

Punisher

By
Lexi Alexander

Powerful arms. A black BODY ARMOR VEST. We are TIGHT ON a man who works behind a table that is covered in dismantled pistols, rounds of ammo, machining tools. We never see his face.

BEGIN CREDITS as...

*

The man's greasy, nimble fingers methodically saw the barrel off of a SUB MACHINE GUN, the sound of metal on enamel making our skin crawl. He is modifying a weapon -- a semi-automatic RUGER turns automatic, just like that. These hands have done this a thousand times before.

*

*

*

We're not sure exactly where we are but it is cold and damp and deep below the surface. As the man's fingers work, adding customized pieces to the naked barrel, we spy a TV behind him, EVENING NEWS droning --

TV REPORTER

-- *reputed crime boss Gaitano Cesare once again avoided prison when a mistrial was declared today in his 8 week long RICO prosecution. Allegedly responsible for over two hundred murders, Cesare has yet to spend one day behind bars --*

CLIP OF: GAITANO CESARE(70s, in an electric wheelchair) exiting the COURTHOUSE, IV bags hanging on his chair, but don't be fooled -- he's still a mean old bastard.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)

-- *Mr. Eugene Gordlock, a juror who repeatedly asked the judge to be recused from the case, was gunned down a few hours later. We had the opportunity to speak with Mr. Gordlock's mother --*

CLIP OF: MRS. GORDLOCK (75, tiny, sweet, crying) --

MRS. GORDLOCK

They shot him right in our front yard -- my dear, sweet little boy --

BACK ON the Reporter --

TV REPORTER

The pained words of a grieving woman, left all alone in a city outraged by today's developments. But with no concrete evidence of tampering, and with Mr. Gordlock now dead and unable to testify --

The hands working at the table have finished. They pick up a fully constructed zero-recoil, lightweight sub-machine gun and slam a clip home. Turning slightly, a LIGHT catches the vest in just the right way revealing...

The PUNISHER SKULL. END CREDITS.

2

EXT. CESARE MANSION -- LONG ISLAND -- NIGHT

2

A nouveau-rich monstrosity, driveway full of arriving WISEGUYS and MISTRESSES. Welcome to Gaitano Cesare's "beat the rap" party. In the slew of Caddies and American makes, a WHITE RANGE ROVER -- the kind driven in Greenwich, CT -- stands out when it arrives.

BILLY RUSSO(30s) -- cut out of a Zegna add -- steps from the back seat, prettier than the ARM-CANDY with him. Tragically vain and quick to anger, Billy is his own worst enemy when it comes to career advancement.

*
*

Billy checks himself out in the Rover's window. Arm Candy goes to run her fingers through his hair, but he grabs her wrist hard before he moves his hand onto her throat and slams her against the car --

*
*
*
*

BILLY

I put on your make-up for you?

Arm Candy tears up. Billy lets go, reluctantly.

*

BINOCULAR POV of Billy Russo. We are --

3

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER -- NIGHT

3

DETECTIVE SAFFIOTTI(50, weary vet) watches Billy.

*

SAFFIOTTI

Billy "the Beaut" Russo. Everyone from Bed-Stuy to the Bronx is coming out to celebrate. Damn capos make every Italian look bad. I'm glad my father doesn't live to see this.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Next to Saffiotti is Detective MARTIN SOAP(late 30s). He plays Brickbreaker on his Blackberry. Universally disliked by the department, Soap isn't stupid, he's just hopelessly inept, and totally immune to insults. His "mission" is to catch the Punisher.

*
*
*
*

SAFFIOTTI (CONT'D)

The Captain should have sent me out here
with thirty - forty men to raze their
bloody "get-out-of-jail" party", instead
I'm stuck here with you mamma-luc.

Soap hardly looks up.

SOAP

He might come out tonight. As a matter of
fact, I'm pretty sure he'll show up.

SAFFIOTTI

And? What are you gonna do, huh?

SOAP

Bring him in.

Saffiotti laughs out loud, almost chokes on his spit. As
he calms down:

SAFFIOTTI

You know, even if you actually had the
slightest chance that you could ever make
that happen...why would you? He does with
those bastards what we can only fantasize
about.

Saffiotti is serious. He stares at Soap, who continues to
play his video game.

SOAP

He is a mass murderer. That's why.

Saffiotti shakes his head in disgust, turns to look back
out the window.

4 EXT. CESARE MANSION -- NIGHT(CONTINUOUS)

4

Billy's crew exits the Rover -- NICKY DONATELLI(late-20s,
Billy's right hand); and PITTSY (pushing 60, ferocious, a
cut motherfucker in a poorly cut suit).

Pittsy has a word with the Rover driver who happens to be
his son INK(20s, tattoos, skinny and shady).

PITTSY

(gruff)

Keep your nose clean.

Ink pulls away.

5 EXT. BACK YARD -- CESARE MANSION -- NIGHT 5

Party in full swing. Liquor flowing. A FRANK SINATRA impersonator (a good one) crooning. All the WOMEN turn, eye fucking BILLY as he passes through with NICKY and PITTSY. Wiseguys offer "*hey Billy; love the suit, Billy,*" but Billy barely acknowledges them. He stops at a closed door.

BILLY
(to Arm Candy)
Beat it.

Arm Candy obliges. Nicky, Billy's right hand, nervous about his famous temper, puts a calming hand on him --

NICKY
Hey --

Billy eyes Nicky's hand like it's a malignant tumor --

NICKY (CONT'D)
(removing hand)
You know -- it's just -- take it easy in there.

BILLY
What am I gonna do? Give the old guy a heart attack?

6 INT. CESARE'S OFFICE -- NIGHT 6

GAITANO CESARE with his WIFE(50s, a big-bosomed, tough old broad). Loves her man, even if he's bound to a wheelchair. Behind Cesare are several wiseguys, all massive, all packing. BILLY, NICKY and PITTSY enter.

CESARE
(to his wife)
Give me a minute.

Mrs. Cesare leans down and smooches her husband. Leaving, she can't help but give Billy the once over as she leaves, Billy returning the look. Cesare notices. Nicky ELBOWS Billy -- a warning. Billy hugs Cesare. These guys hate each other.

CESARE (CONT'D)
(handing Billy an envelope)
You handled the juror situation perfectly.

BILLY
No sweat, Uncle G. You look great.

CESARE
The hell I do.
(off hanging colostomy bag)
I shit in a bag for Christ's sake.

BILLY
Hey -- saves you a trip to the can,
right?

CESARE
(beat)
You wanted to discuss a private matter?

BILLY has caught his reflection in a mirror and can't let
go -- like seeing himself for the first time every time.

CESARE (CONT'D)
(impatient)
-- down at the docks?

BILLY
Right. Cristu Bulat. You know him?

CESARE
Yeah -- I hear he's a sick fuck. Fresh
off the boat.

BILLY
Came all the way from Pennsylvania or
some shit.

NICKY
(correcting)
Transylvania. It's in Romania.

CESARE
(doesn't give two shits)
Get to the point.

BILLY
Cristu's bringing in a shipment and he
needs a safe port. I arranged for my
customs guy Simmons to be on that night.
My union boys'll be there to unload. Our
cut's ten mil and we won't break a sweat.

CESARE
Ten mil? The fuck's Cristu shipping?

BILLY

What's the difference? You get your ten percent.

*
*

CESARE

You don't lay out that kind'a grease to bring in a crate of knock-off Louis Vuittons.

*

BILLY

We both know the ports are my territory. I'm only askin' as a fuckin' courtesy here.

*
*
*
*

CESARE

If you're bein' so fuckin' courteous then give me a straight fuckin' answer.

*
*
*

BILLY

I don't know -- it's some kind'a biological package.

*
*

CESARE

A "biological" package. I fuckin' knew it. Probably going to the ragheads in Queens -- somethin' that'll leave women and children dyin' in my streets --

*
*
*
*

BILLY

Cristu guaranteed it's leavin' the city. So maybe our friends in Chicago get a cold or something. It's a win win.

*
*
*
*

CESARE

We don't touch that shit -- not unless we want those Homeland Security fucks retiring us to a beach front cell in Cuba --

*
*
*
*
*

BILLY

You got your balls in that bag'a shit Uncle G.?

*
*
*

CESARE

(simmering)

You know, Billy, if you put half the effort into your work that you put into your appearance you'd make it past lieutenant.

*

BILLY

Hey. In case your memory's goin' along
with the rest'a your bodily functions,
you might want to remember I'm the top
fuckin' earner around here. I'm not
stupid --

CESARE

(boiling over)

Stupid?! You're as shithouse crazy as
your brother James! I should'a had the
both of you locked away!

Something clicks in Billy at the mention of his brother,
a carnal defense mechanism --

BILLY

(raised voice)

Come on Uncle. Everybody knows you had
James locked up because he is the only
one you ever felt threatened by.

Cesare laughs sarcastically.

CESARE

No shit I felt threatened by him. As a
matter of fact he scares the bejesus out
of me. If he dies tomorrow, Hannibal
Lector and Adolf Hitler start running in
hell to get away from him. He is a
fucking cannibal, a beast.

BILLY

One more word about my brother and I'll --

All the guys behind Cesare move in, hands move in their
jackets.

CESARE

(a challenge)

You'll what?

Pittsy moves in closer.

CESARE (CONT'D)

Take another step you greasy fuck.

NICKY

(the peacemaker)

He didn't mean nothing by it, Mr. Cesare
-- let's calm down here. Back off,
Pittsy.

Pittsy looks to Billy for direction. Billy nods -- "back off for now." Cesare waves his dogs off as well. The room calms down.

CESARE

We've got a good spread out there -- sent Vito to pick up some of those Maine lobsters from the Fulton fish market. I've always said if I was eating my last meal on earth I'd be eating that Maine lobster --

(a not so veiled threat)

So eat up, boys.

Cesare rolls out of the room. Nicky tries to follow Cesare, but Billy pulls him back. They wait until Cesare and his goons are out of earshot.

BILLY

We're not eating with the old shitbag, understand?

Nicky and Pittsy nod. Nicky looks unhappy.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Pittsy, pour me a drink.

PITTSY

Yes, Boss.

Billy walks over to the mirror. Caresses his face.

NICKY

What do you want to do, boss?

BILLY

Strategize.

CLOSE UP on Nicky. He swallows, scared shitless.

7 EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT

7

OVER A MAN'S SHOULDER we move silently through trees with a soldier's deliberateness, approaching the BACK YARD of the Cesare Mansion.

CLOSE UP ON a pair of combat boots digging into dirt. A large knife tight around one ankle.

MAN'S POV: BODYGUARDS toting Uzis on the floors of the mansion, smoke cigarettes while the made guys eat inside.

CLOSE UP on one BODYGUARD at the back of the house. WE SEE a DARK SILHOUETTE behind him. A ROPE is thrown over the BODYGUARD'S head and within a split second he is lassoed, pulled in and choked to death. WE WATCH as the DARK SILHOUETTE takes the rope and climbs onto the patio of the second floor.

8 INT. DINING ROOM - CESARE MANSION

8

Loud hollering and enthusiasm as CESARE finally arrives at the dining table, where the rest of the family waits to start eating. A wiseguy pushes his wheelchair to the head of the table. Mrs. Gaitono lovingly adjusts his IVs and colostomy bags. The rest of his men sit down to the left and right of him. This guy is about as well protected as the president.

CESARE

Alore! Mangare. Mangare!

Several waiters in white jackets serve fancy dishes under silver dome plate covers, which they skillfully pick up at the same time to reveal each dish.

GUESTS

Ahhh! Ohhh!!

The dining table is covered with plates of beautiful large lobsters, colorful vegetable dishes, bread baskets and sauce boats filled with drawn butter. Just as everybody starts digging into the food -- the lights start flickering and EVERYTHING GOES DARK.

CESARE

EH! Ah que kozze faro? Wafankulo!

All around complaining. Then -- in the darkness -- we recognize THE SKULL! Somewhere on the top of the dining table -- floating like a ghost. Only Cesare sees it too.

CESARE (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

SUDDENLY a hissing sound. A powerful, quick hand sticks a flare into a potato gratin. The room LIGHTS UP BRIGHT RED. Now we see him. FRANK Castle - THE PUNISHER on top of the dining room. Due to his live-fire Military training, he moves like a gazelle in the bright red light while the guidos are still covering their eyes, trying to figure out what the fuck is going on.

9	INT. CESARE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME	9	*
	Nicky is in mid conversation, trying to talk sense into Billy, who continues to stare into the mirror, mesmerized. The lights go off.		* * *
	BILLY		*
	God dammit! See, not even the Water & Power department has any respect for that sinal piece of shit. Pittsy, light those candelabras next to the mirror!		* * * * *
	The candles illuminate the room. Billy smiles at the sight of his image in candle light. CLOSE UP on Nicky, a concerned look on his face.		* * *
10	EXT. CESARE MANSION -- FRONT YARD - SAME TIME	10	*
	The bodyguards are standing in the dark, not alarmed.		*
	BODYGUARD		*
	Hey, Sal, go turn the power back on before the boss comes out here busting our balls.		* * * *
	WIDE SHOT of the mansion. Everything is dark except the windows of the dining-room. Those look smoking red like the gateway to hell --		* * *
11	INT. DINING ROOM -- CESARE MANSION	11	*
	Castle, on top of the dining table, drops onto his knees -- pulls his hunter knife out of his ankle holster -- slides forward all the way to the head of the table until he is only inches away from Cesare and with one motion -- SWOOOSH! DONE! A shower of warm blood sprinkles onto the wiseguys and Mrs. Cesare.		* * * * * *
	The red flare light continues to disorient everybody except Castle, until Cesare's head drops off his neck and only a few stubborn veins keep it from falling on the floor -- Mrs. Cesare opens her mouths to scream bloody murder but before she can get a sound out, Castle's hands wrap around her face and twist her neck. CRACK. OVER!		* * * * * *
	At the same time Castle's combat boots wrap around the neck of a wiseguy sitting opposite of her. Wiseguy tries desperately to get out of Castle's choke. No such luck. Castle chokes him to death with his feet without even looking back once.		* * * * *

12 INT. DETECTIVE SOAP'S CRUISER - SAME TIME 12 *

Saffiotti notices the red light in the dark mansion. *

SAFFIOTTI *

God. What kind of sick stuff are these *

people into now? *

Soap looks up. Suddenly more alarmed. *

13 INT. DINING ROOM(CONTINUOUS) 13 *

Castle crawls forward on the dining table. Precise, *

deadly, lightening fast, hand-to-hand combat and so far *

without making one alarming noise. *

As his feet move from his last victim to the next, he *

kicks the saucer boat with the hot liquid, diagonal *

across the table, before spinning his heel back to crash *

the esophagus of another wise guy, killing him instantly. *

Noticing some commotion at the end of the table, Castle *

grabs a couple of steak knives -- whoosh - whoosh. One *

hits a wiseguy straight between the eyes, the other one *

flies sideways like a frisbee, slices the throat of the *

guido next to him, who starts spitting blood while *

looking around, wondering what hit him. He DIES not *

knowing. *

Castle's hands move onto the two guys burning in hot *

butter. He grabs a lobster from a plate and pushes it *

deep into the throat of one to further avoid any noise, *

while he grabs the tongue of the other man and pulls him *

closer. While lobster guy is trying not to choke to *

death, the other man starts fighting Castle. Castle grabs *

his arm, twists and CRACK -- arm bone is BROKEN in sharp *

splinters. The bare bone is staring at us through flesh *

and skin. Another twist, one quick move and Castle *

punches the man's splintered bone into his own heart. *

Castle is moving on. If the man won't die quickly enough *

from the bone stuck in his heart, he surely is going to *

die from the shock of the pure sight of it. *

SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS COME BACK ON. *

The dining room looks like a bomb exploded. Dead bodies *

everywhere, everything covered in blood. A waiter steps *

out of the kitchen. *

WAITER *

Aaaaaaaahhhhhh! *

Castle whip-jumps onto his feet and in motion pulls his two -- now fully automatic -- RUGERS out of his jacket as he runs to the end of the dining table. Four random people die within split seconds before he even gets there. TIME MUST SLOW DOWN for us to comprehend how and what he's doing. He seems to look straight ahead at the entrance doors while shooting people coming at him from the left and the right. Peripheral vision -- enough for him to have a straight shot 180 degrees around him.

14 HIGH SPEED CAMERA PANS WITH A BULLET LEAVING THE BARREL 14
OF HIS GUN -- RAMPING UP AND DOWN -- AS A WISEGUY
LITERALLY EATS IT AND WE WATCH THE BULLET ENTER HIS MOUTH
(SOUND OF METAL ON ENAMEL MAKES US CRINGE) AND EXITS THE
BACK OF HIS HEAD, BLOWING HIS BRAINS OUT.

