

108367

Armored

By

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Revised By

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FADE IN:

EXT./INT. NARROW ROAD/ARMORED CAR 5 (MOVING) - DAY

We're looking through thick ballistic glass down a long, straight road. Narrow, two lanes, tree lined, bare boughs shake hands overhead. Snow covers everything.

TWO GUARDS, body armor, uniforms. Guard 1's gone grey, sips coffee. Guard 2 is pure youth, eating a powerbar. Pavarotti sings Pagliachi on a CD player from home.

GUARD 1

Someone talks about, say a stickup or something, right? Or I'm reading the paper and, you know, there's been a bank robbery or whatever. I knock on wood.

GUARD 2

Like this?

Guard 2 knocks on Guard 1's head. Gets a look.

GUARD 1

Easy, kid. Or I see a funeral procession; headlights on with the funeral stickers all going by. Forget it. I'm waiting. Until the very last one's passed. I ain't splitting that line. Don't care if it's a couple hundred cars. I'll wait all day before I cut through a procession.

GUARD 2

Yessir.
(a beat, confesses)
I'm afraid of clowns.

GUARD 1

What?

GUARD 2

Clowns. They freak me out. And ventriloquist dummies. I mean, a full grown man with his hand up a doll's ass. Ain't right.

Guard 1 SEES a CAR approaching from behind in his SIDE MIRROR. A black BMW sedan with tinted windows. Trying to pass. The BMW HONKS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARD 1

(to the mirror)
Easy, jagoff. Not going fast
enough? G'head. Pass me.

(accelerating)
Guy's riding my ass. Don't trust
him. Call his plate in.

Guard 2 grabs the mic.

GUARD 2

(into mic)
Dispatch, Evergreen five. Standby
for a plate. Number is--

THERE IS SOMETHING in the road -- A deer carcass. Wires
running from it into the woods. Not good. The armored car
passes over it and...

BAWOOMP! Dynamite stuffed in the deer carcass explodes...

CUT TO:

EXT. NARROW ROAD - DAY

Armored Car 5 is lifted by the blast and knocked on its
side...

SCREECH! The Black BMW brakes, SLAMS into the back of the
waylaid armored vehicle. Crumples. Two PASSENGERS inside
hit the airbags as the two vehicles GRIND to a stop...

SIX SKIMASKED MEN exit the FOREST, three from either side.
They wear white winter camouflage and body armor, carry
machine guns.

They surround the armored car and the BMW. Moving quick,
amped, scary...

SKIMASK 1, bodybuilder huge, hefts a heavy industrial drill
with a massive bit...

SKIMASK 4 and SKIMASK 5 guard the flanks, heads on a swivel,
assault weapons ready.

Skimask 1 kneels by the rear door's polycarbonate window with
the heavy drill...

VIPER, the leader, whippet thin and meth intense crosses to
the BMW, raises his weapon and aims into the car. Says to
the unseen DRIVER:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIPER

Yo fuck-O. Lookit me.

We know Viper is smiling. Then:

Viper (cont'd)

Go into the light, motherfucker.

BRDDT! Driver down...

BREEEEEEEE! Skimask 1 drills through the glass...

Viper adjusts his aim. BRDDT! Kills the Passenger. And LAUGHS about it, the sick bastard.

SCREEEEEEE! Skimask 1 pierces the glass with the drillbit. He gives a hand signal...

VROOM! And huge black 4WD pick-up backs out of the woods...

MASK 3 grabs the steel cable from its winch. The winch CLICKING as he pulls out yards and yards of slack...

Skimask 1 withdraws the drill bit. Then inserts a steel grappling device through the window's hole. CLICK! He expands its steel barbs, locking it in place...

MASK 3 clips the cable to the grapple...

MASK 3

Clear!

They get out of the way...

VROOM! The Black Pick-up accelerates. Taking up the cable's slack. Then...

KA-WHAM! Breaks the doors wide open...

POP-POP-POP! Guard 1 lays in wait, fires out the missing doors...

MASK 4 returns fire. BRDDDDDT-BRDDDDDDDT! He empties his clip into Guard 1 and Guard 2. Then enters the armored car.

The Pick-up reverses, backing up to the armored car. Skimask 1 drops the gate, revealing a compartment hidden under the 2x4's and construction supplies. Very slick. Viper and Mask 3 quickly unload jumbled bags of cash and stash them in the compartment.

A plumbing van now exits the woods...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Skimask 1, Viper and Skimask 3 shuck their body armor and weapons, stash them in the pick-up. Close the gate. And jump in the dual cab...

Skimask 4, Skimask 5 and Skimask 2 dive into the back of the plumbing van. Both vehicles take off in opposite directions.

Leaving the Armored Car and BMW steaming wrecks. It's quiet. Until the wind picks up RUSTLING the boughs overhead and carries the faintest hint of Pavarotti to our ears...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM - VARIOUS SHOTS - PREDAWN

A man in bed, covered with night sweat. We don't see his face. A cheap plastic WATCH on his wrist BEEPS. The man stirs. Kills its alarm.

LOW ANGLE: His feet hit the floor. We follow him into the bathroom. Into the shower. The water is turned on.

Water runs down his chiseled body. We see extensive scars on his torso, red ugly. His face is covered with a washcloth as he soaks in the steam.

Out of the shower, at the sink: He catches his eyes in the mirror, dislikes them. And covers the mirror with a towel. He counts out medication. Swallows the bitter pills.

He jumps rope. Fast and obsessive. Now he does pushups. Crisp. Military style. A machine.

At the dresser: He reaches for polyester blend work clothes, a crisp folded T-shirt. Meditative. Tactical boots.

Spread out on the bed: A laptop. Files. Body armor. A combat knife. A combat .45 pistol. Hollowpoints. A long tube (a riflecase?) Maps, photos, blueprints. A video camera.

Dressed, he shoves everything into a dufflebag. Quick. Organized. A man on a mission. Lastly, he reaches for a silver crucifix. Studies it a beat. Hangs it around his neck, kisses it, drops it inside his T-shirt.

Minutes later, the man at the open window, burning receipts, papers and photos in a trashcan. Watching everything blacken and shrivel.

Now he wipes all surfaces clean of fingerprints. Tables, knobs, lamps. Meticulous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The man grabs the duffle. Heads for the door. We see his face. Cold and angry. His name is MIKE. And he scares us.

CUT TO:

EXT. DETROIT - DAY

Following a taxi through the depressed city. Industrial. Smokestacks. Mike in back. Staring out at the river, the stadium. The shiny glass and steel spires downtown. Mike looks away from them.

CUT TO:

INT. EMORY ARMS HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

A shabby dive downtown. The kind of place where those who don't want to be found stay. Mike with male CLERK at the front desk.

CLERK

How long you need the room?

MIKE

Thirty days. I want an upper floor. Facing North.

CLERK

Views nicer on the other side.

MIKE

No. Facing North.

CLERK

Room six eighteen. We'll keep your credit card on file. We'll bill it weekly. Every Monday. No guests. No smoking. No drinking.

MIKE

I don't want anyone making up my room. Not ever. Make sure of it.

The Clerk hands him a keycard. Mike places a folded \$50 bill in the Clerk's hand. The Clerk is his new best friend.

CLERK

Certainly, sir. Certainly. Let me know if you need anything else. Anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike is already walking away.

CUT TO:

INT. EMORY ARMS HOTEL - 6TH FLOOR HALL - DAY

Mike carries his baggage, passes a drunk GUEST. He reaches 618 at the end of the hallway. He tries his keycard, which doesn't work. He keeps trying. ROSA, a cute Latina in a maid's uniform, watches Mike. She crosses, takes his keycard, flips it. CLICK. The door unlocks.

MIKE

Thanks.

ROSA

I'm Rosa.

MIKE

Rosa, mira. No quiero que nadie entre a mi habitacion. Favor de dejar unas toallas afuera de vez y cuando. Entiendes?

ROSA

Si, claro. Hablas Espanol?

Mike just offers her a ten. Rosa smiles, she's beautiful when she smiles. She likes him. Mike enters the room.

CUT TO:

INT. EMORY ARMS HOTEL - MIKE'S ROOM - DAY

Twin beds, cheap paintings. Stained wallpaper. The weapons are laid out on the bed. Mike sets up a tripod. Then reaches into his cylindrical case. Removes a telescope and mounts it on the tripod. Eases it through the curtains. He looks through the eyepiece...

TELESCOPE POV

Blurry, then the focus racks, bringing into sharp relief a building a couple blocks away. The sign reads: VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS.

SCENE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike steps back from the telescope, looks at the weapons arrayed on the bed, his mind working a thousand miles an hour.

CUT TO:

EXT. DETROIT - INDUSTRIAL AREA - DAY

Mike walks past boarded up and burned out brick buildings. One still smoking from the latest arson fire. HOMELESS MEN waddle beneath layers of tattered clothing. DRUG LOOKOUTS WHISTLE as Mike walks past. Mike stares at them. They stare back. Mike isn't afraid. Neither are they.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

In the WAREHOUSE DISTRICT. Mike crosses to a CALL BOX at a battered steel door. Breath swirling white in the cold air. Mike looks over his shoulder, hits the call button.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(filtered)
Yeah? Whadda ya want?

Mike deadeyes SECURITY CAMERA, smiles thinly.

MIKE
Name's Michael Fletcher. I'm here
to see Mr. Meeks.

A BUZZ is HEARD. Mike pulls the door open. And enters. KERCHUNK. It shuts behind him.

TILT UP TO REVEAL:

The name on the building: VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - MEEK'S OFFICE - DAY

Overflowing with paperwork. Pictures, softball equipment. Plaques from the Marine Corps. Dispatch CHATTER from a radio in the corner. MEEKS, black, tough, immaculate, stands with crossed arms at an interior window overlooking a garage bay filled with boxy armored cars. Mike sits on an ancient chair, studies the office, notes the personnel files. Meeks crosses to his desk, sits and stares at Mike a long beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

There a problem?

MEEKS

No. That's the problem.

(pulls Mike's file)

Everything's perfect. Bonding company found no derogatories. Not even a parking ticket. Aced your safety test. Aced it. And you're firearms safety too. Half my guys can barely read. I've had guys test six times.

Mike REACTS, makes a mental note.

MIKE

I need the job bad, sir.

MEEKS

Mr. Meeks. Not "sir," I work for a living. Shit, you could get a job with the cops with paper this clean. Pay's a lot better.

Mike shrugs.

MEEKS (cont'd)

Got your CDL and guard card?

Mike pulls out his commercial license and guard card. Meeks copies them. While Meeks is occupied...

Mike pulls a digital camera out of his pocket, takes a couple quick snaps.

Meeks turns back around, hands back the CDL and guard card. Adds the copies to the file. Then slides a Vigilant ID and timecard across the desk.

MEEKS (cont'd)

Take locker twenty two. You punch in and out on the hour. Pay's on the first and fifteenth. No advances. No eating, drinking or smoking in my cars. Copy me?

Mike stands, crosses to the door.

MIKE

I copy you, Mr. Meeks. There won't be any problems.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEEKS

Goddamn right there won't be. One
whiff of bullshit and you're gone.
Tick off my clients; you're gone.
You're riding in seven today.
Don't piss backwards.

Mike smiles. There's something off about him. Predatory.

MIKE

I won't, Mr. Meeks.

Meeks balls up a Vigilant uniform jacket. Tosses it to Mike.

MEEKS

Wear it with pride. Get your gear
downstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - ARMORY CAGE - DAY

Everywhere in this aged facility areas are divided by bars
and gates with keypads. The doughy, pasty ARMORER slides
body armor, pepperspray, ammo and a battered Glock through
the window.

ARMORER

Everything you need for a night on
the town.

Mike fieldstrips the Glock. Checks the springs and firing
pin. Frowns and slide it back.

MIKE

Firing pin's broken. Rear sight's
loose. Gimme another one.

The Armorer verifies the damage. REACTS. Impressed.

ARMORER

You know your shit. Sign. Locker
room's there.

When his back is turned, out comes the camera. CLICK. The
Armorer gives Mike a new crisp pistol. Mike approves, signs.
And heads to the locker room door. The Armorer watches him
go, curious.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

A half-dozen GUARDS, all male, change into work-shirts and "VIGILANT" uniform JACKETS. JOKING and CHATTERING. THE MUMMY, a craggy and grey elder statesman, clips on his tie. Mike enters. And is met with sudden silence and suspicious stares. They check him out, and he them. Mike coolly crosses to locker 22. Opens it. Revealing several photos of the older Guard killed in the beginning, his family. The Mummy moves quickly.

THE MUMMY

Excuse me.

The Mummy takes down the photos and pockets them. He hands them to SANTIAGO, a heavyset Puerto Rican carefully brushing his 'do.

THE MUMMY (cont'd)

Give 'em to his wife.

(to Mike)

And you are?

MIKE

Mike.

THE MUMMY

(as they shake)

They call me The Mummy. I have a real name but I forgot it.

Another older guard, BERNARD, with a dyed-black buzz cut, a wound-too-tight vibe glares at Mike. Pokes a finger in his chest.

BERNARD

You the new guy?

MIKE

Isn't it obvious?

BERNARD

Keep it up.

Mike just stares back. Bernard grabs his gear and exits.

THE MUMMY

Ignore him. He's off his meds again.

A loud BELL RINGS throughout the facility.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTIAGO
Running late, motherfuckers!

Mike shrugs off his civilian jacket. He dons the body armor.

THE MUMMY
It's backwards. You got it on
backwards. Here...

EVERYONE's dressed, moving on. The Mummy helps Mike with the vest. Mike is grateful. As The Mummy exits:

THE MUMMY (cont'd)
Hurry up. You're with me. I take
everyone out on their first run.

Mike pulls on his Vigilant Jacket. And casts a murderous look at the exiting guards. He pulls the Glock from his holster, feels its heft and smiles a twisted smile. Not good.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - CORRIDOR - DAY

Mike exits the Locker Room. Strapping on his gunbelt. He passes a bulletin board. REACTS and stops.

WHAT HE SEES

A yellowed NEWS PHOTO of the opening ambush. The ARMORED CAR on its side, the crumpled BMW.

SCENE

Mike turns away. And notices PHOTOS of the GUARDS, some of whom we just met; casual snaps of them alone and together, posing in the LOCKER ROOM, with a BIRTHDAY CAKE, etc. Mike quickly steal the birthday photo. Then moves on to a little shrine with an unlit candle and photos of the Guards murdered in Car 5. Mike is transfixed.

NICOLE (O.S.)
Hey. Hey. Hello? You alright?

Mike startles, looking guilty as hell. Turns and REACTS. Meet NICOLE, a beautiful black lady with bright compelling eyes and a pump shotgun over her shoulder.

NICOLE (cont'd)
Haven't had your coffee yet, huh?
Garage is this way. Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nicole strides on, self-assured. Mike follows, recovering, clips on his tie.

NICOLE (cont'd)
I'm Nicole. Don't call me Nicky.
And I don't date co-workers, so
don't ask.

MIKE
Wasn't going to. I'm Mike.

Mike shakes with her. Nicole walks fast as Mike keeps up.

NICOLE
So, what brings you here?
Desperation, like the rest of us?

MIKE
That. And all the glamour of it
all.

Nicole gives him a look. They arrive at the DISPATCH CAGE. Where LISSETTE, the smoking hot dispatcher, hands Nicole a set of keys.

LISSETTE
'Sup, Nicole. Car three.
Margaritas at Max's tonight?

NICOLE
You know it, homegirl.

Lissette catches Mike staring at her and frowns. Mike follows Nicole to a barred steel door. She punches in the keycode and it BUZZES. She kicks heavy door open. Mike holding the camera low in his hand. CLICK.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - GARAGE - DAY

A vast, old warehouse-like space where Vigilant's fleet of SIX old, scarred ARMORED CARS wait. Nicole watches Mike adjust his bulky vest.

NICOLE
They're hot and heavy. Old school.
Won't stop shit. Get caught
without it, it's a day's
suspension. Second hand vests,
cars and guards. Welcome to
Vigilant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nicole hurries off, takes a look back at Mike as she goes. Mike looks around, uncertain. He heads for the indoor LOADING DOCK where Bernard loads canvas MONEY SACKS into the back of a TRUCK. Bernard glares at Mike, wary.

BERNARD

What the hell do you want?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey! He's with me.

NEW ANGLE

JACK, handsome and gregarious runs over to Mike. A shotgun in one hand, he extends the other. Jack pumps Mike's hand.

JACK

Fletcher, right? I'm Jack. We're over here. Don't feed the animals.

Jack's smile is winning, welcoming. He steers him away from Bernard.

JACK (cont'd)

Me and The Mummy coach the rookies.
Let's roll. Today you shut-up,
watch and learn.

Jack leads Mike to The Mummy, standing by Armored Car 7.

JACK (cont'd)

C'mon old timer, you sorry sonofabitch. Open that damn door.

