

THE CROW 3:

RESURRECTION

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FADE IN:

- CAMERA flies over the twisted maze of a DARK PORT CITY.

WOMAN'S VOICE

There's a legend that when a body dies, a crow comes to escort its soul to the next world.

NEW ANGLE - FLYING CROW

WOMAN'S VOICE

(continuing)

If death has come through violence or treachery, and if the soul is pure, sometimes the crow can return the soul to its body so that Justice can be done...even from beyond the grave.

The crow begins to descend.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(continuing)

But the legend never answers one question: What happens when the soul dies...but the body doesn't?

The crow lands on a PIER-SIDE PILING. CAMERA WIDENS.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - A PIER - DAY

A CARGO SHIP glides into a berth, horn BLASTING a warning. CAMERA FEATURES two hard looking SAILORS who move to the rail, look down at -

THE PIER - A CAR

Where four MEN - TERRELL, ACER, BRUNO and MORGAN stand, expectant. They're all too well dressed for this seedy locale and its almost Third World clientele. They exchange a look with the sailors. Terrell points to his watch. As they move toward where the gangway will be lowered, they pass a man whose cheap flashy clothing is equally out of place in the thick of the hard working pier crowd. This is the aptly-named FINDER and, in fact, he has just found Terrell and Co.

Finder NODS across the dock to a scruffy looking homeless COUPLE (a MAN and a WOMAN) carrying ratty fishing gear. They nod back.

As Terrell and Co. proceed down the pier, they almost collide with the homeless couple. Their BUCKET spills fish and scummy water all over Terrell's shoes.

HOMELESS MAN

S-sorry, sir - didn't't see you-

Terrell's eyes flash fury. We sense he is controlling his temper when all he does is roughly smash the homeless couple aside and lead the others toward the ship.

THE HOMELESS COUPLE

share a smile. As Finder passes by them, the man slips him a wad of bills, then hits a hidden button, speaks into a tiny microphone.

MAN (KATO)

This is Kato. We made them. It's Terrell all right. Acer and two others are with him.

AT A ROACH COACH - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

The man behind the counter, GOMEZ, speaks into his throat mike. Next to him sits another undercover cop, ROSSI.

GOMEZ

Can you maintain eye contact?

KATO

Yes, but it isn't necessary. You can smell them a mile away.

A TOURIST IN A HAWAIIAN SHIRT - ALSO INTERCUT

at a dime-a-peek binocular stand, he's watching this from the end of the pier. But he ain't no tourist, he's CAPTAIN WYKOFF and he's their boss.

WYKOFF

Very funny, Kato, but last I checked you weren't with the K-9 unit. We just got a tip from Interpol that Terrell's moving out of street drugs and into designer stuff. Working for Lucien Raynor.

HOMELESS WOMAN (SARAH)

Lucien Raynor? The number-one bio-hackein the world? That guy can make molecules tap dance in a test tube.

KATO

Yeah? The sixty people who died in Holland from Raynor's acid aren't dancing.

ROSSI

(looking up)

They're going on board. C'mon, Gomez. Time to ship up and shape out.

GOMEZ

That's shape up and ship out.

ROSSI

Stuff it, Gomez. The closest you ever got to the navy was your rubber ducky.

The cops inside the Roach Coach check their pistols and hidden mikes, jump out, begin to glide across the dock. That's when

A LOAD OF CRATED GEESE

falls off a vehicle and SMASHES onto the ground. The birds begin squawking and honking all over the dock, to the frustration of the longshoremen and the amusement of the crowd.

WIDER

As people and vehicles scramble to avoid or capture the birds, the pier jams up. The cops try and cut through the suddenly chaotic scene.

KATO AND SARAH

KATO

(into mike)

Come on, you guys, come on, they're aboard-

ROSSI

We're coming, we're coming...
somebody's dinner is in the way!

Kato and Sarah look up at -

THE STEAMER

Terrell and the others are at the top of the gangway.
They've been met by the two sailors and they're about to go
inside the ship.

BACK TO SCENE

KATO

We're gonna lose them! We're
going aboard!

Kato and Sarah run forward.

WYKOFF

WYKOFF

(yells into his mike)
Damn it, you two, wait for backup!

SARAH

We lose them inside that ship
we'll never see the hand-off!

KATO

as he and Sarah run along the dock they see that they'll
never reach the distant gangway in time to catch up. Then
Kato notices a CARGO NET full of supplies just now rising
from the pier. He tugs Sarah's sleeve.

KATO

Come on. Express elevator.

SARAH

Oh, no - You're a lunatic!

But she follows him. They both jump, catch the webbing and
soar upwards.

ON THE DOCK

Wykoff has run forward and caught up with the rest of his
team who have finally cut through the crowd.

WYKOFF

Kato, I'm warning you - watch that
kung fu shit! I want these perps
in one piece so they can testify!

KATO AND SARAH - ON THE NET

Kato grins at Sarah, speaks into his mike.

KATO

(into his mike)

Aw, gee, Captain, I was hoping to
try out my new move....the Kung
Pow Brain drain.

WYKOFF'S VOICE

The Kung Pow Brain drain?

KATO

Yeah. That's where you reach into
a guy's eyeballs and pull out his
brain.

WYKOFF'S VOICE

Are you bullshitting me?

(worried)

You're bullshitting me, aren't you?

SARAH

(to Kato)

Why do you always jerk him off?

KATO

What else do you do with a dick..?

He looks down.

TERRELL AND COMPANY

as they disappear into a hold.

BACK TO SCENE

He and Sarah jump, hit the deck rolling. Head toward the
hold.

ON THE PIER

Gomez and Rossi run up the gangway. Wykoff stays on the dock to cover their rear.

IN THE HOLD

Dark, echo-y, with slivers of light coming through poorly maintained vents. There's a constant CLANK as CRATES grind their way up into daylight on a rolling bar conveyer belt coming from below. Terrell and his companions are being handed several hermetically sealed BOXES by the two sailors. Suddenly Kato slides into view, entering via a deck vent.

KATO

San Francisco Police! Freeze!

WIDER

The men instantly turn, FIRE.

BACK TO SCENE

Their bullets rip up decking where Kato had been standing. He has literally moved in the blink of an eye.

THE CONFUSED GUNMEN

blink... where did he go? A SHADOW clues them in, too late. Whoosh! Kato comes sailing in from above, somersaulting in mid-air to deliver HEAD KICKS to the two sailors as he lands. They're smashed aside, unconscious before they hit the deck.

TERRELL AND HIS PARTNERS

AIM at Kato - he's a goner - then - BLAM! BLAM! Morgan is CUT DOWN. The others turn.

AT THE DOOR

Sarah has fired the shot. As Terrell and Acer return SHOTS she ducks out of harm's way.

BACK TO SCENE

Kato grabs a crate from the conveyer belt, holds it chest high, CHARGES the men firing at Sarah! BULLETS splinter the wood, shred the crate - but it holds until he's on top of them and he slams them with it! Acer and Bruno fall but Terrell breaks free, grabbing two of the hermetic boxes and running up a ladder.

-- Kato starts to follow but a KICK from Bruno knocks him off balance. Bruno - twice as big as Kato - grabs the next crate, SMASHES it down!

ON DECK - OUTSIDE THE HOLD

Sarah suddenly finds herself outflanked by Terrell and Acer. She has to retreat and they make a break for it.

IN THE HOLD

Bruno's big hands sweep aside wood and splinters. But Kato isn't under the box! Bruno turns, too late. Kato flies in at head height, kicks Bruno into a wall. Both men land, recover. And then - with three quick blows... Kato kills Bruno, the whole thing over in a ballet of death as brief as a heartbeat. Before Bruno's body has hit the floor Kato has crashed out the door into daylight.

ON DECK

Rossi and Gomez come running aft from the gangway, right into Terrell and Acer's view. There's a flurry of SHOTS that send the crew panicking. Terrell hits Gomez, who falls. Sarah, coming up from the rear, is the first at Gomez's side.

GOMEZ

I'm okay, go, go!

They start after the criminals, Gomez trailing. But Sarah heads backwards, face worried - until she sees

KATO

intact, running forward. Even fifty yards away, his eyes show the question: Where are they?

SARAH

relieved that Kato's alright, she signals: Who the fuck knows? She points to where they were last seen, forward. Suddenly a SOUND makes her whirl, gun ready.

NEW ANGLE

It's a WINCH spinning so quickly it's smoking. CAMERA RAKES as Sarah looks around - SEES a big metal CONTAINER dropping rapidly toward the dock. She ducks aside as it just misses both her and the ship's railing.

ON THE DOCK

People run screaming as the SHADOW gives them a moment's warning. WHAM! The container CRASHES onto the pier.

ANOTHER ANGLE

with a ROAR a new CAR, stickers still in place, crashes out of the container and roars down the pier, Acer driving, Terrell beside him!

SARAH

SARAH

Shit!

Rossi and Gomez come alongside of her. They all realize that by the time they make their way forward to the gangway the car will be long gone. But they try anyway.

SARAH

(continuing; turning)

Kato! Come on!

They run for the gangway. CAMERA ADJUSTS to tilt down and show Wykoff, futilely FIRING at the rapidly distancing vehicle.

KATO

Still furthest back, he starts forward - then suddenly stops. The fleeing car is about to pass beneath him. He looks around. Just below the rail here is one of the ship's thick mooring cables. Kato takes a deep breath... and runs down the cable!

THE OTHER COPS

see this move. They're all amazed... except for Sarah, who just grins.

SARAH

That's my partner.

KATO - LONG SHOT

He makes it to the bottom before he loses his balance. At the last minute he dives for the dock, landing on a startled longshoremen's pallet.

Ignoring the cursing man, Kato jumps to the top of the fork-lift for a better view.

HIS POV

The smuggler's car is about to leave the pier.

BACK TO SCENE

KATO
(showing badge)
Police emergency. I need your
vehicle.

And he tosses the guy out! Jumping into the seat, he guns the fork-lift and chugs forward.

THE DOCK

The fork-lift crashes through boxes, crates, and fruit. Hearing the horn, people jump out of the way.

WIDER

He's not going to watch the car. Even now it is going through the gate.

BACK TO SCENE

Kato hits the fork-lift control, raising the forks to the highest level. He drives straight for the fence. Just before it hits he leaps from his seat up to the forks. When the fork-lift CRASHES into the fence, Kato is jet propelled over the top of it!

OTHER SIDE OF FENCE

Kato flies through the air like one of the X-men, lands on

THE ROOF OF THE CAR

TERRELL
What was that?

ACER
What was wha-

He doesn't finish "what" because Kato has leaned down, opened the door, and tossed him out!

-- Terrell starts to draw his pistol, but Kato swings into the car feet first. Terrell falls onto the car floor, momentarily stunned. Kato grabs the wheel. Looks up.

HIS POV

He's about to crash through the guardrail above the coast road!

BACK TO SCENE

He hits the brakes. Nothing happens. He looks down.

FLOORBOARD - HIS POV

Terrell's body is covering the pedals. Kato's foot is on his hand.

BACK TO SCENE

Kato tries to keep one hand on the wheel while he uses the other to haul the guy out of the way. It ain't easy.

WIDER

At the last possible second Kato hits the brakes. The car burns rubber, almost skids over the cliff!

UP ANGLE

The front wheels go over the edge!

AT THE CAR

Kato catches his breath, gets out of the car, starts to relax...and that's when an arm goes around his neck!

NEW ANGLE

It's Terrell, conscious again, and rather pissed. As he tries to choke Kato, Kato grabs his forearm, flips him over his head and onto the car roof.

UP ANGLE - FROM BELOW

The car teeters and groans from the impact...begins to tilt over the cliff.

.. SIDE ANGLE

The tilting vehicle and Terrell's unrelenting grip combine to drag Kato onto the car roof.

HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN

The car teeters even more. Terrell has to release Kato to keep himself from falling. Gasping for breath, Kato also hangs on. Each man tries to improve his position, but even the slightest move sets the car rocking again. Still, Kato inches his way closer to the rear seat, slowly reaches for the box below.

INSIDE THE CAR

Kato leans over, gets his hand close to the box - and that's when something INSIDE the box squirms and HISSES.

UP ABOVE

At the last possible second Kato hits the brakes. The car burns rubber, almost skids over the cliff!

Startled, Kato recoils - and gets a kick in the face from Terrell, who has slid down the car roof. As Kato goes off the roof, he slides toward the edge -his weight tips the car-

TERRELL

DIVES FOR THE GROUND. As the car ROLLS OVER with a groan of metal, the box slides along the car seat. Terrell snatches it and runs up to a startled driver who has paused on the shoulder to watch this scene. Terrell flings the guy away, jumps in his car and roars down the ramp!

RESUME KATO

The car is still teetering downward. Kato scrambles like a spider over the hood and windshield, but as he labors up the car undercarriage groans and buckles. Just when we think he's going to make it the car goes over all the way. Kato falls just behind it.

LOW ANGLE - SHOOTING UP

At the last second Kato grabs a handhold on a branch and hangs five stories up.

_ TERRELL - IN THE ESCAPING CAR

Comes roaring out of the last switchback below the cliff, nearly causing an accident with an oncoming car. He looks up - SLAMS the brakes on.

WIDER

The car from above EXPLODES in front of him. Terrell leans out of the window, looks up.

KATO - SLO-MO

About to lose his grip... and then with his remaining strength he kicks his legs up like a gymnast, gets one ankle over the edge of the cliff! As he does, the violent gesture makes something flip out of his pocket. It's

A HOTEL KEY

we follow it as it falls and falls and falls -

-right into TERRELL'S OUTSTRETCHED HAND.

Terrell

has just enough time to look at it when he hears SIRENS. He looks ahead down the road... SEES POLICE CARS racing toward him.

CONTINUED -

He hits the gas and escapes.

UP ABOVE

Kato's been running and fighting for twenty minutes. He's battered, bruised, and and on the verge of falling. He's one hand hold away from safety - he lunges for a grip - and MISSES.

CLOSER

At the last second an HAND grabs his wrist - Sarah's hand. We WIDEN as she leans back to haul him up. Wykoff appears a second later and helps.

Uniformed COPS appear behind them, fan out and search the area.

SARAH

You all right?

KATO

Yeah.

(turning to Wykoff)

What's the damage to the Unit?

WYKOFF

The Unit's fine, thanks to you.
Gomez is wounded, but it's just a
scratch...

SARAH

How the hell did this happen?

KATO

Somebody talked, that's how it
happened.

SARAH

Somebody with a badge is picking
up drug money.

KATO

It wasn't drugs. That box they
delivered- It was... alive.

SARAH

Alive?

WYKOFF

We'll sort this out with our
Federal Friends. I'm gonna tear
them a new asshole.

KATO

You'll have to wait in line.

SARAH

Uh, partner, I think it'll have to
wait... Remember?

She steps closer, lowers her already husky voice.

SARAH

(continuing)

Little soiree we're both attending?

(on his look)

Do wedding bells ring a bell?

Kato laughs, puts his arm around her.

KATO

I gotta stop working the night shift.

