

CRY HAVOC

J.B. Storey

SUPER: TWO NIGHTS AGO

CLOSE IN - ON:

TINO, (30s, Hispanic) sits in the front seat of the car with a handgun in his mouth. He is in an absolute fear, stares at the shooter. The front seat lined with BLACK PLASTIC. He is visibly shaking.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

JP (early-40s, dark-skinned, rugged, smart) is in the front seat of his car, on the driver's side. He stares intently past Tino, while holding the HANDGUN in his lap.

JP

I've never killed in anger. Or for money. Nor for sport. But I have killed, Tino. Many... too many.

(beat)

There are countless ways to end a life. Some, unimaginably painful. Others, sudden, but quick.

JP glances at Tino.

JP

How do you want to end the game?

Tino stares at JP. One tear runs down Tino's cheek. He gestures to a HOUSE several yards away. JP nods, thankfully. Attaches a SILENCER to his gun.

JP's face contorts in a flash of anguish. He flips the gun up, slides it towards center of Tino's temple.

MUTED BANG

SUPER: LAST WEEK

A middle-class HOUSE, in a suburban neighborhood.

The GARAGE DOOR is open.

JP puts the finishing touches on a child's bicycle. Including a shiny bike bell. He rings it once. Smiles.

With greasy hands, JP attaches a chain onto the bike gear. His fingers get caught in the chain, bleed. JP jerks his hand ignores the blood splatter on the floor.

A doorway that leads into the house from the garage, opens.

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CONTINUED:

MARY, (late-30s, svelte, intense, graceful) steps inside. She carries two cups of coffee. She notices that his hands are filthy. She wipes the grease and blood off his hands.

Mary looks at her watch, then at JP, and smiles mockingly.

MARY

Four hours? I've seen you assemble an M4 in less than a minute. Blindfolded.

Mary hands a cup of coffee to him.

JP

This vehicle will be transporting highly sensitive cargo.

MARY

Oh? Well, did you remember to get the cargo a helmet?

JP's face drops. He looks around the garage, worried.

Mary laughs, and from behind her back reveals a child's bicycle helmet. JP snorts a sigh of relief.

JP

And that's why you're the PB to my J.

JP grabs Mary's face with his greasy paws and kisses her tenderly on the lips. Mary glances at the outside.

MARY

Beautiful.

JP admires Mary, and then the bike, and then the sky.

JP

Peaceful.

JP and Mary embrace.

TIME-LAPSE

The daylight drifts and twists into darkness. Until the sky is completely black. Silent. Then-

SERIES OF LOUD GUNSHOTS

3 INT. POLICE STATION, OFFICE - DAY

3

SUPER: NOW

GREG DOBSON (late- 20s, eager to please) leans against a DESK. Faces, JP, sitting on a chair. Greg hold a fat FOLDER in his hands, rattling off factoids.

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CONTINUED:

JP wears a SUIT, reading GLASSES. Eyes bloodshot. A thousand-mile stare. His face is the pokeriest of poker faces.

GREG

Jay 'JP' Pedran. Graduated Stanford at 19. Then, got a master's in linguistics at Berkeley. Fluent in: French, Spanish, Russian, Arabic-

JP

Yes.

GREG

At 22 enlisted in the Corps
(feigns surprise)
Four tours in Afghanistan; *Translator*
and, a *Community Envoy*? Envoy? Fancy.

JP glares at Greg, with dead eyes. Greg swallows. Shifts slightly backwards and away from JP.

Sergeant PATTIE WALTERS (mid-30s, shrewd, street-smart) enters the office. She sits at the front of the desk. She nods to Greg to continue.

GREG

(To JP)

Yeah. Ok. And, now you're an adjunct professor at *The Citadel*?

JP

(Stares at Greg)

Why am I here?

GREG

We have questions about-

JP

(staring at Greg)

I'm not asking you.

JP shifts his deadpan gaze to Pattie.

