

KANE
&
LYNCH

by

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KANE & LYNCH

BLACK:

BARS OF STATIC RISE ACROSS THE SCREEN as if someone had just inserted a VHS tape (circa 1985) into the theatre projector.

And suddenly, the picture kicks in -- a grainy BLACK & WHITE surveillance feed, out of focus. More blips of static. Feels like an eerie snuff film is about to roll, when...

The picture focuses. And we're inside a dark, cold room. It's hard to make out anything other than the 16-YEAR-OLD GIRL starring right into camera, hands knotted at the wrist.

ELIZA

What? You wanna record a message to my father? Some kind of ransom tape so he knows I'm okay?

A tear rolls down her cheek, but that's all. She's too strong to lose herself in this moment. She laughs instead:

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Like he gives a fuck.

(beat)

I haven't seen him in two years. And I'd rather have you beat me, rape me, and shoot me in the fucking face before I ever ask for his help.

Attitude. Spunk. She's 16... what else can you expect? Probably has about three piercings, maybe a streak of purple in her hair. A product of pop culture and poor environment.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Here's a tip, maybe you didn't read this one in your kidnapping for fuckheads manual, but before you abduct people... first make sure someone actually gives a shit that they're missing.

She looks away. Just for a second. Now back to us.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

You wanna message for my father, here it is...

(beat)

Dad. Fuck you and die!

BZZZZP... AND THE FEED GOES DEAD.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 580 - CALIFORNIA - **DAY**

We're on the MacArthur freeway, just past the I-80 junction north of San Quentin. And we can tell that's exactly where we're going, because it says...

SAN QUENTIN STATE PRISON

...Right across the transpo bus that's shipping 34 hard-as-nails CONVICTS to life imprisonment. Two to death. The bus whips past a road sign: "**42 Miles**". We're almost there kids.

INT. TRANSPORT BUS - **SAME**

Rows and rows of the world's finest. Rapists. Pedophiles. Gangsters. Supremacists. They're all here and accounted for. So many tattoos in this bus, it looks like some vandals laced it with graffiti before departure.

Now, camera dollies back... past the Latino banger with a mouth full of gold... past the shaved heads of two vicious inmates locked in a stare down... past the pockmarked face of a tweaker craving the fix he'll never have...

And we close in on MARCUS KANE. Reserved. Quiet. But there isn't much that needs to be said. Ever. There's a tenacity at rest here. A deep rooted history that bleeds violence. Tactical. Precise. He already knows every angle of this bus.

Kane is built like a machine, tough. Viscous. Sharp features hidden beneath one week of scruff. But there's a sex appeal to him. Regardless of the triple digit body count.

ANGLE ON: Kane's palm -- holding A WRINKLED PHOTO of a woman and child. Familiar child. Kane's wife and daughter... ELIZA.

He crushes the faded picture in his fist, a calloused glare taking form. The sun highlighting A SCAR down his face. Left eye to mid-cheek. But we'll get to that in a second...

SMASH SUPER:

KANE

EXT. VENEZUELA - **FLASHBACK** - **DAY**

Establishing. A fly-by over the beautiful city of Caracas, Venezuela. A gorgeous metropolis where historic tradition and modernism mesh at an altitude of 800 meters. Pure energy in the air as we crest the mountains into a panoramic shot.

INSERT CARD: **"CARACAS, VENEZUELA"**

A beat. THEN: **1.5 YEARS AGO**

Camera cranes over a hill of small shanties into a pissed-up village street. The word "VOTE" has been spray-painted onto everything. But there are no platforms here.

We finally come to a 20-story hotel building that's under complete renovation. A wood-planked construction scaffold rising vertically, adjoined to one full side of the building.

EXT. ROOFTOP - **CONTINUOUS**

KANE peers over the ledge of the building, scouring the surrounding city block for anything suspicious. He's a wrinkle or two younger here. Hasn't earned his scar yet.

COSGROVE (O.S.)
Four corners East - ground secure.

Kane presses firm to his wire-mic earpiece.

KANE
Four corners West - ground secure.

Now, Kane turns to SEAN COSGROVE at the opposite end of the roof. He's sweeping the streets with a pair of binoculars.

INSERT COSGROVE'S POV: on THE AMERICAN EMBASSY. It's about ten blocks north of their location. Gates slowly opening as a slew of MPs trickle out around the entrance.

COSGROVE (INTO MIC)
The "wedding party" is waiting. Eye
in the sky counts eight heads.

Our binocular view pans 180 degrees to find a THREE CAR CARAVAN approaching from behind us. Eight blocks south of location.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
And the "parade" is rolling. I
repeat, the "parade" is rolling.

A crisp breeze fans Kane's shirt to reveal the bullet proof vest strapped beneath. He delivers an unnerving scowl as Cosgrove pockets the binoculars.

COSGROVE
What?

KANE
This doesn't feel right -- feels
like South Korea.

COSGROVE
Whoa. Never mention South Korea.
That was our deal.

KANE
Right. But *this* feels like *that*.
Bad vibes. Tweaked nerves.
(MORE)

KANE (cont'd)

After twenty years in the field...
you don't get tweaked nerves.

COSGROVE

Look, you said you needed the
money, so I brought you into the
job. What more do you want from me?

Kane takes one last look around, eyeing an imposing
residential tower across the street. "All clear". He then
follows Cosgrove to the roof access stairway.

KANE

Just doesn't feel right.

INT. ABANDONED HOTEL - STAIRWELL - **CONTINUOUS**

A broken staircase. Crumbling. Dilapidated. Clumps of stone
and brick litter the ground. This place is a hazard zone.

KANE

So who's the package, Cosgrove?
Drugs? Arms? One of the CIA's top
10 favorite people worldwide?

COSGROVE

Who cares. It's a half-a-mil payout.
You don't work for the government
anymore, Kane. How else are you
gonna support your family... have a
fuckin' garage sale?

Kane steps over a toppled column, passing an exposed elevator
shaft on the left -- only one cable hanging in place.

KANE

You brought me in on a need to know
basis. And seeing as how we're about
to jack an embassy transport, I need
to know... who's the package?

COSGROVE

(relenting)

The target is Mihail Valentin. Big
time Russian arms trader who loves
exporting heavy shit to the mother
country. Now he's just a used car
salesman. CIA caught up with him in
San Cristobal a week ago, put the
pins in his ass. Now he's copping a
deal for full cooperation.

KANE

What's his leverage?

COSGROVE

Asylum in exchange for an encrypted
microchip -- we don't know what's on
it, but intercepted Russian
transmissions refer to it as "The
Skeleton Key".

(MORE)

COSGROVE (cont'd)

In approximately, oh, any second now, that caravan's gonna waltz by here with Valentin in tow.

(eyeing the caravan)

Our objective is to derail "the parade" and retrieve the prize. And you can't print money that fuckin' easy, my friend.

KANE

Who's our handler on this?

COSGROVE

Confidential. I don't even know.

KANE

Exit play?

COSGROVE

Not that we'll need it, but if anything goes sour there's an airstrip 10 clicks out of Caracas. Our wings are on stand-by.

(beat)

There, you're filled in. That all sound good to you, babycakes?

KANE

No. A chocolate fuckin' sundae sounds good to me. But as long as our handler pays cash, and you get me home by Tuesday... it's kosher.

Cosgrove stops, turns.

COSGROVE

What's on Tuesday?

KANE

I have carpool.

Cosgrove spends a beat in thought.

COSGROVE

Oh.

(confused)

Thought Eliza just turned sixteen?

KANE

Failed the DE test. Reversed the training car into the principal's office.... purposely.

COSGROVE

Of course. And I bet she forgot to signal first. Everything okay with you and the kid?

KANE

Dandy. She pierced her nose last week, and now she's sneaking out to see this punk down the street -- plays an electric violin.

COSGROVE

Ouch. You want me to kill him?

"CLICK". Okay. Fun's over. We're back to business as a series of guns begin to lock and load off-screen. And we enter a deteriorated drawing room -*where*- EIGHT OTHER MERCENARIES are strapping their gear into place.

SPOTTER

"Parade" is five out and closing.

Now, A MERC of Indian nationality steps to our centerfold. By the way he carries himself, he could be in charge here.

GERONIMO (O.S.)

We're on stand-by, gentleman.
Remember, the target is bulletproof -- we intercept "prize" only. Let's lock, load and look alive.
(turning to us)
All secure on four corners?

COSGROVE

Good to go, "Geronimo".

"Geronimo" gives Kane a once over, then turns to Cosgrove.

GERONIMO

You sure we can trust your man?

COSGROVE

I vouch my life on it.

"Geronimo" radios over a walkie attached to his shoulder:

GERONIMO (INTO RADIO)

Linebackers one and two... confirm position.

FLASH CUT TO: A ground team is securing their position within a deserted alley. Guns loading. Safeties clicking. Adrenaline at a boiling point. HELLER, team leader, grabs his mic.

HELLER

"Linebackers" are mobilized.
Defense formation secure -- ready to blitz on nest's command.
(to his team)
Let's light this fucker up!

BACK ON GERONIMO:

He nods to his SPOTTER, who remains glued to the window tracking the approaching caravan.

GERONIMO (cont'd)
 (into radio)
 Ground team GO NOW!!!

EXT. CITY STREET - **CONTINUOUS**

Heller leads the "linebacker" unit into the street. Machine guns blazing. Shell casings fill the air -as- muzzle flashes light up the scene worse than a hot zone in Fallujah.

HELLER (INTO MIC)
 It's hot -- it's hot! The "parade"
 is sacked! We're surrounded...

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! Heller goes down. The entire "linebacker" unit is getting shredded from higher ground. Now, **ANGLE ON:**

VALENTIN, mid-sixty with flowing gray hair, as he's yanked from the middle car by a "MASKED" mercenary. He has A METALLIC BRIEFCASE cuffed to his wrist. THE SKELETON KEY.

ANTI-MERC
 (in Russian w/ subs)
 Remove the luggage! Now! Now!

VALENTIN
 (in Russian w/ subs)
 Please don't kill me!! Take it!

Valentin uncuffs the case, handing it over without second thoughts. Once delivered, merc knocks him unconscious -while- the "shadow" team falls back with "the prize". In a blink, they disappear into a sea of haze.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - **CONTINUOUS**

Ground team loses transmission -- all we can hear over the radio is pure catastrophe. Then...

GERONIMO
 Linebackers come in!!

WHOOOOOOOOOSH -- A ROCKET RIPS RIGHT THROUGH KANE'S WINDOW AND HITS THE OPPOSITE WALL AT FULL FORCE!!

BoooooM!! An eruption of debris explodes across the room. Pieces of rock and brick ricochet. BODIES FLUNG EVERYWHERE!

Kane jumps into action, gun poised, covered in soot. Geronimo's dead body starring up lifelessly from beneath a pound of bloody concrete. Arms, legs, and other limbs are scattered about the blast. There aren't many survivors here.

Kane circles the area for his friend, kicking through the ash:

KANE
 Cosgrove? Sean?

He's gone.

Suddenly, SIRENS BEGIN TO ECHO. The entire building is being surrounded. Interpol, CIA... local law enforcement all jumping the scene like they were tipped off an hour ago.

Within seconds, the tip of a desert eagle slams to Kane's head. It's Redgrave. Merc #4 also aiming nearby.

REDGRAVE
Who sacked us?

KANE
I'm not a double-op!

REDGRAVE
I don't know you! You a fuckin'
mirror!?!?

MERC #4
(looking over rail)
"Company" is on the stairs -- we're
duck *fuckin'* stew! *SHIT-SHIT-SHIT!!*

REDGRAVE
Who set us up!?! Answer me soldier!

MERC #4
Answer him, motherfucker!!

And now, the *CHURNING WISP OF HELICOPTER BLADES* echo outside the building. But the stand-off continues, for at least the next few seconds. 3....2.....1....

Boooooom! A SECOND ROCKET *blasts* into the room sending all three survivors to their asses. Another earth-shaking explosion as this abandoned hotel goes to hell.

Kane wipes the debris from his eyes and makes a run for it. Bullets tearing through the walls as the helicopter snipers open fire. Kane slides across the dusty floor, right into a large hole that drops him down into...

The 18th floor. He dashes to the stairwell *-but-* the sounds of an ascending CIA FIELD SQUAD detour him to the ELEVATOR SHAFT. Which is where...

HELICOPTER SPEAKER (O.S.)
WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED. HOLD YOUR
FIRE -- DO NOT TRY TO RUN!!

...Kane *dives* into the empty shaft, grabbing the cable and sliding straight down. He fires one shot as he passes the swarming agents on the 17th floor. And one agent goes down.

THUD. Kane lands atop an elevator car lodged between floors. This holds up his descent, so he'll just drop through the rooftop hatch -- and roll out of the elevator onto...

The 15th floor... *where...* **KABOOM!** Another rocket sails just over his shoulder, blowing an entire wall out into the open air above Caracas. Kane turns to a broken veranda, and...

EXT. ABANDONED HOTEL - **CONTINUOUS**

CIA AGENT CARMIKAEL (40s) steps out of a squad car with his shades on. Tough but cool. A quirky style. No bullshit. He makes a few commands, then looks up as...

The action spills outside as Kane leaps onto the construction scaffold. He grabs the iron support bars, scaling down the exterior. Helicopter circling back around now.

Above: 3 CIA AGENTS CLIMB ONTO THE SCAFFOLD IN PURSUIT.

Bam! Bam! Bullets *zipping* from above like a lead shower. Kane fires back until his gun gets light. He swings into the 12th level and checks the chamber... only 2 shots remaining. *Fuck!*

In a sharp second, Kane spots the control console for A CONSTRUCTION CRANE that's hovering above the building. He aims with a keen eye & taut finger. **AND FIRES!**

"PING". Direct hit! Sparks fly as the console dies -- releasing the pulley wire, and dropping A MASSIVE 400 lb. METAL HOOK onto the scaffold.

Sheer weight of the crane's hook smashes through each wooden plank, slicing the entire scaffold right down the fucking middle. One of the agents looks up just in time to watch the hook pummel him through the platform.

Kane rolls to the left as the hook blows past, shattering the plank in a gust of splinters. And instantly, iron supports begin to buckle... the left half of the scaffold begins leaning away from the building.

Steady. Steady. Kane holds for dear life as the scaffold slowly tilts into a toppling position. His feet slide out from under him until he's hanging from the bars at a 60 degree angle.

Camera cranes as two remaining agents and Kane -- ALL DANGLE FROM THE TOWERING SCAFFOLD. But Kane continues to maneuver his way down. No regard to danger. Now...

ANOTHER AGENT *REPELS* out of the hovering helicopter. He lowers parallel to Kane, aiming his gun. In reflex, Kane *THRUSTS HIMSELF FROM SUPPORT BARS...* and clings to the suspended agent 10 stories up.

He grips him around the neck. Then, once his hold is firm, Kane grabs the repel line from his harness and rips it free.

BOTH BODIES freefall as the line unravels. After a few stories, Kane yanks the cord, decreasing drop velocity. And this ultimate repelling adventure comes to end as...

WHOOMPF! The agent's body thumps to the ground with Kane's boot to his back. Kane merely steps off as the line slacks.

Scaffold topples. Cracking. Colliding into the apartment building across the street. Impact shaking both of the remaining agents free of grip. Bodies flip through the air.

SPLAT-SPLAT. Kane keeps walking as two dead agents slam to his right and left. He doesn't even blink, no mercy in these eyes. He simply vaults a small fence and makes a run for it.

POLICIA SIRENS begin screaming around the corner -as- Kane makes way into downtown Caracas. Which is where we see the perfect getaway vehicle stopped at a central intersection:

A DOUBLE DECKER TOUR BUS

But this isn't one of those fancy British double deckers. No. This is a piece of shit 3rd world transport with rusted bumpers and rigged brake lines. *Jesus... this is gonna be fun.*

INT. TOUR BUS - **CONTINUOUS**

Doors whip open as THE DRIVER finds himself staring into a gun barrel. Without any handshakes, he's thrown aside as Kane takes the wheel.

TOUR VENEZUELA TODAY!! reads the banner above the rear view, while Kane puts the pedal to the metal. We're off and rolling -with- THREE POLICE CARS tailing close behind.

Mayhem (*noun*): can be defined by what happens when a double decker tour bus *PULVERIZES* it's way through downtown Caracas. Cars smashing to pieces as we plow through intersection *after* intersection... leaving a trail of wreckage in our wake.

Kane hugs a corner *smashing* through a lamppost, and our first tourist goes sailing from the upper deck.

Kane turns to the driver.

KANE
You might wanna get everyone off
the top...

CRASH! Bus sends a taxi flipping into a series of barrel rolls that will carry it through a storefront window. Captive tourists screaming, clinging to their loved ones. This is a disaster on wheels that's now pushing 75mph. Suddenly...

Our bus slams into a carrier truck launching a clutter of live chickens through the air. Local children run into the street, chasing them in the bus' aftermath. Then...

ANOTHER COLLISION SENDS A 2ND TOURIST OFF THE TOP.

KANE
Hey! Did you hear me -- the balcony
is fuckin' closed!!

DRIVER
(scared shitless)
Si-si senior.

The driver carefully stands, assisting frightened passengers from the top. But hold tight as we *SLAM* through a guardrail into... PARQUE LOS CAOBOS.

Pedestrians scatter as the bus fishtails across the grass, leaves and dirt being thrown to the wind. Racing past the park's enormous VENEZUELA FOUNTAIN, we'll cut to...

EXT. POLICIA CAR - OUTSIDE HOTEL - **SIMULTANEOUS**

Carmikael sprints to nearby policia car, hops into the passenger seat. He turns to the driver:

CARMIKAEL
Catch that bus and I'll get you a greencard. Andale! Andale!

Driver hits the gas -as- Carmikael radios to a chopper.

CARMIKAEL
Stay right up this prick's ass. He killed four of my men, dammit!

INT/EXT. TOUR BUS - **CONTINUOUS**

Bus cruises onto Caracas' EAST HIGHWAY heading out of the city. Mountains growing larger as we race towards them.

HELICOPTER SPEAKER (O.S.)
PULL THE VEHICLE TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD!! STOP THE BUS -- NOW!!

An army of patrol cars clipping us at the sides as this chase goes into 4th gear. Carmikael's ride evens up to the bus' rear. Instinct taking over. Carmikael opens the passenger door -and- reaches for a rusty ladder bolted to the bus.

Inside, Kane aims at the driver once more.

KANE
(reading nametag)
"Fernando". If this pedal comes off the floor, I'm gonna put a hole in your face. Si-fuckin'-si?

DRIVER
(still scared shitless)
Si-si.

Fernando grabs the wheel -while- Kane goes to the stairs.

EXT. UPPER DECK - TOUR BUS - **CONTINUOUS**

Kane reaches the top... but unfortunately Carmikael is already there waiting. His gun trained, ready. Kane aims in retaliation. A stand-off taking place atop a speeding bus.

CARMIKAEL

Long way from home, shitbag.

(stepping closer)

Assaulting a diplomat under federal protection. Conspiracy against a U.S. Embassy. Not to mention all the innocent bystanders who just ate a pound of dynamite.

(beat)

Where's the chip?

KANE

I wasn't a part of this -- I don't even know what happened.

CARMIKAEL

Spare us both the pity fuck, pal. You're going to jail.

And Kane fires his last bullet, shot tearing into Carmikael's kneecap! But as he goes down, he'll return the favor... **BAM!** The shot grazes past Kane's face! Kane falls back. He's left with a vicious scar. Remember that?

FASTEN SEATBELTS NOW. Because up ahead is a concrete tunnel -- the second level will never clear it. Driver is probably sweating nerves on the fast approach, leaving Kane very little time to think. Close.... Closer... Now....

Kane steps onto the rail and vaults up, clearing the roof of the tunnel -*just as-* the upper deck is decapitated from the bus by a concrete guillotine. The noise is deafening.

Carmikael rolls into the stair hatch, barely avoiding death.

EXT. TWO LANE ROAD - ABOVE TUNNEL - **CONTINUOUS**

Kane rolls onto a dirt path crossing the overpass. Lying still for a moment. Limp. Face bleeding out into the rich red soil.

As he opens his eyes, the helicopters are already touching down. An entire team of agents fall out, encircling Kane.

CIA AGENT

Don't fucking move!!

No more running. Kneeling, Kane lifts his arms in surrender. **CRACK!** A rifle-butt upside the head puts Kane back in the dirt. Handcuffs. **Crack!** And after another rifle-butt we...

SMASH TO BLACK:

MP JUDGE (V.O.)
 This court finds the defendant
 guilty of treason against the
 United States of America...

INT. COURTHOUSE - **DAY**

Small courtroom. No public attention. Kane stands before his fate wielding jury -- lots of military/government officials in attendance. The presiding judge in mid-sentence:

MP JUDGE
 ...And hereby sentences you, Marcus
 J. Kane, to death in prison by
 means of lethal injection.

The Judge puts his anvil to the desk. Decision final.

MP JUDGE
 Prisoner is to be transferred from
 Leavenworth to a state operated
 facility immediately. There he will
 await execution as ordered.

MP guards grab Kane as he takes one last look at his family. His WIFE wipes the tears from her eyes, delivering a shameful glare. She takes Eliza's hand and begins to exit. But...

Eliza stops at the doorway, turns to her father. There are no tears here. No sadness. And she delivers a middle finger and mouths "FUCK YOU". Then she turns her back on him. For good.

