

BLOODSHOT

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Inspired by the Valiant Comic
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B L O O D S H O T

The MUSIC of machines. Gigantic. Alien. Creating some kind of electrical conduit. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

A sprawling network. As far as the eye can see. Slowly being built by the mechanical creatures. BACK FARTHER TO REVEAL:

The surface of a strange planet. Rolling grey hills covered in winding blue rivers. Like a human brain. STILL FARTHER:

Into a black abyss. Could be outer space, but it's not... it's the pupil of an eye. It belongs to RAY GARRISON, 30s. And he is dead.

VOICE
(Cantonese, subtitled)
Initiate sequence.

CUT TO: STROBING LIGHT. The sun blasts between overhead vegetation as we drive quickly through --

EXT. ANDES MOUNTAINS, COLOMBIA - DAY

The glare doesn't bother Garrison. He rides in the back of a dilapidated truck -- alive and well -- for now.

Despite his every-man demeanor and rugged good-looks, Garrison's clear eyes betray a sharp intellect... *a guy's guy who knows how to get the job done.*

A F.A.R.C. GUERRILLA sits across from him, AK-47 pointed right at Garrison. The truck hits a bump -- and another -- the guerrilla's finger rests tentatively on the trigger...

GARRISON
(Spanish, subtitled)
Mind pointing that somewhere else? Rather not die by pot-hole.

The guard doesn't flinch. Garrison laughs it off as the truck pulls into --

EXT. GUERRILLA CAMP - DAY

Three dozen COMMUNIST REVOLUTIONARIES get to their feet. Two GUARDS hang back, watching over a bound HOSTAGE.

Garrison notices. Gives the trio (hostage+guards) a wave.
Note: dialogue in italics is subtitled.

GARRISON
Love how you guys settle domestic disputes here. Old school.

From the truck a CRATE emerges. Garrison pops the lid, revealing: cases of 9mm shells.

GARRISON (CONT'D)

Ahead of the R&D curve here with depleted uranium rounds. Melt anything they touch: metal, kevlar, capitalism.

The guerrilla LEADER examines the bullets.

LEADER

How much for the crate?

GARRISON

A gift. Viva la revolución!

REBELS

Viva la revolución!

Garrison's playing to the crowd -- and they're loving it. All except a particularly UGLY guerrilla.

LEADER

And the next crate?

GARRISON

Is not a gift.

Both men smile. *Capitalism is doing just fine.* Soldiers descend on the crate like wolves, loading their weapons with the next gen ammunition.

POP OUT TO: SNIPER POV of Garrison and the guerrilla leader.

VOICE (O.C.)

Kill Team Two, eyes on target.

NEAR THE HOSTAGE

The guards watch their brothers hoard the ammo. *Pretty soon it will all be gone.* Garrison wanders over, offers some friendly advice:

GARRISON

Better get it while you can...

Don't have to tell them twice. The guards quickly join the throng, fighting for their share of the ammo. After a beat, Garrison discretely CUTS THE ROPES tying the Hostage down.

GARRISON (CONT'D)

(harsh whisper)

Stay close to me and -- wait.

In a pure panic, the American RUNS for the woods ahead. Garrison starts after him as he barks into his comm unit:

GARRISON (CONT'D)
Get ready to go loud.

The guerrilla leader is loading his rifle when he sees: his prize hostage running into the brush.

LEADER
The American -- he's escaping!

The leader's body suddenly LURCHES to the ground, hit by a sniper round.

And then a SECOND REBEL is kicked to the ground by another CRACK of a shot. Unseen sniper teams unload on the rebels. Guerrillas return but their weapons lock up.

One REBEL behind cover ejects his magazine and yanks out a round of ammo to discover:

OBSERVANT REBEL
No blasting caps! Don't use the ammo --

BACK TO: Garrison, in pursuit of the Hostage --

Then he sees that ugly rebel RUN down the --

MOUNTAINSIDE

The hostage SPRINTS through the brush -- terrified -- looks back and sees -- that ugly rebel -- closing in -- bowie knife in hand.

The hostage panics -- STUMBLES into a ravine -- can't escape -- no choice but to hide.

Ugly slides into the ravine... searching for the hidden hostage. Getting closer... 10 feet... 5 feet... right as he's about to discover the hostage --

VOICE (O.C.)
Viva la revolución!

It's Garrison, running towards him. Ugly readies his blade --

Ugly LUNGES -- but in one swift motion Garrison SIDE-STEPS -- GRABS Ugly's wrist -- FLIPS the knife -- and DRIVES it into Ugly's belly -- dropping him next to the hostage -- dead.

GARRISON
Mr. Sachs, I'm with the Navy Seal hostage rescue team -- we're here to take you home.

SACHS is clearly in shock, scared even of Garrison -- days of torture make everyone seem predatory --

GUNFIRE and SHOUTS from the camp -- in a few seconds it will be too much for Garrison to fight.

SNIPER (V.O.)
Position is compromised. Sir --

Yet Garrison pulls out a SMARTPHONE and shows it to Sachs:

GARRISON
Hey. Hey. Look at this. Your family is waiting for you. Back home.

A beautiful, teary-eyed WIFE and six-year-old SON talk into the phone's camera, their tinny voices just beyond earshot for us, but Sachs hears them.

His eyes focus. He holds the phone, staring at them. We do catch a little bit from the recording:

BOY (V.O.)
Come home, Daddy!

SNIPER (V.O.)
(in Garrison's comm)
You need to move now, lieutenant!

But Garrison puts a gentle hand on Sachs' shoulder:

GARRISON
Let's get you back there.

EXT. CLEARING, ANDES MOUNTAINS - DAY

An OSPREY HELICOPTER hovers as Garrison emerges from the brush with the hostage. Sniper teams cover them as Garrison clips in -- winch pulling them to safety. Off the rescued hostage's relieved face -- CUT TO:

The SON's face. Watching as a C-17 CARGO PLANE touches down.

POP OUT TO REVEAL:

EXT. CORONADO NAVAL BASE, SAN DIEGO - AFTERNOON

The plane comes to a halt. Bay doors open... and Garrison's team steps out. Families are waiting in the parking lot. Wives welcome their men back. Children run into their fathers' arms. Sachs is reunited with his family.

But there's no one there to meet Garrison. He jokes with his teammates, exchanging good-byes as he walks off alone.

Suddenly a '66 Chevy pick-up SCREECHES to a stop -- driver's side door WHIPS open as GINA GARRISON, 20s, jumps out -- tackles Garrison in her embrace. As they smile and smooch --

GARRISON

You're late.

GINA

You're early.

You know that thing each couple has? *That's theirs.*

EXT. SILVER STRAND BLVD - SUNSET

The Chevy RACES down the highway, water glistening on both sides of the road... almost too beautiful to be real. Gina drives. Garrison listens to the engine, watches her.

GARRISON

When you gonna let me buy you a truck born in this century?

GINA

When this beauty finally dies on me. Until then, I'm a loyal girl.

GARRISON

At least let me drive us to TJ.

GINA

(sarcastic)

Because it's so much like Florence.

GARRISON

(playing along)

Florence has the Duomo, TJ has the donkey show.

GINA

We had our honeymoon in Mexico... so, it's not that bad.

GARRISON

But it's not your dream. We'll have a big getaway soon... I promise.

GINA

Not with your job, no sir.

GARRISON

I'll make time for it. Once you get pregnant --

GINA

You ready to be the stay-at-home dad?

She grins at him, playful. Garrison grins back.

GARRISON

I'll have to retire early, then. Or is that your whole plan?

GINA

I'm a proud supporter of any plan that keeps you close to home. Until then, lieutenant, we'll just have to practice making babies -- a lot.

He kisses her on the neck as they ROAR towards the border. She's trying to keep one eye on the road, but *damn* does he do a good job of distracting her.

EXT. TIJUANA STREETS - NIGHT

Day of the Dead celebration is in full effect. Brightly colored paper maché skeletons. Coffins over-flowing with carnations. Children in skull face paint.

A FIRE-BREATHER shoots a stream of flames into the night sky--

INT. TJ HOTEL ROOM

The orange fire-light glows outside the window to this hotel room, where Gina turns down the sheets.

Drifting into the --

BATHROOM

Garrison stands in front of the mirror, shirtless. His chest is a roadmap of old scars. He's inspecting a potential new one; some scrape he got in Colombia.

Gina enters, snakes her arms around him.

GINA

You okay?

GARRISON

Yeah, just grazed my pride is all. Maybe I'm losing my touch.

GINA

Oh, you got plenty of moves, husband.

She grapples him around the waist and neck.

GINA (CONT'D)

Show me how you get out of this one.

Garrison smiles -- this is their foreplay.

GARRISON

Well, you step into their space --

GINA

Oh I like that --

He plants a foot between hers, puts his hands on her arms --

GARRISON

Then you just twist, and --

In a slow spin, he's twirled her around and grappled her in a similar fashion.

Gina distracts him with a kiss, and as he starts to get lost in that sensuality --

She tips him off-balance and then yanks him out of the bathroom door, tossing him onto --

THE BED

-- where she descends on him, only to be partially pinned as Garrison pulls at her cotton top.

EXT. TIJUANA STREETS - NIGHT

The celebration is louder now; more crowded and full of music. There's something chaotic and intense about the energy in the streets. A manic parade.

INT. TJ HOTEL - INTERCUT WITH ABOVE

Just as intense, but full of a different energy -- passion -- Ray and Gina make love. Their skin glistens with sweat... but they're not done. Not yet. The festival builds as their bodies collide until --

LATER

The pre-dawn light shines through the window. The street below is quiet. They lie in each others arms... somewhere between awake and dreaming.

GINA

Who do you think our kid would look like?

GARRISON
 She better look like you. 'Cause me in a
 dress ain't pretty.

GINA
 She?

GARRISON
 It's less surprising that I've worn a dress
 than I said "she?"

GINA
 You do like to work undercover...

Garrison pulls the sheets up as Gina giggles.

GARRISON
 I do my best work under cover...

GINA
 I'm serious --

GARRISON
 I don't know... just always assumed I'd
 have a little girl. Teach her to play
 guitar... to stand up for herself... walk
 her down the aisle...

Gina traces her fingers over his Navy Seal tattoo.

GINA
 I feel sorry for the boy who shows up for
 that first date...

GARRISON
If he shows up, he'll be the bravest kid in
 school.

GINA
 Or the dumbest.
 (hopeful)
 If you really want to be a father...

Garrison is torn, but the truth comes out:

GARRISON
 I got a few more years of the work in me.

Gina's smile fades.

GINA
 I know. I'm not pushing you.

GARRISON
I just can't be both.

Meaning both a SEAL and a father.

GINA
Yeah...
(then)
Besides, I think I love tequila too much to
quit anytime soon.

They cuddle close again, but now they both stare off in
different directions, each preoccupied with a what-if...

EXT. TIJUANA STREETS - DAY

The remnants of the festival litter the street. Scattered
paper maché skulls stare back... smiling faces of death.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Garrison WAKES with a start. He rolls over to find...
nothing. No one. Gina's gone.

GARRISON
Gina...?

No response. He gets up. Searches the room... until he finds:
a note, scrawled on the back of a receipt.

Went to get us breakfast, back soon. Practice makes perfect.

Garrison breathes a sigh of relief. Sits for a moment. Lost
in his own thoughts...

GARRISON (V.O., PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)
Sorry to call so early. Just needed to
talk...

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Garrison's on the balcony, leaving a voicemail.

GARRISON (INTO PHONE)
Thinking about getting out of the field,
taking that instructor's post. Anyway...
give me a shout.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Garrison's in the shower, hears Gina return.

GARRISON

You're late!

(beat)

Hey -- I said, "You're late!"

Garrison peeks out of the shower curtain --

GARRISON (CONT'D)

"You're early?"

He spots someone in the mirror-- and it ain't Gina.

Two men in street clothes clear the room like PROS. Move to the bathroom, aim M7 Tranq pistols at the shower -- DARTS perforate the curtain. Then -- nothing.

PRO ONE covers Pro Two as he steps into the bathroom... shower BLASTING... reaches out... WHIPS the curtain back and finds -- *nothing. Huh?*

Suddenly he's PUNCHED in the junk by Garrison, huddled on the floor of the tub taking cover.

Pro Two crumbles -- Garrison GRABS his shirt -- SLAMS his face into the tub -- HARD. Pro One fires -- Garrison uses Pro Two's body as a shield -- takes his weapon and returns.

They empty their clips. Pro One reloads -- Garrison doesn't hesitate -- RIPS down the shower curtain and CHARGES --

Garrison attacks -- soaking wet and completely naked.

Lightning-fast, hand-to-hand. Garrison uses the shower curtain to deflect blows and disorient --

Pro One LUNGES at Garrison -- who quickly sidesteps so that Pro One inadvertently CRASHES through the window and onto the balcony, buying Garrison enough time to SPRINT into the --

HOTEL HALLWAY

Where he accidentally SLAMS into a stunned AUSSIE tourist -- more than a little shocked by the butt-naked Garrison.

AUSSIE

Think you forgot a few things, friend.

The aussie tourist tries to help Garrison to his feet -- but then STABS Garrison with an auto injector.

A shocked Garrison tries to run... but his legs lock-up... his vision... cloudy... finally he collapses as we -- CUT TO:

BLACKNESS

Then... Led Zeppelin, *Stairway to Heaven*. Guitar RIPPING.
Blackness becomes blinding white light as a hood comes off.

Garrison opens his eyes... can't adjust to the glare. The music. *It's overwhelming.*

AUSSIE

Back from the dead.

Garrison tries to get his bearings... in some kind of:

BARN

Can't see much... interrogation light is intense... music is grating. In front of him is that aussie tourist.

AUSSIE

Zeppelin, absolute genius.

GARRISON

Who...

AUSSIE

Led Zeppelin. Jimmy Page, Robert --

GARRISON

...are you?

AUSSIE

I'm the guy who ruined your vacation.

Garrison's color is coming back -- confidence returning.

GARRISON

Well, I'm the guy who makes less than a public school teacher, so if you're looking for a ransom --

AUSSIE

Oh, I don't need money.

GARRISON

Then... what?

AUSSIE

Information. About your missions in Colombia?

Shit. This isn't just some Mexican ransom play...

AUSSIE (CONT'D)

See, friend, I make a very good living selling weapons to the FARC guerrillas. But when there's instability in the FARC, there's instability in my business.

GARRISON

Well, your business ain't getting any more stable, 'cause all you're getting out of me is name, rank, and a hearty helping of go-fuck-yourself.

AUSSIE

Oh, but we're serving something much tastier tonight...

Aussie gives the cue and his GUYS drag in Gina. Bound and gagged, she's scared out of her mind. Garrison goes white --

AUSSIE (CONT'D)

Those brass balls just got a whole lot softer.

GARRISON

I'm about to tell you the God's honest truth: I'm a professional, like you. All I care about is getting the job done and going home. I don't know where the intel comes from and I don't care.

AUSSIE

Bet you care now?

Aussie RIPS the tape off Gina's mouth, sticks his .45 in.

AUSSIE (CONT'D)

That's it, Flower, take it all...

He PUSHES the barrel deep into her throat. Gina GAGS -- her face, pure terror. Garrison tries to get Aussie's attention --

GARRISON

Look at me -- LOOK AT ME.

Aussie does. Something about Garrison's voice -- *like this is the most important moment of his life.*

GARRISON (CONT'D)

If I knew, I'd tell you. Ask me anything else, anything you want to know. But this I can't tell you. Because I don't know.

Aussie and Garrison hold each other's gaze... Finally --

AUSSIE

I believe you.

He takes his gun out of Gina's mouth. She GASPS... tears streaming down her face.

GARRISON

It's gonna be okay, baby -- I promise.

She smiles -- believes him -- loves him with all her heart. Aussie casually turns off the music.

AUSSIE

Well, this has been a colossal waste of time.

And SHOOTS Gina in the head.

The world slows down... the blast knocking Gina over in her chair... Garrison watches as her eyes go cold... dead before she even hits the ground. Suddenly time SNAPS back and -- Garrison explodes -- snot and spit -- doesn't give a fuck --

GARRISON

YOU ARE NOTHING. YOU DON'T EXIST ANYMORE. I PROMISE -- I WILL FIND YOU AND END YOU. YOU BETTER KILL ME NOW BECAUSE YOU WILL NOT GET A SECOND CHANCE.

Aussie points his .45 right at Garrison and --

AUSSIE

Thanks for the advice.

GUNSHOT -- RIPS US TO:

BLACK. Then...

VOICE

(Cantonese, subtitled)

Project Bloodshot procedure log...

INT. COFFIN - LATER

Garrison's corpse. In a black abyss.

A red light begins to BLINK... illuminating the rest of Garrison's dead body. Nothing more than a husk, a vessel for vengeance and violence.

So that's what we'll call him: **BLOODSHOT.**

Turns out he's not in a casket, but some kind of high tech sensory deprivation tank. A circular needle array PUMPS black fluid into his chest. *Note: Dialogue in italics is subtitled.*

VOICE

Transfusion complete.

The circular needle array retracts from his chest.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Commence bioelectrical charge.

That's when we hear it... a beat... building in our ears.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Fifty percent...

Soon the beat becomes a song... a song we recognize...

VOICE (CONT'D)

Seventy-five percent...

"Stairway to Heaven" by Led Zeppelin. *What the hell?*

VOICE (CONT'D)

Full cycle.

An electrical charge RIPS through Bloodshot's corpse -- his body SPASMS -- and then stops... lying there motionless... until his eyes flutter open. He's alive.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Subject is conscious. BP one forty over ninety. Heart Rate seventy-five. Brain function normal.

Bloodshot tries to move, but can't -- limbs locked in place.

BLOODSHOT

Where...

VOICE

Language centers online.

BLOODSHOT

...am I?

VOICE

(in English)
Identify yourself.

Bloodshot is beyond confused. *What the hell is going on?*

VOICE (CONT'D)

Take your time. Think. What is your name?

That's when Bloodshot starts to panic. And it's not because he's scared, it's because--

BLOODSHOT

I don't know...

Bloodshot thrashes violently, emotions overwhelming him.

VOICE

Initiate sedation.

BLOODSHOT

WHY DON'T I KNOW?!?

