

BISHOP'S GAMBIT: ENDGAME

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. MILFORD PLAZA - DAY

Fading hotel, the lullaby of old Broadway on eighth avenue.

SUPER: NEW YORK CITY, TEN YEARS AGO

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Shades are drawn in the cheap-looking junior suite -- beds are untouched, neatly made with threadbare sheets and worn blankets. Desk lamp illuminates the worn carpet, old squalid furniture, and tacky 70's color scheme.

Dark pupils scrutinize a picture of an African-American MAN in work clothes in the center of a bulletin board.

EDWARD, twenty-five years old, rawboned, thick calluses on the edge of his hands, ice-cold eyes devoid of emotion, the gaze of a reptilian predator, a killer's eyes, studies the photos, and the vast quantity of information surrounding them -- quirks, habits, detailed time of day activity chart and a medical history written out in neat, meticulous handwriting.

He's incredibly focused on the pictures and information -- a punctilious architect studying the detailed blueprint of this man's life.

Edward takes a pen, circles the picture of a factory rooftop elevator, draws a line connecting it to the picture of the man in the center.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Same rooftop elevator from the picture.

Edward, camouflaged, watches the elevator with intense scrutiny.

He's obviously been there a long while, eyes close for a moment. He snaps them open in time to see the archaic service elevator arrive with the MAN from the picture, who opens the gate and moves quickly towards a maintenance shed.

The man moves too quickly to catch a glimpse of his face, but his uniform matches the target's.

Edward waits until the man enters the shed. He runs quickly over to the open elevator gate, reaches in and pushes the first floor button.

He exits the elevator, closes the gate which locks with a CLICK. Elevator descends.

Edward takes out a set of lock picks, he quickly picks the gate lock and opens the gate wide.

He glances down --

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

Elevator descends until it disappears into shadows far below.

Shaft drops down into impenetrable darkness.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Edward conceals himself close to the open elevator shaft.

After a long, tense moment, the door to the maintenance shed opens -- a plume of smoke follows the man as he heads towards the elevator.

The man walks heedlessly towards the open elevator shaft, is about to step into open space --

At the last moment he notices the elevator is gone. Halts abruptly.

Edward lunges from his hiding space -- reaches out to push the man into the elevator shaft --

The man spins a moment before Edward can push him -- BISHOP, African-American, thirty-five, the eyes of the man Edward will turn into if he continues down the same path. Terrifying. Devoid of empathy, feeling, pity, or remorse.

Bishop shifts with a swift, subtle twisting motion, grab's Edward's out-thrust hand, uses a classic Aikido throw on Edward that utilizes his wrist and chin as a fulcrum, tosses him towards the open elevator shaft.

Edward's eyes widen in surprise and he contorts his body, attempts to counter, grab Bishop, but his hand is parried, deflected --

He hovers over the abyss.

Suddenly Bishop grabs him by the throat and drags him back onto the roof.

BISHOP

All that research and this is the best plan you could come up with?

Edward tries to respond, the grip on his throat is too tight, he's choking to death. Bishop releases him after a moment.

EDWARD
(gasps for air)
Who?

BISHOP
(shakes his head)
You've got a lot to learn.

Edward stares at Bishop, tries to read him. Finally --

EDWARD
Cutting the cable would have left
evidence of tampering-

BISHOP
If you'd cut the cable we wouldn't
be talking. There's no way to fake
stress damage without a lot of time
and equipment you don't have. But I
expected more from you, Edward.
That's why I hired you.

Edward absorbs this without change in his expression,
thinking hard.

EDWARD
How'd you know I'd hit you here?

BISHOP
Only logical point of
vulnerability. If you'd picked any
other time or place, then I was
wrong about you and you weren't
what I was looking for. Why didn't
you shoot me?

EDWARD
I'm a lousy shot.

Bishop glares.

EDWARD
And it's kinda hard to make a
bullet look like an unfortunate
accident. Are you here to kill me?

BISHOP
I would have just let you fall.
I've been following your work with
interest for some time now. You've
pulled off some very nice hits --
even this should have been very
clean if it had been for real.

You're meticulous, and you do very good work, especially considering how young you are and the fact that you're self taught. I see a lot of potential. And I have an unexpected opening in my team.

EDWARD

I'm not a team player. I prefer to work alone-

BISHOP

You want to be more than a cheap hitter? If you wanna become a mechanic, a real pro -- then you'll learn to play well with others. I can teach you.

The elevator arrives. Bishop gets in.

BISHOP

You coming, Edward?

Edward stares into Bishop's merciless eyes for a long moment, finally nods, gets to his feet and joins Bishop.

As the elevator begins to descend.

BISHOP

You can call me Bishop.

His dark eyes bore into Edward, black as pitch --

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Tenebrous sky, only a couple of scattered stars and a slender crescent moon interrupt the monotonous blackness.

Scintillating luminescence of the city lights overwhelm the darkness of night. Even the bridge is lit up like some giant metallic Christmas tree.

Steel spiderweb, a miracle of human engineering suspended high above the Hudson River. Headlights of cars sporadically cross over the enormous expanse.

SUPER: BROOKLYN BRIDGE, PRESENT

Lone figure runs along the side pathway -- FAROD, a lean Arabic man, advances in a mad dash, terrified.

He stops, bends over for a moment to catch his breath. Perspiration drips from his brow, he glances around -- a car SCREAMS past him, makes him jump.

He forces himself upright, sprints at a breakneck pace.

Farod comes to the highest mid-point, accidentally glances down -- the world lurches as he realizes just how far above the water he is.

Farod takes a deep breath, reaches inside his bulky jacket.

A van with dark tinted windows suddenly appears out of nowhere, heads straight for him --

Instinctively he jumps over the side, grabs on to the steel support cables that run all along the bridge. A knife drops from his hand, falls till it hits the Hudson -- PLOP.

He hovers over the abyss, glances down at the murky water far below.

Dizzying height. His white-knuckled grip on the cable starts to slip --

Farod spots someone approaching, the person from the sedan silhouetted by the van's headlights. Farod's eyes widen when he recognizes who it is.

Hands slip -- Farod plummets towards the river. SCREAM!

SPLASH!

SILENCE.

EXT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - MORNING

JACK, forty-two, weak chin, receding hairline, thick glasses cover mild hazel eyes, glances around, nervous, feeds a couple of quarters into one of the last working pay phones in Manhattan, checks a small frayed notebook, frantically presses numbers.

INT. EDWARD'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Spartan, non-descript tiny basement studio. No personality or hint of the owner, anonymous.

Severe, monk-like, few furnishings are generic -- its only color, a small parakeet in the corner, which CHIRPS softly to itself.

Old model refrigerator and gas stove take up one side of the room.

On the opposite side, a futon mattress on the floor contains Edward, thirty-five, asleep.

Cellphone RINGS --

Edward's eyes snap open, instantly awake, grabs the phone --

EDWARD
(on phone)
Yes?

INT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Jack cups the phone's speaker. His eyes are constantly moving, scanning for danger -- the eyes of a frightened rabbit.

JACK
(on phone)
Edward. Check the Post -- page
twelve.

INT. EDWARD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Edward rises to his feet, Teflon smooth.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED.

EDWARD
You're only supposed to call if
there's an emergency, Jack.

JACK
It's Bishop.

EDWARD
He's dead.

Edward goes over to the colorful bird, feeds it. CHIRP.

JACK
So's Farod. Page twelve.

Edward pauses, completely motionless.

EDWARD
You're certain?

JACK
I gotta go -- my bus is boarding.
You should go to. Before he finds
you.

EDWARD
Where are going?

JACK
 Away. I'm gonna find a small town
 and get lost. See ya, Edward.

CLICK.

Edward stares at the phone for a long moment.

EXT. WEST SIDE HIGHWAY, NEW YORK - MORNING

A full bus zooms past cars heading towards the bridge to New Jersey and the Jersey Turnpike.

The huge vehicle weaves in and out of traffic, speeds towards its destination.

INT. BUS - MORNING

Crowded with PASSENGERS, men and women returning from work.

Jack sits, nervously writes a series of equations on a pad -- higher probability mathematics.

OVERWEIGHT MAN in an ill-fitting suit glances at Jack's pad.

OVERWEIGHT MAN
 What the hell is that?

JACK
 Probabilities. Public transportation is theoretically the safest possible mode of travel -- this seat is the safest on the bus.

OVERWEIGHT MAN
 Who gives a crap?

Overweight man gets up, moves his seat.

Jack continues feverishly scribbling on his pad.

BUS DRIVER greenish, peaked -- suddenly passes out --

EXT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Bus swings out of control -- cuts off two taxi cabs and an SUV, slams into the barrier at the bridge entrance.

CRUNCH! Steel tears and rips, the front of the bus smashes and the driver is flung through the windshield --

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

SCREAMS!

Metal crumples and folds.

Impact smashes the passengers into each other-

Flames lick out from the engine into the interior.

CHAOS! Fire, smoke, SCREAMS! CRYING. WHIMPERING.

Jack has a moment to look alarmed -- he tries to move --

Suddenly he's engulfed, inferno erupts from beneath his seat.

Jack burns, SHRIEKS!

Overweight man tries to put him out --

Too late -- Jack's enveloped in a fiery conflagration.

SCREAMS from Passengers!

Smoky holocaust spreads.

Passengers flee the bus.

EXT. COLLINS BAR - DAY

A hole-in-the-wall bar in midtown Hell's Kitchen.

INT. COLLINS BAR - DAY

Large wooden bar is empty. A zaftig young WOMAN behind the bar reads Chelsea Handler's "Are You There Vodka? It's Me Chelsea", intensely into the book.

Television drones in the background.

Edward, the sole patron, sits in a booth towards the back of the bar, his back to the wall, perfect view of the entire room. He nurses a tonic with lime and reads The New York Post -- page twelve has a picture of Farod: "Unidentified jumper". He looks up from the paper, frowns.

Notices the Channel four special news bulletin playing -- tragic bus accident on the West Side Highway.

Edward stands abruptly, exits -- young woman doesn't look up from her book.

EXT. BUS ACCIDENT - DAY

Police have blocked off the scene of the accident. The bus is a mangled mess of smoldering twisted metal and shattered glass.

Ambulance workers take the last remaining survivors off to the hospital, SIRENS WAIL.

Edward moves through the crowd, peculiar quality of his motions -- they seem to be careful, premeditated, as if each gesture, every activity, is part of a neatly ordered and disciplined life. Precise.

He bumps into a harried Asian channel four REPORTER attempting to ready herself for the camera.

EDWARD

Excuse me.

Subtle, smooth, faster than the eye can follow, he snatches her press pass, keeps moving.

His eyes seem to take in everything, he's an observer, a watcher on the outskirts of humanity.

Edward flashes the press pass he pick-pocketed, crosses the yellow tape -- heads towards the smoldering ruins of the bus, confident, as if he's supposed to be there.

Edward walks towards the wreckage, disappears amidst the swarm of official workers.

He waits for a moment of inattention, enters the vehicle's carcass without being seen, a ghost.

INT. BUS WRECK - DAY

Glass CRUNCHES under Edward's feet as he carefully inspects the remains of the bus. As with everything else, his examination is meticulous.

Edward puts on latex gloves, pokes through the wreckage.

Scanning the ruins, the charred seat that Jack sat on sticks out like a sore thumb -- Edward peers at it, thoughtful.

Edward scrutinizes the seat closely, sifts through the blackened debris. He notices Jack's burnt notebook -- flips through it. Probability equations cover every intact page, he pockets the notebook.

Searching under the charred seat he spots something -- a small piece of material that doesn't belong, a fragment of a container. He picks it up, it glints in the sunlight, sniffs it, makes a face and sticks the piece in a plastic ziplock bag.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - DAY

Glint of a small round mirror set on top of a stop light, points at an angle towards --

Fertilizer hauling freighter that sits quietly in its dock.

INT. FERTILIZER HAULER - DAY

Large main hold dimly lit by sparse fluorescent lighting.

A FILTHY SAILOR shovels loose fertilizer back into the containers. He pauses to wipe sweat, streaks more dirt across his forehead.

Glint of something in the corner catches his attention. The Sailer slowly moves towards the glint -- another round mirror placed just out of reach at the entrance of the hold.

EXT. SINGLE ENGINE PROP PLANE - DAY

Flies through the air over the Hudson river.

INT. PROP PLANE - DAY

The pilot, DYLAN, adjusts his controls. He glances out --

BELOW THE PLANE

Fertilizer freighter floats calmly in the water.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Sign shaped like an eighteen-wheeler truck, on top of a building, across the street from the Hudson river.

SHADOWY FIGURE lies prone on a steel girder keeping the sign upright.

Figure aims --

Sophisticated military issue laser projector with a rifle scope -- darkly dressed figure looks through targeting lens.

SCOPE VIEW

Small round mirror pointed at an angle towards the freighter.

Shadowy figure jots down a geometric mathematical calculation.

BEEP! BEEP! Digital watch alarm goes off, figure shuts it off.

Glances up -- spots the plane in the sky, approaching.

Finger slowly presses the trigger of the laser -- an almost invisible beam of crimson light shoots from the projector.

EXT. MIRRORS - DAY

Laser hits the mirror and deflects at an angle, diverted by another mirror to the river -- hits an additional mirror that deflects the laser towards the freighter.

EXT. FERTILIZER HAULER - DAY

Laser strikes mirror, is deflected towards the main hold.

INT. FERTILIZER HAULER - CONTINUOUS

Filthy sailer approaches the mirror as the laser hits it and fires into the hold. He covers his eyes at the sudden glare of light --

Beam strikes the fertilizer. It begins to smoke.

Filthy sailer notices, SHOUTS a warning and bolts, flees for his life.

BOOM!

EXT. FERTILIZER HAULER - CONTINUOUS

BA-BOOM!

The hauler explodes with enormous force!

Blast reaches upwards --

INT. PROP PLANE - CONTINUOUS

BOOM!

Dylan glance's down, eyes widen -- see's the inferno rising towards the plane, inevitable death reaching for him --

EXT. PROP PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Tiny plane is engulfed in flame, detonates adding to the force of the explosion. BOOM!

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - DAY

Detonation blows the docks and surrounding area apart.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Shadowy figure folds the laser projector and puts it into a briefcase, climbs down from the sign with surprising agility.

Calmly enters the building.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

Edward walks along the pedestrian walkway across the enormous expanse -- descries subtle skid marks on the walkway.

He halts, inspects the area, espies brownish dried blood where Farod clung for his life.

Edward glances down, vertigo inducing height over the Hudson river. He abruptly strides away.

EXT. EDWARD'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dilapidated brownstone building near Columbia University.

Time Warner Cable Van parked across the street, Edward passes it as he crosses the intersection and heads towards the entrance of the building.

Stocky Hispanic man sits on the stoop, building superintendent, CESAR, waves at Edward.

CESAR

Edward -- gonna get to fixture soon, promise.

EDWARD

No rush. How's the family?

CESAR

Sofia's gettin' straight "A's", little Cesar's a pain in the A.

EDWARD

Maria?

CESAR

Best wife man can have -- she been askin' 'bout you. Wanna find you a good woman.

EDWARD

No thanks.

CESAR

You no date long as you live here.
She's worried -- say you alone too
much.

EDWARD

I work best alone. We can't all be
lucky as you, Cesar.

CESAR

You tellin' me? I luckiest man in
the world! Maybe you deserve a
little luck too, eh?

EDWARD

Only luck I know is bad.

Edward smiles at Cesar, walks down the stairs, enters a
basement apartment.

INT. EDWARD'S APARTMENT - DAY

Austere room is cold as Edward's eyes when he enters, his
smile immediately evaporates.

