

NEMESIS

Written by

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EXT. MIAMI SUBURBS - DAWN

The crack of dawn alights the horizon above a suburban Miami neighborhood.

INT. MARSHALL'S BEDROOM - DAY

The clock reads 5:00 AM. Marshall stirs and sits up. He reaches across the bed. The bed is empty.

INT. MARSHALL'S HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Marshall walks down a hallway and cracks open a bedroom door.

INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Marshall's eight-year-old daughter, Alison, is asleep in her bed.

INT. MARSHALL'S KITCHEN - DAY

Marshall walks down the stairs and into the kitchen. His wife, Sara, sits in a rocking chair in the living room. In her arms she gently holds their infant son, Noah.

MARSHALL  
Up so early again?

SARA  
Our son was hungry.

Marshall smiles.

MARSHALL  
I bet he was.

SARA  
Did you sleep?

MARSHALL  
Barely. Just need to get today over with. I'll sleep when I'm dead.

SARA  
Do you have time for breakfast with Ali before you go?

Marshall walks upstairs.

MARSHALL  
Not today, sweetie. I'll get  
something on the way.

Sara rocks gently in the chair as she holds the baby.

INT. MARSHALL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Marshall pulls on a dress shirt.

Marshall reaches onto the high shelf of the bedroom closet  
and removes a gun. He tucks it into a holster.

Marshall puts on a jacket and runs a hand through his hair.

A DEA badge sits on the dresser. Marshall's hand grabs it.

INT. MARSHALL'S KITCHEN - DAY

Steam pours from the spout of a kettle.

Boiling coffee pours into a cup.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

The head of a battering ram smashes into a warehouse door.

Officers in tactical gear surround the facility. They storm  
into the open door, guns drawn.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Snipers lay on the roof and look through their scopes at the  
warehouse.

Marshall stands with his radio in hand. Next to him stands  
DEA Agent Emma Wilson, who watches the scene through a pair  
of binoculars.

Wilson lowers her binoculars.

MARSHALL  
So tell me.

WILSON  
Well, the deal was in place and our  
guy was on his way but he got  
pulled over by local PD for some  
minor traffic violation, a tail  
light or something.

MARSHALL

Okay.

WILSON

And we're listening on the radio when the call goes out for backup, and you know that means he's getting searched. So we've got five keys in the trunk on the way to this deal and local PD is about to bust our guy and ruin all of our work, in one traffic stop, months of work, you know.

MARSHALL

Oh no.

WILSON

Yes. So we send Thomas -- rookie, poor kid -- over to break some windows and pull fire alarms two blocks away. So that pulls local PD off of our guy. You know the rest.

MARSHALL

What did your captain say?

WILSON

He called it committing a crime to get a collar.

MARSHALL

That would make policework a lot easier.

WILSON

Thomas wouldn't think so. He was on probation for two months.

Marshall chuckles.

Wilson looks through her binoculars.

WILSON (CONT'D)

So what do you think?

MARSHALL

Wait.

The radio buzzes.

DHS AGENT

(On radio)

All clear in here.

MARSHALL

Now you're good. Let's hit them  
with the warrant and see what we've  
got.

Wilson talks into her radio as she walks away.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Charlie nineteen. Code four. Serve  
'em.

Marshall looks at the ground.

A baby bird chirps as it hops on the rooftop.

Marshall looks around, then leans over and picks up the bird.

EXT. ON BIRD - DAY

The bird shits in Marshall's hand.

MARSHALL

Shit.

INT. STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

Men in handcuffs stand lined against a wall. A DHS agent  
holds a police dog on a leash nearby.

Agents in DEA and DHS jackets use pry bars to open crates and  
boxes. Open crates and their contents lay scattered around  
the warehouse floor.

Marshall and Wilson stand looking at the floor. A DHS agent,  
Perkins, approaches.

DHS AGENT PERKINS

Looks like that's it.

INT. ON GROUND - DAY

On the ground in front of them is a small stack of money, a  
bundle of marijuana, and two handguns.

MARSHALL

Keep looking.

INT. STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

Perkins motions at the empty crates.

DHS AGENT PERKINS

Yeah? Where?

Perkins shakes his head as Marshall walks away in disgust. Wilson follows.

WILSON

We haven't cracked the walls or floors yet, boss.

MARSHALL

Dont' bother. We won't find anything.