INSERT SERIES OF SHOTS:

**MUGSHOT FLASHES -- "GUILTY" IS STAMPED ACROSS SCREEN -- A
 JAIL DOOR SLIDES SHUT W/ KANE STANDING BEHIND IT.**

AND CUT BACK TO:

INT. TRANSPORT BUS - PRESENT DAY

Same bus. Same route. Same sweaty stench. But now, camera moves off of Kane AND PANS ACROSS THE AISLE to where...

Tap. Tap. Tap. LESTER LYNCH raps his head against the window compulsively. We'll learn this is only one of several nervous ticks. Something's definitely off here. *Tap. Tap. Tap.*

There's instability in his gaze. An unsettling energy. Type of animal you don't want to be caged with, because you won't know what's coming. Glasses. Shoulder length hair pulled into a ponytail. A distinct character, a clever countenance.

SMASH SUPER:

LYNCH

SMASH TO BLACK:

STRANGE VOICE (V.O.)
Lynch...
 (beat)
Kill. Her.
 (beat)
Kill her, Lynch...
 (beat)
LYNCH!!

INT. BATHROOM - WITECH ENTERPRISES - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

SMASH! Lynch *punches* the bathroom mirror, sending a web of cracks across his reflection. Shards of glass drop into the sink as he continues starring himself down.

LYNCH
 Shut-up! Shut the fuck up!!

Lynch's hand is dripping blood on the tile floor.

STRANGE VOICE (V.O.)
Let me out, Lynch. Let me out.

Lynch hits the mirror again *-this time-* leaving a smear of blood across the glass.

LYNCH
 Please. Leave me alone. Just leave me the hell alone.

STRANGE VOICE (V.O.)
Kill. Her. Lynch.

LYNCH
 No. I... I can't.

Lynch removes a medication bottle from his pocket. He pops the lid *and* throws back TWO PILLS.

ANGLE ON: PILL BOTTLE. Prescription reads "**STELAZINE**". Also known as trifluoperazine. A common neuroleptic for the treatment of SCHIZOPHRENIA.

STRANGE VOICE (V.O.)
Bleed... for Charon... bleed...

LYNCH
STOP!!

Soon, the corner stall opens as one scared fuckless EMPLOYEE looks at Lynch bleeding by the broken mirror. And he wastes no time hauling ass right out of the bathroom.

Lynch ignores it, splashes some water on his face.

INSERT CARD: **"PHOENIX, ARIZONA"**

A beat. Then: **1.5 YEARS AGO**

INT. WITECH ENTERPRISES - **CONTINUOUS**

Lynch exits the bathroom, zipping his custodial uniform. The definition of minimum wage -- he's a janitor.

Returning to his mop, Lynch sloshes the floors outside the copy room. Sweating profusely. Hands still shaking. The green flash of a nearby Xerox machine taunting us with the monotony of 9 to 5 hell. Now, the office manager...

RON PANKOW (40s) approaches with an annoyed disposition. Overweight. Bald. Khakis n' penny loafer kind of schmuck. Likes to power trip on everyone to brass his own ego. And his tie... polka dots...it's just fucking obnoxious.

PANKOW

Lester, why was the damned copy machine out of toner this morning? I had to replace it myself because you were late *again*... for what seems like the *umpteenth* time now.

LYNCH

Well, Ron, I had an appointment this morning.

PANKOW

Your work is getting sloppy, Lester. You are getting sloppy. And "sloppy" equals "fired". So I've got a little memo for you: if you don't *clean up* your act, then you'll receive a firm toe-tap to the ass right outta here.

Lynch closes his eyes, losing it. A few **SUBLIMINAL FLASHES** cut into the picture -- **DEAD CORPSES. BODY BAGS. A BRIDGE.**

LYNCH

It won't happen again.

PANKOW

But it does happen again. And again. And again. You know what, Lester, let's talk in my office...

WHAM! And Lynch *slams* the filthy mop across Pankow's face, *knocking* him through a cubicle divide and into the copy room.

Within seconds, Lynch grabs Pankow by the neck and **SLAMS** his face into the glass plate of the Xerox machine. He cracks the copy cover down on his head once... twice... 3...4...5...

LYNCH
I despise toner!

A small crowd of employees gathers to watch Lynch beat the ever living shit out of his boss. You can't buy tickets to ass-kickings like this. Not even pay-per-view.

Lynch throws Pankow against the wall -then- stabs a LETTER OPENER into the corkboard beside his face. Sharp tip catching the bottom of his tie, pinning it to the board.

LYNCH
Here's a memo, cocksucker...

HE KNEES HIS BOSS SQUARE IN THE NUTS! REPEATEDLY.

LYNCH
Umpteen...is not... a fucking number!

And WHAM! HE UPPERCUTS PANKOW PUTTING HIM OUT COLD.

As he buckles, Pankow's tie pops from the collar to remain fastened to the board. It's a clip-on. A "TEAMWORK" poster is fully exposed as Pankow slumps to the ground, just as six copies of his battered face are spit from the Xerox.

ON CUE: Security arrives, escorting Lynch out immediately.

DR. MUELLER (V.O.)
So you quit your job today?

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - **LATER**

A plush office. Degrees deck the walls. Not too pretentious, but enough to know this guy gets paid more than you.

LYNCH
More or less.

DR. MUELLER
And how does that make you feel?

LYNCH
Like finding another job.

DR. MUELLER
No anxiety? No pressure?

LYNCH
Doctor, don't take this as insolence, because I mean it with all due respect to prestige and title. But I don't have the luxury of anxiety. Or pressure. Frankly, I'm too busy being nuts for all that. I believe the medical terminology for me is, "off the *fucking* rocker".

DR. MUELLER
 Fair enough, Lester.
 (writes in steno)
 Are you still noticing that the
 same stimuli are triggering these
 "episodes"? Past memories and such?

LYNCH
 Oh, I have lots of pleasant
 memories. But few are result of an
 ill-performed upbringing.

DR. MUELLER
 Though in our last session you
 mentioned a strange word. "Charon".
 Do you still continue to hear...

LYNCH
 Can't you just give me more of the
 pills? That's what I came for. I
 wouldn't be here if my condition
 didn't warrant these... "sessions".

DR. MUELLER
 Please. Mr. Lynch, listen...

LYNCH
 No you listen. These voices,
 they're getting worse. The
 prescription isn't enough
 anymore... I need a higher dose.

DR. MUELLER
 You're already taking two a day.

LYNCH
 So make it three. Just get off your
 Harvard endowed ass and write the
 prescription. Otherwise, the voice
 that's telling me to stab you with
 that pen might win me over.

Mueller shakes his head, grabs his pen and prescription pad.

INT. LYNCH'S HOME - NIGHT

Lynch enters to a glow of candlelight. Rose pedals leading up
 to the bedroom. There's a special occasion in progress. But
 he disregards it, turning back to click each of the door
 locks five times -- extreme OCD putting the mood aside.

TRACEY (O.S.)
 Happy anniversary, baby.

We turn to find TRACEY LYNCH standing in the kitchen doorway.
 A decent catch for Lynch. She's dressed in a black satin
 robe, holding a bottle of red wine and 2 glasses.

LYNCH
I quit my job today.

TRACEY
Ah, my husband the custodian. You're too smart for that type of work, Les. There will be other jobs.
(unknotting robe)
In fact, I hear there's an opening in the bedroom. Needs to be filled immediately.

LYNCH
(playing along)
What's the work? The salary?

TRACEY
Manual labor. And you get whatever I put out. With benefits.

LYNCH
Sounds enticing.

Kissing more rapidly now. Lynch opens her robe. Cups her breast, thumbing her nipple as he nibbles on her neck. She moans. Pleasure on delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed.

TRACEY
I love you.

LYNCH
I... yeah... you too.
(off her reaction)
I... I can't. But you're the only thing that keeps me from going mad.

She slides his belt off.

TRACEY
Let's not talk about that tonight.
(a kiss)
Take me upstairs, crazy man. Time to fuck your wife and celebrate three years of fucking your wife.

Lynch lifts her onto the dining room table as his pants drop to the floor. He spreads her legs and steps forward.

LYNCH
We may not make it upstairs.

And he begins making love to her, right on the table.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LYNCH'S BEDROOM - **MORNING**

Lynch wakes up on the floor. The first images we see are the toppled wine bottle, an unmade bed, rose pedals. Then:

Lynch wipes his face. Massages his temples, rubbing away the remnants of a lingering hangover. But as he brings his hands away, we notice...

HIS FINGERS ARE COVERED IN BLOOD.

Startled, Lynch looks down. HIS WHOLE BODY IS COVERED IN BLOOD.

LYNCH

The fuck?

He picks himself up, noticing a trail of red leading out of the bedroom and down the stairs. Following it:

LYNCH (CALLING OUT)

Trace? Trace, you here?

Getting nervous now, skipping down the stairs. He rounds the corner into the dining room, where...

LYNCH

Oh Jesus!!

...Tracey's dead, mutilated body is strewn across the table.

LYNCH

No! Jesus, please no! Oh God!

He brushes the blood matted hair from her face and strokes her cheek. Skin is cold, veins blue. The large incision across her neck tells us there's no chance she's alive.

Lynch drops to his knees, sobbing.

LYNCH

No, no, no. Fuck! Why her!?!

STRANGE VOICE (V.O.)

Yes... kill her.

LYNCH

FUCK YOU! Why? WHY!?!

Lynch falls to the ground, trembling. There's a knock at the door off-screen. After a few moments, the front door opens to reveal a few concerned neighbors.

NEIGHBOR

Is everything alright in here, we heard some screaming...

(seeing the corpse)

Oh, Jesus...

(turning to his wife)

Patty -- call 911!

CUT TO:

INT. COURT ROOM - **DAY**

Packed courtroom. Lynch standing before the judge. Deja vu.

JUDGE

By the power invested in me by the State of Arizona, I hereby declare you guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentence you to death by lethal injection...

Reporters begin stocking the air with slanted opinion on the sentence. Court TV goes live outside the chamber doors.

Lynch's solemn expression shows that this is a fate he accepts. Willingly. And now, here come the guards again.

INSERT SERIES OF SHOTS:

ANVIL STRIKES -- MUGSHOT FLASHES -- "GUILTY" IS STAMPED ACROSS SCREEN -- JAIL DOOR SLIDES SHUT W/ LYNCH BEHIND IT.

AND CUT BACK TO:

INT. TRANSPORT BUS - PRESENT DAY

Tap. Tap. Tap. Lynch is still maniacally pounding his head against the window. *Tap. Tap. Tap.* His eyes bloodshot, face pale. *Tap. Tap. Tap.* Probably hasn't had his meds in days.

LATINO BANGER turns to Lynch with his thousand dollar smile in full glint. He scowls.

LATINO

Quit bangin' the window, holmes. Or I put yo' face through 'at glass.

(tap.tap.tap)

You hear me, vato!?!

(tap.tap.tap)

Yo! Deaf motha'fucka!!

Kane minds his own business as BANGER takes a lunge at Lynch. But his handcuffs are attached to a floor chain that yanks him back to his seat. He doesn't even get across the aisle.

LATINO

Te voy a abrir pendejo.

GUARD sees the commotion and rushes back with a ready baton.

GUARD (SOUTHERN DRAW)

Hey fuckhole!! Put your ass back in that seat! 'Fore I jam my baton up it.

He cracks the banger across the knee, knocking him down. But as he turns back to us, we'll notice LYNCH IS SHAKING!

GUARD
 Ah, chicken fried goat shit!
 (to front guard)
 We've got a trembler!

Kane looks to the window as:

LYNCH
 (coughing)
 I need... my... medication.

Guard retrieves the pill bottle from the front. He unscrews the lid as Lynch holds up two fingers. Two pills are tapped into Lynch's palm.

Kane continues to mind his own business as the guards resolve the situation. They return to subduing the irritated banger.

ANGLE ON: ONE OF LYNCH'S PILLS rolling across the aisle. It curiously comes to a rest against Kane's foot.

LYNCH (O.S.)
 We're both the same you and me...
 dead men.

Slowly, Kane turns to the lunatic across from him.

LYNCH
 I was told to herald a warning. You ever hear of "The Seven"? Because they're coming for us... right now. And if you want to survive this, you'll need to take that pill.
 (beat)
 I'd fasten my seatbelt if I were you, Marcus. It's about to get bumpy.

Concern transforms Kane's expression. This doesn't feel right. He takes the pill, swallows. THEN... SUDDENLY...

KA-BOOOOOOOOM! Metal rips at the seams -- shards of glass slice the air in every direction. Camera shakes as the bus is severed in half by the massive force of A BLACK ARMORED TRUCK... *PLOWING THROUGH IT LIKE A HIGH SPEED JUGGERNAUT.*

The black blur of the truck rips our SOUTHERN GUARDS and LATINO GANGBANGER straight out of the scene. Blood splashes the windows as the back half of the bus lifts off the road, crashing into a vicious skid over a nearby ditch.

Front half of the bus splits into pieces as it mashes across the pavement, spilling dead passengers across the I-580 like fresh roadkill. Metal grinding, screeching, sparks dancing across the asphalt. Wreckage twirling across two lanes.

Up ahead, beyond the carnage, the Richmond-San Rafael Bridge can be seen through a blanket of smoke. Until, of course, the front half of the bus IGNITES sending up an explosion so loud... the vehicle could have only been made in America.

INSIDE THE REAR OF THE BUS

Kane is a human rag doll as it spirals down the ditch. His cuffs locked to a 6 foot chain that's **bolted** to the floor, whipping him around as we tumble within this steel cage.

Lynch is out cold five times over, getting tossed around like a load of whites in the dryer. And **-WHAM-** both of them get laid out as the rear settles with a deafening thud.

FLASH TO: THE ARMORED TRUCK. Back doors swinging open as SEVEN SOLDIERS (geared up in SWAT-like armor) fan out across the highway. One soldier removing an odd tracking device.

SOLDIER #1
T.I.M is reading. They've both
ingested the tracking iron.

ANGLE ON: The T.I.M monitor in his hands. BOTH KANE AND LYNCH APPEAR AS SILVER BLURS. The pills were tracking devices.

SOLDER RADIO (V.O.)
Thermographic imagining confirmed.
The "twins" are in the rear.

BACK ON: Kane. He hears the gunshots - they're coming closer. A few groans around him as some of the other passengers regain consciousness. He starts to yank on his floor-chain.

BAM-BAM-BAM. The first of the soldiers enters the bus and starts splitting heads. Shot #1 goes to the tattooed inmate. Shot #2 puts the supremacist down in a gust of crimson. And #3 paints the interior red with the tweaker's last thoughts.

Now, Kane dislodges the chain-bolt from the floor! He quickly grabs it, jumps up... AND EMBEDS IT RIGHT IN THE SOLDIER'S THROAT. It's a bloody mess. Gun going off all over the place.

A SECOND SOLDIER attacks **-BUT-** Kane *whips* the floor-chain, catching it around the soldier's neck. In one swift motion he'll twist-slide-tug the chain cracking the soldier's neck in three places. He falls limp. Pretty impressive.

But Kane doesn't get a second to relax before A TRANQUILIZER DART pierces his sternum. An unusual dart, we've never seen anything like it. Silver with a clear florescent casing. Some sort of fuse or electric charge blinking inside.

SOLDIER #3
Two heartbeats.

Kane looks down as... **"BA-BUMP"**. **"BA-BUMP"**. And ZAP! The charge knocks Kane on his ass. Body convulsing, twitching violently while an electric pulse courses through his veins.

SOLDIER #3 points to both Kane & Lynch as others arrive.

SOLDIER #3
Grab the "twins" and clear out.

KANE'S POV: Vision blurry. He can still see, just can't move. And the last thing we'll witness is a black nylon sack being pulled over our line of sight.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. MYSTERIOUS INTERROGATION ROOM - ????

A few beats. Then the black is lifted from our POV... where we find Kane strapped to a metal chair. Barefoot. Pipes dripping from above tell us we're in some sort of basement.

Kane blinks repeatedly, hoping his vision will adjust soon. Beside him is a bank of monitors -- each wired into one central control panel that integrates them all. Soon...

The door unlatches behind Kane -as- A FIGURE enters and pulls up a chair across him. He plops down, lowering himself into frame... allowing us to recognize our dear old friend:

COSGROVE

COSGROVE

Sorry about the e-tranq, but it had to be done.

Kane squints -- this can't be possible.

KANE

Cosgrove. Is that you?

COSGROVE

Don't worry about your 20/20. All the sensories will stabilize shortly. Then you'll see that yes... it's me.

KANE

I thought you were dead.

Cosgrove lights a cigar. We see a tattoo on his forearm... it's a black spade with a skull inlaid inside it.

COSGROVE

"Thought" being the key word there. But how are you old chum? You keep those cheeks puckered in the can?

KANE

Did you set me up on that detail?

COSGROVE

I did what I had to do. It's not personal unless you make it...

KANE

It's fucking personal.

COSGROVE
 ...And you made it. Look, my objective was to intercept the prize and use you as a mirror. You were part of a smoke-screen operation, Kane. What was I supposed to do? You were beggin' me to cut you in, so I cut you in. That's what friends are for, right?

Kane grits his teeth, temper rising.

KANE
 Who was the handler?

COSGROVE
 Retomoto Matsahushi.

Pure rage registers on Kane's face. Betrayal driving home.

KANE
 Tell me you didn't sell out to a piece of shit like him.

COSGROVE
 I sold out to the highest bidder. He paid good money for that microchip.

Kane jerks his wrists, but they're held snug by metal cuffs screwed into the chair. However, one screw begins to loosen:

KANE
 I lost my family because of you!

COSGROVE
 You lost them years ago, Marcus. Moscow. Baghdad. Fuckin' South Korea. Don't blame me.
 (beat)
 But... speaking of the wife n' kid.

Cosgrove turns on the monitors, and pure panic fills Kane's face. For the first time that fortitude in him is gone. Camera pans around Kane to reveal:

A LIVE FEED ON THE MONITORS. EACH IS A DIFFERENT ANGLE WITHIN A HOLDING CELL -where- KANE'S WIFE IS GAGGED & BOUND.

KANE
 What is this?

COSGROVE
 Collateral.
 (inhale-exhale)
 Kane, we need to ask you a favor.

KANE
 We?

COSGROVE

Yeah, it's plural for me. I'm part of a covert team codenamed "THE SEVEN". Mainly because there are seven of us... but then you went and killed two of my guys, so now I guess we're just "The Five".

(inhale-exhale)

...What's really important is that your wife stays alive. Which is why you'll need to help us.

(points to monitors)

The rub of it all is that there's only 96 hours worth of oxygen in that holding cell. Bummer, I know.

Kane tries to rip free again. No use. But he'll shake hard enough to watch that loose screw drop to the ground.

KANE

Why me, Cosgrove?

COSGROVE

Because you've got a great sense of humor and a killer wine collection.

He blows a smoke ring in Kane's face, taunting.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

Seriously partner... you're trained, skilled, and you've got connections around the world. But also because you know Retomoto's operations inside and out. See, we need you to steal "the key" back.

KANE

The fuck for?

COSGROVE

We have a new handler now. One that pays better than he does.

Now the door opens again -as- LYNCH is escorted into the room by two huge mercenaries (we'll call them DOLPH and VICKS).

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

Kane. Meet Lynch.

(beat)

Maniac. Schizophrenic. Accused murderer. He pretty much makes Hannibal Lecter look like Mr. fuckin' Rogers.

KANE

What does he have to do with me and my wife?

COSGROVE

He's a bit of an expert when it comes to microchips.

(MORE)

COSGROVE (cont'd)
Just listen up, because this is all
the juicy top secret stuff.

LYNCH (O.S.)
Must I attend this orientation?

COSGROVE
(to Lynch)
Umm. Yes, why else would I have my
men bring you down here?

LYNCH
To respond to a few of my enquiries?
You came to me, remember? You claimed
to have knowledge regarding my
situation, that there may have been
more to my wife's murder. Well, I did
my part -- I delivered this fiend to
you safely. And you swore to reveal
her killer if I cooperated...

COSGROVE
Then shut-up and keep cooperating.

LYNCH
(irritated)
You should know that my mood and my
temper are quite adjoined, and
soon, both will be emaciated for
revelation.

Cosgrove shakes Lynch off, angling his chair back to Kane.

COSGROVE
Fuckin' freak.
(down to business)
He was an active participant on a
government funded experiment known
as "Black Charon". The goal was to
find mentally disabled subjects who
could be trained to process and
interpret numeric data. Highly
advanced code-breakers if you will.
Passwords, secrets, coordinates...
all enciphered into 11-digit
cryptograms and committed to memory.
That way, the intel could only be
decoded by its carrier. Soon, these
subjects became specialized
couriers, transferring classified
intelligence. They were later
designated as "the wisemen".

KANE
(to Lynch)
Doesn't look too wise to me.

COSGROVE
But we need him. Because he alone
can decipher "the skeleton key".
(beat)
Too bad his memory is for shit.

LYNCH

I must be a bit scattered, but did you say "Charon"? The name is curiously familiar. However, I only remember fragments of my past work.

KANE

What about the others?

COSGROVE

Too many secrets. Once The Cold War ended, Uncle Sam pulled the plug and terminated "Black Charon" indefinitely. It was too risky.

(inhale-exhale)

Within a week, all the "wisemen" and project members were found dead. Except for him. Seems he managed to somehow survive.

Kane turns to Lynch, cogitating.

COSGROVE (O.S)

There's a proverbial tree of knowledge planted right there in that sadistic little mind.

KANE

What's this have to do with me again?

