

THE AFTERLIFE CAN WAIT

by

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2025

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INT. THE MIDDLE - DUSK

An antiquated dive bar lit by red and blue neon light. The paintings and furniture are replete with illustrations of heaven and hell.

**RAQUEL (50s)** sits at the bar, her elegant gray business suit immaculate. Her long blonde hair, braided like a Greek goddess, cascades down her back. An ethereal glow radiates from her.

She sips on an old-fashioned, a second untouched drink waiting beside her.

The door groans as **BARB (20s)** strides in. An unnervingly beautiful woman wrapped in a sharp, black suit that gleams. Her slicked-back blonde hair shimmers, each step sending a hiss of steam rising from the floor. She moves with confidence.

Raquel continues to look forward, sipping her cocktail. Barb takes the seat right next to her.

RAQUEL  
How ya doin', Barbie?

BARB  
I hate that name.

Her voice is scratchy, like a smoker.

RAQUEL  
(smiling)  
I know.

Raquel slides the second cocktail toward Barb. She gently picks it up and tips her glass toward Raquel.

BARB  
Cheers, old friend. It's been too long.

Raquel taps her glass on Barb's.

RAQUEL  
Way too long.

They drink.

BARB  
So?

RAQUEL

So...

BEGIN INTERCUT:

INT. HIGH RISE CONDO BEDROOM - DUSK

The golden sunset illuminates the slick, modern room.

A couple are having sex on a lush bed.

**SAM (30s)** lies on her back. Tough yet undeniably beautiful, her tom-boyish charm softened by the vulnerability of the moment. Her toned body is entwined with **LOGAN (40s)**, whose rugged frame is marked with various scars, each one a testament to a soldier's past. Despite the hardened exterior, there's a quiet comfort in his presence.

A dog lays in a bed by the front door, its ear perk up.

**THE MIDDLE:**

BARB

I knew it! It's never just a drink, is it?

RAQUEL

If it goes the way I think it should, your boss will be very happy with the results.

Raquel snaps her fingers and a one-page contract appears in front of Barb. She's impressed.

BARB

Flashy, bitch.

RAQUEL

You know me.

Barb ignores the contract and turns to face Raquel.

BARB

(pouty)

I've heard that you're turning souls away at the gates, those poor bastards.

RAQUEL

The scales have tipped, and *He* is too busy to do anything about it.

**HIGH RISE CONDO BEDROOM:**

The door opens without a sound.

The dog stands and walks to it, curious. A smooth black silencer pushes through the crack, directed at the dog's face.

**THE MIDDLE:**

BARB

Disgusting humans. And you want...advice?

RAQUEL

I want **us** to give humans the means to balance the equation.

Barb ponders the proposition.

BARB

Lending out my 'talents' is pricey.

Raquel finishes her old-fashioned and places a lavish pen in front of Barb.

RAQUEL

I don't care. Their justice system is broken. Or haven't you noticed?

**HIGH RISE CONDO BEDROOM:**

Sam's moaning covers the sound of the dog collapsing to the floor. A tall man dressed in tactical black clothing slides through the cracked door and into the room. A tactical mask covers his face.

**THE MIDDLE:**

BARB

I have. The Kingdom is looking a little...quiet, these days.

RAQUEL

We can change that, together. Like the last time.

BARB

Like the last time.

RAQUEL

We changed the world. And it benefitted both sides.

BARB

But it was also a bit, messy.

RAQUEL

I'm different. This subject is different. She has a direct line to one of the most vicious criminal families that has ever existed. If **He** actually cared, *He* would have taken care of this a long time ago.

**HIGH RISE CONDO BEDROOM:**

The couple stop, Logan lifts his body just enough to lock eyes with his lover. She smiles at him, he returns the smile with words: "I love you".

Sam's eyes divert to the tall man standing above them, silenced pistol aimed at the back of Logan's head. She notice's a **small chunk** missing from his left ear.

**THE MIDDLE:**

Barb stares at Raquel, studying her.

BARB

So, I get a few pitiful souls--

RAQUEL

'Pitiful' is not the word I would use. They would be incredible assets in the Kingdom.

BARB

Fine, fine. How many do you save?

RAQUEL

Long term? Millions.

Barb raises an eyebrow.

BARB

I suppose if I were a hunter, what you're offering would be considered a unicorn of sorts.

**HIGH RISE CONDO BEDROOM:**

The muzzle flash lights up the room for a split second, blood sprays Sam's face. She screams.

**THE MIDDLE:**

RAQUEL

Do you think you have it good right now?

Barb ponders the question.

RAQUEL

After this, you'll be Lucy's right hand.

BARB

What if this subject doesn't follow through?

RAQUEL

One way or another, she will.

BARB

I hope you're right.

RAQUEL

I *know* I'm right.

Barb grabs the pen and presses it to the signature section of the contract.

Raquel gently places her hand on Barb's, stopping the signature.

RAQUEL

You're not going to read it?

BARB

Where's the fun in that?

Barb signs, finishes her cocktail and stands.

BARB

What makes her so special?

Raquel looks up at a painting of Jesus Christ on the cross, it's realistic and violent. She locks in on his eyes, seemingly staring back at her.

**HIGH RISE CONDO BEDROOM:**

Sam's pupils dilate, bullet hole in her forehead. Her lifeless gaze fixed on the ceiling and yet, *something* remains.

**THE MIDDLE:**

RAQUEL

Nothing...

She turns to Barb.

RAQUEL

...and everything.

Barb nods in agreement.

BARB

As always, nice seeing you.

RAQUEL

Hold on.

(looks toward the bar)

Can we get those shots?

Raquel looks back to Barb, smiling.

BARB

Feeling spicy, huh?

RAQUEL

A little.

**LEVI (40s)**, a towering, Viking-like bartender walks out from behind the bar with two flaming shots. His burly frame and weathered features suggest an insurmountable strength. His eyes hint of something far more dangerous lurking beneath. He places the shots in front of them and walks away.

Barb chuckles.

BARB

Cute.

Raquel blows out the fire, Barb does the same but her breath creates a large fireball instead.

RAQUEL

Cute.

They takes the shots, Barb stands and walks to the front door. Raquel turns toward her.

RAQUEL  
One last thing, Barbie.

**HIGH RISE CONDO BEDROOM:**

Three sleeping bags on the floor, two zipped up. He zips up the third, enclosing Sam in her coffin.

**THE MIDDLE:**

Barb stops, looking over her shoulder.

RAQUEL  
This time, we **cannot** interfere.

Barb rolls her eyes.

BARB  
Ugh. You just had to make it boring, didn't you?

RAQUEL  
I'm *serious*. We are one fuck-up away from all-out war.

BARB  
(smiling)  
I guess you'll have to trust me then.

Barb winks at her.

END INTERCUT

EXT. DESERT VALLEY - NIGHT

Cacti and shrubs surround a large pile of freshly dug earth.

Lighting strikes the hills in the distance, thunder follows, echoing through the desert.

A strong wind picks up. The clouds move toward the fresh earth at an unusual speed.

Headlights appear in the distance.

The car rips through the desert at an incredible speed, kicking up a large plume of dust in its wake.



It slows down as it nears the burial ground, eventually stopping right next to the site. The **BLACK MUSCLE CAR** stands as more than just a machine-it feels alive. Its pristine exterior reflects the moonlight. An ethereal glow clings to its frame, hinting at the powers within.

Out of the driver-side, LOGAN steps out, dressed in a black business suit. His body is slightly transparent, like a **ghost**.

LOGAN

Sam. It's time to wake up.

The ground begins to rumble. Red and blue neon light bursts through the cracks in the soft dirt. Thunder cracks the air and is followed by a bolt that hits the burial site, the dirt **explodes**, freezing mid-air.

SAM'S lifeless, naked body floats out of the ground and into the air. She floats away from the hole, just above the Black Muscle Car.

The roof of the Black Muscle Car opens up as if it was a living organism. Her body drops into the driver seat, and the roof closes.

The dirt falls back to the ground.

Logan has disappeared.

INT/EXT. BLACK MUSCLE CAR - NIGHT

Sam sits in the driver seat, motionless. Her naked body crusted with dirt. On her forehead, the bullet hole.

From the floor, a ghostly, black, fibrous material glides along the edges of the seat and onto Sam's body. The material moves like the roof of the Black Muscle Car.

It covers Sam from head to toe, creating a second skin. It transforms into a something a race-car driver would wear, but it has a rough texture to it, like the skin of a creature.

A heavy **PULSE** awakens Sam. She convulses as she comes back to life.

LOGAN (V.O.)

Welcome back.

Sam takes deep breaths, tears in her panicked eyes. She curls into a ball, wrapping her arms around herself.

Sam leans on the wheel, letting all of the pain flow through her tears. The pain turns to frustration, anger. She **SCREAMS**.

LOGAN (V.O.)

I know.

She steadies her breathing and opens her eyes, staring at the floor. The image of the *black silenced pistol* comes into view.

She reaches for it, trying to push it away.

SAM

NO, PLEASE!

**SNAP!** The muzzle flashes, shocking her out of the vision.

She quickly opens the driver-side door and falls to the desert ground. She lays still. She reaches out her hand and runs her fingers through the dust.

The image of a neon cross flashes, her body jolts.

Again, but this time there are words on the cross: KILL THEM ALL.

She quickly stands, the cross disappears. She looks around the empty desert. She raises her hands to her face and wiggles her fingers.

Her eyes move to her forearms covered by the second skin. The skin shivers, acknowledging her curiosity.

LOGAN (V.O.)

We have a second chance.

SAM

Why does your voice sound so--

Sam looks over to the empty car and freezes.

SAM

--familiar?

LOGAN (V.O.)

It's me, Sam.

She looks in the backseat, nobody.

SAM

**Logan???** This is a...dream.

The car begins to drive itself, circling Sam. She watches in disbelief.

He fades into view, hands on the wheel.

LOGAN

I know it seems like it, but it's not.

SAM

I was dead--we were...

LOGAN

We were. You've been brought back, and I'm an extension of you.

SAM

You're driving my car, but I can't see you...?

LOGAN

I'm just here to help. Your father helped you build this beast, right?

SAM

Yeah.

LOGAN

The two loves of your life, connected to your resurrection. And if you ask me, it has taken way too long for you to let me drive it.

Sam cracks a mild smile.

SAM

I'm sorry, I should have.

LOGAN

Better late than never, right?

The Black Muscle Car pulls up to Sam and the passenger-side door opens itself.

INT/EXT. BLACK MUSCLE CAR - LATER

Sam stares at the empty driver seat, the wheel moves by itself, adjusting to the road's will.

SAM

Where are we going?

LOGAN (V.O.)  
The Valley of Fire. They put on a  
high-stakes race every Friday.

SAM  
"Kill them all"

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Yeah.

Sam looks out the window.

As the desert passes by, it begins to transform into images  
of her past with Logan, better times:

- An intimate date in a dingy Mexican restaurant. Sam and  
Logan take shots of tequila.

- Camping in the woods during a storm. Sam and Logan setup an  
intuitive shelter.

- Their small wedding on a beach in Hawaii. Sam stands with a  
few bridesmaids by her side, Logan has nobody.

She looks back to the driver seat.

SAM  
How?

LOGAN (V.O.)  
I'll take you to them. From there,  
it's up to you.

SAM  
Logan. I can't even bring myself to  
kill a fly.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Sam. Killing is what these men do. We  
are just a tiny fraction of the lives  
they've ruined. We can stop them.

Sam ponders his words for a moment, confused by his  
considerable knowledge.

SAM  
You...were one of them.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
I was. As of last week, I thought I  
was out. I was wrong. Loose ends.

Sam shakes her head in disappointment. She moves over the center console and into the driver's seat.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
I'm sorry.

Sam runs her hands along the wheel and wraps her fingers around it. She focuses on the road.

SAM  
Part of me always knew that. I just didn't want to accept it.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
I was pulled in right after my last deployment. I was good at killing.

She tightens her grip on the wheel.

SAM  
Why didn't you tell me?

LOGAN (V.O.)  
After your dad died, that vacation...it was like a magic trick, you became **you**, again. They paid for all of it.

SAM  
The people *they* murdered paid for it.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
You know I would take it back if I could.

SAM  
But you can't. And now you want me to be like you.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Sam...

Sam slams on the gas pedal...

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. DRAG RACEWAY - DAY

...and the engine responds with a thunderous roar. YOUNG SAM sits in the driver seat of the Black Muscle Car, strapped in, helmet on, speeding down a narrow raceway.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
 (muffled)  
 ...sam...

A small crowd sits in the stands, cheering.

A similarly spectacular white muscle car follows in the other lane, only a few seconds behind Young Sam.

From the sidelines, **TERRENCE (40s)** cheers her on, radiating pure dad vibes. His worn mechanic's suit projects a rugged image, while his warm smile and encouraging presence offers a layer of comfort.

The Black Muscle Car crosses the finish line.

Young Sam parks the Black Muscle Car and quickly slides out of the window. She tosses off the helmet. Terrence runs up to her with arms open, she jumps into them, gripping tight.

TERRENCE  
 SAM! You were AMAZING!

She hangs on, her joy quickly turning to sadness, tears form in her eyes.

YOUNG SAM  
 I wish she could have been here.

Terrence pulls her off, she stands. He places his rough hands on her cheeks and locks eyes with her.

TERRENCE  
 Sam, this is your moment and nothing she did can take that away.

The tears drop.

YOUNG SAM  
 (sobbing)  
 Dad...why did she have to leave?

TERRENCE  
 She's broken inside, but you know what? We won't give up on her. If she comes back, we'll do our best to fix her, just like that beast, right? We don't give up on the ones we love.

He stares deep into her eyes.

TERRENCE  
We don't give up. Right? Sam?

LOGAN (V.O.)  
(muffled)  
...sam?

The daylight quickly fades, turning to night. Tears form in Terrence's eyes and...

END FLASHBACK

INT/EXT. BLACK MUSCLE CAR - NIGHT

...stare into the rearview mirror of the Black Muscle Car.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
SAM!

Terrence sits in the driver seat, fixated on the rearview mirror.

The Black Muscle Car careens off the edge of the road and **SMASHES** into a large boulder.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Black Muscle Car creaks and clicks, settling from the impact. One headlight remains, illuminating the middle of nowhere.

The driver-side door opens and Sam steps out, dazed yet unharmed by the crash.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Are you okay??

SAM  
I think so.

She examines her body and arms. The second skin is hardened, like armor.

Logan appears, circling Sam, examining.

LOGAN  
Couldn't you hear me? You...were Terrence.

SAM  
No, I was thinking about one of our  
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)  
first races, but then I saw him in the  
mirror?

She looks to the ground, dumbfounded.

Logan stops in front of her.

