

"ENTER THE WRECKER"

Written by

Jericho McCune

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Tl;dr - I wrote it; Marvel owns it.

Jericho McCune

jericho.mccune@gmail.com

Www.teamugli.com

This script is dedicated to

DWAYNE MCDUFFIE

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. DOCKS - EVENING

The sun sets on a large chunk of partially constructed dock. The area is empty except for a few pieces of construction equipment off to one side, a PICKUP with a company EMBLEM on the door and a DUMP TRUCK pointed to leave with a load of broken concrete and rebar.

Three men are standing to one side of the DUMP TRUCK. They're all wearing hard hats, dressed for a construction site. LENNY, a wiry gray-haired man in his late 40s, is talking to DIRK (28) and ELIOT (30).

Dirk and Eliot are built similar. They're large men, but in an athletic sense more than a stereotypical construction worker sense. Dirk is holding a CROWBAR.

LENNY

You guys take the pickup. You're needed at the warehouse tomorrow.

ELIOT

Not a problem. I'm guessing it has gas in it?

LENNY

If it doesn't, you'll need a receipt when you get to work in the morning and you'll get a thank you and a small pile of bills in return. We've done this before.

DIRK

You mean big pile. Gas went up like twenty cents or something today.

LENNY

Whatever. There's gas in it. And if you go anywhere that isn't home we aren't paying for parking, neither.

He turns and walks towards the waiting dump truck.

DIRK

Yeah, bye. See you tomorrow.

LENNY

You see me 'most every day. That's how I know you can afford parking and gas in New York.

Lenny climbs into the passenger side and the truck pulls away.

DIRK

Did he even give you the keys?

ELIOT

Yeah, he gave them to me at lunch. That's how we got to the taco truck.

DIRK

Only you would drive twenty minutes to get somewhere that could just as easily drive to you.

ELIOT

They make good tacos.

DIRK

They should deliver.

The two start walking towards the truck. Eliot reaches into his pocket and pulls out a CELLPHONE.

ELIOT

I'm'a text Maria real quick, see if she wants to meet at Lion's Head. You going home?

DIRK

I'm thirsty. Do they do steak? I could do for a drink and a burger, if not.

They reach the rear of the truck. Eliot turns his attention to his phone and his texting.

ELIOT

You've been there; you know what they have.

Dirk bends down and picks up a ROCK. He tosses it up in the air and bats at it like a kid playing stickball. It PINGS off the CROWBAR.

DIRK

I don't remember what's on every menu of every place I go.

(MORE)

DIRK (CONT'D)

I'm not the one trying to date a self-proclaimed foodie.

ELIOT

I'm not trying to date her. We are dating.

Dirk bends down and picks up a small CHUNK of concrete. He hefts it a bit, then tosses it up and SMASHES it with his CROWBAR. Small pieces of concrete spray everywhere, leaving a cloud of dust.

DIRK

Call it whatever you want, but if I have to see one more picture of something on a plate I'm going to puke.

ELIOT

You know there's a setting for that. You can just turn her pictures off.

Dirk spots a BALL BEARING on the ground. He takes a step, reaches down and picks it up.

DIRK

Then I'll have to listen to her complain about me not being her friend every time I see her.

ELIOT

Not if you know what you're doing.

Dirk tosses the BALL BEARING in the air and then SWINGS at it like he's Babe Ruth. The CROWBAR smashes against it and there's a CRACK of thunder. It EXPLODES with a sickly, green BLAST OF ENERGY.

The blast is strong enough that the pickup is pushed sideways, nearly tumbles over. The side panel CRINKLES. Eliot is thrown back ten yards and knocked unconscious.

Dirk is thrown hundreds of yards. His momentum is stopped by a CINDER BLOCK WALL. His body leaves a gaping, black HOLE to the inside. Dust settles around the hole as we

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. S.H.I.E.L.D. OFFICES - LAB - MORNING

COULSON and FITZ-SIMMONS are standing in a group. Fitz is holding a small, perfectly shaped half-sphere in a gloved hand.

COULSON

What can you tell me?

SIMMONS

Our theory right now is that it was a kinetically activated bomb. When the victim hit it with his crowbar, it exploded. Still working on the hows and whys of it.

FITZ

The casing is made from a unique super-strong steel alloy I've never come across.

COULSON

Are you sure it isn't left-over debris from the alien problem?

FITZ

No, all of their equipment has a unique energy signature. This little ball of fun doesn't match with that at all.

SIMMONS

We're almost positive it's man-made.

FITZ

It's nearly as durable as vibranium, but not as forgiving. The material is dense enough that it masked the charge inside.

COULSON

What makes you think it was a bomb?

SIMMONS

Besides the big explosion that put one guy in the hospital and made another one evaporate?

FITZ

There are traces of carbon and silicon inside the shell. We can't be sure, but we're guessing that it's from whatever excited the charge.

COULSON

And the charge was a gamma bomb.

FITZ

Exactly.

SIMMONS

How did you know?

The door opens. MAY walks in.

COULSON

(to May)

Perfect timing. You need to hear this.

(to Fitz-Simmons)

Our victim wasn't evaporated last night.

May walks over to the small group.

MAY

I'm guessing I shouldn't expect to sit down.

The door opens again and WARD walks in. Coulson waves him over.

COULSON

Last night a construction worker on a NY dock had the misfortune of playing baseball with a gamma bomb.

The two newcomers shake their heads.

COULSON (CONT'D)

Luckily, there were no casualties.

A look of surprise from everyone, especially Simmons.

SIMMONS

He couldn't have survived that.

COULSON

He shouldn't have survived it, but from what we can tell - he did.

(MORE)

COULSON (CONT'D)

Footage from a security camera a third of a kilometer away shows him crashing through a wall. Ten minutes later he got up and destroyed the place with a crowbar before bolting.

MAY

Where can we find him?

COULSON

We're not exactly sure because he isn't at home. The police have offered us a few leads and we have a couple more of our own. We're expecting his phone to do the work.

MAY

Is he dangerous?

COULSON

We don't know that either, which is why we need to get to him before the police.

Ward and May look at each other and then turn for the door.

WARD

Keep us updated.

COULSON

Be careful. We don't know what this explosion did to the man, except he got very tough. He could just be hiding scared somewhere.

MAY

(walking away)

When am I ever not careful?

COULSON

I'm not answering that.

As the two reach the door, it swings open and SKYE walks in. She's carrying a big BOX OF DONUTS.

Ward nearly collides with her. He pulls up just short, opens the box, takes a donut, bites it and leaves.

May grabs a donut and closes the box.

MAY

Just in time. Thanks!

She follows Ward out.

COULSON
You're with me, Skye. We have
places to be this morning.

He starts toward the door. She turns back the way she came
and exits.

COULSON (CONT'D)
(to Fitz-Simmons)
Keep me updated on anything else
you figure out. The boys at the
dock are going to deliver the other
half of that thing if they can find
it.

He opens the door to leave.

COULSON (CONT'D)
And be ready to beat on doors if
you're needed. It will do you good
to get out of the lab.

He disappears and the door shuts behind him.

FITZ
Sure, I'll take a donut.

SIMMONS
That powdered sugar looks
delicious. Thanks, Skye.

They roll their eyes, shrug and get back to work.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Dirk is sitting on the bed in a small, clean motel room.
He's holding a cellphone up to his ear with one hand, while
his other taps the CROWBAR against his leg. He's agitated.

DIRK
Look, Tommy, I know you got some
kind of work for me. I need to put
together as much as I can as quick
as I can.

He stands up and looks out the window. He doesn't seem
pacified.