Cosgrove picks up A PRESSBOARD FOLDER and tosses it on a table in front of Kane. Flipping it open, we...

ANGLE ON: MUGSHOTS OF A JAPANESE KINGPIN. He's surrounded by an entourage of goons in Armani suits. "A" grade bad guys.

COSGROVE

Retomoto is back in Tokyo. He plans to sell "the key" to an unknown buyer in 96 hours. That's all we know.

(inhale-exhale)

Your job is to retrieve the prize by any means necessary. But try not to make a scene this time... nobody wants a repeat of South Korea.

Kane looks back to the monitor.

KANE

Let my wife go and I'll do it.

COSGROVE

Nah. We'd rather hang on to her, make sure you finish the job. You try to run and we'll let the bitch suffocate. Capice mi amico?

KANE

Just... just let me know my daughter's okay. Where's Eliza?

Cosgrove considers, then mumbles something over the channel.

And now, on the central monitor, THE VERY SAME VIDEO CLIP WE SAW ON PAGE ONE BEGINS TO PLAY. Kane shutters in horror as his daughter tells him to fuck off and die.

END VIDEO REPLAY

COSGROVE

Wow. She's got spunk. I like her.

KANE

Don't you dare lay a hand on her!

COSGROVE

Oh, fuck you. You're not talking to her prom date, asshole. I'll do whatever the hell I want.

KANE

Why are you doing this, you fuck!!!

COSGROVE

I have my reasons.

Kane locks eyes, gives him a malign stare right to the bone. And we know we'll see this look again in about 90 pages.

Cosgrove grabs A SYRINGE from the table -- filled with green fluid. He stabs it into Kane's arm and injects him with...

COSGROVE

REM-9. You'll be out cold in nine minutes and counting. Sweet dreams.

Now, Cosgrove displays a small Nokia phone. Newest model.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

When you wake up, you'll have approximately 84 hours to complete your objective and call this phone.

He slides the Nokia into Kane's prison jumper.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

Just hit send -- the line is programmed and untraceable. But don't go makin' any calls to mom... I'm over my minutes.

Cosgrove flicks his cigar butt in Kane's face *-and-* nods again to his men. Dolph grabs Lynch and escorts him out. But just before Cosgrove leaves, he'll hear:

KANE

Call this foreshadowing in my own way, but you're gonna regret this.

COSGROVE
Oh. Any other threats you'd like to
throw out while your in captivity?

KANE
(getting groggy)
Just don't be surprised when I rip
your heart out. That's all.

INSERT KANE'S POV: Blurry. Dazed. The REM-9 taking effect.

Soon, THREE more of Cosgrove's men enter, unstrapping Kane's restraints. Cosgrove turns to Vicks while exiting:

COSGROVE
Tranq him if he tries anything.

VICKS
With pleasure.

Vicks presses an ELECTRO-TRANQ GUN to the back of Kane's head - as- the others cuff his wrists. MERC #4 readying his SILENCED 9MM in precaution. They release him. And...

As Kane stands, he'll purposely step on the screw. Point driving into his heel. "Ouch". But he doesn't make a sound.

INT. LONG CORRIDOR - ????

The mercs drag Kane through a corridor to a cargo elevator. He's fading fast, seeing things in twisted blurs. Vicks pushes him forward as he begins to stumble.

VICKS
You try anything smart, I'll fire
an e-tranq so far up yo' ass, it'll
put sparks in your step.

Pipes leaking everywhere. Kane purposely steps in a puddle, tapping his heel into the water. He smiles. Facing Vicks:

KANE
(with a wobble)
Don't get cocky. I still have six
minutes to kick your ass.

"DING". The elevator doors open.

Watch carefully. Watch very carefully, because this will all be over in ten seconds. Using the opening elevator as a distraction, Kane will do the following in one fluid motion:

-Grabs MERC #4's arm, breaks it in two places, and spins him while assuming control of his 9mm. Then he...

-Fires into the side of MERC #2's knee... **CRUNCH!** Ripping another shot through his mouth as he screams, splattering his tonsils across Vicks' face.

-Immediately, Vicks fires an e-tranq -but- Kane allows it to pierce his chest. ZAP! The electricity flows through Kane's body like a conduit, sending a shock through the metal screw in his heel. A current sparks through the puddle...

- ...Which Merc #3 is also standing in. Mind-numbing agony as the charge knocks him and Kane against the wall. Finally...

- BAM-BAM! Kane fires two more shots into a nearby FIRE EXTINGUISHER, consuming the scene in an explosion of yellow chalk-dust. The wave of chalk hits Vicks, blinding him.

- And WHAM-CRACK-RIP-SLAM. These are the sounds of Kane beating the absolute shit out of Vicks. We see shadowed glimpses of Kane in the yellow mist, slamming his elbows into Vicks' face -then- he twists his neck with a virulent snap.

"TIME". 10 seconds. Kane slumps over. The electric charge was enough to jump-start his heart rate. PUPILS DILATING RAPIDLY. Sweating profusely, snapping out of the REM-9's hold.

A beat. Then he reaches down to remove the hand-cuff keys in Vicks' jacket. He checks the coat tag after removing the keys. Looks like a fit. And...

INT. ABANDONED LIGHTHOUSE FACILITY - **CONTINUOUS**

Kane emerges from the elevator in a new wardrobe. He drops the hand-cuffs, straightens "his" leather jacket, and tightens the silencer onto his new 9mm handgun.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - SAN FRANCISCO WHARFS - **CONTINUOUS**

Dolph leads a "handcuffed" Lynch to an awaiting black suburban. He shoves him against the passenger door.

LYNCH

For the record, I don't relish the uncouth nature of hooligans. Or being fondled by one. So hands off!

Zero patience -- Dolph forces Lynch into the vehicle.

DOLPH

Just get the fuck in, psycho!

LYNCH

Not much of a frolicsome brute, eh?

Abruptly, a blast of warm DNA freckles Lynch's face. Dolph's body dropping to the ground like concrete. DOA.

KANE (O.S.)

One move and I paint your code-breakin' ass across the concrete.

LYNCH

Fuck!

(wiping blood)

I feel as though I need a tetanus shot. Perhaps even a salt bath.

Kane steps closer.

KANE

Get out of the car -- you're coming with me.

LYNCH

Like hell. I struck a deal with these men. I'd be foolish to withdraw.

KANE

These *men* are going to kill you once they get what they need. Trust me. You're just a prisoner to them.

LYNCH

I'll need time to deliberate.

Kane pulls the hammer back. No joking around.

KANE

I can help you get the answers you're looking for. No matter what you think, these guys have no intention of honoring deals.

LYNCH

(thinking)

Very well. They haven't held up to their end of the bargain thus far.

Lynch is silent. Deep thought. Clock's ticking. And now...

KANE

Time's up. Get out of the fucking car -- this isn't an open dialogue.

INT. CORRIDOR - BENEATH LIGHTHOUSE - **SIMULTANEOUS**

Cosgrove comes to the elevator, discovering four dead bodies littered around it. Furiously, he turns to another of his soldiers (MALKIN) without hesitation.

COSGROVE

It's Kane -- FIND HIM!

Malkin straps a wire into place, withdrawing his silenced gun.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - SAN FRANCISCO WHARFS - **CONTINUOUS**

Malkin exits the lighthouse to find Dolph's corpse lying in a pool of brain matter.

In the distance, he spots Kane and Lynch converging into a sea of pedestrians at SAN FRANCISCO'S FERRY PLAZA.

INTERCUTTING MALKIN/COSGROVE:

MALKIN
(into mic)
I have visual -- Kane has hostage in possession. Twins are moving west.

COSGROVE
Dammit! Whatever you do, DO NOT hit Lynch. He is an asset! Do you copy?

MALKIN
Roger that. "Wiseman" is bulletproof.

And Malkin mingles into the commuters in pursuance.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO FERRY PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

The Grand Central Station of ferry lines. Place is packed with hustling commuters, gazing tourists, and shoppers just taking a stroll through the Farmer's Market. But in the middle of it all... Kane & Lynch.

LYNCH
I suppose I'm merely collateral to you, correct?

KANE
That, and I could use a good shoulder to cry on. Just don't turn around -- try to act normal.

Kane steps behind Lynch, guiding him through the masses. Camera pans right to find Malkin pacing parallel along the opposite side of the central terminal.

KANE (CONT'D)
Keep walking. We've got a tag at three o'clock.

Lynch peeps over -*just as*- Malkin tucks his silenced sig into the *left flap* of his jacket. And... "**Pfft-Pfft**". He fires two shots into the crowd. Bullets *zinging* by pedestrians.

WHIFT! Kane keeps moving as two shots drill into the concrete column beside him. A BUSINESSMAN reading the newspaper looks up to see smoke mysteriously rising above his head. He shrugs it off and goes back to the headlines. Ignorance is bliss.

Now, Kane tucks his silenced 9mm into the *right flap* of his jacket and returns the favor. "**Pfft-pfft-pfft**". He's literally firing a shot every time a gap opens in the crowd. Holes rip through the leather jacket -- hot casings spill to the ground.

Camera finds a few innocent bystanders as ammo *whizzes* past them. A homeless guitarist.

A woman kneeling to quiet her baby. A security guard. All clueless that they've almost become casualties of a silent gunfight. Next...

"Crack-Crack". Two shots pierce a glass display window on either side of Malkin. He hustles forward to find cover behind a group of passing students. Nobody noticing the "fresh" holes in the book store window. More oblivious pedestrians.

Both of our mercenaries continue to fire *-while-* pushing through the terminal. And... THE SCENE GOES SILENT. All except for the bullets *whipping* past us.

ANGLE ON: Cosgrove on a perch above the terminal.

COSGROVE
(into mic)
I repeat, DO NOT shoot the asset!

Kane finds a wedge between a group of tourists, squeezing Lynch through. He's looking for a clear shot. Then he sees it. And here comes his tactical thinking at work...

Ten yards ahead, we focus on a disheveled businessman *hustling* with a briefcase. Kane takes a shot, splitting the briefcase wide open -- a fountain of documents spilling to the ground. Just as the annoyed businessman bends down...

Kane finds the gap, and... HE FIRES!

PFFT! Malkin stutters back, dropping onto a nearby bench. Blood slowly begins trickling down his sleeve. His eyes closing as he leans back. Rest in peace, friend.

ON COSGROVE

Pushing through the market. Wandering. Until, his phone rings. He stops dead in his tracks. Answers it:

KANE (V.O.)
Looks like you have to recruit a whole new team, asshole.

COSGROVE
What are you doing, Kane? I thought I was clear about all this!

Cosgrove turning in circles, searching.

KANE (V.O.)
I'm taking the "wiseguy" with me. We'll play with equal leverage.

COSGROVE
Just... LET HIM GO! You have no idea who he is. You've got an unstable lunatic on your hands.

KANE (V.O.)
I'll take my chances.

Hearing a horn echo in the background, Cosgrove sprints outside to the piers. He shoves his way to the end of a roped off dock -just as- a B&G Fleet Ferry ships off.

COSGROVE
Don't FUCK with me, Marcus!

KANE (V.O.)
Enough chit chat. Anything happens to my family...

Now, Cosgrove finds Kane -- standing behind the rail of the departing ferry. Kane makes eye contact:

KANE
...And I kill your asset.

END CALL! Kane flips the phone shut -as- the ferry disappears into the misty bay. Cosgrove can only watch in utter dismay.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

INSERT CARD: "LANGLEY, VIRGINIA"

A beat. THEN: RIGHT NOW

AGENT CARMIKAEL **limps** through the main operating room for the CIA's anti-terror division. He's immediately joined by a younger agent, JEFFRIES, who hands over a pressboard file.

JEFFRIES
Intel on the prison break, sir. Two inmates are missing, and...

CARMIKAEL
Kane?

JEFFRIES
He's gone.

CARMIKAEL
Fuck me on repeat. I spent four gallons of cum chasing that prick in bean country. Now he goes houdini and I gotta play cat n' mouse again.
(beat)
Did you know my wife is pregnant, Jeffries?

JEFFRIES
No sir.

CARMIKAEL
Twins, Jeffries. Twins.
(a sigh)
Do we have anything?

JEFFRIES

No traces, sir. Other than a mile of bus wreckage and 32 corpses that aren't Marcus Kane... the scene is a complete wash.

CARMIKAEL

A wash?

JEFFRIES

Meaning it's clear, sir.

Carmikael gives Jeffries a demeaning look.

CARMIKAEL

Sync up with the FBI. Find out who's in charge. I wanna know everything they know. Then I wanna know everything they don't.

JEFFRIES

Yes sir.

CARMIKAEL

We're not after Private Benjamin here. Marcus Kane's done tours in Beirut, Baghdad, Saigon... remember that prime minister who's head went off like a pinata at the UN?

Jeffries nods as they enter into a secure hallway.

CARMIKAEL (CONT'D)

This guy bleeds more U.S. special forces training than you could forget after two world wars.

JEFFRIES

Wasn't he responsible for South Korea?

CARMIKAEL

(stern look)

We don't talk about South Korea. South Korea never happened.

JEFFRIES

Sorry, sir.

CARMIKAEL

(back to business)

Just get a task force together. We debrief and saddle up for San Francisco at 0-300 hours. Let the FBI think they're leading the charge, but I wanna be running with them off the books.

Carmikael does a retina scan at a "RESTRICTED" access panel. A nearby door BEEPS, then hisses open.

CARMIKAEL (CONT'D)
 Let the Feds secure the scene. Then
 I'll see "the wash" for myself.

Just before Carmikael enters the restricted room:

CARMIKAEL (CONT'D)
 Make sure your balls have dropped
 Jeffries, I wanna find this prick.
 (tapping his leg)
 I owe him a dead-leg.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BLUE & GOLD FLEET FERRY - DAY

We're below passenger level of the BGF Ferry en route to Sausalito. Seagulls scatter through the air, cawing raucously. Chrysler Building passes as we cut the waves.

Lynch leans against the rail and swivels his head -- *ah, San Francisco*. Then he reaches into his pocket removing his PILL BOTTLE. Kane swipes it, glancing at the label. And...

Lynch *LUNGES* to take it back. But Kane simply grabs his wrist and *throws him back into the rail*.

LYNCH
 What the fuck?

KANE
 Just get a hold of yourself.

Lynch pats off his clothing. Removes a speck of lint.

LYNCH
 I don't think I appreciate your affectionate caress.

Ferry passes under THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE now.

KANE
 "The Skeleton Key". That bring back any memories, tinkerbelle?

LYNCH
 For some strange reason, it does. I feel like I know it... intricately.

KANE
 As you know, it's in the open. My objective is to find it before its sold off. You're coming with me to identify and disable.

LYNCH
 Oh, that's simply fuckin' glorious. Do you have any idea the magnitude of what you're confabulating about?

KANE
Absolute zero.

LYNCH
It's cataclysmic. A four letter
word synonymous with disaster.

KANE
Does it rhyme with "boom"?

LYNCH
Precisely. That microchip is stocked
with satellite detonation codes to
every nuke formerly under USSR
possession. After the cold war, most
of said weapons were confiscated by
the UN during a massive international
witch hunt. 90% of them are still
active. If this information is
unleashed, I hypothesize that we'll
find ourselves at the brink of
extinction within a matter of days.
(thinking)
Christ. I can't fathom how I'm
recalling any of this information.

Kane approaches the guard rail.

KANE
Fuck me.

LYNCH
Yes, I'd call that the appropriate
response. Quite articulate in fact.

Kane sees a reflection against the metal wall -as- TWO
SECURITY GUARDS make their way into the lower port. They're
carrying PRINT-OUTS of two very familiar fugitives.

KANE
Bottom line, my family is their
leverage. So we will follow orders,
and bring the prize home.

LYNCH
Why should I help you? Humor me.

KANE
Because if you run, they'll find
you. And if they don't... I will.
(beat)
Look, we can use this "key" against
them to get what we both want.

LYNCH
(nodding)
Very well. But I will require
answers. Cosgrove knows who
conducted these experiments on me.
(MORE)

LYNCH (cont'd)
 I believe its the same men
 responsible for my wife's death.
 Even if I am the one who did it.

Kane positions himself against the wall at the bottom of the staircase. Lynch watches as both guards descend unknowingly.

KANE
 High stakes. No fuck-ups.

"**CRACK. CRACK.**" Both security guards go straight to the ground when Kane delivers a few elbows to the head.

LYNCH
 Exquisite technique. Good form.
 (picking up print-outs)
 However, I doubt our travels will
 be of a discrete nature. We're
 fugitives.

KANE
 I have a contact upstate -- owes me a
 few favors. He can supply us with
 counterfeit papers and have us on a
 red-eye before you can spell "crazy".

Kane begins unzipping the uniform off his unconscious guard.

KANE
 They'll be looking for us everywhere.
 We should try to keep 'em guessing.

Lynch agrees. He begins changing as well.

LYNCH
 You know, for a government thug
 decked in military ink, you're
 astoundingly accurate.

Ferry pulls into dock -*just as*- Kane zips into the uniform covering his visible SPECIAL FORCES TATTOO.

KANE
 Blow me, sweetheart. My accuracy
 isn't under consideration.

Dock attendants tie the Ferry lines, the gate drops, and a mass of commuters begins filing off the boat. Kane walks...

LYNCH
 Oh, Kane... one more thing. If you
 ever suggest on manhandling me
 again, I will wake you in your
 sleep to watch your jugular drain.

Kane stares at him, stone cold.

KANE
 And if you ever threaten me again,
 I'll slap you so hard you stop
 hearing voices.

Kane holds up the pill bottle...

KANE
Speaking of. I think you're due for
a dose of sanity.

...And he tosses the bottle to Lynch.

Our guys exit the ferry, merging into the shuffling crowd of commuters as off-duty security guards. And we're off to Tokyo.

SMASH INSERT: A PASSPORT PHOTO FLASHES ACROSS SCREEN -- KANE IS FORCING A PLEASANT SMILE. TEXT TYPING BELOW PICTURE:

"BROWN, RONALD T."

SMASH INSERT: A 2ND PASSPORT PHOTO FLASHES -- THIS TIME IT'S LYNCH. TEXT TYPING BELOW PICTURE:

"GREEN, ARTHUR M."

AND WE CUT TO:

INT. JAPAN AIR FLIGHT 233 - **NIGHT**

A bumpy flight. A very bumpy flight.

Kane is asleep, head resting against the window. And Lynch... well Lynch is gripping the armrests, praying for his life as the plane endures turbulence. Obviously not the avid flyer.

STEWARDESS (O.S.)
Beef or chicken, sir?

Lynch looks up.

LYNCH
Are you referencing my last meal?

STEWARDESS
(smiling)
It's just a little patch of
turbulence. It'll clear up soon.

Darling. Looks like the girl you had a crush on in junior high, only grown up now.

LYNCH
Well in that case, I'll have a
ginger ale. On the rocks. And
peanuts. Unsalted if possible.
(as she nods)
Oh, and may I have one of those warm
towels? I realize it's an upper
class benefit, but this is my first
experience flying with the savages.

STEWARDESS
Of course, sir. Not a problem.

And as soon as she turns to leave:

STRANGE VOICE (V.O.)
Kill her.

Lynch's eyes go wide in terror.

STRANGE VOICE (V.O.)
Kill her, Lynch.

LYNCH
No. Please... go away.

ONE FEMALE PASSENGER across the aisle peeks up from her magazine, curiously watching Lynch take on his episode.

STRANGE VOICE (V.O.)
Let me out. Let us all out!!

Lynch closes his eyes, hoping to will the voices to rest. Anxiety building, nerves twisting. Now, the subliminal flashes begin cutting into our scene once again: **DEAD CORPSES. FLIES. BODY BAGS. A BRIDGE.** And then...

A SYMBOL. A strange symbol. It appears like a GREEK LETTER inlaid over a Pythagorean emblem. No doubt it stands for "THE BLACK CHARON PROJECT".

Lynch turns to the female passenger *-but-* SHE'S NOT THERE ANYMORE. NONE OF THE PASSENGERS ARE HERE ANYMORE! He's alone.

STRANGE VOICE (V.O.)
You will kill them all!

Lynch freaks in his chair *-and suddenly-* BLOOD BEGINS TRICKLING ONTO HIS LAP FROM THE OVERHEAD COMPARTMENT. IT'S RUNNING DOWN ALL THE WALLS OF THE PLANE NOW!

POP! OXYGEN MASKS DROP FROM ABOVE *-as-* THE PLANE STARTS CAREENING OUT OF CONTROL. TURBULENCE THRASHING.

CAPTAIN (INTERCOM)
This is your Captain speaking, the
fasten seatbelt... *bzz-bzzz...*
(now strange voice)
Let them out, Lynch.

The windows begin imploding one by one *-seconds before-* each overhead compartment flings open revealing body bags stuffed inside them. THEN...

HE SNAPS OUT OF IT --AND-- EVERYTHING RETURNS TO NORMAL. A total delusion. No shattered windows. No blood. No masks. He looks to the female passenger across from him... whose now starring in wide-eyed wonder.

Lynch rockets out of his chair. Pill bottle spilling across the cabin as he rushes for the bathroom.

Kane opens his eyes as Lynch leaves the seat. Probably wasn't asleep to begin with. Eyeing Lynch, he turns to notice an ELDERLY MAN throwing back a BLUE PILL. Kane gets an idea.

ANGLE ON: THE ELDERLY MAN'S MED BOTTLE. IT'S AMBIEN.

