 'em. Put me in that cemetery with those little flags on top --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLAG

(too fast)

What makes you think you should be buried within sight of those men?

Lawton knows he's hit a sore spot. He grins.

LAWTON

I like you, Captain.

FLAG

Why is that.

LAWTON

I don't know, maybe it's the starch in your collar-- that brass and polish routine. Or maybe it's just the way you look at a jerk like me and wanna tear me apart.

Lawton leans in for the kill...

LAWTON (CONT'D)

But I'm curious. What exactly did some clean-cut Green Beret have to do to get stuck with us?

FLAG, glaring back. There's an answer here, but he's not going to give it up. Instead he fights back...

FLAG

Plenty of questions I could ask you, too.

...pulling out A PHOTO OF ZOE.

FLAG (CONT'D)

Like what is some low-life hitman doing with a girl like this?

Lawton suddenly goes stone cold. Vulnerable.

FLAG (CONT'D)

Sad story. Raised herself. Mom was a call girl-- she never knew her father. And after all these years watching her from afar, how come you never once worked up the balls to tell her it's you?

Lawton, dead inside. Shutting down.

LAWTON

We done here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLAG

I guess so.

Flag stands, bangs on the door.

FLAG (CONT'D)

I should warn you, you're on this team whether you want it or not. Waller says if you don't cooperate she'll go public with your arrest.

The guards come in and pick Lawton up. Face-to-face...

FLAG (CONT'D)

It's what you're afraid of, isn't it. Having that girl learn what you really are. Shattering any bullshit illusion that you two ever had a chance together.

Lawton, flinching. Death in his eyes --

LAWTON

You think you can break me? Good luck.

And he's pulled out the door as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIDWEST HOT DOG RESTAURANT -- DAY

"St. Louis"

An empty fast food establishment. No customers, no clerks behind the counter. Just ONE MAN eating alone at a table.

We'll call him COSGROVE (60s). Graying but bullish. Good ol' boy. He walks with a limp -- a CANE at his side. But who exactly he is will remain a mystery for now.

A BODYGUARD opens the door, escorting inside --

AN ARMY MAJOR (40s). Dressed in casual blues.

COSGROVE

Come on in, Major.

He sits. A visible discomfort with their surroundings.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

Hot dog?

MAJOR

I'm all right, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COSGROVE

Best one I've tasted this side of Pittsburgh. Won't give it the east coast, but Missouri? Sure.

Cosgrove wipes his mouth.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

How'd it go in Africa?

MAJOR

Very well, sir.

COSGROVE

Our boys take care of their little recovery mission?

MAJOR

They did. There's only one problem.

The Major passes across a CLASSIFIED FILE.

MAJOR (CONT'D)

It's Amanda Waller again.

COSGROVE

This lady just doesn't know how to give it up, does she?

MAJOR

Well, we denied her funds on the Special Forces request. But now she's found another way to pull a response team together.

Cosgrove, reading --

COSGROVE

Criminals.

MAJOR

Super-human criminals.

He snaps the file shut, slides it back dismissively.

COSGROVE

I don't need to remind you that we are not in the business of loose ends, Major.

MAJOR

How should we handle it?

COSGROVE

Let our boys know they're coming. They can clean up on their own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Major nods, gets up to leave.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
 And Major. I don't want to hear
 this woman's name again. If she
 continues to pry in our affairs,
 we're gonna have to take her out
 to the woodshed.

The Major nods, steps out.

COSGROVE'S FACE, unsmiling as he stares outside.

INT. MOSCOW TAVERN -- NIGHT

"Moscow"

A remote Russian bar.

Dreary and snowy outside. Two ELDERLY DRUNKS stumble out. Behind them, three patrons keep a low profile...

RAVAN by the window. MANTICORE near the fireplace.

And RUSTAM at the bar. His eyes are a distant void.

Manticore pulls out the STOLEN BRIEFCASE. Wires its keypad to a LAPTOP COMPUTER and boots it up. DJINN appears on-screen. He passes through the wire --

AND UNLOCKS THE KEYPAD. The briefcase flips open.

Rustam comes over, sorts through CLASSIFIED FOLDERS. Digs out something important. A SCHEDULE.

RUSTAM
 Here.

Djinn appears back on the computer screen, smiling eagerly --

DJINN
 There'll be hell to pay tomorrow,
 won't there, brothers?

Ravan and Manticore grin.

But Rustam isn't smiling. Something is on his mind. And with rising anger he suddenly PICKS UP DJINN'S LAPTOP...

AND TOSSES IT INTO THE FIREPLACE!

We can hear Djinn's DIGITAL SCREAM as the flames extinguish his life. Manticore and Ravan don't know how to react. Until Rustam reaches into his coat pocket, explaining...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSTAM

Our contact sent me this. It went out over the American wire.

A PHOTOGRAPH. The same security camera image that Waller showed the prisoners. And Ravan understands --

RAVAN

The fool. He missed a camera.

Rustam slams the briefcase. Not one to dwell on mistakes.

RUSTAM

We go tomorrow.

RAVAN

But the Russians will know we're coming. Maybe the Americans too --

RUSTAM

It doesn't matter.

Rustam raises a GLASS OF WHISKEY off the table.

RUSTAM (CONT'D)

Tonight we drink to fallen friends.

He shotguns the whiskey.

RUSTAM (CONT'D)

And tomorrow we kill for them.

INT. HOLDING CELL -- NIGHT

LAWTON, breathing in a confined, dark space.

PINHOLES OF LIGHT

Illuminating the sweat on his brow. We can hear SOUNDS of a fight going on outside as...

A TERRIFIED PRISONER is slammed against his cage. Tattooed white supremacist. He doesn't look so tough right now...

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, HANGAR -- NIGHT

Because he's having his ass handed to him by BLOCKBUSTER (30s). The impossibly big man we glimpsed earlier.

TOSSING this tough guy from one side of the room to the other -- like it's just another day at the office. He's about to snap his opponent's neck when --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLER (O.C.)
Thank you, Blockbuster.

WALLER and FLAG are sitting at a table across the hanger. A stack of folders are spread out between them.

Blockbuster tries to snap his neck anyway but --

WALLER (CONT'D)
I said thank you. That'll do.

He grudgingly steps off.

FLAG
"Blockbuster?"

WALLER
It's what he goes by. Played with chemicals when he was a kid. Made him stupid, but made him strong.

FLAG
I could use a body like that.

WALLER
You won't get much of a brain.

Flag puts Blockbuster's file in the "YES" pile.

FLAG
Who else do we have?

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, HANGAR -- LATER

A pile-on. TWELVE IDENTICAL PRISONERS are taking on a single PRISONER, who doesn't stand a chance. Within moments, he is overwhelmed and defeated.

The twelve men step away, drawing closer and then --

MERGING INTO THE BODY OF ONE MAN. He is MULTIPLEX (30s).

FLAG
Nice trick.

WALLER
Very.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, HANGAR -- LATER

A MIDDLE-EASTERN PRISONER is wielding a javelin. His ADVERSARY is a capable fighter (powers TBD), but the Middle Eastern parries so fast that he leaves a BLURRY TRAIL --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- moving in at supersonic speed --

AND KNOCKING HIS ADVERSARY ON HIS BACK!

He steps off, victorious, and BOWS. So fast we barely had time to register what we saw. This is JACULI (30s).

FLAG nods, impressed.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, HANGAR -- LATER

A TERRIFIED PRISONER is trying to hide from --

STRANGE FLOATING SHAPES. Hallucinogenic colors, objects racking in and out of focus. He can't tell what's real and what's not, and he finally SCREAMS OUT --

PRISONER

Get outta my head!

-- as a PUNK-LOOKING BLONDE GIRL (20s) kicks him on his back and stands over him. This is --

WALLER

Leah Wasserman. Aka "Mindboggler."

She blinks and the hallucinogenic shapes DISAPPEAR.

WALLER (CONT'D)

You do not want her inside your head.

FLAG

She's a telepath, huh.

WALLER

Best there is.

Flag drops her folder in the "YES" pile.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, HANGAR -- LATER

Another cell opens. HARKNESS comes out.

WALLER

You've already met Digger Harkness. Expert with throwing weapons. On the street they call him Boomerang.

FLAG

Why do they call him that?

A guard removes the METAL BINDINGS from Harkness's hands. He rubs his fingers together and --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLASMA BOOMERANGS APPEAR. He spins them nimbly. Ready for his adversary as another cell opens...

AND WE PAN UP ALONG SHAPELY LEGS

Of a gorgeous AFRICAN BEAUTY (20s). Petite figure. Strong and self-reliant. Doesn't talk much to others.

FLAG (CONT'D)

And who's that?

WALLER

Mari Jiwi McCabe. She's able to mimic the skills of animals. Call sign is "Vixen".

FLAG

Call sign?

WALLER

She was CIA. Until she turned and killed her handler.

Off FLAG's look --

Harkness sneers eagerly.

HARKNESS

Too bad. Throwin' in a lamb with the lions.

VIXEN, staring back indifferently. Her eyes suddenly reshape into a FELINE SLANT (note: her eyes will assume the form of whatever animal she imitates).

Harkness THROWS a boomerang. It spins toward her at lightning speed, but she ducks with cat-like reflexes. It spins around the room -- almost hitting FLAG -- then lands back in Harkness's hands.

He THROWS it again. This time Vixen LEAPS THROUGH THE AIR, her throat emitting a TIGER'S GROWL as --

HER FINGERNAILS TURN TO TIGER'S CLAWS

Slicing the boomerang mid-air, landing and rolling into Harkness with lightning speed. CLAWS AT HIS THROAT.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

Groovy.

She starts to return to her cage when Harkness quickly SLICES a boomerang against her ankle.

She pauses, irritated. Harkness grins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLER
(knowing what's coming)
Oops...

She KICKS HIM in the face and begins pummeling him.

FLAG
You think we should...

Harkness tries to crawl free, helpless --

HARKNESS
Okay! I'm tappin' out!

Until Vixen finally settles down. Sits in her cage.

FLAG
Can she be controlled?

WALLER
To be honest, she's the only one I
have any hope for. She swears her
crime was justified, and she wants
to earn a second chance.

FLAG
Justified.

WALLER
Well, relatively.
(beat)
Her handler made a pass at her
before she tore him apart.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, HANGAR -- LATER

WALLER pulls out the last folder.

WALLER
And then we're back to him.

LAWTON steps out of his holding cell. He is handed TWO
PISTOLS. Opens the clips to reveal RUBBER BULLETS inside.

Another PRISONER (powers TBD) gets ready for a fight.

But Lawton isn't having it. He discards the pistols.

LAWTON
Sorry. I don't fight for free.

Waller, watching him --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLER

Looks like he didn't respond to your threat.

FLAG

No, he did. He just wants us to know he's not happy about it.

Lawton getting BEATEN by the prisoner as we CUT TO --

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, HOLDING CELL -- MORNING

A BUZZING NOISE

Seven doors open and SEVEN PRISONERS step on the line. They will be our newly-formed team. To summarize:

BLOCKBUSTER -- the strongman.

MULTIPLEX -- the human replicator.

JACULI -- the speedster.

MINDBOGGLER -- the female telepath.

It's a lot of names. But don't worry -- our story is not going to feature them. Instead we will emphasize...

HARKNESS -- special weapons.

VIXEN -- female with animal abilities.

And LAWTON -- you know what he does.

These are the three who should always be featured.

FLAG and a few armed guards pace past them.

FLAG

Welcome to the team, deadbeats.

HARKNESS

If I can just say, I for one am honored and humbled --

FLAG

Shut up Harkness.

HARKNESS

Yessir.

Flag, eyes on Lawton --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLAG

What do you say? Ready to die for
your country?

Lawton, unblinking --

LAWTON

I don't know. Are you?

Flag grins eagerly.

SOUNDS OF POUNDING fading into...

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, A-BLOCK -- NIGHT

THE SEVEN PRISONERS

Alone in a dark room. Listening to THUNDERING NOISES
outside the door. Like war drums.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, COMMAND HQ -- NIGHT

A bevy of COMPUTER MONITORS, radar equipment. A GIANT
READOUT showing each prisoner's position relative to Flag.

WALLER (O.S.)

This is what the Onslaught was
retrieving in Eritrea...

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, HANGAR -- NIGHT

WALLER is lecturing the SEVEN PRISONERS.

ON THE PROJECTION SCREEN: a file photo of the Russian
courier with the BRIEFCASE attached to his wrist.

WALLER

This briefcase contained a shipping
schedule for a very classified
Russian weapon. Every few months
they transfer this weapon on a
high-speed train to keep its
location secret. We believe the
Onslaught intends to steal it.

Schematics of a HIGH-SPEED TRAIN flash up behind her.

HARKNESS

What kind of weapon we talkin'
about? Like some kind a' nuke?

WALLER

That is above your pay grade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWTON

Now hold on a second, we deserve to know --

WALLER

No you don't deserve anything, Mr. Lawton. You're here to terminate your targets. That is all.

(striding off podium)
Captain Flag?

FLAG steps forward, raising his arm.

FLAG

Yeah. One more thing. Everyone look down at your left forearm.

LAWTON observes the SCAR along the inside of his wrist.

FLAG (CONT'D)

While you were sleeping the other night, we took the liberty of inserting a fail-safe. It is a PED-- a personal explosive device. If any of you get any ideas on this mission-- like giving me an untimely death, or running more than two hundred yards away from me, this device can automatically detonate an ounce of C4, surgically-implanted inside of you.

Flag lifts up his WRIST WATCH -- an automated detonator.

FLAG (CONT'D)

Or, you know, I can just detonate it myself. Either way, take my word for it, there would be little of you left to clean up.

Incredulous looks between the prisoners. Lawton just glares at Flag, sizing up his adversary.

FLAG (CONT'D)

We go in two hours. Get pumped, people.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, A-BLOCK -- NIGHT

Back to LAWTON sitting among the nervous prisoners. The THUNDERING NOISES are almost unbearable now.

