

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY (LAB) - NIGHT

The lab of the research facility is dimly lit. There are rows of chrome tables filled with scientific equipment and unfinished projects/experiments. An alarm blares in the background, accompanied by a flashing light.

Two burglars, LEON (30) and MARCO (35), strut through the lab. They are dressed in all black, wearing ski masks, and toting shotguns. They make their way through the rows of tables and reach the back wall of the lab.

Hanging from the back wall are two heavy-duty exoskeleton suits. The suits' arms have enhancements; one arm is a mechanized claw, the other is a cannon-type gun.

Leon and Marco lift up their ski masks to get a better look at the suits.

LEON

Holy shit. These things are fucking wicked.

Marco says nothing. He is already working on loading one of the suits into a nearby trunk. Leon is still admiring the suits.

LEON

I mean, Jesus. Can you imagine the kind of damage these things can do?
(beat)
We're gonna tear this town a new asshole.

Marco continues packing up the suits.

MARCO

(annoyed)
I'm gonna tear *you* a new asshole if you don't get moving. The pigs could show up any minute.

Leon snaps out of it and begins to pack up the other suit.

LEON

(smug)
Ah, fuck the pigs. They can show up when they grow some balls.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY (LOBBY) - NIGHT

Three security guards lie dead on the floor, blood is pooled around their bodies. The front door of the research facility is completely destroyed, broken glass is scattered

everywhere. A large van sits where the front door used to be, it has backed into the facility, its back doors are open.

Leon and Marco enter the lobby with their ski masks pulled back over their faces. They are both pushing carts with multiple trunks on them, all containing parts for the exoskeleton suits.

Marco gets to the van and begins loading the trunks into the back. Leon accidentally runs his cart over the hand of one of the dead security guards, a trunk falls of his cart with a bang.

LEON

Ah, shit.

Marco, while putting his last trunk into the van, looks at Leon with daggers in his eyes.

MARCO

(a mix of calm and stern)

Hey, idiot... Could you stop being a fuck-up for two seconds and do your job?

Leon picks up the trunk and hands it to Marco, who puts in in the van.

LEON

Well it'd be a lot fucking easier without all this shit everywhere.

Leon refers to the dead bodies and the broken glass. Marco looks over at the dead body, he shrugs his shoulders.

MARCO

You know the rule: you shoot 'em, you move 'em.

Leon hands Marco the last trunk on his cart. Marco closes the back doors of the van and heads toward the drivers seat.

LEON

(under his breath)

Stupid fucking rule.

Marco starts up the van. Leon takes one last look around the lobby and then hops in passenger side.

The van peels out of the lobby, leaving it in ruins. The alarm continues to blare in the research facility.

MATCH CUT:

INT. DIMITRI'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - EARLY MORNING

An alarm clock is blaring loudly. The time is 4 a.m. A hand reaches over to turn off the alarm clock.

DIMITRI FLANAGAN (38, a young Bill Murray type) sits up in bed. He stretches his arms and lets out a big yawn, which transforms into a lazy smile.

Dimitri swings his feet off the bed, they slide into a pair of slippers placed next to his night stand. He saunters off into the bathroom.

INT. DIMITRI'S HOUSE (BATHROOM) - EARLY MORNING

Going through his morning routine, Dimitri showers, brushes his teeth, and combs his Burt Reynolds-esque mustache.

INT. DIMITRI'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - EARLY MORNING

Wearing only a towel, Dimitri walks to his closet and pulls out a MAILMAN UNIFORM. The uniform consists of a light blue, short-sleeve button up, dark blue khaki shorts, and a regulation pith hat.

Standing behind an ironing table, Dimitri irons his uniform with the utmost diligence. He is very meticulous, making sure to rid the uniform of all wrinkles of any kind.

Now fully dressed in his uniform, Dimitri stands in front of the mirror. He makes sure his uniform is in order and that his shirt is adequately tucked in. He adds the finishing touch by putting on his hat.

DIMITRI
(to himself)
Looking sharp, Mr. Flanagan.
(beat)
Well, the mail isn't going to
deliver itself.

Dimitri walks out of his bedroom.

EXT. DIMITRI'S HOUSE (DRIVEWAY) - EARLY MORNING

A mail truck is parked in Dimitri's driveway. As Dimitri walks toward the truck, he spots his next door neighbor, CURTIS (40), walking up the sidewalk. Curtis turns on his driveway and starts walking to his front door.

Curtis is lean and quite fit for a middle-aged man. He is wearing a shirt reading "NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH," a pair of khakis, and a head lamp. And at this moment, he is somewhat sweaty.

Dimitri waves to Curtis from across the fence.

DIMITRI
Hey there neighbor! How's the watch
going?

CURTIS
Oh, just finishing up the nightly
rounds.

Dimitri looks at his watch, confused.

DIMITRI
Curtis... its 5 o'clock in the
morning.

CURTIS
(deadpan)
Well, justice never sleeps.

Curtis gives a small smile to Dimitri. Dimitri lets out a light chuckle, he goes to get into his truck, but something stops him...

DIMITRI
Oh hey! We still on for watching the
game later?

CURTIS
Ah, sorry, no can do compadre. I'm
going to a self-defense and capoeira
expo tonight.

Curtis begins to showcase his capoeira skills in his front yard. He sways back and forth, spinning and kicking.

DIMITRI
Oh okay, no worries. I'll be sure to
drink enough beer for the both of
us.

CURTIS
(still doing capoeira)
Aye, atta baby.

Dimitri gets into the van and starts the engine. Curtis "capoeira"'s closer to his front door. Dimitri leans out the window.

DIMITRI
And hey! Get some sleep!

In the the midst of his capoeira, Curtis gives Dimitri a thumbs up.

CURTIS
Will do! Have a good one Dimitri!
(beat)
Oh! And say "hi" to Carrie for me!

Curtis winks at Dimitri.

Dimitri blushes and a dorky smile crosses his face.

DIMITRI
(laughing it off)
Ah, shut up.

Dimitri waves goodbye as he backs out of his driveway. The mail truck drives away down the road.

INT. VINCENT'S OFFICE - MORNING

The office is dark and musky, the only light in the room is that of the morning sun peaking in through the blinds. VINCENT (60) is leaning back in his red, leather office chair, he is reading a newspaper article about the stolen exoskeleton suits. The headline reads "REITMAN INC. ROBBED! RESEARCH FACILITY LEFT IN RUINS!" Leon and Marco walk in and sit opposite of him.

Vincent is a larger man, stout and dense. His face resembles a pissed-off bulldog, his lower lip sticks out making him have a permanent frown. He exudes confidence and authority. He is almost always wearing a high end suit accompanied by a power-tie. (Marlon Brando from *The Godfather*.)

Vincent puts the newspaper down, leans forward, and rests his elbows on his large, mahogany desk.

VINCENT
You two did a good job last night.
You've made me proud.

Vincent taps the newspaper. A goofy smile crosses Leon's face.

LEON
(overzealous)
Aw, thanks Uncle Vinny. Ya know,
it's nice to hear you say things
like that every once in a-...

VINCENT
(snappy)
Would you shut the fuck up? I'm
trying to talk here.
(beat)
Geez, you'd think I'd get some

goddamn respect in my own goddamn
office. Jesus Christ.

Leon falls silent, his head drops. Marco looks over at Leon,
as annoyed as can be. He gives Leon a good punch in the arm.

LEON
I'm sorry, Uncle Vinny.

VINCENT
Would you stop acting like a kid who
just pissed the bed and look me in
the eye? I mean, have some
self-respect for Christ's sake.

Leon lifts his head, but he dare not say a word. Vincent
gives Leon the stink eye, but only for a moment.

VINCENT
Now as I was saying, you two did a
good job last night but that was
only phase one. Now we move on to
phase two.

MARCO
What's phase two?

VINCENT
It's a kidnapping job. Should be
pretty simple. He is a
straight-laced scientist who lives
down in the suburbs, real nerdy
type. His name is Jonas Thompson.

Vincent pulls out a folder from his desk drawer. He slides
the folder across his desk. Leon goes to grab the folder but
Marco slaps his hand away. Marco grabs the folder and opens
it. Inside, is a photograph of JONAS THOMPSON an address,
347 SYCAMORE LANE.

VINCENT
We're gonna need him to start
working on those new toys we got in
the warehouse.
(beat)
Cuz I know for damn sure you two
bozos don't know jack shit about
robotic exoskeleton suits.

Leon and Marco look at each other. They certainly don't know
jack shit about robotic exoskeleton suits.

VINCENT
Oh, and another thing...

Leon and Marco look back at Vincent.

VINCENT

This Jonas guy is expecting a package. I'm gonna need you to nab that too, it's a crucial part of the plan.

MARCO

(affirmative)

Thompson. Package. Got it.

Vincent nods to Marco in conformation. Vincent looks to Leon, who appears to be day-dreaming, his eyes are wandering around the room. Leon's eyes meet with Vincent's. Vincent's patience is running thin.

LEON

(nervously)

Oh, uh... Thompson... Package...

(beat)

Got it.

VINCENT

Okay, good.

Vincent leans back in his chair, he begins to twiddle his thumbs again.

VINCENT

Now you two are my nephews, but I love you as if you were my own sons...

Leon and smile begin to smile, but they are cut short when Vincent leans forward, menacingly.

VINCENT

(CONT.)

...but I swear to god if you fuck this up, I will get my switchblade, pull your pants down, and make you my nieces. You understand?

A twinkle of fear shines in Leon's eyes, he cautiously looks to Marco. Marco is unphased, he keeps his eyes on Vincent.

MARCO

(stern)

We understand, Uncle Vinny. We won't let you down.

VINCENT

Good. Now get the fuck out of here.

Leon and Marco stand up and leave Vincent's office. Vincent leans back in his chair and resumes reading the newspaper.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

The warehouse is large and empty, for the most part. There, in the middle of the floor, is a black '84 Chevy Caprice. It sits idling. The robot exoskeletons are hanging from the back wall of the warehouse.

Next to the Caprice, is a chrome table. The table is full of various weapons and tools: pistols, shotguns, knives, pliers, saws, brass knuckles, piano wire, sub-machine guns, etc. Leon and Marco stand over the table, contemplative. Leon picks up a pistol and puts it in the back of his pants. Marco picks up the brass knuckles and puts it in his coat jacket.

The two of them get in the Caprice and drive out of the warehouse.

EXT. DENNY'S (PARKING LOT) - MORNING

Dimitri's mail truck is parked outside of Denny's.

INT. DENNY'S (DINING ROOM) - MORNING

Dimitri sits at a booth by himself, he is drinking coffee and reading the newspaper.

The WAITRESS approaches Dimitri's booth, carrying a tray full of food (a half order of biscuits and gravy, scrambled eggs, and sausage, to be exact.) Her NAME TAG reads "CARRIE."

Carrie (32) is a petite woman, very easy on the eyes. She has short, neon blue hair, which accent her mouse-like features. She is full of spunk and charisma, which is probably why her and Dimitri get along so well.

Carrie slides the tray of food onto the table. Dimitri puts the newspaper on the table. His face lights up at the sight of Carrie, and also the food.

CARRIE

(bubbly)

Here you are, Mr. Dimitri. Your usual.

DIMITRI

Thanks, Carrie. Looks delicious, as always.

CARRIE

No problemo. Oh! And I made sure
that the guys in the back threw some
extra gravy on there for ya.

(beat)

Figured since you're one of our
regulars you deserved a lil
"something something" on the side.

Carrie gives Dimitri a friendly wink. Dimitri blushes and
smiles.

DIMITRI

Well thank you, I really appreciate
that.

CARRIE

(polietly)

Mhmm.

She smiles, gives a little nod, and walks away. Dimitri
tries hard to think of a joke.

DIMITRI

(blurts out loudly)

But my love-handles sure don't!

Carrie stops and turns back to Dimitri, other customers also
turn to Dimitri, all of them are quite confused.

DIMITRI

(embarassed)

Oh, uh...

Carrie walks back toward Dimitri, the other customers resume
eating.

CARRIE

(nicely)

I'm sorry, hun, did you need
something?

DIMITRI

(nervously)

No, sorry, it was just a, uh... I
was just trying to... uh...

Dimitri laughs uncomfortably. He grabs his love-handles.

DIMITRI

(CONT.)

(awkwardly)

...my love-handles.

Dimitri swallows the "embarrassment lump" that has grown in

his throat. He begins to sweat a little. He smiles awkwardly, hoping he didn't make a *complete* fool of himself.

Carrie looks at him, confused. But she smiles at him, letting out a small chuckle.

CARRIE

Oh, well okay. You just let me know if you need anything, alright?

DIMITRI

(laughing it off)

Yeah, okay.

Carrie starts to leave but she notices the newspaper, she reads the headline, "REITMAN INC. ROBBED! RESEARCH FACILITY LEFT IN RUINS!"

CARRIE

Oh my god!

(gasp)

My brother works at Reitman! I didnt know they were robbed last night...

She picks up the newspaper and begins to read the article.

CARRIE

Hey Dimitri, could I borrow this?

DIMITRI

(trying to play it cool)

Oh, sure. Go ahead.

Carrie is already back to reading the article. She looks up briefly.

CARRIE

Thanks so much.

She walks away, all of her attention on the newspaper.

DIMITRI

(basically to himself)

You're welcome.

(long pause)

You look nice today.

