

D|N|G|O|

by

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**FLYNN PICTURE CO.**

"Give me a minute."

- EVERY HUMAN IN THE HISTORY OF EXISTENCE -

**OVER CREDITS WE OPEN ON:**

Sleepy residential street. Dead of night. East LA.

A LONE TOYOTA PRIUS idles outside a tiny rental unit.

UBER STICKER on windshield.

A fast hand tunes the radio. Speakers crackle, heavy chugging rock riff - Sammy Hagar, "I Can't Drive 55". Rebel anthem.

The hand belongs to our driver, VINCE CROWLEY (30s), in a vintage pit crew shirt with patches from bootleg sponsors.

He clips a DIGITAL STOPWATCH to the AC vent.

Beneath it, his phone with rideshare app glowing.

One final thing before he sets off.

Pulls down the sun-visor. A PICTURE taped there:

*Of YOUNGER VINCE competing in an F-list amateur race, on the winner podium, champion, showered in cheap champagne.*

Best day of his life.

Miles away from how he looks today. Scruffy, stuck in a rut. Desperately trying to find his way back into the fast lane.

Vince regards the image, yearning for a second shot at glory.

**DING!** Alert on his phone. Pickup request 8 MINUTES AWAY.

He starts the stopwatch, slams the car in gear and we -

SMASH TO:

**SUNSET BOULEVARD**

Vince dodges traffic - hopscotching between lanes - stopwatch flying past the 5 MINUTE MARK as he clocks a RED LIGHT ahead.

GPS VOICE  
Continue straight.

Vince, chronically impatient, ignores the instruction, cuts hard right - *SCREEEEEEEEEECH!* - and runs into a DUI CHECKPOINT - huge line of cars corralled by cops.

Vince stuck there. Irritated. No way out.

SMASH TO:

**6 MINUTES AND 37 SECONDS LATER**

He skid-stops outside a dive bar. Hits the stopwatch. Over 3 minutes late. Curses under his breath. Hard on himself.

His passenger, a blackout-drunk FRAT BRO stumbles in. Slumps, hiccups, and immediately barfs all over Vince's seats.

**MINUTES LATER**

Vince at a gas station, scooping vomit, wiping slimy residue, buffing seats clean. Lets out a disgruntled sigh when -

*DING!* Another pickup request. 5 MINUTES AWAY.

ON THE UBER APP MAP: Vince checks the suggested route. Shakes head. No good. He finger-traces another route. Muttering road names. Calculating the fastest path. Encyclopedic knowledge of every side street, back alley and shortcut in LA.

SMASH TO:

**4 MINUTES AND 55 SECONDS LATER**

He skids to a halt, hits the stopwatch. 5 seconds early. Little grin. Tiny victory. The thrill of beating time.

FOUR INFLUENCER MODELS pile into the backseat. All of them tequila-topsy, slurring nonsense as they grab Vince's aux-cord and BLAST MUSIC - Spice Girls "Spice Up Your Life".

Vince in hell, but he fakes a smile and DRIVES AHEAD -

SMASH TO:

**A BLITZ OF PASSENGER PICKUPS**

--Horny couple making out in Vince's backseat.  
--Hungry dude spilling Taco Bell everywhere.  
--Woman with a Yorkie yapping at Vince.

He keeps powering through, machinelike, picking up rides.

**HOURS LATER - END CREDITS**

Vince red-eyed, running on fumes now. LOW FUEL ALERT BEEPS. But Vince ignores it as his Uber app *DINGS*. Another pickup.

He pulls over, and an ELITIST STONER hops into the backseat, eyeing the faded sponsorship patches on Vince's pit shirt...

STONER  
You a big NASCAR guy?

VINCE  
... I was a driver.

STONER  
Oh yeah? Like Daytona and shit?

Sore subject for Vince.

VINCE  
Never made it that far. Minor  
leagues mostly. Amateur circuits.  
Dirt rally races.

STONER  
And now you drive Uber?

VINCE  
This is just temporary.

STONER  
Right...

#### **MINUTES LATER**

Stopwatch running - Vince racing against the clock - cutting through a parking lot - under a building to the next street - and stopping at the dropoff pin - smirking at his stats...

VINCE  
I saved you a minute.

STONER  
(unimpressed)  
Cool, man. Thanks...

Stoner gets out... as a calendar reminder chimes on Vince's phone. ON SCREEN: "PICKUP MEG FOR LAX FLIGHT HOME"

Checks himself in the mirror. Smooths messy hair. Pops two sticks of gum. And whips u-turn - *SCREEEEECH!* - halfway across the median when - *derrrrrrrp* - his engine dies.

Gas gauge on EMPTY. Vince clams up, pure panic.

VINCE  
No-no-NO!

He punches the ignition button repeatedly.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Don't do this to me!

But his car is dead. And now other drivers are HONKING MADLY because he's partially blocking both lanes.

He Google-searches the nearest gas station, ONE MILE AWAY.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Crap.

Leaps out, on foot - *BEEEEEP!* - as a car nearly flattens him.

He starts running - dialing Meg mid-sprint, she picks up -

VINCE (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Babe, don't kill me, I'm gonna be a little late to pick you up but I'll make up time on the way to LAX.

MEG (V.O.)  
(over phone, annoyed)  
You're kidding, right?... Please tell me you're kidding.

VINCE  
No biggie, just a minor delay-

MEG (V.O.)  
I told you I'd just order another ride if you couldn't make it-

VINCE  
I'm gonna make it. I swear. When have I ever let you down?

MEG (V.O.)  
Is that a rhetorical question or should I list every instance? Also, why do you sound out-of-breath?

VINCE  
I'll explain when I get you. Be right there!

#### **MINUTES LATER - RAPID SHOTS OF VINCE**

--At a gas station, sucking wind, Vince buys an empty gas can and a sad bouquet of wilting flowers at the register.

--Outside, he jams a fuel nozzle into the can, fills up slowly.

VINCE  
C'mon faster!

--Back at his car, Vince dumps fuel in tank, speeds off.

--Finally arriving at a condo where his longtime girlfriend, MEG (20s) stands next to her luggage, looking stressed, and disappointed in Vince as he hops out, gives a quick kiss -

MEG  
All I asked was for you to show up  
on time. You know how stressed I  
get about flying.

VINCE  
I know, I'm sorry. Won't happen  
again. I promise.

He hands her the wilted bouquet. She scowls as if he's pulled this maneuver a gazillion times and she keeps falling for it.

**MINUTES LATER**

Vince is bombing down the 405 freeway, until he brakes behind a wall of road construction traffic. Meg next to him, eyeing the clock, fidgeting, more annoyed with each passing second.

Vince recklessly jerks across four lanes -

MEG  
Can you just pick a lane, please?

VINCE  
I'm trying to find the fastest one.

MEG  
Yeah but every time you switch it  
slows down, so maybe rethink your  
strategy?

Vince isn't listening, can't help himself, sees an opening, and veers into the BREAKDOWN LANE - accelerating FAST!

MEG (CONT'D)  
What're you doing?!

VINCE  
Taking a shortcut.

MEG  
Vince, no-

VINCE  
This'll work, trust me.

MEG  
That's not the point. You're  
breaking the law.

VINCE  
It's like a \$300 ticket, I'll eat  
the cost if I get caught.

Meg unbuckles suddenly, grabs the doorknob.

MEG  
Stop the car.

VINCE  
What?

MEG  
Pull over NOW or I'll jump out.

VINCE  
Are you crazy?! Put on your belt!

MEG  
I'm not gonna sit here and close my  
eyes while you do this again.

VINCE  
I'm literally just trying to get  
you to the airport on time-

MEG  
(blows up)  
We should've been there an hour  
ago! But you took a shortcut. Or a  
wrong turn. Or whatever. And now  
you're fixing one mistake by making  
another, and I'm not gonna be your  
accomplice anymore!

Vince concedes, cutting back into traffic to appease Meg. But  
she's still heated, venting years of pent-up frustration -

MEG (CONT'D)  
Put yourself in my shoes. I've  
stuck by you through two years of  
hell. Supported you when no one  
else would. Begged you to change,  
mature, evolve, but you're the same  
burnout race car driver turned  
getaway driver, just with an Uber  
sticker on your windshield now.

VINCE

Okay. I hear you... And I get that maybe it seems like I'm being reckless, but I do have a plan.

(off look)

When I drive, every pickup, I'm clocking myself. I know it's not technically "training" but I'm trying to get back on track.

MEG

Back on track FOR WHAT?

VINCE

To race again.

MEG

You're serious about this?

VINCE

Yeah. Why not.

MEG

Cuz you aren't a kid staring up at a Dale Earnhardt poster above your bed. No one's giving you a second chance at your NASCAR pipe dream. You had your shot and you screwed it up. Now grow up and get over it.

Vince gives a half-nod, listening to Meg but not really "hearing" her, like he's agreeing just to avoid more arguing.

**EXT. LAX - DEPARTURES TERMINAL - MINUTES LATER**

Vince parks curbside at LAX, hops out, helping Meg with her bags, but she's giving him the cold shoulder...

VINCE

Hey, can we just talk a sec-

MEG

I'm already late to my gate. And I think we should take a break. Okay? Don't worry about picking me up.

Vince starts to protest, but Meg is already gone...

Adding insult to injury, he spots a HAPPY COUPLE nearby, sharing a sweet kiss. All over each other. Madly in love.

Vince's sad puppy eyes longing for that type of affection. Deep down, this is all he wants, but he always screws it up.

MAN (O.S.)  
 (mild RUSSIAN ACCENT)  
 You a driver?

Behind him, a MAN hurries out of the airport carrying only a LOCKED BRIEFCASE. Hat tilted low. Dark coat. Ultra incognito. This is GENE (60s). Beelining for Vince, who instructs -

VINCE  
 Yeah, but you gotta use the app-

GENE  
 I don't care. Just take me.

Gene peels hundreds off a cash clip... And now Vince shrugs -

VINCE  
 Get in.

**INT. TOYOTA PRIUS - SECONDS LATER**

Vince aggressively cuts through airport traffic. Heated from his breakup with Meg. Wrenching the wheel like he's trying to wrestle control of his life but can't pick the right lane.

VINCE  
 Where to?

GENE  
 Just drive. Backroads only. No  
 freeways. Make as many turns as you  
 can without driving in a circle.

Odd request. Vince eyes Gene in the mirror.

VINCE  
 You in some kind of trouble?

GENE  
 It's probably best we don't talk.

Gene fidgets. He doesn't look like a criminal. He's hunger-strike-skinny. Pasty skin that hasn't seen the sun in months. The kind of friendly face you'd see in a teacher or doctor, not a guy on-the-run. But right now he's obviously SPOOKED.

VINCE  
 I'm not trying to be all up in your  
 business, but I've got a record. I  
 know the drill. So if you're trying  
 to ghost someone, it'll be easier  
 if you tell me what to lookout for  
 so I can steer clear.

No response. Gene is too busy clocking cars, traffic cops, vagrants, pedestrians - all potential threats in Gene's eyes.

He rolls up his sleeve, revealing a **STRANGE WRISTWATCH-TYPE DEVICE**. Encased in sleek black alloy. Strapped so tight it seems fused to his flesh. No traditional clock-face, just a touchscreen with a digital timer set for **1:00** (one minute).

On the band is a RED BUTTON where Gene carefully rests his index finger like a sniper readying to a pull a trigger...

VINCE (CONT'D)  
You wanna keep joyriding all  
morning be my guest, but it's gonna  
cost you that whole cash roll-

*SCREEEEEEEEEECH!* Behind them, a supercharged DODGE DURANGO SUV whips through the red light, riding hot on their tail.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
The hell is that?!!

GENE  
DRIVE FASTER!

VINCE  
No way, man. I'm not road-raging  
with whatever problems you got.

*WHAAAAAAAAAM!* The Dodge smashes into Vince's rear bumper!

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Sonuvabitch!

*WHAAAAAAAAAAAM!* The Dodge whacks Vince again, hacking his fender half-off, throwing sparks as it scrapes the road.

Sending Vince into a RAGE MELTDOWN.

He wheel-whips into the Dodge - *CRAAAACK!* And screams at THE DRIVER, unseen behind dark-tinted windows -

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Come at me again, I DARE YOU!!

On cue, Dodge windows roll down, and out poke the black tips of silenced AR-15 RIFLES. Gene ducks low as -

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Oh shit-

*BAMBAMBAM!* Shots blast the Prius - and Vince swerves away -

**AS A BULLET RIPS THROUGH HIS NECK!** Vince cups the wound and releases the wheel - careening into a curb and -

LAUNCHING AIRBORNE! SLAMMING INTO A STREET LAMP!!!

Engine smoking. Gas leaking. About to explode as -

Vince gasps last breaths while -

Gene squirms, mangled from the crash, shoulder badly dislocated, in agonizing pain as he strains to reach -

His wrist... THE WATCH. Fingers stretch for that RED BUTTON.

As fire spreads fast. And footsteps echo outside. Through the window, we see **SHADY GUNMEN** unload from the Dodge.

Rushing for Gene as THE ENGINE IGNITES!

And Gene finally JABS THE RED BUTTON ON THE WATCH -

Digital timer reverses 60 seconds in a blink while -

The world around Gene collapses into a WORMHOLE!

Radical quantum distortions radiating from the watch - slingshotting Gene through a time tunnel as *KABOOOOOOOOOOOM!*

Fire engulfs everything a nanosecond before we -

SMASH TO:

### **EXACTLY ONE MINUTE EARLIER**

The Dodge bangs into Vince's car, hacking off his fender. Vince is about to fight back when -

GENE  
Don't! They have GUNS!

VINCE  
How do you know that?!!

GENE  
Trust me! Get us out of range!

Gene's earnest eyes plead with Vince, and he stomps the gas, pulling rubber-burning turns, trying to shake the Dodge -

VINCE  
You gonna tell me who the hell's after you?!

Gene eyes THE WATCH - timer counting down from 5 minutes now.

GENE  
Just keep us alive for the next 5 minutes!

VINCE  
What happens in 5 minutes?!

GENE  
That's how long it takes to recharge!

VINCE  
Recharge WHAT!?

*BAMBAMBAM!* Shots shatter the back window - raking Gene! He doubles over. Punctured lungs wheezing. He'll be dead in a minute. Checks the watch. 4:02, counting down. Not enough time for him. His face sinks in desperation -

GENE  
Give me your wrist!

VINCE  
What?!

GENE  
YOUR WRIST! NOW!

Vince is just now noticing that Gene is mortally wounded.

VINCE  
Oh shit, dude. Just hang on! I'll get you to a hospital-

GENE  
There's no time.

Gene, fading fast, types a code onto the watch's touchscreen and THE BAND UNLOCKS, off his wrist - revealing an INNER LOOP OF NEURAL NEEDLES THAT LOOK LIKE THE JAWS OF A PIRANHA.

*BAMBAMBAM!* Gunfire getting closer as Vince swerves -

Gene rips off the watch and SLAPS IT ON VINCE! Needles sink into Vince as the band auto-tightens, locking on his wrist.

VINCE  
The hell're you doing?!!

Vince yanks at the watch -

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Get this goddamn thing off me!

GENE  
There are instructions in my  
briefcase. Find... Anna.  
(hacks up blood)  
Tell her... I'm sorry... I  
couldn't... fix her.

Gene slumps, gone.

VINCE  
Hey! Buddy, just stay with me a few  
more minutes, keep your eyes open!

But it's too late. Vince stares at the dead stranger while -

*BAMBAMBAM!* The Dodge hounds Vince, no escape from it  
unless... Vince spots a Hail Mary getaway route -

*VROOOOOOM!* He floors it toward the 405 freeway and -

Slants dead left onto the WRONG WAY OFF-RAMP!

A centipede of cars coming right at Vince as he hugs the  
guardrail - scraping the hell out of his Prius while -

Dodge follows, into the narrow gap between oncoming traffic -

*THWAAAAACK!* Getting clipped HARD, then t-boned as cars  
accordion onto each other, clogging the ramp.

Vince peeps the wreck in his rearview and squeals a sharp  
turn on the freeway, full-throttle, jetting into the dark...

**INT. ATTICA CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - NEW YORK - MORNING**

Barbells clatter on weight racks.

Guttural, primal grunting of inmates pumping iron in a PRISON  
YARD. Hardcore felons with nothing but TIME on their hands...

Up high on a bench, we find a LONE MAN brooding, as if he's  
the king of this savage jungle.

He's shirtless. Steroid muscles scrawled with crude tattoos.  
A hit list of NAMES inked on his chest - everyone who's ever  
wronged him - waiting to be X'd off once they're dead.

This is HARVEY PIKE (40s).

He has the entitled look of an ex-Wall Street bro turned mugshot maniac. Like Dan Bilzerian if he could actually beat the shit out of you.

A PRISON GUARD strolls up to him -

GUARD  
It's your time, Pike.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Pike marches toward the CHECKOUT CAGE, passing ANOTHER GUARD -

OTHER GUARD  
Yo Gordon Gekko. Any stock tips?

PIKE  
Don't get caught insider trading,  
and if you do, don't just threaten  
the guy prosecuting you, kill him.

Pike winks, but his expression reads dead serious - as he continues to the desk where a CLERK delivers his possessions.

AMEX Black Card. Audemars wristwatch. Crumpled Armani suit.

As he fits the band over his wrist, we notice a tattooed inscription there - *TEMPUS EDAX RERUM*. Clerk scowls at it -

CLERK  
Tempus Edax Rerum?

PIKE  
(translates)  
*Time, devourer of all things.*

**INT. CHANGING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Pike changes, squeezing into the Armani suit that used to fit him. Muscles bulge through fabric. Neck so thick he can't button the shirt collar. And it's clear Pike has transformed himself during incarceration, became a new breed of beast.