ON THE METAL DOOR: bolts suddenly slamming open and --

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

GUARDS IN RIOT GEAR

Beat down on the PRISONERS as they run the line. A brutal send-off. Whooping and hollering. Shit-eating grins on their faces. Nobody's gonna miss these deadbeats.

SERGEANT

One-way ticket just got punched.

EXT. BELLE REVE PRISON, LANDING STRIP -- NIGHT

Emerging on --

A TARMAC, where A GIANT LOCKHEED C-5 GALAXY AIRPLANE waits. It's taken some damage over the years. Labeled the SS-1.

They barely have time to gape in wonder before they're hauled into the rear cargo bay. DUFFEL BAGS are thrust into each of their arms.

INT. SS-1 PASSENGER BAY -- NIGHT

Being forced into individual seats. Bars slammed down over their chests. Locked in good and tight.

HARKNESS

Chin up mates. Ain't nobody gonna die today. We got the best 'a the Rogue's Gallery right here. I ever tell anyone 'bout the time I lifted the Keystone Reserve? Last great job I ever pulled. I was in the green neck deep --

MINDBOGGLER (O.C.)

That's not how I heard it.

MINDBOGGLER picks her nails in the corner.

MINDBOGGLER (CONT'D)

Ran into that friend of yours... what's his name, Lenny Snart? Way he tells it, you got yourself trapped in the same safe you were trying to rob. That true, Harkness?

HARKNESS

Don't mind ol' Mindboggler. She just likes to mess with our heads.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MINDBOGGLER

Believe me, if I went in your head,
there would be very little to mess
with.

Laughs from the prisoners. Harkness GLARES at her --

HARKNESS

Guess it's on, then.

MINDBOGGLER

I'm looking forward to it.

Behind them, the HYDRAULIC DOOR begins to close.

EXT. BELLE REVE PRISON, LANDING STRIP -- NIGHT

WALLER escorts FLAG down the tarmac.

WALLER

The Russians think they can handle
this themselves. They've put one
platoon at the refuel station, and
another on the train itself.

FLAG

Won't be enough.

WALLER

We're in agreement.

They reach the plane. Flag starts to climb in.

WALLER (CONT'D)

And I've been working on our leads.
Whoever's feeding the Onslaught
their intel is running with top
security clearance. Probably the
same clearance it took to shut
down my Special Forces requests.

FLAG

You really think someone on our
side is helping these terrorists?

WALLER

Either way it points to one thing --

She tosses him the duffel bag.

WALLER (CONT'D)

You're all we've got, Flag.

Flag salutes and closes the door between them. On Waller's
face, for a brief moment... a hint of DESPERATION.

INT. SS-1 PASSENGER BAY -- NIGHT

LAWTON closes his eyes as the plane's engines WHIR UP and --

EXT. BELLE REVE PRISON, LANDING STRIP -- NIGHT

The SS-1 takes off through the hot steam of the Bayou.
Which promptly DISSOLVES into...

EXT. RUSSIAN TRAIN YARDS -- NIGHT

"Siberia"

A LIGHT SNOW coming down.

Sounds of distant struggling fading into --

INT. GUARD BOOTH -- NIGHT

An ENTIRE PLATOON OF DEAD RUSSIANS in the aftermath of a
skirmish. So much for anticipating the Onslaught.

Only ONE SOLDIER remains. Crawling along the floor, trying
to reach for a radio when --

MANTICORE steps on his hand.

RUSTAM watches from the doorway. Nods his consent.

So the big man twists his foot. The soldier goes still.

Rustam heads for the control panel. He's staring at a
monitor... a MAP where we see a GREEN DOT approaching.

EXT. RUSSIAN TRAIN YARDS -- NIGHT

Through the snow, MASSIVE HEADLIGHTS are getting closer.
Slowing down as they near the station.

IT'S A HIGH-SPEED FREIGHT TRAIN. Military in nature.
Guarded with high-tech weaponry on all sides. Whatever
this is carrying, they're not fooling around.

RUSTAM steps into its warm light as we CUT TO --

INT. SS-1 COCKPIT -- NIGHT

FLAG sitting silently behind the co-pilot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A personal moment. A soldier's private ritual on the eve of battle. For Flag this means...

PULLING OUT HIS DOG TAGS. We saw them in his quarters. Several of them strung together like a mysterious keepsake. He runs each one through his fingers. Registering them.

INT. SS-1 PASSENGER BAY -- NIGHT

The PRISONERS in various stages of anticipation.

LAWTON stares at Flag through the portal window. Tilts over to JACULI (Middle Eastern speedster) next to him...

LAWTON

I'd love to know what our Captain has up his ass.

Jaculi doesn't respond. MINDBOGGLER answers instead --

MINDBOGGLER

Way I heard it, he was some Green Beret hot shot. Screwed up on a mission and got himself deep-sixed.

LAWTON

Really.

MINDBOGGLER

Guess he's the best Waller could do on short notice.

LAWTON

(shaking his head)
One hell of a mission we got.

Lawton turns back to Jaculi. He's got a persistent twitch -- his body blurring in fast motion -- but other than that he sits steadfast. Closed off to the others.

LAWTON (CONT'D)

I'm Lawton, by the way.

JACULI

Jaculi.

LAWTON

You Bedouin? I spent some time in a camp once. Dakhar?

JACULI

Yes. I know it.

LAWTON

Good fighters there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACULI

Very good camp.

LAWTON, noting this. Making an assessment. And whispering --

LAWTON

Look, I don't intend on dying today.
If things go south with this
Captain, are you with me?

Jaculi eyes him -- running angles himself -- then NODS.

A FLASHING RED LIGHT overhead.

The cockpit door opens and FLAG steps in. Fully outfitted now. Handguns strapped to his vest. Helmet with an LCD.

FLAG

All right children, suit up. We're
two miles from our destination.

The various restraints lift off the prisoners. They flex, begin to rise. Pulling out of their duffel bags...

INDIVIDUAL EQUIPMENT. Each suit of armor is customized for the varying abilities of each prisoner. For example...

BLOCKBUSTER has heavy duty kevlar armor that only he could manage to wield.

MINDBOGGLER'S helmet has a plate that allows her to spread her mind-waves at greater radius (more on this below).

LAWTON's armor is equipped with his personal wrist-mounted pistol rig and plenty of ammunition.

FLAG (CONT'D)

Here's how we do it. Once we get
on the train, I want two teams.
All radio frequency is blocked
inside, so Mindboggler, you're
gonna be our com system. Can you
get in our heads?

She smiles as her voice BOOMS FROM INSIDE THEIR MINDS --

MINDBOGGLER'S VOICE (V.O.)

Like this?

Everyone yells and grips their temples.

FLAG

Copy. Just lower your volume.
Multiplex, you're the diversion.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLAG (CONT'D)

Give us numbers to hold down the Russians. They'll swarm the place, but they are collateral. Not on mission. I want no secondary casualties, is that clear?

Behind them, Harkness lifts another piece of gear out of his bag... A PARACHUTE.

HARKNESS

Uh... whaddya expect us to do with these, by chance?

Flag responds by SLAMMING a button that causes the SS-1's tailgate to --

OPEN MID-AIR. The deafening sound of WIND howling in.

FLAG

I said we're two miles from our destination. I didn't say which direction.

Everyone looks down into the snowy night sky. Gulp.

FLAG (CONT'D)

Only way to get on a moving train is from above.

HARKNESS

No no no --

FLAG

Harkness. You're going.

HARKNESS

I ain't goin' and there ain't nothin' you can do, okay?

FLAG

Remember: two hundred yards.

Flag indicates his PED WATCH, then suddenly --

THROWS HIMSELF OUT THE DOOR!

The other prisoners realize they don't have a choice. They grumble and swear, rapidly grabbing the last of their gear and LEAPING OFF AFTER HIM!

LAWTON hangs back a moment. Making a plan. Stealing an EXTRA PARACHUTE, slipping it in his pack, then --

-- running off the edge --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- TRACKING WITH HIM as he --

EXT. RUSSIAN AIRSPACE -- NIGHT

LEAPS INTO A FULL-ON FREEFALL through the clouds!

WITH THE PRISONERS

Tossing around wildly, trying to get control of their flight path, trying to stay together as a team. Complete clusterf#ck disorientation. No sense of which way is up. Nothing but the WIND screaming at their ears.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, COMMAND HQ -- DAY

WALLER waits at the monitors, getting grainy video images.

TECHNICIAN

They're in the air, Ms. Waller.

EXT. RUSSIAN AIRSPACE -- NIGHT

FLAG up ahead. Using the LCD display over his visor. A GPS marker shows what we can't see -- the train below.

Then a WARNING LIGHT flashes.

LAWTON, in his own free-fall, hears...

A RUMBLING NOISE.

He cocks his head towards the clouds. A SHAPE is lurking nearby. A big shape. Sparking with lights. And then --

THREE UNMANNED AERIAL DRONES

Burst into view. Decked out with heavy weaponry, their automated eyes locking in on the intruders...

...and launching TRACER FIRE.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, COMMAND HQ -- DAY

The screens are lighting up.

TECHNICIAN

Incoming!

WALLER

Russian drones. They're escorting the train.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She leans over to a microphone --

WALLER (CONT'D)
 Captain, you have permission to
 engage.

EXT. RUSSIAN AIRSPACE -- NIGHT

Like FLAG needed permission. He's already on defense.

LAWTON twists his body and narrowly avoids one drone.

A shot from another drone soars past MULTIPLEX and grazes BLOCKBUSTER's armor. The big man grunts indifferently. Waits for the craft to fly by and --

SMASHES OFF THE WING!

The drone spirals dead into the clouds. One down.

JACULI sees he's got another drone on his tail. He sways to avoid the path of its bullets. His body is a BLUR in the clouds. A work of art. But he can't lose the craft.

So he does the next best thing. Sees HARKNESS nearby. Cuts left and crosses paths with him, flashing a grin as he moves off and now --

THE DRONE IS LOCKED IN ON HARKNESS!

Who gasps incredulously. Not nearly as fast. The drone switches to missiles. FIRES.

Harkness does what Harkness does best. From his hands, two PLASMA BOOMERANGS appear. He tosses them towards the missile, their paths arcing and slicing and --

Triggering a THUNDERING EXPLOSION!

But the drone persists, flying through the fire. Harkness appears to be out of luck until --

VIXEN cuts in, landing on the back of the drone and ripping out its circuit board. The drone spins in circles, short-circuited and losing control. Its guns fire blindly and --

HIT THE THIRD DRONE

Which explodes in the sky right next to LAWTON. Two down.

Vixen quickly cuts the remainder of the cords and causes her drone to power down. It plummets out of the sky.

And that makes three.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stretches her arms -- eyes changing into the shape of a FALCON's as she glides past her amazed teammates.

EXT. RUSSIAN MOUNTAINS -- NIGHT

The high-speed TRAIN makes its way through the pass.

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN, RADAR ROOM -- NIGHT

ALARM BELLS RINGING

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS yelling at each other as they hand out weapons. They know they've got incoming.

The lead soldier rushes to a door, and when it opens --

MANTICORE is standing there. The Onslaught has arrived.

SOLDIER (in Russian)

[They're here --]

Manticore grabs the rifle out of the soldier's hands and swats him down with it. The others OPEN FIRE, but he just takes the bullets. Nothing seems to harm him.

Once their clips are out, he steps aside to reveal --

RAVAN. Who unleashes his knives. Within moments all guards are down.

Ravan cuts open an exhaust vent and begins wiring a C4 PACK to the hydraulics. Attaches it to a remote DETONATOR.

EXT. RUSSIAN MOUNTAINS -- NIGHT

FLAG sights the TRAIN darting in and out of the mountains. He points towards it, indicating that's where they're headed. But LAWTON points towards something else...

A TUNNEL, which the train is about to head into.

Time is short. Flag cuts his path to dive faster. Lawton and the others follow...

RAPIDLY APPROACHING THE TRAIN

At minimum altitude their parachutes AUTOMATICALLY DEPLOY.

Flag buys himself a soft landing and SLIDES ACROSS THE ROOF, releasing his chute just in time to grab hold.

Chaos as the rest of the team slams down behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWTON is the last one. He doesn't have much time.

LOWERING FASTER

-- the mouth of the tunnel growing wider --

-- feet on the verge of hitting the train --

-- starting to cut his chute when suddenly --

THE CHUTE CATCHES ON THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL!

Pulling him back... he's about to be thrown entirely but --

VIXEN REACHES OUT AND GRABS HIM BY THE ARM!

Holding him there. Lawton spins with his wrist-mounted pistols and SHOOTs off the chute straps.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, COMMAND HQ -- DAY

WALLER watches as the monitors go BLANK.

TECHNICIAN

They're in. Dark until we hear otherwise.

WALLER

Good luck, Captain.

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN, RADAR ROOM -- NIGHT

WINDOWS BURST OPEN

And the team falls inside, one by one, gasping for breath, crawling over each other, groaning in pain.

LAWTON

Damnit, Flag. What the hell were those things?

FLAG

Safeguards. Security system.

LAWTON

You knew they were up there and you didn't tell us?!

FLAG doesn't answer, because he's too focused on --

MULTIPLY, yelling in pain. BLOOD is pouring from his abdomen. He was hit. Flag kneels before him...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLAG

We'll get you out of here.

HARKNESS

Get 'im out? Come on, Flag-- what's he gonna do, bleed on 'em?

Flag tries to apply pressure to the wound, but to no avail.

LAWTON

Harkness is right. We drag him along, he'll get us all killed!

FLAG

Thank you, Lawton, when I want your advice I'll ask for it --

Suddenly BLOCKBUSTER lurches forward. Without warning -- without another word -- he grabs Multiplex by the collar, lifting him with a surge of strength and --

TOSSING HIS BODY OUT THE OPEN WINDOW!

So fast that no one could do a thing to stop it. Flag, LAWTON... everyone's stunned. So much for Multiplex.

