

FADE IN

INT. PRISON OFFICE - DAY

TANNER BERG, 30s, arranges papers looks busy.

TANNER

Open!

ROB MARSHAL, 20s, prison issue clothes, steps in.

ROB

You wanted to see me, sir?

TANNER

Sit.

Rob sits, watches Tanner pace. Tanner offers a cigarette.
A nervous chuckle by Rob.

TANNER

Smoke?

ROB

Things will kill you.

TANNER

Scheduled to die by lethal
injection in roughly seventy-six
hours. Don't see how a smoke is of
much concern.

Rob accepts the cigarette, Tanner lights it for him, then
opens a file, reads a document.

TANNER

Double murder. Young couple
kissing under a tree. Wine open,
blouse open. Real Kodak moment.

ROB

Long time ago.

TANNER

Even took a locket of the young
lady's hair as a souvenir,
according to the court records.
Got a thing for women's hair, Mr.
Marshal?

ROB

Not especially. Just -- happened
is all. Ain't like I saved it.

TANNER

Just happened.

Tanner gets in Rob's face.

TANNER

World seems to think you're a cold
blooded killer. You a cold blooded
killer, Mr. Marshal?

ROB

I aint like that.

TANNER

You know, the funny irony is,
world needs cold blooded killers
like you. Do the dirty work with
no messy conscious.

ROB

I got a conscious.

TANNER

Given much thought to what it
might be like, needle in your arm,
wondering if you'll feel your life
slipping away?

ROB

If God wants me to suffer bad for
what I ...

TANNER

... God don't come around here much.
Stench clouds his judgment.

ROB

Is there a point to all this, sir?

Tanner shows Rob his hands.

TANNER

Like to keep these clean. God-
fearing family and all. I'm kinda
superstitious that way.

He paces, stares at a flag.

TANNER

Nation of laws can be -- a real pain in the ass when it comes to keeping human garbage off my streets.

Tanner sets a file on the desk, opens it.

TANNER

You had a spit and polished career in the military. Says here you were a natural born leader. You believe that's still true?

ROB

People trust me.

Tanner lays a gun on the desk.

TANNER

Know what that is?

ROB

A gun.

TANNER

Wrong. Judge and jury.

ROB

Which end is the jury?

TANNER

Interesting question.

Tanner puts before and after photos of Rob's victims on the desk.

TANNER

Gonna give you a chance to earn these two lives back. Just one catch.

ROB

Which is?

TANNER

Would you trade a needle for a one way ticket to redemption? No return?

ROB

I don't follow.

Tanner throws a few more photos on the desk. Rob looks.

INSERT PHOTOS: Two neo-Nazi type men hunkered down in a cache of weapons and high-tech gear. A thumbs up.

TANNER

Government is still a little jumpy after Waco. You can understand that, right?

ROB

And you want me to take these two out. Your hands are clean, my soul is clean. Everybody's happy.

TANNER

Don't give a shit about your soul.

ROB

And after?

TANNER

There won't be -- an after.

He tosses a few more photos on the desk.

INSERT THREE PHOTOS: Tough looking men, prison clothes. Tanner tosses the photos to Rob one-by-one.

TANNER

Searle. Another murderer much like yourself. And this one. Zack. Arson. Claims the deaths were an accident. Been all reborn now. Halleluia! Open the pearly gates! And you'll like this guy. Milton. Has it in his head a girl's tenth birthday requires a -- special celebration. Collected hair much like you. Should make for great conversation and -- repartee.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Rob and his team, SEARLE, 20s, ZACH, 20s, and MILTON, 30s, slowly emerge from bushes, crawl toward a distant compound, whisper.

ROB

Searle, you take the front, watch the windows. Zack, you and Milton take the back. Watch for traps. Might be wired. Milton, scan for any wi-fi or infared.

ZACK

I aint workin' with no cherry picker. Even Satan frowns on that.

Milton scowls, unpacks high-tech equipment.

ROB

Right now our pasts getting' purged'. Been sent here to die, tradin' crime for crime. Murder, arson and -- his -- hobby.

ZACK

That mother gonna die first.

Rob grabs Zach by the face, squeezes.

ROB

I got plans after this, so dyin' aint an option. Work together, and we all leave here tonight.

SEARLE

Wastin' time. You jerks save it for hell's bonfire.

MILTON

Where you gonna be?

Rob points to the roof.

ROB

Top-side. Now, as planned. Meet in the compound meeting hall. They supposed to be there.

ZACK

Just, a hail of bullets till we're all dead?

ROB

Prefer the needle? Like I said. I got me plans after this.

POV through binoculars, then ...

TANNER

What the hell they chatting about?

MICHAEL PERKINS, 30s, steps forward.

MICHAEL

How long we gonna wait?

TANNER

When the shootin's done, move your men around back. Hostages will probably flee that direction. And not one shot. Got kids in there.

MICHAEL

Yes sir.

Rob and his team move forward, take up position. Milton checks scanners, gives the ok. They move in.

INT. COMPOUND - HALL - NIGHT

From three directions they enter the hall, see ...

ADAM, 30s, and NICKO, 20s. GO TO SLOW MOTION as the six exchange bullets in a hail of glory. Searle is the first to die. Nicko is next. RETURN TO REGULAR SPEED.

Zack takes aim at Adam, quickly switches to Milton, shoots him in the back. Adam unloads, pins Zack and Rob down. Then silence. Rob and Zach exchange glances, baffled. Zach slowly stands, peeks. A bullet takes him out.

ROB

Shit!

Rob stands, sees Adam. The both run directly at each other. GO TO SLOW MOTION as the close in, give and take shots. RETURN TO REGULAR SPEED.

They collide, continue to fire. Both drop to their knees, barely able to hold their guns. One last exchange and they both go down.

POV from above as Rob gasps for his last breath, smiles. Then silence.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

POV from Tanner as hostages flee into the night. Tanner and Michael race forward, badges held high.

TANNER

Nothing beats the Devil doing the
Devil's work.

FADE OUT