PATTIE

JP, right? Look, we're tryin' to piece together a few things, that's all.

JP

How does my jacket help your investigation? You know what happened. You know the suspects.

GREG

Yeah. About the suspects...

Greg clicks his tongue. JP looks at Pattie, confused.

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CONTINUED:

PATTIE
They're all super duper dead.

4 **EXT. GANG NEST - ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

4

SUPER: TWO NIGHTS AGO

A large, intimidating Bald Man - MANI (mid-30s), lights a cigar on a porch. He sees a man, in dark sweat pants, and a black hoodie rolling a child's bicycle along the sidewalk.

The Hoodie Man (JP), walks the bike towards the porch, stops in front of the house faces a fearsome Bald Man. He drops the bike in front of Mani.

MANI
Fuck you doin'?

JP stays silent. Mani reaches into his pants, pulls out a handgun, holds it horizontally, approaches JP.

MANI
Yo, step off.

JP says nothing, looks down at the bike. The Mani follows his eyes. Notices blood all over the bike. His teeth clench. He steps in closer to JP, holds the gun up against his head.

MANI
You wanna get smoked, pops?

Mani pushes his gun firmer against JP's head. In turn, JP pulls his hood back, squats down. Mani looks at JP, annoyed.

JP puts his gloves on, reaches for the bike's chain, rapidly whips it around Mani's ankles. Mani falls flat on his back JP snatches Mani's pistol as he falls. Jumps on his feet, wrap the bike chain around Mani's neck, braces his feet against Mani's back, strangles him with the chain. After Bald man loses his conscientiousness, JP releases him. Flips him on his back. Mani's throat is ripped with the chain marks. It's bleeding. Badly.

He looks up to see JP holding a SIG SAUER pistol, with a long suppressor attached.

SINGLE MUTED BANG

5 **INT. POLICE STATION, PATTIE'S OFFICE - DAY**

5

SUPER: NOW

Pattie glances at Greg. Greg nods, exits the room, shuts the door. That brings JP to pay attention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATTIE
What do you know about Tino Guzman?

JP
Reina's Uncle?

Pattie takes a beat to size up JP.

PATTIE
What about a gang called: Los Zetas?

JP
Only what I read in the news.

PATTIE
Tino was a Los Zetas capa.

JP
So? Tino was the target?
(Mood darkens)
But they missed, didn't they?

Pattie flicks a photo across the desk to JP.

PATTIE
First time, yes. Second time, no. And
they left us an epitaph.

JP looks closer at the picture.

JP
Is, is that... a, a...

PATTIE
Swastika? Mmm-hmm.

Pattie takes a deep breath, folds her arms.

PATTIE
Where were you two nights ago?

JP
(Confused)
At home. Consoling my wife.

JP slumps, his hands fall on his knees, a band-aid is on his knuckles.

6 INT. FAMILY HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT

6

SUPER: TWO NIGHTS AGO

Slumped JP sits on the floor in the "resting boxer" position, his back leans against the bed, hands on his knees (no scars, no band-aid), undressed. He stares in the distance, lost in thought.

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CONTINUED:

Mary softly enters the room, she puts her hand on JP's shoulder, gently rubs plentiful scars on his back and chest. She drops a pair of dark pants, and a bulletproof vest at his feet, hands him a set of pictures.

MARY

Tino's crew found out he made a deal
with the feds.

JP, turns his head with a question in his eye, waits for a response.

MARY

Aryan Brotherhood has been making
moves. They killed Tino's brother in
San Quentin. Guessing Tino got
spooked.

JP glances through the photos.

JP

His own people sanctioned the hit?

MARY

Police are in the dark. For now. So,
we have to act fast. Ok?

JP nods. He takes one of Mary's hands and kisses it tenderly. Mary lets go of JP's hand and head out of the room, leaving JP, alone at the bed.

POV from under the bed: JP's feet are on the floor in front of the bed. He reaches between his legs and pulls out a large black canvas bag from under the bed.