**EXT. ATTICA CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - NEW YORK - MORNING**

*BZZZZZZZT!* Outer gates whine open, with Pike striding through. Inhaling the crisp New York air. Sweet taste of freedom after many winters in captivity.

Waiting for him is his top lieutenant, SHANE (40s). Standing by a Rolls-Royce Cullinan SUV. A troubled look on his face...

He hands Pike a BLACK POUCH and a fresh change of clothes.

SHANE

Sorry to jam you right away, but we have a problem that needs handling.  
(off look)

It's Gene Reznick... He found where we stashed THE DEVICE. Two days ago he burnt down the lab and took it.

Pike's mood sours, volcanic rage burning in his eyes.

PIKE

You told me he wouldn't be a problem anymore.

SHANE

He hadn't surfaced since you went in, so we thought he'd gone underground for good... But we picked up his trail in Los Angeles.

PIKE

He's there now?

SHANE

We have a team already on the ground and a jet ready to take you.

PIKE

Have they made contact yet?

SHANE

Once. Near the airport. He had a driver with him. Our guys took out Reznick, but the driver used the device to evade us.

Pike nods with grim resolve, ready to go on the hunt.

PIKE

Get me there now.

#### **EXT. BOYLE HEIGHTS - EARLY MORNING**

Back in LA - skyline lacquered in dim blue dawn as Vince zips past a row of graffitied single-deckers with barred windows.

Turning into a driveway with a THICK IRON GATE. Security cams. Motion sensor spotlight. Vince taps the CALLBOX... It rings forever. No pickup. He punches it again... then -

BENJI (V.O.)  
 (ready to murder)  
 Ring my shit again and I'm gonna  
 take your whole hand-

VINCE  
 Benji, it's me. Vince.

Vince angles his face toward the security cams.

BENJI  
 The hell, V - you know I don't do  
 walk-ins.

VINCE  
 And I don't mean to bring heat to  
 your door, but I got nowhere else-

BENJI  
 This ain't a goddamn safe house.

VINCE  
 I know. And I'm sorry-

BENJI  
 Just shuddup... How clean are you?

VINCE  
 A few miles at least. Lost my tail  
 near Inglewood.

BENJI  
 Cops?

VINCE  
 No. Shooters. Gang maybe. No one  
 I've ever seen before.

Painstaking silence... then BUZZZZZZ... the GATE OPENS.

And Vince drives his shot-up Prius onto the property, which  
 is much more expansive than it looks from the street view.

A GIANT GARAGE now opening to reveal a fleet of tricked-out  
 cars. LAMBO. FERRARI. PORSCHE. Vince pulls in, parks.

Met by BENJI ALVAREZ (40s). In a black jaguar kimono robe.  
 Buzzed head. MMA ripped. Could be Conor McGregor's crazier  
 Latino cousin. A career criminal who's skirted jail by cherry-  
 picking the best jobs with rockstar crews. He's a shining  
 example of how "shortcuts" get you ahead in life.

He waves a chrome glock at Vince like this is his standard  
 greeting for all guests.

BENJI

I make a Top 10 List of the last  
assholes I wanna see buzzin' my  
gate in the dead of night and I'm  
puttin' you at Number 1.

Vince grins, used to Benji's shit-talking. *They go WAY BACK.*

VINCE

Amount of money I've made you,  
might wanna rethink that list.

BENJI

"Made." Past tense. My biz is  
*what've you done for me lately.*  
(peeps Vince's Prius)  
Other than bringing your shot-up  
piece of shit onto my property. Who  
the hell'd you piss off now?

VINCE

Wasn't me they were after. The body  
in the backseat. They wanted him.

Benji scopes Gene's bloody body -

BENJI

He a friend?

VINCE

He's nobody. Just a random pickup.

BENJI

What'd I say when you got paroled?

VINCE

"Next time don't get caught."

BENJI

I said you'd be safer doing jobs  
for me than driving Uber. And was I  
right or WAS I RIGHT?

VINCE

Fine, yes, just shut the garage  
already. I get spotted anywhere  
near you and my PO's putting me  
right back on the chopping block.

BENJI

Oh, so this is one of those nobody-  
needs-to-know booty calls? So who's  
getting screwed? Me or you?

An irritated Benji leads Vince inside his home -

**INT. BENJI'S HOME - SAME**

The interior is pristine. Spotless. Deluxe decor. Pimp pad. DJ booth and dance floor in the living room. Stonehenge sized speakers. It's clear this dude likes to party. Lives large.

BENJI (CONT'D)

Making your ride disappear AND a body, that's no small request. And I don't remember you having any favor credits with me.

VINCE

What about doing time while keeping my mouth shut?

BENJI

You hadn't, we'd be having a very different conversation right now.

Benji moves behind his heavily stocked bar where dozens of Dom and 1942 bottles are lined up alongside ice buckets.

VINCE

You throwing a party?

Benji pours two tequila neats -

BENJI

Camilla's flying in from Bogota with thirty bridesmaids. Throwing down for our engagement. Friends and family. Strictly VIP.

(being a dick)

You know Camilla, right? My fiancé. From Columbia. Oh no, wait, you stopped returning my calls.

VINCE

Meg made me cut off contact. Only way she'd stay after I got pinched.

BENJI

Where's she now when you need her?

(easing off)

I'm messing you. I get it. No hard feelings. You should stay the night, celebrate with us.

He hands Vince a glass, toasts -

BENJI (CONT'D)  
For old times.

They drink, and Benji smirks, always playing an angle...

BENJI (CONT'D)  
I know you made clear you're  
"retired", and I respect that...  
but I got an opportunity today-

VINCE  
I'm gonna stop you right there-

BENJI  
Just hear me out-

VINCE  
Wasting your breath. I'm done.

BENJI  
Right. Of course. This is just a  
one-night-stand. Hit it and quit  
it. No strings attached... Gimme a  
few hours driving and we're even.  
(playing hardball)  
Or... I send you back out in broad  
daylight, and you see how far you  
make it in that shitbox car before  
LAPD's on your ass.

Benji deadpans, knowing he's got Vince on the hook...

VINCE  
(grudgingly)  
... I'm listening...

BENJI  
I got a new wheelman poppin' his  
cherry on a job that could use  
someone of your talents.

VINCE  
What's the job?

BENJI  
Money truck. Inside man. Piece of  
cake. You could do it blindfolded.

Vince's mind racing for a way out of this, for a compromise,  
but he can see in Benji's eyes that there's no wiggle room...

VINCE  
I'd need to scope the location  
first.

BENJI

Of course. I got it all mapped out.

VINCE

No offense, but you're not the one at the wheel. You want me driving, I'm picking the route in-and-out.

(Benji nods, fair)

And one more condition... you dig up everything you can find on the guy in my car. I wanna know who he is and who was after him.

BENJI

You want payback?

VINCE

... Just peace of mind.

BENJI

(nods, no problem)

Gimme an hour. You can cleanup in the spare upstairs.

**INT. BENJI'S HOME - SPARE BATHROOM - MORNING**

Shower. Steam. Vince strips in front of the bathroom mirror.

Pain tingles from the STRANGE WATCH on his wrist.

He examines it up-close... no latch or clasp or obvious way to unlock it. On the touchscreen, a timer displays 1:00. Vince swipes right, and a DIGITAL KEYPAD pops up.

He tries random number combos. But no luck. Then tries ripping at the band, but it's made of a ruggedized material.

He opens drawers. Finds SCISSORS. Wedges a blade between his skin and the band. Hoping to cut the damn thing off.

Blood trickling out. Blade barely penetrating.

Maybe lubrication will help. Jumps in the shower. Jamming the scissors harder. But the band is too tight and -

*THWIP!* Blade slips, slicing his wrist, blood gushing. Vince clamps the wound, compressing the RED BUTTON ON THE WATCH, and turning for the sink, feet slipping, FALLING BACKWARD!

Mid-air as TIME SYRUPS - steam enveloping Vince in a hazy cocoon, as BANDS OF ENERGY RIPPLE FROM THE WATCH!

Collapsing all physical matter to a tubular vortex while -

Vince falls to the floor, skull about to shatter as -

SMASH TO:

**ONE MINUTE EARLIER**

Vince in front of the mirror again. Blinks. Fuzzy headed. **How'd he get back here?** Deja vu. Or insomnia. Mind playing tricks. He shakes off that tingly sensation.

**INT. DARK ROOM - DAY**

Vince, showered and changed, strolls into a room filled with CPU monitors running automated programs that track news feeds, social media, police scanners, dark web chat rooms.

This is the nerve center of Benji's operation. His "office." Right now he's trying (unsuccessfully) to pry open GENE'S BRIEFCASE with a lockpick, working up a fierce sweat -

BENJI

Gene didn't happen to mention the lock combo to his briefcase?

VINCE

Who?

BENJI

Gene Reznick. Your passenger.

Benji points at a thumbprint scanner where GENE'S CHOPPED OFF HAND rests. His digital records fanned out on a screen above.

VINCE

You cut off his hand?!

BENJI

What? He's not gonna need it.

Benji gives up on picking the lock, shakes the briefcase -

VINCE

Too light to be cash. Maybe bearer bonds. Or diamonds. Sumthin' valuable with a lock this hi-tech.

He starts bashing it with a hammer while Vince's CELL PHONE RINGS... He checks the caller ID: *JAY WALSH, PAROLE OFFICER.*

VINCE (CONT'D)

Shit.

BENJI

What?

VINCE

Just my PO being a pain in the ass.

Vince silences the call and moves to the monitor with GENE'S HACKED DOSSIER - snapshots of his entire life on display...

VINCE (CONT'D)

How'd you get all this?

BENJI

I can get anything on anyone. And this Gene guy wasn't some unlucky schmuck who caught a bullet.

VINCE

(reading the screen)

Naturalized Russian immigrant, graduated Stanford with a Masters in Quantum Engineering-

BENJI

Skip forward to the part where he's a free agent burning bridges with every Fed defense shop: Boeing, Lockheed, Raytheon. Dude switched teams more times than LeBron.

Vince fast-scrolling through the dossier, stopping at an ARREST WARRANT AND MUGSHOT FOR GENE.

VINCE

And then he gets arrested?

BENJI

For security breach. He gets outed as a KGB sleeper agent smuggling tech back to the Motherland. But none of it sticks.

Vince scrolls down to PHOTOS OF GENE'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

BENJI (CONT'D)

And here's the good news: officially, he's already dead. Got killed in a car wreck a decade ago.

VINCE

Which we know is bogus, so what if this whole report is fake?

BENJI

Who cares. He's some nobody you knew for five minutes.

VINCE

Cuz the shooters that were after him might come after me.

BENJI

For the briefcase? Better not be a tracker in this thing.

As Benji continues to hammer the case, Vince clicks on an OLD POLICE INCIDENT REPORT... and we zoom in on KEY PHRASES:

*FATAL CAR CRASH - GENE REZNICK DECEASED - LAUREL REZNICK DECEASED - ANNA REZNICK CRITICAL CONDITION.*

Vince clicks a hyperlink for ANNA REZNICK that pulls up her hacked credit history, address, medical records. X-RAY IMAGES from a brain trauma unit, showing titanium plates holding her skull together... Vince jots her address on a sticky note.

BENJI (CONT'D)

You taking notes?

VINCE

Last thing he said to me: "find Anna." I think that's his daughter.

BENJI

You gonna give her a recap on how her daddy died on an Uber ride? I'm sure that'll go over well.

VINCE

Just trying to do what's right.

BENJI

Worry about what's right by you, forget everyone else.

(ditches the briefcase)

Now let's go make some real money.

**INT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE DTLA - DAY**

Derelict warehouse. Windows boarded. A secret staging area for Benji's crew. We pan across a big table with a buffet of guns, gloves, masks, C4 charges, and a ROADMAP with a Hot Wheels mini armored truck placed on a route marked in red.

Two gnarly dudes, DEZ (30s) and RUBY (40s) zip into dark grey jumpsuits. Both have the hardcore look of elite thieves, but also a fun-loving *Point Break* swagger about them.

Next to them is JOE (20s). New guy. Aryan ink. Rarely speaks.

A FORD ECONOLINE VAN revs into the warehouse, parks, VINCE and BENJI exiting, meeting up with their team -

BENJI

Heads-up, we got a special guest.

Dez and Ruby do double-takes, giddy at the sight of Vince -

DEZ

Oh hell naw... That must be a ghost cuz last I heard Mr. In-VINCE-ible walked away from the game for good.

VINCE

Just back for a one job cameo.

Vince bro-hugs Dez and Ruby while Benji zips into a jumpsuit.

RUBY

What happened to "never again?"

VINCE

Apparently I'm not a man of my word.

DEZ

None of us are. We steal shit for a living. We're all scumbags.

BENJI

I never stole a cent from anyone who needed it. We rob the rich. No exceptions. Period.

RUBY

Benji got us all thinking we're Robin Hood when we're really "hood robbin'".

Benji tosses a jumpsuit and a GUN to Vince - as Dez gives Vince a hype intro to the mute new guy, Joe -

DEZ

You're in the presence of a legend. Best wheelman to ever do it. Number of times he's left LAPD choking on fumes I lost count.

BENJI

Would'a kept that streak alive, but  
he got impatient, cheated on us  
with another crew for a bigger cut.

RUBY

He got catfished.

From the table, Benji double-checks guns, ammo, explosives.

DEZ

What was her name? Sally? Stacey?

RUBY

Hottest undercover cop I've ever  
seen.

BENJI

Forget her, focus on today.

Benji waves everyone to the MAP. Catching Vince up-to-speed -

BENJI (CONT'D)

We got a cannabis cash truck making  
its last stop at a dispensary in  
Little Armenia. Plan is we hit the  
hopper right after he dumps his  
final pickup. And we own the driver  
so he'll sit tight while we empty  
the back. But he's gotta call it in  
to keep clean.

VINCE

What's the response time?

BENJI

Three minutes from the nearest  
station. I want us gone in half  
that time.

VINCE

Who's the connect with the driver?

BENJI

Friend-of-a-friend. All anonymous.  
He doesn't know us, and we don't  
know him. That way he can play dumb  
when the heat turns up on him.

Vince studies the map, scrutinizing the planned route...

VINCE

You wanna dump the van and swap out  
at the garage here, on Pico?

BENJI

Right.

VINCE

Then why are you taking the parade route?

BENJI

Cuz it's two turns and a straight shot.

VINCE

Actually it's three stoplights and a bottleneck of roadwork traffic.

BENJI

I drove it myself yesterday, there's no construction-

VINCE

I passed this area last night and I saw hardhats dropping cones. We go your way we're either jumping a curb or spinning-out in wet cement.

Vince grabs a marker and redraws the route to his liking.

VINCE (CONT'D)

My way has more turns but no bad intersections and no lane closures.

A beat before Benji grins, glad to have Vince back.

VINCE (CONT'D)

That's why you're my guy.

#### **EXT. LITTLE ARMENIA - DAY**

Armenian graffiti murals are splashed across the exterior of the CanaMaster dispensary. A green pot leaf flickers on a neon sign out front. Quiet street. Minimal foot traffic.

An ARMORED CASH TRUCK idles at the curb while our guys, in their FORD VAN, are parked a block away, scoping the scene...

#### **INT. FORD VAN - SAME**

Vince at the wheel. Benji next to him. Ruby, Dez, Joe in back. All donning Dia De Los Muertos skull masks. Vince's sharp eyes survey the surrounding area, suspicious...

VINCE

It always this quiet here?

BENJI

At this hour, yeah. Why?

VINCE

How long'd you scout this job?

BENJI

Over a month... Same as always.

(off Vince's look)

You think it's sideways?

DEZ

He's just gunshy from getting  
burned on his last drive.

RUBY

Been a long layoff, Vinny. You sure  
you're up for this?

Vince shakes off that paranoid feeling.

VINCE

Yeah. I'm good.

Up ahead, THE HOPPER (40s) exits the dispensary, rolling a cash box on a dolly toward the truck.

BENJI

Here we go. Roll by, slow.

Vince taps gas, cruising toward the Hopper... who opens the truck's back hatch, about to load the cash box when -

*SCREEEEECH!* Our guys launch out the van, guns on the Hopper.

BENJI (CONT'D)

Down on your face NOW!

He drops right away, terrified as Dez and Ruby slap C4 CHARGES on the truck's bulletproof tires and -

DEZ

CLEAR!

Benji hits a detonator - *KAPOW!* - exploding tires! The truck flops on its undercarriage, as the DRIVER calls in the heist -

BENJI

Three minutes! GO, GO, GO!

Our guys move double-time to haul cash boxes from the cargo hold - as Vince opens the back of the van, and -

JOE, the new guy, spots something odd about THE DRIVER - hand-signaling someone at a NEARBY STOREFRONT. Joe looking that way, catching the glint of a rifle scope in a window as -

DRIVER  
DROP YOUR GUNS!

DRIVER jumps out of the truck with a shotgun - and Joe turns to shoot but - *BAM!* - Driver puts a hole in his head - as everyone else FREEZES, blindsided at gunpoint -

BENJI  
The hell're you doing?!

DRIVER  
LAPD! Get on your knees! Hands behind your heads! All of you!

*WHAAM!* A hidden **SWAT TEAM** suddenly floods out of the nearby storefront - providing a split-second distraction for -

Benji to quickdraw, trying to blast Driver but -

*BAM!* Driver shoots first, downing Benji - as Dez and Ruby reach for guns but - *BAMBAM!* - Driver wastes them too.

Then aims at Vince, last man standing.

