

THE WYLDE SIDE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ISLA DE CINQUE - NIGHT.

A tropical island. Jungle stretching for miles.

A coastal metropolis pulses at its edge - neon, music, chaos.
Fireworks burst overhead. Lasers rake the sky.

At the heart of it all - THE VENDELL BUILDING - A towering
glass pyramid piercing the skyline.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENDELL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Outside, the building is calm.

Then - POP. POP. POP -Gunfire inside.

High above - flashes strobe through tinted glass. Climbing.
Floor by floor.

A WINDOW EXPLODES.

BEN WYLDE (30s, British, athletic, black combat gear) bursts
out - falling.

He yanks a cord -

BOOM. Parachute snaps open.

Ben glides out over the neon city.

Behind him - Armed security flood the shattered window,
watching him escape.

A guard grabs his radio -

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

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

Bullets tear through the chute.

Ben drops fast - spiralling -

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

THUD - Ben slams down, rolls - grimaces - keeps moving.
He rips free of the chute, grabs a remote from his belt.
A red light flashes - A detonator.
Ben looks up - the VENDELL BUILDING in the distance.
Beat. His jaw tightens.
Click.

INT. VENDELL BUILDING - 20TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

SECURITY GUARD #3 steps back from the window.
Shakes his head - pissed - pacing. Gun lowered.
He stops.
Something blinks.
A block of C-4 - taped to a pillar.
His eyes widen -
BOOM.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Firelight flickers in Ben's eyes.
A half-smile. Not done yet.
He pushes up - staggers - clutching his side.
Tyres SCREECH.
A white van skids into the alley behind him.
Doors fly open - Five plain-clothed THUGS spill out, bats and
steel pipes in hand.
Ben stops. Doesn't turn. He already knows.

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

Ben turns.

The thugs square up – knives, nail-studded bats.

Their leader steps forward – points his bat at Ben.

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

Ben CRACKS his neck. Raises his fists.

Thug #1 lunges – bat swinging –

Ben ducks.

Second swing – he catches it.

Beat – eye to eye.

Ben drives a kick – steps up the thug – flips –

A pistol clears his leg holster mid-air –

BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG.

The others drop – legs hit – hard to the ground.

Groans fill the alley.

Ben lands.

Thug #1 down.

Ben cocks the pistol – levels it.

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 – strips off the combat gear. T-shirt and shorts underneath.

He grabs a hat from a street vendor – pulls it low.

Blends into the partying crowd.

Fire trucks and police cars push through traffic

EXT. HOTEL MONROE - NIGHT - LATER

HOTEL MONROE - 1930s. Faded, a little run-down.

Steps up to the entrance.

Ben, head low, climbs them.

A CONCIERGE smiles - holds the door.

Ben nods. Enters.

CONCIERGE

Hola señor.

BEN WYLDE

Hola.

Ben slips the concierge a tip - checks his six - enters.

Across the street, a BLACK VAN pulls up. Windows too dark to see through.

INT. HOTEL MONROE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Ben moves down the quiet hallway.

Food trays sit outside room doors.

DING.

Elevator doors open - a YOUNG COUPLE stumble out, kissing hard.

Ben smirks as he passes. Keeps moving.

Room 1014.

He stops - pulls a keycard - swipes it.

INT. HOTEL MONROE - ROOM 1014 - CONTINUOUS

Ben enters.

The room's a mess - lived-in.

He closes the door. Bolts it.

Walls covered in surveillance photos - faces, names - all linked.

At the centre - THE VENDELL BUILDING.

Ben crosses to an air vent near the ceiling –
pulls the cover off.

INT. AIR VENT.

Ben slides a small leather pouch inside – wrapped in cloth.
He replaces the panel.

INT. ROOM 1014 – CONTINUOUS

He rips the photos from the walls – fast, careless – dumps
them in a metal bin.

Blinds part –

Ben peers out.

A MILITIA VAN pulls up below.

Thugs spill out – scanning.

Ben pulls back.

Jaw tight.

He knows.

Ben sits on the bed – lifts the receiver.

Dials.

Two rings –

Click.

Ben – low, urgent:

BEN WYLDE
Did you make it out?

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

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

Ben grabs lighter fluid from the bedside drawer - pours it into the 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 - takes two steps. Stops.

Across the street - RAINER (late 20s, cocky) leans against his van. Toothpick in his mouth.

He dips his sunglasses – blows Ben a kiss.

Ben shrugs. Smiles.

Slowly raises his hands.

Rainer's crew move – ready to cross.

Ben's hands keep rising – Then – a hail:

BEN WYLDE

Yo! Taxi!

A taxi pulls up – Ben slips in.

As the door shuts, he flips Rainer the finger.

The taxi pulls away – just as Rainer and his men reach the curb. Rainer snaps at them – irritated:

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.

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 reaches his aisle seat. Stows his bag. Sits.

By the window - GOMEZ (50s, stocky, Panama hat, moustache).
 Friendly smile. Cold eyes. Like he's been waiting.

He turns to Ben.

GOMEZ
 Hola.

Ben half-smiles. Sits.

Still tense.

He scans the cabin - businessmen, families. Nothing unusual.

A BULKY MAN drops into the seat behind him.

Gomez turns from the window - 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. Sirens closing in.
People spill out - running. Screams. Confusion. Panic.

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.

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.

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.

Suits weave through traffic - red buses, black cabs.

Union Jacks ripple above - untouched 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.

A wall of screens behind him – world news, live feeds, satellite imagery.

Around the table – ANALYSTS.

The mood is sombre.

ANALYST #1 (30s, sharp but scruffy, no social filter) munches 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 a remote –

The screens switch to MANTAGNA REYES (40s, sharply dressed, Texan accent).

A digital mask hides his face – an emote display flickers across it.

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 fill with surveillance photos –

Reyes with officials. On a yacht. 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.

