

ASSASSIN UNIT

A New Superhuman Series about Enhanced Assassins

by

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The silhouetted man ascends the stairs.

VALCO (40's) passes under a light that illuminates the L SHAPE SCAR beneath his left eye.

Valco arrives at his door. Pulls out his keys. The lock is in darkness.

He looks up. Hall light out.

He curses and smashes the bulb.

INT. VALCO'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Valco comes in, tosses his keys on a table and hangs his coat.

He removes A GLOCK 9 MILLIMETER from his belt and places it next to a CUP FULL OF EARRINGS on the table.

Valco moves through his dark flat. Switches on a hall light.

A BLACK CAT in the shadows tracks his footsteps.

INT. VALCO'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Valco stares at his scarred face in the mirror. He's not a guy you bring home to mother.

He grimaces, removes a fake molar and drops it in a glass.

INT. VALCO'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Valco pulls a bottle of vodka from the freezer, pours a shot and tosses it back.

Taped to the fridge is a NEWSPAPER CLIPPING. Headline reads:
POLICE SEARCH FOR SCAR EYE RAPIST.

Valco pours another shot and heads out of the kitchen.

He turns a corner.

SMACK!

A FLASH KICK from a FIGURE IN BLACK.

It connects to Valco's mouth.

SNAP-FREEZE on THREE TEETH FLYING.

A tooth slides up to the Black Cat.

The Cat yawns.

Dazed, Valco hurries to the door and grabs his gun.

His eyes dart around the room.

The Figure is gone.

He cautions forward.

A silent dash behind Valco. A glimpse. Just enough to see that it's A FEMALE NINJA covered head-to-toe in black.

Oblivious, Valco searches.

A noise to his left. He snaps his head towards it.

Swish THACK!

A FLYING NINJA SPIKE gauges his left eye.

He screams and shoots in the direction.

Suddenly, two flying legs wrap around his neck. The Ninja twists and brings Valco to the floor.

A KNIFE stabs the wrist with the gun. Pins it to the floor. An instant later, A 2ND KNIFE pins the other wrist.

SNAP! The legs twist Valco's neck.

He lies still, crucified with knives.

The Female Ninja stands. Her figure TOWERS above his head.

THUNDER STRIKES!

She raises a ninja spike. It glistens.

RAM! She brings it down swiftly and gauges Valco's other eye.

She's gone.

Fragmented window light illuminates Valco's scarred face.

A ninja spike in each eye.

EXT. BRASINOV'S FINE CUTS - DAY

SUPER: Washington D.C. A few years from now.

The sign over the glass door reads BRASNOV'S FINE CUTS.

An "OPEN" SIGN suspended by a tiny suction cup hangs at eye level.

INT. BRASINOV'S FINE CUTS - DAY

Typical Deli decor.

Selections of meat and cheese behind a GLASS DISPLAY CASE.

A few CHAIRS AND TABLES, a large HANGING MENU...

A YOUNG WOMAN,(Caucasian, mid 20's, pretty), seductively slides a manicured nail across the glass display case as she surveys the selection.

SONJA BRASINOV,(Caucasian, late 50's), observes her with a permanent scowl on her face from a chair in the corner.

The Young Woman's wandering finger stops and points. She meets the eyes of the man behind the counter.

YOUNG WOMAN

That one. I'd like a piece of that meat, Borya.

BORYA BRASINOV,(Caucasian, mid 30's), has striking Slavic features with intense green eyes.

He speaks with a eastern European accent.

BORYA

Would you prefer small piece or big piece?

YOUNG WOMAN

I like them really big.

Borya blinks.

BORYA

I'll wrap it for you.

He removes a SLICE OF BEEF with a LARGE SILVER FORK and places it on a piece of WAX PAPER.

The Young Woman turns around.

YOUNG WOMAN
Good afternoon, Mrs. Brasinov.

Mrs. Brasinov coughs a greeting at her.

BORYA
There you are. That will be \$11.49.

She pays and takes the meat.

YOUNG WOMAN
(coy)
Thank you, Borya.

She flashes him a wet smile and leaves.

There are no other customers present.

Borya picks up a small STAINLESS STEEL KNIFE and begins slicing a piece of PORK.

He's methodical and meticulous as he avoids his mother's stare.

Mrs. Brasinov eyes her son with a curious squint.

MRS. BRASINOV
Borya, I know I am old woman from old country, but I accept ways of new world. If there is something you want to say to me, you know you can say.

Borya finally looks at her.

BORYA
What do you speak of mama?

MRS. BRASINOV
You like boys?

BORYA
Mama...

MRS. BRASINOV
It's OK. I just need to know if I die old woman with no grandchildren.

BORYA
I like girls.

He grins at her antics and goes back to work.

MRS. BRASINOV
When are you going to marry?

BORYA
I am married to you, mama.

She throws her hands up in mock exasperation. She loves her son's attention.

DING-A-LING.

A rattling bell announces a new costumer entering. They both look towards the door.

Happy mood gone.