LOGAN  
Do it again.

She looks up and focuses her thoughts.

Her second skin begins to change, forming Terrence's clothing  
from her memory at the race.

SAM  
Is it working?

Logan stares in disbelief.

SAM  
(voice cracking)  
Log--

The same expression comes over Sam.

SAM  
(man's voice)  
What's happening?!

The second skin slithers up her neck and encloses her head,  
forming the facial structure of Terrence.

LOGAN  
Holy shit.

TERRENCE touches his face, inspecting the masculine features.

He spins around and bolts straight for the side mirror.

TERRENCE  
Oh my god...

Terrence examines his face, curious yet frightened.

LOGAN  
**This** is how we get them.

TERRENCE  
Fuck you, Logan.



Terrence takes a step back and begins to pace around.

Logan wants to lash out but he stops and calms himself.

TERRENCE

Why me? I'm nothing. I can't even have  
a baby...

(reality check)

I mean, I couldn't.

Terrence stops, the second skin recedes from his face,  
revealing a discouraged Sam.

Logan approaches and gently places his hand on Sam's face,  
but it phases through.

LOGAN

To me, you are everything. To her,  
none of that matters. She brought you  
back to do this.

He pulls his hand back and stares at it.

SAM

Who is 'she'?

Sam walks over to the Black Muscle Car, examining the damage.  
It's totaled.

Logan follows her.

LOGAN

The Angel of Justice.

SAM

(chuckle)

Of course she is.

LOGAN

I created the circumstances for our  
death and she created the means to  
make it right.

Sam reaches out her hand to pull off a piece of the hood that  
dangles.

SAM

None of *that* matters if we can't get  
any--

As her fingers make contact, the Black Muscle Car begins to

vibrate. She quickly pulls her hand back.

LOGAN  
What was that?

Sam does it again but she holds her hand in place.

From the ground, pieces of the Black Muscle Car snap back to the hood, molding into it, repairing it. The hood pushes itself away from the boulder, returning to its original form.

Within seconds, the Black Muscle Car is new again.

Sam steps back, astounded.

SAM  
If we kill them?

LOGAN  
We get our lives back.

Sam stares at the Black Muscle Car, considering the situation.

EXT. THE VALLEY OF FIRE - NIGHT

A smooth, two-lane blacktop runs through a scenic blood-red desert valley.

A variety of sporty and exotic cars line each side of the shoulder, the drivers idle with their entourage. Where the cars end, a white line is drawn across both lanes.

Pop-up tents are set up with a DJ, refreshments and security. A few of the security guards control drones in the sky.

**PIERCE (40s)** stands with his back to the makeshift bar, dripping with style in a blue Gucci suit. A glass of scotch in hand, though it seems like its for show. His steely gaze scans the area. A silver cross necklace rests against his suit.

BARTENDER (O.S.)  
Can I get you another one, Saul--

Pierce turns around. The young, pretty BARTENDER leans over the bar in an attempt to see his drink.

BARTENDER  
Never mind. Not feeling it tonight?

PIERCE

Just trying to be a good boy.

BARTENDER

Where's the fun in that?

PIERCE

As always, you're right.

Pierce takes a large sip but doesn't swallow. She smiles and turns back to the bar. He spits the scotch into the glass and returns his sights to the racing area.

The Black Muscle Car slowly drives into the area, catching Pierce's attention. It seems out-of-place against the others.

**MARCUS (20s)** rushes out to greet the new driver, his striking looks amplified by his flamboyant clothing choices. He radiates enthusiasm as he approaches.

The Black Muscle Car stops and the driver-side window rolls down. **DAISY (40s)** sits in the driver's seat, clad in a summer dress paired with a leather jacket and cowboy boots. She matches Marcus's energy with an inviting smile. Her Southern accent flows effortlessly, fitting her persona like a glove.

DAISY

Hey there, I absolutely love what you got goin' on.

Daisy motions toward Marcus' clothing.

MARCUS

(laughing)

Oh yeah? Thanks. I love whatever it is you got going on.

He returns the gesture.

DAISY

You're sweet.

She winks at him. It's awkward, but he doesn't mind.

MARCUS

No problem, um, do I know you?

DAISY

I don't think so, but we can change that.

MARCUS  
Cool. Are you...racing?

DAISY  
Of course.

MARCUS  
True. I got a spot right here.

He motions to an empty space.

MARCUS  
It's gonna to be a bit, but just like  
chill, and enjoy the scenery.

DAISY  
I'm already enjoying the scenery **very**  
much.

MARCUS  
Ha-ha, alright puma, get outta here  
before I call the cops.

DAISY  
You'd call the cops on little old me?

MARCUS  
Depends, how savage are you?

She flashes a sly smile.

DAISY  
The most, didn't you know?

MARCUS  
I do, now.

She rolls up the window and drives the Black Muscle Car into the spot designated by Marcus. Some of the other drivers eyeball the car.

INT. BLACK MUSCLE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Daisy shifts into park. Logan sits in the passenger seat, hand on his forehead.

LOGAN  
For a woman who just witnessed the  
murder of her husband, you're getting  
awfully fresh with a stranger.

DAISY  
He might be one of them.

Logan looks out the window, watching Marcus.

LOGAN  
No way, he's too soft.

DAISY  
How do you know?

LOGAN  
Trust me.

DAISY  
Then maybe he knows someone that can  
connect the dots?

LOGAN  
Doubtful.

Daisy ponders Logan's moody tone for a moment.

DAISY  
Are you...jealous?

Logan looks out the window, silent.

LOGAN  
No.

DAISY  
I'm just playing the part.

He cracks a timid smile.

LOGAN  
You're playing it **very** well.

DAISY  
Thanks. The amount of times I've  
watched "Hart of Dixie" is a little  
disturbing.

She turns around and looks out the back window. The attention  
from the other drivers is concerning.

DAISY  
Problem is, I don't think they like  
me.

Logan turns around.

LOGAN

That's okay, we're not here for them.

Daisy stays silent for a moment, contemplative.

DAISY

If the Angel of Justice wants justice,  
let's call the cops.

LOGAN

She told me what you already know:  
they own the cops.

DAISY

Of course they do. What else did she  
tell you?

Logan turns to Daisy, wanting to speak but he holds back.

DAISY

Logan?

Daisy turns around, looking for Logan, forgetting that he's  
not there.

A knock on the window breaks the moment. Daisy opens the  
driver-side door.

EXT. THE VALLEY OF FIRE - CONTINUOUS

Daisy steps out of the Black Muscle Car and is greeted by  
**MASON (30s)**. He carries an 'American Psycho' vibe, with  
slicked-back hair and a cocky demeanor that exudes both charm  
and menace.

MASON

This isn't a place for tourists.

DAISY

Honey, while you were still shitting  
yourself in diapers, I was winning  
races. The only tourist here, is you.

Mason takes a step toward Daisy, they are face-to-face. Her  
witty response draws the attention of nearby drivers.

MASON

What the **fuck** did you say?

Daisy lightly kisses his lips, he pushes her away.

DAISY  
I said, may the best driver win!  
That's the only thing to say, isn't  
it?

She turns and walks away.

Mason stares, malice in his eyes.

Marcus smiles as Daisy walks toward him.

MARCUS  
Already causing trouble?

DAISY  
Mhmm.

MARCUS  
You good?

DAISY  
Well, I could use a drink.

MARCUS  
(surprised)  
Oh, uh, maybe not?

DAISY  
Come on, don't be such a sissy.

Daisy loops her arm around his.

INT/EXT. MAKESHIFT BAR - CONTINUOUS

Daisy leads Marcus to the refreshment pop-up tent.

Pierce stands off to the side, drink still full. He watches them.

BARTENDER  
Hey Marcus, who's your new friend?

MARCUS  
Umm--

DAISY  
The name's Knox, Daisy Knox.

LOGAN (V.O.)

*Really?*

Both Marcus and the Bartender are surprised at the overly Southern name.

BARTENDER

Cool, so you're like, *really* Southern.

DAISY

Born and raised in Nashville.

Pierce pulls out his phone.

MARCUS

Nah, that can't be your real name.

DAISY

Yes it is. Is 'Marcus' your real name?

MARCUS

I like it, I think it's dope!

DAISY

Why, thank you.

Pierce inputs an unknown phone number into his messaging app.

MARCUS

My actual name is Luca, but I only use it with my family. My dad has eased up over the years, kinda feels like he might retire any day.

Daisy's perky persona turns to curiosity.

BARTENDER

I didn't know your name is Luca!  
That's a pretty cool, is it Italian?

The Bartender reaches into one of the coolers and pulls out a fancy bottle of champagne. She pours it into two flutes.

Pierce types the words: DAISY KNOX / NASHVILLE. Send.

MARCUS

It's Sicilian.

Logan steps up to the bar, inspecting Marcus.



LOGAN

*This* guy?

Pierce types: LUCA / LAS VEGAS. Send.

DAISY

I told you.

MARCUS

Told me, what?

Sam grabs both flutes and hands one to Marcus.

DAISY

Nothing, cheers to our real names!

She lowers her empty hand and subtly flicks her wrist, gesturing 'go away'.

LOGAN

Fine.

Logan steps away from the bar, keeping an eye on Marcus.

Sam flashes a sly smile. They tap their glasses and drink.

DAISY

Aside from this little venture, what else do you do?

Pierce pockets his phone, dumps out his drink and walks toward the bar.

PIERCE

Babe, can I get another scotch?

(turns to Marcus)

How ya doin', Marcus?

The Bartender switches her attention from her phone to Pierce.

BARTENDER

Oh, hey, of course!

Marcus turns toward Pierce, he reaches out to shake his hand.

MARCUS

Saul! Yeah, I'm good. You?

Pierce firmly grabs Marcus' hand and shakes.

PIERCE

All good, baby. Family coming out tonight? I need a word with Al.

The sound of a vibrating phone catches Marcus' attention.

MARCUS

Oh shit--sorry, hold up. Al? I don't know, maybe?

Marcus pulls out his phone and checks the notifications.

The Bartender riffles through the bottles of liquor under the table and pulls out a nice bottle of scotch, she pours a new glass for Pierce.

Daisy catches Pierce's eye, they hold each other's gaze for a moment.

Out of Pierce's chest, Logan phases through. The sight is shocking, Daisy tries to hide he reaction.

PIERCE

Nice boots. Gator?

LOGAN

He has a gun, right jacket pocket.

DAISY

Yes! How'd you know?

LOGAN

I saw it.

Logan steps out, inspecting Pierce.

PIERCE

If you're gonna cowboy, might as well do it right.

Daisy smiles. Marcus pockets his phone.

MARCUS

Hey, that was quicker than I thought, you're up!

DAISY

You didn't tell me what you do...

LOGAN

Careful.

MARCUS

I'll make you deal, IF you win a couple of races and then beat me, we can talk.

Pierce leans on the bar, just listening.

BARTENDER

You're going to race tonight?

MARCUS

Maybe? What do you think?

Logan moves in close to Marcus, inspecting his body language.

LOGAN

If he's one of them, he can lead us to the others.

Daisy hesitates for a moment.

DAISY

And if I lose?

MARCUS

Then...

He gestures for her to leave.

DAISY

You'd do that to me?

Another DRIVER walks up to the tent.

DRIVER

Marcus, what the fuck? We doing this?

MARCUS

Daisy?

She considers the proposition. Pierce tips his glass toward her.

LOGAN

You got this.

Marcus reaches out his hand.

EXT. STARTING LINE - NIGHT

The Black Muscle Car versus a red sports car.

A sizable crowd awaits, Pierce is one of them.

Marcus steps into the middle of the two cars. He collects cash from the other Driver.

Daisy grips the steering wheel, staring down the road, studying it.

DAISY  
It's been ten years.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Just like riding a bike.

Marcus approaches, Daisy shrugs, empty hands.

MARCUS  
The fuck? Where's your bet?

DAISY  
Can you keep a secret?

MARCUS  
Yeah?

She motions for him to come closer, he leans in.

DAISY  
(whispering)  
I don't lose.

Marcus backs up, quietly losing his shit.

MARCUS  
Ah fuck man, you're *killing* me.

DAISY  
(playful)  
If I lose, will you give me a ride home?

He's speechless.

He backs away, shaking his head in frustration. He holds up his hands.

The window rolls itself up.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Like a bike.

Daisy presses on the gas pedal, revving the engine.

Marcus drops his hands.

Steam fills the air as the two cars speed away.

INT/EXT. BLACK MUSCLE CAR - NIGHT

The desert flies by as the two cars rapidly approach top speed. They are neck-and-neck.

The red sports car inches ahead, panic sets in.

DAISY

If you have any tricks up your sleeve  
**now** would be the time!

LOGAN (V.O.)

Like what?!

DAISY

Anything!

The finishing line is up ahead, marked by two red lamps on each shoulder.

The red sports car continues to gain on its lead.

Daisy closes her eyes, the road fades to black. She sees TERRENCE. He's leaning in the window, and YOUNG SAM is in the driver seat, getting a feel for it.

TERRENCE

Driving the car is the easy part...

Terrence gently grabs Young Sam's hand and wraps her fingers around the wheel.

TERRENCE

...feeling it, knowing it, letting it  
become an extension of you...that's  
the hard part.

SAM opens her eyes.

The second skin has united with the driver's seat, steering wheel, and pedals creating a harmonious bond.

LOGAN

What did you do??

Sam moves her body to the left and the Black Muscle Car moves with her. She flexes her legs, accelerating the car at an incredible pace.

LOGAN

Sam!

She looks to the passenger seat.

SAM

I SEE YOU!

LOGAN

YOU DO?! Whatever you just did, do it AGAIN!

Sam flexes her whole body and the Black Muscle Car **JOLTS** ahead.

The two cars are neck-and-neck again. The finish line is 50 feet ahead.

Sam tenses every muscle in her body, the Black Muscle Car **BLOWS** past the red sports car and crosses the finishing line.

LOGAN

YES!

She looks at Logan, both of them glowing with excitement.

SAM

Was that good for you?

LOGAN

I felt what you felt. And it was *real* good.

She turns the car around and drives back to the starting line. She watches as the second skin recedes from the car back to her body.

SAM

So cool.

She looks back to Logan.

SAM

It's nice to see you again.

Logan nods in agreement.

LOGAN

You too.

He stares at the bullet hole in Sam's forehead, she softly touches it.

EXT. THE VALLEY OF FIRE - NIGHT

The Black Muscle Car returns to the starting line.

Pierce applauds the win.

The Black Muscle Car pulls into a parking spot, Daisy steps out.

Marcus approaches, cash in hand.

MARCUS

You're fucking wild.

He hands it to her.

DAISY

Thank you. Not bad for a puma, huh?