DIRK (CONT'D)

As much as I can. Whatever you got, as long as it's as far off the books as it gets.

As he listens, he looks out the window again. He still doesn't seem pacified. If anything, he looks even more agitated.

DIRK (CONT'D)

The sooner the better. I got to be gone with a qui-

His body freezes. He sees something. He doesn't like it.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Never mind. The bad guys found me.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The S.H.I.E.L.D. CAR pulls into a mostly empty parking lot and parks in front of Dirk's room.

The passenger door swings open and Ward gets out.

A second later, the driver's door opens and May puts a leg out, there's a huge CRASH from inside the motel.

A second CRASH follows almost immediately.

Ward slams his door and runs to the motel. May is close behind. They draw their weapons as they run.

They pull up to either side of the door.

WARD

(through the door)

Mr. Garthwaite! Is that you? Is everything okay?

There's another CRASH, louder this time.

Ward looks at May. She nods.

Ward steps in front of the door and FRONT KICKS it off its hinges.

Before he can even put his foot down, May is through the door. He follows.

There's nobody in the room. Dirk's CELLPHONE is on the bed.

Ward draws a bead on the bathroom door. May moves up to it. The door is slightly ajar.

She gets low, reaches forward, pushes on the door. It swings open. Her jaw drops.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A huge hole has been ripped in the bathroom wall. There's nothing delicate or precise about it - pipes were broken and splintered joists jut from ripped wallpaper and shattered drywall. A large, empty lot is visible through it, but there is no sign of Dirk.

May moves forward through the hole, slowly, weapon at the ready.

She looks around the corner, looks the other way and steps through.

MAY

He's gone.

Ward looks around at the hole in the wall.

WARD

He's dangerous.

MAY

Call it in.

They walk into the motel room through the new back door.

INT. DAMAGE CONTROL LOBBY - DAY

Coulson and Skye enter through a pair of glass doors. The lobby is large, clean and mostly empty except for a few plants and chairs. At one end of the room, behind an expansive desk, is ANNE (26), the incredibly beautiful and surprisingly well-dressed receptionist. Behind her head is a huge emblem of a bulldog wearing a spiked collar, framed by the words DAMAGE CONTROL.

Coulson and Skye approach the desk. Anne is talking on the phone. She makes no indication of noticing the two.

ANNE

Yes, sir. I understand that the city still has insurance money allocated from the alien invasion.

She reaches out and taps her computer.

ANNE (CONT'D)

What you don't seem to understand is that the termites that ate the supports keeping your restaurant out of your basement were not alien termites, they were perfectly normal termites.

There's the sound of shoes CLICK-CLACKING down a hallway. Seconds later, MRS. HOAG (60s) walks into the lobby.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Yes, sir. You need to contact your perfectly normal insurance company and then call us back. Thank you.

Mrs. Hoag gives Coulson a warm handshake with a grandmotherly peck on the cheek. Anne hangs up her phone.

MRS. HOAG

Agent Coulson. So nice to see you again.

Anne picks up a cellphone that was setting on her desk and puts it to her ear.

COULSON

It's wonderful to see you, too, Mrs. Hoag. I just wish it were under better circumstances.

MRS. HOAG

Manners. Who is this beautiful thing?

ANNE

Bridgette, you there?

COULSON (CONT'D)

This is my associate, Agent Skye.

Mrs. Hoag shakes her hand and gives her a peck on the cheek.

SKYE

It's a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Hoag.

ANNE

...anyway, he says 'I think you're really cute.' And I say, 'I think I am, too.'

Mrs. Hoag leads the two away while Anne cackles.

MRS. HOAG

And you as well, my dear. Now, let's retire to my office and have a chat.

ANNE

His expression was priceless.

INT. MRS. HOAG'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Hoag's office is spacious and well-decorated, with windows that look out over Manhattan. She is seated behind her desk and the two agents sit across from her.

MRS. HOAG
Has Agent Coulson told you how
we're acquainted, Skye?

Skye gives a bemused look to Coulson. As if on cue, Coulson's PHONE gives a short CHIRP. He looks at it and stands up.

COULSON
I'm sorry, but I have to take this.

MRS. HOAG
That's fine. We can get acquainted
while you do.

COULSON
Thank you.

He walks away.

MRS. HOAG
So where were we? Oh, yes! How
Agent Coulson and I know each
other.

SKYE
He didn't say anything to me, but I
can venture a guess.

MRS. HOAG
You look smart. Take a shot and
I'll tell you if you're wrong.

SKYE
You and Agent Coulson have a mutual
friend in Tony Stark. One of the
first things Mr. Stark did after
stating he wouldn't be
manufacturing weapons any more was
purchase a 50% stake in your
company. Since then, you've been
instrumental in cleaning up after
extraordinary messes in as
efficient a manner possible.
You've also used his investments to
help pioneer some incredible
engineering techniques.

MRS. HOAG

You've certainly done your homework.

SKYE

If I may be so blunt, ma'am. I'm a fan.

MRS. HOAG

That's not blunt, dear. It's flattering. Please, continue.

SKYE

Seeing that S.H.I.E.L.D. is involved in almost every extraordinary circumstance involving superhuman damage and Damage Control is instrumental in cleaning up almost every extraordinary circumstance involving superhuman damage, there's probably a relationship there. I did assume that the relationship would involve someone more administrator and less field agent than Agent Coulson, but that's what I get for assuming.

MRS. HOAG

No, dear. Phillip isn't a liaison. We've attended a number of the same events. Agent Fury is our liaison.

SKYE

That is impressive.

MRS. HOAG

No, it isn't. I can see why it may seem that way, but there's a few things you left out of the big picture. Things I will bet are only now being fully explained to Agent Coulson.

SKYE

May I ask what kind of things?

MRS. HOAG

Things like why we're indirectly responsible for an origin, my dear.

CUT TO:

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

The pawn shop is prototypical of many American pawn shops - small, cluttered and inhabited by a large, menacing man guaranteed to be no more than two feet from a loaded gun.

Fitz-Simmons walks into the pawn shop. They walk right up to the counter in front of the large, menacing man - TOMMY (40).

SIMMONS

Hi, Tommy.

TOMMY

I don't know you. Either of you.
You cops?

FITZ

No, Tommy, we're not cops. We are,
however, S.H.I.E.L.D. agents.

Simmons shows Tommy her badge.

TOMMY

That sounds worse than cops.

SIMMONS

You might think that. Doesn't
matter, Tommy.

FITZ

You're on our radar now.

TOMMY

Why should that scare me?

SIMMONS

I don't know, Tommy. You tell us.

FITZ

Why was YOUR friend Dirk so afraid
to talk to OUR friends, Agents Ward
and May, that he left you on the
line while he dismantled a
bathroom?

SIMMONS

While we're at it, why did you stay
on the line? We would have known
it was you, anyway, but that's just
strange, Tommy.

TOMMY

I was listening. You wouldn't have
kept listening?

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

My boy was getting raided. You're lucky I didn't record it.

FITZ

Don't worry, Tommy. If you want a copy, we recorded everything for you.

SIMMONS

Where's Dirk, Tommy?

TOMMY

How the hell should I know? He was across town when he talked to me. You think he's gonna come here, now? He ain't that stupid.

SIMMONS

How stupid are you, Tommy?

FITZ

What kind of job was Dirk looking for? And where was he going?

TOMMY

I don't know what you're talking about.

SIMMONS

Don't lie to us, Tommy.

FITZ

You don't think we've already heard about your little side business?

SIMMONS

It's sadly stereotypical. You should really think of something more original.

TOMMY

Look, maybe Dirk thinks the rumors about me boosting trucks is true, but nobody's ever stuck anything on me so it must be just a rumor.