Dimitri lets out a sigh and shakes his head, disapoointed in himself. He unrolls his silverware.

DIMITRI

(to himself)

Next time, Flanagan, next time.

Dimitri starts eating his breakfast.

EXT. SUBURBS, INT. MAIL TRUCK (DRIVING) - MORNING

Dimitri drives through the suburbs in his mail truck, whistling a cheerful tune to himself. He waves to some people on the sidewalk as he passes them, they wave back.

EXT. SUBURBS, INT. CAPRICE (DRIVING) - MORNING

Marco drives through the suburbs, Leon is sitting in the passenger seat, looking out the window.

LEON

(disgusted)

God, I fucking hate the suburbs. Ya know, it's just a bunch of square people, in square houses, working their square jobs, living their square lives.

(beat)

It makes me sick.

MARCO

Will you shut up about squares? What is this, fucking geography?

EXT. BOB'S FRONT YARD - MORNING

Dimitri, with a mail bag over his shoulder, walks up to Bob's mailbox. BOB (45) is standing in his lawn, watering his rose bushes.

Bob is the typical "dad" stereotype, cargo shorts and New Balance sneakers.

DIMITRI

Hey there, Bob! The rose bushes are looking good.

BOB

Hey! Thanks, Dimitri. They give me a nice little break...

(jokingly)

...a little breather from the ole ball and chain, you know what I mean?

Bob hikes his thumb back toward the house. Dimitri chuckles lightly.

DIMITRI

No, not real-...

He is interrupted by a woman's voice coming from inside the house.

WOMAN (O.S.)
(loud)
(obnoxious)
Bob!
(beat)
Bob! Get in here!

Bob's chipper facade fades away, he becomes very irritated and turns back toward the house.

BOB
(annoyed)
What?!

Bob loses track of his hose and sprays Dimitri's shoes. Dimitri jumps back but he doesn't say anything.

WOMAN (O.S.)
(passive but just as loud)
I'm not gonna say it twice, Bob!

Bob groans. He turns back to Dimitri.

BOB
Sorry, Dimitri, I better go.

Bob swipes the mail from Dimitri's hand.

DIMITRI
Oh, okay, no problem.

BOB
You have a good one, thanks for the mail!

Bob walks toward the house.

Dimitri looks down at his shoes, they are absolutely soaked. He lets out a disappointing sigh.

DOG (O.S.)
GRRRRRRR...

Dimitri looks to his left. About two houses down, on the sidewalk, Dimitri sees a DOG, a large mastiff, snarling at him. Dimitri's eye grows wide.

The mastiff bounds toward Dimitri.

DIMITRI
Shit.

Dimitri runs away toward his truck, his wet shoes going SPLISH SPLOSH the entire way.

EXT. SUBURBS, INT. CAPRICE (DRIVING) - MORNING

Marco is splitting his attention between the road and Leon, looking over to him every couple of seconds. Leon is holding a road map, concentrating on it really hard.

MARCO

Well, did you find it yet?

LEON

I'm looking, I'm looking. Don't rush me.

MARCO

C'mon, we've been driving around for like 20 minutes now. I swear, if I have to see that old hag on her porch again I'm gonna shoot myself.

LEON

Wait, hang on...

Leon looks up from the map and at an upcoming street sign. Marco slows down a bit. Leon looks back at the map.

LEON

No, nevermind.

Marco speeds back up. Leon looks behind them, at the road they just passed, then back to the map.

LEON

Oh, yup. That was the one.

Marco slams on the brakes, the Caprice screeches to a halt. Marco throws the car in reverse and looks over at LEON.

MARCO

(peevish)

You're pushing it. You are *really* fucking pushing it.

EXT. MISS CHAMBERLIN'S FRONT YARD - MORNING

Miss Chamberlin's house is medium sized. The front yard is unkept, the grass dead-yellow and patchy. There is a worn-out fence surrounding the perimeter of the front yard.

Wielding his mail bag, Dimitri opens the gate to Miss Chamberlin's front yard. MISS CHAMBERLIN (69) is sitting on her front porch, smoking a cigarette.

Miss Chamberlin is the old hag Marco was talking about. She is a mean, grouch of a woman. Her face looks scrunched together, her brow is permanently furrowed. She is the epitome of uninviting. Her voice is rough and coarse, probably because her favorite hobby is smoking cigarettes.

Dimitri approaches Miss Chamberlin.

DIMITRI

(airy)

Good morning, Miss Chamberlin! How are you today?

Miss Chamberlin takes the last drag of her cigarette, she begins to cough violently, almost coughing up a lung. She puts the cigarette butt in a nearby ash tray, the ash tray is already filled to the brim with cigarette butts.

Dimitri looks at her in horror, not knowing what to say or do.

Miss Chamberlin, still having her cough fit, grabs for her pack of cigarettes and pulls one out. When she puts the cigarette to her mouth, the coughing magically stops. She lights up and takes a drag.

MISS CHAMBERLIN

(gravelly)

(annoyed)

Great.

Dimitri looks at her, suspiciously.

DIMITRI

Um, are you sure?

MISS CHAMBERLIN

(irritated)

Yeah!

(beat)

What? You want me to spell it out for ya? Put it in a letter? Slap a stamp on it and mail it to ya?!

Dimitri hides his frustration.

DIMITRI

(keeping his composure)

No, Miss Chamberlin, that won't be necessary.

(throwing shade)

I wouldn't want to interfere with your busy schedule.

MISS CHAMBERLIN

Ah, a smartass. We got a smartass over here.

(cough)

Alright, smartass. You gonna give me my mail or just flirt with me all day?

Dimitri hands Miss Chamberlin her mail. She snatches it out of his hand and shoos him away.

DIMITRI

(sarcastic)

Always a pleasure, Miss Chamberlin.

Dimitri begins to walk back to his truck. A voice calls out to him.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Yoo Hoo! Dimitri!

EXT. MISS APPLEBUM'S HOUSE - MORNING

Dimitri stops and turns to see MISS APPLEBUM (69) standing in her doorway, next door.

Miss Applebum is Miss Chamberlin's next door neighbor. She is a Betty White type, pleasant and wrinkly. She is much more inviting than Miss Chamberlin, but maybe too inviting.

She is currently wearing a kimono with a silk slip underneath, nothing else.

Miss Applebum slides one of her shoulders out of her kimono, showing off her wrinkly, saggy arm.

MISS APPLEBUM

(flirtatious)

You can come over her and flirt with me all day... I wouldn't mind.

She winks at Dimitri and blows him a kiss.

Dimitri throws up in his mouth a little bit. He swallows it.

DIMITRI

(through his teeth)

Oh, no. That's okay. Thank you though.

Miss Chamberlin starts cracking up, but her laughing fit quickly turns into another coughing fit.

Dimitri, cringing and thoroughly uncomfortable, turns around

and walks toward his truck.

EXT. SUBURBS, INT. CAPRICE (DRIVING) - MORNING

Marco is driving very slowly, both him and Leon are looking out their windows, very intently.

MARCO

Ah! Here it is.

EXT. JONAS'S HOUSE (FRONT YARD) - MORNING

Marco pulls the Caprice into Jonas's driveway and kills the engine. Leon and Marco get out of the car and walk over to the front door.

Leon pulls a hairpin out of his pocket and crouches down to the doorknob. Marco stands behind Leon, he looks out toward the rest of the suburbs, acting as a look-out.

Leon picks the lock to the front door. Leon walks into the house. Marco puts on his brass knuckles and follows Leon. The door shuts behind them.

EXT. SUBURB, INT. MAIL TRUCK (DRIVING) - MORNING

Dimitri cruises down road, he is no longer whistling, instead he is listening to the radio. He taps along to the beat on his steering wheel.

He looks over to a package sitting the passenger seat. The address on the package reads, "JONAS THOMPSON, 347 SYCAMORE LANE"

Dimitri squints at the passing houses, struggling to read the house numbers.

INT. JONAS'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - MORNING

Jonas's house is nicely decorated, it looks like something straight out of an Ikea catalog. The living room has a window that looks directly out into the front yard. And for the moment, no one appears to be home.

Leon and Marco tip-toe through the living room, trying to stay quiet and stealthy.

As...

INT. JONAS'S HOUSE (HALLWAY) - MORNING

JONAS THOMPSON (28) dances down the hallway.

Jonas is wearing big, round glasses and a sweater vest. He

is tall and thin. He is holding a cup of coffee and the newspaper. He is listening to a walkman and is dancing like no one is watching.

INT. JONAS'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - MORNING

Jonas dances right into the living room. He dances with his back turned toward Leon and Marco for awhile.

Leon and Marco are caught by surprise.

Jonas spins around doing a grandiose dance move, he sees Leon and Marco staring at him. Jonas is the deer, Leon and Marco are the headlights. They stare at each other, eyes wide.

There is a moment of stillness, nobody moves.

Bursting to life, Jonas flails his arms up into the air, the coffee mug and newspaper go flying. The coffee mug hits Leon in the face, spilling hot coffee on him.

INT. JONAS'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - MORNING

Jonas bolts through the kitchen, headed for the back door. His running comes off as awkward and uncoordinated. He slips and falls right before reaching the door.

As Jonas is getting up, Marco punches Jonas in the face, his brass knuckles draw blood immediately. Jonas staggers, but he is still on his feet. Leon, coming in hot, throws a flying knee right in the gut. Jonas drops like a sack of rocks.

Leon and Marco continue to beat on Jonas.

EXT. JONAS'S HOUSE (FRONT YARD) - MORNING

Dimitri pulls up to Jonas's house in his mail truck, he parks on the curb. There is a black, '84 Chevy Caprice parked in the driveway. Dimitri thinks nothing of it, barely even noticing it.

While whistling a cheery tune, Dimitri grabs the package out of the passenger seat and walks toward the front door.

INT. JONAS'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - MORNING

Marco has Jonas by the collar of his shirt. Jonas is beaten and bloody, his glasses are broken and he is barely conscious. Marco throws him into the middle of the living room. Jonas lays in a heap on the floor.

Leon enters the living room. He pulls his pistol out from

the back of his pants, he cocks it and points it at Jonas.

LEON
(menacingly)
The boss says, "Hi."

MARCO
(confused), (urgent)
No! What the fuck?!

As Leon pulls the trigger, Marco shoves him, resulting in a stray bullet lodging itself into the living room wall.

As...

EXT. JONAS'S HOUSE (FRONT YARD) - MORNING

BANG! A gunshot rings from inside the house. Dimitri stops dead in his tracks. His eyes are wide, every hair on his neck stands at attention.

Dimitri looks through the window that leads into the living room. He sees two menacing men standing in the living room, one of them is holding a smoking gun.

INT. JONAS'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - MORNING

MARCO
(yelling)
You idiot! We're supposed to nab him, not kill him!

Leon stumbles around as he tries to find his balance. Leon happens to look out the window. He points.

LEON
(worried), (confused)
Who the fuck is that?

Marco looks out the window. Leon and Marco both see Dimitri standing in the front yard, holding the package underneath his arm.

MARCO
Ah shit.

Leon and Marco bolt toward the front door.

EXT. JONAS'S HOUSE (FRONT YARD) - MORNING

Dimitri, scared shitless, runs back to his truck.

Leon and Marco burst through the front door. Leon immediately starts shooting at Dimitri and the mail truck.

Marco wrestles with Leon, trying to knock the gun out of his hand.

MARCO
(yelling)
Fucking knock it off!

Leon empties the entire clip, but the only thing he manages to hit is the mail truck. Marco finally wrestles him to the ground.

MARCO
He lays on Leon and watches Dimitri get in the mail truck. Dimitri gets in the mail truck, unscathed. He frantically puts the truck in drive and peels away from the curb. Leon pushes Marco off of him. The both of them stand up. Leon shoves Marco, trying to pick a fight.

LEON
(angry)
What the hell, man?! He had the package and you let him get away!

Marco shoves Leon back.

MARCO
(equally angry)
You could have shot the package, numbnuts!

Just before Leon and Marco are about to swing on each other, they hear a commotion come from inside the house. They both dart toward the front door, tripping over each other.

INT. JONAS'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - MORNING

Jonas is crawling on the kitchen floor, trying to get to the back door.

Leon jaunts into the kitchen.

LEON
(menacingly)
Oh no you don't.

Leon pistol-whips Jonas in the back of the head. Jonas is knocked out cold.

Marco enters the kitchen, he is holding a roll of duct tape and some rope. Marco throws the rope to Leon and then rips off a piece of duct tape.

The piece of tape goes over the camera.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. JONAS'S HOUSE (DRIVEWAY) - MORNING

Jonas, gagged, bound, and unconscious, is lying in the trunk of the Caprice.

Leon and Marco stare down at Jonas. Marco looks over to Leon, he sees the coffee stain on Leon's shirt.

MARCO

Marco slams the trunk shut.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - MORNING

The mail truck zooms down the road and around a bend.

EXT. TOWN, INT. MAIL TRUCK (DRIVING) - MORNING

Dimitri is frantic, he grips the steering wheel with white knuckles. He's breathing heavily, practically hyperventilating.

DIMITRI

(terrified)

Fuck!

(beat)

Ah, shit!

(beat)

What the fuck was that?!

Pedal to the metal, Dimitri's eyes are wide. He panickingly looks over his shoulder, he checks the mirror, then back over his shoulder.

Dimitri pulls his cellphone out of his pocket. He tries to dial 9-1-1. He only gets to 9-1...