The Mummy does. Jack and The Mummy climb in. Mike pauses, studying the layout of the garage. Then climbs in.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR 7 - DAY

Mike scrutinizes the armored car. Vigilant armored cars have two FRONT DOORS, a SIDE DOOR on the right, and rear DOUBLE DOORS to the CARGO HOLD. Small GUNPORTS everywhere. The windows are thick ballistic glass.

Jack takes the driver's seat, places his shotgun in the rack to the left of the wheel, dons sunglasses and STARTS the big diesel engine. The Mummy enters, points to the front passenger seat.

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CONTINUED:

THE MUMMY

Take my seat. Be my guest.

Mike sits. Wrinkles his nose.

MIKE

What the hell's that smell?

The Mummy takes the JUMP SEAT behind Jack.

JACK

Weasel puked a meatball sandwich everywhere. Stench got in the paint or something. You'll meet Weasel.

MIKE

Can't wait.

The Mummy sprays air freshener. Jack pops the beast in gear, drives the truck into the garage's sallyport.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - GARAGE - DAY

The interior Sallyport door closes behind them. Mike studies the details doors construction. Makes a note on his pad.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - DAY

The garage door rises to reveal Car 7. Mike and Jack visible behind the windshield. The vehicle lumbers out onto the street. Almost hitting a passing car. Jack HONKS.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR 7 (MOVING) - DAY

The exterior GARAGE DOOR OPENS to let them out.

JACK

Easiest job I had. Load, ride, unload, fill a few ATM machines, so Mr. and Mrs. America can get their hands on enough cash to keep little Billy and Sally-Sue full of baloney sandwiches and restock the liquor cabinet. Takes real effort to screw this job up. Right, partner?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Mummy looking at a racing form, grunts. Jack grins, GRINDING gears.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. CITY STREETS/ARMORED CAR 7 (MOVING) - DAY

Jack's armored car travels a grim NEIGHBORHOOD. The Mummy checks the assignment CLIPBOARD through reading glasses. Mike watches the bleak neighborhood pass...

THRU THE WINDOWS: some ONLOOKERS also watch. Noticing them.

JACK

The thing not to forget, Mike, is we're basically riding in a traveling savings-and-loan. That's why all these shitbags are eyeballing us like we're a piggy bank on wheels. Whoever comes at us, right? Whether they can't resist the temptation, like a spur-of-the-moment thing, or if they've been planning for months; you gotta be ready. Always. Every fucking second.

Jack turns. Taking the corner fast.

JACK (cont'd)

That said, once you've gone a couple days without incident, you drop your guard. It's human nature. Right, Old Timer?

THE MUMMY

You're always right.

The Mummy opens the small STEEL DOOR behind Mike that leads into the CARGO AREA.

JACK

And when we get hit, it'll be some blue haired grandma, harmless as a hamster 'till she pulls an AK full of armor piercing rounds out of her baby stroller.

MIKE

I'm ready guys. I know the dangers. I won't let you down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE MUMMY

Yeah you will. Everyone does the first time. Might piss yourself.

JACK

Where you before this?

MIKE

Tollbooth.

JACK

Standing in a box all day while the savages throw coins at you. You'll like this better. This truck is our rolling club house. What happens in here stays in here. Right?

MIKE

Sure, Jack.

JACK

(suddenly serious)

No. Listen to me. What happens in here stays in here. Right? Don't fuck me, Mike. What Meeks don't know don't hurt him.

MIKE

I'm cool, I'm cool. I get it.

JACK

(relaxes)

We go where the competition won't. Small businesses in the ghetto. Pawn shops. We don't do much of the big bank to bank shipments. But what we got back there will keep a dozen crackheads on planet high for a year. Don't look at me, Fletcher. Look at the streets. Scan for threats.

MIKE

I'm scanning.

Jack drives, leans to turn on the RADIO. Lights a cigar. Winks at Jack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Cover up the smell.

CUT TO:

EXT. OVER THE CITY - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

FOLLOW CAR 7 as its winds through the endless grid of busy STREETS. Tiny amidst the massive city.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Armored Car 7 rolls down the trash clogged alley, crushing everything in its path. Halting at the back of an OLD BUILDING. The Mummy and Mike exit the side door, The Mummy lugs two canvas MONEY BAGS, his gait slow. Mike escorts, his hand on his holstered pistol. Mike looks up and down the alleyway, on edge. They cross to a STEEL DOOR with a mirrored SECURITY WINDOW. The Mummy hits the BUZZER.

The steel door swings open revealing a SECURITY GUARD.

THE MUMMY

Hey, Lenny. Another day.

(to Mike)

Stay with the truck.

The Mummy and Lenny the Guard disappear inside. The steel door closes.

Mike waits till they're in, then walks to stand before the truck's grill. Jack reads the sports pages behind the wheel. Engine running. Mike crosses his arms, unsure how to carry himself, lowers his arms. Then...

Mike HEARS FOOTSTEPS. He REACTS, draws his Glock. Steps out and aims at...

A GROUP OF JOGGER...

The Joggers see the gun, scatter. FLEE en masse!

Mike lowers his gun, raises a reassuring hand too late. He holsters the pistol. Jack looking through the glass, shaking his head, wondering about Mike. LAUGHTER O.S.

NEW ANGLE

On the other side of a CHAINLINK FENCE. Three rough looking HOMEBOYS eye Mike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOMEBOY 1

Come on, motherfucker! Kick down
with the paper!

HOMEBOY 2

Talking to you, bitch. Yeah you,
whiteboy!

Mike glares as the kids CURSE and JEER non-stop. The door
behind him opens, The Mummy and the Lenny the Guard exit.

THE MUMMY

Okay. Let's get going, kid.

The Mummy carries several full money bags.

HOMEBOY 2

Yo, old-ass motherfucker. Give us
the money! We see you. That's
right. Deaf ass motherfuckers.

A bottle EXPLODES against the wall. Showering Mike with
shards. Mike recoils and puts a hand on his gun. The Mummy
grabs his arm before he can draw the Glock.

THE MUMMY

Forget it. They're kids. We get
it all the time.

Mike and The Mummy as they hurry into the truck's side door.
BOTTLES and SODA CANS hit the driver's side window. Jack
ignores them, unfazed. The teens spit and holler.

The armored car rumbles forward, then BRAKES. REVERSE LIGHTS
come on as it backs up quickly, angling...

The Homeboys scatter as Jack purposefully rear ends the
fence. Then the armored car drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS/ARMORED CAR 7 - DAY
CAR 7 pulls into the driveway. Jack grabs the mic.

JACK

(into mic)

Lissette. Pop the door, mamacita.
Daddy's home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISSETTE (V.O.)

(filtered)

I got a daddy and he ain't you.
What's the code word?

JACK

Sure. Today's code. Is, uh.
Yeah...

MIKE

Dalmatia.

JACK

Shit, good someone's paying
attention.

(into mic)

Dalmatian.

The door doesn't budge.

MIKE

Dalmatia. It's a province of
Croatia. A Dalmatian's a dog.

JACK

(into mic)

Correction. Dalmatia.

The door opens. Jack gives Mike a look.

JACK (cont'd)

You're a smart one, huh?

Mike looks away. Jack pulls into the Sallyport.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - BREAKROOM - DAY

Vending machines. A microwave. An old TV with its vertical hold shot. GUARDS eat in B.G. Mike crosses, sits beside The Mummy. The Mummy offers a prescription bottle to Mike.

MIKE

What's that?

THE MUMMY

Candy. Puts a little pep in your
step.

MIKE

No, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE MUMMY

They're "Doctor Recommended."

MIKE

I'm good. I'll take a pass.

The Mummy shrugs, pops a couple pills. Jack sits, tosses Mike a vending machine sandwich.

JACK

Lunch is on me. Green eggs and bread. Bon appetit.

(checks his watch)

Suck it down quick, we're back out in fifteen.

The Mummy begins unwrapping a sandwich, eating. Jack takes out some scratcher lottery tickets, rubs the boxes with a coin. Mike looks over the sandwich, dubious.

MIKE

You ever been held up?

JACK

Me? Not yet. But remember, there's only two kinds of guards; the ones who've been robbed and the ones who will be.

THE MUMMY

Especially working Downtown. I've been hit three times. You get used to it. Just play along. No sense dying for some businessman's insured money.

JACK

A week before last Christmas, a unit got hit. Fuckers used dynamite. Killed two of us. Like dogs.

Jack darkens, The Mummy too.

THE MUMMY

Good guys. Sad. My run too. Had the stomach flu.

MIKE

I heard about that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE MUMMY

Cops interviewed everyone. Thought
it may have been an inside job.

MIKE

What do you think?

THE MUMMY

I don't think.

JACK

Fuck the cops. Couldn't catch a
cold. Bad guys are still out
there. Bet they hit us again.

Jack tosses aside the tickets. No winners.

THE MUMMY

Gimme the paper. I didn't read my
horoscope.

Jack hands him a nearby paper, The Mummy dons his glasses.

THE MUMMY (cont'd)

What's your sign, Rookie?

MIKE

Leo.

THE MUMMY

(reading from the paper)
"Leo. Be bold. Explore every area
of your lover's body.
Experiment..."

Mike and Jack look to him, confused. EVERYONE's looking.

THE MUMMY (cont'd)

"Try working a vibrator or a
flashlight into your..." The hell
kind of horoscope's this?

The Mummy squints at the FRONT PAGE: "The Erotic Express."
Mike and Jack crack up. EVERYONE LAUGHS.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

GUARDS change into civilian clothes, jawing NOISILY. Mike
folds his uniform on the center BENCH. Santiago's at the
neighboring locker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the other side of the bench, The Mummy sits, sips booze from a FLASK. In the B.G., Jack, Bernard and Victor huddle.

SANTIAGO

Was it everything you dreamed of?

MIKE

No complaints yet.

SANTIAGO

Yet. Heard you drew down on some joggers.

(off Mike's reaction)
No secrets here, my friend.

Mike makes a mental note. Bernard comes over, taps Mike's shoulder. Mike looks, Bernard towers over him, grinning. In B.G., The Mummy and Jack watch, entertained.

BERNARD

Hey. Twenty bucks gets you in the office pool. What do you say?

MIKE

Okay.

Mike takes out \$20, hands it over.

MIKE (cont'd)

What's the bet?

BERNARD

The bet's this; can I get the new guy to give me twenty dollars?
Thank you.

Everyone's LAUGHING. Bernard pockets the bill and walks off. Mike shakes his head, begrudgingly amused. Watches The Mummy pull on a flask.

The Mummy and Santiago head out. And the OTHERS. Mike hangs his work shirt, now alone. Then Nicole emerges from behind a sheet stencilled LADIES LOCKER ROOM. Looking damn fine. She grins at Mike and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - CORRIDOR - DAY

Mike exits the locker room, passing two chatting WOMEN in blue smocks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

'Night.

They ignore him. Mike walking, Jack catches up.

JACK

Hey, a bunch of us are going out
for some cold ones. What do you
say? I'm buyin'.

MIKE

Maybe next time.

Mike walks on. Then looks back, catches Nicole's eye for a beat before she averts her gaze. Nicole exits through a side door. Mike pauses at an Alarm panel. Copies down the model number on his notepad.

CUT TO:

INT. EMORY ARMS HOTEL - MIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mike enters, flips on the lights. Mike places his right foot on chair, lifts his pantleg. And unsnaps a hidden ankle holster with a small revolver. Tosses it on the desk. He removes a short knife from a secret sheath behind his belt buckle. A double bladed punch knife. He holds it in his fist. WHACK! Stabs the blade into the desktop, leaving it.

CUT TO:

INT. EMORY ARMS HOTEL - MIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

An hour later. Mike sits at his laptop open on the desk.

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN -- It reads:

Vigilant Armored Couriers. Employees. Michael Taylor AKA "The Mummy" Drinks, pops Dexedrine. Jack (John?) Wallace. Plays lottery. Emanuel Santiago. Nicole Phelps. Bernard Harris -- Angry. Trouble? Weasel -- Find real name.

TILT UP TO REVEAL

On the wall above the desk; a large hand-drawn floor plan of Vigilant with each room labeled. Schematics of locks. And the photos Mike has taken. Plus the birthday photo now labeled with the guard's names.

Mike picks the revolver off his desk. Aims it at the individual faces. Pondering, sinister.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He tosses the gun on the desk. Picks up a book titled: Practical Pistol Combat and turns the dog-eared pages.

CUT TO:

INT. EMORY ARMS HOTEL - MIKE'S ROOM - PREDAWN

Mike asleep. His watch BEEPS. Mike stirs, shuts it off.

CUT TO:

INT. EMORY ARMS HOTEL - MIKE'S BATHROOM - PREDAWN

Mike, in boxers, brushing his teeth. Again, we see his scarred torso, jagged red scars. Towel over the mirror.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - DAY

A beat up minivan parks, Santiago climbs out with his lunchbox. He crosses to Mike on the sidewalk.

SANTIAGO

Morning, Mike! Don't be cappin' on no joggers. Eh, cowboy?

MIKE

C'mon, I bet you were a little jumpy when you first started.

SANTIAGO

Bro, I'm from the streets. I know when it's real and when it's not.

(hits the keypad)

Coming in?

MIKE

Yeah. In a minute. Thanks.

Santiago disappears inside. Mike copies his plate, writes on his notepad: "From the streets."

CUT TO:

EXT. MINIMALL - DAY

The armored is parked in a red zone, blinkers on.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR 3 - DAY

Bernard's behind the wheel. Mike is in the rear seat. Jack is passenger, he grabs his wallet. Takes out a \$100.

JACK

Alright, Bernie. Feeling lucky.
Grand Duke, sixth race. To win.
(holds up the bill)
To win. Don't screw up this time.

BERNARD

Go to hell, Jack.

Bernard takes the cash, hits a RED BUTTON in the dash. Opening the side door. Bernard climbs over to exit. Through the windshield, Mike watches him cross to an Off Track Betting storefront.

MIKE

Where's The Mummy? He's a goodguy.

Jack makes a drinking motion. Winks.

JACK

Called in sick.

MIKE

Bernard's a bucket of sunshine.
What's his story?

Jack puts up his feet, tosses aside his racing form.

JACK

Bernie the burnout? Ah, the
bitterest man alive. Used to be a
roofer 'til he took a dive off a
three story building and lost his
spleen. No insurance. Then his
old lady fucks half the
neighborhood before she ditches him
for another woman. Took the kids.
Took everything, even his fuckin'
underwear. Now all he's got left
is his chickenshit Vigilant
pension. He's alright until he
starts sucking down double
Bourbons. Then watch the hell out.

Jack takes a beer from a bag, offers Mike one. He declines.
Jack drinks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Think he'd hurt anyone?

JACK

Man's all talk. Once told me
having a gun strapped to your ass
is like wearing a T-shirt that
says, "I could kill you if I wanted
to."

MIKE

I couldn't agree more.

JACK

Sure levels the playing field. Ivy
league banker types in three piece
suits will cross the street to
avoid you.

Jack drinks, watching PEDESTRIANS passing by.

JACK (cont'd)

A man may have more money than me,
a better job, a hot wife and a
Beemer. But right here, right
now...

(pats his gun)
I'm in control.

MIKE

Ever use it?

JACK

Drew down on some crackheads once.
That's about it.

(a beat)
If you think about it, when you
carry a gun you're making a
statement that you're fully
prepared to use it. No such thing
as a deterrent. Only the truth of
life and death.

That hits Mike hard, he's all ears.

MIKE
Life and death?

JACK
Do enough runs and the day will
come when you have to decide
whether or not to dump a man.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (cont'd)

It'll be the most important decision you'll ever make in your entire life. To point your weapon at another human being and pull the trigger.

(pause)

And you'll have exactly half a fuckin' second to make that decision. The blink of an eye. So when the day comes it's important you've already been there in your mind. You have to visualize it. Your actions. Your reactions. The blood. The screams. Everything.

MIKE

Believe me, Jack.

(a beat)

I've given it a lot of thought.

Mike's tone elicits a surprised look from Jack.

CUT TO:

INT. EMORY ARMS HOTEL - MIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mike watches a WANNABE NAVY SEAL on a DVD playing on his laptop, it's a shooting lesson. Mike holds his Glock, following along.

WANNABE SEAL

Remember, an operator always aims for the triangle of death. That's the area formed by the corners of eyes and the cleft of the upper lip. A bullet here will destroy the medulla and drop a tango like a ton of bricks. We call it "hitting the off button." Now I'm going to show you how to win hearts and minds...

POP-POP! POP! The Wannabe Seal shoots a mannequin twice in the chest and once in triangle of death.

