

THE EQUALIZER

Written by

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Based on the Television Series created by Michael Sloan

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AN ALARM CLOCK

Hits 5:30 AM and goes off.

BEDROOM

Grey morning light. Alarm still BUZZING because the room's empty.

Bed already made. Tight enough to flip a quarter. Room Spartan and immaculate.

Inside the BATHROOM...

A HAND WIPES STEAM OFF A FOGGED BATHROOM MIRROR

Just enough to see the straight razor gliding across the final patch of lather...

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Blender being loaded: Wheat grass, Almond milk, Whey protein, a cup of organic Blueberries.

WRIST WATCH - finger hits the stopwatch button on it...

HANDS DO THE DISHES

Drying the blender and glass. Into a cabinet where there's only ONE of everything.

ARMS IRON A SHIRT

With the precision of a surgeon. Spray starch, stiff collar and cuffs...

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Shirt's buttoned. Leather belt slipped into creased pants. Tie knotted and tightened exactly.

Stepping in front of a mirror...

ROBERT MCCALL

Middle aged, middle class, middle of the road looks. Pleased with his appearance, McCall adds a final touch.

An ORANGE VEST. *Finger hits the STOP button on the watch timer...*

CUT TO:

A DOZEN ORANGE VESTS

Moving about various aisles inside...

HOME DEPOT - MORNING

Dollies full of Quickset, painting materials and plumbing supplies being wheeled through the aisles by CONTRACTORS AND HANDYMEN.

McCall on a ladder tossing down a box of wall switches to a DAY LABORER.

MCCALL

Didn't you pick up switches last week?

LABORER

Owner wants touch dimmers now.

McCall smiles. Climbs down the ladder.

MCCALL

When they pay...

MCCALL/LABORER

They say.

LOADING DOCK

McCall PUSHES a dolly LOADED WITH PLYWOOD towards a panel VAN. Huffing and puffing past TWO YOUNG DUDES leaning against a fork lift.

YOUNG DUDE 1
Should make the old guys take
fitness tests.

YOUNG DUDE 2
Like Firemen.

McCall sweating. Removing his gloves as he walks past the
Young Dudes.

YOUNG DUDE 1
Betcha didn't have to push no dolly
in your last job, did ya Pops.

MCCALL
(good natured)
Guilty as charged.

As he walks off...

YOUNG GUY 2
Dudes come in here thinkin' it's
all tape measures, paint cans and
"how may I help you".

INT. HOME DEPOT BREAK ROOM - DAY

McCall on his break. A DOZEN EMPLOYEES scattered around the
room on plastic chairs in front of Formica tables.

McCall makes his way to the back table where RALPHIE, a
heavyset kid in his 20's sits alone. Takes a seat.

Ralphie empties the contents of his bag for McCall to see.
McCall looks suspicious.

RALPHIE
It's Tuna.

MCCALL
What kind of bread?

RALPHIE
Whole grain. Gluten-free.

MCCALL
Condiments?

RALPHIE
Sprouts. Avocado. Veganese Mayo.

McCall smiles. Digs into his ground turkey and veggie mix as Ralphie bites into his sandwich...

CRUNCH

Ralphie winces. On McCall's look Ralphie slides his sandwich across the table. McCall lifts the bread to reveal a layer of potato chips.

RALPHIE (CONT'D)

What? Potatoes are a vegetable.

Prison yard stare from McCall.

RALPHIE (CONT'D)

I like crunchy things.

MCCALL

Carrots are crunchy. Dried seaweed is crunchy. You like those?

McCall picks off a chip, holds it up.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

Partially hydrogenated vegetable oil. Corn syrup. Those are the enemy, son.

(beat)

You wanna make Security Guard? You gotta lose weight. Test is coming up in a week. You asked me to help you. But if you're not going to apply yourself...

Ralphie drops his head in defeat. McCall reaches across the table and lifts Ralphie's head back up.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

Hey. You can do it. Progress, not perfection.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Rush hour crowded. McCall stands in the packed car. Just another tired face at the end of a long day...

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE, BROOKLYN

Lower middle class neighborhood of aging apartment buildings and bodegas.

Street lamps flicker on as McCall reaches a five story walk up.

BUILDING FOYER

McCall opens the only mailbox with no name on it. Removes a flyer and a credit card offer that go right in the trash.

MCCALL'S KITCHEN

McCall watching the 6:30 news as he washes his dinner dishes... Single dish, fork, knife and glass.

EXT. CONEY ISLAND BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Only half operational. Ferris Wheel moans and creaks under the weight of bundled up PATRONS.

McCall sits on a bench PEOPLE watching. Comfortable. At peace.

PING! The SHOOTING BOOTH catches his attention. Watches a poor IMMIGRANT FATHER plop down dollar after dollar valiantly trying to win a giant Sponge Bob for his kid.

Only to fail every time.

The Father eventually runs out of dollars and walks off with his heartbroken son.

INT. MCCALL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clock reads 9:40. McCall in bed. Reading a hardcover of Hemingway's "Old man and the Sea".

CLOCK

1:48 AM

MCCALL

In the dark. Wide awake.

INT. A DINER - NIGHT

A punch-drunk, open-all-night dive. A bored COUNTERMAN behind the chipped Formica counter. DOORMAN from down the block reads the next days paper.

A lone GIRL at a table by the window, ear phones in, iPod playing, eyes closed... Cheap cocktail dress, stockings and costume jewelry leave no doubt what she is...

Wall clock says 2:11 AM when McCall walks in with his book. Shuffles to a seat at his usual table near the back.

CountermaN comes over and sets a cup and a small pot of hot water at McCall's table without asking. McCall uses a napkin to wipe out the cup. Takes a tea bag from his pocket, drops it in the cup and pours the boiling water over it.

Opens his book and reads.

TERI (OS)

He catch the fish yet?

McCall glances up. Teri THE HOOKER pulling her earphones out. Pretty, late 20s. Few tats peeking out from her dress.

MCCALL

Just hooked it.

TERI

About time.

MCCALL

It's a big fish. Don't know if he can hang on to it though.

TERI

(playful)

Oh no.

MCCALL

Tooth and nail right now.

TERI

Maybe he's too old.

McCall nods. They're quiet for a while. Teri takes a bite of her Apple pie.

MCCALL
Thought you were going to stop
eating all that refined sugar.

TERI
(with a mouthful)
I am.

MCCALL
When.

TERI
Any day now.

MCCALL
Bad for the vocal cords.

Teri looks away sheepishly.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
How's the singing?

She shrugs.

TERI
Got myself a little machine to make
demos. We'll see.

MCCALL
Bet you're good.

TERI
What makes you think that?

MCCALL
Intuition.

Teri smiles her first real smile. After a beat they descend back into silence.

Teri finishes her pie. Shoulders her tote and starts for the door.

TERI
Lemme know what happens next.

INT. HOME DEPOT, ELECTRICAL AISLE - DAY

McCall rolls another Dolly past the Young Dudes slacking off.

INT. HOME DEPOT - HARDWARE AISLE - MORNING

Ralphie stocking packages of extension cords. Looks around to make sure no one is looking...

Pushes aside some boxes and reaches his arm to the back of the shelf. Pulls out...

A bag of sunflower seeds?

MCCALL (OS)
Crunchy. Just how you like 'em.

Ralphie looks up to see McCall walk off holding the Snickers Bar he was looking for.

INT. HOME DEPOT - LOADING DOCK

McCall on his break. Popping sunflower seeds and watching the trucks being loaded.

Looks up to see the two Young Dudes standing over him.

YOUNG DUDE 1
We're bettin' on what you did 'fore
you got here?

YOUNG DUDE 2
For a living.

YOUNG DUDE 2 (CONT'D)
I bet Insurance. Claims and shit.

YOUNG DUDE 1
Wall Street. Stock dude.

McCall pockets his seeds.

MCCALL
I was a Pip.

YOUNG DUDE 1
Pip? The fuck is a Pip?

MCCALL
You know. Gladys Knight and the
Pips?

McCall gets up. Does a little Pip move. Pulling the whistle
on the Midnight Train to Georgia. Young Dudes eyes widening
as they slowly get it.

YOUNG DUDE 2
No shit!

MCCALL
One on the right.

INT. HOME DEPOT - DUSK

McCall collects his paycheck from the SUPERVISOR.

EXT. CHECK CASHING PLACE - DUSK

McCall stands in line with OTHER WORKERS.

FACES in line not much different from his. Men not where
they expected to be at this stage in life.

INT. MCCALL'S APARTMENT

Dinner dishes already cleaned and put away.

McCall's at his book case in the back hallway. Watering the
few small plants that live on top of it. Shelves lined with
book titles that seem eclectic...

MCCALL'S BEDROOM - LATER

Work clothes laid out. Bed empty. Clock reads 2:18 AM

INT. DINER - SAME TIME

McCall at his table reading a new book. Tea bag floating in
his cup.

Doorman at the counter with the Post as Teri glides in and
plops down in her usual spot.

Counterwoman already over with her coffee and donut. Teri takes a quick bite and a sip. Turns to McCall.

TERI
He catch the fish?

MCCALL
He did.

TERI
Happy ending. Yay.

MCCALL
Not exactly.

McCall closes his book.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Old Man tied the dead fish to the boat and had to row back...

Teri's elbows on the table now.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
On the way in the fish bled out into the water. Blood drew sharks. The old man tried to fight them off...
(beat)
Ate the fish before he could get it home.

TERI
So the whole thing was a waste.

MCCALL
Depends on how you look at it.
(beat)
Old Man spent his life fighting fish. Then, when he figured that part of his life was over, he met his greatest adversary.
(beat)
It was as if both of them had been waiting for this moment.
(beat)
During the struggle the Old Man sort of formed a bond - a respect - for the fish. A kind of love.