BLOCKBUSTER

I ain't dyin' for dead weight.

Flag draws his pistol, plants it on Blockbuster's forehead. With his other hand he lifts up the PED watch to show him --

THE MANUAL DETONATION TRIGGER.

FLAG

You pull something like that again, I pull this. Are we clear?

HARKNESS (O.C.)

Mates. You might wanna see this.

HARKNESS is standing a little ways off, beholding --

CARNAGE. Bodies piled up. The aftermath of the Onslaught's attack on the Russian soldiers.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

Guess your fellas got here first.

Lawton kneels before the ripped-open ducts nearby...

LAWTON

That ain't all.

Studying the C4 wired into the system --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWTON (CONT'D)

I don't think they're planning on leaving much behind.

FLAG

What is it?

LAWTON

Detonators. Looks like they're trying to blow the brakes.

Flag CUTS THE DETONATOR, then rises to his feet.

FLAG

Okay. We're short on time and we're short a man. Harkness, Mindboggler, Vixen. You take the lower deck. We'll go up top. Remove any explosives you find.

Shooting Blockbuster one last look as he storms out.

FLAG (CONT'D)

And no more surprises.

Lawton waits until Flag has left. Brings JACULI closer and passes him one of his PISTOLS.

LAWTON

You know how to use one of these?

Jaculi nods, discreetly takes the gun.

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN, CARGO BAY -- NIGHT

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS are frantically regrouping inside a space stacked with shipping crates. The last soldier retreats and slams the TITANIUM DOOR when suddenly --

A BLAZING SCIMITAR

Thrusts through the door behind him. The soldier drops, stabbed in the back, revealing in the passageway --

RUSTAM, who snaps his fingers and the scimitar recedes.

The soldiers are too afraid to fire a shot. Some of them drop their weapons and go to their knees.

MANTICORE lifts one by the throat. The soldier already knows what they're here for. With a shaking hand he POINTS to a shipping container...

...marked "HAZARDOUS MATERIALS".

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN, UPPER DECK -- NIGHT

LAWTON, FLAG, BLOCKBUSTER, and JACULI push through a door into a passenger car, where --

TWO RUSSIAN SOLDIERS have their rifles trained.

SOLDIER
[Put the weapons down!]

LAWTON
I got these guys --

FLAG
Nobody shoots anyone!

LAWTON
What is the point of a talent if
you can't use it?!

The moment escalating until one of the Russians finally
DISCHARGES HIS RIFLE and --

TIME SLOWS DOWN

Allowing us to see combat the way Lawton sees combat.

TRACKING WITH THE BULLET as it hurtles towards Lawton,
who REFLEXIVELY SHOOTS...

HITTING THE BULLET mid-air and causing it to deflect...

INTO THE SOLDIER'S OWN LEG!

The soldier goes down. But that's not all. The ROUND
passes through his leg, now significantly damaged but
still moving. It ricochets off the wall behind him, losing
velocity until --

LAWTON FIRES ANOTHER BULLET

Changing the round's path -- diverting it into the arm of
the second soldier, who goes down.

We SLAM BACK to real time --

ON THE BODIES, writhing on the floor, disarmed.

Flag looks at Lawton, deadpan.

LAWTON (CONT'D)
What. It was his bullet.

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN, SHIPPING CONTAINER -- NIGHT

A vacuum-sealed door rolls open. The inside of this container is freezing cold. Kept at an absurdly low temperature for reasons we're about to understand...

As RUSTAM enters. Shines a light around. What could be inside? A chemical weapon? A bomb? An EMP? Or...

A FRAIL OLD MAN.

A prisoner. Wrinkles cutting through his face like scars. Not shivering. In fact, flakes of ice MELT as soon as they hit his shoulders -- because he emits an ENERGY FIELD.

His name is FALLOUT (60s). And believe me, you don't want to see what he can do. Pale eyes rising...

FALLOUT

My son.

Rustam extends a hand. They share a powerful embrace.

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN, LOWER ENGINE ROOM -- NIGHT

Catwalks over pipes and hydraulics. HARKNESS, VIXEN, and MINDBOGGLER walk in.

MINDBOGGLER

Flag. We're in the engine room.

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN, UPPER DECK -- NIGHT

MOVING THROUGH THE CORRIDOR

FLAG

Keep your eyes peeled-- we've got plenty of secondaries up here.

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN, LOWER ENGINE ROOM -- NIGHT

HARKNESS, walking with VIXEN.

HARKNESS

Ain't much of a talker, are ya?

VIXEN

What is there to talk about.

HARKNESS

Oh, I get it. You're too good for the rest of us, Vixen?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIXEN

I don't even belong in the same category.

She suddenly kneels to the ground, EYES shaping like a WOLF's as she sniffs the air.

VIXEN (CONT'D)

There's something up ahead.

Creeping around the corner to --

TWO DEAD RUSSIAN MECHANICS. Knives in their backs.

HER EARS PERK UP

She points MINDBOGGLER and Harkness in two directions. They follow a noise that grows louder...

TO RAVAN, wiring more C4 CHARGES into the gears.

Harkness reaches for his boomerangs, making the slightest of noises...

And Ravan hears him.

Without even thinking he TOSSES a knife behind him. Harkness cuts it mid-air. Ravan spins and responds with another knife, but this one --

VIXEN catches mid-air, snapping it in two.

Ravan sprints for the exit...

-- just as Harkness moves in --

Ravan ducks down, drawing a knife and sliding towards him --

-- and they engage in single combat --

Harkness parrying with serrated boomerangs, Ravan with two fast-moving switchblades. In the end Ravan is faster, shoving Harkness to the ground, foot planted on his chest and about to bring down his blade when --

A SCREAMING NOISE

Fills Ravan's head. He stumbles back.

MINDBOGGLER comes at him with her telepathy in full effect. His vision BLURS, shapes rack out of focus. Hallucinating. He has no other choice but to --

STAB A KNIFE INTO A NEARBY PISTON

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Causing a burst of steam that momentarily blinds everyone, and when it clears RAVAN IS GONE.

HARKNESS

Ya know it's an insult to steal a man's kill, right?

MINDBOGGLER

I certainly didn't mean to draw your manhood into question.

Harkness glares at her as she pushes past.

Vixen kneels before the C4 charge and RIPS THE LINE.

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN, CARGO BAY -- NIGHT

LAWTON and FLAG enter, guns drawn. JACULI and BLOCKBUSTER are close behind. They step over dead bodies. Staring at the gaping mouth of --

THE SHIPPING CONTAINER marked "Hazardous". Now empty.

LAWTON

That can't be good.

Flag looks around. No sign of Rustam. But then he notices someone else on the far end of the car...

MANTICORE. He's waiting for them.

Flag and Lawton OPEN FIRE, but the bullets simply bounce off Manticore's tough exterior.

BLOCKBUSTER

My turn.

BLOCKBUSTER pushes past them, charging Manticore and --

ENGAGING IN A BRUTAL FIGHT. Muscle on muscle. They toss each other from one side of the car to the other, knocking into storage lockers, blowing equipment loose.

Flag, seeing where this is going...

FLAG

Wait, don't let him --

...as Manticore grips Blockbuster by the shoulders --

AND THEY BOTH GO THROUGH THE SIDE OF THE TRAIN!

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS -- NIGHT

LANDING IN THE SNOW

Somersaulting and smashing into the side of a rock. The train barrels away from them. Anyone else, this fall would have killed them, but these two are not mere mortals.

They rise to face each other, unscathed...

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN, CARGO BAY -- NIGHT

...except FLAG knows something else is about to happen.

The PROXIMITY ALERT flares up on his watch.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS -- NIGHT

BLOCKBUSTER begins to feel a trembling from the PED in his arm. Grasps it.

-- and without warning --

HE EXPLODES and rocks Manticore to his back. Little of Blockbuster left to clean up.

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN, CARGO BAY -- NIGHT

FLAG, grimacing at the flat-line. Two down.

LAWTON moves to the rear door. It's LOCKED. And that's when he sees, through the portal window --

THE FACE OF RUSTAM. Staring back.

A moment of eye contact. An indifferent, haunting glare. Chilling even a criminal like Lawton to his bone.

Flag draws his pistol and aims at the hinges --

FLAG

Stand back --

When suddenly HIS LEGS ARE KNOCKED OUT FROM UNDER HIM!

Flag hits the ground. Lawton spins and draws a gun, but a LIGHTNING-FAST BLUR comes past him and throws him into the wall. Lawton looks up to see --

JACULI

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Standing over both men with his PISTOL pointed. The very same pistol that Lawton gave him.

FLAG (CONT'D)

The hell do you think you're doing?!

Jaculi looks through the portal window at Rustam. Nods knowingly. A silent signal. As Lawton realizes --

LAWTON

He's working with them, Flag. Who did your background checks?

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN, REAR CAR -- NIGHT

RUSTAM leads FALLOUT away from the locked door. They are joined by RAVAN, climbing up the stairs from below.

RAVAN

We're sealed off. But Rustam, they pulled the detonators.

Rustam glares at him. Not pleased with failure.

Just then, Fallout limps towards an open hydraulic panel. Kneels before it. Staring at the parts inside...

FALLOUT

Allow me.

AND HIS BODY BEGINS TO GLOW

-- radiation leaking from his fingertips --

PLUTONIUM, to be exact...

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN, ALL CARS -- NIGHT

...which runs through the gears of the train, guided as if by an invisible hand --

BLOWING UP one braking mechanism at a time!

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN, REAR CAR -- NIGHT

RUSTAM pulls an emergency lever, slowing down their wheels --

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS -- NIGHT

AND RIPPING THE REAR CAR FROM THE REST OF THE TRAIN!

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN, CARGO BAY -- NIGHT

The train SHAKES violently. They're accelerating now.

FLAG tries to manually trigger his PED watch, but JACULI steps on his hand, sneering --

JACULI

There is no hope for you. You cannot stop what is about to pass --

LAWTON

Hey. Twitchy. How 'bout you stop talking and get it over with?

He turns to LAWTON.

LAWTON (CONT'D)

I gave you the gun-- so I deserve the first bullet, don't I? Just pull the damn trigger already.

Jaculi doesn't hesitate. Squeezes the trigger and...

CLICK! Nothing! The clip was empty!

That's when Lawton grins.

LAWTON (CONT'D)

News flash. There is no Bedouin camp in Dakhar.

And with that he raises his own guns and PLUGS JACULI TWICE in the chest with live rounds.

Flag rises, incredulous. Off his look --

LAWTON (CONT'D)

He was too calm. I had an inkling.

FLAG

An inkling?

LAWTON

Flag, this is what I do, okay? They're villains. Villains cheat.

Flag looks out the portal window. Sees that they are completely detached from Rustam's car.

FLAG

Mindboggler, you copy?

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN, LOWER ENGINE ROOM -- NIGHT

HARKNESS, VIXEN, and MINDBOGGLER amidst the chaos.

MINDBOGGLER

Flag? Come again!

Over her shoulder, we see a RUSSIAN SOLDIER creeping towards her, pistol drawn. She doesn't notice.

But HARKNESS does. At first he goes for his boomerang...

And then he reconsiders.

Allowing the soldier to move in --

AND SHOOT MINDBOGGLER IN THE BACK!

VIXEN is immediately upon the soldier, tossing him into a wall with ferocious force. She goes to Mindboggler, but the bullet is in her heart. All she can do is watch as the girl's breathing goes heavy and then...

...STILL. She's dead.

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN, CARGO BAY -- NIGHT

FLAG, trying to listen, but nothing comes back.

FLAG

Mindboggler?!

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN, LOWER ENGINE ROOM -- NIGHT

HARKNESS, completely unrepentant --

HARKNESS

Senseless waste a' human life,
dontcha think?

VIXEN's hands wrap around Harkness's neck as her eyes grow into the shape of a BEAR'S black pupils.

VIXEN

I could snap your neck with such
incredible strength right now.

HARKNESS

But ya won't, 'cause you ain't
like us, right?

Vixen, glaring. Releasing him.

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN, CARGO BAY -- NIGHT

FLAG, trying to listen for Mindboggler.

LAWTON

Forget it Flag, the mission's blown.

LAWTON fumbles through a storage locker, tossing away useless gear and digging up C4 CHARGES. He plugs them with a detonator and places them around the rear door.

FLAG

What do you think you're doing?

LAWTON

I'm getting us out of here. Watch your ears.

He unwinds the cord, stepping back and --

BOOM! The detonation RIPS OFF the back wall of the train. WIND howls through.

FLAG

Damnit Lawton, stand down!

LAWTON

You had your chance! It's my turn.

FLAG

That is not how this works --

LAWTON

Flag, we keep bickering and this mission is gonna turn out just like your last one.

FLAG, frozen. Vulnerable.

LAWTON (CONT'D)

Yeah. We all heard. So how'd you screw up that time -- ?

Flag suddenly COLD-COCKS him in the face!

Pummeling him with shot after shot. His cool discipline has gone out the window. This is raw, unbridled rage, and he has no problem overpowering Lawton with it.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS -- NIGHT

The train screams towards a curve. Time is running out.

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN, REAR CAR -- NIGHT

FLAG continues smashing down on LAWTON when --

VIXEN violently restrains him from behind. HARKNESS is standing just a little ways off.

HARKNESS

What'd we miss?

Lawton rises, shoving past Flag and tearing out an EXTRA PARACHUTE from his gear bag.

LAWTON

We're leaving. Let's go.

He moves to the hole. Vixen sees what he's doing, grabs a length of cord, and wraps it around all of them. They gather into a pack.

On the floor, JACULI moans. He's alive!

FLAG

Stop. We're bringing him.

LAWTON

We don't have room --

FLAG

Make room. He's got intel.

Lawton glares, but allows for Flag to haul him in.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS -- NIGHT

The train hits the curve and begins to DERAIL, creating an awesome accordion effect that rips apart its body.

