

HENCH

Written by

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EXT. ASTON MARTIN - NIGHT

The car races along a winding road bookended by pine trees.

INT. ASTON MARTIN - NIGHT

JAMES (37), tuxedoed, slicked back hair, designer stubble, piercing blue eyes -- reaches for a freshly popped lighter in the dashboard, RUGER PISTOL with built-in suppressor lies on the passenger seat.

EXT. ASTON MARTIN - NIGHT

The car snakes towards

A COMPOUND, searchlights dancing in the distance.

INT. COMPOUND WEAPON'S LAB - NIGHT

A huge metal DRUM sits in the middle of a large warehouse space. Boxes are strewn across the floor, inside them test tubes, thermometers poke out at jagged angles.

LUKE (33) a brutish, black-uniformed Lieutenant clips a bulletproof vest around HANK (32) -- chubby, maroon-uniformed, lost for sleep -- who winces.

HANK

That's too tight.

LUKE

You're welcome to take it off.

Luke reaches for an M16, he checks the clip, takes the safety off, and hands it to Hank.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Simone told me you wanted to take on more security detail.

(checks clipboard)

Hank right?

Hank slides the gun's strap around his neck.

HANK

Ah -- yes. Yes I do. Trying to align my -- career goals.

LUKE

Do everything I say and maybe you'll learn a thing or two.

Luke checks his watch, gives a grunt.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
We're just waiting for one more.

The door buzzes open and JOSH (33), dapper, big-eyed, rushes forward.

JOSH  
Hey bro, sorry I'm late. Was just  
instructing the perimeter guards.

LUKE  
Father doesn't like tardiness  
Josh... neither do I.

He tosses a gun to Josh who in one motion catches it, a barrier between the brothers for a BEAT, then Josh swings it around his neck.

JOSH  
Someone has to instruct them, what  
if there's an infiltration tonight?

LUKE  
Then we stop it. Or die trying.

JOSH  
For father.

LUKE  
For father.

Hank, not keen to be left out.

HANK  
For the Admiral!

Both Luke and Josh eye Hank.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Sorry, was that like a family  
thing?

The tension ceases.

Josh grabs a vest and attaches it to himself.

HANK (CONT'D)  
So what's all this... stuff?

He gestures the weapon lab's peculiar items.

LUKE

That's going to pay your and my  
salary for years to come. Let's get  
to our stations.

EXT. COMPOUND GROUNDS - NIGHT

A SEARCHLIGHT tracks the grounds. It swings around and lands  
on a maroon-uniformed PATROLLING HENCHMAN

who marches past another maroon-uniformed SMOKING HENCHMAN,  
who yawns in the cool air. The Patrolling Henchman turns a  
corner when

A SHADOW catches his eye.

James dashes a few metres ahead of him towards the compound's  
outer walls.

The Henchman watches as James glides along the wall until he  
reaches a NOOK and takes cover.

The Henchman grips his gun in both hands, determined. He  
takes a deep breath and

tip toes behind James, making up the metres.

James peeks around the corner wall as the Henchman reaches  
him, a metre away.

The Henchman lifts his gun, takes aim, James's head in his  
bulls-eye.

The Henchman fires: the bullets ricochets the wall settling  
into the dirt.

In an instant James launches himself off the wall, flanking  
the Henchman. Two bullets pop into the Henchman's chest.

He crumples to the ground.

Back on his feet, James flattens his hair.

He grabs the Henchman's KEYCARD, surveys the area.

He dashes to a METAL door, presses the keycard onto an access  
panel.

INT. COMPOUND OFFICES - NIGHT

A bunker-like room held up by thick concrete columns, high  
ceilings and tatty carpet finishing.

James snakes between the concrete pillars. The office is empty save for row upon row of desks with MAC computers that show: budgets, reports, presentations, screen savers.

James takes cover behind a pillar, he peeks where

Two PATROL HENCHMAN spot him.

PATROL HENCHMAN #1  
Sound the alarm!

Patrol Henchman #2 yanks a RED HANDLE on the wall.

An ALARM SHRILLS.

Patrol Henchman #1 unleashes a flurry of bullets at James only to hit everything behind and around him.

James calmly steps out and shoots two precise bullets into each henchman and they collapse to the floor.

The alarm WAILS down the corridors and into

INT. COMPOUND WEAPON'S LAB - NIGHT

Where Luke, Josh and Hank jump to attention.

A red light flashes atop the door.

HANK  
What does that mean?

JOSH  
What do you think it means?

Josh grabs his gun and makes for the door.

HANK  
Fire alarm?

Luke reaches for a BLACK HELMET, visored, to match his black uniform, he turns to Hank.

LUKE  
You wanted to learn more about security, here's your chance my friend. Right now there's an Agent making his way here. We must stop him at all costs. Do you understand?

HANK  
 (scared)  
 Yes.

LUKE  
 Stay here. I'll head him off.  
 Hopefully you won't have to deal  
 with him at all.

JOSH  
 We should come with you. Safety in  
 numbers.

LUKE  
 No. Look after the newbie. I don't  
 want Simone on my ass.

JOSH  
 Let me help you Luke.

LUKE  
 For fuck's sake Josh. Just do as  
 you're told.

He slides on the black helmet, opens the door a crack, looks  
 left and right, then

He slithers out, snapping the door shut behind him.

INT. COMPOUND CORRIDORS - NIGHT

The alarm shrieks louder. A red bulb flashes on the wall.

Luke, M16 at the ready, steps past the bulb towards

INT. COMPOUND CAFETERIA - NIGHT

An open-plan hall full of long wooden dining tables and  
 matching benches.

The body of a CULINARY HENCHMAN, aproned, gloved, slumps  
 against a sign

**"CAUTION, WET FLOOR"**

Blood trickles out of two precise bullet holes down onto a  
 mop on the floor.

James clicks the barrel into place.

He sidesteps along the breakfast table, past the Culinary  
 Henchman's body.

James reaches a door, pauses, presses his ear against the wood.

INT. COMPOUND CORRIDORS - NIGHT

Luke reaches a door, he COCKS his M16 and opens the handle into

INT. COMPOUND CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Where he spots the Culinary Henchman's body.

Luke tip toes, he hears

A clock on the wall

TICK TICK TICK when

A hand WHACKS the M16 from Luke's hands.

It slides across the floor under the table.

Luke reacts, barges James, his Ruger splays across the room.

James knuckles Luke's cheek, his helmet breaks off to the floor.

LUKE

Arrr --

INT. COMPOUND WEAPON'S LAB - NIGHT

LUKE (O.S.)

-- rrrg!

Hank startles, rises to his feet.

HANK

We should go.

JOSH

He said to wait here.

HANK

He might need our help. Come on!

JOSH

You heard him. We have our orders.

Hank slouches against a railing.

LUKE (O.S.)

Aarg!

Hank rushes to the door. He slides on a Maroon Helmet.

JOSH

I'm ordering you to stay where you  
are!

But Hank is out the door.

Josh, alone, takes a step back, holds his gun at his side.

JOSH (CONT'D)

For father.

INT. COMPOUND CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Luke regains his balance, up on his feet he counters James' punch with his elbow.

He swings a punch of his own, but James is too quick. Ducks, dodges, parries everything Luke throws at him.

Luke is physically larger, but it just gives James more to hit at.

Luke grabs James by his shirt and flings him across a table, knocks crockery all over the place.

As Luke jumps on top of him, James smashes a PLATE against Luke's head.

A porcelain piece bounces to Hank's foot, who watches the fight unfold in front of him from the entrance.

Hank dives for cover behind a parallel table.

Hank crouches, checks the barrel of his gun. It's JAMMED. As he fiddles to fix it, he is distracted by

James: all style and substance, gets the upper hand on Luke. His moves are precise, calculated, forceful, confident.

Hank lowers his gun and just takes in the spectacle.

The violence is like a ballet, Hank can't help but admire the star.

Luke is left incapacitated.

James brushes off broken porcelain from his shoulder.

James takes a few steps back from Luke, snatches his RUGER from the floor.

Hank SNAPS out of it, takes his chance.

He announces himself

HANK  
For the Admiral!

Down on one knee, at point blank range, Hank fires a smorgasbord of bullets towards James.

He hits:

Lights

Cups and plates

The floor

The walls

Everything,

Except James.

Bullets fly past James as he stands still, amused by it all.

Hank's gun clicks to declare an empty barrel.

James stares at Hank, who pants under his helmet.

James raises his Ruger at Hank's chest

HANK (CONT'D)  
Please!

Hank's hands shoot up in surrender.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Don't kill me! Please.

James takes a step forward, his Ruger presses into Hank's chest.

James bears down on Hank, complete power over him.

JAMES  
Where is the weapon?

HANK  
Down there! Please, don't kill me!

JAMES  
Give me one good reason.

HANK  
I -- I have a daughter.

James's eyes widen.

A BEAT.

A bullets ziiings into James' shoulder.

James stumbles.

Luke, leans up, takes aim, ready to fire another shot but  
James is too swift. He snipes

A sole bullet lodges into Luke's chest -- he buckles to the  
ground.

James drops his RUGER to grab his shoulder as blood trickles  
down his arm.

JAMES  
What's in there?

HANK  
I don't know! It's not built yet.  
There's a metal drum, that's all I  
know. I promise!

Hank gawks Luke's body, unable to blink when

FOOTSTEPS, SHOUTS near. James looks to his shoulder, gives  
Hank one last look and then retreats back from where he came.

Josh rushes in with a handful of other Henchmen. He spots  
Hank, Luke and the Agent exiting.

JOSH  
Get him!

The Henchmen dash after James.

Hank spots the Ruger, quickly pockets it. Josh doesn't see,  
instead he makes his way to Luke, who

holds pressure against his own bullet wound. Blood seeps out.

LUKE  
(weak)  
Josh. Help.

Josh leans in close, whispers into Luke's ear.

JOSH  
It's funny isn't it?

He takes Luke's gun out of his weakened fingers and tosses it out of reach.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Before you didn't want my help and now -- well now you need it, don't you?

He tears a piece of his Maroon shirt.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
You're in luck brother.

