

die fast

written by
Julian Meiojas

10.2.23

A GUIDED MEDITATION.

Soothing ambient tones, a dulcet voice.

DULCET VOICE

You came to the right place. You made the right decision. Now, let's find an undisturbed sanctuary... a place to shelter yourself from the world. Take your time. Don't. Rush.

FADE IN:

Literally. Two pink lines *FADE INTO* a results window:



IZZY (O.S.)

Fuck.

The pregnancy test is placed on a graffitied sink by chipped violet-nail-polished fingers.

ELIZABETH "IZZY" CARRERA (37)

stares into the fractured mirror of THE SHITTIEST BATHROOM IN AMERICA. Far from *sanctuary*. AirPods drip that honey voice.

DULCET VOICE

Close your eyes and take a deep breath. Now, repeat after me...

Izzy shuts her eyes. She's not your average, civilian 37. The years have gnawed at her, left marks.

DULCET VOICE / IZZY

With every breath, I feel myself relaxing. Peace is within reach.

She's happyish, baggage locked up. But it's heavy. The two-a-day workouts that cut her frame don't always hush the demons.

DULCET VOICE / IZZY

Stress is not my friend. I move through stress with steady calm.

As she fastens Kevlar over a fitted tank, GLIMPSE a Glock 17 in a concealed holster -- next to an NYPD SHIELD.

DULCET VOICE / IZZY

My troubles are new opportunities. To adapt. To change. My life is a river. Let it flow.

Izzy doesn't repeat that last part. She stops the meditation track, throws on a bomber. A final glance in the MIRROR --

Face SPLIT in its jagged crack. A duality not foreign to her. Izzy eyes the positive test again. A new opportunity?

IZZY
(*fuck it*)
Let it flow.

She clicks a new track, more her *speed*. As MISFITS "DIE, DIE MY DARLING" fires up, we FOLLOW HER into --

INT. MANNY'S BODEGA - CROWN HEIGHTS, BROOKLYN - DAY

Izzy walks in a daze past beer fridges & sundries, headed for her fix -- sludge coffee, powdered creamer, six Splendas. She pauses, then dumps it -- goes for an orange-handled carafe.

As she pours, her eyes catch NEWS on a TV. The BYLINE READS -- "APPEALS COURT TO HEAR NYC BANK ROBBER ROMAN BARLOW'S ORAL ARGUMENTS" -- under a mugshot of **ROMAN BARLOW** (40s, intense).

Izzy stares, transfixed. Pausing her AirPods to hear --

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)
...Barlow's appealing a six-decade sentence for the National Bank heist of 2012 which left one dead and millions unaccounted for...

MANNY (O.S.)
Decaf? What-- you pregnant, Iz?

Izzy STARTLES, spills. But she quickly recovers, turning with a grin to shop owner, **MANNY** (70s) --

IZZY
Ya, it's yours, Manny.

MANNY
Shit, better not tell my wife.

She laughs, kisses his cheek and slips something in his shirt pocket. As she exits, he pulls it out to find a \$20 BILL.

EXT. MANNY'S BODEGA - CROWN HEIGHTS, BROOKLYN - DAY

Izzy puts the java on the roof of her unmarked sleigh, slides on shatterproof Oakleys. Her CAR RADIO SQUAWKS --

RADIO
-- POSSIBLE 10-30, DUNBAR SECURITY DEPOT, Sterling and Kingston --

She hops in, grabs the comm --

IZZY (INTO RADIO)
Delta-211. I'm close to location,
will backup and supervise.

Izzy slams the door, reverses out, coffee crashing onto the asphalt as MISFITS CRANKS BACK UP and OVER --

I/E. IZZY'S UNMARKED CRUISER

HAULING ASS through Brooklyn traffic. Cherry strobing on her dash. Izzy's dialed in, zoned on the adrenaline --

IZZY
MOVE! Let's fucking move!

Her iPhone RINGS with a photo of an attractive man ID'd only as "DR. SEXY" -- she silences it. Nothing exists but *now*.

A smile cracks. *This is her sanctuary.* Izzy uncut, truly in her flow. As she whips around a corner, we --

SMASH TO:
A POOR BASTARD'S BUSTED FACE.

YELLING through a bashed-in mouth missing four teeth -- *fuck, now five* -- as he hacks a canine into his bloody palm --

POOR BASTARD
Pleatthehelmmeee! Pleath...

IZZY (O.S.)
Which way'd they go?!

IZZY enters the SECURITY DEPOT, Glock up. Oakleys reflect the Poor Bastard pointing to a gated lot. She's first on scene.

IZZY
How many of 'em? How many?!

Poor Bastard's slinked beneath the counter, but raises THREE BLOODY FINGERS. We TRACK WITH Izzy out to --

EXT. DUNBAR SECURITY DEPOT - GATED LOT - DAY

STEADY BREATHS as Izzy stalks down the narrow paths between a fleet of ARMORED TRUCKS.

She finds an UNCONSCIOUS GUARD. Another gorehole mouth -- the kiss of a shotgun's ass. She pulse checks. Got it. Moves on.

Izzy listens intently, for -- FOOTSTEPS. On the other side of an armored truck. She stops. So do the footsteps. She kneels.

IZZY'S POV UNDER TRUCK -- a dirty pair of RED HI-TOP CHUCKS. Shotgun barrel dangling next to Red Chucks's legs. Then --

BULLETS RICOCHET as Izzy spins to find a BALLISTIC-MASKED SHOOTER running across the lot -- OPENING FIRE.

She scrambles under another truck, lining up a prone shot in her sights. She breathes in -- out -- finally achieving that deep breath, then --

BLAM. A RUSTY MIST sprays out of the Shooter. He flails, runs out of view. Izzy looks for Red Chucks, when -- *CLINK CLINK* -- TWO TEAR GAS CANISTERS roll against her torso.

IZZY

Shit--

PLUMES OF SMOKE spit from the canisters, enshrouding Izzy as she frantically scans for Shooters.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Let's go, man-- let's fuckin go!

An ENGINE REVS. Just so happens it's the engine of the truck she's underneath. *Shit.* The TRANSMISSION SHIFTS into DRIVE --

Tires rotate on the axles as -- Izzy barrel-rolls out before she's eviscerated by the fat tires --

As she hops up, COUGHING from tear gas, another armored truck ENGINE ROARS to life. Behind her. She turns to see --

Another soulless ballistic mask behind the wheel.

She FIRES out of instinct, bullets crunching flat against the bulletproof glass as the ARMORED TRUCK BARRELS TOWARD HER...

Izzy dodges, but it's going too fast. *CRACK!* She's clipped by a side mirror, goes down --

She watches numerous trucks PLOW THROUGH the fence and vanish into the streets as SIRENS WAIL.

Izzy GAGS from still spraying canisters, rips off her bomber and makeshifts a GAS MASK. Then vomits into it.

WEEMS (PRE-LAP)
Alone?! The fuck were you thinking?

EXT. DUNBAR SECURITY DEPOT - OUT FRONT - DAY

CPT. ALICIA WEEMS -- 50s, OG ballcracker who still marvels at vice with infinite jest -- pops Nicorettes nonstop, glaring at Izzy on the back of an AMBO with an ice-packed wrist...

IZZY

Pretty sure you're only supposed to
chew one of those--

WEEMS

"I wasn't fucking thinking, Cap"--
that's the only answer. Your pops
already called twice about you.

IZZY

Ugh, he do that shit every time?

WEEMS

Every. Goddamn. Time. I swear, that
Bureau Chief job gives him too much
dick-in-hand time--

(to an approaching man)
Whatcha got, Omar?

Enter **DET. OMAR NAZARIAN**, 30s, fly-boy swag, but look close
and you'll see spit-up on this father-of-4's Air Force 1s.

OMAR

They had five racks in the office
safe, untouched. You good, Iz?

WEEMS

No, she's not good. She's out here
playing Butch Fucking Cassidy--
(realizes)

Wait-- why jack trucks when there's
a 50K score in the safe?

IZZY

Trucks were the score.

SANTORO (O.S.)

And that's why my *bichota's* gettin
striped tonight...

DET. GIA SANTORO, 30s, Nuyorican 3rd-gen blue, hustles over
from the DESTROYED GATE. Wraparounds and Yanks cap low can't
hide a party night, but she's pro AF, lives for the grind --

SANTORO

Precincts across the boroughs also
reported depots hit for trucks. And
Iz, dispatch got a call for you--

Santoro hands over her cell to Izzy.

IZZY (INTO PHONE)

Carrera. / Ya, this is her. / Oh
God, she ok? / Ya, I'm on my way.
(MORE)

IZZY (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
 (hands back cell)
 Lola got in trouble at school--

OMAR
 Again? Dude. You and Dave gotta up
 your punishment game. I don't let
 the kids have the iPad for weeks--

SANTORO
 Cause you're an asshole.

IZZY
 And what else would you J.O. with?

OMAR
 Got Santoro's *TitTok* on my phone--

WEEMS
 Shut up-- let her go. And Izzy,
 dress blues tonight, Sergeant.

Izzy half-ass salutes, walks off. Weems tails her, concerned.

WEEMS
 You ok, Iz? For real. Ya know, with
 Rome Barlow's appeal starting up--

IZZY
 (stifles a reaction)
Last appeal. It'll never happen.

WEEMS
 Doesn't mean he's not rattling
 around that skull of yours.

IZZY
 Been 13 years. I'm good, *for real*.

WEEMS
 Better be. Big deal for your pops,
 you getting promoted tonight.

IZZY
 Ya, no shit--

WEEMS
 Then get a fucking manicure, look
 the part. Not one of Lola's punk-
 ass colors either--

IZZY
 I like her punk-ass colors.
 (off her glare)
 Sir, yessir.

EXT. ST. FRANCIS XAVIER CATHOLIC ACADEMY - PARK SLOPE - DAY

LOLA CARRERA -- 14, Skittles-ombré hair, rocking a baggy St. Francis loaner sweater -- rolls eyes as Izzy gets lit up --

PRINCIPAL

Next time, it won't be suspension.
It will be expulsion.

(hands Izzy a BAG)
And she certainly cannot be wearing
this to school. I suggest you talk
with your daughter, Mrs. Carrera.

The Principal huffs off. Izzy waves -- but her hand quickly forming into a MIDDLE FINGER. Lola puts up hers, too.

IZZY

Hey, no, cut that out--

Out of the bag, Izzy pulls a vintage N.W.A. CONCERT TEE that reads "**FUCK THA POLICE**".

IZZY

You going through my shit?

LOLA

Only fair, you go through mine.
(off her scowl)
What? I needed clean socks-- found
it next to your bullets... and your
vibrator.

IZZY

Get in the goddamn car.

I/E. IZZY'S UNMARKED CRUISER - MOVING - DAY

Awkward. Silence. Shattered by Lola's iPhone RING -- BIGGIE'S "GIMME THE LOOT." Izzy shakes her head, *do not pick that up.*

LOLA (INTO PHONE)

Yo Dee, what's up--
(Izzy snatches the phone)
MOM!

IZZY

WHY would you punch Harper in the
face? In what world is that OK?

LOLA

She called me a faggot.

Lola's ashamed -- which kills Izzy.

IZZY

Then the bitch had it coming. She's
probably closet-crushing on you--
(then)
Don't stress that shit, ok?

Izzy holds out a fist. Lola daps, snatches back her phone.

LOLA

You gonna tell David?

IZZY

Can you call him Dad? He adopted
you when you were three.

LOLA

And I love him *like* a Dad. But
"Dad" is the UFD that left--

IZZY

UFD?

LOLA

The Unidentified Flying Dick who
knocked you up. So, no. David is
David now and forever--

Izzy suddenly VEERS LANES. Lola reacts as Izzy pulls over,
opens the door and... HURLS.

LOLA

Ok... totally normal behavior...
you want me to drive?
(Izzy shakes her head)
Oh, c'mon. I'm 14 in a week. Why're
you so afraid of me growing up?

Izzy shuts the door, leans back with a *this-fuckin-day* huff --

IZZY

I'm not... I'm afraid of you not
learning from my mistakes.

LOLA

What mistakes? You act like Officer
Fucking Perfect over here--
(off her glare)
Sorry but it's true. You front like
this boring-ass Mom-bot cop but you
stash sex toys and bullets in your
sock drawer? Like, what the actual
fuck? How can I learn from you if I
don't know you? The *real* you?

IZZY

You DO. I have bullets cause I have a gun. I have a gun cause I'm a cop- And ya, I have personal needs. Most "boring-ass Mom-bots" do. Doesn't mean I'm hiding shit from you.

LOLA

Personal needs? Ew.
(cracking up)
Know what'll make you feel better?

Off Izzy's look -- Lola flips through her iPhone. The opening of N.W.A.'s "FUCK THA POLICE" Bluetooths out the speakers...

IZZY

You really are a bad daughter.

Lola shoots her a smile -- CRANKS IT. This is them. Izzy gets on the road again as they RAP ALONG to Cube's vocals --

IZZY / LOLA

*FUCK THE POLICE COMIN STRAIGHT FROM
THE UNDERGROUND--*

This ritual goes on as "FUCK THA POLICE" CARRIES OVER...

INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - CEREMONY HALL - LATER THAT NIGHT

An NYPD PROMOTION CEREMONY. DRESS-BLUED COPS are introduced with new ranks from BUREAU CHIEF **HUGO CARRERA** -- 60s, Izzy's rusted razor of a father. Bronx cop since '77, Fort Apache.

We find IZZY in dress blues, on stage with fellow PROMOTEES. She glances the crowd -- WEEMS, SANTORO, OMAR, their dates -- and an EMPTY CHAIR where her husband David should be.

HUGO

And for Robbery-Homicide Division,
SERGEANT -- and my daughter --
ELIZABETH "IZZY" CARRERA!

CHEERS from Izzy's crew. LOUDER HOLLERING from a GUY stepping through their aisle, scrubs under a blazer, with a fistful of FLOWERS. We recognize him as "DR. SEXY" from her caller ID --

DR. DAVID HUGHES, 40s, erudite, tirelessly tired from saving and losing lives in the ER. Her eyes spark up. His, too.

DAVID (PRE-LAP)

So, I'm doing night rounds at Kings County and the E-Room's code black, which on a bad night as you've all seen, is the ninth circle of hell--

INT. MCSORLEYS OLD ALE HOUSE - EAST VILLAGE - NIGHT

David holds court with Izzy & her crew around a table gone to war -- slaughtered food baskets, murdered drinks.

DAVID

And they wheel in this cop bleeding out with some kinda... *viking sword* impaling her flank--

IZZY

Samurai. It was a samurai sword--

DAVID

Whatever. I excise the damn *samurai* sword after NINE hours and the cop-- drooling on Dilaudid, gross as ever-- (Izzy HITS him)

Sorry, *beautiful* as ever--she turns to me and know what this cop says?

SANTORO

Now pull your sword out?

OMAR

Hope you wore a sheath--

WEEMS

Can you perverts pipe the fuck down? It was rhetorical--

DAVID

(eyes Izzy)

She says "I LOVE YOU." And I knew right there, before she filled up her catheter bag and passed out, I was going to marry this woman...

Izzy & David exchange a loving KISS. Awww's around the table.

HUGO (O.S.)

Not the ninja sword bullshit again--

EVERYONE

(turns to Hugo)

SAMURAI!

Weems wraps HUGO in a hug meant for old friends or lovers, maybe both, followed by warm greetings from the crew.

WEEMS

I'm buying Fireballs, you in?

HUGO

I can barely swallow without my prostate flaring up. Go with God. Iz, can I steal you for a sec?

EXT. MCSORLEYS OLD ALE HOUSE - EAST VILLAGE - NIGHT

As Hugo & Izzy find a spot amidst SMOKERS on the sidewalk...

HUGO
Fuck happened out there today, Iz?

IZZY
Pretty sure I was doing my job--

HUGO
Hazard-pay hero shit's for rooks--

IZZY
You saying I'm old?

HUGO
I'm saying you got a girl at home
who needs a mom, not a memory. Let
me put you in for a desk--

IZZY
And what? Be like *you*? Push paper
till clock out? That my path?

HUGO
Don't know your path. All I know is
where it started. And that path was
leading right to where Rome is now--

IZZY
Oh, I see... you've been talking to
your fuck-buddy Weems--

HUGO
Easy, Iz. I'm just-- checking in. I
know what he meant to you.

IZZY
I buried Rome and *that* Izzy a long
time ago. You know that.

HUGO
Then what's up with you? You got a
good life, what else do you want?

Izzy's frustrated, pacing around before --

IZZY
I dunno... closure, maybe--

HUGO
You fucking had it! And I risked
everything to give it to you.

IZZY

Exactly. You gave it to me.

HUGO

What did you want me to do? Let you go to prison, with a baby? Your mom would've killed me.

IZZY

No, I know, sorry. I dunno-- maybe his appeal *is* fucking with me...

HUGO

Course it is. But it's over soon, ok? Then it's behind you, forever. So don't go jumping in the grave--

Hugo COUGHS, covering his mouth with a handkerchief.

IZZY

Could say the same to you. You better not be smoking--

HUGO

Not unless you're packing.

(she laughs)

Think on the desk, ok? There's a catch to that good life of yours... you gotta be alive to live it.

Izzy nods, appreciative of his candor. Hugo smiles,

HUGO

Besides, you owe me more grandkids.

Izzy laughs, *if only he knew*. She pulls out her phone --

IZZY

Reminds me, I gotta check in on the Queen Teen Nightmare.

(kisses Hugo)

Gotta let me go, old man.

HUGO

Not til the day I die, baby.

A last glance. Deep love here. As Izzy peels off, Hugo coughs again, looking down into his kerchief -- there's BLOOD in it.

ON IZZY -- dialing up Lola when she's suddenly distracted by a mint 1980 BLACK PONTIAC FIREBIRD idling on the street --

The fuck? She moves closer, hand on her waist-banded Glock, limping the DRIVER --

A **SUITED MAN**, 30s, calculating eyes staring at her through his tortoise-shell Tom Fords.

IZZY
Yahya...? Hey, stop--

But the FIREBIRD PEELS OUT. Off Izzy, rattled...

EXT. HUGHES HOME - QUEENS - NIGHT

Sycamores line the street. A YORKIE YAPS. Knicks game blares. Just another night in The World's Borough as we FIND Izzy & David approaching a FOUR-STORY TOWNHOUSE, mid-argument --

IZZY
You think it's MY fault?

DAVID
Course not. But Lola's behavior--
if she gets expelled--

IZZY
She won't. I talked to her.

DAVID
You think she found the letters?

IZZY
What's with everyone in this house
going through my shit?!

DAVID
There's a hundred of them stuffed
in your closet. Not exactly hard to
find. Maybe it's time you tell her--

IZZY
No.

DAVID
She has a right to know who her
father is--

IZZY
NO. I tell her about Rome, I have
to tell her about me. "Hey, baby,
*your mom was in love with a bank
robber.*" How you think that'll go?

DAVID
So you were in love with him...

IZZY
What're you, six? It's in the past.

DAVID

Then tell her the truth! Let her
decide what to do with it.

A NOSY BLONDE walks past, ogling the action --

IZZY

Keep power-walking, Denise. Like
your family's fucking perfect...
(off David's glare)
What?

INT. HUGHES HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Izzy & David enter the foyer. Izzy shifts topics --

IZZY

Sure Eve's cool with Lola tonight?

David sidles up to Izzy, wraps his arms around her waist.

