

THE PUNISHER: WAR ZONE

by

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FIRST DRAFT
June 13, 2005

BEGIN MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE:

An impressionistic montage:

A MAN prepares for mayhem. It's in EXTREME CU; we never see him fully. Ammo clips are inserted into guns, knives into sheaths. We see that his torso is SCARRED by gun and blade.

We see a Purple Heart. The Silver Star. TIGHTER into the medals, we hear explosions, noises of brutal combat.

We see photos. A Wife & Son. TIGHTER into the photos we hear their panicked voices, their last moments on Earth.

A 1911 Colt .45 with a silver compensator rises into frame. We stare down its barrel. A BULLET fires.

NOW HAZY SURREAL IMAGES:

A skeezy RAPIST is assaulting a girl in an alley. He turns, his eyes widening. MUZZLE FLASH.

1st newspaper twirls into frame: "Vigilante Killer at Large."

A HITMAN exits an elevator. He goes for his gun but it's too late. MUZZLE FLASH.

2nd newspaper twirls: "Reputed Hitman Found Dead."

3rd newspaper: "Who's Killing the Killers?"

4th newspaper: "Where is Frank Castle? Ex-FBI Agent a Suspect in Vigilante Killings."

A 5th: "Castle Strikes Again? Vigilante Wanted For Questioning in Murder."

Throughout: GUNSHOTS...and a cacophony of VOICES FROM THE DEEPEST CORNER OF HELL, screaming one word. One....name.

Castle.

Castle.

CASTLE.

EXT. TEXAS - TEXACO STATION - DAY

On a tumbleweed-strewn West Texas 2-lane, a rented sedan pulls in and parks at Full Serve.

INT. RENTED SEDAN - DAY

The Sedan's driver, RED KILE, waits for the Attendant.

RED KILE

Fill it.

Red Kile sees a matte-black '69 ROADRUNNER parked across the interstate.

INT. ACROSS FROM TEXACO - '69 ROADRUNNER - DAY

We're now with the '69 Roadrunner's DRIVER (we don't see his face, just indications) watching Red Kile over A.M. Radio:

A.M. RADIO NEWS (V.O.)

3 Brinks Armored Car employees are dead following a robbery in Pampa, Texas. The alleged assailants, Alan and Redmond Kile, escaped a maximum security....

The Roadrunner Driver ignitions and rolls away.

INT. RENTED SEDAN (DRIVING) - DAY

Red Kile, humming a Haggard tune, comes over a rise. The '69 ROADRUNNER is parked on the shoulder ahead.

The Roadrunner pulls out and tailgates Red's Sedan.

Red slows down.

RED KILE

Pass me, ya stupid son-of-a...

The Roadrunner finally pulls out and passes.

But once it passes, it slows to 10 m.p.h.

Red Kile hits the HORN. The Roadrunner doesn't respond.

EXT. TEXAS TWO-LANE - DAY

The Sedan and Roadrunner pull over to the shoulder.

Red Kile climbs out of the Sedan with a pistol tucked in his waistband. He approaches the Roadrunner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A Man climbs from the Roadrunner with a shotgun.

Red Kile goes for his gun. Too late.

The Man fires, blowing Red Kile backward, stoving in his ribcage with double-buck.

Red lies in the middle of the 2-lane, dying.

RED KILE

Damn and jesus you shot me...

Frank Castle (photographed from behind) walks up.

CASTLE

Where's your brother?

RED KILE

I ain't tellin you shit. I know who you are. What are ya gonna do, torture me?

CASTLE

Yes.

As CAMERA CRANES UP we hear Red SCREAM.

INT. TEXAS PONDEROSA MOTEL - ROOM 13 BATHROOM - DAY

AL KILE (the brother), is toweling off from a shower. The doorbell rings.

CASTLE (V.O.)

Room service.

AL KILE

Put it on the dresser!

IN THE BEDROOM

Al Kile enters.

A Room Service TRAY is sitting on the carpet by the door.

Al Kile kneels, lifts the warming lid. His FBI WANTED POSTER sits on the plate. Nice photo, shithead.

Al Kile peels back the curtain, registers further shock.

FRANK CASTLE

stands in the parking lot, backlit by neon, the skull on his worn t-shirt out of a nightmare.

EXT. PONDEROSA MOTEL - REAR BALCONY - DAY

Al Kile SMASH/DIVES through the rear window, scrambles over the balustrade, and drops 20 feet to the rear parking lot.

Al limps to his Harley, ignitions, and roars off.

EXT. PONDEROSA MOTEL - FRONT ENTRANCE/PARKING LOT - DAY

Castle pops the Roadrunner trunk, revealing an accordion-fold GUN RACK. He chooses a Winchester carbine.

EXT. PONDEROSA MOTEL - HIGHWAY SHOULDER - DAY

Castle sites the Winchester's cross-hairs down the highway at the fleeing Al Kile and FIRES.

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

The Harley's rear tire explodes and Al Kile skids down at 70 mph. Al Kile gets to his feet and limps to his SHOTGUN in the Harley's saddlebag. He stops short as --

-- Castle enters frame with a drawn Colt .45.

AL KILE

You're him ain't ya?

Castle - stone-faced - says nothing.

Al Kile looks longingly at his shotgun. Inches away.

CASTLE

Go ahead. Make my morning.

Sweat stings Al Kile's eyes. His sweaty hand twitches....and he lunges for it.

Castle blows Al Kile against his Harley; he dies like a dog.

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

Establishing shots of the island, skyscrapers, etc.

EXT. MANHATTAN - QUEENSBORO (59TH STREET) BRIDGE - DAY

At the stoplight leading to the QUEENSBORO BRIDGE, the Roadrunner rolls into frame.

INT. '69 ROADRUNNER - DAY

Castle drives up the bridge on-ramp. We TILT DOWN to a newspaper on the console with an article: NEW YORK'S CRIME BOSS TURNS 100.

FADE TO BLACK - TITLE CARD

THE PUNISHER: WAR ZONE

FADE IN:

EXT. QUEENS NY - PEACOCK SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

A private club on the Queens waterfront. 30 MAFIA CAPOS valet their Cadillacs and enter.

CAMERA DRIFTS to a residential house across the street.

INT. F.B.I. SURVEILLANCE HOUSE - NIGHT

It's actually a FBI surveillance house.

Special Agent STEPHANIE (STEVIE) WEST, 30, adjusts the contrast on a video monitor. She's come far, fast, in a man's world. Born crime-fighter. Among her peers, a rock. Buff but not butch. Fierce. Craves the rush.

On a separate monitor is Agent CASSIDY, a younger, male version of Stevie.

EXT. PEACOCK SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

The mobsters enter past gaudy twin porcelain Peacocks at the door. We PUSH IN ON --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- A Peacock's glass "eye." It's actually a CAMERA.

INT. F.B.I. SURVEILLANCE HOUSE - NIGHT

ON "PEACOCK" SURVEILLANCE CAMERA MONITOR - we see the Capos checking their weapons at the door.

STEVIE WEST

(supplying commentary)

Your coat sir? Hat? Your Glock 9?

AGENT CASSIDY

Where's the girls? Thought these things were always stocked with talent.

STEVIE WEST

Not this. Made Guys only.

INT. PEACOCK SOCIAL CLUB - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

The Capos wait in line to greet a GAUNT ELDERLY MAN in a wheelchair, taking oxygen through a tube. He looks like a kind old man who could be your grandpa. We PUSH IN ON --

-- THE CHANDELIER above. It's a CAMERA and ultra-sensitive listening device.

INT. F.B.I. SURVEILLANCE HOUSE - NIGHT

ON THE "CHANDELIER" SURVEILLANCE CAMERA MONITOR we watch the Capos kiss the old man's ring.

AGENT CASSIDY

That's Don Cesare? He looks like a sweet old man.

STEVIE WEST

That sweet old man spent the last 50 years running the most vicious Union Extortion ring in the Five Boroughs. In '79 he thought his wife was turning State's Evidence. He cut her tongue off with bolt cutters and fed it to his Doberman. She bled to death in the gutter. Zoom in. Kick the volume.

Agent Cassidy zooms in and raises the volume.

INT. PEACOCK SOCIAL CLUB - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

A CAPO in Swifty Lazar eyeglasses is before Don Cesare. The two confer in whispers.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE HOUSE - NIGHT

On the MONITOR we can now HEAR the two men:

SWIFTY LAZAR CAPO
Happy Birthday, Godfather.

DON CESARE
Thanks Sonny. Tell me good news.
Tell me about Nicky Greer.

SWIFTY LAZAR CAPO
We hit him last night. He's a
memory. No worries Godfather.

DON CESARE
You're a good boy, Sonny.

C.U. ON AGENT STEVIE WEST

STEVIE WEST
Did I just hear that?

AGENT CASSIDY
Hear what? Who's Nicky Greer?

STEVIE WEST
Union Steward. Been a thorn in the
Godfather's butt since the dock
strike last year. He disappeared 2
nights ago.

AGENT CASSIDY
Did we just tape them admitting to
Murder One? Holy shit!

STEVIE WEST
(doing victory jig)
Two years of wiretaps, two more to
get a Probable Cause Hearing....

AGENT CASSIDY
(staring at monitor)
Uhm...Stevie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVIE WEST
...break out the champagne, we're
gonna be famous!

AGENT CASSIDY
Stevie...what's with this....car?

ON THE EXTERIOR SURVEILLANCE MONITORS

CASTLE'S ROADRUNNER is roaring toward the Club.

EXT. PEACOCK SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

The Roadrunner plows through the club's front gate, knocking
aside two BODYGUARDS like bowling pins.

INT. PEACOCK SOCIAL CLUB - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Two waiters wheel a "Happy 100th" cake up to Don Cesare.
Everyone raises champagne glasses.

CAPOS
-- Salut!
-- Happy Birthday Don Cesare!

Don Cesare's eyes flicker, not from the candles, but from
HEADLIGHTS approaching through the window.

The Capos spin, reacting to the Roadrunner's throaty V-8.
They dive away as --

-- THE ROADRUNNER comes through the Hall's entry, plowing
through furniture, knocking a pillar against the chandelier
(causing it to violently swing), and crushing two Capos
against the bar.

The Roadrunner's door opens.
Frank Castle emerges with a duffle bag and a 1911 .45.
He calmly puts a .45 slug in Don Cesare's head.

SWIFTY LAZAR CAPO
You just shot an unarmed 100 year
old man!

CASTLE
I don't discriminate.

Castle shoots the Swifty Lazar Capo in the head and
continues out the club's rear door.

INT. F.B.I. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

The FBI Agents can't see what's happening because the CHANDELLIER CAMERA is swinging. Stevie West lunges for her tac radio.

STEVIE WEST
ALL UNITS CLOSE IN...I REPEAT CLOSE
IN...

INT. PEACOCK SOCIAL CLUB - FOYER - NIGHT

The Capos - all 30 at once - scramble for their checked weapons at the entrance.

EXT. PEACOCK SOCIAL CLUB - REAR EXIT - NIGHT

The Capos, en masse, move on the rear door. They attempt to open it but it's barricaded shut.

Four Capos pick up the BANQUET TABLE as a battering ram.

EXT. PEACOCK SOCIAL CLUB - REAR COURTYARD - NIGHT

The door splinters open as the banquet table rams through.

The Capos pour into the court yard.

A Capo hears a "click" and looks down. His foot has tripped a CLAYMORE MINE.

An EXPLOSION rips through the first wave of Capos, cutting them to ribbons with 3000 steel ball bearings.

The surviving Capos squint into the smoke.

A fusillade of bullets sprays across the court yard, mincing the Capos into hamburger.

Castle emerges firing a CHAIN GUN from the hip.

It's a bloodbath. The Capos, riddled, go down like rows of dominos.

Castle reloads and keeps firing. Just to be sure.

It's relentless.

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CONTINUED:

Finally the chain gun runs dry; the cylinder-wheel twirls, still smoking.

Castle looks around.

30 men lie dead.

INT. PEACOCK SOCIAL CLUB - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Castle walks through the carnage to the Roadrunner.

He takes a last look around, gets in, ignitions, and begins backing out of the rubble.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE HOUSE - NIGHT

A phalanx of POLICE VEHICLES is arriving, cherry tops flashing and sirens BLARING.

Stevie West and Agent Cassidy fly out of the Surveillance House with guns drawn, showing shields.

THE ROADRUNNER

roars out of the Social Club backward, nearly running Stevie down. Stevie gets a clear look at Castle behind the wheel.

The Roadrunner spins 180 degrees, and roars off.

