

THREE HIT MEN AND A BABY

By

David Matalon & Matthew Altman

David Matalon:

PARADIGM / Ethan Neale

The Gotham Group / Charlie Scully, Brooke Lindley

Matthew Altman:

PARALLAX TALENT MANAGEMENT / Jim Wedaa

HARD CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. CATEDRAL DE PAMPLONA - DAY

Dazzling sunlight fills the theater as we settle in for the thrill ride we're about to go on-- shining on an EMPTY PLAZA in front of a Gothic church older than our entire country.

SUPER: CATEDRAL DE PAMPLONA, SPAIN

A FIGURE strides toward the church, wearing a bespoke couture suit that could pay your mortgage for the year.

INT. CATEDRAL DE PAMPLONA - DAY

Breathtaking interior. If you're going to Pamplona, definitely visit... but maybe wait until this guy leaves.

He steps into frame, dips his Raybans, and we get our first look at our star--

TOM VALENTINE (50), makes Bond look like Bambi.

Tom strides down between the time-worn wooden pews, designer shoes scraping the ancient stone-- you can smell the notes of frankincense and brewing action set-pieces in the air.

Up ahead-- a PRIEST genuflects before the ancient altar.

Tom beelines for him. Kneels beside the praying clergyman.

PRIEST
(eyes still closed)
El Diablo viene en muchos formas.
(subtitles)
The devil wears many faces.

TOM
Pero siempre se vista bien.
(subtitles)
But he always looks good.

The Priest opens his eyes-- smiles at Tom.

PRIEST
Mister Valentine-- do you have it?

Tom nods. But frowns. Looks around.

TOM
Where's El Lobo? I was told he'd be here.

PRIEST
No one sees El Lobo.

TOM
Either he shows up, or the deal's off.

Priest stares at him. Detente.

TOM
Suit yourself.

He gets up and begins to walk back towards the exit when--

Doors on each side open and several beefy guys (resembling PRO WRESTLERS more than PRIESTS) step from the shadows and block his way. Then another door behind them opens and--

EL LOBO (50s), tough scarred criminal, expensive suit, emerges. Two more "PRIESTS" flank El Lobo-- bodyguards.

TOM
El Lobo I presume?

EL LOBO
Mister Valentine. I never do deals in person. That's how I've stayed alive.

TOM
I'd say buying a nuclear trigger is pretty unusual too.

EL LOBO
Fair. Did you bring it?

TOM
No. But if I'm totally honest with you... I never actually had it.

EL LOBO
(frowns, disappointed)
Who do you work for? CIA? MI-6?

TOM
I'm an independent contractor. But I just had to meet you face-to-face.

EL LOBO
Hope it was worth your life.

TOM
No... but it was worth yours.

EL LOBO LAUGHS. The Priests start LAUGHING with him.

TOM
We're doing the laughing thing now?
Is that what we're doing?

EL LOBO
You're a very funny man. You must
think you're some kind of James Bond
coming in here alone.

TOM
(snorts)
Bond... no. No. ... You wish. Bond was
a spy. He'd make you a Martini. I'm
just a hit man.

BLAM! BLAM!! BLAM!!! BLAM!!!!

Four 'Priest' Bodyguards drop as Tom draws a pistol and FIRES with terrifying speed-- moving and shooting them before they can a get a bead on him--

Tom breaks the neck of the Priest he was talking to with a sharp twist-- CRACK!

El Lobo is suddenly alone.

TOM
A very, very good hit man. Maybe the
best. I don't know. You tell me.

El Lobo freaks and takes off running.

TOM
We're doing the running thing now? Is
that what we're doing?

Tom pulls back his sleeve-- checks his Apple watch.
Currently ten-thousand steps short of his daily goal.

TOM
Ten-thousand? I can do that.

He takes off after El Lobo.

EXT. PAMPLONA, SPAIN - DAY

Tom runs out of the church and sees--

El Lobo sprinting for his life, barely visible--

Tom watches El Lobo take a sharp corner-- follows, quickly catching up, rounding the corner--

EXT. PAMPLONA STREET - DAY

THUNDER of HOOVES--

SHOUTS and SCREAMS--

BLUR of RUNNERS and Tom finds himself--

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FUCKING RUNNING OF THE BULLS!

It's insanity. El Lobo flees between the stampeding bovines, racing for his life--

Tom is right behind him-- just keeping ahead of the charging bulls, their thundering hooves and deadly horns--

El Lobo HUFFS and PUFFS and notices--

Tom is right on his heels, glancing at his watch, counting steps... waiting until he hits his goal to kill El Lobo.

A BULL tries to gore Tom--

Who vaults up and over-- landing just ahead of another bull.

El Lobo SHOVES another RUNNER in front of Tom-- trying to slow him down.

Tom casually flings the Runner aside-- the Runner ends up in an alleyway as the BULLS THUNDER past.

El Lobo pulls a gun-- Tom takes it from him, disarming the man, continues twisting-- hip-throwing El Lobo behind him.

Tom vaults off a barrel leaps up onto a nearby BALCONY as--

El Lobo disappears from sight as tons of THUNDERING beef run him over repeatedly.

Tom finds he's on a BALCONY with LOCALS watching the event sipping beers. They look frozen in horrified shock as Tom takes a beer from the cooler and quenches his thirst. He checks his Apple watch. 20,000 more steps. Nice. He grins.

TOM
Adios, amigo.

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

There's a list to get on the list for this bleeding edge dance club. The place is packed. LOUD MUSIC PULSES.

SUPER: ULTRA-ULTRA DANCE CLUB, CZECH REPUBLIC

Everyone's dancing, drinking, and having the best time ever. Especially--

SIN (22). Her striking makeup includes butterfly wings around her eyes and black lips, looking at a man dancing nearby like a castaway might look at a cheeseburger--

CHARLIE HART (30s), could've stepped out of a Viking picture book if it wasn't for his Kiton suit that barely seems to contain his physique.

He smiles at Sin. She smiles back, then turns and sways sensuously to the MUSIC. Seductive.

Charlie begins to dance with her. Both moving to the MUSIC and each other until... a beefy hand clamps down on Charlie's shoulder like a vice.

CHARLIE
(London accent)
I'm not done, Mate.

He turns and sees-- three huge BODYGUARDS. They could be triplets, but one is bald, the other black, and the one with his hand on Charlie's shoulder is just plain ugly AF.

BODYGUARD
Yeah, you are.

The Bodyguards roughly manhandle Charlie. WHAM. A powerful punch almost folds Charlie in half.

Sin shrugs, amused-- and waves buh-bye to Charlie as he's dragged off by the bodyguards.

INT. DANCE CLUB, STAIRS - NIGHT

Bodyguards drag Charlie up the stairs and past the other VIPs to a section that's completely cut off. Super VIP.

More BODYGUARDS. With these three it's a baker's dozen. Charlie is dropped in front of--

MARTINE (40s), picture a FRENCH gangster-- it's this guy. Bodyguard WHISPERS in his ear. He frowns. FRENCH ACCENT.

MARTINE
So-- you were dancing with my girl.

CHARLIE
Since when do the French believe in monogamy?

MARTINE

Mon ami-- you don't know who the hell
you're messing with, do you?

CHARLIE

Actually, Mate, I do. Martine Allard,
international drug trafficker. Top
personal security, but he's got one
flaw-- terrible jealous streak. In
fact I'll bet people are gonna say...

Charlie suddenly moves-- takes Bodyguard 2's handgun and--
BLAM! He SHOOTS and kills Martine.

CHARLIE

...It was his fatal flaw.

The Bodyguards gape in shock-- pull their weapons too late--

CHARLIE

Gentleman-- I could kill the rest of
you if you'd like... or you can go
home and polish up those resumes
because as of three seconds ago--
you're all officially unemployed.

The Bodyguards mull it over-- decide to live another day.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - NIGHT

FROM BLACK-- GROAN of metal-- door to the container opens--

Star and moonlight brightens the dark-- a male silhouette--
blinding beam of a FLASHLIGHT illuminates stacks of boxes.

HOLLAND BECK (20s), wardrobe by Uniqlo, GOAT sneakers, and
TikTok hair, holds up his hand-- the flashlight is his iPad.

He CROWBARS open a crate stenciled-- CAVIAR. Only instead of
rows of roe, he finds a goody box of MILITARY GRADE WEAPONS.

SAVA (O.S.)

Hey! What are you doing here?

Holland doesn't even look up at the four ROMANIAN THUGS
filling the doorway, AKs trained on him.

HOLLAND

Does the Romanian Mafia know you've
gone into the weapons export
business, Sava?

SAVA (30s), broken nose, scar on his face, steps forward snarling as he roughly shoves Holland out onto--

EXT. CITY DOCKS - NIGHT

We're on a SUPERCARGO SHIP in port.

SUPER: DOCKS IN BUCHAREST, ROMANIA

Stacks of SHIPPING CRATES form a maze of walls around them.

SAVA
Who are you? How did you find us?

HOLLAND
Pretty easily. You guys don't hide
your tracks well. Digitally speaking.

Holland fiddles with his iPad as they move to rough him up.

HOLLAND
No need for any rough stuff. I was
hired to kill you.

SAVA
You? By yourself?

HOLLAND
No. Of course not. Me and my T-Swift
2000. But I just call her Swiftee.

ANGRY DRONE like a swarm of bees grows louder behind them.
Sava and his pals slowly turn as--

SWIFTEE-- a HUGE DRONE hovers down into view-- with TWIN MACHINEGUNS mounted to it.

HOLLAND
Here, let me introduce you... she plays all my favorite hits.

Holland presses a button and a speaker on Swiftee begins to play "Nowhere to Run" by Martha Reeves & The Vandellas.

Sava and his thugs freak-- take off, flee around the nearest crate stack. Holland sends Swiftee BUZZING after them.

A beat later, Swiftee zips up behind him still playing the tune...

INT. PALATIAL HOME, CORSICA - DAY

Zooming across the water to seaside cliffs we circle a sprawling NEO-CLASSICAL MANSION and land on the front door.

SUPER: BONIFACIO, CORSICA

A SUAVE MAN (40s), hat, sunglasses, a scarf wrapped around his neck (almost like he's in disguise), exits to a waiting cadre of SECURITY GUARDS, climbs into an ARMORED SUV.

More Guards open the formidable gate to the wall surrounding the compound as they drive out.

EXT. SEASIDE ROAD - DAY

The car winds along a rustic road with sheer drops into the Tyrrhenian Sea to one side. They round a bend and find--

A HERD OF CORSICAN CATTLE, blocking the road!

The GUARD DRIVER stops. Lays on the HORN-- HONNNNK!

A doddering OLD SHEPHERD, head hidden under a wide-brimmed hat, bent and shuffling along herding them... seems deaf.

INSIDE THE SUV - The Suave man pulls off his sunglasses and we can see he's had some cosmetic surgery done.

SUAVE MAN

What's going on? Keep moving.

Guard Driver shakes his head-- gets out and--

BAM! Shot by the Shepherd who pulls away the hat revealing--

FRANJELICA JONES (20s), Italian, dark hair pulled into a tight short pony. If looks could kill she'd be a world class assassin, which to be fair, she is.

SUAVE MAN

No-- how did you find me?

He slams the door shut and locks it. Franjelica shoots the SUV. PING! PING! PING! The bullets bounce off the armored hull. Suave Man smiles, safe inside.

Franjelica begins to drive the cattle toward the car. Suave man watches in horror as the herd push against the car--

Suave man cries out for her to STOP but the cattle keeps pushing until we PUNCH OUT wide to see the tires teetering on the edge when we FREEZE FRAME and--

INT. CORPORATE BOARD ROOM, SINGAPORE - DAY

WE PULL BACK FROM THE ON-SCREEN PRESENTATION AND SEE THIS HIT IS JUST ONE OF SEVERAL ASSASSINATIONS BEING CARRIED OUT AT VARIOUS LOCATIONS AROUND THE WORLD.

ALEKSEI VOLOKOV (40s), turns to face a group of WEALTHY INVESTORS gathered around a conference table. Maybe it's his acid scared face or reptilian eyes, but not only do we know he's a bad guy, we know he's the bad guy of our movie.

SUPER: SINGAPORE CITY, SINGAPORE

VOLOKOV

Let's face it-- Drone strikes are messy. Good if you want to make a political statement, but most of our clients prefer anonymity. They want their enemies to go quietly into that good night.

THE SCREEN IMAGE DISSOLVES TO A CORPORATE LOGO FOR--

BULLSEYE. The "U" has been styled into a 3 ring target. The words 'Professional', 'Private', and 'Personalized' are written across the bottom.

VOLOKOV

That's what my new service, Bullseye, is offering. The three P's-- private, personalized, and professional-- make up our three rings which end in a guaranteed hit.

He looks around at the intrigued Investors. Smiles, scary.

VOLOKOV

Now you're thinking-- Aleksei, what makes Bullseye different from all the other assassination services out there? By combining cutting edge facial recognition software with advanced GPS systems we can locate anyone, anywhere, anytime.

The Bullseye switches to one with the words-- 'Anyone', 'Anywhere', 'Anytime'.

VOLOKOV

Using our AI, we can even deconstruct any disguise or even cosmetic surgery, No target is safe...

The screen dissolves back to-- THE ARMORED SUV on the cliff.

The group watches as the cattle gives one last shove and sends it tumbling over the edge-- plummeting until--

SPLOOSH! The SUV plunges into the azure waters and disappears beneath the surface.

VOLOKOV

This was a job we did for the FSB last week. A defector they'd been hunting for years. With Bullseye we located and eliminated the target in four days. With this technology, no one is safe, as these screens illustrate. I hope you'll consider subscribing, and if you don't, remember-- I know where you live.

The Investors look uncomfortable at that. Volokov LAUGHS...

VOLOKOV

Just kidding.

CHINESE INVESTOR (50s), frowns, skeptical, glances at the brochure on the table in front of him.

CHINESE INVESTOR

This is all potentially interesting, but we'll need more proof other than that bit of entertainment. A real challenge for the kind of money you're asking, Mister Volokov.

Nods and MUTTERS of agreement from the other Investors.

VOLOKOV

Please... Aleksei. I understand, of course. And you'll have your proof. Have you any of you ever heard of *The Invisible Man*?

CHINESE INVESTOR

I thought he was a myth.

New image, a BLURRED PHOTO-- presumably 'The Invisible Man'.

VOLOKOV

No, he's very real. Never wears his own face, so no one knows what he really looks like. That's the best picture we have. And despite being on every three letter agency's Most Wanted list for decades, no one has ever seen or found him. I give you my word.

(MORE)

VOLOKOV (cont'd)
Bullseye will take out *The Invisible
Man* in seven days. Proof enough?

Chinese Investor looks to the others-- they all nod.

VOLOKOV
Consider it done.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Volokov climbs into the back of a waiting limo. Two people are already in the back waiting for him--

THE 300 (30s), definitely cast a pro wrestler and...
Franjelica Jones.

FRANJELICA
How did it go?

VOLOKOV
They want more proof. So I promised to take out an impossible target.

FRANJELICA
Of course you did. Speaking of locating the impossible-- Bullseye has found your ex-girlfriend.

VOLOKOV
She's not my ex.

FRANJELICA
She did break up with you.

Franjelica indicates the burns on his face.

VOLOKOV
(deadly)
No one breaks up with me, Franjelica.
Do you understand? ... Where is she?

FRANJELICA
London.

VOLOKOV
Fine. I still have a few meetings here, take The 300...
(indicates The 300)
... And a local team, and go get my girlfriend back.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

Tom, even nicer suit than earlier, exits a cab, and enters--

SUPER: LONDON, ENGLAND**INT. CLOS MAGGIORE, LONDON - NIGHT**

We drift down to this modern French hot spot with a notable wine list, flower-filled conservatory and log fire.

Tom's eyes sweep across the CROWD at the bar and fall on--

MARGOT WELLING (40s), just killing her couture dress, sophisticated. Has that certain *Je ne sais quoi*.

He stands watching her. Captivated. Margot senses him looking. Turns... they lock eyes. She gives the barest of smiles. If it was the 1930s Armstrong would be crooning 'As Time Goes By'. Tom approaches-- to the BARTENDER.

TOM

Macallan neat. And a dirty vodka Martini for the lady. Three olives.

(to Margot)

Let me guess-- you're a Virgo. You enjoy long walks on the beach, and poems by Keats... *Ever let the Fancy roam. Pleasure never is at home. At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth. Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.*

MARGOT

Are you done?

TOM

Well-- I could've always gone with 'Do you come here often?'

MARGOT

You're late. Our table's been ready for fifteen minutes.

TOM

Just trying to keep it fresh. Sorry, I missed my flight out of Pamplona.

He pulls out a small box. Margot opens it-- a PRETTY NECKLACE WITH A CHARM inside.

TOM

Because I was picking this up for you.

MARGOT

Do I want to know what else you were
doing in Pamplona?

TOM

Only if you want to break our long
standing 'no questions asked' policy.

MARGOT

No, I suppose not. Not on an empty
stomach at least.

Tom puts the necklace on her. Gives Margot a kiss.

TOM

I missed you.

MARGOT

Liar. Let's go eat.

INT. CLOS MAGGIORE - A BIT LATER

Remains of a meal and drinks. Mid-conversation--

TOM

C'mon. Tell me you don't miss it. The
adventure. The excitement.

