

ROUGH COUNTRY

Pilot

Written By

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EXT. GREEN ZONE DEFENSE OFFICE - EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT - DAY

The back door bursts open.

Sunlight slashes through trees overhead, dappling asphalt.

MASON (30s) green uniform, tactical vest, covered in blood and grime, steps out first, pistol up, scanning.

CALEB (20s) dark hair, smaller, younger, same uniform and gear as Mason, is right behind him, AR-15 rifle shouldered and ready.

They fan out.

Across the lot -

RAISON (30s) blue eyes, hard jaw, short brown hair, black-clad.

He drags RHONDA (50s) short, glasses, sweater and long skirt, by the neck as he backs away.

His forearm coils tight under her chin. A pistol jams into her temple.

Rhonda's eyes are swollen, wild with terror.

Mason brings his pistol up.

RAISON
Whoa! No farther!

Mason doesn't blink.

MASON
Let her go. It's over.

Raison shifts, using Rhonda as a shield. His grip trembles.

The distance between them - ten yards of open asphalt.

RAISON
Throw your gun down!

MASON
You don't want to do this.

RAISON
(shouting)
I'll blow her brains out!

Rhonda whimpers.

Mason lowers his voice.

MASON
You want out? You want to get away?

Raison listens.

MASON (CONT'D)
I can help with that.

Raison hesitates, doubting.

Mason slowly reaches into his back pocket.

Caleb tenses.

Mason produces a ring of KEYS.

Holds them up.

MASON (CONT'D)
My Bronco's right there.

He nods toward his SUV.

MASON (CONT'D)
Take it. Let her go.

Raison glances at the Bronco.

Then back to Mason.

The pistol presses harder into Rhonda's temple.

RAISON
Throw me the keys!

A beat.

RAISON (CONT'D)
Now! Or she dies!

Mason studies him.

Still as stone.

Keys dangling between his fingers.

Caleb shifts slightly behind him, his rifle aimed.

The lot is silent except for Rhonda's panicked breathing.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAINT-HENRI ALLEY - PRE-DAWN

SUPER: JULY 1994 - MONTREAL, QUEBEC, CANADA

Two boys, twelve and fourteen, crouch in the shadows near a chain-link fence, just outside the yellow cone of a streetlight.

The backs of row houses line the dark alley, no two alike.

A DOG BARKS in the distance.

RAISON (14) average-sized, shaggy brown hair, blue eyes, dressed in black.

RAISON
(in French)
Stop breathing so hard. You sound
like a horse.

RAGE (12) smaller, light brown hair, dressed in black, frowns.

RAGE
(in French)
You're the loud one.

RAISON
(switches to English)
Shut up.

They squat in silence, listening.

CICADAS CHIRP.

Raison pulls out a pack of cigarettes, lights one.

RAGE
You're gonna smoke now?

RAISON
Just keep an eye out.

Rage glances around, anxious.

RAGE
Let me hit it.

RAISON
No. You don't need it.

RAGE
You don't need it either.

RAISON
I need it for my nerves.

RAGE
Then I can go home right now.

Rage starts to rise.

RAISON
OK. Shit.

Raison yanks him back down, hands him the cigarette.

They smoke.

RAGE
It makes me dizzy.

RAISON
I told you. You're so stupid.

Raison snatches it back.

RAGE
You're fucking stupid.

Rage throws a punch. Raison dodges easily.

RAISON
Cut it out!

Raison shoves him.

RAISON (CONT'D)
Cut the bullshit. Go to the front.
Create the diversion.

He hands Rage a lighter, then a glass bottle — a MOLOTOV
COCKTAIL.

RAISON (CONT'D)
Count to twenty. Light it. Throw
it. Run back here. Don't spill it.

RAGE
Okay! I've got it.

Raison lifts his shirt, revealing a flat head screwdriver and
a hammer tucked in his waistband.

RAISON
You ready?

Rage grins, eyes gleaming in the streetlight.

RAGE
I said I was ready.

RAISON
Go!

Rage darts across the alley, squeezes through a gap between the chain-link fence and a dilapidated garage, and vanishes.

RAISON (CONT'D)
(whispering)
One... two...

Raison climbs the fence, drops into a backyard.

Dark. Silent.

He moves fast now — past junk, through shadows — eyes locked ahead.

RAISON (CONT'D)
...eighteen... nineteen... twenty.

A CLANK.

A CRASH.

Then a WHOOSH.

Orange flame erupts from the front of the house.

A floodlight snaps on.

Raison lunges for a shiny HARLEY-DAVIDSON motorcycle parked near the back porch.

He attacks the ignition lock.

MAN (O.S.)
(in French)
What the hell is going on?

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Fire! Fire!

A DOG BARKS — close.

Raison flinches.

Then—

RAGE SCREAMS. Fear. Pain.

Raison drops the screwdriver.

RAISON

Merde!

He scrambles, finds the tool, forces the lock.

RAGE SCREAMS again, in terror now.

RAGE (O.S.)

Raison! Help!

The ignition lock BREAKS.

Raison mounts the bike, snaps the fork lock, then fires it up.

The V-Twin ROARS as he races to the front yard.

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Flames engulf the porch.

A MAN IN WHITE BRIEFS (50s) stumbles with a garden hose, fighting flames.

MAN IN WHITE BRIEFS

(in French)

Hey! Get off my bike!

Raison guns the throttle and blasts past him.

EXT. YARD - CONTINUOUS

Rage lies on the ground.

A massive dog, dark and thick-furred, mauls his hand.

Blood sprays.

Raison flicks on the headlight.

The dog turns—

Too late.

The bike SLAMS into it, sending it skidding.

Raison hauls Rage onto the bike.

RAISON

Hold on!

The dog lunges again.

Raison swings the leather get-back whip attached to the handlebars.

The weighted end SMACKS the dog.

It recoils.

Raison guns the engine.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The bike races through empty streets.

Rage sobs behind him.

RAGE
Stop! Please! Stop!

Raison pulls over.

Blood soaks the front of his shirt and pants.

He turns.

RAISON
Let me see.

Rage resists, sobbing loudly.

Raison forces the hand open under a streetlight.

The hand is split apart. Only three fingers remain. Blood pulses.

Raison freezes.

He rips off his sweatshirt and wraps the hand tightly.

RAGE
(in French)
Mom... please...

RAISON
I'm taking you.

Raison mounts the bike.

RAISON (CONT'D)
Hold on to me.

The engine ROARS.

FADE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN DEVELOPMENT - AFTERNOON

SUPER: JULY 2014 - DENVER, COLORADO, USA

A white Denver Police Chevrolet Tahoe cruises a freshly paved street.

Two-story brick-and-vinyl homes. Fresh sod. Shrubs with nursery tags.

Finished streets give way to newer ones lined with skeletal frames of homes still under construction.

The Tahoe reaches the end of a cul-de-sac and stops at a construction site alive with workers.

INT./EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

The moment the cruiser stops, HAMMERING and SAWING die off.
Silence.

The Tahoe door opens.

OFFICER BENITO MENDEZ (29) stocky, swarthy, black hair with buzzed sides and a razor part, steps out.

Dark blue uniform. Polished boots. Dark sunglasses.

He strolls past sawhorses and sacks of concrete.

A Laborer in muddy boots slips away toward the back of the house.

Benito reaches the open front entry.

BENITO

Yo!

INT. PARTIALLY CONSTRUCTED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MORTY JONES (60) emerges from the shadows.

Obese, sweaty, red-faced, belly barely contained by his T-shirt.