He rips the piece of his shirt in two.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
I will always do what's best. Lift your hand.

Luke struggles to take his hand from the wound and in a flash Josh twists the one piece of shirt around Luke's arm, pulls it away from placing pressure on the wound.

Luke's eyes widen in terror, he opens his mouth only for Josh to shove the other piece of shirt into his mouth.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
For father.

Josh closes his eyes, and waits.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ENTRANCE HALL

Hank heels the door closed behind him to a modest open-plan entrance hall.

The sound of a TV compliments a flickering light coming down the hall from

LOUNGE

The furniture a mish-mash of old and new. Hank steps into view.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Daddy!

A little girl, OLIVIA (8), jumps off the couch towards Hank, she holds a fluffy toy dog.

He scoops her up into his arms.

HANK

What are you still doing up Peanut?

OLIVIA

My tummy hurts.

Olivia rubs her stomach.

HANK

Oh no. That doesn't sound good.

OLIVIA

No.

He kisses her forehead.

On the couch, KATE (63) sits up, arms crossed. Beautiful once, but age has distorted her overly painted features into something terrifying.

She raises her eyebrows at Hank.

KATE

You're home late.

HANK

(to Olivia)

Go brush your teeth sweetie. I'll tuck you in in a minute.

OLIVIA

Okay!

She scurries off past Kate.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Night Grandma.

KATE

Good night Olivia.

A Beat.

KATE (CONT'D)

(to Hank)

You can't keep coming home so late.

HANK

I had to pick up a shift.

KATE

Still working such a menial job at your age Hank. She needs stability -  
- she needs a role model.

HANK

I'm trying --

KATE

-- No wonder Lucy left you.

Hank clenches his maroon-jacket.

HANK

I need to put her to bed.

INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hank slumps onto the side of the bed where Olivia waits eagerly.

Hank tucks in the sides of the bedding and

She clenches in pain.

HANK

I'm sorry sweetie, if it isn't better in the morning I'll ask grandma to take you to the clinic.

OLIVIA

She said it's cause I don't eat well.

HANK

Did she now? Well I'll make it up to you. I'll cook something yummy tomorrow, how about that?

OLIVIA

Please daddy. Please cook me something yummy...

She trails off to sleep.

He kisses her forehead.

INT. HANK'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Hank walks through the lounge, past Kate still on the couch.

KATE

Hank. You need to be able to look after your daughter. I'm not going to be here to pick up your slack forever.

HANK

Goodnight mother.

INT. HANK'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Hank splashes water on his face. He pulls out the RUGER from his pocket and spins it in his palms.

BEAT

He lifts it, aims at himself in the mirror.

HANK

Freeze!

He pretends to be an Agent.

INT. JAMES' PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

James kicks the door closed behind himself.

He staggers into a huge studio, modern, sterile. Tastefully furnished, ottomans lie on a giant Turkish rug.

James kicks off his shoes and weaves into a connected room, clutching his shoulder.

The flat looks barely used, everything is clean, surfaces are spotless. The shoes stick out like a sore thumb.

James returns, clasps a small TIN with a first aid cross atop its lid.

He reaches the open plan kitchen, and pulls a bottle of whiskey from a cupboard. He takes a swig and rips off his bloody shirt.

The bullet is lodged inside his shoulder blade.

BZZZ BZZZ BZZZ

He pulls his phone out of his trouser pocket.

JAMES

Ma'am.

STEWARD (V.O.)

James, what happened?

A BEAT.

JAMES

I'll need to go back.

STEWARD (V.O.)

Go back. What happened?

JAMES

More men than they've ever had. I stood no chance ma'am.

STEWARD (V.O.)

The Admiral's threatened to improve his security for years. Didn't think the bastard would actually do it.

STEWARD (V.O.)

And the weapon?

JAMES

Didn't see it.

STEWARD (V.O.)

James. This was a reconnaissance mission. From what I can tell very little reconnaissance took place at all.

JAMES

Like I say ma'am, overrun with *well trained* guards.

STEWARD (V.O.)

I'll be. James, have you been drinking?

He flings the phone onto the sofa.

He yanks open the tin, yields a pair of tweezers. He seeks the lesion, and winches in pain.

INT. OLD BELL BAR - NIGHT

A finger stirs an ice block around the edges of a whiskey glass.

James swigs the drink down the hatch. He bends down to polish the reflection in his shoe.

The bar is otherwise empty save for an ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, a pint for company, and a female bartender, MARISSA (29), punk-goth trying her best not to look punk-goth on duty, who's occupied by her phone.

James looks up at Marissa.

JAMES

Another.

He slurs the 'th' a bit.

Marissa grabs his glass and gets to work.

James admires her precision, or perhaps her body, as she pours the drink.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Say, when are we going out?

MARISSA

Must be a new record. Not even midnight.

JAMES

Come on. Do me the honour.

She places the whiskey in front of him.

MARISSA

You're not my type.

JAMES

What, good looking? Stylish?  
Deadly?

He downs the cocktail in one gulp.

BUZZZ BUZZZ BUZZZ

James snatches his phone off the bar, glimpses it.

**"My office, first thing tomorrow"**

James fixes his hair, tosses the phone back onto the bar.

JAMES (CONT'D)

'nother.

MARISSA

Maybe that's enough for now?

He SLAMS his palm onto the table, his hair falls in front of his eyes. Marissa jumps in fright.

JAMES

I said. One more.

Marissa tentative, grabs his glass.

James watches her work, and fixes his hair.

The Elderly Gentleman, eyes closed, sips on his beer.

INT. ADMIRAL'S OFFICE - MORNING

An oval space bathed in light from floor-to-ceiling windows that cast light onto a centrepiece, mahogany desk with naval battle carvings.

In the centre of the light is the ADMIRAL (39), plump but lithe, in mid-tasadana pose.

Without opening his eyes

ADMIRAL

Update.

Josh sits across from him in a chair.

JOSH

We've completed clean-up of the offices, cafeteria will take more time.

The Admiral extends his arms, Christ-like, and back again.

ADMIRAL

Quantify it for me.

JOSH

We lost a dozen men, including Luke. But the agent -- he didn't get to the prototype.

The Admiral opens his eyes to reveal the fire of a zealot.

In one smooth movement he hops down from his desk and reaches a fitted BAR.

ADMIRAL

Towel.

Josh tosses a towel hanging over a chair to the Admiral who snatches it mid-air, applies it to his glistening neck and shoulders.

The Admiral opens a fridge filled with row upon row of bottles, an unlabelled GREEN LIQUID, and grabs one.

At the bar, he operates like a surgeon. He slides out a draw and extracts a plastic PILL CONTAINER. He drops two pills from the first slot into the drink. He swallows the second slot's pill in one go and pauses before the last.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

Turn around.

Josh obeys, but the Admiral checks with his zealot eyes.

Josh swallows. A drop of sweat curves his brow as we hear an indistinct GROAN.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

Okay.

Josh turns back around, the Admiral sips on his drink, toweling off.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

How long until we're operational?

JOSH

Four weeks.

ADMIRAL

Luke said three.

JOSH

(through teeth)

Three then.

ADMIRAL

Good. Now leave me. I need to prepare.

Josh nods, and unlatches the door. He pauses

JOSH

Sir -- Father -- I don't want you to worry -- with Luke gone. I'll take his place. I will make you proud.

ADMIRAL

That gives me comfort, Josh.

Josh exits into

INT. COMPOUND CORRIDOR - MORNING

Where he leans against the wall, holding back tears and anxiety.

After a beat. He collects himself and walks off.

INT. COMPOUND AUDITORIUM - MORNING

A modest-sized area full of tiny plastic chairs laid out like a primary school assembly.

Maroon-uniformed Henchmen take their seats, oversized men or undersized chairs?

A picture of Luke sits on an easel at the front next to a projector, his black uniform stands out against the sea of maroon.

The projector beams onto a white wall

**"#TEAM"**

Under the projector beam SIMONE, short blond-hair, lanky, eye-patched, yellow-uniformed, rests on her cane for support, MICROPHONE in hand.

SIMONE

Come on everyone. We don't have all day.

There aren't enough chairs for everyone, so the last few stragglers settle cross-legged on the floor or stand at the back, one of which is Hank.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

I know you're all busy. So we'll keep this as short as possible. Ready.

She nods to a LIGHTING HENCHMAN near the projector, who flicks a switch.

The auditorium is drenched in black.

FOOP

Softboxes gild the Admiral in gold. He stands statue still, at the front of the crowd, the same pose as in his office.

Gradually, a platform raises him half a metre higher than the auditorium audience. His zealot eyes survey his underlings, a microphone attached to an earpiece.

The henchmen stare upwards from their plastic chairs. Hank watches on, eyes wide.

The Admiral flings his arm out towards the window and the lights come back on.

ADMIRAL  
Good morning team!

He bounces off the platform, paces up and down the front of the crowd.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
What a gorgeous day. You know. I feel blessed.

He stops, and cups his palms in front of his face.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
I feel blessed that I get to come into the office each day and work with such a talented Team.

He pauses at a henchman in the front row, MAX.

And squeezes his palm around the henchman's shoulder.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
Good to see you Max. How's the baby?

An inaudible answer.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
That's great. What a gift life is.

Hand on hips, his exuberance defies his body.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
Now guys. You should have completed your performance reviews for the quarter. If you haven't, I suggest you do that today.

Hank gulps, sweat forms on his brow.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

A time for reflection. As you look forward to the next quarter I want to challenge you to *really* think about what you want to achieve, one, two, five years from now. If we can align our personal goals with the company goals, we can build something great -- here.

The Admiral's breath is heavy. He grabs a glass of green juice and takes a long sip.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

Some of you might have heard about a security incident last night.

Some henchmen shift in their seats.

He paces.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

I want to assure you, this is just a minor setback. When you're a market leader, people want to STOP your progress. It's the world we live in now. People will do anything to get ahead.

He struggles for breath.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

But guys. This is not where you, where we give up. This is where we give more, 110%.

He loses himself in thought.

