

"THE PUNISHER"

by

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FIRST DRAFT

FADE IN:

EXT. MIAMI BEACH PARK - DAY - THE FLAP OF A PICNIC BASKET

swings closed -- the meal is over. We PULL BACK and see that we're at the South Beach park: a long strip of family friendly space halfway between the beach itself and the increasingly glamorous Ocean Drive.

This family just had a perfect picnic on a perfect day. FRANK CASTIGLIONE (40) leans his head back in the lap of his wife, MARIA (30s), who is relaxing on the blanket. Their kids, FRANK JR. (5) and CARLA (3), run through the grass, trying to keep a kite in the air. As it crashes to earth again, we go --

CLOSE ON A MAN APPROACHING THE PICNIC

We can't see who it is, but we can see as his jacket flaps in the breeze, he has a gun strapped to his chest.

FRANK'S HEAD IS RESTING IN MARIA'S LAP

with his eyes shut -- he looks happy and content. All that has to happen for that to change is for him to open his eyes.

FRANK

Goddamn it.

GEOFFREY HARWOOD (30s), Frank's usually deskbound superior, approaches. Frank sinks back into Maria's lap.

FRANK

You know why I come out here, Geoff? Because no one I know ever comes out here.

HARWOOD

You shouldn't bring your cell phone then. Even when it's off, it's a location tracker.

(beat)

Checked your voice mail? Your contact called. Said the buy is moved up to today, in just about half an hour.

Frank's eyes open up. That is important. He sits up, and looks at Maria, trying to think of a new way to say --

FRANK

Maria -- I'm sorry, I've got to go.

Maria puts on a smile. She's trying to be supportive, but we can tell this is starting to wear thin with her.

MARIA

Okay. I'll see you later.

Frank kisses her, and leaps to his feet. Harwood moves back to the street -- but Frank runs back toward his kids.

HARWOOD

We've got to move, Frank -- this is important --

FRANK

(shouts back)

So is this!

Frank gives each of his kids a kiss -- then he grabs the kite line and runs back with it, putting the kite high up in the air. Frank waves and catches up to Harwood, as Frank Jr. and Carla run around with the now soaring kite.

FRANK JR AND CARLA

(shouting after him)

Bye, daddy!

A MOMENT LATER - IN HARWOOD'S CAR - AN OUTDOOR PARTY

can be seen as they pass by -- it's the grand opening of a new restaurant. Harwood's car passes as a limosine stops.

The man who gets out, flashing a five figure suit and a megawatt smile, is BRUNO COSTA (40s), waving to a swarm of local press who are covering the event.

In the passenger seat, Frank can't believe it.

FRANK

He's opening another one -- ?

HARWOOD

Oh yeah. It's getting so you can't buy cedar planked grouper or fully automatic machine guns without Bruno Costa getting his slice.

Harwood's straining to be funny, but Frank isn't laughing -- he's just staring at Costa. Someday he's going to nail him.

HARWOOD

Lighten up, Frank. We don't get Costa on racketeering, maybe we can nab him on health code violations.

EXT. HARWOOD'S CAR CROSSES MIAMI RIVER - A LITTLE LATER

Retreating back from the bright beaches, toward the grimier part of the city -- we're driving from the excesses of the Gold Coast to modest, even poor neighborhoods in minutes. It's like going from color to black and white.

INSIDE THE CAR - FRANK IS CHANGING

as rapidly as his surrounding. He checks a small, wire thin recording device sewn into the trenchcoat collar -- a pin mike is on one end, a tiny camera lens on the other. Frank plants a Colt 1911 in his coat, and a knife on his ankle.

None of it looks like cop stuff. Frank is becoming a bad guy, bit by bit, during the drive.

HARWOOD

No time to get any backup on this.
Sure you want to go in without it?

FRANK

I'm sure. All I want is a look at who's moving the guns out. No point in making any arrests until we know where they're coming in from.

HARWOOD

So who's the kid setting up this buy?

FRANK

His name is Rico Vingello, but they call him "Rudolph" --

HARWOOD

Vingello? A Vingello Vingello?

FRANK

He's in the family, but he's not in the family. The other reindeer won't let him play the reindeer games --

(taps nose)

-- because his nose is always lit up -- get it? The kid thinks he's a player, but he's never getting promoted past nephew.

HARWOOD

How'd you get to be his friend?

FRANK

No one else wanted the job. That, and his theory of card playing. Double till you win.

(beat)

He owes me ten thousand on poker. I told him, hook me up with five thousand worth of these Costa street sweepers, and we are Ajax clean.

(looks out street)

You better turn here, or you're gonna hit the parade.

HARWOOD

What parade?

FRANK

You don't read the papers? You didn't go to Sunday school? It's a big Catholic thing in some neighborhoods. The "Day of the Dead". All your dead return to you just for one day.

A look crosses Frank's face. What would it mean if all his dead came back for him? He shoves that aside.

FRANK

Just for one day.

(checks his gun)

If Bruno Costa's dead all came back to him, they'd have to run it 24-7 for a fucking month.

HARWOOD'S CAR PULLS OVER AT AN INNER CITY STREET CORNER

They are now on the fringes of a parade -- we can't see what kind yet, but there are vendors everywhere, selling shirts, hot dogs, churros, and so on. Signage tells us we're in a neighborhood where Spanish is the main language. Most of the crowds and noise are several blocks away.

Frank gets out and peels off his polo shirt.

HARWOOD

What're you doing?

FRANK

I'm infiltrating a gun buy, not a Promise Keeper's breakfast.

(tosses shirt in)

I'll get something from that shirt shack. Now get lost. They smell your Aqua Velva on me, they'll make me as a fed right away.

Harwood's car pulls away, leaving Frank alone.

EXT. ON THE STREET - MOMENTS LATER - DUSK - FRANK IS WALKING

into the parade, completely made over from the dad we saw a minute ago. This guy, everyone steps back for. His sunglasses are on, and a gust of wind blows back his trenchcoat --

-- revealing that Frank is now wearing a black T-shirt with a white skull logo on it. The skull logo.

ON THE PARADE - A DAY OF THE DEAD FESTIVAL

is moving through the streets. A tradition imported from Mexico, it is a celebration of life -- the day that your dead return to you -- that at first glance is pretty fucking morbid. Parade participants are in skeleton costumes. Kids have candy skulls made from spun sugar. For some it's a religious festival, for others a good excuse to party.

Everywhere, from parade floats to kids' shirts to store windows, you see the same thing -- skulls. As Frank moves into it, he sees a few people who don't really look right in a Hispanic street festival. A couple of black gang bangers. Across from them, a skinhead with a confederacy tattoo. Finally, Frank finds one guy who is not feeling the spirit --

RICO VINGELLO

a wannabe crook in his twenties -- the only member of his family who gets no respect on the street, he knows it, and he's permanently pissed about it. Right now he's clutching a case like he's afraid the ten year old next to him is going to take it. He sees Frank and flips away a cigarette.

RICO

About fucking time. I hope I'm not keeping you from the parade.

FRANK

You think you could have found a less obvious way to carry money? Like a burlap bag with a string tie and a big dollar sign on it?

Ciro leads Frank a few steps down the sidewalk, toward what looks like an empty storefront. But as they step inside --

INSIDE THE STORE - "DIA DE LOS MUERTOS" ITEMS

like flowers, wine, skull toys and candy are on sale, as Spanish hymns swell from a CD player. Rico and Frank walk by women buying mass candles -- they get waved to a thick wooden door. As they step into a closet size corridor --

IN THE DARK - GUNS ARE POINTED AT FRANK AND RICO'S HEADS

Two guys are hanging upside-down from the ceiling -- their guns touch the tops of Frank and Ciro's heads. They freeze as someone in a SKULL MASK moves in behind to pat them down.

FRANK

I'll want those back.

SKULL MASK

You clean, you get 'em back on the other side.

(taking off his weapons)

If not, you goin' to the other side.

The Skull Mask keeps his frisk going, all the way to the top of Frank's coat -- where his recorder is. Just before his fingers get to the collar, Frank swats his hand away.

FRANK

You want to tickle my ears, you buy me dinner first, sweetheart.

The Skull Mask opens a door and kicks them through it --

IN THE BACK OF THE STORE - A BLINDING SPOTLIGHT

that's designed to fuck your eyes up as you go through blazes at Frank and Ciro as they stumble inside.

SPIKED SKULL MASK

Well, look here. It's Rudolph the blow-nosed guinea -- and some dumb motherfucker that I ain't never seen.

Frank looks up, his eyes adjusting. Ten guys, all in skull masks, aim guns at him. The leader is a huge guy in an elaborate SPIKED SKULL MASK with porcupine style points.

This is a today-only store, set up to close on a minute's notice -- the cash is in the back of a dozen motorcycles, all ready to tear out of the building. The light makes it hard to see all the way back -- there are more transactions, more conversations going on. Frank tries to pick up on them, but --

SPIKED SKULL MASK

Face **front**, motherfucker!

RICO

(steps forward with case)
He's a friend of mine.

SPIKED SKULL MASK

That's his problem.

Spiked Skull Mask opens the case -- and it's filled with banded \$100 bills. As he flips through the bills --

CLOSE ON FRANK - WE ZOOM INTO HIS EYE

He is trying hard not to react, but something's very wrong --

CLOSE ON THE CASE - ZOOM INTO THE MONEY

as Skull Mask flips through them -- there is a light, almost imperceptible blue mark in the corner.

CLOSE ON FRANK'S FACE

Frank is putting on a good front, but he's sweating. Rico notices this, and smiles at him like they're in on this together. Frank could kill him, but has to back the play.

If the Spiked Skull Mask has noticed something wrong, it doesn't show. He pauses, looking at the bills -- then speaks into a walkie talkie --

SPIKED SKULL MASK

Mark eight for Rico.

RICO

You said ten --

SPIKED SKULL MASK

-- now I say eight. Get the fuck out of here.

Two GOONS shove Frank and Rico through a door to --

THE SIDEWALK - THE PARADE IS JUST STEPS AWAY

with marchers and a float passing by. As they're shoved out --

GOON

Cross the street for your goods.

The door is sealed and bolted shut. Frank angrily takes Rico by the arm and starts walking across the street.

FRANK

Where'd you get that money?

RICO

I won it at a Boca game this --
(grip on arm tightens)
-- owwww -- I took it from my uncle.
He'll get it back before he misses it.
It's from some messed up drug buy.
It's been sitting around for months.

FRANK

You ever think about why it's been sitting around for months?

IN THE WAREHOUSE - ONE OF THE SKULL MASKS EXAMINES THE CASH

with a black light. Suddenly, it's very, very obvious --

SKULL MASK

This fucking money is marked --

ACROSS THE STREET - FRANK AND CIRO AT AN "OFRENDRA"

-- one of many altars here to honor and remember the dead, with candles, flowers, wine, even photographs. Frank is speaking in Spanish to an OLD WOMAN behind the altar. She nods, and crosses herself as Rico leads Frank away.

RICO

What was that?

FRANK

I asked her to light a candle for each of us, so we will survive the day.
(off Rico's LAUGH)
You like bets, Rico. I'll bet you those candles last longer than we do.

The old woman lights one candle --

-- and Frank looks for trouble, back through the crowd -- there are skull masks and skeleton outfits everywhere in the parade. But coming out of the "santeria" shop, he sees --

-- two men in "angry skull" masks, each holding a pair of hand-size machine guns and moving in his direction --

-- Frank looks ahead, and sees --

-- a stand selling candy skulls, small ones on the bottom shelf, big ones on the top -- a badass "VENDOR" is reaching under the counter --

-- the "angry skull" duo are raising their guns --

-- at the ofrenda, the old woman lights the second candle -- the wick ignites just as --

-- one of the "angry skull" duo FIRES at Rico -- Rico is hit high in the chest -- he spins back, falling to the ground --

-- bystanders start SCREAMING and running away --

-- with nowhere to go, Frank charges the candy skull stand just as the vendor's hands clear the counter with a sawed off double barrel shotgun --

-- Frank grabs the vendor's gunhand and rams the stock into his chin twice -- now unconscious, the vendor falls against the low shelf, shattering a dozen hollow candy skulls --

-- the "angry skull" duo fire at Frank as they charge across the street --

-- as machine gun shots BLAZE through the stand, shattering candy skulls and splintering the cheap wood, Frank wheels around with the shotgun and FIRES --

-- the first shot takes out one "angry skull", who spins into the street, dead --

-- Frank's second shot is at a hot dog cart by the exit at the "santeria" store -- its propane tank explodes, blowing a hole in the wall --

-- the second "angry skull" is still coming, still firing at Frank, who is now empty --

-- Frank throws the empty shotgun like Ed Ames throwing an axe -- it spins, end over end, until it smashes the "skull mask", stunning him and knocking him back --

-- from the "santeria" store, another bad guy in a skull mask bursts out the door --

-- Frank is unarmed, but not for long -- he jumps on top of the stand's counter, reaches up for a pair of large "candy skulls" and smashes them together -- the "candy" shatters --

-- revealing a pair of mini machine guns in the skulls -- this was their distribution center. Frank spins around as --

-- the skull mask at the "santeria" store fires at Frank, and the shots are close enough that they're punching holes in Frank's trenchcoat -- but Frank fires back --

-- the skull mask is blown back through the window, as his gunfire goes wild, shattering wine bottles and mass candles --

-- in the street, the panicked crowd flees from the battle -- the driver bails out of the lead float, a gigantic paper-mache skull, which now moves driverless down the street --

-- Frank looks back to the "santeria" store -- motorcycles are rolling out the hole that was blown in the wall -- the gang is escaping with the day's take. But Frank also sees --

-- Rico, wounded and bleeding, is hiding behind the "ofrendra" set up by the old woman. But it's not much of a hiding place -- his blood is pooling under the "ofrendra". A gang member sees this, and turns his cycle around!

Frank has a clear shot at escape if he runs the other way, but instead he charges toward the ofrendra --

-- as he does, a skull masked gunman comes out of the hole in the santeria store and fires at Frank -- Frank gets some temporary cover, because the driverless "skull" float is lurching down the street -- with no driver, it pulls to the right and stops, motor running, against a light pole --

-- but it's not cover any longer, because at the second level of the santeria store, two gunmen burst out at the railing -- they're in position to aim down at Frank, float or not --

-- with nowhere to hide, Frank charges ahead, guns blazing -- he runs up the float, and the ten foot paper mache skull is caught in this intense crossfire -- blazing confetti is flying everywhere and so are the bullets --

-- the bullets knock away the store's railing -- one of the gunmen falls down, still shooting at Frank as he tumbles --

-- but Frank connects with a shot, spinning the gunman away --

-- by now, this skull float, which is made of tissue paper and flammable glue, has taken about a hundred bullets -- it ignites and the ten foot skull is instantly ablaze --

-- the other gunman atop the santeria store is still firing down at Frank --

-- with bullets punching a trail behind him, Frank runs up and through the blazing skull, firing up at the gunman --

-- atop the santeria store, the second gunman is hit --

-- on the ground, by the ofrendra, the gang member holds a pump shotgun and is about to kill Rico -- but he looks up --

FRANK IS CRASH DIVING GUNS FIRST THROUGH THE GIANT SKULL

-- he fires at the gunman over Rico -- at the end of the volley, both of his guns click empty --

-- but it's enough -- the gunman is blown back, firing his shotgun once wildly in the air, as his body smashes against the ofrenda. As he slides down, we see --

-- all that's left intact on this altar are the two candles that Frank asked the old woman to light. Both still burning.

With the skull still blazing behind him, Frank takes a long, relieved breath. The sound of the gang's motorcycles are receding -- but the sound of police sirens are getting closer.

Frank drops the now empty guns, and pulls Rico to his feet. Rico is clearly weak, but he's able to hang on from behind. But before Frank can get going --

THE SPIKED SKULL MASK

staggers out of the hole blown in the "santeria" store -- apparently he took a good hit from the first blast. The burnt and damaged skull mask makes him look madder than ever. He raises a pair of machine guns --

-- and Frank, still sitting on the cycle, calmly grabs the shotgun from the dead gang member's hands -- gives it a one handed pump -- then he aims back and aims low -- he fires --

THE FUEL TANK UNDER THE FLOAT EXPLODES IN A SURGING FIREBALL

-- the Spiked Skull Mask is blown backwards into the building in a storm of torn metal and splintered blazing wood!

Just as Frank starts the cycle out, an unmarked police car speeds toward him, siren on the dashboard blaring --

-- but Frank doesn't turn or slow down -- while speeding the motorcycle straight ahead, he gives the shotgun a one handed pump, aims it at the police car and FIRES --

-- the police car's front right tire explodes, yanking the car over to crash roughly but harmlessly against some garbage.

INSIDE THE POLICE CAR - DETECTIVE JEAN NESLAR (30)

pulls herself up from the dashboard and gets a good look at Frank going by, as her partner LUIS (40s) collects himself.

THE TEN FOOT SKULL IS STILL BLAZING IN THE BACKGROUND

as Frank speeds the cycle away, with Rico hanging on behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI WATERFRONT - DOCKS - NIGHT - FRANK

is in the shadows, waiting with Rico, who is wrapped in Frank's trenchcoat. A pair of headlight beams pierce the shadows -- and Frank stands up. The cars stop --

-- and four men get out. Two of them are low grade muscle -- and the third, TONY SANTIANELLO (40s), is just a little smarter and a little meaner than the others. The last is the boss, CIRO VINGELLO (50s). They step forward to Rico.

RICO

(through the pain)

Uncle V -- oh man -- you'll never believe what happened --

VINGELLO

That's for sure. I couldn't believe anyone would have minchioni to take money from me and then give it to Bruno Costa.

Tony pulls out a gun and points it at Rico's face.

RICO

Uncle V -- you can't --

Rico wheezes out what might be his last breath -- Tony tightens his finger on the trigger -- and Ciro gives Tony a look. These guys do a lot of communicating with looks.

Tony moves the gun over, **firing** down into Rico's previously unwounded shoulder. Rico **SHRIEKS** in pain --

VINGELLO

(calmly, to goon)

Take him to our clinic.

Two of them pick Rico up, and not exactly with the grace of EMTs -- Rico **SCREAMS** in pain as he's roughly moved to the car.

VINGELLO

(as an afterthought)

Take him over some bumpy roads.

TONY

Now you. Let me guess. You had no idea at all that he took money from Mr. Vingello's safe.

Tony's pushing the gun closer, with the full expectation that Frank will burst into tears or collapse. Frank doesn't oblige. In fact, he gets closer, in Tony's face --

FRANK

Yeah, you got me. It was the crime of the century. I helped him boost the money. It was my idea to steal directly from one of the biggest bosses in the country. Then, when I saw the bills were marked --

(to Vingello)

-- what, was it from some fed sting that went bust?

FRANK

(back to Tony)

-- then and only then did I decide to try passing bills that a six year old would spot to motherfuckers with machine guns, guaranteeing that they would empty them at me. Yeah. That was good planning too. To really cap off my perfect getaway, I let pischiasotto here call you for help.

(puts finger to forehead)

You better blow these brains out, now, because if I ever come up with another plan that good, I'm taking over your whole operation.

(to Vingello)

If you hire leccaculos with more collar size than IQ, that's your business, but would you mind telling him there's no point in shooting me over money I didn't take and you couldn't spend?

Tony is speechless, angry and ready to do him on general principles, but Vingello is smiling -- he waves Tony off.

VINGELLO

I got a philosophy. Family is important to me.

FRANK

It shows.

VINGELLO

He's the shit on my shoes, but I don't want to watch my sister crying her eyes out at his funeral. So I thank you for getting him out of there. What's your name?

FRANK

Frank Castle.

VINGELLO

That was some show you put on. Some neighborhood kid got the whole thing on videotape -- channel nine's been running it for the last hour. They're still matching up the arms and legs on those guys. And the showstopper, when you go through the skull on fire --

(laughs)

-- you add some music and dancing girls, you could play the Gleason theatre for a year with that act.

(beat)

You kill six or seven Costas, you're going to need some friends.

VINGELLO

You kill that many Costas, you are my friend. Have a drink at Alvaro's tomorrow night. Maybe we could find something for you to do.

Frank nods, and the sedan speeds away on the clattering dock.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HARWOOD'S OFFICE - NIGHT - FRANK'S FACE

is in the window, thoughtfully looking out at the lights of downtown Miami. As we PULL BACK, we see what he sees --

-- a pyramid of photos taped to the window. Not the usual "crime family tree" showing who's at the bottom and who's at the top -- these are victims at different crime scenes. Clerks and their stores ripped apart. Cops on stretchers. One of the photos is especially searing: a color news magazine cover of the bloodsoaked body of a teenage girl, with the headline "FRANKLIN STREET SCHOOL MASSACRE".

Harwood comes in, and moves to a "personnel pyramid" corkboard labelled "COSTAS". In the corner, a television news report shows Frank's romp -- you can't make out his face. He just looks like a huge, scary guy with a skull on his chest.

HARWOOD

I wish you didn't look like you were enjoying blowing up that parade --
 (takes down photos)
 -- but I'll let it slide, since you took seven Costas off the charts.

FRANK

Funny. Ciro Vingello sounded just as happy about that as you.

The name snaps Harwood around from the board.

HARWOOD

What? You actually spoke to --
 (perfect Brando voice)
 -- Don Ciro Vingello? The capo di tutti capi Don Ciro Vingello?

FRANK

Apparently I'm the nephew he always wanted. He said I should see him tomorrow about some work.
 (shifting gears)
 If we link the store rental to Costa --

HARWOOD

Fuck the Costa op! You got a callback to be on Vingello's crew, and you want to keep chasing some machine guns?

Frank picks up a machine gun with an evidence tag.

FRANK

These aren't just any machine guns. They're the smallest, most powerful military grade guns I've ever seen. They've been used in seven robberies in five states. Eighteen people are dead -- nine of them civilians. One of the guns got used in that schoolyard shooting in Chicago last month.

(points to photos)

Costa's the only one selling 'em - they start here and flow up I-95 to the rest of the country. It's a supply line for a war, and we're losing.

Frank points to the TV, which has shifted to a glamor piece from a bubbly "ENTERTAINMENT" ANCHOR --

ENTERTAINMENT ANCHOR

-- and today also marked the star-studded grand opening of the spectacular new South Beach eatery from restrauteur Bruno Costa --

FRANK

Look at this fucking guy. He's hanging out with movie stars. His bank account is growing as fast as our body count, because we can't prove what everybody knows -- and you want me to back off him and start chasing the Vingellos?

HARWOOD

Costa's a comer, but Vingello's part of the old school east coast mob network that's been around since J. Edgar Hoover learned how to hook his bra from behind.

(beat)

Christ, Frank, we put undercover guys in Raiford for a year so that maybe, maybe, they can meet the guy under the guy under the guy who's under Vingello. He's connected through Atlanta, New York, Chicago, and he doesn't make many play dates. You get inside, you can take them all down.

Frank is hesitant. This isn't a job he wants.

HARWOOD

Get all you can on the Vingellos. Same time, you get all you can on Costa's gun club. You know the Vingellos know more about it than we do.

FRANK

Getting on Vingello's crew isn't like infiltrating a mob warehouse pushing stolen cigarettes or the kind of undercover buys I usually do. I don't know if I want this one, Geoff.

HARWOOD

I think you need this one. I know why you joined the bureau. We never talked about it, but it's page one, line one of your psych jacket, okay?

(beat)

You get inside, that shit you've been living with is gone. And you get to put away a lot of very bad guys that we've never been able to get close to.

FRANK

The last guy to go that far in was Clabaugh. Someone leaked to Costa, and he never got back out.

HARWOOD

That's why we created this organized crime unit for secrecy. Same reason you only come in the office at night. I'm the firewall, remember? It's you and it's me. Nothing goes out -- to Justice, Quantico, or anywhere else -- till we've built the case.

Frank is running out of arguments.

FRANK

I'll have to run my own security. No backup, no surveillance, no records on my safehouses, and a long leash.

HARWOOD

Okay, buddy, you said it yourself. It's a war, and we're losing. Anything you do'll be sanctioned by the Bureau. What we can't sanction, we won't see.

Frank is finally convinced -- he nods. He's going to do it.

CUT TO:

EXT. "ALVARO'S" - A WEATHERED BAR - MIAMI RIVER - DAY

Like a lot of bars in Miami, you can either drive to the front or take a boat and park it at the dock in the back.

INSIDE THE ALMOST EMPTY BAR - RICO IS PAINFULLY WALKING

along, very slowly, and what hurts is he's carrying a heavy looking box in his bandaged arms. Every step is killing him.

AT A POOL TABLE - FRANK IS STANDING NEAR CIRO AND TONY

and a few other slabs of muscle, having a beer. This is Frank's debut with the crew. Right now they seem friendly. But there is an undercurrent of suspicion with some of them. Frank shoots some pool and tries to blend in.