MARGOT

I don't. I swear. And I don't miss
waking up in a different hotel room
in a different city every morning.
I like coming home to my cozy flat,
and my cat, and having a book next to
my bed instead of a gun.

TOM

I don't believe it. Margot Welling,
MI-6's top agent-- a desk jockey...

MARGOT

And loving it. C'mon, Tom-- don't
tell me you never thought of settling
down... having kids some day?

TOM

Me, kids? No way. Never. I'm not what
they'd call father material.

MARGOT

(looks in his eyes)

I know you think that because of what
you do... but people change.

TOM

Not me.

MARGOT

We're not getting any younger. What other middle-aged adult do you know who enjoys hanging onto the outside of an airplane as it takes off?

TOM

That was one time... two if you count the Morocco job, which I don't.

MARGOT

I'd much rather be inside the plane, in my very comfortable seat in first class. Look, I'm not trying to tell you what to do with your life. We've never had that kind of relationship. I've always known what this is... but for the first time, I've been looking around, and... I think I want more. And I want it with you, if you're up for it. What do you say?

Long BEAT. Maybe too long. Tom knows he should say 'of course', but something deep inside him is afraid to commit. An old wound that never healed. Finally.

TOM

I don't know what to say, Margot... I just don't think I'm there yet.

MARGOT

Tom our relationship could have a sweet sixteen party soon. When do you actually think you could get there?

TOM

Well, with my job and all...

MARGOT

(upset, covering it)

It's okay. I get it. I do. I'm going to go powder my nose. Excuse me.

She rises, trying to hide her hurt, and leaves Tom to wrestle with his thoughts.

EXT. THE PENINSULA HOTEL, LONDON - EARLY MORNING

Establishing. Very expensive. Stunning architecture.

INT. THE PENINSULA HOTEL, SUITE - EARLY MORNING

Margot finishes dressing. She puts a note on the bedside table beside Tom, passed out. Exhausted.

She stares at him a long moment. Finally exits.

As the door closes-- Tom's eyes flash open. He's been awake the whole time. He stares at the closed door a long moment.

He sits up, grabs the note and reads. CRUMPLES it. Frowning.

EXT. HYDE PARK - MORNING

Charlie, blue team uniform, dribbles a SOCCER ball across midfield in a "friendly" Sunday 'football' game, as other people's friends and family look on.

With moves that would impress Beckham, he dodges all comers.

Charlie's TEAMMATES shout for him to pass as more DEFENDERS swarm towards him, leaving them open.

But Charlie ignores his own players, dodges three more DEFENDERS, and with a spectacular display of speed, agility, and footwork-- shoots-- SCORES!

The CROWD CHEERS. But his Teammates GRUMBLE.

INT. PUB - DAY

Charlie sips a pint at the bar. GINGER TEAMMATE passes by--

GINGER TEAMMATE
You never pass, Charlie. It's a team sport.

CHARLIE
We won, didn't we? We're in the finals. You're welcome.

Teammate mutters "Dick", and falls in with the other players. LAUGHING. Joking. Enjoying their camaraderie.

Charlie goes the opposite way. Sits by himself. Drinks.

Let's go out on a limb here and say this kinda illustrates just what a lone wolf our boy is.

He glances out the window noticing-- a FATHER and his young SON walking hand-in-hand-- the Father hoists the boy onto his shoulders. Son LAUGHS, full of joy.

Charlie watches them disappear from view, envious. Something he never had.

INT. BIG WHITE TENT - DAY

NOEL and a CAMERA CREW are covering AUDITIONS for *The Great British Baking Show*. A dozen BAKERS are at their stations.

Holland, immaculate, urban dapper, is among the hopefuls.

NOEL

Bakers! You have three hours to make your Babkas. Ready! Set! Bake!

The Bakers burst into action, but Holland is like the Terminator. Fast. Methodical. Executing his recipe with laser precision.

Whisking. Kneading. Proofing. No wasted movement.

PING! Oven timer. He yanks out his Babka. Lays it on a marble platter. Checks his watch. Perfect. Noel walks over.

NOEL

Holland? You're already done? You still have another 45 minutes.

Holland looks at the others frantically mixing. Shrugs.

LATER...

Packing up. Holland sees ANIME GIRL (20s), blue hair, approaching with a smile-- flirty.

Holland panics and dry swallows two LEXAPRO PILLS from a BOTTLE he takes from his pocket.

ANIME GIRL

You're really good.

Holland thinks of three different replies-- tries to say them all at once and only comes out as--

HOLLAND

Heydunks.

She ignores whatever word salad that was and smiles.

FEMALE BAKER

Wanna exchange recipes over coffee?

It's all too much for his panicked brain to handle.

HOLLAND

Right. Yes. Love to. But. Sorry. No.
Can't. Must go. Another time. Good.
Okay. Text me. Bye-now.

He rushes off. Anime Girl looks disappointed.

INT. COFFEE SHOP, LONDON - DAY

Tom at a corner table, back to the wall, drinks a coffee sitting across from **MURRAY** (60s), balding, looks like somebody's eccentric granddad, having a bagel and shmear.

MURRAY

(Brooklyn accent)

Don't know why I bother with these bagels. You know I've been all over the world, and they never taste like the real thing. It's the water.

TOM

You're a man of simple pleasures.

MURRAY

When you've lived as long as I have, you learn that it's the small things that matter. Great job by the way... trampled by bulls. Client was very pleased. As always.

TOM

Terrific. So what's so important we had to meet in person? You never do that.

MURRAY

How long have we known each other? I've always felt I'm not just your agent... I'm your friend.

TOM

You're more than that-- you taught me everything I know. You're like the father I never had.

MURRAY

I feel the same, my Boy. That's why I wanted to see you-- I got a special job for you. But the client wants to meet you in person.

TOM

You're the one who taught me not to do that.

MURRAY

I know. But this is a very special client-- and I think you'll wanna hear them out. As a favor to me.

Tom chews it over. Doesn't like it.

MURRAY

And I think this'll be good for you... life changing.

TOM

Who says I wanna change my life?

MURRAY

Life is all about change. Remember Tom-- small things.

Tom studies Murray for a long moment. Finally.

TOM

Okay-- if you say its important, then it must be.

Murray smiles, grabs and squeezes Tom's wrist warmly, as he takes a bite of the bagel, makes a face.

Tom smiles at him-- 'same old Murray.'

EXT. REMOTE FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

An hour from London. Pitch black. Stars and moon are the only lights. A light drizzle falls from the sky.

Tom pulls up in an ASTON MARTIN DBX. Gets out and moves cautiously towards the barn.

Doesn't notice the skulking SHADOWY FIGURE on the roof.

INT. ENGLISH BARN - NIGHT

Tom enters-- scanning the darkness. He creeps forward. The Shadowy Figure drops down from the roof behind him. Tom spins, draws-- pistols aimed at each other and we see--

It's Charlie. Awkward silence. Finally.

TOM
... Okay, you asked me to meet you here.

CHARLIE
No, you asked me to meet you here.

Tom's gears wind-- processing.

TOM
I'm Tom Valentine.

CHARLIE
Charlie Hart. Wait-- Murray's told me about you. He must've told you about me too.

TOM
No. I assume you're not the client.

SUDDENLY A BUZZING SOUND SWELLS and Swiftee bursts through the opposite doorway. CRASH!

Charlie and Tom spin-- guns pointed at the drone.

HOLLAND (V.O.)
(on Swiftee's speaker)
Hey, sorry I'm late. These country roads are bonkers. Is this 44 Longfellow lane?

CHARLIE
Who the hell are you supposed to be?

HOLLAND (V.O.)
Holland Beck. Murray sent me.

TOM
You gotta be kidding me.

CHARLIE
Why don't you show yourself?

Tom frowns. Looks around. Sussing the situation.

HOLLAND (V.O.)
Don't think so, Mate. Too much cis-male energy in here for me. And guns.

CHARLIE
Well, I'm not talking to a machine.

Tom suddenly slides open the side of the barn door. Looks across the COURTYARD at a DARK CLUSTER OF WOODS and--

BLAM! BANG!! BLAM!!!

EXT. ENGLISH BARN - CONTINUOUS

Fires at a tree-- breaking a heavy branch. Which drops with a CRASH revealing--

Holland clinging to the limb, on his iPad-- watching them through Swiftee on the screen.

HOLLAND

Oh... damn. That was badass.

TOM

Turn it off. And if that thing so much as beeps, I'm gonna shoot you.

Holland touches his iPad-- Swiftee sinks to the ground.

TOM

You work for Murray too? I'm gonna call him.

As he texts there's a sudden WHINE of a motorcycle-- their heads all swivel toward the road as--

A FEMALE RIDER, all in black, HELMET hiding her face, rockets into view on a NORTON V4SV MOTORBIKE with a COVERED SIDECAR. It races right at them-- stops fifteen feet away.

TOM

Are you the client? Murray sent us...

Female Rider nods. She gets off her bike. Tom and the others start walking towards her.

TOM

Well, you wanted us here, we're here... what exactly are we here for?

Female rider finally pulls off her helmet revealing--

SCARLET WARD (30s), hair whipping in the wind, think Hannah all grown up and at the top of the assassination game.

CHARLIE

Natalia?! Aren't you supposed to be on tour with the Prague Ballet?

HOLLAND

That's Lucia. She's the head curator at the Uffizi Gallery in Florence.

TOM

Actually, that's Scarlet Ward. One of the top assassins in the world-- and one of Murray's clients.

SCARLET

Hello, Tom. Haven't seen you since Istanbul. Helluva night.

TOM

It was. What I can't figure out is why you're here now, and why you told Murray to send the three of us.

Scarlet tries to hide her desperation, but her voice is edged with urgency--

SCARLET

I'm in trouble and I need your help.

HOLLAND

All of us?

CHARLIE

Is this a job?

SCARLET

Kinda... But like a job that never ends.

Off their confused look-- Scarlet goes to the sidecar, presses the release-- the top snaps open and they gape as--

WAAAHH! A cry fills the air as we flip around to see--

There's a **BABY** (6 months) inside. She's laying in a cushioned insulated cradle.

CHARLIE

That's a bloody baby.

SCARLET

You always did have a gift for the obvious, Charlie.

HOLLAND

Wait... you want us to kill a baby?

Everyone looks at Holland. "Seriously?"

HOLLAND

What? We're hit men. That's usually what we're hired to do.

SCARLET

(urgency leaking out)

There's not much time. I've been on
the run for the last two days.

CHARLIE

From who?

SCARLET

Ever hear of Aleksei Volokov?

TOM

We've traded a few bullets over the
years. He's ex-FSB-- a real bad dude
even for our business.

SCARLET

He's looking for me, and I don't how,
but he keeps finding me. I need to go
underground and I need you to watch
her for a few days while I do.

HOLLAND

Why us three?

SCARLET

Because she's your baby... one of you
is the father.

BEAT. They gape at her, stupefied. Glance at each other.

TOM

You don't know who?

SCARLET

I was having fun that year.

Suddenly--

VROOM! THREE BLACK SUVS THUNDER INTO VIEW!

SCARLET

Damn it! They found me!

Scarlet reseals the cover over the baby, concealing it as--

The SUVs SCREECH to a stop and a dozen HIT MEN pile out. The
last to step out are Franjelica and The 300.

FRANJELICA

Scarlet! You can't keep running.

TOM

What does Volokov want with her?

Franjelica glances at Tom, Charlie, and Holland.

FRANJELICA

I don't know you. Leave now, and you can live.

CHARLIE

That right? And who's gonna do us?
You and King Kong here?

The 300 glares at Charlie. They alpha dog each other.

TOM

I'm Tom Valentine-- and I'm not going anywhere until I have some answers.

Franjelica recognizes the name-- does a double take-- then notices... Holland is staring at her, smitten.

HOLLAND

(flirty)

And I'm Holland. What's your name?

Franjelica looks at Holland like he's a total weirdo.

SCARLET

I thought I made it clear to Volokov that we're done. Some guys just can't take a hint.

CHARLIE

Wait on-- you dated Volokov too?

SCARLET

(exasperated)

I was having a lot of fun.

Holland surreptitiously activates SWIFTEE on his iPad.

FRANJELICA

You're outgunned. Out positioned. As a professional courtesy I'll let you walk since you're not part of my contract... she is.

TOM

Yeah, well-- she just hired us.

FRANJELICA

Your funeral.

RATATAT! SWIFTEE flies into view-- blasting the Hit Men.

WHIRR! Scarlet guns the throttle, her bike rocketing away.

Franjelica and the other Hit Men FIRE at Tom, Holland, and Charlie as they pile into their SUVs and take off after Scarlet and the baby--

TOM
Quick-- my car.

Tom races for his Aston Martin.

HOLLAND
Shotgun!

CHARLIE
Not bloody likely.

Charlie gets into the passenger seat. Holland is forced to scramble into the tiny backseat. Tom floors it!

HOLLAND
Hey-- I'm not buckled in yet!

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - NIGHT

And just like that we're in a high speed chase!

Tom's Aston Martin hugs the narrow winding countryside road framed by ancient stone walls and shrubbery. One wrong move and it's game over. No second life.

INT. ASTON MARTIN - SAME TIME

Holland pops a Lexapro pill-- Charlie notices.

CHARLIE
What's that?

HOLLAND
It's for stress.

CHARLIE
Try killing people. Works for me.

Charlie leans out and empties his massive gun at the SUV-- BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!

EXT. WINDING COUNTRY ROADS - SAME TIME

Charlie takes out the wheels of the last SUV-- it swerves into the wall and flips up into the air--

Tom accelerates, zooming underneath as-- BAM! The SUV rolls and crashes in their rear view.

INT. ASTON MARTIN - SAME TIME

Tom sees a side road ahead. He jams the wheel and skids onto it, splitting off on an angle from the chase.

CHARLIE
(reloading)
What are you doing?

TOM
Short cut.

EXT. WINDING COUNTRY ROADS - SAME TIME

Scarlet glances back-- Franjelica's SUV closes in. She also spies Tom's Aston Martin racing along the parallel road.

Charlie climbs out on the window sill-- shooting with two pistols over the roof at the second SUV-- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

He takes out the driver. The SUV pinballs against the stone walls and smashes to a stop.

INT. FRANJELICA'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

The 300 opens up with his ASSAULT RIFLE-- lighting up the Aston Martin like a Christmas tree.

INT. ASTON MARTIN - CONTINUOUS

Rounds pelt the car like steel-tipped hail.

TOM
Don't worry, it's armored. We'll be fine...

Suddenly Tom's window shatters!

TOM
... Unless he's using armor piercing rounds.

Tom fires back out the window.

HOLLAND
(cramped in back)
I feel like I'm being underutilized.

TOM
Feel free to utilize yourself.

Holland shrugs-- pulls out his phone.

EXT. WINDING COUNTRY ROADS - CONTINUOUS

The walls blur by at blinding speed-- Scarlet suddenly spies an OLD STONE ENGLISH BRIDGE up ahead-- throttles!

INT. FRANJELICA'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Franjelica sees it-- shouts into a radio.

FRANJELICA
She's going for the bridge!

INT. ASTON MARTIN - SAME TIME

Charlie points across Tom's face.

CHARLIE
They're heading for that bridge!

TOM
I see Scarlet was right about you,
you do have a gift for the obvious.

Tom cuts down another side road that rejoins the main one where Franjelica is chasing Scarlet as--

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - CONTINUOUS

Scarlet guns for the bridge, but just as she reaches it--

VROOM! Another BAD GUY SUV suddenly rounds the bend on the far side of the crossing-- Shit.

She glances back-- sees Franjelica gaining, mutters to herself--

SCARLET
Damn-- I hope I can trust you...

She suddenly twist the bike into a skid and--

BLAM! She shoots out the connector of the sidecar and bike.

WHOOSH! The sidecar rockets away-- straight ahead up the road, while Scarlet turns off and races up the bridge.

EXT. OLD STONE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Scarlet drops a six-pack of grenades behind her as--

Franjelica's SUV races right behind her onto the bridge after her--

Across the way-- the other Bad Guy SUV races right for her.

EXT. SIDE ROAD, WINDING COUNTRY ROADS - SAME TIME

Tom spins around the bend rejoining the main road--

The sidecar with the baby in it racing right towards them!

INT. ASTON MARTIN - SAME TIME

Tom sees the side car hurtling at his car.

HOLLAND

Baby!

TOM

Everyone stop backseat driving!

Tom jams on the brakes and skids to the stop.

EXT. ASTON MARTIN - CONTINUOUS

The sidecar rolls to a stop and taps the bumper. Boop.

INT. FRANJELICA'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Franjelica sees the sidecar and the Aston Martin. Spies--

INT/EXT. ASTON MARTIN - CONTINUOUS

TOM

Get the baby!

Charlie jumps out and awkwardly picks the baby up out of the sidecar like it's toxic-- stiffly hands it to Holland.

INT. FRANJELICA'S SUV - SAME TIME

Franjelica sees Charlie grabbing the baby and getting into the car-- She puts two and two together.

FRANJELICA
She has a kid. Volokov will want it.
GO BACK! GO BACK!

EXT. OLD STONE BRIDGE - SAME TIME

BOOOOM! Scarlet's grenades go off by the bridge entrance.

INT. FRANJELICA'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

An explosion blows out the rear windshield. Franjelica sees the bridge collapsing and jams her boot on top of the DRIVER's foot, flattening the accelerator.