In the audience Hank looks at his phone. A message:

**Mom**

**"Don't be late tonight."**

ADMIRAL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

In the spirit of transparency I want to quantify it for you. There were 12 casualties last night. Brave men! Team members who are no longer here, costing the company in damages, training, and hours, approximately 300 thousand each.

The Admiral pauses for effect.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
But this isn't about the company.  
It's about those men. And for me,  
one man especially.

In the crowd of Henchmen, Josh watches the Admiral with fervor.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
Luke died in the line of duty. Luke  
-- my son. I salute you.

He salutes.

And so do the dozens of henchmen.

A Beat.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
But the company must move on. I  
need a new right hand. A position  
not to be taken lightly.

Josh perks up.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
As you know I like to hire from  
within the company.

Josh straightens his shirt.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
And in the interest of merit, I'm  
opening the position to ANY one  
here.

Hank pricks up. He leans forward.

ADMIRAL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
We'll start to run rounds of skills  
tests. If you can prove you have  
what it takes, I will consider you.  
So please. Apply. Impress me. And  
let's change the world together.

Hank glances at the phone message one more time as the crowd cheers, a henchman bumps Hank as he jumps to a standing ovation.

The Admiral, clergyman-like, calms his followers with the palms of his hands.

Hank rises, pockets his phone and claps alongside his peers.

In the distance, he spots Josh, who looks up at the Admiral, unblinking.

INT. COMPOUND MEETING ROOM - MORNING

A small, glass door and windowed room houses a single table with 6 chairs. Built into the middle of the table is a miniature sand pit, plastic shovels and all.

A sign on the back wall of the room reads

**"DIG FOR IDEAS"**

Seated below the sign Simone twirls a pen, illuminated by the Macbook Pro in front of her.

She sits opposite Hank, who shifts in his seat.

SIMONE

And if you had to rate your attention to detail for the quarter, again, from one to five, what would you give yourself?

HANK

Five. No -- four.

She types into the excel spreadsheet on her computer.

SIMONE

Okay so that ends the self-assessment review. Let's just double check here -- five for office work, five for attitude, five for brand ambassadorship, and four for attention to detail. I think we're about done here Hank. Is there anything else from your side?

HANK

Well, Ma'am. I -- I

Hank loses himself, and he wipes his drenched forehead onto his palm.

He almost spits it out.

HANK (CONT'D)

I want Luke's position.

A Beat.

SIMONE bursts out laughing.

SIMONE

Hank! You want to be right hand?  
If only we had a criteria for sense  
of humour, amma'right? You crack me  
up.

Hank blushes, SIMONE notices.

She leans back, clasps the top of her cane for balance, or perhaps to find the right words.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

You're serious?

A Beat.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Look Hank, I commend your  
confidence, but the truth is you've  
got a long way to go. Your peer  
reviews don't exactly paint a  
flattering picture and you're not  
exactly the greatest shot either --

HANK

-- No one here is. You and I both  
know Luke was the only person who  
could hit a moving target.

Simone considers this a Beat.

SIMONE

You'll have to prove yourself. Can  
you become Lieutenant material?

HANK

I can.

He searches the floor for something that isn't there. Simone leans forward.

SIMONE

When Luke took over as Lieutenant  
he single-handedly took seven  
bullets to the chest to save the  
Admiral. It's a miracle he  
survived!

HANK

I'd take a bullet for the Admiral.

Simone manages to keep the laughter back this time.

SIMONE  
Alright. Let's see what you can do.

EXT. AGENCY PARKING LOT - MORNING

The Aston Martin screeches to a halt.

INT. ASTON MARTIN - MORNING

James fixes his hair in the rear-view mirror. His stubble has grown overnight.

Out of the cubby hole he swigs the dregs of a whiskey bottle. He checks his breath, gets a fright.

INT. AGENCY ELEVATOR - MORNING

James glances his watch.

JAMES  
Shit.

The elevator doors slide open on

INT. AGENCY OFFICES - MORNING

A modern open plan room finished in glass and steel filled with rows of desks with stylish fittings. They seat AGENT after agent who monitor lines of data, profiles, phone calls, emails et al.

James strides through the rows, Agents catch a whiff of him in the air, perk up disgusted.

One or two agents give him the evil eye as he reaches a WATER COOLER. He pours himself a cup.

One FEMALE AGENT eyes him, distaste on her face.

James lifts his cup to cheers her, and downs it.

She shakes her head and returns to work.

James crumples the cup and tosses it into the bin and enters

INT. STEWARDS'S OFFICE - MORNING

A modern designer's dream of an office. A huge glass window looks out on the skyscrapers beyond.

The STEWARD (62), dyed hair betrays her age, stares out the window.

On her desk are two cardboard boxes.

JAMES

Ma'am.

STEWARD

You're late, James.

James notices the boxes.

JAMES

What's going on?

STEWARD

I was hoping you could tell me. The mission -- was it successful?

JAMES

Ah -- yes ma'am. I'll need to go back, of course, but that's to be expected --

STEWARD

So it wasn't successful?

A beat.

STEWARD (CONT'D)

You had a mission James: to get in and destroy whatever the hell the Admiral is building. The Agency doesn't want any threats to security.

JAMES

I'll take care of it, ma'am.

A Beat.

STEWARD

I'm afraid you won't James. You wasted company resources, and *my* time to be frank. One of us has to take responsibility and I'll be damned if I take the fall for an incompetent agent.

JAMES  
Ma'am, I'll fix this.

She turns and faces him, sees his shoulder in a sling. The stubble on his face.

STEWARD  
Goodness James, look at yourself.  
You're in no state.

She heads over to a small bar area, pours a strong whiskey.

JAMES  
What, this?  
(glances the shoulder)  
It won't be a problem.

She takes a big sip.

STEWARD  
Not the shoulder for god's sake.

James is puzzled.

JAMES  
What then?

STEWARD  
I don't blame you James. In our  
line of work sometimes you need a  
stiff one.

She downs her drink.

STEWARD (CONT'D)  
But I can't have an alcoholic  
messing up missions any longer.  
(a beat)  
James. You're suspended with  
immediate effect, pending a formal  
inquiry.

JAMES  
I'll appeal.

STEWARD  
And so you should. James, I want to  
support you. But until you pass our  
sobriety test and perform a  
successful mission, you're out.

James searches for words, but finds none.

STEWARD (CONT'D)  
Maybe it'll do you some good. Get  
your life in order.

James grabs the box on the table.

He reaches the door, turns around.

JAMES  
Ma'am.

And he exits, the Steward lets out all the tension in her  
shoulders with one big breath.

INT. HANK'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Steam rises from a pot on the stove. Hank tastes his sauce  
with a spoon.

He grabs the pot and heads over to

A small dining table where Olivia and Kate wait.

He spoons over some sauce for both of them and takes his  
place at the table.

OLIVIA  
Thanks dad.

HANK  
Pleasure Peanut. I hope you like  
it.

She tastes it.

OLIVIA  
Mmmm. It's great.

Kate also tastes it.

Hank looks to her.

A beat.

HANK  
Do you like it mom?

KATE  
Normally one wouldn't serve it with  
rice, but it's fine. Pass the salt.

Olivia passes her the salt.

Hank avoids Kate's eye. He pays a whole lot of attention to the wine in his glass.

HANK

I have some news. I've decided to apply for a new job.

OLIVIA

Cool dad! What job?

HANK

Well, it's more like a promotion. Helping the big boss out, that kind of thing. But hopefully my hours will be more regular.

OLIVIA

Cool dad. I'm sure you'll get it.

HANK

Thanks Peanut.

KATE

Very good Hank. I wish you the best for that.

She raises her glass across the table and smiles through her teeth.

INT. HANK'S KITCHEN - LATER

Hank scrubs a plate with a scourer.

Kate sips wine next to him.

KATE

You shouldn't get her hopes up like that?

HANK

What do you mean?

KATE

Telling her about a job you don't have. You'll just disappoint her when you don't get it.

HANK

You told me to get a new job and now you're upset with me for doing just that.

KATE

Yes, but something within your  
means Hank, something practical.  
You shouldn't overreach like this.

She holds his cheek in her palm.

KATE (CONT'D)

Why did you turn out such a  
disappointment?

INT. HANKS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hank lies in bed, stares at the ceiling. He throws a glance  
at his door -- closed.

He reaches for his bedside table drawer and pulls out James's  
Ruger.

He spins it in his palms again, runs his finger along the  
barrel until it stops at a small BUTTON. He presses it

POP

The ammunition cartridge slides out a touch. Hank pulls it  
out all the way when

A small piece of card falls onto the bed.

Hank unfolds it.

Written on the card:

**OLD BELL BAR**

**114 ADDISON ROAD**

Hank, flips it over, considers something a beat.

INT. COMPOUND SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

A paper target hangs on a small peg. On the target is a  
tuxedoed-man shaped silhouette.

The target flaps back and forth slightly, taunting.

BANG

A bullet flies right past the silhouette's shoulder and  
lodges into the foam wall behind it.

The bullet's force swings the paper target forwards and backwards a touch before

BANG BANG

A dozen or so bullets all ZIING past the target into the wall behind causing the target to sway furiously.

One bullet *just* about grazes the target's head.

SIMONE (O.S.)  
Not bad Hank!

Hank keeps his RIFLE pointed at the target.

A dozen or so identically maroon-uniformed Henchmen line up alongside Hank.

They lower their rifles, forlorn.

SIMONE hobbles down the line towards Hank, a CANE for support.

SIMONE (CONT'D)  
Now Team, how close was that?

The henchmen all mumble in agreement.

She reaches Hank, puts her hand on his shoulder.

She lifts her cane towards the tuxedoed-target, closes one eye, aims down an imaginary barrel.

She adjusts the aim slightly.

SIMONE (CONT'D)  
A few notches to the left and who knows, you might've hit the bastard.

She bursts into laughter.

SIMONE (CONT'D)  
Gosh. Wouldn't that be the day Team?

She winks at Hank.

SIMONE (CONT'D)  
(to Hank)  
Maybe you'll do better at defense?

CUT TO:

INT. COMPOUND SHOOTING RANGE - LATER

At the front of the range a handful of henchmen painfully remove bullet proof vests and hand them to a group of new Henchmen, including Hank and Josh.