FRANK

Tony Santianello, right? "Standing Eight" Santianello? I saw your last fight. You didn't have to kill that guy. The purse was only five grand --
 (sinks ball)
 -- and I think you could have collected with just a knockout.

TONY

(shrugs)
 Five grand is five grand.
 (pushing)
 So you're Frank Castle. I wonder why it is I never heard that name before.

Frank gives him a withering look and lines up a shot.

FRANK

Maybe your shirts are too loud.
 (CRACKS cueball)
 Part of the idea of this business is to stay out of the spotlight, pug. I used to work with Motown Ed.

THUG

Motown Ed. He was a car booster, right?

FRANK

Better. He'd boost cars before they were cars. We had guys at the factories who owed us money -- they'd put together SUVs off the books. They'd make us two a week just to cover their vig.

THUG

How'd they drive?

FRANK

(takes another shot)
 Every car came with a warranty. Four minutes or four hundred yards, whichever came first.

They all laugh a little, except Tony. Tony still smells something wrong about Frank.

CIRO

Trucks falling off the back of a truck. I like that.

CIRO

(beat)

We don't do anything that cute in Florida, Frank. You know what the state motto used to be? Seriously? "The Rules Are Different Here".

(beat)

We got a piece of everything, and I mean everything, but now Costa's moving on us. That means we're in a bidding war on our payoffs. We want you to help us with our cash flow --

(sees Rico)

Why, look. It's Rico. And he's brought a present for you, Frank. Just a token of his appreciation for your saving his worthless ass.

Ciro snatches the box from Rico -- painfully wrenching it from his arms -- and hands it to Frank, waving Rico off.

Frank takes it out -- it's a long sleeve black shirt, and it's heavy because it's body armor. The same skull logo he had on at the gunfight has been screened onto it.

FRANK

Now that's a loud fucking shirt.

CIRO

That is a bulletproof fucking shirt. I forget the name of the material, but it's better than the stuff the feds have. It'll stop just about any bullet.

(points to the skull)

And sometimes it pays to advertise. They're still showing that footage of you shooting up the parade. People see you coming, I got a feeling collections'll go a lot easier.

TONY

Don't get too amped up though, killer.

(points finger at head)

Not unless your other skull is bulletproof too. Mr. Vingello was getting to a point. We need to know you're bringing something to the table beside your skills as a car salesman.

(beat)

We need to know. Are you ready to earn?

Frank smiles. He's in. And a hard driving blues guitar, like a rough cover of "Smoking Gun", take us into a **MONTAGE:**

INT. CUSTOMS LOCKER - MIAMI SHIPYARD - FRANK AND TONY

pop a padlock off a caged room, working fast -- no one is around but they clearly haven't much time.

A MOMENT LATER - OUTSIDE AT HARBOR - FRANK AND TONY

run like hell, pushing a dolly loaded with metal boxes toward a sedan outside -- with two other goons, they load the trunk and take off. Gone in sixty seconds. If this were all there was to being a mobster, we'd all do it -- it looks like fun.

A LITTLE LATER AT ALVAROS - CIRO VINGELLO OPENS THE BOXES

which contains diamonds and jewelry -- he claps Tony and Frank on the back, happily, as we hear --

FRANK (V.O.)

The take from the customs theft was
approximately three million dollars --

INT. HARWOOD'S OFFICE - FRANK IS TRANSCRIBING A REPORT

while pulling the recording coil out of his coat collar.

FRANK

(into microphone)

-- and all material can be recovered
if agents are sent to apprehend the
following fences: Dellamico Pawn in
Miami, Scout McCoy in Lauderdale --

INT. DARKENED WAREHOUSE - FRANK ENTERS WITH HIS BAGS

and begins to unpack: guns, ammo, police scanners, computers. This is going to be his safehouse. This warehouse is by a dock -- and Frank has a motorcycle stashed inside.

As Frank wires it all together, we'll note there is only one thing that looks like a personal item: a plastic Halloween "skull" bucket that looks a couple of decades old.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DUSK - FRANK IS PLAYING IN THE YARD

with Frank Jr. and Carla, running around and kicking a ball, and laughing. It's not getting to him. Yet.

INT. HARWOOD'S OFFICE - HARWOOD IS AT A COMPUTER

and smiling as he types in Frank's intel --

ON COMPUTER SCREEN - WORDS TYPE IN

"stolen African diamonds recovered through raid of pawnshop owned by Jerome McCoy A.K.A. "Scout" --

INT. ALVARO'S - DAY - FRANK IS WALKING THROUGH

but hears the unmistakable SOUNDS of a beating going on behind a door. Frank cracks the door --

-- and sees someone tied to a chair, his face bloodied, half-conscious. Tony is beating the hell out of him, and looks up.

TONY

Hey, Frank. My hands are starting to chafe. You take a crack at him.

Frank steps forward, and hits him, holding back just a bit.

TONY

Come on. Put your weight into it. Like this --

(hits him again)

-- this fucking guy is a rat.

FRANK

What're you talking about?

TONY

Those diamonds. We lost every goddamned one of them on raids. Somebody's talking.

(holds up victim's head)

Right, "Scout"?

CLOSE ON FRANK'S FACE

Frank winces -- this guy is taking a beating because of his tips. Then he puts that look of guilt away --

-- and he closes the door, as the beating SOUNDS continue.

INT. FRANK'S SAFEHOUSE - DAY - FRANK IS SITTING AT A TABLE

staring at something he used to be proud of. Something he can't stand to look at now, but he's forcing himself to.

It's his first FBI ID issued to him at Quantico.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DUSK - FRANK JR. RUNS WITH A TOY GUN

yelling "bang" -- and Frank looks distracted. He can't shake off the day as easily as he used to.

Maria watches from the house. She knows something's wrong.

INT. A DARKENED, GRIMY ROOM - THE DOOR IS KICKED IN

and the room floods with light -- and Frank enters, followed by Tony and another Vingello goon. Their guns are out, but --

-- the only occupant of the garbage filled room is a JUNKIE in an easy chair, two days dead, needle stuck in his arm.

Tony LAUGHS and winces, waving away the stench. Frank is sickened at the sight, but stashes his reaction as he starts rooting through the room, opening drawers --

-- and finding what they came for, a bag of cash with an obvious backstory: the edges are smeared with blood and heroin. They turn to leave when someone else approaches --

-- and Tony whirls around, firing three times through the door. It could be the mailman for all he knows or cares -- but the door falls open, and another HOOD falls in, dead, holding a gun and wearing a surprised look.

EXT. ALVARO'S - DUSK - TONY IS TELLING THE STORY

to other wise guys, miming the dead junkie with a ridiculous face, and all are LAUGHING like hell -- including Frank, who LAUGHS a little too manically, and downs a bourbon, as --

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DUSK - FRANK JR. AND CARLA

are waiting on the front stoop for Frank to come home and play. They've been sitting and waiting for a long, long time. Maria comes out and hustles the disappointed kids inside.

INT. ALVARO'S - NIGHT - THE PARTY HAS GONE ON

and gotten wilder -- everyone is drunk, and hookers are dancing around and undressing. Most of the guys have paired off with one or two, except for Frank.

But Ciro Vingello sees this -- peels off a few hundred from a roll -- and sends two of the girls over to Frank. The girls start in on Frank -- and though he's trying to look like he's having fun, it's clear to us that this is revolting him. Frank pounds another bourbon and forces a wide grin as --

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT - IN THE BEDROOM - MARIA

lies awake in the dark, wondering where Frank is. Again.

EXT. ALVARO'S - NIGHT - FRANK IS LEAVING THE PARTY

and Ciro Vingello gives Frank a fatherly hug -- and presses a roll of bills into Frank's hand.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT - FRANK DRIVES ACROSS A BRIDGE

as streetlights fly by. As each beam runs by, it shines on the thick roll of hundreds on Frank's seat. There is literally blood smeared on the edges. It has to be laundered.

As soon he clears the bridge, Frank veers off the causeway --

INTO A CUBAN-AMERICAN NEIGHBORHOOD - FRANK'S CAR STOPS

at the first small church he sees.

INSIDE THE CHURCH DOORS - THE PINE "POOR BOX"

is there, a simple box with a slot in the top to push in change, and a small luggage type padlock on the lid.

Frank yanks open the lid so hard the small lock tears off -- and he shoves the wad of money in like he's throwing away the worst kind of garbage. The lid SLAMS shut as we CUT TO:

INT. HARWOOD'S OFFICE - DAY - FRANK

is giving his report, and he's looking pretty raw --

FRANK

-- no, I don't have the fucking money
Vingello paid me --

(picks up microphone)

-- and where it went is none of your
fucking business.

(storms out of office)

If we're through with this shit, I've
got some real work to do.

EXT. MIAMI RESTAURANT ENTRANCE - CIRO VINGELLO

is getting out of a car, flanked by Tony and Frank --

-- but nearby, two goons in valet uniforms step out from
their key stands -- each holding a Costa machine gun --

FRANK SEES THEM FIRST AND STEPS IN FRONT OF CIRO

The first shots hit Frank in the skull insignia, not hard
enough to keep him from drawing two 1911s -- he fires --

THE "VALETS" ARE HIT IN THE CHEST

about six times each -- they're blown back, dead, their guns
emptying high in the air, hitting nothing --

ON FRANK AS HIS ADRENALINE RUSH FADES

and he breathes in the wisps of gunsmoke. His first reaction
is exhilaration: he's alive. The second is a tally of the
score -- he just killed two people. And the third reaction is
what shocks him: an involuntary, spontaneous smile.

He's glad he killed them. In fact, he enjoyed it.

CLOSE ON FRANK'S EYES

as he catches himself being himself -- now he looks scared.
You're not supposed to enjoy killing people. The thought he's
been pushing back can't be suppressed any longer:

*Am I a regular guy pretending to a killer -- or a killer
pretending to be a regular guy?*

IN HARWOOD'S OFFICE - FRANK IS DEBRIEFING HARWOOD

and Harwood doesn't look as happy any more. Frank is tense,
and a grainy surveillance tape from Frank's collar is
playing, showing Frank's POV of the ambush.

HARWOOD

If you weren't in this unit you'd be
suspended, maybe in jail.

FRANK

"Bless me, father, for I have sinned."
Want me to say ten hail marys and ten
Miranda warnings?

HARWOOD

This is no joke. You killed --

FRANK

Yeah. I killed them. So fucking what.
It was self defense against a Costa
ambush. You know who the decedents are?

(points at screen)

He should've walked the mile for a
triple homicide last year, but didn't,
because Dade County whiffed on a
ballistics match. This one beat a
murder rap when the chief witness
wound up in a dozen crab traps between
here and Biscayne. You want to back up
the tape so these motherfuckers are
still walking around?

HARWOOD

(angry too)

Hey, Frank, if you want to sell me
that shit, you'd better believe it
yourself first --

Without another word, Frank tips over the table with the
surveillance tape, and angrily stalks out.

IN HARWOOD'S OFFICE - LATER - HARWOOD IS TYPING AGAIN

and he doesn't look pleased --

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN - WORDS ARE TYPED IN

under the heading "PSYCHATRIC OBSERVATIONS" -- and the words
now used to describe Frank fill the screen as they type in --

-- "increasingly hostile" --

-- "require review from bureau psychiatrist"

-- "line between cover and real identity may be blurring" --

-- and on that final full screen word, "**blurring**", the cold
end of "Smoking Gun" signals the end of our MONTAGE, as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TIGHT ON FRANK'S EYES IN THE DARKNESS - NIGHT

Frank is moving lightly, determined not to make any noise --
a floorboard creaks, and Frank's eyes nervously dart over --

FRANK'S POV - FRANK JR. IS SLEEPING IN AN "AIRPLANE" BED

-- and he stirs a little, but this noise hasn't awakened him. Frank continues out the door.

IN THE LIVING ROOM - MARIA

has opened what looks like a pretty good bottle of wine and put it on ice, and she's lighting candles as Frank comes out.

FRANK

Checking on him is like pulling a second story job. You have to get in, get out and be absolutely silent, or wham, you're busted.

(smiles, looks around)

What's all this?

MARIA

(playful)

Figure it out. You shouldn't need the crime lab or any of that FBI stuff.

(lights candle)

Because if you can't piece this together, well --

(off Frank's blank look)

-- you've got to be kidding me.

Frank really is looking at her, clueless, blank, vacant. Maria is teetering on the edge between "it's cute he forgot again" and "I can't fucking believe he forgot again" --

-- when Frank's cell phone rings. Maria begs with a look: please, don't. When Frank grabs the phone, she steps it up --

MARIA

Frank, not tonight --

Frank picks up, and urgently waves for her to be quiet as he does. Now frustrated, Maria turns away, fuming.

FRANK (INTO PHONE)

Yeah? Okay. I'll be right there. Ten minutes -- fifteen tops.

Frank clicks off, and turns to Maria. So many apologies to make, so little time.

FRANK

I'm sorry I had to cut you off.

(beat)

I've gotta go out tonight.

Frank grabs his work gear -- the guns, the coat, skull armor.

MARIA

No problem. Go. It's turned into a different kind of occasion anyway.

MARIA

Instead of the seventh anniversary of our wedding, it's -- let me see --

(beat)

-- the sixth anniversary of the task force arrest you had to make in Atlanta. The fourth anniversary of the drug bust in Tallahassee that you couldn't miss. The third anniver--

FRANK

Just stop it, Maria. We've almost got enough evidence to put them away --

MARIA

All of them? There's always somebody else, Frank. There's always going to be somebody else. You're never going to get all of them --

FRANK

Thanks for the support. I thought I was doing some good out there --

MARIA

We need you to do some good here. Mobsters are replaceable -- there's always another and another and another -- but you're not. You're the only father F.J. and Carla have.

(getting angrier)

We're swapping houses every six months, using new phony names every year -- the kids don't even know who they are any more!

(explodes)

We're living like fucking fugitives while the guys you chase live like kings -- the people you love never see you and the people you hate own you!

Frank keeps getting ready, too pissed to answer. Now she's getting too close to the bone. Frank starts out the door -- but the fact that he's not answering is making her madder.

MARIA

Oh, I'm sorry, are you getting into character? They'll never see through you, Frank. I know how good you must be when you're undercover. You know how I can tell?

(beat)

You're only pretending when you're home.

Frank moves her out of the way -- and maybe he's a little too rough about it. Maria is a little surprised, a little hurt.

MARIA

Years ago, you told me you had to do this. You said why and I said sure, just one thing -- don't bring it home. You promised. Not for me, for them.

(near tears)

You're breaking that promise. You have to stop bringing it home or you have to stop coming home.

Frank starts out the door. But we can see on his face: she's absolutely right and he knows it.

CUT TO:

INT. FISH RENDERING PLANT - NIGHT - A POOL OF BLOOD

is on the concrete floor, under a rendering tray. Fish blood, that is. Frank enters, walking through the puddle as a few NIGHT WORKERS hose down the work area. There are trays and knives for chopping fish, and huge hooks in the ceiling for bringing in the catch from boats. Some workers are using the flash freeze unit -- with a chemical blast, it instantly freezes blocks of fileted fish for shipment to market.

Frank moves to the back, where Tony is sitting with four other goons in a cloud of cigarette smoke.

TONY

Finally. Shit, Frank. We didn't want to start the party without you.

FRANK

What kind of party?

TONY

The kind that fucks Costa where he breathes. He's been moving a lot of guns -- and that means he's taking in a lot of money. But you got to clean it to spend it. You got to bank it to clean it. And you got to try not to get the feds' attention by breaking the ten K barrier on deposits, or having greaseballs lug duffel bags of hundreds into the bank lobby.

(smiles)

Welll -- Mr. Vingello found out how they're banking their money.

EXT. ON OCEAN DRIVE - NIGHT - A CARAVAN OF BLACK SEDANS

move down the street, all five clearly staying together.

TONY (V.O.)

On the first of every month, the cash gets wrapped like hay bales and stuffed into five black sedans.

TONY

In the trunks, the back seats, every-fucking-where, and they go to a parking garage at the McEwan hotel.

EXT. WALKING DOWN OCEAN DRIVE - TONY TELLS THE STORY

TONY

Right after they park the keys with the valet, five legit bankers show up and take the keys. The bankers drive the money out, get out their steel wool and start scrubbing all the Costa off it. They've done it a hundred times without a hitch. But tonight, we're driving out those cars.

FRANK

Costa's crew is just going to turn over the car keys? Bullshit. We'll have to shoot up the whole garage.

TONY

Pay attention, asshole. The Costas'll be gone by the time we move in. We'll be going after five bankers. As soon as the guns come out they'll be fleeing and peeing. They won't put up any fight. Though if they do, Frank --
(a hard look at Frank)
-- if it's a question of my driving away with five million bucks or not -- I'll shoot every motherfucker on this street, you included. Got me?

Tony skeptically looks Frank over, and walks ahead, as another THUG comes up to Frank.

THUG

Hey, Frank. You oughta know -- one of Costa's guys just got out of the hospital. He's been in for months.

FRANK

Yeah? Hope he got the Godivas I sent.

THUG

Word is he's looking for you. He got blown up bad at your St. Skull's day massacre, and now he wants payback.

FRANK

You're scaring me. Who is this mummy?

THUG

I don't know what they used to call him -- shit, I don't even know what color he used to be --

INT. IN THE LEAD SEDAN - THE DRIVER IS IN DARKNESS

THUG (V.O.)

-- but now they call him Jigsaw.

-- but a streetlight shines down and illustrates the nickname: the ragged face of JIGSAW is a quilt of grisly burns and a zig-zagging stitchwork of scars.

EXT. OCEAN DRIVE - BY A SIDEWALK CAFE - A SMALL HAND

is flipping a handcuff open, then closed and locked -- then she pops the lock with a lobster pick and flips it open again. Then she starts the cycle by flipping it shut again --

-- and we see nine year old KATIE NESLAR, sitting at the table with her mother, Jean. Jean snatches the cuffs back. It's annoying. Katie goes back to picking at her salad.

KATIE

It doesn't taste like crab.

JEAN

That's why I told you not to order it, Katie. When they spell it "K-R-A-B-B", it's trashfish with red nail polish--

Jean doesn't finish her thought -- she looks across the street to the beach side, recognizing --

-- Frank, walking through the crowd, leading Tony and the other Vingello muscle somewhere.

KATIE

I don't like it, Mom.

Jean snaps out of it -- and pulls out some money.

JEAN

Okay -- how about a pizza instead?

(Katie brightens)

Take a cab home and order one from Gennari. I'll be there in an hour.

This one, Katie's heard before. Her face falls.

JEAN

I promise.

KATIE

Sure. Seeing as you only make that promise four, five nights a week, I know I can count on that. See ya.

Hurt and angry, Katie grabs the money and bolts.

JEAN

Katie -- wait a minute --

But Katie is already at the restaurant's taxi stand. She's only nine and is already practiced at getting into cabs.

As the cab pulls away, Jean looks guilty -- but she moves into the street to do her job. Meanwhile --

INSIDE THE PARKING GARAGE - THE VINGELLOS TAKE POSITION

Tony and another thug are crouched behind parked cars at the ramp between the first and second level --

-- two more of the Vingello crew are at the top of the ramp between the second and third level, ready for action --

-- and out of sight of all of them, on the second level, Frank is at the concrete barrier on the street side. Trying not to be seen by his guys, Frank moves to the edge for a view of the sidewalk cafe across the street. Frank points the "camera" end of the trenchcoat collar down --

VIEW OF SIDEWALK CAFE - COSTA'S BANKERS ARE ACTING COOL

with shades, suits, and attitude. In their own minds, they're the Reservoir Dogs, living out big time big crime.

IN THE GARAGE - FRANK MAKES SURE HE GETS A SHOT OF THEM

and backs away -- but he realizes that someone is there. He pulls out his gun, but it's a split second too late --

-- Jean is there, sticking a gun at his neck.

JEAN

Drop the gun -- drop it!

(she kicks it away)

Hands on your neck, now.

(frisks him)

That's some tough costume. Who're you supposed to be? "Deadhead"?

FRANK

Miami P.D., right? You might want to check with your bosses. I'm with the Vingellos. We're paid up for the --

Jean clouts him on the back of the head with the gun.

JEAN

Did that smart a little? Sorry. You might want to check with your bosses, Skeletor. I'm not on that payroll.

Frank looks down -- the sedans are filing in --

FRANK

Listen to me. Walk away, right now, and I guarantee you won't be hurt.

JEAN

Hmm. Allow me to make a counter offer.
Walk in front of me, right now, or I
guarantee I'll paint your real skull
all over your shirt.

Frank keeps both hands on his head, and Jean shoves him down
the ramp. They're both walking in the clear, as --

-- the last of the sedans drives up. The others pull into
spots lower down, this one heads for the top of the ramp.

CLOSE ON FRANK - THE HEADLIGHT BEAM SHINES ON HIS FACE

Frank squints at the driver, and there's no mistake --

JIGSAW SEES AND RECOGNIZES FRANK

-- his poached eye flares -- and instead of parking, Jigsaw
guns the engine, roaring toward Frank and Jean --

FRANK SHOVES AWAY FROM JEAN

who wasn't expecting this -- Frank knocks her to one side so
she'll be safe from the car, and he leaps out of the way of
the sedan and onto the trunk of a parked car --

-- Jean falls hard behind a parked car, and her gun clatters
away -- as --

-- Frank runs in a crouch from trunk to trunk as --

-- Jigsaw throws open the door and FIRES at Frank as --

AT THE TOP AND BOTTOM OF THE LEVEL - THE VINGELLO CREW

comes in -- Tony and another guy from below, two guys above --

-- now all hell is breaking loose, as the Costa crew get out
of their cars and start FIRING away --

JIGSAW IS FIRING AT FRANK AS HE RUNS ALONG THE TRUNKS

-- shots are SPARKING off cars and blowing out tires,
puncturing trunks and perforating gas tanks --

-- Frank runs up to one of the sedans -- a Costa GOON is
halfway out of his car, gun in hand -- but as he steps out --

-- Frank stomps the doorframe in his face -- the bloodied
thug is knocked into the car, and his gun flies up --

-- Frank snatches the gun -- armed again, he spins back
around and fires at Jigsaw --

-- Jigsaw dives for cover, but at the same time --

-- the Costa thug who was riding with Jigsaw is out of the car and moving on Jean, who has nowhere to run -- she's stuck between a pillar and a cable. He's about to shoot her, but --

-- Frank whirls and fires at the Costa thug -- he is blown against the cable, and sags onto it, dead --

-- Jean looks up at Frank -- but there's no look of thanks, she just snatches up her gun and fires back at Frank --

FRANK IS HIT RIGHT IN THE "SKULL" ARMOR

and is blown off the car -- he wasn't expecting her to blow him a kiss, but he wasn't expecting that --

ON OCEAN AVENUE - THE FIVE "TOUGH" BANKERS

suffer a 100% percent cool meltdown -- at the SOUNDS of gunfire, they run away as fast as their five hundred dollar shoes will take them.

INSIDE THE SECOND LEVEL - TONY MAKES IT TO A SEDAN

and puts one right in the driver's ear. The other Costa thug, terrified, gets out and runs -- and just for laughs, Tony shoots him in the back -- he falls, skidding to the concrete.

Meanwhile, Jigsaw is at the top of the ramp, turning the sedan around -- a Vingello rushes out to shoot, but Jigsaw backs the car into him, crushing him against concrete -- as --

-- another Vingello at the top is aiming at Jean, who is behind the parked cars. He has a clean shot and she doesn't know she's about to be killed. But before he can fire --

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LEVEL - FRANK SEES THIS

and has to dive toward the center of the garage to get a clean shot at him -- he FIRES as he dives -- and --

THE VINGELLO THUG FALLS OVER

-- as a bullet hits him dead center -- he fires the shot, which misses Jean by inches, chipping concrete out of the wall. Jean, amazed, looks down and sees far below --

-- Frank is lying on the pavement, still holding his smoking gun -- and as we see from the separated slide, it is empty.

Their eyes meet -- Jean knows that he shot that guy to save her, and Frank knows she knows it. But he has a new problem --

AT THE TOP OF THE RAMP - JIGSAW HAS TURNED AROUND

and is racing down the center -- he wants to escape but he sure does want to run Frank over and shoot him as a bonus --

IN THE CENTER OF THE GARAGE - FRANK CAN'T SHOOT BACK

and can't get out of range in time -- but he sees --

-- rolling down the garage ramp, coating the floor like paint, is a river of gasoline tinged with blood --

-- Frank takes the empty gun, and hurls it up the ramp, skipping it along the concrete floor, SPARKING as it skips --

ONE OF THE SPARKS IGNITES THE REDDENED GASOLINE

and it creates a sheet of flame that races up --

IN THE SEDAN - JIGSAW SEES THE FLAMES RACING UP

as he's racing down -- he follows the ordinary instinct, which is to stand on the brakes --

-- but the wheels lock up in the gasoline -- the sedan skids down the ramp as its tire and chassis catch fire --

-- Jigsaw's ruined face looks very unhappy now --

-- the sedan crashes against the concrete edge on the street side and EXPLODES -- the FIREBALL surges out burning bands and bills out onto Ocean Avenue!