FRANJELICA
Go forward! Go forward!

The DRIVER barely gets them onto the remaining bridge.

EXT. OLD STONE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Scarlet races right towards the other Bad Guy SUV-- pops a wheelie and suddenly jumps over it and fires-- blasting the driver-- channeling her inner Trinity.

A beat later Franjelica's SUV smashes into other Bad Guy SUV driving it backwards off the bridge as it crumbles in a chain reaction behind them, before both vehicles crash into the walls on the other end.

Scarlet steals a quick glances back as Franjelica's men open fire at her and sees--

Tom accelerating away from the remaining SUVs-- going from 0-120 in less time than it takes to write this.

INT. ASTON MARTIN - CONTINUOUS

Holland holds the baby in the back seat. Glances back out the window.

HOLLAND
Looks like we're in the clear.

The Baby COOS, GURGLES, in his hands.

TOM
Not from where I'm sitting.

CHARLIE

What are we doing here? We have to
get rid of it.

TOM

Get rid of it? It might be yours.
I'm calling Murray.

Tom picks up his phone. Gets a machine. Barely decipherable
ANSWERING MACHINE finally ends its spiel.

TOM

Murray, it's Tom. I'm with Charlie
and Holland. And we're just
wondering--

CHARLIE

(shouts)

What the fuck's going on?

HOLLAND

Language! Baby's absorb everything.

CHARLIE

(gives him the finger)

Absorb this.

TOM

Get back to us. That'd be great.

The baby suddenly begins to CRY-- WAHHHH! WAHHHH! WAHHHH!

TOM

Sooner than later.

Tom hangs up. Holland watches the baby helplessly.

CHARLIE

Don't touch it. You're probably
making it worse.

HOLLAND

She should really be in a car seat.

WAHHHH!

TOM

Hell with it. We can't keep this
baby. I'm going to Murray's place.

HOLLAND

He's got a place?

TOM
Kind of-- he owns a Chinese
Restaurant on Argyll street called
"Wok This Way."

WAHHHH!

CHARLIE
Good. Whatever we can do to make it
stop. I can't bloody think.

HOLLAND
Why start now?

CHARLIE
Wanna die before you reach puberty?

TOM
She's hungry.

HOLLAND
(from his pocket)
I have a power bar.

TOM
She doesn't have any teeth. What's
she gonna do? Gum her way through it?

CHARLIE
My head's gonna explode.
(to the baby)
Right, you! That's enough! You're
British-- suck it up.

Charlie puts a finger to the baby's lips to calm her-- but
the baby begins to suck on his knuckle instead.

CHARLIE
Oi! Are you mental? I'm not a lolly.

TOM
She's teething.

Charlie pulls his hand away-- the baby starts CRYING again.

HOLLAND
Dude. You're literally taking candy
from a baby.

CHARLIE
Oh, for fuck's sake.

He pops his knuckle back in her mouth. She sucks on it merrily COOING. Charlie sulks as they zoom off toward the sparkling lights of London.

EXT. WOK THIS WAY CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sign says CLOSED as Tom's car SQUEALS to a stop out front. Tom and Charlie burst out of the car just as--

Murray staggers to the door-- Hit Man bodies strewn behind him in the otherwise empty restaurant--

MURRAY

Tom--

Murray falls back into the restaurant just as--

BOOM! Huge explosion blasts out the windows as the restaurant blows up.

The shockwave knocks Tom, and Charlie on their asses.

And when they look up-- no sign of Murray or much of the restaurant. Just fire and smoke.

Tom rushes the flaming ruins-- Charlie pulls him back.

TOM

MURRAY-- NO!

INT. TOM'S PLACE - NIGHT

City views. Luxurious. The top two floors. They enter with the baby-- motion sensors auto-turn on the lights.

Tom and Charlie enter, covered in dirt and explosive residue, Holland (holding the baby) follows-- all three are devastated by loss of their mentor and friend.

Tom does a RETINA SCAN on a PANEL. 'DEACTIVATED' flashes.

TOM

We can crash here until we figure out how to find Scarlet and get the baby back to her.

Tom marches down the HALLWAY, emotions churning from the loss of Murray.

CHARLIE

Or I have a better plan-- no.

TOM
What do you mean, no?

CHARLIE
N-o. I don't do protection.

HOLLAND
Might be the reason this happened in
the first place.

CHARLIE
I got better things to do than
babysit someone else's kid.

TOM
She could be yours, remember?

CHARLIE
Not likely.

HOLLAND
Yeah, I don't think it was me either.
I mean it was only one night.

TOM
That's all it takes, Holland.

CHARLIE
Whatever. It's better off without me.

Charlie heads for the door.

TOM
On that much we agree. Murray did
mention you once. Said you were good.
He didn't say you were a coward.

Charlie stops at the door looks back at Tom. Glaring.

CHARLIE
Say that again.

TOM
Why? Your hearing as bad as your
attitude?

Charlie walks toward Tom until they're nearly nose to nose.

CHARLIE
I'm not afraid of anyone or anything.
Least of all you. Mate.

TOM
You sure seem scared of that baby.

Tom looks pointedly at Charlie. Charlie looks at them both.

CHARLIE

I'm not falling for your little mind games, Valentine...

Beat...

CHARLIE

I'm staying because I don't want to leave that child alone with you two.

TOM

I think we can all agree the sooner we get the baby back to her mom, the better. Once we do, we'll all go our separate ways. Agreed?

CHARLIE

Good by me-- I don't even want to be here. I prefer my own company--

TOM

I'm sure everyone else in the world is happy about that.

HOLLAND

What about Volokov?

TOM

I'll take care of Volokov.

The baby starts CRYING again. WAHHHH!

TOM

I think she's really hungry this time. I'll do a store run. Holland, look up what we need-- text me a list.

HOLLAND

You know I'm a hit man too? Not just some tech guy.

Tom gives him a deadly look.

HOLLAND

Fine. Fine...

Holland gets on his iPad, Googles "baby essentials" as Tom heads for the door.

HOLLAND

Okay-- besides baby food we'll need diapers... Oh, and a bottle with a nipple. And pacifiers. And wipes.

TOM

Wipes. Okay.

HOLLAND

Extra soft. Oh and also Booty Paste--

TOM

Booty paste?

HOLLAND

Yeah, and--

TOM

(losing his patience)

Holland-- just text me the list.

EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRY MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

This place makes Downton Abbey look like downtown Detroit.

INT. BALL ROOM, COUNTRY MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

Furniture has been pushed to the walls to make space for sparring practice, as Volokov beats the crap out THREE HIT MEN. They make The Octagon look like kindergarten.

Franjelica and The 300 enter as Volokov breaks the arm of the last one and spin kicks him in the jaw-- KO.

VOLOKOV

(to men on the floor)

Good workout everyone. Tell Igor he should have that elbow looked at when he wakes up.

(grabs a towel)

Franjelica-- talk to me.

FRANJELICA

What is this place?

VOLOKOV

Like it? The FSB loaned it to me as a thank you. So where is she?

FRANJELICA

She got away.

Volokov's smile deflates like a burst balloon. Deadly--

VOLOKOV

You failed?

FRANJELICA

She had unexpected help. Tom Valentine, and a couple of pros.

VOLOKOV

Valentine? Why's he helping her?

(flash of jealousy)

-- Were they together?

FRANJELICA

I don't think so. She hired him.

VOLOKOV

Should've gotten rid of that *Zasranetes* years ago. You're sure they weren't together?

FRANJELICA

They split up-- he and his friends took the baby.

Volokov looks suitably shocked. Holy shit. Finally.

VOLOKOV

Baby?

FRANJELICA

Seems like your--

(air quotes)

"Girlfriend" is also a mom.

He turns away-- gears turning...

VOLOKOV

A baby. Of course... that's why she's been avoiding me. It all makes sense now-- she has my child.

FRANJELICA

Well, technically Valentine and his friends have it now.

VOLOKOV

Not for long. Use Bullseye to locate him.

FRANJELICA

I'll send The 300.

VOLOKOV

No. Someone discreet. Observe and report only. Tell them not to engage. I want him for myself.

FRANJELICA

I'll go.

VOLOKOV

(shakes his head)
I need you to find Scarlet.

FRANJELICA

And what about the 'Invisible Man'? We only have five more days.

VOLOKOV

Already taken care of-- just waiting for dental to confirm the kill.

Franjelica nods and exits with The 300.

EXT. SAINSBURY'S LOCAL - NIGHT

London Supermarket chain. Tom parks his car and enters.

INT. SAINSBURY'S LOCAL - NIGHT

Tom searches. Finally finds the baby aisle. Looks at the vast assortment of baby food. Shakes his head-- overwhelmed.

A MUM (30s), pushes her cart past with her TODDLER inside.

TOM

'Scuze me. Sorry-- Can you help me? My... uh-- wife sent me to get food for our baby-- but she usually handles this kind of thing...

MUM

Oh, of course. How old is your baby?

Tom could calculate the distance to a target down to the millimeter, but he has no clue how to judge baby ages.

TOM

Uhh-- How-- old? Umm-- I'd say she's about-- this big...

Tom holds his hands apart approximately the baby's size. Mum looks at him like-- "Say what??" Even the Toddler' like-- *Is this dude for real?*

MUM
You don't know how old your baby is?

TOM
Well, we just got her. She's adopted.

MUM
Oh. Okay-- um-- does she talk yet?

Tom shakes his head.

MUM
Okay. Sounds like she's around six months. Get her a variety of baby food-- in case she's picky or has any allergies. And formula and bottles.

The Mum points to the containers of baby food. Formula, Squashed peas, carrots, apples, and the more exotic choices.

TOM
Thank you. Appreciate it.

Tom loads his cart with pretty much everything in bulk.

TOM
Oh-- do you by chance know where the baby wipes are?

MUM
Next aisle. By the diapers. You do know what kind of diapers she wears.

TOM
There are kinds?

The Toddler is impatient. Tugs on his Mum's shirt.

MUM
Size three... Good luck.

Mum and Toddler head down the aisle, mutters to herself--

MUM
You're gonna need it.

INT. TOM'S PLACE - NIGHT

Baby CRIES! Charlie paces, going mad. Holland is still reading up on baby benchmarks on his iPad.

CHARLIE
Make it shut up!

HOLLAND

It's not an it, it's a she.

CHARLIE

Well she's driving me mad. Can't hear myself think. Where the hell's Tom?

HOLLAND

You're pretty impatient for someone in our line of work.

CHARLIE

Please. You're not even in our line-- you're hiding in some room. You're more like an I.T. guy than a killer.

HOLLAND

Times are changing. Everyone works remote these days.

CHARLIE

How'd you even become a hit man?

HOLLAND

The CIA scouted me out of MIT, but I'm way too neurodivergent for corporate structures, so I went independent after The Farm. A few of big agencies courted me, but you know-- Murray's a legend. Plus he was about people not product. I dug that.

Charlie suddenly stops-- sniffs the air. Makes a face.

CHARLIE

Wait-- what's that bloody smell? It's like a dog vomited on his own turd.

Holland leans towards the baby-- takes a whiff-- gag-city!

HOLLAND

I think the baby had a little accident. We have to change her.

CHARLIE

You have to change her.

WAHHHH!

HOLLAND

How about we draw straws?

CHARLIE

No bloody way I'm leaving this to chance. I'll fight you for it. To the death.

HOLLAND

So what? Whoever doesn't die has to change the baby? Not much of a win.

CHARLIE

Shit. You're right.

HOLLAND

Look, we'll both do it. Right?

Charlie looks at Holland-- realizes there's no choice.

CHARLIE

Fine, but I gotta say this is the one time Russian Roulette seems like the better choice.

INT. SAINSBURY'S LOCAL - NIGHT

Tom, cart full of every possible baby item in the aisle, finds the 100 pack of HUGGIES.

He grabs the pack off the shelf turns and--

Sees a TATTOOED DUDE turn the corner of the aisle.

Tom's Spidey-sense goes off instantly, and he raises the big box of DIAPERS just as the Tattooed Dude realizes he's been made-- draws a SILENCED PISTOL and FIRES--

PFT-PFT-PFT--

The rounds sink into the Huggies like downy-kevlar-- saving him.

Tom tosses the destroyed pack in Tattooed Dude's face as he charges, and Tom strips the pistol from his hand.

Tattooed Dude KICKS the pistol out of Tom's hand before he can shoot back-- it skitters along the supermarket floor--

They exchange a flurry of deadly strikes--

Tattooed Dude SLAMS Tom against the display-- gets him in a choke hold from behind--

Tom struggles-- grabs TUBES OF BABY FOOD out of his cart-- SPRAYS it into the Tattooed Dude's eyeballs--

Tattooed Dude SCREAMS-- releases Tom. He claws at his eyes.

Tom sees it's crushed apple.

SMASH-ZOOM to EXTREME CLOSEUP on packaging-- "DANGER: Don't get in eyes".

Tom KICKS Tattooed Dude-- who smashes into a Baby-cam--

BABY-CAM POV: A fisheye view of Tom and Tattooed Dude KICKING and STRIKING each other with deadly techniques--

SMASHING each other and the shelves on the aisle.

Tom finally grabs a TEDDY BEAR from the shelf that he's kicked into-- JAMS it into Tattooed Dude's mouth--

Spins and KICKS--

SMASHING the stuffy deep into Tattooed Dude's throat--

Tattooed Dude GASPS and struggles to breathe-- choking on the bear embedded in his esophagus.

SMASH-ZOOM to EXTREME CLOSEUP on the packaging-- "WARNING: Choking hazard."

Tattooed Dude death RATTLES-- bear legs dangling from his mouth. Tom glances around-- making sure nobody saw.

EXT. PARKING LOT SAINSBURY'S LOCAL - NIGHT

Tom exits the store smiling at CUSTOMERS. He pushes the cart to his Aston Martin as the trunk auto-raises. He hefts his bags of purchases out, revealing--

Tattooed Dude's body crumpled at the bottom of the cart. He shoves the cart into the CART RETURN, hops in and rides off.

INT. TOM'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Charlie holds the baby as Holland undoes her diaper. They pull it off and-- both gag and wince.

HOLLAND

I didn't think it could smell worse.

CHARLIE

It's bloody everywhere. It's all over her. What is wrong with you?

The baby GURGLES and smirks.

HOLLAND

Hold still. I don't want to touch it.

CHARLIE

Just get it off.

HOLLAND

I'm trying to--

CHARLIE

Well, try better.

HOLLAND

Oh god! I touched it! It's on me!

Holland looks like he's barely holding onto his lunch.

CHARLIE

Jesus-- where are you going?

HOLLAND

Turning on the sink to wash her off.

Holland waves his hand under the faucet-- it turns on, but the water is too low to get the baby under it.

CHARLIE

The faucet's too goddamn low.

Charlie, holding the baby out in front of him, looks around.

Holland spots a JAPANESE TOILET/BIDET with complicated electronic key pad controller on the wall next to it.

HOLLAND

Hey, look! Tom's got a Toto Neorest 700 dual flush toilet.

CHARLIE

A what?

HOLLAND

It's the Rolls Royce of Japanese toilets-- front and back bidet. Varying pressure, temperature, speeds, air driers-- the works.

CHARLIE

Just turn it on.

Holland presses a button. Nothing.

HOLLAND

Damn. It's pressure activated.

Charlie stomps a boot on the toilet-- WATER FOUNTAINS INTO THE AIR. He holds the baby over it-- starts washing her off.

She GIGGLES and COOS. Smiles at Charlie.

CHARLIE

See, I got this. Not so hard.

He grins. Suddenly PSHHHH! A STREAM OF PEEPEE-- arcs out from the baby-- straight into his face...

CHARLIE

Are you bloody kidding me?!

INT. TV ROOM, TOM'S PLACE - LATER

Tom enters, lugging in all the packages.

Charlie and Holland are watching TV on the couch with the baby wearing an oversized (Tom's) T-shirt.

OVERLAPPING DIALOGUE.

TOM

I got everything, but we're definitely being surveilled. Had a run-in with one of Volokov's rent-a-hitters in the supermarket and...

(suddenly distracted)

Why's she wearing one of my shirts?

CHARLIE

You sure you weren't followed?

Charlie goes to the window to check outside and make sure.

HOLLAND

We didn't have any diapers.

TOM

I wasn't followed. That's a five-hundred dollar shirt.

HOLLAND

It's a white T-shirt. Who pays five-hundred dollars for a white T-shirt.

TOM

I do.

CHARLIE

How do you know you weren't followed?

HOLLAND

What do you pay for your underwear?

TOM

Thirty-five.

(to Charlie)

Because I know.

HOLLAND

Thirty-five dollars?

TOM

Thirty-five hundred.

CHARLIE

But how do you know?

TOM

Because I killed him and left his body in the parking lot.

HOLLAND

What kind of underwear costs thirty-five hundred dollars?

TOM

Special order Kevlar weave with a flexible titanium cup. Do this long enough, Kid, you learn to protect what's really important, money's no object.

Charlie SNORTS. Shakes his head, obviously judging.

TOM

What is your problem exactly?

CHARLIE

My problem is, I'm not a goddamn babysitter. I'm a professional.

TOM

Yeah-- I heard about how professional you are. The way you left Wilkes to get killed on that Argentina Cartel hit a few years ago.