DAVID

Yeah, why? What'd you have in mind,
Sergeant? Little stop and frisk?

They kiss passionately, then he keeps kissing down her neck.

IZZY

Might need the handcuffs, you keep
that up...

DAVID

(laughs)

Meet me upstairs? I'm gonna shower
real quick, wash the ER off me.

IZZY

Maybe I'll join you...

DAVID

But then I won't get to peel that
uniform off you...

They kiss again, barely able to keep hands off each other.

INT. HUGHES HOME - FOURTH FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Izzy walks upstairs, positive PREGNANCY TEST in hand. She's
clearly excited, nervous. But as Izzy opens the door...

The pregnancy test clatters onto the floor. Izzy's eyes flood
with terror as we REVERSE ON --

A dirty pair of RED HI-TOP CHUCKS.

The same ones from earlier. Belonging to the same BALLISTIC-MASKED MAN with a shotgun -- now standing *in her bedroom* -- lording over David, who's on his knees, face bloodied.

RED CHUCKS
Where's the fuckin money?

IZZY
There's-- there's a few hundred bucks in my purse, some jewelry and watches in the top drawer, just take it, take it-- it's yours--

RED CHUCKS
Ain't here for watches.

Behind Izzy -- another MASKED MAN (#2) creeps INTO VIEW --

RED CHUCKS
WHERE'S. THE. FUCKIN. MONEY?

Izzy's SHOVED to the ground by MASKED MAN #2. She stumbles along the floor, inching toward the bed...

IZZY
You're making a mistake, I'm a cop--

IZZY'S VIEW UNDER BED -- where there's a STASHED .38 SPECIAL.

IZZY
You can just leave now... and I-- I won't even report it--

RED CHUCKS
Where's your daughter? Maybe she knows where the money's at, uh?

The mention of Lola panics Izzy -- but she stays focused --

IZZY
David...
(swipes the .38)
MOVE!

Izzy FIRES -- but #2 CRACKS her in the eyebrow with the hilt of his gun -- her stray BULLET PIERCES THE WINDOW --

The .38 tumbles to the ground. Izzy scrambles for it -- blood dripping into her eye -- but #2 grabs a fistful of her hair --

IZZY SCREAMS. David lunges --

DAVID
Stop! Leave her alone--

CRACK. Red Chucks smashes his mouth quiet.

Izzy elbows #2 in the gut. He doubles over. Izzy drives a fist into his kidney. Knocks him down.

IN IZZY'S BLOOD-BLURRED POV -- she wails on #2, ripping at his mask, trying to choke him out until --

TWO GUNSHOTS unlock Izzy from her fight to see... David... *bleeding badly from the stomach.*

Her .38 now in Red Chucks's gloved hand.

IZZY
NOOO! DAVID--

Izzy charges Red Chucks -- punching, struggling -- SHATTERING EVERYTHING off tables and pictures of Lola off the walls -- until Red Chucks grabs Izzy by her dress blues and --

THROWS HER THROUGH THE WINDOW.

And OUT WE GO WITH IZZY into the night -- SOARING -- almost gracefully in SLO-MO amongst SHARDS OF GLASS.

As we glimpse horror in Izzy's face -- SOUND DROPS OUT. For a moment, the night seems peaceful. A breeze ripples her blood-matted hair. Then --

We SLAM BACK INTO BRUTAL REAL TIME & SOUND as --

Izzy's HEAD SMASHES into an awning overhanging the entrance before she hits the concrete with a sickening *C R U N C H.*

We HOLD ON IZZY splayed out on the front steps. Blood seeps from her head and rivulets down the stairs.

And that fucking YORKIE YAPS.

SNAP TO **BLACK.**
BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

The drone of a cardiac monitor. Then, VOICES IN THE DARK --

VOICES
She's moving / I think she's waking
up / Page Dr. Paulsen! / Elizabeth?

FLUTTER INTO:

A BLUR of fluorescent lights and amplified HOSPITAL NOISE.

IN IZZY'S POV -- our vision DRIFTS INTO FOCUS -- to find our BANDAGED HANDS. INKY FIGURES overhead -- staring at us --

Our VIEW UPRIGHTS as Izzy tries to sit up -- FOCUS going IN & OUT as a familiar face COMES INTO SHARP RELIEF --

WEEMS

There she is... hey, Iz...

The figures behind Weems coagulate into a team of NURSES. Nurse 1 shines a PEN LIGHT in our eyes -- BLINDING US --

NURSE 1

Elizabeth? Can you hear me? Eliza--

WEEMS

She goes by Izzy--

NURSE 1

Izzy? Izzy, can you hear me? ETA on Dr. Paulsen?

NURSE 2

Flying in now--

IZZY (O.S.)

Where am I?

We suddenly SNAP OUT OF IZZY'S POV and INTO --

INT. QUEENS HOSPITAL - ICU - IZZY'S ROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT ON IZZY'S EYES -- fighting against heavy eyelids for consciousness in an ICU bed. Nurse 1 examines her --

NURSE 1

You're in the ICU at New York Presbyterian in Queens--

IZZY

David... David works here...

NURSE 1

That's right, good. Your husband, Dr. David Hughes--

The Nurse looks to Weems, who *shakes her head*, as DR. RUTH PAULSEN, a social-graceless robot of a neurosurgeon enters --

IZZY

How long... have I been here?

DR. PAULSEN

Three days. Sit back, breathe--
(Izzy does)

I'm Dr. Ruth Paulsen, Chief of the Neurosurgery Division.

(MORE)

DR. PAULSEN (CONT'D)
There was an incident -- you fell
from a four-story window. Do you
remember?

IZZY
Three days...

DR. PAULSEN
You suffered a traumatic brain
injury in the fall. An epidural
hematoma formed under the skull
fracture and blood vessels in close
proximity were hemorrhaging. Do you
understand what I'm saying, Izzy?

WEEMS
Maybe try speaking fucking *human*--

IZZY
My brain... it was... bleeding...

REVEAL an ugly ARC OF SILVER STAPLES mottling a shaved patch
of exposed scalp from Izzy's left temple to behind her ear.

DR. PAULSEN
Was, and is. I performed an
emergency intracranial aspiration
to alleviate the pressure on your
brain and installed a ventricular
shunt to evacuate the blood... but
your latest CTs show your brain is
bleeding at the *subdural* level now.
Normally, I'd perform a craniotomy
but due to the position of the
bleed, it's become *inoperable*...

IZZY
Can-- you can-- fix it?

Dr. Paulsen's not equipped to communicate this any better --

DR. PAULSEN
We *could* do a second VP shunt or a
burr hole to give you a little more
time, but chances are you wouldn't
make it through surgery. The extent
of your injury is...
(a beat, then)
It's **fatal**, Izzy.

Izzy tries to sit up, *everything* hurts --

IZZY
Fatal?

DR. PAULSEN
I'm so sorry--

IZZY
No-- NO. I want a second opinion--

DR. PAULSEN
You've been unconscious for almost 72 hours. You've had many opinions, most of my staff. Frankly, it's a miracle you're even awake--

IZZY
I'm fine-- Weems, tell her I'm fine, I feel good--

DR. PAULSEN
You feel that way because you're experiencing a "Lucid Interval" -- a brief period of clarity and consciousness after a traumatic brain injury which, in your case, can last from minutes to hours--

IZZY
Then... what?

DR. PAULSEN
You slip into an irreversible coma--

IZZY
No, uh-uh, I'm fine-- where's David? Where's my husband?

Izzy finally sits up, but her hands can't move -- because her wrists are CUFFED to the bed with STRAP RESTRAINTS.

IZZY
--the fuck? What are *these*? Weems-- get me outta *these*!

She CLANGS the restraints against the bed frame --

WEEMS
I can't, Iz--

IZZY
WHY? What's going on?!

WEEMS
David was found dead in the house.

ON IZZY -- the enormity of that swallowing her. Tears push out of her bloodshot eyes, memories cascading back...

WEEMS

He was shot. Doctors did all they could, but... he died a few hours after he was brought in--

IZZY

...no... no...

WEEMS

The gun was registered to you. Had your prints on it--

IZZY

You-- you think I killed him?
(before she can answer)
I didn't--I didn't! I would never--
You gotta believe me, Ali--

WEEMS

Doesn't matter if I believe you.
Everyone else needs to. And right now... it looks like a fight got out of hand. A neighbor heard you guys arguing that night...

(a beat, then)

What happened? Was it something about the baby?

Izzy freezes as that particular memory settles.

IZZY

The baby? The baby...

WEEMS

(solemnly)

Didn't make it, Iz.

Shock & despair coalesces into crushing pain. Izzy struggles to breathe. Nurses check her vitals, BP and heart rate -- all UP -- as Dr. Paulsen intervenes --

DR. PAULSEN

It's important she remains calm.
Captain Weems, please step out--

IZZY

Lola-- where's Lola?

WEEMS

She's with David's sister, Eve--

IZZY

No! She's in danger-- the men who killed David, they knew about Lola--

WEEMS
I'll check on her, ok?

IZZY
BRING HER TO ME! You got that? You
bring my daughter *HERE!*

Weems exits, can't stomach looking back, as Izzy's RESTRAINTS SMASH into the bed with surprising force --

DR. PAULSEN
(to Nurse 1)
Push 2 Ativan. Two more in thirty.
(to Izzy)
I'll be back to check on you soon.

IZZY
NO! No-- get *BACK HERE!* I didn't--
(voice cracking)
Oh God, David...

Dr. Paulsen leaves the room, shutting the door. Izzy's left alone with NURSE 1, who walks toward her...

NURSE 1
This will make you feel better--

IZZY
Get the fuck away from me--

IZZY'S RESTRAINTS PULL against the bed frame -- *CLANG CLAANG CLAAAANG* -- as Nurse 1 attempts to push the sedative. GRUNTS escape Izzy's gritted teeth, her neck tendons straining --

IZZY
I said get...

Izzy's entire BODY SPASMS --

IZZY
...away...

The RESTRAINTS BANG against the metal frame --

IZZY
...from...

She YANKS her arms up with superhuman strength --

IZZY
MEEEE!

-- and RIPS THE BEDSIDE RAILS CLEAN OFF! The rails CLANK to the floor. Then, Izzy's BARE FEET touch the ground...

OUR GIRL'S UP.

Standing in underwear & backless gown -- still hooked to wires and IV -- restraints now dangling from her wrists. Nurse 1 is a statue of FEAR --

NURSE 1
Please don't hurt me.

INT. QUEENS HOSPITAL - ICU HALLWAY - NIGHT

FIND HUGO storming up to toward Weems, Santoro & Omar --

HUGO
She's awake? Why wasn't I told?!

WEEMS
You can't go in there, they're trying to calm her down--

HUGO
That's *my* fucking daughter--

OMAR steps in front of Hugo's path to Izzy's room.

HUGO
Alicia, if our relationship means jackshit to you, have Omar kindly get the fuck out of my way.

WEEMS
Omar, don't you move.

Omar holds, but then buckles, steps aside. Hugo rushes into --

IZZY'S ICU ROOM

Weems, Santoro & Omar spill in after him. There's no sign of the commotion we witnessed. Monitors BEEP Izzy's vitals. All *seems* fine. NURSE 2 bolts in after Hugo --

NURSE 2
Sir, visiting hours are over--

Hugo ignores Nurse 2 and approaches Izzy's bed...

HUGO
Iz? Izzy, I'm here. It's Daddy.

But as Hugo pulls back the sheet --

NURSE 2
Omigod...

REVEAL NURSE 1 unconscious in the bed. The IV in *her* arm -- electrodes keeping *her* vitals. As Nurse 2 runs for help --

WEEMS

Lock this place down, she couldn't have gotten far. Omar-- take East wing. Santoro-- South corridor and alert hospital security.

(to Hugo)

She's making a run.

SNAP TO:

IZZY'S BARE FEET

shuffling down the cold vinyl tile -- she's in a corridor, moving *FAST*, panicked, but trying not to draw attention as the HOSPITAL PA emits a warning --

HOSPITAL PA

...female in her 30s considered dangerous. Please notify hospital staff or police immediately...

IN IZZY'S POV -- IN & OUT of FOCUS -- fluorescents prism our vision at the edges -- but UP AHEAD we're able to spot --

SANTORO AND OMAR -- splitting up to look for Izzy. As Santoro turns our direction, Izzy ducks into --

ANOTHER ICU ROOM

Izzy crouches behind the door as Santoro peers through its view window. Then she's gone. Izzy stumbles deeper into the room, using furniture as crutches --

Iridescent light dances over a COMATOSE PATIENT -- TV playing NEWS on mute. On screen, an official department photo of Izzy -- *NYPD SERGEANT ARRESTED FOR MURDER OF HUSBAND* --

But Izzy doesn't notice -- too one-track-minded -- running a hand along the wall, searching for -- a HOSPITAL PHONE.

She grabs the handset -- DIAL TONE BLARES -- amplified in her state -- she PUNCHES NUMBERS from memory -- a ROBO-OPERATOR -- *I'm sorry, this call cannot be completed as dialed* --

Izzy hits the HOOK SWITCH -- PUNCHES NUMBERS -- *you must dial 9 for an outside* -- HOOK SWITCH, hits 9 -- PUNCHES NUMBERS -- It's RINGING -- like a KLAXON in Izzy's ear -- until --

LOLA (OVER PHONE)

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. EVE HUGHES'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

LOLA, in all black, walking past a tabletop vigil for David, flowers, vultured food platters and a few lingering MOURNERS at this post-funeral reception, PHONE to her ear --

LOLA
Hello? Anyone there?

IZZY
Lola...

LOLA
Mom???

Lola squeezes into the bathroom and SLAMS the door --

LOLA
Mom?! Is that you? You there?!

IZZY
I'm here. It's me, baby-- it's me--

LOLA
They wouldn't let me come see you,
I know it's not true--

IZZY
I don't know what's happening-- but
you-- you could be in danger--

IN IZZY'S POV -- as the phone, the room, everything becomes ONE BIG BLUR -- even Lola's frantic voice is DISTORTED --

LOLA
Mom? MOM?!

Izzy slumps against the wall -- drops the handset --

DR. MODI (O.S.)
Ma'am, are you okay?

Izzy's VISION SNAPS BACK INTO FOCUS to find **DR. PRASOON MODI**, 40, too square to be hip but he tries anyway --

LOLA
MOM!?

END INTERCUT as Dr. Modi unknowingly hooks the phone back --

DR. MODI
Ma'am, you shouldn't be in--

Before Dr. Modi can say *here* -- Izzy's got his stethoscope snaked around his neck -- her movements RAPID and BRUTAL --

IZZY'S POV -- snapping into CRISP VIEW -- Modi struggles, fingers stuck under the stethoscope the only thing keeping Izzy from strangling him --

DR. MODI
 You're-- David's wife-- I'm Dr.
 Prasoon Modi-- a neurosurgeon, I
 was one of your doctors--
 (trying another approach)
 Me-- me and David were friends--
 roommates at Rochester--

Izzy loosens her grip. Dr. Modi slowly unwraps the scope --

IZZY
 Prasoon... You're *Pras*?

DR. MODI
 Yes-- we'd always talk about you
 and Lola--

IZZY
 You *did* know him.

DR. MODI
 Yeah, we were tight. I went down to
 pay my respects today, told him--

IZZY
 He's *here*?

DR. MODI
 We should get you back to your bed--

Izzy snatches a pen from Modi's pocket, grips it knifelike against his carotid --

IZZY
 Take me to him.

DAVID'S CORPSE

SLAM TO:

with two purple bullet holes in his torso, lying on a slab slid-out from a freezer drawer in --

INT. QUEENS HOSPITAL - MORGUE - NIGHT

Izzy's head rests against David's -- a strange calm to the grim embrace. She whispers into his ear, voice crumbling --

IZZY

...just cause she didn't call you dad doesn't mean you weren't. You were her dad-- she loved you-- we all did. All *three* of us... ya, you were gonna be a daddy, baby...

Izzy crumbles against his body, *it's all too much*. Dr. Modi watches, curious. He should have ran, but Izzy's exhibiting rare behavioral symptoms for her condition.

IZZY

I'll tell Lola the truth, ok? You were right... I'm gonna go get our little girl-- I'll keep her safe... like you always did. I promise.

Izzy grips his hand, kisses his forehead, his cracked lips. She can't bring herself to leave, to say goodbye, until --

GUARD 1 (O.S.)
DON'T MOVE!

Izzy looks behind her -- TWO SECURITY GUARDS. Guns drawn.

GUARD 2
HANDS! Let me see your hands!
(Izzy's hands raise)
Stand up, step toward us. Slowly.

Izzy complies. Her bare feet *slowly* stepping toward them.

DR. MODI
She's a patient in need of medical treatment. Let's all calm down--

GUARD 1
Sorry, Doc, this woman's dangerous, she killed her husband--

As Guard 2 approaches Izzy with cuffs, we SLAM INTO --

IZZY'S POV -- IN & OUT OF FOCUS -- pinhole view blooming into hyper-lucid VISION RIPPLING at the edges -- we hear FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH -- BLOOD PUMPING through her arteries --

As Guard 2 latches a cuff around her wrist, Izzy experiences what we'll now be referring to as --

A **BURST**.

And it happens FAST -- one fluid motion -- Izzy spins -- her elbow hits Guard 2's throat with a sickening POP -- he trips backwards -- gasping for air --

Guard 1 squeezes the trigger -- BLAM! -- a bullet DRILLS into a locker door -- errant because Izzy's hand's already wrapped around the gun barrel -- fuck the muzzle burn -- she smashes the gun into Guard 1's temple -- he drops --

Guard 2's up -- grabs her, gun to her head -- she drives her weight into him -- fingers gouging his eyes -- getting a good GRIP on his skull to SLAM SLAM SLAM his head into a locker --

He falls -- Izzy SUCKS BREATHS, CHEST HEAVING -- a gun now in each hand aimed at the downed Guards.

IZZY
I didn't kill him.

IZZY'S POV -- fluorescents BUZZ as LIGHT FRACTURES -- she drops -- catching herself on the slab with David's body -- her hand reaching for him -- but it slips away as we do...

INTO THE ETHER.
Then, SCREAMING.

Izzy's EYES BLAST OPEN.

IZZY
OOOWWWWWWWWHATTHEFUCK?!

There's a HYPODERMIC NEEDLE stuck into Izzy's STAPLED WOUND --

DR. MODI (O.S.)
Stay still, Izzy.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Dr. Modi in --

INT. HOSPITAL - CLINIC ROOM - NIGHT

Izzy's now in a wheelchair with an OXYGEN MASK strapped over her face as Dr. Modi administers the painful-looking shot --

DR. MODI
This is a fibrin sealant injection to help activate clotting factors near the bleed, to slow it down.

IZZY
(pulls off the mask)
Where's my fucking guns?

DR. MODI
Keep the mask on, your brain needs the oxygen with this rate of bleed.

IZZY
Is it true? Am I... gonna die?

DR. MODI
Unfortunately, I agree with *that*
part of Dr. Paulsen's evaluation.

It's almost harder for Izzy to hear it a second time.

IZZY
And the part you don't agree with?

DR. MODI
Her assessment doesn't account for
you functioning the way you are--

IZZY
She called it-- lucid something--

DR. MODI
Lucid Interval, sure. Talk and Die
syndrome -- caused by a fracture in
the temporal bone near arteries in
your head which are now bleeding...
(then)

But the way you handled those
guards... you seem to be operating
on heightened instinct when under
duress-- which makes me think your
body's surging with epinephrine--

IZZY
Like... adrenaline?