WANNABE SEAL (cont'd)

(laughs at his own joke)
Get it? Hearts and minds.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - VAULT - DAY

Four WOMEN in blue smocks select clear plastic cash bags from the many shelves. Some bags contain bank certs and paperwork. All barcoded. The WOMEN scan the bags. Toss them on carts. A woman pushes a cart out of the vault and into:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - COUNT ROOM - DAY

WOMEN in smocks line long table and feed cash into bill-counting machines. They open bags, check the contents and paperwork. Scan barcodes. Hundreds of thousands of dollars in bills and coins are being counted, re-bagged and placed into thick CANVAS SACKS which are labeled and cinched shut with tamper-proof ties. Across the room, OTHER WOMEN place the canvas bags on a wheeled cart. Which is then pushed through an armored door. The WOMAN pushing the cart looks up at a B&W SECURITY MONITOR.

INSERT MONITOR -- Mike waiting.

The Woman punches buttons on a KEYPAD. The DOOR BUZZES as she pulls it open and wheels the cart into:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - GARAGE - DAY

Where Mike steps forward to accept the cart. Looking past her into the count area.

MIKE

Thanks.

The Woman reenters the count room, pulls the door shut. Mike wheels the money across the loading dock, where an ARMORED CAR is backed up, rear doors open. Jack is in the back, he helps Mike unload the canvas bags.

JACK

Five years I been here, and I've never once laid eyes on the cash. It's a system, a machine. With human nature engineered in so there's not the slightest temptation. See? Don't know whether to be impressed or insulted.

Mike REACTS. Jack is pretty smart himself. Mike checks the clipboard.

MIKE

This is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON: the clipboard paperwork, reading "\$145,887."

JACK

Slow right now. But leading up to
Christmas the runs get bigger and
bigger. In capitalism we trust.

WHAT MIKE SEES

Vigilant's mechanic, WAKELY and his young ASSISTANT stand by
a 1961 Ferrari 250 GT undergoing a major restoration.

SCENE

Transfixed, Mike jumps down from the loading dock. Crosses
to the Ferrari. WHISTLES, impressed.

MIKE

Ferrari GT. Nineteen sixty one?

WAKELY

Yep. You know Ferraris?

MIKE

Drove one through the Alps. From
Milan to Innsbruck, Austria.

Wakely smiles. Mike corrects himself.

WAKELY

Sure you have. Be lucky to get
this baby on the ninety six. Been
a lot of work. Gonna be a lot
more.

Bernard, shotgun in hand, approaches, noting Mike's interest:

BERNARD

(to Wakely)

Instead of jaw jackin' about your
shitbox...

(points to armored car)

How about filling my gas tank this
time? I almost ran dry last week.

Wakely grabs his crotch.

WAKELY

I'll fill your tank, Bernard.

(to his assistant)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAKELY (cont'd)

Go top him off and throw in a quart
of fifty weight. Then change the
brakes on one.

Satisfied, Bernard walks away. Mike notes an open door
leading to an outside courtyard.

MIKE

What's out there?

WAKELY

Go take a look. Be good to see
what you're up against.

Curious, Mike crosses to the open door.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - COURTYARD - DAY

Mike steps outside, looking around the junk-strewn lot
bordered by tall steel fencing and razor wire. Two Vigilant
Armored Cars are parked beneath an old concrete shelter. One
is a rusting hulk cannibalized for parts.

The other truck is hidden under a canvas tarp. Mike
approaches the tarp. He stands before it a moment, then pull
the dirty tarp aside to REVEAL...

The Armored Car we saw ambushed in the opening. Mike stares,
frozen. WHITE NOISE fills his mind. Then BLACKNESS...

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. NARROW ROAD/BMW (MOVING) - FLASHBACK - DAY

A very different Mike drives the BMW. His hair is longer.
Dressed in a black Armani suit. Happy and healthy, clearly a
man at the top of his game. He talks into his Bluetooth
earpiece.

MIKE

(into earpiece)

If you'll hold on a second, I'll
give you the numbers London sent.
Hold on.

Mike works his Blackberry's touchscreen, holding the wheel
with his knees.

IN THE SEAT NEXT TO HIM is his son THOMAS, 12, in his soccer
uniform, holding a soccer ball, exasperated by yet another of
dad's business calls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (cont'd)

(into earpiece)

Wallace wants five and a quarter for the first ten, five and a half for the next ten. That's in Euros so we'll lose a little on the conversion. New York wants a two point vig for walking it in, but per Del Amo, he says he can talk them into discounting us a point. That puts us in the zone to close this thing.

THOMAS

Dad, if I'm late I can't play. The coach already told you.

MIKE

Two seconds, little buddy.

(into earpiece)

I need you to walk the files up to Stan and Ray. Tell them we need a decision within the hour or they're going with Harriman Trust. I've put a month into this thing, I'm not losing another deal because the fortieth floor can't make timely decisions. What are they fuckin' scared of success?

(a beat)

Sorry, sorry. I know. I smell blood. Let's get this closed and pop the Cristal. Hit me back, Doug.

He hangs up. The Blackberry RINGS. Mike checks the number.

THOMAS

Dad! You missed the turn. We're gonna be late. You said we'd be on time.

MIKE

Shit. Tommy, I have to take this. It's an important Venezuelan official. Two secs.

(answers, into headpiece)

Buenos dias, Señor Rojas. Como le puedo ayudar?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

Everything's important but my game.
One one thousand, two one thousand.
That's two seconds, dad.

Mike holds up a finger for Thomas to be quiet. Then executes a U-turn.

MIKE

(into headpiece)
Si mi comandante. Le faxeo los
contratos a su casa mañana
temprano.

Mike finds himself behind a slow moving Vigilant Armored Car.
Mike HONKS. Tries to pass...

It's a familiar road; the road from the opening scene. A red
SPORTS CAR zips past, going the other direction.

MIKE (cont'd)

(into headpiece)
Si, mi official. Hablaremos
Mañana. Ciao.

Mike hangs up. HONKS again. Tries to pass.

MIKE (cont'd)

Oh, c'mon. What the hell? Getting
paid by the hour, jerkoff?

THOMAS

Please, dad. Mom hates you talking
like that.

Just then Thomas' WATCH ALARM begins to CHIME. The same
watch Mike wears in real-time. Thomas turns it off.
Desperate.

THOMAS (cont'd)

We're already late. They won't let
me play. And if I miss today I
can't play in the semifinals.

MIKE

You're gonna play. I'll bribe the
damn Coach. You're gonna play.
Relax, Tommy. Before you have an
asthma attack.

Mike's Blackberry RINGS. Mike answers...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAWOOMP! A thunderous explosion lifts the Armored Car. Roiling flame. Thomas recoils as Mike looks on, eyes widening...

The Armored Car lands on its side. The Guards inside are unconscious from the explosion.

SCREECH! Mike brakes...

WHAM! Crashes into the rear of Armored Car...

POP-POP! Airbags deploy. Mike and Thomas slam into them...

The BMW and Armored Car come to a stop...

SIX MEN in white skimasks, snow camouflage and body armor exit the woods with machine guns...

They surround the armored car and the BMW. Moving quick, amped, scary...

WHAT MIKE SEES

Skimask 1, bodybuilder huge, hefts a heavy industrial drill with a massive bit and kneels by the rear door's polycarbonate window with the heavy drill.

Viper, Whippet thin, hefts his M-16 carbine. Approaches Mike.

SCENE

Viper raises his weapon and aims at Mike. Glaring at him with wild blue eyes. Says to Mike...

VIPER

Yo fuck-O. Lookit me.

Mike does, stunned from the collision, nose bleeding...

Viper (cont'd)

Go into the light, motherfucker.

BRDDT! Mike is down. Viper aims at Thomas, the poor kid covers his face... BRDDT! Thomas is dead.

SMASH TO:

EXT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - COURTYARD - DAY

Back to present day. Mike stands there sweating. Tears in his eyes. Sick, haunted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks at Thomas' watch on his wrist. Steeling his resolve. Mike kisses his crucifix. He pulls the tarp over the wreckage. Then:

JACK (O.S.)
Fletcher!

Mike turns. SEES MEEKS in the doorway.

MEEKS
Change of plan. You're riding car
two with Victor and Weasel. Maybe
you'll be a good influence. They
need it.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - GARAGE

Mike crosses to Armored Car 2. And stops dead in his tracks.

WHAT HE SEES

VICTOR and WEASEL. Victor is a latino bodybuilder, just huge (Skimask 1?) WEASEL is thin as a Whippet (Viper?)

SCENE

Victor and Weasel glare at Mike. Dislike at first sight. Mike, frozen, notes Weasel's intense blue eyes.

WEASEL
Well? Wanna get in the truck,
rookie.

Mike crosses like a condemned man, gets in back. Victor SLAMS the door behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. DETROIT STREET/ARMORED CAR 2 (MOVING) - DAY

Victor drives steroid aggressive, watching Mike in the rearview. Weasel flips through a porno; "Plump and Luscious." Mike notes the Rolex on Weasel's wrist.

VICTOR
Meeks send you to spy on us? Got
your nose up his ass? Don't
bother. Ain't nowhere to go but
down in this company.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Hey, man. I just go where I'm told.

Victor tailgates a STUDENT DRIVER. HONKING madly. The Student Driver panics and pulls over. Weasel flips him off. Victor and Weasel share a laugh.

Weasel tosses away the porno in disgust.

WEASEL

What the fuck is wrong with you?
These broads are livestock.

VICTOR

I like 'em thick.

(to Mike)

What's your deal, newguy? Don't know why your working here.
Fuckin' ten thousand ways to die.

WEASEL

Electricity's the worst. They drop a high tension line on the truck.
Shoots fifty thousand volts up your ass. Carbonizes your guts.

VICTOR

Or they block the road, and throw Molotov cocktails. Crispy critters.

WEASEL

Burn you alive. Happened to a crew in Arizona.

VICTOR

Everything's been tried. Lotta sick minds out there. They want the money, we're just obstacles.

WEASEL

Grenades. Rockets. Napalm.

VICTOR

Land mines. Poison gas. Killer bees.

WEASEL

Couple pitbulls wearing body armor attacked a crew from Flint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR
Least they weren't burning
pitbulls. They're the worst.

Mike dubious; realizes he's being hazed.

MIKE
Know what? You guys are full of
shit.

Victor and Weasel crack up. Breaking the tension. Mike LAUGHS. Victor suddenly serious. Weasel too. Victor pulls the shotgun from the mount.

VICTOR
Look, Rookie. Here's how it works.
You're either with us or against
us. Which is it?

He hands the shotgun to Weasel. KERCHACK! Who racks the slide. Mike REACTS. Unsnaps his holster.

MIKE
Be cool. I'm with you. I'm on the
team.

A beat. Victor and Weasel trade looks.

WEASEL
Fuck it. I'm hitting the trees.
Sonny Bono style.

VICTOR
Yep. Let's burn it, brother.

KERCHACK-KERCHACK-KERCHACK! Weasel racks the slide until the shotgun is empty, shells bouncing around the cab. Mike wondering what's going on, until Weasel pulls out a pot pipe. Mike is relieved, resnaps his holster.

VICTOR (cont'd)
Watch and learn, Rookie.

Weasel lights the pipe, puffing away, until the cherry glows. Weasel then inserts the smoking pipe into the shotgun's chamber. And sticks the barrel in Mike's face...

WEASEL
Put it in your mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR

(off Mike's look)

You don't inhale, we'll pop a seal
on a money bag and tell Meeks you
did it. You'll be fired and catch
a case.

WEASEL

That's right. This is hardball,
dude. With us or against us.

Mike sighs, puts the barrel in his mouth. Weasel puts his mouth over the chamber and blows. Mike inhales deeply, coughs, 12 gauge dope smoke envelopes his head.

WEASEL (cont'd)

Easy, killer.

(to Victor)

You're up, Terminator.

Victor sucks in a long pull of dope smoke. He stops at a light. Weasel hands Victor the shotgun. Victor blows. Weasel inhales. Victor mounts the shotgun. They both don scary sunglasses. And notes Mike's red eyes.

WEASEL (cont'd)

Where's your "fuck you" glasses?

MIKE

My what?

WEASEL

Your "fuck you" glasses.

(to Victor)

Show him, V.

Victor turns to Mike, looking badass with his shades. Then:

VICTOR

Fuck you.

Weasel and Victor crack up. When the backs are turned, Mike glares hatefully at them.

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD QUEEN - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Weasel opening the safe. Mike watches with heavy lids and cotton mouth. Stoned. The balding MANAGER taps his watch, looking at Mike over his bifocals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANAGER

You're twenty minutes late. Why is that? You're not serious about what you do, are you? You need to act like a professional. Are you new? Hello. I'm talking to you.

Mike chafes. Glares at the manager.

MIKE

What'cha make a year? Twenty two grand? Got a fifty percent co-pay on your health insurance. Pumping two hundred a month into a mismanaged four-oh-one-K overweighted with food industry stocks. You got a nine hundred dollar mortgage, a six hundred car note. And run a couple hundred a month through credit cards at nineteen points just to cover food and gas. You lay awake at night trying to figure out how to live off three hundred a week when you retire. You're drowning while your boss takes home five-hundred-K after taxes off your hard work. And I'm supposed to take your advice? Food Queen.

The Manager's jaw drops, speechless. Mike nailed it. Weasel REACTS, under his breath:

WEASEL

Yessss...

Mike smiles ever so slightly.

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD QUEEN - STOCK ROOM - DAY

Mike guards Weasel as he pushes a cart piled heavy with coin and cash bags.

WEASEL

Dude, you punked his ass. How'd you know all that shit?

MIKE

I read "Investing for Dummies."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the double swinging doors:

WEASEL

Bro, this is why I do this. Get your game face on. Look everyone in the eye. Each and every person you see. Right in the eyes. C'mon, put your hand on your shit and let's roll.

Mike rests a hand on his Glock. Weasel shoves the cart through the swinging doors, into...

INT. FOOD QUEEN - AISLES - DAY

Mike follows Weasel down the health products aisle. Mike and Weasel maddog the SHOPPERS...

WHAT MIKE SEES

Every single MAN and WOMAN who looks at Mike immediately looks away, uncomfortable, uncertain where to look. They clear the way for the two Vigilant Guards.

WEASEL (O.S.)

What you see is shame. They're all guilty, because they all want the money. The more righteous they are, the more shame they feel. And when you eye-fuck 'em; they know you know.

(whispers)

And they give you their power.

Each SHOPPER makes effort to mind their own business, not wanting to look at the two armed guards or the money.

SCENE

Mike looks at Weasel with new respect. Weasel winks. Camaraderie. Mike smiles, walks on, empowered. Weasel casually stuffs a couple powerbars into his Vigilant jacket.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOD QUEEN - DAY

Mike and Weasel exit. Victor is outside the Armored Car, shotgun in hand, grinning at the pretty WOMEN heading inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE
(re: Victor)
He supposed to be out of the truck?

WEASEL
Big V does as he pleases. You gonna tell him different?

MIKE
No fuckin' way.

A LOUD COMMOTION causes Mike to REACT. He pulls his Glock and aims at...

A furiously BARKING GERMAN SHEPHERD in a parked car.

WEASEL
Whoa, whoa!

Weasel grabs Mike's wrist, lowers the weapon.

WEASEL (cont'd)
Be cool. Spazz case.

Weasel LAUGHS as they cross to the truck.

WEASEL (cont'd)
You're dying to fuck someone up.
Huh, dude?

Mike REACTS.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR 2 (MOVING) - DAY

Weasel blasts Immortal Technique as Victor drives. They pass dilapidated TENEMENTS and junked VEHICLES. PEOPLE loiter on the corners. Notice the truck.

IN THE CARGO AREA

Mike makes notes in his notebook. He looks at Weasel's jacket hanging on the seat. SEES his wallet in it. Mike slowly reaches for the wallet. His hand inching closer. Fingers almost touching it...

DUNK! Something hit the Armored car.

VICTOR
Shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UP FRONT

Victor stomps the gas. Weasel turns off his MP3 player, grabs the shotgun.

MIKE

That wasn't a bottle was it?

VICTOR

Nope. Rifle bullet, high velocity.
Someone's shooting at us.

MIKE

What do we do?

Victor pulls his pistol, sticks it out his side gunport. Weasel does the same with the shotgun.

VICTOR

We're doing it.
(to Weasel)
Anything?

WEASEL

Negative. Clear right.
(to Mike)
The three favorite moving targets
in the hood are, cop cars, fire
trucks... And us.

Victor takes a hard turn, tumbling Mike across the cargo area. Weasel and Victor LAUGH.

DUNK! DUNK! They stop laughing.

VICTOR

Rookie, see anything?

Mike looking through the window, cautious...

WHACK! A bullet hits the window. Mike jumps clear across the cargo area. Mike recovers from the shock, looks at the divot in the glass, SEES an embedded bullet. REACTS.

CUT TO:

EXT. GHETTO STREET - DAY

A helmeted RIDER parks his motorcycle by the curb. Just as he dismounts...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHAM! The Armored Car crushes it. Just flattening it tons of flying steel...