TERI
Why didn't he let it go then?

MCCALL
The Old Man had to be the old man
and the Fish had to be the fish.
That's life. You gotta be who you
are.

A long pause. Two people who understand loss.

TERI
Well. He lost.

MCCALL
Old man went out too far. Farther
than he should have.

A long silence. Teri breathes into her cup so the soft steam touches her face. Counterwoman rhythmically wipes the counter. McCall picks up his new book.

Outside, it begins to rain.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

McCall sitting with Ralphie going over his food plan when SEVERAL EMPLOYEES singing "Happy Birthday" enter the room. SUPERVISOR GEORGIE holds a donut sporting a lit candle.

McCall reacts with confusion as Georgie puts the donut in front of him.

Georgie laughs at McCall's blank look.

GEORGIE
You forget?

McCall realizes it's for HIS birthday. Shaking his head...

MCCALL
Talk about a senior moment.

INT. A DINER - NIGHT

Teri at her table. Ear phones in. Lost in some song when a donut is placed in front of her. Looks up to see McCall.

MCCALL

Loaded with poison... Just the way
you like it.

A beat, she looks up at him. Ugly bruise on her face.
McCall pretends not to notice.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

Someone's birthday at work. Didn't
want to waste it.

Goes to his table and sits. Counterwoman brings the pot and
cup. McCall takes out his tea bag.

Teri walks over with the donut and sits. Slides a burned CD
over to him.

TERI

Let me know if I'm any good.

Catches McCall sneaking a look at her bruise.

TERI (CONT'D)

You should see the other guy. It's
okay... Comes with the job.

Picks up the donut.

TERI (CONT'D)

Whose birthday?

MCCALL

Some guy.

TERI

Happy birthday, some guy.

(a beat)

I'm breaking protocol. Should I go
back to my table?

MCCALL

No. It's fine.

TERI

I just needed company tonight.

(beat)

Teri.

MCCALL

Bob.

Teri studies McCall.

TERI
You don't look like a Bob. More
like a Robert. Robert reads books.
Bob watches TV.

McCall smiles. Picks up the CD.

MCCALL
Teri the singer.

TERI
You and I both know what I really
am.

Takes a bite of the donut.

TERI (CONT'D)
I mean I WANT to be a singer. I
THINK I can be a singer. Doesn't
make me one.

MCCALL
I believe anybody can be who they
want to be.

Teri laughs.

TERI
Maybe where you come from. Not in
my world.

MCCALL
Then change your world.

TERI
Not that easy.

Comfortable silence.

TERI (CONT'D)
No ring.
(off McCall's look)
On your finger. No Mrs. Robert at
home?

MCCALL
No.

TERI

Ever?

MCCALL

Once. A ways back.

TERI

Break her heart?

MCCALL

She broke mine.

(beat)

She died.

Teri looks at McCall with a mixture of sadness and curiosity.

TERI

Thought that might be it. I see a lot of widowed guys. It's the eyes.

MCCALL

The eyes.

TERI

Yeah. Not sad. Just... lost. It's sweet.

McCall doesn't blink. Smart girl.

TERI (CONT'D)

You always read?

MCCALL

No. My wife did. I was away a lot. For work. So she read. Was making her way through the 100 Books everyone should read. Got to 97.

(beat)

Figured it would give us something to talk about someday. Something we could share.

TERI

A hundred books... Holy moly. How many have you read?

MCCALL

91.

TERI
No shit. 91. Almost done.

MCCALL
Almost.

Beat.

TERI
Then what?

MCCALL
I don't know.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

McCall and Teri walk out together.

TERI
I'm gonna grab a cab.

Both head for the corner...

TERI (CONT'D)
What's 92 about?

McCall holds up DON QUIXOTE.

MCCALL
Guy who thinks he's a Knight. Only
he lives in a world where knights
don't exist any more.

TERI
Sounds like my world.

Teri steps to the curb to hail a cab. A Few FLY BY. Then a
WHITE VAN rolls up.

TALL MAN with LONG HAIR gets out of the passenger side. Bone-
colored leather jacket, tanning-bed complexion.

McCall watches Teri stiffen. The two ARGUE in Russian.

Finally Teri looks back at him.

TERI (CONT'D)
I have to go with them. It's okay.
See you... when I see you.

Forces a smile and gets in the van. Tall Guy walks over to McCall. Hands him a card.

SLAVI

(Russian accent)

You call number... they send you another one. Just as good. Tell them Slavi said.

Gets back in the Van and drives off. McCall turns the card over in his hand.

An escort service.

INT. MCCALL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bathed in SHADOWS. Everything still. Just the SOUND of Teri's CD wafting through the rooms.

McCall at the kitchen table with a glass of Grapefruit juice. Listening.

Rough, edgy, passionate, unpolished. A diamond in the rough.

McCall's eyes twinkle just a tad. *Not bad...*

INT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

PEARL, 300 pounds of attitude, walking towards the BACK OFFICE. The Two Young Dudes sidle up on either side of her.

YOUNG DUDE 2

Pearly. Which one of us you gonna ask out.

YOUNG DUDE 1

Seen you eyeing us for a week now. But you can only have one of us so... Whose it gonna be?

PEARL

Been eyein' you two, alright.

Young Dudes primping now.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Trying to figure out what either
one of you lazy mutherfuckers do
all day and why I shouldn't fire
your worthless, bony asses.

Dudes stopping, letting Pearl continue on.

YOUNG DUDE 2

Seems more like your type...

Dude 1 SEES McCall handing a DRIVER a receipt at the LOADING
DOCK. Stepping into his path.

YOUNG DUDE 1

Yo. You weren't no Pip, Old Man.

Shoves his iPhone under his nose. You Tube Video of Gladys
Knight and the Pips. McCall smiles.

MCCALL

Soul Train. '82. That's me. On
the end.

YOUNG DUDE 2

Ain't you.

MCCALL

Few pounds lighter and a lot more
hair. But damn. I was good
looking.

McCall perfectly mirrors the dance moves then walks off
leaving the Young Dudes staring at the screen.

INT. A DINER - NIGHT

McCall at his table. Tea poured. DON QUIXOTE open in front
of him. Keeps glancing at the door.

No Teri tonight.

EXT. HOME DEPOT PARKING LOT - LUNCH BREAK

Several LUNCH TRUCKS parked out front. Orange Vests
sprinkled out, eating under trees or on the grass.

Not McCall or Ralphie.

They're at the far edge of the lot, McCall putting Ralphie through an exercise routine. Urging him to do one more pull up, one more push up.

MCCALL
Who's gonna be the best Security
Guard?

RALPHIE
I am, SIR!

INT. A DINER - NIGHT

McCall walks in. Again, no Teri. The Counterman brings over his cup and pot of hot water. Notices McCall eyeing the door.

COUNTERMAN
She's up at Kings County. Heard
someone beat her up pretty bad.

INT. KINGS COUNTY HOSPITAL, IC WARD - NIGHT

McCall is standing on one side of a chicken wire and glass window staring into the Intensive Care room.

INT. ICU

Eight beds. All filled. Teri's in the far corner. Attached to wires and IV's. Face bandaged, neck in a brace. Almost unrecognizable.

A YOUNG WOMAN dozes in a chair next to the bed.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - NIGHT

The same Young Woman pays for a cup of coffee. Takes it to a condiment station and loads it with an ungodly amount of sugar.

MCCALL (OS)
How's she doing?

Her head snaps. Finds McCall sitting at a far table.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Teri. How's she doing?

The Young Woman eyes McCall, hard as rock. Just another John...

YOUNG WOMAN
Well she's not god.

The Young Woman reaches for her coffee and tries to bring the cup to her lips. Hands begin shaking and the coffee spills.

McCall steps over and takes the cup from her hands. Sets it down then gets some napkins and sops up the spillage.

THE CAFETERIA - LATER

Under the green glow of Fluorescents, McCall sits at the Young Woman's table listening.

YOUNG WOMAN
... guy hit her. Some Johns think
they can do that.
(beat)
She hit him back and the guy called
Slavi...

WHAM!

TERI'S FACE (FLASHBACK)

Hit with a massive fist. Cheek bone shattering.

YOUNG WOMAN (OS)
He set her straight...

UPSTAIRS OFFICE - WIDER

Teri face up on the carpet. A RING OF MEN standing over her. On the couch THREE OTHER ESCORTS (including the Young Woman) sit silently in horror.

YOUNG WOMAN (OS)
They like making examples of
trouble makers.

Slavi rubs his fist. Offers Teri his hand and gently helps her up.

Teri tries to speak but Slavi flicks open a knife and presses it to her throat.

SLAVI

No talking. Talking is not
problem. Listening is problem.

Presses harder. Opens a small cut in her throat. Teri
GROANS.

Uses the knife to push Teri to her knees in. Other hand
unzips his pants and forces himself into her mouth.

Slavi uses the knife to control Teri's head.

Boris moves behind Teri. Rips her pants open and violently
enters her from behind. The rest stare glassy-eyed as Slavi
and Boris rape Teri.

HOSPITAL CAFETERIA

The Young Woman stares out into the empty room. Numb to the
brutality.

YOUNG WOMAN

Said they'd cut her throat next
time.

(beat)

Said a whore who fucks and can't
talk is worth twice as much...

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

McCall rides home on an almost empty car. Rocks with the
rhythm of the train.

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH CLUB - NIGHT

That White VAN pulls up to the Valet outside an AFTER HOURS
CLUB. The Driver, BORIS, steps out and enters a street level
door...

MAIN DINING ROOM - AFTER HOURS CLUB

Boris moves through the packed DINING ROOM to a...

BACK STAIRWELL

Where he jogs up to an second floor door.

INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICE

THREE prison-hard THUGS sprawled on the couch watching the TV.