DR. MODI
Exactly. It's possible your brain
bleed is affecting the hypothalamus
and pituitary gland-- causing your
adrenal glands to trigger much more
intense fight-or-flight impulses
when you feel fear, or anger--
flooding your system with
adrenaline in massive bursts--

IZZY
That's what it feels like-- bursts
of... energy, clarity... power.

DR. MODI
That's the epinephrine jacking your
heart rate, BP and muscle strength.
It may *feel* like power but I assure
you-- it weakens you each time it
occurs. That's why you crashed--

IZZY
So it's killing me... *faster*?

DR. MODI

(nods)

High levels of adrenaline can lead to stroke or even dislodge arterial plaques, sending blood clots to the heart, resulting in cardiac arrest--

IZZY

And I die. Got it. Look, Pras, I gotta get to my daughter... how long do I have? For real.

Dr. Modi's hesitant, but he can see she needs the truth.

DR. MODI

I'd say four, maybe five hours.

IZZY

Should be enough.

DR. MODI

For what?

IZZY

To make sure Lola's safe. Then find the motherfuckers who killed David. And me.

Dr. Modi wants to dissuade her, but can tell she's dead-set. Instead, he hands her PRE-FILLED SYRINGE PACKS --

DR. MODI

Fibrin sealant. Inject these into the site if things get... *bad*. And watch the clock, anything past that window, you're on borrowed time.

IZZY

Thank you... for believing me.

DR. MODI

I'm just doing what I think is the right thing. What David would want.

Izzy spots a few ROLLS OF GAUZE off the counter --

IZZY

Wanna do one more *right thing*?

INT. QUEENS HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

TRACKING BEHIND DR. MODI pushing the WHEELCHAIR through the lockdown bedlam -- past HOSPITAL STAFF, PATIENTS and POLICE. No one giving a second look. Modi wheels the chair into --

A CROWDED ELEVATOR

We REVEAL IZZY -- FACE MUMMIED IN GAUZE so we can only see her eyes. Modi hits the button, but as the doors close --

A HAND pops in, doors RETRACT. And in steps --

HUGO and WEEMS.

ON IZZY'S EYES between the gauze -- *fuck*. She's now entombed with the last two people on Earth she wants to see --

WEEMS

How do you explain the two guards in the morgue?

Izzy stress-squeezes the SYRINGE PACKS in her sweaty fist.

HUGO

C'mon, Ali, she's scared, you know she didn't do this--

WEEMS

Then why would she run?

The SYRINGES slip out of Izzy's hand -- to the ground. ON IZZY -- *oh shit, SHIT* -- PING! The elevator DOORS OPEN.

DR. MODI

Pardon me.

As Modi quickly wheels Izzy out --

WEEMS

Hey! Stop--

Modi turns -- to find Weems -- holding out the SYRINGES --

WEEMS

(to Izzy)

--you dropped these.

Izzy takes them, her chipped violet-nail-polished fingers slightly brushing Weems's hand --

DR. MODI

Thank you.

Modi hustles Izzy out as we STAY ON Hugo and Weems --

HUGO

I can't lose her, Ali, I can't...

But Weems isn't listening, her cop sense tingling --

WEEMS

The nail polish-- SHIT! That was
her, Hugo!

As Weems punches the button for the next floor --

EXT. QUEENS HOSPITAL - AMBULANCE BAY - NIGHT

Weems bolts into a sea of EMERGENCY VEHICLES and NYPD CARS. Hugo trails -- coughing to keep up -- as Weems desperately surveys the CROWD -- until she sees -- an EMPTY WHEELCHAIR.

HUGO

You sure it was her? Where is she?

WEEMS

Gone. She's fucking gone.

AN AMBULANCE SLASHES ACROSS FRAME and we MOVE WITH IT --

ONTO THE STREET

TRACKING the ambulance as it suddenly FISHTAILS. The driver's side door FLIES OPEN --

And out comes the DRIVER. He hits asphalt -- cars swerving to avoid him as we FLY UP and OVER the ambulance TO REVEAL --

IZZY -- behind the wheel -- unwrapping gauze from her face -- her dilated eyes burning with intensity.

INSIDE THE AMBO

The DIGITAL DASH CLOCK reads **2:37 AM**.

She grabs a Sharpie from the visor and scrawls **"2:37"** on her forearm. *Four, maybe five hours.* She flips on the SIRENS --

And drives *faster*.

EXT. EVE HUGHES'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ASTORIA - NIGHT

An OLD MAN ON A CANE crosses the street as an AMBULANCE WAILS toward him and SCREECHES TO A STOP inches from him --

OLD MAN

Hey! You're gonna have *me* in that
damn bus you keep driving a fool!

IZZY hops out with a PORTABLE OXYGEN TANK, mask over mouth -- looking straight Cuckoo's Nest in backless hospital gown --

IZZY

Gimme your cane.

He hesitates. Izzy snatches it -- no time for bullshit. She limp-runs up to the entrance. Front door's locked, so --

She SMASHES the door glass with the oxygen tank and steps through the SHATTERED GLASS.

OLD MAN
GLADYS! Call the police!

INT. EVE HUGHES'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Izzy moves quickly -- using the cane as a crutch -- until she finds the door to Eve's apartment BUSTED OPEN. Panic rises.

She BREAKS the cane over her knee and grips the splintered-to-a-shank half -- slowly pushing the door open...

INT. EVE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Quiet, dark. The only light spills from a lamp on the floor, illuminating a MESS -- place is trashed. Izzy grips the cane-shank in her fist as she searches...

IZZY'S POV -- *IN & OUT OF FOCUS as adrenaline courses through her* -- she steps over a knocked-over easel with a BLOWN-UP PHOTO OF DAVID, prayer cards and funeral programs --

Then she spots on the ground -- a KNIFE. Izzy upgrades her weapon, too rushed to notice BLOOD dripping from its blade.

IZZY
(hushed)
Lola! Lola!? Eve?

Izzy stalks past a TV with BREAKING NEWS playing low --

NEWS REPORT
--authorities urging anyone with information on Elizabeth Carrera to call the hotline. Do not approach--

INTO THE KITCHEN

-- where Izzy finds EVE HUGHES -- in a pond of blood.

IZZY
Eve? No, Eve...

Eve gurgles blood. Multiple STAB WOUNDS. Izzy grabs kitchen cloths, trying to staunch the bleed, but it's too late --

Eve dies. No time to absorb the loss -- Izzy hears the BIGGIE "GIMME THE LOOT" ringtone from the other room --

IZZY
Lola...

Izzy gets up, hospital gown now blood-soaked -- knife in one hand, o2 tank in the other -- rushing toward the PHONE RING --

IZZY'S POV -- knife up -- "GIMME THE LOOT" EXPLODING in her fucked brain -- as Izzy follows the sound INTO --

THE GUEST ROOM

IZZY
Lola?

Then Izzy sees it lit-up on the floor -- Lola's iPhone. "DEE" calling. But no Lola. Just another MESS -- a smashed mirrored closet evidence of struggle. And Izzy knows, *she's too late* --

Lola's been abducted.

Izzy drops to her knees. On the floor, she finds that N.W.A. T-SHIRT. Tears well, the shame of a mom who couldn't protect her kid clawing at her. As she clutches the shirt --

A NOISE OUTSIDE. Izzy quickly crawls to the window and looks out to the street to see --

A BLUE-AND-WHITE NYPD CRUISER

pulled up outside, light bar strobing. The OLD MAN stands by, rubbernecking with his wife. No cops though, which means --

They're already upstairs.

SNAP TO:

TWO UNIFORM OFFICERS entering Eve's apartment through the busted-open door, guns drawn, hand signals, searching...

They find Eve's dead body. Tightening grips on their guns, they head down the hall -- into the trashed guest room with the smashed mirrored closet -- where they find nothing but

THE BLOODY KNIFE.

EXT. STREETS - ASTORIA - NIGHT

Izzy hoofs it through an ALLEY, having escaped down a fire escape. She BREATHES HARD into the oxygen mask as she cuts down another street, clutching the o2 tank...

IZZY'S POV -- hazy, streetlights flare and halo her vision, but she sees FIGURES ahead -- WU-TANG BLARING -- LAUGHTER --

She finds TWO GUYS (SKINNY & BIG) gathered around MOTORCYCLES puffing on a BLUNT. They see a bloodied, bare-legged woman in undies and a "Fuck Tha Police" tee gripping an oxygen tank --

SKINNY
Yo, long night babygirl?

IZZY
You got no idea. I need your bike.
I'm a cop.

SKINNY
Don't look like any cop I seen.
How bout you blow me and my boy?

Izzy steps forward. They see the STAPLES ON HER LEFT TEMPLE and start getting nervous as she WALKS RIGHT UP TO THEM --

SKINNY
Bitch step the fuck back--

THWACK. Izzy punches Skinny in the throat. He drops GAGGING as Big swings on her -- but Izzy falls into --

A RAPID **BURST.**

Izzy dodges preternaturally -- hits him with a DOUBLE PUNCH -- his nose erupts -- SCREAMING -- he barrels at her -- but she uppercuts him hard AF -- lights out. As Big drops --

EVERYTHING DRIPS OUT OF FOCUS -- Izzy stumbles, trying not to black out. She walks to Skinny, blubbering on the ground --

SKINNY
I-- I got a kid--

IZZY
Me, too. Gimme the fucking keys...

Skinny reaches into his SUKAJAN JACKET for KEYS. Izzy takes them, then reaches down and picks up the BLUNT --

IZZY
Indica? Gotta lower my BP.

Izzy looks down at her BARE FEET and LEGS --

IZZY
Need your clothes and boots, too.

Skinny undresses as Izzy *RIPS THE BLUNT.*

IZZY
Who's the bitch now?

TWO MINUTES LATER

SKINNY, now the one in tee & undies, tries to help his bloody buddy as Izzy fires up his WHITE DUCATI SUPERSPORT.

As she slaps down the helmet visor and ROARS OFF --

EXT. EVE HUGHES'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ASTORIA - NIGHT

EMS PUSH A GURNEY with Eve's dead body to a CORONER VAN. The OLD MAN and his wife watch on as -- SANTORO & OMAR step out of the building, taking in the CROWD around the perimeter --

SANTORO

Who knows whose prints come off
that knife--

OMAR

Gia, it's IZZY we're talking about.
Made me and Angie godparents to her
kid IZZY. Same IZZY who babysits
your fat-ass cat. So don't trip--

SANTORO

I know it, O, I know, but all this--
I mean, it doesn't add up. You ever
heard the rumors about her?

OMAR

Fuck you on about? What rumors?

SANTORO

About how she used to roll before
she was a cop. Crewed up with some
hitters out the Bronx. Not saying
it's true, but--

(hears COMMOTION)

Ah shit, this can't be good...

ACROSS THE STREET

WEEMS and HUGO are going at it --

HUGO

Fuck that, Ali! She doesn't need us
hunting her-- she needs our HELP.

WEEMS

Lola needs our help. That's who I'm
worried about--

HUGO

You think Iz would hurt her?

WEEMS

I don't know! I don't know who your daughter is right now. She's not stable. That's why we need to find her... before Izzy or Lola are being loaded into that fucking van.

Hugo looks at the CORONER VAN, can't accept that --

HUGO

Has it ever crossed your mind she's telling the truth?

WEEMS

Has it crossed yours *she isn't?* She's got a past, Hugo. What if this has something do with Rome Barlow or his fucking brother--

HUGO

She's NOT that person anymore!

WEEMS

Ya? Well, the rug always comes up with that shit and you know what's under it?

(venomous)

All that dirt you covered up. Maybe you don't know who she is either--

Hugo PUSHES her -- she loses balance -- then PUSHES HIM BACK. Santoro and Omar run over, get in between them --

SANTORO

Hey, hey, stop it! C'mon now--

HUGO

Fuck you, Ali--

WEEMS

You lost that privilege a long time ago, motherfucker. Now WALK before I say some shit that'll really get you heated--

HUGO

I'm bringing her in. Alive.

Hugo storms off to his beater '93 Caprice. He opens the door, grabs smokes from the dash. About to light up, when something catches his eye... a ~~58~~ scrawled into the window dust.

SNAP TO:

HUGO'S CAPRICE rolls past an "E 58 ST" sign where the street dead-ends at the East River in Manhattan. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE sparkles against the night as Hugo's headlights find --

IZZY -- leaning against her jacked Ducati.

EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE LOOKOUT - NIGHT

Izzy and Hugo slam into the most necessary HUG ever.

IZZY

They got her, Dad, they got my little girl...

HUGO

And I got you. You hear me? I got my little girl--

(noticing)

Christ, your head...

He KISSES her stapled wound with tears on his lips.

HUGO

There are other doctors, we'll get you the best--

IZZY

Dad. It's over. Make your peace. I did. Whatever time I got left, I'm not thinking about me. You can't either. We gotta find Lola--

HUGO

Let's do it the smart way. Shit's hot out here for you. Go hide out at Greenwood Lake, I'll find her--

IZZY

No. I'm doing it my way. All that matters is getting her back. What happens to me after that-- happens. I just need to know if you're with me or not. You with me?

HUGO

To the fucking end.

Izzy nods, wiping tears from his burdened face. Then,

IZZY

Any idea who hit the truck depots?

HUGO

Why? You think it's connected?

IZZY

I know it. They were in my house.
They were looking for money.
(conspiratorial)
Maybe the money.

Hugo's expression betrays deep concern.

HUGO

From the National Bank heist?
(off her nod)
It was seized when I put Rome away.

IZZY

Wasn't there some missing? I dunno--
what about Yahya Ahmad? I saw him
outside the bar that night--

HUGO

You saw Yahya fucking Ahmad and you
didn't say anything? Goddamnit, Iz.
Last I heard he was operating legit
business in J-Town...

IZZY

What's the place?

HUGO

The Wrecking Club over on 3rd. Hot
spot, tourists and nightcrawlers--
shit, Iz, if this is tied to your
old crew, to the Barlow brothers--

IZZY

I know. Not fucking good.

Hugo moves to the Caprice, pops the trunk. He reaches into a
stash spot, pulls a .38 REVOLVER with a painters-taped grip --

HUGO

Take this. Clean piece, no serial.

Izzy takes the gun, considers it.

IZZY

You taught me how to shoot with a
.38. Same cal that killed David...

That lands on both of them as he hands over a BOX OF BULLETS.
As Izzy dumps the copperheads into her jacket pockets --

IZZY

How was the funeral?

HUGO

It was a fucking funeral.

(hands over a PHONE)

Burner. I got one, too. Programmed the number into yours. Use it.

Izzy nods, overwhelmed by her new reality. She stares out at the Queensboro, its lights reflecting across the water...

HUGO

Sure I can't get you to hole up at the lake cabin 'til morning?

IZZY

I'll be dead by then.

(kisses him)

Gotta let me go, old man.

Izzy heads for the Ducati, determined. Hugo breaks, watching his little girl walk away, maybe for the last time.

EXT. THE WRECKING CLUB - LITTLE TOKYO, EAST VILLAGE - NIGHT

LATE-NIGHTERS cue up at a door guarded by a bearlike BOUNCER. MUSIC POUNDS from within as we FIND IZZY headed for him -- in her MOTORCYCLE HELMET, gripping the OXYGEN TANK hosed to the mask underneath --

IZZY

I need to see Yahya Ahmad.

BOUNCER

The fuck are you supposed to be?

Back up, wait your turn.

IZZY

Wish I had the time--

Izzy SMASHES the O2 tank upside his thick dome. He stumbles, fights it -- but COLLAPSES. Izzy steps over him into --

INT. THE WRECKING CLUB - NIGHT

FEMM's J-Pop EDM anthem "FUCK BOYZ GET MONEY" BLARES. May not be a dance club, but this place is NEON MAYHEM in strobes --

This is a late-night RAGE ROOM, where people pay to DESTROY THINGS in fun, distinct atmospheres (yes, these exist).

Izzy steps behind the check-in counter which has a WALL OF WEAPONS -- sledgehammers, crowbars, power tools, bats, etc.

WEAPON CLERK

Hey, you can't be back here--

Izzy's o2 tank CRACKS another skull. Clerk drops. She yanks a stretch-band Timex Indiglo off his wrist. Time: **3:33 AM**.

She puts the watch on, then pulls a PEN from his shirt pocket and jots "3:33" on her forearm under the "2:37" from earlier.

It's already been an hour. Izzy pulls a SLEDGEHAMMER off the wall, only stopping to glare into a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA --

INT. THE WRECKING CLUB - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT

ONE OF TWENTY MONITORS show Izzy -- unidentifiable under the helmet -- SMASH THE CAMERA. As the FEED CUTS, a SURVEILLANCE GUARD picks up a phone --

SURVEILLANCE GUARD
Tell Yahya we got a problem.

BACK WITH IZZY

Their "problem" in a motorcycle helmet & hosed-up oxygen mask walks down a hall of PULSING LIGHT gripping the sledgehammer.

She peers into THEMED ROOMS -- hospital, office, motel room, kitchen -- to see CUSTOMERS in SAFETY GOGGLES and COVERALLS doing what they paid to do: *BREAK SHIT*. Old computers, TVs, equipment, CDs, cassettes, furniture...

SUIT 1 (O.S.)
Hey YOU! STOP. You need to come
with us right now.

Izzy turns to THREE SUITED MEN -- striking male specimens, all swole under expensive threads.

IZZY
Yahya still likes his boys big,
dumb and pretty, uh?

As they close in, we hear *FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH* -- BLOOD RUSHING in Izzy's head as the adrenaline flares up her fight-or-flight impulses --

IZZY'S POV THROUGH THE HELMET VISOR -- IN & OUT OF FOCUS on the SUITED MEN -- pinhole view blooming into that hyper-lucid VISION RIPPLING at the edges. And we know what that means...

A BURST.

Again, FAST -- Suit 1 lunges for Izzy -- as the sledgehammer windmills up in her hand -- catching Suit 1 under the chin -- hearing MOLARS CRUNCH in her amplified state -- but then Suit 2 tackles her THROUGH DRYWALL into --

THE KITCHEN ROOM

PATRONS SCREAM as Suit 2 drives Izzy into a cabinet -- DISHES SMASH -- he SHATTERS PLATES & GLASSES on her helmet -- grabs a DINING TABLE CHAIR -- about to bring it down on Izzy --

But she drives the head of the sledgehammer THROUGH THE CHAIR -- into Suit 2's face in a swarm of wood chunks & splinters --

Izzy lets the o2 tank hang by its hose -- gets both hands on the sledgehammer and SWINGS -- THWACK! The hammer home-runs into his sternum -- sending him CRASHING THROUGH THE TABLE --

Suit 3 grabs the o2 tank from behind -- snapping off her mask -- Izzy falls against a fridge -- dodging BLOWS -- using the freezer door as a SHIELD -- THWAP THWAP THWAP -- he knees her in the gut, picks up the oxygen tank and comes at her --

Izzy sees it gleaming in the STROBES -- she pulls her .38 -- FIRES -- a HOLE PUNCTURES -- HISSING OXYGEN in Suit 3's eyes.