INT. BATHROOM - AIRPLANE - **CONTINUOUS**

Lynch soaks his face in the sink. Soon, there's a knock at the door -- seems he's been in here for a while.

STEWARDESS (O.S.)
Is everything alright in there?

Lynch looks into his reflection, but it's a darker reflection starring back. An evil reflection.

LYNCH'S REFLECTION
Do it. Let them out... let ME out.

STEWARDESS (O.S.)
I have that hot towel for you, sir.

LYNCH
(to reflection)
I can't.

LYNCH'S REFLECTION
If you don't -- they'll never stop.

Lynch stares into the mirror. Thinking. Then he opens the door and *rips* STEWARDESS into the bathroom. He stuffs the hot towel in her mouth, thrusting her against the wall:

LYNCH
No. Everything's NOT alright in here!

Suddenly, Lynch is *yanked* right off the girl. Camera rotates to find Kane clutching his collar from behind.

KANE
Did the plane food make you nuts?

LYNCH
You stay the hell out of this!! She can make them stop!!

Stewardess slumps over the latrine -as- Kane thwacks Lynch's head against the wall.

KANE
How about we just keep the skies friendly tonight, aye pal?

LYNCH
Do not intervene!

"**THWACK**". He slams Lynch's face into the mirror now.

KANE
Wrong answer.

LYNCH
Unhand me *you ruffian fuck!*

Kane REMOVES THE PILL BOTTLE FROM HIS POCKET, while keeping Lynch's face glued to the mirror.

KANE
Chill the fuck out! Just pop a few of your straight-jacket pills, and we'll call it a night.

LYNCH
(calmer now)
You're going to regret this, Kane.
(taking bottle)
I'm planning a little experiment when this is over. And it involves cutting you wide open.

Lynch opens the bottle and chugs a few capsules.

KANE
There. All better.

Kane turns to the stewardess.

KANE
I'm transferring this man to a clinical research facility in Osaka. I think you can see why.
(beat)
I don't want to alarm any of the other passengers, so I apologize for this disruption on behalf of the psychiatric medical board. We'll be happy to compensate you for your silence and cooperation regarding this matter.

Stewardess can't even speak. Scared shitless. Lips are still quivering. She can barely even shake her head "yes" as Kane stuffs a few hundreds into her hand.

KANE
Thank you.

Lynch is already drowsy when Kane escorts him back to their row. And he's out cold by the time he's seated. Kane turns to the female passenger, still watching with a curious gaze.

KANE
Don't eat the chicken.

Kane takes the pill bottle and sets it on the pull-out tray. It's "AMBIEN"... Kane switched the meds. He turns to Lynch sleeping quietly, shaking his head with a "*what the fuck did I get myself into*" expression. His partner is a lunatic.

He leans back against the window. Peace and quiet at last.

EXT. INTERSTATE I-580 - DAY

Twenty to thirty FBI field agents tread around the bus wreckage. Coroner zipping each corpse in fresh plastic. It's a hub of activity, everyone trying to make heads and tails of it all. SFPD included. Now...

CARMIKAEL, nonchalantly dressed in jeans and a T-shirt that says "PULL MY FINGER", approaches the taped-off scene with Agent Jeffries. He's eating a bag of gummy worms.

Jeffries unstraps the CAMERA around his neck, and blends in with a group of tourists parked on the shoulder. He begins snapping a roll of photos from around the tape.

Carmikael limps up to the tape and leans to a SFPD OFFICER:

CARMIKAEL
Drunk driver?

SFPD OFFICER
Listen, sir, you're going to have to back away from the scene.

CARMIKAEL
Really? I'm with the CIA, jerk-off.

AGENT BRISTO (O.S.)
And what would the CIA be doing here, snooping around a prison spill on American soil?

CARMIKAEL
(turning)
Marcus Kane was on that bus, Phil.

PHIL BRISTO, a middle-aged Fed with a thinning hair, lowers his sunglasses to Carmikael.

CARMIKAEL (CONT'D)
He's trouble. And I know trouble like you know receding hairlines.

AGENT BRISTO
(nods to SFPD officer)
Let him in.

Carmikael shakes hands with Bristo. There's an old rivalry here, maybe they worked together once. Just once.

CARMIKAEL
 (extending candy)
 Gummy worm?

AGENT BRISTO
 No. But good to see your sweet
 tooth is healthy.

CARMIKAEL
 And still no cavities.

TWO FIELD AGENTS pass as Bristo leads Carmikael to the
 toppled rear of the bus. It's a mess.

AGENT BRISTO
 Let's just get something straight,
 Carmikael. This is an FBI
 investigation, you have no
 jurisdiction here.

CARMIKAEL
 All I'm asking is to be kept in the
 loop, Phil. Once Kane goes
 international, which he will, your
 jurisdiction will be back to the
 Internet stroking to porn.

AGENT BRISTO
 He's our responsibility now.

Carmikael stops -- gets in front of Bristo.

CARMIKAEL
 You won't catch this guy, Phil. He
 can be invisible if he wants. Just
 like "poof", and you're chasing a
 ghost story into retirement.

AGENT BRISTO
 Fuck off. I've got an APB out from
 here to Timbuktu. This guy's not
 going anywhere, so you can tell all
 my old friends at Langley to relax.

CARMIKAEL
 I'm just trying to keep you from
 shittin' your career away. Again.

Bristo gets in Carmikael's face. That one pissed him off.

AGENT BRISTO
 You know what, GET THE HELL OFF'A
 MY SCENE! I spent too damn long...

SUDDENLY -- THE ENTIRE SCENE GOES DEAD SILENT. Bristo's mouth
 continues moving, but the words are mute. Instead, Carmikael
 begins picking up the **hushed** conversations occurring around
 us. Like the two agents investigating the bus:

FIELD AGENT #1
How many witnesses?

FIELD AGENT #2
About a dozen commuters. All say
some kinda armored vehicle slammed
right through it...

AND THE FEMALE POLICE OFFICER ON HER WALKIE-TALKIE:

FEMALE SFPD
The second convict's name is Lester
Lynch. First degree murder.
Consider him extremely dangerous...

FINALLY A SENIOR AGENT ORDERING SOME ROOKIES AROUND:

SENIOR AGENT
Get authorities in every city
within 600 miles briefed asap.

Carmikael smiles - what a nifty little CIA trick. Now,
Bristo's raging monologue chimes back in at full volume:

AGENT BRISTO
YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID, Carmikael!?!

CARMIKAEL
Every word, Phil. Every word.

Carmikael slaps Bristo's shoulder -then- exits to reconnect
with Jeffries behind the tape. Bristo watches suspiciously.

CARMIKAEL
(to Jeffries)
I want to know everything about a
Lester Lynch. Family. Pets. Briefs
or boxers... everything. He's our
second runaway, and all they've got
is plump dick.

JEFFRIES
You think he's with Kane, sir?

CARMIKAEL
I don't know, Jeffries, but if I
had a magic 8 ball... I'd ask it.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TOKYO - JAPAN - NIGHT

Welcome to Tokyo. The most populated metropolis in the world.
Place makes any US city look like a mini-mall.

Music blasts as camera rips across the Tokyo skyline. Flying
high above The Sumida River, Imperial Palace, Tokyo Tower,
and the Ginza District. The flare. The vibe. The energy...

Neon sparking from every angle. Sensory overload on 10th gear. If New York never sleeps, then this city doesn't blink.

INSERT CARD: "TOKYO, JAPAN"

A beat. Then: 48 HOURS TO DEADLINE

INT. CHEAP HOTEL - KABUKICHO DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

Kane and Lynch enter a rat infested hell hole, tossing their things onto soiled mattresses. No doubt this is one of those stop-and-go jerk joints with no name.

LYNCH
This arrangement is appallingly vile. And no breath mints?

KANE
Ya know, for a schizo you're a bit high maintenance.

"Crunch". Kane steps on a gigantic cockroach.

LYNCH
High maintenance is only one of my many personalities. You should see the one that juggles.

Kane actually cracks a grin.

KANE
And then there's the comedian.

Lynch turns on the shower, bracing for the worst. And a stream of filthy river water spits from the spout.

LYNCH
Tell me, Kane. Why did you choose these particular accommodations?

Kane opens a curtain revealing the shady red-light district in Shinjuku. Kabukicho. Known to locals as "Sleepless Town". Hostess bars, flashy nightclubs... you'll find them here.

KANE
Retomoto... we need to know where he's operating from. This district is a Yakuza hot-spot. And all things Yakuza lead to Retomoto.

LYNCH
"Zenbu ga tsu naga tte ru". It means, "all is connected".
(beat)
How do you know this Retomoto?

Kane removes binoculars from his bag, panning the streets. He focuses on a fluorescent whorehouse with an AMERICAN FLAG hanging outside of it. He steadies.

KANE

South Korea. Objective was to kill Retomoto and seize a warhead he was pushing north up the Han River. The CIA was kissed in, we were actually doing their dirty work.

(still watching)

Once the ships were loaded I wanted to go in, but the CIA ordered us to stand down. I broke command and engaged. Unknown to me, one of their own was on board undercover.

(zooming in)

From there, the whole mission went to hell in a fuckin' handcart. I lost some good men. They lost some good men. Retomoto got away clean. And U.S. presence was detected after half the damn city went off in fireworks.

(beat)

I was discharged before my wounds scabbed. The CIA denied responsibility, and every soldier killed was covered up.

INSERT KANE'S POV: On the tramp-infested brothel. Soon, a **BLONDE WOMAN**, packed with silicon, exits with one of her usual customers. Kane zooms in as they kiss farewell.

LYNCH (O.S.)

That's unfortunate.

KANE

Well, misfortune seems to lurk around my corners.

LYNCH

Better than lurking in your head. And how did you end up here, Kane?

KANE

Cosgrove. We came up through the ranks together. Navy Seals. After our discharge, we moved on to pay-by-the-hour gigs. Blackwater type stuff. Then Cosgrove went rogue and started his own outfit. He framed me up on one of his details.

LYNCH

That's excessively severe. But we all have our trials to overcome.

KANE

Trials are for pussies. I prefer tribulation. And that's exactly what Cosgrove's in store for once we bag this job.

Kane goes back to the binoculars *-where-* we see the customer exiting the brothel. A pudgy American with a long, black beard and half-ass moustache. Probably thinks he fits in here.

KANE
Bingo. Jonas Hildebrandt.

Kane sets down his "eyes" and turns to Lynch.

KANE
He's one of Retomoto's pocket-men. Used to be one of ours. But now he plays his cards as a pusher between the triads. Acts like a real Jap.
(beat)
But he still loves American tail.

LYNCH
I don't comprehend his significance.

KANE
This shitbag is the snitch who gave us intel on the South Korea raid. He switch-hit on Retomoto once, and he'll do it again if we pinch him hard enough.

Kane tucks the 9mm into his waistline and goes for the door.

KANE
Come on, let's go get some answers.

EXT. KABUKICHO DISTRICT - NIGHT

Kabukicho. The epicenter of sleaze in Tokyo. This district serves as a melting pot for every discarded specimen of life on the planet. Pimps. Drunks. Yakuza mobsters wasted to hell.

As we tail HILDEBRANDT through the red light district, a slew of whores begin cattle-calling to Kane and Lynch... some even trying to drag them into their parlors.

LYNCH
Temptation has surfaced.

KANE
Just keep your eye on the road. You and them hookers ain't a good mix.

INT. THE SAKE BOMB - NIGHT

Hildebrandt enters a nightclub that makes Studio 54 look like a dive bar. A classy venue with a packed dance floor. Patrons sweating off their highs under a churning disco ball. The thundering beats of live techno vibrating in the walls.

Hildebrandt struts through the twirling laser lights, and makes way to some booths in the corner. He shakes hands with a few JAPANESE SUITS, then disappears into the back.

Kane watches it all from the bar.

BARTENDER
Drink, sir?

KANE
No.

LYNCH
Actually, I'll have a Shirley Temple if you wouldn't mind.

BARTENDER
Yes sir.

Bartender reaches for the grenadine -but- Kane stops him:

KANE
We're fine.

A few of the Japanese suits begin to notice Kane/Lynch at the bar. Fresh meat. This definitely isn't a tourist joint.

KANE
(to Lynch)
A Shirley *fucking* Temple?

LYNCH
What? I can't have alcohol with my medication.

KANE
Then order a tonic. But if those yakuza see you sippin' on faggot juice, you'll be deep throating a fist fuck faster than you can say "throw in a twisty straw". Don't do anything to call attention to yourself.

LYNCH
I happen to be parched.

KANE
Yeah? Well, listen up, fuckhead. My wife and kid are running out of breathing room as we speak, so you being "parched" doesn't mean shit in my universe.

LYNCH
Your universe? You know, I tend to consider myself a bit of a wordsmith, but in this instance I'll go with "FUCK YOUR UNIVERSE".
(beat)

(MORE)

LYNCH (cont'd)
 If you intend to keep bullying me,
 I'll walk away from this. Fuck the
 mission, fuck your family... and
 fuck you.

Kane grits his teeth. This could be his breaking point. But he takes a deep breath, calming himself. Back to Lynch:

KANE
 Just stay put. I'll be right back.

Kane cuts through the pulsing dance floor.

INT. BACK PARLOR - **CONTINUOUS**

Dim lights. Rice paper walls. Koi pond right in the room. And in the middle of it all, Hildebrandt does a line of coke off of a hooker's tits. He sits back, rubs his nose.

KANE
 How's the powder, Hildebrandt?

Hildebrandt leans forward to see Kane with a loaded 9mm.

HILDEBRANDT
 Oh shit! Oh fuck! Kane!! Don't
 shoot me, man!! I'm just chillin'.

KANE
 I'm not going to kill you,
 Hildebrandt. Because then you
 couldn't tell me what I came for.

HILDEBRANDT
 Ah, come on, man! I'm dead if
 Retomoto finds out I was talkin' to
 you. He will sledge-fuck my ass!

Kane shews the spare hookers out of the room.

KANE
 This your new office? Nice place.

HILDEBRANDT
 Yeah. It's plush. Got a Koi pond
 and everything...

Suddenly, Kane grabs Hildebrandt by his goatee and slams his head into the glass table. Hildebrandt replies, "Ahhhhh".

KANE
 (demanding)
 Retomoto is trading a black market
 buy in 48 hours. Give or take. I
 need to know where to find him!

The pain forces a tear down Hildebrandt's cheek.

HILDEBRANDT

Okay! Shibuya Tower Palace. He's been running out of that joint for years now, man. Your boy Higgins would know more... he was stationed here after South Korea. You'll find him at this gnarly noodle hut smack in the red light zone.

Kane lets go. Hildebrandt rubs his chin.

HILDEBRANDT (CONT'D)

Fuck me that hurt! You just lifted me by my chin-muff, man. Gah-damn.
(rubs coke on his chin)
Why you lookin' to get at Retomoto again anyway?

KANE

Because everyone needs a good challenge. Who is he selling to?

HILDEBRANDT

Some North Korean dudes.

Kane raises the gun again. Hildebrandt is holding out.

KANE

When?

HILDEBRANDT

C'mon brah! This is a 13 candle deathwish. Reto's gonna smoke my ass like toast if I spill.

Slowly, TWO LARGE GOONS step into the room behind Kane. He sees their reflection in the Koi pond as they flank him on either side. But there's no concern in Kane's expression.

HILDEBRANDT (CONT'D)

By the way, my new office, it came furnished with two big motherfuckers who hate assholes makin' ruckus.

Both goons go for Kane! He sidesteps the first, dislodging his arm and throwing him into a bonsai plant. The pottery shatters to pieces, dirt hits the air. Now...

Kane sweeps the second, kicking him back into the Koi pond with a splash. He grabs a Japanese lantern, cracks the bulb, and tosses it into the water. **Zzzzp!** 5 dead fish: 1 corpse.

Kane straightens his jacket and aims back to Hildebrandt.

KANE

That kind of ruckus?

HILDEBRANDT
 Ah, man, those fish are expensive.
 Look, I don't owe you silk shit in a
 paper bra, Kane. Dead or alive, I've
 said all I'm gonna say.

KANE
 Then I'll go with dead.

BAM! Hildebrandt's head kicks back in a mist of blood,
 carcass tumbling forward into a mound of cocaine.

AND WHIP CUT TO:

LYNCH

Taking a sip of his SHIRLEY TEMPLE. Refreshing.

Soon, a JAPANESE WOMAN approaches the bar. Trendy vest so
 tight her breasts could pop any second. Total working girl.

WORKING GIRL
 (broken English)
 You looking for good company?

LYNCH
 I'm actually enjoying my solitude.
 But thank you.

WORKING GIRL
 What is smart-looking man like you
 doing in place like this... if not
 to find good fuck?

LYNCH
 Madam, I'm just here to enjoy the
 venue. That's really all.

WORKING GIRL
 What, you no like pussy?
 (beat)
 Come come. I light you on fire.

She grabs his crotch -and- he instantly grabs her neck. A
 FIERCE HOLD. Choking the life from her in his grasp.

LYNCH
 Please unhand my genitalia.

She does. And he releases her simultaneously, shoving her
 back into a stutter. As she catches her breath:

LYNCH
 I am a great connoisseur of
 "pussy", as you so eloquently put
 it, but I prefer mine free of
 disease. And frankly, your breath
 smells like a hot STD.

(MORE)

LYNCH (cont'd)

Not to mention your face is hideous
enough to employ abstinence in
teenagers. So, to reference my
type... you're just not it, doll.
My apologies.

But this is one serious broad, so she gets in his face.

WORKING GIRL

You ever lay hand on me again, I
get every gangster in Kabukicho...

YAKUZA PIMP (O.S.)

Is there a problem here?

A slicked-back Japanese hard-ass steps into frame.

LYNCH

The predicament has been settled.

WORKING GIRL

Like shit! This prissy fuck try to
strangle me...

Lynch's eyes glaze over. He begins shaking, sweating,
gritting his teeth. The monster is waking.

VOICES (V.O.)

Let us out. Let us out, Lynch...

Lynch grabs his temples, maniacal tendency taking hold.

WORKING GIRL

Then this degenerate fuck say...

WHAM! AND LYNCH PUNCHES HER IN THE FACE! A brutal right hook
laying her out in sleep-over mode. Instant sugarplums.

Pimp makes a move, but before he can stutter step... LYNCH
SHATTERS A SAPPORO BOTTLE -and- **THRUSTS** IT INTO HIS CHEST.

Complete shock takes face as Pimp looks to the long neck
protruding from his sternum. Blood starts rushing through the
bottle, streaming to the ground like somebody flipped the tap.

Lynch is drooling like a rabid animal. Completely lost in
madness. A freak gone wild. And every Yakuza member in the
club pulls a gun from their jacket simultaneously.

Another gangster steps forward, *popping a switchblade*. But
Lynch charges him like a riled dog on suicide watch. Then...

BAM-BAM-BAM! KANE fires from the dance floor taking out two
Yakuza. The effect: EVERY MOBSTER IN THE BAR TURNS TO KANE.

Kane grits his teeth -and- lets it rip. Strobes flashing.
Lasers slicing in all directions. And this kick-starts a
gunfight so stylish, it could be sponsored by Technicolor.

Kane uses the bright spots of the disco ball as cover,
changing position with every flash of the strobe.

He takes out another goon while masquerading within the dance floor. Club-goers running rampant all around us.

MUSIC BLASTING. Seems like every fresh kill falls in sync with the thumping music. It's a beautiful disaster -- bodies dropping with elegance. Strobe cutting the scene brilliantly.

Kane reloads and continues turning this place into a human ashtray. Blood droplets spray the air as strobes flash, creating a visual of red patchwork frozen across the frame. Kane moves behind it like an artist admiring his canvass.

He drops to a knee and takes out a few more bad guys. Then he stands tall, empties his clip. AND THE SCENE IS CLEAR!!

Except in the corner, where Lynch is still atop one of the gangsters... beating his face to pulp with the handle of a pistol. **WHACK. WHACK. WHACK.** It's non-stop. Brutal.

KANE
What the fuck?

Lynch stops. He turns to Kane -and- delivers the most malevolent scowl we've ever seen on celluloid. Face dripping with blood, hair matted with it... but HE SMILES.

LYNCH
(in low voice)
You're next.

Then... Lynch passes out. An instant black-out.

His body convulses spastically, then goes limp. After a few beats of Kane watching in astonishment, Lynch slowly comes to. He looks up to Kane with an inculpable gaze.

LYNCH
What... what happened?

KANE
You just killed happy hour...
that's what happened.
(beat)
Jesus. You really are crazy aren't
you? Rhetorically speaking.

Lynch pans the room - body count taking its toll. A few groans gurgling from the blood battered Yakuza beside him.

LYNCH
I don't remember any of this.

Kane offers Lynch a hand. SIRENS screaming in the distance.

KANE
Come on. Get up!!

EXT. KABUKICHO ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Both our guys duck inside an alley as a few Japanese police cars speed by. They each take a deep breath... then KANE HOOKS LYNCH IN THE FACE! Lynch stumbles back with a thud.

KANE

What the *FUCK* happened back there?
I gave you an order, and it sure as
shit wasn't to spill dead Yakuza
ass all over the dancefloor. Jesus!
(smacks Lynch)
If you compromise my mission one
more time, I will rip out your
throat without wasting a fuckin'
afterthought.

Now, Lynch charges Kane, slamming his head into the wall. Rage gleaming in his eye once again. And he punches Kane... repeatedly.

LYNCH

I'll retort with a "FUCK YOU"!