Stevie screams at the arriving Police vehicles.

STEVIE WEST

GO!

The Police vehicles follow the Roadrunner.

Agent Cassidy wheels up in a Sedan. Stevie climbs in; the sedan peels out, giving chase.

EXT. QUEENS WATERFRONT - STREETS - NIGHT

The Roadrunner blazes down the road.

Stevie's sedan and a slew of FBI and Police cruisers follow.

INT. STEVIE'S FBI SEDAN (DRIVING) - NIGHT

STEVIE WEST
(into radio)
SUSPECT HEADED WEST ON COAST ROAD.
WHERE THE FUCK'S MY AIR SUPPORT?

EXT. QUEENS WATERFRONT - STREETS - NIGHT

The Road Runner hangs a sharp right.

A Police cruiser takes the turn too fast and crashes into a tree.

Agent Cassidy expertly handles the turn and continues on.

INT. STEVIE'S FBI SEDAN (DRIVING) - NIGHT

Stevie hears the police helicopter above her. It shines its spotlight on the Roadrunner ahead.

INT. CASTLE'S ROAD RUNNER (DRIVING) NIGHT

Castle drives with steely purpose, unconcerned by the vehicles behind him or the chopper above.

EXT. QUEENS PIER - NIGHT

The Roadrunner veers off the road, skips the sidewalk, and heads onto Queens Borough Pier.

Stevie's sedan follows.

INT. STEVIE'S FBI SEDAN (DRIVING) - NIGHT

STEVIE WEST
He's on the pier! We got him!

INT. CASTLE'S ROADRUNNER (DRIVING) - NIGHT

Castle sees the end of the pier ahead.

He doesn't slow down. He accelerates.

EXT. QUEENS BOROUGH PIER - NIGHT

The Roadrunner busts through the pier's guardrails and plummets into Long Island Sound.

INT. CASTLE'S ROADRUNNER (UNDERWATER) - NIGHT

Castle rolls down the window, allowing the Roadrunner to quickly fill with water. He reaches to the back seat for his duffle bag.

EXT. QUEENS BOROUGH PIER - NIGHT

Stevie runs to the pier's edge and looks into the water as, behind her, the other police vehicles arrive.

The Roadrunner is sinking fast.

INT. CASTLE'S ROADRUNNER (UNDERWATER) - NIGHT

Castle pulls a quart-sized AIR TANK and REGULATOR from the duffle bag and pulls it on.

He kicks open the door, releases from the car, and disappears into murky Long Island Sound.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. QUEENS BOROUGH PIER - NIGHT (20 MINUTES LATER)

Police DIVERS plunge into the ink-black water.

EXT. LONG ISLAND SOUND - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

DIVER 1 descends to the Road Runner with a DIVE LIGHT. He looks in. No body.

50 feet away, DIVER 2 fin-kicks to a storm drain. The drain's steel-barred PROTECTIVE GRATE has been pried open.

EXT. QUEENS BOROUGH PIER - NIGHT

The Roadrunner is crane-lifted from the water. The Divers shake their heads, give "thumbs down" signs.

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CONTINUED:

Stevie, watching, grits her teeth.

INT. QUEENS BOROUGH SEWER/STORM DRAIN - NIGHT

A manhole cover lifts. A dark figure hauling a dufflebag climbs into the sewer tunnel and disappears into darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN - COLUMBIA LAW SCHOOL - DAY

Stevie crosses Central Courtyard to Greene Hall. A NEW YORK TABLOID discarded on a courtyard bench shows a photo of Castle under the headline: SLAUGHTER IN QUEENS. VIGILANTE SOUGHT.

MAXFIELD WEST (V.O.)
Is a person ever justified in
seeking recourse outside the law?
You. Back row.

INT. JEROME GREENE HALL - LECTURE HALL - DAY

3rd year law student JILL speaks up.

LAW STUDENT JILL
I'd say...never.

Judge MAXFIELD WEST is teaching his weekly course on Legal Ethics. He smiles at Stevie as she slips in the rear door.

MAXFIELD WEST
Never? Who here is from the great
state of Louisiana?

Two students raise hands.

MAXFIELD WEST
Mr. Theriot and Mr. Robichaud.
Ragin' Cajuns. Should have known.

The class laughs.

MAXFIELD WEST
It's 1:00 a.m. in Atchafalaya
Parish. That means "County" for
you Yankees. They do everything
different down there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The class laughs.

MAXFIELD WEST

Two guys in a bar - call them Theriot and Robichaud - get in a fistfight. Theriot gets the better of Robichaud and knocks him out. But it's not over. Not by a mile. Theriot unzips his fly and urinates in Robichaud's mouth. That's right. You heard correctly.

The class responds with revulsion.

MAXFIELD WEST

Robichaud wakes up with a bad taste in his mouth. He goes home, sleeps eight hours, eats breakfast, drives over to Theriot's house, and knocks on the door. Theriot answers. Robichaud pistol whips Theriot, puts the gun in Theriot's mouth, and blows Theriot's head clean off. Robichaud is arrested for Murder in the First Degree. The verdict? Jill?

LAW STUDENT JILL

He can't claim "Heat of Passion" because there was an eight hour "cooling off" period. Can't claim insanity. I'd say "Guilty."

MAXFIELD WEST

Who agrees with Jill?'

Every student in the class raises his hand.

MAXFIELD WEST

Robichaud's lawyer didn't see it that way. Instead, he argued a novel defense: That Robichaud should be acquitted because the victim - Theriot - "deserved to die." Think about it. Vigilantism offered as a legal argument. See you Monday.

LAW STUDENT JILL

But wait...what was the verdict?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAXFIELD WEST
I'll tell you Monday.

The class groans, laughs.

Stevie joins her father at the podium.

MAXFIELD WEST
I saw you on the news. When are
you going to get a safer job?

STEVIE WEST
When all the bad guys are on Rikers
Island. Hungry?

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY AREA CAFE/DELI - DAY

Stevie and Maxfield West sit in a Cafe/Deli. Maxfield's
flipping through an FBI INVESTIGATION FILE.

MAXFIELD WEST
The incident in Tampa, and all this
subsequent...activity.
Interesting.

The file is on CASTLE: photos of CRIME SCENES, articles,
etc. about Castle's alleged role in vigilante killings.

MAXFIELD WEST
Before yesterday I would've said it
was urban legend.

STEVIE WEST
No legend, Pop.

MAXFIELD WEST
How did he avoid detention or
arrest prior to this?

STEVIE WEST
He's Bureau-trained. He lies low.
Isolates his victims in rural
areas. Works at night in urban
areas. He's not exactly been on
local law enforcement's radar.
"Wanted for questioning in
connection with murder" is a lot
different than "wanted for murder."

MAXFIELD WEST
How many potential cases?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVIE WEST

Forty-seven.

Did she say 47? Maxfield West raises an eyebrow.

STEVIE WEST

Every one was a wanted felon. The worst of the worst. Murder, rape, kidnapping - capital stuff.

MAXFIELD WEST

Like your sewing circle in Queens yesterday. 30 murderers in one room. If anything, he's efficient.

STEVIE WEST

Tell me about it.

(grits teeth, scowls)

I had the biggest fish in organized crime in my net - indictable on Murder One - and....ARGGGHH!

MAXFIELD WEST

Stevie...say yesterday hadn't happened.

STEVIE WEST

What do you mean?

MAXFIELD WEST

Say you'd gotten your indictment on Don Cesare, and a conviction. Would you have gone for the Death Penalty?

STEVIE WEST

That's up to the D.A.

MAXFIELD WEST

If it were up to you?

STEVIE WEST

I'd go for the Death Penalty.

MAXFIELD WEST

So - one could argue - this was quicker.

STEVIE WEST

Tell me you're joking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAXFIELD WEST

Maybe.

STEVIE WEST

Pop. "The barrier between civilization and the jungle is the Rule Of Law." Who wrote that?

MAXFIELD WEST

Me. Twenty years ago. Maybe I'm getting cynical in my old age.

STEVIE WEST

I'm cynical too, but the law's the law.

They pay the bill. Begin to stroll out.

MAXFIELD WEST

How long's it been since I said I'm proud of you?

STEVIE WEST

About an hour. But you can say it again.

MAXFIELD WEST

(smiles; hugs her)
My little Elliot Ness. I love you.

STEVIE WEST

Love you too Pop. By the way, nice car.

They've stopped next to Maxfield's new red JAGUAR.

MAXFIELD WEST

Thus my mid-life crisis begins.

(begins to get in)

Stevie. 30 senior Capos checked out yesterday. Somebody's going to fill that vacuum. Count on it.

Stevie knows he's right. She nods in agreement.

CUT TO:

INT. JFK INT'L AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

BILLY RUSSO walks, no, saunters through the terminal. He is movie star-handsome. The world is his oyster. His fluid, angular body snags the eye of every passing woman.

His associate, PETER "PITSY" GAZZARO, is a lean, muscular guy in his 60s, a barely-controlled sociopath who eats sheet metal for breakfast. Think Jack La Lanne on angel dust.

EXT. MANHATTAN (96TH STREET) - SALVATORE'S - NIGHT

A Cadillac pulls up to a private club on Manhattan's Upper East Side. Russo and Pitsy climb out.

VALET

Mr. Russo! Haven't seen you for a while!

RUSSO

(slides Valet a crisp \$100)
Get used to it.

VALET

Thank-you Mr. Russo!

INT. SALVATORE'S - NIGHT

We STEADICAM in behind Russo and Pitsy.

They brush past a table of Made Guys: LITTLE TONY PIZZO, JOEY PICARDI, and the club's owner, FAT MIKE SALVATORE.

FAT MIKE SALVATORE

Is that...?

JOEY PICARDI

Billy "The Beaut."

JOEY PICARDI'S WIFE

Why do they call him "The Beaut?"

JOEY PICARDI

'Cause he's prettier than you.

They watch Russo sidle up to the bar, where's he's instantly surrounded by YOUNG WOMEN.

AT THE BAR

HOT GIRL

That's soooo cool!

RUSSO

Yeah, he didn't want to play ball
so I drop-kicked his ass back to
Milan. Someone forgot to tell him
life's a man's game. Now I own my
own art gallery.

HOT GIRL

So where are you staying?

Russo deftly slides his number down her blouse.

With his other hand, Russo performs another deft maneuver:
stroking the inner thigh of a different woman standing
behind him. The aroused woman sharply inhales a cigarette.

Russo and Pitsy see Fat Mike Salvatore approaching.

FAT MIKE SALVATORE

Get lost, girls.

The girls, frowning, get lost.

RUSSO

Hi Joey.

FAT MIKE SALVATORE

Nicky Fiorito is a friend of mine.

RUSSO

So you got friends in low places.
I got a dick that's yay big.

FAT MIKE SALVATORE

If Nicky finds out you're in town --

RUSSO

He still upset I fucked his wife?

FAT MIKE SALVATORE

That's a safe assumption.

RUSSO

What can I say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAT MIKE SALVATORE

He told you to stay out of New York
Billy.

RUSSO

You can't get good Canneloni in
Boston.

FAT MIKE SALVATORE

When a Senior Capo gives an order
you follow it.

RUSSO

I'll pay him a visit. Bring him a
nice flower arrangement. Make
amends.

(pays tab)

And Mike, next time you're going to
give me Table #1.

He points across the room to the only vacant table: TABLE 1.

FAT MIKE SALVATORE

That's Nicky's table, no one sits
there but Nicky.

RUSSO

See you around Joey.

Fat Mike swallows hard, watches Russo and Pitsy exit.

EXT. NICKY FIORITO'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

NICKY FIORITO lies in bed surrounded by cards and flowers.
Although recovering from a quad by-pass, he's still full of
piss and vinegar. Russo and Pitsy stand at the head of his
bed, flanked by Nicky's armed guards: INK and PERRINA.

NICKY FIORITO

That motherfucker Castle took out
everybody - guys visiting from all
over, sure, but there was so many
east coast people there, we got
fuckin' gutted. Cesare - and every
one of his Made Guys - 'Cept for
me. Doc said my by-pass would save
my life and was he fuckin' tellin'
the truth. We still got soldiers
on the streets, so I'm calling the
shots now.

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CONTINUED:

RUSO

And you and me?

NICKY FIORITO

In any other circumstances you'd be takin' a dirt nap. But I need you, kid. You learned your lesson so let bygones be bygones. First thing we do is rebuild. Start moving guys up to fill all these empty slots.

RUSO

First thing we do is choose a new Don. Then we'll start worrying about how many capos we need.

NICKY FIORITO

You got it all figured out kid?