MORTY

Afternoon, officer. Morty Jones.
Superintendent. What can I do for you?

BENITO

Benito Mendez. I'm here to see an old friend. Mason.

Relief washes over Morty.

MORTY

Yeah. No problem. I'll get him.

BENITO

Appreciate it.

Morty turns and waddles back inside.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Exposed stud walls. Electrical wiring. Bare concrete floors.

Morty steps into a bathroom under construction and looks up.

MORTY

Mason! Your cop buddy's out front. Go deal with him. He's scaring the Mexicans.

HIGH IN THE RAFTERS

Mason stands on a joist.

Tall. Wiry. Shirtless. Cargo shorts. Hiking boots. Blue bandana. Long brown hair. Thick beard.

A tool belt hangs from his waist. A tape measure in his hand.

MASON

Guatemalans, mostly. On the other hand, Sergeant Mendez is of Mexican ancestry.

Mason looks around.

MASON (CONT'D)

And whoever framed this bathroom missed the skylight.

Morty groans.

MORTY

I don't care. Just get down here and get him gone.

Mason hooks the joist like a chin-up bar and drops to the floor.

He shoulders past Morty, brushing sawdust from his chest.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mason steps into sunlight.

BENITO

Mason!

Benito grins.

Mason crosses the yard.

MASON

Benito. You old Devil Dog.

They clasp hands.

BENITO

Thought I'd check up on you.

Benito scans the job site.

MASON

Just staying busy.

BENITO

It's still weird to me seeing you like this. Feels like yesterday we were dodging rounds overseas.

He looks around.

BENITO (CONT'D)

It was a long way from this.

MASON

I guess, after everything over there, it feels good to build something at home.

Benito studies him.

BENITO

Is this one of your builds? Last time I saw you, you were fired up about some development you were planning.

Mason glances at the half-built house. Then the endless rows of identical homes.

MASON

Nah... that didn't work out.

Benito nods.

BENITO

Damn. I'm sorry to hear it.

A beat.

BENITO (CONT'D)

So, maybe you heard. They're legalizing weed here.

MASON

I heard.

BENITO

Nobody knows how to police it.

Benito leans in.

BENITO (CONT'D)

That's why I'm here.

Mason waits.

BENITO (CONT'D)

The Colonel quit. Started a private security company for the new cannabis sector. Supposed to get big.

MASON

The Colonel?

BENITO

Chief of police. Mack Radford. Retired Marine colonel. I'm leaving the force. Going with him.

Mason absorbs that.

MASON

Why?

BENITO

Better money. Regular hours. No overtime.

Benito shrugs.

BENITO (CONT'D)
And he wants guys like you.

MASON
(chuckles)
Last recruiter sold me a war.

BENITO
This isn't that. Armored transport.
Secure storage. No sweat.

MASON
Cash and weed, huh?

BENITO
Exactly.

Mason thinks.

BENITO (CONT'D)
Tomorrow. Come to the gun range. He
wants to see recruits shoot.

MASON
I thought it wasn't that kind of
job.

BENITO
He says shooting tells him
everything about a man.

Mason considers.

BENITO (CONT'D)
Come hang out. Don't be crawling
rafters on a Saturday.

Mason considers.

MASON
Yeah. I'll come shoot.

Benito breaks into a grin.

BENITO
Hell yeah. I'll text you.

They shake hands.

MASON
Good seeing you.

Benito walks back to his cruiser.

BENITO
Bring your good eyes. I've been practicing.

MASON
We'll see.

Benito opens the driver's door.

MASON (CONT'D)
What's the company called?

BENITO
Green Zone Defense.

MASON
Figures.

BENITO
Less bombs. More bong.

Benito pantomimes smoking a joint.

Mason smirks and shakes his head.

The cruiser pulls away.

Morty watches Benito's truck pull away down the street.

MORTY
(angry)
Why would you bring a cop to my job site?

Mason walks past. Doesn't look at him.

MASON
Just an old military buddy.

MORTY
Buddy? Looked like a problem to me.

Mason squares his shoulders.

MASON
There's no problem, Morty.

MORTY
I don't need cops sniffing around my sites. Buyers see uniforms, they start asking questions.

MASON
Buyers are already asking
questions. And you still owe me for
Cedar Ridge.

Morty stiffens.

MORTY
Take that up with escrow.

MASON
I did. They told me it cleared last
week.

Silence. Morty shrugs.

MORTY
You'll get paid.

MASON
I'm four invoices out. I can't keep
waiting.

Morty steps closer. Lower voice.

MORTY
You want steady pay, go back to the
Army.

Morty holds Mason's stare a moment, then walks off.

Mason tilts his head back and exhales into the sky.

FADE TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR GUN RANGE - OUTSKIRTS OF DENVER - DAY

A wide, open shooting facility bordered by a towering dirt
berm.

Multiple lanes. Weathered tables. Steel and paper targets
downrange.

Gunfire CRACKS through the air.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A lifted 1986 Ford Bronco rolls in and parks.

Mason steps out.

Ball cap, T-shirt, jeans, black sunglasses, beard and hair tugged by the wind.

He pulls a black rifle case and a camouflage backpack from the back.

EXT. STAGING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Mason checks in with the RANGE MASTER, signs waiver.

Nearby, Benito Mendez spots him and grins.

BENITO
You made it.

They clasp hands.

MASON
Range days are hard to miss.

BENITO
About fifty shooters here. Cops.
SWAT. Veterans.

Benito gestures around.

BENITO (CONT'D)
Everyone out here can shoot. Let's
see if you've still got it.

Mason sets his gear on a table.

He opens the rifle case revealing an FN 15 carbine, camouflage paint worn but meticulous.

He checks his SIG P226 pistol, confirms chambers clear, holsters it.

Quiet. Competent. No show.

EXT. FIRING LINE - LATER

SERGEANT ANDERSON (40s), blond flattop, serious, stands before the group.

ANDERSON
Safety first. Weapons cold unless
instructed. You'll be broken into
teams.

Shooters divide.

Mason falls into Charlie Team.

Off to the side, THREE MEN observe.

- One short and solid, salt-and-pepper flattop.
- One tall, older, cowboy hat.
- One younger, similar build to the first.

They watch without speaking.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - PISTOL DRILL - DAY

Shooters line up.

ANDERSON

Pistol drill. Three targets. Two rounds each. On the whistle.

WHISTLE.

Mason draws.

Six shots.

Six clean, rapid hits.

No wasted movement. No hesitation.

Steel rings.

Others finish slower.

Anderson clocks Mason, says nothing.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - RIFLE DRILL - DAY

Mason cradles the FN 15.

ANDERSON

Carbine. Near to far. Two rounds each.

Mason fires.

Controlled cadence. Smooth transitions. Magazine changes are automatic, practiced.

Targets fall in sequence.

A few shooters pause to watch.

From the observer group, the short man tilts his head.

EXT. VEHICLE DRILL - DAY

A parked Suburban sits as a prop.

Mason takes the driver's seat.

ANDERSON

Engage from vehicle. Then exit.

Mason leans out, fires controlled bursts.

Exits clean. Moves. Engages again.

Done. No theatrics.

EXT. RANGE - CONTINUOUS

Benito stands beside the tall observer.

CAPTAIN FRAZIER (50s) cowboy hat, mustache, career cop.

FRAZIER

Who's that?

BENITO

Travis Mason. Former Delta Force.
Saved my life in Fallujah.

Frazier studies Mason.

