

THE MECHANIC

By

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Based upon the 1971
Filmscript by Lewis John Carlino

DRAFT: 07/17/2009

"Pleased to meet you, hope you guess my name
But what's puzzling you, is the nature of my game."

The Rolling Stones, 1968

INT. BISHOP'S STUDY - NIGHT

CLOSE on the needle of a precision-weighted 33rpm turntable. It comes down, touches vinyl. The Rolling Stones "Sympathy for the Devil" purrs out...

ARTHUR BISHOP (40's) Sitting in a comfortable wooden chair, stares right through us. Lean, hard, in perfect physical shape. In this moment, carrying the stillness of someone utterly in balance. For all we know, he's been sitting this way for hours.

BISHOP (V.O.)
Every man has a death that's right
for him. Every one.

REVERSE to find a wall of photographs, charts, official documents. In the center A PHOTOGRAPH of a man, mid-40's, East-Indian, dressed like the billionaire he is. Dodi Fayed meets Bill Gates. THE MARK.

BISHOP (V.O.) (CONT'D)
For every man, there's a way to
leave this earth which is so right
for them, it's almost as if they
carry it with them.

MOVING over the wall. MORE PHOTOGRAPHS. The Mark escorted from a bullet-proof sedan by ear-wired men. Entertaining at a palatial estate. Magazine covers: "The billion-dollar lifestyle." "The new Playboy." ...passing over smaller articles: "What does this man do with your money?"

BISHOP (V.O.) (CONT'D)
When the right death overtakes a
man, there will be grief in those
who knew him, but there will also
be a sense of inevitability.
Because they will know, that of
course...

CLOSE ON BISHOP. Statue-like, except his eyes which dart across the wall in front of him, making connections...

EXT. RURAL RACETRACK - DAY

VINTAGE RACE CARS speed by, a blur of color. But all we hear is the Rolling Stones' song. And...

BISHOP (V.O.)
...Of course, this was always going
to happen this way.

WHOMP! The SOUND OF THE RACE floods in as the cars blow by, revealing Bishop amidst onlookers, watching, calculating.

BISHOP'S P.O.V.: Two cars TANGLE in a corner, SPIN to a stop, crushing a half-million in beautiful restored antique. The Mark climbs from his wreck, tosses his helmet, pissed.

Bishop raises a camera, takes a picture.

EXT. BISHOP'S STUDY - DAY

Bishop at his wall again, this time actively engaged, working it. A picture of the Mark in his vintage car goes up, underneath, Bishop tacks a stats page: "Fatality in auto accidents by type of impact. Head on, Side rear,..."

Off to the side, bank statements, cash transfers. Saudi Arabia. Chechnya. United Arab Emirates.

Bishop tacks more photos up. The Mark, getting off a private plane, the Mark, playing Polo...

EXT. POLO GROUNDS - DAY

WHACK! A Rider SLAMS a ball forward, spurs his horse onwards, bearing down on the ball... and SLAM! Another Rider comes in from the side, sends the man crashing off his horse. The second man, the Mark, takes a second to gloat over his fallen opponent before CHARGING onwards.

IN THE STANDS. Bishop watches, takes a note on a pad.

INT. BISHOP'S STUDY - DAY

Bishop keeps working, the wall completely covered now. Lists of possible deaths have been ordered, drawbacks circled.

Bishop scans over various magazine covers featuring the Mark. One with a vintage hunting rifle slung low in his arms, unbroken. "American Dream or American Nightmare?"

Bishop stares at this. Eyes moving over the wall, accident stats, a copy of a hunting-club reprimand... he's arrived.

INT. RIVERWAY - NIGHT

Bishop stands in front of a moving riverway, his body sheathed in a black slicksuit, backpack on. He slips into the water and starts to SWIM.

We STAY with Bishop as he SWIMS HARD, powerfully, not tiring. Finally, we PULL AWAY, across miles of water, realizing this is what Bishop will swim without stopping.

EXT. ISLAND SHORE - NIGHT

A pair of ARMED SECURITY patrol a wooded shore. One lifts a pair of binoculars, scans the shore as BEHIND THEM, a form moves from behind a tree, blends into the woods.

ON BISHOP. Moving fast, silent, towards a LIT STRUCTURE in the distance...

INT. HIDEAWAY - NIGHT

BLACK. The SENSE that someone is in here with us...

A LOW GREEN GLOW illuminates Bishop in a TINY, CRAMPED, COMPARTMENT. No way to know what or where. The glow, coming from his watch, illuminates his face, cramped and claustrophobic. An eye checks the time, the light goes out.

Just the sound of his breathing...

EXT. SPORTS CLUB WOODS - MORNING

CRACK! CRACK! PLUMES OF SMOKE rise from the end of vintage hunting rifles. Game birds scatter into the air. Dogs BARK, tear through underbrush. MEN dressed in traditional hunting livery move through foggy woods, followed by STEWARDS.

This is old school hunting, old school weapons. Camera finds The Mark, raising his weapon, sights... BLAM! A PHEASANT falls, dogs race after it. The Mark starts forward but is interrupted by his Steward reminding him to break his weapon as the other hunters have.

The Mark pushes the man back, ignoring him, hurrying on. At a small distance, two unhappy private security guards follow.

INT. HIDEAWAY - NO TIME

BLACKNESS. A soft BEEPING, almost inaudible. A low rustle of cloth, then the green glow illuminates Bishop's face as he checks the time again. Hasn't moved in HOURS.

EXT. SPORTS CLUB WOODS - MORNING

The Mark stumbles forward, over-eager to get to his prize. He's worked his way ahead of the field. The MIST has grown thicker. Human forms move on all sides, hard to distinguish.

CRACK! CRACK! Guns go off around them. Dogs rush by. The Mark brings the weapon to his face... BLAM!! The shot echoes through the foggy woods.

INT. SPORTING CLUB - DAY

The Mark, pleased with himself as always, bursts into the lodge, gun over his shoulder. A round of APPLAUSE as his Steward holds up the morning's catch.

He pushes on into the locker rooms as one security takes station at the door. The second emerges from the lockers, having just done his sweep.

INT. LOCKER ROOM, SPORTING CLUB - DAY

The Mark leans his vintage hunting rifle against the wall, opens his locker. He kicks off his boots, pulls off his shirt. Takes a second to rub his face with his hands. It can be exhausting being him.

Behind the Mark, a locker door opens and closes. Like a ghost did it. He doesn't sense a thing, reaches for his weapon, accidentally knocks it to the side. It LANDS, HARD. The Mark WINCES, half expecting it to fire. But no.

He starts to lean down for it when another man's gloved hands reach it first. The Mark smiles down at the well-dressed man crouched by the gun, a little confused.

Bishop looks up, smiles back. He puts out a gloved hand. Before the Mark can consider, he's taken Bishop's hand.

Bishop holds tight. The Mark's smile... fades.

Even though we know it's coming, Bishop's actions are so fast and final we're taken by surprise. He PULLS the Mark in as at the same time he cocks the rifle's hammer, slams the gun into position, barrel pointed up and BOOM!

The shot hits the Mark in the face, obliterates him, sends a plume of gore up against the ceiling.

One, two seconds before the Mark's SECURITY rush into the room, guns lined. First sees the mess, puts a hand to his mouth. Second starts on the radio.

The room is empty.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

A vintage 1972 Shelby Cobra parked by the edge of the river.

Bishop emerges from the water, pops the trunk of the car. Towel and large rock inside. He towels off, tosses the suit and the rock into his pack, pack goes into the river. He grabs a sweater from inside the trunk.

INT. BISHOP'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bishop gets behind the wheel, dressed. He checks himself in the rearview, finds a bead of sweat traveling from his brow. Wipes it away, irritated, and starts the car.

EXT. LOCAL GROCERY - EVENING

Establishing. A quaint local convenience store off a two-lane road, nestled amidst trees. Bishop's vintage car pulls up and he gets out.

INT. LOCAL GROCERY - CONTINUOUS

Door jingles as Bishop steps in, smiles to the GROCER, a friendly beefy guy in his 60's who checks the clock. 7:00 on the nose.

GROCER

'Evening, Arthur. Got your weekly right here.

The man hoists two bags of groceries onto the counter. Bishop comes forward, sees the Owner's DAUGHTER behind the counter. 12, precocious, reading a dog-eared kid's book.

BISHOP

Hey, Sophie. I got something for you, wanna see?

The girl smiles, puts down the book and comes over. Bishop crouches in front of her. He puts out two empty hands, shows them back and front, then tickles one ear with a hand while the other "appears" a small daisy.

The girl sees it, smiles... a little disappointed.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

I'm just kidding.

Bishop reaches into his jacket, pulls out the next installment in the kid's book she's reading: A series featuring a young female Harry-Potter like character on the cover: LUNA CROMWELL.

Sophie BEAMS, takes it. A quick hug and she's back to her seat, opening the new book.

GROCER

What do you say, honey?

SOPHIE

Thank you, Bishop.

BISHOP
You're very welcome.

And she's back into the book. Bishop smiles, a little sad. It was nice... but the moment's over. He stands and collects his groceries.

GROCER
See you next week, Arthur.

EXT. BISHOP'S HOME - EVENING

A ranch-style compound, nestled in the hills. Warm, rustic, and inviting.

Bishop's Cobra drives past the MAIN HOUSE, a large craftsman, into a BARN where he parks next to a collection of other beautiful vintage cars. He gets out, crosses the dirt drive towards his home. A STUDIO separate from the main house. Two horses graze in an attached paddock.

INT. BISHOP'S HOME - EVENING

Bishop's enters, flicking on lights. The home is beautiful, ordered. Everything a model of design and elegance. The walls are home to a collection of original and slightly sociopathic art. Lucian Freud, de Chirico, Zak Smith, Francis Bacon. Isolation, beauty, unrest...

INT. BISHOP'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Bishop unpacks his groceries. Organic. Raw. Supplements. Vitamins. Nothing looks delicious. His fridge is ordered. Glass containers in rows, lightly hued liquids in each.

He opens a can of Friskies, sets it down for a mutt-like tabby-cat who lopes over and eats. Bishop scratches her behind the ears.

INT. BISHOP'S STUDY - EVENING

Bishop flicks on lights illuminating the WALL covered with charts, documents, photographs of the Mark.

He goes to a gas fireplace built into the side of the room, fires up the flames. A sideboard holds a collection of Vinyl Albums. Mint condition, collector. Fingers play over titles... Rolling Stones, Neil Young, Bob Dylan...

The turntable needle hits Young's "Needle and the Damage Done." Music croons sweet into the room as pages, photos, everything goes into the fire.

One photo in particular: The Mark, busy on the phone as a young girl pulls at his suit jacket. He was a criminal bastard, but also a father.

Bishop stares down at the picture, consumed by fire, reflected in his eyes.

INT. BISHOP'S GYM - NIGHT

Bishop, running on a treadmill, full-tilt. A controlled sprint without end. The gym has all manner of customized exercise equipment. Weights, machines, a climbing wall, an infinite lap-pool.

Bishop jumps off the treadmill, immediately takes his pulse, checks it against a clock on the wall, jots a note.

Bishop, pressing weights. 300+ pounds. Reps over and over, Muscles HARD, STRAINING. In his eyes, almost a relaxed intensity. The rest of the world, turned off.

Bishop RACKS the weights, LOUD. Immediately taking his pulse, checking the clock...

INT. BISHOP'S GYM - LATER

Bishop sits at a small desk, plotting the evening's work-out in a book. He traces columns, enters points on a graph.

THE BOOK. Doesn't matter how impressive the numbers are, they've peaked and are now starting their inevitable slide...

ON BISHOP. Staring at the book.

INT. BISHOP'S STUDY - NIGHT

Bishop stands in front of his phone. He scrolls through the last ten calls that have come through. They all read "McKenna, Harry." Over and over. Three days' worth.

INT. BISHOP'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Bishop eats dinner, alone at the end of a beautiful antique table. Hanging on the wall across from him, a vivid disturbing painting of three women.

ON HIS PLATE. His food is a meal we might expect an astronaut to eat. Raw Spinach, a collection of supplements.

He crunches through something that looks like cardboard, chews, stares at the painting. In his study, the phone rings. He eyeballs it, lets it ring.

INT. DEN, BISHOP'S HOME - NIGHT

Bishop sits on the couch in front of the television, his cat curls under his arm, purring. Bishop flips channels through an endless display of over-amped human behavior. People HAW and WINK in the sitcoms, people YELL on the talk-shows, people CRY and LUST on the dramas. Flip. Flip.

A news channel shows a PICTURE of The Mark. "Billionaire tech mogul dead in tragic accident." Two ANCHORS discuss...

MALE NEWS ANCHOR

...here's a guy at the top of his game. And yes there were questions about the money: Where did it all go. Were some of his friends less than friendly to the US? But in the end, it's not the feds who catch up with him --

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR

It's that age old adage that boys will be boys. These dangerous hobbies come with the risk of accidents like this --

Bishop punches off the tv, heads for the door.

EXT. HIGH-END APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Bishop pulls up in his car, looks up. Hundred of lit windows above him, lives going on behind each. He heads forward, the doorman holding the door for him.

EXT. CORRIDOR, HIGH-RISE - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop gets out of the elevator, stops in front of a door. Beat. He rings the bell.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(from inside)

It's open!

Bishop pushes the door open, steps into...

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Beautifully, warmly furnished. Sofas surround a living area, a gas fire flickering. Throws and rugs. Art on the walls, tasteful and human. An open bottle of wine on a granite counter top.

THE VIEW. Over all the city, thousands of lights twinkle.

WOMAN'S VOICE

I'll just be a minute.

We catch a GLIMPSE of the WOMAN. A towel over her hair, wearing a skirt and a bra, crossing from the bathroom into her bedroom. Even in the small glimpse, she's beautiful.

Bishop looks down at a coffee table. Magazines, newspaper. A picture of the first Mark's elaborate funeral.

BISHOP

I'm sorry I was away so long this time. I had some complications...

He turns. She's emerged from the bedroom. 30's. Long dark hair, damp from the shower. Buttoning a shirt, the curve of her breasts caught as she does. A comfortable, sophisticated air about her. Effortlessly attractive.

WOMAN

You don't have to apologize. I'm just glad you're here now.

(beat)

Are you hungry?

She starts to move by him, his hand catches her arm and she is in his arms, holding him TIGHT, kissing him.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I just... miss you. I never thought I was going to be a "woman who waits." But I do. I wait for you.

He nods. She breaks off, pours red wine in a glass.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Were you in Europe? Africa?

(beat)

Was there another woman?

BISHOP

No.

WOMAN

Liar. It's alright. I don't mind.

(Suddenly shifting gears)

I... I made something for you.

She picks up a remote, fire up a large flatscreen TV. Hits a button. A moment, then an IMAGE flickers to life.

ON THE TV: The WOMAN, sitting in this same living room. She wears a long sleeve shirt over panties. Sips a glass of wine. Smiles warm at the camera. The silence of late night.

WOMAN ON CAMERA

Hey, you. Just got back from the weekend at the lake with Julianne and Barry and their kids. Their oldest is five. You'd like him.

(beat)

Everybody spoke about you, of course. We should go up there sometime, just the two of us...

ON THE TV: She reaches towards the camera and the image JUMPS AHEAD. Another night, late. The WOMAN enters the frame, now wearing a stunning black party dress.

WOMAN ON CAMERA (CONT'D)

(announcing, giggling)

I, just got back from seeing the most boring opening at the Pierre Grochet gallery. And of course everyone's asking where you are and of course I made your apologies, but what I was thinking...

ON THE TV: She winks at the camera, happily drunk. Raises her dress a little, suggestive...

WOMAN ON CAMERA (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Why weren't you here to take me home and make love to me...?

She blows a kiss. Closes her eyes...

ON BISHOP: Watching. Emotion breaks the surface.

The WOMAN raises the remote. Turns off the image. Looks at Bishop. Plain, not demanding. But caring.

BISHOP

I'm not a man who... It wouldn't be good for you, if I was around all the time.

WOMAN

I know. I know.

She moves to him and they are kissing fierce.

INT. BEDROOM, HIGH RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bishop and the woman make love. She's the aggressor at first, pulling away Bishop's clothing, climbing on top of him, pulling her own clothes away...

Bishop grabs the woman who LAUGHS in ecstasy. He reverses her, throwing her down on the bed, climbing on top. The two of them, eye to eye as they fuck...

INT. BEDROOM, HIGH RISE APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Early morning light filters into the room. Bishop, awake, staring at the sleeping woman. His eyes click over to the clock which reaches 6:00 am. As if he's been waiting, Bishop rises and dresses, silently.

INT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Bishop stands in front of the plate glass windows. He turns and moves to a music box on a shelf, opens it. A melancholy tune plays. He admires the machinery as he removes twenty \$100 bills from his wallet, tucks them under the box...

WOMAN'S VOICE

Stay for breakfast?

He turns. She's standing in the doorway, tying a robe around herself. A cool professionalism inhabits her demeanor. Not crass or mean-spirited, but the romance is gone.

BISHOP

Do I ever?

WOMAN

No. But there's a first time for everything.

Bishop goes to the DVD player, slots out the DVD they watched the night before and pockets it.

BISHOP

Thank you. This was a good one.
See you next time.

WOMAN

Bishop... You all right?

He turns, studies her. This is new ground. He nods and leaves. She stares a moment at the door after he's gone.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Bishop, running. Full-tilt again, a maintained sprint. He maneuvers through trees, over rocks. Below him, through the woods, his home comes into view...

... a BLACK BENTLEY sits parked in front of the house. A MAN on a cell phone stands by it.

EXT. BISHOP'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

The man wears a mid-level suit, a hired professional.

MAN
(into a phone)
Yes, I just got here. No, not yet.

He turns, REACTS as Bishop is there, CLOSE, barely sweating.

MAN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hold on, I got him.

The man holds his cell phone out for Bishop. A beat, Bishop studying the angles... he takes the phone.

MCKENNA (O.S.)
Arthur? Jesus Christ, Arthur, is that you?

BISHOP
...How are you, Harry?

MCKENNA (O.S.)
Oh you know, I'm God Damn perfect. I'm redecorating my fucking office and I wanted your advice on the god forsaken curtains is how I am.
(beat, serious)
This is... this is something, Arthur. I need to see you, for old time's sake.

INT. BENTLEY - DAY

Bishop sits in the back, looks out at the city moving around them as the man drives. They approach the armored gates of a business tower: MCKENNA HOLDING CORP. The driver nods at SECURITY who recognize the car, open the gate. The car drops down into the garage under the building.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Bishop and the man exit the Bentley. Four more ARMED SECURITY down here, seated around a table, eating delivery from a local Deli. Two stand, one steps forward.

SECURITY
Sorry, gotta do this...

Patient, Bishop puts his arms out as the man searches him.

INT. MCKENNA HOLDING CORP. - DAY

Bishop steps out of the elevator into a top-level wonderland of money manipulation. Desks, crushed with monitors, manned by casually brilliant MIT-grads. Flat screens track the markets. All of this overseen by a witch's tit of a MANAGER who eyeballs Bishop coolly.

A tapping gets Bishop's attention. The corner office is glass-walled. **HARRY MCKENNA** is tapping on it, gesturing Bishop inside.

INT. OFFICE, MCKENNA HOLDING CORP - MOMENTS LATER

The office is high-tech. Harry less so. 60's. Overweight and doesn't give a shit. Cigars in a ashtray, ash-burns on the Persian rugs. A man to be reckoned with, in his time. The time has perhaps passed.

Harry comes out from behind his desk, points Bishop to a big leather sofa. Bishop perches on the arm.

BISHOP

I like the new digs.

McKenna LAUGHS, like a grunt. Fiddles with his hearing aid, turning it up. Bishop's eyes track.

MCKENNA

Has it really been that long?
Jesus.

