

FAMILY GETAWAY

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INT. VIRGIN AIR FLIGHT 215 - FIRST CLASS CABIN - DAY

A SEXY STEWARDESS carrying a tray with a single glass of champagne slinks her way past rows of weary TRAVELERS.

VIN AJITO, Japanese, 20's, spent every second of his life pampered by minions, sits next to a massive bodyguard, SONNY. Vin's dressed like Keith Richards and watching *The Wire*.

The stewardess leans over Sonny, hands Vin his champagne, exposing the black lace of her bra. A wicked smile and she's gone. Vin gets up and Sonny starts to follow.

VIN (IN JAPANESE)
Easy. I've got this one.

SONNY (IN JAPANESE)
Sir, your father ordered us--

VIN
Relax, Sonny, let me have some fun.

Sonny grudgingly relents and pulls out an in-flight magazine.

SONNY
Lucky motherfucker.

INT. VIRGIN AIR FLIGHT 215 - GALLEY - DAY

The stewardess and Vin going at it. She pulls him toward the bathroom just as BEN MANDEL, 29, stumbles out, awkwardly squeezing past the horny couple.

BEN
Might want to give it a few minutes
to air out. Sorry.

The stewardess and Vin head for the other bathroom as Ben lumbers his way down the narrow aisle back to

THE FIRST CLASS CABIN

Scruffy, wrinkled and possibly stoned, Ben's a real-life Where's Waldo amongst the rich and beautiful of First Class. The kind of guy who sports shorts and sandals twelve months a year and gets by on a steady diet of Hot Pockets and beer.

He sits across the aisle from Sonny, notices a silver plate waiting on his tray. He waves down a MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT.

BEN (CONT'D)
Hey man. Think there was some kind
of mistake. I didn't order lunch.

MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT
No mistake, sir. Lunch is
complementary.

Ben leans close to the attendant, lowers his voice.

BEN
You know, I'm not a real first
class guy. I just got bumped.

MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Yes, sir.

BEN
Right on.

Sonny grabs the attendant's arm as he lowers his plate.

SONNY (IN JAPANESE)
No peanuts.

MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT (IN JAPANESE)
Yes, sir.

He backs away, terrified.

Sonny is about to eat when Ben playfully slaps his shoulder.

BEN
(proudly)
Peanut.

Silence. Sonny's clearly not a people person. It's awkward.

BEN (IN BAD JAPANESE) (CONT'D)
Peanut?

Ben holds up a small package of airline nuts.

SONNY (IN JAPANESE)
Ah. Peanut.

BEN
Been trying to learn some Japanese.
Not really a language guy.

Sonny grabs his throat. Pretends to choke and cough. Like
charades. Maybe he is a people person after all.

BEN (CONT'D)
Oh right, you're allergic.
Allergic. You know...

Ben jingles the nuts, then pretends to choke. Sonny smiles, nods his giant head and returns to his meal.

BEN (CONT'D)
That's cool. I'm not so good with
milk. Hey, how do you say milk?

Ben tries to charade his way to milk, but Sonny's back to pretending to choke.

BEN (CONT'D)
Right, right. Allergic. Got it.

Sonny jumps to his feet. He's not pretending. He's really choking. His face is swelling up, turning red.

BEN (CONT'D)
Man, you alright?

The attendant returns along with Vin and the sexy stewardess.

VIN
Sonny? Get a doctor!

PASSENGERS stand to watch. The flight staff races through the aisle. Lots of shouting in Japanese. Panic.

BEN
Um, he doesn't look so hot.

A bout of turbulence shakes the plane. Sonny falls to his knees. If he doesn't get air soon, he's a dead man.

A hand grabs a pen from the flight attendant's pocket, quickly disassembles it and with a few deft moves uses it to give Sonny an emergency tracheotomy, saving his life.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL our slacker, Ben Mandel, the unlikely savior. Passengers stare in awe. A few even stand to clap.

BEN (CONT'D)
Might want to land soon.

EXT. TOKYO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TARMAC - EVENING

The plane's surrounded by PASSENGERS and EMERGENCY WORKERS. Vin and Ben watch as Sonny is rushed to an ambulance.

VIN
You're one bad ass doctor homeboy.

BEN
Nah, just watch a lot of MacGyver.

Vin considers this strange, American doofus. Judgment:

VIN
I like you. Where you staying?

BEN
My buddy told me about a hostel.

A laugh as he leads Ben to a limo. Vin doesn't do hostels.

EXT. TOKYO STREETS - NIGHT

The limo speeds between the shimmering Sumida River and flashing LCD BOARDS and glowing SKYSCRAPERS of downtown.

INT. LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

Ben sits opposite Vin, who's nestled among a seat of MODELS.

VIN
Sonny's like the Stringer to my Avon. You saved his life so that makes you my Wee-Bey. Feel me?

Yeah, Ben's got absolutely no idea what that means.

BEN
Right on.

The limo slows outside --

EXT. XSCAPE - NIGHT

The snaking line of BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE tells us this is Tokyo's hottest club. And Vin owns it. Or at least his father does.

The CROWD parts for Vin, like the Red Sea for Moses.

VIN
(to Ben)
Welcome to the family, baby.

A MONORAIL speeds over the track above as they enter --

INT. XSCAPE - NIGHT

Three stories of glass-encased decadence and techno beats.

A FULL-SIZED SUBWAY CAR - packed with EROTIC SCHOOLGIRLS and HORNY BUSINESSMAN - borders a DANCE FLOOR of pulsing HOTTIES.

DANCERS twist on CHAINS hanging from the ceiling. Cirque du Soleil goes S&M. One unfolds over Ben, upside down, lips inches from his...

BEN

Hi. Um... Should I tip her?

No time. He follows Vin and the girls to a PRIVATE STAIRCASE climbing the far wall of the club. GUARDS stop the girls, move to stop Ben --

VIN

He's cool.

Vin leads Ben UPSTAIRS...

VIN (CONT'D)

Club's just the tip of the iceberg.
We got our hands in a little bit of
everything.

THE THIRD FLOOR - a LOFT overlooking the dance floor below.

More GUARDS. This time armed. Ben nervously eyes the hardware as they sweep him with METAL DETECTORS.

VIN (CONT'D)

My pops is O.G. Doesn't like
guests.

BEN

Maybe I should wait downstairs.

VIN

Relax. Like I said. You're
family.

Vin leads Ben across the GLASS FLOOR - fog rolling between the layers of glass for privacy - toward a couch where --

TAKASHI AJITO, 60's, finishes a deal with a BURMESE GENERAL.

VIN (CONT'D)

Father! The prodigal son returns!

TAKASHI

General. If you'll excuse me.

Takashi rises, clearly not happy about the interruption. He moves slowly and speaks quietly, hallmarks of his power.

TAKASHI (CONT'D)
Who is this?

Ben offers an awkward wave. Not sure on the protocol.

VIN
Relax. He's harmless.

BEN
Great place. Love all the glass.

The Burmese General joins Takashi and Vin.

BURMESE GENERAL
I didn't know you had a son.

TAKASHI
Yes, sometimes I forget myself.

Takashi puts an arm around the General, leading him out.

TAKASHI (CONT'D)
Next time, you'll have to join me
on my boat. I'll be in touch about
the first shipment.

They shake and the General exits, flanked by BODYGUARDS.

Takashi's smile disappears as he BACKHANDS Vin.

TAKASHI (CONT'D)
Thank God your mother isn't alive
to see your shame.
(nodding to Ben)
Search him!

GUARDS search Ben, come up with tissues, peanut packets...

BEN
Long flight.

One of the guys smiles. And what happens next is over in the
blink of an eye: Ben strikes. One. Two. Three. The guards
go down and Ben's got a gun aimed straight at Takashi's head.

TAKASHI
How much do you--

Ben FIRES. Two to the chest. One to the head. Takashi
drops to the glass floor, dead.

Ben SPINS to Vin, ready to fire, but stops when he sees --
Vin, sobbing and rushing to his father, cradling his body.

ON Ben, frozen by Vin's emotion... when MACHINE GUN FIRE snaps him back. GUARDS tearing up the stairs, guns blazing.

BEN SHOOTS OUT THE GLASS FLOOR UNDER HIS FEET dropping into --

INT. XSCAPE - SECOND FLOOR HALL - CONTINUOUS

Glass corridor leading to the stairs and dance floor below...

Walls EXPLODING around Ben, he RACES past the stairs, DIVES -- FIRING rounds as he catches a CHAIN and SLIDES down to the TOP OF THE SUBWAY CAR

RUNNING WITH Ben as he fires at the glass wall ahead, LEAPS --

EXT. ELEVATED MONORAIL TRACK - CONTINUOUS

Rolling onto the track just as a TRAIN bears down on him.

THUGS rushing from the club, COPS barreling up the stairs...

Ben eyes the train, a game of chicken with 90 mph of Japanese steel until... a split-second before impact HE JUMPS --

The TRAIN ROCKETING PAST, cutting off the thugs and cops --

Ben FREE-FALLING as we FREEZE FRAME on his scruffy face...

BEN (V.O.)

Okay, by now you're probably
wondering what a guy like me's
doing with a job like this.

Ben drops onto a TRASH BARGE chugging up the Sumida River.

BEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Think about it...

INT. EUROPEAN TRAIN - DINING CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A COLUMBIAN CARTEL KINGPIN dines with his FRENCH DISTRIBUTOR. BODYGUARDS at surrounding tables, alert, eyes scanning...

BEN (V.O.)

Matt Damon walks into a room, where
do you think everyone's looking?

The guards take notice as a young, MATT DAMON TYPE GUY enters. Square jaw. Cool haircut. Carb-free body.

BEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Yeah, that dude's definitely going
to kill somebody. No question.

Guards pass right by Ben, napping at a table, iPod blasting,
ragged backpack at his feet, sandwich crumbs on his shirt.

BEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Me? Not so much.

Guards heading straight for Matt Damon Guy when --

THE CAR GOES DARK AS THE TRAIN SPEEDS THROUGH A TUNNEL.

Back to light. Guards all over Damon Guy. A WOMAN SCREAMS
and we PULL OUT TO REVEAL --

Kingpin and distributor face down in their soup. Ben gone.

EXT. OUTSIDE TOKYO/JAPANESE FISHING VILLAGE - DAWN (PRESENT)

JAPANESE FISHERMEN watch Ben awkwardly flounder to dry land
as the TRASH BARGE eases down the river behind him.

BEN (V.O.)
See, turns out real life's a little
less glamorous than the movies.

EXT. RURAL JAPANESE ROAD - MORNING

Ben limps under a steady downpour. Not a soul in sight.

BEN (V.O.)
Take Bond. Dude's back-up was so
bad ass the guy's name was a single
letter. All I've got is this
guy...

A RENTAL CAR pulls up, hip-hop blasting. At the wheel, STEW
JAYARAMAN, Indian, 20's, enthusiastic about... everything.

STEW
Money B! Waz up play--

FREEZE FRAME on Stew giving Ben the double six-shooter.

BEN (V.O.)
Stew Jayaraman. Parents were both
physicists back in India.
(MORE)

BEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Moved to America and sent Stew to
M.I.T hoping he'd go into the
family business. Stew had other
plans.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JEOPARDY STUDIO - DAY

College Championship. Ivy League death-match for \$100,000.
Stew in an MIT sweatshirt, killing it. Rapid series of cuts:

STEW
Who is Sir Walter Raleigh?

DING!

STEW (CONT'D)
What is the Chickasaw Tribe?

DING!

STEW (CONT'D)
What is Get Out of My Dreams and
Into My Car?

DING! TREBEK is speechless.

FREEZE on Stew, blowing a kiss at the YALE GIRL on his left.

BEN
Two weeks later he lost it all in
one of those Nigerian Craigslist
scams. Broke his little heart.

EXT. TOKYO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

The rental pulls up outside the DEPARTURES TERMINAL.

STEW
I'm just sick of this travel agent
bullshit. Put in a good word for
me with Coop, then next gig we go
out together Double Dragon style.

Stew throws out some improvised kung fu as his Bluetooth
starts flashing. He clicks over to answer:

STEW (INTO BLUETOOTH) (CONT'D)
Scrub-A-Rug. Oh, hey Claire. Hold
on one sec, pretty sure Roy's out
on a sales call...

Stew covers the Bluetooth, whispering to Ben.

STEW (CONT'D)
Popping a Sudanese tribal leader.

But Ben's only half-listening. He pulls an envelope from the glove box. Passport, driver's license, plane ticket.

BEN
Hey, weird. You've got me flying
into Chicago. Here I was thinking
I still live in LA.

STEW
Dude, it's Thanksgiving.
(back to Claire)
Claire-bear, I couldn't get him.
Okay, dinner with your folks, eight
PM, not Chardonnay. Got it. I'll
make sure Roy gets the message.
Give little Tommy a hug for me.
(hangs up)
God damn that woman is sexy.

Ben's still focused on the plane ticket.

BEN
Where's my ticket?

STEW
Pilgrims. Stuffing. Turkey tikka
masala. Any of this ring a bell?

BEN
Yeah thanks, but no thanks.

STEW
Ben, you gotta go home sooner or
later. Or your moms will just keep
calling and I can't take that shit.
(off Ben's look)
You're not the one that's gotta
always be lying to her, man. That
lady is intense.
(beat)
When's the last time you were home?

BEN

I don't know. Couple of years
maybe. My Bar Mitzvah?

STEW

Dude. That's fucked up. My dad
hasn't said my name in over six
years, just calls me "The Sadness",
and I still do my turkey time.

BEN

Thanks for the heart to heart.
Now get me on a plane to L.A.

STEW

Do I look like Indian Jesus?
Thanksgiving is Thursday. You
wanna get to L.A., you're gonna
have to Forrest Gump your ass cause
every train, plane and car's been
booked since July.

BEN

You already told her I was coming.

STEW

You've got a layover in London.
You want to complain. Take it up
with the big man. He calls the
shots. I just work here homey.

INT. HEATHROW INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Chic, dimly lit. Some DRUNKEN BUSINESSMEN laugh at a table.

Perched at the end of the bar, Ben draws on a napkin.

There's something different about him. Like a superhero
without the costume. Off-duty and very much alone.

TIGHT ON: Ben's napkin. Surrounded by sharks, a little man
clings to a tiny raft in the middle of a troubled ocean.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN slides onto the stool next to Ben. She
gives him a once over. Eh, maybe he'll do.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

I'm Vivian.

BEN

Oh, hi, um, Ben.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
(seductively)
And what do you do, Ben?

BEN
I sell carpet cleaning equipment.

The end. She heads for the drunken businessmen.

BEN (CONT'D)
Right. Have a good day.

COOP, 50, Hawaian shirt, panama hat and a stogie takes her seat. Caramel tan says this guy lives his life on vacation.

COOP
You know, you're allowed to have a little fun every now and then.

BEN
I have fun. Work is fun.

Coop's eyes take a stroll up Vivian's legs.

COOP
Not like that it's not.

He flags down the BARTENDER.

COOP (CONT'D)
Macallan 21. Neat. And send something fruity over to the lady.
(back to Ben)
Using the son was clever. How'd you get to him?

BEN
Bodyguard had a peanut allergy.
Made an extract, spiked his meal.

COOP
That's my boy. Hey Bob, do I know how to pick 'em or what?

Coop's body man, BOB, sits nearby with an US Weekly.

BEN
This is about the kid, isn't it?

COOP
Client paid for both of them. You going soft on me?

BEN
Coop, the guy's a joke.

COOP
Maybe. But he's got his father's contacts and more importantly, his name, which means--

BEN
He's got reach. You think he's stupid enough to come after us?

COOP
Maybe. Maybe not.

BEN
I can fix it. A week, two tops.

COOP
No dice. You've got talent kid, but you're not exactly low profile.

Coop drops a paper on the bar. Shot of Takashi next to:
MANHUNT UNDERWAY FOR KILLER OF YAKUZA CRIME LORD.

