

THE WYLDE SIDE

Written by

Ritchie "Stonian" Johnston

First draft completed:

17.11.2025

First revision completed:

23.04.2026

Contact info:

E-mail: richardjohnston83@hotmail.co.uk

Telephone: (+44) 07718 275 002

©. All rights reserved. 2025.

FADE IN:

EXT. ISLA DE CINQUE - NIGHT.

A tropical island, miles of jungle.

A small METROPOLIS, complete with dock at it's heart- in full party mode.

Neon lights snake through crowded streets - VIBRANT.

Fireworks EXPLODE overhead.

Lasers slice the sky from sleek resort rooftops. The pulse of music and wild energy saturate everything.

In the heart of the partying city - THE VENDELL BUILDING. A sleek towering GLASS PYRAMID that pierces the sky.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENDELL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Outside the building all it calm - from inside and above- POP- POP, POP- POP, POP- it's GUNFIRE.

PAN UP BUILDING:

The top tier of the building all tinted glass - a viewpoint of the whole island. But faintly from inside - FLASHES of GUNFIRE make a trail leading UPWARDS to the TOP FLOOR.

SMASH - a window blows out - BEN WYLDE (30s, British, athletic, decked in black combat gear) LEAPS from a window to FRAME. His arms flail - wildly.

He pulls the emergency cord on his CHUTE.

BOOM - A parachute EXPANDS.

Ben escapes - glides across the city.

FROM THE BROKEN WINDOW:

An armed SECURITY TEAM rushes to the window - they're agitated, tense watching out to Ben.

SECURITY GUARD #1 takes to his RADIO

SECURITY GUARD #1
(in Spanish)
He's getting away!

The other two open fire - RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

Bullets RIP through the parachute - it sails with speed down into the middle of the city.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Ben lands - THUD - He rolls, visibly pained, but he shakes it off, unclips the parachute and reaching for a remote from his belt.

He raises the remote - a red light FLASHES- it's a detonator.

Ben takes one last look up to the distance - the VENDELL BUILDING in the horizon -

His brow narrows - he clicks the detonator without hesitation.

INT. VENDELL BUILDING - 20TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

SECURITY GUARD #3 steps away from the window.

He is pissed - shakes his head as he paces away, gun lowered. He stops - something catches his attention -

A BLINKING block of C-4 stuck to a pillar.

His eyes widen, but it's too late - BOOM.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The glow of the explosion reflects in Bens eyes - he half smiles, the job isn't over yet -

He scrambles to his feet; hobbles down the alleyway, cradling his left side - he's injured, possibly broken ribs.

A WHITE VAN approaches from behind - it's brakes screech. Five plain-clothed THUGS, get out - all holding bat's and steel pipes.

Ben stops - he doesn't look, he already knows this is trouble.

BEN WYLDE
Fellas. Sorry. But I really can't
give you directions.

He turns -

The thugs ready they hold knives, crude baseball bats with
nails out the sides. Their leader THUG #1- points his bat
towards Ben.

BEN WYLDE (CONT'D)
Alright then...

Ben CRACKS his neck - raises his fists, then:

Thug #1 LUNGES, his bat swinging wildly-

Ben ducks the first attack - grabs the bat on the second
swing -

He looks up to the startled Thug #1 -

Ben brings his feet up kicking the Thug and using him as
steps as he pulls off a flip - unholsters a pistol from his
leg clip -

As he floats in the air pulling off a full flip - he aims and
shoots the others - BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG -

Each of them clipped in the leg - drop one by one, hitting
the ground hard -

GROANS and MOANS fill the silence.

Ben lands as the injured lay down on the ground cradling
their wounds.

Ben COCKS his pistol levels it at the downed Thug #1:

BEN WYLDE (CONT'D)
Tell your boss. I'm not done yet.

Ben drops his foot onto thug #1's face - BOOM - BLACK:

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ben exits the alley - ditches the combat gear - reveals a T-
shirt and shorts underneath.

He grabs a hat from a STREET VENDORS STALL - puts it on and lowers his head, moving through the busy, partying crowds of Cinque as FIRE TRUCKS and POLICE CARS speed through the slow-moving traffic.

EXT. HOTEL MONROE - NIGHT - LATER

The HOTEL MONROE - built in the 1930's it still holds that style, but a little more run down, steps leading up to it's entrance.

Ben- head still low ascends the steps, he nods to the CONCIERGE who greets him with a warm smile and an open door.

CONCIERGE

Hola señor.

BEN WYLDE

Hola.

Ben - hands over a tip - checks his six and enters.

Across the street - a BLACK VAN pulls up - it's windows tinted too dark.

INT. HOTEL MONROE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Ben walks down the hallway, his eyes constantly checking his surroundings - it's quiet, food trays left outside room doors.

DING - the elevator doors open, a YOUNG COUPLE passionately making out exit as Ben passes, he gives them a sly smirk and carries on to his room - 1014, he stops - takes the key from his pocket and swipes it against the door.

INT. HOTEL MONROE - ROOM 1014 - CONTINUOUS

Ben enters - the room, messy, "lived-in" - he carefully closed the door - bolts it.

Photos on the walls - surveillance photo's of people, with lines from the photo's connecting to a photo of the VENDELL BUILDING at the heart of the "clue-web".

Ben approaches an AIR-VENT suspended up near the ceiling - he pulls it's cover off.

FROM INSIDE THE AIR-VENT:

Ben places a SMALL LEATHER POUCH, wrapped in clothe inside - puts the panel back in place.

BACK IN ROOM:

Ben tears the clues from the wall - no care, just haste, he throws them in a metallic waste paper bin.

He splits the blinds in his room and looks out - eyes narrow.

FROM THE WINDOW VIEW:

He see's past the balcony down on to the street where a MILITIA VAN parks up - a group of MILITIA THUGS get out scanning the area around them.

BACK IN THE ROOM:

Ben pulls away from the blinds - he bites his bottom lip, he knows this is dire.

BEN WYLDE
(grumbles)
Shit.

He sits on the bed - lifts the receiver from the bedside phone and dials.

TWO RINGS, then CLICK.

Ben speaks - concern in his voice:

BEN WYLDE (CONT'D)
Did you make it out?

ANNIE (V.O.)
I'm boarding my flight now. Why are you calling me from the hotel?

BEN WYLDE
(a beat then)
I had to wrap things up. You know me.

Ben takes LIGHTER FLUID from the bedside unit's drawer and pours it into the waste bin.

BEN WYLDE (CONT'D)
I'm on the next flight. I promise.

ANNIE (V.O.)
Ben. What happened?

Ben strikes a match - throws it in the bin.

BEN WYLDE
I was close.

The contents ignite.

BEN WYLDE (CONT'D)
Real close. Now. I need you to
listen to me okay?

ANNIE (V.O.)
Ben. You're scaring me.

BEN WYLDE
(reassuring)
It's going to be fine. This hotel
was a real "breath of fresh air".
Know what I mean.

ANNIE (V.O.)
(confused)
Ben. What are you talking about?

BEN WYLDE
I love you. Know that. Get back
safe.

He hangs up -

Stamps out the small fire.

He pulls out a pre-packed suitcase from under the bed -

Ben makes for the door, opens it - turns back one last time -
sighs.

EXT. HOTEL MONROE - MOMENTS LATER

Ben exits the hotel, he takes two steps down and stops, looks
over the street -

RAINER (late 20's, cocky) stands leant against his van. Chews
a tooth-pick he looks down his sunglasses and blows Ben a
kiss.

Ben shrugs and smiles - he slowly raises his hands.

Rainer and his crew get ready to come across the street.

Ben's slow movement turns to a hail:

BEN WYLDE

Yo! Taxi!

A taxi pulls up and Ben gets in - turns his hand gesture to a middle finger to Rainer.

The door closes and the taxi pulls off just as Rainer and his men approach.

Irritated Rainer snaps at his men:

RAINER

(in Spanish)

Get to the van!

CUT TO:

EXT. CINQUE AIRPORT - NIGHT

The taxi pulls up outside a busy airport.

Ben gets out - throws cash at the DRIVER.

BEN WYLDE

Keep the change.

Ben sifts through the incoming crowds as he enters the AIRPORT.

The BLACK VAN pulls up outside.

INT. BLACK VAN - CONTINUOUS

Rainer - eyes locked on Ben takes his phone from inside his tan leather jackets inside pocket, he hits speed dial.

A beat -

RAINER

(in Spanish)

I got eyes. He's at the airport now.

CUT TO:

INT. CINQUE AIRPORT - DEPARTURE GATE - MOMENTS LATER

Ben approaches a departure gate - the sign "NEW YORK LA'GUARDIA"

A friendly FLIGHT ATTENDANT greets him with a wide smile:

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Holá, sir. May I see your
documents?

Ben hands them over - he half smiles, check's his six.

It's clear - just a loitering people half-queuing or sat waiting almost depressed coming back to reality.

The attendant checks his ticket, she smiles and hands them back.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
Thank you sir, have a safe journey.

Ben passes through the gate - no looking back.

INT. PLANE - MOMENTS LATER

Ben approaches his aisle side seat -

He puts his bag in the compartment above and takes a seat -

A stocky, friendly looking man with a Panama hat, GOMEZ, (50's thick Spanish accent, cold eyes and moustache) sits next to the window, he looks like he's been there waiting for a while. He turns to Ben and offers a friendly smile.

GOMEZ
Hola.

Ben half smiles - takes his seat - still Tense.

He scans the cabin. Businessmen. Families. Nothing unusual.

As he turns back a big, BULKY MAN takes a seat behind him.

Gomez turns from the window and turns to Ben.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)
Never enough space on these planes.
(beat leans in then)
No place to escape.

Ben looks at Gomez - brow raised.

BEN WYLDE
If you say so.

Gomez sits back, he smirks as he turns and looks out the window.

The INTERCOM crackles -

The pilots voice comes through -

PILOT (V.O.)
 Good evening ladies and gentlemen,
 I am your captain speaking. This is
 the ten PM Flight Isla de Cinque to
 New York, La Guardia. We'll be
 taking off in a few minutes.

EXT. RUNWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The plane- ROARS to life - slowly moves towards the runway path.

The plane builds up speed -

It's flaps raise - A WHOOSH from the jets -

The plane goes to lift off - THEN -

BOOM - The plane turns into a FIREBALL, lighting up and EXPLODES.

EXT. BLACK VAN - CONTINUOUS

Rainer sits back in the drivers seat - phone to his ear, his tone, almost disrespectful.

RAINER
 Hey. We cleaned up that issue. You
 owe us. Understand?

Rainer hangs up the phone - he starts the engine.

EXT. CINQUE AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

The BLACK VAN pulls out of the airport as the sounds of SIRENS get closer - people rush out of the airport - panic's in the air- SCREAMS, CONFUSION and terror is the overall vibe.

SMASH TO BLACK:

"THE WYLDE SIDE"

FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON - MORNING

Grey skies. Honking horns. Wet pavements. London breathes in gridlock. Sirens wail in the distance. Heavy rain pours.

A city moving too fast to notice anyone.

APPLICANT #1 (V.O.)
Did you hear about that crime
syndicate that got brought down?

INT. OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JOE WYLDE (40s), bearded, broad-shouldered. Ill-fitting suit - sits awkward between two OVERDRESSED APPLICANTS.

APPLICANT #2 (O.S.)
Yeah. Crazy. Some guy caught up
with them. When the police found
them they were sobbing.

Joe grips a crumpled resume -

APPLICANT #1 (O.S.)
Crazy right? Over a friggin' card
game of all things.

Joe - Sweat on the brow, jaw locked. Not nervous - just doesn't belong here - nervously adjusts tie.

APPLICANT #2
You're telling me. My kid loves
them -

The INTERVIEWER (mid 20's) enters from an OFFICE - looking down at a tablet -

INTERVIEWER
Let's see -

They look up - scans the room.

The applicants straighten up and zip it - Joe remains unchanged.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)
Joe. Joe Wylde?

Joe stands, he looms over the small structured interviewer -

The Interviewer looks Joe up and down - he's already made his decision and it comes off in his attitude -

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

Hmm..

He looks around Joe to the other applicants:

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

This shouldn't take too long.

(to Joe)

Come on through.

The interviewer leads Joe into the OFFICE -

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

So. Good Education...

(enthused)

Military background.

INT. OFFICE - INTERVIEW ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A glass-walled corporate box - Joe sits across from the Interviewer, who barely glances up from the tablet.

INTERVIEWER

(hesitant)

Noticing a black-spot here.

Joe is relaxed - friendly:

JOE WYLDE

Yeah. Private government contracting. Lot of N.D.As.

INTERVIEWER

(cautious)

Can you discuss any of that?

JOE WYLDE

Data entry. Asset relocation and management.

A beat - the interviewer looks up eyes Joe - dismissive:

INTERVIEWER

Well okay then.

The interviewer goes back to their tablet.

Joe fighting a losing battle attempts a softer approach:

JOE WYLDE

The last seven-years I've been raising my son at home.

INTERVIEWER

And now you're applying for a customer service role?

JOE WYLDE

Money's money. Right?

(jokingly)

Plus. My kid has an unhealthy trading card obsession.

INTERVIEWER

(not amused)

Uh-huh.

The Interviewer looks up - eye contact. A hint of discomfort. A sigh.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

Look. Going to be honest. I see you Joe Wylde.

Joe adjusts - he's uncomfortable - forces out a polite smile.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

I can see you're trying here. But I - I just don't think you'd be a fit.

JOE WYLDE

(taken back)

It's a phone jockey job. Not a hostage negotiation.

INTERVIEWER

Joe. This is a job for someone with a killer-instinct, can make that call when needed.

A beat -The interviewer leans forward, looks Joe up and down - gives him a sorry look - then:

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

Can you say that's you Joe?

An awkward silence -

Joe takes this in - he doesn't break he just smiles -

JOE WYLDE

Thank you for your time.

He stands - extends his hand -

INTERVIEWER

Look, I like your cut Joe. But, I
got an eye for these things. Good -

The interviewer stands - shakes the hand -

Joe clenches tight -

The interviewer's eyes almost pop:

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

(pained)

Luck.

Joe releases his hand - the interviewer recoils.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

Wow, that's some handshake.

SWIPE TO:

EXT. WHITEHALL - MORNING

A crisp, overcast morning. Tourists drift past the black wrought-iron gates of Downing Street.

Civil servants in suits weave between red double-deckers and black cabs.

Union Jack's ripple above the stately government buildings—unmoved by the bustle below.

INT. WHITEHALL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

LEWIS TRAEGAR (late 50's, grizzled, experienced, always tired looking) enters - walks with a swag and a cup of coffee in hand.

He approaches a BARRIER - SECURITY GUARD #1 (middle-aged, over-friendly) greets him with a smile.

WHITEHALL GUARD #1

Morning Director. Traegar.

Traegar takes the lanyard from around his neck - SWIPES through and passes.

TRAEGAR

Morning Stan.

Traegar approaches an elevator - SWIPES his badge.

DING - the elevator doors open - he enters.

TWO MI6 AGENTS (both young, oozing green) approach the elevator.

TRAEGAR (CONT'D)
You going up?

They two agents nod.

TRAEGAR (CONT'D)
Then I suggest you wait for the next one.

The lift doors close -

The two agents look amongst themselves almost confused.

MI6 AGENT #1
I thought this was the ground floor?

INT. T.T.I.A - CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

DING - The elevator doors open. Traegar steps out two steps then stops -

Ahead a control room - dark, but the mood is already tense. Operators work at consoles, agents move with notes in hand.

Traegar takes a sip of his coffee and moves on:

TRAEGAR (V.O.)
So. What do we know?

CUT TO:

INT. T.T.I.A - BRIEFING ROOM- MORNING

Traegar sits at the head of a long table - around him a wall full of screens playing out world news, live feeds and satellite imagery - around the table ANALYSTS, the tone is sombre.