Bare light bulb hangs from the ceiling in the middle of the
room, filament flares to life when Edward flicks on the
switch.

Colorful parakeet CHIRPS and moves around its tiny cage.

Edward feeds the bird, thoughtful, using the mechanical
ritual to help him ruminate on what he's learned.

He goes over to the fridge -- only sealed bottles of spring
water within, takes one out, drinks.

Edward places the bag with the piece of evidence he
discovered on a small table. He scrutinizes it closely, lost
in thought.

He takes a pensive sip of his water, glances through Jack's
charred notebook.

RING! RING!

Edward pulls out his cellphone.

EDWARD
(on phone)
Yeah?...I'll be there in ten.

He hangs up, gathers up the bag, turns off the light, leaves.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - DAY

POLICE, FIREMEN and EMT's surround the site of the explosion, slowly bringing order to the chaos around them.

Edward's cold eyes miss nothing as he examines the periphery of the explosion.

He spots a gleam of something, reflection of sunlight --

Describes the shattered, melted remains of a mirror. Edward picks up the pieces and puts it into another plastic bag.

Edward's brows furrow, thoughtful. He looks across the street. His eyes seem to scan the rooftops at random until they finally settle on the truck sign.

He jots some math into Jack's notebook -- geometric ciphers look very similar to the shadowy figure's equations.

Edward moves against the flow of people, a salmon swimming upstream.

He heads towards the first mirror unerringly, even before he spots it, as if he knew exactly where it would be.

Edward's contemplative expression metamorphoses into unease.

An EMT ignores the suffering around him, watches Edward work, a cap conceals the face in shadows -- finally nods, saunters off, blends into the crowd, disappears like magic.

INT. COLLINS BAR - NIGHT

A dozen PATRONS, all men.

BARTENDER is an attractive young woman with a pierced tongue and a ready smile which lights up when she spots --

Edward -- he gives her a hollow smile and nod, but heads away from the bar to the booths in the back. She looks disappointed, goes back to serving booze.

Edward sits down across from a balding, pot-bellied forty-five year old Hispanic man, with a sparse beard, wearing a cheap, ill-fitting suit -- DETECTIVE SANCHEZ.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
You're late.

EDWARD
Traffic.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Who drives in New York?

Detective Sanchez suddenly smiles.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
You want something to drink?
(indicates bartender)
She'd love to give you anything you
want.

EDWARD
Stick to business, Detective
Sanchez.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
It's always business with you. You
still won't even tell me your name-

EDWARD
You don't want people to find out
about our arrangement, do you?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Why don't I just run you in and
find out what you're hiding?

Edward just stares at Detective Sanchez with dead eyes.

Detective Sanchez drops his gaze, pulls out a bunch of files.

Edward scans through them. Sudden look of recognition --
conceals it before the Detective notices. He picks three
files, hands the rest back to Sanchez.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
That's all you want?

EDWARD
The rest are collateral damage.
These were the targets.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
Targets? What the hell are you
talking about?

Edward points to the picture of Farod.

EDWARD

I found skid marks. Trace blood on one of the guide wires indicates he clung to it for dear life. He didn't jump, he was chased and fell.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

How did you find something the entire New York City police department overlooked?

EDWARD

In your world if it quacks, it's a duck. It looked like a jumper, why look deeper? Same with the bus.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Driver was drunk as a skunk.

EDWARD

A red herring -- do a tox-scan and look for a subtle narcotic or poison that has symptoms which can be mistaken for alcohol. The real target-

Edward indicates a picture of Jack. He hands Detective Sanchez the plastic bag with the fragment in it.

EDWARD

This is the remains of a container of accelerant that was placed under the seat of the victim.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

How did the killer know he'd sit there?

EDWARD

Patterns of behavior -- a hit by a real pro who knew the victim inside and out.

Detective Sanchez sits back, astounded.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

If I can prove that and catch the perp I'd make Lieutenant.

EDWARD

You won't catch them -- I said he's a pro.

Edward stands up, tosses the bag with the mirror on the table.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
What's this?

EDWARD
This caused the explosion at the docks.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
The fertilizer hauler? How the hell could a mirror do that?

EDWARD
Laser. The mirror bounced the beam into the ship. All it takes is a spark -- fertilizer's filled with ammonium nitrate, stuff's so volatile it generates a huge explosion. And this was the actual target.

He reveals Dylan's picture, picks up the three files and starts to go. Detective Sanchez grabs his wrist.

Edward just looks down at the offending hand, raises an eyebrow.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
You gotta give me more -- that guy was just some pilot in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Detective Sanchez realizes he's still holding him, releases Edward.

EDWARD
He was the target -- the perfect murder unless you know what to look for. Good luck, Detective. You'll need it.

Edward turns, leaves the detective.

EXT. NEW YORK SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Edward holding the files, treads past people, observes them, a predator watching its prey. People give him space, as if they instinctively sense danger.

He's an outsider, a man apart.

Edward stops at his nondescript five year old grey Pontiac parked on the street. He gets in.

The car pulls out onto the street into New York traffic.

INT. EDWARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Still neat and tidy --

Except the overhead light bulb is now broken, filament exposed. Out of place in the otherwise pristine environment.

Bird moves around the cage, very active.

STOVE

Azure pilot-light of the stove flickers --

White foam begins to ooze from its jets, smothers the fire. Invisible gas flows into the room.

INT. EDWARD'S CAR - NIGHT

Edward drives smoothly through the night time traffic, glances down at the files next to him.

His eyes scan the darkness for any hint of danger, hands grip the steering wheel tightly, belying the anxiety he's starting to feel.

INT. EDWARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dark room shrouded in shadows.

Parakeet lies feet up, dead on the bottom of its cage.

CLICK-CLACK, sound of multiple keys and the lock to the front door.

DOOR opens. COUGHING!

Hand reaches for the light switch --

Bare filament begins to heat up, light --

BA-BOOM!!!

Huge explosion!

EXT. EDWARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BOOM! Fire blasts out shattering the windows as the gas ignites!

EXT. EDWARD'S APARTMENT - LATER

Flashing lights. Police. Fire Engines. Smoky haze, burning embers, blackened remains of the still smoldering building.

Edward pulls up, notices the madness. He gets out of the car and joins a group of rubberneckers gawking at the tragic scene.

An ELDERLY WOMAN sits on the back of an ambulance, weeps as EMT's bandage her, gives her oxygen.

Edward passes through the crowd of ONLOOKERS.

He spots a group of TEENAGERS with skateboards cracking jokes, watching the fire.

EDWARD

You know what happened?

Teenagers eye him, suspicious. Big white kid with DREADLOCKS and a basketball gives him a disgusted look.

DREADLOCKS

What's it to you?

EDWARD

I live here.

DREADLOCKS

Lived here.

He and his friends crack up, LAUGHING at Edward's expense.

Dreadlocks suddenly wings the basketball at Edward's face.

DREADLOCKS

Think fast-

Edward catches the ball, scary fast. TEENAGERS stop laughing.

EDWARD

Thanks.

He hands the ball back, pushes through the crowd.

Dreadlocks stares after him.

Edward approaches a OLD BLACK WOMAN in a bathrobe.

EDWARD

What happened?

OLD BLACK WOMAN

Gas leak -- something sparked
and...

(indicates fire)

Just lucky it started in the
basement. Most everyone got out
alright.

She stares at the blaze, tears glisten on her cheeks, reflect
the orange glow of the fading firelight.

Edward notices them wheeling a body bag into the coroner's
truck. He steps back.

Old black woman turns to say something to Edward, but he's
gone.

INT. EDWARD'S CAR - NIGHT

Edward sits in the Pontiac, observes the chaos surrounding
his home. He scans the crowd closely, eyes seem to take in
everything.

Darkness of his pupil expands like the creeping obsidian of
night.

Edward's knuckles are white on the steering wheel.

EDWARD

Bishop.

He abruptly starts his car and peels away from the smoldering
remains of his home.

EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Edward steps out of his parked car in a seedy section of
Chinatown between Canal and the Bowery.

He heads towards a shop, a neon lit tourist trap.

Edward espies three Chinese PUNKS coming up behind him in the
reflection of a store window --

Blocks the sap heading for his head.

SCARRED PUNK with the sap drops it, pulls a large handgun.

Edward puts up his hands.

SCARRED PUNK

You in the wrong part of town, Gwei-
lo. Hand over your wallet.

Scarred punk pokes him with the gun --

Edward is already in motion.

A twist, the heel of his palm drives up into the scarred punk's nose, once, twice -- punk drops, Edward kicks the gun away.

The other two punks try to get to their weapons, but Edward is on them, a single fluid attack, a sidekick shatters a knee, chop to the throat-

He yanks an arm over his shoulder -- SNAP!

Breaks like a wet twig!

Second punk drops, WHIMPERS.

A blur of five strikes to the throat, groin, eyes, nose, back of the neck --

Third punk drops, gasping for air, struggles to pull out his pistol.

Edward smoothly takes the gun from him, so fast, right up against the third punk's forehead --

Punk has time to close his eyes and pray.

Edward pops the clip and tosses the guns into a garbage bin.

EDWARD

Don't play with guns, you'll get hurt.

He walks to the store, leaves the punks lying in a broken heap.

INT. TOURIST TRAP - NIGHT

The place is filled with cheesy tourist crap ranging from paper umbrellas to Chinese yo-yo's that may last until you get them out of the shop.

He goes to one of the glass display counters filled with fancy blades, Shuriken throwing stars, folding knives, switch blades and replica katana swords.

The Chinese TEEN behind the counter glances up from his comic book, peers at him, bored.

Edward points to a serviceable looking commando knife painted black, a set of no frills throwing knives, a lighter and a very large folding knife with a wicked looking blade.

EDWARD
I'll take those.

TEEN
(unsure)
Cash or charge?

Edward pulls out a wad of hundred dollar bills. He places four on the counter.

The teens eyes widen with surprise, he nods and starts gathering the blades.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Edward fills up two cans with gasoline, puts the cans in the trunk.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

He pays cash.

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Twenty-four hour Gristedes. Edward buys bleach, ammonia, syrup, honey, frozen orange juice, hairspray and duct tape. Cash.

EXT. CABLE VAN - NIGHT

Large van with Time Warner Cable on the side is still parked across from the scene of the fire.

INT. CABLE VAN - NIGHT

Back of the van is definitely not standard cable repair --

Large table takes up most of the back -- silver platter filled with white foam, lock picks, knife, garrote, stripped handgun, and assorted killing tools lie on top.

A bulletin board covered with pictures of Edward at home and at the Collins Bar. Pictures of Dylan, Edward and Farod are lined up on the side with black X's marking out their face. The center of the board has a close up picture of Edward's face.

The board also has pictures of an attractive woman (JESS), a younger pretty girl (TARA), and a gaunt paranoid looking man (SYLER).

A hand reaches out, hesitates for a moment, finally crosses out the picture of Edward's face with a black sharpie, it places the picture with Farod and the other casualties.

The hand fixes the picture of the woman (JESS) onto the center of the board, studies it for a long moment -- something doesn't feel right.

Cellphone RINGS! The hand picks it up, his face is never visible.

BISHOP (O.S.)

(on phone)

This is he. The body was identified as the super, a Cesar Alvarez?
You're certain? No -- you've been very helpful, thank you officer. My editor would have killed me if I'd gotten that wrong.

CLICK -- cellphone hangs up.

Hand reaches out, crumples the crossed out picture of Edward, places another fresh picture of Edward back in the center of the board beside the woman.

BISHOP'S MOUTH -- smile stretches scar tissue.

INT. EDWARD'S CAR - NIGHT

Edward drives on the west side highway, glances at the same picture of Jess.

He hits his lights, heads towards a turnoff.

Edward keeps glancing at the picture.

His eyes rest on the woman's smile --

INT. BISHOP'S TRAINING FACILITY - DAY (TWO YEARS AGO)

Edward smiles as he throws a side kick at Bishop's knee. Bishop evades the kick at the last moment.

BISHOP

Most common fatal accident?

EDWARD

Falls from great height-

Bishop spins and sweeps Edward to the ground --

Edward rolls away and regains his feet, slams a back kick into Bishop's gut, Bishop grabs his leg and tries to break Edward's knee with an elbow. Edward leaps up and kicks Bishop in the jaw, causes him to release Edward's leg.

BISHOP

Good -- why do we do a thorough medical background check on a target?

Bishop chops Edward's throat, followed by a ridge hand strike and a palm to the nose -- Edward deflects and evades them all, barely.

EDWARD

Look for weaknesses -- heart condition, asthma, allergies. Anything that can believably lead to a "natural" death.

Edward backs up quickly, overwhelmed by the assault. He enters in, accepts some punishment to strike with his knees and elbows at Bishop's groin, nose, throat --

BISHOP

Gotta love peanut allergies -- makes it almost too easy.

Bishop deflects Edward's kicks, knees and elbow attacks, parries and grabs Edward's right arm, nearly breaks it --

Edward is able to twist and deflect part of the blow, but his arm practically dislocates amidst his frantic escape.

BISHOP

Clumsy. Bathroom?

Edward parries Bishop's hands, circles around him, surprises them both and gets Bishop in a wicked choke hold. Bishop struggles, tries to gouge Edward's eyes out, but Edward avoids it and continues to choke Bishop out --

EDWARD

Broken neck due to slip and fall, drowning -- may require alcohol or drug-

He catches movement out of the corner of his eye -- sees JESS WALKER, twenty-seven years old, the woman from the photo, beautiful, brilliant, her smile and stunning blue eyes hide something, gives her depth beyond her looks.

Edward is distracted by her smiling at him. He loosens his hold just enough -- Bishop flips him and reverses the lock, nearly breaks Edward's neck.

Edward taps out, but Bishop doesn't relent, he continues to twist, a slight CRACK as Edward's neck POPS --

Abruptly Bishop releases Edward.

Edward gasps for air, attempts to straighten his hurt neck.

BISHOP
Pitiful.

EDWARD
(still gasping)
Almost had you.

BISHOP
You blew it. Got distracted.

Bishop indicates Jess who saunters over and looks down at Edward with pity mingled with respect.

EDWARD
It was only training.

BISHOP
Training has to be as real as we can make it. There are no rules in what we do. This isn't some mixed martial arts match -- it's life and death.

Bishop stands, shakes Jess' hand, introduces them.

BISHOP
This is Jess Walker, my newest recruit.
(to Jess)
Edward's my number one student.

JESS
What makes him so special?

BISHOP
He understands what I teach. Kid's a sponge for this stuff.

JESS
And what exactly do you teach? What makes you different?

EDWARD
We're the best-

Bishop holds up a hand to stop Edward. He smiles at Jess without humor.

BISHOP
We rarely use conventional weapons -
- clients who hire us don't want
anything as obvious as a gun or
even poison used on a target. Our
marks are terminated by natural
causes, or they simply disappear.
We do our homework and we tailor
our hit to the target. The National
Safety Council puts out a handbook
with accident figures, I suggest
you familiarize yourself with them.
(to Edward)
Give her the tour -- I've got work
to do.

Edward nods, shakes Jess' hand. Instant attraction, he smiles
-- Jess returns it in spades, flirting.

Bishop notices the body language, stalks away.

JESS
Is he serious?

EDWARD
(nods)
As a heart attack. Every target is
vulnerable in some way -- the trick
is to find that vulnerability, make
the hit look natural. We all have a
speciality. You'll be replacing
Alan our computer expert.

Edward gets very close to Jess, stares deeply into her eyes.

JESS
(nods)
What happened to him?

EDWARD
Skydiving accident. You any good?

JESS
I don't want to intimidate you.

Edward steps closer, Jess doesn't back up. He stares into her
eyes and she matches him, unyielding.

EDWARD

I don't get intimidated.

JESS

Neither do I.