MARCUS

Not bad, at all. You want to keep going?

LOGAN (V.O.)

Challenge him.

DAISY

Only if I get to race you.

MARCUS

Right, right, well. I don't know if you're ready for this.

MASON

She's not.

Mason walks up and **SLAMS** down a large stack of cash. Logan leans in close to inspect the stack.

LOGAN

That's at least fifty thousand.

Daisy smiles.

MARCUS

Whoa man, what are you doing?

MASON

What do you mean? She wants to race  
and here I am. The answer to her  
prayers.

MARCUS

Nah.

Mason pulls out another small wad of hundred bills and hands  
it to Marcus.

MARCUS

Okay, okay, but, I saw how you reacted  
when she burned you, you gonna be  
cool?

MASON

I'll make it real easy.

Mason pulls out the signed title for his car and places it on  
the cash.

MARCUS

Oh shit, which car?

Mason points to a beautiful black Maserati.

MARCUS

Mason, bro. Just think this through--

MASON

Let the lady decide.

DAISY

How can I refuse?

Mason walks away. Sam places her cash on Mason's pile. Marcus  
grabs the stack.

EXT. STARTING LINE - CONTINUOUS

The Black Muscle Car versus the Maserati.

Marcus holds up his hands.

Daisy stares at Mason. He revs his engine, she does the same.

Marcus drops his hands and Mason drives away, but Daisy holds



her position.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Don't get cocky.

DAISY  
We can be a *little* cocky.

Marcus is stunned by Daisy's lack of action.

MARCUS  
DAISY! What are you doing?!?

DAISY  
Whoops, forgot where the gas pedal is.

She winks at Marcus, then **SLAMS** on the gas pedal.

INT/EXT. BLACK MUSCLE CAR / MASERATI - CONTINUOUS

The Maserati has a significant lead, but it is quickly lost as the Black Muscle Car speeds ahead.

Mason watches in terror as his hopes of winning are smashed.

MASON  
Nope.

He positions his finger over a switch. He pushes it and within a few seconds, the car speeds up.

The two cars close in on the finish line.

In the Black Muscle Car, Sam is once again united with it, her body tense as she drives.

Mason's car catches up.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
He's gonna win.

SAM  
No, he's not.

The two cars are inches apart. The Black Muscle Car leads.

Sweat beads on Mason's forehead. He grips the wheel as if his life depended on it. He presses the switch again, but nothing happens.

MASON

SHIT!

He looks out of his passenger window and notices Sam in the place of Daisy. She turns to lock eyes with him and winks.

MASON

What the fuck??

He loses control and slams the brakes, spinning out, narrowly missing the Black Muscle Car as it speeds across the finish line.

MASON

NO!!!

He goes full tantrum, slamming the interior of his car.

EXT. THE VALLEY OF FIRE - NIGHT

The Black Muscle Car drives into a parking spot.

The other drivers give a vigorous round of applause for the winning streak.

Daisy steps out of the car. She takes a bow.

DAISY

Your lack of faith is kind of insulting.

LOGAN (V.O.)

That was cheating.

Marcus claps his hands as he approaches.

MARCUS

You 'forgot' where the gas pedal was, right?

She shrugs.

The Maserati quickly parks in a nearby spot and Mason rushes out.

Next to the Maserati, Pierce sits on the hood of a plain-looking sports car. He starts recording a video and holds the phone up to his ear, turning the camera lens toward the action.

Mason walks toward Daisy, small gun in hand. Marcus notices.

MARCUS

Mason, no-NO, put that away!

MASON

FUCK THAT! We don't know this bitch. She just shows up outta nowhere and starts winning? I DON'T FUCKING LOSE. And now she gets my car?!

MARCUS

That's the rules, man! You could have just put down cash!

MASON

She cheated, I know it. I watched her and something was off.

Mason scowls at Daisy.

MARCUS

What are you talking about??

Marcus looks to Daisy.

MARCUS

What is he talking about?

She shrugs it off.

DAISY

I have no idea.

LOGAN (V.O.)

If he shoots you, they are going to **see** what he's talking about.

Mason aims his gun at Daisy.

MASON

FUCK Y--

MARCUS

NO!

**BANG!**

Blood **splatters** across Daisy's face. **Mason** hits the ground with a sickly thud, bullet hole in his head.

The crowd of onlookers scatter. Some of them get in their cars and drive away. Others hide.

A few of the security guards draw their weapons. Just as soon, they put them away, realizing who shot who.

Daisy trembles as she wipes away the blood.

**ALPHONSO (50s)**, a distinguished figure, stands tall, his pistol aimed where Mason was. His commanding presence, dressed in a sleek black Armani suit, shouts "organized crime." Every inch of him exudes control and danger. He lowers the pistol and approaches Marcus.

Marcus is completely gutted.

ALPHONSO

Where's your gun?

MARCUS

What did you...

Alphonso pockets his pistol and SLAPS Marcus.

ALPHONSO

Hey--HEY, look at me.

Alphonso forces Marcus' attention to his eyes.

ALPHONSO

(slurring)

Fuck Mason, he had it coming. Now clean this up.

He shakes his head in disappointment and approaches Daisy with a drunken sway in his steps.

**GIO (40s)** approaches Marcus, bearing a striking resemblance to Alphonso. A younger, shorter version. Though he shares the same vibe, Gio's demeanor is composed, exuding a confidence that contrasts Alphonso's imposing presence.

GIO

You good?

MARCUS

No.

GIO

He's drunk.

MARCUS  
Fucking great.

Gio squats down and grabs Mason's wrists.

GIO  
Come on.

They carry Mason's lifeless body toward his Maserati. Daisy watches, frozen by the occurrence.

**Snap snap!**

Alphonso's snapping fingers scare her back to reality.

ALPHONSO  
What? Never seen a dead prick before?

Daisy shifts her eyes to Alphonso, she notices a **small chunk** missing from his left ear. He reaches out his hand.

ALPHONSO  
Alphonso, but you can call me Al.

Daisy reaches out, her hand shakes as she grabs his. A worried look comes over him.

ALPHONSO  
Don't worry, honey. I would never  
shoot such a beautiful...  
(outfit check)  
...and well-dressed, woman.

Daisy forces a smile and retracts her hand. She turns and walks away.

ALPHONSO  
Was it something I said?

She quickly walks toward the makeshift bar.

INT/EXT. MAKESHIFT BAR - CONTINUOUS

Daisy rushes toward the makeshift bar, tears in her eyes.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
What are you doing?

Daisy walks up to the bar, Logan steps up next to her.

LOGAN  
Talk to me.

BARTENDER  
Hey Daisy, more champagne?

Daisy fights to steady herself, her hands uncontrollably trembling.

DAISY  
Tequila, neat. Double.

BARTENDER  
Oh, okay, time to celebrate, right?

The Bartender ducks down, searching for the bottle.

DAISY  
That was him.

LOGAN  
How do you know?

SAM  
His ear.

LOGAN  
It was missing a chunk.

The Bartender stands with a nice bottle in hand.

LOGAN  
What's the plan?

DAISY  
I just need a minute.

BARTENDER  
Well, if you're going to race again I  
*really* shouldn't...

Daisy pulls out a wad of cash, she puts the whole thing on the table.

BARTENDER  
...say no to such a talented woman.

Daisy quickly reaches and grabs the bottle out of her hand.

BARTENDER  
All yours.

The Bartender places an empty glass in front of Daisy, grabs the cash and walks away.

Logan is about to say something but he stops himself. He understands her moment, better to let it be. He disappears.

Daisy fills up the glass and immediately throws it back, spilling a bit down her chin. She sets the glass down.

PIERCE (O.S.)  
Who are you? Really?

Daisy turns around and is greeted by Pierce. She wipes the tequila away and lowers her hand to her hip.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Daisy, stay focused.

DAISY  
Daisy stay focu--I mean...

He raises an eyebrow.

On her empty hand, the second skin begins to change her pinky.

DAISY  
(smiling)  
Just a girl from the south.

He quietly observes, she holds a forced smile.

Her pinky has formed into a tiny spike.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Sam! Your finger!

DAISY  
I know what you're thinking, and the answer is--

He leans in close, she quickly glances at her weaponized pinky.

PIERCE  
F-B-I?

He pulls away to see her eyes.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
YES.

She nods in agreement, the spiked pinky recedes back to its original form.

PIERCE

Your green is showing.

LOGAN (V.O.)

He's right, you have to make your move now.

PIERCE

Who's the target?

DAISY

All of them.

Marcus quickly walks up.

MARCUS

May I? Thanks.

He grabs the bottle of tequila out of Daisy's other hand. He approaches the bar.

Pierce leans back and gives Daisy a nod, she returns the gesture.

The Bartender stands up.

BARTENDER

Hey Marcus, what can I--

He reaches over the bar with a blood-stained hand and grabs a glass.

The Bartender sits down.

BARTENDER

(sarcastic)

"Yeah can you make me nothing and just sit there?"

She cracks a fake smile and goes back to her phone.

MARCUS

It's okay.

He pours into his glass and then Daisy's.

MARCUS

Cheers.



He throws it back, Daisy follows.

Pierce keeps his focus on Daisy, still unsure of her.

PIERCE  
Rough night?

Marcus pours another, gulp.

MARCUS  
I'm sorry guys, Al is dealing with  
some **shit**.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Adopted brother.

PIERCE  
We all got bad days, right?

MARCUS  
Not like this. I'm sorry, Daisy are  
you okay? You should go.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
He's right *there*.

Daisy looks over Marcus' shoulder and locks onto Alphonso.  
Her killer. He doesn't deserve life.

She takes a deep breath in, and exhales.

DAISY  
Well. I didn't know murdering people  
was a part of this. But whatever, I  
came here to race. You ready to race?

Marcus is about to drink another but he stops.

MARCUS  
After all that, you wanna race?

She grabs his glass, drinks, then squeezes the glass until it  
bursts.

DAISY  
Fuck it.

She walks away. Marcus is dumbfounded, Pierce too.

INT. BLACK MUSCLE CAR - NIGHT

Daisy sits the in driver seat. She observes her hand as the black skin clings to shards of broken glass.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
What are you thinking?

DAISY  
Can't you read my mind?

LOGAN (V.O.)  
No.

DAISY  
Better off.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
I can't help you if you don't talk to me.

She looks out the window, watching Alphonso. It's a heated exchange with another mobster-type: **PAULIE (30s)**, a tall man with a gym-rat physique. His youth betrays an eagerness to prove himself.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Your pinky...were you thinking of killing him?

She turns her hand over, releasing the glass shards to the floor.

DAISY  
I was just, ready for the worst.

A knock at the window, it's Marcus. The window rolls itself down, the view of the interior surprises him.

MARCUS  
Wow, this is like...really nice. Did you buy it or...?

DAISY  
Thanks. Ready?

MARCUS  
Umm, yeah-nah, can I?

He motions to the passenger seat.

DAISY

Sure.

He opens the door and takes the seat.

DAISY

Close the door.

MARCUS

Oh yeah, sorry.

He closes it. The windows roll themselves up.

MARCUS

Daisy, I like you. I know I just met you but I think you should go. My family is really fucked up and--

Daisy put's her hand up.

DAISY

Marcus--Luca, I'm with the FBI.

LOGAN (V.O.)

Sam...

Marcus goes silent.

DAISY

I like you too, that's why you're going to help me out.

LOGAN (V.O.)

This isn't what *she* wanted.

DAISY

Justice is justice, right?

Marcus is completely blindsided.

LOGAN (V.O.)

I don't think it's that simple.

MARCUS

Hold up, what the fuck? You serious??

DAISY

Yes.

He quickly grabs the door handle and pulls, but nothing happens.

MARCUS

Unlock it.

He keeps pulling.

DAISY

Listen, I know that being a part of their family wasn't your choice. And that means you are not like them.

He stops.

MARCUS

You don't know anything about me.

DAISY

I'm observant.

He looks at her, tears in his eyes.

MARCUS

So what?

DAISY

We saw what he did. If you testify in court...

Marcus shakes his head in disapproval.

MARCUS

Can you unlock the fucking door?  
Please.

Click. He opens the door and quickly exits.

EXT. THE VALLEY OF FIRE - CONTINUOUS

Marcus stumbles out of the Black Muscle Car, flustered.

Alphonso, Gio, and Paulie stand by Mason's Maserati, discussing what to do with the car and body. Alphonso latches onto Marcus' moody demeanor.

ALPHONSO

(shouting)

Aww, baby brother couldn't seal the deal.

He takes a step toward Marcus, Paulie grabs his arm.

PAULIE  
Leave him alone.

Alphonso rips his arm away.

ALPHONSO  
Shut the fuck up.

He approaches Marcus, Marcus walks away from him.

ALPHONSO  
Hey-hey, come on, where ya going? I'm  
just fucking around.

Marcus stops.

From the makeshift bar, Pierce watches. He pulls out his phone and texts the unknown number: EXTRACTION. Send.

Within a second, a reply: RENDEZVOUS AT RANGER STATION.

Pierce pockets his phone and walks toward his plain sports car.

Alphonso walks up behind Marcus and places his hand on his shoulder. Marcus quickly pulls away.

ALPHONSO  
Oh come on, there's plenty of other  
bitches out there.

Marcus spins around and pushes Alphonso.

MARCUS  
What the **FUCK** is your deal?!

ALPHONSO  
My 'deal'?

Daisy opens the driver-side door of the Black Muscle Car and steps out.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Is this part of your plan?

DAISY  
We'll see.

She closes the door and sits on the hood, watching.

MARCUS

Al, you are *losing* it.

ALPHONSO

Can't a guy just get fucked up and forget?

MARCUS

Not here. Not like this.

Marcus' eyes dart around, acknowledging all of the other people around.

ALPHONSO

Who cares, man? We own them. We can do whatever we want. Watch.

Alphonso turns to face the bystanders.

Pierce opens the driver-side door of his plain sports car.

ALPHONSO

Hey you fucking idiots, listen.

Gio and Paulie turn toward the racket.

GIO

Should we stop him?

PAULIE

I don't fucking know.

ALPHONSO

That little prick wasn't the only one I blew away tonight.

The shock of these words reverberates through the onlookers, especially Daisy.

Pierce stops and looks to Alphonso.

PAULIE

Yeah, we should stop him.

Gio and Paulie snap to, speed walking toward Alphonso.

ALPHONSO

You heard me right.

MARCUS

What are you talking about??

Alphonso turns to face Marcus. He hesitates for a moment, a little choked up.

ALPHONSO  
I killed Logan, and Samantha.

Daisy stands up, curious yet emotionally struck by the confession.

Pierce texts his contact: Search for missing persons, first names Logan and Samantha. Send.

DAISY  
Why does he know my name?

Logan appears next to her, distraught. Daisy turns to look at him.