ANALYST #1 (30's smart, but looks scruffy, doesn't take social cues) eats an apple, feet up on the table.

ANALYST #1
The plane agent Wylde was on blew up soon after take-off. The government of Cinque are refusing to release the body.

TRAEGAR

Do we know why?

ANALYST #2 (late 20's, smart, knows the room) addresses the room - they are nervous, but keeping their tone steady.

ANALYST #2

We believe that this man -

Analyst #2 clicks the remote - the screens turn to an image of MANTAGNA REYES, (40's, sharp dresser, Texan accent, wears a mask to hide his real identity, the mask has a digital emote display)

ANALYST #2 (CONT'D)

Mantagna Reyes has the government in his pocket. Agent Wylde confirmed that Reyes also has Cerberus.

TRAEGAR

So what do we know of Reyes?

The screens all change to surveillance photos of Reyes - meeting with officials - standing on the deck of a yacht, he is connected.

ANALYST #3 (V.O.)

Not much is known of Reyes. He's an dealer of rare and exotic weapons.

ANALYST #3 (40's, experienced, to the point) works the remote, speaking with a distinguished tone.

ANALYST #3

Wylde's investigation into Reyes also revealed he owns the Vendell Corporation, it's sixty percent of the Island's revenue. Tourism, Night-clubs, shipping and freighting, he is involved in it.

TRAEGAR

That explains how he keeps the government in his pocket.

ANALYST #2

No-ones seen his face, he wears the mask everywhere.

TRAEGAR

Really?

ANALYST #1
 (a bit too comfortable)
 Oh yeah. Intel has suggested he
 sleeps, eats and fucks with that
 thing on.

A beat - unamused Traegar stares down Analyst #1 then:

TRAEGAR
 Let's keep on point shall we?
 (sneers then)
 And get your feet off the damn
 table.

ANALYST #1
 (reels)
 Right sorry sir.
 (nervous beat then)
 Reyes is selling Cerberus on behalf
 of it's creator -

Another image appears on the monitor of NOLAN ODENCRAFT (late 30's, nervous type), his file appears next to him suggesting he's technically trained, former M.I.5 and creator of Cerberus.

ANALYST #3
 Nolan Odenkraft, he was one of
 M.I.5's but he vanished after that
 incident with the Red bird tech
 riots three years back.

TRAEGAR
 I know of the Red Bird Riot it's
 the reason why this agency exists.
 (sighs then)
 Do we know what Cerberus is?

ON THE SCREENS:

An animation blue-print for CERBERUS - a sophisticated looking drive - it's a U.S.B but advanced, home of the actual programme -

ANALYST #2 (O.S.)
 Cerberus, We believe is run from a
 unique computer - one-of-a-kind,
 has a dual-compressed quantum chip.
 The device is portable can be run
 from anywhere on the planet.

The animation changes showing Cerberus plugged into a LAPTOP accessing different systems. Nuclear weapons. Banks.

ANALYST #2 (CONT'D)

Once activated Cerberus accesses any system. Banking. Weapons. Intelligence. It leaves taking what it needs without even so much as a footprint.

ANALYST #3

It is a program that the cyber-community would call "a Terminator"

Traegar is speechless - not news he wants it comes with a punch.

TRAEGAR

My God.

ANALYST #1

Reyes is selling Cerberus at a private auction. Worst of the worst. Cinque is the location. Agent Wylde believed that Reyes has a base close to the island.

Traegar looks to the other end of the table -

TRAEGAR

And you can confirm all of this?

At the other end - ANNIE MCLAINE, (early 30's). She looks troubled, leans in -

ANNIE

I can. Agent Wylde ensured my ex-fil with a distraction.

TRAEGAR

What's his background?

ANNIE

Reyes is believed to be ex-intelligence. Possibly Black Ops Or former Pentagon.

(beat)

But they won't confirm it.

The door opens - the rooms attention turns -

ANALYST #4 enters the room - their visibly distressed.

ANALYST #4

Sir you need to come see this!

INT. T.T.I.A - CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Traegar, Annie and the Analysts exit the meeting room - they freeze in their steps.

TRAEGAR
What is this?

IN FRONT OF THEM:

The wall of screens all in unison, one image - Reyes staring back, he's sat, looks casual - the emoji on his mask a big grin.

REYES
I trust I have your attention?

TRAEGAR
(to Analyst #4)
What is this?

REYES
This is me showing you my power. I currently have access to all your cameras. I see and hear everything.

TRAEGAR
What do you want?

REYES
Money. Power. Nice side of the world to call my own. Same as anyone else.

Reyes takes in a deep breath, he leans forward the emoji turns to Anger.

REYES (CONT'D)
What I really want though is for you to stay out of my business. Your spy is dead. It's over. You come again and well...

Reyes leans back - he nods to someone off screen.

The control room turns to a red alert.

REYES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I won't be responsible for the fallout.

ANALYST #5 - wears a headset - stands and yells across the room:

ANALYST #5

He's armed four nuclear sites.

Reyes nods again -

The red alert stops.

REYES

(enjoying the moment)

Yeah. This is what I can do. I now also have the names of all your active agents. You've seen my power.

(leans forward, menacing)

Now stay out my way. Feel free to pass this on to the rest of the world.

(beat, then)

Peace!

The screen goes black - a silent beat - Operation resumes on screen.

A solemn beat - Traegar approaches a desk - picks up the RED TELEPHONE HANDSET in front of him dials a number.

A beat, then:

TRAEGAR

This is Lewis Traegar, authorisation Alpha, Omega, Excelsior-two. I need the Prime Minister right now.

SWIPE TO:

EXT. WYLDE COTTAGE - NIGHT

A detached cottage on a secluded road. The lights are on a car is parked outside.

ALEXA (V.O.)

That sounds rough.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A warm family home - pictures on the walls of happy times.

A homely kitchen, at it's heart the family sits around a dining table - Joe at one end, his wife, ALEXA (30's, long tied back hair) at the other and his small son MATTY, (7) in the middle.

JOE WYLDE

He was an ass. When he came in for
me I knew then.

A beat - Joe takes a bite of his food - mulls it over - sighs
it out:

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)

It'll be alright. I'll find
something.

Alexa sips a glass of wine, shrugs, then:

ALEXA

You will.

Joe finishes a bite - wipes his mouth - turns to Matty.

JOE WYLDE

So. You. What you got to tell me
little buddy?

MATTY

Ah not much.

JOE WYLDE

How was school? What did you learn?

MATTY

I can't really remember.

JOE WYLDE

You can't really remember?

MATTY

(beat, then wide eyed)
Oh. I got a new Pocket Pal card
today, Travis swapped me.

JOE WYLDE

Nice. It wasn't the golden Gobably-

MATTY

(cuts in)
Gimby! And no. He wanted it but no
way! Can I show you?

JOE WYLDE

After dinner.

Matty smiles - goes back to playing with his dinner.

Alexa takes a drink from a glass of water - she has a wild
idea.

ALEXA

You know; My dad did say he could -

JOE WYLDE

(cuts in)

Let me stop you there.

(sighs, then)

You do know that'd probably last a day before I tried to kill him right.

ALEXA

(laughs)

I know, but I thought you needed the laugh.

Joe wipes his mouth - stands, starts collecting the plates - he smirks and nods:

JOE WYLDE

Appreciated.

INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joe lays alongside Matty - cuddled up they sift through a binder of trading cards. Joe pretends like he can keep up.

JOE WYLDE

Wow. That one is cool.

MATTY

I know right! That's the Slamanada, it's number two-fifty-two of the originals. With Gimby, they are unstoppable in battle.

JOE WYLDE

Damn. So.. Uh, that mean it worth something?

MATTY

I don't know. I just like the artwork.

JOE WYLDE

Yeah - Yeah, it is pretty cool.

A car comes to a stop outside - it's ENGINE is loud enough to kill the conversation.

MATTY

Who's that daddy?

Joe approaches the window - tilts the blinds.

JOE WYLDE
 (curious)
 I don't know.

Joe's brow narrows.

FROM THE WINDOW:

A BLACK UNMARKED CAR is parked outside.

BACK IN THE ROOM:

Joe closes the blind - he softens as he speaks to Matty:

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
 On that note little buddy it's time
 for bed.

MATTY
 Aw but dad-

JOE WYLDE
 Hey, who needs a solid eight?

MATTY
 (deflated)
 I do.

JOE WYLDE
 Yeah so let's not argue about it
 huh?

Joe ruffles Matty's hair, he tucks him into bed and kisses his head.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
 Sweet dreams my little guy.

Matty gets comfortable and closes his eyes.

Joe kisses Matty on the head - he leaves turning the light down to dim.

MATTY
 Night. Daddy.

INT. WYLDE COTTAGE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Joe comes down the stairs - stretching, yawns, speaks through it -

JOE WYLDE
So. Who's visiting us at this time
of-

He stops at the bottom of the stairs - it's quiet.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
(confused)
Alexa?

Alexa - heavy look, enters from the LIVING ROOM, she stands in the doorway.

From behind her -

Traegar approaches from behind Alexa - nods.

Joe stiffens, he knows this isn't good.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
Lewis.

CUT TO:

INT. WYLDE COTTAGE - KITCHEN - SOME TIME LATER.

Joe, Alexa and Traegar sit around the dining table - the mood is tense, sombre.

TRAEGAR
I know you've been out for a while.
So it's a lot to take in.

Joe sits firm upright - clenches Alexa's hand.

JOE WYLDE
So. You can't send anyone back?

TRAEGAR
No. It's too risky. Americans feel
the same.

JOE WYLDE
And this Reyes?

TRAEGAR

He's dangerous. No one knows who he really is. He's got money, power and weapons.

JOE WYLDE

Why would he sell it? Cerberus?

TRAEGAR

Who knows. It's the keys to the world and he's just swirling the chain around his finger. Selling it in seven days.

Joe mulls it over - he knows what must be done, he turns to Alexa - She nods she knows what he's thinking.

He turns to Traegar - determination burns in his eyes.

JOE WYLDE

Give me three days.

A tense beat - Alexa's heart visibly breaking.

Traegar notices - he carries weight in his response.

TRAEGAR

I'm glad you're volunteering. You won't be alone. The Americans have a guy there, he's been embedded for a while.

JOE WYLDE

Send word. He's to meet me at the airport.

TRAEGAR

We can't be seen to be involved. He armed four nuke sites as a threat. You'll be on your own.

JOE WYLDE

Not my first time Lewis.

TRAEGAR

Things have changed since you left.

JOE WYLDE

People still die the same though.

Lewis stands, heavy.

LEWIS

I'm sorry Joe. I really am.

Lewis takes a THUMB DRIVE from inside his jacket - slides it across the table to Joe.

TRAEGAR

Everything Ben knew is on there.

Joe stands. Silent. He nods—understanding.

TRAEGAR (CONT'D)

Alexa, good to see you again.

Alexa nods, heartbreak in her eyes.

Lewis exits.

EXT. WYLDE COTTAGE - NIGHT

Lewis closes the gate behind him - crosses the street gets in the BLACK UNMARKED CAR.

From the cottage - Joe watches from the window.

INT. WYLDE COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe pulls the curtain shut - a beat - he takes it all in his emotions fighting to surface - rage, grief, frustration.

Alexa approaches concern fills her voice.

ALEXA

Joe you promised you wouldn't do this. What about Matty?

JOE WYLDE

What choice do I have? I stay out of this and you both aren't safe.

He turns to look at her-

She places the THUMB DRIVE in his hand -

Looks him in the eyes.

Joe stares into Alexa's eyes- unspoken words.

INT. WYLDE COTTAGE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Joe pulls out a steel trunk from under the bed.

He places the trunk on the bed and opens it - he looks in, at first reluctant.

Inside- passports, currency, watches and weapons.

Joe narrows his brow - it's time.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. REYES' PRIVATE YACHT - NIGHT

A calm night at sea - a long, luxury yacht bobs in the water.

Reyes stands at the PORT BOW of the Yacht, his mask lit the emoji animation two intently staring eyes - he stands almost at attention, looking off into the horizon.

IN THE HORIZON:

A BLACK HELICOPTER approaches - the island is it's backdrop, FIREWORKS POP lighting up the night sky.

MR. CHRISTOFF (late 30's, built like a tank) wears a black suit approaches from behind Reyes, he speaks with a German accent.

MR. CHRISTOFF

Would you like me to shoot it down
Mr. Reyes.

REYES

(turns head then)
No. Let's see what they say, then
make that decision.

They walk away.

EXT. REYES' PRIVATE YACHT - STARBOARD - MOMENTS LATER

The helicopter lands on a helipad at the back of the ship.

Reyes with Christoff behind approaches as a group in military slacks gets off - behind him his crew works cleaning the deck, they're dressed in a blue and white uniform.

The leader of the group - Rainer - he smokes a cigarette, stands slightly forward of the others all military, all armed with assault rifles.

Rainer tosses his cigarette - shows a clear lack of respect for Reyes. He speaks in English, but it is clear it's not his first language.

RAINER

Reyes. The job is done. Where is my money?

Reyes mask PINGS to life - a confused emoji appears on the face plate - his hands in his pocket, he stands casual, his voice digitally masked but the Texan accent is there, his tone almost playful:

REYES

The job is done? Really?
(looks around, then)
Cause I don't see my kill switch in your hands.

RAINER

The spy is dead. He was blown up on the plane.

REYES

Maybe so. But say he wouldn't risk carrying it himself.
(patronizing)
Did you even think of that?

A beat - Rainer gets annoyed.

RAINER

My father does not appreciate your attitude.

REYES

No. He does not.

Reyes paces, with almost a bounce in his step closer to Rainer:

REYES (CONT'D)

But your daddy does what I tell him to do.
(gets close to Rainer)
You know why that is?

Rainer's brow narrows- he stares down Reyes.

REYES (CONT'D)

No?

Reyes SNAPS his fingers -

Suddenly - laser dots appear on Rainer and his men.

Christoff and Reyes crew all have guns levelled - poised to kill.

Reyes takes a nonchalant tone:

REYES (CONT'D)
Because I could kill him without
even thinking about it.

Rainer levels a pistol at Reyes forehead - his men behind him
also pull guns.

REYES (CONT'D)
That power and control you extort
and enjoy. That's all thanks to me.

Reyes starts to laugh - he claps his hands together and
points to Rainer.

REYES (CONT'D)
(excited)
I love that confidence.

Reyes grabs the end of the gun pulls it right into the mask.

REYES (CONT'D)
Pull the trigger. I dare you!

Reyes takes a step back - his demeanour shifts from playful
to cold, full of intent:

REYES (CONT'D)
But you and I know that you
wouldn't make it a centimetre
without getting cut down. So put
the pea shooters down.

Rainer beat - nods to his men, they all lower their weapons.

Reyes turns and starts to walk away - hands back in his
pocket, his tone back to more playful - he walks towards the
open doors to the lower deck where a woman, with long flowing
hair, a red dress and a sharp look in her eye - MONICA (mid
30's) awaits him.

REYES (CONT'D)
Now, y'all get back on your
helicopter and find my kill switch.
You know where he was, utilise that
power y'all have and get me my
property back.

He stops - turns his head back:

REYES (CONT'D)

Oh. And keep an eye on the airport.
Spies are like rats. You got one.
You got a hundred.

CUT TO:

INT. T.T.I.A - COMMAND CENTRE - MORNING

DING - Elevator doors open - Annie steps out -

She strides across the control room, Analysts working hard
all in their own casework.

She approaches TRAEGARS OFFICE:

INT. TRAEGARS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

On a wall-mounted Television, a news report plays out, the
report stood outside a fenced off military base.

The ticker reads - "NUCLEAR TENSIONS RISE"

REPORTER

The government is insisting that
the arming was just a test of the
systems. But dark-web users have
their own theories.