She abruptly sweeps Edward's legs out from under him and drops him to the ground. She's on top of him staring down into his shocked eyes.

They both smile, understanding each other.

INT. EDWARD'S CAR - DAY (PRESENT)

SMACK!

Edward snaps awake from his nap, the car is parked on a quiet Hell's Kitchen (Clinton) street filled with squalid old brownstones.

HOMELESS MAN in a faded suit SMACKS the windshield again, holds out his hand for money.

Edward unrolls the window and hands the homeless man a twenty, starts the car and drives off.

EXT. W.R.GRACE BUILDING, MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY

Modern building of chrome and glass with concave vertical slope of its north and south facades on 42nd and 43rd Street, serves as the local branch office of software companies and multinational corporations.

Across the street, a small outdoor cafe in Bryant Park loaded with WORKERS from the office building having a nice lunch.

Across the street from the cafe, huge crane towers over an immense construction site.

BUSINESSMEN and WOMEN in suits lounge outside on their lunch break. Laminated ID cards are featured prominently on each person's lapel.

Edward sits apart from everyone, seems to blend in with the crowd, an ID card with a picture of someone he closely resembles is displayed prominently on his chest. His body language is very casual, relaxed, but his attention is focused on --

JESS twenty-nine, spectacular. HANDSOME CO-WORKER laughs at something she says, enamored with her.

She smiles, touches him casually on the shoulder.

Edward notices, frowns.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY

Edward eats breakfast under an awning, glancing from his meal to the office building across the street, spies --

Jess enters the office building.

Edward sips his coffee, signals for the check, cellphone RINGS!

EDWARD
(on phone)
Hello, Bishop.

BISHOP (O.S.)
You haven't forgotten everything I taught you.

EDWARD
A little rusty. It's coming back to me. This is between you and me.

BISHOP (O.S.)
She always did make you forget the rules, Edward. Your one real soft spot. You have so few weaknesses.

EDWARD
Leave her out of it.

BISHOP (O.S.)
If you'd run, you might have survived.

EDWARD
We don't have to do this.

BISHOP (O.S.)
You left me.

EDWARD
I thought you were dead.

BISHOP (O.S.)
I'm gonna make you watch her die before you join her.

CLICK -- DIAL TONE.

Edward's eyes are hard, merciless -- a killer's eyes.

INT. STEAM PIPE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Scarred skin stretched tightly around Bishop's eyes. He's older, yet unmistakable, despite a face shiny with burn scars, which add even more menace to his already fearsome mien. He moves with a slight limp, closely examines --

A maintenance section of the underground steam pipe system -- the ancient dilapidated, decaying Con Edison steam pipe system that run under the city streets.

Bishop finds an old coupling, rusted and barely intact.

He pulls out a compressed can of Freon and a miniature video screen from his trench coat, clicks on the screen-

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Jess walks briskly in her corporate clothes, ID card still pinned prominently to her lapel, ipod in her ears, music blasting from the ear buds.

She says goodbye to a couple of COWORKERS who head in the opposite direction.

Jess walks across the street from the park, passes by the small cafe, now closed and boarded up for the night, approaches the construction site. The huge crane towers above her like some mammoth Japanese radioactive monster.

EXT. CRANE - NIGHT

Tons of steel girders suspended hundreds of feet above the sidewalk, cinched with thick aircraft cables.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Jess walks by the boarded up hole in the ground, enormous load of girders directly above her head.

A small camera tracks her progress.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Bishop watches Jess on a miniature TV screen. He takes the can of liquid Freon and sprays a section of one of the mammoth steam pipes.

Frost covers the pipe, Bishop bolts from the scene.

INT. INSIDE THE STEAM PIPE - CONTINUOUS

Hi-pressure steam, over 365-degree temperature, suddenly meets the cool water of the section Bishop chilled with his spray --

BOOM!!! BA-BOOM!!!!

Mammoth explosion blasts from the pipes --

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The street erupts from the explosion --

EXT. W.R.GRACE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Explosion blasts the windows out of the office building, shattered glass falls from the sky like deadly rain --

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

Blast hits the construction site with devastating force!

Jess is blown off her feet, showered with glass, particles of asphalt, concrete and dirt.

EXT. CRANE - CONTINUOUS

Crane abruptly tips over, unbalanced by the force of the explosion.

Crane and it's load of girders plummet towards Jess --

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

Jess tries to get up, hears the CREAK of metal stress, SCREE of steel tearing under the tremendous stress.

She notices the crane topple over, plummet towards her --

Edward slams into her, barely knocks her out of the way of the girders that slam into the space she just occupied!

CRASH! SMASH!

JESS

Edward?!

Edward glances up, shakes his head.

EDWARD

No time!

He yanks her up and runs, just out-racing --

CRASH!! Crane smashes into the sidewalk, impact shakes the ground, Edward and Jess tumble just out of danger.

Total destruction, smoke, fire, shattered glass, car ALARMS -- it looks like a war was fought here.

SIRENS!

Approaching Fire engines, Ambulance and police support. Closing in fast.

A small cut on Jess forehead bleeds freely, she looks dazed, visibly gets control of herself.

JESS

What the hell was that?

EDWARD

Steam pipe explosion.

JESS

(shakes her head)

What are you doing here? You said we had to separate, that it wasn't safe.

EDWARD

He's back.

JESS

Bishop's dead.

EDWARD

He's alive. And he's pissed.

JESS

The others?

EDWARD

(shrugs)

Besides us? Syler's probably the last of the team still breathing.

Edward leads her at a brisk pace away from the accident.

HEADLIGHTS glare --

Bishop's van bears down upon them with frightening speed.

Edward tackles Jess -- they barely avoid becoming pancaked.

Van smashes into a parked car with tremendous force -- CRASH!

Tinted windows obfuscate the interior. Edward scrambles to his feet.

WHEELS spin in reverse, SQUEE! Van backs up, ENGINE REVS.

Edward grabs Jess' hand, drags her to her feet, they bolt.

Van gains on them.

Edward drags her into Bryant park, they head west --

EXT. BRYANT SQUARE PARK - NIGHT

Edward and Jess race through the small park, heading west towards Times Square --

Van paces them, unable to enter the elevated park --

EXT. 42ND STREET, 6TH AVENUE - NIGHT

Edward and Jess bolt out of the park as the van is blocked at the red light by a yellow taxi and a large truck.

They race across the street and head west towards the subway.

Van ROARS, blasts through the red light on the wrong side of the street -- CRASH! SMASH!

Cars smash into each other, attempting to avoid the van --

Older, dirt smeared taxi smashes into the rear of the van, sends it fishtailing out of control.

EXT. 42ND STREET SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Edward leads Jess towards the flashing lights of Times Square.

They race towards the subway as the van regains control and rockets after them, gaining --

EXT. TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

They reach the stairs just before the van catches them, race down into its depths.

Bishop's van jerks to a stop, engine GROWLS, a thwarted predator. Bishop steps out. He glances down at a GPS tracker, limps down the stairs.

Bishop reaches into his coat pocket, presses a remote --

BOOM!

Van explodes behind him.

PEDESTRIANS SCREAM!

He limps after Jess and Edward, inexorable, like death.

INT. TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Edward hustles Jess into the station.

He takes a swift glance at a subway map, drags Jess down another set of stairs towards the downtown 1,2,3 trains.

INT. 2 AND 3 EXPRESS TRACKS - NIGHT

Edward and Jess stand by the express tracks -- station is still crowded.

A HOMELESS couple sleep on a bench, holding each other for warmth.

DRUNK TEEN sits with his head between his knees.

A pair of MTA WORKERS set up a hose to spray down the stairs.

African American business man, KELLEY, stands with a cup of coffee by the tracks, reads a book.

Late after work CROWD.

Edward leans out to look down the tracks, espies the twin lights of train approaching.

Kelley moves subtly, his coffee spills by Edward's feet. Only it's not coffee, clear, very slick looking -- liquid ice.

Edward nearly steps on the spill, foot lands right beside it.

He notices Jess' pallor

EDWARD
You alright?

She nods, shifts closer to him and the spill, oblivious.

Kelley continues to read same page of his book.

Edward notices -- marks a pair of POLICE OFFICERS with M16 assault rifles standing by one of the exits further down.

Two Express train rockets towards the station.

Jess shifts to glance at train, foot hits spill -- she slips -- Edward grabs her just before she goes into the tracks.

Kelley moves, shoves Edward into oncoming two train --

Edward twists, blends with him, same Aikido Bishop used on him, Kelley attempts to counter --

Their hands blur, a flurry of movement as they both hover over abyss, train blasting towards them --

SQUEAL of train brakes.

Kelley's foot hits the slick liquid -- he goes flying out into the train. SPLAT!

BALD POLICE OFFICER

Freeze!

Edward is already moving towards the two police officers, parries the gun upwards, gains control -- RATATATATAT -- ROUNDS TEAR INTO THE CONCRETE CEILING leading to the street above.

Edward kick lances into the leg, palm drives up into the officer's jaw -- he uses the gun as a fulcrum, throws the reeling man to the ground, uses his palm to smash the officer's head against the concrete, and drives his knee with all of his weight into the officer's body armor protected chest, knocking the wind out of him.

Bald officer aims his gun at Edward -- Jess kicks the back of his knee, levers the gun across her body, dislocates the officer's arm and disarms him in one swift action --

Edward hooks his leg behind the bald officer's, sweeps him to the ground, hard.

Jess stomps on his groin --

Bald officer clutches his privates, incapacitated with pain.

Edward hustles Jess away from the scene as horrified people gather.

He spies a figure limping down opposite stairway, Edward alters direction and takes Jess up and across the platforms to the uptown express just pulling into the station.

They arrive just as an uptown three train pulls into the station, pile in right before the doors shut.

Bishop limps into the station as the train pulls away.

INT. EDWARD'S UPTOWN THREE EXPRESS TRAIN - DAY

Edward glimpses Bishop, observes him mime shooting Edward and Jess before the train zips out of the station. He doesn't get a clear look of Bishop's face.

Train car is packed.

JESS
Was that him?

EDWARD
Yes.

JESS
The suit?

EDWARD
(nods)
Clumsy. But Bishop definitely
trained him.

JESS
Mom was right, don't stand so close
to the tracks. How'd you spot him?

EDWARD
Guy read the same line of his book
entire time we were there. Stupid
amateur mistake.

JESS
Why not just shoot us and be done
with it.

EDWARD
It's a game for Bishop. Guns are no
fun. Doesn't mean he won't use 'em
if he gets bored playing with us.

JESS
Great. You're not holding?

EDWARD
(shakes his head)
You know how I feel about them.
When you have a gun, you depend on
it, they take away your edge, make
you cocky...

JESS
And you're the worst shot I've ever
seen.

EDWARD

That too.

He glances out at the slowly passing bypassed station, yellow light slowing the train to a quick crawl.

INT. TRAIN SIGNAL CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

Bishop glances at his GPS tracker.

He looks up and scrutinizes a monitor displaying signals of the different train lines.

Behind him, TRAIN DISPATCHER lies, foam covers his mouth, eyes stare blank in death.

Nearly empty bottle of Smirnoff vodka, vicodin pills, and a note lay in plain sight next to him.

Bishop flicks switches, smile stretches scar tissue --

INT. TRAIN TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Green signal turns red. Rocketing Uptown two train slams on its brakes -- SQUEAL!

Train stops and sits in the tunnel in between stations.

INT. UPTOWN TWO TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Packed train car. MEN, WOMEN a couple of babies asleep in strollers -- everyone awake looks annoyed.

CONDUCTOR (O.S.)

...Due to a red signal. We should be moving shortly. Thank you for your patience.

INT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

Yellow signal turns green.

Uptown three train speeds up, bullets down the tracks.

INT. EDWARD'S UPTOWN THREE TRAIN - NIGHT

Jess is thrown against Edward as they rocket past a bypass station at incredible speed.

Edward shares a look with her. They push through the disgruntled CROWD, reach the front of the train.

INT. TRAIN TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Edward's train whizzes down the tracks.

On a collision course for the number two train stalled ahead of them.

INT. EDWARD'S UPTOWN THREE TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Edward describes the two train ahead of them, closing with frightening speed.

He shoves past a group of obnoxious DRUNKS.

DRUNK ASSHOLE
Hey, watch it, Man! What's your
problem?!

Edward yanks on the emergency brake!

SQUEAL!

INT. TRAIN TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Brakes clamp down, SQUEAL!

Sparks fly -- three train slows, still barreling towards the stalled two train --

CRASH!

Trains collide --

INT. EAST TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Train shivers upon impact --

PASSENGERS are thrown against one another, SCREAMS!

INT. EDWARD'S TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Passengers pick themselves up from the floor.

Edward helps Jess up --

Drunk ASSHOLE hugs him.

DRUNK ASSHOLE
You saved us, Man.

Edward disentangles himself, hustles Jess to the door. They pry it open, leave in the confusion.

INT. 72ND STREET TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Edward climbs onto the platform, helps Jess up.

White bearded OLD MAN sitting on the bench stares at them, newspaper forgotten on his lap.

EDWARD
The MTA sucks.

After a moment, the old man nods, goes back to reading his paper.

He takes Jess up the stairs and over to the downtown platform.

Edward reaches into Jess' pocket --

JESS
What are you...?

He pulls out her cellphone, grabs his own.

A local one train pulls into the station, heading downtown.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOCAL ONE TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Edward enters the train as the doors slide open, surreptitiously drops the phones under an empty seat, exits before the door closes.

EXT. 72ND STREET TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Edward drags Jess from the station.

Jess smiles at Edward.

JESS
He was using the phones to track us.

EDWARD
(nods)
That should buy us some breathing room.

EXT. 76TH STREET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Above ground, only about seven cars remain, including Edward's.

EXT. EDWARD'S CAR - NIGHT

Jess and Edward circle his car, careful, attempt to look inconspicuous.

Edward takes a hand-mirror from Jess, checks under the car -- no sign of tampering.

He opens the car, pulls some bandaids and alcohol rubs out of the glove compartment.

Edward turns to Jess, examines her critically, begins to clean the wound on her forehead.

She winces. He hesitates, but she clenches her teeth and nods for him to continue.

JESS

You came after me first?

EDWARD

As soon as I figured out he was back.

JESS

How'd you know where I was?

EDWARD

I've been keeping an eye on you.

JESS

You were in New York the whole time? You said it wasn't safe-

EDWARD

I didn't want to leave you unprotected. It's a big city to get lost in.

JESS

You couldn't have said hello?

EDWARD

Hello.

Edward finishes cleaning her wound, applies the band-aid and checks his work, smiles, satisfied.

EDWARD

Come on -- we need to get out of here.

INT. EDWARD'S CAR - NIGHT

She climbs in beside him -- he starts the car.

JESS

Thanks.

He understands, smiles, pulls out, careful.

JESS

You haven't lost a step.

Edward espies the glint of reflected light from a rifle scope over a thousand yards away --

EDWARD

Sniper! Get down!

He shoves Jess down, swerves the car --

BANG!

Gunshot spiders the car's windshield -- hits the space where her head occupied.

EXT. EDWARD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Car spins, slams into a parked car --

CRASH!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

INT. EDWARD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Huge holes are blasted into the windshield.

Edward switches gears to reverse, Wheels SQUEAL, finally catch.

EXT. EDWARD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Races back, slams into a hydrant -- peels out.

BANG! BANG!

Sniper shots miss the car.

Four black SUV's pull into view, race towards the Pontiac like a pack of wolves hunting a wounded deer.

INT. EDWARD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Edward glances at his rear view mirror, espies the SUV's --

EXT. 76TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

Pontiac cuts off a Taxi cab, rockets east towards central park.