(beat)

You know how they say youth is lost on the young? They're right. If I had my nineteen year old body back, I wouldn't be here, I'll tell you that. I'd be out there, making it my personal life mission to bang every stewardess who ever dared put on one of those whatchamacallit skirts.

BISHOP

Times have changed, Harry. They don't wear skirts anymore.

McKenna eyeballs Bishop, shakes his head. He goes to the glass wall, points out at the screens, financial markets.

MCKENNA

You know what all that is?

(off Bishop's nod)

That's their money, getting moved, exchanged. Made clean and neat and proper for Uncle Sam. And I have always been extremely careful.

McKenna goes to his desk, tosses legal papers on the table between them.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)

You know what that is? That's a God damn subpoena from the Justice Department. We get a new face in the white house, all of a sudden they want to look at my records. They got accountants want to go through MY BOOKS. Are you kidding me? I got the left hand coming after me for what I did for the right hand.

Bishop looks over the papers, nods.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)

So I call them up. I say "hey, you guys gotta get your own house in order..."

BISHOP

And...

MCKENNA

And? And that's the point! Nothing. I tell them they have a problem here and instead of dealing with it I get silence, zippo, fuck-all. What are they, twelve?

BISHOP

...I don't see how I can --

MCKENNA

That's bullshit, Arthur. Your father -- they still talk about the guy like he walked on water. You, they'll listen to. You --

BISHOP

I'm not a part of that.

McKenna stares out the window at the street below, nervous. Shakes a pill out of a small vial, pops it. He chuckles, shakes his head.

MCKENNA

You remember that fishing trip we all took, back in the day. You were, what? About eight, right?
(Off Bishop's nod)
You fell out of the boat...
couldn't swim a stroke. City kid.
(Animated, laughing)
You're in the water, splashing around.

(MORE)

MCKENNA (CONT'D)

You got these big eyes like saucers, like you're sure you're gonna drown. Splashing... swallowing water... just STARING at your father and he's not making a move. Remember? Just looking down at you like...

Suddenly it's gotten less funny.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)

I finally had to grab you by the hair, pull you back into the boat. You're shivering like hell and he -- your dad -- gives one of those laughs. Those big laughs everyone loved him for.

(beat)

Anyway, the whole time you're in the water, you didn't cry out. Not once. You were a tough sonofabitch, even then.

BISHOP

That was a long time ago, Harry.

McKenna turns from the window, takes in all his monitors, charts. Stock lines tick up and down, graphs flow, pulse...

MCKENNA

Well, I'm in the water this time, Arthur. You think it's easy for me to ask? It cuts like hell. But that's what I'm doing.

Bishop eyes the barely open doorway into a small room off the office. Pillows and blankets on a sofa. Some clothes strewn about. McKenna's been sleeping here.

A long beat. Bishop... nods. The tension seems to DRAIN from McKenna. He claps Bishop on the back, nods back.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)

...Thank you. Thank you.

THROUGH THE GLASS WALL OF THE OFFICE. Bishop's eyes track as elevator doors open and **STEVE MCKENNA** steps out, a beautiful young woman with him, LOUISE. She's a trophy, the woman you get for being top dog and the one you regret getting. Gorgeous, self-obsessed, entitled. She flops onto a leather sofa as Steve moves towards the office.

Steve's young, mid-20's, strikingly handsome, wearing the casual uniform of wealth not earned. But there's something else that arrests Bishop immediately. Unwasted motion, detachment, observing the world around him... from above.

Even as Steve nods to one of his father's security and pushes into the room, he picks up Bishop. The two men lock eyes, a strange reflection not of appearance, but of nature.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)

And here's the prodigal son,
arrived to bilk me for ransom.

(to Steve)

Steve, this is Arthur Bishop.

Steve shakes Bishop's hand. Strong. Observant.

STEVE

Hey. Nice to meet you. You work
for my father?

MCKENNA

No, quite the opposite. Arthur's
doing me a little favor.

STEVE

So you're a criminal?

MCKENNA

That's enough.

STEVE

Relax, relax. I'm kidding.

A last beat between Steve and Bishop, then Steve lets it go, turns his attention to his father.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I need you to make a donation to
Louise's charity. She's mounting
some kind of fundraiser and she
wants to make sure we do our part.

MCKENNA

What's it for?

STEVE

I have no idea. And don't pretend
you care, either. Write the check,
go to the party, smile when the
orphans-slash-homeless-widows thank
you and call you a great and
generous man.

MCKENNA

(to Bishop)

You ever think of having kids,
Arthur?

BISHOP

Nope.

Wearily, McKenna brings out his checkbook.

MCKENNA
Wise man. How much?

STEVE
Thirty thousand.
(Suddenly, to Bishop)
You know, I can't tell what you're thinking, Mr. Bishop. Usually, I'm very good with that, with people. Sort of like a bullshit detector I developed. But you're very... hard to read.

BISHOP
Sorry.

STEVE
Don't be. So what are you thinking?

BISHOP
I was thinking that a son, should be more grateful to his father.

STEVE
(nodding)
I agree. I agree. I often wonder why I'm not.

McKenna tears the check out, hands it to Steve.

MCKENNA
There. Now go away.

STEVE
Thank you, dad. Are we going to see you at the house any time soon?

MCKENNA
Yeah, this is just a few more days. We got this... situation.

Steve hears the dark in his father's tone, tracks it.

STEVE
Anything I can do?

MCKENNA
You? Yeah, you can earn some money. Get married.
(beat)
No, it's going to be okay now. Arthur's helping me out.

Steve glances between the two men. Ego slightly bruised.

STEVE

Well it's good to meet you Mr. Bishop. My father seems to trust you, which is... unusual.

Bishop and McKenna watch as he hits the atrium, hands Louise the check who goes out of her mind, jumping up and down, giving him a kiss that speaks of more to come, trotting off.

Steve glances back one more time, then follows her.

MCKENNA

We will take from our children for a lifetime what we would not suffer from another man for an instant. Explain that to me.

(off Bishop's silence)

Okay. Okay, call me when you hear something.

BISHOP

You take care of yourself, Harry.

MCKENNA

Well, that's your job now, isn't it?

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop exits the elevator. Security holds the door to the Bentley open for him. Bishop shakes his head, walks out.

INT. ARTIST'S STUDIO - AFTERNOON

Bishop exits an old freight elevator, enters this HUGE loft space. Old architecture divided by free-standing walls hung with PAINTINGS from the same artist who's work hangs in Bishop's home. Intense, slightly surreal, deeply haunting. Nudes, raw. Men's faces, distraught, alone.

A matronly ART DEALER comes forward familiar, takes his hand.

ART DEALER

Arthur. Glad you're here. Right this way.

As they move across the space Bishop catches sight of a MODEL, lying nude in a pool of blue paint. Across from her, The ARTIST is full-focused on her. He's roughly Bishop's age. Cigarette dangles off a lip, tattoos on his arms. Fully comfortable and committed to the alternative life.

The model senses Bishop's gaze, looks over, unashamed.

ART DEALER (CONT'D)

This way.

Bishop follows the Dealer into another area where they approach a canvas. It's a portrait of a young boy, alone. The effect is of rage-filled isolation.

ART DEALER (CONT'D)

Zak is almost finished. It will make a wonderful addition to your collection.

Bishop looks at the canvas. Nods. Glances back to where the artist is carefully adjusting his model's position.

ART DEALER (CONT'D)

Do you want to meet him?

BISHOP

...No.

INT. BISHOP'S HOME - NIGHT

Bishop enters his home, sets his things down. Stares at his phone a beat, then on impulse picks it up and dials. The voice that answers is female, official.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Good evening, Mr. Bishop. How can I help you?

BISHOP

Yes. I'd like to speak to Dean.

There's a brief pause on the phone, then.

WOMAN'S VOICE

...Mr. Dean is not available right now. Can I take a message?

BISHOP

No. Just tell him I called.

Bishop hangs up, stares at the phone.

The doorbell rings. Bishop opens it to find a DHL COURIER on his doorstep. Bishop is suddenly casual, friendly. The public face of Bishop.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Hello, Don. They make you drive all the way out here this evening?

DON

That's the job.

The man gestures to the open barn door, the classic cars.

DON (CONT'D)
You find tires for that old
FleetMaster?

BISHOP
(signing)
No, not yet. Maybe when I do,
we'll take it out for a spin. Say
hello to the wife for me.

DON
Will do. Good night, Arthur.

The man heads back towards his truck. Bishop tears away the strip that seals the envelope, a small USB jump-drive slides into his hands. The friendly grin on Bishop's face... evaporates.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Bishop fires up a computer hooked to a printer. He slots the USB drive into the computer. Nothing seems to happen, just a low pulsing red light on the drive.

Almost instantly, his phone rings and he answers. Silence.

BISHOP
(into phone)
We should all be so lucky.

Click. The phone goes dead. Almost at the same time, the glowing red light on the jump-drive turns GREEN.

Bishop's PRINTER fires up. It starts printing out pages. A few medical charts... and then a photograph: Harry McKenna. The new mark.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Bishop eats. Lost in thought. Eyes play over his art...

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Bishop hits the study, work-mode. All hesitation gone. Pages are tacked up, other ripped down and tossed. He takes out a thick pen, circles words: "Syncope cardiac spasms..." "Prognosis..." "Poor eustachian tube function..."

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Bishop sits at a desk under a reading lamp, making notes out of a stack of books. Medical textbooks. Charts. A diagram of the central nervous system. Stress tests. The technical specs for an electronic device.

INT. PUBLIC RECORDS OFFICE - DAY

Bishop receives a SET OF PLANS from an attendant. Spreads them out over a counter. In the corner, a large photocopier.

INT. BISHOP'S STUDY - EVENING

Bishop sits at his desk, a Jeweler's Loup over one eye, working with soldering iron and electronic tools, meticulous. Behind him, tacked to the wall, are copies of the building plans. Heavily inked. Routes in and out penned in. Locations of security. Photographs. He's done his recon.

Sitting in the sun on a window ledge: an open jar of Mayonnaise, turning rancid. A fly buzzes around it.

THROUGH THE JEWELER'S LOUP: Bishop is working on a hearing aide. Tweezers adjust a tiny chip, slot it into place...

Phone rings. Bishop eyes it for a beat. Snaps it up. The voice on the other end is world weary, professional. DEAN.

DEAN (O.S.)

Bishop. I heard you called. Hey, you get the stuff I sent you?

BISHOP

That's what I called about. I know him. I think there might be a misunderstanding --

DEAN (O.S.)

Hold on a second.

A long pause. Just air on the line. Bishop stares at his work in front of him, his research on McKenna tacked to the wall. Dean's voice comes back as suddenly as it departed.

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

No, it's been decided. This one's a go. You take care of yourself, Bishop.

The line goes dead. Bishop stares at the phone for a second, sets it down. He looks up at Harry's picture on the wall.

EXT. CITYSCAPE - MORNING

The sun rises over the city, shafts of light illuminating the top floor plate glass of McKenna Holding Corp. The SOUND OF A PHONE RINGING, being picked up.

MCKENNA'S VOICE

Hello?

BISHOP'S VOICE

They want to talk. I'm picking you up in an hour.

MCKENNA'S VOICE

Arthur --

BISHOP'S VOICE

Send your people home. I don't want anyone I don't know near you today. I'm serious.

MCKENNA'S VOICE

...Thank you, Arthur.

INT. DELI - MORNING

Bishop hangs up his phone, watches as three bags of food are put up on the TO GO counter. "McKenna Garage" scrawled.

Bishop approaches the counter, reaches over the bags for his own food, pushing his drink onto the floor.

BISHOP

I'm sorry. My bad.

The guy at the counter shrugs, turns for a mop. Bishop quickly reaches into the McKenna bag, switches a wrapped sandwich for one he brought.

EXT. MCKENNA HOLDING CORP. - DAY

A white van passes the entrance to the underground garage, pulls into the Alley behind the building and stops.

INT. WHITE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Bishop kills the engine, pushes aside a curtain and heads into the back of the van which is empty aside for a heavy acetylene torch. The bottom of the van is covered by a thick black matt which Bishop kicks with his foot.

The matt falls aside revealing a large HOLE in the bottom of the van, right down to the pavement and the welded steel cover Bishop has parked on top of.

Bishop picks up the torch, SPARKS IT.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MORNING

The four SECURITY are eating their delivered lunch. Security #1 puts a hand to his gut. Security #2 looks over.

SECURITY #2
Hey, you okay?

SECURITY #1
Actually, call central. I'm not --

And with that, he's suddenly up and MOVING towards the bathroom. Security #2 raises his radio.

INT. ELEVATOR LOBBY, MCKENNA HOLDING CORP. - DAY

Elevator doors open. Another SECURITY GUARD steps out, checks in by radio and heads down a corridor.

IN THE ELEVATOR behind him, Bishop drops through the ceiling hatch, dressed casual. He hits a button, doors close.

INT. MCKENNA'S OFFICE - MORNING

Elevator doors open and Bishop steps out into the office. Deserted. Monitors glow, tracking markets and trades. But the human element is gone.

Except for Harry, alone, silhouetted at one of his large plate windows, watching the sun rise over the city.

MCKENNA
You ever wonder what the last day
of your life will feel like,
Arthur?

BISHOP
You keep standing next to that
window, maybe you'll be able to
tell me.

McKenna looks over, smiles weary. He looks exhausted. He goes to his desk, picks up a tie, looks to Bishop.

MCKENNA
This turns out alright, I'm going
to send you a dozen Thai hookers
and a case of Cuban Esplandidos.
You can return the hookers if you
want, but the cigars...

BISHOP
 (smiling)
 I don't smoke.

MCKENNA
 You will, my friend. For these,
 you will.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop and McKenna heading down. McKenna watches the numbers. Bishop studies McKenna... then, casually:

BISHOP
 Why the change of security?

MCKENNA
 ...What?

Beat. Bishop SLAPS the STOP button. Elevator jerks to a halt. Bishop gets a finger into the doors, PRIES them open.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)
 Arthur...?

McKenna looks at the effort, sighs. Lets Bishop help him down. Halfway through, BALANCE SHIFTS, McKenna starts to fall. Bishop STEADIES him. McKenna STARES at Bishop, concerned. Bishop nods, heading towards the STAIRS, pocketing a small hearing aide as he goes.

ON MCKENNA, touching the hearing aide in his ear...

BISHOP
 Come on...

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop and McKenna reach the bottom of the stairwell. McKenna's winded, steadying himself against a wall. Bishop cracks the door, peers out.

BISHOP
 What the hell...?

McKenna moves in, pushes Bishop aside.

MCKENNA'S P.O.V.: His SECURITY. Only there are two new faces in the garage. Replacements packing weaponry.

MCKENNA
 This isn't good, Arthur...

BISHOP
Listen to me. Stay here. I'm
going to check it out.

MCKENNA
Bishop, those men are armed...

BISHOP
Harry, relax. I know what I'm
doing.

And Bishop slips out the door, shutting it behind him.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The moment he's out, he turns and sinks down in front of it, blocking it with his back. He opens his jacket, brings out a small TRANSMITTER. Waits a beat, then flicks a switch.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

McKenna there, STARING at the door. Nothing. He approaches the steel door, tries the handle. Can't open it. Nervous, he carefully puts his head against the door to listen...

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! The SOUND OF GUNFIRE, VOICES fill McKenna's ears. He staggers back, crouched, terrified...

CLOSE ON HIS HEARING AIDE: The sounds of gunfire is coming from it. BLAM! BLAM! More shots, then the sound of POUNDING on the door.

BISHOP'S VOICE
Harry! It's a trap! RUN!!!

The door flies opens and Bishop LURCHES IN, gun raised. McKenna starts up the stairs, breathing hard. Behind him, he can see Bishop, gun lined back at the door. BLAM! BLAM! Gunshots assault his eardrums.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

On the other side of the door, Security hears the door slam, looks over for a moment, but there's nothing else.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

McKenna picks up the pace, hauling himself upwards. Sweat POURING off him, eyes wild. He stops, tries to catch his breath. Shooting PAIN through his right arm, he grabs it just as MORE GUNFIRE SOUNDS from below.

Bishop comes rushing up the stairs. His shirt stained with blood. Gun in his hand.

BISHOP
Come on! If we can get to the roof
I can hold them off! Come on!

McKenna GULPS AIR, staggers on...

EXT. ROOFTOP, MCKENNA HOLDING CORP - MOMENTS LATER

Door BLOWS open, McKenna staggers onto the rooftop. The manic victory of having made it clashing with the tragic knowledge that his heart is rebelling.

He falls to his knees, clutching his right arm. PAIN coursing through his body. Unaware for the moment that everything has gone silent.

FEET come into his view. He looks up, sees Bishop standing over him. Bishop's face is a death mask. Emotion removed. Harry stares into his eyes... and understands.

MCKENNA
...You.

Bishop nods. McKenna CACKLES which turns into a scream as PAIN sends him reeling. He falls, hitting his head. Blood rolls down his face.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)
You bastard. You... Sonofabitch.
You didn't have the balls... The
balls to AARRRGHHHH!

He CONVULSES. Tears stream down his face. His body HEAVING, not giving up the ghost.

ON BISHOP. We know it's in there. But it doesn't show. Instead he checks his watch, calculates time...

MCKENNA (CONT'D)
Oh God. Oh, Jesus Christ help me.
ARRGHHHH!!! ARRRRGHHHHHHH!!!
Please... Please... Please...

McKenna stops struggling, stares up at Bishop. Tears streaming down his face.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)
Please, Arthur, put me out of my
misery. Your father...

Bishop checks his watch again, doesn't meet McKenna's eyes. Checks the stair door, looks over the building edge...

MCKENNA (CONT'D)

Please. I'm scared. I'm really
god damn scared...

Suddenly Bishop MOVES. Lightning fast, wrapping up McKenna's head, fingers PRESSING expertly along arteries. McKenna STARES UP one horrible second, then goes limp in his arms, dead.

Bishop releases, stands, stares down. For the first time, uncertainty in his face. Why did he do that? He looks at the body, at his hands, out at the city. Wipes his forehead with the back of a hand, furious at himself.

He reaches down, removes the hearing aide from McKenna's ear, replaces it with the original, turns away.

SEEN FROM FAR ABOVE. McKenna's body, alone on the rooftop.

EXT. ROOFTOP, MCKENNA HOLDING CORP - NIGHT

WITH STEVE as he pushes through doors into a MASS of Police, detectives, private security, lawyers, all milling about on phones, gathered around a figure on the ground...

INT. ARTIST'S STUDIO - NIGHT

The Art Dealer hands Bishop the finished painting, wrapped. At the far end of the studio the Artist and his friends smoke and drink and laugh. Bishop nods thanks, turns and leaves.

EXT. ROOFTOP, MCKENNA HOLDING CORP - NIGHT

Steve stares down at his dead father. A COP draws a line around the body. Steve is expressionless.

INT. BISHOP'S HOME - NIGHT

Bishop backs off from the wall where he has just hung the new painting of the boy. It stares back at him.

EXT. ROOFTOP, MCKENNA HOLDING CORP - EARLY MORNING

Blue-gray morning. Cold wind blows across the rooftop. Steve watches the last police leave. He's alone. He stares down at the outline where his father lay.

EXT. CEMTERY - DAY

A funeral in progress, hundreds of flower arrangements, decorations, fit for a head of state. A few dozen attendees.

At the front, Steve McKenna sits in front of his father's coffin, cold. His girlfriend Louise next to him, weeping. She cries at funerals.

Bishop stands at the back. His eyes scan over the proceedings. Sixth-sense, Steve suddenly turns his head, makes eye contact with Bishop.