Traegar sits - feet up on desk, he mutes the television, he's
had enough.

TRAEGAR

(grumbles)
Morons.

A KNOCK.

Traegar looks over to the door -

LEWIS

Enter.

Annie enters, all business.

ANNIE

Sir I should be on that flight.

TRAEGAR

No and you know exactly why agent.
McClaine. You're too close to this
one.

ANNIE
And Joe Wylde isn't?

A beat - Traegar softens, extends his hand.

TRAEGAR
Annie, take a seat.

Annie complies.

TRAEGAR (CONT'D)
Joe will get the job done. Trust me.

ANNIE
I didn't even know Ben had a brother.

TRAEGAR
Yeah. That was Ben and Joes choice. He had a chance at a different life and he took it.

ANNIE
And what makes you think he can still get the job done?

Lewis nods to the television, he and Annie look -

On the screen - Another muted Reporter, stood at a protest outside the White house, the ticker reads - "U.S. BANK LOSES THREE HUNDRED MILLION OVER NIGHT"

Lewis turns back to Annie, he's direct.

LEWIS
Remember when it wasn't so tense?

Annie raises her brow.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
(leans in)
I do and I remember how tense it was before that. It was different, but the threat was the same. You know why it got quiet?

Annie looks at Traegar - she's intrigued.

TRAEGAR
Joe Wylde was the reason.

Lewis sips his coffee.

TRAEGAR (CONT'D)

He had a name. He hated it, but it was catchy. The bad guys, they called him... The Invisible Reaper.

Annie sits back - she's heard of the name.

ANNIE

I thought that was a myth.

TRAEGAR

So did the bad guys.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT ISLA DE CINQUE - RUNWAY - DAY

The heats beats a mirage on the runway as the jet comes in for landing.

EXT. AIRPORT ISLA DE CINQUE - DAY

Joe exits the airport with his duffel bag over his shoulder - he blends in with the crowd wearing a loud, open, short shirt, white vest and shorts.

Behind him - crowds of party ready people shuffle out with Lei's around their necks.

It's all decorated the glitz and glam of carnival season.

A man in cargo shorts, slick hair and a wide grin - DOM RUSSO (late 40's) approaches Joe.

DOM

Dick Schlinger huh?

Joe stops - instantly recognizes Dom:

JOE WYLDE

Dom. What -

DOM

What am I doing here? Let's just say our mutual friend "Langley" offered me a retirement fishing trip.

JOE WYLDE

So you're my guy.

Relieved Joe hugs Dom.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
So glad to see you.

DOM
(soft)
Sorry to hear about Ben.
(pulls back)
Wheels are this way. I got us a
fishing boat, it's not glamorous
but a base camps a base camp.

They walk away from the airport - towards the car park.

JOE WYLDE
As long as it keeps us
inconspicuous.

DOM
(chuckles)
Oh it does that.
(beat then)
So how is retired life?

JOE WYLDE
You know. Simple. Quiet.

DOM
Ah, rather you than me man. I love
the free road, no restraints to tie
me down.

JOE WYLDE
Sounds lonely.

DOM
Not when you get requests for the
comeback tour. What can I say,
ladies love Dom.

Joe chuckles - they stop - his attention turns to the car,
his brow raises.

JOE WYLDE
This the ride?

DOM
(shrugs)
What? It blends in doesn't it?

JOE WYLDE
Yeah. Fair point.

Dom opens the boot - puts Joes bag in:

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)

So, what can you tell me about this place?

DOM

Well, it's a South American Island Chain. The government is Cartel.

Turns to Joe and shrugs:

DOM (CONT'D)

Not one of the C.I.A's finest moments. I was sent here to try and clean that up. But then this happened.

Dom closes the boot- They walk round to the front of the car.

Joe looks around - the airport is busy, but there is clearly some shady looking characters mixed in with the crowds.

JOE WYLDE

So what exactly is "this"?

DOM

Drugs, prostitution and rampant partying. The newly built dock is where the weapons and drugs come in and out.

JOE WYLDE

And no-ones doing anything about it?

DOM

No. Why would they. They get more money to turn a blind eye.

Joe and Dom both get in the front of the taxi.

Further back - Rainer stands in the doorway - he snaps a photo on his phone, then - puts it to his ear:

RAINER

I think I have something. Sending you a picture now.

He watches as the taxi drives away - starts to walk away himself, a woman in a blonde wig and sunglasses passes behind him - it's Annie, she watches Rainer.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The taxi sits in slow moving traffic through a built up street in full celebration mode - bunting hangs between buildings, a parade leads the traffic - musicians stand on the street pumping electric guitar and samba drums.

JOE WYLDE (V.O.)
How do I get to Reyes?

INT. TAXI - MOVING.

Joe sits in the front next to Dom who drives - Dom turns to Joe brows raised -

DOM
Reyes is a tough cookie to find. He spends his time on his luxury yacht off the coast, has some woman on his arm -
(nods to dash)
There's some snaps in the dash.
(whistles)
She is a feisty looking one though.
He's coming back for the auction.

Joe opens the dash - pulls out some black and white snaps.

JOE WYLDE
This is a real catalogue of crazy.

Joe starts to sift through the photos -

An image of a Chinese operative LIN SOO-HUANG (late 30's-40's sharp dresser, constant resting bitch face), talks with Mr. Christoff.

Another photo - Christoff talks with a South African man, COOMBES, they sit in a cafe, Christoff is passing Coombes a steel case.

Another photo show's Mr. Christoff talking with a MIDDLE EASTERN MAN.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
So who's the big guy?

DOM
Mr. Christoff. Reyes number two. He's as cold as they come. He is the guy who blew that small village off the map out in the middle-east.

JOE WYLDE
Yet here they are talking with him.

DOM
Everyone's here. I seen Russians,
Chinese government, Cartels, known
terror groups they all want a piece
of this Cerberus.

Joe pulls another photo - he stops his eyes widen:

JOE WYLDE
Shit. This Reyes woman?

The photo - Reyes and Monica.

DOM
That's her. You know her?

A beat - Joe stares at the photo - he knows her and not in a
good way, then:

JOE WYLDE
Yeah. You can say that.

A beat - Joe shakes his head - eyes locked on the photo:

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
Monica Lucien. Socialite and ex-
girlfriend.

DOM
So a way in?

JOE WYLDE
(scoffs)
No. She thinks I'm dead. Would like
to keep it that way. She's one of
the top assassins out there. She
works for herself.

Dom takes this in - he turns back to staring out the front
window.

DOM
Shit.
(a beat, then)
So what do we do?

JOE WYLDE
Take me to the hotel Ben was
staying.

DOM
 Hey, uh- the local militia is
 guarding that place, they're
 searching for something there.

JOE WYLDE
 Which is why I should go look.

DOM
 Damn. Good to have you back. You
 crazy bastard.

Dom pulls at the wheel.

SWIPE TO:

EXT. HOTEL MONROE - DAY

Armed MILITIA SOLDIERS stand guard outside the hotel.

ACROSS THE STREET:

The YELLOW TAXI pulls up - inside Joe and Dom look over to
 the hotel Monroe:

DOM
 See. Told you, it's locked down.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Dom look off to the front doors - Dom turns back to
 Joe.

DOM
 Since the plane explosion word got
 out a spy stole something. Militia
 is all over this strip.

JOE WYLDE
 Who runs the militia?

DOM
 Cartel boss. Gomez Siracantha.

A beat - this is a name Joe recognizes.

JOE WYLDE
 Damn. That's a name I've not heard
 for a while. He's come up far from
 street peddler in Guadalajara.

DOM

Yeah. You can say that. When the government collapsed into bankruptcy he used that as his way in. Salvaged them out. He works from the shadows. No-ones seen him in years, real ghost.

(beat then)

Hey, he's just like you!

Joel's brow narrows - he doesn't like this comparison.

JOE WYLDE

Is he Reyes?

DOM

No Reyes is young in his forties, Gomez he's nearly pushing seventy.

Joe takes this in - does the math then:

JOE WYLDE

So they're working together then?

DOM

That's the assumption.

JOE WYLDE

Okay. Meet me at the boat. I'll be back soon.

Joe - puts a floral garland round his neck - gets out the taxi.

EXT. HOTEL MONROE - DAY

Joe staggers towards the hotel as the yellow taxi pulls away.

He approaches the TWO MILITIA GUARDS watching over the main entrance - pretends to be drunk.

The guards look him up and down - almost disgusted at him.

JOE WYLDE

(slurred)

Alright fellas. I only gone and bloody left my keys in the hotel ain't I.

The guards look between themselves then back at Joe. GUARD #1 adopts an abrupt tone, speaks in broken English.

GUARD #1
Papers. Now!

JOE WYLDE
Yeah.. Alright..

Joe shuffles around his pockets - he pulls out his passport.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
Here. That what you want.

GUARD #2
What room?

JOE WYLDE
Nine-oh-two. Uh- can you hurry up
though I really need to piss. Could
go any second now.

Guard #1 looks over his papers - he squints -

The passport picture is Joe - the name is Dick Schlinger.

Joe throws a drunken looking wink and a smirk.

Guard #1's eyes narrow - a beat -

Joe starts to piss himself -

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
Oh. I'm so sorry it's -

The guards are both disgusted at this -

Guard #1 thrusts the passport back at Joe.

GUARD #1
Get some sleep drunk before we
arrest you. Disgusting pig.

JOE WYLDE
Ah. Yeah. Uh.. Right you are.
Sorry.

Joe staggers past them in through the double doors.

Behind him - the BLACK VAN pulls up outside.

INT. HOTEL MONROE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Joe enters the hotel - the lobby is busy, MILITIA SOLDIERS
stand guard at every point. People are confused at their
presence.

Joe walks towards the elevator - he looks up as he passes the stairs - LIN SOO-HUANG (wears a white suit) walks down them escorted four black suited BODYGUARDS. He sounds angry.

LIN
Stupid British spies. This had best
not interrupt Reyes auction.

Joe dips his head and continues past Lin.

Joe approaches the ELEVATOR - pushes the button.

DING - the doors open - Joe enters, he looks up as the doors close.

Rainer enters the hotel followed by more militia soldiers.

RAINER
Search the spies room.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Joe pushes the button to the eleventh floor.

He takes a step back - the charade drops and he takes a deep breath, he clutches his chest for a moment as a bit of anxiety creeps in.

FLASH -

EXT. WYLDE HOUSE - NIGHT

Alexa and Matty sit around the dinner table - they laugh, it's a warm happy moment.

FLASH -

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Joe gets his breath - looks down.

His fist clenched - shaking, calms down.

CUT TO:

INT. TTIA LOBBY - MORNING

DING - The elevator doors open.

Traegar exits holding a coffee - Analyst #1 approaches looking flustered.

ANALYST #1
Sir. We have a big fucking problem.

Traegar looks over Analyst #1s shoulder -

An empty desk - the name card - AGENT ANNIE M. MCCLAIN - on the desk - a photo -Annie and Ben, mid-karaoke, laughing.

Traegar knows - his attention turns back to Analyst #1.

TRAEGAR
When did she go?

ANALYST #1
She's off grid not using our identities. But I...
(hesitates then)
May have illegally accessed Heathrows cameras and run it through facial recognition.

TRAEGAR
(frustrated)
Spit it out already.

ANALYST #1
Alright. Okay. Fuck. I'm just stressed I go on. I flagged her, she left last night on a three-a.m Red-eye. Also. Reyes has black sited Cinque, we have no satellite surveillance.

TRAEGAR
Damn it Annie.

Traegar storms off to his office -

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL MONROE - 11TH FLOOR - DAY

DING - the elevator doors open and Joe steps out - back to composed he walks down the hallway - it's empty, clean - quiet except for shouting and screaming coming from down the hall.

COOMBES (O.S.)
 (muffled)
 You and your little rebellion here
 is over sweetheart! I'm bout to
 teach you decency, yah.

Joe approaches the source of the ruckus -

ROOM 1114 - he KNOCKS.

From inside a WOMAN pleads with someone.

WOMAN (O.S.)
 No. No. Please. No.

COOMBES (O.S.)
 Busy.

WOMAN (O.S.)
 Please. Please help me!

Joe KNOCKS again - this time a little louder.

It goes SILENT - then, the sound of the DOOR UNLOCKING -

The door opens -

Joe - almost happy it's someone bad.

Coombes - ignorant, stands in a towel, he's angry:

COOMBES
 I'm having a private party here if
 you don't -

Joe cut him off launches a punch - BOOM -

Coombes falls backwards into his room - hits the ground with
 a THUD.

Joe enters.

INT. ROOM 1114 - CONTINUOUS

Joe closes the door behind him, he kneels -

Checks Coombes - he's unconscious -

He looks up -

JOE WYLDE
 You okay?

Across the room - ROZELLE (20's, has seen action) is tied to a chair, dressed in para-military gear - she nods, sobbing.

Joe approaches her

ROZELLE
He's a bastard. Part of the regime
choking this island.

JOE WYLDE
Yeah... alright -

Joe unties Rozelle:

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
You get out of here love. Just
don't tell anyone okay?

The woman nods.

She scrambles up - approaches Coombes - kicks him in the midsection - spits on him and leaves.

Joe looks over to a table across the room -

A pistol, ammo laid out ready.

Joe approaches the table -

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
Well ain't you all sorts of bad
that I need right now.

Joe loads a clip into the pistol and cocks it.

He approaches a set of double doors, leading to a balcony - he pushes them open and steps out, looking over the railing.

EXT. HOTEL MONROE - 10TH FLOOR/11TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Below Militia stands out on the balcony -

Above - Joe steps back into the room.

INT. ROOM 1114 - CONTINUOUS

Joe thinks for a beat - turns and looks at the unconscious Coombes -

Joe recognizes him -

JOE WYLDE

I know you. South African Warlord,
Coombes Apatola. I've seen stuff
about you on the news.

Joe approaches and drags him up on his feet - they meet at
eye-level:

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)

You once torched a family alive
over a debt worth less than a
hundred quid.

COOMBES

(groans)
Who - Who the fuck are you?

JOE WYLDE

I had a name once. People like you
knew it well.

Joe drags Coombes to the balcony - he throws him over.

Joe walks away - CRASH - the sound of a body hitting a car
behind, a CAR ALARM KICKS IN.

MILITIA #1 (O.S.)

(yelling)
That was Coombes. He was on the
eleventh floor!

MILITIA #2 (O.S.)

(yelling)
Get up there now!

Joe waits a few seconds - he turns takes a run up and leaps
off the balcony.

EXT. HOTEL MONROE - 11TH FLOOR/ 10TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Joe drops down a floor - he lands on the balcony of ROOM
1014.

EXT. ROOM 1014 - CONTINUOUS

Joe lands on the balcony - the doors to the room open, he
gets on his feet and enters.

INT. ROOM 1014 - CONTINUOUS

Joe enters the room - it's been turned upside down -

He looks around -

The door is open a jar -

Joe thinks he lifts the telephone - finds a bug and pulls it off.

He stands and thinks again - his eyes narrow - he turns and sees the air vent - untouched.

Joe approaches - pulls off the grate - reaches inside - he finds something and pulls it out - THE BLACK WRAPPED POUCH.

A CLAP from across the room startles Joe, he spins -

Rainer stands at the door, he smirks.

RAINER

Seems like Reyes was right.

JOE WYLDE

Cool. So. How about this. You take me to Reyes.

Rainer pulls a FLICK BLADE from his belt.

RAINER

No. I kill you.
(nods to the pouch)
I take that.

Joe looks at the pouch in his hand - then back to Rainer.

JOE WYLDE

You might want to call a few of your backup dancers out there.

Rainer closes the door behind him.

RAINER

You look like an old man. I think I got this.

Rainer charges at Joe -

He wildly slashes through the air -

Joe swerves avoiding each swing

CRACK—Joe headbutts Rainer,

He staggers backwards.

