

SCHWINN OF REDEMPTION

An agent hunts a chance to right wrongs of the past when a nefarious target is located on a touristy island.

**INT. CAFE - AFTERNOON**

A late afternoon sun bakes the windows of a smoky cafe. Two men, JAVERT (27) and DIMITRIOS (56), sit in the rear, espressos steaming. Javert finishes a cigarette, stamping out the butt on an oak table.

JAVERT

Well? Are you going to tell me why I'm on this island?

DIMITRIOS

RAVANA is here.

Javert slams his fist on the table causing patrons to stare. Dimitrios remains calm.

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)

Drink your coffee and listen.

Javert stares at Dimitrios, struggling for a moment to keep composure. He takes a sip from a small mug and sits back in a creaky chair. He reaches into his jacket pocket, producing a half-pack of generic smokes. He fires up another cigarette and leans in to Dimitrios.

JAVERT

How did you find him?

DIMITRIOS

That is not your concern. What is your concern is what you are going to do about it?

JAVERT

I'm going to rip his heart from his chest.

DIMITRIOS

Yes. I'm sure you could. But I need you focused. This is business, not vengeance.

JAVERT

The hell isn't! You forget what he did? To me? To us?

DIMITRIOS

Of course I do. And I remember your blind rage as the reason he also got away. (beat) With the missiles I may add.

JAVERT

That wasn't my fault. I tried to save an agent.

Dimitrios stares blankly at Javert.

JAVERT (CONT'D)

Who are you to judge me? You. Weren't. There.

Dimitrios remains unflinching.

DIMITRIOS

Are you done sulking?

Javert lowers his head in resignation.

JAVERT

Fine. What's the plan?

DIMITRIOS

You'll have to get close. Ravana will have plenty of security, so it will not be simple. And he has spies all around the island keeping watch. You will need a convincing cover. I need you to be somebody that you are not.

JAVERT

And who might that be?

DIMITRIOS

You will pose as a tourist. A carefree person just milling around, enjoying the festival. You need to stroll, appear unbothered, unmotivated. Everything about you should be casual.

JAVERT

You make that sound like it's impossible.

DIMITRIOS

Javert, I brought you up as an agent. You are anything but casual. One whiff that you have an agenda, or more precisely, a target, and the gig is up.

JAVERT

Anything else?

DIMITRIOS

Yes. Blend in. They'll be looking out for somebody like you.

JAVERT

Someone like me?

DIMITRIOS

Yeah. Somebody that looks, talks, walks, like a damn agent. Get some touristy clothes. Ditch the suit. Get a fanny pack. Find a damn personality, Javert.

JAVERT

That's a bit harsh.

DIMITRIOS

(ignoring Javert's comment)

Head down to the square and rent a bicycle. There is a path that parallels the road to the marina just behind the hedges.

JAVERT

Why not take a car straight through?

DIMITRIOS

No luck. The roads are closed for the festivities - street vendors and performers. You wouldn't get within 100 yards.

JAVERT

Is there no chance at a long range option?

DIMITRIOS

Frankly, we don't know. His yacht is docked at the end of the marina. Intel has not spotted him stepping off the boat.

JAVERT

Wait. You said he was here? Are you telling me there's a chance he might not even be on the fucking boat?

Dimitrios takes a hit from his cigarette, slowly exhaling, smoke lingering in the waning twilight.

DIMITRIOS

You've never taken missions because they were easy.

Javert shoots him an incredulous glance

DIMITRIOS (CONT'D)

Okay. You are right. This is different. Listen....

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING**

Javert lays on a bed, shirtless, pants still on. A stubby cigarette smolders in an ashtray beneath a dim shadeless lamp on a nightstand adjacent the bed. A bottle of rum sits next to the ashtray. The air is warm and stale, curtains gently waving from a cracked open window next to the door.

DIMITRIOS (V.O.)

This is our only chance. We believe he has acquired the codes.

Javert blindly reaches over and grabs the bottle, draining the last finger of rum it held.

DIMITRIOS (V.O.)

You will never be recognized for it, but the world will owe you a great debt.

Javert sits up and walks to a small table in the corner. He sits with his back to the room, and scribbles something on a piece of paper.

**EXT. TOWN - THE NEXT DAY (ESTABLISHING)**

The sun rises over a bustling oceanfront town on a pleasant morning, a salty breeze wafting from gentle waves. The town bustles with activity.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING**

Javier stands in front of a mirror, his hair combed over looking the part of generic dad, nerdy black rimmed glasses on his face.

JAVERT  
 (to himself in mirror)  
 Nobody will recognize you. You're  
 tourist guy.

Javert attempts to relax his shoulders from the upright,  
 loaded posture he typically carries.

JAVERT (CONT'D)  
 Fucking relax. You haven't a care  
 in the world. You're here to take  
 photos, eat fried bananas, soak in  
 the ocean view.

He practices an awkward smile, all teeth, his chiseled jaw  
 struggling against the expression.

JAVERT (CONT'D)  
 Hi. I'm.... Bob?

Javert shakes his head in disappointment.

JAVERT (CONT'D)  
 Fuck it.

Javert pivots away from the mirror and walks over to the bed,  
 where a set of clothes and weapons are meticulously laid out.

**EXT. TOWN SQUARE - LATER THAT MORNING**

A BARKER bellows outside a large canopied pavilion flanked  
 with rows of neatly lined yellow bicycles. Crowds of  
 tourists mingle throughout the cobbled streets exploring  
 tents and sidewalk vendors. Javert casually strolls up along  
 the walkway wearing a very baggy, ill-fitting Hawaiian shirt,  
 cargo shorts with brown sandals, white socks, and a turquoise  
 fanny pack.