SHOOTERS rise through the sun-roof of each pursuing SUV, aim AK-47 assault rifles at the grey Pontiac.

RATATATATATATATATATAT!

INT. EDWARD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Edward looks calm, as if they were taking a Sunday drive --

Bullets spiderweb the rear windshield -- three hits!

Edward yanks hard on the steering wheel, presses the gas to the metal floor --

Jess reaches in back, grabs one of the cans of gasoline --

EXT. 76TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jess leans out the window of the Pontiac, tosses a flaming can of gasoline --

BOOM!

Smashes into the lead SUV's windshield, fire spreads over the entire front.

SUV smashes into a parked car -- CRASH!

Shooter on top goes flying.

BOOM! SUV explodes!!

INT. EDWARD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Edward glances in the rear view mirror, sees the three remaining SUVs gaining on them, only a few car lengths behind -- RATATATAT!

Shooters blast at them --

JESS
I need a fucking gun!

EDWARD

Not now dear-

JESS

Asshole.

Jess frantically looks through the back for anything she can use as a weapon, frustrated.

Edward sees a traffic light ahead of them turning red, two cars ahead of him.

Just as the light turns red, Edward accelerates, cuts around the two cars and onto the sidewalk --

Blasts through the light --

CRASH!

A yellow taxi smashes into a cherry red BMW that swerves to avoid the Pontiac.

The closest black SUV pursuer can't avoid the wreckage, smashes into the two vehicles -- SMASH!

Shooter is cut in half by a shard of cherry red metal --

Pontiac rockets into Central Park's entrance, smashes through the sign that says: "Closed".

Two SUVs pursue, closing in.

SIRENS SOUND in the distance --

INT. EDWARD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Edward notices the flashing lights of police cars approaching swiftly. He veers in the opposite direction, gets off of the road, heads directly east through the park itself.

SUVs ROAR after him.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Pontiac races down an asphalt covered hill, hits dirt, tears up grass and soil, finally gains traction -- races through the grass, tearing up huge furrows.

Two SUVs gain, rocket through the rough terrain.

Pontiac skids atop one of the huge granite rocks that poke randomly through the grass and soil of the park.

Rock launches the car into the air --

Edward miraculously regains control --

Pursuing SUV hits rock, flips -- crushes SHOOTER -- BAM!

Last SUV ROARS after them.

RATATATATATAT!

Gunfire stitches the ground near the car, but the bumpy ride makes shooting accurately nearly impossible.

INT. EDWARD'S CAR - NIGHT

Edward spies a huge granite boulder overlooking the road leading out of the park. A stone wall blocks the road from everywhere else --

EDWARD

Better get back here and buckle up -
- hold on!

Jess scrambles back into her seat, buckles her seat belt, eyes widen as she sees what he's about to do.

JESS

Don't-

EDWARD

Miss me?

Edward smashes the gas down --

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

Grey Pontiac rockets towards the huge rough granite --

SUV in hot pursuit, closing the distance -- Shooter aims --

Pontiac hits the stone -- WHAM!

Launches into the air, over the stone wall --

SMASH!

Lands on the road with bone rattling force!

SUV hits the granite boulder --

CRASH!

Smashes into the wall at full speed -- totaled.

EXT. EASTSIDE EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

Grey bullet-ridden Pontiac merges with the taxis, cars and trucks on the highway.

SIRENS and flashing lights fade in the distance.

INT. SNIPER ROOM - NIGHT

Gaunt, grizzled looking SNIPER in a T-shirt that says "Kill 'em all, let God sort 'em out", breaks down his rifle, places it carefully in a suitcase.

Bishop enters the room.

SNIPER
Went down like you said it would.

BISHOP
You missed.

SNIPER
Guy was good -- peeled out of there before I could get either in my sights.

BISHOP
I told you he was good. How did you miss the first shot?

SNIPER
(shrugs)
He got lucky. It happens. You got my money?

He looks up from the case, sees something on Bishop's face --

Grabs for a 9mm handgun --

Bishop deflects the gun, BANG -- reaches out with frightening speed and casually snaps the sniper's neck. Wet CRACK!!

He quickly strips the weapons from the sniper, places a rope around a ceiling fan and sets it up to look like the man hung himself. He places the noose around the dead sniper's neck and gives a swift yank.

Bishop pulls a handwritten letter out, a suicide note, places it on the bed. He picks up the handgun and suitcase and leaves the room.

Dead eyes of the apparent suicide stare out into space.

INT. EDWARD'S CAR - NIGHT

Edward gazes through the spider-webbed windshield. Jess indicates the bullet holes.

JESS
Guess he got bored playing with us.

EDWARD
Guess so. I don't remember him
having so little patience.

JESS
You said it before -- he's pissed.

EDWARD
We need to find Syler.

JESS
You think he'll help?

EDWARD
If he's still alive. We owe him a
heads up, and we need to get off
the defensive.

JESS
(nods)
We're the marks.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cheap motel six parking lot, half filled with cars.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Edward KNOCKS on a door. A MAN in a bathrobe opens the door.

EDWARD
Sorry. Wrong room.

The door closes.

Edward waits a moment, heads down the hall. KNOCKS on another door.

No answer. Edward tries again, LOUDER KNOCK.

He picks the lock, door opens. Jess comes out of hiding and they enter the room. He places a "DO NOT DISTURB" sign on the doorknob.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Grungy, cheap little room with few amenities. The queen size bed is the only thing that looks relatively new and clean.

SOUND of a shower running.

Edward, cleaned up, sits on the bed, jots something down in Jack's notebook.

Shower SOUND stops.

Edward looks up --

Jess enters the room, still wet, wrapped in a very small towel.

He gapes at her, she's so beautiful. Jess notices, they share a smile.

JESS
You came for me.

Jess and Edward stare into each others eyes. She suddenly slaps him, CRACK!

She smiles, tries to slap him again -- he catches her hand --

JESS
That's for leaving me in the first place.

Jess punches him, he parries -- she sweeps him, he drops, takes her legs out. They both roll back to their feet.

JESS
That's for watching me. Perv.

EDWARD
Adrenaline junky.

Jess smiles, lets the towel drop to the floor.

Edward approaches her, wary, they kiss, do their best to devour each other -- pent up passion erupts like a volcano.

He slams Jess against the wall and they begin to make love, passionate, hungry, unable to stop even if they wanted to.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Lying on the bed, atop a pile of sheets and pillows --

Edward wakes up to sunlight streaming onto his eyelids. He shades his eyes and glances down at the beautiful nude form of Jess, still asleep in his arms.

The room looks like a tornado hit it. She opens her eyes, smiles at him.

EDWARD
Good morning.

JESS
Morning. We should get dressed.

EDWARD
Absolutely.

Neither move. They smile at each other.

JESS
Why aren't you moving?

EDWARD
Why aren't you?

LAUGH --

SMASH!

Window bursts in, Handsome KILLER with a assault rifle lands, aims --

Edward reaches under a pillow, flings one of his throwing knives at the handsome killer -- it catches him in the throat, handsome killer claws for it with one hand, trying to get off a shot --

Wet GURGLE!

RATATATATATATATATATAT! Assault rifle unloads on full auto, rounds tearing across the ceiling as the handsome killer falls, drowning in his own blood.

Edward kicks a chair across the room -- gunfire from the shattered window strafes the chair, blasts it to bits.

He rolls off the bed and intercepts the BALD KILLER who breaks down the door.

Bald killer tries to shoot Edward, but he uses the rifle as a lever, throws the bald killer to the ground.

Edward levels the gun, bald killer knocks it out of his hands and pulls a large blade.

Bald killer tries to stab Edward, who deflects, breaks his arm at the elbow with a palm strike -- CRACK!

Edward stabs the bald killer with his own knife, kills him.

Jess flips another KILLER over her shoulder, Edward leaps on the killer's back, grabs his head, snaps his neck with a quick brutal twist -- CRACK!

Edward scans the area -- no other sign of danger.

JESS
God, that was hot-

EDWARD
Not now. Come on!

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Edward and Jess, dressed, stalk towards his car, glancing around for any hint of danger.

They reach the grey Pontiac, Edward gazes at it, suspicious.

He opens the trunk, takes out the cans of gasoline, blades, duct tape, frozen orange juice, and hairspray he bought -- hands them to Jess.

EDWARD
He could have tagged or tampered with my car. If there's a bug or a bomb, we don't have time to find it.

He scans the parking lot, spots what he wants.

A nondescript old Toyota Corolla.

Edward leads Jess over, jimmys the car's lock, breaks into the vehicle, casual.

Jess puts the supplies in back, gets in.

INT. STOLEN TOYOTA - CONTINUOUS

Edward hot-wires the car faster than most people can turn the key in the ignition, but hesitates before crossing the final wires. He's worried.

JESS
Paranoid, much?

EDWARD
Careful. He might have wired it.

JESS
How could he know you'd steal this
car? He's not God.

EDWARD
But he may be the devil.

Edward starts the car, VROOM -- no bomb.

They share a smile, relieved. Pull out of the motel's parking
lot, CRUNCH of gravel in their wake.

INT. STOLEN TOYOTA - DAY

Edward drives, completely focused.

Jess grabs and kisses him hard --

EXT. STOLEN TOYOTA - DAY

Car swerves, cuts off a black SUV. HONK!

Nearly side-swipes an old station wagon with three whining
KIDS, harried MOM, and cranky DAD driving.

Regains control at the last moment.

INT. STOLEN TOYOTA - DAY

Jess mounts Edward while he drives, kisses him hard, blocks
his view of the road.

He glimpses the danger past her, yanks hard on the steering
wheel.

Pushes her firmly back into her seat.

EDWARD
You still get off on that stuff.

JESS
Never heard you complain before.

EDWARD
I'll never understand you. It's not
professional.

JESS
Jesus. Loosen up. Live a little.
Don't you want me?

Edward glances at her: of course he wants her.
Jess smirks, revels in the effect she has on him.
She takes his hand, puts it on her firm breast.

JESS
You feel my nipple getting hard
under your touch? Anything else
getting hard?

She reaches down, grabs his crotch -- car swerves!

Jess LAUGHS.

Edward yanks his hand from her chest, removes her hand from
his groin.

EDWARD
Not now. Bishop could be close. We
need to stop playing defense. It's
like chess -- he's thinking eight
moves ahead of us right now.

Jess pouts, finally nods.

JESS
You're right. What next?

EDWARD
We get some help, figure out where
Bishop is holed up, take the fight
to him.

JESS
Where do we go? Syler could be
anywhere, if he's not already dead-

EDWARD
I know where he is.

Jess gapes at Edward, shocked.

EDWARD
You're surprised he trusted me?

JESS
I'm surprised he trusted anyone. If
you know where he is, why don't we
pull over and take care of this
itch I can't scratch.

EDWARD

We need to take out Bishop fast. If we make one mistake, are lax for the wrong moment...

We're dead.

JESS

You're scared. He really has some hold on you -- it's a bit of a turn off.

EDWARD

You should be scared too. He made me what I am.

JESS

He said you were a killer when he found you.

EDWARD

He still created me.

JESS

If you were already good-

EDWARD

People don't look at their environment. If you really see what's around you, then you'll realize everything is a weapon. Bishop taught me to see. He made me the best.

JESS

He taught you to see. But you never seem to really see me.

EDWARD

I see you. You love the rush. I'm just convenient. Someone who can scratch that itch when your juices get flowing.

Jess crosses her arms over her chest, defensive, pissed.

JESS

Asshole. Why do you always push people away? You keep doing that and you're gonna end up dying alone.

Edward glances away from the road, scrutinizes Jess.

EDWARD

I can't look at a person without seeing their weaknesses and vulnerabilities. Not really a great basis for any kind of relationship, is it?

He turns back to the road.

EDWARD

I work best alone. I generally don't like people. You were an exception to that rule. You always made me break all my own rules, Jess. If we're gonna survive this, I gotta stop doing that.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER PAPER MILL - DAY

Abandoned, closed down factory on the Hudson river. Boarded up windows, graffiti, looks completely deserted.

INT. HUDSON RIVER PAPER MILL - DAY

Huge warehouse full of paper. Leftover vats of pulp, chemicals and cellulose. Gigantic industrial paper bailer takes up most of the concrete floor.

A section is clear of all debris -- set up for training in the killing arts. Weapons, targets, guns and blades are organized neatly for easy access and removal.

Bishop stares at his GPS tracker, suddenly flings it against the wall, shatters to bits.

Two men enter, WILLIAMS, and CHO. Dressed in Armani suits, average looking except for their dead eyes.

Williams produces Jess and Edward's cellphones from his suit.

WILLIAMS

Ditched like you said. Car was abandoned at the motel -- they didn't discover the bug-

BISHOP

He knew it was there.

CHO

Kelley failed. He ended up taking a header into an oncoming train.

BISHOP

(nods)

I warned you of what Edward is capable of.

CHO

You said he wasn't a shooter.

BISHOP

Underestimate him at your own peril. Kelley learned that fact.

CHO

What's our next move?

BISHOP

We wait -- he'll come to us. He has to, now that he knows the game. I want this place suitably prepared.

Bishop's scarred face twists into a horrible parody of a smile.

EXT. SYLER'S COMPOUND - DAY

Nowhere Upstate New York. Small dirt road way off the beaten path.

The stolen Toyota drives up to the barbwire gate. A camera rotates to look at them.

Edward and Jess get out of the stolen car.

He picks the folding knife from his collection of supplies, puts it in his pocket.

Jess takes the commando knife, hairspray and the roll of duct tape.

Edward raises an eyebrow, she smiles and shrugs.

They scan the area -- trees and forest are cut back from the fence which seems to go on as far as the eye can see.

Edward tosses a twig at the fence, Electrical discharge ZAPS it off.

Edward addresses the camera focused on them.

EDWARD

Come on, Syler. Let us in.

No response. Edward curses under his breath.

EDWARD

We don't have time for subtle.

Edward takes the cans of gasoline, mixes in frozen orange juice and detergent. Classic homemade napalm bomb.

He rips off a piece of cloth, douses it in gasoline and attaches it as wick.

Edward lights the wick, it burns quickly. He tosses the homemade bomb at the gate --

BOOM! Explosion!

The gate is blown off its hinges. Edward shoots Jess a superior look. She just rolls her eyes.

JESS

At least we knocked.

They get into the car, drive through the smoldering ruins of the gate.

EXT. SYLER'S COMPOUND - DAY

The road ends, car stops abruptly, they get out.

Edward steps forward, Jess puts a hand on his shoulder.

JESS

Don't forget how paranoid he can be.

Edward nods. Jess takes out the hairspray -- she sprays the mist onto the ground. Nothing.

They walk further into the compound, she continues to spray --

Steps towards a bear-trap camouflaged in the dirt --

SNAP!

Edward tosses a stick into the trap, snatches her back just before the trap clamps shut, but they step back and hit a camouflaged tripwire --

BARK! BARK!

Attack dogs are released -- chase after them, four large, vicious-looking rottweilers.

Edward drags Jess up, they bolt --

Rottweiler lunges for Edward, He ducks, it sails over his head.

Edward leads Jess away from the dogs.

Dogs are hot on their tail -- Edward grabs the can of hairspray and uses his lighter, tosses it.

BANG! The small explosion frightens off the dogs. They scatter, YIPPING in fear.

Edward and Jess bolt to safety.

JESS

He's scared.

EDWARD

If this is how he greets old friends, he should be.

JESS

What's next?

EDWARD

If he unleashes Bengal tigers on us, he's not worth the trouble.

JESS

It's not that bad -- remember that African dictator we had to take out in his own home-

EDWARD

That was lions, not tigers.

EXT. SYLER'S COMPOUND - DAY

Edward leads Jess over rough terrain, spots another bear-trap and skirts around it.