IZZY'S POV -- she HELMET-BUTTS Suit 3 -- SMACK SMACK SMACKING his face until her VISOR CRACKS -- blood-streaked -- Suit 3 drops -- but so does Izzy --

The ROOM SPINS INTO A BLUR as she crawls among CERAMIC SHARDS and GLASS -- cutting her hands -- she can't breathe -- rips off the helmet to get air -- but Izzy collapses...

INTO THE ETHER.

Then, FINGERS SNAP.

Izzy's EYES BLAST OPEN.

A 7-YEAR-OLD GIRL stares at her...

GIRL
Daddy! The crazy lady's awake!

We SHAKE OUT of her POV to realize we are --

INT. THE WRECKING CLUB - MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Izzy's on the bed of a desert motel-themed room. Her cracked-visor helmet and bullet-pierced o2 tank next to her.

YAHYA (O.S.)
All hail Queen Elizabeth!

REVEAL **YAHYA AHMAD**, 30s, the man with calculating eyes from the Firebird. A diamond-toothed grill and bespoke in merlot Zegna, Yahya's a guy who expects so much from the world that it actually delivers.

IZZY

Where's my daughter you fuck?

GIRL

Bad word!

YAHYA

Tesha, bed. Your mama'd murder my
ass me if she knew you were up.

TESHA runs out. Yahya turns to Izzy --

YAHYA

Can you believe I'm a daddy?

Izzy lunges at him like a caged snake --

IZZY

WHERE IS SHE?!

TWO SUITS struggle to hold her down, her strength unreal --

YAHYA

Whoa, whoa! Chill on it, Iz! Listen
to your boy Yahya--

IZZY

No-- you listen to me. You don't
tell me where Lola is, I'll slice
your fucking dick off and put it
under Tesha's pillow--

YAHYA

Goddamn-- there's my Izzy! Glad to
see the swine life ain't dulled you
none. But right now, I need you to
channel your inner fucking Gandhi
cause you're gonna wanna hear what
I have to say. Cool?

She BREATHES HARD through clenched teeth. Nods.

YAHYA

I talked to your doctor.

(off her WTF look)

There's a phone number Sharpied on
the back of your neck. Judging by
that dumbass look on your face, I'm
guessing you didn't know that--

IZZY

Dr. Modi--

YAHYA

Yeah, that dude. He's worried. Told me what's going on. I'm sorry, Iz--
(then)

I didn't take Lola. And I didn't do this to you, put that on my baby--

IZZY

Why were you at the bar that night?

Yahya sits on the bed, slowly, clarifying he's a non-threat.

YAHYA

I came to warn you... about Jules.
(off her *huh* reaction)
Your head *that* broke? Rome's kid brother, Jules. Crankhead always wanting in on our scores--

IZZY

I know, but-- Jules did this?

YAHYA

Ya. Don't ask why, I don't fucking know. I fell out with the Barlow brothers the same time you did--

IZZY

After the National Bank heist--

YAHYA

Rome got sent up. You somehow skate on to be a fucking five-O-- and me? I did my own thing, went legit--
(off her look)
--*ish*. But far from Jules. Baby Barlow laid low, built up a crew over the years. And motherfuckers don't mess--

IZZY

I would've heard if he was active--

YAHYA

Been working Jersey, Philly-- real outskirts type shit. But boy's back now, which means he's scheming--

IZZY

How'd you know he'd come after me?

YAHYA

He asked if I'd help him.

IZZY
You saw him?

YAHYA
Ya, but I need Jules Barlow in my life like I need a tumor on my nut, so I said *hell no*. But then I got thinking... you and me was tight, couldn't let you go out like that--

IZZY
But you *did*.

YAHYA
Had to, Iz. Couldn't put Tesha at risk if Jules found out I ratted--

IZZY
But my daughter you could risk?
(off his shame)
I would've done the same. But why me? Why now?

YAHYA
Only thing I can think, he blames you for Rome going away. Combine that with a daily dose of crystal-smoke and voila-- you got yourself a mad-driven sociopath.

IZZY
Where's he at?

YAHYA
Castle Hill.

IZZY
Mama Vienna's still alive?

YAHYA
No doubt Jules asking the same shit about you.

IZZY
He's gonna wish I wasn't.

Izzy stands, stumbles -- Yahya catches her --

YAHYA
Whoa, easy now, Iz-- how bout we get some meds in you first?

SNAP TO:
A heart-shaped plate of racked WHITE LINES.

IZZY

Coke? Nah, I'm going fast enough--

YAHYA

Zestril. My high blood pressure
meds. Doc Modi said it might help
slow your bleed. And no quicker way
to punch straight to your noodle...

(hold out a ROLLED C-NOTE)

Fire in the hole.

Fuck it. Izzy SNORTS EVERY LINE. She GAGS from the burn --

YAHYA

Just like old times, uh? And here--

(snaps fingers)

Had the boys find you a new tank.

One of his Suits, with a broken nose, brings over a COCOMELON
BACKPACK -- with a NEW OXYGEN TANK in it. Izzy eyes it --

IZZY

You fucking serious?

YAHYA

I know, right? Seven and still into
Cocomelon? Googly-eyed happy shit's
like crack--

(realizing)

Oh, my bad. That's all I got. You
want it or not?

Izzy nods, throws the backpack over her shoulder --

IZZY

I'm going alone, Yahya.

YAHYA

(laughs)

Oh you thought-- oh shit no, Iz. I
like my life. This is your Valley
of the Shadow. But I can't let my
homegirl walk in there ass naked...**INT. THE WRECKING CLUB - CHECK-IN COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER**TIGHT ON the CLERK Izzy KO'd earlier -- standing in front of
the WEAPON WALL with an ICE PACK on his head, all pouty.

YAHYA

Show Izzy the platinum selects...

The Clerk puts down the ice pack, presses a hidden BUTTON.
The Weapon Wall slides open to REVEAL AN ARSENAL OF GUNS.

YAHYA

Everything from submachines to ARs,
sawnoffs to a Browning .50-cal M2--

IZZY

You got a .50-cal M2? Shit, Yahya.
Thought you went *legit*?

YAHYA

Ish. I said legitish. So, Jules got
about fifty heads in Castle Hill--

IZZY

Then quiet's the way to walk.

Izzy hits the Clerk's button. The arsenal of guns shutters,
showing only NON-FIREARM WEAPON WALL once again.

YAHYA

He's got the ninth floor on lock --
lives with Mama V at the end of the
hall in 917.

Izzy commits that to memory, then she Goldilocks the weapon
gallery, first coming across a BASEBALL BAT --

IZZY

Too big.
(then a HATCHET)
Too light.
(then a CHAINSAW)
Too messy.

Finally -- a MONKEY WRENCH. She feels its weight. *Just right*.

IZZY

This'll do.

YAHYA

Doc said your brain bleed gives
you, like-- adrenaline drips?

IZZY

Bursts. When I get scared, I guess,
or angry-- not sure how it works--

YAHYA

That's like a fucking superpower--

IZZY

Ya, one I have no control over and
kills me more every time I use it.

That hits Yahya. These two go way back.

YAHYA
No escaping that?

IZZY
Not unless you got a time machine.

YAHYA
I wish. But I do got a blast from
the past for you...

He hands over a SONY SPORTS YELLOW WALKMAN with headphones --
and a CASSETTE TAPE.

YAHYA
Found 'em in one of the junk piles
we get. I remember you and Rome
always getting pumped up on this
whack metal shit before a job.

Izzy flips the cassette in her hand to read Side A's faded
lettering -- "METALLICA KILL 'EM ALL".

YAHYA
Might help you She-Hulk out--

She hugs him tight, to his surprise. Thankful for a friend.

YAHYA
Go give 'em hell, Queen.

IZZY
Nah. They're gettin me.

EXT. LA ISLA CUCHIFRITOS - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

DRUNKS mill Broadway Triangle as we FIND SANTORO & OMAR at
this 24/7 spot, digging into takeout as WEEMS pulls up --

WEEMS
You guys stop by home? Omar, you
got the kids.

OMAR
Angie told me not to come back till
we bring Izzy and Lola in safe.

SANTORO
And I got no one but fatso cat at
home, so-- whatcha got, Cap?

WEEMS
I talked to the doctor, Modi. He
said Izzy threatened him, that's
why he helped her escape.

SANTORO
You believe him?

WEEMS
No reason not to. He also told me Izzy can't last long with her rate of bleed. That, and the fact we got BOLO's out in every borough and we got *nothing*, means we need to start considering the possibilities...
(off their looks)
That she's dead.

Saying it aloud hits hard. Santoro throws down her food.

OMAR
You heard from Hugo?

WEEMS
No. Which is also a bad sign.

SANTORO
You think he's... compromised?

WEEMS
People do stupid shit for family.
Hugo's done it before...

Omar and Santoro exchange a curious glance --

OMAR
What does *that* mean?

WEEMS
Let's just say she's got a past. A violent one full of violent people.

SANTORO
Wait, what? The rumors are true?

WEEMS
Rumors are always fucking true. I'm not getting into it, just trust me-- we can't trust either of them right now. Omar, ride with me. Santoro, tail Hugo, see what turns up...

Off Omar, exchanging a last worried glance with Santoro --

INT. CASTLE HILL HOUSES - THE BRONX - TO ESTABLISH - NIGHT

A SPRAWLING TOWER of low-income units. LATE-NIGHT BALLERS run a court as we FIND Izzy's Ducati parked nearby. Cracked-visor HELMET on its seat. But no Izzy...

INT. CASTLE HILL HOUSES - NIGHT

Izzy crosses a tagged-up foyer to an elevator with an "OUT OF ORDER" sign duct-taped to it. She peers at the DUCT TAPE ROLL on the floor -- grabs it -- heads for...

THE STAIRWELL

TRACKING IZZY and her bouncing Cocomelon backpack -- hoofing it upstairs, passing signage for **FLOOR 7**, **FLOOR 8**, arriving at **FLOOR 9**. *This is it.* She folds over -- OUT. OF. BREATH.

Izzy straps on the oxygen mask hosed to the backpack tank -- twists the control valve -- *pssshhh* -- the o2 eases her. She cracks open the door --

IZZY'S POV THROUGH THE DOOR -- **10 GUYS**, all colors & creeds, line the hall. Izzy quietly shuts the door --

IZZY
Goddamn that's a lotta guys.

She pulls the MONKEY WRENCH and *DUCT-TAPES IT IN HER FIST*. Insurance. After securing the bonecracker, she attempts to psych herself up --

IZZY
Okay, c'mon, brain... bleed...
c'mon... superpower... NOW.
(again)
And... NOW.

But NO BURST. She tries everything -- head-banging, jumping jacks, push-ups, running in place. She even slaps herself in the face. Nothing. Then she remembers Yahya's words--

IZZY
She-Hulk...

She grabs THE WALKMAN -- pops in the KILL 'EM ALL tape and slips on the yellow headphones.

IZZY
917. Just make it to 917...

Then she hits **PLAY**. As METALLICA'S "FOUR HORSEMEN" rages in her skull, Izzy gets pumped -- still no burst -- but she's feeling it. *Anger.* She SWINGS OPEN THE DOOR to --

THE 9TH FLOOR HALLWAY

Izzy CHARGES toward the 10 GUYS -- but as soon as Guy 1 hears her steps -- she swings the wrench -- *POP goes the eardrum* -- Guy 1 tumbles against **DOOR 901** --

Izzy BACKHANDS the wrench ACROSS HIS FACE -- jerking his head backwards -- quieting his YELLS in a sickening, bloody GASP --

GUY 2
Yo, it's HER--

The rusted wrench is already halfway in Guy 2's mouth -- Izzy yanks it out in a *SPRAY OF SALIVA AND PULVERIZED ENAMEL* --

She spins around -- clunking the wrench into Guy 3 -- *CRACK* -- crimson spurts out his eye socket -- all over **DOOR 905** -- as Guy 4 SLAMS HIS FIST into her throat --

Izzy CHOKES, buckles -- oxygen mask fogging as Guy 5 tackles her to the ground -- and SHOVES A PISTOL TO HER HEAD.

GUY 5
Fun time's over bitch...

And maybe it's the metal, or the fear that comes at the end of a gun, or the fury at her own impending death -- but IT finally comes for Izzy... *FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH...*

IZZY
Bout fucking time.

IN IZZY'S POV -- her vision starts to BLUR IN & OUT OF FOCUS on Guy 5 and his big gun -- pinhole view blooming into that hyper-lucid VISION RIPPLING at the edges as she goes into --

A **BURST**.

In one swift move -- her left open palm smashes the gun into Guy 5's nose -- causing him to pull the trigger --

BLAM! Guy 4 catches the bullet -- his noggin splats onto DOOR 907 as Izzy scalps Guy 5's head with the wrench, but then --

Guy 6 STOMPS Izzy in the ribcage -- she rolls to her feet and drives the wrench into his nutsack -- he HOWLS -- giving her time to axe the wrench into the back of his dome --

Human pulp splatters Izzy's boots -- she hops over 6's body -- runs full-bore at Guy 7 -- tackles him into Guy 8 and all of them CRASH THROUGH DOOR 910 into --

APARTMENT 910

One of Jules's stash houses -- meth bagged up for distro on the table -- a TWEAKER SCREAMS -- jostled out of stupor -- as Izzy gets to her feet -- now facing off with Guys 7 & 8 --

GUY 7
I got her--

Guy 7 BARRELS at her -- but he sure doesn't 'got her' -- Izzy whips out the .38 and FIRES into 7's belly -- he drops as the Tweaker comes at her with a drugcutter MACHETE --

BLAM! She blasts a hole in his hand -- Machete drops, Tweaker freaks -- runs for his life past Guy 8 -- who pulls a TAZER --

ZZZAP! Izzy's hit with a crackling blue STREAM OF ELECTRICITY -- Izzy YELLS OUT -- her jaw clattering from the voltage --

IN IZZY'S POV -- her VISION FRITZES OUT like a dying bulb -- EVERYTHING FLASHES WHITE -- before slamming BACK INTO FOCUS --

As Guy 8 bear-hugs Izzy at the waist -- hoisting her up off the ground -- and drives her back into --

THE 9TH FLOOR HALLWAY

-- into DOOR 912 across the hall -- WHAM -- an Izzy-skull-sized DENT now smashed into the door -- but she manages to HEAD-BUTT Guy 8 -- AGAIN and AGAIN -- both of them fall --

Izzy scrambles on top of him -- jams the wrench to his throat -- locks him down -- puts the .38 to his head -- BLAM! Blood rockets out of 8's skull -- Izzy pops up -- FIRING A ROUND at Guy 9 a few yards out -- bullet misses -- pierces DOOR 914 --

Guy 9 runs up -- swinging out a ROTOSCOPING BATON -- FWICK -- and SMASHES Izzy across the jaw as we go SLO-MO --

A TOOTH RIPS OUT OF IZZY'S GUMS -- FLIES IN THE AIR -- lands IN Guy 9's battle-cry mouth -- he gags, spits it out -- he's about to brain Izzy as she swings up the .38 -- BLAM -- REAL TIME RETURNS as Guy 9's thoughts splatter DOOR 916 --

Izzy turns to Guy 10 -- grinning with busted lips, missing a premolar -- wired & gnarly with her shaved & stapled skull --

IZZY
We doing this or what?

Guy 10 bolts past her -- to the exit. She exhales --

IZZY
Thank Christ.

IZZY'S POV -- her VISION BLURS -- spins -- getting dizzy -- she stabilizes herself with a BLOODY HAND on --

DOOR 917

*The BURST SUBSIDES. Izzy's drained -- barely able to stand -- she leans against the wall -- staring at DOOR 917. She made it. Checks the Timex on her wrist: **4:32 AM**.*

Izzy sucks her finger and jots "4:32" in mouth blood under the other times on her forearm. Almost two hours down.

She looks at the wrench duct-taped in one hand -- the .38 in the other -- trying to ease her breathing, she recites --

IZZY
With every breath... I feel myself
relaxing. Peace... is within reach.

As she HEAVES OXYGEN through the mask, we GLIMPSE the TRAIL OF GORE she's left behind her, as we --

SNAP TO:
A dirty pair of RED HI-TOP CHUCKS.

Yep, those ones -- walking up the stairwell. We MOVE UP his body -- but we don't see his face yet because he swings open the door, walking past the "FLOOR 9" sign --

INT. CASTLE HILL HOUSES - 9TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

TRACKING RED CHUCKS as he steps over BODIES -- one after the other -- shoe soles coming up sticky rust from the carpet --

The Guys who aren't dead WRITHE IN PAIN. Red Chucks arrives at his own BASHED-IN DOOR to see Izzy's BLOODY HANDPRINT...

A SHOTGUN drops down from a leather strap under his jacket. And with it, he pushes the door open further into...

APARTMENT 917

A BLARING TV illuminates a total *granny pad*: plastic-covered couches, 70s paisley, doilies. Not exactly the kind of place for a career criminal --

JULES (O.S.)
Mama?

REVEAL **JULES BARLOW**, 35, tatted, a breeze on the eyes but as runt of his litter with insecurity issues & a crystal habit, he's the deadliest kind of Beta --

LOCAL NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)
...over two hours since Elizabeth
Carrera escaped Queens Presbyterian
and abducted her daughter from this
Astoria apartment, leaving another
dead body in her wake...

Jules steps over TWO MORE GUYS KO'd with head wounds -- his shotgun grip tightens, spotting the BLOODY DUCT-TAPED MONKEY WRENCH on the coffee table in front of --

VIENNA BARLOW -- Jules's mama, 70s -- CATATONIC in a plastic-covered barcalounger, thousand-yard-staring at the TV --

JULES
Mama, you okay?

Vienna's EYES barely move to her son -- doesn't seem to be anyone home behind her gaze.

JULES
Izzy... this you, girl?

A BIG-ASS KITCHEN KNIFE perforates the recliner right next to Vienna Barlow's head. Vienna doesn't flinch.

IZZY (O.S.)
That's me. Next one goes through her brain stem.

SWING AROUND TO FIND IZZY -- crouched behind Vienna's chair -- hand on the knife -- sucking through her o2 mask --

IZZY
Unless you're gonna blast a hole through Mama Vienna, put that 12-gauge on the table. Slow.

JULES
I can tell from your handiwork out there you're strapped. Lemme guess, one of your bitch .38s?

IZZY
Drop the pump, Jules.

JULES
What reassurance I got?

IZZY
It's called leverage, idiot. I kill you, I don't get Lola, do I?

Jules thinks on it -- *she's right*. He lays down the 12-gauge.

IZZY
The other ones, too.

Jules disarms himself of THREE MORE GUNS.

JULES
Now show me what I've won.

Izzy finally stands up, .38 pointed at Jules, who gets a good look at Izzy -- at her horrid condition --

JULES

Damn. Shoulda just killed your ass--

IZZY

You did, motherfucker.

JULES

You forced my hand. It true what they say? Hours to live?

IZZY

Where's Lola?

He reaches for the table -- Izzy FIRES -- exploding the glass of a FRAMED PHOTO behind him -- *of Younger Jules, his brother ROME, and a YOUNGER IZZY* sticking up middle fingers in front of a RUSTIC CABIN in the woods.

JULES

Goddamn! Cool the fuck out, Iz...

(re the photo)

Remember that day? Rome's 21st, got all blackout at Greenwood Lake--

IZZY

Not here to reminisce. Next one's in your eye. Where's my daughter?

JULES

You mean my niece?

Disgust in Izzy's expression. Jules reaches to the table --

IZZY

Don't.

-- and comes up with the TV REMOTE.

JULES

You wanna see her or not?