OVER OCEAN AVENUE - BURNING AND SINGED \$100 BILLS

flutter everywhere, like a million dollar fireworks display -- some run like hell from all this mayhem, and others run up to catch some of the hundreds from heaven, among them a ROLLERSKATING GIRL (16), laughing and circling and grabbing all she can. It's the luckiest day of her life.

BACK IN THE GARAGE - FRANK GETS TO HIS FEET

and runs to one of the sedans, as other cars catch fire and explode up the level. Frank manages to pick up his previously discarded gun, and makes it to the car -- he guns it down the level, and Tony is right behind him in a second sedan.

AT THE TOP OF THE LEVEL - JEAN IS SAFE

but she's looking down through the smoke and flames, at the wreckage and the bodies, and she's wondering -- who is this guy, and why did he save me?

Jean moves to one of the burning cars. The trunk has been smashed open, and among the items burning inside is a cracked open briefcase full of documents. Jean pulls it out -- and as police sirens approach, she is clearly wondering what is the best thing to do with it. Meanwhile --

FRANK FISHTAILS THE SEDAN OUT ONTO OCEAN DRIVE

and shatters the gate bar, catapulting it across the street --

-- as Frank tears out, cars brake, pedestrians scatter, and the rollerskating teenage girl swerves around him --

-- Tony is right behind in the second sedan -- he hits the bottom of the ramp and takes off behind Frank, who's further up the street -- but Tony can't go as fast --

TONY'S POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD - THE ROLLERSKATING GIRL
is in his way --

IN FRANK'S CAR FURTHER UP THE STREET - FRANK

looks to his rear view mirror and can see it all --

FRANK
-- don't do it, you motherfucker,
don't you do it --

IN THE STREET - THE ROLLERSKATING GIRL IS TERRIFIED

but she can't get into another lane to get out of Tony's way: she's fenced in by opposing traffic, and cars racing down the other lane. Every time she tries to move she's cut off -- so she skates faster, faster, as fast as she can --

TONY'S POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD - THE ROLLERSKATING GIRL

is an obstacle, so Tony, still amped from the gunfight, aims his automatic out the window and fires --

IN FRANK'S CAR - FRANK SCREAMS IN ANGER

at the SOUND of the gunshot --

THE ROLLERSKATING GIRL COASTS A SPLIT SECOND LONGER

before her outspread arms sag as she lets go of the cash -- then she falls, her body tumbling onto the asphalt --

-- and Tony accelerates over her, through the falling bills.

IN FRANK'S CAR - A DEVASTATED FRANK

is crying, and furious -- furious that Tony killed her, and furious at himself for being helpless to stop it.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK AND MARIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - MARIA

is in bed, sleeping alone. But she twists on her pillow, waking up -- there's something under there. Maria pulls it out, and can see in the moonlight: it's a small jewel box. The card reads: "I DIDN'T FORGET!!!"

Maria opens it -- and pulls out a gold heart pendant. Inside are two photos -- one of Maria and Frank's wedding, another of the whole family at a picnic. The inscription: "MARIA - THANK YOU FOR EVERY SINGLE DAY. I LOVE YOU. - FRANK".

Maria closes her hand around the locket and lays back down, closing her eyes and smiling.

CUT TO:

EXT. FISH RENDERING PLANT - NIGHT - FRANK

parks his Mercedes, and furiously moves over to Tony, who's parked his. As Tony gets out, Frank slams the door shut.

FRANK

Why the fuck did you shoot that girl?

Tony looks at Frank, pissed off.

TONY

Who needs a reason?

(in his face)

Let me get this straight, Frank -- we leave three of our crew on the cement, and what you choose to worry about is some cunt who got in my way?

Frank backs down -- if he pushes it he might give himself away. Ciro Vingello comes out with a couple of goons, eyeballing the tightly packed bales of cash in the cars.

CIRO

That looks like a million two right there. Get it in and break it down.

(points to limo)

Ride with me, Frank. I gotta talk to you about something.

(casually, to Tony)

You should hear this too.

A look passes between Tony and Vingello. Something about Vingello's smile is all wrong. Something about the way Tony is hovering close behind is worse.

TONY

Do me a favor, Frank.

(too casually)

Let me see your 1911 for a second. I'm thinking about a change. Mine almost jammed on me back there.

Frank hands his gun to Tony, both men wearing forced smiles as they walk toward the limo. Tony smiles, trying to keep it light -- and trying to work the slide on Frank's gun.

TONY

Hey -- your slide don't work.

FRANK

I modified it for a faster load. I'll show you --

TONY

That's okay. I got it.

Click-clack -- the round is chambered. They move into the limo, with Tony casually holding the gun. Right on Frank.

INT THE LIMO - FRANK, VINGELLO AND TONY

are seated, with Frank opposite Tony and Vingello. Tony still idly plays with Frank's gun as they move into traffic.

VINGELLO

I got a pretty good bullshit detector. When I met you, after you did that thing for Rico, I said, this guy is definitely one of us.

(pours a drink)

But that detector. The needle moved. Just a little bit, but it moved.

Vingello hands Frank a glass of bourbon. Frank sips and tries not to notice how close Tony is with the gun.

VINGELLO

So I had you checked out. Took a while, but I found out this afternoon. I just wanted to see the look on your face when I told you that I know exactly who you are.

FRANK

(trying to stay cool)

Wow. I always wanted to know exactly who I am.

VINGELLO

I have to tell you, I was hoping for a bigger reaction than that. "Frank Castle". Jesus.

(breaks into a grin)

You're Frank Castiglione!

Frank returns the smile, still not sure he's safe. Tony looks up from his examination of Frank's gun.

TONY

Who?

VINGELLO

You gotta learn your history, kid. His old man was Mario Castiglione.

(off Tony's blank look)

"Il Punisco"!

Tony's eyes light up and he smiles.

TONY

No shit -- your old man was the
fucking Punisher?

These guys couldn't be more excited if Frank was related to a movie star. Frank is relieved -- his cover seems okay -- but he's still having a hard time putting on a matching grin.

VINGELLO

Your father was a legend. Anybody got on the wrong side of the Pellattis in New York, your dad heard 'em.

(still smiling)

Why the fuck didn't you tell us you're descended from royalty? This is something you don't hide.

FRANK

Trouble in Detroit a couple years ago. I had to lower my profile a little.

(beat)

Some cop pulls me over for a broken tail light, hears Castiglione, next thing you know I'm in a cell and they're trying to hang five years worth of unsolved murders on me.

VINGELLO

It burned the cops that they never hung one on your old man, all right. He got about three dozen hits -- those are just the ones I know about --

FRANK

(with forced "pride")

Oh, he had twice that, easy --

VINGELLO

-- and he never once ate a jailhouse meal. Your dad was the best.

TIGHT ON FRANK'S FACE - FRANK IS GRIMACING

And it might pass for a smile, in the dark, to these guys, but there's a rage shining in his eyes that we can see --

IN FRANK'S MIND - FRANK'S FATHER VICIOUSLY SWINGS

at five year old Frank, and connects with a punch he'd use on the street -- Frank goes flying, smack on the tile floor --

TIGHT ON FRANK'S FACE - FRANK'S SMILE

looks like it's stretched across his face with barbed wire.

FRANK

Everything I am -- I owe to him.

IN FRANK'S MIND - LITTLE FRANK IS AT A NYC NEWSSTAND

-- as he hands over a dime for a Clark bar, he sees headlines on every front page: "'PUNISHER' WALKS", "CASTIGLIONE FREED - WITNESS FOUND DEAD". One photo shows Castiglione laughing on the courthouse steps -- another shows a sheet covered corpse. Little Frank's eyes widen -- this is the first time he fully realizes what, and who, his father is.

BACK IN LIMO - FRANK FIGHTS BACK THE MEMORY

and fights to keep his look of "pride" sewn on.

VINGELLO

(to Tony)

Call that guy we know at the Herald.
Help him Spillane up his copy a little
when he writes about tonight. Tell him
the attack was settled by a "mob
enforcer" who is known to "shadowy
underworld figures" as "the Punisher."

(beams at Frank)

Just saying that name -- "Punisher" --
used to make people shit themselves.
We're gonna bring that name to Miami.

(beat)

You're going to carry on your father's
tradition, Frank. He'd be proud.
You're a stone killer -- just like him.

Frank looks up at Vingello. Overcome with emotion, but not for the reason Vingello thinks.

FRANK

You are never -- ever -- going to know
how much what you said means to me.

Vingello's face hardens a little bit.

VINGELLO

Now. I want you to prove that you are
your father's son.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - NIGHT - VINGELLO'S LIMO

pulls into a crowded hotel driveway.

INSIDE THE LIMO - FRANK, VINGELLO AND TONY ARE SEATED

VINGELLO

This thing between me and Bruno
Costa -- it's been going on too long.

VINGELLO

He took a shot at me -- and after we hit his deposit tonight, he's going to try again and again until one of us is dead. But tonight the killing stops. Tonight, you're going to end it.

Vingello points to a high rise hotel across the street.

VINGELLO

At one a.m., Costa is going to the restaurant on the roof for a meeting.

Frank realizes what Vingello is telling him to do -- and he looks over to the hotel across the street. It doesn't take him long to figure it out. There are a pair of glass elevators facing the street, going up fifteen stories.

FRANK

How are you going to corral him inside?
(realizes)
You disabled the lobby elevators.

VINGELLO

(nods and smiles)
And he never takes the stairs. Too big a risk to get boxed in for an ambush.

Now there's a little poison in Vingello's smile.

VINGELLO

Now, ordinarily, if someone withheld information from me like you did --
(no smile at all)
Tonight you show me your old man. Tonight you put Bruno Costa in the drawer. Or I'm going to wonder what else I don't know about you.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - TENTH FLOOR - NIGHT - FRANK AND TONY

are waiting. Frank has a sniper scope and rifle set up behind a gauze curtain. Tony is close by. The setup is obvious: this is a test for Frank. If he fails, Tony is going to put him away. Frank looks out the window with the scope --

FRANK'S SCOPE POV - COSTA'S SECURITY MEN ARE ON THE GROUND

checking things out -- they look tough but unconcerned. The scope PANS to a lobby window --

-- and Bruno Costa is there, walking with someone to an elevator. They are talking and laughing about something and are completely unworried. The scope PANS to --

-- the glass elevator itself. Costa and his companion get in -- and start up.

IN THE SUITE - FRANK TENSES UP AND MOVES TO FIRING POSITION
 putting the oversized scope to his eye.

FRANK
 This is it. He's going up with one
 other guy.

Frank aims and gets ready, as Tony moves in behind.

TONY
 Then kill that motherfucker.

FRANK
 Shut up -- I don't have the shot yet --

FRANK'S SCOPE POV - **BRUNO COSTA IS LAUGHING**

and he is precisely in the crosshairs -- Frank has an
 absolutely perfect shot. So what's holding him back?

CLOSE ON FRANK'S FACE

Frank is staring at Costa. If he takes the shot, he'll avenge
 the deaths of dozens of innocent people. If he takes the
 shot, he'll keep Costa from killing dozens more.

And if he takes this shot in cold blood, he'll cross a line
 and he won't be able to cross back. If he takes this shot,
 he'll prove he's exactly the same as his father.

ON THE GLASS ELEVATOR - COSTA AND THE OTHER MAN

are halfway up, unaware of the danger --

IN THE SUITE - FRANK STILL HESITATES

and Tony is well aware of this, getting behind him --

TONY
Take the shot!
 (aims gun at him)
 You take that shot at Costa, or you
 take one from me!

Tony's gun is on Frank's head, but Frank holds steady --

THE ELEVATOR IS ABOUT THREE QUARTERS OF THE WAY UP

just about level now with the hotel suite --

CLOSE ON FRANK'S FACE

Tony's gun is at his head, and we hear Tony click the hammer
 back -- but Frank is still fighting an internal war.

He has every reason to kill Costa. He has every excuse to let
 himself pull that trigger, including the gun at his head.

Frank eases his head back, and sees his reflection in the scope, along with Bruno Costa's head in the crosshairs. And finally he decides. *This isn't who I am. I am **not** a killer.*

Frank suddenly twists the rifle back around, slamming Tony's gun off to the side as he fires one wild shot --

IN THE ELEVATOR - COSTA AND THE OTHER MAN HEAR THE SHOT

which slams the concrete by the elevator -- Costa crouches and hits a button so they can get out -- as --

IN THE HOTEL ROOM - FRANK SWINGS THE RIFLE STOCK BACK

and hits Tony in the face twice -- with a third hit Tony is put away, and crumples to the floor.

Frank runs out of the hotel room, a lot more afraid of what he's becoming than the thug he just fought with.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - PRE-DAWN - FRANK MAKES IT TO THE LAWN

and picks up the paper. There is a blurry photo of him -- it's not recognizable, just a silhouette with a skull on his chest, under the headline "'PUNISHER' SHOTS UP SOUTH BEACH".

CLOSE ON FRANK'S ASHEN FACE

staring at the photo. Is this who he is now? What he is now?

CLOSER STILL ON THE PHOTO - THE HEAD OF 'THE PUNISHER'

gets vaguer and vaguer, just black dots on newsprint --

IN FRANK'S MIND - YOUNG FRANK IS IN A PARKED CAR

On a cold morning, blowing vapor on the window and watching it clear as his father walks across the street to a store.

Little Frank watches the vapor steam up the car door window -- and as it clears, he sees --

-- in the store, he can just make it out through the windows: Mario is beating the shit out of the guy at the counter --

-- little Frank's eyes eyes widen in horror -- his breathing quickens, fogging up the glass again -- before it can clear --

-- the door abruptly yanks open, and Mario is there, looking angry, blood that isn't his beading his face --

INT. FRANK'S GARAGE - PRE-DAWN DARKNESS - TIGHT ON FRANK

Frank takes the newspaper into the garage, ashcans it and is hyperventilating -- he's losing it --

IN FRANK'S MIND - LITTLE FRANK WATCHES IN TERROR

as Mario turns to shoot two mobsters coming out of the store -- both are hit in the chest and fall down --

Little Frank SCREAMS as Mario jumps into the car --

BACK TO PRESENT - IN FRANK'S GARAGE - FRANK

is mentally gone now, just banging the shit out of a cabinet, trying to shake loose the things stuck in his brain --

IN FRANK'S MIND - FRANK IS SHOOTING TWO MOBSTERS

earlier tonight, and there is really no difference in these images of father and son --

TIGHT ON FRANK'S FACE

As he SLAMS the garage wall, again and again -- the GUNSHOTS in his mind are so deafening he can't hear --

FRANK JR. (O.S.)
-- Daddy -- daddy --

Frank spins around, looking like an animal, almost, almost but not quite raising his hand --

-- and he sees Frank Jr. in his pajamas, startled, giving him a look he never wanted to see from his son. A frightened look.

FRANK JR.
-- daddy -- you woked me up.

Frank comes out of it. And stoops down to hug his son.

FRANK
(softly)
Don't be scared. I was trying to fix something. Hey -- you want to go on a boat ride?
(Frank Jr. nods)
A long one. A real, real long one. You can help mommy pack for it today.

Maria, still in her nightgown, steps into the doorway. She gives Frank a questioning look: is it over? Frank nods -- it's finished. Frank holds his son tight, as if he'd just stepped back from an abyss.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S YARD - MORNING - FRANK AND HARWOOD

are off to the side. A pair of AGENTS, obviously there as protection, are walking the grounds, as Maria and the kids pack inside. Frank has changed out of his mob threads, but he hasn't slept. He looks ragged, and Harwood isn't happy.

FRANK

You got Vingello on diamond theft. You got photos of Costa's bankers. You match those with a credit card receipt from the restaurant for an ID, and, bang, you can track Costa's money. That Liebermann guy in financial --

HARWOOD

They call him Microchip. He doesn't know anything about you, but he's been sewing your threads together for weeks.

FRANK

If he's as good as I hear, that means you can shut Costa down. You got Santianello on murder one for the girl he ran down. You got a thousand other things from those tapes.

(a little sardonic)

So cheer up, Geoff. The good guys won.

HARWOOD

Okay, okay -- this op is definitely over. We'll give you some time off and put you on a new assignment.

FRANK

Not a chance. I'm out. Vingello managed to conjugate Castle into Castiglione. That means he was half an hour away from putting me in your office. Next time, maybe I won't get enough of a heads up to leave.

HARWOOD

We'll clean up your records --

FRANK

You want me to bet my life on that? Or my family's? I'll give you all the depositions, and all the testimony you need to put Vingello and Costa away, but I am all the way out, as of today.

HARWOOD

Don't kick yourself for doing the right thing. You don't have to quit the unit just because you didn't want to pull the trigger on Bruno Costa.

Already agitated, Frank almost explodes at this, but holds it back -- his family is a dozen yards away.

FRANK

(intense, quiet)

You got it backwards. I'm quitting because I did want to kill him.

FRANK

I wanted to kill him, then I wanted to kill Vingello, and I wanted to burn my way through the whole list of them.

(Harwood blanches)

No more kids dying from their drugs or their guns. No more dicking around with RICO statutes and the lawyers they rent and the judges they own. I just wanted to put them all away because that suddenly made sense. And the fact that that made sense scares me a hell of a lot more than anything that ever happened to me on the street.

(quiet, hot)

You got me pegged, all right? Page one, line one of the psych jacket. I did join the bureau because of my father. My whole life, I wanted to stop guys like him. I wanted to prove that I was different from him. And I thought you were right -- if I played bad guy for a few months I could do both. But it's not working out that way, Geoff. I'm half an inch away from being as fucked up as my father. I'm half an inch away from liking it.

(beat)

Drunks shouldn't tend bar. Arsonists shouldn't be firemen. And I should get as far away from this scene as I can.

(beat)

If I get out now, I can still give my kids something I never had. A decent father. So here it is: last page, last line of the psych jacket. I joined because of my family -- and I'm quitting because of my family.

Harwood is upset -- but there's no denying it's over.

HARWOOD

If that's how you want it. I'll turn the evidence over to Justice, and I'll get Witness Protection to make your exit strategy.

FRANK

My exit strategy is made. I leave. I told you: I'm running my own security.

(Geoff starts to protest)

Remember Clabaugh? His exit strategy was a closed casket, thanks to a leak in the bureau. Go ahead and run a decoy caravan. Maybe you can smoke out the leak that way and give me some cover. But, no offense -- I'm not telling you where I'll be for a while.

Frank holds out his hand -- and Harwood takes it.

HARWOOD

Nice work, Frank. I'll call you in a day or so.

Frank shakes his head and pulls out his cell phone. He snaps it in half.

FRANK

I hear these can be used as location trackers.

(smiles)

And besides -- my new boss says they're really, really annoying.

Frank looks like he just shook off three hundred pounds of dead weight as he walks to the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI DOCK - FRANK'S BOAT - **CLOSE ON MARIA'S SMILING FACE**

as she sees Frank coming down the dock. Frank Jr. and Carla are loading the last of the groceries onto the boat -- but they stop, excited, as Frank walks up. They're hugging, they're laughing, and a moment later, Frank unties the boat.

Frank also reaches down on the side, where the ID numbers are, and rips a plastic stencil off -- then he goes to the rear and rips another off there. In seconds, the boat has a new ID number and a new name: "MONTH OF SUNDAYS".

As the boat pulls away, we PULL BACK to a high angle --

-- and we see why Frank chose this exit. There are dozens of similar family cruisers out right now in this area. Hundreds of them are in the bay. Frank's boat blends right in, vanishing into a maze of criss-crossing wakes. Even if you knew to look for a boat, where the hell would you start?

Frank steers the boat away from downtown Miami's skyscrapers, lit up by the afternoon sun.

CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI NIGHTCLUB - DAY - **BRUNO COSTA**

is sitting in a private booth -- and we see from his face that he has just gotten the news from PHILLIP BASKIN (30s), a nervous lawyer who is now thinking maybe he should have opened a real estate practice.

COSTA

So the Punisher -- is a fed -- ?

Costa is surprised, and manages a laugh, but isn't as worried as Baskin is. He starts dialing a number on a cell phone.

BASKIN

I got a ring from one of our federal judges. They put the warrants together this afternoon -- for you, Ciro Vingello, half the big names in town.

(notes Costa's blank face)

Is this sinking in, Bruno? I don't know why they haven't taken you yet --

(turns around)

-- aahh, fuck --

Baskin sees a group of FBI agents moving into the club, shoving their way past diners and people dancing near the bar. They're not here for a shootout, but they clearly want to humiliate Costa with cuffs in his own place. Baskin rushes over, as Costa calmly speaks on his cell phone.

BASKIN

All right, no need for the restraints.

Mr. Costa is a respected busi--

Baskin is shoved aside, and the agents yank Costa out of his booth as he snaps the phone shut. The agents cuff Costa and roughly shove him through the crowd, but Costa looks very confident that this won't be a problem for long.

CUT TO:

INT. LUXURY SUITE - CLOSE ON A BREATHTAKING CUBAN WOMAN

who looks barely legal -- she is naked, and is smiling at someone, bent over, and her hands are doing something wonderful just below waist level, just out of our view.

ACROSS THE ROOM - CIRO VINGELLO IS IN BED

in a postcoital haze, staring raptly at her -- whatever she's doing now is better than what they've already done --

CLOSE ON HER THIGH - A CIGAR IS BEING ROLLED

gently along it -- it's not quite put together -- the last layer is being rolled up it --

-- she bands the finished cigar, cuts the end carefully. You cannot buy a cigar as good as the one she just made.

She walks across the luxurious South Beach suite, handing it to a very satisfied looking Ciro Vingello, who is sitting up in bed. She kisses him and leaves the room as he lights it -- and the phone rings. Feeling good, Ciro picks it up --

TONY (ON PHONE)

Tell me you have your nitro pills on you, Mr. Vingello.

CIRO

What the fuck -- yeah, I got 'em --

TONY (ON PHONE)

Put one under your tongue.

CIRO

For what? I never felt better. Ever.

TONY (ON PHONE)

Remember that feeling and cherish it, because that stronzolo is an undercover agent for the F.B.I. I already got everyone out looking to kill that fuck --

Ciro, stunned, drops the phone. That perfect cigar tumbles from his mouth, the band snaps, the lit ash crumbles, and the leaf unwinds as it hits the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S BOAT CABIN - LATER - THEY FINISH DINNER

and it could be any family on any boating trip -- they've made a mess with crab shells, sandwiches and cokes. Right now Frank is reading a book to Frank Jr. and Carla.

FRANK

-- "and Shep the dog ran and ran and ran, looking for his house, but it was no use. 'I don't know where home is any more', he said."

CARLA

Is that what we're doing? Looking for home?

Carla looks worried. She can't understand what's happening, but kids pick up the vibe anyway. Frank looks at Maria and closes the book to reassure Carla.

FRANK

No. Home's anyplace we say it is. Home's anyplace we're all together. (hugs her and Frank Jr.) Right now, that's here, okay? (picks up map) We can go anywhere we want along here. It's called the intercoastal waterway.

CARLA

(pokes at map) Here! Let's go here!

FRANK

Okay -- we could go there --

FRANK JR.

Here too!

CARLA

And here! Here too!

Frank is nodding and saying "sure", "you bet", "uh-huh" as fast as the kids can point out new spots. Maria laughs -- she hasn't seen Frank goofing around with the kids for too long.

EXT. ON TOP DECK - NIGHT - FRANK TAKES A DEEP BREATH

of the sea air, looking at the darkness, the stars, the absence of city lights, and a thickening fog rolling in. The only sound is that of the kids getting ready for bed below.

Frank puts on a small red signal light -- a safety measure for the fog -- and tests the anchor. Something makes him look at a duffel bag by the steering wheel. He opens it -- it has his "Punisher" gear. The guns and the skull armor.

MARIA (O.S.)

What'd you save that stuff for?

Frank didn't know she was there, but he's glad she is.

FRANK

Just in case I ever get an itch to go back into it. To remind me how close I came to being one of those guys. How close I came to wanting to be one of those guys.

(looks up at her)

It'll remind me of what I'd be if I didn't have you, Carla, and Fra--

Maria cuts him off with a sudden, deep kiss. When she stops, they look at each other. She knows what he was going to say.

MARIA

I'm putting the kids to bed. Then I'm coming back to remind you of how we used to be.

Frank kisses Maria -- and a voice from below interrupts.

