

The Fixer

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY - ANIMATED

Sunlight bathes this bold, COMIC BOOK version of the Whittier College campus and Deilhl Hall.

As we move across the green lawn and pathways the image slowly transforms to LIVE ACTION.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A student doodles an ALIEN BEAST with huge fanged jaws and a pronounced underbite; a nice blend of scary and comical.

From above, a term paper unceremoniously FWAPS onto the desk and covers the sketch. A big red D is scrawled on the term paper.

Literature professor HAWKINS, 50's, continues distributing papers to the students.

HAWKINS

Again, remember way back to the beginning of the semester when I said that this paper would be fifty percent of your grade.

There are GROANS while ALICIA LOCKWOOD, 20's, blonde, pretty, admires her A grade.

KIRBY (O.S.)

What is this shit!?

The classroom bursts with laughter.

HAWKINS

Strange, that's exactly what I asked.

The artist, KIRBY WIKLUND, early 20's, unremarkable, holey jeans and a superhero T-shirt.

KIRBY

You gave me a D!

HAWKINS

I give away nothing in this class. You earned a D.

KIRBY

I worked my ass off.

HAWKINS

And that's nice, but maybe you should have listened your ass off.

(MORE)

HAWKINS (cont'd)

You were given a topic to write on, and instead you went off on one of those Generation-X,Y,Z, Millennial or whatever tantrums I've grown so fond of. I didn't want your opinion, Mr. Wiklund, valuable though I'm sure you think it is.

(beat)

What was the assigned topic, uh...

(turns to Alicia)

...Alicia?

Alicia takes a split second to fire some flaming daggers from her eyes at Kirby, then answers.

ALICIA

We were to compare and contrast a heroic figure from this semester's reading with a modern heroic figure.

HAWKINS

Thank you. And your paper said essentially what, Wiklund?

KIRBY

A bunch of stuff, like there are no modern heroic figures, not in the classical sense. There are three things that make up a hero today; right place, wrong time, no choice.

HAWKINS

Here's where you missed the boat, Wiklund. Heroes do have a choice, the same choice we all have, and usually take - to do nothing. A hero simply never chooses to do nothing.

Irresistible force meets immovable object. Hawkins looks at the clock, then takes a deep breath to compose himself.

HAWKINS (cont'd)

And that, ladies, gentlemen and tortured artists, is a semester. Best of luck in all your future endeavors, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

The class gets up and make their way toward the exit.

KIRBY

A D is gonna cost me my scholarship.

HAWKINS

Then I guess you shouldn't have written a D paper.

KIRBY

So nothing I do can change this grade?

HAWKINS

I'd consider it... carved in stone.

Kirby nods slowly. Alicia stops at the door and looks back in time to see Kirby drop his pants and moon Hawkins. She turns and exits. Kirby yanks his pants up, gathers his books and leaves.

INT. COLLEGE - HALLWAY - DAY

Kirby exits the classroom to find the stony-faced Alicia.

ALICIA

Nice show, Kirby.

KIRBY

What? The dick gave me a D for an A paper, what was I supposed to do?

ALICIA

Tell him you misunderstood the assignment, ask if you could make it up.

KIRBY

(genuine surprise)

Hmmph.

(beat)

No, I didn't misunderstand anything. You heard him, he wasn't gonna change a thing.

SCOTT FOULGER, 20's, handsome, athletic, would be an underwear model if it wasn't so damn much work, walks up to watch Kirby and Alicia fight. Scott's T-shirt reads, "EXPENDABLE".

SCOTT

Kids. What heinous crime against humanity has Kirb--

ALICIA

Get in the game, Kirby.

SCOTT

Ah, the get-in-the-game tirade.

KIRBY

Piss on the game. I gave him a well-reasoned, eloquently phrased argument--

ALICIA

Then twerked your naked ass in his face.

SCOTT

God, I wish I'd show up for school more often.

ALICIA

Hope you like Cal State next semester.

She stomps off for about two steps, then comes back.

ALICIA (cont'd)

What is it with you? Is it my job to go to Hawkins and smooth it over and get you a C? Again.

KIRBY

Alicia, I'm not asking you to do anyth--

ALICIA

Of course you're not going to ask me, but I take care of it, don't I? Not this time. I'm through.

SCOTT

(mock horror)

Oh my God, tell me this isn't--

ALICIA

Good-bye, Kirby.

SCOTT

Oh God, no, no.

ALICIA

This was an entertaining project for a while, but now it's just... this.

(beat)

Pull your head out of your ass and do something.

SCOTT

He did get as far as pulling his pants down.

Kirby does seem a little chastised.

KIRBY

There's my comic.

ALICIA

Uh-huh. For two years I've been waiting to see that.

That seems to cut Kirby a little.

ALICIA (cont'd)

Have a nice life. Or your version.

(to Scott)

And you're not that cute, get a job.

Alicia turns and strides purposefully away.

SCOTT

Kirb, don't listen to her, she doesn't know what she's talking about. I am easily that cute.

Defeated, Kirby turns and walks away. Scott follows.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Scott and Kirby wander.

SCOTT

So... you think she means it this time?

KIRBY

I don't know. She's getting better at it though, I can tell you that.

SCOTT

You know what you need?

KIRBY

Not until you tell me.

SCOTT

You need to feel the ocean breeze blowing through your hair, to hear the plaintive cries of the seagulls, the terrified screams of the fishermen as we tear past them...

(builds to a crescendo)

on MY BRAND NEW, 1000cc, SUPERCHARGED, ILLEGAL IN EVERY STATE, WATERBORNE DEATH MACHINE!!

KIRBY

Your dad gave you a jet ski?

SCOTT

Hell no... waverunner, two seats. Waterborne death, family style.

KIRBY

Didn't you just get a jet ski last year?

SCOTT

(faux sheepish)

I had a accident.

KIRBY

And why do they keep giving you toys that cost more than my car?

SCOTT

You know... we're FUCKING RICH!

A few passersby glance at Scott, but they're probably richer, so they go on about their business.

SCOTT (cont'd)
 Besides, his partner's kid has been in and out of Betty Ford since he was fifteen...

KIRBY
 Way to go, Betty.

They cross a street adjacent to the campus.

SCOTT
 ...so he figures that as long as he keeps me occupied, I won't abuse.

KIRBY
 Other than me.

SCOTT
 Well, who among us? So c'mon, let's hit the shore. Not literally of course, that's what happened to the last one.

Kirby scans the street quizzically.

KIRBY
 I'm not really water oriented. I'm a dirt sign. And, where the hell is my car?

Scott looks down the street as a tow truck, pulling Kirby's ancient brown Tercel, slowly turns onto a cross street.

SCOTT
 Did it have a big tow truck attached to the front?

Kirby sees the tow truck. They head back toward the campus.

KIRBY
 Think your dad would adopt me?

SCOTT
 Hey, we could get bunk beds!

Lost in Kirby's misery, they walk heads down. They slowly stop, a suspicious look on their faces. They look up to see the semester-ending Job Faire in full swing all around them.

SCOTT (cont'd)
 Oh my God, this is that...

KIRBY
 Job Faire.

SCOTT

...Job Faire thing. Easy now... follow my lead.

Kirby looks around at the tables and booths of the banks, utility companies, insurance companies, etc.

KIRBY

Go ahead, I think I'm gonna hang here for a while.

SCOTT

Oh geez, you're not gonna...
(indicates booths)
...ya know...

KIRBY

Hey, no dad, no car. I already lost my gymnastics scholarship. These are desperate times for some lads.

SCOTT

I don't even know who you are anymore.

Scott holds his fingers up in a crucifix as he leaves.

Kirby looks slowly at each booth, unable to approach. All-too-friendly company reps crack bad jokes and hand out info.

BABCOCK (O.S.)

Let me guess. Measurably above average intelligence, highly creative, can't stand the thought of going to a job where you'd have to spend even more time with the rest of these yahoos.

Kirby turns to see an unadorned table with a few brochures fanned out. Behind the table sits MR. BABCOCK, 40's, anonymous. His is the only table with no visitors. This intrigues Kirby.

KIRBY

Wow, that's amazing how you could peg me and about half the people my age just like that. So what do you guys do?

BABCOCK

A lot of things.

Babcock nods toward a pile of glossy brochures on the table. Pictures of highly motivated people in white clean room suits, hard hats and/or surgical scrubs adorn the covers. Kirby picks one up.

BABCOCK (cont'd)

What do you do?

KIRBY

Not that much.

BABCOCK

Because you don't like to work or you haven't found anything to inspire you?

As they talk, Kirby is distracted when he sees a GUY near a bike rack pull a bolt cutter from his back pack.

KIRBY

I wasn't really looking for inspiration.

The bike thief quickly SNIPS a chain, slides the bolt cutter back into his pack, and hops on a bike. Babcock notices what is going on, and notices that Kirby also sees.

BABCOCK

Well let's face it, it isn't for most people. But a job can make it possible to seek your inspiration.

KIRBY

You mean with money.

The bike thief lifts his head as he approaches Kirby, and sees that Kirby is looking right at him. He stops dead, his eyes dart around, seeking an escape route.

BABCOCK

Money... time. Did you know a job can give you time?

The bike thief looks at Kirby again. Sensing that Kirby isn't going to do anything, he boldly looks Kirby in the eyes as he pedals past.

Babcock smiles. His smile is gone by the time Kirby looks back at him, a disappointed expression on his face.

KIRBY

No, I wasn't aware.

BABCOCK

You could use some time, couldn't you? Time to think things out, get your head straight. Work on projects.

(beat)

I'm a good judge of people. It helps me put the right people in the right jobs. Are you hooked yet? I'm guessing no.

KIRBY

Keep talking.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An unimpressive stucco duplex sits on a shabby corner somewhere on the edge of Whittier.

INT. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kirby glances at Babcock's brochure as he pulls a bowl of ramen from the microwave. He reaches into a bag of Doritos and crumbles them into the bowl.

He opens the fridge to a half empty two liter of Pepsi.

INT. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is an obstacle course of comics, text books and junk. Kirby pulls an envelope, marked EVICTION NOTICE from under the door with his foot and slides it across the floor to the stack of identical envelopes in the corner.

Kirby flops down on the couch, eating, and stares. On the TV sits an authentic FIREMAN'S HELMET atop an AMERICAN FLAG neatly folded into a triangle.

Kirby looks almost fearfully at the helmet, then averts his gaze, stared down by an inanimate object. Kirby's expression is sour as he keys his phone. He listens for a few moments.

KIRBY
Scott, you there, dog?

Kirby waits another moment, then hangs up. After a moment, he looks at one of Babcock's brochures and dials again.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Kirby lies motionless on a table in a small classroom. The door opens and Babcock enters.

BABCOCK
Got your tests back.

Kirby slowly rolls to a sitting position.

KIRBY
And?

BABCOCK
Let's see.

Babcock opens Kirby's file, and looks at a page.

BABCOCK (cont'd)
 Hmm, above average intelligence. I believe I called that.

Babcock flips to the next page.

BABCOCK (cont'd)
Highly creative.
 (beat)
 Any more creative and I'd think you cheated off your imaginary friends' tests.

Babcock flips to another page.

BABCOCK (cont'd)
 Look at this, you actually joined a team.

KIRBY
 Well... gymnastics, not football or anything.

BABCOCK
 So you're gay.

KIRBY
 No!
 (beat)
 I gave it up, anyway. Gymnastics, not gayness. I mean-- forget it.

BABCOCK
 Father died when you were ten. Nothing about your mother.

Kirby shrugs. Babcock seems to accept this.

BABCOCK (cont'd)
 Okay, well I think I have a position for you, if you want it. If you can start right away.

KIRBY
 What's it pay?

BABCOCK
 Well, it starts with a two week course here and then into a three month service contract... offsite. All paid.

Kirby looks decidedly skeptical.

KIRBY
 Yeah, but what's it pay?

BABCOCK

At the end of the commitment you'll net
about fifteen K.

KIRBY

Reporting for duty.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OIL RIG - DAY

Daylight doesn't enter here, it might as well be midnight...
in some hell for industrialists.

In one long, seamless journey, we travel through a dark,
bleak, mechanical world of DRIPPING pipes, CHUGGING motors
and everywhere, cold, rusted metal. Over the AMBIENT SOUND,
is voice-over dialogue.

PERALTA (V.O.)

Supplies and all of your personal items
were delivered yesterday. Galley's
stocked, you're good to go. Even got a
couple of new games for the XBox. If
you've got a cell phone, you might as
well put it back in the box, 'cause it
won't work within a hundred feet of this
rig.

KIRBY (V.O.)

One X?

PERALTA (V.O.)

Yep. Satellite dish, too. You got your
orientation manuals?

KIRBY (V.O.)

Uh-huh.

PERALTA (V.O.)

You've got video monitors here, but
they're no substitute for walking the
rig. Twice a day you need to go around
the whole joint. Eyeball everything.
It's the best way to catch potential
problems before they become actual ones.
I'll show you the detailed manuals, the
control room, then take you around and
familiarize you with the trickier stuff.

The senses are assaulted by the constant THRUM of PUMPING
machinery as we travel down hallways, up ladders and across
catwalks, the mood getting constantly darker and more
oppressive. We pass through impossibly small crawl spaces
and suddenly cavernous galleries.

We sweep up to the ceiling and swoop through hanging pipes and chains, metal supports and girders, finally coming to a stop high above the floor. Far below is a Control Room with no ceiling.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

PERALTA, 40's, points to a bank of video monitors.

PERALTA

These cycle through all the cameras. We have monitors on shore that show the same thing, and yes, we do look at them, so keep it in your pants.

EXT. OIL RIG - DECK - DAY

Peralta emerges from a door in the sheet metal building that squats atop the deck. Kirby follows him out, squints at the daylight.

PERALTA

Welcome to Club Metal. Like the view?

Kirby looks around, at the astounding view. On one side, the shore of southern California beckons, tantalizingly close. Opposite is Catalina, then the vast Pacific.

Peralta stands near a stack of crates below the large crane that looms idly above them.

PERALTA (cont'd)

Spare parts for the work crews. You might get one regular crew the whole time you're here. They switch out the worn components, that kind of thing.

EXT. RIG UNDERSIDE - DAY

Kirby and Peralta emerge from the metal door to the lift platform. Fifty feet below is the water. Peralta steps onto the lift, a no-frills metal platform that goes up the inboard side of a leg. Peralta holds a ring of keys out to Kirby.

PERALTA

It's all yours. I'm probably the last boss you'll have who says this, but just do the minimum. If anything looks remotely like it might go bad, call us and we'll send out a repair crew.

(beat)

Think you can handle it?

KIRBY

(takes keys)
Yeah, I think so.

PERALTA

Okay. The phone in the control room is hard wired to the office on shore. If you have any problems, call. If you have any questions, call. If you get sick, call. And if you get bored, --

KIRBY

I know, call.

PERALTA

No, don't call. We're busy people, we don't have time to entertain you.

(beat)

But seriously, three months without a break is a long time. If you can't handle it, don't go nutty. We'd rather send out a new guy than lose the rig, or the old guy.

(beat)

Last thing. The master cut-off switch. Remember it? Big red button?

KIRBY

Hard to forget.

PERALTA

Good. Now forget it. If you push that button, not one drop of oil gets in or out of this rig until we can reset it, which would take a minimum of a week. That would look very bad on your record and even worse on my stock options.

Peralta steps over to the lift controls and motions Kirby back.

PERALTA (cont'd)

I'll lock up the call switch below. After I'm off the lift, bring it up. And keep this door locked. We don't want you having any visitors, invited or not. There's a ladder up the outside of that leg over there. Keep it locked, too. And remember, just keep the lights green.

Peralta hits the down button and starts his descent.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

A small boat with the Petroco corporate logo on the side churns out of the shadow of the oil platform.

Above, the huge, rusted monstrosity looms 200 feet from the top of its crane to the ocean.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OIL RIG - DAY

The sun shines brightly.

INT. OIL RIG - DAY

Although it's day, it's always gloomy and dank on the inside.

Somewhere in the depths of the rig, Kirby walks along a catwalk with a clipboard. Far enough above the floor to make you puke.

LATER

In another section of the rig he notices one of the cameras. He smiles and waves, points to his clipboard then gives a thumbs up.

Looking back, and now out of range, he hikes a butt cheek onto a railing and slides down ten feet to the next level.

EXT. OIL RIG - NIGHT

The door to the main entrance opens and Kirby exits. He stops abruptly, at first unaware that it has become night. This is a different world under the blanket of darkness, constricting and oppressive. The lights of LA seem farther away now.

KIRBY

Whoa.

Only sporadic pools of light dot the deck. He cautiously walks to a panel of gauges mounted on the side of the building and quickly pens some numbers onto his pad. He walks back inside briskly.

INT. OIL RIG QUARTERS - NIGHT

The small room is modestly furnished with a simple twin bed tucked against the wall, a metal wardrobe and a mostly upholstered chair.

Kirby enters, finishing a sandwich. He surveys the room, looks above, troubled that there is no ceiling. He kicks off his sneakers, and with a deep breath, night one begins.

Kirby sprawls onto the bed. Forgoing the sheets, he covers himself with the blanket at his feet. He settles on his back, eyes closed.

After several moments his eyes snap open. He stares straight up, wishing for the protection and comfort of a ceiling. He throws himself onto his side and wills his eyes closed again.

INSERT - CLOSE UP

On Kirby's face. A drop of water explodes on his temple. He bolts upright rubbing his face

KIRBY

What the!?

BACK TO:

Kirby collects himself, looks up and... waits. Nothing. He lays down again on his back. Squinting, waiting, he sees only a maze of metal.

INSERT - CLOSE UP

Somewhere in the highest reaches of the rig; sits a medium sized, bell-shaped pressure regulator in a run of steel pipe. A drop begins to form on the seam. Slowly it builds and builds until it finally falls away.

INSERT - SUPER CLOSE UP

As the drop falls, inexplicably making its way on a 100 foot journey between pipes and girders. Down and down it travels, missing everything except for it's final destination... Kirby's forehead. SPLAT!

INT. OIL RIG QUARTERS - NIGHT

KIRBY

C'MON!

(jumps out of bed)

Six hundred thousand feet of pipe on this Goliath, and that's the fucking one that leaks?

Kirby drags the bed away from the wall into the center of the room.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

Time lapse of the SUNRISE to SUNSET.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARTY CENTRAL - NIGHT

A party RAGES inside the house while Scott makes out with a PARTY GIRL on the first floor roof. Alicia steps out of a window and sits down beside Scott who tries hard not to notice her.

Party Girl breaks the clinch and looks over Scott's shoulder at Alicia who glares malevolently at her.

PARTY GIRL
Umm, there's a chick there.

SCOTT
No there's not.

PARTY GIRL
She's scaring me. Make her go away.

SCOTT
Oh, see now that kind of crazy talk is just gonna lead to bloodshed.