RADOVAN KORSOVIC (Caucasian, 50's, creased-featured and imposing) strolls in accompanied by a BADDY (Caucasian, early 30's) wearing a formless BLACK LEATHER JACKET.

Leather Jacket Baddy flanks right and begins checking out old world BOTTLES OF SAUCE.

Radovan's gait is slow as he looks the joint over with a broad smile and sinister eyes.

Borya and Mama observe him motionlessly.

Radovan's English is heavily accented.

RADOVAN
Mrs. Brasinov, ten years have not
aged you a single day.

MRS. BRASINOV
You haven't changed either,
Radovan. You still look and stink
like a rat!

Radovan chuckles.

BORYA
Mama, go home and lock the door.

Mrs. Brasinov adjusts her HEAD SCARF, picks up her CARRY BAG and heads for the door. Radovan holds it open for her.

ANOTHER BADDY (Caucasian, early 30's) with short, cropped, receding hair has his back to the LARGE WINDOW next to the glass door.

He greets Mrs. Brasinov as she passes him.

She grunts and waves him off as she waddles down the street.

Radovan turns the swinging sign on the door around so that it says "Open" on the inside.

RADOVAN

In old country, there were blinds
on window for moments like this.
But in America, everything is so
transparent.

BORYA

What do you want?

RADOVAN

The sins of the father are visited
upon the son. Your father's debt is
your inheritance.

BORYA

You want money?

RADOVAN

I want meat. That is your
specialty, no?

Leather Jacket Baddy is no longer interested in sauce.

RADOVAN (CONT'D)

A pound of flesh. Cut to
perfection?

The glass display separates them. They track each other, eyes
locked.

RADOVAN (CONT'D)

A rib, or a shank, sliced slowly
with exquisite detail.

BORYA

Alright! But not here. And my
mother, you don't touch her.

RADOVAN

I have no beef with Mrs. Brasinov.

BORYA

I must go to get my...

DRAPING BEADS that cover the back entrance shimmer and
collide like crystals.

STANLEY, a hard case BADDY with a MENACING MUSTACHE,
(Caucasian, 30's), emerges between them.

STANLEY

Borya.

BORYA

Stanley.

POW!

Borya head butts him.

The beads tangle and break as Stanley grabs them on his way down.

Leather Jacket bangs on the window. Crop Head turns around startled and runs inside.

INT. CONCRETE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Borya sprints to the end of the dimly-lit passage that ends with a LARGE SILVER DOOR marked "Refrigerator".

Cold steam escapes as he quickly opens it and runs inside.

Leather Jacket and Crop Head race past Radovan, who calmly strolls toward the Refrigerator.

INT. REFRIGERATOR ROOM - DAY

Several Large SLABS OF BEEF AND PORK suspended from the ceiling on meat hooks swing haphazardly, creating a moving maze with fragmented visibility.

Leather Jacket and Crop Head wade through the slabs, GUNS drawn.

Leather Jacket silently indicates to Crop Head to go right.

BUUUUUUUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!

A noisy CHAINSAW comes gashing through the air.

Crop Head ducks just in time! The chainsaw tears into a slab of meat, severing it.

BANG! A Gun shot BLAST!

The saw is knocked from Borya's hands and noisily jerks around on the floor until it careens into a wall.

Borya disappears behind the swinging meat.

Leather Jacket and Crop head advance forward and finally arrive at an opening.

The men stop.

Borya has his back to them. He stands in front of a table about fifteen feet away.

He's shirtless, but a LONG WHITE APRON covers his torso, exposing his muscular back.

The top-half of his hair is pulled back into a ponytail. The rest of it hangs.

BORYA
Gentlemen...

He turns around. His steely clear eyes boar into them.

BORYA (CONT'D)
Let's do this the Bosnian way.

The two Baddies back up a half a step, startled.

Borya holds TWO VERY LARGE, SCARY-LOOKING STAINLESS STEEL BUTCHER KNIVES.

TING TING!

He kisses them in a crisscrossing motion before letting them hang down by his side.

The two men look down.

On the floor next to Crop Head is a neatly placed MEAT CLEAVER.

Next to Leather Jacket, a SEARING KNIFE.

The Baddies look at each other.

They toss the guns and pick up the knives.

LEATHER JACKET
Borya, do you remember that girl in
Sarajevo? What was her name?

Borya takes a few steps forward.

The Baddies begin circling him, twirling their weapons, switching them from hand to hand, taunting.

LEATHER JACKET (CONT'D)
Adiba. That was it. Forbidden
fruit. You loved her, but you never
touched her.

Borya follows their movement with his eyes only, never
turning his body or head.

LEATHER JACKET (CONT'D)
It's okay because I did it for you.
Then I gutted her like swine. You
should have been there. I can still
hear her screams. See the terror in
her eyes.

Crop Head suddenly attacks with a thrusting lunge.

Borya side steps him and swiftly gashes his rib cage.

It's a flesh wound, just deep enough to get things started.

A VICIOUS CUT FIGHT ensues.

Borya dominates the entire proceeding.