RUSO

Yeah.

NICKY FIORITO

You know who the fuck you're talking to?

RUSO

A fat old man who needs a nurse to piss.

Russo unholsters a long-barrel Smith & Wesson .44 Magnum. Points it at Nicky's head.

NICKY FIORITO

You out of your fuckin' mind?
Trying to give me a heart attack?
(to Ink and Perrina)
Didn't you frisk this fuck?

Ink and Perrina just stand there. They've been bought off.

NICKY FIORITO

What is this? Fuck you. What the fuck is this?

Nicky presses the emergency nurse button; no one comes.

Pitsy moves beside Nicky, hovering over him.

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CONTINUED: (2)

NICKY FIORITO

I am the last capo, the last guy
left who can show any fuckin'
leadership here -- and I'm tellin'
you to go the fuck home, capice?
Last fuckin' thing we need is your
kinda shit!

Russo holsters his pistol, walks to the window, and stares
outside. We HOLD on Russo's face as Pitsy, seen in the
b.g., grabs a pillow and smothers Nicky. Nicky's arms flail
then go limp. A smile spreads across Russo's face and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN PORT AUTHORITY - GREYHOUND STATION - NIGHT

Castle emerges from shadows outside the Greyhound Station.

INT. GREYHOUND STATION - NIGHT

A chain-smoking Ticket Guy watches NEWS on a little TV.
Castle, collar up, cap pulled down, comes to the window.

CASTLE

One-way to Chicago.

The Ticket Guy nods, begins printing a ticket. Castle looks
at the Ticket Guy's TV. There's a photo of IVAN SPRECKLE.

NEWSCASTER

Spreckle, if you recall, is wanted
for the sexual assault and murder
of at least seven children in the
Five Boroughs Area. He was
arrested after a routine traffic
stop.

We see a Police Precinct in BENSONHURST BROOKLYN.

FIELD REPORTER

Judy, I'm here at Brooklyn
Detention Center in Bensonhurst
where police are holding Ivan
Spreckle...

The Ticket Guy slides Castle a ticket.

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CONTINUED:

GREYHOUND TICKET GUY
Ninety-seven dollars. Cash or
charge?

CASTLE
Where's Bensonhurst?

GREYHOUND TICKET GUY
Huh?
(looks at the TV)
It's in Brooklyn.

The Greyhound Ticket Guy looks back at the TV. Turns back.

Castle is gone. The News continues:

NEWSCASTER
In other news, former FBI Agent
Francis Castle is still at large.
Castle, wanted for the murders of
Don....

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN DETENTION CENTER - INTERROGATION 1 - NIGHT

A dark room with a single bulb.

IVAN SPRECKLE stares at us. An appalling little man with
yellow teeth. Think Richard Speck crossed with Adolph
Hitler. A HOMICIDE DETECTIVE sits opposite.

BROOKLYN HOMICIDE DETECTIVE
An Amber Alert was posted in Staten
Island this morning. You know
anything about that Ivan?

He slides a PHOTOGRAPH of an 8 year-old girl to Ivan.

IVAN SPRECKLE
(licks lips)
Tasty. But not my type. I like
younger women.

He guffaws, nauseatingly.

INT. BROOKLYN DETENTION CENTER - BOOKING DESK - NIGHT

A BOOKING SERGEANT sits eating donuts, on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOOKING SERGEANT

(looks out window)

Looks like Channels 2, 4, 7, CNN,
three or four tabloids. You
believe this? In frickin'
Bensonhurst? What's next?

The door opens. Castle enters.

CASTLE

I'm Frank Castle, wanted for 30
counts of murder. I'm turning
myself in.

The donut falls from the Sergeant's mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. MANHATTAN FEDERAL BUILDING PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Stevie, exiting her building, answers her cell phone. She
stops cold, stunned.

STEVIE WEST

Be there in 15.

Stevie hurries to her sedan.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN DETENTION CENTER - NIGHT

On the sidewalk outside the Detention Center TV NEWS CREWS
and REPORTERS are clamoring for an update.

Agent Cassidy, blocking for Stevie, pushes through the
crowd. Cassidy waits outside as Stevie enters.

INT. BROOKLYN DETENTION CENTER - INTERROGATION HALL - NIGHT

Stevie's escorted to Interrogation Room 2. Down the
corridor a Detective watches Ivan Spreckle inside
Interrogation Room #1.

STEVIE WEST

Has he asked for anything?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOOKING SERGEANT

Just a box of tissues. Go ahead.
He's restrained.

INT. BROOKLYN DETENTION CENTER - INTERROGATION 2 - NIGHT

Stevie enters.

Castle sits in shadow against the wall, hands restrained behind his back. The TISSUE BOX sits on the table.

CASTLE

You got here quick.

STEVIE WEST

Expecting me?

CASTLE

Expecting someone. You'll do.

STEVIE WEST

Sorry about the Arrest Warrant, but
after your little party in
Queens....

(studies him)

I've been reading about you. Some
story.

CASTLE

A real page-turner.

STEVIE WEST

At Quantico the Instructors still
talked about you. You were the
standard we had to meet. You were
a legend.

(pause; sadly)

I know what happened to your wife
and son, Castle. It was
unspeakable. But you killed the
people who did it. You killed the
people who ordered it. What you're
doing now is beyond revenge. It's
sick. Can you understand that?
Can you see that you need help?

CASTLE

(low growl)

Don't ever think you know me.

(slowly, barely audible)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASTLE (cont'd)

Your world, the one full of words
like civilization and
rehabilitation and fair hearing and
law and order - It's a lie. It
works right up to the point it
doesn't. After that there's me.

STEVIE WEST

Save it for the jury.

CASTLE

Are you wondering why I'm here?

STEVIE WEST

Your conscience catch up with you?

CASTLE

Here. At this precinct. At this
time.

(off Stevie's confusion)

Because of him. Next door. Being
questioned.

STEVIE WEST

Spreckle?

CASTLE

He raped and killed seven girls.
Left his DNA all over the crime
scenes.

STEVIE WEST

Was he on your list?

CASTLE

He was Number One.

STEVIE WEST

With a bullet? Sorry Castle,
you're out of business.

CASTLE

At Quantico the HRT Candidates get
counter-restraint training. You
learn to escape standard-issue
restraints with anything. Paper
clip. Belt buckle.

(levels eyes at her)

And if you come prepared....

Castle raises his hands...holding his *UNLOCKED RESTRAINTS*.

A sickening pause. Stevie goes for her gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Castle overwhelms her in a heartbeat. He snatches her 9mm Glock and rams it against her temple.

CASTLE

Get up.

Stevie, grimacing, complies. Castle grabs the BOX OF TISSUES and shoves Stevie toward the door.

INT. BROOKLYN DETENTION CENTER - INTERROGATION HALL - NIGHT

Castle pushes Stevie into the corridor.

The Detective outside Spreckle's Room sees Castle and reacts. Castle drops him with an elbow to the jaw.

INT. BROOKLYN DETENTION CENTER - INTERROGATION 1 - NIGHT

The door bursts open. Castle shoves Stevie into the room. Ivan Spreckle, drinking coffee, sits up with alarm.

IVAN SPRECKLE

What the fuck is this?

STEVIE WEST

Castle don't do this.

CASTLE

Ivan Spreckle?

IVAN SPRECKLE

Yeah. Who the fuck are y...?

Castle stuffs the gun barrel into the tissue box - creating a home-made silencer - and FIRES. The bullet shatters Spreckle's coffee cup and slams into his neck. Castle puts a second round in Spreckle's forehead. The "silencer" is surprisingly effective.

Stevie stares in wide-eyed, stunned shock.

Castle quickly exits.

INT. BROOKLYN DETENTION CENTER - CORRIDOR/STAIRS - NIGHT

Castle ducks into the stairwell past a sign pointing:
PRECINCT MOTOR POOL ----->

EXT. BROOKLYN DETENTION CENTER - MOTOR POOL - NIGHT

Castle exits to the street. We see the THRONG OF
NEWSCASTERS down the block in the b.g.

Castle ducks into the Brooklyn #3 Subway.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT

Montage.

A lone figure walks the oily sidewalks, staring at passing
PIMPS and PROSTITUTES.

CASTLE (V.O.)
They call it the "New" New York.
Times Square looks like Disney
World. Hell's Kitchen's now called
"Clinton."

IN UPPER HARLEM

Castle walks past DRUG DEALERS.

CASTLE (V.O.)
But the old New York is waiting
just below the surface.

IN THE SOUTH BRONX

Castle walks past some GANGBANGERS.

CASTLE (V.O.)
It's in the eyes of the scum who
sell crack to 5th graders. And the
scum who rob old ladies of their
Social Security check.

UNDER THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

Castle watches the twinkling lights of Manhattan, the
hulking bridge looming above.

CASTLE (V.O.)
I'll stick around. Good hunting.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPANISH HARLEM CHURCH - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Establish El Barrio, better known as "the neighborhood."
Where clashing Puerto Ricans, Cubans, Haitians, African and
West Indian immigrants live in crowded, dilapidated housing.

CAMERA FOCUSES on a small church on a street corner.

PUNK (V.O.)
Bless me Father, for I have
sinned...

INT. SPANISH HARLEM CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT

Inside a confessional:

PUNK (V.O.)
...it's been, I dunno, how long
since my last confession. So where
to begin..?

INT. CONFESSIONAL - PRIEST SIDE - NIGHT

FATHER REDONDO (we see his shadow) opens the confessional's
partition, revealing the Punk Parishioner's silhouette.

PUNK (V.O.)
I killed a a dude.

FATHER REDONDO
Dear God.

PUNK (V.O.)
Yeah. Popped the fool in fronta
his momma....He didn't know what
hit him.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - PARISHIONER SIDE - NIGHT

The Punk Parishioner has greasy hair, gang tats,
subcutaneous piercings, etc.

PUNK
What else? I'm still hittin' the
pipe pretty regular, I s'pose. An'
dealin.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER REDONDO (V.O.)

What...what do you expect me to do about this?

PUNK

Well...absolve me of my sins, right?

FATHER REDONDO (V.O.)

Absolve you? Absolve you? You think you can act like an animal, kill and maim, deal poison to children, then come in here and be forgiven?

PUNK

Ain't that how it works...?

Father Redondo closes the partition.

PUNK

Ain't it?

The confessional door opens.

Father Redondo stands there. He's in his 30s, thin and stern; his lined face is experienced beyond his years.

FATHER REDONDO

Okay. I'll absolve you.

From under his robes Father Redondo produces an AXE.

FATHER REDONDO

I'LL ABSOLVE YOU!

The Punk Parishioner's eyes bulge.

Father Redondo raises the AXE over his head.

PUNK

Holy --

FATHER REDONDO

YES! I AM "THE HOLY!"

CHOCK!

Father Redondo splits the Punk's head like a melon.

He raises the axe again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHWOKK! SLUNCH! CHOCK!

It's finally, thankfully, over.

Father Redondo drops the axe, falls to his knees and weeps.

FATHER REDONDO
God forgive me.

MRS. PEARCE (O.S.)
Father Redondo...?

Mrs. Pearce - a squinting old crone - shuffles across the church pushing a broom.

FATHER REDONDO
Wha -- ? Mrs. Pearce --

MRS. PEARCE
How're yeh this mornin', Father?

FATHER REDONDO
I didn't think you came to clean
the church 'til Tuesday.

MRS. PEARCE
My hearin's not what it was...
(sees blood on floor)
Father oh, have you spilled the
communion wine? My eyesight's not
what it was, you know? Well
whatever it is, I'll clean it up
for you. Tuesday's cleanin' day so
it is.

FATHER REDONDO
Today's Friday, Mrs. Pearce.

MRS. PEARCE
Oh is this Wednesday is it? My
memory's not what it was...
(squints at punk's corpse)
...what's that you've got there
Father? Is it a turkey?
Thanksgiving's not for months
Father! Even I know that! Well I
can't stand here blatherin,' not
when there's work to be done! Have
you seen where I left my mop...?

She shuffles off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Father Redondo grips the Punk's corpse by the ankles, begins dragging it off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN HARBOR - DAY

The sun rises over the Statue of Liberty.

INT. MANHATTAN FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

Stevie steps up to a clump of microphones. FLASHBULBS POP.

STEVIE WEST

Good morning. The Federal Bureau of Investigation has placed Francis Castle on its Most Wanted List. Castle is believed to be at large in the Greater New York Area. He is armed and extremely dangerous, and should not be approached under any circumstance....