ALICIA
Take a hike sister, or I'll be wearing your implants for earrings.

Party Girl climbs in the window. Scott flops onto his back.

SCOTT
(holds fingers an inch apart)
I was this close.

ALICIA
You have to be that close.

SCOTT
What do you want?

ALICIA
Have you seen Kirby?

SCOTT
No.

ALICIA
Have you talked to him?

SCOTT
Not for a month. What do you care?

ALICIA

Maybe I was going to give him another chance.

SCOTT

What a gift.

ALICIA

You wouldn't understand, Kirby loves--

SCOTT

-- being shrieked at? Maybe he doesn't want another chance.

ALICIA

(thoughtful pause)

No, really, where is he?

SCOTT

I dunno. He said he needed to get away and sort some shit out.

Alicia is lost in thought and Scott imitates her pose.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Could he actually be contemplating signing off on this whole break-up thing? Could I be losing my strange power over him? Should I sleep with Scott in case this whole Kirby thing falls through? Yes, that's it, I'll bang the rich guy; much better career move, why didn't I--

Alicia shoves Scott's head as she goes inside, a frown on her face. Scott is left to settle back, grinning widely.

INT. OIL RIG QUARTERS - NIGHT

Kirby sits on his bed, still in the center of the room, a blank sketch pad on his lap. Thirty plus days and nights have not been kind to him. He sports longer and dirtier hair on both his head and face.

He tosses the pad aside and peels off his black, once white socks. He produces a pair of nail clippers and bears down onto grossly overgrown toenails.

On the floor where the bed formerly sat is a large puddle, now fed from a more frequent drip. SPLAT... SPLAT... SPLAT.

Kirby tosses the clippers aside, melts out of the bed on his stomach and slides across the floor toward the puddle. Only inches away he stares at it with hate in his eyes. SPLAT and water splashes onto his face.

KIRBY
 I know what you're doing. Won't work.
 (looks up, screams)
 You hear me!

He bolts up and runs out of the room.

EXT. OIL RIG DOCK - DAY

Kirby, hair longer, sits cross-legged on the small floating dock at the bottom of the lift, with a box of fish sticks. A young seal bobs playfully in the water. Kirby holds out a fish stick.

KIRBY
 All right, let's try it again. Speak.

The seal blinks patiently at him.

KIRBY (cont'd)
 I command you to SPEAK!

The seal hesitates, then BARKS loudly.

KIRBY (cont'd)
 Ooh, shit. Nice breath.

Kirby tosses the fish stick to the seal who chomps it down.

KIRBY (cont'd)
 Okay, let's see what else you got.

Kirby pantomimes a dive. The excited seal bobs backward a few feet. Kirby repeats the motion and the seal dives.

KIRBY (cont'd)
 Sea World refugee, eh?

Suddenly the seal shoots out of the water on the other side of the dock and skids to a stop beside Kirby who is momentarily startled. He edges away from the seal, who seems bigger up close.

KIRBY (cont'd)
 Hey, whoa... take it easy.

The seal tentatively sniffs up to Kirby, then shakes his head briskly. Kirby smiles and gingerly pats him on the head.

KIRBY (cont'd)
 Good...
 (glances at the seal's belly)
 ...whatever. I guess a name would help here, get us past this awkward stage.
 (beat; thinks)
 Your Delta Tau Chi name is... D'Artagnan.

D'ARTAGNAN BARKS.

KIRBY (cont'd)
Deal with it, pal. Ya think Kirby is a
real bitch getter?

D'Artagnan hangs his head. Kirby gives him another fish
stick... buddies again. Kirby turns his back on D'Artagnan.

D'ARTAGNAN (O.S.)
Sometimes you can be such a dick.

Kirby's head snaps around to the seal, who sits there
innocently. Kirby squints suspiciously at him, then looks
around and smiles.

KIRBY
Right, that puts a fresh spin on things.

EXT. OIL RIG DECK - DAY

Kirby walks amongst the crates, checking serial numbers
against a piece of paper. Finally he comes to the right one,
and tries to pry it open with a crowbar.

Unsuccessful, he steps back and begins to smash the wooden
crate to bits. Now wildly successful, he pulls out a new
bell-shaped pressure regulator, grabs his gear and heads off.

INT. OIL RIG RAFTERS - AFTERNOON

Kirby tightens the last coupling on the new regulator, now in
place. His old, defective nemesis lies below him on the
catwalk. He throws a valve and nothing obvious happens. A
smile spreads across his face.

KIRBY
(bad Goomba accent)
Hey, you got a problem, something you
need fixed, you come to me. I'm The --

Suddenly he stops. He gazes at the wrench and smiles.

INT. OIL RIG - AFTERNOON

On his way back to the tool shed Kirby spots a small door in
a wall at floor level. He stops and considers it.

INT. CUBBY HOLE - NIGHT

Kirby's arm snakes in and turns on a hanging maintenance
LIGHT. He crawls into the 3 by 6 foot space, looks up at the
ceiling and smiles.

LATER

INT. CUBBY HOLE - NIGHT

The small door opens and... nothing.

Soon the folded mattress is being stuffed into the space. Kirby's arms follow and slide a bunch of art supplies in.

EXT. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alicia sits in her car across the street, phone in hand.

ALICIA

(sugary)

Hi Kirb, it's Alicia again. I guess you're still mad at me or something. I already apologized in the last message, so I won't bore you. I was actually calling because my parents are in Santa Barbara, and I thought maybe you might want to come over and keep me company.

(pause, no sugar)

Okay Kirby, this was cute, kind of admirable for a while, but now it's just rude. Don't make me come after you.

(beat, frustrated)

Uunngh, Kirby.

Alicia keys the phone off and tosses it beside her.

INT. CUBBY HOLE - NIGHT

From behind, Kirby lies motionless on the mattress.

The wall is covered with drawings reflecting the evolution of a character titled THE FIXER.

In the first frame, The Fixer is a sinister, trench coat clad presence in the shadows. His face remains in darkness.

A few frames later, he snatches an address book from a frightened hooker. Then, the hooker's child clings to her miniskirt as they are all surrounded by gang bangers.

The Fixer glares menacingly at the predators in the shadows.

As the hooker and her child cower behind him, The Fixer pulls two enormous pistols and empties them at the gang bangers, gritting his teeth.

Several bullets rip into The Fixer's trench coat. Blood splatters.

As the hooker and her child flee, The Fixer lies in the street, surrounded by the bodies of his enemies and the pools of their blood. Half of his face is shot away.

We skip past several frames with just quick hints of a mysterious white-clad woman and the resurrection of The Fixer.

Finally, The Fixer stands reborn with a skin-tight blue and grey costume, vaguely resembling overalls, with a black mask that covers his eyes and the damaged half of his face. An F in the shape of a monkey wrench adorns his chest.

Successive frames show The Fixer meting out justice in progressively violent and bloody scenes.

The last frame is a close-up of The Fixer's blood-splattered, masked face with psychotic eyes.

ANGLE ON KIRBY

Kirby's face, eyes wide open, darkly reflects that of The Fixer.

BACK TO

The calendar taped to the wall has forty-seven days X'd off.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Inside the dark room, small pools of light illuminate work stations. The rig CREAKS, GROANS and CRACKS loudly. Through the sound we hear a series of small BEEPS. The fax GRINDS out a length of paper.

Slowly, half of Kirby's face appears near the bottom of the doorway, eerily awash in reflected light. His feral gaze assesses the safety of the room.

Cautiously he stands, enters, tears off the fax and reads.

KIRBY

British Royal Yacht H.M.Y. Britannia...
farewell voyage... decommissioned...
areas of Los Angeles harbor closed to
civilian...blah, blah, fucking BLAH!

Kirby runs from the room full speed.

The moment he leaves, the phone RINGS.

Kirby re-enters the room cautiously and picks up the phone.

KIRBY (cont'd)
 (completely normal)
 Yello.
 (listens)
 Yep, got it.
 (listens)
 Nope, didn't really have any travel plans
 anyway.
 (listens longer)
 Okay, no problemo. Bye-bye now.

Kirby hangs up the phone.

INT. OIL RIG - NIGHT

Kirby screams and tears his shirt off as he runs from the Control Room.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OIL RIG - DAY

Kirby sits on his deck chair and gazes toward shore, hands idle. He squints in puzzlement. His hair is longer and each one has chosen a different escape route from the sinking ship that is Kirby's head. He picks up a pair of binoculars.

INSERT - KIRBY'S POV

The harbor is full of boats, all decked out with banners reading "Farewell, Britannia," etc. Two large warships sit outside the harbor and Coast Guard boats maintain a wide perimeter around a lone yacht heading into port.

The view tilts down to show a black waverunner zooming toward the rig. A huge rooster tail of water sprays out behind it, Scott at the controls.

BACK TO:

EXT. OIL RIG - DAY

Kirby takes the binoculars from his eyes and smiles.

KIRBY

Dude.

EXT. OIL RIG DOCK - DAY

The lift CLANGS to a stop at dock-level, with Kirby aboard. Scott GLIDES up on his waverunner and leaps from it as it SLAMS to a stop against the dock. They face each other.

SCOTT
 (off Kirby's hair)
 Rock me, Amadeus.

KIRBY
 (apprehensive)
 Scott... what brings you out here?

SCOTT
 You familiar with the term "idle rich?"

KIRBY
 Did somebody tell you to come out here?

SCOTT
 No, I figured it out all by myself.
 (beat; studies Kirby)
 Are there no reflective surfaces on this
 heap?

KIRBY
 What does that mean?

There is a long pause while Scott stares confused at Kirby.

KIRBY (cont'd)
 So you gonna... hang for a while?

SCOTT
 I don't know. You got bunk beds?

Kirby half smiles.

SCOTT (cont'd)
 Shit yeah, the folks are going to some to-
 do for Prince Chucky and the gang. Can I
 just hook up the Death Wish here?

KIRBY
 Yeah. No! If somebody sees it, I'm
 screwed.
 (screams)
 NO VISITORS ALLOWED!

SCOTT
 Oookay. Is that why they spray you with
 that human repellent? What is that?
 Calvin Klein Decomposition?

Kirby is in thought.

KIRBY
 That's just Kirby au jus.

SCOTT
 Even Alcatraz had showers.

KIRBY
Wait, I know what to do.

EXT. RIG UNDERSIDE - DAY

Kirby operates an electric winch that hauls the waverunner up by a hook in its stern. The waverunner disappears among the pipes under the rig. Scott waits on the dock below.

SCOTT
(shouts)
Permission to come aboard?

KIRBY
(shouts)
Permission to kiss my ass!

INT. QUARTERS - DAY

Kirby and Scott enter Kirby's living quarters in its typical state of disrepair.

SCOTT
Nice use of nuclear holocaust as a design theme.

KIRBY
Bathroom's over here if you need it.

SCOTT
If I need it?

As Kirby walks past the shower, Scott shoulders him into it. Scott holds Kirby in the shower with one arm, turns on the water and throws in shampoo, soap, toilet brush, anything that cleans.

SCOTT (cont'd)
Dude, live a little.

Kirby stops struggling.

KIRBY
(bubbles)
Fucker.

EXT. OIL RIG - MAGIC

Scott sits in the deck chair as Kirby emerges from the building, in clean denim overalls and a grey T-shirt. Even his ratty beard is gone. Kirby begins to pace.

SCOTT
There's my little precious.
(beat)
You okay?

KIRBY
Fine... just haven't been sleeping much.
Scott produces a bag of marijuana. Kirby smiles.

SCOTT
Any problem with an open flame out here?

KIRBY
A pumping station for five thousand
barrels of raw crude a day?
(beat)
I see no problem.

Scott starts to roll a joint.

SCOTT
Oh... bumped into Alicia last week.

KIRBY
Bumped how?

SCOTT
Please, you insult me. Somehow your
stupid little plan seems to be working.
She's shittin' kittens.

Scott has finished the joint, which he holds up for
inspection.

KIRBY
I didn't know I had a plan. Either way,
I'm over her. I've really pulled things
together for myself out here.

Scott takes out a shiny, silver Zippo.

SCOTT
Clearly. Anyway, I just told her you--
Kirby snatches the lighter from Scott.

KIRBY
You fuckin' told her?

Scott snatches the lighter back and lights the joint.

SCOTT
Please. I told her you bounced for some
soul searching. Jim Morrison thing.

Scott hands the joint to Kirby, who takes hard.

KIRBY

And she says?

SCOTT

Why do you even care?

KIRBY

Look, she just needs to take care of somebody.

SCOTT

Take care of, control, abuse... whatever. Anyway, I figure you've got one more great ride out of her. If that's the angle you want to exploit.

KIRBY

(pause; sudden thought)

Oh Dude, I did it! I came up with my comic book guy.

SCOTT

No shit.

KIRBY

Most shit. I'm like half done with the first issue already.

SCOTT

Fuckin' A. Spill.

Kirby sits on the deck, and leans back, almost smug.

KIRBY

He's called The Fixer. It's a multilevel kind of name. See, he starts off as a fixer for the mob. You know, a guy who makes problems go away.

SCOTT

A hit man, a torpedo, a --

KIRBY

Sometimes, but that's not all of it. He's sort of an even nastier *Ray Donovan* kind of guy. But he gets better.

Scott tosses Kirby the bag of weed and he pockets it. Scott notices the sunset streaked with surreal purples, oranges and golden clouds.

SCOTT

Oh man, is it like this every night?

KIRBY

Oh. Uhh, I never really noticed. Pretty prime, now that you mention it.

They watch in silence for a few moments. Kirby regains his resolve.

KIRBY (cont'd)
I should paint this. Hey! I didn't show you any of the comic. I'll get my stuff. Prepare to be blown away.

SCOTT
(takes hard)
Oh, I'm prepared.

Kirby dashes off.

INT. CUBBY HOLE - EVENING

Kirby grabs his sketch pad and art supplies, and exits.

I/E OIL RIG DECK - EVENING

Kirby pushes open the door of the building and steps onto the deck. As Kirby looks toward Scott, he sees a group of people in black fatigues gathered around him.

Before Kirby can speak, the figure behind Scott puts a gun to the back of his head and FIRES.

Scott's head bounces off the deck, life gone from his eyes.

Kirby slumps against the door frame as his breath leaves him with a WHOOSH. Head reeling, he ducks back inside. A split second later, a man carrying an assault rifle comes around from the other side of the building and passes by the door.

INT. OIL RIG - EVENING

Kirby sprints through the interior of the rig, clinging desperately to his art supplies.

EXT. OIL RIG - EVENING

JACK, 30's, face like a hatchet, looks down at the body of Scott, whom he has just killed. ROSE, 25, skinny, deathly pale, maybe too frightening to be attractive, approaches. They all speak with Irish accents.

ROSE
What the fuck? Why did you kill him?

Jack just gestures to EAMON McCLARY, 35, tall and heroic.

ROSE (cont'd)

(to Eamon)
Why? All we had to do was tie him up and keep him hidden.

EAMON

Rose, I'm sorry about him, I truly am, but if you tie people up they can get out. And this mission is too important to risk to a bad knot.

Eamon puts a loving hand on Rose's shoulder. She looks into his earnest eyes, and softens. Jack tries not to puke.

EAMON (cont'd)

There now, you see the truth of it, don't you?

Reluctantly she nods.

EAMON (cont'd)

Alright, let's get on with it.
(to everyone)
You know the drill.

Rose and two others head toward the building.

EAMON (cont'd)

(to Jack)
Find something heavy and 86 this poor bastard. And I don't want to see him bobbing out there when I go to take a piss in the morning.

INT. SUB DECK - EVENING

Kirby fumbles down a metal staircase. He stumbles near the bottom, hits the landing hard, lurches forward and flips over the railing. Ten feet below, he THUDS heavily to the floor.

Kirby attempts to get up, but just collapses to the floor.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - EVENING

Rose and Eamon enter with large, molded electronics cases and a slew of weapons each. They dump them. Eamon unrolls a large chart of the harbor on a counter.

INSERT - CHART

Among the docks and berths of the harbor, one dock is clearly marked in red and labeled "Britannia."

BACK TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - EVENING

Behind Eamon, a security monitor switches to a view of the prone Kirby, trying feebly to get up.

INT. SUB DECK - EVENING

Kirby rolls over and weakly starts to gather his drawings. Above him, a RED LIGHT twinkles atop a video camera.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - EVENING

Eamon turns toward the monitor. Just as he looks at it, the view switches to another camera, elsewhere in the rig. He frowns, as if he may have seen a split second of something.

INT. SUB DECK - EVENING

The RED LIGHT atop the camera winks out. Kirby struggles to a kneeling position and continues to pick up his art stuff. Precious seconds tick by as he slowly moves.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - EVENING

Eamon continues to stare at the monitor, waiting for it to cycle back to the earlier view. Rose comes up beside him.

ROSE
What is it, Love?

EAMON
I'm not sure.

As Rose leans in, she blocks Eamon's view of a second bank of monitors just as Kirby's camera comes up.

INT. SUB DECK - EVENING

Kirby pulls himself to his feet and takes a deep breath.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - EVENING

As Eamon and Rose watch, the monitor cycles back to Kirby's camera, but he's gone.

EAMON
Hmm, nothing I guess.

Still, he looks a little suspicious.

EXT. RIG UNDERSIDE - EVENING

SEAN, 21, bespectacled, and FRANKIE, 35, bug ugly, emerge from the door to the lift. Far below is LITTLE JIMMY, 25, a behemoth, with two inflatable Zodiac boats full of gear.

Hanging just a few feet from Sean and Frankie, but completely hidden, is Scott's waverunner. Sean looks at his watch.

SEAN

Hey! Five seconds.

All three step into hiding. Little Jimmy pulls the boats behind the rig's leg. The RED LIGHT WINKS ON atop a nearby video camera. Seconds later, it goes out.

Sean and Frankie start down to Little Jimmy on the lift. Scott's body, laden with heavy metal parts from the crates on deck, plummets past, SPLASHES into the water and sinks.

INT. CUBBY HOLE - EVENING

The small door flies open and Kirby dives in. He throws his supplies down, quickly closes the door, then sits against it, listening. Soon, he starts to bob miserably.

KIRBY

(sobs quietly)

Scott... oh God, Scott. I'm so sorry.

Kirby wipes his eyes, quiets and listens. He hears only the ever-present GROANS and CREAKS of the rig.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Eamon and Rose snatch manuals and Kirby's log from the shelves. Eamon checks the various computer screens, sweeping empty soda cans away to see them. The place is a mess, trash and dishes everywhere. Within seconds Eamon is up to speed.

EAMON

Perfect. An automatic data upload at 0800. Nothing until then.

Eamon starts to clean up the mess.

EAMON (cont'd)

I need Sean up here.

Eamon pulls out a walkie-talkie and keys it on only to hear STATIC.

EAMON (cont'd)

Sean, lad. Do you read me?