BARKER  
 (yelling)  
 Explore the island in style, my  
 friends! Come one, come all. No  
 need to walk when you can zip  
 through the crowds.  
 (singles out Javert)  
 You sir! Come forward. Would you  
 like to take a spin on a Schwinn?

Javert looks both directions, faking surprise to the  
 attention of the bicycle peddler.

JAVERT

Umm, geez. I was just going to walk around and check out the festival, maybe see some of the island.

BARKER

No no, good sir.  
 (putting his arm around Javert)  
 This is the best way to get around. Safer than a scooter, better than walking. Schwinn for the win.

JAVERT

(fake laughing)  
 Okay, sold. I'll take a bike for the day.

The barker unlocks a bicycle and pulls it from the stack, the chain immediately falling off. He nervously sets it aside and wrestles the next one from the row, gently rolling the bicycle over to Javert.

BARKER

This is the best bike I have. Top of the line. Best of the best, my friend.

Javert hides the urge to roll his eyes, keeping up the ruse of the innocent tourist.

JAVERT

That looks swell. I'll take it.

Javert slips payment to the barker and saddles up on the bike. The barker turns his attention back to the crowd, fishing for another customer. Javert leans forward on the handlebars, feeling them slip in the fork.

JAVERT (CONT'D)

Excuse me. But I think the handlebars are a little wobbly.

The barker ignores his plea, focused on the crowd. Javert tosses the bicycle aside and steps to the barker. He closes the distance getting right up in the barker's face, stone jaw clenched.

JAVERT (CONT'D)

(quietly forceful)  
 Get me a bike that fucking works.

Javert's intensity bores through the peddler as the man's face turns pale. The barker retrieves another bike and blankly hands it over to Javert. Javert checks the bones of the bicycle and once approved, mounts the bike and rides away leaving the man frozen.

Javert takes off from the square, following a muddy single-track trail behind a hedgerow. He stops after about 100 yards, disgusted by his lapse in composure.

JAVERT (V.O.)  
 Good job dipshit. Why don't you  
 just announce why you're here? Get  
 your head together.

Javert takes a deep breath and continues along the trail toward the marina.

**EXT. CLIFFSIDE - 10 MINUTES LATER**

Javert peers through binoculars down a harrowingly steep staircase cut into the hillside leading down to a dock where a small yacht sways calmly in the water. Three ARMED MEN stand guard outside the boat.

JAVERT  
 (mumbling to himself)  
 One, two, three, likely more in the  
 cabin. He better be on board.  
 (nods his head back and  
 forth)  
 Okay.

**EXT. DOCK - MOMENTS LATER**

Guards look up to see Javert barreling down the hill toward them. Gunfire rings out as Javert crashes at the base of the dock, cartwheeling from the bicycle. He pulls dual pistols and returns fire, taking out two guards at close range. The third retreats onto the yacht, ducking into the companionway.

Javert rushes the boat, exchanging fire. He is struck in the shoulder and again in the hand, dropping one pistol and crying out in pain. Javert squeezes off a shot that drops the third guard as the cabin doorway opens to machine gun fire from a second wave of security below deck alerted to the commotion.

Javert ducks for cover over a railing on the stern of the ship.

**EXT. YACHT STERN - CONTINUOUS**

Javert sits with his back to the wall, bleeding, sweating, right arm limp. He pops the clip from his pistol into his lap and picks it up. Three bullets remain. He sets the gun upside down in his lap, reloading the clip and racking the slide on the glock under his arm.

**INT. CAFE - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK - PREVIOUS DAY)**

Javert and Dimitrios are huddled close at the table.

JAVERT

Why are you sending *me*?

DIMITRIOS

Because this isn't sanctioned.  
Because I knew you would do it.

(beat)

Not to sound cliché, but you are  
the best chance we have. Javert, he  
cannot leave this island. You know  
what will happen.

Javert sits back, letting the severity of the statement set in.

JAVERT

And if I can't get to him?

DIMITRIOS

Then. (beat) The alternative.

Javert takes an extended drag off the cigarette, smoking it down to the filter.

JAVERT

Civilian collateral damage?

DIMITRIOS

Minimal.

Javert drops the cig on the table, and begins to exit the cafe. Dimitrios grabs his arm as he walks by and begins to speak. The words escape him and he lets go and Javert exits.

**EXT. YACHT STERN - BACK TO PRESENT**

Machine gun bursts continue as multiple guards inch forward from the lower deck.

Javert closes his eyes, slowing his breathing. He tears at his Hawaiian shirt, snapping free the cheap buttons, revealing a vest, timer and explosives strapped to his chest. He sequences a small keypad, initiating a countdown.

JAVERT  
(whispering)  
Now or never.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING**

Dimitrios stands in the doorway of Javert's hotel room. The room appears unused, save for the pile of cigarette butts and empty bottle on the nightstand. The sheets are undisturbed. Dimitrios spots the note sitting on the table in the corner. He walks over and begins to read it.

JAVERT (V.O.)  
Emily. I'm sorry I couldn't be the  
man you deserved. There is so much  
I wish I could have explained. I  
wanted you to know that...

Dimitrios's concentration is interrupted by a figure that appears in the doorway behind him. He wheels around.

FADE TO BLACK.