The mail truck hits a pothole.

The phone falls out of Dimitri's hand. It hits the blacktop, the screen cracks.

Dimitri looks back at the phone.

DIMITRI

(extremely frustrated)

Ah, fuck...

Dimitri whips around, staring at the road, unsure of what to do.

On the corner of the street, Dimitri spots a WOMAN using a PAY PHONE.

EXT. SIDEWALK (PAY PHONE) - MORNING

The mail truck screeches into the curb, halting to a stop. Dimitri hops out of the mail truck and runs over to the pay phone.

DIMITRI
(interrupting, but polite)
Excuse me... Miss?

Ignoring Dimitri, the WOMAN turns her shoulder and continues talking.

WOMAN
(worried)
...well I know that. But what I was asking was, is Manchester United a soccer club or a credit union?

DIMITRI
(more assertive)
Excuse me! Please, I need to use the phone.

The woman does not acknowledge Dimitri.

WOMAN
...oh okay, but wait...
(beat)
So I take my check where?

DIMITRI
(flustered)
Please lady! It's important Postal Service business!

Dimitri, fed up, hangs up the phone, pressing down on the hook. He stares at the woman, intently, eye ball to eyeball.

The woman looks back, extremely confused. She reverts to just backing away, but she does not break eye contact, weirdly entranced.

Dimitri looks back to the PAY PHONE and dials 9-1-1.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S)
(calm, sweet)
You've reached 9-1-1, how may we

help you today?

DIMITRI
(frantic)
Yes? Hello?! Police?!
(beat)
Yes! This is Dimitri Flanagan, U.S.
Postal Worker #55063. I think I may
have just witnessed a murder.

The words hang in the air.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)
(strangely hospitable)
Alrighty, hun. Do you happen to
remember where you saw this murder?

DIMITRI
Yeah! It was, uh...
(beat)
(frustrated)
Shit!

Dimitri runs to the the mail truck, leaving the phone
hanging from the wire.

He checks the package, "347 SYCAMORE LANE." He runs back and
picks up the PHONE.

DIMITRI
347 Sycamore Lane!

9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)
(sweetly)
Okay, sweetie. We'll be dispatching
a unit shortly. Thank you for
calling 9-1-1 services, you have a
wonderful day.

The dial tone rings in Dimitri's ear.

Dimitri looks at the phone, surprised. He puts it back to
his ear.

DIMITRI
(confused)
Hello?

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Caprice pulls into the warehouse.

Leon and Marco open the trunk. Jonas, now awake, stares up
at them, wide-eyed. He tries to yell at them, but its no

use. His attempts are muffled by the gag in his mouth.

Marco grabs his shoulders, Leon grabs his legs. They carrying Jonas across the warehouse. Jonas begins to writhe around, trying to break free.

INT. WAREHOUSE (SIDE ROOM) - DAY

Leon and Marco carry Jonas into a side room.

The side room is an odd mix of janitor closet, armory, and interrogation room. Inside, there are cleaning supplies such as mops, brooms, and disinfectant. Along one wall, there are two tables full of weapons; guns, knives, etc. And at the back end of the room, there is a cleared-out space with nothing but a chair in the middle, bolted to the floor.

Leon and Marco drop Jonas into the chair. They chain Jonas to the chair, making him immobile.

Jonas lets out a muffled yell, angry and desperate.

Leon punches Jonas square in the nose.

Jonas hangs his head, whimpering to himself.

INT. VINCENT'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Leon and Marco enter Vincent's office. They take a seat.

Vincent sits back in his office chair, relaxed, with his feet up on his desk. He is smoking a fat, Cuban cigar. A glass of whiskey sits in front of him. Vincent takes a long puff and ashes the cigar.

Vincent looks up at Leon and Marco, waiting for one of them to speak.

MARCO

We nabbed that Jonas punk, got him chained up in the warehouse.

A small grin curls up on Vincent's face.

VINCENT

Excellent.

(beat)

And the package?

Marco goes to reply, but Leon steps in.

LEON

(blurting out)

I would've had it Uncle Vinny, I

swear! It was Marco's fault. He let
the guy get away.

Vincent's face goes stone-cold serious. He kicks his feet
off of his desk and lens forward, intently.

VINCENT

Guy...?
(beat)
(suppressed rage)
What fucking guy?

MARCO

(defensive)
There was this mailman that showed
up and-...

VINCENT

A mailman?!

Vincent stands up from behind his desk.

VINCENT

A fucking mailman?! Are you
bullshitting me right now?!

Vincent begins to pace around the room. His face is red with
anger.

MARCO

Well ya see, the package wasn't
there when we got there. And then
this mailman showed up and he ended
up getting awa-...

VINCENT

So you're telling me, the two of you
couldnt run down a goddamn mailman?!
Is that what your're telling me?!

(beat)

I mean, you couldn't have shot the
son of a bitch?

LEON

I tried Uncle Vinny! Marco tackled
me before I could hit the
motherfucker!

Marco turns to Leon, sneering at him. Vincent walks behind
Marco.

MARCO

You wasted the whole clip without
hitting jack shit!

Vincent burns Marco's neck with the cherry of his cigar. Marco yelps out, grabbing at the pain. Vincent paces back behind his desk.

VINCENT
(mad, annoyed)
Will you two shut the fuck up?!

Vincent sits down in his chair, letting out a frustrated sigh.

VINCENT
Always with the bickering between you two, back and forth, back and forth. It's goddamn exhausting.

Both Leon and Marco look up at Vincent, sheepishly.

VINCENT
(calm, collected)
So a mailman, huh?
(beat)
Well let's see... if he goes by the book, then I would guess he...

CUT TO:

INT. POST OFFICE - AFTERNOON

VINCENT (CONT.) (V.O.)
...probably took the package back to the post office.

Dimitri enters the post office, nervously, with the package under his arm.

INT. POST OFFICE (BACK ROOM) - AFTERNOON

VINCENT (CONT.) (V.O.)
With it being a government building and all, they'd more than likely have a back room of some kind...

Dimitri walks into the back room of the post office. There are rows of shelves, all filled with assorted mail and packages.

VINCENT (CONT.) (V.O.)
...the kind of place they would keep the high-security type shit.

Dimitri walks to the back wall of the room, which is essentially a large row of lockers. Each locker has its own padlock around the latch.

VINCENT (CONT.) (V.O.)
But after all, it's no Fort Knox...

Dimitri unlocks the padlock and opens the locker. He places the package on a vacant shelf. He closes the locker and puts the padlock back over the latch.

VINCENT (CONT.) (V.O.)
...wouldn't imagine lifting the motherfucker would take much more than a pair of bull cutters.

INT. VINCENT'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON (CONT.)

Addressing Leon and Marco...

VINCENT
I want you two robbing the joint early tomorrow morning, quick and easy, in and out.
(beat)
I don't want you guys making a spectacle of yourselves.

Marco looks at Vincent with contempt, still holding the back of his neck.

MARCO
Yessir.

LEON
(chipper)
Yessir!

Vincent leans back in his chair, kicking his feet up on his desk. He re-lights his cigar. He tokes on it, blowing out a large cloud of smoke. He takes a sip of whiskey.

Leon and Marco stare at Vincent blankly.

Vincent looks over at them.

VINCENT

INT. DIMITRI'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - EARLY MORNING

Dimitri's living room is quaint and homely. There is a worn out couch in the middle of the room, facing the TV. Next to the couch is a brown, leather La-Z-Boy recliner. A small coffee table sits in front of both pieces of furniture.

The ALARM on Dimitri's wrist watch goes off. Dimitri wakes up, startled and disoriented.

He is sitting in the La-Z-Boy recliner. There is a baseball bat in his lap. Very quickly and tensely, Dimitri grabs the baseball bat, holding it close as if he were about to use it. He takes a look around the room. He sees that the TV has been left on, showing old re-runs of Family Fued.

INT. DIMITRI'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Dimitri, wielding the bat, slowly patrols around his house. He checks behind doors and around corners, paranoid that someone may have broken in.

INT. DIMITRI'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - EARLY MORNING

Dimitri whips open his closet door. He quickly cocks the bat back, ready to clock somebody.

The closet is empty.

INT. DIMITRI'S HOUSE (BATHROOM) - EARLY MORNING

Dimitri tip toes into the bathroom. With bat in hand, he reaches out to grab the edge of the shower curtain. Dimitri hesitates, but just for a moment, letting out a nervous exhale. He yanks back the shower curtain.

Empty.

Dimitri lets out a sigh of relief.

He props the bat on the door frame and begins to get ready for work.

INT. DENNY'S (DINING ROOM) - MORNING

Dimitri sits at his usual booth, he nervously shakes his leg as he reads the newspaper. The article headline reads, "MISSING: JONAS THOMPSON."

Dimitri can't help but look at the other customers with suspicion. Paranoid, his eyes flicker back and forth from the newspaper to the other restaurant goers.

Carrie enters, she is distraught. Her eyes tired, her hair and clothes are a mess.

Dimitri stops shaking his leg. He becomes completely still, entranced by the sight of Carrie.

Carrie is carrying a stack of fliers. She begins walking through the dining room, handing a flyer to everyone she passes. She gets closer to Dimitri.

Growing nervous, Dimitri begins to shake his leg again.

Carrie spots Dimitri, shes jaunts over to him.

CARRIE
(desperate)
Dimitri! Hi!

Dimitri blushes, he smiles shyly.

DIMITRI
(awkward flirty)
Hey, Carrie. You look-...

CARRIE
(worried)
Hey! Have you seen my little
brother? He's gone missing...

Carrie hands Dimitri one of the fliers. The flyer has a picture of Jonas Thompson and the words "MISSING: JONAS THOMPSON" on it. The picture is the same one from the newspaper article.

CARRIE (CONT.)
...I got a call from the police
yesterday. They told me there were
signs of struggle, but they still
don't have any leads yet.
(beat)
I was wondering if you may have seen
him while you were out on your
route?

Dimitri looks down at the flyer, then back up to Carrie with concern. It takes a moment for him to process everything he has just heard. He looks back at the flyer. He holds it next to the newspaper, comparing the pictures.

Dimitri reads in the newspaper article, "...347 Sycamore Lane..."

Dimitri's eyes light up. Eureka.

DIMITRI
(under his breath, barely
audible)
347 Sycamore Lane?

CARRIE
What?

DIMITRI
(louder)
347 Sycamore Lane? Is that your
brother's address?

CARRIE
(excited)
Yeah!

DIMITRI
(excited)
I was there yesterday! I saw him!

CARRIE
Really?!

DIMITRI
(back-pedaling)
Well, sorry, no. I didn't see *him*.
But I saw the guys who took him, I
know that for sure.
(beat)
I was delivering a package to your
brother's house, but when i got
there I heard a...

Dimitri is silent, he looks at Carrie, unsure. Carrie looks
back at him, anxiously.

DIMITRI (CONT.)
(reluctant)
...I heard a gunshot.

Carrie gasps.

DIMITRI
Before I knew it, I was being chased
and shot at by these two guys in
suits.

Carrie puts her hand on Dimitri's shoulder.

CARRIE
(concerned)
Oh my god, Dimitri! Are you okay?

Dimitri melts inside.

DIMITRI
(light chuckle)
Yeah, I'm alright.

Dimitri falls quiet, he looks at Carrie's hand on his
shoulder, reveling in the moment.

Carrie slides her hand off Dimitri's shoulder as she sits
down in the booth across from him.

CARRIE

So what else happened? Are you sure you didn't see Jonas?

DIMITRI

No, I'm sorry. To be honest, it was all kind of a blur after that.

(beat)

I only saw the two guys in suits, and I really didn't even get a good look at them.

CARRIE

(disappointed)

Oh, I see...

Carrie lowers her head, she starts to get choked up, on the verge of tears.

Dimitri notices this and tries to think of something that would make her feel better.

DIMITRI

Oh! But hey... One of the guys said something about the package I was delivering. That might have something to do with Jonas.

Carrie lifts her head, hopeful.

CARRIE

Really? You think so?

DIMITRI

Yeah, one of the guys seemed to want it pretty bad.

(beat)

It's back at the post office right now actually.

CARRIE

(urgent)

Can we go? Can we go get it?

DIMITRI

(caught off-guard)

Oh, uh...

CARRIE

C'mon! If it could help me find Jonas I want to know what's inside.

DIMITRI

I don't know, it doesn't really work that way.

(beat)
Ya see, Federal Law states that-...

CARRIE
(quiet, serious)
Please?

Dimitri looks up at Carrie. She is staring at him desperately, giving him puppy-dog eyes. He contemplates for a moment.

DIMITRI
Ah fuck it. Let's go.

Carrie's face lights up, she reaches over the table and hugs Dimitri. Dimitri's face is bright red, blushing something awful. He smiles.

CARRIE
(giddy)
Thank you, thank you, thank you!

Carrie sits back in her booth.

CARRIE
I really owe you one, Dimitri.

Carrie hops out of her booth and starts making her way toward the door. Dimitri, still blushing and smiling, follows her.

DIMITRI
(bashful)
Don't mention it.

EXT. SMALL TOWN, INT. CAPRICE (DRIVING) - MORNING

Marco is driving, staring straight ahead with a stern look on his face. Leon sits on the passenger side, looking out the window. Leon turns to look at Marco, he leans back to look at the back of Marco's neck.

LEON
How's the neck fee-...