The Rider just glimpses the "How am I driving" sticker before Victor takes another corner and is gone.

INT. ARMORED CAR 2 (MOVING) - DAY

Victor pulls onto the freeway. They're safe. A collective sigh. The Victor and Weasel WHOOP and tap fists.

VICTOR
Feel the adrenaline, baby.

WEASEL
Awesome. Fucking awesome.
(to Mike)
You cool, newguy?

Mike looks green. Shaking his head. Weakly:

MIKE
I'm cool.

CUT TO:

INT. EMORY ARMS HOTEL - MIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mike types the day's notes at his computer.

INSERT SCREEN: Prime Suspects -- Weasel: Pothead. Power tripper. Victor: Roid rage. Man with drill? Need social security numbers for background check.

Mike closes the laptop. Picks up a lock picking kit. Examines the slim steel shivs. He looks at Thomas' watch. Time for bed. Mike kills the light.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - BREAKROOM - DAY

Meeks and Lissette share coffee. Lissette giggling. Points out Meeks wedding ring. He makes a show of taking it off.

NEW ANGLE

Mike pouring coffee, pretending not to watch them.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - MEEK'S OFFICE - DAY

The door opens. Mike drops the lock pick kit in his pocket. Crosses to the personnel files. Pulls out his notebook. Mike starts pulling files, copies down socials.

WAKELY'S VOICE
What the hell are you doing!

Mike spins around, startled, SEES...

The office is empty. No one there. Mike doesn't understand.

WAKELY'S VOICE (cont'd)
Get out of there!

Now Mike understands. He crosses to the INTERIOR WINDOW, looks down...

WHAT MIKE SEES

In the Garage, Wakely pulls Weasel out of his sacred Ferrari.

WEASEL
Dude, don't put your hands on me.
I'm moving. You act like it's your
wife.

WAKELY
Better than a wife.

SCENE

Relieved, Mike returns to the files.

CUT TO:

INT. EMORY ARMS HOTEL - 6TH FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

A soccer ball rolls down the hall. Rosa's young SON chases after, kicks it. He's alone, the maid cart nearby.

Rosa's Son kicks the ball off the wall, again and again.
THUD... THUD... THUD...

Right by Mike's door.

INT. EMORY ARMS HOTEL - MIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

We HEAR the THUD... THUD... THUD... through the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike sits on the bed, in a cold sweat, staring at the closed curtains.

THUD... THUD... THUD... Mike sits completely motionless. Eyes unblinking. Staring to nowhere.

THUD... THUD... THUD...

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - DAY

The banking district. Traffic crawls past the glass towers towering overhead.

NEW ANGLE

Mike exits a taxi, a suit. In an impeccable tailored Armani suit. He warily looks around, Harried BUSINESSMEN and WOMEN on Blackberries rush past him. Mike looks up at the office tower before him, resisting the urge to retreat, jostled by PASSERSBY. Mike sighs, heads for the entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. INVESTMENT FIRM - DOUG'S OFFICE - DAY

Big money, high power. Mike sits across from DOUG, an impressive, impeccably dressed businessman Mike's age.

MIKE

You got the corner office.

DOUG

Should have been yours. The Venezuelan deal brought a hundred million into the firm. Whatever. I saw Stacy the other week. You talking?

MIKE

No. She remarried. Some Canadian guy. Rolling it.

DOUG

I'm sorry. I've missed you. Where the hell have you been? You fell off the face of the Earth.

MIKE

I'm on a quest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG

A quest? What for, a magic ring?

MIKE

For justice. Simply justice.

DOUG

Brother it's me, Doug the Bug. I'm worried about you. Just tell me what's going on. Don't shit on ten years of friendship.

A beat.

MIKE

It was an inside job.

DOUG

The robbery?

Mike nods: yes. Doug purses his lips over steepled fingers.

DOUG (cont'd)

And you know this how?

MIKE

You know I do my research. The car they hit was transferring a million in cash to their off site vault because they were over their insured limit. It was an internal transfer, no outside entities involved. No one outside the company knew. And no one's left the company since the hit. So whoever was involved is still there.

DOUG

And they're the magic ring?

MIKE

The magic ring is the sick fuck that killed my son. That shot a twelve year boy point blank in the face.

DOUG

Gone to the police with what you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Those goddamn donut eaters can't find their ass in the dark with both hands. And they sure don't like aggrieved fathers telling them their business. They laughed me out of their offices.

Mike tears out a page his notebook. Slides it across the desk.

MIKE (cont'd)

I need you to run these socials through the system. I'm looking for unaccounted financials.

Doug looking at the paper. Mike stands, crosses to the vast windows high over the city.

DOUG

I could lose my job. You know that.

MIKE

Please, Doug. Don't shit on ten years of friendship.

Doug relents, pockets the paper.

DOUG

Anything for you, brother. Gimme a couple days. How do I find you?

MIKE

You don't. I'll call you.

Mike quickly exits.

CUT TO:

INT. EMORY ARMS HOTEL - MIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Room services trays stacked near the door. On the wall, in addition to the diagram of Vigilant are city maps with the routes red inked. Also added to this strange, ever-expanding collage of Mike's obsessions, are torn-out book pages showing bloody gunshot wounds. A calendar tells us it's November. Post its and bios of the various Vigilant Guards. A list of increasing the dollar amounts Vigilant is carrying. On his cluttered desk is a gun cleaning kit, hollowpoint bullets lined up in a row. And pictures of his son Thomas. A martial arts training DVD plays on his computer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARATE EXPERT

...forcing the sinus bone into the
brain. The killing blow is the
throat chop...

FIND Mike

Doing pushups. Crisp, precise. One after another. With
tears in his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - FIRING RANGE - DAY

CLOSE ON A TARGET. A caricature of a sneering criminal.

GUNSHOTS (O.S.) as holes are punched through his angry face.

NEW ANGLE

Bernard is shooting -- POP-POP-POP! -- from the center lane.
The Armorer watches. Nods approval.

ARMORER

Not bad.

Mike notes his prowess. Bernard lays a twenty on the shelf.

BERNARD

Twenty bucks says I can't be beat.

Mike, Jack, Santiago, Nicole, Weasel and The Mummy trade
looks. No takers.

ARMORER

Santiago?

SANTIAGO

(shrugs)

I'm a lover, not a fighter.

ARMORER

Uh, I'll take your word for it.

Mike eyes the twenty. Then steps up to approving CLAPS. The
Armorer hands him a full mag.

ARMORER

Lane two. Go for it, Fletcher.

Mike at Lane 2. Goes into a modified Weaver combat stance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POP-POP-POP-POP-POP-POP-POP-POP-POP! Mike empties the mag, all rounds hit perfectly in the center of the target's face.

Mike ejects the mag, holsters his Glock. Bernard is furious he's been beaten. Mike grabs the twenty off the shelf and quickly exits. His COLLEAGUES MURMUR in astonishment. Victor and Weasel trade looks.

VICTOR
Something's up with that guy.

WEASEL
Dude's on a mission, bro-ham.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Mike shuts his locker. Jack standing there.

JACK
We're heading out for some cold ones. I'm buying.

MIKE
Can't.

Mike grabs his duffle and exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAX'S BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

The local dive. A DRUNK pukes on the sidewalk.

NEW ANGLE

Mike sits in a taxi across the street.

WHAT MIKE SEES

Bernard exits the bar. Gets in his battered Caprice and pulls out.

SCENE

Mike points out Bernard's car to the CAB DRIVER. The Taxi pulls out. Follows the Caprice.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERNARD'S STREET - NIGHT

Run-down, two story rowhouses. Bernard parallel parks his Caprice.

NEW ANGLE

Mike's Taxi stops down the block. Mike gets out.

ON BERNARD

Wearily climbing the steps to his front door. He unlocks it and enters.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERNARD'S ROWHOUSE - NIGHT

Mike creeps through the tiny backyard. LIGHTS come on inside, spilling out the sliding glass patio doors. Mike ducks behind the garbage cans. A dog BARKS O.S.

WHAT MIKE SEES

Through the sliding glass doors is view of the TV ROOM. Bernard drops into his easy chair. Turns on the TV. Pours himself a Bourbon. Watching a porno.

SCENE

Mike has seen enough. He turns his attention to the garbage cans. Pulls a small flashlight. Rifling through empty booze bottle. Finds some bank statements.

BERNARD'S NEIGHBOR
Hey motherfucker!

NEW ANGLE

The NEIGHBOR is in his backyard with a magnum in hand. Mike runs for his life, vaults the fence and disappears into the night...

Bernard standing at his patio door, flips on the outside light.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. DETROIT STREET/ARMORED CAR 1 (MOVING) - DAY

Santiago drives, Nicole is passenger. Mike in the jump seat. Mike notes Nicole is looking at a dealer's brochure for a Mercedes Sedan.

MIKE

That's a hundred thousand dollar sedan. More with the AMG package.

NICOLE

You saying I ain't worth it? Gonna get me one some day. Watch me, Fletcher. Watch me.

Mike surreptitiously takes out his notebook. Makes a note. Santiago intent on his SIDE MIRROR.

SANTIAGO

Hey, Nicole. Eyeball this guy for me.

NICOLE

What's up?

SANTIAGO

See that black Escalade. Fuckin' tinted windows. All gangstered out. Followed us through four turns already.

NICOLE

Bust that light, partner.

Santiago guns it. Runs the light. The Escalade does too.

NICOLE (cont'd)

Aw, hell no. Not good.

Nicole grabs the shotgun. KERCHACK! Jacks in a round. Nicole brushes past Mike as she moves into the back. Santiago makes a right. As does the Escalade.

IN THE CARGO AREA

Nicole holds up the shotgun to the back window. Flips the bird. Santiago makes another hard turn. The Escalade accelerates and follows.

NICOLE (cont'd)

(shouts up front)

Wanna play, asshole?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE (cont'd)
I will ventilate your gangster ass.
(to Mike)
Fletcher, make yourself useful and
get back here.

Mike joins Nicole. They're shoulder to shoulder. Watching the Escalade.

NICOLE (cont'd)
Santiago, my ghetto radar's going off. Call it in.

Santiago grabs the mic.

SANTIAGO
(into mic)
Dispatch, Unit One. Ten thirty three. Northbound on Vanderholt, passing Sixth Avenue. Request P.D. Assistance to our twenty.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREETS - DAY

Armored Car 1 picks up speed. Weaving through TRAFFIC. The Escalade keeps pace. Looks like TWO MEN inside. Hard to see through the tinted windows.

AT A 4-WAY INTERSECTION

Ahead the TRAFFIC LIGHT'S CHANGING... Santiago stomps the pedal. Hits the HORN. Running the RED. The Escalade shadows, SWERVES around cross-traffic. Cars HONK.

Santiago cuts a tight left. SCREECH! Cars brake. The Escalade SCREECHES, barely avoiding a collision. HORMS BLARE. The Escalade PEELS OUT, resuming its pursuit.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR 1 (MOVING) - DAY

Mike and Nicole trade looks, a bonding moment. It's them, together. Nicole smiles. But the Escalade is gaining. Mike turns to the front, shouts:

MIKE
Santiago! Stop! This is bullshit!
Stop this thing. Right fuckin'
now!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTIAGO

Hold on!

Santiago's boot stomps the brake. SCREECH! The Armored Car SKIDS, fishtailing, tires SCREAMING... SLAMMING the median it comes to a shuddering HALT!

The Escalade brakes -- SCREECH! Stops a couple yards behind. Engine RUMBLING.

Mike is getting himself psyched up. Resolved, but scared, he grabs the shotgun from Nicole. And to her amazement, opens the back doors...

NICOLE

What the hell are you doing?
Fletcher, don't!

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Mike jumps down from the Armored Car, strides over to the Escalade, shotgun to his shoulder, aimed at the Driver's window. Fear becomes anger, anger becomes confidence...

MIKE

You wanna die? Show your face!
C'mon you piece'a shit. Do
something!

The Escalade throws it in reverse. Does a J-turn. And SCREECH! Heads off down the street. It's over.

Mike standing there. Panting. Shocked DRIVERS in the surrounding cars looking at Mike in fear.

ON NICOLE

Staring at Mike in amazement.

NICOLE

Get back in here, now!

Mike turns, crosses to the Armored Car, hops in and SLAMS the doors behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR 2 (MOVING) - DAY

Santiago resumes driving. Mike and Nicole join him up front.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTIAGO

That was badass. You got some balls for a whiteboy.

Santiago holds out his fist. Mike taps it.

NICOLE

That was stupid, Fletcher. This thing's bullet proof. You're not.

Mike returns the shotgun to its mount. Realizes that Nicole is staring at him. SEES her worry. She cares about him. And that surprises Mike.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Santiago and Nicole tell the tale among several GUARDS, Weasel, Jack, The Mummy and Victor included.

SANTIAGO

So I lock it up, skidding all over this place. Next thing, the fuckin' rookie jumps out with the gauge. I'm like, damn. And homie steps right up to these cabrones. All shoutin' and shit.

NICOLE

Got right up on them. Like this. The dude's all shouting; "Do something." And they did. They took the fuck off like little bitches.

Mike enters. Silence. All eyes are on him. He's wary. Wondering if he's in trouble. Then:

CLAPS and CHEERS. Mike grins big. The Mummy crosses and grabs his shoulders.

THE MUMMY

Today you're no longer rookie.
From now on you will be known as...
(thinks, decides)
Shotgun.

Adlibs of "Shotgun," the Guards approve. Bernard steps up to Mike, confrontational then he smiles. Holds out a hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNARD

You can ride with me any day.

They shake. Jack crosses to Mike. Takes him aside.

JACK

You know, according to the rulebook, if bullets start flying and a man's outside the rig, the driver's supposed to take off to protect the cash.

MIKE

Seriously? I didn't know that.

JACK

(grins)

Fuck the rules. Out there, we do what we gotta do.

Mike heads to his locker. Jack follows.

JACK (cont'd)

We're heading out for drinks.
You're coming.

MIKE

I can't.

JACK

I wasn't asking.

A beat. Mike bites his lip. Sees Jack won't relent.

MIKE

Alright.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAX'S BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

It's LOUD and CROWDED. Packed with Vigilant Guards in various states of liquid disrepair. Mike and Jack are at the BAR. Victor crosses with two shots, hands one to Mike.

VICTOR

Yo, Shotgun. Down that shit.

They clink shotglasses, down the hatch...

MIKE

Ugh. What the hell was that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR

Hell if I know. But it does the trick.

Mike catches Nicole looking at him from across the room. She smiles and whispers in Lissette, the fine dispatchers ear. They both giggle.

JACK

She likes you. She doesn't like anyone.

The Bartender slides a beer to Mike.

BARTENDER

From him.

He points out The Mummy, waving, smashed. Mike waves back.

JACK

Fletcher, we're going to get you good and drunk.

(a beat)

My pops said never trust a man until you see him drunk. Because that's who he really is.

Mike checks his watch.

JACK (cont'd)

Why do you wear a kid's watch?

MIKE

I'm just a kid at heart.

JACK

Bullshit. You got full grown man pain in your heart. You know my grandfather was a cop? Retired as a Detective First Grade. My dad too. Retired as a patrol Sergeant. Could have been Chief, but he liked the streets too much. Know I was a cop?

MIKE

You?

JACK

Yep. Graduated the academy. Spent a week on the job and punched out. Wasn't for me. Too much bullshit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (cont'd)

Too many rules. Pops almost killed me. For breaking the chain.

(a beat)

See, Mike. I grew up around cops. I know cops. Their souls. And I was wondering. Are you a cop?

Mike LAUGHS.

MIKE

I'm not a cop, Jack. They scare the shit out of me.

JACK

You're too smart for this shit. And you know what they say; when the shit goes down, people fall back on their training. And from what I heard today; you did exactly what a cop would do.

MIKE

I got mad and reacted. It was a stupid move.

Jack isn't convinced. Weasel interrupts with a shot.

WEASEL

Jaeger, dude. Cheers.

Mike downs it.

MIKE

Hey, that's pretty good.

WEASEL

Me and Victor got a fattie. We're gonna burn it out back in a minute.

MIKE

No thanks, Weasel.

Weasel departs.

MIKE (cont'd)

Good kid.

JACK

But flawed. Like me. Like all of us. Mike, you fail at a few jobs. Fail at a marriage. And soon, it's what you're best at; failing. So you find a groove and run with it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (cont'd)

Then you blink and suddenly you're
middle-aged.

Mike considers that, slowly nods.

JACK (cont'd)

You stop asking, "why me?" And
start asking, "why not me?" It all
quietly starts to make sense; that
this is somehow all I deserve.
Look, Mike. You're a good guy.
You're better than this. Get out
while you can. Seriously, is this
the life you imagined for yourself?

MIKE

No, Jack. Not at all.

JACK

That's all I'm saying.

A tipsy Santiago crosses to Mike, bearhugs him from behind.