Boris waddles in and plops down in front of Slavi who sits behind a large desk. Tosses an envelope onto the desk. Slavi drops the envelope on an antique scale - sees it's correct - and slides it into the top drawer. Pours a shot for Boris...

When the DOOR OPENS and Robert McCall steps inside...

OFFICE - WIDER

Heads turn. Russians eyeballing up McCall like lions do Antelope.

SLAVI

You lost, dedushka?

McCall hesitates. Makes his way to the desk. Places the card Slavi gave him in front of him.

MCCALL

You gave me this the other night.

SLAVI

I give out lots of cards. You want pussy, dedushka? You still get it up?

Chuckles from everybody. McCall waits for it to stop.

MCCALL

I'm here about a certain girl.

Slavi waits.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

Name's Teri. She was beat up pretty bad.

The room gets quiet.

SLAVI

I think you have the wrong address, dedushka.

MCCALL

I'm not a cop or anything. I just want to help her.

Slavi studies the man in front of him.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

These girls. They represent an investment to you. I understand that.

McCall glances around at the other guys.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

I can give you four thousand eight hundred dollars. It's all I have.

SLAVI

You want to give me four thousand dollars. For what?

MCCALL

Her freedom.

Slavi looks at McCall. Another heartsick John...

SLAVI

This whore. What's her name again?

MCCALL

Teri.

SLAVI

(pretending to think)

Doesn't ring a bell. Whoever she is she must really know how to suck cock.

The muscle LAUGH.

SLAVI (CONT'D)

Believe this guy? Gonna give me four thousand for one pussy. Must be Ferrari pussy...

(to McCall)

How many fucks you got left, man? Enough you pay four thousand I guess.

Slavi turns cancer serious.

SLAVI (CONT'D)

The fuck you think you are? Come in here and offer money for my girl. Four thousand. Why not forty thousand? Four hundred thousand? You fucking Americans think you can come into my place of business and buy whatever you want!? You think you set the price? Fucking beautiful Russian girl... You fucking insult me.

All eyes boring in on McCall. An eternity of SILENCE. *Then Slavi bursts out laughing.*

SLAVI (CONT'D)

Look... he almost wet his pants! I'm fucking with you, man. You got big balls coming here. I like that. Okay. Be Mr. White Knight. The fuck do I care.

Slavi holds out his hand...

SLAVI (CONT'D)

Four thousand eight hundred for the pussy....

McCall takes it.

SLAVI (CONT'D)

A month.

McCall goes to pull away but Slavi tightens his grip.

SLAVI (CONT'D)

You think one-time payment? For pussy like that?

Lets go of McCall's hand.

SLAVI (CONT'D)

Go home and jerk off four thousand eight hundred times. Then come back. She be used up then and I sell her to you.

McCall realizes that's it. Turns towards the door.

Slavi nods to one of the Muscle who grabs a six-inch blade from a table and shoves it up his sleeve. Moves behind McCall as McCall reaches for the door knob.

Only McCall does something unexpected...

HE LOCKS IT.

MCCALL'S EYE

Turns. Half-lidded. Dull. Like a alligator. WE PUSH INTO THE PUPIL AS IT DILATES. In it WE SEE...

THE ROOM

As McCall sees it. With the detachment of a predatory animal...

A series of frozen pictures flashing through McCall's head - mind calculating and evaluating a thousand details in a millisecond ...

PARTS OF THE ROOM FADE AWAY. THE UNIMPORTANT PARTS TO MCCALL. Walls, doors, furniture, faces...

Leaving only what's necessary to him: The glass edge of a shelf. The DRAGON TATTOO covering the CAROTID on the s man's neck, the handle of a KNIFE in the man's waistband... the throbbing heartbeat in the center of the second MAN'S CHEST... The SHOT GLASS on the edge of a table... The third man's eye and the outline of a gun under his coat...

And the fork.

Weapons and targets disconnected from any sense of humanity.

The eye measuring the distance between the objects and *the time it will take him to kill everyone in the room.*

This has all happened...

IN THE BLINK OF...

McCall's eye.

MOUTH mumbling - almost inaudibly...

MCCALL
Forty-five seconds...

MCCALL'S HAND

Moves to his watch... PUSHES a button...

CLICK...

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT

Defies explanation. There is no form or elegance to it.
It's not graceful or flashy. Just brutal and beautiful at
the same time.

McCall snapping the glass shelf in two... the jagged edge
hisses through the first man's neck - slaying the dragon - an
opera of blood enters the air...

McCall already across the room. Planting the fork deep into
the heart of the second man...

The OTHERS halfway to their feet when McCall scoops the Gold
shot glass from the table, ramming it into the eye socket of
the third man, driving it deep enough to enter the man's
brain... Man quivering like a frog in a science
experiment...

Slavi's hand coming out of the desk drawer with a .45...

McCall already pulling the trigger of the gun inside eye-
socket's pocket...

Blowing Slavi's hand off at the wrist... hand and gun
twisting into the air like a dead bird...

McCall catching the head of the fourth man. Using his weight
and leverage to snap the neck with a nauseating crunching
sound...

McCall steps back...

As THE MEN fall around him.

Heartbeats, the rush of blood, the sigh of breath... all
cease.

The room now ungodly quiet.

McCall back to earth as gently as an autumn leaf...

CLICK

Hits the button on his watch. 49 seconds.

McCall looks disappointed...

SLAVI

Gasping for breath. Hyperventilating. Handless arm aspirating blood into the carpet. Good hand fumbling with his Cell Phone...

McCall crouches beside him. Takes Slavi's Cell from his hand. Voice quiet and devoid of smugness.

MCCALL

Your heart's beating three times its normal rate, trying to keep your blood pressure up. That's why you're having trouble breathing. But you're losing too much blood. In 30 seconds your heart will give up and go into cardiac arrest. Your body'll shut down and you'll slowly suffocate. It's going to suck to be you.

(beat)

So I need you to concentrate and listen to me...

Slavi's eyes find McCall.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

I want you to think about the girl. The one you beat and raped. I want you to know her life is going to go on while yours is going to end on this filthy carpet with no one giving a shit. I also want you to understand that you died over forty-eight hundred dollars. If you had taken it everything would have been different. I gave you an out but you didn't take it. Guys like you never do.

Slavi's eyes register the last words before they go blank.

MCCALL'S HANDS

Under a running faucet. Trickles of blood mixing with the water...

MCCALL'S KITCHEN - LATER

Dark. Silent. McCall at the sink. Cleaning his hands. Looking up at his reflection in the window. Studies it like it was some other person.

ALARM CLOCK

Hitting 5:30 AM.

BATHROOM

Empty. Mirror still steamed.

KITCHEN - MORNING

Blender drying in the sink...

INT. HOME DEPOT, BREAK ROOM - DAY

McCall at his table. Eating his mixture when Ralphie plops down across from him. Removes his lunch. Including a can of Pringles.

McCall staring at them.

MCCALL

Test is tomorrow. You don't want to be eating that salty sh---

RALPHIE

They're for you.
(off McCall's look)
Open it.

McCall does. Nothing inside except a piece of paper with the number "210" written on it. McCall looks up.

RALPHIE (CONT'D)

What I weighed this morning. Down 9 pounds. I made the weight.

McCall grins.

RALPHIE (CONT'D)
Gonna ace that test tomorrow, Mr.
McCall. Thanks to you.

They knock knuckles. Ralphie notices the broken skin on
McCall's knuckles.

RALPHIE (CONT'D)
What happened?

MCCALL
I hit it on something stupid.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

McCall with the other commuters at the end of another long
day.

INT. MCCALL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

McCall eating at the kitchen table. Watching the NEWS on his
small TV.

On Screen: A REPORTER outside the After Hours Club, crime
scene tape strung across the sidewalk behind her.

REPORTER
... in what Police are calling the
beginning of a mob war between
rival Russian factions.

MCCALL'S ALARMCLOCK

Reads 2:29 AM. CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL...

McCall SOUND ASLEEP.

INT. AFTER HOURS CLUB, UPSTAIRS OFFICE - SAME TIME

The scene of McCall's decimation now empty and dark. Bodies
gone but walls and floor like a Pollack canvass.

THREE SHADOWY MEN IN SUITS stand center room. No one saying
anything for the longest time. Can't see their faces.

But their movements are those of men of power. Not used to not knowing...

VOICE 1

No forced entry. No defensive wounds. Not one of them got their pieces out.

Another long silence. A FOURTH MAN walks in.

FOURTH MAN'S VOICE

Security cameras in the restaurant worked fine. Till 8:02. Then they mysteriously go down for 8 minutes. 8:10 they're back on and these guys are dead.

ALL are silent. All eyes go to one man in particular.

VOICE 1

What do you want to do?

HOME DEPOT - MCCALL

Rolling a dolly of FIXTURES out to a Contractor's Truck. Just another orange vest...

BREAK ROOM

McCall sitting at his table. Meal finished. No Ralphie. Looks up at the clock as one of the Fork Lift Driver's walks past...

MCCALL

Gordy. You see Ralphie? He's taking that Security Guard test after work.

GORDY

Supervisor said he called in and quit.

MCCALL

Quit?

GORDY

Quit. No notice.
(starts off)
(MORE)

GORDY (CONT'D)
Kids don't know shit about
responsibility.

EXT. FLATBUSH AVENUE - DUSK

A block of small family-owned places. Bodegas and restaurants manned by people who came here to get their piece of the dream.

McCall coming down the block checking addresses. Stops across from...

EXT. EL TAPITO MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DUSK

Small place rammed mid-block. Door's open, but the SIGN LIGHTS are off.

INT. EL TAPITO RESTAURANT

A few mismatched tables and a take-out counter.

A wall in the dining area is blackened and charred from fire. A couple booths ruined by water damage. Two YOUNG MEN and AN OLDER WOMAN are working to clean up the mess.