Alongside a make-shift trestle table has been set up, scattered with documents and snacks.

The Admiral and Simone sit behind the trestle table.

Simone takes some notes. The Admiral sips his bright green drink.

A camera is placed on a tripod, filming the range's lanes.

A WORKER HENCHMAN tosses a deflated doll into a PILE OF DEFLATED DOLLS to the side of the room. He drags a hideous BLOW-UP DOLL of the Admiral into the centre of the room, arms flapping wildly.

The Admiral beams at his inflatable copy.

SIMONE

Being the Right Hand is as much about being able to protect the Admiral with your gun as it is with your body. Let's see how you take a bullet.

Josh and Hank eye each other.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Divide into pairs. You'll take it in turns.

Josh immediately grabs Hank.

JOSH

Be my partner?

HANK

Sure.

Two of the henchmen go to the centre of the room, one in front of the blow-up doll. The other a few feet away, gun at his side.

SIMONE

Okay. Whenever you're ready.

The armed henchman holds his gun towards the blow up doll.

The WORKER HENCHMAN holds his hands over her ears.

The armed henchman fires.

The vested henchman dives.

POP!

A few feet away from the now deflated doll, the vested henchman cowers in fear.

SIMONE makes some notes.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Next!

The doll is replaced. Josh and Hank step up to the centre of the room.

Josh adjusts the straps of his vest and faces Hank who aims the gun at the doll.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Ready!

Hank fires.

And Josh dives.

Almost in slow motion, the whole room captivated, the bullet makes its way towards the doll.

JOSH

Arg!

THWOOOP.

The bullet pierces the vest as Josh THUMPS into the ground.

The blow up doll waves its arms wildly.

The room cheers!

The Admiral nods to Simone who nods back.

Elated, Josh takes the gun from Hank, who grunts.

Hank takes up his position in front of the doll. Determined.

Josh takes aim, and fires.

Hank dives -- but too high.

POP!

The doll crumples to the ground.

Josh smiles, victorious. The Admiral and Simone both clap along with the rest of the room.

ADMIRAL  
Bravo Team Member Josh.

The Admiral rises to pat Josh on the shoulder.

Hank can't stand the sight.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
(to Josh)  
Come to my office later --

Hank sees his chance slip from him, desperate.

HANK  
-- I'll get him for you!

The Admiral notices Hank.

ADMIRAL  
Get who?

HANK  
The Agent!  
(beat)  
Admiral. If I get you the Agent,  
will you award me Right Hand?

The Admiral tries to hold a laugh back.

ADMIRAL  
If you bring me the Agent?

HANK  
Yes. Bring him to you.

ADMIRAL  
Well, I'll be. Go on then, surprise  
me.

He turns to Josh.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
Looks like you've got competition.

INT. JAMES' PENTHOUSE - EVENING

James opens a cupboard and pulls out a bottle of wine.

He places it on the counter and grabs a corkscrew out a drawer.

His arm in a sling, he struggles to hold the bottle while uncorking it with the other hand.

With every twist he flinches in pain when it slips

The bottle smashes on the tiled floor.

INT. JAMES' PENTHOUSE - LATER

James slouches on the couch, chomps a slice of pizza, the box sprawled across the coffee table in front of him.

On the TV he watches a love story

A couple kiss tenderly in period garb.

INT. COMPOUND KITCHEN - MORNING

Wires hang ceiling lights together, like puppets on display. They shine on a kitchen table populated with various teas, coffees, sugar, milk.

The kettle boils next to Hank, who pops out a packet of noodles. He whips out a BOWL next to the noodles.

He flicks the coffee machine into action, which begins to drip into a pot. He fishes a biscuit from a jar and takes a bite.

Josh enters the kitchen, slides his hair back. His eyes are red and Hank notices.

Josh pours himself a glass of water.

HANK

You alright?

Josh, almost climbs on Hank, stretches to open a top cupboard, but can't because of Hank.

A Beat.

JOSH

You're in my way.

He steps aside.

Josh pulls down a flux-seed mix and pours it into Hank's BOWL.

BEAT

Hank half steps forward.

HANK  
That's my bowl.

JOSH  
Oh, sorry. Didn't notice.

He faces Hank square on.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
It's not nice when people *take*  
something of yours, now is it?

HANK  
No.

BEAT.

HANK (CONT'D)  
But, also, that belongs to the  
company. It doesn't belong to you.

JOSH  
Stay out of my way Hank.

HANK  
You stay out of mine.

JOSH  
I don't know what you've got  
planned but I'll be damned if I let  
you get away with it.

Josh storms out to leave Hank  
With clenched fists.

INT. HANK'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Hank sits on his laptop.

He searches the internet:

**"Tranquilizers"**

**"How to move a large animal"**

He writes notes on a pad.

EXT. PHARMACY - EVENING

Hank's car splutters to a stop in an empty parking lot.

INT. PHARMACY - EVENING

DING

The door shuts behind Hank who wears sunglasses, giant fur coat and baseball cap. A cliché unto itself.

He lifts the coat's collar and makes his way to

INT. PHARMACY DISPENSARY - EVENING

A quiet, sterile area manned by a lone bespectacled PHARMACIST whose clearly been in this job way too long.

HANK

Hi -- good evening. I'm looking for  
a -- a tranquiliser. For my mother.

He hands over a script to the dubious pharmacist who examines the note.

HANK (CONT'D)

Terrible anxiety. She's got to fly  
next week. Not sure if it's worse  
for her or the other passengers.

Hank chuckles.

The Pharmacist glances him over his spectacles.

A BEAT.

HANK (CONT'D)

Is that a good one? I mean it's  
best to just knock her out for I  
don't know, the entire seven to  
eight hour flight.

The pharmacist starts fiddling under the table.

PHARMACIST

Where's she going?

HANK

Greenwoods.

The pharmacist funnels tablets into a small plastic box to count the pills.

PHARMACIST

This is what we'd call the  
"blackout". Good for anxiety so  
you're onto the right stuff. I'd  
recommend she take half and see how  
she feels.

He slaps a sticker label onto the bag and hands it to Hank.

Hank grabs the bag but the pharmacist holds on.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

Seeing how Greenwoods is only a  
three hour flight.

A BEAT.

He lets the bag go into Hank's grasp.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

Have a good evening.

And he gives the most professional smile.

EXT. OLD BELL BAR - NIGHT

Hank's car pulls up outside the bar.

INT. HANK'S CAR - NIGHT

Hank checks the card and looks up at the building.

INT. OLD BELL BAR - NIGHT

Hank, dressed in his best suit, walks through the quiet bar  
where Marissa wipes down the counter top.

The Old Man sips on his pint in the corner.

Hank plops onto a bar stool.

Marissa reaches Hank, notices the suit.

MARISSA

What can I get 'cha?

HANK

Ah --

Hank straightens out his sleeves.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Martini please.

Marissa glances him up and down.

MARISSA  
Not that kinda place.

HANK  
Oh --

Hank surveys the shabby-chic bar.

HANK (CONT'D)  
How about a whiskey then.  
(beat)  
Neat.

She gets to work.

Hank checks his side pocket, pulls out a LONE TRANQUILISER  
PILL.

CLINK

The drink is placed before him, he shoves the pill into his  
pocket, out of sight.

HANK (CONT'D)  
I'm looking for someone. Good  
looking guy, pretty -- striking  
eyes.

He looks nervous.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Wears a tux normally. I think he  
comes here, but I'm not sure.

MARISSA  
You mean James?

Hank takes the chance.

HANK  
Yea-yeah. That's him.

MARISSA  
He'll be in later. Get comfy, he  
likes to watch the prime time movie  
before coming in.

HANK  
Thanks.

Hank checks his watch.

INT. JAMES' PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

James dabs a tissue to his eyes as the TV flickers in front of him.

TV CHARACTER (O.S.)  
But I love you Celia!

INT. OLD BELL BAR - NIGHT

Hank's head is down on the counter top, one hand clasps a whiskey.

JAMES (O.S.)  
Rough night?

Hank comes to, he sits up, notices James, not in a tuxedo, but in jeans and T-shirt.

Hank surveys the bar, only the Old Man sips his pint in the corner and Marissa sweeps the floor.

HANK  
Um.

In an instant it hits him,

He half falls off the stool.

James snatches him mid-fall, like a Prince. But the pill falls to the floor a few paces away, Marissa sweeps just a couple of feet from its resting spot.

JAMES  
Easy there tiger.

Hank regains his spot on the stool. He stares at the pill and Marissa sweeping.

HANK  
Ah -- thanks.

JAMES  
No problem --

Hank aims for composure.

HANK  
-- Hank.

JAMES

I'm James.

He stares at Hank a Beat.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Say, have we met before?

HANK

Don't think that's possible!  
There's like, no situation I can  
think of where that could have  
happened.

Hank chuckles.

James searches his face.

JAMES

What you having?

HANK

Whiskey. Whiskey all night long.

Hank looks back to the pill. Marissa's sweeps get closer with every brush.

JAMES

Can I buy you one?

HANK

I'll get her attention.

Hank signals to Marissa who stops sweeping just before the pill.

She looks pissed but places the broom down and heads to the bar, bends under the wooden flap to reach the other side, while James watches her.

Hank checks out this interaction and in a flash bends down, grabs the pill before anyone notices.

JAMES

Two double of whatever he's  
drinking. One for me and one for my  
new friend Hank.

MARISSA

Good movie tonight?

JAMES

Heartbreaking.

Marissa gives him the most professional smile and gets to work.

INT. OLD BELL BAR - LATER

James and Hank share a laugh, empty shot glasses on the counter top.

JAMES  
Whaddya do by the way?

HANK  
I'm -- in security. Shit job really. Trying to get up -- the ranks -- if you catch my drift.

JAMES  
Good for you.

HANK  
Thanks.

The two finish off their drinks.

JAMES  
So how old is your daughter?

HANK  
Eight.

JAMES  
Good kid?

HANK  
The best.  
(a beat)  
-- I just don't get to spend enough time with her. Security doesn't exactly have the best hours.

JAMES  
Ever considered another line of work?