CUT TO:

INT. SOUTH BRONX - CRACK HOTEL - DAY

Castle's hotel room, under the El Train. \$20 a night or \$5 an hour. You get the picture.

Castle, cleaning his guns, watches Stevie on his crappy hotel TV with rabbit ear antennae.

CUT TO:

INT. SALVATORE'S - NIGHT

Billy Russo sits at the head of Table #1 with a group of "Made" Guys, among them Little Tony Pizzo, Joey Picardi, and Fat Mike Salvatore. Everyone's gorging on pasta.

RUSSO

So how you boys been doin?

LITTLE TONY PIZZO

(between bites)

Just say your fuckin' piece Russo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSO

You talk with your mouth full in front of your mother? It's disgusting. I'll tell you how you're doin': pathetic. How old are you Tony? Twelve? An' the resta you, you think you'd ever a' made Capo if there was anyone else left fuckin' alive? Under normal circumstances, you'd none a' you be more than soldiers -- Jesus, I wouldn't trust you to fetch me a slice a' pizza. An' you sit there in these nice suits you don't even know how to wear an' you tell me you're what's runnin' New York? Fuck that.

LITTLE TONY PIZZO

Fuck that? Fuck you.

RUSSO

Okay then, tell me. How are you doing? Are you earnin' like you used to? Do the schnooks who owe you pay up, or do they disrespect you? How are you gonna stop losin' ground to the Chinks an' the Ivans an' the Jigs? Do you even have respect of your own crews? Or did you have to fill 'em out with pricks that shoulda never got their buttons inna first place? I might remind you a week ago a guy took out 30 Capos, crippled everything we got on the East Coast in a single night's work.

JOEY PICARDI

If you'd been at the Party he woulda iced you too - you an' that psycho fuck Pitsy.

PITSY (O.S.)

Fuckin' mutt...

Pitsy steps forward from the shadows.

RUSSO

Easy. Boys, you met Pitsy yet?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PITSY

You say that shit about me again
I'll glue your fuckin' dick shut.

RUSSO

So here it is. We can rebuild, we
can make everything just like it
was. I'll show you how; I'll
teach you what you need to know and
the shit you gotta do to put this
thing of ours on top again.

(beat)

The price is you make me boss.

JOEY PICARDI

What? Not you, Russo. Never you.

FAT MIKE SALVATORE

No offense, but you do kinda come
with a health warnin'...

RUSSO

I got a reputation. You heard
about the shit got me sent up to
Boston, just for starters. I'm
going out and waiting. Make a
decision.

INT. SALVATORE'S - BAR - LATER

Russo sits alone at the bar. Pitsy enters.

PITSY

They're still yakkin.' That little
prick Tony Pizzo's turned into ya
number one fan. Joey Picardi's not
buyin' it. The others ain't made
their minds up.

RUSSO

What's Joey's problem exactly?

PITSY

Says yer some kind of psycho.
Keeps bringing up that shit from
way back. Asshole's sitting in
there talking like a cunt.

RUSSO

That's too bad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door opens. Joey Picardi exits, brushing past Pitsy.

JOEY PICARDI

I fuckin' help you with something?

(walks past Russo)

Case you missed anything, Russo, you're fucked. There's no way in hell I'm goin' along with you being boss - and so long I don't, Pete and Max ain't gonna go for it neither. Back in a minute. Just going to go piss all over your future.

Joey Picardi continues to the Men's Room.

Russo and Joey exchange a look.

They follow Joey Picardi into the Men's Room.

INT. SALVATORE'S - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Joey Picardi is at the urinal taking a leak. He turns, encountering Russo and Pitsy.

With silenced handguns. They unload simultaneously.

Picardi is blown into the urinal.

PITSY

Cocksucker.

EXT. RUSSO'S PENTHOUSE - ALLEY - NIGHT

Pitsy slams the trunk on Picardi's Cadillac, with Picardi's corpse inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Picardi's Cadillac drives across the Brooklyn bridge.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN - JAMAICA BAY - NIGHT

Pitsy pushes Picardi's Cadillac, containing Picardi's corpse, into Jamaica Bay.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN/MANHATTAN SUBWAY - NIGHT

Pitsy rides the subway back to Manhattan.

EXT. SALVATORE'S - NIGHT

Pitsy enters. The Made Guys are toasting Russo at the bar. They're all drunk and laughing.

RUSSO

They want me as boss!

PITSY

Well what-da-ya-know?

FAT MIKE SALVATORE

What do we do about this vigilante fuck Frank Castle?

RUSSO

How many ears we got onna street?

FAT MIKE SALVATORE

A lot. We're everywhere.

RUSSO

So put it out on the wire: ten g's to whoever spots Castle first.

FAT MIKE SALVATORE

We'll whack him good.

RUSSO

We're not going to kill him, Mikey. We're going to help him.

CUT TO:

ENT. SOUTH BRONX - GREASY SPOON DINER - NIGHT

A cold hard night out of a Hopper painting. Down an alley, homeless guys warm themselves by an oil drum.

Castle comes down the sidewalk, hat down, collar up. He enters a greasy spoon diner.

Across the street a CRACK ADDICT steps from an alley. Punches numbers on a cell phone.

CRACK ADDICT

Little birdie says Billy Russo's
dangling 10 large for a lead on
that vigilante... that true?

INT. SOUTH BRONX - GREASY SPOON DINER - NIGHT

Dimly lit. The roaches are bigger than the burgers.

Castle sits in the corner with his back to the wall, drinking coffee.

DING, the door opens. FOOTSTEPS. Someone walks past Castle leaving a DISPOSABLE CELL PHONE on Castle's table. DING, the door opens and the guy's gone.

Castle stares at the phone.

It RINGS. Castle stares at it, thinking.

What the hell. Castle clicks it on.

RUSSO (V.O.)

Hi Frank. Love your work. A tip for ya: Danny Kai, the Hong Kong Triad Boss who's runnin' all the heroin into the Apple? Some Jamaicans kidnapped his little girl. Danny didn't pay so they cut her head off. Now Danny's gettin' some payback. Sheepshead Bay Cannery Row, Warehouse 8. Should be fun for a guy named Castle.

CASTLE

Who is this?

RUSSO (V.O.)

A friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Click. Castle stares at the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN - SHEEPSHEAD BAY - WAREHOUSE 8 - DAY

Two ASIAN TRIAD ENFORCERS stand guard outside a dock-side warehouse in the slums of Sheepshead.

INT. SHEEPSHEAD BAY - WAREHOUSE 8 - DAY

DOLLY PAST ASIAN GUYS chopping fish. The last guy is chopping a....HUMAN BODY. He takes a leg (in pants, socks and shoes) and feeds it into a MINCER (like a woodchipper).

Across the floor, two badly beaten JAMAICAN KIDNAPPERS are shivering in a SHARK CAGE (like Richard Dryfuss' in "Jaws.")

DANNY KAI walks up to the imprisoned Jamaicans.

DANNY KAI

Your choice: Lose your thumbs or
get fucked in the ass by Chairman
Mao.

Danny Kai points to CHAIRMAN MAO, a 6'11" Tibetan cleaning his teeth with a fishbone.

JAMAICAN 1

(pleading)

No mon....

We hear GUNSHOTS OUTSIDE. Danny Kai and his men react.

The Kai gang breaks out handguns and assault rifles; they fan toward the warehouse entrance.

We hear a FUSSILADE. EXPLOSIONS. SCREAMING. MEN DYING.

Seconds pass.

Danny Kai emerges from behind crates, stumbling, staggering, dripping blood. He's shot to pieces.

Danny Kai collapses, dead.

The Jamaicans exchange looks.

JAMAICAN 1

Hello?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Castle appears. Steps past Danny Kai's corpse.

JAMAICAN 2
Little help here mon?

JAMAICAN 1
Get us outta here mon! They keep
us here like dogs!

CASTLE
You the kidnapers? Killed the
daughter?

JAMAICAN 1
(points at other Jamaican)
Him! Not me. He killed her!

JAMAICAN 2
I din't mean for the girl to die
mon....!

CASTLE
What, did the knife slip?

Castle turns, walks off behind the crates.

We hear an ENGINE STARTING

The Jamaicans exchange looks.

Castle emerges on a FORKLIFT. He drives up to the cage and
positions the forks. The shark cage LIFTS.

Castle drives the cage across the warehouse.

JAMAICAN 1
What ya doin' mon!?

JAMAICAN 2
Knock it off mon. This ain't
funny....!

Castle drives out of the warehouse.

EXT. SHEEPSHEAD BAY - WAREHOUSE 8 - DOCK - DAY

Castle drives onto the warehouse dock.

JAMAICAN 1
No....! Stop!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMAICAN 2

We can talk about this mon! Make a deal!

Castle drives to the dock's edge. The murky, polluted water of Sheepshead Bay is below.

Castle manipulates levers. The shark cage falls.

The cage - with the Jamaicans SCREAMING inside - submerges and sinks to the bottom of Sheepshead Bay.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHEEPSHEAD BAY - WAREHOUSE 8 - DOCK - DAY

WHOOSH...the shark cage is craned from the water, the drowned Jamaicans inside.

Stevie grimly watches from the dock.

Agent Cassidy runs up.

AGENT CASSIDY

Got a match from two slugs. Same weapon as the Don Cesare hit.

STEVIE WEST

I'm so surprised.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

Stevie steps up to a clump of microphones.

STEVIE WEST

Good afternoon. The Bureau has created a Special Task Force....

INT. SOUTH BRONX - CRACK HOTEL - DAY

Castle, cleaning his guns, watches Stevie's press conference on the news. The DISPOSABLE CELL PHONE sits on the table.

STEVIE WEST

....to oversee the manhunt for Frank Castle.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE WEST (cont'd)
Castle is now wanted for nine
additional murders in Sheepshead...

The disposable cell phone RINGS. Castle stares at it.

He turns down the TV volume.

He finally picks up the phone. Clicks it on.

RUSSO (V.O.)
Special Task Force? Way to go
Frank. And the shark cage? Nice
touch. You ever hear of Vlad
Gorski? Size of a refrigerator?
Concrete block for a head? The
Russian Luca Brazi?

CASTLE
Keep talking.

RUSSO (V.O.)
Atta boy. The Russians been in
Brooklyn 20 years. Now the shnooks
want Coney Island. A nun down
there, Sister Rosa, is makin' it
difficult for 'em. Vlad has a
contract out on her. Imagine
whackin' a nun? Gotta love those
Ruskies. Noon tomorrow. Coney
Island Pier.

CLICK. Castle sits there.

He picks up his 30.6 rifle and attaches a SCOPE.

CUT TO:

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Stevie exits to a dim parking lot. She walks to her car.
She hears something. Her eyes dart.

The shadows seem to be moving. She walks faster. Her hand
moves to her shoulder-holstered 9mm.

She sees something. Behind a concrete pillar. She draws
her gun and springs around the pillar...

...but nothing's there. Stevie relaxes.

A GLOVED HAND presses a KNIFE to her jugular.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASTLE (V.O. WHISPER)
Drop the gun.

Stevie lets the gun drop.

A second gloved hand gags her with a CHLOROFORM RAG. She struggles. Her eyes roll back. She goes limp.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. CONEY ISLAND PIER - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Stevie wakes. She's on the roof of an abandoned warehouse in Coney Island.

WIDEN. Stevie's arms and legs are duct-taped to a drainpipe. She panics. A shadow falls on her.

Castle stands above her.

He unholsters a .45, chambers a round, and removes the magazine.

CASTLE
Vlad Gorski. Familiar?

STEVIE WEST
The Russian's top hitter. Ugly as sin.

CASTLE
In one minute he's going to come down the boardwalk and put a bullet in the head of that nun.

Castle lets Stevie look through his RIFLE SCOPE.

STEVIE'S POV THROUGH SCOPE

We see SISTER ROSA sitting on a boardwalk bench feeding pigeons. A kind old lady in a habit.

BACK TO SCENE

Castle takes the rifle scope from Stevie and places his loaded .45 in her hand.

CASTLE
It's on a hair-trigger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Castle crosses to his 30.6 sniper rifle, set up on a tripod. He clamps on the scope and aims it at the boardwalk.

CASTLE'S POV THROUGH SCOPE

A huge ugly man in a black raincoat - VLAD GORSKI - emerges from an alley on the Boardwalk.

BACK TO SCENE

CASTLE

We're gonna put your convictions to the test, lady.

STEVIE WEST

Now wait a minute --

CASTLE

You don't have a minute. You can either shoot me, or let me shoot him.

STEVIE WEST

I'm not doing this....