Rome clicks INPUT and the SCREEN FLICKERS TO -- A LIVE CAMERA FEED -- of LOLA -- huddled in a dark space. It kills Izzy --

IZZY

Where is she?!

(puts the .38 to his head)

I'm not gonna ask again.

JULES

Like you said-- leverage, Iz. I'm yours. *She's* mine. Wanna see her? I'm gonna need the bitch gun...

Izzy swings the .38 toward Vienna --

IZZY
Don't think I won't kill her.

JULES
Mama's ready to die. Are you? Wanna
go without sayin goodbye?
(puts his hand out)
The bitch.

A tense beat. Izzy mulls it.

IZZY
You killed my husband--

WHAM. Izzy suddenly pistol-whips Jules -- he drops, yelling --
Izzy straddles him, pinning down his arms -- *WHAM*.

IZZY
You killed me--
(*WHAM*)
And the baby inside me--

WHAM WHAM WHAM. His nose gushes blood. She pops open the .38.
Dumps out empty casings. ONE LIVE ROUND left. She SPINS it in
the .38 CYLINDER -- flicks it SHUT.

IZZY
Then you took my daughter.
(puts the .38 to his eye)
Where. Is. She?

Jules spits in her face. Izzy pulls the trigger -- CLICK.

JULES
FUCK YOU.

She pulls again -- CLICK.

IZZY
25 percent chance the next one's
the money shot. Where?!

No answer. CLICK. Jules is so tweak-freaked that he LAUGHS --

IZZY
33.3 percent chance now--

Izzy's about to squeeze when -- a SHOTGUN RACKS behind her.
MAMA VIENNA's gripping Jules's 12-gauge from her La-Z-Boy.

VIENNA

Get off my boy, Izzy. Already took
one from me, ain't taking another.

IZZY

I just wanna take my daughter home,
Vienna.

VIENNA

My granddaughter *is* home.

The thought sickens Izzy, but no time to retort -- Jules SMASHES A VASE into her head -- into that STAPLED WOUND.

She goes down. Her vision kaleidoscoping to DUST --

RAPID FLASHES IN IZZY'S OBSCURED POV:

FLASH -- a pillowcase is thrown over Izzy's head. THROUGH THE PILLOWCASE -- light diffuses -- and EVERYTHING SHAKES --

FLASH -- the pillowcase slips -- we see her legs dragged down the mayhem hallway into an ELEVATOR -- Jules' blood-soled RED CHUCKS -- his shotgun barrel dangling in VIEW --

FLASH -- peering up at Jules holding a glass-bulb pipe as he FREEBASERS METHAMPHETAMINE -- exhales a cloud --

JULES

You always underestimated everyone
in this family except for Rome...

PING. The elevator arrives at its destination -- Izzy's hauled out -- we hear VOICES -- Jules barking orders --

JULES

Gimme a hand / open the fuckin
doors / c'mon, hurry up --

FLASH -- Izzy's body is thrown into a darkened space --

JULES

You got two minutes.

FLASH -- DOORS SLAM SHUT behind her.

INT. TIGHT CARGO SPACE - NIGHT

IZZY rips off the pillowcase -- eyes adjusting to darkness -- she can't see shit, but hears CRYING -- SHUFFLING -- someone crawling toward her...

LOLA

Mom-- omigod, Mom?!

Lola slams into Izzy -- whose primal maternal urge clears her brain-bleed fog. Izzy clutches Lola tight as possible --

IZZY

God I love you, baby, I love you--
are you ok? Did they hurt you?

LOLA

No I'm ok--

Lola grabs Izzy all over, like she's *making sure she's real*. Her hand brushes the STAPLED WOUND along Izzy's skull --

IZZY

I'm fine--

LOLA

No you're not... you're not...

IZZY

I found you, I'm with you-- that's all that matters.

LOLA

Did Eve... is she...
(off Izzy's nod)
Who's doing this to us?!

IZZY

People from my past...
(off Lola's confusion)
You were right... I've been keeping things from you, about *me*.

LOLA

The fuck does that mean?

IZZY

Means I wasn't always a cop. I had another life, before you...
(with a breath)
I've done bad things, baby. I hurt people. Robbed them, robbed banks, stole money that wasn't mine...

The truth bomb explodes in Lola's head. But Izzy ain't done --

IZZY

So did your dad.

LOLA

My dad?

IZZY

Roman Barlow. Rome. He's in prison. I should be, too. But your grandpa, he... helped me hide all that, and move on... you were just a baby...

LOLA

You lied to me--

IZZY

To protect you--

LOLA

Bullshit! You're *still* lying.

IZZY

I was ashamed. Of who I was-- what I'd done. I wanted to keep it away from you... keep *him* away from you.

Lola's shock is turning into anger...

LOLA

So my dad's doing this to us?

IZZY

His brother. He thinks I've got the money from our last score--

LOLA

Score? You fucking hear yourself?
Well, DO YOU? Have the money?

Izzy shakes her head, emotionally depleted. But not Lola --

LOLA

David and Eve are dead... because of YOU. I'm *here* because of YOU!

That harsh truth, and the guilt, break Izzy.

LOLA

God, I don't even know who you are right now--

IZZY

I'm your mom. That's who I am-- who I've always been. Whatever happens, I need you to know--

LOLA

Whatever happens? What's gonna happen?!

IZZY
I'm gonna die, baby.

Now Lola breaks, anger drained to despair. Izzy holds her --

IZZY
And I need you to know... you're
the only thing in my life I never
regretted.

Lola cries into her mother's arms like she's five again. It's a raw, tragic release. For both of them. Suddenly, the DOORS SWING OPEN and TWO GUYS grab Izzy --

LOLA
MOM! NO! LEAVE HER ALONE!

INT. CASTLE HILL HOUSES - UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Izzy hits concrete. Blinded by WORKLIGHTS. All she sees is -- JULES -- outside the COVERED VEHICLE she was yanked from...

JULES
Two minutes is up.

Jules's crew then grabs Lola -- kicking and SCREAMING --

LOLA
Get off me! GET OFF!

Izzy ELBOWS one of the Guys -- fighting for Lola -- but Jules kicks out her knees -- she tumbles. Jules pulls Izzy's .38 --

JULES
Yo Iz, what's that math on the
bitch gun at now? 50 percent?

Jules jams the .38 under Lola's chin.

IZZY
NO! Jules-- PLEASE!

LOLA
Do it you fucking pussy.

JULES
Goddamn! Girl's got some bite--

IZZY
I'll do whatever you want!

Jules considers, then motions to his Guys --

JULES
Take the girl. Wait for my call.

As his men take hold of her --

LOLA
LET GO OF ME! Mom! MOM!

Izzy instinctively lunges to protect her, but is held back by Jules's crew. As she twists her body, pulling for freedom --

IZZY
I'll find you, baby, I promise--

Lola keeps YELLING, each shout piercing Izzy's soul, but she can't do anything while restrained. Once Lola's hauled off --

JULES
She got a lotta Rome, uh? Maybe even a bit of *me*.

IZZY
Rome would be disgusted with you.

JULES
Does she even know about him?

IZZY
She does now.

JULES
Christ, Iz. What happened to you?
Our crew used to be beautiful--

IZZY
You were never part of the crew, it was me, Yahya and Rome's thing--

JULES
Till you let Rome take the dive--

IZZY
It's what he wanted. What the fuck do you want?

JULES
Rome lost 13 years. Lost his baby before she knew him. I want what you owe my brother-- what you owe *me* from the National Bank job...
(*fuck you*)
Four million.

IZZY
I don't have it!

JULES
Got a source who says you do.

The information takes Izzy by surprise...

JULES
C'mon, ain't hard to tell. You been
livin fat in your fancy townhouse
with Doctor Schoolboy --

IZZY
That why you killed David? You
jealous of the life I got?

JULES
What you got is a fantasy built off
OUR money. Fuck ya I'm jealous--

IZZY
YOU killed that guard at the bank!
We were out clean and YOU shot him--
You were high and paranoid. Rome
went away protecting both of us--

JULES
And you watched him take 59 years
without a blink--

IZZY
You have no idea what that did to
me, or who I am--

JULES
Neither. Do. You. How could you?
Hidin in daddy's big blue shadow,
hopin a badge would redefine you.
Well, dress-up time's over, bitch.
You ain't a cop. You're a throwaway
criminal from Hunts Point like me--

IZZY
I'm nothing like you.

JULES
Wake the fuck up. Your pops pulled
strings to cover your tracks, but
they're still there... and that Ol'
Izzy -- who you *really* are -- she's
been walkin along 'em this whole
time, catchin up to you, to this
very fuckin moment.

(MORE)

JULES (CONT'D)
 (so...)
 Welcome back to the REAL YOU.

His words hit Izzy. Maybe because they're true.

JULES
 I'm gettin that money, believe it.
 But while you're playin games and
 while you're still alive-- I'm
 puttin your ass to work.

Rome signals his Guy, who hits the LIGHTS. Fluorescent bulbs flicker to reveal more COVERED VEHICLES. As his Guys start to strip off the covers, Izzy sees -- TEN ARMORED TRUCKS.

IZZY
 The stolen trucks...
 (realizing)
 You're pulling a job.

JULES
We are. The Job of all Jobs.

IZZY
 What's the score?

JULES
 My brother.

IZZY
 You're fucking joking.

JULES
 Not when it comes to Rome.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SING SING CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - SERIES OF SHOTS

-- A MALE INMATE showers. We don't see his face, just his tatted, prison-cut body. As he turns, we're able to read the ink over his heart -- a single word: **LOLA**.

JULES
 At 5:45 AM, a bus leaves Sing Sing
 with my brother on it...

-- A BALD GUARD hands Prisoner a towel. Inmate lifts the edge of the towel to find a SMALL KEY.

INMATE (O.C.)
 Thanks, Diaz.

-- Inmate threads FLOSS through the key's HOLE. He jams the floss between MOLARS -- lets the key dangle DOWN HIS THROAT.

JULES

...headed for the Supreme Court downtown for his last appeal.

-- In his CELL, Inmate pulls a LONG-LENS **SURVEILLANCE PHOTO** from a book -- of a MAN pulling a NEW YORK JETS DUFFLE BAG from a car trunk. Inmate tucks it into his jumpsuit.

JULES

He ain't gonna win it. But that don't matter...

-- Inmate, jumpsuit and SHACKLES, shuffles into PROCESSING. He's searched. We still don't clearly see his face, just his MOUTH as a GUARD flashlights inside. The key -- *invisible*.

JULES

He ain't gonna make it there.

-- FOLLOW INMATE as he shuffles across asphalt to a waiting NY DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS BUS.

IZZY

Does Rome know about this?

JULES

His plan. The trucks, the time, the place. Every detail.

-- ON THE BUS, Bald Guard escorts Inmate down the aisle to a specific seat, **6A** -- but it's taken by a HEAD-TATTED HOMEBOY.

INMATE (O.S.)

Get up.

Homeboy does, clear respect. Inmate sits INTO FRAME --

ROME BARLOW, 40s, intense eyes scraped bare by life's spoon. But Rome's kept a kindling of his spirit buried, waiting to set it on fire again. **END INTERCUT** ON IZZY & JULES --

IZZY

Was I one of Rome's details?

JULES

You takin a dive, your boy gettin shot, wasn't the plan. But you had to fight. Then once you sprung ICU, I knew you'd be a problem... so I took the kid. Course, shoulda known you'd be a fuckin problem anyhow.

Rome straps on Kevlar with clips, tear gas cans, etc. Signals to Izzy's nose. She touches it -- pulls back BLOODY FINGERS.

IZZY

Why would I ever help you?

JULES

You do it, Lola's yours. And you
fuck off back to Bullshit Fantasy
Land for however long you got.

She glances her Timex: **5:01 AM**. Jules watches as she blood-scratches "5:01" on her forearm under the other times...

JULES

Turn offs include bitches who count
their last hours in blood--

IZZY

I'll kill you before I die.

JULES

Iz... you already dead.

As we PUSH IN ON Izzy's vessel-cracked eyes --

BURN TO:

THE HEADLIGHTS OF HUGO'S CAPRICE

beaming down Westchester Avenue in the Bronx. Slivers of dawn knife through elevated tracks as the 6-TRAIN RUSHES OVERHEAD.

A PACK OF CIGARETTES on the dash as he smokes one. The BURNER PHONE's on his lap, waiting for her call...

HUGO

Goddamnit, where are you, Iz?

Hugo's so preoccupied, he doesn't notice SANTORO'S CRUISER tailing him. As he flicks his butt, we FLY OUT with it --

DRONING UP AND EAST OVER THE BRONX -- ZEROING IN ON --

The DOC TRANSPORT BUS driving south down

THE HUDSON PARKWAY

TEN ARMORED TRUCKS haul ass to catch up to the bus. FIND IZZY speeding on her Ducati -- the whole cavalcade converging on --

EXT. THE HENRY HUDSON BRIDGE - DAWN

The 2,200-feet-long, double-decked, steel-arch bridge rises from the cliffs on either side of the Harlem River.

TRACKING FAST & LOW behind Izzy -- slaloming through MORNING COMMUTERS -- her ENGINE REV turning heads in cars --

Commuters see the Ducati -- the BUS -- the ARMORED TRUCKS -- all disappear into the bridge's LOWER SOUTHBOUND DECK --

IN THE BUS

ROME's seated in 6A. GUARDS armed with shotguns. Bald Guard (DIAZ) is one of them. Another, YATES, eyefucks Rome --

GUARD YATES
Final appeal, Barlow. This the one?

ROME
Yep, going home today, Fuckboy.

GUARD YATES
I best stop bangin your girl then--

GUARD DIAZ
Yates, leave him--

GUARD YATES
You got a daughter, don't you?
Maybe I should hit that, too.

Rome glares *through* him. Diaz intervenes, pushes Yates along. Then Rome speaks low to Diaz --

ROME
You get the wire transfer?

Diaz nods, then spots something through the security-barred windows -- motions for Rome to look. He glances over to see

A WHITE DUCATI SUPERSPORT

RIPPING alongside the bus -- the HELMETED RIDER, oxygen mask strapped underneath, looks over at Rome but he can't make out a face behind the cracked visor --

TRACKING FAST WITH IZZY

IN IZZY'S HELMET -- she glares at Rome -- *the father of her daughter she hasn't seen in 13 years.* We live in this loaded gaze for a moment, then -- Izzy SPEEDS OFF just as --

FOUR ARMORED TRUCKS *rush* by in rapid succession.

IN THE BUS

The BUS DRIVER watches the armored trucks fan out across all four lanes ahead -- moving WAY TOO FAST for those vehicles --

BUS DRIVER
 --the hell's going on here?

AT THE SOUTH END THE BRIDGE

The four armored trucks get into a formation -- bumper to bumper -- perpendicular to traffic flow -- a BARRICADE -- BLOCKING OFF ALL LANES.

IN THE BUS

Yates peers through the windshield at the road closure as --

BUS DRIVER
 Dispatch, this is 73119, we got a problem on the Hudson Bridge -- requesting immediate support--

GUARD YATES
 The fuck's that bike doing?

TRACKING FAST WITH IZZY

THE COCOMELON BACKPACK wind-rippling as she reaches into the Ducati's back compartment -- pulls a POLYMER CASE -- *CLICK* -- she opens it, releasing HUNDREDS OF TIRE SPIKES.

Izzy jets the Ducati across all the lanes -- laying a giant SPIKE STRIP of heavily-barbed caltrops in the bus's path --

I/E. PRISON BUS - MOVING

Bus Driver's eyes GO WIDE when he sees the spikes glinting on the road -- the HELMETED RIDER now idling beyond it --

YATES
 STOP THE BUS!

Bus Driver's boot crushes the brake pedal. Tire RUBBER BURNS, ROTORS *SQUEAL*. But it's too late.

BUS DRIVER
 Shit, hang on--

Tires hit spikes. Tires EXPLODE. One after the other, RUBBER SHREDS off rims -- PNEUMATIC AIR HISSES OUT --

ON IZZY -- watching the BUS'S ASS SWING OUT 90° -- RIMS BLOW OFF AXLES -- SPARKS like fireflies reflected in her visor.

Everyone in the bus lurches as it CAREENS to a GRINDING HALT. Stretched over middle lanes 10 feet from IZZY -- who suddenly hears that *FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH* in her head...

IN THE BUS

Chaos. PRISONERS and GUARDS shaken, gathering themselves --

But *not ROME*. He's cool. Leaning down -- bringing his mouth to shackled hands -- fingers dip inside -- find the FLOSS -- pull the SMALL KEY up from his throat. He SNAPS IT OFF as --

Yates runs up to a barred window near Rome to see -- another BARRICADE OF ARMORED TRUCKS forming *behind* them this time --

AT THE NORTH END OF THE BRIDGE

Four more armored trucks -- bumper to bumper -- perpendicular to traffic flow -- BLOCKING OFF ALL LANES. The bus a sitting duck in the center of the bridge.

IN THE BUS

Rome gives Yates a *fuck-you* grin --

ROME
Toldja I was going home today.
Better buckle up.

THWACK -- Yates cracks Rome with his baton -- Rome smiles back, teeth bloodied --

ROME
Suit yourself.

Yates rushes off -- passing DIAZ -- who straps himself into a jump chair and *buckles up* --

GUARD YATES
Diaz, the fuck you doing? He's
setting us up--

BUS DRIVER
INCOMING -- north side!

Yates and Diaz peer through a north-facing window --

GUARD YATES
Ohfuck--

THROUGH THE WINDOW -- *ohfuck* is right.

AN ARMORED TRUCK

STEAMROLLS toward the bus. A BALLISTIC-MASKED DRIVER -- eyes meth-radiant. Jules. Smacking the wheel, high as stars.

ON THE SPEEDOMETER -- ticking past 65, 70, 75, 80...

WITH IZZY ON THE BRIDGE

She's overwhelmed, epinephrine surge more intense this time -- it's making her dizzy -- she fumbles for the helmet strap -- *FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH*

IZZY'S POV -- beyond the bus -- Jules's SPEEDING TRUCK CLOSES IN -- her sight BLURRING IN & OUT OF FOCUS from adrenaline -- she fights to harness it -- to BURST -- instead, her knees buckle -- she drops -- bracing herself --

IZZY
No, no, c'mon... get up, get up...

IN THE BUS

Prisoners stare at the charging truck. Bus Driver tries like hell to buckle up. Diaz crosses himself. Yates glares over at Rome, who just closes his eyes. And waits.

I/E. ARMORED TRUCK - MOVING

Jules lets out a PRIMAL SCREAM as his armored truck --

P L O W S INTO THE BUS.

A 90mph T-BONE. The IMPACT FLIPS THE BUS.

The VELOCITY sends it BARRELING down bridge like a kicked soda can -- picking up momentum -- SOMERSAULTING toward --

IZZY.

On her knees -- stuck in brain-bleed quicksand -- the bus SMASH-FLIPPING toward her -- *almost on top of her now* --

IZZY
--GET UP!

IN IZZY'S POV -- her blurry sight *finally* SNAPS INTO FOCUS -- pinhole view blooming into hyper-lucid VISION RIPPLING at the edges -- her heartbeat JACKHAMMER LOUD as she goes into --

A **BURST**.

Izzy slides UNDER the bus as it --

F L I P S. O V E R. H E R.