HANK  
It's like, hard to start over you know. I'm going for this promotion at work. More managerial -- better hours.

JAMES  
Good for you. When will you know?

Hank fiddles in his pocket.

HANK  
Soon, I hope.

JAMES  
I'm sure you'll get it.

HANK  
Thanks. Doesn't help I'm useless  
with a gun.

JAMES  
If you wanted -- I could show you a  
thing or two some time. I've been  
known to be a good shot.

HANK  
I believe that.

A Beat.

JAMES  
Well what you doing tomorrow night?

HANK  
Ah -- working.

JAMES  
I'll meet you when you get off.  
What's the address?

HANK  
It's --

Hank freaks out, racking his brain. He frantically searches  
the bar.

He spots the old man.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Number 68.

He spots the beer in his hand.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Draught Street -- Road. 68 Draught  
Road.

Hank turns back to James.

JAMES  
What part of town is that?

HANK  
The -- bad part?

James giggles.

JAMES  
Alright, I'll look it up.

The two nurse their drinks a beat.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Listen. I gotta take a slash. Maybe  
get another round?

HANK  
Sure.

James stumbles off his stool and swings into the bathroom.

Hank catches Marissa's eye and nods for two more drinks.

He clutches the pill in his pocket, waiting for Marissa.

A Beat.

She slides the drinks in front of their respective perches.

MARISSA  
Last rounds, okay?

HANK  
We won't need any more.

Her back turns to him and Hank quickly tosses the pill into James' whiskey.

The drink fizzes a bit but is normal within a few seconds.

Hank surveys the bar one last time, he's in the clear when

JOSH (O.S.)  
Hank. That you?

Hank stares over at Josh, apparition-like in his sudden appearance. Who strides over and plops right onto James' stool.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Fancy bumping into you here.

HANK  
Are you following me?

JOSH  
Don't flatter yourself. I was in  
the neighbourhood, saw your car  
outside.

HANK  
I don't know what you're playing at  
--

Hank glances at the bathroom doors.

HANK (CONT'D)  
-- but you need to leave now.

Josh picks up James' drink.

JOSH  
You shouldn't have.

HANK  
No!

But it's too late, the drink is gone. Josh wipes his mouth.

JOSH  
(burps)  
Got a hot date?

Hank starts to sweat on his brow.

HANK  
-- As a matter of fact, yes I do.

Josh eyes the bathroom doors, the empty shot glasses on the  
bar.

JOSH  
Likes her liquor.

HANK  
Look, Josh. You need to leave. Let  
me call you a cab.

JOSH  
Why the rush? Let's get another  
round.

HANK  
I think you've had more than  
enough.

Josh holds his head in his palms. He looks around the bar area. The Old Man enters the bathroom door, it swings back and forth.

JOSH  
 Alright, I'll leave you to it  
 -- just gotta use the little boy's  
 room before I go.

Hank panics.

HANK  
 Wait!

JOSH  
 What?

HANK  
 I -- like your shirt.

Josh stumbles off the stool, makes his way towards the bathroom, after a few steps he falters, grabs his head.

Hank rushes over to him and

catches him as he collapses, passed out. Hank props him up on the stool.

Marissa heads over.

MARISSA  
 We closing up soon.

She notices Josh.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
 He okay?

HANK  
 Just had one too many.

MARISSA  
 Oh-kay. Five minutes alright?

HANK  
 Sure.

James exits the bathroom, reaches Hank.

JAMES  
 What happened to this guy?

HANK  
 Poor dude, can't handle his liquor.

JAMES

Shit, I never saw him in here.

HANK

Came from another place, had one drink and collapsed.

James lets this sink in.

JAMES

I guess I should take that cue and call it a night. Let's do that shooting practice tomorrow yeah?

HANK

Sure. See you then.

James troops out.

INT. HANK'S CAR - NIGHT

Hank lumps Josh into the back seat.

HANK

Alright bud, let's get you home.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

James stumbles down the road, he passes another BAR. He looks up at the sign, considers, then enters.

INT. RICK'S BAR - NIGHT

James slides onto a stool at the bar.

A large table of HEN PARTY WOMEN cackle in the background. Large, portly and done up to the nines, these 60-something women laugh at the sex toy just unwrapped.

The BARTENDER reaches James.

JAMES

Whiskey, on the rocks.

A HEN WOMAN rises from their table, dye hides the grey in her roots. She waddles over next to James.

She turns to him, smiles an invitation.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ENTRANCE HALL

Hank quietly closes the door behind himself.

He looks down the hall towards the lounge, the room still lit.

His head droops. He trudges towards the light.

INT. HANK'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Hank steps through the threshold.

OLIVIA

Daddy!

Olivia jumps off Kate asleep on the couch, who rolls over.

Olivia races into Hank's arms.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I was waiting for you.

He takes her into his arms but quickly places her back onto the floor.

HANK

'Livvie, you mustn't stay up so late.

OLIVIA

But I wanted to see you.

HANK

I don't care. It's late! You can't keep doing this. You need to sleep. Go now!

Tears form in her eyes, she runs off.

HANK (CONT'D)

'Livvie, I'm sorry.

Kate leans up. Hank spots her.

HANK (CONT'D)

Don't start. Just don't.

KATE

Have you been drinking?

INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Olivia cries into her pillow.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

OLIVIA

Go away!

She clutches her stomach.

Hank enters and closes the door behind him.

HANK

Peanut. Please, I'm so sorry.

OLIVIA

I just wanted to see you.

HANK

I know, I wanted to see you too.

OLIVIA

Leave me alone!

HANK

Livvie. I'm so sorry. Please  
forgive me.

OLIVIA

Go away!

The door shuts, Olivia cries into her pillow.

INT. HANK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hank sits on his bed, lets out a huge sigh.

BEAT.

He reaches for his laptop and searches:

**"68 Draught Road"**

The results come up.

HANK

Fuck.

INT. JAMES' BEDROOM - MORNING

James wakes with the sunlight bearing down on him. He clutches his forehead, and then his shoulder blade.

He rolls over and sees the HEN WOMAN fast asleep, snoring loudly.

INT. ADMIRAL'S OFFICE - MORNING

The Admiral runs on a treadmill facing the window.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

He puts the machine off and grabs a towel for his neck.

He makes his way to the bar.

ADMIRAL

Enter!

The door opens and Josh gingers inside. He snaps the door shut behind him.

JOSH

Sir. A few minutes?

The Admiral puts his finger up, indicates that Josh wait.

He downs a green drink.

ADMIRAL

Got to get electrolytes up after a workout. What can I do for you Josh?

JOSH

Sir. I just wanted to say that I understand Team Member Hank might have impressed you --

ADMIRAL

-- Most certainly. The initiative he's shown is promising for a potential Right Hand.

JOSH

But sir -- I don't know how to put this -- I don't trust him. He's up to something.

ADMIRAL

Like what?

JOSH

I'm not sure.

ADMIRAL

Josh. You know what really gets to me. I'm looking for a new Right Hand and a random henchman of all people puts his hand up and says, "I'll bring you the man responsible for all this." While my own son sits and does *nothing*.

JOSH

That's not true.

ADMIRAL

Did you even try and help Luke?

BEAT.

JOSH

Of course I did.

ADMIRAL

I need to get back to work. Stop worrying about other people and try and do better yourself for god's sake.

JOSH

Yes sir.

INT. COMPOUND OFFICES - MORNING

Hank shuts his laptop down, picks up his keys when Josh reaches his desk.

JOSH

I don't know what you're up to. But I'll be damned if I let you get Right Hand over me.

HANK

I have no idea what you're talking about.

JOSH

No idea hey? How about one minute we're talking in a bar and the next I wake up outside my house. Care to explain that one?

HANK

Not my fault you can't handle your liquor.

JOSH

You know what I think?

HANK

Don't know, don't care.

JOSH

I think your "date" has something to do with this. Maybe someone who can get you access to the Agent. Well I'll find out who it is, and I will stop you.

HANK

Good luck. Now if you'll excuse me I need to get going.

INT. OLD BELL BAR - AFTERNOON

James sits at the bar, alone. He swirls a finger around the rim of his half-empty glass.

Marissa glances up from her phone, watches James a beat.

MARISSA

You alright?

JAMES

Just fine.

He downs his drink.

JAMES (CONT'D)

'nother round.

MARISSA

Wanna talk about it?

JAMES

Why don't you -- just pour the drinks and leave me alone.

Marissa stares at him, then walks away.

EXT. ALLEY - AFTERNOON

Marissa kicks open the door, and paces up and down the alley, she looks up at the sky, puts her hands on her head.

EXT. COSTUME SHOP - DAY

Hank exits the costume shop wearing his baseball cap, fur coat and sunglasses.

He clutches a shopping bag in his hand.

He looks left and right and trots off.

EXT. DRAUGHT ROAD - NIGHT

Hank pokes his head around the corner and looks across the street where a modest

PET SHOP stands.

Hank checks his watch and looks across the street again.

A pimpled TEENAGER exits the Pet Shop, locks the door. The teenager trudges up the street.

Hank dashes across the road dressed in a way too tight SECURITY GUARD OUTFIT. The beige shorts give him a wedgy as he gets in front of the store.

He checks his pocket, a fresh pill in tow.

He straps a plastic baton onto his belt and whips out a beige SECURITY CAP, he puts it on.

He looks up and down the road, taking his position, a regular pro.

What seems like an age until, Aston Martin pulls up in front of the store. James rolls down the window.

JAMES

You're a security guard for a pet store?

HANK

Ah yeah. Black market for exotic animals is really out of hand.

JAMES

Shall we?

Hank gets into the car.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Nice shorts by the way.

And they speed off.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Hank fires off a few shots at a tree, they all miss.

JAMES  
Try holding it like this.

He shows Hank a better grip.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Deep breath.

Hank fires, and one bullet hits the ground in front of the tree, just.

HANK  
Woo!

JAMES  
Try again.

Hank takes aim, fires.

It skims off some BARK from the tree.

Hank is flabbergasted.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Well done man.

BEAT.

HANK  
I -- I can't believe it. You don't understand I've NEVER hit a target in my life.