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN, REAR CAR -- NIGHT

LAWTON deploys the chute outside the gaping hole, the wind catching it and --

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS -- NIGHT

YANKING THE TEAM IN THE AIR

Just as their car flies off the rails and slams violently into a CLIFF WALL. An EXPLOSION of steel debris.

The wind dies down and they LAND hard, sliding through the snow in a rough pile. Survivors. Barely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The group gathers itself, coughing up snow. What was once a team of eight has now been reduced to four plus one back-stabbing prisoner.

HARKNESS

Well that seemed to a' worked out fine for everyone, now didn't it?

Flag, looking around --

FLAG

Don't be so sure.

LIGHTS APPEAR. The rising sound of ENGINES.

A RUSSIAN TANK CAVALRY

Emerges from the darkness, weapons trained down on them. Surrounding the team. Hundreds of them. No chance.

LAWTON, frustrated. In even deeper than he thought.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, COMMAND HQ -- DAY

Back in the main control room, utter silence. WALLER is still waiting for word back. Hope is fading.

And then a TECHNICIAN bounds in --

TECHNICIAN

Ms. Waller. Something just came in over Russian satellite...

TURNING TO THE MONITOR, footage of the train wreckage. This does not look good.

INT. PENTAGON PRIVATE OFFICE -- DAY

The SAME FOOTAGE on another TV. It's being watched by the MAJOR we saw earlier. He turns to a UNIFORMED OFFICER.

MAJOR

Okay. The plan is in motion.

EXT. RUSSIAN TUNDRA -- EARLY DAWN

Night turning to day. The Russian tank cavalry moves over a remote patch of ice.

INT. PRISONER TRUCK, MOVING -- DAY

LAWTON and FLAG, prisoners together. VIXEN and HARKNESS are sitting on the other side of the truck.

FLAG
We'll be fine. Just sit tight.
Waller can get us out of this.

LAWTON
Right.

Getting a glimpse outside --

LAWTON (CONT'D)
All she has to do is find us first.

EXT. ICE PALACE, ENTRY COURTYARD -- DAY

A RUSSIAN PRISON

Built of thick concrete, reinforced by ice growth. It's like something out of a medieval storybook. This is where you go when they want you to disappear.

INT. ICE PALACE, CORRIDORS -- DAY

LAWTON and FLAG, bound by their wrists, are being dragged together down a long stone corridor.

INT. ICE PALACE, COMMANDANT'S OFFICE -- DAY

The COMMANDANT (50s), a chubby Russian without a sense of humor, sits behind a desk. LAWTON and FLAG are attached to chairs with handcuffs behind their backs.

The Commandant finishes a letter, replaces the pen.

COMMANDANT
You two are... partners?

LAWTON
No.

FLAG
Temporarily.

COMMANDANT
Well which is it? No, or temporarily?

Lawton sighs, frustrated --

LAWTON
Whatever he says.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Commandant begins rifling through a desk drawer.

COMMANDANT

Foreign intelligence has found many interesting morsels about your little group of friends.

(to Flag)

You are American, yes?

FLAG

Yes.

He slaps down a FOLDER.

COMMANDANT

Rick Flag. Green Beret. In the last few years stationed at, how do you say, Fort... Leavenworth?

FLAG

That's right.

Lawton clocks something. More on this later. The Commandant shifts his attention.

COMMANDANT

And you. You are not American military. You are...

LAWTON

Not supposed to be here? Bingo.

The Commandant pulls out an ENORMOUS FILE and slams it down on the table. Practically an Encyclopedia.

COMMANDANT

No. You are the great Deadshot.

Lawton hesitates. Not sure how this will be received...

...until the Commandant breaks into a WIDE GRIN.

COMMANDANT (CONT'D)

I may shake your hand, yes? At first I cannot believe. When they send your file, I say, no it is not possible. Of all prisons, for you to come here. The Man Who Never Misses!

He pulls out a BINDER filled with newspaper clippings.

COMMANDANT (CONT'D)

I have scrapbook, see? I am big fan.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMMANDANT (CONT'D)

Was good shot myself at the Academy.
Studied your kills. Every one was
like... work of art.

LAWTON

Well it's always nice to have a
fan.

FLAG

(eyes rolling)

Oh God...

The Commandant holds up a photo of a DEAD RUSSIAN GENERAL.

COMMANDANT

This was you? Did you really kill
the great General Orlovsky from
three hundred meters?

LAWTON

Oh yeah, I remember that guy --

FLAG

(noticing something)

Lawton...

LAWTON

Actually it was more like two-fifty,
but I was moving at the time --

FLAG

Lawton.

LAWTON

What?

Flag gestures to the wall, where we now see --

A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH. Depicting the Commandant with this
"great General Orlovsky," arm in arm at a wedding. They
were best friends.

LAWTON (CONT'D)

Oh. Shit.

The Commandant's smile fades.

COMMANDANT

Is what I suspected.

FLAG

Listen. This is a misunderstanding.
You need to reach our contact at
the Pentagon. Her name is Amanda
Waller --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Commandant ignores him, brutally grabbing Lawton and --
SLAMMING HIS FACE DOWN ON THE DESK!

Lawton drops to the ground with the chair still attached to him. Desk ornaments fall around him. A stapler, the porcelain pen holder, various paperweights.

COMMANDANT

I am very honored to have you here as my guests. You and your friends, Mister Man Who Never Misses.

FLAG

There is about to be an attack on the United States! It is imperative that you let us go --

COMMANDANT

You do not talk! You derail Russian train, you kill Russian soldiers --

FLAG

Fine! Call your superiors. They'll call the Pentagon themselves --

COMMANDANT

(enraged)

Superiors? These men who relegate me to this Ice Palace?! I have no superiors! General Orlovsky would never place me here. He is good and honorable man. But General Orlovsky is dead. Because of you. And now you are stuck with me.

(laughs)

Is very fitting, no?

LAWTON

I will admit, it is a bit ironic --

The Commandant kicks him again and steps back.

COMMANDANT

Enjoy your stay. Will be long and cold.

INT. ICE PALACE, PRISON CELL -- DAY

HARKNESS and VIXEN sit in an isolated cell made of stone. No windows. Harkness has been outfitted with a new set of IRON GLOVES (they have files on everyone here).

In the corner, JACULI is heaving with great effort.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARKNESS

(shivering)

Gotta say, it makes Belle Reve
feel kinda cozy, don't it?

Vixen, sullen and silent.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

Okay, look peaches, ya wanna have
it out? Come on then. Have a go
at it. What's so wrong with me?

VIXEN

You just let her die.

HARKNESS

Who, Mindboggler? She disrespected
me. What, ya never killed no one
before?

Vixen, reluctant --

VIXEN

Once.

HARKNESS

One time? That's it?

VIXEN

I made a mistake.

HARKNESS

Ah. Ya messed up. I get it. And
that's why ya don't think you're
like the rest of us.

Vixen glares at him. Harkness grins.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

Lemme ask ya something. See, 'cause
I saw you fightin' today-- y'ever
wonder, maybe ya didn't mess up?
Maybe you're like, beauty and the
beast all wrapped in one. And all
this time ya been lyin' to yourself,
sayin' you were good while that
animal trapped inside was just
dyin' to come out. Ever think
about that?

Vixen averts her eyes.

Just then, LAWTON and FLAG are thrown into the cell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWTON

You know, that Commandant's a really nice guy.

FLAG

Enough of this shit...

Flag heads over to the dying JACULI, yanking him up and barking into his face --

FLAG (CONT'D)

Who is your source?!

Jaculi coughs up blood, laughs.

JACULI

I have done my service to my brothers. I will see them again in Paradise --

FLAG

I don't give a shit where you're going. Someone transferred you to Belle Reve, now I want to know who it was!

LAWTON

Flag, give it up, would you?

Flag rises, face-to-face with Lawton.

FLAG

Okay, Lawton. I understand your little world view of self-preservation may have gotten you this far, but I am still the ranking officer on this mission --

LAWTON

I don't give a damn about your mission, didn't I make that clear?

FLAG

Abundantly. Thanks.

LAWTON

You know what your problem is? You're too soft. You gotta lose the polish. Bend the rules a little. Like this.

Lawton kneels beside Jaculi and SHOVES A FINGER INTO HIS BULLET WOUND!

LAWTON (CONT'D)

How did you get in this crew?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jaculi screams out in horrific pain.

HARKNESS

Ah. Good cop bad cop. Now they're
gettin' somewhere.

But instead of caving, Jaculi begins to LAUGH.

JACULI

There is nothing you can do. My
mission is complete. Fallout's
vengeance will be swift and certain --

LAWTON

What the hell is a "Fallout"?

FLAG

Who.

Lawton looks at Flag, curious --

FLAG (CONT'D)

He's a man. He's the reason they
were on the train tonight. Fallout
used to be their leader, but he's
been in Russian custody the last
fifteen years.

JACULI

It was your CIA who sold him out.

Jaculi sits up, glaring as he speaks...

JACULI (CONT'D)

We were once errand boys, just
like you. When Russia was our
common enemy, the CIA gave us
training, intelligence, everything
we needed. Then their war ended
and we were... taken out to rot.
The United States wanted us to
disappear. They helped the Russian
bastards hunt us. Slaughtered our
brothers where they slept.

(beat)

Their reckoning is fast upon them.

Lawton starts to put it together. Looks at Flag.

LAWTON

Let me guess. Fallout was the
"weapon" on board that train.

FLAG

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWTON

And what exactly does he do?

FLAG

He's a human nuclear bomb.

Silence falls over the cell.

LAWTON

Beautiful.

FLAG

It was need-to-know --

LAWTON

You know what's also need-to-know-right now? What an asshole you are. These guys are stealing a walking nuke and you recruited us to save the day?!

FLAG

Waller didn't have a choice. Someone inside the Pentagon was backing them up. They cut off her funding. She was in a corner --

LAWTON

Well that is just great.

Jaculi coughs violently on the floor. He's starting to bleed out. It won't be long now. Flag grabs him.

FLAG

Where are they going to strike?!

JACULI

It's too late...

LAWTON

Flag, you're wasting your time.

FLAG

Damnit Lawton shut up --

VIXEN (O.C.)

ENOUGH!

Everyone, shocked, turns to Vixen.

VIXEN (CONT'D)

The two of you deserve each other, do you know that?! Do you hear how ridiculous you sound?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIXEN (CONT'D)

All you do is argue and fight when there are lives at stake. Can't you see what's on the verge of happening?

She drops next to the fading Jaculi and presses her hands against his wound. Her eyes now turn REPTILIAN.

VIXEN (CONT'D)

Where I come from, we have a viper with a poison so potent, it can render its victim inert. In this state, they say the victim will answer any question you ask.

HER FINGERTIPS OOZING SLIGHTLY

Passing off a liquid VENOM through Jaculi's wound into his body. His face turns MILKY WHITE.

VIXEN (CONT'D)

So where are they going to be.

Jaculi's body is stark still. He's moments from dying. But his lips are able to form one final word...

JACULI

Boston.

LAWTON, reacting to this. FLAG, knowing why.

FLAG

Lawton, wait --

He grabs Jaculi desperately.

LAWTON

What did you say?!

Jaculi is gone.

LAWTON, his face falling. The gravity of this situation finally becoming real for him.

Vixen shoots daggers at Flag.

VIXEN

If this happens, it's our fault.

Flag, shaking his head, as we CUT TO --

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN -- DAY

A RUSSIAN OIL TANKER making its way across the high seas.

INT. RUSSIAN OIL TANKER -- DAY

Buried deep within the frigate's underbelly, a small BARRACKS is protected from scrutiny. Here we find...

THE FOUR SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE ONSLAUGHT.

MANTICORE and RAVAN are sleeping.

But RUSTAM sits awake. Going over a MAP of the City of Boston. Memorizing routes. Preparing intently.

FALLOUT (O.C.)

Have you ever been there?

Fallout comes up behind him, gestures at the map.

FALLOUT (CONT'D)

To America.

RUSTAM

Never.

FALLOUT

There are those who say it's Paradise. But no Paradise can be built on lies and deceit.

Rustam nods. Studying the map one last time, then feeding it into the furnace. Watching it burn. Eyes vacant.

RUSTAM

No it cannot.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN -- DAY

The FRIGATE approaches the distant shoreline of the United States. Like a plague moving in...

EXT. ICE PALACE, THE YARD -- DAY

PRISONERS walk the yard in ice-cold freezing weather. Men without hope, under the watchful eyes of GUARD TOWERS.

LAWTON sits on a bench. Mind wandering...

HEARING SOUNDS OF CHILDREN.

He looks up and for just a moment he sees that LITTLE GIRL going down the slide again. Like a memory he just can't shake. He blinks and she's gone.

FLAG sits down next to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLAG

You okay?

LAWTON

Just... thinking about her mother. Hadn't thought about her in years. I remember, she had this-- this smile. She was different from the other call girls, 'cause whenever I came in, she remembered me. You know, things were good. Then one day she tells me I've got this kid. I mean, I was twenty years old, what was I gonna do?

FLAG

You could have changed.

LAWTON

Like I wanna bring what I am into a little girl's life.

FLAG

You could have been better.

LAWTON

And then what? Give her away at a wedding someday? Look at me.

FLAG

Yeah, look at you.

Lawton looks up, turning the attention back on Flag.

LAWTON

So why you were at Leavenworth?

FLAG

I was stationed. Why?

LAWTON

Flag, I served two years there. Nobody's "stationed". It's a military prison.

Flag freezes. Knows he's been outed.

LAWTON (CONT'D)

What happened? You punch your CO?

FLAG

No, nothing like that.

LAWTON

Kill a man?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLAG
(quiet)
Eight.

This causes Lawton to double-take.

FLAG (CONT'D)
They were my men. We were in a corner, and I disobeyed an order because I thought I knew what was right. But I wasn't. I've been paying for that mistake ever since.

LAWTON
You really screwed up, huh.

For Flag, this is an understatement. It's a pain he wears.

LAWTON (CONT'D)
Waller promised your stars back if you did this mission?