MARCO
Dont say a *fucking word*. Got it?

Leon slumps down in his seat and looks back out the window.

EXT. POST OFFICE (PARKING LOT) - DAY

The mail truck pulls into a parking spot.

Dimitri puts the truck in park and kills the engine. Carrie begins to unbuckle her seat belt.

DIMITRI

Whoa, wait. Hang on.

(beat)

I should probably go in by myself, you need to have clearance to get into the back and if you came with me it would look suspicious.

CARRIE

(slightly disappointed)

Oh, alright. I guess I'll just wait out here then.

DIMITRI

I'll try to be quick.

Dimitri gets out of the truck and walks inside the post office.

Carrie remains in the mail truck. Out of curiosity and boredom, she looks in the back at all the mail. She begins inspecting the dashboard, playing with the radio dials, checking the glove compartments.

In the b.g., a black, '84 Chevy Caprice pulls into the parking lot. It parks about eight spots down from the mail truck.

Carrie finishes fidgeting around, sitting back in her seat. She looks over to see the Caprice in the parking lot. She notices two large men in suits inside the car. She thinks nothing of it until the men pull ski-masks over their heads. The man on the driver's side reaches in the backseat and grabs a shotgun.

Carrie's eyes grow wide, she gasps. Quickly, she gets out of her seat and hides in the back of the truck.

EXT. POST OFFICE (PARKING LOT), INT. CAPRICE - DAY

Marco and Leon sit in the Caprice. Both of them are wearing ski-masks. Marco cocks his shotgun. Leon loads a clip into his submachine gun. Marco turns to Leon.

MARCO

Ready?

Leon nods in confirmation. Simultaneously, they get out of the car and head toward the post office.

EXT. POST OFFICE (PARKING LOT), INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

Carrie peaks from the back of the truck to see Leon and Marco walking into the post office.

CARRIE
(amazed, terrified)
Holy shit...

INT. POST OFFICE (BACK ROOM) - DAY

Dimitri walks through the rows shelves, headed toward the lockers on the back wall. He gets to the locker with the package in it. Dimitri unlocks the padlock,

AS...

INT. POST OFFICE (LOBBY) - DAY

Marco and Leon burst into the crowded post office lobby. Leon shoots his machine gun into the ceiling, leaving a trail of bullet holes.

MARCO
(yelling, intimidating)
Everybody get on the ground and shut
the fuck up!

The SMALL CROWD of people get on the floor and shut the fuck up.

MARCO
(to Leon)
Stay on crowd control.

LEON
(manically)
My pleasure.

Leon spots an ELDERLY MAN in the crowd, he puts his gun in his face.

LEON
You want some of this, old man?!

Leon fires his at the ceiling, then points it back at the old man.

Marco starts walking to the back room.

MEANWHILE...

INT. POST OFFICE (BACK ROOM) - DAY

Dimitri, looks over his shoulder, toward the lobby.

SFX (O.S): A burst of machine gun fire.

Dimitri is overcome with fear. He is frozen.

Suddenly, a back door to the parking lot opens. It's Carrie. Her and Dimitri lock eyes. She waves him over to her, frantically.

CARRIE
(loud whisper)
Dimitri! C'mon!

Dimitri remains frozen, but only for a moment. He hears footsteps coming closer to the back room. Dimitri snaps into action. He grabs the package out of the locker and makes a dash for the back door. Dimitri and Carrie run to the mail

Dimitri and Carrie run to the mail truck, leaving the back door cracked open.

Marco enters the back room of the post office.

He sees the padlock on the ground, the empty locker, then finally, back door cracked open. He runs over to the back door, punching it open.

Marco sees Dimitri, carrying the package, and Carrie running toward the mail truck.

MARCO
(snarling)
That goddamn mail man.

Marco runs to the lobby.

INT. POST OFFICE (LOBBY) - DAY

Leon is laughing hysterically in a YOUNG WOMAN'S face, the YOUNG WOMAN sobs uncontrollably.

Marco enters, he weaves through the crowd of people on the floor.

MARCO
(to Leon)
We gotta go! It's that fucking mail man again.

LEON
(confused)
What?

MARCO
(furious)

The mail man! The fucking mail man!

Marco runs out of the post office. Leon follows him. The small crowd of hostages are left in the post office, confused but grateful.

EXT. POST OFFICE (PARKING LOT) - DAY

Carrie is sitting in the passenger seat, holding on to the package.

Dimitri struggles to start the truck.

DIMITRI
(scared shitless)
Fuck, fuck, fuck. C'mon!

After a couple more tries, the engine finally turns over. Dimitri throws the truck into reverse and peels out of the parking.

Marco and Leon run over to the Caprice.

LEON
(shouting)
Shit, Marco! They're getting away!

MARCO
(shouting)
Well hurry the fuck up then!

LEON
I'm coming! I'm coming!

The two goons get into the Caprice and race after the mail truck.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - DAY

The mail truck zooms down the psuedo-busy streets, bobbing and weaving between the oncoming traffic. The Caprice is hot on it's tail.

EXT. SMALL TOWN/INT. MAIL TRUCK (DRIVING) - DAY

Dimitri is pedal to the metal. His knuckles are white and his eyes are wide, trying his best not to loose control. He is scared shit-less. This is his first car chase but he is doing surprisingly well.

With the package in her lap, Carrie holds on for dear life. She looks over at the side view mirror, seeing the Caprice swerving around behind the mail truck. She peeks her head out the passenger side door, her eyes go wide. She manages

to get her head back inside the truck just...

AS...

BLAM! A shotgun blast grazes the side of the mail truck.

DIMITRI
(terrified)
Jesus Fuck! They're shooting at us!

CARRIE
(breathing heavily)
Oh, shit shit shit.

EXT. SMALL TOWN/INT. CAPRICE (DRIVING) - DAY

Leon, hanging out of the passenger side window, sits back into his seat. He pumps his gun and reloads.

LEON
(snappy)
Will you keep it fucking straight,
goddamnit?

MARCO
(irritated)
I'm trying! I'm fucking trying!

Marco swerves to the left, then to the right.

Leon leans out of the passenger side window. He takes aim. He fires but the blast misses.

MARCO
Fucking hit him already!

Leon exhales, collecting his concentration.

CLOSE ON: Leon's eye as he looks down the sight of his shotgun.

AS...

BLAM! Leon pulls the trigger.

The blast nails the back of the mail truck. The back door flies open, scattering a plethora of envelopes and packages all across the road.

CLOSE ON: Leon's eyes grow wide.

A stray package bounces off the street and hits Leon in the face. He lets out a whimper and cowers back into the Caprice.

EXT. SMALL TOWN/INT. MAIL TRUCK (DRIVING) - DAY

Dimitri looks up in the rear view mirror. He snaps his head around to see the back of his truck hanging wide open, letting out all of the mail.

DIMITRI
(worried)
My deliveries!

CARRIE
Dimitri! The road!

Dimitri swings his head back to the road.

DIMITRI
(exclamation)
Shit!

He yanks the steering wheel, just barely dodging an oncoming car.

EXT. SMALL TOWN, INT. CAPRICE (DRIVING) - DAY

The Caprice closely tails the mail truck.

Marco tugs on the wheel, left and right, trying to avoid the various mail and packages that continue to pour out of the mail truck. Envelopes begin to accumulate on the hood/windshield.

Marco leans in close to the windshield, squinting his eyes as if he is trying to drive through a snow storm.

MARCO
Fuck! I can't see a goddamn thing!

LEON
(confident)
Oh, I got it!

Leon reaches over and flips on the windshield wipers.

Marco's face goes blank. He slowly looks over to Leon, dumbfounded by Leon's stupidity.

MARCO
(deadpan)
Great.
(beat)
You wanna turn on the wiper fluid too?

LEON

(super defensive)
What?! It's helping. Look! It's
clearing up already!

MARCO
I can't *believe* how stupid you are.
I mean, fuck! You really thought
that was a good idea?!

Marco and Leon continue to bicker, resulting in a yelling
match...

AS...

A package flies from the mail truck, hitting the front tire
of the Caprice. The Caprice begins to swerve
uncontrollably.

MARCO
Ah, fuck!

Marco tries to straighten out the car but he over-corrects.
The Caprice slams into a lamp post on the side of the
street. Leon and Marco sit in the Caprice, defeated, silent.

LEON
(snarky)
Great job, Marco. Drive much?

Marco looks over to Leon, stone-faced, irritated as hell.

LEON
Just wait until Uncle Vinny hears
about this.

Marco slaps Leon across the face. Appalled, Leon slaps him
back. The two continue to smack and hit each other.

EXT. SMALL TOWN/INT. MAIL TRUCK (DRIVING) - DAY

Carrie peers her head out of the passenger side door. She
pulls her head back in.

CARRIE
(relieved)
I think we lost them.

Dimitri looks in the rear view mirror, then back to the
road. He lets out a sigh of relief.

DIMITRI
(extremely relieved)
Oh, thank god.

CARRIE
(jokingly)
Talk about a close call, huh?

She lets out a light chuckle.

Dimitri looks straight ahead, mouth agape. He doesn't laugh, he is still reeling from what just happened.

DIMITRI
(aghast, slightly to himself)
That was a car chase.
(beat)
I was just in a car chase.
(beat)
Holy shit!

Carrie stops laughing but she continues to smile.

CARRIE
Well if it's any consolation, you
were really great at it.

Dimitri looks over at Carrie, who is staring at him, doe-eyed. Snapping out of it, Dimitri blushes. He lets out a light chuckle

DIMITRI
Thanks.

Embarrassed, he smiles and looks back to the road. Carrie does that same thing.

There is a slight lull.

CARRIE
So...
(beat)
should we go to the police or
something?

DIMITRI
(short, concise)
Yup, yup. That sounds about right.

Dimitri takes a hard right, the mail truck screeches around the corner and out of frame.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The police station is small and quaint. It *is* a small town after all, so the police station isn't used that often. A handful of POLICE OFFICERS sit at their desks, working on paper work. Some officers are meandering around, some sit,

enjoying COFFEE AND DONUTS.

Dimitri and Carrie enter the police station, Carrie is carrying the package under her arm. Both are visibly shaken, but they walk with a sense determination and purpose. They approach the front desk of the police station.

At the desk sits a plump, mustached police officer. He is one of the officers enjoying the coffee and donuts. He is just about to take a bite...

WHEN...

DIMITRI

(eager, anxious)

Hi! Good morning! Uh, any chance
Sheriff Tillman is in right now?
It's urgent.

INT. TILLMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Dimitri and Carrie enter Tillman's office, escorted by the plump, mustached police officer.

Tillman's office has wood-panel walling, there are trophy mounts hanging from them (deer, bobcat, bear, etc.) Old-timey firearms are displayed throughout the office. There is a cabin-esque vibe about it. There is a small-ish, metal desk at the back end of the office.

The plump police officer leaves the office, closing the door behind him. Dimitri and Carrie stand in the middle of Tillman's office, they look around, taking it all in.

SHERIFF TILLMAN (55) spins around in his office chair, facing Dimitri and Carrie. He welcomes them with a warm smile.

Sheriff Tillman has an impressive, well groomed mustache. He is wearing a cowboy hat, cowboy shirt, bolo tie, Levi's, and cowboy boots. He bears a strong resemblance to Sam Elliot. He is calm, cool, and collected. A smooth operator to say the least.

TILLMAN

(cheerful, casual)

Well howdy there, Dimitri.

DIMITRI

Hi there, Sheriff. You will not
believe what ju-...

TILLMAN

(oblivious)

And who might this be?

Tillman stands up and extends his hand out to Carrie.

CARRIE

(polite)

Carrie, sir. Carrie Thompson.

Carrie shakes Tillman's hand.

TILLMAN

Pleasure to meet ya, Miss Thompson.

(beat)

You don't happen to be related to
'Jonas Thompson,' are ya?

CARRIE

(serious, worried)

He's my brother. I called in here
yesterday. Have you guys found him
yet?

TILLMAN

No, ma'am, no such luck. We have yet
to come up with any solid leads, but
I assure you, we are doing every
thing we can to find your brother.

DIMITRI

Uhm, Sheriff. I think we might be
able to help with that.

(beat)

You see, I was delivering a package
to Jonas Thompson's house yesterday
but then I heard a gunshot, so I got
the fuck out of there...

PAN UP TO CEILING

MATCH CUT

PAN DOWN TO DIMITRI, CARRIE, AND TILLMAN

DIMITRI

...And then, right after we escaped,
we came here.

(beat)

It's been a long couple days to say
the least, Sheriff Tillman.

Tillman looks at the floor, deep in thought. He rubs his
chin. Dimitri and Carrie wait patiently for his response.

TILLMAN

Well it's been awhile since we've heard from them, and this is just a hunch...

(beat)

But it sounds like we might be dealing with The Maroni's.

CARRIE

(confused)

The Maroni's?

DIMITRI

(equally confused)

Who are the Maroni's?

Tillman looks up to address Dimitri and Carrie.

TILLMAN

They're a bad bunch.

(beat)

We had a handful of run-ins with the younger ones some years back; Leon and Marco. Real tough sons of bitches, I tell you what.

(beat)

But the one ya really gotta look out for is their uncle, Vincent Maroni. That man is meaner than a rattlesnake stuck in a drainage pipe.

Dimitri and Carrie look at each other, worried as all hell. They look back at Tillman. He is serious, his brow is furrowed.