Ralphie walks out of the back room and sees McCall standing in the doorway. Face lighting up.

RALPHIE
Mr. McCall!

MCCALL
Ralphie. Heard you quit. I was
worried.

RALPHIE
My mom had a little accident here.
Gonna have to help around here now.

Turns to the older woman and tenderly motions her over.

RALPHIE (CONT'D)
Mama...esto es mi amigo, del
trabajo, el Sr. McCall. El que me
ha estado ayudando.
(beat)
This is my mother Marta. Those are
my brothers Rico and Manny.

McCall looks around. SEES the love and hard work put into the place. Notices holes punched in the ceiling.

MCCALL

No one was hurt I hope.

RALPHIE

No. Happened after hours.

EXT. BACK ALLEY

McCall walks with Ralphie to the a dumpster where he tosses some ruined floorboards.

RALPHIE

Probably a faulty wire or something.

MCCALL

Wasn't any wire.

Ralphie turns.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

Point of origin was middle of the room. Aren't any outlets there. Vent holes were punched in the ceiling.

(beat)

What happened, Ralphie?

Ralphie gives McCall a look that could break your heart. Empties the can then turns to McCall.

RALPHIE

Lot of the people in this neighborhood are new to this country. They don't have much except their businesses. We're easy targets. So men come in and say, for so much money every month, they'll look out for us. Make sure nothing happens. So you pay. When business gets better, it goes up. When business is slow you still pay. You don't...

Ralphie is quiet a moment, the vestiges of defeat, loss and resignation passing over this gentle man's face.

RALPHIE (CONT'D)

They gave my Mama a week to make it up. We're gonna open for breakfast. See if we can make enough extra. Me and my brothers are gonna do the morning shift so my mother can rest.

An odd mixture of compassion and steeliness on McCall's face. Nods his understanding that life sometimes sucks. Ralphie starts back inside.

MCCALL

Why don't you call the police?

Ralphie turns back. Looks at McCall with confusion.

RALPHIE

They are the police.

EXT. MCCALL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - AFTERNOON

A bright and peaceful Sunday. McCall approaching his Building with grocery bags in both hands. Puts them down to get his keys out...

VOICE (OS)

Hey!

McCall turns to SEE...

TERI

Fresh-faced, no make-up. Walking up healed and hopeful despite the faint bruises and bandage that circles her neck.

McCall looks at her with surprise. Teri breaks into a smile brighter than the sun.

TERI

Remembered you lived on this block. Been swinging by the last few days hoping to catch you.

McCall drinks in the change.

TERI (CONT'D)

Pretty different, huh.

MCCALL
Night and day.

TERI
Mandy told me you came to the
hospital. That was nice. Not many
people cared.

McCall simply nods.

MCCALL
Well you look great.

TERI
I'm pretty much all better. Last
stitches come out next week. Other
than that...

Teri remembers something. Reaches in her purse and pulls out
a battered copy of "The Razor's Edge."

TERI (CONT'D)
Ever read it?

MCCALL
No.

TERI
Got it at a used book store. Guy
there recommended it. I'm reading
now. You believe that?
(beat)
Got a real job with real people
hours. Going to open Mic Nights at
a few clubs. So I won't be coming
back to the diner.
(beat)
A new start I guess.

MCCALL
It suits you.

Pause.

TERI
Someone once told me you can be
whoever you wanted to be.

MCCALL
Life will surprise you sometimes.

Teri smiles. Holds out her hand.

TERI
I'll miss the stories.

MCCALL
You have your own now.

McCall reaches out and the two shake. Only Teri doesn't let go. Childlike eyes watering a bit.

TERI
Thank you.

MCCALL
For?

And there's a moment where we understand - *she knows*. Not because of any proof or certainty. *She just knows...* Raises onto her toes, gives McCall a peck on the cheek.

TERI
For everything.

Then she's off.

MCCALL

Motionless. Watching her cross the street bright as a comet. Whole life ahead of her.

When she disappears only then does McCall move.

Face reflecting a strange sense of peace. Eyes understanding one less person in the world is hurting.

THAT HE DID THAT.

Picks up his bags and heads into his building. Finally getting it. Finally understanding who he is...

INT. EL TAPITO MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Plastic bags cover the holes in the ceiling. A thin coat of paint barely masks the burnt wall. SEVERAL FAMILIES dining.

But the room is subdued.

Then we see why: NYPD DETECTIVES, HARRIS and GILLY occupy the only booth. Large, red-faced men with predatory intent. Meals finished they slide out of the booth and stroll to the register where Ralphie's mother waits.

Gilly takes a tooth pick. Ralphie's dispirited mother removes an envelope from her apron and slides it across the counter. Harris takes it.

HARRIS
Beans were a little watery.

EXT. EL TAPITO MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The street is empty, traffic light this time of night. Harris and Gilly walk to their car. About to get in when...

VOICE (OS)
Officers...

Both men look up. McCall stands against an iron gated storefront.

MCCALL
I'd like to report a crime.

The Cops in no mood...

GILLY
Call 9-1-1 pal.

INT. IMPALA

Harris behind the wheel. Flips the visor up and cranks the engine. Gilly's CELL PHONE RINGS. Flips it open.

MCCALL (OS)
Why call 911 and unduly tax city
services when I have two corrupt
cops right in front of me?

Harris looks out the window. SEES McCall talking to him from HIS cell.

EXT. STREET

Cops exit the vehicle and approach McCall.

GILLY
Where'd you get that number.

MCCALL
Wasn't hard.
(beat)
Either was getting this.

Holds up the CELL PHONE so they can see the screen. A VIDEO PLAYS. From a hidden angle. Gilly and Harris in some BODEGA...

HARRIS (OS)
(on screen)
Don't fuck with us. Ask the lady
down the street. One that had the
fire last week. Could happen to
you. With your whole fucking
family in it. You pay like
everybody else.

The last IMAGE is Harris taking cash from the Proprietor. McCall closes the phone.

MCCALL
When a person obtains money,
property or services from a person,
entity, or institution through
coercion it becomes a criminal off-

Harris' nickle-plated .38 is against McCall's temple before McCall can finish. Gilly grabs the Phone from McCall. Pats him down.

Gilly shoves McCall against the gate.

GILLY
Copies?

MCCALL
That's the only one.

Harris and Gilly exchange looks. What kind of a fucking psycho is this?

HARRIS
You must have a death wish then.

Gilly spins McCall around, pressing his face against the wall.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

What the fuck you want? Other than to be a corpse.

MCCALL

I'd to return the money you took from those people. All of it. To everyone.

HARRIS

Why would we do that?

McCall looks tired. The weariness of seeing too much of this shit.

MCCALL

Two reasons. Because I'm asking nicely. And it would be in the best interests of everyone involved.

HARRIS

Maybe our best interests are to tie a cinder block around your waist and throw you into the east River.

Gilly takes out his handcuffs. Gets one around McCall's wrist...

And suddenly...

He's not there.

Somehow now behind Gilly. Ramming his face into the brick wall. Nose hitting first. SOUND of shattering cartilage nauseating.

Harris spins and pulls the trigger. Only to realize McCall's thumb is already between the hammer and chamber.

McCall slamming Harris hard enough with his own .38 that knocks him to his knees. Delivers several compact blows to Harris and rips the gun out of Harris' hand. Uses it to whack Gilly across the head. Gilly tumbling like a sack of cement.

Both cops down in heaps. Bleeding and dazed. McCall crouches down on their level. Adds Gilly's revolver to his collection.

The next words come from deep inside McCall.

MCCALL

You're supposed to stand for something. Uphold the law. Serve and protect. Justice for all. Somewhere those words lost meaning and you became everything, you used to detest.

McCall rises. Like a machine ejects the clips from both guns. Empties the chambers, pockets the clips and tosses the guns into the cops' laps.

Battered faces look up at him.

HARRIS

Who the fuck are you?

MCCALL

The guy you didn't count on.

INT. TAXI - MOVING

McCall staring out the window as the STREETS and the LIFE in them whiz by...

MCCALL (OS)

By noon tomorrow you'll have returned the money you've taken. You'll tell those people it will never happen again. Do that and this video will never be seen.

INT. MCCALL'S BATHROOM

McCall, ghost-like through the STEAM in the SHOWER. All sorts of feelings pulsating through him...

MCCALL (OS)

Don't and an hour later you'll watch the uncut version of yourselves on every news outlet in the Tri-State area.

EXT. STREET - HARRIS AND GILLY

Pulling their bruised bodies out of their Impala. Walking towards EL TAPITO...

MCCALL (OS)

There's nothing you can do to prevent any of this. So don't waste your time...

(beat)

I'm not like anyone you've dealt with.

INT. EL TAPITO

Ralphie's mother taking the brown paper bag and looking into it.

MCCALL (OS)

I'm offering you a second chance. You should take it.

Shock, disbelief and joy roll across her face as she sees the money and listens as Gilly explains their change of heart.

INT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

McCall stocking a pallet of Garden Hoses. Looks up as Ralphie walks by, Orange Vest and work gloves on, huge smile on his face...

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Dirt diamond at one end of a LARGE PARK.

Softball game between Home Depot and IKEA. Out-of-shape CLERKS sporting two-toned T-shirts.

McCall out in left field.

WHACK! The ball is smoked to left. Sailing over McCall's head who turns and takes off after it... Three steps in he pulls up, grabbing his hamstring. Watches the ball fall...

Into the glove Young Dude 1 who comes out of nowhere like a blur.

YOUNG DUDE 1
 Hope you're eligible for Medicaid,
 Mr. Pip.

McCall smiles. Starts in... Then stops.

RALPHIE

Standing near the Home Depot bench. Resplendent in his blue
 SECURITY GUARD UNIFORM...