Kane shoves a hand in Lynch's face -but- Lynch bites into his palm. Left. Right. Uppercut. Hook. And the fight heats up, a full out brawl, right here in an alley of triad turf.

Suddenly, Lynch rips the gun from Kane's jacket -and- yanks the trigger back. He aims.

LYNCH

You touch me one more time and I'll
conclude this little skirmish in
bloodshed. No hesitations.

KANE

Okay. Just put it down.

We witness as Lynch goes through a complete personality change. He's shifting to a more dominate character. And if Kane knew how to say "mercy", he might just ask for it here.

LYNCH

(taking charge)
You've got it all *fucking* wrong.
I'm only doing this to find out who
tainted my life, my work, and my
head. It's my conjecture that
whomever desires this microchip...
can lead me to the very group who
ruined me from the commencement of
this endeavor. That's why I NEED
YOU to help me find it.
(beat)
Why do you think I so easily
strolled out with you in San
Francisco? You're a *fucking* escort,
Kane. A pawn. Just like me.

Lynch's hand shakes -- he's not the avid gun user.

LYNCH
Do you really suppose I'd stick around to help you save your fuckin' family? If so, you may be duller than you appear. Once I get my closure, I'll be ready for a sudden sabbatical.

A beat. Then Lynch slides to the ground. Tears forming in his eyes. He looks up to Kane and tosses the gun at his feet. We're at a standstill moment. Kane takes the weapon back.

KANE
(grudgingly)
Look, I know this isn't an ideal situation, but we can help each other. We're both after the same guys here.

Lynch shrugs him off. Another mood swing. Is he bi-polar too?

LYNCH
Right. Well. As much as I enjoyed this pleasant pep-chat, we're not here for the honeymoon tour. So let's get right to it, shall we?

KANE
For once, I agree with you.

Kane straps the 9mm back into his belt, as...

KANE (CONT'D)
You hungry? I know a place.

CUT TO:

INT. CALIFORNIA HOTEL - CIA OPERATION CONTROL - NIGHT

Three adjoining hotel rooms that presently serve as the OP Center for Carmikael's investigation. Surveillance monitors. FBI audio taps. And lots of CIA lackeys serving coffee.

In the corner, Carmikael flips through Lester Lynch's file. Pictures. Medical records. Rap sheet...

CARMIKAEL
Think I just found the poster child for "Psycho Of The Month Club".

JEFFRIES
Yeah, he makes Marilyn Manson look like a fuckin' girl scout.

CARMIKAEL
(dumbfounded)
Who's Marilyn Manson?

JEFFRIES
Um, nevermind sir.

An agent holds up a phone in the background.

CIA LACKEY
Agent Carmikael... your wife?

CARMIKAEL
Tell her I'm in the shitter.

CIA LACKEY
You said that last time.

CARMIKAEL
Well, I don't know, make something
up... that's why we call it
"intelligence".

Lackey turns back to the phone, lying to Carmikael's wife.

CARMIKAEL
(to Jeffries)
Where are we with the FBI?

JEFFRIES
All lines are tapped, sir.

CARMIKAEL
We have nothing?

JEFFRIES
Because they have nothing.

Now, Carmikael flips open KANE'S FILE and starts skimming.

CARMIKAEL
What about Kane? Jesus. Half the
shit in his file never "actually"
happened. We got anything?

JEFFRIES
His wife isn't home. Daughter isn't
in school. But surveillance is...

CARMIKAEL
Who else is there? Parents. Ex-
wife. Buddies. Chums. Who are the
last five fucks he's had? A guy
like this doesn't break out of
prison to coach little league. He's
up to something -- FIND OUT WHAT!

JEFFRIES
Yes sir.

LAMONT (O.S.)
Agent Carmikael. Agent Jeffries. I
think you should see this...

Both Carmikael/Jeffries turn to a geeky agent in aviator specks standing at the front door. This is AGENT LAMONT.

LAMONT (CONT'D)
I'm Agent Carl LaMont from Homeland Security. Cyber-terror division. They sent me this morning after discovering this file...

LaMont holds up A FOLDER -and- hands it over to Carmikael.

CARMIKAEL
Cyber-terror?

LAMONT
We ran a secure background check on your Lester Lynch. He has no record beyond three years. But we did find a "Bishop Lynch". Doctor Bishop Lynch... PhD attached. Used to be a scientific advisor with the NSA, but after 1994 he disappeared. He has an obit, a tombstone... the whole nine. Only thing is, the fingerprints your team slipped from the Feds are identical to the ones in his file.

CARMIKAEL
You think it's the same guy?

LAMONT
Identically. Your second gunman is tied to past government operations, sir. High profile black book ops.

Carmikael and Jeffries share a concerned look.

CARMIKAEL
Why would Marcus Kane be attached?

JEFFRIES
We don't know that he is, sir.

LAMONT
(tapping folder)
Check this out. It's a Russian transmission detailing the contents of a highly encrypted disc. They call it "The Skeleton Key". This intel is the type of pale horse shit Lynch worked on at the NSA.
(beat)
What if someone opened a door that doesn't exist? What kind of secrets would we be hidden there?

CARMIKAEL
Jesus. I know about the microchip. It's what Kane was after in Venezuela. How'd you get this?

LAMONT
We're Homeland Security, sir. We
get everything.

CARMIKAEL
(off the cuff)
When's the last time you got laid?

LAMONT
(confused)
Ummm...

CARMIKAEL
Exactly. Not everything.
(beat)
Is this all you've got?

LaMont flips in a dvd showing RAW FOOTAGE FROM A FAMILIAR
TEST FACILITY IN NEW YORK. A FAMILIAR BRIDGE visible in the
background. **FLIES. BLOOD. BODY BAGS. AND... THE SYMBOL** we've
seen once before in Lynch's episodes.

LAMONT
This is where the so-called "Black
Charon" experiments went down. With
a bang. Every subject involved was
found dead -- except for Lynch.

INSERT: VICTIM PHOTOS. ALL OF THEM STAMPED WITH "DECEASED".

LAMONT (CONT'D)
The program was a disaster.

JEFFRIES
And the NSA?

LAMONT
Claimed no knowledge. Denied it
faster than rabbits fuck.

CARMIKAEL
So is this what you think our boys
are mixed up with? Codes. Secrets.

LAMONT
That's affirmative.

Carmikael stands up, brushes some cheese puff crumbs from his
shirt, and turns to his team.

CARMIKAEL
Get me a secure line to Langley.
(to LaMont)
Any further intel regarding "The
Skeleton Key" is to be double
classified. Understood?

LAMONT
It already is.

Another CIA agent interrupts abruptly.

CIA AGENT #2

Sir. We've just received word that a Japan Air stewardess is filing a complaint with the American Psychiatric Board. Seems she was harassed in flight by two men claiming to be with the organization.

(hard beat)

Their descriptions fit the profile of our targets.

CARMIKAEL

Shit Almighty! Gentleman, let's clear out -- we're headed to tea town. And the clock's ticking.

(to Jeffries)

Look alive Jeffries, we have the ball again.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NOODLE HOUSE - **NIGHT**

A crapped-out little shanty. Type of place that puts the health department on red alert.

CLOSE ON: A PLATE OF "CHOPPED BEEF" SLIDING ONTO A TABLE.

An older man with a long ponytail sniffs the entree, digging right in. "Yum". At least ALBERT HIGGINS thinks so. He's CIA deep cover, stationed in Shinjuku for...

KANE (O.S.)

Eight years.

Higgins looks up, smiles.

HIGGINS

Marcus!!

He hugs Kane. Old contacts. A genuine loyalty exists here.

KANE

How are ya, Higgins?

HIGGINS

Better than ever. You?

KANE

Busy.

Kane slides into the table opposite him.

KANE (CONT'D)

How's Molly?

HIGGINS
Molly? Fuck Molly. I tossed that
three-bit, hump-hump, cock-happy
whore out the window years ago.

KANE
Once a hooker, always a hooker.

HIGGINS
Damn right. I shoulda' known when I
met the bitch. Her vagina was so
big, you could go camping in it for
the weekend. Shit you not.
(beat)
But those tits could poke an eye
out when perked at full tilt. Lips
tasted like buttermilk on a sea-
salt biscuit.
(reminiscing)
Damn... I miss that bitch.

Kane chuckles -as- Lynch slides into the booth.

HIGGINS
Who's the groupie?

LYNCH
(shaking hands)
Lester Lynch. I'm also a hooker
aficionado.

HIGGINS
Hell, aren't we all, son. This
place is the sex capitol of the
world. An all you can eat buffet of
pussy served up any way you like.
Usually take mine sunny side up
with sprinkles on top.
(to Kane)
What brings you back, Marcus? Last
I knew, the orient left a bad taste
in your mouth. Or vice versa.

KANE
I'm here on a mission, Higgs.

HIGGINS
Whose mission? The company's?

KANE
Hired-op team coded "The Seven".

LYNCH
A dubious regime of motherfuckers.

KANE
(pouring some tea)
...Point is, we need your help.

Higgins slurps up some noodles.

HIGGINS

I been a ghost here for more than eight years, Marcus. On Yakuza watch. I can't do anything that's gonna put me in the shallow end. Direct orders from Langley.

Kane looks to Higgins, serious.

KANE

We're here for Retomoto.

Higgins straightens up, gently sets down his chopsticks.

HIGGINS

What do you want with Retomoto?

KANE

We need to intercept a microchip he's planning to dish off. And we've got a 24 hour ticking clock.

HIGGINS

Oh, I'd say that redefines ASAP.

KANE

(now the rub)
How can we penetrate "the tower"?

Higgins laughs.

HIGGINS

You don't. Tower G is a deathtrap. It's like the Fort Knox of bad Japanese dudes. Jujitsu, Kung Fu, Weng Shu Poo... none a that shit means anything with a bullet in your ass, boys.

(beat)

These are some bad motherfuckers you're talking about, grasshopper. And they don't like tourists sniffin' at their miyagis, get me?

KANE

That's why we need you. Off the radar -- off the grid. I've said it twice in my lifetime, Higgs, and I'll say it once more...

(beat)

"Please".

Higgins slurps up another noodle.

HIGGINS

Wow. I'm touched.
(giving in)
Okay. But we can't talk here.

INT. HIGGIN'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

A termite infested flat just off the Tama River. Higgin's pours an old bottle of bourbon into a hissing tea kettle.

HIGGINS

Tea?

Kane nods. Then looks around to notice about twenty-something cats crawling around the apartment.

KANE

Got enough pets?

Higgins sets Kane's tea cup on the kitchen table.

HIGGINS

Molly had two. Then they had more... yaddy-yah. It's like the fuckin' things multiply with water.

(beat)

What's with the new partner?

KANE

Partner? Get real, Higgs. You think I like escorting Norman fuckin' Bates around the world?

Kane takes a sip, back to business.

KANE (CONT'D)

Tower G. How do we get in?

Higgins raises a blind revealing a direct view of Retomoto's headquarters. The Shibuya Tower Palace...

The third tallest building in Tokyo -- 9th tallest building in the world. It stands 264 meters high, formed by 7 oval lobe towers joined together by a concrete megaframe core. All bound to perimeter columns through an exterior belt wall. Each tower is lettered A-G... with G being the tallest.

HIGGINS

I been casin' this place since it was built in '04. It's a mecca for underground arms dealers headed west. See the largest tower here...

(points to window)

...That's Tower G. Retomoto controls the top three floors.

(points to other towers)

There's no access to Tower G from Towers A-F. And you don't just walk in the front door either. The lobby is under constant surveillance.

Retomoto controls security, so if you ain't stoppin' by to fuck your girlfriend or drop off a Yakisoba bowl you're tagged immediately.

KANE

What about a fake ID? Keycards?

HIGGINS

Too risky. There's only ONE elevator to Retomoto's level of the building. External. Goes straight up, no stops. And it usually rides six guards deep. To top that cherry, the elevator pad is fingerprint sensitive. Only two people have access to the 73rd floor. Retomoto... and his daughter.

KANE

So we go in from the sky?

HIGGINS

That's where I mention hiccup number two. Tower G has no roof access, no open outlets of any kind... there's no way in.

KANE

Then what's our play?

Higgins smiles. He goes to his pantry and removes THREE BLACK FIBERGLASS CASES. He sets each of them on the table.

HIGGINS

A little something I like to call "tumbling".

OPENING CASE #1: A STOCK BELT WITH 7 BELAYS STRATEGICALLY FITTED AROUND IT. A coil of black rope also resting inside.

HIGGINS

A seven round harness belt. Once each belay is used, it's easily retracted from the belt by pulling the "rip wire" from below, allowing you to string a new line on the fly. It's adjustable, light, and easily maneuverable in repel mode.

OPENING CASE #2: A PAIR OF FINGERLESS GLOVES. Stretched across the inside knuckles of the glove, we see A GLASS STRIP WITH METALLIC COIL INLAID within it.

HIGGINS

"Butterfingers". Something the company calls EMG technology.

Higgins activates the gloves by cracking the metallic coils. Strips begin to glow, creating a suction current -- sounds like an electric charge powering up.

HIGGINS (CONT'D)

Once activated, this metallic strip creates an electromagnetic current that forms an attraction to solid glass molecules. Thus, breaking down reconstructing particles into what can only be explained as an interconnecting molecular lock.

(beat)

Really hi-tech suction gloves if you will.

Higgins tosses one of the gloves onto a glass window -ZAP- it sticks to the glass with a small spark. Really fucking cool.

KANE

I'll be damned.

OPENING CASE #3: U/V CONTACT LENSES. Pupils of the lenses are glowing BRIGHT BLUE. Might be creepy when in use.

HIGGINS

"Blu-vision". Cut the lights and pop these babies in, your vics will start glowing like Elton John after a prison shower. Pretty much makes night vision equalivent to grandma's readin' glasses.

"BAM"! A GUNSHOT ECHOES FROM THE LIVING ROOM. Kane and Higgins rush into the next room to find:

LYNCH standing over a dead cat with a smoking gun in hand. Cat's head is splattered across the carpet -- other kittens nibbling at pieces of brainmatter.

HIGGINS

THE FUCK?

KANE

Christ! Did you go dark again?

Lynch looks up at Kane, shrugs.

LYNCH

No. I just hate cats.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JAPANESE MIDDLE SCHOOL - LATE AFTERNOON

School's out. Hundreds of uniformed Japanese kids spilling from the halls. And we zero in on one LITTLE GIRL in particular. She's wearing a Pokemon backpack.

KANE (V.O.)

What's the 2nd highest tower, Higgs?

HIGGINS (V.O.)
North Tower -- F. Less security on
the ground. Roof access. Why?

We watch as the little girl walks to the edge of the school
yard -*where*- FIVE BODYGUARDS in Armani suits await.

KANE (V.O.)
If we take Tower F to the top, we
can use the gear to cut off
Retomoto's elevator. It's an
external lift, right? We'll hitch a
ride straight to the nest.

The "bodyguards" walk with the girl as she crosses the street
heading for Shinjuku Station...

HIGGINS (V.O.)
So far so good. But what about the
fingerprint panel?

And they descend into the subway, we find Kane and Lynch
waiting among the masses, lurking.

KANE (V.O.)
You mentioned a daughter, right?

Kane nods to Lynch as the group approaches.

HIGGINS (V.O.)
Careful guys. Far as Retomoto goes,
that little girl has pride and joy
written all over her.

They follow the bodyguards onto a departing train.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - **CONTINUOUS**

Train car reverberates as it glides across the tracks. A
broken "exit" light flickering to sustain life. Now...

Like a lion about to pounce its prey, Lynch sneaks up behind
the girl. And just as he's about to grab her collar...

"**CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK**"... four guns are unanimously
shoved in his grill. Lynch slinks back in retreat.

Then... "**CLICK. CLICK**". Two of the Koreans turn to find KANE
WITH TWO TITANIUM .357 MAGNUMS shoved to their skulls. Odds
even a bit... but it's still one hell of a delicate situation.

KANE
Everyone stay calm.

Train is seconds from entering a tunnel. Exit light flashes
intensely, putting everyone's nerves on edge. Especially
Lynch. His head twitching to the side, gritting his teeth...

VOICES (V.O.)
Let us out, Lynch.

...And we know what happens when you corner the beast.

TRAIN ENTERS THE TUNNEL, just as...

BLAM! BLAM! Kane puts his two guards head first into the glass. Head first meaning that's what sprays right at us.

Darkness envelops the scene as Kane spins. The only visuals he has are stemming from the flickering sign -*which will-*
 CREATE A STROBING EFFECT THROUGHOUT THE TRAIN.

We won't see much. Only the disturbing images of Lynch massacring his enemies. All visible in short bursts of light.

STROBE FLASH: Lynch sinks his teeth in a guard's ear, a mist of blood hits the air as it dislodges.

STROBE FLASH: Slamming his palm into another guard's nose.

STROBE FLASH: Relentlessly shoving his thumbs into the final guard's eye sockets. Blood disgorging violently.

Kane watches in complete horror.

AS THE TRAIN EXITS THE TUNNEL -- SUNLIGHT FLOODS BACK INSIDE, AND WE FIND LYNCH BLACKED OUT WITH 5 DEAD GUARDS AROUND HIM.

KANE
 Holy shit.

OS: Riyoko begins crying -- Kane goes to console her.

KANE
 It's okay, sweetie. We're only here
 for one thing...

And Kane grabs Riyoko's trembling hand, forcing her pinky finger to extend. He pops a knife. Riyoko *SCREAMS*, as...

...Lynch wakes as the train slows to a halt. He pans to notice a few commuters ducking down. That scared shitless feeling swelled deep in the pit of their stomachs.

KANE
 This is our stop.

Lynch turns to Riyoko. She's sobbing. Gently wrapping her hand within a white bloody handkerchief.

LYNCH
 We got it?

KANE
 We got it.

And Lynch stumbles off the train, following Kane.

EXT. ROOFTOP - TOWER F - NIGHT

6 hours to deadline.

KANE (V.O.)
 But we don't have much time. We've
 gotta hit Retomoto within the hour.
 Before word spreads about the girl.

The access door slams open as KANE (*wearing a black special op body suit*) paces across the roof. Lynch follows, wearing an identical suit. Both of them strapped to the hilt with hi-tech gear on loan from the CIA.

Kane stares down at the exterior concrete belt running to Tower G. It connects into the central core of the building, keeping all 7 towers spaced 50 feet apart from each other.

KANE
 Looks about 10 clicks.

LYNCH
 Clicks?

KANE
 It's a unit of measure, numb nuts.

LYNCH
 Measuring what exactly? All that
 military jibberish merely restrains
 a distinguishing point.

KANE
 My point is liable to blow your
 distinguished head across Tokyo if
 you don't get serious.

LYNCH
 You know, you should really see
 someone about your anger issues.

Kane drops a black duffel bag *-and-* removes a REEL OF REPELLING CABLE. He clips a DETACHABLE PULLEY to a nearby A/C duct, threading the cable through it snugly.

LYNCH
 I imagine that this is the
 appropriate time for last words?

KANE
 You think you're gonna need 'em?

Once the cable is secure, Kane loops it into belay #1. Then he withdraws A GRAPPLING GUN from the duffel.

LYNCH
 If you intend for me to scale this
 high wire... I believe so.

KANE

How about this for last words: "If you fuck this up... I'll kill you".

Kane *FIRES THE GRAPPLING!* Cable extracting as its five-point hook drives into the building's core. Kane rips the rope tight and feeds it through a series of carabineers, drawing it taut around him. And now, there's a line between towers.

Kane tightens his stock-belt harness, and steps onto the ledge. As he *leans off the roof*, the line catches. And Kane drags himself across 55 stories of open air. Lynch watches in utter trepidation.

LYNCH

Oh... fuck it.

Now, Lynch hooks his carabineer into the line. He grabs the cable dearly, and slowly leans over the ledge.

INSERT WIDE SHOT: The neon lights of Tokyo dazzling around us, as Kane & Lynch zip-line between the city's tallest towers.

Kane reaches the end of the line, planting himself within the external tract just as the elevator begins ascending. Perfect timing. He waits as it rises beneath him.

INT. ELEVATOR - **CONTINUOUS**

SIX OF RETOMOTO'S BODYGUARDS stand impatiently inside. One of them holding a bloody handkerchief in his grasp.

Serene Japanese muzak overcomes the scene, well, until we hear a loud "**THUD**" from above. All bodyguards turn to the ceiling -*seconds before*- the top hatch *RIPS* open...

...And Kane points a .22 Caliber silenced pistol inside, taking out each guard in seconds. Muzzle flashes spark from inside the elevator, blending into the blinking Tokyo skyline with aesthetic perfection.

Kane drops in and hits the "emergency stop" button, allowing Lynch to enter. He pops the "BLU-VISION" lenses into his eyes, transforming into an official predator. Next, he removes a 2nd silenced pistol and tightens the barrel.

Lynch fumbles with his gun, Kane notices.

KANE

You ever use one before?

LYNCH

Rarely. Just point and shoot, right?

KANE

Exactly.

Finally, Kane unzips his armored vest and removes THE TIP OF RIYOKO'S PINKY FINGER. He winks at Lynch:

KANE
You ready?

LYNCH
Now or never I presume.

And Kane presses the finger to the panel.

KANE
(through an earpiece)
God -- let there be light.

INT. RETOMOTO'S "NEST" - 73RD FLOOR - **CONTINUOUS**

A madhouse. Guards everywhere. Hookers face-planting themselves into piles of blow. Back massages. Sake. It's like a private resort in the clouds. Scumbags Only.