COOP (CONT'D)
Besides you're due for a vacation.
Brightest stars burn the fastest,
kid. Some time with the fam will
do ya good.

BEN
My whole life's a vacation.

COOP
I know. Ain't it grand?

A WAITER delivers the drink to Vivian, nods over to Coop at the bar. He flashes a smile, throws in a wink. Done.

COOP (CONT'D)
Look, I've gotta go make love to that woman over there but since you're the closest thing I've got to a son, I'll pause for some fatherly advice: go home while you still can.

As Coop heads for Vivian, Ben adds a caption to his cartoon: "Maybe the island wasn't so bad after all."

A PLANE ROARS OVERHEAD --

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

And touches down in snowy Chicago beneath a cold, gray sky.

I/E. DAVID AND IRENE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The door swings open, revealing IRENE, 50's, bursting with warmth and energy. She talks as fast as she moves and she never stops. A woman desperately in need of Xanax.

IRENE

Oh my God!

BEN

Hey Mom.

Irene pulls Ben into a hug as he steps inside.

IRENE

Ben! David, come out here!

DAVID, 60's, ambles out from the kitchen. Slowly. The man moves like molasses. Still, he occasionally flickers with the quiet charm of his more dashing youth.

DAVID

What are you yelling about?

IRENE

Put your glasses on.

He slips on his glasses, spots Ben and immediately lights up.

DAVID

Ben! Holy... Irene, why didn't you tell me Ben was coming?

IRENE

Because I take pleasure in lying to you. Stop being an idiot.

David goes in for a hug too.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Oh, I can't believe you made it.

BEN

Yeah, well, job fell through.

IRENE

Oh my God. You got fired. David, he got fired.

David immediately pulls out his wallet, counting twenties...

DAVID
Here, how much do you need?

IRENE
You were always too good for that
carpet job--

BEN
What? No. I didn't get fired.
I'm just, you know... on vacation.

IRENE
(disappointed)
Oh. Vacation. So you're still
cleaning the carpets?

DAVID
Irene.

IRENE
What? It's great. Whatever makes
him happy. Clean the carpets.
Make the carpets. Sell the
carpets. It's all fine by me. Oh,
you look so good. David, doesn't
he look great? Did you lose
weight? Are you eating enough? He
looks too thin, don't you think?

DAVID
Nah, he looks good. Husky.

IRENE
What are you talking about husky?

BEN
Oh, so I got you guys some gifts.

IRENE
Gifts? David, he got gifts.

Ben hands Irene a LUTHER VADROSS ALBUM, and gives David a NOVELTY LIGHTER. It looks like a mini bottle of ketchup.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Luther Vandross. I love it!

DAVID
Who's Luther Vandross?

IRENE

Who's Luther Vandross? He's a very talented Afro-American singer.

David fumbles with the tiny ketchup lighter.

BEN

Dad, it's not actually ketchup.

Ben flips on the lighter. David's genuinely blown away.

DAVID

Oh wow. Will you look at that.

Ben takes in the house. It has a warm, liberal, academic feel. Overflowing with books, art and family photos.

BEN

So. The place looks... the same.

IRENE

You know your father.

DAVID

As the Romans used to say, change is overrated.

BEN

The Romans said that?

DAVID

Oh, sure, sure.

Irene beams up at Ben, smiling. It's touching... Then:

IRENE

Ben, are you stoned?

DAVID

Irene.

IRENE

What? Look at his eyes.

INT. DAVID AND IRENE'S HOUSE - BEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Divided down the middle. On one side: Ben's cartoons and the clutter of a kid who spends his days toking up and jerking off.

On the other: an inordinate number of trophies, awards and commendations give off a very Doogie Howser vibe.

Ben eases onto the edge of the stoner bed.

He stares up at the KELLY LEBROCK POSTER on his ceiling.

BEN

What the fuck am I doing?

INT. DAVID AND IRENE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David lies on the couch, eyes closed, focused on napping as Irene paces, battling the shrink wrap on her new Vandross CD.

IRENE

Still in that God-awful carpet job.
No friends. No girlfriend--

DAVID

The kid's happy. Leave him alone.

IRENE

I think he's getting into the drugs
again. Maybe even dealing.

DAVID

Irene. He's fine. Leave him be.

IRENE

Leave him be. That's your answer
for everything. Leave him be.

DAVID

I'm already napping. You may think
I'm awake, but I'm actually asleep.
So please stop talking to me.

The DOORBELL lifts Irene's mood like a shot of Prozac.

IRENE

Oh, Ollie, thank God.

INT. DAVID AND IRENE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ben's incredibly more handsome, younger brother, OLLIE, 27, is center stage, leading the family in prepping dinner.

OLLIE

So there we are, three days hike
from the nearest hospital and I've
got this boy's heart in my hands,
and I'm pumping it, you know?

Ollie dramatically sprinkles herbs and whisks sauces like a Food Network star, moving in tandem with Irene, his eager sous chef. David opens some wine, completely enthralled.

DAVID

Ben, can you believe your brother?

REVEAL: Ben, relegated to potato peeling detail.

BEN

Unbelievable.

IRENE

Ben, honey, wanna try chopping those onions? No thumbs, okay?

Ben grabs an onion, FLIPS a KNIFE into his palm. Badass. But David and Irene are too focused on Ollie to notice.

OLLIE

Anyway, he looks up at me, right into my eyes and he says: Ahsante. It's Swahli for thank you.

BEN

Onions. No thumbs.

Ben hands Irene a mountain of perfectly diced onions.

IRENE

Wow, that was fast.

(to Ollie)

Looks like somebody's got some competition.

INT. DAVID AND IRENE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Finishing up their first family dinner in years.

OLLIE

So, Ben, what's new and exciting in the world of carpets?

BEN

Oh, you know.

IRENE

(cheerfully)

He doesn't know. That's the point. He's interested. We all are.

BEN

I just got back from a trip.

IRENE

Oh, my two jet setters. Where were you this time honey?

BEN

Buffalo.

That's enough to take the wind out of even Irene's sails.

IRENE

Oh. You know your Uncle Leonard once headlined a production of Lear at the Buffalo Children's Theater.

OLLIE

Ben, I gotta tell you, I envy you. I can't count how many times I've sat out there alone in the bush and thought about throwing up my hands and taking that nine to five. Just saying "So there's pain in the world? So there's suffering? What difference can I really make?" But then I hear the music.

BEN

There's music in the bush?

OLLIE

It's the children's laughter, Ben. I hear it and I know I just have to pick myself up, find that horizon and move on to the next village.

Irene reaches out to Ollie's hand for support. She's crying.

BEN

I've gotta make a call.

INT. DAVID AND IRENE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Ben huddles just inside the doorway, phone to his ear.

BEN (ON PHONE)

Coop's gotta have something for me.

INTERCUT WITH STEW, at a strip club on his Bluetooth, lotioning the ass of a sizable stripper, CINNAMON.

STEW (ON PHONE)
Sorry bro. Big man's gone dark.
Something about closing a deal in
London. He pick up a client I
don't know about?

BEN
Yeah, her name's Vivian.

DAVID
Ben. Take a look at this.

David shows off a new gift from Ollie - a HIGH-TECH WATCH.

OLLIE
Water resistant up to three-hundred
meters.

BEN
Do a lot of deep-sea diving, dad?

IRENE
Never goes in past his ankles.

BEN
(back to Stew)
Dude. Get me out of here.

STEW
I feel you man. My dad's got me
sleeping in the backyard. Just a
sheet and a flashlight. Oh shit,
out of lotion. Gotta jam.

Stew drops the call as Cinnamon drops her top.

BEN
Stew? Shit.

INT. DAVID AND IRENE'S HOUSE - BEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

SEAGULLS CAW over CRASHING WAVES care of a New Age CD.

Ollie is curled up on his bed, fast asleep.

Across the room, Ben lays awake, staring up at Kelly. He
checks the clock. 2:42. Going to be a long night.

INT. DAVID AND IRENE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ben eases downstairs in his tighty-whities, finds David
snoring on the couch under a thin blanket.

He notices a FRAMED PHOTO: the family back in the day, smiling in front of the station wagon on a summer road trip.

INT. DAVID AND IRENE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ben digs through the fridge, closes the door, revealing --

A JAPANESE THUG wielding a silenced pistol. Ben dodges the first shot, swings the freezer door into the guy's face.

A SECOND THUG pulls a piano wire around his throat. As Ben gasps for air, David stumbles in to grab some water.

BEN
(just barely)
Dad... Help...

Completely oblivious, David fills his glass at the sink.

The first thug fires, but Ben uses the guy on his back as a human shield. A stray bullet shatters David's glass:

DAVID BEN
What the... Dad, get down!

DAVID
Ben?

David drops behind the counter under a rain of gunfire.

Ben FORKS the thug in the eye, clocks him with a FRYING PAN --

As a THIRD THUG kicks open the door, silenced machine gun pumping rounds. Ben takes cover behind the counter next to David. Gunfire all around them. Ben's cool as ice. CLICK.

BEN

David looks to Ben: Who the fuck are you?

The thug reloads. Ben makes his move. Takes out the guy's knee, kicks him into fridge, uses the door to SNAP his neck.

LIGHTS FLIP ON. Irene stands in the doorway. Stunned.

IRENE
Oh my Lord.

REVEAL Ben in his tighty-whities, sweating over three bodies.

David rises from behind the counter holding just a spoon.

DAVID
I just wanted a glass of water.

INT. DAVID AND IRENE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Irene follows Ben as he searches through drawers while David covers the bodies with sections of The New York Times.

IRENE
Benjamin, there are three dead
Asian men--

DAVID
This one's actually alive I think.

The thug Ben forked in the eye sits tied to a chair.

IRENE
Fine. Two dead and one with a fork
where it has no right to be. Now,
I think we're entitled to know just
what the hell is going on here.

BEN
Okay so for the past ten years I've
been working for a kinda private,
non-governmental organization,
specializing in... Conflict
resolution?

DAVID
Jesus.

IRENE
Oh God, I need a drink.

Irene pulls a bottle of wine from the cabinet. Fills a tall
water glass. To the top. Downs it. Refills.

DAVID
What does that mean? Private?
Like Blackwater?

BEN
Yeah, sure. Something like that.

IRENE
My mother was right. We should
have pushed him to go to college.

DAVID
Ben, I want you to be honest with
me. JFK. Was that you?

IRENE

Don't be ridiculous, David.

DAVID

An organization, Irene, who knows how deep this goes.

BEN

Listen, we stay away from the political jobs. It's mostly drug lords, dictators, the occasional Russian oligarch--

The forked thug starts mumbling in Japanese...

DAVID

Oh, look, your friend here's waking up. Seems the old fork to the eye failed to do the trick, you know, for future reference.

IRENE

Okay, let's stop and think about this. After all, these men did break into our home to do God knows what to our son. Maybe we should try being a little more supportive.

DAVID

Oh, sure. Hell of a job son.

Irene notices Ben tearing through more drawers.

IRENE

Ben, if you told me what you were looking for, maybe I could help.

BEN

I don't know. A torch. Meat shears.

DAVID

What are you going to do with a torch?

An awkward silence and David gets it.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh no. Not in my house.

IRENE

What? What's going on?

DAVID

Your son wants to turn our kitchen
into Guantanamo Bay, that's what.

BEN

Listen, somehow these guys found me
here and I need to know how.

DAVID

Fine. Sounds simple enough.

David squats in front of the thug, who, unnoticed by the family, quietly works on the ropes around his hands.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hi there, I'm Professor Mandel. I
think we might be able to avoid
some real unpleasantness here--

The thug SPITS blood in David's face.

IRENE

Ben, would a lemon peeler work?

OLLIE (O.S.)

Holy shit.

Ollie enters in shock.

DAVID

Your brother's a professional
killer.

The thug leaps behind Ollie, knife to his throat, shouting in Japanese.

As Ollie panics, Ben feels around for a weapon and starts to negotiate. In fluent Japanese. David and Irene are stunned.

BEN (IN JAPANESE)

Easy my friend. You were not sent here for him. Surely there is no honor in killing such a sad, little man. Listen to him whimper.

OLLIE

Why is he yelling? Am I dreaming? There's a man in our refrigerator. Oh God, I'm not ready to die. I have so much left to give.

The thug digs the blade into Ollie's neck.

OLLIE

It's piercing my skin! The knife is piercing my skin!

Ben LAUNCHES A MEAT THERMOMETER into the thug's head.

OLLIE (CONT'D)
What the fuck is going on?!

INT. DAVID AND IRENE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Ben herds the family, all in underwear and pj's, to a station wagon covered in decades' of liberal bumper stickers.

Ollie's still in shock, ambling in circles and mumbling:

OLLIE
Why would he try to kill me? I'm a good person. Couldn't he see that?

Ben uses kid gloves.

BEN
Okay, in the car. There we go.

David, clutching a bag of pill bottles, heads back inside.

BEN (CONT'D)
Dad, where you going?

DAVID
Forgot my Lipator.

BEN
Fuck the Lipator. Get in the car.

DAVID
Oh so now he wants to kill me too.

IRENE
David, stop being dramatic. We'll just pick up another bottle.

DAVID
Our son harpooned a man with a meat thermometer and I'm being dramatic?

IRENE
Yes. Now get in the car.

EXT. 7-11 - NIGHT

Ben uses a pay-phone while the family waits in the car.

BEN
Dude, these guys were pros.

INTERCUT WITH STEW whispering on his Bluetooth, spooning in Cinnamon's bed. Stew's naturally the little spoon.

STEW
You thinking blowback from Tokyo?

BEN
What else?

Irene wanders over with a HAT on her way to the bathroom.

IRENE
Honey, it's freezing, put this on.

BEN
Great, thanks. I'm on the phone.

She mouths an apology, carefully tip-toes away.

BEN (CONT'D)
Listen, I need a safe place to stash my family while I sort this out. Another hour together and I'll kill them myself.

STEW
No problem. You got a car?

I/E. STATION WAGON - DRIVING - NIGHT

Back on the road. Ben's just broken the news.

IRENE
You want us to lay low in Ohio?

BEN
My buddy knows a guy who's got a house out there nobody uses.

DAVID
Okay now enough is enough. I'm not driving to Ohio in the middle of the night in my underwear.

OLLIE
Why don't we just go to the police?

DAVID
Thatta boy. Excellent idea.

BEN
Sure, if you want me booked for triple homicide, that's a home run.

IRENE

Oh my God. What about Leonard?

BEN

Mom--

IRENE

We can't just leave him. Quick,
turn back.

DAVID

We don't have time to get my
Lipator, but we have time to pick
up your psychotic brother.

IRENE

You're one to talk. Thirty years
as a Democrat and your brother
votes for Bush. Twice.

BEN

Mom, Leonard will be fine.

IRENE

Benjamin, those men knew where we
lived which means they could know
about Leonard and they could try to
use him to get to you.

OLLIE

That actually makes sense.

IRENE

Listen to me. We're his family,
we're all he has and we're not
going to leave him behind to die
like some kind of road animal. Now
turn this car around.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The station wagon makes a bumpy U-turn over the grass median.

I/E. STATION WAGON - DRIVING - NIGHT

Ben shuts off the headlights as they pull onto a quiet
suburban street, stopping by a cul-de-sac.

BEN

Stay here. Don't touch anything.
Don't say anything. Just be still.
And silent.

IRENE
Ollie, go with your brother.

BEN
Okay, what did I just say?

IRENE
Your uncle's still recovering from
that broken hip and your brother's
a doctor. Besides, you boys should
spend more time together.

Ben doesn't have time to argue.

BEN
Fine, but if things get ugly, I
can't promise he makes it back
alive.

Ben hustles out of the car, leaving Ollie too scared to move.

IRENE
Oh he's just teasing, go on.