SLAM TO:

BLACKNESS

The music kicks in again. Skipping like a record as it drills that grating vocal into our brains.

As we wind on down the --

As we wind on down the --

As we wind on down the --

Bloodshot wakes with a start. Looks around. He's in a:

RECOVERY ROOM

Sterile. White. Looks like your average hospital room. The music has stopped.

Bloodshot sits up. He's wearing a hospital gown -- nothing else. His skin is pale. His head -- pounding. Seems to be fine except... his sternum aches. Pulls the gown off his shoulders revealing...

A circular red scar in the middle of his white chest.

The door opens and in walks DR. EMIL HARTING, 40s. Built like a rugby player, the first thing we notices is that there's something odd about his arm... *robotic*.

HARTING

(British accent)

How are you feeling?

Bloodshot rubs his temples...

BLOODSHOT

Hell of a hangover.

HARTING

Then you remember -- what a hangover feels like?

Harting's trying to act normal but he's clearly on edge.

BLOODSHOT

Unfortunately, yes.

HARTING

That's good.

BLOODSHOT

Says you. Speaking of --

HARTING

Dr. Emil Harting, Rising Spirit Technologies.

BLOODSHOT

(re: his lack of memory)

I'd return the courtesy but I've got this little problem...

HARTING

Unfortunately I'm not going to be much help. This is what we have on you.

Harting retrieves a SLIM FILE for Bloodshot, who looks inside to find a brief PROFILE of who he once was:

Lieutenant Raymond Garrison, U.S. Navy SEAL. The page is labeled TOP SECRET, and the bit at the bottom is why: "Cadaver sold to Rising Spirit Technologies."

HARTING (CONT'D)

Your remains were sold to us by the US military. All personnel records, destroyed.

BLOODSHOT

(in total shock)

My... remains?

HARTING

We brought you back.

That's when Harting smiles, barely containing his excitement.

HARTING (CONT'D)

We've been experimenting with nanites -- robotic proteins. They can rebuild otherwise healthy tissues on a cellular level after catastrophic injury.

Harting touches the wall... it becomes a view screen.

ON THE MONITOR: Images of those alien machines from the opening... working furiously.

HARTING (CONT'D)

We had so much success with individual organ systems that we decided to try a full transfusion. Your blood was replaced with the nanites... and they repaired everything. Even your oxygen-starved brain.

Harting looks almost as shocked as Garrison.

BLOODSHOT

I'm... an experiment?

HARTING (CONT'D)

Based on animal trials we expected -- optimum outcome -- that you'd be in a vegetative state. But here you are.

BLOODSHOT

My memories, they're gone...

HARTING

Our best guess? The nanites revitalized the brain tissues but couldn't recreate past experiences. To put it simply, we saved the hard drive but lost the data.

BLOODSHOT

But I remember how to walk. How to talk. I know that seven times seven is forty nine and that the capital of New York is Albany.

HARTING

You also know the square root of seven thousand nine hundred and twenty one...

ENDOSCOPIC SHOT: Bloodshot's brain -- a nanite builds a synapse --

FLASH ON: thousands of numbers, speeding by -- land on --

BLOODSHOT

Eighty nine.

HARTING

The word for father in, I don't know, Swahili.

ENDOSCOPIC SHOT: Bloodshot's brain -- nanites create another synapse --

FLASH ON: Swahili translations for, "Fate," "Fateful," then --

BLOODSHOT
Father... "Abu."

HARTING
And the winner of the Tour de France in,
say, 1909 --

BLOODSHOT
Francois Faber. How do I know that?

HARTING
There are billions of web-enabled
microprocessors inside your brain. Any
information they don't already know, they
can pull that data from the 'net.

BLOODSHOT
Can they tell me who I am? Figure out what
happened to me?

HARTING
Let me show you something...

Harting takes off his lab coat, revealing a gleaming
prosthetic arm connected to his twitching shoulder muscles.

HARTING (CONT'D)
As a kid, I was a tennis prodigy. Good but
not great -- no serve. On my fifteenth
birthday I got Cancer. Six months later
they took my arm. Instead of focusing on
what I had lost, I focused on what I had
been given... an opportunity to do
something else with my life. PhD from MIT
by twenty-two, my first military contract
by twenty-four, and my own firm -- Rising
Spirit Technologies -- by thirty. One day
soon, when a soldier loses his arm...

Harting raises his cybernetic fist and SLAMS it into the
metal table -- leaving a massive dent.

HARTING (CONT'D)
...he's going to get a better one. Because
I forgot who I was and focused on who I
could become.

BLOODSHOT
(catching on)
Rising Spirit... bet you got a hell of a
serve now?

Harting smiles. Clearly these two are going to become brothers... *both given a second chance by technology.*

HARTING

Let's see what you can do now.

INT. BIOMETRICS LAB - DAY

State of the art testing center. Bloodshot is caged in a giant water wheel: the human equivalent of a hamster wheel, except this one is dipped in a pool, requiring Bloodshot to strain his muscles to power the mill wheel. Setup nearby: EKG, mobile CT, and a pulse ox monitor.

TECH

Eight miles per hour, at a water resistance of seventy-five pounds.

Harting and a handful of TECHS watch as Bloodshot STRAINS -- and moves the giant wheel under his own power.

HARTING

Push him to ten.

ENDOSCOPIC SHOT: Bloodshot's lungs -- nanites work to EXPAND his alveoli so that --

Bloodshot BREATHES deeper -- his lungs working more efficiently, allowing him to --

Crest past ten MPH on the monitor. All the while the pool CHURNS from the turning of the wheel. Fighting Bloodshot with every step.

BLOODSHOT (PRE-LAP)

But I had a life...

INT. RISING SPIRIT CORRIDOR - DAY

Bloodshot follows Harting on a tour of the facility. Harting is now dressed in a custom lab coat -- the lack of collar and colorful trim make it seem vaguely Asian.

Bloodshot looks down at the Navy Seal tattoo on his arm...

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)

...there must've been people I loved... I cared about.

HARTING

They said their good-byes. You need to do the same. We're on a new frontier here...

They pass above an indoor track. Techs observe a VET jogging on hydrogen powered prosthetic legs...

HARTING (CONT'D)

There are no guarantees with this process... tomorrow you could be gone. For good. Do you really want to risk putting them through that again?

The vet begins to SPRINT -- faster than Usain Bolt. Bloodshot can hardly believe his eyes...

BLOODSHOT

What is this place?

HARTING

Hope. For every warrior wounded on a battlefield. And for soldiers like you.

MONTAGE - RISING SPIRIT

- A TEST PILOT in a hydraulic skeleton LIFTS steel plates.

HARTING (V.O.)

In this facility alone, we're developing everything from exoskeletons that can help a man lift ten-times his weight...

- A PATIENT with a prosthetic leg re-learns how to swim in an Olympic-sized POOL with help from a TRAINER.

HARTING (V.O.)

...to smart prosthetic limbs so the critically injured can live normal lives...

- A RESEARCH SCIENTIST presents a paper on cybernetic eyes.

HARTING (V.O.)

...even ocular implants that will allow the blind to see.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - SUNSET

Harting and Bloodshot finish their tour on the top floor of Rising Spirit's skyscraper. The Hong Kong skyline glimmers around them... *it's breath-taking -- and entirely man-made.*

HARTING

We're on the precipice of a paradigm shift... and you're the proof.

BLOODSHOT

But am I really alive? It's been, what, twenty-four hours...

INT. MEDICAL LAB - DAY

Bloodshot has his arm under a scanning electron microscope.

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)
...and I'm not the least bit tired.

Harting looks through the eye-piece at Bloodshot's skin cells. The monitor behind him displays the image.

HARTING
From the day we stop growing, our bodies begin dying. Our skin cells wither away, our muscles are cannibalized, and our bones degrade.

Harting reaches for a scalpel...

HARTING (CONT'D)
But not you. The nanites are constantly repairing your body on a cellular level.

BLOODSHOT
So I'll never have to exfoliate again?

HARTING
It's a little more exciting than that...

FLASH of the scalpel -- Harting SLICES Bloodshot's hand -- he recoils -- but Harting pins his wrist under the microscope --

ON THE SCREEN: The magnified nanites pour out of the wound and stitch the skin back together... one cell at a time.

Holy shit. Harting releases him. Bloodshot stares at his hand as the cut disappears before our eyes.

BLOODSHOT
Yeah. That's exciting.

INT. FITNESS LAB - DAY

New, day -- same water wheel. Display reads: 20 mph... 21... Bloodshot is soaked in sweat, right at the point of breaking.

HARTING
Okay. That's enough.

LAB TECH
The record at this resistance level is twenty-five miles per hour...

ENDOSCOPIC SHOT: Bloodshot's quads -- with each stride, muscles tear -- but are instantly repaired by the nanites --

BLOODSHOT
SOMEBODY PLAY THE ROCKY THEME.

Pure determination -- this guy is not going to stop until he reaches his goal.

ON THE READOUT: 23... 24...

The water carried by the wheel's pockets CHURN and FROTH and spray the back of the fitness lab like a rooster tail...

And then something CRACKS at 25 MPH. The axle wobbles. And Bloodshot nearly rolls the thing out the pool. He hits against the inside and spins like a stray piece of clothing in an enormous dryer, and then... Collapses.

HARTING
The turbine -- it cracked.

Bloodshot can't help but smile. *He broke the thing.*

BLOODSHOT
Better get a new one.

HARTING
Thanks for the advice.

Bloodshot's head snaps up --

BLOODSHOT
What did you say?

HARTING
Thanks for the advice.
(beat)
Why?

Bloodshot's heart rate picks up... POUNDING in our ears...

BLOODSHOT
Nothing.

Harting holds his gaze... *something's definitely wrong.*
Bloodshot grabs a water. That's when we hear it... music...

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)
You hear that?

HARTING
Hear what?

It's Stairway to Heaven. Bloodshot sits -- head in his hands.
Music won't stop -- like a hammer, SLAMMING into his brain.
A TEST PILOT enters --

TEST PILOT
Got this room booked.

FEMALE TECH
In fifteen minutes.

TEST PILOT
You're late.

FEMALE TECH
You're early.

FLASH ON: Gina -- smiling in the Chevy --

GINA
You're early.

BACK TO: Bloodshot -- doubles over in pain --

HARTING
What's wrong?

FLASHBACK TO: Gina dead on the ground. Garrison foaming --

GARRISON
YOU ARE NOTHING. I PROMISE YOU --

BACK TO: Bloodshot -- teeth GRINDING -- heart POUNDING --

BLOODSHOT
--I-will-find-you-and-end-you--

Harting panics -- turns to the tech --

HARTING
Get medical in here -- NOW.

Harting GRABS Bloodshot -- helps him to a chair -- Zeppelin track builds -- BLASTING in our ears -- sensory overload --

BLOODSHOT
--you-better-kill-me-now--

HARTING
Breathe. Try to Breathe --

BLOODSHOT
--you-will-not-get-a-second-chance.

FLASH ON: Aussie standing over us, .45 pointed at the lens --

AUSSIE
Thanks for the advice.

GUNSHOT RIPS US BACK TO: Bloodshot -- SLAMMING Harting against the wall.

BLOODSHOT

He killed me -- my wife. His face -- I can see it.

HARTING

Seal the room!

Door starts to close -- Bloodshot STOPS it -- ESCAPES into the corridor -- Harting PULLS the ALARM --

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Sirens BLARE -- Bloodshot SPRINTS -- a wounded animal, doesn't know where he's going, doesn't care -- heart racing -- turns the corner, sees:

SECURITY -- a dozen men in high tech SWAT GEAR with TASER BATONS. Bloodshot doubles back -- off his face --

FLASH ON: Gina in bed, naked. Day of the dead images from Mexico -- coffins and carnations, child in skull face paint.

BACK TO: Bloodshot -- heart POUNDING -- legs failing --

Security -- coming at us -- COMMANDER takes point. Bloodshot LUNGES for a fire extinguisher -- BREAKS the glass --

COMMANDER

DO NOT MOVE.

BLOODSHOT

Didn't save her... my fault...

Taser batons CRACKLE to life, guards close in. Bloodshot THROWS the extinguisher at them, misses by a mile --

-- but hits his intended target: A SPRINKLER HEAD. Hallway fills with that fire retardant HAZE, visibility zero.

COMMANDER

Get that fire suppression system off, NOW.

Guard PULLS the emergency shut-off. The haze clears and the soldiers find... *nothing*.

Commander spots an emergency exit door ajar...

COMMANDER (INTO COM) (CONT'D)

Entered south stairwell, sub-level five.

INT. COMMAND HUB - INTERCUT WITH ABOVE

Harting and a handful of TECHS monitor the situation from the center of Rising Spirit's security grid.

HARTING (INTO COM)
Chainsaw -- headed your way.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Bloodshot staggers up the stairs -- heart POUNDING -- FLASHES ON Gina's tear-stained face -- Aussie's smug smile, his .45 pointed right at us --

AUSSIE
Thanks for the advice.

GUNSHOT echoes from the past --

One more flight of stairs -- ground level. Taser baton in hand, Bloodshot enters the --

GROUND FLOOR

That's when he hears it... the metallic CLANG of footsteps. Bloodshot looks up and sees --

A massive man wearing a skull-shaped ballistic face mask, the words "SO LONG" spray painted on his chest plate.

SO LONG steps forward on hydrogen powered prosthetic legs. These things look more like sleek, articulated plastic limbs, not like bulky metal armor.

The legs, in combination with a spinal support, allow him to lift a cannon, firing a tsunami of SOUND WAVES -- SLAMMING Bloodshot against the wall -- HARD.

He tries to crawl away -- his nanites working hard to heal.

A WOMAN in tactical armor cuts him off -- THROWS something --

WOMAN
Catch.

Bloodshot tries to duck -- too late -- the object EXPLODES -- sarin gas BURNING his eyes and lungs.

A blinded Bloodshot HOWLS in pain. So Long GRABS him by the neck -- lifts Bloodshot up to eye-level...

SO LONG
Bet that hurt...

Bloodshot looks up at So Long --

BLOODSHOT
Bet this hurts more.

The taser baton in Bloodshot's hand CRACKLES to life -- takes a cheap shot -- JAMS it under SO LONG's face mask.

So Long BELLOWS in pain -- drops Bloodshot -- who SCURRIES towards the door and freedom.

The woman in the tactical armor gives chase as we POP OUT TO:

EXT. RISING SPIRIT - SAME

SNIPER POV of the ground floor. No windows -- just a wall.

SNIPER'S VOICE (O.C.)
Chainsaw Bravo, stand down -- Alpha has target.

ECU of the sniper's eye reveals an ocular implant -- it FLIPS from grey to red, allowing the sniper to see Bloodshot's heat signature through the wall.

He squeezes the trigger --

BULLET POV: ROCKET out the barrel and BLAST through the wall.

INT. RISING SPIRIT - SAME

Time slows down as the bullet erupts from the wall -- reduces speed -- and extends a TRANQ DART, SLAMMING into an escaping Bloodshot's neck -- LIGHTS OUT.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

VOICE (PRE-LAP)
We're talking about a multibillion dollar contract --

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, RISING SPIRIT - DAY

The voice belongs to RST's Chairman, MORRIS KOZOL, 50s, skyping with Harting. The conference room is decorated in Feudal Japan. Bonsai. Woodcut art. Swords on walls.

KOZOL
Bottom line it: how much more time do you need? Do I need to buy you some more dead soldiers? At this rate I'll have to start another war for you.

Harting seethes... he does not like to be pinned down.

HARTING

He's revived but he still has all the baggage of a person with his experience. It's delicate work. Let me do my job.

KOZOL

My job, Doctor, is to remind you that he's not a person, he's property. And you don't have a good track record when it comes to securing our property. We can't let Harada get ahead of us on this.

HARTING

We're handling that. Nearly finished.

KOZOL

Finish your job so I can do mine.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

Bloodshot slowly comes to -- on a hospital bed. Tied down.

BLOODSHOT

Harting please... I have to find him... I just let her die...

No response. He's all alone. *Trapped*. Then -- the door opens and in walks Harting. He approaches the restrained Bloodshot.

HARTING

We need each other.

BLOODSHOT

I NEED TO FIND THAT AUSSIE BASTARD.

HARTING

How do you know he's Australian?

BLOODSHOT

He just shot her...

FLICKER THROUGH dozens of images: the mission in Colombia, Day of the Dead festival in Mexico, Aussie smiling as he jams his .45 down Gina's throat...

Bloodshot remembers everything we've seen so far.

BLOODSHOT (V.O.)

I can see his face -- like it just happened. But that's it -- nothing else. Not my name, not his, nothing... only her... my wife, Gina.

Last image is of Gina in the Chevy as they race toward the border, sun flaring off the water... *it's so beautiful it breaks your heart.* BACK TO:

BLOODSHOT

Why do I remember those two days and nothing else? Not my parents -- not my childhood -- not even my own name.

HARTING

Honestly... I don't know. Maybe because those last few days were so significant that they're seared into your mind? Like muscle memory.

BLOODSHOT

I have to find him... have to make him pay for Gina. She's the one thing I know I loved in this world, and that one thing is gone. All that's left is... anger.

HARTING

Listen to me, you need time here to train. And I need time to study you.

Bloodshot is torn... drowning in guilt.

BLOODSHOT

Have you ever lost someone that meant everything to you?

Harting opens up to Bloodshot, looking him in the eye.

HARTING

More than once. Every time, I thought I'd never recover. Never get attached again.
(breath)
That's the triumph of the human spirit, I guess. You get up and try again.

BLOODSHOT

I can't do that until he's dead.

HARTING

You are a prototype. One of a kind. In the world of science, that's useless. We need to find a way to reproduce your results if we're going to save lives. This isn't about you. It's about soldiers who could return home to their loved ones...

Bloodshot considers Harting's words...

HARTING (CONT'D)

Do this for me, and I'll use every resource at my disposal to help you find this man.

BLOODSHOT

And end him.

HARTING

You have my word.

Harting touches the control screen.

Restraints retract and Bloodshot falls to his knees. As Harting helps him to his feet...

BLOODSHOT

One more thing: after I kill him... he stays dead.