DAISY  
LOGAN.

LOGAN  
They are...they were...

Marcus is speechless.

Paulie stops, gutted by the revelation.

Gio attempts to usher Alphonso away from the situation.

PAULIE  
You did?

GIO  
Time to go, big guy.

Paulie grabs Alphonso by the shoulder and turns him around. They both have tears in their eyes.

PAULIE  
THAT WAS OUR BROTHER.

ALPHONSO  
I know--I know but, HE WANTED OUT. You  
DON'T get out.

They continue to unravel.

Daisy falls to her knees, tears in her eyes.

Logan leans down next her, attempting to comfort.

The skin around her face shudders and begins to melt away.

LOGAN

Your skin!

Pierce stares at his phone, waiting.

A new message pops up: Samantha and Logan Fenn, reported missing tonight. Possible homicide.

He pockets his phone and looks up, noticing Daisy on her knees and the skin around her face changing. He grips the cross necklace.

PIERCE

Impossible...

The neon cross flashes in front of Sam's eyes. The sudden image jolts her body. And then, the words: KILL. KILL. KILL.

She snaps back to reality. She takes a deep breath and the second skin returns to her face, bringing Daisy back. She stands.

Pierce watches in disbelief.

Logan stands with Sam, he waves his hand in her face.

LOGAN

Are you here?

She walks toward Alphonso, Logan follows.

LOGAN

Sam?

Alphonso adjusts his suit, a bit ruffled from the altercation with his siblings.

Marcus sits on the ground, buried in his arms.

Gio and Paulie discuss the situation.

PAULIE

What do we tell pop?

GIO

Nothing. We just pretend like we don't know.

Paulie is disgusted.



PAULIE

You really don't give a fuck, do you?

GIO

Tell me then, what do we do?

No answer.

GIO

Exactly. Of course, I fucking care. I just don't have a better solution at this very moment, okay?

Paulie shakes his head in disapproval. Gio places a hand on his shoulder.

GIO

Okay?

Daisy approaches. Vigor in her steps, fury in her eyes. Logan follows.

LOGAN

What are you doing?

She stops a few steps away from Alphonso, he looks up at her.

ALPHONSO

Yes?

DAISY

When you're done acting like a bunch of children, I'd love to race...  
(points to Alphonso)  
...you.

He points to himself.

ALPHONSO

Me?

Marcus lifts his head, curious.

MARCUS

The fuck?

DAISY

Yessir. You've been actin' up all night, how about we see that big dick energy on the road?

He's taken aback and yet, amused.

Logan is silent, confused.

ALPHONSO  
"Big dick energy" huh?

Gio steps away from Paulie, getting in close to Alphonso's ear.

GIO  
(whisper)  
Are you seriously considering this?  
You're a little fucked up.

Alphonso reaches in his pocket and pulls out a little vile of cocaine. He does the thing, snorting a bit in each nostril.

ALPHONSO  
I'm fine.  
(turns to Daisy)  
Let's do it. You win, I got a cool  
mil' for you. How does that sound?

Daisy smiles.

EXT. STARTING LINE - NIGHT

The Black Muscle Car versus Alphonso and his sporty white Cadillac.

Daisy stares straight ahead.

Alphonso does another bump of cocaine.

Marcus approaches the Black Muscle Car. The window rolls down.

MARCUS  
What can I do to help?

Daisy turns to look at Marcus.

DAISY  
Just leave. And don't look back.

A look of confusion comes over him.

MARCUS  
Wait--what...

She looks straight ahead.

DAISY  
It's better this way.

MARCUS  
But you're--this is wrong, you have  
everything you need to put him away.

DAISY  
Do your job and start this race...  
(looks at Marcus)  
...okay?

Marcus doesn't have words. He backs up to his position and holds up his hands.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Please. Talk to me.

DAISY  
After I kill him.

BEGIN INTERCUT:

INT. THE MIDDLE - NIGHT

At the bar, hunched over her phone, sits Barb. She watches Sam on her phone as if it was a movie, glass of whiskey next to her.

BARB  
Good girl.

**STARTING LINE:**

Daisy stares at Alphonso, he stares back at her with a cocky smile and a sleazy wink.

A knock on the passenger-side window diverts her attention. It's Pierce. The window rolls itself down.

DAISY  
It's okay, I got th--

PIERCE  
Samantha?

She goes quiet.

PIERCE

How?

Marcus drops his hands and Alphonso's Cadillac speeds off. He quickly realizes that Daisy is still at the line.

MARCUS

Really?!

Daisy slams the gas pedal and drives away.

Marcus stares at Pierce, confused by his presence.

INT/EXT. BLACK MUSCLE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The road flies by at incredible speed. Daisy keeps her focus on catching up to Alphonso. Logan sits in the passenger seat.

LOGAN

He must have seen your skin changing.  
But, how did he know your name?

DAISY

Doesn't matter.

He looks out the window.

LOGAN

I'm sorry.

Daisy shakes her head in disapproval.

DAISY

I've been hearing that a lot.

LOGAN

This is why I never introduced you to  
**any** of my family.

She continues to drive, considering her next words.

Logan looks to the floor, searching for his rationalization.

LOGAN

They're the reason I joined the  
military. A clean slate, you know?

He looks up, Daisy is gone. In her place, Sam. The second skin has taken the form of a black racing suit. Her hands have molded with the steering wheel.

SAM  
I get it. You've got a fucked up  
family.

The Black Muscle Car nears Alphonso's Cadillac.

LOGAN  
You told me once to "be faithful to  
the truth".

Sam cracks a mild smile.

SAM  
That was right before my dad died. I  
think it was something he told himself  
after my mom left.

LOGAN  
Yeah, here it is: You don't have to do  
this. We can just let go. And wherever  
we end up, I'll find you.

Sam turns to Logan, the Black Muscle Car turns with her  
toward Alphonso's Cadillac.

**THE MIDDLE:**

Barb slams her fist on the bar, catching the attention of  
Levi.

LEVI  
Chill, Barb.

She looks up at him, unamused.

**BLACK MUSCLE CAR:**

Sam stares at Logan.

SAM  
He deserves it, they all deserve it.

LOGAN  
You don't have to. Just hit the  
brakes.

The Black Muscle Car is inches away from the Cadillac.

Logan turns to the windshield.

LOGAN

SAM!

She closes her eyes and whips the steering wheel to the left, and then to the right, slamming into the Cadillac. Both cars lose control.

The Black Muscle Car flips over and violently rolls into the desert.

The Cadillac spins around and **SMASHES** trunk-first into a boulder.

Flames engulf the Black Muscle Car.

Alphonso quickly pulls himself out of the Cadillac. Aside from a few cuts, he is fine.

ALPHONSO

WHOA! Holy FUCK, **that** was a RACE.

He looks at the mangled Black Muscle Car.

ALPHONSO

Dumb bitch, you couldn't even stay on the road.

**THE MIDDLE:**

Barb massages her forehead with her fingers, eyes closed, frustrated.

LEVI

Raquel called, said you should answer your phone and that she's on her way.

BARB

Great.

END INTERCUT

EXT. DESERT RACING STRIP - CONTINUOUS

Alphonso sits on a boulder on the side of the road, watching the burning car.

A blue sports car quickly pulls up. Before it's even parked, Marcus hops out of the back seat.

MARCUS

No--no--NO, fuck, what did you do?!

Alphonso raises his hands, feigning innocence.

ALPHONSO

It's not always my fault, ya know.

Marcus approaches the inferno, stunned by the sight.

Gio and Paulie exit the red sports car.

GIO

Jesus fucking christ, what now.

PAULIE

I'm calling pops.

Alphonso stands up and quickly walks toward Paulie as he pulls out his phone. Paulie finds "Angelo" in his contacts and engages the call. Alphonso snatches the phone out of his hand and tosses it into the fire.

PAULIE

YOU FUCKING FUCK!

Paulie slaps Alphonso, Alphonso pulls a pistol out of his suit jacket and hits Paulie with it, knocking him down.

As they fight, the flames from the Black Muscle Car begin to dissipate. Marcus is the only one that sees it.

MARCUS

No way.

EXT. THE VALLEY OF FIRE - CONTINUOUS

As the situation on the race strip unfolds, the other racers and participants leave.

Pierce stands near the trunk of Mason's Maserati, phone to his ear.

PIERCE

We're clear. You need to take this car in.

(listening)

I can't. I need to take care of one more thing.

He uses a small tool to pry open the trunk.

PIERCE

It's important.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

(listening)

Nobody will notice you. We'll meet at  
the safe house.

He hangs up the phone. The trunk pops open and he takes  
photos of Mason's lifeless body.

EXT. DESERT RACING STRIP - CONTINUOUS

Gio attempts to break up the fight between Alphonso and  
Paulie.

GIO

Paulie--PAULIE! LET IT GO!

As they continue to tussle, the Black Muscle Car repairs  
itself, as if the crash was in reverse.

Marcus can't take his eyes off of the miracle in front him.

MARCUS

G...g...gi...

In a snap, the Black Muscle Car is complete, just like new.

Gio wrestles Paulie to the ground, Alphonso breaks away and  
collects himself.

ALPHONSO

Everyone just needs to *calm* down.

He pulls out the vial of cocaine, another bump.

The driver-side door of the Black Muscle Car opens and SAM  
steps out. Her body is covered by the second skin, completely  
blackened out and hardened like the skin of a rhino. Her hands  
have transformed into long spikes.

LOGAN (V.O.)

Are you good?!

SAM

Yeah.

She locks eyes with Marcus.

SAM

I told you to go.

She approaches him. He doesn't move.



SAM  
You're a good man, Marcus. They  
aren't.

MARCUS  
Samantha...

SAM  
Justice. But you can call me Sam.

He turns and sprints toward the starting line, Alphonso notices.

ALPHONSO  
MARCUS! Where the fuck ya going??

Gio and Paulie continue to wrestle, oblivious to everything else.

Sam turns her attention to Alphonso.

SAM  
He was running from me.

Alphonso follows her voice. He registers her face, but he can't believe it.

ALPHONSO  
You...

He rubs his eyes, but she's still there.

SAM  
Me.

ALPHONSO  
I killed you, I buried you.

She approaches, he backs away.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
DO IT.

SAM  
You should have dug deeper.

ALPHONSO  
Guys--GUYS!

She quickly pulls back one of her spiked arms and lunges at Alphonso, he snaps to and diverts the arm to the ground.

ALPHONSO

WHOA!

They are face-to-face, the second skin wraps Sam's face and quickly transforms to look like Alphonso. The spikes turn back into normal hands.

Gio and Paulie turn their attention to Alphonso's voice.

GIO

WHAT?! What...?

PAULIE

Al, why am I seeing two of you?

Both Alphonso's look to Gio and Paulie.

ALPHONSO

It's me! That's LOGAN'S WIFE!

ALPHONSO

Fuck you, I'm me!

Gio and Paulie quickly hop to their feet and draw pistols from their belt, pointing at both Alphonso's.

GIO

Did you put something in my drink?

PAULIE

Fuck no! Did you?

GIO

No!

One of the Alphonso's has a pistol in his hand, the other does not. Paulie notices.

PAULIE

Wait a second.

GIO

For what?

PAULIE

His pistol!

The unarmed Alphonso grabs the pistol and wrestles the other Alphonso into a choke hold, he presses the pistol to his temple.

ALPHONSO  
 (choking)  
 Shoot...this...motherfu...

LOGAN (V.O.)  
 DO IT.

Alphonso pulls the trigger, but it doesn't work.

ALPHONSO  
 (choking)  
 Safety...first...

Alphonso slides out of the choke hold and falls to his knees.

**BANG!**

**PAULIE** fires a single shot right into the armed Alphonso's head, he falls backwards.

EXT. THE VALLEY OF FIRE - CONTINUOUS

Pierce stands by Mason's Maserati, anxiously scanning the entrance to the racing area. He raises his hand and points to a parking spot next to the Maserati.

An old truck pulls up. In the driver's seat sits **POPE (60s)**, a rugged cowboy type with the air of someone who's seen it all. Despite his laid-back street-clothes, there is an urgency in his eyes. He quickly exits the truck.

POPE  
 I hope you know what you're doing.

PIERCE  
 I do. You have the video, the body is in the trunk, what else do you want?

POPE  
 "Hey buddy, how you doing?" would nice.

Pierce smiles and hugs his friend.

PIERCE  
 Hey buddy, how you doing?

POPE  
 Great. We got these fuckers by the balls.

PIERCE

I can't thank you enough for everything you've done.

Pope places his hand on Pierce's shoulder.

POPE

And you won't have to. Sheri was family, she deserves justice.

PIERCE

What are you gonna say to the chief?

POPE

I don't fucking know, but I bet he won't give a shit.

Pierce nods in agreement, Pope sits in the driver seat of the Maserati.

POPE

Fuck me, these scumbags have it too good. Keys?

*BANG!* The gunshot from the racing strip echoes through the valley.

PIERCE

Hot wired and ready to go.

Pierce runs to the old truck and hops into the driver seat.

EXT. DESERT RACING STRIP - CONTINUOUS

Paulie holds his pistol aimed, trembling. Gio places his hand on the pistol, lowering it.

GIO

It's good, we're good.

PAULIE

Good?

GIO

Yeah.

ALPHONSO

(rubbing neck)

We're so fucking far from good.

Alphonso retrieves his pistol from the ground.

PAULIE

You said that was Samantha...but that was you.

Alphonso turns around and inspects Sam's lifeless body.

ALPHONSO

I know, it doesn't make any sense, but look, that's her.

Gio and Paulie approach.

GIO

Are you absolutely sure she was dead?

ALPHONSO

She wasn't breathing when I buried her, so yeah.

Paulie kneels down to get a closer look at her second skin. Although she is motionless, the skin has a subtle energy to it.

PAULIE

I think she's still...alive.

ALPHONSO

Well, that's not possible because now she's dead-dead.

Gio turns around, scans the area.

GIO

Where's Luca??

Alphonso turns and walks toward the blue sports car.

ALPHONSO

He ran. I guess I would too if I wasn't fucking zooted like Tony.

Paulie notices the second skin forming around Sam's hands.

GIO

Zooted?

ALPHONSO

What? You don't remember the 80s?

GIO

I was born in the 90s, you dick.

ALPHONSO

Oh, right.

Paulie touches the skin and it moves around his finger, continuing its trajectory.

PAULIE

Guys...

Gio notices headlights approaching, he reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls his pistol.

GIO

We got company.

Alphonso opens the passenger-side door of the blue sports car and takes the seat.

ALPHONSO

Probably Franklin or Pete.

GIO

Who?

Paulie turns toward the headlights.

PAULIE

Security.

