

PERSPECTIVE

by
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EXT. CASINO HOTELS - NIGHT

Skyline view of a row of massive hotels off the ocean.

SUPER: "Atlantic City, New Jersey, December 2010."

INT. CASINO HOTEL - ARENA - NIGHT

The crowd rises to their feet and roars as the boxers stagger. Salvatore PLUSCATI, 39, a nose for deceit with an ego to do something about it, adjusts his rimmed glasses.

He rises from his seat and walks to the exit.

PLUSCATI

(mutters)

Watch the table, Ricardo.

Pluscati exits the arena as RICARDO, 24, a glass jaw and shattered ego, takes a punch from his opponent that sends him through the ropes. The bell sounds. The ANNOUNCER screams.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

I can't believe my eyes! Ricardo is
knocked into the press table!

INT. CASINO HOTEL - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Pluscati enters the packed area as a show is in progress. MAGNUS, 47, would look diabolically insane to a blind person, sits in a booth with CELESTE TURNER, 19, glazed and sedated.

MAGNUS

Good evening, Salvatore. Sit.

Pluscati cautiously sits as he surveys Celeste's condition.

PLUSCATI

She looks damaged.

MAGNUS

She is fine. That is more than I
can say for Ricardo.

PLUSCATI

Right through the ropes, just as
you said.

MAGNUS

Paying off a boxer is child's play.
Some cops, I am sad to say, are
not. Please remove your gun and the
blade taped to your forearm.

Pluscati blinks as he does so. Magnus grins.

MAGNUS

Now, I know what you're thinking.
If one of your men has sold out...

A dozen ELVIS IMPERSONATORS take the stage to the music.

MAGNUS

Don't be surprised. "Your" people,
"my" people, it's all relevant.

Pluscati removes a money belt and places it on the table.

PLUSCATI

Let's get this done. Now.

MAGNUS

I see your manners have not
improved since I was wrongfully
arrested for the Hampton slaying.

PLUSCATI

Wrongfully? So, someone else had
your semen and wrongfully deposited
it in Tara Cooper's rectum?

Magnus seethes. He slowly puts out his cigarette.

MAGNUS

Ah, detective. It is true what they
say about cigarettes. They are
dangerous to our health.

Magnus seizes a glass ashtray and shatters Celeste's pinkie.
Her screams force people at tables to look over while tables
of UNDERCOVER AGENTS don't move. The show never stops.

PLUSCATI

You son of a bitch!

MAGNUS

What an enjoyable way to confirm
your surveillance team! Tell your
men to stand down. Now.

Pluscati raises two fingers. The Undercover Agents at various tables just nod. The show plays on.

Magnus reveals his other hand from below the table. He is handcuffed to Celeste's other wrist and rigged with a trigger switch device between his forefinger and thumb.

MAGNUS

Now, I have taken the liberty of strapping five pounds of C-4 explosives to Celeste's body. I advise you to not be macho.

PLUSCATI

She's the Governor's daughter. If we don't, his people will take the shot. I can't call them off.

As Celeste sobs, the Elvis Impersonators parade off the stage, oblivious to what's happening in the booth.

Magnus raises his two fingers with the leads.

MAGNUS

Detective, no one could put a bullet in my skull before I touch my two fingers together to complete the connection. Reach for the belt, Celeste.

Her hand quivers. An ELVIS impersonator, 30, dances over.

PLUSCATI

Keep it moving, Elvis. Now.

Elvis dances and plays his guitar. Magnus growls.

MAGNUS

Beat it, you fucking --

Elvis yanks out a small axe from behind the guitar and slams it down. He cuts the wrist right off of Magnus. As Magnus screams, Elvis grabs the money belt and Celeste.

In one fluid motion, Elvis flips the table and runs with her.

Magnus grabs Pluscati's gun and shoots. Return gunfire from the plain clothes Undercover Agents cause pandemonium.

Pluscati rolls clear and thrusts his switchblade into Magnus.

PLUSCATI

That's for Tara, you sick bastard.

Magnus gurgles blood before he dies. Pluscati yells to the Agents and points toward the fleeing Elvis.

PLUSCATI
Close the exits! Stop him!

Pluscati, hand to his ear, yells out loud.

PLUSCATI
Dakota! Give me his location!

INT. CASINO HOTEL - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Seated and surrounded by computers, RINA DAKOTA, 34, sensible as she is reliable, monitors surveillance cameras.

DAKOTA
The express elevator to the roof!

INT. CASINO HOTEL - LOBBY ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Pluscati touches his earpiece as he runs in the elevator.

PLUSCATI
Shut him down!

DAKOTA (V.O.)
Sal, he bypassed the elevator's wiring with a device of his own.

PLUSCATI
What? Who the hell is this guy!

EXT. CASINO HOTEL - ROOF - NIGHT

Pluscati kicks the stairwell door open. Elvis stands on the edge of the ledge as he holds a numb Celeste in front of him.

PLUSCATI
Let her go. It's over!

The wind howls. Elvis doesn't move. Pluscati aims.

PLUSCATI
Listen, you glistening bastard!
There's nowhere to go but down!

Elvis smiles. A police helicopter rises in the background.

PLUSCATI

I'll count to three. Then you're
going back to Graceland in a bag.

(beat)

One. Two --

Elvis flashes a big smile highlighted by a side gold tooth.

ELVIS

Three!

Elvis pushes Celeste into a surprised Pluscati. Pluscati falls backward and drops his gun. Elvis picks it up. The two men stare silently, seconds feel like hours.

PLUSCATI

Say something!

ELVIS

(beat)

Elvis has left the building.

Elvis tosses the gun to Sal and steps back off the ledge. Pluscati jumps up and looks over the edge. He sees nothing.

EXT. CASINO HOTEL - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Police and fire trucks line the roped-off streets. Pluscati jogs to Dakota. Celeste is wheeled into an ambulance.

PLUSCATI

Where's the body? I want a name.

DAKOTA

Sal, you need to look at this.

Pluscati sees a slab of sidewalk outlined with glow-in-the-dark tape. Dakota holds the Elvis wig and sequined outfit.

PLUSCATI

Rina, don't. He couldn't have just
disappeared into the air.

Dakota motions for a scared OFFICER, 22, to approach.

DAKOTA

Tell him what you saw, son.

PLUSCATI

What is it kid? Spill it.

The Officer chokes on his words.

OFFICER

I-- I was out here guarding my position when I heard the commotion. I walked near the glowing tape and I heard the winds above me howl.

Pluscati grabs the Officer's shoulders and gets in his face.

PLUSCATI

Look at me. How many have you had?

OFFICER

No! Sir, I swear! When I looked up, Jesus save my soul, I saw someone, something, in a black costume, plummeting to the ground!

Pluscati grabs the Young Officer by the shoulders.

PLUSCATI

Where's his body? Where did he land?

OFFICER

He didn't! There was a release of energy, a... a flash of electricity, and then he was gone!

The Officer is helped away. Pluscati stares upward. Perplexed, Dakota chooses her words carefully.

DAKOTA

Sal, what did he just witness?

Pluscati turns and looks at the wig and Elvis suit.

PLUSCATI

The beginning of the end.

FADE OUT.

INT. AIRPORT - TERMINAL GATE - DAY

SUPER: "New York, December 2010."

Seated at the gate are TONY ADONIS, 37, resistance to his explosive personality is futile, and CASSIE ADONIS, 32, the patience to be the beauty to his beast.

Cassie holds SARAH, 2, their infant daughter.

Tony laughs at his newspaper. The article headline reads "CASINO FIASCO." Pluscati's expressionless photo is shown.

CASSIE
Is something funny?

TONY
No. Ironic. Looks like he found a
new obsession.

Cassie smirks as she bounces Sarah on her lap.

CASSIE
You owe me this vacation. No
surprises. OK?

In a flash, a SKATER, 22, on roller blades snatches Cassie's pocketbook and zooms away. She loses control of the baby.

CASSIE
Sarah!

Tony's quick hands save his child from hitting the floor.

TONY
Son of a bitch!

Tony hands Cassie the baby. The Skater looks back, his eyes fill with fear. Tony's eyes accept the duel. Cassie notices.

CASSIE
Oh no! Remember what you promised!
No more pain, Tony! No more pain!

Tony forces a nod as he runs off. He moves like a tiger for someone the size of a gorilla. The Skater stumbles through the crowd of passengers and shoulders a stairwell door open.

INT. AIRPORT - STAIRWELL - DAY

The Skater frantically stumbles down the stairs. Tony's deep voice consumes the room.

TONY
Got a plane to catch, chump?

The Skater doesn't see Tony until he emerges from the shadows at the bottom of the stairwell. Tony grabs the Skater by his neck and dangles him off the ground.

TONY

You almost got away with it. But you broke one of the rules.

Tony slams and holds the Skater against the wall as he lights a cigar. The Skater's fear barely allows for words.

SKATER

W-what are you talking about?

TONY

Rule #1. Never rob a single person. They may go after you. Families will stay together and yell for a cop. You did that one right.

SKATER

You don't --

TONY

Rule #2. Never rob in a crowd with so much luggage and bags. Don't chance crashing into someone.

A puff of Tony's blue cigar smoke has the skater's attention.

TONY

And a thief's cardinal rule, the one you broke. Never look back and make it personal.

The Skater shakily hands the purse and a tiny device to Tony.

SKATER

Please, take it. Take it all!

TONY

What the hell is this?

SKATER

It's... it's a miniature earpiece radio and police scanner receiver.

Tony studies the skin-colored earpiece.

TONY

Who'd you pick this from?

SKATER

I think FBI. The guy had it in a belt purse. He wore bad khakis.

TONY
Where's the tuner?

The skater hands him a match.

SKATER
It's a total decoy. You rub the
match head to pick up a signal.

Tony puts it in his ear. His interest allows the Skater to
fake a smile. Yet, Tony's face reverts to anger.

TONY
You picked the wrong mark for two
reasons. I used to work for an
airline before they recently
folded. I know this airport like my
own home. But more importantly...

Tony grins devilishly as he reaches for the skater's neck.

TONY
Never rob another thief. Especially
when he's better than you.

INT. AIRPORT - TERMINAL GATE - DAY

Cassie feeds Sarah. Her purse is placed on the table. Tony
sits back down. Cassie just stares at him.

CASSIE
Tony, you promised.

TONY
No more pain, Cassie.

Cassie smiles. They kiss.

CASSIE
Our plane is boarding.

They leave the food court and walk by a MAN, 46, seated with
a newspaper held up in front of his face.

The front cover shows split pictures of Tony and Pluscati. It
reads: "COMPUTER HACKER STILL SUSPECTED IN EMBEZZLEMENT."

Cassie doesn't notice Tony lean toward the Man and whisper.

TONY

We're getting on this plane now,
chump. Make sure your buddies have
the right flight this time.

The Man averts his eyes, embarrassed.

TONY

By the way, nice khakis.

INT. AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS CABIN - DAY

Cassie sits exhausted. Tony sits and enjoys his drink.

CASSIE

I hope Sarah stays sleeping.

TONY

Who has it better than her?

CASSIE

Anyone whose father isn't on trial
for embezzlement.

TONY

Cass, I told you to stop worrying.
They've got nothing. Besides, I
quit anyway. While they figure out
what's going on with the F.B.I, I
have other business opportunities.

Cassie attempts to smile through her sorrow. She kisses Tony.

CASSIE

Well, they better remain legit. I
won't have Sarah wonder who her
father is. Actually, I'm going to
doze off while she sleeps.

TONY

Get some rest, babe.

She dozes. Tony lights a cigar. A STEWARD, 26, approaches.

STEWARD

Sir, there's no smoking allowed.

Tony growls before he looks at his resting wife. He sighs.

TONY

Yeah. OK. No pain.

STEWARD

Actually, I am an avid admirer of a good smoke. I feel it's unfair to deny my first-class passengers the opportunity to enjoy their vices.

TONY

And you've got the authority to reverse the smoking laws?

STEWARD

(winks)

No. But I know that the cargo area doesn't mind the smoke.

Tony looks back at Cassie and his daughter.

TONY

Let's make it quick.

Cassie stirs. Her left eye opens.

CASSIE

Honey? Where are you going?

TONY

To the bathroom. Rest up. Sarah will be up soon.

CASSIE

Well, don't get lost!

TONY

Cass, we're on a friggin plane! Where am I gonna go?

CASSIE

Knowing you, I won't see you again!

Tony laughs hardily and gives her a kiss.

TONY

I'll always protect you, babe.

She lets his hand go. Tony follows the steward.

INT. AIRPLANE - CARGO AREA - DAY

They descend a spiral staircase. Cautious of his surroundings, Tony lights up a cigar.

STEWARD

I've never seen blue smoke rise
from ashes. How's that possible?

TONY

It's my own mix of chemicals.

STEWARD

Awesome. You've got to try mine.

Tony wavers as he squints suspiciously.

STEWARD

Oh, don't worry. I'm clean. We're
constantly tested for drugs.

Tony hesitates before he lightly takes a puff.

STEWARD

Did you hear what delayed our
flight? They found a guy with
roller skates gagged and bound on
the wheels of a 727.

Tony laughs. A commotion heard upstairs causes him to turn.

TONY

What the hell --

Tony's vision blurs. He turns. The steward is yelling.

Tony staggers backward as the hand of a shadowed FIGURE, 37,
foreign accent, pulls him down into a large steel container.

FIGURE

You promised to protect her, Tony.
Your promises still mean nothing.

FADE OUT.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: "Thanksgiving, NEW YORK 2040."

Detective PAUL MURPHY, 30, gentle as the calm before the
storm, until the storm comes, sits and types on his computer.

TED CONNOR, 36, becoming a cop was his lotto winning odds,
enters as he scratches his arm. He leads RHONDA, 36, to Paul.

TED

Do me a favor and book her, Paul.
This itch is killing me.

PAUL

Teddy, that poison ivy excuse is
only going so far.

Paul smiles as Rhonda sits. He holds up a candy dish.

