

**OVER BLACK.**

We hear:

A deep, metallic clang reverberates through the void - heavy iron doors slamming shut, sealing fate behind them.

A chorus of dissonant murmurs rises, thick with malice, whispers bleeding together into an unintelligible hum of despair.

Chains scrape against cold stone, each rattle underscoring the restless shifting of unseen prisoners. Somewhere in the distance, a guttural roar erupts, primal and unhinged.

Screams pierce the darkness, raw with agony, only to be swallowed by bursts of maniacal laughter. The two blend together in a sickening harmony, a twisted symphony of suffering.

Overhead, the relentless buzz of flickering fluorescent lights hums—a mechanical drone that does little to mask the inhuman wails echoing through the space.

The cacophony intensifies - jeers, taunts, mocking laughter, all swirling together in a rising tide of chaos.

**FADE IN:**

INT. PRISON - DAY

The prison looms like a rotting corpse, its walls cracked and bleeding filth, rust gnawing at the bars. The air is thick, stagnant—drenched in sweat, piss, and something worse. Inmates sprawl across stained cots, some staring blankly at the crumbling ceiling, others lost in their own silent nightmares. The fluorescent lights flicker, casting jittery, sickly halos against the damp concrete.

VOICE OVER

Funny how a single moment can haunt you for years. I still feel that summer heat, the sweat dripping down my spine, Tracey's eyes—wild with fear, burning with defiance. We had a plan, but plans are like glass. One bullet, one scream, and it all shatters. Every day in this cage, I relive that second. Five years of cold steel and concrete, of watching faces through bars, of time bleeding away like a slow death.

## INT. PRISON - DAY

Beyond the bars, men relieve themselves into rusted buckets, the splash of piss mingling with low grunts and muttered curses. Others squat in the corners, their faces knotted in discomfort, trapped in a cycle of degradation.

The stench is unbearable, thick enough to claw at your throat. New arrivals gag, their stomachs lurching, while the seasoned ones don't flinch - they've learned to swallow the filth along with their pride.

## VOICE OVER

At first, it's the bucket for everything - peeing, shitting. Feels like the ultimate humiliation. The smell? Made me puke more than once. But you adapt. You learn to stomach it. You tell yourself it's just another part of the plan. They call this a correctional facility, but there's no fixing what's in here. No lessons, no redemption - just memories that rot and wounds that never close.

## INT. PRISON YARD - DAY

The yard is a war zone. Men lunge at each other with sharpened bits of metal, their faces twisted in fury and desperation. Blood splashes onto the cracked pavement as fists fly, bodies crash, and the crowd erupts. Cheers, jeers - some inmates egging it on, others just watching with dead eyes, detached from the chaos.

## VOICE OVER

Time changes you. It warps how you see things. Life moves on, with or without you. People forget. But that one moment - it never lets go. It clings to you, like an anchor dragging through your ribs, reminding you that some mistakes never fade.

## INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY

A dim, lifeless space. Prisoners shuffle in, chains rattling at their feet, hands bound to thick leather belts strapped tight around their waists.

A row of booths lines the room - thick glass partitions separating inmates from their visitors. Some faces are eager, hopeful. Others, tear-streaked, barely holding it together. Muted conversations hum beneath the fluorescent lights, a quiet murmur of regret, love and things left unsaid.

VOICE OVER

You learn to live with it. Maybe that's all you can do - carry the weight, find a way to keep moving, one slow step at a time.

INT. JOHNNY'S PRISON CELL - EARLY MORNING

A sliver of pale morning light filters through the tiny window, illuminating dust motes swirling in the stale air.

JOHNNY DIXON (30s), lean, sharp-eyed, lies on his cot, flipping through a comic book. AirPods snug in his ears, lost in another world.

The CELL DOOR RATTLES.

A burly, no-nonsense GUARD (50s) stands at the bars, arms crossed.

GUARD

Time to go.  
(beat)  
Dixon?

Johnny doesn't flinch.

Annoyed, the guard snatches a thick book from a library cart and hurls it through the bars. It lands with a heavy THUD, inches from Johnny's ribs.

Johnny startles, looks up.

With a sigh, he swings his legs over the side of the cot and stands, facing the guard as the bars slide open. He pops out his AirPods.

JOHNNY

Whoops ... miles away there, chief.

GUARD

Button your pants. Put that comic away.

Johnny tucks in his shirt, folds the comic, and slides it into his back pocket.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Alright, last time. Name and number?

JOHNNY

Dixon. 22817037.

(beat)

Sir.

GUARD

Alrighty then. Let's move.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Johnny walks beside the guard, his pace easy, his smile relaxed. The dim corridor stretches ahead, lined with cells. He bumps fists with passing INMATES, quiet goodbyes exchanged through nods and knowing looks.

Then - SPIT.

A TATTOOED INMATE (40s) scowls as a glob of saliva shoots toward Johnny. It misses and splats onto the guard's uniform instead.

The guard stops. His face darkens.

Johnny doesn't flinch, just keeps walking, that swagger never breaking.

INT. PRISON LAUNDRY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The low hum of washing machines and spin dryers fills the room. The guard gestures.

GUARD

To your bare ass.

Johnny doesn't hesitate. Strips down, revealing a lean, tattooed frame - hardened by five years inside.

The guard glances at an old mugshot - a younger Johnny, softer, clean-cut, no ink, no muscle. That kid wouldn't last a day in here.

Johnny pulls on his civvies, catches his reflection in a mirror. A smirk. A quick pose. The man staring back is someone else entirely.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Stop preening, Dixon. Time's a-wastin'.

INT. PRISON PROCESSING ROOM - SOON AFTER

Johnny stands behind a worn yellow line, leans forward to sign a form. A brown paper bag is handed over.

He dumps out the sum total of his possessions onto a table:

- A pack of smokes
- A Zippo lighter
- Black sunglasses

A pillowcase filled with books follows. Another form. Another signature.

Then, FRANK (50s) - the prison governor - appears at his side.

FRANK

I couldn't let you leave without hearing my rehabilitation speech.

JOHNNY

You don't have to worry about me getting rehabilitated, sir. I already am. Thanks to you and your prison programs.

FRANK

Johnny. Johnny, this is me, remember? No matter what institution I'm at, sooner or later I got you inside it. You couldn't, um, really go straight?

JOHNNY

(smirks)

My heart wouldn't be in it, Frank.

Johnny walks off.

GUARD

Man on discharge!

EXT. PRISON GATE - DAY

The sun casts long shadows over the yard. Johnny stands at the gate - shades on, leather jacket over his shoulder, pillowcase in hand.

A second gate buzzes open. GARY (60s), an easygoing, well-worn guard, steps out.

GARY  
Well, Johnny, this is it.

JOHNNY  
Yeah, feels kinda... what's the word?

GARY  
Surreal?

JOHNNY  
Yeah. Surreal.

A chuckle between them. Gary's laugh - familiar, comforting.

GARY  
Just don't get too comfortable out there. You screw up again, it's life. No more second chances.

JOHNNY  
Never was much for listening.

Gary smirks, pats Johnny's shoulder.

GARY  
Do it for Tracey and Mia.

The mention of his wife and daughter shifts something in Johnny. His smile fades - his jaw tightens with resolve.

JOHNNY  
Yeah. Guess I owe them that much.

They start walking toward the open gate, a weight between them.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
I don't know what to say. You've done more for me than anyone.

Gary waves it off. But there's a glint of something in his eyes.

GARY  
Aw, hell. Don't go getting all Shawshank on me now. Just promise me you'll stay outta here. I don't wanna be sneaking you another six-pack.

JOHNNY  
(smirks)  
You could've slipped me a rock hammer.

GARY  
(flatly)  
You were only in for five years.

Johnny laughs, the first real one in a long time.

JOHNNY

Still - above and beyond, man.

Gary stops, turns Johnny toward him, hand firm on his shoulder.

GARY

You're a good guy who made bad choices. Now you got a second chance. No more Outlaw Josey Wales wild west shit, got it?

Johnny nods. Swallows hard.

JOHNNY

I'll try. And ... thanks. For everything.

Gary gives a small nod, a knowing look.

GARY

Think nothing of it.

Johnny steps through the gate. Behind him, the heavy metal doors SLAM SHUT.

He stops, takes a deep breath - his first taste of freedom in five years.

Behind the bars, Gary watches.

GARY (CONT'D)

(sincerely)

And Johnny ... give Tracey and Mia my best.

Johnny turns, gives a small grateful wave.

JOHNNY

Here's looking at you, kid.

He starts down the path, the weight of both his freedom and Gary's words settling in.

Gary watches him go, hope and worry etched on his face.

Johnny walks away. Alone. But free.

**SUPER: JOHNNY**

EXT. PARK - DAY

The setting sun casts long shadows over the park.

JOHNNY sits on a weathered picnic table, cigarette in hand, gaze distant. Across the street, kids play, their laughter sharp against the quiet hum of the evening.

Then, his focus sharpens.

A group of TEENAGERS pass something between them - taunting, laughing. In the middle, ELSIE (7) sniffles, her small hands reaching desperately for a Teddy Bear (OLIVER), just out of her grasp.

Johnny exhales slowly.

JOHNNY  
(under his breath)  
Not on my watch, motherfuckers.

He moves like a shadow, soundless, his presence unnoticed until he's right behind JASON (14) - the tallest of the bunch, clutching the bear.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
(low, sudden)  
Boo.

Jason freezes. Turns. Finds himself staring into Johnny's cold, unblinking eyes.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Give. It. Back.

Jason hesitates, scanning his friends for backup. No one meets his eyes.

Johnny steps closer, his face mere inches away. The quiet in his voice makes it worse - the kind of quiet that promises something far worse than yelling.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Now.

Jason gulps, practically shoving the teddy bear forward. Johnny takes it without breaking eye contact.

He kneels, his voice softening.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Here you go, sweetheart.



Elsie snatches Oliver, clutching it tight. Her tear-streaked face lights up.

ELSIE

Thank you, mister.

Johnny gives her a small, reassuring smile. Then turns back to the teens.

JOHNNY

Now get the fuck outta here before I  
decide you don't get to.

They scramble to their BMX bikes, pedalling off so fast one nearly eats pavement.

Johnny watches them vanish, then looks down at Elsie, still hugging her bear.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You OK?

Elsie nods, smiling now. Johnny's features soften - just for a second - before he watches her run back to her MOTHER (30s), who's been observing from a nearby bench.

Johnny exhales, flicks ash from his cigarette. For the first time in a long time, something feels right.

He heads back to the table, takes another drag, and lets the moment settle.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

A SLEEK BLUE MERCEDES rolls to a stop by the curb, engine purring like a caged predator.

The doors open.

DETECTIVE DENNEHY (50s) steps out, moving with deliberate calm. His face is a roadmap of old cases - lined with frustration, bitterness and the weight of too many scumbags walking free.

Beside him, OFFICER REYNOLDS (20s) practically falls out of the car. His badge is upside down, cap slightly askew.

He slams the car door shut - except he doesn't. It bounces open. With an awkward grin, he leans back to fix it. Bumps straight into Dennehy.

Reynolds jerks upright, adjusts his cap - which immediately falls over his eyes. He stumbles forward, trips on his own feet and a notepad slips from his grasp, landing in a puddle.

He snatches it up, shakes off the water - accidentally splattering Dennehy's polished shoes.

Dennehy's face remains unreadable.

Nearby, Johnny watches. He flicks his cigarette, exhaling with a detached smirk.

Dennehy smiles thinly, then drops onto the bench beside him.

DENNEHY

Still smoking, I see.

Johnny takes a slow drag, his hand barely trembling.

JOHNNY

A man's gotta have at least one vice.

REYNOLDS

Well, we're just waiting until ... oh, my bad.

Dennehy's glare could kill a man.

DENNEHY

Make the most of it, Dixon. I got a betting pool running on how long till you screw up again.

JOHNNY

I'll take a piece of that action. What are the odds?

REYNOLDS

Oh, oh! I want in too!

DENNEHY

(snarling)

Reynolds, you're a rookie. You can't bet on this.

REYNOLDS

Oh. Right. My bad. Again. I'll just ... watch.

(beat)

Sir.

Johnny exhales, shaking his head.

JOHNNY

Man, you need a hobby.

DENNEHY

Yeah, like not ruining my dramatic moments.

JOHNNY

Anyway, I'm rehabilitated.

Dennehy leans in, voice dropping, words slow, deliberate.