PRIEST

His good works comfort all of us,
even in his going. We commit his
remains to your earth, oh Father,
and we pray you vouchsafe him
eternal life and that you bring
comfort to those who have been left
behind. His only son, Steve, who
is himself devoted to --

The Priest falters as Steve rises, moves away from the event. Bishop tracks him as he wanders through gravestones.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

...Glory be to the Father, and to
the Son, and to the Holy Ghost...

EXT. CEMTERY - DAY (LATER)

At the gravesite, men fill in the hole with dirt. Nearby, six limousines are lined up. But only the one directly after the hearse has its door open for Louise who stands, waiting, looking for Steve.

Bishop watches the dirt hit the coffin. Then looks over as Steve approaches through mausoleums.

BISHOP

My condolences.

STEVE

(nods)

Yeah, Harry was a popular guy.
Good to see so many of his friends
here. Touching.

Bishop considers, tracks the attendees who pass by a suited man as they leave... Each of them receiving and pocketing an envelope as they do. Bishop looks back to Steve.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Best grief money can buy. Give me
a ride home?

Bishop nods to the head limo where Louise is waving impatiently at Steve to come.

BISHOP
Looks like you have one.

STEVE
Yeah, all of that. Empty limos.
Fake guests. All so that the
papers print what an important and
respected man Harry was.

Steve takes in the one or two guests, already counting their money a few yards away. Shakes his head.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Well, I hope it's what Harry would
have wanted. But it's not for me.

Beat. Bishop nods.

INT. BISHOP'S CAR - DAY

Bishop steers the car into the hills, past high-end estates.

STEVE
You know, what I don't get is you.
Harry didn't have any friends.

BISHOP
Your dad worked with my father a
long time ago.

STEVE
So?

BISHOP
So, just paying my respects.

STEVE
So your old man was into all that?

BISHOP
(Small nod)
Yeah, he was into all that.

STEVE
Well, that is refreshingly honest,
Mr. Bishop. What about you?

Bishop doesn't answer, steers the car up a manicured drive.

P.O.V. - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: An ESTATE. A main house, lawns, pools, guest houses.

EXT. MCKENNA ESTATE - AFTERNOON

Steve and Bishop get out of the car. The McKenna estate was modeled neoclassical for a wanna-be emperor. Now a week of youth with limitless credit has left its mark. A SOUND SYSTEM has been set up poolside. A DJ spins a trance-like deep groove. YOUNG WOMEN lounge around the pool in bikinis, less. Beautiful and bored. YOUNG MEN, most dressed modern hip-hop, mostly white, eyeball the women, fist-bump each other, drink beers.

Steve takes the whole thing in, nods, somehow pleased.

STEVE

Why is it so comforting, when
people surpass even our lowest
expectations?

(beat)

Come on in, meet the crowd.

BISHOP

No, thanks. I've got to --

STEVE

Please. A favor to me. None of
these people even remembered what
today was.

Bishop nods. They move into the scene. People recognize Steve, hug or bump-fists. Steve's friendly, but stays locked on Bishop. Bishop observes it all, not uncomfortable.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Do you believe in fate, Mr. Bishop?

BISHOP

Why?

A basketball hoop has been set up near the pool. Young men take turns dunking and then landing in the water.

STEVE

I think maybe we're all doomed to
become our fathers. I'll probably
die spoiled, corrupt, lonely and
alone. Runs in the blood. What
would that make you?

BISHOP

You're still young. You can do
pretty much whatever you please.

AT THE HOT TUB, two girls kiss each other, filmed in DV by a young entrepreneur.

STEVE

You think so? Just chuck all this and go help the children in South America, something like that?

BISHOP

Maybe.

STEVE

Well look at you, Mr. Bishop. You're a dreamer.

Steve heads inside. A beat, Bishop follows.

INT. MCKENNA ESTATE - AFTERNOON

As soon as they enter, Steve finds himself locked up by two BEAUTIES who whisper excitedly in his ear.

BEAUTY #1

Well? Do you want to...?

STEVE

No, in fact I'm pretty sure that's illegal in this state.

(to Bishop)

Come on, this way.

Steve leaves the Beauties disappointed, moves up some stairs. Bishop follows.

INT. MCKENNA ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Steve and Bishop move into another room where two HUGE flatscreens have converted the room into a Wii court. Young muscle-bound posers play a first person head-to-head shoot-em game. Others drink, CHEER.

Two bump fists with Steve. One fronts cool at Bishop, fakes a punch at him. Bishop just watches, doesn't do a thing. The kid smiles, nods...

On the floor, paintings of Harry McKenna, discarded.

INT. MASTER SUITE, MCKENNA ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

This used to be Harry's realm. Now Steve's taken it over. Giant ornate king bed. Huge balcony overlooking the estate.

Steve goes to the railing of the balcony, looks down at the grounds, the people. Bishop hangs back, glances into a private study, untouched from when Harry ruled there. Papers, books, a portrait of Harry over the desk.

STEVE
 You know, I went up there. To
 where my father died.

BISHOP
 Oh?

STEVE
 Hell of a place to die. Lonely...

Bishop comes abreast of Steve, also looks down. Removed from the party and the pool area, a separate area of the estate contains an outdoor gym. Weights, exercise equipment, a fighting matt and martial arts equipment all present.

BISHOP
 (off the gym area)
 That all yours?

STEVE
 If the body is weak, the mind can't
 be strong.

Bishop nods, impressed. Something about this young man. Engaged, observing Bishop, but not needy.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 Steve! Steve, man. It's Louise.

At the door, a FRIEND of Steve's is held back by security.

FRIEND
 She's up in the bungalow. I think
 she might really do it this time.

STEVE
 (to Bishop)
 My girlfriend thinks that my
 father's death is a good time to
 kill herself. She thinks I'm not
 showing the appropriate human
 reaction.

BISHOP
 I'll let myself out.

STEVE
 No, please. You've seen this much.
 Aren't you interested? I am.

Off Bishop...

EXT. BUNGALOW, MCKENNA ESTATE - EARLY EVENING

Steve and Bishop push through a guarded gate, up a small path arriving at a beautiful bungalow, set back in the gardens. Candle light glows inside.

INT. BUNGALOW, MCKENNA ESTATE - EARLY EVENING

Louise is nude, immersed in the water of a jacuzzi located in the center of the room. On the side, she has a bottle of scotch, some pills, and two razor blades.

She looks up at Steve, streaked eyes dart to Bishop.

LOUISE

Who's he?

STEVE

A friend. Would have thought you'd have started by now.

LOUISE

This isn't about me. It's about you. You need to watch.

Steve crouches down, pours himself a shot from her whiskey bottle. Something angry and cold in his eyes.

STEVE

Okay. I'm here. I'm watching.

LOUISE

You don't believe I'll do it.

STEVE

No, I know you, Louise. You'll do just about anything if it'll get you enough attention.

LOUISE

You think you can hide behind that cool attitude. Like nothing matters to you. But I know you. You care. You feel.

STEVE

Do I?

Louise blinks, scared a little. But she pushes the fear away, picks up one of the razor blades. A beat, then with a quick gesture, she slices across one wrist. Blood rises to the surface, runs down her arms into the water.

Steve doesn't move. Neither does Bishop. Louise picks up the second blade with the cut hand. Fingers fumble, but she gets it. Slices across her other wrist.

Blood runs... stains the water rose.

STEVE (CONT'D)

...Wow.

LOUISE

How long will it take?

STEVE

(he shrugs)

Mr. Bishop?

Bishop rises, looks down at her in the tub.

BISHOP

How much do you weigh?

LOUISE

A hundred and ten.

His eyes take in her body, the flow from her wrists...

BISHOP

You're a hundred and twenty-five.
It'll take an hour and a half,
maybe two. When you get cold...
then you'll know you're close.

Steve takes in Bishop in this moment, nods. Glances at the clock: 9:30. Then he refills his drink, heads out to the patio outside. Sits facing away from them.

LOUISE

He'll stop it. He thinks he's
above it all. But he's not. No
one is.

Bishop nods. Not clear if he's agreeing or observing.

EXT. BUNGALOW, MCKENNA ESTATE - EVENING

Bishop sits with Steve on the patio. From inside, Louise's soft crying can be heard. Seen through the trees in front of them, young people dance, splash, party.

LOUISE

(from inside)

Steve! Steve! I know you feel
this. I know you'll stop me.

STEVE

(calling back)

If you don't care anything about
your life, why should I?

Steve looks to Bishop. He checks his watch. 10:30.

LOUISE
I'm getting cold. Please. I'm
frightened. I'm scared, Steve.

Bishop looks at Steve who just keeps staring outwards.

STEVE
You can help her if you want.

The sounds of water, splashing. Louise arrives on the patio, a blood-stained robe loosely pulled on around her. Mascara eyes ran. She stares down at Steve.

LOUISE
You're a bastard.

STEVE
You know what the kick of it is,
Louise? If you actually had the
stones, then there's be something
for us. But in 30 seconds when you
run down that path and all of those
people go crazy saving your life...
Well, then we'll be done.
(beat)
I know. Catch-22. Life's not
fair.

LOUISE
(realizing)
What happened to you?

STEVE
Maybe nothing. Maybe you never
really knew me.

A beat. Louise, looking between the two men. She SWAYS on her feet and Bishop puts a hand out, steadies her.

LOUISE
You're a bastard, too. Both of
you. Like looking in some dark
mirror.

STEVE
Go on, Louise. You'll do fine.
The world's gonna love you.

Louise steps away, turns, stumbling down the path into the dark. A beat, the men just watching after her and then a SCREAM from below. COMMOTION, ACTION. People rush to Louise, help her to the ground. Others pulling out cell phones, call for help. Louise's LOUD cries drift back.

BISHOP
Would you have let her do it?

STEVE
We'll never know, will we?

Steve rises, heads up a small path.

EXT. ESTATE GROUNDS - NIGHT

Steve and Bishop, walking high above the estate. Far below them, the lights of an ambulance in the driveway.

BISHOP
You didn't answer my question.

STEVE
Everybody dies.

BISHOP
Sure. But it's a whole other world when you're personally involved. There's a very big tab that has to be picked up.

STEVE
Such as?

Bishop stops, looks down at the action far below them.

BISHOP
Governments, cops, the military... we give young men a licence and send them into it blind, thinking it'll all be okay. Because someone told them they had permission.

(beat)

But when you cross over that line, you do it alone. Most people, they stay that way from then on. Alone.

STEVE
Everybody can kill. You take a mother, protecting her child...

BISHOP
Sure. But that's instinct. What I'm talking about is up here...
(tapping his head)
Knowledge of foresight. Intention. A person who knows that the only way to truly be free of man's laws, is to break his highest one.

Beat. It sits there, between them.

STEVE
Why are you telling me all this?

BISHOP

Why did you want me to see that
little stunt with your girlfriend?

Bishop stares down the hill at the commotion. Ants swarming.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

These aren't your people, are they?
You don't have "people." Your life
is crowded, but you're alone.

Steve unconsciously nods, then:

STEVE

You know, you're right. You grow
up spoiled, rich, like me... Only
thing you really learn to recognize
in people is when someone wants
something from you.

(beat)

What do you want, Mr. Bishop? What
are you doing here?

Bishop considers Steve, thrown. Then...

BISHOP

Thanks for the tour. It's been
interesting.

STEVE

Yes, it has.

Bishop turns, heads back down towards the estate. Steve
watches him go.

INT. BISHOP'S HOME - NIGHT

Bishop stares down at the line of supplements and pills set
out in front of him, something gnawing at him. His cat
nuzzles around his legs, purring. He scoops up the lot,
washes them down with water.

INT. BISHOP'S STUDY - NIGHT (LATER)

Bishop sits on his sofa, antsy. On the TV, the day's news
plays out in silence. Anti-American PROTESTS in a Middle-
Eastern country. Words scroll: "...Official resistance to US
eavesdropping policy..." "...Break down of high-level..."

Bishop rises, goes to a stack of DVD's. Grabs one, slots it.

ON THE TV: The WOMAN, speaking to him from her beautiful
apartment. Similar to the one we saw. She leans against a
large plate glass windows, shirt and panties, sipping wine.

WOMAN ON TV

Hey, you. Jesus, what a night. We went to opening of Fernando's new restaurant and Betty was there wearing -- well, whatever we call those things she wears...

ON THE STACK OF DVDs. There must be twenty of them.

WOMAN ON TV (CONT'D)

I miss you. Everybody says hi, of course. But with me... it's like I feel you there with me, even when you're not.

ON THE TV: She pulls her shirt off over her head, faces the camera again, topless.

WOMAN ON TV (CONT'D)

I feel the way you touch me...

Bishop rises, blows out of the room.

INT. BISHOP'S GYM - NIGHT

SLAM! Dropping in on Bishop, SPRINTING on the treadmill. FASTER than we've seen him go before. ON and ON.

He hits the weights, slots extra 45's onto the press bar. The weights CLANG into place.

ON BISHOP, PRESSING the enormous weight. One, two, three... He RACKS the weights, disgusted. Gets up, throws on more weight. He PRESSES it again. Five... six... RACKS it again, angry. Adds MORE WEIGHT. Back under the bar. Pressing. Muscles distending, STRAINING. Seven... Eight...

He CRIES OUT as something GIVES in his shoulder. The Weight SETTLES down on him, crushing him. A moment in his eyes, the weight pressing the air out of his lungs. He LAUGHS MANIC, SURGES up against the weight, tossing it off, the weights slamming into the floor, BOOM!

EXT. SUSHI RESTAURANT - EVENING

Bishop's car pulls up fast. He gets out, tosses the valet his keys, heads in, weirdly focused.

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT - EVENING

Bishop sits alone at a reserved table at the back, a plate of sashimi in front of him. He looks out at the restaurant.

BISHOP'S P.O.V.: Laughter, smiles, hands touching, hands waving mid-story, lips parting. Woman's hands touching their necks, eyes sparkling, men laughing, wallets flashing...

Bishop rises suddenly, his hand going to his wallet, trying to get out of there. ROOM SWAYS. He steadies himself, moves towards the exit. People look over, alarmed as he grabs backs of chairs to steady himself. VERTIGO LOOMING, sounds DISTORTING and suddenly he's FALLING into blackness...

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - MORNING

Bishop, shirtless. A FEMALE DOCTOR is examining the injury. Professional, but attractive. And attracted to him. Her hands on his shoulder, gentle. Her other hand on his back.

Her eyes play over his form: SCARS, WOUNDS, healed. A battlefield for a body.

FEMALE DOCTOR
Quite a collection you have here.
Military?

BISHOP
Something like that.

FEMALE DOCTOR
Does this hurt?

Bishop smiles, recognizing the nature of the touch.

BISHOP
Yes, a little.

The doctor lets her hands rest just a fraction too long, then moves across the room, writes in a chart.

FEMALE DOCTOR
Any next of kin, anybody we can
notify?
(off his shake no)
How about an acquaintance?

BISHOP
Am I going to die?

FEMALE DOCTOR
(smile)
No, not today.

Bishop reaches for his shirt, slips it on.

FEMALE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
You damaged your deltoid muscle.
But that doesn't explain the
anxiety attack.
(MORE)

FEMALE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 Any unusual stress recently?
 Something at work?
 (off his shake no)
 I'm prescribing Cataflam for the
 pain and Paxil for the stress and
 I'm going to give you my card. If
 you have any other episodes... or
 if you need anything else, don't
 hesitate to give me a call.

She holds out her card. He looks at her, lets her stay that way for a moment, then takes the card. She looks away.

FEMALE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 You can pay at the desk.

INT. FRONT DESK, EMERGENCY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop pays cash. He crumples the prescriptions, tosses it in the trash, starts to toss the doctor's card.

Beat. He can see her down the hall, speaking with another doctor. Pretty, real. A moment, he pockets the card.

INT. OFFICE, MCKENNA HOLDING CORP. - DAY

Steve sits in his father's office chair, staring back at us, occasionally nodding. We REVERSE to find a collection of Investigators, a Forensic Doc, and a hardened SECURITY SPECIALIST. The Doc is in the middle of a presentation. BOARDS hold diagrams, conclusions, crime scene photos, all about Harry McKenna.

The Doc demonstrates the precise hold, the pressure points that killed Harry McKenna. Steve watches, impassive.

EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON

Bishop runs through the woods, full-tilt. Finally stops in front of his house. He feels his injured shoulder, winces...

INT. BISHOP'S HOME - EVENING

Bishop sits on his sofa in front of the TV: A bureaucrat at a press conference. A female diplomat pushes through photogs with her hand up, shielding her face. Words scroll: "US Intelligence under scrutiny... High level meeting..."

Bishop hits the remote and the TV goes to static, white noise again. His eyes... relax, almost asleep. We stay on his face, a glimpse into his only moments of peace...

BANG! BANG! BANG! POUNDING on his front door. Bishop's eyes POP open. He's on his feet, instantly alert, moving past a sideboard. He touches a hidden catch, a "click" and he reaches underneath, comes out with a handgun.

EXT. FRONT DOOR, BISHOP'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Steve is there, pounding on the door.

STEVE
Mr. Bishop! Arthur! Please, I
need to speak with you.

The front door opens. Bishop, fronting sleepy. Steve is ENERGIZED, LIT, eyes blazing.

BISHOP
What time is it?

STEVE
I wanna show you something.
Please. It'll be... It'll be
interesting.

INT. BENTLEY - EVENING

Steve drives, too fast. Bishop is shotgun. The rear area usually reserved for passengers is empty.

BISHOP
Gonna tell me what the big surprise
is?

STEVE
I'd rather show you. I know,
melodramatic. But I think it'll be
worth it to you.

Bishop TENSES, almost imperceptible as Steve pilots the car into the underground structure beneath McKenna Holding Corp.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Car screeches to a stop. Steve grabs a case, is out. Bishop's takes in the area. Two of Steve's SECURITY there, looking stern. Bishop checks the gun he has concealed in his waistband, reaches for his door.

EXT. ROOFTOP, MCKENNA ENTERPRISES - EVENING

Elevator opens at the very top. Steve pushes out onto the roof. Bishop follows. Security lighting floods on, illuminating the desolate surface in eerie even light.

Steve opens his case, starts tossing down PHOTOGRAPHS:

CLOSE ON THE PICTURES: Harry McKenna. Dead on the roof. Other details. The doors, the elevator shaft, everything. PAPERS, coroner's documents. Medical photographs.

BISHOP
(careful)
Maybe it's time you start talking.

STEVE
(off the papers)
You know what that says? My dad didn't die of a heart attack. I mean, he was dying of a heart attack, but that's not what killed him. The blood flow to his brain was cut off, his brain died before his body. Somebody killed him.

On Bishop, considering Steve.

BISHOP
What do the police think?

STEVE
(laughing)
The police? They don't want to hear about this. I mean, they'll look into it. But they don't very much like the idea that they totally missed this one and it'd be just easier for everyone if I would shut the hell up.

BISHOP
...What do you want?

STEVE
They killed him. Here, on the roof of his own building. His own security all around. Why here? Why even kill him, if he was already dying?

BISHOP
You tell me.

STEVE
To make a point. That no one's safe. That they can get to anyone, whenever they want to.

BISHOP
So what am I doing here?

Bishop, supremely alert, listening. Tracking shadows...

STEVE

I got my black belt in Karate when I was nineteen. I've studied Judo since I was six.

BISHOP

I'm impressed.

STEVE

No, you're not. Most people are, but you're not. If I came at you right now, I'd wind up dead as my father, wouldn't I?

Bishop doesn't answer. Steve breaks away, looks down at the place where his father died.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Same as if I tried to exact justice for my father. These men, what this is... It's something you know about, isn't it?

(beat)

Something you could teach me.

BISHOP

I didn't get the impression you even liked Harry very much.

Steve SURGES forward. Real anger, intensity boiling over.

STEVE

You really going to stand there and judge how much I loved my father? What the hell do you know about it?

Bishop, hearing this. A nerve touched.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Besides, this isn't just about Harry. Harry's dead, may he rest in peace. But this is about me. They came here and they killed my father. They did that to me.