RHONDA

I'm good. I always gargle after.

She winks at Ted and blows him a kiss. He's offended.

TED

Oh, screw you!

RHONDA

That's what I offered to do when
you busted me, poppy!

Paul laughs. Ted grumbles away.

PAUL

OK, Rhonda. You know the drill.

Paul places a small tube over her index finger. The tube's
light goes from red to green. They look at Paul's monitor.

RHONDA

Hey, why is my job profession
listed as "prostitute?"

PAUL

Um. What do you consider yourself?

RHONDA

Hon, I'm a skilled stress reliever.

PAUL

Very funny. Come to think of it,
you're right. Your status was
different last week?

RHONDA

Damn straight! After thirty
arrests, that computer should smell
me coming! Speaking of which...

Ted enters just as Paul finishes his sentence.

TED

What? I washed my hands!

Ted smells his hands. Paul pays no mind.

PAUL

Hmmm. The nationwide database did recently switch to new software. I've been finding weird bugs.

TED

Bugs? We've got bugs now? Crap! I'm transferring to Alaska!

The phone rings. Paul answers while Rhonda files her nails.

PAUL

Hey, honey, What? No, it's probably your car battery. Sure, I'll pick you up in a few.

Paul hangs up. Rhonda smiles.

RHONDA

Liz still all over you to propose? I like that girl.

PAUL

Well, Miss Rhonda, let's just make sure she doesn't wind up under your job classification.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

LIZ, 24, has never met a conversation she didn't try to dominate, gets in the car and kisses Paul. The car leaves.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - NIGHT

Paul drives while Liz brushes her hair in the vanity mirror.

LIZ

Babe, you're picking me up in the squad car? Mr. by-the-book?

PAUL

Did I know your car battery would die? There wasn't time to go home and get mine. You know how my mother gets when anyone is late for dinner. Especially on Thanksgiving.

LIZ
Oh stop it. You love strong minded
women. We give you a challenge.

PAUL
Uh huh. I love it like poison ivy.
Relentless and a pain to get rid of.

They share a laugh which ends quickly as Paul looks ahead.

INT./EXT. CAR - NIGHT

A van recklessly enters the highway and cuts them off.

LIZ
Oh, no. Please, Paul. You're not on
the job now.

Paul puts the siren on the roof.

PAUL
It's not just a job, Liz.
It's reckless endangerment.

The siren wails, the van does not pull over immediately. Paul grows angrier until the van pulls over. Paul stops the car.

PAUL
Lock the doors, Liz. Do you
remember what I taught you?

Sighing, Liz touches up her makeup.

LIZ
I know the drill. If you lift your
leg sideways, call for backup.

PAUL
Backwards, not sideways.
I'm not a dog.

LIZ
All men are dogs.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SHOULDER - NIGHT

Paul approaches the van from behind. The old white van has a broken rear light. The windows are blacked out by tint.

Paul knocks on the driver's window. It slowly opens to reveal a shadowed JOHN ADONIS, 30, ELVIS from 30 years earlier and not a day older. His rugged jaw forms a cocky grin.

JOHN
Is something wrong, officer?

PAUL
License and registration.

JOHN
Did I do something, pal?

PAUL
License and registration.

John turns to FIGURE#2 in the darkened passenger's seat.

JOHN
Jesus, he sounds like a fuckin
parrot, doesn't he?

Figure#2 remains in the darkness. His deep voice commands.

FIGURE#2
Give him what he wants and let's
get going. Now.

PAUL
Please step out of the car.

John lowers his brow before he slowly gets out.

PAUL
Hands on the van, spread your legs.

John hesitates but does it. Paul assists with his foot.

JOHN
You sure you want to do this?

PAUL
Quiet, sir.

JOHN
You're making a mistake, tough guy.
I have rights that prohibit this.

PAUL
I'm guessing this isn't the first
time you've been in this position.

While Paul frisks him, John notices Liz in the car.

JOHN
Well now, that's some partner.
Maybe she can frisk me.

Paul uses extra force against John's crotch before he lets go. John grimaces as he watches Liz apply her lipstick.

JOHN
Ah. Taking the girlfriend out on
calls? Does she get off on this?

John turns and locks stares. Liz notices from a distance.

PAUL
(beat)
Get back in the truck, sir.

John climbs back in the van. Paul slams his door shut.

PAUL
License and registration.

John pauses before he smiles and holds up his index finger.

JOHN
Certainly, officer.

Paul clips a portable tube on Johns's index finger. Runs it.

PAUL
Mr. Caan, is it? You failed to stop
for the red signal upon entering
the highway. That's reckless. Your
brake light is also broken.

JOHN
That kept your babe waiting?

Paul uses his key to scratch his name in the window tint.

PAUL
Also, the tint is too dark.
That's illegal.

Paul swipes a card in the scanner and hands to John. John turns on the interior light to look at it.

JOHN
Officer Murphy? Good to know.

In the light, FIGURE#2 is OLDER TONY Adonis, 65, grey hair, a physical presence worn by time. Older Tony squints at Paul.

OLDER TONY
Do I know you, officer?

Paul's attitude lessens. He peers in the van at Tony.

PAUL
No. I don't believe so.

Tony offers his hand to Paul from his buttoned coat.

OLDER TONY
Thank you for your patience.

Hypnotized by Tony's presence, Paul shakes before stopping.

PAUL
Get the light fixed and slow down.

John smiles widely, revealing his gold tooth. Paul notices.

JOHN
I'll definitely fix my problem.

Paul turns. He sees John watch him through the side mirror.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Paul sits, takes a deep breath. Liz puts her lipstick away.

LIZ
Any problems?

Paul watches the van pull away. He bites his lip.

PAUL
No. Not yet.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

John drives. Tony winces.

JOHN
What was that about with him?

Tony opens his trench coat. He bleeds from a gunshot wound in his leg. He tightens his bandage and peels off a clear glove.

OLDER TONY
Relax, boy. There's a reason for everything in this world.

JOHN
Who the hell is he?

Tony presses the tips of the glove into a small box and watches as Paul's fingerprints appear.

OLDER TONY
If I've told you once, I told you
more times than I should have.
Trust no one.

Tony feels something at his foot. He lifts the Elvis wig.

OLDER TONY
What is this?

John grabs it. He shoves it in his jacket and looks away.

JOHN
An early birthday present.

EXT. MURPHY HOME - NIGHT

Typical Ranch-style home. The front door opens. Liz and Paul exit. PAUL'S DAD, 63, the life left in him is lived vicariously through his only son, is followed by PAUL'S MOM, 58, content by the little things, meaning grand kids.

PAUL'S MOM
I'm glad you made it tonight.

Paul's Dad pats Paul's shoulder. Paul's Mom hugs Liz.

LIZ
Dinner was fantastic!

PAUL'S MOM
Thank you, dear. We look forward to
you two hosting future holidays.
With my beautiful grandchildren.

LIZ
HA! OK. Well, no holidays until Mr.
Right stops acting like Mr. Fight.

PAUL'S MOM
Oh, Paul. Stop fighting it.
Propose already!

PAUL'S DAD
Jeez. Leave him alone. This is why
I miss the force.

(MORE)

PAUL'S DAD(cont'd)

There was always a merry little
crime to get me out of the house.

Paul's Dad winks at his son. They share a grin.

PAUL

Good night, guys. Great seeing you.

Paul's parents return inside. Liz walks and hugs Paul until
they cross the street and stop in front of his car.

PAUL

I'm sorry I've seemed distant.
That van I pulled over --

LIZ

Shhh. Stop thinking. Just be.

They kiss. Smiling wryly, Paul gets on one knee. Liz gasps.

PAUL

Elizabeth Ryan, will you --

The young couple doesn't notice a white van barreling down
the street towards them until the last second.

Paul pushes Liz out of the way and dives over his hood. The
van slams into the side of Paul's car and continues forward.

Paul limps to his feet as the van screeches a U-turn and
faces a dazed Liz. She stands in the middle of the street as
the van barrels toward her.

PAUL

Liz! Run! Get off the street!

The van makes a sharp turn just before Liz's position and
brakes right next to her. The side door opens and a fist
connects with Liz's jaw. She falls into the van.

PAUL

No!

Paul makes eye contact with the partially shadowed driver,
who winks at Paul and reveals his gold tooth. The van leaves.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - DAY

Super: "Atlantic City, New Jersey 2010."

Pluscati and Dakota read files. The helicopter descends.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Dakota sits shotgun as Pluscati drives. Pluscati looks exhausted. Dakota notices.

DAKOTA

These trips back and forth from New York must be killing your wife. What's Victoria's due date?

PLUSCATI

In two weeks. Thanks for asking. So, look, I know we haven't had much time to get to know each other since the governor threw us together on this. What about you? Your file mentioned an ex-husband?

DAKOTA

Well, yes. It may or may not have mentioned the miscarriage which led to the divorce, but then, I don't think my file should be a therapy session filled with curse words.

PLUSCATI

Look, I didn't mean to pry...

DAKOTA

No, that's fine. When I'm propped up on a high profile case like this at the last minute, I have to wonder whether my hard work or my Native-American heritage made the difference to a politician looking to win re-election next year. I get to help him check two boxes for "Female" and "Minority." Yay me.

Pluscati studies Dakota's face and grins.

PLUSCATI

The balls of a buffalo, eh? Nice. All points' taken. But anyway, yes, I can handle my wife's pregnancy abuse. The chief? Different story.

DAKOTA

I know. But it seems the governor really must have faith to keep requesting you stay in charge.

PLUSCATI

For now. I gained his attention when I nailed Magnus last year, but the blasted county couldn't prevent him from walking out the back door.

DAKOTA

Sal, word is out that he has someone in the wings to replace you after last night. That escape... How long do you figure you have?

PLUSCATI

It depends on the governor's daughter. She's still in shock.

EXT. STORE - DAY

Pluscati parks in front of an old storefront. Dakota studies the black wig in her hand as they exit the car.

DAKOTA

Do you really think Elvis bought this right here in A.C?

PLUSCATI

The lab's running a DNA analysis on the hair follicles found in it. Until we get data, we hit the shop.

INT. STORE - DAY

A dusty, old shop filled with costumes and wigs. Pluscati and Dakota enter. MORTY STEIN, 68, an air of contempt regardless of clientele, looks up from his paper.

MORTY

Morty's Costume Emporium.

Pluscati flashes a badge. Morty barely cares.

PLUSCATI

My name is detective Pluscati. This is my partner, detective Dakota. Are you the store proprietor?

MORTY

I am. This is my establishment.

DAKOTA

Sir, are you the original owner of this establishment?

MORTY

Correct. My wife and I have run this shop since its inception.

Visible in the hall's shadow, FAY STEIN, 63, refined older woman, watches the interrogation.

DAKOTA

Was it always called Morty's Costume Emporium?

Morty's facial expression alerts his surfacing attitude.

MORTY

Again, correct. From day one, fourteen years ago when we opened. What's this about?

Pluscati holds the wig up.

PLUSCATI

Does this look familiar to you?

Morty squints. He puts his glasses on.

MORTY

Never seen it before.

Pluscati looks agitated. Dakota notices.

DAKOTA

You're sure this wasn't sold through this shop?

MORTY

I don't sell hairpieces made with that polysynthetic crap. All Morty wigs are 100% guaranteed horsehair. Always have been and they always will be as long as I run this shop.

PLUSCATI

Uh huh. Then can you explain this?

Pluscati raises the label out of the wig. It says "THE DEVIL'S LOUNGE." Morty looks as if he's seen the devil.

MORTY

Like I said, detective. I've never seen it before. The label address may say this location, but as you can see, the name of this place is not "The Devil's Lounge."

Visibly shaken, Morty returns to his paper. Sal's done.

PLUSCATI

I'll get a warrant in a half hour and rip this shop apart for every record of sale. Is that our path?

MORTY

(beat)

Do as you wish. But I will assure you of one thing; that wig has not come from here since I opened my doors fourteen years ago.

Morty slumps past his wife as she enters and he disappears down the hall. Pluscati studies Fay on their way out.

EXT. STORE - DAY

Dakota gets in the car. Fay calls to Pluscati. He stops.

FAY

Detective. Please, a moment.

Pluscati walks back to the front of the shop.

PLUSCATI

Is there something I can help you with, ma'am?

FAY

My husband is a good man. He's had his bad moments, but he's done his best to provide for us.

PLUSCATI

With all due respect, if your husband is withholding information, I need it now.

FAY

(sighs)

Fifteen years ago, my brother Sonny was in a car accident. Sonny was a flashy individual.

(MORE)

FAY(cont'd)

He was always fascinated by the "show" in show business. Unfortunately, his talent didn't lay in the arts he adored.

PLUSCATI

Please, the point?

FAY

Sonny took his life savings and put it into buying this store.

PLUSCATI

OK. And where is your brother now?

FAY

Two days after the accident, he slipped into a coma. He asked us to run the shop until he recovered. That was fifteen years ago. He's still in a coma in Southside Hospital. I visit him every day.

PLUSCATI

Ma'am, forgive my curtness. What's this got to do with anything?

Fay takes the wig from Pluscati and grabs out the label.

FAY

The name on this label doesn't exist. At least not yet. The Devil's Lounge was the name my brother had in mind. The six star pitchfork logo embroidered is exactly what he had envisioned.

Pluscati looks baffled.

FAY

He never had time to do anything more than show me the idea scribbled on a cocktail napkin. That was the night he left my house before the accident.

She pulls the aged napkin out of her purse. Pluscati looks.

PLUSCATI

What's this number beneath the logo, the 4842?

FAY

My brother had to be different.
He wanted the date of sale
imprinted on all his merchandise.
My husband thought he was insane.
Sonny's version was to have it in
the order, month/year/day.

PLUSCATI

So 4842 would be April 2,1984?

FAY

Yes. That was the day before
Sonny's accident.

Pluscati's looks at the label again. His brow rises.

FAY

I don't know why, but someone must
be playing a cruel joke. What I
don't understand is the number on
this wig. It doesn't make sense?