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 - NOLAN ODENCRAFT (late 30s, nervous).

His file pops beside him - technical specialist. Former MI5. 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.
(MORE)

TRAEGAR (CONT'D)

(sighs then)

Do we know what Cerberus is?

ON THE SCREENS:

An animated blueprint – CERBERUS.

A sleek, advanced USB drive – the program housed within.

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 shifts – CERBERUS plugs into a laptop.

Systems light up – 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.

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. Photos of happier times on the walls.

At the table -

JOE sits at one end.

ALEXA (30s, hair tied back) at the other.

MATTY (7) between them.

JOE WYLDE

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

Beat - Joe takes a bite of his food - mulls it over - sighs
then:

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! The Golden Gimby is the most dangerous one. But it's even more O.P When combined with Slamanda and Chickoreenia.

JOE WYLDE

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

MATTY

(shrugs)

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

Joe holds the Golden Gimby card - it shines in his hand - he smirks - remembers how he got it - sighs then:

JOE WYLDE

Yeah - Yeah, it is a cool card.

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.

Joes brow narrows.

FROM THE WINDOW:

A BLACK UNMARKED CAR is parked outside.

BACK IN THE ROOM:

Joe closes the bind - 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. No Weapons. No backup. No cover story.

JOE WYLDE

Not my first time Lewis.

TRAEGAR

Things have changed since you left.

Joe at boiling point - keeps calm - cold:

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 - 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? Surely there's someone else.

Joe snaps -

JOE WYLDE

No Alexa. There is no-one else. I'm doing this for Matty. For both of you. I should have gone with him in the first place.

A quiet beat - Joe - softens:

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. But this is personal.

ALEXA

(defiant)

And that's the problem Joe. You always said when it's personal it's sloppy.

She steps up to him - she her tone intense:

ALEXA (CONT'D)

I love you too much to let you go and kill yourself.

JOE WYLDE

If I don't a lot more people could die. Everyone is burned, this thing gets out it's game over.

Another quiet beat - Alexa knows Joe well enough to know his mind is set.

She kisses him - pulls back.

ALEXA

You make sure you come home. You hear me Joe Wylde.

He turns to her.

She places the thumb drive in his hand.

Joe cracks – tears spill.

He pulls her in.

They hold each other.

INT. WYLDE COTTAGE – BEDROOM – MOMENTS LATER

Joe drags a steel trunk from under the bed.

Sets it on top. Opens it.

Beat – Inside: passports, cash, watches. Weapons.

Joe hesitates – Then his expression hardens. It's time.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. REYES' PRIVATE YACHT – NIGHT

Calm night at sea.

A long, luxury yacht drifts on black water.

Reyes stands at the bow.

His digital mask glows – two unblinking eyes. Still.

Watching the horizon.

On the horizon –

A BLACK HELICOPTER approaches.

The island behind it – fireworks bursting across the night sky.

Behind Reyes –

MR. CHRISTOFF (late 30s, built like a tank, black suit) steps in. German accent.

MR. CHRISTOFF

Would you like us to shoot it down
sir?

Beat – Reyes tilts head towards Christoff – he SCOFFS then answers:

REYES

No. Let's see what they say, then
make that decision. We don't wanna
be too hasty now do we?

Reyes and Christoff walk side by side - the helicopter flies
over them.

EXT. REYES' PRIVATE YACHT - STARBOARD - MOMENTS LATER

The helicopter touches down on the rear helipad.

Reyes approaches - Christoff a step behind.

A group in military slacks disembark. Armed.

Crewmen in blue-and-white uniforms clear the deck around
them.

At the front - Rainer. Cigarette in hand. Watching.

He flicks it aside - no respect. He speaks - English, rough.
Not his first language.

RAINER

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

Reyes' mask pings - flickers to a confused emoji.

Hands in his pockets. Casual. When he speaks - digitally
masked, but the Texan drawl cuts through. Playful.

REYES

The job is done? Really?

Beat - Reyes looks around - looks at his empty hand, shrugs
then:

REYES (CONT'D)

Cause I don't see my stolen data in
my hands here. Do you?

RAINER

(dismissive)

The spy is dead. He was blown up on
the plane. The data along with him.

Beat - The emoji mask lights to a raised brow:

REYES

You reckon?

Reyes steps up to Rainer - he adjusts Rainers tie - to Rainers Chagrin.

REYES (CONT'D)
 (patronizing)
 See, I don't think he would do that. I think he would be smarter than that.
 (patronizing)
 Don't you?

Rainer steps back - he's getting irritated:

RAINER
 Touch me again and I'll cut that mask off your face.

Reyes steps back - his emoji turns to an O-face - then it turns to a laughing one.

REYES
 (laughs)
 This kid. He's got balls ain't he?

Reyes paces- a bounce in his step, he's calm, jovial:

REYES (CONT'D)
 You could do that?

Reyes' mask shifts - a darker, menacing expression.

Still relaxed - he snaps his fingers.

Red laser dots bloom across Rainer and his men.

Christoff and Reyes' crew - weapons up.

Rainer's men drop theirs. Hands up.

Reyes - nonchalant:

REYES (CONT'D)
 But we both know you wouldn't get a step.

Reyes reaches into his jacket and pulls out a shiny REVOLVER - levels it at Rainers head:

REYES (CONT'D)
 (cold)
 That power and control you extort and enjoy. That's all thanks to me. Best you'd not forget that.

Reyes almost theatrical- pulls the gun away - SNAPS his fingers again and laughs - he goads Rainer:

REYES (CONT'D)
 I love that confidence son. But
 sometimes a good dog need puttin'
 back in it's place.
 (Beat)
 You get me?

Rainer clocks it - outgunned.

His men behind him - tense. Uneasy.

Reyes turns - walks away. Hands back in his pockets. Tone light again.

He heads for the open doors to the lower deck.

MONICA (mid 30s) waits - long hair, red dress, sharp eyes.