DENNEHY

You're missing the point.  
Rehabilitation? Doesn't work. We don't  
fix people. We just mark time until  
you get out and fuck up again.

Johnny's smirk falters. Just slightly. He takes another drag.

JOHNNY

Maybe you should quit, then. If it's  
all so pointless.

DENNEHY

You're right.  
(turns to Reynolds)  
Find me a list of all the busboy  
vacancies in the area.

REYNOLDS

Oh! My brother-in-law's a shift  
manager at Wendy's.

Dennehy closes his eyes. Inhales. Exhales. Opens them. Looks at Johnny.

The grin is gone. What's left is something darker.

DENNEHY

Do you recall our first run-in?

JOHNNY

Nope.

DENNEHY

Assault with a deadly weapon.

JOHNNY

Nah. Doesn't ring a bell.

DENNEHY

Oh, it was you. You got away with it.  
(beat)  
That time.

Johnny's jaw tightens.

DENNEHY (CONT'D)

Some debts ... they don't go away.  
While you were taking, the rest of us  
kept giving. And sometimes, just  
sometimes, the system throws me a  
bone.

(beat)

That kid, Dixon. The one from your  
last job. She didn't deserve what  
happened.

Johnny freezes. Just for a fraction of a second.

JOHNNY

Hey, it breaks my heart, really. But  
that wasn't my fault.

Dennehy leans in, voice ice cold.

DENNEHY

As long as you're out here, step  
wrong, and I'll be all over you like  
stink on shit. Some stains don't wash  
out. And I will make you pay for every  
last one.

REYNOLDS

(trying to copy Dennehy)

Yeah! Step wrong and I'll, I'll shit  
all over you.

Johnny blinks. Stares.

JOHNNY

Whatever you say, Sweetchuck.

Dennehy rises, turns toward the car.

Reynolds scrambles after him, immediately slipping off the curb.

Johnny takes a slow drag. Watches the car disappear. Then flicks  
the cigarette away, lights another.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRISON GATE - DAY

A GLEAMING BLACK ASTON MARTIN DARK HORSE ROARS into view, tires  
skidding to a sharp SCREECHING HALT in front of Johnny.

The tinted window slides down.

TRACEY DIXON (30s) smirks from the driver's seat—blood-red hair tousled, green eyes flashing with mischief. A face made for trouble, wearing it well.

TRACEY  
(singsong)  
Hop in, Convict 99.

SUPER: TRACEY  
Johnny strides toward the car. Each  
step sheds a little more of his past.

He slides in, SLAMS the door shut—a sound that says it all.

INT. ASTON MARTIN - DAY (NOT MOVING)

The space between them crackles.

Tracey leans in—years of waiting, longing, and love tightening in her gaze.

They kiss. Fierce. Unfiltered. Like it's the only thing keeping them alive.

The moment lingers, the taste of it settling in.

Tracey throws the car into gear.

The Aston Martin GROWLS, a beast unleashed.

They peel off, leaving behind prison walls, steel bars, and five years of ghosts in the rearview.

INT. ASTON MARTIN - DAY (MOVING)

TRACEY  
Easy, tiger. No need to take your day  
out on my car.

JOHNNY  
Your car? How long have you had it?

TRACEY  
About... twenty minutes.

Johnny blinks.

JOHNNY  
Sam's?

TRACEY  
Yep.

JOHNNY

Dames.

She laughs, punching the gas. The world blurs past them.

INT. ASTON MARTIN - DAY (MOVING)

Tracey glances over, eyes flickering with curiosity.

TRACEY

So ... how was it?

JOHNNY

Not bad. I learned plumbing.

TRACEY

A man of your talents? A plumber?  
Please.

JOHNNY

Trust me, you don't need to worry  
about my talents.

(beat)

I'm done. No more jobs.

TRACEY

Who said anything about a job?

(grinning)

You don't think I just came because I  
love you?

Johnny scoffs, shaking his head.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Look, I'm your wife and I happen to  
care for you.

(beat)

And if you think that's easy then  
you're wrong because you can be a very  
abrasive fellow. Most people can't  
stand you - am I right?

JOHNNY

You're still as fascinating as ever.

TRACEY

I stole this car for so you'd have a  
little comfort to ease back into  
society. Why does that entitle me to  
abuse?

JOHNNY

It's terrific. I'm sorry.

TRACEY  
Don't apologise unless you mean it.

JOHNNY  
I mean it.

TRACEY  
Really?

JOHNNY  
Really.

She studies his face, then nods.

TRACEY  
Good. I believe you.  
(beat)  
So. About the job —

JOHNNY  
Oh, Jesus Christ. Cut me a break. Ever  
heard of acclimatising?

TRACEY  
Johnny, can't you take a joke?  
(grins)  
Besides ... the well's dry.

Johnny's smirk fades.

JOHNNY  
Seriously?

TRACEY  
Seriously.

He stares ahead, her words settling in like a weight.

JOHNNY  
Is there at least enough in the well  
for a beer?

TRACEY  
Now you're talking.

She shifts gears.

The Aston Martin roars louder, devouring the open road ahead.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Aston Martin slices onto the open road.

The prison shrinks in the rearview, a fading speck swallowed by distance.

SUPER: YOUNG BUCKS

Johnny watches it disappear. No looking back.

EXT. THE 7 AND 7 BAR - DUSK

Neon lights hiss and flicker above the packed bar. The Aston Martin gleams under the glow, parked like it belongs.

INT. THE 7 AND 7 BAR - DUSK

The place hums with life—a mix of laughter, clinking glasses, and the occasional cheer from a rowdy group pounding shots.

Johnny and Tracey sit in a worn leather booth, the kind that's seen too many secrets.

A waitress, JADE (20s), weaves through tables, barely dodging a drunken stumble.

TRACEY

Two Buds, darlin'. Keep 'em coming  
until there ain't no come.

Jade nods, smirks, disappears.

Tracey leans in, her voice edged with something between playfulness and understanding.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

So, how's it feel to be out, husband  
number one?

JOHNNY

Surreal. Twenty minutes free and I'm  
right back here. Feels like I broke  
outta jail just to get locked into  
happy hour.

He lights a cigarette, exhaling slow. His face—equal parts relief and exhaustion.

TRACEY

Five years is a lot of time to lose.  
(beat)  
Mia's been counting the days.



JOHNNY  
She's all I think about.

Tracey reaches into her bag, slides over a stack of mail.

TRACEY  
These came for you.

Johnny's hands tighten as he flips through them.

Rejection letters.

His jaw tenses.

JOHNNY  
Twenty-five applications. Not a single  
yes.  
(beat)  
How the hell am I supposed to take  
care of Mia?

TRACEY  
We've been scraping by. Boosting cars,  
flipping them for pennies. But it's  
wearing me down, Johnny.

JOHNNY  
It wasn't supposed to be this way.

TRACEY  
No. It wasn't.  
(beat)  
Maybe ... maybe we were better off  
pulling jobs. Least we didn't worry  
about rent.

Johnny flicks ash from his cigarette.

JOHNNY  
So, what's the plan for my first night  
of freedom?

TRACEY  
Mia's waiting at the county fair. We  
promised her.

Jade reappears, setting two beers down with a clink.

JADE  
Two cold ones. For Johnny's freedom.

TRACEY  
Here's to new beginnings.



Tracey steps out first, confident, effortless.

Johnny follows, scanning the area with a wary eye.

INT. SPARKY'S GARAGE - EARLY EVENING

Inside, Sparky sits at a desk, flipping through a magazine, cigarette dangling from his lips.

Johnny and Tracey step in, pausing a beat before approaching.

SPARKY

(grinning)

Well, well, look who the hell it is!

He stands, arms open.

SPARKY (CONT'D)

Johnny! You old son of a gun! Been too long.

They shake hands - a firm grip that turns into a half-hug.

JOHNNY

Five years too long.

SPARKY

Yeah, no shit.

Sparky gestures around.

SPARKY (CONT'D)

Place still looks the same, huh?

JOHNNY

And you're still stuck here?

Sparky laughs, shaking his head.

SPARKY

Ah, you know me. Making things work. Little side gigs here, a favor there.

Johnny smirks.

JOHNNY

Still the same old Sparky.

Sparky takes a drag, leans back.

SPARKY

Gotta be. World's changing. Harder to get by now. But hey, I'm still here.

(MORE)

SPARKY (CONT'D)

(beat)

What about you? How's it feel, being back?

Johnny shrugs.

JOHNNY

Like the world moved on. And I'm just chasing after it.

Sparky nods, understanding.

SPARKY

You'll figure it out. You always do.

Johnny leans forward.

JOHNNY

You doing anything tonight?

SPARKY

Nah, why?

JOHNNY

Come by for dinner. Tracey, Mia, and me. It'd be good to catch up.

Sparky smiles, surprised.

SPARKY

Yeah. I'd like that.

Johnny claps him on the shoulder, heading for the door.

INT. ASTON MARTIN - NIGHT (MOVING)

Johnny slumps in his seat, staring out the window.

Tracey glances over, rolling her eyes.

TRACEY

Jesus, Johnny. Your seatbelt's tighter than that prison jumpsuit. Loosen up.

JOHNNY

Your mother's probably sharpening her pitchfork as we speak.

TRACEY

She was hoping her princess would marry a prince instead of a frog.

JOHNNY

Can we just get this over with?

TRACEY

We're gonna smile, nod, and play nice.

JOHNNY

Fine. But if she starts - I'm out.

Tracey grins, hitting the gas.

The Aston Martin barrels into the night.

EXT. ELEANOR'S HOUSE - DUSK

The sun sinks low, stretching long, jagged shadows across the gravel driveway.

Johnny and Tracey stand motionless, their expressions caught between anticipation and unease.

The front door creaks open.

ELEANOR (70s) steps out, cigarette dangling between her fingers, smoke curling around her like a film noir spectre. Silver hair, sharp eyes - the kind that pierce through bullshit and sentiment alike.

She takes a slow, measured drag, embers flaring in the dim light.

Johnny checks his watch. Then again.

ELEANOR

Well, well. Look what the cat dragged out of Alcatraz.

JOHNNY

Eleanor.

TRACEY

Mom, is Mia ready? Because we --

A blur of denim and pigtails ROCKETS past Eleanor.

MIA (9), clutching a stuffed bunny, flies toward them.

MIA

Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!

Johnny barely has time to kneel before Mia crashes into him, tiny arms locking tight around his neck.

Tracey joins them, wrapping them both up in a laughter-filled hug.

Eleanor watches from a distance, her features tensing ... then softening.

JOHNNY

Wow, kiddo, you've grown!

MIA

Daddy, where'd you go? Mommy said you had to work.

JOHNNY

Yeah, I had to go away for a while. Work on some things. Be a better Daddy.

MIA

Did you miss me?

Johnny cups her face, his voice low, real.

JOHNNY

Every single day.

MIA

What did you miss most?

JOHNNY

Your smile. Your laugh. Our bedtime stories. Just you.

Mia snuggles closer, bunny squished between them.

MIA

I missed you too, Daddy.

JOHNNY

You and Grandma been partying?

MIA

Yeah! We watched Ghostbusters! Grandma made popcorn.

TRACEY

Sounds like a blast, munchkin. But right now, we gotta skedaddle to the fair.

MIA

The fair?! You coming, Daddy?

Johnny grins.

JOHNNY  
Wouldn't miss it for the world.

Mia tackles him again, squealing.

MIA  
Yay!

Eleanor takes another drag of her cigarette, exhaling slow.

ELEANOR  
Don't make it a late night, Mia ... or  
the boogeyman might get you.

Tracey laughs, throwing Eleanor a knowing look.

Johnny straightens, glances back. Salutes Eleanor.

Eleanor salutes back - a middle finger.

Johnny chuckles to himself.

JOHNNY  
And they say prison changes you.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The small kitchen glows warm, holiday lights strung along the cabinets.

A portable CD player hums soft Christmas tunes.

At the stove, Tracey - Santa hat slightly askew - stirs a pot, while Sparky leans against the counter, mid-story, hands moving wildly.

At the kitchen table, Johnny and Mia giggle over her stuffed bunny, passing it back and forth.

TRACEY  
Johnny, let her breathe.

MIA  
But I wanna keep playing with Daddy!

Tracey smirks, ladling sauce.

TRACEY  
You'll have plenty of time for that,  
sweetheart.

Johnny stands, stretching.

JOHNNY

Actually, Trace, I'd like to help.  
Feels good to do something normal.

TRACEY

Alright, but no slacking. Forks left,  
knives right. Still remember?