As bodyguards enter from every corner of the house, Uzi's aimed, Castle calmly steps off the table and onto a chair. He balances the chair on one leg and starts spinning around, arms stretched out, his Rutgers shooting more than 1,000 rounds a minute. HE HAS TURNED HIMSELF INTO A HUMAN ARTILLERY TURRET. CLOSE UP and SLOW MOTION on the ocean of ammunition shells raining onto the floor.

Bodies are falling left and right. Castle keeps his chin deep down covered in his turtle Kevlar vest. He takes several shots, but continues to keep his balance.

15 INT. CESARE'S OFFICE 15

A pale Billy Russo cowers behind the door. Mortified he looks down into the dining room where his family is being slaughtered. Pittsy has his gun drawn, but Nicky holds him back.

NICKY

We have to get out of here!

BILLY

What are you talking about? That psycho is killing my entire family. Let's take care of him.

NICKY

That psycho is the Punisher. Angel of death. Unless we also want to drop like flies, we should postpone that to another date, maybe get a couple of workouts in before.

Billy contemplates this for a moment.

16	BILLY'S POV: Castle is out of ammunition. He JUMPS off the chair, FLIPS it up with his legs and SIDEKICKS the chair into the eye of an oncoming wiseguy. Wiseguy falls backwards with the leg of the chair still stuck in his eye. Castle leans over him and casually exchanges his empty weapon for the wiseguy's Uzi.	16	* * * * * *
	CLOSE UP on Billy. He swallows.		*
	BILLY		*
	Let's go.		*
17	EXT. CESARE MANSION(CONTINUOUS)	17	* * * *
	Soap follows Saffiotti apprehensively towards the mansion. Both men have their guns drawn. Soap looks like he is holding his for the first time.		
	SAFFIOTTI		*
	Let's split up.		*
	SOAP		*
	Shouldn't we wait for back up?		*
	Saffiotti shakes his head in disbelief.		*
	SAFFIOTTI		*
	You do want you want! I'm going around the back.		* * *
	Saffiotti walks off. Soap slowly walks towards the front entrance and peeks inside. All seems quiet. He enters.		* *
18	INT. CESARE MANSION - DINING ROOM	18	* * * *
	CLOSE UP on Soap as his mouth drops wide open. Corpses, pools of blood, the floor covered in empty gun shells -- it's like the beaches of Normandy.		
	SOAP		*
	Holy Macro!		*
19	INT. HALLWAY -- CESARE MANSION	19	* * * *
	Castle moves towards the back of the house. Job is done. Time to go. In the background WE HEAR the sound of sirens.		

20

EXT. BACK YARD(CONTINUOUS)

20

Saffiotti walks around the back. Suddenly -- the sound of a car door opening and closing. Saffiotti spins around to see Billy, Nicky and Pittsy get into their Rover. Just as picks up his two-way-radio to call it in, Castle storms into backyard behind him.

SAFFIOTTI

Freeze Asshole!

Castle has his back turned to Saffiotti. He puts up his hands.

SAFFIOTTI (CONT'D)

Turn around. Slowly.

Castle turns. The men stare at each other. Then, through Castle's blood covered kevlar vest, Saffiotti recognizes the skull. Saffiotti nods. He gets something out of his pocket. Car keys. He tosses them to Castle, who's not quite sure what's going on.

SAFFIOTTI (CONT'D)

The worst of them is getting away. White Rover. Try heading towards the docks.

Castle puts his hands down, nods.

CASTLE

Thank you.

SAFFIOTTI

For holding me at gun point and stealing my ride?

Saffiotti secures his gun and throws that at Castle as well. Then he motions for him to get out. Castle does.

SOAP (O.S.)

Saffiotti? Hey. Saffiotti!

Saffiotti drops onto the ground. Soap stumbles out of the Billiard room.

SOAP (CONT'D)

You must see this--

He notices Saffiotti on the ground.

SOAP (CONT'D)

Jeez, Saffiotti. What happened, man?

SAFFIOTTI

Your Punisher. Disarmed me, held me at gun point and stole our damn ride. Where were you, huh?

SOAP

God. I'm sorry...I was...I knew it! I knew he would come. Let me take your statement. I need to know everything. I'm onto him Saffiotti, I promise you. I'm so close.

WE FOLLOW Saffiotti and Soap to the front of the house, which is now surrounded by police cars and ambulances.

21	EXT. GATE -- GLASS RECYCLING PLANT -- PORT -- NIGHT	21	*
	TWO GUARDS wave Billy's Range Rover through the gate.		
22	EXT. GLASS RECYCLING PLANT -- PORT -- NIGHT	22	*
	The Rover stops in front of a cavernous warehouse down by the PORT. BILLY, NICKY, PITTSY and INK hop out.		*
23	EXT. PORT -- NIGHT	23	*
	FRANK has followed a safe distance away. He rolls the car to a stop. CAMERA PANS to a black VAN a few feet away.		*
24	INT. CASTLE'S CAR	24	*
	Castle takes a deep breath, WINCES in pain thanks to banged up ribs. In the years since his wife and son were taken, Frank has dedicated himself to meting out Punishment, and it has taken a toll. He finds some aspirin in the car, pops it straight from the bottle, swallows them dry. He continues to look through Saffiotti's car, searching for weapons, anything he can use for the next battle. No rush.		*
25	EXT. GATE -- GLASS RECYCLING PLANT	25	*
	Three leery guys walk down the alley towards the gate.		*

26	INT. CASTLE'S CAR	26	*
	Castle watches them. A DREADLOCKED motherfucker with a gold-toothed snarl, followed by a couple of white Irish hoods. It looks like they are skateboarding off the railings and jumping over obstacles, except NONE OF THEM HAVE SKATE BOARDS. They are acrobatic, but in an offensive, aggressive way. Their laughter is loud and obnoxious -- it's pretty clear they're high on something.		* * * * * * *
27	EXT. GATE -- GLASS RECYCLING PLANT	27	*
	GUARD		*
	Hey Maginty. Boss expecting you?		*
	DREADLOCK		*
	Yeah dawg, he sure is.		*
28	INT. CASTLE'S CAR	28	*
	Castle watches as the Gate opens and the three guys enter. He looks at his watch.		* *
29	INT. GLASS RECYCLING PLANT -- NIGHT	29	*
	Maginty and his two hoods walk through the expansive warehouse filled with barrels of used bottles and bins of CRUSHED GLASS. The centerpiece is a large GLASS CRUSHER. An enormous FUNNEL SHAPED-BIN filled with bottles sits atop the crushing wheel of the machine.		* * *
30	EXT. GLASS RECYCLING PLANT	30	*
	CLOSE IN on the BLACK VAN, through the doors...		*
31	INT. BLACK VAN	31	*
	Three Federal agents on an undercover observation mission. One of them, we later know him as AGENT MILLER, is wearing headphones. WE HEAR what he hears:		* * *
	NICKY (O.S.)		*
	-- I'm sorry about your family, Billy.		*
	BILLY (O.S.)		*
	Oh well, maybe it's a blessing in disguise.		* *

NICKY (O.S.)

What?

32 INT. BILLY'S OFFICE

32

The same conversation.

BILLY

It was my time to take over anyway and thanks to the Punisher, I didn't even have to get my hands dirty.

Billy laughs out loud. Nicky turns away, a saddened look on his face.

MAGINTY (O.S.)

Yo, boss!

PITTSY

What's he doing here?

BILLY

Relax. I asked him to come. It's time to go to work.

Maginty and the hoods enter the office.

MAGINTY

My man. How you're doin'?

BILLY

Who are your friends?

MAGINTY

Jeez, look at this guy (turns to his hoods) have you ever seen a better looking mo-fo in your life? I mean, no disrespect, Billy...I'm just saying, God was generous with you, know what I'm sayin'?

Billy holds his hand up, gestures Maginty to stop, but he clearly enjoys the flattery. Pittsy and Nicky exchange annoyed looks.

MAGINTY (CONT'D)

My man. These are a couple of my colleagues. They are very, very gifted delivery men, know what I'm sayin? No mountain too high, no river too deep.

Maginty cracks himself up. He laughs out loud, so do his boys.

BILLY
All right, enough.

The stops instantly.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Pittsy, get me the money from the safe.

Pittsy opens a safe in the back and returns with a bag of money, hands it to Billy.

PITTSY
We're running low boss. There's only two grand left in the safe.

BILLY
Nicky, where is the opium money?

NICKY
You told me to stash it at my house, boss. In case you get raided.

BILLY
Bring it back tomorrow.

NICKY
Yes boss.

Billy walks over to Maginty, hands him the bag of money.

BILLY
There are twenty rolls of hundreds, a grand each. All counted. Head to the port, do your monkey thing to get behind the security gates and hand out the money.

33 INT. BLACK VAN

33

Agent Miller suddenly gets excited. He grabs a notepad and pulls the headphones out so the other Feds can hear.

34 INT. BILLY'S OFFICE

34

Maginty takes the bag of money.

BILLY

Hold on. Here are the names, addresses and complete private information on all the customs and security guys. So while you're handing out a little sign of appreciation from Mr. Russo, you're also reading their address back to them, how many kids they have, where they go to school and who they take piano lessons from, all right?

Billy hands Maginty a few papers.

MAGINTY

You got it boss. No problemo.

Maginty and his hoods walk outside, but instead of going down the stairs they turn to the right and start climbing up a ladder.

PITTSY

Hey! What do you think you're doing?

MAGINTY

Yo, would it be all right if we take the roof instead of the door?

Pittsy looks confused. He turns to Billy. Billy shrugs his shoulders and nods. Maginty and the hoods holler excited as they climb up the ladder and crawl through the skylight onto the roof. Pittsy shakes his head.

PITTSY

Damn monkeys.

35 EXT. GATE -- GLASS RECYCLING PLANT

35

Castle is hiding at a blind spot near the gate. He notices Maginty and his boys on the roof and watches them run off while jumping from roof to roof in acrobatic motions. One of the guard spots them as well.

GUARD

What the ?

He picks up his two-way.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Pittsy?

PITTSY (V.O.)

Yeah?

GUARD
Are you guys all right?

PITTSY (V.O.)
Yes. Why?

GUARD
I thought I saw someone on the roof.

PITTSY (V.O.)
You did. Don't worry about that.

GUARD
Copy that.

CLOSE UP on Castle, who has overheard this. Castle pulls a small black rubber baton out of a hidden pocket on his combat pants.

CLOSE UP on two GUARDS, watching the back entrance. No way to get by them without getting noticed. They are sober guys, focused and alert.

Suddenly a HIZZING sound. One of the guards touches his neck.

GUARD1
Ouch.

GUARD2
What?

GUARD1
Something bit me.

CAMERA PANS to the top of the fence. CLOSE UP on Castle with his rubber baton turned mini bow.

BACK TO THE GUARDS

Guard 1 takes his hand off his neck, blood starts shooting out like from a high pressure sprinkler. Carotid artery sliced.

GUARD2
Oh shit.

Guard 1 realizes what's happening, passes out. Guard 2 leans over to help him. Before he remembers that he is in danger, Castle is already flying off the fence -- he turns mid air to land on Guard 2's back with his own back. WWF style. CRACK. A sickening sound. Guard 1 has bled out, Guard 2 dies of a broken neck and back.

Castle now moves towards the building and skillfully climbs to the roof. He runs quickly across the roof to the skylight.

36 EXT. FRONT OF THE GATE - RECYCLING PLANT

36

Same guard who noticed Maginty on the roof before, sees the silhouette of Castle running up there. He shrugs his shoulders.

37 INT. GLASS RECYCLING PLANT

37

Castle crawls through the skylight and lands on the catwalk. He spots Billy, Pittsy and Ink through the window of the office. Just as he takes his first step forward, a door opens behind him. Nick steps out of the bathroom. The two men face each other. Nicky turns white.

NICK

No -

Castle puts his hand into his jacket and before he can take it out- BANG, a clean bullet hole right between the eyes. He drops dead instantly. Castle turns around, JUMPS with one foot on the railing of the catwalk and walks on the catwalk using both railings. He reaches the office in three huge steps. By the time Pittsy steps out of the office to see what's going on, Castle is next to the door. He grabs Pittsy's wrist to keep the gun away and puts his own gun to Pittsy's head. But Pittsy is a tough motherfucker and he's done this a few times before. In a split second, he SLAMS Castle's gun away, grabs Castle by the throat and lifts him off his feet. Castle is unable to reach Pittsy with his arms and is choking for air. He struggles. Close to turning blue, Castle knees Pittsy in the balls, pulls himself free and elbows Pittsy right under the chin. Pittsy stumbles backwards against the railing. Castle has landed on his feet. Suddenly Castle CHARGES Pittsy like a bull and with the sheer FORCE of his head thrusting into Pittsy's gut, Pittsy falls backwards over the railing, lands on the ground and is out cold.

Castle instantly moves inside the office. He just catches Billy as he takes a gun out of the safe and runs out of the back entrance of the office. No sight of Ink. Castle runs after Billy. Billy climbs onto a converter belt to get to another catwalk. He sees Castle follow. He turns and shoots a couple of times, but no hit. Castle keeps coming like a steamroller.

Castle catches up. Billy shoots again. At this distance, he has a better chance. He aims straight, shoots, but Castle grabs a railing above him, jumps up and takes the bullet in the vest. He shoots again, Castle takes it again in the vest but as he falls into the railing from the impact of the bullet, the railing GIVES IN and Castle FALLS OFF THE CATWALK - and is just able to hold on to another post with one arm - but he is HANGING IN THE AIR.

CLOSE UP on Billy, smiling. Cocky, he walks back, stands above Castle and looks down.

BILLY

Oh well. That was fun.

He aims at Castle, but Castle starts swinging, on his one arm that already looks like it's about to pop off. Billy shoots him in his swinging arm. Hits him.

CASTLE

Aaah!

STILL he holds on. STILL he continues to swing on his now injured arm. Suddenly, with enough momentum, he swings up onto the catwalk and with both feet forward SWEEPS Billy off his feet and DOWN HE GOES. CRASH! He lands in a BIN OF BOTTLES atop the glass crusher. Castle jumps after Billy into the bin. The exchange a few blows, but Billy is no match for The Punisher. A right hook sends Billy falling backwards and knocks him out cold. Castle picks him up, turns him upside down and pushes him deep under the bottles. Then he swings himself out of the bin and with one hand he holds onto Billy's legs which are sticking out of the bin, while his other hand pushes the button that turns on the glass crusher.

38

INT. GLASS BIN

38

Amidst the bottles -- BILLY -- awakened by the rumbling of the machine -- has no idea where he is until...he SINKS a couple of inches. Through green glass he sees Castle standing above him pushing his legs. Now BILLY sees the CRUSHING WHEEL of the machine next to him. The churning of glass into chard is a mortifying sight. In moments BILLY will be crushed too. He tries to scream, but any sound is muffled by the noise of crushing glass.

Castle sees INK storming through the front entrance. He let's go of Billy's legs and runs onto a converter belt that leads him back onto the catwalk. Billy continues to sink deeper and deeper into the bin.

At least ten guards with Uzis are behind Ink, who quickly rushes over to PITTSY --

INK

Jesus! That sick bastard!

Ink cradles Pittsy's bleeding head.

INK (CONT'D)

Somebody turn the fucking crusher off!!!

Castle slowly crawls on the catwalk towards Nicky's dead body. The guards haven't spotted him. He reaches Nicky's body THEN-

GUARD

Up there!

Castle quickly reaches in Nicky's jacket, but whatever he finds it's not a gun. Castle turns and looks at it. IT'S A WIRE. THIS GUY IS A FED. CLOSE UP on Castle, this is the first time we see him so full of emotion. He looks mortified. SUDDENLY BULLETS ARE BLASTING AT HIM. HE FALLS FORWARD. STAYS DOWN. The eyes of a boxer who at this moment doesn't have the heart to get back on his feet. GUARDS ARE COMING CLOSER. One is on the catwalk. More bullets. FINALLY, Castle jumps up. THANK GOD. In split seconds he covers the distance to the skylight and climbs out. GONE. The guards stop shooting and chasing, mainly because the FEDS have arrived i and Uzis are, hard to believe, still not legal in the US.

AGENT MILLER

FBI! FBI! Put your weapons down!

39 EXT. STREET

39

Frank runs as if in trance. Unaware of his environment around him, clearly in his own thoughts and whatever they are, they're not pleasant.

-- FRANK slides down an EMBANKMENT to an old SEWER GRATE.

-- FRANK slides into the SEWER, finds a previously-placed FLASHLIGHT.

-- FRANK walks the sewer, flashlight catching his neighbors -- filthy, beady-eyed rats.

-- FRANK disappears down a MANHOLE.

40 INT. DISCONTINUED SUBWAY TUNNEL -- NIGHT 40

Frank walks the tracks. Behind him the rails abruptly end at sheer rock. Never finished. Dim WORKLIGHTS strung from pipes light the way. We hear the ROAR of subway trains nearby. Frank enters...