JAMES  
Well, it can only get better from here. Stick with me bud and you'll be the best shot around. 'cuse me I gotta take a slash.

He heads over to another tree, gets to business.

Hank pulls out the tranquiliser from his pocket, rolls it on his palm.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Alright, ready to go?

Hank quickly stashes the pill in his pocket.

HANK  
Yip. All set.

JAMES  
Hey, listen, I was gonna watch a  
movie later -- just at home. I mean  
if you wanted to -- if you'd like  
to hang out a bit, that'd be cool.

Hank lifts the gun towards the tree and takes aim.

HANK  
Sounds great.

And he fires.

INT. JAMES' PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Hank and James eat pizza in front of the flickering screen.

TV CHARACTER (O.S.)  
I can't quit you!

Hank glances over at James, smiles endearingly.

INT. OLD BELL BAR - NIGHT

Hank and James laugh as they clink their glasses together,  
and down a shot.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Hank shoots, he skims a bit of bark off multiple parts of a  
tree. James cheers him on, adjusts his technique.

INT. HANK'S LOUNGE - EVENING

Hank introduces Olivia to James. He high fives her, hands her  
a fluffy toy.

INT. COMPOUND SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Hank fires at the tuxedo target, hits its shoulder. Simone  
nods in approval.

INT. JAMES' PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Hank and James wipe away tears as they watch the flickering TV, a big bowl of popcorn between them.

INT. OLD BELL BAR - NIGHT

Hank and James down two shots in a row, Marissa eyes James disapprovingly.

INT. HANK'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Olivia, Hank and James all play a boardgame together on the floor. Olivia laughs as James makes a bad roll of the die.

JAMES

Ouch!

OLIVIA

You suck.

HANK

Livvie, that's not nice language!

JAMES

No, she's right I do suck. Really.

OLIVIA

See daddy. He says he sucks so can't I?

HANK

I guess he isn't very good at this, is he?

They all laugh together.

EXT. HANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

James shakes Hank's hand.

JAMES

Thanks for a fun night.

HANK

Thank you.

JAMES

She's a great kid.

HANK  
She is.

BEAT.

HANK (CONT'D)  
You ah -- seeing anyone at the  
moment?

JAMES  
I mean. I hang with Marissa a bit.

HANK  
You like her?

JAMES  
Ah geez -- it'll never work between  
us. That ship's sailed, man.

HANK  
Hey it's never too late. If you  
like her, you should ask her out.

JAMES  
I'll -- play it by ear for now.

HANK  
I'm serious. You're like -- a  
really great guy James. Any woman  
would be lucky to have you.

JAMES  
There's a lot you don't know about  
me. I mean, you've got like a  
steady job, you're a good father.  
That's the kind of guy women want  
these days.

HANK  
Maybe.

James takes this in.

JAMES  
Anyway, see you man.

He gets into his Aston Martin.

HANK  
'night.

And he speeds off.

INT. COMPOUND AUDITORIUM - DAY

A slide projects onto the wall:

**"The Three Principles:"**

**"Initiative"**

**"Perseverance"**

**"Trust"**

ADMIRAL

Three principles. To drive us forward as a company.

He speaks to a packed crowd of henchmen.

He points to MAX, the henchman from earlier.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

Max, can you help me a second?

Max makes his way to the front.

The Admiral scans the faces of the crowd and settles on

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

Josh. Can you come up?

Josh hesitates, then rushes forward.

The Admiral looks to the back, right towards Hank.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

And someone from the back. What about... Hank.

Hank jingers to the front. He takes a spot next to Josh, who gives him the evil eye.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

First principle: Initiative.

The Admiral picks up a GRENADE off a table.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

Because we want you to be problem solvers. Max think quick.

He flings the grenade at Max who fumbles it, the PIN falls out to the floor.

The audience tenses.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
Think fast!

Max freaks out, and grabs for the pin.

CLIP

The pin back in place, Max breathes a sigh of relief.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
That's initiative! Thank you Max,  
let's give him a round of applause.

The audience claps warmly, Max returns to his seat.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
Second Principle: "Perseverance".

He speaks as if only to Josh.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
Sometimes it takes longer to get  
what you want. Some of you know,  
Josh is my son. But here we are all  
family. So he will have to  
persevere alongside everyone else  
to achieve his goals.

He almost spits it out.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
Josh. I expect you to serve as an  
example to others. Persevere!

Josh quickly returns to his seat.

Now the Admiral turns his attention to Hank.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
And finally, "Trust". Because guys  
without trust what do you have?

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
Team Member Hank! Said that he  
would bring me the Agent -- now has  
he delivered?

He surveys the audience.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
No... not yet. But do I trust that  
he will?

He turns his back to Hank.

Hank is taken by surprise.

The Admiral falls backwards, the ground rushes towards his back.

Hank reacts, catches him

Inches from the ground.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
Of course I do!

The Henchman crowd cheers.

Hank brings the Admiral back to his feet.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
Because if I can't trust you, if we  
can't trust each other. Everything  
we've worked for will fall apart.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

James and Hank are at their makeshift shooting range.

Hank fires off three bullets towards a tree. They hit the ground near the base.

HANK  
Arrg!

JAMES  
You alright?

HANK  
When am I going to hit a fucking  
target!

JAMES  
Easy there fella. It takes  
practice, that's all. To be frank  
your company's taught you terrible  
technique. I wouldn't be surprised  
if you and your colleagues haven't  
hit a target in your lives.

Hank raises his eyebrow.

RING RING RING

HANK  
Hang on.

Hank whips out his phone.

HANK (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Hello? -- what? Okay I'll be there -  
 - hang on I'll be there!

He starts running towards the car.

HANK (CONT'D)  
 It's Olivia. Something's wrong. She  
 needs to get to the hospital.

INT. ASTON MARTIN - NIGHT

James drives with precision and style.

EXT. ASTON MARTIN - NIGHT

The roads are no match for his weaves, snakes and glides.

EXT. HANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kate and Olivia wait outside the house. Olivia hangs on to Kate for support.

The Aston Martin screeches around the corner and pulls to a halt.

Hank jumps out and reaches Olivia.

HANK  
 Is she okay?

KATE  
 Where have you been?

HANK  
 Is she okay?

She notices the car.

KATE  
 Whose car is this?

HANK  
 Mom, meet James, James, Kate. Now  
 help me get her in the car.

Kate pulls the back door open so Hank can place Olivia on the backseat.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The Aston Martin yanks to a stop. Hank rushes Olivia towards the front doors, James at his side.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

HANK

Help please! Someone! My daughter  
is sick!

The nursing staff look barely interested.

NURSE

Please sir. Keep your voice down.

HANK

She needs help. Her stomach --

NURSE

-- Sir. You need to fill out a  
form.

She pushes the form towards Hank who glances at it.

Hank pauses a beat, then hands Olivia to James who takes her in his arms.

Hank hastily fills out the form.

James looks down at

Olivia: who writhes in pain. Her eyes clench in distress,  
then she opens them to James.

JAMES

It'll be alright. I promise.

She takes his arm, and squeezes it.

James leans towards the reception desk.

He flashes his dimples at the nurse.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Ma'am. This poor little girl's  
having a real time of it. Is there  
anything you can do to help her?

The Nurse is lost in his eyes.

NURSE

I'll see what I can do.

She picks up a phone receiver.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
I need a doctor to ER.

JAMES  
Appreciate it.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - LATER

Kate sleeps against a banister. Hank and James sit in plastic chairs.

HANK  
I should've been there. Instead, I was out. With *you*.

JAMES  
You couldn't have known. You did all you could --

HANK  
-- How would you know? You don't have a family! You have no idea what it's like.

James take this all in.

A Beat.

The DOCTOR comes into the room. Hank rushes to her feet.

HANK (CONT'D)  
How is she?

DOCTOR  
The surgery was a success.

Hank hits his legs in relief.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
She's very weak, but stable. A few more hours with that appendix and we might've had a different conversation.

James pats him on the shoulder.

The doctor takes her leave.

JAMES  
You alright?

HANK

Yeah --

He collects himself but chokes it out.

HANK (CONT'D)

-- Thanks.

James and Hank hug.

HANK (CONT'D)

Listen, about just now --

JAMES

-- no need, man.

Kate stirs to.

KATE

Where is she?

HANK

She's in recovery mom. She'll be fine.

KATE

Where were you tonight?

JAMES

I'm sorry ma'am. I was helping your son train for his promotion.

KATE

Who are you?

HANK

This is James -- my... friend.

KATE

Well at least you were there, god knows if Hank had been driving we wouldn't have made it. A dinner is in order, tomorrow? I won't take no for an answer.

JAMES

That sounds great ma'am.

INT. JAMES' PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

James shuts the door closed and trudges into the kitchen.

He opens the cupboard and pulls out a fresh bottle of whiskey.

He twists the cap open and pours it into a glass.

He lifts it, pauses and surveys

The kitchen and greater studio:

Empty bottles of wine, whiskey litter the surfaces.

He tosses his glass's content into the sink. Yanks open a cupboard door and pulls out

A BLACK BAG

He slides his arm across the counter top dragging the empty bottles into the bag.

In a ballet James throws empty and full bottles alike from all around his flat into the bag.

Finally he collapses onto the sofa, the bag CLUMPS down by his side.

He breathes heavily and stares at the ceiling.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A dumpster lid lifts, James stashes the black bag in and the lid slams shut.

INT. JAMES' PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

James throws his keys down and lies on the sofa. He lifts his phone and dials.

RING RING RING

The Steward answers.

STEWARD (O.S.)

James.

JAMES

Ma'am. I think I'm ready for that sobriety test -- and a mission.

STEWARD

Took you long enough. Come in tomorrow morning.

INT. HANK KITCHEN - NIGHT

A mostly eaten roast sits on the table next to a bottle of wine.

James, Kate, Hank tuck in together.

Olivia draws a comic at the table next to some half-eaten veggies.

KATE

You sure you don't want wine?

She holds the bottle up to James.

He eyes his old friend a beat.

JAMES

Water's great, thanks.

He raises a glass of sparkling water in cheers, and drinks.