INT. MCCALL'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

McCall exits the bedroom. Stops at the bookcase and slides
 book number 93 off the shelf. "A Bend in the River" by V. S.
 Naipaul.

Grabs his keys from the Foyer table and opens the front
 door...

THE LARGE MAN FILLS THE DOOR FRAME

Grey suit, shirt and tie. Frozen in mid-knock.

TEDDY
 Mr. McCall.

Voice soft and face with a charming, almost ever-constant
 smile.

This is TEDDY COLEMAN. Forties, with ceramic black eyes.
 Body language like a walking credential. His whole being
 vibrates... *wrong*.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
 Sorry to bother you. I'm
 investigating a homicide that
 occurred in Brighton Beach 'bout 10
 days ago.

McCall's face gives nothing away.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
 Five guys dead. Russian joint.

MCCALL
 Saw it on the news. I was there
 that night.

TEDDY

You were?

McCall smiles.

MCCALL

You wouldn't be here if I weren't.

Teddy laughs.

TEDDY

Got me there.

(beat)

Just checking to see if any of the patrons remembered anything suspicious.

MCCALL

Actually I did.

TEDDY

You did?

MCCALL

My waiter.

TEDDY

Your waiter?

MCCALL

Would disappear for long stretches at a time.

Teddy laughs.

TEDDY

That accounts for the poor Zagat rating.

(beat)

So nothing unusual.

MCCALL

None that I recall.

TEDDY

Okay then.

About to go. Stops...

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Can I ask why you dined at that
particular restaurant?

MCCALL
Felt like some Pirozhki.

TEDDY
Pirozhki. That's the little pie
with the onions, meat stuffed
inside. Sounds good right about
now. Haven't had dinner yet.
(good natured smile.
Then...)
I ask because there's 7 authentic
Russian restaurants within walking
distance of your apartment. I
assume they all serve Pirozhkis?

A jolt of electricity hits the air. You couldn't tell it by
McCall's face. Remains neutral.

MCCALL
I was meeting a friend. She picked
it.

TEDDY
Guess I should talk to...

MCCALL
Shelly. But she won't be any help.
She never made it. Her daughter
had a fever.

Teddy studying the average looking McCall. Pieces not making
sense.

TEDDY
Well. Thank you for your time
then.

MCCALL
Don't you want to give me your
card? In case I remember anything
later?

Teddy pats his pockets.

TEDDY
Must've given them all out.

Teddy starts for the stairs...

MCCALL
How did you find me?

Teddy stops.

TEDDY
Excuse me?

MCCALL
Paid cash for my meal. Didn't have
a reservation. Wondered how you
found me.

Teddy's eyes suddenly laser sharp.

TEDDY
That's what we do, Mr. McCall.
Find people we need to find.

McCall smiles.

MCCALL
Hope you get who you're looking
for.

Teddy disappearing down the stairs...

TEDDY
I always do.

INT. SUBURBAN

Idling curb side. Exhaust swirling into the air obliterating
outside commotion.

Teddy slides into the back seat. MASTERS turns. Teddy Jr.
with matching haircut and morals but none of Teddy's street
smarts.

MASTERS
Anything?

Waits as Teddy replays the strange conversation in his head.
Realizes he's not going to answer. Throws the vehicle into
drive.

MCCALL - FROM HIS WINDOW

Watches the Suburban slip into traffic...

EXT. HOME DEPOT - MORNING

DAY LABORERS mill by the entrance to the PARKING LOT. Young Dudes wheeling out LAWN FURNITURE and GAS GRILLS as the store opens its doors...

INT. HOME DEPOT - HR OFFICE - DAY

LINDA PALISKI, the pleasant and mildly plump HUMAN RESOURCES GIRL at her desk. Looks up to SEE McCall in her doorway eating a Bagel.

MCCALL
You get a Bagel?

LINDA
Bagel?

MCCALL
Hit the lotto last night. 36 dollars. Couldn't retire on that so figured I'd treat everyone to Montague Street Bagels.

LINDA
Blueberry?

MCCALL
Better hurry.

McCall watches her go. Slips inside. Drops behind her desk computer...

ANOTHER COMPUTER - SOMEPLACE ELSE

ROBERT MCCALL being typed into the search box...

Teddy waits a second for the results. The LARGE ROOM he's in suggests HIGH TECH EQUIPMENT of an enormous capacity...

MCCALL

Small room and tiny computer. EMPLOYEE FILE on screen. HIGHLIGHTS his SOCIAL and changes it. Moves to his BIRTH DATE...

TEDDY

Downloads McCall's HOME DEPOT FILE and hits PRINT. Paper spitting into the tray...

EXT. HOME DEPOT - DUSK

EMPLOYEES leaving for the night. McCall one of them.

Bumping knuckles with Ralphie in his powder blue uniform... We're WATCHING THIS FROM...

INSIDE A SUBURBAN

Masters, Teddy's main guy watches McCall disappear down into the Subway. Engine running, Bluetooth connected...

MASTERS

He's what the file says. Home Depot employee. Keeps to himself, no connections to anything we're looking for.

Frustrated silence.

TEDDY (OS)

Bring it in.

INT. DUANE REED - NIGHT

McCall loads his basket with TRAVEL SIZE mouthwash, toothpaste, shampoo, etc.

INT. KINKO'S - NIGHT

McCall in the PC Section. Cutting, pasting then typing something on the Computer screen.

EXT. JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A PRIVATE 747 sits wheels down and motionless at the end of Runway 13L. Far from the terminal buildings.

TSA VEHICLE crossing the TARMAC and pulling up next to the jumbo jet.

Teddy Coleman is let out. Climbs the steps to the plane.

INT. 747 - DAY

Stripped of *everything*. ALL overhead bins and seats have been removed.

Just a painted, thickly carpeted cavernous shell contains nothing but four ZERO GRAVITY CHAIRS where business class would be, an aft SLEEPING SUITE and TWO COUCHES on either side of a CONFERENCE TABLE.

Just outside the COCKPIT a handsome teak dining table. At which sits...

VLADIMIR PUSHKIN

Small elegant man of 33. Quietly eating dinner.

Teddy gets halfway to him when A LARGE SECURITY TYPE steps in his way. Directs him to the conference table.

IVANN GULYAYEVA motions Teddy to sit opposite him. Pushkin's "Advisor" clears the paper work in front of him.

Looks at Teddy for several seconds. For the first time Teddy appears unnerved.

IVANN

Slavi Sokolov was a very valuable
part of our east coast, USA
enterprise. Mr. Pushkin is
extremely upset at his demise.

Teddy's eyes move over Ivann's shoulder onto Pushkin. The man eats. Never looking up.

IVANN (CONT'D)

Eleven months ago you convinced Mr.
Pushkin you and your team could
offer unparalleled security and
um...

(MORE)

IVANN (CONT'D)
problem solving for our operation
here.
(beat)
We've paid you a lot of money to
shield our interests.
(beat)
But this happens. And now Mr.
Pushkin doesn't know what to think.

Teddy looks back to Ivann. Ivann lets the words hang there.
If waiting were a martial art this guy would be a grand
master.

Finally...

IVANN (CONT'D)
A man of your stature and means has
neither identified or apprehended
the people responsible. It sets a
bad precedent.

Pushkin still hasn't looked up from his meal. As if Teddy
wasn't there.

IVANN (CONT'D)
Mr. Pushkin wants the perpetrators
punished. With extreme prejudice.
A clear message sent.
(beat)
Otherwise...

Teddy feels a chill run down his spine. Looks over and SEES
Pushkin staring at him. Eyes milky white and dead.

Pushkin may be blind but his eyes speak with impossible
clarity...

Fix this or I'm looking at a dead man...

INT. TACTICAL ROOM - LATER

Teddy and his THREE GUYS sitting in the glow of a DOZEN
plasma screens. Frustrated looks all around.

TEDDY
Three, four guys walk into a room,
I don't care you know 'em or not,
you prepare. These were hard core
killers.
(MORE)

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Not one of them gets their pieces
out. No defensive wounds either.

Teddy reads over the Police Report for the umpteenth time.

MASTERS
Go back. What's the motive here.

PEDERSON
Payback for the Vlastok hit...

Teddy doesn't look up.

TEDDY
Bunch of clowns. Company Intel had
that group back in Moscow before
her body hit the incinerator.

Guy with the Buddy Holly glasses swivels his chair around.

BUDDY
Slavi handled Pushkin's east coast
trade.

MASTERS
Except no one would so much as
sneeze in Slavi's direction because
of our... *involvement*.

Teddy drops the report.

TEDDY
We're looking at this wrong. We
keep figuring a group. Looking at
the patrons downstairs as some sort
of look-out for the killing team.
(beat)
What if one of them WAS the killer.

All eyes move to Teddy.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
What if it was one guy.

MCCALL

In his KITCHEN pasting the newly printed Prescription labels
on the Duane Reed bottles...

MCCALL'S LAPTOP

Open on a TRAVEL SITE. McCall punches in his Pre-Paid Visa card number and hits PURCHASE. Confirmation for his business-class plane ticket to Cartagena, Columbia appears...

INT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

McCall in the hardware aisle with a frustrated HOMEOWNER. Guy has a Home Depot bag open and is holding a Kwikset DOOR KNOB and DEAD BOLT package.

HOMEOWNER

... I mean, what does it say right there?

MCCALL

Universal.

HOMEOWNER

Meaning it'll fit any existing door...

MCCALL

In the Universe.

HOMEOWNER

Only it didn't fit in my door.

MCCALL

You sure your door is from this Galaxy?

The guy looks at McCall. McCall smiles. Both LAUGH.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

Lets get you your money back.

HOME DEPOT, FRONT OF STORE - DAY

McCall walks up front to the REGISTER AREA. Sees the LINES are not moving.