41 INT. AN ABANDONED IRT STATION -- THE PUNISHER'S DEN 41 *

The dark, damp place we saw earlier -- an old 1920's IRT station. Grime on tiles can't completely hide the ornateness of the abandoned public works project. ON THE EAST PLATFORM -- Frank's living space -- cot, table, electric burner, 1930's fridge. An old toilet covers a sewer grate. Frank has tapped a WATER LINE that runs to a bucket on a table(sink) and a hanging camper's SUN SHOWER. There is LOCKED TRUNK here. ON THE WEST PLATFORM -- Frank's workshop. Machining tools, the table littered with disassembled guns. A stool. The TV. Stacks of AUTOLOADER magazines. POWER CABLES pulled from above power the place. Frank climbs up stacked crates, into his living space. We hear a subway train passing close, lights FLICKERING as Frank leans back against the wall, hands covering his face, unable to shake the image of --

42 INT. GLASS RECYCLING PLANT -- LITTLE LATER 42 *

AGENT MILLER and his FEDS are looking down onto the dead body of Nick Donatelli. MILLER turns around to a group of Russo's guards.

AGENT MILLER
What the fuck happened here?

GUARD
The Punisher happened! He just came in here and started shooting everybody in sight, for no reason.

Agent Miller knows he's talking to a scumbag.

AGENT MILLER
Ah, get away from me!

EMT (O.S.)
We got a live one!

AGENT MILLER walks over to the crushed glass bin where EMTs turn over BILLY RUSSO. We don't see his face yet.

The EMT pulls a wallet from Russo's pocket.

EMT (CONT'D)

(off ID)

Billy the Beaut.

(looks at Billy, unfazed)

Well, not any more, eh?

Now we see Billy -- his face is a glass-caked, pulpy piece of post-modern art. Agent Miller turns in disgust. As he walks off, he kicks a glass bottle that's lying on the ground so hard that it crashes in pieces. Everybody watches him frightened.

43 EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY

43

FRANK lingers by a tree. Watching something. IN THE DISTANCE -- the FUNERAL of NICKY DONATELLI. A lot of sad, suited-up people. Frank's gaze is drawn to a WOMAN and a LITTLE GIRL -- Nicky's widow and child -- ANGELA(late-20s) and GRACE(5).

44 WITH ANGELA AND GRACIE

44

A priest speaks his last blessings, the coffin is lowered into the ground. Stoic, Angela wipes away a tear, smudging her make-up. Grace, emulating her mom, is stoic too. They are both smart, and beautiful and, above all, strong. Next to Angela: a steely-eyed FBI AGENT -- LUKE McDONALD(late-20s, built like a Cruiserweight, a young Frank Castle). At the sight of little Gracie he melts. He fights the tears in his eyes and sadness turns into rage. The funeral guests shake Angela and Gracie's hand before they walk off. Luke recognizes AGENT MILLER with a couple of colleagues from the Bureau who came to pay their respect. He runs after them and catches up before they can disappear in their black Lincoln.

LUKE

Hey!

Agent Miller turns.

AGENT MILLER

Agent McDonald.

LUKE

I'd like to know what happened! Who compromised Donattelli?

Agent Miller looks around, pulls Luke to the side to get out of earshot.

AGENT MILLER

Calm down agent McDonald, it wasn't anybody's fault. He wasn't compromised. None of us could foresee Frank Castle's opening hunting season on the La Cosa Nostra, just as we're about to expose a threat to national security that involves one of their capos.

Miller looks around to see if he has raised his voice too much.

AGENT MILLER (CONT'D)

Donatelli sent us a message just a couple of days ago. He said something big was about to happen, asked for Homeland security. We've been running a 24 hour observation on Russo and just as we're about to find out what the fuck is going on, Agent Donatelli gets shot. Trust me, nobody is more pissed than I am.

LUKE

How is it that we're not all over Frank Castle?

AGENT MILLER

Because there is a very real threat on national security. Last time I checked that tops capturing a crazy vigilante.

Luke looks disappointed. Without any further word, Miller gets in the car and takes off. Angela and Gracie are walking towards Luke.

LUKE

Hey.

ANGELA

Hey.

Luke embraces both of them. Then he pulls back and looks into Angela's eyes.

LUKE

I'm going to get this guy, Angie. I promise you I'm going to get him.

Grace, sensing something, looks up, into the distance -- to the tree where FRANK stands.

45 ON FRANK 45 *

Devastated that he's taken away this innocent young girl's father. He walks off, further back into the cemetery. He stops at another grave. CLOSE ON a modest HEADSTONE, three names engraved: *MARIA ELIZABETH Castle 1968-2004, SOPHIE ANNABELL CASTLE, 1997-2004, FRANK DAVID Castle JR. 1998-2004.* FRANK has taken a knee by the stone, there is some smudge on it. He starts wiping it off with his jacket, but it won't come off. He wipes harder and harder and harder, but the DIRT won't come off. Finally he leans against the gravestone, devastated. *

46 EXT. NYPD PRECINCT HOUSE -- DOWNTOWN -- DAY 46 *

A limestone station house. LUKE McDonald hustles up the steps, a man on a mission. *

47 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE -- DAY 47

LUKE walking through the busy station with CAPTAIN ROSS. Good suit, trim haircut -- Luke is an OUTSIDER here, and the Captain doesn't like Feds on his turf.

CAPTAIN

-- I heard the Bureau was sending a babysitter. *

LUKE

A liaison.

CAPTAIN

Thirty years on the force, I still don't know what that word means. We have a certain way of doing things around here, "Special Agent" McDonald. *

LUKE

Like letting mass murderers run free?
(off Captain's look)
Four years this Punisher's been wreaking havoc and you never once caught a break?

They enter the NOISY BULLPEN -- UNIS booking foul-mouthed street thugs, Detectives interviewing HOOKERS at cluttered desks. A real circus. *

CAPTAIN

I'm waist deep in shit around here, as you can plainly see. *

CAPTAIN(CONT'D)

Your buddies from the bureau told me that the city is under some kind of a terror threat. New Yorker's are a bit sensitive about that, if you know what I mean. I have all my men on trying to find out what your late colleague came across when he was under.

Luke shakes his head, not satisfied.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Off the record? If Frank Castle wants to help shovel some of it for me I'm inclined to let him. On the record we have an ongoing investigation into the Punisher. I can assure you, he will be caught.

LUKE

Nick Donatelli was a good agent -- a good man. We came up together. He left behind a widow, a small girl, and you're just going to look the other way?

CAPTAIN

Hey -- maybe if you Federals cut us lowly cops in on your undercover operations once in a while something like this could have been avoided.

LUKE

All due respect, Captain, but that is bullshit.

Loud enough to get the entire bullpen's attention.

LUKE (CONT'D)

What if it had been your man lying in a pool of his own blood?

(to the entire room)

You Krispy-Kreme motherfuckers would be beating down every door in the city. The Punisher is a criminal -- a killer. He belongs in jail and you're telling me not one of you is man enough to go after him?

A beat. The Captain looks challenged. Then-

CAPTAIN

Room 012. In the basement.

Luke looks confused.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

The Punisher task force. You will find
all the support you need there, I promise
you.

Luke looks encouraged. He misses the hidden smirks of the
cops covering behind their desks.

48

INT. BASEMENT -- PRECINCT HOUSE -- LATER

48

Luke knocks and enters the tiny office. The bowels of the
station -- musty, dark and claustrophobic. Detective
Soap, his tie covered with half of his breakfast, sits
behind rows of old FILING CABINETS, his legs up on a
bunch of boxes.

SOAP

Ahh! Agent McDonald. The Captain just
told me you were coming for a visit.
Welcome to the Punisher task force.

Luke tries to hide his disappointment. He looks around.
Sees a few certificates on the wall.

LUKE

Is that why you got stuck with this job?

SOAP

What?

Luke points to a certificate on the wall.

LUKE

You have a degree in Behavioral
Psychology.

SOAP

I'm flattered agent. Most people assume I
was assigned to this job due to the
results of my poor marksmanship
placement.

LUKE

Well...?

SOAP

You want the truth? I volunteered.

Luke seems surprised.

LUKE

Why? There doesn't seem to be one cop in this city who wants to see Castle brought down.

SOAP

...and everybody is damn sure I'll never even come close to it.

LUKE

So, this task force of yours is really just for appearance and you're set on wasting your time here until retirement?

Soap goes to pull a thick file out of a drawer. He opens it. There are pictures of Frank Castle, before he was the Punisher. Photos of his wife and his children's dead bodies at the scene. Papers with notes written by Soap titled "severe post-traumatic-stress-syndrome" and "Subconscious Pathology Triggered Through Traumatic Stimuli."

SOAP

Not a complete waste, I hope. I have shadowed his every step for the last five years, documented every murder that fit his profile and collected intelligence on any of his known associates.

Soap shows him the photos of Castle's dead family.

SOAP (CONT'D)

(off pictures)

-- he started with the outfit that gunned down his wife and kids. That gave birth to the one-man-army named Punisher. It's been "The Killing Fields" ever since. Ever see that movie? The Law & Order guy is in it. Pretty good.

LUKE

No.

SOAP

I'm getting close McDonald, really close. Only thing getting in my way is some bad luck. I have a feeling that's about to change. I've been waiting for someone like you.

LUKE

What do you mean "someone like you"?

SOAP

You and Castle are carved from the stone.
And you are equally driven by a secret
motive that turns almost into an
obsession.

Luke slams the file on the desk.

LUKE

I am nothing like him. How dare you! And
what makes you think I have any motive
other than finding justice for one of my
fellow agents?

Soap stumbles backwards. He doesn't do well with
confrontation.

SOAP

(points to the certificate)
Behavioral Psychology. I could be wrong
of course. Why don't you dig into some
case files -- get the lay of the land.
I'll get us a pie from Milano's. Best
Pizza in the city.

Luke slowly calms down.

LUKE

Which drawer?

SOAP

What?

LUKE

The "technically" unsolved murders.

Beat.

SOAP

All of them.

Luke stares at the WALL of unlabeled file drawers.

-- so many punished. He opens a drawer filled with
thick files. Good a place as any to start.

FRANK steps up into his WORKSHOP. He pulls up a piece of
tile revealing a floor safe. Goes about opening it.

FRANK
 (nonchalant)
 What do you want, Micro?

RACK FOCUS to reveal an OVERWEIGHT MAN(late-30s, glasses) sitting in a chair behind Frank. This is MICROCHIP, Frank's armorer of a sort. His big hands constantly work the tiny buttons of his Blackberry.

MICRO
 (blogging on Blackberry)
 Ever hear of Jihadi-blogger.com? It's better than porn. I'm posing as a one-armed Wahabi warrior who took a crap in a cave next to Bin Laden. Think I can score you a couple rocket launchers. I've convinced them I want to take out a Bob's Big Boy in Topeka -- good a place as any to start the caliphate. Morons.

Frank pulls a duffel of CASH from the safe and sets it on the work table.

FRANK
What do you want.

MICRO
 (hiding his concern)
 Haven't seen you in a while. Brought you some treats.

Frank glances at an ARMY BAG on the table -- full of automatic weapons.

MICRO (CONT'D)
 It's gun show season in Virginia. No background checks, no problem.

Frank tosses Micro a couple bundles of cash.

MICRO (CONT'D)
 This is too much, Frank.

FRANK
 Call it a retirement package.

Micro walks to the table and places the money down.

MICRO
 I know this thing with the Fed is eating you up inside -- that doesn't mean you pack up your tent.

Beat. Frank doesn't respond.

MICRO (CONT'D)

We all make mistakes, Frank.

Frank knows all too well.

MICRO (CONT'D)

You're fighting a war -- against the
assholes who slip through the raindrops.
The ones who get away with it. In any
war there's going to be collateral
damage. You know that.

FRANK

(dismissive)

Collateral damage.

(then)

Call it what it is. A man with a name
and a face and a wife and a kid.

MICRO

You didn't know.

FRANK

I fucked up, Micro. I fucked up and I've
got to pay.

Frank takes the duffel of cash and is gone. Micro takes
his money back -- might as well. Leaving, he sees
Frank's vest on the wall -- We catch the GLIMMER of the
skull, and then it's gone.

50

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

50

In the RIGHT FOREGROUND: the back of BILLY RUSSO'S head,
wrapped in gauze. In the BG: PITTSY and INK. (We never
see Billy's face in this scene.)

BILLY

Where the fuck's Nicky?

Pittsy and Ink share a look -- "tell him?"

INK

He -- didn't make it.

PITTSY

Nicky was a fuckin' rat. For the Feds.

Hits Billy like a thunderbolt. A long beat.

BILLY

He have any next'a kin? Someone to carry
on the family name?

PITTSY

Paper said something about a wife and a
little girl.

BILLY

Good. We need to get the opium money.

A nervous PLASTIC SURGEON enters and sits on a stool,
facing Billy.

PLASTIC SURGEON

Mr. Russo, I want you to understand how
severe your injuries were when you
arrived here. Statistically you shouldn't
have been able to survive this.

The Plastic Surgeon exchanges anxious looks with Pittsy
and Ink.

PLASTIC SURGEON (CONT'D)

Your facial muscles and tendons, your
bone structure, everything was destroyed.
Not a piece of skin was left intact and
due to the strong bleeding, we didn't
have the luxury to wait for any skin
donation. What I'm trying to say is...we
had to do what we had to do...to save
your life.

Billy becomes anxious.

BILLY

Take it off already!

Plastic Surgeon shakes a surgical bin full of GLASS.

PLASTIC SURGEON

This is the glass we took out of you.
I had to get creative.

The Plastic surgeon visibly shivers as he takes off the
bandage.

PLASTIC SURGEON (CONT'D)

I highly recommend psychological
counseling...it's nothing to be ashamed
of after what happened to you...

At the sight of the Plastic Surgeon's fearful face,
Pittsy swallows.

PLASTIC SURGEON (CONT'D)
-- polymers, a few strategically placed
alloy plates, just a little bit of horse
hide --

BILLY
A little bit of what?

When Plastic Surgeon unravels the last layer of gauze,
Ink immediately PUKES. Even Pittsy flinches.

All we see is a long jagged SCAR curling around the back
of Billy's neck. He holds up a mirror. A long beat. We
can see Billy's chest inhale deep...then exhale.

BILLY (CONT'D)
I need to speak to my doctor alone.

PITTSY
Of course Billy.

Pittsy pulls Ink out of the room.

51 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

51

Pittsy and Ink walk to the end of the hallway.

PITTSY
You had to puke? Right in front of him?
You know how sensitive he is about his
looks.

INK
I'm sorry pops, I've just...have you ever
seen anything so-

Ink gags again. Pittsy punches him on the arm, hard, when
BILLY walks out of the examination room and off in the
other direction. WE STILL HAVEN'T SEEN HIS FACE, Pittsy
and Ink walk after him.

PITTSY
You okay boss?

BILLY
Much better. Can you get that for me,
please.

Pittsy is not sure what Billy is talking about. He opens the door to the examination room. On the table lies the PLASTIC SURGEON with SURGICAL SCISSORS stuck in his head. DEAD. Pittsy's eyes go wide open, but he hides his surprise.

PITTSY

Of course, boss. Come on Ink.

Billy turns the corner at the end of the hallway without looking back. Jesus Christ, if Billy Russo was a mean motherfucker before, he's the DEVIL now.

52 INT. PEDIATRIC WARD -- HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

52

UNICORNS and BUNNIES appear on the walls. We PAN UP to the distinguishable SCAR running down Billy Russo's neck. We still don't see his face.

Half a dozen KIDS sit engrossed in a movie, the room dark save for the eerie TV glow. A LITTLE BOY sits alone at a table in back, lit by a small lamp, working on something.

BILLY steps on a doll: "MOMMA". A little girl turns to the sound and sees Billy's silhouette.

LITTLE GIRL

Can we watch 'til the end, Dr. Tressler?

LIGHTNING FLASHES, illuminating a HORRIFYING GLIMPSE of Billy's face -- HUNDREDS OF STITCHES CRISSCROSS IN A GROTESQUE TAPESTRY.

Little Girl's scream PIERCES the night. The other kids turn as lightning again pops Billy's face. They run screaming from the room.

Little Boy in back remains, not scared in the slightest.

ANGLE ON: the boy -- a SCAR runs across his head(from surgery). We see that he is working on a JIGSAW PUZZLE. The boy looks up, unflinching, to see --

Billy. A beat.

BILLY

How come you're not scared?

LITTLE BOY

You look like my puzzle.

Billy can't help but laugh out loud.

BILLY

(beat)

Good boy. Now run off to your room.

Little Boy leaves.

Billy sits down in front of the puzzle, bathed in moonlight. We TRACK AROUND to get our first uninterrupted look at his hideous FACE --

Mangled flesh, metal plates and even animal skin stitched together with coarse sutures.