FRANK JR. (O.S.)

Dadd-dy -- can I sleep with my gameboy?

MARIA

(quiet but firm, to Frank)

I told him no. He was teasing his sis--

FRANK

(shouts down)

Okay, champ.

Maria starts down, giving Frank a mocking, loving look.

MARIA

And they called you "the Punisher"?

(rolls her eyes)

Cagajon --

Maria goes down to the cabin -- and Frank smiles broadly as she goes. Right now he knows who he is. Right now he is absolutely reveling in the fact that he's an ordinary guy.

In another movie, this would be the happy ending.

IN THE BOAT CABIN - FRANK JR. AND CARLA

are at two different sleeper bunks -- they're saying their prayers as Maria preps the bunks.

FRANK JR. AND CARLA

Now I lay me down to sleep --

ON THE BOAT DECK - FRANK GETS OUT OF HIS CHAIR

and he is thinking about what he almost became. He hefts the duffel bag, and steps to the rail. This is going over.

IN THE BOAT CABIN - FRANK JR. AND CARLA ARE PRAYING

as Maria gets all the animals and toys ready too --

FRANK JR. AND CARLA

-- I pray the Lord my soul to keep --

AT THE SIDE BOAT RAIL - FRANK IS ABOUT TO DROP THE BAG IN

and really close the book on this. But out there in the fog that now shrouds the water, there is the SOUND of a boat --

-- it's a distance out, but it's slowing -- and its lights show it's turning toward Frank's boat --

IN THE CABIN - FRANK JR. AND CARLA ARE FINISHING THE PRAYER

FRANK JR. AND CARLA

-- and if I die before I wake --

ON THE BOAT DECK - FRANK LOOKS AT THE OTHER BOAT'S LIGHTS

There have been a lot of other boats on the water, but this doesn't feel right. Something makes Frank turn around -- as --

IN THE CABIN - FRANK JR. AND CARLA ARE NOW IN BED

FRANK JR. AND CARLA

-- I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Maria kisses Frank Jr., then bends to kiss Carla, and shuts out the light -- and as she does --

ON THE DECK - CLOSE ON FRANK'S FACE

as he looks at the opposite side of the deck -- instantly, the night is **gone** and so is the fog -- one spotlight, then another sear Frank's boat with a blinding light --

-- there are two boats at close range, each with unseen GUNMEN on the deck, firing machine guns at the deck --

-- Frank dives to the deck and a line of bullets rip the deck behind him! Frank tears out the skull armor, pulls it on and grabs two automatics from the duffel bag --

-- beneath him, Maria and the kids are SCREAMING --

FRANK

(shouts down)

-- Maria, get on the floor! Cover the kids with the bunks!

The boats close in -- Frank stands with his 1911s and fires --

Frank's shots kill the spotlights on the two boats -- with another shot, he cuts the anchor line on his boat -- Frank starts the engine, but there's no escape --

VIEW OVER WATER - THE TWO ATTACK BOATS PACE FRANK'S BOAT

on each side -- and the gunmen are firing machine guns at the boat, killing the engine --

ON THE DECK - BULLETS ARE EVERYWHERE

-- splintering the wood, zinging off the metal -- fighting back is hopeless, as Frank is totally outgunned --

FRANK DIVES DOWN THE STAIRWAY TO THE CABIN

as gunshots are everywhere -- the boat's engine and electric system are gone, the only light now is moonlight from the holes blasted through the cabin walls --

-- Frank yanks open the sleeper door on Carla's side -- more bullets rain through, some hitting Frank's armor --

-- we see just a split second of what's inside, lit by the strobing machine gun fire and moonlight -- stuffed animals are blown to bits amid a tangle of shredded, bloody sheets --

CLOSE ON FRANK'S ANGUISHED FACE

and it tells us how much of his world is lost now -- and he wonders if he's lost everything yet --

OUTSIDE FRANK'S BOAT - THE ASSASSINS' BOATS

surround Frank's and are mercilessly firing away -- machine gun fire is pouring in from both sides, so intense that the gunfire is slowly turning the boat around in a slow circle --

IN FRANK'S BOAT - BULLETS ARE EVERYWHERE

and a shot hits Frank's shirt -- he doesn't even notice, nothing could hurt as much as seeing his daughter ripped apart -- or what he's about to see --

-- Frank tears open the other cabin door, and sees --

-- Maria has thrown herself over Frank Jr. -- bullets are still blasting through --

Frank goes to pull them both down, away from the waterline and firing line -- he pulls Maria off and sees --

-- the pillowcase is soaked in blood -- we CUT AWAY at the horrifying sight of what might be a shattered toy and it might be something worse --

CLOSE ON FRANK'S FACE

and we know what he's looking at, what he doesn't want to believe, is true -- Frank Jr. is dead. Devastated, Frank pulls Maria down, holding her --

-- but his hand is slick with blood. Her blood. She's been shot more than once from shielding the kids with her body. She looks up weakly, begging him to tell her this isn't happening with a look and a whisper --

MARIA

-- Frank --

Bullets rip through the wall and into Maria -- they pass through her body and hit Frank in the skull armor --

-- Frank turns Maria around to take the hits himself, but more shots pour in from the other side, striking her --

-- Frank feels every shot that kills Maria. Every one.

Maria looks up at Frank -- and the light goes out of her eyes. She is gone.

Frank is staring, crying, screaming --

FRANK

-- Maria!

Frank breaks down, holding her tight, as if that could keep her from leaving --

THE THIRD ASSASSIN BOAT ARRIVES

and this is the one Frank was looking at before -- a KILLER raises the weapon that will finish this -- as the two other boats continue the crossfire, this assassin is prepping and aiming a shoulder mounted missile launcher --

IN FRANK'S BOAT - FRANK LOWERS MARIA TO THE FLOOR

and gently takes off the locket. His entire world has been wiped out -- and there isn't a scratch on him. There's just his family's blood all over the skull armor.

As bullets fly everywhere, Frank's body is racked with sobs. There is no sign of the tough guy we've seen before -- just a man who's had everything, everything, stripped away.

He looks at the skull, and realizes -- he brought this home. Clutching the locket, Frank starts up to the deck, emotionally over any edge you can imagine -- he starts to peel off his shirt -- now he wants to die more than anyone has ever wanted anything --

Frank reaches the top of the deck, his shirt half off, and he's screaming --

FRANK

-- then kill me, you motherfuckers!
Kill me --

ON ONE OF THE ASSASSIN BOATS - A KILLER AIMS THE MISSILE

at the bow of Frank's boat -- Frank can't be seen from here, and his screams can't be heard over the GUNFIRE --

-- the killer fires the missile -- it detonates dead center against the bow --

-- Frank's boat explodes as a fiery blast lifts the bow --

IN THE BACK OF THE BOAT - FRANK IS BLOWN BACK

by the blast, but we can see that he is actually not getting the brunt of the explosion's force -- the fact that the boat is flipping is protecting him from the worst of the fire --

-- the boat flips over -- Frank is knocked against a section of the boat as it begins to sink.

POV FROM THE ASSASSIN'S BOAT - FRANK'S BOAT IS SINKING

and on fire -- it looks like no one could have survived this. The boats start their engines, and pull away into the night. But as the sound of the engines echo far off in the water --

-- something breaks to the surface -- it is Frank, semi-conscious, clutching a piece of wood. He coughs out water, gasping for breath like being born again --

-- and he stares out at the water. A minute ago, Frank Castiglione wanted to die. Thirty seconds ago, Frank Castiglione did die.

Now all that's left of him is the Punisher.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BACK SEAT OF LIMO - NIGHT - TWO MEN SIT INSIDE

looking very, very uncomfortable. Both are on the white collar end of the business -- a fiftyish guy named MARTIN McALLISTER, and a younger guy, STEWART, who was in the elevator with Costa when Frank was supposed to hit him.

They look repulsed because they're sitting across from --

-- Jigsaw, looking out the window. He catches their gape --

JIGSAW

The fuck are you looking at?

Both men freeze and immediately look away --

MCALLISTER

Nothing, nothing, really --

STEWART

That trim -- is that leather? Very nice --

-- and just then, the door opens, letting a strobe of camera flashes in, just a moment before Bruno Costa crashes in with Baskin. The limo pulls away from the press, and McAllister, looking very stern, starts talking down to Costa.

MCALLISTER

The case that Castiglione, Harwood and Liebermann built against you is gone. We've managed to throw substantial reasonable doubt on the evidence gathered. What your --

(disdainfully)

-- attorney -- does with it is up to him. I've been sent to remind you that our agreement isn't indefinite. If you can't lower your profile, we're going to lower the boom --

Costa listens. Then he nods to Jigsaw, who pulls out a knife and grabs Stewart, easing the blade into his chest!

Jigsaw pulls Stewart, still alive, onto the floor and out of our view. Costa looks angry but level. McAllister is now terrified -- the struggle is out of our view, but there are occasional gasps and arterial spurts --

COSTA

You don't mind, do you? You can't care too much about him.

COSTA

You sent him in your place, right where he might take a bullet that was meant for me. He got me into that elevator, and you know what? During that whole ride, he danced all over like Gene fucking Kelly to make sure I was out front. He knew the shot was coming. That means you knew too.

(angry but level)

You tipped Vingello about the meet. You wanted him to kill me, because your problems are gone then, right?

MCALLISTER

I -- didn't set up any --

McAllister is gaping down -- there are still the sounds of a struggle on the floor, terrible, wet slicing sounds --

COSTA

Look at me -- look at me when you're lying to me. You're a lawyer, right?

(McAllister weakly nods)

You guys got a phrase, right? "Parade of horrors"? Well, the day I die is the day your "parade of horrors" is gonna march down the street with a brass band, a million balloons and coverage on every network. You follow?

(beat)

Things are going pretty good for you these days, Marty. You got out of the agency and now you're a top guy in the Attorney General's office. But if anything happens to me -- if I eat a bad shrimp, fall out a window or take a bullet -- everything we were in together comes out. Everything you've got -- everything a lot of people've got -- goes away.

McAllister gazes down at Stewart. The SOUNDS of struggle and death have stopped.

COSTA

You sent him to be in the elevator because to you, he's got no name and he's got no face and no one will give a shit if he vanishes.

(beat)

I hate to bust your illusions, but that's who you are. To me, and to everyone else on your end of the deal who's bigger than you. So you remind them -- when you make a deal with the devil, you don't hunt for loopholes later. You stick with it all the way.

COSTA

(leans closer)

You tell them, I'm not operating because they let me. They're still operating because I let them. You tell them, that Castiglione investigation and everyone who touched it is gone.

Without looking up, Costa puts his hand out -- and Jigsaw fills it with a bloody, soft hunk of meat. Without warning, Costa grabs McAllister's hand and slaps the meat into it.

COSTA

You tell them, the next time they come after me, send somebody with a bigger pair of these.

Jigsaw sits up, looking like he's ready for more. Costa shakes his head -- no, not yet. McAllister just shakes.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT - THE DOORS ARE FLUNG OPEN

as Frank, wet and bloodied, stumbles in. He looks dazed, like a zombie. He doesn't know how he got there. As he staggers to a table and turns on the lights, he looks like he's barely conscious. Frank leans against the table, exhausted -- as he puts his palm down flat, he unclenches his hand, revealing --

-- he's been clutching Maria's locket the whole time. It opens up, and the photo of his family looks up at him.

Frank looks down at it -- and whatever haze he was in is burnt away. All the love in his life has been shot away from him. Now there's nothing left but hate.

Frank puts the locket down on the table. Two small blood smeared photos. And Frank looks at the dozens of other larger photos scattered on the worktable. Ciro Vingello. Tony. Bruno Costa and his crew. Someone is responsible for this.

With a disturbing calmness, Frank opens up a cabinet generously stocked with machine guns, handguns, ammunition and knives. He wants to get someone else's blood on him now.

Frank tears a canvas cover off a motorcycle -- and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. FISH RENDERING PLANT - NIGHT - A CLEANUP WORKER

is hosing off the floor, into the side gutter and drain -- a river of blood and scales pours across -- but as a shadow passes over the worker, he looks up --

FRANK (O.S.)

Take a break.

AT THE OPEN DOOR - DEATH WALKS IN THROUGH THE SHADOWS

In the darkness, all you can see of the Punisher is the skull on his chest and the deathmask his face has become. He is holding a machine gun -- and he doesn't break stride.

FRANK

It'll need a good rinse in ten minutes.

The cleanup worker runs like hell, leaving a fish cleaning tray to loudly CLATTER to the floor as Frank unbolts his gun.

In the back, Tony pulls open a sliding door to check out the noise, sure it's just the cleanup guy. There are six more sitting there, drinking beer and listening to music --

-- and as Tony pulls the door open, the light spills out on the Punisher -- who doesn't stop walking.

The cigarette falls out of Tony's mouth -- he can't believe it. They're looking for him. Anyone else would hide.

TONY

Mother of fuck --
(yells to others)
-- he's back!

The others scramble for their guns, anxious for a shot --

-- but the Punisher isn't waiting -- he charges up to one of the fish prep tables and leaps forward, his gun blazing --

-- with his free hand, the Punisher grabs one of the fish hauling chains mounted in the ceiling -- the chain is rolling along the ceiling track --

-- and the Punisher is flying across the room toward these guys -- he hasn't stopped firing --

-- now the Vingello crew is on their feet -- two are blasted back, their shots going wild --

-- the gangsters are rushing toward Frank, firing -- and Frank is firing at them -- the entire darkened room is lit only by the sparking ricochets off the metal equipment --

THE PUNISHER IS FLYING ON THE CHAIN ACROSS THE ROOM

even though he is buffeted by hits in the skull armor --

-- as the Punisher gets closer to the gang, he leaps off the chain and into the darkness -- the heavy chain keeps rolling on the track, forcing the gangsters to jump out of the way!

IN THE SHADOWS - FRANK POPS THE CLIP OUT OF HIS GUN

and is pulling a fresh one out of his tattered jacket --

-- and a BIG THUG rushes the Punisher with a six foot fishing gaffe -- and his first strike is successful, though, because he knocks away the Punisher's freshly loaded gun --

-- the gun clatters away into the flash freeze unit --

-- the Punisher fights back, kicking the thug back --

-- as they struggle, the others can't get a clean shot --

-- the thug picks up a knife from a tray and slashes at Frank -- but he grabs the knife arm and shoves him forward --

-- the thug stumbles directly into the flash freeze unit -- he lands directly by Frank's gun --

-- and now Frank is exposed -- the other gangsters open fire -- there are scores of bullets in the air, sparking off the metal trays as Frank dives for the flash freeze unit --

-- inside the unit, the thug picks up Frank's gun and aims -- he can't miss, Frank is just a couple of feet away --

-- but Frank dives for the control of the flash freeze unit and activates it --

INSIDE THE UNIT - CHEMICAL ICE SPRAYS OUT TO FREEZE THE THUG

and instantly, he is frozen solid to the core -- but apparently the last thing he's done is to squeeze the trigger, because even though he is now dead and frozen, the machine gun in his hand is firing away --

ON THE FLOOR - THE PUNISHER DIVES FOR COVER UNDER THE TABLES

away from an unbelievable crossfire -- the thugsicle is holding a machine gun that's firing at the other gangsters --

-- half the gangsters are firing where Frank was a moment ago in the darkness, the others are just panicked and firing back at "Frosty", but all are shooting at the freeze unit --

INSIDE THE FREEZE UNIT - THE THUGSICLE IS BEING CHIPPED

by the barrage of bullets, but the machine gun is still going -- the multiple hits and the recoil of the machine gun take their toll --

-- the frozen thug's body shatters -- most of it falls back into a pile of ice-rubble in the freezer, but --

THE FROZEN HAND CLUTCHES THE STILL-FIRING MACHINE GUN

and it falls out of the freezer -- the recoil on the still-firing gun spins the hand and gun across the floor --

THE REST OF THE GANGSTERS SCATTER

as they're hit by the wild machine gun fire that's also blasting apart barrels of fish heads, scales and blood --

ON THE FLOOR - THE PUNISHER DIVES FOR THE SPINNING GUN

before it can spray lead at him -- in one move, he grabs the frozen hand and stands, aiming at the other gangsters and finishing the job, pausing only when the clip is empty --

-- a moment later, the only sound in the plant is the echo of the gunfire. The gangsters are on the floor, dead. That seems like everybody -- but suddenly, from out of the darkness --

-- Tony is there, firing an automatic at the Punisher -- he gets a near miss on a head shot before Frank steps over, holding his machine gun like a baseball bat -- he swings --

-- and the stock of the gun, with the still frozen hand on it, connects against Tony's head with so much force that the frozen hand shatters, the fingers go flying --

-- and Tony falls back, almost unconscious. The Punisher grabs his shirt, and tosses his head back into a motorized slicer used for carving steaks out of grouper.

The Punisher twists the vise to secure his head -- then he turns it on and takes a cut off the top of Tony's head! It's only hair now, but Tony is screaming. The motor is running -- all that's preventing it from automatically cutting again is that the Punisher's holding the slicer back with his hand.

FRANK

Give me every name. Every single name
in the boats for the hit on my family.

TONY

Frank -- I don't know what you're --

The Punisher lets the slicer go -- and as Tony yells, this time it takes hair and scalp before Frank holds it back.

TONY

-- there was no boat hit!
(looks up at Punisher)
I found out about your day job on the street from someone on Costa's crew. I told everyone to find you -- and everyone who ain't cold on the floor is on the street looking. No one had any fucking idea where you were. Anyone scored on you, it wasn't us!

Frank looks down at Tony. He looks as confused as he is scared -- he's telling the truth. Police sirens draw near.

FRANK

How did Costa find out?

TONY

Someone on the government side ratted
you out. Someone they got on the pad.

(a pleading look)

I told you -- we didn't do the hit.

You got no reason to do this, Frank --

The Punisher looks down at him --

IN PUNISHER'S MIND - TONY IS IN THE BLACK SEDAN

laughing as he shoots the rollerskating girl --

IN THE PLANT - THE PUNISHER TAKES TONY'S HAND

and guides it up to the slicer so he can hold it back himself.

FRANK

Who needs a fucking reason.

The Punisher walks out, leaving Tony writhing in place,
pushing back the slicer -- a fight he seems unlikely to win.

TONY

-- hey -- hey, you can't leave me like
this -- Fraaaannnk --

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT - FRANK IS AT A COMPUTER

which, apart from the boxes of weapons, is the only thing in
this shithole that looks new. Frank is logged into --

ON SCREEN - THE NATIONAL CRIME INFORMATION CLEARINGHOUSE

computer network -- this is the federal database of
everything law enforcement might want. We can see he's in the
area to track "BANK DEPOSITS OVER \$10,000" -- and there's a
long, long list. Frank is highlighting one after another, all
from the last day, and clearly has been at it for a long time.

CLOSE ON FRANK

He is utterly deadened. He's exhausted, but he's not going to
stop until he finds what he's after. And with a click, he
finds it. Frank's expression dials past grieving to anger all
the way up to rage. His worst suspicion has been confirmed.
Frank pushes away from the computer, grabs the straps on a
rifle, and holsters his 1911s.

As we HEAR his motorcycle ROAR off, we see --

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN - THE HIGHLIGHTED TEXT

shows the banking codes for a deposit, the account numbers, etc. -- but the key information jumps out at us. It shows a \$300,000 electronic transfer to a Geoffrey Patrick Harwood.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARWOOD'S HOUSE - AT THE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

A small waterfront house, like thousands of other out here, just built on a finger of land dredged out of the bay. No lights are on, here or anywhere else in the neighborhood.

Frank isn't knocking. With one savage KICK, the door flies in, almost off its hinges --

FRANK MOVES THROUGH THE DARKNESS

holding a pair of shotguns. He doesn't care about stealth right now. He's barely human right now.

As he moves through the small house, there's no immediate sign of Harwood. Inside, a television is droning through the news -- and outside, there are lights that come streaming in as boats pass through the channel in the back.

Frank moves up to the second floor, and kicks through another door, entering a study. Harwood is sitting in the darkness, a nearly empty bottle of Bacardi in front of him.

Frank's voice is so tight he's almost crying --

FRANK

Yo ho ho. Three hundred grand and a
bottle of rum. Is that enough to wash
my wife and kids out of your head?

(presses gun against head)

No? This ought to do it, you fuck --

But Harwood says nothing. Frank tips the chair around --

-- and Harwood's chest has been blown open by gunshots. It couldn't have happened long ago, but he is definitely dead and it is not a suicide.

Frank steps back, reeling. And suddenly, the audio on the television news comes into focus --

TELEVISION ANCHOR (ON TV)

-- a manhunt is underway for a
criminal known only up to now as "The
Punisher", but who has now been
identified as a former FBI agent named
Frank Castiglione. Now we take you
live to the federal building. Kathy?

Reporter KATHY is standing in front of the fed building.

KATHY (ON TV)

The more we find out, the more shocking this story becomes, Bill. Castiglione is a federal agent who went undercover to investigate local crime organizations. But high level government sources are suggesting that Castiglione and his supervisor, Geoffrey Harwood, were in fact conspiring to falsify evidence against federal targets, including rumored crime boss Ciro Vingello, and local restrauteur Bruno Costa, as a part of an extortion scheme. We spoke with Bruno Costa earlier this evening.

The report cuts to TAPE of Bruno Costa, looking offended and sorrowful, surrounded by reporters:

COSTA (ON TV)

I can confirm that Castiglione -- this so-called "Punisher" -- approached me last week, in a very threatening manner, and told me that if I didn't pay him two million dollars, he'd falsify evidence on serious racketeering charges against me. Maybe I'm mixed up. I thought that in America, our cops are supposed to catch criminals, not be criminals.

REPORTER (ON TV)

Is it true that you're filing a multimillion dollar defamation and harrassment lawsuit against the FBI?

Baskin shoves his way to the camera, looking outraged.

BASKIN (ON TV)

I don't think we have any choice. My client's name and reputation are priceless. But I will say this -- whatever settlement we receive in the lawsuit will be donated to charity.

Back to the shocked reporter on the street:

KATHY (ON TV)

Action Four News has obtained these audio tapes of Frank Castiglione, a man who apparently suffered deep psychological problems:

Over a menacing, blurry photo of Frank, we hear:

FRANK (ON TV)

No, I don't have the BLEEPing money
Vingello gave me, and where it went is
none of your BLEEP business --

(cut)

Yeah. I killed them. So BLEEPing what?

CLOSE ON FRANK

as he listens to his words. Edited. Out of context. Totally damning. And now he knows there are two men responsible for the murders of his family. One of them is Bruno Costa, who is obviously pulling the strings somewhere with the feds.

INSIDE FRANK'S MIND - FRANK HESITATES WHILE AIMING AT COSTA

and Costa is smiling and laughing --

BACK TO THE HOUSE - **CLOSE ON FRANK'S FACE**

as a terrible realization sinks in. In an indirect but undeniable way, he is also responsible for his family's murder, because he didn't kill Costa when he could have.

Suddenly, blue lights crack in from the windows -- the police have arrived, in force, and are filing into the house --

-- with no exit, Frank looks to the stairs from the den -- and Jean is standing in the doorway, wearing a bulletproof vest and a flabbergasted look, pointing her gun at Frank.

JEAN

Have I got some questions for you.

(aims square at Frank)

Hands behind your neck, Castiglione.

Frank only has one response: he pulls out two automatics, and **charges toward Jean** --

-- Jean can't believe this -- **she fires at Frank, planting two in his chest** -- he doesn't even slow down --

-- in fact, Frank **fires three shots right at her vest** -- Jean is thrown off her feet and out of Frank's path --

-- we hear the SOUND of many, many more cops coming as Frank clears his only possible exit -- **he fires three shots through the plate glass window, blasting it to powder** --

-- more cops arrive behind him -- Frank dives through the window, an explosion of glass ahead and bullets all around --

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - **FRANK IS SLIDING DOWN THE CANOPY ROOF**

over the back deck --

-- a trio of cops are rushing out the back glass door on ground level, **firing up at Frank as he slides down** --

-- while Frank slides down and bullets punch burning holes in the canvas around him, Frank aims both guns ahead of him --

-- Frank fires a half dozen shots that take out the overhead supports of the canopy roof --

-- the canopy roof slams down like a trap door, knocking the trio of cops back --

-- and Frank lands on his feet, sprinting across the swimming pool deck toward a dock in the back.

INSIDE HARWOOD'S DEN - JEAN IS HELPED TO HER FEET

by another officer -- she had the wind knocked out of her, but is otherwise okay -- the vest took all of Frank's shots. Jean gets to where the window used to be, and sees --

-- more cops are rushing the back deck, firing at Frank, but it's too late -- Frank has already cut the line on a speedboat docked there, and he's blazing off into the bay.