SIMMONS

Where's Dirk planning on going, Tommy?

TOMMY

Why do you keep saying my name? Don't want to forget it, girl? Like my pretty face?

SIMMONS

No, I'm actually concerned it's too ugly to remember, Tommy.

FITZ

Actually, it's because she read somewhere last week that it makes people disoriented.

TOMMY

Whatever, you need to stop. It's annoying.

SIMMONS

I'll stop, Tommy, when you tell us where Dirk is or where he's planning on being.

TOMMY

How should I know.

SIMMONS

You're his friend, Tommy. You're the last person he talked to, Tommy. Why don't you know?

TOMMY

All's I know is that he called saying there were some people out to get him and next thing I know your FRIENDS kicked his door in. Now you're here, knocking on my door. You here to arrest me?

FITZ

No, Tommy. Just to ask you some questions.

TOMMY

Well, I ain't answering any, so you can go now.

Simmons motions Tommy towards her.

She leans in and he leans towards her. Her hand snaps up, grabs his head and pins it against the counter. It bounces a little when it hits.

He cries out but doesn't get a chance to struggle because Fitz grabs his arm and lifts it, pinning his shoulder.

SIMMONS

Your friend is getting ready to do something very stupid, Tommy.

FITZ

You don't have to do that any more.
Slamming his head down was a change
in tactics.

SIMMONS

I kind of liked it. Didn't you,
Tommy?

FITZ

It wasn't working.

SIMMONS

Is now really the time to discuss
the efficacy of my methods?

FITZ

Are you going to tell us what we
need to know, Tommy?

Fitz lifts Tommy's arm enough that Tommy winces.

TOMMY

He said something about Wyoming!

SIMMONS

So you're ready to talk now, Tommy?

TOMMY

Whatever! Just let go of me!

SIMMONS

After I remind you that going for
the gun under the counter means
getting shot in the face. Do you
understand, Tommy?

TOMMY

I get it! Now get off'a me!

Fitz-Simmons lets him go.

FITZ

What was that about Wyoming?

TOMMY

Dirk says he has a place out there.
Maybe it was Montana. One of those
places.

SIMMONS

Am I going to have to jog your
memory some more, Tommy?

TOMMY
Seriously, stop that.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR REPAIR SHOP - DAY

A small shop with two repair bays, a small office and a back room. The place is empty, except for one MECHANIC (30s) replacing a tire.

CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK - the impact wrench pounding the lug nut into place.

A shadow falls into the repair bay. Mechanic doesn't notice. He moves the wrench onto the next lug nut.

CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-THUMP! A crowbar crashes down on Mechanic's neck. The noise from the impact wrench stops and he slumps to the ground.

Dirk grabs the man by the back of his coveralls and drags him into the back room.

CUT TO:

INT. REPAIR SHOP BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The back room is a small break room - a pair of lockers, a table with an ashtray on it, a dirty sink, a cork board.

Dirk goes through Mechanic's pockets and finds some money, shoves it in his pocket.

He opens up a locker, pulls out a pair of coveralls.

Dirk puts the coveralls on. They're a little baggy.

He looks in the locker, doesn't see what he needs. He opens the other locker, pulls out a gym bag.

There's a long PURPLE BELT in the gym bag.

DIRK
You have got to be kidding me.

Dirk puts on the belt.

He reaches back into the bag and pulls out a purple hat and gloves.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Whatever.

He pulls the hat over his hair, puts on the gloves and walks to the door.

He peeks out. The garage is empty.

He walks across the room, into the office.

CRASH! CLANG! The sound of a cash register being smashed.

Dirk exits the office holding a small wad of cash. He shoves it into his pocket and walks quickly out of the garage.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MRS. HOAG'S OFFICE - DAY

Coulson walks over to Skye and Mrs. Hoag, and sits back down.

COULSON

I'm sorry to interrupt. We're going to have to speed things up here.

MRS. HOAG

Of course you are. But perhaps you should explain things to Agent Skye first.

SKYE

Do we have to worry about another Abomination?

COULSON

Not at this point, but it's worse than we thought. Dirk Garthwaite was part of one of the failed Super Soldier experiments.

SKYE

Then why was he working on a demolition site?

Skye glances apologetically at Mrs. Hoag.

SKYE (CONT'D)

Not that it isn't a fine profession. But I can't see Captain America jumping into construction if he lost his shield.

COULSON

Pun intended?

MRS. HOAG

It wasn't really his choice, dear.

COULSON

It seems that the relationship between S.H.I.E.L.D. and Damage Control extends beyond demo and construction contracts.

MRS. HOAG

That's one of the reasons Mr. Stark was so eager to invest in my little venture. His business has been close to the super soldier initiative from the inception, and he saw in us a chance to help the soldiers damaged by that little experiment.

COULSON

From the information I've been given, Mr. Garthwaite saw an increase in strength, but ended up with some anger problems.

SKYE

Is it always anger problems?

MRS. HOAG

We have five employees with us that were involved with the program

SKYE

(incredulous)

Five?

MRS. HOAG

And of those five, four experience anger issues. It seems to be a common side effect. As part of their employment contract, they're given the best psychological help money can buy.

COULSON

Who else knows about these employees?

MRS. HOAG

Nobody. They are given strict instructions not to even discuss it with each other. Besides Mr. Stark, Commander Fury, myself and now you two, I don't know of anyone else that has this information.

COULSON

I'm sorry, Mrs. Hoag, but the rest of my team will have that information, as well. I assure you they understand discretion.

MRS. HOAG

I guessed as much. You can answer to Commander Fury if anything happens. That isn't my business.

COULSON

I will need a list of the other employees.

MRS. HOAG

Now, you know I can't tell you that. The only name you'll get out of me besides Mr. Garthwaite is that of Mr. Franklin.

SKYE

Why is this Franklin important?

MRS. HOAG

He was the other man involved in the blast dear. He was also the only other person at the site.

SKYE

The police already talked to him.

MRS. HOAG

The police didn't know what we know. I'm sure it wouldn't hurt for someone more informed to talk to him again.

COULSON

I'm going to need to ask some questions about the project site they were working on.

MRS. HOAG
I can't answer any of those, dear.

She pushes her chair back from her desk and stands up.

MRS. HOAG (CONT'D)
Come with me. You're going to have
to ask either John or Robin.
Between the two of them, you should
get whatever you need.

She walks towards the door and the agents get up to follow.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIOT FRANKLIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Eliot's apartment is well-kept, but cramped. The walls are piled high with books. Music floats lightly out of the speakers, while Eliot reclines on the couch, reading.

He's reading a THIN GREEN BOOK, actually a bound research paper on the effects of gamma radiation.

KNOCK-KNOCK. KNOCK-KNOCK.

He sits up.

KNOCK-KNOCK. KNOCK-KNOCK. There's almost no pause.

Toss the THIN GREEN BOOK on the table, stand up.

KNOCK-KNOCK. KNOCK-KNOCK. Getting louder.

ELIOT
(bellowing)
I'm comin'! Hold onto 'em for a
minute!

He walks over to the door. KNOCK-KNOCK, KNOCK-KNOCK, it doesn't stop until he OPENS THE DOOR.

Dirk pushes his way into the room.

DIRK
Close the door. Lock it, too.

Eliot does as asked. Dirk walks over to a window and closes the shade.

ELIOT
The police are looking for you,
man. You can't be here.

Dirk walks over to the other window and closes the shade.

DIRK
You shouldn't be here either, man.
You gotta come with me.

ELIOT
You have completely flipped, bro.
You need to calm down and think
about this.