FLAG
Yeah.

LAWTON
Well Flag, take it from me. You're gonna be paying off those mistakes for the rest of your life.

Flag, cast-iron. Finally, after a long silence, he reaches into his pocket.

FLAG
You know, it's not so bad here.

LAWTON
Yeah, well get used to it --

FLAG
No. You're not hearing me...

Takes his hand out to reveal he's holding a FOUNTAIN PEN. It's the Commandant's -- Flag swiped it from the office when Lawton was being beaten!

FLAG (CONT'D)
This place. It's not so bad.

LAWTON, a glimmer of curiosity.

FLAG (CONT'D)
See, over the last few years I've spent a lot of time looking for ways to forgive myself.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLAG (CONT'D)

But once you do it long enough,
you start to realize... what's the
point? We are who we are.

LAWTON

And what are you?

FLAG

I'm a soldier. I screwed up.

Holding up the pen, turning it in his hands.

FLAG (CONT'D)

And no polish is ever gonna make
me perfect again. So here's what
I say...

Putting the pen into Lawton's hands.

FLAG (CONT'D)

Forget about perfect. Let's try
it your way.

Off Lawton's knowing grin, we CUT TO --

INT. ICE PALACE, PRISON CELL -- DAY

LAWTON and FLAG return to the cell, approaching --

LAWTON

Harkness. Get up.

FLAG

We need your help.

INT. ICE PALACE, CORRIDORS -- DAY

A MEAL BELL is rung throughout the corridors.

HARKNESS and VIXEN are led down the hallway with the other
prisoners. Harkness nervously fidgets with his locks.

HARKNESS

I don't know about this...

VIXEN

You'll be fine. Just do what you
do best.

HARKNESS

And what is that, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIXEN
Piss people off.

INT. ICE PALACE, GUARD TOWER -- DAY

A central panoptical view of the entire prison, high up over the walls, from the center of the sprawling building. A very low-tech, but very effective security measure.

GUARDS watch as the prisoners are brought into the yard for their meal...

EXT. ICE PALACE, THE YARD -- DAY

Tables outside -- forced to eat in the blistering cold.

VIXEN crosses to a wall, eyeing a nearby DOOR. A PRISONER comes over to check her out, but with a cold look of her glowing eyes, she scares him off.

HARKNESS carries his tray down the line. A sandwich is placed on it.

HARKNESS
I don't 'spose ya could cut the
crust for me, could ya?

Cold stare from the COOK.

He brings his tray to a table alone. With his iron gloves, it's hard to pick up the sandwich. He fiddles with it. Ends up lifting the entire plate and slurping it down.

Nearby, a few PRISONERS laugh at his antics. One of them is a BURLY RUSSIAN (40s).

INT. ICE PALACE, COMMANDANT'S OFFICE -- DAY

The COMMANDANT, going through documentation. About to sign something when he notices --

HIS PEN IS MISSING from its holder.

INT. ICE PALACE, CORRIDORS -- DAY

The empty corridors. A GUARD paces through. Keeping his eyes on the various prisoners who have opted to stay behind in their cells.

Thinks he hears a SCRATCHING noise. Stops. The noise subsides. He keeps walking.

EXT. ICE PALACE, THE YARD -- DAY

The BURLY RUSSIAN and his friends are eating together when HARKNESS comes by.

HARKNESS

Hey there.

Dead stares from the prisoners.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

Couldn't help but notice you and your mates here. Takin' pleasure in my, uh... condition.

The burly Russian stands -- almost twice Harkness's height. He SAYS SOMETHING in Russian.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

Sorry, what was that?

BURLY RUSSIAN

I say, you eat like cat.

HARKNESS

Well that ain't very nice, is it. Ya see me goin' around, askin' the lot of you how come ya live in a country so cold, even the cows figured out how to leave? Nah. 'Cause that would be rude, ya see?

The Russian cracks his knuckles. Comes closer.

BURLY RUSSIAN

You talk with too many words.

HARKNESS, tight smile... mischief in the making...

HARKNESS

Actually I get that a lot.

AND THEN HE SLAMS HIS IRON GLOVES INTO THE RUSSIAN'S GROIN!

The Russian drops to his knees, giving Harkness ample time to smash him on the head, knocking him out.

The rest of the prisoners move in.

HARKNESS (CONT'D)

Let's get this on.

INT. ICE PALACE, CORRIDORS -- DAY

SIRENS summon everyone to the main courtyard. Even the GUARD pacing the hallway goes out to join them.

INT. ICE PALACE, GUARD TOWER -- DAY

Harkness's little fight has turned into an all-out riot. The GUARDS above don't know what to make of it.

The COMMANDANT enters. Sees the scene. One step ahead...

COMMANDANT (in Russian)
[Where is Deadshot.]

EXT. ICE PALACE, THE YARD -- DAY

VIXEN waiting as GUARDS rush outside in riot gear, opening up the door she's standing near. She darts inside, grabbing a guard --

AND SLAMMING HIS HEAD INTO A WALL.

He goes down. She drags him into a closet just before more guards come running past.

INT. ICE PALACE, CORRIDORS -- DAY

The COMMANDANT strides briskly with four HEAVILY ARMED GUARDS in tow. They are going through clipboards.

GUARD
[He did not check out of his cell.]

COMMANDANT
[I don't believe it.]

They turn a corner. Stop outside a cell door. Waiting as the guard fiddles with KEYS. Opening it. The Commandant and all four rush rushing inside to find --

INT. ICE PALACE, PRISON CELL -- DAY

LAWTON is still there. Sitting calmly in the corner, playing a game of checkers with rocks.

LAWTON
Hey warden. Did you wanna play?

The Commandant glares down at the cell's padlock to see --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIS FOUNTAIN PEN

Jammed into it. Like Lawton had tried to break the lock, but obviously -- since he's still here -- failed.

COMMANDANT

It appears your escape attempt has been cut short.

LAWTON

Escape attempt? Wouldn't do me no good. I mean sure, maybe I could get out of this cell. But there's gotta be, what, at least a dozen more doors, a dozen keys to open 'em? Plus I imagine, ain't no way I'd walk out that front door, short of you being my escort. That would require a plan.

The guard with the list begins to notice something...

GUARD

[Commandant.]

COMMANDANT

[What is it?]

GUARD

[There were two men in this cell.]

SUDDENLY THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT BEHIND THEM! They're all locked in! Everyone rushes to the window and sees --

FLAG

On the other side. He was the one who used the fountain pen to break out.

Lawton is now upon them with a quick flurry of moves. Taking the GUN out of one man's hand, breaking another's jaw, and then --

SHOOTING THE LAST TWO IN THE KNEES.

They go down screaming. The Commandant backs against the wall, terrified. Lawton snatches the keys off his belt.

LAWTON

This is your lucky day. We're both getting out together.

INT. ICE PALACE, CORRIDORS -- DAY

LAWTON passes the keys to FLAG, who uses them to open the door. They drag the COMMANDANT out -- a living hostage.

FLAG
Kneecaps, huh?

LAWTON
I was trying to be nice.

EXT. ICE PALACE, THE YARD -- DAY

The scrum has escalated tenfold. At least a hundred PRISONERS are now involved in this melee.

But HARKNESS -- slippery bastard that he is -- manages to find a way out from beneath the man-pile. Inching along with his bound hands.

A PRISONER grabs him from behind and --

HARKNESS
Okay! Ya got me! I'm done.

He raises his hands. The prisoner momentarily lets up, giving Harkness just enough time to SLAM HIM IN THE FACE!

Reaching the door as a disapproving VIXEN holds it open --

HARKNESS (CONT'D)
Don't judge me.

EXT. ICE PALACE, ENTRY COURTYARD -- DAY

LAWTON, gun to the COMMANDANT, shoves him past the CHECKPOINT GUARDS. Everyone backs off. Hands in the air. Opening the door for them.

FLAG, VIXEN, and HARKNESS follow. They move through the final gate towards --

A PARKED TRUCK. Grab the keys and pile in.

Lawton points the gun towards the other nearby trucks and SHOOTS OUT THEIR TIRES! Then he smiles at the Commandant.

LAWTON
I hope this doesn't have any bearing
on your respect for my talents.

He shoves him into the slushy snow as Flag keys the ignition and they SPEED OFF.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, COMMAND HQ -- DAY

AMANDA WALLER, still at her post, working the phones.

TECHNICIAN

Ms. Waller. I think you want to
take this call.

OFF HER CURIOUS LOOK...

EXT. RUSSIAN SHIPPING YARD -- NIGHT

A PAY PHONE outside an old saloon. Drunks coming in and
out to the tune of polka music in the background.

FLAG on the phone. INTERCUT:

WALLER (on phone)

This is Amanda Waller.

FLAG

I don't suppose you'd have any way
of getting us across the Pacific,
would you?

EXT. RUSSIAN SHORELINE -- EARLY DAWN

The FOUR TEAMMATES stand on the coastline, watching as...

A US BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER comes in low.

INT. BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER -- DAY

Flying fast away from the Russian coastline. They're
headed towards an AIRCRAFT CARRIER docked nearby.

FLAG is being piped in over a TELEVISION UPLINK to WALLER
back at the HQ. He's just updated her on the situation...

WALLER (on TV)

(disbelief)

Boston.

FLAG

Yes ma'am.

WALLER

When are they going to strike?

FLAG

We don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLER

You don't.

FLAG

And we don't know how, either.
Who transferred Jaculi into Belle
Reve? If my money's right, whoever
put him there is the one who's
been blocking you since the
beginning.

WALLER

That's impossible.

FLAG

Why? Who made the order?

WALLER

Flag. It was Charles Cosgrove.

Flag is stunned. LAWTON looks over --

LAWTON

Isn't that the, uh, US Senator...

WALLER

Who's running for President. Yes.

LAWTON

Well then I guess we gotta find a
way to get close to him.

Waller looks at Flag, incredulous --

WALLER

Who is this, your new partner?

FLAG

Provisional best friend.

WALLER

(deadpan)

How cute.

FLAG

He's right. If we get to Cosgrove,
we can find out what he knows.
Can you help us?

WALLER

You are asking me if I can get you
and three dangerous felons within
reach of the possible future
President of the United States?

Deadpan looks from Flag and Lawton. Waller frowns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLER (CONT'D)

Give me a few minutes.

The screen turns off.

HARKNESS

I dunno about this, mates...

FLAG

Harkness, you're in.

HARKNESS

No, ya see? I'm done now. You said one mission, Flag. One mission and we get to live. Those were your words, right?

FLAG

You didn't accomplish that mission.

HARKNESS

Do I look like some piker who cares about technicalities?

Lawton finally cuts in --

LAWTON

Okay Harkness. What if I told you we were gonna rough up two dozen Secret Service agents and then beat the shit out of a US Senator?

HARKNESS

With no blowback?

LAWTON

None.

HARKNESS, reconsidering --

HARKNESS

Actually I could be good with that.

Flag looks to Lawton and VIXEN.

FLAG

Okay. Then here's the plan.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR -- NIGHT

The giant freighter has docked at its berth in a SHIPYARD. SAILORS are walking out.

THE ONSLAUGHT stands on the top deck. Looking out over the city with vacant death stares.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Set against a skyline we recognize, their presence is all the more terrifying.

But RUSTAM isn't looking at the skyline. He's staring at the lights of a nearby LOADING BERTH.

RUSTAM

One last nuisance.

He retreats into the darkness and we CUT TO --

EXT. UPSCALE WASHINGTON DC HOTEL -- NIGHT

"Washington, DC"

Spotlights on A HIGH-RISE HOTEL. A political fundraiser.

COSGROVE (O.S.)

As we stand here on the eve of our nation's birthday, we must ask ourselves: are we the same nation our forefathers built for us?

INT. HOTEL, MAIN BALLROOM -- NIGHT

A Beltway crowd. Black tie. Red white and blue streamers with a 4th of July theme. Speaking at the podium is --

COSGROVE. Or as we will now know him... Senator Cosgrove. Seen in a wider context than a fast food restaurant, we realize he's one of the most powerful men in the country.

COSGROVE

Today we have come to a precarious crossroads. Our enemies have grown in their desire to destroy everything we stand for, and how do we respond? We reduce military spending, we cut down research in arms technology, and we cross our fingers, hoping the worst will never happen. Now I have to ask you, what kind of America is that? What kind of America are we leaving for our children?

APPLAUSE in the audience.

INT. HOTEL, PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT

A high-rise view of Capitol Hill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COSGROVE is escorted inside by SECRET SERVICE. He heads into a private suite.

COSGROVE
Ten minutes of quiet.

SECRET SERVICEMAN
Yes, Senator.

INT. HOTEL, PRIVATE SUITE -- NIGHT

COSGROVE closes the door. Removes his tie. Staring in the mirror when THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

INT. HOTEL, PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT

The SECRET SERVICEMEN look up just in time to see --

A FEMININE SHAPE leaping down from above. All we see are the GLOWING EYES OF AN OWL as she pulls them off into the darkness. BODIES flying. SHOTS being fired. Chaos.

INT. HOTEL, PRIVATE SUITE -- NIGHT

COSGROVE is ambushed by LAWTON and FLAG.

LAWTON
Charles Cosgrove.

FLAG
Senator Charles Cosgrove.

LAWTON
Right. Where are my manners.

Lawton PISTOL-WHIPS him in the face and throws him to the floor. He tries to scream, but Flag shoves him into a wall. Presses a 9mm against his THIGH. With his other hand he holds out a CELL PHONE.

FLAG
How and when are they attacking Boston?

COSGROVE
I have no idea what you're talking about --

Presses the gun deeper into his thigh --

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
I am a veteran and an elected member of Congress!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLAG

Who's financing the worst act of terrorism in American history. Now talk, or we get serious.

COSGROVE

Do you think you can just threaten me, soldier?

He pats the thigh Flag is pointing at... revealing it's an ARTIFICIAL LIMB.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

Do you realize what I've already given for this country?