REYES (CONT'D)
 Now, y'all get back on your
 helicopter and find my kill data.
 I'd suggest starting at the hotel
 he was staying in.

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.

Reyes continues to walk away.

REYES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And send my regards to your daddy!

CUT TO:

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

DING. Elevator doors open - Annie steps out.

She strides across the control room - analysts at work, heads down.

She heads for TRAEGAR'S OFFICE.

INT. TRAEGAR'S 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?

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 screen: a muted reporter outside the White House, a
protest behind him.

Ticker: "U.S. BANK LOSES THREE HUNDRED MILLION OVERNIGHT."

Lewis turns back to Annie – 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, duffel over his shoulder - blending into the crowd in a loud open shirt, vest, shorts.

Around him, partygoers spill out - leis, colour, carnival glitz.

A man cuts through them - DOM RUSSO (late 40s, Hispanic American, slick hair, loud shirt, wide grin).

DOM
Dick Schlinger huh?

Joe stops - instantly recognizes Dom:

JOE WYLDE
Dom?
(Beat, then)
What?? -

DOM
(cuts in)
What am I doing here? Let's just say our mutual friend "Langley" pulled me out of retirement for a fishing trip.

Relieved Joe hugs Dom.

JOE WYLDE
So glad to see you.

Dom - softly whispers in Joes ear:

DOM
Sorry to hear about Ben.

Dom pulls back - nods behind him -

DOM (CONT'D)
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. How about
you?

DOM
Ah you know. I can't do settled.
I'm like a traveller, nothing tying
me down.

JOE WYLDE
Sounds lonely.

DOM
Not when you get requests for the
comeback tour.
(smug, shrugs, then)
What can I say? Ladies love Dom.

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

JOE WYLDE
This is the ride?

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

They stand in front of Beat-up looking, old, big, yellow taxi
-

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
(chuckles then)
What can't I tell you?
(MORE)

DOM (CONT'D)

Welcome to the five Islands. All owned and operated by a Cartel government.

Turns to Joe and shrugs:

DOM (CONT'D)

Yeah. C.I.A really fucked that one up.

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

Cartel government. What does that mean?

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

(dismissive)

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

Joe and Dom climb into the front of the taxi.

Back at the airport exit - Rainer stands in a doorway, eyes locked on them.

He lifts his phone - snaps a photo.

Brings it to his ear - speaks in Spanish:

RAINER

I sent you a picture. Let me know what comes back.

Rainer walks away from the steps - he approaches the taxi as it drives away, he watches it's direction -

Behind him - a woman in a blonde wig and sunglasses passes behind him - it's Annie.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The taxi crawls through traffic on a crowded street in full celebration.

Bunting strung between buildings.

A parade blocks the road - musicians on the street, 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. He spends his time off shore on his super yacht. If he's here he's locked in at the Hotel Royale. It's one of his venues. The guy has his own army.

JOE WYLDE
How?

DOM
Nobody knows. That's the scary thing. Vendell was just a front.

Dom nods to the dash -

DOM (CONT'D)
I got some surveillance. It's about three months old. It's in the dash.

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

DOM (CONT'D)
We know he's paranoid. Hires only the worst kind of merc.
(beat then)
Oh. And he got a woman. Real fine.

Joe starts to sift through the photos -

JOE WYLDE
This is a real catalogue of crazy.

An image – LIN SOO-HUANG (late 30s-40s, sharply dressed, hard expression) with Christoff.

Another – Christoff with COOMBES, a South African, in a café.

A steel case passes between them.

JOE WYLDE (V.O.)
So who's the big guy?

DOM (V.O.)
Mr. Christoff. Ex-German special ops. Extreme doesn't cover it. Germans disavowed his ass for Reyes to eat it.

Joe smirks – he's missed Doms wit.

JOE WYLDE
And the other guy? He looks familiar.

DOM
(smirks then)
Bartholomew Coombes.

Beat – this name rings a bell to Joe.

He turns to Dom – he knows this name.

JOE WYLDE
The South African diamond smuggler, slave trader and warlord?

DOM
The one and only. But now it's former. He hides here. Wanted in eight countries. He's become a fixer, dealer and interrogator.

Joe eyes the photo –

DOM (CONT'D)
A real piece of shit.

Joe shifts the photo

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

DOM (CONT'D)
Reyes has everyone eating out his hand right now. Everyone's here.
(MORE)

DOM (CONT'D)

I seen Russians, Chinese
government, Cartels, known terror
groups they all want a piece of
this Cerberus.

JOE WYLDE

Yeah. Keys to the world type deal.
Who wouldn't want that?

Joe sifts through the photos - he pulls one - stops - his
eyes widen, this is a face he recognizes - not in a good way.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)

Shit.

DOM

What?

Joe holds out a photo - an Image of Reyes and Monica on deck
arm in arm - she's smiling.

JOE WYLDE

This Reyes woman?

DOM

Oh yeah that's her. Real
firecracker. Legs that won't stop
the full package.

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

JOE WYLDE

Monica is a lot of things but the
full package she isn't.

DOM

(stunned)
You know her?

Beat - Joe shakes his head - eyes locked on the photo:

JOE WYLDE

Monica Lucien. We had a thing.
Socialite, rich girl, assassin.

DOM

(stunned curious)
A thing?

Dom mulls it over - goes for hopeful:

DOM (CONT'D)
A thing that could work to our
advantage?

Joe looks at the photo - he smirks and puts it down - then:

JOE WYLDE
No. Fuck no.

DOM
Did she know that you were the
reaper?

JOE WYLDE
No. I was deep cover. She also
thinks I'm dead.

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

DOM
Shit.
(Beat, then)
What do we do?

Joe thinks Beat - he takes in a deep breath then confidently
answers:

JOE WYLDE
Take me to the hotel Ben was
staying.

DOM
(unsure)
Hey, uh- the local militia. They've
been turning it over since they
learned Ben was staying there.