KATE

Suit yourself.

She pours herself a rather large glass.

KATE (CONT'D)

So James, what do you do?

Hank looks in panic.

JAMES

I -- I work in government ma'am.

KATE

For your sins.

JAMES

I -- actually took a break from work for a while. But --

Hank perks up.

JAMES (CONT'D)

-- happy to say I'm returning. Went in today, had a -- *fitness* test. Should be back up and running in the next few days.

KATE

Good for you. A break can be necessary from time to time.

JAMES

Yes.

KATE

Maybe you could get my son a job?  
God knows he needs better hours --  
and pay.

JAMES

I think your son's a very  
impressive person, ma'am.

KATE

I guess he's fooled you then.

JAMES

Maybe, ma'am.

(beat)

Some support would go a long way  
for your son, he works very hard to  
provide for you, and Olivia.

Kate gives him a cruel look.

James ignores it, eyes Olivia's drawing.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(to Olivia)

What you got there?

OLIVIA

It's for you. To say thanks.

JAMES

Oh.

She holds up the picture: an Alien comes out of a little  
stick figure girl's stomach while a stick figure man drives  
her in a batmobile-esque car.

She points to the man stick figure.

OLIVIA

That's you.

JAMES

Yes, I see that.

HANK

Where am I honey?

OLIVIA

Sorry daddy. I'll draw you another.

Hank, hurt in his voice.

HANK  
Okay.

EXT. HANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank opens the gate to let James out.

JAMES  
You okay?

HANK  
Yeah.

BEAT.

HANK (CONT'D)  
I mean. My own daughter remembers  
you in a time of need, not me.

JAMES  
It's not like that.

HANK  
Maybe my mom's right.  
I'm such a loser -- fuck.

JAMES  
You're anything but a loser. You're  
a great dad -- and a great friend.  
I -- admire you man.

He shakes Hank's hand.

INT. JOSH'S CAR - NIGHT

Across the street Josh watches James and Hank shake hands  
outside the house.

Josh snaps a CAMERA, he looks at his work: a PHOTOGRAPH of  
the two men together.

INT. OLD BELL BAR - NIGHT

James slides onto a stool. He's not dressed in his tuxedo but  
rather a smart casual wear. He seems relaxed.

Marissa throws him a sinister stare. Then comes over.

MARISSA  
Whiskey?

JAMES  
Sparkling water.

She's taken aback, but genuinely impressed.

MARISSA  
Coming up.

While she works her and James share a glimpse or two.

She slides the drink over to him.

JAMES  
Join me?

MARISSA  
I don't think so.

JAMES  
Marissa. I'm -- sorry for how I've  
acted towards you.

MARISSA  
You can say that again.

JAMES  
I -- got my job back. Start again  
tomorrow.

MARISSA  
Good for you.

JAMES  
I was thinking -- maybe you and I --

Marissa seeks his eyes for the truth. She takes his hand.

MARISSA  
-- James, I'm happy for you. You  
seem like -- you're getting your  
shit together.

BEAT.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
And that's great. Really it is. But  
one glass of sparkling water isn't  
the same as turning over a whole  
new leaf.

JAMES

It wouldn't be so easy.

MARISSA

Let's see how you're doing in a few months. How about that?

JAMES

It's a date.

She lets go of his hand, returns to her duties.

INT. COMPOUND OFFICES - DAY

Hank types away at his computer.

Simone places her hand on Hank's shoulder.

SIMONE

Could you join the Admiral and I in the shooting range?

INT. COMPOUND SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Hank, perplexed, enters the range with the same trestle table set up from earlier. A large jug of the Admiral's green juice lies on top and a single M16 rifle.

ADMIRAL

Hank! Thanks for joining us. Would you like to take a seat?

He indicates a chair. Hank complies.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

I know you haven't been able to bring me the Agent, but we're running out of time.

(beat)

The weapon is nearing completion, but Intel suggests there may be another infiltration in the next 24 hours.

The Admiral sips his green juice.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

And Simone said you've become one hell of a shot. I'd love to see what you can do.

Hank grabs the M16 and slowly takes up the position.

The Agent-shaped target waits in the distance.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
Whenever you're ready.

Hank takes aim, the target sways, a tender moment.

Hank fires, and the bullet ZIINGS past the target's shoulder.

The Admiral looks over at Simone.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
I thought you said he'd gotten  
better?

Hank takes a deep breath, and aims once again.

He fires.

ZOOP.

The bullet lodges right into the target's head.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
Yeah! Team Member Hank!

HANK  
Sir.

ADMIRAL  
I know you made a crazy promise you  
couldn't keep, but a rush of blood  
gets the best of us --

JOSH (O.S.)  
Father!

Josh bursts into the range holding the PICTURE of Hank and James shaking hands.

ADMIRAL  
Josh. We're busy.

JOSH  
Sir, this can't wait. You need to  
know --

He strides in and slaps the picture on the trestle table.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Team member Hank's been  
fraternising with the enemy.

The Admiral analyses the image in front of him.

ADMIRAL

But --

JOSH

-- It's true sir. He's even been training under him, that's why he's a good shot now.

ADMIRAL

But -- that's -- brilliant.

Josh cannot believe what he's hearing.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

Hank! You're a genius. Getting the enemy to teach you his tricks. I couldn't have thought of a better plan myself.

JOSH

Father!

ADMIRAL

Leave us, Josh.

Josh gives Hank one hell of a sinister look, then trudges out.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

(to Hank)

You'll make a fine Right Hand.

Pride in Hank's eyes.

HANK

Thank you, sir.

ADMIRAL

But first.

(beat)

Tell me where he is.

It all rushes to Hank at once, he clenches the gun in his hand.

INT. COMPOUND AUDITORIUM - DAY

The Admiral paces up and down the front of the auditorium.

He addresses the company of Henchmen on their plastic chairs.

Hank stands to the side of the stage. He dials on his phone. The crowd's murmurs mean no one can hear him.

RING RING RING

It goes to Voice Mail.

JAMES (V.O.)

You've reached James. Leave a message at the tone.

HANK

James. Listen. I need to tell you something. I can't explain now but if you're home. Leave. Maybe get out of town for a bit.

EXT. ASTON MARTIN - DAY

The Aston Martin winds the streets towards the compound's dancing searchlights.

INT. ASTON MARTIN - DAY

James at the wheel, the cellphone buzzes in the backseat.

INT. COMPOUND AUDITORIUM - DAY

The Henchmen admire their boss.

ADMIRAL

Today I have the pleasure. The pleasure of rewarding a Team Member for initiative, perseverance, and trust.

The Henchmen cheer loudly.

Simone places her hand on Hank's shoulder.

Hank stares at the hand.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

It is my honour to announce. My new Right Hand. Team Member Hank!

The henchmen WHOOP.

Hank stands up and shakes the Admiral's hand, who passes him the BLACK HELMET.

The Admiral claps loudly for Hank, the crowd follows suit.

In the audience Josh sits, deadly still in the sea of cheering henchmen who rise to standing ovation.

Hank looks at the helmet in his hands, then at the crowd of his peers cheering his name.

CROWD  
Hank! Hank! Hank!

A Beat.

He lifts the helmet up as the audience shouts louder.

The cheers wash over him --

-- until the sound DISSIPATES and we hear Hank's quickening breaths over the cheers. He glances left and right at the scores of maroon henchmen jumping and cheering his name.

EXT. COMPOUND GROUNDS - DAY

James lifts his pistol up from a freshly shot Henchman. He grabs a keycard from the henchman's belt.

He bolts across the grounds towards the compound walls.

James reaches a door. He swipes a keycard when

Another Henchman spots him -- who yanks a red alarm handle as James enters the compound.

INT. COMPOUND AUDITORIUM - DAY

The cheers are still in full swing when

WHAAAAAAM WHAAAAAAM WHAAAAAAM

Red lights start flashing around the auditorium. All the henchmen stare up in fright.

The Admiral takes this in a beat.

ADMIRAL  
To your stations! Today will be the  
end of an era.

He turns to Hank.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
You're with me.

INT. COMPOUND CHANGING ROOM - DAY

The Admiral, Hank, Josh, a handful of other henchmen all strap on bullet proof vests.

They pull on MAROON HELMETS, Hank pulls on his BLACK HELMET.

ADMIRAL

Fan out, man the weapon's lab.  
Hank, go get 'em.

Hank nods, fear in his eyes.

INT. COMPOUND OFFICES - DAY

James scans the wall when a HENCHMAN pops out, fires at him.

James pops two bullets into his chest and he hits the ground.

INT. COMPOUND CAFETERIA - DAY

James glides towards the

INT. COMPOUND WEAPONS LAB - DAY

Where Hank, Josh and the handful of other henchmen wait at the ready. They form a "V" with Hank at the front.

Hank sweats as he waits.

WHAAAAAM WHAAAAAM WHAAAAAM

A Beat.

James's pistol bends the corner of the corridor and three henchmen hit the floor behind Hank.

James sprints towards them.

The remaining henchmen and Josh unleash fury

The bullets spray all over the room everywhere except hitting James.

In a swift punch James knocks Josh out cold and shoots the last of the henchmen.

Hank, still on one knee, frozen, watches as James nears him.

JAMES

Sorry bud.

He lifts the gun to Hank's head who breathes heavily when

HANK

Please don't kill me! I have a  
daughter.

James steps backwards. He recognises the voice.

JAMES

What?

He shoves Hank's helmet off to reveal

Hank.

In surrender to James.

HANK

James -- please don't kill me.

James is gobsmacked. Lost for words he's frozen to the spot,  
his gun pointed at the ground.

A Beat.

A flurry of henchmen race in and grab James who's knocked to  
his knees, he drops his pistol, offers no resistance.

The Admiral strolls in.

ADMIRAL

Hank. Excellent work. I knew you  
could do it.

(to henchmen)

Take him to the hold.

And the henchmen yank a shocked James down the corridor.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - EVENING

ENTRANCE HALL

Hank closes the door behind himself, black helmet in his  
hand. He strolls into

INT. HANK'S LOUNGE - EVENING

Where Kate sees the helmet in his hand.