His reflexes are far superior to theirs.

He is careful not to kill them too quickly, artfully
selecting places to cut them, allowing them to bleed but
still fight.

Leather Jacket is finally dispatched when Borya steadies him
with a knife in the kidney and repeatedly stabs him.

Crop head gets a cut throat.

The two Baddies lump around Borya's feet.

He stands, knives in hands, chest heaving.

Sweat and blood-drenched wavy hair cling to his face.

His apron is a splattered maroon mess.

Someone begins to clap.

Borya looks up and sees Radovan applauding him.

RADOVAN
The Butcher of Bosnia. An
impressive display of
craftsmanship. Your father would be
proud.

Radovan extracts a HANDGUN from the breast pocket of his overcoat.

RADOVAN (CONT'D)
Say hello to him from me in hell.

He points the gun at Borya.

BANG!

Radovan's face contorts into a picture of startled agony.

The gun drops from his hand and clatters on the concrete.

His knees buckle. He sinks, revealing a MAN IN A TWO PIECE SUIT (African American, 30's) behind him, pointing a gun.

TWO PIECE lowers the gun.

TWO PIECE
There's someone who would like to
meet you.

INT. PRISON - HALL/CAFETERIA - DAY.

TWO PAIRS OF LEGS walk side by side down a long bright hallway.

One is obviously a BUREAU TYPE, OVERCOAT to the knees, SUIT PANTS, BRIEF CASE in hand.

The other one is a UNIFORMED PRISON GUARD. He's massive and carries a BIG ASS SHOTGUN.

The Guard narrates as WE INTER-CUT AN EVENT WITH THEIR WALKING.

GUARD (O.S.)
I could have stopped it sooner.

FLASH ON - CAFETERIA

ROWDY INMATES cheer on a fight in progress. The FIGHTERS are not clearly seen.

BACK TO WALKING LEGS IN HALL

GUARD(O.S.) (CONT'D)
But I had to see. Everybody wanted
to. Up til then, no one had the
balls to test the hype.

IN CAFETERIA

Inmates quietly eating, looking over at somebody.

GUARD(V.O.)
Rumor had it, this guy was in for
killing six dudes with his bare
hands. In the same fight.

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - DAY.

The Prison Guard (narrating) walks past HU YI SAN (Chinese, 30's) seated by himself at a table with a TRAY OF FOOD in front of him.

GUARD (V.O.)
Look like a chump to me. Little
Chinaman, couldn't weigh more than
a buck fifty.

TINY TIM, an ENORMOUS INMATE (Black, 40's) with beefy forearms seats himself next to Hu Yi San.

GUARD(V.O.) (CONT'D)
And then Tiny Tim went and did
something about as stupid as his
name.

TINY TIM
You gonna eat that?

He pokes a thick finger with gnarled knuckles into Hu Yi San's TAPIOCA PUDDING.

GUARD(V.O.)
In here, that's like askin' a
stripper for a free lap dance. You
don't do it unless you lookin' for
a slap.

Tiny Tim licks his finger.

TINY TIM
Damn that's good. Tapioca. One of
my all-time favorites.

Hu Yi San doesn't look at him.

He takes the pudding off of his tray and places it in front of Tiny.

TINY TIM (CONT'D)
All, come on China boy, don't make
it too easy.
(MORE)

TINY TIM (CONT'D)
I might just have to yank your
draws down and spank that bony
backside just for wastin' my time.

Most of the other Inmates have stopped chewing. Attention undivided.

TINY TIM (CONT'D)
Let's try this again. You gonna eat
that?

He stirs two fingers around in Hu Yi San's soupy CREAM CORN and spoons it into his mouth.

He yanks the leftover back onto Hu Yi San's DIVIDER PLATE.

The show has begun.

The Guards watch from a distance, staying out of it for now.

TINY TIM (CONT'D)
Say somethin' China boy. Do I have
to go through the whole menu?

Everybody waits for an answer. After a pause...

HU YI SAN
Do you want my fruit cocktail?

Everybody burst into laughter!

TINY TIM
That's cute. Fruit cocktail from a
little fruitcake. Alright. We're
makin' progress. Let's see, what
else we got here?

Tiny starts to slide the TRAY over to himself.

Hu Yi San stops it.

The laughing stops too.

They each have a hand on either side of the tray.

The other Inmates are on edge while they witness the unfolding event.

Tiny stares him down. Hu Yi San still hasn't looked at him.

TINY TIM (CONT'D)
Let go of that tray.

There's a pause while Hu Yi San is non-complicit. And then...

WHACK!

Tiny Tim smacks the tray across the room, splattering food on other inmates who dare not complain.

Hu Yi San places his forearms on the table in a parallel position.

Tiny scootches over close to him and puts an arm around his shoulders.

It's almost big brotherly-like. Almost.

TINY TIM (CONT'D)
Here's what I want you do. You go
on over there and eat that food up
off the floor. Don't leave nothin'.
Eat it all.

He strokes his head like a puppy.