TILLMAN

They've been keeping a low profile over the past few years, but now I guess they wanna play ball. We might finally be able to pin these slippery motherfuckers.

(beat)

Tonight, I'll send a couple squad cars across the tracks to see what they're up to.

Tillman looks directly at Carrie.

TILLMAN

I'll personally tag along to see if I can't find any clues about Jonas.

CARRIE

Thank you so much, sir.

TILLMAN
(light jokingly)
Let's see if we cant catch these
varmint with their pants down, huh?

Tillman cracks himself up a little but. Dimitri and Carrie find it less funny. Tillman returns to being serious.

TILLMAN
Why don't you two go on home, we'll
take it from here. You two have gone
through enough for today.

Tillman begins to escort Dimitri and Carrie out of his office.

DIMITRI
Thanks, Sheriff Tillman. We really
appreciate you doing this

TILLMAN
Of course, Dimitri. What kind of
sheriff would I be if I didn't?

Dimitri leaves Tillman's office. Carrie sticks behind for a moment.

CARRIE
Thanks again, Sheriff Tillman. You
dont knot how much this means to me.
Jonas is the only relative I have
left, I don't know what I'd do with
myself if I lost him.

TILLMAN
(stern, reassuring)
Carrie, I promise you, we *will* find
your brother and we *will* get home
safely. You have my word.

Carrie smiles and lightly nods her head. She exits Tillman's office.

INT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

The warehouse has been rearranged. There are now three, large, metal tables in the middle of the warehouse. They are put together to form an incomplete rectangle. On the tables, there are random mechanical parts and various tools.

Standing at one of the tables, is a roughed-up Jonas. He is wrenching two mechanical parts together, he appears to be miserable and sleep deprived.

Jonas's feet are shackled together. The shackles are chained to a stake driven into the middle of the warehouse floor.

Vincent enters the warehouse. Jonas jumps in fear, almost dropping his wrench.

VINCENT
(grandiose)
Well, well, well. How's my favorite scientist doing?
(beat)
Are my toys almost finished?

Jonas continues to work, not saying anything. Vincent walks closer to Jonas, approaching the stake in the middle of the warehouse.

VINCENT
(irritated)
Ya know, you science people are always so quiet. Makes it really hard to have a conversation.

Vincent reaches down and grabs the chain that connects Jonas's shackles to the stake. He yanks it, hard. So hard that Jonas's feet fly out from underneath him. He falls to the ground, hitting his face on the table on his way down.

VINCENT
(sarcastically)
Oh, I'm sorry, did I break your concentration?

Jonas rolls around on the ground, moaning and groaning, holding his nose.

Vincent rushes over to him, he grabs Jonas by the scruff of his shirt.

VINCENT
(furious, intimidating)
Now I'll ask you again, are my toys almost finished?

Jonas cowers, trying to avoid eye-contact. Vincent stares at him, unrelentingly.

JONAS
(shaky, verge of tears)
I'm working as fast as I can.

VINCENT
Well work *faster!*

AS...

Marco and Leon enter the warehouse, bickering indistinguishably. Vincent drops Jonas as he snaps his head around to look at Leon and Marco, with eyes like piercing daggers.

VINCENT

Where the hell have you two been?

LEON

Bad news, Uncle Vinny. Marco let them get away again.

Marco shoves Leon.

MARCO

You shut your goddamn mouth! It's not my fault you're a terrible shot!

Marco and Leon jump at each others throats.

VINCENT

(furious, annoyed)

ENOUGH! You two are worthless! What the fuck happened out there?

Marco and Leon settle down. Leon licks his wounds as Marco steps forward to address Vincent.

MARCO

Well, it was going just as planned Uncle Vinny, I swear.

(beat)

But that son-of-a-bitch mailman showed up, this time he has some blue-haired broad with him.

Jonas's ears perk up, he looks up at Marco.

MARCO

They beat us to the punch. By the time we got to the post office, they had already pinched the package and were making off with it.

(beat)

We tried to chase 'em down but they, uh...

Marco puts his head down, shamefully.

MARCO (CONT.)

...they get away.

Vincent is about to erupt.

VINCENT

Un-*fucking*-believable!

(beat)

I send you two on a hiest that a 2nd grader could pull off with a pair of safety scissors and you get duped by a hippie bitch and a fucking *mailman*?!

(beat)

I swear, if you two had a single ounce of -...

SFX: CARS APPROACHING OUTSIDE. A SINGLE POLICE SIREN.

In the B.G., the matted windows of the warehouse flash red and blue.

Leon peers out the window.

LEON

Fuck, it's the pigs.

VINCENT

(snappy)

Well it sure ain't the goddamn girl scouts.

JONAS

(desperate)

Help! Please! Help! Somebody!

Vincent looks down at Jonas with absolute disgust. He kicks him in the gut, causing him dry heave.

VINCENT

Marco! Keep this mother fucker quiet.

(beat)

Leon! ...

LEON

(enthusiastic)

On it, Boss!

Vincent looks to Leon. Leon is already pointing his gun toward the window, locked and loaded.

VINCENT (CONT.)

(pleased)

...Good boy.

Vincent checks the rings on his fingers, he fidgets with

them.

In the B.G., Marco tapes Jonas's mouth shut and punches him in the face. He drags Jonas to the side room and locks him inside.

Vincent exits the warehouse.

EXT. WAREHOUSE (FRONT YARD) - EVENING

Two squad cars are parked in the front yard of the warehouse, light flashing.

Sheriff Tillman exits one of the cars, he is joined by two other police officers. Tillman takes a look around, suspiciously.

Vincent approaches Sheriff Tillman, he flashes Tillman a menacing smile.

VINCENT
(overly nice)
Sheriff Tillman, to what do I owe
the pleasure?
(beat)
I guess a courtesy call would have
been too much to ask for..?

Tillman stays cool and collected.

TILLMAN
(sarcastically)
Mr. Maroni, always a sight for sore
eyes.
(beat)
We got some reports of some
suspicious activity down in these
parts. That wouldn't have anything
to do with you, now would it?

Vincent remains calm, laid back.

VINCENT
Oh, no sir. Nothing suspicious
happening here.
(beat)
Are you sure you have the right
address?

Tillman looks past Vincent, inspecting the warehouse from a distance.

TILLMAN
Yeah, I reckon we've got the right

place.

(beat)

So, uh, if you dont mind me asking,
what do you keep in there anyway?

Tillman nods to the warehouse. Vincent looks over his
shoulder at the warehouse, then back to Tillman.

VINCENT

That ole thing...? Just storage,
mainly.

TILLMAN

Storage, huh?

(beat)

Looks pretty spacious in there, must
have a lot of storage.

VINCENT

(light chuckle)

Oh yeah, when ya come to be my age,
ya tend to become one of them
hoarder types, ya know?

Tillman isn't amused.

TILLMAN

Ya don't mind if we take a look
inside, do ya?

VINCENT

Well Sheriff, I think you would need
a warra-..

Before Vincent can finish, Tillman holds up a SEARCH
WARRANT. He looks Vincent dead in the eye, Vincent looks
back at him, not flinching a muscle. The two police officers
begin to walk toward the warehouse...

AS...

BLAM! A gunshot rings out, the warehouse window shatters.
One of the officers falls to the ground, dead.

BLAM! Another gunshot screams through the air, the other
officer falls dead on the ground.

Tillman, horrified, looks to the dead officers and the
broken warehouse windows. Caught by surprise, he struggles
to make heads or tails of what just happened. Before he can
do anything, Vincent slugs Tillman across the chin with his
fist full of rings.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING (LATER)

CLOSE ON: TILLMAN'S EYES OPEN, SLOWLY.

PULL BACK to reveal Tillman tied to a chair with heavy rope. He is gagged with tape over his mouth. His face is bloody and he is very disoriented. His breathing is heavy and erratic.

Tillman looks around the warehouse. To his left, he sees the metal tables and the robot exoskeletons. To his right, he sees the Caprice idling, Leon is sitting in the drivers seat with the door hanging open.

Tillman looks straight ahead. Vincent walks up to him, holding a pair of pliers.

Vincent rips the tape off of Tillman's mouth. Tillman gasps and catches his breath.

TILLMAN
(out of breathe)
You'll never get away with this.

Vincent punched Tillman in the stomach. Tillman dry heaves and hunches over. He coughs, spitting up blood.

VINCENT
(eerily calm)
If I ask a question, you talk. If I
don't ask a question, you keep your
goddamn mouth shut. Understand?

Tillman lifts his head, looking at Vincent with disgust.

VINCENT
First question...
(beat)
Who is the mailman?

Tillman says nothing.

Vincent leans in closer, teasingly. He puts his ear close to Tillman's face.

VINCENT
Hmmm...?

Tillman spits on Vincent's cheek. Vincent, flinches, but only slightly. He maintains his cool composure. Vincent stands up straight, he pulls a handkerchief out of his coat jacket and calmly wipes his cheek.

VINCENT

I see.

(beat)

Gonna do the Mr. Tough Guy routine,
huh?

(beat)

Let's see how that works out for ya.

Marco walks up behind Vincent. Vincent hands him the pliers. Marco opens Tillman's mouth and forces the pliers inside. Tillman yells out in protest, it's no use. Marco clamps down on Tillman's front tooth and yanks hard.

Tillman yelps out in pain, blood runs down his chin.

VINCENT

Let's try this again.

(beat)

Who is the mailman?

Tillman sits in silence, his head hangs from his shoulders. He sobs to himself. Vincent watches him, waiting for a response.

Marco looks at Vincent. Vincent, without looking at Marco, nods him over to Tillman.

Marco grabs Tillman by the hair, pulling his head up.

TILLMAN

(desperate, scared)

Wait! Wait... Please no.

(beat, regretfully)

Dimitri. His name is Dimitri
Flanagan.

Vincent shifts his weight, staring at Tillman. Tillman chokes on some blood, he spits it up on himself. Marco looks at Vincent, and then back to Tillman.

VINCENT

And where does this... Dimitri
Flanagan... live?

TILLMAN

(gasping)

823 Birch Ave.

(beat)

Just outside the Suburbs.

A small smile creeps onto Vincent's face. We looks to both Marco and Leon.

Vincent closes his eyes and begins to sniff the air around him. Tillman looks at him, confused/horrified. Vincent stops

sniffing, he looks directly at Tillman

VINCENT
Ya know, Sheriff Tillman...
(beat)
for a filthy, bastard pig, you sure
do smell like a fucking rat.

Marco and Leon chuckle, sinisterly. Vincent smiles, very proud of himself.

VINCENT
(menacinly)
And I bet you guess what we do with
rats around here...

Marco and Leon drag Tillman, chair and all, over to the back end of the Caprice. Leon heads to the driver's seat, Marco kicks the chair onto it's back. He pulls the chair next to the exhaust. Marco forces the tail pipe into Tillman's mouth.

Leon pushes on the gas pedal, revving the engine.

Tillman chokes on the fumes, violently.

Vincent stands back, his arms crossed behind his back. He watches with a blank expression as Tillman suffocates, but only for a moment.

Vincent leaves frame.

INT. WAREHOUSE (SIDE ROOM) - EVENING

SFX: TILLMAN CHOKING ON THE FUMES.

Jonas sits curled up in the corner of the room. He cries and rocks back and forth.

INT. CURTIS'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - EVENING

Dimitri's house looks like something straight out of the 70s, everything is very well decorated. The floor is covered in green, shag carpet. The furniture is mustard yellow and The walls are lined with wooden trim. The entire place is spic and span.

Dimitri and Carrie sit on the vintage love-seat on the right wall of the living room. Curtis is pacing in the middle of the living room. He has his hand on his chin, staring at the floor, deep in thought.

CURTIS
(intense)

So, the police think that these
Maroni's are the ones that took
Jonas?

DIMITRI
(light nod)
Yes.

Curtis stops pacing and stands at attention. He spins on his
heels toward Carrie and points a finger in her direction.

CURTIS
(inquisitively)
And Jonas is your bother?

CARRIE
(intent)
Yes.

Curtis quickly brightens up as he extends a hand out to
Carrie.

CURTIS
(laid back)
Oh, and I'm Curtis! It's so nice to
meet you.
(beat)
Dimitri has told me a lot about you.

Carrie shakes Curtis hand. She flashes a small look over at
Dimitri, who blushes and tries to avoid eye contact. SHE
looks back at Curtis.

CARRIE
It's nice to meet you too.
(beat)
And thank you so much for helping us
out.

DIMITRI
Yeah, thanks again Curtis, I really
appreciate you letting us stay here
tonight.

CURTIS
(warm, hospitable)
Of course, compadre.
(directed at Carrie)
And any friend of Dimitri's is a
friend of mine.

Carrie and Curtis exchange a smile. Curtis looks down at the
package Carrie is holding.

CURTIS
So uh, whats in the package?

Dimitri and Carrie both look down at the package. Their eyes grow wide. Carrie looks as if she had not realized it was still in her hands.

DIMITRI
(shocked)
Holy shit! The package! I totally forgot about the package!

Carrie stares at it. She looks at the name on the LABEL, "JONAS THOMPSON."

There is a small silence as the three of them look at the mysterious package.

Curtis is the first to break the silence.

CURTIS
Should we open it?

The silence comes back for a moment.

DIMITRI
(nervously)
Well in the Postal Workers Handbook, in Chapter 9, sub-section 7-3a...