INT. LEONARD'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Ollie follows Ben through a window. The air reeks of death
as they make their way across the CREAKING wood floor.

OLLIE
This place smells like an ashtray.

BEN
Go that way, I'll check down here.

Ben disappears through the SWINGING DOORS to the kitchen.

LIVING ROOM

Ollie wanders in and gets quickly distracted by a

WALL OF FRAMED THEATER MEMORABILIA

REVIEWS, PHOTOS and PLAYBILLS track the thirty-year decline
of UNCLE LEONARD from Broadway extra to dinner theater extra.

MAURICE (O.S.)
Aw, hell no!

MAURICE, 35, African-American, explodes from the darkness
SWINGING A BASEBALL BAT in his wife-beater and slippers.

Ollie ducks for his life, SHRIEKING as they --

CRASH through furniture, bouncing off walls as Maurice takes out pictures, bookcases, hanging dishes --

OLLIE

Wrong house! Wrong house!

Ollie races for the kitchen door... WHAM! It FLIES into his nose as Ben barrels in from the other side...

Ollie stumbles back right into... WHAM! Maurice's bat connects with his face and drops him cold.

Ben TACKLES Maurice over the couch, grabs the bat when --

CHUG-CHUG. Shotgun PUMP freezes every nerve in Ben's body.

REVEAL: UNCLE LEONARD, 73 years of bitterness and resentment, at the base of the stairs, SHOTGUN in hand. (Think Charles Grodin but without the warmth or charm.)

BEN

Uncle Leonard. It's okay, I got him.

LEONARD

Morris, call the police. Tell them we've shot a trespasser.

BEN

Trespasser?

Maurice grabs the bat, limps to Leonard.

MAURICE

Gran Torino motherfucker, why didn't you tell me we had a gun? And how many times I got to tell you my name is Maurice.

BEN

Wait, Uncle Leonard, it's me. Ben. Your nephew.

It doesn't register.

BEN (CONT'D)

Irene's son?

Leonard stares at him for a beat. Then lowers the gun.

LEONARD

You got shorter.

INT. LEONARD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

David sets Ollie - barely conscious, face swollen - on the couch while Irene rushes around, packing for Leonard.

IRENE

Just think of it like, I don't
know... a family vacation.

LEONARD

Family vacation's an oxymoron.

DAVID

I'm with Leonard on this one.

Leonard lights up a Lucky Strike, blows some smoke at David:

LEONARD

I never cared for you much.

INT. LEONARD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

PILLS of every conceivable size and color are laid out on the table as Maurice walks Ben through Leonard's medication.

MAURICE

Now at lunch you'll want to give
him five more of the Amlodipine,
but skip the Digoxin and Crestor.
Wait two hours for his food to
digest, unless it's soup, then you
drop a little Coumadin on his ass.

Maurice pulls out MORE BOTTLES. Ben's getting dizzy.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Now this here's an anal
suppository.

BEN

Fuck it. You're coming with us.

MAURICE

Son, I don't work holidays.

BEN

C'mon man, you're his nurse.

MAURICE

I'm a home health-care
professional. Operative word being
home. As in home.

BEN
I'll give you five thousand
dollars. Cash.

MAURICE
I got time to pack?

EXT. DAVID AND IRENE'S HOUSE - DAWN

A full-blown crime scene. Squad cars and ambulances block a street filled with stunned NEIGHBORS in bathrobes.

A helicopter lands on the lawn, where baby-faced AGENT PATTERSON, 32, hugs an arm-full of files. AGENT KAREN WHITE, 40's, all business, hops off the chopper.

PATTERSON
Morning, ma'am.

WHITE
Want to tell me what we're doing in Illinois?

Patterson follows White into --

INT. DAVID AND IRENE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The place is swarming with LAW ENFORCEMENT of every kind. Patterson passes White files on the Mandels:

PATTERSON
Husband teaches classics at Chicago, wife's a college counselor at the local high school.

WHITE
Kids?

PATTERSON
Oldest is Benjamin, twenty-nine, sells carpet cleaning equipment, based out of Los Angeles.

White glances at Ben's odd-looking photo. He looks like a stoned chimp. She moves on without a second thought:

WHITE
Oldest?

PATTERSON
Younger one, Oliver, is a physician
with Doctors Without Borders.
Currently stationed in... Numibia.

This catches White's interest. She examines Ollie's file.

WHITE
Doctors Without Borders.
International. Interesting.
I want this black-bagged. You'll
need to liaise with NSA, FBI. Keep
them off our turf. Kitchen secure?

White strides to the kitchen where she finds --

INT. DAVID AND IRENE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAWN

FRANK DRYER, 56, jeans and a worn jacket, fixing himself a sandwich. Doesn't seem to mind the three bodies at his feet.

DRYER
Sorry fellas, area's off limits...
(spotting White)
Oh, Karen, good to see you. Mind
passing me that OJ?

WHITE
Dryer?

Dryer licks some mayo off his thumb, shakes Patterson's hand.

DRYER
Frank Dryer, mid-west Ops.

WHITE
Frank's been on the Agency's
coveted rustbelt desk, chasing down
Canadian car thieves for, what is
it, eight years now?

DRYER
Nine actually. Ever since Karachi.

Dryer gleefully watches White's smile tighten.

DRYER (CONT'D)
You remember Karachi, don't ya
Karen?

Dryer takes a massive bite of his sandwich, smiles. No doubt
about it. Something definitely went down between these two.

WHITE

This is my case, Dryer. My task
force has full--

DRYER

Jurisdiction over any and all
investigations involving criminal
activity by Takashi Ajito. Hey,
wait, that's not the same Takashi
Ajito who got popped last week in
Tokyo? You don't think this could
be related, do ya?

ON DRYER, mischief flashing behind his eyes.

WHITE

Okay, I've got it. This is your
backyard. You want to observe,
fine. But stay out of my way.

DRYER

Absolutely. Hey, you wanna bite of
this? Best tuna salad of my life.

White turns to Patterson, no time for Dryer's shit.

WHITE

I want to know everything there is
to know about Oliver Mandel.

EXT. IOWA SAFE HOUSE - MORNING

The station wagon follows a gravelly path to a beautiful old
FARMHOUSE. Fields of corn stretch to the horizon.

I/E. STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

They pull up in front of the house.

IRENE

What a lovely safe house.

MAURICE

Field of Dreams and shit.

BEN

Okay, so, probably best if you guys
wait here while I sweep the house--

But Maurice is already out of the car and heading inside.

BEN (CONT'D)
Yo dude, hold up...

Maurice spins around, gets in Ben's face.

MAURICE
I been pinching my dick for an hour. You want me to piss in your backseat or can I relieve myself in this house like a grown ass man?

Ben glances around. The farm is quiet and still. Safe.

BEN
Fine just be fast. And don't touch anything.

MAURICE
Whateva you say. Masta.

The family climbs out of the wagon. Except for Leonard, who stays in the back-back and lights up another cigarette.

IRENE
Leonard, you don't want to get out?

LEONARD
What for? The tics or the cowshit?

David begins a bizarre stretching ritual. Ollie's working him like some kind of New Age Lamaze coach.

OLLIE
Focus on extending. Now breathe.
Inhale, inhale, inhale and exhale.

BEN
So when are you two expecting?

OLLIE
Dad, why don't you take your meds before we get into the Kegels.
(sharply, to Ben)
It's yoga. For his back.

BEN
Since when do you have a bad back?

David returns from the car with a palm-full of pills.

DAVID
Hit me out of the blue when your mother filed for the divorce.

Ben and Ollie freeze. What did he just say?

Maurice opens the front door. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

MAURICE

Yo, you got the code for the--

BOOM! THE ENTIRE FARMHOUSE EXPLODES INTO A GIANT FIREBALL. Shattered glass and burning wood scatter everywhere.

The family climb to their feet, covered in soot and ash.

BEN

Everyone alright?

OLLIE

Divorced? You're getting divorced?

IRENE

You didn't!

DAVID

It slipped out.

BEN

Right, and then the farmhouse exploded, so--

OLLIE

Is it the sex? Did you even try the intimacy techniques I suggested?

BEN

Amazing you're still single. Get in the car.

IRENE

Ollie, Ben, this isn't your fault. Do you hear me?

BEN

Why would it be my fault?

IRENE

It's no one's fault. No one's.

(beat)

Except maybe your father's.

Leonard ambles over from the back-back, completely oblivious.

LEONARD

Where's Morris?

A second blast form the house. Like a burp after a big meal.

EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING - MORNING

The battered station wagon rolls to a stop. Silence. Suddenly, a freight train rockets across the tracks.

I/E. STATION WAGON - MORNING

The family sits in shock, staring at the passing train cars.

Ollie pulls out his blackberry, starts to dial.

BEN

What are you doing?

OLLIE

Calling an ambulance. That nurse
may still be alive--

Ben grabs the blackberry, tossing it into the brush.
Horrified, Ollie looks to his parents for back-up:

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Did you see that?

EXT. ROADSIDE - SAME

Ollie rushes after his phone as Ben and the family follow.

BEN

Think it's a little late for CPR.

OLLIE

Oh, so now you're a doctor!

DAVID

Boys--

BEN

No, you're right. They'll just get
his head from the porch and his
lungs from the driveway and do some
mouth to mouth.

IRENE

Your brother's only trying to help.

BEN

We saw the man explode. He
exploded. End of discussion.

Ollie pops up from the brush, blackberry in hand.

OLLIE

Found it! Great. No service.

IRENE

I just don't understand how this happened.

LEONARD

You let the half-wit here do the planning, that's how.

IRENE

I thought you said that house was supposed to be safe.

BEN

It was. Somebody must have...

Ben stops himself, starting to put it all together.

BEN (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

David's already a few steps ahead.

DAVID

This is what the Greeks called an epiphany.

BEN

He set me up. Stew set me up.

DAVID

Hos an meta kuown katheuday, meta psullown anastaysei.

The family stares at him, dumbfounded. He translates:

DAVID (CONT'D)

Lay down with dogs, son, you rise with fleas. Sophocles.

IRENE

See what I'm dealing with?

EXT. OHIO SAFE HOUSE - DAY

ASIAN THUGS sort through what's left of the farmhouse.

ASIAN THUG (IN JAPANESE)

Boss!

Sonny - Vin's bodyguard from the plane - wades into the wreckage. A scar on his throat marks his run-in with Ben.

ASIAN THUG (CONT'D)
He's not here. But we found this.

The thug hands Sonny DAVID'S PILL BOTTLE.

ASIAN THUG (CONT'D)
Tracks head East.

SONNY (IN JAPANESE)
Get the car.

EXT. SMALL TOWN PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Grocery bags in hand, Ollie and David return to the station wagon as Ben hustles out of the library, a man with a plan.

The smooth sounds of Luther Vandross echo from the car.

IRENE
Ben, do you hear what I'm playing?
Isn't it great?

BEN
Great, mom. Ollie, got the phones?

Ollie opens his bag - a couple dozen DISPOSABLE CELL PHONES.

OLLIE
So where's the next crime scene?

BEN
Cute. Look, we call Coop, pay a quick visit to Stew and then get you guys to New York by Thursday.

LEONARD
(singing)
Start spreading the news. I'm leaving today...

Leonard continues belting out *New York, New York* over:

IRENE
Ben, honey, what's in New York?

BEN
German freighter setting sail out of Brooklyn Harbor.
(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

We need to get you guys out of the country, but airports aren't an option. Luckily port security's a joke so getting--

DAVID

Wait. Setting sail for where exactly?

BEN

Oh, right. Azerbaijan.

It sits there for a moment. Like a dead elephant.

DAVID

Well honey, looks like you get that second honeymoon after all

IRENE

But Ben, Thursday's Thanksgiving.

DAVID

Priorities, Irene.

BEN

You spend six, seven days below deck, just until you reach the Caspian. Bribe a local to get you into Baku. From there it's just a few days drive to Grozny.

OLLIE

Grozny? As in...

BEN

Chechnya.

All color drains from Ollie's horrified face.

BEN (CONT'D)

There's a distillery about twelve kilometers North of the city. Floor manager's named Yuri Kalatozov, old school, ex-KGB, owes me a favor. I'll call as soon as--

IRENE

Call? You're not coming with us?

OLLIE

Of course not. He's got places to be, people to kill.

DAVID

What about my students? We have
lives, routines--

IRENE

Oh, God forbid we do anything
spontaneous.

DAVID

Dinner without a reservation is
spontaneous. Azerbaijan, Irene, is
not spontaneous!

OLLIE

Guys, what did we say about
channelling our hostility?

IRENE

I'll channel it right up his--

Ben slams the car HORN, shocking everyone into silence.

BEN

Enough! Maybe you've already
forgotten about the three dead
ninjas in your kitchen or Leonard's
barbecued nurse but there are some
real serious motherfuckers out
there. Which means, I'm in charge,
I make the decisions and I say
Thursday morning the four of you
are getting on that boat. End of
story. Period. Goodbye.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The station wagon speeds by as a CELL PHONE flies out the
window and shatters against the blacktop.

I/E. STATION WAGON - MOVING - DAWN

In the backseat, Ben pulls a new phone from the bag, dials.

BEN

(on the phone, in Italian)
Marco, it's Ben. Coop happen to be
staying at the hotel? No? Thanks.

Ben tosses the PHONE, pulls out another, dials.

OLLIE
Killing people, killing the planet.
What's the difference.

Leonard's using a jacket as a blanket, trying to nap.

LEONARD
You girls ever shut up?

BEN
(on the phone, in German)
Klaus, it's Ben. Good, my friend.
I'm looking for Coop...

They pass another sign: LAST EXIT FOR 20 MILES.

David glances at the gas gauge. They're running close to empty. He can feel Irene leaning over, eyeing the gas.

DAVID
Irene, you're hovering.

IRENE
Did you see the sign?

DAVID
I saw the sign.

IRENE
But you're not stopping are you?

DAVID
Do you know why they put those signs there?

IRENE
Here we go. No, David, why do--

DAVID
To scare you into stopping at some podunk gas station and paying four dollars a gallon, that's why. It's terrorism. Plain and simple. And I for one am not going to be intimidated into paying fifty dollars to fill up my tank.

Ben finishes a call, this time in Farsi, dumps the phone.

BEN
Dad, I'll pay for the gas.

DAVID

It's not the money. It's the principle. I've driven this car for twenty-three years. And I'm telling you, we'll be fine for another forty miles, at least.

EXT. ROADSIDE - SHOULDER - DAY

The station wagon sits on the shoulder like a beached whale. Out of gas. Emergency blinkers flash as TRAFFIC speeds past.

Ben's still on the phone as they trek to civilization.

DAVID

Listen, we can waste the next hour arguing over who's to blame--

IRENE

Who's to blame? The man is unbelievable. Who's to blame? You're to blame, David. You are!

BEN

Amazing you guys weren't able to work it out.

(in French, into phone)
Hello, Philipe? How's the market?

EXT. FRENCH RIVIERA FARMER'S MARKET - DUSK

The Mediterranean glistens behind Coop as he strolls through a bustling farmer's market, sampling local delicacies.

Bob trails Coop with a hand-basket for groceries.

PHILIPE, a portly French baker, runs a phone to Coop.

PHILIPE

(in French)

Sir, it's Ben.

COOP

(into phone)

Benny boy, how's the vacation?

INTERCUT WITH BEN AND THE FAMILY WALKING THE HIGHWAY

ON David and Irene, trekking and eavesdropping.

DAVID

What kind of name is that? Coop?

Nearing a sign: WALMART 7 MILES. Ollie hustles up to David.

OLLIE

Hey dad, what do you say we phone
in a prescription for that Lipator.

DAVID

Sure, great. Makes me think of
chicken. Coop.

Ollie pulls out his phone, starts to dial.

BACK WITH BEN AND COOP

COOP

Stew? You sure?

BEN

Yeah, I'm sure. Who was the client
on the Tokyo job?