INT. HOTEL, PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT

VIXEN stands over the unconscious agents, eyes settling back to their normal hue. HARKNESS smiles, impressed.

HARKNESS

That's more like it.

INT. HOTEL, PRIVATE SUITE -- NIGHT

FLAG, glaring at COSGROVE --

FLAG

The people of this country elected you to keep them safe.

COSGROVE

That is exactly what I'm doing.

LAWTON

By killing millions of people? Sorry if I don't see the connection.

COSGROVE

Are you insane? You think I'd let those psychopaths go through with their plan?

(proudly)

Have you seen those two-bit animals? They're not masterminds, they don't even know what's coming. Those bastards won't get past the harbor.

Off Flag and LAWTON, genuinely confused, as we CUT TO --

INT. HARBOR LOADING BERTH -- NIGHT

An empty warehouse. The MAJOR, wearing tactical gear, stands amidst a squadron of SPECIAL FORCES SOLDIERS. Peering through the window towards the harbor outside...

COSGROVE (O.S.)
A Special Forces unit is waiting
to intercept them right now.

INT. HOTEL, PRIVATE SUITE -- NIGHT

COSGROVE, speaking with bold conviction...

COSGROVE
They've been preparing for months.
They are perfect. And when they
take these bastards out, this nation
will see how close we came.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR -- NIGHT

The LOADING BERTH, seen from the outside. Through the fogged windows, we now see FLASHES OF LIGHT. Gunfire. And the unmistakable GLOW of Rustam's scimitar.

COSGROVE (O.S.)
The people will cry at our feet.
Begging us to do whatever it takes
to make us safe again.

INT. HOTEL, PRIVATE SUITE -- NIGHT

COSGROVE, sneering proudly --

COSGROVE
Which we will do. All without the
loss of a single American life.

But FLAG isn't buying it. Shoving the phone into Cosgrove's face --

FLAG
Call them. Call your men.

INT. HARBOR LOADING BERTH -- NIGHT

A CELL PHONE RINGING as we PAN OVER --

Total destruction. The Special Forces unit is DEAD.
Just as we've seen the Onslaught do time and time again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The poor soldiers didn't stand a chance.

The MAJOR lies against the wall, bleeding out. Answering the phone but too tired to talk...

RUSTAM APPROACHES HIM. Scimitar blazing.

MAJOR
I'm sorry, Senator...

INT. HOTEL, PRIVATE SUITE -- NIGHT

And the LINE GOES DEAD. Only now does panic begin to wipe over COSGROVE's face.

FLAG
Looks like those animals just double-crossed your double-cross.

INT. HOTEL, PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT

HARKNESS looks through the peephole to see --

A SWAT TEAM GATHERING OUTSIDE. Fully armed.

HARKNESS
Flag! Bit of a problem here.

INT. HOTEL, PRIVATE SUITE -- NIGHT

FLAG grabs COSGROVE's hand. He's holding an EMERGENCY TRANSPONDER. And he just called for back-up.

LAWTON wastes no more time. He lifts his gun and SHOOTS COSGROVE IN HIS GOOD LEG! The Senator screams out.

LAWTON
Haven't given that one for your country, have you?

COSGROVE
(in pain)
All right, damnit! Wait!

LAWTON
My daughter is in that city. Now tell me how they were planning on striking, or I find a hand!

INT. HOTEL, PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT

VIXEN and HARKNESS hide as a SURVEILLANCE SNAKE creeps its way under the door, scanning the room.

INT. HOTEL, PRIVATE SUITE -- NIGHT

COSGROVE, beginning to come apart --

COSGROVE

It's going to happen in twelve hours... the Fourth of July parade in our nation's birthplace... they asked for schematics of the North Church... Christ, I didn't know...

(beat, desperate)

You've got to stop them...

VIXEN rips opens the suite door.

VIXEN

We've got incoming.

LAWTON rises and cocks his pistols when FLAG stops him.

FLAG

Wait.

LAWTON

There's only one way out that door.

FLAG

No. There's too many. We face them and we're dead.

LAWTON

Well then what do you suggest?

Flag points at Vixen.

FLAG

Do you know how to run a flank?

INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY -- NIGHT

The SWAT TEAM stands outside the door. One man withdraws the snake and holds up TWO FINGERS to his CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN

Breach it.

A dozen others STACK UP behind him. Ready to move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They SHOOT OUT the hinges and --

INT. HOTEL, PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT

Rush the room just in time to see --

VIXEN sprinting for a window AND LEAPING THROUGH THE GLASS!

EXT. HOTEL -- NIGHT

CATCHING HER FEET ON THE BALCONY RAILING

-- flipping with a LEMUR's agility --

-- doing a nose dive straight down --

And crashing through the window on the story below.

INT. HOTEL, PRIVATE SUITE -- NIGHT

HARKNESS retreats into the bedroom. FLAG tosses him a DUFFEL BAG, which he brings into a closet.

HARKNESS

Hope you know what you're doing.

LAWTON and Flag leap behind the cover of the king bed.

Harkness triggers a detonator and the duffel bag in the closet suddenly EXPLODES!

Creating a GAPING PATHWAY into the next room. Harkness leaps to his feet and runs through the room...

-- PUSHING THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR --

INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY -- NIGHT

And emerging in the hallway BEHIND THE SWAT TEAM! He takes out the soldiers with a flurry of thrown boomerangs and hand-to-hand combat.

INT. HOTEL, PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT

The SWAT CAPTAIN, hearing the chaos behind him...

CAPTAIN

They're in the hallway!

INT. HOTEL, PRIVATE SUITE -- NIGHT

FLAG and LAWTON, back-to-back behind the bedframe. Passing ammunition. Lawton counts in a reflection...

SIX TACTICAL SOLDIERS sweeping through the room.

LAWTON
Any words of wisdom?

FLAG
Aim low. Stay together.

Both men, locked in on each other. Comrades in arms. Then they rise, weapons trained...

SHOOTING THEIR WAY OUT OF THERE!

Chaos. A hail of bullets. Dozens of rounds land in the Kevlar vests of the SWAT guys, putting them down.

Flag keeps his muzzle low, going for legs. Lawton is using every ricochet trick in the book. And more importantly, something we've never seen...

He's working hand-in-hand with Flag.

Passing clips in the air, playing the military move of run-and-cover, allowing each other to advance.

INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY -- NIGHT

REACHING THE HALLWAY

And regrouping with HARKNESS. Who's already taken out everyone in the hallway. They step over who's left and head for the service elevator...

AS IT OPENS.

LAWTON's hand goes to his gun. But FLAG steadies him.

FLAG
No need for that.

The door gets wider to reveal --

VIXEN INSIDE. Two unconscious guards at her feet.

Lawton looks to Flag. Can't help but be impressed.

LAWTON
Not bad, Captain.

EXT. UPSCALE WASHINGTON DC HOTEL -- NIGHT

AMBULANCES and SWAT VANS roaring up, while in the alley --

LAWTON, FLAG, VIXEN, and HARKNESS

Slip away from the scene, having stripped their equipment into duffel bags.

A GMC TRUCK

Swings up and the door slides open. WALLER sits inside.

WALLER

Bad as we thought?

FLAG

Worse. We've got to hurry.

They pile in and haul ass out of there.

EXT. BOSTON NORTH END -- DAY

"Boston"

Morning in the Old Towne. A heavily Italian neighborhood about to celebrate its American heritage.

A parade in its early stages. Crowds gathering behind police barricades. MOUNTED POLICE riding up and down the streets. Red white and blue everywhere.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT -- DAY

SEVERAL NONDESCRIPT TRAILERS in a remote area.

LAWTON stands outside, dialing a number on a cell phone.

ZOE'S VOICE (on phone)

Hey, if you're calling for Zoe, she's not here, so leave a message.

BEEP.

LAWTON

Zoe. Listen. It's Floyd Lawton-- this is the third message I've left for you. I know I'm sounding crazy, but this is very... shit.

He hangs up. Frustrated. On edge.

INT. WALLER'S COMMAND HQ -- DAY

Meanwhile, inside the trailers it's a bustling high-tech setup. TECHNICIANS run diagnostics on com systems.

WALLER, speaking to the group --

WALLER

All right, listen up, people. We are dealing with a nuclear attack on an American city on the Fourth of July. This is not a drill.

Meanwhile, FLAG goes over surveillance for the NORTH CHURCH. The famous chapel where Paul Revere once hung his two lanterns in the bell tower.

FLAG

They'll wait until the parade starts to inflict the most damage. That gives us a few hours at most.

WALLER

In five minutes I have a call with the Mayor's office. I'm going to tell them there is a very real and credible threat --

LAWTON (O.C.)

Wouldn't do that if I were you.

All eyes go to LAWTON, fitted with his equipment.

WALLER

Lawton, if that bomb goes off...

LAWTON

You call in the National Guard, and that human nuke will blow as soon as they show up. Our best shot is to keep low. Make them think they're in control. They won't go off for another hour, when the parade starts. If everything goes according to plan, he won't deviate. If he deviates, we're screwed.

Waller, glaring. Knowing her options are limited, and beginning to sense Lawton may actually be right.

WALLER

You are asking us to place all of our eggs into your basket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWTON

What, you don't like my basket?

FLAG

Waller. He's right.

She nods reluctantly. Out of options.

WALLER

Then it's all yours. We'll run support from here. We are also inside the probable blast radius, so I don't need to remind you that I'd appreciate it if this mission didn't go like your last.

EXT. BOSTON NORTH END -- DAY

Marching bands preparing their instruments. Parents pointing out the various sights to their children. American flags, streamers everywhere...

...all oblivious to the danger that is encroaching.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BOSTON -- DAY

On an empty street near the off-ramp from the highway, POLICEMEN are running security checks on the vehicles.

A DELIVERY TRUCK pulls up. The OFFICER approaches.

OFFICER

Hey. You guys gotta go around to the northeast exit.

RUSTAM sits in the front seat. Not listening.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Hey. Buddy. You hearin' me?

A KNIFE suddenly hits him from the side. He drops.

The other cops go for their guns, but RAVAN steps out from the back and cuts them down.

EXT. NORTH CHURCH, REAR ENTRANCE -- DAY

A MINI-VAN stops a block away from the church. Idling.

INT. MINI-VAN -- DAY

LAWTON and FLAG in the front. HARKNESS and VIXEN in back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLAG

Everyone clear on the plan?

HARKNESS

Somethin' about us walkin' into the path of a nuclear bomb, right?

VIXEN

Yes. We understand.

HARKNESS

Don't speak for me. She don't get to speak for me --

Vixen opens the door, grabbing Harkness and dragging him with her. They head off down an alley.

Lawton and Flag, alone now. Flag rubs his DOG TAGS.

LAWTON

Any ideas on how we're gonna defuse this walking nuke?

FLAG

Intel says the only way to bring Fallout down is to stab him. No firearms.

LAWTON

So how do we do that?

FLAG

Honestly, I don't know.

Lawton sighs nervously. Looks out the window. Taking in the sights. The crowds.

LAWTON

This is gonna be a mess.

Flag nods, in full agreement. Lawton's mind drifts...

LAWTON (CONT'D)

Strange thing is, you never think it's gonna happen to you. I mean, sure, shit happens, kids are born. You say, okay, I got a daughter, I can keep her in my life, but she doesn't have to, you know...

FLAG

She doesn't have to know what you really are.

LAWTON

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLAG
Doesn't work that way.

LAWTON
No it doesn't.

Lawton, checking his ammunition and his gear.

LAWTON (CONT'D)
Flag. If I don't make it out...

FLAG
Lawton. I'm not your errand boy.
Tell her yourself.

And with that he gets out of the car.

EXT. NORTH CHURCH, REAR ENTRANCE -- DAY

A POLICE ARMORED TRUCK pulls up and out climb RUSTAM and the others. They begin to file into the loading entrance.

Rustam is the last to go in. He pauses at the sight of --

A LITTLE GIRL holding her mother's hand nearby. The girl FREEZES at the sight of him. A reminder that a man of Rustam's kind has no place in a world like hers.

INT. NORTH CHURCH, SANCTUARY -- DAY

The ONSLAUGHT walking up the aisle. A PARISH PRIEST intercepts them.

PARISH PRIEST
Excuse me? Excuse me. I'm sorry,
the Church is closed for the day --

A KNIFE hits him between the eyes and he's down.

RUSTAM heads towards a BOOTH near the wall. Turns on the television. The NEWS BROADCAST has just begun. They're talking about the parade getting underway.

He checks his watch. Looks out the window to see --

THE ADJACENT STREETS ARE EMPTY. Coast is clear.

He starts to walk away... but has a second thought. Turns back. Looks out again. The streets are too empty.

He turns to MANTICORE and FALLOUT.

RUSTAM
They're here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Manticore returns to the shipping entrance. Rustam turns to Fallout.

RUSTAM (CONT'D)
We have to go underground.

INT. NORTH CHURCH, CONFESSIONAL AREA -- DAY

RAVAN carefully scopes out the area. Striding up and down the hallway when he hears --

A WHIRRING SOUND

Spins to see a BOOMERANG soaring towards him, grazing his head and sending him back against the wall. He recovers, looking down the hallway at...

HARKNESS AND VIXEN on the approach.

HARKNESS
Oh I'm sorry, did we crash your party?

And Ravan draws two knives. Ready for a fight.

INT. NORTH CHURCH, CATACOMBS -- DAY

RUSTAM leads FALLOUT through the narrow underground passage. There's a nineteenth-century feel here. This place once housed the Underground Railroad.

He hears something behind them. Spins around. Nothing.

Turns and leads FALLOUT towards a protected area, removed from the corridors. They stop in a corner. Stare into each other's eyes. The moment of truth.

RUSTAM
Until Paradise.

Fallout GRASPS HIS ARM.

Then he kneels, placing his hands on the faded concrete and concentrating as --

THE FLOOR BEGINS TO GLOW.

Rustam heads out. Turning down various corridors when suddenly --

GUNFIRE FLASHES PAST HIM.