TINY TIM (CONT'D)
You're kinda cute. You're gonna
need all your strength for I got
planned for you later. Now go on,
git. Eat up.

Hu Yi San doesn't move.

TINY TIM (CONT'D)
You hear what I said, China boy? I
said go on over there and eat.

Hu Yi San doesn't move.

Tiny Tim looks around at everybody staring.

The Massive Guard (narrating) shifts his weight.

Tiny stars at him and speaks in a rasp just above a whisper.

TINY TIM (CONT'D)
I'm gonna count to three. If you
don't get up and go over there and
eat your supper, I'm gonna bend you
over my knee, China boy. And you
don't want me to do that. One...

The movements are so fast that it almost looks like nothing.

Four quick finger jabs to four key pressure points on Tiny Tim's upper torso.

Hu Yi San's quick Dim Mak strikes render him paralyzed.

Tiny Tim's face is stricken with horror as he tries to move himself to no avail.

Hu Yi San slowly stands up next to him.

He regards Tiny's confused and terrified eyes for a second.

Then he slowly raises his hand and BITCH SLAPS him across the face!

Tiny Tim goes crashing to the floor, toppling the bench he's sitting on.

GUARD (V.O.)
Next thing I know, there's like
five of Tiny's homeboys all over
the Chinaman.

Five angry Inmates attack Hu Yi San from all sides.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The four walking legs pause.

The Guard turns to the Suit.

GAURD (O.S.)
I coulda stopped it right then. But
I still didn't.

The legs resume walking.

INT. CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

A FIVE-ON-ONE FIGHT is in full swing!

Hu Yi San is kicking ass like a kung fu master on ROIDS.

The boisterous Inmates cheer him on.

GUARD (V.O.)
This cat was incredible! You ain't
never seen no Jackie Chan smack
down like that! He was back
flippin' off of tables, chop
sueyin', thug slappin', and handin'
out ass whupens like a Sunday
school teacher with tourettes! We
finally had to put him down with a
heel shower.

Six LARGE UNIFORMED GUARDS converge onto Hu Yi San with the butt of their RIFFLES!

INT. PRISON HALL - CONTINUOUS

The legs arrive at an iron door with a tiny window at eye level.

We finally see the Guard.

GUARD

We threw him there to simmer. He's a bit banged up, but those other mofos are gonna be shittin' red for at least a month.

We finally see the face on the Suit.

VERONICA "RONNIE" LATTIMER (African American, early 50's, distinguished) turns her head to peer into the window on the iron door.

Inside, Hu Yi San crouches naked in a corner.

He's bruised and battered from the gun beating.

He locks eyes with Lattimer.

LATTIMER

Get him out of there and clean him up.

EXT. C.O.S. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

ESTABLISHING: C.O.S. Headquarters.

A nondescript bureau-type building near the Federal Triangle in Washington D. C.

INT. THE VAULT - RESTROOM - DAY

REGINALD JENNINGS, A.K.A. 2-HIP (Mixed race, 17-yrs-old) faces the wall, taking a piss.

He seems to be grooving to a beat, but there is no music.

He's decked in Hip Hop gear, but it's EXTREMELY individual.

2-HIP zips, spins, and pop locks his way over to the sink.

The other OCCUPANTS in the rest room are nerdy types. They wear shirts and ties, some covered in lab coats.

2-Hip looks totally out of place.

2-Hip washes his hands, tilts his B-BOY CAP to just the right angle, and adjusts his HORN-RIMMED SPECTACLES.

A NERDY TYPE washes his hands next to him and speaks to him in the mirror.

NERDY
I got that satellite up-link for
you.

2-HIP
(shouting)
What?

Nerdy points to 2-Hip's ear.

2-Hip taps and swipes the screen on his SMART WATCH.

2-HIP (CONT'D)
Sorry, what?

NERDY
The up-link, I got it for you.

2-HIP
Cool. Send it to my workstation.

He taps his smart watch and starts bopping again as he heads to the exit.

INT. THE VAULT - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

2-Hip exits the restroom.

Now WE HEAR the groove in his HIGH TECH INVISIBLE HEADPHONES. It's a hip hop rap tune.

2-Hip thug strolls in SLO-MO to the beat. He passes more CORPO-NERDY TYPES.

An approaching CORPO (Caucasian, 30's) extends a clip board and a pen to him.

2-Hip signs it on the fly in a rotating movement.

Corpo holds the board and turns with him. It's a continuous movement and 2-Hip never misses a beat.

He continues on and arrives at...

INT. THE VAULT - CENTRAL FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

A large open room.

The VAULT is a SUBTERRANEAN INTELLIGENCE CENTER.

The floor is replete with MANNED COMPUTER WORKSTATIONS.

In the far distance is a glassed-off BIO-ELECTRONIC
ENGINEERING LABORATORY.

2-Hip weaves his way through.

SCREEETCH!

He puts on the breaks and backs up.

The beat stops too.

The screen on a DEAN LEVIT's, (Caucasian, 20's) desk is going
berserk! Haphazard images and numbers flash on and off at
random.