ROSE
It's no good, all this metal.

EAMON
They're supposed to work in this kind of environment.

More STATIC. Jack enters and gives a "the body is gone" nod.

ROSE
I'll find him.

EAMON
Jack, go with Rose.

ROSE
I don't need his help.

EAMON
He can watch your back.

Rose gives Eamon a skeptical look. Jack smiles. Rose grabs her AK-47 and moves toward the door.

ROSE
He's the only thing left on this rig that needs watching.

Tension. Jack looks to Eamon for orders.

EAMON
Help me get this squalor out of here.

Rose exits, Jack stays.

INT. CUBBY HOLE - NIGHT

Kirby looks at the drawings scattered on the floor. He sees an especially dark, unfinished drawing of The Fixer.

INSERT - COMIC

From the shadows, the Fixer stabs Kirby, and us, with a cold stare. His half empty speech balloon reads, "There are no heroes..." Kirby picks up the drawing.

BACK TO:

Kirby drops the drawing to the floor, nervous exhaustion and several sleepless days finally catching up with him. He turns off the small light, then slumps to the floor.

EXT. OIL RIG DECK - NIGHT

Frankie examines the contents of a large crate with military markings. Sean points into the crate.

SEAN
Each one has its own launcher, then?

FRANKIE
Aye.

Little Jimmy grunts, then drops another onto the deck. Sean and Jimmy look panicky, Frankie looks pissed.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
It's a missile, for Christ's sake!

Frankie closes the lid and they conceal the missiles amongst the crates already on deck. Jimmy produces a small, digital camera and motions Frankie and Sean together.

FRANKIE (cont'd)
Jesus fucking Christ.

They move together and Jimmy FLASHES a picture off. When he lowers the camera, Rose is standing beside him, glaring.

ROSE
Sean, control room.

SEAN
I was familiarizing myself with the mis--
control room.

She turns and leaves. The others follow sourly.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is now spotless, in complete order. Eamon studies the impressive array of Sean's gadgetry on the counter. Sean types away at a laptop. Dozens of cables snake from the console to various router boxes, other laptops, etc.

SEAN
(punches a laptop key)
That does it. Now the onshore monitors
are just looping our video.

EAMON
You're certain?

Sean gives him a cocky look.

EAMON (cont'd)
Just keep on until you've got the alarms
under control too.

Eamon walks away, leaving Sean miffed.

INT. OIL RIG - NIGHT

Rose clambers up a metal stairway, alert. Slowly, she stops at the small door at floor level. She crouches and quietly pulls on it, but it doesn't budge. She stands and moves on.

INT. CUBBY HOLE - NIGHT

The shadow of Rose's feet pass under the door. Kirby sleeps, but as soon as the shadows depart, he starts to thrash.

INT. METH LAB - DREAM SEQUENCE - NIGHT - COMIC MODE

Kirby dreams someplace BETWEEN ANIMATION AND LIVE ACTION; objects are real, but short on details and with black outlines. There is no dialogue, but the sounds of SIRENS, EXPLOSIONS, FIRE are constant.

A tall fireman carries a victim out of the HEAVILY INVOLVED back room of the lab and hands him over to another fireman.

The tall fireman, KIRBY'S FATHER, peels off his oxygen mask to reveal an almost impossibly handsome, rugged face. As the second fireman carries him out, the victim gestures wildly toward the back room.

Kirby's father pulls his mask back on. Incongruously, a tearful TEN-YEAR-OLD KIRBY, in a superhero T-shirt, rushes forward, and grabs his father's coat. His father, oblivious, rushes into the back. Kirby follows, unafazed by the fire.

Kirby's father pushes his way through toppled glassware, barrels of chemicals and overturned furniture. Kirby cries and silently yells behind him.

In a corner, a leg protrudes from under a table. Kirby's father claws his way through the debris and heaves the table off the victim.

The victim, a gangbanger, rolls over, eyes wide. He clutches a cloth bag overstuffed with money and raises a pistol. He SHOOTS Kirby's father right through the oxygen mask.

Young Kirby SCREAMS, the only human sound in the scene. As he screams, the entire world EXPLODES around Kirby, leaving him untouched, his father swept away in the violence.

INT. CUBBY HOLE - NIGHT

Kirby thrashes violently, then springs awake. He listens for a moment to make sure no one heard, then turns on the light.

He sits a moment to compose himself, sweat beads on his brow. He picks up his drawing. Now the Fixer's speech balloon says, "There are no heroes... there's just you and me."

Kirby's face says that he doesn't remember writing the last line. The drawing flutters from his hand to the floor.

INTERCUT - KIRBY AND THE FIXER COMIC

The Fixer steps behind the frame divider into the next panel.

Kirby's head snaps toward the paper.

The Fixer begins to do pull-ups from the top of the frame.

Kirby stares, confused.

When The Fixer sees that he has Kirby's attention, he drops down and moves his lips, as if talking.

Kirby leans in closer and sees The Fixer's lips move.

Frustrated that Kirby can't hear him, The Fixer reaches into the last frame, grabs his speech balloon and pulls it into his new frame. As it crosses the divider, it is erased.

Now, as The Fixer's lips start to move, the balloon begins to fill with text: "How's Scott,--."

Kirby's eyes bug out. He crumples the drawing and tosses it into the opposite corner. Kirby stares at the paper for a few seconds. It begins to wiggle back and forth a little.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CUBBY HOLE - MORNING

Kirby is on his belly, getting a worm's eye view of the balled up paper. No movement.

He sits up and after a few seconds of relative silence, he fills his lungs and slowly peels the door open an inch.

INT. OIL RIG - MORNING

A single terrified eye peeks out from the cubby hole door.

Kirby carefully exits and closes the door, then moves across the hall, his back pressed to a corrugated steel wall. His stomach GURGLES loudly and he clutches it.

He looks both ways and starts off.

Startled by a MACHINE starting, Kirby dives over the edge of the raised walkway he's on. He grabs at a pipe to catch himself, but his wrist just THUNKS off.

Below, Kirby hits hard, and wraps himself around a railing, like someone had just laundered him and hung him there to dry. Slowly, he drips to the floor, holding his stomach.

KIRBY

Lucky I don't have anything to puke up.

Slowly, he gets up and walks away.

INT. OIL RIG - DAY

Kirby slinks through the rig like a rat.

He tiptoes up a metal staircase. Halfway up, Kirby hears FOOTSTEPS. Unsure whether to retreat or advance, he freezes.

Sean and Little Jimmy walk on a catwalk toward the top stair.

SEAN

Night or day this floatin' scrap yard
gives me the willies.

Jimmy shrugs, stops and hands his camera to Sean. He poses with his rifle and Sean SNAPS the photo.

SEAN (cont'd)

No mind, it'll be done in two days.

Jimmy nods knowingly and takes the camera back. They continue forward. Their boots land on the first step.

Jimmy and Sean walk down the stairs. No Kirby in sight.

SEAN (cont'd)

Can you believe Eamon questioning me like
that? I don't know if I can put up with
this for two more days.

Sean pulls Jimmy to a stop.

SEAN (cont'd)

It's micro-management is what it is.

On the stair, two pairs of black boots are inches from the white knuckles of Kirby. Kirby hangs from the stair beneath them. He strains to keep both his silence and his grip.

Jimmy pushes Sean away. Kirby quickly lets go with one hand to avoid crushed fingers. They continue down the stairs and Kirby regains his grip.

SEAN (cont'd)

I'm a professional, hey? I know my job.

Sean and Jimmy move on. Alone, Kirby grunts and pulls himself up and carefully wriggles up between two stairs.

Safely on the stairs, he painfully unclenches his fingers.

KIRBY

Irish?

Kirby heads up the stairs. Suddenly, head level with the upper walkway, he stops dead.

Rose walks silently down the walkway, peering into nooks.

Kirby just stares. SLO MO as Rose stops and wipes her brow.

Kirby licks the sweat from his upper lip. "Eurotrash Girl" starts playing in his head.

SLO MO as Rose sets her rifle down and begins to peel off her jacket. Jacket off, and wearing only a tank top, Kirby sees the rose tattoo on her biceps.

Kirby's eyes narrow in concentration as Rose brushes back an unruly lock of hair that keeps falling into her eyes.

Finally, Rose throws her jacket over her shoulder.

Then, as she grabs the AK we snap back to REAL TIME and the music SCREECHES to a halt. Rose continues down the walkway. When she reaches the top of the stairs, Kirby has vanished.

INT. CUBBY HOLE - DAY

Kirby sits with his back to the wall, knees up before him, supporting his sketch pad. The combination of his facial expression and the swift movement of right arm suggest...

KIRBY

Yeah, baby.

His feet firmly press the crumpled drawing to the floor. He concentrates hard as his pencil dances across the paper.

A very detailed picture of Rose is forming, but not as we know her. Her tank top and fatigues are now the skin-tight costume of a super villainess, straining to contain her heroic breasts.

She looks seductive, menacing, even her unruly lock of hair now suggestively beautiful, her rose tattoo prominent on her biceps, which swells from the weight of the huge machine gun she carries.

Kirby titles the drawing... DARK ROSE, then holds it at arm's length to admire it.

FIXER (O.S.)

Nice.

Kirby's head snaps up at the deep, harsh sound of the Fixer's voice.

FIXER (cont'd)

Too bad she dies in the end.

Kirby lowers the pad and swallows. His eyes dart around.

Several silent moments pass. Slowly, Kirby tips his head back until he can look above him at the wall.

There, on the wall, is a towering, TWO DIMENSIONAL, six-foot-eight, ANIMATED Fixer, looking down at him with feet spread and fists planted immovably on hips.

FIXER (cont'd)

That's right, I'm talking to you, artsy boy.

Pause.

KIRBY

I probably should have seen this coming.

FIXER

You don't seem to have that gift.

KIRBY

Shut up!

FIXER

Problem?

KIRBY

I'm having a conversation with a cartoon. No offense, but sanity-wise, that's a big fat red flag.

Kirby recoils as The Fixer slides to the wall beside him.

FIXER

So you think you're having a bad day? How's Scott, tough guy?

Kirby lowers his face and pulls at his hair.

KIRBY

Stop it! Just go away.

Kirby closes his eyes for a few moments, then opens them. Sure enough, The Fixer is no longer there. Kirby breathes, swings around, and sits back against the wall again.

The Fixer crouches on the wall now, inches from Kirby's face.

FIXER

Let's go.

Startled, Kirby jumps to his feet, holds his head and paces the tiny room.

KIRBY

Not listening.

FIXER

We've got business.

KIRBY

Don't hear you.

(beat)

What business? No, cancel that.

FIXER

These bastards killed your best friend. Shit, your only friend. It's time for some payback.

KIRBY

What the hell are you talking about?

The Fixer stands and back flips to another wall. He punches his fist into an open hand.

FIXER

I'm talking about... body count. We're gonna open a Costco barrel of whoop ass and lead these losers to the buffet line.

KIRBY

Yeah okay, that's a plan... orrrr, now follow me here, we can just wait a couple of days until they leave.

FIXER

You mean hide. Chicken shit.

KIRBY

(uses his hands as a scale)

Okay, let's see... plan A - die, brains splattered on walls. Plan B - live, sell story to Abrams, become millionaire. Yeah, we better put that up to the committee.

FIXER

Chicken shit. What if they're here to blow up your shitty little kingdom?

KIRBY

I'm gonna guess it's insured.

The Fixer is implacable.

KIRBY (cont'd)
I'm totally outnumbered! And they have guns, really big guns.

FIXER
And you have me.

KIRBY
News flash, pal, delusional does not go in the plus column.

FIXER
I disagree.

KIRBY
You would. If I wasn't batshit, you wouldn't be here.

FIXER
The beauty of insanity is they never see it coming.

KIRBY
I know I didn't.

The Fixer shifts to the wall with the low door. He rests a foot on top of the jamb.

FIXER
Okay fine, let's get practical. Do you really think you can stay hidden here for two days? What are you gonna eat? I'm telling you, the best defense is a nasty, spine crushing offense.

KIRBY
Oh hang on, I forgot, I'm not listening to you.

Kirby opens the door, crawls out and closes it behind him. The Fixer tries to follow, but can't go past the jamb.

INT. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A figure moves past the living room window.

EXT. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Alicia slinks through the bushes.

ALICIA
You can run, Sweetheart, but you cannot hide.

Looking around, she takes a rock from her purse, and puts it through a small window. Carefully she reaches in and unlocks the door.

INT. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Alicia enters.

ALICIA
Honey... I'm home.

She retrieves her rock and goes to Kirby's desk. She sifts through various papers and finds a receipt for three months rent paid in advance. Further searching reveals the brochure from Vision Corp.

ALICIA (cont'd)
The plot thickens.

INT. OIL RIG - CUBBY HOLE - DAY

The Fixer, alone, paces back and forth across the wall. He stops and furrows his brow in concentration. One by one, his muscles BUBBLE out from the wall.

INT. OIL RIG - CATWALK - DAY

Kirby, perched in shadows high over the galley, watches the group.

Startled, he almost falls from the catwalk when he sees The Fixer, big as life, squatting beside him. Now a THREE DIMENSIONAL TOON, The Fixer carries a huge, 30-inch wrench in his left hand.

KIRBY
(recovers, whispers)
Jesus Christ, what are you doing here?

FIXER
I am off the wall.

KIRBY
How?

FIXER
I know a guy.

KIRBY
(gives him the once over)
I do good work.

FIXER
 (indicates his own arm)
 This left biceps is smaller.

KIRBY
 You're right handed.

FIXER
 I am?

The Fixer moves the wrench to his other hand and studies his bulging arms. Kirby looks back down into the galley. The Fixer follows Kirby's gaze, where he sees Rose.

FIXER (cont'd)
 Are you shitting me?

KIRBY
 What?

FIXER
 (points with wrench)
 That's, not Dark Rose.

KIRBY
 (tense)
 Maybe. What about it?

The Fixer flops onto his back and laughs so hard he makes no noise. Kirby almost speaks, then just slow burns as he looks back down at the galley. Finally, The Fixer stops laughing.

FIXER
 Did you ever see The Crying Game?

INT. GALLEY - DAY

Terrorist Central. Little Jimmy spills dominoes onto the table. Sean tweaks the innards of a walkie-talkie. Rose cleans her AK. Frankie paces, smoking.

ROSE
 Sit down before you make us all seasick.

SEAN
 Sure, a bit of dominoes then, Frankie?

FRANKIE
 Piss off. Did you get those radios working yet? I thought you were some whiz-bang electronic terrorist.

SEAN
 Poor Frankie, nothing to do... until he can get his rockets off.

Frankie pitches his rifle onto the table and starts toward Sean, just as Eamon enters with Jack.

EAMON
Temper there, Frankie.

Frankie pulls up.

EAMON (cont'd)
Save that anger, use it. Rose, I'll be in the control room until 1600, then it's your shift. The rest of you just try to keep Frankie's ill temper from gettin' the best of him.

Rose nods. Eamon and Jack leave. Frankie simmers.

Rose goes to the stove and begins to throw food together in a frying pan. Frankie goes toward Rose. Jimmy urgently motions for Sean to pass the camera, this is gonna be good.

FRANKIE
A romantic dinner for two?

ROSE
And neither of them are you, so sod off.

Frankie reaches toward the frying pan. Rose reaches toward her AK. Frankie wisely stops.

ROSE (cont'd)
This is for Eamon.

INT. CATWALK - DAY

Kirby smells the food and almost swoons.

INT. GALLEY - DAY

As he pulls his hand back, Frankie rests it on Rose's hip.

ROSE
Did you not hear me?

Frankie grabs her chest and sticks his ugly tongue toward her lips. O.S., the camera FLASHES repeatedly.

Rose drives her palm into Frankie's jaw, spins around and with a rapier like leg, double kicks him in the head. Frankie CRASHES across the table top in a heap, unconscious.

Jimmy reviews the photos, all smiles.

INT. OIL RIG - CATWALK - DAY

The Fixer seems impressed.

FIXER
 Okay, so maybe she has potential. In a
 skanky sort of way.
 (beat)
 Knows her way around a kitchen, I'll give
 her that.

Kirby silently walks off down the catwalk.

FIXER (cont'd)
 Still have to kill her though.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

As Eamon checks gauges, he looks far more alert and attentive than Kirby ever did.

JACK
 So, what do you think about Frankie?

EAMON
 I think I can't wait to put a bullet in
 the daft bastard.

JACK
 I don't know, he's kinda twitchy.
 (beat)
 Tough shot.

After a beat, they both smile.

EAMON
 Be lucky if the whole lot of them stay
 alive long enough to get killed.

JACK
 What about Rose?

ROSE (O.S.)
 What about me?

They look up to see Rose enter with a plate of food. Eamon and Jack exchange an enigmatic smile. She shakes her head.

INT. OIL RIG - DAY

In the darkness above, Kirby settles into a new perch above the Control Room.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Rose brushes past Jack.

ROSE
You should go see to Frankie.

JACK
Frankie's a big boy, he can see to himself.

Rose just smiles and sets the plate down on a console.

ROSE
I hate cooking.

Eamon checks one last reading, then slides his chair over to Rose. Still seated, he pulls her closer, grabbing her butt.

EAMON
Ahh Rose, what would I be without you?

ROSE
(nods at Jack)
Him.

Softening, Rose puts her arms around Eamon's head.

ROSE (cont'd)
No, you'd still be a hero, love. The man who single-handedly rekindled the revolution to win our country back.

Eamon smiles, pulls free and starts in on his food.

EAMON
And changed the face of the British monarchy for a hundred years.

JACK
And the ears.

EAMON
Aye, I won't miss Charlie. A man with that kind of taste in women... But the younger ones showed some potential.

ROSE
Eamon, you've beaten yourself up about this for months. I thought you'd --

EAMON
Aye. Aye, Rose. I know. It'll take a devastating blow to get the Cause restarted, to get 'em to fight again.

ROSE

Sometimes I think the fighting is more important to you than the Cause.

EAMON

It's all important, the fighting, one Ireland, all of it. You and the lads, too.

ROSE

The lads.
(off Jack)
I'm not sure the lads are all as noble as you like to imagine.

EAMON

Nobility doesn't win wars. It takes dedicated, loyal soldiers to send the royals to the bottom of the sea. I'm just the catalyst, the motivator. Jack Kennedy never went...

Jack rolls his eyes; he's heard the Jack Kennedy speech.

EAMON (cont'd)

...to the moon, but if he hadn't stood up in front of the world and promised they would, it would've never happened.

Eamon and Rose pull each other close. Jack watches, disgusted. Eamon pats Rose on the butt.

EAMON (cont'd)

Go make sure the rest of 'em don't kill each other.

Rose exits. Eamon goes back to his food.

EAMON (cont'd)

(quietly)
That's my job.

JACK

There's not gonna be a problem with her, is there? When the time comes?