Billy sits there, thinking. This is the first time we've seen him this serious, this contemplative. He picks up a PIECE of the jigsaw puzzle and studies it, coming to terms with the enormity of what has happened. There seems to be some kind of switch happening in him. We can assume that he is not going from anger to bargaining or depression, like a normal human being. Whatever we can read in his eyes right now is giving us CHILLS. He suddenly jumps up and leaves.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

53 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

53

Pittsy and Ink stuff the Plastic Surgeon's body, wrapped in hospital sheets, in the back of their Lincoln. Billy heads towards with determined steps.

*
*
*

BILLY

Let's go.

*
*

He gets in the car. Pittsy and Ink follow quickly.

*

54 INT. PITTSY'S CAR

54

BILLY

No more distractions. It's time to focus on what's important. We're going to kill Frank Castle.

*
*
*

INK

But --

Billy looks directly at Ink who is forever more unable to look Billy in the eye.

INK (CONT'D)

-- he took out like thirty of us. How are we going to kill him before he'll kill us?

*
*
*

BILLY
My brother will take care of it.

*

INK
(an absurd idea)
Loony Bin Jim?

PITTSY
(low and firm)
-- hush, boy.

Too late. Billy grabs Ink and holds his face mere inches from his own -- scariest moment of Ink's life.

BILLY
His name is James. Not Looney Bin Jim,
not LBJ. James.

INK
-- I'm sorry! It's a great idea! Really
it is!

PITTSY
Don't mind him. He doesn't think before
he talks, just like his mother. I'm sorry
Billy.

*
*
*
*

Billy calms down. He is playing with a puzzle piece in
his hand.

*
*

BILLY
Billy is dead. From now on...call me
Jigsaw.

*
*
*

Pittsy and Ink exchange frightened looks.

*

55 EXT. SIDEWALK BENCH -- DAY

55

FRANK sits on the bench, squinting in daylight. Staring
across the street at --

56 EXT. AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

56

*

FRANK'S POV: focuses on a YOUNG BOY running to greet his
FATHER --

YOUNG BOY
Daddy!

57 FLASHBACK -- FAST AND OVEREXPOSED -- 57

FRANK'S SON running into FRANK'S ARMS at the end of a school day. Frank lifts him up, spinning him around like an airplane --

We hear the shrill ring of a SCHOOL BELL and we're --

58 BACK AT THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL 58

KIDS pouring out, end of the day --

FRANK on the BENCH, eyes glassy now. What he would give to go back, to undo it all and start over. *

Something catches his eye -- *

GRACE running out of school, backpack on, into ANGELA'S ARMS. Grace prattles on about her day as they walk home.

Frank follows them with his gaze. *

59 EXT. KENTWORTH ASYLUM -- NIGHT 59

A massive century-old gothic building. A sign reads: KENTWORTH ASYLUM -- LAKE PLACID, NEW YORK, EST. 1892.

60 INT. KENTWORTH ASYLUM -- NIGHT 60

Camera moves through several large, filthy rooms full of schizophrenics, self-flagellators and multiple personalities. Public health care at its best. *

Continue on into a narrow hallway. Several cells next to each other with heavy locked doors and small peep hole windows. Camera pans towards one of the windows zoom in: *

61 INT. LBJ'S CELL 61 *

An AVERAGE SIZE MAN lies on a bed, strapped in a straight jacket. This is LBJ. Wiry, almost reptilian. If it wouldn't be for the straight jacket, this man would hardly look like a Punisher-killer. An OVERWEIGHT ORDERLY(sadistic asshole) has just entered the cell. He carries a bowl of applesauce and a cup of PILLS. He moves towards the bed, pushes the button to elevate it. He doesn't look at him, as a matter of fact, his eyes don't focus on anything. *

ORDERLY
 (flamboyant)
 How are we feeling today, LBJ?
 (LBJ remains catatonic)
 My, my, my! The levels of adrenaline and
 testosterone in your blood remain totally
 off the charts --

The Orderly grabs LBJ's jaw, pulls it down to open his
 mouth, sticks the dry pills inside. Then he lifts up a
 spoonful of applesauce.

ORDERLY (CONT'D)
 Hmmm. Yummy, yummy.

The orderly waves the spoon under LBJ's nose and is about
 to put it in his mouth, but then he quickly pulls it back
 and...EATS IT HIMSELF.

ORDERLY (CONT'D)
 Ahhh. So good, LBJ. So good.

He repeats this procedure again and again. Gets more
 sadistic by the minute. LBJ continues to stay catatonic.
 We get the feeling this has been going on for a long
 time. SUDDENLY A KNOCK ON THE DOOR:

ORDERLY (CONT'D)
 What?

MAN (O.S.)
 It's Doctor Basner, open up.

Orderly rolls his eyes, he puts the applesauce down,
 wipes his mouths and gets the door.

ORDERLY
 Yes, Doctor.

The doctor looks scared shitless. Only then, the orderly
 notices the figure behind. SUDDENLY - Crack -crack,
 Jigsaw's hands twist the doctors head quickly to the left
 and right. DEAD and DOWN. The Orderly moves backwards
 into the room and covers behind a dresser. Jigsaw enters,
 Pittsy and Ink behind him. LBJ instantly comes out of is
 catatonic state. He looks at Jigsaw, smiles.

LBJ
 Brother, you look great.

Jigsaw embraces his brother hard and long. This is some
 brotherly bond. WHO THE FUCK GAVE BIRTH TO THOSE TWO?

Jigsaw becomes aware of the straight jacket, he gets angry.

JIGSAW

Ink, cut that jacket off, now! Pittsy, go open the doors of all the other cells and lead everybody out the front door.

PITTSY

Yes, Bill- I mean Jigsaw.

JIGSAW

I'll take care of this guy.

Jigsaw moves towards the Orderly.

LBJ

No brother. He's mine.

Jigsaw smiles. LBJ is out of his jacket and ready to go.

JIGSAW

Of course.

The Orderly turns red, starts breathing erratically at the sight of LBJ walking towards him.

ORDERLY

No...no. What are you going to do?

LBJ looks like a reptile seconds before attacking it's prey.

LBJ

Get my applesauce back.

ORDERLY

NOOOO!

LBJ jumps behind the dresser onto the Orderly. Jigsaw leaves to help Pittsy set the rest of the crazies free. He has a big smile on his face.

62

INT. HALLWAY -- KENTWORTH ASYLUM

62

CLOSE ON: a PATIENT standing against the wall, laughing dementedly, scratching himself. Reveal the hall is filled with CRAZIES roaming around DEAD orderlies and doctors. We MOVE down the hall with Pittsy and Jigsaw who open the doors to each cell. Whenever a Crazy becomes too threatening, Jigsaw walks straight up to them and the sheer sight of him seems to establish him as the alpha dog in the asylum. They walk back to LBJ.

63 INT. LBJ'S ROOM 63 *

Ink stuffs a bag with LBJ's things. Pittsy notices bottles of PILLS near a dog-eared copy of GREY'S ANATOMY. For once, the mighty Pittsy is unnerved. *

PITTSY
(off pills)
What do you say, Billy? Stuff might come in handy. *

BILLY
What for? *

PITTSY
You know, in case he starts -- not feeling so good.

PAN OVER to the corner -- behind the dresser LBJ hovers over the Orderly who is still alive...barely. *

LBJ
Hmmm. Yummy, yummy indeed. *

We don't see what LBJ's doing, but the orderly's moans tell us we don't want to. *

ORDERLY
(desperate)
Kill me...please... *

JIGSAW
(a proud brother)
I think he's doin' just great. *

64 EXT. DONATELLI HOUSE -- NIGHT 64

A modest tract house. White picket fence. JEEP Cherokee in the driveway. As American as apple pie. We are OVER THE SHOULDER of a MAN who appears in the foreground, watching the house like a stalker. The man is FRANK Castle. He holds the duffel bag. *

65 EXT. PORCH -- DONATELLI HOUSE -- NIGHT 65

FRANK steps up to the screen door, throwing a long SHADOW over the porch. For just a second he thinks about knocking. Instead he sets the money down.

GRACE (O.S.)

Pssst!

Frank turns like a cat at the sound. GRACE lies on a blanket drawing pictures. So small you'd never see her.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You're in my light.

Frank *has* stepped into her light. He moves to the side. The porch light illuminates Grace now, giving her enough light to draw. Frank's not sure why he does it, but he crouches down next to her. Grace is not scared. The inexplicable judgment a child makes has deemed Frank safe. Frank pulls a sleek military-issue PENLIGHT from a pocket and holds it out to her.

*

*

FRANK

For the next time someone gets in your light.

Grace takes it.

ANGELA

Step the fuck away from my little girl.

GRACE

(scolding)

Mom. That's a dad word.

Angela is out on the porch, a PISTOL drawn on Frank who has his hands up -- non-threatening.

ANGELA

Go inside, Grace.

Grace is smart enough to know mom means it. She goes in.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

You messed with the wrong family on the wrong day asshole --

(recognizes Frank)

You -- you're --

A rush of emotions -- rage, fear, hysteria --

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(screaming)

What are you doing here?! What makes you think you could come here?!

FRANK
 (a parent)
 You'll scare the girl.

ANGELA
 Shut up! Shut your mouth --

FRANK
 -- I'm sorry --

ANGELA
 I said shut up.

Frank obliges. The gun is still pointed at him, but he's not worried. Angela sees the bag of MONEY.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 What's this?

FRANK
 Something to help out.

ANGELA
 You don't get to do that. You don't get to shoot my husband in cold blood and then stop at the ATM --

FRANK
 There's a lot more than that there.

ANGELA
 (off gun)
This is what you deserve. What you did to Ni--
 (can't say Nick's name)
Who punishes you?

She's trembling now. Frank moves slowly toward her, his words strangely calming.

FRANK
 He taught you how to shoot. A good agent keeps his family safe but he couldn't always be here --

Frank is inches from the gun.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 He took you out to the range -- he showed you what to do --

Frank puts a hand on the gun and helps her place the barrel against his chest -- over his beating heart.

FRANK (CONT'D)
This is where you do it.

She wipes tears from her eyes.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Squeeze, don't pull.

If she didn't have the nerve before, she does now. Frank has talked her into it -- the reason he came. Frank closes his eyes -- at peace. Angela squeezes and --

GRACE
I can't find my red pen.

GRACE is at the screen door.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Mom? I need it.

Angela can't shoot this man on the porch in front of her little girl. Angela lowers the gun, picks up the duffel.

ANGELA
Take it.

Frank takes the bag. Angela goes inside. Frank walks off the porch. Moving through the white picket gate he turns back -- FRANK'S POV: too dark to see inside but a SMALL LIGHT flashes like Morse code through the screen. Frank knows it's Grace using her new light. Maybe her saving him was chance, or maybe she's even smarter than she looks. Frank walks off into the night.

*

*

*

66

INT. PITTSY'S CAR

66

The car rolls to a stop in front of a fancy Park Avenue Highrise.

*

*

*

PITTSY
That's it boss?

*

*

JIGSAW
Yes.

*

*

LBJ
Nice brother. Is it yours?

*

*

JIGSAW
Not yet. Old Cesare used to rent it to screw hookers.

*

*

*

JIGSAW(CONT'D)

Once we have the money from the Cristu
deal, we can buy the entire Penthouse
floor.

*
*
*

67 EXT. JIGSAW'S HIGHRISE -- NIGHT

67

*

Pittsy, Ink, Jigsaw and LBJ step out of the car and enter
the highrise. Pittsy and Ink are already at the elevator
when LBJ notices that Jigsaw is not behind him anymore.
LBJ walks back into the front lobby, finds Jigsaw
standing in front of a mirror, face buried in his hands.

*
*
*
*
*

LBJ

What's the matter, brother?

*
*

JIGSAW

Just when I think I'm okay...I see my
reflection somewhere... I look horrible.
What has he done to me?

*
*
*
*

Jigsaw, hard to believe, breaks down. Maybe it's the
comfort of having his brother with him. LBJ looks angry.
He takes his brother into his arms, gently strokes his
head.

*
*
*
*

LBJ

Dont' worry brother. I promise you two
things. One, I will find Castle and kill
him. Slowly and painfully. And two-

*
*
*
*

LBJ pushes his brother out of his arms and turns towards
the mirror.

*
*

LBJ (CONT'D)

You will never have to look at your
reflection again, as long as you're
around me.

*
*
*
*

With a loud completely inhuman scream, LBJ flies against
the mirror and punches both of his fists into it,
shattering it into a million pieces. Blood dripping from
his knuckles, he turns and does the same thing to a
smaller mirror on the opposite side of the lobby. Jigsaw
smiles. LBJ gets wilder and wilder, louder and louder,
unaffected by the blood dripping from his hands, as he
takes out every single mirror and every glass framed
picture in the lobby. Now Jigsaw starts laughing out
loud, like a boy who is watching a wind-up toy with great
joy.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

68 INT. JIGSAW'S PENTHOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT 68 *

A monotonous CREAKING SOUND -- makes us uneasy as we PAN AROUND the place. Great Manhattan views, but we're distracted by the BLOOD-SPATTERED, SHATTERED MIRRORS. Billy had a lot of mirrors and all of them are broken. We land on LBJ who stares out the window, content. His right hand opens and closes a plastic HAND-GRIP(the creaking sound) -- a manic tic that channels his building adrenaline. His forearm is a cord of knotted muscle. LBJ licks BLOOD off the knuckles of his left hand as he flips through his dog-eared copy of GREY'S ANATOMY.

ON PITTSY AND INK in the kitchen -- Pittsy making a protein smoothie; Ink, unsettled, staring at the psychotic LBJ.

69 EXT. JIGSAW'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT 69 *

A black limo comes to a stop. CRISTU BULAT(40, heavy-set, thick black moustache) steps out, followed by a towering, barrel-chested ROMANIAN(POMPILIU). A couple more ROMANIAN THUGS walk a few steps behind them. Unforgiving and steel-willed, Cristu runs the U.S. end of his Romanian gang's operations. Cristu Bulat looks up, to Jigsaw's PENTHOUSE.

70 INT. JIGSAW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 70 *

BILLY (now JIGSAW) and CREW sit at the dining table with CRISTU and ROMANIAN CREW. LBJ continues to work the hand-grip -- CREAKING faster now. POMPILIU is disgusted by Jigsaw, but Cristu has no problem looking him in the eye. POMPILIU speaks forcefully to Cristu in Romanian.

JIGSAW
(a warning)
You're not in Romania anymore, Cristu.
We don't talk vampire.

CRISTU
(translating with a heavy
accent)
My man is concerned -- if this Punisher
can do this to your face, what might he
do to our deal?

*

LBJ
 (clinically detached)
 The tongue stretches a lot further than
 most people think -- past the posterior
 border, into the oropharynx --

Creepy, to say the least.

LBJ (CONT'D)
 (to Cristu)
 Ask your man how he's gonna talk all that
 shit when I pull it from his mouth.

*

Pompiliu understands he's been threatened. He curses LBJ
 in Romanian. LBJ just grins a maddening grin -- been
 waiting to get it on --

JIGSAW
 Enough.
 (firm)
 The Punisher is not a problem. The docks
 are mine, my looks have nothing to do
 with it. Everybody from local security
 to international customs is in my pocket.
 It's really not even a question if I am
 the man for the job, quite honestly, I am
 the only way this job can get done.
 Without me, nothing happens at the docks.

*
 *
 *
 *
 *
 *
 *

Cristu explains the situation to Pompiliu in Romanian.
 Pompiliu curses, then SPITS in the middle of the table --
 The creaking STOPS -- LBJ's hand frozen on the hand-grip.
 And just as we wonder what LBJ is going to do -- Jigsaw
 jams his GLASS SHIV through Pompiliu's neck.

*
 *

Hands GO TO GUNS -- Romanians cursing, Pittsy and Ink
 cursing back -- this is going to get bloody --

Pompiliu's weakened fingers fumble uselessly at the shiv,
 blood streaming all over him. He dies in his seat.
 Everyone turns to Cristu, waiting for his response.
 Cristu isn't fazed in the slightest.

CRISTU
 My most sincere apologies.
 (wipes up spit with
 handkerchief)
 My father always says -- never insult
 your host.

JIGSAW
 He sounds like a reasonable man.

CRISTU

(laughs)

You don't know of my father?

Jigsaw hasn't a clue. The Romanians eye each other nervously at the mere mention of Cristu's father.

CRISTU (CONT'D)

He is anything but reasonable.

(rises)

Three days.

Cristu heads for the door.

JIGSAW

It has to be twelve million.

CRISTU

(stops)

We agreed on ten.

JIGSAW

We both know this "biological" shit you're bringing in isn't leaving the city -- you're selling it to the ragheads in Queens.

He picked up on Cesare's reservations -- not as dumb as he looked. Cristu doesn't respond -- a silent acknowledgement.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

The ports have been crawling with suits from Homeland. Gonna take a lot of payola to keep it quiet.

A beat, Cristu thinking. He nods his assent and leaves.

LBJ

Always said you'd make a good boss, Jigsaw.

JIGSAW

Thanks brother.