2-HIP
What we got, Dean?

DEAN
A data spritz in the wreck room.
I'll have it sorted in a couple
clicks.

2-HIP
Hold on.

2-Hip taps the keys at lightning speed for three seconds. The
screen immediately comes under control.

DEAN
What did you do?

2-HIP
That's for me to know, and for you
to marvel at.

DEAN
(annoyed)
I was close to fixing it.

2-Hip is already on the go and the beat is back!

DEAN (CONT'D)
Arrogant brat.

A SEATED NERDY (INDIAN, 20's) on a chair with wheels rolls back from his workstation, crossing 2-Hip perpendicularly.

His outstretched hand holds a FLASH DRIVE.

2-Hip snatches the drive without stride interruption.

The Nerdy rolls forward to his station after the successful hand off.

2-Hip ascends an ISOLATED PLATFORM that overlooks the entire room. His is the only workstation on it.

He taps a few keys on his computer and pops into his chair.

The beat stops.

He pushes a button on his phone and spins on the chair's axis.

LATTIMER (V.O.)
Lattimer.

2-HIP
I got the drive.

LATTIMER (V.O.)
Send it over.

2-HIP
And miss your reaction? I'm bringing it.

2-Hip taps the phone button, springs out of the seat, and spins it before dashing off.

INT. LATTIMER'S OFFICE - DAY.

Lattimer is seated behind her desk.

2-HIP comes bouncing through the door with the flash drive.

2-HIP
What's up Ronnie?

Lattimer looks at the Teenager.

LATTIMER
2-Hip, what are you wearing?

2-HIP
It's sick, ain't it? I designed it myself.

LATTIMER
Did I ever tell you that your fashion sense is the only debatable aspect of your genius?

2-HIP
I have a Ph.D. in fashion design.

LATTIMER
Was that before the double doctorate in bio-electronic engineering and computer science or after?

2-HIP
I earned all three at the same time.

Lattimer shakes her head, confounded.

LATTIMER
Give me that.

2-Hip hands over the flash drive.

2-HIP
Wait'll you see this guy. He makes Dirty Harry look like Mother Theresa.

Lattimer slides the drive into the side of her monitor. A paused, gray-washed video pops up on the screen.

LATTIMER
You're too young to know about Dirty Harry.

2-HIP
I'm too young to know a lot things I know.

LATTIMER
Where was this?

The image is a frozen picture of a robbery in progress - MEN WITH GUNS, PEOPLE in various stages of diving to the floor.

2-HIP
Some bank in Milwaukee.

The center focus is a MASKED PERPETRATOR with a SHOTGUN pointing to the ceiling, a frozen white flash at the tip of the barrel.

LATTIMER
Let's have a look.

She hits the enter button and WE RACK ZOOM into the image, instantly ending up in...

INT. LARGE BANK LOBBY - DAY.

BANG! BANG!

MASKED PERPETRATOR ONE with the shotgun, center of the room, blows two bullets into the ceiling.

PERP ONE
This is robbery! Everybody get down
on the floor!

THE BANK CUSTOMERS (Various ages, race, gender) SCREAM and DIVE for the deck all around.

Armed and masked PERP TWO stands guard at the entrance.

PERP TWO
Two minutes!

PERP ONE
Cooperation is paramount! A date
with the devil is just one squeeze
away!

PERP THREE is behind the 40-foot counter, right side of the entrance, hurriedly passing out MONEY BAGS to the frightened BANK TELLERS.

PERP THREE
Just fill those up, thank you very
much! No button pushing please.
This is a private party.

PERP ONE
If you test me people, I promise I
WILL pass! And you will fail.

PERP TWO
Ninety seconds!

The VOICE has a slight rural accent.

VOICE (O.S.)
That's a hell-of-a-lotta firepower
to be scarin' the bejesus out women
and children.

MAVERICK MASON (African American, late 30's, Colorado handsome) leans against a large, cream-colored oval column just beneath a "No Smoking" sign.

He lights a THIN BROWN CIGAR.

His eyes and his danger are hooded by a DARK LEATHER RANCHER'S HAT and a LONG DARK OVERCOAT.

PERP ONE
Maybe you didn't hear me, Cowboy.
There is a ROBBERY in progress!

MAVERICK
Oh I heard you all right.

PERP TWO
One minute!

PERP ONE
Then shut your hole and get down on
the floor before I redecorate that
column with your senseless brain.

Maverick takes a leisurely drag from his brown cigar.

MAVERICK
Roof roof, went the little doggy,
with the mighty big gun.

Perp One cocks, points, walks straight up to Maverick, and sticks the shotgun in his face.

PERP ONE
Cowboy, I don't know what you're
smoking in that cigar, but I will
not ask you again.

Maverick raises his head.

We see his dark penetrating eyes for the first time.

MAVERICK
You got that right.

BANG!

Perp One drops like a dead duck.

Maverick sprints toward the Teller's counter, LARGE HANDGUN CANNON drawn, overcoat flapping!

Perp Three comes tearing around the far end of the counter.