Bloodshot walks past, for the door, and --

EXT. TAI MO SHAN MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

A helicopter ROARS out of the city...

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Harting's at the helm, Bloodshot sitting next to him.

HARTING (INTO COM)

Every human has deep-rooted survival instincts. You have to unlearn them.

BLOODSHOT (INTO COM)

Unlearn --? They're called 'survival instincts' for a good reason, Doc.

HARTING (INTO COM)

They don't apply to you now. The goal posts have moved. The nanites in your body can do more than simply heal a wound. They are tools to let you adapt. Modify. Overcome. You simply command them to do your bidding.

BLOODSHOT (INTO COM)

Will this be painful? Sounds painful --

HARTING

(interrupting)

My field test team "Chainsaw" is going to put you in the most stressful situations possible -- push you until you learn to change your body in response.

BLOODSHOT

"Chainsaw?"

HARTING

Cut down every prototype I throw at them.

Harting smiles as the helicopter SOARS over the mountains revealing --

HARTING (CONT'D)

Our field test center. The Shed.

A dozen high-tech buildings nestled into the unforgiving mountainside...

INT. THE SHED, MAIN BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

As Bloodshot and Harting enter from the helipad, they're met by the three members of CHAINSAW: mortally wounded soldiers improved by Rising Spirit tech. Just like Bloodshot.

HARTING

Lieutenant Marcus Tibbs is our team leader, counter intelligence expert, and sniper.

LT. MARCUS TIBBS (African-American, 30s) has a kind face covered in scars. Cybernetic eyes mark him as the sniper who stopped Bloodshot's escape.

TIBBS

Sorry 'bout that head shot.

BLOODSHOT

Just glad you missed my face.

TIBBS

Wasn't aiming for your face.

Off Tibbs's intimidating look, FLASH TO:

NORTH KOREA

Tibbs's cybernetic eye looks through his rifle's scope -- all he sees is vegetation. Jungle sounds fade... replaced by the ROAR of a JEEP.

HARTING (V.O.)

A mortar explosion left Tibbs blind and deaf. With cochlear implants for hearing and ocular prosthetics for eyes...

Tibbs's eyes SNAP red -- revealing the DRIVER'S heat signature. He fires... the heat signature goes dark. BACK TO:

HARTING
Tibbs never misses.

TIBBS
Don't have to see you to kill you.

SO LONG
Wish I didn't have to see Tibbs. Got a face
like my nut sack.

Out of his exoskeleton, So Long stands on next-gen prosthetic legs, partially obscured by his cargo shorts.

HARTING
You already met Corporal Harlin "So Long"
Shifflet.

BLOODSHOT
So Long?

TIBBS
What we say to the bad guys when ass-bag
here takes the field.

SO LONG
Ladies called me "So Long" way before I met
this crew.

HARTING
After an IED took So Long's legs, we built
him a new pair...

Off So Long's "go-fuck-yourself" grin, FLASH TO:

IRAQ

So Long stomps through rubble in his exoskeleton.

HARTING (V.O.)
Exoskeleton means there isn't a cannon he
can't wield, making him our go-to for heavy
artillery and urban assault.

So Long fires his sound cannon. Iraqi GUNMEN flee, every
orifice bleeding. BACK TO:

So Long rubs his swollen jaw where Bloodshot nailed him with
the stun baton during his failed escape...

SO LONG
Still owe ya for that cheap shot, Snow
White.

BLOODSHOT

Know what's intimidating? Your knowledge of Disney princesses.

Before So Long can respond, a striking Indian woman with sleek air filters mounted on a neck brace intercedes.

WOMAN

Don't mind So Long -- his assertions of male dominance are just attempts to compensate for phallic deficiency.

Harting nods towards the woman... she's the one who threw the sarin gas grenade during Bloodshot's failed escape.

HARTING

Warrant Officer Kareena "KP" Pillai is an expert in chemical weapons and psychological warfare.

Off KP's enigmatic gaze, FLASH TO:

RUSSIA

KP enters a crack house with just a thermos. TWEAKERS see the defenceless beauty and move in for the kill...

HARTING (V.O.)

Her trachea was severed by a stray bullet in Afghanistan so now she breathes through a clavicle mounted respirator.

KP opens the thermos -- gas escapes -- bad guys foam at the mouth and spontaneously shit their shorts. BACK TO:

HARTING

As a result she's immune to inhalants.

TIBBS

Only thing more dangerous than KP's knowledge of biological weapons is her lack of social grace.

KP

After you suffer a neck injury it's hard to suffer fools.

So Long glares at Bloodshot... doesn't like the idea of being upstaged by Harting's latest break-through.

SO LONG

So what do we call the noob... "B.S."?

He looks to his teammates for a laugh -- *doesn't get one.*

KP

Did I say fools? I meant, "fool."

Bloodshot takes in the Chainsaw crew... his new "family."

BLOODSHOT

Wounded warriors. I get it.

HARTING

No longer wounded. Enhanced. Improved.
And most of all, given purpose. This is why
they're here. Same with you.

TIBBS

Welcome to the freak show.

EXT. ROOFTOP PLATFORM - DAY

Bloodshot faces off against Harting, on opposite ends of this outdoor dojo.

Chest-high metal rods like half-built columns punctuate the space between Bloodshot and Harting in a spread-out grid.

Harting draws a SAMURAI SWORD from its scabbard, wielding it with his prosthetic arm.

HARTING

For this exercise, you must disarm me.

BLOODSHOT

You made a pun there.

HARTING

Take the sword from my hand.

Harting gets into a defensive stance. Watchful.

BLOODSHOT

One question, doc. Will any of this training help get my memory back?

HARTING

Your memory? I don't know. It's possible.
With enough stimulation, the nanites --

BLOODSHOT

(I got my answer)
Whatever, let's do this.

Bloodshot advances, quick on his feet...

For a few moments the two dance, lunging and dodging...

But then Harting strikes, snake-swift, the blade SLICING Bloodshot in the leg.

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)
Shit! Hang on, time out, I'm --

Harting stabs him AGAIN.

Bloodshot falls over in mortal pain.

INT. THE SHED - DAY

A windowless room with tumbling mats for a floor.

Under fluorescent light, Bloodshot and KP square off. She has a sleek metal QUARTER-STAFF but Bloodshot is empty-handed.

BLOODSHOT
So what are we doing now?

Harting's voice booms from the intercom overhead. And Bloodshot finds him watching from a plate glass window.

HARTING (V.O.)
Try to reach the door behind KP.

KP winks at Bloodshot.

BLOODSHOT
That one right there?

KP pulls down a set of high-tech GOGGLES and then --

The lights go OUT. And it is crazy dark now.

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)
Waitaminute --

But we can hear the WHOOSH-WHOOSH of the quarter-staff in motion and barely make out the silhouette of KP advancing --

KP'S POV

In a green-ish world, she attacks Bloodshot, who's trying to get his bearings but then she sweeps his legs from under him and he goes down HARD on the mat --

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)
Shit!

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

A hooded and bound Bloodshot rides next to Tibbs as they soar between the mountains.

TIBBS

World record is twenty-two minutes, believe it or not. That's crazy, isn't it? So you gotta make half an hour.

BLOODSHOT

Half an hour doing what?

Tibbs then PUSHES him out of the helicopter.

Bloodshot FALLS thirty feet to certain death -- SLAMMING against the surface of a --

LAKE

TIBBS (O.S.)

Holding your breath!

Hands bound, Bloodshot begins to sink... panic setting in.

HARTING (V.O.)

Take control of your body -- adapt.

Bloodshot flexes -- breaks the plastic cuffs -- swims for the surface just as --

Tibbs spots him with his sniper rifle from the helicopter -- opens fire. Bloodshot panics -- can't break the surface without taking a head shot.

BLOODSHOT (V.O.)

What if this kills me?

HARTING (V.O.)

The nanites will signal us if you lose consciousness. We can revive you.

EXT. SCRAPYARD OUTSIDE THE SHED - DAY

So Long stands at a charcoal grill where he's heated up several rocks until they glow.

Bloodshot stands opposite him, uneasy.

SO LONG

You're gonna hold one of these in your hand until you can count to twenty.

So Long pulls out a scalding hot rock with a pair of tongs.

BLOODSHOT

But that thing's --

SO LONG

Hold out your hand.

Bloodshot reluctantly does so. So Long drops the stone into his hand -- and Bloodshot immediately DROPS the thing --

BLOODSHOT

Shit!

So Long turns around to smirk at a watchful HARTING from an elevated observation deck.

SO LONG

I woulda done it on the first try.

EXT. ROOFTOP PLATFORM - RESUME

Bloodshot falls hard, clutching his leg.

Instead of blood, a black fluid like tar, full of nanites, spreads quickly.

HARTING

I nicked the femoral artery. Close the wound quickly. Focus. A normal man would die from this in twenty seconds.

Bloodshot is breathing hard, panicking.

BLOODSHOT

I'm gonna die --

HARTING

You don't have to.

BLOODSHOT

Oh my god you're a terrible doctor.

His eyes start to roll up into his head, and the red circle on his chest begins to GLOW a warning, and --

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

Bloodshot wakes up suddenly and reaches for his leg, to find he's in a hospital room, hooked up to high-tech EKG gear.

Harting stands at the door, arms crossed.

HARTING

Try again.

INT. THE SHED - RESUME

Back to the KP test in darkness. She's still whooping his ass before he can take two steps in any direction.

BLOODSHOT
I can't see a thing!

HARTING (V.O.)
Then fix it so you can.

Breathing hard, staying low, Bloodshot blinks --

ENDOSCOPIC SHOT: Inside his eye, just behind the lens, rods and cones reorganizing until the eye becomes more CAT-LIKE and then --

BLOODSHOT'S POV

Now he can see her. And the door. Everything has more of a desaturated feel; grainy. But visible.

BLOODSHOT MOVES -- and KP attacks -- but this time he's ready for her, parrying and dodging --

BLOODSHOT
It's working!

And then a new overlay appears as Bloodshot fights KP: A high tech TARGETING RETICULE, tracing KP's movement, analyzing --

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)
This tech even has combat analytics. Bam!

He gets a good counterattack on KP, turning the tide...

KP
Don't hate me for this.

So KP then throws a chemical at his face and BLINDS HIM.

BLOODSHOT
Oh COME ON!

KP then attacks him again -- and Bloodshot falls HARD to the floor with a THUD, arms splayed out --

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

Bloodshot sits up, waking suddenly, with the electrodes on his chest as his circular scar FADES. He gasps for air.

EXT. HIDDEN LAKE - DAY

Bloodshot's below the surface... he exhales... focusing.

But then he starts to panic, old survival instincts screaming that he can't be doing what he's doing, and GLUB-GLUB --

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

Bloodshot sits up, waking suddenly, in a coughing fit.

EXT. SCRAPYARD OUTSIDE THE SHED - RESUME

Bloodshot's clenched hand trembles as smoke curls up from the molten ROCK he's holding, hissing through his teeth:

BLOODSHOT
Nineteen... twenty!

He drops the thing right away and stares at his hand --

The badly burned flesh instantly REPAIRS, softly shushing the sizzling flesh until he's back to normal.

Bloodshot look up, triumphant, until he sees So Long coming at him with something new --

A blowtorch.

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)
WHOA WHOA --

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

Bloodshot wakes again, with the same EKG electrodes on his chest. He checks his skin for burns. Just pale flesh instead.

INT. THE SHED - RESUME

The lights clack back on, but the chemical toxins KP threw at Bloodshot still have him blinded. KP attacks, demanding:

KP
Adapt again! Come on!

Bloodshot strains his ears again --

ENDOSCOPIC SHOT: Inside the eardrum, the space begins to reform, allowing him to hear every minute sound --

KP'S STAFF comes sailing down to strike him in the head but then Bloodshot CATCHES the blow with his palms and in two swift twists he DISARMS her of the weapon.

Standing triumphant, Bloodshot raises his arms.

BLOODSHOT
Adapted! I don't need eyes to know I look good right now.

KP can't help but grin at Bloodshot's sudden snark, especially when she pulls a swift KICK TO HIS NUTS --

Bloodshot immediately collapses in a heap on the floor, wheezing in pain.

KP

You still have weak spots. Remember that. Trick isn't that you're invincible. It's that you can get back up.

KP crouches down by Bloodshot, listening to him breathe through his teeth.

KP (CONT'D)

It's just pain.

BLOODSHOT

Easy for you to say --

KP

Control the blood flow, the muscle group around that whole area. Trust me, I'm doing you a favor.

Bloodshot starts to get up again but not before looking bewildered at KP:

BLOODSHOT

How?

KP

Later on you'll realize this level of control has... other uses.

She means sex, Bloodshot.

EXT. ROOFTOP PLATFORM - SUNSET

Bloodshot now has to deal with SPINNING BLADES that pop out of the grid of metal poles. As he moves for Harting, he's SLICED across one bicep.

He grunts, grits his teeth... and the wound SEALS UP.

Two more spinning blades CUT into him as he weaves for Harting, and both times he breathes through his mouth and the cuts self-repair.

Then Harting STRIKES, but Bloodshot DODGES, and Harting's arm is so strong, the sword cuts right through a metal rod. BZZP! One less spinning blade for Bloodshot to worry about.

Harting strikes again, an overhead blow this time --

Bloodshot CLAPS his hands together, CATCHING the blade --

But not quite as elegantly as he'd like. Black blood drips down his arm.

Grabbing the blade with both hands, his palms getting badly sliced, he wrenches the sword from Harting.

It clatters to the floor.

HARTING (CONT'D)

Congrats. What you've become, what we've done this last week... it's remarkable.

Bloodshot clasps hands with Harting, congratulating... and then Harting plunges a SEPPUKU KNIFE into Bloodshot's gut.

BLOODSHOT

Sonofabitch, doc--

Bloodshot is suddenly on his knees. In shock at seeing the hilt sticking out of his abdomen.

HARTING

The ancient samurai were mentally prepared for death. Trained for it. Your training must surpass that. I have given you a mortal wound. If you get one out there in the world, and you don't heal yourself, then it's lights out. Because we won't be there to revive you.

Bloodshot grimaces. Bleeding out on the rocks. He notices his skin starts to turn GRAY as it does.

And then, through his shirt -- a brief PULSE OF RED LIGHT in the shape of a circle. Exactly where his chest scar is.

BLOODSHOT

What... was that...

HARTING

An alert system hardwired into the nanites, when you're starting to lose too much of them. When you're about to die. Unless you do something, right now. Your body has the power but your mind has doubt. Leap of faith time. Step off that ledge.

BLOODSHOT

I... can't...

FLASH ON: Aussie... smiling. *That smug bastard.* Is this a sign Bloodshot is getting some memory back? BACK TO:

HARTING

Then I'm sorry. For both of us. If you can't do this, I'd rather you die here, at Rising Spirit, than out there, losing any chance I might have to study your remains.

Bloodshot pulls out the sword and lets it clatter on the rocks beneath him.

BLOODSHOT

Two... things...

Bloodshot contorts in pain -- then rises to his knees.

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)

First... that hurt. A lot.

He slowly stands... *the gut-wound closing before our eyes.*

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)

Second... we made a deal. I survive your stress tests, you help me keep my promise: find that Aussie prick and end him.

Harting can't help but smile.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Bloodshot stares intently. Rubbing his chin.

REVERSE to reveal the object of his attention: A fully-stocked VENDING MACHINE. Chips, snacks, candy, energy drinks.

Bloodshot puts in a full twenty dollars. And starts pressing buttons.

KP enters, carrying something under one arm. A box.

KP

Hey.

BLOODSHOT

Hey yourself.

KP

Just wanted to check in, see how you are.

Bloodshot pulls a bag of nacho cheese tortilla chips from the vending machine. Opens it. Tries one. As he does:

BLOODSHOT

Well, I lived through Harting's whole samurai speech, so I got that going for me.

Bloodshot shrugs at the nacho cheese chip. Sets the bag aside and presses another button. This time it's peanut butter crackers. He tries one.

KP

Yeah, he can be melodramatic. But it's because he's a man of principle and-- what are you doing?

Bloodshot is now sampling cookies. He likes these.

BLOODSHOT

Figuring out what I like. These --
 (holds up chips)
 -- are an abomination. But these --
 (holds up cookies)
 -- I could eat a hundred, right now.

KP

You want to, but when you do, you immediately regret it. Trust me.
 (then)
 You really don't remember anything?

Bloodshot gets a far-off look in his eye, smiling sadly.

BLOODSHOT

I remember Gina... She's the only mirror I have to my life. You know? I don't know the things I did, but I know her smile.
 (beat)
 So either she was way out of my league and I got lucky, or I was a goddamn saint.

KP

Well. I ever find a guy, and his memory gets wiped but he still remembers me, I'd say I'm the lucky one.

It's a loaded moment... a bond forming between these two. Mutual respect, maybe a little envy from KP.

That's when she offers him the box tucked under her arm.

BLOODSHOT

What is this?

KP

The Navy shipped you out with your personal effects, I guess to make it cleaner for them. Maybe... maybe something will jog your memory. Just don't tell anyone I gave this to you.

Bloodshot takes the box like it's the Crown Jewels.

INT. BLOODSHOT'S BUNK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bloodshot stares at the box, then opens it.

Inside: A broken wrist watch. A wallet that's been gutted except for a few discount cards, and...

An iPod. Bloodshot tries to power it up -- it's dead.

But he finds a charger under a shirt.

ONE MINUTE LATER

The device boots up and he can access it. The first app that jumps out at him is "Music."

Already queued on the playlist is some classic Def Leppard. The cow bell sounds tinny on the little speaker.

BLOODSHOT

"It's better to burn out, than to fade away." How could I ever forget you guys?

He pauses the music and closes the app.

That's when he sees the Photos feature. Clicks on it.

In the Camera Roll: PHOTOS OF GINA.

Candid moments of her dressed for a night out with him -- posed as if she's asking, "How do I look?"

He thumbs through the pics, none of them really featuring much in the way of scenery beyond Gina on vacation with him.

Then one image, Gina running her hand through her hair --

QUICK POP:

Suddenly Bloodshot is in that very moment, right then, watching Gina run her hand through her hair, smiling coyly.

BACK TO SCENE

Bloodshot trembles at the vivid moment. He nearly looks around the room as if he can suddenly smell her perfume...