CASTLE

Oh yeah you are. If you don't shoot me, you've got that nun's death on your conscience, a death you could have prevented. If you do shoot, you're a killer.

STEVIE WEST

What kind of a choice is that...?

CASTLE

The one I make every time I pull the trigger. The one I'm making now.

STEVIE WEST

No! You're out of your mind! I'm not going to kill you.

CASTLE

Then Sister Rosa's gonna meet St. Peter.

STEVIE WEST

Nobody has to die! You don't have to do this!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVIE WEST (cont'd)
Gorski deserves to be taken off the streets. But legitimately, in a court of law! It has to be that way or else everything...the laws we have, the society we've built, is all completely worthless! Don't you see that? Don't you see?

CASTLE
The thought of Gorski living one more minute is enough to drive me insane. Don't you see?

STEVIE WEST
Oh my god.

CASTLE
That's the spirit.

CASTLE'S POV THROUGH RIFLE SCOPE

Vlad Gorski has paused; he's looking around, making sure there are no witnesses.

Down the boardwalk sits Sister Rosa, oblivious to him.

BACK TO SCENE

STEVIE WEST
Don't do this. Castle. Frank. I can't let you kill him. You know I can't. Don't put me in this position.

CASTLE
(watching Gorski)
It's showtime.

STEVIE WEST
Listen to me! Stop this! Castle! Listen, listen to me, will you? I can't let you do this!

CASTLE'S POV THROUGH SCOPE

Gorski is screwing a silencer on his handgun. Castle lines up the crosshairs to Gorski's forehead.

BACK TO SCENE

STEVIE WEST
Castle!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVIE'S FINGER

begins to pull the trigger. The tension is unbearable. Her finger stops, twitching with indecision

Stevie can't fire. She let's the .45 fall from her hand.

STEVIE WEST

God forgive me.

Castle - with Gorski dead-to-rights - FIRES.

CASTLE'S POV THROUGH RIFLE

Pfft. Gorski's head explodes. Blood sprays the boardwalk. He falls dead at Sister Rosa's feet.

Sister Rosa rises in shock.

BACK TO SCENE

Stevie, shaking, crumples.

Castle breaks down his rifle, gathers the spent shells, and packs everything in a titanium case.

Castle picks up the .45, holsters it, and draws a knife.

CASTLE

Leave the killing to me.

Castle cuts her restraints and disappears.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTCHESTER - MAXFIELD WEST'S HOME - DUSK

Stevie sits wrapped in a shawl beside an outdoor barbecue pit, staring out at the lawn where she played as a child.

Maxfield West exits his Westchester home with two brandy snifters. Offers one to Stevie.

STEVIE WEST

Dad, I don't drink.

MAXFIELD WEST

Start.

Stevie takes the snifter. Drinks too fast. Coughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAXFIELD WEST
Have you filed your report?

STEVIE WEST
Nah. Couldn't deal.
(drinks more)
Place looks great.

MAXFIELD WEST
I'm selling it. Do you mind?

STEVIE WEST
It's your place, Pop.

MAXFIELD WEST
Just not the same without your
mother.

STEVIE WEST
(looking skyward)
Mom, if you're listening, tell pop
to get off his butt, move to the
city, and start chasing divorcees.

MAXFIELD WEST
(smiles)
We could double date.

STEVIE WEST
I haven't had a date in a year,
Pop.
(drains her glass)
Only one man I'm interested in and
I'm going to get him.

MAXFIELD WEST
Do you think he's mentally ill?

STEVIE WEST
Haven't decided.

MAXFIELD WEST
I think there's a lot of people -
who knows how many - with the same
thoughts. They just don't act on
them.

CUT TO:

Someone who is acting on them...

EXT. SPANISH HARLEM CHURCH - NIGHT

FATHER REDONDO (V.O.)
Forgive me Lord, for these most
terrible acts --

INT. SPANISH HARLEM CHURCH - NIGHT

Father Redondo kneels before the church's candle-lit
tabernacle, weeping and praying to the Almighty.

FATHER REDONDO
Forgive me for what I did to those
young men, Lord. For daring to
judge them when it is given only to
you to weigh the good and evil in
their souls. Forgive me for -- for
their murders. Help me, Lord to
overcome these red mists that keep
descending to cloud my mind. And
please Lord, forgive me for my
presumption and pride in taking on
the name of --

A dude in a Pimp outfit bursts into the church.

PIMP
Yo-yo-yo! Wassup?

FATHER REDONDO
Can I help you?

PIMP
My moms says I gotta square it with
the Man Upstairs if I wanta get to
heaven.

FATHER REDONDO
Do you feel that getting into
heaven is in question?

PIMP
I done some pretty whacked shit to
folks!

FATHER REDONDO
I see my son. Take a seat in
there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Father Redondo - eyes glinting with malice - follows the Pimp toward the confessional.

EXT. SPANISH HARLEM CHURCH - NIGHT

Inside we hear an AXE CHOPPING FLESH and the Pimp SCREAMING.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH BRONX - NIGHT

Castle walks the garbage-strewn, graffiti-defiled banks of the East River.

His disposable cell phone RINGS. He clicks it on.

RUSO

Bravo Frank. It's time we met.

CASTLE

When and where.

RUSO

Midnight. Parking garage in Harlem. Corner of 125th and Lexington. Take the elevator to the roof level.

Click.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARLEM PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Castle emerges from shadows on Lexington. He's down the street from the Parking Garage entrance.

Instead of entering and using the elevator, Castle tests his footing on the garage's corrugated brick facade.

Satisfied, he begins to climb.

EXT. HARLEM PARKING GARAGE (ROOF LEVEL) - NIGHT

Castle, having scaled the building, pulls himself over the concrete balustrade and ducks behind a car.

He's now on the roof level.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Castle scans the parking lot.

He sees MOVEMENT behind a Cadillac parked near the elevator.

Castle slinks off into the shadows.

BEHIND THE CADILLAC

The "movement" Castle saw is INK, one of Russo's enforcers, adjusting a rifle scope aimed at the elevator door.

CLICK. A .45 with a silver compensator is pressed to Ink's temple.

CASTLE

Get up.

Ink nervously complies.

CASTLE

That bullet for me?

(Ink nods)

Who sent you?

Ink's cell phone vibrates in his pocket. Ink reaches for it. Castle pulls back the hammer. Ink freezes.

INK

It's my...phone. It's him.

Castle pulls the phone from Ink's pocket.

CASTLE

Answer it. Say mission accomplished.

Ink takes the phone; clicks it on.

INK

It's done.

RUSSO (V.O.)

Come down to the club, I'll buy ya a drink.

CLICK.

CASTLE

What club?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

INK

Salvatore's. 96th between Park and
Lex.

CASTLE

Now his name.

(Ink hesitates; Castle lifts
him by the scruff of his neck)
His name, and I won't shoot you.

INK

(trembling)

Russo. Billy Russo.

Castle drags Ink to the balustrade.

INK

What?...but I told you...I TOLD
YOU.

Castle hoists Ink.

INK

YOU SAID YOU WOULDN'T KILL ME.

Castle drops Ink over the balustrade. We hear a CRASH.

EXT. HARLEM PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

9 stories down, Castle exits past Ink lying dead on the
caved-in windshield of a parked car.

CASTLE

I said I wouldn't shoot you.

CUT TO:

INT. SALVATORE'S - NIGHT

BILLY RUSSO stares INTO CAMERA, a smile spreading across his
face. His teeth gleam. He's an adonis.

WIDEN. It's Russo's reflection.

Russo's before three full length SWIVEL MIRRORS, trying on a
new suit. A nervous TAILOR waits for Russo's verdict.

RUSSO

I look fat?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAILOR

Heavens no.

RUSSO

Pitsy, these pants make me look fat?

PITSY

Nah, even I'd fuck ya. Where's Ink?

RUSSO

He'll be here.

PITSY

I'm goin' up there, see for myself.

Pitsy exits.

EXT. DOWN STREET FROM SALVATORE'S - NIGHT

Castle, in a dark storefront down from Salvatore's, watches Pitsy exit the club past a BIG MAFIA SOLDIER patrolling the entrance.

EXT. SALVATORE'S - NIGHT

The big Mafia Soldier passes one of the potted trees outside the Supper Club.

Two hands grip and clamp his head....and twist. We hear the vertebrae SNAP from the skull base.

Castle gently lowers the Soldier - his head now facing backward - to the pavement. Castle steals inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARLEM PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Pitsy, rolling past INK'S CORPSE in the parked car, is on his cell phone.

PITSY

Mikey get the fuck down to the Club, Russo's in trouble.

CUT TO:

INT. SALVATORE'S - NIGHT

Russo tries on a silk Italian number.

RUSO
I look like I take it up the ass.

TAILOR
Donald Trump has three!

RUSO
No shit? Lemme see the back.

The Tailor adjusts a 2nd mirror. The refraction suddenly shows in the dim Club's entrance....

...FRANK CASTLE. Back and top-lit. The skull a snarl.

Russo goes for his shoulder holster and deflates, realizing he took it off.

RUSO
You're supposed to be dead.

CASTLE
I've heard that before.

RUSO
I take it Ink's dead.

As an answer, Castle tosses Ink's cellphone at Russo's feet. Russo stares at it, eyes glinting.

The Tailor stares at Castle's .45.

CASTLE
Get out.

The Tailor runs for his life.

RUSO
How 'bout a chat Frank?

CASTLE
Not interested.

RUSO
We made a great team.

CASTLE
You wanted your competition dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSO

Ah. A smart guy like you would figure that out.

CASTLE

Let's finish this.

RUSSO

C'mon, we can overlook tonight.

CASTLE

What about the 20 murders in Boston?

RUSSO

They weren't proved.

CASTLE

This isn't a court of law.

Castle levels his .45. Russo suddenly sees -
...PITSY creeping up the stairs behind Castle.

RUSSO

Wait. I knew your wife.

A pause. Castle blinks.

CASTLE

What did you say?

RUSSO

Your wife, Frank. She was some hot piece o' ass.

Castle, blinded with rage, advances...

CASTLE

Keep talking, give me an excuse....

Behind Castle, Pitsy draws his handgun.

The tension boils. Pitsy levels the gun and the barrel glints off the mirror...

...and Castle twirls.

Castle and Pitsy FIRE simultaneously.

The BULLET from Castle's gun creases Pitsy's skull; Pitsy collapses against the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The BULLET from Pitsy's gun slams into Castle's thigh, spinning him.

RUSSO kicks the gun from Castle's grip.

Both men scramble across the floor for the gun. Russo gets to it, turns, and fires.

The bullet rips into Castle's abdomen.

Castle kicks THE SWIVEL MIRROR with all his strength. It swivels up...

....and smashes Russo in the face, its jagged shards ripping Russo's features apart. Blood sprays the floor. We see an EAR. And half a NOSE.

RUSSO
ARRGGGHHHH MY FACE...!!!

Russo emits a banshee yell from hell, clutching his face.

Castle hears SCREECHING TIRES outside....FAT MIKE SALVATORE and other Made Guys outside...FOOTSTEPS charging up the stairs.

Castle staggers to the Club's rear exit.

EXT. SALVATORE'S - REAR ALLEY - NIGHT

Castle, dragging his gunshot leg and clutching his abdomen, exits into the Club's rear delivery alley.

We hear the SIRENS of approaching NYPD.

EXT. SPANISH HARLEM - LEXINGTON BOULEVARD - NIGHT

NYPD CRUISERS fly past, heading toward Salvatore's.

Castle emerges from a storefront and moves unsteadily down the sidewalk leaving a trail of blood.

He's heading North into Spanish Harlem. Blocks away we see the steeple of FATHER REDONDO'S CHURCH.

EXT. SPANISH HARLEM - VACANT LOT NEXT TO CHURCH - NIGHT

Father Redondo kneels beside a freshly dug grave, staring at the night sky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER REDONDO

Why Lord --

(sob)

Why? Why have you forsaken me?
With your strength I could have
fought this sickness of the soul
that plagues me -- but you would
not answer Lord! You ignored my
pleas, and now I have committed
murder! Several times! Could you
not send a sign? Something,
anything, to show me which course
to take?

The night sky doesn't answer.

Muttering, Father Redondo rolls a hacked-up corpse into the
grave and starts shoveling.

EXT. SPANISH HARLEM - CHURCH RECTORY - NIGHT

Father Redondo returns from the vacant lot to his RECTORY
(clergy domicile) behind the Church.

He sees a TRAIL OF BLOOD.

He follows the blood trail behind the Church.

Frank Castle lies there, barely conscious.