FRAZIER

What does the former D-Boy do now?

BENITO

(grins)

Currently wasting his talents
swinging a hammer, sir. But I'm
working on that.

EXT. STAGING AREA - LATER

Mason wipes sweat from his face, packs his rifle.

Benito bumps fists with him.

BENITO

You got noticed.

MASON

It happens.

A man steps forward – the short observer.

THE COLONEL (50s) stocky, dark flattop, sunglasses, military bearing.

THE COLONEL

That was impressive shooting.

He extends a hand.

THE COLONEL (CONT'D)

Mack Radford. Most people call me
The Colonel.

Mason shakes it.

MASON

Mason.

THE COLONEL

Last name?

MASON

Yes, sir. That is my last name.

The Colonel nods.

Gestures to the other two observers.

THE COLONEL

This is Captain Doug Frazier and my
son, Caleb.

Mason shakes hands with Captain Frazier and Caleb.

THE COLONEL (CONT'D)

I'm sure Sergeant Mendez told you
about our new venture.

MASON

Yes sir, he did.

THE COLONEL

Your skill set has value. If you
decide you want steadier work,
Sergeant Mendez can pass along
details.

Mason nods respectfully.

MASON

I appreciate the invite.

The Colonel claps Mason's shoulder. Smiles.

THE COLONEL

Keep us in mind. Good shooting.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Mason loads his gear into the Bronco.

Benito waves from across the lot.

Mason waves back.

Climbs in.

INT. BRONCO - CONTINUOUS

The engine rumbles to life.

Mason removes his sunglasses.

Rubs his face.

His hands tremble.

He breathes. Slow. Controlled.

The distant POP of gunfire lingers in his skull.

For a split second, the berm is a mud wall in Iraq.

He squeezes his eyes shut.

Then glances at the passenger seat.

A stack of envelopes.

FINAL NOTICE. PAST DUE. EQUIPMENT FINANCING.

He picks one up.

Opens it.

\$18,742.16.

He studies the number.

His hand starts to shake again.

He reaches under the seat. Pulls out a bottle of WHISKEY.

One gulp.

The shaking stops.

He stares at the bottle a beat too long.

Then caps it.

He cranks the radio. THRASH METAL detonates through the speakers.

Mason pulls out, tires crunching gravel, and drives away.

INT. CABARET DU CASINO DE MONTREAL - NIGHT

SUPER: AUGUST 2014 - MONTREAL, QUEBEC, CANADA

A glob of bloody spit splatters the Referee's black shoes.

MATHEO (20s) short, muscular, Japanese tattoos, and a TALL CUBAN FIGHTER crash to the canvas.

The crowd ERUPTS.

Matheo grinds for top control - hooks legs, hunts arms.

The Tall Cuban bucks free and rakes elbows across Matheo's head.

Matheo disengages and stands.

They meet center cage.

SMACK. Matheo lands a hard leg kick.

They trade in tight bursts - hands, feet, elbows - SLAM into chain-link.

WIDE - THE CABARET

Soft red glow. 600 French-Canadian fans packed in.

They chant for Matheo and jeer The Tall Cuban in Quebecois French.

FRONT ROW - DEAD WOLVES MOTORCYCLE CLUB

Leather cuts. Wolf-head colors. 1% diamonds.

OKWAHO (20s) Native, Mohawk haircut and beads, screams toward the cage.

OKWAHO

Leg kicks, Matheo! Work the leg
kicks!

- MAX (60s) ponytail, weathered, PRESIDENT patch.
- WILD BILL (60s) long beard, raucous, VICE PRESIDENT patch.
- RAISON (30s) short brown hair, muscular, quiet, SGT. AT ARMS patch.

Wild Bill claps Raison's back.

WILD BILL

He's gonna get this asshole!

RAISON

Last round. He needs to end it.

WILD BILL

Or take him to the ground. The
Cuban's got hands.

RAGE (30s) long, greasy hair and beard, teardrop face tattoos, steps in, rests his prosthetic left hand on Raison's shoulder.

RAGE

He's finishing him with kicks.
Guaranteed.

Across the room -

FRONT ROW - BIG MACHINE MOTORCYCLE CLUB

Large group of outlaw bikers. Red-white-black cuts.

Skeleton-on-a-chopper colors.

The leader of the pack sits front and center.

TOMMY BOY (40s) tall, cowboy boots, cigar, denim cut, PRESIDENT patch and TORONTO side rocker.

Smoking. Watches the fight calmly.

BACK TO DEAD WOLVES

Raison leans close to Max.

RAISON

Big Machine's here. Tommy Boy. A few Nomads.

Max doesn't look away from the cage.

MAX

They can visit. They can pass through. But if I ever see them claim Montreal, then we've got a problem.

Raison looks calm but serious.

BELL DINGS - FINAL ROUND

Matheo steps forward. The Tall Cuban refuses the glove tap.

Matheo smiles anyway. Beckons.

The Tall Cuban snaps a quick one-two.

Matheo slips inside and CRACKS a left hook.

Then a high kick to the face.

The Tall Cuban wobbles.

The crowd roars.

Dead Wolves surge to their feet.

DEAD WOLVES (VARIOUS)

Finish him!

Matheo releases a spinning, jumping back kick-

A heel into The Tall Cuban's face.

The Tall Cuban hits the mat.

Matheo pounces, hammering.

The ref dives in-stop.

Matheo springs up, screaming, chest heaving.

Dead Wolves climb onto the platform, lift him onto their shoulders.

Max howls.

MAX
That's my boy!

Raison doesn't move.

Across the room, Tommy Boy rises, claps—measured.

His eyes meet Raison's.

They hold for a long beat.

INT. LE ROI DE PIQUE - MAIN CASINO BAR - LATER

Lavish, circular space. Mahogany bar. Warm chandelier light.

Balconies above overlook the casino floor.

A jazz trio lays down smooth, steady notes.

Dead Wolves flood in — laughing, loud, alive.

Max orders a round.

Glasses rise.

MAX
May we never go to hell, but always
be on our way!

Cheers. Shots downed.

MARKY (18) skinny, pale.

Wild Bill slips in beside him, warm for once.

WILD BILL
How about that, eh, my boy?

MARKY
Epic finish.

Wild Bill clinks his glass.

WILD BILL
To the pack.

MARKY
To the pack.

Across the room, Big Machine approaches in a tight pack.

JESTER leads.

JESTER (30s) 6'6", 400 lbs, big beard, septum ring, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS patch, MECHANIC patch over rows of screw tabs marking him a veteran killer.

He stops in front of Raison.

JESTER

What's up, Raison? Your boy can scrap.

Raison nods. No smile.

RAISON

He did what he had to.

JESTER

Tommy Boy wants a word with Max.

Raison nods.

He turns.

Threads through his brothers.

Finds Max talking to a table of giggling ladies.

Leans into Max's ear.

RAISON

Tommy Boy wants to congratulate you.

Max looks over. Thinks.

MAX

Fine.

Raison returns. Nods.

Jester signals.

Tommy Boy steps in with a practiced grin. Jester follows.

TOMMY BOY

Hell of a win, Max. Your guy's got real skill.

Max shakes his hand — firm, cold.

MAX (CONT'D)

You didn't come over for the fight.

TOMMY BOY

(smiling)

Ok, Max. Fair enough. You got me.

MAX

So...

TOMMY BOY

So when do we stop flirting and do the deed? It only makes sense.

MAX

Makes sense to you and Pop. Not to us.

Wild Bill squares up beside Max.