JOHNNY

Been practicing. Forks left, knives  
right.

Sparky snorts.

SPARKY

Look at you, Mr. Domestic. Next thing,  
you'll be hosting dinner parties.

Johnny chuckles, disbelief flickering in his expression.

MIA

Daddy, can we make my mac and cheese?

JOHNNY

You betcha.

TRACEY

She asks for it every night. Think you  
still got it?

JOHNNY

Better than ever. Picked up some  
tricks while I was away.

TRACEY

Oh, so it was cooking class?

SPARKY

Yeah, right. Next up: prison-special  
spaghetti.

Mia beams.

MIA

Can we make it together?

Johnny ruffles her hair.

JOHNNY

Of course. I'd love that.

TRACEY

It's good to have you back, Johnny.



Johnny nods, taking it all in.

JOHNNY

I missed you. More than I can say.

(beat)

I'm home now. And I'm staying.

Mia grabs his hand.

MIA

Promise?

Johnny kneels, meeting her eyes.

JOHNNY

I promise.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The Aston Martin barrels down the dirt road, headlights cutting through the dark - the night full of new possibilities.

They round a bend -

And there it is:

THE COUNTY FAIR.

A sprawling, chaotic carnival of colour and noise, sprawled across a football field turned festival ground.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Ferris wheels spin, silhouettes swaying against a neon sky.

Bumper cars COLLIDE, metal grinding, sparks flying.

Strongmen SLAM hammers down, bells DINGING high.

Shooting galleries POP, pellets pinging off tin cowboys.

Hot dogs SIZZLE, popcorn BURSTS, the air thick with butter and sugar.

Fireworks ERUPT, splitting the sky with shimmering gold and red.

The energy is electric.

And for the first time in five years -

Johnny feels alive.

EXT. COUNTY FAIR - NIGHT

The fairground glows, neon lights flashing against the dark sky.

Mia swings between Johnny and Tracey, giggling with each lift.

Johnny scans the crowd, his gaze sweeping the carnival chaos—flashing rides, cotton candy vendors, the distant clang of metal.

Tracey watches him, a smirk tugging at her lips.

Johnny nudges her, grinning.

MIA

Daddy, will you be staying with us for a while?

JOHNNY

Forever, sweetheart.

MIA

I missed you so much.

JOHNNY

I missed you too, munchkin.

MIA

Mommy said you went to work in England. Is that where you were?

JOHNNY

Yup. Would've brought you a present, but... didn't get time.

Mia tugs on his sleeve, her eyes widening with excitement.

MIA

Daddy, can we go shoot the cowboys?

Johnny glances at Tracey. She throws him a playful look.

He shrugs, grins down at Mia.

They weave through the crowd, heading toward the carnival games.

EXT. COUNTY FAIR - SHOOTING RANGE - NIGHT

A row of tin cowboys line the backdrop, illuminated by fairy lights.

An EMO KID (late teens) slouches behind the counter, face buried in a comic book.

Without looking up, he gestures lazily at the pellet guns.

Johnny hands one to Tracey.

She rolls her eyes, taking it with practiced ease.

Mia watches in pure awe.

Tracey gestures to Johnny.

TRACEY

Johnny, just pick up the fucking gun.

MIA

Yeah, Daddy, pick up the fucking gun.

Johnny raises an eyebrow, drawing laughter.

He lifts the rifle, breath steady.

The emo kid flicks a switch—the tin cowboys start moving, jerking unpredictably.

Johnny takes aim.

PING! PING! PING!

Crowds gather, watching in silent amazement.

Mia jumps up and down, cheering.

EXT. COUNTY FAIR - NIGHT

Beyond the bright lights, two figures linger—MEXICAN MEN, their postures casual, but eyes locked on Tracey, Johnny, and Mia.

One, tall and gaunt, scar slicing his cheek, watches intently.

The other, stocky, shaved head, fedora tilted low, smirks.

They exchange a brief glance.

Then, they slip into the crowd—

Vanishing.

EXT. COUNTY FAIR - SHOOTING RANGE - NIGHT

Tracey grabs a pistol, feeling its weight.

Her shots land clean, tin cowboys toppling one by one.

The emo kid stares, impressed.

EMO KID  
Whoa. You done this before?

TRACEY  
In a manner of speaking.

Johnny pulls her in, kissing her quick.

The crowd cheers.

The night buzzes—lights, laughter, the sharp scent of gunpowder.

MIA  
Mommy, I gotta go pee!

TRACEY  
Where's the bathroom, dude?

EMO KID  
Just past the fair, cowgirl.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The flickering neon sign hums, casting a sickly glow.

A few cars sit haphazardly, their presence adding to the unease.

Tracey hurries forward, Mia's hand in hers.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The harsh fluorescent lights buzz overhead.

A CLERK (mid-40s) watches them enter.

As Tracey approaches, his hand slowly moves under the counter.

TRACEY  
Hey, can my daughter use your  
restroom?

CLERK  
Sure. But I gotta warn ya—it ain't  
pretty.

Tracey nods, ushering Mia inside.

The clerk's eyes narrow, tracking them.

INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tracey waits outside the stall.

The toilet flushes.

Then—silence.

TRACEY

Mia? You okay in there?

She pushes the stall door open—

Empty.

The window above the sink—propped wide open.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

MIA!

EXT. GAS STATION - BACK AREA - NIGHT

The back door slams open.

Tracey bursts into the alley, feet splashing through puddles.

Rain pelts down, mixing with the sweat on her skin.

Her eyes dart wildly, scanning shadows, dumpsters, crates.

TRACEY

Mia?! Mia, where are you?!

A muffled noise.

She lunges at the nearest dumpster, ripping the lid open.

Her breath fogs the cold air as she digs through garbage.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

MIA! PLEASE, ANSWER ME!

Nothing.

Her breath quickens. She stumbles, nearly slipping.

Her voice cracks.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

MIA! MOMMY'S HERE! PLEASE!

Thunder rumbles overhead.

Rain beats against pavement—a relentless rhythm to her fear.  
Her phone rings.

The shrill tone cuts through the storm.

She fumbles for it, fingers shaking.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Hello?!

A robotic voice on the other end.

VOICE (O.S.)

Looking for something, Tracey?

Her heart stops.

TRACEY

Who is this? What do you want?

VOICE (O.S.)

We have your daughter. If you want her  
back, it'll cost you two mil. No cops.

Tracey chokes on air.

TRACEY

Please—she's just a little girl. She's  
nine. Take me instead!

VOICE (O.S.)

Tick tock, slut. You have 36 hours.

Click.

Silence.

The storm rages on.

Tracey collapses against the dumpster, body wracked with sobs.

Rain streams down her face, indistinguishable from tears.

TRACEY

Mia... please...

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Tracey bursts inside, rain-soaked and desperate.

The clerk watches warily.

TRACEY

Did you see anyone? A black van?

The clerk hesitates.

Then, nods.

CLERK

Couple guys, lurking. Didn't seem right.

TRACEY

Which way?

The clerk points toward the road.

CLERK

Took off down Route 79.

Tracey snatches her phone, dialling fast.

She swallows hard, her voice steady, but barely holding together.

TRACEY

Johnny. I need you to listen to me very carefully.

CLOSE-UP: TRACEY'S FACE

Rain and tears streak down her cheeks, the storm roaring around her.

Her body shakes, but her resolve doesn't break.

Her eyes, fierce and unyielding, lock onto the void in front of her -

She will not lose her daughter.

INT. ASTON MARTIN - COUNTY FAIR PARKING LOT - EARLY MORNING

The car sits motionless, dawn's grey light creeping in.

Tracey's hands tremble.

TRACEY

They want two million for Mia.

Johnny's fist slams the steering wheel.

JOHNNY

Two million?! Where the fuck are we supposed to get that?!

TRACEY

We have to find a way, Johnny. We can't just leave her with them!

Johnny stares out the windshield, mind racing.

JOHNNY

Sell everything? A loan?

TRACEY

We have no collateral. We're broke.

She grips her hair, frustration boiling over.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

We can't just sit here doing nothing!

Johnny presses his lips into a hard line. His breath shaky, controlled.

JOHNNY

Maybe ... we negotiate. Offer less. Anything.

TRACEY

They won't bargain, Johnny. They'll kill her.

A beat.

Johnny exhales, his face darkening.

JOHNNY

What then? You want me to - what? Get back into it? Rob banks again?

Tracey's eyes lock onto his, voice cracking.

TRACEY

You got any better suggestions? We don't have time, Johnny.

Silence.

Johnny looks down, the weight of it crushing him.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

I hate this too. But Mia ... we have to save her.



A muscle jumps in Johnny's jaw - trapped between the life he left behind and the daughter he refuses to lose.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

A small-town street, sun baking the cracked asphalt.

Shuttered shops. A boarded-up movie theatre, its grimy marquee still stuck on 'DILLINGER'.

And the target - a run-down bank, just waiting for trouble.

A rusted red pickup rattles into view, its engine coughing like it might die on the spot.

Paint peeling, bumper held together with duct tape.

Inside? A stench of oil and mildew. Torn seats stuffed with old blankets.

This thing ain't fast. Ain't pretty. But it'll do.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY (NOT MOVING)

Johnny sits in the driver's seat, eyes locked on the bank.

He's coiled tight, restless.

Tracey lounges in the backseat, chewing gum aggressively, a mask of disinterest hiding her sharp eyes.

Sparky fidgets with the radio, cigarette hanging from his lips, nervous energy in every movement.

SPARKY

This place's got bad juju, Johnny.  
Let's split.

TRACEY

You sound like some old grandmother.  
Got anything to back that up, or just  
pulling shit outta thin air?

JOHNNY

We've hit six towns, Sparks. This is  
it. This one's gotta count.

SPARKY

Fine. But when this goes south, don't  
say I didn't warn you. This truck is  
hardly inconspicuous.

TRACEY

Oh yeah, because it's the car that's gonna get us caught, right? Not the fact we're robbing a bank in the middle of a ghost town.

JOHNNY

We needed low profile. Sparky, this isn't low profile. This is no profile.

SPARKY

Hey, I didn't exactly have many options. The hot rod's still in pieces thanks to Tracey rolling it last time.

TRACEY

(mocking)

Yeah, 'cause I'm the one who pushed up the job, right? That was all Johnny. Mister 'Now or Never.'

Johnny's voice drops, tense.

JOHNNY

It is now or never. You wanna keep running forever? Or do you wanna get our daughter back?

Silence.

Tracey's chewing slows.

TRACEY

And you think this rust bucket's gonna get us outta here?

SPARKY

She's got a new engine so we should be good.

JOHNNY

Yeah, inconspicuous. Sure. But if this thing breaks down mid-job --

TRACEY

Then we're dead. Or worse.

She glares at Sparky.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Look, Sparks, if this goes to hell, I'm holding you responsible.

SPARKY

I'll take that bet. But you two better remember the plan. No screw-ups. Mia is --

Sparky's fingers tighten around the wheel.

JOHNNY

Don't bring up Mia, Sparks. Not now.

SPARKY

What? I'm just saying --

JOHNNY

I said, don't.

A thick pause.

TRACEY

Focus, both of you. We don't have time for this.

(beat)

We do the job, we get out, and we don't look back. Got it?

SPARKY

Got it, boss. But if this truck falls apart, don't come --

TRACEY

Where's the masks?

Sparky hesitates.

SPARKY

Yeah, uh. Bit of an issue there.

Tracey reaches for a sports bag in the backseat. Pulls out two masks.

Groucho Marx.

She stares in disbelief.

TRACEY

You've gotta be fucking kidding me.

JOHNNY

Just put it on. It's better than nothing.

TRACEY

Great. Now we look like clowns. Perfect for our little circus.

SPARKY

(smirks)

Hey, maybe they'll be too busy  
laughing to call the cops.

JOHNNY

If they're laughing, it's on you.

Johnny adjusts the mask, his jaw tightening.

TRACEY

Next time, Sparky?

(beat)

Make sure there ain't a next time.

She lowers the mask, her expression hardening underneath it.

The truck idles, rattling like a dying breath.

Johnny opens the door.

This is it.

No turning back now.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Johnny and Tracey march across the street, their Colt .45s  
hidden but ready.

Their faces are carved with determination, but underneath?  
Doubt. Fear. A last resort.

EXT. MAIN STREET BANK - DAY

They stop at the bank entrance.

A dusty old bench nearby.

Johnny paces, cigarette burning between his fingers. His  
restlessness is suffocating.

Tracey leans against the wall, inhaling slow, steadying herself.

JOHNNY

This place ... it's too risky, Tracey.  
I ain't ready.

TRACEY

We've faced worse, Johnny. And we  
always made it through.

Johnny stops pacing, his eyes locking onto hers.  
She doesn't flinch.

JOHNNY  
What if this time we don't?

TRACEY  
We will.  
(beat)  
Because we have to.

Johnny's shoulders sag, the weight of her words hitting deep.  
A slow nod.  
More to himself than to her.

JOHNNY  
I trust you, Tracey.

TRACEY  
And I trust you.

Her hand lingers on his shoulder - a moment of silent reassurance.

Then, in one fluid movement, they pull on their masks.

An absurd contrast to their grim expressions.

Johnny grabs the door handle.

Then the second.

Both locked.

JOHNNY  
What the fuck? They on lunch or something?

TRACEY  
At nine in the morning?

VOICE (O.S.)

Bank's been shut down 'bout six months.

They snap around.

An OLD TIMER (80s) leans on a cane, Red Sox cap low over his eyes.

Johnny and Tracey yank off their masks in unison.

OLD TIMER

Used to cash my checks here. Now? All online.

(beat)

Everything's on the line these days, ain't it?

(gesturing at the bank)

They say old Jesse James himself robbed this place once. Got away with over \$900. Then, there was the time --

JOHNNY

Yeah, appreciate the history lesson, Gramps, but ... we gotta roll.

The old man grins.

OLD TIMER

Try the next town over, kids. Real peach of a bank.

Johnny nods.

JOHNNY

Much obliged.

Tracey grabs Johnny's arm, yanking him away.

TRACEY

Let's get the fuck outta this Twilight Zone.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Silence.

The weight of failure presses down.

Sparky, behind the wheel, leans back with a sigh.

SPARKY

Next town?

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A damp, dim space.

Mia sits bound and gagged, her stuffed bunny clutched tight.

A masked figure enters.

A pillowcase with two eye holes conceals his face.

He sets a tray of food down.

Unties her hands. Removes the gag.

Mia spits in his eye.

He wipes it away - slowly.

Then, strikes her across the face.

Mia doesn't cry. Doesn't flinch.

She just stares.

The figure steps back, unsettled.

Leaves.

Locks the door behind him.

Mia remains still, gripping her bunny tighter.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Mia scans the room.

A rusted nail juts from the floorboard.

She scoots over, prying it loose - fingers trembling but steady.

Footsteps.

She hides the nail.

The door swings open.

An associate steps in, rope in hand.

He grabs for her wrists -

MIA DRIVES THE NAIL INTO HIS ARM.

He staggers back, howling.

She kicks him in the groin.

He drops.

Mia runs

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

She bolts through the halls, breath ragged, heart pounding.

Shouts erupt behind her.

She rounds a corner -

A window.

Without hesitation, she grabs a chair -

CRASH.

Glass shatters.

She climbs through.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

She lands hard, stumbles.

Her breath comes in sharp gasps.

She scans the alley -

A figure in the distance.

A silhouette of hope.

She runs toward it.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Her hope vanishes.

Figures emerge from the shadows.

Block her path.

She kicks, thrashes, screams.

MIA

Let me go, you motherfuckers!

She twists, fights -

But they haul her back inside.

Her screams echo.

No one comes



INT. PICKUP TRUCK - MAIN STREET #2 - DAY

Through the grimy windshield, Johnny and Tracey watch an elderly couple shuffle out of a bank.

Unaware. Oblivious.

Sparky taps the wheel, nervous energy radiating.

JOHNNY

At least their doors swing the right way.

TRACEY

Bank Heist 2: Electric Boogaloo.

SPARKY

Reminds me of the couple used to live next to Mama's --

TRACEY

Shut up, Sparks.

Johnny and Tracey share a look.

Their eyes hold the same thought.

EXT. MAIN STREET #2 - DAY

They cross the street, steps heavy with desperation and determination.

Masks clutched tight.

A reckless kiss.

Then -

They slip on their disguises.

Draw their weapons.

Johnny kicks the door open.

They rush inside.

INT. BANK #2 - DAY

The sterile, eggshell-white walls make the bank feel cold and impersonal.

A pair of trembling hands rise from behind the counter.

A BANK CLERK (50s) peeks up, wide-eyed, frozen in fear.

Johnny stands rigid, his Colt .45 raised, barrel pointed skyward.

His hand twitches -

BANG!

A gunshot tears through the ceiling.

Plaster rains down, dust clouding the air.

A chunk lands on Tracey's head.

She winces, brushing the debris off her shoulders.

The clerk gasps, ducking behind the counter.

Johnny waves his free hand, frantic.

JOHNNY

Hey! No need to be alarmed! It was an accident!

(beat)

The trigger's ... sensitive. It's OK.

Tracey flicks more dust from her hair, glaring.

TRACEY

Seriously, Johnny? Thirty seconds in, and you're already making a mess.

(beat)

Bolt the doors.

Johnny slams the door shut, the sound echoing ominously.

He turns to the clerk, gun still raised -

But his grip is less sure now.

JOHNNY

Keep your hands where I can see 'em, ma'am.

(softening)

We don't want no trouble.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - MAIN STREET #2 - DAY

Sparky sits behind the wheel, fingers drumming against it.

His eyes never leave the bank entrance.

Sweat beads on his forehead.

SPARKY  
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon ...

His gaze flicks to the clock on the dashboard.

Every second stretches forever.

INT. BANK #2 - DAY

Johnny stands near the registers, his gun raised but unsure.

JOHNNY  
Alright, ma'am. Let's make this quick.  
Open the registers.

He tosses a crumpled mailbag forward.

The clerk fumbles to catch it, her hands shaking.

CLERK  
I can't.

JOHNNY  
What do you mean, you can't?

CLERK  
They cleared us out. Security did  
their rounds half an hour ago.

Johnny glances at Tracey, his resolve cracking.

The clerk's eyes well with tears.

JOHNNY  
(softer)  
Hey, calm down, alright?  
(beat)  
Are you saying the vault's empty?

CLERK  
I'm sorry ... please, don't point that  
thing at me ...

Johnny lowers the gun slightly, guilt creeping in.

Tracey crosses her arms, unimpressed.

TRACEY  
What's the deal, Johnny? We hit a bank  
with no money?

Johnny pinches the bridge of his nose.

JOHNNY  
 (to clerk)  
 How much is in the registers?

CLERK  
 Maybe a hundred bucks. It's Welfare  
 Tuesday, so —

TRACEY  
 A hundred bucks?! We're risking our  
 necks for this?!

JOHNNY  
 (to clerk)  
 Alright, ma'am. We're leaving.  
 (beat)  
 This never happened. Got it?

CLERK  
 I won't say a word. I swear.

TRACEY  
 We're done here.

They make a hasty exit, leaving the clerk trembling behind the counter.

EXT. BANK #2 - DAY

Johnny and Tracey walk back to the truck, their shoulders heavy with failure.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - MAIN STREET #2 - DAY

Tracey kicks the seat, furious.

TRACEY  
 Goddammit, Johnny! We're no better off  
 than when we started!

JOHNNY  
 We're not done yet. Get your shit  
 together.

EXT. BANK #3 - DAY

Johnny and Tracey stride forward, steps urgent, desperate.  
They pull on their makeshift disguises.

JOHNNY / TRACEY  
(in unison)  
Third time's a charm.  
(beat)

JOHNNY / TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Jinx!

A brief glance - wired, tense.

Johnny yanks open the doors.

They plunge into the unknown.

**SUPER: Moments later ...**

EXT. BANK #3 PARKING LOT - DAY

CHAOS.

Bullets rip through the air.

Glass explodes.

Metal sparks.

Johnny and Sparky dive behind the truck, gunfire shredding the street around them.

Across the lot --

A wild-eyed BANK TELLER (30s) grips TWO Desert Eagles.

She screams - but her voice is drowned out by gunfire.

TELLER #1  
DIE, YOU MOTHERFUCKERS!

She isn't aiming.

She's just shooting.

SPARKY  
Johnny! We gotta get outta here!  
(gesturing at the teller)  
Bitch's gone psycho, man!

JOHNNY

We need that money! Mia's life depends  
on it, you fucking dolt!

SPARKY

I'm not cut out for this shit no more!

Johnny spots the teller's ankles under the truck.

He hesitates.

Then -

A SHOT ECHOES.

The teller crumples.

Johnny snaps his head back -

Tracey stands behind her, Colt .45 smoking in her grip.

Her hands shake.

Eyes wide. Unblinking.

TRACEY

(flatly)

I ... I had no choice.

INT. BANK #3 GARAGE - DAY

The truck groans, battered and barely holding together as Sparky  
reverses it into the bank's rear garage.

Tracey stands in the dimly lit space, surrounded by duffel bags  
stuffed with cash.

No celebration.

Just urgency.

They haul the bags into the truck, hands trembling, sweat  
beading.

A tarp yanks over the loot.

This ain't over yet.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Johnny scans the area, nerves frayed.

JOHNNY  
Is Mr. Cello available?

VOICE (O.S.)  
Who's asking?

JOHNNY  
Johnny Ola.  
(beat)  
VOICE (O.S.)  
One moment, please.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY (NOT MOVING)

The truck sits idle, bullet holes etched along its frame.

Inside—silence.

Tension thick as smoke.

Johnny grips the seat, trying to steady himself.

JOHNNY  
Alright, we got a place to stash for a  
couple days.  
(beat)  
Head for Tony Cello's.

Sparky's face drains of color.

SPARKY  
Tony 'Maniac' Cello? Johnny, that's  
playing with fire.

Johnny snaps his gaze to Sparky, voice firm.

No room for argument.

JOHNNY  
It's our best shot.  
(beat)  
We'll be safe there.

He exhales.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
I'll call you when it's done. And  
Sparky—ditch this truck.  
(beat)  
We need something clean.

TRACEY  
Enough talk. Move it.

Sparky slams the gas.

The engine sputters.

Then catches.

The truck lurches forward, leaving behind the chaos they barely crawled out of.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

In the shadows of a dim alley, two figures watch the pickup truck.

The same two Mexican men from before.

The tall one, his bowl haircut framing dead eyes, doesn't blink.

The shorter, muscular one idly taps the grip of a concealed weapon.

As the truck disappears, they remain motionless.

A silent storm waiting to break.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The room drips with power—dark wood panels, blood-red carpet, quiet menace in the air.

A desk looms at the center.

Henchmen stand guard, stone-faced, their eyes cold as steel.

A voice, smooth but razor-edged, cuts through the silence.

VOICE (O.S.)  
How much did they take?

INT. OFFICE DESK - CLOSE-UP

A pen scrawls across a notepad.

\$7.8 mil.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Names?

The pen scribbles again.

Johnny Dixon... Tracey Dixon... 30s.



The call ends.

The chair swivels.

DON VASQUEZ (60s) turns to face the room.

Scars etch his face, each one a story of violence.

His dark eyes linger on the note.

DON VASQUEZ

Well, well...

(beat)

Looks like a couple of Yankee Doodles  
just walked off with nearly eight  
million dollars from Astor Street.

A HENCHMAN leans in.

HENCHMAN

Orders, sir?

Don Vasquez smirks.

DON VASQUEZ

I want them alive.

(beat)

Check your phones for details.

His men exchange glances.

The hunt begins.

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Johnny and Tracey step inside, the fluorescent lights flickering cold.

Johnny taps the bell at the counter.

The PHARMACIST (40s) approaches—nervous, eyes darting.

PHARMACIST

How can I help?

JOHNNY

Afghanistan banana stand.

The pharmacist's brow furrows—then realization floods his face.

A password.

His expression shifts—from confusion to understanding.

PHARMACIST

Right away, sir.

(beat)

He presses a buzzer.

A heavy oak door swings open.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

Through there. Just knock.

Johnny nods.

JOHNNY

Thanks.

They step inside.

INT. TONY'S OFFICE - DAY

The room is a blend of grandeur and menace—bookshelves lined with leather-bound volumes, expensive decor masking the danger within.

At the desk, a hand twirls a chocolate between thick fingers.

TONY CELLO (60s) - a king in his domain, a shark in a suit.

Across from him -

A BIKER, MARLON (40s), face twisted in agony.

His hand impaled to the desk with a Rambo knife.

He grits his teeth, refusing to scream.

Sat in the corner, TONY'S KIDS:

AMANDA (20s) - elegant, ice-cold, flipping through a magazine like this is routine.

VINCENT (20s) - leaning back, cracking his knuckles, watching with detached amusement.

At the window, LURCH (50s) - Tony's silent, hulking right-hand man.

A glance from him could kill.

Then -

The door opens.

Johnny and Tracey step inside.

Tony pops the chocolate into his mouth, savouring it.

A slow, deliberate chew.

Then –

He smiles.

But it doesn't reach his eyes.

TONY

Care for a chocolate, Johnny?

JOHNNY

Not right now, Tony.

(beat)

We need a place to keep something  
safe for a while.

Tony presses the blade deeper into Marlon's hand –

A muffled yelp escapes through clenched teeth.

TONY

Quiet, Marlon.

(beat)

Go on, Johnny.

JOHNNY

Just a couple of days.

(beat)

Usual percentage?

TONY

Of course.

(gesturing)

Chocolate, Tracey?

Tracey's face pales as Marlon writhes in agony.

She fights the urge to look away, swallowing back nausea.

TRACEY

Maybe later.

Tony pops a praline into his mouth, savouring it.

TONY

Please, sit.

The Dixons ease into antique chairs, the wood creaking softly  
beneath them.

INT. TONY'S OFFICE - DAY

Tony leans back, eyes glinting with amusement.

TONY  
Ever been to Antwerp, Johnny?  
(beat)  
No?  
(gesturing)  
It's a place of wonders - chocolate,  
diamonds ... and legends.

Johnny shifts in his chair, muscles tightening.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Hundreds of years ago, a demon  
named Antigoon ruled a bridge.  
He was a ruthless motherfucker,  
demanding tolls in blood.

Johnny's fingers drum a restless rhythm against the chair.

Tony smiles, watching him.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Anyone who couldn't pay?  
He chopped off their hand and  
tossed it into the river.

Marlon's sweat drips, each drop a countdown.

His shallow breaths quicken -

He knows what's coming.

Johnny glances at Tracey.

A flicker of dread in his eyes.

TONY (CONT'D)  
The fear Antigoon instilled was  
unmatched. People spoke of him in  
whispers, their voices trembling.  
Until one day - a Roman soldier  
named Brabo had enough.

Tracey leans back, discomfort creeping in.

Tony savours the tension.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Brabo challenged the demon, steel  
clashing against steel.  
(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)  
And with a final blow, he severed  
Antigoon's hand.

Johnny runs a hand through his hair, nerves fraying.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Held it high, a symbol of defiance.  
Tossed it into the same river where  
so many hands had been lost.

Tony's voice softens, almost reverent.

TONY (CONT'D)  
That's how Antwerp got its name.  
"To throw the hand." A city built  
on blood and defiance.  
(beat)  
Just like this business.

Johnny's stomach tightens.

Tony turns his gaze to Marlon.

TONY (CONT'D)  
And Marlon here, in his way,  
thought he could cross my bridge  
without paying a toll.

A flash of steel.

A wet, sickening slice.

Blood sprays the desk.

Marlon's screams rip through the room—

Until Tony shoves the severed hand into his mouth.

Marlon chokes, gagging, convulsing —

Until he stills.

The Dixons look away.

But Johnny's gaze flickers back —

He steals a glance, just long enough.

Tony clicks his tongue, shaking his head.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Lurch.

Lurch steps forward, a mountain of silent obedience.

LURCH  
Yes, Mr. Cello.

With effortless strength, he lifts Marlon's corpse, disappearing through a side door.

A moment later -

He returns, unfazed, wiping his hands.

Tony's demeanour shifts instantly -

From butcher to businessman.

TONY  
Now then.  
(softly)  
I heard about Mia.

His voice is gentle, almost fatherly.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Terrible business. My daughter  
Amanda will inherit all this  
someday. Sharp girl. Then there's  
her brother, Vincent. More of an  
enforcer, if you will.  
(beat)  
I love him, but ...  
(eyes narrowing, amused)  
He's crazy as a shithouse rat.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Am I right, Vinnie?

VINCENT  
Sure thing, Dad.

Tracey interrupts, voice tight.

TRACEY  
Can we drop off the cargo and get out  
of your hair?

Tony nods once.

Lurch takes the cue, moving swiftly.

He knows exactly what needs to be done.

Johnny rises.

JOHNNY  
Appreciate it, Tony.

Tony leans forward, eyes locking onto Johnny's.

TONY  
Just remember.  
(beat)  
No blowback from this.

This is purely storage.

Johnny's jaw flexes, a barely perceptible nod.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Take care now.

They turn to leave.

The weight of Tony's world presses down —

A reminder of the fine line they walk.

INT. TONY'S OFFICE - DAY

Tony watches the door close.

Then —

He turns to Amanda and Vincent.

VINCENT  
Dad, am I really —

TONY  
First impressions?

Amanda folds her arms.

AMANDA  
They're desperate.  
(beat)  
Desperate people are unpredictable.

Vincent snorts.

VINCENT  
Yeah, and they make mistakes.

Tony nods, pleased.

TONY  
Exactly.  
(beat)  
Keep an eye on them.  
(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

Make sure they don't  
fuck this up.

Amanda leans in.

AMANDA

We will.  
(beat)  
But Dad, about expanding the  
business --

Tony raises a hand.

TONY

I know you're eager, Amanda.  
Have patience.  
(gesturing to Vincent)  
We need to secure what we have  
first. Vincent, help your sister  
handle logistics for the next  
shipment. Amanda - start planning  
our next move.

Vincent grins.

VINCENT

On it, Dad.

Amanda nods, calculating.

AMANDA

Understood.

Tony leans back, savouring another chocolate, his eyes narrowing  
as a cunning smile creeps across his face.

TONY

And remember, kids. This business is  
about power and fear. Never let anyone  
forget who's in charge.

INT. TONY'S BASEMENT - DAY

Lurch leads Johnny and Tracey down a narrow, dim stairwell.

Every step groans underfoot, echoing into the darkness.

They reach a vast, fortified basement, lit by harsh overhead  
bulbs.

Steel shelves sag under stacks of cash and unlabelled crates.



In a far corner, Lurch shoves aside heavy metal boxes, revealing a trapdoor.

He heaves it open, revealing an underfloor safe.

Lurch punches in six digits.

CLICK.

The safe opens with a deep mechanical thunk.

LURCH

Keep it tidy. Boss likes things orderly.

TRACEY

Of course.

Johnny and Tracey stack the cash inside, glancing at each other – nervous, alert.

Lurch shuts the safe, reseals it with quiet precision.

Boxes go back over it.

JOHNNY

We need to plan. Fast.

TRACEY

Let's split. Talk later.

Lurch leads them to a fire exit, opens it – then locks it behind them.

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

Neon haze. Cigarette smoke. Thudding bass.

Scantily clad dancers sway under flickering spotlights.

Sparky leans at the bar, drink in hand.

A dancer slides close, and he slips a \$20 into her waistband without looking.

His focus?

The three men at the table beside him.

HENCHMAN #1

Heard they hit Astor Street.

HENCHMAN #2  
Vasquez ain't gonna take that lightly.

HENCHMAN #3  
You know what he did to Jimmy?

Sparky takes a slow sip, eyes locked on his glass – but his ears are wide open.

HENCHMAN #1  
Strung him up like a goddamn warning sign.

HENCHMAN #2  
And Jimmy just skimmed a little.

HENCHMAN #3  
These idiots jacked millions.

Sparky's jaw tightens.

His fingers curl around the glass, knuckles white.

His face stays calm, but beneath it –

War drums.

He glances at the dancer.

But his mind is miles away.

He's already planning.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM – DAY

A flickering bulb buzzes overhead.

DENNEHY and REYNOLDS sit across from a twitchy young man (20s).

He's given his name as:

MICHAEL JACKSON

DENNEHY  
So, Michael ... Jackson, huh?

MICHAEL  
It's my name.

REYNOLDS  
What, you moonwalked into custody?

Reynolds leans back, trying to look slick—  
Chair tips.

CRASH.

Reynolds hits the floor.

REYNOLDS  
(from below the table)  
Totally fine. Just... stress-testing  
the furniture.

Dennehy rubs his temple.

MICHAEL  
(grinning)  
Man, y'all are better than late-night  
TV.

REYNOLDS  
You won't be laughing when we beat a—

DENNEHY  
(stern)  
Reynolds.

Reynolds snaps his mouth shut.

Awkward beat.

He tries to recover, but —

Knocks over suspect's water cup.

It drenches Dennehy's paperwork.

DENNEHY (CONT'D)  
Christ.

REYNOLDS  
I got it!

Reynolds dives for napkins, knocks over the pen holder.

Pens scatter like marbles.

Reynolds chases one — a rogue pencil rolling away.

MICHAEL  
This just keeps getting better.

Reynolds snags the pencil triumphantly.

REYNOLDS  
Got it. Like a hawk.

DENNEHY  
Please ... ignore him.

Reynolds leans back again -

Too far.

He barely catches himself mid-fall, arms flailing.

MICHAEL  
You trying out for a clown school or  
what?

REYNOLDS  
Hey, laugh now. But we can always dig  
up those --

DENNEHY  
(cutting in)  
Reynolds. Confidential.

REYNOLDS  
Right. What he said.  
Just answer the questions.

Dennehy refocuses, voice cold.

DENNEHY  
So what were you outside a jewellery  
store at 2am ... with a crowbar?

MICHAEL  
Just taking a walk.

DENNEHY  
With a crowbar?

REYNOLDS  
Yeah. You 'Wanna Be Startin'  
Somethin'?'

Dennehy glares.

Reynolds shrinks a little.

MICHAEL  
You guys are killing me.

REYNOLDS  
You'll be laughing less in lockup.  
Unless your bunkmate thinks he's Dre.

MICHAEL  
Alright, alright. I needed cash, okay?  
Wasn't gonna hurt anyone.

Dennehy nods slowly.

DENNEHY  
See? That wasn't so hard.  
(beat)  
Start from the top.

As Dennehy scribbles -

THUD.

Reynolds falls. Again.

REYNOLDS  
Just for the record, that was  
intentional.

EXT. PHARMACY PARKING LOT - DAY

The exit door clicks shut behind Johnny and Tracey.

Up ahead, Sparky leans behind the wheel of a beat-up yellow station wagon, idling like a junkyard ghost.

JOHNNY  
Jesus, Sparks. What the fuck is this?

TRACEY  
Seriously? This is our ride?

SPARKY  
Chill, chill - we're under the radar  
in this motherfucker. Just get in.

Reluctantly, they climb in.

INT. STATION WAGON (NOT MOVING) - DAY

The interior smells like regret. Fast food wrappers everywhere.

Tracey finds a moldy sock, tosses it out the window without comment.

SPARKY  
We got a problem.

JOHNNY

Now what?

SPARKY

That cash? It's dirty.

TRACEY

You sure?

SPARKY

Cartel bank. Tellers weren't tellers. That's why no cops. They handle their own shit.

JOHNNY

Jesus fuckin' Christ. So what now, Rodeo Joe?

SPARKY

Dump the cash. Let Tony stash it, take his cut, and we bolt. Europe. Bora Bora. Whatever.

JOHNNY

And how's that help get Mia back, genius?

SPARKY

We pay the ransom - then disappear.

Johnny looks to Tracey.

JOHNNY

Tracey?

TRACEY

We're not abandoning Mia. Don't even finish the sentence, Sparky.

SPARKY

Then let Tony help. He's got eyes and ears everywhere.

JOHNNY

Right now, we need to disappear. Lay low. Figure this out.

(to Sparky)

Find a bar. Remote. With a motel next door. Drinks and a crash pad. We need to figure out our next move.

(beat)

Make calls. Listen for anything. And stay off the goddamn grid.

Sparky throws it in gear. The station wagon sputters, peels out.

INT. GRIMY BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dim. Filthy.

Mia sits on a stained mattress surrounded by empty food trays and soda bottles.

The door creaks.

Two kidnappers enter - faces hidden, voices robotic.

KIDNAPPER #1

Time's running out, sweetheart. No money, no mercy.

KIDNAPPER #2

Slow. Painful. Real unpleasant.

MIA

You cunts are gonna rot.

They chuckle and leave.

Darkness swallows her again.

EXT. SLICKERS - NIGHT

The station wagon's taillights fade.

Johnny and Tracey stand outside SLICKERS, a dive bar pulsing with neon and bass.

INT. SLICKERS - NIGHT

Dim lighting. Beer-stained booths.

Walls littered with rock posters and vintage movie memorabilia.

Bartender wipes down glasses behind the bar.

Johnny and Tracey approach.

BARTENDER

What'll it be?

JOHNNY

Two Buds.

He downs half of one before he even reaches the table.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You good?

TRACEY

I was just thinking. You remember the old days? When we were kings of the street?

JOHNNY

Every angle covered. No cameras. No alarms. Ghosts.

TRACEY

Till it all caught up.

A beat.

Tracey reaches for his hand.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

We didn't have a choice then. We don't have one now.

JOHNNY

I hate this. Hate that we're back in it.

TRACEY

Part of me missed it. That high - there's nothing like it.

JOHNNY

And the price tag?

TRACEY

We're paying it now. But Mia's worth it.

Johnny stares at his beer, then looks up.

JOHNNY

You ever been scared? Really scared?

Tracey nods, waits.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

When I was a kid, I was terrified of storms.

(beat)

One night, I hid under the bed. My dad sat with me, handed me his old baseball glove. Said when I'm scared, grip it tight. Imagine I'm catching the fear.

(MORE)



JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(beat)  
It worked.

TRACEY

And today?

JOHNNY

I imagined that glove. Held it in my head. Got me through the shooting.

Tracey smiles gently.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

It's stupid. But it stuck.

TRACEY

It's not stupid.

Johnny nods, finishes his beer.

JOHNNY

You missed it too, huh?

TRACEY

More than I expected.

Johnny grabs two more beers.

JOHNNY

You think we'll make it out?

TRACEY

We have to.

(beat)  
Remember Josey Wales?

JOHNNY

Hell yeah.

TRACEY

The scene where he faces off against those solder, and he says, "Are you gonna --"

BUZZ.

Her phone.

She checks it. Her face drains.

TRACEY

Oh God.

JOHNNY

What?

She turns the screen.

PHOTO of Mia – gagged, tied to a mattress.

Johnny's face hardens.

Tracey breaks.

TRACEY

We have to pay them.

Johnny pulls her in.

JOHNNY

We will. I promise.

She sobs into his chest.

TRACEY

I can't lose her.

JOHNNY

You won't.

(beat)

No matter what it takes.

TRACEY

We need that money. Now.

JOHNNY

We'll find a way.

Johnny holds her tight. His eyes fixed, unwavering.

Mia will come home – or they'll burn the world trying.

EXT. SLICKERS – NIGHT

The Cheroots biker gang rumbles in, twenty strong.

Their chrome beasts hiss and growl as they line up, precise and menacing under the sodium lights.

INT. SLICKERS – NIGHT

Johnny and Tracey peek out the window.

JOHNNY

What the hell is this? Rally night?

TRACEY  
Doesn't look friendly.

JOHNNY  
You think it's Mia-related?

TRACEY  
Could be.

JOHNNY  
I don't think so.

EXT. SLICKERS - NIGHT

The bikers dismount in sync.

Leather. Denim. Ink. Scars.

AKs hang loose on shoulders.

Then -

They raise their guns.

INT. SLICKERS - NIGHT

TRACEY  
Down!

They hit the floor as -

BULLETS TEAR THROUGH THE BAR.

Windows shatter. Wood explodes.

Leather booths erupt.

Bodies drop. Blood sprays.

Chaos.

EXT. SLICKERS - NIGHT

Shells hit pavement.

The Cheroots reload, then ride off without a word.

The street goes still.

INT. SLICKERS - NIGHT

Smoke drifts.

Blood pools.

Johnny and Tracey crawl from cover, wide-eyed.

JOHNNY

You OK?

TRACEY

Yeah. You?

JOHNNY

Yeah. That for us?

TRACEY

Might've been.

JOHNNY

Tony wouldn't send shooters. He's got our money. This is his place.

TRACEY

Sparky?

JOHNNY

No way. He's loyal. He loves Mia.

TRACEY

People change for cash.

JOHNNY

Not him. Not like that.

Distant sirens wail.

TRACEY

We gotta move.

INT. SLICKERS KITCHEN - NIGHT

They dodge debris, weaving past shattered steel and ruined tile.

EXT. SLICKERS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Johnny halts, scanning the dark.

JOHNNY

Shit. Maybe we were made.

TRACEY  
Call Sparky.

Johnny dials.

RING ... RING ...

SPARKY (V.O.)  
I'm not here. You know what to do.

JOHNNY  
Shit!

They disappear into the shadows.

EXT. BACKROADS - NIGHT

A flickering lamppost buzzes above them.

Johnny and Tracey sit on the curb - worn, bleeding adrenaline.

TRACEY  
You sure they won't find us?

JOHNNY  
Middle of nowhere. We're good.  
(beat)

TRACEY  
You better be right.

The rumble of an engine grows louder. A blue, jacked-up Plymouth Fury III, headlights blazing and country music blaring, speeds down the road. It screeches to a halt next to them, kicking up a cloud of dust. Johnny and Tracey exchange a worried glance as the driver's door swings open.

JOHNNY  
I think we're about to find out.

EXT. BACKROADS - NIGHT

A wild-eyed hillbilly leans from the driver's seat, glaring at the hitchhikers.

HILLBILLY  
Get in the back seat! Get in the back seat!

Johnny opens the door, startled by a raccoon in a cage.

JOHNNY

There's a raccoon in here.

HILLBILLY

To hell with the raccoon! Get in the back seat! What's the matter with you? I ain't got all day to wait on you, c'mon!

Johnny and Tracey exchange worried glances before scrambling into the back seat. The Plymouth Fury roars off, tyres screeching and dust swirling.

INT. PLYMOUTH FURY (MOVING) - NIGHT

The hillbilly sways in his seat, his eyes half-closed and unfocused, his grin wide and unsettling. He sings along with the country music, each note slow and syrupy.

EXT. BACKROADS - NIGHT

The car weaves dangerously down the road, leaving a chaotic trail of sand and detritus. The hillbilly stomps on the gas pedal, causing the car to lurch forward and back in erratic patterns.

INT. PLYMOUTH FURY (MOVING) - NIGHT

HILLBILLY

I'll, I'll, I'll take you wherever you wanna go, man. Been drivin' all over this country he he he.

TRACEY

This guy a friend of yours?

JOHNNY

Slightly advanced, isn't he?

The hillbilly, barefoot and scrawny, spits tobacco into an empty can with a loud ping. His dungarees are stained and torn, his grin revealing gaps where teeth should be. Thick black smoke starts curling inside the car.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

What's wrong with this wreck? We're getting gassed back here!

Tracey notices a tube running from the exhaust pipe into the car.

TRACEY

This guy's a basket case. He's got  
the exhaust pipe in here.

INT. PLYMOUTH FURY - (MOVING) - NIGHT

The Plymouth Fury circles wildly, throwing Johnny and Tracey around the back seat. The car weaves, narrowly missing mailboxes and ditches, the hillbilly cackling as he floors the gas pedal.

HILLBILLY

We goin' for a ride!

JOHNNY

Where are you headed?

HILLBILLY

Wherever the road goes, goddamn it!

The car continues its reckless journey, Johnny and Tracey clinging to their seats.

TRACEY

This is fine. Everything's fine.

JOHNNY

Hey, can you slow down a bit? We're in  
no rush.

HILLBILLY

(singing loudly)

Well, I'm so tired of crying but I'm  
out on the road again, I'm on the road  
again ...

The car skids to a halt in the middle of nowhere. The hillbilly stumbles out, heading to the trunk.

EXT. PLYMOUTH FURY - NIGHT

He opens the trunk and pulls out dozens of white rabbits, dumping them onto the ground, then retrieves a shotgun.

HILLBILLY

Rodents, goddamn it!

He starts firing wildly at the rabbits, missing more often than not. Johnny seizes the moment.

Johnny sneaks up behind the hillbilly and knocks him out with a swift punch. The hillbilly collapses, the shotgun clattering to the ground.

TRACEY  
Nice hook, Johnny.

JOHNNY  
And now we've got a ride.

They dispense with the rest of the rabbits and jump into the Plymouth Fury. Johnny starts the car, and they speed away, leaving the hillbilly and his rabbits behind.

TRACEY  
Next time, let's just walk.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The air is stale. Rotting. Silent but for the faint drip of water echoing in the dark.

In the corner, MIA (9) curls up on a filthy mattress. Her pink dress is torn. Her face streaked with dirt and tears.

She grips a tattered stuffed bunny like it's her last thread of hope.

MIA  
(softly, sobbing)  
Mr. Jesus... please help me. I'm so scared. I wanna go home. I want my Mommy. I want my Daddy...

She squeezes her eyes shut. Shivers rattle her small frame.

MIA (CONT'D)  
(sniffling)  
I'll be a good girl, I promise. Please don't let the bad people hurt me.

Silence.

The dark doesn't answer.

She buries her face in her bunny. The sound of her whimpering fades into the creak of floorboards above.

MIA (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Please, Mr. Jesus... just let me go home...

EXT. ABANDONED SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

An ocean of cracked pavement. Flickering streetlights overhead.



A Plymouth Fury III crawls to a stop. Engine idles.

Johnny and Tracey step out. Cold wind. Colder tension.

They lock eyes, then turn to face the shattered husk of the supermarket.

Johnny exhales. Nods.

INT. ABANDONED SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Shelves are overturned. Trash litters the aisles. Graffiti blooms on cracked walls.

A single strip light flickers overhead like a dying eye.

Johnny flicks his Zippo. Flame hissing.

He holds up a hand. Stops. Listens.

Voices.

Faint. Far end of the store.

Johnny's jaw tightens. He nods forward. Tracey rolls her eyes but follows.

INT. SUPERMARKET - BACK AISLE - NIGHT

THE CHERROOTS sit around a crackling campfire made from broken shelves.

They drink. Smoke. Laugh.

RANDY (40s)—weathered, broken.

BRUTUS (40s)—scarred, silent.

Gunmetal gleams beside them.

INT. SUPERMARKET AISLE - NIGHT

Johnny and Tracey crouch behind a display. Peeking through.

Johnny's elbow knocks a shelf.

CRASH.

Metal collapses, echoing.

## CHEROOTS' CAMPFIRE

They jump up.

Weapons drawn.

## RANDY

Someone's pissing in our yard. Fan  
out.

## AISLE

Johnny grabs Tracey's hand. They run—

Only to freeze as TWO FIGURES appear in the exit doorway.

The silhouettes step into light.

TONY CELLO.

LURCH.

Tony cradles an FN P90, the barrel gleaming.

## CAMPFIRE AREA

Tony stalks forward. His flashlight  
cuts across faces.

He snaps his fingers.

The Cheroots turn - then it's too late.

## TONY

Hey you, leather bar!

P90 roars.

Bullets shred bodies. Blood hits walls like paint bombs. The  
Cheroots drop like dominoes.

Tony doesn't stop.

Not until the weapon clicks empty.

Silence.

## TONY (CONT'D)

You see, Johnny?  
For every villain, there's a hero.

Johnny stares at the carnage. Frozen.

## JOHNNY

How'd you know to come?

TONY  
They shot up my bar.

JOHNNY  
We were in it.

TONY  
Unfortunate. Any word on Mia?

JOHNNY  
Got a picture. It's bad.

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Smoke clings to the asphalt.

Lurch wipes his gloves, finishing cleanup by a blacked-out truck.

Tony, Johnny, and Tracey stand nearby.

JOHNNY  
We need the cash. Hour tops. Can you do it?

Tony studies him.

Then - nods.

TONY  
Ten minutes. Meet me at the office.

He turns to Lurch.

No words needed.

Tony climbs in. The truck pulls away.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - REAR - NIGHT

Johnny and Tracey round the back.

A Cheroots Harley leans upright. Still warm. Keys in.

Johnny looks at Tracey.

They don't speak.

He mounts. She hops on behind.

The engine growls to life.

They ride into the night - two shadows chasing a deadline, the roar of the bike swallowing the silence behind them.

EXT. PHARMACY CAR PARK - NIGHT

Johnny kills the engine. He and Tracey climb off the bike, eyes scanning the street. Every shadow feels like a threat.

TRACEY

Alright. Quick in, quick out.

Johnny nods, jaw tight.

INT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

The doorbell JINGLES.

Gunfire scars are everywhere.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Shelves shredded with bullet holes. - A shattered mirror. - Boxes of gauze and pill bottles scattered across the floor.

TRACEY

What the fuck happened here?

JOHNNY

Lock the door.

Tracey bolts it. Johnny draws his Colt, checking the load.

They creep forward.

Behind the counter, the pharmacist lies sprawled in blood, his white coat soaked red. Dead eyes stare at the ceiling.

TRACEY

Jesus Christ...

INT. TONY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The oak door hangs by a hinge. Bullet holes everywhere.

Johnny pushes it open with his Colt.

Tony's legs are visible behind the desk. Lurch is slumped against the window, still holding an M16.

JOHNNY  
Holy shit. What the hell went down  
here?

TRACEY  
Cheroots?

JOHNNY  
Tony smoked 'em already.

TRACEY  
So maybe this was cleanup.

A weak cough.

Johnny rushes behind the desk. Tracey's close behind.

Tony lies bleeding out, face pale, gasping. Eyes lock on Johnny.  
He twitches a finger—calling him in.

Johnny kneels.

TONY  
(weak)  
Johnny...

His breath rattles. Words die in his throat.

A final shudder. A tear slips from his eye.

Gone.

Johnny grips Tony's hand, chest heaving.

TRACEY  
What did he say?

JOHNNY  
He's gone.

TRACEY  
SHIT!

Suddenly—Lurch spasms. His finger squeezes the trigger.

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT.

Bullets rip through the ceiling.

Johnny and Tracey drop, shielding their heads.

Silence.

The rifle clatters to the floor.

JOHNNY  
Haven't we had enough fuckin' gunfire  
for one day?

EXT. PHARMACY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

They rush out, lungs pumping.

JOHNNY  
He said my name... then something  
else. Couldn't make it out.

TRACEY  
Wait. The money!

INT. PHARMACY BASEMENT - NIGHT

Johnny and Tracey tear down the stairwell into the garage.

Johnny spots the busted lock on a steel container.

JOHNNY  
Oh, Jesus shitting Christ ...

He flips the lid.

TRACEY  
Son of a bitch.

JOHNNY  
Let's pay Sparky a visit.

TRACEY  
He's probably skipped town.

JOHNNY  
Why the hell would he steal from us?  
He loves Mia.  
(beat)  
Jack something. Let's roll.

EXT. PHARMACY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Tracey yanks open a beat-up Ford Jeep. She hot wires it, engine coughing awake. Johnny dives in.

Tires squeal as they tear out.

INT. FORD JEEP (MOVING) - NIGHT

Tension fills the cab like smoke.

Johnny clenches his fists, silent.

Tracey's eyes flick toward him, jaw set.

He shakes his head.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Jeep flies up the highway, weaving through traffic.

Headlights slash the dark.

EXT. SPARKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They pull up to the rundown bungalow. Porch lights flicker, moths buzzing.

TV glow pulses behind the curtains.

Johnny and Tracey get out, guns drawn.

They share a look - tight, grim - then head up the porch.

Boards groan under their weight.

Johnny pauses, listens. Nods.

The screen door creaks open.

They move in.

INT. SPARKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The TV crackles with static.

Sparky sits in an armchair, back to them.

JOHNNY

Sparky. C'mon, man. Time to talk.

He doesn't move.

Johnny circles the chair. Tracey close behind.

Sparky's head is nearly severed - eyes frozen wide.

Tracey reels, hand over mouth.

Johnny grimaces, crouching.

Tracey searches the house - quick, quiet.

She comes back shaking her head.

They lock eyes.

Johnny stands.

EXT. SPARKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They drop onto the porch steps.

Johnny grips the wood, knuckles white.

Tracey rubs her temples, drained.

Johnny lights a cigarette. Drags deep.

Silence.

Then he sees something.

A tarp near the garage.

He points with his Colt.

EXT. SPARKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They approach the covered vehicle.

JOHNNY

That ain't Sparky's ride.

TRACEY

His truck got shredded this morning,  
remember?

JOHNNY

He wouldn't cross us. Maybe he hid it  
for us. He offered, didn't he?

Johnny yanks the tarp off -

The same old clunker station wagon.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Seriously? This piece of shit?

Check the trunk.



Tracey pops it.

Just rags. A couple gas cans.

TRACEY  
Son of a bitch.

JOHNNY  
Maybe he stashed it somewhere else.  
Kept it from the cartel.

TRACEY  
(snapping)  
Really? Where, Johnny? Say it!

JOHNNY  
Maybe he tried to bolt and -  
(pauses)  
in that?  
(beat)  
Wait ... why's he dead?

TRACEY  
(quietly, like it just hit  
her)  
It wasn't him.

JOHNNY  
Exactly. He's not outrunning anyone in  
this jalopy.  
(pause)  
Hardly Speedy Gonzalez, is he?

VOICE (O.S.)  
If there's one thing that truly  
enrages me, it's lazy stereotypes.  
They make me... malevolent.

Johnny and Tracey freeze, turning in sync.

A dozen red laser dots dance across their foreheads.

Don Vasquez steps from the shadows, surrounded by cartel muscle.

BMW X5s form a glowing wall behind him.

JOHNNY  
Oh shit. Hey fellas. Is the circus in  
town?

Vasquez gives a nod. A henchman strides up and hammers Johnny  
with a brutal punch.

CRACK. Johnny drops, blood spraying. Tracey gasps, frozen.

DON VASQUEZ

(smiling)

You see, gringos? Speedy Gonzalez  
can't throw a punch like that.

Johnny groans, rising to a knee. His eyes flick to Vasquez's car  
- those duffel bags.

His face shifts. Tracey catches it, follows his stare.

There. The cash - their cash. Sitting pretty in the back of a  
Koenigsegg Jesko Absolut.

The puzzle snaps into place.

Tony. Sparky. All of it - Vasquez.

Tracey clutches Johnny's arm, eyes wide with realisation.

DON VASQUEZ (CONT'D)

(gracious)

Kindly get in the car, Mr. and Mrs.  
Dixon.

She whimpers. They're grabbed and dragged.

Vasquez's wrath has reached them.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cable ties. Black hoods. Shoved into the back of a BMW.

Another man tosses the duffels into the Jesko's trunk.

Doors slam.

INT. BMW X5 - NIGHT

Breathless. Muffled. Bound.

The car rockets into the night.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Silence.

EXT. STEALERS WHEELS AUTOSHOP - NIGHT

Headlights. Gravel crunching. A sleek black BMW halts.

Buzzing neon reads: STEALERS WHEELS AUTOSHOP.

The engine cuts. Nothing but frog croaks and dread.

A shadow steps out.

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

Blindfolded. Still. Johnny and Tracey barely move.

INT. STEALERS WHEELS - EARLY MORNING

Rolling doors groan open.

Inside - still cars, dark pits, rubber towers.

Johnny and Tracey are dragged in, blindfolds ripped off, gags in.

Chairs. Metal. Cold.

A black bag thuds on a workbench. Tools spill out.

Nail gun. Pliers. Drill. Hammer.

Vasquez grabs the nail gun-fires into Tracey's knee.

POP. She SCREAMS.

Again.

Blood. Screams.

DON VASQUEZ

This is the price of theft.

INT. STEALERS WHEELS - EARLY MORNING

Tracey spits, barely. Blood oozes.

DON VASQUEZ

Does it hurt, Tracey?

She whimpers.

Johnny wretches, struggling in his chair.

JOHNNY

Stop! Please! Take me! Just leave her!

Vasquez smirks. Picks up rusted pliers.

He grabs Tracey's hand.

RIP.

Her nail tears clean off.

She jerks, gasping.

Vasquez wipes the pliers, eyes Johnny.

Gloves on.

DON VASQUEZ  
Sometimes you gotta get dirty to get  
noticed.

He yanks off Johnny's gag.

JOHNNY  
(weak)  
We didn't know ... it was your money.  
It was for Mia. She's been taken ...

A punch drops him. Blood hits the floor.

DON VASQUEZ  
Eight million, Johnny.

Another punch. Eye swells shut.

DON VASQUEZ (CONT'D)  
Thief!

Another - nose cracks.

Johnny groans, barely there.

Vasquez grabs his chin.

DON VASQUEZ (CONT'D)  
Tell me why I shouldn't kill you.  
(beat)  
Funny, huh? Some folks think I had  
something to do with your little  
girl's disappearance. The irony.

He chuckles. Releases Johnny, who slumps.

Vasquez pulls off the gloves, tosses them.

DON VASQUEZ (CONT'D)  
Life's funny. Even the clean ones owe  
me. And when they don't pay ... well.

Johnny sobs.

JOHNNY  
(panting)  
Please ... it's Mia ...

A buzz. Vasquez checks his phone. Smirks.

DON VASQUEZ  
Not a pretty picture.  
(pause)  
I've got something to handle. Walk  
with me.

He exits.

Tracey whimpers.

TRACEY  
(faint)  
Johnny ... do something ...

Johnny scans the room. Spots the tools.

JOHNNY  
Hang on, Trace. We're getting out.

He rocks the chair. Inch by inch.

Scrape. Pause. Listen.

Silence.

Scrape again.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Come on ...

INT. PHARMACY BASEMENT - NIGHT

Johnny reaches the workbench. He stretches, fingers trembling as they close around a sharp blade.

JOHNNY  
(panting)  
Got it.

He saws at the rope, each pull slow, painful. The binds snap. He rips them off, then sprints to Tracey.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
I'm getting you out.

He cuts her loose and lifts her, supporting her shaky weight.

TRACEY  
(gritted)  
We need to move. Now.

INT. GARAGE - EARLY MORNING

They limp past rows of gleaming supercars.

JOHNNY  
There's gotta be a way out.

He spots a maintenance hatch, leads her through.

INT. UNDERGROUND STORAGE - CONTINUOUS

They duck behind crates. Footsteps echo above.

Johnny spots an access panel.

JOHNNY  
Move now.

They crawl through, emerging in the adjacent lot.

A Koenigsegg Jesko Absolut sits there—ignition on, trunk ajar.  
Cash visible.

Johnny jumps in, Tracey beside him.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Hold on.

The engine ROARS. Vasquez steps out—twin pistols blazing.

Bullets spark off armored windows. Johnny guns it.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The Jesko slams into Vasquez.

He flies, body broken.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

BMW X5s pursue. Gunfire rains.

Tracey grits her teeth, climbs halfway out, pistol in hand.

TRACEY  
(strained)  
I've got this.

She fires—tires pop. A BMW flips, crashes.

JOHNNY  
Almost there!

TRACEY  
Keep driving!

Another BMW closes in. A henchman leans out, shotgun raised. Tracey drops him with a clean shot.

Flames in the rearview.

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Clear road ahead.

Johnny pushes the Jesko hard. Tracey collapses back, trembling, but alive.

The Jesko disappears into night.

INT. KOENIGSEGG - CONTINUOUS

Johnny glances at Tracey.

JOHNNY  
You holding up?

TRACEY  
(smiling weakly)  
I'll live. Just drive.

JOHNNY  
I'm dropping you off.

TRACEY  
No. Don't you fucking dare.

JOHNNY  
You're not—

TRACEY  
We're a team. Always.  
(beat)  
Now drive.

JOHNNY  
One quick pit stop.

The Jesko rockets forward.

EXT. CITY STREETS - EARLY MORNING

They blaze under bridges. Tracey's pale, eyes foggy.

JOHNNY  
We're gonna make it.

TRACEY  
Just... drive.

Dawn breaks. The chase isn't over.

INT. DOCTOR'S TREATMENT ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Tracey lies still. Johnny holds her hand.

The DOCTOR works fast.

DOCTOR  
This'll hurt.

Morphine. Her body slackens.

He grabs forceps, grips the nail.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Breathe.

He pulls - Tracey groans. Blood spills.

He repeats. Quick. Efficient.

Next, he grabs a tube of superglue.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
They used this shit on our boys in  
Nam. It's basic but effective.

Bandages. Superglue. Pressure.

He wraps her hand.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
She needs rest. Antibiotics. This  
ain't a fix.



JOHNNY  
We don't have time.

DOCTOR  
Then take what you need and run.

TRACEY  
(whispering)  
Thank you ...

EXT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAYBREAK

Johnny helps her into the car.

First sunlight hits the street.

The Jesko pulls away.

Burned. Scarred. But alive.

XT. KOENIGSEGG - DAYBREAK

The Koenigsegg hums along a dusty road, carving through an eerie, alien stretch of land. It halts as the sky begins to lighten.

INT. KOENIGSEGG - (NOT MOVING) - DAYBREAK

Johnny kills the engine.

Tracey slumps in her seat—pale, barely conscious. Johnny checks her, pulls out a small bag, taps a line on the back of his hand.