Joe turns his head to Dom - his mind is made up:

JOE WYLDE
Then I should definitely go check
it out.

Dom - unsure - breaks a smile, laughs to himself:

DOM
Damn. You ain't changed Joe Wylde.

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.

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.
(Beat, then)
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!

Joes 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.
(MORE)

DOM (CONT'D)

We think they have some kind of alliance.

Joe takes this in - does the math then:

JOE WYLDE

Some kind?

DOM

They both hate each others guts. Well known around here.

JOE WYLDE

And what about the hotel? Why did Ben stay here instead of the Royale?

DOM

This is low-life central. Reyes' buyers are all staying here. The Royale has been booked out for the last three months. All bullshit names.

Dom nods to out the window -

Joe and Dom watch -

DOM (V.O.)

That's our boy Coombes. He has the room above Bens.

From the window view - they watch as Coombes gets out of a taxi and enters the hotel, he greets staff like they're his best friends.

DOM

Word is that they brought him one of the local rebels. Shes in his room for torture and who knows what.

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 toward the hotel as the taxi pulls away.

At the entrance – two militia guards. Watching.

Joe plays drunk.

They size him up – unimpressed

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 – 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

Let me see 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.

ANALYST #1 (V.O.)
Sir. We have a big fucking problem.

CUT TO:

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

Analyst #1 stands in front of a cubicle - they are fidgeting as they address Traegar -

TRAEGAR
How long?

Traegar looks over Analyst #1s shoulder -

ANALYST #1
I- I don't know.

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.

ANALYST #1 (CONT'D)
She's off grid not using our identities.

TRAEGAR
Are you sure she's not home? Ill?

ANALYST #1
Sir. C'mon.

TRAEGAR
What do you know.

Beat - Analyst #1 bites his lip - he does know something - he can't hold it.

ANALYST #1
 Okay. Fuck. Fine. I -
 (hesitates then)
 May have illegally accessed
 Heathrows cameras and run it
 through facial recognition.

TRAEGAR
 (frustrated)
 And?

ANALYST #1
 I flagged her, she left last night
 on a three-a.m Red-eye.

TRAEGAR
 And why do I feel like this isn't
 the worst news yet?

ANALYST #1
 (uneasy)
 No. Reyes has black sited Cinque
 across our whole satellite network.
 That island. It's now dark.

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.

SLAP - then:

COOMBES (O.S.)
 Busy.

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

Joe KNOCKS again - this time a little louder.

It goes SILENT - then, the door UNLOCKS - opens ajar -

Coombes - ignorant, stands in a bloody vest and camo pants, he wips blood from his hands with a white towel, his tone angry/ dismissive:

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

BANG - a PUNCH hits Coombes between the eyes cutting him off -
Coombes falls backwards - hits the ground - THUD.

INT. ROOM 1114 - CONTINUOUS

Joe ENTERS - closes the door behind him - kneels down

Checks Coombes - he's unconscious -

Joe looks up -

JOE WYLDE
You okay?

Across the room - ROZELLE (mid 20's, revolutionary, beaten, bloodied, dressed in dirty para-military attire) is tied to a chair - next to her a gurney of surgical tools - she sobs - musters a nod.

Joe approaches his hands raised -

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
I'm going to untie you okay?

Rozelle nods -

Joe unties her -

Anger creeps in she snaps and YELLS out at Coombes.

ROZELLE
Bastard. Part of the regime choking
this island.

Joe finishes untying her - looks around her at the unconscious Coombes.

JOE WYLDE
Yeah. Right.

Rozelle now free stands - she massages her wrists.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
Don't you worry about this shit
stain.

Joe stands - his tone - soft, sincere:

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
Get out of here. Keep your head low
and leave out the back.

Rozelle nods, steps in - KICKS Coombes hard in the
midsection.

She spits on him - then walks off.

Joe clocks a table across the room - a pistol, ammo laid out
beside surgical tools.

He slams in a mag. Cocks it.

Moves to the double doors - pushes through onto the balcony.

Looks 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 - he looks over to the unconscious Coombes -
smirks - an idea hits.

Joe walks across the room -

JOE WYLDE
Barty Coombes.
(Beat)
I know all about you.

Coombes slowly coming to - groans -

Joe approaches and drags him up on his feet - drags him
across the room -

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
Is that really what you're going to
ask the reaper when he comes to
collect?

Coombes eyes widen - he knows he's in the shit.

Joe drags him across the room -

COOMBES
Hey. No. No. You. You're dead.

Joe lifts Coombes by his throat - to eye level -

Joes brow narrows - Coombes flails - Joe pulls him close -

JOE WYLDE
Not as dead as you.

Joe THROWS Coombes over the balcony -

EXT. BALCONY - ROOM 1014 - CONTINUOUS

The militia guards at the balcony - guns in hand. Relaxed -

A SCREAMING Coombes drops past them.

They snap alert -

SMASH - a car alarm BLARES below.

The guards rush to the railing - look down.

Stunned.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Coombes - dead - sprawled across the smashed remains of a
militia truck.

Around him, pedestrians stand frozen. Stunned. Horrified.

EXT. BALCONY - ROOM 1014 - CONTINUOUS

Militia Guard #1 turns to Militia Guard #2 - silent for a Beat they realize something bad just happened -

Militia Guard #1 yells in Spanish:

MILITIA #1
That was Coombes.

The guards rush away from the balcony - into the room - yelling:

MILITIA #1 (CONT'D)
Get to the eleventh floor now!

The room of militia empties out -

Silence - then:

Joe makes a STEALTH LANDING on the balcony -

He gets to his feet- eyes scan the room ahead - he paces in with swagger.

INT. ROOM 1014 - CONTINUOUS

Joe pauses in the doorway - scans the room.

Turned over. A mess.

The hallway door hangs open.

He steps in, eyes working - taking it all in.