EAMON

Christ, Jack, give me a little credit.
(sighs)
You know we needed her money. That's all she is... adventure capital.

Jack looks convinced.

INT. CUBBY HOLE - DAY

Kirby enters, The Fixer right behind. Kirby closes the door and sits, deep in thought.

FIXER

So what's the plan?

KIRBY

I think they're gonna sink the royal yacht and kill everybody on board.

FIXER

Mmm, fascinating, but I meant our plan.

KIRBY

Oh. Hard to concentrate when you're this hungry.

FIXER

Okay, good; so sanity, planning, and... feeding yourself; I think I'm getting a feel for your areas of weakness now. Is there a plan in our future?

KIRBY

I'm not sure.

FIXER

If you mean we don't need a plan, like let's just get medieval on 'em... I'll buy the first round. If you mean no plan, because no action, well...

KIRBY

Well what? What the hell am I supposed to do?

FIXER

You're not supposed to do nothing.

KIRBY

Why don't you stop him, you're the superhero?

FIXER

I'm strictly an advisor on this one. You know, kill a terrorist for a guy, you save his ass for a day, but teach him how to kill terrorists and you save his ass for a sequel.

KIRBY

What?

FIXER

Okay, quick inventory; what do we have?

Kirby and The Fixer exchange looks. A moment passes, then they both burst out laughing.

KIRBY
We are so fucking dead.

Abruptly, Kirby stops laughing and thinks.

INT. OIL RIG - STORE ROOM - DAY

Kirby runs to a metal cabinet, The Fixer right behind.

FIXER
Nice, a little chem warfare. Good thinking.

KIRBY
I hope you're not offended, but I've decided to call in professional help.

FIXER
Well, admitting it is the first step.

Kirby opens the cabinet and grabs a can of paint.

FIXER (cont'd)
Look, I hope you don't think that if you paint another superhero, you're gonna have any better luck--

KIRBY
No, believe me, I've learned that lesson.

Kirby ducks his head back into the cabinet. The Fixer rolls his eyes and makes a jacking-off motion with one hand.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Kirby is surrounded by wires. As he looks out through narrow slits, he sees the terrorists in the Control Room. Kirby is inside the main control panel. He nervously reaches out of frame, pulls something, then carefully shimmies out the back.

EXT. OIL RIG DECK - DAY

Paint can in hand, Kirby drops from the roof of the building, and slinks inside.

INT. OIL RIG - WALKWAY - DAY

Kirby locates a fire sensor on a pipe above him and The Fixer.

KIRBY

Here we go.

FIXER

Didn't your father tell you not to play
with matches?

Kirby stares at The Fixer with hate on his face. He slowly approaches The Fixer and shoves his chest hard.

KIRBY

There's a lot my father didn't tell me.
What about it?

The Fixer sees the deep pain in Kirby's tired eyes. Kirby glares at him a moment longer, then turns away, POPS open a paint can and begins to pour paint on the floor.

FIXER

More painting? Didn't you just do enough
topside? This some kind of therapy thing
you're work...
(off painting)
Oh... not bad, kid.

Finished, Kirby takes out Scott's lighter. He lights the paint and it WHOOSHES to life.

KIRBY

Let's fly.

They run down the corridor.

FIXER

I can fly?

KIRBY

Figure of speech.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Eamon and Jack are still on watch. Suddenly an ALARM blares. Eamon jumps and surveys a diagnostic monitor, then goes to a panel of lights on the wall. The others rush in.

JACK

What is it?

EAMON

(points at flashing light)
Fire. Here! Level three, by the
storeroom. Go!

Sean, Frankie and Little Jimmy dash out. Rose and Jack stay.

EAMON (cont'd)

(to Rose)

No, go with them. I don't like this.

INT. SUB DECK - DAY

The ALARM blasts throughout the entire rig. Sean, Frankie and Little Jimmy race through the steel maze. They turn a corner and see four foot FLAMES and a figure approach from the opposite side. They SHOOT as the figure dives to safety.

ROSE

It's me you fuckin' amateurs! Get something to put it out!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Eamon punches keys on a console, unable to deactivate the ALARM. Eamon looks at Sean's laptop. His system is offline.

EAMON

It's not working. I need Sean.

The rig's desk phone RINGS.

JACK

What now!?

EAMON

The oil company. The alarm goes off on shore, too.

The phone RINGS on. Jack looks around nervously.

EAMON (cont'd)

(to phone)

Hang on!

Eamon grabs a binder from a shelf and flips the pages. The phone RINGS again and again. Jack looks like a caged animal. Finally he grabs a wiring trunk to the alarm panel, pulls out his knife and hacks through the wires with one stroke.

EAMON (cont'd)

NO!

SPARKS fly and the ALARM stops. Eamon steels himself and grabs the phone. He speaks with an American accent.

EAMON (cont'd)

Hello.

TECHNICIAN

(filtered)

We're showing a fire alarm in sector C-5.

EAMON

Right, I know. It's taken care of. I got a little sloppy with some oily rags. Sorry about that, but it's cool now.

TECHNICIAN

(filtered)

No, it's not. Looks like part of your emergency system is offline now.

Eamon glares at Jack.

EAMON

Really? Let me work on it.

TECHNICIAN

(filtered; laughs)

I appreciate the offer kid, but you're sitting on a multi-million dollar asset out there. I'll phone you back and let you know when the tech is on his way.

EAMON

Great. Thanks a lot.

Eamon slams the phone down. Jack swallows hard. Eamon looks suspiciously up into the shadows above. He disconnects and pockets the phone cord, then he and Jack exit.

INT. CATWALK - DAY

Kirby and The Fixer watch as Eamon and Jack run past below.

KIRBY

Are you happy?

FIXER

I'll show you a fistful of happy.

The Fixer slides down a pipe to the floor. Kirby follows.

INT. SUB DECK - DAY

Little Jimmy empties an extinguisher on the FLAMES and they finally subside. The terrorists surround the charred floor. As the SMOKE and DUST dissipate, Eamon and Jack arrive.

EAMON

We've got a problem on the way.

ROSE

(points to floor)

Then we've got two of them.

Eamon looks at the floor.

EAMON

Jack, back to the control room!

Jack rushes off.

EAMON (cont'd)

Every inch of this rig, until this bastard is found! You two start at the top. Rose, you begin at water level and work your way up. Sean, get to the control room and get us back online!

(beat; to others)

Dead. Very, very dead.

INSERT - FLOOR

On the floor, the charred remains of The Fixer's wrench logo.

INT. OIL RIG HALLWAY - DAY

Kirby and The Fixer rush toward the control room. At a corner, The Fixer and Kirby take different turns.

A moment passes and they both return to the intersection.

FIXER

What?

KIRBY

They have to come this way to get to the control room. If anyone comes, stall them long enough for me to make a call.

The Fixer does not look thrilled with this plan, but Kirby darts away before he can argue.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Kirby grabs the phone receiver, gets no dial tone and realizes that the cord is gone.

KIRBY

Son of a bitch.

Kirby spots the short wave radio, rushes to it and turns it on. Stuck to the radio's face plate are several pieces of masking tape with different frequencies written on them, one for Coast Guard emergencies. Kirby carefully spins the dial.

KIRBY (cont'd)

Hello, Coast Guard, come in.

SAWYER

(filtered)

This is Terminal Island Coast Guard Station. Do you have an emergency, over?

KIRBY

Yeah, I guess! There are --

A fist smashes into the back of Kirby's head and THUNKS it hard off the faceplate of the radio. Kirby falls face first to the floor and drops the microphone.

Jack looks at the radio to see how to turn it off.

A steely look comes to Kirby's eyes. Looking up...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY - COMIC MODE

...the room has changed to COMIC MODE, like his dream earlier. Most fine detail is gone from the control panels; the objects are now lusterless, with black outlines, like a comic. This is how Kirby sees when he's in action.

Kirby looks momentarily puzzled, as his overalls and T-shirt are much tighter and bulge with his sinewy muscles. The buckles of his overalls are now large, high-tech affairs. Kirby smiles.

Jack, now dressed in a shiny, pumped-up version of his black fatigues and carrying an enormous, futuristic machine gun, turns off the radio, then turns his gun toward Kirby.

Kirby does a break dancing shoulder spin that whips his legs in a circle, kicking the machine gun barrel away. He hand springs to his feet before Jack, who he knees in the balls.

Jack doubles over, Kirby kisses him on the head and runs out.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Jack quickly recovers to see that Kirby is gone. The room, without Kirby, has returned to normal. Jack clearly never saw the difference. Embarrassed, he looks to make sure no one saw what happened, then jumps as a terminal BONGS.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

"Incoming message from Petroco."

BACK TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Jack reads the message for a few seconds.

INT. OIL RIG - CATWALK - DAY

Kirby trots along a catwalk. An enormous piston plunges on its downstroke beside him.

EAMON (O.S.)
 Jesus Christ, Jack, did you say a fucking
 helicopter!?

Kirby throws a panicked look in all directions, then grabs the top of the piston arm as it rises up. It pulls him up, out of sight just as Eamon slides down a ladder a few feet ahead.

EAMON (cont'd)
 (yells)
 When? When will it be here?

As Eamon walks past, the piston arm deposits Kirby back on the catwalk, right behind him. Kirby stands there for a moment, trying to be invisible. Eamon goes down another stairway and is gone.

The Fixer walks up. Kirby makes sure Eamon is gone.

KIRBY
 Where the FUCK were you?

FIXER
 I wasn't--

KIRBY
 Wasn't what?
 (beat)
 What the fuck good are you if you can't
 even back me up? I needed you there.

FIXER
 Are you okay?

KIRBY
 Yeah, I'm okay. So --

FIXER
 So you didn't need me. It would've been
 easier, but you handled it.

KIRBY
 That is such bullshit!

FIXER

Look kid, you don't know me, what I have to go through. Don't give me your whiny bullshit because I wasn't there to wipe your ass. I have responsibilities, not just to you, but to the greater good, and if that means you have to stand up on your own hind legs before you think you're ready, then that's how it is.

(pause)

I'll help you when I can, but I can't be there all the time, nobody can.

Kirby just turns and runs away.

INT. OIL RIG - DAY

Eamon squirms into one of Kirby's shirts as he and the others, except Sean, rush through the bowels of the rig, heading up.

EAMON

Jack, I want you in the crane cab. Rose, get in amongst those crates on deck.

They arrive at the door to the top deck.

EAMON (cont'd)

(to Frankie and Little Jimmy)

You two, right inside this door. Nobody shows himself, nobody shoots unless I say so, understood?

They nod.

EAMON (cont'd)

I'll try to get them to go away, but if they want to go below you two need to get the hell out of sight. If they spot anybody but me, we'll have to take them all and abort the mission. It'll be the Bay of Pigs all over again.

Eamon tucks a pistol in the back of his pants and covers it with his shirt. He pushes the door open and exits.

EXT. OIL RIG - DECK - DAY

Jack races toward the crane and Rose tucks herself beneath a tarp. Eamon scans the horizon for the helicopter.

As Jack climbs up into the cab of the crane he looks back at the roof of the building and his eyes bug out. Painted in red are the letters S.O.S. A loud generator cycles ON.

JACK

Eamon!

Jack waves his arms furiously. Eamon hears only the generator CHUGGING. Jack squints and spots the helicopter far away. Eamon still doesn't see Jack.

A red drop SPLATS on Eamon's shoulder. He sniffs it, then looks up at the edge of the roof where it came from.

Eamon grabs open the door and pulls Frankie out.

Eamon quickly boosts Frankie up on the roof, then scans the sky for the helicopter. Frankie starts to smear the fresh paint with his hands. He yanks off his shirt and begins to mop it around.

EAMON

Frankie!

FRANKIE

Hang on.

EAMON

I can see the helicopter.

Frankie slides off the roof and Eamon hurries him inside. As the door closes, we see Kirby pressed against the wall, hidden from Eamon.

Jack and Kirby see each other. Jack is about to stand up or shoot when he hears and sees the helicopter. He slides back into hiding. Kirby smiles and flips him off.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

A PILOT and TECHNICIAN 2 man the helicopter.

INSERT PILOT'S POV

Eamon is the only person visible as he smiles and waves. The roof just looks like a bad paint job.

BACK TO:

EXT. OIL RIG - DECK - DAY

Kirby crouches behind the building and watches the helicopter touch down. As Technician 2 climbs out of the chopper, Kirby is about to jump out, when the ROTOR WASH lifts the back of Eamon's shirt and Kirby sees the pistol.

Kirby slides back and looks toward Jack who smiles, lovingly pats his AK and nods toward the helicopter. Kirby knows that if he reveals himself, the helicopter crew will be killed.

Kirby slinks back to the edge and disappears over the side.

EXT. OIL RIG - HELIPAD - DAY

Technician 2 walks to Eamon and shakes hands. Eamon speaks in his Kirby voice.

TECHNICIAN 2
Little trouble today?

EAMON
(sheepish)
Just a little. I was painting... the roof, and I guess I let a little paint thinner and some rags get away from me down below.

TECHNICIAN 2
How's the damage?

The Technician starts toward the building, but Eamon never budes, immovable in his friendliness.

EAMON
None, really. A little scorch on the floor, nothing else. Adds character.

TECHNICIAN 2
Your alarm system is still down, what happened?

EAMON
I kinda freaked when it wouldn't go right off, so I unplugged it. I know, stupid. It's on now, though. I tried to tell them not to send anyone out.

Technician 2 plugs a walkie-talkie earphone in his ear.

TECHNICIAN 2
Let me see if they're getting the feed.

EAMON
Cool.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Sean sits on the floor, both halves of the wiring trunk in his lap, most of the wires partially stripped and twisted back together. He frantically matches and twists colored wires.

EXT. OIL RIG - HELIPAD - DAY

The Technician talks into his radio.

TECHNICIAN 2
 Right, right, we're here. Punch up six.
 (beat)
 Okay, now access the fire system.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Sean twists the last pair together, then sags back against the wall and lets out a WHOOSH of breath.

EXT. OIL RIG - HELIPAD - DAY

Eamon casually reaches behind himself for his pistol.

TECHNICIAN 2
 Okay, great, that's a winner. We're on
 our way back.
 (to Eamon)
 Alright, you're back in business.

Eamon lets go of his pistol, and shakes Technician 2's hand.

TECHNICIAN 2 (cont'd)
 Hey by the way, I thought you were
 younger.

EAMON
 I was... when I got here.

TECHNICIAN 2
 (laughs)
 C'mon, it's only been a couple of months,
 hasn't it?

EAMON
 Maybe to you.

The Technician laughs and heads back toward the chopper.

EAMON (cont'd)
 Hey, you guys sure you don't want to stay
 for some coffee or something?

TECHNICIAN 2
 You have any idea how much it costs just
 to keep this thing spinning? Gotta go.
 Good luck, hang in there.

EAMON
 Right, right, I'm doing the Lord's work
 out here.

The Technician climbs in the helicopter and it lifts off. Eamon surreptitiously signals everyone to stay put until the helicopter is safely away, then they all sprint to the door.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The terrorists enter the room and suspiciously look around.

JACK
He was trying to use the radio.

Eamon blows the radio to pieces with a SHOT from his pistol.

EAMON
Can't have that. You saw him?

Jack hesitates, then reluctantly nods yes.

EAMON (cont'd)
Well done then Jack. Next time maybe you can just point him out and we'll get him.

Jack smolders. Eamon picks up the handset for the intercom system. He signals for everyone to spread out around the rig and hits the "Central PA" button. Rose stays behind.

INT. OIL RIG - DAY

Cold steel reverberates with the SCREECH of SPEAKER FEEDBACK.

INT. GALLEY - DAY

EAMON
(filtered)
Hello... my friend.

INT. OIL RIG - CATWALK - DAY

Eamon's voice projects loudly from speakers all over the rig.

EAMON
(filtered)
You've had a big day now, haven't you?
And here it is, barely past lunch.

INT. SUB DECK - DAY

Jimmy and Sean split up, listening as they search for Kirby.

EAMON

(filtered)

But I'm sorry to say, that has come to an end. Believe me, I enjoy the old cat and mouse as much as the next man, but I don't have the luxury of play time. There's a mission here, an actual cause to be served and it's far more important than you.

INT. OIL RIG - DAY

Kirby hides amongst a bundle of pipes suspended from the ceiling. He sees Frankie searching far below. No Fixer.

EAMON

(beat; filtered)

Not that I expect you to understand that. You're an American. Sure, you'll do a smash and grab for somebody's oil, but you've got no causes, no honor, naught to fight for but money.

Kirby slides quietly from the pipes to a catwalk. He makes a yapping motion with his hand.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Eamon leans in close to the microphone.

EAMON

Well, I do! And I'll be damned if a little pisspot like you is going to stand in our way!

(calm)

So listen closely, to my single and final thought. Game over, lad.

Eamon disconnects.

INT. CATWALK - DAY

Suddenly, a CAMERA FLASH explodes in Kirby's face. Stunned, Little Jimmy's rifle butt THUMPS into his face. Kirby sprawls on the mesh floor, BLOOD running from his nose. Jimmy CLANGS to the catwalk.

INT. CATWALK - DAY - COMIC MODE

Kirby sits up in COMIC MODE again. Before he can regain his feet, Little Jimmy kicks him in the chops. Kirby tries to roll out of reach. Little Jimmy is now impossibly huge, and wears a hooded mask that leaves only his eyes and lower face still visible.

Sadistic glee on his face, Little Jimmy hammers his rifle butt into Kirby's kidney, driving him to the deck. Jimmy leans his rifle against a rail and removes his jacket, warming to his task.

Kirby crawls a few feet away, and looks around for The Fixer. All he sees is a huge pulley suspended like a pendulum at the top of its arc high above. The cable that holds it is secured by a large metal pin to a ring set in the floor.

Kirby is grabbed from behind and hauled to his feet.

Little Jimmy holds him upright as he viciously beats him. His last kick sends Kirby flying farther up the catwalk, to land on his back. Kirby's BLOOD now drips from various cuts and orifices.

Kirby can barely raise his head to see Little Jimmy pull a knife from his belt and begin to walk toward him. Too pounded to even crawl, he thrashes on the floor, looking for escape or The Fixer?

Then, Jimmy almost on him, Kirby kicks the pin that holds the cable. The Fixer leaps from the shadows to stand at Kirby's head.

The pulley swings down from above, gaining speed as it arcs toward Little Jimmy, who looks up at it, awestruck.

LITTLE JIMMY

Bollocks.

In SLO-MO, The Fixer winds up and swings his enormous wrench underhand at Little Jimmy who futilely swings his knife arm to block the pulley.

The pulley passes through The Fixer's body and CRUSHES into Little Jimmy's forehead with a HOLLOW THUNK, just as The Fixer's wrench does the same.