MCCALL

C'mon. I'll get you out of here.

McCall walks him over to JENNY. Older and heavy set, checking out a customer on Aisle 1.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

Jenny? Can you do a quick card
refund for this gentleman? He's in
a hurry.

Jenny doesn't move. Head and eyes down...

McCall looks to the customer and SEES he's *WEARING A
TRANSLUCENT PLASTIC MASK* giving his face doll-like features.

Hand in the pocket of his Hoodie gripping the butt of a Raven
.25

MASKED THIEF

Tell the bitch to move it, old man.

MCCALL

Lowers his eyes and speaks quietly.

MCCALL

She's scared. I'll get it.

(beat)

Excuse me, Jenny.

Gently steps in front of her. Opens the cash register, hands
the cash to Masked Thief. Thief about to leave when he eyes
the RING on Jenny's hand.

MASKED THIEF

The ring.

Jenny puts her hand over the SMALL DIAMOND RING on her right
ring finger.

JENNY

No. Please. It was my mother's...

Masked Thief pulls his weapon and cocks the hammer. Jenny
bursting into quiet tears.

Frantically tugging at the ring. It's on too tight.

McCall calmly takes her hand. Holds it to her cheek. Tears
pool around the ring and with one twist McCall slips it off
her hand. Hands it to Masked Thief.

MCCALL LOOKING AT HIM

Like he did the Russians: The series of snapshots flashing through in head: Gun - make and model. Mask - Price sticker with store name. Tat - peeking out of the kid's sleeve. Car Key - hanging from his belt.

BACK TO REAL TIME

McCall hasn't moved. Stark still as the Thief backs out of the store. McCall's eyes saying what his mouth doesn't...

Shouldn't have done that...

INT. HOME DEPOT - CAFETERIA - LATER

POLICE finishing up. McCall signs his statement. Gives Jenny a pat and walks over to a despondent Ralphie.

MCCALL

Hey. Nothing you could do. Police just said the guy's done four like this. Shot a Security Guard over in Bensonhurst a month ago. It's just money...

HARDWARE AISLE

McCall passes the TOOL SECTION and a rack of *sledgehammers*.

INT. HOME DEPOT - LOADING DOCK - NEXT MORNING

Jenny punching in. Hand shaking. Bandage on her face. McCall punches in behind her.

MCCALL

Feeling okay?

JENNY

Still a little freaked out.

MCCALL

Need anything, I got your back.

McCall walks off and WE STAY WITH Jenny.

Through the store with her cash drawer. To her register. Keys it open. About to slip her drawer in when she looks down in astonishment.

Her mother's diamond ring laying in the tray.

IN ANOTHER AISLE

McCall walking through the TOOL SECTION. Past the sledgehammers. One missing...

A GRAINY PICTURE OF MCCALL

From the SECURITY CAMERA in the Russian Restaurant. Hardly damning until WE PULL BACK AND SEE...

MANDY - INSIDE HER ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT

Teri's friend from the hospital, holding the photograph. Surrounded by Teddy and his men...

MANDY

That's him. He came to the hospital to see Teri.

The Men exchange looks.

Teddy takes the Photo from Mandy. Pats her shoulder as Masters drops the clear plastic bag over her head.

Mandy kicks out wildly as the Large Man holds the bag tight. The girl not going quietly. So Teddy jams his knife into her carotid. Bag splattering with blood...

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

The wall of windows that fronts the diner cast a dull orange glow on rain slicked street.

Inside McCall's at his table. Doorman at the counter reading his newspaper. Counterman is behind the counter, changing out coffee filters.

Still life by Edward Hopper.

The rain has the street outside quiet. A CON ED WORKER, exhausted from his shift walks up to the diner, hard hat, lunch bucket.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

The Con Ed Guy grabs the table near the window.

CON ED GUY
Coffee.

Counterwoman pours a cup and carries it out to the guy.

CON ED GUY (CONT'D)
Egg sandwich, on a roll. With
cheese.

Counterwoman back into the kitchen. McCall reading. Doorman checks the scores.

Quiet.

Con Ed guy stirs cream into his cup. The only SOUND is the clinking of the spoon.

The CRINKLE of PAPER. Doorman folds his Daily News and leaves.

Quiet.

Con Ed guy sips his coffee. Yawns. Long day.

McCall pours more hot water over his tea bag. Looks around for something. Then across the room to Con Ed Guy's table and finds it. Bowl of sugar packets.

Walks over.

MCCALL
Can I grab a sugar?

Con Ed guy slides the bowl towards McCall. About to go back to his coffee when his eyes catch sight of McCall's table.

On it a bowl full of sugar packets.

Looks up *JUST AS MCCALL THROWS THE STEAMING CUP OF COFFEE IN HIS FACE..*

Con Ed Guy's SCREAM is cut off as McCall's hand cracks the man's windpipe.

Con Ed Guy drops off his chair - Mac-10 Machine Pistol under his coat clatters to the floor.

McCall looks towards the street...

JUST AS THE WINDOWS EXPLODE IN A SHOWER OF GLASS

As automatic weapon fire strafing the interior.

McCall bellies to the floor. Arms pulling down tables as shields...

Grabbing a table knife and JAMMING IT INTO A WALL OUTLET...

A FLASH and the ELECTRICITY SHORTS OUT. Everything plunged into darkness.

Except for the LASER TRACERS that dot the room followed by bullets that destroy EVERYTHING...

.30 caliber shells SHREDDING WALLS, FURNITURE, GLASSWARE... every possible square inch of space.

REAR OF THE DINER

Countermand stumbles from the back confused...

BULLETS dance across the COUNTER ripping up the Formica... About to cut Countermand to shreds WHEN...

McCall tackles Countermand to the floor just as...

The deadly fusillade of metal SPRAYS OVER THEM.

McCall laying his body over Countermand UNTIL...

The shooting stops...

Silence.

Far off a CAR ALARM BLARES.

Somewhere a BABY CRIES...

The last piece of glass drops with a gentle ping.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

FIVE LARGE MEN DRESSED IN BLACK. Suppressed HK 416's with Holographic Scopes and Thermal-mounted Screens... LASER SIGHTS dancing across every surface.

Team Leader looks to 3, 4 and 5 and gestures them to the back alley...

Team Leader and his COHORT step into the Diner like shadows...

EXT. STREET

BLACK VAN idling a half a block down from the Diner...

INSIDE THE VAN

TWO ARMED KILLERS sit in the front seat listening in on the RADIO COMMUNICATION.

IN THE BACK GPS satellite FEEDS, MONITORS with VIDEO IMAGES of the DINER and the surrounding streets...

Teddy and his Three Men watch intently. Teddy leans into the RADIO MIKE...

TEDDY
I'm waiting for the fucking
confirmation!

FRONT OF DINER

Leader and Cohort sweep the room. Nothing but the barely breathing Con Ed Guy. Moving around the counter towards the back...

INT. DINER, BACK ROOM - NIGHT

McCall drags Counterman and shoves him under a counter.

BACK ALLEY

3, 4 and 5 converge on the Diner's FIRE EXIT DOOR.

INT. STORAGE ROOM

McCall steps around BOXES of CANNED GOODS and reaches for Fire Door EXIT...

BACK ALLEY

3, 4 and 5 on either side of the door. Guns raised...

Eyes riveted to the HANDLE...

SOUND OF METAL ON BRICK...

5 looks up...

AIR CONDITIONING UNIT falling out of the wall and crushing his skull...

3 and 4 distracted JUST ENOUGH for...

THE BACK DOOR

To EXPLODE OPEN - McCall like the blade of a scythe. Grabs 3 before he can raise his weapon. Using his BODY as a shield as 4 fires...

Bullets hitting 3 center mass. *3's GUN going off and blowing HOLES* across 4's chest.

THE BACK ALLEY

Team Leader and COHORT stepping out to find the bodies and NO MCCALL. Stares down the inky blackness of the Alley...

Leader flicks the switch on his weapon-mounted SCREEN.

ON THE SCREEN

THERMAL IMAGES sweeping across the darkness...

Electrical boxes on the sides of buildings, power lines above GLOW RED AND ORANGE... ANYTHING radiating HEAT above 72 degrees appears.

Further down the Alley... HEAT running along the brick and cement walls DANCE ACROSS THE SCREEN like spider veins.

COHORT'S POV

Green tinged Night Vision. Trash and rats... The alley narrowing.

No place to hide...

TEAM LEADER

Movements precise and efficient. Screen showing a BLIP. Then...

HEAT IMAGE of a WARM BODY on the other side of a DUMPSTER.

ALLEY

Leader positions for a clear shot. HEARS the HISSING the second he PULLS THE TRIGGER...

Hollow Points blowing through the metal Dumpster. Hitting stone wall. Sparking and...

Igniting the BROKEN GAS LINE...

WHOOSH! Knife-like WALL OF FLAME pierces the dark alley...

THROUGH NIGHT VISION GOGGLES

FIREBALL blinding them...

TEAM LEADER AND COHORT

Ripping off goggles...

McCall COMING FROM BEHIND THE FIRE... *WHAM!* Throats, arms, tendons snapping. Bodies collapsing

McCall not having broken stride as they fall... Keeps moving AS...

STREET VAN DOORS SLIDE OPEN

LAST TWO ASSASSINS jumping out...

VAN ASSASSINS

Hitting the Alley on a dead run. Seeing McCall disappear around the final corner...

Getting to the...

END OF THE ALLEY

Open GRATING leading under the street open and still rattling...

ASSASSINS clear the opening and quickly lower themselves THROUGH THE OPENING.

DROPPING

Into COMPLETE DARKNESS below. Too inky to see anything except the GLOW of their LASER SIGHTS...

They stop and LISTEN for McCall. Tasting blood...

They HEAR the RUMBLE a SPLIT SECOND BEFORE...