Dirk lifts his CROWBAR like he's going to smash something,
then stops himself.

DIRK
Don't. Don't do that. Don't tell
me to calm down if I ain't yellin'.

ELIOT
What's going on? Why are you
running from the cops?

DIRK
I ain't running from the cops. I'm
running from S.H.I.E.L.D.

ELIOT
Why would you be running from them?

DIRK
The same reason you should be, man.
They're gonna try and stick us in a
lab and see if their experiments
turned out right.

ELIOT
I don't understand.

Dirk peeks out around the shade.

DIRK
Don't do that, either. The time
for lyin' is over.

ELIOT
What do you mean?

DIRK
You talk too much when you're
drunk.

ELIOT
Talk about what?

DIRK

We're the same, man. We both got work with DC for the same reason.

ELIOT

Maybe that's the case, but S.H.I.E.L.D.'s taking care of me. Why should I think they're after me all of a sudden?

Dirk looks outside again.

DIRK

That explosion changed me, man. Made me what they were trying to make me before. Maybe even made me stronger.

ELIOT

It didn't do nothin' to me but cause my headaches to come back.

DIRK

They're gonna put me in a lab and strap me to a table like they did before. Both of us. They're gonna try and figure out why what happened happened and it's going to mean making lab rats out of us.

Dirk looks outside again. He sees something he doesn't like.

DIRK (CONT'D)

(to himself)

How are they this good?

(to Eliot)

They're here.

Eliot steps away from the door and looks at it.

ELIOT

Get in the bedroom.

DIRK

No. We gotta go. Let them get inside then we can go out the window.

ELIOT

I'm not running from them. I can get rid of them. Just watch.

(MORE)

ELIOT (CONT'D)

Let me prove they aren't what you think. After they leave, we'll figure out what to do.

The door buzzer sounds.

DIRK

(whispering)

Let 'em in then we'll bounce while they're in the elevator.

Eliot pushes the button.

ELIOT

I'm not going anywhere.

Dirk looks around the shade again.

DIRK

Your loss, man. Don't drop the soap.

CRASH! Dirk jumps through the window. The shade goes with him.

ELIOT

What the hell!

Eliot runs over to the window and looks out at the six story drop.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF ELIOTS - CONTINUOUS

Dirk SLAMS against the ground. There's nothing nimble about it. He hits with his feet, a kneed buckles and he slams down on his shoulder. The window shade is wrapped around him.

He shakes it off, stands up and starts running.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIOT FRANKLIN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

ELIOT

You have got to be kidding me.

KNOCK-KNOCK. KNOCK-KNOCK.

WARD (O.S.)
 (yelling)
 Mr. Franklin?

ELIOT
 Coming!

He swings the curtain closed, but the wind pulls it out the broken window like a flag.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Fitz-Simmons walks out of the pawn shop. They're both looking at their phones.

FITZ
 Well that was a waste of time.

Simmons gestures with her phone.

SIMMONS
 At least now we know why we're running around "interviewing perps" like we're on a bad cop show.

FITZ
 At least now we get to go back to the lab. I'm not a fan of this part of the job.

They put their phones away and walk towards their car.

SIMMONS
 I like it when I get to be tough.

FITZ
 I know.

They get into the car.

CUT TO:

INT. FITZ-SIMMONS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Fitz puts the key in the ignition and starts the car.

FITZ
 I just thought of something.

SIMMONS

What's that?

FITZ

We're the first team that can confirm this guy has powers.

SIMMONS

You are probably not wrong.

FITZ

Doesn't that give us naming rights?

SIMMONS

S.H.I.E.L.D. doesn't like that.

FITZ

The Security Council doesn't like that.

SIMMONS

Either way.

FITZ

Okay. Never mind, then.

SIMMONS

Since it happened at a site he was working demolitions on, we could call him Demolition Man.

FITZ

Too obvious. Besides, Sylvester Stallone probably has that one trademarked.

SIMMONS

Wesley Snipes was amazing in that movie.

FITZ

He would be a great superhero. Somebody should put him in another movie, this time as the good guy.

SIMMONS

Maybe a dark anti-hero.

FITZ

How about The Wrecker?

SIMMONS

I've never heard of him.

FITZ

I mean as a code name for
Garthwaite.

SIMMONS

Garthwaite doesn't look anything
like Wesley Snipes. That doesn't
mean he couldn't pull it off. But
Garthwaite isn't a hero.

FITZ

Forget about Wesley Snipes for a
minute.

SIMMONS

Who can ever forget about Snipes?
You speak nonsense.

A phone chirps. Simmons pulls hers out of her pocket.

FITZ

We should probably go.

He puts the car in gear.

SIMMONS

Yeah. Do you really think we're
the only team that knows?

FITZ

Whoever cleared the blast scene
probably has a clue. Just not as
many clues than us.

SIMMONS

I think The Wrecker is good.

FITZ

So it is.

They pull away from the curb.

CUT TO:

INT. DAMAGE CONTROL CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The room is full and busy. People are talking on phones,
delivering messages and typing furiously on computers.

In the center of it all sits ROBIN CHAPEL (29), the hyper-
focused traffic coordinator. She is arguing with JOHN PORTER
(34), the lead account executive.

Neither of them notice the arrival of Mrs. Hoag and the agents.

ROBIN
How could you have done that?

JOHN
I don't see the problem.

ROBIN
You sent Albert into the jaws of the beast!

JOHN
I didn't send anyone anywhere! I just mentioned that the beast you are so frightened of happens to owe us money.

ROBIN
He could get killed!

JOHN
It's a lot of money.

MRS. HOAG
Excuse me.

They both jump.

ROBIN
I'm sorry Mrs. Hoag.

JOHN
Mrs. Hoag. I didn't see you there.

She waves them both silent.

MRS. HOAG (CONT'D)
There's time for whatever you're bickering about later.

ROBIN
But this idiot is going to get Albert killed.

JOHN
I have done absolutely nothing to Albert.

ROBIN
He knows exactly what he did.

JOHN
She is greatly over-exaggerating what is happening.

MRS. HOAG (CONT'D)
Stop!

The word PIERCES through the room, completely at odds with her normally soft, pleasant voice.

Everyone in the room STOPS and looks at her for a second. Slowly, they all go back to what they are doing, albeit with one eye pointed toward the middle.

MRS. HOAG (CONT'D)

These wonderful people are agents Coulson and Skye. They need to talk to you both about yesterday's incident and you are to give them whatever help they need.

JOHN

I'm not really sure what information I can release about that account.

ROBIN

He's completely useless. I'll help you with whatever you need, officers.

JOHN

She can help you if you're looking for an exaggerated explanation of what happened.

ROBIN

I can help you if you aren't trying to

Her voice raises

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Do something stupid!

JOHN

Everything you do is stupid!

ROBIN

The smartest thing about you is the tie you spilled mustard on last week!

MRS. HOAG

Children!

Shrill, like a kindergarten cop. The whole room stops again.

Mrs. Hoag points towards the door.

MRS. HOAG (CONT'D)

My office! Now!

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ELIOT FRANKLIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

May is looking out the broken window. Eliot and Ward are standing in the center of the room.

ELIOT

He saw you coming and just jumped.
Landed on the sidewalk and took off
down the road. It was like nothin'
I've ever seen.

May turns around.

MAY

He's gone. That's the second time.

WARD

We need an invisible car.

ELIOT

You need to park further away.

They both look at him.

ELIOT (CONT'D)

I'm just sayin'. Your car spooked
him.

MAY

We assumed that if he had been
here, it would have been a long
time ago. We came here to ask you
some questions the police weren't
qualified to ask.

WARD

Those questions have multiplied in
the last few seconds.