Rainer shakes it off, picks up his blade.

RAINER (CONT'D)
 (spits blood then)
 I will turn you to chum for the
 sharks.

Rainer lunges—Joe dodges -

Counters with a HARD SLAP across the face.

JOE WYLDE
 You the one that killed my brother?

Rainers face lights up:

RAINER
 He was a bitch. Just like you!

Rainer SPITS at Joe -

Thrusts forward kicks Joe's side -

Joe grunts, two steps back then -

He barrels forward—tackles Rainer, wrestling him down.

Joe SMASHES Rainer's wrist with his fist.

Knife clatters away.

RAINER (CONT'D)
 I know who you are. Reyes will know
 who you are. Your family is dead.
 (laughs)
 Well, what's left of them anyway.

Anger takes over Joe - he wraps his hands around Rainers
 throat clenching tight - he lifts him off the ground - this
 is his button.

JOE WYLDE
 (snarls)
 You won't get the chance!

Rainer fighting to breath -

He pulls a TASER and jabs it into Joe -

His grip loosens he drops Rainer -

Rainer drops to the floor -

Both fighting for breath.

Joes a little more dazed.

Rainer grabs his knife.

Leaps at Joe - straddles Joe.

Knife inches from Joe's throat.

Joe strains, desperate, he fights back.

RAINER

You are slow Joe Wylde. Playing the wrong game.

Joe - one free hand slips it down his side - towards his back.

He intensifies his glare into Rainers eyes.

JOE WYLDE

You're wrong.

Joe twists - pulls COOMBES GUN from the back of his shorts and forces it against Rainers temple.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)

I don't play games!

BOOM - He pulls the trigger -

A shocked look sits on Rainer - he gasps for air as blood spurts out the open wound in his throat.

He drops, lifeless.

Joe-covered in blood gets his breath back.

He kneels down and checks the body -

Finds a now broken phone.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)

Shit.

The door bursts open - MILITIA enter - guns pointed.

MILITIA #1

He killed Rainer!

The Militia don't hesitate - they aim - RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT gunfire goes off.

Joe rushes towards the balcony window -

He fires a couple of shots - POP-POP

MILITIA GUARD #3 is taken out as the bullet hits him between the eyes.

Bullets tear through the room - everything around Joe explodes - things slow down as he approaches the balcony -

Joe springs off a table - jumps off the balcony - spins - flips off the MILITIA as bullets spread out around him and drops down to the floor below.

EXT. HOTEL MONROE/ SIDE ALLEY - DAY

Joe drops down to the balcony below - he does the same again taking a beat with each drop to time his drops.

Joe lands in the side alley, he looks up -

The Militia shoots down from the tenth floor -

Joe dodging bullets looks for a way out he looks one way -

A MILITIA TRUCK is parked - forces scramble out the hotel.

He looks down the other end -

It's clear -

Joe runs down the alleyway, bullets rain down.

As he reaches the end of the alleyway - a RED SPORTS CAR screeches to a halt - the passenger door flies open - inside is Annie.

ANNIE

Get in.

Joe stops - he recognizes her -

He jumps in the car - the door slams and it peels away.

INT. RED SPORTS CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Joe turns to Annie.

JOE WYLDE

Well, what are you waiting for?

Annie shifts the car into gear.

She slams her foot down on the accelerator.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The sports car peels off away from the crowds.

INT. RED SPORTS CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Annie keeps a steady eye on the road, her tone says confused and irritated.

ANNIE

Annie McClaine - TTIA.

JOE WYLDE

I know who you are. Traegar said he couldn't send anyone else. Why are you here?

ANNIE

I know this Island, I was here with Ben - till the end. If anyone gets to Reyes, it's me. I know the layout and the players. You need me.

A beat - Joe knows that she's lying.

JOE WYLDE

Revenge isn't help Annie. How did you even find me?

ANNIE

I looked for the first sign of trouble in Ben's last place and there you were. I read about you on the flight here. Interesting read.

Annie looks at Joes lap she notices the piss stain.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Did you pee yourself?

JOE WYLDE

Yeah, but-uh, I did that before I killed a load of people.

Annie looks into the drivers mirror - she's disgusted, but then -

IN THE MIRROR:

The MILITIA VAN is in pursuit - couple of cars back.

BACK IN CAR:

Annie shifts her eyes to Joe.

ANNIE
Shit. We have a tail.

Annie shifts gear.

EXT. BUSY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The sports car swerves around a MILITIA TRUCK causing a roadblock, the militia guards open fire on the sports car.

It speeds up - bullet bounce off the framework, it's taking damage.

The sports car cuts into traffic on the opposite side of the road -

Pulls a U-turn, causing traffic to screech to a halt.

The Militia Truck passes through the road block - screeching to a halt as the RED SPORTS CAR passes them by.

INT. RED SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Annie checks the drivers mirror - lets out a sly smirk.

ANNIE
So. Where am I taking you?

JOE WYLDE
The docks. I have a guy waiting for us.

ANNIE
I need to ditch this car first but I know a short cut.

Annie shifts gear-

Annie puts her foot down on the gas.

EXT. STREET/ NARROW ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The red sports car veers off going down a sharp alley -

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL MONROE - CONTINUOUS

The hotel is cordoned off - Militia stands guard - MILITIA PARAMEDICS wheel out a gurney, the body is covered but it's Rainer.

In front of the barricade an AMERICAN REPORTER stands with a microphone raised - talks directly at the camera.

AMERICAN REPORTER
We're reporting live from Isla de Cinque, where a brutal attack inside a private hotel has left several dead.

A second gurney is brought out - with a third trailing behind.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - PENTHOUSE- NIGHT

The report plays out on a big screen television -

AMERICAN REPORTER
Militia units have flooded the area, but officials remain tight-lipped about who-or what-triggered the violence.

NOLAN ODENCRAFT (dressing gown, food stained T-shirt and slacks, wired, jittery) watches eyes glued to the television.

He sits on a long U-shaped couch - to his left is an open window with a view of the main island - the ruins of the Vendell building.

In the distance - the room a mess of clothes and rubbish.

AMERICAN REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Violence has increased in the last four weeks with a terrorist attack on the Vendell building. Which was demolished this morning.

Odenkrafts hands shake as he sips a glass of whiskey.

AMERICAN REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The government has remained uncontactable.

Something catches Odenkrafts attention he turns his head -

His eyes open wide - he sinks the rest of the whiskey and gets up walking to the window.

In the distance - a BLACK HELICOPTER approaches.

EXT. ISLA DE CINQUE - NIGHT

A small HELICOPTER flies over the island, even through a day of terror the island stays bright, vibrant - alive, the party never stops.

The helicopter flies towards the heart of the city - a tall towering skyscraper hotel - THE HOTEL ROYALE, crown jewel of Isla de Cinque.

EXT. HOTEL ROYALE - CONTINUOUS

The landing pad - overlooking the whole island from it's heart.

The helicopter lands - Reyes exits.

Mr. Christoff awaits stood by an elevator - he approaches Reyes meets him half-way.

MR. CHRISTOFF

Mr. Reyes sir.

Reyes mask comes to life - smiling emoji.

REYES

Mr. Christoff. How is our project coming?

They both turn and walk towards the facility.

MR. CHRISTOFF

He's completed the second kill-card. Rebuilt the second device.

Reyes stops turns his head - emoji - curious.

REYES

And how's his mood?

MR. CHRISTOFF

We've give him a steady diet of barbiturates and sedatives to keep him balanced. But, he's getting a bit ancy

The large double metallic doors start to open.

REYES

I have a job for you after this.
You see what happened earlier?

MR. CHRISTOFF

At the Monroe?

REYES

Yeah.

MR. CHRISTOFF

I did.

REYES

Find out who this player is. Keep
it quiet. Also move up the auction
to tomorrow. I don't want to take
any chances.

Mr. Christoff nods - he follows Reyes into the facility.

INT. HOTEL ROYALE - PENTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The hotel room door opens - Reyes enters, takes a couple of
steps in - he looks around at the mess of the room -

REYES

Nice to see you've made yourself at
home Nolan.

Reyes looks over to the corner of the room -

Odenkraft - sullen, sits at a table - on the table - TWO
CARBON BRIEFCASES and TWO SMALLER ONES - open to see. He
speaks with a refined British accent:

ODENCRAFT

Since my computer lab got destroyed
the other night I've had to rush.

Reyes steps up to the table - he runs his hands over the
cases -

The masks display turns to heart eye emojis.

REYES

Well done. I knew you had it in
you.

Reyes opens the cases - both have built in computers - the
smaller cases - one has a red key and a blue key card - the
other has just the red.

ODENCRAFT

The red one is the new kill card.
As you requested. One-of-a-kind.

Reyes turns his attention to Odenkraft.

REYES

Well then. I guess it's time to
celebrate.

He closes both cases.

ODENCRAFT

Celebrate what? If you sell this
any one of those buyers could
trigger an apocalypse.

REYES

That's why there is two. Do you
really think I would give all this
power away?

Reyes turns and looks out the window to the Island -
fireworks POP bringing the night-sky to life.

REYES (CONT'D)

You know. Oppenheimer probably said
the same thing and look what
happened to him.

ODENCRAFT

Yeah - screwed over by his peers.

Reyes turns to Odenkraft - he's energetic, theatrical with
his delivery:

REYES

That's where you could be different
Nolan. Lean into it. Besides we
have the kill card. We're the ones
really in control. They don't know
that.

ODENCRAFT

That other key is still out there.
It could bring it all down.

REYES

Not without one of those laptops
they couldn't. So just relax. I
have everything under control.

ODENCRAFT
(concerned)
Do you? I saw the news.

REYES
Just someone probably coming to
make a name for themselves. Nothing
more.

Reyes turns he walks to the mini-bar and starts to make a
cocktail

The digital face changes to a wide grin.

REYES (CONT'D)
All the money and power in the
world.
(exclaims)
What a time to be alive!

Odenkraft slumps into the mess on the sofa.

ODENCRAFT
What am I going to do though Manny?
I can't leave this Island.

Reyes pours a single drink.

REYES
Why leave paradise. Besides no one
will use Cerberus.

ODENCRAFT
And why are you so sure?

Reyes approaches - Odenkraft, drink in hand.

REYES
Because - like the nuclear option.
It's a one time use and there's no
going back after. Ain't no-one
willing to take that step but me.

He gives the drink to Odenkraft.

REYES (CONT'D)
Now, have a drink and celebrate.
You've earned this one.

Odenkraft sips the drink - something's off.

He starts to sweat - pulls at his collar. Uncomfortable

REYES (CONT'D)
Something wrong?

ODENCRAFT
I- I can't br -

Reyes takes a seat next to Odenkraft.

REYES
Relax - go with the ride my man.

Odenkraft gasps for breath - falls from the sofa to the floor with a THUD.

He convulses - foam pours from his mouth - blood trickles from his tear ducts.

Reyes leans back into the sofa - relaxed - mask's emoji display shifts to a sorrowful face

REYES (CONT'D)
Sorry Nolan. You were a valuable asset.
(beat)
But just too valuable to keep around. Can't have you having a change of heart.

Reyes stands and straightens his Jacket -

He takes the FIRE EXTINGUISHER hanging from the wall - steps up to the table.

He opes one of the CARBON CASES -

Reyes nods and SMASHES it to pieces with the extinguisher.

He then - takes the solo blue key - stamps it out.

He cuffs - the remaining small carbon case to his wrist - picks up the remaining carbon briefcase -

He opens the room door - Christoff and a small crew wait - they are prepped, plastic wrap, saws and dressed in plastic coverings.

REYES (CONT'D)
Clean this mess up for me now would y'all?
(to Christoff)
Also. Destroy that second laptop.
We ain't gonna be needing that.

Christoff and the team enter -

MR. CHRISTOFF
 (barks)
 You heard the man.

The team gets to work - unwrapping the plastic to cover the room as Reyes walks out -

FADE TO:

EXT. FUNERAL PARLOUR - DUSK

A battered inner-city street.

A polished, modified limousine glides to a stop outside a worn funeral parlour -

The DRIVER (dressed in Militia gear) gets out - walks to the back and opens the door -

A man - identity obscured by his Panama hat gets out, nods to the driver and approaches the funeral parlour.

MEDICAL EXAMINER (V.O.)
 (in Spanish)
*Señor Siracantha, there's no way I
 can fix this for an open casket.*

INT. FUNERAL PARLOUR - BACK ROOM - LATER

Rainer - laid on an examiners table, grey. Blue. Lifeless - neck wound stitched up - the man stands over him - strokes his hair, softly sobs and then looks up to the examiner across the gurney.

GOMEZ
Fix it so he can.

The medical examiner looks scared - uneasy, they stumble over their words.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
*Please Señor Siracantha. I can only
 do so much.*

The man - Gomez, stops stroking Rainers hair - turns to the MILITIA DRIVER:

GOMEZ
What do we know about who did this?

MILITIA DRIVER

*Reyes people are looking into it.
We have a photo of the guy -*

Gomez looks back at Rainer - his anger hits boiling point.

GOMEZ

*I want his face across this island.
No where is safe do you understand?
Call the President tell him I want
blood for this and to be ready to
do his job and cover it.*

MILITIA DRIVER

Yes boss.

His hand moves to his waistband - attention back to the Medical Examiner.

GOMEZ

And that is everything?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

*I am sorry sir. I really am. I
don't want any trouble.*

Gomez's hand comes from his back—not a weapon, but a thick bundle of cash.

The examiner gasps.

Gomez offers the money as he takes the evidence.

GOMEZ

For a job well done.

The examiner hesitates, then accepts.

Gomez holds the note up to the light, brow narrowing.

He pulls a revolver from his waistband, takes aim, pulls the trigger - BANG.

The examiner collapses, a smoking hole in his head.

Gomez leans over Rainer - kisses his forehead.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

*(whispers in Spanish)
I will avenge you my son.*

EXT. FUNERAL PARLOUR - CONTINUOUS

Gomez exits, furious but composed -

A MILITIA TROOP waits outside - armed and ready.

GOMEZ

Leave no trace.

MILITIA DRIVER

What about Reyes sir?

GOMEZ

He brought this chaos here. He is just as much to blame. It is time I came from back out of the shadows. Arrange a meeting for tomorrow.

MILITIA DRIVER

Yes boss.

The Militia driver opens the door to the Limo.

Gomez gets in -

The Militia Driver closes the door - gets in the car- it drives away as the Militia troop storm the funeral parlour - from inside two shots fired - POP-POP then from the window it's clear the inside is being torched.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ISLA DE CINQUE - MORNING

The sun rises over Isla de Cinque -

Out in the ocean, a small fishing boat bobs gently in the calm waters off shore.

INT. FISHING BOAT - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Light creeps in through a gap in the blackout curtain.

Joe lays on the bed - awake staring out the window.

A loud KNOCK comes from the door - he looks over -

Annie stands in the doorway - she holds a cup of coffee and a smile.

ANNIE

You sleep okay?

JOE WYLDE

Sleep.

Joe gets off the bed - takes the coffee.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)

What is that?

ANNIE

(smirks then)

I guess I wouldn't know myself.

Joe tastes the coffee - it's terrible.

JOE WYLDE

Gah. I thought this was supposed to be nice here, being South America and all?

ANNIE

It's cheap. Like this boat.

JOE WYLDE

(laughs)

So. You and Ben were close huh?

ANNIE

You can say that.

JOE WYLDE

He spoke about you a lot you know.

ANNIE

You two spoke?

JOE WYLDE

Often. He asked me to come on this crazy mission. But I told him I'd given all that up.

ANNIE

(curious)

Why did you give it up?

A beat - Joe doesn't answer -

Dom stands in the doorway.

DOM

Ah, so you're up. Good.