COOP

Competitor looking to muscle in on
the old man's territory. Why?

BEN

If Vin came after me, chances are
whoever hired us for Tokyo is next.

COOP

Okay, I'll handle the client. What
about you? Got a plan?

BEN

Thought I'd look up an old friend.

COOP

Give Stew my best. Call me here
tomorrow. Same time. And kid.
Watch your back.

BEN

Yeah. You too.

Coop hangs up, mood darkened. Turns to Bob:

COOP

Better get the car.

EXT. FRENCH RIVIERA FARMER'S MARKET ENTRANCE - DUSK

A DARK SEDAN, windows tinted, rolls up and Coop gets in.

INT. DARK SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

The doors LOCK. Coop looks to the driver. One of VIN'S THUGS, silenced pistol aimed straight at Coop's chest.

VIN (O.S.)
Let's take a drive.

REVEAL: Vin in the backseat.

EXT. FRENCH RIVIERA FARMER'S MARKET - DAY

The Sedan takes off. Seconds later an IDENTICAL SEDAN rolls up. Bob emerges, scanning for Coop, but he's too late.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Freezing and exhausted, the family stumbles to the station.

As Ben goes for gas, Ollie spots the WALMART.

OLLIE
Hey, how bout we grab some clothes
while you fill us up?

Ben looks to the Walmart across the street, judging the risk.

OLLIE (CONT'D)
C'mon. We look like mental
patients.

LEONARD
I don't think clothes will help.

Ben looks around. Notices other CUSTOMERS staring at the rag-tag group. Ollie's got a point. He hands them some cash.

BEN
Fine. Just stay under the radar.

INT. WALMART - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Ben enters with his GAS CAN and ducks into the MEN'S ROOM.

INT. WALMART - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

In a stall, Ben's peeing, savoring the alone time...

PHARMACIST (O.S.)
Dr. Mandel. Dr. David Mandel.
Please report to the pharmacy for
your prescription.

BEN
Why not just shoot up a flare?

Ben finishes up. Grabs the gas can and opens the stall door on 300 pounds of rage. SONNY.

Ben whacks Sonny with the gas can, spots a MOP AND BUCKET --

Grabs the mop, flips the bucket. Soapy water spills across the floor. Ben swings the mop as Sonny slips around the floor, struggling to stay on his feet...

Sonny CHARGES. Lifts Ben over his head. SLAMMING HIM into an overhead fluorescent. SPARKS FLY. Tosses him into

THE STALL

Drowning Ben in the toilet bowl...

Ben grabs the porcelain toilet tank cover and HAMMERS it across Sonny's head. THUMP. Lights out for Sonny.

INT. WALMART - PHARMACY - DAY

A THUG strides down an aisle, heading right for --

DAVID, LEONARD AND OLLIE - signing for pills at the pharmacy, no idea they're seconds from death when --

The THUG is YANKED around the corner. THUMP. Out pops Ben in his place. He rushes to the counter:

DAVID
Forty-two dollars. Can you believe
that? That's with the co-pay.

BEN
(to Ollie)
You're writing prescriptions?

Ollie hands Leonard some pills.

OLLIE
These should help with the gas.
(to Ben)
I'm a doctor, Ben. I took an oath.

BEN

Yeah well your oath just tried to
drown me in a toilet.

INT. WALMART - AISLES - DAY

Ben rushes David, Ollie and Leonard across the store...

Spots Irene chatting with ANDIE, 20's, five feet two inches
of Midwestern charm.

BEN

Wait here. Together.

He makes his way down the aisle to Irene and Andie.

BEN (CONT'D)

Hi, sorry to interrupt. Mom, we
gotta go.

IRENE

Ben, honey, I want you to meet
somebody. This is Andie, one of my
old students from Henley. Class of
'99, early admission to Wesleyan.

ANDIE

Yeah well thanks to you. Your mom
drove to Connecticut to do the
recommendation in person.

IRENE

Andie's a wedding planner now,
recently single, moving to Boston.
Isn't that great!

ANDIE

Your mom told me about your car
trouble. I've got a van if--

BEN

You know, I actually got her up and
running but it was nice meeting
you. Happy Thanksgiving.

Ben rushes Irene down the aisle.

IRENE

Lovely seeing you again!

BEN

What part of under the radar don't
you understand?

IRENE
She started talking to me,
Benjamin. What was I supposed to
do? Be rude?

Ben grabs a can of tennis balls off a shelf, pockets a ball.

DAVID
I saw you steal that ball.

EXT. WALMART - PARKING LOT - DAY

MOVING WITH BEN AND THE FAMILY through rows of PARKED CARS...

Ben pulls the cigarette from Leonard's mouth and uses it to
burn a hole in the tennis ball. Then he takes a drag,
scanning the lot for a car.

Irene plucks the cigarette from his mouth, flicks it away.

IRENE
Sue me.

Ben moves to an SUV, presses the hole in the ball against the
lock. Leans into it and the air pressure POPS the lock.

IRENE (CONT'D)
David, did you see that? He used
the ball to pop the lock. Isn't
that just terrific?

Ben slides into the driver's seat, starts hot-wiring the car.

BEN
Everybody in. Vamanos, Vamanos.

Irene leaps in without a second thought. Ollie and Leonard
climb in the back as Ben revs the engine to life.

Only problem: David's still outside the car.

BEN (CONT'D)
Dad, c'mon, get in.

DAVID
I'm not getting in a stolen car.

IRENE
David, get in the car.

DAVID
I'm drawing a line.

LEONARD
Leave him.

BEN
Don't think of it as stealing.
We're just borrowing it.

IRENE
See, David. We're borrowing it.

OFFICER (O.S.)
Hands where I can see them.

David turns to find two POLICE OFFICERS, guns drawn, standing with the car's OWNER, an obese woman in a muumuu.

Ben switches back to the guy from the plane -- goofy, stoned, harmless. He looks around the car, acting confused.

BEN
Wait a minute. This isn't our car.

Not even a beat. Irene's right there with him.

IRENE
Oh my God. You're right. Same
upholstery and everything. Isn't
that something.

BEN
Man, this is embarrassing. Ollie,
doesn't this look like our car?

OLLIE
Oh... Um... Yeah?

Ben climbs out of the car, playing up the slacker/stoner act.

LEONARD
We're getting out again?

BEN
Bet this kinda thing happens all--

Ben strikes. Down go the cops. Cuffs them together, pockets the guns and hustles the family past the stunned owner.

BEN (CONT'D)
Happy Thanksgiving.

The family bolts across the parking lot.

Ben spots Andie pushing a cart to her MINIVAN.

BEN (CONT'D)
Wait here.

He darts over to Andie, tries to act casual, flashes a smile.

BEN (CONT'D)
Hey there.

Andie sees the family and lights up.

EXT. ANDIE'S MINIVAN - MOMENTS LATER

Frosted, sky-blue, with an orange U-HAUL hitched to the back.

Everyone helps Andie with her bags.

LEONARD
You know who you remind me of? A
young Natalie Wood.

ANDIE
Me?

LEONARD
No one's ever told you that? With
those eyes?

Leonard's not kidding. He may hate the world, but if there's one thing he loves, it's women. He serenades her:

LEONARD (CONT'D)
Maria! I've just met a girl named
Maria/ And suddenly that name...

Leonard keeps singing in the b.g. throughout the scene.

ANDIE
You sure you guys don't mind just
leaving your car?

David realizes the question was to him. Forcing a smile:

DAVID
It was a rental.

Ben spots Sonny and his THUGS searching the lot and starts herding the family into the van.

ANDIE
Well it'll be nice having some
company. Guess it's just lucky
we're both heading East.

IRENE
Andie, honey, you have no idea.

I/E. ANDIE'S MINIVAN - MOVING - DAY

Andie starts the car and a BRITISH MAN's voice booms from the stereo.

BRITISH MAN
Catherine Earnshaw, may you not
rest as long as I am living! You
said I killed you, haunt me, then!

ANDIE
It's, um, just a book on tape...

Andie fumbles for the radio as they pull out of the lot,
leaving Sonny and his team frustrated and freezing.

OLLIE
Is that Hugh Grant?

ANDIE
Uh... Colin Firth I think.
(She shuts it off)
There. Sorry.

BEN
Weird. Always thought of
Heathcliff as more of the Clive
Owen type.
(off Andie's look)
Brooding and um... sexy?

ANDIE
Yeah, totally. I can't believe you
like Wuthering Heights.

OLLIE
I can't believe you read a book.

BEN
I read when I fly.

ANDIE
Oh right, yeah, your mom was saying
you work in sales?

IRENE
Internationally.

ANDIE
Wow, like commodities or software--

OLLIE

Carpet cleaning equipment. He sells carpet cleaning equipment.

BEN

Just kinda fell into it.

Beat. Ben and Andie share an awkward smile in the rearview.

LEONARD

I once read for Heathcliff. They decided to go in another direction.

COP CARS speed by in the other direction, SIRENS blaring.

INT. WALMART - NIGHT

The task force swarms the store, interviewing witnesses, sealing off

THE BATHROOM

White and Patterson survey the damage. Broken tiles, shattered glass, like a bomb went off.

PATTERSON

What's a Yakuza hit squad doing chasing some doctor and his family across half of Ohio. Ma'am?

WHITE

From the looks of it, Oliver Mandel's no ordinary doctor.

EXT. WALMART - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A mini crime scene around the car Ben almost stole. The two officers he took down sit by an ambulance with Dryer.

OFFICER #2

I'm telling you, it was some hardcore, Enter the Dragon shit.

DRYER

You sure on this?

OFFICER #1

Hundred percent. That's the guy who took us down.

The officer points to Dryer's photo of Ben Mandel.

EXT. MEXICO CITY - MARKET - NIGHT

MOVING WITH VIN AND TWO THUGS past the VENDORS, GROCERS and BUTCHERS, down some steps and into --

THE UNDERGROUND ARENA

Where a frenzied mob of DRUNKS and CORRUPT COPS gamble away their Pesos on a vicious COCKFIGHT.

Vin watches from a BALCONY ABOVE. Pulls out a PHOTO.

TIGHT ON THE PHOTO: Mexican. 60's. Kind face. Cold eyes.

This is EL TIO. As luck would have it, he's sitting ringside tonight, flanked by the POLICE CHIEF and ARMED GUARDS.

Vin watches El Tio laugh and pass the chief an envelope. Business meets pleasure just as the fight breaks up.

EXT. MEXICO CITY - BEHIND THE MARKET - NIGHT

GUARDS clear the alley as the police chief walks El Tio to his car. A warm goodbye and El Tio answer his CELL PHONE as he slips into

THE BACKSEAT

EL TIO

Hola.

VIN (THROUGH PHONE)

Next time don't send a boy to do a man's job.

EL TIO

Who is this? How did you get--

BOOM! The car EXPLODES, the blast ripping through the alley.

REVEAL: Vin smiling with satisfaction from across the street. A thug hands him another phone.

THUG

Sonny. He's got another problem.

Vin trades phones and disappears into the crowd.

INT. ANDIE'S MINIVAN - DRIVING - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Ben's at the wheel, the family sleeping behind him.

He glances at the rearview: Andie's nestled under a coat.

IRENE
I think she likes you.

BEN
Jesus. Do you ever sleep?

IRENE
I'm just saying, it's not every day
you meet an attractive, available
woman with a 1380 SAT score.

BEN
Yeah, well this one's also six
inches away so maybe we talk about
this some other time.

IRENE
Ben, do you want to know why I'm
leaving your father?

Ben looks to her, realizing she's not just playing around.

BEN
Um... Not really?

IRENE
Because he would be perfectly happy
spending the rest of his time on
this earth reading, sleeping and
occasionally playing a game of
scrabble. I love him to pieces but
I'm fifty-seven years old and I'm
sick of watching other people live
their lives. Now are you going to
ask her out or not? I think you
should.

Ben can't help but smile.

BEN
Tell ya what. I promise to think
about it if you promise to, you
know, just take a step back.

IRENE
What? Me? Of course. I've said
my piece, ball's in your court.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Andie's minivan rolls down a picturesque, tree-lined block.

IRENE (O.S.)
And there's Ben in one of his
poses. Isn't he just adorable?

INT. ANDIE'S MINIVAN - DRIVING - MORNING

TIGHT ON: an old, faded photo of 10-year-old Ben, chubby body bursting from some tight swim trunks.

Irene's showing Andie photos from her wallet.

Ben's checking the addresses on the passing houses. He's all business. A professional at work.

ANDIE
Is that you and David?

IRENE
What? Oh, would you look at that.

TIGHT ON: 1970's David and Irene beaming on vacation. Arms wrapped around each other. Very much in love.

Irene rips the photo and tosses David's half out the window.

DAVID
Subtle, Irene. Subtle.

BEN
Okay, this is it.

The van stops near a quaint house. White picket fence. American flag by the door. Maybe some overcompensating?

BEN (CONT'D)
This should only take a few
minutes. Sit tight.

Ben's out in a flash, leaving Andie a little confused.

ANDIE
Does he always take his work so
seriously?

INT. JAYARAMAN FAMILY HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Ben enters through a sliding door, stepping into a snapshot of 70's suburbia with a few distinctly Indian touches.

The TV's been left on but otherwise the place looks empty.

He spots a FRAMED FAMILY PHOTO: Stew and his stone-faced PARENTS. Retro pink and grey backdrop from a mall studio.

A floorboard CREAKS behind him. Ben spins, gun drawn --
And almost shoots David point-blank in the face.

INT. JAYARAMAN FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Ben pulls David aside, whispering furiously.

BEN
You couldn't just hold it?

DAVID
When you get to be my age, you'll understand.

IRENE (O.S.)

They find Irene at their side, eager to be included.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ben furiously rushes Irene and David to the sliding door.

BEN
Next time I'm cuffing you to the
car.

DAVID
I tried to tell her --

BEN
Both of you!

Ben stops when he spots a CNN REPORT on the TV:

CNN ANCHOR

Known as El Tio, Galvez led Mexico City's most ruthless cartel. Authorities believe his murder may be in response to the assassination of Yakuza leader Takashi Ajito earlier this week.

Grainy photos of two familiar faces. El Tio. And Takashi.

DAVID
Friends of yours?

BEN
It's complicated.

DAVID
Sure, sure. Complicated. Like a syndicate. Or a cabal. Watergate was complicated.

BEN
Did you hear that?

DAVID
Iran-Contra? Complicated.

The FRONT DOOR starts to UNLOCK. Not good.

BEN
Car. Now!

David pushes the door. Nothing. Casually, tosses up his hands. No sense of urgency whatsoever.

DAVID
Think this might be locked.

Front door opening. Time running out. Ben hustles them into
THE BATHROOM

BEN
Stay.

Ben bolts into the kitchen just as Stew leads Cinnamon into
THE FOYER

CINNAMON
I thought you was from Paris.

STEW
This is what we in the business call a "safe house". All part of my cover, baby.

THE BATHROOM

Irene cracks the door to watch Stew send Cinnamon upstairs. PSSSSSSSSSS. Irene turns to find David peeing behind her.

IRENE

Ugh. At least lift the seat.

THE KITCHEN

Stew dances around, free-styling and gathering erotic supplies: whip cream, honey, cold cuts, Saran Wrap.

STEW

Stew's gonna get his dick wet/Say what, say hey--

BEN

Hey.

Stew SCREAMS. Ben raises his gun and Stew drops everything as his hands go up.

BEN (CONT'D)

Let's take a drive.

STEW

Yeah, a drive. That's cool. Thing is, I only paid for an hour so --

Ben chambers a round --

STEW (CONT'D)

But Cinnamon's a pro, she can warm herself up, let's drive.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ben walks Stew to the back door, running into Irene.

IRENE

I couldn't take it anymore.

STEW

Dude, you brought your moms?

A FLUSH from the bathroom and David enters, zipping his fly.