CUT TO:

IN AN ALLEY - ON THAT MYSTERIOUS BOX--DAY

swaying as Terrell walks with it. TILT UP. Terrell calms himself as he walks, slowly controls his breathing. He wipes blood from the corner of his mouth, goes to a prearranged spot. SOUND from nearby. He has his pistol out before he realizes that it's ACER. Both he and his clothes are beat up from their earlier collision with the asphalt.

ACER

You made it, too.

TERRELL

I always make it. Where's Einstein?

Acer tilts his head, points with his chin -

NEW ANGLE

A car pulls up alongside them. They get in. The driver burns rubber.

IN THE CAR - MOVING

the driver, PRING, has various religious medallions hanging from his rear view mirror.

PRING

So where're the others?

(off their looks)

Shit. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

VOICE

My property, gentlemen. Now.

CAMERA RAKES as Terrell turns, hands the box to the MAN in the back seat, the man Wykoff called Lucien Raynor. But forget the name Wykoff used; this man has too many passports for it to matter. We'll call him BYRON.

He look s like your basic mad scientist - eccentric clothes, Tim Burton hairdo, out of style glasses. He strokes the box, coos to it.

BYRON

There you are, my precious. Miss me? Daddy's going to take good, good care of you. And you're going to take good care of daddy, aren't you -

(suddenly)

She's bleeding. She's bleeding!

TERRELL

We got our ass kicked, Byron. We all got a few knocks!

ACER

(sotto)

Some of us got knocked into the fucking hereafter.

PRING

Lo, I show you a good thing. Receive it.

BYRON

(to the box)

There, there, you'll be just fine, Daddy will make it all better.

(in the same tone)

Another such victory and we are undone. I'm not happy, Terrell. What will make it all better?

TERRELL

Getting even.

As Byron smiles, he holds up the KEY he caught earlier. It's a HOTEL KEY.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAY AREA HOTEL - DAY

CAMERA HOLDS on the elegant SIGN identifying the hotel. PAN to reveal the park-like GROUNDS and the OUTDOOR CEREMONY.

We're in a dramatic, outdoor setting that nonetheless affords a glimpse in the distance of San Francisco. We're TIGHT on a CATHOLIC PRIEST.

PRIEST

And do you, John Kato, take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife, to have and hold, from this day forward, as long as you both shall live?

KATO

I do.

CAMERA continues pulling back revealing the bride, ANNE.

PRIEST

And do you, Anne Lotus Lee, take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband, to have and hold...

As she says her part, the CAMERA finds Sarah. She is not the bride. She is in one of the front rows of folding chairs. She's smiling, but there's something behind the teeth that she's fighting to keep inside.

RESUME PRIEST

PRIEST

Then by the power vested in me by the State of California, I now declare you man and wife. You may now -

Kato is already ahead of him. As he kisses Anne a CHEER goes up.

CUT TO:

WEDDING PARTY - LATER

People are dancing to a small orchestra.

A ROWDY TABLE

Where Sarah kibitzes with Wykoff, Rossi and Gomez. Gomez has one arm in a sling that matches his tie and cummerbund.

WYKOFF

I'd like to propose a toast. Not to the bride and groom, they had enough. This one's to the best man.

ROSSI

Thank you.

GOMEZ

(to Rossi)

Hey, I'm the best man.

ROSSI

Your wife says different. Rowdy
laughter

SARAH

(to Rossi)

Then she hasn't seen you with the
lights on.

(as everyone laughs)

Let's drink to the new couple.

WIDER ANGLE

Revealing the bridal party's table. We see that Anne's
mother is a beautiful, very proper (and very wealthy) doyenne
of San Francisco's Chinese community. There's even a
MONSIGNOR at the table.

SARAH

(continued, standing)

Kato. Anne. We wish you
happiness. Love. Family. Anne,
he's yours to have and hold
forever. But when he sits in my
patrol car his ass is still mine.

She tosses back the drink to a huge LAUGH.

CLOSE ON THE BRIDAL TABLE

As Kato and Anne laugh, Anne's mother squirms. The Monsignor
turns to her.

MONSIGNOR

(quietly)

His friends are... a lively bunch.
What do they do?

ANNE'S MOTHER

They... do legal work. Special
cases. International law.

MONSIGNOR
(impressed)
Really?

ANNE
(hearing this,
leaning over)
They're policemen, Monsignor. A
special anti-smuggling team. But
Mother thinks it sounds more
impressive her way.

ANNE'S MOTHER
Anne, please, not here -

ANNE
He's a policeman, mother. And I'm
a policeman's wife.

She rises with Kato, moves with him toward his friends.

FAVORING KATO

KATO
(raising a glass)
My turn, you idiots. Before we
fly off to Singapore for five
fabulous days and nights...
(CATCALLS and
WHISTLES)
...I have to say I'm impressed by
your behavior. Rossi, you only
molested three of the bridesmaids.
Remarkable restraint. Gomez, the
sports book was under control, you
only took my in-laws for what,
four, five hundred dollars?
Captain Wykoff, you're still
sober -

HEAD TABLE

Where Anne's family reacts uncomfortably to all these high
jinks.

.. RESUME SCENE

KATO

-and Sarah -

(pause)

Most people only get one partner in life. I'm lucky to have two. Kato pulls Anne close. Suddenly with a ROAR, a HELICOPTER rises into view from behind the hill. Everyone turns. The BACKWASH from the chopper disturbs their formal clothing.

KATO

Puzzled, he PEERS into the craft -

IN THE CHOPPER - HIS P.O.V.

Beside the PILOT is Byron. And, behind him, using the seatback for a sniper's rest, is Terrell. He is already AIMING an ASSAULT RIFLE.

BACK TO SCENE

Instinct takes over. Kato turns, shouts

KATO

GET DOWN --

SEQUENCE - SLO - MO

And no, we're not doing the cliché ballet of death here, because we're not in slo-mo for the bullets that we know are going to come, but to observe the PEOPLE in the instant before the shots ring out.

KATO has, from instinct, addressed his warning to his partner,

SARAH, who turns herself to signal the other officers, and then her eyes lock for a second on Kato's before she is drawing her pistol and knocking the nearest GUESTS to the ground -

KATO turns, looks at

ANNE, who is standing like most looking at the noisy intruder hanging in mid-air while

WYKOFF

is diving, diving down to hug the earth behind the BAR set up on the knoll -

ALL THE COPS

take down all the civilians they can gather in their arms and then the ROAR and WIND of the helicopter's BLADES merge with the SOUND of KATO'S heart as he RUNS toward the lens and seems to, by his own will, break out of slo-mo and into

REAL TIME - RESUME

The bullets from the aircraft rip into the ritual below. Bones and glass shatter equally. White tablecloths drench in the red of blood and wine. Gomez, a step ahead of the bullets, throws himself on a child. Rossi charges the lens, FIRING. He's cut down like wheat.

IN THE HELICOPTER

Terrell pans the gun barrel, professional, clinical, focused on the skill of weapon work. Byron looks out the window, a lopsided grin on his face, enjoying the result.

KATO

continues running forward, pausing as he sees a bawling CHILD crawl out from under Gomez' body... then racing bullets, literally, as they dog his heels, come perilously alongside and then pass him.

KATO

continues running forward, pausing as he sees a bawling CHILD crawl out from under Gomez' body... then racing bullets, literally, as they dog his heels, come perilously along side and then pass him!

KATO

Aaanne---!

The bullets reach Anne a second after the CAMERA does. Kato is there in time to catch her before she hits the ground.

DOWN ANGLE

She's as loose as a baby. BLOOD wells with her pulse on the breast of her wedding gown.

ANNE

(with odd grace)

Kato... I knew you'd come...

She jerks spasmodically.

ANNE

(continuing; quickly)

Our... father...who... She's dead.

Kato's so stunned she slips from his hands to the ground, her gold chain running through his hands until the cross is gone to join her.

KATO

Nooooooooooo!

He screams to the heavens and as he does he sees his own devil.

THE HELICOPTER

is still there.

KATO

whirls, runs toward the helicopter. He's so crazed he seems to think he can climb the sky. And son of a bitch if he doesn't! He runs through the ruined party, leaps onto a table, then to another, then vaults to the bar, runs across the top, LEAPS to the top of an outdoor heater and before that teeters under his weight he has grabbed the shaft of a flagpole, and swung into a tree!

IN THE HELICOPTER

They're all stunned.

TERRELL

Jesus Christ--!

THEIR POV

As Kato swings from the tree, CRASHING into the copter's door! He yanks the hot gun barrel, pulls Terrell forward so hard his head CRACKS the glass!

WIDER

The sudden addition of weight makes the craft tilt. Kato drops down to the skids, catches hold just in time. Immediately starts back up.

IN THE HELICOPTER

Terrell is still dazed. Terrified, Byron sees Kato creeping toward him. He looks around, sees Terrell's pistol in his waistband.

Kato gets one foot on the skid.

Byron draws the pistol, points it. Nothing happens. And suddenly the two men are in a competition of death as Byron tries to figure out hammer, slide and safety while Kato climbs ever higher to kill him.

Kato reaches for him. Byron squeals in terror...closes his eyes and with all his fear SQUEEZES the trigger with both hands.

It goes off. BLOOD splatters what's left of the cockpit window.

WIDE

Kato's body tumbles downward from the hovering aircraft. He crashes through fifteen feet of evergreens and crumbles at the trunk. The helicopter leaps into the sky, fleeing. Sarah is the first one to reach the body, Wykoff a few steps behind her. In the background, Anne's mother SINGS to her child's body. Sarah takes Kato's bleeding head into her lap and SCREAMS.

SMASH CUT TO:

A HELICOPTER'S BLADES - NIGHT

We HOLD for a moment, then WIDEN. This isn't the unmarked craft from before. It's a white MEDIVAC 'chopper and it DESCENDS toward the lens.

MEDIVAC HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

As it descends to the roof of a HOSPITAL. Immediately, the crew brings out the patient: Kato, on portable life support. He's rushed to the roof elevator.

- THE SCENE - DIFFERENT ANGLE

PULLBACK and we SEE that we're looking at the helipad from a WINDOW elsewhere in the hospital. Three PATIENTS are watching: JULIUS, a soft featured wistful type who could be any age from 20 to 40; OSWALD, mid-40's, fidgety; and Fetterman, in his 60's, with a no-nonsense military bearing.

FETTERMAN

Sloppy landing, sloppy landing. I landed MacArthur much better at Inchon. I hope he's doing okay. If the Red Chinese come into the war, we're screwed.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

TILT UP from Kato, almost unrecognizable due to bandages and tubing. His head has just been shaved and is painted with Betadyne. The surgeon in charge is DR. BATISH. She's 50, with the energy and lithe movements of a woman half her age.

DR. BATISH

Patient is a 29 year old Asian male, a police officer in exceptional physical condition. We have a close range firearm entry wound above the right occipital put with an entry track through the frontal lobe ending on the border of the parietal...

INTERN

Let's hope it's on the border. If it's in the lobe we don't dare take the bullet out.

DR. BATISH

(dryly)

Thank you, Roger, I appreciate the first year anatomy lesson.

Batish takes the cranial saw from a nurse.

DR. BATISH

(continuing)

Okay, let's do it...

-- She hits the trigger twice, making a chain-saw like ROAR that echoes around the room.

NEW ANGLE

Batish saws through the top of Kato's skull. BLOOD mists the air.

MEDICAL TRAY

The top of the skull is placed in a dish.

UP ANGLE - THE DOCTORS

They gather around the open cranium. Look inside. Batish probes carefully.

BATISH

Damn.

INTERN

What do we do?

BATISH

We close, that's what we do.
That's all we can do.

Batish moves away, depressed. She doesn't like losing... patients -or challenges. They look at her drawn face, obey. She goes out of the operating room.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR

Wykoff and Sarah rush her. Their wrinkled clothing and Wykoff's heavy beard shows us they've been there for hours.

WYKOFF

How is he?

BATISH

I don't have enough energy left to be diplomatic: In twenty years I've never seen anyone with brain damage this extensive who lived for ten minutes, let alone ten hours.

SARAH

What... what are you saying?
Is... is he going to die?

BATISH

If he's lucky.

(walking away,
depressed)

But I'm afraid he's going to live.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - SUN ROOM - DAY

We PAN the area. A RADIO is playing - a NEWS PROGRAM that lets us know it's now, today. And sitting in a wheelchair in the path of one lonely sunbeam is Kato.

His appearance is startling. The bullet and the operation have scarred him bizarrely, but there's a perverse, savage beauty to the damage... his face might almost be considered arresting or mysterious, like the Phantom of the Opera's...

if only the expression weren't so... so blank.

Kato doesn't move, doesn't blink. Some drool gathers in the corner of his mouth. Drips down onto his hospital pajamas. Nobody notices. Nobody cares.

WALDO, an Orderly, comes over, pushes the wheelchair.

WALDO

Come on, Kato. Time for Group.

Yeah, I can tell you're excited.

How'd you like that Raiders game?

No shit, I lost a bundle, too.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - GROUP ROOM - DAY

Batish comes in, hospital INTERNS trailing her. Her hairstyle and glasses have changed, but not her energy level or efficiency. She sits down in a circle of chairs.

BATISH

Hello. Welcome to the Processing Group. For those of you here for the first time, I'd like to review what we do here.

(more)

BATISH (cont'd)

This group provides social and psychological therapy for people who due to trauma or disease have lost their ability to process certain mental information. This rarely affects intelligence, but manifests itself in other ways. Sometimes with delusions or paranoia... sometimes in an inability to grasp the passage of time. And sometimes in an inability to retain information and memory.

(to the group)

Would someone like to start?

JULIUS

I would, Dr. Batish. I just want to say how happy I am to be joining the group. I've heard a lot about it, and I just know it's going to help me with my memory problems.

Long pause. Everyone looks at him, not very impressed by his sincerity.

BATISH

(gently)

Uh, Julius...? You've been in the group for three years.

JULIUS

I have?

BATISH

Yes. Look in your pocket.

CLOSER

He reaches into his breast pocket, is startled to find something there: A photograph.

JULIUS

Where did this come from?

BATISH

We took it... last Christmas? To
help you remember all our names...?

He looks at it. It shows a Christmas party in this same
room. Julius is posing under the tree with some of the other
patients.

The NAMES of everyone have been pasted under their faces - a
memory aid that obviously ain't working.

JULIUS

I don't remember it. Are you sure?

OSWALD

Don't trust her. It's a fake,
just like the moon landing.

ANOTHER PATIENT

(jumping up, to
Oswald)

The moon landing was not a fake!
I know because I was there!

JULIUS

(startled)

Wait a minute, somebody landed on
the moon..?

BATISH

Please, let's not get sidetracked-

FETTERMAN

How can you all sit here shooting
the shit when the whole country is
facing a crisis? President
Eisenhower is in critical
condition!

BATISH

Uh, Fetterman, Eisenhower is dead.

FETTERMAN

Oh, Jesus Christ, then Nixon's
President!

Batish tries to force a smile and carry on. But she glances
up and SEES

.. SARAH - THROUGH GLASS PARTITION

coming down the corridor. She waves at Batish familiarly.