BISHOP

You want revenge.

Steve doesn't answer. A long moment between them. Steve turns, looks out over the city.

STEVE

You know the word "Nemesis"? It's not actually a word. It's a name. She was one of the Greek goddesses. Of anger. Retribution against any mortal who became too proud.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)
The executor of divine justice.
It's a beautiful idea, don't you
think? Justice.

BISHOP
Justice?

A beat. Bishop shakes his head, turns, starts to walk back towards the elevators. Steve collects his papers, angry.

STEVE
(calling after)
Fine. Fine. In case you haven't
noticed, I now have a couple of
million dollars to spend on this,
so I will find them myself and I'll
deal with them myself and if I wind
up dead trying, you can bury me
right next to dear old dad --

BISHOP
Jesus, stop your whining.

SLAP! No one's ever spoken to Steve that way. He STARES. A stillness between them, even the wind slows, waiting...

BISHOP (CONT'D)
Corner of sixth and Grand.
Tomorrow morning. 7:00 am. Don't
be late.

STEVE
I won't.

Beat. Bishop nods, starts to leave, turns back...

BISHOP
And Steve... no more surprises like
this, okay?

Steve nods. Bishop goes. On Steve, watching as the elevator doors erase the older man.

INT. BISHOP'S HOME - NIGHT

Bishop stands in the middle of his home, still. Thinking. Then he moves to his office, grabs a newspaper.

He moves to his Study, turns to a page, slaps it down on the glass on his scanner. Hits a button, the white light of the scanner passes.

INT. BISHOP'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Big King bed, never used. A huge painting by the Artist on the wall across from the bed. Landscape. Empty. Ruined.

Bishop hoists the painting down off the wall. He has a print-out from his computer, tacks it in the center of the blank space left by the painting: The picture of Steve, scanned from the McKenna Obituary, enlarged. Tacked alone on the wall. A start.

EXT. CORNER OF SIXTH AND GRAND - MORNING

Bishop stands on the corner, waiting. He checks his watch: 6:58. Steve's Bentley pulls up to the corner, parks in a handicapped space. Steve gets out, nods to Bishop.

Bishop takes in Steve, the Bentley, a metermaid ten yards away, already moving towards them.

INT. STERILE HALLWAY - MORNING

Bishop enters this linoleum-lined hallway, slips the bored ATTENDANT \$100. The man hits a button, a door CLICKS open.

INT. MORGUE - MORNING

As they enter, fluorescent lights flicker on. Cheap, overused. Some burnt out, others shorting.

ROWS OF GURNEYS line the room. Bodies, covered in green morgue drapes. Steve's eyes play over it. He swallows. Bishop is cold, business-like.

BISHOP

Stay focused. This is a test.

Bishop moves down the rows, pulling drapes away as he does. Nude BODIES are revealed. Men, women, teens. In some, the reason for their death is obvious. Others aren't telling.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

You want to know about killing, look around.

Steve does, a little creeped out, but keeping it cool.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

The act of killing, is an end in itself. Any other motive keeps it from being pure.

STEVE

The psychopath has no motive.

BISHOP
 No, he's driven, compelled, by his
 sickness. He's as much the victim
 as those he kills.

More drapes fall. Dead eyes stare up at them.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
 But when you make your own law,
 you're responsible to no one else
 but yourself. Maybe you're free...

STEVE
 I understand.

BISHOP
 Do you? This isn't some idea
 anymore. This is the real thing.
 You still with me?

STEVE
 I am.

Another drape falls. A beautiful woman. No signs of injury.

BISHOP
 Ever heard the term "Mechanic" used
 outside of its normal meaning?

STEVE
 My father used it. A dealer... a
 guy who works the tables.

Bishop smiles, shakes his head.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 Or a... killer. A hit man.

Bishop just stares. Steve shakes his head, looks away from
 Bishop, winds up staring at a dead man. Laughs to himself.

BISHOP
 What are you thinking?

STEVE
 I had you pegged as... a security
 consultant. Maybe ex-military.
 Someone who... protects people.

BISHOP
 Maybe I do.

STEVE
 Or maybe you just get paid to kill
 people.

Bishop nods his head yes.

STEVE (CONT'D)

So why let me in? I mean, I know what I want. What do you get out of it?

BISHOP

...Times are changing. Security is better trained, more lethal. Sometimes I could use a partner.

STEVE

Bullshit.

Bishop nods, smiles. He moves away from the tables, leaves Steve standing in the middle of it all.

BISHOP

In this... there isn't room for those who are outside of it. There's too much isolation. Friendships can't work. Eventually everyone expects you to account. The isolation... becomes a liability. You stand out. Standing out... isn't good.

Steve smiles, shakes his head.

STEVE

You need a... friend?

BISHOP

An associate.

(beat)

I'm offering to teach you something that most people can't be taught.

STEVE

Because you think I'm a natural.

BISHOP

That remains to be seen.

(taps his head)

But you're alone in there, aren't you? That's... the prerequisite.

Steve continues to stare at the bodies. Bishop starts towards the exit.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Think it over.

STEVE

Bishop...

(beat)

When I find the men who murdered my father. You help me to kill them.

BISHOP
You may never find them.

STEVE
You didn't answer my question.

A beat. Bishop nods.

INT. BISHOP'S GYM - DAY

Dropping into the middle of a FIGHT. Steve and Bishop, attacking each other, mixed martial arts.

Steve is the aggressor, moves in knocking Bishop's defenses away. HITTING Bishop who takes the punch, steps back...

Steve's still on him. Kicking, two, three times. Bishop catches a kick, tosses Steve back. He lands cat-like on his feet, comes back at Bishop, strong. Hitting, pushing Bishop back against a wall, seeming to dominate the fight.

BUZZ! A buzzer goes off. Bishop drops his guard, would be flattened if Steve didn't pull his punch, walks out.

EXT. BISHOP'S RANGE - CONTINUOUS

Behind Bishop's gym is a rifle range. An assortment of weapons lie on a table. In front of them, some trees, some old cars... some bottles sitting on the limbs of the trees.

Bishop picks up a handgun, checks his pulse. Steve has obviously learned from him, does the same.

Bishop raises the gun. BLAM! BLAM! Two bottles shatter at 30 yards. He tosses Steve the gun. Steve keeps two fingers on his pulse.

STEVE
I'm still at 130.

BISHOP
Too fast.

STEVE
I know. I'm working on it.

Bishop nods, picks up the rifle, sights. BLAM! 1,000 yards away, the bullet IMPACTS the head-rest of an abandoned car.

Bishop looks to Steve who gives up, raises the handgun. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Three shots. Three misses. Steve tosses down the gun, frustrated.

BISHOP
You were still over 100.

STEVE

What am I supposed to do?

BISHOP

There are no perfect situations. You fought me at 100%, so you were winning. But in doing so, you gave up your shooting option.

(beat)

It's all about choices. Always.

Bishop starts to leave.

STEVE

Bishop... What's your 100% look like?

Bishop smiles.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

Two cars BLISTERING down the highway. Bishop's Cobra and Steve in a classic Maserati. They JOCKEY for position, WEAVE in and out of the other cars on the road.

WITH BISHOP. Portrait of control. Expertly working the tuned car, coaxing power and speed out of it.

WITH STEVE. Careless, going for broke, not caring if he has the space to make his moves. He SWERVES his car, right at Bishop...

... who has to PEEL away, off the highway, onto the smooth dirt-pack. He DOWNSHIFTS, blasts back onto the road, catching air. Steve LAUGHS out loud as they CREST the top of a rise...

LOOMING AHEAD: An existing accident. A beer truck jack-knifed across the freeway. Bishop BRAKES, fighting for control.

Steve SWERVES his car, too fast, it goes into a SPIN... CLIPS another car, gains air and PLOWS ass-backwards into the side of the beer truck.

BISHOP'S CAR slides to a stop. Bishop gets out, tracks:

STEVE, climbing out of the Maserati onto the hood protruding from the side of the truck. LAUGHING, WHOOPING at the sky. Bishop approaches, sees that hundreds of bottles of BEER have cascaded out of the punctured truck.

Steve wipes blood from a cut on his forehead, grabs a beer and cracks it, swigs as he sits on the Maserati hood. He grabs another, tosses it to Bishop.

STEVE
Come on up, man. The view is
beautiful.

Bishop takes in the situation, the small crowd gathering...
he jumps up, sits on the hood of the car with Steve, both
leaning back against the cracked windshield.

BISHOP
You lost control.

STEVE
You think?

Steve puts out his beer. A hesitation, then Bishop clinks
beers with him. They both drink. Stretched out in front of
them, the highway seems to go on forever.

STEVE (CONT'D)
You ever think about just... going?
Leaving. Never turning back?

BISHOP
...Sometimes.

STEVE
Why don't you?

BISHOP
I have... responsibilities. I have
a cat.

A beat. Steve LAUGHS loud. Bishop laughs. Maybe the first
time in ages. They drink, watch the sun move lower in the
sky as emergency vehicles approach.

INT. BISHOP'S HOME - EVENING

Steve comes in from the guest-house, showered. Sees Bishop
at the dining room table, takes in the place for the first
time. The art on the walls.

STEVE
You know, looking at these, a
person might think maybe there's a
screw or two loose up there...

Steve catches sight of a manila envelope in front of his
empty place.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Is this what I think it is?

BISHOP
(shaking no)
Don't be so eager. Open it.

PLANS, diagrams. Pictures. They're of an outdoor area. Steve's eyes scan over them, interested.

STEVE
Who's the Mark?

BISHOP
...I am.

INT. OUTDOOR MARKET - DAY

A huge square filled with VENDORS selling all manner of food and good out of CARTS and STALLS. Music, voices, crowds of people. Bishop moves through. Dressed average, just a guy in the crowd. He watches a couple argue. Moves on...

BISHOP (V.O.)
It's not good enough to simply follow your Mark and attack him. Most of these people know they're targets. They'll be watching for you.

... A moment, then Steve enters the frame, tracking Bishop.

BISHOP (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You need to understand the location, control the situation. You're looking for escapes, security, police presence...

Bishop passes two COPS, squeezes between two parked produce trucks towards the row of shops that border the square.

INT. WATCH REPAIR SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Bishop stands in front of a case, watches the precision instruments tick. From behind a counter, the Chinese OWNER notices him, puts down the watch he's repairing, approaches. 60's, authoritative, a LOUP on his forehead.

OWNER
Interest you in anything?

Bishop takes in the man, eyes check polished reflective surfaces, back to the man. Bishop points to a watch.

BISHOP
That's a beauty.

OWNER
(beaming)
You know your instruments...

EXT. OUTDOOR MARKET - CONTINUOUS

Concealed amidst exotic Guatemalan wraps, Steve tracks the Watch Shop. The attractive older woman running the stall eyes him. He looks right through her.

STEVE'S P.O.V.: Bishop exits, heading back into the market.

BISHOP (V.O.)
Most of all, you need to answer
this question: "How does this man
die here today?"

Bishop passes a butcher cutting into a slab of meat. Steve follows behind Bishop, lost in the sea of people.

BISHOP (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Everybody, everyday, has a way to
die. You have to find it.

EXT. CURIOS STALL, OUTDOOR MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop stands in front of stall filled with classic toys, rocking horses, vintage dolls. His gaze finds a large, still-boxed doll of the "Luna Cromwell" character that the Grocery Owner's Daughter is obsessed with. Almost life-sized.

SALESMAN
They don't make that anymore.
That's a classic. I can let you
have it for three hundred...

INT. OUTDOOR MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop turns away from the stand carrying the doll. A GROUP of teens RUNS by Bishop, buffeting him for a moment. Slightly off kilter, he checks his surroundings. Nothing.

Bishop starts again, aware for the first time that a MAN is headed his direction, passing a knife-sharpening stand, blades gleaming, his face hidden by a low hat...

Bishop tracks the figure out of the corner of his eye, turns and pushes through the tight space between two stalls, out the back where trucks are parked. Bishop glances back for the man, squeezes between two large trucks...

...coming out the other side when POP! A loud SOUND makes Bishop glance over. A HISSING coming from one of the trucks which starts to ROLL backwards and

Suddenly HANDS are on Bishop from behind, PUSHING HIM backwards, into the space between the two trucks! A FLASH, A SPLIT SECOND to stare into Steve's face, holding him there to be crushed and...

CRASH! The one truck SLAMS into the second, the vice closed, metal crumpling.

Bishop, at the last minute pulled back by Steve who's holding him there, smiling. A beat. Bishop checks the surroundings, nods. Steve release him.

BISHOP
...Good. Very good.

STEVE
Good? That's all you got? How about God damn perfect, man?

BISHOP
Don't get cocky.

STEVE
Broad daylight. A thousand witnesses. Man takes a wrong step. Excuse me if I take a moment to appreciate myself. Because that was poetry.
(laughing, smiling)
You just can't bring yourself to be impressed, can you?

Bishops considers, notices that the Luna Cromwell doll has fallen in the gutter. Picks it up, tries to dry it.

STEVE (CONT'D)
(hand to his ear)
What's that? You're what? Oh, you are impressed? No, come on, you don't have to say that. Really, I'm fine with -- You what? You've never seen someone better? Wow.

BISHOP
All right. You did very well.

STEVE
Damn straight I did. And now, in celebration of me, I'm taking you to a restaurant where the waitresses... what?

Something about Bishop's serious gaze has stopped Steve. Bishop reaches into his jacket, places a gun in Steve's hands. A confused beat, Steve conceals the weapon.

STEVE (CONT'D)
...Bishop?

BISHOP

There's a man behind me. Look up once, then look away. Don't look back.

Steve glances up. We realize we're right in front of the watch store. The OWNER is pulling the steel grate down over his store, closing for the day.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

You got him?

STEVE

Yeah. Look...

BISHOP

You did good here. Really good. But this was just a game. That man... is your graduation.

STEVE

Who is he?

BISHOP

He owns the watch store.

STEVE

I know. I meant... what did he do?

Bishop comes close, FOCUSED.

BISHOP

I've taught you how to kill without anyone knowing there was a murder. I've taught you to be invisible. But that's strategy, not killing. The real test... it's the actual killing, isn't it?

STEVE

Bishop...

BISHOP

Do you want this? Be very sure. Because you can walk away.

STEVE

No. I'm ready.

Bishop studies him... nods. Turns to go.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Bishop... We're right here, where you wanted us to wind up. You knew where I'd hit you, didn't you?

BISHOP
 ...School's out.

Bishop leaves. Steve watches him go. Stuck. Helpless. He turns back. The Owner is headed home for the day.

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Bishop sits back at his reserved table in the rear of the place. In a chair next to him, the doll is awkwardly perched. Around him, people LAUGH. Lovers NUZZLE..

He reaches into his breast pocket, slides out a new DHL envelope, tears it open. A new jump-drive slides onto the table. He eats, takes pills, his eyes locked on the drive.

BISHOP
 (to Luna doll)
 Who do you think that is, Luna?

He takes a card out of his wallet, studies it. It's from the flirtatious doctor. He pulls out his phone, dials.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Steve sits in a nondescript car, lights out, parked.

STEVE'S P.O.V.: Two stories up, a lit apartment. The WATCH STORE OWNER crosses by one of the lit windows.

INT. WATCH STORE OWNER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Owner has a delicate vintage Brietlang in his hands. He places it on a patch of velvet, watch-repair tools laid next to it. He moves to an old stereo, puts the needle of a turntable down on spinning vinyl. The lonely sounds of Brahms Piano Concerto No. 2 fill the room.

He returns to his desk, sits. A tiny noise from the hall. A "click." He looks up, sees nothing, settles in to work...

TRACKING ACROSS THE ROOM

To the front HALLWAY. Steve stands in the hallway, motionless. He's just closed the front door behind him. In his hands, a lock-pick set which he now pockets and pulls out the gun Bishop gave him.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON BISHOP. No way to tell where he is. He's holding the Luna doll. He reaches forward, knocks on a door.

WOMAN'S VOICE
 (from inside)
 It's open!

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT

The WOMAN's apartment. Not the doctor's, the same we've been to before. Everything eerily identical to the last time. Sofas, gas fire, throws and rugs, open bottle of wine.

WOMAN'S VOICE
 I'll just be a minute.

A GLIMPSE of the woman in her bedroom, topless in front of a vanity. She glances back, smiles warm. Laughs a little when she sees the doll.

BISHOP
 It's for a friend.

Bishop awkwardly sets the doll down near the front door, moves on, into the apartment. Restless.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry I was away so long this time. I had some complications --

WOMAN'S VOICE
 Don't be.

He turns. She's emerged from the bedroom, adjusting the dress she's just pulled on. Beautiful. She comes up to him, kisses him. He doesn't respond. She backs off, moves to the kitchen to pour two wines,

WOMAN
 You know who I saw yesterday?
 (beat)
 Bradley Fliescher. He and Ginny have this little cottage up the coast they hardly use. I was thinking, maybe next week you and I should go.

Approaching, handing him a wine.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
 You and me, the whole weekend.
 What would we... do?

She approaches him, sexy. Touches him, intimate. He stares at her, blank. She recovers fast, moves off.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
 Of course why do we need that? We have each other right here.

INT. WATCH STORE OWNER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carefully, slowly, Steve makes his way down the hall towards the lit living room.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

The owner pauses, enjoying the crescendo of the music. Eyes closed for a moment. Then they open...

... Steve is standing in the doorway to the living room, the gun pointed at the owner. The owner sees him, becomes motionless. The two men staring across the space between them... and then everything happens very fast.

The Owner LURCHES to the side with surprising speed and agility just as Steve FIRES! The bullet catches the Owner in the side, SPINNING him around. He CRASHES to the floor...

... but only for an INSTANT. THEN he's BACK ON HIS FEET, MOVING across the room! Steve tracks, pulls the trigger again but the gun only "clicks" empty.

The man reaches a coat rack, grabs it in one fluid motion and is MOVING back at Steve who barely has time to drop the gun and BLOCK the rack as it SLICES through the air at him.

The Owner HITS and HITS again. Skilled, professional, martial-arts trained. Steve blocking one, two, the third hit connects, sends Steve REELING back, crashing through the watch-repair table.

The Owner leaps at him with the rack. Steve is BARELY able to catch the end before it impales him. The two men, BREATHING, STRUGGLING, the Owner FORCING the point lower towards Steve's face...

... Blood pools on Steve's shirt. Steve and the Owner both track it. The man is bleeding badly from the bullet wound. A split-second calculation and the man abandons the coat-rack, races across the room as Steve clambers to his feet.

The man reaches the far wall, hits a RELEASE. The wood paneling slides open, revealing a CAR-15 fully automatic assault rifle with a silencer. The man grabs it, opens up!

Bullets CHEW through furniture, drywall, glass searching for Steve who DIVES into the hallway, retreating as the man comes forward, firing in deadly precise BURSTS.

Steve hides behind a wall which ERUPTS, blown to bits. He stumbles through a doorway into a KITCHEN.

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stillness. The woman and Bishop, staring forward, watching another of her videos. Another late-night diary. She's in a long shirt and panties, leaning close to the camera.

WOMAN ON CAMERA

(quiet)

Do you know what I dreamed? I dreamed you and I had a child...

Bishop turns from the screen, walks away. Beat, she silences the TV, moves to join him.

WOMAN

I know, it's crazy. I don't want to pin you down. I know you need your freedom. I just... sometimes I miss you so much...

He's staring at her, oddly.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

What?

A beat. His eyes move down to her sofa where another man's tie has been discarded. A moment, then she shakes her head, angry with herself. The pretense dropping. The real woman scooping up the tie, tossing in a drawer.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Really, I am. I just... You didn't give me any warning this time.

(beat)

I'm sorry, Bishop. It won't happen again.