AND CAMERA WHIPS to the far end of the penthouse wing, where we find RETOMOTO, staring at A METALLIC CASE atop a conference table. THE SKELETON KEY. He smiles victoriously.

GUARD #1 (O.S.)
They are ready, Mr. Retomoto.

RETOMOTO
Good. We leave in one hour.

Suddenly: **ALL POWER DIES -- LIGHTS GO OUT WITHOUT WARNING!**

RETOMOTO
(nervous)
FIX IT!!!

CAMERA WHIPS back across the floor to the elevator. And as the doors begin to open... "DING"...

...Kane steps out with guns blazing!! Guards open fire at the elevator, unable to see what they're actually shooting at. Chaos Theory in play as all hell breaks loose.

KANE'S POV: BLU-VISION. Every goon with a gun appears in blue infrared blurbs. Heat emanating from their bodies in bright currents only visible with these lenses.

HOOKERS SCREAMING ALL AROUND US -- GUARDS RUNNING RAMPANT!!

Kane takes one of them down. Then another. Then another. Clouds of blow spreading the air -as- walls are torn to shreds. Bullets *zipping* across frame like lightning.

Kane shoves a hooker to the ground and puts a fresh rip right through a bodyguard's chest. Lynch goes back to back with him now... taking a few misguided shots of his own. And CAMERA ROTATES 360 AROUND THEM AS THEY PICK OFF THEIR TARGETS.

Now, Kane breaks across the room -- firing both guns through a haze of projected debris. He *dives* onto the floor, *sliding* beneath an overturned table, and *smokes* another guard.

"**CLICK**". Kane goes empty *-but immediately-* Lynch grabs a machine gun off of a dead henchman, and *tosses* it through the air. STAY ON THE GUN, AS...

...IT FLIPS OVER THE HEAD of a trigger-happy guard. Kane catches it, putting a patch of heat across his chest.

LYNCH
Now what?

KANE
Time for an audible.

LYNCH
(confused)
Excuse me?

Kane *KICKS UP A GUN* *-then-* reaches back for a fresh clip. He grabs the gun and loads it in the same move... emptying an entire round into a final guard. Now the room is quiet. He turns to Lynch as the corpse rolls across the floor.

KANE
Audible.

CAMERA FINDS RETOMOTO

Cornering himself in the conference room. He grabs the metallic case and cuffs it to his wrist *-as-* **THREE GUARDS** surround him with weapons drawn.

"**SPHIT-SPHIT-SPHIT**". And three shots whip through the glass divide taking each of them out. Retomoto quivers.

KANE
(entering room)
Retomoto. Remember me?

RETOMOTO
My demon. I could never forget.

He aims at Retomoto *-just as-* **TWO HELICOPTERS** circle the building with spotlights on high. Back-up on arrival.

RETOMOTO
Much regret. It is far too late for you, Mr. Kane. It seems your only option is...

BLAM! Retomoto's head splatters against the window in clumps.

KANE
Exactly.

Kane grabs the case, only now discovering that it's cuffed to Retomoto's arm. Titanium cuffs. He shakes his head...*fuck!*

BACK ON LYNCH: Watching the elevator as it begins rising.

LYNCH (CALLING OUT)
We have guests!

Kane approaches with Retomoto's corpse over his shoulder.

LYNCH
Are we taking the corpse too?

KANE
He cuffed the case. Titanium.

The elevator arrives -- Kane instantly looking for a way out.

LYNCH
So will this be Plan B or C?

KANE
Nah. This is totally wingin' it.

"DING". An army of guards pour into the penthouse, as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TOWER G - **CONTINUOUS**

CRASH! Windows *shatter* -as- RETOMOTO'S CORPSE SAILS from the 73rd floor. **SPLAT!** It lands on the rooftop of Tower E with a flesh smoldering slam. Now...

KANE VAULTS FROM THE BUILDING with his "drop line" secured tight. Free-falling through thirteen floors until the line draws taut, swinging him back against the glass.

He yanks the cable tight, placing his feet on the window. AND NOW... KANE BEGINS RUNNING DOWN THE BUILDING VERTICALLY. Tumbling cord whips through his stockbelt as he goes. And we'll call this repelling on the fly. Don't try it at home.

Lynch follows procedure. Both of them skipping one floor at a time as they bound down the tower's exterior. Helicopters weaving above them with spotlights crossing continually.

And Kane reaches the concrete belt between rooftops G and E. He quickly *pulls* the "rip cord" releasing belay #2, dropping onto the concrete walk. Sprinting across it to Tower E.

ON TOWER E

Kane/Lynch find cover as both helicopters blaze across the roof. Gats churning. Shards of metal dicing the atmosphere.

LYNCH
This isn't looking sublime.

KANE
Just my style.

Kane *snaps* his "EMG gloves", cracking the coil strips together. They heat up instantly, glowing blue beams within the palms of his hand. And sit tight, because you've never seen anything like this before...

HELICOPTER #1 LOWERS EVEN TO THE ROOF, GUNS CHURNING.

AND KANE RUNS STRAIGHT FOR IT -- FULL SPRINT!!

WE GO SLOW-MOTION: as KANE LEAPS OFF THE BUILDING! Sailing through the air towards the hovering helicopter.

"**WHOOMPF**". Kane clings to the glass windshield with a *slam*. Suction sparking. Nose dipping from the body weight as he fastens himself in place. Blades wisping just overhead as the helicopter spins to throw his grip. No use -- he's on firm.

LYNCH

And they say *I'm* crazy?

Kane reaches back to remove his gun. And the PILOT's mouth slacks in awe as he aims right into the windshield.

"**BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM**"! KANE FIRES THROUGH THE GLASS, taking out everyone inside with ease and still hanging tight.

Pilot spurts forward angling the helicopter directly into the rooftop. Kane jumps from the pierced windshield seconds before the twirling blades tear into the concrete, toppling the helicopter into a barrel roll across the roof.

BoooooM! And Kane dives for cover as the helicopter goes sky-high -- LOOSE ROTATOR BLADE lacerating the air overhead. Tail sweeps the scene taking out anything in its path, as the tail fin thrusts up... flipping *RIGHT OVER LYNCH'S BODY*.

AND AS THE DUST SETTLES:

Lynch sees Retomoto's splattered corpse... the case is cracked open beside him. Dodging gunfire, he crawls over to the case and removes A SILVER MICROCHIP.

Kane lays still amidst the wreckage. He presses his earpiece:

KANE

God... Now!!

And just off the horizon, ANOTHER CHOPPER arcs between two sky rises. Would appear to be a news chopper if it didn't say "**SUCKY-SUCKY**" across the tail shaft. HIGGINS smoking at the helm.

Higgins lowers just above the action. And Kane hoists up onto the right skid, hooking himself into the cabin roof with an extra carabineer. But...

Gunfire pushes the chopper away from the roof, leaving Lynch behind. It's too hot for Higgins to cut back in. Now...

Lynch sprints along the ledge, parallel to the chopper. Once he catches up -- Kane tightens his line and leans out, extending his arms as they near the edge.

LYNCH JUMPS -- *linking arms with Kane in the sky just as the chopper breaks away from Shibuya Palace airspace.*

INT/EXT. HIGGINS' CHOPPER - **CONTINUOUS**

Lynch belts himself in while Kane fires off a few more rounds. He stares at the silver microchip in his hand.

LYNCH
Here it is... the skeleton key.

Kane turns back to take a look.

LYNCH (CONT'D)
I extend my gratitude, Kane. You preserved my life back there.

KANE
Brothers in arms, right? That's military jibberish for "Never leave a man down". Now matter how many screws he's missin'.

LYNCH
Brothers in arms. I like it.

Higgins turns from the cockpit as Kane straps himself in.

KANE
Right on time, Higgs.

HIGGINS
Yeah, make sure to let everyone know the service here is four star fuckin' splendid.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NARITA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - **NIGHT**

CARMIKAEL is watching a news report in the baggage claim. Complete shock on his face as AN ANCHOR reports the story.

JEFFRIES (O.S.)
We're a little late, sir.

CARMIKAEL
Really? So "Operation No Shit" is still a go?

JEFFRIES
Ummm.

ON TELEVISION: A live update coming from the Shibuya Towers -- TOWER E still engulfed in flame. Now, a body bag is carted to a waiting ambulance. Retomoto's carcass presumably inside it.

CARMIKAEL

He did it. I can't believe the guy
fucking did it. He made a bigger
mess than in South Korea.

Carmikael's private phone rings. He ignores it.

JEFFRIES

Sir, are you going to answer it?
That's the private line.

CARMIKAEL

Nah, it's my wife.
(turning to Jeffries)
She figured out the number.

Beat. Now:

CARMIKAEL (CONT'D)

There's no way he's still in Tokyo
after this fuckin' charade. Get on
the horn with the FBI, get me
Bristo... if Kane heads back to The
States I want complete cooperation.
And brief the Secretary of Defense.
(watching)
They have no idea what's crossing
our border.

JEFFRIES

You talking about the microchip?

CARMIKAEL

No, I'm talking about the wet fart
I ripped back in customs.
(idiot)
Of course I'm talking about the
microchip, Jeffries. Of course!
(beat)
You know what, just find out what
Kane's next move is, that's how you
can be helpful.

Carmikael sulks and scuffs off.

INT. HIGGINS' FLAT - DAWN

Higgins wires the microchip to his computer mainframe. In a heartbeat, the screen fills with fluctuating numeric columns. He hacks at the encryption, trying to find a pattern.

Meanwhile, Lynch cracks open a fortune cookie. Reading:

LYNCH

"Rest and relaxation draws nigh". I desperately await the fruition of this fortune.

Kane smirks. He's packing up their gear for the flight home.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

When I looked at that microchip, something clicked. It brought back old memories. Ones I'd hoped to forget. Permanently.

(revealing)

My real name is Bishop Lynch.

Lynch pauses, hesitates. Kane looks to him curiously.

KANE

Go on. Or do you want me throw on my jammies before pillow talk?

LYNCH

Please, male bonding is not a procedure I long to accomplish on this trip. Don't flatter yourself.

KANE

Look, asshole, I'm not asking for a bedtime story. If there's anything I need to know about this disk, then tell me now... before we walk into the world's most obvious double-cross.

LYNCH

(annoyed)

It's just that these voices in my head... I believe they may have something to do with that key. I just don't know how.

KANE

The suspense is killing me.

LYNCH

(recalling)

I do remember Manhattan - that's where I was taken. Bad things happened there. People died. I was forced into the experiment...

INSERT FLASHBACKS: Sharp splices of A FACILITY. Military soldiers are carrying body bags out of the compound. We see all the familiar images... DEAD BODIES. FLIES. THE BRIDGE. And THE SYMBOL for "BLACK CHARON" right on the wall.

We're inside a classified testing facility. Lynch looks over the abandoned lab. Then... he turns to find a gun in his face. **BAM!** Flashback goes white instantly.

LYNCH

I believe I became an unnecessary evil. That's where it all stops.

Kane sweeps some stale rice off a table, and rests his duffle.

LYNCH

When I woke from coma, I realized I had to change my name -- start over. So I found a new life. Married a beautiful woman, the very nurse who cared for me. I loved her dearly. Although I never told her.

(beat)

But these... these episodes stayed with me. That's the uncontrollable curse they gave me. And that's why I need to find them.

(to Kane)

Do you really think I'm a monster?

Kane shrugs, smiles.

KANE

If you took the three sickest fucks from the three sickest fuck-huts, threw 'em all in a blender and hit frappe... that shit still doesn't come close to your shit.

LYNCH

Articulated in an extremely empathetic fashion. Thank you.

KANE

If by empathetic you mean no bullshit... then yeah.

HIGGINS (O.S.)

I think I got a bite!

Higgins' accesses the key at his workstation. And thousands of 11 digit numeric strands scroll across the screen vertically.

HIGGINS (CONT'D)

I used an algorithmic worm to break through the outer firewall. But something still ain't right.

(pointing to columns)

Each one of these strands is an 11 digit cipher, however, there's an unrecognizable piece of data in each sequence. It makes the whole cryptogram useless... like fool's gold pertaining to cyber-data.

LYNCH

But what if it's the numerals that are of little consequence?

Higgins sits back, mulling it over.

HIGGINS

Then that means the one unknown
symbol mixed into every cipher...

LYNCH

Is the actual encrypted element.
(thinking)
Can you highlight everything that
does not have a numeric value?

Higgins hits a few keys. Certain portions of each column are highlighted. Odd characters begin flashing across screen.

HIGGINS

Looks like hiero-fuckin'-glyphics.

LYNCH

It's Greek to me. Those are letters
of the Greek alphabet. It seems to
be refiltering nine of them in
various combination.

Lynch writes them down on paper, handing it to Higgins. He types the letters into a notational program. And as he clicks the "**TRANSLATE**" button, we see the word:

KANE

Crescendo.

And instinctively...

LYNCH

Charon primary member "Ares".
Olympus 3 memory control.
Assimilation to recog pattern
thread "CRESCENDO".

Kane turns to Lynch with piqued interest. "*WHAT THE FUCK?*"

Higgins hacks away using the symbolic cipher -and- the screen transforms into a wav.file. A SHARP BEEP BEGINS RINGING.

HIGGINS

It's an audio file. Sounds like a
memory recog string laid behind
numeric encryption. I've heard of
this -- total black op shit.

Suddenly, a voice-enabled memory recognition pattern begins conveying coded-dialogue in subliminal commands. It almost sounds like the SAME MYSTERIOUS VOICE in Lynch's head, but more mechanical -- like a voice activated operating system.

VOICE PROMPT

"Crescendo" proxy... recall activate.
Begin: ABC. CBA. "Dial M For
Transmission". 6x10=27. Genesis 2:1
codeword: "apple". Thread recog:
"Three sirens bathing in the Styx".
"Nine sirens singing in the Styx".

(MORE)

VOICE PROMPT (cont'd)
 Zeus-Hera-Oedipus string less
 Oedipus. The wolf runs fast...

And Lynch's eyes roll back in his head. Completely reciting a wealth of pre-embedded information as if possessed:

LYNCH
 ...But the fox is cunning.
 (like a machine now)
 System pyxis module number Alpha 6.0
 status: active. Launch code F6-1397
 "Z". Concurring code F6-1397 "A".
 Official coordinate location...

KANE
 (to Higgins)
 Jesus Christ. He is the skeleton key!!

Higgins tries to pull the chip, but the cog-string continues.

HIGGINS
 This microchip is just a memory string to activate this shit. Get him to recall embedded information.
 (scared shitless)
 You gotta get outta here, Kane. Those sound like nuclear launch codes he's babbling about. You know how many governments would kill us just for hearing this?

KANE
 Yeah. Makes me wonder which one Cosgrove is really working for.

VOICE PROMPT
 Charon 3 awaits command. Do you wish to KILL HER?

LYNCH
 Affirmative. Close Charon 3
 Crescendo. The key is locking.

Suddenly, the voice prompt stops. The screen reverts back to scrolling numeric strands. And Lynch's eyes roll back to normal. He falls to the ground. Trembling. Then lies unconscious.

HIGGINS
 (to Kane)
 This is some doomsday shit, my man.

Kane grabs the cell phone and walks out to the patio.

KANE
 I'm making the call.

INT. DARK ROOM - SEVEN COMPOUND - NIGHT

Eliza lies on a blood-stained mattress. Panting. A *hissing* sound emanating from the corner causes us to focus in on... AN OXYGEN TANK dispelling gradually.

Suddenly, the door opens showing COSGROVE into the room with an ENORMOUS MERCENARY -- hideous scar running across his face diagonally. He's intimidating to say the least. Meet BRECK.

COSGROVE
Hey kiddo, what's cookin'?

ELIZA
Fuck off.

Cosgrove grabs her hair, yanks it...

COSGROVE
Fuck off? Now that's not a nice thing to say to an elder.

...And throws her to the ground.

COSGROVE
But I do like your spirit. Bet you got that mean streak from the old man, eh?
(thinking back)
Ya know, I was sixteen once. Young. Rebellious. Running out of oxygen every time I shot the big mouth off. Ah, the fond memories.

Cosgrove points to the oxygen tank resting in the corner.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
See, it's funny... once that tank empties it's all over, peach-stain. It's just a shame you won't get to flash that little muff at cheerleading tryouts this year.

ELIZA
I hate cheerleaders.

COSGROVE
Well, that's not really the point now is it, you jock-jerking cunt?
(to Breck)
Teenagers -- what's the deal?

Breck shrugs. Cosgrove looks back to Eliza.

ELIZA
I'm not my dad's biggest fan, but he is so gonna beat the fuck outta you.

Cosgrove *punches* Eliza in the face.

COSGROVE
You're such a fickle little bitch.

Another of Cosgrove's team members enters to announce:

TEAM MEMBER
Sir, Kane is on the line for you.

Cosgrove delivers his infamous pricked-off smile as he exits.

COSGROVE
Maybe if you behave, re-adjust that little attitude problem... I'll let you watch when I kill your pops.

And as soon as the door shuts, Eliza breaks down. Hard. Tears streaming across her face. She's only a little girl after all.

EXT. COMPOUND "BOILER ROOM" - **CONTINUOUS**

Cosgrove anxiously picks up the phone.

INTERCUTTING KANE/COSGROVE:

COSGROVE
Nick of time, Kane.

KANE
Fuck you, asshole. I've got what you really want... don't I? Seeing as how Lynch is speaking in tongues and shit. Think he just said something about launch codes.

COSGROVE
Don't do anything stupid, Kane. You've got so much to lose here.

KANE
Let my wife and kid go, or I come back solo. Then I will dedicate my life to hunting you down, and...

COSGROVE
Eliza is so young, Kane. Whole life ahead of her. But your wife Meg is looking good, man. Gotta admit, I've wanted to hit it since I saw her in a bikini at that pool bash in Charlestown. Remember that?
(serious now)
DO NOT FUCK AROUND WITH ME!! You have no idea what you're dealing with.

KANE
Let them go first.

COSGROVE
Kane, don't make me repeat myself.

KANE
Let them go, Sean!

COSGROVE
(relenting)
Okay. I REPEAT... bring me the
courier. And the prize.

KANE
Let me handle the details, partner.

COSGROVE
I see. You're just not taking me
serious, are you?

Cosgrove enters into MEGAN'S CELL (Kane's wife). He grabs her
by the hair -and- jams the gun against her temple. Holding
the phone out in front of them both:

COSGROVE (INTO PHONE)
Why don't you say goodbye to your
wife, Kane. Your ex-wife.

MEGAN (INTO PHONE)
Marcus... Marcus is that you?

Kane drops to his knees, eyes getting teary. Raw emotion
bleeding in his voice. Lynch watching it all from the door.

KANE
Baby... God! Oh, Jesus, Meg! I'm
not gonna let them hurt you, you
hear me! I promise that!
(emotional beat)
Don't do this, Cosgrove! Don't
touch her!! So help me God...

BAM! Kane pulls the phone away from his ear. Drums ringing.
He falls back, breathless. Total shock striking home.

KANE (INTO PHONE)
Meg... Meg... MEG!

COSGROVE
You get that fucker? Maybe now I can
be taken a little more seriously.

Cosgrove's men drag her body out under a blanket. She's dead.
The red splotches on the wall confirm it. Cosgrove coldly
removes a handkerchief, dabs the blood off his face.

KANE
(crying)
Meg... no. Nooooo!

COSGROVE
I am a threat to you, Kane. Of the
most extreme nature. So, let me
make myself perfectly clear, bring
me the courier or the girl's next.

KANE
 You just killed yourself, Cosgrove.
 You're a *fucking* dead man!

COSGROVE
 Aren't we all? That's why we do what we
 do. Now, are you ready to cooperate?
 (off Kane's silence)
 Good. Colman Dock. Seattle. Tuesday
 at noon. And don't be late.

LINE GOES DEAD! Kane falls back against the wall. Here we see
 a beaten man. This round definitely goes to the antagonist.

KANE
 (to Lynch)
 They killed her -- my wife.

Lynch nods with a hint of understanding. He's not the most
 emotional character, but he tries his best to console Kane.

LYNCH
 I hate to say this, but I'm
 accustomed to the feeling.
 Overcoming tragedy is a daunting
 task. I know, my entire life has
 been a series of them.
 (taking pills)
 But that's what keeps me pressing.
 Assurance that one day, I will have
 my retribution. Until then, I
 attempt to repress my pain. Most of
 the time unsuccessfully -- as you
 have witnessed.

For the first time, Kane looks at Lynch in a new light. Lynch
 sits beside his involuntary partner. Lots of spent tension.

Now, Higgins steps outside, holding one of his cats.

HIGGINS
 The hell -- I didn't just interrupt
 a rainbow moment, did I?

And Kane turns off the emotion. Back to normal in .1 seconds.

KANE
 Higgs, we're gonna need a charter
 to Seattle by 1900 tonight.

HIGGINS
 Done.

KANE
 And I need you to relay a message
 to the CIA... someone we can trust.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. LANGLEY AIRFORCE BASE - **RIGHT NOW**

Carmikael and Jeffries de-board their jet -as- a junior agent runs across the tarmac in a state of frenzy.

JUNIOR AGENT
Agent Carmikael -- *SIR!*

CARMIKAEL
Yes!?! Do you have word on Kane?

JUNIOR AGENT
No sir.
(catching breath)
It's your wife -- she's in labor.

Carmikael slinks. Drops his floral patterned carry-on bag.

CARMIKAEL
You ran across the entire tarmac
just to tell me that?
(seriously)
I'm trying to catch a threat to
national security, and you've come
to report that my wife is in labor?