Sam sits up and the second skin pushes the spent bullet out of her forehead. Her eyes are completely blacked out.

LOGAN (V.O.)

Sam! Can you hear me??

She turns toward Paulie and holds up her hands, they have transformed into long spikes. She slowly pushes one of the spikes into Paulie's neck, slicing through it with ease. He goes stiff and grabs at the spike, he tries to speak but the only noise is a sickly gargle.

BEGIN INTERCUT:

INT. THE MIDDLE / BATHROOM - NIGHT

A divey women's bathroom, similarly antiquated like the rest of the bar. A large painting of Mary Magdalene kissing a demon hangs on the wall.

From the stall, a guttural sound.

Inside, Barb sits on the toilet. Her head clenched upwards, body trembling, eyes rolled back in her head. A fugue state.

**DESERT RACING STRIP:**

Sam's blackened eyes stare into Paulie's panicked eyes.

ALPHONSO (O.S.)  
Paulie, will you stop fucking around?  
She's--

He leans out of the blue sports car and sees his brother.

ALPHONSO  
--FUCK! GIO!

He scrambles out of the passenger seat and catches his foot, stumbling into the asphalt.

Gio turns toward Paulie.

GIO  
PAULIE!

Sam yanks her spiked arm out of his neck and he collapses to the ground, blood spraying from the wound. She stands and turns her attention to Gio.

He whips his pistol around and empties the clip, each hit doing exactly nothing as Sam's second skin protects her. One shot nicks her exposed cheek.

Alphonso stumbles to his feet with his pistol ready, and wildly fires off multiple rounds, some hitting Sam, some hitting the Black Muscle Car. Click! His clip is empty.

Logan appears in front of Sam, he waves his arms around.

LOGAN  
SAM!

**THE MIDDLE / BATHROOM:**

Barb continues her fugue state in the stall.

The door to the stall suddenly bursts open slamming into Barb and breaking her concentration. It's Raquel. She grabs Barb by her collar and pulls her out of the stall.

**DESERT RACING STRIP:**

Sam gasps for air as her eyes return to normal.

Logan continues waving his hands in her face to no avail.

LOGAN

SAM!

GIOVI (O.S.)

YOU FUCKING BITCH!!

A retractable baton phases through Logan and **SLAMS** into Sam's bleeding cheek.

**THE MIDDLE / BATHROOM:**

Barb is **SMASHED** into a large mirror above the sink, it shatters into pieces. Raquel holds Barb against the broken mirror. Barb smiles, unaffected by the impact.

RAQUEL

You just couldn't help yourself, could you?

BARB

(pouty)

But *mom*, they weren't doing what I wanted them to.

Raquel release Barb, she falls to the floor.

**DESERT RACING STRIP:**

Sam tumbles to the ground and scrunches herself into a ball. Gio continues to beat on her with the baton, each hit useless as the second skin absorbs the impact.

Alphonso attempts to reload his pistol but his jittery coked-out hands aren't helpful.

**SCREECH!** The old truck's tires steam as Pierce slams on the brakes. He whips open the driver-side door and positions himself behind it with his pistol aimed at Gio.

PIERCE

FREEZE!

Gio drops the baton and puts his hands up.



GIO  
Saul?! What the fuck are you doing??

PIERCE  
What I should have done months ago.

Sam trembles as she stares at her bloody hands.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Can you hear me?

SAM  
Yeah...

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Where did you go?

SAM  
Who's blood is this?

Alphonso tosses the pistol and clip away.

ALPHONSO  
Fuck it!

He makes a dash for the driver seat of the blue sports car, Pierce notices.

PIERCE  
I SAID FREEZE!

LOGAN (V.O.)  
SAM...

**THE MIDDLE / BATHROOM:**

LOGAN (V.O.)  
(muffled)  
...he's getting away!

Barb lays on the floor, smiling.

Raquel paces around the bathroom, shaking her head in frustration.

RAQUEL  
If *they* didn't see you, then Michelle  
doesn't know...

Raquel stops, and looks toward the wall, deep in thought, away from Barb.

RAQUEL  
Did anyone else see you?

Barb takes the moment and tenses her body, her eyes roll back.

**DESERT RACING STRIP:**

Sam's eyes go black again, her body relaxes. The second skin around her hand slithers to the ground, moving toward Gio's leg.

Pierce fires off a few rounds, narrowly missing Alphonso as he starts the blue sports car.

Gio carefully reaches behind, grabbing the pistol tucked into his belt. At the exact moment he pulls out the pistol, Sam's second skin wraps around his leg.

GIO  
What the fuck?!

He watches as the second skin squeezes until the bone **SNAPS**, Gio screams in agony.

Sam quickly sits upright, smiling.

Pierce diverts his attention to the shocking sight.

Alphonso shifts the blue sports car into drive and crushes the gas pedal. He turns the wheel and **SLAMS** into Sam.

**THE MIDDLE / BATHROOM:**

Raquel takes a big step and kicks Barb's face, bringing her back to her body. Raquel picks her up off the floor and pushes her against the wall.

RAQUEL  
Are you done?!

Barb spits a bloody loogie to the floor.

BARB  
Sure.

The door swings open. A tall, scrawny man dressed like a secret-service agent takes a step in and holds the door open.

Raquel and Barb turn their attention to the visitor.

BARB  
We're a little busy.

**MICHELLE (12)**, petite and dressed in a crisp gray business suit, steps through the doorway. Her hair and overall appearance mirror Raquel's, a striking resemblance that's impossible to miss. She smiles as she locks eyes with Raquel and Barb.

MICHELLE  
Hello, friends.

**DESERT RACING STRIP:**

The second skin recedes from Gio's leg and back to Sam's body. She lays flat, catching her breath. The second skin is formed around her face, creating an armor.

ALPHONSO  
GET IN!

Gio falls to the ground and crawls toward the back seat of the blue sports car.

**BANG! BANG!** Multiple rounds from Pierce's pistol punch through the windshield, one of them nicking Alphonso's cheek.

ALPHONSO  
FUCK!

He grabs the seat lever and pushes back, reclining the driver seat, just out of Pierce's sight. He opens the rear passenger door and Gio pulls himself into the back seat.

Pierce walks out from behind the driver-side door of the old truck and reloads his pistol.

Sam sits up, dazed by the back-and-forth possession of her body. She looks at Pierce, he gives her a slight nod.

PIERCE  
Are you okay?

SAM  
I think so.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
It was *her*.

Pierce aims his pistol at the blue sports car, waiting for a clear shot.

In the blue sports car, Gio lays on the floor of the back seat, grabbing at his leg.

Alphonso wipes blood off of his cheek.

ALPHONSO  
Mother-fuck, you good?

GIO  
Fuck no.

ALPHONSO  
Thought so, hold on.

Alphonso stretches out his leg to reach the gas pedal, he uses his finger tips to grab the steering wheel.

**THE MIDDLE / BATHROOM:**

Raquel releases Barb and turns to face Michelle. Barb adjusts her suit, dusting off debris from the mirror.

RAQUEL  
You don't need to be here.

MICHELLE  
(overly emotive)  
Hmm. Well, the way I heard it--from your "friend" Levi--is, you're out here doing *His* work. And with the help of this one? Tsk tsk tsk.

BARB  
You're just jealous. Must be very lonely to be a child for eternity.

Michelle feels the sting, but she tries not to show it. She takes a step toward them.

Raquel pulls back and slaps Barb.

MICHELLE  
Thank you.

RAQUEL  
He was telling the truth.

Barb is disappointed with her response. Michelle is pleasantly surprised.

MICHELLE

Oh, I like confessions without a trial.

RAQUEL

Here's the thing.

Raquel steps toward Michelle.

RAQUEL

You have every right to clip my wings. But my friend here has insured that my plan does not fail.

Barb steps away from the wall, taken aback yet amused.

BARB

You didn't.

Raquel looks at Barb.

RAQUEL

I told you to read the contract.

MICHELLE

David, can you step out? And make sure nobody else comes in.

The agent nods in agreement and closes the door as he leaves.

**DESERT RACING STRIP:**

Alphonso peeks over the steering wheel to get a view. Just as Pierce comes into view--**BANG!** Another shot pierces the windshield, Alphonso flinches.

ALPHONSO

Fuck this!

He slams on the gas pedal and steers in the general direction of the road.

Pierce jumps out of the way as the blue sports car careens toward him. He rolls on the ground into a prone position, he quickly aims his pistol and fires off the rest of his clip.

Inside the blue sports car, the shots tear through the body of the car, one bullet hitting Gio in the shoulder, he screams in pain.

**THE MIDDLE / BATHROOM:**

Michelle takes a step toward Raquel, she stands her ground, confident posture.

MICHELLE

Go on.

Barb throws up her hands and walks to one of the stalls.

RAQUEL

Barb has a particular penchant to forego the details.

Barb unzips her fly and urinates a green fluid into the toilet.

BARB

Details are boring.

RAQUEL

Because of this, she is contractually obligated to grant me a high-level position in the Kingdom and permanent lend-out of her power *if*, she breaches the contract.

Barb finishes and zips up her fly.

BARB

Which I did.

Michelle is impressed.

MICHELLE

You old angels **really** don't give a flying fuck about the rules, do you?

RAQUEL

I'm the *only* one that gives a fuck.

Barb walks out of the stall toward the sink.

BARB

She really does.

RAQUEL

Michelle...

Raquel gently places her hand on Michelle's shoulder.

RAQUEL

We're doing *His* work. If you just stay out of the way, I promise this will make *Him* happy.

Michelle ponders her words.

MICHELLE

Why do you need *her*?

Michelle looks at Barb.

BARB

My power, duh.

END INTERCUT

INT. BLUE SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Alphonso sits up and situates himself into a proper driving position.

ALPHONSO

Fuck-fuck-PAULIE! FUCK!

Gio writhes in pain, gripping his bloody shoulder. His constant moans of agony are grating.

Alphonso slams the steering wheel with the palm of his hand.

ALPHONSO

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

GIO

Fuck you! My LEG!

ALPHONSO

(hefty exhale)

Sorry, sorry. Just stay with me. Hey Siri, call Angelo NOW.

The dashboard screen lights up and reacts to the command, dialing the contact "Angelo".

INT. LARGE CLOSET - NIGHT

A lavish closet the size of a small bedroom.

**ANGELO (70s)**, dressed in a refined pinstripe suit, packs a small designer bag. His slicked-back hair and weathered skin exude a commanding presence, while the gleaming watch on his

wrist adds sophistication. Yet beneath this sharp exterior, there's a softness tempered by age. With calm precision, he tucks a pistol and several passports beneath the neatly folded clothes.

**YVONNE (30s)** steps into the doorway, dressed in a sleek designer business suit. There's a warmth in the way she carries herself. Her suit jacket strains slightly over the curve of a baby bump, adding a touch of tenderness to her poised demeanor.

YVONNE

What are you going to tell him?

Angelo stops packing and looks up at her.

ANGELO

Well, I don't know. He's been a little agitated since Logan left, you know.

Yvonne nods in agreement.

YVONNE

I think you should just be straight.

ANGELO

That's the only way I know how to get through to him.

YVONNE

So, what's the issue?

Angelo looks down at his bag, at the pistol. He zips it closed and looks to Yvonne.

ANGELO

He's not taking over.

Yvonne is taken aback.

ANGELO

And I'm afraid of what he'll do when I tell him.

Yvonne takes a step toward Angelo and gently grabs his hand.

YVONNE

I get it. So we just leave and let Gio sort it out.



ANGELO

I wish it was that easy.

Vibrating catches Angelo's attention, he pulls a phone out of his pocket. It's Alphonso.

EXT. DESERT RACING STRIP - NIGHT

Sam sits upright, still dazed by what had just occurred. She looks down at her at her bloody hands. She looks up at Paulie, he stares back at her, life fading. She coughs, spitting up blood.

Logan kneels down in front of her, saying words but she can't hear them. Two hands phase through Logan and lift Sam to her feet. Logan disappears.

Pierce looks her over, making sure she's okay.

PIERCE

Samantha Fenn. And your husband was Logan.

She locks eyes with Pierce and nods in agreement.

PIERCE

Alphonso...

SAM

Yeah.

PIERCE

And now you're here, with this...what are you?

SAM

I don't know, but if I kill them I get my life back. I tried, but I can't...

PIERCE

I get that. Taking a life isn't easy. The good news is, everything that happened tonight will put these guys away for life. We just have to make the arrest. I could use your help.

SAM

Okay.

Logan appears in front of Sam. She looks him in the eye.

LOGAN  
This is the way we get them.

SAM  
What if I lose control again?

LOGAN  
You fight it.

She nods in agreement.

PIERCE  
Why would you lose control?

The second skin opens up around Sam's abdomen, revealing bloody bullet holes in her actual skin. Sam looks down at the wounds.

SAM  
Sorry, I'm talking to my dead husband.

Pierce watches in awe.

PIERCE  
Oh...  
(points to wounds)  
Does that hurt?

SAM  
No.

Logan kneels down to inspect the wounds.

LOGAN  
I thought the skin...

Behind Sam, the Black Muscle Car. Logan looks past her and notices a few bullet holes in the body of the car.

LOGAN  
When they shot the car it was as if  
they shot you.

Sam turns toward the Black Muscle Car, she walks to the driver side. Logan follows.

PIERCE  
Should we take you to a hospital...?

Sam places her bloody hand on the roof and in an instant, the bullet holes in her abdomen and on the car seal themselves.

The blood on her hand vanishes. She turns to face Pierce, a new determination in her eyes.

He gazes at the healed wounds. The second skin forms over her abdomen.

SAM  
I'm good. Are you?

PIERCE  
Yeah.

She smiles.

EXT. BLUE SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Alphonso presses the gas pedal to the floor, the odometer reads 100 mph. Sweat beads on his forehead, intensity in his eyes.

ALPHONSO  
I know how it sounds, but this shit is really happening and...

On the dashboard screen, Angelo's name.

ALPHONSO  
We need your help.

Gio in the backseat, labored breathing, blood pooled around his shoulder wound, pale skin.

ALPHONSO  
Hello?

ANGELO (O.S.)  
I'm here.

ALPHONSO  
Okay. What do you think?

ANGELO (O.S.)  
She killed Paulie *and* Logan?

ALPHONSO  
That's what I said, yeah.

Gio turns toward the screen, wanting to say something but he holds back.

ANGELO (O.S.)  
Where is Marcus?

ALPHONSO  
I don't know, he ran.

ANGELO (O.S.)  
Meet me in the vault.

Angelo ends the call.

ALPHONSO  
Fuck me. I didn't even mention Saul or  
whatever the fuck his name is.  
(looks back)  
Hang in there, we'll get you sorted.

Gio lays still, staring at the ceiling.