Dom tosses Joe a BURNER PHONE -

Joe catches it.

DOM (CONT'D)

Incase you want to check on your wife and kid. It's untraceable. Safe.

JOE WYLDE

Thanks man. Could you sort out the coffee?

DOM

Hey, I'm on a budget here. Don't push your luck Wylde.

Dom turns to walk away -

DOM (CONT'D)

Now, you need to see this!

INT. FISHING BOAT - OPERATIONS CABIN

Dom sits in front of a laptop - he's excitable. Behind him the laptop screen keeps flicking through plans, blueprints, e-mails and manifests.

DOM

He didn't just steal the kill key to Cerberus. He got Reyes' whole network saved to this drive.

Joe holds a RED KEY CARD in his hand - he eyes it and shifts his eyes to Dom.

JOE WYLDE

So we can kill Cerberus with this?

DOM

Yeah.

JOE WYLDE

Then what are we waiting for?

DOM

Well it's not that simple. They key is one part but it also needs an operating console.

JOE WYLDE

What?

Annie sits at the comm's desk, she half-wears a headset - she turns and looks to Joe and Dom.

ANNIE

It's a laptop. Ben destroyed it.
But then Reyes used Cerberus, so he
must have another.

Joe nods over to the laptop -

JOE WYLDE

Dom - can you find anything on
that?

Dom turns and looks back at the laptop - easier said than
done.

DOM

I mean I can, but that would take
hours of looking, maybe days.

Something spooks Annie - she sits bolt upright.

ANNIE

Woah.

JOE WYLDE

What is it?

ANNIE

I've been listening to Chinese
intelligence. Reyes has moved up
the auction to tonight.

DOM

That's not good.

JOE WYLDE

Chinese Intelligence?...

(beat)

That's my way to Reyes.

DOM

Woah. Joe. Lin? Really? I don't
know if that's a good idea.

JOE WYLDE

Don't worry about it. He doesn't
know it yet but he owes me from way
back.

ANNIE

Joe. You can't go back to the
island, your face is being postered
up across the island. You're now a
fugitive.

Joe strokes his beard - he knows what he has to do.

JOE WYLDE

Leave it with me. What's their current move?

ANNIE

They're moving Lin to their nail, gambling operation heart of the city.

JOE WYLDE

Cool.

(to Dom)

You decrypt those files and get that -

A beat - the boat rocks.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)

Whoa. What was that?

EXT. FISHING BOAT - TOP DECK - CONTINUOUS

Joe, Annie and Dom rush to the top deck - they stop - Reyes Yacht passes by it's moving towards the island.

JOE WYLDE

That who I think it is?

DOM

The one and only, Mantagna Reyes.

JOE WYLDE

Then we had best get to work.

Joe sinks back down into the darkness of below deck - his eyes locked on the super yacht -

In the horizon - the yacht gets closer to the island.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PORT - MORNING

Reyes super-yacht cruises towards a the busy bustling, ISLA DE CINQUE PORT -

EXT. REYES YACHT - TOP DECK - CONTINUOUS

Reyes and Monica sit at a table on top deck - they sit eating breakfast - there is an opening in Reyes mask allowing him to eat.

Monica stares out to the island - she is in awe. Around her Reyes crew works to prep the ship for docking.

MONICA
Quite the spectacle.

REYES
Isn't it just. Ten years of working
in the shadows and now I can do
what I want without worry.

Mr. Christoff approaches the table - he does not look happy.

MR. CHRISTOFF
Sir. Gomez is waiting at dock. He
wants to talk.

Reyes wipes his mouth - the mask closes back up - the emoji turns to angry - he sighs, his attention still on Monica:

REYES
These fuckin' people. I'm sorry. I
will make it up to you tonight.
After the auction.

His emoji turns to love heart eyes.

Monica smiles but it's clear she's not happy.

Reyes stands - he walks with Christoff to the railings.

REYES (CONT'D)
Any news on this new player yet?

MR. CHRISTOFF
No. The car he escaped in was found
at the cities outskirts, it was
burnt out.

REYES
Fuck.
(straightens suit then)
Guess we gotta be on our best
behaviour for now then?

They look off the railing -

EXT. PORT - CONTINUOUS

Reyes super yacht pulls into dock -

A long BLACK LIMOUSINE with diplomatic flags is parked - guarded by MILITIA FORCES at the front is Gomez.

The ladder is lowered from the yacht to the dock -

Reyes steps down - Monica in arm, Christoff just behind.

REYES

Mr. Siracantha.

GOMEZ

Reyes. I see you have not lost your taste for beautiful women.

Monica narrows her eyes at Gomez - turns to Reyes and whispers inaudibly in his ear.

He laughs, then shakes his head.

She lifts her skirt to reveal a garter of throwing knives.

Gomez' eyes widen.

Reyes turns his attention back to Gomez.

REYES

Oh. Miss. Lucien here is much more than beautiful.

Gomez hands Reyes an envelope.

REYES (CONT'D)

She is the recent number two assassin in the world. You've probably heard of "The Black Rose"

Gomez is taken back- removes his Panama hat, nods with respect.

GOMEZ

You're quite the master of your trade.

MONICA

I'm still working on it.

Reyes opens the envelope - pulls out some photographs.

REYES

This the guy been causing problems?

The image - a black and white photo of Joe walking through the airport.

Gomez' brow narrows - he's bitter, grieving - angry.

GOMEZ

He is the son-of-a-bitch who killed my son.

Reyes looks at the photos -

REYES

I don't know this guy.

Monicas eyes widen, at first she's happy but then anger creeps in - she recognizes him.

MONICA

I know this man. He died ten years ago.

Gomez glares at the picture his eyes burn.

GOMEZ

But yet he is here now. It seems whilst you have the number two here, the number one is back. I believe they called him the "Invisible Reaper"

A beat - Reyes can't believe it -

REYES

That's name I know.
(a beat then)
This certainly makes things more interesting.

GOMEZ

Cancel your auction. I want Cerberus.

A quizzical emoji appears on Reyes face display -

REYES

Fuck no. You're incompetency has me missing my key card still. The one that spy you were supposed to take care of had.

GOMEZ

He didn't have it.

REYES

(scoffs)

Knowing the taste y'all people have for technology. Don't be insulted now, when I have to say that's a little hard to believe.

GOMEZ

Tread carefully Reyes. You are a guest on my Island. This man killed my son for your product.

REYES

(scoffs)

Your island? Who got you that power? Who started that little revolution?

Reyes SNAPS his fingers.

REYES YACHT DECK:

The crew appear on at the railing armed and ready -

ON THE DOCK:

CARGO CREW stop and turn to Gomez - they too are armed.

A tense beat - Gomez's eyes scan - he knows the situation.

Reyes shrugs, his emoji display turns to laughing face -

REYES (CONT'D)

I too have people everywhere.

A beat - Reyes straightens his suit - steps up to Gomez - Mask to face, his tone - cold and calm.

REYES (CONT'D)

I'm going to take care of this Reaper situation. AND you -

The emoji display turns to anger -

REYES (CONT'D)

Well, you're going to let me get on with what I need to and stay out of my way.

A smile appears in the masks display.

REYES (CONT'D)

Now, I'm going to be nice. In
twenty-four-hours I'm gonna be out
of your hair.

Reyes SNAPS his fingers -

The men resume working on the dock like it's a normal day.

Gomez boils -

Reyes and Monica walk past - Reyes pats Gomez on the shoulder
-

REYES (CONT'D)

I am sorry to hear about your son.
I will clean this mess up, You have
my guarantee.

Reyes and Monica - followed by Christoff walk down the dock
through the parted Militia towards a waiting BLACK CAR.

The LIMO DRIVER stands by the open rear doors -

REYES (CONT'D)

(to driver)
Take us to the Royale.
(to Monica)
Make some calls, see who comes up
with what. I don't want Gomez to
get the Reaper first.

They get in the limousine - The driver closes the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. WYLDE COTTAGE - MORNING

LARRY (60's, Alexa's father) washes a family car with Matty
on the driveway of a well kept, countryside cottage.

A telephone RINGS -

INT. WYLDE COTTAGE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alexa grabs the phone from the kitchen counter, she answers
with an anxious tone in her voice.

ALEXA

Hello?

JOE WYLDE (V.O.)
 Hey. I'm just checking in.

ALEXA
 (Relieved)
 Oh my God. I'm so glad you're okay.
 I saw the news, that island is a
 hell-hole.

JOE WYLDE (V.O.)
 (laughs)
 Yeah.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. MARKET PLACE - DUSK

Joe (now clean shaven, wears sunglasses, short hair, smart clothes, blends in) leans against a pillar - he eats a hotdog. Next to him a wanted poster with his grainy image from the night before.

JOE WYLDE
 Only cause I'm here.

He looks down his sunglasses - talks into the burner phone, view locked to across the street.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
 You don't need to worry.

TOURISTS pass by - they barely blink twice at Joe.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
 (a beat then)
 How's Matty?

Alexa looks out the kitchen window -

ALEXA
 He's missing his dad.

From the window - she watches as Larry chases Matty with the hose - Matty giggles.

Alexa turns away - her tone more heavy- sad:

And I'm missing my husband. We want
 our hero home.

A heavy look hits Joe.

JOE WYLDE
I'm sorry. I'll be back soon. I
promise.

ALEXA
Are you safe?
(beat)
Are we safe?

JOE WYLDE
(confident smile)
If I'm breathing, we're safe.

ACROSS THE STREET:

A MOTORCYCLE chaperones the black car - it stops outside a
NAIL SALON.

BODYGUARD #1 (Hench, black suit) exits from the front - opens
the rear door -

Lin gets out, he looks around - nods to Bodyguard #1 and they
enter the building greeted by BODYGUARD #2 and #3 at the
doors.

Joe finishes his hotdog.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
I have to go. But I'll check in
again soon. I love you, know that.

ALEXA (V.O.)
I love you too Joe. Finish this and
come home.

JOE WYLDE
Roger that.

Joe hangs up - tosses the phone in a bin and strides across
the street -

INT. NAIL SALON - CONTINUOUS

DING - a bell chimes above the door. Music pours out from
cheap speakers.

Joe enters - looks around.

The place looks the part - a busy nail salon, full of
customers.

An older Chinese woman, BETTY YU (40's-50's) approaches Joe - cigarette hangs from her mouth, she speaks with a raspy Chinese accent, but her English is fluent.

BETTY
You an English boy?

JOE WYLDE
(smiles)
I'm looking to talk to Lin.

BETTY
(dismissive)
Lin? Lin who? No Lin works here.

JOE WYLDE
(fake shocked)
Really?

Joe - calm and composed looks over Betty's shoulder -
An open door to a back room - people in there gambling.
Joe turns his attention back to Betty:

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
Cause he came through here just now
along with a person in a motorcycle
get up and his driver.

BETTY
That's Mr. Soo-Yang. He doesn't
have time to talk to people like
you.

JOE WYLDE
Okay.
(takes in deep breath)
Does he have time for "The
Invisible Reaper"?

The room falls still - attention locked on Joe - anxiety
fills the room.

Betty takes the cigarette from her mouth, her lips quiver -
eyes widen.

BETTY
(trembling)
Upstairs end of the hallway.

JOE WYLDE
(polite, smiles, then)
Thank you.

He shifts around Betty and walks to the back:

EXT. NAIL SALON - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Joe reaches the top of a set of stairs.

He walks down a hallway - closed doors. Loud chat and laughter, lots of it.

Joe approaches a large set of closed double doors - different from the rest, modern, artsy, golden dragons pattern the door.

Joe enters -

INT. LIN SOO-HUANGS OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Lin sits at large, luxurious black desk. Money stacked across it - behind him a large round window overlooks the street outside.

Lin spins in his chair - his eyes widen.

LIN
Who the hell are you?

Joe calmly swaggers across the room - takes a seat opposite Lin.

JOE WYLDE
Is that anyway to treat an old friend.

LIN
Old friend? I don't know you.

A beat - Joe eyes locked on Lin nods to his left shoulder, then:

JOE WYLDE
How's that shoulder? When did I clip it again? 2012. Beijing?

A bad memory hits Lin - he rubs the shoulder.

LIN
(mumbles)
Shit.
(to Joe)
I thought you was dead.

JOE WYLDE
I was. Then someone killed my
brother.

LIN
Your brother was Rainer?

JOE WYLDE
No you fucking idiot. The British
spy, two days ago.

Lin stiffens -

He slowly reaches out under his desk.

LIN
Hey whoa - that wasn't us.

JOE WYLDE
Relax. I know. But I thought I'd
extend an olive branch.

LIN
You want my help?

JOE WYLDE
Surely you know Cerberus isn't good
for anyone?

LIN
No. But it doesn't hurt to be the
one holding that power does it? Now
what do you want?

JOE WYLDE
I want you to get me into that
auction. I'm going to kill Reyes
and end this Cerberus and all.

Lin pushes the red button underneath his desk.

LIN
You gone senile in your old age?

INT. NAIL SALON - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A RED SIREN comes to life -

Lins bodyguards sit around a table. They play poker. Drink.
Laugh and joke, then -

LIN (V.O.)
 Reyes is connected. He'll see you
 coming before you step out the car.

Bodyguard #1 notices the siren.

LIN (V.O.)
 He's connected. We executed three
 traitors last week all working for
 him.

BODYGUARD #1
 (in Mandarin)
 Hey!

LIN (V.O.)
 He is a new world order. He has a
 plan. Tonight at the hotel Royale
 he will give us a chance to be a
 part of it.

The room turns silent - the men stand - they pick up bats and
 steel pipes - it's just turned serious.

INT. LIN SOO-HUANGS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe sits back- he's relaxed.

JOE WYLDE
 You realize how ridiculous that
 sounds right?

Lin shrugs:

LIN
 The man has vision. I might agree
 with it I might not. I just follow
 the orders I'm given.

JOE WYLDE
 Here's an order. Get me into the
 Royale.

LIN
 (laughs)
 That is funny. Your face is all
 over this island. The government
 offered a million dollars just for
 your head.

Joe tilts his head - hears the approaching men in the
 hallway.

LIN (CONT'D)
Only a fool would turn that away.

BOOM - the door bursts open Lins bodyguards enter the room - ready for action.

Joe is ready - he's standing - COOMBES PISTOL levelled at Lin.

JOE WYLDE
Take it easy fellas. I'll pop him quicker than you pop me!

The bodyguards take a step back -

Joe turns to Lin -

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
Seriously?

Lin - hands raised.

LIN
We have our orders on this Reaper.

Lin turns to his men - yells in Mandarin:

LIN (CONT'D)
Do not let him escape!

Joe reacts - POP - he pulls the trigger -

The bullet rips through Lins knee - he sits back cradling the wound - he screams out:

LIN (CONT'D)
(screams out)
You son-of-a-bitch!

The bodyguards start to approach -

CLICK - Joe cocks back the hammer - takes aim at the bodyguards.

JOE WYLDE
You know what I did yesterday at the Monroe?

The back off again -

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
Yeah. Thought so.

Joe walks round to Lin - drags him on his feet - uses him as a human shield - gun pressed into Lins temple.

Joe snarls:

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)

Alright!

(beat)

Everyone take a fucking breath.

LIN

(yells in Chinese)

Kill him what are you waiting for?!

The men come in closer.

JOE WYLDE

Don't fucking do it.

The men stop - they shake as they aim at Joe.

Pained - Lin hides his panic, but the tremble is in his voice.

LIN

You got nowhere to go. You're outnumbered, out gunned.

JOE WYLDE

Sure about that?

Joe yanks Lin backwards -

SMASH - they both go out the window - Glass shatters

Lin's men rush to the windows -

EXT. BACK ALLEY/ STREET - CONTINUOUS

Lin and Joe land with a THUD -

Lin on his feet - his legs SNAP under the pressure.

Joe rolls onto his back - looks up

A two-storey drop.