IRENE

And he wonders why I say the romance is dead.

DAVID

That's right, Irene, I've urinated the romance out of our marriage.

STEW

Damn, no wonder you never go home.

Surges with anger, Irene knees Stew in the balls.

IRENE

That's for my kitchen.

EXT. JAYARAMAN FAMILY HOME - DAY

Ben tosses Stew into the tiny SMART CAR parked in the driveway. Ollie rushes over from Andie's van.

OLLIE

What happened?

DAVID

It's complicated.

David and Irene head for the van as Ben pulls Ollie aside.

BEN

Ollie, hang on.

Ben pulls out a GLOCK. Breaks it down, chambers a round.

BEN (CONT'D)

This is a Glock 22. You've got ten rounds, nine in the clip, one in the pipe. Safety. On. Off. Aim for the chest. Point and shoot.

(off Ollie)

You okay?

OLLIE

What? Yeah, sure. Point and shoot. Got it. What about you?

Ben hands Ollie a wad of cash.

BEN

Go buy Andie some breakfast. Stew and I need some time to catch up.

Ben hops in with Stew as Ollie slides the gun into his waistband. It falls down his pants. Not a good start.

I/E. SMART CAR - DRIVING - MORNING

Speeding out of town, Ben checks his watch, uses a burner phone as Stew inspects his groin with Zen-like focus.

STEW
Yo, I think your mom popped one of
my nuts. Shiiiiiiit.

BEN (INTO PHONE)
(in French)
Philipe, it's Ben. I'm looking for
Coop.

INTERCUT with Philipe in his bakery.

PHILIPPE
(in French)
Oh, I'm sorry Ben, but Mousier Coop
is dead.

BEN
What? How?

PHILIPPE
Police found his body on the shore
this morning. I'm so sorry--

Ben hangs up, then swerves off the main road and onto
THE QUARRY BRIDGE

Frozen still like everything around it, the bridge sits
silent, not a soul in sight.

STEW
Ben, I ain't playin. They did not
used to look like this--

Ben cracks him in the face with his gun.

STEW (CONT'D)
Dude! What the fuck!

Stew tilts his head back like a kid with a nose bleed.

STEW (CONT'D)
I think you broke my nose.

BEN
Nah.

Ben slams Stew's face into the steering wheel. CRACK.

BEN (CONT'D)
Now I broke your nose. Get out of
the car.

EXT. QUARRY BRIDGE - DAY

Stew's sobbing so hard he can barely speak.

BEN

So what? Got tired of waiting for
Coop to give you that promotion?

STEW

(through sobs)

I... don't... why... this...

BEN

How do I get to Vin?

STEW

How the fuck should I know?

Takes a second but Stew finally catches on.

STEW (CONT'D)

Oh, I get it. You know what? Fuck you, Ben. I've got a motherfucking PhD. And not from DeVry, alright? I went to fucking M.I.T. Did you see Good Will Hunting? M.I. motherfucking T. For what? To drive you to the airport? Print up some bullshit IDs? And you know what I get for it? "Shut up, Stew." "Just drive, Stew." "Stop asking to borrow my iPod, Stew." But you know what I've never heard you say? "Thank you, Stew." Did you know I write poetry? No. And that shit hurts, but I tell myself, it's cool, cause Ben's my boy. I know, when the shit goes down, he'll be there for me. Not cause it's his job, cause he's my friend.

Ben sees that for once in Stew's life, he's not full of shit.

STEW (CONT'D)

I didn't sell you out, man. You need my help, you don't have to break my nose, you just have to--

Two silenced shots to the chest drop Stew to the ground.

VIN (O.S.)

My bad. You two having a moment?

Vin aims his silenced pistol at Ben, keys his walkie:

VIN (IN JAPANESE) (CONT'D)
Find the family.

A CHOPPER rises next to the bridge, takes off overhead.

CHOPPER PILOT (IN JAPANESE)
(on radio)
Roger on that, commencing sweep.

BEN
You don't need them. C'mon man,
this is about us.

VIN
No. It's about my father.

Vin pistol-whips Ben, knocking him to his knees.

BEN
Oh right, the guy who made a
fortune killing men, women and
children and never let you sail
with him on his boat. Face it man,
your dad was kind of a dick.

Vin grabs Ben's hair, presses the gun to his head.

VIN
My father was a great man. I want
you to die knowing your family will
suffer for what you did to him.

Vin pulls back the hammer, goes for the trigger just as --

HONK! Andie's van ROCKETS straight at them. Ben rolls for
cover as Vin free-falls into the river.

Ben rushes to look down to the water. Vin's gone.

BEN
Shit.

David leans out from behind the wheel.

DAVID
Not bad for an old man, huh?

BEN
You followed me?!

Andie jumps out of the back seat and heads straight for Ben.

ANDIE

Not to be difficult but does
somebody want to explain to me why
we just drove a man off a bridge?!

MACHINE GUN FIRE pops down the pavement as three DARK SUVS
speed down the bridge, GUNMEN firing from tinted windows.

Ben tackles Andie behind Stew's Smart Car, calls to David:

BEN

Go!

DAVID

Where?

Ben points away from the SUVS, stating the obvious.

BEN

Where do you think?! That way. Go
that way. Just drive!

I/E. ANDIE'S MINIVAN - DRIVING - MORNING

David buckles his seat belt, checks his mirrors, strangely
calm considering the cars of armed men speeding toward them.

IRENE

What's going on? David, we can't
just leave them.

DAVID

Ollie, control your mother.

He shifts into drive and guns it, speeding across the bridge.

EXT. WARREN BRIDGE - MORNING

Gunfire everywhere. Ben pushes Andie into the SMART CAR --

I/E. SMART CAR - DRIVING - MORNING

The chopper lowers onto the bridge behind them. They're
trapped. SUVS ahead. Chopper behind.

ANDIE

Um. What's that?

IN THE SUV a THUG readies a SHOULDER LAUNCHED ROCKET.

BEN
You're gonna want to buckle up.

Shifts into REVERSE, speeding backwards towards the hovering chopper just as the ROCKET LAUNCHES -- seconds from impact --

BEN (CONT'D)
Hold on.

Hits the brakes, palms the wheel-- they spin 180 degrees as the rocket buzzes by and TAKES OUT THE CHOPPER INSTEAD.

The Smart Car races through the flaming debris...

I/E. SMART CAR - DRIVING - MORNING

As the back windshield EXPLODES with gunfire...

BEN
Stay down.

ANDIE
Gee, you think? Just drive!

The cars speed onto the rocky terrain of a mountain road.

Ben slams into SUV #1, knocking a GUNMAN out the window -- the gunman grabs the car, starts climbing in Andie's window --

ANDIE (CONT'D)
Oh my God. Ben.

BEN
Take the wheel.

Andie slides behind the wheel as Ben goes for the gunman.

I/E. MINIVAN - DRIVING - DAY

David pulls up alongside the Smart Car, backing them closer and closer to TWO SUVS OF ARMED THUGS behind them.

OLLIE
(nervously)
Um, Dad...

DAVID
Okay, now what?

IRENE
Hit the car! Hit the car!

David THROWS THE MINIVAN AGAINST THE SMART CAR --

I/E. SMART CAR - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

And the Smart Car SKIDS to the edge of the road. Ben, Andie and the gunman bounce around inside. Human pinballs.

ANDIE

What are they doing?!

BEN

I think they're trying to help.

Another hit from David and the Smart Car SLIDES onto the shoulder, inches from the cliff's edge.

ANDIE

Well, they're gonna get us killed!

Ben's punching Gunman #1 in the face and yelling to the van:

BEN

Don't hit the car!

I/E. ANDIE'S MINIVAN - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

David can't hear Ben over all the shooting.

DAVID

What's he saying?

OLLIE

Think he wants you to hit the car.

David jerks the wheel, SLAMMING them back into the Smart Car.

I/E. SMART CAR - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Gunman #2 on the roof, reaching in for Andie. Ben kicks #1 from the car, reaches across Andie, pops the hood: it flips over the roof, taking Gunman #2 right along with it.

Andie turns to Ben, impressed and horrified all at once:

ANDIE

What kind of carpet cleaning salesman are you?!

Ben leans out the window, fires at the SUV: takes out both front tires sending the SUV SOMERSAULTING down the road --

SUV #2 swerves onto a service road to avoid the wreck, starts firing from the other side of the treeline.

BEN

Okay, this is our chance.

Ben takes the wheel as Andie slides over him. He pulls alongside the minivan, tries yelling to David.

BEN (CONT'D)

Keep it straight.

DAVID

What?!

IRENE

Honey, we can't hear you!

There's too much noise. Ben turns to Andie.

BEN

Gimme your phone.

I/E. MINIVAN - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Ollie answers his phone.

OLLIE

It's Ben. He says pull up alongside him.

Sparks fly as the two cars careen together.

DAVID

Whoops. My fault. That was me.

An icy glance from Irene and David evens it out.

OLLIE

Good. Now keep it straight.
(terrified by Ben's
instructions)
Oh God.

I/E. SMART CAR - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Andie watches Ollie and Leonard slide open the van door across the speeding sea of rock and dirt.

ANDIE

Are you out of your mind?!

BEN
You can do this.

She moves to the door --

I/E. ANDIE'S MINIVAN - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Leonard and Ollie reach out and take Andie's arms.

ANDIE
Are you crying?

OLLIE
It's just stress!

The Smart Car and the van speed side by side, Andie stretching between them with rocks racing by below.

IRENE
Oh, this girl's mother's going to kill us.

SUDDENLY, the road erupts with gunfire from THREE THUGS ON MOTORCYCLES barreling down behind them --

Andie DIVES into the van as bullets SHRED the road.

BEN
Go for the freeway!

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Chopper firing down on the minivan...

A few exits behind, the Smart Car ROCKETS into the center lane, chased by SUV #2 and the motorcycles.

I/E. SMART CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Ben pops his door next to an EIGHTEEN WHEELER and JUMPS -- Grabs the truck as the Smart Car SPINS INTO THE MEDIAN.

EXT. EIGHTEEN WHEELER - DRIVING - DAY

Ben climbs up top, SURFING the massive truck. Sun behind him, firing at the CHOPPER, he's one badass hero...

A THUG jumps from SUV #2 to the truck, catching a ride and climbing up top as the SUV takes off after the minivan.

The thug sweeps Ben's leg, gun bouncing to the road below.

INT. ANDIE'S MINIVAN - DRIVING - DAY

The family's freaking out as Ben and the thug trade blows on top of the speeding eighteen wheeler.

IRENE
David! Do something!

David slams on the horn: HOOONNNKK! Irene isn't impressed.

EXT. EIGHTEEN WHEELER - DRIVING - DAY

The thug tosses Ben across the roof of the truck. Ben rolls to a stop at a giant pair of boots. Looks up --

SONNY. And he's got a shotgun.

BEN
Shit.

Before Sonny can fire, Ben's back on his feet.

Now he's monkey in the middle, fighting Sonny for the shotgun with one hand, holding off the thug with the other.

I/E. ANDIE'S MINIVAN - DRIVING - DAY

The family ducks for cover, taking fire from the motorcycles.

OLLIE
(raging)
That's it!

Ollie pulls his GLOCK, aims at a MOTORCYCLE GUNMAN --

OLLIE (CONT'D)
Safety off. Point. And...

Ollie fires. Perfect hit. Gunman drops. Victory! Until his bike goes sliding right into --

THE EIGHTEEN WHEELER

LEONARD
Uh oh.

As the DRIVER jerks the wheel and--

Ben, Sonny and the thug FLIP RIGHT OFF THE TRUCK.

The family screams as Sonny DROPS on their windshield.

DAVID

Oh boy.

Ben grabs hold of the ski rack just as he rolls off the roof.

The thug dangles from the back of the U-haul.

The chopper peels off as the van speeds

INSIDE A TUNNEL

The motorcycles swing behind the U-haul, firing on Ben as the thug climbs up the U-haul, inching toward the van.

INSIDE THE VAN

Sonny's giant fist hammering away at the windshield...

IRENE

David!

DAVID

I'm handling it.

David fumbling around, flips on the wipers...

LEONARD

Try honking at him.

BACK WITH BEN

As he spots Andie emerging from the sunroof.

ANDIE

Give me your hand!

BEN

One sec. Um... Sorry about this.

Swings the shotgun at the U-haul and FIRES AT THE HITCH --

THE U-HAUL SNAPS FREE FROM THE VAN, taking the thug with it as it FLIPS AND PANCAKES the two motorcycles.

BACK ON BEN AND ANDIE

As they fall into the van and turn to watch all Andie's worldly possessions bounce across the highway.

BEN (CONT'D)

Insurance will probably cover that.

LEONARD
Doubtful.

Sonny's giant arms yank Ollie through the sunroof --
ON OLLIE, wind whipping across his face.

OLLIE
I'm outside the car! I'm outside
the car!

BACK WITH BEN

As he slides up next to David.

BEN
Dad. Hard right on three.

DAVID
What?

BEN
One. Two.

DAVID
Right or left?

BEN
Three.

David jerks the wheel, Ben pops the parking brake, Ollie SCREAMS for his life -- the van SPINS A 360, tossing Sonny --

He rolls across the blacktop and then, miraculously, rises to his feet to watch the van speed off.

INSIDE THE VAN

Leonard hands Ollie a FLASK, then pulls a second FLASK from his pocket for himself. They toast and drink.

EXT. SALVAGE YARD - DAY

What's left of the van rolls into the auto dump. Andie's out the door before it even stops, Ben right behind her.

BEN
This is about the U-haul, isn't it?

Andie whips around, getting in Ben's face.

ANDIE
Motorcycles and rockets and
exploding helicopters --

BEN
Just one helicopter technically--

ANDIE
Who are you people?!

TITO, the laid-back yard owner strolls over with a beer.

ANDIE (CONT'D)
You have a phone?

Tito points around back.

Irene and David watch Ben follow Andie around back.

DAVID
We don't fight like that, do we?

Irene smiles with happy memories.

IRENE
We used to.

EXT. SALVAGE YARD - AROUND BACK - DAY

Ben finds Andie dialing 911. He grabs the phone, hangs up.

BEN
You don't want to call the police.

Out of nowhere, Andie clocks him in the face. He stumbles back, falling into some scrap metal.

ANDIE
Shit. I'm sorry. You just picked a bad time to be patronizing.

BEN
Listen, I'm sorry I got you into this. Really, I am. But I got them into it too and I'm just... I'm trying to make it right. All I need is one more day. Help me get them to New York and put them on this boat and then you can call whoever you want, I'll disappear and everyone's life can go back to being just like it was.

ON ANDIE, torn, as Ben walks off.

BACK BY THE VAN

Tires blown. Body dented and bullet ridden. Glass shattered. It's amazing the thing hasn't blown up yet.

David watches Tito appraise the wreckage.

TITO
Two hundred.

DAVID
Tito, my friend. Two hundred?
Sure, there's a little wear and
tear, but this girl's only got
seventy-thousand miles on her.

David gives the door a pat. The rearview mirror breaks off.

TITO
One Fifty.

As Ben returns, David pulls him aside, glances to Tito...

DAVID
Son of a bitch is low-balling us.

ANDIE (O.S.)
How about a trade instead?

Irene beams as Andie joins the group.

EXT. SALVAGE YARD - LATER

The family stares up at a battered, old PRISON BUS.

OLLIE
Anyone else see the irony in this?

Irene snaps a photo of the bus. For the album.

Andie swipes the keys from Ben.

ANDIE
My bus. I drive.

EXT. RURAL MARYLAND BRIDGE - NIGHT

The TASK FORCE BASE CAMP - a village of tents, trailers and lights - has sprung up right off the bridge.

AGENTS, LOCAL COPS and PARAMEDICS sweep the bridge, sorting through the wreckage as White holds a PRESS CONFERENCE.