SWAT swarming on all sides. COP CARS blazing onto the scene.

Vince caught in this shitstorm. His friends dead at his feet. His life fucked in a blink. As Driver holds him at gunpoint -

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
Hands where I can see 'em!

Vince reflexively looks at his hands, a tingle on his wrist where **THE WATCH** is strapped. That RED BUTTON calling out to him like an emergency eject option. But all Driver sees is Vince's eyes drifting toward the GUN in his waistband.

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
Don't even think about it.

SWAT and COPS converge on Vince, seconds from mauling him.

Vince sweating his next move.

Point of no return. *Or maybe THERE IS A WAY TO RETURN...*  
**Vince swats the WATCH!** As Driver squeezes the trigger - bullet flying just as Vince compresses the RED BUTTON and -

TIME GRINDS TO SLOW MOTION...

*Like the gears of reality just hit a snag.*

The bullet spinning lazily at Vince as the cop cars and SWAT agents blur - their atomic integrity disintegrating while -

TENATACLES OF QUANTUM ENERGY COIL AROUND VINCE AND WE -

SMASH TO:

**ONE MINUTE EARLIER**

*KAPOW!* Truck tires explode as Benji hits the detonator.

BENJI

Three minutes! GO, GO, GO!

Our guys unload cash boxes. The same as before, except...

VINCE dawdles by the van, blinking, disoriented from the whiplash of being spun back a minute into the past. Eyes crystallizing with clarity and he YELLS AT EVERYONE -

VINCE

GET BACK IN THE VAN!

BENJI

The hell're you doing?!

VINCE

The driver's a cop!

BENJI

We don't have time for this shit-

VINCE

In sixty seconds he's gonna shoot all of you, and a SWAT team's gonna bust out of that storefront.

They all glance in bewilderment at the storefront.

BENJI

How could you possibly know that?

VINCE

Trust me. We're burned. We gotta get out NOW!

The UNDERCOVER TRUCK DRIVER jumps out -

DRIVER  
DROP YOU GUNS!

- but this time Benji is ready and *BAM!* - drops the Driver -  
As - *WHAM!!!* The SWAT TEAM charges out of the storefront -  
headhunting our guys - shooting Joe - while everyone else -  
Dives inside the van and - *VRooooom!* - Vince punches the gas -

**INT. FORD ECONOLINE VAN - SAME**

- slicing onto a side street with COP CARS blitzing behind -  
Vince in his element now - supreme focus - pure precision -  
Redlining max RPMs - every turn a work of art.  
Eyes calculating ten moves ahead. Cops barely keeping up.  
As Vince cranks a hairpin turn - onto an UNDERPASS beneath  
the 101 freeway - snaking through Tetris traffic and -  
Using the cars as camouflage until he peels off into an  
alley, looping around the back entrance to -

**THE PICO GARAGE**

Up the ramp to a middle level where SWAP CARS await. Our guys  
shuck off their disguises. Dousing the discarded rubber  
apparel in gasoline from a jug. As Benji turns to Vince -

BENJI  
How'd you know it was a setup?

VINCE  
(stutters, unsure)  
... It's hard to explain-

BENJI  
We go almost two years with no  
trouble, and then the second you're  
back we got SWAT all over us?

VINCE  
If I was gonna sell you out I'd  
have done it at the start of my  
sentence, not now.

BENJI  
So you were just playing a hunch?

VINCE  
No... I saw it happen.

BENJI  
You "saw it?"

VINCE  
Or lived it, I guess...  
(struggling to explain)  
I know this sounds impossible, but  
I think I went back a minute.

BENJI  
... Went back how?

VINCE  
In time.

The guys scowl at Vince like he's batshit crazy.

BENJI  
You're saying you time traveled?...

VINCE  
Just for sixty seconds. This watch-  
(nods at THE WATCH)  
-I think it's some kind of mini  
time machine. And when I press the  
red button it rewinds me a minute.

BENJI  
So prove it. Do it again right now.

VINCE  
Thing is, I think it only works for  
me. You guys won't remember.

DEZ  
That's convenient.

BENJI  
Then put it on me, let me do it.

VINCE  
I've tried taking it off, but it's  
locked. And I don't know the code.

BENJI  
Well who does?

VINCE  
The dead guy. My passenger. Gene.  
He had it on him, and the guys who  
shot him must've been after it.

SIRENS WAIL NEARBY - cops circling close.

RUBY

Be bad we stay here much longer.

DEZ

He's right. We're out clean. Eat the loss, move onto the next job.

Benji glares at Vince, suspicious...

BENJI

I don't know what's up with you... Cops get the jump on you once, it happens. Twice in a row. Nah. That's not bad luck, that's a curse. And I can't have it around. So you need to get lost. Don't come near me, my house or my guys.

VINCE

Benji c'mon-

BENJI

I'm not playing, Vince.

Benji grips his gun, threatening violence... and Vince backs down, shuts up... as Benji chuck's KEYS for his swap out car.

BENJI (CONT'D)

Don't let me see you again.

Nothing Vince can say to exonerate himself so he walks away.

As the guys gather what little cash they stole, and set a C4 charge on a timer inside the van to destroy all evidence.

Vince uses the key FOB to locate his swap car - a used TOYOTA COROLLA with faded blue paint and dirty windows.

#### **EXT. PICO GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

He cruises out of the garage, passing an army of cop cars heading the opposite direction, watching them shrink in the rearview until there's nothing left but empty horizon...

#### **INT. HOTEL SUITE - DTLA - DAY**

**TIGHT SHOTS:** of CPU hardware being stacked on erectable desks. Server racks buzz. Satellite routers light up.

Fast hands plugging webs of cables into the machinery. As PLASMA MONITORS glow in the DARK HOTEL SUITE.

Where a **DOZEN OPERATIVES** setup makeshift BATTLE STATIONS. All of them have the shadowy look of ex-military freelancers.

*WHAM!* Through the door, **PIKE** enters. SHANE right behind him. Everyone tensing in Pike's presence. Pike barking at them -

PIKE

Let's go - I need updates NOW.  
Everything we have on our target.

Nearby, a young gunman, FOX (20s) sparks a cigarette - right next to a TITANIUM BOX DEVICE that looks like a Geiger counter mated with the DeLorean interface from Back To The Future. Ultra sensitive radiation meters are inlaid below digital numeric time counters to ten decimal points.

As Fox flicks cigarette ash onto the device, Pike SNAPS -

PIKE (CONT'D)

Put that out now!  
(Fox stubs it out)  
The device that you're so casually flicking your cigarette on - do you know what it is?

Fox regards the device, shrugs - as Pike lectures him -

PIKE (CONT'D)

That's an ATOMIC CLOCK. There are only 400 in existence, and this particular one is what they call a MASTER CLOCK. Meaning its accuracy will vary just 1 second in 15 billion years, and it can register even the most minor quantum disturbance. So if someone manipulates time at an atomic level, we can triangulate the origin of the disruption. And I'd appreciate if you didn't use it as your personal ashtray.

Pike glares as Fox shuffles away sheepishly and...

On the Atomic Clock, the RADIATION METER NEEDLES tremble suddenly. An ALARM BUZZES on a connected computer where a techie, JEWEL (30s), types fast at a monitor, reporting -

JEWEL

We got a hit! On lag, about ten minutes ago.

PIKE

Where?

ON THE MONITOR: geo-coordinates zoom into map grid quadrants, triangulating a signal emission source like a seismogram.

JEWEL  
Somewhere in Little Armenia.

PIKE  
We get a cross street?

JEWEL  
Signal wasn't strong enough to pinpoint, too much interference.

PIKE  
(to everyone)  
Listen up! Our guy was in Little Armenia ten minutes ago. I want eyes on all cams in the area. Find him and track where he went.

Everyone starts tapping into TRAFFIC CAM FEEDS as another techie, CARUSO (40s) hacks the DMV database, speaking up -

CARUSO  
I got plates from our run-in outside LAX. Car registered Vincent Crowley. Address; 562 Lotus Street.

Pike snaps at SHANE and FOX -

PIKE  
Go to 562 Lotus and sit on it.  
Don't move unless you ID him.

They nod, grab GUNS from hardshell cases on their way out while Caruso clicks through Vince's digital file -

CARUSO  
He's got skeletons in his closet.  
Served 16 months for armed robbery.

PIKE  
Good. Get me a list of known associates. Everyone in his orbit. We close the net on all of them until we have him in-hand.

CARUSO  
On it.

PIKE  
(to everyone)  
TIME IS NOT ON OUR SIDE.  
(MORE)

## PIKE (CONT'D)

The longer this guy's on the loose,  
the more we risk losing THE DEVICE.  
I want it recovered TONIGHT. No  
excuses. He doesn't live to see  
tomorrow.

A cacophony of keyboard tapping as everyone digs in, and -

**INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - SECONDS LATER**

Pike locks himself in the bathroom.

Dips his pinkie into his nose, withdraws A DAB OF BLOOD.  
Residue of a festering internal trauma we'll soon understand.

Peels off his shirt, giving us a closer look at the hit list  
inked on his chest. First name at the top: GENE REZNICK

Pike wipes his bloody finger across Gene's name.

Then pulls out the BLACK POUCH Shane gave him earlier.

Inside are VIALS OF ANABOLIC STEROIDS, NEEDLE, SYRINGE.

Loads a dose. Stabs the needle into his stomach, shoots up.

**INT. TOYOTA COROLLA - DAY**

Traffic flows on the 405. Vince in the slow lane, dazed.

Unsure where to go. What to do with himself.

He stares at THE WATCH. Like a curse shackled to him. Some  
cruel punchline at the sorry end of a hard knock life...

*BEEEEEEEP!* He drifts into the wrong lane, and swerves back.

HEART THUDDING FAST. Reminding him, he's still alive.

Ahead, an LED sign for THE HOLLWOOD PARK CASINO sparkles like  
an electric oasis. And Vince brightens with a crazy idea...

**INT. HOLLYWOOD PARK CASINO - DAY**

Knockoff Vegas in the dregs of Inglewood. Glitz on a budget:  
cheap decor, shitty drinks, crappy service. Tables crowded  
with degenerate gamblers addicted to the thrill of fast cash.

Vince walks in, goes to an ATM. Checks bank account. \$6K in  
savings. Pathetic. Can only withdraw a thousand in cash.

Money in hand, he wanders, deciding which game to play.

Stops at a HIGH LIMIT ROULETTE TABLE where -

A MALE GAMBLER (40s) scatters chips on numbers. Type of toxic dude who blows his whole paycheck in a single sitting.

CROUPIER flings the ball in the wheel...

It rattles around, skipping over numbers until it lands on -

BLACK 7

Gambler loses half his chips. Punches the table, chugs his vodka - as a WAITRESS passes - he grabs her aggressively -

GAMBLER

Get me another. Make it a double.  
And don't take an hour this time.

She masks her disgust as he lets her go, and Vince eyes the asshole like he might knock him out. But has a better idea.

He presses the RED BUTTON ON THE WATCH and we -

SMASH TO:

**ONE MINUTE EARLIER**

Vince, money in hand, marching fast to the ROULETTE TABLE.

Slams cash down, takes chips, pushes ALL-IN ON BLACK 7.

Gambler chortles, like Vince is a stooge.

Ball whips around the wheel, same as last time...

HITTING BLACK 7.

Payout is \$35K. Vince gives a VICTORY SHOUT. Feels damn good.

GAMBLER

Why don't you screw off to another table. You killed my hot streak.

VINCE

Make better bets.

Vince winks at the prick, who chugs vodka, reaches out to grab the passing WAITRESS, but Vince catches his hand -

VINCE (CONT'D)

And keep your hands to yourself.

Gambler balks, stunned how Vince reacted so quickly.

GAMBLER  
You got a problem?

VINCE  
Why would I have a problem? I just  
won ten-times more money than you  
have in your sad little stack.

Vince rakes-in his massive haul of chips. Checks the RECHARGE TIMER ON THE WATCH. And deadpans at the Gambler, who grumbles angrily, spreading chips across the roulette board.

**INT. HOTEL SUITE - DTLA - NIGHT**

ALARM BUZZES from the Atomic Clock monitor where Jewel sits -

JEWEL  
Another hit! Close by. At Hollywood  
Park Casino.

PIKE  
How long ago?

JEWEL  
Short delay. Less'n a minute.

Pike, moving fast, opens a WEAPONS BRIEFCASE, selecting a TACTICAL COMBAT KNIFE and a WIRE GARROTE.

JEWEL (CONT'D)  
Want me to reroute surveillance?

PIKE  
No, have them sit on his house in  
case he bails from the casino.

Pike heads for the door, hiding weapons in pockets -

CARUSO  
You need backup?

PIKE  
I don't wanna spook him in public.  
I'll handle it myself.

**INT. HOLLYWOOD PARK CASINO - DAY**

Mid-spin - ball zipping around the wheel. Gambler eyeing it intensely. Doubled his chips in the last five minutes while -

Vince has been waiting it out, recharge timer reset now.

And *BAM!* Ball hits RED 32. Big winner for Gambler.

GAMBLER  
(drunk-taunting Vince)  
I'm a goddamn gambling GOD! You  
gonna sack up and bet or just keep  
fondling your chips like a bitch?

Vince smirks, PRESSES THE RED BUTTON -

SMASH TO:

**ONE MINUTE EARLIER**

Gambler lining up his bet when -

VINCE  
What's the max bet?

GAMBLER  
Five grand.

Vince does a quick count of Gambler's chips -

VINCE  
That puts you all-in.

Vince stacks \$5K on RED 32. Daring Gambler to match him.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Pick a number. Or a color. Unless  
you're too scared to match me?

Gambler takes the bait, shoves all his chips on BLACK.

As croupier spins the ball and we -

**PULL BACK TO THE ENTRANCE:**

Where PIKE is rushing inside, scanning for Vince, sharklike, swimming through the crowd until... HE SPOTS HIM.

**AND WE RETURN TO THE TABLE:**

As the balls drops, hitting RED 32. VINCE HOWLS IN ECSTASY!  
Just won \$175K!! Gambler frowning in disbelief -

GAMBLER  
That's impossible... Hitting two  
numbers on two bets. You're  
cheating. You have to be.

Croupier sweeps Gambler's chips away, lost everything.

VINCE  
Better luck next time.

Gambler death-stares Vince, drunk, debating whether to throw a punch but SECURITY is now hovering around the hot table, so he just pisses off... as PIKE swoops in to take his seat...

Pike clocks THE WATCH on Vince. Quickly, not giving himself away. Eyes meet, a charged stare...

PIKE  
Nice haul. How much you start with?

VINCE  
Not much.

PIKE  
A sane person would tell you to quit while you're ahead, but I respect a man who takes risks.

Pike pulls out a FAT CASH ROLL, peels off a cool \$5K.

PIKE (CONT'D)  
You're never more alive than when you're putting it all on the line.

Pike pushes all-in on BLACK.

PIKE (CONT'D)  
You playing this round?

Vince peeps the recharge time on the watch.

VINCE  
Nah, it's all you.

Croupier spins, hits RED 7. Pike loses. Doesn't flinch. Unfazed. As if money is meaningless. Peels off another \$5K.

PIKE  
What's the most you've ever lost?

VINCE  
I'm not much of a gambler.

PIKE  
Sure looks like you are. Maybe you could teach me a trick or two. Most my bets are bad but I always double down, because all it takes one good wager to change EVERYTHING for you.

Vince ignores Pike, checks THE WATCH. Reset. Ready to rewind time. Pike eyeing it as Vince PUSHES THE RED BUTTON -

SMASH CUT TO:

**ONE MINUTE EARLIER**

Pike peels off money from his cash roll -

As Vince pushes chips toward RED 7... BLOOD DRIPS FROM HIS NOSE. EYES FLUTTER. LOSES BALANCE. SPELL OF DIZZINESS.

Pike grins, subtle, recognizing Vince's symptoms as a telltale sign of overusing time manipulation.

PIKE  
You okay, buddy?

Vince wipes his nose, confused. Doesn't answer Pike. Just grabs his chips and hurries off... Pike tracking him to...

**THE BATHROOM**

Vince stuffs paper towels in his bloody nose, then pulls out his CELL. DOZEN MISSED CALLS FROM JAY WALSH: PAROLE OFFICER.

He ignores them, and FACETIMES MEG... *ringing*. No answer.

Tries again. Declined. So he texts: "EMERGENCY. PLZ PICKUP."

Another try... *ringing*... then MEG ANSWERS!

We see her at her childhood home in suburban Long Island, her parents in the background, eating dinner as she steps away -

And squints at Vince's bloody nose -

MEG  
Jesus, did you get into a fight?!

VINCE  
No, babe, I HIT THE JACKPOT. Look!

Vince, giddy, flips the camera, showing Meg his CHIP HAUL.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
That's over \$200K. And I'll be up  
to \$2 MIL in the next hour!

Meg glowers, unimpressed -

MEG

So you're running a scam-

VINCE

No, it's not a scam! I swear. When you come back I'll show you-

MEG

I'm not coming back. I don't want anything to do with you or whatever shady shit you're up to.

She hangs up. Vince tries her back. Declined. Blocked.

Then he looks to THE WATCH. Desperate for a do-over. A second chance to say the right things to Meg. HITS THE RED BUTTON. But the recharge timer is still ticking! Nothing happens.

VINCE

Damnit, come on! Go back!

He keeps jabbing the button. Still nothing.

Cell RINGS. He picks up without looking -

VINCE (CONT'D)

Just give me a chance to explain-

WALSH (V.O.)

You better be paralyzed from the neck down or someone chopped off your fingers, otherwise you're in DEEP SHIT for screening my calls.