But he is all alone. And his shoulders slump.

His HAND grips the bunk, and he starts to WARP THE METAL with a sorrow coming out as rage. But the groan of metal turns to:

EXT. HONG KONG SKYLINE

THE ROAR of a helicopter on arrival to Rising Spirit.

CUT TO:

INDIVIDUAL FACES flickering by -- thirty per second --

TIBBS (O.S.)
 Encrypted hard-line access to the
 CIA/Interpol shared database.

POP OUT TO REVEAL:

INT. RISING SPIRIT, SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

Bloodshot watches the headshots on a view screen, Tibbs and Harting behind him.

TIBBS
 Every driver's licence, passport, and
 mugshot ever taken. Three billion some-odd
 folks...

BLOODSHOT
 Facebook for feds.

Thousands of images reflect off Bloodshot's dark eyes.

TIBBS (CONT'D)
 If that Aussie is the needle, this is your
 haystack.

HARTING
 I'm running a diagnostic on your nanites'
 bioelectrical system, so you may experience
 some weird lapses...

Bloodshot doesn't respond. Tibbs SNAPS his fingers in front of Bloodshot: doesn't even blink.

HARTING (CONT'D)
 He's already gone.

BLOODSHOT'S POV: Time slows to a crawl, each face holding on screen for a beat.

Bloodshot takes it all in. Waiting for a FLASH OF:

AUSSIE
 Thanks for the advice.

GUNSHOT RIPS US BACK TO:

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

The place is deserted. Bloodshot is alone. Hasn't moved -- hasn't blinked -- in hours. *His vigil of vengeance.*

Suddenly Bloodshot's face begins to twitch, like a contortionist who can no longer hold his pose.

Sweat beads on his brow... finally he reaches up, pauses the images dancing by.

ON SCREEN: one face. Familiar. Australian.

This is his guy. The man who shot Gina in front of him. And now we have a name, glowing at us under the profile pic:

BLOODSHOT
Martin Axe. Found you.

INT. RST OPS CENTER - NIGHT

So Long and Harting argue in front of an array of high-tech networked computers, unaware that the mugshots of bad guys have finally stopped on Martin Axe.

SO LONG
I just don't get it. You could pump me full of nanites instead of him. Why bother with Mister Broken Heart at all?

HARTING
You're right. You don't get it. It isn't skill or training that makes him perfect, it's what drives him.

SO LONG
Technology.

HARTING
You know the myth of Tantalus? Cursed for the rest of his days to be surrounded by fruit and water that recedes every time he reaches for it? That's Bloodshot. He's ever reaching for what he can't have.
(beat)
It's his prison.

SO LONG
I'll take his prison over mine any day.

More data on Axe starts to fill screens. Files opened. Surveillance photography. It's the digital version of dumping a trash bin full of personal records.

The computer system CHIMES with an alert, finally attracting Harting's attention. He looks over at all the search data clearly culled by Bloodshot.

SO LONG (CONT'D)
Martin Axe? Who's this?

ON ONE SCREEN: "Last known location: ST. PETERSBURG."

Bloodshot barrels into the room, surprising the men.

BLOODSHOT
I need to get to Russia.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - LATER

Bloodshot gets a a fake passport from Tibbs.

TIBBS
Given US tensions with Putin, we can't risk an incident on Russian soil. That means you're gonna be on your own -- no insertion, no back-up, no exfil.

Tibbs notices Bloodshot checking the sights and thumbing the safety on a Desert Eagle.

TIBBS (CONT'D)
You can't take that on the plane, you know.

BLOODSHOT
Considering my own blood will probably trip the metal scanner, I'll have to get creative with my travel.

The rest of Chainsaw hangs back, saying "goodbye" without saying it. Bloodshot takes a deep breath... *is he nervous?*

KP
Think you're ready? Few days ago you were a corpse.

BLOODSHOT
Says the woman with the broken neck.

KP and Bloodshot share a look... *is she worried about him?*

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)
I'll be fine... survived the freakshow, didn't I?

SO LONG

We pulled our punches. Last time you saw this Axe clown, guy put a bullet in your brain...

BLOODSHOT

I intend to return the favor.

SO LONG

(taunting)

Killing him isn't gonna bring your wife back.

BLOODSHOT

Being a dick isn't gonna bring your balls back.

So Long's on his feet -- Bloodshot holds his ground.

TIBBS

Calm down, ladies -- you're both pretty.

Bloodshot notices his pale skin.

BLOODSHOT

I kinda look like I sleep in a coffin.

HARTING

Don't like what you see? Change it.

BLOODSHOT

Ha ha. Wait, really?

HARTING

(samurai wisdom)

The body is but an extension of the mind.

Bloodshot considers this. He closes his eyes and exhales...

MICROSCOPIC SHOT: Bloodshot's skin cells -- one by one they transform from deathly pale to a robust flesh tone --

PULL OUT: the transformation SPREADS like a wave -- continue PULLING OUT to reveal:

Bloodshot... his complexion healthy and vibrant.

KP smiles. *He's definitely ready.*

HARTING (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

You'll brief us every six hours...

INT. RISING SPIRIT, GROUND FLOOR - EARLIER THAT DAY

Harting leads Bloodshot to the front door. Bloodshot looks startlingly normal, like he was when we first saw him.

HARTING

Nanites use voice over IP so just ask for a connection.

There's a beat of silence... this is it. Bloodshot's leaving.

BLOODSHOT

I appreciate you letting me do this. I would've felt a pang of guilt if I had to escape instead.

HARTING

This is a test, for both of us. But as I've said, there comes a time when you have to step off the ledge.

(then)

I'm a dead man if you don't come back.

BLOODSHOT

Being dead isn't so bad.

(then)

I'll come back.

EXT. HONG KONG INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

On a man-made island, giant commercial planes are literally coming in just a hundred feet over hotels and condos to land.

Out on the tarmac, a herd of PASSENGERS board a 747 while BAGGAGE HANDLERS load the freight compartment.

Lingering on the line of Passengers as they ascend the stairs... No sign of Bloodshot here...

BLOODSHOT (V.O.)

You've given me a second chance -- a chance to make things right.

But then an ASIAN BAGGAGE HANDLER climbs into the freight compartment with a box marked "fragile."

INT. 747 FREIGHT COMPARTMENT

The Handler sets the box down, walling off a section of the compartment. The Handler then sits behind that wall of baggage, takes off his ear protectors...

And stares at his hands. He begins SHAKING HIS HEAD like he has water in his ear or something, but then his FACE CHANGES--

MICROSCOPIC SEQUENCE: The brown eyes around his pupils shift to a different color, the skin tone shifts, and then--

It's BLOODSHOT sitting in the freight compartment. He checks himself in the reflective surface of a chrome support beam.

BLOODSHOT

Damn. I looked good as an Asian dude.

EXT. SKY OVER CHINA - DAY

The 747 vaults into the stratosphere.

INT. 747 FREIGHT COMPARTMENT

Bloodshot has three different suitcases open, pulling out potential clothing options and placing them against his chest to see if they'd fit. All the while he's singing to himself:

BLOODSHOT

If you think I'll sit around while you chip
away my brain / Listen I ain't foolin' and
you'd better think again --

He finds a turtleneck that looks like a good fit and tosses it into a Tumi briefcase he's gutted to claim his own.

A bag of homemade COOKIES sits in his lap, pulled from someone's checked luggage. Bloodshot looks up at nothing in particular and says:

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)

Open new window. Access employee roster for
Halcyon Technologies.

He takes a bite of a cookie --

BLOODSHOT POV

Suddenly the MUSIC OF JUDAS PRIEST is blasting in his head and we're looking at a slew of holographic website data floating in front of us, a dozen windows multitasking.

JUDAS PRIEST

(music video window)

If you think I'll let it go you're mad,
you've got another thing comin'.

One website pulls up a set of EMPLOYEE RECORDS for a tech company while other pages show satellite PHOTOS of a corporate compound in St. Petersburg. It's an old building with rows of very expensive cars out front.

The employee records page SCROLLS as if by mental command.

INT. RST OPS CENTER - DAY

The same EMPLOYEE RECORDS show on the screens here at RST. They're seeing all of Bloodshot's inquiries real-time.

Also, they're victim to his music selection.

KP sits with Harting in the center, watching the data go by like a pair of voyeurs.

KP

Is that Judas Priest?

HARTING

(sigh)

Yes. He's using our Internet server link as his personal jukebox.

KP leans in, increasingly fascinated.

KP

He used Axe's income return forms to locate a Russian shell company Axe uses as cover.

(sees another screen)

Now he's pulling up the building's history. Is he looking for a point of access?

HARTING

He can't just walk in and ask to murder a high-tech arms dealer. So, I'd say yes.

On the screens, faces of different RUSSIAN MEN AND WOMEN whip by, with employee ID numbers.

KP

So what's he doing with that employee roster?

HARTING

Probably figuring out how many are working the night shift.

THE SCREENS switch to a new video website with the title "Language Learners."

The first video: "Learning Russian. Lesson one."

The video plays at DOUBLE SPEED, all the while Judas Priest still WAILS their guitars, right into --

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG AIRPORT - DUSK

The 747 now parked at a gate.

BAGGAGE HANDLERS dressed for the cold weather unload the luggage from a conveyor belt as the bags travel from the belly of the plane.

The Handlers turn around to grab another suitcase but instead find BLOODSHOT riding the conveyor down, dressed more warmly now himself, too, and carrying his (stolen) briefcase.

BLOODSHOT
 (in Russian, subtitled)
*Luggage inspection. You handled that
 fragile box like it was your woman, good
 job. Here, have a cookie.*

Bloodshot leaves the mystified Handler with the cookie bag.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG - DAY

Soaring above the northern capital of Russia, fourth largest city in Europe. Sun glistens off the snow-capped rooftops.

Street level. ALEXI KRIEGER, parks his car. Groceries in hand, he enters the front door of his up-scale flat.

KRIEGER
 Viktor!

INT. KRIEGER'S FLAT - DAY

Silence. Krieger grabs a box of dog treats from his bag. He heads into the kitchen and finds --

KRIEGER
 Viktor.

His DOBERMAN. Krieger shakes the box... but the dog could care less... he's chomping on something else.

KRIEGER (CONT'D)
 (Russian, subtitled)
What you got there?

Krieger moves closer -- *sees that the dog is eating a steak?*
 Suddenly -- phone cord goes around Krieger's neck --
 Bloodshot pulls it tight -- Krieger struggles --

BLOODSHOT
 If I wanted you dead, you'd be dead.

Krieger gasps for air --

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)

Alexi Krieger. Yeah, I know who you are.
You got an attack dog like Viktor for
protection because you're not a fighter.
So listen t--OOOF!

Krieger's ELBOW jams right in Bloodshot's gut --

Then Krieger STOMPS Bloodshot's foot --

Bloodshot loses his grip on the cord for a moment, and so
Krieger LUNGES for the knife block --

Bloodshot PULLS back -- too late -- Krieger GRABS a blade --
LAUNCHES himself backwards -- SLAMS Bloodshot into the
fridge -- again -- and again --

Doberman just watches -- that steak is *really* good.

WHAM -- Bloodshot loses his grip on the cord. Krieger spins
around -- STABS at Bloodshot -- the blade goes through
Bloodshot's hand --

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)

Seriously?! What's the dog for?!

Krieger sees he has the upper hand now, with Bloodshot
impaled next to his fridge.

KRIEGER

Disposing of bodies. I will carve you up
now.

BLOODSHOT

Here's your knife back.

Bloodshot PUSHES his impaled hand further down the knife.

A stunned Krieger watches as Bloodshot's black blood heals
the wound around the blade -- GRIPPING it so he can pull the
weapon out of a Krieger's hand.

KRIEGER

My god...

Bloodshot headbutts the Russian -- BLACKNESS.

EXT. KRIEGER'S FLAT - NIGHT

Krieger wakes with a start, tied to a chair. Tied with
various extension cords. It's a weird mix of different
household items around the chair, including a curling iron.

BLOODSHOT

Couldn't find any rope or tape so I had to make do. By the way -- curling iron?

KRIEGER

Ex-girlfriend left it. Who are you?

BLOODSHOT

I'm not up for discussion. Martin Axe is. You worked with him up until last month when you were let go. You worked in R&D. You know what he's doing here. And what I can expect if I come at him.

Krieger keeps staring at Bloodshot's hand. His *perfectly healed hand*, as if he'd never been stabbed.

KRIEGER

Your blood... it's been replaced? Micro-robotic proteins, yes? I hear rumors... never believed them. But you healed, yes?

BLOODSHOT

I know a few parlor tricks. So, Martin Axe. What did you do for him? Let's start there.

KRIEGER

Will tell you everything. But for a price... your blood. A sample.

Bloodshot considers the proposition...

KRIEGER (CONT'D)

All you want to know... why Axe is here, how you can get to him.

Bloodshot gets a shot glass from the bar, grabs a knife. Krieger hesitates... *is Bloodshot going use it on Krieger?*

Bloodshot puts his own hand over the glass -- grits his teeth and -- *holy shit* -- cuts off his own finger.

BLOODSHOT

(through the pain)

Talk.

Black blood runs into the shot glass...

KRIEGER

An EMP bomb. That's what he hired me to build for him.

BLOODSHOT

What for? He robbing a casino?

KRIEGER

No, this -- big enough to shut down entire city. He hired me to build it --

BLOODSHOT

What for?

KRIEGER

In my line of work, you don't ask that question. Curiosity gets you dead. All I care is that check clears.

BLOODSHOT

How often did you meet with Axe?

KRIEGER

Only once in person. Rest of time, he would use intermediaries. I don't think he even has office in that building.

BLOODSHOT

So how do I get to him?

KRIEGER

I do not know --

BLOODSHOT

I just cut off my finger.

KRIEGER

No one does! He's paranoid -- doesn't tell anyone where he's staying in the city. Takes all his calls on an encrypted cell. If you want him, you have to draw him out.

Bloodshot takes a beat. Gets an idea --

BLOODSHOT

Where is the bomb?

KRIEGER

He's sitting on it in Bolshoi Port, but he leaves in morning. He has a small army guarding it -- getting in is not possible.

BLOODSHOT

You'd be surprised by what's possible.

Bloodshot takes his severed finger, winces as he pushes it against the stump... nanites stitch it back in place. Krieger can barely believe his eyes.

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)

If you're lying to me, I'll come back. Get a sample of your blood.

KRIEGER

What you have given me... it is worth more than ten mass EMPs.

Bloodshot holds up the shot glass...

BLOODSHOT

You mean this?

And drinks his own blood. Krieger is heartbroken. Bloodshot scratches Viktor's head before slipping out.

KRIEGER

(to the dog)

Traitor.

EXT. NEVISKIY BLVD - NIGHT

Bloodshot moves quickly down the street, talking to himself.

BLOODSHOT

Less than a kilometer.

He's using voice over IP to speak with --

INT. COMMAND HUB, RISING SPIRIT - INTERCUT WITH ABOVE

Harting, looking over satellite images of the Bolshoi Port. Techs and the Chainsaw team work furiously behind him. A GPS marker indicates Bloodshot's location on a 3-D map.

HARTING (INTO COM)

Bolshoi is a private shipping center, minimal government interference.

BLOODSHOT

Good waystation for exporting really nasty black market weapons.

KP analyzes surveillance photos of the port...

KP

Redundant perimeter, interior fence is electrified. Two dozen guards with dogs on a variable rotation.

HARTING

Tibbs, run scenarios for point-of-entry --

BLOODSHOT
Already found P.O.E.

HARTING
Chances of detection?

BLOODSHOT
Pretty high. Going through the front.

TIBBS
Pretty high?

INT. GUARD HOUSE - NIGHT

Two armed SECURITY GUARDS are smoking inside the gate house when one of them notices on the monitor --

EXT. MAIN GATE - CONTINUOUS

Bloodshot walking right up to the front gate. Both guards emerge. *Note: Dialogue in italics is subtitled.*

GUARD
*Private property, asshole.
You don't belong here.*

BLOODSHOT
Here to see Martin Axe.

GUARD
(incredulous)
Really? The nature of your business?

BLOODSHOT
I'm going to kill him.

The guard looks back at his buddy -- *is this guy for real?*
In a flash -- Bloodshot RIPS the rifle out of the guard's hands -- the other guard PANICS -- opens fire --

Shoots Bloodshot AND the other guard.

Both bodies fall to the snow -- dead. Surviving guard's face says it all -- *fuck me.*

INT. RST OPS CENTER - THAT MOMENT

Harting, Tibbs, and KP all stare at the surveillance and satellite footage. For a moment, the three of them share a look of utter shock and horror.

Then, a smile spreads over KP's face.

INT. CARGO HOLD, HADES OCEAN FREIGHTER - NIGHT

A Russian copycat of an American cartoon plays on a small TV.

One lone WATCHMAN with an AK-47 sits at a desk, enjoying the show with a grin. Then he stands as a group of OTHER GUARDS led by a MERCENARY COMMANDER (M.C.) haul in two bodies in black body bags. M.C. takes Bloodshot's Desert Eagle from the Guards, inspects it, nods, then sets it down, ordering:

M.C.

Put them on the tables here.

The Guards obey, then leave.

Meanwhile, the M.C. goes to the Watchman's desk and grabs a handset to the freighter's internal phone line.

M.C. (CONT'D)

(beat)

There's been an incident. An intruder attempted to gain entry but Ivan shot and killed him at the gangway. The other Ivan was killed, too. Friendly fire.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - THAT MOMENT

Revealing MARTIN AXE sitting up in bed, handset to his ear. He's getting out now like this is mobilizing news.

AXE

Is he American?

(beat)

Are you sure he's dead?

Axe reaches out and grabs a little REMOTE, thumbing it to activate the little LED screen: "ARMED."

INT. CARGO HOLD - THAT MOMENT

The M.C. listens to his orders from Axe.

M.C.

Stay with them? Yes sir.

The M.C. hangs up and looks back at the body bags, like, *Why the hell am I babysitting dead men?* Next to him, the Watchman remains standing but goes back to his cartoons.

In the background, visible between these two thugs, one of the body bags begins to UNZIP ITSELF.

Behind them, Bloodshot SITS UP. Looks over at the men.