ELIOT

Believe you me, brother, so have
mine.

MAY

You were in S.H.I.E.L.D.?

ELIOT

Somewhat. I consulted for you for a short time, before going into the program. That lasted an even shorter time.

MAY

You knew Garthwaite from the program?

ELIOT

No, I just found out about him around a minute, minute and a half before he jumped six stories like he was getting out of bed.

May starts walking around the room, reading book titles, looking at pictures.

WARD

Did he tell you where he was going?

ELIOT

Naw. He did want me to go with him, though. Said you were here to take us away.

MAY

Are you dangerous, Mr. Franklin?

ELIOT

Not a bit.

MAY

Have you felt any changes come over you since the accident that could be linked to the project?

ELIOT

My headaches are coming back.

MAY

That doesn't sound good.

ELIOT

It isn't. I have trouble working when I get my headaches. Might have to take some time off. This is the same reason I didn't last in the program.

MAY

I'm sure time off can be accommodated.

ELIOT

Lenny hates it when we take time off.

WARD

I don't think there's any need to take you anywhere, Mr. Franklin. We just need whatever information you have on Mr. Garthwaite's location or intentions.

MAY

You've just seen what he's turning into. Any help you can give that will help us catch up to him.

ELIOT

You aren't planning on hurting him?

MAY

No. We just want to get him somewhere safe until we can understand what happened.

Ward's phone rings. He looks at it, answers it and turns away from the conversation.

ELIOT

He seemed paranoid. Is that part of the side-effects from the program?

MAY

Probably, but we can't know for sure until we talk to him. We don't even know why he's running.

ELIOT

He said he's running because you're planning on turning him, and me, into lab rats.

MAY

If he hadn't ran, we wouldn't be chasing him. He could be relaxing in his apartment taking time off work, the same as you.

ELIOT

Self-fulfilling prophesy.

MAY

That's exactly right.

Ward turns off his phone and turns back to the conversation.

WARD

What was Garthwaite wearing?

ELIOT

Yeah, that was interesting. He changed clothes, was wearing green overalls and an ugly-ass belt.

WARD

Your friend is now officially wanted for murder. He got caught on a security camera killing a mechanic with a crowbar and stealing his coveralls.

Eliot looks visibly shaken.

ELIOT

You can't be serious? Dirk's not a killer, man. I can't see that.

MAY

That's why he's so dangerous, Mr. Franklin. He probably didn't think about how strong he's become when he hit that man. He's scared, and he might kill again, maybe accidentally, maybe on purpose, before we can get to him.

ELIOT

I really don't know where he went, but I'll do what I can to help. Gimme your card or something.

Ward pulls a card out and hands it to him.

WARD

What can you tell us, now?

ELIOT

Start by heading east. That's the way he was running. I'll get on my phone.

WARD

Just hope we get to him before the police do, Mr. Franklin.

The two agents start toward the door.

MAY

We appreciate your discretion. I'm sure we can get that window fixed in no time.

ELIOT

I'm billing Damage Control for that.

MAY

Contact us if you think of anything.

The agents leave, shutting the door behind them.

Eliot walks over and sits on the couch. He looks at the card, turns it over, tosses it on the table and picks his book back up.

CUT TO:

INT. S.H.I.E.L.D. OFFICES - LAB - AFTERNOON

Fitz-Simmons is working in the lab. Sky walks in, holding a small, plastic container containing THREE CUPCAKES and a BALL BEARING.

SIMMONS

That's not a very good attempt at making up for the donut debacle from this morning.

SKYE

Cupcakes are delicious!

FITZ

Cupcakes are the vogue pastry of the minute. They are to bakeries as bagels were in the nineties or tortillas were for about a year at the beginning of the millenium.

SKYE

Are tortillas a pastry?

SIMMONS

No, which is why the fad of finding them in bagel shops and other places requiring large ovens was completely absurd.

Skye sets the cupcakes on the table. She opens them.

Fitz grabs one immediately.

FITZ
They're a delicious fad, I'll give you that.

SIMMONS
Not as delicious as a properly made donut.

SKYE
These are bacon and cherry with a cream cheese frosting.

FITZ
Maybe as delicious. I've never had a bacon donut.

SIMMONS
The everything is better with bacon thing is a myth.

Fitz takes a bite of his cupcake, moans.

FITZ
The stories I will tell about this cupcake will be thought a myth by reasonable people.

Simmons notices the ball bearing. She points her cupcake at it.

SIMMONS
That can't be what I think it is.

Fitz looks at it.

FITZ
Is that a bomb?

SKYE
I don't know. But I brought it here for you to look at.

SIMMONS
Where did this come from?

SKYE
A different construction site, about two months ago. They've had it in their lost and found since they found it.

(MORE)

SKYE (CONT'D)

Their engineers haven't been able to figure out what the material is, which made me think of you.

SIMMONS

It's nice to be memorable.

FITZ

Can you keep a secret?

Skye picks up a cupcake and takes a bite. She quivers.

Simmons holds her cupcake towards the two others, pointedly.

SIMMONS

You people are greedy. I get to enjoy watching you enjoy it, then enjoy enjoying it in front you, knowing you don't have any left.

SKYE

You're a tease, aren't you?

FITZ

She is. That's beside the point. Can you keep a secret?

SKYE

I'm a S.H.I.E.L.D. Agent. My career is keeping secrets.

FITZ

We named our bad guy.

SIMMONS

His name is The Wrecker.

Skye takes another bite of her cupcake, quivers again.

SKYE

I like it.

CUT TO:

INT. MRS. HOAG'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The room is empty except for John and Coulson.

COULSON

What do you have for me?

JOHN

The two contracts have two things in common.

COULSON

And those are?

JOHN

Both were properties owned by Fisk Enterprises, a spice trading company based out of Tokyo and New York. The first instance involved one of their warehouses and the second was caused by one of their freighters.

COULSON

Fisk also owns half of this company, doesn't he?

JOHN

He does, which is why we did the work for next to nothing. He pays cost. It's working out to be a good investment on his part.

COULSON

What's the second coincidence?

JOHN

Both were being used by Advanced Idea Mechanics, as well. The warehouse had a portion in the back used to store some of their products. The freighter was transporting some, as well. We don't have the shipping manifest, so we don't know what exactly was on the boat, but we do know what was in the warehouse based on the insurance forms. There isn't a "super-explosive metal marble" anywhere I can see.

COULSON

They probably don't line item that. This coincidence doesn't prove the things are theirs.

JOHN

You guys have guts.

COULSON

Why do you say that?

JOHN

Your partner carried a bomb out of here like it was a spare car key.

COULSON

You were keeping it in a box in a broom closet.

JOHN

A safety-deposit box. And the broom was in there because Bart forgot it. He leaves all kinds of interesting things all kinds of interesting places. Most importantly, we didn't know it was a bomb.

COULSON

We shouldn't have mentioned that. Forget you heard anything. We're not positive it is, either. She wasn't worried about it exploding, because if it was going to explode it would have by now.

JOHN

That's reassuring.

COULSON

How did it end up in your possession?

JOHN

Every job has two stages, demo and build. Demo means tearing down and clearing out; build means...

COULSON

I'm aware.

JOHN

At the end of the demo, we submit a list of all the trinkets, electronics, clothing or whatever we find at the site. Usually it's baseball hats and cellphones. Whatever the company doesn't claim, we're left to get rid of. We catalog it as best we can, then stick it in a box and forget about it until someone comes looking for it.

COULSON

And nobody claimed it or has come looking for it?

JOHN

Nope. We put it in a box because we thought it was valuable. Your guys were told about it, but didn't seem to care too much. They've been more impressed with the alien hardware we recover.