CHARLIE

I work alone. I told Murray that. He insisted Wilkes go... not my problem.

TOM

Let me tell you something-- you pull that crap with me, and it's the last problem you're ever gonna have.

CHARLIE

You threatening me?

Baby watches them argue. Starts wrinkling her nose up, making a sad face. Holland notices.

HOLLAND

Hey. I think you're upsetting her.

Tom and Charlie move towards each other.

TOM

I don't waste my time with threats. I just take action.

HOLLAND

Guys...

Charlie and Tom both shift into position to kill each other.

CHARLIE

Take your shot then. You're tired of breathing, that's fine by me.

WAHHHH! Baby starts crying.

CHARLIE

What? Why's she crying now?

HOLLAND

She's upset because you're fighting. Babies are very sensitive to emotions. I read that online.

CHARLIE

She's a baby! She can't actually understand what's going on.

HOLLAND

I keep telling you-- she picks up on everything. They're like sponges.

Baby CRIES more. Charlie looks horrified.

CHARLIE

So what do we do? I can't listen to her bawling all night.

HOLLAND

Maybe try to act like you're friends.
Put your arms around each other.

CHARLIE

Not happening.

TOM

He's right. No way.

HOLLAND

Then she's just gonna cry all night.

TOM

Fine... for the baby.

Charlie rolls his eyes. Tom puts an arm around Charlie.

TOM

See? Look. See? Buddies. Yay.

CHARLIE

This is so stupid.

WAH! Crying even louder.

CHARLIE

Fine. Fine. Yeah, right. Buddies.

The two men stand awkwardly, arms around on each other. Baby calms a little.

HOLLAND

It's working. Maybe a little hug?

CHARLIE

I will kill you.

Baby gets more agitated again.

CHARLIE

(gritted teeth)

Fine!

Charlie and Tom hug-- it's the worst most angry hug ever.
Baby calms and smiles. Begins to GIGGLE.

HOLLAND

It's working. See, baby? Friends.

CHARLIE

Someone please just shoot me.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Volokov looks at Tattooed Dude folded up in the SHOPPING CART. Pulls a pistol and shoots-- BANG! BANG!! BANG!!!

VOLOKOV

Idiot. I only wish he were still alive, so I could kill him again. I said don't engage. Any sign of Valentine?

FRANELICA

Not yet. But as soon as he shows his face... Bullseye will find him.

INT. TOM'S PLACE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

ANGLE ON A SPOON as Charlie attempts to guide it into the baby's mouth. As Tom and Charlie hover nearby, watching.

CHARLIE

Here you go, Baby. Eat.

Just as the spoon reaches the baby's mouth--

PAP! She swats Charlie's hand away sending baby food splatting across his shirt. Not the first splatter either.

CHARLIE

I've got three advanced black belts. Murdered dozens of men with my bare hands, and I can't get past this baby's bloody defenses.

HOLLAND

She does have excellent reflexes.

CHARLIE

Come on. It's yummy--
(looks at the packet)
Beets and spinach? Are you joking?
What sadistic psycho decided this was an appetizing combo?

BAP! She swats the spoon away before he can feed her.

CHARLIE

No! Bad baby.

TOM

Don't say that. She's not a dog.

CHARLIE
You do it then.

He throws down the spoon and stands.

HOLLAND
I got it-- I watched a YouTube video.

TOM
Give her some of the apple. But don't
get it in her eyes.

HOLLAND
Why would I get it in her eyes?

Holland squeezes some apple on the spoon.

HOLLAND
Come on, Baby. You need to eat if you
want to get a scholarship to an Ivy.

TOM
We really gotta name this kid. We
can't just keep calling it baby.

CHARLIE
No, we don't. If you name it, you get
attached to it.

HOLLAND
How about Hermione... or Arwyn?

CHARLIE
Why not just call her nerd-loser? I
like Jasmine or maybe Crystal.

TOM
Yeah? Gonna sign her up for baby pole
dancing while you're at it?

Tom looks at her. Mulls it over.

TOM
I think we should call her... Millie.

HOLLAND
Millie? Yeah-- Millie. I like that.

CHARLIE
I guess it's not totally horrible.
Okay, little Millie-- open wide. Here
comes the Predator drone. WHOOoooosh!

Holland swoops the spoon toward the baby and--

PAP! **MILLIE** (the Baby, in case you're skimming) bats the spoon, food splatters-- spoiling Holland's shirt.

CHARLIE

(laughs)

Not as easy as it looks, is it?

TOM

Step aside, kid.

Tom loads the spoon up, pulls a chair in front of Millie, smiles like the movie star he is. Perfect teeth gleam.

TOM

Look, Millie-- we both want the same thing, and that's for you to eat. In this crazy world where nothing's certain, the only thing we got is each other. What do you say we work together? You and me? Let's do this.

Tom moves the spoon toward Millie's mouth. BAP! SPLAT-- food splatters across Tom's face. She GIGGLES.

TOM

Not funny. No one else is laughing...

Holland and Charlie crack up LAUGHING. Tom joins them.

INT. LIVING ROOM, TOM'S PLACE - NIGHT

Tom, wearing sweats and another 500 dollar tee, comes down the hall freshly showered, toweling his hair dry.

TOM

Who's next?

Holland and Charlie are covered in baby food, on the floor playing with Millie. Charlie makes faces. She GIGGLES. He grins, enchanted.

CHARLIE

Think I'm getting the hang of this.

TOM

You don't have a clue. Being a dad and being a father are two different things. I can say with confidence-- we're not up to the task.

CHARLIE

I'll take that as a compliment.

HOLLAND

I don't know-- I always thought it'd be fun to be a dad.

TOM

That's because you have no idea what it requires. Absolute commitment. Giving a hundred percent, one hundred percent of the time. 24/7. You can never, ever let your guard down.

HOLLAND

Sounds just like being a hit man.

TOM

It's the opposite. You have to be willing to sacrifice everything, even die to protect that child.

CHARLIE

Which for the record, I'm not.

TOM

Exactly-- shower's free.

Tom walks away, heading to--

INT. TOM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tom looks at the photo of him and Murray-- the only picture in here. We can see the loss has hit him pretty hard.

TOM

Sorry, old friend.

INT. KITCHEN, TOM'S PLACE - MORNING

Holland is wearing a Mr. Milker male breast feeder (gag gift), as he makes pancakes, french toast, bacon, omelettes.

Millie is having a bottle, watching Ted-Ed cartoons on the television.

Charlie enters, looks like he patched himself up... barely.

CHARLIE

What the bloody hell is that?

HOLLAND

It's a Mr. Milker. Ordered it on Amazon last night.

Tom enters and sees Holland--

TOM
That's an interesting look.

CHARLIE
What the bloody hell is she watching?

HOLLAND
Ted-Ed. It's educational.

CHARLIE
Pshh! You're mental if you think she
understands any of that bollocks.

TED-ED is talking about vitamins-- Vitamin B...

MILLIE
B... B... B...

Holland gives a look-- "see?"

CHARLIE
Rubbish.

MILLIE
(pointing at Charlie)
Da, da, da...

Holland hands him the food.

HOLLAND
Go ahead, da-da. You can feed her.

CHARLIE
She's clearly delirious on formula.
(to Millie)
No-- not Da-da. Charlie.

Tom picks her up.

TOM
Don't worry, I got this one. Hand me
a bottle. Gentleman, watch and learn.

Tom holds the baby and a bottle while Charlie and Holland
lean in on either side of him--

MARGOT (O.S.)
What the hell's going on?

Margot is at the Kitchen doorway, KEY in her hand,
gobsmacked.

TOM

Margot...? What are you doing here?

MARGOT

I came to return my key.

TOM

This isn't what it looks like.

MARGOT

Is that a baby?

TOM

... Yessss.

MARGOT

Then that is what it looks like. Who is she, and who are they?

HOLLAND

(thinking fast)

We're his roommates.

MARGOT

So you have two roommates and a baby now?

TOM

(trying to explain)

It's-- a crazy story.

MARGOT

Save it. I'm not interested. I see now it wasn't so much you didn't want to settle down-- it's that you didn't want settle down with me.

Margot slams his key on the counter. Turns and walks off.

TOM

Margot-- wait.

Tom hands the baby off to Charlie. Rushes after Margot.

Charlie gets a whiff of something nasty-- he winces-- horrifying smell. Millie smiles.

CHARLIE

She pooped again.

INT. LIVING ROOM AND DOORWAY, TOM'S PLACE - MOMENTS LATER

Tom intercepts Margot at the door.

TOM

Margot. Wait. I understand why you're upset, but please just be patient with me... I'm going through something right now.

MARGOT

Clearly. Fatherhood apparently.

Holland and Charlie suddenly burst in with Millie.

TOM

A little privacy if you don't mind?

HOLLAND

Just need a clean flat surface to change her, and the counters are covered with breakfast.

(to Margot)

Holland by the way. And may I just say you have really beautiful skin.

MARGOT

... Thank you?

TOM

Holland. Please, I am trying to talk to my...

MARGOT

Your what, Tom? Go ahead. Finish it. What am I to you?

TOM

You are...

He wants to say more but just can't commit.

TOM

... The best person I know.

CHARLIE

(mutters to Holland)

Oh, man.

Charlie, Holland, and Millie watch this train wreck unfold.

MARGOT

Goodbye, Tom.

TOM

Look-- I can explain everything, if you just give me a chance.

MARGOT

Okay... explain this. Is that your
baby?

TOM

I... don't... know.

MARGOT

Goodbye, Tom.

Margot exits.

Tom looks ready to chase after her again-- Phone RINGS.

TOM

Shit.

(to baby)

Sorry, Millie.

(answers)

Hello... Scarlet?!

The guys perk up.

TOM

Yeah-- the baby's safe and in good
hands.

Tom glances over-- Holland and Charlie are struggling to
change Millie's diaper-- Charlie takes away the mess of a
diaper-- leans in to swap a clean one in--

PFAP-- FART SOUND as Millie--

CHARLIE

Oh, God... it's in my mouth.

Charlie charges to Tom's bar-- opens a 50 year-old scotch
and swigs it. Spits into the sink.

TOM

Well, she's safe at least. Where can
we meet? Got it. We'll be there.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE - SAME TIME

Street seating. Scarlet, sunglasses, hair dyed blue now,
incognito, hangs up. Glances around. No one watching her.

Nearby, a YOUNG COOL MOM, fashionista black, tickles her
baby (we can't see) inside a STROLLER.

Scarlet downs her latte, leaves a twenty on the table, rises and hurries towards the TUBE STATION...

Doesn't notice the Young Mom, who is actually upon closer inspection--

Franjelica-- she pulls a gun from the stroller (No baby inside), tucks it away and shadows Scarlet into the station.

EXT. ASTON MARTIN - MORNING

REVERSE POV: Of the three men looking down at us, holding something below camera. Struggling, sweating, as if restraining someone.

CHARLIE

Got it?

HOLLAND

I think so.

TOM

Don't let go! Do not let go!

CLICK! They finally stop, panting. Nodding.

TOM

What do you think?

PUNCH OUT TO: The guys stare down at the back of Tom's Aston Martin at a CAR SEAT!

Millie is in a BASINET sitting on the street beside them, GURGLING happily

CHARLIE

Looks pretty good to me.

HOLLAND

Tenth time's the charm.

TOM

Eleventh.

They all three fall to the curb PANTING, spent. SIGHS.

TOM

There's forty-five minutes of my life I'll never get back.

CHARLIE

At least it's secure now.

Charlie shoves it and... the seat falls over.

INT. ASTON MARTIN - LATER THAT SAME MORNING

Tom drives. Charlie rides shotgun. Holland is pretzeled in the tiny back beside Millie in the car seat.

HOLLAND

I don't think this is a true backseat.

Tom suddenly turns off the road and pulls up in front of--

EXT. ILLEGAL CHOP SHOP - MORNING

Tom and Charlie get out. Holland unpretzels himself.

HOLLAND

My leg's asleep.

TOM

Stay in the car with the baby.

HOLLAND

I'm not really feeling like an equal partner here.

TOM

My buddy gets a little weird when I bring too many strangers by.

He starts walking towards the entrance.

CHARLIE

We really have time for this?

TOM

An ounce of prevention, plus we still have a few hours until the meet.

INT. ILLEGAL CHOP SHOP - MORNING

Sparks fly from ARC WELDERS as Tom and Charlie stroll past LUXURY CARS being disassembled to be shipped off to who knows where, and crosses to--

RICO (40s), welding mask, as he attaches a custom machine gun mount onto the grill of a TRUCK.

TOM

Rico!

Rico stops. Flips up the welding mask and grins, revealing a GRILL of his own-- all golden bling.

RICO

Alright, Tom! Been a minute. What can I do for ya, Bruv?

TOM

I need some of your magic.

RICO

Caw-- You know your bitcoin's good here, Mate.

(indicates Charlie)

He cool?

TOM

Cool enough. What are you using for armor these days? Kevlar?

RICO

No, Man. Grade-five Titanium alloy is what's up. Small rounds can knock but they can't enter. Like a tank, Man.

TOM

Perfect. I want you to make something for me... special order. And fast.

RICO

Special's my middle name. What is it?

Tom hands him a folded page of paper--

ANGLE ON PAGE: A torn-out MAGAZINE AD of a MOM PUSHING A STROLLER. Tom stabs the stroller with his index finger.

RICO

You're joking, right?

Tom just shakes his head.

INT. KING'S CROSS TRANSIT STATION - DAY

ANGLE ON: A metallic ARMORED PRAM being rolled through the bustling London Tube station.

ANGLE ON: Millie, riding inside the detachable METAL EGG. Cooing happily, soft downy lining surrounding her.

WE PUNCH OUT TO: Holland pushing the Pram. Tom and Charlie march along on either side as escort on high alert.

CHARLIE

Fifty thousand? Was that really necessary if we're giving her back in fifteen minutes.

TOM

You can't put a price on your kid's safety. As a father you should know that.

They move through a semi-circular concourse with curved steel lattice and glass ceiling. A white steel grid swoops from the floor, cascading overhead like a reverse waterfall.

CHARLIE

Assuming I am her father.

TOM

Point is, as long as she's in there nothing can hurt Millie. She could survive a seven-point-five earthquake without feeling it.

They pass COMMUTERS darting in and out of take-away joints.

HOLLAND

I dig it... and it's kind of stylish too. I think she likes it.

Millie is smiling and playing with her feet.

CHARLIE

I think she has gas.

An OLDER WOMAN sees Millie and smiles.

OLDER WOMAN

Oh! What a beautiful baby!

TOM & CHARLIE & HOLLAND

(all at once)

Thank you.

Older Woman gives an "Ohh-kay" smile, and walks on.

CHARLIE

(scanning the room)

We're too exposed. Where is she?

SCARLET (O.S.)

Right here.

They whirl around as Scarlet suddenly melts out the CROWD behind Charlie like a ninja emerging from the shadows.

SCARLET

How is she?

TOM

Perfect.

Scarlet picks Millie up. Hugging her for a long moment.

SCARLET

I missed you. Did you miss mama?

Millie COOS. She finally puts Millie back in the armored pram. Looks at the guys.

SCARLET

Thanks for keeping her safe.

TOM

Least we could do. She's a special girl.

SCARLET

I know. She give you any trouble?

The guys explode in a chorus of--

TOM & CHARLIE & HOLLAND

What?! You kidding? We got it!

Tom looks at them turns back to Scarlet.

TOM

Millie was just great.

SCARLET

Millie? Her name's--

VROOOM! Suddenly A HOT MAN ON A MOTORCYCLE abruptly races out of a hallway and zooms between them, grabbing onto the armored pram as he races away with Millie inside.

SCARLET

No!

Tom takes off after the guy, cutting him off, he vaults off onto a table in front of a restaurant--

Tackles the Hit Man-- knocking him off his bike--

Millie's pram continues rolling for the stairs!

Charlie sprints, leaps, and slides in front of the pram, catching it before it rolls down.

VROOM! MOTORCYCLE 2 RIPS into view-- knifing through the scattering CROWD--

Snatching the egg-shaped armored seat out of the stroller frame he races away.

ANGLE ON: MILLIE INSIDE-- LAUGHING like she's on a ride.

Holland and Scarlet race after Millie!

Tom hops on the bike and zooms at MOTORCYCLE 2-- Diving off it into the Hit Man riding it, tackling him--

The ARMORED EGG with Millie in it flies loose and goes bouncing across several food court tables like a metal frog on a row of lily pads.

Holland parkours off the white metal latticework-- flips and catches the runaway bouncing baby egg like a wide receiver.

He peers through the window and Millie smiles up at him. Just as he smiles back--

WHAM! Franjelica suddenly kicks him-- knocking him flying back, sending the egg sliding and spinning across the polished tile floor.

Holland looks up at her... and time slows as we see that look in his eye-- totally smitten. Great timing my guy.

HOLLAND

Oh, hi.

Franjelica whips out a handle-- a SWORD BLADE TELESCOPES from it and she swings at his head.

Holland ducks and dodges, twisting and flipping. He knocks her feet out from under her-- Franjelica KICKS Holland and he goes crashing back.

RATATAT! Suddenly SIX HIT MEN burst from the crowd and open fire at our crew.

Tom, Charlie, and Scarlet dive for cover behind tables as--

TOM

Get to Millie! I'll cover you.