The two exchange multiple gunfire as Maverick dives over the counter sideways in SLOW MOTION! His coat flaps like a cap.

Perp Three misses.

Maverick does not.

Perp Three goes down with a gun shot to the gut. He screams in agony!

Somebody tripped the ALARM BELL. It blares unceasingly!

Maverick has landed next to a PRETTY BANK TELLER (African American, early 30's). They crouch beneath the counter all cozy like.

Maverick flashes her a charming smile.

Perp Two checks on Perp Three sprawled out in front of the counter, trying to get him to stop screaming!

Maverick reloads some ammo underneath the counter.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)
We still on for Friday night?

TELLER
I'm sorry Maverick, I have to
cancel. My husband is taking me to
the opera.

Perp Two looks over at Perp one.

He's way dead.

MAVERICK
What about Saturday?

TELLER
Soccer practice.

Perp Two starts tracking down the front of the counter, gun pointed, waiting for a head to rear.

MAVERICK
Why is this starting to feel like
avoidance?

TELLER
You're kinda dangerous, Maverick.

MAVERICK
Thought that's what you liked about me.

Perp Three just won't shut up!

TELLER
I like your gun.

MAVERICK
It's a big one, huh?

Perp Two creeps along the counter.

The alarm bell continues.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)
Go ahead. Stroke it for luck.

Her eyes light up as she bites the tip of her tongue.

She reaches out timidly and caresses the long, hard, thick shaft. Of the gun.

TELLER
That's niiiiiice.

Perp Two is growing more and more nervous!

He yanks a 12-YEAR OLD GIRL up off the floor, away from her PLEADING MOTHER!

PERP TWO
Come on out, Cowboy! We got business! Don't make me take it out on little red riding hood!

TCHIT TCHIT!

That TONGUE-CLUCKING SOUND, like someone calling a horse.

Perp Two turns left with the gun to the Girl's head.

Maverick is lying on the floor, one hand over Perp Three's mouth, the other hand pointing his hand cannon at Perp Two with an outstretched arm.

MAVERICK
Even S.O.B.s like you and me have standards. Right now you're breaking rule number one.

PERP TWO
You changed the game when you...

BANG!

Perp Two's head jerks back. A clean whole, center forehead.

He flops to the floor.

The Pleading Mother grabs her trembling daughter and holds her tight with tearful relief.

Maverick stands up.

Perp Three's screams have subsided to wide-eyed sobs.

Maverick looks down at him and points the gun at his head.

MAVERICK
You got about a 40% chance of
surviving a gun shot wound to the
gut. The odds ain't that good with
a head shot.

BANG!

He pulls the trigger.

His eyes search the ceiling.

He spots a camera and looks right into it.

P.O.V. CAMERA. Maverick raises his gun, blows into the barrel and winks.

INT. RINGO LATTIMER'S OFFICE - DAY

That last image is freeze-framed on Lattimer's screen.

Lattimer leans back in her chair and folds her arms over her flat stomach.

LATTIMER
He's perfect.

2-HIP
I knew you would like him.

LATTIMER
I didn't say that.

INT. OLD EASTERN EUROPEAN THEATER - NIGHT

A SINGLE SPOTLIGHT illuminates the stage in a dark empty theater.

SUPER: Prague, Czech Republic - 12 years ago.

An ARIEL SILK ROUTINE is underway over a bold and dramatic orchestrated SONG.

INDRIA PORISKOVA (Eurasian, 18-yrs-old) is a fluid and flexible master of the art suspended several feet above the stage floor.

Her face has a remarkable innocence that betrays her obvious experience.

Her routine comes to a close followed by a single pair of hands clapping.

HYNEK PORISKOVA (Czech, 50's, Indria's father) stands in the dark auditorium applauding his daughter.

Indria takes a mock bow.

INDRIA
Thank you, táta.

HYNEK
You remind me so much of your mother.

A momentary quiet comes between them.

HYNEK (CONT'D)
I've got to run. Are you okay to lock up on your own?

INDRIA
Of course. I'm 18, táta. I'm not a little girl.

HYNEK
I'm trying to get used to that.

INT. INDRIA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Indria sits at her dressing table brushing her long dark hair in the mirror.

A KNOCK.

INDRIA
Come in, táta.

The door reflected in her mirror opens.

INDRIA (CONT'D)
Did you forget...

Valco, the scar-face man from the beginning walks into the room.

INDRIA (CONT'D)
Valco. What are you doing here?

VALCO
I was in the neighborhood.

INDRIA
I thought I told you I didn't want
to see you anymore.

VALCO
After tonight, you won't.

Two DARK AND BROODING MEN file into the room behind him.

INDRIA
Who are these men?

VALCO
Friends of mine. Fans of yours.
They've been dying to meet you.

EXT/INT. INDRIA'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Hynek knocks on the dressing room door.

HYNEK
Indria? Are you in there?

He pushes the door open.

His face immediately registers shock!

He rushes inside to his daughter lying the floor.

Indria has been brutally beaten.

She's half naked with blood near her crotch.