PLUSCATI

(beat)
114016. Thirty years from now.

INT. EMPTY ROOM - DAY

SUPER: "New York, December 2010."

Tony's glazed eyes flutter. He fades in and out of
consciousness. Through his blurred vision, he barely makes
out the swarms of colors and bodies that surround him.

Tony tries to see the fading vision of a naked redheaded
PROSTITUTE, 24, as he passes out. The shadowed Figure watches
with TRECO, 28, a uniformed soldier.

FIGURE

Wake up, Tony.

TRECO

Sir, he's still too far under.

FIGURE

(beat)
Break his finger.

INT. EMPTY ROOM - LARGE CAGE - DAY

Five soldiers guard a large, windowless room. Tony lays unconscious on shredded paper in a cage. His disheveled clothes from the flight remain on his body.

The shadowed Figure emerges from the darkness. He is GÜNTER HAUSER, 37, debonair for a soulless mercenary. He walks no closer than ten feet of the cage.

Günter Removes an orange and accidentally drops it. As it rolls nears the cage, DALO, 25, leaves his post.

DALO
I'll get it, boss.

Dalo picks it up. Tony suddenly opens his eyes and thrusts his arm through the bar slots and grabs Dalo into a choke hold against the steel. Dalo gasps and drops the orange.

The remaining soldiers aim on Tony. Günter lifts the fruit.

GÜNTER
Has the core changed so much since I left? Do they not teach common sense any longer? A child at the zoo would know better than to get within reach of an animal. Do you think he is in there because no threat is posed?

Dalo gags as Tony clenches his teeth and grip. Treco and FRAXIER, 29, keep their aim on Tony. SANO, 32, moves his aim between Tony and Günter.

SANO
This is insane! I'm going to shoot before he kills him!

GÜNTER
(to Sano)
Boy, even drugged, the beast knows that whatever is going on here, whatever might be happening, he is alive for a reason.

Lost in the scent of the orange, Günter rubs it on his head.

GÜNTER
He knows I will not allow him to be killed over a minor inconvenience. Stand down, Sano.

Günter nods. Trexo and Fraxier reposition their aim on Sano.

GÜNTER

I would hate to lose you over this.

Against his will, Sano lowers his gun. Günter turns to Dalo.

GÜNTER

Unfortunately son, you were dead
the moment you lifted the fruit.

Wide eyed, Dalo realizes his fate. Tony tightens his massive arm, his eyes locked on to Günter. He snaps Dalo's neck.

SANO

No!

Tony lets the body drop to the floor. While Sano is ushered towards the exit by the soldiers, Günter makes eye contact.

GÜNTER

Your brother knew the risks, boy.
Continue to react on your emotions
and your mother will mourn two sons
on this day.

Tony growls in a low rumble as he locks stares with Günter.

GÜNTER

Quite some time since we played our
last game, my old friend.

INT. CAR - DAY

SUPER: "Atlantic City, New Jersey 2010."

Pluscati drives through the rain. Dakota looks at a newspaper. The headline says "PLANE TERROR."

DAKOTA

There are some things I just can't
get used to.

Pluscati glances at the paper. He remains quiet.

PLUSCATI

What if we didn't have to.

(beat)

I can't believe I'm saying this,
but, what if it was possible to
advert it?

(MORE)

PLUSCATI(cont'd)

Whatever else that diabolical freak was, Magnus wasn't stupid.

DAKOTA

Maybe the plan went bad? Maybe the impersonator was his partner and double-crossed Magnus? There's obviously no honor among thieves.

PLUSCATI

No. I was inches from Magnus's face. He was as surprised as I was when Elvis appeared. It was a natural reaction. Trust me, he didn't know the Elvis.

DAKOTA

So what are you saying, Sal? How could Elvis have planned something that didn't happen yet?

PLUSCATI

What if it did happen already? The wig. It's from the shop.

DAKOTA

I thought Morty said --

PLUSCATI

Morty's wife has a brother. The guy's been in a coma for fifteen years. He still owns the shop, but Morty's been running it until he ever comes out of it.

DAKOTA

So? Her brother is behind this?

PLUSCATI

No. In a coma, but follow me closely, Rina. I'm not sure how much longer I'll be able to convince myself of this. Let's say her brother does come out of the coma. Not today, maybe not tomorrow. But sometime in the future. He reclaims his shop and implements his ideas.

DAKOTA

(laughing)

And Elvis strolled into the store in the year 3000, bought a wig and time traveled back to now? Come on.

Pluscati shoves the label in Dakota's face.

PLUSCATI
No. 113006. November 06, 2040.

The car scanner crackles as the DISPATCHER speaks.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Sergeant Madretti is looking for
you. He's found something on the
hotel security tapes.

INT. CASINO HOTEL - SECURITY ROOM - DAY

SERGEANT MADRETTI, 44, larger than life, and his pants, works
the surveillance monitors. Pluscati and Dakota enter.

MADRETTI
Over here, Pluscati. This should
tickle your ass fancy.

Dakota looks at Pluscati on the way over to Madretti.

DAKOTA
Anything I should know?

PLUSCATI
Besides that he's got a big mouth
to match his big ass? Oh, and that
I knocked him out in a friendly
Precinct versus Precinct boxing
match two years ago. Not much.

They stop in front of the monitor Madretti is pointing to.

MADRETTI
6:23 P.M. Northwest casino
entrance. A man, mid twenties,
brown hair, average build, walks
into the bathroom with a duffel
bag. Notice the bulky trench coat.
6:29 P.M. The same guy exits, minus
the excess baggage.

DAKOTA
You're saying he rigged the guitar
and axe in the bag?

Madretti scans Dakota with the result coming as a sneer.

MADRETTI

I'm saying the men are talking here. How about getting us coffee?

Dakota's response is curtailed by Pluscati edging in front.

PLUSCATI

Save your next H.R write up for something better than her kicking your well-deserved ass, Madretti. Now, where's the bathroom footage during this time? Everything in this place is taped. Everything.

Madretti looks at DITHERS, 40, a meek man skulking near.

DITHERS

The tape seems to have been... misplaced.

PLUSCATI

Misplaced? Did you say Misplaced? Because I heard "Misdemeanor." I know what that means. Do you?

DITHERS

Well... it's missing! Since the fiasco! Mr. Travis Hobbs! He worked the four to 3 AM shift. He's not answering his phone!

PLUSCATI

Jesus. Madretti, print out the clearest photo you have of the young prick! Get his address!

Pluscati storms out. Dakota smiles to the men before exiting.

DAKOTA

Detective Salvatore Pluscati, ladies and gentlemen. He'll be here all week.

INT. POLICE PRECINT - NIGHT

SUPER: "Thanksgiving night, New York 2040."

Paul hobbles in towards his desk. Ted runs to his side.

TED

Oh Jesus! We need to get you to the hospital!

PAUL
No. I need to access the mainframe
database. Liz has already been put
through hell, Ted.

TED
What the heck happened? You said
you know who it was?

PAUL
I know who. I'm just not sure what.

TED
What are you talking about?

Paul hits a few keys and an unknown man's picture appears.

PAUL
Damn it! I pulled him over earlier
tonight. I ID'ed him, but now his
picture is different.

TED
You're saying his chip was a phony?

PAUL
No. His real photo came up when I
did it outside his van.

TED
Then what? You said the new system
had bugs. You think --

Paul bangs the desk. He runs his hands through his hair.

TED
We'll get her back safe, Paul. He's
going to want something.

PAUL
He already has what he wants.
My attention.

INT. EMPTY ROOM - LARGE CAGE - DAY

SUPER: "New York, December 2010."

Eyes glazed, Tony squints out of the cage as he pats his
shirt and pant pockets. Günter sits at a table outside.

GÜNTER
I assure you, they are gone.

TONY
A hair on my daughter's head and
I'll kill --

Tony eyes widen when Günter pulls out one of Tony's cigars.

GÜNTER
Rest assured, they are out of
harm's way.

TONY
I want to see them. Now.

GÜNTER
But of course, Tony! I would expect
nothing less.

Günter removes a remote control from his jacket and hits a button. A wall partition opens to reveal a monitor.

ON MONITOR

Cassie holds Sarah. Both huddle on a folding chair. Two MASKED SOLDIERS hold guns on them.

BACK TO EMPTY ROOM

Günter hits a button on his earpiece and speaks.

GÜNTER
Please tell Mrs. Adonis to address
her husband.

ON MONITOR

One of the Masked Soldiers moves his phone to Cassie's ear. Her voice is almost drowned out by a loud muffled hum.

CASSIE
Tony, I'm OK. Honey, please just do
what he wants. The sooner this is
over, the sooner we'll be together.

BACK TO EMPTY ROOM

Tony's calm demeanor shatters at the sight of his family.

TONY

Cassie! Honey, don't worry! I'll kill all these motherfuckers if they laid a finger on you!

Günter hits a button. The monitor shuts.

GÜNTER

She cannot hear you. My message was transmitted to another location. Do not think I will allow my plans to be altered by interventions?

TONY

You're a dead man.

GÜNTER

Eventually.

(beat)

That is all the communication you will have with your wife until after our business is completed.

TONY

What do you want?

GÜNTER

I want what you have somehow been able to incredibly steal! I want the untold hundreds of millions of dollars you embezzled from your previous employer!

Tony stares for a long moment.

GÜNTER

The time you're considering denial will only cost your family. You're smarter than that.

TONY

(beat)

I'll get you the money. But make no mistake about it, you won't live long enough to spend a dime of it.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: "Atlantic City, New Jersey 2010."

Pluscati searches a moderately bland apartment. Dakota stands in front of old man HASKINS, 66, who enjoys crankerous.

HASKINS

Y'know, maybe next time I rent an apartment, I'll put "NO SUSPICIOUS BASTARDS DESIRED" in the ad. Hobbs ain't been home. Been two days now. Keeps to himself.

Dakota shows a photo of the Elvis impersonator in costume.

DAKOTA

Have you seen this man?

HASKINS

Yeah, I've seen him.

PLUSCATI

What? Where?

HASKINS

Vegas. 1966. I think he was hootchin Ann Margaret at the time.

Pluscati throws down the open mail in his hands.

PLUSCATI

Listen, any more wise-ass remarks and the only other question I'll ask is for your next of kin.

Haskins gets the point. He does a double take.

HASKINS

Y'know, you see movies all the time where people like me can remember something ridiculous that helps solves something. I never bought into any of that hooie.

DAKOTA

But?

HASKINS

But I'll be damned if that ain't the case now. I do remember seeing this guy. It was once, but it was enough. 'Bout a year ago. He was leaving the building while I was bringing the garbage out. If he was here with Hobbs, I couldn't tell ya. Cocky grin. And a gold tooth. I remember a gold tooth.

Pluscati looks at Dakota. He notices stacks of VHS tapes.

PLUSCATI

Rina, check the tapes. I've got the kitchen.

Haskins shrugs and mumbles out of the apartment.

DAKOTA

Mr. Haskins, we are fine. Sal, look. I've been thinking. This theory of yours. Time travel?

PLUSCATI

Look, of course it's not possible. You think I don't realize that? Not today, at least. How about twenty years from now? Do you think the Wright brothers looked up into the sky back then ago and said nothing will ever be able to fly?

DAKOTA

Fine, let's say he broke the time barrier. I mean, with all the possibilities. All the things that could be done. Why this?

PLUSCATI

(beat)

To make a fool out of me.

DAKOTA

Sal. You're taking this too --

PLUSCATI

-- personally?! Rina, this bastard waited for me to reach the roof. He could've left before I got there. He had me, dead to right. The bastard could have killed me, but he didn't. He laughed in my face and left me to suffer through this. He's not done yet.

DAKOTA

Sal. There's no proof of that.

Dakota shuffles through the tapes. Pluscati looks through the kitchen before opening the refrigerator.

PLUSCATI

You can stop.

Dakota walks over to the open refrigerator. A single tape sits on a plate. A taped note reads "PATIENCE."

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: "Thanksgiving night, New York 2040."

Paul washes his face. The mirror reflects his pain. Ted leans against the wall.

TED

Paul, we need a description of him.
A sketch to go on.

Paul looks at Ted in the mirror's reflection.

PAUL

No. I got a better idea.

INT. POLICE PRECINT - LAB - NIGHT

A room of computers operated by CONAN, 27, the exterior of the stoner with the brain of a nerd. Ted and Paul stand.

TED

Has this actually worked yet?

CONAN

Define "yet?" It's still in beta.
But, it's simple in theory. Getting
it to work is a bitch. The camera
mounted in Paul's vehicle shot the
whole video. All we need is to
extract what we want.

ON THE MONITOR

Conan pauses the video as John exits the van to be frisked.

BACK TO LAB

TED

Bingo. We got our man!

PAUL

No. Not yet. Go to the passenger.

CONAN

OK. Let's zoom in on the driver's
side mirror and... stop! By
enlarging the mirror, we can use
(MORE)

CONAN(cont'd)

the software to set the angle of reflection for what we want.

TED

Technology! I should do this!

PAUL

You can barely work your razor.

ON THE MONITOR

The angle moves. It shows the blurry darkened figure. Paul holds a small circular device in his hand.

PAUL (O.S.)

What's this?

CONAN (O.S.)

It's a magnetized tracer. We perfected attaching them to moving vehicles. They load like a bullet. Take one. Hey, the photo cleared.

As it clears to show an aged Tony Adonis, Paul's eyes widen.

BACK TO LAB

TED

Who is he?

PAUL

The key. I can feel it.

INT. EMPTY ROOM - LARGE CAGE - DAY

SUPER: "New York, December 2010."

Tony stands in the center of his cage. The four soldiers stay positioned in the room. The cage suddenly opens.

GÜNTER (O.S.)

Please join me for a drink, old friend.

Tony notices a blinking red LED on a steel band strapped to his wrist. He exits and walks to Günter, who's sitting at a table. Günter opens a bottle of whiskey.

GÜNTER

Ah, a '67 Scotch. I remember sitting in a pub in Ireland when--

Tony stands silent. He stares at his wrist and the soldiers.