BISHOP

(nodding)

It's okay. Really. It's okay.

INT. WATCH STORE OWNER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

WITH THE OWNER. Holding the CAR-15. Listening for his target. His hand moves to the wound in his side, comes away covered in blood. Another decision, the man slides the weapon over his shoulder, retreats...

...MOVING with the man, through his apartment. He reaches his BATHROOM, blows inside. Tosses the toilet tank to the side, reaches in and comes out with a military-grade STIM needle which he JAMS into his own thigh.

A MOMENT with the Owner, feeling the drug course through his system, giving him strength...

Steve comes out of nowhere, HITS the man in the head with a heavy copper pot, sending him reeling back into the tub. Steve starts forward, DIVES to the side as the man opens back up, full auto, bullets CHEWING everything... CAR-15 finally clicks empty.

Steve rises... and the Man is on him, kicking him. Steve, rolling away. The man PULLING him back. WHAM! WHAM! Steve takes brutal punches to the head and face. Blocks one and they GRAPPLE, rolling in the tight space of the hallway, the man coming up on top, pinning Steve's arm, SLAMMING him in the ribs. Something SNAPS.

Steve SCREAMS, surges up with the man... smashing him THROUGH a small table, winding up on top of him, his hand around the owners throat...

The two men... eye to eye. Fierce, deadly. Steve SQUEEZING the life out of him. The man's free arm HITTING Steve, OVER and OVER. Brutal body blows. Steve takes the punishment... continues to Squeeze...

...Finally, the man weakening. In his face... a dull resignation.

OWNER
(weakly)
Who... are... you?

Steve doesn't answer, just keeps PRESSING. And finally... the man's eyes film over. He dies.

Steve just KEEPS PRESSING. Locked. Horrified. Staring into the dead man's face. Finally, he rolls off. Flops back against the wall, broken, bleeding, weeping...

He SCREAMS. From the heart, the guts, releasing EVERYTHING.

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bishop sitting at the woman's dining room table. Carefully, she comes and takes the seat opposite him. No pretense. The professional, not the actor.

WOMAN
Hey, Bishop. You okay?

He stares into his wine. Raises the glass to drink. His hand shakes.

BISHOP
Do you remember, what you wanted to be, when you were a little girl?

She hears it, it wounds her. Looks down.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I didn't mean... I was
thinking of me.

She looks up, clear eyes. She's tough.

WOMAN
No, it's okay. I wanted to be a
Marine Biologist. I used to watch
those Jaques Cousteau movies and
just... dream.

BISHOP
What happened?

WOMAN
(beat)
I was beautiful.

He hears the simple truth of it, nods, respectful. He rises
and goes to the music box on the mantle, takes out his wallet
and removes the twenty \$100 bills.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Don't worry about it this time. On
the house.

A beat. Then he slides the money under the box as before.

BISHOP
We all gotta make a living.

He leaves, grabbing the doll as he goes. She watches him go,
strangely. Sadness breaking through her cool.

INT. LOCAL GROCERY - NIGHT

Bell jingles as Bishop pushes in, holding the large Luna
Cromwell doll. The Grocer looks up, smiling as he sees
Bishop, then confused as he takes in the doll.

A SQUEAL of delight as Sophie appears, running, grabbing the
doll out of Bishop's hands.

SOPHIE
Thank you, thank you! Bishop! Mom!
MOM!

She takes off back into the living quarters of the house.
The two men exchange looks, uncomfortable.

BISHOP
I saw that in a... I'm sorry, I
probably should have asked.

A small beat that says "Yes, you should have."

GROCER

Don't worry about it, Bishop. You have a good night.

EXT. BISHOP'S HOME - NIGHT

Bishop pulls up in his vintage Cobra. Shuts down the powerful engine, emerges into the night and moves to his porch. The front door has been BLOWN OPEN by gunfire.

INT. BISHOP'S HOME - NIGHT

Bishop moves in silent, alert. He reaches down under his sideboard for his gun. REACTS as his hand finds nothing.

STEVE (O.S.)

...Can I ask you a question?

STEVE sits on his sofa in the dark, head lowered.

BISHOP

Go ahead.

STEVE

Are you surprised to see me?

Beat. Steve reaches over, turns on a table lamp as he looks up. His face is BRUISED, bloody. His clothing, stained and ripped. In his hand, Bishop's gun from the sideboard.

Bishop TENSES, doesn't react. Steve spits blood, smiles.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Guy owns a watch-store, yet keeps a million dollar apartment. Supposedly sits on his ass all day, yet takes stairs double-time.

(beat)

It was sitting there, right in front of my face, wasn't it?

Bishop doesn't respond.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Was that the man who killed my father?

BISHOP

There's a code, to what we do. It may not be rational, but it matters. The man's name was Harry Xiao. He was a Mechanic. Last year a US Representative died in a fire... along with his wife and two children.

(MORE)

BISHOP (CONT'D)

A few months ago, a CEO vacationing in Costa Rica was found dead with his wife. Because the woman was tortured, the authorities believed it was drug related.

STEVE

Bishop! --

BISHOP

Civilian casualties are very effective at hiding intent, but there's a line ---

STEVE

I don't give a damn about that! You haven't answer my question: Did he kill my father?

Bishop doesn't react, then...

BISHOP

You should put that behind you now.

Steve nods, swallowing emotion. Bishop starts to move and Steve is suddenly there, still angry, pointing the gun right in Bishop's face.

STEVE

I could have died today!

BISHOP

You didn't.

STEVE

Blind fucking luck! Look at me! You tried to kill me! That man was... he was unstoppable.

BISHOP

But you stopped him.

STEVE

Fuck you! You sonofabitch! Give me one good reason I don't blow you away right now! ONE GOD DAMN REASON!

FAST, Bishop SLAPS the gun away, PINS Steve up against the wall. Cold.

BISHOP

Now I'm sorry if you got a little scared. But this isn't coaching girl's softball, is it? This is life or death. Every time you go into this, somebody dies.

(MORE)

BISHOP (CONT'D)
Every time, it's you or the other
 man. So stop your crying.

He releases Steve who falls to the floor, sucking air.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
 You got what you came for,
 congratulations. You're done Go
 back to your friends, your women,
 your whole beautiful life.
 (pointing)
 That used to be my front door. Try
 to close it on the way out.

Bishop starts to go. Steve's words stop him.

STEVE
 Bishop. Those things... they don't
 mean anything to me. This, makes
 sense. I don't know why. But I
 think I was meant to do this.
 (beat)
 And like you said, you could use
 someone.

Bishop studies Steve a long beat. Shakes his head, goes into
 his study. Steve follows.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Bishop fires up the computer hooked to the printer. He
 glances over. Steve is standing in the doorway. Bishop
 tosses Steve the jump-drive. Steve studies it, slots it into
 the computer.

Almost instantly, the phone rings. Bishop punches on
 SPEAKER. The same silence.

BISHOP
 We should all be so lucky.

The phone goes dead. The light on the drive turns GREEN.
 Bishop's PRINTER fires up. It starts printing out pages...

ON BISHOP and STEVE. Watching the pages feed out.

PHOTOS: A new Mark at an elegant gathering of powerful men
 and women. Tall, powerful, entitled. His arm around a
 Turkish beauty in an elegant black one-piece. Emerging from
 a limousine at a large public event. Security EVERYWHERE.
 The same beauty on his arm. Charts. Height, weight, medical
 history. Bank accounts, figures. Leases, deeds of property.

A LAST PHOTO: Peeling out of the printer... THE WOMAN, the
 beauty, in a diplomatic power-suit.

A second to realize: She's the mark. More pictures, we've seen this woman on television recently.

ON BISHOP AND STEVE, reacting. Then Bishop gestures towards the large empty wall, waiting.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
You get started. I'll make coffee.

STEVE
Bishop... Nemesis. Devine
Retribution. ...What did she do?

Beat. Unsaid questions asked, unanswered.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Okay. Okay. Forget I asked.

EXT. EMBASSY - DAY

Seen through 30x telescope. The images MAGNIFIED, FLAT. The view unstable, moving. Just the low SOUND OF WIND.

Panning over upper-floor windows, hesitating on a pair of armed security, making their rounds. Camera "clicks" then move on. Finds the ENTRANCE. A line of people moving through a metal detector. One young man in particular...

EXT. ENTRANCE, EMBASSY - DAY

Steve collects his cell phone from the other side of a metal detector, slots a bluetooth and heads in. Bishop's voice fills his ears.

BISHOP (O.S.)
Slow down as soon as you get
inside. Security station will be
to your left...

Steve passes through a door, pauses as two guards talk in the open doorway to a security control room. Monitors visible.

BISHOP (O.S.) (CONT'D)
How many views?

STEVE
(eyes moving fast)
Sixteen, no, eighteen. Four second
intervals.

One of the men notices Steve who starts forward to ask a question. The man points him down the hallway towards the consulat's reception. Steve's eyes track monitors.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 Make that four and a half seconds.

INT. BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION - CONTINUOUS

Bishop is sighting through a camera affixed to the telescope, headphones on. He's on the 14th floor of a skyscraper under construction. Cement pillars and steel-work.

STEVE (O.S.)
 These guys are packing Israeli-made Uzis. Couple are actual military.

Bishop takes in the other buildings across the street, then moves his sight up the embassy, adjusts a control

P.O.V. - THROUGH THE SCOPE: Large tinted glass windows suddenly turn transparent. Bishop scans, find The Mark's HUSBAND on the bed watching TV, bored. He scans again... finds The Mark in the adjoining room, on the phone and ANGRY.

Bishop touches a switch on the telescope and a small LASER projects. The woman's voice fills Bishop's headset:

TURKISH ENVOY'S VOICE
 No, we're literally locked in here.
 I'm supposed to be presenting at
 the UN but I can't do that if
 everyone is going to panic about
 security...

INT. BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION - CONTINUOUS

Bishop's scope zoomed in TIGHT on the Mark, staring at herself in the bathroom mirror. She's brave.

TURKISH ENVOY'S VOICE
 ...This is America. People don't
 just kill people here.

Then she shuts the door. Bishop moves his focus upwards to a glassed-in terreriam-like structure on the rooftop. An indoor swimming pool. "Click." "Click." More pictures.

INT. BISHOP'S STUDY - EVENING

The SAME pictures, now tacked up. MOVING over the wall. Meticulous study, days of work: BLUEPRINTS of the building. Service corridors highlighted, surveillance cameras marked, pictures tacked to locations.

Magazine and newspaper clippings about the Mark, showcasing her beauty.

Headlines: "The new (and beautiful) face of Turkey." "The face that said "no" to America." Other materials: Doctor's reports. Time-tables, intervals circled, holes noted.

Steve and Bishop studying everything. Bishop, almost trance-like. Steve pacing.

BISHOP
Work it again.

STEVE
She never leaves. It's like they know we're coming.

BISHOP
Maybe they do.

Steve nods, continues pacing, scoops up Bishop's cat and strokes her. Bishop watches him.

STEVE
Falls off the rooftop.

BISHOP
Falls or jumps?

Steve moves to the wall of pictures, his gaze lingering on shots of her on vacation in a swimsuit.

STEVE
(smiling)
I tell you one thing, killing her is not the first thing that jumps to mind... what?

Bishop HEARS this, frowns, moves forward. His eyes scan: The Mark at the pool, getting ready to swim. The security...

BISHOP
Nothing. I'm going for a run. You wanna come?

STEVE
Let me ask you something. You ever not feel like running 5 miles?

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop sprints/runs through the woods around his house. Body pushed to limit. In his eyes, his mind somewhere far-off, working....

INT. BISHOP'S HOME - EVENING

Steve, alone in Bishop's home. He moves from room to room. He hits the kitchen, looks in the fridge, makes a face at the empty shelves, the bottles of supplements.

He moves on, pauses to stare at the gas fireplace in the study... moves on towards Bishop's bedroom, takes in the king bed. Runs a finger across the headboard, dusty. He STARES at the large painting across from the bed...

BISHOP (O.S.)
You like it?

Steve REACTS. Didn't hear Bishop come in.

STEVE
I don't know. Feels disturbed.

BISHOP
Always made me feel... understood.
(beat)
Come on.

INT. BISHOP'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Steve follows Bishop to the wall of research on the female mark. Bishop points to some OLD RESEARCH on the Mark, glamorous. She was a model.

BISHOP
The Mark is a beautiful woman. Before arriving at her current position, she enjoyed the way men looked at her. That's gone now. She needs to be taken seriously. She hates that men only see the beauty. Magazines, heads of state, all focusing how what a piece of tail she was. Like you did.

Steve SQUINTS... Bishop slaps a picture of the pool, the Mark swimming. Two SECURITY AGENTS positioned.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
Why is he standing here? Wouldn't he get better coverage... here?

STEVE
...He can't see her.

BISHOP
He can't see her. Neither of them can.

Beat. PHONE RINGS. Bishop snaps it up.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Bishop.

DEAN (O.S.)

Hey, Bishop. Catch you at a bad time?

Bishop doesn't respond. Waits...

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

Always the conversationalist. Anyway, just calling to say we'd like you to go ahead with this one. As soon as you can.

Click. Phone goes dead. Bishop hangs it up. Steve looks at him, anticipating... Bishop nods.

INT. RESTAURANT - DUSK

Nice downtown joint. Businesspeople dine. Second-story tinted glass looking out over downtown. TRACKING over faces, laughing, drinking, relieved to be done for the week...

Finding Bishop, sitting alone, watching the people. The flirtations, the animosities... He looks down at the street below where a UPS driver has exited the building.

Steve breaks the frame, sits down across from Bishop.

BISHOP

Run it again.

STEVE

Patrol number three moves down the service corridor at 18:50. Five minute window after to make it up top. Three minute climb to position. That's 18:54. Three minute window to engage. Shake, stir, add lime and enjoy.

Bishop smiles, looks away.

STEVE (CONT'D)

How'd you get into it?

Bishop looks back, surprised. Checks his watch.

BISHOP

...This business, it's not like there's a degree you can go get. It's like most trades, it gets passed down.

(beat)

(MORE)

BISHOP (CONT'D)

My father was very good, better than I'll ever be. But no one controls 100%. The nature of the work is that some people know who you are and what you do.

(beat)

A man told his girlfriend, to impress her. The girlfriend told some people she owned money to...

Bishop finishes his glass of water.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

I was young. It took me four months to find the people, another to find the girl, and she gave me the Man. That's how I... "got into it."

STEVE

You ever wish you just... walked away? Let it go?

BISHOP

Sure. Every day. But I wasn't wired that way.

(beat)

What about you?

Beat. Steve and Bishop, oddly locked... BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Three SMALL EXPLOSIONS in the kitchen. FLAMES shoot out of the galley. A cook stumbles out, on fire. A waiter douses him with water. People SCREAM! Alarms BLARE!

Steve and Bishop. They haven't moved a muscle.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Here we go...

And they're MOVING.

INT. SECURITY STATION, EMBASSY - EVENING

SECURITY takes a call as another man studies his monitor: People fleeing the building across the street, smoke.

SECURITY

Fire in the restaurant.

(into radio, Turkish)

Patrols two and five, we're closing down the front entrance.

INT. SUITE, EMBASSY - EVENING

The MARK stands at her closet, starting to unbutton her shirt to change for her swim. She pulls it closed as one of her security knocks and pushes into the room from a balcony.

SECURITY PRO

Excuse me, 'mam. There's a fire next door, nothing to worry about.

The Mark nods. The man locks the door behind him, crosses the room, leaves through the main door, professional.

INT. STAIRWELL - EVENING

Steve and Bishop push UPWARDS through a stream of people flooding DOWN the emergency stairs. They reach a heavy door, locked and alarmed. Beat. Three people burst out from the inside. Steve catches the door and they're through...

INT. LAW OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A few LAWYERS and a SECRETARY still collecting their things look up as Bishop and Steve push in, holding up badges.

STEVE

Hey! You need to get out! Whole building is going up!

Bishop and Steve move on as the startled employees leave. They move down five doors, push into...

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A private office. Desk, computer, a handwritten note reads "Leave mail here, will be back Wednesday." A box from UPS which Bishop TEARS open. Inside, what looks like a large WEAPON. Steve goes to the windows, pushes them open.

P.O.V. - THE EMBASSY ACROSS: Changing its security pattern. Men are leaving posts on exterior patios, locking doors. Below, the excess manpower is channeled to the front.

Bishop turns, FIRES OUT THE WINDOW. A Cable streaks across, SINKS into the wall of the embassy 30 feet away. Bishop HOOKS the cable on this side, tosses the gun in the box. Steve seals it with tape, slaps a return label on it.

He crosses the hall, tosses it in the MAIL ROOM. When he returns, Bishop's already secured the cable outside.

BISHOP

Ready?

Steve hooks on as well, they're both wearing harnesses under their clothing. He steps out onto the ledge with Bishop, closes the window behind him.

Bishop lets himself fall backwards.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Flashing light of the fire trucks. No one sees the two figures sliding silently from building to building above, disappearing over a 4th story railing.

EXT. BALCONY, EMBASSY - NIGHT

Steve lands next to Bishop who unfastens the cord they used to cross, spools it back to them. A look. No way back now, and no trace left behind.

Jackets strip, reverse to the pattern of the embassy Security. A quick lock pick, and they slip inside.

INT. ROOF LEVEL, EMBASSY - NIGHT

Elevator doors open and the Mark gets out. She nods to the guard on duty, heads into a changing room.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM, EMBASSY - NIGHT

Two guards monitor screens: Corridors, rooms, entrances and exits. Pairs of guards make their rounds.

CLOSING IN ON ONE PAIR. Something about them... The guard squints just as the image CHANGES, showing another part of the embassy. The guard hits a toggle, returns the previous image... But Bishop and Steve are gone.

INT. CHANGING ROOM, EMBASSY - NIGHT

The Mark pulls the straps of her swimsuit up over her shoulders. Stares in a mirror as she tucks strands of hair under a swim cap.

INT. INDOOR POOL - NIGHT

Quiet, lit from overhead by large halogen lights hanging from the hanger-like beam structure. Dark shadows in the corners. The low sound of water lapping, light reflecting off the water, moving over walls.

The Mark enters, and hangs up her robe. She goes to the edge of the pool, looks down into the water, then glances up at the GUARD who's stationed across the space. He nods back to her, moves to the lower space, giving her a little privacy.

EXT. POOL STRUCTURE - NIGHT

A second guard looks in, rudely checks out the Mark as she DIVES into the water and out of sight. He shrugs, looks back out at the roof, lifting a cigarette to light... pauses.

ACROSS THE ROOF, an access door is open.

INT. INDOOR POOL - NIGHT

The Mark swims, hard. Cutting through the water. She reaches the far wall and kick-turns against it.

UNDERWATER. Her body passing above us. Silhouetted by the strong halogen lights above her. ONLY THE THROBBING SILENCE OF UNDERWATER.

ACROSS THE SPACE. The indoor guard checks in on his radio. Looks up as the DOOR nearest him swings open. He rises, approaches the door, curious. Looks out.

HIS P.O.V.: The rooftop, lit by security lights, the strobing of the firetrucks below. Dark shadows. He hears a RUSTLING, a BANGING. Torn, he glances backwards. Can't see the Mark in the pool from here, but can hear her strokes.

WITH THE MARK

She kicks hard, dives under... And we're in her P.O.V. The far wall approaching, then we REVOLVE as she turns, now looking UP at the surface as she backstrokes to the surface, BREAKING THE SURFACE, now swimming face up to the bright lights hanging from the girdered ceiling.

EXT. POOL STRUCTURE - NIGHT

The second Guard tests the door. Seems fine. Takes out his flashlight and plays it over the roof. Sees nothing. We REVERSE to find Steve there, tucked away, just out of sight.

ACROSS THE ROOF

The first guard reaches the source of the noise: A plastic bag, caught in a revolving air vent. He pulls it free.