Bloodshot picks up his Desert Eagle off the table.

WATCHMAN

This is my favorite part.

M.C.

You seen it already? Why watch again?
Don't you want to be surprised?

Bloodshot SHOOTS THEM BOTH -- double taps -- they collapse.

He grabs assault rifle from the M.C.

INT. HADES OCEAN FREIGHTER - MOMENTS LATER

Bloodshot makes his way down the narrow metal steps, armed with the AK-47. He ducks into the --

INT. UTILITY ROOM, HADES FREIGHTER - CONTINUOUS

Bloodshot searches the various panels -- finds the power line, RIPS it out.

INT. CARGO HOLD - CONTINUOUS

Lights out --

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Power goes out here but emergency lighting flickers on, revealing MARTIN AXE with a shotgun, alert as a cat after a shot of espresso.

His crew of MERCS are close. Four, five... at least six.

AXE

He's here. He's down in the hold.
(then)
That means GO, you idiots.

INT. FREIGHTER CARGO HOLD - MOMENTS LATER

Axe's MERCS make their way into the bowels of the freighter, weapons ready... Flashlights sweeping...

Totally unaware that in the shadows -- Bloodshot watches.

His eyes are tinged with a dull crimson GLOW, tracking them with a nanite-induced infrared filter until --

He STRIKES, blasting in the dark -- all rage and brutality; gone is the wisecracking man we thought we knew --

One, two, three men go down before they know what hit them --

But there are too many, and from the door:

AXE (O.S.)

It's him!

Bloodshot finds Axe at the entry, a silhouette against the deck lights beyond, and Bloodshot forgets about the other MERCS around him, it's all about getting to Axe --

Bloodshot FIRES at Axe, who ducks away --

-- And that's when two Mercs GUN BLOODSHOT DOWN.

He starts to get up again --

MERC

Sonuva--

And they shoot him AGAIN.

MERC (CONT'D)

What d'you think he was on? PCP?

The Merc kicks at Bloodshot's corpse. Bloodshot rolls over, handgun in his grip, and BLASTS at the Merc, dropping him --

The SECOND MERC freaks out, FIRES AGAIN, two to the chest...

AXE (O.S.)

Did you get him?

MERC 2

I think?

Merc 2 is out of ammo. As he's reloading -- Bloodshot gets up FOR A THIRD TIME, teeth gritted, oozing black from the corner of his mouth, and SHOOTS the final Merc in the head.

This man absolutely will not stop, despite the mortal pain. And speaking of pain--

Bloodshot then spits up half a dozen spent bullets.

AT THE DOOR, Axe peers back inside, tense...

AXE

Is it safe?

In the dark, a shadow moves for him. But this shadow's eyes glow red, as well as a RED CIRCLE in his torso.

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Axe BURSTS into the dark kitchen -- on the run. From behind --

BLOODSHOT'S VOICE
You murdered my wife.

Axe spins -- FIRES -- nothing.

BLOODSHOT'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Shot her in the head.

Axe spins, SHOOTS again -- still nothing. *Knows he's screwed.*

AXE
This really about some girl?

BLOODSHOT'S VOICE
You don't remember.

Axe FIRES blindly --

BLOODSHOT'S VOICE (CONT'D)
But I do.

Muzzle FLASH reveals Bloodshot next to him. Axe LUNGES for the door --

EXT. OCEAN FREIGHTER - CONTINUOUS

Axe BURSTS on to the deck -- Bloodshot right behind him --
Axe RUNS for the railing, to dive off --

A GUNSHOT to the back puts Axe on the deck, face down.

Axe WAILS, then tries to crawl -- but he's lost feeling in his legs. The shot paralyzed him.

Bloodshot steps close, the Desert Eagle in his hand... And he looks scarier than ever. Full of primal rage. Sneering:

BLOODSHOT
You were casual about it. Like she didn't matter at all. She mattered to me.

Axe rolls over to face his enemy. Bloodshot is holding out his iPod, "reminding" Axe of Gina with a photo of her. He's been carrying it with him this whole time.

Axe shows Bloodshot what's in his hand: A REMOTE. BLINKING.

AXE
Better hope you can run fast...

AXE'S POV

Bloodshot stares down at us along the sights of the massive Desert Eagle. He says right at our face:

BLOODSHOT
Thanks for the advice.

BLAM! MUZZLE FLASH whites us out.

INT. RST OPS CENTER - THAT MOMENT

On the satellite feed, a HEAT BALLOON or similar light begins to blossom from the cargo ship. Klaxons CHIME from the system as Techs scramble to isolate what just happened --

HARTING
What is that, talk to me.

TECH
Got a power spike in the hold, something's been triggered --

HARTING
Nuclear?

TECH
No. Electromagnetic.

HARTING
Christ --
(into headset)
Listen, you have to move now.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

From the high railing of the freighter thirty feet up, Bloodshot LEAPS to the concrete dock -- His legs break, knees buckle, and he rolls in pain.

But a moment later he gets back up, the nanites stitching his broken legs together... One step, then two... then --

He's running again -- with Harting in his ear --

HARTING'S VOICE
An EMP has been triggered -- you have ten seconds to get clear!

BLOODSHOT
What happens if I'm in it?

HARTING'S VOICE
Very bad things.

So Bloodshot runs. Faster than ever.

On approach to the GATEHOUSE, he uses his momentum to LEAP onto the roof of a parked car, and then to the roof of the gatehouse --

And now he's hauling ass OVER ROOFTOPS, vaulting across alleys at 35MPH --

And then from the cargo ship a quarter-mile behind him: a distant CRACK and an abrupt BURST OF LIGHT --

Everything metal GROANS as a wave of shimmering magnetic energy BALLOONS from the belly of the cargo hold and then -- Lights out. Everywhere.

No loud explosion. No mushroom cloud. Just a rolling blackout like a ripple in a pond, rushing to Bloodshot and then --

BLOODSHOT

Not good not good not good --

OVERTAKING HIM and shutting out power --

INT. COMMAND HUB, RISING SPIRIT - CONTINUOUS

Harting's screen goes black -- his line to Bloodshot dead.

EXT. BOLSHOI PORT - CONTINUOUS

Bloodshot DOUBLES OVER in pain --

ENDOSCOPIC SHOT: Bloodshot's brain -- the nanites go dark -- then flicker -- a total system failure.

Bloodshot's eyes roll back --

INT. COMMAND HUB, RISING SPIRIT - SAME

Complete ass-puckering panic --

HARTING

Give me something -- an image --

TECH

You got it --

HARTING

I got black.

TECH

That's it. Not a light on for two hundred square miles.

HARTING

Give his face to the Russian police.

EXT. BOLSHOI PORT - NIGHT

Bloodshot's dying -- the nanites not re-booting -- his legs not healing -- like nothing he's experienced before.

Bloodshot FALLS to the snowy rooftop on his back. WHUMP.

His body begins to TURN GRAY...

And on his torso, dead-center, a RED CIRCLE of light pulses.

ENDOSCOPIC SHOT: Bloodshot's brain -- nanites FLICKER in unison -- trying to reboot -- finally they go dark.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

FRANTIC VISUAL COLLAGE

Day of the dead images -- coffins and carnations -- a child in skull face paint -- Ray and Gina in the hotel room --

INT. TIJUANA HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Bloodshot wakes in bed. Alone. Which seems... odd.

BLOODSHOT

Gina...?

He looks around -- finds the note.

Went to get us breakfast, back soon. Practice makes perfect.

Bloodshot smiles. Turns and catches his reflection in the mirror -- the scar on his chest is gone.

Or was it ever there?

BLOODSHOT (V.O., PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

Sorry to call so early. Just needed to talk...

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Bloodshot's on the balcony, leaving a message.

BLOODSHOT (INTO PHONE)

Thinking about getting out of the field, taking that instructor's post...

Remnants of the Day of the Dead festival litter the street below. It's all so... *familiar.*

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)
 (laughs to himself)
 Sorry, if we've, uh, talked about this
 before. Just had this crazy dream...
 anyway, call me.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bloodshot's in the shower... lost in thought. Keeps scrubbing the same spot on his chest... right where the scar should be. *Something is definitely wrong.* He turns off the water...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CREAK -- the door opens -- two Pros enter -- just as they did before. Head towards the steam-filled bathroom, passing the --

BALCONY

Where Bloodshot is clothed and ready -- SOG knife in hand. In a FLASH -- he takes out the first Pro. Second Pro LUNGES at Bloodshot -- who COUNTERS with ease, pinning his attacker against the balcony railing.

BLOODSHOT
 Where is she? Where's my wife.

Bloodshot remembers -- everything. Pro curses in Spanish --

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)
 Then I'll ask Martin Axe.

Bloodshot THROWS the Pro off the balcony before --

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Moving into the hall, ready for Axe. *But it's empty.* The stairwell door opens... *here we go...*

But it's just some OLD GUY with a ponytail. He sees the knife in Bloodshot's hand... freezes.

BLOODSHOT
 Go to your room -- lock the door.

Old Guy moves quickly past Bloodshot -- but then turns and --

STABS Bloodshot in the back with an auto-injector.

A shocked Bloodshot SPINS on the old guy... legs lock up... his vision... cloudy... finally he collapses.

BLACKNESS

We know what comes next -- Stairway to Heaven. Hood comes off, Bloodshot's back in the chair --

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

But it's not Axe in front him -- it's that old guy.

OLD GUY

Now *this*, this is torture.

GARRISON

Who --

OLD GUY

Led Zeppelin. Most overrated band --

GARRISON

-- are you?

OLD GUY

I think I'll ask the questions.

Bloodshot is beyond confused... What the hell is going on?

BLOODSHOT

Where's Martin... Axe?

OLD GUY

Who?

BLOODSHOT

He set this up... took my wife...

OLD GUY

Right about one thing...

The old guy gives the signal and his MEN drag in Gina, bound, gagged -- *but very much alive.*

Bloodshot smiles, tears welling up -- emotions overwhelming. Imagine finding the person you loved the most -- and lost -- only to know you're about to lose them again.

BLOODSHOT

Please... please don't do this...

OLD GUY

Just need to know about Colombia --

BLOODSHOT

I DON'T KNOW. I don't know... why are you doing this... why?

Ever see someone's soul crushed? *You're watching it.* Gina
SOBS -- Bloodshot tries to console her...

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)
I'm sorry... so sorry...

He closes his eyes -- can't look at her -- too real -- too
raw. We hold on Bloodshot's face...

GUNSHOT -- Bloodshot SHUDDERS -- Gina's SOBBING silenced.

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)
(defeated)
Just do it... just kill me...

Bloodshot looks up -- .45 pointed right at us, just like Axe,
but now it's the old guy's tattooed hand holding the gun.

OLD GUY
Thanks for the advice.

GUNSHOT RIPS US BACK TO:

Bloodshot. His eyes flutter open... he's groggy, restrained.
In the resurrection tank?

BLOODSHOT
It wasn't... Axe...

KRIEGER (O.C.)
No time.

Bloodshot looks around -- realizes he's actually in --

INT. KRIEGER'S WORK ROOM - NIGHT

Darkness. And the sound of a diesel generator running right
next to the bed Bloodshot's on.

Correction -- he's cuffed to the bed.
Further correction -- it's just a metal frame + box spring.

KRIEGER
Good. You're awake.

A set of JUMPER CABLES lead from the generator to the bare
metal of the bed. Krieger holds one free, then reaches out
and touches it to the box spring --

ELECTROCUTING Bloodshot. Bloodshot tries to pull free -- can
barely breathe --

BLOODSHOT
Russian bastard --

KRIEGER
You're dying.

BLOODSHOT
Yeah, I've done that before --

KRIEGER
Shut up -- I'm saving you.

Krieger hits him again -- Bloodshot SPASMS --

ENDOSCOPIC SHOT: Bloodshot's heart -- nanites flicker --
trying to come back online --

FLASH TO: a bald CHINESE MAN, .45 pointed right at us --

CHINESE MAN
Thanks --

BACK TO: Bloodshot -- teeth GRIND -- pain unbearable.

KRIEGER
It worked?

No response -- Krieger SHOCKS him again. Bloodshot contorts
in pain -- the chest scar GLOWS RED, his skin fades WHITE --

FLASH TO: a GERMAN with steely blue eyes, same .45 --

GERMAN
Thanks for the --

BACK TO: Bloodshot -- eyes bulging --

KRIEGER
Did it work?

Bloodshot just glares --

KRIEGER (CONT'D)
Don't understand -- nothing more I can do --
maximum voltage --

Krieger SHOCKS him again -- *God, that hurts.*

FLASH TO: an AFRICAN with a scar on his forehead --

AFRICAN
Thanks for the advice --

GUNSHOT RIPS US BACK TO:

Bloodshot -- finally BREAKS free -- FALLS to the floor.

His gray skin finally WARMS like a chameleon changing color back to a natural tone. The skin of someone living.

But instead of attacking Krieger, he repositions something between his teeth...

KRIEGER

It... worked?

BLOODSHOT

Yeah -- the first time. But I bit my tongue off... second and third times just hurt.

KRIEGER

Choosers are not beggars.

Bloodshot takes in his surroundings.

BLOODSHOT

How... how did I get here?

KRIEGER

I found you outside. When nanites went dark, your injuries stopped healing. EMP killed everything -- so I give you a jump.

Bloodshot's whole world is spinning...

BLOODSHOT

I saw my wife again. Like a dream...

Krieger gives him a sly smile...

KRIEGER

Was it nice?

BLOODSHOT

Not that kind of dream.

(beat)

I saw her die... but it wasn't Axe. It was some German dude, then an African with a scar, then an old guy, white ponytail, greek letters tattooed on his hand...

KRIEGER

That last one sounds like Nick Baris. "Death" tattooed on his hand. In Greek.

He's real. Bloodshot loosens his grip on Krieger --

KRIEGER (CONT'D)

Who is he?

KRIEGER (CONT'D)

Baris was arms dealer like Axe, offered me job last year... pay was shit so I tell him to take my number and lose it.

BLOODSHOT

Why didn't you just tell me?

KRIEGER

Because it means the myth is real!

BLOODSHOT

What myth? What are you talking about?

Krieger goes and sits down heavily in a chair nearby. He has the body language of a father who just learned his teenage daughter is pregnant.

KRIEGER

A contract killer, wiping out anyone who stole from RST. But the violence, the determination... This man is out for blood. Each time it is personal. A vendetta.

BLOODSHOT

(beat)

You think it's me?

Krieger shrugs, but it's clear he does.

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)

I was dead last month. And before that, I'd never heard of Harting or RST.

KRIEGER

Then maybe you are small part in bigger picture. Here is the question for you: What do you remember? What do you know is true, without a doubt?

That gives Bloodshot pause. It's catching up to him.

BLOODSHOT

(more to himself)

I wanted to kill him so badly... to make him pay... what if I was wrong?

(then)

I have to find out.

KRIEGER

EMP shut down everything -- four hundred clicks -- internet, airport, cars -- only thing working right now are trains coming in from out of town.

BLOODSHOT

Then I need to catch one.

INT. MOSKOVSKY STREET - NIGHT

Bloodshot limps down the street, Krieger by his side. In Bloodshot's hand: his iPod. Bricked by the EMP. Krieger doesn't notice the look of loss on his face.

KRIEGER

When you get to Moscow, power will be working -- find an internet café.

BLOODSHOT

I don't need an internet café. I have wifi in my veins.

KRIEGER

That wifi? You always connect to RST server first. You are behind their firewall. So they can monitor your Internet activity. I would not trust that.

BLOODSHOT

How do you know so much about RST?

KRIEGER

They have reputation. I have seen them take away everything from other tech designers. Discredit their name, make it impossible to return to their family, put them on global terrorist list, all to keep secrets for RST. They own you. If they can't own you, they banish you. And if that is too much work they simply kill you. They are, to use American slang, "bags of douche."

BLOODSHOT

Close but not quite.
(a breath)
Guess I'm on my own now.

KRIEGER

No. You are never alone. You have entire army at your command. Millions of little soldiers inside you, awaiting orders. If I give you any advice it is: Get creative.

BLOODSHOT

(nods)
Thank you. When I figure this all out, I may call on you again, for help.
(earnest)
And I'll get you that blood sample.

KRIEGER

(smiles)

You are thinking I did not take one, when
you were unconscious?

EXT. RUSSIAN TRAIN STATION - DUSK

This station is not much more than a platform and an outdated
train schedule on a wall.

Bloodshot waits for the next train, hands in his pockets. He
looks down the track:

A train approaches. But it doesn't seem to be slowing down.

At the other end of the platform, a RUSSIAN PATROLMAN steps
on. Walking cautiously toward Bloodshot.

Bloodshot casually turns his back to the cop and keeps his
collar up, but then he sees ANOTHER PATROLMAN flanking him.

BLOODSHOT

(sotto; sarcastic)

Looks like this is my train.

Except this one isn't stopping. It rockets past him...

The two PATROLMEN advance on Bloodshot, their radio handsets
squawking in some Russian dialect...

Bloodshot gets closer to the train, like he's ready to jump
the track soon as it's cleared the way --

The PATROLMEN pull their guns:

RUSSIAN PATROLMAN 1

(translated)

You there! Hands up!

Bloodshot obeys. Hands up.

At the final car, Bloodshot reaches out and -- holy shit he's
going to -- YANK! Bloodshot is pulled off his feet, gone in
an instant --

-- now dangling like a flag on the end of the train, with a
severely dislocated arm.

With effort, he gets to the back door and steps inside.

INT. PASSENGER TRAIN - STORAGE COMPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Bloodshot sits down and takes a few breaths before he
physically SNAPS his dislocated arm back into place.

It's audibly painful. For a moment he just lies there.

Then, through the windows of this car: the street lights of a crossing bridge. *He's out of the EMP's range.*

BLOODSHOT
 (to himself)
 Back on the grid. Here we go...

INT. COMMAND HUB - NIGHT

Harting is pacing like a caged animal until suddenly --

TECH
 We've got him --

BLOODSHOT'S VOICE (THROUGH COM)
 I'm not sure Axe killed my wife...

HARTING (INTO COM)
 You're not "sure?"