BACK TO SCENE

BATISH

Excuse me. I'll be back in a minute.

JULIUS

Such a polite woman.

(pause)

Who is she?

OSWALD

Shhhh, nobody talk. The room's bugged.

IN THE CORRIDOR

BATISH

Hello, Sarah. How's the new partner?

SARAH

Still going through puberty. Anything to report?

She looks through the glass at the group. By now Oswald is looking for hidden microphones under the seats.

But Sarah is looking only at Kato.

BATISH

No. Not today.

SARAH

And tomorrow?

BATISH

Have I ever lied to you?

SARAH

Not in two years. And I still keep coming back. Next week. Batish squeezes her hand.

BATISH

Next week.

CUT TO:

JULIUS - CLOSE

He has just "discovered" the photograph in his pocket again. As he puzzles over it we WIDEN to SEE the group breaking up.

BATISH

(in mid-speech)

-- thank you all for joining us.
It's been stimulating, as always.
Until next time.

She gets up, leaves. She pauses beside Kato, touches his wrist. Then she walks over to Waldo, speaks quietly. He nods.

ANGLE ON WALDO

He comes over, starts to wheel Kato down the hall. We HOLD on them as they leave, and then CAMERA discovers CLARENCE SHERMAN, PhD. His eyes narrow, boring in on Kato. Clarence looks around, spots Batish. We STAY with him as he catches up to her.

CLARENCE

(waving a file)

Dr. Batish, I'd like to talk to you about that patient of yours... John Kato. Why is he in your Processing Group? That's for high functioning mental patients of "normal" intelligence. Kato is a complete catatonic!

Batish breaks her quick stride, turns to face Clarence.

BATISH

Listen, Clarence, we both know your doctorate is in Hotel Management, so don't start diagnosing my patients. And for your information, Kato is not catatonic.

She walks away. Indignant, he catches up again.

CLARENCE

Not Catatonic?

He opens the file, reads as they walk.

CLARENCE

(continuing)

"... Severe damage to the parietal lobe, complete destruction of the perceptive fibers. As a result, patient cannot feel pain, heat, cold or any physical sensations..." If that's not catatonic, I'm a moron.

BATISH

You're a moron. Yes, that is an accurate description of the physical damage to his brain. But everything else - memory, speech, locomotion - those things are all intact. That's why he's in the group. So he can start making human connections again.

She's reached her goal, the vending machines. She opens her purse.

CLARENCE

Well, doctor, if he's capable of walking, talking and thinking, then why is he doing an imitation of a Caesar Salad at the taxpayer's expense?

Batish stops, trapped. She turns, sighs.

BATISH

(finally)

I... don't know. I've tried everything. The only possibility is that at the time of physical injury there was tremendous psychological trauma as well. Kato's wife was murdered, right in his arms. It may be that the undamaged portion of his mind just shut down to protect itself from that memory.

She takes out change, goes to the candy machine.

CLARENCE

Then how do you cure that?

BATISH

You keep him in physical therapy
so his muscles don't atrophy, and
you wait and hope that the world
will somehow push the button...
Damn!

She's said this because the machine has eaten her quarter.

CLARENCE

The button?

She wiggles the knob, then the little change door.

BATISH

Yeah. The button. It might be a
piece of music, the smell of a
familiar kitchen... the voice of
a friend... or the face of an
enemy. Anything that punches hard
enough on the pain that locked up
his brain. Struck the second time,
sometimes the motor of the mind
starts up again.

CLARENCE

(scornful)

That's your theory?

BATISH

Yes.

She KICKS the vending machine. Gets her candy bar.

BATISH

(continuing; exiting)

Sometimes it works.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Sarah comes out. A CAR cruises slowly alongside her. A big
good looking young galoot named Tony is driving. He's not as
good looking as he thinks he is.

TONY

Hey, doll. Want to take a
moustache ride?

SARAH

(weary)

Don't you have to start shaving
first?

We TIGHTEN as she gets in. The accouterments in the car -and
the CRACKLE of a police radio - make us realize it's an
unmarked police car.

SARAH

(continuing)

We on a call?

TONY

Nah, our luck. Back to the
division for paperwork. How's
your friend?

SARAH

Better.

TONY

Bullshit. Guys at the station,
they talk. Elvis'll wake up
before he does.

SARAH

I don't want your opinion any more
than your come-ons, okay?

(unconvincingly)

There's always hope. Like Scarlet
said... "Tomorrow's another day."

(pause; depressed)

Fiddle-de-fucking-dee.

They drive away. CAMERA PANS across the street. Two
MEN -ACER and STOKES - are in a parked car. Custis
PHOTOGRAPHS the cops with a digital camera.

CUT TO:

INT. BIODYNE PHARMACEUTICALS - DAY

WIDEN from a flush-mounted desk MONITOR. The DIGITAL PHOTOS
we saw taken earlier are being DOWNLOADED. Custis and Stokes
are seated here, giving their report to a MAN who sits, back
to the CAMERA, looking at the city below.

CUSTIS

She came today, same as every week.

CAMERA CIRCLES the room as Custis speaks. Some other MEN stand around the desk.

We realize with a start that we recognize a few of these people: Pring. Acer. And - Terrell. But all have changed. Not like the slight changes of hairstyles and wardrobe on Sarah and Batish; here, the changes are deliberate. Exaggerated.

It's as if these people wanted to change as much as possible... but only on the outside.

TERRELL

And the doctors? Does she talk to them? About medicine? Research?
(with meaning)
Pharmaceuticals?

CUSTIS

No. And we checked.

STOKES

Yeah. I went in last week, did my vending machine repairman, schmoozed with the nurses. Pay attention to the ugly ones, they talk up a storm. This gash is definitely not working on a case. All she does is visit this patient...

As Stokes fumbles through some notes, Custis comes to his rescue, tweaking the equipment.

CUSTIS

John Kato. Used to be her partner. Former SFPD Police Detective, retired two years ago, full mental disability pension. No immediate family. Only visitor is the surveillance suspect.

The last figure the CAMERA finds is leaning back in a luxurious chair in the shadows. But now it leans forward into the light. It's Byron. Clean shaven now, hair marcelled back, body Armani-ized. Only the driven eyes are the same.

He looks up at Terrell.

BYRON

So she's not interested in me. I thought I made more of an impression.

TERRELL

How could you? "Conrad Byron" didn't exist until two years ago.

He taps Sarah's image on the video screen.

TERRELL

(continuing)

And she can stop existing whenever you say.

Pring and Acer look up expectantly, sensing action. But Byron rocks in his chair, pensive.

BYRON

No. She's been chasing smoke for two years, looking for a man who doesn't exist anymore. Killing her would bring an investigation. We don't need to attract attention, not with a high profile drug ready to hit the market.

STOKES

That everything?

BYRON

Not quite. We're going over our pharmacy inventory and there seem to be some discrepancies: Ether. Dimethylamine. Oxalychloide...

STOKES

(casual)

....why would I know anything about that?

TERRELL

Because they're key ingredients for making crack cocaine in a street laboratory. Like the one you set up on...

(checking a note)

...South Vincent.

He looks coolly at Stokes, who has the sense to fold his hand.

STOKES

Okay. Okay. You got me, Mr. Byron. I thought maybe I could do a little thing of my own, but-- you're right, don't even say it, how could it be my own taste when I didn't even pop for the materials. One thing you gotta know is I never touched the stuff myself, I don't smoke, drink, nothing. You can have everything back. The chemicals that are left... the money I made...

BYRON

We have enough of both, thank you. And now...thanks to you, we have exposure. I don't like exposure, Stokes. We're on the verge of a big government contract. We can't risk our reputation for pennies.

STOKES

Your reputation? You're pushing drugs for the government... I'm pushing them on the street, what's the fucking difference?

BYRON

That's a profound philosophical question, Stokes. Perhaps you'll help us answer it in the years to come.

STOKES

(seizing the life
jacket)

Y-you mean you're gonna let me go..?

BYRON

I mean we're always short of donor organs for our tissue banks. Especially young healthy donors who never smoke or drink.

Stokes jumps up, too late. Already Terrell has drawn and aimed a silencer equipped .40 caliber. THUP THUP.

Stokes, shot in mid-wanna-escape leap, arcs almost gracefully onto the floor, then slides across the polished marble.

INTERCOM VOICE

Mr. Byron, Dr. Fields called. She wants to see you in the lab right away.

BYRON

Tell her I'm on my way, Janice. Oh, and Janice... have Quinn and Baker come in here. I want my office swept again for bugs.

He stands, closes the computer file on Sarah. It WINKS OUT.

BYRON

(continuing)

Have Mr. Stokes...dismantled, Mr. Terrell. Try not to damage too much of the merchandise. We get good prices for all the parts.

RECEPTION AREA

Janice nods to two big men, QUINN and BAKER. They nod knowingly, go into the office as Byron comes out.

BYRON

(aside)

Make sure you sweep under the rug.

CAMERA follows Byron as he crosses the Penthouse floor. He passes ranks of the impressive hi-tech medical machines his company supplies. As he is about to hit the elevator button, the elevator opens and DR. ANNABELLE FIELDS storms out, a large piece of CARDBOARD under her arm. Around 40, looking a decade younger because she gets up at six to pound a punching bag so she can deal with all the assholes in her life. Right now, her chief asshole is Byron.

BYRON

(continuing)

Dr. Fields, I was just on my way down to see y--

FIELDS

What the hell is going on?

She flips over the cardboard. A mock up of an advertisement, it shows happy, vacant-eyed workers on some public infrastructure project. The multi-racial cast and the color coordinated hard hats have the slick appeal of a soft drink ad. Only the name -CIVICALM - and the illustration of a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE in a corner inset tells us this is an ad for a drug and not gum or cigarettes.

FIELDS

(continuing)

How can you plan a campaign for a drug I haven't even finished beta testing - ?

BYRON

Doctor, there's nothing wrong with contingency planning. If we wait until all our ducks are in a row before we plan, we -

She puts her hand firmly on his back, steers him into the elevator.

FIELDS

- could end up with some very dead ducks. Hit "twelve".

Byron hesitates, not used to being addressed in this manner. But he complies. The doors SHUT.

CUT TO:

AN ELEVATOR - LAB FLOOR - DAY

The elevator opens. Fields and Byron exit, walk through a room full of LABORATORY ANIMALS in cages. There's everything from rats to rabbits to dogs and chimps. They approach a pneumatic door. Fields hits the control and it whooshes open.

OTHER SIDE

They walk into NOISE and STATIC.

REVERSE ANGLE

Fields' ASSISTANTS are using a powerful MMR CATSCAN.

FIELDS

Jesus, Raoul, don't use that without the warning light - !

Already Fields' PENS are rattling in her pockets Byron's TIE TACK jerks away from his chest and -

CLOSE

CLANGS onto the side of the MMR.

WIDER

As the assistants shut down the machine. The tie tack falls to the floor. The mortified assistant scramble to get it.

ASSISTANT

I - I'm sorry Mr. Byron -

BYRON

(even)

No harm done.

FIELDS

(to the assistants)

Get lost. Now!

They quickly exit through the pneumatic door. Fields moves further along to a computer workspace.

FIELDS

(continuing)

Sorry about that, Ace. Take a chair.

BYRON

I don't like your tone of voice.
I'm the head of this company.

FIELDS

Okay, take two chairs.

She hits buttons on her keyboard. A VIDEO WINDOW appears on the computer screen. Footage of a WHITE RAT in a CAGE.

FIELDS

(continuing)

You see this? Civicalm. Normal dose for a healthy adult rat. She hits the button. Another cage, another rat. Then another.

FIELDS

(continuing)

Normal dose for an adult...

normal dose for an adult...

BYRON

Seems fine.

FIELDS

Try this.

She hits another key. Now we see one mouse after another.
Staggering. Twitching... dying.

FIELDS

(continuing)

Normal dose for an adult. Normal
dose for an adult. Ditto, yadda
and yadda.

BYRON

Obviously the dosage was wrong.

FIELDS

No, it wasn't.

She stands.

FIELDS

(continuing)

There's just a variation in the
weight of adult rats of 20 to 30
grams. Not very much... but just
enough to make the "normal" dose
for one rat a fatal dose for
another.

BYRON

I don't see your concern. There's
no problem with Civicalm. Just
with the subjects.

FIELDS

No problem? If you extrapolate a
20 gram variation to humans,
you're talking about four pounds.
People gain and lose four pounds
in a week! And people weigh from
90 pounds to 250 pounds, there's
no way we can standardize the
dosage!

BYRON

Relax, Doctor. It's under control. Toleration variation is routine in this industry -

FIELDS

Yeah, but people ain't gonna tolerate this variation, they're gonna drop fucking dead. That's taking sedation a little too far.

Byron stands, uses his Board of Directors meeting voice.

BYRON

Doctor Fields. The United States Government has contracted us to develop a reliable low cost sedative without the psychological side effects of previous hypnotics. My research says we have done this.

FIELDS

Your research might as well be printed on toilet paper, 'cause that's all it's good for.

She hits the computer A graph comes up, then a DNA "footprint", other information.

FIELDS

(continuing)

Look at these variations. All over the map. And this serum you incubated Civicalm in... where the hell did it come from?

(peering closer to)

screen)

Where is this "original animal subject thriving after five years?"

BYRON

The subject is... thriving.

FIELDS

The subject ain't human, that's for sure, not with this serum footprint. This isn't simian, either... looks canine except for these mutated genes...

BYRON

(sharply)

I'm not here to play 20 questions,
not on my salary. Nor on yours.

FIELDS

You expect me to meet the FDA
people on Thursday?

BYRON

That's what I'm paying you for.
And between now and then I expect
you to run all of these tests
again. And again.

FIELDS

All right. But it won't change
one fucking thing about this
fucking drug.

BYRON

You're predicting the results of
the tests before you run them the
second time. Hardly scientific
method.

He moves to the door, turns.

BYRON

(continuing)

I expect more professionalism on
Thursday.

FIELDS

I'll try not to say "fucking" in
front of the FDA.

He looks at her sharply, goes out.

INT. ANIMAL LAB - DAY

Terrell and Acer are waiting near some of the cages. Byron
joins them.

TERRELL

She's going to crack, isn't she?
(on Byron's look)
Let me take care of her.

BYRON

Not yet. Billions are at stake with this government deal. I need Fields to sign off on the research or we'll lose the contract. After that... if she's a loose cannon... she's a loose cannon that goes overboard.

He gets in the elevator, leaves. Terrell 1 finishes up his cigarette, notices the CHIMP in the nearby cage. With a grin, he flicks the butt into the cage. The chimp eagerly picks it up... then HOWLS in pain when he burns his fingers.

TERRELL

Stupid fuck. You never learn.

A BEAUTIFUL SUNSET

CAMERA ADJUSTS. We're in the sunroom. Kato sits by the window, head lolling, eyes vacant. Collar wet from his own drool.

A JANITOR mops the area. Moves a table lamp, a potted plant, and then Kato.

None of them seem to mind.

NEW ANGLE

As the janitor moves away, Batish appears, drained after a long day. She notices Kato, turns toward Waldo, who's moving a BODY down the corridor.