WILD BILL

Montreal is Dead Wolves territory. Always will be.

Tommy Boy's grin doesn't change.

TOMMY BOY

Y'all have us all wrong. We're talking alliances. Big Machine's expanding. No need for rivals when there's money for everyone. Come ride with us. Be my brothers.

Max leans in, voice low.

MAX

If you're here to recruit, you're in the wrong city.

Tommy Boy studies him.

TOMMY BOY

Max, I'm not here to start trouble. Just a friendly offer.

Max's eyes harden.

MAX

Then back off.

A thick silence spreads through the nearest tables.

Tommy Boy nods solemnly, shrugs, and turns away.

As he passes Raison, their eyes lock — a beat too long.

Big Machine melts into the casino crowd.

The bar exhales.

Music swells back into place.

Matheo arrives in a blue tracksuit, face swollen and taped.

Cheers hit him like a wave. Tensions forgotten.

BRUNO (40s) swarthy, angular, dark ponytail, black leather cut.

Hugs him hard.

Reaches behind. Takes Matheo's cut from another brother. Puts it around Matheo's shoulders.

Dead Wolves cheer.

BRUNO
You made us proud.

Raison raises his glass.

RAISON
You fought like a wolf.

Matheo smiles, his lips swollen and cut.

Max claps Matheo's shoulder.

MAX
Some people needed reminding who we are.

Laughter, drinks, hands on backs.

Wild Bill downs his drink, then points toward the hallway.

WILD BILL
Bathroom. Be right back.

He disappears into the flow.

Raison lifts his drink.

RAISON
Wolves, what do we say?

DEAD WOLVES (ALL)
(in French)
Ride as if you're already dead!

Glasses up and cheers.

INT. CASINO BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bright tile. Quiet hum. Jazz muffled through the walls.

Wild Bill at a urinal, relaxed, chuckling at nothing.

The door swings open.

Heavy steps close fast.

Wild Bill glances up, catches a dark reflection in metal.

A FIGURE IN BLACK riding leathers and a motorcycle helmet with a tinted visor raises a pistol.

Wild Bill's eyes widen—

MUZZLE FLASH.

SHOTS slam into his back and ribs.

Wild Bill folds, blood splashing porcelain, hits the floor hard.

The Figure In Black pauses. One cold look.

Then exits fast.

INT. LE ROI DE PIQUE - NIGHT

A few patrons flinch at distant POPPING sounds.

Bruno tilts his head.

BRUNO
Fireworks tonight?

The Figure In Black bursts into the bar with a sawed-off shotgun.

A woman SCREAMS.

Bruno draws a stainless 1911 from his back.

Max stands mid-laugh at a high-top with bachelorette girls—

BOOM.

Shotgun blast crushes Max's ribs.

He staggers, stunned.

BOOM.

Second blast hits his chest.

He slams into the balcony railing, trying to stay upright.

BOOM.

Third blast takes his head.

Max flips backward over the railing—

Falls thirty feet down—

CRASHES onto the stage below, destroying the drum kit.

SCREAMS rise across the casino.

Bruno fires at the shooter, hits his back.

Armored.

The shooter ducks behind the bar.

Bruno shifts, fires again.

The helmet pops up.

BOOM.

Pellets rip past Bruno's head.

Bruno ducks under a table.

Breath.

One beat.

He pops up, fires three quick rounds into the bar—

But the shooter is already running out.

INT. CASINO FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Chaos. Bodies scattering. Chairs tipping. Slot machines blinking.

Raison locks onto the fleeing shooter and moves.

He cuts through the crowd, shoving past gamblers, stepping over fallen chairs.

The shooter barrels toward the entrance.

Raison closes, but not fast enough.

EXT. CASINO ENTRANCE - NIGHT

They burst outside into humid night air.

A motorcycle idles at the curb, engine running.

An accomplice waits.

The shooter leaps on the back.

The bike lurches forward and ROARS away.

Raison stops at the curb, chest heaving, fists clenched.

The taillight shrinks into darkness.

He stands there a moment, panting-

Watching the killers escape.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - THREE DAYS LATER

A leaden sky presses down.

The surviving members of the Dead Wolves Motorcycle Club gather in the hallowed stillness of a cemetery.

Friends and family stand with them.

Somber reverence hangs thick.

Matheo wipes tears.

Marky looks drained, skeletal.

Rows of headstones stand like silent sentinels.

Two twin black caskets lie side by side.

Each casket bears the snarling wolf's head emblem of the Dead Wolves Motorcycle Club.

Raison stands stoically, eyes behind dark sunglasses.

Beside him, Bruno stands in quiet solidarity, grief etched into his features.

Muted weeping. Whispered condolences.

Raison turns to Bruno, expression grave.

RAISON
We need to talk.

Bruno's eyes stay fixed on the caskets.

BRUNO

What's on your mind?

RAISON

Tommy Boy called me this morning.
Says he knows who's behind the
hits.

Bruno's eyes narrow – surprise and skepticism.

BRUNO

Big Machine Tommy Boy called you?
Shit, of course he knows who killed
them. Big Machine killed them. He
probably ordered it himself.

Raison shakes his head.

RAISON

He said it wasn't Big Machine. He
said it was some Middle Eastern
dope dealers trying to move into
Montreal. But he's got his ear to
the ground. Big Machine has
connections and information we
don't. If anyone knows who's behind
this, it's them.

Bruno keeps staring at the caskets.

BRUNO

Are you saying you believe him?

RAISON

I'm saying maybe it was Big
Machine, but maybe it wasn't. We've
got beef with fifty other gangs,
clubs, and cliques across Canada,
but we've never had beef with them.
Tommy Boy was just there partying
with us, congratulating us for
Matheo's win.

BRUNO

Yeah, and Max told him to fuck off.

RAISON

(nods)
He did.

Raison's voice stays controlled.

RAISON (CONT'D)

So, we start a war with the biggest outlaw club in the world with no proof, or we hear what Tommy Boy has to say. Which is it?

Bruno sucks his teeth and spits.

He breathes out hard, thinks.

BRUNO

Shit. It's probably the fastest way to figure out whether Big Machine is behind it. But the others can't find out. It won't look good.

RAISON

You're right. But if there's something bigger coming, we need to know.

Bruno sighs again.

BRUNO

All right. But we better watch our backs.

Raison nods, jaw set.

RAISON

We'll do it right, Bruno. For Max, for Bill, for everybody.

The funeral service continues.

Raison and Bruno stand side by side, watching, both deep in thought.

FADE TO:

INT. THE RUSTY HUB - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

A biker bar on the outskirts of Ottawa.

Jester, the mountainous bodyguard, leads Raison and Bruno past the pool tables to a booth.

Old wooden table scarred with knife carvings and graffiti.

Tommy Boy sits there smoking a cigar, sunglasses pushed up on his head.

Raison and Bruno sit across from Tommy Boy, president of Big Machine Motorcycle Club's Toronto chapter.

Raison is calm, alert.

Bruno is nervous, his eyes shifty.

Nearby, Jester returns to a pool table with three other Big Machine members, smoking and drinking. A chrome pistol flashes in his waistband as he leans over to shoot.

Tommy Boy breaks the silence, voice steady and deliberate.

TOMMY BOY

I speak for myself and for our club
when I say we're all deeply sorry
for your loss. Max and Bill were
legends. True outlaws.

He takes a drink from a longneck.

TOMMY BOY (CONT'D)

The streets talk, and we listen.
But before I tell you what I know,
I have a proposition.