GÜNTER

(sighs)

What you are fitted with is a device capable of sending enough current through your body to kill you twice over. The government is still trying to keep hush.

Tony remains still. He tightens his fist.

GÜNTER

They are still trying to scale down the six-second period it takes to build up the necessary power, but we couldn't be too picky when we stole the prototype.

Tony looks at the device before surveying the room.

GÜNTER

While admirable, your thoughts of vengeance are foolish. Six seconds, Tony. My men will down you by one.

Tony relinquishes his grip and sits across from Günter.

GÜNTER

Come now, Tony. I have never known you to tease a glass of Scotch.

Tony inspects the glass. Günter laughs.

GÜNTER

I assure you it is not tainted like the cigar from the flight. Enjoy.

Tony drinks. He glances at a table filled with paperwork.

GÜNTER

Now that's the old Tony I remember.

TONY

Fuck you.

GÜNTER

Yes, remember so well.

(beat)

You certainly have kept busy over the years. Mob collections. Fencing stolen merchandise along the eastern seaboard.

(MORE)

GÜNTER(cont'd)

Little things that kept you active while you designed the master plan.

TONY

What are you babbling about?

GÜNTER

Almost everything went perfect. I was surprised that you could not deal with that detective, though. Having you arrested prematurely for murder weeks ago. Eventually they will come for you for the embezzlement charge. Pluscati? That is his name, yes?

Tony clenches his glass, shatters it.

TONY

He'll get his.

GÜNTER

I'm sure he will. Now, in the past two weeks, you have dispersed the airline's stolen assets to no less than ten countries. Over the past many hours, I have managed to hack into some of the smaller accounts, but nothing substantial. Why can I not get into the main accounts?

Serious at first, Tony begins to laugh. Günter becomes irked.

TONY

You always were too stupid to break my source codes.

Günter rises and turns the monitor back on with his remote. Tony stops laughing.

ON MONITOR

A semi-conscious Tony lays on a bed with the redheaded Prostitute on top of him.

BACK TO EMPTY ROOM

GÜNTER

I must say, you disappointed me. Regardless of how pathetic you performed with the prostitute while drugged, I believe my film will get a reaction from your wife.

Tony throws the bottle of Scotch. He shatters the monitor.

TONY
You'll never see her reaction.

INT. CASINO HOTEL - SECURITY ROOM - DAY

SUPER: "Atlantic City, New Jersey 2010."

Pluscati and Dakota stand behind a sitting Sergeant Madretti.

PLUSCATI
This better be good.

MADRETTI
It was erased, but we got it back.

ON MONITOR

John Adonis enters the hotel bathroom. No other people in it.

BACK TO POLICE STATION

Madretti hits buttons on the controller dashboard.

MADRETTI
6:25 P.M. Elvis enters the
building. Well, the bathroom.

DAKOTA
So, he removes the bag from under
the sink, changes in the stall and
exits in costume? Hobbs erased this?

MADRETTI
Oh, wait. Here's my favorite part.
He dances a little jig, points to
the camera and winks. Who do you
think he's pointing at?

Dakota closes his eyes. Pluscati snaps.

PLUSCATI
All right, enough! Rina, call the
lab and see what the delay is.
Madretti, get stills out of Elvis's
face. Enough bullshit, asshole!

Madretti jumps up and charges Pluscati.

MADRETTI

Fuck you! Take your ass back to New York! Tony's waiting for you!

Pluscati turns and the two men close in on each other as Rina steps in between.

DAKOTA

Stop! Can we act like adults!

Madretti is on fire. He puts his hand on Dakota's shoulder to move her out of the way when she flips his arm up and back and sweeps his legs out with her foot. He goes down hard.

Madretti rubs the back of his head before getting up.

DAKOTA

Are we good?

Madretti turns mumbling to himself and walk away. Pluscati leans on the edge of a desk smiling. Dakota speaks softly.

DAKOTA

Sal, you really need to relax. I don't think you're keeping things in perspective. Isn't there an important call you should make?

PLUSCATI

The chief can wait.

Dakota stares until Pluscati gets the point.

PLUSCATI

Shit. Victoria. I told her I would check in.

(beat)

What was that? Karate?

DAKOTA

Krav Maga. Helped with the divorce.

Pluscati removes his phone and dials. A MAN'S voice answers.

MAN (V.O.)

Hello?

PLUSCATI

I'm sorry. I dialed the wrong number.

MAN (V.O.)

Are you sure about that, Sal?

PLUSCATI
What the -- who is this?

Dakota looks up from her paperwork.

PLUSCATI
Where's my wife? Put Victoria on!

MAN (V.O.)
It's not time, detective.
But the time is coming soon.

PLUSCATI
Enough of the games! Face to face,
man to man!

MAN (V.O.)
(beat)
Patience.

The phone line cuts out.

DAKOTA
Sal, speak! Who was it?
Where's Victoria!

Pluscati's frozen. Dakota grabs the phone and hits redial.

DAKOTA
Hello? Yes? Uh... fine.
Is everything all right?
No. Yes, he's here. Hold on.

Dakota quietly holds the phone out.

DAKOTA
It's Victoria.

Pluscati slowly takes the phone back.

PLUSCATI
Victoria? Are you alone?

INT. HOME - DAY

VICTORIA, 33, unfazed by the realities of being a cop's wife,
has her hair wrapped in a towel and a robe on.

VICTORIA
Honey? Is everything all right?

PLUSCATI (V.O.)
Are you alone?

VICTORIA
I'm alone. I just showered.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Pluscati rubs his eyes and leans into the phone for privacy.

PLUSCATI
Did you here the phone ring just
before Rina called?

VICTORIA (V.O.)
No. Not at all. Come home, honey.
Our baby won't be here for a week,
but I need to hold you now.

PLUSCATI
Tonight, Vic. I love you.

Pluscati ends the call as he notices the cops turn away.

EXT. BANK - DAY

An old fashioned, one story bank rests on a street. The sign
says MARYLAND FIRST BANK. A car parks across the street.

INT. CAR - DAY

Tony is blindfolded and handcuffed in the back seat between
Sano and Treco. Günter sits next to Flaxier, the driver.

GÜNTER
Tell me once more why I need you
present at this location?

TONY
This is the largest payload.
It's also the most secure. Even
with my phony ID, you can't bypass
the retinal scan.

SANO
I still say we should have tortured
him until he broke. I'd cut his eye
out for the retinal scan.

GÜNTER

No. I have seen him rebuke the Devil himself. There is only so much that can be done when time is not our accomplice.

Tony tilts his blindfolded head at Günter's words.

SANO

He's so drugged, he can barely function. He's not a threat.

Tony turns his head in both directions. He faces Sano.

TONY

The bone in your left forearm clicks. You shoot with your right arm now, but you were a lefty. You broke it years ago.

Sano veers away. He leans towards the window.

TONY

When you shift your left leg, it doesn't make the same sound as your right leg. Your strapped blade rubs against your pants material.

Still blindfolded, Tony leans closer to Sano.

TONY

You're talking a lot of shit to me now. Let's see how much you have to say when I snap your neck. Just like your brother.

Günter looks at his watch before he turns to Tony and sighs.

GÜNTER

Try anything once the handcuffs are removed and your family is dead. The absence of a phone call to my men will seal their fate.

Günter nods as Sano removes the blindfold. Tony squints.

TONY

Let's get this over with.

INT. BANK - DAY

Günter walks lead, flanked by Sano and Treco. Tony remains in the middle. Flaxier walks behind.

Günter smiles to the RECEPTIONIST, 25, as she sits and types.

RECEPTIONIST
May I help you?

GÜNTER
Why yes. My employer, Mr. Gargano,
has business with the manager.

RECEPTIONIST
Certainly. Please be seated while I
contact him.

She rises and turns the wall mounted television on to the news channel. The soldiers become tense. Günter changes it.

GÜNTER
You don't mind if I tune the sports
scores? My team played last night.

RECEPTIONIST
Um, sure.

She leaves. The men relax. As a few people walk by and look towards Tony, the men shield his view. Tony notices.

BOB FABER, 44, the classic school nerd, approaches.

TIM
Good morning, gentlemen. I'm Bob
Faber. How can I assist you today?

Günter's eyes direct a reluctant Tony. Tony's voice is flat.

TONY
My name is Thomas Gargano. I need
to access my safety boxes.

BOB
Certainly. One of our reps can
assist you.

TONY
I'm a P3. My account has safeguards
that only the manager can execute.

BOB

Ah. Of course. I'll need a moment
while I bring up your records, sir.
May I call you, Thomas?

TONY

No.

Bob is confused. Tony is expressionless. Günter is ready.

GÜNTER

Please excuse Mr. Gargano. As the
head of his legal team, I can
assure you that we are all very
tired from a busy night of work.

BOB

I understand.

GÜNTER

The sooner we conclude business,
the quicker Mr. Gargano will be
gone. May we take to your office?

BOB

Of course. This way please.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Bob works on the computer while Tony and Günter sit in front
of the desk. Flaxier and Treco stand. Sano remains outside.

BOB

We're just about finished, I need
to log the transaction.

TONY

Take your time.

TIMOTHY

Pardon my curiosity, but you look
so familiar, Mr. Gargano.

Günter tenses. Tony smiles.

TONY

You ever watch C.O.P.S?

Günter reads Bob's face and intercedes.

GÜNTER

Mr. Gargano co-produced the show.

TIMOTHY

I see. Well, please relax.

Bob turns on the wall mounted radio as he exits. Hearing the news reporter, Flaxier quickly turns it off. Tony notices.

GÜNTER

We don't need distractions. You have been compliant thus far.

TONY

Compliant? Yeah, I'm just the regular fuckin puppet.

GÜNTER

Were that the case when we pulled that job all those years ago, I would have been a happy puppeteer.

TONY

It was your idea to rob the scientist. He knew you were shit.

GÜNTER

Yes. To think the old fool had spent his life trying to construct a time device. Such ridiculousness. And yet, a caper that got us caught.

TONY

You're lucky they only shipped you off to the military.

GÜNTER

(beat)

Yes. The core was boring without you. But then, you were always able to get out clear. Striking a bond with the old fool was genius.

TONY

(beat)

In the end, no one gets out alive.

Tony leans back, puts his head on his hand. He realizes the earpiece receiver is still in. He slowly puts his hand in his pants and runs his finger over the match. The radio turns on. Static plays in Tony's ear. Günter suddenly turns to him.

GÜNTER

What are you doing? Remove your hand from your pants.

TONY
Are you jealous?

GÜNTER
Now.

The static continues as Tony hands it to Günter.

GÜNTER
I though I instructed you two to
change his pants and his shirt?

FLAXIER
I wasn't taking his pants off.
I don't care how drugged he was.

TRECO
We cleaned his pockets out.
It's just a match.

Günter looks at the match.

GÜNTER
Fools. It is not just a match!

Tony flinches. The static continues.

GÜNTER
You must be dying for one of your
Cubans. Did the match have you
longing for one?

Günter holds a cigar up before he crushes it. He hits a
button on a small remote. Tony's wrist lock LED turns red.

GÜNTER
Your restraint is now ready. I am
not sure what you are up to, but my
men are equipped with the remote to
kill you. Six seconds. Dead.

Günter throws the match in the garbage. It slowly bangs in
the pail. Tony's earpiece suddenly tunes in a REPORTER.

REPORTER (V.O.)
... and we will be right back with
the latest news on Flight 453.

Bob enters.

BOB
Gentlemen, the vault awaits.

Gunter smiles at Tony.

GUNTER
Are we clear?

Tony grins as the static is gone and he hears the Reporter.

TONY
Crystal clear.

EXT. POLICE STATION - HELICOPTER LANDING PAD - NIGHT

Pluscati and Dakota exit a chopper. Sal's phone text blinks.

PLUSCATI
A 711. I'll be back.

Pluscati gets in his car and exits. PILOT, 35, asks Dakota.

PILOT
What's a 711?

DAKOTA
That's his wife's version of a semi
emergency. An 811? Birth.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pluscati enters the house. The door is open and the living room looks torn apart. There is no sign of his wife.

Pluscati draws his gun. He slowly walks towards his bedroom.

BEDROOM

Victoria is crying on the side of the bed.

PLUSCATI
Vic! What's wrong? Is it the baby?

He helps her up, looks for signs of a problem. She looks up.

VICTORIA
My sister called. Tom... was shot!

PLUSCATI
Jesus. Is he --

VICTORIA
He's dead! Oh God, he's dead!

Pluscati closes his eyes and sighs.

VICTORIA

He was picking up milk for the baby. On his way out of the store, a man shot him point blank.

PLUSCATI

Vic, I'm so sorry. It's a dangerous world out there.

VICTORIA

Don't blame this on society! The killer didn't rob him, he didn't take anything! She said he was probably someone Tom had arrested!

PLUSCATI

I doubt that's been verified yet.

VICTORIA

I can't do this anymore, Sal. I've tried to tell myself that I could, that what you do is noble. It's taken its toll. I want our baby to know their father. I can't do this alone. I won't have you killed by some monster with a vengeance.

PLUSCATI

No one is going to shoot me, Vic. I got things under control.

VICTORIA

Do you? This... this Magnus. He was insane. One day, one of these monsters you're pursuing will...

Pluscati is silent. His eyes fill with fury. Her tone lowers.

VICTORIA

Tom was buying his baby milk.

The phone rings. Pluscati picks it up.

DAKOTA (V.O.)

Sal, they nabbed Hobbs in A.C.

PLUSCATI

I'll meet you back at the office.

Victoria looks at Sal. Her eyes can cry no more.

VICTORIA

Just go.

INT. BANK - MAIN LOBBY - DAY

The soldiers flank Tony. They walk through the bank towards the vault. People glance but no one stares.

INT. BANK - VAULT ENTRANCE - DAY

A large, uniformed security GUARD, 36, waits. Bob leads them.

BOB

As you know, Mr. Gargano, one of our guards must always be present for a withdrawal like this.