Wilson's eyes widen.

WILSON

We had good intel on this. This place is supposed to be a major safe house for the cartels.

MARSHALL

The intel was good. They do move a ton of cash and product through here. They knew we were coming.

A security camera on the wall of the warehouse follows Marshall as he walks.

EXT. DEA/DHS OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Flags fly over the palms on the campus of the DEA/DHS offices in Miami.

Security agents stand guard at a gate. A car pulls up to the gate. Agents raise the gate and wave it through.

INT. DEA COMMON OFFICE - DAY

Agents sit at desks and cubicles, some wear headsets and type rapidly as they speak in low voices. Flat screen monitors around the room broadcast international news.

Marshall and Wilson walk through the office.

Wilson holds the baby bird in a fast food container.

Two agents, Reyes and Morris, clap slowly in Marshall's direction.

MORRIS

Hey, there he is, Super-Cop!

A framed news article on the wall bears the headline: "Super-Cop Busts Smuggling Ring."

REYES

I heard you confiscated almost a whole ounce of weed, Marshall.

Marshall sneers in their direction.

MORRIS

That should put an end to Miami's drug problem, huh?

WILSON

(quietly)  
Assholes.

Marshall storms past them into a glass office and slams the door.

INT. CHIEF GATES' OFFICE - DAY

Chief Gates sits behind a large wooden desk, covered with papers and files that rustle and shift as Kent storms in.

CHIEF GATES

Don't slam the door, damn it, Kent.

Chief Gates organizes the shuffled papers. Marshall stands in front of the desk.

CHIEF GATES (CONT'D)

What? Sit down.

Marshall sits, followed by Wilson, who holds the bird.

MARSHALL

This is a joke, Alan. Every time we get close--

CHIEF GATES

Don't start this again. Focus on your intel, your sources on the ground.

MARSHALL

I need men I can trust!

CHIEF GATES

You've got Wilson, you've got Reyes, you--

Through the glass window, Reyes and Morris laugh in the common office.

MARSHALL

Reyes and Morris are probably on the cartel's payroll, Alan.

Chief Gates gives Marshall a hard look.

CHIEF GATES

Watch it, Kent.

Marshall stands up.

MARSHALL

Do you think its a coincidence that they keep changing locations right before our raids? We're only finding exactly what they want us to find!

Chief Gates stands up.

CHIEF GATES

What do you want me to do? Go to Special Investigations and tell them I think I've got a leak in my department? Then I've got a whole new set of problems to deal with.

Wilson fidgets nervously.

MARSHALL

You're allowing this entire department to be compromised!

CHIEF GATES

Damn it, Kent, do you want to be suspended?

Chief Gates looks at Wilson, glances at the bird, then back to Wilson.

CHIEF GATES (CONT'D)EN

Would you give us a minute?

Wilson stands up and walks out. The door closes shut.

Chief Gates motions toward a chair.

CHIEF GATES (CONT'D)

Take a deep breath and sit down.

Marshall sits. Chief Gates walks around and sits on the corner of his desk and hands Marshall a file folder.

CHIEF GATES (CONT'D)

Take a look.

Marshall takes the folder and opens it.

CHIEF GATES (CONT'D)

Does the name Wilson Fisk mean anything to you?

MARSHALL

Kingpin. Yeah.

Chief Gates walks around behind his desk and sits down.

CHIEF GATES

Good. Because its important that you understand what we're up against here. It looks like Fisk is buying up a lot of commercial real estate around the docks.

Marshall flips through the folder.

MARSHALL

Front businesses?

CHIEF GATES

Maybe. We don't know.

MARSHALL

You think Kingpin's working with the cartels?

CHIEF GATES

We don't know, Kent. But if he is, this is all much bigger than we mapped out. Kingpin's presence in the drug trade indicates an international conspiracy.

Marshall closes the folder and places it on the Chief's desk.

MARSHALL

Can't do it, Chief.

CHIEF GATES

What do you mean? Why not?

MARSHALL

What about the leak? If I start investigating Fisk, how long do you think I'll live?

Chief Gates leans back and folds his arms.

CHIEF GATES

Take it alone. Make it a confidential investigation. Everything stays classified.

Marshall places a hand on the folder but hesitates.

MARSHALL

The Kingpin's payroll is big enough to afford anyone. Politicians, heads of state. How do we know who to trust?