JP stands. A thump, as the bag is placed on the bed. The sound of a zipper opening. Rattling of metallic objects. A few clicks. A single bullet drops to the floor in front of the bed. JP picks up the bullet, with a tremble in his hands puts the bullet back into the clip.

A moment of silence, as JP's knees. Then, a muffled, plaintive WAIL. Painful. Primal. Yet, restrained.

7 **INT. FAMILY HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT**

7

Mary drops the coffee cup down in the sink, braces herself on the kitchen counter. Frozen for a moment, listens to her husband's wail, bites her lips. A tear silently rolls down her cheek.

8 **INT. FAMILY HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT**

8

JP zips tight the bag, leaves the room.

The door closes. The only object under the bed is a solitary

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"my little pony" toy.

9 INT. POLICE STATION, PATTIE'S OFFICE - DAY

9

SUPER: NOW

JP puts the 'Tino' picture back on Patty's desk.

JP
Why the Swastika?

PATTIE
Aryan Brotherhood's calling card.

JP
So, they killed Tino?

PATTIE
Tino was... whatta the French say? Oh,
that's right. An 'Amuse Bouche'.

JP
There were others?

Before Pattie can answer, Greg re-enters the office. Puts a
FILE on Pattie's desk. She picks it up and reads.

PATTIE
(To JP)
This here's a coroners report.

Pattie pulls out a *photograph of a bullet*. Nods to Greg.

GREG
Ballistics confirm the bullets came
from the same gun. Homemade ammo. SOP
for the Brotherhood.

PATTIE
Okay. So, if it walks like a duck.
(Raises her eyebrows at JP)
It quacks like a NAZI.

Pattie takes out more pictures. Hands them to JP.

PATTIE (CONT'D)
Tino's crew. Or, was, after the
Brotherhood were through with 'em. So
to answer your question: yeah, there
were 'others'. Many 'others'.

JP looks at the pictures. Appears horrified.

10 INT. GANG NEST, KITCHEN - NIGHT

10

SUPER: TWO NIGHTS AGO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Three gang members sit around a table. RUFUS (early-20s), CHUBBY, (late-30s) and SKINNY, (late-30s). They're playing domino drinking beer at the table loaded with drugs. They are laughing at each other. Skinny suddenly stops.

SKINNY
You hear that?

CHUBBY
Hear what?

Then they all hear the sound of a bike bell being rung.

SKINNY
(Loud)
Yo, Mani.

No response. Skinny looks at Rufus.

SKINNY
Check it out.

Rufus gets up, walks out of the kitchen.

11 **EXT. GANG NEST, ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS**

11

Rufus opens the door. Notices the porch light is out, steps down on broken glass, it crunches, he notices the blood trail, follows it with his gaze, sees Mani's body.

Out of the shadows, a gun taps the back of his head.

JP
Shh...

12 **INT. GANG NEST, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

12

Rufus appears at the kitchen doorway, scared and nervous.

SKINNY
What's goin' on with Mani?

JP (OS)
(Whispers)
Duck.

Rufus swings under JP's arm and pulls JP down on the floor with him. JP's gun flies out.

Skinny and Chubby rush toward JP. JP swivels around Rufus and uses him as a shield against Skinny and Chubby, with major force thrusting Rufus with his foot towards Skinny, knocking both men down.

Fistfight with Chubby. It ends in JP punching him in the throat.

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CONTINUED:

Rufus rushes for JP's gun. JP steps hard on Rufus's hand, breaks it, crock-screws Rufus like a rag doll. Rufus is out.

Skinny rushes towards JP, behind his back. He is inches away from JP's, ready to strike.

JP spins around with his GUN. Plasters the wall with Skinny's brain.

JP grabs a folding chair, put it over Rufus's body, traps him. Chair suffocates Rufus, he barely regains consciousness. JP point upstairs with his gun, holds out his left hand, with five fingers.