CASTLE

(choked whisper)

Help me...

Father Redondo kneels over Castle.

FATHER REDONDO

I know you... *I know you!*

Father Redondo pulls out the previous day's NEWSPAPER
ARTICLE. We see CASTLE'S PHOTO.

FATHER REDONDO

Lord, thank you. Thank you. Now I
see. I am no longer alone!

CUT TO:

INT. SALVATORE'S - NIGHT

Stevie West enters. It's now a crime scene jammed with NYPD, EMS, and Forensics Personnel.

An EMS TEAM wheels out Billy Russo on a gurney.

Pitsy leans against the bar with a handkerchief held to his bleeding forehead.

STEVIE WEST

Mr. Gazzaro?

(shows FBI shield)

I'll need a statement.

PITSY

Here's my statement: suck my dick.

He brushes past her, following Russo's gurney.

Agent Cassidy comes aside Stevie.

AGENT CASSIDY

Want the good news or the good news? We recovered two firearms.

STEVIE WEST

Send 'em to Ballistics. What's the good news?

AGENT CASSIDY

Got a blood trail outside.

EXT. SPANISH HARLEM - LEXINGTON BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Stevie West and Agent Cassidy come down the sidewalk, following CASTLE'S BLOOD.

STEVIE WEST

Have Forensics search five blocks all directions from this point, and send a sample to the Lab.

AGENT CASSIDY

Got it.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Billy Russo lies on a gurney. The CAMERA ANGLE is behind Russo, showing the EMTs but not Russo's face.

EMT 1

His vitals are stable.

EMT 2

Hell with his vitals, look at his face.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY WARD - DAY

Billy Russo stares at the ceiling, head encased in gauze.

RUSSO

My face. What does my face look like?

PITSY

It's uhh...

(doesn't venture a description)

I'll let the Doc explain. He's the best. Worked on movie stars in Beverly Hills.

Dr. GEORGE HAMILTON from Beverly Hills enters in white linen, with the best tan ever. He hovers over Russo.

DR. HAMILTON

Now let's take this off...

Dr. Hamilton removes Billy's facial gauze.

DR. HAMILTON

(shocked)

I uhm see. Well.

RUSSO

Can ya fix it?

DR. HAMILTON

(arrogantly)

I can fix Mickey Roarke, I can fix this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. HAMILTON (cont'd)
(into tape recorder)
Schedule surgery tomorrow, 9 a.m.

CUT TO:

INT. SPANISH HARLEM CHURCH - DAY

Father Redondo moves across the alter lighting candles.

AGENT CASSIDY (V.O.)
Hello?

FATHER REDONDO
Yes? Can I help you?

Agent Cassidy enters from the vestibule.

AGENT CASSIDY
Excuse me, Father...

FATHER REDONDO
Redondo.

AGENT CASSIDY
Father Redondo I'm with Manhattan
FBI.

FATHER REDONDO
May I see your credentials?

Agent Cassidy shows Redondo his FBI shield.

AGENT CASSIDY
There was a shooting last night on
96th street. Blood found at that
location was found a block from
here. Both samples matched to this
man.

Agent Cassidy shows Redondo a PHOTO OF CASTLE.

FATHER REDONDO
Oh yes I've seen him!

AGENT CASSIDY
(encouraged)
You have?

FATHER REDONDO
On the television!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT CASSIDY

(deflated)

Oh. Well did you see or hear anything unusual last night?

FATHER REDONDO

I don't go out. This is a dangerous neighborhood.

AGENT CASSIDY

I'm aware of that Father.

FATHER REDONDO

There is sin everywhere. Sin that deserves punishment.

AGENT CASSIDY

(smiles)

Better leave the punishment part to us Father. Thanks.

Father Redondo watches Agent Cassidy exit.

INT. SPANISH HARLEM CHURCH - VESTIBULE - DAY

Agent Cassidy, walking to the exit, stops.

Down a hallway off the vestibule is a WASH ROOM. The door is ajar. On the floor are DISCOLORED RAGS.

AT THE WASHROOM

Agent Cassidy pushes open the door. The rags on the floor are BLOODY. On the sink is a bloody straight razor, pliers, two extracted bullets, and needle and thread.

AGENT CASSIDY

Father Redon...

(turns, inhales)

..do?

Father Redondo stands there with an axe in his hands and a maniacal look in his eyes.

FATHER REDONDO

I saved him. I saved him because he was sent to me.

A terrifying pause.

Agent Cassidy goes for his gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Father Redondo brings down the axe.

We hear it's sickening effect. We hear Agent Cassidy thud to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - RUSSO'S RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

Billy Russo is wheeled in, his head encased in post-operative dressing. Pitsy and a nurse stand in the b.g.

DR. HAMILTON
It's been two weeks. This will
tell us where we stand.

Dr. Hamilton confidently cuts off the dressing. The anticipation level is high. As the dressing comes off...

...the nurse SCREAMS.

Dr. Hamilton's in shock. Even Pitsy's repulsed.

RUSSO
What? What?

DR. HAMILTON
There's an explanation....

PITSY
Sure there is: you fucked up.

RUSSO
Gimme a mirror. SOMEBODY GIMME A
FUCKIN' MIRROR.

Billy Russo wheels himself over to the mirror behind the door. Throughout this we don't show his face.

EXT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - DAY

26 stories below we can hear Billy Russo SCREAMING.

RUSSO
ARRGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHH.

CUT TO:

FATHER REDONDO (V.O.)
HAAAIIEEEE!

INT. SPANISH HARLEM CHURCH - DAY

Father Redondo hacks up another sinner.

CHOCK! He raises the axe.

SHWOKK! SLUNCH! CHOCK! Free of guilt, Redondo now takes gleeful pleasure in this most un-holy act.

FATHER REDONDO
I'm not alone anymore! I'm not!
Praise god I'm not alone!

MRS. PEARCE (O.S.)
What's that ye're shoutin' about
there Father Redondo?

FATHER REDONDO
(spins)
Mrs. Pearce?

MRS. PEARCE
I've come to clean, Father. 8
o'clock on Monday evenin' - time
for cleanin'!

FATHER REDONDO
It's lunchtime and this is Thursday
Mrs. Pearce! But drop by whenever
you like!

MRS. PEARCE
(with hand to ear)
What?

FATHER REDONDO
I said I just hacked a man to death
in the confessional Mrs. Pearce!

MRS. PEARCE
WHAT? Me hearin's not what it was
Father.

FATHER REDONDO
Mr. Clyde beat his wife to a pulp!
Mr. Clyde took cocaine! Mr. Clyde
came to confess his sins so he
could clear his conscience and do
it all over again!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. PEARCE

That's kind of you to offer Father,
I'll have a cup if you're makin'
it.

FATHER REDONDO

I showed him! I took his
confession all right, and I solved
his problem!

Mrs. Pearce shuffles off mumbling.

MRS. PEARCE

Now where's my broom...?

EXT. SPANISH HARLEM - LOT NEXT TO CHURCH - NIGHT

Father Redondo fills in another grave.

FATHER REDONDO

Thank you lord. Thank you for
showing me I'm not alone.

EXT. SPANISH HARLEM - CHURCH RECTORY - NIGHT

Redondo backs his OLD VAN up to the Rectory.

Redondo opens the van, hauls out CASTLE'S DUFFLE BAGS, and
drags them to a TOOL SHED next to the rectory.

INT. CHURCH RECTORY TOOL SHED - NIGHT

Redondo drags Castle's bag inside. He unzips one, revealing
a veritable arsenal of weaponry.

FATHER REDONDO

(whispers)

I got your bags like you asked.

(crosses himself)

Thank you Lord for sending him to
me.

Redondo turns.

CASTLE lies unconscious on an old mattress, his wounds
crudely dressed.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALVATORE'S - NIGHT

A Cadillac pulls up.

Pitsy climbs out, opens the door for Billy Russo (shot from behind). The Valet averts his eyes in horror.

VALET
'Evening Mr. Russo.

INT. SALVATORE'S - NIGHT

We STEADICAM into the club behind Russo and Pitsy. Fat Mike Salvatore and Little Tony Pizzo react in shock.

FAT MIKE SALVATORE
Holy shit...

PITSY
Shut the fuck up.

AT THE BAR

The same throng of Hot Girls. One is lighting a cigarette.
Russo sidles up, takes her lighter.

RUSSO
Lemme do that honey.

HOT GIRL
Thank-you!
(looks up, smiles)
AHHHHHHHHHH!!!

She and the other girls - horrified and repulsed - back off.

RUSSO
What? Not handsome enough for ya?

We see Russo's post-operation face, a hideous abomination of stitched/stapled skin-grafts. Nothing is in the right place. It could be a Halloween mask except....it's real.

RUSSO
I'M NOT HANDSOME ENOUGH?

Russo draws his handgun and FIRES into the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Hot Girls and other patrons flee SCREAMING, leaving their dinners uneaten. Russo looks down at a bowl of soup.

RUSSO
What's this?

FAT MIKE SALVATORE
Chowder New England style.

RUSSO
It's red.

FAT MIKE SALVATORE
It's supposed to be red.

RUSSO
It's supposed to be white you sick fuck. Get this shit away from me and bring me a bowl of chicken soup.

Fat Mike Salvatore, cowering, slinks off to the kitchen.

PITSY
Try not to have your period in it this time, you cunt.

RUSSO
We're back in business. Tony, how many soldiers we got?

LITTLE TONY PIZZO
Not enough to go to war.

RUSSO
War? You know about war? A fat fuck gets his skull ventilated outside a pizzeria by another fat fuck he don't see coming 'cause the guy's a friend? That ain't war. I'm gonna show you war.

CUT TO:

BEGIN MONTAGE:

A series of fast cut images set to driving music:

1. RUSSIAN GANGSTERS climbing from a Humvee are riddled.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2. DOLLYING under the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge we discover a low-rider full of GANGBANGERS shot in the head.

CUT TO:

3. A NEWSPAPER BALE thumps on the sidewalk: "MOB VIOLENCE ESCALATES" and a 2nd headline: "FBI AGENT STILL MISSING" with Agent Cassidy's photo.

CUT TO:

4. In a Queens Intersection a TRIAD GANG MEMBER stumbles into frame, gunshot. A fusillade finishes him.

CUT TO:

5. DOLLYING through a medical office we find Dr. George Hamilton stabbed with a scalpel.

CUT TO:

6. At a newstand: "GANGLAND VIOLENCE AT ALL TIME HIGH" and a 2nd headline: "PLASTIC SURGEON MURDERED."

CUT TO:

7. A MOB BUTTON MAN eating a hotdog at Grays Papaya throws up his hands as he's shot through the eyeball.

CUT TO:

8. A JAMAICAN DRUG DEALER is left impaled on a fence post in the South Bronx.

CUT TO:

9. DOLLYING PAST Wall Street Lawyers reading newspapers: "CITY OUT OF CONTROL: WHO RULES OUR STREETS?"

END MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPANISH HARLEM - CHURCH RECTORY - NIGHT

Father Redondo crosses from the Church to the Rectory carrying a PLATE OF FOOD.

INT. CHURCH RECTORY TOOL SHED - NIGHT

Father Redondo enters the tool shed where Castle's been recovering.

Castle is in the corner doing chin-ups, painfully, on the windowsill ledge. He drops to the floor and turns.

Father Redondo sets the food on the workbench.

FATHER REDONDO

"So they did eat, and were well filled: for He gave them of His soul." Psalms Chapter 78 Verse 29. You must get strong. We must continue your work.

CASTLE

I'm not looking for a partner.

Redondo nods, smiles quizzically, and exits.

Castle goes to the window, watches the odd little man walk back to the Church. Castle's expression darkens.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Stevie wearily gets in her car.

INT. STEVIE'S CAR (DRIVING) - NIGHT

Stevie pulls out of the parking lot checking her rear-view mirror. She sharply inhales. Someone's in the back seat.

CASTLE, in shadows, stares at her.

CASTLE

Good week?

STEVIE WEST

Another 40 murders, now half the whackos on a.m. radio are arguing for Martial Law. You're looking well for a guy who left a quart of blood in Spanish Harlem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASTLE

I've had worse.

STEVIE WEST

The next day my best Agent went missing in the same neighborhood. Coincidence?

CASTLE

I wouldn't know.

STEVIE WEST

You swear to that?

CASTLE

I swear.

STEVIE WEST

I studied your sleeve, your military records, I know what you got in Sophomore biology.
(studies his face, shakes head)
You're not insane. If you were you'd have walked into McDonalds with an M-40 by now. But answer me something. Your family isn't coming back, no matter what you do. Crime won't stop. As long as people want things the law forbids, nothing you do will make a difference. But you do it anyway. So why? Do you like it? The killing?