Chief Gates looks at Marshall.

CHIEF GATES

I'm trusting you.

Marshall takes the folder off the desk.

INT. DEA COMMON OFFICE - DAY

Marshall walks out of Chief Gates' office with the folder in hand. Wilson stands up as he approaches.

WILSON

What's up?

MARSHALL

Let's go.

Reyes sits at his desk as Marshall and Wilson pass.

REYES

What was that all about?

Marshall walks by silently. Wilson leans over and places the fast food carton with the baby bird in Reyes' lap.

WILSON

Chief needs you to find out what type of bird this is.

Reyes looks confusedly at the bird as Marshall and Wilson walk away.

INT. DEA/DHS OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Marshall and Wilson walk down the hallway. Marshall hands Wilson the folder. She opens it.

WILSON  
Holy shit, you're kidding me.

Marshall pushes the double doors open as they walk outside.

EXT. DEA/DHS OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Marshall and Wilson walk out of the building and into the sun.

MARSHALL  
No, I am not.

WILSON  
Is this happening?

MARSHALL  
Just need to make a call first.

Marshall and Wilson walk toward the parking lot.

INT. MARSHALL'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sara cooks lunch in the kitchen. The baby is nearby in a car seat on the counter.

Sara stirs the sauce with a wooden spoon. The phone rings.

Sara's phone sits on the counter. The screen reads, "Super Hubby."

Sara picks up the phone.

SARA  
Hey sweetheart, how are you?

EXT. DEA/DHS OFFICE BUILDING PARKING LOT - DAY

Marshall and Wilson walk through the parking lot.

MARSHALL  
Sara, I love you.

INT. MARSHALL'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sara stands in the kitchen and talks on the phone.

SARA

I love you too, Kent. Is everything  
okay?

EXT. DEA/DHS OFFICE BUILDING PARKING LOT - DAY

Marshall and Wilson walk through the parking lot as Marshall  
talk on the phone.

MARSHALL

It's been a complicated day.  
Getting more complicated.

INT. MARSHALL'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sara stands in the kitchen and talks on the phone.

SARA

Another late night? Will you be  
home for dinner?

EXT. DEA/DHS OFFICE BUILDING PARKING LOT - DAY

Marshall and Wilson approach their car. Marshall gets in the  
driver's side and Wilson the passenger side.

MARSHALL

Yeah, babe. No. Not tonight. What  
am I missing?

INT. MARSHALL'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sara looks at the pot on the stove.

SARA

Lasagna. And us. Well, Ali asked  
for lasagna, but technically right  
now its only marinara sauce, so,  
maybe spaghetti. And us.

INT. MARSHALL'S CAR - DAY

Marshall pulls on his seat belt, starts the car, and drives  
out of the parking lot.

MARSHALL

All of my favorites. I'm sorry,  
Sara. I'll make it up to you this  
weekend. We'll go camping.

Wilson chuckles and smiles at Marshall.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

(to Wilson)

What? I have hobbies.

INT. MARSHALL'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sara walks leans over the counter and puts the spoon up to  
the baby's lips.

SARA

Leftovers will be in the fridge.

INT. MARSHALL'S CAR - DAY

Marshall drives down the street with Wilson in the passenger  
seat.

MARSHALL

Okay, love you, see you soon.

Marshall hangs up the phone.

WILSON

Didn't figure you for a camper.

MARSHALL

Disconnecting helps me relax.

Wilson smiles.

WILSON

I don't know if I've ever seen you  
relaxed. It must be intimidating.

Marshall drives on with a wry smile.

EXT. MARSHALL'S CAR - DAY

The car zips down the street as the sun hangs low in the sky.

EXT. MIAMI SKYLINE - DAY TO NIGHT

The sun sets and the moon rises over the city skyline.  
Traffic moves in neon lines on the streets.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Two men stand outside a dimly-lit warehouse. Moving vans are parked behind a chain fence.

Far down the street, Marshall and Wilson's silhouettes are barely visible as they watch from behind a parked car.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Wilson leans against the car, looks through binoculars.

WILSON

What a dump. Why would Kingpin come  
all the way to Miami to buy a  
junkyard?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Marshall smirks and sips a coffee.

MARSHALL

It's a cash business.

Wilson looks through her binoculars.

EXT. WILSON'S POV - NIGHT

Men load boxes into vehicles. Guards with machine guns stand nearby.