Rufus shakes his head. So, JP lowers one finger, to make it four. Rufus nods. JP stares at him. Rufus nods.

JP
(whispers)
Shall we finish the game?

JP jolts up, shoots Rufus, and Chubby dead center in their foreheads. JP picks a bag of drugs, pockets it; takes out the pocket knife, begins to carve something on Rufus's forehead.

13 **INT. POLICE STATION, PATTIE'S OFFICE - DAY**

13

SUPER: NOW

JP contemptuously tosses the coroner's pics back on the desk.

Greg's phone buzzes. He exits the office.

PATTIE
Ugly, right?
(beat)
But as you know, war ain't pretty.

Pattie slides over some different pictures across the table at JP. He pages through pictures with distaste. One of the pictures of a Muscle Man laying on the wet floor.

PATTIE
But wait... there's more.

Pattie hands JP more pictures. He stares at them, genuinely disturbed by what he sees.

14 **INT. GANG NEST, BATHROOM - NIGHT**

14

SUPER: TWO NIGHTS AGO

JP shadows through the hallway, the bathroom door is open. The bathtub is filled with ice water, beer bottles. Large Intimidating Muscle Man ZITO (30s) antagonizes the turtle. JP hears muted music from Zito's headphones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAP TAP

JP taps on Zito's shoulder with the silencer. Zito tries to reach for his gun, his pants are too low, he is too late. JP grabs Zito's gun before Zito can reach it.

Zito ducks down and leg swipes JP. JP misfires his gun, loose grip on Zito's pistol, which flies into the terrarium.

A lackadaisical pet turtle chews on a leaf next to the gun, observes two men fight through the glass of the terrarium.

Zito kicks JP in the groin. JP takes Zito down, loses his gun. Two men fistfight. Zito reaches for the beer bottle in the ice tub. Breaks the bottle over JP's head, fights him, cuts JP's hand with it.

In a fluid motion, JP shuts Zito's mouth and dunks Zito into the ice tub. Holds him under the water. Zito continues to scream under the water, quickly chokes. Zito hits JP where the wound from the bottle is/was.

It angers JP. He grips Zito's neck harder. Both men struggle, fight. JP overcomes Zito, submerges him into the water.

Out of air again, Zito's body slumps. JP pulls him out yet again. A loud gasp for air! Zito regains consciousness, his vision restores, so he can see JP's deadpan gaze. JP lifts Zito's whole body into the tub, holds him under water.

Zito throws a hard punch, from under the water it lands a fraction of the inch from JP's face.

JP

Tsss!

Zito's arms flail from under the ice water. He stops.

JP grabs Zito's bottle of beer, pours the beer onto the wound on his hand, tosses it into the ice tub;

JP notices the terrarium glass box with a trapped pet turtle in it. He pulls out a shard of glass and the gun from the terrarium.

JP

(under his breath)

Damn you!

JP reaches for the turtle pulls it out.

Meanwhile, Zito regains consciousness. He springs-up, tips the tub, spills the water. That makes JP fall.

Turtle falls to the floor, crawls forward. Both men and the turtle are on the floor, they crawl toward JP's gun.

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CONTINUED:

JP pulls out the bag of DRUGS he pocked earlier, throws cocaine powder into Zito's eyes. Zito screams!

JP is first to reach for the gun.

MUTED BANG

Zito's on the floor, a bullet hole dead center in his forehead. His eyes are open, frozen in the dead stare onto the crawling turtle. The water puddle around him turns red.

JP picks up the terrarium glass box, flings the turtle into it, takes it with him on the way out.

15 INT. FAMILY HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

15

Mary sits at the kitchen counter with a cup of coffee, she looks at JP through the terrarium, as the pet turtle chews on a cabbage leaf. JP washes his hands at the sink. He stands on a tarp, soaking wet.

MARY

Final count?

JP

Six.

JP

You?

MARY

Nine.