CASTLE

No. Think what you want. Understand it. Don't understand it. No matter. Nothing's going to stop me from taking out the trash.

STEVIE WEST

Like Billy Russo?

CASTLE

He's a predator. His joy comes from others' pain.

STEVIE WEST

Russo's mine, Castle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASTLE

Russo's a dead man. You can help me, or stay the hell out of my way.

STEVIE WEST

If he's killed on the street without a trial, it's murder.

CASTLE

You can afford to believe that.

STEVIE WEST

Why, because my whole family wasn't murdered on a beach?

Castle glares at her. She glares back.

CASTLE

Yeah.

STEVIE WEST

I could never turn into you.

CASTLE

(darkly)

Never say never.

They pull up to a red light. Stevie's cell phone RINGS.

STEVIE WEST

(into cell phone)

Yeah. Be there in 10.

The light turns green. Stevie looks in the rear view.

Castle is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN - JAMAICA BAY - NIGHT

JOEY PICARDI'S CADILLAC, filthy with sludge, sits in a crane hoist on the Jamaica Bay Pier where Pitsy dumped it. NYPD Forensics Guys are examining the Caddy's interior.

Stevie approaches the Caddy's rear. She wipes grime from the license plate.

STEVIE WEST

It's Joey Picardi's. Gimme the crowbar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A Forensics Guy hands Stevie a crowbar. She crowbars the trunk open. Stevie and the Forensics Guys react to the stench emanating from the trunk.

Stevie, covering her nose with a kerchief, leans in.

STEVIE WEST

Tell Ballistics to match the slugs
with Russo's gun recovered at
Salvatore's.

The Forensics Guy hustles off.

Stevie looks out at the city lights. Smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALVATORE'S - NIGHT

Two CALL GIRLS climb from a Lincoln Town Car. These are not streetwalkers, but high class pros. Pitsy exits the restaurant, holds the door for them.

TRIXIE

You the guy?

PITSY

Nah, the office in back.

TRIXIE

It's 2000 an hour.

Pitsy peels off \$100 BILLS for the girls. They enter.

Pitsy lights a cigar. Waits.

Inside we hear Carla and Trixie SCREAM.

Carla and Trixie hurry out.

TRIXIE

You *KIDDING* me?

She throws the money at Pitsy. They get in the Lincoln; it roars off.

INT. SALVATORE'S - NIGHT

After hours. Dimly lit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Billy Russo enters, shirtless, swigging a bottle of cognac. He's drunk. The bar's ceiling pin-lights hit him.

Russo glimpses himself in the mirror. He stares at the abomination he's become.

He heaves the bottle, shattering the mirror, and his image.

Outside we hear SCREECHING TIRES.

Then FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS.

Pitsy backs into the room.

PITSY

You got a warrent fuck-stick?

A SWAT TEAM - followed by FBI AGENTS in protective vests, and finally Stevie - bursts inside, shoving Pitsy against the wall.

SWAT TEAM MEMBERS

Hands in the air!...etc.

The SWAT TEAM takes Russo into custody.

STEVIE WEST

William Russo, Peter Gazarro,
you're under the arrest for the
murder of Joseph Picardi.

Russo spins toward Stevie, spitting venom.

RUSSO

Better know what you're doing,
missy.

STEVIE WEST

Get this freak out of here.

Russo and Pitsy are hauled off.

CUT TO:

FLASHBULBS POP.

PITSY (V.O.)

Clear outta here ya fuckin' muts!

EXT. MANHATTAN FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

Pitsy pushes a Cameraman into another, takes their CAMERAS and smashes them on the courthouse steps.

PITSY

I said NO PHOTOGRAPHS!

Pitsy elbows room for Russo, who emerges from the courthouse, his head draped by a suit jacket.

REPORTER

-- Mr. Russo!

-- Did you do it?

-- Can you respond to the charges?

Russo ignores the questions, pushes through the Reporters.

ACROSS THE COURTHOUSE STEPS

Stevie is giving an interview to a much smaller group of reporters.

STEVIE WEST

I'd characterize the case against Mr. Russo as strong, though I'm disappointed the judge allowed his motion for bail bond indenture....

Russo, coming down the steps, catches Stevie's eye.

They lock eyes for what seems like an eternity.

Russo's monstrous gaze chills Stevie to the core.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPANISH HARLEM CHURCH - DAY

A matte-black CHEVELLE 442 rolls up to the Rectory's Tool Shed. Castle climbs out, yanking a FOR SALE sign from the Chevelle's dash. Castle has new wheels.

INT. SPANISH HARLEM CHURCH - VESTIBULE - DAY

Castle enters. The only light is from candles. He hears a MURMUR. He looks into the chapel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER REDONDO

is at the altar, quietly praying, going through his rosary.

CASTLE

looks down the hallway off the vestibule to the UTILITY/WASH ROOM where Agent Cassidy was axed to death.

AT THE WASHROOM

Castle pushes open the door. In the corner is a young PROSTITUTE in a pool of blood.

Redondo's AXE, bloodied, lies next to her.

The prostitute's purse sits in a drawer amidst wallets, rings, cigarette lighters and other belongings accumulated from Redondo's victims.

Among the items is AGENT CASSIDY'S FBI SHIELD and WALLET.

Castle stands there grimly taking it all in.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE - LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Stevie exits with a bottle of wine.

She walks to her parked car. She's suddenly uncomfortable. Someone is walking next to her.

It's RUSSO.

STEVIE WEST

Three seconds to get away from me...

RUSSO

One-two-three.

STEVIE WEST

Get out of my way, I'm late.

RUSSO

Meeting someone? Dear old dad maybe?

Stevie stops cold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Russo punches numbers on his cell phone.

RUSO

Tell him you'll be late.

Russo offers Stevie the phone. She stares at it.

Stevie feels dread. Deep in her gut. She's a cop. She knows something is terribly wrong. She reluctantly takes the phone.

STEVIE WEST

Hello.

MAXFIELD WEST (O.S.)

Stevie?

STEVIE WEST

Dad?

INT. PITSY'S BLACK CADILLAC - NIGHT

Maxfield West - unharmed but clearly unnerved - sits with Pitsy in the Cadillac's rear. Fat Mike Salvatore and Little Tony are up front.

MAXFIELD WEST

They haven't hurt me....

INTERCUT - MAXFIELD WEST/STEVIE

STEVIE WEST

Who?

MAXFIELD WEST

Friends of Mr. Russo.

PITSY

(yanks phone from Maxfield)
Friends who don't want Mr. Russo in jail.

CLICK. END INTERCUT.

Stevie, trying to compose herself, folds up the phone. Russo takes it from her.

RUSO

Let's take a drive.

They move toward Stevie's car.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE - ACROSS FROM LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT
 Castle's Chevelle sits parked.

INT. CASTLE'S CHEVELLE - NIGHT

Castle lowers his telescopic sight. He watches Russo and Stevie get in Stevie's Sedan.

As Stevie pulls her Sedan away --

-- Castle ignitions and falls in behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Stevie's Sedan pulls up to the Federal Building.

INT. STEVIE'S FBI SEDAN - NIGHT

Stevie sits staring at the Building, tucking a MICROPHONE into her coat's breast pocket.

STEVIE WEST
 I can't do this.

RUSSO
 Then Daddy dies.

STEVIE WEST
 You won't get away with it.

RUSSO
 (contemptuously)
 Sure I will.

Russo turns on a transmitter (identical to a wireless mike worn by a movie actor) and tucks it in Stevie's coat pocket.

RUSSO
 You turn the mike off, he dies.
 You say the wrong thing to anyone,
 he dies. You take longer than five
 minutes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVIE WEST

I get it.

Stevie gets out of the car.

EXT. DOWN STREET FROM FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Castle watches Stevie walking to the Federal Building.

His expression: what in hell is going down?

INT. MANHATTAN FEDERAL BUILDING - EVIDENCE STORAGE - NIGHT

The building's sparse utilitarian basement.

Stevie comes down a corridor passing a sign: EVIDENCE STORAGE -----> She walks up to the Check-out Counter.

STEVIE WEST

Evidence Bag 12N-19FP, and the
ballistics report signed by the
Coroner and the Lab Tech.

EVIDENCE CHECK-OUT COP

Do you accept chain of custody?

STEVIE WEST

I do.

Stevie signs a Chain of Custody VOUCHER.

EVIDENCE CHECK-OUT COP

Be just a sec.

EXT. MANHATTAN FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Stevie exits carrying an orange/white striped FEDERAL EVIDENCE BAG.

INT. STEVIE'S FBI SEDAN - NIGHT

Stevie gets in. Hands the EVIDENCE BAG to Russo.

RUSSO

Drive.

Stevie pulls away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVIE WEST
Where's my father.

RUSO
First things first.

Russo rips open the Evidence Bag. Pulls out the BALLISTICS REPORT.

RUSO
One original, signed Ballistics Report, gooooood...
(pulls out his HANDGUN)
...and one firearm formerly belonging to me. I'm no lawyer, but I think the prosecution will be upset these items are missing.

STEVIE WEST
My father, Russo. Now.

RUSO
(smiles, his face a hideous smear)
New Jersey Docks. Landing 13.

Stevie floors it. The sedan lurches forward.

INT. CASTLE'S CHEVELLE - NIGHT

Castle follows Stevie's sedan toward the HOLLAND TUNNEL.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW JERSEY DOCKS - NIGHT

The old docks of Jersey, very "On the Waterfront."
Manhattan lights twinkle across the Hudson.

Stevie's Sedan pulls into the parking lot.

It's met by a black Cadillac.

INT. STEVIE'S FBI SEDAN - NIGHT

Russo opens the door, his gun trained at Stevie.

RUSO
Get out.

EXT. NEW JERSEY DOCKS - NIGHT

Stevie gets out.

Pitsy, Fat Mike, and Little Tony climb from the Black Cadillac. Pitsy hands Russo a .38 SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL.

RUSSO
Is it clean?

PITSY
Untraceable.

STEVIE WEST
We had a deal.

RUSSO
(laughs with Pitsy)
How'd she get in the FBI?
(levels .38 at Stevie)
You fucked up, Missy: you trusted me.

STEVIE WEST
(nervous now)
Killing a Federal Agent? Are you out of your mind?

RUSSO
Strong possibility.
(parting shot)
And this time I won't keep the gun.

Russo levels the new gun at Stevie. His FINGER begins to squeeze the trigger.

There's a GUNSHOT...but not from Russo's gun.

LITTLE TONY slumps to the ground, shot in the head.

A FUSSILADE OF BULLETS rips the ground as Russo and Pitsy dive away.

Stevie takes cover behind her Sedan.

RUSSO, PITSY, and FAT MIKE, returning fire, scramble into the Cadillac.

The Cadillac, slinging gravel, rips out of the lot.

CASTLE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

on a stack of rusty containers behind the Dock, unloads his magazine at the fleeing Cadillac.

STEVIE emerges, scanning the lot. There's TRUCKS and BURNT-OUT CARS and....

...Maxfield West's new red JAGUAR.

Stevie starts toward the Jaguar.

STEVIE WEST

Dad?

The Jaguar is dark inside.

Stevie's a cop.

Cops know certain things.

And none of this looks good.

STEVIE WEST

Dad?

No answer.

Stevie walks faster.

STEVIE WEST

DAD....?

She reaches the Jaguar.

She closes her eyes.

Opens the door.

STEVIE'S EYES open.

We see a bloody dress shirt...

...one leg akimbo...

...Maxfield's blood-smeared wristwatch...

...blood pooled on a LAW TEXT BOOK...

Stevie's hand goes to her mouth.

She backs away, stumbling..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVIE WEST

No....

Stevie staggers across the lot.

STEVIE WEST

Nooooooooo!!!!

She tries to scream but nothing escapes her mouth.

She stumbles blindly, falling into the arms of --

-- CASTLE.

He holds her. There's no need for words. He's been living in the same horror for three years.

Stevie trembles with rage. Tries to get a grip.

She stares into his eyes.

There's a bond now.

Both know it.

STEVIE WEST

Get them.

Castle nods. Jogs off across the lot, into the shadows.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW JERSEY - ACCESS ROAD TO OLD DOCKS - NIGHT

Russo's Cadillac flies down the Old Dock Access Road.

INT. RUSSO'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

Fat Mike, scared shitless, is at the wheel. Pitsy rides shotgun. Russo in the back.