BATISH

Waldo, can you get Kato back to the ward?

WALDO

(indicating his gurney)

Right away, Doc, gotta hit the freezer first.

He goes into the elevator. CAMERA HOLDS on this corridor. The janitor has mopped his way down to a fire door. It OPENS behind him. We HEAR his muffled voice:

JANITOR

You ain't supposed to use this door. Go around to -

That's all he says before he is battered and kicked into silence by three JUNKIES. They move as quietly as they can down the corridor. The LEADER sneaks a glance around the corner.

HIS POV

CAMERA PANS the empty corridors.... then moves to - the PHARMACY, closed at this hour.

BACK TO SCENE

LEADER

Fucking candy store, man. Take what we need, sell the leftovers.

2ND JUNKIE

What leftovers?

Laughter, ending in a hacking cough. They're all sliding into withdrawal. They cross quickly toward the pharmacy. As they move, one of them draws out short.

3RD JUNKIE

Fuck, we're busted!

CAMERA adjusts. He's pointing to Kato. They freeze... until the leader looks at Kato more carefully. He grins.

LEADER

Busted?

He steps closer - flicks his CIGARETTE into Kato's face. No reaction... even as the butt falls to Kato's breast and burns out, scorching his pajamas.

LEADER

(continuing)

He's a fucking carrot, dipshit. Now open sesame.

The 3rd junkie takes out lockpicks. With shaky hands he starts to work on the door.

LEADER

(continuing)

Come on, come on, you said you're a pro -

3RD JUNKIE

I - I got the shakes, Eddie -

BATISH'S VOICE

What are you doing?

NEW ANGLE

Batish has returned. Even as she asks the question she realizes the answer. She spins, darts toward a phone. It's halfway to her ear before the Junkie Leader has charged forward, yanked its wire out and pressed her against the wall.

JUNKIE LEADER

You got a key, mama?

BATISH

Get out of here. Now. Before it's too late.

JUNKIE LEADER

It's already too late, bitch.

He grabs her roughly, drags her to the pharmacy door.

JUNKIE LEADER

(continuing)

Open it.

BATISH

I don't have the key.

He slaps her.

BATISH

(continuing)

I said I -

He slaps her again.

BATISH

(continuing)

- don't have the key.

He looks at her, as pissed that she isn't afraid as he is that she isn't cooperating. Suddenly he grabs the shoulders of her lab coat and pulls them down, pinioning her arms. He quickly pats her down.

LEADER

No key, huh? No key?

(realizing it's true)

No fucking key - !

2ND JUNKIE

Jesus, Eddie, we gotta get something-

LEADER

Yeah. We're gonna get something... right now.

He looks at Batish with a different expression. Runs his hands over her body again.

LEADER

(continuing)

You're pretty fine for an old lady, you know that?

And in an instant he knocks her to the floor. He kneels over her but even though her arms are pinned her legs aren't. She kicks him hard.

LEADER

(continuing)

Bitch! Hold her!

KATO

Still sitting, still drooling, while the SOUND of the violation continues, ten feet away.

BACK TO SCENE

The men take turns kissing her sloppily, giggling. Then it gets serious. The leader starts to rip open Batish's clothes. She fights him furiously, punching, biting, kicking. It's all the others can do to hold her down.

KATO

No change... unless a longer trickle of saliva counts...

BACK TO SCENE

The Leader takes out a knife. Slits Batish's bra open.

HOSPITAL WINDOWSILL - SAME TIME

The crow lands here. It peers intently into the room. CAMERA TIGHTENS on it.

KATO

Is it our imagination, or was there a flicker of a reaction in his eyes?

CROW - AT THE WINDOW

It CAWS, flutters away.

BACK TO SCENE - LOW ANGLE

The Leader UNZIPS HIS FLY, spreads Batish's legs. Suddenly the 2ND JUNKIE looks up - as TWO WHITE CLAD LEGS appear in the foreground. The 3rd Junkie notices them first. We follow him upwards as he stands.

3RD JUNKIE
Hey. It's the carrot.

NEW ANGLE

They all turn. Kato is standing there on unsteady feet, face still a blank cipher. Behind him, the wheelchair finishes a graceful TURN from the momentum of Kato's rising.

LEADER
Get rid of him.

The 3rd Junkie snaps out a switchblade. Swings in. Suddenly Kato's arm is up to block the blow. The 3rd Junkie blinks.

HIS POV

The knife is in Kato's arm. TILT UP. Expressionless, showing no pain, Kato looks at the knife. How did that get there? We almost hear long dormant mental gears turning. Knife. Perpetrator. Victim.

BACK TO SCENE

The 3rd Junkie starts to giggle.

3RD JUNKIE
And we thought we was stoned -

WHAM. A FIST ends his sentence.

ON THE FLOOR

The other two junkies REACT as their friend SLAMS down beside them, nose shattered, eyes blank.

TEETH and BLOOD leak from his torn mouth.

BACK TO SCENE

The two remaining junkies leap to their feet. The 2nd junkie charges - we HEAR the CRACK as Kato breaks his ARM, then his KNEE. Kato spins, KICKS -

THE SECOND JUNKIE

SLAMS into a water cooler, which erupts around him, the water turning RED -

THE REMAINING JUNKIE

PUNCHES Kato in the face brutally, twice.

There is absolutely no reaction. It's like hitting a wall. The Junkie has the presence of mind to block Kato's return punch -and then he HOWLS as Kato REACHES DOWN -

NEW ANGLE

As Kato grabs the guy by his... by his... well, by something we remember is exposed and convenient. And - and even though we can't see it clearly, the hysterical SCREAM from the junkie gets the idea across as Kato whirls, SPINNING HIM AROUND UNTIL HIS FEET ARE OFF THE GROUND. Then Kato LETS HIM GO.

THE LAST JUNKIE

Gets his wish: He gets into the Pharmacy. There's a sickening CRASH as he goes halfway through the wired glass and dangles there, four feet above the ground.

NEW ANGLE

He MOANS and passes out, bleeding from a dozen cuts.

BACK TO SCENE

The sounds of combat and the now RINGING ALARMS bring security guards and Waldo running.

SECURITY GUARD

(RE: the scene)

Holy shit -

WALDO

Dr. Batish!

He helps her to her feet. She pulls her labcoat closed.
- Already she has the presence of mind to take Waldo's ID card from his lapel and use its clip to secure her own modesty.

WALDO
(continuing)
Are you okay?

BATISH
I'm fine, I'm fine - in fact...

She moves over to Kato, who now slumps to his knees, drained. She peers into his face, takes out her little flashlight to look in his eyes. As she hoped, he reacts.

BATISH
(continuing; smiling)
- I couldn't be better.

SECURITY GUARD
Hey!

All turn. FOCUS CHANGE. He's by the Pharmacy.

SECURITY GUARD
(continuing)
Where's this guy's dick?

As Batish looks down at Kato's hand, suspicious, we

CUT TO:

EXT. BIODYNE BUILDING - TO ESTABLISH - DAY

INT. FIELDS' LAB - DAY

Fields paces in her office, trying to eat a yogurt, fuming and muttering.

FIELDS
Goddamn Byron... who does he think he is, Lord Byron? "Don't worry, it's under control..." Under control, my ass. Under indictment is more like it. What does he think FDA is, a rap group? He's so paranoid I'm getting paranoid.

Struck by a thought, Fields moves to her computer. Types commands.

COMPUTER VOICE
Security files require a Grade
Five access code.

FIELDS
Try Grade Seven, bitch.

COMPUTER VOICE
Welcome, Doctor Fields. What do
you wish to access?

FIELDS
Download security data scanned -
(checking watch)
- within the past 4 hours.

COMPUTER VOICE
Beginning download.

Fields looks at the screen.

FIELDS' POV

The PHOTOGRAPHS and DATA on Sarah appear on this screen.

BACK TO SCENE

FIELDS
You're making Mr. Byron nervous,
sweetheart. You're my kind of gal.

Fields swivels in her chair, hits the "print" command.

SARAH'S PICTURE

chugs out of the laser printer and we

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NEURO WARD - DAY

Another group therapy session, similar to the earlier one.
Again, Kato sits quietly in his wheelchair on the edge of the
group.

JULIUS
Hi, how are you? I am really
interested in group therapy. I
think it might help me with my
memory problem.

FETTERMAN

Jeez, this son of a bitch can't remember a thing, no wonder he's 4F. Good thing he is not in Korea with MacArthur.

BATISH

(the patience of Job)

Julius, you have been here before. Look in your pocket.

Julius takes out the photograph, reacts like he always does.

JULIUS

Hey, that's me. And these guys... I've seen them somewhere...

BATISH

(helpfully)

They're right in front of you, just like in the picture.

KATO

Except... they changed their clothing.

You could hear a pin drop. Every head in the room turns and looks at Kato.

FETTERMAN

Did... did you hear what he said? It's incredible -!

KATO

It... wasn't...that brilliant.

OSWALD

What is this shit? He's a goddamn vegetable for two years and all of a sudden he's little Mr. Chatterbox?

BATISH

Kato has had a breakthrough.

OSWALD

Breakthrough my ass. You mean new orders from the KGB, don't you, Doc?

(more)

OSWALD (cont'd)

Planting him in the group and getting him to play dumb didn't work, so now you try this? Well, it won't fool this loyal American!

BATISH

Uh... Why don't we call it a day?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION -DAY

Sarah's on the phone.

SARAH

(in mid-speech)

--look, I hate mysteries. My mother bought me Nancy Drew books. I used them for BB gun practice.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - INTERCUT - MAGIC HOUR

Fields is on the phone. She has a laptop computer in a case over her shoulder.

FIELDS

Look, you must know Conrad Byron.

SARAH

I've seen his name in the newspapers. Does that count?

FIELDS

That doesn't explain why he's got you under surveillance.

SARAH

What?

FIELDS

I don't know why, but you make him nervous. That makes me trust you. Meet me in one hour outside the Cable roundhouse. It's on top of a hill and nobody can surprise us.

SARAH

Wait, I don't even know your -

BZZZ of a disconnect.

SARAH
(continuing)
- name.
(hanging up)
Son of a bitch.

TONY
(coming over)
Calling those 900 numbers again?

SARAH
What are you doing tonight?

TONY
Covering your ass?

He pats it for emphasis. She grabs his hand in an Aikido move, pins him painfully to the table.

SARAH
Right. But don't take it literally.

NEW ANGLE

The SOUND of Tony hitting the desk makes other cops look up, amused -none more than Wykoff. CAMERA tracks Sarah and Tony as they leave - a move that also takes us behind Sarah's DESK when her phone line rings. Wykoff answers.

WYKOFF
Ninth Division, Captain Wykoff
speaking.

BATISH - IN HOSPITAL - SAME TIME - INTERCUT

BATISH
I'd like to speak to Sarah Weller,
please.

WYKOFF
She just went out on a case. Can
I give her a message?

BATISH
Just tell her that Laura called.
With good news.

WYKOFF
Good news. Got it.

-- Batish hangs up. Moves over to Kato, stands in front of his wheelchair.

KATO

Sarah. You said Sarah. I know that name.

BATISH

Yes. She's your friend. She visits you every week.

KATO

Visits me? Where did I go?
(rephrasing)
Where...am I?

BATISH

Don't you have any idea?

Kato looks around at his surroundings.

KATO

It's all... movies. Dreams. Like both, not like either. People trying to kill me...

A chilling thought races through his mind. Clumsily, he starts to run his hand over the scar on his head.

KATO

(continuing)
...people killing me.

Batish gingerly pulls his hand down.

BATISH

All memories...

KATO

(mind working)
Memories...
(stronger)
I have to talk to Sarah!

He tries to rise from the wheelchair. Batish tries to calm him.

BATISH

I told you, I left a message for her -

KATO

This can't wait! It's about the men from the boat. They're the ones who... put me here. They... killed people... they flew away... they got away... they have to be stopped...

He overpowers her, gets out of the wheelchair. Takes one step - and falls on his face. Batish rushes to his side. So does Waldo. They help him onto unsteady feet.

KATO

(continuing)

I... can't feel my legs. I can't feel.. anything.

(sotto, almost a whisper)

I can't feel anything...not anything...

BATISH

Don't worry about that. Just trust them to work for you. They worked yesterday.

He settles into the chair again, confused.

KATO

Yesterday..?

She points over to where workers are repairing the pharmacy glass. He looks there, just can't connect.

Batish sees he's searching his scattered memories for something just under the surface.

Suddenly she spins and throws a punch at him, pulling short at the last moment.

Without even blinking he catches it. She winces in pain. He releases her.

BATISH

See? Your reflexes remember even when you don't.

Kato extends his arms, looks at his hands like they're strangers... and then looks at Batish like she isn't one. He looks at Waldo, who smiles... looks back at Batish.

KATO
(hesitant)
We've...met?

BATISH
We've met.

KATO
You helped me.

BATISH
You helped me.

KATO
(pause)
Are you repeating everything I'm
saying?

BATISH
Yes.

KATO
I thought so.
(pause)
Stop it.

BATISH
(smiling)
Okay. Waldo, take Kato down to
physical therapy... some pool
work, I think. And when he's
finished, put him in a room. Not
the ward.

Waldo comes over, helps Kato back into the wheelchair.

WALDO
All right, Kato, a room. Moving
up in the world.

BATISH
(checking her
clipboard)
You can put him in with Julius.

WALDO
Doc, Julius likes being alone. He
may not take to having a roommate.

BATISH

Don't worry. He'll never remember
it long enough to complain.

CUT TO:

INT. FIELDS' OFFICE - NIGHT

CAMERA CIRCLES THE ROOM as Terrell, Acer and Pring pull out
file drawers, search through floppy files with growing dismay.

PRING

(displaying armfuls
of paper)

Shredded. Every scrap of paper in
the room.

ACER

(at the computer)

What the fuck is this?

COMPUTER SCREEN

DATA "spills" off the top line of the screen, "swirls" away
with draining noises.

COMPUTER VOICE

Computer disk scrubbed. All
sectors clean.

PRING

Cleanliness is next to Godliness...

ACER

Some kind of stupid joke... CAMERA
ADJUSTS as Terrell flings a
handful of floppy disks on the
desk, all cut in half.

TERRELL

No joke. She's bolted. Trashed
everything.

BYRON

(entering)

Except what she took.

(on their looks)

Gotta be, gentlemen. She destroyed
our evidence after she copied it.
Occam's razor. She's going to talk.

Byron turns to Terrell, expectant.

BYRON
(continuing)
Make me happy, Terrell. You
always know how to make me happy.

TERRELL
(pause; slow grin)
I put a tracer on her car. Byron
smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. ANIMAL LAB - NIGHT

WIDEN as Terrell opens a special designed CASE on a work table. Inside is a screen... a city map... with a blinking DOT.

TERRELL
Pring. Get some men. Run with
this.

Pring nods, signals DIGGS, a thin whip of menace guarding the door. Terrell finishes a cigarette, throws it in the chimp cage. Chuckles when the ape burns himself again.

TERRELL
(continuing)
Works every time.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL.- NIGHT

Batish, coat on, heads for home. Clarence intercepts her at the door.