SANTIAGO

I love this guy. The fuckin'
cojones on him. Eh, Jack?

JACK

Cisco. You should be home hugging
your wife, not in this shithole
hugging Mike. Go home now. You
got four fuckin' kids. Goodnight.

Santiago stands there. Chastised. Then departs.

MIKE

You're good with people.

Jack darkens, looks away.

JACK

No. You got me all wrong. I'm a
piece of shit.

BARTENDER

Last call!

Jack slaps down a ten and walks away. Mike watches him go.
Then realizes Nicole is standing there.

NICOLE

Want a ride?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She doesn't have to ask twice.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAX'S BAR AND GRILL - DAY

It's late. A few PEOPLE smoking under the streetlamp.
Nicole and Mike exit. Cross to her Accord.

CUT TO:

INT. NICOLE'S ACCORD (MOVING) - NIGHT

Nicole drives slow, taking her time.

NICOLE

I've been wondering. Mike, why are
you here? At Vigilant?

MIKE

you guys have a bet or something?
Who can pump me for the most
information?

A beat.

NICOLE

I'm ignoring that. Here's the
deal, one look at the other guys
and I can figure them out. Anyone
could. They fit here. You. I
can't tell what your story is.

MIKE

Haven't got a story. Not one worth
telling.

NICOLE

If you say so.

She takes his hand in hers, runs a thumb along his palm.

NICOLE

Your hands are soft. These are
white collar hands, no offense.

MIKE

None taken.

Mike gently takes his hand away, puts it in his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (cont'd)
You got it together. How'd you end up here?

NICOLE
I make twelve an hour. Where I'm from, that's a fortune. And I can take night classes. And...
(brutally honest)
I've taken so much shit, it's nice to wear a gun and give some back.

MIKE
What are you studying?

NICOLE
Accounting. Damn, player. You're hell'a slick.
(off his look)
We were talking about you, now we're talking about me. Listen...
(considering)
There's this look in your eye. The wheels are always turning. You're here now, but you ain't here. Always watchin'. Listening, observing.

MIKE
I don't know what you're talking about.

NICOLE
What I'm saying is...

MIKE
Right here. This is it.

She stops. Outside an old tenement. Nicole checking it out.

NICOLE
Lucky you got a gun.

MIKE
I can take care of myself.

NICOLE
So I've seen. Mike, if you ever want to talk. I dunno. I ain't up in your business. I mean...
(a beat)
You can kiss me if you want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike looking at her. She so beautiful, so vulnerable. He kisses her. Passion wells up from deep in his soul...

He breaks the kiss. Looking at her.

MIKE

I'm sorry. I have to go.

Mike gets out of the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Mike crosses to the entrance. When Nicole drives off, Mike returns to the sidewalk. And flags down a cab. Clearly conflicted by his double life.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - GARAGE - DAY

Mike crossing with The Mummy and Jack. He's one of the guys now, complete with the Vigilant swagger, shotgun draped over his shoulder. Santiago crosses to Mike. Motions him aside.

SANTIAGO

Yo, Shotgun. My old lady heard about what you did the other day and she thinks you saved my life or something. You know how broads are. Been cookin' lechon and empanadas all day. Wants you to cruise through for dinner tonight. Or my nuts are goin' on the chopping block.

Santiago is puppydog eager. No way Mike can say no.

CUT TO:

INT. SANTIAGO'S BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Santiago and Mike, wine bottle underarm, climb a creaking stairwell. Dolls and action figures scattered on the landing. Santiago kicks them out of the way.

SANTIAGO

Sorry. Kids play here. We get a lotta drive-bys around here.

CUT TO:

INT. SANTIAGO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Humble, simple. Santiago and Mike are seated at dining table. The four kids staring at Mike.

SANTIAGO

That's Freddy Junior, Carla, Mikey and Beto.

Santiago's wife, Elsie, brings the rest of the food, sits..

SANTIAGO (cont'd)

(to his kids)
Mikey, sientate bien. Say hello to Mr. Fletcher. Show some manners.

The kids trade looks and giggle nervously.

ELsie

Freddy told them if they don't behave tonight, Santa ain't coming. They never shut up, now we can't get 'em to talk.

Elsie pushes plates of food toward Mike.

ELsie (cont'd)

These are empanadas, like meat pies and this is Lechon.

(off Mike's look)
Pork. And fried plantains. And beans and rice. I hope you're hungry 'cause I made a ton.

Elsie beams, proud of her spread. This is a solid, loving family. Mike places the wine on the table.

MIKE

Yeah, I'm famished. Here, Elsie. I brought something special. A nineteen ninety eight Chateau Lafite.

ELsie

Wine, huh? Around here it's always Miller Lite.

Santiago tries to unscrew the cap.

MIKE

Um... It has a cork.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANTIAGO

Oye, Mami. Tenemos un..?

Santiago pantomimes uncorking. Elsie shakes her head: no. Santiago takes a butterknife and forces in the cork with his strong hands. He pours the wine into plastic cups. Elsie holds up her glass for the toast.

ELSIE

Here's to Mike for getting my man's back. And for being his friend. You know he talks so much about you. And Freddy don't be likin' no one. Anyways, salud.

They tap cups. The kids tap their juice boxes. Mike moved, surprised. Santiago is embarrassed.

MIKE

Uh, I need to wash up. Excuse me.

SANTIAGO

Last door down the hall. Through the bedroom.

ELSIE

Please, don't look at the mess.

Mike excuses himself.

CUT TO:

INT. SANTIAGO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Mike looking around. Moving quickly, he begins searching the room. Checking dresser drawers, finds lingerie, a tube of KY, massage oil and incense.

MIKE

No wonder they got four kids.

He checks another drawer, finds a checkbook, flips through it. Feels beneath folded clothing. Mike checks the closet looks though shoeboxes. Finds shoes. Gets on his hands and knees to peer under the bed. He pulls out a cardboard box. Old family photos inside; the extended family in Puerto Rico. And an old Rosary.

SANTIAGO (O.S.)

(from other room)

Hey, bro, you cool?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike sighs, replaces the Rosary, slides the box back. He's wrong and he knows it.

CUT TO:

INT. SANTIAGO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mike taking his seat.

SANTIAGO

You straight? Need the Bismol?

MIKE

I'm fine, Freddy. Really.

Elsie takes Mike's hand, Santiago takes other. The children join hands to complete the circle, heads are bowed.

ELSIE

God, thank you for this our daily bread. Thank you for watching over us and the kids. And thank you Lord for bringing Mike into our lives...

ON MIKE

Deeply moved, it takes all his might to hold back the tears...

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN SKYLINE - DAY

Construction cranes, smokestacks and skyscrapers stand tall over a hazy dawn of interwoven sunlight and clouds.

CUT TO:

INT. EMORY ARMS HOTEL - 6TH FLOOR HALL - DAY

Mike exits his room. Checks the lock. Rosa crosses to him in her maid uniform.

ROSA

Excuse me, Mister Mike? It's been a month, and I'm supposed to clean your room, no?

MIKE

No, Rosita. It's fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike keeps walking. Rosa follows.

ROSA

You come. You go. Nobody comes to see you. You on a stakeout or something?

MIKE

Nope.

ROSA

You a cop?

MIKE

No.

Rosa smiles, steps in front of Mike to slow him. Embarrassed.

ROSA

Christmas is coming. And I gotta get presents for my kid and my mom and my sisters. And I got rent and stuff. Maybe you could borrow me some money?

MIKE

Lend you some money. How much?

ROSA

Sixty dollars. Or eighty.

Mike digs in his pocket and counts out four twenties. Rosa takes the money.

ROSA (cont'd)
Gracias, Mr. Mike.

A beat. She stands there, smiles, sultry...

ROSA (cont'd)
Maybe I could keep it. You know?
Maybe we could..?

She runs a hand down his chest, to his belt buckle. Mike moves her hand away.

MIKE

No, Rosa. Not like that. Just keep it. And please, you have to respect yourself. For your kid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike walks away fast.

ROSA
Just for you. Entiendes?
(softly)
Just for you.

He's already in the elevator. Rosa knows she has just humiliated herself. Smacks her forehead.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

It's a cold one. Christmas decorations are up. A Vigilant Armored Car turns a corner hard and fast.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR 2 (MOVING) - DAY

Nicole drives, happy. She likes driving. The Mummy rides shotgun. Mike sips coffee in the jump seat. Notes the huge pile of canvas bags in back.

MIKE
Lookit all that. We've never moved this much.

THE MUMMY
Speak for yourself. Starts piling up around Christmas. Just wait until the week before.

MIKE
Last time Vigilant got hit it was the week before Christmas.

THE MUMMY
It's when people get desperate. Bills. Holiday gifts. And the TV shoving everything you don't have in your face. Christmas is hell for some folks.

NICOLE
I like it.

MIKE
Think they had someone on the inside? The robbers?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike studies The Mummy for any telling reaction. The Mummy and Nicole turn to stare at Mike and shake their heads. The mere idea is ludicrous to them.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - GARAGE - DAY

Another shift is over. Mike walks with Santiago, Victor and Weasel.

WEASEL

Ya'll should'a seen this badass mommy. She was all titties and booty. And I was like damn, cause this chick's rollin' her brains out on E and licking on my neck and whatnot while I'm spinning this badass alien-tripno-trance-adelic beat. Fucking awesome.

Mike, Santiago and Victor wonder what the hell he just said. Then:

MIKE

You know when that car got blown up? Ever think maybe someone here was in it, maybe tipped them off?

VICTOR

What the fuck? How can you go around thinking we got a traitor riding shotgun?

SANTIAGO

No way, dog. Not in this shop. We're all bros. C'mon, man.

Weasel just rolls his eyes.

MIKE

Yeah, you guys are right. You gotta trust the people you're in the trenches with.

They walk off leaving Mike. He senses he's crossed a line.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMORY ARMS HOTEL - NIGHT

Mike strolls towards his hotel, glances back over his shoulder. Mike stops. He turns.

WHAT MIKE SEES

Halfway down the block, an old, boxy sedan stops. Its headlights turn off.

SCENE

Mike studies it a moment. Mike continues toward the hotel. Then reconsiders. And turns, starts toward the sedan.

The sedan suddenly makes a U-turn, cutting off a van. The sedan's headlights come as it swoops into an alley.

Mike watches it go. Uneasy.

CUT TO:

INT. EMORY ARMS HOTEL - MIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mike sleeps restlessly, sweat drenched. Then:

The phone RINGS. He startles awake. Bolts upright, grabs answers...

MIKE

(into phone)

Hello?

CLICK. Then the DIAL TONE. Mike slowly replaces the receiver. He lays back and stares at the ceiling, unnerved. A beat. Then:

Mike sits up, hits the light. Grabs the phone. Dials.

INTERCUT:

INT. DOUG'S CONDO - NIGHT

Epic city views. Doug's cell rings. He's sprawled in bed with two gorgeous WOMEN. And a couple bottles of Cristal. He answers his Blackberry.

DOUG

This better be good.

MIKE

It's me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Doug gets out of bed. Crosses to the window.

DOUG
Hey, brother. You okay?

MIKE
I'm fucking outstanding. Anything on that thing?

DOUG
Yeah. I think you're onto something. I'm putting you on speaker.

Doug hits the speakerphone button on his Blackberry.

DOUG (cont'd)
Still there?

MIKE
I'm still here.

DOUG
Ran all the socials through the database. These poor slobs are scraping by on twenty five K.

MIKE
They're good people.

DOUG
Right. But one guy, he's got an offshore income stream and a portfolio that puts mine to shame. All through the Caymans. Took some work. Had to call in some favors.

He has Mike's full attention.

MIKE
Who? Just tell me the name.

DOUG
William Clark Jr.

Mike REACTS. And hangs up.

DOUG (cont'd)
Mike?

END INTERCUT:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike sits there, processing what he just heard. Then growls:

MIKE
Weasel.

Mike stands and pulls on his pants...

INT. TECHNO CLUB - NIGHT

BOOMING MUSIC. DANCERS work it. Weasel in the DJ booth wearing big headphones, fingering the sliders on an MP3 mixer as he cues an old school record on a turntable. He's in his element, blissed-out and likely stoned. Surrounded by several fine HONEYS...

REVERSE

Mike. Watching him. Burning hatred in his eyes...

ON WEASEL

As he drops the needle on some wax. Changing the BEAT...

REVERSE

Mike is gone...

CUT TO:

INT. WEASEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mike enters, tucks his pick set in his coat. Pistol in hand. He CLICKS on a flashlight. The place looks money, a Bang Olufson stereo. A mega plasma. Xbox 360. Tropical fishtanks. Custom couches. A ridiculously huge blown glass bong. Mike takes all this in, shaking. He finds his computer. Hits the keyboard. The screen comes on.

Mike connects a flash drive. Goes to the contacts database and copies over all his E-Mails and contacts.

INT. WEASEL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mirrors over the California King. Mike searches the closet. He takes a seat on a leather beanbag. Gun in his lap. He's going to lay in wait.

Mike notes a photo album. Grabs it, leafs through it.

INSERT PHOTOS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Weasel in the club. Weasel's endless conquests. Weasel and the guys from Vigilant. Then the pictures change...

Weasel as a kid. With his mother and father. In front of a Bentley. A young Weasel in Paris with his parents. London too. The Bahamas. Weasel in a private jet with his parents. Weasel at the Louvre. At a Swiss Chateau with mom and dad. Weasel at 16, in a tuxedo at a formal dinner. Weasel on horseback, riding dressage. Then a newspaper article...

"Real estate developer and wife die in plane crash."

Mike reads it. And hatred becomes sympathy. Weasel had wealthy parents. He's no criminal.

Mike replaces the album. Tucks the pistol in his ankle holster. And LAUGHS, relieved. He gets up and leaves the apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Mike enters. Locks the door. He crosses to the desk and he sits before his vast, bizarre collage. He opens his laptop, absently shutting a desk drawer which was open a few inches. He turns the laptop on, then pauses. Realizing...

He opens the desk drawer, staring into it. Looks through the notebooks inside. He quickly stands, scrutinizing everything on his desk. He shuts one manila folder, uncertain.

Mike turns SEES... A notebook page of his scribblings on the carpet. Then he notices the closet door is ajar. Fear sets in. Mike pulls the gun from his ankle holster. Creeps forward, weapon raised, intense on the closet...

Mike grips the gun, knuckles whitening, reaches out with his free hand. Yanks the closet door open...

No one there. Just his clothes and JANLING HANGERS. Mike sighs in relief.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

GUARDS are dressing. A new guy, KAREEM, a young black kid with a high fade, straightens his tie at his locker. Jack walks by, cigarette dangling, yanks the tie. Jerking Kareem to one side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREEM

What are you doing, man?

JACK

Wear a clip-on. You'd be dead if I was a bad guy.

Kareem looking at Jack. Confrontational. Then Jack unclips his tie and hands it to Kareem.

JACK (cont'd)

Here. Take this one. I got a dozen of the fuckin things.

Kareem relaxes as he realizes Jack's intentions are good.

KAREEM

Thanks.

Bernard crosses to Kareem as Mike enters.

BERNARD

Hey, Rookie. We got an office pool going. Twenty bucks gets you in.

Kareem wary.

BERNARD (cont'd)

Payoff is huge. You like getting paid?

KAREEM

Who doesn't?

Mike watches Kareem pulls out his wallet.

MIKE

Don't. He's fucking with you. He's going to keep it.

KAREEM

(smiles at Mike)
Good lookin' out.

Bernard wheels on Mike.

BERNARD

Go fuck yourself, Fletcher.

Mike grins at Bernard. Meeks enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEASEL
(mocking)
Attention on deck!

Meeks gives Weasel a look.

MEEKS
Secure that shit, Weasel. I quit
counting your strikes a year ago.
(loudly)
Listen up, people. Christmas is a
week away. You know what that
means. Time to grow eyes in the
back of your heads. Be aware of
who and what is going on around
you. Remember the P.D.'s just a
radio call away--

WEASEL
--Like they got our back.

MEEKS
Quit pissing backwards.

WEASEL
I like pissing backwards.

MEEKS
(ignores him)
We get hit, now's the time. Like
the name says; be vigilant.
Christmas party's Thursday.
There's a mandatory donation of
twenty bucks each. Carry on and
stay safe.

Meeks exits. Guards head out for their shifts.

JACK
Rookie, you're with me.
(looks Kareem over)
Where's your weapon? Why didn't
you see the armorer?

KAREEM
It's my first day.

JACK
Gonna be your last day if you don't
get your shit wired tight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack and Kareem exit. Mike now alone. He crosses to a locker that's ajar. Mike looks through it. Nothing of interest. Mike tugs on the locks, going down the line. Until a combo lock SNAPS open...