JESS

Maybe we should split up -- I can go ahead and disarm any electronic surprises.

EDWARD

(shakes his head)

Too dangerous. Besides, Syler always preferred old fashioned mechanical devices. Said they're more reliable than iffy electronic bullshit.

He takes Jess hand and begins to move carefully through the grounds.

They spot the large main building, a rough one-story, tin-roofed affair up ahead.

CLICK!

Jess steps on a Bouncing-Betty mine.

Edward gazes at her, dawning horror.

EDWARD

Don't move. Keep your weight steady. Give me the duct tape.

She indicates where it is, he takes it. Tapes her shoe down.

EDWARD

It's only gonna give us a couple of seconds.

Jess swallows with difficulty.

EDWARD

I'm gonna yank you out of your shoe -- run your ass off to the building and don't look back.

JESS

(nods)
Where will you be?

EDWARD

Right behind you.

JESS

You promise.

He smiles: "Would I lie to you?"

Edward checks his work with the tape, satisfied, he looks her in the eyes.

EDWARD

You ready?

She nods.

He abruptly yanks her out of her shoe --

EDWARD

Run!

She runs, he's right behind her --

Bouncing-Betty mine bursts out of the ground --

BOOM!

Mine explodes, sending shrapnel and a fiery blast of tremendous force outwards.

Edge of the blast hits Edward --

He's blown forward, falls. Eyes flutter, he sees a blurry image of Jess running towards the main building.

EXT. EPSTEIN'S MANSION - NIGHT (EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO)

Staggering symbol of paranoid excess.

Huge, sprawling, tacky, no obvious security aside from a large gate with GUARDS.

EXT. EPSTEIN'S GROUNDS - NIGHT (EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO)

Small handheld laser projector hits two camouflaged cameras.

Edward, dressed in black, wears a headset, puts down the laser projector and finishes connecting leads to the incredibly hi-tech fence.

He has two lines clipped into the gate, grounds the electrical charge, prevents the alarm from sounding -- he leads HOOPER, a slender man with tiny hands. HUD, a hulking behemoth of a man with an elaborate tattoo on his neck which travels up and down his arms and part of his shaved skull, NILES and NATE, obviously brothers.

EXT. EPSTEIN'S MANSION - NIGHT (EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO)

Edward and the others reach the rear of the building, find concealment behind some shrubbery.

Hooper smiles, takes out a sophisticated grappling launcher and hook. He aims carefully at the roof while Edward and the others keep watch.

ROOF -- Hideous grey stone gargoyles crouch like watchful Gothic guardians.

PFUT! A little louder than a silencer --

Grappling hook launches with tremendous force all the way to the roof. It shoots past a stone gargoyle, lodges itself onto a roof tile.

Hud tests the line, muscles strain but it doesn't budge, holds his entire body weight steady.

Hooper takes the line from him, starts to climb, propels himself up the rope with effortless grace --

ROPE rubs against the rough stone of the gargoyle, begins to fray. Stone cracks under the rope's pressure.

Chips of stone crumble off the gargoyle, fall past the climbing figure.

Hooper's almost to the top, Nate grabs onto the rope --

Suddenly the rope comes loose --

Hooper plummets to ground -- THUD!

Edward rushes to his side.

Hooper's neck is twisted at a grotesque angle, his eyes stare, sightless in death.

Edward checks the grappling hook -- a chunk of roof is attached to it. He scrutinizes the piece closely.

Niles and Nate grab Hooper's body and drag it behind the bushes, Edward helps.

Edward stares at Hooper's lifeless body for a long moment.

Hud kneels behind the bushes with Hooper's body, tense, a panther ready to pounce.

Scrutinizing the wall, Edward comes to a decision.

Edward leaps, catches a ledge, pulls up -- discovers an imperceptible toehold-

Reaches a drain pipe, desperately grabs the makeshift handhold -- it bends, almost crumbles --

Swings to a better hold just before the pipe gives way.

Climbs upward, a master at work -- finds hand and toeholds invisible to the untrained eye.

Edward catches onto a window frame on the third floor, teeters, struggles to keep his balance-

CRACK!

Edward looks up at the sound of stone breaking-

Gargoyle that Hooper's rope had damaged plummets from the roof --

Edward hugs his perch, the gargoyle just misses him.

CRUNCH! The stone smashes into Nate, crushes his head.

Nate lies in a spreading pool of blood, gargoyle where his head was.

EDWARD

Peers down, witnesses Niles rush over his brother's body.

He checks his progress -- only about half way to the roof.

Edward's fingertips strain, his whole body locked, clinging to the almost seamless wall like a human fly --

He reaches up to a new finger-hold.

ALARM BLARES!

Edward stops reaching, defeated, begins to descend.

He swiftly reaches the ground, joins Hud, Niles and the two bodies.

Niles hugs his brother's corpse, rocks it, tears squeeze from his eyes. Hud pulls Edward aside.

Hud indicates the bodies. Edward just gives him a look -- Hud SIGHS, picks Hooper's body up and hoists it onto his shoulder.

SIREN ALARM!

Spotlights track across the compound. SOUND of GUARDS.

Edward tries to help Niles with his brother's body, but Niles shrugs him off, struggles with it until he's got it balanced.

They flee away from the mansion.

EXT. EPSTEIN'S COMPOUND - NIGHT (EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO)

Edward yells into his headset.

Hud's foot depresses a realistic artificial pinecone --
CLICK!

RATATATATATATATATATATAT!

Large rocks suddenly rotate, reveal deadly looking machine guns which open fire --

Hud is torn apart by a barrage of bullets, his body is ripped to shreds and he's dead before he hits the ground, lying beside Hooper's already cooling corpse.

Edward and Niles dodge past the concealed gun mounts -- they flee with Nate's body.

Niles falls behind Edward.

Trips, drops Nate's body. He scrambles to pick it up --

BANG!

Nile's slumps over his brothers body, blood trickles from his mouth and his eyes glaze over in death.

Edward hears the gunshot -- turns and spies Niles corpse. He's about to go to him when he descries Jess looking dazed. He rushes to her side.

SYLER, a gaunt, paranoid looking man with an assault rifle drags Farod out of the ruined mansion, heads towards Edward and Jess, fires madly at the guards -- BA-BA-BANG!

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP -- Dylan's chopper flies into sight.

EXT. SYLER'S COMPOUND - DAY (PRESENT)

Edward's eyes flutter open. He's covered in dirt, bruised and battered. A small trickle of blood leaks from his nose and ears.

TARA, pretty eighteen year old girl with huge beautiful blue eyes, and a twenty-gauge shotgun clutched in her hands, hovers over him, concerned look on her face. She says something, but he can't hear her.

He closes his eyes, breaths in deep. Pops his eardrums.

EDWARD

Who?

TARA

Tara. You're Edward .

(off his look)

My uncle showed me pictures of his glory days, as he likes to call 'em.

EDWARD
Syler?

TARA
(nods)
You okay?

He shakes his head, winces.

EDWARD
About as well as you can expect
after being blown up.

Jess is suddenly behind Tara with the commando knife pressed
against her throat.

JESS
Drop the gun.

Tara drops the shotgun, puts her hands up. Edward sits up.

EDWARD
Let her go.
(off Jess' look)
She's Syler's niece.

JESS
What the hell is she doing here?

TARA
I live here. I was hunting out back
when I heard the explosion.

JESS
You don't look anything like Syler.

Edward gives Jess a look, she finally releases Tara.

EDWARD
I thought you went inside?

JESS
I couldn't leave you.
(studies Tara)
Glad I came back.

EDWARD
You could have been killed. How
long have I been out for?

JESS
Just a couple of minutes.

TARA
Took me fifteen to get here.

JESS
Exactly.

Jess and Tara glare at each other.

EDWARD
Let's tell your uncle how much we
enjoyed his welcome.

TARA
He's been hoping you'd show. I can
get you past the rest of the
security.

Edward nods. She smiles, shy. Jess doesn't like the way Tara looks at Edward, frowns.

Tara and Jess help Edward up, they slowly, carefully make their way towards the tin-roofed building.

EXT. SYLER'S HOUSE - DAY

Large metal door.

Edward quickly picks the lock to the front door.

TARA
Wait -- there's a-

Edward opens the door --

INT. SYLER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

And stares into the huge barrel of a sawed off twelve-gauge shotgun pointed at his head.

Edward notices the disconnected wire setup designed to pull the trigger when the door opens.

EDWARD
Someone's already been here. How
long were you out hunting?

TARA
Couple of hours.

JESS
Bishop?

Edward looks serious, shrugs, leads the way into the dark hallway.

INT. SYLER'S HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - DAY

Edward opens the door carefully, spots another disabled shotgun trap pointed right at them.

The room is filled with newspaper clippings, accidents, fires, suicides.

Edward's eyes seem to take in everything. He notices --

Rack on the wall holds old scuba gear, two tanks, set of fins, regulators and masks.

Every spare inch of room is covered in paper, wire-cutters, soldering irons, guns, partially constructed pipe bombs, mines and explosives of every possible configuration, as if the Unibomber had a cousin who lived here.

Computer screen is lit with an attractive barely dressed girl firing a semi-automatic rifle as its screen saver.

Syler lies at a table with a partially stripped gun in his hand, a single bullet hole through his forehead, eyes glazed in death.

Tara spots the body, hides her head in Edward's shoulder.

Jess goes over, examines Syler's corpse.

Edward pats Tara awkwardly while she cries, finally pushes her gently away, joins Jess and scrutinizes the gun carefully.

EDWARD

Accidental discharge while he was cleaning the gun. Not bad for a rush job.

TARA

Uncle Syler didn't have accidents. Not with guns.

EDWARD

Cops usually prefer the simple explanation. It's neater.

Jess picks up a different handgun and shoulder holster rig -- she strips it and checks it closely.

Satisfied she puts it on.

TARA

He warned me this might happen.
Said if Bishop got him, I should
find you.

Tara looks at Edward with big vulnerable eyes.

Jess goes over to the computer, grimaces in distaste at the screen saver. She hits some keys and begins to search Syler's files.

Edward explore the room without touching anything. He spots something -- a small smear of paper pulp and cellulose. He examines it in the light.

TARA

You find something?

EDWARD

Maybe.

Jess types furiously.

JESS

Paranoid bastard has more security
than the pentagon on this piece of
crap. I can crack it, but it will
take awhile.

TARA

Password is "Tara".

Jess shoots her a look, types it in. Computer screen opens.

JESS

We're in.

Edward and Tara join Jess at the computer.

EDWARD

(to Tara)

What did he tell you?

TARA

Just to find you -- that you could
keep me safe.

Edward appears uncomfortable, hovers over Jess.

EDWARD

What's Syler got?

Jess stares at the computer screen, clicks and types furiously. Newspaper articles flash across screen with headlines that include plane crash, building collapse, bridge failure, suicides, disappearances.

JESS
Speculation -- lot of paranoid
conspiracy theory crap-

TARA
He's been worried since I got here
a few months ago, but it's gotten
worse the last few weeks.

EDWARD
We need to figure out where Bishop
is hiding before he strikes again.
(to Tara)
You should get out of here.

TARA
And go where? I've got nowhere to
go. No money -- Syler was my last
bit of family left.

Edward pulls out a wad of money. Tara glares at it.

TARA
Uncle Syler said you could keep me
safe.

EDWARD
You can't stay with us. It's too
dangerous. He's after us.

TARA
He's after me too. Besides, I can
help-

JESS
Get us killed. You'd only slow us
down.

TARA
I learned a lot from my uncle.

Edward stares at Tara for a long moment, she looks vulnerable.

EDWARD
She can come.

Jess looks up at Edward, shocked.

EDWARD
She's safer with us, if Bishop is
after her.

Edward stands up, examines Syler's dead body.

EDWARD
His body is still warm. Happened
some time in the last hour.

JESS
But the gun could have been
tampered with long ago. He's
probably long gone.

Jess gets up, goes over to Edward -- she's been thinking.

JESS
We could run -- leave the country.

EDWARD
He'd find us.

JESS
Maybe not. You could figure out a
way...

TARA
(incredulous)
You can't let him get away with
this!
(indicates Syler)
He was the only family I have left.

EDWARD
We'll stop him.
(to Jess)
I can't live my life looking over
my shoulder, can you?

Jess stares into Edward's eyes, finally a slight sad smile.

Edward examines the pulp in his hand.

EDWARD
Check for nearby paper mills.

JESS
You did find something. Active?

EDWARD
Focus on closed mills. He likes his
privacy.

Jess goes back to the computer, begins a google search.

EXT. SYLER'S HOUSE - DAY

Edward works shirtless, a thin sheen of sweat covers him as he wields his shovel with a vengeance, finishes covering a freshly built grave with soil.

Tara watches him work, eyes glistening with unshed tears.

EDWARD

You want to say some words?

TARA

(shakes her head)

I didn't really know him that well.
He took me in a few months ago when
my mother died-

(off his look)

Cancer. It was a blessing. She was
in so much...

Tara can't continue. Edward stares at her awkwardly, unable to traverse the distance between them. Finally.

EDWARD

I'm sorry.

TARA

(attempts to smile)

Thanks. It was weird, I left
college to be with my mom when she
got sick -- we spent all our money
on medical bills and I had nowhere
to go. So I ended up living here
with a weirdo killer I'd only seen
on holidays. He did his best to
make me feel welcome, but it wasn't
easy...and now...

EDWARD

How much did he tell you?

TARA

Everything. A few weeks after I
arrived. It freaked me out a
little, but I stopped sitting
around feeling sorry for myself. He
even taught me stuff. I think he
wanted me to learn the trade.

EDWARD

Doesn't sound like Syler -- he was
a cranky private bastard.

TARA

Not to me. He said family's all we
got. I was just getting used to him
-- now I'm alone again.

EDWARD

Sometimes it's better that way. I
like being alone.

TARA

No one likes being alone.

Tara turns and goes inside. Edward watches her go, glances
down at the grave.

EDWARD

Wish you were still here, cranky
bastard.

INT. HUDSON RIVER PAPER MILL, BATHROOM - DAY

Bishop splashes water on his disfigured face -- he catches a
glimpse of his scared visage in the mirror --

EXT. MANSION, KITCHEN ENTRANCE - NIGHT (EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO)

Bishop, unscarred, and SYLER, a slender, paranoid looking man
with a pock scarred face, are disguised as delivery men, get
out of a truck, open up the rear.

Syler climbs in and opens a hidden trapdoor behind hanging
meat.

Jess and Farod climb out, wearing the same work uniform that
Bishop and Syler have on, company logo prominently displayed
across the back. Jess has a large bag that hangs from her
shoulder.

INT. MANSION, KITCHEN - NIGHT (EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO)

Bishop, Syler and Farod help load a walk in freezer with
meat.

ALARMS!

Bishop and Syler exchange a look -- Bishop chops the throat
of a man helping him carry a roast through the door, drops
him, stomps on the fallen man's throat, CRUNCH! The man
drowns in his own blood with a wet GURGLE.

Farod pulls out a SEAL combat knife, stabs the man working next to him. He throws the razor sharp blade and catches another member of the staff in the back as he flees towards the door.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT (EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO)

Syler opens his backpack, pulls out two blocks of plastique with homemade timers on top. Bishop and Farod stand guard.

He sets one against the wall, timer begins to count down from 15:00, 14:59, 14:58-

Four SECURITY GUARDS burst in the opposite door. They're more surprised than Bishop.

BANG! Syler shoots one, kills him before anyone can react.

Bishop grabs a heavy book from the shelves and slams it into the throat of one of the lead guard. CRUNCH! The guard crumples, trying to breath through his crushed throat.

Bishop has the guard's gun in his hand, shoots -- BANG! BANG!