Then - the vent.

Joe moves to it - checks his six, pulls the cover free.

Reaches in. Feels around -

Beat.

He pulls back - A BLACK-WRAPPED POUCH in his hand.

A CLAP cuts the silence.

Joe spins -

RAINER in the doorway. Smirking. Too confident.

RAINER
Seems like Reyes was right.

JOE WYLDE

Is it too much to ask you just take
me to him?

Rainer pulls a BUTTERFLY BLADE from his belt -

He swirls it around into the OPEN POSITION - positions
himself ready to fight.

RAINER

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

Joe looks at the pouch in his hand - then back to Rainer,
he's calm, composed - isn't giving it.

JOE WYLDE

You sure?
(Beat, nods to the door)
You might want to call in a few of
your backup dancers little lad.

Rainer closes the door behind him -

His brow narrows - his grin widens.

Joe - almost impressed:

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)

Alright.

Joe CRACKS his neck - sets his stance. Ready.

Rainer charges - slashing wild.

Joe slips each swing -

One catches his arm. He grunts - keeps moving.

CRACK - Joe drives a headbutt into Rainer's nose.

Rainer staggers back - blood pouring.

Beat.

He wipes it away - scoops up the blade. Squares up again.

RAINER

(spits blood then)
You will feed the sharks tonight.

Rainer lunges-

Joe dodges - Counters with a HARD SLAP across the face.

JOE WYLDE

It doesn't have to be like this.

RAINER

You are a bitch. Just like the other English guy.

Rainer spits - hits Joe.

Joe stumbles back - wipes it off.

Then - something shifts. Calm. Cold. Calculated.

JOE WYLDE

You killed my brother?

Rainer - THRUSTS forward kicks Joe's side -

Joe GRUNTS, two steps back then -

Rainer steps back - gloats.

RAINER

I will enjoy this so much more.

Joe - anger burning - clenches his fists assumes the boxer stance - knuckles CRACK -

He barrels forward-tackles Rainer, wrestling him down.

Joe SMASHES Rainer's wrist with his fist.

Knife clatters away -

Rainer still goading:

RAINER (CONT'D)

It's too late. Everyone you love will be dead soon - Joe Wylde.

Joe - realizes this guy knows who he is.

Anger fully takes over -

Joe SLAMS his fist down into Rainers face - THUD -

Blood spurts over Joe -

He goes to throw another punch - instead he clutches Rainer by the throat - raises him off the ground -

Rainers legs FLAIL -

JOE WYLDE

(snarls)

How do you know my name?

Rainer fighting to breath - SPITS blood in Joes face:

RAINER

Fuck you!

He pulls a TASER and jabs it into Joe -

Joe drops Rainer - STUMBLES backwards - clutches his side.

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 (CONT'D)

I know everything and soon so will
Reyes. You're playing the wrong
game Joe Wylde.

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 - his brains blow out the side
of his head -

He drops - THUD lifeless.

Joe-covered in blood goes through a second of SHOCK, it's been a while - worry creeps in - he shakes it off - kneels down and checks the body -

Finds a now BROKEN PHONE.

Temper calms - he realizes what he's just done.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)

Shit.

The door BURSTS open - MILITIA enter - guns pointed.

MILITIA #1

He killed Rainer!

They raise their guns - open fire. RAT-TAT-TAT.

Joe bolts for the balcony - fires back. POP. POP.

One guard drops - shot clean between the eyes.

The room shreds under the gunfire.

Joe hits the balcony - drives off the coffee table -
LEAPS.

Time slows - bullets slicing past.

As he drops - he flips them off.

EXT. HOTEL MONROE - DAY

Joe drops - catches the balcony below.

Hanging on - burning.

He lets go - drops again. And again.

Balcony to balcony.

Hard hits - barely controlled.

Gunfire raining down.

EXT. SIDE ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Joe lands hard - rolls - back on his feet, breathing heavy.

He looks up - militia still firing down at him.

He bolts down the alley, dodging rounds –

A militia truck pulls in ahead. Stops.

Joe freezes – out of options –

A HORN BLARES.

He turns –

A RED SPORTS CAR screeches in behind him.

Annie leans out the driver's window – yells:

ANNIE

What are you waiting for? An
invite?

Joe recognises her – scrambles into the car as bullets
ricochet off the frame.

The sports car REVS – tears back out of the alley in reverse.

Militia rush for the truck.

EXT. HOTEL MONROE/ STREET – DAY

The RED SPORTS CAR tears out of the alley in reverse –

HANDBRAKE SPIN – snapping into traffic the right way round.

Then it's gone – peeling away from the crowds and the
approaching confused Militia.

INT. RED SPORTS CAR – MOVING – CONTINUOUS

Annie keeps her eyes on the road. Confused. 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

You need me. I know this place. I
was with Ben till the end. I know
this Island and it's players.

Beat – Joe knows that she's lying – he's angry.

JOE WYLDE
 Lady, this isn't a revenge gig.
 It's a save the world thing.

Joe relents - still angry, but thankful and curious:

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)
 How'd you even find me?

Annie focused on the road- keeps her tone locked tight:

ANNIE
 I looked for the first sign of
 trouble and there you were. So
 you're "the invisible Reaper"?

JOE WYLDE
 Formerly.

Annie's eye's shift - she notices something - something
 disgusting:

ANNIE
 Did you pee yourself?

JOE WYLDE
 (passive)
 It got me inside... It was before
 the fighting.

ANNIE
 If you say so. I know it's been a
 while.

JOE WYLDE
 (scolding)
 Look lady -

ANNIE
 (cuts him off)
 One sec. And it's Annie -

Annie looks into the drivers mirror -

IN THE MIRROR:

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

BACK IN CAR:

Annie shifts her eyes to Joe.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Or Agent. McClaine.

Annie shifts gear.

EXT. BUSY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The RED SPORTS CAR swerves through traffic.