WHITE

Dr. Mandel should be considered armed and extremely dangerous. Agent Patterson will take your questions.

Patterson takes the mic as REPORTERS shout questions.

White plows across the bridge, trailed by Dryer.

DRYER

Nice speech. What do you say we grab a slice of pie, box of wine --

WHITE

There are women out there who actually mistake this for charm?

DRYER

Takes some time, but I grow on you. Listen, I think we may be chasing the wrong brother.

WHITE

Let me guess. You've got a hunch.

But before they can get into it:

PARAMEDIC (O.S.)

We got a live one here!

Stew, just barely alive, rides a stretcher to an ambulance.

I/E. PRISON BUS - NIGHT

Ben jolts up from a nap, David reading by his side.

DAVID

You know what Aeschylus said about nightmares? Stepchildren of a guilty conscience.

BEN

We're not moving... Where's mom?

EXT. HIGHWAY - ROAD BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

It's bumper to bumper for miles under a massive snow storm. A POLICE ROAD BLOCK turns cars off the interstate.

Ben finds Irene happily chatting with a LOCAL COP.

LOCAL COP
Bethany here will be five in April.

He hands Irene a photo from his wallet.

IRENE
Oh, look at that. She's an angel.
(spots Ben)
Ben, honey, isn't she adorable?

LOCAL COP
I was just telling Irene, this
storm's got roads shut down till
morning. Plenty of motels though,
back near town.

A beat as Ben processes all that's wrong with this scene.

BEN
Great. Thanks. Mom. Kinda cold.

IRENE
Oh, right. George, honey, you're a
dear. Fingers crossed for a boy.
Third time's a charm!

Ben leads Irene back to the bus.

BEN
Do me a favor. Stop making
friends.

EXT. COW POKE MOTEL AND SALOON - NIGHT

A GUEST returns from the ice machine, double-takes at the
PRISON BUS blocking half the snow-covered lot.

INT. COW POKE SALOON - NIGHT

Stressed and exhausted, the family follows a VOLUPTUOUS
WAITRESS to a table by the crowded dance floor.

They drop into their seats as Ollie nervously glances around.

OLLIE
Isn't this a little... exposed?

LEONARD
View looks good to me.

Leonard flashes the waitress a smile as she hands him a menu.

Ben's drawing on a napkin, zoned out so he doesn't have to stop and think about the loss of Stew and Coop.

BEN

Nobody will see us unless you give 'em a reason to.

OLLIE

Yeah? What about seeing them?

Ben keeps drawing, doesn't even bother looking up:

BEN

Couple walking in just finished fighting outside, drunk on the phone's trying to convince his wife he's not actually drunk, and the bartender's got a limp on his left side, probably tore his ACL playing at Penn State. Center, maybe offensive tackle.

Ollie's eyes move around the bar: the TENSE COUPLE by the door; the DRUNK babbling into the phone; the HEFTY BARTENDER in his Penn State sweatshirt.

As the waitress brings their drinks, Ollie relents:

OLLIE

Midori Sour.

IRENE

You know what I just realized?
This is the most time we've spent together since you two were just little boys.

The truth of the observation catches everyone a little off guard. Irene turns to Andie, caught up in a happy memory.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Every year, when they were little, we used to pack them up in the car and drive to David's brother's in Philadelphia for Thanksgiving. And let me tell you, that man's no treat. But you know, I always loved those trips. Something about being together as a family. No matter the hours of traffic or how much the boys fought...

(MORE)

IRENE (CONT'D)
All you think at the time is only
crazy people would put themselves
through this. But then a couple of
years go by and then a couple after
that and before you know it, you're
sitting in your big, empty house
wondering what's wrong with a
little crazy?

Irene's teared up. David calls over the waitress.

DAVID
Excuse me. Would you mind taking a
picture for us?

The waitress takes the camera as they all gather around Irene. Irene notices Andie, sitting off to the side.

IRENE
Wait, wait. Andie, dear, you too.

ANDIE
Oh, no. That's okay.

IRENE
C'mon get over here. Next to Ben.

Andie takes her place, snuggling into this strange family.

VOLUPTUOUS WAITRESS
Alright, ya'll. Say cheese.

INT. COW POKE MOTEL SALOON - LATER

A slow country song plays as Irene and David sit alone at the table watching COUPLES sway in each other's arms.

David's smiling at Irene like he hasn't in a long time.

DAVID
God you're a knockout.

IRENE
(totally distracted)
Shouldn't Leonard be back by now?

DAVID
Irene.

She looks up to find David standing, hand out-stretched.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Wanna dance?

INT. COW POKE MOTEL SALOON - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

David leads Irene to the center of the dance floor.

DAVID

You'll have to bear with me. I
haven't done this since--

IRENE

Cousin Toby's wedding. March 1989.

They share a smile and relax. Slowly, they begin to dance.

INT. COW POKE MOTEL SALOON - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Ollie and Ben sit at the bar watching David and Irene take control of the dance floor, putting on quite the show.

BEN

Um, is it me or can Dad, you
know... dance?

Sure enough, David's got some moves. Old school.

Ollie's feeling Midori Sour number two. Not a big drinker.

OLLIE

Eight months I've been working with
them on their relationship. Phone
calls, e-mails, weekend retreats to
practice their intimacy--

BEN

Techniques. Right. You really
gotta stop saying those two words
together like that.

OLLIE

But two days on the road with
you...

Ollie nods to the dance floor where David dips Irene.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

I guess I shouldn't be surprised.

BEN

What? C'mon, you're like off on
safari saving orphans and shit.

OLLIE

Yeah well, I had big shoes to fill.

Ben looks to Ollie, not quite getting it.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

I traveled halfway around the world
just so when I came home they'd
talk about something other than
you. And it was working too until
you had to go and become a spy.

BEN

I'm not a spy.

OLLIE

Oh, right.

Ollie drunkenly zips his lips and tosses the key.

FLASH. Andie snaps their photo with Irene's camera.

ANDIE

I just remembered everything I own
is on the I-83. Which one of you
is buying me a drink?

INT. ST. CECILIA'S HOSPITAL - STEW'S ROOM - NIGHT

Stew's up in bed, working his way through a Happy Meal.
White and Patterson watch in disbelief.

STEW

Where my nuggets? I don't see
nuggets.

Dryer's flipping through Stew's wallet. Finds something.

TIGHT ON: Stew's SCRUB-A-RUG CARPET CLEANING CARD.

DRYER

Son of a bitch. Patterson, let's
get him some nuggets. Karen, you
know Stew here's in the carpet
business?

STEW

Patterson, don't forget the honey
mustard. That shit's the jam.

WHITE

You want to play games? Fine. My
favorite game's called enemy
combatant. Rules are simple. You
start giving me names or I ship
your ass to a shithole --

STEW

Whoa. Bad cop: take a vacation.
Good cop: take a vacation. You
want a name? Here it is. O-Bama.
(off their blank faces)
I. Want. A. Deal. I watch 24.
I know how this shit works. Get me
Barack.

WHITE

Forget it.

DRYER

What kind of deal?

STEW (CONT'D)

First, I want to be a judge on
American Idol. This face wasn't
made for radio. Next, you're gonna
publish my poetry and I want Ethan
Hawke to blurb that shit. And I'm
talking A-list for the audiobook.
Denzel. Spacey. Fishburn. Mr.
Gregory Fucking Peck.

DRYER

Pretty sure Gregory Peck is dead.

STEW

Does that look like my problem?!

EXT. COW POKE MOTEL - NIGHT

Ben, Andie and Ollie drunkenly stumble back to their rooms as they practice a martial arts move Ben's been teaching them.

ANDIE

Okay, okay, okay, try again.

Ollie sets down his HANDLE OF RUM and charges Andie with a mad SCREAM. He grabs her wrist but she quickly floors him.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

How was that?

BEN

Really... hot.

OLLIE

I'm on the floor. How'd I get to
the floor?

Ben lifts Ollie to his feet.

ANDIE

Thanks for the ninja training.

Andie plants a kiss on both of their cheeks, lingering a beat on Ben's, before disappearing into her room.

OUTSIDE OLLIE AND DAVID'S DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Ben and Ollie find a sock hanging on the door knob.

BEN

Dude. There's a sock on your door.

Ollie bends over, pulls up his pants, checks both his feet.

OLLIE

Not mine.

He reaches to unlock the door, but Ben stops him.

BEN

Wait. Did you hear that?

Irene passionately MOANS from the other side of the door.

BEN (CONT'D)

Intimacy techniques.

OLLIE

Intimacy techniques.

I/E. COW POKE MOTEL - BEN AND LEONARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ben and Ollie stumble through the door. Stop.

The voluptuous waitress stands butt-naked, lighting a cigarette. Bed's clearly gone through a work-out. The shower runs in the bathroom. She takes a long drag, then:

VOLUPTUOUS WAITRESS

You boys looking for Lenny?

I/E. COW POKE MOTEL - ANDIE AND IRENE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Andie, now in her pj's, finds Ben and Ollie at her door.

BEN

We've got Oreos.

INT. COW POKE MOTEL - ANDIE AND IRENE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dark except for the *Charlie Brown Thanksgiving Special* on TV.

Ollie's passed out, still clinging to his handle of Rum.

Ben and Andie split Oreos on the floor, drinking Dr. Pepper.

ANDIE

I saw my clients getting married
and then all my friends and I guess
I just really wanted Terry to be
the one. So I kept telling myself
it was okay he wasn't that nice to
me. Then one day it just wasn't.

Ben nods, letting the moment sit. Andie smiles, shrugs.

BEN

Want me to kill him?
(beat)
Kidding.

ANDIE

It just didn't turn out like I
thought it would, you know?

BEN

Um yeah, think I can relate.

As *Charlie Brown* goes to commercial, Ben starts flipping channels and Andie heads to the bathroom.

ANDIE

Too much Dr. Pepper.

ON THE TV: A Headline News Report.

NEWS ANCHOR

And if you're planning on driving
to your turkey dinner tomorrow, you
might want to steer clear of I-83,
isn't that right Juan?

ON THE TV: Juan Alvarez reports from ST. CECILIA'S HOSPITAL.

JUAN ALVAREZ

That's right, Tim. Interstate 83
remains shut down after this
afternoon's high-speed pursuit.
Now, we're told a key witness is
being held in protective custody
here at St. Cecilia's...

ON THE TV: Footage of Stew's rescue by the medics.

BEN

Stew.

OLLIE

You guys have a decent health plan?

Ollie's up in bed, still with his rum, still drunk.

BEN
I'm gonna need that rum.

Ben grabs the bottle and his coat, starts for the door as the toilet FLUSHES in the bathroom.

BEN (CONT'D)
Listen man, I know we've had our
shit but I need you to be my
brother right now. Cover for me.

Ben bolts out the door as Andie returns to find Ollie alone.

OLLIE
His friend Stew's alive so he took
my rum and went to the hospital to
go get him.

EXT. COW POKE MOTEL - DAVID AND IRENE'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING
It's still dark as David wakes to find Irene getting dressed.

DAVID
What time is it?

IRENE
Early but if we get up now I can
get back to the room before the
boys are awake.

DAVID
Irene--

IRENE
Can you believe how much we had to
drink?

He pulls her down to the bed.

DAVID
We've been together for thirty-five
years. We've bought a home, raised
two sons, built a life. The road
hasn't always been smooth, but
we've been on it together. And all
this, the past few months, it's all
just been... a speed bump.

IRENE
You're calling our divorce a speed
bump?

DAVID

It's a metaphor. What I'm saying is whatever it is you've been feeling, it will pass, like a cloud in the sky, and then we can go back to the way things have always been.

She softens, smiles and in that smile David sees hope.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Don't you see? Last night... It can be a fresh start.

IRENE

Oh, David. It wasn't a fresh start. It was goodbye.

She plants a soft kiss on his forehead and turns for the door, silently breaking down as she opens it --

Only to find Andie rushing in with Ollie.

ANDIE

We think Ben's in trouble.

EXT. ST. CECILIA'S HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Swarming with FEDS. AGENTS stand post outside the ER.

An AMBULANCE arrives, MEDICS unloading a STRETCHER with an UNCONSCIOUS PATIENT and hustling it past the agents, into --

INT. ST. CECILIA'S HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MOVING WITH THE STRETCHER through a frenzied trauma unit...

MEDIC

Drunk managed to dial 911 before passing out. Vitals are stable but from the smell of him, blood alcohol's off the charts.

HEAD NURSE

Exam 3. Let him sleep it off.

INT. ST. CECILIA'S HOSPITAL - EXAM ROOM #3 - MOMENTS LATER

The medics drop the drunk in the empty exam room and leave.

The drunk sits up. It's Ben. He grabs some GAUZE and TAPE.

INT. ST. CECILIA'S HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

MOVING WITH BEN, in a wheelchair, half his face bandaged with gauze, as he passes COPS and AGENTS on his way to

THE ELEVATORS

Where a UNIFORMED COP waits with a cup of coffee.

Ding! Elevator arrives and the cop lets Ben on first.

BEN

Thanks.

INT. ST. CECILIA'S HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Just the cop and Ben, side by side, awkward tension.

Cop sips his coffee. Stops. Looks at Ben. Too late.

The cop goes for his gun as Ben springs up. DING!

INT. ST. CECILIA'S HOSPITAL - STEW'S FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Elevator opens on Ben, bandage-free and back on his feet. Cop's out cold in the chair under Ben's dirty jacket.

Ben parks the wheelchair, flashes the cop's badge at a NURSE.

BEN

Looking for Stew Jayaraman.

EXT. ST. CECILIA'S HOSPITAL - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The prison bus turns into a dark alley behind the hospital.

I/E. PRISON BUS/ST. CECILIA'S HOSPITAL - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Andie's at the wheel, David moves up to sit near Irene.

DAVID

Okay, maybe the speed-bump wasn't the best metaphor.

IRENE

What? No. It was great.

DAVID

Sarcasm isn't helping, Irene.

IRENE
Neither are you.

They park behind some dumpsters.

OLLIE
Okay, everyone wait here.

IRENE
What? Where are you going?

OLLIE
I'm a doctor, mom. There's nothing out there I can't handle.

A SIREN squawks behind them as a SQUAD CAR rolls up.

LEONARD
You were saying.

INT. ST. CECILIA'S HOSPITAL - STEW'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ben enters. It's dark and quiet except for the BEEPING of Stew's EKG. Something's off though. Stew's not breathing.

BEN
Stew?

Ben feels for Stew's pulse. Nothing. But the EKG holds steady. How? He follows the cord, not to Stew, but to --

A COP sprawled across the floor on the other side of the bed, unconscious. Stew's EKG sensor attached to his finger.

CLICK. A gun COCKS behind Ben, silencer pressed to his head.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Sorry kid. You're a little late.

Ben turns around. Can't believe his eyes. Even in a pair of scrubs, there's no mistaking the man before him: Coop.

COOP
Nice and slow, take the gun from your belt, kick it over to me.

Ben kicks the gun across the floor.

I/E. PRISON BUS/ST. CECILIA'S HOSPITAL - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

A COP approaches the driver's side window.

COP
Ma'am, this is a no-stopping zone.

ANDIE
Oh. I'm just waiting for a friend.

The cop sweeps his flashlight over the frozen smiles of the family. They couldn't look more suspicious if they tried.

COP
Right. Step out of the bus.

INT. ST. CECILIA'S HOSPITAL - STEW'S ROOM - NIGHT
Coop pockets Ben's gun.

BEN
Here I was thinking Vin took you out in Marseilles.

COOP
You know, he did swing by.

I/E. DARK SEDAN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Back at the moment Vin seemed to get the drop on Coop.
Coop gets in, finds Vin in the backseat, thug at the wheel.

VIN
Let's take a drive.

COOP
Good to see ya, kid.

INT. PHILIPE'S BAKER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Philipe's sweating bullets, on the phone with Ben.