Another guard drops --

The last man leaps on Bishop, knocks the gun away -- they exchange blows.

Bishop parries the kicks and punches of the guard, grabs him, twists and drops the point of his elbow on the back of the guard's neck -- SNAP! The guard falls limp, dead.

Syler picks up the other block of plastique, helps Farod up. Bishop picks up the gun.

Bishop exits.

TIMER: 14:00.

INT. EPSTEIN'S BEDROOM DOOR - NIGHT (EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO)

Two HUGE GUARDS with assault rifles remain outside the door, scanning the hallway for any hint of danger.

A SOUND, something to the left.

One of the huge guards moves slowly to check it out, the other covers him.

Bishop comes up behind the huge guard at the door, silent death.

He grabs him in a chokehold and slides a sharp blade up through his chin into his skull.

The huge guard convulses, blood bubbles in his mouth, he dies before he can even pull the trigger.

Bishop gently lowers him to the ground.

The other guard finds a tape recorder playing the SOUND --

He spins -- too late. Bishop is on him, he uses the gun as a fulcrum to flip the guard onto his back, takes it away and smashes the stock of the gun into his face, until all that remains is a pulped mass of flesh and bone matter, vaguely resembling a watermelon dropped from a hi-rise building.

DIGITAL TIMER: 8:30, 8:29, 8:28...

INT. HARRY EPSTEIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO)

Enormous, tacky bedroom with wall to wall shag carpet, a wet bar, giant flatscreen TV and a jacuzzi. The round bed is completely empty.

No sign of Epstein -- he's long gone.

Bishop approaches the bathroom.

INT. HARRY EPSTEIN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT (EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO)

Bishop examines the marble bathtub --

An ASSASSIN drops from the ceiling -- throws a garrote around Bishop's throat --

Bishop gets a forearm in between the wire and his neck -- he drops onto the man, slams his other elbow into the assassin's nose -- CRACK! CRACK!

Assassin tries to tighten the garrote, but he finally lets go as his nose shatters into pulp.

Bishop sticks his thumbs in the Assassin's eyes, pressing past the eyelids --

Assassin struggles weakly, finally-

Bishop adjusts his grip, snaps the assassin's neck -- CRACK!

His face is flushes, angry, he bolts out the door.

DIGITAL TIMER: 1:31, 1:30, 1:29...

INT. EPSTEIN'S MANSION, KITCHEN - NIGHT (EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO)

Bishop spies more GUARDS, ducks behind a door, conceals himself.

They pass near his hiding space --

DIGITAL TIMER: :04, :03, :02...

Bishop sneaks into the kitchen -- two GUARDS examine the dead bodies, search for any sign of Bishop and his group.

They spot Bishop, freeze, Bishop raises his gun --

DIGITAL TIMER: :01, :00 --

BOOM!

BA-BOOM!

Enormous explosions blast through the mansion -- the guards are caught in the blast --

Bishop leaps into the walk-in freezer just as the blast slams into him, melts his face, ripping into him, he goes down.

BLACKNESS.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT (EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO)

BLACKNESS-

Bishop's eyes slowly open. Fire and smoke, chaos and devastation. He COUGHS, slowly crawls out of the rubble that kept him from the worst of the explosion.

He drags himself painfully through the shattered remains of the mansion.

EXT. EPSTEIN'S MANSION - NIGHT (EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO)

Bishop slowly crawls past dead and dying GUARDS, avoids the living, blending into the shadows with preternatural skill.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT (EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO)

Bishop crawls to the side of a highway. He spots the lights of a car coming. Raises his hand, MOANS and collapses into an unconscious heap.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY (EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO)

Bishop, face and body a burnt raw wound, wakes in an oxygen tent, thrashes, struggles to say something.

BISHOP
(barely audible)
Edward.

Bishop's melted face contorts, a parody of a grimace of hatred, rage.

Too much for his body to handle, he passes out.

Bishop's hands are clenched into fists.

INT. HUDSON RIVER PAPER MILL, BATHROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

Eyes open, Bishop stares at his burn scarred face in the mirror, skin like the melted wax of a candle.

His breathing accelerates, he strangles off a primal SCREAM.

Suddenly smashes his fist into the mirror, it shatters -- CRUNCH!

Bishop slowly gets control of himself, calms his breathing. He splashes water onto his ravaged face and washes the glass particles and blood from his hand.

BISHOP
Don't disappoint me, Edward. I've waited too long for this.

INT. STOLEN TOYOTA - DAY

Tara sleeps in fetal position in the backseat.

Jess drives, eyes on the road.

Edward glances back at Tara -- she looks innocent. Edward's face almost loses the hard look it has developed. Almost.

EDWARD
Poor kid.

JESS
We should have left her.

EDWARD
With Syler's body to keep her company?

JESS
We're gonna join him if we're not
careful.

Blueprints are scattered all over the car. Jess openly wears
Syler's large handgun in a shoulder holster.

Edward scrutinizes the plans to the paper mill -- they're
filled with his notes. He takes out his notebook and jots
some equations.

JESS
You're gonna drive yourself crazy.

EDWARD
He's waiting for us.

JESS
We can still turn around and run.

Edward shoots her a look, Jess notices, forces a smile.

JESS
I forgot -- you don't have a sense
of humor.

EDWARD
The train crash he tried to cause
would have killed hundreds -- maybe
more. Doesn't seem like his style.

JESS
He never cared about collateral
damage. Never!

Edward is surprised by the vehemence in her voice, her hands
are white-knuckled on the steering wheel.

EDWARD
Maybe I should drive.

Tara wakes up. She yawns, leans forward, puts her head
between them.

TARA
Are we there yet?

JESS
It's only been a few minutes.

TARA
Did you figure out how to get in?

JESS
We're working on it. If Edward
wasn't so busy defending his
precious teacher.

EDWARD
I'm not defending him -- I respect
him. Don't underestimate what he's
capable of.

JESS
I don't. But I'm not scared of him.

Edward goes back to studying the blueprints. Jess takes a deep, calming breath. Tara looks at both of them, decides to change the subject.

TARA
You have any water? I'm parched.

He looks at Tara, smiles.

EDWARD
You're a genius.

TARA
What?

JESS
Yeah -- what?

EDWARD
Water -- the plant used to use
water from the Hudson for power,
and disposal of waste-

JESS
Our point of entry?

Jess slowly smiles, shakes her head in admiration.

JESS
You really are the best.

TARA
We need to go back.

JESS
Don't be stupid.

Tara shoots her a look.

TARA

We have scuba gear at the house --
Uncle Syler took me diving a couple
of times a month.

EDWARD

You heard her.

Jess yanks the steering wheel-

TARA

See -- I told you I'd be a help.

Edward and Tara hold on for dear life.

EXT. STOLEN TOYOTA - CONTINUOUS

The car suddenly makes a hard U-turn, rides over the middle
partition and heads back to Syler's place.

Cars HONK!

EXT. HUDSON RIVER PAPER MILL - DAY

Stolen Toyota parked in an overgrown embankment by the Hudson
River. A couple of boats sail lazily by their position.

Abandoned paper mill can be seen on the other side of the
river.

Edward helps Tara and Jess get the gear from the back of the
car.

Tara starts to strip down. Edward stops her.

EDWARD

What do you think you're doing?

TARA

I'm coming with you.

JESS

No, you're not.

TARA

I can help.

Edward gently puts her gear away.

EDWARD

Not this time -- you'll be a target
in there. Stay with the car.

Jess shoots Tara a superior look, goes back to putting the gear together.

Jess finishes assembling the scuba gear, checks the gauges, checks her gun and looks satisfied. She hands Edward a tank and regulator, fins and a mask.

EDWARD

Been a while since I dove --
everything's good?

JESS

Perfect -- visibility's gonna suck
down there. It is the Hudson.

EDWARD

Stay close -- I memorized the
layout, should be about a half hour
swim.

JESS

(nods)
Good -- we have about an hour and
half worth of air -- don't
overexert or hyperventilate.

TARA

Be careful.

Edward nods, Jess glares at her. Tara smiles, suddenly gets serious.

TARA

Can you beat him?

Edward shrugs.

EDWARD

I'd better.

Jess and Edward finish getting into their gear.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - DAY

Dark, muddy water, filled with sediment and unrecognizable detritus, barely any visibility -- vague shadows of an occasional fish, tire, dead body or condom drifts by.

Edward leads Jess through the murky water, flashlights barely penetrate a few feet into the darkness, BREATHING and a slight HISS of his regulator are the only sounds.

Bubbles float upwards, the only way to tell up from down in the stygian murk.

Edward takes Jess by the hand and they dive deeper into the muck. A strange mutant fish bursts from the darkness, startles him before it swims off, terrified of the intruders in its realm.

They swim towards the paper mill, Edward's flashlight reflects off a large pipe with a steel mesh grating over the opening. He swims towards it, Jess right behind him.

Edward hands Jess the flashlight, takes out the wire-cutters, cuts through the grating.

He finishes cutting away the mesh, Jess swims into the pipe, as soon as her light disappears into the pipe, Edward is plunged into complete darkness.

Edward feels his way to the entrance, glimpses the gleam of the flashlight ahead. He swims into the pipe.

INT. PIPE - DAY

Jess swims ahead of Edward -- the light of the flashlight bobs in front, illuminating just enough for Edward to keep her in sight.

HISS becomes louder, begins to putter out. SSSSSSsss...

SUDDEN SILENCE.

Edward tries to take a breath, can't.

He checks his glowing regulator gauge -- EMPTY!

Edward sees Jess swim ahead, the light from the flashlight slowly disappears --

He pulls off the tank, checks the knob, regulator -- there's a tiny hole in the rubber, a leak.

Bubbles escape from his mouth -- he struggles not to breath.

Edward thrashes for a moment, freaking -- he quickly regains control of himself, focuses, begins to swim.

BEAT OF HIS HEART

Only sound, faster and faster as he swims, kicking furiously.

Mouth clenched tight, struggling not to breath.

LIGHT

Edward swims towards the light -- fuzzy, spots in the corner of his vision. He's moments from passing out or taking that first deadly breath of water --

He spots another the remains of another grating at the bottom of the pipe. He swims desperately --

INT. TUMBLING VAT, PAPER MILL - DAY

Edward bursts out of the surface of a vat of stale murky water where logs are tumbled to remove bark, takes one enormous GULP of air!

He gasps, slowly gets his breathing under control, grabs onto one of the few remaining logs floating nearby. He pulls himself out of the muck -- glances around desperately for Jess. No sign of her.

Edward strips off his scuba gear and stalks away from the vat.

INT. HUDSON RIVER PAPER MILL - DAY

Edward spies Williams setting a complicated boobytrap at the main loading entrance of the mill. Whoever walks through the door will be crushed under a pallet of paper that weighs tons.

Williams is oblivious to Edward's presence, works intently --

Edward sneaks behind him, releases the pallet -- it falls --

SLAM! CRUNCH!

Williams is crushed to death.

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP -- Bishop's applause breaks the silence, is abruptly drowned out --

GROAN of rusted metal. RUMBLE of heavy machinery.

Edward describes Bishop on the other side of the mill, at the controls of the chipper he just activated. NOISE is deafening.

BISHOP

(shouts)

I know you're here, Edward. Time to finish things.

EDWARD

Where is she? If you've hurt her...

BISHOP

Jess? You brought her with you?
Thank you. Now I can kill two birds
with one stone.

Edward is about to reply, he spots four KILLERS fanning out, heavily armed with assault rifles, searching for him, closing in.

He meets the first killer, dispatches him with a single chop to the throat -- he spins into the second, smashes him with a palm-strike to the nose, hammer-fist to the groin, elbow to the throat --

Edward's like lightning, break's the third killer's neck before he can get a shot off with his gun -- he uses the body as a shield to absorb the fourth killer's gunfire --

BA-BA-BANG! BA-BA-BANG!

Body shakes under the gunfire -- Edward reaches out, flips the killer, using his rifle as a fulcrum.

He stomps on the last killer's throat, CRUNCH!

CLICK -- Cho stands behind him, sword sheathed on his back, Glock 9mm pressed against Edward's head.

Edward raises his hands.

CHO

I got him!

BISHOP (O.S.)

Don't stand too close-

Too late -- Edward's in motion. Parries the gun out of the way -- BANG, shot goes wild, chop to the throat, twists the wrist, almost breaks it-

Edward's takes the gun from him, so fast, right up against the Cho's forehead --

Cho has time to close his eyes and pray.

Edward pops the clip and tosses the gun.

EDWARD

My quarrel's with Bishop -- you've
got one chance, walk away.

Edward turns -- Cho draws his sword, attacks in a lightning fast blur --

But Edward's drops, shoulder rolls forward and disappears behind some crates of paper.

Cho follows, wary.

No sign of Edward.

Tap on his shoulder.

Cho Whirls, cuts with the sword --

Edward ducks, sword slices where Edward's head was, cuts into a hanging high-voltage power box --

ZAP!

Cho jerks and cooks, unable to let go as he's electrocuted to death!

His blackened, smoldering corpse collapses to the ground when the power box finally shorts out.

Edward looks down at the smoking body.

EDWARD
Should have taken my offer.

BISHOP (O.S.)
Edward! You still alive?

EDWARD
Still here -- can't say the same
for your men.

He scans the warehouse, no sign of Bishop.

BISHOP (O.S.)
They served their purpose -- pawns
need to be sacrificed to protect
the Bishop.

EDWARD
Chess isn't my game -- I prefer
checkers. What've you done with
Jess?

BISHOP
Nothing. Yet.

Edward stalks towards the Bishop's voice -- hard to pinpoint over the loud machinery.

Lights suddenly go out!

Dim gloom.

INT. DIGESTER VAT- DAY

Edward stalks onto a catwalk over a gigantic cooking pot of acid and chemicals designed to dissolve chips into pulp -- Bishop drops on his back from his concealment above, tries to snap Edward's neck with his legs and hands.

Edward flips Bishop who rolls to his feet.

Bishop smiles as their eyes meet for the first time since everything went wrong.

Edward is startled by Bishop's new appearance.

EDWARD

Bishop?

BISHOP

In the flesh. What's left of it.
What's wrong? Can't stomach your
own handiwork?

Before Edward can respond --

Bishop slams an elbow into Edward's nose, shatters it -- blood sprays!

He wrestles with Edward, tries to throw him into the vat of acid which smokes and bubbles ominously.

Bishop's hands lock around Edward's throat and he begins to squeeze with terrifying strength.

BISHOP

An acid bath should even the score -
- give you a nice facial to match
mine.

He slowly pushes Edward over the railing, crushing his throat with brutal power --

Edward suddenly knees him in the groin, slams a palm into Bishop's elbows, breaks his grip.

He catches Bishop's sternum with a vicious palm-strike --

Bishop claws at his eyes, bolts, disappears from view.

Edward clutches his throat, GASPS for air.

He staggers off the catwalk, chases Bishop.

INT. PAPER MILL - DAY

Edward stalks Bishop, sneaks quietly behind him, descends --

Puddle of water by electric socket, barely noticeable in the gloom.

Edward tosses a coin -- ZAP!

EDWARD

Cute.

Bishop turns, smile twists his scar tissue in a hideous grimace.

BISHOP

Worth a shot. You can't win -- I taught you everything you know.

EDWARD

Not everything.

BISHOP

I made you.

EDWARD

Where's Jess?

BISHOP

You should keep better track of your girlfriend. People are just vulnerabilities. Attachments are a weakness.

Bishop backs away.

Edward takes a step around the electrified water --

Bishop suddenly yanks a lever on the wall -- a huge log suspended above Edward is released --

Plummets straight for Edward!

Edward leaps rolls through the electrified water --

ZAP!

He's jolted, but the momentum carries him through.