Ahead - a militia roadblock forming.

Behind them, the militia truck forces through traffic -
RAMS the sports car from behind.

INT. RED SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe eyes fixed to the road - doesn't like this.

JOE WYLDE
Hey - uh - you got an idea to get
around that!

ANNIE
Yeah. I might.

She SHIFTS the gear again -

EXT. ROADBLOCK - CONTINUOUS

The militia truck charges in -

The red sports car swerves clear.

The truck blasts past -

The sports car accelerates toward a ramp ahead.

INT. RED SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Annie's brow narrows - she bites her bottom lip - clutches the
steering wheel TIGHT.

EXT. ROADBLOCK - CONTINUOUS

The red sports car hits the ramp -

LAUNCHES over the roadblock.

Its underside skims the roof of a militia truck.

Militia dive for cover – opening fire. RAT-TAT-TAT.

Bullets PING off the car as it slams back onto the road – tearing away from the blockade.

INT. RED SPORTS CAR – CONTINUOUS

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

Joe – open-mouthed – doesn't know what to say.

ANNIE

So. Where we going?

Joe snaps from shock – turns slow to Annie.

JOE WYLDE

The docks. My guy is waiting.

Annie shifts gear-

Puts her foot down on the gas – the engine REVS.

EXT. STREET/ NARROW ALLEY – CONTINUOUS

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

AMERICAN REPORTER (V.O.)

We're reporting live from Isla de
Cinque...

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL MONROE – CONTINUOUS

The hotel is locked down – militia everywhere.

Militia paramedics wheel out a covered body on a gurney.
Rainer.

At the barricade – an AMERICAN REPORTER faces the camera,
microphone raised.

AMERICAN REPORTER

... 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. HOTEL ROYALE - 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, slacks - wired, jittery) stares at the television.

He sits on a long U-shaped couch.

Beside him, an open window overlooks the island - the ruined Vendell Building in the distance.

The rest of the room is a mess. Clothes. 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.

Something catches Odenkraft's attention.

He turns - eyes widening.

AMERICAN REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The government has remained uncontactable for comment.

Drains the rest of his whiskey and moves to the window.

In the distance - a BLACK HELICOPTER approaching.

EXT. ISLA DE CINQUE - NIGHT

A small helicopter cuts across the island.

Even after a day of terror, Isla de Cinque stays bright. Vibrant. Alive.

The party never stops.

Ahead – a towering skyscraper hotel: THE HOTEL ROYALE. Crown jewel of the city.

EXT. HOTEL ROYALE - CONTINUOUS

The landing pad overlooks the island from its centre.

The helicopter touches down – Reyes steps out.

By the elevator, Christoff waits.

Reyes meets him halfway.

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.

Reyes stops turns his head - emoji - curious.

REYES

Good.

Beat - Reyes then tilts his head toward Christoff -

REYES (CONT'D)

And how's his mood?

MR. CHRISTOFF

Steady diet of barbiturates and sedatives to keep him balanced. But, he's getting ancy

The large double metallic doors start to open.

REYES

You see what happened earlier?

MR. CHRISTOFF

At the Monroe?

REYES

Yeah.

MR. CHRISTOFF

I did.

REYES

(almost concerned)

Look into it. I wanna know who this player is.

(beat then)

Keep it quiet though.

Reyes turns his head forward and continues walking - his tone shifts to more light-hearted:

REYES (CONT'D)

Also move up the auction to tomorrow. I don't want to take any chances.

Mr. Christoff nods - follows Reyes into the hotel

INT. HOTEL ROYALE - PENTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The hotel room door opens - Reyes steps inside.

He takes in the state of the room.

REYES

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

In the corner - ODENCRAFT sits slumped at a table.

On it: two carbon briefcases. Two smaller cases beside them - all open.

ODENCRAFT

All I've done is work Manny. I'm tired.

Reyes approaches the table - runs his hands across the cases.

His mask flickers to heart-eye emojis.

REYES

Well done. I knew you had it in you.

Built-in computers inside both large cases.

One smaller case holds a red key and blue keycard.

The other - just the red key.

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 -

Odenkraft - a distance back - clearly nervous:

ODENCRAFT

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

Reyes scoffs - he walks over to the large window overlooking
the island, he's calm, almost too calm.

REYES

Ah c'mon now. You think I'd let
that happen?

Reyes - turns to looking out the window - the glow of
fireworks reflect from his mask as he marvels at it all.

REYES (CONT'D)

You think I'd build a paradise for
it to all end? I just wanna mix
things up. Is that so bad?

ODENCRAFT

Yeah. Manny it really is.

Reyes turns to Odenkraft - he's silent for a lingering moment-

Then- he mumbles:

REYES

Short sighted.

ODENCRAFT

With the other kill-key out there -

REYES

(cuts in)

There's no problem. Not since they
don't have one of those laptops.

Reyes turns to Odenkraft - he CLUTCHES him by the shoulders -

REYES (CONT'D)

I have it all under control. Don't worry about it. You're a tense guy Nolan.

ODENCRAFT

(concerned)

I saw the news.

Reyes releases his grip - he turns walks to the mini-bar, he's still calm:

REYES

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

He starts to mix a cocktail together.

REYES (CONT'D)

You're being a Debbie Downer here Nolan. Look, in a day you're going to be richer than rich. You should be happy.

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 -

ODENCRAFT

(scoffs)

Maybe I can get a mask like you.

Reyes' emoji screen flickers - raised brow, angry, raised brow again.

Odenkraft doesn't notice.

He takes a deep breath - then chokes.

Eyes bulging. Struggling for air.

Sweat pours down his brow. Something's wrong.

Reyes leans back in his chair - calm, composed. Not even hiding it now. His tone cold:

REYES

Something wrong?

ODENCRAFT

I- I can't br -

Reyes sits forward, grabs Odenkraft around the shoulders.

REYES

Relax.