Little Jimmy flies up and through the air, rolling over onto his face as he lands. Kirby looks at him, relieved and amazed. The Fixer steps aside and holsters his wrench.

INT. CATWALK - DAY

Back in the real world, Kirby, on hands and knees, scuttles over to Little Jimmy. He tentatively rolls him over.

FIXER

What are you looking for, his expiration date?

The huge dent in Little Jimmy's forehead and the thousand yard stare say, "Damn, I'm dead."

FIXER (cont'd)
You punched his ticket, good job.

KIRBY
Me? You're the one who killed him.

The Fixer looks at Kirby for a moment, then hangs his head in disappointment.

FIXER
Yeah, okay, if that's what works for you.

As The Fixer starts to walk away, Kirby picks up the rifle. The Fixer turns back as Kirby looks over at the now motionless pulley, then at Little Jimmy. Kirby ponders the rifle in his hands.

FIXER (cont'd)
You might need it later.
(to himself)
If I have to kill somebody else.

Determined, Kirby stands. Holding the gun by the barrel, Kirby heaves it with all his might into the shadows.

KIRBY
Guns are for pussies.

Kirby brushes past The Fixer and steps off the edge of the catwalk. He grabs a pipe as he falls, and smoothly swings onto the catwalk below. The Fixer smiles as he dives after him.

FIXER
Can't say he doesn't have balls.

INT. OIL RIG - DAY

Eamon navigates a hallway with gun in hand. He passes the small door to Kirby's cubby hole. LIGHT SEEPS out from beneath it. He cautiously returns to the door. Eamon kicks it open and peeks in.

INT. CUBBY HOLE - DAY

Eamon enters Kirby's refuge to find drawings covering the walls.

The Fixer, handsome, strong jaw in the foreground.

A sexy Dark Rose in a provocative pose. Eamon chortles.

An exaggerated, gap-toothed, crazed caricature of Eamon. A hand snatches it from the wall.

Eamon glares at one drawing we can't see. He snatches it down, crumples it and throws it in the corner. He angrily pulls the remaining art down and stuffs it under his arm.

INT. STORE ROOM - DAY

Kirby and The Fixer enter. Kirby's stomach GROWLS.

KIRBY
I think my stomach is eating itself.

Kirby notices a large gash oozing BLOOD from The Fixer's shoulder.

KIRBY (cont'd)
Hey, what happened?

FIXER
Huh? Must've happened in that mix up.
It's nothing.

KIRBY
Really? I can see stuff in there I don't even remember drawing. Does it hurt?

FIXER
Sure, but nothing we can do about it.

KIRBY
Maybe there is.

Kirby scans the shelves and grabs some painting supplies.

FIXER
Uhh...

KIRBY
This may sting a little, but that just means I'm enjoying myself.

Kirby pours thinner on a rag and carefully daubs the blood and even the cut from The Fixer's shoulder as he winces. There is a BIG WHITE SPOT where The Fixer's wound was.

KIRBY (cont'd)
So, you've killed people before.

FIXER
Some people need killing. Like that load back there.

Kirby POPS open some paint cans and begins to mix a color. He glances back at The Fixer occasionally to check his mix.

KIRBY
It was him or me, right?

FIXER

He had that look in his eye.

Kirby dips a brush in the paint and goes back to The Fixer. He starts to blend the paint into The Fixer's shoulder color.

KIRBY

What about when it's... not that way?

FIXER

Look kid, I'm not sure what you're looking for. But in this business, sometimes there's a situation where somebody's gonna die and you have to decide who it is.

(beat)

Right place, wrong time, your choice.

Done with first aid, Kirby admires his work. As he watches, the paint picks up the color of a shadow falling partly across it. The Fixer turns to leave.

FIXER (cont'd)

Thanks for patching me up.

KIRBY

What business, the superhero business?

The Fixer stops and fixes Kirby with a look.

FIXER

Life.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Eamon storms into the room. Jack and Rose are there waiting.

ROSE

We found no sign of him.

EAMON

Well, I did. He's been holed-up like a little rat.

Eamon violently yanks the drawings from under his arm and tapes them to the walls.

EAMON (cont'd)

I guess he fancies himself an artist. And apparently that's not all he fancies.

Jack looks at the Dark Rose sketch and then to Rose in the flesh. He raises an eyebrow. Rose looks at the drawings.

ROSE

He's been watching us.

JACK
Some more than others.

As they look up at the shadows above, the PA system CRACKLES.

KIRBY
(filtered)
So Eamon, it looks like we have a problem here, you and I.

Rose scans the cycling video monitors for an image of Kirby. The others look up to the shadows above.

KIRBY (cont'd)
(filtered)
I'm your problem and my problem is that you killed my friend. You shouldn't have done that.

Eamon grabs the PA microphone on the console.

EAMON
You're right, that bullet was meant for you; he shouldn't even have been here. Which I guess places blame squarely on your shoulders. But you can handle the burden, can't you?

KIRBY
(filtered)
What the fuck does that mean?

EAMON
You're a superhero aren't you? Am I not speaking with... The Fixer?

Eamon SLAPS a drawing of The Fixer on the wall.

INT. OIL RIG - DAY

The Fixer looks offended and starts to charge off. Kirby stops him, composes himself, then speaks into a PA handset.

KIRBY
You have no fucking idea who you're speaking with.
(beat)
I've been thinking about what you said. The fact is I really don't give a shit about you or any of your fucking politics. But, you made the classic mistake... you made it personal.

The Fixer smiles.

INT. CATWALK - DAY

Sean and Frankie stand over the body of Little Jimmy and listen to the PA system.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Rose can't find Kirby on the monitors.

EAMON

Frankly boyo, I'm not that intimidated by a handyman with delusions of grandeur. I'm sure if I was a malfunctioning dish scrubber I'd run at the sight of you, but as it is... I think I'll just squash you like a bug. Another bug.

KIRBY

(filtered)

Your choice potato cakes, but I've had enough of this shit. So... listen closely to my single and final thought. I'm tired, I'm hungry and the more I debate it with myself, I'm pretty sure I'm insane. You have picked exactly the wrong guy to fuck with!

The PA cuts off with a SQUEAK. Rose and Jack look at Eamon.

EAMON

Interesting bloke, hey?

Eamon hangs up the PA and studies Kirby's drawings. Sean and Frankie enter the room.

SEAN

He's killed Little Jimmy!

ROSE

We've got to find him before tomorrow morning.

SEAN

We should split up again, hunt him down.

Frankie nods. Eamon thinks a moment.

EAMON

Bold talk, Sean. We'll consider it.

(beat)

How exactly did the fire alarm get to shore?

SEAN

He circumvented my system.

EAMON

Circum - how?

SEAN

He uh, he unplugged the computer.

As Eamon starts his slow burn, Frankie and Jack make nervous eye contact. Frankie slides an AK along the table, out of Eamon's reach. Then Jack notices Eamon's pistol.

Eamon walks slowly up to Sean and grabs him by the shirt front. Everyone else winces, pretty sure Sean is toast.

EAMON

Fix it. So it doesn't happen again.

Sean nods nervously.

JACK

Look, he's a fucking handyman, he won't come against us. All he wants to do is get a message to the outside. If we just guard this room and the boats, he'll be cut off, harmless. Then when the time comes, we do the job just like we planned and hit the water.

Eamon listens, but as he stares at the drawing of Dark Rose, his expression steadily sours. Rose doesn't like his look.

FRANKIE

Eamon?

EAMON

No. He's managed to slip through Jack's fingers, unplug the so-called computer genius and now, he's killin' people.

Thick silence permeates the room.

EAMON (cont'd)

You lot had better pull it together.

INT. OIL RIG - DAY

Kirby slinks along a hallway and drops to the floor. Lying flat, he rolls beneath several pipes.

INT. PIPE ROOM - DAY

Kirby uncoils and sits in the center of, not technically a room, but a well hidden rectangular area composed of walls of various sized horizontal pipes that rise high above him.

Kirby looks out between some pipes to see the Fixer running full speed toward him. The Fixer hits the pipes and BURSTS into HUNDREDS OF COLORFUL, JIGGLING, LIQUID GLOBS SUSPENDED IN THE AIR.

As the GLOBS MELD together, The Fixer becomes a LIVE ACTOR, still large and heavily muscled, but now his costume has high-tech metallic buckles at the shoulders and more closely resembles Kirby's overalls and T-shirt.

FIXER

Say goodbye to Toontown.

(beat)

Nice speech, good mix of righteous indignation and "come shoot me now" foolhardiness.

KIRBY

I was just yanking his chain.

FIXER

I know, it was perfect. That egomaniac is gonna come after you full bore now. He can't let you slide after what you said. Especially since...

KIRBY

Since what?

FIXER

Well, you're drawing erotica of Skanky Spice. You know he's got 'em, right?

KIRBY

Yeah, I went by the Kirby Cave a little while ago, saw he'd been there.

FIXER

Plus, he's not gonna be too happy when he finds that meat sack we left upstairs.

KIRBY

Thank you.

Kirby removes the bag of marijuana from his pocket and considers it. Finally he opens the bag and stuffs a large wad into his mouth. He chews it despite the horrible taste.

FIXER

Party on, Garth.

KIRBY

Doesn't look like you've missed too many meals.

FIXER

Well, stay on your toes, kid. I'll do what I can, but they're coming and they're gonna come hard now.

The Fixer climbs up the pipes and is gone.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Jack, Sean and Frankie stand ready at the door.

EAMON

Alright, you know your start points. A simple sweep should bag him. And remember, think in three-d, this monkey likes to climb.

The three leave and fan out in different directions.

ROSE

Why didn't you want me to go? I can handle myself out there.

EAMON

I know you can.

ROSE

What is it then?

Eamon pulls down a picture of Dark Rose and goes to her.

EAMON

I think this boy... fancies you.

ROSE

Bollocks.

Eamon shows her the drawing again.

EAMON

(beat)

Have you seen him?

ROSE

What!?! Of course not.

Eamon backs her up against the console. She gets uncomfortable.

EAMON

Well, he's apparently seen quite a bit of you. And he likes what he sees.

Rose squirms a little against the console.

EAMON (cont'd)
 Maybe you should play on that, Love.
 Give him a little more of what he wants.

ROSE
 Why would I do that?

EAMON
 Oh come now, Rose, everybody loves to be
 loved. You can't tell me it isn't a
 little...

(glances at her crotch)
 ... moisturizing to know that in the
 middle of all this, there's a bloke out
 there lusting after you.

Eamon unzips and starts to rummage in her waist pack and
 gleefully pulls a lipstick and compact from it. His manner
 is sickly sweet.

EAMON (cont'd)
 Maybe you should get to know him a little
 better. This is a tough life we've
 chosen, Love. Chances are, I won't be
 around forever. And a trust fund can't
 keep you warm at night.

ROSE
 (hurt)
 Eamon...

EAMON
 Of course, you'll need to tart it up a
 bit. Not everybody is as drawn to your
 plain charms as I am. And I don't think
 he knows how rich you are.

As Eamon applies lipstick to her lips, there is a tear in
 Rose's eye. Eamon purses his lips to get her to do the same.
 She does. He puts the compact in her hand.

EAMON (cont'd)
 You'll have to do that part. You've used
 make-up before, haven't you, lass? Or
 did Daddy have someone put it on for you?

He pulls a brush from her pack, sits her in a chair and
 swings her around. She halfheartedly applies make-up, using
 her reflection in the computer monitor as a mirror. Eamon
 brushes her hair.

They both finish and Eamon swivels the chair around to get a
 look at her. Rose fights back tears.

EAMON (cont'd)
 Oh, I'm sure he'll like that. Still...

Eamon grabs her breasts and pushes them up and together. Crying now, she leaps up, slaps his hands aside.

ROSE

NO!

EAMON

(angry)
For the Cause, Rose!

ROSE

I gave up everything for your fuckin' Cause! I spent a fortune that wasn't mine, I threw away my inheritance, my family, my friends, my whole life!

(beat; softens)

I bought you missiles. And I don't even love the God damned Cause. I love your passion for it. Your belief in it and the strength that gives you, gives all of us. I love your...

Eamon turns away and Rose looks up to see a HUGE ROSE painted across pipes, beams, etc. She leans her head, and the ROSE disappears. She leans back, and it reappears.

ROSE (cont'd)

... audacity...

(smiles; back to Eamon)

...uh, your courage, your "who gives a fuck as long as I'm right."

(beat)

I love you.

EAMON

(suddenly loving)

Rose, I love you, too. It makes me crazy. Get rid of this punk and tomorrow we'll finish the job and be gone.

She slowly nods. Then, Eamon pulls out a knife.

Eamon grabs her tank top, and cuts the bottom half off, leaving her with a very short crop top. He shoves her AK into her hands.

EAMON (cont'd)

Go. He'll come to you.

(beat)

Do this for us.

Rose slowly heads toward the door, wiping away tears. She glances back toward the ROSE, but she's moved and can't see it now. Did she see it at all? She looks sadly back at Eamon, then exits.

After Rose leaves, Eamon looks up. Does he see the ROSE?

INT. OIL RIG - DAY

Rose, AK in hand, walks through the machinery. She turns each corner uneasily. She switches the AK from SAFE to FIRE.

She glances up often, looking for another ROSE? Off balance, she stumbles backward... into Kirby.

INT. OIL RIG - DAY - COMIC MODE

In Kirby's COMIC MODE. Rose swings her AK up, but Kirby is too close. He grabs the barrel and holds it aside. She tries to back away to free the weapon, but Kirby stays with her as he moves in.

She reaches back to cold cock him, but he's faster and steps inside her range, his leg pressed up against hers. His free hand slides around her waist, pulling her too close to swing.

She hesitates as he looks intensely into her eyes. Kirby's hand slides up the AK as he leans in closer and... kisses her.

Kirby smiles and steps back. She punches him anyway, a good punch that really rocks him. His puzzled look says he really thought one kiss would do it. Disappointed, he plunges into the shadows.

INT. OIL RIG - DAY

Back to normal mode. Rose raises the AK and squeezes the trigger. Nothing happens. She looks at the AK and sees that Kirby has put the safety back on. From the shadows, Kirby calls to her...

KIRBY (O.S.)

I'm crazy, not stupid.

Rose CLICKS the safety and fires a random SHOT into the air. Emotions play across her face as she squints into the void.

Eamon rushes up, never having seen Kirby.

EAMON

What was it? Was he here!?

ROSE

Only for a second. I think I missed.

EAMON

(suspicious)

Yes, I suppose you did.

INT. PIPE ROOM - DAY

Kirby rolls into the room and sees The Fixer.

FIXER
Where were you?

KIRBY
With Rose.

FIXER
I don't suppose you killed her.

Kirby glares at him.

FIXER (cont'd)
Then what did you do?

KIRBY
(disconsolate)
I kissed her.

FIXER
You WHAT? You know, I'm just not sure
you understand what we're doing here.

KIRBY
Actually, I think I'm beginning to get a
handle on it.
(beat)
But I'm still not clear on why I should
stick my neck out for a bunch of inbred
losers I don't even know.

FIXER
Because you're the only one who can.

KIRBY
He's not my prince.

FIXER
It's not the prince, it's the principle.
It's the idea that some dick with a
missile and a bug up his ass can't just
kill whoever he wants to make a political
statement.

KIRBY
That's bigger than me.

FIXER
Then maybe it's the idea that he can't
just put a gun to an innocent guy's head
and pull the trigger.

(MORE)

FIXER (cont'd)

It's about somebody who knows right from wrong actually standing up and saying, "Not here, not today, not while I can do something about it."

Pause.

FIXER (cont'd)

Either way, it's about you.

KIRBY

(bitter)

I don't believe in heroes.

FIXER

Neither do I. Heroes are the guys on TV who take credit for what adrenaline does. Heroes are --

KIRBY

Heroes are selfish bastards. They put their lives on the line for strangers, and then when they die, let me tell you, it isn't the strangers who get left behind. Who miss them. And for what? A plaque on a wall somewhere? A folded up flag? What is that? What's left for the people who care?

FIXER

Maybe a better world? Where the good guys win once in a while? If the bad guys are the only ones willing to try, then they're always gonna win. Maybe that's what he was trying to show you. Maybe that's a hero.

Kirby turns away, tears in his eyes. After a few moments The Fixer turns to leave.

FIXER (cont'd)

You do what you gotta do, kid. Let me know.

The Fixer grabs a pipe to swing out of the pipe room.

KIRBY

The boats.

FIXER

What?

Kirby's head comes up.

KIRBY

Their boats are still below.

Kirby dives to the floor and rolls out of the pipe room. The Fixer smiles, then vaults over the top to follow.

INT. OIL RIG - AFTERNOON

Kirby carefully descends a staircase. As he reaches the bottom, he and Frankie spot each other simultaneously. Kirby dives to another level below as Frankie FIRES a burst at him.

INT. OIL RIG - AFTERNOON - COMIC MODE

Back in Comic Mode, Kirby flees, leaping from catwalk to catwalk, swinging from pipes, Spider-Man without the wussy webs. The Fixer keeps pace.

FIXER

See, that's why you never use the stairs.

KIRBY

Why does your advice always come right after I make the mistake?

FIXER

It's a learning process, Skywalker.

INT. OIL RIG - AFTERNOON - COMIC MODE

Frankie, now ugly enough for a comic book, relentlessly chases Kirby through the rig, but uses stairs, ladders, etc. He FIRES the AK at Kirby, always a split second behind.

Kirby and The Fixer fly to the next impossible handhold, heading lower. SPARKS fly where Frankie's BULLETS hit.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Back in normal mode. Eamon, Jack and Rose hear Frankie's SHOTS. Rose and Jack bolt toward the door.

EAMON

(to Rose)

No! You stay here.

(to Jack)

You, too. He may just be trying to distract us so he can get in here again. I'll go.

Rose looks suspiciously at Jack.

I/E. RIG UNDERSIDE - AFTERNOON - COMIC MODE

Kirby arrives at the door to the lift platform. He quickly flings it open and steps out...

...into thin air. The platform is gone! He quickly grabs the door handle and dangles for a moment, then swings back.

He steadies himself back inside and sees Frankie rush down the walkway toward him. Sure that Frankie sees him, Kirby jumps back out the door, and hangs from the outside handle as it swings shut.

EXT. RIG UNDERSIDE - AFTERNOON - COMIC MODE

Kirby hangs from the door handle and looks down.

Frankie flings open the door and almost falls. Kirby's arm snakes around the door and pulls him out. As he falls, Frankie drops his gun and grabs onto Kirby's leg. Kirby grunts as his arms absorb the full weight of them both.

INT. OIL RIG - AFTERNOON

Sean races along a hallway and sees the open lift door. He sees that the platform is not at the top, then hears THUMPS from the other side of the door. He slowly approaches.

EXT. RIG UNDERSIDE - AFTERNOON - COMIC MODE

Frankie is slowly and not too gently climbing back up Kirby to the door handle. They THUD against the door as they struggle. Kirby's grip starts to loosen.