JP

(Swallows)

The sergeant?

MARY

The '*Angel of Herat*' is not your average Dunkin' Donut detective. So, keep your head on a swivel.

JP finishes washing his hands. Dries them on a towel. Pauses for a moment to look at his reflection in the window.

JP

And the call?

MARY

Done and dusted.

JP

Will Cruella comply? I mean, she could issue a *burn notice*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

She doesn't want us in jail, for obvious reasons. As for a *burn notice*?

Mary picks up a *HANDGUN* from JP's bag, loads a *CLIP*, ejects it, drops the gun back into the bag.

MARY

That'd put us in her blind spot.

JP pauses glances at Mary, can see the bubbling rage under the surface. He looks away.

TRING TRING TRING

JP looks back at Mary. The bike's bell is in Mary's hand. She clenches it into a fist.

Mary walks over to JP. She pulls off his hoodie, cleans his bloody forehead. Stuffs clothing into a bag.

JP's hands tremble. Mary puts her hands over his, helps him wash off the blood, treats his bloody knuckles.

MARY

Shower. Scrub. Meet me outside.

She leaves, she taps on the terrarium glass wall.

16 INT. POLICE STATION, PATTIE'S OFFICE - DAY

16

SUPER: NOW

JP continues to stare at the horrifying images, disgusted.

PATTIE

Those poor assholes? Brotherhood. Nine severed heads. Balls stuffed down their throats. Signature of the Sinaloa Cartel.

JP

Sinaloans? Los Zetas? The Brotherhood? What's this about?

PATTIE

Like I said: 'War'. Or... something meant to look like war.

JP's eyes glaze over, as he stares at the outside.

17 EXT. FAMILY HOME, GARDEN - NIGHT

17

SUPER: TWO NIGHTS AGO

JP and Mary stand over a *STEEL BARREL*, feeding a fire. Mary

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

throws JP's bloody clothes into the flames.

JP

(Pensive)

We planned to make a better world for
our daughter.

MARY

We did. But... But, *'The best-laid plans
of mice an' men, Oft go wrong, An'
leave us nowt but grief an' pain, For
promised-'*

(Clenches her teeth)

...for promised fucking joy!

Mary taps the barrel with a STICK, stirs the fire. The fury
of the flames matching the fury in her eyes.

18 INT. POLICE STATION, PATTIE'S OFFICE - DAY

18

SUPER: NOW

Pattie taps her pen against a notepad. Gets JP's attention.

PATTIE

Some history for you: In the '90s
Mexico's Sinaloa Cartel got themselves
a beachhead in the good 'ol U. S. of
A. Over here, they call themselves,
Los Zetas. Sinaloa makes the product.
Zetas distribute and enforce their
territory.

JP

How does the Brotherhood fit in?

PATTIE

Now, here's the thing. Yeah, those
goose-steppin' motherfuckers been
makin' waves. But this went from a bar
fight to Defcon One overnight. Why?

19 EXT. FAMILY HOME, GARAGE - EVENING

19

SUPER: LAST WEEK

EVA (7 years old, girl) wears a bicycle helmet, happy, rides
the bicycle, turns the corner of the street.

Sound of screeching tires, a series of gunshots. Zito revs up
the engine, speeds away, holds a gun in his hand.

JP runs toward the corner, momentarily sees Zito. Eva's
bicycle helmet with bullet holes in it rolls on the asphalt.

The world fades to BLACK

20 INT. POLICE STATION, PATTIE'S OFFICE - DAY

20

SUPER: NOW

JP

(Frustrated)

Why? Why do you care if these animals
want to kill each other?

PATTIE

I care about the facts. And these
facts don't make much sense.

JP

Facts! You want facts? My daughter's
birthday was two days ago. She turned
8! That's a fact. She rode her bike to
see her friend Reina at the time,
Reina's piece of shit uncle was
visiting. That's another fact for you!
While there, one of those gang members
drives by the house and fires thirty
rounds. Not a single bullet hits Tino.
But three hit Eva's head. Those are
the facts, Sergeant!