Odenkraft struggling for breath turns to Reyes, then his drink - he realizes.

Reyes almost taunting:

REYES (CONT'D)

Yeah.

Odenkraft gasps for air - falls from the sofa with a THUD.

Convulsing. Foam spilling from his mouth.

Blood trickles from his eyes.

He collapses hard to the floor.

Reyes rises - stands over the choking, gasping Odenkraft.

His mask twists into a wicked grin

REYES (CONT'D)

Sorry Nolan. You were a valuable asset.

(MORE)

REYES (CONT'D)

(beat)

But just too valuable to keep
around. What's in that head is now
mine and mine alone.

Odenkraft's bloodied eyes bulge - he gargles his last breath.

Dead.

Reyes straightens his jacket, crosses to the wall - grabs a
fire extinguisher.

Back at the table - he opens one of the carbon cases.

Nods.

Then SMASHES it apart with the extinguisher.

He takes the blue keycard - grinds it under his heel.

Cuffs the remaining small case to his wrist.

Picks up the last carbon briefcase.

Opens the door -

Christoff and a cleanup crew wait outside.

Plastic wrap. Saws. Full body 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 – militia gear – steps out, opens the rear door.

A man emerges, face hidden beneath a Panama hat.

He nods to the driver – heads for 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 lies on an examiner's table.

Grey. Blue. Lifeless.

The wound on his head stitched closed.

The man stands over him – strokes his hair, quietly sobbing.

Then looks up at 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?
 (MORE)*

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

*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 limo door.

Gomez climbs in.

The door shuts.

The limo pulls away as militia troops storm the funeral parlour.

POP-POP.

Two shots from inside.

Then flames bloom through the windows.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ISLA DE CINQUE - MORNING

The sun rises over Isla de Cinque.

Offshore, a small fishing boat bobs gently on calm water.

INT. FISHING BOAT - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Light creeps through a gap in the blackout curtains.

Joe lies awake on the bed, staring toward the window.

His wounds wrapped. Treated.

Deep in thought.

A loud KNOCK at the door.

Joe looks over -

Annie stands in the doorway, coffee in hand. Smiling.

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)

Yeah.

Looks around the cabin - it's old, but tidy, orderly.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)

Good old Uncle Sam.

Joe stiffens - this is awkward:

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)

You and Ben were close huh?

ANNIE

You can say that.

JOE WYLDE

(sighs then)

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?

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

Annie's eyes widen - it clicks.

Joe smirks, he puts the phone in his pocket and goes to leave.

JOE WYLDE
(light)
Thanks. Now, how about some coffee
with some taste? You tight fisted
fuck.

He passes by Dom who's clearly insulted:

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

INT. FISHING BOAT - OPERATIONS CABIN

Dom sits in front of a laptop - energised, locked in.

Behind him, the screen flickers through blueprints,
manifests, emails.

Joe turns a RED KEYCARD in his hand.

Eyes it - then looks to Dom.

JOE WYLDE
So what have we got here?

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

JOE WYLDE
So we can kill Cerberus with this?

DOM
Yeah.

JOE WYLDE
Then what are we waiting for?

DOM
It's not "that" simple. The key is one part but it also needs an operating console.

JOE WYLDE
What?

Across the small cabin - Annie sits at a desk, she half wears a headset - her attention turns to Joe and Dom, she knows what.

ANNIE
It's a laptop. Ben destroyed it.
But then Reyes used Cerberus.

DOM
So he clearly has a second.

Joe nods over to the laptop -

JOE WYLDE
Can you find anything on that?

Dom spins on the chair - he sighs, this is a task easier said than done:

DOM
There's a lot here. Without a project name I'm throwing a needle in a haystack and praying it finds gold.

Something spooks Annie - she sits bolt upright.

ANNIE
Woah.

Joe turns to Annie's direction - brow raised.

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 - Joe thinks - an idea hits - picks up a PISTOL from the table, puts it in the back of his trousers - half smirks.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)

That's my way to Reyes. Where is Lin?

ANNIE

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

DOM

Woah. Joe. Lin?... Really? I don't know if that's a good idea. You shot him in the shoulder.

JOE WYLDE

Yeah. He owes me for that. Not that he knows it yet.

ANNIE

Yeah. You can't. They have your face from surveillance, it's now all over the island.

JOE WYLDE

I'll worry about that.

Beat - BOOM - 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.
Guess he's docking on the Island.

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 the top deck, eating breakfast.

An opening in Reyes' mask allows him to eat.

Monica stares out at the island - in awe.

Around them, Reyes' crew prepare the ship for docking.

MONICA

Quite the spectacle.

REYES

Ain't it just.

Reyes turns and looks over to the island - his actual mouth forms a smile -

He turns back to Monica - sighs, he is pleased.

REYES (CONT'D)

Ten years of working in the shadows
and we have paradise.

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)
Best behaviour now y'all.

They look off the railing -

EXT. PORT - CONTINUOUS

Reyes' superyacht glides into the dock.

Waiting there - a long black limousine with diplomatic flags.

Militia guards surround it.

Gomez at the front.

A ladder lowers from the yacht to the dock -

Reyes steps down, Monica on his arm.

Christoff close behind.

REYES

Mr. Siracantha.

GOMEZ

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

Monica - staring over the rim of her sunglasses - turns to Reyes - whispers inaudibly in his ear -

Reyes recoils with a laugh - shakes his head.

REYES

Oh I think you should honey.

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

Gomez - eyes widen, impressed.

REYES (CONT'D)

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 doesn't answer- half smiles as Reyes opens the envelope - pulls out some photographs.

Reyes eyes the photo -

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. My militia have his face up all over the island. I know this man, we crossed paths many years ago.

Reyes looks at the photos -

REYES

I don't know this guy. Someone
please enlighten me.