CLARENCE
Dr. Batish, everyone's talking
about your little miracle you
pulled off with Mr. Kato.

BATISH
If it was a miracle, he did it,
not me. But it's true. He's
walking, talking -

CLARENCE

(reading from notes)

-and destroying hospital facilities to the tune of twenty six hundred dollars. And we still haven't heard from the plumbers.

BATISH

We do have insurance -

CLARENCE

- which will not cover us if we continue to keep a dangerous psychopath in a facility that's not designed for that purpose.

BATISH

He's not dangerous -

CLARENCE

Really? What about those two dead men... not to mention the one in the Urology ward singing soprano?

BATISH

They were criminals. Kato was -is - a policeman. He did what his instincts told him to do.

CLARENCE

My instincts say we should ship him to State.

BATISH

Your instincts also told you to buy Beta instead of VHS for the children's center.

Batish goes past him, into the night.

CLARENCE

(at the door, annoyed)

Damn it, Batish. If he can't feel pain, heat, cold, emotion, how human can he be? God knows what's going on in that mind of his!

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDORS - KATO'S POV - NIGHT

UP ANGLE of the ceiling going past. Seen through Kato's damaged perception, the ceiling is weirdly, wildly out of proportion and dimension: It's like the "Caligari" set, but with shadows that...

...squirm.

REVERSE DOWN ANGLE - KATO

Being pushed along by SOMEONE WE CANNOT SEE. Suddenly we turn into a doorway. Whoever is pushing the wheelchair moves away.

INT. "ISHMAEL" ROOM - KATO'S POV - NIGHT

Strange angles and lighting make the furniture seem twisted and warped... yet somehow, still warm.

Someone SITS DOWN behind the giant desk. His face is hidden but his voice - though strange and bizarre - resonates with power.

VOICE

Sorry to drag you out on a night like this, Mr. Kato.

KATO

W-who are you?

VOICE

You may call me "Ishmael".
Oh..don't worry about your vision.
You were given a mild sedative
when we brought you here.

KATO

Here? Where am I?

Kato looks around the room.

ROOM - KATO'S POV

Seen through his eyes, all the angles are off, all the furnishings out of scale. Nonetheless, the warped perception doesn't disguise the fact that the room is full of Americana... flags, busts of Lincoln, an eagle inkwell. It's twisted, yet comforting. CAMERA pans to the backlit Ishmael.

ISHMAEL

That's not important, Mr. Kato.
I've been looking at your file.
You were an outstanding police
officer.

KATO

And t-that's why you...dragged me
here in... the middle of the night?

ISHMAEL

Exactly. Our organization - like
the one you served with - is a
special strike team. but not one
with such a limited vision as anti
smuggling. We take a broader view
but with a sharper edge. We
answer directly to the Oval
Office. We have no bureaucracy.
No congressional hearings. We
have only our nerve and a handful
of trusted Agents. And we'd like
you to become one of them.

Even in his condition Kato can see the absurdity

KATO

You... can't be serious.

ISHMAEL

We're deadly serious. One of our
field agents forwarded your file
to us.

(indicating folder)

You're the perfect Agent.
Officially listed in all the
public records as a helpless
invalid.

KATO

I am helpless...

ISHMAEL

According to this police report on
my desk, three would be rapists
have a very different opinion.
And your medical records indicate
that your physical reflexes are
completely intact.

KATO

My... mind isn't. My...

ISHMAEL

(agreeing)

Yes, your language skills have been severely impaired. Not a problem. We're not hiring you for chit chat. We're hiring you to be an instrument of justice.

KATO

I'm still a long shot. That's not enough reason.

ISHMAEL

Mr. Kato, people in our line of work are willing to lay down their lives for something. I won't say it's America, because these days... well, son, these days America is in bad shape. Some people say she's finished. Damaged goods.

(pause)

They say the same about you. So why not a damaged American to save a damaged Nation? It has a certain sense of poetry.

Does Ishmael's hand reach out, strike a control? It's hard to tell in the dim light... but... from somewhere... PATRIOTIC MUSIC begins to quietly PLAY.

KATO - NORMAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Somehow it's making sense to him.

KATO

There... there's things I want to do... have to do...

FAVORING ISHMAEL'S SHADOWED FACE

ISHMAEL

Yes, exactly! You want to do what you were trained to do. You want to fight for justice and right, and destroy evil and greed.

KATO

My... my partner...

ISHMAEL

Yes, I will be your partner.
Together we will remove the tumor
of ennui from the body politic of
America!

KATO

My partner is Sarah. I have to
see her... tell her...

ISHMAEL

Yes, tell her you've joined our
crusade. Right now she and those
like her are alone out there
struggling against overwhelming
odds - waiting for their Champion
America's salvation! You, Kato-
you!

FAVORING KATO

He stands, full of energy for the first time.

KATO

Sarah.

ISHMAEL

Go to her, Kato! Protect her-
protect us all!

The Patriotic MUSIC BUILDS. Kato whirls, runs out of the
room.

INT. CORRIDOR - LOW ANGLE

Kato steps into a shaft of light and... A HUGE SHADOW falls
across him.

REVERSE ANGLE

It's the crow, fluttering like an avatar at the window.

BACK TO SCENE

The giant shadowy wings seem to flap from Kato's own back.
He rises with them - LEAPS towards the glass!

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Kato CRASHES through the window, lands on the street, runs off into the night.

THE CROW - ECU

atop a street-light, it CAWS triumphantly.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Finder is here, trying to get laid. Like our other characters, he has changed a bit, but he's still desperately hip.

FINDER

(to a pretty girl)
Yessir. You got your uptown
Yuppies. You got your downtown
gangstas. They both think they're
above the law, one 'cause he can
buy it off and one 'cause he can
kill it off. But even so there's
places they can't go. That's
where I come in.

GIRL

Well I know one place you can't go
tonight, baby, even if you go and
get a lawyer.

LAUGHTER from the group.

FINDER

Okay, girl, you want to pass on me
because I was up front with you?
Fine. There's better than you
waitin' right around the next
corner.

LONG SHOT - AROUND THE CORNER

Finder finishes his tirade, turns - and then REACTS as Kato jumps in from an impossibly high perch, landing at his feet.

FINDER

Hold that thought.

KATO

Finder. You're Finder.

FINDER

Hey, nobody's laid that old name on me in a while, Jack. It was lame, man. Like the fucking Cowsills, jack. It's Shazam now, Shazam. You want something... Shazam! You got it.

KATO

Shazam.

FINDER

It's like the magic word.

KATO

Shazam.

FINDER

Right, that's it, you got it.

KATO

But it isn't working. I have said it, twice. I do not have what I want and you are still... talking.

FINDER

Oh, I see, you're one of those sidewalk lawyers. But it kinda helps if you tell me what you want first.

KATO

Sarah. I want Sarah. She is struggling against evil and greed.

KATO

(continuing)

Trying to get out of the darkness and into the light. She needs me.

FINDER

Uh... right.

(sudden thought)

Sarah?

He moves closer, turns Kato into the light.

FINDER

(continuing)

Shit. It's you. Kato! Man, they said you was dead, and here you are, looking so -

He stops, seeing the scars, the hospital clothes.

FINDER

(continuing)

- uh, fine. Sarah, she's your old partner, right?

KATO

Yes. She's fighting evil and greed, struggling to get out of the darkness-

FINDER

Yeah, I got that part.

(putting his arm
around Kato)

Well, look, my man, I still got my contacts in the SFPD, my boys on the street.

(pointing)

I got my official police scanner in the car where I can hear her call in to the precinct. We'll find where she's at. But this ain't like before when you had that badge to squeeze me a little. You ain't got that juice now. You gotta cough up like every body else.

(seeing the blank
look)

I mean, you gotta have the moola. Bread. Dinero. Money!

KATO

You want "money"?

From the way Kato's lips form the word we realize it is lost in the misfiled sections of his mind. But wait...

KATO

(continuing; brow
furrowed)

Money...

And then like a curtain lifting - well, a bit, anyway - we see that the concept of money returns to his consciousness, and with that the realization that he doesn't have any.

KATO
(continuing; dismayed)
Money!

FINDER
Right. How much you got?

Kato looks pensive, lost. Then he looks O.S. and smiles. With a Karate SCREAM, he LEAPS. Finder jumps backwards, but the attack isn't aimed at him:

NEW ANGLE

Kato flies through the air as far as humanly possible - one leg extending with savage fury - and then CONNECTING with

AN ATM

He hits it. The machine is DEMOLISHED. Money EXPLODES everywhere.

BACK TO SCENE

Kato LANDS from his impossible leap with a rolling RECOVERY, landing in front of Finder, who is still reacting to the SNOWSTORM of money around him.

KATO
Is this enough?

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NEAR ROUNDHOUSE - NIGHT

A CAR cuts through the night fog, parks. Pring gets out, looks around. Nods to Diggs, and Custis. They take out weapons, move off into the darkness. Pring stands guard by the car.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON A COMPUTER SCREEN - NIGHT

We WIDEN. It's Fields' laptop, perched on the hood of Sarah and Tony's car. Field's car is in the B.G. The CABLE CAR ROUNDHOUSE creaks and groans behind them.

.. They watch the rats twitch and die on screen.

TONY

Man, this ain't Walt Disney.

SARAH

(to Fields)

You have the data to back up what you're saying?

FIELDS

All downloaded into this baby.

SARAH

And what do you want?

FIELDS

What the hell do you think I want?
I want protection, I want to be in
the Witness Protection program.
New name, new identity, the works.
Also, maybe you could make me a
couple of years younger on the ID.
And send me someplace warm --

SARAH

That's a Federal Program, out of
my...

She breaks off as US GOVERNMENT FDA documents scroll by.

SARAH

(continuing)

...jurisdiction...

FIELDS

...and this as you have just
noticed is a Federal Case.
They'll play ball with you. You
play ball with me.

She shuts the computer, puts it back in her shoulder case.

SARAH

Why didn't you go straight to the
Feds with this? Why me?

FIELDS

Because Byron has people
everywhere.

(more)

FIELDS (cont'd)

He brags about how he has bought cops, judges - you name it. But I knew I could trust you because Byron was watching you.

SARAH

Watching me?

FIELDS

Yeah. So I figured you had to be honest to make him nervous, right?

SARAH

Right.

(turning)

Tony. Let's get this lady in a nice pleasant lock up.

FIELDS

No jails! He'll find me there --

SARAH

A motel, hotel, something, we'll take turns guarding her until we can sort through -

But Tony is shaking his head.

SARAH

(continuing)

What do you mean, no? Do you realize how big this -

But then she realizes that Tony is not shaking his head, he is twitching, because (as we now see) he has been STRUCK in the BACK by a knife. He falls over into Sarah's arms, dead. At the same moment the BULLETS begin to ring out.

SARAH

(continuing; as she draws, to Fields)

Get down!

NEW ANGLE

Fields doesn't need to be told twice. She DIVES inside the car, cowers in the footwell. Sarah lets poor Tony's body absorb two BULLETS as she makes her way behind the open car door. Then she KICKS the body away, at the same time drawing Tommy's pistol. Now she has one in each hand.

CUSTIS

gets hit in the arm. He YOWLS, dives for cover, crawling to recover his gun while Diggs covers him.

RESUME CAR

FIELDS

You call this protection?

SARAH

You'll be protected, you'll be protected, it just didn't start yet! Shut that door! We're going!

Saying this, she slams her own door, saying this - reaches for the ignition and SEES

NO KEY

BACK TO SCENE

A bullet SPIDERWEBS the side window. She breaks out the rest, FIRES back, then looks at -

TOMMY'S BODY - HER POV

The KEYS inches from his open and still palm.

BACK TO SCENE

Sarah empties one gun. FIRES with the other. Ducks down in the footwell. She loads a new clip in the empty gun, mind racing. Then her eyes fall on -

THE EMERGENCY BRAKE

BACK TO SCENE

She sneaks a glance outside the car window toward the street. Yep. She's on a steep hill.

She reaches over for the emergency brake. BLAM BLAM!

HER ATTACKERS

CUSTIS

(holding his arm)

The bitch is gotta be empty.
Let's do it.

He starts forward when with sudden savage SPEED something lunges down from the darkness above and yanks him completely skyward as quickly as a fly yanking a trout out of a brook.

Diggs, runs forward, rattled.

DIGGS
Custis? Custis!

SCREAMS from above.

DIGGS
(continuing; watching)
Jesus - !

He FIRES upward at - something. CRUNCH of BREAKING BONES above. Then Custis' BODY drops to the ground, knocking Diggs off his feet.

LOW ANGLE

Diggs looks at Custis' face, REACTS. Custis' head has been twisted around backwards.

BACK TO SCENE

Diggs jumps to his feet, SCREAMING and RUNNING.

CUT TO:

PRING - AT THE CAR

He HEARS this. Puzzled, he turns, looks toward the sound.

SARAH - SAME TIME

Hearing the same screams, she sneaks a look. REACTS to -

DIGGS - HER POV

running away in terror - the broken body of his partner in the F.G.

BACK TO SCENE

As she tries to figure this out, her eyes DART over to something up above - something leaping from one side of the alley above her to the other -

DIGGS

running AWAY from lens toward A WROUGHT IRON GATE. Just as Diggs glances over his shoulder (toward us) Kato drops down behind the iron fence. And - RIPS IT OUT OF THE GROUND.

REVERSE ANGLE

Diggs turns just in time to SEE this - raises his gun and -

SIDE ANGLE

Gets impaled on at least six of the metal spears at the top of the fence! The fence QUIVERS like an arrow in the wall as it settles in behind Diggs' back.

PRING - DOWN THE BLOCK

He's seen this.

PRING

Fuckkk... it's him... it's him...

He jumps in the car, burns rubber.

SARAH

She's seen this, too.

FIELDS

Well? Are we safe yet?

SARAH

(sotto)

Beats the fuck out of me.

FIELDS

What?

SARAH

Stay here.

Sarah slowly (and not too eagerly) gets out of the car, gun ready. We STAY with her as she moves forward in the gloom and smoke of the city's night breath.

SARAH

(continuing)

Whoever you are, I'm a police officer.

(more)

SARAH (cont'd)
I'm grateful for your help. W-who
are you?

(under her breath)

What are you?

OVER HER SHOULDER

The mysterious backlit form as she moves closer to it.

VERY CLOSE ON SARAH

Her hand tightens on her weapon. She's on the verge of
shooting... then...

SARAH
My God.

KATO - CLEARLY NOW

He looks at her. Fumbles a smile of recognition.

KATO
Hello...Partner.

SIDE ANGLE

Sarah holsters her gun, runs toward him, embraces him. We
TIGHTEN on her.

SARAH
Oh, Kato, Kato, thank God!

By now Fields has decided it is safe enough to emerge. She
looks at Kato, suspiciously.

FIELDS
Who the hell is this?

SARAH
He's my old partner.

FIELDS
Old partner?
(thinking about it)
He looks like your dead partner.

SARAH
(ignoring this)
Oh, Kato, you don't know how I've
prayed for this. It's a miracle...

But now she looks at him more critically, sees his clothing,
the bloodstains from his earlier wound.