ALPHONSO  
Thanks for not saying anything about  
Logan.

GIO  
Yeah.

Alphonso continues to drive.

INT/EXT. BLACK MUSCLE CAR - NIGHT

Sam drives the Black Muscle Car, second skin melded with the  
wheel and seat.

Pierce sits in the passenger seat, transfixed by Sam's second  
skin.

PIERCE  
So, that skin.

Sam smiles.

SAM  
I'm still getting use to it.

PIERCE  
That's how you were able to be Daisy.

SAM  
Bingo.

PIERCE  
If we can find them...

SAM  
That was my previous plan, but it  
didn't go so well.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Maybe he can help.

SAM  
Who?

PIERCE  
Who...?

The Black Muscle Car approaches the main racing area. From behind the makeshift bar, Marcus climbs out with a bottle of tequila.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
He'll know exactly where they're  
going.

Sam steers the Black Muscle Car into a spot near the makeshift bar and shifts into park. The windows roll themselves down, Sam smiles at Marcus as they catch eyes.

MARCUS  
Oh fuck. Nah-nah-nah, I'm done with  
you.

SAM  
I need you.

MARCUS  
The-fuck you need me for?!

Pierce leans out his window.

PIERCE  
Get in the goddam car.

MARCUS  
Saul?? What are--

PIERCE  
Not Saul, Pierce. And yeah, I'm a cop.

Marcus takes a swig of the tequila.

MARCUS  
Fantastic.

SAM  
Where did he go?

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Ask him about the vault.

MARCUS  
I don't know, the Maldives?

SAM  
The vault?

Marcus nods in agreement.

MARCUS  
Yeah...what about it?

INT. THE MIDDLE - NIGHT

Levi works behind the bar, cleaning and such.

Michelle walks out from the bathroom hallway with her guard. Raquel and Barb follow. Michelle stops and turns around. She reaches her hand out.

MICHELLE  
Do what you must. I will make sure  
nobody asks any questions.

Raquel reaches out and shakes her hand.

RAQUEL  
I'm sorry for the lack of  
communication, I just wasn't sure.

MICHELLE  
We're on the same side.

Barb forces her way into the handshake.

BARB  
For a little kid, you're not so bad.

Michelle flashes a sarcastic smile and quickly retracts her hand. She turns and walks away.

Barb wipes her hand on her pants.

Michelle walks through the front door with her guard.

At the exact moment she walks out, Barb dashes over to the seat directly in front of Levi. He flinches from the sudden movement.

BARB  
(flicks tongue)  
Sssss.

Raquel sits down next to her.

RAQUEL  
Don't be so dramatic.

Levi sheepishly looks up at Raquel.

LEVI  
I thought it was the right thing to do.

RAQUEL  
It was.

BARB  
I'm sure a sssnake would say the same thing about eating a baby mouse.

RAQUEL  
Enough.

Barb rolls her eyes.

BARB  
I'm just teasing, Mom.

Raquel shakes her head in disapproval.

LEVI  
So, what happens now?

RAQUEL  
Two bourbons, neat.

Barb pulls out her phone and flicks through some other apps until she sees:

INT. CASINO BASEMENT - NIGHT

The blue sports car driving down a ramp leading into a basement. It's a large loading dock for a casino. At the

dock, Angelo waits with a group of his **CRONIES**.

Next to Angelo stands **ALEXEI (40s)**, a well-built man dressed in a sharp suit similar to Angelo's. His imposing physique, combined with his tailored attire, makes him stand out from the rest.

The blue spots car parks near the dock and the Cronies move in to assist. Alphonso steps out of the driver seat and opens the backseat door.

ALPHONSO

Thanks boys, careful with him, his leg is busted.

The Cronies do their best, but the jostling to remove Gio from the back seat is not helpful.

GIO

GODFUCKING--AHH!

Angelo watches, stoned faced.

The Cronies carry Gio through double doors leading into the elevator hallway.

Alphonso walks up to Angelo.

ALPHONSO

There's one other thing.

ANGELO

I don't wanna know. I just want you to explain the situation *one* more time.

Alphonso takes a deep breath in, and out.

ALPHONSO

It was all me. I don't know why I lied in the car.

ANGELO

Because you're a fucking mess.

Alphonso nods in agreement.

ALPHONSO

It's true.

He reaches in his pocket and pulls out the coke vial. Angelo smacks the vial out of his hand and then quickly slaps



Alphonso's face. Alphonso just takes it. Angelo slaps him repeatedly.

ALPHONSO

STOP!

Alphonso grabs Angelo's wrist, forcing him to stop. Angelo rips his hand back.

ANGELO

You're a fucking disgrace.

He turns and walks into the hallway.

Alphonso stands still, fuming, tears in his eyes.

INT/EXT. BLACK MUSCLE CAR - NIGHT

Sam drives, focused on the desert road.

Marcus is passed out in the back seat, tequila in hand.

Pierce sits shotgun, texting Pope: Failed the arrest. Need five GOOD cops for a takedown. Will text location ASAP. FULL GEAR.

LOGAN (V.O.)

Sam, it wasn't the angel that took over your body. It was a demon. She is responsible for your second skin.

SAM

An angel and a demon working together...

LOGAN (V.O.)

All I know is that they *really* want their souls.

PIERCE

It's not completely unheard of.

SAM

What do you mean?

PIERCE

Some people think that World War 2 was a harvest. Heaven and Hell needed souls, and they got em'.

Marcus jolts awake, spooked by Sam's words. The bottle of tequila drops on the floor.

MARCUS

What?

The floor slithers and opens up, consuming the bottle of tequila. Marcus watches in terror and awe.

MARCUS

Fine.

PIERCE

She's talking to Logan.

MARCUS

He's dead...?

SAM

He's in my head.

MARCUS

Oh shit, really?? Can he hear us?

SAM

Yeah.

Marcus sits up, excited by the revelation.

MARCUS

Where?

SAM

You can just, talk.

MARCUS

Okay-okay. Hey man, I'm sorry about all of this...we'll make it right, I promise. And Daisy--I mean Sam, she's amazing.

LOGAN (V.O.)

He's a good kid. Take care of him.

SAM

I will. He said "thanks".

Marcus nods with a newfound enthusiasm.

MARCUS

Of course. Dad always said I reminded  
(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
him of you.

Pierce turns around to face Marcus.

PIERCE  
Actions speak, kid. You're here with us instead of them.

MARCUS  
Right. What's your deal? You've been at the races for a minute. All that time just waiting for a fuck up, huh?

PIERCE  
Exactly.

MARCUS  
But you couldn't have done it if you were a cop. They own everybody.

PIERCE  
I left the force when my wife was murdered and they didn't do shit.

Something clicks with Marcus.

MARCUS  
Oh fuck. Paulie told me about her, said it was "collateral".

PIERCE  
So now, you get it.

MARCUS  
Yeah. What else can I do to help?

PIERCE  
You've done enough. Sam's gonna do her thing, and my guys will make the arrests.

MARCUS  
Come on man, you gotta let me make this right.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Marcus has a point.

MARCUS (O.S.)  
Can you drive?

LOGAN (V.O.)  
(amused)

Yes.

Marcus leans in to see Sam.

MARCUS  
Was that my voice?

From the driver seat, MARCUS turns to face Marcus.

MARCUS  
OH SHIT!

The sudden sight spooks him. Pierce stares, amused, amazed.

MARCUS  
Jesus Christ, is that what I really  
look like? I look *good*!

MARCUS  
Yeah, you're alright.

Marcus reaches out to touch his copied face.

INT. THE VAULT - NIGHT

A large, hermetically sealed, steel door is opened, leading into a large and decadent panic room. It's outfitted with a bar, kitchen, bathroom, the works.

Alphonso walks through the door and is greeted by one of the Cronies, they nod to each other as Alphonso walks in.

In the corner, a med-bay with Gio on an operating table. A young DOCTOR works on his broken leg.

Angelo sits at the bar, glass of whiskey in front of him. He types a message on his phone. Behind the bar, Alexei.

The other Cronies stand around a pool table in the middle of the room, gearing up with a cornucopia of weapons. A grenade launcher lays untouched in the middle of the pool table.

Alphonso approaches the med-bay. Gio sits up.

ALPHONSO  
How's the leg?

GIO  
I don't know, Doc?

The Doctor is hesitant to answer, he looks to Alphonso and gives him a slight look of concern.

GIO  
It's okay, Doc. I'm a big boy.

The Doctor looks at Gio.

DOCTOR  
From what I can tell, there are multiple fractures and...

GIO  
I'm not gonna be a big dick football star, I get it.

ALPHONSO  
(laughing)  
Maybe not a football star, but at least you got the big dick.

GIO  
Yeah, yeah.

Alphonso grabs Gio by the hand and grips it.

ALPHONSO  
I'm sorry about all of this. I'm gonna make it right.

Gio is taken aback.

GIO  
Whoa, what the fuck? Did you just say "sorry"?

ALPHONSO  
Yeah. I am.

GIO  
It's a little too late.

Alphonso pulls his hand back.

ALPHONSO  
You don't have to be a fucking asshole about it.

GIO  
Because of you, half of my family is gone--so yeah, I can be a fucking  
(MORE)

GIO (CONT'D)  
asshole.

ALPHONSO  
Luca doesn't even count.

GIO  
Fuck off, he's more of a brother than  
you ever were.

ANGELO (O.S.)  
Enough.

Alphonso backs away, furious, groggy. The cocaine comedown is  
in effect.

ANGELO (O.S.)  
Have a drink with me.

Alphonso turns around and walks to the bar. Alexei pours a  
glass of whiskey and places it in front of an empty seat.  
Angelo pats on the empty seat, Alphonso takes the cue and  
seats himself.

ANGELO  
It's okay, Al. We're all a bit  
emotional.

Alphonso lets out a hefty sigh of relief.

ALPHONSO  
It's been a rough night.

He grabs the glass of whiskey and throws it back.

Angelo checks a message on his phone and then slides it in  
his pocket.

ANGELO  
Samantha.

Alexei pours another round for Alphonso.

ALPHONSO  
Pop, you wouldn't believe it. It was  
like something out of a fucking movie.

Angelo sips on his whiskey, pondering the situation.

ALPHONSO  
Logan always said she was like a honey  
(MORE)

ALPHONSO (CONT'D)  
badger with a rocket launcher. The good news is, she doesn't know about this place.

ANGELO  
Logan did.

ALPHONSO  
He wasn't there. Unless I'm missing something, he's still in the ground.

ANGELO  
Never underestimate the devil.

ALPHONSO  
If this is the devil, we're fucked.

Alexei pours another.

ALPHONSO  
Thanks. So, what's the plan?

Angelo finishes his drink and stands.

ALPHONSO  
Are you leaving??

ANGELO  
Yes.

ALPHONSO  
The fuck you are.

Angelo places his hand on Alphonso's shoulder.

ANGELO  
Son, I can't do this anymore.

ALPHONSO  
You're gonna do this right now??

ANGELO  
Look around, you don't need me.

ALPHONSO  
Pop, I don't think you're understanding the fucking **severity** of the situation.

ANGELO  
Of course, I do.

ALPHONSO  
There was an undercover--

ANGELO  
Then take care of it.

Gio uses a knee walker scooter to approach the bar, a goofy smile on his face.

GIO  
Look at this shit! Doc just had one of  
these's lying around--  
(stops scooting)  
What's happening?

Angelo leans down and picks up his designer bag.

ALPHONSO  
He's leaving!

GIO  
You're leaving?

ALPHONSO  
What did I fucking say?

Gio tries to hold back his laughter.

GIO  
(mocking)  
What did you fucking say?

The Doctor approaches.

DOCTOR  
He's gonna be fine, just keep him off  
that foot. As you can probably tell,  
he's on some pretty strong  
painkillers.

ALPHONSO  
Fucking great!

Alphonso grabs his glass and whips it toward the wall,  
shattering into pieces.

The Doctor turns and heads for the door.



Angelo shakes his head in disappointment.

ANGELO  
This is why Gio will be taking over.

ALPHONSO  
What does that mean?

He turns to face Angelo. Angelo puffs his chest out and puts his chin up, posturing confidence.

ANGELO  
I said what I said.

Alphonso just stares, utterly stunned.

GIO  
What am I taking over?

ALPHONSO  
SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Gio curls his lips into an exaggerated frown.

GIO  
You're a moody bitch, bro.

The Doctor stands at the door as it is opened with the help of a Crony.

ALPHONSO (O.S.)  
Keep talking.

On the other side, MARCUS waits with YVONNE. Another Crony escorts them.

MARCUS  
Oh shit.

The Doctor passes by them as they enter the Vault.

ANGELO (O.S.)  
Alright, boys. That's enough.

YVONNE  
You better do something.

MARCUS  
Like what?

YVONNE

Anything!

Alphonso pulls back his fist, ready to hit Gio, but he stops.

GIO

Come on, do it, don't be bitch.

He closes his eyes and takes a breath, calming himself. He uncurls his fist and lowers his hand.

ALPHONSO

Okay, okay, just listen. I get it.

GIO

Do you?

Marcus carefully approaches the situation.

MARCUS

Hey fam, are we good?

ALPHONSO

No.

Gio and Angelo turn their attention to Marcus.

GIO

Luca! We thought you were gone!

Marcus is alarmed by Gio's lack of stability.

MARCUS

Whoa Gio, are you good? What the fuck happened?

Alphonso opens his eyes and observes Marcus with a hint of suspicion.

GIO

Well, it got pretty fucked up out there.

MARCUS

I'm sorry I left, I just froze.

GIO

We barely made it out, and Paulie's dead, and Saul was an undercover cop but you know.

MARCUS

Paulie...

ALPHONSO

**She** killed him.

MARCUS

Fuck.

ANGELO

Nice to see you, son. Are you okay?

MARCUS

Yeah, I'm good. I tried calling but nobody answered.

ANGELO

It's been a busy night.

MARCUS

Yeah, I'm assuming that Al...?

ALPHONSO

He knows everything.

Yvonne approaches.

YVONNE

Angelo, it's time.

ALPHONSO

Everyone just hold on.

GIO

Just let him go, he can barely hold his dick and you want him to help us?

ANGELO

Watch your mouth.

Gio sheepishly looks at Yvonne.

GIO

Sorry.

YVONNE

It's okay. How's the leg?

GIO

At the moment, not so bad.

ALPHONSO  
Will you just shut the fuck up for ONE  
SECOND.

The group hesitantly obeys.

ALPHONSO  
How do we know that *this* is Marcus??

Some of the Cronies by the pool table turn their attention to the quarrel.

MARCUS  
Because *she* doesn't know where this  
is.

ALPHONSO  
You were getting awfully close  
tonight.

MARCUS  
You think I would tell a stranger  
about this place??