He spins to see LAWTON, coming at him with TWO 9MM PISTOLS raised. Moving in for the shot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rustam draws his SCIMITAR.

And it's on. Lawton opening fire with a BARRAGE OF BULLETS, and Rustam slicing them out of the air as he moves closer and finally --

HE'S WITHIN REACH OF LAWTON

Grabbing him by the throat and shoving him into the wall. Lawton raises a pistol, but Rustam SLICES IT in half. Same with the other pistol. Lawton kicks off of him and is thrown backwards --

LANDING ON HIS STOMACH, flipping to his feet, drawing one of his wrist-mounted pistols and pressing it against his adversary's head in one swift motion.

RUSTAM just stands there, unafraid.

RUSTAM (CONT'D)

Deadshot. That's your name, isn't it. I recognized you on the train.

Rustam steps closer. Pressing into the muzzle.

RUSTAM (CONT'D)

The Man Who Never Misses. All your life you've been perfect.

(a beat)

There was only one mistake.

We hear a FEMALE VOICE down the hall. Lawton perks up -- it's a familiar voice. And that's when we see...

ZOE, struggling violently against MANTICORE.

ZOE

Get off of me!

LAWTON

Zoe...?!

ZOE

Floyd? What are you doing here?

Lawton is frozen in panic. His worst nightmare come true.

HE LOWERS HIS WEAPON.

RUSTAM

My gift to you. This city for your daughter. Take her and leave.

ZOE, stunned, staring at Lawton with new eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOE

Floyd? What is he talking about...?

Lawton, not even knowing how he could begin to answer.
And Zoe looks at him and realizes...

LAWTON

You know, any other day and I might
have taken you up on that. But
this time I'm on a mission, see.

RUSTAM

You're being used.

LAWTON

Maybe. Yeah.

RUSTAM

What do they care about you? What
do they care about your family?

LAWTON

Doesn't matter. I'm not like you.

RUSTAM

Then what are you, Deadshot?

Lawton, running out of answers. And just then --

FLAG (O.C.)

Hey!

Rustam and Manticore spin to see FLAG approaching with
his guns raised from down the hallway. He FIRES a shot.
Rustam uses the scimitar to slice it --

-- taking his eyes off Lawton --

Who doesn't waste a beat, leaping to his feet, kicking
Rustam out of the way, guns raised, and --

FIRING AT MANTICORE

Who turns as bullets deflect off of him. Dragging Zoe to --

A FREIGHT ELEVATOR

Slamming the gate shut and hitting the "UP" button.
There's nothing Lawton can do from the other side. He
can only stare at Zoe as she is lifted with Manticore out
of his view. And her wild look of terror...

FLAG reaches the spot where Rustam went down, only to see
he's disappeared.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWTON

You got this?

FLAG

Yeah. Go.

Lawton SPRINTS towards the stairs like a bat out of hell.

Flag turns back to the corridors. Gets on his com-link...

FLAG (CONT'D)

Waller, I need schematics beneath
the church.

INT. WALLER'S COMMAND HQ -- DAY

WALLER and TECHNICIANS running a variety of overlays.

WALLER

Uploading it to your system now.
There's a storage room about fifty
feet from your position.

INT. NORTH CHURCH, CATACOMBS -- DAY

FLAG, lowering his visor and getting a GPS overlay.

FLAG

I'm on it.

INT. NORTH CHURCH, SANCTUARY -- DAY

RAVAN goes up against HARKNESS and VIXEN. Their melee
carries them into the nave.

Harkness comes at him with a quick throw of a boomerang.
But Ravan thinks fast, deflecting it with a knife --

AND CAUSING IT TO KNOCK INTO VIXEN.

She falls backwards. Now it's just Harkness and Ravan.
A repeat of their previous encounter -- only this time
each man is familiar with his adversary.

Harkness doesn't pull any punches. He's going for low-
blows, shots to his back, whatever it takes.

But Ravan is just flat-out better. He kicks Harkness
back into the pulpit -- WOOD SPLINTERING AROUND THEM --
and leaps into the air --

-- knife wielded --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- about to bring it down on Harkness when --

VIXEN INTERCEPTS HIM MID-AIR

Soaring like a HAWK, plucking him up and tossing him into a pew. Her hands then transform into TIGER'S CLAWS and she comes down on him.

Harkness rises. Runs along the tops of the pews. He can't make out who is on top amidst the struggle.

Finally Ravan escapes and sprints towards the BELL TOWER entrance. Vixen DIVES towards him again just as --

RAVAN SPINS AND GRABS HER

Yanking her into the tower and SLAMMING THE STEEL DOORS SHUT behind them!

Harkness runs up against the door. He's locked out.

HARKNESS

Dirty bastard.

INT. NORTH CHURCH, CATACOMBS -- DAY

FALLOUT, concentrating with his hands on the ground...

The concrete floor has begun to BREAK and now he's heating the earth below, which spreads at a much faster rate.

INT. WALLER'S COMMAND HQ -- DAY

WALLER sees this on the monitors.

WALLER

Flag, we're getting a lot of gamma activity in your area...

INT. NORTH CHURCH, CATACOMBS -- DAY

FLAG can't respond, because he's tracking RUSTAM through the darkness. Listening for sounds when suddenly --

FROM THE DARKNESS

The blazing scimitar slashes towards him. Flag drops to the ground, firing blindly, and --

THE BULLET HITS A METAL DOOR

Ringng loudly just inches from their ears. Both men scream out and clutch their heads.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All they can hear is the sound of RINGING.

Rustam's scimitar recedes and he backs away.

Flag frantically feels around for his dropped pistol in the dark. Disoriented -- unable to find anything.

INT. NORTH CHURCH, CONFESSIONAL AREA -- DAY

LAWTON sprints up the stairs and runs towards the freight elevator, only to see ZOE and MANTICORE are already gone. He slams the gate in frustration --

THEN HEARS ZOE'S VOICE OUTSIDE.

He runs with renewed purpose.

INT. NORTH CHURCH, STAIRWELL -- DAY

HARKNESS skips up the stairs to the roof, finally seeing --

THE BELL TOWER

Outside across a long parapet. He kicks out a window and runs towards it.

INT. NORTH CHURCH, BELL TOWER -- DAY

RAVAN is alone with VIXEN, and in this proximity she's no match for him. She tries to back off, going higher and higher up the stairs, but Ravan is right behind her --

-- slashing at her limbs --

INJURING HER and slowing her down.

Above, the bell tower RINGS OUT to indicate the hour.

EXT. BOSTON NORTH END -- DAY

THE PARADE on the street, fully underway. Fourth of July at its fullest. Lambs to a slaughter.

A CHILD looks towards the North Church as all around them --

THE EARTH BEGINS TO SHAKE.

Others begin to notice too. People staggering backwards. Panic is starting to spread...

INT. NORTH CHURCH, CATACOMBS -- DAY

FALLOUT, still concentrating, his powers growing. His whole body seems like it's on fire, charging rapidly.

And then he hears --

GUNSHOTS NEARBY. Close.

It breaks his concentration. He pauses. Looks around.

INT. NORTH CHURCH, STORAGE AREA -- DAY

FLAG, hiding behind several large wooden crates.

Rustam's scimitar DRAGGING ON THE GROUND, causing sparks as it contacts. He's a hunter, seeking out his prey.

HE JUST NARROWLY PASSES FLAG'S POSITION.

Flag sees that his back has turned to him and runs the other way, darting low against the walls.

Rustam spins. A loose bottle slides by. He rushes towards that position and turns the corner, only to see --

NOTHING. Flag has disappeared.

FLAG, running the GPS overlay, trying to get his bearings in these dark tunnels...

...then seeing a GLIMPSE OF LIGHT up ahead. Gets an idea.

FLAG

Waller, where'd you say that radiation was coming from, exactly?

EXT. BOSTON NORTH END -- DAY

The parade has come to a halt. People are screaming, holding onto each other as the concrete begins to crack beneath them and GLOWING RADIATION POURS OUT.

INT. NORTH CHURCH, CATACOMBS -- DAY

RUSTAM creeping through the dark tunnels, feeling along the wall. Disoriented.

FLAG, keeping low, going after the GLOWING LIGHT just around the corner. He checks over his shoulder, listening to make sure Rustam is still following. It's as if he's intentionally leading him. Baiting him on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FALLOUT, body glowing, also stalking through the hallways. Listening to the rising sound of...

A CACKLING COM-LINK RADIO

WALLER (O.S.)
Flag. Come in. Flag!

RUSTAM, close also. Arriving at a wall. Listening to the radio chatter. Just on the other side of the wall. He draws the scimitar. Preparing to strike...

FALLOUT, arriving at where he hears the radio and finding --

FLAG'S HELMET sitting on the ground.

OFF FALLOUT'S CURIOUS LOOK --

Rustam STABS THE SCIMITAR THROUGH THE WALL!

Delivering it through Fallout's gut, bringing him down to his knees. The helmet clatters out of his hands. Rustam rounds the corner to finish off his prey, and that's when he realizes the mistake he's made...

Flag led them both to the same spot!

All around them, the RADIOACTIVITY now seems to SUCK INWARDS, retreating into Fallout's dying body. Fallout's eyes are locked in a confused state of betrayal.

Rustam's face convulses in rage. SCREAMING OUT.

EXT. BOSTON NORTH END -- DAY

The panic-stricken fleeing crowds now look back to see --

THE RADIOACTIVITY HAS BEGUN TO RECEDE

Dissipating into the air like melting snow.

INT. WALLER'S COMMAND HQ -- DAY

WALLER, watching as the readouts DIE DOWN.

WALLER
Flag, what just happened?

INT. NORTH CHURCH, CATACOMBS -- DAY

FLAG kneels before FALLOUT's body, picks up the helmet. Watching as the life fades from Fallout's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLAG
Bomb is diffused.

RUSTAM, his plan foiled, retreats into the darkness, stumbling as if in a daze. All is lost.

INT. WALLER'S COMMAND HQ -- DAY

CHEERS throughout the room. TECHNICIANS sharing high-fives. But WALLER knows it's not done yet.

WALLER
And Rustam?

INT. NORTH CHURCH, CATACOMBS -- DAY

FLAG, looking around. Rustam is gone.

INT. NORTH CHURCH, BELL TOWER -- DAY

VIXEN, on her last legs now, crawling up the stairs. She's about three stories up the stairway.

RAVAN grabs her by the throat. Holding her under him. Savoring this last moment before the kill --

UNTIL A RINGING NOISE ABOVE

And he looks up to see --

THE BELL PLUNGING TOWARDS HIM

-- landing on the platform --

AND CRUSHING HIM IMMEDIATELY.

Vixen falls backwards, smacking down on the landing just below where the bell hit. Having no idea what just happened until she sees --

HARKNESS, climbing down. He'd cut the bell from above!

HARKNESS
Bet ya never thought you'd be glad
to see me, huh?

VIXEN, staring at him in wonder...

...then noticing the platform above is beginning to SPLINTER under the bell's weight.

VIXEN
Harkness... you're still a fool.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Harkness realizes it too. Hauling her up as they both
TUMBLE DOWN THE STAIRS...

WITH THE GIANT BELL FALLING DOWN ON TOP OF THEM!

-- hitting every joist and beam on the way down --

-- but getting closer and closer --

-- as Harkness and Vixen finally reach the bottom and --

DIVE OUT OF THE WAY

The bell SMASHES DOWN to ground level behind them. And only now do they heave a mutual sigh of relief. For the first time, Harkness is speechless.

EXT. NORTH CHURCH, REAR ENTRANCE -- DAY

LAWTON bursts through the back door just in time to see MANTICORE stuffing ZOE into the back of the armored truck.

HE FIRES AT MANTICORE'S HEAD

But the strongman hardly notices. Instead, he reaches for a nearby DUMPSTER...

-- PICKING IT UP --

And tossing it across the alley towards where Lawton is standing. Lawton dives sideways and the dumpster SMASHES the wall behind him, dropping just inches from his head. He rears back and fires more shots. It's no use.

His arm pistols are out of ammo.

MANTICORE, smiling. Moving in.

Lawton, reaching to his holster and pulling out one last gun. A small 9mm. A pea shooter. But it's empty.

He reaches for another clip. Finds nothing.

HIS GEAR CLIP

Fell to the other side of the alley. All he's got within quick reach is ONE ROUND which clattered to the ground.

-- Manticore getting closer --

-- Lawton's hands fumbling with the round --

-- dropping it --

-- Manticore almost upon him now --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- picking it back up and jamming it into the chamber --
-- just as Manticore lifts him up --
-- and Lawton raises the 9mm --

SHOVING IT INTO MANTICORE'S MOUTH!

The strongman freezes. Suddenly on alert. Which makes Lawton realize...

LAWTON
Soft on the inside, huh.

The bullet PLUNGES through the roof of Manticore's mouth and into his brain --

KILLING HIM! The strongman hits the ground.

Lawton, catching his breath, looks up towards the armored truck. Begins limping for the door when suddenly --

THE TRUCK STARTS UP AND SPEEDS OFF!

RUSTAM is in the driver's seat. He's making a getaway.

Lawton begins to run after the truck.

FLAG emerges from the door next to him, grabs his arm --

LAWTON (CONT'D)
He's got her in there!

FLAG
Wait-- we have to stay together.

LAWTON
Then you better keep up.

He sprints around the corner --

EXT. BOSTON NORTH END -- DAY

RIGHT INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE PARADE!

Rustam's armored truck bursts through the scene, knocking into a float and exiting the other side.

LAWTON sees a downed police motorcycle, knocks over the COP, leaps aboard --

AND HE SPEEDS AFTER THE TRUCK!

EXT. NORTH CHURCH, REAR ENTRANCE -- DAY

Flag heads towards the mini-van.

FLAG
(into com-link)
Vixen, Harkness, we're moving!

HARKNESS bursts through the doors, carrying the injured VIXEN with him.