Tom unloads over his table as--

CHARLIE

(to Scarlet)

Follow me.

Charlie picks up a huge table and runs with it. Scarlet stays behind him as bullet fire bounces off the tabletop.

They reach the egg and Scarlet snatches it up just as--

MOTORCYCLE 3 races at her. She spin-kicks the guy off the bike but the egg is knocked loose and goes flying--

Down the middle part between the escalators to PLATFORM SIX.

Four of the HIT MEN charge down after Millie.

GROWL Motorcycle 2 spins to follow them when--

Tom SHOOTS Motorcycle 2's RIDER off, and leaps onto the bike as it races toward him, like a cowboy on a galloping horse.

VRUM! He guns the throttle and rips down the escalators after the hit men and Millie.

Hit Man on Motorcycle 1, back on his bike, chases after Tom!

Charlie, hops onto the last motorcycle beside him but--

Volokov suddenly explodes out of the CROWD firing a pistol in each hand-- BLAM! BANG!! BLAM!!! BANG!!!!

The rounds hit Charlie-- center mass. BLOWING HIM BACK OFF THE BIKE!

He lands hard, rolls over, shirt shredded, revealing a BULLETPROOF VEST. He grunts in pain. Tries to stand.

Volokov aims a pistol right at Charlie's head--

VOLOKOV
Give me my child.

INT. ESCALATOR - SAME TIME

COMMUTERS scatter as Tom races the motorcycle down the escalator after the four HIT MEN who open fire. He shoots back-- taking them out as he hits the bottom where--

INT. TRAIN PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Millie's armored egg flies off the escalator and goes spinning across the platform over the edge-- ONTO THE TRACKS!

In the tunnel up ahead-- a TRAIN IS COMING! HONNNNNK!

Tom leaps his bike onto the tracks and snatches up the armored egg with Millie in it but...

VROOM! Motorcycle 1 suddenly rockets past him, ripping the egg out of his hand.

Tom skids into a 180 and guns after him.

INT. TUBE TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

Tom races after Motorcycle 1 at high speed through the maze of dark winding tunnels.

Up ahead we see the light of an ONCOMING TRAIN!

Tom closes in.

BANG! BANG!! BANG!!! Motorcycle 1 SHOOTS back at him--

HONNNK! HONNNK! The oncoming train rapidly narrows the distance between them and a turn-off just ahead.

Tom accelerates to top speed and-- rides up onto the side wall of the tunnel then jumps his bike over Motorcycle 1--

Snatching away the armored egg with Millie from the Hit Man's hands, barely swerving onto the tunnel split just as--

BOOM! The train smashes into the Motorcycle 1.

Tom, rides away with Millie... safe.

INT. KING'S CROSS TRANSIT STATION - DAY

Franjelica slashes at Holland. He weaves and evades as she comes at him, giving ground.

HOLLAND

(between slashes)

So-- where are you from, Franjelica?
What do you do when you're not trying
to kill people?

FRANJELICA

Be quiet! This isn't a date.

Holland flips on top of her-- knocks the sword away. He looks into her eyes... lost in their sparkle.

HOLLAND

Would you like to go on one?

Franjelica punches him. Kicks him off. Gets to her feet.

FRANJELICA
What the hell's wrong with you?

HOLLAND
I don't know-- maybe it's love at
first fight.

Off her "Are you nuts?!" look we SMASH TO--

FOOD COURT

Volokov fires at Charlie's head--

BANG! But Scarlet kicks the gun off line at the last
possible moment-- makes Volokov miss. Saving Charlie.

She disarms Volokov, but he whips out another PISTOL with
blinding speed-- places it against her head. Dead to rights.

Scarlet's ready to fight but, but Volokov shakes his head.

VOLOKOV
Don't do it, Scarlet. Even you're not
that good.

We can see in Scarlet's eyes-- she's not sure she agrees.

VOLOKOV
Think of your baby.

SCARLET
(beat...)
...Fine. But you let him live.

VOLOKOV
He's of no consequence to me.

Scarlet surrenders her gun.

Volokov suddenly jabs her in the neck with a needle and
syringe. Scarlet knocks it out of his hand, but staggers.

Charlie struggles to get up, but the gun blasts at point
blank range has done a number on him-- vision blurry as he
sees Volokov and his MEN hustle Scarlet away--

Volokov turns to leave, he looks and calls out to--

VOLOKOV
Franjelica.

Franjelica KICKS Holland into the metal latticework-- and runs off with Volokov. Gives a parting glance back at Holland-- maybe a little intrigued.

INT. NEXT TRANSIT STATION PLATFORM - DAY

Tom rides into the next station and ditches the bike, climbs out with Millie ignoring the waiting PASSENGERS staring at them, shocked. On his phone...

TOM
I've got Millie. Meet me at Euston station.

EXT. EUSTON TRANSIT STATION - DAY

Tom and Millie emerge from the station just as his Aston Martin skids to a stop in front... BANG! Hits the curb.

Tom winces as the car door opens. Holland is driving. Charlie, still grimacing in pain and clutching his ribs, is in the passenger seat.

CHARLIE
Millie?

TOM
She's fine. Where's Scarlet?

CHARLIE
(grim)
Volokov's got her.

Tom notices Holland's slightly elated expression.

TOM
What happened to you?

HOLLAND
I think I might be in love.

Tom looks at him like he's nuts.

INT. TOM'S PLACE - NIGHT

Tom looks at Millie fast asleep in her armored egg--- peaceful. A little angel. Exhausted from the excitement.

Holland tapes Charlie's ribs-- He GRUNTS in pain but is more pissed than hurt.

CHARLIE

We need go get her back from Volokov.

TOM

We don't know where he took her.

CHARLIE

The kid can find her. Right, Kid?

HOLLAND

Maybe, if I had something to go on.
But if Volokov's as good as you say--

TOM

Our priority is Millie's safety.

CHARLIE

Scarlet saved my life. I owe her.

DING-DONG! A VIDEO MONITOR shows someone at the door-- hat on-- looking down. Can't see their face. Definitely sus.

CHARLIE

Expecting company?

All three draw guns. Tom goes to the door as Charlie and Holland take cover positions. Whoever is out there better have a damn good reason to come in. Tom opens the door--

TOM

Can I help you?

The figure in the doorway raises his head, lifting the brim of his hat to reveal...

TOM

Murray?!

Yep... it's Murray. I know. We're as surprised as you are.

INT. TOM'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

Tom, Charlie, and Holland stare at Murray, now sitting on the couch. A mix of shock and relief still on their faces.

TOM

We all thought you were dead. I thought you were dead.

CHARLIE

Not me.

Tom and Holland look at him and roll their eyes.

MURRAY

Sorry, boys. Had no choice. When Volokov's men found me I had to go scorched earth. Disappear. Just can't figure out how he knew about me.

TOM

What about you?

Murray looks at Tom-- too old to keep it a secret anymore.

MURRAY

Guess it's time you knew. I'm *The Invisible Man*... or I used to be, back in the day.

HOLLAND

The fact you even say back in the day means you're from back in the day.

CHARLIE

Who's the Invisible Man?

TOM

A legend. The greatest hit man ever. No one ever knew who he was.

Murray walks over to Millie-- gently strokes her cheek .

MURRAY

Until now. Somehow Volokov found out. The same way he found my daughter.

TOM

Daughter? Wait ...Scarlet?

Murray nods silently.

HOLLAND

So that means that Millie is--

MURRAY

My granddaughter.

CHARLIE

That's why you wanted us to help her.

MURRAY

Once upon a time, I'd have handled this myself. Unfortunately those days are over. You boys are my best... plus one of you is her baby-daddy. Which is why I'm begging you now to find my daughter and save her.

HOLLAND
 Which brings us back to finding her.

Tom has a thought, grimaces, not liking it. Finally.

TOM
 I know someone who can help.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Margot sits on a coffee date with **ALISTAIR** (50s) a seriously serious chap who wears an elbow patch jacket unironically.

ALISTAIR
 I'm so glad you decided to swipe
 righty-ho and come meet me, Margot.

MARGOT
 Ha. Yes, well-- figured best way to
 get back in the sea is just dive in.
 Never been one for half-measures.

ALISTAIR
 Good. Yes. Me too. So, what work of
 art would you say you're most like?

MARGOT
 ... Beg your pardon?

ALISTAIR
 People often tell me I'm most like
Duchamp's Fountain. Audacious.
 Shocking. A rebel.

TOM (O.S.)
 Only that wasn't Duchamp's intention.

They both look over to find Tom sitting one table over.

TOM
 He was trying to provoke a discussion
 about art at the Society of
 Independent Artists for their New
 York exhibition, and ended up paving
 the way for what became the Pop
 movement. But let's face it, you're
 just a pompous, pseudo-intellectual
 ass, which makes me wanna shoot you
 in the face, Alistair. Not
 metaphorically.

Tom shows his gun in his coat. Alistair gets up and hurries away. Margot glowers at Tom. He smiles at Margot...

INT. LIVING ROOM, TOM'S PLACE - LATER

Margot is YELLING at Tom in the kitchen. Charlie eavesdrops at the door. Murray is on the couch, clearly able to hear.

While Holland holds up a cloth swaddle as he watches a YouTube "How to swaddle" video on his iPad. Wraps Millie in the swaddle. Ties it tight. Smiles, pleased with his work.

MARGOT (O.S.)
You had no right!

TOM (O.S.)
I just saved you from wasting months
of your life on that guy.

MARGOT (O.S.)
Why bother? When you let me waste
years of my life on you?

"Oooh!" Charlie makes a face.

TOM (O.S.)
'Scuze me for caring. I didn't know
when you told me you wanted to settle
down, you meant at the bottom of the
barrel.

Bigger "OHHH!" face from Charlie. Murray frowns-- Oy vey.

MARGOT (O.S.)
Caring? The only person you ever
cared about was you!

Margot BURSTS through the door-- almost hits Charlie in the face. Glares at him.

MARGOT
You want him? You can have him!

She marches for the front door as Tom emerges from the back.

TOM
Margot--

MARGOT
No. I'm serious. I've had enough. I
will help you find that little girl's
mother, because unlike you... I have
a heart. But after that-- I don't
ever want to see you again.

She stomps out of the apartment. SLAMS the door behind her.

MURRAY
I'm sure she didn't mean that.

Tom looks like he's gone twelve rounds with Tyson. Head low, he turns away from them. Pauses at the kitchen door--

TOM
You don't know her like I do. She means it. But she'll find Volokov for us. We'd better get ready in the meantime.

He vanishes inside. Murray shakes his head guiltily.

A NANOSECOND LATER-- Millie busts out of the swaddle like the Incredible Hulk... Holland frowns.

INT. BEDROOM, MANOR HOUSE - DAY

Scarlet wakes up to find she's been restrained to the bed by zip-ties. Looks out the window at the English countryside.

Volokov enters.

VOLOKOV
You're up. So good to see you again.

SCARLET
What are you doing, Aleksei?

VOLOKOV
I want you back, baby.

SCARLET
Dude-- we broke up. Get over it.

VOLOKOV
How could I ever get over the woman who left me with *this*?

Volokov indicates his burn scars.

SCARLET
I was trying to kill you.

VOLOKOV
We always hurt the one we love.

SCARLET
You're delusional--

VOLOKOV
Love makes us do crazy things.

SCARLET

You're a narcissist. The only thing you ever is loved is yourself.

VOLOKOV

Not true-- I love our child.

Her eyes fill with fear for the first time.

SCARLET

Aleksei-- She's not yours.

VOLOKOV

You're a bad liar.

SCARLET

I'm serious.

VOLOKOV

She'll be excited to see you when we bring her here. We're going to be one big happy family. You'll see.

He turns and goes, leaving Scarlet alone. A mix of fury and desperation building, she fights to break free!

SCARLET

Aleksei! ALEKSEI!

INT. KITCHEN, TOM'S PLACE - EVENING

Charlie is looming over the sink in just an apron, no shirt.

On Tom's CHEF LEVEL STOVE-- Millie sits in a LARGE TURKEY ROASTING POT filled with water and bubbles, bathing. She's got bubbles in her hair and everywhere.

Millie LAUGHS and splashes Charlie with bubbles. He can't help let a small smile escape his perma-grim mien.

CHARLIE

Funny. Yes, you're very funny.

He makes her a bubble beard and she GIGGLES more. We see some light fill his eyes.

Charlie lifts her out, towels her off and lays her on a SWADDLE BLANKET.

Her little hand wraps around his rough finger. His hard eyes soften. Fill with a love he hasn't let out in a long time.

He wraps her in the swaddle, tying it with intricate, tight knots. He smirks satisfied...

CHARLIE
Try and get out of that, you little mouse.

BAM! Millie escapes the swaddle faster than Harry Houdini. Charlie GRUNTS, annoyed, but oddly impressed.

HOLLAND (O.S.)
She all done?

Charlie spins, surprised... Holland is in the doorway.

CHARLIE
(Mr. Grim again)
Err-- Uhh-- yeah. Fine.

Holland smiles at him. Charlie doesn't like his grin.

CHARLIE
What?

HOLLAND
No. Nothing-- It's just nice to see this other side of you.

CHARLIE
There is no other side of me. There's only one side, and it's the same on both sides.

HOLLAND
Relax. I'm not gonna blow your cover as the man of stone. I just think you should give yourself a little credit.

CHARLIE
What do you mean?

HOLLAND
You're a good dad, Charlie.

CHARLIE
No, I'm not.

HOLLAND
Being a dad is like truth serum-- makes the real you come out. Like it or not, you're a nice guy.

CHARLIE
Say that again and I'll kill you.

HOLLAND

Kill me tomorrow, right now we could use a hand.

INT. SPARRING ROOM - NIGHT

Dozens of MELEE WEAPONS are mounted to the walls.

Charlie hauls out a WOODEN FIGHT DUMMY, making space as-- Tom and Holland assemble a CRIB in the middle of the room.

TOM

Make sure you get everything dangerous out of here.

Charlie looks at the weapons on the walls. Shakes his head.

CHARLIE

Guess that means you two get to stay.

Holland is turning the instructions vertical.

HOLLAND

Uhh- Tom. I think *this* was supposed to go-- there.

TOM

No. It goes--

Tom looks at the instructions-- then back at what he's built. Beat... Holland's right.

TOM

... Shit.

(to Millie)

Sorry, Millie.

Millie crawls by sucking on a PACIFIER.

INT. BEDROOM, TOM'S PLACE - NIGHT

WAH! Millie's CRYING!

Tom bolts awake from sleep on the floor, leaps up ready to kill-- realizes what's happening. Murray is still dead asleep in his bed nearby. Tom grimaces. Lies back down.

TOM

(yells out)

Charlie! It's your turn.

WAH!! Millie's CRIES seem to redouble in volume.

TOM
CHARLIE!

INT. TOM'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

WAH! Charlie sleeping on the COUCH, pillow over his head, growls out--

CHARLIE
It's Holland's turn. Holland!

Holland asleep on a COMFY CHAIR across the room, doesn't stir. Charlie chucks the pillow at him. Holland jumps awake.

HOLLAND
Huh? What? I think it's Murray's turn--

TOM (O.S.)
Holland! I will shoot you.

HOLLAND
Alright... alright.

He gets up with effort and stumbles down the hall.

INT. TOM'S PLACE - MORNING

Tom, Holland, and Charlie are draped across the kitchen, red-eyed, exhausted. Millie plays on the floor, LAUGHING.

CHARLIE
Hat's off to single mums everywhere.

Murray steps into frame in a bathrobe.

MURRAY
Boys! Pay attention-- Margot's trying to explain this to you.

We PAN TO Margot and her LAPTOP out on the COFFEE TABLE displaying a spy satellite image of VOLOKOV'S MANOR.

MARGOT
Thank you, Murray. Nice to have at least one gentleman in the room.

Tom shakes his head as she glares daggers at him.

MARGOT

MI-6 says Volokov's throwing a party at this manor to court investors for some new venture. We don't know what.

CHARLIE

You think he'll have Scarlet there?

TOM

He'll want to keep her close.
When's the party?

MARGOT

Tomorrow.

TOM

Not a lot of time. But doable. Thank you for doing this--

MARGOT

(annoyed)

I'm not doing it for you.

TOM

(takes his lumps)

Of course. We'd better get to work.

Tom heads out. Margot stares after him-- heart conflicted.

MUSIC SWELLS and plays over the next several scenes connecting them as part of an overall PREP-SEQUENCE...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

MUSIC. Tom, running-wear, jogs along a WOODED ROAD, pushing the ARMORED PRAM. Millie grins happily within the padded interior.

He passes a COUPLE out walking. Waves as they pass by.

As they move out of sight, he stops. Straps Millie into a BABY BJORN on his chest (Kevlar lined of course). He reaches under the stroller and pulls out a heavy DUFFEL BAG, and then cuts off the road into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Tom descends a hill slope wearing Millie. Emerges from the trees and studies a HUGE ENGLISH MANOR in the VALLEY below.

He reaches into the bag-- Pulls out a SIX INCH TUBE. He whips it down-- it telescopes into a six foot pole.

Tom spikes the pole into the ground-- then pulls out a TELEPHOTO VIDEO CAMERA, mounts it on top, turns it on.

We notice Tom has an EARPIECE as Millie tries to grab it. Tom deflects her hands gently and talks into the radio--

TOM

That's the last one. How we looking?