LIN (O.S.)

(screams)

You son of a bitch.

Joe gets to his feet - steps up to Lin.

JOE WYLDE
It's a clean break. You'll be fine.

He walks off down the alley - stops, turns back.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
Remember this as me saving your
life. Don't go to that auction.

Joe turns and walks away.

LIN
This isn't over!

Lin screams out in agony -

His bodyguards BURST out a SIDE EXIT -

They rush to Lins aid.

LACKEY #1
(in Mandarin)
Boss, you okay?

LIN
Get him! Kill that bastard!

They look off down the alley -

EXT. STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Joe emerges onto the street - it's busy, party-mode in full effect - a PROCESSION moves through the street.

ACROSS THE STREET:

A WHITE VAN sits parked -

Inside two burly, RUSSIAN MEN with short and shaved hair, in bad short shirts and vests watch on, both bemused.

INT. WHITE VAN - CONTINUOUS

The two men look at each other. They both share confusion -

RUSSIAN #1
Is that the guy?

RUSSIAN #2
Yes. We need to tell Christoff.

RUSSIAN #1
Christoff! Fuck him. This guy is
ours. I want that million dollars.

Russian #1 turns on the ENGINE -

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Joe - head low, moves through the procession.

Across the street - the Rozelle from the day before watches
on - she turns and walks away.

An array of floats and dancers, music blares through the P.A.
System on the floats. It's vibrant, lively, exciting, hiding
the new under layer of tension. Moving down the street -

FROM THE BACK ALLEY:

Lins bodyguards emerge - angry they scan around, arguing in
Mandarin.

BODYGUARD #1
Where is he?

BODYGUARD #2
I don't know?

Bodyguard #2 clocks him -

BODYGUARD #2 (CONT'D)
Look! Over there!

BACK TO JOE:

Joe turns back - locks eyes.

JOE WYLDE
Shit!

He dips his head, moving further into the procession, using
the floats as cover.

POOF - Joe gets covered in a multitude of dry paint powder,
as a PARTY GOER passes by with a basket.

He turns back -

On his arm a tattoo - a coiled Viper.

Scarred man raises a phone to his ear, his eyes locked on target -

Joe is placed at a dark, corner, out the way table near the KITCHEN.

The scarred man smirks - speaks into his phone.

SCARRED MAN
That guy you were looking for, just
rocked in. You owe me.

The waiter cleans the table down - eager to make Joe happy.

WAITER
Is there anything else I can get
you sir?

JOE WYLDE
(scans around)
Just some water

Through a gap in the kitchen - A REAR EXIT.

WAITER
Sure.

The waiter goes to leave -

JOE WYLDE
Hey. Wait. Why did you help me?

The waiter nods to the back -

In the kitchen the Rozelle, offers a half-smile and a nod back to Joe.

WAITER
You saved my daughter. We know this
island is corrupt. But it is our
home.

The waiter nods and leaves.

Joe - eyes locked on the front windows.

THROUGH THE WINDOW:

The procession continues moving down the street, with them -

Lins bodyguards - scattered, they look around, but move on.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROYALE - GALA ROOM - SAME TIME

Reyes stands on the stage - the room around him is being decorated.

Monica approaches -

REYES

Can you believe it. In a manner of hours, the world will be forced into order.

MONICA

And it's all down to you.

Reyes strokes her face.

REYES

Something up?

MONICA

I have to go out for a while.

REYES

You'll be back for the auction though right?

MONICA

Of course. How could I miss your moment?

REYES

Our moment.

Reyes leans his head into Monicas and takes her by the hand.

REYES (CONT'D)

Be safe.

MONICA

I always am.

She turns and leaves, she nods to Christoff who guards the door -

CUT TO:

INT. T.T.I.A - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Analyst #1 sits feet up on his desk, he eats a bag of crisps watching the display wall.

ANALYST #1
You know it's been quiet for near
ten hours. Reckon he's dead?

Analyst #2 sits across the walkway - they do not look amused.

ANALYST #2
That's so not cool.

PING - a notification beeps from the central computer.

Analyst #1 looks over to Analyst #2 -

ANALYST #1
I had to say something didn't I?

ANALYST #2
Go check it.

Analyst #1 reluctantly approaches the CENTRAL COMPUTER - they type into it - then stop -

Analyst #1's eyes widen:

ANALYST #1
Whoa.

Analyst #2 approaches.

ANALYST #2
What is it?

Spooked Analyst #1 turns to #2.

INT. T.T.I.A - TRAEGAR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Traegar sits typing on his computer - deep in concentration.

Analyst #1 and #2 BURST into the room Analyst #1 struggling for breath.

TRAEGAR
(stunned, irritated)
What?!

ANALYST #1
S- Sir...

ANALYST #2

(cuts in)

We've received a data packet from Cinque. It's huge, came in from an encrypted server.

Traegar stands, he looks uncertain:

TRAEGAR

Can we trust it?

ANALYST #2

It's got a U.S Intelligence stamp. It's huge though our system is melting down taking it in.

CUT TO:

INT. FISHING BOAT - CONTROL CABIN - DAY

Dom sits at the computer - he's pleased.

DOM

Transmission sent.

Annie listens to comms chatter - she pulls the headset away.

ANNIE

Comms chatter's been dead for an hour.

DOM

Perhaps it's a quiet day.

ANNIE

So. Joe. Why did he leave it all behind?

A beat - Dom smirks, he spins on his chair and looks to Annie:

DOM

Joe wasn't good, he was the best.

(reminisces)

I remember when he found out he was having a boy. He decided then, he wasn't going to be a hand of death when he had a hand in a life.

ANNIE

So he turned his back on it all.

INT. RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

Joe sips his glass of water - he scans around with his eyes -

DOM (V.O.)
 (chuckles)
 Not quite. But he had something
 bigger to protect in his eyes.

The coast is quiet - just people moving to and from, no one looking.

A woman in a red dress takes a seat at Joes table - he looks, his eyes widen.

It's Monica, she smiles:

MONICA
 You look as surprised as I did when
 I learned that you were alive.

Joe doesn't move - stays calm, composed.

JOE WYLDE
 Hello Monica. It's been a while.

MONICA
 You could say that.

She ushers the water over -

WAITER
 What can I get for you madam?

MONICA
 Tonic water, ice, twist of lemon.

The waiter walks around - he looks at Joe.

Joe gives him a look - "get out of here"

The waiter politely smiles and leaves.

Joe looks around for options.

Monica leans forward.

MONICA (CONT'D)
 I wouldn't. I have people
 surrounding you.

She nods to Joes chest -

Five laser dots all pointed directly at his heart.

The waiter approaches the kitchen - he whispers in the Rozelle's ear

Monica smiles she leans into Joe - she fondly reminisces

MONICA (CONT'D)

You know my father used to bring me here all the time as a child -

She looks off to the beach -

A family plays against the shoreline.

Monica turns back to Joe.

MONICA (CONT'D)

He would stand me on that very beach. He would look out to that horizon and promise me that one day the world would be mine.

JOE WYLDE

Touching. Now you've got yourself a new "daddy" that's cute. Real cute.

MONICA

(snaps)

You don't know me. You never really did.

JOE WYLDE

Oh I knew you. That's why I left you. Lady, you are a whole bag of mixed nuts and I'm allergic to nuts.

MONICA

So you ran and hid.

JOE WYLDE

You haven't changed one bit.

The waiter returns - places the glass on the table.

MONICA

(to waiter)

Thank you.

The waiter leaves.

Monica takes a sip from the drink - she looks Joe up and down, then:

MONICA (CONT'D)

I see you have.

(polite smile)

Retired life suits you. I assume that's what it was?

JOE WYLDE

(dismissive)

Something like that.

(firm)

Why you with Reyes. Can't you see this is bad news.

MONICA

I see your time out has blinded you. Look at the world Joe. It's chaos, all of it. There is a plan for order.

JOE WYLDE

Just kill me already.

MONICA

Kill you?

Monica sits back in her chair - she's relaxed enjoying this moment:

MONICA (CONT'D)

I don't want you to miss the endgame.

She takes another sip through the straw of her drink.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Your friends however -

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK - DAY

A convoy of MILITIA TRUCKS charge down the docks -

MONICA (V.O.)

Well. A price has to be paid, you understand that right?

In the distance - THE FISHING BOAT, end of the dock.

MONICA (V.O.)

Once I figured it was you

INT. FISHING BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Dom sees the trucks approaching on a surveillance feed -

DOM

Shit.

(turns to Annie)

I know why the comms are blocked.

Annie approaches the surveillance screens.

ANNIE

Shit.

(to Dom)

What do we do?

A beat - Dom thinks it over - he pushes a unit aside -

Reveals a hatch.

DOM

You can hold your breath right?

He opens the hatch - it leads to water.

ANNIE

What about you?

DOM

I'll do what I do best and handle it. Give me two minutes and swim round the shore line!

Annie climbs into the hatch.

DOM (CONT'D)

Two minutes.

ANNIE

Then what?

Dom gives her THE POUCH:

DOM

You hide. Ain't no good to Joe dead. Get this to him and kill Cerberus. Kill Reyes.

Dom closes the hatch.

He looks around the cabin - talks to it.

DOM (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry baby, looks like we're
 not making that trip to Cuba this
 year.

He makes a cross -

JOE WYLDE (V.O.)
 (angry)
 You touch them I burn this place to
 the ground. You understand that?

Walks across the room and picks up a watch from the table -
 puts it on.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Monica laughs -

MONICA
 Oh Joe. You're so dramatic.

A knife touches against Monica's throat -

She shifts her eyes -

The Waiter holds the knife.

JOE WYLDE
 I gave you the eyes? Why didn't you
 go?

WAITER
 (glares at Monica)
 We will not be your hostages
 anymore.

MONICA
 Always the inspiration aren't you
 Joe?

EXT. DOCK/ FISHING BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Dom steps above deck - he has his hands held up high in the
 air.

DOM
 Uh- gentlemen. Can I help you?

ON THE DOCK:

Armed Militia locks and loads one-by-one - a MILITIA GENERAL stands front and centre, at attention:

MILITIA GENERAL
Give it up spy it's over. We know
you have the key.

DOM
What- uh like a room key? Shit.
Thought I handed that back.

MILITIA GENERAL
We will kill you. We will take the
boat.

Dom -keeps his hands up takes a step back.

DOM
Sure you will.

MONICA (V.O.)
Well isn't this just tense.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Monica - knife to her throat still calm.

MONICA
A real rock and a hard place
situation isn't it?

JOE WYLDE
This is why it wouldn't of worked
out between us - You're just too
cold all the time.

MONICA
You make silly jokes but I know you
Joe Wylde. I know that right now
you're thinking of how to fix this.

A beat - Joe thinks his actions through - His eyes rapidly
move from left to right - his brow narrows.

He clenches his fist.

MONICA (V.O.)
Oh Joe. I can see it's killing you
inside. You can't. You can't help
your friends, you can't help
yourself.

Joese eye twitches - he takes in a breath, then:

JOE WYLDE
My friends can look after
themselves.

DOM (V.O.)
Sorry to disappoint you all.

EXT. DOCK/ FISHING BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Dom takes in a deep breath -

He taps the watch -

KABOOM - The boat EXPLODES - the explosion engulfing Dom -

The Blast blows back the Militia -

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

The distant sound of the BLAST breaks the tension -

Monica - takes the butter knife - STABS it into the waiters -
hip -

The waiter recoils back -

Monica pushes the knife away - STABS it into the waiters
throat - sweeps his feet -

He goes down -

Joe stands -

The remaining PATRONS stand - they all pull guns aimed at
Joe.

Monica wipes the blood off the butter knife and places it
back on the table.

MONICA
It's over Joe. I'm taking you to
Reyes.

Joe - thinks it through - then raises his hands.

The Patrons of the bar rush him - they start to beat on Joe -
he grunts hard, as each hit lands with a THUD.

Monica walks away - she pulls her phone, a beat then:

MONICA (CONT'D)
My love. I have a gift for you.

Joe is pushed against a wall - a HARD PUNCH LANDS.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. HILLS/ MANSION - NIGHT

Militia trucks drive towards the gates of a Mansion built into the green hills of the island -

The view a good distance from the city, from the party.

The trucks pull up to the gates - the front passenger gets out and opens them -

Gets back in the vehicle, a convoy of trucks enter the compound.

GOMEZ (V.O.)
Tonight. Change not only comes to
this Island...

INT. MANSION - FRONT GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER

Gomez marches a line of Militia all stood at attention.

GOMEZ
We will not allow Reyes or Cerberus
to leave this island. Do you
understand?

The Militia stand to attention.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)
Now prepare. Tonight may get
bloody.

The trucks parked behind -

Annie drops from below one of the trucks - she rolls out.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)
But we avenge those we lost.

Annie takes a position hiding behind the truck - carefully peering out.

Gomez stands front and centre.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)
And when tonight is finished.

Behind him Militia drags out a barely conscious, badly beaten Ben Wylde.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)
We will publicly execute anyone who
helped to bring this chaos.

Annie - eyes widen - surprise turns to determination.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOTEL ROYALE - NIGHT

Lights shine up the building - music plays in the streets,
inside something sinister goes down:

REYES (V.O.)
My fellow friends of terror!

INT. HOTEL ROYALE - GALA ROOM - NIGHT

Reyes walks down the centre of the room microphone in hand -

REYES
What a pleasure it is to see y'all.

The room full - worst of the worst, government agencies sat
around tables like an awards ceremony.

REYES (CONT'D)
And I brought a special guest.

Behind him - cuffed - escorted by REYES GUARDS - Joe Wylde.

REYES (CONT'D)
I only went and damn caught "The
Invisible Reaper.

The room APPLAUDS -

REYES GUARDS also stand at the doors - they seal them closed.

ACROSS THE ROOM:

Lin sits in his wheelchair, he smokes a cigarette and holds a
disgusted look - notices Joe and Annie.

LIN
 (yells)
 I'll pay ten million for the
 Invisible Reaper!

AT THE MAIN STAGE:

Reyes takes to the stage - his captive dropped on the knees behind him.

REYES
 (to Lin)
 Oh I bet you will. But this one
 isn't for sale. I just wanted to
 show off my shiny toy.

The applause dies the crowds take their seats.

Reyes takes a beat - he slowly looks around the room - a big grinning smiley emoji on screen then, he raises the mic:

REYES (CONT'D)
 Firstly thank you for accepting my
 private invitation. What I am
 offering is to be to die for.

Mr. Christoff approaches the stage - he carries the CARBON BRIEFCASE - opens it- shows it to the audience.

REYES (CONT'D)
 I have Cerberus. Y'all know what it
 is. Take a look now.

Christoff places it open on a podium - stands aside hands crossed.

GASPS fill the room - turns to raucous APPLAUSE.

Reyes steps aside - Joe stares down the audience, he's angry.

REYES (CONT'D)
 It took a lot of planning to get
 here to right now. I knew if anyone
 was gonna take me down at this
 point...
 (nods back to Joe)
 It was gonna be this son of a
 bitch.
 (a beat then)
 But here we are a plan perfected to
 the T.

The audience LAUGHS - Lin pulls a soured expression.

REYES (CONT'D)
 (firms up)
 Not one of you knew who he was.
 Till Now. Meet Joe Wylde.
 (beat)
 You're welcome.

THUNDEROUS applause fills the room.

REYES (CONT'D)
 Let's drink to this shall we?

HOTEL WAITERS move from table to table - filling glasses with Champagne.

The waiter arrives at Lin's table.

Lin holds his hand up.

LIN
 No. Thank you.

AT THE STAGE:

Reyes extends his arm to the left off stage:

REYES
 And none of it possible, without
 this amazing woman at my side.

Monica joins Reyes on stage - he wraps his arm around her.