Vince peeps the screen - JAY WALSH: PAROLE OFFICE. *Shit.*

VINCE

I was driving a long shift, had my phone on silent-

WALSH (V.O.)

Well you're about to have your hands in cuffs if you're not back home in the next ten minutes.

PIKE enters the bathroom, casual, taking a leak.

Vince not paying attention to him, still dealing with Walsh -

VINCE

You're there? At my place?

WALSH (V.O.)  
 This is your THIRD missed check-in.  
 Get here NOW, or I'm putting out a  
 warrant for you arrest.

Walsh hangs up. Vince in crisis mode. Stares at the CHIPS.  
 Fantasizing about running off to Mexico forever when -

A SOFT SQUEAK echoes behind him, shoes scuffing waxed floor,  
 peripheral glimpse of PIKE - sneaking up FAST -

COMBAT KNIFE in hand - coming to kill Vince - who DUCKS!

Pike missing - then stabbing down Psycho-style - punching a  
 hole in Vince's back - winding-up again for a death blow as -

Vince bucks Pike backward - pile-driving him into a urinal  
 stall - wind knocked out - knife thrown loose -

As Pike palms Vince's skull - pounds him face-first into the  
 urinal cake - dunked in chemical fluid - blinding him.

Then Pike kneels on Vince like a hogtied pig, wrapping the  
 WIRE GARROTE around his throat, strangling him with one hand -

VINCE  
 Just take my chips! They're yours!

PIKE  
 I'm not here for money.

Pike pins Vince's wrist down, isolating THE WATCH -

PIKE (CONT'D)  
 That belongs to ME.

He types a FOUR DIGIT CODE INTO THE DIGITAL KEYPAD, expecting  
 it to unlock, but nothing happens. He tries again. And AGAIN.

But it won't release... And now Pike cackles madly -

PIKE (CONT'D)  
 (re: Gene)  
 Sonuvabitch changed the code.

So distracted he fails to notice VINCE REACHING FOR THE LOOSE  
 KNIFE with his free hand - AND POUNDING IT INTO PIKE'S RIBS!

Buying a brief second as Pike recoils and -

Vince WHACKS THE RED BUTTON -

SMASH TO:

**ONE MINUTE EARLIER**

*BUZZZZZ!* Cell ringing. JAY WALSH calling. Vince silences it. MORE BLOOD STREAMING FROM HIS NOSE. No time to clean up.

Just grabs chips and staggers dizzily -

**ONTO THE MAIN CASINO FLOOR**

Disoriented, spinning, searching for the exit as -

PIKE marches into view. Stops. Both staring like gunslingers in a high noon showdown. People crisscrossing between them.

Each waiting for the other to make the first move... until -

Vince takes off running! Pike chases, crashing through crowds - gaining on Vince, who stumbles, weakened by time jumps.

Has to create some separation from Pike -

SO VINCE DUMPS HIS CHIPS ON THE FLOOR! People pounce on them, blocking Pike while Vince escapes out the exit...

**EXT. CYPRESS PARK - LOS ANGELES - DAY**

Vince driving now. Frazzled. Wipes blood from nose. Antsy eyes darting like there's a threat around every corner.

Turns on Lotus Street, parks a block from his rental unit.

On the lookout for danger... Kids skateboarding... A woman checks her mailbox... A bald dude walks his pitbull...

None of it registers as threatening until Vince sees...

A GREY SEDAN parked beneath a leafy tree. The silhouettes of **TWO DARK FIGURES** in the front seat... Sitting motionless.

Vince looks at THE WATCH, remembers he has "the upper hand."

He grabs his GUN from the heist and marches toward the sedan. Fizzing with nervous energy. He bangs on the driver's window -

VINCE

Hey assholes! You lookin' for me?

Inside the sedan, SHANE and FOX regard Vince like a prized buck who just stumbled into their laps... They step out slow, careful not to spook him, hands hovering near holstered guns.

Vince holds up THE WATCH, finger on the red button -

VINCE (CONT'D)  
This what you want?!

SHANE  
Buddy, you *really* don't wanna press that button. You have no clue what you're messing with.

VINCE  
Then tell me. Who do you work for? What the hell is this thing?!

SHANE  
Come with us and we can help you.

VINCE  
That's not how this is gonna work. I'll keep coming back again, and again, and AGAIN if I have to. I'll make you live this next minute a thousand times until you tell me what I want to know.

SHANE  
That would be VERY BAD FOR YOU.

*BAM!* Vince shoots Shane in the head, and Fox in the gut, *BAM!*

VINCE  
You can save him, and yourself. I'll reset the clock, bring you both back to life if you tell me who's after me.

Fox clutches his bleeding belly, no choice but to cooperate.

FOX  
... He goes by PIKE. Not sure if that's his real name. All I know is he's a rich sonuvabitch and he won't stop coming for you till he gets back what was stolen from him.

Fox gestures at THE WATCH.

VINCE  
What if I give it to him? He'll leave me alone?

FOX  
Probably not. You knowing it exists is reason enough to bury you.

VINCE  
How do I take it off?

FOX  
Cut off your hand. You do that, and I'll tell him you're dead, let you go. It's the only way you survive.

VINCE  
Wrong answer.

Vince smacks the red button -

SMASH TO:

**ONE MINUTE EARLIER**

Vince back in Corolla.

NOSE TRICKLING BLOOD. EARS RINGING. STINGING PAIN IN BRAIN.

He winces. Getting worse. His mind a jumble of disorganized memories. Struggling to keep the chronology straight.

He searches pockets for something to staunch the bleeding and finds... THE STICKY NOTE, with the address he wrote for ANNA REZNICK. Gene's daughter. Maybe she can fill in the blanks.

**INT. HOTEL SUITE - DTLA - NIGHT**

Pike's operatives monitor their stations when an ALARM BUZZES from the Atomic Clock. Jewel chirps into a walkie -

JEWEL  
He just jumped again near Cypress Park. Right by his home.

**INT. PIKE'S CAR - DAY**

Pike getting the update through his WALKIE as he road-rages through Inglewood - chirping back, pinging Shane and Fox -

PIKE  
(into walkie)  
He's near you. He might've already made contact and recycled time.

**INT. SEDAN - DAY**

Shane and Fox look around frantically, reporting back -

SHANE  
We got nothing.

PIKE (V.O.)  
Then he's already gone.

**INT. PIKE'S CAR - DAY**

Pike spikes the walkie, displeased.

CARUSO (V.O.)  
(over walkie)  
Boss. Think I got a visual on him  
from earlier. Sending to your cell.

**INTERCUT PIKE AND CARUSO IN THE HOTEL SUITE**

IMAGE ARRIVES. Traffic cam still-frame from the truck heist.  
Vince and his crew masked, but Pike spots THE WATCH on Vince -

PIKE  
That's him. Who's he with?

CARUSO  
My guess-- takedown crew he rolls  
with. Point-man is Benji Alvarez-  
(pulls up Benji's file)  
Brains behind a string of big money  
jobs. Keeps a low profile. Couple  
priors, no outstanding warrants.

PIKE  
Get me an address.

CARUSO  
Already got it.

PIKE  
Good. Send Milburn. Have him sit  
tight. No contact. Just eyes.

Caruso nods at MILBURN (40s), a lanky, sadistic gunman with  
dark executioner-eyes and a bald dome. *Albino Anton Chigurh.*

CARUSO  
You heard him.

Milburn rises without a word, and trudges off, wraithlike.

## EXT. SOUTH LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Night falls as Vince drives up to the address on the sticky note. A shitty stucco duplex, crammed up against a collision repair shop with an unlit sign that says "BUFF AUTO BODY".

No lights on inside the house, but there's soft music buzzing from an open bay in the auto shop - Culture Club's "Time".

Vince walks that way, glimpsing a FEMALE MECHANIC in an oil-stained pit suit, working hard under the hood of a Trans Am.

VINCE

'Scuse me... I'm looking for Anna Reznick.

ANNA (O.C.)

We're closed.

VINCE

I just need a second of your time.

The mechanic pops out, and we get our first good look at her. Short, spiky hair reveals the continental divide of SCARS ON HER SCALP. Injuries long-healed but still radioactive with trauma. Fiery eyes. Fierce stare. This is ANNA RESNICK (20s).

ANNA

You need something fixed fast, try Pep Boys. I got six cars ahead of you, and no one skips my line.

VINCE

Oh, my car's fine-

ANNA

Then what're you doing here?... Is this about the "car fire guy?"

(suddenly IRATE)

Cuz I already gave my statement to the insurance auditor. Some idiot accuses me of ripping him off after I tell him his fuel lines need replacing. But he's too cheap to pay, and too dumb to listen when I say "keep it below 50mph" or his car's gonna blow up. So now he's got a face like a burnt marshmallow and I'm taking heat for it? You can collect on that over my dead body.

Anna grips a socket wrench like she might club Vince with it if he says the wrong thing -

VINCE

I'm not an insurance guy, I just  
need to find Anna Resnick-

ANNA

Well you found her. Now what?

Vince steels himself, knows this won't be easy to explain -

VINCE

I was with your father earlier-

ANNA

My father's dead.

VINCE

That's not the truth. It's a cover  
story someone invented. He's alive.  
Or was alive until today.

ANNA

So he died again?

VINCE

He was never dead-

ANNA

You killed him?

VINCE

NO! I was trying to save him!

Anna eyes Vince like he's got a couple screws loose -

ANNA

What's your deal? You escape a  
psych ward or something?

Vince scrambling to keep composure, shows THE WATCH -

VINCE

Your dad, he gave me this. And it's-  
(stops himself)  
-well, it's probably better I show  
you than explain what it is. Tell  
me something only you would know.

ANNA

You're asking me to reveal a secret  
to a total stranger?

VINCE

I know this is weird, but it's the  
only way I can prove it to you.

ANNA

Prove what?

VINCE

Just tell me the name of your first boyfriend.

ANNA

Never had one, never needed one.

VINCE

Okay... what about the first movie you ever saw?

ANNA

The Usual Suspects, and you look like one of 'em. Now get out of my shop before I call the cops.

VINCE

Please, just say ANYTHING I couldn't possibly know about you. Then I'll leave. I swear.

Anna eye-rolls, annoyed, but willing to play Vince's stupid game just to get him to leave.

ANNA

(in Russian)

*Summertime.*

VINCE

What's that?

ANNA

It's something you don't know about me. Now you can go.

VINCE

I don't speak Russian, so can you at least tell me what it means?

ANNA

It means time's up. So get out.

Anna steps to Vince as he jabs the RED BUTTON ON THE WATCH -

SMASH TO:

#### ONE MINUTE EARLIER

Vince, dizzy from the time jump, stands face-to face with an irritated Anna. Her face softens with concern when she sees -

ANNA  
 Your nose. You're bleeding.

Sure enough, BLOOD TRICKLES from Vince's nose. Anna grabs a greasy rag and clamps it on Vince to staunch the bleeding -

ANNA (CONT'D)  
 Tilt your head back. Were you in an accident?

VINCE  
 No, I'm fine. I'm here for you.  
 (in Russian)  
*Summertime.*

That word triggers Anna. She backs away from Vince, spooked, as if he just touched a damaged piece of her soul.

ANNA  
 What'd you say?

VINCE  
*Summertime.*

ANNA  
 Why're you saying that word to me?

VINCE  
 You told me to. A minute ago. Well, actually, a minute ahead.

ANNA  
 How could I have told you that if we've never met before?

Vince gulps a breath, then word-vomits the whole crazy story -

VINCE  
 Your dad faked his death ten years ago, and I picked him up at LAX today, and this psychopath, Pike killed him, for real this time, and I almost got killed too but your dad gave me THIS WATCH-  
 (holds up THE WATCH)  
 -and it takes me back a minute whenever I push the red button. So basically your dad saved me, but also kinda screwed me, cuz now I've got guys hunting me to get it back.

**INT. PIKE'S CAR - NIGHT**

Pike drives like a predator prowling the dark LA night, searching every shadowy pocket in the city for Vince...

JEWEL (V.O.)  
(over walkie)  
Another hit! He just jumped again.  
Stanford Ave and East 105th.

Pike fast-plugs the address into his GPS while Shane squawks -

SHANE (V.O.)  
(over walkie)  
We're close. About 2 minutes out.

PIKE  
Get there now and END THIS!

**EXT. BUFF AUTO BODY - NIGHT**

Back with Anna and Vince, unaware that gunmen are currently en-route to murder them. Anna frowns with a mixture of amazement and confusion at how Vince could've ginned up a story with so many accurate details about her father...

ANNA  
You said "Pike" killed my father?  
HARVEY PIKE??

VINCE  
I don't know his first name.  
(off look)  
Who is he?

ANNA  
He calls himself an angel investor, but he's got more in common with the devil. Like Elon Musk if everything he touched turned to shit. Guy was dick deep in debt, so he starts chasing dirty money: fraud scams, Ponzi schemes, I dunno. But out of nowhere he's flush again, and he's the only one crazy enough to fund my father's research.

Anna glances at THE WATCH -

ANNA (CONT'D)  
That was his?... Did he tell you what to do with it?

VINCE  
I was hoping you'd know.

She scrutinizes Vince, still not convinced -

ANNA  
Where is he now?

VINCE  
Your dad? I dumped him.

ANNA  
You didn't report his death yet?!

VINCE  
I know we just met, so this may come as a surprise to you, but I'm not a saint. So going to the cops with a dead guy in my car isn't exactly a great look for me.

ANNA  
Well where'd you dump him?!

VINCE  
My boss's place.

ANNA  
Your boss? What're you, a gangster?

VINCE  
I'm a driver.

ANNA  
For criminals.

VINCE  
Right. Sorta. I'm trying to get out of that business-

ANNA  
Looks to me like you're getting deeper into it.

Anna slams shut the hood on the repaired Trans Am as Vince starts to walk away, done being disrespected -

VINCE  
I came here cuz it was your dad's dying wish to tell you "he's sorry he couldn't fix you." So now you know, and I'll just go screw off.

That phrase sends a shiver through Anna. Stale memories resurfacing. Complicated history with her dad.

ANNA

He said that to you? Those exact words?

VINCE

He was bleeding out and I was dodging bullets, but yeah, I'm pretty sure that's what he said.

ANNA

Was there anything else?

VINCE

Something about instructions in his briefcase.

ANNA

What briefcase?

VINCE

I don't have it. It's with his body-

BAMBAMBAM! BULLETS POUND VINCE! Belly bursting blood as -

TWO STALKING GUNMEN surge out of the shadows - FOX AND SHANE -

Now targeting Anna as she drags Vince behind the Trans Am - SHOTS WRECKING IT - gunmen angling for killshots while -

Vince bleeds buckets, eyes rolling into his skull -

ANNA

HEY! You can backtrack, right?!

Anna touches THE WATCH as Vince stutters in anemic shock, barely registering the 10 seconds left on the recharge timer -

VINCE

Needs to finish recharging...

ANNA

And then what?!

VINCE

Press... red... button.

The seconds counting down as Shane and Fox rush round the Trans Am, about to massacre Vince and Anna, but she THUMBS THE BUTTON AND -

SMASH TO:

## ONE MINUTE EARLIER

Blood now GUSHES from Vince's nose, and he grimaces like someone just kicked a hornet's nest inside his skull.

ANNA  
What the hell? Why'd your bleeding  
just get so much worse?!

Vince staggers toward the Trans Am —

VINCE  
Cuz you jumped me back. They're  
coming. We have to go!!

ANNA  
Who's coming?

VINCE  
Pike's guys. Dudes who want us  
dead. They'll be here in less'n a  
minute so C'MON - GET IN THE CAR!

Anna gets the drift. Hops in the passenger seat -

INT. TRANS AM - SAME

VINCE  
Keys?!

She pops the glovebox, fishes out keys, into the ignition. Vince cranks it, and the engine rumbles a sinister growl -

VR0000000000000000M! Vince fishtails out of the shop bay just as -  
SHANE AND FOX are exiting their sedan, down the street -  
They spot Vince and UNLOAD - *BAMBAMBAMBAMBAM!*

Blasting the Trans Am - as Vince and Anna jet away in a wash of fumes - BRIGHT LIGHTS FLARING IN THE REARVIEW.

Gunmen now driving in hot pursuit. **THE CHASE IS ON!**

ANNA  
How'd they find you?!

VINCE  
They must be tracking me!

ANNA  
(nods at THE WATCH)  
With that?

*BAM!* Shots shatter the rear windshield. Gunmen gaining FAST!

Vince, still hungover from the time jump, not his sharpest - cutting corners - bouncing over curbs - losing speed.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
I thought you were a DRIVER?!

Her challenge makes him mad, and *madness* bring out the best in Vince - his meaty fists choke the wheel, and he -

Rips down streets like a lit matchstick.

Zigzagging at a dizzying rate, but can't shake the gunmen.

Until Vince sees, up ahead, ORANGE "UNDER CONSTRUCTION" SIGNS blocking an on-ramp - Vince banks toward them -

*WHAAAAAM!* Blasting through the flimsy metal barricades and -  
Bombing onto **THE UNFINISHED 6TH STREET VIADUCT!**

Accelerating up the archway amidst an obstacle course of construction materials, cranes, and trucks - joy-sticking around them like he's playing Grand Theft Auto in real life -

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Where's this go?!

VINCE  
Somewhere they won't follow!

And then, Anna sees it... **THE GAP** in the unfinished bridge.

ANNA  
You can't clear that!

Vince, tunnel vision, pushing the Trans Am to its outer limits, pedal floored, MOTOR ROARING as he -

Whips around a cement truck, and clips the bridge railing!