Jean tries to get her breath back as she looks out at the speedboat vanishing into the bay. Who the fuck is this guy?

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRO VINGELLO'S ESTATE - NIGHT - ON THE BALCONY

Ciro Vingello is standing on the edge of the balcony, looking over his grounds -- a huge, palatial estate that looks like it was moved brick by brick from southern Italy. The only sound is the night wind and the television on in the bedroom. It looks like the most peaceful spot on Earth -- except for the fact that there are armed guards on the grounds, and Ciro is making a face that looks like he's putting a triple barbed hook under his tongue instead of a nitro pill. The bedroom door opens behind him, and Ciro turns, tense --

CIRO

You'd better have his head in your hand, Tony --

Ciro's face falls. It isn't Tony. And it isn't Frank either --

BRUNO COSTA ENTERS WITH A SMILE AND A GUN

and Jigsaw is right behind him. After his second explosion, his head now looks like a boiled ham that's had a face drawn on it with a soldering iron and a staple gun.

COSTA

Tony couldn't make it, Ciro. I hear you've got manpower problems.

Ciro looks down to his lawn. In the amount of time it took for him to look away, his men have been silently killed -- and Costa's men are standing in their place.

Ciro, desperate but angry, makes a move for a gun on a table, but Jigsaw shoots him high in the chest -- he falls to the floor. Costa kneels next to him, still smiling.

CIRO
(gasping for air)
You -- can't -- do this --

COSTA
(mock gasps)
Yes -- I -- can.

Costa looks up to the television. The news is now running live reporting from the fish rendering plant, with a headline, "SPECIAL REPORT - ANOTHER PUNISHER MASSACRE".

COSTA
He's pretty good. I can see why you hired him to take my money -- and why you hired him to kill me.
(taps Ciro's eye with gun)
But you didn't push hard enough. If you did, you'd be standing here grinning, and I'd be laying there, wheezing like a fish on the dock.

CIRO
(gasping for air)
-- can't -- I'm a -- a made guy--

Costa abruptly pulls the trigger, without flinching, as blood sprays up from Ciro's face.

COSTA
Unmade.

Costa picks a handkerchief out of Ciro's jacket, and stands up. Jigsaw is looking at the television, enraged, as the story plays about Frank -- finally, he can't take any more. He fires six shots into the television, firing long after the set stops sparking. Costa reaches out to calm him down.

COSTA
We'll get him. But as long as he's running amok for another day or so --
(wipes blood off face)
-- we're going to use him.

CUT TO:

EXT. FISH RENDERING PLANT - DAY - BLOOD RUNS FROM THE DRAINS

as sickened COPS check out the aftermath. We follow the SOUND of a creaking dolly, and find a pile of chemical ice -- the thugsicle. The CORONER'S TECHS handle the rubble carefully, as it teeters on the cart, while Jean and Luis look on.

LUIS

It's a Chinese saying, right?
 (off Jean's blank look)
 "Revenge is a dish best served cold."

JEAN

Then this Punisher is a fucking cordon bleu chef. The last guy to come out left half his face in the grouper slicer. Hey, hang on, you --

Jean flags a young coroner's tech and hands him an evidence bag labelled "**FACIAL TISSUE - FOUR (4) SLICES**". The tech looks like he's going to puke.

JEAN

Check that and make sure it's all face and no fish, all right?

LUIS

(checks notebook)
 Before he finally croaked, he gurgled out a confirmation that it was the big skull himself -- and he wanted to find out who did his family.

(beat)

Last thing the federales told us was, Castiglione went apeshit and shot his family himself in a boat.

JEAN

That's bullshit. They're telling us Castiglione went nuts and shot up his own family -- twenty four hours after he risked his life to save mine.

(beat)

They're telling us he went dirty, and so did his boss -- just look at the money. But Harwood was a guy who knew every trick and every trap in money laundering because that's who he went after. So when he goes bad, he takes a three hundred thousand dollar cash bribe in the bank that trips every deposit flag? He couldn't have gotten more attention if he'd taken a truckload of pennies and dumped them on the sidewalk.

LUIS

Maybe he wanted to get caught. When a cop flips, that happens all the time.

JEAN

Maybe. But the coroner says he died at seven o'clock. And the bank says he accessed the account at eight. That doesn't happen much at all.

CORONER TECH (O.S.)

-- aah, fuck --

Offscreen, there is a tremendous, shattering CRASH as the iceman falls over and breaks into many, many tiny pieces.

JEAN

How many more evidence bags have we got in the car?

LUIS

I think we're short by about three thousand.

A UNIFORMED OFFICER runs up to Jean, holding a radio.

OFFICER

Detective -- you'd better hear this.

CUT TO:

EXT. VINGELLO'S ESTATE - MORNING - A POLICE HELICOPTER

is flying over the area -- and over the grounds. The PILOT is pulling back, because there's a swarm of seagulls circling and darting toward something. Inside the copter, the OBSERVER looks down, sickened and speechless --

ON THE LAWN - THE BODIES OF VINGELLO AND HIS MEN

are being slowly ripped apart, a dive at a time, by the seabirds. As we PULL OUT to a higher, wider view, we see a signature that we know is a lie:

-- a forty foot outline of a white skull has been painted into the grass, surrounding the bodies!

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - DAY - A BLANKET IS PULLED BACK OVER A BODY

by Luis, who is standing there eating a hamburger as Jean is nearby, wincing. Both blow mist in the refrigerated room.

LUIS

You know that other Chinese saying?
About how a man on a journey of
revenge should dig two graves?

(chews)

Motherfucker needs to dig a hundred.

JEAN

Lou -- you're Cuban. How is it you know more Chinese proverbs than Charlie Chan?

(beat)

And do you have to eat that in here?

LUIS

Too hot to eat upstairs. This is the only room in the whole building where the AC works.

(eats)

What's the Punisher's score now?

JEAN

This isn't his. Not a chance.

LUIS

This guy has shot at you on three occasions, hit you four times -- boom boom boom boom --

(he jabs her chest)

-- and you're defending him?

JEAN

He shoots up the Vingello fish plant -- their casualties are one hundred percent. He shoots it up with us, our casualties are zero. Do you see a trend here? If he wanted me dead, you'd be breaking the news to Katie right now.

(beat)

It makes sense that he'd want to kill Ciro Vingello. But it doesn't add up that this'd be the only one he'd sign.

(beat)

A lot of people want Vingello in a bag -- shit, I want him here -- but only one person will really benefit from him being dead, especially if it's pinned on the Punisher.

(beat)

Bruno Costa. Think about it. The feds drop their investigation against him, and they look like idiots. They won't move against him again for a while. With Vingello gone, we got a power vacuum and Costa's going to fill it.

Luis stops with the burger, pockets a blank toe tag and hands Jean one of her own.

LUIS

Here. We're even gonna talk about going after Bruno Costa, we might as well fill these out now.

Jean's face frosts over -- it's a sharper reaction than you'd expect from just not liking the joke.

JEAN

Maybe it's a tough room, Lou, but I'm all out of laughs. Especially where Costa's concerned.

LUIS
(serious now)
Who's joking? I got two good reasons
for you not to push that Costa button.
One, I don't need that kind of
trouble. Number two --
(walks away)
I don't ever want to have to break
that news to Katie. I'm writing this
up on the Punisher's tab.

Frustrated, Jean slams Vingello's drawer shut.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FRANK'S OLD HOUSE - MORNING - FRANK'S POV OF MARIA

as she hovers over him, smiling, looking absolutely gorgeous
in a sundress, completely alive, shaking him awake gently in
the morning light of his old bedroom.

MARIA
(softly)
Hey -- Frank -- no more sleeping. It's
picnic time.
(beat)
F.J's birthday -- remember? You bought
him that little jeep?

We can't see Frank -- this is his POV -- but he sounds
groggy, confused, frightened --

FRANK (O.S.)
...birthday...I thought I missed it...

MARIA
(laughs)
No, but you will, if you don't get up!

The door flies open at the end of the bedroom -- and in
rushes Carla, still in pajamas a little too big for her, and
Frank Jr., already dressed to play. Maria rolls her eyes --
they're trouble this morning, but she loves it.

MARIA
Everyone's ready but you --
(a playful grab)
-- so get up!

Maria takes Carla off to get dressed, and Frank Jr. bounces
into the bed, laughing --

FRANK JR.
Wake up, Daddy! Go with us, now --

FRANK
(laughing)
Okay, okay -- I'm up --

In Frank's POV, he throws back the sheet --

-- and like a mirage, it all breaks apart and evaporates --
Frank's bedroom, his perfect, breathing wife and children
vanish completely --

-- leaving in their place darkness, guns, photos, dusty
tables and knives. Of course, Frank has been sleeping on a
shitty couch in the corner of his safehouse.

CLOSE ON FRANK'S FACE

as his smile vanishes with the dream. It all comes back to
him now. It all really happened. They are really gone. His
eyes shut again. His body shudders with the start of a sob --

-- then Frank pushes that back down. Turns it into something
else. And gets up. There's work to do.

IN THE SAFEHOUSE - A LITTLE LATER - FRANK IS GETTING READY

for a fight. Yes, weapons are out and loaded, but he is also
planning -- the safe house has turned into a war room. Using
the files he had before, Frank is assembling a photo pyramid
like the ones he had before -- the difference is, they aren't
arrest targets. They're just targets, period.

As Frank pins up Costa's crew under a "COSTA" heading, images
assault his brain --

IN FRANK'S MIND - IN THE STROBING LIGHT OF MACHINE GUN FIRE

Frank can just make out, in the darkness, one of the gun
hands has a triple cigar burn scar on it --

IN THE SAFEHOUSE - FRANK PINS UP A PICTURE OF A GOON

who has the same distinctive triple burn on his hand --

IN FRANK'S MIND/FRANK'S RUNNING POV - A SHOOTER FIRES

down at Frank's boat -- the face is unseen, but the shooter
is wearing unique lizardskin boots with razor sharp spurs --

IN THE SAFEHOUSE - FRANK IS BOILING INSIDE

because he has to relive it, again and again, to try to
identify the killers -- there's no photo he can find, so he
pins up a "?" with the word "SPURS" written on it --

IN FRANK'S MIND - ANOTHER SHOOTER FIRING AT FRANK'S BOAT

has a distinctive hog's head prison tattoo across his chest,
and a leather vest full of throwing knives. Somewhere, over
the GUNFIRE and the SCREAMING of Frank's family, we can hear
someone else's high pitched, crazy laugh --

IN THE SAFEHOUSE - FRANK TACKS ANOTHER PHOTO IN THE BOARD

that looks like the tattoo shooter -- and a "?" board with "HYENA" written on it. Frank shuts his eyes to concentrate --

IN FRANK'S MIND - A ROCKET IS LAUNCHED IN THE DARKNESS

and from this distance, all it is is a flare of light, and three seconds later a huge explosion --

IN THE SAFEHOUSE - FRANK IS CONCENTRATING

and trying to remember, trying to get more detail --

IN FRANK'S MIND - CLOSER ON THE BOAT WHERE THE ROCKET LAUNCHES

Frank's POV has zoomed closer -- and as the shoulder rocket flares, the light reveals --

-- it is the smiling Jigsaw who is pulling the trigger.

IN THE SAFEHOUSE - FRANK SNAPS OUT OF IT

and shakes off the memory -- then finds a picture of Jigsaw and mounts it to the board.

The "COSTA" section of the board is filling out. Frank looks to another section of the board that's empty. The heading there reads "FBI/JUSTICE - ?"

Frank steps back from the board. He's going to need help.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING - RACKS OF CUSTOM ELECTRONICS

are everywhere in this second floor apartment, crowding shelves and blocking windows -- computers, stereos, televisions and hybrids of all three. As we go past that --

-- a heavysset fortyish guy in a ratty bathrobe is bent over. He is dropping the needle on a turntable -- and as it hits the vinyl, even the static and pops echo through the apartment. He's got speakers wired in every room.

And to make matters worse -- as he stands up, we see he has on a custom made headset mike for karaoke.

This is MICROCHIP's morning routine. As the song starts -- it's "Hair of the Dog" by Nazareth -- Microchip is dancing around, banging a spoon against a tin cup in time to the opening cowbell percussion, and singing LOUD --

MICROCHIP

Heartbreaker, soulshaker! I been told
about YO000U!

The weird thing is -- he's actually pretty good. Not that the neighbors appreciate it -- they're BANGING on the ceiling and the floor, as Microchip blazes through an air guitar routine that allows for simultaneous floor and ceiling middle fingers.

Microchip bounces around the living room and into the kitchen, popping eggs into a toaster, never missing a beat --

MICROCHIP

Now it's time to pay your DUUUUES!

Microchip stomp dances down the hall to the bathroom -- and with all this, no way can he hear --

HIS FRONT DOOR IS BEING JIMMIED OPEN - ONE OF COSTA'S KILLERS

is walking in, brandishing a knife -- followed by a second and a third, both holding guns -- they split up --

IN THE BATHROOM - **MICROCHIP IS PISSING**

and singing the only lines from this song you know:

MICROCHIP

-- now you're messing with -- A SON OF
A BITCH!

(in higher backup voice)

Now you're messing with a son of a
bitch!

IN THE KITCHEN - THE COSTA ASSASSIN SEARCHES

for Microchip, but a noise behind him makes him turn --

IN THE BATHROOM - MICROCHIP IS DOING A "SWIM" DANCE MOVE

that allows him to check his pits -- does he need a shower?
Nah. Still has no idea anyone's in his place.

MICROCHIP

I ain't so blind I can't SEEEEE!

IN THE LIVING ROOM - A SECOND COSTA ASSASSIN

is checking out the incredible sound system and not really focusing on his job -- which is too bad for him, as we see a **shape moving behind him in the mirror** --

IN BATHROOM - MICROCHIP IS THROWN OFF AS THE NEEDLE SKIPS

MICROCHIP

Fuckin' vinyl!

("but I love vinyl")

Still not buyin' the CD, though.

(back into it)

Now you're messing with A SON OF A
BITCH!

MICROCHIP
 (high backup vocal)
 Now you're messing with a son of a
 bitch!

IN THE HALLWAY TO THE BATHROOM - COSTA ASSASSIN #3

is unaware of any problem with the other two, but he now knows Microchip is in the bathroom, and that's where he's headed -- but an arm lashes out behind him --

IN THE BATHROOM - WE FOLLOW MICROCHIP AS HE OPENS THE DOOR

and comes out, still singing every vocal on the song --

MICROCHIP
 Now you're messing with -- A SON OF A
 BITCH!
 (high backup vocal)
 Now you're messing with a son of a
 bitch!
 (low spoken backup)
 Now you're messing with a son of a
 EEEAAARKGH --

He's frozen in his tracks and his singing squeaked to sky high octaves on that last word, because

THE PUNISHER IS STANDING IN THE LIVING ROOM

with blood on his shirt, breathing a little faster, surrounded by three guys who aren't breathing at all. One is crumpled through a window, one hangs on a coathook with a knife in his chest, and the third is twisted through a glass coffee table. Stone faced, the Punisher looks at Microchip.

MICROCHIP
 (faint, almost inaudible)
 I'll turn it down. I promise.
 (cuts off turntable)
 I'll turn it off --

FRANK
 Linus Liebermann?
 (no response)
 "Microchip"?

Microchip manages to coax his chins into a slight nod. The Punisher extends a slightly bloody hand to Microchip.

FRANK
 Frank Castiglione. We worked together
 on the Vingello and Costa op.
 (off MC's blank look)
 Now I need you to do a favor for me.

CUT TO:

EXT. COSTA'S MANSION - DAY - THE GROUNDS

are huge and exquisite -- statues, tropical landscaping, a pool that's a little smaller than the one under the Washington Monument. Armed BODYGUARDS prowl everywhere.

IN COSTA'S BEDROOM - COSTA IS IN A BATHROBE

sipping coffee from bone china, pretty satisfied with the way things are going. With a knock on the door, Baskin enters.

BASKIN

There's a Miami badge downstairs.

COSTA

Give him a double handful from the cookie jar and send him on his way.

BASKIN

For a couple of reasons, I think it would be a good idea for you to talk to her.

(Costa turns on "her")

One of the reasons is that she's Russ Neslar's widow.

INT. COSTA'S LIVING ROOM - JEAN WALKS AROUND

amid an eight figure decor, as BODYGUARDS hover in the corners. Jean is unimpressed by the opulence. All she sees are the dead people who paid for it.

Costa walks down, in a thousand dollar casual outfit. He is utterly unconcerned and totally friendly.

COSTA

Sorry to keep you waiting, Detective --

Jean shakes Costa's offered hand with barely hidden contempt.

JEAN

Neslar. Jean Neslar.

COSTA

(with "sympathy")

And your husband was Russell Neslar. I can't tell you how moved I was when I read about his heroism -- and the fact that he died so young.

(a "kind" smile)

That's why I set up that memorial scholarship for him at the University of Miami. Even in death, others can learn in his name.

Costa holds her gaze for a moment. It's pretty clear what he expects people to "learn" from keeping Neslar's name alive: do not fuck with Bruno Costa.

COSTA

I have to keep this quick.
"Architect's Digest" is coming for a
shoot. I hope you're here because you
want to be involved in choosing the
scholarship recipient --

JEAN

I need to know where you were last
night. All night. Hour by hour.

Costa manages a surprised, offended laugh, and Baskin moves
in, shields up.

BASKIN

Do you own a television, detective?
Last night Mr. Costa was harassed by
federal agents. After effecting his
release, I escorted him home.

JEAN

Do you have any witnesses to that who
aren't bound by attorney-client
privilege? Anyone who could, say, put
their hand on a Bible without
spontaneously combusting?

BASKIN

(cuts off Costa's answer)
Mr. Costa, you do not have to dignify
that with a response --

JEAN

I'm sure you know that *Ciro Vingello*
was killed last night.

COSTA

I heard on the television that was
another attack by the Punisher.

JEAN

Funny it happened so soon after
Vingello raided your money train, huh,
Bruno? What would you say if I told
you I could put you near *Vingello's*
house at four a.m. last night?

Baskin waves for Costa to be quiet, but there's no stopping
him. The last pretense of civility melts away.

COSTA

I would say that you should think
about where I could put you at four
a.m. tonight.

Baskin almost faints at this one -- but Jean manages a smile.

JEAN

Well well. Meet Bruno Costa. I'm glad the bullshit just blew out the window, because I came to break the news to you personally -- you're all done.

(in his face)

You know what you should have learned in my husband's name?

(quiet anger)

Don't ever -- ever -- leave any evidence lying around.

That throws Costa a little bit. Jean backs up, smiling a little. She looks like she's sure she has something.

A SERVANT is showing in the "Architect's Digest" PHOTOGRAPHERS as Jean walks past, gesturing at the room.

JEAN

Be sure and ask about his new upstate condo. Minimalist stone facade with hand crafted semi-gothic steel embellishments. Very eclectic furnishings. All with exclusive residents in a gated community.

As the photographers blankly look at each other, further back in the room, Baskin steps up to Costa.

BASKIN

I told you. She's got something. She was at the garage raid.

(beat)

I talked to our guys in Miami PD. Everything incriminating they found in those cars was turned in to us, not to the evidence room.

COSTA

So?

BASKIN

Like I said -- we got everything they found. Not everything that was there.

CUT TO:

EXT. COSTA MANSION GROUNDS - JEAN IS WALKING

to her car, under the watchful eye of armed BODYGUARDS who are everywhere. Her cell phone rings, and she answers --

JEAN

Hello?

LUIS (ON PHONE)

Great wall of China. Hanging gardens of Babylon. The Taj Mahal. The --

JEAN
 I'm not playing "Ten Thousand Dollar
 Pyramid" today, Lou --

INT. MICROCHIP'S APARTMENT - LUIS IS IN THE LIVING ROOM

as the coroner's crew is sheeting and loading Frank's kill. Crime scene workers are trying to get the tape on their body outlines just right -- and the guy trying to tape an outline into the broken coffee table has no idea where to start.

LUIS (INTO PHONE)
 -- and 3734 Bagley. Category: things
 you just have to see to believe.

Luis flips the phone shut as he walks by the tape body outline of the thug who was hung on a coat hook -- but this one is unusually squarish, and a quintet of straight lines radiate from the head. It looks like the work of:

LUIS
 I get it. Keith Haring. Who did this?
 (no answer, but he knows)
 Jimmy, you leave the art appreciation
 out of my crime scene, or you gonna be
part of it.

Luis tears the "lines" off as the others continue to work.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S SAFEHOUSE - DAY - MICROCHIP IS REWIRING

the computer setup, as Frank, clearly restless and ready to go, is shirtless and washing up at the sink.

MICROCHIP
 This is a bigger mess than the one you
 left in my apartment. You need this to
 be wireless or you can be tracked --
 even then you need to mask the phone --

FRANK
 All I want to know is what you found
 out from the leads on Costa's banks.

Microchip is done already, working the computer.

MICROCHIP
 I'd just started on it when the case
 blew up. I can't get back into the fed
 database without them knowing, but I
 made an offline backup of the work I
 did -- it's downloading now.

FRANK
I don't care how -- I don't need the
 tech subtitles, okay?

FRANK

The money always talks. So just tell me what Costa's money is saying.

MICROCHIP

Back off a little, okay, Frank? I'm still getting used to this shit. Two hours ago I just walked out of my own private rock video and into the last reel of a Dario Argento movie.

(pulls up his work)

I got some of Costa's banking records pulled up yesterday -- and it's like a maze that leads to twenty other mazes. All the money he's got coming in from the drugs, guns, and after hour clubs is getting hosed clean by his legit investments -- restaurants, car rentals, and -- my favorite -- his cemetery, "Silent City".

FRANK

Every time you get to the top of an OC money tree, that's what you find.

(points to "FBI" board)

I want to know who's in this pyramid. I want to know how Costa got this case shut down in an hour flat.

MICROCHIP

That, we're never going to get.

(off Frank's look)

This was the last thing on the case. I got it from signal intercept just as the case got buried. Costa made this call with a cell phone right before he was picked up.

The staticky audio file plays on the computer speakers --

COSTA (ON COMPUTER)

This is Bruno Costa. I'm going to be arrested in thirty seconds.

OTHER VOICE (ON COMPUTER)

-- fuck -- look, just relax --

COSTA (ON COMPUTER)

Oh, I'm relaxed. You sound terrible though. My lawyer's calling a press conference in two hours. Either he's going to tell the world that I was mistakenly arrested, or he's going to give a preview of some of the things I'll be talking about on the witness stand. Bye!

The call cuts out. Frank stares at Microchip.

MICROCHIP

There's no record of the call. Anyplace. These are two phones that don't exist and a call that didn't happen. If I hadn't done the offline backup, even the recording would be gone by now. Costa's got someone batting for him, bigger than the Miami bureau office, bigger than Quantico.

Frank leans against the wall and shuts his eyes. Exactly how big this is is starting to sink in.

FRANK

So Costa moves me, you and Harwood off the chessboard. We get framed for rigging evidence and taking bribes, so any evidence left behind is tainted.

(beat)

And Costa gets everything, clean as a whistle. He even gets rid of Vingello's crew, with my help.

MICROCHIP

So three things are a lock. We are fucked. Costa is never going to be arrested. And we are never, ever going to find out who else is involved.

Frank takes his guns, and pulls his skull armor back on.

FRANK

Wait here.

MICROCHIP

Where the hell are you going?

FRANK

To find out who else is involved.

MICROCHIP

They might see you coming in that outfit, don't you think?

FRANK

They've been sure for too long that nobody would come for them.

(at the door)

Now I want them to be sure that someone will.

As Frank shuts the door, Microchip is suddenly a little braver in his backtalk --

MICROCHIP

Oh, right, Captain Skullfuck -- you're just gonna turn on the unholier-than-thou stare and crack it all --

Microchip stops as the door opens a crack. Frank isn't gone yet. He looks at Microchip, who backs up fast.

MICROCHIP

All right, all right -- just bring me back something to eat, huh?

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - JEAN'S CAR - JEAN IS ALONE

eating a fast food lunch -- and on the seat next to her is the singed briefcase she pulled out of one of Costa's money cars and "forgot" to turn in to evidence.

She's flipping the pages on a ledger like it's a city guide book and she can't decide where to go first. Smiling and chewing, she looks at the top of a page --

-- one entry shows five figures in gun income linked to a Miami address.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPSCALE CONDO BUILDING - DAY - BASKIN

lopes out, dressed for a run, a little stressed from all that's happened. He clips on headphones, starts the tape in his walkman, and jogs down the street. A silky female voice, enveloped in surf sound effects, starts up.

"SOOTHSAYER" (ON TAPE)

Hello. Welcome to Stress Banishment with the Soothsayer. In twenty minutes, we will erase every trace of stress from your life. Every trace.