Swiftee flies HIGH over the house-- barely visible.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S PLACE - SAME TIME

Holland flicks on-- MULTIPLE MONITORS light up with different camera angles observing the manor house.

HOLLAND

Looking good. Very good.

ON SCREEN-- NICO THE GUARD, neckless, patrols the ROOF, talks into his radio. A repaired Swiftee picks up the talk.

NICO THE GUARD

Yeah-- this is Nico. All clear.

We see Holland use AI RECORDER SOFTWARE to sample his voice.

He Labels it "NICO", and drags it to a LIST OF OTHER NAMES... ANDRE, RIFF, etc. Holland smiles.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

TOM

(winces)

What did you feed her? Is that the carrots?

HOLLAND (V.O.)

Cauliflower.

Tom turns and begins to walk back up into the woods.

TOM

Next time we take her on a scout,
let's stick to formula.

HOLLAND

Formula? You know how picky she is.

EXT. CATERING COMPANY - DAY

Charlie, fashion by the Grim Reaper, pulls up on his HARLEY. Rolls his eyes at the whimsical cursive writing on a SIGN that reads-- **"A MOVABLE FEAST CATERING COMPANY"**

INT. MOVABLE FEAST CATERING COMPANY - DAY

Cramped back office behind the kitchen. Food stuff is stored in boxes that take up every free bit of space.

Charlie, grim, is squeezed into a small chair opposite...

BERNARD (25), petite, neat side part, waiter outfit with BOW TIE and NAME TAG that reads-- **BERNARD, CATERING MANAGER.**

Charlie slides his application across to Bernard, who picks it up timidly, eyeing Charlie, nervous.

BERNARD

So then-- you-- you want to be a
cater waiter?

Charlie is his humorless self throughout the interview.

CHARLIE

That's right.

BERNARD

I see. And do you have any past
catering experience?

CHARLIE

No.

BERNARD

Oh. Do you-- have any experience in
the food service industry at all?

CHARLIE

No.

Bernard nods. Makes a note with a pen. CLICK-CLICK!

BERNARD

And, uhh-- how much did you earn in
your last non-food service position?

CHARLIE

Two-fifty.

BERNARD
(nods, writes)
Two hundred and fifty pounds.

CHARLIE
Two hundred-fifty thousand.

The pen goes flying--

BERNARD
T-two hundred-fifty thousand a year?

CHARLIE
A job.

Beat... Bernard gapes in shock...

BERNARD
I'm-- I'm not sure we can match that kind of salary, Mister... Ramirez?

CHARLIE
That's right... we're Welsh.

BERNARD
Yes. I'm afraid I just don't think we have a position for you here.

CHARLIE
(intimidating)
Yes, you do.

BERNARD
We do?

CHARLIE
Uh-huh. And I'd like to start immediately.

BERNARD
Immediate--? But, I don't think--

CHARLIE
Tomorrow.

BERNARD
Tomorrow? Oh, no. No-no. That's impossible. We have a very big job, and I'm afraid our staff is already fully booked.

CHARLIE
No, it's not. You have an opening.

BERNARD

I do?

CHARLIE

Yeah-- it's Nigel. He can't make it.

ON CUE-- Bernard's desk phone RINGS! And we SMASH TO:

INT. SMALL FLAT, THE DODGY PART OF LONDON - DAY

NIGEL (20s), sweating bullets, frightened, on the phone--

NIGEL

Bernard, it's Nigel...

WHIP PAN TO: Tom, shades down, sitting beside Nigel, gun aimed squarely at him. We WHIP PAN BACK TO Nigel...

NIGEL

I can't make it.

Nigel hangs up. Tom gives him a thumbs up. Great job.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MOVABLE FEAST CATERING COMPANY - DAY

Bernard hangs up. Looks at Charlie... very intimidated,

BERNARD

Well, then-- I guess-- welcome to
Movable Feast, Mister Ramirez.

Charlie finally cracks a small smile.

CHARLIE

Thanks.

EXT STREETS - DAY

Tom, incognito in a BLACK TAXI, follows Volokov's in an SUV. It suddenly blasts through a yellow light, shaking tails. Leaving Tom stuck at the red.

TOM

Holland-- a little help.

INT. HOLLAND'S COMPUTER, TOM'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Holland tracks Volokov's car by hacking CCTV.

Millie suddenly FLOATS ACROSS FRAME, GIGGLING as she rides by on Swiftee, drifting around the room.

HOLLAND

Coming up.

Holland's fingers dance over the keys as he HACKS THE CITY'S TRAFFIC GRID. Swiftee gently lands, and Millie crawls off.

HOLLAND

He's turning onto Kensington.

Holland POUNDS the ENTER KEY, and the RED LIGHT TURNS GREEN.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The light changes, and Tom accelerates after Volokov. Other traffic slams on brakes. HORNS. CHAOS.

INT. TOM'S PLACE - SAME TIME

Holland's cell phone suddenly RINGS! Caller ID says: MUM

HOLLAND

Hi, Mum. Just working. No, I'm not always working. No, I don't know when I'm going to meet a nice girl. No, I'm not trying to give you a heart attack.

Holland pops another Lexapro as he steps away from his keyboard, talking. Doesn't see--

Millie crawl over and start hitting keys-- randomly changing traffic lights all over the city.

ON THE MONITOR: We see cars stop and start as drivers are confused by the flashing traffic signals.

Murray passing by the room-- sees what's happening-- rushes in and pulls Millie off the keyboard.

MURRAY

What are you doing, mischief maker?
You changing traffic lights? Are you
a little hacker? That what you are?

He walks out baby talking to her and we **FADE OUT-- ENDING THE PREP-SEQUENCE.**

INT. SPARRING ROOM - EVENING

Tom, swaddle in hand, faces off against Millie-- expertly folds the swaddle around her with surprising and practiced ease. Tightens it.

Millie strains against it, but it holds. She COOS happily.

INT. FRONT DOOR FOYER - TOM'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Margot enters the house. Calls out--

MARGOT
Hello? Tom? Anyone?

No reply. She heads up the hallway.

INT. SPARRING ROOM - SAME TIME

TOM
You kinda remind me of a little girl
I once knew, know that? Her name was
Millie too. Yeah. I took care of her
when I was a little boy, because the
foster parents we lived with were not
good at taking care of things.
Especially not a baby...

He forces down the pain dredged up his memories.

TOM
No one should've let them have that
baby.

Unseen behind him, Margot passes the door. She's about to call out to him, but stops-- sees he's talking to Millie.

TOM
Anyway, you don't have to worry,
because I'm gonna make sure nothing
bad ever happens to you. That's a
promise... and I always keep my
promises.

MILLIE
Tom. Tom. Tom...

Tom smiles and picks her up.

TOM
That's right, my sweet girl.

Gives her a soft kiss and lays Millie down gently in the CRIB as he sings her a soft LULLABY. She sleeps peacefully.

Margot smiles-- she sneaks away so Tom doesn't notice her.

INT. TOM'S PLACE - EVENING

Holland unzips a SMALL BLACK CASE and hands it to Tom.

INSIDE: A ROW OF CHIPS with the names of the Guards we saw him recording.

HOLLAND

You just slot these into the radio.
My AI program will do all the work.
It goes in the U-S-B port. That's
this slot right here.

TOM

I know what a USB port is, Holland.

HOLLAND

My mum always needs me to show her--

TOM

Just give me the case.

Tom turns to the door-- sees Murray wearing a coat.

MURRAY

I'm going with you.

TOM

It's not safe.

MURRAY

She's my daughter. You should know
you'd do anything for your kid.

TOM

(beat)

You stay outside-- support only.

MURRAY

(nods)

Hey, remember when we talked, and I told you about how it's the small things that matter? I see how you look at her, Tom. Just like on a job, you only get one shot at these things. And if you you don't take it-- well, that mistake will haunt you the rest of your life.

(MORE)

MURRAY (cont'd)

I didn't plan on Scarlet, but she's the best thing that ever happened to me. I'd hate to see you to miss out on that.

HOLLAND

You're right-- I'm gonna ask Franjelica out.

They both look at Holland like he's nuts.

TOM

I don't know, Murray. I think that's a shot I already missed.

Suddenly Margot enters as she gets a text.

MARGOT

Okay-- Charlie's in position. You'd better get going.

She looks up-- all three of them are staring at her.

MARGOT

What?

MURRAY

Come on, Holland. I think I hear the tea kettle not whistling.

Murray and Holland duck out-- as they exit, Murray shakes his head-- 'nope, you didn't miss yet.'

TOM

I'm really sorry how things ended up... I want you to know I really do care about you...

MARGOT

Thank you. Guess it was just bad timing.

Beat-- Tom's too wounded deep down to risk more.

TOM

Right. Well-- see you when I get back then and... and then I suppose that'll be it.

MARGOT

(hiding her heartache)

I think that's probably best.

Tom nods-- heads for the door. Margot watches him. Just as he reaches the door...

MARGOT

Tom.

He turns back to her.

MARGOT

Be careful... for her.

Tom nods and walks out.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

All lit up. Elite WEALTHY GUESTS IN BLACK TIE and GOWNS, climb from limos, sports cars, and SUVS. Guest list only. Metal detectors. Wands. Body frisks. Security is insane.

EXT. BACK OF THE MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

A CATERING TRUCK pulls up and a line of worker-ant-like CATER WAITERS file out--

SCRAWNY LITTLE DUDE with a tiny mustache, RASTAFARIAN CO-ED, skinny guy with RENFAIRE HAIR, followed by--

Charlie, muscles straining the seams of his white button-down, clearly out of place as he's followed by--

A grown-up version of HERMIONE with a ponytail, etc. They head inside the kitchen entrance.

EXT. ROOF, MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

NICO THE GUARD patrols a small terraced area beside a decorative Edwardian minaret roof. As he turns his back--

Tom, all in black, paraglides down from the sky and lands--

Nico turns back but--

PHHT! Tom fires a TRANQ GUN at Nico. He drops. Out.

Nico's RADIO suddenly CRACKLES to life--

SECURITY CHIEF (V.O.)

Checking in, Nico... Nico?

Tom picks up Nico's radio. Pulls out the small black case. Flips through the chips. Plucks out the one marked Nico--

He slots a SMALL DEVICE WITH A DISPLAY and SPEAKER into the walkie's USB port-- an AI VOICE REPLICATOR replies...

AI NICO (V.O.)
(from device)
Yeah. Nico, here-- all good.

Tom nods, happy with Holland's work.

SECURITY CHIEF (V.O.)
Oi! You see the match last night?

Tom freezes-- Oh shit. We see "..." on the device's display as the AI thinks...

AI NICO (V.O.)
Screw you, you wanker.

SECURITY CHIEF (V.O.)
You're in a good mood, Nico.

AI NICO (V.O.)
So was your mum after I saw her.

Tom nods, good one. He heads inside the roof door as he rips away his outer outfit to reveal-- a BESPOKE TUX underneath.

INT. ENTRY HALL, MANOR HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom glides through the room-- grabs a champagne off a tray of drinks carried by-- Charlie.

TOM
See him?

CHARLIE
Not yet.

MURRAY (V.O.)
(ear bud)
Any sign of Scarlet?

TOM
I'm thinking attic or basement.

Charlie nods. They split up into the house, hunting...

INT. SECURITY ROOM UPSTAIRS, MANOR HOUSE - SAME TIME

Two GUARDS sit at a wall of monitors watching the party.

BEARDED GUARD notices something-- rewinds-- GAWKS when he sees-- Tom on one of the screens!

BEARDED GUARD
Shit! That's Tom Valentine. Better
find out where he went to--

He reaches for a RADIO when the door opens-- they look up--

TOM
No need.

PHHT! PHHT! Tom transqs 'em both. He unzips his case. And plucks out two more chips (GARETH and GIBBS). Slots those.

TOM
(into the earbud)
Security's down.

INT. DINING ROOM, MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

Charlie hears Tom over his EARBUD. Slight nod.

CHARLIE
Copy. Any sign of Volokov, Holland?

INT. TOM'S PLACE - NIGHT

Margot HUMS to Millie and rocks her on Tom's couch while--

Holland scans his multi-screens. Nothing. Anxiety spiking, he pops a Lexapro.

HOLLAND
Not yet.

AI NICO (V.O.)
Your mama's so poor, she opened a
Gmail account just to eat the spam.

SECURITY CHIEF (V.O.)
Quiet you lot. We're on the clock.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

Scarlet lies on the King-sized bed. Her wrists are now zip-tied together to the cherry oak bed frame.

Three GUARDS here. The biggest one-- **DIMITRI** (40s), definitely a guy who killed puppies as a kid, has a full manicure kit laid out. He's picking the nail polish color.

SCARLET

Volokov must really dislike you
three, to leave you alone with me.

Dimitri finally settles on an ice blue.

DIMITRI

Oh, this-- this is perfect. You're definitely a winter. I'm kind of hoping you turn Volokov down, so I can pull your fingernails off later and keep them in my collection. They're gonna be so pretty.

He grins sadistically, enjoying the thought. Bends over, takes the cuticle cutter and gets to work.

Scarlet suddenly snaps the zip-ties-- grabs a cuticle pusher-- THOCK! Impales it in Dimitri's neck--

He falls dead. Scarlet flips over the bed as--

BANG! BANG!! BANG!!!

The two Guards SHOOT at her--

Hit the bed-- the mattress explodes--

Scarlet throws an expensive bedside lamp at the Guard as the other Guard reloads--

She charges them-- BANG! Keeps going and--

Scarlet strips the gun from the Guard who shot at her-- shoots the reloading Guard and then shoots the first Guard with his own pistol. BANG! BLAM!! BANG!!!

She looks down-- her abdomen's bleeding badly. Shot. Scarlet staggers to the doorway... collapses just as she reaches it.

INT. GALLERY HALLWAY, MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

Charlie passes a GUARD with his empty tray as he heads towards the back.

SECURITY CHIEF (30s), RADIO to his ear, looks concerned--

AI GIBBS (V.O.)

Your mama's so poor, she can't even afford to pay attention.

SECURITY CHIEF

That's enough. I'm coming up there.

BAM! Charlie suddenly JAMS the edge of the empty tray into the Security Chief's throat-- CRUNCH.

He topples into Charlie's arms. Charlie drags him through the door behind him before anyone notices.

EXT. TOP OF THE STAIRS, MANOR HOUSE - SAME TIME

Tom hurries down a hallway, checking doors-- no sign of Scarlet or Volokov. Tom frowns. Something troubling him.

Tom looks around-- surveys the crowd. Spidey-sense tingling.

TOM

Something's wrong. This is too easy.

INT. UPSTAIRS, MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

Charlie hurries down a hallway, checking doors.

CHARLIE

I don't care. Not leaving without...

He opens a door and sees--

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scarlet on the floor, wan, eyes far away, fading.

CHARLIE

Scarlet!

He rushes to her. Kneels over her...

CHARLIE

I found her, Tom.

Scarlet's eyes flutter-- She's barely holding on.

SCARLET

Charlie...

CHARLIE

She's in a bad way. They shot her.

INT. TOM'S PLACE - NIGHT

Holland scans the monitors-- no sign of Volokov.

HOLLAND
Still no sign of Volokov.

INT. TOP OF THE STAIRS, MANOR HOUSE - SAME TIME

Tom has another horrifying realization--

TOM
That's because he's not here.
 (realizes what's up)
Holland!

INT. TOM'S PLACE - SAME TIME

THE POWER SUDDENLY GOES OUT! Dark is replaced by RED GLARE
emergency lights--

Holland looks at Margot, alarmed. Margot puts Millie in her metal egg stroller, slams it shut, sealing her in the bulletproof titanium shell.

She draws a pistol. Holland does too and grabs his iPad.

INT. TOP OF THE STAIRS, MANOR HOUSE - SAME TIME

TOM
Holland! It's a trap! Holland!

No reply.

TOM
Charlie! Get out now!

Suddenly THE ENTIRE ROOM of GUESTS below pull out guns (that apparently weren't taken by security)-- aim them up at Tom.

Oh, shit.

They all open fire as Tom sprints across the gallery, rounds turning the scenery around him into plaster confetti.

CUT TO:

INT. BY THE FRONT DOOR, TOM'S PLACE - DAY

A MICRO CAMERA snakes under the door-- it cranes up and looks around. Rises like a cobra to the security system.

Suddenly it snaps apart into three prongs with an IR eye in the center-- an IR beam scans the system. The three prongs stab into it. Data dances across a micro LED screen-- which suddenly flashes. Disarmed.

A BEAT later-- a THUMP as the lock is disengaged and the door opens revealing--

HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Crowded with a mosh pit of HIRED KILLERS. They stream inside. Volokov, The 300 and Franjelica bring up the rear.

Tension builds as Margot and Holland scarper low around the LIVING ROOM as the lead Hired Killers creep forward, guns out, scanning.

Suddenly Holland opens FIRE! Takes out the vanguard.

Margot pops up from the other side-- crossfire, takes down a few more.

A BEARDED KILLER raises a machine gun to spray the room-- and is pistol whipped by Volokov. He recoils in agony.

VOLOKOV
No guns! Get the baby. Go!

The rest of the Killers storm the room-- charging for Holland and Margot, who both show off their considerable gun-fu skills, as they make their stand.