Bleeding speed, and *WHAAAAACK!* Gunmen plow into his bumper.

Wheels skitter until Vince gets a grip - racing for **THE GAP** -

ANNA (CONT'D)  
 YOU'RE NOT GOING FAST ENOUGH!  
 WE'RE NOT GONNA MAKE IT!!

Vince at full-throttle, unleashes a PRIMAL SCREAM as -  
 THEY LAUNCH OFF THE BRIDGE! SOARING OVER THE GAP!...

Their jump hitting its apex and they plummet toward the other side - so damn close - almost there - but THEY FALL SHORT!!

Dropping like a nuke, about to detonate against the ground below - Anna shrieking in terror when -

An inch from impact, VINCE SLAPS THE WATCH BUTTON -

SMASH TO:

**ONE MINUTE EARLIER**

ANNA  
 You can't clear that!

Back near the beginning of the bridge, Vince barrels ahead, pained eyes squinting. His nose is a blood faucet. His head a furnace of pain. But he fights through it. Racing for -

THE CEMENT TRUCK that blocks a bulk of the road.

Bullets hammering from behind - gunmen getting close as -

Vince spouts between the truck and railing, not clipping it this time, but rocketing out the other side toward THE GAP -

Anna balks at the enormous distance they have to clear -

ANNA (CONT'D)  
 WE'RE NOT GONNA MAKE IT!

VINCE  
YES WE ARE!

Vince peeps THE WATCH - recharge timer still at 3:39 - there'll be no comebacks from this jump - THIS IS DO OR DIE!

ANNA  
 You can reset, right?!

VINCE  
 Already did that once!

ANNA  
 So we didn't make it the first  
 time?!! How short were we?!  
 (off look)  
 HOW SHORT?!

RPMs maxing out - seconds from launch when -

**Vince grabs Anna's hand**, a gesture of human comfort - and -

*WHOOOOOOOOSH!* They fly into the chasm like a harpoon flung  
 by the gods of gasoline and horsepower!

Gliding airborne, major hang-time, then nosing downward!

No room for error, tight landing, matter of inches and -

*TWAAAAAAACK!* Rubber meets road - they hit the other side!

The car skipping across concrete in crunchy bounces as Vince  
 and Anna howl with glee - bonding in an adrenaline euphoria.

Checking rearview to see SHANE AND FOX stopped at the gap,  
 too chickenshit to jump. They reverse, still on the hunt.

As Vince CONVULSES! Puking hard and slumping onto the wheel,  
 passed out, in shutdown mode after the adrenal overload.

Anna pulls the HANDBRAKE and reaches to check on Vince -

ANNA (CONT'D)  
 Whoa, hey, wake up! You okay?...  
 (no response)  
 Shit. C'mon dude. Don't die on me.

She unbuckles him, and drags him into the passenger seat.  
 Then she takes the wheel, and speeds ahead.

**INT. PIKE'S CAR - NIGHT**

SHANE (V.O.)  
 (over walkie)  
 We lost him.

That news enrages Pike, and *VR00000M!* He drives faster. Ready  
 to fight dirtier, nastier, more recklessly than ever before.

Running out of time, he chirps into his walkie, -

PIKE  
 We're wearing him down. He just  
 made another jump, so by now he's  
 in bad shape.  
 (MORE)

PIKE (CONT'D)  
Monitor all hospital admissions,  
brain trauma units - flag anything  
matching our guy's description.

**INT. CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Anna drags Vince through the EMERGENCY ROOM MAIN ENTRANCE -

ANNA  
Somebody help!

HOSPITAL WORKERS rush over, checking Vince's vitals -

NURSE  
Did he take any drugs?

ANNA  
No, I don't think so.

NURSE  
Was he in an accident?

ANNA  
We were driving, and he just  
started bleeding out of nowhere.

They load Vince onto a gurney and whisk him away in a hurry  
as an ADMIN approaches Anna with a clipboard of paperwork -

ADMIN  
Fill this out for your husband.

ANNA  
He's not my-

Anna stops herself, knowing it's no use explaining the truth.  
She's stuck here. She's not the type of heartless person to  
abandon someone in need of help. So she takes the paperwork.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT**

Pike is now parked at a scenic overlook in the Hollywood  
Hills. Panoramic view of the city. Radiant glow LA nightlife.  
His eyes scan the urban sprawl with godlike superiority.

He pulls out his STEROID POUCH. Loads a max dose. Full vial.  
Shoots it into his stomach. Grits teeth. Flexes. Vascular.

Extra juice to supercharge him through the long night ahead.

Behind, a SEDAN rumbles up. SHANE and FOX exit, toward Pike -

PIKE

Get in.

They obey, entering Pike's car with the sulking posture of scolded dogs who've failed their master. Silence... then -

CARUSO (V.O.)

(over walkie)

We got a match at Cedars. Name just logged on their ER database.  
Vincent Crowley. Admitted with nosebleeds and brain swelling-

Pike doesn't need to hear more, just hits the gas - VR00000M!

**INT. CATSCAN LAB - NIGHT**

Vince, in a hospital gown, gets rolled into a CT SCANNER - it emits a machine-gun noise as it captures images of his brain.

**INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - LATER**

In the lobby, Anna fidgets. Awaiting news on Vince. Eyeing the entrance. Scared to death those gunmen might show up.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Ma'am?

A wisened seen-it-all DOCTOR (60s) strolls up to her -

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I just finished with your husband-

ANNA

Is he gonna make it?

DOCTOR

He's stable. Lucky you got him to us so quickly. Another few minutes and it might've been too late.

ANNA

But he's gonna be fine?

DOCTOR

That depends... Can I ask, is he a mountain climber?

ANNA

What does that have to do with anything?

Doctor sits beside her, gravely serious -

DOCTOR

He's exhibiting symptoms of severe altitude sickness. Specifically cerebral edema. The kind of extreme brain swelling we'd see in out-of-shape climbers summiting Mount Everest. But it's almost impossible to replicate at land-level without head trauma, tumors or a stroke, and your husband has none of those. So I'm trying to understand how a healthy patient with no preexisting conditions and no skull injuries almost had his brain rupture...

Anna plays dumb, but all she can think about is THE WATCH.

ANNA

What happens if it recurs?

DOCTOR

Well it shouldn't without a triggering event-

ANNA

But there's medication he can take to prevent it?

DOCTOR

We're treating him with diuretics to get the swelling under control, but until we diagnose a root cause he's not out of the woods.

Anna nods understandingly.

ANNA

Can I see him?

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER**

Vince lies in a hospital bed, breathing steady, eyes cracking open, not too bad for a guy who was just on death's doorstep.

As he stirs, something metallic jangles. Cold steel on his wrists. HE SEES HIS HANDS ARE CUFFED TO THE BED RAILING!

WALSH (O.S.)

Sleeping beauty awakes.

Focus sharpening on the doughy, mustached MAN looming at his bedside. Vince's PAROLE OFFICER, JAY WALSH (50s).

WALSH (CONT'D)  
Looks like you had a helluva night.  
Hope it was worth it.

VINCE  
I can explain-

WALSH  
Really? I'd love to hear this.

VINCE  
I understand this looks bad. But  
everything that happened tonight  
was out of my hands-

WALSH  
Why's it whenever YOU get caught  
red-handed it's never your fault?

Vince sits up, whispers -

VINCE  
There are guys after me.

WALSH  
"Guys?"

VINCE  
Hitmen. Contract killers. Whatever  
you wanna call them.

WALSH  
And why're they after you?

Vince raises THE WATCH -

VINCE  
They want THIS.

WALSH  
A watch?... They're hunting you for  
A WATCH??

VINCE  
It's not a normal watch. I picked  
it up from a passenger earlier-

WALSH  
You lifted it off him?

VINCE

No, he gave it to me before he-

Vince stops himself.

WALSH

Before he *what?* Go on...

VINCE

It doesn't matter. Point is I'm under attack and I need protection.

WALSH

Well I've got good news... Once you're discharged I'm sending you to County, you'll have plenty of protection there.

VINCE

You gotta cut me loose or I'M DEAD. Gimme a chance to defend myself.

WALSH

You had your chances, Vinny. *Second chances. Third chances. Fourth chances.* And you wasted 'em all.

Vince seethes, feeling trapped, about to explode when... ANNA enters the room, frowning at Walsh -

WALSH (CONT'D)

Who's this? New lady friend? What happened to the other one?

Walsh gives Anna a sleazy once over, brushing by her -

WALSH (CONT'D)

I'll give you two lovebirds a chance to say goodbye. After that, my advice:

(to Anna, whispering)  
-run away as fast as you can.

Walsh steps out of the room as Anna approaches Vince -

ANNA

Who's that?

VINCE

My parole officer.

ANNA

And he's arresting you?!

VINCE

I can talk him out of it. I just  
need more time.

Vince regards Anna, surprised she's still here -

VINCE (CONT'D)

Honestly, I thought you'd be long  
gone by now.

ANNA

I don't even know your name, and  
everyone here thinks I'm your wife.

VINCE

Well you've already stuck around  
longer than basically every other  
woman in my life.

ANNA

Jesus.

VINCE

What?

ANNA

Somehow you were less pathetic when  
you were passed out and bleeding.

(off look)

And I'm not here to help you. I  
just need you to take me to my dad.

VINCE

That might be tricky... The guy I  
left him with-- we're not exactly  
on the best terms right now.

ANNA

So he wants you dead like pretty  
much everyone else?

VINCE

Pretty much.

Anna laughs, tickled by the irony of the predicament -

ANNA

7 billion people in the world, and  
my dad gives his life's work, maybe  
the most important invention in the  
history of mankind, TO YOU - some  
deadbeat, degenerate knucklehead-

VINCE

Right, I get it, I'm not worthy-

ANNA

You have no idea how much he  
sacrificed to create that-

(nods at THE WATCH)

My mother. My childhood. We were  
all collateral damage so he could  
make that godawful thing. And I'm  
not letting you be the reason it  
falls into the wrong hands. So I  
don't care what you have to risk -  
you're gonna take me to his body  
and his briefcase.

Anna glares... and Vince nods sympathetically, in awe of her  
rawness, feeling a strange cosmic connection...

VINCE

You mind doing me a favor first?  
Get me out of these cuffs.

Anna glances around for something to pick the cuffs with,  
nothing here, so she heads out of the room -

ANNA

Don't go anywhere.

And WE FOLLOW HER - down the hallway - passing Walsh, and  
speed-walking beyond THE ELEVATOR just before it opens...

... with PIKE, SHANE AND FOX exiting the elevator cab. On the  
warpath. Heading straight for Vince's room where -

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME**

Walsh returns, mocking Vince -

WALSH

She left quick.

Behind him, THE DOOR SHUTS SUDDENLY - a rush of bad energy as  
PIKE, SHANE AND FOX blitz the room. Walsh spins at them -

WALSH (CONT'D)

Whoa. We're not accepting visitors-

PIKE

You a family member?

WALSH

I'm his Parole Officer. Who the hell are you?

PIKE

That isn't important right now.  
WHAT IS IMPORTANT, for your sake,  
is that you do exactly what I say  
without me having to repeat myself.

Walsh turns to Vince, who coils, ready to fight for his life -

WALSH

These friends of yours?

VINCE

They're "the guys."

WALSH

"The guys?"

VINCE

That I told you were coming for me.

PIKE

Not for YOU. For WHAT YOU STOLE.

Pike eyes THE WATCH the way Gollum eyes The One Ring. And now Walsh steps to him, foolishly trying to assert authority -

WALSH

None of you are authorized to be here. So now's your last chance to leave before I call backup-

In a millisecond, Pike whips-out his COMBAT KNIFE and - *THWACK!* - slashes Walsh's throat! Covering his mouth and guiding his body into a nearby seat while -

Vince reaches for THE WATCH, trying to reset time, but HIS HANDS ARE CUFFED TO THE BED! CAN'T REACH THE RED BUTTON!

Pike throws a spare blanket over Walsh's lifeless body, concealing his wound, then shutting his eyes.

He turns to Vince -

PIKE

The next minute can go one of TWO WAYS... We can make things messy, hack off your arm right here. Maybe set off some alarms, kill some innocent doctors and nurses while we shoot our way out. Or...

(MORE)

PIKE (CONT'D)  
 we can act like civilized men, and  
 you can come with us willingly.

VINCE  
 Or, third option, you find another  
 rich prick hobby like hunting an  
 endangered animal or launching  
 yourself into space. And you forget  
 about me. Everyone wins.

PIKE  
 I'm sorry, but the power you wield  
 is far too great for someone of  
 your status.

VINCE  
 My status? You mean not a homicidal  
 maniac killing people just to buy  
 himself an extra minute.

PIKE  
 Imagine the influence of that extra  
 minute. Every conversation you can  
 manipulate in your favor. Every  
 outcome you can bend to your whim.  
 With just a sixty-second head-  
 start, I can anticipate the rise  
 and fall of stock markets, world  
 economies. But money's easy.  
 Respect is harder to earn... So  
 everyone who's ever crossed me,  
 called me a fool, failure, fraud -  
 I can kill them a hundred times if  
 I like. Force them to reveal their  
 secrets. Account passwords. Credit  
 numbers. Social Security. I can  
 bankrupt them. Make them beg for  
 the respect they once denied me.

Pike leans-in, knife to Vince's neck, a trickle of blood.

PIKE (CONT'D)  
 You want that too. Your whole life  
 you've been driving around looking  
 for a quick exit from the rat race.  
 For a shortcut to be like me. And I  
 can lead you there, if you  
 cooperate. But, refuse me, and  
 there's no amount of blood I won't  
 spill to get what I want.

Pike points the knife at the busy hive of HOSPITAL WORKERS  
 outside the room... and Vince glances that way, unwilling to  
 sacrifice them to spare himself. He nods at Pike, complying.

Shane and Fox disengage the hospital bed's wheel-stoppers -

**INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - SAME**

- and roll Vince into the hallway while, behind him -

Just as he turns a corner out of sight - ANNA emerges with a suturing kit for picking Vince's cuffs - entering his room.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME**

But Vince is gone, and Walsh is slumped in a seat with a blanket over him. Anna frowns in confusion -

ANNA

Did they take him somewhere?

No answer from Walsh. And his face looks ghastly. Bloodless.

... Anna peels off the blanket to reveal Walsh's slit throat.

**INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER**

From down the hallway we hear an ALARM ECHOING from Vince's room. Nurses discovering Walsh's corpse. Hospital about to go on lockdown as Pike, Shane, Fox pickup their pace -

PIKE

We won't make it out with him. We have to do the amputation here.

Pike corrals his men and Vince into -

**INT. EMPTY OPERATING ROOM - SAME**

Surgical tools are laid on trays in an empty operating room. Including a MOTORIZED BONE SAW.

Pike grabs it, pulses the trigger, saw blade grinding -

VINCE

What the hell?! No. Just cut off my cuffs and we can walk out together.

PIKE

There's no time.

VINCE

THEN I'LL MAKE TIME.

Vince nods at THE WATCH as footfalls echo in the hallway.

PIKE  
You've been flagged by hospital security. Someone'll spot you.

Shane stuffs a towel in Vince's mouth and tugs on the ends to keep him still while Fox holds down his arm.

Vince thrashes, but he's overpowered, his squeals muffled by the towel, as PIKE RAKES THE BONE SAW ACROSS VINCE'S FOREARM!

VINCE SCREAMS AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS! And -

WHAM! Door flings open, revealing ANNA! Charging through as -

Shane and Fox release Vince and reach for their GUNS -

VINCE  
NO!

BAMBAM! They shoot Anna, and she collapses. Dying... But her intrusion has distracted Pike for a micro-second and -

Vince snatches the bone saw, chops his cuff chain, and SMASHES THE RED BUTTON -

**SMASH TO:**

**ONE MINUTE EARLIER**

ALARM ECHOES down the hall -

PIKE  
We won't make it out with him. We have to do the amputation here.

Pike steers his men and Vince into -

**INT. EMPTY OPERATING ROOM - SAME**

Pike goes straight for the BONE SAW as -

Vince blinks dizzily from the time jump. Refocuses fast. Eyes harden with purpose. A plan in mind. Glancing at the GUN holstered beneath the flap of Shane's jacket as -

BLOOD TRICKLES out of Vince's nose. Pike sees it, knows it means Vince has reset time. Shouts at his men to -

PIKE  
Stay away from him!

But Shane is already jamming the towel in Vince's mouth as -  
Vince swipes at Shane's GUN, ripping it from the holster and -

VINCE  
BACK OFF!

Pike, Shane, Fox freeze as Vince aims at each of them.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Cut my cuffs.

PIKE  
You fire that gun and you're gonna  
have security all over you. So ask  
yourself how many lives you're  
willing to take to save your own.

VINCE  
Just one. Yours. Now free me or  
I'll blow your goddamn face off.

Vince keeps the gun steady on Pike. Neither of them yielding.

Until... *BZZZT!* Pike cuts Vince's cuff-chains, freeing him.

PIKE  
What now, genius?

VINCE  
I'm gonna turn you in.

PIKE  
You, the brain trauma patient  
holding three civilians at gunpoint  
- you're gonna just peacefully  
deliver us to the authorities?

VINCE  
Shut up, and walk. Now!

Vince waves the gun, forcing Pike/Shane/Fox toward the door.

PIKE  
You haven't thought this through.  
You're not a killer. You're just a  
guy in way over his head.

Vince, not listening, backing them through the door -

VINCE  
Out. Into the hallway. Any of you  
try to run and I'm gonna give you a  
tramp stamp with a bullet.

## INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - SAME

Vince marches Pike/Shane/Fox into the hallway where - ANNA rounds the corner, searching room-to-room for Vince -

VINCE

Anna!

She spots him, but her relief fades when she sees PIKE.

VINCE (CONT'D)

I got them! Go get security.

Anna doesn't move, just glares venomously at Pike...

PIKE

You must be Gene's daughter... Do you remember me? The last time we met I didn't look like this.

Pike, flexing, creeps closer to Anna, towering over her -

PIKE (CONT'D)

Your father, over the years he grew unhappy with our arrangement. He became convinced I was a monster so he tried to take what I paid him to create.

ANNA

Because he knew you'd abuse it.

PIKE

Like he did to you and your mother.

Pike motions to the scars ribbed across Anna's skull.

ANNA

That's not the same... That was an accident.

PIKE

All the suffering he put you through, and you're still defending him. How utterly pathetic...

SECURITY (O.S.)

Drop the gun!

From behind, an overzealous SECURITY GUARD blindsides Vince, gun aimed at his back. Security chirps INTO A WALKIE -

SECURITY (CONT'D)  
All security, I've got a shooter,  
3rd Floor, West Corridor.

VINCE  
You've got the wrong idea, man. I'm  
not the shooter. HE IS.  
(points at Pike)

PIKE  
He's lying. Look at his handcuffs.  
He's a criminal.

Security advances on Vince -

SECURITY  
I'm giving you the COUNT OF THREE  
to comply or I will use force.

VINCE  
You're making a major mistake-

SECURITY  
ONE.

Vince checks THE WATCH - 40 seconds left on the recharge.

SECURITY (CONT'D)  
TWO.

He looks at Anna who shakes her head - *don't drop the gun.*

SECURITY (CONT'D)  
THREE!

VINCE  
Alright!

Vince surrenders, lowering the gun... as Security shoves him to the floor, ignoring THE REAL THREAT... Fox, still armed, whips out his holstered GUN and - *BAMBAM!* - downs Security.

Fox now targeting Vince when - *THWACK!* Anna slams into him -

AS MORE SECURITY GUARDS come thundering down the other end of the hallway - seeing their bloody brethren dead on the ground beneath Vince. They radically overreact - guns raising as -

FOX FIRES FIRST!

Lethally accurate, a pro hitman mowing down target dummies - every shot a kill - MASSACRING GUARDS. His attention drawn away from Vince, who gawks in horror at the bloodshed until -

*WHAM!* Anna crashes into him, hauling his stagnant ass into a -

**INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - SAME**

Dragging him down steps as he reaches for THE WATCH, and she catches his wrist, STOPPING HIM FROM PUSHING THE RED BUTTON.

ANNA

No, don't.

VINCE

We have to go back and fix this.

ANNA

A minute isn't enough time!

VINCE

But all those guards - I can save them!

ANNA

You can't fix everything! You could be the one on the floor next time.

Her eyes plead with him to trust her as -

*WHAM!* The stairwell door bursts open a flight above them - Pike bulldozing through with Shane and Fox - gunning for -

Vince and Anna - now flying downstairs in a frantic footrace -

**INT. HOSPITAL PARKING GARAGE - SECONDS LATER**

Into the parking garage, ducking behind cars as - Pike and his gunmen rumble into the garage, scanning for -

Anna and Vince, hunched out of sight, against a GMC YUKON XL - Vince peeks at the nearing enemies while Anna looks lost...

VINCE

You don't remember where you parked?

ANNA

(she doesn't)

Of course I do.

VINCE

And you're sure it's this level?

ANNA

Are you "mansplaining" how to park?

VINCE

Rule Number One when you're on-the-run, KNOW YOUR EXITS.

ANNA

I didn't expect us to be leaving in a shitstorm of gunfire.

VINCE

Rule Number Two: expect everything to go wrong.

ANNA

Oh, wow, did you write the handbook on being a criminal? *Outlaw For Dummies*. Can I get a signed copy?

Pike and gunmen getting dangerously close... As Anna spots the Trans Am, a few rows away, Vince still not seeing it -

VINCE

Gimme the keys, I'll find it-

ANNA

An hour ago you were a vegetable, so NO, I'm driving. Follow me.

Anna suddenly sprints out with Vince scrambling to keep up, using cars for cover while - *BAMBAM!* - Fox fires, hitting only metal and glass - Pike and Shane chasing full tilt as -

#### INT. TRANS AM - SAME

Anna and Vince throw themselves into the Trans AM - Anna flicks the ignition, and a dragon's breath of black fumes belch from the exhaust pipe - *SCREEEEEEEEEECH!*

She kicks the gas, no way out except STRAIGHT AT THE GUNMEN! Shots plastering the windshield as Fox unloads his clip and slams in another - with Anna staring right down the barrel -

*VROOOOM!* Nearly pancaking the gunmen, who dive aside at the last second - watching the Trans Am disappear down the ramp.

... A grimace of disappointment from Pike, rankled by this slump of failures as Shane surveys the carnage, suggesting -

SHANE

We need to ghost.

Pike nods, scheming a clean exit, commanding Fox -

PIKE  
Your gun.

Fox doesn't think twice, just hands it over and -

*BAM!* Pike makes him eat a bullet. Merciless. Wipes prints off the handle, wraps Fox's limp hand around it. Then to Shane -

PIKE (CONT'D)  
Have our team triple check there's no trail tying him to me. Make sure it's all scrubbed.

Pike walks briskly from the crime scene with Shane behind.

**INT. TRANS AM - NIGHT**

Hospital in the rearview as Anna drives due south. Police lights strobe in the distant background, flickering hypnotically in Vince's anguished eyes...

ANNA  
Are we clear?

Vince is silent, lost in a quicksand of guilt.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Dude! ARE WE CLEAR OR NOT?

VINCE  
... It's Vince. My name's Vince.

ANNA  
Okay, Vince, ARE WE BEING FOLLOWED?

They aren't. And now Vince looks at her, dead serious -

VINCE  
I have to turn myself in.

ANNA  
What?! Are you INSANE?

VINCE  
I can't keep this up. I won't survive. Neither of us will.

ANNA  
Right, but this isn't about US!  
Think about what happens if Pike gets his hands on that WATCH.  
(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)  
And what if he figures how to  
extend the loop BEYOND A MINUTE.  
Imagine the damage he could do-

VINCE  
I don't care. Take me to the police  
now or let me out and I'll walk.

Anna makes a HARD LEFT TURN -

ANNA  
Okay, let's game this out. You give  
yourself up, tell the cops you're  
time-traveling John Connor and Pike  
is The Terminator. A second later  
they've got you in a straightjacket  
and some Doctor Kevorkian dude is  
electro-shocking your brain to Jell-  
O pudding. And here's the best  
part... now that your mind is a  
soup of nothing, the bad guy just  
strolls in and takes the exact  
thing you tried to keep from him  
because you're too spaced out to  
put up a fight.

Her logic lands with Vince. But he can't continue this run-n-  
gun rat race. He looks ahead, sees something at a STRIP MALL.

VINCE  
Pull over.

ANNA  
We can't stop now-

VINCE  
PULL! OVER!

She does. And Vince leaps out, heading for HOME DEPOT -

ANNA  
Where are you going?

VINCE  
To get an axe.

Anna chases after Vince -

ANNA  
An axe? Are we going full Swiss  
Family Robinson? Building a hideout  
in the woods?

VINCE

You don't want Pike to have The Watch, then YOU TAKE IT. Chop off my wrist. It's yours. I'm out.

ANNA

I'm not hacking off pieces of you-

VINCE

Then I'll do it myself.

ANNA

You can't just clock out of this! Even if you get The Watch off, whoever you give to is in as much danger as you are right now.

VINCE

Not my problem.

ANNA

Not mine either but I'm still here with you. Cuz I don't commit to fixing something and then quit halfway through.

VINCE

Good for you.

ANNA

Is this like "your thing?" Can't handle the hard road so you just kneejerk and take the easy way out.

VINCE

Nothing about my life's been easy.

ANNA

Oh boo-hoo. You had some bad breaks? Mommy and daddy didn't love you enough? Join the goddamn club.

VINCE

Try getting dumped into foster care then passed around like an unpinned grenade for a decade. See if you come out the other side whole.

ANNA

Buddy, I've got a head that looks like a cracked snow globe so if you're playing the "damaged goods" card I think I've got you beat.

VINCE

Still doesn't change the fact that  
this is YOUR FAMILY BUSINESS. YOUR  
DAD asked me to find you. I did.  
And now I'm done.

Vince nears the Home Depot entrance, about to enter when -

ANNA  
(in Russian)  
*Summertime.*

That stops Vince... The Russian word he used to convince Anna  
he was telling the truth about her father and THE WATCH...

ANNA (CONT'D)  
It means SUMMERTIME in Russian.  
(bearing her soul)  
The night my father left, he took  
my mother and me out for a last  
supper. Our favorite restaurant.  
Ordered the whole menu, which was  
completely unlike him. He was a  
penny pincher, never splurged on  
anything. But that night was  
different. Like he'd hit the  
jackpot. Made a deal with the devil  
for an ungodly sum of money, and  
we'd be set for life, but the catch  
was that he had to leave us behind.

This next part is tough to talk about. Anna choking-up as we -

CUT TO:

**INT. OLDSMOBILE CUTLASS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

ANNA (V.O.)  
On the ride home, SUMMERTIME was on  
the radio. The Sinatra version.

Sinatra croons, drowning out Anna's parents, GENE and LAUREL,  
yelling at each other in Russian, in a heated argument. Gene  
driving recklessly, barely paying attention to the dark,  
wooded road while YOUNG ANNA shuts her eyes in the backseat -

ANNA (V.O.)  
I remember shutting my eyes and  
focusing on the music to block out  
my parents fighting.

The argument intensifying, Gene throwing up his hands in  
frustration, letting go of the wheel as - THWACKKKKK!

*They hit a pothole - wheels torque and Gene overcorrects, sending the car into a DEATH ROLL over an embankment!*

ANNA

*Next thing, I'm getting thrown like a meat puppet in a tumble dryer.*

*Sinatra still singing the Summertime lullaby as the car crashes down the slope, flipping over-and-over. Anna unbuckled, her head ricocheting like a bingo ball.*

ANNA (CONT'D)

*After the first flip, everything went dark for me.*

*Her unconscious body is flung out a broken window before the car hits bottom... and a bloody, concussed GENE slithers out. About to reach inside for his wife when - KABOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!*

*The car EXPLODES, blasting Gene backward.*

ANNA (CONT'D)

*They said my parents' were so badly burned there was nothing left of them... I guess that was a lie...*

*Tears roll down Gene's cheeks as he stares into the inferno. In shock. Certain he's just killed his family. HE RUNS AWAY.*

**EXT. STRIP MALL - HOME DEPOT - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)**

ANNA

Whether my dad knew I was alive all along or just found out recently, I'm not sure. But I'd like to think that he spent every waking moment since that night trying to reverse what happened. And THAT WATCH-  
(nods at Vince's wrist)  
-was his answer.

Vince regards THE WATCH with new appreciation.

ANNA (CONT'D)

The very least you can do is take me to him, get me his briefcase so maybe I can un-fuck this whole situation. After that, I don't give a damn what you do.

Vince is captive in Anna's fiery gaze, under pressure to go boldly where no man has gone before though time... Seems like he's about to say something profound, but then -

VINCE

Do you believe in an afterlife?...  
I was just thinking if time-travel  
exists, then everything's on the  
table, including Heaven and Hell.

ANNA

... Where are you going with this?

VINCE

If we die tonight, and there's a  
99.9% chance that happens, we're  
gonna have to show our naughty-nice  
scorecards to get through the  
Pearly Gates, and I'm telling The  
Big Man everything from here-on-out  
goes on your rap sheet, not mine.

Anna half smirks, half scowls at Vince -

ANNA

Two things: ONE - you're really  
weird. And TWO - I think you're  
confusing God with Santa.

VINCE

We're gonna need them both on our  
side with what we're up against...

#### EXT. BOYLE HEIGHTS - NIGHT

They drive through a maze of backstreets on their way to Benji's. Vince looking nervous as hell - Anna notices -

ANNA

This guy, your ex-boss, what  
happened between you two?

VINCE

You ever had someone tell you  
they'll kill you if they see you  
again but not in those exact words?

ANNA

No.

VINCE

Well, hang around me long enough  
and you probably will.

The muffled **THUMP** of music greets them as they cruise toward Benji's address. Bass heavy beats blasting from inside the residence. TWO STRETCH LIMOUSINES seen through the gate.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Stop here.

ANNA  
This is him?

From afar, through a dark window we can see A RAVE OF SHADOWY FIGURES. Anna shoots a *what-the-hell-is-this* look at Vince...

VINCE  
Engagement party for his fiancé.

ANNA  
I thought criminal masterminds were supposed to keep a low profile?

VINCE  
He's more Scarface than Bernie Madoff.

ANNA  
So how do we break in? Battering ram the gate?

VINCE  
Too noisy. We can hop it.

Vince exits the car, striding for the gate - Anna trailing -

ANNA  
What about the cameras?

VINCE  
Doubt anyone's looking.

At the gate, Vince knits his fingers together, open-palmed -

VINCE (CONT'D)  
C'mon, I'll give you a boost.

Anna gives a sassy eye-roll, doesn't need his help. She leaps onto the gate and hoists herself over like a champ, easy.

ANNA  
Not my first b-and-e.

Now Vince scales the gate, not as graceful, but gets over.

As he and Anna sneak toward the house, our attention shifts far down the street where a BLACK SEDAN is parked...

**INT. BLACK SEDAN - SAME**

Inside it is MILBURN (Pike's operative) - he's been staking out Benji's house for hours. Eyeing Vince and Anna...

MILBURN  
(into walkie)  
I've got visual on our target at the Alvarez address.

**INT. PIKE'S CAR - SAME**

We catch up with Pike and Shane speeding away from Cedars, on the hunt - Milburn squawking on the WALKIE - Pike picks up -

PIKE  
Can you intercept outside?

MILBURN (V.O.)  
Negative. He just jumped the gate.  
Should I go after him?

PIKE  
No, if he's sneaking in, this is just a pitstop. And he can't keep running all night. Eventually he has to put his head down. That's when we go at him.

MILBURN (V.O.)  
So just shadow for now?

PIKE  
Unless there's trouble, then you move in and secure the device.  
(to his whole team)  
I have everyone's ears?

**INT. HOTEL SUITE - DTLA - SAME**

Pike's TEAM OF OPERATIVES, still at their monitors. CARUSO joy-sticking a remote-control drone as it streams a live feed from above Benji's house, in black-and-white night vision.

CARUSO  
(into walkie)  
We're here. And we have eye-in-the-sky locked on his location.

PIKE (V.O.)  
Good. Keep on him, and get mobile.  
I want all my hitters in the field.  
(MORE)

PIKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 No more small ball. This is a  
 numbers game now. Next time he's  
 cornered, we hit him with  
 everything we got.

Caruso motions for everyone to pack up.

CARUSO  
 We're road-ready in ten.

Operatives start disassembling gear in a mad rush.

**EXT. BENJI'S HOME - NIGHT**

Vince and Anna circle Benji's house, around back, where DEZ and RUBY play drunk Marco Polo with a gaggle of COLUMBIAN BEAUTIES. Guzzling bottles of Dom. All of them WASTED.

Across the lawn, the backdoor is cracked open...

Vince and Anna quickly duck inside -

**INT. BENJI'S HOME - NIGHT**

Into the mud room. No one here. Party raging deeper within the house... Someone's FOOTSTEPS approaching fast and -

Vince drags Anna through another door, into -

**THE WALK-IN FREEZER**

Quietly closing the door. Hunks of raw meat on shelves. Vince grabs a lamb leg, ready to bludgeon anyone who enters while -

Anna backpedals, shivering, bumping into an ICE CHEST at the rear... a smear of BLOOD on the handle. She frowns. Curious.

Then unlatches the top, opening to find -

HER DEAD FATHER! Staring right up at her. Crusted in frost.

She starts to scream but Vince smothers her. Muting her sobs in his palm as she cycles through sadness, rage, regret. Horrified at the ghastly appearance of her dad's slain body.

ANNA  
 Get me out of here.

Vince nods, peeks out the freezer door, coast clear. He leads Anna deeper in the house, inching up to a corner where -

Seizures of light flicker violent red. Dubstep remix climaxing an orgasmic electronica. An army of feet moshing to the beat as Vince cranes around the edge to glimpse -

A MASS OF DANCING BODIES - EDM Eyes Wide Shut.

BENJI at the DJ decks, grinding up on his Columbian trophy fiancé, CAMILLA (20s). Both lusty and drunk as hell.

CHROME GLOCK in his waistband and a BLACK CANNON in hand - shooting a jet-stream of party smoke over the dance mob.

Perfect time for Vince and Anna to sneak by.

They patter DOWNSTAIRS, heading directly for -

**INT. DARK ROOM - SAME**

- slipping inside Benji's office. BRIEFCASE right where he left it. Dented from Benji hammering. But the lock is intact.

VINCE

We tried cracking it open but it's pretty bulletproof.

Anna spots an INSCRIPTION ON THE METAL CLASP IN RUSSIAN...

ANNA

(translating it aloud)

*The first time I saw you.*

She thinks a beat, then DIALS A SEQUENCE INTO THE COMBO LOCK. And... *TWHIP!* The case pops open. She clues Vince in -

ANNA (CONT'D)

My birth date.

Inside the case... are PAGES OF HANDWRITTEN NOTES, and step-by-step DIAGRAMS, like an IKEA assembly booklet written by a quantum engineer. Anna thumbs through the stack, frowning...

VINCE

What're those?