COULSON

I can imagine. I'd like to go through some of your junk drawers when I have more time.

JOHN

You're welcome to them, I'm sure. You seem to have the clearance for just about everything.

COULSON

Not everything, Mr. Porter.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON

The restaurant is located in a busy alley, full of screaming vendor, running children, tottering old people.

Dirk pushes through the crowd, to the door, slips inside.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

The restaurant is nearly empty. The patrons that are there look at dirk as he enters, then go back to their meals, or mahjong game in the case of one table.

A HOSTESS (20s) approaches Dirk.

HOSTESS

Ni hao. How many?

DIRK

I need to see Little Feng.

The hostess looks up. There's a small security camera with a red light glowing on it.

Dirk nods his head at the camera.

The light turns green.

HOSTESS

Okay.

DIRK

Okay.

He straightens his shoulders, his back. He seems to have gotten larger, thicker. The overalls almost fit.

He strides towards the back of the room.

HOSTESS

Man diar.

DIRK

Yeah. You, too.

CUT TO:

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is medium-sized, filled with smoke, table covered in old food and shot glasses, bottles of baijiu, dice and cups.

A group of men are laughing and playing a game with the dice. They all laugh and drink a shot of baijiu.

Behind the table sits LITTLE FENG (35). He's an enormous Chinese man, with facial hair trimmed to look like a Mongolian warlord. He's easily six-and-a-half feet tall. He sits between two tiny children, pointing at a picture book and laughing with them. A couple of women sit beside the children, chatting back and forth.

Dirk enters the room. The group silences, then quickly file out of the room. Feng sits up straight.

He looks Dirk up and down.

LITTLE FENG

You have reconsidered my offer?

DIRK

I have. What do you need me to get?

LITTLE FENG

Your company has a small collection of alien technology still being stored in their warehouse.

DIRK

Somebody came and took all that.

LITTLE FENG

Not all of it. There are a few pieces that linger there. I want you to get them for me before the chance is gone.

DIRK

How do you know?

LITTLE FENG

I have my little birds.

DIRK

I'm going to handle this tonight. I don't have a lot of time.

LITTLE FENG

Be careful, not reckless my friend.

DIRK

If anything happens, they won't connect it to you.

LITTLE FENG

I will trust you on that. What are your terms?

DIRK

If I get you what you want, you get me out of the country.

LITTLE FENG

If you get me what I want, I will give you one of my homes in China.

DIRK

It's a deal.

Little Feng reaches forward and picks up a bottle of baijiu. He pours two shots.

He sets the bottle down, picks up the shots, reaches one out to Dirk.

LITTLE FENG

If you fail, you do not know me.

Dirk reaches out and takes one of the shot glasses.

DIRK

It's a deal.

They both drink their shots. Dirk flinches, then lets out a sputtering cough.

LITTLE FENG

You have a weak constitution. You may not be able to survive in China.

DIRK

I guarantee I won't be surviving if I stay in New York.

LITTLE FENG

Are you hungry?

DIRK

I haven't eaten all day.

LITTLE FENG

Sit. Eat. There is never so big a hurry you must go hungry.

Dirk reaches down and picks up a couple of steamed buns.

DIRK

I'll just take these for the road. I'll see you tomorrow, my man.

LITTLE FENG

I hope that is true. I do not know what your plan is, but be very careful. A mistake will make them move the equipment, and I cannot have that. Once they move it, it is lost to me.

DIRK

Why is this stuff so important?

LITTLE FENG

To be the first to discover the secrets within is to be the first in a long line of billionaires.

DIRK

That sounds good.

LITTLE FENG

That is why you must be careful not to ruin this opportunity.

DIRK

I've worked with you before.

LITTLE FENG
But never on something like this.

DIRK
Trust me. I have an ace up my
sleeve.

Dirk holds up his crowbar, like an ancient general holding
aloft his sword.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. ELIOT FRANKLIN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Eliot is reclining comfortably on his couch, reading. The
window hasn't been fixed.

He comes to the end of a page, turns it. Looks up at the
clock.

His cellphone RINGS.

He sits up, puts the book down, picks up his cellphone.

ELIOT
Ni hao, Xiao Feng.

He nods, smiles.

ELIOT (CONT'D)
Dui. Hen hao. Xie, xie, Xiao
Feng.

He taps the phone off, picks a business card up off the
coffee table, dials the number on it.

ELIOT (CONT'D)
Yes, Agent Ward. This is Eliot
Franklin. I have some information
you may need.

CUT TO:

INT. DAMAGE CONTROL LOBBY - EVENING

The lobby is empty and mostly dark. Anne has gone home and the office is shut down except for the few employees stuck working late. One of those employees is BART (19), a skinny, pimple-faced intern with short, curly flaming red hair.

Bart is relaxing behind the desk with his feet up, whistling and reading GIANT-SIZE MAN-THING #1.

Skye walks through the door. She's moving fast.

Bart tries to pop up out of his chair, but only half of him is successful. One leg doesn't make it all the way off the desk before he tries to start walking.

He lands half against the wall and half on the floor.

SKYE

I don't have time for you to be okay, kid. Where's your roof access?

Bart gets to his feet and moves to intercept Skye.

BART

Right this way, Agent. Anne said you would be coming. I didn't realize it would take so long when I said I would wait for her.

SKYE

Traffic.

BART

I get it. That's why I ride a bike. Trying to get around the city without one is just crazy.

SKYE

Helicopter. Now.

BART

Right. Agent Coulson is waiting on you. This way.

He leads her into the Control Room.

INT. DAMAGE CONTROL CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Control Room is empty, except for Robin and Lenny. They seem to be arguing.

Bart walks into the room and over to an elevator door. He pushes a button.

BART

I've given it some thought and come to the conclusion that a bike is actually better than even a helicopter when it comes to getting around here.

Skye gives him an amused look.

SKYE

Oh, yeah?

BART

You can't take a helicopter on the train.

SKYE

Having a helicopter precludes the need for using the train.

BART

Which means when you want to go somewhere without helicopter parking, you have to take the train anyway.

The elevator dings.

SKYE

You've given this a lot of thought.

The doors open.

BART

Last week a guy tried to land a helicopter on somebody's house. I had to take pictures of it. It wasn't pretty.

They get in.

SKYE

The helicopter or the house.

BART

Both

The doors close.

CUT TO:

INT. S.H.I.E.L.D. OFFICES - LAB - EVENING

Fitz-Simmons are alone in the lab. Fitz is looking at the monitor of a machine scanning the full sphere. Simmons is at work on a computer. They are both attempting to eat Chinese food while working, to varying degrees of success.

FITZ

So how strong do you think this guy is? Every time the word 'gamma' gets thrown around, people bring up Dr. Banner.

SIMMONS

I don't think we're going to see that level of power, but it's looking impressive.

FITZ

How impressive?

SIMMONS

Captain America impressive, at least. Maybe only *as* strong, but more invulnerable. Small ammunition won't do more than bruise this guy.

FITZ

Shoot him in the thigh and try and give him a charley horse?

Fitz gives the monitor an interested squint, touches the screen to get better information.

SIMMONS

Or in the biceps so it doesn't hurt as much when he hits you with that bar of his.

FITZ

I hate getting hit with tools.

He swipes across the monitor for an even deeper look.

SIMMONS

I hate getting hit on by tools, but that's not germane. I'm surprised he hasn't broken that thing?

FITZ

This is interesting.

Simmons gets up from the computer.

SIMMONS

What's that?

FITZ

This is the most interesting thing
I've ever seen in my life.

She walks over to the monitor to see for herself.