Bruno's eyes narrow.

Raison remains stoic.

TOMMY BOY (CONT'D)

Our country's changing. It's time
for what our boss, Pop, calls
"strategic alliances." Everyone is
coming to Canada now. From
everywhere. They want to take over,
to push us old one-percenters out.

He leans forward slightly.

TOMMY BOY (CONT'D)

The assholes who did this, we knew
they were moving into Montreal.
We've been watching them. That's
why I came to the fight — to warn
Max and Bill and offer our support.

A drag off the cigar.

TOMMY BOY (CONT'D)

We didn't realize the invaders were
planning to move that night, or we
would have stayed and caught your
back.

Bruno and Raison listen, faces frozen.

RAISON

Why would Big Machine care if Max
and Bill get smoked?

Tommy Boy takes a drag on his cigar.

TOMMY BOY

We didn't always see eye-to-eye,
but we always did good business.
We've supplied the Dead Wolves with
product for the last decade, and
we've made a lot of money together.
We never had an issue until Max got
it in his head that we wanted to
take Montreal. But nothing could be
farther from the truth.

He holds Raison's gaze.

TOMMY BOY (CONT'D)

We know it's your city. We respect
that. And you're some mean sons of
bitches. We'd rather fight with you
than against you.

Another drag.

TOMMY BOY (CONT'D)

We're offering the Dead Wolves a
chance to patch over. Trade in your
wolf's heads and join Big Machine.
I never came to offer you war. We
would see that as a major loss.

Bruno speaks first.

BRUNO

And what about our club? The Dead
Wolves have their own history,
their own code.

Tommy Boy grins.

TOMMY BOY

You'd keep your autonomy, to an
extent. But think bigger. Think of
the resources, the protection. You
know how the world works. It's all
about power. And together, we have
a lot more of it.

Raison cuts in.

RAISON

You said you know who killed Max
and Bill. Names? Locations?

Tommy Boy nods.

TOMMY BOY

We do. But this information comes
with the understanding that we're
moving towards a partnership,
right?

Bruno rubs his chin.

Raison's gaze stays fixed.

RAISON

Bruno and I can't make a deal to
patch over. A decision like that
has to come from all club members.
You know that.

Tommy Boy holds out his hands.

TOMMY BOY

Of course. But before I tell you, I
need to know: Am I helping friends,
or gracing rivals?

Smoke drifts in front of Tommy Boy's face.

Raison and Bruno watch him.

RAISON

We have to discuss it with the
club. Now, we're mourning our loss.
But we see no reason to have bad
blood with you today. Like you
said, you're our biggest supplier.

Tommy Boy smiles, stained teeth showing.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out an envelope.

He lays it on the table.

TOMMY BOY

Good enough. For now. The assholes
who killed your bosses are a
Pakistani family. Bunch of brothers
and cousins and shit.

(MORE)

TOMMY BOY (CONT'D)

They move a lot of weight in Toronto, but a few months ago we caught one of the uncles and made him talk. He told us they've set up in Montreal, too.

He taps the envelope.

TOMMY BOY (CONT'D)

Lately, they've been using the same girl to move the dope by passenger train from Toronto. We have photos of her. Plus, we know her typical schedule and the location of their Montreal dope house. It's all in the envelope.

Raison takes the envelope, slides it into his jacket pocket, then stands, extends his hand.

Tommy Boy stands.

TOMMY BOY (CONT'D)

The invaders are coming for your club and your territory, same as ours. I'm sorry we didn't know ahead of time what they planned. We had a great deal of respect for Max and Bill.

They shake hands.

With that, Tommy Boy walks away to join Jester and the others at the pool tables.

Jester watches Raison and Bruno leave, his eyes hard.

EXT. DEAD WOLVES CLUBHOUSE - SAINT-HENRI - NIGHT

Cracked asphalt around graffiti-covered derelict buildings.

The three-story row house looks like any other.

Aged brick facade. Sturdy wooden door.

Above the door, painted on black: the snarling wolf's head of the Dead Wolves MOTORCYCLE CLUB.

INT. DEAD WOLVES CLUBHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Dim. Most light comes from neon beer signs over a worn pool table.

An old bar with bottles stretches along one wall.
 The Dead Wolves gather under the bar lights.
 Grumbling. Somber air. Grief and anger.
 Raison stands at the front.
 Bruno and the rest sit on wooden chairs and stools.
 Leaning against a wall, smoking: Rage.

RAISON
 Wolves! Listen up.

Raison waits for the room to quiet.

RAISON (CONT'D)
 This is a club meeting. Any
 disruptions won't be tolerated. In
 the wake of the cowardly
 assassinations of our President,
 Max, and Vice President, Wild Bill,
 it is time to choose new club
 leadership. As Sergeant-at-Arms, I
 am the highest-ranking member
 alive, so I will conduct this vote.
 We should start with the highest
 position. Do I hear any nominations
 for club president?

Murmuring, then—

BRUNO
 I nominate you, Raison.

RAISON
 I accept. Any other nominations?

More murmuring.

MATHEO
 I nominate Rage.

Excited murmuring.

Raison looks at Rage on the wall, smoking.

RAISON
 Well, brother, do you accept the
 nomination?

Rage keeps smoking.

A beat.

RAGE
Hell, why not?

RAISON
Why not what? Was that yes?

RAGE
Yeah, fuck it, count me in.

RAISON
(frowns)
Ok. Then we vote for club
president. There are two nominees:
Raison and Rage. If you vote for
Raison as president, say "Aye!"

A chorus of AYES rings out.

RAISON (CONT'D)
If you vote for Rage as club
president, say "Aye!"

Only Matheo speaks.

MATHEO
Aye!

RAISON
The vote carries, and I accept the
position as president of this club.
Now for the position of vice
president. I will now accept
nominations. I nominate Rage for
VP. Do you accept?

Rage chuckles from the wall.

RAGE
Yeah. I accept.

RAISON
Any other nominations?

Murmurs, then silence.

RAISON (CONT'D)
No? Then with just one nominee and
nothing barring you from serving,
the VP position is yours, Rage.

Rage makes an elaborate bow.

Then lifts his beer.

RAGE

Many thanks to the men and women of the Academy of Motion Pictures for this lovely evening and this fine award.

The men chuckle.

Raison sighs quietly.

RAISON

These are hard times for us. We've lost brothers, and now we face decisions that will shape our future. But together, as a pack, we'll ride through any storm. We'll honor the memory of those we've lost by keeping this club strong and united.

The room erupts in agreement.

Raison reaches into his pocket and pulls out the envelope.

Holds it up.

RAISON (CONT'D)

First order of business: We get the assholes who killed Max and Bill.

The men roar and stomp boots on the wooden floor.

Raison, standing at the podium, looks toward Rage—

But he is already walking out the door.

FADE TO:

INT. MASON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dim light. TV off. House quiet.

Mason sits on the couch. A glass of whiskey on the coffee table.

His rifle is laying on the couch.

His pistol is field-stripped on a folded towel.

Slide. Barrel. Recoil spring. Frame.

He runs an oiled patch through the barrel.

Slow.

He sets the barrel down.

Picks up the slide. Wipes carbon from the rails.

Takes a sip of whiskey.

His eyes drift to the frame.

He exhales slowly.

Racks the slide back onto the frame - CLICK.

He sets the pistol on the table.

Stares at it.

Thinking.

Pain in his eyes.

He reaches for the whiskey again.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIA RAIL TRACKS - COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A passenger train slices through green fields. Wheels
CLACK-CLACK in a hypnotic rhythm.