ANNA

Looks like... instructions for how to destroy the device.

VINCE

So what-- is there a special shutdown code we enter?

ANNA

It's a little more complicated.

VINCE

But we're not destroying it ON ME,  
right? There must be something in  
there about how to take it off...

ANNA

I haven't gotten to that part yet-

VINCE

Well flip forward!... Actually,  
scratch that. Let's go. We can  
figure out the rest on the road.

Vince starts for the door, but Anna stays put, staring at a peculiar indentation on the bottom lining of the briefcase.

VINCE (CONT'D)

C'mon! We gotta move.

Anna now unhinges the FALSE BOTTOM, revealing a hidden cavity in the briefcase that contains **TWO CARBON FIBER CAPSULES** with RADIOACTIVE WARNING SYMBOLS... She carefully removes one...

VINCE (CONT'D)

Is that...

ANNA

Plutonium.

Anna gives Vince a *holy-shit-we're-screwed* look -

ANNA (CONT'D)

I think we have to make a bomb.

VINCE

A NUCLEAR bomb?! That's how we  
destroy it!?

Vince balks in almost comical disbelief while Anna scans the instructions again, trying to make sense of it all...

ANNA

Where I grew up, after my parents fled Moscow, we had a house in Fremont. New names. New identities. New life. But my dad was still scared someone would come for him, so he built a bunker. He spent most nights down there messing with his machines. Experimenting on new inventions.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)  
 And all of it, he left behind.  
 Everything we need for these  
 instructions is right there.

VINCE  
 So... all we have to do is set off  
 a mini-Chernobyl in your dad's  
 basement. Then pray we don't turn  
 into radioactive zombies. *Simple*.

Anna re-packs the briefcase, trying to convince herself -

ANNA  
 We'll work it out. We can do this.

VINCE  
 And what if we mess up?! We look  
 like goddamn terrorists.

ANNA  
 If there was an easier way my dad  
 would've already done it himself.

VINCE  
 The dad who left you for dead? He's  
 the one you're trusting? Cuz to me,  
 those "instructions" look like a  
 Unabomber manifesto.

ANNA  
 It's how we ensure the device can't  
 be rebuilt. We dismantle it at an  
 atomic level. It makes sense.

VINCE  
 "Making sense" would be burying it.  
 Or dropping it at the bottom of the  
 ocean. What we're doing is the  
 opposite! We're solving a problem  
 by creating a bigger problem. And,  
 cherry-on-top, neither of us are  
 remotely qualified to build a bomb.

ANNA  
 I'm a mechanic.

VINCE  
 For cars! Not weapons of mass  
 destruction. Big difference there.

Anna, done arguing, nudges past Vince, briefcase in hand,  
 urging him to follow - he curses under his breath and -

RACES UPSTAIRS

Right behind Anna - passing the dance floor - still clouded in smoke - a thunderstorm of party lights - music booming.

BENJI no longer at the DJ decks, lost somewhere in the crowd.

As Anna and Vince skirt by, unseen, heading for the -

BACKDOOR

But DEZ is coming in from the pool, a few steps away -

Anna and Vince reverse, backtracking fast, searching for another exit... THE FRONT DOOR... but they have to cut across the dance floor. Smoke now thinning. Not much cover left.

They squeeze through writhing bodies.

Getting knocked around... until... *THUNK!*

Vince bumps right into BENJI!

And you can practically see the steam rocketing out of Benji's enraged eyes. Ready to go ballistic on Vince -

Benji grabs his GLOCK, point-blank, but -

Vince rams him and redirects his arm upward - *BAMBAMBAMBAM!*

Plastering the ceiling with bullets. Gunfire eclipsing music -

Camilla and the panicked crowd scatter - fleeing for exits - stampede of drunk, half-naked people trampling each other.

**EXT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT**

Outside, MILBURN hears the shots, jumps into action.

Pops his trunk and pulls out an MP5 SUBMACHINE GUN. He runs at the house, against the grain of fleeing partygoers.

**INT. BENJI'S HOME - SAME**

Inside, Benji and Vince grapple for control of the gun until -

BENJI SLAMS VINCE INTO THE DJ DECK!

BENJI

What part of "don't ever let me see you again" didn't you understand?!

He's about to mic-drop Vince with a bullet when -

*WHOOOOOOSH!* Anna sprays the smoke cannon in Benji's face, and Vince bucks free, dodging as Benji fires blind - *BAMBAMBAM!*

Anna pulling Vince out of the kill zone while -

DEZ staggers onto the scene, followed by RUBY. Both squinting through thickening smoke. Frozen in indecision as -

MILBURN - breaches the front door!

MP5 puking bullets - *RATATAT!* - raking Dez and Ruby -

Then downing Benji in one continuous shooting motion.

WHILE VINCE AND ANNA RUN UPSTAIRS!

Shots chasing them as Milburn BLASTS AWAY - *RATATATATATATAT!* Barely missing - now pursuing Anna and Vince as they -

Charge into THE MASTER BEDROOM.

Locking the door - with Milburn right outside - *RATATAT!* Shooting chunks out of the wood frame, won't hold up long.

VINCE

We have to reset!

ANNA

A minute ago your ex-boss had a gun to your head! SCREW THAT. NO WAY.

Anna scrambles for the SLIDING GLASS DOOR that opens onto -

THE BALCONY

Right above the swimming pool. Anna sizing up the jump as -

Milburn crashes through the door, Anna right in his sights -

But Vince tackles her - both of them PLUNGING INTO THE POOL!

**EXT. POOL - SAME**

*WHAAAAAAAM!* Gravity thrusting them deep underwater.

AS BULLETS RAIN DOWN - SLASHING THROUGH LIQUID.

Shredding Vince and Anna! Water turning shark-attack-red. Their dimming eyes meet in the bloodbath. Death coming fast -

As Vince reaches for THE WATCH, more shots rip through him.

Barely conscious when... he finally taps THE RED BUTTON -

As a bullet tunnels toward his head - TIME HALTS... water turns sludgy, catching the lead slug like a block of jello -

As frothy white rings churn around Vince in a liquid tornado - spinning him backward in time as we -

SMASH TO:

**ONE MINUTE EARLIER**

Benji SLAMS Vince's head against the turntables -

Presses the glock to Vince's temple -

VINCE

Just give me a minute!... ONE  
MINUTE, and I can save you!

BENJI

Save me?! I'm the one with the gun-

A VOLCANO OF BLOOD starts gushing from Vince's nose, and -

Benji backs off, freaked out by Vince's sudden hemorrhaging as DEZ and RUBY arrive and Anna rushes to Vince's side -

ANNA

What happened?! What'd you see?!

VINCE

We all die. There's no way out.

BENJI

The hell's he talking about?

VINCE

Remember when I was right about SWAT hitting us earlier?! Well any second now a guy's gonna come through your front door and kill you. How do I know that? Cuz I just saw it happen. I watched you bleed-out right where you're standing!

Benji clocks the door, still unsure -

ANNA

Listen to him OR WE'RE ALL DEAD!

Benji on the fence - deliberating - takes aim at the door -

Just as MILBURN barges through - Benji LIGHTS HIM UP!  
 BAMBAMBAM! Wrecking Milburn in a blaze of bullets... Then approaching to confirm the kill. Dez and Ruby backing him up.

BENJI

'The hell is this guy?

Vince drags himself upright, wipes his bloody nose.

VINCE

Doesn't matter. More like him will come if we don't leave.

BENJI

Ain't NOBODY runnin' me outta my own house.

VINCE

They aren't after you. They want THIS.

(raises THE WATCH)

Let us go, they'll leave you alone. You don't, there'll be an army at your doorstep within the hour.

Benji now scowling at Anna, recognizing her -

BENJI

Wait, is she-

VINCE

The daughter. *Gene's daughter.*

ANNA

Anna.

BENJI

... And that WATCH-THING-- it really takes you back in time?

VINCE

Which is how I knew exactly when-and-where we were about to die.

Benji still death-glaring Vince, deciding whether kill him...

BENJI

How many more men are coming?

VINCE

More than we can take.

BENJI

If you're dead anyway why shouldn't I just hand you over for a price?

VINCE

I dunno maybe because I JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE.

ANNA

You try making a deal you'll be negotiating your own death. They'll kill you just for getting involved.

VINCE

Actually, screw it, I'LL KILL YOU.

Vince rests his finger on the watch - recharge timer still ticking - but Vince bluffs -

VINCE (CONT'D)

Let us leave, or I'll turn back time and I won't save you. I'll let you die, and there'll be no do-overs, no take-backs, no resurrections. You'll be very-dead, for real this time.

Vince not backing down despite the gun in his face...

BENJI

You'd do that to me? After all we've been through.

VINCE

I'm done taking directions from you.

Stalemate. Vince's finger on RED BUTTON. Benji's on TRIGGER. Breathless tension.... until... Benji lowers the gun... and now Vince puffs his chest, emboldened by this small victory -

VINCE (CONT'D)

And I'm taking a car.

**EXT. BENJI'S HOME - NIGHT**

**VR00000000M!** Vince blazes out of the garage in Benji's LAMBO. Streaking away, tail lights like twin bolts of red lightning.

**INT. LAMBO - SAME**

Vince driving daredevil-fast with Anna riding shotgun, checking rearview, no one following.

ANNA  
You can slow down now!

VINCE  
Why would I do that?

ANNA  
Cuz no one's following! And getting pulled over in a stolen car with a briefcase full of plutonium would probably land us in Guantanamo.

Vince grins at Anna, despite the dire situation, he's never felt more alive. He downshifts, slams gas, DRIVING FASTER!

VINCE  
You afraid of a little speed?

ANNA  
Well I did almost die in a car crash, so yeah - you driving like a raging methhead isn't my favorite!

VINCE  
I handled cars twice this fast when I was racing.

Vince pushes EVEN FASTER - MOTOR ROARING - WIND HOWLING.

ANNA  
Why'd you stop racing?

VINCE  
I hit a wall.

ANNA  
Literally? Or like a mental block?

VINCE  
The kind that turns your car into a crushed soda can.

ANNA  
So you CRASHED?!

VINCE  
Sorta... I was on a losing streak. My final race, I'm heading for a pileup, nasty five-car-wreck.  
(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

I should've slowed down, followed everyone on the inside lane, but I thought I saw an angle. Tried to pass on the outside. Clipped some debris and spun-out into a corner at 160MPH, nearly split in two.

ANNA

... And you never raced again?

VINCE

Didn't think I had what it took.  
But now... maybe it'd be different.

(half-kidding)

We make a pretty good team. You could be my mechanic. Or my pit boss. Talk me out of my bad ideas.

Anna giggles softly Vince swoops onto the 5 FREEWAY NORTH.

ANNA

Why "driving"? As a career, out of everything you could've done.

Vince takes a moment to reflect, then -

VINCE

If you go fast enough, you can beat anything, anyone. Whatever badness is behind you, just put it in your rearview and keep going until it's not there anymore... That's why.

Anna nods, seems like she's finally understanding Vince...

#### **EXT. LAMBO - SAME**

Outside the car, unbeknownst to them, we find THE DRONE soaring through the sky, stealthily tracking the Lambo...

#### **EXT. FREMONT, CALIFORNIA - MORNING**

Dawn breaks over the Pacific. The sun a harbinger of hope. Daylight rolling over the lush landscape of Silicon Valley. As we track the Lambo along winding rural roads, cresting foothills that overlook the shimmering city in the distance.

#### **INT. LAMBO - MORNING**

Ahead, Anna points at a driveway overgrown by wild grass -

ANNA  
Turn here.

Vince peels onto the rambling path that leads to a DECREPIT OLD HOUSE on a sprawling plot. Acres of unkempt terrain.

VINCE  
This where you grew up?

A tepid nod from Anna, haunted by memories of this place...

ANNA  
When my dad died, "officially", he left it to me on the condition I couldn't sell it. But there was too much baggage here. So I packed up. Thought I could reinvent myself in LA... Haven't been back here since.

The house looks more like a tomb with greyed shingles and windows blackened by dust. Nothing left but dead memories...

**INT. THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Anna muscles open the rusted door, met by the stale stench of her past. Interior blanketed in dust and decay. She beelines into the kitchen, rummaging through drawers, searching for SOMETHING, while Vince dawdles in the living room...

Family photos of YOUNG ANNA hung on walls:  
--*Blowing out birthday candles.*  
--*Winning the local science fair.*  
--*On her dad's shoulders at a parade.*

Portraits of a blissful youth. Hard to recognize Anna today from the happy-go-lucky girl in these pictures.

VINCE  
Your dad didn't keep any guns around? Just in case we get some company.

ANNA (O.S.)  
He was an engineer, not an assassin.

VINCE  
So... the thing about him being KGB-

ANNA (O.S.)  
Was a lie planted by Pike to control him.  
(MORE)

ANNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Make him an enemy-of-the-state,  
 force him to work underground in  
 secret. My dad was basically Pike's  
 prisoner.

Anna emerges from the kitchen with a KEY -

ANNA (CONT'D)  
 Found it.

**EXT. BACKYARD - DAY**

She leads Vince across the backyard to a **STORM SHELTER DOOR** dug into the ground, and secured by a HEAVY INDUSTRIAL LOCK.

Vince holding THE BRIEFCASE as Anna unlocks the door and -

**INT. BUNKER - DAY**

They descend CREAKY METAL STEPS into the musty lair...

Dark. Echoey. Cobwebs everywhere.

Anna flips a wall switch, and fluorescent tubes flicker...

Illuminating the expansive bunker. A COLONY OF INTERCONNECTED ROOMS. Impressively large. Work spaces. Living spaces.

Fully furnished. All insulated by THICK CONCRETE WALLS.

GIANT STORAGE BINS and shelves stocked with a menagerie of mechanical parts & tools. *Home Depot for rocket scientists.* Enough canned food and water to last years down here.

VINCE  
 Your dad did not mess around with  
 his end-of-the-world prep.

Anna browses relics on shelves, old dysfunctional inventions.

ANNA  
 When I was good, as a reward, he'd  
 let me come down and watch him  
 work. Showed me how to solder wires  
 and build circuits. It was like  
 being a Sorcerers Apprentice for  
 his circus of creations.

Vince eyes a collection of odd electronic gadgets -

VINCE  
 What's all this stuff do?

ANNA

Most of it, nothing. That's the downside of inventions, 99% of them are useless. But you keep hunting for the unicorns. The ones that will change the world.

Vince holds up THE WATCH, smirking -

VINCE

Are you calling me a unicorn?

ANNA

Let's hope when we take off your "magical horn" it doesn't kill you.

VINCE

Yeah I'd prefer not to be extinct.

Vince opens THE BRIEFCASE, and start thumbing instructions...

VINCE (CONT'D)

So where do we start?

### BEGIN MONTAGE

Of Anna and Vince BUILDING THE BOMB - referencing Gene's instructions - gathering armfuls of parts off shelves - dismantling defunct devices - moving ULTRA FAST!

And although this is HIGH STRESS, they're totally in sync.

Working beautifully together. Almost having fun.

Dripping sweat as they solder, weld, drill, screw the components into position - the bomb now taking shape. No bigger than a shoebox, with ports for plutonium capsules.

Onto the finishing touches as we -

CUT TO:

### **EXT. BUNKER - DAY**

Outside, THE DRONE hovers ominously above the bunker...

### **EXT. FREMONT HIGHWAY - DAY**

A convoy of cars peels off the highway at the Fremont exit.

**PIKE** in the lead vehicle, watching the drone camera feed on a portable monitor. His eyes hungry for resolution.

His OPERATIVES loading their weapons - AR-15s, M4 carbines. Commando kill squad ready to rain hell on Anna and Vince.

**INT. BUNKER - DAY**

Back with Anna and Vince, done assembling the bomb except for the TWO PLUTONIUM CAPSULES. They each hold one, preparing to insert into the ports. Anna instructs Vince -

ANNA

Gently...

Simultaneously, they insert the capsules...

Sealing them in the bomb housing - a dense metal exoskeleton. A RED INDICATOR LIGHT GLOWS, signaling the bomb is armed. MANUAL DETONATOR SWITCH connects to THE COUNTDOWN TIMER.

All of it has a Frankenstein-ed analog feel, but functional.

VINCE

We sure this thing isn't gonna explode and accidentally kill off the whole planet?

ANNA

Instructions say the blast should be contained within the bomb housing, no leakage. And if it does spill out, we're underground in a concrete tomb so the fallout would be minimal.

Vince regards the diminutive bomb -

VINCE

Seems kinda...

ANNA

Small?... It doesn't have to be a "big bang", just strong enough to scramble whatever atomic structure is powering THE WATCH.

Anna reads the final page of instructions...

ANNA (CONT'D)

Give me your hand.

Big moment of trust. Vince puts his wrist in Anna's hands...

And she enters a numeric sequence from the instructions on the DIGITAL KEYPAD ON THE WATCH... then suddenly -

*TWHIP!* It unlocks... neural needles withdraw from Vince's skin, leaving little dimples of blood as Anna gently peels off the watch, and Vince exhales a BIG SIGH OF RELIEF.

Anna places the watch on a tray that slots into the center chamber of the bomb. Then looks at Vince -

ANNA (CONT'D)  
It's time.

VINCE  
Do we stay down here for the fireworks?

ANNA  
No, we should go above ground just in case something goes wrong.

Anna sets the timer, 5 MINUTES, presses the starter button.

COUNTDOWN BEGINS...

As Anna and Vince hurry for the bunker door, ascending...

ABOVE GROUND

Taking a tiny step into the fresh air when VINCE STOPS. Holding Anna back, spotting a FLEET OF CARS parked in the driveway, then a TEAM OF OPERATIVES stalking across the yard.