TONY

Of course, only a fool wouldn't expect that.

Tony looks at Günter, who nods back at the insult. Tony listens to the Reporter through his earpiece.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Repeating our breaking news, the F.B.I has now verified that flight 543 was hijacked from J.F.K.

BOB

As you know, the room is not very large. Would your men like --

TONY

I want them inside.

BOB

Of course. If you don't mind, sir.

Bob motions to the red laser emitting from a hole. Tony steps up and the laser scans his retinal. The steel gate unbolts and rises upward. They enter.

INT. BANK - VAULT - DAY

BOB

Let's see now. Yes. Here we go.

Bob has the Guard remove two large steel boxes from a myriad of safety deposit boxes. Günter motions to Sano.

GÜNTER
Please check the parking meter.

Sano nods and leaves. Tony watches. The Reporter continues.

REPORTER (V.O.)
The flight, southbound for Orlando,
plunged into the Potomac River over
Maryland shortly after takeoff...

Tony twitches but remains calm. He starts coughing.

TONY
I need a cup of water.

BOB
Certainly, I'll be happy --

Günter nods to Treco.

GÜNTER
Please get Mr. Gargano a drink.

Treco exits. Tony turns to Günter.

TONY
Tell me something. My family, how
did you get them off the plane?

Günter moves his hand inside his jacket.

GÜNTER
Please open the box, Mr. Gargano.

Tony's eyes remain on Günter as he unconsciously puts the
code on the box. It clicks open to display bars of gold.

BOB
Oh my! I didn't realize --

Flaxier removes the box from Tony's hands.

GÜNTER
Open the second box.

Tony's eyes remain on Günter. Bob looks nervous.

REPORTER (V.O.)
The F.B.I have pieced together
details leading to Lieutenant
Günter Hauser, ex-Marine commander,
responsible for the crash.

Tony's eyes are an inferno. His lip slightly quivers.

TONY

The drugs have started to wear off.
Things have become clearer.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Still under investigation is the involvement of Anthony J. Adonis, the Long Island man recently held in questioning of the Swanair collapse. Aboard the flight with his wife and daughter, his body has yet to be found among the wreckage.

Tony stretches his fingers wide. Günter notices.

TONY

At first, I thought you were afraid someone would recognize us here.

Bob looks towards the Guard. Flaxier stops moving.

GÜNTER

Open the box. I will not ask again.

Tony and Günter remain locked on each other. No one else exists. As the lock clicks open, Günter removes his gun.

TONY

You were afraid they would see me.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Bound and gagged, Cassandra Adonis was found still clutching her infant in a section of the cargo bay wreckage. She was 32 years old.

Flaxier reaches for the box as Tony lets out a roar and ferociously swings the box. He crushes Flaxier's skull.

Bob runs out. Günter shoots the Guard in the head before he fires and hits a moving Tony in the shoulder. Tony still knocks Günter down and grabs his gun. Insane with rage, he aims it square on Günter's eyes. Günter just laughs.

GÜNTER

Do it!

Tony pauses. Günter hits a button. Tony's wrist lock flashes.

GÜNTER

You fool! Have you not learned
anything? Hesitate and all is lost!

Tony headbutts Günter unconscious, He turns and shoots the electronic vault door control box. The room lights go off while the emergency lights shine.

The steel door quickly drops down. Tony slides towards it.

Tony puts his wrist against the floor as the door smashes the wrist lock open. Grabbing the opened device, Tony lifts and shoves it around Treco's neck just as he runs into the room.

TONY

... two, one.

Treco is electrified and falls dead. Tony turns and raises a dazed Günter by his neck.

TONY

Look at me! I will get them back.
Until then, you're mine.

GÜNTER

She begged Tony. Like a child.

By reaction, Tony lodges the gun under Günter's throat.

GÜNTER

Do it. We all die in the end.

TONY

Death would be your victory.

Tony slams his skull back into Günter, back to unconscious. Throwing Günter over his shoulder, Tony grabs the wrist lock.

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

The alarm wails, people run yelling from the bank. Tony nears the exit. Sano jumps out and stabs him in the shoulder.

SANO

That's for my brother, freak!

Tony staggers but doesn't fall. Sano comes again with the knife as Tony motions to throw Günter at him. Sano moves, but Tony doesn't throw Günter. He grabs Sano by his neck.

TONY

Say hello to your brother.

Tony snaps Sano's neck and drops him to the floor. He exits.

INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Pluscati walks into the precinct. Dakota is on the phone.

PLUSCATI

Let's go. Brief me on the way.

DAKOTA

Jesus, Sal. Did you see the news?
The plane. Tony was...

The Chief's door opens. BEN EXLEY, 56, no time for nonsense or pride, gets Pluscati's attention.

CHIEF

Pluscati. In here now.

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

A spotless office, decorated with commendations and medals. The chief sits behind his desk. Pluscati stands.

CHIEF

Victoria called.

PLUSCATI

I really don't have time for this.

CHIEF

Make time. I had just gotten word on Tom across the wire when she called. Sal, she had me choked up.

PLUSCATI

Sir, with all due respect --

CHIEF

You're off the case as lead, Sal.

PLUSCATI

What? I have it under control!

Stepping out of the shadow is JOHN BURTON, 32, clean in appearance and dirty in tactics.

BURTON

You have things under control? The governor's daughter slipped into a coma an hour ago. Your fifteen minutes of fame are up, Pluscati.

Pluscati locks eyes with Burton. Exley sighs.

CHIEF

The governor's concern now is his daughter's recuperation. To be honest, his view of the incident has changed. He now believes you should have handled it differently.

PLUSCATI

She was strapped with C-4.

BURTON

You'll turn your files over to Dakota. She'll brief me on the way.

PLUSCATI

On the way to where?

BURTON

Atlantic City. I'll be questioning the suspect in custody. Hobbs.

PLUSCATI

Chief, this is insane. Burton can't find his ass with both hands!

CHIEF

Stand down, Sal.

BURTON

This is why I wanted him off the case completely.

PLUSCATI

Screw you, Burton! I heard your nose was sniffing up the right asses, but this is over your head.

CHIEF

Sal, the governor personally assigned Burton control.

PLUSCATI

(beat)

This is bullshit.

Burton begins to walk past Pluscati towards the door.

BURTON
 You should thank me. Maybe you can
 at least wrap one case up. The
 plane that went down. Mr. Adonis
 was on it, but no body found.

Pluscati is speechless. Victorious, Burton moves to leave.

BURTON
 Be at your desk. I might
 decide you're useful to me yet.

Pluscati pushes the chair in front of Burton with his foot.
 Burton falls into the door, cutting his eye. Pluscati exits.

PLUSCATI
 The Band-Aids are in my top draw.
 How's that for useful?

INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Pluscati walks near the water cooler with Dakota in tow.

DAKOTA
 Sal. You're not going to believe
 what I found out. The lab called --

BURTON
 Detective Dakota, I need you to
 come with me right now. I'll fill
 you in on the helicopter.

Dakota turns to Burton before she glances at Pluscati.

PLUSCATI
 Burton is in charge. Go.

Their eyes speak to each other. A moment passes.

DAKOTA
 The lab didn't find a match.

Burton squints at both before he leads Dakota out.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

SUPER: "Thanksgiving night, New York 2040."

The still photo of Tony fills Paul's monitor. Ted shrugs.

TED

How can he not show up in the database? He's obviously born pre-9/11, but it was mandatory to get the chip inserted.

PAUL

His chip was bogus.

Paul's Dad walks in.

PAUL'S DAD

The license plate is phony. But I'm sure you figured that out by now.

PAUL

It doesn't matter, dad. I have their real faces. They're not in the system, but I'll find her. I swear it. I'll find Liz.

TED

I'll get the photos out on the wire, bud. We'll have a name.

Paul's Dad glances at the screen. His face lights up.

PAUL'S DAD

Oh my God. Adonis.

Ted stops. Paul looks at his father, who breathes deep.

PAUL'S DAD

The man you're looking at is Tony Adonis. Jesus, it's been so long, but it seems like yesterday.

PAUL

How? Dad, who is he?

Paul's Dad sits carefully against the desk, thinks hard.

PAUL'S DAD

About thirty years ago. There was a Federal investigation to bring down Adonis. He was not like most as the thugs we knew. Mean. Cunning, too.

TED

What became of him?

PAUL'S DAD

He was suspected for embezzlement, among other things. Sadly, his family was with him when he supposedly died in a plane crash. That was the story, at least.

PAUL

Who was in charge of his case?

PAUL'S DAD

Pluscati. Detective Sal Pluscati.

PAUL

Where I can find this detective?

PAUL'S DAD

Well. St. Charles cemetery.

TED

The captain can re-open the case?

PAUL

No. If this becomes a media circus, that gold tooth bastard will torture her publicly. No one goes public until I get Liz back.

PAUL'S DAD

Paul, be careful. You don't know what your dealing with. Adonis was as smart as he was ruthless.

PAUL

He's managed to wipe his records out of the database and lay low for over thirty years, but everyone makes a mistake eventually.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

SUPER: "New York, December 2010."

Flying high, the chopper carries Burton, as he flips through the files. Dakota barely looks at him as she stares outside.

DAKOTA

So you're saying Hobbs was waiting?

BURTON

His picture has been posted all over the city and the local news. There's no place to hide from justice. He must have realized.

DAKOTA

A simple "yes" works. Have you ever heard less is more?

BURTON

I don't need your allegiance, Dakota. All I need is your professionalism. We interrogate and break the suspect. The game Hobbs played with the tape will be his undoing. Criminals always take it too far, then they get caught.

DAKOTA

What if he's looking to get caught? He seems to be biding his time. He's letting us know it's not over.

BURTON

Are you talking about that note on the tape? What does he want?

Dakota looks out the window at the approaching heliport.

DAKOTA

Patience.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The front door flies open as Burton storms in. Dakota trails behind and absorbs the glares from the local cops.

Madretti watches Burton whip his badge out.

BURTON

Detective Pluscati has been relieved of his position. You talk to me now.

Madretti looks at Dakota. Dakota shrugs. Madretti squints.

MADRETTI

Whatever the governor wants, son.

BURTON

Where's the suspect?

INT. POLICE STATION - OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Madretti, Dakota and Burton stare through a two-way mirror at TRAVIS HOBBS, 26, devious, hands cuffed behind his back.

MADRETTI

His name is Travis Hobbs. Dates a cocktail waitress from the casino.

BURTON

Why does he have open wounds?

MADRETTI

Got me. He fell. A few times.

BURTON

I'm going in.

Madretti puts his large arm out in front of Burton.

MADRETTI

Whoa! He concealed a knife and put one of ours in ICU. The fuck is up to something. Watch him. Close.

Burton seems slightly intimidated. He adjusts.

BURTON

I'm not a rookie, Sergeant.

He adjusts his suit and is about to enter. Dakota stops him.

DAKOTA

Sir, remove your piece.

Burton stands silent. He quietly removes his piece.

BURTON

Unlock the door.

A buzzer unlocks the door as Burton enters.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Hobbs sits calmly as he studies Burton. Burton sits.

BURTON

I'm not here to play games, Mr. Hobbs. So here it is.

(MORE)

BURTON(cont'd)

Upon the arrest of the Elvis impersonator, with your assistance, I have been authorized by the governor to give you immunity.

Burton removes a document from his jacket as Hobbs looks on.

INT. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

MADRETTI

Drop the charges? What the fuck?

DAKOTA

Calm down, he's just baiting him. Hobbs won't walk.

Madretti nods to a few other cops standing close.

MADRETTI

Yeah, dead men usually don't.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Hobbs continues to stare at Burton. It makes Burton squirm.

BURTON

What's it going to be, Mr. Hobbs?

HOBBS

(beat)

You're offering me my freedom? Just like that?

Burton raises his hand.

BURTON

Just like that. I swear you have my word. Upon the capture of your associate, all charges against you will be dropped.

Hobbs stares at Burton's hand before going expressionless.

HOBBS

I don't know where he is, but I can pick Elvis from his mug shot.

Burton hits the intercom button.

BURTON

Bring me the books.

The door opens. A HOUSE OFFICER, 34, two books in hand, drops them in disgust in front of Hobbs, who smiles at the Officer.

HOBBS
How's your boyfriend, sweetheart?
His blood stained my knife.

The Officer motions to react.

BURTON
Officer, remove his handcuffs.

The Officer looks at him as if he were insane.

BURTON
I said remove his handcuffs. He
won't be able to ID him if he can't
turn the pages. Leave the shackle
on his leg and give me the key.

The Officer does so. Burton drops it in his coat pocket.

BURTON
Find his photo, I'll be back.

Burton turns to leave as Hobbs stares at the two-way mirror.

HOBBS
Tell the peeping Toms out there
that the show has just begun. Oh,
and detective. Nice Band-Aid.

Irrked by Hobbs, Burton hastily opens the door and exits.

INT. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The Officer brings more books in to Hobbs. Madretti is mad.

MADRETTI
Are you out of your fucking mind?
That little prick isn't walking
after what he did!

BURTON
Calm down, Madretti. What's going
on is bigger than your vendetta.

DAKOTA
Let's stay focused here. Justice
will be carried out in both cases.
Give it time, Madretti. Burton, why
didn't Hobbs ask to see a lawyer?

(MORE)

DAKOTA(cont'd)

He's not denying anything.
Something's wrong.

Burton puts his gun back in his holster just as the door opens from the Officer exiting.

BURTON

The only thing wrong was that I
didn't run lead on from the start.

Madretti seethes. Hobbs calls Burton before the door closes.

HOBBS

Detective. I found him.

BURTON

Pay attention boys, this is
textbook handling.

DAKOTA

Burton, wait. Take your --

The door shuts behind him before Dakota finishes speaking.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Hobbs thrusts the books off the desk towards Burton's moving feet. Burton's falls as Hobbs grabs his gun and leg key.

HOBBS

Damn! You are as stupid as you
seem! On your feet!