SARAH
(continuing)
You've been hurt...

KATO
Yes, they told me that. But I
can't feel anything.
(another tone)
I can't feel anything...

SARAH
You... weren't released from the
hospital, were you?

FIELDS
(alert)
Hospital?

SARAH
What are you doing here? How did
you know where I was?

KATO
Finder helped me.

SARAH
Our old snitch?

KATO
Yes. He only charged me twelve
hundred dollars. And Ishmael said
you were out here. Fighting evil
and greed.
(looking around)
Struggling in the darkness.

FIELDS
(breaking in)
By any chance could this have been
a mental hospital?

SARAH
(annoyed)
You don't understand. For two
years he was brain dead.

FIELDS

Right now I'm worried about being
all dead. I could get more
protection from sun block! .

SARAH

(to Kato)

She's right. Let's take off.

KATO

Yes. Take off. To Singapore.
For five fabulous days and nights.

FIELDS

Aw, Jesus.

KATO

We were in love. And we were
going on the plane. Why were we
going on the plane when usually we
just rode in our patrol car?

SARAH

I think you're confusing me
with... with Anne?

KATO

Anne? Who is Anne?

As he says this there's a hint of a terrible struggle in his
mind.

SARAH

(gently)

Come on. We'll go now. We'll go
to Singapore.

He moves toward the car - the driver's side.

SARAH

(continuing)

I'll drive. Your license expired.

CUT TO:

INT. BIODYNE - OUTSIDE BYRON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The city is visible outside. Most of the floor space here is
occupied by big DISPLAY MODELS of Biodyne's medical
equipment: MMRs, catscans, X-ray machines. CAMERA PANS to
the men around the long conference table.

Pring, hands shaking, downs coffee as h e reports to Byron and Terrell. Acer stands nearby, skeptical. Quinn and Baker flank the elevator.

ACER

This is Bullshit, Pring. No way
it was him -

PRING

I'm telling you, it was Kato! He
did things to Custis and Diggs...
things no mere man could do -

BYRON

Nonsense! I put a bullet in his
brain! He's been in a coma ever
since -

PRING

(a whisper)

Yes. Dead, but not dead. And now
he has risen. Like Lazarus.
Like...Jesus.

ACER

Pring, let's give the bible a
rest, okay? Next thing he's
gonna pass the basket -

PRING

Hey, fuck you -

Byron stands, musing.

BYRON

First Fields bolts the plant, goes
straight to Officer Weller. Now
this. It's too...neat. What if
that story that Kato was catatonic
all this time was just a cover
story? What if when Fields shows
up Thursday for the Civicalm
meeting, FDA agents are waiting to
arrest me?

TERRELL

We own a cop or two. I'll see
what they know.

BYRON

Check the hospital, too. The records there might show something.

ACER

We getting a little paranoid here, boss-?

BYRON

(sharply)

Tell that to Custis and Diggs.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sarah and Kato are in the car, eating junk food. Fields is in the B.G. on a pay phone.

KATO

(in mid-speech)

--we answer only to the Oval Office. It cuts down on red tape. And security leaks. So we can cut the tumor of ennui from the body politic of America.

Fields returns from the phone in time to hear the tail end of this. She rolls her eyes.

SARAH

(turning, to Fields)

Dr. Fields. Everything okay with the... plane reservations?

FIELDS

(big grin)

It's all taken care of. First Class seats, airphone, salt-free meal.

Sarah starts the car. Fields leans over, whispers.

FIELDS

(continuing)

I got through to your Captain. He's on his way. The guys with the butterfly nets are already there.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Sarah pulls up at the curb, parks.

SARAH
(aside to Fields)
This could get dicey. You stay here.

FIELDS
When that psychopath Byron's got his hitmen out looking for me, you're leaving me alone?

SARAH
I didn't think you wanted to go into a public place. Fine, then. Come with us.

FIELDS
Oh, you mean with your psychopath? Great, fine.

They go into the building.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

They move through the terminal. The usual airport characters -Hare Krishnas, Neo-Nazis with petitions, punk rockers - all stare at Kato, who's only looking at the building.

KATO
They painted the terminal.

SARAH
You're right, they did. You always noticed the details, Kato.

KATO
Sarah.
(suddenly slowing)
This is the Domestic Terminal.

SARAH
What?

KATO
We should be in the International Terminal.

SARAH

It's okay, it's okay.

KATO

You shouldn't have let Dr. Fields
make the reservations. She must
have fucked them up.

He starts to walk again, then sees her eyes drifting.

KATO

(continuing)

Sarah? Is something wrong? Alert,
he whirls.

NEW ANGLE

He turns just as two beefy MENTAL ORDERLIES lunge for him. He sidesteps one, flips him into a coffee shop. The other one he stops with an open palm to the face, then he spins and kicks him into a Theme Park standee. It EXPLODES around the guy.

WIDER

Now AIRPORT SECURITY GUARDS rush forward, swarm Kato. In a second, six of them have taken him to the floor.

And - in the next second -he is flinging them away like a lion shaking off hyenas.

SARAH AND FIELDS

Watching this, Fields amazed, Sarah guilt-ridden.

THE SCENE

Kato has a guard over his head. He THROWS him into two others.

KATO

(turning)

Partner! Cover me!

This is too much for Sarah. She turns away, even as Wykoff appears with some uniformed cops. The biggest cop steps forward, FIRES two TASER DARTS.

KATO

Looks down at the sparking darts, puzzled.

COP
(stunned)

Fuck -

Kato YANKS the wires. They pull out the end of the Taser end and the battery overloads, shocking the cop. Another COP JUMPS him from behind, gets one handcuff on Kato's wrist. Kato whirls, FLINGS the guy overhead like a baseball. The handcuff chain SNAPS and the guy bounces down an escalator.

But now the security guards and the hospital orderlies have recovered and they join the cops, and suddenly there's seven, eight, nine men swarming over Kato, clubbing him, tackling him-

KATO - LOW ANGLE

He TOPPLES like a titan, goes down. The white coats wrestle him into a strait jacket. He looks up, confused.

SARAH

tears in her eyes, she moves forward -

BACK TO SCENE

The white coats cover Kato's face with a Dr. Lechter-type MUZZLE. Haul him away like a trophy. Wykoff comes over, breathless.

WYKOFF
My God. You were right. It is
him. He's out of his coma?

SARAH
Yes. No. His... mind still isn't
working.

Wykoff looks around at the groaning and bleeding men and the wrecked terminal.

WYKOFF
His reflexes sure as fuck are
working...

He looks over at Fields, who's trying to look scarce.

WYKOFF

(continuing)

This is the witness?

(on her nod)

We can't check this FDA story or
Byron's records until morning.
Will she bolt?

SARAH

In an instant. She's very
paranoid.

WYKOFF

It's the nineties. Who isn't?
We'll get her in front of a Judge
first thing in the morning. Until
then she can stay at the county
safe house. I'll make
arrangements-

Fields has heard this last part. She darts forward, fearful.

FIELDS

Whoa, whoa, forget that. Byron's
got the fix in anywhere you look.
No offense, Ace, but Sarah's the
only one I trust with my ass.

She puts her arm around Sarah.

FIELDS

(continuing)

It's a girl thing.

WYKOFF

Whatever you want.

(to Sarah)

She's all yours.

SARAH

First I want to make sure Kato's
okay.

She starts off after the hospital people. Wykoff touches her
arm gently.

WYKOFF

Hey. You had no choice, Sarah.

SARAH

Like hell I didn't.

CUT TO:

HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Kato is still immobilized in the muzzle and strait jacket.
Clarence is supervising his admission.

Suddenly, Batish bursts in, obviously having been awakened in the middle of the night.

BATISH

What's going on here?

(off Kato's plight)

This is criminal! I want him out
of those restraints - This man is
not dangerous -

CLARENCE

Tell that to the five officers
down in the emergency ward.
You've coddled this patient long
enough, Doctor. Until he's looked
at by a specialist-
(stifling her)
- not one associated with his
case, he's going to be under
restraint and observation.

Suddenly Waldo steps forward, upset, muscles the white coats
aside.

WALDO

I'll take him. He's my friend.

He wheels the gurney down the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL RECORDS AREA - NIGHT

THUD. A GUARD is knocked out. WIDEN. Acer and Pring drag
the body out of sight. They begin to look through the files
on the rack.

PRING

H-J...K. Okay, um...Kato, here it
is. He's in... room 128.

.. They turn, move down the hallway.

ACER (OFF DOOR NUMBERS)
130...128.

We FOLLOW them inside. There are two beds. Julius is sprawled on one, watching television.

JULIUS
Hello. Have you brought dinner?

They look at him, then the TRAY of empty dishes beside him.

ACER
Your dinner's right there,
dipshit. You want my foot up your
ass for dessert?

JULIUS
(thinking about it)
Could I have Jell-O instead?

Acer grabs him off the bed, holds him by the collar.

ACER
Where's Kato?

JULIUS
Kato? Kato... Kato. Sorry, I
can't help you. I've only been
here one day.

Pring and Acer look at each other. Acer sees the polaroid peeking out of Julius' pocket, takes it out. Shows it to Pring.

JULIUS
(continuing)
Where did that come from?

ACER
One day, huh? Then how did you go
to a Christmas party with him?

PRING
The bread of deceit fills man's
mouth with gravel: Kato's in your
therapy group.

JULIUS

Oh, group therapy, I've been thinking of joining that.

ACER

(grabbing him)

Are you fucking with us? Do you know what we'll do to you if you fuck with us?

JULIUS

How could I know? I've never even met you!

Pring groans, sits down on the bed.

PRING

A fool's errand. The man's a retard.

JULIUS

Retard? I'm not the one who sat on a dinner tray.

Pring turns, see this is true. Steamed, he PUNCHES Julius, who falls to the floor.

ACER

Come on, we'll search the whole place. We'll find him.

PRING

(beat)

If he's a man.

ACER

I told you, lay off the God stuff! A BEEP distracts them both. Acer realizes its his cellular phone.

ACER

(continuing; into it)

Yeah!

BYRON - IN HIS OFFICE - INTERCUT AS NEEDED --NIGHT

Terrell hovers in the background.

BYRON

We just got the word. Fields is at that hospital right now. You can take care of her the same time as Kato.

ACER

Got it.
(to Pring)
Maybe there is a God.

CUT TO:

INT. KATO'S CELL - NIGHT

Kato's back is to us. Sarah has her face pressed against the little opening in the door, close to the CAMERA. Her breath shows in the chilly cubicle.

SARAH

Oh, God, Kato, if I knew how they were going to handle it, I never would have made the call... I would have let you run anywhere you wanted to go... I only... want you to get better...

OUTSIDE IN THE CORRIDOR

Batish gently pulls Sarah away from the peephole, closes it.

BATISH

Neither of us can help him right now.

(turning Sarah to
face) her)

And it's neither one of our faults, but we feel like it is anyway. Now what's this about your friend?

Sarah composes herself as they walk.

SARAH

Yes. She needs a place she can feel safe for the night. She doesn't trust the police safe house. Can you help me out?

Batish looks off at Fields, who peeks around the corner of a waiting room.

While still trying to hide her face she manages a little wave.

BATISH

This is a hospital. not a hotel.
I'll have to admit her. Does she
have any symptoms, physical,
mental-?

SARAH

She thinks people are trying to
kill her.

FIELDS

(coming into earshot)
What do you mean, thinks? They
had guns like this - knives like
that - we barely got away -

SARAH

(sotto)
See what I mean? Completely
paranoid.

Fields looks at Sarah. She knows she's being conned, but she
knows Sarah has a reason.

BATISH

Forty-eight hours. That's all I
can do. Then I have to report it.

SARAH

That will be enough. Thank you.

BATISH

(to Sarah)
Let's get her admitted.

SARAH

You'll be all right here.

FIELDS

Your mouth to God's ears.

Sarah smiles, moves toward the lobby. Fields hides behind a
newspaper.

CUT TO:

INT. KATO'S PADDED CELL - NIGHT

Kato sits like a statue. A shaft of moonlight comes in through the wire and glass window. Something attracts his attention.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

It's the American flag on its staff outside the hospital.

BACK TO SCENE

He looks at it, eyes pained.

KATO
(remembering)
Damaged goods...

He shakes his head, enough of his mind working to know he's been a fool. That's when he HEARS the PATRIOTIC MUSIC. He spins around. Coming toward him out of the shadows is Ishmael. He's wearing a walkman that's playing Sousa marches.

KATO
(continuing)
Ishmael. Then... you were real.

ISHMAEL
Mr. Kato, you didn't complete your mission. Now you leave me no choice.

Something gleams in Ishmael's hand. A scalpel.

ISHMAEL
(continuing)
I have to let you try again.

CLOSER

The SCALPEL saws through the long sleeves of the strait jacket.

Kato looks at Ishmael carefully.

KATO
I think... I think you're crazier than I am.

ISHMAEL

If you're so sure you're sane...
prove it. Kill somebody.

Kato flexes his muscles. The sleeves RIP the rest of the way. He turns, heads into the backlight of the waiting corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Fields paces, nervous, aware of every tick of the wall clock. She takes a piece of fruit from a bowl, bites into it. It isn't ripe. She scowls, turns on the TV.

SINISTER MAN

(on TV)

You shouldn'ta squealed on us,
baby. You know what we do to
squealers... Fields shivers,
changes channels.

VOICE

You shouldn't have squealed on us,
baby. You know what we do to
squealers...

Fields blinks, looks at the TV, confused.

TV - HER P.O.V.

One of those "Stud" dating shows.

BACK TO SCENE.

Then where did the instant replay come from? She turns, looks in the doorway. Acer and Pring are there. It's Acer who spoke.

ACER

Yeah, it's a real shock, ain't it?

FIELDS

She starts to scream, but Pring has already crossed behind her and put his hand over her mouth. But then ANOTHER HAND COVERS HIS. Pring blinks, confused - then one of his fingers gets SNAPPED.

NEW ANGLE

Kato has appeared behind Pring. As Pring SHRIEKS Acer looks up, pales. The knife he had intended to use on Fields changes course toward Kato. Kato falls onto his back, flinging Acer over his head. Acer crashes through the double doors of an operating room.

FIELDS

Goes running down a corridor, SCREAMING for help.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Acer, mouth cut on his own teeth, rolls to his feet, drawing his gun. He almost plugs the person who runs into the room, but it's Pring.

PRING
Where'd he go?

Acer, rattled, has no answer. Both men JUMP at a sound that might be a squeaking floor tile. Another SOUND. Now they're spooked. Then a SHADOW makes them look up.

UP ANGLE

Kato DROPS DOWN from the observation gallery!

WIDER

He LANDS on the operating table with a CRASH, KICKS Acer across the room. Meanwhile Pring FIRES at him, MISSES. Kato whirls, kicks Pring's gun away. But Acer has recovered and now with all his strength, he CHARGES the base of the big operating light, which swings around and SLAMS Kato down onto the table!

NEW ANGLE

As Kato lands, stunned, Acer jumps in, yanks the surgical straps taut. Seeing this, Pring does the same thing.