PIKE at the center of them, mad with bloodlust.

A dozen high-caliber rifles trained on Vince and Anna -

VINCE  
GET DOWN!

*RATATATATATATAT!*

Vince pulls Anna back into the bunker just before bullets nearly rip their heads off. Nonstop shots HAMMERING the door.

As Vince flips the bolt-lock, briefly halting the Operatives who are now right on top of them - BEATING HUGE DENTS IN THE DOOR with a handheld tactical ram - seconds from breaching!

VINCE (CONT'D)  
The hell do we do?!

Anna thinks fast, gives a grim look -

ANNA  
We set the bomb off manually.

VINCE

You mean explode it while we're standing right next to it?! Cuz I don't have a ton of faith in our engineering abilities-

*WHAM!* The door caves halfway open, BULLETS RIPPING THROUGH!

ANNA

C'MON!

Anna drags Vince deeper into the bunker, reaching for the bomb as *BANG! - A SHOT PIERCES THE OUTER SHELL! The timer still ticking but the bomb now has a coin-size hole in it!*

*WHAAAAAAM!* Door smashes, OPERATIVES flooding into the bunker -

As Vince and Anna skitter into the ADJOINING ROOM and lock the door. Anna shoving GIANT STORAGE BINS to reinforce it.

No way out. They're trapped. Vince cradling the damaged bomb -

ANNA (CONT'D)

Set it off!

VINCE

There's a HOLE in it!

ANNA

Then patch it up!

VINCE

With WHAT?!

*WHAM!* The door buckles as Anna digs through bins, tossing a sheet of scrap metal and a roll of duct tape at Vince -

VINCE (CONT'D)

Duct tape?!

ANNA

JUST DO IT!

VINCE

There has to be another way-

*WHAAAAAAM!* Hinges burst off the door.

VINCE (CONT'D)

WAIT! We can take out THE WATCH and turn back the clock-

ANNA

No, we need to end this NOW-

*WHAAAAAAAAM!* Operatives plow through, firing - *RATATAT!*

Wrecking Anna, then targeting Vince as -

He thumbs THE DETONATOR, eyes squint, body bracing to be atomized in a mushroom cloud as he TOGGLERS THE SWITCH -

**KABOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!**

Shockwave throws him across the room - eruption of quantum energy jetting from the bullet hole in the bomb casing.

Cascading over Vince like a TIME TSUNAMI - waves of white radiation engulfing him - ripping the jigsaw of reality and -

BOOMERANGING VINCE INTO HIS PAST -

SMASH TO:

VINCE

At the wheel of a **RACE CAR**, helmet on, face heatstroke-red. Speeding 160 MPH around a track - behind a dozen other cars.

Vince blinks, realizing where he is - panicking when -

*WHAAAAAAAM!* CARS COLLIDE IN FRONT OF HIM! Ricochetting off each other like bowling pins, belching smoke and fire.

Vince remembering this PIVOTAL MOMENT - as cars ahead of him brake at the wreck, slowly passing on the inside lane. Vince hesitates, knowing he should follow, but he's too impatient -

He swerves into the outside line - flooring it - hugging the wall - blasting through a minefield of debris and smoke -

Until he SMASHES the crushed hood of a car - launching him INTO THE WALL - the wicked *CRUNCHHHHHHH* of impact and we -

SMASH TO:

VINCE

At a **BANK VAULT**. On his knees. Robber mask peeled off. COPS with guns at his back. ALARM SHRIEKING. Vince with a look of despair as an UNDERCOVER FEMALE OFFICER in plainclothes slams Vince into a pile of loose money, and SLAPS CUFFS ON HIM -

SMASH TO:

VINCE

Rocked by a fist to the face, getting the piss punched out of him in a **PRISON YARD**. Inmates ganging up on Vince.

A KNOCKOUT BLOW SHATTERS HIS JAW AS WE -

SMASH BACK TO:

**THE BUNKER**

**BANG!** Bullet rips a hole in the bomb casing as Vince staggers toward it - tripping back through time - visibly disoriented.

Having just RELIVED all the hardest knocks of his life.

**WHAAAAAM!** PIKE AND HIS OPERATIVES BREAK INTO THE BUNKER -

ANNA

C'mon!

As Anna drags Vince, holding the bomb, into the next room - locking the door, shoving storage bins for reinforcement.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Set it off!

VINCE

Something went wrong! I already triggered the bomb!

**WHAAAAAAM!** Door buckles halfway off -

VINCE (CONT'D)

I think the bullet hole is messing up the explosion!

ANNA

Then patch it up!

Anna tosses scrap metal and duct tape to Vince, and he quick-wraps the hole in the bomb as - **WHAAAAAAAAAAAAM!** Operatives plow through - and Vince flips the detonator -

SMASH TO:

**SECONDS EARLIER**

**BANG!** At that exact same moment when the bomb gets hit by a bullet - ripping a hole in its shell. Vince stumbling toward it with the icky feeling he might be **STUCK IN A TIME LOOP!**

*WHAAAAAM! PIKE AND HIS OPERATIVES BREAK INTO THE BUNKER -*

And Vince doesn't even run, just flicks the detonator -

SMASH TO:

**SECONDS EARLIER**

*BANG! Right back when the bomb gets hit by a bullet.*

Confirming Vince has inadvertently CREATED A TIME LOOP -  
doomed to repeat this Groundhog Day death sequence until he  
can fix the damn bomb!

*WHAAAAAM! PIKE AND HIS OPERATIVES BREAK INTO THE BUNKER -*

ANNA

C'mon!

As Anna drags Vince into the next room, locks the door -

ANNA (CONT'D)

Set it off!

VINCE

It won't work!

*WHAAAAAM! Door cracks halfway open.*

VINCE (CONT'D)

WE'RE IN A TIME LOOP! Whenever I  
detonate, we restart here. So  
unless we wanna be stuck in this  
same minute forever we need to buy  
more time to patch up the hole!

Anna shoots a look at Vince, believes him, struck by an idea -

ANNA

Take us to the start of the loop-

*WHAAAAAAAAAM! Door crashes down as Vince flips the detonator -*

SMASH TO:

**SECONDS EARLIER - OUTSIDE THE BUNKER**

We switch POVs - now with PIKE AND HIS OPERATIVES as they -

SMASH THE BUNKER DOOR and storm inside -

Disappointed to discover ANNA AND VINCE ARE NOWHERE IN SIGHT.

Pike goes berserk -

PIKE  
They're in here! FIND THEM!!!

Pike and his team probe the bunker, trashing every room -

As we linger behind, by the entryway, where a cluster of those GIANT STORAGE BINS are tucked in a corner...

The top of one slowly slipping off as...

VINCE AND ANNA crawl out of it! Tiptoeing toward the exit.

Vince first to leave as Anna snags a BLOWTORCH and STEEL SCRAP - hustling on her way out, SHE TRIPS!

Alerting Pike, a room away, locating Anna and OPENING FIRE!

**EXT. BUNKER - SAME**

As Anna surges out of the bunker - breaking into a sprint with Vince across the lawn - booking it for the Lambo while -

Pike and his crew boil out of the bunker and unleash HELL -

*RATATATAT!* As Vince and Anna jump into the Lambo and jet off!

Enemies motoring right behind them!

**INT. LAMBO - SAME**

ANNA  
Give me the bomb!

Vince hands off the bomb as Anna SPARKS THE BLOWTORCH -

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Drive steady!

VINCE  
That's gonna be kinda difficult!

BULLETS POUND THE LAMBO - FUMES GUSH FROM THE REAR ENGINE!  
Clouding Vince's view of the gunmen riding up his backside.

As he whips onto THE ACCESS ROAD - a skinny one-lane street snaking through thick woodlands - zero room for error.

Anna concentrating hard, WELDING SCRAP METAL OVER THE DAMAGED BOMB WITH THE BLOWTORCH - PAINTING THE OUTER SHELL WITH FIRE.

Struggling to keep steady as Vince makes aggressive turns!

In the rearview he sees PIKE - leaning out the window of the closest vehicle in pursuit - and BLASTING THE LAMBO!

WHAP! Clipping the tire - jerking Vince off-road and - vaulting Anna forward - BLOWTORCH BURNING HER LEG!

ANNA  
DAMNIT!

Vince muscles back on-road - enemies all over his ass.

Anna ignores the burn wound and keeps blowtorching -

VINCE  
How much time left?

She peeps the timer - ticking under a minute -

ANNA  
Under a minute.

VINCE  
You better patch that hole before it hits zero or we're starting all over again!

ANNA  
You stating the obvious isn't helping, so SHUT UP AND DRIVE!

Pike dumps more bullets into the Lambo - engine sputtering.

VINCE  
I'm losing power!

ANNA  
Just hold on!

Anna is welding the last edge of the patch-scrap as -

Pike and his operatives converge on the smoking Lambo -

Racing toward a DEADLY TURN marked with yellow caution signs!

Vince, flashing back to his racing crash, tugs at the wheel, rushing his turn, swerving too soon, but Anna SHOUTS -

ANNA (CONT'D)  
No, not yet!

VINCE  
They're right on us!

ANNA  
Don't rush it! Wait for your moment!

Vince, fighting against all his worst impulses, listens to Anna, holding steady, waiting patiently for the right moment -

Then throwing his whole body into the turn - *SCREEEEEEEECH!* - hugging the inside lane - as Anna seals the bomb just before -

THE TIMER HITS ZERO!

A concussive rumble echoes within... extreme atomic forces colliding inside the bomb - rattling in Anna's hands - vibrations so intense HER WHOLE BODY SEIZURES!

The patched hole expanding like it might blow wide open!

Then... instantly, it decompresses. Shuts down. Quiet.

Vince steering onto a straightaway now, gaining a little separation from Pike, but losing speed rapidly.

VINCE  
Did it work?!

Anna opens the bomb tray. THE WATCH IS GONE. Disintegrated.

ANNA  
It's gone...

VINCE  
What?!

ANNA  
THE WATCH! It's not in there!

VINCE  
So we did it, right?!

ANNA  
... But there's SOMETHING ELSE.

LIGHT RADIATES WITHIN THE BOMB'S CENTER CHAMBER. A SIZZLING BALL OF ATOMIC ENERGY, LIKE A PEACH-PIT SUPERNOVA.

Anna peers at it curiously while Vince floors the gas pedal, unresponsive, Lambo shot to shit, driving dead...

About to get boxed-in by Pike and his operatives...

The end is near. But Vince has one last trick up his sleeve.

He tugs Anna's seatbelt, tightening it -

VINCE  
Hold tight.

ANNA  
Why? What're you gonna do?!

VINCE  
Turn this asshole into roadkill.

Pike blitzes closer - setting his sights on Vince, head-in-crosshairs, lining up the killshot -

While, within the bomb, THE LIGHT GLOWS BRIGHTER - churning like a radioactive disco ball, faster and FASTER!

ANNA  
Something's happening!!

Vince keeps his attention on Pike, waiting for him to drift in range and - *SCREEEEEEEECH!*

Vince rips the handbrake-and-wheel at once, spinning 90 degrees - blading the low-profile Lambo like a buzzsaw -

Cutting under Pike's tires - forcing him airborne - his body flung down-road - mangled on asphalt like a broken mannequin -

The crash knocking Lambo into a somersault - CRUSHING PIKE!

With Anna and Vince hung by belts, flipping in a death-roll -

As a **BLIZZARD OF LIGHT EXPLODES FROM THE BOMB!!**

Swallowing them in a white squall of quantum energy and we -

SMASH TO:

WHITEOUT...

Blurry. Buzzing. Sparkling...

As we rack focus to reveal STARS STITCHED IN THE NIGHT SKY...

Crickets chirp. Wind rustles leaves. Nature's lullaby.

Peaceful for a dreamy beat, then -

We hear GASPING! Below, in the grass, where -

VINCE AND ANNA are sprawled on the lawn by THE BUNKER DOOR... Both FREAKING OUT, disoriented, breathing nightmare-fast.

Unsure when-or-where they are, or how they got here!

Vince grabs Anna by the shoulders, deep caring in his eyes -

VINCE  
Are you okay?!

She gives a shaky nod, sharing the same concern for Vince -

ANNA  
Are YOU okay?!

He nods too, blinking, trying to recalibrate his bearings...

ANNA (CONT'D)  
What happened-- How did we--

VINCE  
I dunno, I'm not sure.

ANNA  
We can't have gone back. Right?!

Anna winces, sitting up, feeling the BURN MARK on her leg.

And she shares a look of astonishment with Vince - both realizing in the same instant that they can't have gone back in time. They must've TRAVELED FORWARD... INTO THE FUTURE.

HOLY. SHIT.

VINCE  
You wouldn't have that scar if we went back. That means what happened HAPPENED. You burned yourself. We crashed, and we should've died but-

ANNA  
We fast-forwarded into the future.

VINCE  
How far? How is that even possible?

They're both stumped. Impossible to know anything for sure.

Anna rises abruptly, marching for the road -

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?!

ANNA  
To make sure he's dead!

## EXT. MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

RED-BLUE LIGHTS GLITTER IN THE DARKNESS - from a gathering of EMERGENCY VEHICLES and TOW TRUCKS cleaning up the crash site.

The Lambo TOTALLED, upside down, with a wreckage of six other cars scattered nearby, wrapped around trees, hoods crushed.

Rampant vehicular carnage.

Vince and Anna amble toward the mess, approaching a FRIENDLY OFFICER keeping onlookers at a safe distance...

ANNA

Excuse me, officer - what happened?

Officer sighs heavy, been a long day -

OFFICER

Honestly, couldn't tell ya. Never seen this many cars in a hit-n-run.

Vince looking around for BODYBAGS, but seeing none...

VINCE

How many dead?...

OFFICER

So far, NONE. It's the damndest thing. Not a single body. Or at least none here at the crash site.

That news sends a chill through Anna and Vince.

Officer walks off as Anna regards the wreckage with palpable unease until Vince wraps a comforting hand around her waist.

VINCE

C'mon... it's over.

Vince ushers her away, but she keeps looking back -

ANNA

You think he's really gone?

VINCE

Gone? As in "dead"? He has to be. Even if he made the jump forward with us he'd carry his wounds. Like your burn. And I saw us CRUSH HIM.

ANNA

You're sure? You saw him die?

VINCE

No one survives that.

ANNA

But you didn't SEE HIM DEAD.

Vince stops, and gestures for Anna to take a look around...

VINCE

If he was still alive he'd be right  
where we are, looking for us.

No sign of Pike or his operatives anywhere in sight...

Anna nods, knowing she has to let go, time to move on.

Vince holds her hand, a touch of warmth sparking between them  
- kindred souls who just went through hell together and won.

A bond forged in the crucible of survival.

They stand motionless. Lost in each other's eyes. Police  
lights still strobing behind them, but none of that matters.

They don't kiss, because this isn't a schmaltzy rom-com. But  
their chemistry is electric. And their future seems bright...

As they trek away...

**WE RETURN TO THE CRASH SITE...**

Where OFFICERS collect the deformed shell of THE BOMB. They  
pack it up with evidence, load it in a van, driving off...

And we're left to wonder what residue of quantum powers might  
exist within it. Whether it could still control time...

**EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NEXT MORNING**

A golden California sunrise, postcard-worthy.

We're back where we started, *sorta*, in an UBER.

VINCE and ANNA in the backseat, taking in the scenic view.

Heading south along the coast - endless blue of the Pacific  
Ocean. Waves crashing. Tidal rhythm marking the flow of time.

The **DRIVER**, a chatty older fella. Looks almost like Vince 30  
years into the future... Glances in the rearview -

DRIVER

You two going home or getting away?

Vince and Anna share a silly, uncertain look -

ANNA  
Both, sorta.

DRIVER  
You know, the distance you're going, probably would've been cheaper to fly. Not that I mind. Just unusual, that's all.

VINCE  
We wanted to take our time. Enjoy the ride. So don't worry about getting us anywhere fast.

ANNA  
Feels like we've been going a hundred-miles-per-hour the last few days, so slow lane is fine by us.

Anna winks cheekily at Vince.

DRIVER  
How long've you been together?

VINCE  
Hard to say exactly. Two days? Plus-or-minus some wrinkles in time.

ANNA  
Oh, we're "together" now? When'd you decide that?

VINCE  
(teasing)  
Well, physically we are "together" right now. That's a fact.

ANNA  
So this is just a technical observation? Nothing more?

VINCE  
I thought we were taking it slow. Isn't that what you just said? "Slow lane?"

ANNA  
As a mode of transportation, not a lifestyle.

VINCE

Good, cuz going fast is kinda my thing.

ANNA

I got that vibe. But not today.

VINCE

No, today we've got all the time in the world.

They share a smile... And it seems Vince has finally learned to take things slow, and to savor life's little moments...

FADE TO:

DARKNESS...

We're speeding forward through space and time...

Serene silence for a tantalizing moment...

Then *SOFT CLICKING*. Metal on metal. Like a lock being picked.

And now FLASHLIGHTS BEAM THROUGH THE BLACKNESS...

Scanning across a **POLICE EVIDENCE LOCKER**.

A crew of **MASKED MEN** in black tactical gear breaking in.

Fast-searching shelves, passing by packages of drugs and money, ignoring them, hunting something FAR MORE VALUABLE...

They finally come upon their prize...

A sealed box. They slash it open, and reveal what's inside...

**THE REMNANTS OF THE QUANTUM BOMB**.

THE LEAD MAN lifts it out and cradles it preciously, as if he's holding the Holy Grail, ready to tap its true potential, to wield the limitless power of time...

SMASH TO BLACK: