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FEAR THE REAPER

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Producers: **THUNDER ROAD, ROOK FILMS, and PARALLEL 42 ENTERTAINMENT**

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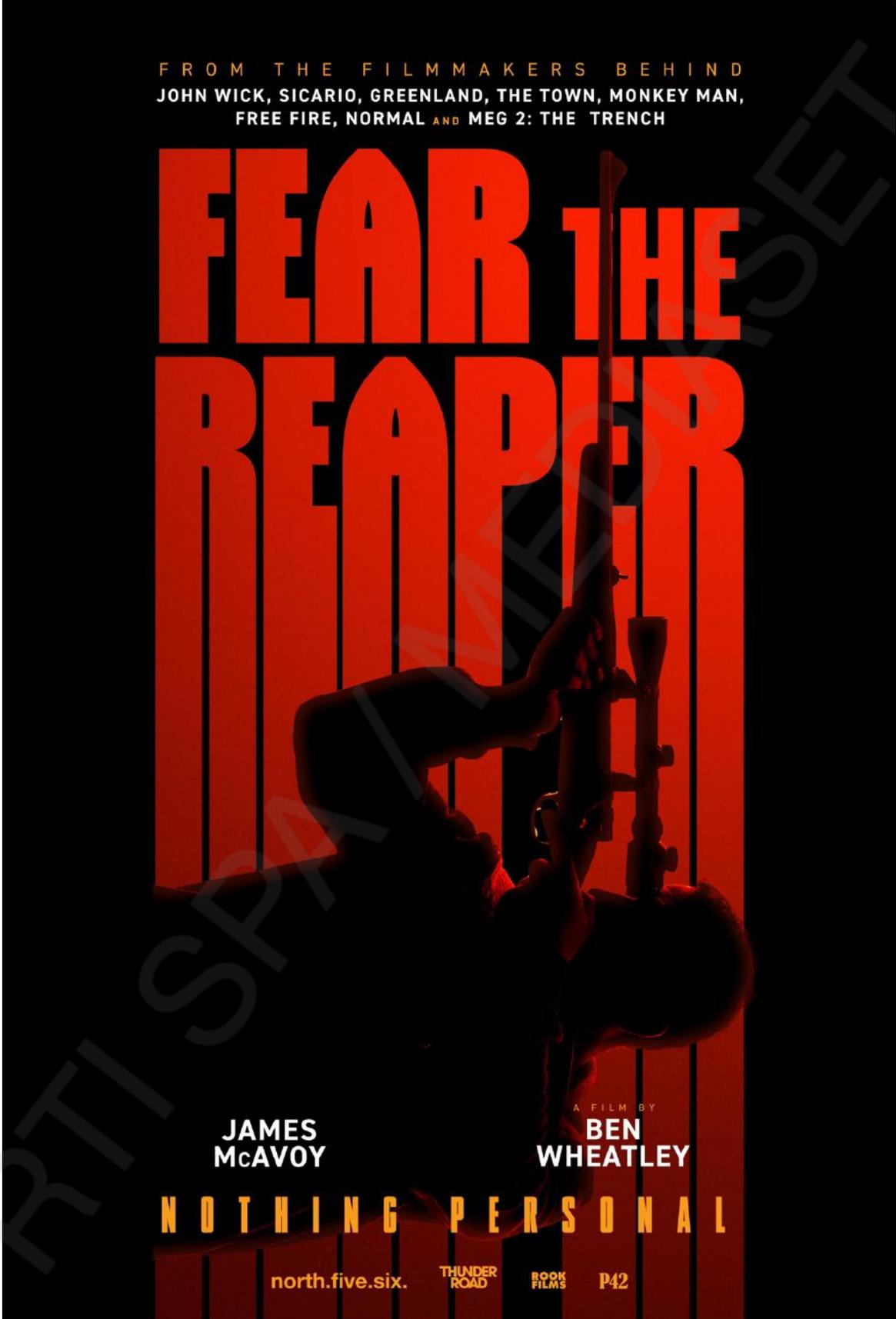
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FROM THE FILMMAKERS BEHIND
JOHN WICK, SICARIO, GREENLAND, THE TOWN, MONKEY MAN,
FREE FIRE, NORMAL AND MEG 2: THE TRENCH

FEAR THE REAPER



JAMES
McAVOY

A FILM BY
BEN
WHEATLEY

NOTHING PERSONAL

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THUNDER
ROAD

BOOK
FILMS

P42

FEAR THE REAPER

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A simple bar. Dark walls, dust circling lazily through the lights. It's quiet. Frank the barman, mid-forties, is washing a glass, lost in a dream.

At the end of the bar is an ordinary-looking fella. He is nursing a soda. He sucks some of the sweet drink up through a straw. Amused by the childlike thrill.

Our man is called Campion. JERRY CAMPION. That's not the name on the driver's license in his pocket. But then, Jerry Campion is not his real name from back home, either. That's been lost a long time ago.

Jerry barely notices the local News Anchor, JEFF SAMPA reporting the daily crime statistics.

JEFF SAMPA (ON TV)

Three bodies have been found in what police are describing as an "execution-style slaying" in the Rope District this evening...

Another man enters the bar and sits next to him. A face that has weathered much disappointment. DAVID PURSY. 55. Heavy set. Jerry's oldest pal and business associate.

DAVID

Hey, Jerry.

JERRY

Dave. You wanna drink?

Jerry pushes an envelope to David. Thick with bills. He slips it into his pocket. All their actions are done carefully and don't attract attention.

DAVID

No. Gotta motor. Stuff at home.

David puts an envelope on the table. Jerry goes to take the envelope. David puts his sweaty paw down, stopping him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ok. What are you going to say?

Jerry looks up and smiles.

JERRY

Come on, Dave.

DAVID
It's not me saying this.

JERRY
It is you.

DAVID
It's the system.

JERRY
So? We have done this a dozen times.

DAVID
Yeah. And it's always the same. Remember. You take the job. You're all in.

JERRY
I know, ok.

DAVID
You are all in, no excuses.

JERRY
It's embarrassing. We shouldn't have to talk about this.

DAVID
It's not me.

JERRY
It's the old guys, I know.

David looks at him seriously.

DAVID
You don't want to get your buddy in trouble, do you?

Jerry smiles.

JERRY
No. I guess not.

DAVID
So what do you say?

Jerry, through gritted teeth:

JERRY
I accept my job. I'm all in.

DAVID
You are all in.

David releases the envelope to Jerry.

DAVID (CONT'D)
It's just how its done.

Jerry slips it in his inside pocket. Frank makes a point of not noticing. David leaves.

JEFF SAMPA (ON TV)
These "tit-for-tat" killings seem to have broken the peace of the city this summer and Mayor Crannich seems helpless to stop it.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

An empty-looking place - Jerry is not big on knick-knacks. It's tidy though. Clean. Jerry sits at a table and opens the envelope. There is a photograph.

Jerry shifts through the envelope there is a name written on a scrap of paper. Michael Davenport.

Jerry stares at the photograph and commits it to memory.

JERRY
Michael Davenport.

Jerry gets a lighter out of a drawer. A zippo. He burns the paper, dropping the ashes into a metal bin. Then he lights up the photograph. He watches it crackle and bubble for a moment.

He hears a tapping at the window and sees a cat. He opens the window and lets it in. It rubs up against his legs, wanting food.

JERRY (CONT'D)
I know what you want, Pickle. But I don't have anything. Does Karla not feed you?

Jerry remembers and opens his fridge. He has some anchovies left over.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Don't tell your mum.

He feeds the cat some fish.

EXT. STREET - DAY

We see Jerry. He is wearing workers overalls. Nobody looks at him. He carries a toolbox.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Jerry enters a grand building. It's not built for the scale of humans. This is a totem of industry. Workers here are not individuals, but fleshy pulses of commerce.

Jerry goes to an elevator and waits with the office workers.

He steps into the lift with two young women.

WOMAN

I don't know why he pressures you so much. If you don't like it, you don't like it!

WOMAN 2

That is part of his game. If I complain, then it's my fault for being a killjoy.

WOMAN

Why are people like that? Why can't we all just get along?

Ding! Floor 25.

INT. FLOOR 25 - CONTINUOUS

Jerry moves out of the elevator car, the women's conversation trailing off behind him as the doors shut. Jerry walks down a long corridor.

It's quieter here. Just a few people walking about.

Jerry walks over to a door marked BINGHAM TRADING.

He reads the sign and looks through the fluted glass windows. He can see figures warp across the glass like ghosts.

A woman in a green outfit and a man in black.

The woman walks to the door. Jerry turns away for a moment, kneeling to attend to his shoelace.

The door opens and the woman leaves the office.

MIKEY

I'll see you, Darcy.

DARCY

Sure, Mikey. I'll see you tonight.

Jerry grimaces to himself. He knows that is not going to happen. Mikey closes the office door with a click.

As long as everything goes to plan...

Darcy is halfway down the hall. Jerry goes to the door and knocks. Mikey appears in the fluted glass...

MIKEY

You forgot something, Darcy?

He opens it and sees Jerry.

JERRY

Maintenance.

MIKEY

What's up?

JERRY

Got to check the thermostat.

MIKEY

I didn't say anything to the super.

JERRY

One floor down. Mincleman's Haberdashery wholesale. They are having a lot of trouble. Sweating cobs. I looked at their setup... it's fine, but they are all interlinked. So.. it's a binary search. I gotta check each thermostat. Two up, two down and two across.

MIKEY

A binary search, eh?

JERRY

I'm finding a target value in a sorted list by repeatedly dividing the list in half.

Mikey looks blankly.

MIKEY

You better come in.

JERRY

Thanks. I've already been down a floor. Nothing.

MIKEY

Are they suffering, the Minclemens?

JERRY

Yeah. Pretty unbearable. Always happens this time of year.

MIKEY

Yeah. It's gotten hot.

Mikey pours himself a paper cup of water.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

You want one?

JERRY

No, I'm good, thanks.

Jerry puts his tool box on the floor with a clank.

Mikey goes over to the window, pausing.

MIKEY

You never get used to the view. Y'know. That's the thing about the weather. It's always different. A different hue in the sky. A different set of clouds.

JERRY

Yeah. I don't like things being the same. That's why I do this job. Always a new challenge.

MIKEY

I guess so. The Mystery of the Thermostat. What's next? The Blocked Plumbing? The Jammed Window?

He laughs to himself about his bit. Pretty funny. Then he feels bad about mocking the guy. He's only doing his job.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Hey, I..

He turns to see Jerry standing with a .38 pistol with a bulky suppressor.

The apology fades from his lips. Jerry smiles sadly and shoots. Two in the body. One in the head.

JERRY

It's okay. No offence taken.

Mikey falls on to his desk then topples over onto the floor.

Jerry kneels down and checks his pulse. He is definitely dead.

Jerry pulls the pistol apart into components and puts them in his tool box. Now they just look like random pieces of metal.

He walks out of the office and into the corridor.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Jerry walks through a parking lot. As he walks he drops pieces of the disassembled pistol into trash cans. One drop, two drops, three drops. At the last trash can, he pulls off his latex gloves and dumps those. He dumps his tool box by a car that's up on bricks - tires jacked.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jerry sits in a car. He looks around to see if he has been followed. He drives off.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jerry drives the car calmly into a run-down neighborhood. He parks up.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jerry wriggles out of the workman's clothes. He tucks the keys under the sun shade. Folds the workmen's clothes and puts them under his arm.

EXT. STREET DAY - DAY

Jerry leaves the car dressed in blue jeans and a plaid shirt. He walks for a block, then dumps the workmen's clothes. He has now transformed and has shed his former persona.

INT. BAR - DAY

Jerry walks into the bar and sits on a stool. Frank sees him and smiles.

FRANK
Hey, Jerry.

JERRY
Frank.

FRANK
A beer and a shot?

JERRY
Be rude not to.

FRANK
You been working today?

JERRY
Sure.

FRANK
You finished now, though?

JERRY
Yeah. All done.

Frank smiles and pours out Jerry's drink.

Jerry knocks back the shot and slaps it on the bar. A job well done.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jerry walks back to his apartment. Kids are joking around on the street. Jerry would be worried if he hadn't been around this kind of horseplay all his life.

He goes into the local bodega.

INT. BODEGA - CONTINUOUS

Jerry walks in and buys some cat food. He approaches PHILIP, the storeowner.

JERRY
Busy?

PHILIP
Hot. Too hot to sell lottery
tickets.

JERRY
I'll have three.

PHILIP
Ha. You're too good to me Jerry.

JERRY
Here you go.

He places some cash down on the counter and goes out.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Jerry walks up the stairs to his front door.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Jerry walks up the stairs. He sees his neighbor KARLA.

JERRY
Hey, Karla.

KARLA
Hey, Jerry.

JERRY
How is Pickles doing? I got some
food for her.

KARLA
Jerry... I can't take your cat
food.

JERRY
What am I going to do with it?

KARLA
I don't know. You can't just go
around giving stuff away.

JERRY
What am going to do? I'm just alone
up there.

KARLA
You need a lady.

JERRY

But you are married, Karla.

Karla smiles.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jerry gets in and opens his window onto the fire escape. He opens the cat food and pours it into a bowl

He taps the metal fire escape with the spoon. Moments later, Pickles the cat appears.

JERRY

Ah, there you are, Pickles.

Pickles purrs deeply and tucks into the food.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jerry is walking along the street. He enters a boxing gym.

INT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

The gym walls are covered in photographs of boxers and posters of bouts. Older guys are working out. Young guys are sparring. An old bruiser called BRONK looks up as Jerry walks through. Bronk is the manager/"brood mother".

BRONK

Hey, Jerry.

JERRY

Bronk, how you doing?

BRONK

Hips been killing me. Apart from that, happy days.

JERRY

Do some yoga.

BRONK

Too late for that.

JERRY

Never too late.

Jerry walks over to the locker room.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The locker room is tight. Lots of metal lockers with small padlocks on them. Jerry heads for his. Opens it up. Inside is a package. Brown paper wrapped in string.

Jerry takes it and smiles.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - LATER

Jerry drives his beaten up car to an industrial area. Parks up and gets out.

He walks towards a warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jerry takes a freight elevator up to a workshop.

INT. WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

This is Jerry's place. He walks in and puts the package on the table. He turns on the lights, revealing pedestal drills. Vices. A firing range with a sandbagged wall.

Jerry opens up the package. There is money inside. He splits the money into two piles.

Jerry opens up a floorboard and pulls out a metal box that has been hidden there.

Puts it on the table. Opens it with a key.

Inside are tightly stacked wads of dollar bills. Jerry places half of his money into the box, closes it and places it back in the floor.

He puts the other wad in his inside pocket.

EXT. STREET - ()

Jerry walks to an apartment block. He rings on a bell.

INT. APARTMENT - ()

The apartment is well appointed. Lots of little sculptures, cushions, and photographs. ONI REYE, 50, is making coffee. She looks back to Jerry who is looking at the decor.

ONI

I don't know why you won't let me tell him who is paying.

JERRY

It's complicated. If he knew, he wouldn't take it from me, that's all.

ONI

Maybe if you talked to him...

JERRY

We have talked. It's a wound that is not going to heal. I've accepted that. I just want to help, you know, at arms length.

ONI

You know Jeanie would not be happy knowing the pair of you don't talk. Father and son. It isn't natural.

JERRY

I can't help that.

ONI

Well, I don't mind. He thinks I'm a saint.

JERRY

That's fine. Let him think that if it's easier.

ONI

It's a lie though, Jerry. I'm not totally comfortable with it.

JERRY

A white lie. This will see him through for the year. And there's a bit there for you. As a thank you.

ONI

You don't have to.

JERRY

Yeah, I do.

ONI

You should speak to him. He's doing well. Keeping clean, as far as I know.

JERRY
Probably a lot better without me.

INT. HALLWAY - ()

Jerry walks towards his apartment. He opens his door.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

On the mat is a piece of paper. It's folded in half. He picks it up and looks. The paper has a cross drawn on it, followed by 7.30.

Jerry folds up the paper and burns it. He climbs out the window onto the fire escape. He looks inside Karla's apartment. No one home. He sees Pickles asleep on the sofa. He jimmys open the window and steps inside the apartment.

INT. KARLA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

He looks around for a moment, walks over to the kitchen opens the cupboards. Finds Karla's cat food stash. Pushes a couple of tins behind the ones that are there.

He looks around the apartment for a bit. Then under the sink. He finds a tin. He opens it up. There's about three hundred dollars in there. He opens up his wallet and slips a few 10's and twenties in the bottom of the tin.

He puts the tin back, then climbs out of the apartment.

Job done.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jerry walks into the bar and nods to Frank.

FRANK
Hey, Jerry.

JERRY
Hey, Frank.

FRANK
Beer?

JERRY
Soda, please.

Frank nods and fixes Jerry a soda. Jerry sits on a bar stool and looks at the TV.

JEFF SAMPA (ON TV)

Mass shooting at Janniston's nightclub as gang violence spills out onto the streets of Parkway. Three shooters entered the club and opened up, spraying the revelers with automatic gunfire.

FRANK

What is going on in the world?

JERRY

What a mess. Why would anyone do that?

FRANK

Indiscriminate.

JEFF SAMPA (ON TV)

Mob boss Manny Manzeres is being linked to this latest act of carnage.

JERRY

I know people have problems with each other. But that's just murder.

FRANK

Yeah. People trying to have a night out.

JERRY

The cops don't do anything.

FRANK

They're all hiding up in their precincts like they're forts. Those that aren't in on it, that is.

JERRY

You are a cynic, Frank.

Jerry drinks his soda. David enters the bar and walks over.

DAVID

Hey, Jerry.

JERRY

David. Do you want a drink?

DAVID
A drink... Yes. Lime and soda.

JERRY
Lime and soda for David here. You
still not drinking?

Frank makes a face. These two are the last of the big
spenders.

FRANK
Coming up.

David sits at the bar.

DAVID
Here.

David slips an envelope on the bar, making sure no one sees.
Jerry looks at him and smiles.

JERRY
I accept my job. I'm all in.

DAVID
You are all in. That wasn't so
hard, was it?

JERRY
You never look at these things?

DAVID
Fuck no.

JERRY
It could be you one day.

DAVID
Ha. No one gives a fuck about me.

Jerry hands a package back. David slips it into his pocket.

JERRY
I do.

David smiles. Jerry is a sweetheart.

DAVID
You see what happened at
Janniston's?

JERRY

I mean, I don't follow the gangster stuff, but what I did see on TV looked bad.

DAVID

Bad for everyone.

JERRY

I know. It needs to be done quiet and carefully - that's my motto.

DAVID

Chaos is bad.

JERRY

Yeah. I don't like the gangster stuff. Too many hotheads. Let them kill themselves.

David necks his lime and soda.

JERRY (CONT'D)

You staying for another?

DAVID

I got to get back. Stuff is going on at home.

JERRY

Nothing bad, I hope.

DAVID

The usual back-and-forth.

David gets off his stool and taps Jerry on the arm.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Good luck.

David walks to the door. Rain is starting to hit the window.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh, great.

David disappears into the rain. Jerry watches him go.

FRANK

Looks grim tonight.

Jerry sucks on his straw.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jerry is walking home in the rain. Not many people on the street. The rain is heavy now.

Jerry stops under a stoop for a moment. He waits for the rain to ease up.

He hears a scream in the distance.

He can't tell where it's coming from. Then he hears it again. It's easier to track this time. It's to the left. Coming from the alley.

He pokes his head round the corner. He can see a huddle of people. Two men and a woman. There's an argument going on.

JERRY

God dammit.

One of the men slaps the woman, and she falls to the ground.

Jerry purses his lips. Ok.

Jerry walks down the alley.

His feet splosh through the puddles.

They don't seem to see him until he is close. He sees the situation. The two guys. Ratty wet hair. A BIG GUY and a LITTLE GUY. Maybe brothers. The woman, 20s. Party dress. The men, street clothes. Maybe she got caught out leaving a bar. Dragged down here.. Or they know her.

Doesn't matter now. He's not going to get into the he-said she-said. Just shut it down.

BIG GUY

What do you want?

JERRY

Whatever is going on here needs to stop.

BIG GUY

And what is going on here?

JERRY

You slapped her.

BIG GUY

Which is none of your business.

JERRY

Well, I'm making it my business.

BIG GUY

Get the fuck out of here.

JERRY

Well, then we have a problem, don't we?

LITTLE GUY

Fuck him up, Dee.

BIG GUY

For sure.

DEE swings at Jerry. Jerry easily gets out of the way and lands a punch on Dee's nose.

JERRY

You want some more?

BIG GUY

Errg. You broke my nose.

JERRY

You get to a doctor and he can set it straight. But you gotta go now.

BIG GUY

Where is open at this time of night?

JERRY

Emergency room is five blocks down.

BIG GUY

Fuck.. this is going to cost a fortune.

JERRY

I warned you.

Jerry senses someone from behind. At the last moment, he dodges and blocks a strike. The Little Guy takes his chance and punches Jerry in the solar plexus.

Jerry staggers back. The Big Guy kicks him in the balls.

BIG GUY

Now that's a bit of a fairer fight.

Jerry is on the floor. He can see the third man now. A dangerous-looking, compactly built figure. This is TONY PROCTOR.

The fight has taken a bad turn. Jerry thinks as he tries to shuffle away from the gang.

The Little Guy tries to kick Jerry, who grabs his foot mid-kick and twists. The Little Guy falls into some trash cans.

Jerry looks around. Too late. He gets slugged from behind and collapses against a wall and slips to the floor.

The third guy stomps on Jerry's head. The Big Guy grabs Jerry by the lapels and throws him across the alley.

The Little Guy is up and kicks Jerry some more. Jerry staggers to his feet. The Little Guy punches him. Scrappy. The third guy lays in a couple of punches to the stomach, and the Big Guy starts working on Jerry now. Head shot. Head shot. Blood in the rain.

Jerry is fighting back. He punches the Little Guy wildly and sends him sprawling.

The third guy comes at Jerry with a pipe he has picked up off the floor. Jerry blocks the first blow, but the second hits him in the side.

He staggers back and is hit in the stomach by the pipe again.

BIG GUY (CONT'D)

Grab him!

The third guy grabs Jerry from behind. The Big Guy starts laying punches into his face.

BIG GUY (CONT'D)

You want more?

JERRY

Sure, I don't have any plans tonight.

BIG GUY

You got a lot of heart.

JERRY

For a minute there I thought you and your two friends were going to lose...

The Big Guy grins.

BIG GUY
Not in this lifetime.

THIRD GUY.
Let's see what he's got.

Big Guy grabs inside Jerry's jacket and pulls out the envelope. He opens it up and sees the photograph.

BIG GUY
This your boyfriend? He's handsome.

Jerry notices things have gone up a notch.

JERRY
You don't know what you are fucking with.

The Big Guy rips up the photo into pieces.

THE BIG GUY
Sure.

He goes to work on Jerry again.

The ripped-up pieces of the photo wash down the street drain.

The beating goes on for a while, but Jerry barely registers it. It's like he's left the situation and is floating above it.

They drop him on the ground and leave laughing. The woman comes over to Jerry

WOMAN
I'm sorry.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. AMBULANCE.

Flashes of light as Jerry is driven to the emergency ward.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE.

Jerry is operated on. It's a close call. He almost dies. Has a blood transfusion. Surgeons chat, nurses, beeping.

INT. WARD - DAY

Jerry comes to. He is lying in a bed with a drip in his arm.
Sees a nurse.

JERRY
How long have I been here?

NURSE
Ten days.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Jerry wakes up and sees his son, ZAC.

JERRY
Hey kiddo.

Zac frowns.

ZAC
I thought you were dead.

JERRY
Not yet.

ZAC
What are you doing under the name
Daniel Webber?

JERRY
It's a nom de plume.

ZAC
Fancy.

JERRY
How did you know I was here?

ZAC
Uncle David told me.

JERRY
Oh he did?

ZAC
You asshole. What were you doing
picking fights with men in
alleyways?

JERRY

Seemed like a good idea at the time. I saw this woman in trouble.. I tried to help.

ZAC

There's a first time for everything, I guess.

JERRY

Did you come here to have an argument?

ZAC

I'm not sure why I came.

JERRY

Well, I'm glad you did.

ZAC

You are alive. I checked. I'm going now.

INT. WARD.

A DETECTIVE approaches Jerry's bed.

DETECTIVE

Daniel Webber?

Jerry has to think for a moment. Oh! His name!

JERRY

Yes.

DETECTIVE

I'm Detective Folsom. I want to ask you a few questions about what happened to you.

JERRY

Did you catch them?

DETECTIVE

No. You are the only witness.

JERRY

Oh. Who found me?

DETECTIVE

It was a call-in. A woman. We don't have an ID for her either.

JERRY

I don't know what I can say. I don't remember what happened beyond what I told the officer. It's a blank.

The Detective looks at Jerry, trying to work him out.

JERRY (CONT'D)

There was a woman being attacked. I tried to stop it. I got jumped.

DETECTIVE

You should leave that kind of work to the professionals.

JERRY

What could I do? There was no one about.

He looks at his arm.

DETECTIVE

Are those prison tattoos?

JERRY

No.

DETECTIVE

Because your record doesn't mention prison.

JERRY

Navy. Same kind of thing.

DETECTIVE

I know you wouldn't do it, but I have to say... don't think you can get justice for yourself.

JERRY

I'm in no condition...

DETECTIVE

Pain grows, you know. Don't spread it out. Leave it..

JERRY

..to the professionals. You said.

Jerry takes in the cop philosophy.

DETECTIVE

Memory loss is pretty rare. If you manage to recover. Call me.

He places his business card on the bedside table.

INT. HOSPITAL PAY PHONE.

Jerry tries to not look conspicuous.

JERRY

Hey Dave- it's me. I've got a problem.

DAVID (ON PHONE)

I can't come at the moment. There's been some heat around the bar. Police.

JERRY

Asking what?

DAVID

The usual stuff. What are your known associates?

JERRY

I only know you.

DAVID

Yeah.

Jerry looks up and down the corridor, increasingly worried.

JERRY

They just came here. A Detective called Folsom.

DAVID

Same prick was at the bar.

JERRY

He doesn't know shit.

DAVID

Ok.

JERRY

I have to talk to you.

DAVID

Ok Ok.. When you getting out?

JERRY

Today...

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Jerry leaves the hospital. He is limping slightly and has bandages on his head.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Jerry looks down the alleyway where he took a beating. He walks over to where the guy tore up the photograph. He looks around on the ground. He finds the envelope. Nothing in it. Very soggy. He looks around for a bit and finds a corner of the photograph. No discernible features.

After a bit more searching, he finds the slip of paper with the name on it. He turns it over, but it is just a blurred mess.

He holds it up to the light. Nothing, just a smear.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jerry is sitting at the bar. David arrives and sits next to him. David looks at his friends' bandages.

DAVID

I heard it was bad. But wow.

JERRY

I got a problem David.
The package..

DAVID

Yeah?

JERRY

In the fight. They destroyed the
package...

DAVID

Destroyed?

JERRY

Ripped it up in front of my face...
and it went down the drain. And
when I went back, I found the piece
of paper with the name on it.

DAVID
You did?

JERRY
But the name has gone. Washed off.

DAVID
Washed off, eh?

JERRY
Yeah, it's gone.

DAVID
That is a problem.

JERRY
Yeah. So. What can we do?

DAVID
I don't think this has ever
happened before.

JERRY
I got jumped.

DAVID
I understand. Let me talk to some
people. We can sort this out. I'm
sure. We gotta get these guys.

JERRY
I have a few ideas about that.

DAVID
My god. The streets aren't safe!
You keep me in the loop... don't do
anything stupid.

David leaves. The news continues.

JEFF SAMP (ON TV)
Manny Lezaro spoke to the press
today after another three members
of the Nokki crime family turned up
murdered.

MANNY LAZARO (ON TV)
There's no proof. I don't condone
this kind of activity. I'm a
businessman. I have a chain of dry
cleaning businesses. Why would I
get involved in this? It's insane.

Jerry drinks his soda.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Jerry stands outside the alleyway where he was beaten up. He looks at the shops. He looks at security cameras.

INT. SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Jerry walks in. Looks around the shop before settling on the OWNER.

OWNER

Hello. How can I help you?

JERRY

Did anyone ask to see what was on your security cameras from three weeks ago.

OWNER

Yes. After the man was beaten in the alley.

JERRY

Yeah

OWNER

A detective came...

JERRY

Folsom.

OWNER

Yeah. He took a copy of the footage. Was it you that got attacked?

JERRY

Yeah.

OWNER

Oh my god. Have the police not caught who did it yet?

JERRY

No.. They have a lot on their plates at the moment

OWNER

The gang wars? Let em tear each other apart!

JERRY
They are hot at it

OWNER
The tapes can't have been much help. You can't see that far into the alleyway.

JERRY
I guess he was being thorough. Do you have a copy of the footage?

OWNER
Normally, I would have taped over them.

JERRY
Normally?

OWNER
I kept them because I like true crime podcasts, and this is the only exciting thing to ever happen here.

JERRY
Can I see the footage?

OWNER
Are you doing your own investigation?

JERRY
I have to do something.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jerry sits watching the footage. Shuttling through hours of cars and people going backwards and forwards. Then - there she is. The woman. She walks in from right of frame. Looks down the alley. Looks back. Walks on. More shuttling. Then there's Jerry. He walks across frame towards the bar. Then there she is again. She walks in... pauses, then heads down the alleyway.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jerry stands at the alleyway. Then looks it up and down. He walks down the road.

EXT. PARKING LOT.

He looks at the lot. Goes over to talk to the parking attendant.

He fishes out an ID.

JERRY

Hello. Can you help me? I'm a Private Detective working a case.

ATTENDANT

Oh yeah. That a good job?

The attendant looks at wounds on Jerry's face.

JERRY

I get to meet a lot of people. Like you.

ATTENDANT

What's the case you are working?

JERRY

Missing person.

He shows the man a screengrab of the woman in the alley.

ATTENDANT

Don't know her.

JERRY

No, it was a long shot. Do you have backups on your security camera for Wednesday 13th, three weeks ago?

ATTENDANT

That would be illegal for me to share.

JERRY

I understand that. So, to make you more comfortable with it, I have access to a small administration fee.

ATTENDANT

You do?

JERRY

A hundred bucks.

ATTENDANT

Cash.

JERRY

Sure.

ATTENDANT

You can look at it on site. No taking it away.

INT. BASEMENT

Jerry scrolls through the footage until he sees the woman. She walks over to a car and drives off. He writes down the registration plate and model number.

The attendant comes in.

ATTENDANT

That useful, bud?

JERRY

Thank you.

ATTENDANT

What are the chances of that?

JERRY

Thin. This is the seventh parking lot I've been to.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jerry sits next to David, both sipping sodas. David and Jerry are mid-conversation. Frank tries to wash a glass far enough away not to hear... close enough to take an order.

DAVID

That's what they said.

JERRY

It's pretty unreasonable.

DAVID

That's the system. Once you take the envelope, you have taken the job.

JERRY

But I never saw the target.

DAVID

They don't know that. You might be having pangs of conscience and have taken it to the police.

JERRY
Why would I do that?

DAVID
Why do people do anything?

JERRY
That's no kind of an answer.

DAVID
It's set up this way so there's no
blowback. I don't know who was in
the envelope. My guys don't know.
It's come down a chain to you. I
couldn't tell you if I wanted to.
What they are saying is that, as
far as they are concerned, you took
the job. Guys are paid to enforce
the system. It's a closed loop.

JERRY
I have. They just need to tell me
who it is.

DAVID
There is no mechanism for that. We
did our thing. You are engaged. You
do your bit. You get paid.

JERRY
But I can't if I don't know who the
mark is.

DAVID
If you fail to carry out your end
of the bargain, then it moves to
the next stage.

JERRY
What next stage?

DAVID
You know what that is.

JERRY
Spell it out for me. Just so we are
both clear.

DAVID
Then you become the target. An open
contract for 300k.

Jerry takes this in for a moment.

JERRY
I never understood that bit.

DAVID
For deniability.

JERRY
Gotcha. So?

DAVID
I don't know what to say.

JERRY
How long do I have before this is
an issue?

DAVID
A month. And you have had three
weeks

JERRY
Ten days I was in a coma.

David shakes his head.

DAVID
I don't make the rules.

JERRY
So what do I do? Go home and wait
to be killed?

DAVID
I'm sorry. I'll help you as much as
I can. But..

JERRY
You can't help at all. Is that what
you are saying, Dave?

DAVID
You are my best friend. I would do
anything for you. But this.. This
is bad for both of us. Well, more
bad for you, I guess.

JERRY
What can I do?

DAVID
I don't know. Maybe there's a way
of guessing who the mark is.

JERRY

Guessing?

DAVID

It's got to be someone we know..
Stands to reason.

JERRY

Someone like a criminal?

DAVID

Yeah.. Like someone in a crime
family or a gang. I mean, they are
getting popped off every day at the
moment.

JERRY

So I got to think of someone that
everyone hates? And randomly shoot
them and hope for the best?

DAVID

When you say it out loud, it sounds
crazy. But yeah.

JERRY

Like Dirty Nick?

DAVID

Nick O'Hare?

JERRY

No, Nick Bellamy.

DAVID

The doorman? Everyone hates him,
but not enough to kill him. No.
Think bigger than that.

David eats a chip and shrugs. Then remembers.

DAVID (CONT'D)

OH! I got that name for you. From
the license plate.

He pushes an envelope across the table.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Jerry fumbles with his key. He is carrying a lot of
newspapers.

Karla comes out and sees him.

KARLA

Jerry... I can't believe it.

JERRY

You should have seen the other guys.

KARLA

They almost killed you. My god.

JERRY

It's dangerous out there.

KARLA

If there's anything you need... just knock.

INT. APARTMENT

Jerry walks into his apartment.

He sits down and looks at Pickle the cat tapping at the window. He goes to let her in.

Jimmy opens up the envelope and looks at the driver's license of Sandra Howell. Same hair. Younger. The woman from the alleyway.

He looks at her picture.

He starts to cut the newspapers up with scissors.

He sees murderers. Gangland killings. He arranges them on the table, trying to work out who is who.

Pickle comes in and watches him. He strokes her.

JERRY

Who is it, Pickle?

Pickle looks up at him and meows.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I know. It's hard.

Pickle gets up and sits on a cutout of MANNY LEZARO.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Manny? You think it's Manny? I mean, he is the main guy...

Jerry sits there for a moment, then shrugs. Might as well be.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Manny, it is. He was always a prick.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jerry pulls in his car and gets out.

INT. LOCK UP - NIGHT

Jerry turns on a light and illuminates the workshop. He pulls open a drawer and reveals a rifle in pieces. He assembles the rifle and puts a scope on it.

Jerry attaches Manny's photo from the newspaper to a target.

He sets up the rifle and fires a few shots at the range he has in the workshop.

He centers the rifle. He smiles. Takes the perforated picture of Manny off the target and burns it.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Outside the grounds of a stark modernist house. All angles and glass. Security subtly patrols. A high wall protects it. Like a modern castle.

We find Jerry hiding in a thicket 600m away. He is assembling his sniper rifle.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Inside, the man of the house, Manny Lezaro is going through his bedtime ritual. A bit of washing and teeth cleaning.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Jerry climbs into a tree with his sniper rifle. He looks through the sight and sees Manny walking around in his dressing gown. He sips a whisky. Happy with his lot. Jerry adjusts his scope.

JERRY

Ok. Here he is.

Manny bounces around the crosshairs of the scope. Jerry takes in a small breath..

JERRY (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Manny.

..and pulls the trigger.

PFFFFTHWACK.

There is a shattering of glass and an arterial spray of blood.

Manny falls onto his bed, bounces once, and collapses on the floor. Dead.

Guards hear the noise and rush in. It's too late.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jerry picks up his spent brass and makes his exit.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jerry watches the news as he strokes Pickle.

NEWS REPORTER
Key Crime family figure Manny
Lezaro was assassinated in his
home. Lezaro is linked to Delaware
crime syndicate and has convictions
in drug trafficking and
prostitution. He was thought to be
the Kingpin of the Bay Area..

Pickles looks up and cocks her head.

JERRY
It's okay, he deserved it.

EXT. STREET - MORNING.

Jerry sits in his car watching an apartment.

Jerry looks over and watches a car park. It matches the registration he took from the security cameras. He looks at his paperwork from David.

He sees Sandra Howell get out of the car. She looks tired. She obviously works late.

Jerry pulls away.

INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

Jerry goes to his locker. He opens it. Empty. No Payment for a job well done.

A voice from behind makes him turn. It's David.

DAVID
It wasn't him.

JERRY
Yeah. That's bad. I guess I just murdered someone.

DAVID
It's murder whoever you kill.

JERRY
True.

DAVID
When I said 'guess', I didn't mean shoot the head of the biggest crime family in the city.

JERRY
Where was I supposed to start? You said think big.

DAVID
Don't blame me for this. For *fucks sake*, Jerry!

Jerry slumps, depressed.

JERRY
What am I going to do?

DAVID
I think you need a hand... before you cause more damage.

JERRY
I've got to the end of the week. You'd better get thinking, quick.

David rubs his brow and smiles.

DAVID
I guess the world got a little lighter. Manny was a violent pig of a man with some unsavory tastes.

Jerry is unconvinced.

JERRY

I'm glad it's balanced out morally.

DAVID

His people are plenty pissed about it.

JERRY

Maybe they will take revenge and kill my guy. Whoever he is.

DAVID

If it wasn't Manny, then there's Duke Koster... Theo Baltino? They have all been pretty high profile in the papers recently.

David thinks for a moment.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Baltino is at his place at the lakes at the moment.

JERRY

How do you know that?

DAVID

His daughter's Instagram.

JERRY

His 16-year-old daughter? Why are you following her?

David waves it away.

DAVID

Just a professional interest. Meanwhile, I will compile a list of potential people and see if I can use my contacts to get some insider info.

JERRY

Ok

DAVID

It can be a two-pronged attack. You keep popping off the crime figures... in case you get lucky. I'll talk to my guy and see if we can shake the tree a little there.

JERRY

And I've got some leads to follow down.

DAVID

What leads?

JERRY

On the guys who jumped me.

DAVID

Ok. We have a plan. Keep positive!

EXT. SANDRA HOWELL'S APT - CONT.

Jerry watches Sandra as she leaves for work.

INT. CAR - NIGHT.

Jerry follows Sandra's car as she goes through traffic.

Jerry follows Sandra into the parking lot for Walker's bar.

He circles the block and drives back to Walkers. A car pulls up in front of him and pulls into the parking lot.

Jerry sees one of the guys who beat him up. He walks into the bar like he owns the world.

Interesting, thinks Jerry.

Looks at the liquor license.

GALE DAVIS.

INT. SANDRA HOWELL'S APT - NIGHT

Jerry pops open the front door. He is in his overalls. Ghost mode. We see pictures of Sandra Howell and her various family members on a wall.

He rifles through Sandra's stuff.

Finds a picture of her kid, Bella (6)... looks at the photo. On the back is BELLA written in a childish scrawl. Jerry turns the apartment over carefully.

He frowns as he looks at the picture of her kid.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - EARLY MORNING

Sandra comes home from work.

INT. SANDRA HOWELL'S APT - EARLY MORNING

As Sandra comes through the door, Jerry grabs her. Hand on mouth.

JERRY

I'm going to take my hand off your mouth, and you are not going to scream, okay?

Sandra nods. And then shakes free and looks at Jerry, terrified.

SANDRA

Oh, god... it's you.

JERRY

Yeah. What's left of me.

Sandra gathers her wits. Comes back with excuses.

SANDRA

I didn't know what they were going to do.

JERRY

I think you had a pretty good idea.

SANDRA

They told me they were going to frighten you.

JERRY

Yeah. They did.

SANDRA

I never thought they would do what they did. That's why I rang the ambulance. I didn't want you to die. It had never gone down like that. It's rare, you know?

JERRY

What's rare?

SANDRA

For the victim to help. They usually back off. So thank you for that.

Jerry shrugs. What else could he do?

JERRY

You are thanking me for saving you from your fake beating?

SANDRA

I'm a human, too.

JERRY

I'm sorry. You did call the ambulance.

SANDRA

I worked with the guys before. But the third guy who grappled you from behind. I didn't know him. That's what changed.

JERRY

Tell me their names.

SANDRA

What if I refuse? You are the helping-people-in-distress-down-the-back-of-alleys kind of guy. Not the arm-twisting type.

JERRY

It's not wise to make assumptions.

Sandra scrunches her face up. An unfortunate truth bubbling to the surface.

SANDRA

I need your help.

JERRY

You need help?

SANDRA

I saved your life. That must count for something?

Jerry begrudgingly.

JERRY

Ok.

SANDRA

If I give you the names, will you help?

JERRY
I'll think about it.

SANDRA
Gale Davis.

JERRY
Gale Davis. He is your manager at
Walker's. I know that already.

Sandra is trying to catch up with how much Jerry knows.

SANDRA
Go and talk to him, then, if you
know everything.

JERRY
I talk to Gale, then they all know
I know. I'm looking for a bit more
of an edge.

SANDRA
Some guy came to talk to Gale to
sort it out. I walked in on it. He
was a desperate, weasely guy. I
could smell the booze on him...

JERRY
A weasely boozy guy. That narrows
it down. Black / White / Fat /
thin?

SANDRA
White and big. Not muscle, just
frame.. They are going to kill me
for this.

JERRY
There's a very real risk.

SANDRA
You are nasty. You know that?

JERRY
Just straight-talking. Tell me
about your kid. Bella.

SANDRA
What about her?

JERRY
You do this for money to pay for
her '*special school*.'

SANDRA
You are a bastard.

JERRY
What?

SANDRA
Don't say it like that. She's smart. That's why she goes to a special school.

She deserves it.

JERRY
Ok, alright, an honest mistake.

SANDRA
I work at the bar because I haven't got a choice. I've got to work for my kid. Gale's paying, you are right. Not much, but he's paying. If I could get out of it, I would.

JERRY
Maybe there is a way out.

SANDRA
You are going to save me for real? That really would be the first time that's happened.

EXT. STREET - MORNING.

Jerry leaves the apartment block and takes a call.

JERRY
Hey, David. Sure, I can meet. You have some news?

A man steps up behind Jerry.

MAN
A message from your employers

Jerry turns right into a punch on the chin. He is dragged into an alleyway.

MAN (CONT'D)
The message is *do your work and stop stalling*. You are a week late.

JERRY
I told them why.

MAN

No one cares, Jerry.

Jerry recognizes NESTER. Nester is local muscle. A gunsel. Jerry smiles warily.

JERRY

Hey, Nester.

NESTER

Hey, Jerry. No hard feelings..

JERRY

Tell them...

NESTER

Tell who? How am I going to do that?

JERRY

Whoever paid you?

NESTER

I don't know who paid me. This is the first warning. Second warning is something more personal. We go see that crazy kid of yours.

JERRY

He ain't crazy. He's just having issues.

NESTER

'Issues.'

Nester punches Jerry again and everything goes black.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DAY

The doorbell dings, and David is woken from a hangover slumber on his couch. He pulls a curtain back and sees Jerry.

David tries to tidy up. The place is a wreck. Bottles and takeaway packets dumped all over the place. Jerry pokes his head around the front door. Nose twitching to the boozy funk.

JERRY

Where is Anthea?

DAVID

Gone. Took the kids.

JERRY
When did this happen?

DAVID
Couple of months ago.

JERRY
And you didn't say?

DAVID
It's not your problem.

JERRY
You could have said something.

DAVID
So you ran into Nester?

He cracks a beer open.

JERRY
Yeah. He got me pretty good. How did you know?

DAVID
I've got my feelers out.
It's definitely big or they wouldn't be putting this kind of pressure on you.

JERRY
So what have you got?

DAVID
My guy can't help directly. It's too sensitive.

JERRY
Did he say anything?

DAVID
That's what he said. It's one of the big ones.

JERRY
So what am I supposed to do? Keep Guessing?

DAVID
That is the position you are in right now.

JERRY

Fucking guess? I could end up shooting the guy who hired me.

DAVID

Yeah. That is a risk. Though if you did that then you are in the clear anyway.

JERRY

Great. I can't be the button man who kills his own client. That will crater my rep.

DAVID

You are the guy who lost the name... that's bad enough. What are you going to do? Time is running out.

JERRY

Well, I guess I'm going to clip Theo Baltino.

DAVID

You gotta be careful. After you shot Manny, everyone doubled their security.

JERRY

I have a plan. Don't worry.

EXT. SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Jerry meets Sandra at Bella's school.

SANDRA

Oh, shit... why don't you fuck off!?

JERRY

Act natural.

SANDRA

This ain't natural.

JERRY

I want to take you for a weekend break. You and Bella.

SANDRA

Jerry. You are going to get me killed. I know it.

(MORE)

SANDRA (CONT'D)

What makes you think I want anything to do with you?

JERRY

You are not getting killed, Sandra. It's not like that... I need help.

SANDRA

No.

JERRY

I will pay you.

SANDRA

How much?

JERRY

10K, okay?

SANDRA

I'll think about it.

JERRY

You got yourself into this. I'm giving you an out. You are going to help. To pay your debt. You said you were sorry for almost killing me... well, this lets you off the hook.

SANDRA

This is controlling and coercive behavior, Jerry.

JERRY

Sure. I'll pick you both up at five. It will be great.

EXT. THE LAKES - DAY

A car travels along. Jerry and Sandra, the happy couple. Bella is in the back looking at her iPad.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

JERRY

How you doing back there, Bella?

BELLA

You ain't my Dad.

JERRY
Okay, then.

SANDRA
What are we doing here?

JERRY
Just act like you are my wife.

SANDRA
Oh, here we go.

JERRY
Jeez, Sandra. I just need you to help me blend in. I'll take the couch when we get to the place.

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Jerry pulls up with his fake family and walks towards the hotel.

INT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Jerry and Sandra check in. Bella looks at her iPad.

CHECK IN CLERK
You fishing?

JERRY
Yes.

CHECK IN CLERK
Hope you catch something good.

JERRY
That's the dream.

He looks over to Bella concerned. Whispers to Sandra

JERRY (CONT'D)
Is she okay?

SANDRA
Sure. Dragged away from her apartment to play happy families for a psychopath. She's totally enjoying herself.

JERRY
Why do you say I'm a psychopath?

SANDRA

Because this is psychopath shit,
Jerry.

JERRY

Well maybe. Let's just get through
it.

SANDRA

This is a mistake. What are we
doing here?

JERRY

Helping. I've got to talk to
someone and then we can get out of
here.

SANDRA

All this BS for a meet-up?

JERRY

That's right. The easiest 10K you
ever earned.

SANDRA

So you say.

JERRY

Okay, you stay here. I'm going to
go out.

SANDRA

What are we meant to do here?

JERRY

Watch TV. Think about your life
choices.

SANDRA

Fuck you.

Bella looks up from her iPad

BELLA

Curse words.

INT. WOODS - DUSK

Jerry wades through bushes. He gets to his spot. Constructs
his rifle and sets up his hide. He is looking across the
river to a property.

He can see a BBQ. He can see a big house. He opens a tupperware box and has a sandwich. People start to congregate. There is security.

A boat putt-puts by with security on it as well, looking into the bushes. Jerry shrinks back.

Soon we see Theo Baltino. He has his BBQ apron on. He's flipping steaks.

Jerry looks through his scope at the group. He registers surprise. He flips through his newspapers. There are all sorts of people there. Ricky Gaffa, John Salazar, Big Sally Foss.

JERRY

Holy shit. Jackpot.

Jerry holds his breath, then shoots. Baltino is shot through the heart and falls backwards into a plate full of skewers. Jerry takes his second shot. John Salazar. Head shot.

He pulls the bolt action back. Pings out the cartridge. Like shooting fish in a barrel.

Third shot hits Big Sally Foss as he runs for the house.

Ricky Gaffa grabs a kid as a human shield. Jerry pops his knee, then shoots him in the head as the kid runs off.

Bolt action... Ping. The guards are firing now from the boat. Jerry shoots the guy driving the boat, and he slumps on the outboard, powering the boat into the dock. Where it EXPLODES.

Jerry grabs his stuff and makes a run for it through the bracken.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Jerry enters the motel room.

JERRY

Ok honey. I think it's time we made our way home.

SANDRA

We only just got here.

JERRY

It's not good weather for fishing.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The hire car pounds down the road. Emergency services fly past on the other lane.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sandra squints as the vehicles scream past - sirens blaring.

SANDRA

What happened back there? World War Three?

JERRY

Yeah, looks bad.

BELLA

Six ambulances. That's a lot of people hurt.

Sandra starts to understand what's just happened.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

An empty locker.

JERRY

FUCK.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jerry glugs back a big whisky as the TV blares out the news. The VARIOUS BAR REPROBATES are excited about this new development.

JEFF SAMPA (ON TV)

What's looking like a pattern has seen a series of high-profile alleged and proven criminal figures gunned down in cold blood. The city, which was already under pressure after weeks of tit for tat gangland slayings, has had the pressure turned up to eleven.

FRANK

The rate this dude is going, there won't be anybody left. Six guys in two days.

BAR DUDE
Sounds like your wife, Winston.

WINSTON
Ha ha.

JERRY
It's crazy.

David arrives. He looks worried, stressed. Jerry reads this - lets it go.

BAR DUDE
I heard it's a gang of cops.

BAR DUDE 2
Cops are too lazy for this. News is calling him 'The Reaper'.

WINSTON
Why such a dramatic name? Why not just Steven?

BAR DUDE 2
Because if they knew his real name, they would just arrest his ass.

DAVID
I've got someone who can help you.

JERRY
They can get the name?

DAVID
Well. No. But they might be able to tell you how you can find out.

CRIME FIGURE (ON TV)
Whatever you think about the allegations against us, we are still people. We deserve justice and not to be killed like dogs in the street.

MAN IN BAR.
Get fucked!

JERRY
Who?

DAVID
I don't know his name.

JERRY

Okay.

DAVID

But he will meet you.

JERRY

Who is he?

DAVID

He's inside the organization. He is part of the mechanism. He's part of the system that gets me to the bar. That puts the money in the locker.

He knows what's going on in the town. He can tell you what is what.

COMMENTATOR (ON TV)

The perpetrator or perpetrators of these crimes are becoming known simply as "The Reaper." They strike without warning, and there's no protecting from it. I see it as a natural protection by society against itself. I applaud whoever is behind this Plague. Criminals -
FEAR THE REAPER.

BAR DUDE.

Deep state.

BAR DUDE 2

It's great. Kill 'em all, I say.

WITNESS (ON TV)

He held my child up as a human shield. But mercifully, the shooter saved my baby. He could have shot through him, but he didn't.

We see this on phone footage.

JERRY

Why does he want to help me?

DAVID

He's a saint who does not like to see people screwed over.

No. He's probably working some angle, and he's out to exploit you.

INT. BODEGA - NIGHT

Jerry walks into an empty shop. The man behind the counter nods him through to a back room where another man waits. Clem Parker.

PARKER

Hands up.

Jerry is frisked down and then led into a back room. In the back of the room, a man is sitting at the table, surrounded by tins of fruit. He is THE FIXER. He looks at Jerry and smiles.

JERRY

You can help me?

FIXER

We can help each other.

JERRY

Ok. What do I call you?

FIXER

Mr. Fixer.

JERRY

Codenames. Awesome.

FIXER

Sit down.

Jerry pulls up a moulded plastic chair.

JERRY

This your office?

FIXER

No. Just a random place.

JERRY

You move around a lot?

FIXER

Sure, don't bother trying to find me on my own. That's how it works. I spend a lot of time and effort on these kind of things. Being mercurial. Most people are easy to find.

So you lost the name.

JERRY

Yeah.

FIXER

Well, the good news is I can help.

JERRY

Swell, how much?

FIXER

You help me, and I help you.

JERRY

Ok.

FIXER

I'm going to give David a name. You read it in front of him, so there are no mistakes.

Jerry smiles. Smart guy.

JERRY

And this guy I'm retiring. Is the guy my guy?

FIXER

No. You do this guy, then you get the name. This is a favor to me, so I can do you a favor.

JERRY

How come I've never come across you?

FIXER

Because you never needed to. You are a meat-and-potatoes guy. You like it that way, I'm guessing.

JERRY

Why complicate life?

FIXER

That's right. I am a complication. That's why our paths have never crossed directly. Indirectly, maybe. Maybe, I'm behind what gets written on those bits of paper...

Jerry thinks about this for a moment.

JERRY

I don't know. You don't seem like the type. If you don't mind me saying, while we are doing little assessments of each other, you seem more of a backroom type... who has a boss. Who tells him what to do. You ain't the conductor - more of a French horn.

THE FIXER

Haha. French horn?

JERRY

In the orchestra. Y'know.

THE FIXER

Yeah. I get it.

JERRY

How can I trust you?

FIXER

Don't take this as a threat, but I know all about you. I know your dad died when you were nine. I know your Juvie busts. I know your son struggles with addiction. I know your real name. Stuart.

JERRY

That does sound like a threat.

FIXER

I'm the real deal. Do this and I can help.

INT. ZAC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Zac is looking through his fridge. Lots of pots of half-eaten takeaways. He pokes in each one, worried about what he is going to see there. There is a knock at the door, and he gives up and walks over. Looks in the spy hole. Scowls. It's his Dad. He opens it a crack.

ZAC

What do you want?

JERRY

I don't want to fight.

ZAC

You never do. But we always do. I don't have this problem with anyone else.

JERRY

I guess that makes us special.

ZAC

So what is it?

JERRY

I might have to go away.

ZAC

Well, that's not unusual.

JERRY

I might be gone for a long time.

ZAC

I don't know why this warrants a visit. You have always done what you wanted.

JERRY

I have. I'm sorry. I've been a terrible Parent.

ZAC

You don't get to fix it by... saying it.

JERRY

Well, it's a start.

ZAC

Do you want to come in?

JERRY

I have to bounce.

Jerry looks blankly at his son. He sees Zac's face deflate.

ZAC

Ok. So that's... ok.

JERRY

Good to see you, Zac.

ZAC

Sure.

JERRY
I'll be in touch.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Jerry watches Sandra approach. She has a black eye. He walks over.

SANDRA
Stay away from me.

JERRY
What happened?

SANDRA
Gale, okay? He's getting pressure from his people about what happened.

JERRY
What people?

SANDRA
I don't know. Why haven't you talked to him yet? Whatever you pulled at the motel has caused a lot of trouble. I saw the news. That was you? You shot all those guys? You are a FUCKING PSYCHOPATH.

Jerry frowns, ignoring her.

JERRY
What are they saying?

SANDRA
Nothing in front of me, but they look rattled.

JERRY
I think it's time I had a word with Mr. Gale. Where might I find him?

SANDRA
He's going to his hunting shack thing... to take pot shots at deer and snort coke. Y'know. Hunt.

JERRY
Okay then. I guess I'm going on a little road trip.

SANDRA

Great. So now you are going to kill Gale. What happens to me and Bella?

JERRY

What do you mean? I'm not going to kill him - I'm going to ask him some questions.

SANDRA

He already suspects I called the cops and saved your worthless psycho life. You talk to him - he will definitely know.

JERRY

Ok.. He won't hurt you. I promise.

SANDRA

Our apartment is paid for by Gale. What will we do? Even if he doesn't hurt me, I'll be homeless.

HARD CUT:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jerry opens the door and lets Sandra and Bella in. He is holding a hastily packed bag of their belongings.

SANDRA

What a dump.

Bella opens the window to Pickles and starts to play with her.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

I wish I never saved you.

JERRY

Don't say that.

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

Jerry waits for Gale to appear for his weekend of coke and hunting..

As Gale goes to put the key in the door, Jerry bounces his head off the door jam. Gale crashes to the floor.

JERRY

Hey, Buddy.

He drags him into the cabin, then gives him a few more blows to keep him quiet.

GALE

What do you want?

JERRY

I've got some questions. Now, I'm no advocate of torture. It's proven to not really work... and to be dehumanizing to both parties. So no one wants that.

GALE

No, no one wants that.

JERRY

Though I guess, as my main job is killing people, we can safely say that my sense of horror at pain and death is a bit dulled.

GALE

You kill people?

JERRY

Didn't they tell you? I'm Ghost Dog, Sam Jackson in Pulp Fiction. Leon. You know. A hit man!

GALE

No. They didn't say.

JERRY

You know what, I think we should take the risk. Don't you think?

GALE

I'm not just saying this... but I don't know anything. I get my instructions from some guy. There's an air gap.

JERRY

That little guy... who hit me. What was his name?

EXT. HOUSE IN THE WOODS - MORNING

Jerry has a coffee, taking in the view.

JERRY

It's a great place you got here, Gale. Really relaxing. What's up, buddy? Cat got your tongue. Look, I hardly touched you. I know it was uncomfortable. But you are going to be fine. So you gave up a name- no one cares.

GALE

They are going to kill me.

JERRY

Everyone says that. But you know it's a lot of work- disappearing people. I think you will be okay. Just keep out of everyone's way for a bit. Move town. Grow a beard. Keep off the socials.

GALE

What are you going to say to the guy?

JERRY

The guy you told me about? Oh, I'm gonna torture him for his boss's name.

GALE

Jesus.

JERRY

Don't feel bad for giving him up. I was going to kill you. I mean, I wasn't... but I might have done it.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

Jerry kicks Gale out of the car.

JERRY

And if this name is wrong, I'll find you, Gale.

GALE

I swear it's right.

Jerry drives off. Gale lies on the ground for a bit. He can't quite believe he's survived. He gets up and dusts himself down.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Gale is showering. Cleaning himself up. He takes a gun out of his desk drawer. Checks it's loaded. Grabs a bag, fills it with money. It's his rainy day cash. Heads back out.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Gale parks his car and goes to the door of the house. He rings the bell. A man appears. He is not happy to see Gale. Tony Proctor. The third man.

TONY

I told you to stay away.

GALE

He found me and tortured me. I told him a fake name. Nick Bellamy, the asshole doorman... everyone hates him...

Suddenly, Gale is bathed in light, and there's a ROAR OF AN ENGINE. A truck smashes into the front of the house, running Gale over and instantly killing him.

Tony is thrown backwards into his house.

Jerry gets out of the pickup and kicks his way through the splintered house, and grabs Tony.

JERRY

You'd better talk fast. I don't have much time.

He puts a pistol to Tony's head.

TONY

You can't fight this.

JERRY

I'm doing a pretty good job so far. For your information, your boy Gale didn't give you up. I mean, he did when he came to see you at your house... but not when I pulled his fingernails out.

TONY

I don't know anything. I swear.

JERRY

Don't say there's an air gap.

TONY

That's right - there is.

Jerry hits him.

JERRY

I told you not to say it.

TONY

I get my instructions on a burner phone... get the money wired in bitcoin. I'm a broker. I don't know anyone.

There's a gunshot, and Tony is killed. Jerry ducks down and looks around. There is another shot.

Ziiiiing Crack.

Jerry tries to work out where the shots are coming from.

He grabs up Gale's bag from his car and returns fire.

Peooow.

He gives chase to the gunman. But loses him in the twisting maze of buildings.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jerry makes his way in. Bella's stuff is all over the apartment. His once icy hitman bolt hole has now been touched by life. Jerry looks around at the chaos in mild panic. Then he hears a VOICE belonging to Detective Folsom.

DETECTIVE FOLSOM

Hello, Mr. Webber

JERRY

Detective Folsom?

Jerry is swimming in dread.

DETECTIVE FOLSOM

Just checking in to give you an update on your case. Sandra let me in.

Sandra pops out from the kitchen with some coffee.

DETECTIVE FOLSOM (CONT'D)

Thought you'd like to know how it's going.

JERRY

Sure. Good to see you.

DETECTIVE FOLSOM

As you can imagine, with all the craziness in the city at the moment, we have been under a lot of pressure.

JERRY

Oh yeah? I don't follow the news.

DETECTIVE FOLSOM

It's funny, remember me warning you about not taking the law into your own hands? Well, now we have what looks like a full-blown vigilante.

JERRY

The Reaper?

BELLA

The Reaper is cool.

DETECTIVE FOLSOM

We thought it was just an extension of the gang war... but the same weapon has been used. It's the same guy. Anyway. That's a long-winded way of saying we haven't found anything yet.

SANDRA

You came round to say that? He got lured into an alleyway and assaulted, almost to death. You should be investigating that rather than worrying about a load of hoods getting shot. The Reaper is basically doing your job.

DETECTIVE FOLSOM

I know our priorities seem skewed, but...

SANDRA

But nothing. They almost killed my boyfriend.

Jerry looks over to Sandra. Bella looks up from her iPad.

BELLA

Leave my stepdad alone!

DETECTIVE FOLSOM

Don't you worry, Sweetheart. I'll
be looking out for him. Gotta go.
I'll be in contact soon.

Jerry watches him leave and looks at Sandra wide-eyed. Bella tugs at his hand.

BELLA

Me and Pickles have been talking.

JERRY

Oh?

BELLA

She says you need more color in
here. So we painted a wall.

Jerry looks over to the mess of handprints and paw prints. He smiles patiently. Looks over and sees Sandra slumped on the sofa.

Jerry sits next to Sandra.

SANDRA

I can't keep this up. I already had
a half-hour conversation with
Karla.

JERRY

Here.

He throws over Gale's bag of money.

SANDRA

What is this?

JERRY

Gales' go bag. Money most likely.

SANDRA

So I take Bella and go on the run?
This is your solution?

Sandra drops the money down.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

They are going to find me and kill
me, and then Bella will be an
orphan. That's on you, Jerry.

Jerry looks at Bella and Pickles playing. Jeez.

INT. BAR - DAY

Jerry looks at David intently.

JERRY
This is NOT the name?

DAVID
Right. It's a name. If you do this,
then he will help you properly.
With **the** Name.

JERRY
You said he would exploit me.

DAVID
It's the only way.

He pushes forward a photo and a name.

Jerry recognizes the man in the photo.

JERRY
Ray Stuyvesant. He is a pretty
dangerous guy.

DAVID
The city is on fire at the moment,
and he is behind it. Stuyvesant has
set all the gangs against each
other. He hopes to mop up the
pieces when the dust settles.

JERRY
And if I kill him, Mr. Fixer will
help me?

DAVID
That is the one-time deal.

David gets out a folder and puts it on the table.

JERRY
What's this?

DAVID
Other high-profile figures.

JERRY
That need shooting?

DAVID
Yes. Just in case Mr. Fixer does
not come through...

Jerry flicks through it.

JERRY
Some of these are politicians..

DAVID
I'm pretty bi-partisan

JERRY
And pop stars.

DAVID
I might have gotten carried away.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

Jerry watches the Fixers target Ray Stuyvesant go into the club with his guards. Lots of guns. Lots of men.

JERRY
Aw Shit.

INT. GUNSMITHS HOUSE - DAY

Jerry is in the basement of a house. A MAN stands with him in a pair of overalls. On the walls is an impressive armory.

The man is in his sixties. He has been doing his job for a long time and has the comforting tone of an expert.

JERRY
I need something for dealing with a lot of security.

MAN
You going through them or non-lethal?

JERRY
I don't want to cause too much mayhem. But I'm going to need to punch through.

MAN
Ceramic plate armor. Stop most rounds up to a 50cal. Shotgun for crowd control. You can manage the rounds. And a shorty A15. Pistol.. Glock... and a 38 boot gun.

JERRY
Okay. Smoke, stun grenades?

MAN

Sure... all in stock. Might I interest you in some tactical rounds for the shotgun? Dragons Breath... magnesium flare to cause a distraction and generally set things on fire... flechette..

JERRY

Flechette?

MAN

A pretty horrible Maximum Carnage round. For putting the fear of God into crowds.

JERRY

Looks like we have a deal.

MAN

Did you make that shot on Manny the other day?

JERRY

I thought that was The Reaper.

MAN

Well, whoever took it. It was a hell of a shot.

JERRY

Yeah. That guy has skills.

MAN

People who know about these things appreciate it.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Jerry watches the house of Ray Stuyvesant. He looks in his bag.

We see an improvised explosive. All wires and C4.

Jerry sneaks out of his car and plants the bomb on the side of the houses' propane container. TINK.

Jerry sneaks over to a low wall behind a bush and checks his watch. He watches the guards walk round one more time.

He detonates the bomb.

In the distance, the propane tank explodes high into the air, lighting up the sky.

Jerry tosses CS gas grenades and pulls his gas mask down. The grenades explode, pissing white gas into the air. Screams and shouts come from the compound.

Guards are running frantically to the site of the explosion and simultaneously choking on the gas. An alarm rings.

Jerry pumps his shotgun and moves into position. He doesn't need to do this... but it makes him feel good.

Out of the smoke stagger two guards. Jerry hits one with the butt of the shotgun. The other, he Spartan kicks into a rose bush. No fight in them.

He strides toward the house. A guard gets a shot off at him. He turns and shoots them with the shotgun, blasting them into a trellis.

Bullets are zinging about now. All wild. Nothing concentrated.

Jerry pumps another round.

He gets to the front door. Kicks it in.

Inside, two guards are coughing into improvised masks. (kitchen cloths) They fire at him.

The bulletproof vest takes a ding. He fires back, shredding furniture.

Pump... fires again.

The two men are cut down.

Jerry marches forward.

Two more on the stairs. They put up more of a fight. Sub machine gun rips up the drywall. DUMPF DUMPF DUMPF

Jerry rolls behind a structural pillar that starts taking hits, ripping large chunks of plaster away.

Jerry looks into his knapsack and pulls out a spherical grenade, pulls the pin, and tosses it.

The guards don't have a moment to react before there is an explosion.

Jerry pushes forward. Shotgun on his cheek checking corners. He pushes to the top of the stairs. Guards are coming in the front door. Jerry tosses another grenade down.

Ka-boom!

He walks down the corridor towards the master bedroom. A man pops out and shoots. Jerry is hit dead center but is okay. Scrambles back up.

Fires back. Hits the man who staggers back into the bedroom.

Jerry moves forward. He sees blood on the carpet where he has hit the man.

Jerry peeks through the door, shotgun up. He sees the man, bloodied. The man drops his pistol and raises his hands.

RAY STUYVESANT

Who sent you?

JERRY

I can't tell you that.

RAY STUYVESANT

A ratty guy. Claims to be a big cog in the machine. Don't trust him, man. He's a weasel.

JERRY

He is that.

RAY STUYVESANT

You are the guy, ain'tcha? The guy who lost the name?

JERRY

What do you know about that?

RAY STUYVESANT

Isn't it a bit suspicious that the weasel sends you to my door?

JERRY

It's all suspicious. Like how you placed your gun there so I focus on it. But really you have another one hidden near that you are about to pull.

Ray Stuyvesant smiles. He knows he's cooked but tries anyway.

Stuyvesant pulls a pistol. Jerry shoots and puts him down.

Bullets rake the ceiling. Time to go. The hornet's nest is buzzing.

Jerry runs through the house, plaster exploding all around as the guards try and pin him down. He gets hit in the arm. Straight through. Blood spatters the wall.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Goddamn it.

He jumps out of a window and onto a garage roof. The roof collapses, and Jerry falls into a speedboat.

Bullet holes in the metal door. Letting light in. He can hear people approaching, and he judges where they are.

He fires through the metal door, punching large holes in it. He hears bodies fall.

Looking around, he realizes he is trapped. Only a matter of time before they try and burst in.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Your boss is dead. Back off.

GUARD

Yeah, and we are going to fuck you up!

JERRY

Why bother. I doubt you are even getting paid.

He loads his shotgun with Dragonfire.

He steps out and fires. A huge spurt of flame comes out of his shotgun.

The guards are blinded and fall back. One catches fire and runs into the swimming pool

GUARD

Jesus.

JERRY

I said keep back!

Another guard fires. Jerry fires back with Flechette round. The guard's head explodes.

GUARD

Fall back!

JERRY
You are goddamn right.

He reloads Flechette rounds and fires again.

The fight has gone out of the guards now. The occasional shot loops his way. Pinging in the dark.

JERRY (CONT'D)
You hit me again.. And I'm coming
in to find you fuckers!

Jerry opens the gate at the Gate House. The gate clanks open. He walks out, blood dripping down his arm.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Goddamn it.

A car pulls up. David opens the door for him.

DAVID
Get in.

JERRY
He's dead.

DAVID
Stuyvesant?

JERRY
Yes, fucking Stuyvesant and about a
dozen extra people.

DAVID
He said it will take a few more
days.

JERRY
The fuck, Dave! I did my bit.

DAVID
You are going to have to lay low.

JERRY
Does everyone think I'm stupid?
Just because I try to give this
positive energy off. Try to be
nice.

DAVID
Don't do anything crazy Jerry.

JERRY
What have I got to loose?

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. BODEGA - NIGHT

Jerry looks at the bodega he visited earlier.

He looks it up online. It has a website. The smiling owner.
DERRY JACKSON.

A quick flick through some public records. He went to a local school. The yearbook is online. There he is - Derry. Hopes and dreams.

INT. BODEGA - CONTINUOUS

JERRY
Remember me.

DERRY
No.

JERRY
I had a meeting in your back room.

DERRY
I don't know nothing about that.

JERRY
I know. I know. He hires it ad hoc.
Pays cash. Ask no questions, kind
of thing.

DERRY
Sure

JERRY
I just... It's so complicated. How
did you get into it?

DERRY
I just did.

JERRY
I mean, if i was to set this up,
how would I do it?

DERRY
I dunno. What do you mean?

JERRY

Canvas a load of bodega owners? See who wants to host illegal meet ups?

DERRY

I don't know anything about that.

JERRY

Your buddy Mr. Fixer..

DERRY

Who?

JERRY

Sorry, Wesley... has exposed you to a lot of trouble.

DERRY

I don't know what you are talking about

JERRY

I'm talking Marston High. I'm talking about the 98-year-old book.

DERRY

The yearbook?

JERRY

Yeah. Where you and Wesley are 2 pages apart. How do you figure that?

DERRY

I don't know a Wesley.

JERRY

No. But I do. And I know you. And I got a book with you both in it. Here..

He slaps the book on the counter.

JERRY (CONT'D)

So what I'm thinking is you know Wesley.

Derry grabs for a pistol under the counter.

Jerry bashes him before he get to it.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Jerry watches Mr. Fixer leave his home.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jerry braces Mr Fixer.

JERRY
Surprised to see me?

MR FIXER
Frankly yeah.

JERRY
Stupid to use people you went to
school with. Lazy

Fixers' eyes harden.

JERRY (CONT'D)
You know yearbooks are online?
Didn't take long.

MR FIXER
Fucking ingenious.

JERRY
So... NAME...

MR FIXER
I told David I need a few more
days.

JERRY
Name now, or I will break your arm.

MR FIXER
You would be wise not to hurt me.

JERRY
Why is that Wesley?

MR FIXER
I know things.

JERRY
Like what?

MR FIXER
Like, there are men going to your
son's apartment right now.

JERRY
I don't believe you.

MR FIXER
Are you willing to take that risk?
Look inside my jacket.

Jerry opens his jacket and pulls out his wallet.

FIXER
Open it.

Jerry opens it to see a police ID.

JERRY
Fuck.

A cop. Jerry's mind reels for a moment. How does this work?
What is he doing here?

MR FIXER
Yeah. Believe me now?

Jerry hits Mr Fixer across the back of the neck and scrambles
out of the car.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Jerry pulls up in a car. Sees two vehicles pulling up outside
his son's apartment. He sees Nester.

Jumps out of the car and runs around to the trunk. Pops it.

Grabs the pistol and the shotgun.

Follows the group into the apartment block.

Gets his phone out.

Phones Zac.

JERRY
Hi.

ZAC
What do you want?

JERRY
I don't have time to explain.
Something bad is going to happen.
Do you have any earplugs?

ZAC
Yeah. I think so.

JERRY
Put them on and don't answer your door till I get there.

ZAC
What is this bullshit, Dad?

JERRY
Please. Let me do my work.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK

Jerry walks in following the men. He sees Oni.

ONI
Why have you got that gun, Jerry?

JERRY
Stay inside please.

ONI
Is there going to be shooting?

JERRY
There's a good chance.

She scowls and retreats into her apartment.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Jerry jogs up the stairwell.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Nester and his men are banging on Zac's door.

NESTER
We know you are in there.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Zac is putting in his earplugs and trying to find a place to hide.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Nester gives up. He turns to the others

NESTER
Okay - kick it in.

One of the men goes to kick, but as he raises his leg, there is a shotgun blast from down the hall.

His leg is ripped open by a slug.

He falls to the ground in agony. Jerry is crouched by the fire door at the end of the corridor. The remaining two men turn and pull their pistols.

This is no pistol fight. The shotgun rips them up.

Jerry moves over to the bodies. Checks them for weapons. A woman comes out of her apartment.

JERRY
Stay inside, please.

She bobs back in. Jerry uses a key to get into Zac's apartment.

He goes inside.

He looks around. Zac is nowhere to be seen. Then he is suddenly attacked from behind with a frying pan.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Hey! Hey!

He fends off Zac.

ZAC
What the hell. How have you got keys to my apartment?

JERRY
It's a long story.

ZAC
No it isn't.

JERRY
I pay for your apartment, okay.

ZAC
Oni?

JERRY

I pay her.

ZAC

I would have never...

JERRY

I know that's why I never told you.
Ok. Anyway, it's not important. Get
your shit, we are leaving.

ZAC

Oh my god, there are dead people
outside my apartment

JERRY

They ain't all dead. Come on.

There is a tyre screech outside. More goons.

JERRY (CONT'D)

We have to go.

ZAC

You have done this haven't you?

JERRY

Yeah. I have. Come on.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING.

Men start to get out of the car. Just as Jerry and Zac leave
the building. They pull and start to fire. Jerry returns fire
with his shotgun.

He stops a car in the street and pulls the driver out, and
pushes Zac into it.

He jumps in and peels off

The men get back in their car and follow.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

ZAC

Oh god.. Stop stop

JERRY

I can't, baby. You get down.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

They drive through the streets at speed.

Police sirens scream as the police turn up to the shootout.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jerry watches the police cruisers slam past in the opposite direction.

He swings the car across a red light and bumps on the pavement before making a tire-burning turn.

JERRY

You strapped in?

ZAC

I'm trying.

INT. OTHER CAR - CONTINUOUS

The other team pulls out a submachine gun and starts to fire. Car to car. Bratatatatata.

Bullets ping and zing across the street.

Guns are fired.

People almost run over.

Shortcuts down alleyways.

People jumping out of the way.

Driving through gardens. Chainlink fences are smashed and ground under the wheel. People run out of their houses in shock.

Bird baths and paddling pools are smashed.

The car that Jerry is in loses its hood, and steam starts to come out of the front of the radiator.

It's getting harder to drive. He swerves it into a back alley and drives as fast as he can. The engine is starting to make a chugging noise. The chase has taken its toll.

Jerry dumps the car, grabbing Zac.

JERRY

Come on.

Sirens are howling all around. Jerry looks up and sees a chopper. They run under the trees and into a park. People start screaming when they see he has a gun.

Running on foot, then grabbing another car.

INT. CAR.

Jerry gunning the car. Zac looking at him like he is crazy.

ZAC

What the fuck are you doing?

JERRY

They were coming to kidnap you.

ZAC

You killed three people.

JERRY

Maybe two.

ZAC

You killed people. Do you think me being kidnapped was worth that? The damage of that. They all had families. Probably had kids. That's generational damage you have done.

JERRY

Yeah, I guess so. And I would do it again to protect you.

ZAC

You are insane.

JERRY

They would have killed you to get to me.

ZAC

And why is that? What have you done?

JERRY

I can't tell you. And you don't want to know.

ZAC

I know whatever it is.. It's your fault.

JERRY

Ok.. I'm a bad man. I know it. You can have plenty of time hating me after we get out of this.. If we get out of this.

ZAC

Where do I go now? My apartment is full of dead people.

JERRY

Oh. Shit..

ZAC

What?

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sandra is playing with Bella. Jerry bursts in holding his gun.

SANDRA

What are you doing?

JERRY

We have to go.

SANDRA

Jesus Jerry.

ZAC

Who are these two? The second family?

SANDRA

He wishes.

JERRY

No. Help with the stuff.. Come on Sandra, we have to go...

BELLA

This sucks.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

They escape just as another car arrives.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Jerry, Sandra, Bella and Zac are sitting dejectedly. Jerry is watching the window. He spreads his guns out and starts to clean them.

The TV is on.

On the TV, the Mayor is standing at a press conference, looking at the camera.

THE MAYOR (ON TV)

I'm asking you. The one who is terrorizing our town. To stop. You have family. You might have kids. You have parents. Think about how all your victims are the same as you. Society is not made of individuals.. It's a spider's web of connections. And each thread is delicate and vulnerable. You are ripping the heart out of the town. Vigilantism is not the way. Let the Police investigate these people.

Sandra is staring at Jerry.

JERRY

What?

SANDRA

He's talking about you.

JERRY

I'm not the Reaper. I'm Jerry.

SANDRA

You shot all those people at the lakes.

ZAC

That was you?

SANDRA

They say The Reaper shot Manny Lazarro as well.

JERRY

He was a major criminal.

ZAC

Why? Why are you doing this?

JERRY

I've put you all at risk. That's the last thing I wanted. I have to fix this.

BELLA

Then why do you keep killing people?

SANDRA

Bella don't listen to him.

BELLA

It's hard when everyone is shouting.

SANDRA

What is it you do exactly? You are obviously some kind of mobster.

JERRY

I'm not a mobster. I'm a contractor. I do jobs. Security jobs.

Zac figures it out.

ZAC

Hit-man.

BELLA

An assassin!

Grabbing Bella's ears.

SANDRA

Oh. You're a killer. Brilliant.

JERRY

Killing is part of it. Sometimes security. Sometimes consulting.

ZAC

Ha. You kill people for money.

JERRY

Like a soldier.

ZAC

Like a murderer.

Jerry shrugs. There it is.

Jerry puts his shotgun back together.

ZAC (CONT'D)

What is going on then? Why are you hiding in a ratty hotel room with your ex junkie son and prostitute wife and kid.

SANDRA

You little fuck.

JERRY

It's the first time I've heard you say ex.

SANDRA

You can't say that in front of my kid..

ZAC

I'm sorry..

BELLA

I'm not listening. You told me.

SANDRA

You are as rude as he is.

JERRY

I'll make it up to you both..

BELLA

And me.

JERRY

And you.

BELLA

And Pickles.

Jerry looks down and sees pickles in Bella's lap.

Fucking Pickles is there as well.

JERRY

Oh. Hi Pickles. Now it's kidnapping as well.

SANDRA

How?

BELLA

Catnapping! I like catnapping.

JERRY

I don't know. I'm trying.

ZAC

Why are these people after you..

JERRY

It's hard to explain. I... the way it works... well I get a name... and that's the contract. I do the contract and get paid. But... this time I lost the name... well I got mugged..

Sandra realizes her part in this.

SANDRA

Oh god...

Jerry nods at her... yup.

JERRY

You see... and I've been trying to work out who the target was... and I only have a certain amount of time...

ZAC

Before they kill you? Oh, like an air gap...

JERRY

An air gap. Yeah. And time is running out.

ZAC

What is your next move? I mean, you could just start in the phone book. Aaron A Aardvark.

Start with him.

JERRY

I can't do that.

ZAC

Why not?

JERRY

There's a code.

ZAC

A code?

JERRY

No killing innocents. Just people in the game.

ZAC

Everyone follow this code?

JERRY

No.

SANDRA

So just you?

JERRY

Yeah alright. Just me. It's my code.

ZAC

But if you get a job to kill someone.. Then they are no longer innocent?

JERRY

Chances are.

ZAC

And people say I'm crazy.

JERRY

If I was a carpenter.. I would have carpenter problems and I would fix them in carpenter ways. But I'm not. I don't have any other way of fixing this. I've put you in danger, and I'm going to fix that. Or I'm going to go down trying. You never had a fair go round. I'm a shitty Dad. I was a shitty husband to your mom. I'm no philosopher. Y'know.

ZAC

You never talked about her after she died.

JERRY

No.

ZAC

You are not going to, now are you?

JERRY

No. Let's go.

Jerry exits the Motel room. Sandra raises her eyebrow at Zac, who shrugs.

BELLA

Awkward.

EXT. CAR LOT - NIGHT

Wind blows across an empty parking lot on the edge of town. David is checking his watch. He sees Jerry pull up and get out. Jerry walks over.

JERRY

So?

DAVID

So you went to the Fixers' home and threatened him?

JERRY

It's Thursday. There's one day left. I did what he said, and he gave me the cold shoulder. But that's not the real problem, is it, David?

Mr Fixer is a fucking cop.

DAVID

Yeah. You got to be patient.

JERRY

I feel like you are playing me, Dave. A COP!

DAVID

You feel like I'm playing you?

JERRY

Yeah. You vouched for the Fixer. He's a cop. What the fuck is that?

DAVID

It's complicated, Jerry... I'm playing this from the middle, and there's a lot of strands

JERRY

I'm on the run with Brady Bunch. That's complicated. I got to get cat food and the kids a vegan. I'm not sure how I feel about that.

David frowns as he looks over to Jerry's car.

DAVID

Who is in the car?

David sees Zac lazily waving.

JERRY
Zac, Sandra who got me beaten up,
her kid Bella, and Pickles the cat.

DAVID
Sandra?

Sandra is staring at David. She gets out of the car and walks over.

SANDRA
YOU!

JERRY
What is it?

SANDRA
He's the guy. The guy Gale met.

DAVID
What is she talking about?

SANDRA
At Walkers.. It's you. I never
forget a weasely face. You fuck.
You got me into this.

David turns to Jerry confused, and is met with a punch.
Black.

INT. BACK OF THE CAR - NIGHT

David is tied up.

Sandra and Zac are on either side. Bella in the front, Jerry driving.

David comes too.

SANDRA
Good morning, sleepyhead!

DAVID
Oh Jesus.

Zac smiles from one side.

ZAC
Hey Uncle David.

DAVID
Hey Zac. How are you doing?

ZAC

On the run with my Dad. And his friends.

BELLA

And Pickles.

JERRY

What have you got to say, Dave? We are in a bit of a squeeze here. As I said, 'Friday tomorrow'.

DAVID

I know.