Mike rifles the locker. Finds a shave kit. A fifth of Vodka. Street clothes. About to shut it he pauses, reaches down for a colorful paper on the linoleum. He unfolds it. REACTS. We can't see it, but whatever it is, it troubles Mike. He pockets it. Then Mike sadly notes a photo on the door: The Mummy and his WIFE. It's The Mummy's locker. Mike gently closes it.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - GARAGE - DAY

Guards loading weapons, donning armor, pushing money carts. Staring trucks. Kareem watching the activity, awe struck. Jack WHISTLES.

JACK
Rookie! Over here!

Kareem crosses to Jack and is intercepted by Lissette in a snug dress and pumps.

LISSETTE
Hey, Abdul Jabbar. Come here.

Kareem turns on his high wattage smile.

KAREEM
Wassup? What's a fine lady like you doing up in here? You know I like the Spanish girls.

LISSETTE
Then you know what pendejo means.
I tell Meeks you said that shit,
you're gone. Change of plan.
You're in car two. Over there,
player.

Lissette points at the Armored Car Nicole is climbing into. Jack approaches Lissette and Kareem.

JACK
He's with me. You know I break in
all the rookies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISSETTE

Nope. Victor's riding with you.
No rookies on Falluja runs.

KAREEM

Falluja? What's that?

JACK

A run with a high probability of a
shoot-out. Next time, kid.

KAREEM

Rather ride with that fine sister
anyway.

Jack leans in, whisper in Kareem's ear. He REACTS.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR 2 (MOVING) - DAY

Waiting in the Sallyport. Nicole at the wheel. The Mummy
rides passenger, Kareem in back. Offers Nicole his hand.

KAREEM

Kareem.

Nicole looks at his hand like it's covered with ants.

NICOLE

Where the hell's Mike?

The door opens and Mike gets in with his shotgun. Nicole
grabs the mic.

NICOLE (cont'd)

(into mic)

Pop the gate, Lissette. Two's
rolling.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASINO, PARKING LOT - DAY

Armored Car 2 parks outside the entrance of this low-rent,
urban gambling joint. Mike and The Mummy climb out, carrying
many money sacks. A POLICE CAR is parked in the handicapped
space. The two COPS inside look disdainfully at the guards.
Mike and The Mummy glare back on their way into the casino.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO - DAY

CHRISTMAS X-MAS MUZAK drips from the ceiling speakers. Mike and The Mummy pass endless, crowded tables Pai Gow, Texas Hold 'Em. Video poker and slots WHISTLE and BEEP.

Mike looks over the life-worn GAMBLERS, drinking and chain-smoking. Fingering cards, pulling levers, pushing buttons. Nicotine-stained fingers drops coins into the greedy machines. DEALERS scoop up piles of chips. And more money is traded for chips. On and on...

THE MUMMY

Shit like this makes me wanna suck
on my Glock.

Mike gives The Mummy a look.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Busy, by an offramp. Armored Car 2 parked out front. Kareem inside. Mike outside. Something gets his attention...

A BLACK ESCALADE

Cruises past. Slow. It stops by the restrooms...

Mike steps behind the Armored Car. Unsnaps his holster. About to draw his Glock...

When the Escalade's doors pop open...

A COUPLE and their young two DAUGHTERS get out, LAUGHING, happy, oblivious.

Mike relaxes, resnaps his holster. Nicole and The Mummy appear with money sacks.

NEW ANGLE

A BUSINESSMAN and WOMAN, by their new Lexus at the far pump watch Mike and talk about him. The Well-Dressed Man crosses to Mike.

BUSINESSMAN

Mike? Is that you? Why are you
dressed like a rent-a-cop?

MIKE

Sir, stay back please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike maddogs him, rests his hand on his Glock. The Businessman backs away. Confused.

BUSINESSMAN

I hear you were in a bad way. I had no idea.

MIKE

Goodbye, sir.

Nicole saw that. As they get in the Armored Car:

NICOLE

He knows you.

MIKE

He has no idea who I am.

Off Nicole's REACTION we:

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Nicole steers, driving fast.

KAREEM

Nicole. You gonna dance with me at the Christmas party? Let me freak them lovely lady lumps?

Nicole rolls her eyes.

IN THE CARGO AREA

The Mummy and Mike recline on money sacks. Mike grabs one for a pillow.

MIKE

You ever... thought about it? You know, been tempted?

Mike nods at the surrounding money.

MIKE (cont'd)

C'mon. You must have considered it. As an intellectual exercise, maybe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE MUMMY

Sure. Everyone has their little scenarios. Fantasies. Dreams. I know I did. But not anymore.

MIKE

Why not?

THE MUMMY

I'm done dreaming, Mike. Ever since my wife passed. Money? Fuck money. Wouldn't make a difference. Not without her.

(sighs)

Not without my Angie.

The Mummy hits his flask. Mike takes the paper he found by The Mummy's locker. It's a section of a road map with a ROUTE traced in RED INK. Mike hands it to The Mummy, waiting for a reaction.

THE MUMMY (cont'd)

What's this?

MIKE

You tell me. Found this on the floor by your locker. It's one of our routes mapped out.

The Mummy looking at Alex. Frowns.

THE MUMMY

You got an agenda here, Fletcher? Something you're trying to say.

MIKE

Concerned about our safety is all. Maybe I should pass it on to Meeks.

The Mummy shrugs, hands it back.

THE MUMMY

Maybe you should.

Mike folds it, thinking. The Mummy lies back. Closes his eyes. Relaxed. Mike eyes him suspiciously.

IN THE FRONT

Nicole shifts gears. Kareem leans forward. Quietly:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREEM

Yo, Nicole. Between you and me.
Are you really a lesbian?

SMACK! Nicole backhands Kareem.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - BREAKROOM - NIGHT

Decorations and CAROLS. The Christmas Party has started.
Lissette enters holding up envelopes.

LISSETTE

I got your bonuses!

AD-LIB SHOUTS from the GUARDS and COUNT-ROOM WOMEN. A handful of FAMILY and FRIENDS mingle. Victor's Wife is present, as is Elsie. At the food table Victor and Kareem fill paper plates. Wakely the Mechanic dances with two Count-Room Women. MEEKS WIFE eats while Santiago has Meeks cornered as he eats a plate of turkey.

SANTIAGO

No disrespect, sir. But have you seen our toilets lately? There's shit on the ceiling. How do you get shit on the ceiling?

Meeks eyes his stuffing and gravy. Sets aside his plate.

MEEKS

Thanks, Cisco. You know where we keep the cleaning gear.

Lissette hands The Mummy his check as he pours a stiff one at the booze table. Then the Armorer crosses to him.

ARMORER

Gettin' Alzheimers? You forgot to check your piece in again.

THE MUMMY

It's in my locker. I'll get it in a minute.

Lissette crosses to the DJ table where Weasel, wearing headphones and smoking, works his magic. Nicole looks through the stacks of CDs. Lissette hands them their checks. Then Lissette takes Weasel's cigarette and stomps it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISSETTE
Smoke outside.

She grins, then pantomimes hitting a joint.

LISSETTE (cont'd)
And when you do, invite me.

Weasel REACTS. Lissette moves on, hands Santiago his check. Elsie holds out her hand and Santiago gives it to her.

NICOLE
(regarding Weasel's CDs)
Got anything slow?

WEASEL
As in something under two hundred
beats per minute. Hell no.

Lissette finds Jack and Mike having a beer together.

LISSETTE
(handing out envelopes)
Here, gentlemen. You earned it.

JACK
(winks)
I can think of a lot better bonus
than this.

LISSETTE
Where's your wife, Jack?

JACK
Under the weather.

Jack tears his envelope open, frowns.

JACK (cont'd)
Happy fucking Holidays.
(sarcastic)
God Bless us everyone.

The whole time, Mike's is watching...

THE MUMMY

By the booze table. The Mummy kills his drink. He pours
another. Kills that to.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - BREAKROOM - NIGHT

Two hours later. The party's now in full swing. MUSIC'S LOUD. A strobe light FLASHES. Drunk GUARDS and PARTYGOERS now dance. Santiago dancing with Elsie. Bernard tries to cut in, Santiago stops him with a look. Behind the DJ table, Weasel bobs to the music, smoking.

Mike is nearby, holding a beer. Watching...

THE MUMMY

Now seated in a folding chair across the room. He seems bleary drunk, squinting at the strobe lights.

Mike downs his beer, mustering determination.

FOLLOW MIKE

As he crosses to The Mummy, through the dance floor, where Jack boogies with a fine Count Room Woman. Just as Mike makes it through the crowd, Nicole steps up... Blocking Mike's path to The Mummy.

NICOLE

One dance.

MIKE

What?

NICOLE

Just one dance. Come on...

Nicole takes Mike's hand, leading him back just as the song ends. And a slow song begins.

NICOLE (cont'd)
Perfect timing.

The CROWD thins. Nicole and Mike begin a slow dance, face to face. A few co-workers take notice, smile, point.

NICOLE (cont'd)
Party's kickin'. Way better than
last year's.

Mike is distracted, watching The Mummy. A few other COUPLES dance in the B.G.

NICOLE (cont'd)
What are you doing for Christmas?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE
Working, I guess.

NICOLE
Yep, me too. But, after that?

Mike and Nicole stand still for a moment, close. Intimate. Mike looks at her as she touches his face.

IN B.G. The Mummy slumps in his seat. A broken man.

NICOLE (cont'd)
You got pretty eyes. They're deep.
Like you.

MIKE
Everyone's watching.

NICOLE
I don't care.

Both lean forward, about to kiss...

ON THE MUMMY

As he pulls his Glock and sticks it in his mouth. Without hesitation, he jerks the trigger...

POP! The Mummy's head jerks back as blood spatters the wall behind him...

Nicole and Mike REACT, horrified. WOMEN SCREAM. EVERYONE REACTS, stunned, terrified...

Nicole turns away, looks down at the floor and shakes her head. Mike slowly steps forward, looking at The Mummy in disbelief. Wide eyed. Mike looks away.

CUT TO:

INT. EMORY ARMS HOTEL - 6TH FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

Mike trudges towards his room, head down. A soccer ball rolls his way...

Mike stops, SEES Rosa's SON. Mike stares a beat, then...

He bends to pick the ball up, it's battered and torn. Mike crosses to Rosa's Son, hands it back to the shy kid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The little boy takes it. And Mike hugs him. Then crosses to his room.

CUT TO:

INT. EMORY ARMS HOTEL - MIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mike enters and freezes. The lights are on...

WHAT MIKE SEES

Rosa stands there with an armful of towels. Staring at the maps, clippings and information covering the wall.

SCENE

MIKE

What are you doing?

Rosa gasps as she turns. Takes a step back.

ROSA

Are you a reporter? A writer?

Mike walks straight at her, jaw clenched in anger. Rosa wary. Mike places a firm hand on the back of her neck, marches her to the door.

MIKE

I said I didn't want my room clean.
I thought you understood.

ROSA

I'm sorry, Mr. Mike. I was only
trying to...

Mike holds up an admonishing hand, opens the door. Rosa's Son standing there in the hallway.

MIKE

Get out, just... get out.

Mike gently pushes Rosa out and SLAMS the door.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Santiago, Kareem, Victor and the others dress out for their runs. In silence. The mood grim. Bernard straps on his body armor. Mike looks at Bernard, matter of fact:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNARD
Why'd he do it?

MIKE
The Mummy was dirty. And he knew
he was going down.

WHAM! Bernard slams Mike against his locker.

BERNARD
Shut your fucking mouth, Fletcher.

Guards scatter. Bernard swings. Mike ducks. Knees Bernard in the stomach. Punches the side of his head. They yank at each other's uniforms. Bernard takes a swing at Mike...

WHAP! He Misses Mike and hitting Jack across the jaw...

Jack goes down, his mouth bloodied...

Victor and Santiago move in and grab Bernard.

SANTIAGO
Cool it!

Bernard KICKS at Mike. Mike moves forward, Victor shoves him back against a locker.

VICTOR
Hey. Party's over. How about some
respect for the dead?

Bernard levels a finger at Mike.

BERNARD
He was a damn good man. I won't
permit you to shit on his memory.

MIKE
Why else did he shoot himself?
'Cause he didn't like the turkey
and stuffing?

Bernard lunges at Mike. Victor muscles between them.

VICTOR
Back off! Wanna box? We'll book a
gym. Just deal with it, Fletcher.

Mike and Bernard settle, breathing hard. Mike spits blood on the floor. Weasel enters, late for the shift. Notes the blood and angry vibes, turns to Victor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEASEL

What happened, what I miss?

VICTOR

Bro, Shotgun and Bernard were
throwing blows.

Weasel turns to Mike, puts a hand on his shoulder.

WEASEL

Bring the love, not the hate.
C'mon, hug it out.

MIKE

Go fuck yourself, Ritchie Rich.

Off Weasel's REACTION, we...

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - GARAGE - DAY

Mike crosses the garage with his shotgun. Wakely waves him
over to the Ferrari.

WAKELY

Shotgun, c'mere. Check it out.

Mike crosses to him. Wakely jumps the solenoid and the
engine starts. VROOM! Wakely stands there like a proud
father. Mike is nonplussed. He walks away.

LISSETTE (O.S.)

Fletcher!

NEW ANGLE

Lissette standing there with the assignment clipboard.

LISSETTE (cont'd)

Fletcher. Change of plan. Car
one's down. You're riding two
today.

Mike gives her a curt wave. Crosses to Armored Car 2.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR 2 - DAY

Mike climbs in and REACTS. Victor is in the jump seat, but
Bernard is behind the wheel. Mike ignores him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gets in the passenger seat. Clips the shotgun to the mount. Without looking at Bernard.

MIKE

Let's be men about this.

Bernard starts the rig without looking at Mike.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. DETROIT STREET/ARMORED CAR 2 (MOVING) - DAY

Bernard drives fast, amped-up. Mike looking at the speedometer. Uncomfortable. Bernard notes that, speeds up.

THRU THE WINDSHIELD

Buildings and lightpoles zipping past as the armored car rockets up the street. Almost hits a couple CITY WORKERS repairing a pothole.

VICTOR

Chill, Bernard. You almost took a guy out.

BERNARD

Shit, V. You know I set the speed record on the downtown run.

VICTOR

We ain't racing no one. Watch out!

WHAM! The Armored Car hits a trash can, sends it flying.

MIKE

That's enough.

BERNARD

That's enough out you today. Sit back and enjoy the ride.

Bernard takes a hard turn. The Armored Car almost tips over...

VICTOR

Quit screwing around! You almost lost it.

BERNARD

I lost it a long time ago.

UP THE STREET

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A VAN backs out fast from an alley. Blocking the street.

VICTOR

Look out!

SCREECH! Bernard locks the brakes. Too late; a collision is unavoidable...

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

WHAM! The Armored Car broadsides the van. Metal crumbles. Glass shatters, little cubes raining onto the asphalt. The armored car careens into a row of parked cars, knocking them aside like toys. The NOISE is incredible...

WHAM! The Armored Car slams into a brick building, smashing apart the masonry. Violently halted...

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR 2 (MOVING) - DAY

Mike and Victor are thrown hard. Victor flies over the seat into the front windshield. The three men remain motionless.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Out of nowhere a familiar black Escalade slides around the corner and SCREECHES to a stop behind the Armored Car...

It's an ambush. Three THUGS carrying high power automatic emerge from the Escalade and converge on the Armored Car.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. ARMORED CAR 2/CITY STREET - DAY

Bernard and Mike stir. Victor's nose is broken.

MIKE

Victor? You okay.

VICTOR

I think so.

Victor punches Bernard.

VICTOR (cont'd)
You fuckin' asshole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Hey! We got bigger problems.

Victor looks at and REACTS.

WHAT VICTOR SEES

The Thugs gather, rifles aimed at the windows in dark clothes and bandanas. The LEAD THUG pulls a Molotov cocktail made from a forty ounce malt liquor bottle from another Thug's backpack.

SCENE

Victor and Bernard pull their Glocks. Mike grabs the shotgun. The Lead Thug's face close to the window, pure leering menace with gold capped teeth.

LEAD THUG

Y'all need to kick down or I'm a
burn your asses up. Ain't y'all's
money. Ain't worth dyin' for.

POP-POP-POP! THUG 2 opens fire. Bullets WHACK into the ballistic glass. But it holds.

THUG 2

The money. Now. Throw it out.
Bitch ass punk motherfuckers. I'll
kill all y'all's. I don't give a
fuck.

Victor sticks his Glock through a gunport and fires...

POP-POP-POP-POP!

The Thugs spin out of the way. Mike hits the distress button on the dash. And grabs the mic.

MIKE

Dispatch this is car two. Ten
thirty three. We're on Camwell and
Price. Three guys with rifles and
a Molotov cocktail. Send the cops
now!

CRASH! The Lead Thug hurls the deadly forty ouncer against the side of the car. Flame engulfs the entire side of the vehicle...

BERNARD

We're gonna die!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE
Back it up! Back it up!

Bernard is panicking. Mike slams the shifter in reverse. Reaches down and mashes the gas pedal with his hand...