REYES (CONT'D)
 So c'mon now, raise those glasses.

The room drinks and cheers along.

Behind Reyes a wall of screens come to life - he uncouples from Monica and walks over to the podium.

REYES (CONT'D)
 Now. I have everyone's attention.
 How about a little demonstration.

Reyes flicks his wrist - the blue card slides out -

He slots it into the computer and types away.

The screens behind start filling with photo's of the crowd along with bank accounts - all being drained.

REYES (CONT'D)
 Right now I'm robbing everyone of
 you sons of bitches.

Confusion hits - mixed stares across the room, the tone
 shifts.

REYES (CONT'D)
 (chuckles)
 I ain't selling Cerberus. I never
 was. I was just making a power
 play.
 (serious)
 Gotta flex muscle and show strength
 if I'm going to lead you all.

ACROSS THE ROOM -

A BLUE DRESS WOMAN stands at her table - begins to CHOKE -

REYES (CONT'D)
 Well. Not you guys.

ANOTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM:

a BALDING MAN stands, foam oozes from his mouth, blood from
 his tear ducts - clutches at chest

He falls forwards into his table - SMASH.

REYES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I tell you what -

More people across the room GASP. CHOKE. Foam at the mouth.

PANIC and CONFUSION starts to make it's way around the room.

REYES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Over the years I have learned that
 to get ahead you have to be
 aggressive. Take life by the balls.

Joe watches on - powerless - restrained.

AT LIN'S TABLE:

A wide-eyed Lin watches - Flute in his hand, he realizes -
 looks at his men, some already succumbing to the poison.

LIN
 (in Mandarin)
*He's poisoned the cheap wine. Kill
 him.*

It's too late - Bodyguard #1 turns to Lin - full dying mode.

Reyes guards - lock and load, SUB-MACHINE GUNS pointed towards the crowd.

His emoji face turns to an evil grin.

REYES
 I won.

Reyes turns to his guards - nods.

REYES (CONT'D)
 Let's get this over with.

LIN
 (Yells)
 You son-of-a-bitch Reyes!

The guards open fire on the survivors - CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK it's a mishmash of gun fire flashes and blood splatter with Reyes, Christoff, Monica and Joe stood centre stage.

Reyes emoji face turns to a look of delight.

JOE WYLDE
 You're a monster.

REYES
 (cold)
 You'd better believe it.

Across the room - an upturned wheelchair's wheel spins.

A trail of blood leads away from the chair -

Lin crawls on his belly towards the door, his feeble hands touch a blood stained boot.

Lin looks up -

REYES GUARD #1 waves, takes aim and BANG.

Reyes stands on the stage - he shakes his head a beat - emoji turns to sad face.

REYES (CONT'D)
 Such a shame Gomez didn't make it.

SLAM - The doors to the ball room are kicked open -

A GAS GRENADE smashes through a window - smoke fills the room.

Reyes on stage, caught off guard - his emoji turns to confused.

Christoff - drops his weapon, raises his hands.

Militia soldiers- armoured up with balaclava's storm the room - they do not hesitate - they go straight for Reyes men opening fire taking them by force and surprise - RAT-ATATA

They take aim at Reyes, Monica and Joe still centre stage - they wait.

Gomez marches into the room - full military fatigues, he smokes a cigar as he enters - he is confident this is his victory.

GOMEZ

Well done Reyes. But it's over I am now the one in charge.

Joe still stunned - turns to Reyes.

JOE WYLDE

You didn't see that coming huh?

REYES

You think I won't win this?

Reyes looks back at Monica-

REYES (CONT'D)

You know what to do.

Monica pulls a REVOLVER from her bag - she cocks the hammer.

Reyes turns back to Gomez- full on cocky mode.

REYES (CONT'D)

Gomez. You son-of-a-b-

BANG - Reyes mask explodes shattering in blood and machinery -

A piece of mask - where his eye was turns to an X as the mask glitches out and dies.

Reyes drops to the floor -

Behind him - Monica smoking gun in hand - she turns levelling at Christoff.

MONICA

The British weren't the only ones who stole Reyes data. I was under your nose this whole time, some security you are.

BANG - Christoff's head EXPLODES hands still in the air.

Joe - stunned - looks between Monica and Gomez, then:

JOE WYLDE

What the fuck?

Monica blows the smoking tip - lowers the gun:

MONICA

Special bullets -plated in tungsten a smart chip sends out a disruptive signal enough to break the strongest bullet proof fibre, with a dash of small explosive.

JOE WYLDE

You're sick Monica.

Joe reveals he's slipped his shackles - Lunges at Monica -

She side-steps Joe - counters him and drops a kick to his mid-section, Joe falls back.

FIVE MILITIA GUARDS tackle and restrain Joe.

Monica smirks - she approaches Joe almost condescending:

MONICA

You're a little rusty.

Gomez laughs - he approaches Joe - kneels to meet him eye-to-eye, looks him up and down then:

GOMEZ

Seriously?

(looks around)

You're outnumbered. Reyes had a slight chance. But YOU. You have none.

JOE WYLDE

You killed my brother. I can't let that sit.

GOMEZ

(narrows brow, vengeful)

And you killed my son.

A beat - Gomez takes a pull from his cigar, then:

GOMEZ (CONT'D)
But you're not going to die yet.
Not before you really suffer.

He stands:

GOMEZ (CONT'D)
I want to see your face when your
son Matty is killed, along with
your wife Alexa.

Joe fights against the guards holding him back - they struggle but manage, he snarls:

JOE WYLDE
I'll rip your fucking throat out
Gomez!

GOMEZ
This isn't over yet. I've saved the
best for last -

Gomez nods down to his troops -

Ben Wylde is dragged in by TWO MILITIA GUARDS who hold him under his arms -

Dragged to the stage he is dropped next to Joe.

Joe's eyes widen - it's can't be.

JOE WYLDE
Ben?!

Ben groans - beaten - semi-conscious.

BEN WYLDE
You call this a rescue?

A rush of emotion hits Joe - he fights back a tear.

JOE WYLDE
I - I-

Joe recomposes - comes back to the situation - dire.

Gomez stands at the podium - Monica alongside him -

MONICA
How sweet. Real emotion. Something
I thought you didn't know Joe.

BEN WYLDE
Ugh. You know this crazy bitch.

JOE WYLDE
We go way back.

GOMEZ
(annoyed)
Enough. This ends now.

Gomez - looks at the CARBON BRIEFCASE -

MILITIA ANALYSTS - work to connect the computer to a camera -
another one types commands into the CERBERUS COMPUTER.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)
It is time to send our message.

Monica- searches Reyes corpse - presents the RED KEY.

MONICA
And this is the shut down Key.
There is only one. He made a point
of that.

Joe smirks -

JOE WYLDE
You really haven't changed.

MONICA
Oh but I have Joe. Like you. To me
family is everything.

She approaches Gomez and gives him the key.

MONICA (CONT'D)
And my father here is my family.

JOE WYLDE
You are one fucked up family.

Gomez turns to the computer he types away:

On the laptop screen: CERBERUS ACTIVATES

The glow of the screen reflects off Gomez as he delights at
his reward.

GOMEZ
Let's show the world who holds the
keys now!

He hits the EXECUTE KEY.

CUT TO:

INT. T.T.I.A - TRAEGARS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack sits in his office, he types at a laptop, deep in thought.

A KNOCK comes from the door. Jack looks over -

Analyst #1 stands in the doorway - they are freaking out:

ANALYST #1
Sir, it's happening again!

INT. T.T.I.A - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack enter the control room - he stops - looks around.

Everyone frozen in place - eyes fixed on the SCREEN WALL

TRAEGAR
Is this live?

ANALYST #1
Yes sir.

ON SCREEN:

Gomez stares into the camera - wide eyed smile.

GOMEZ
I am Gomez Siracantha. I grew up on
the streets of Guadalajara. Fought
my way to the top.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - PRESIDENTS OFFICE - DAY

The AMERICAN PRESIDENT sits in the oval office surrounded by
SECRET SERVICE - all eyes on the television.

On the screen - Gomez.

GOMEZ
Today. I let you know you all bow
to me.

EXT. RUSSIAN SUBMARINE - DEEP OCEAN

A long SUBMARINE - cruises through the deep, dark ocean.

INT. RUSSIAN SUBMARINE

A red alert siren sounds. A SUB TECHNICIAN talks into his headset as his screen allocates the Kremlin as it's main target.

SUB TECHNICIAN
(in panicked Russian)
*The self destruct isn't recognizing
our commands.*

INT. T.T.I.A - COMMAND CENTRE - CONTINUOUS

The RED ALERT comes on -

The main screen turns to a countdown -

ANALYST #2
Sir. The nukes, he's primed them.

A horrified look takes Traegar - he's frozen.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Across a vast country side - missile silos open - missiles raise, prepping for launch.

INT. HOTEL ROYALE - GALA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gomez addresses the camera - he stands between the Cerberus device and his captives.

GOMEZ
You sent your best -

The MILITIA GUARDS drag Joe and Ben centre stage -

One remains securing bindings to Joe and Ben tying their hands behind their back.

GOMEZ (V.O.)
I captured them.

BEN WYLDE
(groans whispered)
So this is it?

JOE WYLDE

I guess so.

The MILITIA GUARD binding Joe slips a pistol into the back of his trousers - then whispers inaudibly in his ear.

GOMEZ (V.O.)

And they will serve as a warning to
any one of you motherfuckers
looking to take me on.

Joe - surprised turns and looks -

Under the balaclava - familiar eyes - it's Annie - she winks.

Joe nods -

GOMEZ (V.O.)

I see all now.

Annie leaves the stage - joins A FIRING LINE of MILITIA -
they take aim.

The wall screen splits into multiple screens of WORLD LEADERS
in panic.

Gomez continues his

GOMEZ

In one hour we will wipe out
Washington, London, Beijing and The
Kremlin. Then, I want the rest to
surrender to us, unconditionally.

He nods - the MILITIA ANALYST at the CERBERUS device hits
execute -

The wall screen turns to a countdown timer.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

And now -

The firing line locks and loads -

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

It's time to finish -

BOOM - A BLAST from outside rocks the building -

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

(caught off guard)
What was that? Go find out.

Half the Militia in the ball room rush out - they stumble over the dead bodies inside.

GUNFIRE comes from outside, then:

A group of hooded people enter - THE PEOPLE OF ISLA DE CINQUE - their hoodies all bare the face of the waiter Monica cut down earlier - they are armed, they are full of cause, their leader - the Rozelle.

ROZELLE

(yells)

We the people of Isla de Cinque have come for justice against this corrupt government and its puppet master!

Joe and Ben look at each other - shrug - shake off their binds and pull the concealed guns -

Annie - turns on the firing line -

BANG - BANG - BANG -

The firing line cut down-

Monica shields Gomez - as she doesn't know where to shoot.

The revolutionaries fight the militia.

Joe, Annie and Ben flip a table and take cover -

It's chaos gunfire goes off left right and centre -

The MILITIA CAMERAMAN - shot through the camera -falls back.

Monica defends Gomez - shuts the carbon case and gives it to him - she barks at the Militia Analysts:

MONICA

Get out of here. Finish it. Reyes yacht.

Militia guards grab Gomez and pull him out- shielding him from sprays of bullet fire - dragging him to the back of the room- towards a shut of EXIT.

INT. T.T.I.A - COMMAND CENTRE - SAME TIME

The camera feed cuts out -

Traegar and the room of analysts - frozen - unsure of what just happened.

TRAEGAR
 (alarmed)
 What the hell just happened?

ANALYST #1
 I think shit just got wild!

Traegar turns to Analyst #1 - he's disgusted.

ANALYST #1 (CONT'D)
 What? I'm terrified, it's my
 defence mechanism. I either
 straight line or shit myself, I
 know which I prefer.

TRAEGAR
 (yells)
 Someone get me some kind of feed on
 Cinque!

Panic - descends in the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROYALE - GALA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe, Ben and Annie still in disguise take cover behind an
 upturned table - GUNFIRE - fills the room - Joe looks around -
 he clocks something -

Gomez being dragged out by his MILITIA GUARDS - still holding
 briefcase.

Joe fires a couple of shots - POP -POP - turns to Ben and
 Annie.

JOE WYLDE
 We can't let him escape.

BEN WYLDE
 No. Not now -
 (looks at Annie)
 And who the fuck is this?

She removes the balaclava -

Ben - shocked - happy, also slightly mad.

BEN WYLDE (CONT'D)
 What the fuck are you doing here?

ANNIE
 Saving your dumbass.

She kisses him on the lips.

JOE WYLDE

Alright. Time for that later. Plan?

They look around - bullets clipping the table -

Monica with Militia holds off the stage - shes looking for a shot at Joe and company -

Above them - a chandelier swings.

A light bulb switches on -

ANNIE

Cover me -

(to Joe)

When I make my move you go for Gomez. We'll cover you.

Joe nods -

Ben and Joe provide fire around the table -

Annie steps out of cover - she takes aim - pulls the trigger - BOOM -

The bullet leaves the gun - everything SLOWS - It sails through the air - behind it Joe leaves cover -

The bullet SHATTERS the chain - the chandelier DROPS

Monica - sees the chandelier - dodges out of the way - the militia not so lucky - BOOM it hits them hard they go down.

Joe makes it to the exit - he turns back -

The wall screen glitches out - the timer still present - T-MINUS - TWENTY MINUTES.

A look of determination hits Joe - adrenaline courses through the veins he SMASHES open the double doors-

INT. HOTEL ROYALE - LOBBY

Gomez being dragged by Militia moves through the busy lobby -

GUESTS inside are confused - REVOLUTIONARIES fight Militia through the crowds - it's overcrowded, it's pandemonium.

The MILITIA opens FIRE at the ceiling - they barge through -

Behind them - Joe not far -

JOE WYLDE
 (snarls)
 Gomez!

The militia stops - Gomez stops - they all turn back.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
 It's time to collect!

Joe FIRES two shots -

The bullets take out two of Gomez' entourage - the others scramble to drag him outside.

Joe pushes his way through the crowds in pursuit.

EXT. HOTEL ROYALE - NIGHT

Gomez makes his way out of the hotel, his guards close - they fire at anyone approaching as he rushes to a nearby truck.

He scrambles in - as does a guard in the drivers seat.

The TRUCK speeds away - smashing through crowds to escape.

Joe exits the hotel - fighting is going on around him - eyes locked on the escaping truck.

Joe charges out the foyer - he shoots a MILITIA GUARD in the leg - steals his bike - REVS the engine -

Tears off in pursuit.

INT. HOTEL ROYALE - GALA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's calmer now, the revolutionaries have the high ground - the militia defeated, bodies everywhere -

Ben and Annie - check their rounds -

BEN WYLDE
 What you got?

ANNIE
 Half a clip, you?

BEN WYLDE
 Two bullets.

The Rozelle approaches -

ROZELLE

It is okay - you're safe.

Ben looks out from cover -

REVOLUTIONARIES- leaving the room, they high-five - it's more relaxed.

He turns his attention to the Rozelle:

BEN WYLDE

Oh. Uh- thank you.

Across the room - behind the stage - Monica still alive, still breathing, she comes to - she is pissed.

She gets on her feet - picks up her revolver and takes aim -

The Rozelle locked in her sights.

Ben locks it in his peripheral -

Monica pulls the trigger - BOOM -

Pushes the woman out of the way - his shoulder clipped - BOOM the bullet explodes - Ben falls back - shocked looked on his face -

Annie - filled with rage - takes aim -

Pulls the trigger -

Monica dodges out the way - bullets skipping everything around her - screens spark - she takes cover behind a pillar.

MONICA

It's over you know. We've won. This means nothing.

Annie rushes to Ben - she cradles him in her arms.

ANNIE

Are you okay?

BEN WYLDE

(coughing)

No. This bitch hit me good.