INT. VIA RAIL PASSENGER CAR - DAY

Sparse passengers. Airplane-style seats: two on the right,
one on the left. Overhead bins. A small coffee bar and
restroom in the rear.

Cargo nets hold oversized luggage.

An ELDERLY MAN (80s) blue peacoat, worn fedora, face carved
with wrinkles, sits near the back right.

He stares at his reflection in the window, barely blinking.

OVERHEAD SPEAKER (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for
choosing Via Rail-
Mesdames et Messieurs, merci
d'avoir choisi Via Rail-

Across the car:

– A big BEAR-LIKE MAN (40s) with a shaved head and a massive brown beard, heavy boots, thick hands with silver rings, sits motionless, like a stump.

– WOMAN IN PURPLE (20s) bleached blonde hair, purple raincoat. Tight grip on a cell phone. She looks sick with nerves.

Two men in Toronto Maple Leafs Jerseys.

– SHORTER JERSEY GUY (30s) stocky, black beanie, primitive brow, thick beard, jittery energy.

– TALLER JERSEY GUY (30s) hoodie up, quiet, hands in pockets.

– NURSE (30s) in blue scrubs types on a laptop, trying to ignore everyone.

The train sways. Elderly Man grips the armrests, steadying himself.

Time cuts as the ride stretches on. The countryside becomes suburbs. The day shifts toward afternoon.

EXT. MONTREAL CENTRAL STATION - DAY

The train glides in. Brakes SCREAM softly.

INT. VIA RAIL PASSENGER CAR - CONTINUOUS

People stand. Grab bags from overhead bins.

The Bear-Like Man rises.

The Woman in Purple stays seated. Waiting.

Shorter Jersey Guy and Taller Jersey Guy stand.

Shorter Jersey Guy starts shadowboxing – too loud, too animated – replaying some story to his companion with wild gestures.

Elderly Man stands shakily.

He stumbles, catches himself on the Woman in Purple's seat back.

ELDERLY MAN

Whoa there. Lost my balance.

She flinches, glances back, eyes wide, nervous.

Elderly Man studies her: dark roots showing beneath the bleach. Heavy makeup. Hollow cheeks.

Shorter Jersey Guy swings an exaggerated punch and accidentally elbows the Bear-like Man.

Bear-like Man turns. Slow. Murder in his eyes.

Shorter Jersey Guy puffs up, tries to be brave.

Nurse closes her laptop fast, preparing to flee.

Shorter Jersey Guy curses in Quebecois, spittle flying.

Bear-like Man shoves him. Once. Twice.

And then—

Shorter Jersey Guy whips a high kick. Boot heel CRACKS the Bear-like Man's chin.

Bear-like Man stumbles into a seat.

Then he's up.

They collide — fists, elbows — smashing into seats as the train doors open.

A luggage bin pops open. Bags tumble down.

Passengers recoil. A man shouts for them to stop.

The Woman in Purple is paralyzed, staring at the chaos.

She looks forward — fight.

Looks back — cargo nets.

Decision.

She bolts for the rear luggage area.

Elderly Man watches her move.

INT. VIA RAIL PASSENGER CAR - REAR LUGGAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

The Woman in Purple wrestles a hard gray plastic suitcase stuck behind a cargo net. Hands shaking.

Elderly Man shuffles up behind her, slow, harmless.

He places a steadying hand on her shoulder.

ELDERLY MAN

Hey, don't worry. I can help.

She glances back, annoyed and scared.

She shrugs him off.

WOMAN IN PURPLE

I'm okay. I don't need help.

ELDERLY MAN

Sure.

His hand tightens, grabs a fistful of purple coat, and yanks her around.

WOMAN IN PURPLE

What the—

A flash of steel—

Elderly Man's gloved hand drives a long knife blade up under her chin, fast, surgical.

Her teeth CLACK. A whimper.

The blade goes in until it taps bone — CLICK.

A button on the handle.

An electrical jolt from the modified knife surges.

Her body locks hard, eyes wide, then empty.

A faint hiss.

Elderly Man supports her as she collapses. Calm. Controlled.

He eases her into a seat.

No visible blood.

A wisp of smoke escapes her lips.

He straightens, suddenly not old at all in posture.

Lithe. Catlike.

He slices the cargo net with the knife.

Yanks the gray suitcase free.

It drops with a THUNK.

He scans the car.

Up front, the fight continues.

Nurse SCREAMING.

No one is watching the back.

Elderly Man grips the suitcase handle and slips out through the rear door.

INT. MONTREAL CENTRAL STATION - CONTINUOUS

Elderly Man rolls the heavy suitcase across the polished floor, ambling like a senior citizen again, hunched, convincing.

Behind him, panic spreads from the train. Shouts. Footsteps.

He reaches the sliding doors.

He bumps the suitcase hard against the door frame as he rushes into the garage.

He glances back, bumps the sliding door.

The knife tumbles from his jacket - CLANG

A SMALL CHILD sees it just before the Elderly Man steps on it.

He locks eyes with the Small Child-

A beat.

Then looks around.

No one else noticed.

He picks up the knife, ambles through the door.

The Small Child watches him exit to the garage.

EXT. STATION PARKING GARAGE - DAY

A white van idles in a space.

The rear doors fling open.

A DRIVER in a black ski mask hops out, excited.

The Elderly Man approaches quickly.
 Together, they heave the suitcase into the van.
 Elderly Man steps up onto the bumper, climbs inside.

INT. WHITE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Bare cargo interior. Upside-down milk crate seating.
 Elderly Man sits on one.

DRIVER
 Everything good?

ELDERLY MAN
 We're about to see.

The station doors slide open.
 Shorter Jersey Guy and Taller Jersey Guy burst into the garage at full sprint.
 Driver waves them in urgently.
 They dive into the van, laughing hysterically, adrenaline high.
 Driver slams the rear doors, sprints to the driver's seat.

EXT./INT. WHITE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Tires squeal as the van whips out of the space.
 Shorter Maple Leafs Guy is electric, bragging.

SHORTER JERSEY GUY
 Did you see that giant? Dropped him like a sack of potatoes.

TALLER JERSEY GUY
 Next time you're told to cause a distraction, pick someone your own size, you short bastard.

SHORTER JERSEY GUY
 No chance! I had him!

Taller Jersey Guy glances at the suitcase.

TALLER JERSEY GUY
 Is that it?

ELDERLY MAN

That's it.

He drags the suitcase toward him.

He pries the locks with a hunting knife. POP. POP.

He unzips and opens it.

Inside: neatly wrapped brown bricks, each labeled with a lion's head stamp.

Taller Jersey Guy smiles.

TALLER JERSEY GUY

Nice.

He holds up a brick, admiring it.

TALLER JERSEY GUY (CONT'D)

Lion head. Straight from Pakistan.
Pure, grade A dope.

The Elderly Man exhales, then —

He takes off the fedora.

Then the pea coat.

His gloves come off.

Young pink flesh underneath. No liver spots.

He grabs his "old" nose — and pulls.

Latex stretches, then tears away.

Wrinkled cheeks peel off in chunks.

The gray beard rips away—

Underneath: Raison.

Taller Jersey Guy pulls a Glock 19 from his waistband, sets it on the floor.

He peels off his hoodie and jersey. Underneath: a black Kevlar vest.

Then he removes a taut latex mask—

Bruno.

BRUNO

Damn. It's hot under all that shit.
Did the knife work?