Monica - eyes widen - she recognizes Joe, she takes a half
breath - almost excited, but her tone drops, she's calm
emotionless when she speaks:

MONICA

I know this man. Son of a bitch
supposedly died ten years ago. He's
a data-trafficker.

Gomez holds back a laugh.

GOMEZ

No. He is no trafficker. He had a
name long ago - "Invisible Reaper"

Monica - taken back things start to click in her head.

Reyes can't believe it - he's almost excited:

REYES

Now, that's name I do know. Thank
you.

(Beat then)

This certainly makes things more
interesting.

GOMEZ

Cancel your auction. I want
Cerberus.

A quizzical emoji appears on Reyes face display -

REYES

(scoffs then)

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 died in that plane crash. Your
data with it.

REYES

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.

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 - He 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)
And you. I guess you need to tell
me what you know of this "Invisible
Reaper"

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. It's a
hell-hole.

JOE WYLDE (V.O.)
 (laughs)
 Yeah. But still beat that weekend
 in the lakes with your folks.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. MARKET PLACE - DUSK

Joe - clean-shaven now, short hair, sunglasses, smart clothes
 - blends into the crowd.

Leaning against a pillar, he eats a hotdog.

Beside him - a wanted poster bearing his grainy image from
 the night before.

JOE WYLDE
 I can't talk for long.

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)
 (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:

ALEXA (CONT'D)
 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 escorts the black car to a stop outside a nail salon.

BODYGUARD #1 - huge, black suit - steps out and opens the rear door.

Lin exits, scans the street, nods.

He enters the salon with Bodyguard #1 - greeted at the doors by BODYGUARDS #2 and #3.

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

Strides across the street -

INT. NAIL SALON - CONTINUOUS

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

Joe steps inside, scans the room.

Busy nail salon. Packed with customers.

BETTY YU (40s-50s) approaches - older, cigarette hanging from her mouth. Raspy Chinese accent. Fluent English.

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 the stairs.

He moves down a hallway lined with closed doors.

Loud chatter. Laughter.

At the end - a set of double doors unlike the rest.

Modern. Ornate. Golden dragons across the surface.

Joe pushes through.

INT. LIN SOO-HUANGS OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Lin sits behind a large black desk - sleek, expensive.

Stacks of cash spread across it.

Behind him, a huge circular window overlooks the street below.

He spins in his chair - eyes widening.

LIN
Who the hell are you?

Joe calm - 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.

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 steps out onto the street.

Packed crowds. Full party mode.

A procession snakes through the chaos.

Across the street - a WHITE VAN parked at the curb.

Inside, two burly Russian men - shaved heads, cheap shirts,
vests - watch on, amused.

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

Head low, Joe moves through the procession.

Across the street - Rozelle watches from the crowd.

Then turns and disappears.

Floats roll past. Dancers. Music blasting through the P.A. systems.

Vibrant. Alive.

Beneath it all - tension.

From a back alley, Lin's bodyguards emerge - furious, scanning the crowds as they argue 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, moves further into the procession -
uses 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 -

Further back - bodyguards gaining ground - they look around,
they seemingly lost Joe.

Even further back - The Russian van slowly creeps at the back
of the procession.

Celebration moves to tension.

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?

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

Yeah sure. That's what I did.

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)

So the Invisible Reaper. All that time I was looking. Right under my nose.

JOE WYLDE

Don't you feel stupid?

Monica scowls.

Joe - sits back he's relaxed.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)

Why you with Reyes? Surely you know
this doesn't end well?

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

(rolls eyes not
interested)

Ugh. You sound indoctrinated. 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.)

Your friends are just the deposit.

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?

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.

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.

Joes 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 -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 second- 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.

(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.

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.

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.

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 BACK -

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 - behind him the helicopter narrowly avoids the missiles which hit each other and EXPLODE -

Joe - 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 GRAPPLES him - locks his head under his arm and lifts and twists - SNAP -

Gomez drops - it's over.

Joe - STUMBLES back - shock sets in, he looks down -

Blood pours from an open wound in his stomach.

Uncomfortable - Joe sighs.

JOE WYLDE (CONT'D)

Shit.

He drops down - hits the ground with a THUD - the computer just ahead - still counting down - the option screen still open.

CUT TO:

EXT. NUCLEAR SILO - DAY

In a field a MISSILE SILO opens - a missile starts prepping for launch, steam pours out of the silo as the propulsion systems ROAR to life.

EXT. REYES YACHT - TOP DECK - CONTINUOUS

Joe bleeding profusely GROANS - his eyes start to flicker open, his strength waning -

He rolls onto his side - fighting for air and life - he reaches out - drags himself across the deck - towards the laptop.

Each pull taking everything he's got - his teeth clench.

EXT. NUCLEAR SILO - CONTINUOUS

The missiles start to launch out of their silos - they TEAR into the blue, cloudy sky -

EXT. REYES YACHT - TOP DECK - CONTINUOUS

The timer counts down - TEN SECONDS - a bloody hand grabs the computer - it's Joe - with a fierce determination he slams his finger on the EXECUTE KEY.

On laptop screen: CERBERUS DELETED - the screen flickers and glitches.

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 -

Analyst#1 works at the computer - he turns he's stunned -

ANALYST #1

The nukes have been disarmed -
their going into orbit.

The sobs stop - elation kicks in.

Traegar steps away from his door - he can't believe it - his legs are like jelly, he grabs a railing, he sobs - he's grateful.

CUT TO:

EXT. EARTH'S ORBIT

The missiles fly out of Earths atmosphere on a straight course away from the planet - towards a distant shining, hopeful sun.

CUT TO:

EXT. REYES YACHT - TOP DECK

Joe drops the laptop at his side and looks out to the horizon -

Joe turns -pulls the knife out of Gomez's leg -

SLAMS it into the computer - it sparks as it dies -

Joe pushes it off the side of the ship -

He rests his head back - looks out to the horizon -

The sun rises.

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 thoughtful 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

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.