Dimitri looks up at Curtis, who looks back to him.

DIMITRI
...it states that only the recipient of said pack-...

SFX: Cardboard ripping.

Dimitri and Curtis snap to look at Carrie, who is sitting with the top of the package torn open. She stares down into the box.

She reaches in and pulls out two metal, high tech looking CYLINDERS. She hands one to Dimitri and keeps the other one, inspecting it closely. Dimitri looks at the cylinder, he holds it up into the light.

Neither seem baffled by the discovery, they have never seen anything like it before.

Curtis takes the cylinder out of Dimitri's hand and inspects it himself.

CURTIS

Ah... Looks like a couple of
RollenTech condensed reactors.
(beat)
They are becoming more and more
popular in the robotic industry.

The room is quiet. Dimitri and Carrie both look over at
Curtis, taken aback. Curtis looks back at them, a little
embarrassed and slightly defensive.

CURTIS
I do a lot of reading online.
(beat)
Man, these Maroni's must be planning
one hell of a party.

Curtis laughs to himself, he looks up to catch Carrie's face.
She is visibly distraught, staring at the cylinder in her
hand. Curtis stops laughing, and lets out an embarrassed
cough. He looks over to Dimitri, who is glaring at him.

Curtis mouths the word, "Sorry."

The tension ruminates in the air. Dimitri tries to cut it.

DIMITRI
So you think you can help us out?

Curtis crosses his arms and rubs his chin. He looks at the
ground, deep in thought again.

CURTIS
Yeah, I think I've got a plan.
(beat)
Step one; we need to get that
bullet-hole riddled mail truck out
of the driveway.

EXT. DIMITRI'S HOUSE (DRIVEWAY) - NIGHT

Dimitri backs the mail truck out of his driveway, onto the
street, and into Curtis's driveway. He drives all the way
through Curtis's driveway and into his backyard.

EXT. CURTIS'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Dimitri and Curtis throw a large tarp over the mail truck.

INT. CURTIS'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Back in the house, everyone is standing in the middle of the
living room.

CURTIS

Step Two..

(beat)

I think I've got just what you guys
are looking for.

Curtis flashes a devilish grin at Dimitri and Carrie. He heads toward the basement door. Dimitri and Carrie look at each, unsure. They follow Curtis into the basement.

INT. CURTIS'S HOUSE (BASEMENT) - NIGHT

The basement is dark, it is impossible to see anything. Suddenly, Curtis flips on the lights, revealing an entirely stocked DOOMSDAY BUNKER.

There are rows of shelves filled with CANNED GOODS and NONPERISHABLE FOOD. There are other rows of shelves with SPY and TACTICAL EQUIPMENT and AMMUNITION. The walls are lined with gun racks, housing various GUNS and FIREARMS.

For leisure, there is a regulation POOL TABLE in the middle of the room. And a small BAR on the far end of the room.

Curtis stands with his arms out wide, a wide smile on his face.

CURTIS

(proudly)

Mi casa es su casa.

Both Dimitri and Carrie are speechless, they look around with the mouth agape trying to take it all in.

CARRIE

(shocked)

Where did you get all of this?

CURTIS

Oh, well you know... It started out small but I went to a few conventions over the years...

(beat)

...a few outlet stores here and there...

(beat)

and uh, it just kinda starts adding up. Pretty sweet, huh?

Dimitri looks around in the bunker, in awe. He spots a GRAPPLING HOOK mounted on the wall. He points at it.

DIMITRI

(astonished)

Is that a grappling hook?

Curtis looks up at the grappling hook.

CURTIS

Oh yeah! Got that baby online, the Internet has everything, my man.

DIMITRI

What would you ever need a grappling hook for?

(beat)

Who are you? James Bond?

A smug smile creeps onto Curtis's face.

CURTIS

Oh please, James Bond wishes he were as cool as me.

DIMITRI

I do have to admit...

(beat)

This is *the* most bad ass thing I have seen in my *entire* life.

CURTIS

If you think this is cool, check this out.

Curtis leads Dimitri and Carrie over to a side door.

Curtis opens the door, revealing...

INT. OBSERVATION STATION - NIGHT

The "Observation Station" is a small storage closet full of monitors, there is also a desk and a computer on it. Each monitor shows a live feed of every room in Curtis's house. Additionally, there are monitors that show the outside of Curtis's house, the entirety of his yard and, incidentally, half of Dimitri's yard.

CURTIS

I installed cameras in every room of the house in case of intruders. Plus I've got cameras outside so I can insure that the perimeter is safe at all times.

(beat)

Yup, ain't no muchacho breaking into to Castle O' Curtis. No sir.

Curtis spins around toward Dimitri and Carrie, who are staring at the monitors, shocked but also intrigued.

CURTIS

But dont worry, there aren't any cameras in the bathroom. Sorry if thats awkward of me to say, but I thought I would just address it now and get it out of the way.

(beat)

It's not like I'm one of those lunatic, Norman Bates type people. I believe that the sanctity of privacy is very important and I think in todays society -...

In the B.G., a black, '84 Chevy Caprice, it pulls into Dimitri's driveway.

Interrupting Curtis, Dimitri and Carrie notice and lean toward the monitors for a closer look, worry across their faces.

DIMITRI

(confused, scared)

What the hell?

Curtis whips around to look at the monitors. He sees the Caprice.

CURTIS

(worried)

Well that can't be good.

EXT. DIMITRI'S HOUSE (DRIVEWAY) - NIGHT

Leon and Marco get out of the car. They are treating it as business as usual, but this time its a bit personal. Leon has a large sack of some kind slung over his shoulder. They go to the front door and pick the lock. They walk into Dimitri's house.

INT. CURTIS'S HOUSE (BASEMENT) - NIGHT

Dimitri stares at the monitors, utterly shocked. He runs back upstairs, Carrie and Curtis follow him.

INT. CURTIS'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Dimitri crouches underneath a window that looks into his house next door, Carrie crouches next to him. Curtis turns off the lights and then joins them under the window. The three of them peak over the window sill, looking to see what the goons are up to.

INT. DIMITRI'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Leon and Marco, with the lights turned on, wander around Dimitri's living room. They search around for the package, really tearing the place up, turning it upside down.

Leon tosses the throw pillows over his head, checking underneath the couch cushions. One of the throw pillows hits Marco in the head.

MARCO

(peeved)

Hey! Would ya watch where your throwing shit?!

LEON

(sassy)

Well, ya know, if you just let me kill the guy in the first place, I wouldnt have to be throwing shit around.

Leon walks dangerously close to the window facing Curtis's house causing...

INT. CURTIS'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Dimitri, Carrie, and Curtis to quickly duck under the window sill. They sit there as still as possible for a moment. Dimitri tentatively peers his head back over the sill with anxious eyes. Carrie and Curtis follow suit.

INT. DIMITRI'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Leon walks from the window and back toward Marco.

MARCO

Would you shut the fuck up about that already? You're lucky I dont kick your ass for throwing me under the bus back there.

Marco shoves Leon toward Dimitri's bedroom. Leon rears back and throws a punch at Marco, stopping just before hitting him.

Marco doesnt flinch, he stares at Leon dead in the eye.

MARCO

(stone faced)

Do it, I dare you.

Straightening himself up, Leon enters Dimitri's bedroom. Marco followed him, a smug smile on his face.

INT. CURTIS'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

Dimitri, Carrie, and Curtis move sneakily into the kitchen to get a better view, they duck under the window and peer over the sill.

INT. DIMITRI'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

In Dimitri's bedroom, Leon and Marco continue to search around for the package. They are unsuccessful, though it isn't due to the lack of trying, the package is nowhere to be found and Dimitri's bedroom is a mess.

Leon takes the sack off of his shoulder. He dumps the contents onto Dimitri's bed, which happens to be a bunch of dead fish.

INT. CURTIS'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

Dimitri stares out the window, horrified and disgusted.

DIMITRI
(hushed whisper)
What are they doing?

Curtis quietly chuckles to himself.

CURTIS
I think they're trying to say...
(mobster accent)
"You'll be sleeping with the
fishes."

Dimitri and Carrie both look at Curtis, visibly shaken. Curtis stops laughing, trying to match their seriousness.

Dimitri and Carrie look back out the window. Curtis thinks to himself for a second.

CURTIS
I've got an idea. I'll be back.

Curtis quickly exits the kitchen.

CARRIE
Wait, where are you going?!

INT. DIMITRI'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Leon and Marco look down at the bed, now covered in dead fish.

LEON
You think that's enough fish?

MARCO

What?

LEON

Do you think that's enough fish?

(beat)

I dont know, I feel like last time
we had more fish.

MARCO

What the hell are you talking about?

EXT. DIMITRI'S HOUSE (DRIVEWAY) - NIGHT

Qucik and stealthy, Curtis runs over and ducks down behind the Caprice. He pulls a small black, DEVICE out from his pocket. He pushes a button on the device, a green light begins to flash. Curtis secures the device underneath the back bumper of the Caprice.

INT. CURTIS'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

Dimitri and Carrie watch anxiously from the window as Curtis makes his way back to the house.

Curtis enters the kitchen, sweaty and panting.

DIMITRI

What the hell was that?!

Curtis puts a finger up to his lips, hushing Dimitri. Curtis points out the window. The gang look back at Leon and Marco, who are beginning to leave Dimitri's bedroom.

INT. DIMITRI'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Leon and Marco walk through Dimitri's kitchen.

LEON

Ya know, I just wanna make sure that
it's enough so he gets the meassage.

MARCO

Jesus fuck, are you still going on
about this?

Leon and Marco bicker indiscernably as they exit Dimitri's living room.

INT. CURTIS'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

The gang watches as Leon and Marco get into the Caprice and drive away.

Dimitri and Carrie look over to Curtis.

DIMITRI
What were you thinking?!

CARRIE
What if they had caught you?!

Curtis gives a sly smile.

CURTIS
Follow me.

Curtis exits the kitchen, followed by Dimitri and Carrie.

INT. OBSERVATION STATION (BASEMENT) - NIGHT

Curtis clacks away at the keyboard for a moment, Dimitri and Carrie watch him intently. Suddenly, one of the monitors displays a digital map of the town. There is a blinking dot travelling across the map.

CURTIS
Tracking device. I got them at the
Espionage convention last spring, I'd
been waiting for an excuse to use
them.

DIMITRI
Whoa, this is insane.

The gang watches the blinking dot. The dot stops moving, it stays still on the far side of the map.

CURTIS
Looks like your friends made it home
safe.

Carrie leans in close to the monitor.

CARRIE
That must be where Jonas is.

Dimitri and Curtis also lean in close to the monitor. A smug look crosses Curtis's face.

CURTIS
Who's up for a little recon?

Curtis looks back at Dimitri and Carrie. Dimitri's face is shrouded in worry. Carrie looks fierce and determined.

CARRIE
I'm in.

Dimitri looks at Carrie.

DIMITRI
What?! Are you crazy?

CARRIE
I have to know if Jonas is there.

DIMITRI
Well what about Sheriff Tillman? He
said he was looking into it.

CARRIE
That was hours ago, Dimitri. Don't
you think he would have called by
now?

Dimitri is taken aback.

CARRIE
Jonas is my brother. I have to know
if he is okay.

Dimitri stand there in silence. His face straightens up, he
gives a slight nod of approval.

CURTIS
Well you heard the lady, let's move
out.
(beat)
I'll drive.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

Curtis's car drives over the train tracks.

INT. CURTIS'S CAR (DRIVING) - NIGHT

The gang is on edge, Nothing good ever happens on this side
of the tracks, especially at night.

Dimitri looks at the train tracks getting smaller in the
rearview window.

EXT. WAREHOUSE (FRONT YARD) - NIGHT

Curtis parks the car at the end of a long driveway that
leads to the warehouse.

Dimitri, Carrie, and Curtis walk up the driveway and sneak
around the warehouse. With Curtis leading the way, they stay
in the shadows, remaining as silent as possible. Carrie
spots the Caprice parked around the side of the warehouse.
The gang goes to investigate.

Getting closer to the Caprice, Curtis discovers three more

cars covered in tarps. He peeks under the tarps, revealing the three police cars. Both Dimitri and Carrie are horrified, Curtis is enraged.

DIMITRI
Sheriff Tillman...

CARRIE
Oh my god...

CURTIS
Those sons of bitches!

SFX: A loud BANG comes from the warehouse.

The gang heads closer to the warehouse, they find a window. Carrie is the first to look inside.

CARRIE
(excited, horrified)
It's Jonas!

Dimitri and Curtis look inside.

The gang sees Jonas, chained to the floor, working on the robot exoskeletons. His face is bloody and misshapen. He looks as though he's been through hell.

Leon and Marco are standing guard inside the warehouse.

DIMITRI
What do we do?

CURTIS
Hmmm... I'll distract Tweedle Dee
and Tweedle Dum. You guys try to
free Jonas.
(beat)
Meet back at the car, got it?

CARRIE
(determined)
Got it.

DIMITRI
(unsure, weary)
Got it.

Curtis runs to the front door of the warehouse. He bangs on the door as hard as he can.

CURTIS
(shouting)
Hey! Maroni fucks! Come out, come

out, where ever you are!

Dimitri and Carrie watch from around the corner as Curtis continues to make a ruckus. They see him take off running as Leon and Marco chase him.

They make their way for the front door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Carrie and Dimitri sneak into the warehouse.