INT. OIL RIG - AFTERNOON

Sean is now at the door. He raises his AK.

EXT. RIG UNDERSIDE - AFTERNOON - COMIC MODE

Frankie has squirmed up between Kirby and the door. He smiles malevolently in Kirby's face as he grabs the door handle and plants a boot in Kirby's gut for the final push.

Suddenly the door EXPLODES in metal fragments as Sean's GUNFIRE rips through it. Frankie takes all the bullets in the back, and with a surprised look, plummets to the water.

Sean, his glasses now futuristic goggles, pushes open the door just in time to see someone disappear below the surface. He smiles and pulls the door almost closed, while Kirby hangs from the outside handle, only inches away.

With Sean gone, Kirby can't reach the call switch for the lift. He grabs the top of the lift cables and slides down.

EXT. OIL RIG DOCK - AFTERNOON

At the bottom is the real world. Kirby quickly pulls back the tarps and is about step into a boat when he sees a device with a blinking light in the boat. He traces wires from the device to a clip on the metal dock and a small brick of C-4 on the engine.

The Fixer drops to the dock.

FIXER

Bomb?

KIRBY

Booby trap. I'll bet if the boats get more than a few feet from the dock, large boom.

FIXER

That distrustful bastard. Take it off.

KIRBY

You take it off.

Kirby winces as Frankie floats back to the surface.

From the door above, they hear SHOUTS. Kirby looks around for options. Seeing none, he slips into the water and distastefully pushes Frankie's carcass out of sight behind the rig's leg.

EXT. RIG UNDERSIDE - AFTERNOON

Eamon and Sean appear in the doorway and look down.

SEAN

Like I said, gone. I'm fucking employee of the month. Not bad for the computer geek, eh?

Eamon sees nothing unusual, but hits the button to bring the lift back up. It CLANGS to life as Eamon pulls the door shut.

As the lift rises, Kirby hangs from the bottom of it. Frankie has somehow become attached to it as well, and dangles gruesomely beside Kirby who tries unsuccessfully to dislodge him. The Fixer hangs on the other side of Kirby.

FIXER

Who's your friend?

KIRBY

Not my friend.
 (beat; smile)
 Just some dude I hang out with.

Kirby and The Fixer get a good chuckle out of that.

At the top, Kirby and The Fixer wait a few moments, then swing up onto the platform and make their way to the winch controls for Scott's waverunner. Kirby hits the down switch, but the winch motor just makes an impotent CLICKING sound.

Kirby and The Fixer then notice a bullet hole in the motor.

FIXER

Hmmph, what are the chances?

KIRBY

Haven't you been paying attention?

INT. OIL RIG - AFTERNOON

Kirby's head cautiously pokes through the lift door and looks around. Seeing no one, he enters and closes the door.

The red dot of Eamon's LASER SIGHT dances on his head.

Suddenly, the PA system SQUEALS to life.

ROSE

(filtered)
 Eamon, get up here. There's a boat
 coming.

Eamon grabs his walkie-talkie. When he looks back, Kirby is gone.

EXT. OCEAN - SUNSET

Alicia, deceptively sweet looking in a flowery sundress, coasts up in a small motor boat to a ladder that dangles down to water level from the rig's deck. The bottom ten feet are covered by a locked gate.

She smiles sweetly and picks up an enormous bolt cutter that lies in the boat beside a pretty picnic basket.

EXT. OIL RIG DECK - SUNSET

Gasping for breath, Alicia reaches the deck. She sets her picnic basket down, takes a deep breath and scrunches up her nose as she sees the industrial squalor around her.

She picks up the basket and walks across the deck like she owns it.

ALICIA

KIRBY!

On the other side of the building, out of sight, Kirby and The Fixer climb up from below. Kirby hears Alicia's voice. He taps the side of his head.

KIRBY

(to Fixer)

Like you weren't bad enough.

ALICIA (O.S)

(petulant)

KIRBY!

Kirby realizes he really is hearing Alicia and races toward the building. As he gets to the corner, he slams on the brakes when he sees that Rose, Jack, Sean and Eamon surround Alicia.

Rose looks disgustedly at Alicia's frilly attire. Alicia returns the disgust.

ALICIA (cont'd)

Aeon Flux? Is this Kirby's little fantasy?

ROSE

Let's kill her.

EAMON

Ooh, cat fight, all for our little Kirby. No, I don't think we'll be killing her.

Rose gives him the evil eye.

EAMON (cont'd)

Not right now, anyway.

Eamon walks in a circle around Alicia, evaluating her, testing the material of her dress with a finger. Alicia's gaze never breaks its lock with Rose.

EAMON (cont'd)

I think we may have found the chip we need in this game of Irish Hold 'em.

ALICIA

Who are you freaks?

Rose takes a swing at Alicia, who has probably mixed it up a few times herself, and blocks it. Alicia drops the basket to swing back when Eamon cold cocks her. She slumps to the deck. Sean throws her limp body over his shoulder.

EAMON

Jack, take care of her boat. And find Frankie. I don't think we need to hunt down our friend anymore. I think he'll behave now.

SEAN

Behave? He's fuckin' dead, I told you.

Eamon plants a fatherly hand on Sean's shoulder, and the rest go inside as Jack heads down the ladder.

The moment the deck empties, Kirby strides boldly out, never taking his eyes from the door. He goes to the picnic basket and picks it up. He walks away, stuffing food in his mouth.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

As Rose, Sean and Eamon enter, they are stopped dead in their tracks by the sight of Frankie's dripping wet, bullet-riddled body dangling from a cable in the middle of the room.

Rose goes to the body and pulls a note from Frankie's mouth.

ROSE

Dear Sean, thanks for shooting me in the ass. Love, Frankie.

Rose and Eamon look at Sean who still carries Alicia.

SEAN

I--

EAMON

You've fucked up beyond even my lofty expectations, Sean. Get Jack back here.

INT. MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT

In a small room below the control room, accessible through a hatch in the floor, Alicia is tied to a chair. Awake now, she glares at Eamon and Rose. Eamon leans against the wall. Beside him are rolled up sheets of paper.

EAMON

How's the jaw?

ALICIA

How do you think?

EAMON

Sorry about that.
(beat)

(MORE)

EAMON (cont'd)

I'm usually a fairly friendly bloke, especially to the ladies, but I've been under some stress lately.

ALICIA

Maybe suicide is the answer.

EAMON

That would be the rapier wit this affair has been missing.

(beat)

That's a lovely dress. Came out here to get fucked, did you?

ROSE

Well, you're fucked now.

ALICIA

Untie me.

ROSE

You're making demands now, are you?

EAMON

Yanks. You people crack me up.

(beat)

I'm afraid I've got other plans.

Alicia is about to rage against Eamon, but amazingly, she takes a moment to calm herself, then smiles.

ALICIA

Mr.... McMuffin let's say, don't take this wrong. Terrorist, correct? I'm sure you've got some really great agenda and I sympathize with your pathetic little plight, I really do. But is keeping me and Kirby really going to help you achieve your lofty goals?

Rose steps forward and punches Alicia in the jaw. Alicia's head rocks, but when it turns back, she glares malevolently.

ALICIA (cont'd)

That better have been worth it.

Rose backhands Alicia, who doesn't make a sound. Frustrated, Rose whacks her a couple more times, then punches her in the gut, and finally, backhands her again. The last blow finally gets a small whimper of pain from Alicia.

Eamon signals Rose to stop, then picks up and begins to unroll the paper at his feet. Rose grabs Alicia's cut and bleeding face and turns it toward Eamon.

ALICIA (cont'd)

He's not going to come after me.

EAMON
I believe you're right.

Eamon shows Alicia one of the sexier drawings of Rose. Rose puts her pistol to Alicia's head.

ROSE
Then we don't need her.

EAMON
Steady, Rose.

Rose COCKS the hammer. Eamon pauses as the tension rises. Eamon whips out his firearm and pushes it into Rose's head.

EAMON (cont'd)
Might I have a word with you, Rose?

Rose slowly lowers her gun. Eamon leads her to a corner of the small room.

EAMON (cont'd)
Don't worry, her time will come... but when I say so.

She turns away, then climbs up the ladder, Eamon behind. Alicia looks around, bleeding in desperation.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Eamon closes the hatch after he and Rose climb out.

ROSE
There's no reason to keep her alive, and you know it!

EAMON
There's every reason to keep her alive. She's our insurance policy.

ROSE
(pause)
You're afraid of him.

EAMON
Rose, I've planned for every contingency on this mission... except a raving lunatic. There are only the four of us left and we've an objective to meet.

ROSE
I don't like --

EAMON

I don't care what you like, Rose! Ever since we found out about the little git you've been more on his side than mine!

Rose storms toward Eamon, but Jack intercepts. He shoves Rose back. Sean looks nervous.

Rose glares at Jack, his hand not too far from his 9mm pistol. She doesn't like the odds. Pause.

ROSE

Alright, so... there's only the four of us left. And with Frankie gone, no one to fire the missiles.

SEAN

Maybe she's right. If we can't pull it off, we should abort now, in the dark.

Eamon is in thought.

EAMON

I considered it. But this is our best, probably our only shot. I can do the shooting.

SEAN

We've already lost some good lads.

EAMON

Aye, I am sorry about the lads. But you've got to sacrifice for what you believe in. The fight doesn't go to the just or the feared, it goes to the last one standing.

(beat)

We win the war here, tomorrow morning.

Rose picks up her AK and heads for the door.

JACK

Where are you goin'?

ROSE

To find him. To kill him.

Rose leaves. Sean stands. Eamon and Jack look at him.

SEAN

Just goin' for a smoke.

EAMON

Don't you think you've done enough damage out there?

SEAN

Eamon, nobody's sorrier than I am about--

EAMON

Well, there's Frankie.

(beat)

All right, stay below deck. And what the hell, while you're about, maybe you can try and find him too. Killing machine that you are.

Sean hangs his head and leaves.

JACK

Figures the handyman wouldn't just kill her for us.

EAMON

She's Irish, Jack. She's never at peace unless she's at war. But how sad is it that I needed her money to get a couple of TOWs?

JACK

(beat; nods toward door)

Like you said, at least she's Irish, won't cause any confusion when they find her body with the others.

Eamon smiles and points to his head.

INT. OIL RIG - NIGHT

Kirby hangs by his knees just above the lights over the control room, listening. He pulls himself up, and hurries quietly away.

INT. OIL RIG - NIGHT

Rose walks cautiously through a hallway. She peeks into a store room, then starts walking again.

Behind her, Kirby leaps across a gap and disappears on the opposite side. Rose spins around to see... nothing. The moment she turns back, The Fixer jumps the same gap.

INSERT - STALKER'S POV

Rose casts suspicious glances as she walks.

BACK TO:

INT. OIL RIG - NIGHT

Rose starts to jog. She scurries up a ladder, across a ledge and around a corner, clearly aware she's being followed. Finally, in the center of a long catwalk, she whirls around, gun raised, to see... Eamon a few feet behind her.

ROSE
You?

EAMON
And you were expecting?

KIRBY (O.S.)
Me.

INT. OIL RIG - NIGHT - COMIC MODE

COMIC MODE. Kirby stands on the catwalk on the other side of Rose. Eamon now looks like Kirby's drawing of him.

Rose, now Dark Rose, turns toward Kirby and cocks her AK.

EAMON
You forgot to bring your gun to the party, boyo.

KIRBY
Don't turn your back on him, Rose. Don't ever turn your back on him.

Eamon's eyes narrow. Rose turns slightly back toward Eamon.

EAMON
Oh, is that the plan, then, sow suspicion among us? Divide and conquer, hey?

KIRBY
He's not a patriot, Rose, or a freedom fighter, or any other kind of... hero. He's a gun runner. He wants to start the shit in Ireland back up, so he can sell guns and bombs and shit to your friends.

Rose looks from Kirby to Eamon.

KIRBY (cont'd)
Didn't you wonder why you had so many guys for such a small mission? He and Jack could've boarded the rig and fired the missiles themselves. Probably would have been quieter that way.

EAMON
I had a nice visit with your girlfriend, too. Alicia is it?

KIRBY
We broke up.

EAMON
Pity.

KIRBY
You know how it is. Trust issues.

EAMON
Rose--

ROSE
No, I want to hear this. Go on,
handyman, why are we all here?

KIRBY
To die. He needed some Irish corpses to
make sure there was no mistake who blew
up the Royals.

EAMON
Rose, you know how much you mean to me.

KIRBY
Oh yeah, you meant a lot more to him than
those other guys; you had the money to
buy the missiles.

*Rose turns fully on Eamon, and glares at him. Then, she
turns back to Kirby.*

ROSE
Sorry you didn't get to say a proper
goodbye to your girlfriend... before we
killed her.

*Kirby's face blanches and as the real world comes crashing
back in on him, the scene returns to NORMAL.*

INT. OIL RIG - NIGHT

Rose FIRES once at Kirby. With a shocked look, he stumbles
back into the railing and falls over.

EAMON
(surprised)
Well done, love!

Eamon rushes along the catwalk and peers over... to see that
Kirby has vanished. Eamon rejoins Rose and embraces her.

EAMON (cont'd)
I knew you wouldn't believe his lies.

She hugs him back, but with a blank expression.

INT. OIL RIG - NIGHT

Kirby limp-runs, pain contorting his face. Exhausted, he slumps down in a lower, darkened walkway. He clutches his wounded leg. Then he sees The Fixer's boot beside him.

FIXER (O.S.)
Girl trouble?

Suddenly, The Fixer's face twists in pain as his body begins to DISSOLVE back to TOON FORM. He groans and writhes until the TRANSFORMATION is complete. Kirby's beaten, tear-stained face doesn't even look at The Fixer.

FIXER (cont'd)
Kid! Kirby! What are you--

KIRBY
They killed her! I let them do it again.

FIXER
Listen to me--

Suddenly The Fixer is dragged toward the wall by an invisible force where his arm STICKS and FLATTENS TO TWO DIMENSIONS.

FIXER (cont'd)
Think about--

KIRBY
Shut up! I listened to your crap about the greater good. That's what you get. That's fucking it!

More and more of The Fixer is SUCKED to the wall. Only one arm and half of his torso is left whole to plead with Kirby. The process is clearly excruciating.

FIXER
No! That's not it! Don't let them do this to us!

KIRBY
SHUT... UP! I did what I could and it wasn't enough.
(beat)
I should've known.

FIXER
No, we're past that now--

KIRBY
Yeah... the game's over.

Head down, Kirby limps off down the walkway. He reaches behind and SNAPS his fingers. The Fixer is instantly SUCKED completely into the wall.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Sean and Jack occupy opposite ends of the room. Sean intently scans the video monitors. His eyes widen.

INSERT - MONITOR

Kirby leans against a horizontal rail, his arms outstretched, as if crucified.

BACK TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Sean looks over his shoulder at Jack and quietly switches off the monitor.

INT. OIL RIG - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sean enters the hallway.

SEAN
Don't move, handyman.

KIRBY
Do I look like I'm moving?

Kirby's eyes are invisible in the shadows.

SEAN
You look like a gimp with a death wish.

KIRBY
We have a winner.

SEAN
I won't screw this up again. I'm just going to kill you and drag your ass back to Eamon. Then he can kill that bitch girlfriend of yours, and Rose'll get off his back.

Kirby's eyes pop open. They weren't shadowed, just closed.

INT. OIL RIG - NIGHT

Back on the wall, the painting of The Fixer's head snaps around.

With a loud POIT, The Fixer pops off the wall and falls face first to the floor, whole, THREE-D and LIVE ACTION again. He gasps for breath as he rises to hands and knees.

FIXER

She's alive.

INT. OIL RIG - HALLWAY - NIGHT - COMIC MODE

As we PULL OUT from Kirby's eyes, the scene is in COMIC MODE.

KIRBY

So, are you gonna shoot me now or wait 'til you get home?

SEAN

What? I'll shoot ya when I'm good and ready. Now none of that jumpin' about.

FIXER

He doesn't have to shoot you now.

Kirby sees The Fixer leaning on the rail of a nearby walkway.

KIRBY

Shoot me now, shoot me now.

Sean looks puzzled. Suddenly, Kirby rears up like he's going to do something spectacular. Sean panics and fumbles with his rifle. Kirby stomps on Sean's foot and dashes away. Sean hops on one foot, then races after, ad-lib swearing.

INT. OIL RIG - NIGHT - COMIC MODE

Sean skids to a stop, then creeps cautiously along.

From behind, Kirby swings down, loops a length of rope around Sean's neck and pulls him into a steel mesh-floored room.

INT. MESH ROOM - NIGHT - COMIC MODE

Kirby drags Sean into the room.

KIRBY

Haven't you shot enough people today?

Sean struggles for breath as Kirby flings him aside. Sean starts to raise his gun, but Kirby delivers a roundhouse kick to the side of his head. Sean's AK CLATTERS to the corner.

The Fixer strolls casually in and leans against the wall.

FIXER

Ya know, I was thinking, Dark Rose is probably pretty good with that gun. I'm gonna guess she didn't have to just graze the meaty part of your leg there. Maybe she was sending a message.

Kirby circles Sean as he staggers to the middle of the room.

KIRBY

She was.

Sean looks around. Who is Kirby talking to?

KIRBY (cont'd)

She wants me to kill him. She knows I'm telling the truth - knew as soon as I said it - but she can't do it herself.

FIXER

(smiles)

But she can let you do it. That's sweet.

KIRBY

Let's just say--

SEAN

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU GOIN' ON ABOUT!?

KIRBY

Chill, sparky.

Suddenly, Sean lunges. Kirby unleashes a furious barrage of solid kicks and BONE-CRUNCHING punches that drive Sean to the far end of the room, where he collapses in a bloody heap.

Sean struggles to one knee and looks up at Kirby. Then his eyes roll up in his head and he collapses.

Kirby stops at the door and picks up the AK. Will he fire?

INT. OIL RIG - NIGHT

Eamon walks carefully through the rig. He stops and slowly looks up to see Sean crumpled on the mesh floor above him.

INT. MESH ROOM - NIGHT

Eamon enters, alert. Sean lies where Kirby left him, the AK on the floor. Slowly, Eamon goes up to Sean. He kicks him with the toe of his boot. Sean groans and picks up his head.

SEAN

Eamon, thank God. Is he gone?

Eamon nods.

EAMON

Are you shot, lad?

SEAN

No, but I think my arm is broken. And he fucked up my knee. At least I got a couple of good shots in on him. I don't know how much good I'll be to you, but I won't slow you down, Eamon, I promise.

Eamon helps Sean to his feet. Sean tries to take a step and collapses against the wall. Eamon watches him grimly.

SEAN (cont'd)

I guess I'll need a bit of help.

Eamon nods. Out of Sean's sight, Eamon pulls out a knife.