The BRIGHT LIGHT HITS THEM

WHAM!

SUBWAY CAR KILLING THEM INSTANTLY AS IT ROARS BY...

HOLD A BEAT after it's gone...

MCCALL

Steps out from a recessed DOORWAY IN THE SUBWAY TUNNEL.

Turns and heads down the tunnel like a Ghost...

INT. DINER - SAME TIME

Teddy and his Men in the middle of what's left of the place. The SOUND of shoes on glass as they walk...

MASTERS

Who the fuck is this guy?

Teddy carefully surveys the carnage.

TEDDY

When I was at Coronado there were stories about a disavowed team operating out of Bahrain. Reeked havoc on networks and cells in the area. Six guys with skills so off the charts it seemed like a joke. Until I met them. Then I got it. These were guys with particular expertise.

(beat)

They mentioned there used to be a seventh. I think we just met him.

The gravity sinking in as POLICE SIRENS grow LOUDER and coming from ALL DIRECTIONS...

MASTERS

How do you want to play this?

Teddy stepping over to Con Ed Guy. Picks up the Mac-10.

TEDDY

Bunch of Russians shooting each other over weapons, drugs... Classified investigation, need to know, blah, blah... I'll handle it.

Fires FOUR SHOTS into Con Ed Guy.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Make sure they're all like him.

MCCALL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Teddy and his Guys are spread out in different rooms. Surgically going through his place.

Teddy standing in the LIVING ROOM studying the place like it was a puzzle.

Masters coming from the bathroom with empty prescriptions vials.

MASTERS

Coumadin and Precose.

Pederson appearing from the kitchen with receipts from trash.

PEDERSON

Bunch a travel items purchased
three days ago.

Buddy peering over McCall's open laptop.

BUDDY

Got a diabetic heart patient
traveling internationally.
(pointing to laptop)
Bought a plane ticket to Columbia
day before yesterday.

TEDDY

Guy was prepared for this. He'll
have his next 10 moves worked out.
That means we're nine behind him.

EXT. MCCALL'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Teddy and his Men exit the walk-up and slip into their double-
parked Suburban.

TEDDY (OS)

Call DHS. Fill 'em in. Call
McCall a person of interest.
Detain only status.

Suburban pulling into traffic. WATCHING this from...

MCCALL'S POV

On a rooftop across the street.

INT. MCCALL'S APARTMENT

McCall in the living room. Righting an overturned plant.
Fixing the couch cushions. Opens a window to let some air
in.

That's when he feels the warmth trickling down his leg.
Looks at the blood pooling around his shoes.

Only now realizing the he's been shot...

SHOWER

Blood mixes with the water as it runs over the holes just above McCall's hip. Entrance wound in back smallish. Exit wound ugly and jagged...

KITCHEN

McCall holds a dish towel over the wounds as he removes a pot of honey from the stove.

ON THE WOUNDS

As McCall uses a wooden spoon to slather the boiling honey over the lesions. Cauterizing and disinfecting them. Winding gauze around his abdomen...

EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT

McCall on his bench. Taking in the clear but chilly night. Watching faces go by. Families, kids, another world.

Some internal struggle taking place. For the first time, uncertainty clouds his thinking.

Eyes falling on that same shooting booth. Same father and son are back. Poor guy throwing dollar after dollar at the Barker and never coming close to winning that Sponge Bob.

That's when McCall decides. It doesn't have to be this way...

MCCALL'S APARTMENT HALLWAY

McCall removes the plants on top of the bookcase. Reaches inside the top shelf and WE HEAR a CLICK...

McCall slides the bookcase to the left. The entire unit rolling away to reveal...

A SAFE ROOM

The keeper of secrets.

Devoid of anything except the bags and boxes of a life once upon a time that sit untouched on the floor.

A built-in shelving unit contains a few items we recognize:
The car keys from Home Depot Thief. Handcuffs from one of
Ralphie's corrupt cops. Teri's CD...

And the bloodied cell phone he took from Slavi.

BLACKBERRY SCREEN

List of phone numbers SCROLLS BY. One particular number
occurring more often than the others.

MCCALL'S KITCHEN

McCall dialing the number. RINGS once and WE HEAR...

TEDDY (OS)
You've reached my cell. Leave a
message or call my office at 212-
246-7614.

McCall jots the number down. Dials it. After THREE RINGS...

SECRETARY (OS)
Agent Coleman's office.

Pause.

MCCALL
I'm sorry. I was trying to reach
someone else. Can you transfer me
back to operator?

Two more RINGS and a FEMALE VOICE...

OPERATOR (OS)
Central Intelligence Agency. How
may I direct your call?

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL - DAY

Classic beaux arts decor, the night sky ceiling, the stone
and ironwork never looked more ominous.

CROWDS of people rushing to and from trains.

McCall one of them. Disappearing into the tunnel of TRACK
17...

EXT. SHENANDOAH VALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON

Rolling meadows defined by old, split rail fences and farms dating back to the birth of this country. Great shadows of clouds blanket the green hillsides.

A nondescript RENTAL CAR winds its way across the Valley...

EXT. SMALL FARMHOUSE

The rental car rolls up a two-rut excuse for a driveway in the middle of nowhere heading towards a modest, farm house. Late 1800s, beautifully maintained.

A screen door swings open and JASON PLUMMER steps onto the porch.

Early 70s with serious, deep blue eyes that have seen most of what life can offer. Good and bad. Wears soft, comfortable clothes and a smile that matches.

Watches as McCall gets out. The two stare at each other for a long moment.

McCall walks up to the porch stairs. No words are spoken. But we feel something significant here as they walk inside.

INT. DINING ROOM - DUSK

McCall, Plummer and his wife SUSAN sit at an old plank table. Lace table cloth, aged flatware and china, garden picked flowers.

The three eat in comfortable silence. No one feeling the need to ruin the meal.

INT. KITCHEN

McCall washing. Plummer drying. Susan brings in the empty serving trays. Exchanges looks with her husband then walks out for the rest.

PLUMMER

Stopped counting the reasons I
married that woman years ago.

INT. STUDY

Well-worn early Native American. Pendleton blankets and throws. Fire going. McCall settled into a chair next to it. Plummer cracks walnuts on the couch.

Susan comes in with a tray of drinks. Sets it down on the slab of redwood that stands in for a coffee table. Hands McCall a cup of hot water and *the exact tea bag we've seen him use at the diner.*

After a beat of silence Plummer stands.

PLUMMER

Well. I'll leave you two to catch up.

Susan waits for the door to close. After a moment...

SUSAN

If you've come for my help I can't give you any. I have no influence these days. I fly to DC three days a week. Sit in a office reserved for people with secrets too scary to let completely out of sight. I think they're afraid I'm going to write a book or something. Apparently that's what retired spooks do out here.

If McCall hears her he doesn't let on. Finally takes his eyes from the fireplace. Looks at Susan...

MCCALL

What would the CIA have to do with a bunch of Russian pimps?

Susan processes the statement. Her answer comes quickly.

SUSAN

Nothing. The CIA doesn't care about pimps. Russian or otherwise. So start with the fact they weren't pimps. Selling girls was a hobby.

Susan waits for McCall to process this.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Think Amazon. Big. All encompassing. Sells everything. Place an order it's delivered to your doorstep. Items are shipped to you from various warehouses across the country.

(beat)

Amazon employs teams to run those hubs.

(beat)

The Russians - specifically, Vladimir Pushkin - are the black market Amazon. Gasoline, weapons, drugs, bonds, executions, extortion, secrets, you name it they provide it. Pushkin considers the US the biggest shopping mall in the world.

(beat)

You took out Pushkin's East Coast team. Shut down a hub. Your CIA friends were paid to protect that from happening. Now they're looking for blood.

(beat)

More tea?

EXT. FARMLAND - NIGHT

Rolling hills like waves on a black sea.

A long rail fence that disappears into the horizon. McCall and Susan leaning against it. Silhouetted by the cobalt night sky and lit by an old Coleman lantern.

A long moment.

SUSAN

When they told me you were dead, I didn't believe it. Not from something as trivial as an IED. It just wasn't you, Robert.

(beat)

That you're alive is a relief. But not a surprise. Jason and I talked a great deal about you over the years. If anyone could have figured a way out.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

A way to walk away for good, start fresh... it would have been you.

(beat)

Either way I figured I'd never see you again. Preferred it that way. I imagined you wandering the earth searching for some peace, some understanding of yourself. Wondering if you'd find it in time.

Lantern FLAME flickers in McCall's eyes.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

In all my years as a handler there was no one ever like you. Your skills were undefinable. A mind that saw things no one else did. In ways no one else *could*.

(beat)

What you did for your country cannot be measured. You saved lives too many to count. Yet it didn't feel good to you. Even though what we did *mattered*, it didn't feel right to you.

MCCALL

I couldn't see...

SUSAN

The meaning. I know...

Flame starting to die out.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

The greatest violins cannot hear music. The most beautiful paintings cannot see the joy they bring. It's simply the way it is.

(beat)

We can't all be heroes, Robert. Someone has to sit on the curb and clap as they go by.

A LONG silence.

MCCALL

I didn't have to go there. I didn't have to kill them.

SUSAN
Yes you did.

McCall looks at Susan.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
It was clear. It was just. It
mattered.

A NIGHTHAWK swoops across the Valley. Gliding low in search
of prey...

SUSAN (CONT'D)
We must be the thing we are. Your
gift wasn't right for our gray,
murky world. Your soul needed
black and white. A clear reason.
(beat)
You're an instrument of justice,
Robert. You can't run from that.

Flame so low we can only see their eyes.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
But you knew this before you came
here.