Blood spurts from a hole in his shoulder -

The Rozelle rips material from her jacket - she puts pressure on the wound.

Monica - sneaks a peek from cover - gloats.

MONICA

Is he dead? Such a shame Joe didn't
get to see it.

Annie - brow narrows- she's had enough - she looks to the
Rozelle -

ANNIE

Look after him. I need to deal with
this.

She stands - fists clenched.

Annie steps out into the open -

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Why don't we finish this with a
real fight then?

Monica - behind cover - appears, she looks Annie up and down -
laughs:

MONICA

You're a confident one aren't you?

Monica starts to approach - her hand behind her back -

MONICA (CONT'D)

I've Rozelle like you without a
sweat.

She preps a throwing knife in hand.

Annie - already knows - pulls a gun from her back - pulls the
trigger - BANG!

A surprised hit takes over Monica - blood pours down her
forehead - a gaping bullet hole, smokes - she drops to the
ground - slumps forward - dead.

ANNIE

You really think I have the time to
mess about.

She looks the timer - still ticking.

Annie rushes to Ben - his shoulder wrapped, blood seeps
through:

ANNIE (CONT'D)

We need to help Joe.

BEN WYLDE

I.. I can't.

ANNIE

Yes you can damn it! Reyes keeps a chopper on the roof here. I need a pilot. The world needs saving.

A beat - Bens eyes roll -

BEN WYLDE

He's got this.

Annie SLAPS Ben around the face -

ANNIE

Snap out of it.

The Rozelle looks to Annie -

ROZELLE

I can fly. Help me get him to the roof.

Annie nods - they lift Ben to his feet - each taking an arm they drag him away.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLA DE CINQUE - NIGHT

A revolution is in full swing - vehicles on fire - riots on the streets, Militia fighting back, but it's not a fight they can win.

GOMEZ' TRUCK speeds around the fighting, around the chaos -

Behind it - Joe speeds on a bike.

INT. GOMEZ' TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Gomez turns from looking at the rear window - he yells at the driver - still clutching the carbon briefcase.

GOMEZ

Floor it. Get me to the dock.

He looks to the MILITIA GUARDS in the back:

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

Radio for air support - kill this motherfucker.

One of the MILITIA GUARDS - grabs his radio - yells into it in Spanish -

MILITIA GUARD #1

*I need air support - come to the
docks! Get Reyes boat ready, we're
coming in hot.*

MILITIA GUARD #2 - locks and loads his weapon - he leans out
of the window -

EXT. ISLA DE CINQUE - STREETS - NIGHT

Militia Guard #2 leans out the back of the truck - he opens
fire -

Joe on the motorbike swerves from left-to-right, avoiding the
bullets, avoiding burning cars - around him buildings being
looted - fighting on every street corner - then -

A BRIGHT LIGHT shines down on Joe - he looks up shielding his
eyes -

An ATTACK CHOPPER flies above him moving through the
buildings - more militia at the open doors - aiming ready to
fire -

Joe pulls hard to the right -

The bike veers off track -

GOMEZ' TRUCK now clear of pursuit.

INT. GOMEZ' TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Gomez looks confident - His eyes narrow - focused ahead -

In the horizon - the docks - the sun rising up out of the
ocean - a new day.

CUT TO:

INT. T.T.I.A - TRAEGAR'S OFFICE - DAY

RED ALERT - Tensions are rising.

Traegar watches from his office as analysts work to seize
control of their computers outside- he speaks on his phone.

TRAEGAR

No Prime Minister, we've tried
everything. I'm sorry but, this
could be it -

He looks at his computer screen -

On the screen: a black timer - less than five minutes.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKS - DAWN

Gomez's truck SMASHES through the docks closed gates,
escorted by the attack chopper -

It approaches the dock - Militia work to unrig the yacht from
it's moorings -

The truck screeches to a halt - Gomez scrambles out - he
holds the carbon briefcase close as he scrambles to the boat -
he turns back to the militia - barks:

GOMEZ

No one comes through. Kill
everyone.

Gomez turns and scrambles to the yacht.

Back at the entrance - Joe arrives on the bike - he stops
REVS the engine repeatedly -

Ahead - the helicopter circles the yacht - Militia turn -
they see Joe - stop what they are doing - action mode - lock
n' load

The yacht starts to sail out of mooring -

The militia opens fire - RAT-A-TAT-TAT

Joe- focused, angry, determined - starts his run - he gains
speed - he pulls back on the motorbike using it as a shield
on wheel in the air -

The helicopter comes low - it's playing chicken -

Both Joe and the helicopter are approaching a collision
course - then -

BANG - BANG - BANG - BANG -

Bullets rip into the attack chopper from above Joe - it moves
its course - spins out - smashes into containers - BOOM -

Militia is blown out - others shoot at the sky -

Joe looks up - brings the bike back down -

Above - it's REYES BLACK CHOPPER - Annie hanging out the side manning an assault rifle - firing into the militia.

Joe path being cleared pushes through -

The bike speeds through the dropping militia -

Joe leans drops from the bike -

It skids across the dock taking out Militia the helicopter missed.

Joe sliding fires his gun - BANG- BANG- BANG

He clips Militia - they go down.

Joe gets to his feet - he runs to the end of the dock -

The yacht now too far away to leap -

Joe stops at the end of the dock.

Gomez waves back as the yacht sails away.

Joe hears something - he turns -

REYES HELICOPTER approaches - ROPE extended -

Joe smirks - turns back to Gomez and nods.

He runs and grabs the rope - the helicopter lifting Joe off the ground now in pursuit of the yacht.

EXT. REYES' PRIVATE YACHT - CONTINUOUS

Gomez scrambles on the deck - he yells at the on board militia.

GOMEZ

Take that fucking thing down!

The militia open crates stacked on the top deck -

ROCKET LAUNCHERS, ASSAULT RIFLES, MOUNTED GUNS inside - they grab what they can.

The militia take aim with the launchers - others help load it.

INT. REYES HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Semi-conscious and in the back of the helicopter Ben notices what's going down on the ship below -

BEN WYLDE

Uh- am I tripping or are they aiming launchers at us.

Rozelle in the cockpit - yanks at the controls.

ROZELLE

I see it. I see it...
(turns back to Annie)
You need to get him and you in here now!

Annie leans back in -

ANNIE

He can't if Gomez escapes it's over.

ROZELLE

Okay. I'll have to do something crazy I guess. Brace yourselves.

She pulls at the controls.

EXT. REYES' PRIVATE YACHT - DECK - CONTINUOUS

The militia FIRES off ROCKETS at the helicopter -

The helicopter comes in - it dips forward as if charging towards the rockets - then -

At the last second the helicopter - rises and pulls away -

Below - Joe swings from the rope - the momentum propels him forward - he lets go of the rope -

In SLOW MOTION - he sails through the air - towards the deck bullets fire around him -

He's clipped in the shoulder -

Another bullet clips him in the gut -

Joe hits the deck, adrenaline pumped - he lands with a forward roll -

He charges into battle - adrenaline pumping - he jump kicks one militia guard, ripping the gun out of his belt as he drops -

Joe turns and shoots the next approaching guard - he drops backwards - Joe charges towards the back -

Gomez watches - no where to go - he edges closer to the back -

Joe - SNAPS the neck of another militia guard - as he drops Joe pulls his knife - he throws it at the one remaining - guard -

THUD - the knife hits hard - throws the guard back.

It's just now Gomez and Joe stood five meters apart.

Joe - eyes burn with anger is ready to charge - pulls the knife out of the guards chest - his attention turns to Gomez - he stops.

GOMEZ (V.O.)

(yells)

I know it's over! No one escapes
the reaper right?

Gomez - holds out the RED KEY CARD -

GOMEZ

But either way - I still win -

Gomez throws the card overboard -

Gomez laughs - he goes to throw the carbon briefcase -

Joe charges - he THROWS the knife -

It sails through the air -

THWACK - it lands in Gomez' leg - he drops down to one kneel the case drops out of his hands -

Joe leaps - grabs the case - stopping it from going over -

He turns to Gomez -

Even wounded - Gomez laughs - he takes a cigar from the top pocket of his shirt and puts it to his mouth -

He lights it and falls back:

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

No kill card - no time - I'm going
to enjoy this if you don't mind.

Joe opens the case - the timer - down to a minute -

FLASH TO:

INT. THE HOTEL ROYALE - GALA ROOM - EARLIER

Annie (in disguise) slips the pouch into the back of Joes trousers as she binds his hands - whispers in his ear -

ANNIE

Dom left this for you.

Joe - surprised turns and looks -

FLASH TO:

EXT. REYES' PRIVATE YACHT - DAWN

Joe smirks to himself - he turns to Gomez -

JOE WYLDE

You might want to see this.

Joe pulls THE POUCH from the back of his trouser - he opens it the second RED KEY CARD drops into his hand.

Without hesitation he sticks it into the CARBON CASE -

On the screen: "DO YOU WANT TO TERMINATE CERBERUS"

Joe turns - he's confident -

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)

I win.

Gomez - lunges at Joe - full of rage - Joe SNAPS his neck - Gomez goes down.

Joe - stands shock hits - he looks down, notices the bullet wound in his gut - he drops backwards -

Grabs the computer - the timer still counting down - option window open.

Joe hits the EXECUTE key.

He drops the case at his side and looks out to the horizon -

On laptop screen: CERBERUS DELETED -

Joe turns - he pulls the knife out of Gomez's leg - SLAMS it into the computer - it sparks as it dies.

Joe turns and looks off to the horizon -

The sun rises.

CUT TO:

INT. T.T.I.A - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Everyone is quiet - they hold hands - sob -then -

The RED ALERT drops -

BLACKOUT - then

Traegar emerges from his office - he looks around the room -
no one knows what to make of it, then -

Power comes back - everything calm - normal -

The sobs stop - elation kicks in.

Traegar steps away from his door - he can't believe it, he
falls back against the wall - grateful.

TRAEGAR

(sobs)

Good job Joe.

CUT TO:

EXT. REYES' PRIVATE YACHT - DAWN

Joe starts slipping out of consciousness - His head rolls
back - a shadow encompasses him it moves - like whirling
blades - Joe looks up -

Reyes helicopter hovers above him - Annie descends down -
things get blurry.

TRAEGAR (V.O.)

In the month since the Cinque
revolution, thins are finally
showing signs of calming down.

BLUR TO:

EXT. DOWNING STREET - MORNING

Another day - life goes on -

PRIME MINISTER (V.O.)
And what of Cerberus?

INT. DOWNING STREET - PRIME MINISTERS OFFICE - DAY

The PRIME MINISTER sits at her desk - a troubled look in her eye.

Traegar sits across the desk from the Prime Minister - he's suited and booted, calm and confident.

TRAEGAR
We've searched through Reyes files.
Seems like Odenkraft only trusted
Odenkraft with the plans and
they're nowhere to be found.

PRIME MINISTER
And what of the device?

TRAEGAR
It's gone. The device and the keys.

PRIME MINISTER
Maybe for the best.

TRAEGAR
Agreed. Reyes data however -

CUT TO:

INT. T.T.I.A - CONTROL ROOM

Analysts work to decrypt Reyes data - rows of screens running schematics and blueprints.

Analyst #1 sips a coffee - he stares at his screen, almost disturbed:

ON MONITOR SCREEN -

File names - BLUE SCREAM, REBIRTH, SOLAR DISRUPTION - the mouse opens up project blue scream -

Analyst #1's eyes widen - he's terrified.

ANALYST #1
What the fuck?

TRAEGAR(V.O.)

It seems Reyes was a crazy man,
with some crazy ideals. But he had
plans for tech we've only been
dreaming of.

INT. DOWNING STREET - PRIME MINISTERS OFFICE

Traegar sits forward - he's uneasy about this next bit:

TRAEGAR

We sent a team into the island to
help with the re-stabilization of
the government.

PRIME MINISTER

And?

TRAEGAR

Reyes body. It was gone. Any
remains of the mask too. I've got
people keeping an eye on it.

Traegar places a file on the desk - slides it across.

TRAEGAR (CONT'D)

It's all in this report ma'am.

PRIME MINISTER

And what of our agents?

A heavy look hits Lewis.

TRAEGAR

Our agent who did return advised me
that our other operatives perished.

The Prime Minister sits back, concern fills her voice.

PRIME MINISTER

It's a shame the country will never
know what they have done for us and
the world.

Lewis looks out the window.

He takes a beat - soft smiles and nods.

TRAEGAR

No. But we do and we never forget
that. Those men deserve their rest.

The Prime Minister gives Lewis a curious look.

CUT TO:

INT. WYLDE COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

Alexa washes dishes - she's deep in a world of her own, quietly sobs - music plays from the radio.

From outside a CAR HORN sounds.

MATTY (O.S.)

Mummy!

Alexa drops the dishes -

EXT. WYLDE COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

The front door opens 0-

Alexa steps out with Matty.

Her saddened expression drops -turns to shock - then happiness.

Matty runs down the drive.

AT THE END OF THE DRIVE:

A bandaged, scratched and bruised Joe - behind him Annie and Ben lean against the car -

Matty hugs his father.

MATTY

I missed you.

JOE WYLDE

I missed you more.

Joe clutches tighter - he looks up to Alexa - she's fighting back the tears -

Joe passionately kisses her - embracing his whole family.

Everyone is happy, the sun shines bright in the background.

A family reunited.

FADE TO BLACK:

ROLL END CREDITS.

FADE IN:

INT. TECH FACILITY - HALLWAY

A pair of white-coat SCIENTISTS walk down a hallway, both hold files in their hands, concern in their voice, but they talk amongst themselves cold, clinically.

SCIENTIST #1

This is iteration three. As with anything you copy it enough there's going to be degradation.

SCIENTIST #2

What are we talking?

SCIENTIST #1

I don't know. Unstable moods, unpredictable behaviour.

SCIENTIST #2

Hey, he's already unstable. We need to cut this off now.

They reach a set of double doors and enter.

INT. TECH FACILITY - LAB

The scientists enter a sterile room - bright lights shine down - computers and monitors are hooked up to a WHITE SARCOPHAGUS filled with ice, water and a strange green substance being drip fed in - though the water

A sterile, white room. At it's heart - computers hooked up to what looks like a WHITE SARCOPHAGUS, the top open, filled with ice and water - cables lead in.

The scientists enter - approach the computers.

SCIENTIST #1

The others wouldn't allow it.

SCIENTIST #2

They don't need to know, just tell them it was an error, we'll start again.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN:

The vitals reading a person suddenly glitch out - AN ERROR MESSAGE APPEARS -

The scientists look at each other uneasy.

SCIENTIST #2 (CONT'D)
This is it. Now or never.

SCIENTIST #1
But -

SPLASH - a man emerges from the sarcophagus -

The scientists step back - they are terrified.

The man writhes - SCREAMS in what sounds like agony; it's shrill, high-pitched almost wail like - the mans skin - pale, veiny, bluish tone body, their head bald, scarred, under-developed

The screaming stops - the man stares straight for a moment, his face obscured -

Scientist #1 steps up - he's stumbling over his words.

SCIENTIST #2
Mr - Mr. Reyes. How do you feel?

CLOSE UP - REYES EYES:

Reyes, yellow tinted, pale blue eyes shift -

He turns to Scientist #1 -

REYES
I had a dream -

Scientist #2 steps up -

SCIENTIST #2
Sir, you've just -

Reyes - clutches Scientist #2 by the throat - he lifts him from the ground.

REYES
I had a dream -

He SNAPS Scientist #2's neck - drops him like nothing.

Reyes turns his attention back to Scientist #1.

REYES (CONT'D)
A dream of revenge.

Reyes steps out of the sarcophagus - wires pull away from him, water drips from his naked body as he leaves Scientist #1 and walks towards the exit.

REYES (CONT'D)
Now - where is my mask?

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END.