INT. INDOOR POOL - CONTINUOUS

With the Mark, coming out of another turn, still backstroke, looking up. She makes it half way across the pool... pauses.

She slows... floating, staring upwards into the light.

HER P.O.V. The lights. But it's like she senses something beyond them, puts a hand up to shield her eyes...

AND BISHOP DROPS FROM THE CEILING, FREE-FALL, COMING STRAIGHT DOWN AT HER!!!!

She opens her mouth to scream...

WHUUMPH! He goes in, taking her with him underwater, his momentum carrying them both several feet under. She TWISTS in his arms, fighting. Screaming, bubbles FLOWING from her mouth!

ABOVE THE SURFACE. It's silent. No sign of the violent struggle going on below the surface.

ACROSS THE ROOM. Guard number one returns, glances up towards the pool. Doesn't hear anything. He sits back in his chair.

UNDERWATER. The struggle is violent, silent, terrible in it's inevitable conclusion. The Mark writhes and jerks but Bishop holds her tight, always pulling her away from the surface. Finally, the fight goes out of her. She goes limp in his arms.

He turns her, stares into her unseeing eyes. Then lets her go, rising slowly to the surface.

AT THE SURFACE. Bishop just breaks, breathing in, silent. He raises himself slightly, sees the guard at his post.

ACROSS THE ROOM. The guard glances back towards the pool, hasn't heard anything for a little bit...

BAM! BAM! BAM! A new noise from outside gets his attention again. He heads out, hand on his sidearm...

EXT. POOL STRUCTURE, ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The guard approaches the same door Guard #2 already checked, banging in the wind. Open again. He starts to move towards it when a FIGURE looms, he almost draws his weapon, breathes relief when he makes Guard #2.

GUARD #2 (TURKISH)
It's the second time it's come
open. She still swimming?

INT. POOL STRUCTURE - NIGHT

The two Guards come into the pool area. On the far wall, the shower is running, a towel has fallen over the drain and the water is flowing down and into the pool.

One of the men steps forward, concerned...

GUARD #2 (TURKISH)
Oh hell...

The Mark floats face-up in the pool, just under the surface.

INT. CHANGING ROOM, EMBASSY - NIGHT

Bishop has already shed his wet clothing, pulls on dry clothes as Steve comes into the room. They barely acknowledge each other, business. Bishop stuffs the wet clothes in a bag, dumps it into a LAUNDRY chute.

STEVE
How did it go --

BISHOP
Not yet.

As if on cue, an ALARM BLARES. Excited voices come on over an embassy wide PA System. VOICES from the next room.

Bishop opens the chute again as Steve cracks a glowstick, puts it between his teeth, swings his legs in, and DROPS.

ACROSS THE ROOM. The door to the dressing room opens, armed guards flood in, along with Embassy officials speaking on radios. The room is empty.

INT. LAUNDRY CHUTE - CONTINUOUS

Tight, PITCH BLACK except for the eerie glow coming from the glowsticks Bishop and Steve have in their teeth. They slide FAST, the sides of the tube RUSHING up at them. And then suddenly a dim LIGHT at the bottom, rising fast...

INT. SERVICE ROOM, EMABASSY - CONTINUOUS

Steve lands hard in a cart of towels. Rises and pushes himself out of the way just in time for Bishop who grabs the pack he tossed down, shoulders it, and they're MOVING again, now through sub-corridors.

STEVE
Alright, you gotta admire that.
You gotta admit, we are a spooky
good team...

They PUSH through a set of old doors, move fifteen feet to a metal roll-down door.

STEVE (CONT'D)
It's like one moment we're there...
the next moment...

He ROLLS UP the door. STARES at a NEW WALL OF CEMENT BRICKS.

STEVE (CONT'D)
...we're fucked.

Bishop takes in the problem, starts to solve it. He tracks left right, considering options...

STEVE (CONT'D)
There wasn't any sign of this on
the plans. I went over them fifty
times!! This isn't supposed to be
here! This can't be here!

Bishop holds up a finger. "Shhhhhh" They LISTEN. A soft "beeping." Both men PEER around the edge of the metal door to where a small box with a red light BLINKS.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Bishop... what do we do!?

BISHOP
Duck...

Steve looks at Bishop and BOOM! Doors BLOW OPEN, THREE GUARDS burst through, machine guns raised and SPITTING...

Steve hits the deck. Watching Bishop, it's like everything we've seen so far was in slow motion. This is the real thing, unleashed.

Bishop WRAPS the first man up, uses his Kevlar vest as a shield to catch the fire from the other two. The man SCREAMS as his arm breaks. Bishop gets control of his weapon, focuses it on the other two. One is BLOWN back. The other DIVES for cover.

Fluid, Bishop REVERSES the man, pushes him AWAY from him, coming up with TWO of the man's Flash-bangs in each hand. Each hand DIALS the grenade's timers to two different settings, simultaneously POPPING the levers.

Second attacker FIRES a burst which Bishop DUCKS, the bullets stitching across the first attacker, SLAMMING him back, his rounds TEARING into the ceiling, showering Steve in debris.

Bishop THROWS the first grenade which reaches the attacker just as he rises for another shot. BOOM!

Another down as ANOTHER ATTACKER dives through the door at Bishop who wraps the man up, his fingers finding pressure points on the man who goes limp in his arms, dead.

ON STEVE. On the floor, witnessing everything. Even in the chaos, recognizing the move.

Bishop SHOVES the last grenade down the front of the dead attacker's clothes, wheels him around, PRESSING him against the concrete brick wall...

... TWO more Security kick open a door, guns fire! Bishop goes horizontal, his legs CRUSHING the one man against the metal Grate even as he returns fire at the other two who fall back and BOOM! The grenade goes off! Bishop is HURLED against the far wall. SMOKE AND DEBRIS fill the space.

Bishop MOVES, hauling Steve to his feet and shoving him into the ragged hole blown in the brick wall even as bullets trace after them. A bullet catches Bishop in the side, he sprawls, then LEAPS towards the hole...

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

Cover in the floor is tossed aside. Bishop and Steve emerge, move 6 feet to a non-descript Buick. Climb in. The keys are waiting, Bishop starts it up, drives up the ramp.

Next to him, Steve is catatonic, lost. As he drives, Bishop RIPS a strip from his shirt, pads the wound in his side.

BISHOP

Hey! Hey! You still here?

STEVE

...It was my fault. I was in charge of the exit. I looked at every work order, every entry in the building logs...

BISHOP

No one controls 100% That's the nature of the beast.

Steve swallows, nods as Bishop brings the Buick around a last corner, ACCELERATING at the closed gate in front of them, a Turkish guard waving his arms frantically...

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Firetrucks and ambulances already crowd the streets. There's just no time or extra manpower left to react to the Buick which plows through the gate of the locked garage.

INT. BUICK- CONTINUOUS

Two blocks behind, a single police car follows. Bishop takes a hard turn, moving FAST.

BISHOP
Hey! You did good in there. You hear me?. It was asking a lot. You came through.

Steve nods, processing, accepting. Another TURN. Bishop slides the car to a stop in a covered lot. Across from them, Bishop's own Cobra waits.

Behind them, the police car tears by, lost.

INT. BISHOP'S CAR - NIGHT

Bishop drives down the small lane leading to his home. Steve is staring out his window, deep in thought. Finally, looks over. For the first time takes in Bishop's injuries.

STEVE
You're bleeding.

BISHOP
...Yup.

STEVE
So back there. That was one hundred percent?

Bishop looks over, gives nothing. Tiny smile.

INT. BISHOP'S HOME - NIGHT

Door opens and Bishop and Steve come in. Steve plops in a chair, head in his hands. A beat, and then MUSIC filters in. Neil Young's "Needle and the Damage Done." He raises his head, sees light glowing from the study.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Bishop sits in a chair, eyes closed. Steve comes in, stares at Bishop. Looks over and admires the surface of the spinning record...

STEVE
Do you think you know it, when you've made the mistake you won't survive? Or will it be like the Marks? Wake up on top of the world, never know...

Steve glances into the open cabinet where Bishop keeps his vinyl, FREEZES. Comes out with an signed album.

STEVE (CONT'D)

...Oh my God. This is a signed Hendrix Axis, 1967 release. This has gotta be worth... we have to play this. You have to play this.

BISHOP

(shaking head no)
That one... is for a special moment. Haven't found it yet.

STEVE

You haven't found the... Are you_ kidding? You have to -- what?

Bishop's eyes SHOOT open. He looks out the window where a series of SEDANS are pulling up. Men get out, approach.

BISHOP

This could get... interesting.

EXT. BISHOP'S HOME - NIGHT

Bishop steps out of his home. One of the several men there steps forward.

MAN

Mr. Bishop? Mr. Dean would like a moment of your time.

Off Bishop who... nods.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - NIGHT

Sedan pulls up, Bishop is escorted onto a private jet.

INT. BISHOP'S HOME - NIGHT

Steve stands in the middle of Bishop's home. Home alone.

-- Steve stares at the classic vinyl on Bishop's turntable.

-- Steve, wiring his iPod to Bishop's stereo. Nine Inch Nails' "Piggy" comes blasting out, insults the speakers.

-- Steve moves to the bedroom, STARES at the haunting painting. He reaches forward, takes it down. Nothing. Blank wall behind.

INT. BISHOP'S STUDY - NIGHT

Steve blasts in, lights glow on, illuminate the wall of research on the Female Mark. He goes to the gas fireplace, flames flicker up. Steve RIPS down the pictures of the woman. Moves to the fire and feeds the first one in.

ON STEVE, watching. His eyes... Tracking to the side.

STEVE'S P.O.V.: Down, below the fire, stuck to the side of the interior cavity... a scrap of paper...

Steve kills the fire, reaches in, carefully removes the scrap of paper. A corner of a photograph. A few buildings, distant, out of focus. Almost nothing.

INT. BATHROOM, PRIVATE JET - EARLY MORNING

Bishop, shirtless, stares in the mirror. He checks the wound in his side, splashes Vodka from a handful of mini bottles, painfully re-wraps the wound.

INT. PRIVATE JET - EARLY MORNING

Bishop emerges from the bathroom, peers out at the grey monoliths of Washington D.C., below.

EXT. ROOFTOP, MCKENNA HOLDING CORP - MORNING

Gray morning. Wind blows. Steve stands alone, holding the scrap of photograph, now in a plastic envelope. He stares at where the chalk line has almost completely faded, then looks up, taking in the views, vantage points. A half mile away a building under construction rises high.

EXT. AIRFIELD - MORNING

Bishop steps off the plane. Another sedan and driver waits.

EXT. OPEN CONSTRUCTION FLOOR - MORNING

P.O.V. THROUGH A CAMERA: The McKenna Holding Corp building. Image focuses on the rooftop, shutter clicks.

Steve lowers the camera, looks at the display. He removes the scrap from Bishop's fireplace, compares it... the same buildings in the corner of the frame. Perfect match.

ON STEVE. No remaining doubt. Bishop killed his father.

WIDER. The SECURITY PROFESSIONAL is up here with Steve, hanging back. Steve nods to him.

STEVE
Do it. I don't care what it costs.

I/E. SEDAN - MORNING

Driver pulls the sedan to a stop in front of a large nondescript building. Bishop steps out, alone on the street, passes through the morning commuters, and goes in.

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY BUILDING - MORNING

Bishop passes through a SECURITY CHECKPOINT. Post 9/11, hyper-conscious. Metal detector. Smart guards backed up by battle-ready US Marines. Bishop collects his ID, waits for a door to "click" open.

INT. WAITING ROOM, NSA BUILDING - MORNING

Bishop sits in a fluorescent lit room, now with a bar-code badge on his coat. A few other people also wait. Bishop checks his wound, pulls his coat closed to mask where blood has stained his shirt.

A door opens and a plain woman nods to Bishop.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Bishop sits in a chair. Through blinds, views of gray DC.

WIDER. We realize that the plain woman is sitting across from Bishop, watching him. Finally, the door opens and DEAN enters. Pasty white, slightly balding. It's hard to locate where the sense of power come from, but it's there, innate.

He motions to the woman who leaves. Dean sits at his desk, taps his fingers on it.

DEAN
You look like shit.
(beat)
How does Harry McKenna's son figure in?

BISHOP
He's going to be working with me from now on.

DEAN
You sure that's wise?

BISHOP

Do I need your permission?

DEAN

No... And for the record, I don't believe you'd ask for it.

Dean grabs a remote control on his desk, points it at the set of flatscreens on the wall which hum to life, muted.

News reports featuring the killing of the Turkish Ambassador. Shots of the woman, smiling. Helicopter shots of the pool structure. Words scroll: "Terror on our soil." "Assassination!" "US Envoy ejected from Turkey..."

DEAN (CONT'D)

(pointing)

That was my baby. But my baby has turned into an epic shit-storm and so when the man who caused said epic shit storm suddenly decides to do some soul-searching...

(plainly)

What are you doing, Bishop?

BISHOP

The mistake was mine, not the kid's.

DEAN

I DON'T CARE.

Dean leans in, intense. Bishop watches the screens. A screen changes to a commercial for a Bahamas resort.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I am on some very fucking thin ice right now which means you are on some very fucking this ice as well.

BISHOP

Someone I trained. That could be worth a lot to you.

Dean laughs, rises with nervous energy and goes to the interior blinds, raises one. From here they can see out over the office. Glimpses of a dozen conversations. Other men and women at work. More than a couple glance over towards Dean's office. A predatory vibe.

DEAN

And here I thought we were both going to live forever.

Bishop smiles. Dean stares at him. Bishop stares back. Suddenly, this becomes the moment, the decision...

DEAN (CONT'D)
 You know, in this business, you
 only get one mistake.
 (off the flatscreens)
 So nothing more like that. You
 take full responsibility.

BISHOP
 Yes.

The two men, face to face. Then Dean's phone rings. He
 turns to it, snaps it up.

DEAN
 (on phone)
 Hey, Stanley. Yes, we're all
 sorted out. I just need you to --

BISHOP
 The hit, on the woman. What was
 the reason?

Dean looks back, surprised, angered.

DEAN
 (on phone)
 I'm calling you back.

Dean clicks off, takes in this change of rules. A dead
 seriousness infects his voice. Fear.

DEAN (CONT'D)
 You know, this foul-up, McKenna's
 son, it's all got some people's
 panties in a real twirl.
 (beat)
 This isn't the time for questions.
 This is the time for survival.
Everyone... is expendable.

Beat. Dean turns away, picks up the phone again.

DEAN (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Yeah, get me Stan again...

EXT. MCKENNA ESTATE - AFTERNOON

Steve lays out by his pool, sunglasses, baking under the sun
 as his group of hangers-on swarm around him. Play, dance,
 splash. He's immune to all of it. Louise climbs from the
 pool, water drips off her perfect form. She nestles in
 behind Steve, her hands running over his body.

He stares straight ahead, as if she didn't exist.

LOUISE
 Come on, baby. What's the matter?

Finally, something does catch his attention: At the gate, a DHL Van pulling up, the driver heading toward him. Steve lowers his glasses.

EXT. BISHOP'S HOME - EVENING

Seen from far away, the sedan pulls up. Bishop gets out.

INT. BISHOP'S HOME - NIGHT

Bishop enters, looks around. No sign of Steve, or any disturbance. He moves through the house.

 BISHOP
 Steve! Steve...!?

LATER

Bishop tense, in his study, holding the phone which rings... rings... Steve's voice comes on the voicemail: "Hi, this is Steve. You know what to do."

LATER

Bishop, sitting on his couch. On the TV in front of him, images from a protest in Turkey, an American flag burning. Bishop's eyes flick to the stack of DVDs from the woman. No. He keeps watching the news images.

His phone rings. He snatches it up.

 BISHOP (CONT'D)
 Bishop.

 STEVE (O.S.)
 You're still alive.

 BISHOP
 Seems that way.

 STEVE (O.S.)
 Hey, can you meet me? Something I want to talk with you about.

Bishop, silent.

 STEVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 It's important. Come up to the house. Please, okay?

 BISHOP
 Okay.

EXT. MCKENNA ESTATE - NIGHT

Bishop's sportscar pulls up in front of the large estate. Bishop gets out, surveys the grounds. Weirdly quiet. The windows of the house, dark. The grounds, empty.

He moves to the gates to the back yard, finds them open. He pushes through, cautious.

EXT. MCKENNA ESTATE - NIGHT

Bishop moves towards the darkened pool area. As he approaches, Steve comes into view, standing by himself on the edge of the diving board in the center of the dark space.

STEVE

There you are. Thanks for coming.

BISHOP

What's on your mind?

Steve just smiles, shakes his head. Bishop stares at him, tense, confused. Each trying to read the other.

Then Steve raises a bottle of whiskey to his mouth, drinks. Bishop takes a step forward and...

... LIGHTS WASH THE SPACE! Explosions! SOUND FILLS THE AIR!

VOICES

SURPRISE!

Bishop ducks, rolls, his hand moving under his jacket...

... but not coming out with his gun. He takes in a surprise party, opening in front of him. Beautiful woman, LAUGHING, blowing horns. Men, pouring champagne. STREAMERS falling to the ground where seconds before they blew into the air, a large BANNER, illuminated behind Steve: "HAPPY BIRTHDAY ARTHUR!" And Steve, standing on the board, master of ceremonies, staring back at Bishop... oddly cool, dispassionate. Then he smiles.

Bishop rises. Women come to him, touch him, put a party hat on him and give him small kisses with wishes of "Happy Birthday" as he moves to the pool edge across from Steve.

BISHOP

It's not my birthday.

STEVE

When was the last time you celebrated your real birthday?

No response from Bishop. Steve nods, swigs the bottle again. He's lit, something fierce and fiery in his eyes.

STEVE (CONT'D)
See? You're overdue, buddy.

BISHOP
Who are these people?

STEVE
They think you're a friend of mine,
a producer, from Canada.
(beat)
In other words, they're all your
best friends.

EXT. POOL AREA, MCKENNA ESTATE - NIGHT (LATER)

Bishop sits on an outdoor sofa, surrounded by several gorgeous aspiring MODELS. Steve sits across from him, Louise under his arm. Bishop watches as one of the models ties a cherry-stem into a knot with her tongue, presents it to the group to a round of applause.

MODEL
(to Bishop)
So what movies have you made?

STEVE
(jumping in)
Oh, he makes the really violent,
disturbing stuff. You wouldn't
know it to look at him, I know, but
what's locked up away in there...
(tapping his head)
Frightening, man.

MODEL
God, I love those. Which ones --

BISHOP
Mr. KcKenna has a creative
relationship with the truth. I
don't actually...

The model glances around, unsure...

MODEL
Oh, okay. That's funny. So what
do you do?

STEVE
Yes, Mr. Bishop. What do you do?

Bishop doesn't respond. He's just staring down.

BISHOP'S P.O.V.: Discarded, lying beneath the sofa the models are perched on: The tear-strip from a DHL Envelope.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Come on, Mr. Bishop. We're all
waiting.

Bishop looks up at Steve who SMILES back. A beat, and then Bishop is up and moving through the crowd, pushing by people LAUGHING, DANCING. He almost runs into a bright blue-haired woman on the arm of a jockish RAPPER.

BISHOP
Excuse me...

He comes up short, realizes he's staring into the face of the Woman. She's utterly different than we've seen her. Tonight, she's the clubbing party-girl. Dark lipstick, bright blue wig, heavy eye-liner.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
Hi.

WOMAN
Hi... This is strange.

The Rapper she's with has found a group of his buddies. High-fives all around. He glances around for his date...

BISHOP
Is he your...?

WOMAN
No, just a job.
(off his nod)
I have to...

BISHOP
I know. Go on.

She nods, turns away. He also turns, starts moving through the crowd, pushing through DANCING BODIES...