TIME SEEMS TO SLOW as Izzy flattens against the road -- GLASS BITS and BUS DEBRIS float in this amber moment of mayhem --

IN IZZY'S POV -- looking UP at the AIRBORNE bus -- Prisoners strapped upside-down within -- Guards flying in the air --

Izzy sees Rome through a webbed window as the bus CARTWHEELS past -- its now-inverted roof INCHES from Izzy's helmet visor as it THUNDERS OVER -- FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH --

SLAM BACK TO REAL TIME as the bus CRASHES DOWN just past Izzy in a symphony of WRECKAGE -- SPARK-DRAGGING down the bridge -- SCREECHING to a STOP -- ON ITS SIDE.

IN THE SIDEWAYS BUS

MOANS in the hellscape. Prisoners sideways, some unconscious. Bloody Guards crawl along security windows, now *their ground*.

YATES worms out from under a KO'D GUARD -- hears a NOISE -- whips his GLOCK around at -- ROME -- rising between seats.

GUARD YATES
Call 'em off. I'm not fucking around!

But Rome *SNATCHES* the Glock -- completely unshackled now -- points it back at Yates --

ROME
Neither am I.

Yates considers his next move when a VOICE BOOMS --

JULES (OVER BULLHORN)
GUARDS. WE'RE HERE FOR ONE PERSON --
DO NOT SHOOT OR YOU WILL BE SHOT.

ON THE BRIDGE

IZZY limp-runs toward Jules -- *depleted from that last burst*. She takes in the charged atmosphere reflected in her visor --

Jules's ARMY fans out of a LAST ARMORED TRUCK -- jumping onto stranded car hoods -- M4s aimed north & south. At the ready.

CIVILIANS scatter as a few of Jules's crew clamber onto the bus's top with HEAVY INDUSTRIAL TOOLS as Jules barks --

JULES (INTO BULLHORN)
NO ONE NEEDS TO DIE TODAY--

Izzy shoves him hard -- sends him flying back --

IZZY
No one but *me*, right? You near fucking killed me! Again!

Jules comes back, gun leveled at her helmeted head --

JULES

Then third time's the charm, uh? Do
what we came to do -- for Lola.

IZZY'S POV -- VISION EBBING, glaring down his gun barrel as --

IN THE SIDEWAYS BUS

Rome holds the Glock on Yates -- *CHK-CHK* -- a SHOTGUN RACKS --

BUS DRIVER (O.S.)

Put it down, Barlow.

Rome turns to find -- Bus Driver aiming a 12-GAUGE at him --

YATES

Smoke this motherfucker, Tom--

FOOTSTEPS above -- startling Bus Driver -- BOOTS stomping
over the security windows -- then a BUZZSAW FIRES UP --

ON TOP OF THE SIDEWAYS BUS

IZZY stumbles after JULES -- stepping over the "CORRECTIONS"-
painted side of the bus -- *now the roof* -- to find Jules's
crew using a STEEL-CUTTING SAW to carve into the bus armor
over Seat 6A --

IN THE SIDEWAYS BUS

SPARKS RAIN from a widening halo of shorn metal above Rome's
standoff with Yates -- who yells at Bus Driver --

YATES

What're you waiting for?!

ROME

Tom, you do it, you don't go home
today. Think of your son, Lucas.

(off his surprise)

I'm not worth it, man.

Off Bus Driver -- hesitating -- when the BUZZSAW STOPS.

ON TOP OF THE SIDEWAYS BUS

CLANG CLANG -- Jules slams MAGNETIC POWER GRIPS onto the sown
metal section and YANKS OFF THE PANEL like a big pumpkin top.
He peers INTO THE BUS -- to find Rome in his STANDOFF --

JULES

Yo, bro-- fuck's goin on here?

Izzy peers in as -- *BLAM!* Bus Driver shoots up at her --

Izzy reacts FAST, dodges the slug. NOT SO for one of Jules's Guys -- who catches it in the eye with a sick SLURP --

IN THE BUS BELOW -- Yates SUCKERPUNCHES Rome -- throws him in a chokehold and drags him out of sight --

JULES
Goddamnit!

Izzy rips a TEAR GAS CAN from Jules's Kevlar -- throws it in the bus -- CLINK -- PSSSHHH! As SMOKE PLUMES --

IZZY
Gun, gimme a gun.

JULES
No fuckin way--

Izzy strips a Tazer from his armor, jumps down --

INTO THE SIDEWAYS BUS

Izzy steps along crushed security windows -- *now the floor* -- wraithing through tear gas FOG -- SUCKING in o2 -- following COUGHS ahead when it hits -- FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH --

Another **BURST**.

Just as her pupils dilate -- WHACK! Bus Driver phantoms out the mist and shotgun-butts Izzy in her helmeted head --

She slams the Tazer into Driver's neck -- its VOLTAGE CRACKLE loud as FIREWORKS -- electric stream refracted in the CS fog like lightning in a cloud -- Bus Driver falls --

Izzy discards her Tazer -- scoops up the 12-GAUGE -- hears more COUGHS -- aims at a FIGURE in the haze --

It's DIAZ -- hands up, harmless -- POINTING to the front of the bus -- Izzy moves past him when a VOICE YELLS OUT --

YATES
I'll fucking kill him!

IN IZZY'S POV -- on the FIGURE -- YATES -- COUGHING -- Glock to Rome's temple -- Izzy lifts the pump -- BLAM! She BLASTS a wall-mounted FIRE EXTINGUISHER next to Yates -- PSSSHHHH!

A PALE BLAST of sodium bicarbonate POWDERS Yates and Rome -- who seizes the distraction -- ELBOWS Yates -- busts his nose open -- Yates drops the Glock, HOWLING --

Izzy grabs Rome -- tugs him through smoke -- toward dawnlight streaming through the sawed sunroof --

Rome GAGS on the gas -- covering his mouth with his shirt -- he can't see -- gripping his rescuer's shoulder as --

GUNFIRE ERUPTS.

BULLETS PLINK against the bus -- Izzy jumps onto a seat about to climb up when -- a GUNSHOT RINGS OUT -- in the bus -- she looks back at Rome as a BULLET DRILLS through his shoulder --

BLOOD SPRITZES her helmet as Izzy glances downbus -- at YATES reunited with his Glock -- Izzy lifts her pump but -- ZZZAP! Yates convulses -- DIAZ behind him with Izzy's tossed TAZER.

DIAZ

GO!

Rome clutches his shoulder -- nods to Diaz, grateful -- Izzy struggles to hoist Rome up through the carved skylight --

ONTO THE TOP OF THE BUS

INTO MADNESS -- like gophering out of a wartime foxhole. The world out here has changed --

THE NYPD HAS ARRIVED.

Izzy watches CASINGS CLINK around Jules's Red Chucks as he RAINS AR-15 SHOTS on the cops at the north end of the bridge where NYPD units stack behind the armored-truck barricade --

Jules looks back to Izzy, sees Rome is shot, bleeding --

JULES

Fuck, he hit?!

ROME

I'm fine, I'm good--

JULES

(to Izzy)

Get him to the truck! GO!

Izzy can barely muster the power to guide Rome to the edge of the bus as -- JULES whips out a remote with FOUR SWITCHES.

And flips all of 'em.

AT THE NORTH END OF THE BRIDGE

KA-BOOOOOOOOM! BOOOOOOOOM! BOOOOOOOOM! BOOOOOOOOM!

The four armored trucks EXPLODE -- the CONCUSSIVE BLASTS rip through the cops -- car windows shatter -- bodies ragdoll -- the bonfired trucks now forming a WALL OF FIRE.

TRACKING WITH IZZY

Almost knocked over from the EXPLOSIVE REVERB -- pushing Rome through this urban battlefield of gunmen and bullet-ridden cars --

Any trapped CIVILIANS jump off the bridge into Spuyten Duyvil Creek to escape Jules's Army UNLOADING HELLFIRE on police --

IZZY
C'mon! This way--

Izzy's LABORED BREATHS SWELL as they arrive at the Ducati --

ROME
Didn't he say the truck--

IZZY
GET ON!

ROME registers the desperate FEMALE VOICE under the helmet -- *a certain familiarity to it* -- his instincts now on edge --

ROME
I'm not going anywhere with you--

Rome slams Izzy, tackling her -- knowing there's a betrayal at play -- they scrap, tussle -- she's losing muster -- but keeps punching -- *releasing years of rage* --

Rome gets a hand under her helmet -- yanks it off to REVEAL -- IZZY -- in all her wild, shaved-and-stapled-headed glory.

ON ROME -- staring at a ghost, a love, from his past.

ROME
Iz...?

IZZY'S EYES glow razors -- the reunion has her HEART SLAMMING -- adrenaline pumping mad -- FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH --

She slips into a **BURST**.

WHAM! Izzy swings up the SHOTGUN HILT into his face -- KO'ing him on contact -- she digs hands under his pits -- starts the herculean task of loading him onto the Ducati when --

BULLETS shred next to her -- she looks to JULES -- aiming the AR at her from atop the bus -- seeing what she's doing --

JULES
STOP HER!

IZZY fires up the Ducati -- Rome slumped in front of her -- and TEARS OUTTA THERE as --

JULES

slides off the bus, hops into a GETAWAY ARMORED TRUCK.

JULES

She's fuckin us! Let's go, get in!

The truck takes off before the doors even close -- BULLETS from north-end cops CRUNCHING into reinforced panels --

JULES

Don't lose that goddamn bike!

Jules climbs out the passenger window -- levels his AR-15 at Izzy's back and OPENS FIRE --

TRACKING FAST WITH IZZY

Izzy swerves, bullets chasing her -- EVERY SHOT AMPLIFIED -- as she struggles to steady the bike -- Rome's weight making it hard to control -- but she's in She-Hulk mode --

Izzy ACCELERATES -- face burning in the rushing wind without her helmet -- punching it for the south end of the bridge -- where more NYPD units congregate behind the barricade --

IN JULES'S GETAWAY ARMORED TRUCK

He slams back into his seat, rips off his ballistic mask --

JULES

Shoulda iced this fuckin bitch--

DRIVER

She makes it off the bridge, we'll lose her in the city --

JULES

She won't get that far.

Jules pulls out another remote with FOUR SWITCHES. And once again -- he flips all of 'em.

AT THE SOUTH END OF THE BRIDGE

KA-BOOOOOOOOM! BOOOOOOOOM! BOOOOOOOOM! BOOOOOOOOM!

Again, four armored trucks EXPLODE -- decimating cops & NYPD units -- as the engulfed trucks form another WALL OF FIRE.

TRACKING FAST WITH IZZY

FLAMES reflect in her dilated eyes -- but she SPEEDS UP -- redlining the Ducati at an ear-splitting 16,500 RPM --

She's deep in her BURST -- like she's wormholing through the fabric of space and time -- headed for a slivered opening in the fiery blown-out-truck barricade until --

She vanishes INTO THE BLAZE -- riding THROUGH FIRE -- before SPITTING OUT of the inferno like fleeing a dragon's breath -- SLALOMING through cop-car wreckage -- blowing past --

WEEMS'S UNMARKED CRUISER

WEEMS and OMAR press themselves against the car -- barely avoiding getting hit by the Ducati --

WEEMS

That's her! It's Izzy! Get in the goddamn car, let's go--

As Weems and Omar hop in the blown-out-windowed cruiser --

JULES'S GETAWAY ARMORED TRUCK

BARRELS toward the fiery barricade, with no opening...

DRIVER

We doing this, Jules?!

JULES

Fuckin punch it.

Jules and Driver brace as they BASH THROUGH the burning truck barrier. Flames lash the windows as they CRUMBLE COP CARS and

BULLDOZE INTO WEEM'S CRUISER.

The Cruiser spins as Jules's truck speeds down Hudson Parkway through Inwood Hill Park, leaving the bridge chaos behind --

JULES

Where is she?! You see her!?

They peer out at NOTHING but forested road, opening up to the Hudson River as the sun cracks over it. Morning has come. And Izzy's in the wind with Rome. Off Jules, raging --

SMASH TO:

A NEWS REPORT ON TV

from Hudson Bridge. A REPORTER amidst the grisly aftermath.

REPORTER

...Barlow's being aided by Sergeant Elizabeth Carrera, wanted for the murder of her husband and abduction of her 13-year-old daughter...

A MAN CROSSES FRAME TO REVEAL we are --

INT. MANNY'S BODEGA - EARLY MORNING

The owner MANNY unlocks the door, flips the sign to "OPEN" as a WHITE DUCATI *RIPS* into the parking lot...

IZZY
OPEN THE DOOR!

Manny's shocked to see IZZY, a body slung over her bike --

IZZY
The door, Manny! OPEN IT!

Manny opens the door and Izzy *DRIVES INTO THE SHOP* -- parking between aisles, out of view. She hops off, passing a stunned Manny, to *LOCK* the door and flip the sign to "CLOSED" --

MANNY
You-- you can't be here...

But Izzy's already dragging Rome's unconscious body to the bathroom -- shotgun strapped around her -- *HUFFING BREATHS* --

IZZY
Get me ammonia-- nastiest, cheapest shit you got.
(off Manny, frozen)
Manny. Love you. Don't have time to walk you through it. Ammonia. GO.

Manny shuffles off as Izzy pulls Rome into --

THE SHITTIEST BATHROOM IN AMERICA

Same one where she found out she was pregnant a few days ago.

As Izzy drags in Rome, she tumbles. Fading. She reaches into her pocket for Dr. Modi's *INJECTIONS*. The fibrin sealant.

She crawls to the sink, *GROANING* to a kneel position, yanks down her breathing mask. As her reflection in the fractured mirror *THROBS IN & OUT OF FOCUS* --

IZZY
Stress... is not my friend. I move through stress with... steady calm--

She JAMS the needle into her stapled head wound -- *CRINGING* in pain. REVEAL MANNY at the door, horrified --

MANNY
What... are you *doing*?

IZZY
Buying time. You got it?

Manny hands KNOCKOFF WINDEX and other CHEMICALS. As she rips off tops, dumping the liquids over wadded paper towels --

MANNY
Is it true? About your husband?

IZZY
I didn't kill him.

MANNY
(re Rome)
Who's he?

IZZY
One of the assholes who did. Keep lookout for me, ok? Please...

Manny nods, closes the door. Dingy light flickers over Izzy as she crams the ammonia-soaked towel to Rome's nostrils.

IZZY
C'mon, wake up motherfucker...

The chemicals trigger an inhalation reflex. Rome GAGS, waking with a start. He immediately pushes back from --

ROME
Izzy...? Where's Jules--

WHAM. She PUNCHES his already blood-crusted nose.

IZZY
HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?! TO
OUR DAUGHTER?!

WHAM. She PUNCHES him again.

ROME
Do *WHAT*!?

WHAM. His nose gushes fresh blood. As he clutches it --

IZZY
You had Jules come after me-- kill
my husband-- now he's got Lola.

She lifts her arm to strike him again -- he grabs it --

ROME
Wait-- fucking WAIT! He's got Lola?

IZZY

Don't act like it wasn't part of
the plan. Your plan--

ROME

To escape! That was it--

IZZY

You didn't tell Jules to go after
the money?

ROME

I did-- I just wanted to get out,
get my cut and disappear... I never
meant for anyone to get hurt-- not
you, not your husband--

IZZY

DAVID! His name was David!

Saying his name shatters Izzy, tears in bloodshot eyes. Rome
instinctively grabs her into a HUG --

ROME

I'm sorry-- I'm so sorry...

Izzy SCREAMS into his chest, breaking down. Full release with
the last person we'd ever expect.

IZZY

I was... pregnant...

Rome absorbs that tragic news, holds her tighter.

IZZY

I was finally gonna start over...
(turns to rage)
And you took that from me--

She SHOVES Rome -- disgusted she fell into his comfort.

IZZY

Don't. Don't you fucking touch me--
Don't you pretend to care--

ROME

I DO! I do, Iz. Why do you think I
took the fall for us back then?
(cause I love you)
So you and Lola could have a life.
Why would I take that from you?

They stare at each other, strangers -- yet a vestige of their
love persists; twin flames reduced to embers.

IZZY

I'm dying, Rome. My brain's fucked up, bleeding out from the inside...

That rips through the part of Rome that still loves her.

ROME

How long?

Izzy checks the Timex -- **6:27 AM**. She pulls a pen from her jacket, jots it on her arm below the others, does the math --

IZZY

Hour, maybe. Tell me where she is--

Izzy jams the shotgun barrel against his cheek.

IZZY

I got nothing left to lose.

ROME

I don't know! Ok? But I can get her back, I swear to you...

Izzy glares, considering. Then retracts the pump.

IZZY

Ya, you will. You for her. Only reason you're still alive.

ROME

Won't be for long if I don't get this fucking bullet outta me.

IZZY

(throws down paper towels)
It's a 9 mill. Sack up, bitch.

He balls the towels, sticks them against his shoulder wound.

IZZY

Why'd you think I had the money? It was seized. You know that--

ROME

Thought so, til I saw this-- taken a couple weeks ago. Sure explains the millions *unaccounted for*...

Rome reaches under his jumpsuit, hands Izzy that **SURVEILLANCE PHOTO** -- of a MAN pulling a JETS DUFFLE BAG from a car trunk.

Izzy's eyes widen, shocked as we now RECOGNIZE THE MAN --

IZZY

Is that--? That's... my dad.

ROME

And that's our bag, Iz. From *that day*. The National Bank heist.

Izzy's world topples as she realizes...

IZZY

He kept some of the money.

She pulls out Hugo's BURNER PHONE. As her quaking hands dial the only number in the phone --

EXT. HUDSON BRIDGE - MORNING

NYPD, NYFD & PRESS amidst smoldering fallout of the breakout. FIND WEEMS walking alongside OMAR -- on a Stryker transport headed for an ambo -- head bandaged, arm in a sling --

OMAR

I know Izzy's in over her head on some shit. She needs our help--

WEEMS

She broke her ex out of a fucking prison bus in broad daylight--

OMAR

We don't have all the facts--

WEEMS

Only need one. That she's not the same Izzy we *thought* we knew.

OMAR

I'm just saying, we need to--

WEEMS

YOU don't *need* anything but an ER. You're out, O. But I need you and Angie thinking on what comes next--

OMAR

And what's that?

WEEMS

I'm getting Lola back. And when I do, you guys got another mouth to feed. Izzy chose you, right?

(off his nod)

Then rest the fuck up, cause that girl's gonna need all the love.

The reality of Izzy's impending death hits him. Hard. But he nods, just as Weems's PHONE RINGS --

WEEMS
You heard me, right, O? About Lola?

OMAR
Just bring her home to us, Cap.

Weems nods, walks off. As she slides the phone to her ear --

WEEMS
Where we at, Gia?

INTERCUT WITH:

I/E. SANTORO'S UNMARKED CRUISER - MOVING - THE BRONX - DAY

Santoro talks into AirPods, tailing a familiar '93 CAPRICE.

SANTORO
Hugo just turned off Bruckner,
going South on Tiffany--

WEEMS
Hunts Point. He's going home. I'm
not far from you, headed your way.
Stay on him, see if Izzy shows--

The call ends. We STAY WITH SANTORO, watching Hugo's Caprice pull into the driveway of a RUNDOWN TWO-STORY HOUSE.

She parks down the street as Hugo pulls into an OPEN GARAGE -- which is left OPEN as Hugo disappears up an inner STAIRWELL.

Then Santoro hears an ENGINE RIP. A WHITE DUCATI tears up the drive, into the garage. Two RIDERS step off -- IZZY and ROME.