CARRIE

Jonas!

Jonas whips his head around, his eyes light up at the sight of Carrie. She runs up to him and gives him a big hug. He is ecstatic but also frantic.

JONAS

Carrie! What are you doing here?!

CARRIE

We're here to get you out of here.

JONAS

How'd you find me here?!

CARRIE

We don't have much time, I can explain it all later.

Dimitri approaches Jonas and Carrie.

DIMITRI

How are we gonna get him out of here?

The three of them look around the warehouse for some kind of tool they could use.

JONAS

There's a saw in that room over there.

He points to the side room. Dimitri heads that way.

Carrie spots a screwdriver on the table and begins to pry at the chain around Jonas's ankle. Jonas grabs another screwdriver and begins to do the same thing.

JONAS

Oh, Carrie, I'm so glad to see you, these people are fucking lunatics!

CARRIE

Dont worry, we're gonna get you out
of here.

INT. WAREHOUSE (SIDE ROOM) - NIGHT

Dimitri finds Leon and Marco's table of weapons. It is stocked with guns, crowbars, saws, pliers, brass knuckles, etc.

Dimitri grabs a HAND SAW off the table and begins to head for the door.

LEON (O.S)

Well, well, well, what do we have
here?

Dimitri stops dead in his tracks. His blood runs cold. The hairs on his neck stand up. He peerd out into the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Leon is standing behind Carrie with a gun pointed at her head. Carrie is kneeling on the ground with her hands up in the air. Jonas is sitting next to her, tears swelling in his eyes.

JONAS

Please don't hurt her, I'll do
anything!

INT. WAREHOUSE (SIDE ROOM) - NIGHT

Dimitri's blood is racing, he is overcome with adrenaline. He takes a handgun off of the table. He kicks the side room door open and pulls the trigger.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Leon snaps his head over toward Dimitri. The bullet hits Leon right between the eyes. He falls over, dead.

Dimitri stands there for a moment, looking and feeling like a badass. Carrie looks at him, half completely shocked and half with the sense of "my hero."

Jonas looks over at Dimitri with his mouth wide open.

JONAS

(awed)
Holy shit!
(beat)
Who are you?

Dimitri stands up tall and puffs out his chest.

DIMITRI
Dimitri Flanagan, mailman.

Dimitri grabs the hand saw off the table and runs over to Carrie and Jonas. Dimitri crouches down next to Carrie, he puts one hand on her shoulder.

DIMITRI
Are you okay?

CARRIE
(shaken up)
Yeah, yeah, I'm fine.

Dimitri begins to saw at the chain, Carrie and Jonas continue to pry at it with their screwdrivers.

AS...

Vincent enters the warehouse.

Dimitri, Carrie and Jonas all look up to meet his gaze.
Vincent.

Vincent looks over at Leon, dead on the ground, blood gushing out of his head. He is amazed, but more importantly, he is furious.

VINCENT
Why you fucking-...

Vincent reaches into his jacket for his gun.

JONAS
(terrified)
Run! Get out of here!

Dimitri and Carrie make a dash for it. Vincent shots at them as they run off, but he just barely misses them. Dimitri fires off two shots, blindly. Neither of them get close to Vincent.

Dimitri and Carrie make it out of the warehouse, having to leave Jonas behind.

EXT. WAREHOUSE (FRONT YARD) - NIGHT

Dimitri and Carrie book it up the driveway, running for their lives.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Vincent remains in the warehouse. He walks over Leon, inspecting the body. He is overcome with anger. He walks to the front door and starts firing his gun into the sky.

VINCENT
(yelling)
MARCO! MARCO!
(beat)
Where the fuck are you?!

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Curtis weaves through trees and bushes, running for his life from Marco. He is quick on his feet, keeping distance between them. Marco is struggling to keep up, he fires at Curtis occasionally, but none of the shots land.

Curtis quickly tucks down behind a tree/under a bush and stays perfect still.

Marco is confused, it seems as if Curtis has just disappeared. He hunkers down, getting real serious, resembling a hunter looking for prey. This lasts only for a moment.

SFX: In the B.G., gunshots and Vincent yelling.

Marco perks his head up and rushes back toward the warehouse.

Curtis lets out a sigh of relief. Somewhat lost, Curtis forages on through the forest.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Coming to a clearing, Curtis finally finds the road. He begins to walk down the shoulder.

In the B.G., a pair of headlights approaches Curtis.

The car pulls up next to Curtis. Curtis looks over to see Carrie driving with the window down, Dimitri sits shotgun.

CARRIE
Get in!

Curtis hops in the back and the gang zooms off.

INT. CURTIS'S CAR (DRIVING) - NIGHT

The gang drives down the road.

Dimitri looks back at Curtis.

DIMITRI
Are you okay?

CURTIS
Yeah, wheres Jonas?

CARRIE
We weren't able to free him in time.
Leon showed up.

CURTIS
(worried)
Oh man, what happened?

CARRIE
Dimitri saved me.

Carrie looks over at Dimitri, lovingly. Dimitri is staring at the gun in his lap. He looks over at Carrie, but just briefly, then back to the gun.

DIMITRI
(slight remorse)
Let's just say we wont have to worry
about Tweedle Dee anymore...

Dimitri waves the gun in the air, showing it to Curtis.

CURTIS
(shocked)
Whoa, Dimitri... When did you become
such a bad ass.

Dimitri lets out a light chuckle. So does Carrie and Curtis.

DIMITRI
I don't know...

The gang sits in silence, for a moment. Dimitri looks out the window.

DIMITRI
...it did feel pretty bad ass
though.

Curtis grabs Dimitri's shoulders from behind and rustles him around a bit. He lets go, a small smile curls up on Dimitri's face.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Marco and Vincent are standing in the warehouse, looking down at Leon's dead body.

Marco is fighting back tears, he lashes out in a fit of rage. Marco huffs over to the table and begins to throw around the lab equipment.

MARCO
(furious)
AGHHH! Those sons of bitches! I'm
gonna kill 'em!
(beat)
I'm gonna kill 'em!

Vincent remains quiet, staring down at the body.

In the midst of his fit, Marco happens to lock eyes with Jonas, who is curled up in a ball underneath one of the tables. Marco stares daggers at him.

MARCO
You... This is all your fault!

Marco walks over to him. He drags Jonas out from under the table. Marco starts wailing on him, punching him in the face and kicking him in the gut.

Jonas cries out in pain.

Vincent breaks his silence.

VINCENT
(calm, collected)
That's enough.

Marco ignores him, he continues to pound on Jonas. Vincent walks over to Marco, his nostrils begin to flare. Vincent throws Marco off of Jonas.

VINCENT
(stern, yelling)
Marco! I said that's enough!

Vincent stands in front of Marco, face to face. Marco's head is down, he begins to sob, tears stream down his face. Vincent give Marco a light slap on the cheek.

VINCENT
Hey! Now that's enough of that.

Vincent grabs the back of Marco's neck, embracing him ever so slightly.

VINCENT
What happened here tonight was a
tragedy. I know you're hurting.
(beat)

I'm hurting too, Leon was like a son
to me.

Vincent pulls back and looks Marco in the eyes, Marco meets his eyes this time. He sniffles as tears roll down his cheek.

VINCENT

But we have work to do.

(beat)

I need you to take care of the body.

I'll be in my office.

Vincent leaves the warehouse. Marco stands in the middle of the warehouse, he looks over at Leon's body, full of sorrow. Jonas lays on the ground, barely conscious.

INT. CURTIS'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Dimitri and Curtis sit on the couch as Carrie paces back and forth.

CARRIE

So what are we supposed to do? We
can't just leave him there.

(beat)

I mean, you saw him. They're
torturing him in there.

DIMITRI

I agree, we've gotta get him out of
there.

(beat)

And we know the police aren't gonna
be much help.

There is a moment of silence as those words hang in the air.

CURTIS

So what do you suggest, gunslinger?
Should we saddle up and go in guns
a'blazing?

DIMITRI

I don't know...

(beat)

They managed to take out Tillman and
his guys, so I'm not sure if that's
the best idea.

Curtis's looks off in thought, his eyes start to wander, they land on the package, containing both condensed reactors.

CURTIS
What should we do about those?

Curtis points to the package.

DIMITRI
Should we hide them?

CARRIE
I guess that wouldn't hurt...
(beat)
...in case they come back or
something.

CURTIS
I've got a safe down in the bunker.
I think it would fit in there.

Curtis grabs the package and heads down into the basement.

Carrie stops pacing and takes a seat next to Dimitri on the couch.

CARRIE
Hey, I just wanted to thank you for
what you did back there.
(beat)
And for everything today, honestly.
It means so much that you're helping
me find Jonas.

Dimitri looks over at Carrie, her eyes are starting to water. She wipes a tear from her cheek.

CARRIE
(sobbing)
Jonas is all I have left.

Dimitri wraps his arms around Carrie, she leans her head on his chest.

DIMITRI
Hey there, it's gonna be alright.
We're gonna get him back.
(beat)
I promise.

Carrie sits up and looks at Dimitri. She gives him a warm smile.

CARRIE
(sweetly)
Thanks, Dimitri.

DIMITRI
(lovingly)
You're welcome, Carrie.

Curtis enters the living room...

AS...

SFX: In the B.G., a phone rings faintly.

The gang freezes where they are, they listen carefully to find the source. Dimitri's ears perk up, he stands up and looks out the window, toward his house.

Dimitri leaves Curtis's house, Curtis and Carrie follow him

INT. DIMITRI'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Dimitri's phone rings loudly in his living room.

Dimitri picks up the phone, Carrie and Curtis lean in close to hear who is on the other end.

DIMITRI
Hello?

VINCENT (O.S)
Let's make a trade.

DIMITRI
Who is this?

VINCENT (O.S)
(cold)
This is the man who should have
killed you earlier tonight.

A lump forms in Dimitri's throat, he swallows it.

VINCENT (O.S.)
But since I didn't, I propose we
make a trade.
(beat)
Jonas for the package. What do you
say?

Overhearing this, Carrie's face lights up. She grabs Dimitri by the shoulder and eagerly nods her head. Dimitri looks at her, then to Curtis, who nods in confirmation. Dimitri looks back at Carrie.

DIMITRI
Alright, you've got a deal.

VINCENT (O.S.)
Meet me at the rail-road tracks. 8
am. Don't be late.

SFX: Dial-tone rings from the phone.

Dimitri hangs up the phone.

CARRIE
What now?

DIMITRI
I guess we just wait.

CURTIS
Fuck that, let's gear up.

INT. CURTIS'S HOUSE (BASEMENT) - DAY

The gang peruses through the bunker.

Curtis picks up a SHOTGUN and cocks it. Carrie picks up a HANDGUN, she pull back the hammer, looks down the sights, and pulls the trigger. The empty gun clicks. Dimitri takes an ASSAULT RIFLE off the wall. He loads up a clip and chambers a bullet.

Curtis punches in a code to the safe and pulls out the package. He hands it to Dimitri. Dimitri looks up at Carrie and Curtis, determination in his eyes.

DIMITRI
(confidently)
I'll drive.

EXT. CURTIS'S BACKYARD - EARLY MORNING

Dimitri and Curtis pulls back the tarp, revealing the bullet-hole riddled mail truck.

The gang, fully armed, loads up into the mail truck.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - MORNING

The mail truck pulls up, stopping just before the train tracks.

The Caprice is parked on the opposite side of the tracks. Vincent is standing with Jonas by the driver's side door. Jonas has his hands tied behind his back. Vincent stands with a pistol in one hand and Jonas's arm in the other. Marco is standing on the passenger's side, a pistol in one hand and a PACKAGE in the other.

Dimitri, Carrie, and Curtis get out of the mail truck. Curtis is holding a shotgun at his hip, aimed at Marco. Carrie has her pistol aimed right at Vincent, keeping an eye on Jonas. Dimitri has his assault rifle strapped around his back. He is also carrying the package.

Vincent and Dimitri approach each other, matching each other's steps. They stop at the train tracks. Vincent shoves Jonas across the tracks, who stumbles, falling on his face. Carrie runs over to him and helps him up. She embraces him but keeps her gun raised and aimed at Vincent.

Vincent flashes her a sinister smile. The smile disappears as he looks at Dimitri.

VINCENT

The package, Mr. Mailman?

Dimitri extends the package over the train tracks, handing it to Vincent.

VINCENT

It was a pleasure doing business with ya.

Vincent walks back to the car and puts the package in the backseat. He opens the drivers side door but pauses before getting in. He looks at the gang.

VINCENT

Oh, and I apologize for the trouble.
(beat)
I hope this will make up for it.

Vincent gets in the car as Marco walks to the train tracks. He places the package on the tracks, and then gets in the Caprice.

Vincent and Marco drive away.

The gang waits patiently until the Caprice is out of sight. Once the Caprice is gone, Carrie embraces Jonas with both.

CARRIE

Oh my god, I was so worried about you! Here, let's get you out of these.

Carrie spins Jonas around and starts untying his wrists.

Dimitri and Curtis look at each other, nervously.

In the B.G., Carrie unties Jonas and they hug each other tightly.

Dimitri and Curtis look back at the package.

Dimitri hesitantly walks up to the package. Curtis follows, looking over Dimitri's shoulder. Dimitri crouches down and opens the package.

Dimitri is shocked, he gags and shields his face with his hand. Curtis, looking over Dimitri's shoulder, leans to the side.