SCREECH! Tires spin as the Armored Car lurches backwards...

WHAM! It hits the Escalade, shoving it aside...

WHACK! It hits a thick power pole and stops. Knocking the pole akimbo. Powerlines overhead swaying...

The burning gas blistering the paint. Bubbling the ballistic glass. Bernard grabs for the door...

BERNARD
Not fire, anything but fire...

MIKE
Bernard, don't!

Mike grabs for him...

Too late. Bernard opens the door and tumbles out into the street...

POP-POP-POP! Thug 3 drills him in the chest. Bernard crumples to the street, clutching his chest...

Mike aims the shotgun out the open door...

BOOM! And blows Thug 3 right off his feet with buckshot to the stomach...

POP-POP-POP-POP-POP! Thug 2 fires into the open door...

BZZZ! PING! ZIP! Bullets ricochet around the interior of the Armored Car. Mike and Victor cower...

FSSK! A ricochet grazes Victor's huge bicep...

POP-POP-POP-POP-POP-POP! Thug 2 empties the mag...

ZING! PING! TOCK! More ricochets tear around the interior like deadly bees, rip apart the seats...

Thug 2 reloading...

KERCHACK! Mike pumps in a fresh shotgun round...

Leans out the door...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOOM! Hits Thug 2 in the face. SPLACK! The results are catastrophic and messy...

The LEAD THUG aims into the vehicle...

POP-POP-POP! More rounds dance around the steel interior...

KERCHACK! With a fresh round in the chamber, Mike opens his door and jumps out. He drops to the street, laying flat on his belly...

WHAT MIKE SEES

The Lead Thug's ankles and feet...

BOOM! SPLACK! Mike takes off his right foot...

Lead Thug drops to the ground. SCREAMING. His rifle CLATTERING to the asphalt out of reach...

Mike jumps up. Runs to the Lead Thug's side of the Armored Car.

KERCHACK! Mike jacks in a fresh shell. Aim's at the man's face...

LEAD THUG

Be cool, dude. Don't do me like that. Please, homie. Please. Dog, I got kids and shit...

Mike is pure wrath and fury. Eyes hard and cold. His finger tightens on the trigger. But he can't do it. His finger slackens...

REVERSE ANGLE

SCREECH! A cop car slides to a halt, doors already open, the COPS pop out and draw down on Mike.

COP 1
Freeze right there!

COP 2
Drop the shotgun. Do it now!

Mike tosses aside the shotgun. Victor staggers out of the armored car. Mike crosses to him. Helps him sit on the sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Call an ambulance. Can't you see
we got injured men?

Cop 1 grabs his mic. Cop 2 runs up and cuffs the Lead Thug.

LEAD THUG

Dude was gonna kill me.

COP 2

We should'a let him.

Mike sits on the sidewalk. Shaking from the adrenaline.
Watching the flames dance across the wrecked Armored Car.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - MEEK'S OFFICE - DAY

Mike sits on the couch. Fatigued, hugging himself. Meeks outside talking to a couple DETECTIVES. Meeks enters, sits next to Mike. A beat.

MEEKS

Bernard has a collapsed lung.
Might lose his arm. You saved his
life. He was bleeding out. Couple
more minutes and...

Mike understands. Meeks sighs.

MEEKS (cont'd)

Combat. You were in combat today.
Cops want to give you an award.

MIKE

They can keep it.

MEEKS

I've been there. Gulf One. With
the Corps. I was a machine gunner.
So I know. It'll get better. Then
worse. Then better. Time. Just
give it time.

Meeks gets up. Takes a dog eared bible off his desk.

MEEKS (cont'd)

This helps too. Lemme read you
something. Don't listen with your
ears. Listen with your heart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Meeks turns to the page. Reads:

MEEKS (cont'd)
Romans twelve verse nineteen.
Never take your own revenge,
beloved, but leave room for the
wrath of God, for it is written,
"Vengeance is mine, I will repay,"
says the Lord.

Mike lookin at Meeks. Something is up. Off Mike's look.

MEEKS (cont'd)
I know who you are. They told me.
And I know why you're here.

Meeks nods toward the Detectives outside. Meeks picks up the family photo on his desk. He has two grown boys.

MEEKS (cont'd)
I respect your intentions. But I
don't condone them. I think you're
wrong, I know who's working here.
They're good people. Every last
one. Sometimes things just happen.

MIKE
I realize that now. Look, that's
over. It was a bad road. I'm not
on it anymore.

MEEKS
Good. Revenge won't bring your son
back. You need to focus on the
living.

(a beat)
I think it's best for Vigilant and
you if you move on and continue
with your life. Your real life.

Mike clenches his jaw, staring through red, sleepless eyes.
He shakes his head: no.

MIKE
Please let me stay. Haven't I done
enough to prove myself? This is my
life. This is all I have.
(a beat)
This is my family.

He means it. Meeks is torn. Then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEEKS

Clear out your locker and turn your gear in.

Mike stands. Crosses to the door.

MEEKS (cont'd)

Mike.

Mike pauses. His back to Meeks.

MEEKS (cont'd)

No matter how you feel right now.
Know this; you did the right thing.
You're a hero.

Mike exits.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Mike at his locker, stuffing his clothes and belongings into a duffle bag. Jack enters. Mike glances up, keeps packing.

JACK

Don't punch out on us. What's done is done. Look, Mike. For your sake. It's the guys who bail after shit like this that go off the deep end. Who end up like The Mummy.

MIKE

I'd stay if I could, Jack. But it's not up to me.

JACK

What? Fuckin' Meeks. I'll talk to him.

MIKE

Just leave it alone. I'll be fine. Been through worse.

Mike zips his duffel, hefts it, shuts his locker. Jack blocks him.

JACK

Look at me. Look at me. I consider you a friend. And I... I don't have any friends. You gotta respect that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike looking at Jack, he softens. Smiles slightly.

Mike
I do. Thanks, Jack. See you
around. We'll grab a pitcher
sometime. Promise.

Mike shakes Jack's hand. And exits. Jack sighs, flicks his cigarette off a locker.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Mike walks away from Vigilant, the duffel over his shoulder. A car HONKS O.S. Then HONKS again. Mike looks. Nicole is behind the wheel. She reaches across and opens the passenger door, looking at Mike with concern. Mike hesitates. Looks around. Then gets in the car. SLAMS the door. Nicole drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike and Nicole are SILHOUETTED, seated on Nicole's bed, before a window framing a grim, grey, winter sky. Nicole about to remove Mike's shirt. Mike places his hand on hers. Nicole gives him a reassuring kiss and pulls off his shirt. She REACTS to his massive scars. Then Nicole gently traces Mike's scars with her fingers, kisses his chest. She stands and pulls the curtains shut.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nicole and Mike move passionately against each other. Nicole rolls over, pulls Mike on top. Heart to heart. Flesh to flesh. Passion and love consummated. Gentle yet desperate. Nicole gasps and sighs. Mike is alive in the best way. Just them, together. Forever in this moment...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike wears a towel at the windows, looking down, hands and face pressed against it, his breath fogging the glass. The night city glimmers, red and white lights on the freeway coursing through it like blood. Hands grab his waist. Mike startles. It's Nicole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE

Sorry.

MIKE

All those cars. Going nowhere.

NICOLE

Mike, I want you to stay here.
Will you? Please? I don't want
you to be alone. Not anymore.

Mike looks at her. Nods yes. They kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. EMORY ARMS HOTEL - MIKE'S ROOM - DAY

Mike packing his things. He finds a photo of him and his son Thomas fishing by a lake.

MIKE

It's in God's hands now, Thomas.

Mike kisses the photo, pockets it. Then he turns to his collage of vengeance. He begins ripping it all down. Ripping it all apart. It's over.

CUT TO:

INT. EMORY ARMS HOTEL - MIKE'S ROOM - DAY

Mike exits his room. Rosa's Son is there, holding his torn soccer ball. The little boy looks at Mike with wistful eyes. And knows Mike isn't coming back. Mike takes the soccer ball from his hands. Studies it. Mike pats his head. Then continues down the hall.

ROSA'S SON

My ball...

Mike stops. Turns. Rolls the ball back to him. Not the old one. A brand new one. Rosa's Son beams. Mike enters the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Nicole stuffs a clean uniform in her bag. Mike on the couch watching the morning news, eating Captain Crunch. Nicole's cell RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE
(into cell)
Hello?
(listens a beat)
Yep. I'll tell him.

Nicole crosses to Mike, kisses the top of his head.

NICOLE (cont'd)
That was Meeks. He said you can go
back to work. If you want.

Mike REACTS, almost drops his cereal bowl.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Mike enters. All eyes are on him. Then the Guards start CLAPPING and cheering.

KAREEM
Yo, Shotgun's back!

They pat his back. Shaking his hand. Victor pulls up his sleeve and shows Alex his bandage arm.

VICTOR
Ten stitches. Ain't shit. Thanks,
Brother.

Victor hugs him. Santiago shakes his hand, then Weasel. Then Jack. Mike soaks it all in, grinning from ear to ear. A genuine happy smile, the first we've ever seen.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - GARAGE - DAY

Santiago, Kareem and Mike approach Armored Car 4. Wakely gives Mike a wave. Mike shouts:

MIKE
You owe me a ride.

WAKELY
Anytime, Shotgun!

Alex and Kareem climb into their Armored Car. Santiago about to follow when Jack appears, grabs his arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Cisco. Hold up. We're switching.
You're with Victor.

SANTIAGO

What the fuck? I'm rollin' with my
boy Shotgun today.

JACK

(waves the clipboard)
Meeks switched it up. Go pitch a
bitch to him, not me.

Santiago sighs and crosses to Victor pushing a money cart.
Jack climbs into the armored car.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Armored Car 4 parked. Kareem sits in the jumpseat playing NBA Live on a PSP2. Mike, carrying a money sack with Jack escorting, exit the convenience store. Mike SEES Kareem goofing off. Grins at Jack.

WHAP! Mike hits the window with the money sack. Kareem startles, drops his PSP. Then realizes what happened. Angry he shouts through a gunport:

KAREEM

Dude, that was messed. I was about
to dunk on Kobe and take the
championship.

Mike and Jack have a good laugh.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. NARROW ROAD/ARMORED CAR 4 (MOVING) - DAY

Hours later. Mike yawns, tired. Kareem sleeps on the money in back. Jack sips a beer as he drives.

As Mike finally looks up, his eyes widen...

They're on a long straight road, lined with tall bare trees.
We've been here before, where Thomas died.

MIKE

Where are we going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

The country club. Special assignment. We're gonna pay a visit to the filthy rich. See how the other half lives.

(a beat)

Maybe even see some of your old friends. You used to be rich, right? Rolling in dough. At least that's what The Mummy said. Got me thinking. The way you talk. The way you carry yourself. The way you look at the other guards. You're not one of us. You're some kind of high born motherfucker.

Jack grins, enjoying this. Mike just stares straight ahead, swallows hard.

JACK (cont'd)

So what happened? Drugs?
Gambling? Insider trading?

MIKE

Something like that.

JACK

Must be hard. I'm sure you miss it? The good life. Shit, how could you not? It's like a good single malt once you've had a taste..?

MIKE

There's a lot more to life than money.

JACK

You asking or telling me?

(a beat)

Don't you want your lifestyle back?

Mike stares at Jack, measuring him.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - CLUB HOUSE - DAY

COUPLES in suits and gowns walk the ellipse to the entrance. Past Mike and Kareem carrying out money sacks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREEM

Damn, you see homegirl there? Now that's a lady. Better'n a porn star.

NEW ANGLE

In the parking lot, Jack stands by the armored car, talking on his cell.

JACK

We're running ten behind. Just stand by.

When Mike and Kareem approach, Jack SNAPS it shut.

MIKE

(re: Jack's cell)
Who was that?

JACK

Just Meeks checking up. Freaking out over a little overtime. Screw him. We get there when we get there.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. NARROW ROAD/ARMORED CAR 4 (MOVING) - DAY

The Armored Car ROARS down on the return leg.

Mike watches the roadway ahead. Anxious. Jack looks and smiles. Kareem engrossed by his video game. He scores.

KAREEM

Wassup, bitch! Three points. Now you know.

JACK

You're giving me a headache. Shut the damn door.

KAREEM

Yeah, I got you. No worries.

Kareem shuts the steel security slider. Just Jack and Mike up front. Jack drives a beat. Something on his mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Mike, Mike, Mike. Shit. You know I consider you a friend. I do. And I don't like many people.

MIKE

You've told me before. Better lay off the beer.

JACK

We're different from them, you and me. We deserve more than this. I can help you. Bigtime.

Jack looks to Mike. Mike looks to Jack, intent.

MIKE

Oh, yeah? How's that, Jack?

JACK

Well. I want to let you in.

MIKE

In?

JACK

I'm gonna to introduce you to some guys I've been dealing with. Real pros.

MIKE

Sure. When?

JACK

Now. Right now.

Jack's pulling over, braking hard. The Armored Car halts on the side of the deserted road.

Mike looks all directions, fearful, his pulse pounding.

MIKE

What are you doing?!

Jack puts a hand in his jacket pocket.

JACK

First I thought you were a cop. So I called my buddy on the force. He ran your name by personnel. They never heard of you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (cont'd)

All I know you're not who you say
you are. But then who is...

Jack hits the door button. The truck's side door opens...

Mike turns to see six skimasked men in winter white
camouflage run from the tree line, machine guns in hand.Mike's hand goes for his holstered Glock. Jack pulls pepper
spray from his pocket...

FSSS! Sprays Mike in the face. Mike screams -- Arrrrgh!

As Mike claws at his face, Jack pulls a hypodermic from his
pocket, pulls the cap with his teeth. Slams it into Mike's
shoulder, pushes the plunger...

Mike CRIES OUT. Jack watches as the sedative takes effect.

Kareem POUNDING on the window in fear...

Mike fumbles for his Glock. Drops it. Then reaches for the
hypo, snapping the needle with drug clumsy hands.

MIKE

You're the one...

JACK

Told you I was a piece of shit.

Mike, sickened, shoves his door open. Climbing out, but his
rubbery legs collapse and he crumples to the ground...

ON THE ROADSIDE

Mike struggles to rise...

He looks up as SKIMASK 1 steps to the Armored Car's open side
door...

BRDDDDT!

Kareem SCREAMS as bullets DUNK into his flesh...

He writhes as bullets tear into the money sacks around him...

ON THE ROADSIDE

Mike's eyes roll back as he goes unconscious...

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. ARMORED CAR 4 (MOVING) - DAY

Mike's eyelids flutter open as Jack shakes him. Mike slowly stirs, slumped in passenger seat as Jack drives.

JACK

Awake already? Had to guess your weight for the dosage. I'm no doctor, lucky I didn't kill you.

Mike realizes his hands are zip-cuffed, A shop rag crammed in his mouth. A LASER DOT dances on the back of his head.

JACK (cont'd)

Listen. You're going to be alright, you're life is in your own hands. But you have to make the right choices. Understand?

Mike nods. Then turns his head...

WHAT MIKE SEES

The security slider is open. The six Skimasked men in back. One sits on Kareem's body. Viper, the Whippet thin murderer who killed Thomas, holds a combat pistol with a laser sight on him. He motions with the pistol for Mike to turn back around.

SCENE

Mike does. His fury rising. He knows exactly who Viper is and it burns his soul, he COUGHS into the rag.

JACK (cont'd)

In just one of those bags is more money than I've made in the five years I've worked for Vigilant. I put my life on the line for them. And what do I get? Spit on by punks. Ridiculed. Called rent-a-cop.

The Armored Car cruises slowly, pulls into Vigilant's driveway.

JACK (cont'd)

These guys approached me. Promised me things no one else has. Recruited me. And now I'm recruiting you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (cont'd)

You've got a choice to make, Mike.
But it's not really a choice.

The truck stops. Jack grabs the mic.

JACK (cont'd)

Either you're rich... or you're
dead. The lead or the gold, Mike.
Think about it, buddy.

(into mic)

Dispatch, Car four. Knock knock.
Password's "evergreen."

Mike stares grimly ahead, helpless.

WHAT HE SEES

THRU THE WINDSHIELD: Vigilant's GARAGE DOOR begins to
open...

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - LOCKER ROOM - SAME TIME

Nicole at her locker, hanging her jacket. Checks her watch.

NICOLE

Damn. The hell is he?

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - ARMORY CAGE - SAME TIME

Weasel checks in his gun. The Armorer inspects it. It's
sticky with soda.

ARMORER

You keep this in your holster or
your ass? Your gun's the only
thing between you and death.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - SALLYPORT - DAY

Armored Car 4 waiting for the final door to open.

JACK

If The Mummy hadn't flipped out,
he'd be sitting in that seat. You
know I had to give up some of my
share to bring you in the circle of
trust? Merry Christmas. You can
thank me later.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - GARAGE - DAY

As the final door opens...