SANTORO
No fuckin way...

INT. HUGO'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Izzy almost falls dismounting the Ducati, clearly weaker by the minute. As Rome reaches to stabilize her --

IZZY
I said DON'T fucking touch me--

ROME
Lola turn out as stubborn as you?

IZZY
Shut up.

As she limps to the stairwell, we hear an ominous CHK-CHK --

ROME
Didn't hear a please.

She turns to find Rome with the SHOTGUN. Tense, till he flips it -- handing her the ass end. She snatches it.

ROME
Might need it.

IZZY
He's my fucking dad--

ROME
Who's playing you. Just sayin--

IZZY
Don't say shit up there, got it?

Rome nods. Izzy hits a garage clicker on their way upstairs. As the door clunk-rolls down, we spot SANTORO, gun in hand, skulking up the drive...

INT. HUGO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Izzy leads Rome through the door when -- Rome's *shoved* -- the barrel of a SCOPED RIFLE inches from his busted nose.

Hugo's eyes ablaze behind the Remington 600.

ROME
Whoa, whoa! Easy, Grandpa--

HUGO
You. I knew it was you. Step away from my daughter, hands where I--

ROME
I'm the fucking hostage, moron.

Hugo notices the shotgun in Izzy's hand, nods proud approval.

HUGO
How you holding up, baby?

IZZY
I'm not. Put the gun down, we gotta talk.

HUGO
Only one thing to talk about--
(to Rome, re Lola)
Where is she?

IZZY
He doesn't know--

HUGO
Says who? Him? He's a fucking liar--

ROME
Funny coming from you. Ask him, Iz.

Hugo COUGHS, going into a fit, exchanging a look with Izzy --

HUGO
Ask me what?

ROME
About the money, you corrupt fuck--

IZZY
Rome. What'd I say? Shut. Up.
(to Hugo, heartbroken)
What did you do, dad?

HUGO
Why? What bullshit's he told you?

She hands over the SURVEILLANCE PHOTO. Hugo stares at it, not giving anything away.

ROME
Worth a thousand words, huh?

HUGO
Where'd you get this?

ROME
You know how sources work, old man--

IZZY
That's YOU. You kept some of the
money from the National Bank job.

Hugo's cough flares up again. Overwhelmed, he makes his way to a recliner by the window. Sits. Disgraced.

IZZY
You lied to me all this time. Why?

He pulls a PACK OF CIGARETTES from a side table. Hugo plucks out the only one flipped upside-down...

HUGO
Might as well burn my lucky.
(lights up, then)
You're not the only one dying, Iz.

Izzy reacts, shock melting her anger.

HUGO
 Stage 4, lung.
 (re cigarette)
 Who knew, right? They were healthy
 when I started smoking 'em...

He cough-laughs. Izzy can't wrap her broken head around it.

HUGO
 That picture was a month ago. I was
 moving the money...to make sure you
 and Lola would be taken care of...
 (takes a long drag)
 Goddamn. Finally caught up to us...

As he gazes out the window to greying skies, we FLY OUT TO --

EXT. HUGO'S HOUSE - DAY

FIND Weems's smashed-up car pulling behind Santoro's cruiser.
 Weems hops out to find Santoro running over --

SANTORO
 Izzy's here, with Barlow.
 (off her muted reaction)
 What's the play, Cap? Call it in?

WEEMS
 Negative. We swarm, it's gonna be a
 shootout. I got this.

SANTORO
 You just gonna roll up? And *what*?
 Fuckin talk it out?

WEEMS
 Either that or more bodies. Wait
 for my word on the two-way...

Weems heads up the drive. Off Santoro, uneasy with the call --

BACK UPSTAIRS IN HUGO'S LIVING ROOM

Izzy's still reeling from Hugo's admission, so weak she can't stand. As she puts down the shotgun, leans on the counter --

HUGO
 Your mom and me decided to keep the
 money. Rainy day, Lola's schooling,
 fill in the fucking blank. God...
 sometimes, I feel like keeping that
 money's what gave her the cancer.

ROME

Ya, definitely wasn't the second-hand smoke or anything.

HUGO

Fuck you. You've been dragging my daughter down into hell with you since the day you met her--

IZZY

Where's the money now?
(he can't look at her)
LOOK AT ME! Where's the money?

HUGO

At the cabin. Those two loose floorboards by the stove...
(finally looks at Izzy)
Go get our girl back.

WEEMS (O.S.)

She's not going anywhere.

They all turn to -- Weems. Her Glock leveled at Izzy.

WEEMS

It's over, Iz.

Izzy eyes the SHOTGUN on the counter. So does Weems.

WEEMS

Step away from it. Hands. Now.

Izzy nods, steps back, but suddenly drops to her knees. Rome hustles to her side, kneeling to help her, hold her --

HUGO

Goddamnit, Ali! That's Rome Barlow, he's behind all this!

WEEMS

I know who he is, Hugo.

Weems holsters her gun, grabs the shotgun with GLOVED HANDS.

ROME

She needs a fucking doctor--

WEEMS

She's not getting one.

ROME

It doesn't have to be like this, we know where the money's at--

WEEMS

She's good as dead, Roman. Focus on
the little girl who's still alive.
Now, go. I won't be far behind.

Izzy glares at Weems, stunned. Hugo's apoplectic, realizing --

HUGO

You? You took that picture--

The SHOTGUN BLASTS. Hugo's body slams back in the chair --

IZZY

NOOO!

Izzy charges Weems -- but her motor control's fucked -- she collapses again. Tears in her eyes, she glowers at Weems --

IZZY

What did you do...

WEEMS

I didn't do shit. You two dug this hole years ago. Guess I'm just the rock at the bottom...

Weems moves to Hugo, who's going into shock -- reaches into his pocket and comes out with his CAR KEYS.

WEEMS

(flings keys to Rome)

Call your brother, get our money,
and wait for me at the cabin.

Izzy glances at Rome, by her side, hesitating to leave.

ROME

I never wanted this--

IZZY

Go-- you keep her safe... you fucking promise me that...

ROME

I promise, I--

WEEMS

You don't get going, that's a promise you won't keep. GO.

Rome nods, a tragic look to Izzy on his way out. Once he's gone, Weems walks to Hugo -- gripping the 12-gauge.

WEEMS

You saw me struggling. Through my divorce, losing my house, all that shit. You had the money to help me. But you didn't-- after all I risked to help cover up *her* fucking mess--

HUGO

I... trusted you...

WEEMS

I trusted *you*! I fucking LIED for you-- for years! And *you*? You were happy to make me complicit. Always hated being alone, didn't you?

(off his glare)

Even let you crawl in my bed after *she* died. I was there for you--

HUGO

Don't-- talk about my wife--

WEEMS

No, I don't talk about shit. That's why you trusted me. Cause I stayed quiet. That's on me. But you think my silence is free, motherfucker?

HUGO

I paid the price.

WEEMS

Then own it.

Weems BLASTS TWO SLUGS into Hugo's chest. He coughs up blood, choking. As Izzy crawls to him, devastated and helpless, we

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. HUGO'S HOUSE - GARAGE / STREET - DAY

WHEELS SMOKE as Hugo's Caprice REVERSES LIKE HELL out of the garage -- ROME spinning the wheel as he hits the street --

SANTORO FIRES -- jumping out of the way as Rome SMASHES her open car door, fishtailing down the street as --

IZZY slithers across the floor to her father.

IN IZZY'S POV -- her hands find his shoes -- pulling herself up his pant legs -- grasping his hands -- lifting us to see -- THREE BLOODY HOLES in his still chest.

Hugo Carrera is dead.

We SNAP OUT ON WEEMS -- picking up Hugo's rifle as a TWO-WAY RADIO CRACKLES in her pocket --

SANTORO (OVER RADIO)
 Barlow escaped-- Weems, you copy?!
 I'm calling it in-- Cap, can you
 hear me!?

Izzy looks up as Weems aims the rifle out of the window.

WEEMS
(sotto)
 I can hear you.

IZZY
 No, Ali, don't!

The RIFLE SNAPS. Outside, Santoro drops.

WEEMS stands over Izzy with the Remington. She coolly opens the gun's blind magazine, dumps the unspent .308 cartridges.

WEEMS
 Now, do us all a favor, Iz. Hurry
 up and die.

IZZY
 How... could you...

WEEMS
 I couldn't. I was never here. But
 this is where they'll find you.

Weems heads for the garage stairs.

WEEMS
 And don't worry...
(turns back)
 I'll take care of Lola.

Then she's GONE, leaving Izzy alone -- her world, shattered. Her death, imminent.

We PUSH IN ON IZZY...

Veins bulging, nostrils flaring, bloodshot eyes on that door. Her RAGE thrashing for release. She just *has* to move...

IN IZZY'S POV -- vision BLURRING IN & OUT OF FOCUS -- pinhole view blooming into hyper-lucid VISION RIPPLING at the edges -- FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH -- then it hits Izzy hard --

A **BURST**.

Everything SHUDDERS as Izzy channels strength to put one hand in front of the other -- crawling on all fours to that door -- to the top of the stairs -- looking infinitely steep --

Fuck it -- Izzy forces herself OVER the edge -- and TUMBLES -- WHAM WHAM WHAM -- her body thumping down the stairs -- OUR VIEW cyclones -- until Izzy CRASHES at the bottom, into --

THE GARAGE

She drags herself up -- DAYLIGHT BLINDING -- SLAMMED with a head rush -- whiplashing us through brain fog into FEVERED CLARITY -- Weems up ahead in the driveway, turning around --

WEEMS

Gotta be fucking kidding me...

She pulls her gun, heads for Izzy -- TWO SHOTS -- but Izzy's reflexes are lightning -- jumping out of the way -- smashing into shelves of PAINTS and TOOLS -- she grabs a PAINT CAN -- fastballs it at Weems's head --

CRACK! It SMASHES against her face -- WHITE PAINT EXPLODES -- Weems wobbles, concussed -- Izzy tackles her -- SWINGING WILDLY -- knuckles into orbital bones and concrete as --

Weems's Glock slides through white paint puddles into

THE DRIVEWAY

Both go for it -- Izzy's FASTER -- ripping nails into Weems's neck -- climbing over her, both splattered in paint & blood --

Weems flips her -- pins her arms -- PUNCHING Izzy -- POPS OF LIGHT as Izzy's hit in the stapled wound -- which RIPS open -- blood drips into her eyes -- but Izzy doesn't give a fuck --

She's desperately reaching for the Glock --

Fingers scrape the grip -- pulling it closer -- taking blows from Weems as -- Izzy finally gets a -- hand. on. the. gun.

BLAM. Weems's eyes widen -- hand on her belly -- BLOOD spurts through her fingers -- Izzy pushes her off, rolls to her feet -- standing over a gut-shot Weems with the Glock --

IZZY

I take care of Lola.

Izzy UNLOADS THE CLIP into Weems -- drops the spent gun into a white puddle of paint now swirling RED -- as she falls next to it. Quick as it came, the BURST IS OVER.

And Weems is dead. Izzy drags herself to --

THE STREET

She's barely able to hobble-limp to SANTORO, who lays on the asphalt, bleeding out. Izzy drops to her side --

IZZY
Hang in there, Gia... you fucking
stay awake, ok? C'mon...

Santoro nods through the pain. Izzy, breaths ragged, yanks the car's radio mic, presses the transmit button --

IZZY (INTO RADIO)
Dispatch... we got a 10-13, officer
down! Manida Street... and Randall.
Officer condition... critical.

DISPATCH RESPONDS as Izzy removes her jacket, balls it up and pushes it against Santoro's gunshot --

IZZY
Keep pressure, help's on the way...

Santoro grabs Izzy's hand, both slathered in blood.

SANTORO
I'll... make sure... they know.

IZZY
Doesn't matter anymore.

SANTORO
It does... to me.

Izzy feels something, looks at her bloody hand -- now holding CAR KEYS. She nods, grateful. Then, Izzy exerts the last of her energy clambering into --

I/E. SANTORO'S CRUISER - DAY

IZZY'S SHAKY HAND struggles to get the key into the ignition, but fires it up and TEARS OFF.

IN IZZY'S POV -- imagine the most fucked-up you've ever been and you're driving a car. *Multiply that by 10.* TRAFFIC ZOOMS. Her vision dips in & out -- SIRENS in the distance, until --

ALL SOUND DROPS. Except for Izzy's BREATHING. Her head lulls, eyes close... the car veers off road... over an embankment... plowing through shrubs, until SOUND SNAPS BACK IN as:

THE CAR CRASHES INTO A WALL AT 50 MPH.

Izzy's tangled over the console, eyes fluttering --

IZZY'S POV -- *fading fast* now as RAINDROPS PATTER the busted windshield, almost serene as we drop...

INTO THE ETHER.

Then, a DRILL WHIRS.

VOICES EMERGE IN THE DARK.

VOICES

Is she alive? / Elizabeth, can you
hear me? / OPEN YOUR DAMN EYES, IZ!

Izzy's EYES BLAST OPEN -- TWO BLURRY FIGURES above sharpen to reveal -- YAHYA and DR. MODI.

YAHYA

Long live the motherfucking Queen!
(to Dr. Modi)
Toldja, Doc. Can't kill this girl--

IZZY (O.S.)

Where... am I?

SNAP OUT of Izzy's POV to find her... *in a hospital?* Nope --

INT. THE WRECKING CLUB - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The *hospital-themed* room is a far cry from the real deal. But Modi has TOOLS and a MEDICAL KIT laid out in sterile fashion.

YAHYA

You at The Wrecking Club, baby! My
most requested smash room. Folks be
hating on doctors, no offense--

DR. MODI

Excuse me--

Dr. Modi nudges Yahya aside, flashes a PENLIGHT in her eyes.

DR. MODI

You need a hospital, Izzy. A real
one, where we can truly assess--

IZZY

Not happening. How did I get here?

YAHYA

Got a call from Rome Barlow, if you
believe that shit. Told me what was
going down, where you were at...

Izzy's surprised to hear Rome called Yahya to help her.

YAHYA

Found you all pretzeled-up in a cop car-- dead 5-0's half-mile down the road, choppers and shit. Iz, you're the most wanted bitch in NYC...

(then, solemn)

Your pops make it out?

She shakes her head, then takes Yahya's hand. *Thankful.* Izzy tries to get up, putting her weight onto Yahya, but falters. Dr. Modi forces her back down --

DR. MODI

We don't even know if you can walk--

IZZY

No choice, Pras. Lola needs me. Help give me an hour, two max--

DR. MODI

Wish I could. But truthfully, I don't even know how you're still standing. There's no precedent or protocols for your... condition.

Izzy eyes TOOLS on the table, especially a CRANIAL DRILL.

IZZY

Then why bring *that*? Dr. Paulsen said a second VP shunt or a burr hole could buy me more time--

DR. MODI

If it doesn't kill you, maybe.

IZZY

Maybe's good, I'll fuck with *maybe*--

DR. MODI

Izzy, I came to help, but I-- can't ethically render what you're asking me to-- I mean, a burr hole? *Here?*

YAHYA

The fuck's a burr hole?

IZZY

It'll relieve pressure in my brain.

YAHYA

Oh ya, do that shit, Doc--

DR. MODI

By drilling a hole into her skull.

YAHYA

Oh hell no, you serious?

DR. MODI

Yes. And it's very dangerous given the amount of blood compressing your brain tissue, Izzy--

IZZY

Like you said: anything after four, five hours-- I'm on borrowed time, right?

He nods, hesitant. Izzy eyes the TIMES scrawled on her arm --

IZZY

Well, we're way past that now...

YAHYA

Ya, I called you here to help, Doc. Don't ya'll motherfuckers make that hippopotamus promise or some shit?

DR. MODI

Hippocratic Oath. Exactly why I can't do this. Do no harm, Izzy.

Izzy, frustrated, gets up and grabs THE DRILL.

IZZY

Then I'll do the harm.

YAHYA

Fuck ya, Iz-- wait, what?

IZZY

Let's go. Pras, mark my head where to drill. Yahya, get me a mirror.

Yahya quickly dips out. Dr. Modi approaches her, gently.

DR. MODI

Izzy. This is... crazy. This isn't what David would want for you...

IZZY

David's dead. So am I. You gonna mark me or make me fucking guess?

Yahya returns with a PRINCESS HAND MIRROR. Off Izzy's look --

YAHYA

What? It's a rage room, mirrors are the first thing to go.

IZZY

Tesha's gonna start wondering where
all her shit is... mark it, Pras.

Modi, giving up, picks up a SKIN MARKER and inks a RED DOT
next to her stapled head wound --

DR. MODI

We'll need to sterilize the area
and make a small incision before--

IZZY

Nope, no time for all that--
(to Yahya)
Hold the mirror, keep it up.

Yahya holds up the mirror. Izzy sees her reflection, the RED DOT. She takes a deep, focused breath. Then,

IZZY PUTS THE DRILL TO HER HEAD.

IZZY

(reciting mantra)
My troubles are new opportunities--

She triggers it. A SHRILL WHINE emits as

Izzy DRILLS through her skin, into her skull.

Her teeth clench, riding pain into a SCREAM. Blood spurts. As Dr. Modi watches intently and Yahya turns, gag-reflexing --

DR. MODI

Bit further! Until you feel release
on the tension, then you're through
the bone and the dura--

YAHYA

Oh, fuck this shit--

Yahya VOMITS, but manages to keep the mirror up until -- Izzy powers down the drill. As blood spigots from the FRESH LITTLE HOLE in her head, she closes her eyes, immediate relief.

DR. MODI

Izzy... are you ok? Still with us?

Modi and Yahya exchange worried looks, until her EYES OPEN, steely and determined --

IZZY

I need guns. A fuck-ton of guns.

Off Yahya's diamond-toothed grin, we SLAM TO --

INT. THE WRECKING CLUB - CHECK-IN COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

The Weapon Wall slides open to REVEAL Yahya's secret ARSENAL OF GUNS to Izzy and Dr. Modi -- far out of his comfort zone.

DR. MODI
Oh, my God. Are these all... legal?

YAHYA
What, you wearing a wire? They're legalish. Stay in your lane, Doc.

Izzy, a bandage over the burr hole now, scopes the HARDWARE -- that ominous menagerie of firearms, grenades & lifetakers.

YAHYA
Which ones you thinking, Iz?

IZZY
(considers, then)
All of 'em.

DR. MODI
Izzy, the burr hole was a temporary fix. You'll still have symptoms--

IZZY
You mean the *bursts*? I hope so--

DR. MODI
Whatever you call them, they will kill you. Do you understand?
(off her nod)
You cannot be operating this type of... *machinery* in your condition.

Izzy and Yahya look at each other, then start CRACKING UP.

DR. MODI
I'm serious, what's your plan? You should be in hospice, not starting a war.

IZZY
I didn't start it. And my plan?
(picks out a gun)
Save Lola, kill everyone else.

She release-checks the gun. Then, SLAMS BACK THE CLIP.

IZZY
Do you understand?
(off his reluctant nod)
Good. Yahya, where's that .50-cal?

YAHYA

For real?

IZZY

For real.

Yahya grins, excitedly flicking another SWITCH. A compartment rises from the base of the Weapon Wall to reveal --

A MASSIVE .50-CAL BROWNING M2 MACHINE GUN.

YAHYA

Motherfucker of all motherfuckers right here. "Ma Deuce." 85 pounds, over five feet long, 500 belt-fed rounds a minute. Bona fide beast mode, baby.