But Baskin doesn't look calm -- he jogs down the street, past a row of newspaper machines featuring headlines like "PUNISHER BODY COUNT GROWS" and "PUNISHER STRIKES AGAIN".

"SOOTHSAYER" (ON TAPE)

Virtually all stress is in your mind. A construct of your own. There is no one out to get you. So say that. There is no one out to get me.

Baskin mouths the words -- but he isn't convincing himself. He passes a diner, and the TV shows the Punisher's rampages.

BASKIN

There is no one out to get me -- no one is out to get me -- no one --

Every time he says it, more of his confidence erodes. Small things spook him -- a black cat in a window makes him dodge -- a laser's red dot appears on his chest, but it's just a KID playing with a laser pointer --

"SOOTHESAYER" (ON TAPE)
 Say it. Let it take you to the quiet
 place.

But the tape abruptly clicks -- and the voice changes --

FRANK (ON TAPE)
 Don't believe it, Baskin. Because I'm
 out to get you. And I'm taking you to
 the quietest fucking place there is.

Baskin seizes up -- he stops and tears off the walkman,
 clattering it into the street. Now he runs from fear, not for
 recreation -- faster and faster, looking over his shoulder,
 turning down one alley, zig-zagging into another, then --

-- directly into Frank's fist -- and Baskin's POV goes to

BLACK SCREEN.

UP FROM BLACK - BASKIN'S UPSIDE-DOWN POV - THE PUNISHER

is in front of him, holding a stainless steel instrument. It
 looks like it might be a bizarre pair of scissors.

BASKIN
 Wh--what are you doing with that?

FRANK
 This? I'm not going to do anything to
 you with this.

The Punisher picks up the nozzle of an acetylyne torch -- the
 "scissors" are actually just a sparker, and the torch ignites.

FRANK
 But I'm going to do plenty with this.
 Unless you tell me how to get into the
 safe in your office. The one that
 belongs to Costa.

WIDER VIEW - BASKIN IS HANGING UPSIDEDOWN BY A CHAIN

like a rack of ribs, stripped to the waist, swaying in an
 empty warehouse. The kind where every sound inside echoes --
 but you know no sound, no scream, can escape.

BASKIN
 I -- I don't know -- what you're --

Frank paces around Baskin, and a work table behind him.

FRANK
 Two thousand degrees. This'll turn
 steel into gravy. But you know what's
 interesting?

FRANK

(beat)

When I put this on your back, you won't even feel it. Like it's something too terrible for your body to know. Your nerve endings will sear shut and die. All you'll feel at first is a piercing cold.

BASKIN

O-okay -- there's a safe, but -- only Costa's knows the combination --

FRANK

Even so, there's still a way for you to know you're on fire. The smell. Ever smell burning human flesh, Baskin?

TIGHT ON BASKIN'S FACE - BASKIN IS TERRIFIED

and he can't see Frank -- he's squirming around to see what he's doing back there.

BASKIN

I don't know -- I swear to Christ, I don't have the combinAAAA --

Baskin SHRIEKS in agony -- there is a **SIZZLE** and a small puff of smoke and steam -- we can't see what Frank's doing, but we can see Frank is utterly at peace with it --

-- with a new SIZZLE, Baskin writhes in pain, SHRIEKING --

BASKIN

-- stop it, stop it! It's -- thirty six left, four right --

BEHIND BASKIN - FRANK IS JABBING HIM WITH A POPSICLE

and that's the "cold" he's feeling -- the smoke, sizzle and smell are from Frank running the torch along a couple of hot dogs on sheet metal. Frank jabs him with the blunt end of the popsicle in some untouched flesh, and he SHRIEKS again --

BASKIN

-- I'm telling you, stop, stop -- nineteen left, fuuuuck -- that's all, that's aaallll --

Frank cuts Baskin off by jamming the popsicle in his mouth.

FRANK

I'll make sure Costa knows how hard you were to crack.

As Frank walks out, eating the hot dog, Baskin twists around, now alone -- and his eyes bulge out as he realizes --

BASKIN
MUVVHFUVVHHHKKKKRRR!

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S SAFEHOUSE - DAY - MICROCHIP IS AT THE DESK
looking down at the "feast" bag Frank just tossed him.

MICROCHIP
Cold hot dogs and warm popsicles.
Thanks, Frank. You're the greatest.

FRANK
Maybe you want to eat out? One of
Costa's restaurants, or the fed
commissary.

Frank throws him a thick envelope. Microchip tears it
open -- there are photos, papers and computer CDs.

FRANK
Costa's lawyer gave me that. The
photos and papers are pretty
interesting, but not the whole story.

Microchip spreads them on the table. There are grisly photos
of bullet ridden bodies. There are shots of the wreckage of
an airliner. There are flight plans and shipping manifests.
Microchip puts one of the CDs in the computer.

MICROCHIP
It's encrypted.

FRANK
That shouldn't be a problem for you.

MICROCHIP
(looks miserably at desk)
Sure. With a four year old budget
system, I can crack a DOD level
encryption in, say, two hundred years.

FRANK
Did you get the other thing done?

Microchip tosses Frank a printout.

MICROCHIP
That's everything Costa owns in town.
Not just the stuff that's in his name,
but the ones that go through shell
companies. And like you asked, I
listed the shitholes first -- the ones
no one could ever prove are his.

Frank's looking it over, when something stands out from the
radio scanner -- something that catches his attention.

Frank steps over and turns it up --

JEAN (OVER RADIO)
-- repeat, calling in an five-eleven.

But it's not the police jargon, or Jean's voice, that caught his ear -- in the background, the radio's picking up the telltale hyena laugh Frank heard at his family's slaughter.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MIAMI STREET - JEAN IS USING THE CAR RADIO

as Luis is tossing a handcuffed ARTIE SCOGGINS (20s) into the back seat. Artie's got a rodent face to match his hyena laugh -- and right now he's not concerned about his arrest.

JEAN (INTO RADIO)
Bringing in suspect Arthur Scoggins on
weapons violations --

SCOGGINS
(laughing)
You can't think this is gonna stick --
Those are for my personal collection --

Outside the car, Luis hoists two duffel bags of machine guns into the trunk. Scoggins keeps LAUGHING -

SCOGGINS
Ain't you heard of the second
amendment?

INT. FRANK'S SAFEHOUSE - CLOSE ON FRANK'S FACE

as he listens to the radio, and the ongoing hyena LAUGH underscoring the police jargon. He's found one.

CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI POLICE STATION - DAY - JEAN

is standing in the office of her boss, CAPT. GARRETT. Jean is furious -- she can't believe what she's been told.

JEAN
Are you fucking kidding me? As dirty
as this guy is, we're letting him out?

GARRETT
The feds say they're working on a big
undercover investigation. If we bust
Scoggins it'll fuck their operation up.

JEAN
And you believe them? I don't know
what really happened with this
Castiglione guy, but one thing's for
sure. The feds aren't playing straight
with us.

JEAN

(beat)

This Scoggins guy is soft. I can break him like a piggy bank, and we'll get everything we need to put Costa away.

GARRETT

Your record's skipping. For five years you've tried to pin everything on Costa but the JFK assassination, and if that were in our jurisdiction I think you'd try.

(cuts off her reply)

That get-out-of-jail-free call went from the feds, to the governor, to this office. In any case, you've got a probable cause problem. You kicked his door in with no warrant. Who put you on to him, anyway?

She pause, staring at him. The question is a giveaway: she can't trust him. And his eyes confirm it.

JEAN

I'll make you a deal, Captain. I'll tell you who put me onto Scoggins, if you tell me who asked you to ask me.

GARRETT

Get the fuck out of my sight!

(beat)

This one's over. Let him out. Give him a ride home. And apologize.

Jean stalks out of the office.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY - SCOGGINS IS ALONE

and using the pay phone mounted on the wall.

SCOGGINS (INTO PHONE)

-- large, with anchovies, olives and extra garlic.

(hyena laugh)

No, I don't worry about my breath. It works just fine.

VOICE (O.S.)

Arthur Scoggins?

Scoggins waves a "shut up" at whoever it is --

SCOGGINS (INTO PHONE)

Forty minutes? I'll be home by then.

(hangs up, looks up)

About fucking time.

Scoggins steps to the barred door, as a uniformed officer unlocks the door. As it opens, Scoggins looks up -- first with recognition, then with incredulity, then fear --

THE PUNISHER IS STANDING THERE

in the hat and blue uniform of a police officer -- but the face is unmistakable. As is his intention.

ELSEWHERE IN STATION - AT EVIDENCE COUNTER - JEAN

is pissed, and raps on the counter for the DUTY OFFICER.

JEAN

I need Arthur Scoggins' effects.

The duty officer checks a drawer -- and a log book.

DUTY OFFICER

A uniform signed the envelope out a minute ago --

(off Jean's look)

He said he was with you -- hey --

Jean snatches the book away, and looks at the log book --

CLOSE ON LOG BOOK - THE SIGNATURE

by Scoggins' entry is: **Frank Castiglione.**

A SHOCKED JEAN DROPS THE BOOK

and unholsters her gun, running away from the desk --

AT THE HOLDING CELL - JEAN RUNS TO A HALT

and finds Scoggins, and as he said, he doesn't need to worry about his breath any more. He doesn't have any. He is on the floor, dead, his neck unmistakably broken.

Jean holds the gun up and shouts to other OFFICERS --

JEAN

Seal the exits!

(off their "huh?" looks)

The Punisher is in the building!

The desk officers hit an alarm and scramble, as Jean runs through the corridor --

-- at an exit, she finds a policeman's hat and shirt -- and she looks out the window. Frank is on his motorcycle, pulling onto the road and disappearing into traffic.

Jean holsters the gun. He is long gone.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOGGINS' APARTMENT - DAY - THE ANSWERING MACHINE

is playing, as we pan across the room. It's a shitty apartment, stuffed full of things that don't match. It's what happens when your furnishings come out of broken store windows and a long line of bedroom burglaries.

TERRY (ON ANSWERING MACHINE)

Artie, it's Terry. You gotta come to the Ulmington fuckery tonight for your share for that boat job. No-show and I'm keeping it.

The message clicks off as we find --

-- Frank is in the corner, eating the pizza Artie ordered. Sitting in front of him is the torn envelope of Artie's possessions: apartment keys, a roll of hundreds, some jewelry. Frank looks over the printout Microchip gave him --

-- and there's an Ulmington address on the list of properties owned by a Costa shell company.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB ON ULMINGTON - NIGHT - THE FRONT OF THE CLUB

looks like another busted out factory in the middle of a shitty neighborhood. That's by design. If you don't know about it, you're not supposed to know about it.

INSIDE THE CLUB - FRANK WALKS IN

and for him, it's low profile. A plain black T-shirt is covering the skull -- he's wearing sunglasses -- and he pays the \$100 cover on the way in without breaking stride.

As Frank moves in, and we hear the deafening CLUB MIX booming everywhere, we get a look around. This is a place you go to only if you're very, very comfortable on the wrong side of the law. The clientele looks like it's entirely made up of drug dealers and murderers who want to a buy a good time they can't find for any price on Ocean Avenue.

The club looks like it was converted from some kind of warehouse or factory -- the wares offered and the seclusion are more important than the fixtures. As Frank walks through, there are people openly using drugs -- and doors lead to side rooms. What we can glance as we pass hints at stuff that makes the "Eyes Wide Shut" club look like "The Sound Of Music." But for all the club's grime, it still has a theme.

Cages.

There are cages off to the side where you can buy any kind of vice you want. The bar is caged, probably for the safety of the BARTENDERS. Frank shoves in a twenty for a beer, and gets no change as he moves to the main floor.

The club runs three levels high, and each level is built around a huge open central space that goes from floor to ceiling. The reason it's built that way is: this is where the showcase cages are.

Here, six separate cages on chains rise and drop slowly past the levels -- and inside each, a gorgeous nude stripper is dancing. As the cages hoist them up and down by the levels, sometimes they pause -- the girls collect fifties and hundreds offered by the men at the rail -- and they move on, dancing to the next level.

Frank walks around the bottom level, trying to check out everyone and be as unobtrusive as possible at the same time. He wants to spot one of them, before they spot him.

AT SECOND LEVEL - FRANK MOVES ALONG THE RAIL

subtly looking into every shadow for a match. There are guys who look close -- including a PUNK in a vest with a tattooed chest -- but they're not the ones. He turns away.

But the tattooed punk gets up, angry -- aside from the tattoos, he's been victimized by other fads, including body piercing. He's got a chain that goes from his nose, to his lip, to his chest. Frank doesn't look at him as he charges up.

PUNK

Hey, dogfuck -- there some reason
you're scoping me instead of the
girls? You a cop, or you in the wrong
baAAAAAAA ---

Frank says nothing and the punk starts **screaming**, because Frank has impassively yanked the ring from his nose and the chain from his lip --

-- as one of the girl cages goes up, Frank hitches the ring to a bolt and walks away --

-- the chain tears out of one nipple -- then another -- then his navel -- the punk is SHRIEKING now and running away, leaving a trail of blood on the floor, but Frank doesn't even look back as he goes to another part of the rail.

Others nearby also barely notice this. It's not the scariest thing they've ever seen in here. Not even close.

At the railing, Frank starts looking around at others -- and the girl cage he just decorated pulls up by him. The girl inside, PAULA, puts on a seductive but fake smile for Frank.

PAULA

Would you mind taking that off? It
might hurt tips.

Frank unhooks the chain and tosses it aside, where it lands with a wet PLAP. Paula dances and stretches for Frank.

PAULA

Now why would you go and do something like that?

FRANK

I'm easily offended. He called me a cop.

PAULA

Are you really? A cop, I mean -- not easily offended.

FRANK

(shakes head, drinks beer)

Nah. I'm a body piercing specialist.

Frank takes out his roll of cash and peels off two fifties. Now Paula's interested. The dance goes on.

FRANK

You seen a friend of mine, comes in here a lot? You might not know his name but you'd remember him. Somebody mistook his hand for an ashtray one night.

PAULA

Terry. Everybody knows Terry.

(smiles, dances)

Why should I help you find him?

Frank pulls out the roll of bills.

FRANK

Because I owe him something for a job he did the other night.

(peels off some for her)

And when I'm done with him -- maybe you and I can take the night off.

Paula smiles and feathers the nest with the bills.

PAULA

Let me get back to you, lover.

Paula hits the buzzer to go up and over -- someone is controlling this from elsewhere. Frank watches her go, and he goes back to scanning the crowd, across the rails -- as --

ON THE SAME LEVEL - BEHIND FRANK - SOMEONE IS WATCHING HIM

Someone Frank didn't notice. It's someone nobody ever notices.

It's Rico. He turns beet red, furious. Can't believe that this guy is still alive. He finishes the line and chugs a vodka for nerve, and gets up to go over -- as --

AT THE RAILING - FRANK SCANS THE CROWD ABOVE

as Paula's cage moves up and over -- she is doing her dance, but she's also made eye contact with someone back on that level, and she's dancing a "come here" gesture to him --

-- Frank waits, very patiently, and puts the beer down -- he doesn't notice --

RICO IS FAST WALKING TOWARDS HIM

and he's pulling a gun out of his jacket -- we follow him as he gets closer --

AT RAILING - FRANK HAS NO IDEA

that Rico is right behind him -- he's just looking up --

FRANK'S POV - AT THE RAILING ABOVE FRANK - TERRY ARRIVES

and grips the rail with a thrice burned hand --

IN FRANK'S MIND - TERRY IS ONE OF THE BOAT GUNMEN

happily firing away at his wife and kids. ID: positive.

FRANK'S POV - TERRY LOOKS DOWN

as Paula points down at Frank, and he catches Frank's eye --

-- and the look of recognition on his face tells us he already sees his coffin closing.

ON FRANK AT RAILING - FRANK IS LOOKING UP

and the stare tells Terry he's right, it's over --

-- but Rico is charging now, gun held out sideways just like in the movies he's watched, and it's aimed at Frank's head -- he clicks back the hammer --

-- Frank hears this and spins, just in time -- he can't block the shot, he just grabs Rico's gunhand and forces it down -- the shot fires point blank into Frank's chest, so close that the discharge flame sets Frank's T-shirt on fire --

-- Frank grits his teeth from the impact, but that's it -- his hand closes around Rico's gun, they're face to face -- close enough for Frank to smell Rico's last breath --

FRANK

Hey, Rico --

(hand closes on gun)

I never did thank you for this shirt.

IN THE CAGE PIT - RICO IS HURLED DOWN HEAD FIRST

and on the way down, he collides with one of the girl cages, hard enough that it starts swinging all over the place and colliding with other cages, starting them swinging too --

AT THE SECOND LEVEL - FRANK TEARS OFF THE FLAMING T-SHIRT

as if it were made of paper, and tosses it aside. The skull is now visible -- and the 1911 comes out. Needless to say, the low profile strategy is going out the window.

ELSEWHERE IN THE CLUB - THE CROWD REACTS

and there's two camps -- fight or flight. The wannabes run, and the really bad looking characters all fill their hands --

AT THE RAILING - FRANK LOOKS UP TO THE THIRD LEVEL

and Terry has vanished.

On his own level, Frank looks left -- then right -- and sees the same thing on each side --

-- a dozen bad guys pulling their guns, all thinking: I'm going to be the motherfucker who bagged the Punisher.

Frank looks across the pit, and on the same level, he sees in the distance --

-- Terry is running through the crowd, moving toward an exit.

CLOSE ON FRANK'S FACE

There's no chance this guy is leaving alive. None.

FRANK RUNS ACROSS TABLES TO THE RAILING AND LEAPS OFF

-- with one hand, Frank grabs the bottom of Paula's cage as it hangs just above him -- and Frank swings across the pit, aiming his 1911 at Terry --

-- Frank aims carefully and fires --

ON TERRY'S PANICKED FACE

as he runs for the door -- Frank literally blows the scared expression away as a bullet enters through the back of his head and exits, blasting his face apart --

-- as Terry falls over, the cage completes its swing over --

IN THE PIT - FRANK HANGS ON TO THE BOTTOM

as the cage starts swinging back -- on the cage's floor, Paula is crumpled over and screaming --

-- as the cage swings back, there are at least twenty guys with their guns out -- they start firing --

-- and Frank fires back -- he bags two, but then he sees, at the railing corner --

-- one of the boat shooters is there -- the one with a vest full of knives, and a hogs head tattoo on his chest --

IN FRANK'S MIND - BACK AT THE BOAT HIT

this guy is there, tattoo and knife vest a perfect match --

IN THE CLUB - FRANK IS SWINGING ON THE CAGE

and he aims over at that shooter -- he's not going to mind dying too much if he can get this guy first --

-- Frank fires until he's empty -- and since Paula's cage is going up, Frank is too good a target -- he drops away --

-- and lands on top of another girl cage going up -- Frank is steadier now, he can stand on top, hold himself up with one hand, and with the other, he reloads the 1911 and fires up --

-- two more gunmen fall away --

-- but Frank has a new problem -- he is thrown off balance as a kick comes from within the cage -- Frank slips and falls, getting his grip on the top of the cage, and looks down --

-- Frank moves his hand off as a razor sharp spur lashes by --

-- SIENNA, the dancer in the cage, is wearing only lizardskin boots and spurs -- just like one of the boat shooters --

-- she's now braced herself against the bars and is kicking up to get at Frank --

IN FRANK'S MIND - SHE IS THERE ON THE BOAT

firing a machine gun -- you can only see from the waist down until a machine gun burst illuminates her face --

ON THE CAGE - FRANK SLIPS AGAIN ON THE TOP

as Sienna kicks away at him -- the look on her face confirms she's a killer, and she's out to finish Frank -- he's hanging on, but he accidentally drops his 1911 into the cage --

-- the cage now has swung back away from the shooters at the rail. The only break Frank has here is that the other caged, screaming girls are swinging chaotically all over the place, and the guys at the rail won't shoot through them --

-- inside the cage, Sienna, smiling, drops to get the gun -- it's bouncing around --

20.

-- as the cage swings back toward the shooters, they get ready to execute Frank -- the guy in the knife vest with the hoghead tattoo stands his ground, guns out --

-- inside the cage, Sienna gets a grip on the gun and is turning around to fire up -- but --

ON TOP OF THE CAGE - FRANK PULLS A KNIFE

and reaches up to an eyebolt connecting the cage to its chain -- with the huge blade, he breaks open two securing clips, then forces the eyebolt out as the cage swings back toward the shooters --

-- Frank grabs the chain as it separates from the cage -- the cage goes flying toward the shooters as Frank goes flying up, whipping along on the chain --

-- even as the cage tilts sideways, a second from impact, Sienna won't give up -- she is firing up at Frank --

-- but Frank is soaring up to the ceiling -- he drops the knife and pulls out a second 1911, firing down at bad guys who are still firing up at him --

THE CAGE SLAMS INTO THE SHOOTERS IN THE CORNER

but the impact really flattens the guy in the knife vest -- he is crushed between the cage and a concrete pillar as the cage flies apart, leaving Sienna tumbling in the wreckage!

AT THE TOP OF THE CLUB - FRANK SWINGS ON THE CHAIN

and he's really going now -- as GUNSHOTS rain up after him --

-- Frank lets go of the chain and smashes through a blacked out window near the ceiling --

ON THE ROOF - FRANK BURSTS THROUGH THE GLASS

and hits the flat roof hard before going into a roll. He's dazed, but quickly gets up to move toward an outside ladder.

IN THE ALLEY - A MOMENT LATER - FRANK IS MOVING AWAY

from the SOUNDS of a bunch of pissed off THUGS looking for him -- he's a little weakened from the fight. But as he hears a NOISE directly in front of him in the darkness --

-- Frank spins, pulling out his 1911 --

-- and finds that he is pointing his gun at Jean Neslar's head. Rock steady, she is pointing hers at his.

JEAN

I still don't know whose side you're on, but if you shoot me just one more time, I will go for a head shot.

JEAN
 (hears goons approaching)
 Come on. My car's this way.

Frank lowers his gun -- and Jean does the same.

CUT TO:

INT. JEAN'S CAR - NIGHT - JEAN IS DRIVING AWAY

with Frank in the passenger side. Frank is still a little
 hammered from that last fall.

FRANK
 What are you doing here, anyway?

JEAN
 Hey -- you're the one working off my
 leads. I heard that message too.

FRANK
 Not what I meant. Why are you the only
 cop in Miami who doesn't want to eat
 for free at Costa's restaurants?

Jean turns, with a dark, haunted look. Before she can make
 herself open her mouth --

-- Frank realizes where he's seen her before.

IN FRANK'S MIND - THE PHOTOS OF "VICTIMS" IN HARWOOD'S OFFICE

include a bloody, sheeted body on a sidewalk. The crying
 woman next to the body is Jean, a few years younger.

IN THE CAR - FRANK'S ATTITUDE SOFTENS A LITTLE

FRANK
 Your husband was Russell Neslar -- in
 the D.A.'s office?
 (she nods)
 I'm sorry. I should have figured it
 out before. He was one of the first
 Costa killed --

JEAN
 (bitter)
 Gee, you mean it's common knowledge
 over at the federal building? Maybe
 you could help me out with something
 else. My daughter is getting old
 enough to realize that everyone in
 town knows her daddy was killed, and
 that everyone knows who had it done,
 but nobody's doing anything about it.
 How should I explain that to her?

JEAN

(beat)

Maybe I could tell her it's like we had a war, and nobody told us about it until we'd already lost. So now we're in an occupied country. As long as we don't annoy them, as long as we keep off their radar, maybe, maybe we get to stay alive.

(beat)

I'd rather tell her the son of a bitch is in jail.

FRANK

Stick with the first story. It ain't happening. Costa's never going to see the inside of a cell.

JEAN

Bullshit. There are still some judges he can't buy. There are some people in Russ' office who want payback too. All they need is something solid. And I'm giving it to them.

FRANK

What are you talking about?

JEAN

That little barbeque in the parking garage? There was a case full of documents that I pulled out. A payment ledger, deposit slips, even some bank statements. It shows money coming in from guns, drugs and whores -- and going out through the legit businesses. Piece it together and you prove the money's his. Even he can't get it fixed if I get enough of it out in the open.

Frank looks out the window and thinks. Two days, and a thousand years ago, he was saying the same things.

FRANK

I know someone who might be able to help you do that.

(beat)

Get that case, and I'll help you.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT - IN THE CEILING DUCTWORK

This is the same parking garage where the shootout took place -- and Jean stands on the hood of her car, feeling around, until she pulls the singed case from its hiding place.

INSIDE THE CAR - FRANK IS WAITING

and looking at the last trace of his old life. That pendant with the pictures of Maria, Frank Jr. and Carla. Frank tries to thumb some of the blood off.