WILSON (O.S.)

Looks like our new friends are  
packing. That's either an XK9 or  
an MP7. Pretty serious for a  
fishery.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Wilson looks through the binoculars as Marshall sips his coffee.

MARSHALL

Either way I'd say this all qualifies as suspicious activity, wouldn't you, agent Wilson?

Wilson lowers her binoculars.

WILSON

I certainly would, agent Marshall.

Wilson glances around nervously.

WILSON (CONT'D)

So do you trust this guy?

MARSHALL

No. What's trust?

WILSON

Okay. I mean what incentive does he have to give us good information?

MARSHALL

He owes me. I helped his sister and nephew get visas last year. Besides, its his job to know what's going on around the docks after midnight. And these security guys are notorious for having no integrity. Everyone pays them off to look the other way.

Marshall looks at Wilson.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Trust is a relative thing, you know what I mean?

An informant, Noisy, approaches the agents.

NOISY

What's good, Marshall?

Marshall offers Noisy his coffee cup.

NOISY (CONT'D)

Hell no, man. I never get why you cops are always drinking hot coffee. Its like 95 degrees out right now. I'm sweating my balls off.

Marshall withdraws the cup and puts it down on the bumper of the car.

MARSHALL

I'll bring an ice pack for your balls next time. So what do you got?

Noisy shifts nervously.

NOISY

Well its weird man, like this place here, right -

Noisy motions toward the warehouse.

NOISY (CONT'D)

-- it was empty until a couple of days ago, and now these guys are moving in all kinds of shit. Big crates and sealed up real tight, you know?

Marshall looks at Wilson.

MARSHALL

Uh huh.

NOISY

But check it out, they got some kind of crazy electronics too, and I don't mean like Blu-ray players and shit.

MARSHALL

What, like consoles? Control panels? Things like that?

Noisy appears not to know what control panels are.

NOISY

Yeah, man, it might be like control panels.

Wilson looks at Marshall.

WILSON

Controls for what?

NOISY

I don't know, man, but it's gotta be some really high tech shit 'cause I mean they got all this security, like para-military guys with tech nines and body armor and stuff. They got everybody really nervous around here, man.

(MORE)

NOISY (CONT'D)  
And the word is that they just  
bought that building --

Noisy motions around the block.

NOISY (CONT'D)  
-- and that building. So I don't  
know what that's worth to you, but  
that's all I know. Everybody's real  
spooked, you know?

Marshall looks through the binoculars down the block at the  
warehouse.

MARSHALL  
Uh huh. Okay, good work, Noisy.  
Stay out of trouble.

Noisy lingers. Marshall looks at him.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
What's up? How's your sister and  
Ephraim?

NOISY  
Doing okay, Marshall. How about  
you, how you doing?

MARSHALL  
I'm okay.

Noisy glances around nervously.

NOISY  
Hey, Marshall, why you doing this,  
man?

Marshall appears puzzled by the question.

NOISY (CONT'D)  
Why you getting involved with these  
people, dangerous people? Huh? Just  
let them be. Let someone else do  
it.

Marshall shakes his head.

MARSHALL  
I can't do that. What's it to you,  
Noisy?

Noisy puts his hands in his pockets.

NOISY

Because you're a nice guy. You ever think about taking a vacation from all of this shit? Just taking your family and getting in the car and never looking back?

Marshall nods at Noisy.

MARSHALL

Every day.

NOISY

You should do it. You family would thank you.

Marshall looks through the binoculars at the warehouse.

MARSHALL

Maybe. But then what would you do without me?

Noisy shakes his head and walks away.

NOISY

You're not listening to me, man. That's your problem, you don't listen.

Marshall looks through the binoculars at the warehouse.

The men close the dock doors as the trucks pull away.

MARSHALL

Come on, let's go.

INT. DEA/DHS COMMON OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is empty except for Marshall and Wilson, who sit on their desks.

Marshall looks at the baby bird, asleep in the fast food container that is now a makeshift nest.

MARSHALL

Any idea what this thing eats?

Wilson flips through a folder full of files.

WILSON

The crates could be drugs or cash, but what about the electronics?

MARSHALL

Who knows? Satellite tracking? GPS? Surveillance gear? You know, at this point, if Kingpin's involved, it might be end of the world-type stuff. I'm afraid to even guess.