Franjelica comes at Margot-- disarms her. They exchange blows-- both deadly. Kicking-- striking--

The 300 leads a group of HIT MEN for the pram when--

Swiftee ZIPS up into view from behind a couch.

HOLLAND (V.O.)
(on Swiftee's speaker)
Sorry, boys. Millie can't play right now. It's past her bed time.

Swiftee's twin-mini Gatling guns unload a lead-storm of fire-- as the Hit Men dive for cover or are cut down--

Margot is knocked off her feet as Franjelica sweeps her legs. She goes down.

INT. COUNTRY MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom avoids the fusillade of gunfire--

TOM
(yells into earbud)
Charlie! On my position!

Waves of HIRED KILLERS spill through every doorway like a burst dam of death and we realize--

Every single person at this party is here to kill them!

It's like that scene from World War Z-- except instead of zombies, it's heavily armed assassins attacking all at once from every angle. Bullets chew up the balcony.

Tom parries the gun of a KILLER, strips it from his hand-- shoots him twice and kicks him over the balcony. See-ya.

Another KILLER charges Tom with a KNIFE, Tom rolls the guy over him and sends him down the stairs into a flood of other Killers rushing up.

Tom spins as four more killers have him dead to rights when--

BAM! The door behind them kicks open and--

Charlie half-supporting Scarlet bursts in-- shoots three KILLERS-- making his way to Tom--

They head for each other when-- a SEA OF KILLERS charge up the stairs dividing them.

Tom and Charlie go to work-- battling their way to each other. Even Scarlet, though in bad shape, joins in the fun.

They finally meet in the middle--

Tom helps Charlie support Scarlet as they all move together in what seems like a choreography of death, incapacitating any KILLER who comes at them.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S PLACE - NIGHT

Margot flips back to her feet just as--

Franjelica pulls her gun and fires-- BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!

Forcing Margot to dive for cover.

Franjelica run-slides to the pram. Yanks the metal egg holding Millie out.

Volokov opens fire with a pistol in each hand now that Franjelica has Millie-- shoots Swiftee out the sky.

Holland shoots at him, but Volokov ducks back. He rushes Holland, RAZOR SHARP KNIVES snapping out of the pistol's barrel like Wolverine's claws.

He slashes at Holland who flips and dodges-- Volokov feints and spin-kicks-- catching Holland midair--

Sending him SMASHING into the wall. THUD.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRY MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

Charlie breaks the knee of a HIRED KILLER-- there goes his football career. Charlie keeps moving with Scarlet-- taking out the Killers, working in tandem with Tom.

TOM
Make for those doors!

Tom breaks the finger of a KILLER as he twists and steals his pistol-- shoots him and takes out another couple of KILLERS charging up the stairs--

Charlie, Scarlet, and Tom break off and rush into--

INT. BILLIARDS ROOM - NIGHT

BOOM! Tom, Charlie and Scarlet burst in and take out the first wave of KILLERS coming at them.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

Murray, hiding in the bushes out back, hears the GUNFIRE.

MURRAY
Oh, Boy. Looks like we're leaving.

He gets up and starts walking towards the party.

INT. BILLIARDS ROOM - SAME TIME

Tom keeps firing until--

CLICK! Tom runs out of ammo-- picks up an EIGHT BALL-- and whips it at another KILLER charging through a side door, THUD. Stuns him.

Tom grabs two more billiard balls-- SLAMS them into his temples-- KO!

Charlie SMASHES a pool cue over the head of a KILLER-- spins another like a BO STAFF--

Takes out the knees of a charging KILLER-- SLAMS the pool cue down on him once he falls.

More KILLERS burst in firing--

Tom overturns the pool table-- and they duck behind it as--

Scarlet grabs the guns off of fallen Killers-- tosses a gun to Tom-- they all shoot at the guys in the doorway, driving them back.

Charlie grabs Scarlet and retreats through doors at the far side of the room, with Tom following providing cover fire.

INT. TOM'S PLACE - NIGHT

Volokov levels his gun at Holland to finish him off.

Franjelica sees him about to shoot Holland.

FRANJELICA

Volokov! We have her! Let's go.

Volokov's head snaps around to see-- Franjelica rushing for the door holding Millie. The 300 is with her. Volokov considers killing Holland.

FRANJELICA

Leave him. We got what we came for.

Margot suddenly shoots at Volokov. Bullets chew up the cover around Volokov-- forcing him away from Holland--

Volokov ducks back and exits with Franjelica and the 300-- tossing a flashbang grenade behind--

WHOOMP! The SOUND and FLASH of intense light stuns Holland and Margot.

EXT. COUNTRY MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

Murray comes up to a GUARD, looking very harmless...

MURRAY
Hey-- how you doin'? You know what time it is?

Throat punches the Guard.

MURRAY
Time to get a new job.

Murray goes over the catering van. He opens it--

Bernard is sitting there listening to affirmations on his headset.

MURRAY
You must be Bernard.

Murray climbs in-- moments later the catering van starts up and Bernard flees out the side door.

INT. COUNTRY MANOR HOUSE, STUDY - NIGHT

Heavy double doors outside the room are closed. Charlie tries it.

CHARLIE
Locked.

Tom shoots the lock as Scarlet blasts a KILLER. More race towards them-- Charlie joins her-- firing--

Tom kicks the doors in-- the damaged lock doesn't hold-- SMASH!

TOM
C'mon!

Tom, Charlie, and Scarlet tumble into a room lined with floor-to-ceiling BOOKCASES. FULL SUIT OF ARMOR in one corner. A COMPUTER along the far wall looks out a LARGE WINDOW overlooking the BACK COURTYARD.

A KILLER charges Tom with a BLADE-- Tom grabs a HARDCOVER BOOK off the nearest shelf--

Knocks the knife away-- thrusts the spine of the book into the Killer's throat--

Then back-swings and hits the Killer in the temple-- that's a wrap for him-- hope he made his insurance this quarter!

Tom grabs another book and displaying a master class in lit-fu takes down three more guys, clearing the room for now.

Charlie and Scarlet shoot and drive back more Killers rushing them from DOWN THE HALL outside the door.

Tom moves to the computer.

TOM
Cover me.

CHARLIE
We don't have time--

TOM
Just do it. Trust me.

Charlie SNARLS-- and takes the SHIELD off the suit of armor-- blocks a point-blank gunshot blast--

He uses the helmet to smash the Killer in the head-- then uses the shield to sweep out the legs of another.

Finally swings it two-handed like a baseball bat-- taking out a third.

Scarlet is fading, leaning on the bookshelves-- still shooting any KILLER that gets too close.

Tom TEARS OPEN the computer case and rips out the HARD DRIVE.

More KILLERS burst in--

Charlie knocks over the suit of armor onto a KILLER-- chops her in the throat--

Knees another in the face-- he rushes to Scarlet just as--

Scarlet collapses, blood loss overwhelming her-- Charlie catches Scarlet before she hits the ground.

Tom finishes with the computer-- shoots three more KILLERS.

TOM
Let's go!

Charlie looks out the window and sees--

Murray pulling out in the catering van.

Just as more Killers storm the room--

They all three rush to the window. Tom shatters the glass with gunfire-- and they jump out the window just as--

The van drives underneath--

EXT. COUNTRY MANOR HOUSE, COURTYARD - NIGHT

Charlie and Scarlet land on the van roof-- WHUMP!

Tom lands at the very end-- Charlie grabs him before he can go over the edge.

INT. MOVABLE FEAST CATERING VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Murray shifts into gear-- begins to accelerate--

SOUND of the side door opening-- Murray glances back as--

Charlie and Tom climb in with Scarlet. Gives a thumbs up. Murray looks grim at the sight of his wounded daughter.

EXT. MOVABLE FEAST CATERING VAN - NIGHT

VROOM! The Movable Feasts Catering Truck drives away with a SQUEAL of tires.

INT. TOM'S PLACE - NIGHT

Completely trashed. This place is gonna need a serious reno.

Door busts open.

TOM
Margot-- Margot!

Charlie and Tom enter, carrying an unconscious Scarlet to the couch. Murray follows, hovering.

A banged up Margot and Holland rush over.

MURRAY
The baby?

MARGOT
Volokov has her.

Murray collapses into the chair, head in his hands.

Tom grim, cold fury-- echoes of the failures of his past coming back to haunt him.

TOM
It was a trap. He knew we'd go for Scarlet.

MARGOT

She's lost a lot of blood. I need to get her to my people.

Margot makes a phone call.

MURRAY

Charlie-- maybe you should go with her... just in case.

CHARLIE

Me? Why me?

Tom looks Murray... then looks at Charlie. Puts it together.

TOM

Because... you're Millie's father.
Her real father.

Holland looks over at Charlie who turns to Murray. The old man nods.

MURRAY

It's true. I ran the DNA. It's you.

TOM

That's why you met us all in person.

Murray nods-- right again.

CHARLIE

(stunned)

Bloody hell.

Tom forces a smile.

TOM

If that's true, you should probably go with Scarlet.

CHARLIE

(shakes his head)

I won't be of any use sitting by a bed. And I need to get my daughter back.

MURRAY

He's right. I'll stay with her. You go get my granddaughter back.

TOM

I will. I promise.

Holland notices the hard drive Tom has. He attaches it to his LAPTOP. Types furiously. He looks up in shock.

HOLLAND

Hey guys-- I cracked the security and I think I figured out how Volokov found Scarlet and Murray so quickly. He's got some new AI tracking system he calls Bullseye. If he gets this up and running, no one's gonna be safe from him.

Holland studies his screen.

HOLLAND

He's been looking for investors for months...

MURRAY

Volokov's a complete psycho. No way he should have that kinda technology.

(to Holland)

Just how good is this Bullseye?

HOLLAND

If he got it up and running, no one would be safe. If you stuck your head out for even a moment, anywhere in the world, no matter what kind of disguise of surgery, he could find you. Even staying inside wouldn't be safe given Bullseye's satellite and CCTV integration.

MURRAY

Yeah... that doesn't sound like something that anyone should have.

HOLLAND

Especially not a grudgy stalker like Volokov...

(suddenly sees)

Ohmygod-- and it looks like the only thing standing between him and what he needs is he has to kill 'The Invisible Man'

They all look at Murray.

MURRAY

Okay, then. Let's give him what he needs.

TOM

I'm not gonna lose you again, Murray.

MURRAY

She's my grandchild. Wouldn't you do the same for her?

They all look at each other and nod.

TOM

Of course we would.

MURRAY

Besides, I didn't survive this long just to let a schmuck like Volokov take me out. I still got a few tricks up my sleeves.

TOM

(nods)

We'll need to contact him. Set up an exchange.

HOLLAND

I'll extract his information from the emails. It'll take a minute.

Holland leaves to get to work.

Margot lets in a couple of AGENTS with a stretcher.

CHARLIE

I got her.

Charlie puts Scarlet in the stretcher, takes her hand as they carry her out. Murray goes with them as they exit.

Margot is about to head out and follow...

TOM

Margot-- wait.

She stops. He has trouble meeting her eyes.

TOM

There are things I never told you about... things I've never told anyone. But it's made me afraid to believe I could have what you were offering-- to open myself up and let myself care for someone like that.

He looks up at her.

TOM

But all this has shown me, I don't want to be afraid. So when I get back-- I'd like to finish this talk... if you're still interested.

Margot suddenly kisses him. It's a very good kiss.

MARGOT

Just come back.

INT. LARGE LUXURY HOTEL SUITE, LONDON - NIGHT

Volokov marvels at Millie in her armored carrier. The 300 stands behind him, guarding like an enormous statue.

VOLOKOV

She looks like me, don't you think?

Franjelica watches-- makes a 'meh' face and shrugs.

Millie begins to cry. WAHH! Volokov just stares at her.

FRANJELICA

Maybe you should pick her up?

He picks up Millie up roughly. Inept. Her CRYING intensifies. Terrified.

Just then-- Volokov's cellphone RINGS. FACETIME CALL.

VOLOKOV

Take her.

He abruptly hands Millie to Franjelica-- Her crying immediately subsides.

Something deep in Franjelica stirs as she holds the baby and looks deep into her sweet, innocent eyes.

Volokov answers the call and-- Tom appears on-screen.

VOLOKOV

Tom-- what an unpleasant surprise. I hoped you'd be dead by now.

TOM

Kidnapping's low even for a scumbag like you. We want Millie back.

VOLOKOV

Out of the question.

TOM

Hang on, you haven't heard my offer.

VOLOKOV

There's nothing you have I want...

Murray steps into frame on Volokov's phone.

MURRAY

Hello, Asshole. Gimme my
granddaughter back.

Volokov's face gets very serious.

TOM

We propose a trade-- what you want
for what we want, or Murray
disappears for good and all your
grand plans go up in smoke.

He looks at the baby-- then the screen. Fuming. They're
hitting him where it hurts. But like any real narcissist--

VOLOKOV

Very well. You have a deal.

Franjelica is shocked, looks disappointed and disillusioned.
'What kind of scumbag sells out his own kid for a buck?'

TOM

We'll message you the time and place
of the meet. Come alone.

Tom hangs up on Volokov.

FRANJELICA

You're gonna just give her away after
all we went through to get her?

VOLOKOV

What do you propose? I just throw
everything I worked for away? For a
baby? Once we're fully operational, I
can always get her back.

FRANJELICA

Even if you get the target, there's
still a chance you may never see her
again.

VOLOKOV

That's assuming they'll succeed.

FRANJELICA

It seems like when it comes Valentine and his friends, there's always that chance.

VOLOKOV

That's a risk I'm willing to take.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Tom drives. Charlie is in the passenger seat.

Holland looks like he's dealing with some serious anxiety in back. He fiddles with the container of Lexapro pills, but doesn't open it or take any.

Murray's asleep in back. It's been a long night for the guy.

Charlie stares out the window, deep in thought. He glances at Tom and back at Holland... finally.

CHARLIE

You know you lot don't have to go with me. I mean now that you know she's not your daughter...

HOLLAND

What? You think we're just gonna walk away and leave Millie in your hands?

TOM

Holland's right-- we're not going anywhere.

CHARLIE

I just mean... they're gonna be waitin' for us. It could be a nasty one.

HOLLAND

We got your back.

TOM

Like it or not, we're family now.

CHARLIE

Cheers, boys.

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON - NIGHT

Drizzling rain. Some umbrellas already out. CROWDED despite the rain, nothing your typical Londoner can't handle.

SUV pulls up and parks near the lit up public space.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Holland nudges Murray, who wakes with a start.

MURRAY
We there yet?

Tom nods.

CHARLIE
So what's the plan this time?

TOM
It's the family plan.

HOLLAND
What's that?

TOM
We get our family, and kill anyone
that gets in our way.

CHARLIE
First plan of yours I like.

TOM
You guys ready?

Holland pulls out his LEXAPRO BOTTLE. They glance at him.

Holland looks at them-- at the bottle-- then TOSSES IT OUT
THE WINDOW.

HOLLAND
Ready.

EXT. SUV - NIGHT

They all get out and open the back of the SUV-- inside is an arsenal. They gear up-- arming themselves with body armor, multiple pistols, knives, extra ammo. And large duffel bags filled with something light.

Tom offers Murray a gun. Murray shakes his head--

MURRAY
I brought my own.

TOM
Everyone knows what to do?

Nods all around. They all split up their separate ways.

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS, MAIN JUNCTION - NIGHT

It's rush hour, packed. A sea of TOURISTS and PEOPLE heading home from work flood around--

Volokov waiting beside Millie's pram, with her inside her closed armored egg. The 300 stands guard while Franjelica studies her phone-- running Bullseye.

VOLOKOV

Any sign?

FRANJELICA

Not yet.

VOLOKOV

Make sure everyone's in place. As soon as we have him, use Bullseye to track them all down and kill them.

Franjelica nods... but she doesn't seem fully on board.

Volokov suddenly notices some KID (13) saunter by in wearing a BALL CAP with his Bullseye logo on it.

VOLOKOV

Hey-- check it out-- that looks just like... my... logo.

Suddenly sees TWO MOMS with the same hat. Then another PERSON. And another. The words die on his lips as he starts seeing more PEOPLE wearing the same Bullseye hat pass by.

He grabs a LANKY ROCKER (20s) also in the hat--

VOLOKOV

Where'd you get that?

LANKY ROCKER

Some guys were giving them away.

Volokov CURSES in Russian as he looks around and sees dozens of PEOPLE filling Picadilly in that same Bullseye hat.

Volokov's phone RINGS-- Some RUSSIAN ELECTRONICA RINGTONE...

TOM (V.O.)

I thought I said come alone.

VOLOKOV

Where are you?

TOM (V.O.)
Right here.

Volokov turns and sees--

Tom is standing behind him ten feet away.

TOM
Show me Millie.

VOLOKOV
I don't see the Invisible Man.

TOM
He's here.

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS - NIGHT

Charlie, Holland, and Murray move through the CROWD, nearly invisible among the matching hats.

They take out HIRED KILLERS with efficient skill that doesn't even stir concern in the CROWD.

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS, MAIN JUNCTION - NIGHT

Volokov looks around-- glances over to Franjelica who studies her phone--

ANGLE ON HER SCREEN: Bullseye name and logo in the corner. Live satellite feed of the crowd. System trying to run facial recognition, but can't differentiate from all the people in matching hats. Keeps flashing NEGATIVE in red.

FRANJELICA
We can't locate him with everyone
wearing the same hat.