SIMMONS

That doesn't mean a whole lot, but
I'll bite. Explain while I peruse.

She shoulders him out of the way, swipes the screen to get
back to the beginning.

FITZ

It's steel, except that it isn't
steel.

SIMMONS

You're going to have to do better
than that.

His speech speeds up, excited to talk as he's understanding
what the new information means.

FITZ

The outside of that metal ball has
a shell a few atoms thick that
generally shields the ball from
detection, which made me think the
two spheres are the same - but
they're not, this one is just
invisible.

SIMMONS

Invisible?

FITZ

Our instruments know it's there,
but it registers it as empty space.
Mass and size and the other basics
can be determined, but other than
that none of our instruments have
been capable of getting a reading
on what it actually is. What is it
made of? I still haven't figured
out what that shell is, but I
figured out how to see through it.

SIMMONS

And you just found steel on the
other side?

FITZ

Really good steel. Really good, probably the strongest I've ever seen outside a few choice projects. But only a centimeter thick. Precisely a centimeter thick - which is precisely the size of the half-shell we found earlier.

SIMMONS

Inside that?

FITZ

Another layer of something weird that I'll need another eight hours to get through. I'm guessing we'll find our gamma charge inside that.

Simmons turns to him. Her eyes tell him she just figured it out, too.

SIMMONS

What we found earlier isn't steel. What we found earlier is a new composite.

FITZ

Which leads me to believe that whatever it is was created at the moment of the blast. I'm going to guess and say it's from whatever this molecular glaze is, fused with the metal thanks to the heat from the gamma emissions.

Simmons snorts a little.

FITZ (CONT'D)

What?

SIMMONS

Gamma emissions.

FITZ

Yeah?

SIMMONS

It sounds like you're politely describing a Hulk fart.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAMAGE CONTROL WAREHOUSE, SOMEWHERE IN JERSEY - EVENING

The warehouse is on a large, empty piece of land, bordered by a small patch of woods on one side. A few larger pieces of construction equipment litter the property. There are a pair of loading docks and a door for people. The parking lot is empty.

Dirk walks around the corner of the building from the side facing the treeline.

He sprints to the front door. As he's running, a car pulls down the long driveway to the warehouse.

DIRK

You have seriously got to be
joking!

He SMASHES the door knob with his CROWBAR. It shoots off and away.

He grabs the door, pulls on it. It's still locked. The car is getting closer, close enough to see it's the S.H.I.E.L.D. Car.

He takes a half-step back and kicks the door. There's a sound of CRUNCHING metal. The door shoots out of the door frame and into the building, landing hard and bouncing across the floor.

He disappears inside.

The S.H.I.E.L.D. Car pulls in fast, slides to a stop. Ward and May spring out. May is on her PHONE, drawing her gun with her other hand.

MAY

We had a visual on him. He just
disappeared into the building.

Ward is the first to the door, gun drawn. He pulls up to one side.

May arrives at the other side.

MAY (CONT'D)

Yes, sir. I got it, but I don't
know how long I can guarantee
anything.
Okay.

She puts the phone away. There's a crash and a muffled curse from inside, then it goes silent again. It sounds somewhat distant.

WARD

And?

MAY

Coulson and Skye are on the way.
Damage Control is giving them a
ride in a helicopter.

WARD

That's unfair. We had to drive.

MAY

I had to drive.

WARD

You like driving.

MAY

You drive like an old lady.

WARD

I drive fine.

MAY

A well-trained old lady.

WARD

I aced the offensive driving
course.

There's a loud crash from inside. Dirk has started
destroying something.

MAY

What's unfair is this guy will just
get annoyed when we shoot him.

WARD

That I'm looking forward to.

MAY

Why's that?

The crashing ebbs for a second, then starts up again.

WARD

Coulson told us it would be very
beneficial to bring Garthwaite in
alive. It's not often I get to
shoot at someone I'm not trying to
kill.

MAY
Shooting at him isn't going to get
our job done.

WARD
Nope, but it'll be fun.

He heads inside.

CUT TO:

INT. DAMAGE CONTROL WAREHOUSE - OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

The door into the office is laying to one side, broken in half. A desk has been thrown across the room. Dirk is trying to kick what looks like a normal door.

THUD. The door buckles a little. It looks weaker than it actually is. It makes a noise like steel.

THUD. A hard kick. The door buckles a little more. The frame bends, revealing large bolts that look like they're made for a vault door.

He bellows, charges the door, shoulder down.

CRACK! Steel splinters and the door lets loose of its frame. Dirk tumbles inside.

CUT TO:

INT. DAMAGE CONTROL WAREHOUSE - VAULT - CONTINUOUS

He looks around the large steel room. The walls are lined with broken alien gear and unrecognizable technology - none of which probably works.

He picks up something vaguely gun-like, smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. DAMAGE CONTROL WAREHOUSE - OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

May and Ward arrive in the space outside the office leading to the vault. Dirk can be heard inside.

They go silently through the empty door frame, train their guns on the vault opening. They move forward.

Ward steps into the vault.

CUT TO:

INT. DAMAGE CONTROL WAREHOUSE - VAULT - CONTINUOUS

WARD

Did you remember a bag, Garthwaite?

Dirk turns around. He has an arm-load of equipment, something sticks out of each of the large pockets in his overalls. In his other hand, he's still holding his CROWBAR. Ward's gun is leveled. May is drawn on him, too, but is using the door frame for cover.

DIRK

You really don't want to do this, man. I'm not the guy you're gonna get your promotion with.

WARD

You aren't really promotion worthy, I think. You are my problem, though.

DIRK

You should find a shrink, learn to forget about your problems. That'll make this easier than you're plannin' to make it right now.

WARD

I can't do that. The mechanic you stole those fancy clothes from is dead.

DIRK

I didn't kill anyone! I just took these to cover up my work gear.

WARD

He died. You hit him too hard.

DIRK

Cops always try and say that and it ain't never true. Now I'll just take what I have and get going. You wait and report it after I leave.

WARD

I said I can't do that, and I'm not
a cop.

Dirk starts walking toward the door. Ward tenses up.

DIRK

Get out of my way!

Dirk pulls his arm back to bat Ward out of the way.

CRACK! Ward fires and hits him right between the eyes.

Dirk stumbles back a step, drops everything except his
CROWBAR. His eyes cross a little.

DIRK (CONT'D)

You shot me!

WARD

Don't let five seconds of courage
ruin the rest of your life.

DIRK

It's your life about to get ruined!

He charges Ward. CRACK-CRACK-CRACK-CRACK-CRACK-CRACK. May
and Ward unload on him. Ward shoots straight at his chest,
but May is targeting his legs.

Dirk starts to stumble, but he turns it into a dive. He
swings the CROWBAR at Ward while he falls.

Ward dives out of the way. The CROWBAR just misses him. May
stops firing, holsters her gun.

Dirk lands hard. Ward dives for his nearest arm and puts him
in an armbar.

Dirk is too strong. He pushes against the ground with his
other arm and gets to his feet. It's quick and before Ward
can let go Dirk PUNCHES the wall of the vault with the arm
Ward hangs from.

Ward slams against the steel, falls to the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAMAGE CONTROL WAREHOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

A helicopter, painted with the Damage Control logo, lands in
the parking lot. Inside are Coulson, Skye and Lenny. Lenny
is piloting.

COULSON
Get out of here until we say it's
clear.

Coulson jumps out of the helicopter and starts running
towards the warehouse door.

LENNY
What if you need to get out quick?

SKYE
Stay close, but we won't!

She follows her boss.