The intercom crackles. Dakota voice fills the air.

DAKOTA (V.O.)

Travis Hobbs! Release Detective
Burton, throw the gun forward and
put your hands on your head!

HOBBS

The door is going to open and we're
walking out of here.

DAKOTA (V.O.)

That's not an option.

Hobbs smiles. He speaks directly into Burton's ear.

HOBBS

Put your hand up, sweetie. The one
that you swore my freedom with.

Burton shakes like a coward as he does so.

HOBBS

Good boy.

Hobbs shoots Burton clean through his left palm. Burton screams. The door unlocks.

HOBBS

Did you think I bought your story about letting me off? You stupid bastard, there's a squad of pigs out waiting to brand me.

The door unlocks. Hobbs pushes Burton out as a shield.

INT. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Dakota, Madretti and a group of cops aim on Hobbs.

DAKOTA

Everyone hold their fire!
Hobbs, there's no way out.

HOBBS

There's always a way out.
It's all about perspective.

Hobbs caresses Burton's skull with the tip of the gun.

DAKOTA

Everyone lower your weapons.

The cops lower their guns. Madretti remains positioned.

HOBBS

Looks like tough cop wants to kill
two birds with one bullet.

Burton's eyes fill with fear. A smile crosses Madretti lips.

MADRETTI

I can take the shot.

DAKOTA

Madretti, I said drop your weapon.

HOBBS

(smiles)

Think about it. One bullet. Both of
us. You can call it self defense.

Madretti's finger inches closer to the trigger. Dakota, realizing what's about to happen, turn her gun on Madretti.

DAKOTA
Madretti. Drop it now. Please!

MADRETTI
Or what? You won't kill me, Dakota.

Dakota lowers her aim towards Madretti's crotch.

DAKOTA
I never said I'd kill you.

Peering from the corner of his eye, Madretti lowers it.

MADRETTI
I don't know who's crazier. You or that partner Pluscati of yours.

Dakota ingests the compliment. She leans out of the room.

DAKOTA
I want the halls cleared! There will be no attempts made to detain Travis Hobbs and detective Burton!

The cops clear the hallway. Hobbs leads Burton out.

Burton is lead down the hallway as the surrounding officers scowl. Hobbs mocks. He winks and blows kisses.

MADRETTI
What the hell, Dakota! Where are you letting the bastard go?

DAKOTA
What now, Hobbs. What do you want?

Hobbs smiles while leading Burton out the front door.

HOBBS
Patience.

EXT. AGED VICTORIAN MANSION - NIGHT

SUPER: "Thanksgiving night, New York 2040."

An old home surrounded by trees, centered on a large, gated estate, a far cry off the main country road.

INT. AGED VICTORIAN MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Unkempt room. No signs of life. John and a hobbled Older Tony enter. John types on a keypad. A phony wall rises.

INT. AGED VICTORIAN MANSION - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

A large, windowless room surrounded by large mainframes. An orangutan roams in a cage. Older Tony and John enter. John uses a medical kit to remove a bullet from Older Tony's leg.

JOHN

Fucking underground networkers.
You think they would've just been
happy with the six million.

OLDER TONY

Uranium sells well. You had to
expect the ambush.

John removes a gun from inside his coat. Puts it on a table.

JOHN

I'm sorry. I didn't react soon
enough. Next time I'll be ready.

OLDER TONY

There won't be a next time. I have
enough to finish this.

John grimaces. He squeezes Older Tony's wound. He flinches.

JOHN

There you go. Probably not as clean
as the scientist used to patch you
up, but you'll live.

OLDER TONY

He was a good man. You never got to
know him. This house, the machine;
he devoted his life to create this.

JOHN

Maybe he didn't live to see it
happen, but you've put in thirty
years to finish what he started.

Older Tony looks away. He stares at the mainframe computers.

FLASHBACK

INT. VICTORIAN MANSION - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: "New York, December 2010."

The same room and most of the same computer equipment, just less sophisticated and newer. The SCIENTIST, 65, views security monitors that show his property.

ON MONITORS

Tony carries Günter before collapsing outside of the gate.

BACK TO COMPUTER ROOM

SCIENTIST

Dear God.

The Scientist hits a keypad and a steel door opens to a staircase. He opens the orangutan cage. They exit.

EXT. VICTORIAN MANSION - NIGHT

A light snow falls. The Scientist motions. The orangutan picks up both unconscious men.

INT. VICTORIAN MANSION - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

The Scientist removes a bullet from Tony's shoulder. Tony is jolted awake. About to lash out, their eyes meet. Tony stops.

SCIENTIST

My Lord, Tony. It may be twenty years, but we had a deal. You were never to speak of here or return.

Tony looks at Günter, unconscious, in the orangutan cage.

TONY

I know. I know what we agreed... everything is gone. I want -- I will, get it back.

The Scientist curiously looks at Tony. He taps a remote and a panel of televisions display news information. Some channels show the crash. Others show Tony and Günter's faces.

SCIENTIST

What's he has done. I am sorry.

TONY

Forget what he's done. You know what I can do. Between the two of us, we can finish this. If you had allowed me to come here after High School ended -- if you had let me be a part --

Tony spits up blood.

SCIENTIST

My boy, I do not know if I can do this for much longer. My life, it has been consumed by this. I have not been able to bring my wife back and I was not about to let you throw your life away and end up --

TONY

-- right here? Do you want to know the fucking irony of life? If Günter hadn't took us out here after football practice on a joyride, to rob you, the prick, I wouldn't have known to come back here today, because of that prick.

The Scientist stares into Tony's soul via his tearful eyes.

SCIENTIST

You are ready for this sacrifice?

Tony stares at the TV screens. His anger resurfaces.

TONY

With a vengeance.

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. AGED VICTORIAN MANSION - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Older Tony sits deep in thought. He snaps out of it.

OLDER TONY

That old man went through hell hiding this place from the military. And the irony?

Older Tony favors his leg as he hobbles to the computer console and glances at a glass display housing the thirty year old military wrist lock.

TONY

The missing piece to his puzzle.

Older Tony scans Paul's fingerprints into the computer.
Paul's picture fills the six monitors. John becomes agitated.

JOHN

Who's the fuck..? Who is he really?

Tony stares long and hard at Paul's face.

OLDER TONY

No one. Just a case of mistaken
identity. Just another cop.

John studies the screen. His attitude turns to a weak smile.

JOHN

I'm heading to bed.

John leaves. With lightning fingers, Older Tony types away.

ON MONITOR

Screen after screen of data and pictures flash by. They
finally stop on a photo of a woman, AMANDA VINCENT, 32.

BACK TO COMPUTER ROOM

OLDER TONY

Son of a bitch.

EXT. MURPHY HOUSE - NIGHT

Paul pulls up in front of the home and exit the car with his
father. They lean against the car.

PAUL

Thanks for your help, dad.

PAUL'S DAD

No, thank you. First time I've felt
useful since I retired.

Paul's Dad removes a cigarette and lights up.

PAUL

I can see that! Since when did you
start smoking again?

PAUL'S DAD

I only sneak one or two in behind your mother's back when I feel alive. Haven't had one since she went away with her sewing club.

PAUL

Your secret is safe with me.

Paul turns to leave. Paul's Dad looks distraught.

PAUL'S DAD

Paul, wait.

PAUL

What is it?

PAUL'S DAD

I don't... secrets. Secrets, son. God, "son", right there. I don't know how to say this. I should probably do this with your mother -- Mary, here.

PAUL

Dad, what are you talking about? Now's not the time --

PAUL'S DAD

No! Now is exactly the time! Paul, when I saw Tony Adonis, it all flooded back. I never thought we'd hear from him again.

PAUL

Dad, if you know something to help me get Liz back, I need it now.

PAUL'S DAD

Paul, your mother, she had a sister. Her name was Amanda.

PAUL

A sister? Dad? What's going on?

PAUL'S DAD

She was married to a man named Vincent. Joe Vincent. They were, let's just say, vacationing in the Bahamas when he was killed. She stayed there.

PAUL

And? I'm lost. Why do I care about--

PAUL'S DAD

Paul, Joe was a co-worker of Adonis. He helped Pluscati put Tony in jail back in 2010.

PAUL

Dad, this is ridiculous.

PAUL'S DAD

Listen to me! You think I would tell you this now for no reason! Joe Vincent was stabbed to death during New Year's Eve in the Bahamas. No killer was ever found.

PAUL

Why are you telling me this now?

Paul's Dad takes a long drag of the cigarette.

PAUL'S DAD

Amanda was your mother.

Paul steps back. His eyes flooded with confusion.

PAUL'S DAD

After Joe's death, Amanda refused to leave. She planned to stay and raise you in the Bahamas. Four months after your birth, she was killed by a stray bullet.

PAUL

Why... was I never told this?

PAUL'S DAD

We moved from Boston to here to give you a fresh start. We expected to tell you when you grew older, but, life never goes as expected.

PAUL

But my birth certificate, my records, how could you falsify the documents?

Paul's Dad lowers his head.

PAUL'S DAD

Paul, you're an officer of the law.
Don't ask questions you already
know the answers to.

Paul holds his finger out and stares at it.

PAUL

I don't -- the chip in my finger? I
was post 9/11?

PAUL'S DAD

The chip we had inserted almost
legitimized the lie.

PAUL

Why now? Why tell me now!

PAUL'S DAD

Paul, you told me Tony voluntarily
drew attention to himself. He's too
smart to do that without a reason.

PAUL

You're saying he recognized me?

PAUL'S DAD

You have your mother's features.
They knew each other. I think he
was seeking verification.

PAUL

My hand. He ID'ed me when we shook?

Paul's Dad puts the cigarette out and rubs his eyes.

PAUL'S DAD

By now, Tony has scoured every
piece of data on you that exists.

PAUL

Why? Why me? What interest could he
possibly have in me?

PAUL'S DAD

Paul, Amanda and Joe had a lot of
marital problems before they
arrived in the Bahamas. There was
this co-worker of Joe who wound up
dead. I... it was a confusing
period. Amanda ran off with Joe
before we could speak to her.

(MORE)

PAUL'S DAD(cont'd)

She didn't even talk to us until you were born. Paul, she never confirmed Vincent was your father. It was rumored that Tony was in the Bahamas at the time.

Paul turns white. Paul's Dad puts his cigarette out.

PAUL'S DAD

Tony may have found a son.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

SUPER: "New Jersey, December 2010."

Hobbs handcuffs Burton's hands behind his back and tapes his mouth. He pushes him in the passenger seat of a squad car.

He knocks Burton unconscious with his gun and drives off.

Dakota and Madretti run out of the station and into a car.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Madretti drives as Dakota mans the scanner.

MADRETTI

What if he heads for the turnpike?

DAKOTA

He won't. He likes an audience.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Hobbs speeds and jumps the curb, mows down a sidewalk café. The sight of a majestic casino backdrops the speeding car.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

MADRETTI

Son of a bitch! Where's he going?

DAKOTA

Where it began! He wants his fifteen minutes of fame.

INT./EXT. CASINO HOTEL - BOARDWALK ENTRANCE - DAY

Hobbs drives on to the wooden boardwalk. Crashing through souvenir stands and food booths, he spares nothing.

Hobbs drives through the glass doors. Amid the screams and shattered glass, the car tears the casino area apart. People run screaming. The car lands in a marble fountain.

Hobbs slaps Burton awake and rips him from the car.

HOBBS

Wake up! Let's go! Out!

ELEVATOR AREA

Hobbs drags Burton as a GUARD, 25, yells and runs at them, gun raised. Hobbs shoots the Guard in the head.

Burton screams through his taped mouth. Hobbs pulls him in the elevator as he balances Burton's gun in his hand.

HOBBS

Fires nice, although you won't think so the next time it goes off.

INT. CASINO HOTEL - ELEVATOR BANK - NIGHT

Dakota walks lead. Madretti and other cops follow behind.

DAKOTA

Have the SWAT team meet you here by the west elevators. Block all exits and close down the hotel.

MADRETTI

(to cops)

You heard him. Go!

(to Dakota)

Where's he going?

Dakota looks at the elevator numbers increasing rapidly.

DAKOTA

He's on his way to the roof.

EXT. MURPHY HOME - NIGHT

SUPER: "Thanksgiving night, 2040."

Paul sits on the hood of his car as his dad tries to console.

PAUL'S DAD

I'm sorry you had to find out this way but you need to be prepared.

PAUL

Dad, I can't think about this now.

PAUL'S DAD

Do what you need to do. I have to handle this with your... mother.

Paul's Dad's voice fades off. Paul comforts him.

PAUL

She's the woman who raised me.
She is my mother. Dad.

They hug. Paul's Dad walks away and enters the house.

PAUL'S DAD

Call me if anything changes.

Paul nods. The door shuts as Paul steps from his car. His cell phone rings. He answers it.

JOHN (V.O.)

Do you know Liz has a tattoo of a panda on her inner thigh?

Paul tenses. He instinctively reaches for his gun.

PAUL

Touch her and there won't be enough of you left to identify!

JOHN (V.O.)

Y'know, a little acid and it comes off the skin like washable ink.

PAUL

Listen to me. You can't win.

JOHN (V.O.)

Fate is a funny thing. No matter what you think to be the truth, life has a way of humbling you.

PAUL

I know who you are. Your father isn't as smart as everyone thinks. Neither are you.

A dog next door barks. Paul hears the noise in person and through the phone. He raises his gun in the air.

PAUL
Show yourself! Now!

Headlights shine bright, blinding Paul. From two houses down, John's van remains still. Paul aims towards the light.

PAUL
Get out of the van! Now!

JOHN (V.O.)
I can understand your pain. To have someone taken from you must be traumatizing. The second time will be numbing.

They lock eyes until John looks at Paul's parent's house.

PAUL
No!

The blast consumes the house and rocks the block. Paul is thrown to the ground as the van screeches towards him.

Paul rolls out of the way as he loads a bullet in his gun. He fires and hits the back of the fleeing van. He passes out.