CIA AGENT
Yes sir.

CARMIKAEL
Okay - listen very carefully. I
don't care if my wife is giving
birth to twins, triplets, or the
entire Harlem Boys Choir. I'm
working.
(to Jeffries now)
Send a support team to the hospital.
And flowers. Lots of flowers.

JEFFRIES
Anything you'd like the card to read?

CARMIKAEL
*"Wish I could be there -- I really
want to be there."*

JEFFRIES
Um. Very smooth, sir. Very smooth.

Now another agent approaches, sprinting across the tarmac.

CIA AGENT #2
Sir! You've received an urgent
message from an undisclosed source.
Line traced back to Tokyo.

Carmikael grabs the document. Scanning, he turns to Jeffries.

CARMIKAEL
 Everyone back on the plane... now,
 now, now!
 (to messenger)
 Alert the Feds pronto!

EXT. SEATTLE, WASHINGTON - **MORNING**

Insert super: **"SEATTLE, WASHINGTON"**

Camera whips over Elliott Bay into the Port of Seattle. Weaving through a mass of yachts and sailboats, we come to find Kane and Lynch waiting on a busy docking station.

LYNCH
 This is what he said?

KANE
 Colman Dock.

LYNCH
 At noon?

KANE
 That's what he said.

Within seconds, a slicked up SPEEDBOAT cuts across the port turning in towards the dock. And as it ponies up beside Kane/Lynch, a vicious looking muscle-head with an Aussie accent (CUTLER) tosses out TWO NYLON SACKS.

CUTLER
 Put 'em on -- no questions.

Both Kane and Lynch follow orders. They step into the boat as Cutler pats them down. He grabs the METALLIC CASE.

EXT. MARINE SALVAGE YARD - **CONTINUOUS**

Establishing. A boat salvage yard southwest of the port. Machinery hisses all around us, towers of totaled speedboats stacked thirty feet high. Enormous rudders. Oil tins. Junk.

Camera circles around to Kane/Lynch just as their masks are removed by Cutler. Lynch looks around in complete dismay.

LYNCH
 I'm not one for geography, but this
 doesn't look like the appropriate
 place to make an illegal exchange.

KANE
 You want something a little cozier?

Cutler knocks them both to their knees...

CUTLER

On your knees and shut up!

Kane familiarizes himself with the surroundings. Stray engines. Rusted boats. The skeletal remains of sunken barges. This place is a nautical graveyard. Pure disaster zone.

Now, *SEVEN CAMOUFLAGED SOLDIERS* emerge from the salvaged barrier. Safeties click. Hammers rock. Each member of the team shouting "*Secure*" as they surround us from all sides.

BRECK

Hands in the air!!

Kane and Lynch eagerly comply.

And Breck steps aside, making room for COSGROVE. He kicks a fresh clip into his gun and aims right for Kane.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)

Kane. Kane. News says you went samurai-jack on Retomoto's poor ass. That's some serious chop-chop, man. Didn't think you still had it in ya.

SIX MORE SOLDIERS trickle onto the scene. They're escorting a masked prisoner to Cosgrove. And Kane knows exactly who it is.

KANE

Thought your team was designated "The Seven"? I count 13 dwarves.

COSGROVE

We expanded. Had to keep up with the competition. Broadening horizons and all that shit.

Cosgrove pulls off the prisoner's nylon mask to reveal ELIZA.

KANE

Stop! I've done what you asked.

Kane juts forward, but Cosgrove stops him with a warning shot in the sand. Then he presses the gun to Eliza's temple.

COSGROVE

Don't get any ideas. You're surrounded by thirteen highly trained, combat-ready mercenaries. You don't have a Lord's prayer.
(to his men)
Where's "the key"?

Cutler brings the metallic case over to Cosgrove.

KANE

Now let my daughter go.

COSGROVE
First, walk over Lynch. You know
the drill -- him for her.

Lynch turns to Kane, whispers:

LYNCH
I'm part of this exchange?

Kane looks away ashamed.

MERC #2
(into transmitter)
Operation: "Tokyo Suitcase" is
complete. Standing by for phase
two. All hands engaged.

COSGROVE
Walk him over, Kane!
(off hesitation)
Dude, you might need a *fucking*
hearing aid, because I am about to
kill this bitch!

WHACK! Cosgrove *bitch-slaps* Eliza across the cheek.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
This is NOT a fucking game!

KANE
You touch her one more time... I
dare you touch her one more time!

WHACK! Cosgrove *smacks* her again.

COSGROVE
I dare you to dare me again.

KANE
All right! Don't hurt her!

Kane gives in and GRABS LYNCH BY THE ARM -- ESCORTING HIM TO
COSGROVE'S WAITING PARTY. Whispering as they trudge:

KANE
I'm sorry.

LYNCH
Of course you are. Yet, the most
disparaging regret is that
"brothers in arms" proves nothing
more than senseless fodder. Good
show, Kane. I fell for it ruefully.

Two mercenaries take control of Lynch, immediately subduing
him with REM-9. They drag him off to a waiting suburban.

KANE
Who you working for, Sean?

Cosgrove looks inside the case. The delivery is good.

COSGROVE
We were commissioned by the only
man crazy enough to want this
information back. The very same one
we stole it from to begin with.

KANE
Valentin.

COSGROVE
(off Kane's expression)
Don't act so shocked, Marcus.
There's nothing redeeming about our
line of work. We go with the best
off, and the US is usually not it.

Kane takes another lunge, but by this point, the other mercs
are already on him. They force him back down with ease.

KANE
It's funny. All along you've been
the only real traitor between us.

COSGROVE
True. Totally harsh. But true.

Cosgrove brings Eliza in close. Kisses her forehead. Then
enacts a little mock waltz just to rub it all in.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
Patriots are an under appreciated
commodity, Kane. Use them once,
then flush 'em down the shitter.
Rewind-repeat. Rewind-repeat.
You've been a puppet all your life.
(moving closer)
Fuck loyalty, Kane. Fuck it! What's
it ever gotten you? A broken
family. A few tarnished metals. You
live fist to mouth your whole life,
and in the end, you're just another
cog in the wheel. Nobody remembers
what you did until it doesn't
matter anymore. Except for me.

Cosgrove spits in Kane's face.

COSGROVE
I remember. I went down for you,
Marcus. South Korea. You made a
stupid call, and we all lost our
stripes for it. I DID NOT ask for
that! You made me a soldier without
a country... and for that, I
despise you to the fuckin' core.
(beat)
Truth is, I've been longing this
day, hombre. For too damn long.

Kane looks up, a tear forming in his eye.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
 There's a reason for everything,
 Kane. Caracas. Tokyo. Reasons we
 tracked down Lynch. His mug was all
 over prime-time after that murder.
 (back to Kane)
 But then again, your wife might be
 an exception to the rule. I just
 did that for the hell of it.

KANE
 (sombre)
 You're a dead man. Finished.
 Motherfucker, you better..

CRACK! Breck blind-sides Kane with the butt plate of his gun.

COSGROVE
 I'd better what!?!

Eliza is going hysterical. Absolutely hysterical. Cosgrove
 digs the gun under her chin.

COSGROVE (CONT'D)
 Finish your threat, Kane!

KANE
 (to Eliza)
 Eliza, it's all gonna be okay.

COSGROVE
 (leaning to Eliza)
 See honey, didn't I tell you I'd
 let you watch this?

BAM! BAM! And Cosgrove fires into Kane's chest. Wounds
 throwing him to the ground, hard. Eliza screams!

ELIZA
 Dad -- no!!!

Cosgrove turns to her, watches. Maybe she is daddy's little
 girl after all. Cosgrove fires again, trying to finish off
 the kill -**but**- his chamber is empty. "Click". He smiles.

COSGROVE
 Guess I shouldn't have wasted so
 many shots on your wife. But there's
 something bittersweet about that.

MERC #2 (RE: COMMAND)
 The chariot is hot, sir. It's six
 hours to "Mile Zero".

COSGROVE
 (to Kane)
 Please excuse me.
 (MORE)

COSGROVE (cont'd)
 I've gotta a handler to meet before
 he ships off to St. Petersburg.
 Chiao.

Cosgrove turns to Breck and Cutler:

COSGROVE
 Let Kane bleed out, then toss his
 ass to the sharks. Fresh chum. And
 kill the girl too. Make it messy.

Cosgrove kicks Kane, then climbs into the same vehicle as
 Lynch. Even turns to wink at us one last time. What a prick.
 Majority of his team piles into a few additional suburbans.
 They all follow the leader and move out together.

Kane is slowly slipping out of consciousness.

BRECK
 (to Cutler)
 Finish him at the docks -- I want
 the girl. Been waiting for dat ass.

Breck grabs Eliza, her muffled screams fading in/out.

CUTLER
 Rendezvous?

BRECK
 We re-team with Delta in **Kotzebue**.

Kane barely heard it, before we go straight to...

PURE BLACK:

A few silent beats. Then:

KANE (V.O.)
 Listen to the sounds of my voice.
 You are not dead. You have full
 control. You are going to wake up.

Now, we see a BLACK & WHITE image of a younger Eliza swinging
 at a playground. Kane is pushing. She's laughing.

OFF SCREEN -- WE HEAR A GUN CLICK.

KANE (V.O.)
 CONCENTRATE -- *you need to focus!*

IMAGE OF ELIZA ON THE SWING DISAPPEARS. WE'RE BLACK AGAIN.

KANE (V.O.)
 You have full control. You are
 cognitive. Able. And right now, you
 are going to... WAKE UP!

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. MARINE SALVAGE YARD - CONTINUOUS

KANE'S EYES RIP OPEN -- JUST IN TIME TO DODGE A BULLET!!!

Before CUTLER can even get a 2nd shot off, Kane has him up against an iron shed. Hands cuffed behind his back.

WHAM! A vicious headbutt to the face. **WHAM!** That's number two. **WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!** Kane just keeps 'em coming, relentlessly. Turning this guy's face to pulp as he continues pummeling into a 14 headache parlay.

Cutler drops like the dead-weight he is. No mercy. Kane steps back, face covered in blood. He's lost his shit now. A wildcard in a wild deck, and there's going to be hell to pay.

Now, Kane breaks his thumb and slides his hand right out of the cuffs. Couldn't have been easier. Painful. But easy.

CAMERA FINDS: ELIZA. Pinned up against an old work station.

ELIZA
Get your mongrel hands off of me!

BRECK
Oh, I'm gonna get my hands in ya.
Anywhere they'll fit.

WHACK!...Kane slams a metal wrench across the back of Breck's head. And once Breck hits the sand, Eliza begins kicking the shit out of him. Then, she turns to her father and shrugs.

ELIZA
About *fucking* time, dad.

Kane smiles *-and-* hugs his daughter. For a split second, until she pushes him away. He drops to the ground in pain:

ELIZA
Easy on the affection. Mom's gone because of you. You fuck!
(getting tearing)
You're a stranger to me, Marcus.

KANE
Just gimme a chance, Eliza.

ELIZA
A chance? I despise you!

Kane slouches over -- dropping to the sand. He's in pain. Lots of blood leaking from the second shot. Grabbing a pair of needle-nose pliers nearby, Kane turns to his daughter:

KANE
Honey. I need you to do something that you're not gonna like. You're gonna have to remove the bullet.

Eliza goes pale -as- Kane hands her the pliers.

ELIZA
I.... I can't!

KANE
Yes you can. Just go in slow, once
you tap the slug, pull it out. And
baby, you're gonna have to hurry.

She looks sick. Contemplating. And we might think she's about to vomit as she plunges the pliers into his wound. Digging.

KANE
(excruciating pain)
I'm sorry, Ellie. I am. For never
being there... for all of it. I
know you hate me. But you just
gotta understand... you were the
only thing that kept me alive all
those years. You were the one thing
that kept me coming home.

Eliza takes a deep breath of relief once the slug surfaces in her grasp. She leans back as Kane patches himself up.

We catch the tears in her eye. And Kane hugs her -- forcing her. Doesn't say another word. There's no need for talking anymore. He has his daughter back... for now.

ELIZA
Just... not so fast, okay?

Kane tries to smile:

KANE
Okay. We'll work on it.

AND SUDDENLY -- ELIZA SCREAMS!!

KANE IS LIFTED OFF HIS FEET AND THROWN TO THE GROUND!! **BRECK** grabs a stray sailboat mast -and- slams it into Kane's ribs. He hits the sand in a barrel roll.

BRECK
I'm gonna kill you, and then I'm
gonna slice up your pet cunt.

SLAM! Another home-run swing to the gut. Kane checks to see how many ribs are cracked -- feels like two. Now...

SLAM! Kane takes another hit -- face crashing to the sand beside an old BOAT BATTERY. Entire thing is covered in a bubbling acid 10x more potent than a standard car battery.

Just as Breck rears back for a finishing blow -- Kane grabs a random jib pipe and cracks it across his ankles. He sweeps his legs, which sends Breck face-planting into the battery.

A BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM as Brick holds his sizzling face, acid eating right into the skin. It's hideous.

ELIZA

Dad....?

KANE

Eliza... get back!!

Kane turns to THE ARMORED TRUCK parked nearby -- driver's side door wide open revealing a SHOTGUN inside. He quickly goes for it and reaches inside the truck -but- Breck charges him from behind, slamming his face into the wheel. **HONNNNK!**

Breck smashes Kane's jaw with a right hook, knocking him inside the truck. And the struggle heightens, both of them wrestling for control of the weapon.

Now, we tilt up through the windshield to see:

A CRANE-OPERATED CIRCULAR LIFT MAGNET sweeping across the yard. Pieces of metal, strips of coil ripping right off the ground in a maelstrom of sharp debris.

KANE

You gotta be shittin' me.

Kane holds his breath as... THE ENTIRE ARMORED TRUCK IS **RIPPED** RIGHT OFF THE GROUND. It lifts 60 yards in the air - and **CLANK-** roof *slams* to the electric magnet with a bang!

Both Breck and Kane are tossed around inside as it **HOVERS** ABOVE THE SALVAGE YARD. Fight spilling into the rear of the truck: *uppercut, elbow, knee to the chin*. It all gets bloody.

BAM! Breck headbutts Kane tossing him back against the cargo door -- it swings open dropping him out of the truck! He grabs the back bumper, hanging for dear life.

Breck huddles over Kane -*just as-* Kane drops out of sight.

WIDE SHOT: As Kane shimmies across the undercarriage of the swaying truck. Upon reaching the driver's side, Kane finds a grip in the tire tread, hoisting himself back inside.

POW! Breck doesn't miss a beat. He lands a blow that put Kane's nose in three pieces. Kane falls back, hanging from the driver's side door. Now, Breck begins kicking the door hinges... until the door tears from the truck.

Kane grabs the seatbelt strap as he drops, dangling. Until Breck puts a fresh heel in his face. Kane plummets. But we'll **STAY ON HIM AS HE FALLS -because- ABOUT HALF WAY DOWN WE'LL SEE THE METAL DOOR RISING BACK UP TO THE MAGNET.**

BASH! Kane collides with the metal door, grabbing hold, flipping through the air as it **CARRIES HIM RIGHT BACK UP TO THE TRUCK!** And Kane lets go, vaulting himself back inside.

He instantly dives across the cab and kicks Breck into the cargo hold. The truck shudders -- we're seconds from colliding with an elevated conveyor belt. Brace yourself:

CRASH!! And the truck drops, mashing through a slope of discarded boats and wooden hulls. Pile-driving into a sandy patch of clearing among the wreckage.

BOTH KANE AND BRECK ARE THROWN OUT OF THE TRUCK ON IMPACT!

Instantly: Breck grabs Kane's neck, choking him while the magnetic crane looms back around. And Kane reaches for an iron chain dangling from a nearby rudder cage. His only hope.

He wraps it around Breck's waist like a bullwhip. And...

...BRECK IS LIFTED RIGHT OFF THE FUCKING GROUND! Spinning through the air -- and **CLANGING TO THE SWAYING MAGNET** above.

Kane smiles *-until-* the ground beneath him begins shaking. He looks down to instantly realize he's standing on a plank of strip metal from a rusted barge. And suddenly:

WHOOSH -- Kane dives to the sand as the entire iron plank **SKYROCKETS INTO THE AIR!** Breck can only watch as this plank of two ton metal barrels towards him. And the last thing he'll ever see is the ship's name closing in: "THE HAIL MARY".

WHAM!! A *FLESH SMOLDERING SLAM* echoes through the salvage yard as the metal rift **"CRUNCHES" TO THE MAGNET.**

Eliza finds Kane slumped over. She cradles her father.

ELIZA

Jesus, Marcus, you're one serious motherfucker.

KANE

(unsure of response)
...thanks. But you can call me Dad from now on. And stop using the f-word. It's not lady-like.

Soon, an army of black vehicles storm into the yards. Helicopters hovering in from all angles, sending up a cloud of sand. It's a full on raid. But by who?

Kane holds Eliza tight as an ensemble of field agents fan out like shitrats from an empty sewer. He raises his arms as they close in, flanking from all sides.

FBI AGENT (O.S.)

FBI -- DO NOT MOVE!!

AGENT BRISTO hops out of a chopper, and straps his helmet into "warzone" mode. He approaches Kane with a ready gun.

AGENT BRISTO

ON THE GROUND -- NOW!!

A few agents tear Eliza away -as- Kane is tackled face-first to the ground. He lies in the sand, looking up to Eliza.

KANE
Eliza, I love you.

ELIZA
(being pulled away)
Yeah. I know.

Bristo slaps on some cuffs and lifts Kane to his feet.

AGENT BRISTO
Chasing a ghost story my ass.
You've made so much mess of the
world, we could call you a walking-
talking big bang theory.

KANE
I know you've got a stiffy from all
the excitement, but there is an
underground exchange going down in
Kotzebue, Alaska as we speak.

AGENT BRISTO
And I keep a flying-monkey stashed
in my ass. Looks to me like you
broke out to see your daughter. A
sweet gesture, but it's gonna add a
few more volts to your sentence.

He tucks Kane into the back of an FBI transport sedan.

AGENT BRISTO
(to driver)
Straight to headquarters. Follow my
lead.
(to his men)
Have a ground team secure this
scene. Report back to me with
anything sub-normal -- we still
have one on the loose.

Bristo plops into the leader car -and- signals to roll out.

INT. FBI SEDAN - **CONTINUOUS**

Kane sits in the rear seat, caged off from the front.

KANE
What about my daughter?

FBI DRIVER
She's in good hands. Don't you
worry about her.

And now, the FBI caravan approaches the MURROW BRIDGE outside of Seattle. But there's a construction site set up here.... the transport slows down as it approaches the cones.

A WORKER in an orange reflector vest motions the cars to enter the bridge -but- he flips a STOP SIGN before Kane's transport car can proceed. The sedan stops.

FBI DRIVER
What in the hell is this?

FBI PASSENGER
Road work... on a bridge?

Driver rolls down his window, shouting to the crewman.

FBI DRIVER
FBI! What's the hold up?

CREWMAN
Sorry sir... you are.

The FBI agents share a confused expression -seconds before- the construction worker removes a tranquilizer gun. **PFFT!** **PFFT!** He takes out both agents -and- tosses a cannister inside the sedan. Purple paint splats across the windshield.

Kane is speechless as the worker scurries him out of the rear. And immediately, *NINE OTHER CONSTRUCTION WORKERS* steer the sedan onto the shoulder and cone it off.

Crewman removes his dust mask to reveal JEFFRIES. He guides Kane into A WHITE SEDAN on the opposite side of the road.

INT. CIA SEDAN - **CONTINUOUS**

Jeffries slides in behind the wheel -as- CARMIKAEL turns from the passenger seat. He's eating an ice cream cone.

CARMIKAEL
You remember me?

KANE
Yes.

CARMIKAEL
No. You don't.

INT. BRISTO'S CAR - **SIMULTANEOUS**

Bristo looks back in the rear view to notice there's a vehicle missing from their caravan.

BRISTIO
Uh, where'd my fugitive go?

Everyone one in the car just turns and stares. Clueless.

INT. CIA SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Aerial shot as CIA sedan speeds in the opposite direction.

KANE
So... you got my message?

CARMIKAEL
I did. And if you're right about this, then I'm going to shoot you for shattering my kneecap.
(beat)
You know where the key is?

KANE
Cosgrove is selling it off to it's original owner in Kotzebue, Alaska.

CARMIKAEL
Sean Cosgrove. Double whammy. I've had a Cosgrove hard-on for years. In fact, that's why I was in Caracas -- but I got your assailant ass instead.
(peering at Kane)
Rough scar.

KANE
Rough limp.

Jeffries checks a GPS system on the dash, and chimes in:

JEFFRIES
Kotzebue is just west of the arctic circle -- bet it's a complete whiteout this time of year.

CARMIKAEL
What you're a weatherman now? Just get the choppers on stand-by.

Carmikael angles his mirror back to the bridge.

CARMIKAEL (CONT'D)
Bristo is gonna shit kidney stones when he figures out what happened.

KANE
Isn't it illegal what you're doing?

CARMIKAEL
Illegal? Please. We're The CIA.

Now, Carmikael looks at Kane.

CARMIKAEL
And that means, if you're wrong about this, I will end you.
(getting worked)
(MORE)

CARMIKAEL (cont'd)

I've been on your ass like shit crust for the past 96 hours. My wife just had twins, which means I've jerked off so much in the last three months that my dick looks like evidence from the Rodney King beating. And then there's the little fact that you sent me to Japan on a goose chase so golden it could be a mini-series on the *fucking* Travel Network. So referring to the whole "end you" thing... nothing would be easier.