(beat)

Your gang war is not my concern!

JP paces around the room.

JP (CONT'D)

The fact is: My baby is in the morgue!
And here's another fact, Sergeant: I'm
starting to lose patience.

A knock at the door. Greg ushers Pattie to come out. Pattie
looks over at JP stares off into the distance again.

PATTIE

Be right back, Mr. Pedran.

21 INT. POLICE STATION, COFFEE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

21

Pattie stirs a COFFEE. Greg's with her. He has more folders.

PATTIE

Anything?

GREG

They're clean. I mean, shit, even
their imperfections are perfect.

PATTIE

Elaborate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREG

I've read thousands of these. No matter if you're Mother Theresa or Pablo Escobar, they all read true.

PATTIE

But this?

GREG

Feels... feels like funny money.

PATTIE

(To herself)

A legend.

Pattie stops stirring, nods. She thinks.

PATTIE

And JP? What's your gut say?

GREG

(Exaggerated sigh)

I've been around murderers. Rapists. Narcos. But this guy? Gives off a serious grim reaper vibe, you know?

Something occurs to her as she hears "Reaper". Pattie stares at her full cup of coffee eases it down. She points her finger at Greg, dashes away.

GREG

Boss? Boss....

Pattie returns, rips a fat folder from Greg's hands, hurries back to her office.

22 INT. POLICE STATION, PATTIE'S OFFICE - DAY

22

Pattie returns to her office. She drops the Fat Folder on her desk.

JP

What's this?

PATTIE

Your life. Or, someone's.

JP

I don't follow.

PATTIE

Before I joined the Force, I was also in the military. 10th Aviation regiment, flying helos for a Tier 1 team out of a FOB in Afghanistan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JP

Are we bonding, Sergeant?

PATTIE

Those Tier One guys are all Alphas.
They fear no one. In awe of no one.
With one exception: Ground Branch.

JP

Ground Branch? CIA paramilitary?

PATTIE

Supposedly, there was a unit operating
out of Kandahar. My Tier 1 boys called
them 'Reapers'.

JP

What does that have to do with me?

PATTIE

From what I understand, those Reapers
are the most covert operators out
there - guys and gals. And their true
identities are unknown. Wanna know who
they really are? Well, that's shit's
so top secret you'd have to dig deeper
than the Marianna Trench to find out.

She exhales, sits back, pushes JP's dossier toward him,
drills him with her eyes.

(beat)

JP smiles, leans back in his seat, crosses his legs. Drums on
his dossier with his fingers.

JP

It's strange the way rumors take on a
life of their own. For example, when I
was in country, I heard a tale about a
helo pilot stationed near Herat.

(beat)

Allegedly this fine aviator flew a
snatch-n-grab to save a dozen UN
doctors stranded in a village about to
be overrun by the Taliban. She came
back with the doctors just fine, but
was upset. 'Cos she was ordered to
leave behind local children and
nurses.

(Leans in)

So, what did she do? Right, despite
her CO ordering her to stand down, she
steals a Blackhawk and rescues those
sick kids and nurses before the
Taliban arrived.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JP smiles, spins the blades of a model helicopter on Pattie's desk. Reclines in the chair.

JP
Rumor has it, she became a legend to
the locals, they dubbed her,
(in Arabic/Herati)
'Feh-resh-teh-ye Herat'
(english)
'The Angel of Herat'...

JP pushes his dossier across the desk back to Pattie's side. Pattie's countenance changes. She seems concerned.

JP
Of course, it's a myth. If it were
real, it'd be all over the news. Not a
good look for US Military. But, if it
was true? By god! The story would be -
what was it you said? Buried deeper
than the Marianna Trench.

Pattie shifts uncomfortably in her seat.

PATTIE
Who the fuck are you?