EXT. PASSENGER TRAIN - INTERCUT WITH ABOVE

Bloodshot moves for a passenger car as he speaks to Harting.

BLOODSHOT
 After the blackout, I remembered it all...
 I was living it again, like a dream. But it
 wasn't Axe, it was someone else.

Harting mutes his mic, turns to a tech --

HARTING
 Remote shutdown?

TECH
 EMP re-set the protocol... not recognizing
 our server.

Harting is not happy. Un-mutes his mic --

HARTING
 You need to come in.

BLOODSHOT
 I need to figure this out first.

HARTING
 Because you had a bad dream? The EMP shut
 down the nanites -- they're malfunctioning.

BLOODSHOT
 Maybe they were malfunctioning before.

HARTING

Listen, I risked everything to give you this. And you promised me you'd return. We have no idea how badly the nanites were damaged by the mass EMP. Your whole body could shut down -- you could die.

BLOODSHOT

Wouldn't be the first time...

HARTING

You need to come back. Trust me, you don't want to suffer PTSD with the help of a supercomputer in your brain.

BLOODSHOT

(as he enters a passenger car)
Right now, I don't trust anyone.

TECH

He terminated the line.

Then, on screen: An organizational CHART of RST maximizes. It showcases the various branches of the company, with Harting's name at the top -- the head of the snake.

TECH (CONT'D)

Sir? He's accessing our internal server now. Shall I disconnect?

Harting watches. Folds his arms over his chest.

HARTING

What's he pulling up?

BLOODSHOT POV: The org chart hangs in front of us like an overlay to the real world.

BLOODSHOT (O.S.)

(to himself)
Yeah, I bet you can see this, Harting. If you've betrayed me, I'm tearing it all down... hang on, what's this?

An arrow icon in the corner connects Harting's CEO box to something off-screen. Bloodshot triggers the icon --

And the org chart ZOOMS OUT to reveal RST is merely one branch on a massive tree of black-tech companies. A terrible conglomerate of death with a dozen more men like Harting. At the top of it all? A man named KOZOL. The puppet master.

BLOODSHOT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Who the hell is *that*?

And from a corporate headshot of Kozol by his name --

KOZOL (PRE-LAP)
Just turn him off.

INT. RISING SPIRIT CONFERENCE ROOM - INTERCUT WITH ABOVE

Harting's on a video conference with Kozol.

HARTING
The mass EMP re-booted the system -- it's not recognizing the RST server commands.

KOZOL
So?

HARTING
Our own security system is locking us out. We're trying some other options, but we may not have any remote control.

KOZOL
If we lose him... can you make another?

HARTING
Not without him. I need more data.

KOZOL
St. Petersburg is a complete disaster --

HARTING
Which can't be tied to us.

KOZOL
Why was he in the vicinity of that weapon?

HARTING
We didn't know about it in time.

KOZOL
What do you know, Doctor?

Harting bites his tongue. Doesn't like having his nose rubbed in his mess.

HARTING
I know I'll bring him in.

KOZOL
That's your only option, doctor.

Kozol disconnects the line.

EXT. EUROPEAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The passenger train slices through the hilly forest, having escaped the cold snows of deep Russia.

INT. PASSENGER TRAIN - "COACH" SEATING - DAY

Bloodshot makes his way up the aisle, looking for a place to sit, trying to look inconspicuous.

Of course he's wearing the same shirt from St. Petersburg. He looks like a hobo. A zombie hobo, with his skin tone.

On the train's TV in the corner, live news of the EMP explosion is the main attraction. A few blue-collar COMMUTERS watch the TV with interest.

Then an image of Bloodshot appears on screen, with the bumper text of "BREAKING NEWS" underneath. So Bloodshot keeps moving, head down, not making eye contact with anyone.

INT. PASSENGER TRAIN - BUSINESS CLASS CAR - DAY

Bloodshot slides open the door and steps in.

WIDE ANGLE

This is where the rich ride. One extra-large seat on either side of the main aisle versus two small ones. Leg room.

And also virtually empty.

In one seat: A foppish BRITISH COMMUTER, sipping a tea while working on his laptop on a tray.

Bloodshot eyes that laptop. And sits down across from him.

The Brit glances at Bloodshot, then does a double-take.

As Bloodshot gets comfortable, the Brit clears his throat.

BRITISH COMMUTER

Pardon, do you have a ticket?

BLOODSHOT

Why, is this seat taken?

BRITISH COMMUTER

I don't think you belong here.

BLOODSHOT

Everyone keeps telling me that.

The Brit starts to stand up, grabbing his laptop --

BRITISH COMMUTER

I'll have the conductor tell you, so you
can go back to your hillbilly convention --

Bloodshot puts a hand on his shoulder and forcibly sits him
back down.

BLOODSHOT

I just need to borrow your laptop.

BRITISH COMMUTER

For what? A seat warmer?

Bloodshot takes the computer from the Brit's hands and opens
it to discover a login screen.

BLOODSHOT

I'll just take a minute, I won't even close
your browser so you can keep shopping for
monocles or whatever --

BRITISH COMMUTER

It's password protected.

BLOODSHOT

Is it?

The password sequence CYCLES THROUGH numbers until -- DING!

BRITISH COMMUTER

How did you --

The screen now displays a web browser; some gateway page to a
paid porn site -- "Big Busted Brits!"

BLOODSHOT

Ohh wait, that's not a monocle site!

Red-faced, the Brit now jumps out of his seat and flees for
the next car, with the threat over his shoulder:

BRITISH COMMUTER

The authorities will deal with this!

BLOODSHOT

(friendly)

Oh I think you're safe to watch porn here,
don't worry!

Even more incensed, the Brit opens the (electric) pocket door
and hurries to the next car.

Now temporarily alone, Bloodshot opens a new search screen.

Types in the name: "Nick Baris."

The browser responds with a PINWHEEL ICON.

Bloodshot rolls his eyes. Taps the tray-table impatiently --

ON SCREEN: Search results return. News articles. Click --

SERIES OF QUICK CUTS: Photos of Baris. Tommy Lao. Freidrich Leipzig. All of them from Bloodshot's memory. A couple of bars of Led Zeppelin punch through like a broken record.

GUNSHOT RIPS US BACK TO: Bloodshot, in shock. His own past is in doubt. More than that, this is a man who suddenly *doesn't know quite who he really is*.

Slowly, carefully, and full of hopes and fears, Bloodshot enters a new name into the search bar -- "Gina Garrison."

He hits ENTER. Nail-biting seconds go by. Bloodshot stares at the screen.

Finally, the results. And the top result leads to a Facebook personal page...

Gina Garrison

Relationship Status **not listed**

Currently Living in **Florence, Italy**

Bloodshot stares at that entry.

And then down to the location. Florence.

The sound of the train slowing down gets his attention. Bloodshot looks up and out the window -- they're pulling into an urban train station.

The foppish Brit is on his way back with a TRAIN OFFICER --

Bloodshot points at the pocket door just as the Officer gets to it, and the door BUZZES when the Officer pulls.

It's stuck. The Officer tries again. Still stuck.

Bloodshot gets up and waves at the Brit, pointing at his laptop as he heads to the other door:

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)
All good, thanks!

He steps out of the car and --

WHIP-PAN TO:

INT. TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY

Bloodshot strides from the train to the sound of an on-board ALARM. As he looks up at the departures board, it's in German, but--

BLOODSHOT'S POV: The German translates real-time to English. One entry highlights: FLORENCE. And the tag: "DELAYED."

BLOODSHOT

(sotto)

Trains are supposed to run on time here,
come on Germany...

INT. COMMAND HUB, RISING SPIRIT - THAT MOMENT

Harting enters like he's out for blood. Snaps at a TECH:

HARTING

Have we heard back from him?

TECH

Negative.

HARTING

Hail him. Right now.

The room listens via the speaker system to a quick series of CHIMES, reaching out to Bloodshot.

BLOODSHOT'S VOICE

(over Comms)

Harting --

HARTING

Talk to me, what--

BLOODSHOT'S VOICE

I'm not really in right now, still trying
to figure some things out. Just give me a
little time and leave a message.

A long TONE over the speakers, as Harting seethes quietly.

TECH

Went to voicemail.

HARTING

IN HIS HEAD?!

INT. TRAIN STATION SHOPPING DISTRICT - DAY

At a window for a fashionable clothing store, a mannequin sports a stylish yet masculine OUTFIT, with a longcoat.

Bloodshot admires it. Checks his pockets.

INT. ATM STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Bloodshot steps up to the cash machine.

He puts his hand on the number pad and squints.

The screen changes to read: "TEST MODE."

And then: "TESTING DISPENSER."

Euro bills start coughing out at him.

INT. TRAIN STATION SHOPPING DISTRICT - DAY

Bloodshot walks out of the store in new clothes.

The mannequin is now nude in the window.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

A sleek Tesla sport model is parked in the charging station outside the train terminal.

Bloodshot steps up to the door. He snaps his fingers. And the lights wink. The doors unlock.

Bloodshot grins.

EXT. AUTOBAHN - DAY

The electric sedan RIPS PAST US at 120MPH.

INT. COMMAND HUB, RISING SPIRIT - NIGHT

Harting debriefs Chainsaw Gang via video conference --

HARTING

Our dog is off his leash. Soon as he does a little homework, he's going to Florence.

INT. RST GULF STREAM - INTERCUT WITH ABOVE

KP looks uneasy...

TIBBS

What's the play?

HARTING

Bring him back. In pieces, if you have to.

TIBBS

Gonna be hard with that healing factor --

HARTING

That EMP scrambled his system. Any of his higher functions will be inactive. He's not as tough as he was.

TIBBS

And if he gets to her before we do?

Harting considers the question... *point of no return.*

HARTING

Then she's a liability.

Harting signs off. Tibbs glances at KP -- from the look on her face, it's not clear if she agrees.

TIBBS

There a problem soldier?

KP

No, sir.

So Long smiles from ear to ear --

SO LONG

Saddle up.

EXT. LANGLEY CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Establishing. The nexus of international intelligence.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR CARVER (V.O.)

(pre-lap)

Let's get moving.

INT. "STAR CHAMBER" CONFERENCE ROOM

This room is designed for secret meetings. Kozol stands before a room of SEATED CIA DIRECTORS, all past their 40s; white men in expensive suits and cheap morals.

KOZOL

Project Bloodshot is nearly ready for delivery. You'll get your prototype soon.

DIRECTOR WILLIAMSON

How do we know you aren't already using it for your own purposes?

The most heavysset of the Directors (BURKE) rolls his eyes and finally leans in, holding a file folder:

CHIEF DIRECTOR BURKE

We know that answer already.

Burke lays down SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS from the folder, arranged so Kozol can see them all:

They show Bolshoi Port in the wake of the EMP burst. The carnage on the deck of the cargo ship. And finally: Bloodshot lying on the roof, red circular scar aglow as he fades out.

CHIEF DIRECTOR BURKE (CONT'D)

And you've been taking him for joy rides.
Killing off the competition.

KOZOL

It's called "field testing."

CHIEF DIRECTOR BURKE

This sort of exposure is what we don't want. It was part of the deal, you know, when we gave you four point two billion dollars to go make this happen.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR CARVER

And now it's worse than that -- you've lost him. This is not like crashing a stealth bomber in Beijing. Bloodshot is a game-changer. This gets to the wrong people, I don't care what the joint chiefs think we need you for, you're done. This kind of screw-up, you'll rot in Gitmo.

KOZOL

Deputy director, take a breath. I know you're concerned about a killing machine so advanced it's been able to slip across the protected borders of seven countries and murder men with round-the-clock security. You should be concerned.

Kozol pours a glass of water from the carafe at the table. And the CIA men start sweating. *This isn't going well...*

KOZOL (CONT'D)

But rest assured, Rising Spirit is very efficient. We work clean. No loose ends, no loose lips. Nationality doesn't matter to us; every target is equal. So keep calm, no sudden moves, and if you're lucky, when you do encounter Project Bloodshot, it won't be in your house, alone, in the dead of night.

Kozol sets the water in front of them and walks out.

EXT. FLORENCE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Home of the Renaissance... *rebirth*. A maze of narrow streets and red rooftops along the winding Arno river. Bloodshot stands outside an electronics store full of cheap gadgets, holding a prepaid phone. The electric sedan is crash-parked behind him.

BLOODSHOT

(into phone)

Listen carefully. You were right. And you helped me, which now makes you a target. You can go underground, wait it out, or you can help me expose Rising Spirit.

INT. KRIEGER'S FLAT - DAY

Krieger holds his phone to his ear with one hand as he cooks something over the stove, stirring it with his other. He's also wearing safety goggles and a lead apron.

KRIEGER

Bloodshot, you one sweet talker.

EXT. 17 VIA RICASOLI - DAY

Later. A quaint, romantic little residential street of compact apartment buildings.

Bloodshot walks up to the call box on the old seminary turned luxury condo complex... finds the button for 4D. Pauses.

Then stops. Like he's lost his courage for a moment.

He then hears a car door slam SHUT somewhere nearby, so he follows an alleyway around, to --

EXT. 17 VIA RICASOLI - PARKING COURTYARD

A small open space behind the condo where a handful of little foreign two-seaters are parked...

...and a very recognizable PICKUP TRUCK. A little more beat up, but otherwise it's the one from Bloodshot's memory.

Astonished, Bloodshot approaches it. He reaches out, cautious, and places his hand on the tailgate. Caresses it, as if it were a wild creature easily spooked.

BLOODSHOT

It's real...

That's what he's grappling with -- the memories of Gina in Tijuana must have some truth, if the truck is real.

INT. 17 VIA RICASOLI - MOMENTS LATER

Bloodshot ascends the stairs, marching to 4D.

At the door, he holds up a fist to knock, notices his hand is trembling. He is legitimately nervous about this part; both thrilled and terrified to see his wife.

While he holds his fist, trying to steady himself --

The door opens, and he is nearly run into by:

GINA. Alive and well.

She stops an inch short of running into him, and GASPS. Bloodshot's heart POUNDS. *Can't speak. Can't breathe. Can't believe what he's seeing...*

And neither can she.

BLOODSHOT

Gina?

GINA

...Ray?

They stare at each other in shock... in wonder...

But it's also like an old, deep wound starts bleeding again. Either of them may cry at any moment --

BLOODSHOT

You're, uh... you're late.

He says it to try and break the incredible tension, but it just brings all the sorrow roiling up even more.

Gina doesn't reply with her retort. Instead she reaches out and brushes his cheek with her hand, mystified...

GINA

You're real...

BLOODSHOT

Yeah --

GINA

I thought you were dead.

BLOODSHOT

I think I was.

That's all they can take. Gina steps in for an embrace. The two hold onto each other at the threshold of her door.

INT. GINA'S FLORENCE APARTMENT - DAY

Bloodshot sits on the sofa, a glass of water in front of him. Gina stares at him from a chair. Eyes still ready to cry.

GINA

You're-- it's like looking at a ghost. I feel like if I blink, you'll be gone.

BLOODSHOT

I have so much to say, I don't know where to start. I thought you were dead, too.

GINA

Me? What do you mean?

BLOODSHOT

I saw it. I was right there.

GINA

Where?

BLOODSHOT

In Mexico. Our second honeymoon.

Gina frowns. Leans in.

GINA

But. We never went back to Mexico.

BLOODSHOT

I'm talking about when we drove to TJ... after Colombia.

FLASH ON: the Chevy racing down the highway, water glistening on both sides of the road... *too beautiful to be real.*

Gina searches his eyes... *does he really not know?*

GINA

Ray... You didn't come back from Colombia.

FLASH ON: Garrison in the jeep riding with the Guerrilla... the moment we met him. Everything we've seen about his life --

Bloodshot's whole world is spinning. Everything he knows. Everything he remembers...

BLOODSHOT

So... None of it was real?

Gina comes over to where he's sitting and puts her hands on his, forcing him to focus on her:

GINA

Hey. I was left a widow. It was real enough. Okay?

BLOODSHOT

But how... Were... were we even married?

GINA

Don't you remember? The little church by the beach? The pastor kept calling you 'Gray'? My uncle fell asleep at the table?

Bloodshot blinks. God, he wants those memories so badly...

BLOODSHOT

I don't remember that.
(grasping for anything)
But, but I do remember you like tequila...
We were somewhere near a beach--

GINA

You're the one who likes tequila. Not me.

Gina starts to realize just how scrambled his brain is.

GINA (CONT'D)

Ray... What did they do to you?

BLOODSHOT

Brought me back from the dead. And then gave me a mission. But now, I'm done with that -- I found you. Maybe, if I'm close to you it will all start to click again --

GINA

Hang on, wait --

BLOODSHOT

We can have a new life together somewhere --

GINA

(struggling)
I... I don't know if I can do this again. It's too much. Losing you nearly killed me, I cried for a year --

BLOODSHOT

A year? What are you talking about?

Gina looks at him. Finally she's starting to understand what a lost puppy he is inside that amazing fighting machine.

GINA

Ray... You died five years ago.

Bloodshot blinks. Hit in the gut. The room starts spinning on him. Heart racing. He doesn't know how to respond to that.

But something distracts him, a small noise unheard by Gina.

ENDOSCOPIC SHOT: The nanites in his inner ear form conical AMPLIFIERS to zero in on the sounds --

BLOODSHOT hears it clearly now, a familiar voice just outside the apartment:

SO LONG (O.S.)

In position.

In a FLASH -- Bloodshot's on his feet --

BLOODSHOT

We have to move.

But it's already in motion -- GAS GRENADES crash through the windows, spewing a chemical fog --

And with a thunderous BOOM, the front door is blown off its hinges with surgical explosives --

Bloodshot grabs a shell-shocked Gina and pulls her to the bedroom --

As they go, TIBBS rappels in from the window, gas mask over his face, assault rifle out, his feet slide on the floor --

And Bloodshot DAZES him with a strike, then steals his rifle just as KP and SO LONG storm in from the front --

Bloodshot fires off a quick suppressive burst and then gets into the bedroom --

INT. GINA'S BEDROOM

Gina has her hands over her ears, terrified by the loudness of everything --

Bloodshot points --

BLOODSHOT

Get in there!

Gina hurries into the master bathroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Tibbs has his backup SMG in his hands, and the other two flank the bedroom door --

TIBBS

Wait.