RAISON

Yeah, it worked. Shut her lights
out and cauterized the wound, just
like you said.

Bruno grins wickedly.

Shorter Jersey Guy removes his realistic mask—

Matheo, fight bruises partially healed.

Driver tosses Raison a flip phone.

He dials.

RAISON (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Everything's good. Time to
exterminate the rats. Show no
mercy.

He listens.

RAISON (CONT'D)

Roulez comme si vous étiez déjà
mort.

He snaps the phone shut.

Grabbing a brick of heroin, he tosses it in his hand.

RAISON (CONT'D)

Now the wolf pack hunts.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The van tears along Route 136.

MONTAGE

The van crosses bridges, traffic blurring.

Exits, turns, heads into rural land.

The city falls away.

EXT. RICHELIEU RIVER FISHING SITE - LATE DAY

Campsite. Secluded. Trees. Dirt drive. River water moving fast.

A green Ford Explorer waits under cover.

The van pulls in.

The men move with practiced speed.

They strip out of disguise layers and bag the gear.

They change into jeans and T-shirts from duffels.

Raison nods.

EXT. RIVERBANK - CONTINUOUS

They push the white van down the embankment.

It slides into the river, floats a moment—

Then sinks.

Bubbles.

EXT. CAMPSITE FIRE PIT - CONTINUOUS

Matheo builds a fire: split logs, lighter fluid from the back of the green Explorer.

He tosses disguises into the flames — melted polyester, black smoke.

He hesitates with the Maple Leafs jerseys.

MATHEO

Damn, bro. It's sacrilegious.

Bruno laughs.

BRUNO

You want life in prison? Maybe Phil Kessel writes you there. Burn it.

Matheo tosses it into the flames.

Bruno hits it with lighter fluid.

WHOOSH — flames jump and singe Matheo's eyebrows.

MATHEO
 (patting his brows)
 Motherf—

BRUNO
 (laughing)
 Don't worry, baldy. You can't burn
 your hair off if you don't have
 any.

Matheo laughs despite himself.

Nearby, Raison and Marky, the masked driver, rummage through
 gear bags by the Explorer.

Marky looks paler. Eyes raw. Nose red.

RAISON
 Hey, Marky. Good job today.

MARKY
 Thanks.

A beat

MARKY (CONT'D)
 Dad taught me everything about
 driving.

Raison lays a hand on Marky's shoulder.

RAISON
 Bill's watching. You make him
 proud.

Marky slams a fist into the SUV.

MARKY
 Fuck, man. I wish you'd let me go
 with Rage. I want to kill *all* those
 motherfuckers.

Tears spill.

RAISON
 All of us want revenge. And we're
 getting it. We needed you to drive.

Marky breathes hard, trying to hold together.

RAISON (CONT'D)
 Right now, Rage and our brothers
 are finishing the rest. Nothing
 will bring your dad back.
 (MORE)

RAISON (CONT'D)
 But today we get revenge. And
 that's as good as it gets.

MARKY
 I hope they suffer. All of them.

RAISON
 Me too, little brother. Me too.

Bruno shouts from the fire.

BRUNO
 Are you two done bonding? Are we
 camping now?

RAISON
 Hurry up. We're leaving.

Raison slides a new phone into his pocket and a Glock 43
 pistol into his waistband.

He puts on a yellow Molson Ice trucker hat and a denim shirt.

His phone BUZZES.

Raison answers, walks toward the water.

RAISON (CONT'D)
 Go ahead.

He listens. His face tightens, then relaxes.

RAISON (CONT'D)
 None of ours hurt? None of theirs
 alive?
 (listens)
 Good work. See you tonight.

He ends the call.

Raison hurls the phone into the river. SPLASH.

He passes Bruno and Matheo. Melted disguises bubble and drip
 in the flames.

RAISON (CONT'D)
 We roll. Now.

EXT. MONTREAL - SAINT-MICHEL / RUE DEVILLE - DAY

A blue Jeep Grand Cherokee idles at the curb. Tinted windows.

Old brick row houses. Littered sidewalks. Trash cans overflowing.

TV NOISE through open windows.

Inside: four Dead Wolves.

- ROBEUR (20s) young, ski mask. Driving. Nervous focus.
- MOOSE (30s) huge, tattooed, balaclava, AK-47. In the back.
- Okwaho wearing a balaclava, cradling an AK-47 between his knees. Next to Moose.
- Rage front passenger. Predator calm.

Tactical vests, armor plates, knives, magazines.

Rage lifts binoculars, sights a row house down the block.

He sniffs, then blows his nose into his prosthetic left hand.

Robeur cringes.

ROBEUR

Shit, bro. That's disgusting.

Rage inspects the snot on the plastic hand like it's art.

RAGE

What's wrong, Robeur? Do bodily fluids frighten you?

ROBEUR

Fuck off. That's straight slime.

Okwaho laughs in the back seat.

Rage lowers the visor mirror, glares at him.

RAGE

What about you, Okwaho? You afraid of fluids, too?

OKWAHO

Well, there was this one time with your mom—

Moose chuckles.

RAGE

And you, Moose. Are you a moose or a mouse?

MOOSE
(grumbles)
There's no mouse back here.

RAGE
Good.
(beat, darker)
Because, my wolves, there's about
to be a lot of bodily fluids.

Rage detaches the snot-covered prosthetic with a CLICK. Drops it.

He pulls a polished steel prosthetic fist from a pouch.

CLICK – attaches it to his left wrist mount.

He retrieves a steel tomahawk from his vest. Slides the handle into the fist. Pins it in place.

He holds it up, admires it.

Rage pulls his ski mask down.

RAGE (CONT'D)
It's time to hunt.

Robeur shifts into drive.

The Jeep surges forward.

EXT. ROW HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Jeep rockets down the street, brakes hard, skids—
CRASHES into a chain-link fence.

Bounces back and stops at the front stoop of a red brick row house with peeling shutters.

Dust flies.

Doors fling open.

Rage exits first, a CZ P-10 pistol in his right hand.

Tomahawk left arm held low.

Moose and Okwaho emerge with AK-47s ready.

They sprint to the door.

Moose kicks the door – wood CRACKS.

Second kick – door BLASTS inward.

Moose enters first, AK shouldered.

INT. STASH HOUSE - HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dim hallway. Persian rug on entryway floor.

PANICKED SCREAMS.

A DARK-HAIRED MAN fleeing slips on linoleum – Moose fires.

Three rounds tear him open. He collapses, moaning.

Moose steps over him into the living room.

A LONG-HAIRED MAN freezes by the TV.

The man babbles.

Moose fires. The Long-haired Man drops.

Okwaho flows behind Moose covering angles.

Rage enters, moves down the hallway – slow, deliberate.

He listens.

Footsteps and voices upstairs.

RAGE
(shouts)
Upstairs! Now!

Moose and Okwaho pound up the stairs behind him.

Second-floor hallway: doors on both sides. Smoke drifts.

Moose and Okwaho load fresh magazines.

No movement.

Rage signals positions – Moose left, Okwaho right.

He makes a slicing gesture—

Moose and Okwaho unleash a ROARING barrage through doors and walls.

Plaster explodes. Wood splinters. Dust fills the hall.

They empty their magazines.

Rage walks over and kicks open a door.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside, a WET MAN, naked from the shower, bleeding on the tile.

Hands up. Trembling.

Rage steps in.

The tomahawk arm rises—

CHOP.

The blade sinks into the Wet Man's skull.