... and suddenly she's back with him. No words. Lights and sound and dance around them. She leans forward, kisses Bishop once. Backs off, smiles, turns away and makes her way back to the guy she came in with who tucks her under his arm without missing a beat, mid-story with his posse.

Bishop... staring. Turns away as the MUSIC STOPS. Steve's voice fills the outdoor space, amplified.

STEVE
Ladies and gentlemen! The man of
the hour!

A SPOTLIGHT hits Bishop. He squints up as the crowd makes space for him. Steve's near the DJ, speaking on a mic.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I know that not many of you know my friend. My good, dear... friend. I mean, he's a man of few words... And he's an art lover! Did you know that? His home is covered with work. It's amazing, what you can find in there. Amazing.

A weird beat. Steve, smiling fierce.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Happy birthday, Arthur.

Behind Steve, a covered object. Steve now turns to it, pulls the cover off a PORTRAIT of Bishop, clearly done by the Artist he collects. The image is twisted, vivid, disturbing.

As the crowd erupts in APPLAUSE the ARTIST himself now comes forward, Steve's arm around his shoulder and bumping fists before the Artist heads on towards Bishop, shaking Bishop's hand. Faces BEAM. People CLAP. On Bishop, just looking at Steve who stares back... unreadable.

EXT. MCKENNA ESTATE - NIGHT

Bishop bangs out a door into the front drive, makes it to his car, fumbles for his keys. Sweating, off-kilter.

STEVE (O.S.)

Hey, you forgot something.

Steve's there, holding the portrait. Bishop nods, takes it.

BISHOP

Sorry... Sorry for leaving. I'm just not used to --

STEVE

No worries, man. It's your party. You can leave it.

(beat)

It's true, isn't it? What you said to me the first time we met.

BISHOP

What's that?

STEVE

This thing we do. Finally, you always do it alone.

Bishop nods unconsciously, starts towards his car, forces himself to stop.

BISHOP
Steve... thank you.

STEVE
Uh-oh. I can feel some male bonding coming. We gonna hug it out, Bishop?

BISHOP
No, I'm serious. Thank you. People don't... Anyway, it's been a long time, since someone did something for me.

Steve looks back, nods. Strangely dark.

STEVE
Happy Birthday, Arthur.

Steve raises a hand, shoots Bishop with a finger. A wink, and he turns and is gone, back to the party.

Bishop climbs into his car, pulls away.

INT. BISHOP'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop drives the car out of McKenna's estate, pulls out onto the street. He starts to accelerate away... then STOPS the car in the middle of the street.

ON BISHOP. Fighting what his guts are screaming at him. Losing it, POUNDING on the steering wheel. Suddenly still...

EXT. POOL AREA, MCKENNA ESTATE - NIGHT

Party rages on, oblivious to the absence of its recipient. Suddenly faces turn UPWARDS... to where Steve is looking down on everyone from a third story balcony over the pool.

STEVE
(calling out)
Are you all having fun!

SHOUTS and NODS. LAUGHTER.

STEVE (CONT'D)
I despise each and every one of you!

MORE SHOUTS, LAUGHTER. Steve LEAPS out into space. Perfect huge swam dive... falling... HITTING the water. A moment of silence... did he? Was that deep enough...?

Steve ERUPTS out of the water. Party ROARS back into life.

EXT. GROUNDS, MCKENNA ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

High above the festivities. Bishop slips over the wall, makes his way down towards the estate.

INT. MCKENNA ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Dark and empty in here, party raging outside. Bishop enters Steve's bedroom. Messy, the bed unmade. A woman's underthings lying on the floor.

Bishop surveys the room, checks drawers, peers down into the party below. He can see Steve in the middle of it all, Louise on his arm, his hand on her ass.

Bishop moves to the office door, locked. He slides a pick-set out of his pocket, gets to work.

INT. OFFICE, MCKENNA ESTATE - NIGHT

The door lock "clicks" and Bishop enters, closes the door after himself and locks it, turns around...

The room has been STRIPPED of everything that was in here last time. GONE are the paintings, the portraits, the mementos. All traces of Harry McKenna, removed.

Instead, a SINGLE desk inhabits the center of the room, a small computer monitor and keyboard centered on it. Bishop comes around, touches a key on the keyboard. The monitor glows to life with a single "PASSWORD" prompt.

Bishop stares at it. He sits, staring, concentrating...

EXT. POOL AREA, MCKENNA ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Steve has moved to the edge of the raised patio, looking down into the valley. His eyes still, deep, impossible to read.

LOUISE

Hey! Hey baby! Karen's got some amazing E. You need to come try...

Steve turns those cool eyes on her. She shrinks. We think he might slap her, then:

STEVE

Give me a moment. I'll be right there. We'll do that amazing E.

And he looks away, back down over the view. A resigned loneliness settling into his features.

INT. OFFICE, MCKENNA ESTATE - NIGHT (LATER)

Bishop, just staring at the password prompt which throbs in front of him. Beat. His eyes flick across to the few books lying on the desk. Weaponry, physiology... Greek Mythology.

Bishop reaches forward, types "Nemesis." Hits ENTER. A moment... and then our minds are blown.

The entire wall of the room in front of Bishop glows to life. It's a one large high-resolution monitor. On it, glows an infinitely detailed work-up on Bishop. A photograph on him glows at the center of the screen, changing every three or four seconds to another.

This is Bishop's method, brought into the 21st century. Accounts, Medical charts, psych profile, associates, residence...

Bishop approaches... takes it in. Touches "Accounts" and the window SPREADS OUT across the whole wall. Multiple windows, all of Bishop's money, displayed in real time, the numbers subtly changing with the flow of foreign markets.

Another window above is labeled "Associates." Bishop touches this one and the financial windows are replaced with a collage of FACES. Not too many. We recognize the Store Owner and his Daughter. Steve himself. An older man "Gerald Bishop," Bishop's father. And a photo of the Woman.

Bishop touches the woman and multiple images propagate out from the single. Many stills, but several are in motion, looping: Childhood movies. A commercial done as a teen. A blue movie when she was 20. Bishop's eyes settle on a video image: He and the woman, caught just an hour ago in the middle of the dancing party. The woman leaning to him, kissing him.

Bishop stares at the image, then touches another image labeled "Residence." INSTANTLY, the images are replaced with images of the interior and exterior of Bishop's home.

Bishop stares at them, confused. SQUINTS... realizing that in one of the images, the trees lightly sway in the breeze.

BISHOP

Huh.

His eyes dart to an image of his DINING ROOM. It looks like a still, until suddenly Bishops' cat passes through the frame. Bishops' eyes dart, moving from frame to frame. The whole interior of his life. His living room, bedroom, study, gym. All live feeds.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch...

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Well, today the answer seems to be 'No' as outrage over the assassination of the Turkish envoy Bahar Miryem has forced the US to reverse its position, now saying that it will not make it support of Turkey's EU bid contingent on its cooperation in the security agreement. Miryem had always advocated for Turkish autonomy from

--

Bartender hits a remote, annoyed. Channel changes to a 70's Charles Bronson flick. Bishop blinks, shakes his head...

He collects himself, weaves out of the bar. The Ex-Cons watch him go.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Bishop weaves his way into an alley to piss. Relieves himself on a wall. Done, he zips up, turns...

WHAM! One of the Ex-Cons catches him across the face with a punch. Bishop reels back against the wall.

BISHOP

...More.

WHAM! WHAM! Bishop takes the punches, no defense. Face punished. The guy backs off, slightly winded.

EX CON

Dude, you don't want any more, give us that money.

Bishop shakes his head. WHAM! WHAM! Two more hits to the body. Bishop just keeps taking the punishment. Seems to relish it. Spits blood.

BISHOP

Look, I'll give you my money, but you have to promise me you won't spend it all on lipstick and tampons.

Ex Con #2 pulls a gun, puts it to Bishop's head.

EX CON #2

You wanna die right here, motherfucker?

Bishop raises his eyes to the man. Not so drunk after all.

BISHOP

...Thank you.

INT. BISHOP'S HOME - NIGHT

Bishop sits at his dining room table, staring straight ahead. His face is cut, his flesh swollen. He STARES. If paranoia and loneliness had a face, this is it.

REVERSE to find the Artist's portrait of him, hung on the wall across, a surreal and distorted mirror. He chews his food steady, even, acutely aware he's being watched.

We LINGER on the small camera eye tucked in the high corner of the room, staring down...

INT. OFFICE, MCKENNA ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Steve sits half-naked in the office chair, the high-tech wall illuminated in front of him. In the bed in the other room, the two women are asleep, nude, draped over each other.

Steve watches Bishop leave his table. He hits a control and the image SHIFTS, picks up Bishop checking his mail, grabbing a baseball cap from a rack as Bishop moves to his den, settles into a chair facing the television. Can't see his face, just the back of the cap on his head, the tv screen, set to white static. He touches a key and the IMAGE ZOOMS IN on Bishop, moving slightly...

 LOUISE (O.S.)
 (sleepy)
 Steve...? Where are you, baby?

INT. BISHOP'S HOME - NIGHT

The TV purrs static, white flickering light fills the room. We SLOWLY TURN, reversing, to find: The baseball cap, held up at the top of the chair by a pillow. No sign of Bishop.

EXT. BISHOP'S HOME - NIGHT

Bishop moves through shadows. He knows the positions of the cameras, avoids them, heads towards his BARN.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Bishop enters, turns on lights. He threads his way through his collection of beautiful automobiles until he reaches the far wall. He ROLLS up a large steel door...

... revealing a wall, COVERED with his research on Steve. Lots of it, weeks of work. He moves forward to a paper that lists stats about Steve that includes a blank space for "Occupation:" Bishop fills it in: "Mechanic."

Suddenly LIGHTS wash across the space. Bishop glances out:
A VAN is making it's way up the drive.

INT. OFFICE, MCKENNA ESTATE - NIGHT

The wall-sized monitor glows Steve's face as he watches the DHL driver get out, makes his way to the door, knock...

Steve's eyes flick to what he can see of Bishop, asleep in the chair. No movement... Steve LEANS FORWARD, interested. The DHL Driver knocks again, rings the bell. Still no motion... and then Bishop RISES from the chair, makes his way to the door.

Steve watches Bishop signing, closing the door and moving into his living room where he opens the package, considers the small jump-drive that slides into his hands.

ON STEVE. Watching.

INT. BISHOP'S STUDY - MORNING

CLOSE on Bishop's weighted RP turntable. The needle coming down... touching spinning vinyl. Stones' "Sympathy for the Devil" croons out.

ON BISHOP, tacking up pages, photographs, financials. We don't get a clear look, but some pages are redacted, there's government letterhead. Personnel files, budgets, itineraries. Many stamped "CLASSIFIED."

Bishop draws lines, connections. Tosses some pages down, pins others higher. Working it. He backs off, stares through us.

INT. BISHOP'S HOME - MORNING

Steve pushes in, looks around, tracks towards the study.

STEVE
Hello? Bishop?

He enters the study, sees the WALL, the night's work. In the center, a photograph of Dean, Bishop's boss.

BISHOP (O.S.)
There you are.

Bishop is leaning in from outside. Nods to Steve.

STEVE
So who is he?

BISHOP
 ...US Government. NSA. Very well
 protected.

STEVE
 What happened to you?

BISHOP
 You should see the other guy.

Bishop TOSSES Steve an object, goes back outside. Steve
 looks at it. A WELDER'S helmet with visor.

EXT. BISHOP'S BACK PATIO - MORNING

Steve comes out to find Bishop working intently on a chemical
 project. He's pouring a black plastic-like substance into a
 shallow mold creating a Quarter-sized object. EXTREME CARE.

STEVE
 What's that?

BISHOP
 This... is liquid Semtex with a
 built in combustible. Very
 volatile. Nice and shiny once it
 dries. But don't... scratch it.

Bishop takes a knife, scratches the surface of the coin-sized
 disc, then backs off, by Steve, back into

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

STEVE
 So that's how we take him out?

BISHOP
 (shaking his head)
 No. That's just to focus the mind.

STEVE
 You makes bombs to focus your mind.

BISHOP
 What do you do?
 (beat, off the Wall)
 This one's different. They want it
 fast, and they don't want it to
 look like an accident. Someone
 wants to send a message.

STEVE
 Like with my father.

BISHOP
Yes. Like that.

STEVE
Didn't think that was your style.

BISHOP
(beat)
First time for everything.

Steve looks at Bishop. BOOM! Outside the explosion CONCUSSES against the house. A window CRACKS. Steve crouches, hands covering his head.

STEVE
Jesus...

Bishop puts a hand out.

BISHOP
There's something I haven't told you.

STEVE
What?

BISHOP
...I broke a rule. I brought you in without asking. So this hit, is a test. Of us, of our arrangement.
(beat, off Dean's picture)
If that man is breathing three days from now... then they'll need to make an example of us. Do you understand?

Steve ... nods. Takes Bishop's hand who pulls him up.

STEVE
So what you're saying is you and I are stuck with each other.

BISHOP
I'm sorry.

STEVE
...For what?

BISHOP
For getting you into this --

STEVE
I knew what I was doing.

Bishop considers, nods.

BISHOP
Get packed.

INT. TENEMENT - DAY

Steve and Bishop push in, backpacks on. Trash, bad lighting, sad people in dirty hallways. They start up a long flight of stairs.

EXT. ROOFTOP, TENEMENT - DAY

Steve and Bishop push out onto this dilapidated rooftop, Washington DC spread out around them. They unpack gear from the backpacks. Tripod, camera and telescope are quickly assembled.

Bishop steps back, lets Steve take the first look. Bishop takes notes.

STEVE
...I count six... no seven at the
main door.

P.O.V. THROUGH THE TELESCOPE: The front entrance of the NSA building. The security check Bishop went through.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Jesus they've got US Marines in
there. Two at the door, one...
maybe another two out of sight.

Bishop considers Steve, locked to the telescope, the sharp point of the pen in his hand...

BISHOP (O.S.)
Fifth floor, corner office.

P.O.V. THROUGH THE TELESCOPE: Steve finds Dean, at his desk, talking on the phone. Animated.

STEVE
... Alright, got him. He's at his
desk. We could take the shot right
from here.

BISHOP
Glass is three inches thick...

Steve moves his hand to turn on the laser Bishop used before to listen with...

BISHOP (CONT'D)
And has laser sensors.

Steve laughs, suddenly walks away from the telescope. Bishop goes to it, takes up the watch.

STEVE
 Alright, fine. What are we doing here? Who is this guy?

P.O.V. THROUGH THE TELESCOPE: Dean shouts into the phone, slams it down. Leaves his office. Bishop pulls away from the telescope, hunkers down to wait.

BISHOP
 Starting to get it?

STEVE
 Yeah, I'm getting that this isn't a job. It's just a really complicated... suicide.

Bishop smiles. Steve moves off, restless.

EXT. ROOFTOP, TENEMENT - NIGHT

Whole day has passed. Bishop hasn't moved, stares across at the NSA building, the corner office. Steve sits nearby.

STEVE
 You know, you can front sonofabitch all you want, Bishop. You're scared, too. You don't really know how we're going to pull it off, do you? You ever think there's some things that just can't be done?

BISHOP
 Everyone has a death --

STEVE
 Really? Because, this guy? I look at this guy, I don't see his death. I see my death. And I don't particularly like the view.

Bishop notes the lights going back on in Dean's office, returns to the telescope and starts jotting notes in a book.

P.O.V. THROUGH THE TELESCOPE: Dean back at his desk. He looks exhausted.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 And you know, as much as I like the quality time, unless you can read lips, I don't exactly see what we're doing here...

Steve glances at Bishop's pad where he's transcribing words: "No, no, tomorrow. I'm sick of this, this is my life we're taking about. You're bringing me in. Give me a time and a place..."

STEVE (CONT'D)
You read lips.

Bishop glances at Steve, puts his eye back to the camera.

P.O.V. THROUGH THE LENS: EXTREME CLOSE on Dean's desk. A piece of paper on the blotter. "Click." "Click."

Bishop pulls the memory-card from the camera.

BISHOP
(innocently)
You any good with computers?

INT. BISHOP'S BARN - DAY

Bishop is working on his classic Mustang. He's got the steering column apart, working the mechanism. Focused.

INT. OFFICE, MCKENNA ESTATE - NIGHT

Steve is in front of the electronic wall of info on Bishop. His hospital report open. In a separate window, video feed of the real Bishop in his barn working on his car.

Steve marks the injury on Bishop, then opens a new window. Multiple images of the scrap of paper on Dean's desk. Steve gets to work enlarging, rotating, skewing the images...

Music and LAUGHTER filter in from outside. Steve becomes aware of the noise from outside, frowns.

EXT. MCKENNA ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Steve emerges onto the high balcony overlooking the never-ending party. He raises a GUN and fires into the air.

Faces, startled look up at him.

STEVE
Everybody out. I'm serious. Get
the fuck off my property.

A moment, then people start to flee. Only Louise, drink in hand, moves towards Steve, confused.

LOUISE
Steve, baby...?

STEVE (V.O.)
Security's going to have the actual
street locked down. But there's a
residential street, perpendicular.

EXT. DC STREETS - MORNING

Upscale streets lined with brownstone walk-ups. Steve and Bishop walk with roller bags and a shoulder tube past mothers and Nanny's ushering their children to school.

STEVE (V.O.)
High-end people. They'll put up
with a sweep, but they're not going
to allow an agent to spend the day.

They reach an address. Bishop puts on a hat, some sunglasses, slaps a badge onto his jacket that reads "DC Municipal Utilities." He trots up the the half-flight, rings the bell of an elegant brownstone.

INT. DC FLAT - MORNING

Nice. Lace curtains. Classic living room. Magazine racks, grand piano, original art.

STEVE
Besides, the angle isn't right, too
flat. Except when they hit the
stairs. It'll spread the group
vertically. It's... the shot.

Steve and Bishop work in quiet efficient silence. Each opens their bag, removes a series of innocuous objects, begins to dismantle them for the more important parts they conceal.

From a clock, a firing mechanism. From the tube, an aluminum barrel holds a fishing rod. The rod is discarded, the barrel is attached to a hard plastic stock. AA Batteries are opened and slender shells are removed from each.

As this strange choreography continues in silence, we PAN ACROSS to the dining room where a WOMAN and a MAN are bound and tied, pillowcases cinched over their heads. Their bindings allow them to hold each other's hands which they do, tight. They're terrified, but okay.

Back in the living room, Bishop adds the last piece to the home-made rifle, a telescope, lifted from a child's gift box, snaps it on top of the rifle.

INT. GOVERNMENT LIMO - DAY

Dean squints in the back of his limo as it pulls into daylight. He's on the phone, eyes darting, nervous.

DEAN (O.S.)
 Look, I don't care. Find her, I
 need to talk to her right now...

INT. DC FLAT - DAY

Bishop puts the rifle to his shoulder, sights. Behind him, Steve slips a blade from the crease of his suitcase, considers it, looks back to Bishop.

STEVE
 You ever worry about the right and
 wrong of it all? I'm not talking
 about God, just...
 (tapping his chest)
 Whatever you feel here.

BISHOP'S P.O.V. THROUGH THE SCOPE: The US Attorney building.
 The security detail. The steps leading to the street.

BISHOP
 It's a little late for --

STEVE
 Come on. You're telling me you've
 never done anything just because it
 was the right thing to do, even if
 it didn't make any sense? You
 never took a chance like that?

Bishop pulls his eye away from the scope a touch.

BISHOP
 Once I did...

STEVE
 How'd that work out for you?

Beat. Then suddenly Bishop's view is obscured by a large
 truck, which has stopped trying to make the turn.

BISHOP
 We have a problem...

Bishop moves the scope, precisely looking for alternatives.
 Nothing. He sets the rifle down, thinking as Steve takes in
 the new situation.

STEVE
 There's no shot. What do we do?
 There's no shot.