Tibbs' eye switches over to thermographic in a CLICK --

He sees Bloodshot's heat signature shows his location on the other side of the wall. Raises his SMG, and --

Bloodshot STEPS ASIDE just as Tibbs fires.

What the--? Tibbs aims and fires again --

And Bloodshot DUCKS out of the way. The hell?

INT. GINA'S BEDROOM

Bloodshot raises his weapon at the wall on this side, aimed back at Tibbs --

BLOODSHOT'S POV: He's using the same thermographic imagery to see where Tibbs is standing, and when he returns fire --

TIBBS MOVES too. But not nearly as fast. He gets clipped in the shoulder with a grazing wound.

BLOODSHOT

I wasn't aiming for your head either!

SO LONG

Screw this. I'm tired of waiting.

INT. GINA'S BEDROOM

Bloodshot rushes into the bathroom and a moment later --

The three members of Chainsaw approach the bathroom door with caution, when Tibbs signals for them to hold.

TIBBS

Harting: She's with him.

HARTING'S VOICE

Then bring her in, same as him.

INT. GINA'S BATHROOM

Bloodshot grabs Gina and moves her to the window.

Peeking out the open window, it's big enough for them both to fit through, but --

GINA
It's too far down!

Yeah, just a slanted red-tile roof off into god knows what.

BLOODSHOT
Do you still trust me?

GINA
What?

BLOODSHOT
Oh hell, this is gonna hurt...

He holds out his hands, his back to the open window, one foot perched on the frame -- starts breathing short breaths as if to psych himself up for what he's about to do --

SO LONG (O.S.)
Allow me --

So Long KICKS down the door with his cybernetic leg --

And Bloodshot falls backward right out the window with Gina.

EXT. 17 VIA RICASOLI

They fall one story onto the hard red tile --

Bloodshot cradling Gina against him protectively as they slide hard right off the slanted roof --

For a two-story FREEFALL --

CRASHING down through the fabric-awning roof of a FOOD CART.

Gina rolls off, harmlessly landing on all fours next to the mutilated cart with Bloodshot atop it, a mass of broken limbs, neck, ribs.

Gina sees and gasps.

She gasps again when Bloodshot STANDS UP.

GINA
Oh my god, Ray --

BLOODSHOT
Give me a minute.

He cracks his head back into place. Resets his ribs. Rotates his shoulders. Everything seemingly in order --

But she's staring at him in horror. One hand over her mouth, the other pointed right at him, at...

GINA

Your, your fingers are --

Whoops. The fingers of his left hand are still terribly askew, wrenched in all directions.

Bloodshot slaps it against his leg, and they click back into their joints in the proper direction.

BLOODSHOT

All good. I'll walk it off.

INT. GINA'S BEDROOM

So Long stares out the window, getting angrier.

SO LONG

Are you kidding me?

TIBBS

They're mobile.

INT. COMMAND HUB - SAME

Harting watches. Pissed.

HARTING

Chainsaw, I've invested half a billion dollars in you. ACT LIKE IT.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Bloodshot's at the wheel...

GINA

This is... so messed up, Ray. Who are they?

BLOODSHOT

They're bad people, Gina. Everything they touch turns bad.

GINA

They were trying to kill us both back there! In my apartment! Who does that?

BLOODSHOT

That was my fault. It was wrong of me to track you down like this. Let me deal with them and we can start over.

GINA

I buried you once already. I can't go through that again.

From a side street: a black SUV in pursuit. Several blocks back and gaining.

Bloodshot takes a corner and brakes. He faces Gina:

BLOODSHOT

I will come back for you.

GINA

(both scared and hopeful)
Will you?

BLOODSHOT

Wish me luck.

She can do that. Gina pulls him to her...

...and kisses him as if she'd been waiting years for it.

GINA

That's the best I can do.

Bloodshot blinks, then grabs her for another kiss, this time a little deeper...

They pull away. And some internal switch has flipped deep inside Bloodshot. Like despite all the false memories, he now knows what's real: The love they had.

BLOODSHOT

Thank you.

INT. SUV - MOVING

KP guns the SUV around the corner, wheels skidding --

And the pickup is out of view, but instead they see:
BLOODSHOT -- RUNNING RIGHT AT THEM.

SO LONG

Run him down.

KP GUNS it -- Tibbs opens fire -- through the windshield -- glass SHATTERS -- PEDESTRIANS SCREAM --

Bloodshot -- takes a BULLET -- than another -- keeps RUNNING -- SUV coming right at him -- and then he JUMPS -- VAULTING RIGHT THROUGH the SUV.

INT. SUV

The windshield caves in on them as Bloodshot's momentum keeps launching him into the backseat -- a stray fist PUNCHING So Long as he goes by -- then --

EXT. SUV

-- Bloodshot comes CRASHING out the rear window, a mess of a man full of cut glass and broken limbs...

He rolls on the ground to a heap a dozen yards away.

And then... Bloodshot GETS BACK UP. And shakes it off.

INT. SUV

KP shoves the windshield out -- puts it in reverse -- Tibbs SPINS around with his rifle -- pointed right at So Long --

TIBBS

Duck --

He hits the deck -- Tibbs FIRES --

EXT. STREETS OF FLORENCE

Bloodshot -- takes a bullet -- another -- stumbles --

The SUV SLAMS into him again, running him down --

KP mashes the brakes and everyone stares out the front at:

BLOODSHOT, who despite both hit-and-run encounters... gets back up. Paler than before. Arm definitely broken --

Oh wait, he just shook it back into place.

So Long grins and steps out.

SO LONG

I'll take it from here.

So Long UNLOADS his assault rifle into Bloodshot -- stepping for him as he does, "walking" his fire --

Bloodshot, taking multiple hits in the chest and legs -- he falls again -- and this time he's not getting up.

Among the screams of bystanders, a distant roaring engine --

So Long steps for Bloodshot, taunting:

SO LONG (CONT'D)

Good news is, you won't remember any of this. You won't know to be pissed at me for filling you full of holes. You won't even know that hot wife is alive.

(off Bloodshot's reaction)

That hits you hard, don't it --

-- and then So Long is SMASHED by a collision from Gina's truck, rammed right at him. He's thrown a dozen yards away.

Gina piles out and rushes to Bloodshot's side, kneeling down.

Bloodshot is bleeding black everywhere. And now he's gone from white to grey.

THE BLOOD occasionally flickers with tendrils of bio-electric energy. A tiny, liquid thunderstorm. They start to short out.

And then that RED CIRCLE pulses through his shirt. Warning.

His eyes drift in and out of focus.

GINA

Ray, don't do this again --

BLOODSHOT

(rough whisper)

Get out of here... Before...

Bloodshot's gaze drifts off to a distant stare and he stops breathing. He's dead.

Gina folds over his body, shoulders lurching in fresh grief. And then KP steps up, weapon out...

WIDE ANGLE

So Long gets back up and joins KP. But he picks Gina up roughly to carry her to the SUV...

And Gina just keeps reaching out for Bloodshot. Devastated.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. RESURRECTION ROOM - DAY

Bloodshot's mangled corpse is loaded into the tank.

INT. STERILE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Harting and Tibbs watch.

TIBBS
Think you can bring him back?

HARTING
Only one way to find out.

He signals to a Tech --

HARTING (CONT'D)
(Cantonese, subtitled)
Begin transfusion.

INT. RESURRECTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The circular needle array moves into place... thousands of little daggers gleaming in the light. With a sudden JERK -- they SLAM into Bloodshot's chest -- CRACKING his sternum.

Dark fluid is pumped down the needle array... flowing into Bloodshot's body.

Slowly his wounds begin to heal -- bone and flesh reforming.

INT. STERILE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Tibbs can hardly believe his prosthetic eyes...

TIBBS
You sure these are working?

HARTING
(Cantonese, subtitled)
Initiate sequence.

INT. RESURRECTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Off Bloodshot's lifeless face -- CUT TO:

STROBING LIGHT. Sun blasts between overhead vegetation as we drive quickly through --

EXT. ANDES MOUNTAINS, COLOMBIA - DAY

Just like before. They hit a bump, Garrison eyes the rebel with the AK-47...

GARRISON
Mind pointing that somewhere else? Rather not die by pothole.

INT. RESURRECTION ROOM, STERILE AREA - DAY

Harting watches the real-time CT scan...

TIBBS

You planting a new target?

HARTING

Time for enemy number one. Toyo Harada.

TIBBS

You think our boy's ready?

HARTING

No. But Kozol made the call. So by this time tomorrow, our man will think Harada murdered him and his wife while they were in Mexico.

Harting checks another monitor: *sequence 12% complete.*

HARTING (CONT'D)

Speaking of... should be crossing the border about now.

EXT. SILVER STRAND BLVD - SUNSET

The Chevy RACES down the highway, water glistening as the sun sets, too beautiful to be real... *because it's not.*

GINA

We had our honeymoon in Mexico... so, it's not that bad.

Gina pulls her hair up... she's so beautiful. So alive. Off Garrison's face --

FLASH TO: Gina at her apartment in Florence -- her hair shorter and darker.

BACK TO: Garrison... lost in thought.

GINA (CONT'D)

Hey, you here with me -- or somewhere else?

GARRISON

Your hair... was it shorter?

GINA

When I was in like, high school.

Garrison tries to shake it off.

GARRISON

Had this image of you... with shorter hair.

GINA

Must be thinking about your other wife...

He forces a smile. She takes his hand....

GINA (CONT'D)
I'm just happy you're back...

GARRISON
(loaded)
Yeah. Me, too.

INT. RESURRECTION ROOM, STERILE AREA

Tibbs speaks in hushed tones with Harting... So Long just in ear shot.

TIBBS
What do you wanna do about the wife?

HARTING
She stays. She's insurance.

TIBBS
Insurance for what?

HARTING
In case the memory implants don't work on our boy, and he needs a fresh reminder.

So Long looks to Tibbs to make sure he gets Harting's meaning and makes a gun with his fingers -- kill her?

Tibbs nods: Yeah, he means kill her.

So Long shoots a look across the room at:

SO LONG
KP... not sure she's on board, boss.

HARTING
She'll get on board, or she'll be back on a ventilator at Walter Reed.

INT. TJ HOTEL - DAWN

The street below is quiet. Gina lies in Garrison's arms... they're both somewhere between dreaming and awake.

GINA
Who do you think our kid would look like?

Garrison smiles, but then it fades. He finds himself saying:

GARRISON
I got a few more years of the work in me.

Gina's smile fades.

GINA
I know. I'm not pushing you.

GARRISON
I just can't be both.

Off Garrison's face --

FLASH TO: Gina staring right at us in Florence with the bombshell news...

GINA
It's been five years.

BACK TO: Garrison waking up in TJ -- uneasy. Waking Gina --

GARRISON
It isn't real.

GINA
What?

GARRISON
This.

GINA
Hey. Take a breath.

Garrison's agitated. Upset. *Is he losing his mind?*

GINA (CONT'D)
You had a bad dream, that's all.

Gina takes his hand, tempts him back into bed... all he wants is to be with her... so he gives in.

INT. COMMAND HUB - DAY

Harting's staring at one of the monitors, observing the resurrection process, while Tibbs escorts a nervous-as-hell Gina into the control room.

HARTING
His CT deviated... but now it's back.
There's always some variation.

Gina sees Ray in the tank on the monitor. It's heartbreaking.

GINA
What did you do to him...?

HARTING

Saved his life. Ray Garrison was a capable soldier, proficient in close quarters combat, small arms, and heavy ordinance. But the deadliest weapon in his whole arsenal? The one he's used to kill with astonishing success?

(off her look)

You. His love for you.

GINA

(aghast)

What?

Harting keys a sequence and several PROFILES appear on the monitors before them. We recognize them: Bloodshot's former targets. Axe, Baris, the German, etc. And one new face we'll learn is TOYO HARADA.

HARTING

These men were notorious criminals. And no one could get to them. Not until your husband. Not until he believed he was avenging your death.

(right at Gina)

Isn't that incredible?

She stares at him in shock. He's being genuine -- Harting truly is impressed by this, and assumes she will, too.

GINA

You turned him into a monster.

Harting's proud smile fades.

HARTING

You're staring at a literal death-defying invention and you choose to respond with insults? Do you know how much was sacrificed to build what you see here?

But Gina goes cold, answering:

GINA

Yes. His whole future.

A TECHNICIAN interrupts the moment by bringing Harting a small BOX containing three metal ORB-like devices.

HARTING

These are from R&D?

The Tech nods. Harting holds one in his hand, proud.

GINA

What is that?

HARTING

My contingency plan.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Hood comes off -- Led Zeppelin BLASTING. In front of Garrison is that high-value target pictured on Harting's view screen: TOYO HARADA, 40s, dressed in a sharp suit.

Garrison's groggy... confused... Deja Vu overwhelming...

GARRISON

Zeppelin. Always Zeppelin.

HARADA

I'm not here to talk music --

GARRISON

You're going to ask me about Colombia, right? That's why I remember the mission, so this will feel real...

HARADA

Oh, this is very real.

Harada signals his men -- they drag in Gina -- bound and gagged. Off Garrison's face --

FLASH TO: the real Gina kissing him in the truck... That unforgettable goodbye kiss.

BACK TO:

Garrison -- it all snaps into place -- none of this is real.

GARRISON

Go ahead -- shoot her.

Harada almost drops his .45... *wasn't expecting that.*

GARRISON (CONT'D)

You're going to do it anyway.

HARADA

Not if you tell me what I want to know.

A terrified Gina looks to Garrison... *why are you doing this?*

And he looks back at her, his heart breaking all over again.

GARRISON

Nothing I say or do will matter. It's too late... I'm sorry.

HARADA

Me, too.

GUNSHOT -- Gina's head snaps back -- blood splatters -- Garrison hyperventilates -- looks pretty damn real.

GARRISON

DO IT.

Garrison braces for what he knows is coming next--

GARRISON (CONT'D)

JUST FUCKING DO IT.

Harada points his .45 at Garrison...

HARADA

Thanks for the advice.

GUNSHOT -- RIPPING US BACK TO:

INT. SENSORY DEPRAVATION TANK

Bloodshot wakes with a start... a twinkle in his eye. He knows exactly where he is.

HARTING'S VOICE

Language centers online.

(in English)

Identify yourself.

Bloodshot thrashes violently -- skin pale as a ghost.

BLOODSHOT

I don't know --

(enraged)

WHY DON'T I KNOW?!?

HARTING'S VOICE

Begin sedation.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

Bloodshot sits up suddenly. Tries to get his bearings. Notices all the security cameras pointed at him.

He opens his shirt to see the telltale red circle as it fades to reveal the scar.

He touches it, as if trying to remember where he got it.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Harting turns to one of the techs...

HARTING

What sport should I go with this time?
Tennis or Cricket?

INT. RECOVERY ROOM

Bloodshot looks up as Harting enters...

HARTING

How are you feeling?

Harting steps closer... Bloodshot blinks, groggy. He tenderly touches his head as if it were throbbing from a bender.

BLOODSHOT

Hell of a hangover.

HARTING

So you remember what a hangover feels like?

BLOODSHOT

Unfortunately, yes.

HARTING

That's good...

Harting watches Bloodshot for a long moment, studying him. Then, when Harting reaches to check his vitals --

BLOODSHOT

That's not all I remember --

Bloodshot LUNGES at Harting -- who SPINS towards the exit --

HARTING

EMERGENCY PROTOCOL --

Bloodshot closes -- fast -- but Harting makes it out first -- SLAMS the door -- Bloodshot RAILS against the glass panel --

HARTING (CONT'D)

Where's the gas?!?

Suddenly the room fills with a chemical fog -- Bloodshot starts to lose consciousness... with his last ounce of strength he hits the glass one final time --

And it SHATTERS. Air rushes in as the gas seeps out -- Harting covers his face --

HARTING (CONT'D)

Seal the room --

Techs and security retreat out of the lab... leaving Bloodshot all alone.

Staring out at something we can't see, he vocalizes a command to the nanites --

BLOODSHOT

Show me security camera feed.

BLOODSHOT POV: An overlay appears, showing various security cameras of the facility.

Several persons of interest are visually 'tagged' when spotted on cameras, like Harting, So Long, Tibbs...

And then one camera reveals GINA, pacing in a locked room.

Bloodshot blinks.

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)

Gina.

Bloodshot gets up and goes for a camera in the corner.

INT. COMMAND HUB

Tibbs meets Harting as he enters --

TIBBS

What happened?

HARTING

I'm not sure...

ON THE MONITOR: Bloodshot breaks a light -- crosses the wires -- then BLACKNESS.

Tibbs sees this, and it's all he needs to get moving:

TIBBS (INTO COM)

Chainsaw -- Bloodshot is escaping. Block off all exits --

Harting snaps his fingers when he catches sight of Bloodshot (via security cameras) rushing deeper into the facility... Right past the stairwell door marked "EXIT."

HARTING

No. He's not escaping. He's going deeper into the lab.

INT. INFUSION LAB ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER

Bloodshot sees the elevator rising to his floor --

BLOODSHOT POV: And on one of the security camera windows in his mind's eye, the elevator is packed with a SECURITY TEAM in full armor, assault rifles, and grenades.

DING! The elevator doors slide open -- a SOLDIER steps out in the lead with a ballistic shield, leading the rest --

-- and Bloodshot strikes from above, having clung to the ceiling overhead -- punching and kicking while they're all bunched up and too close to fire --

Some get a few bursts off but the rounds chew right through Bloodshot and wind up killing TEAMMATES behind him until --

Boom, the last goes down. Bloodshot's surrounded by bodies.

But now there are sounds of the Chainsaw gang approaching from the stairwell.

Only one way to get past: the infusion lab. Bloodshot puts a grenade to the lab doors on the handle and pulls the pin.

He then looks around for somewhere to find cover -- oh shit, there's nowhere to hide really --

BLOODSHOT

Ah hell --

He grabs the ballistic shield and crouches behind it, then is BLOWN BACK when the grenade detonates in a fiery explosion.

INT. INFUSION LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Fire and smoke and alarms. But where is -- oh here he comes:

Bloodshot walks through the wall of flames... emerging on the other side ON FIRE, like some demon stepping out of hell...