JP looks at his watch. Then outside, sees a black Town-car.

JP
Once, A patriot. A father. A tower of
strength. Now, I am something else...
Nemesis.

JP's demeanor has changed. Confident. Scary.

PATTIE
So, what's the God of Revenge planning
next?

JP
Tell me, Pattie. Did you ever read the
parable about the Three Knights and
the Apocalypse?

PATTIE
Nope. But I bet you did.

JP
It goes like this: Three Knights are
in tavern playing cards. A Priest
bursts in, and declares it's the end
of the world. The first Knight says:
"I shall go to church and pray." The
second exclaims *"I shall go home, and
be with my family"*. The third Knight?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JP (CONT'D)
(beat) he declares: "*I shall finish the game*".

PATTIE
Is it a game to you? Who the hell
decides on the rules?

JP doesn't respond. A knock at the door breaks the silence.
It's Greg. He nods to Pattie. He seems very, very serious.

GREG
Boss, the Captain wants a word.

PATTIE
He can wait.

GREG
He can't. The Commissioner's with him.
Plus a woman. A scary woman from The
State Department.

JP smiles at Pattie, gets up, brushes Greg aside. As he
leaves Pattie's office--

JP
Who decides on the rules? You should
ask the Angel of Herat, Pattie.

23 INT. FAMILY HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

23

SUPER: A MONTH AGO

JP's playing a board game with Eva at the counter. Mary
ambles into the kitchen. It's late.

MARY
Bedtime, Baby Girl. Big day tomorrow.

EVA
Ohh. Just a little longer, Mommy.

MARY
A Princess needs her beauty sleep.

EVA
That's not true. You always say I am
beautiful awake or asleep.

JP chuckles to himself.

MARY
Daddy?

EVA
Like Daddy says: You should always
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVA (CONT'D)
finish the game!

Mary shakes her head, smiles to herself.

MARY
(To JP)
Your daughter seems to have an answer
for everything. Wonder where she gets
that from?

JP
Beats me... Princess

Mary resigns herself to losing this battle. Goes over to Eva,
grabs her in a big bear hug. JP joins in.

MARY
My baby's gonna conquer the world.

They all laugh, and squeeze each other tighter.

24 **EXT. POLICE STATION, FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY**

24

SUPER: NOW

Pattie storms out of the police department just to witness
'the scary woman from the state department' CRUELLA (early-
40s, blonde hair, with a streak of BLACK) nonchalantly
handing a card to JP, who pockets it without giving a single
glance, heads to Mary's car.

JP jumps into the passenger seat. The car takes off leaving
Pattie alone with Cruella.

PATTIE
I'm guessin' you know him. So, you
know what he's planning. (beat) I say
you need to put him back on his leash
before someone innocent gets hurt.

CRUELLA
(A sly smile)
I say: "Cry havoc, and let slip the
dogs of war"

Cruella faces Pattie.

CRUELLA
Stick to your lane, Sergeant.

Cruella strolls away humming The Beatles, "LET IT BE".

25 **INT. MARY'S CAR - DAY**

25

Mary speeds through the city away from the police department.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY
So? What did Cruella say?

JP hands Mary a 'Get out of Jail Free' Monopoly CARD.

JP
Disavowed.

Mary nods approvingly of this outcome. She then hands JP a FOLDER containing a MAP and two PASSPORTS.

MARY
Próxima parada: México.

JP nods in agreement.

Mary puts on a pair of sunglasses, makes a swift turn, speeds up. JP leans his head against the window, looks up wistfully at the sky. Takes a deep, calming breath.

JP
Let's finish the game.

26 **EXT. POLICE STATION, FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY**

26

Greg joins Pattie outside. They watch JP's car speeding away.

GREG
Where do you think he's going?

PATTIE
(Sighs, faces Greg)
You ever hear the parable about the
The Three Knights and the Apocalypse?

Greg looks back at Pattie, quizzically.

FADE OUT