A moment more, and then Bishop MOVES. We travel with him, to the entryway. Keys, hats, jackets, sunglasses. Bishop grabs a hat, tosses one to Steve.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Bishop...?

And Bishop's out.

EXT. US ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

The TRUCK, wedged in. The security detail, suspicious of the truck. COPS get involved. Men speak into radios.

EXT. DC BROWNSTONE - AFTERNOON

MOVING with Bishop, Steve following. Hats and sunglasses. They descend the steps onto the sidewalk, closing on the US Attorney building ahead. Steve comes abreast of him as they move down the street.

BISHOP
On your four. You see him?

Coming up, a MAN in a jogging suit stretches, touches his ear where's he's wired.

Steve and Bishop come abreast of him. WHAM! Steve pushes him down into the garbage alley between two homes. WHAM! WHAM! The man drops. Steve comes back, the man's gun palmed. Offers it to Bishop.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
No. You're the shooter.

STEVE
When?

BISHOP
You'll know when.

WITH THEM, MOVING, taking the corner onto the main street in front of the large building.

INT. GOVERNMENT LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Dean's eyes track the outside, the limo making the final turn onto the street. Security visible ahead.

DEAN
(on phone)
Hey... Listen, I need you to go out of town for a few days. No, I know, but you have to trust me.
(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)
 Just go -- no, don't tell me where.
 Just go, okay. Okay? Yes, I'll
 call you soon, I gotta go...

EXT. DC STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Steve and Bishop, MOVING. They pass directly behind a
 COMMAND VEHICLE. Security on headsets, watching monitors.

LOCAL POLICE are also working, one COP in particular guarding
 the corner of the perimeter.

Bishop nods to Steve who heads up the stairs towards the
 building. Bishop checks his watch, looks down the street
 where DEAN'S LIMO and escort have turned the corner.

Bishop moves to the cop, stands in front of him. The guy
 patiently puts a hand on him, moving him on.

Bishop doesn't move. The cop FROWNS.

A needle hits a record's surface. "Pleased to meet you, hope
 you guess my name..."

I/E. GOVERNMENT LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly dropping into Dean's POV as his limo pulls up to the
 steps. Chaotic motion, LIGHT STREAMING IN as the car door
 opens, security handlers reach in. We MOVE, fast up steps
 lined by City POLICE. One of the police turning his head,
staring at Dean. Bishop.

ON DEAN. Suddenly frozen. His handlers unsure what's going
 on, alert that something's not right.

DEAN
 ...Bishop?

Bishop does NOTHING. Security reads Dean's fear, closes on
 Bishop even as Dean himself starts to BACK AWAY, separating
 himself from his own security, now turning to RUN...

... Straight into Steve, gun raised. A small moment frozen
 in time as Dean understands his end...

BANG BANG! - BANG! Steve double-taps Dean in the chest, then
 one to head. And CHAOS begins its rule.

Security which were closing on Bishop now REVERSE, draw
 weapons and FIRE at Steve who drops down in the small cement
 crease between stairs and statues.

ON STEVE. Ducked low, bullet shattering granite and marble
 around him, LAUGHING. The first glimpse of something WRONG
 inside this young man.

ACROSS THE STEPS

Bishop, for the moment forgotten by the security who have reversed to deal with Steve, suddenly ANIMATES.

Perfect timing, the security REVERSING again as Bishop draws his gun and FIRES, over and over, clipping officers and security in the legs as he SPRINTS down the steps towards...

INT. GOVERNMENT LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Bishop lands inside the limo, pulls the door shut as bullets "thunk" into armored sides and spider bullet-proof glass.

The DRIVER looks back through the opening, surprised, just in time for Bishop to grab him by the collar and HAUL him into the back at the same time slipping through the opening and sliding into the driver's position.

As he slams the shifter into REVERSE men line up in front, OPEN UP with weapons.

EXT. DC STREET - CONTINUOUS

WHEELS SMOKE, Limo ACCELERATES backwards, angling UP THE STEPS. Security DIVE ASIDE as the Limo clears the rail, comes down HARD just across from the small alcove Steve's pressed into. The passenger door opens.

BISHOP

Get in.

Security are standing up, opening up, as Steve DIVES forward.

INT. GOVERNMENT LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Steve lands awkward in the front seat as Bishop throws the limo into drive, floors it DOWN the steps of the building, men diving aside, swerving onto the street.

STEVE

Thanks.

BISHOP

Behind you.

Steve has half a second to puzzle this one as the Driver grabs him from behind, HAULS him backwards.

Bishop eyes his mirrors, counting the number of vehicles pursuing. Eyes makes calculations, gets distracted for a moment from the RAGING FISTFIGHT between Steve and the Driver occurring in the rear compartment.

Bishop raises the divider, steps on the gas.

EXT. DC STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Engine WHINES, Limo surges forward, pursuit cars dropping off. There are no turns, no spins. This is straight-line acceleration circa FRENCH CONNECTION. Bishop guides the limo faster and faster, blasting across intersections, timing his spacing to inches, no margin for error.

Around him, pursuit cars aren't as good, they VEER off into crashes, clip traffic, SPIN out of control.

INT. GOVERNMENT LIMO - CONTINUOUS

In front of Bishop, intersection after intersection of cross-cutting traffic. Bishop speeds up or slows just a fraction, making space for the limo, BARELY.

He notices a hand-held automatic weapon secured to the dash, grabs it, checks his mirrors.

IN THE REARVIEW: Bishop watches a pursuit car T-BONED by a truck, then his view is blocked by STEVE and the DRIVER as they wrestle and fight.

Over his initial surprise, the Driver's trained, and good. He locks Steve up, SLAMS him against the window, choking him.

UP AHEAD. Bishop sees a traffic jam LOOMING ahead, the limo closing at 100 mph, no alternatives. He lowers the divider.

BISHOP
Get in front.

STEVE
Working on that...

BISHOP
Now!

Bishop HAULS UP the E-Brake, putting the Limo into a SPIN. The shift in force tosses Steve and Guard across the rear space. Steve dives forward towards the front as...

EXT. DC STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The Limo goes into a 4-wheel ROTATION, angling towards the hard corner of a building and WHAM! Limo clips the building halfway, SHEERS the limo in half. The rear section crumples against the building as the front section SKIDS down the building face, comes to rest against a GROCERY.

Bishop and Steve recover, roll out of the now exposed rear of the driver's compartment and into

INT. GROCERY - CONTINUOUS

Bishop and Steve slide in as POLICE CARS slide to a stop outside. Small glimpses of COPS and SWAT taking positions.

Steve peeks over a counter. A few cops fire. A glass window SHEERS, fruit catches rounds.

STEVE
We have got to go!

Steve's pointing at the rear exit. It looks far away.

STEVE (CONT'D)
You go for it, I'll cover you.

Bishop takes in the exit, the gun in Steve's hand...

EXT. GROCERY - CONTINUOUS

More COPS arrive, take positions. There must be thirty guns pointed in their direction.

INT. GROCERY - CONTINUOUS

Bishop cranes around, tracks cop and SWAT...

BISHOP
I'm sorry I brought you into this.

STEVE
Not now, Bishop, we have to --

BISHOP
It was... It was the only thing I knew how to teach you.

Steve looks at him oddly, moved. Then...

STEVE
Don't worry about it, Bishop. I brought myself into this.

Bishop considers this, nods. And he's UP AND FIRING towards the SWAT.

BISHOP
Go!

ON STEVE. Clear shot at Bishop. A micro-second hesitation, and then he's RUNNING for the rear exit.

EXT. GROCERY - CONTINUOUS

Cops and FBI REACT to the shots, ALL open up.

INT. GROCERY - CONTINUOUS

The WINDOW'S ERUPT in a hail of gunfire from the outside. Bishop hits the ground, rolls towards the rear exit. Bottles and produce EXPLODING under the assault. Steve reaches the exit, glances back to see Bishop on his tail, room being chewed-up behind him.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Steve BLOWS down a corridor. A SWAT member suddenly comes out of a side-door, raising his weapon...

Steve FLATTENS him, comes up with the man's weapon, reverses, lining it straight at Bishop... who hits the ground, as Steve FIRES rounds pushing back pursuing SWAT behind Bishop.

More SWAT push in, shields raised, guns lined. Bishop SLAMS into them from the side. Pushes one through a door, breaks another's knee as he disarms him, moves after Steve.

EXT. ALLEY ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Steve and Bishop emerge almost simultaneously, race up the alley as SWAT emerges behind them, rounds tracing after them.

They clear the alley, onto...

EXT. DC STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Pedestrians and shoppers crowd the small streets. Bishop and Steve tear through people on opposite sides of the street as overhead a helicopter clatters.

Behind them, SWAT and COPS give chase.

UP AHEAD, a van skids to a halt, SWAT pouring out. Bishop and Steve duck into...

INT. RETAIL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Travel agency. Displays fly as they muscle through to the back, then through service corridors, back into a RESTAURANT, headed for the front door...

TWO COP cars close from outside. Bishop raises his weapon, OPENS UP into the metal of the cars. The COPS panic, REVERSE, SLAMMING into parked cars. The cops piling out and taking position as RESTAURANT PATRONS scream and flee.

Bishops checks his fire. PURE INSTINCT, swings his weapon to lock onto Steve who's also raised his weapon at Bishop. The two of them, suddenly lining weapons into each other's faces. Breathing had... eyes locked as beyond them another police reinforcement arrive, takes position...

The SOUND of a cop, distant outside, CHAMBERING a round into a shotgun...

Both men DIVE to the ground, roll even as they switch to single-shot mode to preserve ammo. BANG BANG BANG, they fire back at their attackers, precise, as the cops open up.

WITH THE COPS

Firing. Bullets find exposed legs and arms, men stumble back or fall to the ground, screaming.

STEVE AND BISHOP

Almost at the same exact moment, the men switch their aim back to each other. Both men, controlling emotion and body. Gasping for breath, bleeding.

BISHOP

...Why?

STEVE

You don't know?

Tense beat. Glimpsed through shattered windows, SWAT arrives, takes the perimeter. They're being surrounded.

Suddenly an SUV pulls into view between the restaurant and the SWAT and Police position, a confused and frightened WOMAN at the wheel. Police SHOUT at her, confusing her more.

Steve makes a decision. Lowers his weapon, grabs a napkin, ties it to hide his features.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Cover me.

And with that Steve is RUNNING towards the outside...

... BEHIND STEVE, Bishop steps out, gun in each hand. Clean shot of Steve's back. He opens up. Bullets tracing around Steve, pushing the men back just long enough for Steve to reach the SUV, haul open the door.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

The WOMAN screams as Steve pushes her aside, takes the wheel. She scratches back, one hand ripping the bandana away from Steve's face. He STARES at her for one deadly second.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Bishop FLINCHES as the sound of the SHOT come from the SUV. The passenger door opens and the woman climbs out as the SUV ACCELERATES away, cops and SWAT firing after it.

BISHOP'S P.O.V.: The woman watches her car go, then turns and sits on the pavement. Her hand moves to her chest, comes away bloody.

ON BISHOP. Angry like we've never seen him. Cold. Furious. The stupid waste of it all. He meets the woman's gaze. She dies looking at him.

Helicopters clatter above, bullets plink into dishware and hardwood. Bishop just stares at the woman for a long beat, then he turns away, back into the building.

It is... over.

EXT. DC STREETS - DAY (LATER)

SWAT approaches the SUV, slammed against another car. Shielded men throw the door open. It's empty.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY (LATER)

SWAT move into the restaurant Bishop was last seen in. Guns lined, checking corners. But there's no sign of Bishop.

INT. DC FLAT - AFTERNOON

Bishop enters the flat. Cool afternoon breeze blows through curtains. He stops, stares at the couple who owned the flat who now lie motionless. Small holes in the red-stained pillowcases over their heads. Steve has been here.

Bishop swallows, angry. He forces himself back to the task at hand. Breaking down the never-fired weapon. He works efficiently, silently.

INT. AIRPORT - EVENING

Bishop sits at the gate, waiting to board his plane. He watches families get ready, college kids laughing.

On the silent TVs, CNN shows footage of the aftermath of the gunfight in the street. "Eight dead." A US Attorney speaking at a press conference.

US ATTORNEY

...Something is wrong in this country. But today because of the actions of a few cowardly men, we may never know the true face of --

A voice announces boarding, drowning out the TV. Bishop collects his things.

INT. LOCAL GROCERY - NIGHT

Grocer glances at Bishop's two grocery bags, then to the clock: 7:10. Sophie reads her book with her doll. A CAR speeds by outside. Sophie tracks it, looks at her father.

INT. BISHOP'S HOME - NIGHT

Key in the lock, Bishop enters, stands in his living room. TENSE. WAITING. Nothing.

INT. BISHOP'S GYM - NIGHT

Bishop stands in front of his machines, still. Reaches out, touches one. Waiting.

INT. BISHOP'S HOME- NIGHT

Bishop sits across from the portrait of himself, finishes the last bite of his dinner. He takes the plate, walks into the kitchen and to the sink, washes the plate...

His cat curls around his legs, purrs. Bishop takes a scrap off the plate, bends down and feeds it to her.

She starts to eat, then her EYES NARROW... WHAM! Steve hits him from out of nowhere. Bishop sprawls as Steve LOOMS, gun lined!

WHAM! Bishop hits Steve with the fridge door, knocks the gun out of his hands, it skitters along the floor. Bishop moves towards it, Steve swings a knife. Bishop catches the blow, but Steve HAULS down on the bad shoulder. Bishop SCREAMS as something gives, stumbles back as Steve swings again, Bishop turning, catching the blade in his shoulder.

Bishop reels back against the wall as Steve picks up the gun and BANG! BANG! BANG! Fires as Bishop flees the room.

Steve follows, keeping his shots controlled. Slugs chew into walls, furniture as Bishop dives out the front door.

Steve advances, re-loading.

STEVE
You know, when they came to me... I said "Are you sure?" Bishop?" But They're right, aren't they?

EXT. BISHOP'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Steve steps out onto the porch.

STEVE
...You don't really like the work anymore.

Bishop's voice comes from the darkness near the barn.

BISHOP
Maybe not.

BLAM! BLAM! Steve SHOOTS as Bishop MOVES, finds cover.

STEVE
Yeah. That's... what did you call it? That's a prerequisite.
(beat)
Besides, I guess I had other reasons.

BISHOP
If it matters, today we killed the man who ordered the hit on your father.

STEVE
Yeah, but not the man who actually killed him.

Steve advances, clearing the side of the barn, LINES his weapon on Bishop, who's standing next to the barn.

BISHOP
Why'd you kill those other people?

STEVE
(shakes his head)
You really going moral high ground on me? Seriously? You might want to check your soapbox there, partner.

BLAM! Steve fires just as Bishop SLIDES back, into the barn through a side door. Steve LAUGHS, slides towards the front.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 (calling out)
 But that's the difference between us, isn't it? You're all alone, but you still... like people. You wish they liked you. Whereas I have people everywhere... and all I ever want, is to be alone.

Steve hears BANGING coming from the barn.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 There's no weapons in there, Bishop! I've... what did you teach me? I've controlled the situation. One hundred percent.

BOOM! The barn door blast outwards as Bishop's vintage Mustang come careening out of the barn at Steve...

Who STANDS HIS GROUND. He aims, fires five times through the windscreen. The rounds IMPACTING Bishop as the car LOOMS at Steve who steps aside at the last moment, the car barely missing him, continuing on and IMPACTING against the side of the house... the propane tank.

Steve squints and BOOOOOM! The propane tank ERUPTS in flame. Steve is knocked back.

When he rises, the interior of the car is an inferno. The body is slumped against the wheel, the fire consuming him, cleansing him.

Steve. Bleeding, bruised, victorious.

INT. BISHOP'S HOME - NIGHT

Steve enters the study, looking down at Bishop's record player, looks back at the wall of work on Dean. Smoke seeps through the walls, pushes through cracks in sills.

Steve opens Bishop's record collection, takes the pristine collector's Hendrix. The one never played.

He moves into the living room. FLAMES lick across the walls. Through the smoke, he sees the portrait of Bishop staring back at him. He raises the album in thanks.

EXT. BISHOP'S HOME - NIGHT

Steve now stands outside Bishop's home, watching. The whole place is an inferno.

INSIDE. Pictures bubble and peel before turning black in the heat. The stack of DVDs melts, dripping down...

IN THE BARN. Flaming beams crash down, crumple classic cars. Steve watches it all. The fire reflected in his eyes.

EXT. MCKENNA ESTATE - DAY

A hot gorgeous day. Slight breeze blows through trees, ripples the water on the pool which is suddenly CUT THROUGH by the figure of Steve, swimming laps, hard.

He gets out at the far end, looks over his grounds. There's no one here anymore. The place is deserted except for ear-wired SECURITY who patrol the grounds.

EXT. BISHOP'S HOME - DAY

POLICE and FIRE pick through the smouldering rubble. A DETECTIVE watches as the door to Bishop's fire-ravaged car is pried off.

INT. MCKENNA ESTATE - DAY

Steve trots in from outside, pulling on a loose shirt. The house is spotless, transformed. No sign of a frivolous young man's pursuits. Art and culture and wealth.

EXT. BISHOP'S HOME - DAY

The door to the car gives suddenly, falls to the ground. The Detective pulls a handkerchief, puts it over his nose and mouth as he peers in at the body...

INT. MCKENNA'S OFFICE - DAY

Steve busts in, dragging his father's 80's turntable with him. The portrait of Bishop has been hung here in his office. He glances at it, then breaks the seal on the Hendrix album, stares at the grooves before seating it on the turntable and hitting a switch. Player starts up, needle swings over...

Steve moves to his computer and punches in the password.

On the wall-sized screen, the Bishop research glows to life. All the connections, people, history that made Bishop.

Bishop's cat jumps into his lap, purring, and Steve strokes her. Finally, a decision. He hits a button and the prompt "DELETE FILE?" Appears on the screen.

Needle comes down, touches the record, the sweet sound of Hendrix's "Little Wing" fill the world.

Steve's finger still hovers over "ENTER." Bishop's cat jumps down, trots away. He watches the cat go, hits the button.

The wall-sized screen goes blank. Just a cool white nothing.

Steve SMILES, nods, leaning back... when a voice comes from the record player, overlaid above the song.

BISHOP'S VOICE

...Steve, if you hear this, then it means you found the right moment to play the record. Good for you. It also means you had to scratch the needle across the surface of the record.

Steve's eyes LOCK on the record player, the needle scratching across its surface, from the surface of the record, the smallest trace of smoke...

BISHOP'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Sorry it has to end this way.

Steve's eyes dart to the portrait of Bishop. Its cold eyes stare back.

EXT. MCKENNA ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

KABOOM! The windows of Steve's office blow out of the estate's 2nd story.

FADE TO:

EXT. BISHOP'S HOME - DAY

The Detective, handkerchief over his face, leans over the body. Burnt beyond recognition. CAMERA moves away, down to the body's shoulder...

BISHOP (V.O.)

Every man has a death that's right for them. Every one.

... where a form, a heat shadow, has burnt into the charred remains of a shirt. A fist, middle-finger raised. We know this tattoo. It was on the ex-con who tried to mug Bishop outside the bar. This is not Bishop.

BISHOP (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A death so right that when it arrives, those who knew him will say "Yes, this is right..."

The detective leans the body forward, and the shadow disintegrates into ash.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

A brand new Maserati crests the hill, moving FAST. Brakes lock up, it slides to a stop in a patch of dirt.

BISHOP (V.O.)
"...This was always going to happen
this way."

Bishop gets out. Shaved, healthy, clean. He climbs onto the roof of the car, stares at the highway which winds away into the distance.

Freedom, laid out before him. He stares at it, wanting, needing. He blinks.

FADE TO BLACK.

END.