JOHNNY  
Here. Snort this. Stay with me.

He lifts her chin gently. Tracey sniffs, jolts as the drug kicks in.

TRACEY  
(coughing)  
Where ... are we?

JOHNNY  
Almost there. Need you sharp.

Her eyes clear. She nods, fierce again.

TRACEY  
Let's go get our daughter.

Johnny punches the ignition. The Koenigsegg tears down the road, kicking up dust and silence.

INT. KOENIGSEGG JESKO ABSOLUT - (MOVING) - DAYBREAK

The car's sleek interior glows blue. Tracey's phone rings.

TRACEY

Yeah?

VOICE (O.S.)

(distorted)

Mrs. Dixon. One hour. Rooftop.  
Beauchamp Avenue.

TRACEY

How do you know --

VOICE (O.S.)

We know.

Click.

TRACEY

(beat)

Fucking charming.

JOHNNY

ETA?

TRACEY

Twenty minutes.

JOHNNY

We'll make it.

She cues the radio. "God Save The Queen" By The Sex Pistols blares. Tracey sets a 20-minute countdown.

EXT. KOENIGSEGG - DAY

The car rockets forward. Fog burns off as the Golden Gate-like bridge looms ahead - rail tracks above, ocean below.

Johnny hits a wall of traffic.

INT. KOENIGSEGG - CONTINUOUS

Johnny scans the jammed lanes. Tracey's phone ticks. Tension rises.

JOHNNY

Fuck this.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Johnny slams it into reverse, jumps the median, flies into oncoming traffic. Horns scream. Cars swerve.

INT. KOENIGSEGG - CONTINUOUS

Johnny's knuckles whiten. Tracey braces.

TRACEY

You've lost it.

JOHNNY

No. I'm done waiting.

SOUNDTRACK: "Bohemian Like You" by The Dandy Warhols kicks in.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

The Koenigsegg slices through traffic like a missile. Cars scatter. Bull bars shatter bumpers.

SOUNDTRACK: "Burning Wheel" by Primal Scream builds.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Phones ring. Officers scramble.

A wall screen shows the Koenigsegg ripping across the bridge.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Dennehy watches, grim. Reynolds rushes in with a tablet.

REYNOLDS

Wrong side of the bridge. It's chaos.

DENNEHY

Get everyone on it. We're shutting him down.

REYNOLDS

Bridge patrol's on alert.

DENNEHY

We're leading. Move.

EXT. POLICE MOTOR POOL - DAY

Dennehy and Reynolds stride to their unmarked cruiser.

DENNEHY  
Let's join the party.

They roar out. A mysterious duffel sits in the back seat.

EXT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Police cruisers close in.

Johnny sees them. He grits his teeth.

JOHNNY  
Not today.

He rams a cruiser aside. Metal SCREAMS.

TRACEY  
Johnny!

EXT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Other cruisers crash or burn. One flips and explodes.

SOUNDTRACK: "The Shock of the Lightning" by Oasis pulses.

Johnny and Tracey lock eyes.

TRACEY  
For Mia.

Johnny swerves hard. A cruiser smashes into the rail and erupts.

EXT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The Koenigsegg surges. The steel towers blur. Sirens wail.

TRACEY  
More behind us!

In the mirror: Dennehy's cruiser gains.

JOHNNY  
Hold on.

He guns it.

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER

Dennehy locks eyes on the target. Reynolds pushes the car hard.

DENNEHY  
Stay on him.

REYNOLDS  
I got him.

EXT. BRIDGE

Johnny glances back. The cruiser's closing.

JOHNNY  
Brace.

He yanks the handbrake - hard.

EXT. BRIDGE

The Koenigsegg spins 180°, screeches to a stop - facing the cruiser.

INT. CRUISER

REYNOLDS  
Shit!

EXT. BRIDGE

BAM. The cruiser slams into the Jesko's bull bars. Metal buckles.

Airbags explode. Silence falls.

INT. KOENIGSEGG

Johnny's calm, hands on the wheel. A flicker of a grin.

He throws it in reverse.

TRACEY  
That was insane.

JOHNNY  
(smiling)  
Just getting started.

EXT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The Koenigsegg tears down the bridge, leaving the crumpled cruiser behind. Sirens wail in the distance.

The skyline grows closer, looming like a promise.

INT. KOENIGSEGG JESKO ABSOLUT (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Johnny tightens his grip, glances at the mirror, then the train overhead—metal on metal, echoing.

TRACEY  
(pointing)  
There! The exit!

Johnny swerves. The car skids, tires screeching, barely making the turn.

Tracey exhales sharply—didn't realize she was holding her breath.

INT. BEAUCHAMP MULTISTORY CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

The Jesko barrels through the gloom. Tight turns. Screeching tires.

Tracey clutches a duffel—cash flying.

"Ça Plane Pour Moi" blasts.

A wrecked police cruiser blocks the path, lights flickering. Dented, smoking.

Both machines idle. Waiting.

INT. JESKO ABSOLUT - CONTINUOUS

JOHNNY  
How 'bout a chickie run?

Slams it in reverse—then forward. The Koenigsegg rockets toward the cruiser.

TRACEY  
Johnny! No time for this!

JOHNNY  
He ain't moving if we ask nice.

EXT. BEAUCHAMP CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

The cars charge. The cruiser blinks - then swerves.

It crashes into a pillar. BOOM. Flames light the concrete.

Johnny and Tracey share a wild-eyed look.

TRACEY

You're a crazy motherfucker.

The Jesko surges forward. It dodges debris like a beast unleashed.

Johnny veers around a cracked pillar. The ramp rises. They climb - faster.

Level after level blurs past.

Sky breaks through concrete gaps. Final turn.

EXT. CAR PARK ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

The Jesko bursts onto the rooftop. Johnny slams the brakes.

Tires smoke. Silence, then wind.

INT. JESKO - CONTINUOUS

Heavy breaths. Grins. The song still thumps beneath it all.

TRACEY

(over music)

We made it. We fucking made it!

JOHNNY

Barely.

He cuts the engine. Music dies.

EXT. CAR PARK ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Sunlight scorches the concrete.

Johnny and Tracey, bruised and bloodied, drag duffels from the trunk.

They haul the bags across the rooftop-toward whatever comes next.

EXT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The Koenigsegg shrieks into the skyline. Sirens fade behind. The city looms ahead.

INT. KOENIGSEGG JESKO ABSOLUT - CONTINUOUS

Johnny glances up at the train overhead. Tracey points.

TRACEY  
There! The exit!

Johnny swerves hard. The car takes the ramp fast, tires screaming.

INT. BEAUCHAMP MULTISTORY CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

They roar through shadows. Tracey clutches the duffel. Cash flutters.

"Ça Plane Pour Moi" kicks in.

Ahead - a battered cruiser blocks the path. Lights flicker.

INT. JESKO

JOHNNY  
How 'bout a chickie run?

TRACEY  
You're insane.

Johnny throws it in reverse - then drive.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Both cars charge. The cruiser flinches first - swerves into a pillar.

Explosion.

Johnny barrels past, grinning. Tracey can't help but laugh through the adrenaline.

RAMP UP - MOMENTS LATER

The Jesko climbs floor after floor. They burst onto the rooftop - tires smoke, skyline stretched around them.



They made it.

Johnny kills the engine. The music cuts.

EXT. ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Johnny and Tracey haul the cash out, dragging it across the hot concrete.

Footsteps echo.

From the far end - DENNEHY. REYNOLDS. The two Mexicans.

Shadows long. Faces grim.

Johnny and Tracey freeze.

JOHNNY  
Son of a bitch.

TRACEY  
You heartless bastards.

Johnny eases his hand to his Colt. A silent nod between them.

DENNEHY  
Hell of a show.

Their eyes meet. Rage.

DENNEHY (CONT'D)  
You think I wanted this? Mia? I'm  
drowning. Two million buys me out.

JOHNNY  
So you steal a kid?

DENNEHY  
What would you do, Johnny? You were  
desperate too.

Dennehy tosses gun belts with old Colts. A challenge.

DENNEHY (CONT'D)  
Time to end it. Old school.

TRACEY  
You want the ransom? Bring Mia out.

Dennehy signals. Reynolds disappears.

Moments pass - then footsteps.

Reynolds returns, Mia in tow. Pale, scared – but alive.

MIA

Mommy!

Tracey lunges – Dennehy blocks.

DENNEHY

First, the money.

TRACEY

Not till she's safe.

Beat. Dennehy nods.

Mia runs into Tracey's arms. Tears. Relief.

Tracey pushes the bag over.

DENNEHY

We're not done.

He checks the bag. Nods. Then –

POP!

He shoots Reynolds.

POP-POP!

The Mexicans drop.

Dennehy turns – fires.

Johnny takes a round to the gut. Drops.

TRACEY

Johnny!

She lunges. Dennehy aims.

DENNEHY

Finish this.

She wraps the gun belt around her waist. Breath trembling.

DENNEHY (CONT'D)

Ready to dance?

TRACEY

Are you gonna pull that pistol or  
whistle Dixie?

Silence.

BLAM!

Dennehy drops.

Tracey holsters. Shaking.

She runs to Johnny. Blood everywhere. He's slumped, fading.

TRACEY  
Hold on. Please.

He touches her face. A smile.

JOHNNY  
Don't concern yourself, Trace.

Mia hugs them both. Tracey sobs.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Take care of her ...

TRACEY  
Always.

His hand falls. His breath stops.

WIDE - ROOFTOP - DAY

The family - broken but together - silhouetted against the city.

Silence.

FADE TO BLACK.

**SUPER: EPILOGUE**

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A pristine cemetery, rows of aged headstones basking in the quiet sun.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Tracey kneels by a white marble headstone, flowers in hand. One knee bandaged beneath torn jeans.

TRACEY

Well, here we are again.

A small chuckle escapes.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

How's the food?

She smirks, blinking back tears.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Didn't think so.

She glances around. Peaceful.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

It's pretty here. I figure I'll end up here one day. Just ... not too soon.

A pause.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

I miss you. Your dumb advice. That laugh. The way you made things... lighter.

She breathes in deep, voice softer.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Mia's growing fast. Stubborn as hell. Everyone blames me - but I know. She's got you.

Leaves rustle in a passing breeze.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

You loved us hard. I feel it still.

She laughs quietly, voice trembling.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

I just wish... you were here. But I'm trying. For her.

A blurred figure approaches. She doesn't notice.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

We're making it work. Got some change in the bank, too. Don't freak out - I'm staying clean. She'll know how much you loved her.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Bet you're up there driving folks  
crazy with those stories.

The figure kneels beside her. Johnny – bruised, bandaged ...  
alive.

JOHNNY

Don't you mean down there?

She smiles, stunned.

TRACEY

Show some damn respect.

JOHNNY

C'mon. Like I'd miss visiting your  
dead mom.

She hugs him hard.

TRACEY

You were keeping a low profile,  
remember?

JOHNNY

Sometimes you gotta show up when it  
counts.

He pulls back, grinning.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Got something for you.

They rise, walking hand-in-hand.

HOLD on the gravestone:

ELEANOR JACKS

Beloved Mother and Grandmother

1940-2024

"Damn! It's Dark Down Here."

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

They head toward a brand new FORD GT MUSTANG, bright red and  
spotless.

Mia waves excitedly inside.

Tracey and Johnny get in. Doors thud shut.

INT. MUSTANG (NOT MOVING) - DAY

JOHNNY  
Cheeseburger or taco, kiddo?

MIA  
Cheeseburger, Daddy!

TRACEY  
Then home we go. Nurse Tracey's on  
duty.

She smirks at him. Johnny turns serious - with a glint of mischief.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The Mustang rolls away.

INT. MUSTANG (MOVING) - DAY

JOHNNY  
Actually... I got something to tell  
you.

TRACEY  
Oh god. Go on, husband number one.

JOHNNY  
Guy in the pen told me about this  
stash - serious money. No one's  
touched it in years.

TRACEY  
Jesus, Johnny. A guy in the pen? Real  
reliable.

JOHNNY  
I'm telling you - he had blueprints.  
Security routines. Everything.

TRACEY  
Let it go. We're not doing this again.

JOHNNY  
Yeah... yeah. You're right.

MIA  
Are we going on an adventure, Daddy?

They share a soft smile.

TRACEY

No, baby. Just enjoying the sunshine.

The Mustang speeds on.

SOUNDTRACK: "Steal My Sunshine" - Len

FADE OUT.

**THE END**