INT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - DAY

A train pulls into the station and stops.

SUPER: Prague, Czech Republic, Present day.

Indria (Now 30-yrs-old) disembarks.

She is exquisitely adorned in a smart skirt, coat and heels.

TRACK her to a NEWS STAND/KIOSK on the busy platform.

She speaks to the KIOSK ATTENDANT (Middle Eastern, 30's).

INDRIA
Nicotine patch.

He grabs one from a shelf.

News papers near her. A Headline reads:

ANOTHER VICTIM FOUND WITH SPIKES IN HIS EYES.

Indria takes one.

INDRIA (CONT'D)
This too.

KIOSK ATTENDANT
Poor bastard. Third one this week.
They must be connected.

INDRIA
I don't doubt it.

INT. AIRCRAFT - DAY

Indria sits in a spacious business class seat with ample leg room.

A MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT (Caucasian, 30's) comes to her side.

MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Can I get you anything?

INDRIA
No, I'm fine, thank you.

Indria crosses her legs and relaxes.

INT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Indria pulls a small carry-on suitcase towards a large WELCOME SIGN.

Two Serious-looking Men step in front of her. One is an AIRPORT SECURITY GUARD. The other wears a PLAID TIE.

AIRPORT SECURITY GUARD
Indria Poriskova.

INDRIA
I am.

PLAID TIE
That wasn't a question.

AIRPORT SECURITY GUARD
Come with us.

Without another word, Indria follows them to a side door.

The door opens as they approach it.

Veronica Lattimer stands at the far end of the room with her back to the entrance.

She turns and watches Indria enter.

EXT. C.O.S. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

ESTABLISHING: C.O.S. Headquarters.

INT. THE VAULT - CLASSROOM - DAY

A SLOW PAN UP from a pair of smart heels.

The legs are crossed and seated.

The skirt swerves into a narrow waistline.

A button down blouse opened at the top reveals an elegant, elongated neck.

Indria's exotic facial features are the confluence of beauty, intelligence, and a blinking invisible sign that says "Don't Fuck With Me!"

She's seated at a table in the center of the CLASSROOM, hands folded on her desk, looking straight ahead.

Maverick leans against the wall several feet away, looking straight at Indria.

He doesn't see the "blinking sign".

MAVERICK
What was your name?

Indria turns her head slowly and looks at him with a steady, penetrating gaze, holds it, and looks front again.

Maverick nods. It's cool.

His eyes move around the room as he lights up a thin brown cigar.

The Classroom looks like a high school classroom - tables and chairs, a large board up front with a teacher's desk beneath it.

A BROODING ASIAN man sits near the back. It's Hu Yi San from the prison.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)
How 'bout you boss? What did you
say your name was?

HU YI SAN
I didn't.

MAVERICK
You want me to guess it?

Hu Yi San regards him for a minute, sizing him up.

HU YI SAN
Hu Yi San.

MAVERICK
Hu Yi what?

INDRIA
You ask a lot of questions.

The cigar's in the corner of his mouth.

MAVERICK
She speaks.

INDRIA
Don't smoke in here.

MAVERICK
She demands.

SA-WISSSSH - Clip!!!

The tip of the cigar disappears leaving it unlit.

Maverick takes it out his mouth and looks at it.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)

She's proactive.

Lattimer enters the room carrying a laptop computer.

LATTIMER

Sorry to keep you. My name is
Veronica Lattimer. My friends call
me Ronnie. You will call me
Lattimer. It'll be a few more
minutes, we're still waiting for
someone.

Lattimer sits the laptop on top of the teacher's desk, opens
it, and begins pressing keys.

Maverick lights his cigar again.

MAVERICK

What's with the underground Romper
room, Lattimer?

LATTIMER

This? This was 2-Hip's idea.

MAVERICK

2-Hip?

LATTIMER

You'll meet him later. I'll explain
everything when Borya arrives.

INDRIA

I thought I told you not to smoke
in here.

MAVERICK

I thought I ignored you.

SA-WISSSSH - Clip!!!

The tip is gone again.

SA-WISSSSH - THUMP!!!

The other way.

Borya stands at the front door.

BORYA
Sorry I'm late.

Borya looks to his right.

A small, flat, FOUR-INCH IRON NINJA SPIKE in the shape of a scorpion is stuck in the door frame next to his head.

LATTIMER
Come in, Borya. Take a seat.

Borya selects a seat-table and sits down.

INDRIA
I smell fish.

Borya looks sheepish.

MAVERICK
I smell trouble.

SA-WISSSSH - Clip!!!

The cigar is trimmed to nearly nothing.

It's dangerously close to Maverick's lips. Maverick speaks holding it in his teeth.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)
How many of those little do-dads
you got?

A SCRAPING SOUND.

Indria slowly twirls a ninja spike on the table.

Maverick eyes her cleavage.

MAVERICK
And where exactly are you hiding
them?