71 EXT. TRASH-RIDDEN ALLEY -- DAY

71

A LOWRIDER El Camino idles, Marriachi music blaring. Two IRISH GSMGBANGERS make a gun deal with a Young Banger -- TRACE(20s, black, gang ink). Trace hands over a wad of cash; the IRISH hand over two pistols and a shotgun.

72 EXT. BACK DOOR -- RUNDOWN BROWNSTONE -- DAY 72

TRACE, shotgun hidden in his jacket, pistols in his belt, looks around to make sure no one's watching, then enters the brownstone. Home invasion time. Castle just turns the corner, sees Trace going in..

*
*

73 INT. RUNDOWN BROWNSTONE(CONTINUOUS) 73

Before he can close the door, TRACE is grabbed and THROWN across the room, smashing through a shelf full of boxes -- Whipping out the shotgun, Trace turns -- FRANK, in one smooth motion, rips the shotgun from Trace and, holding the barrel with two hands, presses it against Trace's throat -- FRANK'S POV: a TAT on Trace's neck -- the letters BGD inside a STAR --

*
*
*

FRANK
-- Black Gangster Disciples.

Trace, choking, can't reply --

FRANK (CONT'D)
If you're here for revenge, you're
smoking the same shit your dead friends
used to push on the streets --

MICRO (O.S.)
Let him go, Frank.

MICRO is here -- bag of groceries in hand. His place.

FRANK
You know this piece of shit?

MICRO
Ex piece of shit.

FRANK
(pulls pistol out of Trace's
pocket, tosses it on floor)
Yeah, he's a regular choir boy.

As Micro talks he calmly unloads yogurt, condensed milk and fruit from the grocery bag, arranges them on a tray.

*
*

MICRO
It's a genius racket. You know how the
cops run those gun buy-backs? Except
they never work 'cause what banger's
gonna trust a cop, right?

MICRO(CONT'D)

(Frank's listening)

Those drive-by whackjobs can't get enough of Trace here. They see all that ink and they know he's on the level. We get the guns off the street and into your hands. I bet half these assholes don't have time to spend a dollar before they're looking back down the barrel of their own piece.

FRANK

(still choking Trace)

Never once seen a banger leave the life. Too fucking stupid.

MICRO

He's straight, Frank.

A beat and Frank lets Trace go.

TRACE

(rubbing throat)

Fuck you too, cracker.

Frank turns away, dismissive. Micro nods to Trace -- "give him time." Trace sullenly leaves. Micro takes the tray of food into an ADJOINING ROOM where an OLD WOMAN sits in a Barca-lounger, Alzheimer's catatonic, watching daytime soaps. His MOTHER. Micro lovingly places a pillow behind her back, making it easier for her to eat off a TV tray. Frank watches Micro care for his mother -- no words exchanged, but we see that Micro cares deeply for this woman -- his only family left in the world.

MICRO

(loud so she can hear)

Frank's here, mom. He says to eat up -- okay?

She seems to register Frank and Micro, but she doesn't eat. Too far gone. Still, Frank envies their connection. Only reminds him of how much he has lost.

FRANK

How's she holding up?

MICRO

When they're not showing reruns of "As the World Turns" she's good. The one thing she notices.

(encouraged)

At least it's something, right? Still her in there.

Beat. Then-

FRANK

Listen, I just came to tell you that I'm
going out of town for a while-

Micro laughs.

MICRO

Out of town?

Frank stares daggers at Micro.

MICRO (CONT'D)

Come on Frank. It's funny to think of the
Punisher on a weekend trip.

FRANK

I'm not planning on coming back.

MICRO

So, I take it things didn't go so well at
the Donattelli home?

Frank doesn't respond.

MICRO (CONT'D)

Are you aware that Billy Russo survived?

FRANK

I've heard. That's none of my business
anymore.

MICRO

Oh? Whose business is it then?

FRANK

Let the cops take care of him.

MICRO

You know as well as I do that they don't
have anything on him, so their hands are
tied. That's where the Punisher comes in.
That's why I believe in you, why I
supported you all these years.

Frank gets up.

FRANK

Well, no more. I'm sorry.

Frank turns and goes to leave.

MICRO

(yells after him)

Would you like me to let you know in case something happens to Mrs. Donattelli and her daughter?

Frank turns around. Micro looks at him.

MICRO (CONT'D)

What? You think Russo is not going to revenge himself for being made a fool by Nicky Donattelli for over two years? It's only a matter of time.

Frank turns around and walks out, the door closes behind him. Micro turns to Trace.

MICRO (CONT'D)

Get a couple of Glocks out of the cupboard.

TRACE

For what?

Micro doesn't need to answer that. The front door opens and Frank walks back in.

FRANK

Russo is the last one, then I'm done.

Micro nods, not convinced.

MICRO

Your word in God's ear.

FRANK

You know where I can find him?

MICRO

Unfortunately not. You took out all of his associates who were known to me. Nobody knows where he resides since the accident.

Frank thinks for a second, paces around.

FRANK

At the glass recycling plant, a bunch of guys came to see him. They looked like they were on his payroll. Left before I had a chance to introduce myself.

Slight smile on Trace's face.

FRANK (CONT'D)

They did some kind of acrobatic stuff on roofs and railings. One of them was black, long dreadlocks.

TRACE

That's Maginty and his urban free flow gang. Mean motherfucker. On a constant meth high.

Trace grabs his jacket and walks towards the door. He turns and looks back to Castle.

TRACE (CONT'D)

Come on, you wanna find him or not.

Castle throws a displeased look at Micro. Micro hands him the Glocks and a duffel bag with who knows what. He nods satisfied. Begrudgingly Frank follows Trace.

74 INT. SHITHOLE BAR -- DAY

74

The bottom of the well. A few professional drunks and SOAP working on his third whiskey sour. Luke comes storming in.

LUKE

I've been looking for you.

SOAP

Take a load off, Agent McDonald, all work and no play --

LUKE

It's three o'clock in the afternoon.

SOAP

(checks watch)
Shit. It's late.

LUKE

I need to go see Castle. Where do I find him?

Soap opens the pocket of his jacket.

SOAP

Damn, he just left.

LUKE

Seriously Soap. I read through your notes.

LUKE(CONT'D)

If your analysis of him is correct, then
he will probably not even resist arrest
if we get him right now.

SOAP

That's correct. He is probably looking
for a way to punish himself

LUKE

You must have some kind of an idea where
I can find him. Come on Soap, I had
profiling in the academy too. I know
you're not as stupid as you pretend to
be.

Soap downs his glass of whiskey.

SOAP

Okay. Let's make a deal. I'll tell you
what I know, if you tell me why you want
to bring him down so badly.

LUKE

Because he killed my partner, what else
do I need?

SOAP

Come on Agent McDonald. He's been
undercover for more than two years. You
must have had another partner since then
so he is your ex-ex and we all know how
we feel about those. You've been like a
dog with a bone since you got here--

The whiskey slurs Soap's speech and definitely his
thinking.

SOAP (CONT'D)

--what is it really McDonald? I need to
know. Did you keep his lady warm while he
was out for Italian?

SMASH. Luke's fist lands in Soap's face. Soap flies off
the bar chair and lands about 10 feet away from the bar.
It doesn't take much.

SOAP (CONT'D)

Ouch!

Luke shakes his head. Instant regret. He walks over to
Soap. Helps him up.

LUKE

Come on. Get up.

Soap adjusts his jaw. He sobers up quickly.

SOAP

I really have no idea where he could be.
I've never even laid eyes on him myself.

Soap looks like he's about to cry.

LUKE

That's alright. I'm sorry I hit you, but
I won't let anybody say a bad word about
Angie. She's a good girl.

Soap nods. Then --

SOAP

Come on, let's take a ride, if we listen
to the CB radio and follow the crime, we
might just run into him. That's never
worked for me in the past five years, but
I'm the unluckiest SOB on the planet,
let's hope you can equalize it.

Luke nods encouraged and follows Soap out.

75 EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE

75

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF A CAR JIGSAW WATCHES THEM
DISAPPEAR INSIDE.

76 INT. JIGSAW'S CAR

76

Pittsy, Ink and LBJ wait for instructions.

JIGSAW

Let's go through the back door.

77 EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN STREET

77

Castle is waiting alone in Trace's car. He stares
impatiently at a door to a bar called "KITCHEN IRISH". A
few shady characters are hanging out outside. Finally the
door opens and Trace steps out. He walks towards the car
and leans on the passenger window.

TRACE

Maginty and his boys are planning to hit
a convenience store on 45th and 2nd.

CASTLE

Let's go then.

Trace shakes his head.

TRACE

No. I'm still on probation, I can't be seen anywhere near there, but take my car.

Trace hands Castle his keys. WE SEE blood dripping from Trace's knuckles. Suddenly it is clear how he got this information. Castle nods and switches to the driver seat.

78 EXT. NEW YORK - STREET GROCERY MART -- CLINTON -- NIGHT 78

TWO COPS are in pursuit of MAGINTY and his two hoods.

COP 1

(in his two-way)

All units. Suspect is running east on 42nd street, requesting back up.

Maginty looks back at the cops behind him and smiles. And like a flash he jumps UP, catching a fire escape ladder and scrambles up it like a panther, his boys right behind him -- in a flash they are BOUNDING up the fire escape to the ROOF. Maginty and his boys are FREE RUNNERS -- the physical art of using fluid movement to pass obstacles. The COPS turn over trash cans and jump up to the ladder, doggedly following Maginty and his crew.

79 INT. SOAP'S CRUISER 79

Soap and Luke sit in the parked car. Soap turn the volume up:

CB RADIO (V.O.)

Suspects are armed and dangerous. I repeat, suspects are armed and dangerous.

Soap looks at Luke.

SOAP

It's worth a try.

LUKE

Let's do it.

80

EXT. ROOFTOPS -- CLINTON -- NIGHT

80

*

MAGINTY and his BOYS make it to the roof. And they start RUNNING. Reaching the LEDGE -- They JUMP in unison, arms and legs moving gracefully, propelling them through the air -- what a sight -- THUD! They ROLL as they land on the next ROOF, rolling right back up onto their feet. THE COPS are running their asses off they come to the edge of the roof -- there is no way anyone of them can make this jump and survive. Maginty and his boys start laughing. One of the Irish hoods takes off his pants and moons the police. Then they jump the next roof -- flying through the air -- an awesome sight -- easily making it --

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

ON THE COPS as they leave frustrated.

*

ANGLE ON: Maginty leaps right at us, rolls to a stop on the next roof. He watches as Irish Hood 1 jumps off the edge, flips skillyfully through the air -- and now we hear an ominous WHOOSHING sound --

*

*

*

*

Irish Hood 1, mid-jump, is blown in HALF by a PROPELLER GRENADE -- holy fucking shit!

*

*

Maginty on one roof, Irish Hood 2 on the other are hit with bits and pieces of Irish Hood's burned flesh. They stare in disbelief. Slowly they turn their heads to where the grenade came from.

*

*

*

*

CLOSE UP ON Irish Hood 1. WE NOTICE a large wet spot spreading in front of his pants. CAMERA PANS to find what he's looking at:

*

*

*

WE catch the familiar GLIMMER of the skull. FRANK Castle, two rooftops away, puts down his propeller grenade, picks up his rifle and aims:

*

*

*

THWIT -- silenced shot -- Irish Hood 2 drops dead --

*

Maginty tries to run but -- THWIT THWIT -- his KNEECAPS explode red. He screams in agony, crumbling to the ground.

*

*

*

81

EXT. MAGINTY'S ROOFTOP -- A SHORT WHILE LATER

81

*

OVER FRANK'S SHOULDER as he approaches MAGINTY sprawled on the ground and crying like a baby --

*

*

MAGINTY

*

P - p - please,! Please! Don't kill me!

*

FRANK
Jigsaw. Where is he?

MAGINTY
Jigsaw! Man, I was just with him. I can hook you up man! He was supposed to give me some dough for a job, but turns out he don't have any anymore because he forgot that he gave a whole bunch to FBI rat to stash it. So he went to see Donattelli's bitch to get it back.

OFF FRANK clenching his jaw --

MAGINTY (CONT'D)
-- somethin' for somethin', Punisher!
You got to let me live!

82 INT. SOAP'S CRUISER

82

The car is closing in on the location of the police pursuit. Luke clearly has something on his mind:

LUKE
It was supposed to be my job...

Soap looks confused.

LUKE (CONT'D)
They asked me to go undercover with the Gaitanos. I had just met this girl...thought she was the one...I knew if I'd go undercover we'd never have a chance. So I begged Nicky to volunteer instead. The kind of guy he was...he packed his bags, said good-bye to his wife and his kid...and now he's dead. Because of me. At the very least, I have to get some justice for his wife...you know.

SOAP
Was she the one?

Luke looks puzzled.

SOAP (CONT'D)
The girl you had just met, did she turn out to be the one?

Luke bows his head.

LUKE
Left me after three weeks for a guy with
a real pay check.

Soap nods sympathetic.

SOAP
Women!

THROUGH THEIR WINDSHIELD, ANGLE ON: a wrought iron fence.
Wait for it --

THUD! MAGINTY lands, iron bars ripping clear through his
body. He lies groaning and IMPALED atop the fence.

SOAP (CONT'D)
Holy...

LUKE
Shit!

They look in shock at Maginty, dead, sticking on the
fence dripping blood.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Was that...?

SOAP
Yeah...that was him alright!.

Luke gets out of the car.

LUKE
Wait here!

SOAP
I don't think that's a good idea...

Luke is already walking off. ON SOAP, who looks
mortified.

83

EXT. ALLY

83

Castle climbs down the fire escape.

LUKE
Freeze Asshole.

Castle turns and stares at Luke who is holding up his
badge while aiming the gun at Castle..

FRANK
You're making a mistake.

LUKE
Use your right to shut the fuck up-

Luke puts the badge back into his jacket -- that's all the distraction Frank needs, he GRABS his wrist, turns the gun away from him and within the same motion smashes his elbow into Luke's face. SMACK - Luke goes down and the gun flies away. But Luke doesn't stay down. He's got SKILLS. Top of his hand-to hand combat class in the academy. He swings his legs around like a breakdancer and suddenly Castle's legs are wrapped in a scissor-hold. One of Luke's legs pushes Castle's feet forward, the other leg pushes his upper body down. Castle can't keep his balance. In a split second he is flat in mid-air and smashes to the ground. Luke jumps on top of him and BAM-BAM-BAM unleashes a four fist combination. Blood leaks from Castle's face. He sees another fist coming, catches it, a painful twist, Luke has to bend with the hand against the pain and right into Castle's other free arm. SMASH, Castle's heel of the hand flies onto Luke's nose -- WE HEAR A SICKENING CRACK --

LUKE (CONT'D)
Aaah!

84 EXT. DONATELLI HOUSE

84

LBJ kicks in the back door. Jigsaw walks in first.

85 INT. DONATELLI HOUSE

85

Angela grabs Gracie and holds her tight. Gracie sees Jigsaw, starts screaming immediately.

JIGSAW
Hello Misses Donattelli. Or will you be calling yourself Miss from now on again.

Jigsaw laughs an evil laughter. Pittsy and Ink grab Angela and Gracie. They scream bitterly as they are being pulled apart.

ANGELA
What do you want from us.

JIGSAW
I'm looking for my money that your rat of a husband stole from me.

ANGELA

We don't have it, I swear to God.

Jigsaw leans in closer to Gracie.

JIGSAW

How about you? Would you also like to swear on your imaginary friend?

Gracie turns her head away, she can't look at him. That makes Jigsaw angrier.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

Make sure they don't move. We'll look for the money.

He turns to see LBJ is already tearing everything apart in search for the money.

86

BACK IN THE ALLEY

86

CRACK! -- Luke lands a headbutt --

SMASH! Castle lands a right hook. Luke closes the distance, grabs Castle by the throat and BAM! Both of them are back on the ground. The two of them really slug it out -- a bloody, grappling fight in the middle of the alley -- all too real and DIRTY.

Castle gets Luke into a choke hold.

FRANK

Listen to me! Jigsaw is after Angela and Grace Donattelli. He is probably already there. You have to let me go.

LUKE

You're full of shit!

FRANK

Where do you think I was heading? Now either you let me go, or I'm going to have to put you to sleep for a while.

LUKE struggles for air. He sees his gun next to his foot.

LUKE

Okay, okay. I'm going with you, but no matter what, you're under arrest!

FRANK

Fine!

Frank let's Luke go. Luke pretends to get up slowly, then suddenly he jumps forward, grabs his gun and points it at Castle. This time he is smart enough to stay at a distance. Castle rolls his eyes. FUCK! Luke throws a pair of handcuffs at him.

LUKE

Put these on! Now.

Then he takes out his cell.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Soap, pick me up in the ally behind the bank.

Luke looks suspicious at Frank. Thinks.

LUKE (CONT'D)

And send a patrol car to Angela Donattelli's house just to check in.

Castle looks up gratefully.

SOAP (V.O.)