Marshall looks at the bird, taps his fingers on the table.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Can you buy some bird seed or something?

WILSON

An eyedropper might be better, boss.

Marshall stretches, looks at his phone.

MARSHALL

It's late. Go home. We'll talk about this tomorrow.

WILSON

Okay, sounds good.

Marshall grabs his coat and walks out of the office.

Wilson looks at the bird as it sits in its makeshift nest.

EXT. MARSHALL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marshall's car drives down the street, pulls into the driveway, and parks.

EXT. MARSHALL'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Marshall exits the car, walks to the door, puts the key in the lock, opens the door, and steps in.

INT. MARSHALL'S DOORWAY - NIGHT

Marshall is struck in the head by a baton as he walks in the door. Everything goes black.

EXT. MARSHALL'S BACKYARD - DAY

Marshall and Sara sit on the patio by the swimming pool. Ali glides in the sunlight, arms extended to touch the baby bird as it flies around her.

INT. MARSHALL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marshall's eyes jerk open as he jolts awake to the sound of the baby Noah's cries.

Marshall sits tied to a chair in the living room, mouth gagged. Blood runs down the side of his head. Sara sits tied up on the floor. Her face is bruised. Ali lies tied on the couch nearby, apparently unconscious.

Marshall looks around.

The captors, dressed in tactical gear, move around the house. They speak in Spanish as they move about the kitchen.

CAPTOR

Listo.

Two of the captors grab Marshall and drag him away. Another captor grabs Sara. Marshall's yell is muffled by his gag.

Sara's captor holds a rag over her face. She struggles and goes limp.

Marshall is dragged up the stairs.

INT. MARSHALL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Two captors drag Marshall into the bedroom as he struggles in his restraints.

A captor places a rag over Marshall's face. Marshall kicks free and falls to the ground. He reaches under the bed.

INT. UNDER BED - NIGHT

Marshall's hand grabs a pistol stashed under the bed.

INT. MARSHALL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marshall rolls over, gun drawn, and shoots one of the captors.

The captor is struck in the chest by bullets, staggers backwards and crashes out of the window.

EXT. MARSHALL'S WINDOW - NIGHT

The captor crashes out of the window and hits the ground. The other captors outside look at each other. One of them nods and gestures toward the house.

INT. MARSHALL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marshall turns and holds the gun on his captor.

MARSHALL  
Who sent you?

The captor backs up slowly.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
Answer me! Who hired you!?

Marshall moves forward with his legs still tied. As he hops to keep balance, Marshall misfires a shot into the wall. The captor runs away.

Marshall hops forward.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
Hey!

EXT. MARSHALL'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The captors stand outside the house. One of the them holds a remote detonator.

EXT. ON REMOTE DETONATOR - NIGHT

The captor's thumb presses the plunger on the detonator.

EXT. MARSHALL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marshall's house explodes in flames.

INT. MARSHALL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marshall is blown out of the second story window.

EXT. MARSHALL'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Marshall crashes into the backyard as flames erupt from the house. The second story balcony collapses on him.

EXT. MARSHALL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Smoke billows from the fiery ruin as the captors drive away.

EXT. MARSHALL'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Embers glow under the rubble as ashes blow in the wind from the ruins of Marshall's home. Thick smoke billows into the air.

The rubble shifts. Marshall slowly pulls himself out. He coughs and moans as he crawls around on the wreckage.

MARSHALL

Sara? Ali?

Marshall moves a fallen beam aside and pulls out broken sheets of drywall from underneath. He recoils from the heat.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Sara?!

Marshall frantically digs out Sara's body. He cradles her body and weeps.

Sirens wail in the distance.

Marshall holds Sara's body and rocks gently as he whimpers. Embers smolder around him.

Marshall pulls the necklace from Sara's burned body.

The sirens grow closer. Marshall struggles to his feet and limps toward the back fence.

Marshall pulls himself over the fence and falls to the other side. He stands and limps away into the darkness.

EXT. MARSHALL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The remains of Marshall's house smolder as neighbors gather on the street outside. Police cars arrive, followed by a fire truck.

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Marshall limps down a hillside toward the street. Faded neon dimly lights a convenience store at an empty intersection.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Marshall limps around the corner of the convenience store toward an alley.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Marshall limps into the alley, leans against a wall behind a dumpster, and collapses in the darkness.