CRASH! Log smashes the ground where he stood, falls onto the electrified water -- ZAP! Wood starts to burn.

Fire smolders to life.

Bishop tries to stomp Edward's throat, but Edward blocks him, staggers to his feet, smoke drifting off his clothes.

Edward parries a chop to his throat, counters with a palm strike to Bishop's chin --

Bishop flips Edward, retreats.

INT. PAPER MILL, CHIPPER - DAY

Edward stalks by the bulky machine's rotating razor sharp steel blades designed to chop logs into tiny pieces of pulp. RUMBLE is deafening so close to the machine --

The din is so great he can't hear --

FORKLIFT drives towards him, intent on crushing him or knocking him into the chipper.

Edward whirls at the last minute, and leaps aside --

Forklift changes direction, chasing him -- Bishop grimaces, guns the engine.

Edward springs onto another catwalk that extends over the chipper. The forklift smashes into it and Bishop leaps out with surprising agility, chases Edward.

Edward turns to face Bishop, directly above the chipper.

EDWARD

We don't need to do this.

BISHOP

We've needed to do this since you betrayed me-

EDWARD

I didn't betray you.

BISHOP

What are you lying for? It's just you and me. Take some responsibility, Edward.

Bishop slams a kick at his groin, Edward blocks it, catches a chop to the throat -- Edward chokes, gasps, tries to speak.

BISHOP

First you, then your lover, and
finally Syler. I'm only sad I don't
get to kill her in front of you.

Bishop palm-strikes his nose, smashes it. They exchanges strikes -- begin to grapple, two highly trained killers doing their level best to slay each other.

Each knows the other too well, they counter and flow into different techniques with frightening speed.

Edward sweeps Bishop, nearly knocks him off the catwalk into the chipper --

Bishop drops, slams a rear kick into Edward, drives him further back --

CATWALK -- two nearly sheared bolts shiver.

Edward retreats another step.

Bolts shear, Edward's section of the catwalk flips --

Edward falls towards deadly rotating chipper blades --

Grabs onto the catwalk at the last moment.

He hangs on for dear life.

Bishop limps over to his student.

BISHOP

You should never have crossed me,
Edward.

Edward struggles to haul himself back on the catwalk -- glances down at the hungry grinding blades.

Bishop steps on his hand.

BISHOP

You caused me a lot of pain.

Bishop puts more weight on Edward's hand.

Edward grimaces, grip starts to slip.

BISHOP

Goodbye, Edward.

Bishop grinds his heel with all his weight onto Edward's hand.

Edward suddenly pulls himself up, yanks Bishop's ankle with his other hand and hauls himself back onto the catwalk.

They twist and contort, trying to gain positional advantage.

Bishop grapples with him, finally sinks in a deadly choke --

BISHOP

You always have to make things
difficult.

Edward reaches up, claws Bishop's face, rips Bishop's left eye from its socket with a brutal jerk, tears the eye away and tosses it into the water.

Bishop releases Edward, clutches his ruined eye socket.

Edward hesitates -- Bishop slams a sidekick into Edward's knee from his prone position. Edward drops to the catwalk.

They both get up slowly, Bishop keeps his eyelid tightly closed over the missing eye -- blood drips freely and a bit of optical nerve dangles from between the lid.

Edward favors his injured leg, limps a little. They both bleed from multiple wounds.

BISHOP

Gonna kill you!

Bishop enraged, pummels Edward with devastating barrage of strikes.

Bishop smashes an horizontal elbow into Edward's liver, Edward drops.

EDWARD

Stop with the games, Bishop - I've
been to Syler's. You killed him.

Bishop looks surprised.

BISHOP

I'm gonna do him last.

EDWARD

You sold us out to Epstein. It was
all you-

BISHOP

Bullshit!

Bishop slams a strike at Edward's throat, Edward deflects it -
- Bishop tackles Edward and presses his neck against the
safety rail, choking him with the steel bar-

BISHOP

You're lying! Look at my face! You
think I did this to myself?!
Epstein was ready for us. Who else
would have the balls to go against
me? Only you.

Edward struggles, claws at the empty socket --

Bishop rears up, releases Edward who gasps for air.

BISHOP

You betrayed me.

Edward shakes his head, Bishop hits him.

Bishop smashes Edward with rage-fueled blows, fury strips
away technique and he pummels Edward unmercifully.

Edward parries and evades what he can, but Bishop is
completely lost in a berserker fury, smashes Edward's face,
shatters his nose, stomps and kicks, punches and strikes
Edward's head and body, breaking bones and causing horrific
damage --

Bishop smashes Edward's head against the ground, gradually
beating Edward to death.

Defenses are smashed aside, Edward is overwhelmed by brutal
strikes, Bishop's scarred face is twisted into an almost
inhuman, animal snarl -- enraged beyond control.

Suddenly Edward's hands reach out and grasp Bishop by the
head and chin -- sharp twisting jerk -- wet SNAP!

Like a green tree branch breaking.

Bishop's remaining eye stares at Edward in shock, slowly
glazes over as he dies.

EDWARD

Anger, Bishop. That was always your
weakness.

Edward tosses Bishop's dead body off of him, staggers to his
feet.

He limps towards the exit, hesitates -- what Bishop said-
BANG!

He grabs his back, blood begins to seep from the gunshot wound.

Eyes blur, he falls over, inches from his mentor's body.

Edward sees Jess approach, smoking gun in hand, blurry, surreal --

EDWARD
(struggles to speak)
Jess?

JESS
Thanks for taking care of that for
me.

She indicates Bishop's body, leans over and gently kisses Edward's forehead.

JESS
Nothing personal.

She shoots him again in the chest -- BANG!

He COUGHS blood, eyes begin to glaze --

Jess stares at him with a look filled with regret and something else, finally walks away, footsteps ECHO hollowly on the metal catwalk as she leaves him behind.

Edward lies, bleeding, paralyzed, breathing labored, failing. He looks like he's about to shake death's hand --

EXT. EPSTEIN'S MANSION, ROOF - NIGHT (EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO)

Jess squats on the edge of the mansion roof, uses the grey stone gargoyle as cover. She scans the darkness with a pair of nightvision binoculars.

Finally spots Edward and his team approaching the mansion with preternatural stealth. They stop and disappear into the shadows.

Jess scans the area, can't spot them, shakes her head and smiles, impressed despite herself.

Jess scans the area tensely. Finally a glimpse of Hud's huge form followed by Nate and Niles. Edward and Hooper may as well be invisible.

She checks the gargoyle -- its base has been partially broken. Jess backs up out of view.

A grappling hook flies up and strikes the roof mere inches from her hiding place.

Jess sneaks over and checks the progress of the climber -- sees Hooper is nearing the roof.

She goes over to the grappling hook, uses a small crowbar, strains to snap the roof tile the rope is hooked to-

CRACK! Tile snaps, grappling hook is yanked off the roof-

Dull THUD!

Jess waits a moment, peeks over the roof -- sees Hooper's dead body pulled into the bushes.

Edward starts his free climb.

She leans against the gargoyle, stone crumbles -- at the last moment she changes her target from Edward to Nate.

Stone gargoyle plummets over the side, just misses Edward, crushes Nate to death.

She watches Edward hesitate, reach up for a new handhold. Pulls out a gun with a silencer, soft CLICK of the safety.

ALARM!

Jess sees Edward climb down. She smiles, puts away her gun.

She watches Edward, Niles and Hud flee with the bodies of their fallen comrades.

Jess calmly walks over to a roof door, enters.

INT. EPSTEIN'S MANSION, TOP - NIGHT (EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO)

Jess tosses the gun with silencer, crowbar, stone cutting tools, and nightvision binoculars into a duffel. Leaves them behind.

She musses up her hair, dirties herself up and heads down stairs.

EXT. EPSTEIN'S COMPOUND - NIGHT (EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO)

Edward leads Niles towards the mansion.

Niles falls behind Edward --

Trips, drops Nate's body. He scrambles to pick it up-

BANG!

Nile's slumps over his brothers body, blood trickles from his mouth and his eyes glaze over in death.

JESS-

Hidden in shadows holds a smoking handgun.

Jess tosses the gun. Messes her hair and clothes up more, tears her shirt.

Jess shows herself to Edward, acts like she's in shock.

Syler and Farod emerge from the building-

BOOM!

Mansion explodes. THUD-THUD-THUD...

Helicopter lands. Edward helps Jess and Syler get Farod into the chopper.

Lights and ALARMS!

INT. PAPER MILL - LATER

SLAP!

Edward's eyes open, his body's a battered, mess. Tara stands over him, crying, terrified. He GASPS, struggles to breath.

Inhales smoke -- COUGH! COUGH!

Smoke envelopes the mill -- fire spreads quickly.

Edward slowly, painfully moves his finger.

Whole hand clenches into a fist. He's angry. He fought Bishop cold as ice, but now he's pissed. Blood soaks his shirt, he's in bad shape.

EDWARD

We have to stop meeting like this.

TARA

I thought you were dead.

EDWARD

Close. Told you to wait by the car.

TARA
You were gone so long.

EDWARD
Glad you came.

Tara helps Edward stagger to his feet with difficulty.

TARA
What happened? Is that...?

Edward nods, looks down at Bishop's corpse, one eye staring at him, accusing him. He closes it.

Tara helps him up, they stagger away from the burning mill a giant funeral pyre for the dead assassins.

INT. STOLEN TOYOTA - DAY

Tara hot-wires and starts the car.

EDWARD
Syler taught you that?

TARA
(nods)
When I was twelve.

EDWARD
Your mom knew?

TARA
He taught me a lot my mom wouldn't have approved of. I didn't want to make her mad at him.

Edward grimaces, an attempt at a smile -- he sweats, looks like he still might die at any moment.

She attempts to bandage his wounds with his first aid supplies -- it's pretty hopeless. She slows the bleeding with some bandages.

TARA
We've got to get you to a hospital.

EDWARD
No time. She'll disappear if we let her go.

TARA
You'll die.

EDWARD
Jess killed your uncle.

She jams the gas down, pedal to the metal. VROOM!

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The stolen Toyota zooms down the highway.

INT. STOLEN TOYOTA - DAY

Tara drives with Edward lying in the passenger seat, in obvious agony.

TARA
What happened?

EDWARD
I killed Bishop. She shot me in the back.

TARA
Why aren't you dead.

EDWARD
Who said I'm not? Though I guess dead people don't feel quite so much pain.

TARA
You need to go to a hospital.

EDWARD
Not until I pay Jess a visit.

TARA
You're in no condition-

EDWARD
She has a lot to answer for. Right now I know where she is -- if we wait, she'll disappear. I'll never find her.

TARA
I'm all for revenge, but-

She notices the look in his eyes, shuts up and drives.

INT. STOLEN TOYOTA - LATER

City of Boston in view through the windshield.

Tara glances at Edward who sleeps, grey and sweaty.

She reaches out to touch him, wipe sweat from his brow -- he suddenly snatches her hand out of the air.

EDWARD

I don't like to be touched.

TARA

She really did a number on you.

EDWARD

Betrayal is common in our line of work. I should never have gotten involved.

TARA

Do you love her?

EDWARD

I'm a killer. I don't even know what love is. People are just vulnerabilities to me. Attachments are a weakness.

He tries to lean back, sleep.

TARA

Why do you do it?

Edward looks at her: What?

TARA

Kill.

EDWARD

I'm good at it.
(off her look)
Everyone dies. You should know by now -- you can't protect anyone.

TARA

You have any family?

Edward is silent for a long moment, she drives. Finally.

EDWARD

No.

He's not going to say anymore. She glances at him, pity in her eyes.

TARA
Sounds lonely.

EDWARD
I work best alone.

TARA
You want to die alone?

He gives her a look. She stares at the road, frightened.

EDWARD
We all die alone.

Edward stares out the window, spots something.

EDWARD
Stop the car.

Tara pulls over.

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

Edward examines a rundown tenement. Tara joins him.

He reads a sign. Smiles.

EDWARD
Help me with this.

Edward starts to yank the sign out of the ground. Tara helps him -- they toss it into a pile of concrete and rubble that surrounds the building.

TARA
Now what?

EDWARD
Now I go talk to Jess. Give me your cell.

Tara hands over her cellphone without question. He turns to go, she puts a hand on him, jerks it back quickly.

TARA
I'm going with you. You can barely stand.

EDWARD
Stay with the car. Promise me you'll do as I say this time.

Tara looks like she's going to argue, changes her mind when she sees the look on his face.

EXT. RITZ HOTEL, BOSTON - DAY

Upper crust travellers mingle, wealthy old ladies with red hats gather like gaggle of geese.

The uniforms of the doormen lend them an almost military bearing.

INT. RITZ, SUITE - DAY

Huge elegant room, tasteful and classy. Syler's pistol on top of a neatly folded pile of clothes at the foot of the bed.

SOUND of a shower running.

A large screen TV tucked modestly in a hardwood cabinet plays silently.

Shower NOISE abruptly stops.

Jess steps out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around her head and body.

Hotel phone RINGS!

She hesitates. Picks it up.

EDWARD (O.S.)

We need to talk.

JESS

(on phone)

Damn. I knew I shoulda popped one in that pretty face of yours. That's what I get for being sentimental. You have more lives than a cat -- Bishop was right to be afraid of you.

EDWARD

Sorry to disappoint you.

JESS

I don't really want to talk to you right now.

EDWARD (O.S.)

I don't care. See you soon.

CLICK! Phone disconnects. BUSY SIGNAL.

Jess hangs up the phone.

She suddenly leaps up, begins dressing, quick, efficient, terrified. She checks her gun, hides it in her skirt.

INT. RITZ ELEVATOR - DAY

Jess, dressed with a small Louis Vuitton suitcase waits nervously in the elevator.

It stops -- "12th Floor".

Jess surreptitiously draws her gun, safety CLICKS off.

Elevator door opens, an ELDERLY WOMAN in loud bright clothes hobbles inside.

Jess conceals the gun with her purse, forces a smile at the old lady who returns it toothlessly.

INT. RITZ LOBBY - DAY

Huge crowd of people, CACOPHONY of sound.

Jess looks like a deer caught in the headlights of a Mack truck.

She pushes through the crowd, gun concealed behind her purse, head swiveling, searching for any hint of danger, any sign of Edward.

EDWARD (O.S.)

Hello, Jess.

Jess whirls -- Edward has materialized from the crowd, as if by magic.

JESS

How?

Edward smiles darkly.

EDWARD

My little secret -- seems like
you've got plenty of your own.

Jess covers Edward with the gun, tries to keep her distance. He looks battered, barely standing.

EDWARD

You gonna shoot me in front of all
these people, Jess?

JESS

I think one more might just do it.
You don't look so good, Edward.

EDWARD

We need to talk-

Edward spies Tara in the crowd, searching for them. He tries to steer Jess' attention away from the girl.

EDWARD

You were behind everything. Why?

Jess descries Tara, suddenly shoots at Edward -- BANG!

He notices her hand tense before she moves, evades the shot at the last moment --

ELDERLY MAN is shot in the shoulder by the errant bullet.

PANDEMONIUM -- the crowd panics, SCREAMS, everyone flees for the exit.

Jess aims the gun at Edward --

Tara sees Edward about to die.

TARA

(screams)

Edward!

He rolls out of the line of fire, merges with the fleeing crowd, grabs Tara and disappears from sight.

Jess snarls, hides her gun and chases after him.

EXT. RITZ HOTEL, BOSTON - DAY

Jess spots Tara helping Edward limp quickly from the hotel --

SIRENS -- police approach fast.

She chases after Edward, not moving too quickly, blends with the terrified CROWD.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - DAY

Tara helps Edward limp -- they move as quickly as he is capable. Blood stains his shirt, spreads outward from his two bullet wounds.