EAMON

Of course.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

Eamon enters. Jack and Rose are already there. Eamon tosses Sean's AK and his bloody glasses onto the counter.

EAMON

And then there were three.

(beat)

That's his plan, then. He'll separate us, take us one at a time. Until he's killed us all.

JACK

(hateful; off Rose)

Not all.

ROSE

So... the handyman killed Sean, did he?

EAMON

He did.

Eamon and Rose exchange a challenging look. Jack would clearly like to just off Rose right here, but her AK is ever present.

EAMON (cont'd)

No matter, he's out of time. We've less than an hour before Britannia --

Suddenly, the sound of METALLIC CLANGS from all over the rig, then a KLAXON begins to blare. Rose goes to the computer where red indicators galore FLASH.

Eamon quickly punches laptop keys, and the KLAXON stops. He points to a couple of manuals and Jack lunges for them.

The SQUEAL and HISS of the PA system echoes through the rig. Then Kirby's voice fills the air.

KIRBY

(filtered)

Good morning, terrorists, this is your wake-up call. I've opened all of the maintenance valves on the rig, and we got a gusher! You can't turn it off from there, so don't even bother checking the manuals.

Eamon sweeps the manuals onto the floor.

KIRBY (cont'd)

I know you've disarmed the on-shore warning system, but in fifteen minutes I'm playing with matches and I'm thinking the royal yacht won't sally forth with a ten-storey Molotov cocktail in the way. So on behalf of Petroco Oil... FUCK YOU.

(beat)

And if anything happens to Alicia, this party is really gonna kick into high gear.

The PA CLICKS off. Eamon fumes. He cocks his AK and runs to the open hatch of the machine room. He sights down into the hatch, then insanely frustrated, he just kicks the hatch shut and padlocks it.

JACK

I think we can get one of the missiles down to the boats in fifteen minutes. We don't have to lose them both.

EAMON

We're not losing anything! Get out there, both of you! Shoot anything that moves. We've fifteen minutes to put this bastard away. We are NOT going to lose this! And if you see a way to shut off the oil, do it. Go!

Jack exits. Rose is about to say something to Eamon.

EAMON (cont'd)

Rose! Just go!

She hesitates, then exits.

INT. OIL RIG - DAY

Kirby hangs up the PA handset. The Fixer is with him.

KIRBY
Right place, wrong time...
(shrugs)
...no choice.

FIXER
Wrong. You always have a choice. Just
like your father did.

Pause. No pain in Kirby's eyes now, just understanding.

KIRBY
Yeah.

Kirby pulls an enormous wrench, like The Fixer's, from the valve he just opened. They race off, side by side.

INT. OIL RIG - DAY

Rose comes to a valve spewing oil. She stops, sets her AK in a safe spot and begins to turn the valve's wheel to shut it.

Suddenly a boot CRUNCHES into her back and she SLAMS against the valve wheel. She bounces off and swings a hard elbow that catches Jack in the head and drives him back.

Jack sees that she can't reach her AK, and he tosses his to the ground. Then he pulls out his knife. Rose looks scared, then a crazed smile comes to her face.

ROSE
Alright then, Jack. Let's have a go.

Even though Jack has the knife, Rose goes on the offensive, launching a barrage of kicks and punches, some landing, some he is able to fend off. One such kick knocks the knife from his hand.

Jack blocks one more punch, then plants a forearm shiv to Rose's nose. She flies back and Jack is all over her with a vicious salvo of punches and gut-buster kicks. She falls to the ground, bleeding, almost unconscious.

Jack picks up the knife, grabs Rose by her hair and pulls her head up, knife poised to slash her throat.

Suddenly Rose flops back to the ground, the knife gone from her throat, Jack literally out of her hair.

She weakly rolls over to see Kirby standing protectively between her and Jack, who is on his ass some distance away.

Kirby, wrench in hand, fists planted immovably on his hips, is now a superhero in the real world, no Comic Mode.

Rose squints, when for one brief moment, *she sees the scene in COMIC MODE*. Kirby spins the giant wrench in his hand.

Rose shakes her head and the image is gone.

JACK

(smiles)

How many handymen do I get to kill in this shithole?

Kirby's eyes flare. Rose turns weakly away.

KIRBY

Yeah, I've been meaning to talk to you about that.

Jack picks up his knife as he jumps to his feet. He charges at Kirby who deflects the knife into the holes in the valve wheel. He CLANGS the wrench into the knife and the blade SNAPS off. Jack tosses the handle aside and swings at Kirby.

Kirby is fast, amazingly so. And every block, swing or kick he unleashes has a flourish. Jack fights as a trained fighter, Kirby fights like a whirlwind, spinning the wrench and using it to block Jack's attacks like a quarterstaff.

Both land their share of crushing blows, Jack seemingly glued to the ground, while Kirby bounces off walls, swings from pipes and flies through the air with gymnastic leaps.

After one such exchange, Jack slides to a stop near his AK. He grabs it, swings it up and squeezes off a BURST.

Miraculously, Kirby swings the wrench to follow the tracking of Jack's gun, so the SHOTS RICOCHET off the wrench in a hail of SPARKS and PINGS.

As the AK CLICKS empty, Kirby swings the wrench and knocks the AK from Jack's hands, but as he continues the swing, he knocks the handle off a valve marked DANGER: SUPERHEATED STEAM. The STEAM HISSES right into Jack's face. He SCREAMS and staggers back.

As he flops into a small room, he accidentally grabs another valve handle and gives it a turn. STEAM ROARS into the small room and Jack disappears into the billowing cloud.

Kirby winces. Then he turns back to Rose, but she's gone. He looks around for a moment, then dashes away.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Kirby and The Fixer rush over to the hatch. Kirby yanks at it and almost pulls his arm out of the socket. The Fixer condescendingly points to the padlock.

ALICIA (O.S.)
 (muffled)
 Go away! I'm tired of you bastards.

KIRBY
 Alicia, it's me.

INTERCUT:

Kirby in the control room and Alicia in the machine room.

ALICIA
 I think your new girlfriend went looking
 for you with the rest of them. You can
 probably still catch her.

KIRBY
 I'm here for you.

ALICIA
 Oh yeah, that's a good one. Where were
 you when that slut was slapping me
 around?

Kirby sticks the handle of his wrench into the hasp.

KIRBY
 Can't we discuss this later?

ALICIA
 Typical, Kirb.

Kirby indicates The Fixer's bulging biceps and the hatch.
 The Fixer scoffs, then pantomimes shooting Alicia in the head
 and her body slumping in the chair and twitching.

KIRBY
 Will you shut up! I'm trying to rescue
 you.

Kirby heaves mightily on the wrench.

ALICIA
 Well, I don't want to eat into your time
 with Morticia. Maybe you better not
 rescue me, somebody else will come along
 eventually.

The lock snaps with a PING. Kirby tosses the wrench aside
 and pulls open the hatch.

ALICIA (cont'd)
 Yeah, I've decided. I don't want you
 involved in my rescue.

Suddenly, there is a gun barrel in Kirby's eye.

KIRBY
You're in luck.

Rose holds her AK to Kirby's eye socket. Kirby looks around, but The Fixer is gone.

ROSE
I'm sorry, I can't let you do that.

KIRBY
They tried to kill you.

ROSE
Jack tried to kill me. Eamon--

KIRBY
But... I saved you.

ROSE
No, it would take a lot more than that.

KIRBY
I can do it. I love you.

As a tear escapes her eye, Rose almost laughs.

ALICIA (O.S.)
What are you-- ? Is that bitch up there?

ROSE
I don't think so, Kirby.

ALICIA (O.S.)
If I get out of this chair, you greasy slut, I'm gonna come up there and pull your uterus out with my bare hands!

As Rose glances at the hatch, Kirby leg sweeps her. Her feet fly up and she hits the deck hard, her gun FIRING in the air.

The Fixer dashes in the door, urgency in his eyes. Kirby kicks the AK from Rose's hands. Oil begins to flow in along the floor.

Kirby and The Fixer run toward the wall instead of the door. In full stride, they hit the counter, and leap toward the top of the wall. Perfectly synchronized, they somersault over and are gone.

Rose lunges for her gun, but too late.

INT. OIL RIG - DAY

Kirby and The Fixer run and leap upward through the rig.

FIXER

Nice rescue. And I notice you failed to kill Dark Rose again.

KIRBY

You're just not gonna let up on that one, are you?

FIXER

Well how many times does she have to shoot you before--

KIRBY

She's just playing hard to get.

INT. MACHINE ROOM - DAY

Oil begins to drip into the hatch. Alicia shows real fear.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Rose looks down the hatch, at the oil flowing into it, then exits.

EXT. OIL RIG DECK - DAY

Kirby and The Fixer climb over the edge. Oil SPEWS from valves up here, too. They run toward the crates.

KIRBY

If he's got missiles, they must be up here. We've been all over below deck.

As they run across the deck, Eamon springs up from amongst the crates and fires a BURST from his AK at Kirby, who dives behind a large vent housing.

Kirby and The Fixer crouch behind the vent housing.

FIXER

Hey, nice work here. We can't get to the missiles and we can't get below deck. This is... nice.

KIRBY

Shut up. Okay look, I'll run out that way. When he starts shooting at me, you tear off toward the crates, get behind him. I'll keep drawing his fire and you jump him from behind.

The Fixer stares at Kirby for a few moments, then laughs heartily.

FIXER

Where'd you learn that one, the Power Rangers? You'll be dead before you get ten feet.

KIRBY

Then I guess you'll have to finish it.

The Fixer laughs even harder.

FIXER

I'm a figment of your imagination, you fucking moron.

Kirby looks knowingly at The Fixer.

KIRBY

Are you?

All at once, The Fixer doesn't look so sure. Kirby smiles.

KIRBY (cont'd)

No, I'm just fucking with you. You are. Thanks for putting that out there though, it helps.

Kirby pulls Scott's lighter out.

FIXER

Whatcha got there?

KIRBY

The new plan.

Kirby touches the flame to a pool of oil on deck. It takes a moment, but catches. The low flame WHOOSHES toward Eamon.

Eamon looks down to see that he stands in an inch of oil. His eyes go wide and he sprints toward a clear area, turning to SHOOT at Kirby as he runs.

Kirby sprints across the deck, doing forward hand flips to avoid Eamon's shots. He lands in a crouch behind a large machine. He stands to make the dash to the building when SHOTS RICOCHET off the machine. He ducks back.

The FLAMES spread to the door of the building and go inside.

Eamon takes a moment from shooting at Kirby to put his binoculars up to his eyes.

INSERT - EAMON'S POV

Britannia heads toward the harbor mouth.

BACK TO:

EXT. OIL RIG DECK - DAY

Eamon sets the AK down, takes out a pistol and with one hand begins to unlatch the lid of one of the missile cases. He fires random SHOTS at Kirby to keep him pinned down.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The FLAMES spread into the control room and creep toward the open hatch of the machine room.

INT. MACHINE ROOM - DAY

Alicia sniffs the air. Heavy, oily SMOKE begins to fill the room. She looks frantically around and tries to break free.

She coughs a few times, then passes out.

EXT. OIL RIG DECK - DAY

Eamon has one launcher out of its case. He looks it over and hits the arming switch. Satisfied, he sets it down and starts on the second case. Just then, Kirby lunges out to make a break for it. Eamon fires two quick SHOTS at Kirby.

Kirby tries to duck back, but hits a patch of oil on the deck and slips. He hits the deck hard. As Eamon draws a bead on him, Kirby makes eye contact. There is no fear in Kirby's eyes, only fierce determination. Eamon hesitates.

EXT. LOS ANGELES HARBOR - DAY

The Harbor is jammed with a flotilla of private boats, tall ships and fire boats. Beyond the harbor mouth wait two British war ships.

INT. BRITANNIA - BRIDGE - DAY

MR. TIMMONS, First Officer of H.M.Y. Britannia, the British royal yacht, looks out a pair of binoculars at the oil rig. The bridge is jammed with officers, including CAPT. HYDE.

INSERT - TIMMONS' POV

SMOKE rises from the rig.

BACK TO:

INT. BRITANNIA - BRIDGE - DAY

Timmons lowers the binoculars and squints suspiciously toward the rig. As they approach the harbor mouth, the two escort warships outside seem impossibly far away.

TIMMONS
Captain.

HYDE
Mr. Timmons?

TIMMONS
We seem to have a bit of trouble with that oil rig off the starboard bow, sir.

Hyde looks at the rig.

HYDE
Seems a safe distance from us. We'll just steer a course to keep it that way.
(to helm)
Mr. Johnson, give that oil rig a wide berth. Make it ten degrees to port.

TIMMONS
Sir, recommend we return to the harbor until this can be addressed.

HYDE
We've a schedule to keep, Mr. Timmons. Your recommendation is noted.

Timmons goes very near his captain.

TIMMONS
(sotto; insistent)
Sir, His Highness is aboard.

HYDE
I'm aware of that, Angus, maintain course and speed. It's a factory on stilts, it's bound to be releasing some noxious substance or another. We'll just steer clear of it. And hope it's not another one of ours.

Timmons doesn't look completely satisfied.

EXT. OIL RIG DECK - DAY

Kirby looks for an escape route, but all he sees is a thick length of insulated cable lying near him. The other end of the severed cable rests in a burning pool of oil. Just as Eamon FIRES, Kirby flops backward to the deck.

Kirby continues his flop into a backward somersault that brings him to a stand, the cable in his hand. Eamon, shocked that he missed, lines up another shot.

Kirby whips the cable out of the burning oil and whirls it over his head like Satan's flaming bullwhip. The air WHISTLES and when he CRACKS it loudly, a FIREBALL of flaming oil and insulation FIRES from the end of it at Eamon.

Eyes wide, Eamon ducks. The FIREBALL WHOOSHES into a nearby tarp. He leaps up and fires a quick, ineffective SHOT.

On his recovery stroke, Kirby drags the cable through the burning oil, WHISTLES it back and CRACKS another FIREBALL.

Eamon ducks back behind the missile case and grabs the binoculars.

INSERT - EAMON'S POV

The royal yacht has almost cleared the harbor entrance and is now turning slightly away to present itself broadside.

BACK TO:

EXT. OIL RIG DECK - DAY

Eamon lowers the binoculars and prepares to shoot again.

INT. CUBBY HOLE - DAY

Rose kicks in the door with a BANG and comes sliding in on her knees, AK ready to rock.

She spots something in the corner and crawls toward it. She picks up the crumpled drawing Eamon tossed away and unfolds... a charcoal portrait of her, but soft and beautiful as Rose would be in a gentler life. She stares deeply at it.

EXT. OIL RIG DECK - DAY

Kirby notices the SMOKE now coming from the building.

KIRBY

Alicia.

Kirby CRACKS another FIREBALL just as Eamon pops up from behind the missile case. Eamon quickly rolls away and his SHOT PUNCTURES the gas tank of the crane. He peers around the case to see Kirby gone, the cable laying on the deck.

INT. OIL RIG HALLWAY - DAY

Kirby arrives at the FLAME FILLED hallway outside the control room to find The Fixer waiting for him.

FIXER

Know what burns my ass?

The Fixer holds his hand palm-down at ass height.

FIXER (cont'd)

A little flame about this high.

KIRBY

C'mon.

Kirby grabs an extinguisher off the wall and SPRAYS the FLAMES. Just as the extinguisher dies, they reach the door to the control room and Kirby tosses it aside.

Somewhere, an EXPLOSION rocks the rig.

The control room BURNS. All of Kirby's nightmares dance in the FLAMES between him and the hatch to the machine room.

Kirby races back down the hall to an emergency equipment locker. He throws it open and pulls out a heavy firefighting coat and a full-face oxygen mask and tank rig.

He puts the oxygen rig on, and with the coat held out in front, runs toward the control room. As he turns into the doorway, he throws the coat down, leaps on and surfs across the BURNING OIL.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Kirby SLAMS into the far wall, pulls a rain slicker down and POUNDS the big red panic switch it had been hanging on.

Valves CLANG shut all over the rig. The cutoff switch had been in the control room all along. He grabs another extinguisher and puts out the FIRE.

Kirby glances at the main board. Every single light is RED.

KIRBY

I am so fucking fired.

At the machine room, Kirby drops the empty extinguisher. He peels off the mask, and drops it with the coat to teeter at the edge of the hatch. The Fixer crouches by the hatch.

Kirby chokes as they both look into the FLAMES at the foot of the ladder. Alicia is obscured by the SMOKE. Suddenly, Kirby leaps feet first into the hatch, ignoring the ladder. The Fixer reaches out to stop him, but too late.

FIXER

KIRBY!

The Fixer looks down after Kirby for a few moments, then winces. He hesitates, then dives in. After a second, the fire gear topples in after him.

Several tense moments pass. Slowly, a hulking figure climbs out of the hatch wearing the fire coat and oxygen rig, Alicia slung over his shoulder in a perfect fireman's carry. The figure looks back down the hatch, then races out.

INT. OIL RIG - DAY

EXPLOSIONS continue and falling metal CLANGS as the figure in the firefighting gear finds a clear spot on the floor and gingerly sets Alicia down.

He looks around to make sure it's clear, then slowly peels off the oxygen mask to reveal... Kirby. As he takes off the mask, he hacks out a few more coughs.

Kirby, coughing and hacking, places the mask over Alicia's face. For a few moments, nothing happens, then she begins to cough. Kirby leaves the mask in place and shrugs off the rest of the fire gear. He is splotted with soot.

Actually breathing now, Alicia pulls the mask off and sees Kirby. She looks at him, then at herself.

ALICIA

I'm... alive.

Kirby nods and coughs.

ALICIA (cont'd)

You saved me.

Kirby nods again, unable to talk. He wipes his sooty arm across his eyes to clear the sweat. Alicia actually looks starry-eyed.

ALICIA (cont'd)

You're... my hero?

Kirby drops his arm and we see the black streak across his face, similar to The Fixer's mask. His look burns into her. When he finally speaks, his voice is raspy and thrashed from the smoke, just like The Fixer's.

KIRBY

There are no heroes... there's just me.

A pause while Alicia looks suitably impressed.

ALICIA
Apparently, you'll do.

KIRBY
The Prince.

ALICIA
What?

INSERT - EAMON'S POV

Through the viewfinder of one of the missile launchers we see the royal yacht centered in the crosshairs and an LED warning of "OUT OF RNG." The yacht continues at a stately pace out of the harbor.

EAMON
Goddamn Prince.

EXT. OIL RIG DECK - DAY

An EXPLOSION blows a hole up through the deck. Eamon lowers the missile launcher to look toward the BLAST.

EXT. LIFT PLATFORM - DAY

Kirby and Alicia descend. They duck as the same EXPLOSION blows through the rig above them. When the last chunk of shrapnel SPLASHES into the water, they see daylight now cuts through the entire rig just above the upper door to the lift.