Angelo puts his hands up.

ANGELO  
Alright, alright. That is your blood.

ALPHONSO  
Is it?

Gio looks at Marcus, considering the situation.

GIO  
It's pretty simple, just ask him what  
happened to his parents?

MARCUS  
They died in a car accident. It was  
April 27th, 2006. They were driving up  
the I-15 when a drunk driver side  
swiped them.

Gio is impressed. Alphonso isn't satisfied.

GIO  
Alright so, we're good?

Alphonso turns his gaze to Angelo.

ALPHONSO

No. This prick is trying to leave without telling Luca the truth.

MARCUS

At this point, I don't really care.

ALPHONSO

I think you do.

ANGELO

Don't do this.

YVONNE

Alphonso.

He shifts his gaze to Yvonne.

ALPHONSO

What? We almost met our maker tonight and he just gets away scott-fucking-free?

YVONNE

I'm sorry that things haven't gone the way you had hoped. We're leaving now.

She wraps her arm around Angelo's and walks him toward the door.

GIO

Well shit, spit it out. What happened?

Alphonso turns to Marcus.

ALPHONSO

It was me, Luca. It's always me. You guys think it's so good being the oldest. But I'm the one who does the putrid-fucking-shit jobs that nobody wants to do. I killed them. Your dad was trying to screw us over so.

Angelo stops and sets down his bag. He turns around.

GIO

Jesus fucking Christ...

Marcus laughs while shaking his head in disbelief.

Angelo, Yvonne and Alphonso stare at him with utter confusion.

Gio snickers with Marcus, unsure of how to read the situation.

MARCUS

I'm so done with this family.

ALPHONSO

How is any of this funny to you?

GIO

Because we're a bunch of clowns.

MARCUS

He gets it.

ALPHONSO

Speak for yourself.

MARCUS

Aren't you tired of this bullshit?

Angelo leans down to his bag.

ALPHONSO

It doesn't matter, this is our life.

YVONNE

Angelo...?

He unzips it and pulls out his pistol.

ANGELO

So here's the deal. Gio's taking over and we are leaving. Anyone got a problem with that?

He points the pistol at Alphonso.

GIO

Here we go.

MARCUS

WHOA!

Marcus and Gio throw their hands up, Alphonso holds his ground.

GIO  
Everybody needs to take a BIG fucking  
breath.

ALPHONSO  
I'm chill. Luca, are you chill?

MARCUS  
Nah.

ANGELO  
Al, I'm sorry that I failed you.

Alphonso stays silent, affected by the apology.

Marcus steps in the way of Angelo's aim.

MARCUS  
Just go.

Yvonne puts her hand on Angelo's shoulder.

YVONNE  
He's right, all we have to do is walk  
through that door.

Angelo lowers his pistol.

**BANG!**

One of the CRONIES holds his hand up, bullet stuck in the  
skin.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
10 out of 10.

Alphonso's hand shakes as he holds a pistol, aimed over  
Marcus' shoulder at Angelo.

GIO  
Nope.

Gio quickly rolls toward the pool table on his knee scooter.

Marcus crawls on the floor toward Yvonne.

Angelo checks himself for any wounds.

ANGELO  
You sneaky little...

He looks up and sees the Crony holding the bullet.

ANGELO

...fuck.

ALPHONSO

Samantha.

The Crony's skin around his face recedes to his body revealing Sam. The second skin slithers around turning the clothing into a black biker suit.

The other Cronies aim their guns, watching in fear and awe.

One of the Cronies has a wild look in his eye, moments away from doing something stupid.

SAM

You know, up until tonight I've never thought about killing someone.

Alphonso lowers his pistol.

ALPHONSO

Then why don't you just do it.

SAM

I'm not like you.

She turns her hand over, dropping the spent bullet to the floor.

ALPHONSO

You should be, killing makes things a lot simpler.

Angelo takes a step toward Sam, curious yet cautious.

ANGELO

You...took away my son.

Sam turns toward Angelo.

SAM

Everything that has happened is because of him.

Marcus checks on Yvonne, cowering on the floor.



MARCUS  
 (whisper)  
 Let's get you outta here.

YVONNE  
 (whisper)  
 I can't leave without Angelo.

MARCUS  
 (whisper)  
 He doesn't care about you.

Marcus pulls her toward the door. A Crony stands to the side, dumbstruck by Sam's power.

MARCUS  
 Hey man, can we get the fuck out of here?

CRONY #1  
 Uh, yeah sure.

He operates the keypad, opening the door.

Angelo stares at Alphonso, sadness in his eyes.

ANGELO  
 He's my blood. He didn't have a choice.

SAM  
 I'm here to end it.

Angelo drops his gun.

ANGELO  
 For what it's worth, I'm sorry for what we've done to yours. Logan was the best of us.

The wild-eyed Crony runs toward Sam with a pistol aimed at her head.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
 SAM!

**BANG!** The lights go out.

INT. THE DARK - ???

Panicked, muffled breaths. Sam's entire head is covered by

the second skin. Her body is bound by an invisible force, stopping her from moving.

Black void surrounds her.

Gradually, she is able to break the constraints, using small movements as leverage.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
(muffled)  
...fight it, Sam...

Over her blacked out eyes, the second skin recedes, returning her vision. Her eyes move around a wild intensity.

The second skin slithers down her face, uncovering her mouth. She screams, more anger than fear.

Barb walks into her sight.

BARB  
All you have to do is kill them. Is that so hard?

Sam stays silent.

Barb studies her, looking for an answer through her unyielding eyes.

The second skin continues to recede toward Sam's feet. Underneath, a black puddle formed from the second skin.

BARB  
Fine, have it your way.

SAM  
I'm in control.

Barb flashes a devilish smile.

BARB  
We'll see about that.

Sam closes her eyes.

INT. THE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Muffled shouting fills the room. Sam opens her blackened eyes, it clears like ink being washed away.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Are you here?

SAM  
Yeah!

On the floor in front of her, the Crony. Bullet in his forehead.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Things got a little, crazy.

Sam looks up, her hands are attached to Angelo and Alphonso's heads, entirely covering them with the second skin. They grab at it as it suffocates them.

The other Cronies aim their guns, waiting for their moment.

Gio just stares in disbelief, gun lowered to his side.

Sam focuses her thoughts, transferring the second skin back to her and releasing them. They fall to the floor, drained from the attack.

GIO  
FIRE!

At the malfunctioning door, Marcus anxiously waits with Yvonne as it opens at a snails' pace.

Sam throws her forearms together, forcing the second skin to explode outward, creating a shield.

**BRATATATA!**

The Cronies unleash hell with their guns. It's a terrifying yet awesome mess of spent brass, debris from the walls and sulfuric smoke.

Alphonso crawls toward the Cronies. Angelo crawls toward the door.

At the door, Marcus assists Yvonne through as PIERCE takes her hand, gently guiding her into the next room, Pope standing close by. A small group of tactically outfitted OFFICERS waits for Pierce's signal. Nearby, the door Crony sits on the floor, gagged and cuffed, completely subdued.

Click-click-click. The Cronies' guns run dry, smoke lingering in the room, obscuring vision.

GIO  
We're fucked.

As it clears, Sam lowers her arms, unaffected by the bullets.

The Cronies vocalize their fright, completely astonished at the lack of damage done to Sam. She steps toward them with a deliberate pace, toying with their fear.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
That was hot.

SAM  
(smiling)  
Thanks.

A few of them quickly reload their weapons, others just stare.

SAM  
If you drop your weapons, I won't hurt you.

GIO  
Bullshit! She killed Paulie!

Gio rolls himself around the pool table, searching for something with more punch.

A few of the Cronies charge at Sam with hand-to-hand weapons, she handles them with a swift takedown, each one laid out within seconds.

The others finish reloading and fire away. Yet again, a big nothing sandwich.

Angelo nears the door and looks up, Marcus offers his hand.

MARCUS  
Let's go!

Angelo takes his hand and moves through the opening.

Gio grabs the grenade launcher off of the table and loads the chamber. One of the Cronies notices.

CRONY #2  
Sir??

GIO  
What else can we do?

CRONY #2  
Get the fuck outta here?

Crony #2 bolts for the door.

GIO  
Goddammit.

Just as Crony #2 steps through the doorway, he is knocked out with the butt of an assault rifle.

Gio positions himself to get a clear line of sight.

Pierce, Pope, and their team stealthily enter the Vault, taking cover behind anything that offers protection.

Sam notices Gio with the grenade launcher in hand.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
One round from that will likely kill everyone but you.

SAM  
I got this.

Sam firmly plants her feet and closes her eyes. The second skin flows from her feet and legs onto the floor, slithering toward Gio.

PIERCE  
FREEZE! DROP YOUR WEAPONS!

Pierce, Pope and their team lock onto the Cronies, ready to fire.

POPE  
Don't do anything stupid.

GIO  
Ah shit. Luca?!

Marcus leans out of the doorway.

MARCUS  
I told you, I'm **done**. It's not too late for you!

The remaining Cronies are conflicted, not sure whether to give up or fight.

PIERCE

I got reduced jail time for anyone--  
 (notices Gio and his grenade  
 launcher)  
 --oh fuck, GIO! Put the grenade  
 launcher DOWN!

POPE

Why do they always have a grenade  
 launcher?

Pope repositions his aim, focusing on Gio's trigger hand.

Alphonso crawls behind the bar and finds Alexei seated on the  
 floor, gripping onto a sawed-off shotgun like it's his  
 savior.

GIO (O.S.)

I'm tired, Saul. Let me just blow her  
 away and be done with it?

ALPHONSO

(whisper)  
 Is there another way out?

PIERCE (O.S.)

The name is Pierce, and no, not a  
 chance.

Alexei keeps his gaze focused straight ahead, shook by the  
 turn of events. Alphonso slaps him across the cheek.

ALPHONSO

(whisper)  
 Hey! Do you want to live through this?

Alexei looks at Alphonso, terror in his eyes.

ALEXEI

We cannot escape the devil.

BEGIN INTERCUT:

INT. THE MIDDLE - NIGHT

Barb sits at the bar, phone in hand. She looks up at Levi and  
 smiles.

BARB

Your turn.

He looks to Raquel.

LEVI  
For justice, for *Him*?

RAQUEL  
For justice. For *Him*.

BARB  
(mocking)  
For justice, for Him.

Levi nods in agreement.

**THE VAULT:**

Alphonso stares at Alexei, confused.

ALPHONSO  
Are you fucking high?

Alexei throws his head back against the bar, eyes rolled back. Alphonso backs away.

Sam opens her eyes, the second skin nears Gio's leg.

SAM  
You know what I can do.

GIO  
But, do you know what...  
(motions to launcher)  
...*this* will do?

POPE  
Yeah, you'll kill yourself.

PIERCE  
Come on, man. It doesn't have to be  
like this.

Angelo peers into the Vault, just enough to catch eyes with Gio.

ANGELO  
Son, just put it down. This is a lose-lose.

GIO  
At least we lose together, Dad.

He steadies his aim.

Behind the bar, Alexei's skin cracks and splits, giving way to writhing, fleshy tentacles that burst from his body. Scales emerge where flesh once was, his face contorts and transforms, his muscles bulge. He convulses violently as the **LEVIATHAN** takes hold, turning him into a macabre fusion of man and beast.

Alphonso scrambles to his feet and pops out from behind the bar.

ALPHONSO  
GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!

Like a redwood tree falling to the earth, the tension breaks:

Gio spins around toward Alphonso, grenade launcher aimed. The second skin slithers up Gio's good leg and onto his body, moving toward his trigger hand.

Pope fires off one round, hitting Gio's shoulder.

It's a futile attempt.

Alphonso fumbles around as he tries to jump over the bar. Behind him, the Leviathan rises, tentacles whipping around at incredible speed.

Gio fires off a grenade round, it whizzes through the air.

PIERCE  
COVER!

Sam recalls the second skin, but it's not fast enough, half of her body is exposed.

Pierce, Pope, the Officers, and the Cronies do their best to prepare.

The grenade round misses its target by a sizable margin and hits the kitchen behind the bar.

**BOOM!**

The natural gas supply for the kitchen doubles the power of the grenade round. It's a terrible mess.

**THE MIDDLE:**

Barb smiles at the results.



Raquel paces behind her.

RAQUEL  
Well?

BARB  
Hold.

Barb throws back the remainder of her whiskey.

END INTERCUT.

INT. THE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Sam awakens, face to the floor, Alphonso a few feet away.

The sound of a fire alarm blares through the darkened vault, the only light coming from burning chunks of the bar and kitchen.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
What the fuck was **that**?

SAM  
Nothing good.

She pushes herself up, drops of blood hit the debris-ridden floor.

The fire alarm stops and a sprinkler system activates.

LOGAN (V.O.)  
Sam...

Logan appears in front of her, concerned, inspecting.

She runs her fingers over large gashes on her face, she retracts her bloody hand, staring. She looks down, half of her body is similarly wounded.

SAM  
Don't worry, I can't feel it.

Formed like a puddle at her feet, the second skin crawls up her legs and over her bloody body.

SAM  
Can you see anything?

LOGAN  
Hang on.

He turns around and walks into the darkness. Sam leans down to check on Alphonso. He's charred and injured from the explosion. He slowly opens his eyes, surprised to see Sam.

SAM

If you want to live, I'm the only way out.

ALPHONSO

Alexei...

Coughing is heard from the door.

SAM

Pierce?

PIERCE (O.S.)

Yeah, I'm good.

Sam helps Alphonso to his faltering feet. She drapes his arm around her neck, supporting him.

SAM

We have to get everyone out, now.

PIERCE

Roger that.

ALPHONSO

All of this just to put me away?

SAM

It's the right thing to do.

The fires are extinguished, the remaining light goes with it.

A flashlight clicks on, illuminating the numerous lifeless Officers and Cronies strewn around the room.

PIERCE

Jesus...

The light snaps to Sam and Alphonso.

PIERCE

What are you doing?

SAM

Sticking to the plan.

Pope pushes himself off the floor, Pierce helps him up.

POPE  
Fucking grenade launcher.

PIERCE  
I thought you cowboys were tough?

POPE  
I was just resting my eyes.

Pope collects himself and clicks on a flashlight, noticing Sam helping Alphonso.

POPE  
I know you're some kind of miracle,  
but we can just leave this piece of  
shit to rot.

ALPHONSO  
I don't wanna die.

Pope pulls a pistol and aims it at Alphonso's face.

POPE  
That's too fucking bad.

Sam raises her hand and positions it in front of the barrel.

SAM  
We don't have to be like them.

ALPHONSO  
If you get me outta here, I'll bring  
it all down. You have my word.

Pope lowers his weapon.

PIERCE  
You're a good friend.