Kato blinks, tries to move. He's immobilized.

ACER
Okay, vegetable. Time to make
some salad.

He grabs the SURGICAL SAW, TURNS IT ON. Moves forward with it.

ACER
(continuing)
Hold the table still!

Pring obeys.

THE SAW

approaches CAMERA - and Kato's body -

KATO

strains to move something, anything. Struggling with the effort, he bends ONE KNEE. It's still pinned down, but it's flexed.

The saw GRAZES his torso - a THIN LINE OF BLOOD WELLS UP -and then

END OF TABLE

Kato KICKS the appliance tray attached to the end of the table -the bolts SNAP -

ACER

blinks. Releases the surgical saw, which SWINGS on its gimbal. Acer looks down at his stomach. The surgical tray is there, sticking like a Garfield window decoration. Face ashen, Acer removes it. His belly is FULL OF INSTRUMENTS. Before he can even absorb that, he looks up.

HIS POV

The surgical saw is swinging around from its own centrifugal force. It comes toward the LENS -

ACER- QUICK CUT

A very quick cut, as the saw SLICES THE TOP OF HIS HEAD OFF.

PRING

rattled, he backs away from the table...

KATO

emotionless, he regards the uncontrolled saw, now swinging toward him. He watches its progress.

-- Waits - and then with all his strength forces the straps on one arm toward it. VRRRROOM! The saw SLICES through the strap!

NEW ANGLE

Terrified, Pring backs away as, one arm freed, Kato RIPS the other one loose, like Frankenstein escaping from the lab. Suddenly Kato notices something.

CLOSER

Ooops. The saw cut off one of his pinky fingers.

BACK TO SCENE

Kato shrugs, continues toward Pring. Pring runs through a door, BOLTS it. Kato CRASHES through it.

OTHER SIDE OF DOOR

CAMERA glides along the floor. Finds Pring huddled behind shelves filled with pathology specimens, hands around a rosary.

PRING

(eyes closed, rapid-fire)

He was crucified, died, and was buried, he descended to the dead, on the third day he rose again-

CRASH as a shelf is overturned. Preserved organs slide around the floor. Then - Kato's FEET enter SHOT. Pring looks up, terrified.

PRING

(continuing)

I - I didn't want to do all those things - it wasn't me, it was Satan-I was weak and he made me do it -

Kato grabs him by his clothing -pulls him to his feet -Pring keeps his eyes screwed shut as he babbles -

PRING
(continuing)

-I don't want to burn in hell
please - please - I want to go to
heaven - let me go to heaven-

Kato SWINGS him out of SHOT. There's a CRASH.

PRING - NEW ANGLE

He opens his eyes, looks around. Amazed. HE IS FLOATING ON
AIR. The moon is full and glowing behind him. Stars twinkle.

PRING
Thank you, Jesus. Thank you,
Jesus... Thank y-

He looks up. SCREAMS.

NEW ANGLE

He continues upward and SMASHES - into the sidewalk: For the
CAMERA is UPSIDE DOWN. Now, the CAMERA turns RIGHT SIDE UP,
CRANES UP. Kato stands in the window Pring crashed through.
Now, as ALARMS RING, Kato disappears.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM

LIGHTS come up. Batish, Sarah and Fields enter with SECURITY
GUARDS. The guards RETCH when they see Acer.

BATISH
My God...

SARAH
Kato.

FIELDS
That's what I told you.

BATISH
But he's under confinement...

WALDO
(running in)
Dr. Batish. Kato's gone.

FIELDS
Why doesn't anyone believe me?

.. Now a NEW, different alarm rings.

BATISH
That's downstairs. The office
wing.

They rush out.

OFFICE WING - NIGHT

Batish, Sarah, Fields and the others race down the hall. We follow them into an office. Clarence is there, furious.

CLARENCE
What's going on here, Batish?
Your patients are taking over the
asylum!
(pointing)
What's he doing in my office?

CAMERA ADJUSTS. We see Oswald, sitting behind that big desk full of Americana. Even without the wide angle lens, we recognize this room.

BATISH
Oswald. Why are you here?

OSWALD
("Ishmael" voice)
I am not Oswald. I am Ishmael.
(sotto)
Don't tell the President I told
you my code name.

CLARENCE
Out! Out! Get this idiot out!

The guards grab Oswald, who HITS the tape deck, PLAYING that PATRIOTIC MUSIC.

OSWALD
(scornful)
You're too late. You summer
soldiers and sunshine patriots,
you don't have the stomach to make
this country great! But there's
one man who does, and I and the
President have unleashed him!
Special Agent Kato, do your duty -
(singing)
From Sea to Shining Sea!

Sarah and Fields look at each other.

SARAH
Ishmael!?

OSWALD
(as he's dragged past)
Shhhhhh!

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Julius is being led out of the emergency room by Waldo.
Julius' head is bandaged.

BATISH
(to Julius)
...and you have no idea how you
got that bump on your head?

JULIUS
Bump? What bump?

He feels his head, REACTS to the bandages. Rushes to a
mirror and looks at himself, puzzled.

Fetterman comes over, taps Julius on the arm.

FETTERMAN
Julius, Kato just flew past the
window.

JULIUS
Sure he did.

He doesn't even look. Outside the glass, Kato makes another
colossal LEAP, this time to the next building. He vanishes.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Wykoff is on the phone, agitated.

WYKOFF
-- it's my ass, too! There's
bodies all over the city - by
morning people are gonna be asking
for a grand jury-

THUD. Wykoff looks around. THUD. He looks at the wall.
It's wiggling.

NEW ANGLE

The plaster wall CRUMBLES, revealing an AIR VENT which now
PEELS OPEN with a PUNCH like a sardine can.

Kato steps into the room.

BACK TO SCENE

Wykoff pales, drops the phone. Runs toward his pistol on the
chair, too slowly. Kato blocks his way.

WYKOFF

Kato. Try and stay calm. You're
not in your right mind. You -you
don't know who your friends are.

KATO

Yes. And it's really beginning to
bother me.

Wykoff tries to move away. Kato hangs on to him. We see the
effort he's putting into trying to think clearly.

KATO

(continuing)

You... you knew our plans that day
at the Pier. Tonight, you knew
where Sarah went...

WYKOFF

I don't know what you're talking
about. Let me get the hospital
people over here to help you - I
was just calling them -

Kato hangs onto his collar, moves to the telephone. He looks
at it, trying to remember how it works. Eureka.

DOWN ANGLE

He hits the REDIAL button.

.. BACK TO SCENE

PHONE

(dial tone, then)

Hello, you've reached BioDyne
Pharmaceuticals. Our offices are
now closed. If you know the
extension you want, press -

KATO

(shaking his head)

I hate those things.

(new tone)

You were on their payroll. All
along. I don't think that's
allowed in a policeman's contract.

WYKOFF

What are you going to do about it?
You're a fucking lunatic! Every
cop in the city is looking for you
right now! Nobody's gonna believe
you!

KATO

Then... I'll make you tell.

WYKOFF

Bullshit. What are you going to
do to me? The Kung Pao Brain
Drain, where you pull my brain out
of my head? I checked. You made
that up, it's bullshit, there's no
such thing!

Kato looks at him oddly.

KATO

There is now.

NEW ANGLE - OVER WYKOFF'S BACK

WHAM! With a blinding fast motion Kato PLUNGES HIS
FINGERTIPS UP TO THEIR KNUCKLES INTO WYKOFF'S EYE SOCKETS.
There's a sickening splat. Wykoff's body heaves once, falls
heavily to the floor while grey goop drips from Kato's hand.

UP ANGLE

As the body falls, the DOOR bangs open and other COPS rush
in, attracted by the noise.

They look at the bizarre intruder -and then their dead superior on the floor.

LEAD COP
(drawing gun)
Freeze!

WIDER

Kato handsprings to the desk and then leaps straight up into the air, vanishing into the hung ceiling of the room. The cops rush forward, FIRING upward.

MOVING SHOT

BOUNCING ceiling panels show Kato's progress in the crawl space, one step ahead of the BULLETS that now SHATTER light bulbs, create hissing LEAKS in vents.

The bullets and the footsteps create an undulating trail across the ceiling that ENDS at the wall where, with a CRASH, Kato EXPLODES out of an exterior vent, sailing past a window and then out of sight!

The CAMERA arrives at the window with the cops - just in time to see Kato - two stories below - land and race out of sight!

CUT TO:

FINDER - CLOSE UP

FINDER
Biodyne. Yeah, I know it.

Camera WIDENS. Finder is walking along purposefully with Kato.

FINDER
(continuing)
It's on the other side of town.

KATO
Then why are we going the wrong way? I'm kind of in a hurry.

FINDER
Relax, you'll get there. But remember how it works? You gotta give me money first.

.. And saying this, Finder reaches out, turns Kato around.

NEW ANGLE

revealing that Finder has positioned Kato in front of ANOTHER ATM.

KATO
(mind working)
Oh, right. Money.

He tenses... thinks. Smiles... and goes over to Finder and RIPS HIS POCKETS OUT!

KATO
(continuing; handing
Finder the money)
There.

FINDER
Funny. Real funny... Something
distracts Finder. He moves toward

AN AUDIO/VIDEO STORE

Where some SILENT TELEVISION SCREENS play out the 11:00 NEWS. We see CLIPS of the hospital - the police station - the safe house. A file PHOTO of Kato - the words "ESCAPED LUNATIC".

BACK TO SCENE

FINDER
Shit...

He goes to the window, presses his ear against it. A second or two is enough.

FINDER
(continuing)
Jesus, man, every cop in the city
is looking for you! I don't need
this - you're on your own, jack.
Weave me a basket or something.
I'm outta here.

He disappears in the shadows.

KATO
(plaintive)
But Finder... how will I get to
Biodyne?

FINDER

(faint)

I don't give a fuck! Take a
goddamn bus!

KATO

(after a moment)

Take a bus...

(brightening)

Take a bus!

CUT TO:

INT. BYRON'S OFFICE - BIODYNE - NIGHT

WIDEN from the television here, showing the same news report.

NEWSCASTER

-- Officer Kato was retired two
years ago when he received massive
brain injuries in the line of
duty. But tonight, with a San
Francisco Police Captain among the
dead, it may be the department's
duty to bring down one of their
own. So far, there is no pattern
to his killings and police are not
sure of his whereabouts...

CAMERA ADJUSTS. We see Byron, opening a safe in his office
wall. Terrell is nearby, loading an Uzi. Quinn and Baker are
with him.

BYRON

I know where he's going. He's
going to come here.

TERRELL

We'll be ready. I've doubled
security outside.

BYRON

(scornful)

Rent-a-Cops. Useless.

He takes stacks of CASH and BONDS from the safe, puts them in
a valise. Picks up the phone.

BYRON
(continuing; into
phone)

I want the helicopter here in
fifteen minutes. Have the jet
standing by at the airport.

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S CAR - NIGHT

She's driving, looking out at the streets.

POLICE RADIO
All vehicles, we have a positive
I.D. John Kato, seen in the
vicinity of municipal garage...

Sarah throws her wheel over, hits the gas.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIODYNE BUILDING - NIGHT

A SECURITY SERGEANT is briefing his men. The dark streets
that converge in the distance are mostly empty. Only DISTANT
HEADLIGHTS disturb the calm. As the sergeant briefs his men,
CAMERA moves up and down the ranks with him.

SERGEANT
... it's a possibility that this
suspect is en route to BioDyne at
this moment. He has already
killed five people, four of them
BioDyne employees. He should be
considered armed and dangerous and
you are authorized to use deadly
force. Now, we don't have a
photograph but these should
suffice..

He raises his voice a little because a DIESEL RUMBLE from
somewhere nearby is approaching. Now, he passes out xeroxes
of an artist's sketch of Kato.

SERGEANT
(continuing)
...as you can see, the man is some
sort of escaped mental patient.

CAMERA HOLDS on one particular not-too-bright looking GUARD who stares carefully at the picture, trying to memorize it. He makes NOTES on the edge of the picture.

SERGEANT'S VOICE

He's still wearing hospital clothing and has a prominent scar on his face, at six foot two, 180 pounds, he should be easy enough to spot.

GUARD

(writing, sotto)
...hospital clothing... scar...
six foot holy FUCKING SHIT.

The Sergeant looks at him, startled - and then SEES the Guard's eyes looking off, wide. The sergeant turns, also looks.

A BUS

which is the source of the SOUND that has been approaching all along. It is empty except for the driver - KATO. Now he violently TURNS THE WHEEL.

WIDER

All the guards SCATTER. The bus bounces over the curb and CRASHES into the BioDine lobby.

LOBBY - CONTINUED

The guard's station and newsstand turn into toothpicks. The bus keeps going, right through a WALL into -

INT. LOBBY OFFICE - NIGHT

The office, in fact, of the "TRIPLE A DRIVING SCHOOL -SAFE, SANE AND SECURE." The bus stops and Kato gets out. Pauses to carefully close the bus door.

CUT TO:

INT. BYRON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The VIBRATION of the impact is felt here.

QUINN

... an earthquake...?

TERRELL

No. Him.

BYRON

(spooked)

Stop him, Terrell.

TERRELL

(into commlink)

This is Terrell. Shut down all the elevators, now.

(to Quinn)

If he takes the stairs he'll have to come through the mezzanine. Cut him off there.

Quinn nods, rushes out.

TERRELL

(continuing; to Baker)

You're with me.

They start for the door. Terrell pauses, looks back at Byron.

TERRELL

(continuing)

This is gonna cost you.

BYRON

I can afford it.

TERRELL

(smiling)

We'll see.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY ROOM - TIGHT ON TV - NIGHT

WIDEN as a NEWS REMOTE depicts the scene at Biodyne.

NEWSCASTER

(on TV)

--authorities have not confirmed reports that John Kato is inside the building behind me... but the presence of a police SWAT team seems to indicate that the reports are true...

.. Julius, Fetterman and Oswald exchange looks...

CUT TO:

EXT. BIODYNE BUILDING - NIGHT

POLICE CARS and VEHICLES begin pulling up. SWAT officers are putting on flack jackets, checking ammo. PAN BACK as Sarah pulls up in her car. A COP starts to block her way. She shows her badge, pushes the man out of her way, goes into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. BIODYNE - MEZZANINE - NIGHT

Kato is coming up the mezzanine staircase.

UP ANGLE

Quinn suddenly appears above, grinning. He FIRES an Uzi.

KATO

with an annoyed look, he grabs the handrail with both hands, BREAKS it off, RAMS it forward.

BACK TO SCENE

Quinn gets STABBED STABBED WITH THE END OF THE HANDRAIL. He falls off the steps, still impaled - dangles for a moment before the railing SNAPS and he falls to his death.

KATO

Expressionless, he continues upward.

CUT TO:

INT. UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT

Terrell is moving along with Baker.

TERRELL

(into commlink)

Quinn, I heard shots. Come in.
Quinn? Quinn!

He looks at Baker, who cocks his weapon. They go down a stairwell.

INT. BYRON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A SECRET WALL snickers down. Inside, connected to life support equipment, is a newer hi-tech version of --THAT BOX. Byron takes it out.