SFX (O.S.): Curtis puking.

Carrie goes to inspect the package for herself, Jonas grabs her arm to stop her.

JONAS

No, trust me, you don't want to look.

Carrie looks at Jonas with concern. Concern turns to determination, she wrestles her arm free and looks in the package. She lets out a gasp and a shrill scream, her eyes grow wide as she covers her mouth.

REVEAL: Inside the package, is Sheriff Tillman's head.

The head is grotesque, Tillman's mouth and cheeks are black and discolored. It looks as if the bottom half of his face has been bar-b-que'd.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The package sits on the front desk of the police station.

DEPUTY DOUG REYNOLDS (46) stands over the package, looking down with a disgusted look on his face.

Doug Reynolds is a heavier-set fellow. He resembles John Goodman. His face is jolly, yet it looks as though his brow is always furrowed. He has a full, lush mustache that hangs over his top lip.

A large frown slopes down Deputy Doug's face as he fights back tears.

The other cops are sitting at their desks, mournful, staring off with far-off looks in their eyes.

The gang stands in front of the desk, patiently awaiting for a reply from Doug.

DEPUTY DOUG

(voice cracking, shaky)
You said...
(beat)
You said the Maroni's did this?

CURTIS
(affirmative)
Yessir. We saw squad cars out at
their warehouse, they tried to hide
them.
(beat)
We didn't see the officers though...
I'm not sure what happened to them.

Deputy Doug lets out a sorrowful sigh, but he begins to pull himself together.

DEPUTY DOUG
What else did you see up there?

Dimitri, Carrie, and Curtis all look to Jonas. Jonas steps up, shyly.

JONAS
It's bad, sir.
(beat)
While I was there, they had me
complete the state-of-the-art Mech
suits we were working on at Reitman.
The XT-5s.

Deputy Doug gives Jonas a worried look.

JONAS
The suits are military grade. They
were intended for the U.S. Marines.
(beat)
And now that they have the condensed
reactors, the suits could be
operational as soon as today.

The air has been taken out of the room. Everyone is silent, they're eyes wide, devastated by the news. Deputy Doug stares off, deep in thought.

DEPUTY DOUG
Well this day sure has gone pear
shaped.
(beat)
(serious)
And you said that these "Mech Suits"
could be operational today?

JONAS

(intense)
Yessir.

DEPUTY DOUG
Is there any way to stop them?

Jonas looks away, taking a moment to think. He looks back at Deputy Doug.

JONAS
The suits can't function without the
condensed reactors.
(beat)
So, I suppose, if we get rid of
those, we get rid of the Mech Suits.

Curtis chimes in.

CURTIS
Are the condensed reactors located
in the back-plate, like in the
XT-4s?

Everyone in the room, including Jonas, looks over at Curtis. Curtis keeps his eyes fixed on Jonas, waiting for an answer. Everyone turns to look at Jonas.

JONAS
(taken aback)
Uh, yeah. Yeah, they are.
(beat)
Do you, um, study robotics?

CURTIS
No. I just read a lot online.
(beat)
But that means, if we can somehow
strip the back-plate and expose the
condensers, then we'd be in
business. Right?

JONAS
(excited)
Yeah, that's exactly right.

DEPUTY DOUG
Well sense in standing around here
with our dicks in our hands...

Deputy Doug addresses the room.

DEPUTY DOUG
Men! We're gonna need all hands on
deck. I want every squad car we got

lined up and down that train track.
Take your tactical rifles and load
up with high velocity ammunition. We
can't be taking any chances on this
one.

(beat)

Let's move out!

The police officers spring into action, jumping out of their
seats. Two officers open up the gun cabinet, the rest of the
officers line up behind them. The officers begin to pass
TACTICAL RIFLES down the line.

Deputy Doug approaches Dimitri and the gang.

DEPUTY DOUG

I want to thank you all for
everything you've done today. You
may have well just saved this town.

(beat)

But with all gratuitousness aside,
I'm gonna have to ask you to let us
take it from here.

(beat)

I don't wanna put your lives at risk
anymore than they've already been.

Dimitri looks back at Carrie, Curtis, and Jonas. They all
have determined looks on their faces. Curtis nods at
Dimitri, so does Carrie, and so does Jonas. Dimitri
addresses Deputy Doug.

DIMITRI

With all due respect, sir, but I
think we'd like to stick around and
help out if you don't mind.

Deputy Doug let's out a sigh.

DEPUTY DOUG

Well...

(beat)

I suppose in times like this, we
could use all the help we can get.

The gang's faces brighten up. Dimitri flashes a confident
smile.

DEPUTY DOUG

(stern)

But I want you all to hang back, I
can't afford to have civilians on
the front lines.

The gang nods in affirmation.

CURTIS

Guys, I think I have a plan.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Vincent and Marco are standing over the robot Mech Suits. Marco takes one of the condensed reactors out of the package, he places it in a slot and closes the back-plate.

The suit begins to whirl and hum. Vincent looks over at Marco, his eyes are glowing, a villainous smile crosses his face.

Marco looks back, with a sinister smile.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

Vincent and Marco, inside the Mech Suits, stand in the middle of the warehouse.

The Mech Suits are matte black and stand about nine feet off the ground. The suits completely cover Marco and Vincent's bodies, protecting them with a layer of bullet-proof glass. On one arm of the Mech Suit, is what appears to be a PULSE CANON. On the other arm, is an INDUSTRIAL CLAW.

Vincent and Marco look at each other from inside the Mech Suits, fire in their eyes. Vincent gives Marco an affirming nod. Marco nods back. The two of them walk out of the warehouse.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

The sun is high, beating down on the train tracks. Cop cars are lined up along the tracks. The police officers stand behind the barricade of squad cars with their guns pointed across the tracks. They wait, very diligently.

Deputy Doug stands behind the barricade, staring stoically across the tracks.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

Dimitri and Carrie are sitting in the mail truck as it idles on the side on the road. The mail truck is facing away from the train tracks.

On a street corner, two blocks down from the mail truck, Curtis and Jonas hide out behind a telephone booth and an electrical wire post. They wait patiently. Curtis is holding

his grappling hook, Jonas is armed with a tactical rifle.

Dimitri radios Curtis on a WALKIE TALKIE.

DIMITIRI

Curtis. Come in. Can you hear me?

(beat)

Over.

CURTIS

I hear ya loud and clear, compadre.

(beat)

Over.

DIMITRI

You sure this is gonna work?

(beat)

Over.

CURTIS

Oh, come on, Dimitri. You aint backing out now, are ya?

(beat)

Over.

DIMITRI

(light chuckle)

No, I suppose not.

(beat)

Just wait for the signal. Over.

CURTIS

Roger that. Over and out.

Dimitri puts the walkie talkie in the cup holder. He looks over to Carrie.

DIMITRI

You ready?

CARRIE

(nodding)

Yeah, ready as I'll ever be.

SFX: In the B.G., loud thumps are growing louder, getting closer.

Dimitri and Carrie look toward the train tracks.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

CU on a POLICE OFFICER, looking down the sight of his rifle. He swings his rifle toward the thumping noise. It's coming from a wooded area, on the other side of the train tracks.

SFX: The thumping is thunderous.

Suddenly, Vincent and Marco leap out from the wooded area, soaring twenty feet high in the air. Mid-air, Marco blasts his pulse canon at the barricade of squad cars.

One of the squad flies back ten feet, then barrel rolls for another ten feet.

Vincent and Marco land right in front of the barricade.

DEPUTY DOUG
(yelling)
OPEN FIRE!

The police officers unload their weapons, firing at the two monstrous Mech Suits. A majority of the bullets ricochet off the bullet-proof glass.

Vincent raises his claw arm and swipes at one of the squad cars, practically tearing it in half. Marco lets out another pulse canon blast, causing another car to go flying, along with a handful of officers.

Marco uses his claw to pick up a squad, he holds it in the air and blasts it with his pulse canon. The car soars through the air, high over the town.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

Dimitri and Carrie watch the car fly high over the town.

DIMITRI
(shocked)
Holy shit.

Curtis and Jonas also watch the car. Curtis whistles as the car begins to plummet toward the ground.

They keep their eyes on the car until it crashes into the Denny's.

Dimitri's eyes grow wide, anger slowly starts to bubble up inside of him.

PAN DOWN

Dimitri's knuckles turn white as he grips the steering wheel.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

Deputy Doug's knuckles are white as he grips the steering wheel of one of the squad cars.

PAN UP

Deputy Doug stares ahead, with daggers in his eyes, as he watches Vincent and Marco continue to decimate the barricade. His brow furrows harder than ever. He lets out a war cry as he slams his foot on the gas pedal.

The squad car zooms forward, aiming right for the leg of Marco's Mech Suit. The car slam into the Mech Suit, causing Marco to loose his balance. He stubmbles and falls to his knees, exposing his back-plate toward the barricade.

POLICE OFFICER
(yelling)
AIM FOR THE BACK!

As he tries to stand up, half of the remaining officers let loose, firing with all their might at the back of Marco's Mech Suit. Marco falls forward again.

Bullets tear through the back-plate, puncturing the condensed reactor. The Mech Suit, in a flurry of sparks, shuts down, laying motionless.

Vincent looks over at Marco, growling in frustration.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

CARRIE
(shouting)
NOW!

Dimitri lays on the car horn as he peels away from the corner.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

SFX: In the B.G., car horn blaring.

Vincent looks over to find the source of the car horn. He spots the mailtruck driving downtown.

His eyes narrow, full of anger. He sprints toward the mailtruck, full speed.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

Dimitri drives with his pedal to the metal, headed toward Curtis and Jonas. He looks in the side-view mirror to see Vincent chasing after him.

Vincent raises his pulse canon and fires at the mail truck.

Dimitri swerves to the right, just barely avoiding the blast.

Vincent coniuues to fire at the mail truck, Dimitri swerves back and forth, narrowly dodging every one of them.

While holding on for dear life, Carrie manages to pick up the walkie talkie. She radios in.

CARRIE

Alright guys, get ready.

Curtis, propped up on one knee, takes aim with his grappling hook. Jonas waits anxiously beside him.

The mail truck zooms past the two of them.

CARRIE

(over the walkie talkie)

NOW!

Curtis fires the grappling hook. The hook wraps around the electircal pole on the other side of the street. Curtis lets go of the gun, it gets wedged between the electrical pole and the telephone booth.

Vincent, fixated on the mail truck, doesnt notice the wire stretched across the stree. The leg of his Mech Suit catches the wire and Vincent falls head first onto the road.

Dimitri, looking in his rearview mirror, sees Vincent crash and burn. He takes a hard left and slams on the brakes, causing the mail truck to drift to a stop. Without hesitation, Dimitri runs out of the mail truck and over to the Mech Suit.

Dimitri hops on the back of the Mech Suit. He unlatches the back-plate and rips out the condensed reactor. The Mech Suit slowly whirs down.

Vincent stand on top of the powerless Mech Suit in a conquestidor-type fashion. He looks down at the Mech Suit.

DIMITRI

Return to sender.

Dimitri jumps off the Mech Suit and walks toward Carrie, who is running toward him.

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE STREET - DAY

They meet in the middle of the street, she wraps her arms

around him. They hold each other in a tight embrace.

Carrie pulls back and gives Dimitri a long kiss. Dimitri smiles, he gives her a kiss back.

AS... In the B.G., Vincent wriggles his way out from underneath the Mech Suit. He manages to get his upper half free.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

Vincent, face blood and bruised, snarls at Dimitri. He reaches in his coat and pulls out a hand gun and aims it at Dimitri's back.

Suddenly, a foot comes in from off-screen and kicks the gun out of Vincent's hand. Vincent struggles to look up, squinting his eyes, he sees...

Deputy Doug, a little banged up, towers over Vincent.

DEPUTY DOUG
Well, well, well, Mr. Maroni.
(beat)
How nice of you to swing by.

Vincent flops down in defeat, laying his face on the pavement.

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE STREET - DAY

Dimitri and Carrie continue to kiss. They are interrupted as Curtis and Jonas enter frame. Carrie gives Jonas a big hug.

CARRIE
(gleefully)
Ah! We did it!

Dimitri stares at Carrie, his heart a flutter. Curtis nudges him in the arm.

CURTIS
Yeah, I thought it was about time
you lovebirds got together.

Curtis winks at Dimitri, who smiles bashfully.

The gang looks over to see Deputy Doug shoving Vincent into the back of a squad. Deputy Doug closes the door and looks over to the gang. He gives them an informal salute as he gets into the squad car.

The gang salutes back as the squad car drives away.

Carrie wraps her arms around Dimitri, he puts his arm around her.

The gang, as a group, turns around and starts walking toward the mail truck.

ARIEL SHOT OF THE TOWN

CURTIS
I told you that plan would
work.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - DAY

The mail truck pulls up to the curb outside of Carrie's house. It is only Carrie and Dimitri in the truck.

CARRIE
(light chuckle)
Well this is my stop...

Dimitri goes to speak, but before he can say anything...

CARRIE
Would you maybe wanna come inside? I
think I might have stuff for
biscuits and gravy.
(beat)
It's no Denny's, but...

Carrie gives Dimitri a warm, flirtatious smile, looking deep into his eyes. He smiles back at her and matches her gaze

DIMITRI
I would love to.

The two get out of the torn up mail truck and walk into Carrie's house. The door closes behind them.

FADE TO BLACK