EXT. CASINO HOTEL - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

SUPER: "NEW JERSEY, December 2010."

Dakota walks out of the stairwell on the roof. Perched on the edge, Hobbs holds the gun on Burton as he looks to the sky.

DAKOTA
Let him go, Hobbs.

Dakota and Hobbs hold their guns on each other. Hobbs smiles.

HOBBS
It's about time. You get it, don't you? About "time?"

DAKOTA
You knew this would all happen, didn't you?

HOBBS
Like clockwork. Watch.

Hobbs lowers his gun. Dakota pulls the trigger. It jams.

HOBBS

See? You know, I should have made a bet before I came up. Oh well.

Hobbs lifts his gun back on a stricken Dakota.

HOBBS

If it's any consolation, honey, you never had a chance.

Hobbs fires twice into Dakota's chest. Sent back into the shadows, the only sound is her body hitting the ground.

Hobbs removes a sealed letter from a hidden compartment of his pants. He shoves it in Burton's shirt pocket.

HOBBS

Let's hope your blood doesn't ruin Pluscati's note once he finds it. Time to fly and die, sweetheart. My ride will be here shortly.

Hobbs looks over the ledge. The view far down is the atrium.

HOBBS

I only wish I could see your face when you hit the glass. I was told it was a bloody mess.

A noise comes from the shadows. Hobbs is surprised.

HOBBS

Who's there? Is that you?

Walking out of the darkness, Pluscati, gun at his side, remains still as the light rain begins to fall harder.

HOBBS

What the hell?

Pluscati doesn't blink. Hobbs does.

HOBBS

You don't know what you're dealing with, Pluscati. This is beyond anything you could imagine!

Hobbs looks around nervously. Pluscati notices.

PLUSCATI

What are you waiting for, Hobbs?
Was someone else supposed to show?
(beat)
Was I not supposed to show?

Hobbs puts the gun to Burton's head. Pluscati steps forward.

HOBBS

One more step and I'll kill him.

PLUSCATI

You were lied to, weren't you?
Elvis never planned to save you.
You were just a pawn too.

Pluscati takes another step.

HOBBS

You son of a bitch. You don't think
I'll shoot him?

PLUSCATI

Honestly? I say it's about "time."

Burton's eyes widen. Pluscati raises his gun and shoots
Burton in the chest. His second bullet shatters Hobbs' wrist.
Hobbs drops the gun. Burton falls to the ground.

PLUSCATI

Where is Elvis, Hobbs?

HOBBS

You crazy son of a bitch! You can't
win Pluscati! The only way you win
is to ultimately lose!

PLUSCATI

Last chance. Where is he?

HOBBS

In hell, you bastard!

Pluscati shoots Hobbs. A lot. He sends him over the ledge.

Two police choppers descend from above. Madretti waves from
one. Pluscati turns and walks near Burton. Lying still,
Burton coughs. Pluscati pulls tape off Burton's mouth.

BURTON

Are you insane! How did you know
for sure that my vest was on?

Pluscati removes the letter from Burton's shirt pocket as he walks toward the shadows.

PLUSCATI
I didn't.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Pluscati sits beside Dakota's bed. Dakota is in a body cast.

PLUSCATI
What did Hobbs say?

DAKOTA
I'm fine. Thanks for asking. I
didn't need two shoulders.

PLUSCATI
The doctor said your vest mostly
shielded both shots. I saw it on
you earlier. You're a pro, partner.

Pluscati put his hand on Dakota's hand. She smiles.

PLUSCATI
I was never more than ten minutes
behind you. With all the chaos, no
one noticed my presence.

DAKOTA
It was wrong, Sal. All wrong.
It went from a spontaneous action
to a well devised catastrophe.

PLUSCATI
Well, I'm glad I got there in time.
Time. It really is all about it.
Back at the station. You were about
to tell me something you found out?

DAKOTA
(beat)
The lab called with the DNA results
from the wig. There was no direct
match with anyone on record.

Dakota hesitancy speaks volumes to Pluscati.

PLUSCATI
I've got to go. Get well.

EXT. HOSPITAL HELICOPTER LANDING AREA - NIGHT

Pluscati exits the chopper reading the letter. He crumples it in his hand and stares at the floor.

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - NIGHT

The door bursts open. Pluscati enters to Victoria giving birth. A NURSE, 47 and DOCTOR, 56 tend to Victoria's screams.

VICTORIA
Salvatore! Hurry!

Subdued for the most important moment of his life, he grins.

PLUSCATI
How are you, beautiful?

DOCTOR
Victoria, I need you to push hard now. The baby's head is coming out!

VICTORIA
Oh God, Salvatore! It hurts!

Sal holds her hand, but he's not mentally there.

DOCTOR
You're doing wonderful. Tell her she's doing wonderful, "daddy".

PLUSCATI
You're doing a wonderful job. Keep pushing just like we practiced.

NURSE
Here it comes! One more big push!

Pluscati can't stop a smile as he sees his child. The doctor cradles the baby away from the parents.

DOCTOR
Great job! I know you wanted to be surprised. What do you think?

The Nurse and Victoria smile.

VICTORIA
Boy.

NURSE

Boy.

VICTORIA

What do you think, honey?

Pluscati swallows hard.

PLUSCATI

Let me see my daughter.

Caught by Pluscati's demeanor, the doctor is hesitant, but obliges. Victoria cradles the baby. A tear is in Sal's eye.

VICTORIA

Oh my God, she's beautiful!
Sal? Are you OK?

Pluscati lowers his head. He crushes the note from Hobbs.

NURSE

I need the baby's name, hon.

PLUSCATI

To make it official?

He looks at the Nurse's name tag. Pluscati suddenly perks up. It reads "JUNE."

PLUSCATI

Vic, we said if it was a girl, we would name her Madison, right?

VICTORIA

Yes. Sal, what's wrong?

Pluscati motions to the Nurse's clipboard in her hands.

PLUSCATI

Madison Pluscati. Write it down!

The Nurse is taken back. She reaches in her pocket for a pen.

NURSE

I keep losing my pen.
What the-- oh, that man!

The Nurse removes another name tag and pins it on.

NURSE

There's a long running joke between me and one of the doctors.

(MORE)

NURSE(cont'd)

My name is May, so he keeps asking
if he "MAY." I put the name "JUNE"
on another tag to bust his chops.

PLUSCATI

No. No!

Oblivious to her husband's shock, Victoria smiles.

VICTORIA

May? That's a beautiful name!

PLUSCATI

Victoria, don't. Please...

VICTORIA

Isn't May Pluscati the dearest
thing you've ever seen?

PLUSCATI

(beat)

It's beautiful, Victoria.

The nurse writes it. Pluscati kisses his wife and daughter.

PLUSCATI

I have to go now.

VICTORIA

Go? Go where!

PLUSCATI

I'm about to wrap up the case.

VICTORIA

Our daughter was just born!
The hell with the case!

PLUSCATI

Vic, others will die if I don't go.

Victoria struggles for the words before conceding.

VICTORIA

Sal, this is what you have to do?

Sal looks at the note in his fist. He looks at the doctor.

PLUSCATI

The ankle, doc. Watch it.

The doctor steps wrong and falls over the nursing chair. The
nurse tends to him as he screams.

DOCTOR
 Good lord! My ankle! I think I
 broke my ankle!

PLUSCATI
 I'm sure, Victoria.

The doctor seethes in pain. Victoria watches Pluscati exit.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Pluscati shuts off his car. He sits and dials his cell phone.

PLUSCATI
 What did the doctor say?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Dakota sits up in bed.

DAKOTA
 Said I should have hid behind your
 ego. It could shield a rhino.

They slightly laugh to break the tension. Pluscati stops.

PLUSCATI (V.O.)
 Before I left, you said the lab
 didn't find a match. Why lie, Rina?

DAKOTA
 Sal, I don't care what it said. It
 wasn't Tony Adonis. Maybe it was --

PLUSCATI (V.O.)
 -- a relative? No. He has no living
 relatives. Not yet. Hobbs left me a
 note. I was supposed to find it on
 Burton's remains.

DAKOTA
 What? What did it say?

PLUSCATI (V.O.)
 It told me the gender, weight and
 name of my daughter, Rina.

DAKOTA
 Wait! Victoria had the baby? Sal!
 Congratul--

PLUSCATI

-- I have to go. You take care.

DAKOTA

Wait, Sal! What are going to do?

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Pluscati stares at himself in the rearview mirror. Ends call.

PLUSCATI

Kill the only man who will always
be a threat to my family.

INT. PLUSCATI HOME - NIGHT

Sal walk through the door and removes his key. He removes the letter, reads it and walks to his TV stand.

He feels around under the bottom board until he freezes. He removes a VHS tape and stares at it before playing it.

ON TV

John appears on screen with a white backdrop. He smiles.

JOHN (V.O.)

Hello, Sal. I'm assuming you are reading the note and it's not your wife thinking she found a hidden porn. Boy, she'd be surprised.

John abruptly stops his laugh.

JOHN (V.O.)

In an interest of time, and I never get tired of saying it that way, I think we can move past "this whole thing is an elaborate hoax" bit. The sex of your unborn child, the sudden change of your daughter's name when your wife saw the nurse's tag? All right there in the letter. You see, detective, when you fucked with my father back in your time, it became personal to me in my time. It ends here. Follow the end of the letter, take your life, and I'll spare a return to kill all of you in your sleep.

(MORE)

JOHN(cont'd)

I realize you can't know if I'll keep my word, but let's be honest, it's your only option. You're out of time. I'm not. Ciao.

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

The tape dissolves. Smoke rises out of the VCR. Pluscati stand alone in the deafening silence and removes his gun.

He stares at his reflection in the mirror.

PLUSCATI

The only way I win is to lose.

EXT. PLUSCATI HOME - NIGHT

The dimly lit living room window flashes as the sound of a single bullet is heard.

FADE OUT.

EXT. MURPHY HOME - NIGHT

SUPER: "Thanksgiving 2040."

Firefighters put out the last of the flames. Nothing remains of the house. Ted sits by Paul as the medic tends to him.

TED

Paul, we need to get word out on Tony and his son. This can't go on.

Paul walks toward Ted's car and gets in the driver's seat.

PAUL

Let's go.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Paul stops the car in front of Ted's house.

TED

What the hell are we doing here?

PAUL

Go home, Ted. Go kiss your wife and kids and wait for my call.

TED

Paul, you need me.

PAUL
I need you alive. If he sees you're
involved, your family is dead. You
just witnessed the proof.

Ted thinks long and hard before he pats Paul's shoulder.

TED
Send me your coordinates when you
get where you're going. I'll have
backup on alert.

PAUL
When this is over, they'll be
nothing left to ID.

EXT. AGED VICTORIAN MANSION - NIGHT

Paul scales the wall and moves through the darkness. He holds
a scanner that blinks rapidly against the garage door.

PAUL
Bingo.

INT. AGED VICTORIAN MANSION - GARAGE - NIGHT

Paul slips inside. The van is empty. He rubs his finger on
the bullet tracer embedded in the back fender.

PAUL
(mutters)
Why would you keep the van?

A generator starts somewhere. It's loud. Paul jiggles the
locked garage door. He looks at a vent shaft.

INT. AGED VICTORIAN MANSION - CONTROL ROOM - 2040 - NIGHT

John sits at the computer desk surrounded by monitors. He
turns as the orangutan jumps around but sees nothing.

PAUL (O.S)
Turn around slowly, you fuck.

John turns. He barely looks amused with Paul's gun aimed.

JOHN

Just my opinion. When you crawl through the ventilation shaft, time the noise of the mainframes with your noisy entrance just a little better. The test time jumps make the ape very jittery.

Paul follows John's look towards the animal. He turns back.

PAUL

Where is she?

JOHN

I'm glad your aim is good. That tracer made getting you here so much easier.

PAUL

I won't ask again.

John smiles and hits a button. All the monitors fill with the same image of Liz bound and gagged to a chair.

PAUL

Oh my god -- Liz!

(beat)

Let her go or I swear, I'll kill you here and now.

JOHN

It's amazing you people stop any criminal activity at all. Do you really expect that line to work?

PAUL

She dies. You die.

JOHN

(amused)

I want you to watch the screen.

ON MONITORS

The long tip of a gun enters from off screen. Positioned by Liz's temple, her glare breaks down into a quivering sob.

BACK TO CONTROL ROOM

JOHN

Ten seconds to remove your handcuffs and chain yourself to the steel beam behind you.

(MORE)

JOHN(cont'd)

Any other action and my colleague
will know to shoot her in the head
instantly.

Distraught, Paul cocks his gun.

JOHN

Tick tock. Time is wasting.

Paul tosses the gun over and chains himself to the pole.

PAUL

Tell your lackey to pull back!

John smiles. He points to the screen.

JOHN

Wait, watch this. It gets better.

ON MONITORS

The gun goes off, instantly killing Liz. Paul screams.

BACK TO CONTROL ROOM

PAUL

Oh god, no! No!

JOHN

Stay with me, Paul. It's almost
over. Here comes the best part.
Watch closely.

ON MONITORS

The view pulls back to reveal John as the shooter. John on
the tape smiles and waves.

BACK TO CONTROL ROOM

John pauses the tape. Paul's voice is almost demonic in tone.

PAUL

I'll see you in hell.

John removes a gun and aims it on Paul.

JOHN

Reserve a table for us.

John shoots Paul in the chest. Paul drops unconscious.

John removes his sweater and pants. He adjusts his black
jumpsuit. Older Tony walks in, garbed in the same black suit.

OLDER TONY
Is everything set?

JOHN
Ready as it's ever going to be.

Older Tony notices Paul cuffed to the pole, groggily awake.

OLDER TONY
What the hell is he doing here?

JOHN
I ordered pizza. Who knew he
delivered on the side.

Older Tony begins to grow furious. John notices.

JOHN
Calm down, pop. He showed up
unexpectedly in the last hour. I
kept him here until you arrived. I
didn't want to break your
preparation. Not today.

Older Tony walks over to the computer. John backs away.