LATTIMER
Alright people, settle down. I'm
sure you're all wondering why
you're here. Welcome to The Vault.
This fortified, subterranean
complex houses C.O.S. Covert
Operational Support.
(MORE)

LATTIMER (CONT'D)

A specialized network that provides additional intelligence, tactical planning, and assault innovations for government branches such as the C.I.A., F.B.I., and other un-named and off-the-grid agencies.

She lets that sink in.

LATTIMER (CONT'D)

The four of you have been selected to comprise a special division of C.O.S. with the explicit purpose of one objective: The permanent elimination of authorized targets. Code name: A.U., which stands for Assassin Unit.

A long pause. Finally.

MAVERICK

Hell yes!

INDRIA

Why are we here?

LATTIMER

Because each and every one of you has an accelerated propensity to kill, and a highly lethal way of expressing it.

BORYA

I have killed, but only in self defense.

LATTIMER

Really Borya? That's debatable.

MAVERICK

When do we start?

LATTIMER

I didn't anticipate any objections from you, Maverick.

MAVERICK

Good call.

LATTIMER

Perhaps the others don't share your enthusiasm.

INDRIA

I don't deny your claims to our ability, at least as far as they concern me, but I was under the impression that killing is illegal in this country.

MAVERICK

Where are you from?

LATTIMER

These hits will be special targets that are a threat to national security or some other, perhaps, not so, "all-encompassing" threat that is deemed necessary for elimination nonetheless.

INDRIA

I'm clear on the first part. The second part of your pitch is extremely vague.

LATTIMER

That's intentional.

INDRIA

By whose authority will these "hits" be sanctioned?

LATTIMER

That's classified.

MAVERICK

Are you suggesting that our boss is a ghost?

LATTIMER

I'm your boss. You will answer to me. As far as who I answer to, he, or she, is a real entity. No one I know has ever seen them. But they are openly referred to as Property X.

INT. WINDOWLESS, NONDESCRIPT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An unidentifiable MYSTERY PERSON, gender or otherwise, sits before a panel of several floating VIRTUAL SCREEN MONITORS.

All of the images on the screens are different angles of a live feed, with sound, from The Classroom.

The mystery person's hand makes a "widening motion", causing one of the feeds to zoom in on Maverick.

MAVERICK
(on the screen)
Sounds sketchy. I don't like it.
I'm used to runnin' my own ship.

The Mystery Hand motions again.

LATTIMER
(on the screen)
You will be, once you're assigned a target. Tactical planning will be conducted here in the Vault.

INT. THE CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

LATTIMER
But once you're out in the field, you'll be completely on your own.

INDRIA
And if we get caught?

LATTIMER
You're screwed.

INDRIA
How convenient.

LATTIMER
C.O.S. will do everything in its power to exonerate any legal ramifications acquired in the line of duty.

INDRIA
But?

LATTIMER
There are no guarantees. You'd do best to be as sneaky as you can manage.

MAVERICK
Startin' to sound better.

LATTIMER
These will be covert operations. Therefore, technically, you don't exist. Are there any questions?

BORYA
I have one.

LATTIMER
Yes, Borya?

BORYA
Do we have choice?

LATTIMER
You can decide, Borya.

They all look at him and wait.

He finally stands.

BORYA
Then I choose no. Sorry I wasted
your time.

He leaves the room.

There is a pause before she speaks.

INDRIA
I don't enjoy killing.

MAVERICK
I don't enjoy it either. I just
like shootin' people.

LATTIMER
What about those men in Prague,
Indria?

Maverick looks at her.

Indria visibly controls a memory.

LATTIMER (CONT'D)
After what they did to you? You
didn't enjoy that?

MAVERICK
What did you do to them?

INDRIA
They got what they deserved.

LATTIMER
Yes, they did. There are others who
deserve to die.

INDRIA
Who are you to decide?

LATTIMER
You decided, didn't you, Indria?
The fate of those men? You decided.

An icy coldness comes over Indria.

LATTIMER (CONT'D)
There's a thirst inside of you. You
are what you are. There's no going
back.

They hold each others stare.

LATTIMER (CONT'D)
(still looking at Indria)
Does anyone else have objections?

MAVERICK
I'm good.

They look at Hu Yi San.

HU YI SAN
I do not deny what I am. I embraced
it long ago. I considerate it a
calling. But it was not I who
decided. My path was chosen for me.

MAVERICK
Who invited Confucius to the ranch?

LATTIMER
I'm glad you feel that way, Hu Yi
San. Because if you didn't, you'd
go right back to having long cozy
lunches with Tiny Tim. Any
questions?

Lattimer presses a button on her desk.

A large plasma screen begins to descend in front of the chalk
board behind her.

MAVERICK
I got one.

LATTIMER
Shoot.

MAVERICK
What's the pay like?

LATTIMER
Substantial.

MAVERICK
How substantial are we talkin'
about?

LATTIMER
Very.

MAVERICK
Alright well let me think about it
for a second.

He smooths down his short-cropped beard while he thinks.

The plasma screen is completely down and comes to a stop.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)
Just kiddin'. You had me at
authorized targets.

LATTIMER
Alright. Let's get started.