The lift CLANGS to a stop at the dock. The explosion above has left only scraps of the boats.

KIRBY
Some re-assembly required.

There is a thick, metal collar around the leg that supports part of the dock. Suddenly, Jack leaps from this out onto the dock, brandishing an AK. He is hideously burned. Alicia and Kirby quickly spin around, but Jack has the drop on them.

JACK
Ah-ah handyman, not so fast. Looks like the last boat has sailed and now we're all left here to die. The only good thing about it is you die before me.

KIRBY
Now Jack... I can see that you're steamed.

Jack raises his AK and a SHOT erupts. So does Jack's head. Alicia screams as Jack's body pitches into the water.

They look up to see Rose in the doorway above. She slides down the lift cables. As Rose steps to the dock, her 9mm pistol pointing at them, Kirby stares at her, shocked. She is as sooty as Kirby and starting to bruise up nicely.

ROSE
Don't you recognize me, Love?

KIRBY
Rose.

Rose doesn't look satisfied with this answer.

KIRBY (cont'd)
Dark Rose?

Rose smiles.

INT. BRITANNIA - BRIDGE - DAY

Timmons puts down his binoculars.

TIMMONS
Sir, an explosion on that rig.

HYDE
Helm, bring us about, we're heading back--

HELM
Sir, we've no clear course back to the harbor.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The flotilla form an effective clot in the harbor mouth. Richmond and Manchester seem impossibly far away from the yacht and well out of the line of fire from the oil rig.

EXT. OIL RIG DOCK - DAY

Rose still has Kirby and Alicia at gunpoint.

ALICIA
Are you all delusional?

Rose points her gun at Alicia to shut her up.

KIRBY
Rose! You can still do the right thing.

ROSE
Aye, that I can.

Rose steps deliberately up to Kirby, slips her hand behind his neck and plants a long, deep, passionate kiss on his mouth. His arms slip lightly around her.

Alicia finally realizes that her hold on Kirby is gone forever.

Rose steps away from Kirby, smiles sadly and puts the 9mm to her head. Before she can pull the trigger, Kirby lashes out with a slightly too powerful uppercut that keeps her from firing, but launches her to the end of the dock, out cold.

Alicia stamps her foot in frustration.

ALICIA
I wanted to do that!

Kirby races over to check Rose for a pulse.

KIRBY
Like you would have stopped her.

ALICIA
Good point.

Satisfied that Rose is alive, Kirby goes to a metal locker mounted on the rig's leg. It is locked, but he quickly pulls a screwdriver from his overalls and POPS the hasp off. An inflatable emergency raft topples out. Alicia looks at it.

ALICIA (cont'd)
You knew that was here all along?

Kirby stops and thinks.

KIRBY
I don't know.

He pulls the handle on the raft, which inflates with a WHOOSH.

KIRBY (cont'd)
Get in.

Alicia might argue, but thinks better of it when another EXPLOSION RAINS DEBRIS down around them. She gingerly gets in the raft. Kirby carefully picks up Rose and carries her to the raft.

ALICIA
Oh no! We are not paddling our asses off to save that bitch.

Kirby puts Rose in the raft and SNAPS together the tiny paddle, which he tosses to Alicia.

KIRBY
No, you are.

ALICIA
Kirby--

They are startled by a loud BARK. Kirby turns to see D'Artagnan bobbing in the water, Rose's 9mm in his mouth.

KIRBY
See, even I know that's weird.

Kirby takes the gun from the seal. He thinks.

KIRBY (cont'd)
Good boy. Come here, boy.

Kirby goes back to the raft. Kirby holds the light mooring line from the raft out to D'Artagnan.

KIRBY (cont'd)
Take it. Go on.

D'Artagnan takes it and bobs a little back from the dock.

KIRBY (cont'd)
Go, boy! Swim like the wind!

ALICIA
Like the wind whistling through your head? He's not a dog Kirby.

Kirby makes a "bang-zoom" motion with his hands. D'Artagnan swims quickly away from the dock. When he reaches the end of the line, the raft jerks, knocking Alicia down. Slowly, the raft begins to head toward shore, pulled by the plucky little seal. Yes, the plucky little seal.

ALICIA (cont'd)
He's not going very fast.

KIRBY
I'm sorry, he's the biggest seal I got. Paddle, help him out.

Sure that the raft is at least moving in the right direction, Kirby turns back and looks at the ominous, smoking rig above.

EXT. OIL RIG DECK - DAY

Eamon has the missile launcher at his shoulder. He shakes with anticipation, then steadies himself.

EAMON
C'mon, fifty more meters.

EXT. BRITANNIA - DAY

On deck, Timmons walks briskly up to Royal Marine Sgt. ROBERTSON, huge, immensely muscled, with a crewcut so severe it thankfully calls attention from his oft broken nose. He casts a suspicious gaze at the smoking oil rig.

TIMMONS
Sergeant Robertson.

ROBERTSON
Aye, Mr. Timmons.

TIMMONS
Mount the thirty.

At that moment, two marines race past with a 30mm machine gun and begin to attach it to a mount on the bow.

ROBERTSON
It had occurred to me.

EXT. OIL RIG DOCK - DAY

As Kirby walks back up the dock, he picks up the ax without breaking stride. He gets on the lift platform and looks up at the hole through the rig.

KIRBY
(hand to forehead)
You must be this insane to ride this
ride.

Kirby swings the ax, and with a loud CHUNG, cuts through the lift's arrestor cable. The counterweight plummets and the lift platform SCREAMS upward.

At the top of its track the lift SMASHES to a stop, but Kirby doesn't. Arms at his side, looking up, Kirby launches skyward through the decks, like Superman with a hard-on.

EXT. OIL RIG DECK - DAY

Kirby fires up through the hole in the deck. The SMOKE of the lower decks trails behind him like a rocket. Eamon sees the motion out of the corner of his eye and turns.

Kirby arcs down and lands in a superhero crouch in the middle of the deck.

KIRBY
(big smile)
Now we got us a game.

Eamon sets down the launcher and scrambles for his AK.

EAMON

Oh now that's just it!

Kirby dodges through puddles of BURNING OIL to a forklift. He starts it and lumbers toward Eamon at the forklift's top speed.

Eamon FIRES at Kirby.

Kirby skewers a large crate with the forks. He lifts this as a shield and continues toward Eamon.

After several more SHOTS that just futilely shred the crate, Eamon's AK CLICKS on an empty chamber. He ejects the magazine, but realizes that he has no more. The forklift advances as Eamon's expression becomes more maniacal.

Eamon looks at his two missiles. Finally he grabs the armed one and aims it at the forklift. Kirby peeks out from around the crate and sees the missile leveled at him. He throws the forklift hard to one side and dives off just as Eamon FIRES.

The missile hits the deck behind the forklift. The EXPLOSION obliterates the building, SNAPS half the deck, cants it crazily toward the water, and launches FLAMING DEBRIS in all directions.

EXT. BREAKWALL - DAY

Several fishermen look out to see the EXPLOSION on the rig.

EXT. OIL RIG DECK - DAY

One piece of FLAMING DEBRIS is the forklift, which SCREECHES on its side, spraying SPARKS. It hits the crane's punctured gas tank and the cab EXPLODES.

Kirby, lying on the crazily tilted deck, sees where the spent missile launcher lies smoking, Eamon nowhere to be seen.

Then he sees that the crane has had enough. Amid a cacophony of METALLIC GROANS, SNAPS and CLANGS, the enormous crane arm topples toward him.

Wide-eyed, Kirby scrambles up and races away from the crane.

The crane arm CRASHES to the deck in sections. Like the leg of an enormous dying insect, each section THUNDERS into the deck just behind the sprinting Kirby. Pieces of deck EXPLODE under it.

Kirby dives off the edge of the deck just as the last section of crane arm HAMMERS it into splinters.

As Kirby plummets toward the ocean, the crane's cable WHIPS in a giant arc out and then down toward him. Kirby grabs the cable as it zooms past, and it swings him in a dizzying arc within inches of the water, then back up under the rig.

At its highest point, Kirby lets go of the cable and is launched upward to land on a bundle of pipes on the underside of the rig. He breathes like a steam engine.

KIRBY
Oh yeah, this is all coming out of my
paycheck.

Kirby looks up at the thrashed rig above him. A large EXPLOSION rocks it, accompanied by the SCREECH and BANGS of RENDING METAL and POPPING rivets.

The half-detached deck piece GRINDS a little more and comes to rest even closer to falling off. Kirby gauges the drop to the water.

As he looks down at the water he hears...

ALICIA (O.S.)
Kirby! What are you doing?

Kirby snaps around to see Alicia's raft a mere fifty feet from the rig.

KIRBY
(shouts)
What are you still doing here?

ALICIA
(shouts)
Your stupid seal left.

KIRBY
(shouts)
Why? What did you say to him?

Alicia is about to retort, then hangs her head, busted.

KIRBY (cont'd)
(shouts)
Start paddling! You have to get away
from here, this thing's gonna blow.

Alicia's head still hangs.

KIRBY (cont'd)
(shouts)
You threw the paddle at him, didn't you?
(beat)
Use your hands, I'll come and help.

Kirby spots Scott's waverunner, still hanging below the rig. He starts toward it, swinging and leaping from pipes and girders.

INT. BRITANNIA - BRIDGE - DAY

Timmons enters amidst a flurry of activity as officers react to the explosion on the rig. HELM looks from the windows to Hyde. CLARKE, the radioman, looks equally nervous.

HYDE

Mr. Clarke, when can we expect a clear path?

CLARKE

Harbor patrol says they're working on it, sir. Five minutes.

TIMMONS

Clarke! Radio Manchester, Richmond, the Coast Guard. Order them to flanking positions immediately. We need cover!

Clarke turns to his radio.

EXT. RIG UNDERSIDE - DAY

Kirby reaches the waverunner and tugs on the cable to release it. Unsuccessful, he climbs onto the waverunner, hooks his feet on the handlebars and tries to pull up on the cable to slip the hook. Muscles popping, it still doesn't budge.

Kirby swings around, stands on the handlebars and pushes up against the underside of the rig. Again, no movement. Occasional EXPLOSIONS punctuate his efforts.

Finally, he jumps up and down on the handlebars, but the waverunner just sways a little.

KIRBY

NOOO!

Kirby looks out and sees Alicia a little way off, not nearly enough, paddling hard. When the rig goes, it will take her and Rose, too.

Kirby's head slumps back and his feet slide off the handlebars to rest on the engine cowling. He collapses back against the vertical seat. His chest heaves as he slumps in abject defeat.

With a loud PING the eye pops off the back of the waverunner. It plummets, with Kirby aboard, fifty feet to the ocean. The waverunner hits nose first with an explosive SPLASH, and disappears, with Kirby, below the surface.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Several bleak moments pass as we contemplate the likelihood of Kirby's surviving such a fall.

Suddenly, the ocean is torn asunder as the sleek, black waverunner EXPLODES from the depths, twenty feet into the air, engine ROARING and Kirby piloting. The waverunner hits the water running and BLASTS off toward Alicia's raft.

Kirby pulls up to Alicia's raft, grabs the tow rope, and before Alicia can say anything, he hooks the rope around one shoulder and takes off away from the rig.

INT. COAST GUARD PATROL BOAT - BRIDGE - DAY

The skipper, LT. HALPERN gazes out at the royal yacht as its lumbering escort ships close the gap. The speedy patrol boat THUNDERS toward them. A Coastie hands her binoculars and points off toward the waverunner. She takes the binoculars.

INSERT - HALPERN'S POV

Kirby, the grease looking like camouflage paint on his face, pilots the black waverunner toward the yacht. Behind him, the raft could contain anything, Alicia and Rose are hidden beneath the gunwales.

BACK TO:

INT. COAST GUARD PATROL BOAT - BRIDGE - DAY

Halpern lowers the binoculars and points toward Kirby.

HALPERN

Helm, give me an intercept vector on that waverunner. All ahead full. Sound general quarters.

A KLAXON sounds general quarters as Coasties scramble to uncover the 30mm machine gun at the prow of the boat.

EXT. OIL RIG DECK - DAY

A piece of sheet metal from the building moves a little, then is flung aside to reveal Eamon, burnt in more ways than one. He quickly looks around and spots the other missile launcher peeking from beneath some wreckage.

He grunts with pain as he crawls to the launcher and extricates it. He looks into the viewfinder and smiles.

EXT. RAFT/WAVERUNNER - DAY

Rose groans and begins to stir. Alicia, trying to stand, doesn't notice as she watches the Patrol Boat bearing down.

HALPERN (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 Black waverunner, this is the United States Coast Guard. You are entering a restricted area. Heave to and prepare to be... boarded.

Safely away from the rig, Kirby begins to throttle down. The raft slowly floats up to him from behind.

Rose gasps. Alicia hears and looks at her. Seeing that she looks toward the rig, Alicia does, too.

ROSE
 Kirby!

Kirby looks at her, then where she points at the rig.

INSERT - KIRBY'S POV

With much of the rig's deck gone, Eamon is clearly visible, sighting the missile at the still exposed yacht.

BACK TO:

EXT. RAFT/WAVERUNNER - DAY

Kirby's eyes roll back. He throws the tow rope off.

KIRBY
 God damn it! Now I gotta go save - son of a bitch... I hate this job!

ALICIA
 Kirby, don't be a hero.

KIRBY
 I'm not.
 (grudging)
 I'm a fucking superhero.

Kirby guns the throttle and ROARS away from the raft, directly toward the yacht.

HALPERN (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 Black waverunner. This is your final warning. Stop immediately or we will open fire.

Kirby hunkers down low to the seat for more speed.

EXT. OIL RIG DECK - DAY

Eamon is about to pull the trigger when a HUGE EXPLOSION sends the rig teetering. He falls to the deck.

Once the rig settles, Eamon climbs quickly to his feet. He begins to reacquire his target.

INT. COAST GUARD PATROL BOAT - BRIDGE - DAY

Halpern shakes her head and speaks into a microphone.

HALPERN
Open fire, no warning shot.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The water in front of Kirby EXPLODES in gouts of gunfire SPLASHES. He swerves hard and they miss.

Once again, the big gun on the patrol boat FIRES. Kirby swerves, but this time a couple of rounds catch the waverunner, but apparently only do cosmetic damage.

Kirby looks back at the rig, then turns the waverunner right toward the patrol boat. The Coasties on deck clearly have trouble getting a bead on this small oncoming target. Bullets ZIP all around Kirby.

Now, with Kirby fairly close to the yacht, the marines open up with their own MACHINE GUN.

Kirby looks miffed.

INSERT - EAMON'S POV

In the viewfinder, with the yacht in the crosshairs, the words "TARGET LOCKED" appear.

EXT. OIL RIG DECK - DAY

Eamon smiles and squeezes the trigger.

EAMON
Ask not what your country can do for you,
but what you can do for your country.

The missile EXPLODES from the launcher.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Kirby ZOOMS by the patrol boat, straight down its side. He uses it as cover from not only its own machine gun, but the British one as well.

Coasties on deck SHOOT at him with sidearms and M-16s.

He glances back at the rig and sees the missile launch. He bears down hard on the waverunner.

The instant Kirby reaches the stern of the patrol boat he swings the waverunner right across its heavy wake. At that moment a SHOT catches him in the shoulder.

As the waverunner hits the wake, Kirby jumps off. The speeding waverunner hits the wake like a ramp and launches thirty feet into the air.

SLO-MO as the incoming missile catches the airborne waverunner and explodes. As the SMOKING, FLAMING SHRAPNEL falls to the sea, the royal yacht is scorched, but intact. Stunned silence.

EXT. OIL RIG - DAY

When Eamon sees the yacht virtually undamaged, he roars with hatred. Another EXPLOSION jars the rig.

As Eamon looks down through a hole in the deck, a blast of hot air sends one of Kirby's drawings up toward him; The Fixer flipping off the viewer. An EXPLOSION of FLAMES, STEAM and OIL BLOWS up and engulfs Eamon.

A LONG SHOT of the rig as the final, cataclysmic EXPLOSION blows most of the platform off, leaving only the legs jutting up from the water and a few scraps of metal attached to them.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

A small Coast Guard motor launch cruises slowly. Crew on all the ships scan the water.

Alicia and Rose are being helped aboard the patrol boat. Both look anxiously toward the launch.

A COASTIE in the launch points ahead at the water.

COASTIE

There! Two degrees to starboard. I've got him.

Kirby's motionless body floats to the surface.

EXT. OCEAN - UNDERWATER - DAY

From below, D'Artagnan pushes Kirby's limp form upward. As the launch cruises up, D'Artagnan darts toward the bottom.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The launch cruises close to Kirby. The Coastie reaches out with a rescue pole and pulls Kirby toward the launch.

EXT. COAST GUARD PATROL BOAT - DAY

Rose and Alicia watch the Coasties pull Kirby from the water.

Tense moments pass.

Finally, one of the Coasties gives a thumbs up. CHEERS arise from all the ships.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. LIMOUSINE - LONDON - DAY

Kirby rides in the back, watching London pass by, melancholy expression on his face. His wounds appear to have healed and he has a goatee. He absently fiddles with Scott's lighter.

Across from him sits a starched British OFFICIAL.

OFFICIAL

Mr. Wiklund, we are dead on schedule for the presentation, and Her Majesty is most anxious to meet you.

(beat)

If you don't mind my saying, you must be very proud to have such an honour bestowed upon you. Quite an accomplishment for such a young man.

Kirby has no reaction. He's zoning.

EXT. LIMOUSINE - LONDON - DAY

The limo stops at a traffic light before some trendy shoppes.

INT. LIMOUSINE - LONDON - DAY

With no response from Kirby, the Official changes topics.

OFFICIAL

Now, with regards to protocol, I'm sure
you...

As the limo starts to pull away, Kirby slowly turns his gaze
out the window.

OFFICIAL (cont'd)

... recall that there will be, at first,
a brief reception--

KIRBY

Stop.

OFFICIAL

I'm sorry?

KIRBY

The car, stop the car!

EXT. LONDON - STREET - DAY

The limo stops in traffic and Kirby jumps out. He runs up
and stands before a store window. The Official calmly joins
Kirby and they both look in the window.

The Official looks at Kirby, understanding.

OFFICIAL

Ah, brilliant work, sir.

Kirby enters the shop and we see in the window a life-size
cut-out of The Fixer flanked by many copies of Issue #1.

EXT. LONDON - STREET - DAY

Kirby exits the store, opens the comic and leafs to the end.

INSERT - COMIC

In the last frame of the last page, The Fixer is unmasked.
It's a face we've seen before... Kirby's father.

FIXER (O.S.)

Now everybody knows what makes a hero.

BACK TO:

Kirby smiles, rolls up the comic and walks back to the Limo.
He never looks back to see... the fog on the store window in
front of the Fixer cut-out's mouth.

FADE TO BLACK.