You got it partner.

Luke looks at Castle with contempt.

LUKE

White male. Disgruntled vet. They write books about guys like you --

Frank remains stone-faced.

LUKE (CONT'D)

-- Timothy McVeigh, Charles Whitman --
you're nothing but a killer, Castle. I want you to know that.

(then)

Got nothing to say? That's right you've got nothing to say. There's nothing you can say. You're as guilty as my dick is long. What did you think? The rules don't apply to you? That you're above the law? No one is above the law, Castle.

87	EXT. DONATELLI HOUSE -- NIGHT	87	*
	A police car stops in front of the house. A TALL COP and his partner, a FEMALE OFFICER get out of the car.		* *
88	INT. DONATELLI HOUSE	88	*
	Jigsaw notices something. He walks to the WINDOW.		*
	JIGSAW'S POV: he can see a piece of a POLICE CAR that has arrived around the front of the house, globes spinning.		* *
	JIGSAW		*
	DAMMIT!		*
89	EXT. DONATELLI HOUSE	89	*
	TALL COP and FEMALE OFFICER approach the house. Once on the porch TALL COP rings the doorbell. A long beat and LBJ opens the door.		* * *
	LBJ		*
	Evening officers.		*
	Even normal conversation sounds creepy from LBJ.		*
	TALL COP		*
	(poking head in door)		*
	Everything all right in here?		*
	LBJ		*
	No. Everything is not all right. Follow me.		* *
	TALL COP and FEMALE OFFICER behind him, follow LBJ --		*
90	INT. SOAP'S CRUISER	90	*
	Soap throws nervous and excited looks at Castle, through the review mirror.		* *
91	INT. DONATELLI HOUSE	91	*
	FEMALE OFFICER has her hand on her gun holster. TALL COP can see into the kitchen where JIGSAW and PITTSY hold ANGELA and GRACE at shiv and gunpoint. Tall Cop turns to see that LBJ has a BASEBALL BAT in his hands.		* * * *

Quick as lightning LBJ swings for the fences, CRACKING
 Tall Cop's head open. FEMALE COP tries to draw her gun,
 but INK grabs her arm from behind, goes for the gun
 himself. FEMALE COP manages to drop the gun, so INK can't
 get it either. SHE unexpectedly swings around, and lands
 a a right hook on Ink's jaw and it HURT too. LBJ starts
 laughing. INK gets angry. He grabs a large knife from the
 knife stand. FEMALE OFFICER walks backwards, away from
 the knife, but towards LBJ. LBJ pulls his knee up and
 kicks with full power into FEMALE OFFICER'S back. SHE
 falls straight into Ink's knife. A few last gurgles as
 she crumples to the floor next to her dead partner.

92 INT. SOAP'S CRUISER

92

Soap can hardly focus on the road. Excited he keeps
 looking at Castle handcuffed on his backseat.

SOAP

Well, well, well -- this day was bound to
 come sooner or later, wasn't it.

Frank betrays no emotion. Luke looks out the window.

LUKE

Have you heard back from the patrol car?

SOAP

No, I tried a couple of times, no answer.

Castle looks up alert.

LUKE

Drop me by the Donattelli house.

93 INT. DONATELLI HOUSE

93

Jigsaw and LBJ continue to trash the house. Pittsy looks
 nervously at the two dead cops on the floor.

PITTSY

Boss, we gotta get out of here before
 more pigs arrive.

Jigsaw turns in anger. He walks up to Gracie, grabs her
 by the hair and puts his gun to her head.

ANGELA

NOOOOO!

JIGSAW

Where is my fucking money?

ANGELA

My husband has a safe. Upstairs, in the
bedroom. I don't know if it's there but I
can give you the combination.

Jigsaw throws Gracie back at Ink. He runs upstairs
followed by LBJ.

94 EXT. DONATELLI HOUSE

94

Soap's cruiser drives slowly by the house. They all
notice the empty patrol car. Luke pulls his gun and opens
the door.

LUKE

Stop!

CASTLE

Let me help you please! I can help you!

Luke ignores him. He gets out of the car and turns to
Soap.

LUKE

Get him to the station.

SOAP

You bet!

Castle rolls his eyes frustrated as he watches Luke walk
off towards the house.

95 INT. LUKE'S CAR

95

FRANK

Let me out of here.

Beat. Soap's face changes. Even his voice seems suddenly
deeper and more serious.

SOAP

You know, Frank, throwing you a tip now
and again's one thing -- password to the
crime database etcetera, but letting you
go?

They know each other. Soap has been sandbagging it while
feeding Frank intel on the side. Luke was right. Soap is
not nearly as inept as he pretends to be, as a matter of
fact, he might just be smarter than anyone on the force.

SOAP (CONT'D)

You know what it means to keep up this
act in front of my peer group?

FRANK

That woman and her little girl are going
to die!

SOAP

(hint of bitterness)

-- you don't have a peer group so you
probably can't relate to something like
that --

FRANK

Soap!

Soap fishes out his HANDCUFF KEY.

96 EXT. DONATELLI HOUSE -- NIGHT

96

LUKE walks into the house, gun drawn. His face goes pale
as he see the dead cops bodies on the floor. There is
noise upstairs, somebody throwing furniture around. Then
he hears Gracie crying in the living room downstairs. He
covers next to the living room door, then rushes into the
room gun drawn. CLOSE ON LUKE: All hope is lost. Camera
turns to find: Angela and Gracie both held at gunpoint by
Pittsy and Ink. Luke drops his weapon defeated.

PITTSY

Take a seat!

97 INT. UPPER FLOOR - DONATELLI

97

Jigsaw and LBJ have opened the safe. It's empty. Jigsaw
screams in anger. He starts throwing around more
furniture. LBJ, always eager to destroy, joins him. He
steps into Gracie's room and starts shooting holes into
every head of her dolls.

98 INT. LIVING ROOM -- DONATELLI HOUSE

98

Luke swallows. Helpless he looks at Angela and Gracie.
SUDDENLY the NOISE of a BROKEN WINDOW from the back of
the house.

INK

What was that?

	PITTSY		*
	Go check it out!		*
	Ink walks back there.		*
99	INT.KITCHEN	99	*
	Ink steps into the kitchen, gun aimed. Before his body can fully enter the kitchen, his arm is broken by Castle who stands next to the door. Castle brutally beats him to death while --		* * * *
100	INT. LIVING ROOM	100	*
	-- as Pittsy looks concerned into the direction of the kitchen, Luke kicks the gun out of his hand and jumps on him.		* * *
101	INT. KITCHEN	101	*
	Ink is on the floor, Castle above him. Castle punches his nose so deep into his head that it almost comes back out on the other side. Not that he still has use for it, cause he is done with breathing. Castle grabs his gun and moves to the living room where...		* * * * *
102	INT. LIVING ROOM	102	*
	Luke and Pittsy fight. Luke is fast, but right now he's taking a beating. Until...BOOM, Pittsy's brain splatters all over Luke's face. Angela and Gracie scream. Luke takes his gun back, nods at Castle. SUDDENLY, SHOT are coming at them from the stairway.		* * * * *
103	INT. STAIRWAY - DONATELLI HOUSE	103	*
	LBJ and Jigsaw. They have taken cover behind the staircase and with two guns each, they're firing into the living room.		* * *
104	INT. LIVING ROOM	104	*
	Castle pulls Angela and Gracie behind him. Luke has turned the coach around for cover. He returns fire at Jigsaw and LBJ.		* * *

LUKE

Take them out of here.

Castle is not sure. He wants to help Luke.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Go.

Castle looks at the frightened Angela and Gracie. He slides his gun towards Luke, who grabs it. Then he takes Angela and Gracie out the back, while the vicious fire fight continues in the house.

105 INT. SOAP'S CRUISER

105

SOAP

All units, all units. 10/15 at the Donattelli house. Need immediate back up.

Soap pulls his gun out and a magazine. He tries to load his gun but drops the magazine. Oh Wey! Thank God, sirens are already closing in from everywhere.

106 INT. PUNISHER'S DEN -- NIGHT

106

FRANK lifts GRACE into his living quarters. ANGELA steps up into the place. They are exhausted and dirty and sweating. Grace walks around, studying things with the curiosity of a child.

FRANK

(to Angela)

-- you'll be safe here.

Angela stares daggers at him.

ANGELA

We can manage on our own.

FRANK

Just stay until we know that Jigsaw has been arrested.

ANGELA

Grace -- don't touch that.

Grace studies Frank's LOCKED CHEST.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

We're leaving soon, honey.

FRANK

I can protect you -- I can keep you safe.
 (a desperate plea)
 You have to let me do that. It's the one
 thing I can do. Until this is over.

Angela is conflicted -- not warming to him, but he did
 pull them out of the clutches of certain death.

ANGELA

Grace.

Grace has found the KEY taped to the BACK of the lock.

FRANK

She's a smart one.
 (to Grace)
 Go ahead. Open it.

Frank approaches Grace who fits the key into the lock on
 the trunk. Angela falls into a chair, fighting sleep.

Grace turns the key -- the lock POPS open. She tries to
 lift the lid, but it's heavy. Frank helps her.

The lid opens revealing the personal belongings of
 Frank's dead wife and son -- clothes, keepsakes.

Grace pulls out a musical merry-go-round toy. It is
 magical and colorful. Grace smiles at the sight of it.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It belonged to my daughter. Here-

Frank turns on a knob and suddenly the merry-go-round
 starts spinning while playing a beautiful melody.

GRACE

(laughs)

Wow.

Even Angela smiles, then catches herself -- doesn't like
 seeing her little girl laughing with this man.

ANGELA

Put it down, Grace. Come here.

FRANK

It's okay.

Frank meets Angela's gaze and understands that it's not okay with her. A beat.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(to Grace)
It was Sophie's favorite toy and she got so angry when her little brother stole it from her.

GRACE
Does she care if I play with it?

FRANK
(beat)
No.

Frank gets up and walks by Angela.

ANGELA
Nicky and I wanted to have a little brother for Gracie too!

Castle feels the pain of this stab.

107 INT. DONATTELLI-- NIGHT

107

The house is full of cops and FEDS now. Jigsaw and LBJ are being taken away in handcuffs. Luke looks exhausted. Soap comes up and pads his back.

SOAP
We did it, McDonald. We did it.

LUKE looks at Soap in disbelief.

LUKE
Mind explaining to me how a handcuffed suspect escapes from custody when there's a gun pointed right in his face?

SOAP
Castle's a slippery one.

LUKE
You really are as dumb as everybody seems to think.

SOAP
Sure, I'm a little slow on the uptake.
(then)

SOAP(CONT'D)

Look on the bright side, McDonald -- the
wife and daughter of that friend of yours
lived to see another day, right?

*
*
*

108 INT. POLICE CAR

108

*

Jigsaw and LBJ in the back of the car. The CAPTAIN walks
towards the car and stares at Jigsaw.

*
*

CAPTAIN

You're gonna fry for killing to of my
cops, Jigsaw!

*
*
*

Jigsaw turns and smiles at him.

*

JIGSAW

I want a lawyer.

*
*

CAPTAIN

Fine. There is no lawyer who can help you
out of this one you ugly mug!

*
*
*

109 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DOWNTOWN

109

*

Soap walks to his desk. Luke watches him suspiciously.
TWO MEN enter the precinct. Luke recognizes Agent Miller.

*
*

LUKE

Agent Miller? What are you doing here?

*
*

AGENT MILLER

Jigsaw.

*
*

LUKE

What's he got to do with the bureau?

*
*

AGENT MILLER

The case Donattelli was working on. He
says he has intel about it, wants to make
a deal. Do you know where they are
holding him?

*
*
*
*
*

LUKE

They just brought him into the
observation room. I'll take you.

*
*
*

Luke can't hide his infuriation.

*

110	INT. OBSERVATION ROOM(CONTINUOUS)	110	*
	Luke and Miller watch through a SPIDER-CRACKED TWO-WAY MIRROR -- Captain Ross in the room with Jigsaw, LBJ and a hard-on with a suitcase (mob lawyer). Miller knocks on the window. Captain Ross gets up, walks out. Jigsaw has a nasty smile on his face. LBJ licks BLOODY KNUCKLES (from fracturing the two-way mirror).		*
	CAPTAIN		*
	Yes?		*
	AGENT MILLER		*
	Captain Ross, I'm agent Miller from the bureau. I believe you were informed that I'll be taking over on this?		*
	Captain doesn't look happy.		*
	CAPTAIN		*
	This perp killed two of my officers and terrorized the widow and child of one of your agents. I hope you keep that in mind Miller.		*
	Captain reluctantly gestures towards the interrogation room. Miller heads in there. Captain looks at Jigsaw, shakes his head.		*
111	INT. INTERROGATION ROOM(CONTINUOUS)	111	*
	JIGSAW, LBJ, their lawyer and Miller.		*
	JIGSAW		*
	-- and that's why I came to you with this. I'm a patriot. I shit red, white, and blue same as you.		*
	MILLER		*
	You came to me because you got caught, so don't insult my intelligence. Tell me what you know. If it's any good I'll recommend you get life without parole. That is the most I can offer someone in your circumstances.		*
	JIGSAW		*
	This deal is goin' down <u>tomorrow</u> . I know when, I know where.		*

JIGSAW(CONT'D)

So you're gonna give me and my brother
 here the immunity and the money or you're
 gonna have to explain to Tim fuckin'
 Russert why you had a lead on the thing
 that killed half this city and you didn't
 do a goddamn thing about it.

Jigsaw has him by the balls and Miller knows it. LBJ
 grins his maddening grin. Miller turns to go.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

And Miller?

(Miller turns)

There's one more small little thing.

112 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE

112

LUKE, CAPTAIN and a host of COPS watch Miller who is in a
 very serious CELL PHONE conversation with his boss.
 Miller nods somberly and hangs up.

MILLER

Orders from on high, Captain. We're
 taking the Russo's into federal custody.
 Paperwork'll come through within the
 hour.

Grumblings from the cops -- don't like this one bit.
 Captain Ross takes a lamp from his desk and throws it at
 the wall.

CAPTAIN

You're fucking kidding me right? You're
 cutting a deal with those pricks? That
 monster in there killed two fine cops
 tonight.

MILLER

I don't like it any better than you, but
 there's a bigger picture here.

LUKE

Bigger picture my ass. You're putting
 two killers back out on the street.

A long beat. Miller sympathizes with them.

MILLER

They're pieces of shit, okay? I'm with
 you here. I know how this looks. Agent
 McDonald, you should keep in mind that it
 was your partner Donattelli who told us
 something big is going down.

MILLER(CONT'D)

Are you saying we should ignore that?
 Now maybe it's not this asshole's deal,
 or maybe it is. That's the game we play.
 We have to be right every time, and that
 sometimes means wheeling and dealing with
 bottom feeders like Russo. My bosses
 have to cover their asses same as yours.
 I'm sorry.

Luke and Captain Ross watch him leave. They're all sick
 to their stomach over this.

113 INT. PUNISHER DEN -- NIGHT

113

ANGELA is fast asleep in the chair. FRANK pulls a
 blanket over GRACE who sleeps in the cot with the bunny.
 He watches her sleep, a father again, if only for one
 night. Finally, FRANK sits down on the cold hard
 concrete. Dog tired.

114 EXT. CARGO SHIPPING BERTH -- PORT -- NIGHT

114

Stacks of shipping containers loom. A rusty CARGO SHIP
 is anchored out in the water. A group of hard-looking
 ROMANIANS are waiting. CRISTU has two large SAMSONITE
 CASES next to him. JIGSAW and LBJ walk up from the dark.
 LBJ carries a black BOX.

They nod at each other. Christu has one of his men open
 the Samsonite suitcases. Jigsaw and LBJ are satisfied
 when they see the huge stacks of money. LBJ hands Christu
 the box. Cristu opens it with a crowbar, dry-ice VAPOR
 escaping. In the box are several viles of green liquid.
 Scary. Cristu nods -- good. Suddenly:

FLOODLIGHTS, cries of --

HOMELAND AGENTS

FREEZE! HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE 'EM! ON
 THE GROUND NOW!

Cristu and crew are stunned as DOZENS of DHS AGENTS, in
 full tactical gear, grab them, throw them on the ground
 and cuff them. CRISTU'S POV: from the ground as Miller
 appears from the shadows and stands next to Jigsaw who
 remains free. Cristu knows he has been betrayed.

CRISTU

You are fucking dead man!
 (agents cart him away)
 My father will kill you, you hear me?

CRISTU(CONT'D)

My father will serve your head on a
silver platter.

Jigsaw smiles unaffected. He watches as Miller walks off.

JIGSAW
Ain't you forgetting something, Agent
Miller?
(off Miller's look)
The other condition of our agreement?

Miller very reluctantly pulls out a MANILA ENVELOPE and
hands it over to Jigsaw.

MILLER
(off envelope)
I hope to God he finds you and gives you
what you deserve.