VOLOKOV
(to Tom)
Very clever.

TOM
Didn't take much to crash your wonder
tech. Just a little human ingenuity.
Old school. Like Murray taught me.

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS - NIGHT

Charlie moving through the CROWD, takes out a HIRED KILLER-- Stuffs him in a GARBAGE can.

MORE SHOTS of Charlie and Holland in the CROWD taking out Volokov's HIRED KILLERS.

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS, MAIN JUNCTION - NIGHT

Volokov glares.

VOLOKOV
Is he here or not?

TOM
Millie first.

VOLOKOV
No deal. If I don't see him in the next sixty second I walk.

MURRAY (O.S.)
I'm right here, asshole.

Volokov turns and Murray is standing at his 9 O'Clock wearing one of the ball caps. Gun pointed at Volkov's head.

The 300 pulls his gun--

Tom draws faster.

VOLOKOV
Wait.

PEOPLE see the guns-- freak out! The CROWD drains away in every directions. SCREAMS and SHOUTS.

Leaving Tom, Charlie, Holland, Murray, Volokov, The 300, and Franjelica as well as six HIRED KILLERS-- the only players still standing.

A dozen more of Volokov's Hired Killers lay on the ground.

Volokov shakes his head at Murray.

VOLOKOV
Honestly I am surprised that someone with your reputation would just throw it all away for what? A baby?

MURRAY
What's the matter? You didn't get hugged enough as a child?

TOM
Hand over Millie.

Volokov gives Franjelica a nod. She slowly wheels the pram to Tom. ...Tension mounting with each step of her boots.

Franjelica pulls back the cover-- revealing Millie within-- her eyes light up at the sight of Tom.

Tom looks relieved. Murray takes his eyes off Volokov--

MURRAY

Is she okay?

Bad move! Volokov suddenly pulls a pistol from his coat and unloads it into Murray's chest-- BANG! BANG!! BANG!!!

Murray goes flying back-- crashing to the ground in a heap.

Franjelica grabs Tom's arm but--

Tom grabs her wrist-- twists and flips her to the ground--

She looks up to find at his gun pointed at her skull-- one squeeze and he could finish her... but he doesn't.

TOM

Charlie?!

CHARLIE

I got her!

Tom rushes for Volokov as Charlie charges for Millie, but just as his hand reaches the pram's handle--

BAM! The 300 FREIGHT TRAINS Charlie into the wall-- SMASH!

Murray still alive because of a KEVLAR VEST, crawls on the sidewalk in agony. Ribs broken. He turns as he senses--

Volokov step up to him-- He raises his gun to finish off Murray when--

BANG! BANG!! BANG!!!

Tom opens fire at Volokov, wings him in the shoulder-- Volokov, enraged, spins and fires back--

They move towards each other, barely avoiding getting shot as they exchange GUNFIRE--

Volokov tries to get back to Murray, but every time he does, Tom blocks the way.

Franjelica grabs for the pram but just as her fingertips brush the handle--

Holland yanks it away from her and tugs down the cover to keep Millie safe from the GUNFIRE filling the air.

Franjelica KICKS Holland, he stumbles into the pram, sending it rolling--

HOLLAND

I was hoping I'd see you again.

She frowns, comes at him, throwing deadly strikes.

FRANJELICA

Will you stop talking while I'm trying to kill you?

MEANWHILE-- The 300 picks Charlie up and SLAMS him into the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain. Charlie hops up as The 300 keeps coming! SLAPS the big man's eardrums-- KICKS him hard.

Charlie goes full Balboa, unleashing a flurry of blows, giving it all he's got-- ending with a PUNISHING RIGHT CROSS! CRACK!

The 300's neck snaps to the right-- then he slowly turns back and smiles... missing a tooth, but otherwise unhurt.

CHARLIE

Oh... shit.

The 300 BASHERS Charlie-- sends him flying into Millie's pram sending it ROLLING OUT INTO TRAFFIC!

Tom mid-shootout with Volokov, sees the pram rolling into danger. Turns and charges after Millie.

Volokov turns back to finish off Murray, but there's no sign him. He's vanished.

Volokov turns to go after the only bargaining chip he has left-- shoots at Tom-- BANG! BANG!! BLAM!!!

And tries to outrace him to Millie--

Tom dodges the gunfire and chases after the runaway pram into the speeding FOUR LANES OF RACING TRAFFIC.

VOLOKOV

Not this time, Valentine.

Volokov goes after Tom-- runs out into the traffic--

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS, STREET - CONTINUOUS

Millie's pram rolls between speeding CARS that barely miss her. Tom races to reach it, DODGING the busy TRAFFIC.

Just as he gets in grabbing range-- ANOTHER CAR CLIPS the PRAM-- sending Millie speeding in a different direction--

INT. MILLIE'S ARMORED EGG - SAME TIME

Millie GIGGLES as the egg seems to spin and shudder, but she remains safely in her cushioned interior.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Tom, desperate, races after her--

BANG! BANG!! Volokov shoots at Tom. He ducks-- GUNFIRE hits a TRUCK causing it to lose control-- SMASH into a TAXI.

Tom redoubles his efforts to get to Millie, but has to roll over the hood and dodge the CARS now SWERVING manically to avoid the careening TRUCK.

He closes on Millie's runaway pram-- racing VEHICLES just miss her, while Volokov continues to close in on Tom-- a shot WINGS Tom's leg. Tom grits his teeth and keeps going.

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS, MAIN JUNCTION - SAME TIME

The 300 dishes out violence on Charlie like he's the Gordon Ramsey of pain. WHAM! SLAM! BAM! We cringe with each hit. Amazed anyone can take this kind of punishment.

Just when it seems like Charlie can't take anymore, he dodges a blow, parkours off a fire hydrant and drives his elbow into The 300's face-- shattering his nose-- CRACK!

The 300 stumbles back. Dazed. Charlie does a corner kick on his family jewels. The 300 drops and Charlie KNEES him in the face on the way down. Finishing him.

ACROSS THE SQUARE

Franjelica fights Holland in a whirling melee while the remaining TWO HIT MEN wait for a clear shot--

HOLLAND

You seem cool. Don't you wanna fight for the good guys?

FRANJELICA

There are no good guys in our game.

She suddenly pulls a HIDDEN GUN-- aims it at Holland.

HOLLAND

There are when it's a baby who'll
suffer. You think Volokov should be
raising a kid? Or even a hamster?

His words sink in-- getting to Franjelica who's already been
on the fence lately. She hesitates-- gun still aimed at him.

BALD HIT MAN

What are you doing? Kill 'em!

Bald Hit Man aims his gun at Holland--

Franjelica disarms him-- strips the gun from his hand.

BALD HIT MAN

What the hell's with you?

FRANJELICA

I don't know!

Baffled by her own actions she punches him in the face. Then
she looks at Holland.

Holland smiles at her.

FRANJELICA

Don't say a word or I will kill you.

Franjelica abruptly decides she's switching sides, and--

The last two HIT MEN turn their guns on Franjelica.

FRANJELICA

Guess I'm switching sides.

HOLLAND

I think you're gonna be happy here.

They suddenly turn and BLAM! BLAM! Blast the two Hit Men!

MURRAY (O.S.)

Holland! Charlie! The baby!

Murray crawls out from under the bench he was hiding under,
remains lying on the sidewalk in agony, points at--

Tom chasing after Millie's pram through the speeding
traffic, exchanging GUNFIRE with Volokov.

Charlie books after them. Holland goes to follow--

FRANJELICA

If you're alive when this is over,
slide into my DMs. We should go out.

HOLLAND

Totally. I will!

He grins giddily... then turns and run after Charlie.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Tom just avoids being SMASHED by a skidding car-- vaults its hood with Volokov hot on his tail.

Millie's pram is just ahead. Tom pours on the speed, dodging Volokov's gunfire. He reaches for it when--

WHOOSH-- a CONSTRUCTION TRUCK with a bunch of poles and building crap sticking out the back accidentally hooks Millie, whipping the stroller along behind it--

TOM

Gotta be kidding me!

INT. MILLIE'S ARMORED EGG - SAME TIME

Millie LAUGHS as the pram shakes and rattles.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Tom looks around. He clotheslines a passing MOTORCYCLIST-- knocking him off, and jumps on the stolen bike.

ROAR-- He races after Millie and the speeding truck--

VROOM! An SUV full of HIT MEN rounds the corner. They slow as Volokov jumps aboard-- and thunder after Tom.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Holland and Charlie see them race off after Millie--

Charlie steps in front of a MINI COOPER-- gun aimed at the driver. It SQUEALS to a stop. He yanks the HIPSTER DRIVER (20s) out before the man can say anything--

Holland hops in, riding shotgun, and they join the chase.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Speeding through traffic-- shunting aside anyone who gets in their way. Volokov makes a call.

VOLOKOV
Bring in the helo. Use Bullseye to pinpoint my location.
(to driver...)
Faster.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Tom weaves through traffic in pursuit of the truck--

BANG! BLAM! Volokov leans out and OPENS FIRE at him.

Tom keeps low as he catches up to Millie-- reaches out and FINALLY GRABS MILLIE'S ARMORED EGG-- But struggles to unhook it at high speed--

BULLETS WHIZ around him as he finally pulls it loose, but suddenly--

The SUV SWERVES INTO HIM and Volokov rips the egg from Tom's hand-- Tom skids, almost loses control-

Tom gets his bike under control-- ROARS towards Volokov--

THWOPPA-THWOPPA! A HELICOPTER suddenly swoops in over the building tops cable dangling.

Volokov grabs the cable and the helo pulls him skyward. He'll be out of reach in seconds--

Desperate, Tom guns the motorcycle--

ROAR! And races it up onto a car-- using it as a ramp he jumps and leaps off---

Just catching onto the HELICOPTER LANDING SKID as Volokov climb inside with Millie.

The abandoned motorcycle missiles into the SUV full Hit Men, taking them out.

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

Helicopter shakes with Tom's sudden weight as it soars skyward.

Volokov sees Tom-- tries to shoot him--

Tom flips up-- kicks Volokov with both feet-- sends his gun flying as--

Millie's egg rolls across the helicopter-- right for the open side door--

Tom dives-- catches it--

Volokov stabs at Tom with a KNIFE--

Tom dodges-- and the knife plunges into the PILOT!

Sending them suddenly spinning out of control!

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Charlie and Holland SCREECH to a stop. See the helicopter spinning, heading for a building.

CHARLIE

Millie!

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

Tom and Volokov wrestle-- using deadly jujitsu in the tight confines-- with some elbows and knees--

Millie's egg rolls precariously around--

INT. MILLIE'S ARMORED EGG - SAME TIME

Millie rolls inside the cushioned interior, GIGGLING, OBLIVIOUS of danger. Like it's all a fun ride.

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

Tom gets the upper hand and is about to finish off Volokov when he looks up and sees out the window--

The helicopter is hurtling right for a SKYSCRAPER!

Tom leaps for the controls-- grabs the stick and pulls up-- just missing the building--

But even as he clears the one in front of him-- he sees ANOTHER SKYSCRAPER beyond it-- taller. Too high!

Tom pulls with all he's got as--

EXT. SKYSCRAPER, ROOF - CONTINUOUS

BAM! The helicopter smashes over the lip of the building and in a controlled crash--

The rotor blades shred apart as the helicopter goes sliding all the way across the roof, tearing apart AC units and antennae along the way finally coming to a stop just before it drops off the far side.

Millie's armored egg rolls out of the cockpit...

Tom bursts out-- chases after it--

And Volokov emerges from the wreckage-- chases Tom--

EXT. GROUND FLOOR, SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

Charlie and Holland SKID to a stop-- jump out and sprint into the building where the helicopter crashed.

EXT. BUILDING, ROOF - NIGHT

Tom continues his death duel with Volokov.

He sees the metal egg rolling for the far edge of the roof.
He kicks Volokov away. Tries to rush to the egg--

Volokov sweeps his legs-- Tom and Volokov grapple--

VOLOKOV

I'll get the baby, and I'll finish off your friend, 'The Invisible Man'.
But you won't live to see it.

Tom sees MILLIE ROLLING towards the edge--

DAMN! Tom has to get to her-- escapes-- tries to move around Volokov, but is slashed across the abdomen while--

Millie's egg keeps rolling slowly--

Volokov unleashes a deadly onslaught-- Tom blocks. Delayed!

Millie slowly rolls towards the edge of the roof toward oblivion!

Tom rushes for the egg, but Volokov tackles him-- gets him in a chokehold as--

The egg rolling closer towards the edge-- only a matter of seconds before it falls.

Tom makes a desperate gambit-- gets up with Volokov on his back, dragging Volokov with him and dives for the egg--

Just as Charlie and Holland rush onto the roof and see--

Tom grab and flip Volokov over his shoulder as he, the egg, and Volokov all start to slide off the edge of the roof--

TOM

You're not fit to be a father.

BAM! He knocks Volokov back-- sends him falling away off the roof with a look of surprise even Hans Gruber would approve.

TOM CATCHES MILLIE'S EGG JUST AS SHE FALLS OFF THE EDGE!

Holland grabs the cable (that Volokov used earlier) from the wreckage of the helicopter and throws it--

HOLLAND

Tom!

Tom grabs the cable as he and Millie go over the edge--

The CABLE UNSPOOLS rapidly, Holland holds it, but it burns his hands-- He YELLS IN PAIN! Almost drops it completely--

OVER THE EDGE OF THE ROOF--

The cable doesn't slow Tom and Millie as they fall--

ROOFTOP

Charlie dives for the cable, catching at the last possible moment-- gets dragged across the floor, to the very edge--

But Holland grabs his arm-- leaving Charlie hanging half-off the building himself.

Tom finally jolts to a stop and looks up. Locks eyes with--

Charlie, straining with everything he has to hold them--

TOM

Don't you dare let go, Charlie.

Charlie grimaces in pain, the strain overwhelming, but by sheer force of will... he doesn't... give... in...

CHARLIE

Never.

Holland helps Charlie, and together-- they haul Tom back up.

TOM
(softly to Millie)
I got you. I got you.

Until finally they pull Tom and Millie to safety. Tom opens the egg-- revealing Millie safe and unharmed inside. She smiles and reaches for Charlie.

MILLIE
Da-da-da-da.

Tom smiles gives Millie to Charlie, who hugs her to his breast, and Holland kneels beside them as we slowly...

FADE OUT ON THE THREE HIT MEN AND A BABY...

AND GRADUALLY FADE BACK IN:

EXT. GRASSY FIELD, HYDE PARK - DAY

We're back for another Sunday game of "friendly" football.

A BANNER on the side reads-- NOTTING HILL AMATEUR LEAGUE FINALS! The score is tied at 2 goals apiece.

Charlie channels his inner Messi as he steals the ball for an OPPOSING PLAYER and rockets down the field.

Tom and Holland running alongside, now among his teammates shout for him to-- PASS! PASS!

But Charlie just grins as he knifes straight for the goal. Head down like a charging bull.

The OPPOSING GOALIE, a wall of muscle, turns to face him-- nothing's getting by this guy.

Charlie swings his leg back and-- suddenly shifts his weight and PASSES THE BALL TO Holland! The Goalie shifts but--

Holland pops it up across the goal over his head to--

Tom who bicycle kicks the ball into the goal. SCORE!

Scarlet, holding Millie, Murray, Margot, and (shockingly) Franjelica CHEER from the sidelines.

Charlie holds a TROPHY as they walk off the field together.

HOLLAND
What do you think? That was my first game.

FRANJELICA

You did great. But you need to work
on your killer instinct. Don't
worry-- I'll teach you.

HOLLAND

This is why we're a perfect match.
You complete me.

Murray rolls his eyes as Margot shows her phone to Tom.

MARGOT

This wallpaper for the bathroom.

SCARLET

You renovating your place, Margot?

TOM

She's helping me rebuild my place,
since it got blown up.

(to Margot)

But-- I think we're gonna need to
move that wall to make the bedroom
big enough for the extra closet.

MARGOT

What closet?

TOM

Yours... What do you think?

She smiles big-- hugs him and kisses him.

MARGOT

In that case, we need to rethink this
whole color palette. It's way too
masculine.

CHARLIE

I guess the talk went well, huh?

MARGOT

You could say that.

MURRAY

(to Tom)

You always were a good student.

Ginger Teammate jogs by.

GINGER TEAMMATE

Nice one, Charlie! Join us for a
pint?

CHARLIE

Can't, mate. Gotta log some dad time
with the fam.

Ginger smiles and nods-- is about to jog on.

CHARLIE

Oi. This should be with the team.

Charlie hands him the trophy. Ginger smiles. Takes it.
Shakes hands with Charlie. Runs off.

TOM

That was a very un-Charlie thing to
do.

CHARLIE

What can I say? Fatherhood changes a
man.

Scarlet passes him the baby.

SCARLET

Speaking of changing-- here you go,
Daddy.

CHARLIE

No sweat. Not my first diaper rodeo.

SCARLET

And before he forgets-- Charlie
wanted to ask you two something.

CHARLIE

Yeah, right, uh... we was gonna do a
Christening thing for the baby... and
we thought maybe... we'd like to make
it official. Would you two be her
Godfathers?

TOM

Of course--

HOLLAND

Hell, yeah!

CHARLIE

Great-- then you can change her.

They LAUGH and we--

FADE OUT

THE END