PHILIPE (INTO PHONE)
I'm sorry Ben, but Monsieur Coop is dead.

REVEAL Coop, alive and well, sipping espresso by Philipe's side, silenced pistol resting next to his croissant.

COOP (V.O.)
You're smarter than you look, kid.

INT. ST. CECILIA'S HOSPITAL - STEW'S ROOM - NIGHT

Back to Ben and Coop.

COOP

Sooner or later you would have--

BEN

Realized you were in bed with Vin?
But why would that matter?
Unless... He doesn't know you were
behind the hit on his old man.

COOP

Like I said, smarter than you look.

BEN

There was no contract in Tokyo.

COOP

No, that was what you might call a
hostile takeover on my part.

BEN

Your intel, Ajito's distribution...

COOP

Sky's the limit.

BEN

And why risk a hit on Vin when you
can make him an offer, right?

EXT. JAPANESE CEMETERY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Vin broods at his father's funeral.

REVEAL Coop among the MOURNERS, eyes on Vin, Bob at his side.

COOP (V.O.)

I wanted a piece of the family
business. The kid wanted his
father's killer.

EXT. JAPANESE CEMETERY - LATER (FLASHBACK)

As the funeral breaks up, Coop introduces himself to Vin.

COOP (V.O.)

Supply and demand. Gotta love it.

INT. ST. CECILIA'S HOSPITAL - STEW'S ROOM - NIGHT

Back to Ben and Coop.

BEN

So who does he think you are? CIA?

COOP

Old family friend, used to sail
with his folks back in the day.
Think it was the line about him
having his mother's eyes that
really sold it though.

BEN

You don't figure even Vin will get
around to asking who sent me after
dad in the first place?

COOP

C'mon kid, big picture.

ON BEN, mind racing to --

I/E. DARK SEDAN - FRENCH RIVIERA - DUSK (FLASHBACK)

Coop hands Vin a file with a familiar photo:

VIN

Who's he?

BEN (V.O.)

El Tio.

COOP

The man who killed your father.

INT. ST. CECILIA'S HOSPITAL - STEW'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ben backs closer to Stew's bed.

COOP

You pulled the trigger but I still
needed a man behind the curtain --

BEN

So you served up El Tio and bet Vin
wouldn't waste time playing twenty
questions.

EXT. PRISON BUS/ST. CECILIA'S HOSPITAL - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The cop's got David, Irene, Ollie and Leonard lined up, hands on the bus, as he finishes patting them down.

COP
Wait here.

He heads back to the patrol car as Ollie breaks down.

OLLIE
This is it. My life is over.

DAVID
Breathe son, breathe.
(turns to Irene)
What if we went away for a few
weeks? Mexico maybe.

LEONARD
I once spent four days in
Guadalajara locked up with Bob
Mitchum on a phony dope charge.

IRENE
(nervously)
Oh, where's Ben?

INT. ST. CECILIA'S HOSPITAL - STEW'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ben's backed himself against the wall by Stew's bed.

BEN
You were like a father.

COOP
If it makes you feel any better,
I'm gonna feel real bad about this
in the morning.

Ben PULLS the EKG sensor off the cop -- Stew's EKG FLATLINES
and the CODE BLUE ALARM SOUNDS as --

Ben flips a TRAY at Coop and RACES across the room, HURLING
himself through the window...

I/E. SQUAD CAR/ST. CECILIA'S HOSPITAL - BACK ALLEY - SAME

The cop is radioing for back-up...

COP
Northeast alley. Requesting back--

THUMP. Ben BOUNCES off the roof of the car.

COP (CONT'D)
Jesus.

The cop draws his pistol, steps out of the car and HITS the pavement. Hard. Never comes back up. Ben does instead.

Ben ducks behind the wheel, sets to work hot-wiring the car.

TAP TAP. He bolts up, ready to strike, but finds --

Irene outside the window. All smiles.

INT. ST. CECILIA'S HOSPITAL - STEW'S ROOM - SAME

Coop hides his gun as DOCTORS and NURSES rush to Stew.

COOP
Call security.

And Coop deftly disappears amidst the chaos.

I/E. PRISON BUS/ST. CECILIA'S HOSPITAL - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The family hustles on board, Ben drops into a seat by Ollie.

BEN
Next time you're getting the
sleeper hold.

IRENE
Oh shhh, your brother was--

BEN
Just trying to help. Right. We
gotta get to the harbor.

As the bus barrels out of the alley.

EXT. BROOKLYN HARBOR - DAWN

The GERMAN FREIGHTER waits at the end of the dock. The family huddles in the shadow of massive cargo containers.

Ben limps back from negotiating with a BEEFY DOCKWORKER.

BEN
Okay, everything's set. Frank over
there will get you guys below deck.

IRENE

Ben, honey, it's not too late. You can still come with us.

BEN

No, mom. I can't.

Irene throws her arms around him. Holds him close.

IRENE

I love you very much.

Ben pulls back. Stops. Listens. In the air...

A CHOPPER rises above the ship. And then another overhead.

CARS skid from every direction. Sirens. Weapons. White.

Ben, Andie and the family freeze in place. Hands raised.

EXT. BROOKLYN HARBOR - MORNING

Pandemonium. Dock crammed with law enforcement. Local. State. Federal. You'd think they'd found Bin Laden.

An AGENT escorts a frantic Ollie to an ARMORED TRUCK.

OLLIE

I don't know about any Asian Dawn,
I'm an Ophthalmologist!

WITH BEN, as he's cuffed and loaded into a squad car.

BEN

You're making a mistake. You can't take us in like this.

FIND WHITE giving orders on her way back to her SUV.

WHITE

Nothing to the media until we're airborne.

Dryer catches up with her. He's carrying a stack of files.

DRYER

Got a minute?

WHITE

What does it look like?

DRYER

Great, I'll drive.

As Dryer goes for the SUV we KEEP MOVING TO --
A cuffed Irene demanding Patteron's attention.

IRENE
Excuse me. I can't ride with him.

She nods to David. He shrugs: Welcome to the family, kid.

I/E. SQUAD CAR - MOVING - MORNING

David rides in the back with Ben, both cuffed. Eyes on the road ahead, Ben starts unfastening his watch behind his back.

DAVID
You know, Ben, I love your mother.
I really do. But the woman's nuts.
I have no idea what she wants.
(Off Ben)
What are you doing?

Ben snaps the small metal clasp off the watch. Patterson's at the wheel. He glances in the rearview. Ben smiles.

EXT. BALTIMORE STREETS - MORNING

Intersections freeze for the CARAVAN OF GOVERNMENT CARS.

I/E. WHITE AND DRYER'S SUV - MOVING - MORNING

Dryer behind the wheel, White looking over Stew's card. In the back are Leonard, Andie and Irene.

WHITE
(reading)
Scrub-A-Rug.

DRYER
That's the same outfit Ben Mandel works for. I spent the night going over their financials. Whole company's just a front.

She opens the folders, flips through the financial records of Scrub-A-Rug and hits a stack of reports.

WHITE
Dryer, these are --

DRYER
Classified. Right, I know a guy.

WHITE

What kind of front?

DRYER

2006, rebel leader in the Congo.
2002, Saudi Oil Minister.

WHITE

(reading the file)

Russian Arms Dealer. July '99.

DRYER

All high-profile hits. All open cases. And there are a dozen more just like them, going all the way back to '89, same year Scrub-A-Rug filed its first tax return.

WHITE

You're saying this carpet company is what? Some kind of covert, assassination squad? Hits for hire gone global?

DRYER

What I'm saying is we're in over our heads and Ben Mandel may be our only way out.

Irene inserts herself from the backseat:

IRENE

Which is what we've been trying to tell you.

LEONARD

But what do we know? We're just taxpayers.

EXT. CARAVAN - MOVING - MORNING

Speeding down the freeway now in this order:

LEAD CAR -- OLLIE'S ARMORED TRUCK -- WHITE & DRYER'S SUV -- DAVID & BEN'S SQUAD CAR -- TAIL CAR.

The CARAVAN stops at a wall of traffic. Construction ahead.

ON WHITE, fuming in the SUV as Dryer's eyes scan the bridge.

WHITE
We're too exposed.
(grabs the radio)
Switch over to surface streets.

The caravan rolls toward the off-ramp...

EXT. BROOKLYN FREEWAY - OFF-RAMP - MORNING

Only to find the exit blocked by a stalled SCHOOL BUS. The STOP SIGN slowly folds out from the side of the bus. Cute.

IN THE LEAD CAR

The AGENT behind the wheel lays on the horn as --

The back door of the SCHOOL BUS pops open, revealing a THUG with a ROCKET LAUNCHER. He fires into the LEAD CAR. MASSIVE EXPLOSION, flames whipping back across --

THE ARMORED TRUCK

DRIVER and AGENT panicking. What's left of the LEAD CAR now a burning roadblock straight ahead.

ARMORED TRUCK AGENT
Holy shit! Back up!

The truck CRASHES into the cars behind -- chain reaction --

Patterson's knocked out as David and Ben's car takes a hit --

BEN
Dad, get down.

AS A ROCKET SAILS RIGHT OVER THEM AND TAKES OUT THE TAIL CAR

Trapping the caravan in the middle of an ambush.

UP AT THE HEAD OF THE CARAVAN

GUNMEN rush from the SCHOOL BUS, plant explosives under the ARMORED TRUCK. Three, two, one, BOOM!

The ARMORED TRUCK FLIPS over the guard rail and plummets to THE STREET BELOW - INSIDE THE ARMORED TRUCK

The AGENTS dead, Ollie dazed and bloodied.

I/E. WHITE AND DRYER'S SUV - MORNING

Taking fire from just about everywhere.

WHITE

(turning to Dryer)

I think we can flank--

But Dryer's already gone...

WHITE (CONT'D)

Dryer!

EXT. BROOKLYN FREEWAY/CARAVAN - MORNING

MOVING WITH DRYER as he LEAPS to the street below and --

Trades fire with the THUGS blow-torching the ARMORED TRUCK.

BACK UP TOP WITH WHITE AND THE FAMILY

WHITE

Stay here!

White grabs the SHOTGUN off the dash and takes off.

ANDIE

She left us!

LEONARD

Typical bureaucrat.

Irene grabs the radio under a rain of more GUNFIRE.

I/E. BEN AND DAVID'S SQUAD CAR - BACKSEAT - MORNING

Pinned between another SQUAD CAR and a CONCRETE BARRIER.
Patterson out cold behind the wheel.

Ben picks David's cuffs. David starts searching the seat:

DAVID

You don't see my glasses, do you?

BEN

The door, dad. The door!

DAVID

Right.

(tries the door)

Locked.

The radio crackles:

IRENE (ON RADIO)
Is anyone there? Where's the on...

DAVID
Irene?

LEONARD (ON RADIO)
You have to push the button.

ANDIE (ON RADIO)
Gimme that. HELP!

BEN
Dad, you gotta break the glass.

DAVID
Of a police car?

BEN
Not a lot of options here!

David starts kicking the window as --

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. David stops kicking.

DAVID
Do you hear that?

A CHOPPER DESCENDS, HOVERING ABOVE THE ARMORED CAR

Where they finish TORCHING the door, SPLITTING IT OPEN as --

A THUG repels from the chopper, harnesses himself to Ollie.

HARNESS THUG (IN JAPANESE)
(into walkie)
I have the package. Go.

ON OLLIE'S TERRIFIED FACE as he and the thug are LIFTED INTO THE AIR and CARRIED OFF BY THE CHOPPER. All over in seconds.

BACK WITH BEN AND DAVID - MOMENTS LATER

The window finally pops, David climbs out, reaches for Ben...

BEN
My leg's stuck. You gotta drive.

DAVID
Without my glasses?

Over the radio: Gunfire. Screaming. Time running out.

BEN

I can be your eyes. You just have
to trust me.

ON DAVID, it all comes down to this, moment of truth...

I/E. BEN AND DAVID'S SQUAD CAR - DRIVING - MORNING

Engine REVS to life, foot SLAMS on the gas and they're off...

David, blind at the wheel, Ben navigating from the backseat --

SPEEDING DOWN THE FREEWAY -- WEAVING AROUND BURNING CARS --

BEN

Easy, easy. Left!

David jerks the wheel and they TAKE OUT A THUG - the body
flipping over the hood --

DAVID

What was that?

BEN

Right!

Another TURN, another THUG BOUNCES OFF THE WINDSHIELD --

DAVID

(turns around in his seat)
You're aiming for them, aren't you?

BEN

Eyes on the road!

DAVID

I can't see the road!

BEN

Brake!

David BRAKES -- FISHTAILING -- MOWING DOWN A FINAL THUG LIKE
A BOWLING PIN just before he can fire on the family's SUV.

IRENE (O.S.)

David?

DAVID

Oh God, did we hit your mother?

EXT. UNDERPASS/ARMORED TRUCK - MORNING

TIGHT ON: Dryer's gun sliding across the pavement.

Dryer mixes it up with a THUG. Old-school against ninja. Dryer goes down. Ninja goes for the gun. BANG BANG BANG.

The rounds rip through the ninja's chest. He drops --

REVEALING Ben, gun still smoking.

Dryer slowly rises, hands in the air.

DRYER

Talk to me about Scrub-A-Rug.

BEN

I come in now, my brother's dead.

ON DRYER, instinct battling it out with common sense.

Ben holds out the gun, taking the first step toward trust...

WHITE (O.S.)

Drop the weapon! Now!

REVEAL White in textbook firing position.

Ben drops the gun and Dryer picks it up, moves to cuff him --

DRYER

Sorry, kid.

BEN

Yeah. Me too.

Ben disarms Dryer, spins behind him, gun on White.

DRYER

Nice move.

BEN

Thanks.

(to White)

Drop it.

Reluctantly, White lowers her gun.

EXT. UNDERPASS/ARMORED TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Ben covers Irene as she finishes cuffing Dryer and White to the steering wheel of the Armored Truck.

IRENE
Hope that's not too tight.
(to White)
That's a lovely necklace.

WHITE
(awkwardly)
Thank you.

Ben and Irene join David, Andie and Leonard in the battered squad car and peel off.

DRYER
Plans for dinner later?

I/E. PRIVATE AIRPORT - HELICOPTER HANGAR - MORNING

Vin stands over a golf ball, lining up a putt...

The hole? Ollie's mouth. He's across the hangar, THUG's foot pressed against his neck, pinning him to the floor.

VIN
You said he'd be in the truck.

COOP
Not my problem your boys left the kitchen without checking the order.

Vin puts. The ball rolls... straight into Ollie's mouth.

COOP (CONT'D)
Look, two organizations merge,
there's bound to be a little
friction. East meets West and all.

VIN
We merge when you deliver what you promised.
(switching to Japanese)
This limp-dicked motherfucker's trying my patience.

COOP
Easy, kid. Might want to slow down before you hurt my feelings.

Coop's tone is cool, backed by a sense of real power.

The room goes quiet and for an instant it seems like these two sides could very well go to war until --

I'M SO EXCITED echoes through the suite. Takes a few seconds for everyone to process. It's a ringtone... from Ollie.

Bob hands Coop Ollie's phone.

EXT. BROOKLYN PAY-PHONE - MORNING

Ben on the phone, family huddled around him.

BEN (INTO PHONE)
I want to make a trade. I come in,
you let my brother walk.

INTERCUT WITH COOP/VIN/OLLIE IN THE HANGAR

COOP
Sounds fair. There's a private
airfield twenty miles--

BEN
I don't think so. You want me, we
do it my way. Time Warner Center.
One hour. You and Vin. In person.

Coop can feel Vin's eyes on him. Knows it's his only play.

COOP
Deal. Kid, I see a cop, a Fed, an
overeager security guard--

BEN
Yeah. I know.

Ben hangs up. Looks at the family, gathered around him.

BEN (CONT'D)
This might get a little crazy.
Sure you guys are up for it?