CUT TO:

INT. DAMAGE CONTROL WAREHOUSE - OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Dirk is standing in the vault doorway. May has backed up to
the far side of the room. Her gun is leveled at him.

DIRK
Are you still serious about this!

He takes a step towards her.

CRACK! She fires, hits him in the forehead. His head snaps
back, but it doesn't take him off-balance this time.

DIRK (CONT'D)
I'm invincible you dumb broad!

He starts walking towards her.

CRACK! CRACK! Click-click-click. Her gun is out. He
smiles.

CRACK-CRACK-CRACK-CRACK-CRACK!

Dirk stumbles from getting hit in the back, nearly falls,
turns. Coulson and Skye have entered the room. As soon as
his attention turns on them, they stop firing.

COULSON
Mr. Garthwaite, you're going to
need to come with us now. You're
strong, but you're far from
invincible.

DIRK
I'll kill you before you strap me
to a table!

He CHARGES shoulder first, like a brawler looking to lock up.

Coulson TWISTS out of the way at the last second, lifts his arm and turns Dirk's momentum into a beautiful HIP TOSS.

Dirk slams back first, feet over head, into the back wall. The wall buckles a little from the force.

He drops to the ground and rolls onto his chest, starts to get up.

KICK in the face from Coulson, KICK in the opposite knee from Skye. Dirk drops back down.

He ROLLS hard toward Skye. She JUMPS but he gets a hand out to trip her.

Skye rolls into the room, turning a fall into a tumble. Dirk gets halfway to his feet.

COULSON

Mr. Garthwaite, are you aware that you're wanted for murder?

DIRK

What are you talking about?

COULSON

The female mechanic you stole your wardrobe from. You killed her boyfriend.

DIRK

There weren't no female there. And he was breathing fine when I left.

COULSON

She was at lunch. He never woke up.

DIRK

Like I told your friend, you're all liars.

He lunges at Coulson, swings his CROWBAR.

Coulson DODGES. SWING-DUCK-SWING-MOVE-SWING-

DUCK-THUMP! Ward comes out of nowhere, SPEARING his shoulder into Dirk's kidney, SLAMS him against the wall.

Dirk PUSHES him away, KICKS him hard, knocks him across the room.

May runs in. A hard KICK below the sternum makes him GRUNT. PUNCH-PUNCH, to the neck. RISING PALM to the face.

His head moves, but barely. He reaches out, pulls her in, SMACK. A HEADBUTT makes her dizzy. A STRAIGHT PUNCH to the chest sends her across the room.

Ward is nearly on his feet. SLAM. He and May crash against the wall together.

CRACK-CRACK-CRACK-CRACK! Coulson hits him repeatedly in the hand.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Son of a...!

He DROPS the CROWBAR, shakes off the pain in his hand.

Skye shoots forward. She grabs the crowbar off the ground.

Dirk grabs at her. She dodges, spins like a running back and shoots out the door.

CRACK-CRACK. Coulson keeps him off balance for a second.

He recovers, ignores the three in the room and heads out the door himself.

CRACK! The CROWBAR hits him in the head. He falls back two steps, dazed.

Skye drops the CROWBAR, steps into the door frame wringing her hands.

THUMP! Wade shoulder blocks Dirk into the wall again before he can catch his balance. May springs to the CROWBAR, picks it up.

Coulson pulls his CELLPHONE from his pocket. Dials it.

Wade rolls away from Dirk immediately. Dirk turns to get up, but May SMACKS him across the back with the CROWBAR.

Dirk SLAMS against the ground. SMACK-SMACK. May hits him two more times, in the small of the back and across the shoulders.

He slams against the ground again.

COULSON

(into the phone)

Yeah, Lenny. We're done here.

He pushes against the ground to get back up.

DIRK

I ain't close to done!

SMACK! The hit doesn't push him all the way down, but it does knock him off balance. May springs onto his shoulders, puts the crowbar against his throat and pulls backward.

KICK! Wade kicks the arm Dirk's using to get up. Dirk slams against the ground yet again, this time with May CHOKING him.

He coughs. The CROWBAR is stronger than his throat. It's working. He can't catch his breath.

He rolls, reaches up and tries to grab the CROWBAR. May SLAMS against the floor and wall as he fights.

May flexes, the cords on her arms popping. He flails, her head knocks another hole in the drywall.

His fingers can't get a grip. He swipes over his head at her but can't reach her.

He stops struggling.

Another second and his body goes limp. He's out.

COULSON

Let him go. He's done.

May relaxes her grip. Dirk's chest heaves reflexively.

MAY

Don't worry, he'll be fine. He's invincible.

END ACT FOUR

TAG

INT. S.H.I.E.L.D. OFFICES - LAB - THAT NIGHT

All six agents are standing around a machine scanning the CROWBAR. They look tired, but not any more hurt than can be fixed by a hot bath and a soft bed.

FITZ

The best we can ascertain is that it works as some form of battery and The Wrecker can draw from the power it's holding, probably unconsciously.

COULSON
Don't call him that.

SIMMONS
Its a great name. Perfect for the
guy. He uses a *crowbar* as his
weapon of choice!

FITZ
It's the source of his power!

COULSON
He has calmed down. Just don't
call him that.

MAY
He's not so tough, now. It seems
not having his toy is draining.

SKYE
Definitely not invincible any more.
I stuck a needle in him easily
enough. He's asleep in a room with
walls and a door stronger than him.

COULSON
Did you get blood and cell samples?

SIMMONS
I did, got everything we need.

COULSON
Good. I would rather not lend
credence to his getting-strapped-to-
a-table fear. At least not while
I'm responsible.

WARD
When he's turned over to the brass?

COULSON
Not my problem. He made that
choice when he killed a man.

WARD
He didn't know he killed him. He
was just trying to knock him out.

COULSON
And a drunk driver that kills a
family is just trying to get home,
Agent. This all could have been
prevented by not running away in
the first place.

WARD

Yes, sir. I understand that. I do feel for the guy, though. I'm not sure this was all his fault.

COULSON

It wasn't all his fault. That's why you need to go to Mr. Franklin's apartment, pick him up and bring him back here before you're done for the day.

WARD

That can't wait until morning?

COULSON

Nope.

WARD

Fine, but if this guy jumps me and I'm too wore out thanks to the last little scuffle...

COULSON

That shouldn't be a problem, but since you're worried you can take Agent May with you.

MAY

Thanks, bud!

She punches Ward in the chest hard enough that he flinches.

COULSON

And pick up dinner on the way. A great big pizza with everything. I'll pay you for it when you get back.

WARD

You can have a pizza delivered.

COULSON

Yeah, but you'll be out anyway. Besides, what if there's a Hydra cell disguised as a pizza parlor and they figure us out? We can't have that.

Ward just sighs and turns toward the door.

WARD

C'mon!

He gestures at May and she turns to go as well.

MAY

I'm getting an order of bread sticks with it.

COULSON

Get whatever you want. I'm buying.

MAY

S.H.I.E.L.D.'s buying, you mean.

COULSON

Same thing.

The two agents exit.

COULSON (CONT'D)

And you three can leave whenever you want. Just make sure to get here early tomorrow. We have a lot to do.

FITZ

I'm going to stick around a bit. I want to look closer at The Wrecker's crowbar.

COULSON

That's not his name.

SIMMONS

I want to get started on the blood work. This guy is going to be fascinating.

SKYE

I'm just going to stick around for the free pizza. You might want to call Ward and tell him to pick up two. I'm hungry.

COULSON

If you're going to stay here, you're going to work rather than annoy me. I'm not going to play babysitter. Looks like you just volunteered to fill out paperwork.

SKYE

You're a mean babysitter.

THE END