OUTSIDE THE CAR - JEAN'S CELL PHONE RINGS

and the display shows that it's "**KATIE**" calling. Jean snaps her phone open, and her smile drops, because the voice is --

COSTA (ON PHONE)

You know, if you'd spend more time with your daughter, and less time on my back, we wouldn't be in this fix.

The phone gets passed over -- and Jean's face goes ashen:

KATIE (ON PHONE)

(a desperate screech)

-- mommy --

JEAN

Katie -- where are you?

There is the SOUND of the phone passing back:

COSTA (ON PHONE)

Have you ever been to the funeral of a child? There's something about those undersized, four foot coffins that is just devastating. Now I have one question for you.

(beat)

Is there anything -- anything at all -- that you wouldn't do to keep Katie out of one?

Jean sags against the hood, and --

INSIDE THE CAR - FRANK IS SHAKEN OUT

of his reverie -- he looks up and sees the destroyed look on Jean's face. He gets out of the car --

-- and Jean, shaking, shuts the phone and pockets it. She looks up at Frank and can barely choke out the words --

JEAN

They have my daughter.

(beat)

Costa wants the case in exchange.

FRANK

Where does he want to do the swap?

JEAN

At the Hammond. It's an old hotel
they're renovating up on Ocean. Costa
said to come alone, in an hour.

FRANK

Forget it. I'm going with you.

JEAN

(moves for car)

I'm doing it the way he said --

FRANK

(stops her)

She might be dead already.

(she freezes)

She might be alive too. We don't know.
The only thing you can be sure of is,
Costa won't play this straight. Once
you turn that case over, he'll kill
you both. I'm going to get there first
and cover the place.

JEAN

No -- that fucker already got my
husband -- he's not getting Katie too.

FRANK

I tried to protect my family too. All
by myself, because I didn't trust
anybody. I couldn't trust anybody.

(hard)

Maybe they'd still be alive if I let
somebody help me when it counted.
Don't make the same mistake I did.

(beat)

You stick to your end of the deal.
I'll be there to make sure Costa
covers his end. All right?

Emotionally drained, Jean nods -- and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. THE "HAMMOND HOTEL" - NIGHT - A LINE OF CARS

pull through the fence gate and onto the driveway. The entire
grounds are dark and silent -- this is one of many old, still
majestic Miami hotels that are either slated for destruction
or renovation, depending on the buyer. As the cars file in --

JEAN WAITS IN THE EMPTY FIRST LEVEL

which used to be a nice lobby, but sections are missing from
the walls -- and even from the sodden, rotting ceiling. This
place is definitely in need of either a renovation crew or a
wrecking ball. As the lights snake up the driveway --

JEAN
They're coming.

TWO LEVELS UP - FRANK IS WAITING

on a rotting floor that has enough holes to look down, and enough holes in the walls to look forward and out. He's brought along enough equipment to take on an army -- he has a machine gun, ammo, his 1911s, and it even looks like he's going to be ready to get down there fast -- he has a rapelling line set up over one of the holes.

As the cars pile in, Frank is aiming a device at each one -- it's a long range heat scope showing thermographic images. The headset radio in Frank's ear comes to life --

JEAN (OVER RADIO)
Looks like there's five carloads.

Frank does quick thermographic scans of each car. The scans show about a dozen gunmen, but not what he was looking for.

FRANK (INTO RADIO)
She's not in any of the cars.

JEAN (OVER RADIO)
-- shit --

FRANK (INTO RADIO)
They may have her nearby. Don't worry.
I won't move until they bring her out -- or until I'm sure they won't.
Take off the radio -- but stash it close so I can hear.

IN THE LOBBY LEVEL - JEAN

quickly takes off the radio and hides it in a piece of debris, as they walk up.

Costa is in the lead, flanked by Jigsaw and ten other gunmen.

JEAN
Where is Katie?

COSTA
Close by. You have something for me?

Jean hands over the burn-smear case. Costa flips through it, satisfied that it's the right one. But he wants more.

COSTA
And the rest?

Jean freezes and says nothing.

TWO LEVELS UP - FRANK IS WATCHING THROUGH A SNIPER SCOPE

that he has aimed down through holes in the level, as --

IN THE FIRST LEVEL - COSTA NODS TO JIGSAW

who throws Jean an article of clothing. Jean looks at it -- and it's Katie's soccer jersey, with a bloodstain just big enough to flare the imagination.

COSTA

If you want to do this piecemeal, I can too. What part do you want next?

Jean's eyes are shut -- and she sags in surrender. There's nothing else she can do.

FRANK'S POV - FRANK WATCHES THROUGH SNIPER SCOPE

and hears her through the radio --

JEAN (OVER RADIO)

I'm sorry, Frank.

She turns and points up, directly at Frank's position --

-- and before Frank can react, Jigsaw grabs Jean to use as a shield and aims up a laser-sighted machine gun --

FRANK ROLLS AS BULLETS EXPLODE EVERYWHERE THROUGH THE CEILING

-- he's completely off balance -- there's no chance to use the sniper rifle, and he's outgunned now too --

-- as Frank rolls, he makes a move to grab his machine gun, but that section of floor is shot away -- Frank has to change direction just to avoid falling in!

IN THE FIRST LEVEL - ALL OF THE GUNMEN ARE FIRING UP

with machine guns, their laser sights and gun barrels lighting up the darkness --

-- Costa is holding Jean, who looks miserable --

ON FRANK'S LEVEL - FRANK RUNS ACROSS THE FLOORING

which was collapsing under its own weight before -- now the floor is literally being shot out from under him!

Frank runs toward the rappelling rig he's got set up -- he's zig-zagging around existing holes and trying to dodge shots, but bullets and laser sights are everywhere --

ON THE FIRST LEVEL - THE GUNMEN ARE FIRING UP

and as the amount of ceiling shrinks, their odds of hitting Frank go up -- now they can see him better --

ON FRANK'S LEVEL - FRANK DRAWS HIS 1911

and is a couple of steps away from the rappelling rig, his only chance to get down -- as he starts to leap for it --

-- a bullet tears through Frank's leg -- he falls hard --

-- the floor caves in completely under him -- Frank falls through the floor and he smashes through the next level --

ON THE FIRST LEVEL - FRANK SMASHES THROUGH THE CEILING

and hits the floor, hard -- his gun goes skittering across the floor -- stunned, Frank is an inch from unconsciousness.

FRANK'S POV - JIGSAW STEPS OVER HIM

and glowers down -- again, whether that look on his face is a smile or not is open for debate. Jigsaw points a gun down at Frank's face -- and after a moment, delivers a brutal **kick** that snaps the POV violently to the side and kills the lights.

CUT TO BLACK.

UP FROM BLACK - FRANK'S POV IS SPINNING AND TILTING

and bleached of color -- until it steadies to reveal Bruno Costa is in front of him, smiling. But Frank can do nothing --

WIDER IN THE ROOM - FRANK IS HANGING BY HIS WRISTS

shirtless and bound -- his feet are also bound and secured. The room itself is clean and freezing cold. There are prep tables, chemicals, paint and even a variety of specialized scalpels. This is a prep room for embalming bodies.

Frank struggles weakly, but it's no use. Costa has nothing to fear by going as close as he wants to gloat.

COSTA

No hard feelings, Frank? Against the constable, I mean. We told her to turn you over to us, and she'd get her little girl back. As a father --
 (mock contrition)
 -- I mean, recent ex-father, you understand how easy that trade is.

FRANK

Did you --

COSTA

Let the girl go? Fuck no! Listen, Frank -- there's something you need to understand.

(points to cemetery map)

This cemetery's called "Silent City". But the dead are not silent.

COSTA

The dead speak to us, louder and clearer than the living ever could.

(beat)

Your family is a good example. By now, everyone in the rank and file at the FBI knows I had them killed. No one can prove it, or act on it. That place, between knowledge and proof, is where I live. They know enough to fear me -- but without proof, I can't be arrested. Everybody in the organized crime units, they're gonna ease up a little -- or find a different guy to go after. Because the dead speak to us. And your family is speaking for me.

(beat)

The constable's made a lot of noise about me. We let her out in midtown before coming here. By now, she's in the police station, making a different kind of noise -- "for God's sake, find my daughter". She'll be throwing all kinds of shit at me, but guess what? I've got witnesses who'll swear I've been in Chicago since six o'clock.

(beat)

I'll tell you, it's a good night to have a fetish keyed around a nine year old girl. We have those clients lining up now in our place on Waldemar. The guys who like fucking little girls -- the guys who like killing little girls -- even the guys who like fucking dead little girls will have a good time tonight. In fact, we're making a movie out of it and giving out tapes for free. That cop's daughter is going to be working for me for a long, long time.

(moves closer to Frank)

When they find her body, it's not just going to be a dead little girl. For years, she will whisper in the ear of every cop thinking of making a move against me. For years, she will speak for me. Because nothing will be proven -- but everyone will know.

Frank is chilled by this -- but that's just the reaction Costa wants, so he keeps an unimpressed, stony look.

FRANK

Some reason you haven't done me yet?

COSTA

You're gonna help me, Frank. We're gonna hit every cop who won't play ball, every judge who won't take, any stragglers on the Vingello crew who might have a grudge. They're gonna run out of chalk to make the outlines this weekend. And every corpse is going to get your little skull signature --

(he holds up Frank's vest)

-- case closed. "That Punisher psycho struck again!"

FRANK

You don't need me breathing for that.

Costa paces around the tables -- and stops at one that clearly has a sheeted body on it.

COSTA

You are so right. See, I had a conversation with my lawyer --

Costa pulls the sheet. Baskin's mutilated body is underneath.

COSTA

-- and he tells me that you apparently have some of my papers. If you looked them over, you know how useless they are to you. You think that evidence is what gets me arrested? That evidence means I can never be arrested. Ever.

(beat)

Remember that war in Eastern Europe a few years ago, Frank? Always on the back pages of the news -- breakaway republic this, military strongman that. As usual, the real news was what you didn't read in the paper. The CIA was backing the bad guy in the fight -- a real no bullshit execute-everybody dictator -- which means, by CIA definitions, that he's stable. They wanted to send him enough military hardware to hold on -- real good stuff, machine guns, rocket launchers, all of it fell off the back of the truck after the Gulf War. But because it's going to the new Hitler, they can't use the regular channels. So they came to me, for the same reasons they backed this dictator.

(smiles)

To them -- I'm stable. For two years I shipped those weapons, got paid by the dictator, who got paid by the CIA -- and our pal was mowing rebels like grass.

COSTA

I made side deals to bring in heroin from Asia -- and it was beautiful. My planes went in full and came back full, and I was getting paid on every end. I was about to move in the biggest load yet. Guns, land mines, even some kind of fuel-air bomb that can crater six square blocks.

(beat)

But right before I got paid, our friend the dictator got both heads blown off by a whore with a gun. Can you believe that shit? Everything down the toilet thanks to the kamikaze puta.

(beat)

So the rebels take over. All of a sudden my friends with lapel flags don't know me any more. They tell me to dump the arms because the operation's been "scrubbed". They can't go back, they can't go forward, I'm supposed to eat the loss.

(beat)

Bull shit. I'm gonna build an eight figure coral reef because their plan didn't work out?

FRANK

So you boomeranged the guns and put them on our streets.

(looks at gravesite map)

And they're all stashed right here.

COSTA

It's perfect storage. We dig up the weapons as needed. Nobody can get to them but me. When we ship guns to another state, it's "transport of a body" -- and believe me, they just wave you through at the weigh station. Nobody wants to open those boxes.

(beat)

And there's going to be a lot of shipments this month. Now that Vingello's gone, his operations in other cities -- the northeast, Chicago, Detroit -- they're all vulnerable, and I'm taking them. Every coffin I empty is going to mean a hundred coffins full.

(beat)

The lapel flags don't like what I'm doing, but they have nothing to say about it. I kept good records, and a lot of it could be embarrassing. Some of those guns killed American reporters.

COSTA

One of those shoulder missiles took down an American airliner with two hundred people on board. Anything happens to me, the who, what, where, when, why and how all come out. So you see, I need to control the release of that information. It's my leverage.

Frank gives Costa a cold, fuck-you look. It's not happening. Costa presses harder.

COSTA

You want to know how we found your boat? When you were packing, one of the FBI security guys planted a bug on you. Harwood did it -- swear to God, he did it for --

(breaking up laughing)

-- for your "protection" -- Christ, this is killing me! Then we got word from our guys inside, et cetera, et cetera, but you know where the bug was?

(beat)

In your kid's pocket videogame! We not only found you that way, we got your whole trip on tape.

("recovers" from laughs)

Some of it's very moving. That business about "home" being any place you're all together -- whoa.

(beat)

I'll make you a deal, Frank. I'm not going to kid you. You're going to die and it's going to hurt. But if you tell me where your copy of the information is, I'll give you something no one else can. Home.

("friendly")

You will be buried, with the remains of your family, right here. A family plot. Good markers, with marble angels for the kids. And a full Catholic service. I swear, on my family, I will make that happen for you.

(beat)

You're dead, Frank. So speak to me.

Frank raises his head -- he is physically beaten to a pulp, and his face reveals nothing.

FRANK

I'll help you, Bruno. I swear, on my family. You want to talk to dead people?

(quiet but certain)

I'll make that happen for you.

Costa laughs out loud -- when is this guy going to quit? -- and backs up, a little disappointed. All this means is he's going to have to push some more buttons. Costa shouts back --

COSTA

Sienna!

Frank hears the spurs first -- he looks to the door --

FRANK'S POV - THE LIZARDSKIN BOOTS WITH THE RAZOR SPURS

walk in -- and as Frank's view moves up, we see who this is, the face of one of the killers of Frank's family --

-- the same dancer in the cage who tried to kill Frank at the club. She's wearing those boots, and that leather vest with an assortment of knives sheathed inside, and not much more. She's banged up, but she smiles at Costa as he walks out.

COSTA

Hurt him every way you can.

Sienna pops a minidisc in a player.

SIENNA

I hope you don't mind. Club mixes are my hobby --

The tape starts -- it is an audio mix of Frank's family, speaking, screaming and dying, blended with a techno beat.

SIENNA

-- and I can not work without a beat.

As Hell's soundtrack plays, Sienna leaps at Frank with a scissor kick that slashes both spurs across his chest!

CUT TO:

EXT. "**SILENT CITY**" - WIDE SHOT - NIGHT - **CRANES**

are unearthing the "coffins" and loading them into trucks. The sight of all these burial vaults being opened appears ghoulish, until you get a look at one of the coffins, which cracks open as it's lowered to a truck --

-- it is packed with machine guns -- not just the hand size ones seen before, but full scale assault weapons. And we can see from the dozen trucks that are being packed with these coffins, Costa is making good on his threat.

We also get a look at what "Silent City" is: an upscale, expensive looking gated cemetery park, located on a finger of land sticking out into Biscayne Bay, where the water gently laps against a seawall surrounding the park. The cover of the location as an opulent graveyard is thorough -- there are statues, and markers on the "graves".

There is a three story mortuary, a small temple, even a mosaic depiction of Heaven that's thirty feet high and a hundred feet long.

FROM THE ROOFTOP DECK OF THE MORTUARY - COSTA IS LOOKING OUT
at the water and at the city of the dead. Takes a deep breath.

COSTA

It's such a nice, peaceful place to be dead. It's almost a shame we don't really have any bodies here.

(turns to thug)

Tell Jack to get the copter ready -- we're going straight to the airstrip.

CUT TO:

INT. EMBALMING ROOM - SIENNA LANDS ON HER FEET

and she's just starting to sweat a little. It's a good workout, and that club mix -- a house beat and the audio samples of Frank's family -- are getting her blood moving.

She stretches and gets ready for another one, smiling at Frank. You'd think she's trying to get him off and kill him at the same time.

FRANK IS HANGING FROM THE CEILING

and he's twisting gently from the ongoing beating. His chest looks like someone's been ice skating on it. But his face is impassive -- even contemptuous.

FRANK'S POV - SIENNA

is moving to the music, but Frank's lack of reaction is really turning into a buzzkill.

SIENNA

I told you, Frank -- you're going to have to give me a different look, or I'm going to give you a different face.

A couple of dance moves back to get ready -- then she runs into a flying leap, angled high --

ON FRANK'S FACE

Frank knows this time the spurs are coming for his face -- but that's what he wants --

-- Frank tenses his wrists and pulls down as hard as he can --

-- just as Sienna's boot arrives, Frank throws his head back, and twists his shoulder to throw her off --

-- and it works -- Sienna' kick goes too high -- the spur misses Frank's face, and it slashes the outside of Frank's wrists and the rope binding them --

-- Sienna lands in a heap on the tile floor, as --

-- Frank's hands are still bound -- the cut part of the rope is unravelling but it's still there. Frank flexes with everything he's got, straining against the ropes --

-- and the last strand on the rope snaps -- Frank falls hard to the floor, and that impact loosens the ones around his ankles. Frank weakly throws them off and gets to his feet --

-- and it's not a good time to be this wobbly, because Sienna is back on her feet, and she's angry --

-- she charges Frank and delivers a hard kick square in the chest -- breathless, Frank is knocked across the room --

-- Sienna is back on form, smiling and instinctively working the beat into her moves -- she charges Frank again --

-- still weak, Frank grabs the only thing handy -- the gurney with Baskin's body on it -- he shoves it at her --

-- Baskin's body wheels toward Sienna, but it doesn't even slow her down -- she leaps up and over it, even kicking it back away as she lands again. She pulls out a pair of knives from her vest -- she's clearly going to finish it now.

With the knives drawn, she launches herself at Frank --

-- but Frank is leaning at the embalming prep table, and there are half a dozen scalpels on the linen top --

-- Frank picks up the scalpels and hurls three of them --

THE SCALPELS HIT SIENNA'S CHEST DEAD CENTER IN MID-LEAP

and their impact doesn't slow her down, but her adrenaline driven smile turns into a surprised look and a gasp --

-- Frank dodges and Sienna loses control, crashing instead of landing -- she hits the table, and then the floor, face-down, driving the scalpels further in --

-- and Sienna's last move is to roll over, dead on the floor.

Frank looks down at her, catching his breath. There's no joy in killing her. Not even any joy in still being alive. All he's done is cross another one off his list.

Weakly, Frank knocks one of the body linens over her -- and he staggers to the minidisc player. Sienna' party tape is still playing, with a stutter track of Frank's daughter asking, "Is that what we're doing? Looking for home"?

Frank ejects the disc. Snaps it in half. And from a nearby table, he picks up his skull vest and his 1911s. Meanwhile --

EXT. CEMETARY - NIGHT - "COFFINS" ARE LOADED ONTO TRUCKS

and a crane hovers over a burial vault, ready to reel up more. In a clearing nearby, Costa climbs into a helicopter, which starts revving for liftoff.

INSIDE THE MORTUARY - FRANK IS MOVING THROUGH THE HALL

and he though he's got his gun and his vest back, he looks like roadkill. But as he passes a small window, he sees Costa boarding the helicopter -- and his face hardens.

*No chance he leaves here alive. **No chance.***

FRANK MOVES TO THE FRONT LOBBY OF THE MORTUARY

which is as formally pleasant as you'd expect -- there are floral arrangements, crystal statues, stained glass windows. A GOON in the front sees Frank -- he's surprised, and he wheels around, aiming a pump shotgun --

-- Frank scores with his shot, taking out the goon mid-thorax -- his shotgun blast goes wild, shattering a crystal cherub and a full panel of stained glass --

OUTSIDE IN THE CEMETARY - COSTA'S HELICOPTER LIFTS OFF

There's no way you can hear the sound of gunfire a hundred yards away over a nearby copter engine -- Costa doesn't hear, and the thugs loading the trucks haven't heard yet, but --

INSIDE THE MORTUARY LOBBY - ANOTHER GUNSEL COMES IN

ready for trouble and armed with one of Costa's signature line machine guns -- he's sure he can't miss, and he LAUGHS as he sprays half a clip across the room at Frank --

THE SHOTS STITCH ACROSS FRANK'S CHEST

and Frank doesn't even feel the impact -- apparently this guy didn't get the memo about the shirt being bulletproof -- stray shots blast through the stained glass window behind Frank as he fires back with his 1911 --

THE GUNSEL GOES DOWN

with an two shot kill -- he flies back through a window --

OUTSIDE IN THE CEMETARY - THE THUGS SECURING THE TRUCKS

finally hear the noise, and see the light blazing out of the now one hundred percent windowless lobby --

-- quickly arming themselves from their own jackets, and from the inventory that's handy, they run toward the mortuary --

OUTSIDE THE MORTUARY - FRANK RUNS OUT

and is oblivious to the approaching threat -- all he cares about is that Costa's copter is gone. It's pulling away over the water. He can't get him.

Frank has to put away his disappointment as the first shots ring out behind him --

Frank turns, but he's outgunned -- there are at least a dozen thugs coming for him. He runs, dodging between markers, as --

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - COSTA IS HIGH ABOVE THE WATER

but he sees out the window the unmistakable blaze of machine gun fire, all over the cemetery -- and he knows what it means.

COSTA
(incredulous)
He's out --
(to pilot)
Turn around!

FRANK IS RUNNING AHEAD OF A BLIZZARD OF BULLETS

that chisel new grooves onto the markers -- he gets off a few shots at his pursuers, but there are too many targets.

Frank runs for the cover of a huge wall: a two sided mosaic of a cheerful, sunny view of heaven. If he can get to one side of it, he'll be shielded from the gunmen coming his way.

But as Frank rushes to this cover, the advantage vanishes -- a trio of heavies rush from that side too. Nowhere to go --

-- except up, as the mosaic has "steps" in the sides -- Frank sprints up the "steps" to the top of the slab --

-- from twenty feet up, Frank fires down at the gunmen on either side --

-- and they fire up, their bullets shredding the pastoral tile artwork and exploding all around Frank --

-- as Frank nears the end of the slab, a shot hits him in the side -- he's wearing his bulletproof shirt, but it hits him like a wrecking ball, painfully knocking him off the slab --

FRANK TUMBLES OFF THE MOSAIC

and toward a huge mound of dirt that's been piled up from the digging -- Frank hits it hard, but the mound's softness and its slope soften the landing a bit --

-- Frank rolls down the mound, stopping by an open burial vault -- he is by the crane that's been moving the coffins!

The CRANE OPERATOR swings the crane arm around -- a coffin on a chain comes flying right for Frank --

-- Frank rolls out of the way as the coffin smashes into the mound where he was a second ago -- as he rolls, Frank fires twice into the cab of the crane --

-- the driver takes a bullet in a hard hat that wasn't hard enough -- and as he slumps, the crane grinds to a stop.

Frank moves to the coffin that was smashed -- and it was loaded with machine guns. Frank grabs one, and throws open the lid of another coffin.

CLOSE ON FRANK'S FACE

We don't see what's in the coffin. But we do see Frank knows exactly what he's going to do with it.

FUTHER BACK IN THE CEMETARY - SOME OF COSTA'S THUGS

begin to move out from behind tombstones, creeping toward the mound like "Night of the Living Goons" --

-- but the headlights of the crane blaze on -- the motor is running, and the crane starts lurching toward the goons --

FRANK IS STANDING ON TOP OF A COFFIN

that's being winched up the line, firing ahead of him with two machine guns -- the coffin he's standing on goes up ten feet, twenty, as the driverless crane moves on --

ON THE GROUND - COSTA'S THUGS

are either fleeing behind tombstones or crumpling over them --

IN THE HELICOPTER - COSTA SHOUTS AT THE PILOT

as it banks around for another pass --

COSTA

Back around! By the roof!

ON FRANK STANDING ON COFFIN - THE CRANE IS MOVING TOWARD

the third story observation deck of this mortuary --

-- with nothing else to get out of this ride, Frank leaps off the coffin as it passes by the roof -- he rolls into a rough landing, and the driverless crane keeps moving past the building, hauling that coffin high --

-- Frank is still rolling along the roof, as the copter moves over him and Costa punches a line of bullets behind Frank --

-- Frank stops rolling and raises his gun to fire back, but there are only half a dozen shots left -- the gun clicks out.

As the copter overshoots and banks around, Frank tosses the empty machine gun, and stands up, drawing out his 1911 from a side holster. Pulls out the clip and checks it.

He has one bullet left.