BYRON

My little gold mine. Come to papa.

He takes the box out. NOISES of pain inside.

BYRON

(continuing)

You've been good to daddy, haven't you? All those wonderful things from your blood... your fluids. Your marrow. Now Daddy's going to reward you.

He looks off in the distance.

APPROACHING HELICOPTER - HIS POV

Lights blinking, on a beeline for this tower.

BACK TO SCENE

BYRON

We're going for a little ride.

He starts toward the stairs to the roof.

CUT TO:

UPPER FLOOR -- NIGHT

A SWAT TEAM comes carefully out of a service stairwell, takes up position in a shadowed alcove. The Swat SNIPER adjusts his rifle on a tripod while the Swat TEAM LEADER looks at plans of the building.

SWAT LEADER

(listening to headset)

All right. He's still heading up.
(to his men here)

Okay. With the elevators down, he has to pass...

(pointing)

... right through that gallery.
The sniper adjusts his aim, looks through the nightsight.

SNIPER

My mother could make this shot.

CUT TO:

INT. ANIMAL LAB - NIGHT

Disturbed by the noise and chaos of the evening, the animals are agitated, jumpy. Kato moves along in the darkness here. Suddenly he stops.

KATO - THROUGH BARS OF THE CHIMP CAGE

With the moonlight coming in from outside it's almost a match to his own earlier imprisonment in the padded cell. He looks into the chimp's eyes and sees something painfully familiar.

BACK TO SCENE

Face tightening, Kato suddenly reaches out and SNAPS the lock of the cage. The chimp scrambles out. Meanwhile, Kato moves down the row of cages, snapping off another lock, then another.

THE FLOOR - DOWN ANGLE

As rabbits, dogs, mice and other creatures scurry away in the darkness.

DOOR TO ANIMAL LAB - NIGHT

Terrell and Baker come in, guns ready. Baker suddenly JUMPS as something brushes his head - but is only a BIRD. They look around the room.

THEIR POV

Movement everywhere from the skittering animals.

BACK TO SCENE

TERRELL

(whisper)

Take that side.

They split up.

BOTH MEN - INTERCUT

Moving down parallel aisles, jumping every time something moves or squeaks. Hearing a CREAK, Baker whirls.

But it's only the open door of the chimp cage, swaying. But then something LARGE vaults a table. Baker FIRES a BURST from his Uzi.

DOWN ANGLE

A DOG lands at his feet, dies horribly.

BACK TO SCENE

BAKER

Fuck.

WHAM! Suddenly Kato's HANDS lunge out from behind the open cage door. He grabs Baker's elbows, YANKS them back violently. There's a SNAP as both his arms BREAK as they're forced backward through the bars. Baker SCREAMS, crucified to the cage door, which now swings back and forth violently as he struggles.

TERRELL

has run forward the moment he heard the shots. He comes around the corner, SEES Kato. FIRES his Uzi.

KATO

DIVES for cover, ducking and rolling, disappears behind a CABINET.

TERRELL

keeps FIRING, blasting the cabinet into kindling.

BAKER

through his pain has the presence of mind to see that the door he is pinned to is still swinging and is about to swing him into the line of fire.

BAKER

Terrell! Stop shooting! Terrell-
nooooo - !

Too late. He's RIDDLED with bullets, twitches, dies.

TERRELL

rushes forward, sees Baker's body - moves behind the cabinet -and discovers Kato on the floor, one arm wounded and hanging useless, trying to clear his eyes of blood.

TERRELL

(with a grin)

This time I'll do it right.

He AIMS the Uzi at point-blank range.

NEW ANGLE

Suddenly the lab chimp LEAPS on top of Terrell, attacking him. Terrell SCREAMS, topples backwards onto a table. Howling, the chimp tears at his face. Terrell rolls over and over, finally gets both hands on the animal, flings it violently against a wall. It falls to the floor, still. Face torn and bleeding, Terrell remembers Kato, turns.

KATO - OTHER END OF ROOM - TERRELL'S POV

He's gotten to his feet, cleared his vision. And he's coming this way.

BACK TO SCENE

Terrell remembers his gun. Looks around -

HIS GUN

on the floor. TILT UP. It's between Terrell and Kato.

BOTH MEN - INTERCUT

They race toward each other. There's a moment of suspense, but it's only a moment because the gun is much closer to Terrell. With a grin he snatches it up - slams a new clip inside - aims-

TERRELL

You should have stayed dead the first time... like your wife.

KATO

The words stab at something inside of him. With an inhuman karate scream he LEAPS. It is the most incredible martial arts leap ever seen. He sails through the air, one leg extended -he keeps coming -and coming ~ and coming -

TERRELL

FIRES, too late. A bullet wings Kato's trailing foot but then the KICK drives home, deep, impossibly deep into Terrell's midsection. Something SNAPS.

.. TERRELL - NEW ANGLE

He's thrown against the wall with the same impact he'd have if he'd been hit by a truck. His eyes ROLL UP. He slides sideways on the wall... and we see his SPINE sticking out of his back, broken.

He slides to the floor, dead, leaving the wall slick and wet.

KATO

looks down at him, then, one arm useless, one leg dragging... he continues his journey.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIODYNE BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

Carrying that box, Byron comes out on the roof. A BEAM of LIGHT hits him. CAMERA ADJUSTS to show his helicopter as it lands. Smiling, he moves forward...

SARAH - SOMEWHERE IN THE BUILDING

She starts around a corner, draws back. More SWAT TROOPERS move past her. When they're gone, she continues on.

CUT TO:

KATO

foot dragging, moving slowly along. He has reached the gallery that leads to the penthouse.

THE SNIPER TEAM - IN THE ALCOVE

SWAT LEADER

Wait... wait...

We TIGHTEN on the sniper.

SNIPER'S POV

Kato steps right into the cross hairs of the green night vision shot... then... BANG.

THE SNIPER

HOWLS as his sniper scope EXPLODES. He drops the twisted weapon, hands bleeding - looks off at

SARAH - BEHIND A PILLAR

She has fired the shot. Now she ducks out of view as the SWAT teams bullets seek her out.

KATO

realizing what's happened, he doesn't waste time. He rushes toward the penthouse doors. Locked. He RIPS them out of the doorframe, goes inside.

PENTHOUSE FLOOR - NIGHT

Kato moves past the display of medical equipment, reaches the open doors of Byron's office. Empty.

KATO
(anguished)
No. No.

He circles the big room, desperate.

KATO
(continuing)
Nooooooooo!

ROAR of a motor. Kato turns. A HELICOPTER DESCENDS into VIEW, HOVERS just outside the glass of the penthouse.

IN THE CHOPPER

The PILOT shouts over the MOTOR.

PILOT
The jet is waiting at the airport!

BYRON
It can wait one more minute!

Byron takes an M-16 from a bracket on the wall... slides open the window on his side of the chopper... AIMS... FIRES.

PENTHOUSE FLOOR

The bullets SHATTER the glass, seek Kato out. He DIVES for cover behind the equipment. Glass SHOWERS on him. RICOCHETS bounce everywhere.

IN THE CHOPPER

BYRON

Circle around! We'll get him from
the other side!

The craft leans -

KATO

He's been hit again, in the side. He crawls to a new
position but now the chopper has moved and BULLETS find him
there, too. He LEAPS -

AN MMR

Kato lands behind it, bleeding from dozens of glass cuts.
His mind races. It's so, so hard to think. Then he SEES

MMR - WARNING LABEL

"WARNING: THIS MACHINE CREATES AN INTENSE
MAGNETIC FIELD. USE ONLY IN SHIELDED AREAS."

BACK TO SCENE

Kato reaches out. Turns it ON. The motor WHINES, the
control panel LIGHTS. Kato's HAIR stands on END.

RAT-TAT-TAT. Byron's bullets chase Kato again. Dodging
them, Kato moves from machine after machine... turns them all
on. Takes COVER behind a pillar. As BULLETS ping into the
plaster, the metal buckles on Kato's strait jacket snap off
one by one.

AN MMR MACHINE

Humming, glowing - the buckles FLY onto it -

BYRON - IN THE CHOPPER

Aims, more carefully this time.

KATO - THROUGH SIGHTS

right in the cross hairs - then

THE CHOPPER

JERKS with a frightening WHINE from the MOTOR.

BYRON

Hold it steady!

PILOT

I can't! Something's wrong!

The craft tilts alarmingly. The pilot fights for control, looks at his dashboard.

CHOPPER DASH - HIS POV

The dials SPIN, then EXPLODE.

BACK TO SCENE

Byron and the Pilot REACT as the chopper is pulled toward the building!

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT (MODEL SHOT)

ENERGY darts from one machine to another. Ceiling fixtures EXPLODE. The wall of glass SHATTERS as the helicopter is pulled completely inside the building. SPARKS rise from the 'chopper's SKIDS as it slides across the floor, overturning desks and chairs, its ROTOR BLADES still SPINNING, inches below the ceiling!

SIDE ANGLE

The 'chopper CRUNCHES into the row of MMRs, STOPS, its rotors still spinning.

The dazed pilot looks up, sees Kato approaching. Tries to draw his pistol. Kato yanks him out of the doorway, raises him in the air. We HEAR the O.S. THWACK of the rotor blades hitting the man. BLOOD splatters, then Kato discards the dead meat. Moves around to the other side of the chopper.

BYRON

stunned by the crash into the building, he looks up in time to SEE Kato's FIST smash through the glass. Kato drags Byron through the broken window by his ankle.

Screaming, Byron grabs onto the mysterious case for a handhold but only succeeds in pulling it out of the 'chopper with him.

WIDER

The box falls onto the long conference table. Kato holds Byron by the shirtfront, peers into his eyes.

KATO

Yes. Yes, I remember you.

BYRON

Please - don't - don't -

KATO

I remember my friends better. And what you did to them. My turn.

He pins Byron's arm under his own damaged one... SNAPS it with his good arm.

KATO

(continuing)

This is for Gomez.

Kato hooks Byron's leg with his foot, puts it on a table -BREAKS it with his elbow.

KATO

(continuing)

This is for Rossi.

Byron SCREAMS with each blow.

KATO

(continuing)

This is for me.

KATO - CLOSE

Something SNAPS inside of him. He SCREAMS. Grabs Byron by the throat, SQUEEZES. Byron struggles, twitches, choking. Then Kato turns, THROWS him -

BYRON

SLIDES the length of the long conference table - right into that box. The metal mesh BREAKS with the impact and Byron's head goes inside the box.

We HEAR the SOUND of something alive raging, snarling. Byron SCREAMS, jerks spasmodically. Dies.

KATO

Looks at this, and then, hearing a SIZZLE turns to SEE
THE CHOPPER

FUEL is leaking... forming a puddle that is spreading toward
a sparking wire under the engine.

BACK TO SCENE

Kato whirls, DIVES into a catscan machine.

PENTHOUSE FLOOR - MODEL SHOT

The chopper EXPLODES.

OUTSIDE THE BUILDING

The police REACT -

INSIDE THE BUILDING - PENTHOUSE FLOOR

FIRES rage all over the floor. A FIGURE appears in the
doorway. It's Sarah. She moves through the room - SEES
bloody footprints leading to the catscan. Looks inside it.

It's empty.

Sarah looks around, sees the stairs to the roof. Heads
toward them.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING - STAIRWELLS - NIGHT

Swat officers rush upward -

CUT TO:

BIODYNE - ROOF - NIGHT

Sarah comes out on the roof. SMOKE drifts up from the
burning floor below. She looks around - SEES -

KATO - HER POV

Teetering on the edge.

.. BACK TO SCENE

Sarah moves toward him, slowly.

SARAH

Kato...?

She looks down. His feet are on the edge of the building.
He's looking at the street. SPOTLIGHTS pan them from below.

KATO

Do you think I'll feel it? From
this height, I should feel...
something.

SARAH

Kato, no, please - don't -

KATO

Dr. Batish said I couldn't feel
any pain anymore. She was right.
I didn't feel this -

He indicates his various wounds. Sarah's eyes widen at the
carnage.

KATO

(continuing)

Or this... but... now... I... He
turns, face showing more emotion
than we've seen since he was
hospitalized.

KATO

(continuing)

I - I'm starting to ☐remember☐.

And... I... I think I am going to
feel pain... A... different kind
of...pain I...

(anguished)

I don't think I can take... He
moves toward the edge. She grabs
him.

SARAH

No, Kato, please, don't do this,
let me help you...

KATO

I can't take any more, I can't...
Sarah cups his face, tears in her
eyes.

SARAH

Let it go, baby, let it go. It's
okay, I understand, I understand-
He reaches out, touches her tears.
Shudder

KATO

Oh, God! I remember! ANNE! ANNE!

He sinks to his knees, crying. Sarah pulls him away from the
edge, holds him like a child.

SARAH

Shhhh. It's okay. Everything's
going to be okay now. You're
back, Kato. You're back.

Suddenly LIGHTS flash on them. Sarah looks up.

ROOF - HER POINT OF VIEW

The Swat team has arrived.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Officer Weller. Step back from
the suspect.

(pause)

Step back from the suspect now.

SARAH

Why? So you can kill him?

SWAT LEADER

He's killed a dozen people, Weller-

SARAH

A dozen criminals-

SWAT LEADER

Move back.

SARAH

(defiant)

No!

She stands, deliberately blocking their shot at Kato.

SARAH
(continuing)
He's my partner.
(pause)
So fuck off.

WIDER

The Swat team leader looks at his men, signals. They all
RAISE THEIR RIFLES.

SWAT TEAM LEADER
I'm counting to three. One.
Two...

All the weapons are COCKED.

SWAT TEAM LEADER
(continuing)
Th--

He doesn't finish the word because suddenly a HELICOPTER
swoops low over the roof, making them all dive for cover!

UP ANGLE

It's a MEDIVAC HELICOPTER with hospital markings. Now, a
LADDER is thrown down. Sarah looks at the momentarily
confused cops, grabs a rung.

SARAH
(to Kato)
Come on!

They climb up.

SWAT TEAM - RESUME

They come to their senses, start FIRING.

THE CHOPPER

Rises, turns, moves out of range.

INSIDE THE CHOPPER

At the controls is Fetterman, wearing his 1950's flight
jacket. In the co-pilot's seat is -

JULIUS
(to Kato)
Hi. Welcome aboard... I'm
delighted to meet you.

CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal Oswald in the back of the chopper.

OSWALD
Congratulations, Agent Kato. Your
mission was a complete success.
The President and I are proud,
proud, proud.

SARAH AND KATO

REACT, look at each other.

OSWALD
Officer Weller, your support was
sterling. Tell me... have you ever
considered working for the White
House?

Sarah looks at Kato, who slowly smiles. Sarah laughs (dare
we say it?) insanely.

SARAH
What the hell. Why not? Oswald
smiles, signals Julius. He pops
a TAPE into the CASSETTE player.

HELICOPTER - DAWN

As the PATRIOTIC MUSIC PLAYS, Sarah flies off with three
lunatics and her broken but incorruptible Hero.

A moment later, The Crow rises into SHOT, follows the
helicopter towards the rising sun.

FADE OUT.

THE END