POPE  
You would do the same for me.  
(looks at Alphonso)  
If you fuck around, I'll end you. You  
have *my* word.

Alphonso nods in agreement.

ALPHONSO  
Fair enough.

PIERCE

Behind the bar, what was **that**?

**BANG! BANG!** Everyone turns their attention to the noise in the darkness.

ALPHONSO

Alexei...he just started turning into...

SAM

Some demonic shit?

ALPHONSO

Exactly. I've seen some shit, but this...

Pierce raises his flashlight toward the direction of it, Alphonso places his hand on the flashlight.

ALPHONSO

Can we just get the fuck outta here?

PIERCE

Good idea.

They turn to the door, it's closed.

ALPHONSO

Fan-fucking-tastic.

POPE

Hey Pierce, you got your diaper bag handy?

Pierce smiles.

ALPHONSO

Fuck you, man.

**BANG!** This hit comes with a cracking noise.

Logan approaches.

POPE

(to Alphonso)

I just thought you would be a little tougher, you know?

LOGAN

Whatever it is, it's trapped.

ALPHONSO  
 (to Pope)  
 I'll be tough in jail, okay?

SAM  
 (to Pope)  
 May I?

POPE  
 Sure.

Sam grabs Pope's flashlight and turns it to the keypad next to the door. Slumped against the wall is the lifeless Crony that operated the door.

SAM  
 What's the code?

Alphonso snaps to the keypad.

ALPHONSO  
 Uhh--fuck, I don't know, I don't know.

Pierce closes his eyes in frustration.

SAM  
 Calm down and think. Who knows?

INT. THE VAULT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Outside of the vault, a long sterile hallway. Debris is scattered just outside of the door. On the side, another keypad. A battered Marcus quickly inputs a sequence of digits into the keypad, it fails.

MARCUS  
 Shit!

Yvonne paces around, deep in thought.

YVONNE  
 Try Al's birthday.

Angelo sits against the wall, hopeless.

ANGELO  
 I'm telling you, none of that is gonna work.

MARCUS  
 So, we sit here and let her die again?

ANGELO

I see.

Marcus goes silent, he tries another sequence of digits.

YVONNE

Who else has the code?

ANGELO

Gio.

INT. THE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Gio opens his eyes to cool blue emergency lights flickering on and off.

**BANG!**

Alphonso drags him toward the door, a trail of blood follows.

ALPHONSO

Don't die on me you crazy fuck.

Gio smiles, blood smeared over his teeth.

GIO

Did we win?

ALPHONSO

No.

Alphonso leans him against the wall by the door. Large chunks of sharp debris protrude from his bloody body.

The emergency lights flicker on, lighting up the Vault.

**BANG!**

The Leviathan is trapped behind a sturdy thermal shield that had isolated the main portion of the fire. Large cracks formed from the continuous hits.

GIO

So, that's what a demon looks like...

Alphonso kneels down.

ALPHONSO

Listen, we need the code for the door or we're all fucked.

Gio shifts his fading gaze to Alphonso.

GIO  
(coughing)  
We had a good run.

ALPHONSO  
We did.

**CRACK!**

The Leviathan bursts through one section of the thermal shield.

**BRATATATAT!**

Pierce and Pope open fire with assault rifles, aiming through the opening.

Sam stands at the keypad, waiting.

ALPHONSO  
GIO!

The Leviathan ignores the bullets shredding its skin and shatters the weakened thermal shield.

GIO  
It's Logan's birthday.

Alphonso turns to Sam.

SAM  
I got it.

Sam smiles as she enters the code, the door comes alive and opens.

SAM  
LET'S GO!

ALPHONSO  
I love you, bro.

GIO  
Yeah, yeah. I love you too.

Alphonso grabs a sturdy pice of debris from the floor and makes a dash for the door, using the debris to pry open the door.

ALPHONSO  
HELP ME!

Sam jumps into action to assist.

Pierce and Pope reload their rifles.

Near the Leviathan, a couple of the Cronies rise to their feet, they shake off the daze from the explosion. The Leviathan makes quick work of them, blood splattering everywhere.

Alphonso reaches his arm through the crack in the door.

INT. THE VAULT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Marcus is on the other side, he grabs Alphonso's hand. Yvonne assists. Gun fire from the Vault echoes through the hallway.

MARCUS  
I got you!

ALPHONSO  
Pull harder!

The door opens a little more and then seizes up.

MARCUS  
Shit, shit! Come on man, get your fat  
ass through!

Alphonso squeezes through, his eyes go wide.

ALPHONSO  
Wait--WAIT!

**BANG!**

Blood sprays Marcus and Yvonne in the face.

Alphonso drops to the floor.

Angelo aims his pistol at Marcus' leg.

MARCUS  
NO!

**BANG!**

He screams in pain as he falls to the floor.



MARCUS

FUCK!

Yvonne shakes in terror. He grabs her by the hand and speed walks down the hallway.

Sam looks through the cracked door.

INT. THE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

She sees Alphonso's lifeless body and Marcus gripping his bleeding leg.

SAM

MARCUS!

MARCUS

I'm good--I'm good.

Behind her, the Leviathan charges at Pierce and Pope, they leap out of the way. It continues its bull run toward Sam.

LOGAN (V.O.)

MOVE!

She flips around and braces herself, the second skin swirls around.

The Leviathan leaps toward her, the second skin explodes outward into spikes, impaling the Leviathan. Despite the grievous wounds, The Leviathan uses its intense strength to inch closer to her uncovered face.

Pierce throws his assault rifle to the ground and searches the floor around him, Pope follows suit.

PIERCE

Bullets ain't doing shit!

POPE

The grenade launcher!

They scramble around the room, searching for the grenade launcher.

The Leviathan whips its tentacles over its head and around Sam's neck, pulling itself closer to her. It opens its mouth and extends its jagged fangs toward her face.

LOGAN (V.O.)

Detach from the skin!

The second skin splits open from her neck to her feet. Sam ducks out of it and rolls away, the second skin holds its form and the Leviathan. A singular strand of it follows with Sam, attached at her heart. She quickly collects herself.

The second skin melts to the floor, the Leviathan stumbles but its tentacles whip around and grab multiple chunks of jagged debris from the floor. In a flash, the tentacles **whip** the chunks at Sam. They impale her torso, but she maintains her posture.

LOGAN

SAM!!

Logan stands in front of her, dismayed at the sight of debris sticking out of her body. She tries to ignore it, but her body is weakened by the severe damage.

SAM

I'm...good...

Pierce looks back at Sam. She slumps down to her knees.

PIERCE

WHERE IS IT!

He speeds up his effort to find the grenade launcher.

Pope picks up a tactical shotgun from the floor, he checks the chamber.

POPE

It's okay, I got this.

PIERCE

POPE--WAIT!

He reloads the shotgun and takes aim.

Sam closes her eyes and recalls the second skin.

The Leviathan runs toward her.

**BANG! BANG!**

The shots blows out portions of its skin but it ignores the pitiful attempt.

POPE

COME ON!

Click! The chamber is empty, he reloads.

POPE

PIERCE!

The Leviathan tackles Sam to the floor and **BITES** into her neck.

LOGAN

SAM!

Logan watches, hopeless.

The second skin wraps around the Leviathan and pulls it off of her, pinning it to the floor. It writhes around, trying to break free.

Pope rushes in and positions himself over the Leviathan, he shoves the shotgun in its mouth and fires, blood and viscera sprays Pope in the face.

**CLICK!** The chamber is empty, the Leviathan grabs the shotgun with its hands, overpowering Pope's grip, and snaps the shotgun into two. It turns the jagged ends of the shotgun inward and stabs them into Pope's sides.

POPE

FUCK!

He falls off of the Leviathan and crawls away.

Pierce flips over a jagged piece of the bar and finds the grenade launcher, he picks it up and makes a dash for the Leviathan. He jumps onto the Leviathan and shoves the barrel in its mouth.

PIERCE

FUCKING DIE!

He pulls the trigger, the second skin forms over the Leviathan's body, but a crack in the second skin remains.

**BOOM!**

The explosion blows through the crack, launching Pierce backwards and he FREEZES mid-air.

Pope is frozen too, insurmountable pain in his face.

Sam lays still, labored breathing, staring at the ceiling, she closes her eyes.

EXT. THE MIDDLE - NIGHT

Sam opens her eyes. She stands on a cobblestone pathway in front of the antiquated bar. The outside is reminiscent of an old English tavern from the the middle ages. Beyond the tavern, nothing but darkness. She is fully clothed in a black designer business suit and all of her wounds are gone.

SAM

Logan?

She looks around, waiting for a response. Nothing.

The front door of the tavern opens up, Raquel stands in the doorway.

RAQUEL

Hi Sam, I'm Raquel, the Angel of Justice.

She steps out, the door closes.

SAM

Am I dead?

RAQUEL

Not yet. This is purgatory.

Sam looks around.

RAQUEL

It's really not as bad as it's made out to be.

SAM

What happened to Pierce? Marcus?

RAQUEL

They're fine. They're doing their best to resuscitate you.

Sam looks Raquel in the eye.

SAM

And Logan?

RAQUEL

He's inside, waiting for you.

Sam's eyes go wide with excitement but she hesitates, considering the situation for a moment.

RAQUEL

After everything you've been through,  
I wouldn't trust me either. Here...  
(reaches out her hand)  
...let me show you.

Sam reluctantly reaches out and grabs her hand, her vision is replaced with images of Raquel's life:

- *Raquel being sworn into her position as Justice. A glowing figure places their hand on her head. Metallic wings burst from her back.*

- *She stands atop a cliff that overlooks the Heavens. Its glamour is reminiscent of ancient Rome. At the gate, thousands of people standing in unmoving lines.*

- *She kneels before the glowing figure, pleading her case. "Let me do what needs to be done" she says.*

Raquel releases Sam's hand.

SAM

Those people at the gates...

RAQUEL

Just waiting. People like Angelo and Alphonso, they have created an epidemic. You're the cure.

SAM

I just want my life back.

Raquel nods in agreement.

RAQUEL

Let's have a drink.

She opens the door and ushers Sam through.

INT. THE MIDDLE - NIGHT

At the bar, Barb sits next to Logan.

Behind the bar, Levi dries some glasses with a towel.

Sam steps through the door and is instantly elated to see Logan.

He hops to his feet and runs to her, stopping within inches. He reaches out his hand.

LOGAN

I'm *here*.

She grabs his hand and pulls him in, embracing with all of her love.

Raquel walks around them and steps up to the bar.

RAQUEL

Four tequila's please.

LEVI

Sure.

RAQUEL

Hey.

She places her hand on his.

RAQUEL

You did good.

LEVI

Thank you.

Levi steps away and grabs a top-shelf bottle of tequila, he pours four measured shots in a shaker with ice.

Barb watches Sam and Logan, amused and disgusted by their display of love.

Levi shakes the drink and pours it in four shot glasses.

BARB

(pouty)

Aww, so sweet.

Sam pulls away from Logan and locks eyes with Barb.

BARB

Too bad it's the last time.

Raquel grabs one of the shots and throws it back.

Logan turns around, disturbed by the comment.

SAM

What is she talking about??

Raquel shakes her head in disappointment.

RAQUEL  
Apologies. My "friend" has no filter.  
Please...

She motions to one of the seats.

SAM  
I like standing.

RAQUEL  
Fine.

Raquel turns around and looks at Logan. He gives her a slight nod, she returns the gesture. He grabs Sam and turns her attention to him.

LOGAN  
I was never part of the deal.

Sam stays silent.

LOGAN  
If I had told you, you would have just given up.

SAM  
You're right.

RAQUEL  
His soul belongs to hell. And Lucy is the only one that can decide to let him go.

Sam approaches Raquel.

SAM  
So, you make it happen.

Barb giggles to herself.

BARB  
Lucy doesn't make deals with Angels.

Sam turns to Barb.

SAM  
What about you?

BARB  
You're adorable.

SAM  
So that's it? I'm used against my will  
and I get nothing out of it?

BARB  
Oh no, no, that's not true. You get to  
live. Just, without Logan. I'd call  
that a win.

Barb grabs her shot of tequila.

BARB  
Cheers.

She throws it back.

Logan places his hand on Sam's shoulder.

LOGAN  
It's okay, Sam. I deserve to be there.

Sam keeps her focus on Barb.

SAM  
I did my part.

BARB  
You didn't kill them. That was Levi.

SAM  
If you just wanted them dead, why did  
you choose me...?

BARB  
Ask her.

Barb points to Raquel and turns toward the bar. She taps on  
her glass, Levi pours another.

RAQUEL  
Sam, there is another way.

BARB  
No, there isn't--

Barb spins her chair around to face Raquel and is met with a  
decadent **KNIFE** pierced into her heart, her eyes go wide.  
Raquel raises her other hand and another knife appears, she  
slowly draws it across Barb's neck, parting the skin. Black  
blood spills out.



Sam, Logan and Levi stare, stunned by the action.

BARB  
Sneaky...

Barb stumbles out of her chair, blood flowing all over.

BARB  
...little bitch.

Raquel watches, silent. Barb lays on the floor, letting go of her life. She stares at Raquel with faded eyes.

BARB  
You...made a big mistake.

With her last word, she passes.

RAQUEL  
Levi, lock the door.

LEVI  
The door hasn't been locked in over a thousand years...

Raquel turns to Levi.

RAQUEL  
Do you trust me?

He nods in agreement and makes a dash for the front door. He bangs on a sturdy barricade bolt until it loosens. He slides it shut, locking the door.

SAM  
What have you done??

Logan lifts raises his hands to his face, the tips of his fingers are fading away. The fade moves upwards to his hands.

LOGAN  
Sam...

Sam turns to Logan, the sight of his hands is alarming.

Raquel turns to face Sam.

RAQUEL  
You've lived your whole life wondering what makes you special.

SAM  
DO SOMETHING!

Sam hugs Logan, squeezing tightly. The fade moves up his arms.

RAQUEL  
I did.

Logan pulls back and looks Sam in the eye.

LOGAN  
I love you. Find me.

He disappears, Sam's arms collapse into each other.

RAQUEL  
Sam.

She turns to face Raquel, tears in her eyes.

RAQUEL  
You were not special before you died.  
You were just a leaf floating in the  
wind. Now, you have the power to save  
humanity. To save Logan. I'm tired,  
Sam. *He* wants harmony but he won't  
take away the core that manufactures  
evil. I watch my deeds flourish just  
to eventually fall apart.

Levi turns toward the conversation, concern in his face.

SAM  
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!

RAQUEL  
We take the fight to them.

Sam wipes away the tears and collects herself.

SAM  
Hell??

Raquel nods in agreement.

RAQUEL  
Hell.

TO BE CONTINUED