CUT TO:

EXT. STASH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Muffled gunfire BOOMS from within.

Plaster dust puffs from window seams.

A car alarm starts WAILING.

Across the street, a NEIGHBOR WOMAN freezes mid-step, groceries slipping in her arms.

More gunfire.

A muffled SCREAM — cut short.

Silence.

INT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Robeur sits behind the wheel, engine running.

Through the holes of his ski mask, he locks eyes with the Neighbor Woman.

She stares. Paralyzed.

CUT TO:

INT. STASH HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Yellow. Grimy. Old appliances.

Rage opens the fridge – Indian beer, takeout containers.

RAGE
Cabinets! Go!

Moose sweeps cabinets clean – dishes and boxes CLATTER.

Okwaho tears open pantry containers.

OKWAHO
Found it!

Bins filled with blue baggies of drugs.

Rage walks over and checks: cocaine, weed, pills.

RAGE
Bag it up.

Okwaho shakes open a black trash bag from his vest and loads containers.

Moose peeks out the back window.

OKWAHO
It won't all fit.

RAGE
Leave the rest. Out. Move!

Okwaho slings the bag like Santa, grabs his rifle.

They move.

EXT. STASH HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

They spill into sunlight.

Okwaho tosses the trash bag into the Jeep.

Moose barrels in after him.

Rage strolls out last, calm, scanning curtains and pale faces behind neighbor windows.

Distant sirens rise.

Rage reaches into the Jeep cup holder, pulls a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL.

RAGE
Light it.

Robeur reaches out and lights the wick.

Rage throws the bottle through the open front door.

The glass bottle shatters—

WHOOSH — fire climbs the entry walls like orange surf crashing.

Rage slips into the passenger seat.

Robeur floors it before the door even closes.

The Jeep fishtails, then rockets away.

INT. JEEP - MOVING - DAY

Heavy breathing. Calm.

Rage holds out his hand.

RAGE
Slow down. Hand me the phone.

Robeur hands it.

Rage dials.

RAGE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
It's done. Rat's nest exterminated.
(listens)
Tonight.

He ends the call.

Rage stares at his tomahawk blade — caked with blood and hair.

He unpins it, wipes it on his pants as they escape.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - RUSSELTOWN FLATS - LATER

The Jeep rolls into a detached garage. Door shuts.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Rage and his crew exit the jeep.

Weapons stacked on a workbench.

Rage drops his pistol on the pile.

He nods at the weapons.

RAGE
Torch them.

Moose dons gloves and goggles. Lights an acetylene torch.

EXT. FARMHOUSE DRIVEWAY - LATE DAY

Four motorcycles in the drive.

Rage and the other killers, now in clean clothes, mount up.

Engines GROWL.

They roll out, back toward Montreal.

FADE TO:

INT. BIG MACHINE CLUBHOUSE - TORONTO - NIGHT

Low light. Cigarette smoke hangs in layers.

A long wooden bar top.

Tommy Boy sits alone.

His phone VIBRATES on the table.

He answers.

TOMMY BOY
Yeah.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. DEAD WOLVES CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

Raison stands alone near the street.

He holds a new phone to his ear.

RAISON
It's done.

TOMMY BOY
All of them?

RAISON

Yeah.

TOMMY BOY

The train, too?

A beat. Hesitation.

RAISON

Clean. Nobody saw anything.

TOMMY BOY

Good. And your boys? Are they satisfied?

RAISON

Yeah.

TOMMY BOY

Even your brother, Rage?

RAISON

He got his blood.

TOMMY BOY

How about you? Worried your boys will suspect you were in on it?

No hesitation.

RAISON

I've got my end covered. Max would never have patched over. Bill neither. They had to go.

TOMMY BOY

You're right. They were stubborn.

RAISON

They were in the way.

Tommy Boy leans back, absorbing that.

TOMMY BOY

There's no turning back now.

RAISON

I'm already president. We're halfway there.

TOMMY BOY

Pop is watching how this plays out. You know he doesn't like bullshit.

RAISON
There won't be any.

TOMMY BOY
And the vote to patch over?

RAISON
I'll handle it. They'll follow me.
They always do.

TOMMY BOY
Good. Pop wants to make you the
king of Quebec, with my boys behind
you. Are you ready to rock Big
Machine black and red?

RAISON
That's the plan.

TOMMY BOY
Cool. But not just yet. Pop has one
more mission for you.

RAISON
What?

TOMMY BOY
A real job. Big heist in Denver.

RAISON
I thought this was it.

TOMMY BOY
Nah. Today was as much about
covering your ass as ours. Now your
boys don't suspect you of anything.
Denver, on the other hand, is for
Pop. That's where you earn your
colors.

Raison exhales and looks around, frustrated.

RAISON
When?

TOMMY BOY
Soon. He wants to tell you in
person.

RAISON
Just say the word.

TOMMY BOY
I'll let you know. President.

The line goes dead.

EXT. DEAD WOLVES CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

The snarling wolf's head looms above the door.

Raison stands at the curb, reflective.

He looks up at the emblem.

Long beat.

He runs his thumb over the President patch on his cut.

Then he turns and walks through the clubhouse door.

HOLD ON THE WOLF'S HEAD.

FADE TO:

INT. MASON'S BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN

Mason's eyes snap open.

He stares at the ceiling.

Plain, modest room.

Dim.

Silent.

He sits up slowly on the edge of the bed.

He pulls on worn jeans.

Boots.

A faded flannel shirt.

He laces the boots tight.

Stands.

Takes a breath.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Gray light seeps through the blinds.

Mason opens a cabinet.

A bottle of whiskey sits inside.

He unscrews the cap.

Takes a long pull straight from the bottle.

No reaction.

He sets it down.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAWN

Mason's Bronco rolls down a Denver street.

Jaw tight, eyes forward.

COUNTRY MUSIC plays on the radio.

His phone vibrates.

He glances.

INCOMING CALL - ROCKY MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT FINANCE

He watches it ring.

The call drops to voicemail.

Music fades.

CREDITOR (V.O.)

Mr. Mason, this is a final attempt to contact you regarding the outstanding balance of eighteen thousand seven hundred forty-two dollars and sixteen cents on your equipment financing account. If payment is not...

The voicemail DISTORTS... FADES.

Country music swells up again, filling the cab.

Mason's grip tightens slightly on the steering wheel.

Outside, the truck rolls down the highway.

The low RUMBLE of the engine takes over.

CUT TO:

EXT. GZD OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

A repurposed motor pool building with garage doors.

Mason's Bronco pulls into the lot.

He sits there a moment.

Engine running.

He looks over.

MASON'S POV

A blue Suburban at the bay doors. GZD OPERATORS in green uniforms, plate carriers on, rifles in hand, load up with practiced efficiency.

One racks his rifle—CLACK—CLACK—before entering the SUV.

BACK TO MASON

He watches, considering—

A beat.

He kills the engine.

Steps out.

Walks toward the building.

The front door opens before he reaches it.

Benito steps out, smiling.

He extends his hand as Mason approaches.

A firm shake.

BENITO

Come on. The Colonel's waiting.

Mason nods once.

Benito turns and walks inside.

Mason follows. One step.

He catches his reflection in the glass.

Unkempt beard. Tired eyes.

He straightens his shoulders. Locks in.

Follows Benito inside.

The door closes behind them.

HOLD ON THE GZD LOGO ON THE DOOR WITH THE WORDS:

GREEN ZONE DEFENSE - DENVER, COLORADO.

CUT TO BLACK.