Miller, disgusted, walks away. LBJ picks up the
Samsonite cases -- 12 million bucks richer. They walk
away, Jigsaw opening the envelope.

JIGSAW
Now -- where were we?

From the envelope he pulls the official DHS CRIMINAL FILE
on FRANK Castle. The final term of the immunity deal.
Jigsaw opens the file -- UNDER KNOWN ACCOMPLICES -- a
mugshot of MICRO.

115 INT. PUNISHER DEN -- DAY

115

FRANK heats up water in a very used castiron. Then he
throws three pouches of "who-knows-what" in the water.
ANGELA and GRACE are still sleepy, but awake.

ANGELA
-- how long did we --

FRANK
A long time. You should eat.

He empties the pouches on two plates and hands them to
Angela and Gracie, while he eats right out of the pouch.
Angela and Gracie stare at the unidentifiable substance
on their plates.

GRACE
Yuck!

Frank looks concerned.

ANGELA
Grace!

GRACE
What is it?

FRANK
Egg and cheese MREs. That's all I have.

GRACE
What's an MRE?

FRANK
Meal-ready-to eat. Military food. Great
for people who can't cook.

Gracie looks at her food with disgust. Angela politely
tries it, but she can't get it down either. Frank turns,
grabs something out of a carton next to the pouch.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Look Gracie, this MRE came with Skittles.
That's the best one to get.

Gracie smiles. She takes the skittles thankfully.

ANGELA
Not exactly a balanced breakfast.

FRANK
Out of practice.

Angela shrugs, she knows he means well. Suddenly --

Frank pulls a .50 Cal Desert Eagle hand cannon from his
pants and points it down the dark subway tunnel.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(calm -- into tunnel)
One step closer and I turn your head into
paint.

Out of the darkness steps -- TRACE. Unfazed.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Where is Micro?

TRACE
His mother isn't feeling well, he didn't
want to leave her.

Trace steps up onto the platform. Angela and Grace are
curious to say the least.

FRANK

This is Trace. He's --
 (has to make them feel safe,
 so it's tough)
 A friend of mine. Trace is going to hang
 out while I take care of some things.

GRACE

Hi Trace. I'm Grace.

TRACE

(friendly)
 Hey little girl -- that rhymes. Gotta
 mean we're homies, right?

He shakes her hand -- does a complicated maneuver. She
 keeps up.

TRACE (CONT'D)

Yeah, you and me are gonna be tight.

Frank has a private word with Angela.

FRANK

This will all be over soon and you can go
 -- okay?

Angela nods. Doesn't like it, doesn't have a choice.
 Frank suddenly feels something -- Grace has laid her tiny
 hand on his.

GRACE

Don't go.

Physically makes Frank sick he's so unused to human
 contact. Smiling weakly, Frank walks around a corner --

Out of sight. In a cold sweat. Hands on his knees --
 deep breaths. He's taken out half the city and this
 little girl has him trembling.

TRACE

You okay, man?

FRANK

(reappears)
 Fine.

Frank passes Angela and Grace, not even glancing at them
 anymore as he takes Trace ASIDE -- hands him the .50 Cal.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I need you alert. Don't make me regret
this.

Trace nods. Frank hops down into the tracks and
disappears into the darkness without a second glance.

116 EXT. MICRO'S HOUSE -- LATER

116

The door opens, Jigsaw and LBJ step out of Micro's house.
LBJ puts a gun in the back of his pants. Starts whistling
to Blue Oyster Cult's *"Don't Fear the Reaper"*. They get
into their car and drive off.

117 INT. JIGSAW'S CAR

117

LBJ
That was fun. What's next brother?

JIGSAW
Now go and pick up our bait. Then we have
to get ourselves an army for the big
showdown.

LBJ
How?

JIGSAW
Just like Uncle Sam, brother. We go
recruit in troubled neighborhoods, offer
a 100 grand towards a college education
they'll never get and promise that nobody
ever has to go to Iraq.

Jigsaw breaks into an evil laughter.

LBJ
As long as I get to kill Castle.

JIGSAW
No worries, brother. You will. This time
we're just making sure he doesn't come
out breathing.

118 INT. MICRO'S BROWNSTONE -- LATER

118

FRANK silently enters through the back entrance. Coming
into Micro's work space he STOPS. The place looks
wrecked.

MICRO sits hunched in a chair, his back to us, his body heaving in convulsions. We can only imagine what LBJ has subjected him to --

FRANK
(rushing over)
Micro?

Coming around Micro, expecting the absolute worst, we see that he hasn't been touched -- not a hair on his head. He is slumped over, convulsing because he is crying.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What is it? What happened?

MICRO
I'm sorry, Frank. I told them where to find Angela and Grace. I'm so sorry.

Frank turns pale.

FRANK
What? WHY? WHY DID YOU DO THAT?

MICRO
For nothing. I did it for nothing. They killed her anyway.

Frank rushes to the adjoining room's door --

FRANK'S POV: Micro's MOTHER sits in her Barca-Lounger, a clean bullet-hole in her head. Micro's sobbing gets louder. It hits Frank like an anvil -- Micro gave up Angela and Grace's location to try to save his mother. And like that, Frank runs out of the house like a shot, leaving Micro alone in his grief.

119 INT. PUNISHER'S DEN -- SAME TIME

119

GRACE carefully finishes folding a PAPER AIRPLANE, ANGELA watching on -- happy to see that Grace is happy. Grace launches the airplane across the SUBWAY TRACKS -- it zips through the air -- perfect -- and is caught on the other side by TRACE. He's impressed.

TRACE
There you go! Told you could do it. Now watch this.

Trace makes a small tear on the bottom of the airplane so it will do loopy-loops. He lets the airplane fly --

The paper airplane LOOPS into the air, acrobatic -- Grace is delighted, watching it sail -- But the plane veers OFF COURSE, into the darkness of the tunnel. Disappearing. We stay ON THE PLANE as it skids to the ground next to a dirty pair of WHITE ORTHOPEDIC SNEAKERS -- the kind issued in insane asylums. We pan up to reveal...LBJ in the shadows. He picks up the plane and casually walks INTO THE LIGHT. ANGELA sees him first, her blood running cold. She grabs Grace in her arms. TRACE is whipping out the hand cannon Frank gave him -- But LBJ is faster. He throws a large ROCK with deadly precision. It slams Trace square in the temple. He drops to the ground, dazed. LBJ, fast as a snake, is up and on the PLATFORM, grabbing a HATCHET from Frank's tools --

TRACE (CONT'D)
(to Angela and Grace)
Run! Get out of here!

Angela hops down into the tracks, pulling Grace off the platform. They run for it. LBJ HACKS away at Trace with the hatchet, blood spattering LBJ's face, Trace SCREAMING, LBJ loving every minute -- then he throws the hatchet down and follows Angela and Gracie. BASED ON the screams from the dark, he caught them.

120 EXT. MANHATTAN STREET -- EVENING

120

Frank runs down the street, powerful, a human locomotive. Has to stop it from happening again -- has to stop the slaughter of an innocent mother and child.

121 INT. SHANGRI-LA MOTEL -- LATER

121

JIGSAW is talking to the owner of the shady motel.

JIGSAW
I need this motel.

MANAGER
Half an hour for twenty, full hour for 35.

JIGSAW
You misunderstood. I want to buy it.

Jigsaw lays a stack of money on the desk. The owner looks like he's won the lottery. He quickly throws the money into a plastic bag, then he runs out, leaving Jigsaw by himself.

122	EXT. SHANGRI-LA MOTEL -- NIGHT	122	*
	A Rover comes to a stop. LBJ in the driver seat. Jigsaw exits the motel. LBJ opens the BACK of the Rover, revealing something to JIGSAW. A grin appears on Jigsaw's hideous face.		* * * *
	JIGSAW		*
	Good. Bring them upstairs and then meet me back down here. Let's see if we can talk a few poor bastards into signing up.		* * * *
123	EXT. EMBANKMENT -- NIGHT	123	*
	FRANK arrives to see the SEWER GRATE has been removed(by LBJ). Frank plunges into darkness.		* *
124	INT. DISCONTINUED SUBWAY TUNNEL -- NIGHT	124	*
	FRANK leaping off the ROPE LADDER, landing in the tunnel with a thud, rising and running --		* *
125	INT. PUNISHER'S DEN -- NIGHT	125	*
	FRANK runs out of the shadows, head spinning -- no sign of Grace and Angela, but he does see --		* *
	TRACE lying on the ground.		*
	FRANK		*
	(climbing onto platform)		*
	Where are they?		*
	Trace COUGHS BLOOD in response. Frank can now see that the kid's left arm has been HACKED OFF with the bloody HATCHET. Trace wheezes, not long for this world.		* * *
	TRACE		*
	I tried -- I swear I tried --		*
	Frank rips his shirt up, making a tourniquet --		*
	FRANK		*
	Goddamnit, kid, don't die on me --		*
	TRACE		*
	Bleedin' out -- I seen this show before.		*

FRANK
 (applying tourniquet)
 Shut up, kid, you're gonna be fine --

But he's not going to be fine -- he has already lost too much blood and Frank knows it. A tourniquet won't do shit. Trace doesn't have a prayer.

TRACE
 (as firm as he can be)
 Hurts, Frank, real bad.
 (has Frank's attention)
 Don't let me die like this. Not like this.

Frank understands what the kid is asking. Frank also knows he never gave the kid half a chance. Frank takes a deep breath, and pulls out a PISTOL. Trace is grateful, but still unsure where he stands with Frank.

TRACE (CONT'D)
 (weak)
 See you in hell?

FRANK
 I see you anywhere near hell I'll kick your ass out.

Trace laughs weakly. Frank gently closes Trace's eyes.

126 EXT. HARLEM - OTIS DANCE CLUB 126

LBJ and JIGSAW step out of the Rover. They look completely out of place in this neighborhood.

127 INT. HARLEM - OTIS DANCE CLUB 127

LBJ and Jigsaw enter. Before the door can close behind them, they have 20 guns aimed at their heads. A room full of hard-core, black gang members drool over the two sad looking white guys, like wolfs would over a couple of lost fawns.

JIGSAW
 Gentlemen, relax. We are looking for a few good men and we'd like to offer you an opportunity to be all that you can be.

The gang members look at Jigsaw in disbelief. Is he fucking kidding?

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

We've all suffered loss at the hands of the Punisher. And because we don't look like everybody else, because we don't act like everybody else, nobody does a goddamn thing about it. Well I say he ain't the only one can take the law into his own hands. If you're as sick of this cocksucker as I am, raise your armies.

The leader gestures for his gang to put the gun down. LBJ smiles, proud of his brilliant brother.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

You'll be well-paid, well-armed, and when it's over the Punisher will be dead.

128 INT. 19TH CENTURY CATHOLIC CHURCH -- NIGHT

128

Old and dark -- lit only by wall sconces. LUKE enters -- almost passes the font of HOLY WATER, but he stops. Dips a hand, crosses himself. Been a while. Walking up the center aisle, Luke passes a few OLD LADIES, a couple SHADY MEN -- people seeking shelter from the night, mercy for a loved one, or a second chance. He sits in a PEW, staring forward.

LUKE

I'm surprised this is where you requested to meet. I didn't take you for a religious man Castle.

Reveal FRANK in the pew next to him, smoldering.

FRANK

Yeah, well, an eye for an eye is right up my alley.

Luke almost chuckles.

LUKE

Well, if I remember right, they're not called the "ten suggestions".

Beat.

FRANK

Jigsaw has Angela and Grace.

LUKE

(goes stone cold)

How.

FRANK
Doesn't matter.

LUKE
Maybe if you'd put them into protective custody, like you should have done, we wouldn't be having this conversation.

FRANK
If I hadn't gone in they'd be dead.

No argument there. A beat.

LUKE
The law can't touch him, Castle. Total immunity. Unless you've got videotape of Jigsaw taking them we can't write him a parking ticket.

FRANK
That's a fucked up system you're sworn to protect.

LUKE
Never said it was perfect.

FRANK
Jigsaw is using them as bait. He wants me. I have no problem with that, except he is not a man of his word. Even if he kills me, there is no guarantee he'll let them go.

LUKE
So what -- you want my help?

FRANK
I want them to have a chance -- they deserve that.

LUKE
I took an oath, Castle -- there are laws.

FRANK
The law is supposed to protect people like Angela and Grace.
(his mission statement)
When the law doesn't work, I do.

Beat. Luke wrestles with his conscience. Then he gets up.

LUKE
Let me think about it.

FRANK
There is no time.

Luke waits, shakes his head, then leaves. Castle stays
in the pew -- stares at the crucifix above the altar.
Almost looks defeated.

129 EXT. 19TH CENTURY CATHOLIC CHURCH 129

Soap waits outside the church, careful to hide in the
shadows. He watches Luke leave. He waits until Luke is in
safe distance, then enters the church.

130 MONTAGE: 130

-- JIGSAW AND LBJ RECRUITING A BUNCH OF IRISH HOOLIGANS
INSIDE A PUB

-- JIGSAW AND LBJ IN THE ASIAN PART OF TOWN, GIVING THE
SAME SPEECH

131 INT. 19TH CENTURY CATHOLIC CHURCH 131

Frank stands next to the memorial candles. He lights
three of them. One for his wife, two for his daughter and
son. This seems to be a routine. Soap stands behind him.

CASTLE
How many does he have?

SOAP
I can't be sure. He's still out there
recruiting and since you're not the most
popular guy with that crowd, nobody is
passing on the opportunity.

CASTLE
Do you have a location?

SOAP
He took over an abandoned hotel called
Shangri-La.

132 EXT. SHANGRI-LA MOTEL -- NIGHT 132

GANG MEMBERS entering the old hotel with BAGS OF GUNS and
AMMO -- checking in. A few whores and their Johns are
running out mortified.

133	INT. BASEMENT -- PRECINCT HOUSE -- LATER	133	*
	Soap enters, turns on the lights. SUDDENLY HE JUMPS scared when he notices Luke, sitting in his chair.		* *
	SOAP		*
	Jesus Christ, McDonald! I know you're into all that Cloak and Dagger shit but come on!		* * *
	LUKE		*
	Come on.		*
	SOAP		*
	Where to?		*
	LUKE		*
	Your partner Frank Castle needs help.		*
	SOAP		*
	Really, agent, you need to lay off the spy literature--		* * *
	LUKE		*
	Cut the crap Soap! Unless you're guarding Houdini, there is no way a handcuffed, unarmed suspect should get away. Not even from the most retarded cop.		* * * * *
	SOAP		*
	Thank you...I think.		*
	Luke head off, Soap jumps up and follows him.		*
134	INT. PUNISHER'S DEN -- DAY	134	*
	FRANK, at a work table, his fingers once again moving like precision instruments. He fashions together wires, explosives, ball bearings and metal plates into lethal explosive devices -- IEDs.		* * * *
135	EXT. NEW YORK - RUMANIAN NEIGHBORHOOD	135	*
	Luke, followed by Soap walk down a shady street. He pulls a note out of his pocket, checks the address on it with the house in front of him. He steps up to the door and rings the bell.		* * * *
	SOAP		*
	Who lives here?		*

LUKE
Christu's father.

Soap turns white and immediately turns to walk off, but Luke pulls him back by the jacket just as an old, mean looking Rumanian opens.

RUMANIAN
What?

LUKE
Are you Triberiu? Christu's father?

TRIBERIU
What if I am?

At the sound of the unfriendly Rumanian Soap just stares to the ground.

LUKE
Well, if you are, you probably want to find the man who is responsible for sending your son to prison for the rest of his life?

Triberiu's eyes brighten.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Let me tell you how and when you can find him.

TRIBERIU
What do you want from it?

LUKE
Just one thing. Make sure he won't survive!

Triberiu smiles.

TRIBERIU
No worries my friend!

136 EXT. SHANGRI - LA -- DAY

136

FRANK, hiding behind a few bushes, binoculars to his eyes, doing surveillance.

BINOCULAR POV: on the neon SHANGRI-LA SIGN. PAN DOWN the dilapidated 4 story structure to the MOTEL ENTRANCE where dozens of GANG MEMBERS from the city's myriad gangs watch the streets, on guard, looking for Frank.