KATE (O.S.)

That's nice.

Hank snaps out of it, sees his mother indicate the helmet.

HANK  
Thanks. I got it -- at work.

KATE  
You got the promotion?

Hank nods.

Kate analyses the situation.

A Beat.

KATE (CONT'D)  
But that's wonderful!

And she embraces him.

In her hold Hank's eyes are open, confused.

She kisses his forehead.

KATE (CONT'D)  
Now you can finally be there for  
Olivia. I'm tired of raising her  
myself.

Hank takes this all in.

KATE (CONT'D)  
Let me make you a sandwich. You  
deserve it.

She exits as Olivia runs in.

OLIVIA  
Daddy!

HANK  
Hi Peanut.

OLIVIA  
What's this?

She grabs the Black Helmet from him.

HANK  
It's my new work hat. Do you like  
it?

OLIVIA  
It's okay -- I like the red one  
more.

Hank takes this in. Then kisses her forehead.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
I made you something.

She plops down and dashes out the room, comes back holding

A COMIC

She hands it to Hank.

He looks at it:

A stick-figure girl and two men punch some stick-figure criminals to the ground.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
It's you, me and James. Do you like it?

BEAT.

HANK  
I love it.

INT. HANK'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Hank places the helmet down on a side table. He bends down and reaches under the bed.

He pulls out JAMES'S RUGER. He flips it in his hand.

INT. COMPOUND CORRIDORS - MORNING

Hank, Black Helmet on, strides and reaches a SENTRY HENCHMAN who stands in front of the metal door.

HANK  
I need to speak to the prisoner.

The guard steps out of the way.

INT. COMPOUND WEAPON'S LAB - MORNING

A man-size cage sits in the middle of the room. James lies on the floor, his tuxedo a mess.

A GUARD HENCHMAN stands sentry.

Hank reaches the outside of the cage, James stares off at no where in particular.

HANK

Leave us.

GUARD HENCHMAN

Sir.

The guard leaves the room and with a CLANG the metal door shuts.

Hank stands in front of James's gaze. He yanks off the helmet and faces him.

HANK

You alright?

James stares at him with dead eyes.

A Beat.

JAMES

Been better.

HANK

They're going to execute you. The Admiral wants to use it as -- motivation.

JAMES

Alright.

HANK

You're not going to fight back?

James sits up slowly.

JAMES

I'm -- tired. Just so, so tired.

HANK

I should've told you. I'm sorry man.

JAMES

How long did you know I was an agent?

Hank doesn't answer, stares at the floor.

JAMES (CONT'D)

So the bar --

HANK

-- Yes.

BEAT.

HANK (CONT'D)  
You were my golden ticket. To this.

He tosses the helmet onto the floor.

JAMES  
Congratulations.

HANK  
It's not like that anymore. It  
hasn't been -- for a while. You're  
my best friend, James.

JAMES  
I could've killed you man -- twice.

HANK  
You didn't.

JAMES  
What would Olivia have done? Be  
with your mom! Over my dead body.

They share a guffaw.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
I guess we're not so different you  
and I. Just doing our jobs. Doing  
what we're told.

Hank takes a step right up to the cage.

BEAT.

He tosses James's Ruger inside, it lands by James's feet.

HANK  
Come on, let's get you out of here.

James kicks it away to the edge of the cage.

JAMES  
I didn't kill you. But I've killed  
plenty more. How many orphans are  
there -- because of me?

Hank doesn't know what to say, settles on

HANK  
It's not too late to make it up.

JAMES  
I've made my peace.

The door CLANGS open.

GUARD HENCHMAN  
Team Member Hank. It's time.

INT. COMPOUND AUDITORIUM - DAY

The area is filled with an assembly of Henchmen. Chatter gives off a positive mood.

The Admiral is relaxed sitting at the front, shares a joke with Simone. He sips on his green juice.

Hank sits besides them, on a third chair.

Two henchmen push James's cage into the front of the auditorium.

Simone nods at the LIGHTING HENCHMAN who hits a switch.

The Cage is bathed in gold light, James shields his eyes as he looks up to

A sea of henchmen, HELMETLESS

Fathers and sons stare at their personified nightmare.

James rises to his feet and faces his fate.

The Admiral places his green juice down. Hank eyes it, as the Admiral lifts up an M16 and turns to the crowd.

ADMIRAL  
Team. We will speak of this day to our children. Today. We stop the carnage. It's something I've wanted to do for all of you for some time now. To protect you all, my children.

In the front row Josh is blank amongst the cheering crowd.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
But then I thought. One Team Member has risen to the occasion, surpassed my greatest expectations. It only seems fitting. Hank!

He holds the gun out to Hank.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
Do us the honour.

Cheers emanate the room.

Hank looks to James who nods.

Hank takes the gun.

The Admiral sits down and sips his drink again, Hank watches him.

James stand in the center of his cage, he lowers his hands to his side.

Hank points the gun towards James, turns to face the sea of maroon uniforms. He turns back to face James.

He takes a deep breath, stares at his friend.

He fires.

BANG BANG

The room is silent except for Hank's breathing.

The bullets' smoke in the lights takes an age to clear.

Finally it clears to reveal

Bullets lodged inside

The walls

The cage

The floor

Everywhere

Except James, who stands, alive and well, but confused.

The Admiral leaps to his feet.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
What is the meaning of this?

Hank shrugs.

HANK  
Guess I'm not as good a shot as you  
thought?

He smiles to James, who returns it in full.

ADMIRAL  
Preposterous! Josh! Get them!

Josh leaps forward and aims at Hank.

James whips the RUGER out from his pocket. He shoots open his lock and pounces out.

Josh fires a sea of bullets towards Hank.

James knocks Hank away from the line of fire into the lighting station, flipping the table over for cover.

The LIGHTING HENCHMAN is next to them.

LIGHTING HENCHMAN  
I'm not here.

The Admiral grabs a gun from a front row henchman.

ADMIRAL  
Let this be a lesson to all of you!  
Do as you are told!

Both the Admiral and Josh step toward the trestle table.

Josh fires off a bunch of bullets into the table.

JAMES  
Maybe you should try teaching your men proper technique sometime.

Behind the trestle table, Hank and James crouch in cover. James makes to leave cover when Hank stops him.

HANK  
Don't kill them.

James nods.

He emerges, fires off, hits Josh in the shoulder.

JOSH  
Arrrg!

Josh hits the floor.

ADMIRAL  
Get up!

Josh cries in pain.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
I said get up!

Josh clutches his shoulder.

JOSH

I -- I can't. He's too good.

ADMIRAL

Coward!

He turns to the crowd.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

Who here has the balls to actually  
do their job and protect me?

Behind the trestle table.

LIGHTING HENCHMAN

(to James and Hank)  
Not me.

No one in the crowd answers.

ADMIRAL

If you want something done. Do it  
yourself!

The Admiral trudges towards the trestle table. James lifts his Ruger, ready. Hank puts his hand on the barrel, shakes his head.

And stands up.

Hank faces the Admiral square on.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

I don't know what you're trying to  
prove here Team Member Hank! But  
you're no Right Hand.

As the Admiral reaches the table, he points his gun straight at Hank when

James stands up and shields Hank.

JAMES

If you're going to kill him, you'll  
have to kill me first.

All the Henchmen watch this play unfold in front of them.

ADMIRAL

Oh, isn't this sweet? A regular  
Romeo and Juliet.

BEAT.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
Team! Let me show you what happens  
when you disobey me.

He turns to James and Hank, his gun at the ready.

James looks at him, ready to face the music.

When

The Admiral stumbles.

He holds his head, dizzy.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)  
What -- what's --

And he collapses onto the ground next to a writhing Josh.

James looks at Hank who smiles. Behind his back he holds the empty tranquiliser pillbox.

Both of them look out at the sea of maroon uniforms. The crowd is frozen in their seats.

HANK  
I think we should get out of here.

JAMES  
Agreed.

They both hold their hands up in surrender and shuffle off the stage.

Then dash out of the compound.

Simone is the first to snap out of it, she runs to Josh's side and shouts out to the crowd.

SIMONE  
Get a medic! Now!

INT. COMPOUND AUDITORIUM - LATER

The auditorium is empty, Clean Up Crew mops the floor and dislodges bullets from the walls.

INT. ADMIRAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The Admiral lies on the floor, passed out.

Staring out the window, Black Helmet in hand, is Josh. A sling over his shoulder. He holds James's Ruger in his hand.

INT. HANK'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hank spoons some food onto Olivia's plate.

KATE  
How's the new job going?

HANK  
I -- quit.

KATE  
What? You're not being serious?

HANK  
Serious as can be.

BEAT.

KATE  
Hank how are you going to support your family?

HANK  
I'll figure something out.

KATE  
I can't believe it. You finally made something of yourself and then -- you throw it all away!

BEAT.

HANK  
Mom -- I think you should leave.

KATE  
You may not like what I have to say but you don't need to take this out on me.

HANK  
Actually. Mom you should definitely leave.

KATE  
Don't be so emotional.

HANK  
I'm not emotional. I've never been clearer. Get out.

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

I won't have you poison me and my daughter any longer. Get out.

She pats her mouth with a napkin staring at Hank.

Hank rises, shows her the door.

Slowly she stands up, the chair creaks on the floor.

EXT. HANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kate gets into a cab, and drives off.

Hank shuts the door.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ENTRANCE HALL

James comes into the room, wiping his hands.

JAMES

What did I miss?

Hank turns to Olivia.

HANK

Ice cream?

OLIVIA

Yes!

INT. OLD BELL BAR - NIGHT

James drinks a sparkling water at the bar. He and Marissa share a smile.

Hank slides onto the stool next to James.

They sit in silence a few seconds.

HANK

We're going to need funding.

JAMES

We'll figure it out.

HANK

Ready?

Hank whips out a BUSINESS PLAN and lumps it onto the bar counter:

**"DRAUGHT ROAD SECURITY CONSULTANTS - BUSINESS PLAN"**

A Beat.

Hank raises his glass.

HANK (CONT'D)

Cheers.

James raises his.

JAMES

Cheers.

THE END.