OLDER TONY
The security log shows the
ventilation system was breached
twenty minutes ago. The
notification system is set to
notify my pager. It was manually
shut down. By your access code.

John and Older Tony stare at each other. Older Tony clenches his fist and steps towards John. John reacts.

JOHN
Oh, fuck.

John pulls a shotgun from behind. He aims at his father.

OLDER TONY
John, put the shotgun down.

JOHN
Please, don't test me. We're cut
from the same cloth. Sort of.

OLDER TONY
What's this about, John?

JOHN

There's been a change of plans.
What we've built here is beyond
anything the world has known.
You, my dear father, have failed to
see it's worth.

OLDER TONY

We've discussed this. It's not
about money or power.

JOHN

Listen to yourself! It's not about
power? Your whole life has been
about power! It was your destiny to
embrace power that few men could!

OLDER TONY

John, it all means nothing without
the people you love by your side.

JOHN

I've been by your side.

OLDER TONY

This has always been about getting
your mother and sister back.
Getting our family back.

JOHN

You mean getting your family back.

Older Tony's eye fill with fear. John hits a button.

ON MONITORS

The face of the Redheaded Hooker appears.

BACK TO CONTROL ROOM

OLDER TONY

Oh, no. John. No.

JOHN

I have to hand it to you. Blame it
on youth or admiration, but I
actually believed the story you
told me as I was growing up. You
told me I was the result of an
affair during your marriage.

OLDER TONY

Don't. Not now.

JOHN

I actually believed that you were supporting me and my mother on the side. That months after the plane crash, you came out of hiding to rescue me from the orphanage after she supposedly overdosed.

Older Tony looks on silently.

JOHN

Among all the lies, you failed to mention one piece of truth. Her. A hooker that Günter forced on you after the plane went down.

(beat)

You never should have kept Günter alive this long. Your ego ultimately tore this all apart.

A motorized wheelchair rolls in from the darkness. OLD GÜNTER, 67, amputated from all limbs and replaced with electronics barely can form a smile.

GUNTER

I always told you Tony.
Hesitate and all is lost.

John shakes his head. Paul watches it all.

JOHN

You have had that poor, old cyborg drugged for so long, that I didn't think I'd ever pull him back to his sanity. Whatever sane is to him.

OLDER TONY

John, I don't know how you -- It doesn't matter. Don't listen to him. He had drugged both of us. She was an addict, son.

JOHN

A little respect for my real mom.

Older Tony seems distant. Paul looks bewildered.

OLDER TONY

John, after I arrived here with Günter, I monitored the news for months. I kept an eye on your mother until she gave birth. She couldn't raise you.

(MORE)

OLDER TONY(cont'd)

Two days after I took you from the hospital, there was a gas main explosion. If I hadn't and you died...

(beat)

I couldn't lose another child.

JOHN

Touching.

(to Paul)

Confused by all of this?

John hits another button.

ON THE MONITOR

A photo of AMANDA VINCENT splits the screen with a photo of JOE VINCENT, 30. John leans toward Paul, gun still on Tony.

JOHN

After my father ID'ed you, I hacked into his private files. At first, I didn't handle it well. Let's just say killing your fiancé and foster parents appeased some anger. That house really lit up, didn't it.

OLDER TONY

You did what?

John sneers Older Tony's direction before he turns to Paul.

JOHN

Seeing your face when you found out Amanda Vincent was your real mother would have been priceless, but I only had you bugged for audio.

Paul looks stunned. Older Tony begins to seethe.

JOHN

Don't look so surprised. The only mystery left is the identity of your father. She was with a man named Joe Vincent. But I'm still unclear who fathered you.

(to Older Tony)

Would you care to tell me if I have a half brother?

OLDER TONY

This has gone far enough.

JOHN

Dad, the bulk of your life went to one day saving your dead daughter by killing your living son.

John raises the shotgun. Older Tony doesn't move.

JOHN

I've worked all my life to help you succeed in a mission that would ultimately result in my death.

GÜNTER

Do it! Kill the swine!

OLDER TONY

Shut it, you old fool. John, you can't imagine what it's like to be responsible for the death of a loved one.

JOHN

Unfortunately, I can.

John pulls the trigger. Shot directly in the chest, his dad is thrown to the wall. Blood everywhere, he lies motionless.

PAUL

You sick bastard! Your own father!

JOHN

My father or our father? You know what? It don't matter. In a few moments, it'll all be irrelevant.

John keys the computer. A glass partition in the corner energizes. John steps into it. Günter and Paul look on.

JOHN

Unknown to my father, I had gone back and ruined Pluscati's life. That detective was relentless. Sort of a tribute. To make dad proud. Had I known about all this... Well, what's done is done. It's time to close the book on you.

John's body begins to dematerialize.

JOHN

When I go back to the night Joe Vincent died, your mom will share his fate.

PAUL
This isn't over. I'll find you.

JOHN
Detective, in fifteen minutes,
you'll simply cease to exist.

A bright flash consumes the room. John is gone. As Paul struggles with the cuffs, Günter approaches.

PAUL
Jesus Christ, what are you? How
long have you been here?

Günter rolls towards Older Tony's body in the shadows.

GÜNTER
What I am is beyond comprehension.
If time is judged by one's own
perception, I have spent a day that
lasted a hundred eternities in
hell. But to see him like this, I
now welcome death.

Older Tony Staggars to his feet and grabs Günter's harness.

GÜNTER
No! It is not possible!

OLDER TONY
A lifetime I've spent with you.
No more.

He pulls the wire neck harness out. Günter's life abruptly stops. Bleeding profusely, Older Tony staggers to Paul.

Older Tony takes the cuffs off Paul.

OLDER TONY
It ends now. No more.

Paul grabs a gun. He aims on Older Tony, who sits slowly.

PAUL
Do you know the damage that's been
done? Do you!

OLDER TONY
Stop. Listen. I don't have long.
This jump suit shielded some of the
blast, but I'm dying. John must
know who I hired to steal back what
Joe unknowingly had of mine;
(MORE)

OLDER TONY(cont'd)

my backup files of the embezzlement. Joe wasn't supposed to die, but, like most things in my life after that day, it went bad. John will find the guy I contracted and kill him. To take his place. You're going after him.

PAUL

What? Where the hell is he going!

OLDER TONY

I'm sending you back to the night your father died.

PAUL

My father? Then, you're not --

OLDER TONY

I knew your mother. That was it.

PAUL

Why send me back? What do you want?

Older Tony's breath becomes labored. The blood drips quicker.

OLDER TONY

To... make things right. I can't do this anymore. I've spent thirty years trying to change my destiny.

PAUL

And you expect me to help you?

OLDER TONY

I expect you to kill me.

PAUL

(beat)

What are you up to?

Older Tony deeply exhales. His words are painful; physically.

OLDER TONY

I've gone back a dozen times to alter the day my family died. It still happens. Somehow, it happens. My fate is written in stone. I know that now. You can change yours.

PAUL

By your death?

OLDER TONY

For the first time in my life, I'm paying my dues. Without family, a man is nothing. Everything John has done, I'm ultimately responsible. With my death on New Year's Eve in 2010, the day won't come when I rescue John from the hospital. It'll set off a chain of events.

Paul's eye light up as he follows Older Tony's thought.

PAUL

Liz... my parents...

OLDER TONY

You've got to go. Now.

Paul ponders the situation for a moment.

PAUL

I can't do this alone.

EXT. PLUSCATI HOME - NIGHT

The view of the dimly lit living room window as the sound of the house phone is heard.

EXT. RESORT - POOLSIDE BAR - NIGHT

SUPER: "December 31 2010 11:57 P.M"

A frenzied New Year's Eve celebration in progress. The dance floor is packed. Joe and Amanda Vincent squeeze toward the front. The deafening crowd begins the countdown.

A KILLER, 34, in a tuxedo stands against a wall as he watches Joe and Amanda dancing in the crowd. He opens a switchblade. A flash of light appears from behind the wall.

The Killer is pulled behind the wall. John walks out from behind the wall dressed in the Killer's tuxedo.

John spots Joe and Amanda in the crowd. He sees Tony watching the couple from the end of the bar.

Midnight strikes. The crowd goes wild. John loses sight of the couple until he sees them hugging. Joe's back is to John.

John moves through the crowd and pulls the switchblade out. As he lunges the knife towards Joe's back, Joe turns to reveal he is actually Pluscati.

Pluscati knocks a stunned John to the floor. The crowd runs wild. Pluscati throws the Elvis wig down.

PLUSCATI
You forgot your wig!

BAR AREA

Tony sees the two men fighting and turns to slip out. Paul, in a black jumpsuit pulls a gun in his face.

PAUL
Freeze! Hands behind your head!

Tony is bewildered. He raises his hands, voice deepens.

TONY
What now? Is it illegal to smoke?

PAUL
Shut up! It's over Tony.

Tony looks intrigued. Paul cocks the gun.

TONY
You look familiar. Do I know you?

PAUL
No, and you never will.

DANCE FLOOR

Knocked to the ground, John stares up at Pluscati.

JOHN
No! It's impossible! You're dead!

John rises and swings. Pluscati ducks and roundhouses him.

PLUSCATI
I guess I'm too stupid to lie down.

Pluscati cuffs John's hands behind his back.

BAR AREA

Tony's eyes taunt Paul. Paul's hand shakes furiously.

TONY
Time is money.

PAUL
Fuck!

Paul lowers his gun and cuffs Tony. Pluscati walks John over. John stares at Tony. Tony barely looks at him.

PLUSCATI
Detective Murphy?

Paul shakes hands with Pluscati.

PLUSCATI
It's good to put a face to the voice. When you called, I was, well, a few minutes later...

PAUL
I'm just glad you made it.

John looks at Tony before turning to Paul.

JOHN
You son of a bitch! He sent you back to call Pluscati before sending you here!

Pluscati jerks the cuffs back.

PLUSCATI
I'm taking Tony and this one in.

JOHN
(to Paul)
The clock is ticking. We need to go back now! I set my return for now!

Joe Vincent and Amanda walk over. Tony begins to grow angry.

JOE
You hired someone to kill me, Tony? Who the hell is he!

Tony looks at John, then back to Joe.

TONY
Fuck you. I don't know him.

PLUSCATI
Return to your room, Vincent.

Joe's upset. Tony begins to growl.

TONY

Fuckin rat. Do you know what I've been through! Do you!

JOE

Rat? You stupid bastard. I never ratted you out! You want me, here I am! There's no one left to do your dirty work!

TONY

You're a dead man!

Tony snaps the handcuffs. He thrusts Pluscati aside as he grabs Vincent by the neck. Amanda screams.

Paul moves towards Tony as John puts his body in the way.

TONY

No one betrays me! Never again!

Tony is about to snap Joe's neck when a gunshot seizes control. Joe and Tony's eyes widen. Tony drops Joe and looks at the bloodstain above his heart.

Tony staggers back, showing Pluscati's smoking gun still aimed. John screams as Tony drops to his knees.

JOHN

No!

Joe hugs Amanda. Tony falls to the floor. As Tony's eyes start to close, John is hysterical. He looks at Paul.

JOHN

You're insane! If he dies, we can't go back! There's no future for us!

PAUL

There will be a future.
A future without you.

John's body starts to vanish.

JOHN

You bastard! I'll kill you!

PAUL

No, in a few moments, you'll simply cease to exist.

Pluscati feels for a pulse. Tony's eyes close. John is gone. As Joe hugs Amanda, Paul has a moment to gaze at his parents.

JOE

Thank you, detective. If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't be here.

PAUL

I can say the same for you.

JOE

Excuse me?

PAUL

I have to go. Take care of each other.

AMANDA

Will we see you again?

PAUL

I bet my life on it.

Paul walks behind a small hut. A makeshift "X" is marked by bamboo sticks. Pluscati stands next to it.

PLUSCATI

So this was it?

PAUL

Don't ask me to explain it. I can barely fathom the few things I've told you already.

PLUSCATI

What you did was heroic.

PAUL

What I did was save my family.

PLUSCATI

By sacrificing yourself.

PAUL

You would have done the same.

PLUSCATI

I'm glad you called when you did.
(beat)

Where do you go from here?
Everything you know, everything
that hasn't happened yet?

PAUL
 Everything will happen as life
 intends it to. I plan on being
 nothing more than a spectator.

Pluscati smiles as they shake hands.

PLUSCATI
 I plan on holding you to that.

PAUL
 From my perspective, destiny will
 run its course without my help.

FADE OUT.

EXT. RESORT - POOLSIDE BAR - NIGHT

SUPER: "December 31 2040."

A wedding reception takes place poolside. People mingle as
 Liz, dressed in a wedding gown, walks over to a local
 REPORTER, 25.

REPORTER
 Thanks for a moment. We love when
 couples come down to the Bahamas to
 marry. Can I get a photo of the
 happy couple for the local paper?

LIZ
 Sure. Just let me find that man!

Liz looks through the crowd. An OLDER PAUL, 67, beard, grayed
 hair, surprises her from behind.

OLDER PAUL
 Looking for someone?

LIZ
 Oh! There you are! They want a
 picture of us for the local paper.

OLDER PAUL
 Really? Well, my hair is a mess --

Paul walks over in a tuxedo. OLDER JOE AND AMANDA, 65, are
 mingling with Paul's Dad and Paul's Mom, in the background.

LIZ
-- not you, silly. Where's --
There you are!

Liz kisses Paul. Paul jokes with Older Paul.

PAUL
Moving in on my wife already?
Just because you're an old friend
of the family, it doesn't mean you
get to test the merchandise.

LIZ
(to reporter)
Mr. Sally works at my father's
business as the head of security.
He introduced us.

Older Paul smiles, yet a certain sadness is in his eyes.

REPORTER
Oh, so you're the matchmaker?

OLDER PAUL
There's no such thing.

REPORTER
No? What would you call it?

Older Paul smiles at the happy couple.

OLDER PAUL
Destiny.

The orange sun sets beyond the horizon.

FADE TO BLACK