Frank slams the shot in, as --

INSIDE THE MORTUARY - A GROUP OF COSTA'S THUGS

are running up the interior stairs, all with guns that almost certainly have more than one shot left -- and --

INSIDE THE COPTER - THE PILOT

banks it around again and is moving toward Frank -- but Costa is too intent on Frank to notice that, elsewhere --

THE COFFIN HANGING ON THE CRANE FALLS AWAY

as the handle looping it to the line breaks -- revealing that, more securely hooked in, is a huge silver cylinder twisting on the line, an LED blinking, as --

ON THE ROOF - FRANK SEES THE CYLINDER

and knows its going off on time -- as the copter comes back toward him, he runs to the water side of the roof --

INSIDE THE COPTER - COSTA IS FIRING AT FRANK

until the clip runs dry -- he pulls it out and jams a fresh one in, but as he does, right below --

FRANK TAKES A RUNNING LEAP OFF THE ROOF TOWARD THE WATER

but as he's flying off the roof head first, he isn't even looking at the water below --

-- he is holding his 1911 steady, aiming with both hands at the copter -- waiting --

-- waiting --

-- until --

THE GREY CYLINDER HANGING FROM THE CRANE BLOWS OPEN

and it does what fuel-air weapons are supposed to do -- it blows out a highly compressed, highly flammable aerosol cloud --

-- in a split second, the entire "cemetery" is covered with a thick, combustible fog --

IN THE HELICOPTER - COSTA KNOWS WHAT HAS HAPPENED

In shock, he looks at the crane -- and at Frank --

FRANK IS STILL FALLING TOWARD THE WATER

but he is still aiming -- his eyes are locked on Costa's as he does something he should have done a long time ago:

-- he pulls the trigger --

BULLET POV - THE SHOT PIERCES THE FRONT EDGE OF THE CLOUD

and ignites it -- the blazing cloud travels back at bullet speed toward an incredulous Costa --

-- Frank's last bullet ends in Costa's skull, killing him a hundredth of a second before the copter is engulfed in a wave of fire --

THE FUEL-AIR CLOUD COMPLETELY IGNITES

and obliterates the cemetery in a blinding flash -- this is like a nuclear explosion scaled to three blocks --

UNDER THE WATER - FRANK COMPLETES THE DIVE

and shoves his 1911 in his belt -- he swims forward, as the air above him is visibly, literally, ablaze --

-- there are THOOMS of shock impact underwater, but nothing like what's going on above --

THE "CEMETARY" HAS BEEN CRATERED

-- the instantaneous fuel-air blast has already consumed itself, and there are some chain reaction blasts of the munitions buried here. Nothing is left.

AT A SMALL ISLAND BRIDGE - TRAFFIC HAS COME TO A HALT

as people stop, pull over and gape at the blast's aftermath -- no one notices, as nearby, at the water's edge --

-- Frank has crawled out of the water at the bridge's base. Exhausted, he leans against a girder. He looks as dead as any of those he left behind. But he can't stop. There's one more to kill. And one more to save.

He reaches in his pocket, and pulls out something: it's the printout he got from Microchip earlier. It's drenched and falling apart, but you can still make out the names and addresses -- and the street name "Waldemar" leaps out at us.

Frank pockets the sodden list, and moves for an unattended motorcycle, apparently belonging to one of the crowd that's pulled over for a look at the show.

Frank gets on the cycle and turns the key. The weekend warrior MOTORCYCLE OWNER hears this and turns around --

MOTORCYCLE OWNER

(shouts)

-- Hey!!

Frank gives him one hard glance: do you really want me off this cycle? The cycle's former owner backs up and backs down -- and Frank ROARS the cycle across the bridge to Miami.

CUT TO:

INT. A DARKENED CLOSET - KATIE IS HANDCUFFED TO A PIPE

and she looks filthy, but so far, physically safe. She's scared, but she hasn't given up --

-- there is a crack of light coming from the door, and she has one hand free. With a bent, rusty wire she's found on the floor, she is trying to pick the lock. The attempt fails. She's been at it for hours. And she tries again, as --

IN ANOTHER LOFT-SIZED ROOM - JIGSAW AND TWO GOONS

prep for the shoot, by dragging over a soiled mattress, setting up a light, and putting a camcorder on a tripod.

GOON #1

(struggling with mattress)

Where are her co-stars while we're hauling this shit?

GOON #2

Downstairs. Watching their movies to get cranked up.

(positions light)

Those guys creep me all the way out.

GOON #1

(drops mattress)

Good news, Stu. You don't have to fuck 'em. She does.

But over this grumbling, and the sound of pedophiles partying below, Jigsaw hears a noise and goes to investigate --

-- he walks into another room and pulls open the closet door. Inside: a pair of handcuffs. And no little girl.

Jigsaw's face flushes, his scar tissue throbs, and he yells --

JIGSAW

Mousehunt!

In the other room, the goons pick up their guns and fan out, moving through the abandoned industrial level, as --

KATIE RUNS THROUGH THE LEVEL

and she's stumbling through the junk in the dark, trying to be fast and quiet at the same time, but you can't be both: she knocks over a pipe --

ELSEWHERE IN THE LEVEL - JIGSAW HEARS THIS

and starts running in the right direction --

KATIE HEARS THE FOOTSTEPS BOOMING TOWARD HER

and she runs, in a panic, through doors, around junk, any way that's out --

-- and she winds up in something that used to be a bathroom. It's filthy, the pipes are disconnected, and there's cleaning stuff there that hasn't been used for years. It also has a small mesh-wired window.

Desperate, Katie picks up a piece of junk and smashes the window -- the glass breaks, the wire bends -- and --

JIGSAW HEARS THIS AND RUNS TO THE BATHROOM

with his gun out -- as he tears the door open, he sees the window is almost smashed out --

-- as he turns from the window, Katie, panicked, throws a cup of ancient "Liquid Plumber" in his face --

-- Jigsaw's already raw face is scorched -- he staggers back, yelling in pain -- as he thrashes around --

-- Katie manages to smash the window out -- it's just big enough for her to climb out to a fire escape, as --

ON THE MIAMI STREETS - FRANK IS RACING AROUND TRAFFIC

and through red lights --

AT THE CONDEMNED BUILDING ON WALDEMAR - KATIE IS RUNNING

through the streets --

KATIE

-- help! Somebody help me!

But this is the shittiest part of Miami at three a.m. -- a virtually abandoned, industrial part of town. No one is here at this time of night -- at least, no one likely to help.

At the nearby ROAR of the elevated Metroliner that runs through here, Katie turns and runs to the train station --

-- even as Jigsaw and the two armed goons run out after her.

FRANK'S POV - AT THE TOP OF THE STATION

through guard rails, he sees Katie running, alone and desperate -- his view dips below --

-- and at the turn of the stairwell below, Jigsaw and his men are running up.

FRANK STEERS HIS CYCLE ONTO THE SIDEWALK

racing toward the station -- as --

ON THE STATION PLATFORM - JIGSAW AND THE OTHER THUGS

are on the platform, guns out. There is no sign of Katie here -- there are only a couple of passengers waiting, and they scatter down the stairs when they see the guns. Jigsaw and one of the thugs move to the train in the station, as Jigsaw shouts to one on the platform.

JIGSAW

Check out every inch of the platform!

Jigsaw and the other thug board the back of the four car train, as --

INSIDE THE TRAIN - KATIE IS RUNNING

and crying, hysterical, looking for help -- but the train is empty. Katie is pushing her way ahead, as --

IN THE LEAD CAR - THE MOTORMAN

isn't noticing anything but the tunes on his walkman -- he shuts the doors and the train starts out of the station --

ON THE STATION PLATFORM - THE THUG STILL LOOKS FOR KATIE

but an odd, echoing ROAR makes him turn --

-- riding full throttle, Frank races onto the platform --

-- the thug fires at Frank, but the motorcycle serpentine through the columns as gunfire CHIPS away the concrete -- Frank gets cover to zigzag through, but the thug is exposed --

-- as the thug tries and fails to shoot Frank, Frank slams into him with the motorcycle -- the thug goes flying and hits a concrete pillar with certainly fatal impact --

-- Frank leans over so the cycle can go into a steep looping turn -- he reaches down for the loose machine gun --

-- and he races across the platform for speed, right toward the track -- Frank leaps the motorcycle across the metrorail track gap, landing on the center concrete trail -- as --

INSIDE THE TRAIN - JIGSAW IS DETERMINED TO FINISH THIS

as he moves through the cars, guns out -- the cars are empty. If anyone was on board, they got off when the gunsels got on. Jigsaw kicks through the last door --

-- and opens the closet-like control room -- the motorman is so startled his headphones come off. He grabs for a radio mike, but Jigsaw lets loose with a machine gun burst --

-- the motorman slumps to the floor, dead. But we'll also note: the controls have been shot up. The train is still running, and it's accelerating past 50 mph, but now it's a runaway! Meanwhile --

BEHIND THE TRAIN - FRANK'S CYCLE RACES THROUGH THE DARKNESS

along an outside stretch of concrete that's eighteen inches wide -- any wrong move and he's riding this cycle forty feet down at fifty miles an hour --

-- Frank accelerates toward a curving grade to catch up, as --

INSIDE THE TRAIN - JIGSAW IS TEARING THE PLACE UP

to find Katie -- no sign of her yet. That's because she's --

OUTSIDE THE TRAIN - KATIE IS HANGING ONTO THE BAR AND LEDGE

on the front of the Metrorail -- it's barely doable because it's designed with a foothold, but Katie is absolutely terrified as fifty MPH winds tear at her -- while --

IN THE REAR CAR - THE OTHER THUG LOOKS FOR KATIE

and finds nothing, but he's very suprprised to see a motorcycle is following on the opposite track -- as he realizes who it is, he starts blazing through the window --

BULLETS SPARK OFF THE CONCRETE AND RAILS AROUND FRANK

as he keeps pace with the train -- with one hand he aims his gun and fires back at the rear car! The crossfire is turning the rear section of the train into a screen door --

-- and Frank has a new problem -- a headlight shines on his face, meaning that a train is coming for him head-on --

-- Frank accelerates toward the oncoming train -- using the ascending grade, he leaps the motorcycle high up toward the train he's chasing --

-- Frank is out of the way just a split second ahead of the oncoming train, which ROARS past him as he's airborne -- still firing his gun ahead of him, Frank crashes the motorcycle through the torn metal wall of the rear car --

INSIDE THE REAR CAR - FRANK AND THE MOTORCYCLE CRASH THROUGH

and the cycle punches out a section of jagged metal, landing on top of the thug -- if he's not dead, he's definitely out of the action.

Frank lands, rolling in the car, clear for the moment -- as --

IN THE FRONT CAR - JIGSAW IS LOOKING FOR KATIE

and something catches his eye: Katie is hiding under the front window, but the wind is swirling her hair up. Jigsaw can see it through the window.

Jigsaw manages a serrated smile, and aims at her, as --

THE PUNISHER ENTERS THE FRONT CAR

and is aiming his gun at Jigsaw -- he's a second away from firing, but he sees Katie's hair in the window -- he can't fire or he'll kill her too --

-- Jigsaw hears the Punisher, and spins around -- can't say he's happy to see Frank, but he looks ready to shoot him --

-- but the Punisher pulls a knife from his belt and throws it at Jigsaw -- it doesn't nail Jigsaw, but it does throw him off balance and to the floor --

-- Jigsaw is firing wildly from the floor, but Frank leaps to the top of a seat and lunges at Jigsaw --

-- Frank lands roughly, knocking Jigsaw's gun away, but Jigsaw twists as Frank hits, and Frank takes a face full of floor, hard --

-- Jigsaw boots Frank in the face and he looks dazed, as --

THE TRAIN RACES THROUGH A STATION

past a few very surprised would-be passengers. On the other track, a MOTORMAN picks up the radio --

MOTORMAN

Clear the north track! We got a runaway!

ON THE FRONT OF THE TRAIN - KATIE HANGS ON

but she's slipping -- the train is accelerating past sixty and its swaying, making it that much harder to hang on --

INSIDE THE LEAD CAR - THE PUNISHER IS DAZED AND BLOODIED

on the floor, and Jigsaw reaches out to get Frank's knife -- he grabs Frank's chin and is clearly ready for surgery --

-- but Frank grabs Jigsaw's knife hand and pushes it back --

-- with his other hand, Frank hits Jigsaw in the face, again and again, popping out the fresh stitches --

-- and finally, with one roundhouse, Frank puts him away, knocking Jigsaw out and against the wall.

Frank gets up, hearing Katie's SCREAM all but buried by the train wind --

ON THE FRONT OF THE TRAIN - KATIE IS SLIPPING OFF

her perch, but suddenly --

-- Frank's hand bursts through the window and reaches down, grabbing Katie's arm --

-- for a moment, Katie dangles that way, looking up at Frank's face -- and something in his face tells her he's on the right side. She climbs up to him, now unafraid --

FRANK HOLDS KATIE TIGHT

as the wind roars in through the broken window. For a split second he's thinking -- they didn't get this one.

FRANK

(quietly)

Don't look at anything, Katie. Don't look at anything, and don't let go until I've got you back to your mother.

Frank looks to the motorman's booth, and the shot-up panel tells the story -- there's no way to stop the train.

With Katie locked in a hug around his neck, Frank rushes back through the cars to their only exit:

IN THE REAR CAR - A MOMENT LATER - FRANK IS ON THE MOTORCYCLE

with Katie clinging to his back. Frank revvs the cycle all the way up, the rear wheel suspended by the kickstand --

-- and the cycle is aimed at the hole shot through the car earlier. Frank kicks the stand out from the cycle --

OUTSIDE THE TRAIN - THE CYCLE ROARS OUT OF THE HOLE

in the train and lands on the center slab of concrete between the tracks, wobbly at first but then tearing straight ahead, keeping up with the Metrorail train --

INSIDE THE TRAIN'S LEAD CAR - JIGSAW IS AWAKE AND ON HIS FEET

Jigsaw is just coming out of his beatdown, and sees Frank and Katie are on the cycle, just even with the train. A perfect shot. Jigsaw goes for his gun, when --

-- something punches through the front glass of the train --

-- Jigsaw looks down and sees it is a small grenade -- his "good" eye flares as he tries to grab it, but it's rolling around the floor of the train -- and --

FRANK'S CYCLE RACES AHEAD OF THE TRAIN AS THE GRENADE EXPLODES

in the lead car, tearing machinery underneath -- it brakes the lead car and all four cars jackknife at seventy mph --

-- the cars flip off the track, soaring high in the air, splitting into a pair of two linked cars tumbling end over end like giantic dice --

INSIDE THE LEAD CAR - JIGSAW IS STILL ALIVE

and sees out the flaming window that the end is coming fast --

THE CRASHING TRAIN CARS IMPACT ON A ROW OF PARKED CARS

in a lot, creating an instant inferno that blows through the train cars -- and there can't be any doubt now: Jigsaw is never going to be put back together from this.

ON THE MOTORCYCLE - CLOSE ON FRANK'S FACE

The score isn't even. It never could be even, because he can't take from them what's been taken from him. So there's no satisfaction here. Just a moment to think about how much more he lost as he rides away, his face lit by the fire.

Frank reaches up with his free hand to hold Katie steady as the cycle races down the concrete path.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI SIDEWALK - NIGHT - CLOSE ON JEAN AND KATIE

locked in an embrace. Katie is okay, and Jean is crying quietly. Frank just looks on from the shadows. This is a part of his life that's gone now. Forever. Jean turns and looks at Frank, with a mix of overpowering shame and gratitude.

JEAN
(quietly)
I'm sorry.

FRANK
Don't be. I would have done the same or worse for a chance to just look at my kids one more time.

JEAN
There's nothing I can do to pay you back for --

FRANK

Yes there is. Quit. Take her somewhere, anywhere, so she'll never have to think about this again.

(off her look)

The people who killed your husband are gone. So are the people who went after Katie. You've got a clean slate. As a matter of fact you're ahead.

(beat)

You wanted to make a difference? Make a difference with her. Give her a home.

Frank turns and walks away.

JEAN

What are you going to do?

FRANK

The only thing that makes sense to me any more.

With that, Frank vanishes into the shadows. Jean is still holding Katie tight, but she looks out after Frank, feeling sorry for him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FRANK'S SAFEHOUSE - A DIFFERENT DAY - FRANK

is pulling out his belongings -- which at this point are weapons rolled into a canvas pack. He's travelling light -- if you call a mix of guns, knives and grenades "light".

MICROCHIP (V.O.)

Yeah, I saw him again. He had me upload that package -- you know the one I mean -- to every news organization with an email address.

As Frank takes the pack and leaves, he walks past the "target" boards he'd created. The Costa one has all it's photos Xed out -- but the other board, covering the "FBI/JUSTICE?" targets, is full of news clippings -- we can only glance at the headlines, but the gist is clear enough:

-- "ILLEGAL ARMS SALES LINKED TO DOWNING OF U.S. JET - CONGRESSIONAL HEARINGS TARGET PRESIDENTIAL ASSOCIATES" --

-- "DEPUTY ATTORNEY GENERAL INDICTED", with a miserable photo of McAllister --

-- "'WEAPONSGATE' EVIDENCE IMPLICATES CABINET OFFICIALS" --

-- "ACCUSED WEAPONS DEAL FIGURE TAKES OWN LIFE" --

-- "JUSTICE DEPARTMENT 'MOLE' KILLED IN PRISON - ASSAILANT UNKNOWN" --

-- "DEPUTY ATTORNEY GENERAL DIES WHILE IN FEDERAL CUSTODY" --

MICROCHIP (V.O.)

I don't know if he did all that shit himself, or if it was the powers-that-be being powerful, or if he figured it that way so that they'd do most of the work and he'd pick up the loose ends -- and I don't want to know. Ever.

Frank walks past the board and turns out the lights.

INT. MICROCHIP'S APARTMENT - DAY - MICROCHIP

is talking on the phone over the drone of a stereo playing seventies metal, a couple of televisions playing samurai movies, and six computers all working different net sites.

MICROCHIP (INTO PHONE)

I figured he was done, but he asked for one more hack. He wanted all the info on all the cold cases in the FBI database. With an emphasis on unsolved homicides, with a sub-emphasis on ones that had something screwy about them -- then he mumbled some kind of bullshit about raiding the place between knowledge and proof.

(beat)

If you don't have your Punisher-to-English dictionary handy, that means he wanted every case where they absolutely knew someone should have gone to jail, and that someone walked.

INT. MIAMI PD - JEAN'S DESK - JEAN PUTS THE PHONE DOWN

and looks out at the downtown Miami skyline. Her boxes and pictures of Katie are packed -- she's clearly taking Frank's advice. Luis approaches, and he sits on her desk.

LUIS

Going away party is right after the shift, at Foster's.

(motions over shoulder)

That FBI guy's been looking for you since this morning.

Luis points to a slightly jittery, bookish agent -- STEVE GIDDENS (30) -- and waves him over. Jean offers her hand.

GIDDENS

I'm Steve Giddens -- special agent in forensic psychiatric unit. I'm working up a profile on the Punisher. And, seeing as -- ahh --

GIDDENS

(takes out notebook)

-- you're one of the only people to
ever speak with him and survive --

JEAN

Ask away.

GIDDENS

Castiglione was a valued agent with
the bureau for a number of years. But
his, ah, personality traits escaped
all our internal personnel screens --

JEAN

A lot escaped you. Like some basic
family history.

Jean pulls a file out of one of her boxes -- it looks old,
full of photostats and carbon copies. She tosses it to
Giddens, and as it hits the desk, suddenly, we're there --

EXT. THE CASTIGLIONE HOUSE - THIRTY YEARS AGO - MARIO LAUGHS

it up with about a dozen other mobsters at a release party,
all drinking and laughing while Dean Martin's "Ain't That A
Kick In The Head" plays on the stereo. But upstairs --

LITTLE FRANK IS SITTING ALONE IN HIS DARKENED ROOM

with a flashlight, and a copy of every newspaper article
about his father's victory. He bought them all to look for
one single denial, one single nice thing said about his
father. There are none. The papers are full of headlines like
"'PUNISHER' CASTIGLIONE FREED DESPITE MURDER EVIDENCE!" and
"HOW MANY MORE WILL THE 'PUNISHER' KILL?"

Little Frank looks upset. This is his father. And there's no
denying what he is. If this is who his father is, what does
that make him? Frank looks down through a crack in the door
for any kind of assurance that he's wrong --

LITTLE FRANK'S POV THROUGH DOOR CRACK - LOUISA CASTIGLIONE

is Frank's mother, and she's now a drink over her limit and
dancing to Dino in a way too friendly manner with a HOOD.

Mario Castiglione stops talking to a B-girl -- sees his wife
flirting with someone -- and that's it. He storms over, grabs
her by the arm, shoves the guy back through a table, and
takes her out for a "word". No one stops him -- if anything,
they LAUGH and return to their party.

CLOSE ON LITTLE FRANK

He isn't laughing at all. He's seen this too many times. And
this time he's going to do something about it.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - MARIO CASTIGLIONE IS BEATING THE HELL

out of Louisa. Any sounds she makes are drowned out by "Kick In The Head" surging from the stereo inside. She sags against the trunk of a 1968 Mustang, almost unconscious -- and Mario is still moving to hit her again --

-- but suddenly, a SHOT rings out from somewhere, and it hits Mario square in the chest --

-- he freezes in his tracks and TWO MORE SHOTS take him down -- he falls down in the snow, dead, just like that.

INSIDE THE HOUSE - THE MOBSTERS HEAR THE SHOTS

and stampede outside to find out what's happened, leaving frightened women inside the living room --

JEAN (V.O.)

The NYPD report calls it unsolved -- they probably figured it was some payback from one of Mario's victims and they didn't look too hard. You know Mario's pals never tumbled --

INSIDE LITTLE FRANK'S BEDROOM - FRANK

easily and quickly creeps back in, unnoticed by all -- and he eases Mario's still smoking gun into a Halloween "skull" bucket before shoving it into his closet.

JEAN (V.O.)

-- but the autopsy says he was shot from a low angle. A very low angle. Three shots dead center. That's a nice tight grouping for his first kill.

CLOSE ON LITTLE FRANK LAYING IN BED

trying to fight back his shock at what he's done, suddenly the oldest ten year old anyone ever saw. He balls up the headline reading "HOW MANY MORE WILL THE 'PUNISHER' KILL?" and hurls it away -- then he starts crying not only for what he's done, but for what he's become.

JEAN (V.O.)

You ever have one of those conversations where you talk shit like, "would it be all right for you to kill somebody if it meant you'd save twenty other lives"? Then after a while the conversation stops and you go on with your life. I think Frank's been having that conversation in his head for thirty years. I think he joined the Bureau because more than anything else, he wanted to prove to himself that he wasn't a killer.

JEAN

(beat)

Now I think he's absolutely convinced that he is a born killer -- that he's damned or something.

From little Frank's haunted eyes, we CUT TO:

THE PRESENT - TIGHT ON FRANK'S EYES

which are no less haunted -- we see we are at --

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY - FRANK IS KNEELING AT THE MARKERS

there for "MARIA CASTIGLIONE", "FRANCIS CASTIGLIONE, JR.", "CARLA CASTIGLIONE" -- and Frank is lightly digging with his hands into the freshly turned earth.

JEAN (V.O.)

And he's convinced that the shot he didn't take against Costa cost him his family. So to him, every mobster he doesn't kill means somebody else's family will pay the price. Hell, he probably even thinks losing his family is some kind of payback for his not being caught before.

With a small cavity in the ground, Frank takes one last look at Maria's locket -- closes it -- and puts it down, lightly, carefully covering it with soil.

JEAN (V.O.)

So maybe someday we can arrest him. Maybe we can put him in jail or even put him in the chair. But one thing we're never, ever going to do is find a punishment that's harder on him than every breath he takes.

Frank gets up from the marker, and climbs on a motorcycle, riding away. All that's left of what he used to be is buried here. The only home he's ever known is buried here. He won't be coming back. Ever.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHICAGO POLICE STATION -A LINEUP

is underway, with five suspects, all holding up numbers. Each looks pretty rough, but number four looks just a little guiltier than the rest.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

We were kind of surprised you came forward, considering what -- well --

BEHIND THE GLASS - A POLICE DETECTIVE IS DRINKING COFFEE

and looking at the lineup, not too confident in the result. He's been here too often on this case. We can't see who he's talking to -- but on a board, we see the same magazine photo of the dead girl that was in Harwood's office.

DETECTIVE

-- what happened to the other witnesses. We didn't think there were any left. So -- do you see the man responsible for the Franklin street school shooting?

In the two way glass' reflection, we can just barely make out someone nodding.

DETECTIVE

Are you certain of your identification?

Our VIEW shifts over -- it is the Punisher, and he is slowly standing up.

PUNISHER

I'm certain.

INSIDE THE LINEUP THEATER - THE TWO WAY MIRROR EXPLODES

in gunfire -- the mirror shards blast everywhere --

-- on the lineup, everyone scatters except number four, who gets at least that many shots right through his now splattered number sign --

AT THE WINDOW - THE PUNISHER EMPTIES HIS GUNS INTO THE KILLER

as the police in the room scatter -- off the ECHOES of gunfire, we ZOOM into the skull logo and kick off that Los Lobos cover of "Hair of The Dog" that we're commissioning for this -- and we --

FADE TO BLACK.