TARA

You're bleeding again.

He shoots her a look: "Duh".

They rounds a corner, pause to allow him to catch his breath.

EDWARD
You never listen.
(off her sheepish look)
Come on.

They move with steady purpose towards the rundown building in the distance.

JESS

scans the busy street -- where's the target?

EDWARD

Now leads Tara, on the move, new direction, efficient, a battered but still functional machine.

JESS

Searches for Edward and Tara -- there! To the left, turning up a corner.

She aims, too late. No shot. They disappears from view.

Jess scrambles after them.

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

Jess spots Tara helping Edward limp towards the old, nearly gutted tenement building closed for renovation -- covered in scaffolding and warning tape.

Edward moves, no hesitation, rips through yellow tape and kicks open the door. They step over the uprooted sign.

He scans the area for Jess, but she's nowhere in sight.

He and Tara enter the building.

Jess emerges from hiding across the street, bolts after them.

She keeps low, sprints along an old stone wall --

Jess enters the tenement building, gun held ready.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

Rotting staircase, wood framework.

Edward leans on the rail, pulls out his folding knife-
Hands it to Tara.

EDWARD

We don't have much time -- I need
them out.

Tara stares at him: "Are you nuts?"

He nods. Looks serious, ready.

She abruptly cuts into his back, he grimaces in pain.

Tara hesitates, reaches in and digs the bullet out of his
flesh -- it's slippery, but her fingers are small enough that
she can barely grasp it.

He lets out an involuntary GROAN. She drops the bullet on the
stair.

Tara cuts into the wound in his chest, just above his heart --
she digs, finds the bullet imbedded in a broken rib.

Struggles, finally pulls it out, drops it beside the first
bullet.

Tara ties a makeshift tourniquet around his wounds, his shirt
is soaked with blood. He looks pale, glassy-eyed and a hair's
breath from shock.

BANG!

Bullet ricochets off the wood rail right above Edward's head,
he's showered with splinters --

BANG! BANG!

Edward grabs Tara, they dodge the gunfire, flee up the
stairway.

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

Jess spots the crimson puddle of blood and abandoned bullets.

She scans the darkness for any sign of Edward or Tara.

JESS

Sorry it had to come to this.

EDWARD (O.S.)

You brought it to this.

JESS
I'll make it quick for the girl.
Promise.

BANG! BANG!

Jess fires into the darkness, spooked.

EDWARD (O.S.)
You're getting warmer.

BANG! Jess blasts a shadow of movement -- a rat scampers from cover.

EDWARD (O.S.)
Ice cold.

Jess spins, BANG! BANG!

Blasts a chunk of the railing into sawdust.

INT. UPPER FLOOR, TENEMENT - DAY

Piles of brick, shattered concrete and detritus fill the wide open floor on top of the landing.

Edward pushes Tara behind cover, watches Jess stalk up the stairs, his hand clenches around the folding knife with a white-knuckled grip.

EDWARD
(to Jess)
It was you all along. Why? What about...?

JESS
Us? Edward -- there was never any us. Who could love a sociopathic killer like you?

INT. UPPER FLOOR, TENEMENT - DAY

Edward guides Tara, moves away with preternatural stealth, shifting their position so Jess can't get a bead on it.

He moves again, takes position right by the stairway.

EDWARD
Nobody.

JESS (O.S.)
I learned Bishop was still alive. I knew I couldn't take him myself.

I used you -- you were my weapon
against him.

INT. STAIRWAY, TENEMENT - DAY

Jess steps on the next stair, her foot goes through the board
-- she fires BANG! BANG!

EDWARD (O.S.)
Strike two. Syler?

JESS
His paranoia made him dangerous. I
had to keep you on target, give you
the push to find and take out
Bishop...

INT. SYLER'S HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - DAY (EARLIER)

Jess fixes the firing pin in the half-cleaned gun. She
chambers a bullet, carefully wipes her fingerprints and
places it back on its stand. A SOUND. Someone approaching
from the inner door.

She quickly plants the paper pulp and cellulose where Edward
can find it, sneaks past the disarmed shotgun, exits through
the outside door.

Syler enters the room. Doesn't notice anything amiss. He
glances at a picture of Tara and him in scuba gear, smiles.

Syler picks up the half cleaned gun, starts to work on it.

EXT. SYLER'S HOUSE - DAY (EARLIER)

Jess steps outside -- BANG!

She doesn't break stride, heads towards Edward's body lying
on the ground.

INT. UPPER FLOOR, TENEMENT - DAY (PRESENT)

Tara tries to break cover, Edward grabs her, holds her back.

TARA
You bitch!

Edward pulls Tara to an indent in the wall concealed by
rubble.

EDWARD
(whisper)
Stay here. When she follows me to
the roof, get the hell out.

TARA
Edward...

EDWARD
Promise me. I need you to do what I
say.

TARA
(nods)
I should have listened.

Edward smiles, shrugs.

She suddenly grabs him, kisses him. Quick. He looks stunned,
gapes at her for a long moment. Finally, slight smile.

Edward leaves her, disappears, merges with the shadows.

Tara pushes herself back into her cover, tries to make
herself as small as possible.

EXT. UPPER FLOOR, TENEMENT - DAY

Edward moves to the corner around the stairs, blade out in
his hand.

EDWARD
You spoon-fed me just enough to
keep me on Bishop's tail.

He watches Jess slowly stalk up to his position.

JESS
And motivate you to take him out.

EDWARD
Why'd you suggest running?

JESS
Crazy romantic notion. I forgot how
intoxicating you can be -- I got
over it.

EDWARD
Why sabotage the tank?

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - DAY (EARLIER)

Jess puts together Edward's scuba gear, sticks a sharp pin in
the air line, creates a leak. Slight, barely audible HISS.

She hands the tank and regulator over to Edward.

INT. STAIRWAY, TENEMENT - DAY (PRESENT)

Jess smiles, scary.

JESS

You made a lot of mistakes. I had to make certain you still had it. If you couldn't survive that, Bishop would've eaten you alive. I would have switched to plan B.

EDWARD (O.S.)

Shoot him?

JESS

I never understood why you both looked down on guns so much. He wasn't nearly as bad a shot as you-

EDWARD (O.S.)

He would have killed you.

JESS

Good thing for me then, that you survived.

Jess suddenly rolls onto the upper landing -- she points her gun where Edward had been hiding --

INT. UPPER FLOOR, TENEMENT - CONTINUOUS

He's gone. No one is in sight.

Sudden movement -- Edward runs up the rickety stairs to roof.

BANG! BANG!

She wings Edward, bullet gouges his right leg, he staggers, continues -- bursts through the doorway.

Jess gets to her feet smoothly and stalks towards the stairs.

EXT. ROOFTOP, TENEMENT - DAY

Roof is filled with holes, rotting wood -- doesn't look capable of holding a person, let alone two.

Jess comes out the door, holds Tara with a gun to her head.

JESS

Come out, come out wherever you are. No tricks.

Edward steps out of hiding with the knife held out. He tosses it, knife goes flying off the roof.

Tries to move closer.

JESS

That's far enough. Any closer and she dies sooner rather than later.

EDWARD

Let her go, Jess.

Jess looks surprised.

JESS

Could it be? Someone's finally melted that cold heart of yours. Pretty little girl flashes her big blue eyes at you and you become a fucking knight in shining armor. Where the hell were you when I needed a knight?

EDWARD

She's not part of our world. She doesn't deserve this.

JESS

On your knees.

Edward drops to his knees, laces his fingers over the back of his head.

Tara abruptly drops, lets herself become dead weight --

Edward parries the gun away, disarms Jess, it CLATTERS to the ground -- he strikes her with a back-kick, staggers to his feet --

Jess knees him in the groin and double chops him in the throat and nose.

They face each other -- Edward sweats, looks grey, barely hanging on.

Jess attacks him savagely, smashing him with brutal knees and elbow strikes, focusing on his oozing bullet wounds -- he absorbs the punishment, smashes her nose with a palm strike.

He moves to finish her, hesitates -- he can't do it --

Tara crawls towards the gun.

Jess spots Tara and the gun, hooks Edward's legs, sweeping him off his feet, charges for the gun.

She smashes Tara with a front-kick to the face -- Tara falls, blood leaks from her mouth.

Jess picks up the gun, has it pointed at Edward.

JESS
I'll make it quick.

EDWARD
It's not personal.

JESS
Oh it was very personal -- but you weren't the target.

EDWARD
Bishop.

Jess nods, tears fill her eyes, she shakes her head angrily trying to stop her vision from blurring.

JESS
I'm sorry you got in the way.

EDWARD
Why?

JESS
(shakes her head)
It doesn't matter now. Goodbye,
Edward.

She aims at his head, finger squeezes the trigger-

Edward suddenly flips to his feet, she shoots him -- BANG!
BANG!

Hits him in the stomach and right arm-

Edward breaks her wrist and sends the gun flying-

Slams into her and knocks her over into a hole-

INT. UPPER FLOOR, TENEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Edward and Jess fall through the roof --

Plummet down the hollow in the stairway.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

FALL downward --

Plummeting, tumbling through the air!

Jess smashes into the termite eaten ground floor, Edward on top of her --

CRACK!

Floor collapses --

INT. BASEMENT, TENEMENT - CONTINUOUS

They land with a dull THUD in the basement.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY (EIGHT YEARS AGO)

Cars zip down the highway.

Small Honda civic moves down the road at the speed limit.

Passed by a dark black limo with diplomatic plates surrounded by police motorcade protection.

Ahead -- a large truck transports enormous pipe lashed securely to the back.

INT. HONDA CIVIC - DAY (EIGHT YEARS AGO)

JESS, twenty-one years old, happy, innocent, leans toward the driver, TIM, a handsome young man with a ready smile, he puts his arm around her and glances down, they share a look of pure love.

She glances down at her left hand on his leg -- a new engagement ring shines brightly, she lifts it up to admire in the light, smiles to herself.

He glances at her, eyes return to the road --

Widen in alarm.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY (EIGHT YEARS AGO)

Bishop, younger, unscarred, hides in some bushes by the road -
- aims an air rifle at the truck with the pipe --

PFUT! PFUT!

He fires twice, two lead projectiles strike the lashings on the pipe.

They fray, tear --

BAM!

Pipe falls out the back of the truck, enormous projectiles bounce towards the oncoming traffic.

EXT. LIMO - DAY (EIGHT YEARS AGO)

A pipe smashes into the limo --

INT. LIMO - DAY (EIGHT YEARS AGO)

A wealthy Arabic DIPLOMAT with gleaming rings reclines with a scantily clad BLONDE --

SCREAM! Driver swerves -- too late.

Enormous pipe smashes into them CRUNCH! Crushes every living thing inside the limo.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY (EIGHT YEARS AGO)

Huge pipe smash into the police motorcade, cars and motorcycles are crushed, flip, crash-

A pipe slams into an SUV, flips it-

It hits the Honda civic-

Another pipe smashes into the Honda as it flips, smashing into it and flipping it over-

The car flips twice, lands on it's roof.

INT. HONDA CIVIC - CONTINUOUS (EIGHT YEARS AGO)

Jess has time to scream as the SUV slams into them -- Tim turns the steering wheel desperately, to no avail-

CRASH!

The chaos of a car accident -- world turns upside down -- they're smashed about --

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY (EIGHT YEARS AGO)

Bishop watches the accident unfold, he uses binoculars to check on the status of the limo.

INT. HONDA CIVIC - DAY (EIGHT YEARS AGO)

Jess bleeds from the head -- she's banged up, bruised, lucky to be alive-

Her eyes open -- she stares in horror at Tim's body -- now missing it's head.

Jess SCREAMS!

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY (EIGHT YEARS AGO)

Jess crawls out of the wreckage of the Honda Civic.

Utter chaos -- the wreckage of cars and other vehicles litter the highway as far as the eye can see.

GOOD SAMARITANS rush towards the accident to help.

Jess stands in shock, unable to comprehend her loss-

Nobody notices Bishop.

JESS -- GOOD SAMARITANS rush to her side.

BISHOP

Makes certain his target is finished, smiles.

He pulls a motorcycle out of bushes, hops on and drives away. Nobody marks his exit.

JESS -- face hardens. Something cold in her eyes, innocence lost.

INT. BASEMENT, TENEMENT - DAY (PRESENT)

Loud RUMBLE of heavy machinery.

SLAP!

Edward slowly stirs -- a blurry angel seems to hover over him. Focuses -- Tara, looking terrified.

Tara slaps him again. He opens his eyes, tries to rise.

EDWARD

We've really got to stop meeting like this.

TARA

(nods, relieved)
We need to get out. Now.

Edward nods -- Tara helps him up.

EDWARD
You never listen.

TARA
You complaining?
(off his look)
I didn't want you to die alone.

He smiles, leans on her heavily.

He looks down at Jess, so vulnerable -- shakes his head, he can't do it. Tara looks tempted, helps Edward to his feet instead.

Jess' eyes flutter --

He touches Jess, a quick movement. She stirs. Her eyes open.

EDWARD
Why?

JESS
(COUGHS)
He deserved to die. I needed a
weapon against him -- you were
always his only real weakness.

She shifts, reaches for a holdout gun in a thigh holster.

EDWARD
What made you hate him like that.

JESS
It doesn't matter. He's dead now.
That's all that matters.

Tara helps Edward stand, they stagger towards the stairway, back to her --

EDWARD
I was nothing more than a weapon?

She aims at the back of his head, hand steady, slowly applies pressure to the trigger.

JESS
Yes. That's all you ever were to
me.

Jess squeezes the trigger, CLICK!

Gun's empty -- Edward turns, shows her the clip in his hand.

JESS
This isn't over.

EDWARD
Goodbye, Jess.

Edward and Tara staggers out of the basement.

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

Edward and Tara limp out the rear of the building -- a giant wrecking ball is poised to strike the building in the front.

Tara steps on the sign: "DEMOLITION! DANGER! STAY OUT!"

They move past the crowd watching the buildings demolition.

BOOM! Big explosion!

Suddenly the wrecking ball smashes into the building -- the gutted building shudders --

WHAM! SMASH!

EDWARD
Strike three. You're out.

Tara helps Edward limp away without a backward glance.

CRASH! Wrecking ball smashes into the building, it collapses into a heap of rubble -- NOISE is deafening like thunder.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

THUNDER BOOMS!

Rain pours from the sky. Lightning flashes in the distance.

Stolen BMW drives down an empty road in the middle of nowhere USA. A single car passes in the opposite direction.

Disappears out of sight.

INT. STOLEN TOYOTA - NIGHT

Wipers struggle to keep up with a downpour of rain.

Edward drives silently, professionally bandaged, recovering.

Tara sleeps beside him, her head falls onto his shoulder.

He glances down at it for a long moment. Finally smiles.

Edward gently brushes hair from her face. She smiles in her sleep.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Toyota splashes through a deep puddle, hits asphalt-
POP!

The car suddenly swerves out of control, flips over the railing.

CRASHES into a ditch, wheels spin in the air.

Nothing stirs for a long moment.

Slowly, painfully a hand reaches out the side window-

Edward pulls himself out of the wreckage.

He scrambles, pulls Tara out of the wrecked BMW -- she has a shallow scalp wound, seems okay. Opens her eyes.

TARA
What happened?

Edward shakes his head, helps her up. He examines the wreck closely.

Notices --

A flat tire.

Edward touches the tire, spots something in the dark --

He pulls a huge nail from the tire.

Stares at it for a long moment.

Starts to LAUGH, slowly building in intensity as he clutches the nail.

He looks up at the sky, rain runs down his face like tears.

Tara hugs him. He collapses into her embrace.

FADE OUT.

THE END