HARKNESS
Ya don't have to yell, we're right here.

Flag, assessing Vixen's wounds, then diving into the car. Harkness tosses her in the back.

Flag checks his PED watch... sees Lawton's DISTANCE rapidly increasing. Knows he's got to hurry.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BOSTON -- DAY

RUSTAM cuts a hard left onto a freeway on-ramp, knocking over any car in his way.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK, MOVING -- DAY

ZOE, getting tossed around in the back.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BOSTON -- DAY

LAWTON's motorcycle cuts past a downed barricade and follows. FLAG's mini-van is close behind.

INT. WALLER'S COMMAND HQ -- DAY

WALLER, trying to keep up on the maps.

WALLER
What is going on out there?!

INT. MINI-VAN, MOVING -- DAY

FLAG gesturing to the back.

FLAG
Would someone else talk to her?

So HARKNESS picks up. INTERCUT:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARKNESS

Um, hey Waller. It's me, Digger Harkness?

WALLER

What is the situation, Harkness?

HARKNESS

So we're uh, on the highway now. Just drivin' around-- how are you?

WALLER

What are you doing on the highway.

HARKNESS

Well ya see, I think Lawton's gone a little rogue...

EXT. 93 HIGHWAY -- DAY

LAWTON on the motorcycle, eyes on fire. A series of hot dog maneuvers the likes of which no sane person should ever do. But he's hell-bent right now.

Cutting between cars, sharp turns, finally reaching the side of the ARMORED TRUCK --

-- just as RUSTAM notices him --

-- pulling the wheel to the right --

-- pushing Lawton's motorcycle against the median --

-- a tunnel wall approaching --

SO LAWTON LEAPS ONTO THE SIDE OF THE TRUCK!

The motorcycle SMASHES into a thousand pieces.

THE MINI-VAN swerves to avoid this. A tire hits one of the loose parts of the debris, almost burning off its tread. It's hanging on by a narrow margin.

FLAG gets up on the armored truck's ass.

INT. MINI-VAN, MOVING -- DAY

HARKNESS sees this --

HARKNESS

Flag, back off!

FLAG

I'm trying to catch him if he falls!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARKNESS

You're gonna run 'im over if he falls!

EXT. 93 HIGHWAY -- DAY

LAWTON pulls himself onto the roof, trying to hold on. Turns back to see Flag's MINI-VAN behind him.

Speaking into the com-link --

LAWTON

I'm out of ammo!

INT. MINI-VAN, MOVING -- DAY

FLAG tosses a few clips into the back seat.

FLAG

Harkness would you do something useful?

HARKNESS OPENS THE SUN-ROOF and rises out the top...

EXT. 93 HIGHWAY -- DAY

TOSSING THE CLIPS

With expert precision into LAWTON's hands. The kind of throw only HARKNESS could make.

Lawton slams the clips into his wrist-mounted pistols, pulling himself over the cab of the truck and --

FIRING DOWN! But the bullets bounce off the thick hood.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK, MOVING -- DAY

RUSTAM looks up, realizes he's still got Lawton above him. Swerves more to flip him off.

It's no use. So he tries the next option --

EXT. 93 HIGHWAY -- DAY

LAWTON, realizing what that option is --

AS THE SCIMITAR SLICES THROUGH THE ROOF!

He rolls to avoid it, nearly falling off the side. He routes his momentum backwards --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROLLING BACK ALONG THE ROOF

-- about to tumble off the edge --

WHEN HE GRABS THE REAR OF THE TRUCK!

His feet dangling just inches from FLAG's mini-van. He kicks at the truck's backdoor. His fingers are slipping. Losing their grip fast. Keeps kicking until --

ZOE OPENS IT

Just as Lawton flips into the back!

INT. ARMORED TRUCK, MOVING -- DAY

LAWTON and ZOE, together at last. Sort of.

ZOE
Floyd...

LAWTON
You okay?

ZOE
Is it true-- what he said?

LAWTON, looking back at her, having no idea how he would ever answer this question.

EXT. 93 HIGHWAY -- DAY

The MINI-VAN's front tread now FALLS OFF ENTIRELY.

INT. MINI-VAN, MOVING -- DAY

FLAG, feeling it in the steering. Knowing time is short, into the com-link --

FLAG
Lawton, I can't keep up. If you're going to make a move, do it!

INT. ARMORED TRUCK, MOVING -- DAY

LAWTON is locked on ZOE. Making up his mind. A life of mistakes -- and one shot at redemption...

LAWTON
I'm really sorry, Zoe.

With that he tosses her out the back of the truck --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- screaming as she soars through the air --

LANDING IN HARKNESS'S ARMS

And he drags her back in through the sun-roof.

FLAG has to swerve to keep on track.

FLAG

Get on!

LAWTON

Sorry, Flag-- if I can't live like
a hero, I might as well die like
one.

He lifts his wrist. Indicating the PED.

INT. MINI-VAN, MOVING -- DAY

FLAG, realizing what he's talking about.

FLAG

I am not letting you do that!
That is an order!

INT. ARMORED TRUCK, MOVING -- DAY

But LAWTON is not negotiating here. FLAG can tell by the
look in his eyes. So Flag does the next best thing...

Using all he has left on the accelerator and --

EXT. 93 HIGHWAY -- DAY

RAMMING THE ARMORED TRUCK FROM BEHIND

Causing RUSTAM to lose control of the wheel just as they
hit a turn --

AND FLIP OFF THE SHOULDER

-- cart-wheeling through the air --

-- LAWTON, inside, holding on for dear life --

-- rolling down the embankment --

-- towards the Charles River --

-- landing hard on the edge --

The truck finally sliding to a stop!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLAG stops the mini-van on the shoulder above.

ZOE pushes out the door, running to the edge, looking down at the CRUMBLLED REMAINS OF THE ARMORED TRUCK.

RUSTAM, bloodied, crawls out from the front seat.

And LAWTON limps out. Standing over him. Gun poised.

Rustam draws his SCIMITAR. Waiting. Fearless. One of them is going to have to make a move.

But Lawton HESITATES. Because he sees ZOE on the shoulder. Staring at this man with a gun. The killer within him. The one thing Lawton never wanted his daughter to see.

And Rustam understands...

RUSTAM

It's what you're afraid of, isn't it. Knowing you're just like me.

Lawton doesn't know what to do. For the first time, the Man Who Never Misses doesn't want to shoot.

-- until --

A BULLET HITS RUSTAM RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES.

Lawton turns to FLAG, holding the smoking pistol.

RUSTAM goes still. The scimitar disappears from his fingertips. He's dead.

Lawton, to Flag. For the first time, gratitude --

LAWTON

Thank you.

In the distance, SIRENS are rising. HARKNESS leans out from the car.

HARKNESS

I really hate to bother everyone, but I don't think the law is too fond of us right now.

Flag heads towards a nearby tunnel. Harkness gathers VIXEN from the back of the car.

Lawton stops before Zoe.

LAWTON

Zoe, I...

She takes his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOE
I would have understood.

SIRENS RISING. Flag, looking back at them --

FLAG
I'm sorry, but we have to go.

LAWTON
(to Zoe)
Are you good?

ZOE
Not really, no. But I will be.

LAWTON
I'm gonna come back, Zoe.

ZOE
When?

LAWTON, so many things he wishes he could say -- or that he should have said -- but...

LAWTON
I don't know.

Zoe stares at him. Despite her hurt, there's a hint of understanding as she says...

ZOE
I'll see you around, Floyd.

And then he's gone. Running with the rest of his team into a nearby tunnel just as POLICE CARS begin to approach in the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BELLE REVE PRISON -- DAY

The high-tech prison in the middle of the Bayou. Seen for the first time on a good day.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, COMMAND HQ -- DAY

ON TV: footage of SENATOR COSGROVE, in a wheelchair now, speaking to reporters at a press conference...

COSGROVE (on TV)
*It is because of this eye-opening
near-tragedy in Boston last week,
that I am hereby resigning my*
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COSGROVE (on TV) (CONT'D)
*campaign to focus on my duties as
 Head of the Armed Services
 Committee. I think we all know
 how close we came last week. And
 we have our unnamed heroes in the
 Armed Services to thank...*

WALLER grins, turns off the TV.

FLAG is packing away gear behind her.

FLAG
 Was that your doing?

WALLER
 I gave him a choice. Step off his
 campaign or the press receives one
 hell of a de-classified document.

FLAG
 Why not just take him down?

WALLER
 Because you never know when it's
 good to have a Senator in your
 pocket.

They start to walk out through the corridors.

WALLER (CONT'D)
 My report went to Leavenworth.
 (handing him an envelope)
 Congratulations, Captain. You
 have your stars back.

Flag opens the envelope, pulls out a BRONZE STAR and a
 letter of commendation. Letting it settle in.

Meanwhile, they pass the MEDLAB -- where VIXEN and HARKNESS
 are being treated for wounds.

HARKNESS
 I keep tellin' ya, I got nothin'
 wrong with me, except for this
 damned bomb ya bastards put in me
 heart. Why don't we get movin' on
 curing that, huh?

He sees Waller and presses his face against the glass --

HARKNESS (CONT'D)
 Hey Waller, I thought we had a
 deal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLAG
You're not taking it out?

WALLER
No, I've got future plans for him.

She looks to Flag.

WALLER (CONT'D)
What about you? Are you going to
get your command back?

Flag looks down at the letter, staring long and hard.

FLAG
Actually... I figure, maybe I'm
not quite cut out for this kind of
command anymore.

WALLER
Is that so.

FLAG
Like maybe I'd be better off doing
something, I don't know... less
conventional, maybe.

WALLER
Funny you should mention that,
because this Cosgrove thing had me
wondering, what kind of recourse
we'd have against the hostile
elements within our own ranks.
(beat)
We could use a team that knew how
to work off-grid.

Flag regards Harkness through the glass.

FLAG
It's gonna take a hell of a deal
to get them working again.

WALLER
I suppose we could start by offering
them years off their sentences.
(beat)
But what could I offer you, Captain?

Flag, thinking about this for a moment...

FLAG
New recruits.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, HANGAR -- DAY

TWO SUPERHUMAN PRISONERS

Fight it out on the audition floor. Their powers are TBD, of course, but let's not be afraid to have some fun. Finally one of them bests the other and turns to face --

HARKNESS

Sitting behind the recruiting desk while still wearing his prisoner's outfit.

HARKNESS

Ya got heart, I'll give ya that.
But ya got some big shoes to fill,
and I don't know if you can cut
it. I just ain't sure.

(glances next to him)

How 'bout you? Ya think they're
worth their weight?

PANNING TO VIXEN, who puts the folder into the "YES" pile.
Reveling in her new-found purpose:

VIXEN

We'll find out.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, HOLDING CELL -- DAY

LAWTON sits alone on his cot. Shapes of other prisoners
around him. He's back where he belongs.

A BUZZING NOISE

And the bars slide open. He walks out onto the line.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, CORRIDOR -- DAY

LAWTON, handcuffed, is escorted by several GUARDS down
the long pathway, stopping at another line, where --

FLAG meets him. Waves off the guards.

FLAG

Heard you're not taking the deal.

LAWTON

What, another mission in your little
suicide squad? Flag, I may be a
criminal, but I'm not a fool.

They push through another set of gates into --

EXT. BELLE REVE PRISON -- DAY

The main courtyard, where a PRISONER BUS is waiting. His escort is the SERGEANT from the beginning.

LAWTON

Gotta say, after all I did for this country, the least they could do is give me a trial or something. You do realize I wasn't even charged for a crime, right?

FLAG

Guess you'll have to settle for a transfer instead.

LAWTON regards the bus. FLAG hands him a duffel bag.

FLAG (CONT'D)

Good-bye gift. Open it on board.

Lawton nods, grateful.

LAWTON

Thanks.

FLAG

You too.

(beat)

So if you ever find your way out, you think you're going to look her up someday?

LAWTON

Maybe. When I'm ready.

He turns to leave...

FLAG

Lawton.

He stops. Turns back around.

FLAG (CONT'D)

You don't have to be proud of what you are. But you don't have to be ashamed of it, either.

LAWTON

Yeah. Same for you, Flag.

They make eye contact and grin. One last moment of understanding. Then Lawton boards the bus.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, CORRIDOR -- DAY

FLAG, walking back inside, confident. A sense of purpose.

INT. PRISONER BUS -- DAY

LAWTON, being shoved down forcefully by the glaring SERGEANT, who walks to the front as the bus starts up.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, PRIVATE QUARTERS -- DAY

FLAG comes back into his room. Looking over the old photos of himself and his men. The DOG TAGS dangling from his lamp. Happier times. Runs them through his hands.

Then he drops new folders on top. PRISONER'S FILES. His new team. Going through them as he looks out the window...

EXT. BELLE REVE PRISON -- DAY

THE PRISONER BUS pulls out through the front gates. Moving down the windy dirt road into the Bayou.

INT. PRISONER BUS, MOVING -- DAY

LAWTON opens the duffel bag Flag gave him. In it we see his BELONGINGS. A pair of sunglasses. Passports. The pack of cigarettes...

AND HIS CUSTOM WRIST-MOUNTED PISTOLS.

Accompanied by a single CLIP OF LIVE AMMO.

LAWTON, grinning to himself.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, PRIVATE QUARTERS -- DAY

FLAG, watching out the window as...

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU -- DAY

TWO SHOTS RING OUT

And the bus grinds to a halt. LAWTON strides out the front door, pistols strapped to his arms. Stepping over the injured SERGEANT, shot in the foot.

Looking back gratefully towards Belle Reve.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON, PRIVATE QUARTERS -- DAY

FLAG, turning away, grins to himself.

FLAG
Good luck, Lawton.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU -- DAY

And LAWTON saunters into the warm heat of the Bayou.
Like Flag, he's finally accepted himself for what he is...

A criminal bastard. Flawed as hell. But capable of good.

And maybe that'll be good enough for now.

FADE TO BLACK.

* * * THE END * * *