DAVID
What's wrong with a little crazy?

As David flashes a knowing smile, a new life in his eyes.

EXT. UNDERPASS/ARMORED TRUCK - MORNING

Amidst the whirlwind of NYPD and FEDERAL AGENTS we find --

Patterson, ice-pack against his head, running a radio to
White and Dryer, uncuffed and on their way to a HELICOPTER.

PATTERSON
Dispatch is patching it through.
Says they're heading for Manhattan.

INTERCUT WITH DAVID AND IRENE IN THE BATTERED SQUAD CAR
David behind the wheel, Irene on the radio.

IRENE
Agent White, hi, I just wanted to apologize for how we left things with you and that other agent. By the way, is it strictly professional between you two, because I definitely sensed some chemistry there.

WHITE (OVER RADIO)
Mrs. Mandel, I urge you to turn yourselves in before--

IRENE
Oh, gotta run. Happy Thanksgiving.

BACK WITH WHITE AND DRYER, climbing on board the chopper.

WHITE
Why stick with a car we can trace?

DRYER
Maybe that's the point.

And the chopper lifts off, banking over the East River.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - MORNING

David and Irene's patrol car speeds toward Manhattan as the sun climbs over the city on a cold Thanksgiving morning.

RADIO NEWSCAST (V.O.)
Thousands have already turned out this morning for the annual Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade.

EXT. TIME WARNER CENTER - MORNING

A massive glass encased shopping center overlooking COLUMBUS CIRCLE

Where NEW YORKERS crowd the sidewalk watching the PARADE.

INT. TIME WARNER CENTER - LOBBY - MORNING

Vin and his thugs strong-arm Ollie into an atrium mobbed with HOLIDAY SHOPPERS. Coop pulls Bob aside as they follow:

COOP

Soon as he shows, take him down.

Bob nods and quietly splits off...

A WOMAN IN A CAP bumps into Vin as she passes:

WOMAN

Woops. Sorry about that.

It's Andie. She slips something into Vin's coat pocket.

FOLLOW ANDIE, moving through the crowd, passing --

LEONARD and giving him nod. A plan's in motion. Like Ocean's 11, but with more neuroses and less style.

As Leonard crosses the lobby into --

INT. TIME WARNER CENTER - HUGO BOSS STORE - MORNING

A SNOOTY CLERK eyes him like he's got The Plague.

SNOOTY CLERK

Can I help you?

LEONARD

You can sure as hell try.

Leonard pulls a suit from the rack, shoves it at the clerk.

EXT. HELIPORT - MORNING

White and Dryer climb out of the chopper and race to a fleet of SUVs, an AGENT briefing them on the move.

AGENT

NYPD's got them heading crosstown.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - MORNING

NYPD CARS race after David and Irene's SQUAD CAR...

I/E. DAVID AND IRENE'S SQUAD CAR - MOVING - SAME

David at the wheel, Irene buckled in beside him, eyeing the speedometer as it edges toward 90 mph...

DAVID
Irene, you're hovering.

INT. TIME WARNER CENTER - LOBBY - MORNING

BACK WITH COOP AND VIN

As Coop's cell RINGS. He answers, expecting Ben.

COOP (INTO PHONE)
Alright, kid. Now what?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TIME WARNER CENTER - BEBE - MORNING

Store window facing the lobby. Andie, on her blue-tooth, watching Coop as she pretends to browse a rack of dresses.

ANDIE (INTO PHONE)
On your left, there's an escalator to the mezzanine. Send Ollie, alone. He gets on, you get Ben.

COOP
So guess the kid still has a few tricks up his sleeve, after all...

Coop starts moving through the crowd, scanning suspects.

ON VIN, eyeing Coop, when his pocket starts to VIBRATE. He discovers the DROP PHONE Andie planted, answers it:

BEN (THROUGH PHONE)
Time's short so pay attention.

INT. HUGO BOSS STORE - PRIVATE DRESSING ROOM - MORNING

The snooty clerk hands Leonard the suit.

LEONARD
Don't lurk. It's unseemly.

Leonard shuts the door, pulls out a matchbook from the motel and a pack of his Lucky Strikes.

I/E. DRYER AND WHITE'S SUV - MOVING - MORNING

Dryer at the wheel, White navigating...

WHITE
One more block. There!

The NYPD chase rockets through the intersection ahead...

Dryer JUMPS THE CURB, spins them into pursuit...

I/E. DAVID AND IRENE'S SQUAD CAR - MOVING - MORNING

David and Irene zipping through TRAFFIC at breakneck speed --

IRENE
I said left. You never listen--

DAVID
Irene, I've loved you since the
moment I set eyes on you and if you
give me another chance I'll spend
the rest of my life showing you
just how much but for now sit
still, shut up and let me drive.

Irene's speechless as David weaves into ONCOMING TRAFFIC...

INT. TIME WARNER CENTER - LOBBY - MORNING

Ollie crosses the lobby and steps onto the ESCALATOR.

INT. TIME WARNER CENTER - HUGO BOSS STORE - SAME

The clerk smells something odd. Goes to the dressing room.

SNOOTY CLERK
Sir, you can't smoke in the store.
(still nothing)
Sir?

The clerk opens the door. Leonard's gone. And the suit is
ON FIRE, the pack of cigarettes BURNING in its breast pocket.

INT. TIME WARNER CENTER - LOBBY - MORNING

Coop watches Ollie ride the escalator to the mezzanine.

COOP (INTO PHONE)
Doc's on his way. Your move.

Like clockwork the FIRE ALARM RINGS as SPRINKLERS activate.

Chaos as shoppers race for the exits under the downpour...

COOP (CONT'D)
Clever boy.

INT. TIME WARNER CENTER - BEBE - SAME

Andie watches Coop, Vin and the thugs caught in the whirlwind of panicking shoppers. She smiles, turns to go --

Spinning straight into BOB. Not good.

INT. TIME WARNER CENTER - LOBBY - SAME

Vin's still on the phone with Ben.

VIN
(into phone)
Fine. I'll ask him.
(to Coop)
Hey, old man. I got a question for you. You said I got my mother's eyes, right, so this should be easy.
(beat)
What was her name?

COOP
Sorry?

VIN
My mother. What was her name?

ON COOP. Fucked. And he knows it.

THUG (IN JAPANESE)
Boss!

A thug points to the escalator. Ollie's gone.

UP ON THE MEZZANINE

Ben sneaks Ollie to a side stairwell...

BEN
Leonard's waiting downstairs--

OLLIE
Leonard?! What about the police?
The FBI?

BEN
Sorry if the rescue's not living up
to expectations.

OLLIE
It's not even noon and thanks to
you I've already been arrested,
shot at, ambushed --

BEN
Really? You want to do this now?

DOWN IN THE LOBBY

Bob and Andie join Coop, Vin, Sonny and the thugs.

Thugs pull guns on Coop, Bob levels his own gun on Vin.

COOP
Easy boys. What do you say we all
settle this face to face?

He pulls Andie close to his side.

COOP (CONT'D)
Hey Ben! I've got your girl.

BACK WITH BEN AND OLLIE AT THE STAIRWELL

BEN
Get Leonard and get out of here.

ON COOP, his voice echoing through the empty atrium.

COOP
I'm going to count to three, then
I'm gonna put a bullet in her head.
Feel free to stop me anytime. One.
Two. Sorry darling --

BEN (O.S.)
Wait.

Ben appears at the top of the escalator.

INT. TIME WARNER CENTER - WILLIAMS-SONOMA - MORNING

MOVING WITH OLLIE AND LEONARD as they take cover in a MODEL
KITCHEN, peeking around the counter to watch --

Ben with Coop and Vin in the lobby. Guns all around him.

LEONARD
Not sure that's part of the plan.

Ollie looks off to the BACK EXIT and then back to Ben. Decision time. He grabs a CHEF'S KNIFE off the counter.

OLLIE
Okay, Ollie. Time to save the day.

INT. TIME WARNER CENTER - LOBBY - MORNING

Vin's thugs grab Ben. Who steps forward to search him? Sonny. Bruised. Scarred. Alive. Guy's a Terminator.

BEN
Dude, what happened to your face?

Sonny drops Ben to the floor with a fist across the face.

SONNY (IN JAPANESE)
He's clean.

VIN (IN JAPANESE)
Kill them both. The girl too.

OLLIE (O.S.)
Nobody move!

Ollie leaps behind Bob, kitchen knife to his throat.

BEN
Oh God.

OLLIE
Everyone listen up cause I'm only going to say this once! This has been the worst day in the worst week of my life so I swear to God I'm ready to take down every last one of you sons of bitches, starting with this motherfucker right here--

BANG. BANG. Coop fires two shots into Bob's chest. Bob drops to the floor, dead, leaving Ollie totally exposed.

OLLIE (CONT'D)
He... He shot my human shield.

Ollie starts to hyperventilate as Coop turns to Ben.

COOP
Looks like you're out of surprises.

But Ben's smiling. Not at Coop. But right past him to --
DAVID AND IRENE'S SQUAD CAR BLAZING ACROSS COLUMBUS CIRCLE --
Leading an army of law enforcement right to them --

IRENE
Oh look, the parade.

THE SQUAD CAR ROCKETS PAST THE PARADE AND STRAIGHT THROUGH
THE GLASS FACADE --

Ben COVERS Andie and Ollie -- Coop and Vin DIVE for cover --
Three stories of glass EXPLODING over them --
As THE SQUAD CAR CRASHES right into Sonny.

EXT. TIME WARNER CENTER - SAME

SUVS and NYPD CARS slide into a perimeter. AGENTS and COPS
hit the pavement, taking fire from the thugs inside.

INT. TIME WARNER CENTER - LOBBY - MORNING

Absolute chaos. Gunfire flying in all directions.

INSIDE THE SQUAD CAR

David's out cold. Stirs awake behind the air bag. Spots
Sonny pinned between the hood and the wall. Finally dead.

David turns to check on Irene but she's gone.

IN THE LOBBY

Ben's got his hands full, trading blows with two thugs as --
Vin pulls Irene toward the stairs... A HAND grabs his
shoulder. David. He takes Vin down with a solid right hook.

DAVID
Didn't anyone ever teach you not to
touch another man's wife?

ACROSS THE LOBBY Coop grabs Andie as a hostage.

ANDIE
Ben!

Coop meets Ben's eye but then shifts his glance to David, taking Irene in his arms, ready for the big kiss:

DAVID
How's this for spontaneous?

BEN
Dad!

Coop drops David with a single shot and pulls Andie through a back exit, disappearing into the crowded street.

Ben rushes to David's side. Blood everywhere.

DAVID
I seem to be bleeding.

IRENE
(distraught)
Oh, he told you to wait in the car.

BEN
Ollie!

Ollie crouches by David, quickly slips into doctor mode.

OLLIE
I've got him. Go.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE - DAY

Throngs of NEW YORKERS crowd the sidewalk, jostling for the best view of the passing floats and balloons.

Coop presses the gun to Andie's side as they pass some COPS.

COOP
Don't force me to make a mess.

The cops respond to a radio call from their patrol car.

NYPD DISPATCHER (O.S.)
All units be advised...

Ben weaves through the crowd, searching for Coop and Andie.

The cops approach Coop, hands on their weapons.

COP #1
Sir, do you mind stepping over--

Andie pulls away from Coop. He grabs her wrists but she uses the move from the motel, floors him just like Ollie.

Before the cops can even draw their guns Coop's back on his feet, taking them down. The crowd starts to panic.

Ben jumps onto the hood of a cab, pissing off the ANGRY CABBIER. He spots Coop moving through the parade itself.

Ben takes off after him, racing through a band of PILGRIMS...

Pushes through a HIGH SCHOOL MARCHING BAND, losing sight of Coop through all the bodies and instruments...

BEN

Shit.

He makes his way to a TURKEY FLOAT, spots Dryer and AGENTS pushing through the crowd at the intersection ahead when --

COOP dives off the float, tackling Ben to the pavement. Ben watches his gun get kicked away by PASSING PARADE MARCHERS.

Ben knocks away Coop's gun and the two face off hand-to-hand. Each throwing everything he's got. Two pros going at it.

PARADE MEMBERS scatter as Ben and Coop roll --

UNDER THE CHARLIE BROWN BALLOON

The balloon climbs as the HUMAN ANCHORS ditch their posts.

Coop's got Ben pinned, grabs his gun, but Ben grabs his wrist. Coop leans in, working the gun closer to Ben's face. Ben's gun is just out of reach.

ON BEN, looking up at Coop, realizing this might be the end:

BEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Ten years on the job, spent a lot
of time thinking how I'd go out.
Gotta admit staring up at Charlie
Brown never crossed my mind.

COOP

How bout it kid? Any last words?

Ben's eyes light up as he spots the abandoned ANCHOR ROPE dangling just over Coop's shoulder.

BEN (V.O.)

See that look? That's what the
Greeks called an epiphany.

BEN (CONT'D)
Yeah. I quit.

Ben clips the ANCHOR ROPE to Coop's belt -- the balloon JERKS COOP UP. Ben rolls for his gun, Coop raises his and -- BANG! Ben takes Coop down just in the nick of time.

NYPD TEAMS converge on Ben, weapons drawn.

NYPD TEAMS
Drop the gun!

Dryer pushes his way in front of them.

DRYER
It's alright. He's with us.

Exhausted, Ben lets his gun drop to the ground. Collapses.

EXT. TIME WARNER CENTER - COLUMBUS CIRCLE - DAY

EMERGENCY VEHICLES crowd the street, surrounded by hundreds of CURIOUS NEW YORKERS, eager to get a view of the action.

AGENTS escort Vin, cuffed and humbled, to a GOVERNMENT SUV.

As we TRACK ACROSS Patterson briefing the PRESS:

PATTERSON
Thanks to the work of a government asset, working undercover to penetrate the Ajito organization...

WE FIND a BEAUTIFUL PARAMEDIC examining Leonard.

LEONARD
Has anyone ever told you that you look like a young Natalie Wood?

AND FINALLY SETTLE ON Andie and Ben in the back of an ambulance getting fixed up as Dryer argues with White.

WHITE
Immunity? You can't be serious?

DRYER
What do you say we talk about it over dinner?

White fixes on Ben with everything she's got.

WHITE

Any deal's contingent on you giving
me everything you've got.

BEN

Not a problem.

WHITE

My office. 0800. Tomorrow.
(then to Dryer)
I like Thai food.

DRYER

Yes ma'am.

White returns to barking orders at her men.

The crowd parts for David's stretcher, Irene buzzing by its side. Ollie's in doctor mode, briefing the PARAMEDICS.

OLLIE

Breathing's regular. Pulse is
tachycardic to the 120s.

The paramedics get ready to lift David into the ambulance.

DAVID

Oh, here we go. Ben.

David motions Ben to come closer.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You did good, kiddo.

David lays a gentle kiss on Ben's forehead.

PARAMEDIC

Sir.

Ben backs away, eyes moist. CLICK. Irene snaps a photo.

IRENE

You'll thank me later.

A PARAMEDIC blocks Irene from following David's stretcher.

PARAMEDIC

Ma'am, you can ride up front if
you'd like.

IRENE

Dear, if you think you're going to
stop me from riding with my
husband, you're out of your God
damn mind.

Irene smiles, warmly. The paramedic steps aside and Irene takes a seat next to David, lacing her fingers through his.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Wipe that smile off your face.
You're still on the couch.

Irene gives David a kiss as the ambulance doors slam shut.

OLLIE

I'll ride up front, make sure he
doesn't get lost in the shuffle.

BEN

We'll meet you over there.

Ollie jumps in the front and the ambulance takes off.

Andie wraps her arms around Ben and as they start to kiss we CRANE UP, taking stock of the chaos this family has sewn: the sirens, demolished building and a crashed squad car.

ANDIE

So, I was thinking. What are you
guys doing for Christmas?

FADE TO BLACK.