RUSSO

TURN AROUND YOU FAT FUCK...WE GOTTA
FINISH THIS.

FAT MIKE SALVATORE

It's that psychopath! The fuck's
gonna kill us all!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSO

Pitsy take the wheel!

Pitsy takes hold of the wheel.

Russo shoots Fat Mike in the back of the head, blowing his brains against the windshield.

The Cadillac careens out of control.

Pitsy controls the skid. Stomps on the brake.

EXT. NEW JERSEY - ACCESS ROAD TO OLD DOCKS - NIGHT

The Cadillac careens to a stop.

The driver's side opens. Pitsy wrestles Fat Mike's corpse out, dumping it on the asphalt.

There's a low RUMBLE. Pitsy looks up in alarm.

CASTLE'S CHEVELLE

is bearing down on the Cadillac at 100 m.p.h.

PITSY

frantically shuts the door and floors it.

THE CHEVELLE AND CADILLAC

collide. Both vehicles pin-wheel across the Access Road.

INT. RUSSO'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

Pitsy and Russo are buffeted around as BULLETS blow out the windshield.

INT. CASTLE'S CHEVELLE - NIGHT

Castle empties his m-40 into the Cadillac.

EXT. NEW JERSEY INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The Cadillac and Chevelle race toward an intersection.

As the Cadillac negotiates the corner, Castle's Chevelle relentlessly overtakes it and --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- RAMS the Cadillac into the rear of a HUGE BUILDING.

EXT. REAR OF NEW JERSEY BUILDING - NIGHT

Castle crawls from the wreck. He's next to the building's rear loading dock.

Castle hears GUNSHOTS. He heads around the Loading Dock

RUSSO AND PITSY are entering the building, having shot the REAR DOOR'S LOCK.

INT. NEW JERSEY WAL-MART - NIGHT

Castle flips a row of switches on a control grid. Security lights FLICK ON and MUZAK starts to play from speakers.

We're inside a WAL-MART.

INT. WAL-MART - WOMEN'S LINGERIE - NIGHT

Castle comes down an aisle in "Women's Lingerie." BOOM, a shotgun blast riffs through panties.

Castle runs.

HOME ENTERTAINMENT - DVDS

Castle sprints past DVD "stand-ees" for "Spiderman," "Blade," and "X-Men." BOOM BOOM BOOM, shotgun blasts blow the heads off the standees.

Castle dives away as two plasma TVs explode behind him.

HOME ENTERTAINMENT - STEREOS

Russo moves down an aisle, eyes darting.

HOME FURNISHING

Pitsy moves past dining room "set-ups" whispering:

PITSY
Ya hidin' sissy? C'mon, boy. Come
to daddy. I'll be gentle with you.

KITCHENWARE

An aisle over, Castle sees Pitsy in a ceiling PARABOLIC MIRROR. Castle climbs the AISLE DIVIDER.

ON TOP OF THE AISLE DIVIDER

Castle waits for Pitsy to pass beneath him, then....

...Castle drops.

Castle and Pitsy collide, SLAMMING hard to the floor. Pitsy's shotgun clatters away.

Castle and Pitsy wrestle furiously into a "faux kitchen" (like a sitcom set), knocking over a stand of DISHWASHER DETERGENT.

The powdered soap spills across the floor.

Pitsy digs his fingers into Castle's chest.

PITSY

I'll pull your heart out you prick!

Pitsy shows none of his age.

Castle punches Pitsy WHAM WHAM WHAM.

Pitsy goes down. Castle grabs Pitsy by the ears and bounces his head off the floor. Again...again...again.

Castle pushes Pitsy's face into the spilled detergent; the corrosive powder burns Pitsy's eyes and mouth.

PITSY

ARRGGGGHHH YA FUCKIN' MUTT.

Pitsy viciously swings an elbow, connecting with Castle's jaw, knocking Castle aside.

Now freed, Pitsy lunges for the shotgun. He clutches it, spins, and levels to fire.

CASTLE

pins the shotgun barrel to the counter with one hand as Pitsy FIRES ROUNDS into the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Castle grabs with his other hand a MEAT CLEAVER from a CUTLERY DISPLAY and swings.

The cleaver comes down, hacking Pitsy's forearm clean off.

Pitsy stares wild-eyed at his stump.

It's just made him angrier.

Pitsy slams his stump into Castle's jaw and headlocks him, hammering Castle with his good hand.

Castle grabs a TENDERIZING Mallet and hits Pitsy, leaving its distinct indentation in Pitsy's forehead.

Castle swings a vicious right fist but DING!...Pitsy blocks it with a FRYING PAN.

Castle recoils in agony, holding his fist. Pitsy brings the frying pan down on Castle's head. Castle goes down hard.

Castle groggily gets to his feet.

Pitsy's gone.

Castle grabs the shotgun, checks the slide. It's out of cartridges. Castle tosses it and moves on.

GREETING CARD AISLE

Pitsy staggers through "Greeting Cards" leaving a trail of blood, passing a kiosk of "Get Well" cards.

PITSY

I plan to, ya fuck....

HARDWARE

Pitsy pops on a SOLDERING TORCH and turns it on his stump. The stump SIZZLES as the wound cauterizes.

Pitsy - the hardest man alive - just grits his teeth.

SPORTING GOODS - AISLE 1

Russo - armed with a shotgun - creeps past a batting cage.

SPORTING GOODS - AISLE 2

A HAND reaches into a TARGET ARCHERY DISPLAY, grabbing a bow and three arrows.

SPORTING GOODS - AISLE 1

Russo stops cold. CASTLE is at the end of the aisle.

Russo FIRES repeatedly as Castle ducks away. CLICK.
Russo's out of shells. As Russo begins to refill....

...CASTLE emerges from cover with a READY ARROW.

Russo dives away as --

-- Phhttt the ARROW wings in, splitting a LOUISVILLE SLUGGER baseball bat inches from Russo's face.

SPORTING GOODS - INDOOR GOLF DRIVING RANGE

Castle sees a FIGURE move behind the indoor driving range's faux "fairway" cyclarama backdrop.

Castle FIRES through the backdrop.

We hear the arrow THUD home and a YELP.

RUSSO (O.S. BEHIND BACKDROP)
FUCK YOU CASTLE.

A SHOTGUN BURST through the cyclarama backdrop sends Castle diving away.

OUTDOOR/GARDEN PATIO

Castle, hurrying past a row of barbecues, turns, startled,
as --

PITSY
ARRGGGGG!!!

-- PITSY - his stump lashed to a HATCHET - charges!

Castle dodges the swinging hatchet.

THWACK...it slams into a barbecue stand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Castle grabs a barbecue's METAL LID and a 3-foot long ROTISSERIE SPEAR.

Pitsy grabs another metal lid.

They circle each other.

It's like a gladiatorial fight: Pitsy swinging his hatchet; Castle deflecting the blows with his barbecue lid "shield."

Pitsy advances, chopping viciously.

Castle's "shield" is quickly hacked to sheet metal. Castle tosses it aside.

Pitsy comes in for the death blow.

Castle grabs a TREE LOPPER and catches Pitsy's hatchet handle and...SNAP...lops off the steel hatchet head.

Pitsy stares at the splintered hatchet handle lashed to his stump and --

-- Castle rams Pitsy's stump upward and --

-- SLLLLUUUURCH. Pitsy stagger-steps, confused, the severed hatchet handle imbedded in his eye socket.

Pitsy pitches over dead.

Castle stands there panting.

He hears a....WHINE.

It's a 2-stroke engine.

Castle slowly turns.

RUSSO

rounds a corner with a CHAINSAW, an ARROW protruding from his shoulder.

Russo attacks, swinging the chainsaw in big looping circles.

Castle ducks.

The chainsaw rips through a WOOD 4X4 supporting the SHELF ABOVE THEM loaded with industrial pipe and chain stock. The shelf buckles and teeters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The two men circle. Russo sees the buckled, teetering shelf and cuts the other 4X4 support. He steps back as --

-- the shelf collapses on Castle.

CASTLE

is pinned under steel pipe and chain. His BOOTS poke out from under the debris.

Russo brings the saw down on Castle's feet. Sparks fly.
Castle's wearing steel-toed boots.

Castle claws/wrestles himself free, rolling away, grabbing a length of chain.

Castle stands and swings the chain like a bullwhip.

The chain THWIP THWIP THWIP...wraps around the chainsaw's handle.

Castle - with a mighty yank - pulls the chainsaw from Russo's grip.

The chain and chainsaw clatter across the floor.

Castle swings the chain again - now with the chainsaw attached and whirring furiously - at Russo.

Russo throws up his hand to protect his face and --

-- THE CHAINSAW BLADE rips through Russo's arm, sawing it off.

Russo screams and staggers backward, into the FIREARMS COUNTER.

FIREARMS COUNTER

Russo smashes the counter with his good arm, grabs a .38, and begins loading it with HOLLOW POINTS.

CASTLE

gets in a FORKLIFT next to the collapsed shelf. The lift is carrying a 2 TON PALLET OF CONCRETE BAGS.

RUSSO

levels the .38 and FIRES.

CASTLE

engages the forklift. It lurches forward, bullets PINGING off the grille.

RUSSO

begins reloading the .38.

CASTLE

throws the forklift gear into "HIGH."

THE FORKLIFT

slams into the counter, driving the glass counter-top toward Russo and the wall.

THE GLASS COUNTERTOP

hits Russo's abdomen, slicing Russo in half.

RUSSO'S TORSO

lands inside the smashed firearms counter. He's now missing one arm and both legs.

He's not finished.

RUSSO

(gurgles blood)

Fuck you Castle.

Russo - with his last strength - levels the .38 at Castle.

CASTLE

hits the forklift's release lever.

THE TWO-TON PALLET OF CONCRETE BAGS

releases from the forklift.

RUSSO

looks up and SCREAMS as WHUUUMMMMP! The concrete pallet crushes him.

The dust settles.

CASTLE

approaches the pallet.

RUSSO is flatter than the Wicked Witch of the East under Dorothy's house.

Russo's hand - still holding the revolver - FIRES a shot into the ceiling.

Russo's hand finally quivers and goes limp.

Castle exhales. It's over.

We hear SIRENS in the distance.

STEVIE WEST (O.S.)
Execution without trial...

Castle turns. Stevie stands there.

STEVIE WEST
...is murder.

A long hard stare.

Castle offers his wrists to be restrained.

STEVIE WEST
Handcuffs don't work on you.

She steps forward, looks at Russo's lifeless hand

STEVIE WEST
I won't ever condone what you do
Castle. But now I understand it.

The SIRENS draw nearer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVIE WEST
Go on. Get out of here.

They lock eyes.

Two feral souls who now share something horrible.

Castle turns and trudges off through the aisle.

EXT. NEW JERSEY WAL-MART - NIGHT

Stevie exits. A NJPD CRUISER, cherry top flashing,
screeches up. Stevie holds her FBI SHIELD over her head.

STEVIE WEST
Got two bodies in there, two more
at the Old Dock.

NJPD OFFICER
Any Perps in sight?

STEVIE WEST
No Perps.
(sadly)
Just bodies.

THE END.

BEGIN CREDITS.

INTERRUPT CREDITS.

EXT. SPANISH HARLEM CHURCH - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Re-establish El Barrio and Father Redondo's church.

HISPANIC WOMAN (V.O.)
...and...uhm I lied to my sister.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - PRIEST SIDE - NIGHT

Father Redondo listens intently.

FATHER REDONDO
Say ten Hail Mary's.

We hear the door open and close. Father Redondo waits for
the next Parishioner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The next Parishioner enters and sits.

CASTLE (V.O.)
Forgive me father, I have sinned.
I killed 134 people this year.

FATHER REDONDO
I see.

Father Redondo grabs his AXE and exits.

OUTSIDE THE CONFESSIONAL

Castle stands there with a leveled .45.

FATHER REDONDO
But you were sent to me. I was
given a sign.

CASTLE
You're insane.

FATHER REDONDO
But I'm like you!

CASTLE
Not quite.

Castle tosses Agent Cassidy's FBI Shield at Redondo's feet.

Father Redondo stares at it, trembling, confused.

Darkness clouds his expression. He grips the axe handle.

FATHER REDONDO
You're not who I thought you were.
You're not sent from Him. You're
the Deceiver! GOD KNOWS WHAT TO DO
WITH YOU...!!!

Father Redondo, eyes blazing, raises the axe.

Castle blows the top of Redondo's head off. Redondo
collapses into the confessional.

CASTLE
God's gonna sit this out.

CONTINUE END CREDITS.