JERRY

Friday we all are about to get our tickets punched.

DAVID

Yeah..

JERRY

You set me up, David.

DAVID

I'm sorry, Jerry. I guess I did.

SANDRA

You set us all up in one way or another.

JERRY

Dave... what the fuck happened?

DAVID

Horses.

BELLA

I like horses!

DAVID

I just got in too deep.. It started small. I owed a few hundred here and there.. But it got out of control really quick. I doubled down again and again. I owed hundreds of thousands.

SANDRA

Gambling. It's a disease. My Dad was a gambler.

JERRY

You could have just asked? I could have helped you.

DAVID

It was too much. They threatened my family.. I knew they would hurt them if I didn't pay..

So I figured I had to kill them before they killed me..

SANDRA

Really. You went to that first. Not paying in installments or declaring yourself bankrupt?

David ignores Sandra.

DAVID

I needed someone to kill them for me... But I couldn't afford you... So...

JERRY

You framed me?

DAVID

Not a frame... more a manipulation.

JERRY

Jesus Dave. You hired Gale and those morons..

BELLA

My Mom's not a moron.

SANDRA

Shh honey...

David looks down, ashamed.

DAVID

I'm a bad friend.

SANDRA

You are a bad friend.. Jesus.

David brightens.

DAVID

But look what we did! We cleaned up the town.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

All those guys deserved to die. And you did it.

JERRY

And Mr. Fixer? The cop?

DAVID

I knew Wesley.. I went to him with my plan.. The cops loved it. I mean, they are the biggest gang in town, really.. You wonder why no one is investigating? You were getting ushered through.. Kill 'em all!

SANDRA

What can we do?

DAVID

Nothing. Run.

BELLA

You could torture him!

SANDRA

No. Bella. It's not appropriate.

JERRY

I should do what the little kid said.

DAVID

That would be bad.

ZAC

Uncle David you have really fucked us. I vote for torture.

DAVID

Avocado.

BELLA

I like Avocados!

DAVID

AVOCADO!

Suddenly, the tires of the car are burst with a nail strip. The car skids to a halt.

SANDRA

There's a kid in here - Don't shoot!!!!

Cop cars squeal out of nowhere, and the car is surrounded. Everyone is dragged from the car and roughly cuffed. Except for Bella and Pickles. Who is talking to a lady-cop.

BELLA

That ones my Mummy.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT INTERVIEW ROOM

A bag is pulled off Jerry's head. He is greeted by various plainclothed officers. Wesley the fixer and the Commander of Precinct 12.

COMMANDER

Hello Jerry.

JERRY

So this has been all your idea from the start?

COMMANDER

David brought it to us. He was the architect of it. We fleshed it out. And by and large, it's worked.

JERRY

I guess.

COMMANDER

You have done a great job. The city is almost clear. Ready to be built from the bottom up. Just a few more names.

The commander throws some photographs on the table.

A deadly silence.

JERRY

You are going to take over the gangs?

COMMANDER

You sound like you don't approve.

JERRY

Why would you sweep out one bunch of scum only to replace it with another?

COMMANDER

Hahaha. Jerry.. I don't think you know who you are talking to.

JERRY

I didn't do all that work so things
could go back the way they were.

MR. FIXER

He believes he really is The
Reaper!

JERRY

I guess I found my calling. I never
had a problem pulling a trigger on
someone. But this... this is a
whole new thing. It's pulling the
trigger with a purpose.

MR. FIXER

Don't get high on your own supply,
Jerry. You are just the killer.

COMMANDER

You finish this, and we will get
the death mark lifted. No one will
touch you.

JERRY

You are going to let me go?

COMMANDER

Sure. With David. But we will be
keeping your family safe. That
junky son of yours and your
stripper girlfriend and her goblin
kid.
You do your work. Come back here,
and you can all move on. Get out of
town and leave it to the grown-ups.

JERRY

That's it?

COMMANDER

You fail to kill the last few
people on the list- and it's bye to
you and the family.

JERRY

Ok. Ok. I'll do it.

EXT. PRECINCT 12 - CONTINUOUS

Jerry and David walk out of the precinct.

DAVID
I'm sorry, Jerry.

JERRY
Dude.

INT. GUNSMITHS HOUSE - NIGHT

David and Jerry stand in the Gunsmith's workshop.

GUNSMITH
What do you need?

Jerry throws a bag of money on the table.

JERRY
Everything.

The Gunsmith smiles as he opens up a huge cupboard of weapons. Jerry spots something..

JERRY (CONT'D)
Shit.. are these grenades?

GUNSMITH
Sure are.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jerry and David are loading gear into the car.

DAVID
I never knew they would hold Zac
hostage.

JERRY
I know

DAVID
I...

Jerry turns and stops David.

JERRY
Dave. I'm sorry for your troubles.
I truly am. I'm sorry your wife
left you and you lost all your
money. You were there for me when
Jeanie passed, and that counts for
a lot.

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

So all this bullshit you have gotten me into... I can see past it. You are right... some of the things we have done are good. Maybe by accident. But still - who cares how the sausage is made, right?

DAVID

I guess.

JERRY

You know me better than anyone in the world, and you know I'm not going to shoot the last three people on this list, at least not tonight anyway. I'm no stooge for a bunch of crooked cops. No fucking way.

DAVID

I figured that.

JERRY

I'm going back to Precinct 12 and rescue my son and that woman I barely know and her daughter.

DAVID

Ok.

JERRY

You coming with me?

David's eyes well up.

DAVID

Yeah bro.

And thank you for giving me a second chance.

JERRY

We all fuck up now and then. It's no biggie.

EXT. PRECINCT 12 - DAY

Jerry looks across from a parking lot. It looks like a grey castle.

It's Friday.

Jerry and David walk towards the police precinct.

INT. PRECINCT 12 - CONTINUOUS

Jerry and David walk in. They are greeted by various uniformed and plainclothed officers. Wesley the fixer takes notice.

MR. FIXER

That was quick

JERRY

I'm pretty efficient.

MR. FIXER

You are that.

JERRY

I just got something to say. You know who I am.

I AM THE REAPER.

Heads turn in the station.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I know some of you guys are good cops.

I'm saying get out now.

You know they are holding my family in this building, and I'm here to get them out. I've got a bag of guns and grenades and a head full of bad ideas.

This is your only warning.

MR. FIXER

Ok Jerry. You are wrong on so many levels.

JERRY

Well, I know you are definitely crooked Wesley.

WESLEY

Fucking shoot this maniac!

JERRY

Catch.

Jerry pulls and shoots Wesley in the head. He collapses to the ground. All hell breaks loose. Cops are running for cover. Others are grabbing for their guns.

COP
Active shooter!

Jerry tosses a grenade. David is behind him.

DAVID
They are being held in the
basement.

The grenade explodes. Bodies fly through the air. Jerry throws some gas grenades. And pulls on a gas mask. David does the same.

Soon, the cops are choking on the ground. Jerry steps through them on the way to the basement.

They get to the holding pens. Jerry grabs the keys off the choking Desk Sarge. He opens the door to the cell his family is in. He throws in gas masks.

JERRY
Put these on.

SANDRA
Oh my God! Jerry!

JERRY
Just look at the floor, Bella. You
will be ok.

He puts an oversized bulletproof vest on her.

BELLA
Ok Jerry. Look at the floor - got
it.

ZAC
You came for us?

JERRY
I'd walk across hell for you, kid.

They stagger out. Jerry is trading shots with cops in riot gear in the tight corridors of the precinct.

They get to a side door. Jerry bundles them out onto the street.

A car is waiting there. David bundles Sandra, Zac, Bella, and Pickles into the back.

ZAC
Get in

JERRY

No. I have to put a stop to this.

ZAC

Get in, Dad.

BELLA

Don't be a moron.

JERRY

Thanks, Bella. I won't be long.

Jerry turns and goes back into the precinct. David drives away.

Jerry is on his own now. One man versus an army. Out of the smoke, cops loom. Jerry shoots until his shotgun is smashed out of his hands. Then he fights hand-to-hand.

Finally, he gets to the Commander's office. The Commander, who is hiding behind his desk, fires at Jerry. Misses.

JERRY (CONT'D)

You said that I thought I was The Reaper.

COMMANDER

Yeah.

JERRY

Well guess what.

You were right.

I am still The fucking Reaper.

The commander pulls again and fires his pistol.

Jerry gets hit and falls backwards.

The Commander staggers to his feet and has Jerry in his sights.

This is it.

COMMANDER

You stupid son of a bitch. You just had to finish off the list, and that would be that.

Jerry shrugs.

JERRY

You guys are all corrupt, right?
I'm not a fussy vigilante.

There's a figure at the door. It's David. He's come back.

David walks in and pulls a pistol on the Commander.

Commander fires at David, but Jerry uses this opening and shoots the Commander.

The Commander collapses dead.

Jerry runs over to David. David is bleeding out.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing, Dave?

DAVID

We all voted on it.. We weren't going to leave you here alone.

JERRY

A vote, fuck.

DAVID

It was Bella's idea.

JERRY

Of course it was.

David coughs up blood.

DAVID

You want to know who the mark was?

JERRY

You knew all along?

DAVID

Of course.

He points at himself and starts to laugh.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It was me.

JERRY

You hired me - to kill you?

DAVID

Sure. I thought, why not take the whole thing down? Andrea had left..

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

I was never going to pay off the debts.

JERRY

That- that was a fucking stupid thing to do. What the fuck.

DAVID

I get that now.

JERRY

I was never going to shoot you.

David dies in his arms.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Aw shit Dave.

In the distance, police sirens are howling. He hears a beep-beep of a car horn.

He looks down from the Commander's office and sees Zac, Sandra, and Bella in the car

ZAC

Come on, Dad. Let's go.

INT. CAR DRIVING - NIGHT

Jerry sits in the back seat as Sandra cleans his wounds. Zac drives. Bella puts on the radio.

RADIO

The Reaper has struck again. This time at the Twelfth Precinct. The city runs with blood tonight. The seasons might not fear the Reaper. Nor does the wind. But criminals and corrupt cops do.. they..
Fear the Reaper!

Then a track kicks in

It's the Blue Oyster Cult.

RADIO (CONT'D)

All our times have come here,
but now they're gone
Seasons don't fear the Reaper
Nor do the wind, the sun, or the rain
(We can be like they are)
(MORE)

RADIO (CONT'D)

Come on, baby (
 Don't fear the Reaper)
 Baby, take my hand
 (Don't fear the Reaper)
 We'll be able to fly
 (Don't fear the Reaper)
 Baby, I'm your man
 La, la, la, la, la
 La, la, la, la, la

Everyone starts singing along.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE:

One Year Later.

EXT. THE TOWN HALL

A stormy sky glowers down on the Town Hall. The Mayor is shuffling talking point cards in front of a stoic, if slightly damp, press and a smattering of people.

To the right- a STATUE covered in a tarp.

The MAYOR steps to the mic and is greeted by a small squeal of feedback. He smiles and looks around.

MAYOR

It's been a year since the events at Precinct 12. A year of healing and questions. Who was the lone gunman known to us all as The Reaper? Some say he was a lawless vigilante. Others say a violent maniac. I say he was all these things but also...

He was the best of us. A selfless citizen who took on organized crime and corrupt cops and cleaned our city up. Today, we honor his sacrifice.

This statue is for David Pursey.

The Reaper.

We see Jerry standing in the crowd with Zac, Sandra, and Bella. Jerry has a beard and is holding a baby. Zac has dyed hair. Sandra has a bob cut.

Bella is definitely herself.

I guess Jerry and Sandra got it on at some point. Hell knows.

They are still on the run. But couldn't help coming out for this.

The Mayor pulls a rope, and a statue is revealed - The Reaper. A fat sort of Reaper with David Pursey's round face.

BELLA

Why did they give a statue to that asshole?

Jerry looks at the statue and smiles. Dave wasn't an asshole. He was alright.

The brass band strikes up with the Blue Oyster Cult classic.

THE END.