137	INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING	137	*
	FRANK lowers the binoculars. He's up against an army.		*
138	INT. HALLWAYS AND ROOMS -- SHANGRI-LA MOTEL -- DAY	138	*
	QUICK CUTS as the GANGS OF NEW YORK turn the hallways of the Shangri-La into a kill zone --		*
	-- DOORS are removed from rooms.		*
	-- FURNITURE is turned over -- make-shift trenches.		*
139	INT. PUNISHER'S DEN -- DAY	139	*
	FRANK, at a work table, his fingers once again moving like precision instruments. He fashions together wires, explosives, ball bearings and metal plates into lethal explosive devices -- IEDs. FRANK loads finished IEDs into a duffel. Moves on to his guns and pistols -- starts loading.		*
			*
			*
			*
			*
			*
140	INT. HALLWAYS AND ROOMS -- SHANGRI-LA MOTEL -- DAY	140	*
	BANGERS place GUNS and ROUNDS in doorways. The FRONT DOOR is replaced by a STEEL DOOR that has a sliding EYEHOLE SLOT.		*
			*
			*
141	INT. SOAP'S CAR	141	*
	The car is parked a couple of blocks east of the Shangri-LA. Soap in the driver seat, Luke next to him.		*
			*
	LUKE		*
	There they are.		*
	Soap looks in the review mirror. A gang of nasty looking Rumanians carrying duffel bags of weapons are walking towards the motel. Soap swallows.		*
			*
			*
142	EXT. SHANGRI-LA MOTEL	142	*
	BINOCULAR POV: PANNING UP the building to the TOP FLOOR penthouse. Can't see inside, but Frank does see -- A SMALL BLINKING LIGHT. Grace.		*
			*
			*

143	INT. PENTHOUSE -- SHANGRI-LA MOTEL -- NIGHT	143	*
	ANGELA and GRACE, huddled by a window, hands tied in front of them. Grace has the PENLIGHT Frank gave her cupped in her hand. LBJ, sweat streaming, pacing, creaking hand-grips -- can barely contain himself -- testosterone levels off the charts, has been off his meds for days. JIGSAW, glass shiv in hand, stares intently at something.		* * * * * * *
	JIGSAW (not worried) Easy, James. He'll be here.		* * *
144	INT. FIRST FLOOR -- SHANGRI-LA MOTEL -- NIGHT	144	*
	A hotel transformed into a war zone. Asian gangers hang in doorways, weapons at the ready for whenever the Punisher decides to show up. Suddenly --		* * *
	A POWERFUL KNOCKING at the door -- is that him?		*
	ASIAN BANGER 1 You get it.		* *
	ASIAN BANGER 2 Fuck that. <u>You</u> get it.		* *
	HUGE ASIAN BANGER <u>I'll</u> get it.		* *
	Huge Asian Banger opens the EYESLOT -- sees nothing. Then he looks down.		* *
	HUGE ASIAN BANGER (CONT'D) What you looking for?		* *
145	EXT. STEEL DOOR -- SHANGRI-LA MOTEL -- NIGHT	145	*
	TIBERIU, serenely calm, looks up to the open slot.		*
	TIBERIU (thick accent) I am here to see the Jigsaw.		* * *
	HUGE ASIAN BANGER You out of luck. No Jigsaw here.		* *

TIBERIU
 (clears throat, tries again)
 I am here for the Punisher party.

A beat and the door opens.

146 EXT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING(SAME) 146

FRANK, curious, watches TIBERIU and Co. enter the hotel.

147 INT. FIRST FLOOR -- SHANGRI-LA HOTEL(CONTINUOUS) 147

Very calmly TIBERIU and his MEN pull fully automatic weapons of war from their bags. The Asian Bangers think this is hilarious.

HUGE ASIAN BANGERS
 Damn -- Mr. Magoo is strapped! They
 gonna kick some Punisher ass!

Tiberiu and his boys now point their guns at the Asians.
 As the Asian Bangers faces fall we go --

148 EXT. SHANGRI-LA HOTEL -- NIGHT 148

The deafening sound of automatic machine gun fire -- windows light up from MUZZLE FLASHES -- we hear the SCREAMING of gang members. The Battle of Verdun has begun inside.

149 EXT. ACROSS THE STREET 149

LUKE joins FRANK who stands in the shadows, watching the show. Luke's adrenaline is up -- nervous energy.

FRANK
 Who's the old man?

LUKE
 Cristu's father. Old-country, genocidal maniac. Figured he'd stir up the shit storm for us.

FRANK
 Counterinsurgency 101 -- nice Agent.

LUKE
 Cops'll be all over this place when the fireworks start.

FRANK

I called in an explosives permit for a
construction crew at 5th and Washington.
Said we'd be blasting dynamite all night.

Luke nods -- impressed. He checks the rounds on his
piece, hands slightly trembling now.

LUKE

Can't believe I'm actually doing this.

FRANK

Doing what.

LUKE

(meets Frank's gaze)
I'm going in there.

FRANK

(beat)
I'm far down that road.

The words are an admission to himself as much as Luke --

FRANK (CONT'D)

Never took the time to think about where
I was headed.

(then)
There's no getting off and no turning
back.

WHAM! Frank hits Luke with the butt of a shotgun,
knocking him out cold. Saving him from the hell Frank
calls a life. Frank picks up an HK47 machine gun, ammo
belt draped over his arm, and he marches across the
street --

150 EXT. SHANGRI-LA MOTEL -- NIGHT

150

A cacophony of machine gun and pistol fire from the first
floor as Frank climbs up onto a balcony to the second
floor.

151 THE 1ST FLOOR

151

Carnage -- dead ASIAN BANGERS and dead ROMANIANS --
GUNFIGHTS going on in rooms -- BOTH GANGS eating LEAD.

152	EXT. BALCONY 2ND FLOOR	152	*
	Castle jumps in front of the balcony door and simply walks through it. THE SOUND OF CRASHING GLASS-		* *
	IRISH BANGERS immediately aim their guns at him, but Castle's HK47 is already spraying a thousand bullets at them. He walks straight through the room, his vest taking a few bullets.		* * * *
153	INT. HALLWAY	153	*
	Moving with FRANK who skillfully checks every room as he moves on. He kicks the door open to one room. Three IRISH BANGERS waiting for him but -- KABOOM -- KABOOM -- KABOOM -- All three are dead before the door swings back.		* * * *
	ON FRANK as BLOOD decorates his face, he pulls out a PISTOL for close-quarters Frank enters --		* *
154	A CONCRETE STAIRWAY	154	*
	Frank moves up then: BANG! BANG! -- FRANK takes two in the chest -- he's thrown back against the wall -- Two black gangmembers on the staircase -- Frank returns fire - - the Bangers drop -- A few deep breaths and Frank moves up --		* * * * *
155	INTO THE 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY	155	*
	It's too calm. Nobody in sight. Frank waits. Nothing.		*
	THEN SUDDENLY FRANK HEARS IT! He walks straight to the back of the hallway and stops in front of a door.		* *
	SPLIT SCREEN : On one side, fifteen Harlem bangers aiming their guns at the door. On the other side of the door, CASTLE, stone cold staring at the closed door.		* * *
	He calmly takes a grenade bullet out of his magazine belt and loads it into the grenade launcher attached to his HK47. CLICK.CLICK.		* * *
	CRASH! He jams the entire machine gun through the door and pulls the grenade trigger.		* *

156	INT. ROOM	156	*
	WE SEE A BRIGHT FIREBALL air burst into the middle of the room and SUDDENLY SPREADING OUT VERTICALLY. Within the fireball are millions of metal shrapnel pieces that hit every single banger. A fine OPERATION FREEDOM airburst GRENADE. Used to clear a room and that's what CASTLE does. The Bangers scream in pain as the shrapnel painfully disfigures their faces.		* * * * * * *
157	EXT. ROOM	157	*
	The door flies back from the pressure of the explosion. Castle calmly moves out of the way, then walks in the room and with his pistol takes out the few men still able to move.		* * * *
158	INT. PENTHOUSE -- SHANGRI-LA HOTEL -- NIGHT	158	*
	JIGSAW is calm, running a finger along his glass shiv, biding his time even though the room RUMBLES from explosions below. LBJ, pacing like a feral animal, for once stops moving.		* * * *
	LBJ		*
	It's time.		*
	JIGSAW		*
	James.		*
	(LBJ turns)		*
	Be careful.		*
	LBJ leaves.		*
159	EXT. 5TH FLOOR -- SHANGRI-LA HOTEL -- NIGHT	159	*
	We HOVER at the 2th floor(Frank's floor), TRACKING past WINDOWS -- BRAINS from a headshot decorate a WINDOW --		* *
160	INT. PENTHOUSE HALLWAY -- SHANGRI-LA HOTEL -- NIGHT	160	*
	LBJ can barely contain himself as he waits for an elevator to arrive.		* *

161 INT. 2ND FLOOR -- SHANGRI-LA HOTEL -- NIGHT 161 *

All is calm. Everyone is dead. He walks to the 2nd floor bank of elevators and presses the PENTHOUSE button. *

162 INT. LBJ'S ELEVATOR(CONTINUOUS) 162 *

LBJ headed DOWN. The elevator stops on the 2nd FLOOR -- *

163 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY(CONTINUOUS) 163 *

An elevator OPENS -- It's EMPTY -- we sigh relief. FRANK steps -- *

164 INTO THE ELEVATOR 164 *

Presses the PENTHOUSE button. The doors close, but before they close all the way -- *

A HAND slips between the doors -- we JUMP -- the doors open revealing -- *

A HUGE IRISH BANGER. He knows he's dead -- *

HUGE IRISH BANGER
(a lament)
For fuck's sake. *

BANG! -- Frank wastes him. The elevator doors close. *

LOW ANGLE: FRANK towers over us, and ABOVE Frank we see -- *

LBJ! Muscles straining, holding himself against the CEILING of the elevator like an insect -- FUCK. *

CLOSE ON FRANK: smelling something. And he realizes -- *

FRANK
Shit. *

Frank looks up -- *

-- as LBJ drops right on top of him -- They land in a heap. LBJ, a testosterone fueled reptile, headbutts Frank, re-opening his nose -- *

LBJ
You should be seeing double right about now. *

FRANK'S POV: there are *two* blurry LBJ's in front of him. *

LBJ's KNEE goes into Frank's crotch once, twice -- *

LBJ (CONT'D) *
 Won't be replacing that son of yours any *
 time soon. *

LBJ stands, pulling Frank onto his knees and slams him *
 face-first into the wall -- WHAM WHAM WHAM -- LBJ *
 delivers kidney blows -- *

LBJ (CONT'D) *
 Blood in the urine -- early indicator of *
 kidney failure. *

LBJ throws Frank against the other side of the elevator, *
 grabs Frank's wrist and quick as lightning WINDMILLS *
 Frank's arm around -- POP -- dislocates the shoulder -- *

LBJ (CONT'D) *
 Your shoulder joint just popped out of *
 its socket. *

LBJ grabs the other arm -- POP -- dislocates the other *
 shoulder -- *

LBJ (CONT'D) *
 Might want to have that one looked at *
 too. *

DING! *

165 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY(CONTINUOUS)

165

Elevator doors OPEN, FRANK spilling out onto the carpet, *
 onto his back, dislocated arms USELESS at his sides -- *

FRANK'S POV: looking up as LBJ comes at him to finish it. *
 And as LBJ arrives we find the strength to lift a leg and *
 KICK LBJ in the balls -- LBJ grabs his nuts -- that hurt. *
 Frank spins on his side, swinging his legs -- TRIPPING *
 LBJ to the ground. Frank stands and SLAMS a shoulder *
 into the wall -- grunts in pain -- re-locating the *
 shoulder -- And when LBJ rises, Frank lands a massive *
 uppercut -- It is *on* motherfucker. *

They trade blows, hammering the shit out of each other. *
 Frank is a powerful man, but LBJ is unbelievably strong. *
 A couple of highlights -- *

-- LBJ, fast, ducks a haymaker, lands a gut punch, ducks another, plants one on Frank's chin --

-- Frank takes hold of LBJ by the face and slams his head into a wall, cracking the DRYWALL --

LBJ finally gets the upper hand again, landing blows fast and slippery. Knocking Frank down the hall, LBJ effortlessly bends down and grabs a GUN off the ground --

WHACK! -- slams Frank in the head with it, grabs him by the back of the neck, puts the muzzle to his forehead --

And just as he's about to squeeze trigger LBJ hears something that makes him look DOWN -- Frank holds a GRENADE between them, pin PULLED -- a game of chicken --

FRANK

Want to tell me what's about to happen to your insides you sick piece of shit?

LBJ turns and RUNS the other way -- Frank ROLLS the grenade after LBJ while turning and ducking at the same time -- hope there's enough separation and -- BOOM!

We stay with Frank as he FLIES all the way down the hall, tumbling and rolling, coming to a stop on his back. A long beat, Frank lying there motionless, vest SHREDDED, limbs and face peppered with shrapnel.

166 INT. PENTHOUSE -- SHANGRI-LA HOTEL -- NIGHT

166

ON ANGELA and GRACE looking frantically toward the door as the HANDLE TURNS. They stand next to JIGSAW who tenses ever so slightly as the door opens. A beat, and he sighs relief. LBJ is in the doorway. But there is a CONFUSED look on his face -- something is definitely off here. Jigsaw frowns now. Could be due to the fact that LBJ's GUTS are hanging out of his stomach. LBJ drops to the ground, dead. FRANK appears, bloody and brutalized, pistols aimed.

JIGSAW

Drop 'em.

We now see that Jigsaw has his shiv to Grace's neck.

FRANK

They've got nothing to do with this --

JIGSAW

Nothing to do with this?

FRANK
-- it's between you and me --

JIGSAW
They've got everything to do with this.
And now you're going to watch them die!

ANGELA
GRACE -- NO!

Grace bites into Jigsaw's arm! JIGSAW screams in pain.
Frank rushes him. Jigsaw raises the shiv -- Gracie
escapes into the arms of her mother. Frank tries to
BLOCK the shiv -- The shiv PLUNGES THROUGH the palm of
Frank's hand, comes out the other side, STUCK --

Using every ounce of strength Frank ROTATES his hand,
BREAKING the shiv -- Jigsaw, STUNNED at the sudden turn
of events, tries to jam the remainder of the jagged shiv
into Frank's face, but Frank uses his other free hand to
grab Jigsaw's wrist, stopping the blow and now...

Frank ROLLS, throwing Jigsaw off him --

Frank rises, his punctured hand hurting like hell, and
comes at Jigsaw --

Jigsaw finds his feet. And now it's on.

They land blows, Frank tossing Jigsaw across the room --

Angela pulls Grace out of the way as Jigsaw slams into a
wall --

Frank brutalizes Jigsaw's face, the stitches TEARING
OPEN, revealing meat and bone --

WHAM! Jigsaw lands an upper cut --

Frank flies and drops through a glass coffee table --

Jigsaw stands on Frank's punctured hand and grinds his
heel -- excruciating --

Frank takes a piece of glass from the coffee table slices
Jigsaw's Achilles tendon, and as his arms swings up, he
stabs the glass shard deep into his upper thigh. Jigsaw
drops to his knees --

There is a GUN on the floor. Jigsaw tries to grab it --

But he can't get there. He lies on the ground, almost paralyzed. Frank grabs the gun instead and aims it at Jigsaw.

JIGSAW
Kill me already!

CASTLE
(dry)
I already did. Your femoral artery is cut. You have about ten seconds to accept Jesus Christ as your savior.

Jigsaw looks at his leg. There is blood everywhere. In pure anger he pulls all of his strength together and swings at Castle. He misses and drops dead.

CASTLE (CONT'D)
I thought so you dumb fuck!

Frank rolls onto his back, shot, hole in his hand, barely able to move. He stares up at the ceiling.

FRANK'S POV: a ceiling fan spinning. Then Angela and Grace stand over him -- offering their hands.

Frank takes them.

167 EXT. ALLEY -- BEHIND SHANGRI-LA HOTEL -- NIGHT 167

A FIRE ESCAPE DOOR opens, ANGELA running out followed by FRANK carrying GRACE. Angela runs into the arms of --

LUKE. He holds her. Can't believe she's safe. GRACE joins them. SOAP is here, bewildered.

Frank, an outsider, stands there awkwardly. Then --

LUKE
You're under arrest, Castle.

A pregnant beat.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I'm going to let Detective Soap here be the one to bring you in.
(with a knowing smirk)
Keep a close eye on him, partner -- he's a slippery one.

SOAP
 (in on the joke)
 Sure thing, partner.
 (pulls out cuffs, then)
 We don't really need these, do we.

Frank turns and leaves with Soap.

ANGELA
 Wait --

Frank turns. Angela breaks free of Luke and approaches.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 My husband -- Nicky -- we talked about
 you --
 (coming clean)
 Argued about you.
 (it's hard)
 He said you were one of the good guys.

Frank doesn't necessarily agree, but he's grateful for
 the words. He walks down the alley.

Turning back Frank catches a last glimpse -- Luke and
 Angela, Grace in his arms. Looks a lot like the life
 Frank had once. Once.

Frank and Grace meet eyes. There's a connection there --
 from the first time they met. Grace raises a hand --
 bye. Frank raises his hand.

And he disappears into the shadows.

168 EXT. CEMETERY -- PRE-DAWN

168

A NEON sign on the cemetery's small church blinks "JESUS
 SAVES," the "JESUS" part burned out. FRANK appears,
 walking at us. We catch the GLIMMER of the skull as --

We DRIFT into the cemetery, finding the HEADSTONE of his
 wife and son. There is a FRESH BED of SOIL and FLOWERS
 in front of the stone.

FADE OUT.