Wakely is gassing the Ferrari. He gives a thumbs-up to his smiling Assistant who watches from the tool crib.

WAKELY

Tonight, my man. I'm taking her out.

NEW ANGLE

Santiago sweeps out the inside of his truck's cargo area. As Victor stands nearby, checking his bandage.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - STAIRWELL - DAY

Meeks and Lissette descend to the garage.

MEEKS

I want everyone gone in a half hour. My son's on leave from boot camp. We're taking him to Benihana's.

LISSETTE

Yep. Countroom girls already left. I'll kick the rest out.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - GARAGE - NIGHT

The Sallyport door is now wide open. Jack puts the truck in gear, grips the wheel, nervous. He drives into the garage...

JACK

In ten minutes it'll be over. You get some cash. Big cash. Bought got a house in Costa Rica from the last job. I'm inviting you down. We'll live like kings. Drinks on the beach. And the women.

Meeks and Lissette exit the Security Gate at the bottom of the stairs. Meeks gives a distracted wave to Jack and Mike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack's armored car slowly passes Wakely and the Ferrari. Turning. He stops in the middle of the garage.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR 4 - DAY

From the back: SOUNDS of preparation: Safeties are CLICKED off. Mike groans into his gag, pulls on the zip-cuffs. Jack shoves a Glock into his side.

JACK

Easy, boy. Keep it mellow. We're staying here while they handle business. No reason for you to end up like those fucking losers.

Mike's wild eyes look to the back...

WHAT HE SEES

The Skimasked Men don dark goggles and ready flashbang grenades. They have changed into VIGILANT GUARD UNIFORMS.

Skimask 1 kicks the open the REAR DOORS, tosses out two FLASHBANG GRENADES...

SCENE

Jack cocks the gun leveled at Mike...

JACK (cont'd)

Close your eyes...

Mike doesn't.

BAM-BAM! The flashbangs detonate. Mike squints, blinded...

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - GARAGE - DAY

The attack happens brutally quick. The six Men pour out of the Armored Car. Moving tactically, spreading out and covering the corners...

Victor is confronted by Skimask 1. He raises his hands...

CUT TO:

INT. SANTIAGO'S TRUCK - CARGO AREA - DAY

Santiago turns to look out, squinting...

WHAT SANTIAGO SEES

POP! Skimask 1 shoots Victor point-blank in the head, he drops...

SCENE

Santiago stumbles back in horror, falls.

Outside the truck: Skimask 1 moves on without seeing Santiago...

BRRRRDT-BRRRRDT! POP-POP! Shots ring out in the garage. SHOUTING. SCREAMS. Horror...

BY THE STAIRWELL

Viper levels his weapon...

BRDDDT-BRDDDT! Slaughters Meeks and Lissette. They collapse, limbs sprawled. Never had a chance...

Skimask 3 toss a pair of flashbangs...

IN JACK'S ARMORED CAR

Jack's eyes are closed against bright strobes of the flashbangs...

POP-POP! BRDDDT! More GUNSHOTS, Mike turns...

WHAT MIKE SEES

Wakely blasted off his feet by Skimask 3...

AT THE FERRARI

Wakely clutches bloody wounds, the gas nozzle by his side, streaming gallons of gas across the floor...

IN THE TOOL CRIB

Wakely's Assistant runs for cover. Dives behind the tool cabinets...

Skimask 3 hunts him down, jumps up on the workbench...

CONTINUED:

BRDDDDDDT! Bullets rip through the tool cabinets. The Assistant is hit in the back. He goes limp on the floor, blood pours from his mouth...

BY THE STAIRWELL

Viper steps over the bodies of Meeks and Lissette. He punches in the keycode, yanks open the gate and disappears up the stairwell...

NEW ANGLE

BAM-BAM! Skimask 4 blasts the lock on a door marked "VIDEO ROOM." Kicks it in...

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - VIDEO ROOM - DAY

Skimask 4 enters, the Guard inside has his Glock drawn...

POP-POP! He hits Skimask 4 on his trauma plate...

BRRRDT! Skimask 4 stumbles, then blows the Guard to pieces...

THE MONITORS BEHIND HIM

Show the ROBBERS moving through the facility before they are blown to pieces...

Stray rounds hit the electrical panel. SPARKS...

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - ARMORY CAGE - DAY

GUNSHOTS are HEARD. Preparing for battle, the Armorer tosses a shotgun Weasel. Grabs one for himself...

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Nicole looks up to SEEES the lights flicker and go out...

She grabs her flashlight, shines it on the belt on the bench. The holster is empty...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE

Aw, shit...

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR 4 - DAY

Jack watching the carnage around them. Mike pulls the buckle knife from his belt. Begins cutting the zip-cuffs...

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - ARMORY CAGE - DAY

Weasel and the Armorer wait in the darkness. Weapons trained on the door...

A FLASHBANG CLATTERS in through the door...

BOOM! The flashbang detonates -- BLINDING.

Weasel SCREAMS, fires blindly...

BOOM-KERCHAK-BOOM-KERCHACK-BOOM-KERCHACK-BOOM!

The Armorer CLICKS on a Maglight...

WHAT HE SEES

Skimask 3 is dead on his back. Weasel sprayed him with buckshot...

SCENE

Weasel squints at the dead robber, still half blind, amazed by his handiwork...

ARMORER

Good shooting, kid.

WEASEL

Dude, that was heinous...

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - BREAKROOM - DAY

Viper sweeps his rifle mounted Xenon flashlight under the tables. Nobody is in here. So he moves on...

CUT TO:

INT. SANTIAGO'S TRUCK - SAME TIME

Santiago, shotgun in hand, scrambles into the driver's compartment, finds...

NO KEYS in the ignition. He grabs the mic, searches the CHANNELS. Finds nothing but STATIC. So he hits the DURESS BUTTON...

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - GARAGE - DAY

Skimask 4 comes running out of the smoldering Video Room. As Viper exits the stairwell...

SKIMASK 4

Viper. Someone just hit a duress button in one of the trucks.

Viper keys his tac-radio.

VIPER

(into radio)

Demon, Fitz. Clear the damn trucks. We're breaching the countroom.

Skimasks 2 and 4 run to the Loading Dock with Viper...

Skimask 1 and 5 approach Santiago's truck, wary...

THUNK-THUNK! Santiago pulls the doors shut...

Skimask 5 REACTS...

WHAT HE SEES

Santiago sticks a shotgun out the gunport...

SCENE

BOOM! Buckshot peppers Skimask 5's face...

Knocking him down, he slides across the floor on his back, dead as hell...

THRU THE WINDSHIELD: Skimask 1 steps up aiming...

BRDDDDDDDT! Armor piercing bullets smash into the WINDSHIELD blowing out big divots...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Santiago ducks on the floor of the front compartment, covering his head with his arms...

The WINDSHIELD is being PULVERIZED by heavy slugs...

Glass dust rains down. The windshield is about to give...

OUTSIDE SANTIAGO'S TRUCK

Skimask 1's rifle is empty. He calmly reloads, LAUGHING.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR 4 - DAY

SNICK! Mike has just cut the flex-cuffs. He looks at Jack. At the pistol leveled at him. When Jack looks away...

WHACK! Mike bats away the pistol. It CLATTERS to the floor. As Jack reaches for it...

THWACK! Mike elbows Jack in the face...

Jack grabs the door handle, opens it and jumps out...

Mike picks up the pistol and holsters it. SLAMS the door shut. Hits the locks...

Mike SNAPS the shotgun from its mount. Checks the chamber -- It's loaded.

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - COUNT ROOM - DAY

Viper and Skimasks 2 and 4 toss sacks of money on the carts...

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR 4 - DAY

WHAT MIKE SEES

Skimask 1 firing at Santiago's truck.

SCENE

Mike jumps behind the wheel and starts the truck. VROOM! He grabs the mic...

MIKE
Cisco! Hold on tight buddy...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike drops the Armored Car in gear and stomps the gas...

SCREECH! The Armored Car lurches forward...

Heading right at Santiago's Truck...

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - GARAGE - DAY

Skimask 1 resumes firing at the nearly destroyed windshield.
BRDDDDDT!

THWACK! Mike's Armored Car hits him from behind, pinning him to the heavy grill to his utter surprise...

WHAM! Crashes into Santiago's Truck. Crushing Skimask 1 between the grills of the two heavy vehicles...

Jack SEES that, hiding by the Ferrari...

Mike grabs the mic...

MIKE
Cisco! Get your ass in here!

Santiago piles out of his truck and runs to the side door of Armored Car 4...

Mike hits the button and Santiago pulls the door open...

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR 4 - DAY

Santiago jumps into the passenger seat. Cut, bleeding, and panting hard. Santiago grabs Mike's shoulder.

SANTIAGO
Once again, amigo. This is some bad shit.

MIKE
Real bad.

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - CORRIDOR - DAY

Nicole running down the hall. Arrives at a security gate. Hits the keypad. Nothing. The power is off. She runs the other way...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOLLOW NICOLE

Running to the door that leads to the garage...

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - GARAGE - DAY

At the Loading Dock Viper and Skimasks 2 and 4 wheel money carts piled high with canvas sacks onto the dock...

Where Armored Car 7 waits with open back doors...

The three remaining robbers simply shove all three carts into the back...

BOOM! Santiago fires a shotgun through the gunport...

SCHWACK! Buckshot hits Skimask 2...

Knocking a flashbang off his vest...

It HISSES and clatters into the gasoline covered floor...

POP! And detonates with a blinding flash...

BAWOOMP! Igniting the gasoline. The garage fills with roiling flames...

Jack runs from his cover, almost gets shot by Viper...

JACK
Viper, it's me.

VIPER
Good. You're driving.

NEW ANGLE

Nicole exits a door by the loading dock, she REACTS. Finding herself staring down the barrels of two assault rifles...

JACK
Grab her. We need a hostage.

Viper grabs Nicole and throws her into the back of Armored Car 7. Jack climbs into the driver's seat. Viper and Skimask 4 dive into the back of Car 7 and SLAM the doors.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR 7 (MOVING) - DAY

Jack starts the big vehicle as Skimask 4 flex-cuffs Nicole and searches her.

VROOM! Jack slams the vehicle in gear. It lunges forward as he stomps the gas...

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR 4 (MOVING) - DAY

Mike and Santiago watching this.

MIKE

They got Nicole!

SANTIAGO

That fuckin' Jack?

MIKE

Yeah. He's one of them.

Mike backs the truck up through the flames. Spins it around...

CUT TO:

INT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - GARAGE - DAY

Armored Car 7 picks up speed. Heading for the Sallyport gate. Not the gate...

Jack adjusts the wheel, aiming right for...

THE CINDERBLOCK WALL

BA-WHAM! The heavy steel Armored Car plows right through the wall in an explosion of dust and concrete. Sunlight and dust pour into the burning gloom of the garage...

ARMORED CAR 4 follows him out through the large hole, scattering broken pieces of cinderblock...

CUT TO:

EXT. VIGILANT ARMORED COURIERS - DAY

The two vehicles head down the block. The chase is on...

NEW ANGLE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Weasel and the Armorer exit a side door. Coughing, covered in soot. Weasel rips off his body armor and throws it down.

WEASEL
I fucking quit.

Approaching SIRENS O.S. Weasel sits down and begins to sob. The Armorer lays a comforting hand on his shoulder.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The two Armored Cars race past. The lead car makes a hard right. Mike follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - HELICOPTER SHOT - DAY

Looking down on the two dangerously heavy vehicles as they gain speed. Cars swerving out of way.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. CITY STREET/ARMORED CAR 4(MOVING) - DAY

Mike whiteknuckles the wheel. Gaining on the other truck. A red light ahead. Jack runs it, clips a car, sending it spinning like a toy into a convenience store. Mayhem.

SANTIAGO
Let it go. They's killed enough people.

MIKE
I won't abandon Nicole. You want out, Freddy?

A beat. Santiago bites his lip.

SANTIAGO
No fuckin' way, compadre. I'm down for this mission.

They trade looks of resolve. Mike speeds up...

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR 7 (MOVING) - DAY

Viper peels off his skimask. He's all gnashing teeth and angular features. Skimask 4 is back with Nicole. He aims his assault rifle through the gun port... BRDDDDT!

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Bullets DUNK into Mike's truck. Into the windshield.

Jack turns. Traffic blocking the street. So he drives on the sidewalk...

Mike follows. Gaining on him.

A POLICE CAR turns onto the street. Once clear of stopped traffic, Jack swerves into the Police Car, clipping the back, sending it spinning into a bus bench...

Mike swerves around it. Follows Jack around a corner...

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR 7 (MOVING) - DAY

Skimask 2 reloads. Sticks the long barrel of the assault rifle out the port. Nicole tucks up her knees, moves her zip-cuffed hands around them so they are now in front...

Nicole notes the fire extinguisher strapped to the bulkhead next to her. She undoes its turnbuckle, freeing it.

BRDDDT! Skimask 4 fires...

Nicole scoots into position. Kicks his rifle, bending the barrel in the gunport...

She brings the extinguisher up above Skimask 4's head...

CRUNCH! Ending his rampage forever...

Jack makes a hard turn, sending Nicole to the far side of the cargo area...

She grabs a knife from Skimask 4's vest...

SNICK! Cuts her flex-cuffs...

She pulls the pin on the extinguisher. Jams the nozzle through the voice hole in the closed security slider...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FSSSSSSSS! The cab of the truck fills with a cloud of fire retardant powder...

Jack and Viper COUGHING. Jack can't see through the thick haze of fire retardant...

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Jack loses control of the big Armored Car. Tons of steel flying blind down the street...

Heading for an intersection. A red light. A semi-trailer moving into it, blocking the way...

KA-WHAM! Jack's Armored Car hits the trailer, ripping into it. Metal SCREAMS...

The trailer bending around the Armored Car...

CRASH! WHACK! Several vehicles pile into the moving wreckage. Destruction, mayhem.

Mike locks the brakes, Jack's gun in his hand...

SCREECH! WHAM! Rear ends Jack's vehicle. Drops the gun...

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED CAR 4 - DAY

It's strangely quiet. Mike and Santiago trade stunned looks. Then Santiago hands Mike the shotgun.

SANTIAGO

Do him.

Mike jumps out with the shotgun...

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Nicole is climbing out the back of Jack's vehicle. Surrounded by the steaming wrecks. Mike runs to her, they embrace.

MIKE

Thank God.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE

Get that fucker.

Viper and Jack jump from the cab covered with fire retardant, clutching his assault rifle. Viper jumps over the piled up cars, a cloud of powder trailing him...

Jack turns in time to SEE...

Mike's buttstock smash into his face...

Jack goes down to his knees, nose crushed...

JACK

I tried to save you...

Jack reaches for pistol hidden under his body armor...

BOOM! Mike kills Jack. Pausing a beat to look at his handiwork, amazed, horrified...

SCREAMS O.S. And Mike snaps out of it, chases after Viper who is running down the street...

Viper turns, zips off a burst... BRRRDT!

Bullets ZIP past Mike's head. He doesn't flinch. BYSTANDERS hit the deck...

Viper stops at a Honda, yanks the door open. Tears out a SCREAMING WOMAN like pulling meat from a crab's claw. Gets behind the wheel...

Viper pulls out of the line of stopped cars...

WHAM! And is hit by a van. Spinning the Honda into a phonepole...

Mike is almost there, aims the shotgun...

BOOM! Blows out the Honda's windshield...

BRDDDDDT! Viper fires back through the open glass...

DUNK-THWACK! A round hits Mike's body armor, another slices through his shoulder. Mike falls back, drops the shotgun.

Mike on his back, bleeding, stunned.

Viper jumps out of the Honda, strides over to Mike.

BYSTANDERS SCREAM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Viper looming over Mike, aims the assault rifle at his face...

POP! Santiago hits his body armor, knocking back. Mike trips up his legs with his. Viper falls next to him.

WHAM! WHAM! Viper punches Jack in the face...

Then bites his ear Tyson style. Mike SCREAMS.

They roll in the street, lock in battles. Viper can fight like the devil. He headbutts Mike...

Santiago can't get a clear shot...

Mike knees Viper in the crotch. Then Mike reaches for his holster -- Empty...

Viper headbutts Mike again...

Mike grabs the pistol from his ankle holster...

Holds it under Viper's chin...

BAM! Viper collapses on Mike. Dead. Mike rolls off his body. Climbs to shaky feet. Mike tosses aside the smoking pistol. Turns around. Nicole and Santiago standing there. They look at each other. Solidarity.

MIKE
That was for Thomas.

Mike crosses to Nicole, grabs her shoulders...

MIKE (cont'd)
I love you.

And collapses. Approaching SIRENS. Nicole kneels by his side. Kisses his forehead. Holding him.

CRANE UP: To take in the scale of the destruction. Police cars converge from all directions. And in the center of all, Nicole holds Mike in her gentle arms...

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END