...but then the nanites are so good at healing him, the fire actually snuffs out as he strides for the exit.

A faint ringing CHIRP from Bloodshot's head, then:

BLOODSHOT

Tell me you're here.

EXT. RISING SPIRIT - NIGHT

Sitting in a white, unmarked van outside -- none other than that crazy Russian ALEXI KRIEGER. Into his phone:

KRIEGER

Waiting outside. Parking is terrible. You on your way down?

INTERCUT

BLOODSHOT

Not yet.

With that, Bloodshot is on the move again.

INT. CORRIDOR

Chainsaw emerges from the freight elevator...

TIBBS (INTO COM)

Place is on fire, Doc. He won't last long.

HARTING'S VOICE (THROUGH COM)

If he destroys more property in there, neither will you.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT

Bloodshot's surrounded by flames... but he's nonplussed, kicking at the exit doors, breaking the lock.

Suddenly -- GUNSHOT. His shoulder explodes with inky black blood. Direct hit from:

TIBBS

Near the entrance -- smoke obscuring his view --

TIBBS'S POV: Bloodshot's thermal image is clearly visible.

Trigger squeeze -- BULLET POV -- ROCKET towards --

BLOODSHOT

Nearly takes another hit. He closes his eyes -- exhales --

ENDOSCOPIC SHOT: Bloodshot's heart -- nanites slow the blood flow so that his body cools and --

TIBBS'S POV: Bloodshot's thermal image disappears.

Tibbs turns to KP and So Long --

TIBBS

We're going in.

SO LONG

Oorah.

So Long stomps forward in his exoskeleton, pulls down his skull-shaped ballistic face mask. KP's not nearly as gung-ho.

DEEPER IN THE LAB

Bloodshot hides. Suddenly -- he hears an high-pitched whine --

WHAM -- Bloodshot gets HAMMERED by So Long's sound cannon.

The big man STOMPS forward through the smoke -- looking like a mechanical monster from hell.

SO LONG

Ready to end this dance?

The sound cannon WHINES -- then fires again -- BASHING Bloodshot against the wall. Just as he lifts his head --

KP steps in and fires a bioweapon capsule -- it misses --

-- and the capsule hits a WALL, eating through it like acid.

BLOODSHOT

You don't have to do this...

KP

I'm doing my job.

BLOODSHOT

Is it your job to murder innocents?
Like my wife?

This is what's been weighing on KP's conscience...

Bloodshot tries to crawl away... So Long stalks after him --

SO LONG

Know what's funny? All you cared about was getting the guy who killed your old lady...

Sound cannon FIRES again -- Bloodshot ducks -- BLAST takes out the wall -- revealing an aquatic training room.

SO LONG (CONT'D)

And now she's got to die. Might as well have killed her yourself.

To punctuate his remark, So Long recharges his sonic gun.

As it WHINES, Bloodshot tries to find cover in the --

AQUATIC TRAINING ROOM

So Long's right behind him -- Bloodshot crawls to the edge of the pool... can't go any further, trapped.

So he PUNCHES the red switch on So Long's belt.

SO LONG

(laughing)

You broke the emergency release? Why would I ever want to take this off?

Raises his foot to SQUASH Bloodshot's head --

SO LONG (CONT'D)

I can't crush your skull without it --

BLOODSHOT

Yeah, but you can't swim with it --

Bloodshot PUSHES So Long into the massive pool. At the last moment, just before he's underwater, So Long reaches out and PULLS Bloodshot in with him --

SPLASH -- The two men SINK to the bottom... But it's clear for So Long -- *the exoskeleton is drowning him.*

UNDERWATER

So Long and Bloodshot wrestle, So Long trying to keep his opponent underwater with him, but Bloodshot won't drown.

So Long SCREAMS underwater with his last breath, a final air bubble rolling out of his open mouth...

And Bloodshot flips the bird at him in farewell.

Breaking free, Bloodshot returns to the surface --

INT. POOL ROOM

-- and climbs out, spewing water from his mouth, just as Tibbs steps in, noticing So Long in the pool --

TIBBS

Son of a bitch.

Like an animal, Tibbs turns on Bloodshot -- beating him --

Just as he's about to deliver the death blow -- KP intervenes and GRABS his hand --

KP

We're not murderers.

Tibbs SWINGS at KP -- CRACK -- she goes down HARD. He SWINGS again -- but she sprays a neurotoxin in his face first --

Tibbs drops, paralyzed.

MOMENTS LATER: Bloodshot helps KP escape the fire... she's hurting badly.

BLOODSHOT

Get out of here. There's a crazy Russian outside, he'll take care of you. Trust me.

KP

I'm sorry. For what we did to you.

BLOODSHOT

It was Harting -- he used us both.

KP

He'll use your wife to stop you.

BLOODSHOT

That's what he always does. But it won't work this time.

He kicks open the stairwell door and leads KP inside.

INT. COMMAND HUB - THAT MOMENT

Harting watches on monitors -- chaos everywhere -- but he gets an idea. He reaches over and grabs one of the small metal DEVICES brought in earlier.

HARTING

Scuttle the facility and ready the chopper.
Time to uproot and start fresh in Nevada.

EXT. RISING SPIRIT - NIGHT

An explosion spouts fire from a pair of windows. In the distance: sirens.

AT THE PARKING LOT

TECHS flee the smoke-filled building, cradling Rising Spirit technology as sirens blare from the facility.

Another TECH in a lab coat and breathing mask stands at the back of an open van --

GAS MASK TECH

Stow your tech here! Hurry!

The TECHS all drop off their hardware in the van --

When the last one runs off... And Gas Mask Tech pulls off his gas mask to reveal it's KRIEGER.

Krieger smiles at the van full of priceless RST property.

KRIEGER
Merry Christmas to me.

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Gina jumps as something BASHES the door to her cell. WHUMP. WHUMP. And then it comes crashing open.

Gina coils, ready to defend herself, when --

Bloodshot steps in.

GINA
Ray!
(then, hesitant)
Is it you?

He notices his alabaster flesh, his circular scar, traces of black nanite blood on his body like remnants of a tattoo...

BLOODSHOT
I'm not sure.

Gina goes to him, both drawn to the man she loved, and a bit fearful of what he's become. She's seen it firsthand now.

GINA
I saw what they did to you. What they've been doing... I had no idea...

BLOODSHOT
I know.
(then)
You shouldn't even be here. Let's fix that.

INT. RST FOURTH FLOOR LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

An elevator opens its doors. Bloodshot gets Gina inside and starts to step in, but pauses at the threshold.

BLOODSHOT'S POV: In one corner of his vision, a security camera viewpoint, showing Harting in a server room. An overlay graphic indicates what Harting is doing --

He's downloading the Bloodshot program data. 20%... 25%...

GINA
Ray? What is it?

Bloodshot remains at the threshold. Not stepping in.

BLOODSHOT

I have a ride waiting for you downstairs.

GINA

What about us?

Beat. Bloodshot eventually shakes his head 'no.'

BLOODSHOT

I can't remember us. *I don't even remember our wedding night.*

GINA

Then we have another one. What does it matter? Ray, I don't love you for what you remember, I love you for who you are.

BLOODSHOT

Gina, they will keep coming at me until I'm dead, or I stop them. I may be dead either way. But I have one chance to stop Harting.

She knows what he's saying. A kind of goodbye.

GINA

Ray. Please...

BLOODSHOT

What would he do? Ray. The man you married.

It's a direct question, and the answer pains Gina. But she won't lie to him.

GINA

He would stop the bad guys, once and for all. And then he'd come back to me.

BLOODSHOT

How do you know?

GINA

Because you did it once already.

The building rumbles again -- some interior explosion from deep within its walls. Their time is running out.

He pulls her close and kisses her. When he steps back, the elevator doors close between them. As they close --

BLOODSHOT

I love you.

GINA

Kick his ass for me.

With that, Bloodshot is off and running.

INT. RST SERVER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bloodshot KICKS open the door, stepping to the center of the room stacked with computer towers. At one station, the data download is still running: 85%... 90%...

From behind, Harting AMBUSHES Bloodshot -- gets Bloodshot in a choke-hold with his cyber-arm.

Bloodshot struggles to break free... His face turning red...

HARTING

I put years of work into you. You're the best idea I've ever had. Do you understand how this makes me feel?

Bloodshot then BREAKS HIS OWN ARM at the elbow so it can reach backward and grab hold of Harting's head --

BLOODSHOT

I was a soldier, you made me a killer!

HARTING

What's the difference?

Bloodshot finally kicks Harting back into --

INT. ROBOTICS LAB

Harting stands, backs up, looking for a way out, for something to use on Bloodshot here --

He finds the Japanese SHORT SWORD on a table. Picks it up.

Bloodshot steps in. A silhouette against the lights from outside. His eyes shine red, his teeth white. For one frame of the movie he is a comic book panel.

BLOODSHOT

That knife can't stop me, doc.

Harting pulls out the DEVICE from R&D and thumbs a power button on its top.

HARTING

It can with this.

Harting throws the device -- Bloodshot takes a step back, then as it WINKS like a grenade he decides to grab it and throw it back out the door when --

The device DETONATES -- but instead of an explosion a bluish sphere of ENERGY pulses out from the device in a silent balloon of light --

-- all the robotics and computers in a six-foot radius around Bloodshot instantly POWER DOWN --

And Bloodshot falls heavily to the floor.

The RED CIRCLE in his chest throbs red, and then fizzles to a dull gray. Along with the rest of his skin.

Harting steps close, looming over Bloodshot.

HARTING (CONT'D)

Martin Axe had the right idea. He just went too big. All it takes to drop you is one contained electro-magnetic pulse.

Bloodshot tries to move, but every motion is painful.

HARTING (CONT'D)

The nanites have helped you with everything. Without them, you're just Ray Garrison. And Ray Garrison is dead.

Bloodshot reaches out for Harting.

Harting remains an inch beyond reach. Staring down at him.

HARTING (CONT'D)

I had such hopes for us.
(then)
This hurts me more than it does you,
believe me.

Harting thrusts the blade into Bloodshot's chest.

WIDE ANGLE

Harting walks away, leaving Bloodshot on the floor, bleeding out black blood like an oil spill.

The red emergency lights clack on. Sirens blare. The facility is prepping for self-destruct.

Bloodshot stares at the ceiling with red eyes. The black nanite-filled blood seeps out...

Bloodshot sees a WORK LIGHT still on, a dozen feet away.

With every last ounce of strength, in his dying breaths, he crawls to the power cable strewn on the floor.

He then pulls out the sword from his chest. That starts another stream of black blood onto the floor.

Bloodshot's final action: He slams the blade down on the power cable, severing it.

He then falls over, dead. Nothing left in him.

The inert nanite blood pools, creeping toward --

The LIVE WIRE. And when the black fluid touches it...
A ripple of ELECTRICITY SNAKES THROUGH the blood.

For a moment it's like a lightning storm inside a black cloud. And then, just like that --

The blood stops seeping out. It REVERSES DIRECTION.

BLOODSHOT'S DEAD EYES flutter, then blink.

BLOODSHOT'S POV: Self-diagnostic data scrolls past his field of view along with the big words: "REBOOT SEQUENCE."

Suddenly he takes a big breath. Sits up.

Overhead, the sound of a helicopter powering up.

EXT. ROOFTOP HELIPAD - NIGHT

Harting hurries for the chopper, the PILOT gesturing for him when -- SLAM -- stairwell door flies open behind Harting.

It's Bloodshot. He THROWS Harting's sword, hard as he can.

Harting dodges it. Faces Bloodshot defiantly:

HARTING

You missed.

BLOODSHOT

Wasn't aiming for you.

Harting looks back -- the Pilot is now crumpled over the yoke, the sword buried in his back.

Harting moves for Bloodshot now. Harting hits hard with his cyber-arm, but Bloodshot takes the punch --

Every time it looks like his jaw is broken, it immediately resets. Even the bruising disappears.

But it just makes Harting more furious, and he SLAMS Bloodshot down, this time making him spit up black blood.

HARTING

I've killed you before.

BLOODSHOT

I've learned a thing or two since then.

The black blood spilling from Bloodshot's wound suddenly begins to rise like a tendril --

As if the nanite-controlled plasma were its own creature --

-- and it STRIKES into Harting's cyber-arm, pulsing with a synaptic bio-electric current --

The sparks SHORT-CIRCUIT that arm, seizing it up --

And now Harting's arm is LOCKED IN PLACE, firmly gripping Bloodshot's arm. The two men are as good as handcuffed.

The battle has swayed in Bloodshot's favor. Harting can't keep up with Bloodshot's relentless assault, especially with just one free arm.

With every strike, Bloodshot pushes Harting to the edge of the roof. Harting knows he's losing. Starts to get desperate.

HARTING

Wait! I can give you what you want.

BLOODSHOT

What.

HARTING

Your memories. Every night with your wife. Every friend you ever had. I can give you your life back.

It weighs on Bloodshot's heart, this offer. Ten minutes ago it's all he would have wanted. But now...

BLOODSHOT

I don't need it anymore.

Bloodshot drags them both to the lip of the roof, teetering a dozen stories from the ground. The building burns. Harting is terrified, in disbelief at what is about to happen.

HARTING

What are you doing?

Bloodshot uses Harting's own words back at him:

BLOODSHOT
Stepping off the ledge.

With that, Bloodshot hurls himself and Harting off the roof.

WIDE ANGLE: The two figures fall 200 feet -- but only one voice SCREAMS all the way down: Harting. The ground rushes up for them, and then:

BLACKNESS

And we just sit there for a beat. After what feels like an eternity... a red light begins to flash, revealing --

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

Bloodshot wakes with a start -- back in a hospital gown. Krieger is right there, waiting for him.

KRIEGER
 Wait, that worked? That worked! I must write this down.

BLOODSHOT
 Hell of a hangover.

Krieger smiles, happy with his science work.

KRIEGER
 Good. Next question. What do you remember?

A beat. Bloodshot looks around, takes in the room. It's not much more than a warehouse, stocked with high-tech gadgets and other junk MacGuyvered into useful tools.

And then standing farther back is KP. Watching curiously.

BLOODSHOT
 Enough. And you can call me Ray.

He slowly gets out of the bed. Rolls his shoulders. And notes the crazy machinery that brought him back.

BLOODSHOT (CONT'D)
 How permanent is this?

KRIEGER
 Ehh, a month? A week? It is a mystery.

BLOODSHOT
 Great, just great. Love specific answers.
 (then)
 And Harting?

KRIEGER

Dead. But he is easily replaced. RST is a giant monster. You just hacked off one finger, really. Start looking over your shoulder, friend, they will be after you soon as they find out you are alive.

Bloodshot nods. Blinks. The next question is the hardest:

BLOODSHOT

What about Gina?

KRIEGER

Back home. Safe and sound. For now. Like with you, is just a matter of time.

Bloodshot lets out a breath. Looks around. Goes to KP.

BLOODSHOT

KP. Good to see you.

KP

Good to see you. Again. Finally I don't have to pretend this is your first rodeo. So... What happens now?

BLOODSHOT

I didn't think I'd live to see this far.

KP

(beat)

So I guess you're going back to your wife?

Bloodshot wants that more than anything. But...

EXT. VIA RICASOLI - DAY

Gina walks down a cobblestone alley, carrying groceries.

BLOODSHOT (V.O.)

Not yet...

She steps into the parking courtyard and stops, surprised.

HER PICKUP is fully repaired and washed. The collision with So Long is now hardly a dent on the front grill.

Gina is confused and shocked, but then she realizes. Grins. Her husband is still out there.

BLOODSHOT (V.O.)

I still have work to do.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END CREDITS. THEN:

INT. PENTHOUSE - DAY

Kozol walks through his lavish living room, on the phone.

KOZOL

Well keep at it. Men like him just don't
vanish into thin air. He's out--
(checks phone)
Hello?

A distant WHUMP from somewhere elsewhere in the building.

Kozol points a remote at a large FLATSCREEN:

Revealing a block of SECURITY CAMERAS all showing static.

Now, sounds of muffled GUNFIRE outside the penthouse. Boots thumping on the roof above Kozol.

Kozol goes to a table and picks up a handgun. Chambers a round in the barrel.

Above him, a BODY is thrown through the skylight --

CRASHING to the floor in a bloody heap. In all black, wearing a security officer's cap.

Kozol sees the casualty and points the gun at the ceiling, tracking sounds on the roof.

He turns his back on the guard's body... and misses the sight of the man RISING from the floor, tossing off the cap...

It's BLOODSHOT.

Kozol turns around in time to see Bloodshot crack his neck back into place, and then he pulls out a LARGER HANDGUN to point it at Kozol...

Kozol drops his weapon, and raises his hands in surrender.

The two stand a half dozen paces away. Kozol smiles, like giving up is relaxing. Bloodshot didn't expect this.

BLOODSHOT

You could've fought back a little.

KOZOL

You could've used the front door.

BLOODSHOT

But it's a nice day out.
 (cocks weapon)
 You know why I'm here, don't you?

KOZOL

Cleaning up Harting's mess, no doubt. You believe killing me will put a stop to this whole business.

BLOODSHOT

That's right.

KOZOL

But I know something you don't. And you'll want to hear it before you pull that trigger.

BLOODSHOT

That so?

KOZOL

You are the product of a decade of nanotech research. Billions of dollars were spent, in utter secrecy. No one puts that effort into a weapon unless it's to defeat an unstoppable enemy.
 (beat)
 I'm not the ultimate threat, Garrison. But I can show you who is.

Kozol points a remote at a large flatscreen.

ON SCREEN: Aerial footage as if from a surveillance drone or an A150 plane, over an ocean, near a massive offshore rig. The lens zooms, zeroed in on an Asian man we've seen before... TOYO HARADA.

Harada is hovering fifty feet off the water, eyes aglow, pointing at the rig.

He gestures with his hands, and the massive structure RISES out of the water -- workers JUMPING off to flee -- others hanging on as tethers snap --

The ten-thousand-ton structure keeps rising like an elevator, revealing the PUMP that extends to the ocean floor...

ZOOMING OUT in time to see Harada gesture, and LAUNCH the entire thing into the stratosphere.

ON BLOODSHOT: Gobsmacked. Who the hell can do that?

SLAM TO BLACK.