Carmikael licks his ice cream. A few silent beats. Then:

KANE

So, what kind of gear do you have?

CARMIKAEL

We have whatever you want.

KANE

I'll need something long-range.

EXT/INT. HELICOPTER - ALASKAN YUKON - **MOMENTS LATER**

Chopper crests high above the rolling pines. The smell of crisp cedar reaching into the high altitude. Nothing but a blanket of green and white for miles.

INSERT CARD: **"THE ALASKAN YUKON"**

A beat. Then: **80 MILES TO KOTZEBUE**

JEFFRIES

There's a port 200 clicks north of Kotzebue... it's the only one with a scheduled departure today.

KANE

That's where we'll find Lynch.

CARMIKAEL

All I care about is that microchip.

KANE

Lynch is the microchip.

Carmikael looks at Kane, severe.

CARMIKAEL

Then we're gonna need to take him out. That sound facile enough?

KANE

If by facile you mean easy... it sure as shit won't be.

Continue dialogue, as we **SMASH CUT INTO:**

EXT. REMOTE CARGO DOCK - NORTH OF KOTZEBUE - **LIGHT**

A vacant shipping port at the edge of the arctic circle. Glaciers visible along the bay, resting just beneath the horizon of the midnight sun. Mechanical cranes and cargo towers litter our scene blending raw industry with nature.

Moored vessels, oil tankers, and off-shore drilling boats surround the port. Drums leaking around every corner. Rigged pipelines built right atop the ice. It's big business.

At the edge of a rock jetty-line THE BARGE is loading. It's connected to a secluded dock extending 500 feet over the ice.

CAMERA WHIPS 800 yards back to find Kane sprinting through towers of iron cargo containers. Rifle in arms. Shotgun strapped across his back. With four heavy hitter handguns packed tight... this is serious fucking damage in motion.

He approaches a dormant crane at the port's limit, and climbs up the ladder to a suspended cargo container. He quickly lies down, locking his rifle into place. And we're ready to begin:

KANE (V.O.)
There will be security. Heavy security...

CAMERA PANS OVER THE SWAYING CARGO PERCH to reveal ABOUT 25 RUSSIANS scanning the shipping yards. Each carries a fully loaded sub-machine gun.

KANE (V.O.)
They'll be guarding the yards until Cosgrove boards the boat.

Kane looks into his night-sight scope, and we go to:

NIGHT VISION POV: VALENTIN, wearing a fur coat, waits patiently as Cosgrove treads up a wooden boarding ramp onto the barge. He's followed by his men, escorting a gagged Lynch... and the case. Kane focuses in on Lynch.

KANE (V.O.)
I'm going to nest high, wait for the shot to clear...

No use. The shot is obstructed by three of Valentin's bodyguards who begin patting Lynch down.

KANE (V.O.)
But be prepared to counter.

FLASH CUT TO: CARMIKAEL waiting in a surveillance van with NINE of his field agents. All in full combat gear. He blows a bubble, shoving more Big League Chew into his mouth. Now...

CAMERA CUTS TO: JEFFRIES lurking in the evergreens, glued to a pair of binoculars. He's scanning the yards right to left.

KANE (V.O.)
 If the long-shot doesn't
 materialize, we'll need someone to
 go in on foot. I'll provide cover
 from the "penthouse".

Jeffries sees a small flicker from Kane's perch.

JEFFRIES (INTO MIC)
 "The Penthouse" has evicted. I'm a go.

CARMIKAEL (OVER MIC)
 Be careful. Covert is the magic
 word. And if anyone else hears the
 word, that barge sails and we're
 fuck outta magic.

JEFFRIES (INTO MIC)
 10-4. "Snowman" is moving in.

CARMIKAEL (OVER MIC)
 "Peanut gallery" out.

INSERT: KANE'S POV FROM THE PERCH: Jeffries is on approach,
 but the ship's anchor is retracting.

KANE (INTO MIC)
 They're moving... *go now!*

Jeffries dashes out into the open, running full speed at an
 alerted guard. And just as that guard lifts his AK-47...

SPHIT! His head kicks back in a shower of blood. Kane
 poaching from higher ground with unquestioned precision.

Jeffries keeps moving, Kane tracking him with the rifle. But
 here come two more guards around the corner...

SPHIT! SPHIT! Twin head-shots send them both stiff. Jeffries
 sprints into an aisle of cargo blocks. **SPHIT!** A fourth
 guard's head is plastered across the snow as Kane rips
 another kill from the nose-bleed seats. Then...

SPHIT! SPHIT! SPHIT!... Kane pulls a hat trick from the nest.
 He's clearing out the yards -and- Jeffries rushes the barge.

CUT TO PEANUT GALLERY:

Carmikael watches on a small screen feeding from Jeffries'
 shoulder-cam. Body after body is being laid out, while we
 close in on the dock. Dead snow angels everywhere.

CARMIKAEL
 Jesus, this guy is good.

EXT. REMOTE CARGO DOCK - **CONTINUOUS**

SPHIT! Kane puts a hot wrinkle in another guard's forehead as
 Jeffries slinks up to the snow covered dock.

He rests against a small fishing boat strapped to a rusted trailer. Thing is covered in old crab netting. Inside it are multiple fishing lines, and... A HARPOON GUN.

Kane watches Jeffries take the harpoon, and slip underneath the wood planks.

KANE
(to self)
What are you doin'?

PHOOM -- HE FIRES THE HARPOON! It lodges into the ship's hull, just left of the retracting anchor. Jeffries lies on his back, holds the line firm, and *CRANKS THE AUTO REEL....*

AND HE'S YANKED BY THE HARPOON, gliding across the ice on a 500 foot rip-line that brings us to the barge in 5 seconds.

Once the line stops, Jeffries grabs the anchor chain and lets it carry him up to the deck. Kane/Carmikael watch in astonishment.

KANE
I'll be damned.

CARMIKAEL
I'll be damned.

EXT. BARGE DECK - **CONTINUOUS**

Jeffries slips over the rail, kneeling behind a wall of algae laced netting. And just on the near side of a revolving crane, we see VALENTIN making the exchange with Cosgrove.

VALENTIN
(in Russian)
What is taking so long? We must hurry this... no more waiting!!

COSGROVE
Did you bring the money?

VALENTIN
Yes -- I bring money. You have key?

COSGROVE
(turning to Lynch)
In the flesh.

And just when you least expect it:

STRANGE VOICE (V.O.)
Let me out, Lynch.

Lynch begins shaking. Uncontrollable trembling throughout his entire body. Cosgrove steps back -- "*what the fuck*"?

MULTIPLE VOICES (V.O.)
Let us out. Let us all out.

He grabs his temples. Insert the subliminal splices of: **THE BRIDGE. FLIES. BLOOD. BODY BAGS. THE STRANGE SYMBOL.**

STRANGE VOICE (V.O.)
Kill. Kill. KILL!!

Lynch topples over, convulsing on the ground. Hallucinating.

SUDDENLY, Lynch grabs a shard... *THRUSTING IT INTO VALENTIN'S STOMACH!* He viciously rips the shard up to his throat, intestines splashing across the floor. Cosgrove steps back...

COSGROVE
 HOLY-MOTHER-FUCK!

BAM! Valentin's guard puts a bullet in Lynch's chest on the spot. Lynch drops to the ground, wounded, bleeding out.

"CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-CLICK". Within seconds, every Russian on the barge has a gun trained on Cosgrove's team.

COSGROVE
 Listen, we had nothing to do with that -- this man is insane.

LYNCH
 (teeth clenched)
 Certifiably.

Now, the Russian turns to Lynch to finish him off *-but-* Jeffries dives over a tipped oil drum and... *FIRES INTO HIS CHEST!* And this is where the whole damn scene unravels.

Cosgrove pulls a gun and puts two shots into Jeffries' back. His team turning their weapons on the Russians in requital.

Both sides go to war. Pure grit fills the air. Every Russian cleaning their barrels *-as-* hot ammo dances across the barge.

Jeffries falls behind the crane's base with Lynch. Richocets *pinging* from all sides. Lynch stares into Jeffries' eyes, the stranger that saved him. They hold each other's gaze. Two men who will never trade stories. And Agent Jeffries dies.

ON KANE

KANE
 Crazy fuckin' bastards!

He pops the tripod from under his rifle, and grabs the crane's operating remote. The racking trolley moves forward, sweeping the auxiliary whip hoist right. And Kane kneels atop the iron block as it *PANS ABOVE THE SHIPPING YARD.*

"PING-PING". A few Russian guards fire from below. One shot whizzing by Kane's face, brushing him over the edge of the moving crate. He catches the side -- and while holding the rifle with one hand...

BAM! Another head-shot gets added to the score board. It's incredible. Kane clinging to the crate *-while-* firing the sniper rifle single-handedly. His aim never falters.

Kane drops atop a tower of stacked iron crates. He runs across them... jumping from one tower to the next. Racing closer to the ensuing gunfight on the barge. Finally...

Kane leaps off the last free standing tower onto a large diagonal tarp sheltering a row of iceboxes. He slides down the tarp while taking out TWO MORE GUARDS with the rifle.

Once grounded, Kane rips the shotgun from his back. **KA-BOOM!** Another roaming guard gets lifted 10 feet in a cloud of smoke. 2 SMOKING SHELLS ARE PROJECTED THROUGH THE AIR.

Now, Kane sprints dead ahead, charging up the dock with the "widow-maker" in hand. **BOOM! BOOM!** His presence thundering across the bay with every fresh kill. A headhunter in motion.

INT. "PEANUT GALLERY" - **CONTINUOUS**

Gunfire spills through the radio.

CIA AGENT
We're hot, sir. And we've lost communication with "penthouse".

Jeffries' shoulder-cam slumps over, turning the feed sideways.

CARMIKAEL
Fuck, we have a man down. Move out!

EXT. BARGE DECK - **CONTINUOUS**

Kane tactically hurdles the rail and puts some hot lead into another Russian. Then he twirls the shotgun -- putting another victim across the deck. He's in double digits now.

Lynch, still trembling, crawls out from behind his cover.

KANE
Destroy the chip!

Lynch slips across Valentin's exposed intestines, fumbling to grab the case -as- Kane takes someone's face off with a close-up. Snow flurries turning red from all the blood in the air.

KANE
C'mon! I can't hold them all off.

And now we see 15 more guards taking position around Kane.

Lynch quickly removes the microchip, sets it on the ground, and crushes it with the heel of Valentin's gun.

LYNCH
Done.

Kane pulls him from the line of fire just as a fresh round of ammo tears across the deck. This is as hot as it gets.

KANE
Just stay down. Follow me.

Another string of pearls rips by, *drilling* holes through a large oil tank. Oil begins gushing like an ignitable geyser.

LYNCH
That isn't ideal.

Free-flowing oil pours into the Arctic... a spill so big it could single-handedly start global warming.

ANGLE ON: THE OCEAN. Rippling waves carry patches of oil into the bay, right under the crackling ice around the dock. We can actually see a blanket of black spreading under the ice.

Boooooom! A small explosion lifts three oil drums like bottle rockets, stray gunfire sparking eruptions across the barge.

Kane/Lynch climb onto the boarding ramp *-just as-* another explosion topples it over. They spill onto the ice as it comes crashing down -- a handful of Russians following suit. And our gunfight ensues on 30 feet of frozen water.

GUNS! Every player is slipping and sliding while firing around the ice. Soon, Kane's attention is drawn to the blaze dilating across the barge, slowly encroaching on the leaking oil tank.

KANE
Fuck me.
(turning to Lynch)
RUN!!

KA-BOOOOOOOM!!

The entire deck goes off like a grand finale. And the oil flowing into the ocean ignites instantly. Causing...

WHOOSH... AN ENTIRE CANOPY OF FIRE IS IGNITED **RIGHT UNDER THE ICE!** Kane looks down to watch the flame spread beneath his feet like an arctic brushfire. It's visually stunning.

THE ICE BEGINS MELTING IMMEDIATELY!

Lynch makes a mad dash to the shore, ice crackling all around him. And every time oxygen is exposed to the flames, it rip-curls a massive blast of fire into the air!

Kane tears TWO .38s from his vest and starts firing as he slides. Everyone sloshing to make it to safety. **BAM! BAM!**

WHOOSH! A blast of fire spews up beside Kane. He goes face first against the ice, sliding forward, still firing.

ONE RUSSIAN *falls* through the thawing ice, fireball barrelling into the sky. And that's oil spill casualty #1.

ICE IS STARTING TO STEAM NOW... IT'S GETTING VERY VERY THIN.

WHOOSH! Kane puts a few rounds into another guard. **WHOOSH!** Flames *highballing* everywhere like an arctic mine field. Kane ducks underneath a rusty pipeline, lifting himself onto the dock. **WHOOSH!** As a few more villains take a hot bath.

Lynch meets Kane at mid-dock, scouring over patches of burning ocean. Looks like a sub-zero wasteland. Lung cancer and frost bite in the same breath.

Kane/Lynch run back to the cargo yard *-where-* we'll see Cosgrove's team retreating into the cargo lifts.

ON THAT NOTE: **CARMIKAEL** arrives with his men, taking on a final slew of Russians. Gunfire ensues. Carmikael delivers a distant nod to Kane just before wasting a Russian thug.

KANE
(turning)
Lynch hand me the... Lynch?

He's gone.

Kane ducks behind a wood shed as a stream of lead grazes his heels. Now, A ROCKET *RIPS* right through the shed, sailing into a parked carrier truck brimming with 300psi OXYGEN TANKS.

BoooooM! And it's nothing but sizzle when FOUR heated air tanks spit off in all directions.

Kane drops to his side as one of them blows overhead, skipping across the snow until colliding into a bad guy...and smashing him into an enormous breaker box.

NOW CAMERA WHIPS RIGHT TO FIND:

Lynch with his back against a cargo block. That macabre look in his eye. Pure evil. He locates a FISHING KNIFE *-just as-* a merc approaches. And...**SLASH!** Blood sprays the camera as Lynch slices his throat like a sushi roll.

Startled, ANOTHER MERC spins the corner... only to watch the tip of Lynch's blade *slash* into his trachea. Blood spurts across Lynch's face as *he twists the knife* with a "crunch".

Lynch continues taking out the enemy one by one. *SLICING. CHOPPING. HACKING.* Leaving a trail of carnage behind him, and the sadistic look on his face says he actually enjoys it.

Finally, Lynch is tackled by a SPANISH MERC. CORTES (merc) delivers a round of kidney shots five knuckles at a time.

CORTES
How's that feel, scumbag?

Lynch grits his teeth as Cortes *jams* a gun barrel under his chin. And we close in on Lynch's undaunted gaze.

STRANGE VOICE (O.S.)
Lynch... do you wish to let me out?

Lynch looks at Cortes with a sinister grin... and he *SLICES THE KNIFE INTO CORTES' ACHILLES TENDON!*

Cortes drops in the path of a humming propeller. Part of a hoisted barge that's under repair. Unable to move, he de-pins a grenade and throws it at Lynch. Not a smart move.

SLOW AS: GRENADE HOVERS THROUGH THE AIR. Twirling just over Lynch's left shoulder -then- gets caught in the air flow, and spits right back at idiot Cortes.

BOOOOM! And he's incinerated by his own bad medicine. Should have read his "How To Be A Mercenary For Dummies" manual.

CAMERA WHIPS BACK TO:

Kane. Firing like a madman around the scene. But just as one of Cosgrove's men steps behind him... **RIP!** His body is impaled, discarded to the gutters with a **WHALING SPEAR.**

Kane turns to find **LYNCH** holding the spear-handle.

LYNCH
Brothers in arms, right?

Kane nods -as- Lynch extends **TWO MACHINE GUNS.**

LYNCH
I removed these off the dead guards. Take your pick.

KANE
Jesus. How many did you kill?

LYNCH
Well, all of them.

Kane takes one of the automatics.

KANE
Sure you can handle one of these?

LYNCH
I'd say no, but since lawn darts are out of the question, I guess I'll have to make due.

BOOM! Another rocket whizzes by, blowing a few fishing boats into splinters. Kane turns to Lynch with a curious scowl.

LYNCH
I may have miscalculated.

KANE
Right.

TWO FINAL MERCS encroach. Kane dives over the hull of an overturned skiff... and fires one shot at the closest target.

CLOSE ON: BULLET ZIPPING RIGHT INTO THE MISSILE LAUNCHER!!!

Kane ducks back down, as we hear the explosion. And our final mercs detonate uglier than two frogs in a microwave.

LYNCH

Bravo.

COSGROVE (O.S.)

Please hold your applause until the end of the climax.

CLICK! And Cosgrove steps behind Kane, nestling up close to the back of his skull. Kane tosses the gun -- there's no out.

Lynch holds his ground, aiming the automatic. Grip shaky.

KANE

Great turnout, Sean.

COSGROVE

(irritated)

Yeah. Thanks for coming.

KANE

Well, you're an amazing host.

COSGROVE

I try. Motherfucker.

Lynch takes another stutter-step, arching left.

LYNCH

Withdraw, Cosgrove. I've recently grown accustomed to violence, and dismantling your face sounds like splendid recreation.

Cosgrove steps closer to Kane. Lynch moves in on Cosgrove.

KANE

(steadying)

I'll give you one second to think twice about this, Sean. It's over.

COSGROVE

Oh, I don't think it's over.

And no sooner does A HELICOPTER HOVER OVER THE YARDS.

HELICOPTER (SPEAKER)

THIS IS THE FBI -- PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPONS! WE WILL FIRE!!

LYNCH

Care to reevaluate?

(stepping closer)

One move and this will end in folly.

COSGROVE
Lynch, don't you want to know who
killed your wife?

Lynch lingers, aim faltering.

KANE
Don't listen to him, Bishop.

COSGROVE
I can tell you. Just put the gun
down and back away. I have all the
answers...

LYNCH
(getting shaky)
Kane, I think an "audible" may be
the proper remedy?

Kane looks down to see his gun hidden under a blanket of snow.

KANE
You got him?

Kane closes his eyes, wishing for the best.

COSGROVE
Don't do it, Lester. This man
kidnapped you! You're not a
monster... he is! Think about this.
He used you just like I did.

LYNCH
(to Cosgrove)
I have no rebuttals there.
(to Kane)
I got him. Figuratively speaking.

COSGROVE
Motherfucker, if you kill me you
will never know the truth. Can you
live with that? Huh!?! I can tell
you who killed her!!!

LYNCH
(without flinching)
I did.

BAM! Cosgrove's head kicks to the right after first blow.

And without missing a beat, Kane snatches the gun and nails
Cosgrove right between the fucking eyes. Brain matter blows
to the sky in the sickest head-shot we've ever witnessed.

Lynch watches Cosgrove's body splay out across the snow. Then
he finishes unloading the *entire clip* into his chest.

LYNCH
Allegedly.
(to Kane)
(MORE)

LYNCH (cont'd)
 At least for now, that's where it stands. My only regret is that I'll never know for certain.

Kane nods to his partner, looking off to the barrage of settling helicopters. It's evident he's planning to run.

LYNCH
 I guess this is farewell, Kane. For me anyway. At long last, our thrilling conclusion arrives.

Kane and Lynch shake hands. One will stay. One will go.

KANE
 Ya know, Lynch. Maybe your not such a bad guy after all.

LYNCH
 Misunderstood? Maybe. But I am a nefarious tyrant. I mean, would you let me care for your daughter?

KANE
 (smiles)
 You've got a point there.

EXT. REMOTE CARGO DOCK - **CONTINUOUS**

FBI spills across the burning cargo yards. The entire place is a damn ruins. THERE ARE NO SIGNS OF CIA. Except for the pack of Big League Chew that AGENT BRISTO finds in the ash.

Now, Bristo looks up to see **MARCUS KANE**. Alone. Emerging from a cloud of smoke. Hands in the air. Ready to surrender.

And *CAMERA CRANES* up into the pines -as- an ensemble of FBI agents rush him, enveloping their prisoner yet again.

INT. LEAVENWORTH - "SIX MONTHS LATER"

Kane, back in an orange prison jumper, is opening a letter addressed from:

"ELIZA KANE"

He smiles as he reads the letter. After finishing, he pins it up on the cement wall alongside ten others. Maybe more.

CELL MATE (O.S.)
 How'd the hearin' go?

Kane faces his cell mate.

KANE
 (sincere)
 Good. I think it went good.

Fingering through the rest of his mail, we come to A POSTCARD OF VENICE, ITALY. Kane flips it over -- perfect calligraphy.

INSERT: POSTCARD AS LYNCH'S V.O. CHIMES IN:

LYNCH (V.O.)

*Ah, Italy. My wife loved Venice
this time of year. The gondolas.
The architecture. But the wine is
tasteless without her. When the
time is right, I hope to one day
return... if only to meet the
benefactors of my condition. Guilty
or not of my own anguish, it is
they who are truly responsible.*
(beat)
*I sincerely hope you'll consider a
visit once your time is served. In
arms... Lynch.*

Kane nods his head -then- slides the card into his pocket.

PRISON GUARD (O.S.)

Kane, you have a visitor.

INT. VISITATION LOUNGE - **CONTINUOUS**

Kane sits down. And camera swivels across the table to find... **CARMIKAEL**. Wearing a Hawaiian shirt. Arm in a sling.

CARMIKAEL

Marcus. We need to ask you a favor.

ROLL CREDITS