DR. MODI

I just-- I can't. This is a suicide mission. I shouldn't be here.

Dr. Modi turns to leave, but Izzy grabs him --

IZZY

Pras. You're right, I'm not coming back. This is on me alone now.

DR. MODI

Sorry I couldn't do more for you--

IZZY

You came through for me. And that would've meant the world to David.

He nods, then looks over to Yahya, who blows him a kiss.

YAHYA

I got your number. Let's brunch.

DR. MODI

I hope we never cross paths again.

Dr. Modi exits, and doesn't look back.

YAHYA

That motherfucker's good people.

IZZY

They're out there. Just not where I'm going. Gonna need a car to get there though, something fast...

YAHYA

No, no, no, don't even think--

IZZY

...like a 1980 Pontiac Firebird...

YAHYA

Goddamnit. Knew that was coming...

(nods, then)

I'm claiming that shit stolen soon
as you leave here.

Izzy shrugs, she won't be here. As she bags up GUNS & AMMO --

YAHYA

Cabin at Greenwood Lake, huh? Lotta
history up in that bitch.

IZZY

No doubt. But that history, that
past... it dies with me today.

Yahya tears up, the reality of her death hitting. And seeing
him cry, makes her cry. They fall into a hug --

IZZY

You're good people. Stay that way,
OK? Raise that little girl right.

YAHYA

You just save me a spot up there in
G-O-D's champagne room with all 'em
fine-ass angelboys.

Izzy laughs, wiping tears. She kisses his cheek, then --

IZZY

Now go get my fucking Firebird.

SLAM TO:

THE BLACK 1980 PONTIAC FIREBIRD

ripping through the RAIN, gunning north up SR-17...

I/E. 1980 PONTIAC FIREBIRD - MOVING - DAY

Far from the city now. Forest and mountain terrain *WHIP PAST
IZZY IN A BLUR*. The Firebird's T-Top is open, wet wind lashes
her face. But nothing matters anymore. *Nothing but Lola*.

A CLINKING on the passenger seat as we REVEAL three grenades,
guns, brass knuckles, and... ONE CASSETTE. Curious, she grabs
it -- "IRON MAIDEN NUMBER OF THE BEAST".

She finds a strip of masking tape with Yahya's scrawl: "GIVE EM HELL, QUEEN." Izzy smiles at their inside joke --

IZZY
They're getting me.

Izzy slams the tape into the deck. As Maiden's epic "HALLOWED BE THY NAME" builds, Izzy starts to feel it. Adrenaline. She cranks it to MAX VOLUME. And drives, bonfires in her eyes.

As she rips past a road sign for "**GREENWOOD LAKE 11 MILES**" --

EXT. CABIN - GREENWOOD LAKE, NY - DAY

RAIN HAMMERS a dilapidated cabin in the woods. Jules's ARMED GUYS and their vehicles surround the lakeside retreat.

INSIDE THE CABIN

There's a HOLE IN THE FLOOR by a vintage stove, floorboards pried up. Gunmen at the windows, fast-food bags and weapons scattered. A transitory rendezvous point. We FIND --

JULES & ROME -- at a table, digging through the JETS DUFFLE BAG -- divvying up cash stacks into THREE PILES.

JULES
Gold at the end of the fuckin rainbow, brother...

Rome nods, but there's a tense vibe between them. He glances at LOLA -- sitting on a couch across the room, glaring.

ROME
She shouldn't be here...

JULES
I did what I had to do. For YOU. Be grateful, motherfucker.

ROME
(glaring razors)
What'd you just say to me?

Jules shrinks back under Rome's stare.

JULES
Just sayin, shit got complicated. I improvised. That's on Izzy--
(then, diverting)
Where the fuck is Weems?

ROME
She should be here soon.

JULES

Let's just book, man. Got the boat
on the dock, car across the lake.
We'd make Canada in a few hours--

ROME

Not worth it. Easier to pay her,
have her out of our lives.

JULES

What do we do with the kid?

ROME

I can't just leave her.

JULES

She's a liability, Rome.

Rome grabs Jules's throat, not liking his deadly insinuation.

ROME

That's my daughter, asshole.

JULES

Ya? Her mommy's fuckin dead and you
ain't exactly daddy material.

ROME

She goes home today. That clear?

(off his obstinance)

Nod your fucking head.

Jules nods. Rome lets him go, then grabs one of the fast-food bags and heads for Lola...

ACROSS THE CABIN

Rome sits next to her on the couch. Lola moves away, wanting nothing to do with him. Rome pulls out burgers & fries.

ROME

Starving. You hungry?

LOLA

She's gonna kill you.

ROME

Probably what I deserve. Eat.

He bites into his burger, surreptitiously glancing at Jules, who has a watchful eye on them.

LOLA

So you're *him*, huh?

ROME

I'm him. Big Bad Dad. Go on, eat.

LOLA

Where's my mom? Is she dead?

ROME

I dunno, that's the truth. You're gonna be fine though--

LOLA

Like you give a fuck.

Rome glances at Jules again, who snickers watching Rome crash and burn -- then lights up a meth rock in his bulb pipe.

ROME

I wrote you letters... guessing you never got 'em.

LOLA

Wouldn't have read them anyway.

ROME

Why? Can't you read?

LOLA

Nope, never learned.

ROME

I'm your dad. You're not even a little curious?

She lifts his burger bun and SPITS in it.

LOLA

My dad's name was David.

Rome nods, accepting her anger. Then,

ROME

You know, the last time I held you was in this cabin.

That gets Lola's attention.

ROME

Your mom and me were hiding out... with that bag of money over there. You weren't even one. Don't expect you to believe me, but I went away to protect you. You and your mom. Cause I love you. Loved you since the day you were born.

His words clearly affect her, but Lola won't give him that --

LOLA
Touching story. You done?

ROME
I tried, Lola. I wanted to be part
of your life. She wouldn't let me.

LOLA
Blame the woman, novel approach.

ROME
I don't blame anybody but myself.

Rome means it, but the damage is done. He looks to Jules, now talking to his Guys, then slides over a STACK OF CASH.

ROME
Put that in your pocket.
(she glances at Jules)
Don't look over there. Just eat,
and listen to me...

Lola gets it, takes a bite of her food. Then, Rome slips her the CAR KEYS for Hugo's Caprice.

ROME
Your grandad's car is outside.

LOLA
Where's he?

Rome gives her a look that says it all. She reacts.

ROME
I didn't do it, ok? But the person
who did is coming here, and I--

LOLA
Omi--fuck, what is happening...

ROME
You know how to drive?
(she shakes her head)
Twist the keys in the ignition. Put
it in drive. Right pedal, go. Left
pedal, stop. That's it.

LOLA
Why are you telling me this?

ROME
Cause you're getting outta here.

Lola nods, finally seeing eye to eye with him on something...

But there's COMMOTION outside the window, and one of Jules's Gunmen bursts through the door --

GUNMAN

Jules! Car coming fast down trail--

Jules crosses to the window quickly, peers out.

ROME

Is it Weems?

LOLA

Alicia Weems? She's coming here?

JULES

It's not her... fuck, is that--

ROME

Get away from the windows!

As Rome pulls Lola low and close, we --

INTERCUT WITH:

THE PONTIAC FIREBIRD

BULLETING toward the parked vehicles outside the cabin. IRON MAIDEN still blaring as we *FLY OVER* the Firebird to see --

There's no driver. No Izzy. Just --

A FAT STICK lodged into the accelerator. That CLINKING pulls our attention to the passenger seat again to reveal --

THE THREE GRENADES. Every pin pulled.

Levers released, fuses live. Which means --

THREE EXPLOSIONS.

DECIMATING Yahya's Firebird into scraps as it CAREEN-SMASHES into parked vehicles outside the cabin.

A FIERY CLOUD BELCHES INTO THE SKY

as the crash ignites a chain reaction of ERUPTIONS with the gas tanks of surrounding cars *BLOWING UP*.

IN THE CABIN

ALL WINDOWS SHATTER from the concussive blasts. Everyone's on the ground. Rome covering Lola as Jules screams over at him --

JULES
You said she was fuckin dead!

Jules scrambles for an assault rifle, yelling to his Guys --

JULES
Get up! Let's go--

EXT. CABIN - DAY

RAIN SIZZLES on multiple fires burning amongst multiple cars as Jules steps onto the porch with an ARMY OF GUNMEN, peering into the woods. It's eerily quiet.

JULES
Find that bitch, kill her.

As Jules & his Gunmen fan out for the woods, we --

A 10-FOOT-LONG BELT OF BULLETS

CUT TO:

dragging through the mud. We TRACK ALONG the belt UP TO...
"THAT BITCH" -- IZZY.

Now toting that MASSIVE .50-CAL M2 MACHINE GUN.

Ma Deuce is heavy as shit, takes both hands and every muscle. She lumbers it at her hip, stalking through --

THE MISTY WOODS

Izzy sees SILHOUETTES OF GUNMEN approaching the forest from the cabin as we hear that FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH --

IZZY'S POV -- IN & OUT OF FOCUS on the woods ahead -- pinhole view blooming into hyper-lucid VISION RIPPLING at the edges -- ushering in with vivid intensity --

A BURST.

The most frantic yet -- ALL SOUND AMPLIFIED -- SHOUTS in the distance -- TWIGS CRACKLING under her boots -- her labored BREATHS, no oxygen mask now -- RAIN PLINKING on the gun as --

IZZY
My life... is a river...

-- the .50-cal's bigass barrel OPENS FIRE -- DEAFENINGLY LOUD as the belt feeds bullets to the M2 -- regurgitating them out in milliseconds -- Yahya was right: BONA FIDE BEAST MODE --

BULLETS RIP through the woods -- dropping bodies -- ARTERIAL SPRAY like black fireworks in fog -- Izzy convulsing behind the SUSTAINED MUZZLE FLASH -- every TENDON STRAINED until --

THWAP! She's shot -- BLOOD DRIPS out of a bullet hole in her N.W.A. shirt -- but the adrenaline has her Teflon -- CHOPPING DOWN Jules's Gunmen until the BULLET BELT CLICKS DRY --

Izzy dumps the .50-cal -- seamlessly swings up an M4 CARBINE strapped to her back -- BLASTING her hunters -- DROPPING THEM with hyper-precision headshots -- literal sights landing on --

JULES -- who FIRES from behind a burning chassis until -- he bolts back toward the cabin as --

Izzy phantoms out of the treeline -- dumping the M4, pulling handguns -- dual-wielding them in her BRASS-KNUCKLED FISTS -- stalking onward, a grim reaper --

IN THE CABIN

Jules storms in wild-eyed and pumping --

JULES
Izzy's out there! We gotta move--

But Jules freezes when he sees -- Rome, ushering Lola out the back door, gripping the JETS DUFFLE BAG --

JULES
The fuck you doin?

ROME
She's leaving, Jules. So am I.

JULES
With MY money?

Rome throws down the duffle.

ROME
Keep it. It's not worth it.

JULES
You're not goin anywhere. Not after all I've done for you.

Jules levels his AR-15 at Rome.

ROME
You gonna shoot me, brother?

His answer comes in a rapid TRIPLE SHOT.

Jules glares behind the hot rifle as Rome flies back against the doorframe, sliding down it in a trail of blood.

As Lola SCREAMS, blood-spattered and terrified --

OUTSIDE WITH IZZY

She stops, hearing Lola's yells -- a mother wolf hearing her distressed cub -- which only intensifies her BURST --

Izzy bolts for the cabin when -- THWACK! Her guns drop in the mud as she's knocked down by one of Jules's Gunmen -- lording over her with an M16 -- about to blow her lights out when --

She KICKS the M16 barrel so hard the hilt SMASHES HIS MOUTH -- shattering teeth -- Izzy reaches her downed guns in the mud -- brings them up and RAPID-FIRES --

Gunman falls dead on top of her -- she rolls him off, gets to her feet as -- BLAM BLAM BLAM -- a SECOND GUNMAN behind her -- BLOOD SPRITZES US as Izzy SPINS -- taking another bullet -- she drops to a knee, eyes her attacker --

Izzy makes a CHARGING LEAP -- pounces on him -- jamming a gun into each of his eye sockets -- FIRING ROUNDS directly into his ramen -- surfing his body to the ground -- she HUFFS -- tossing down one spent handgun --

She clip-checks the other gun -- world THROBBING -- BLURRING as she steps to the cabin porch which has now CAUGHT FIRE --

She kicks open the door as her BURST SUDDENLY SUBSIDES -- and she tumbles onto the floor --

INSIDE THE CABIN

Izzy crawls as FLAMES LICK her heels from the porch, burning up the old wood in this tinderbox of her past --

IZZY
LOLA!

Izzy drags on, gun scraping under her -- only to find ROME -- A TRIO OF BULLET HOLES IN HIS TORSO.

IZZY
Where... is she?

It's hard to tell who's worse off -- both are bleeding out of multiple holes, can barely breath, or speak --

ROME
Jules... took her... he's got a...
boat at the dock. He'll kill her...

Rome's hanging on by a thread, eyes drifting to oblivion, in an insane amount of pain.

ROME

I dreamt... about this place... you
and me... bringing Lola here...

As Izzy's bloodied hand grips his, her other hand rests the gun against his chest -- barrel at his heart.

IZZY

It's a nice dream.

BLAM. Rome's eyes widen as life escapes him.

Izzy's head droops onto Rome. Heavy. Could be her brain bleed or just the tragedy of mercy-killing someone she loved.

She SCREAMS herself up through pain, leaning on the doorframe for balance. Then, as she limps through it, we --

SLASH TO:

JULES BOLTING through the woods.

RAIN RIPS as he drags Lola toward GREENWOOD LAKE. The duffle bag slung over his body, AR-15 in hand.

LOLA

LET ME GO! GET OFF--

Lola trips over a bulging tree root, goes down hard. Jules grabs at her, but Lola digs into the mud, buying time to see if Izzy's behind. As Jules YANKS her up, he hears --

BRANCHES CRUNCH.

He FIRES blindly into the woods, screaming at Lola --

JULES

MOVE IT! LET'S GO!

Jules forces her through the treeline to --

EXT. GREENWOOD LAKE - SHORELINE - DAY

WATER LAPS against the pebbled shore as Jules violently tugs Lola toward a single dock with a small POWERBOAT.

JULES

Gonna kill that bitch mother of--

BLAM. His shoulder SPURTS BLOOD as he spin-drops to a knee in the shallows. Again, he FIRES blindly behind him as --

BLAM. Another shot rips through him. This time, he falls into the water, taking Lola with him.

TRACKING WITH IZZY

running on fumes toward Lola -- struggling on the shoreline with Jules -- who rises with the AR-15 at her head.

LOLA
MOM!

JULES
Don't come any fuckin closer!

Izzy approaches like a feral animal closing in on its prey -- bleeding, filthy, and wired on bloodlust.

IZZY
Let her go, Jules...

JULES
You just don't know when to die--

LOLA
Neither do you.

Lola stabs Jules in the thigh with Hugo's CAR KEYS.

Jules SCREAMS, allowing Izzy a split-second to get off --

ONE SHOT. It tears into his gun arm -- the AR-15 falls into the water. Izzy CHARGES -- FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH FA-WHOOSH -- fear, rage, and adrenaline slamming her into --

A final **BURST**.

And it's relentless -- Izzy tackles him into the shallows -- cracking him with brass-knuckled fists -- a mother's wrath flowing through her into his face -- which opens up bloody with each BRUTAL PUNCH --

Izzy SCREAMS as she WAILS ON HIM -- his skin rips, exposing skull -- she keeps POUNDING even after he stops putting up a fight -- Lola's YELLING but it's GARBLED -- all we hear is the sickening THWAM THWAM THWAM of Izzy's fists, until --

LOLA
MOM! STOP!

The BURST ENDS as Lola pulls her off Jules -- BEAT TO DEATH. His body floats amongst HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS.

Izzy turns to Lola with rabid eyes, dripping tears. She sucks in thready breaths like she's drowning...

IN IZZY'S POV -- Lola's face goes IN & OUT OF FOCUS -- Izzy's hand reaching out for her daughter, for her love --

IZZY
Told you... I'd find you...

But Izzy collapses, as we do --

INTO **BLACK**.

RAPID FLASHES IN IZZY'S SEMI-CONSCIOUS POV:

FLASH -- Izzy's arm is draped over Lola as she lumbers her away from the lake.

FLASH -- the CABIN ON FIRE, Izzy's past burning with it.

FLASH -- Lola struggling to load Izzy into Hugo's Caprice.

FLASH -- peering over at Lola getting behind the wheel, her first time -- recanting Rome's tutelage as she executes --

LOLA
Twist the keys in the ignition. Put it in drive. Right pedal, gooo--

As the Caprice PEELS OUT --

I/E. HUGO'S CAPRICE - MOVING FAST - DAY

WIPERS SLICE through rain as Lola's hyper-focused on driving, glancing over at Izzy to make sure she's still breathing --

IZZY
When... did you get... so grown up?

LOLA
I'm not-- I still need you, Mom--
(takes Izzy's hand)
Hold on, just fucking hold on--

IZZY
Call Omar... he'll... take care--

LOLA
STOP! You're gonna live!

Lola's crying now, eyes desperately scanning the road. Then, she sees what she's been looking for --

A BLUE-AND-WHITE "H" ROAD SIGN.

LOLA
See?! Hospital-- next exit!

Lola speeds off the interstate way too fast -- SCREECHING A TURN onto the streets -- then spots a HOSPITAL BUILDING --

LOLA

There it is! Almost there, Mom--

But she doesn't wait for an entrance into the parking lot --

Lola spins the wheel -- hopping up a curb -- driving over the muddy grass and MOWING THROUGH a chain-link fence into --

THE HOSPITAL PARKING LOT

Lola loses control on slick asphalt --

The Caprice VEERS -- SCRAPING against parked cars -- SPARKS FLYING -- finally SMASHING TO A STOP against another car.

Lola lurches from the impact as the HAZARD LIGHTS flare up, TICKING away with Izzy's life.

SMOKE PLUMES from the engine. Lola desperately tries to open the bashed-in car door when Izzy reaches over with a calming hand. Lola looks back at her, tears streaming --

IZZY

I'm proud... of who you are. Always be... the real you...

Lola nods, heartbroken. She finally PRIES the door open.

LOLA

Wait here.

Izzy laughs, coughing up blood, fighting unconsciousness --

IZZY

Couldn't move... if I wanted to... Hey, Lo...

But Lola's already gone -- sprinting toward the hospital.

IZZY

I love you.

Izzy leans her busted head against the window frame, when she spots something on the dash -- Hugo's cigarettes.

She grabs the pack with a shaky, bloody hand... and opens it. A lighter and one cigarette left, upside-down. She smiles --

IZZY

Got your lucky, Dad...

She puts it to her lips, and lights it. Izzy stares up at the grey sky, birds overhead, arm dangling out the window...

IZZY
(*fuck it*)
Let it flow.

As we MOVE DOWN her arm, we see --

TIMES SCRAWLED in ink & blood. The Timex. The bloodied brass knuckles still on her fingers holding the cigarette.

It's been a long fucking day.

Then, the cigarette drops.

Izzy's chipped violet-nail-polished fingers go STILL. And all we hear are the HAZARDS TICK TICK TICKING us --

INTO THE ETHER.

Then, a MACHINE WHINES.

A VOICE PIERCES THE DARK.

VOICE
CLEAR!

THE END