Susan turns to look at McCall for the first time.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
You didn't come here for help. You
came here for *permission.*

McCall doesn't move. Knows it's true.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
There were rumors about rouge CIA
teams for years. Basically doing
contract work for interests abroad.
(beat)
What you're talking about is
different. High level Field Agents
on US soil. An arrangement with a
Pushkin would make them extremely
dangerous. Anyone perceived as a
threat would be terminated.
(sighs)
Were I talking to anyone else my
advice would be this: Minneapolis
is wonderful this time of year.
(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

But I'm not. I'm talking to a
force of nature.

Susan lifts the Coleman and turns it off. For a brief moment we are immersed in the absence of the light. When our eyes adjust, here, away from cities and the things of man, all seems right.

The two stand framed against this wonder. We can't see them anymore. We just HEAR...

SUSAN (CONT'D)

All I can say is heaven help them.

INT. TEDDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An upscale LOFT in SOHO.

Teddy on a treadmill running hard. Has been for some time. Massive chest heaving as he pushes himself to the limit.

INT. TEDDY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

A large shower already running. Teddy's head under the steaming water. Letting the stream run over his face.

Looks down and realizes the water is pooling at his feet. The drain is plugged. Bends down to open it...

When lights go out.

TEDDY

What the...

Teddy slides opens the glass door and SEES...

MCCALL

Sitting on the closed toilet. Across the room from the shower. An electrical cord pulled from a lamp in his hand, ends stripped bare.

McCall stares at Teddy. A dark, hollow stare. Plugs the cord in.

Teddy starting to step out of the shower when McCall tosses the cord out like a fishing cast.

Hits the water at Teddy's feet sending a SHOCK through his body. Moving him back into the shower.

McCall pulls the cord back.

TEDDY
Who are you?

McCall stays quiet.

Teddy tries to move again. McCall snaps out the cord - shocking him again. Teddy jumps back.

Room filling with steam now... McCall's image is getting faint. Ghost-like.

Begins touching the two ends of the cord together. Lighting his face through the mist in brief hypnotic flashes.

Teddy stays frozen in the shower.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
You don't know who you're fucking with.

MCCALL
I know exactly.

TEDDY
If you did, this would be the last place you'd...

McCall throws the cord again. Hits the water... this time he leaves it a bit... SPARKS FLASH as Teddy trembles. The massive jolt surging through his body.

McCall snaps the cord back.

Teddy breathes heavy and braces himself against the walls of the shower. McCall sparking the ends of the wire again.

Steam getting thicker. McCall's image fainter.

MCCALL
Special Agent Theodore Coleman.
CIA, NCS Division. Counter
Intelligence, 9 years. 41. Ex-
Navy Seal. Your liver enzymes are
high. History of primary mitral
valve prolapse.
(MORE)

MCCALL (CONT'D)

It rains you walk with a limp
because of the MCL injury you
suffered in Kuwait never healed
properly. I'll show you the x-rays
if you want.

TEDDY

You going to kill me, do it.

MCCALL

I don't need to kill you like this.
I can think of over 20 ways to kill
you right now... in this room
alone.

TEDDY

What do you want, McCall?

McCall stares at Teddy through the dense steam... Almost
disappearing.

Tosses the cord out again and leaves it. Teddy trembles as
the VOLTAGE COURSES THROUGH HIS BODY. Eyes bulge, hands grip
the sides of the shower...

When it's almost too much to bear...

The cord snaps back.

Teddy falls in the shower GASPING for breath. Room now
filled with steam. Can't see more than a few inches. Out in
the steam the cord ends spark like an orange beacon.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

MCCALL

I want us to be clear with one
another.

Teddy sees a wooden back brush. Grabs it and breaks the
brush head off. Giving him a jagged sliver of wood.

Tries to SEE McCall through the steam. Can't. Just his
VOICE...

MCCALL (OS) (CONT'D)

I'm going to take you down. Piece
by piece. And everyone that's with
you.

TEDDY
You think so...

MCCALL
I'm already doing it. You just
have to decide who you're more
afraid of... me or Pushkin.

McCall SPARKS the ends together once more...

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Either way you're done.

Teddy slides the glass door open a sliver...

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Be better all around if you turn
yourself into IA. I'm offering you
an out. I suggest you take it...
Otherwise this will not end well
for you...

In ONE SWIFT MOTION Teddy throws the door open and *JAMS THE
WOOD SLIVER INTO THE WALL OUTLET!* POWER to the HOUSE GOES
OUT...

Teddy grabbing the GLOCK from under the towels and *FIRING...*
PORCELAIN AND TILE SHATTERING as SIX ROUNDS EVISCERATES the
TOILET...

Teddy moving naked through the steam and finding McCall gone.

TEDDY'S BEDROOM

Flushed and angry. Out into the hall, Glock in his hand,
loaded and ready.

Slowly...

TEDDY

Clears the house. Room to room. Nothing. Gets to the FOYER
and SEES the FRONT DOOR wide open...

EXERCISE AREA

Teddy grabbing his CELL off of the treadmill and DIALING.
Masters answers...

TEDDY
He was here!

MASTERS
Who?

TEDDY
McCall!

MASTERS
He's in Mexico City. We just got
confirma--

TEDDY
HE WAS IN MY FUCKING HOUSE!

CLOSE ON the BACK OF TEDDY'S PHONE. An almost invisible
CLEAR PLASTIC STRIP with faint circuitry running through
it...

ON MCCALL

On HIS phone. Ear piece in LISTENING TO...

TEDDY (OS)
Get a hold of everybody. I want a
meet in 30.

INT. RADIO SHACK - LATER

McCall being handed a bag of CHEAP EQUIPMENT...

LEGAL PAD

Pen scribbling the name MASTERS on it. Names PEDERSON and
BUDDY already on the page.

EXT. BATTERY PARK - DAY

Filled with FAMILIES and TOURISTS on this incredibly BRIGHT
afternoon. Sailboats in the Harbour. The Circle Line Ferry
chugging past the Statue of Liberty.

McCall on a picnic bench eating a salad. Pen and pad in
front of him. HEADPHONES on. Head nodding in rhythm to what
appears to be MUSIC.

But really listening to...

TEDDY (OS)
Pederson takes the whore's
apartment...

Stabs a plastic fork in his SALAD and takes a bite. Cheap
Radio Shack Sound Amplifier under the table. \$49.00 and good
up to 100 feet. Pointed at...

TEDDY AND HIS MEN

Twenty yards away. Standing near the railing to the FERRY
TERMINAL. Bodies tense and wound tight as steel
tourniquets.

BUDDY
What's he want? I mean everybody
wants something.

TEDDY
He wants our heads. That's all we
need to know.

MCCALL

Writing the words *Weak* next to Buddy's name.

PIER PARKING LOT

Jammed with CARS and SUV's baking under a blazing sun.

Including Teddy's. Under which McCall slaps a tiny GPS
transmitter as he walks by.

INT. HOME DEPOT - SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE

McCall sitting across from the store's SUPERVISOR Georgie.

MCCALL
Just a couple of days until I can
straighten it out.

GEORGIE
Hey. Family comes first. Marcus
can cover your shift until Monday.

INT. NAVIGATOR

Masters inside. Parked down the block from McCall's Apartment Building. Eyes peeled.

INT. TAURUS - MOVING

Pederson passing the Check Cashing Place for the third time. McCall's bank/Credit card Statements on the passenger seat.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MIDTOWN

A glass and steel monolith nestled in the 600 Block of Madison Avenue. No designation or name on the facade. But...

INT. CIA BUILDING LOBBY

Humming with SECURITY PERSONNEL.

Everybody emptying pockets and checked by GUARDS before stepping through SOPHISTICATED BODY SCANNERS.

Including Teddy and Buddy. Walking to the SECURE ELEVATORS where they wait in SILENCE.

Teddy playing the game with McCall in his head. After a moment...

TEDDY

Everybody cares about something...

EAST 19TH STREET

Rush hour TRAFFIC inches along. Staccato BURSTS of HORN and SQUEALING breaks. Buses heaving their hulks across lanes.

Weaving her way through it all comes...

TERI

Stepping between PARKED CARS and onto the sidewalk. Lugging her book bag halfway up the block.

Blissfully unaware of the TWO RUSSIAN MURDERERS sliding out of the Lincoln behind her.

Predatory faces watching her enter her Five Story walk-up...

THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY

Teri trudges the final flight. Walks to the last apartment at the end of the hall. Unlocks the door and steps inside. SOUNDS of the CHAIN and DEAD BOLT follow.

A moment later the two Russians are on either side of Teri's door. Pockets handgun heavy, assessing the locks. The LITTLE RUSSIAN pulls a set of tools...

The SOUND of GLASS BREAKING comes from somewhere down the adjoining hallway.

What happens next happens fast and like this: LARGE RUSSIAN (Mighty Joe Young with a brain) creeps along the wall to SEE what's what.

Peers around the corner. *The blow from the Fire Extinguisher collapses the front of his head like a soda can.*

LITTLE RUSSIAN stunned for a split second. And that second gets him deceased.

McCall taking only one step and breaking his larynx before his weapon clears his belt.

The next thing WE SEE are their legs disappearing into the TRASH ROOM...

BASEMENT

TWO GUNS then BODIES tumbling from the trash chute and into the dumpster.

INT. TEDDY'S OFFICE

Typical Field Agent's space. File Boxes piled everywhere. Six year old computer tied to a secure line.

Teddy at the window pondering the next move when his CELL RINGS. Recognizes the number and picks up.

TEDDY

Better be what I want to hear.

MCCALL (OS)
Depends on what you were expecting.
I suspect you're a tad disappointed
already.

Teddy doesn't move. You'd swear his pulse actually *DROPS*.

COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

SCREENS with CAMERA FEEDS from HOT AREAS in the City. SUBWAY
PLATFORMS, BRIDGES, TUNNELS etc.

SEVERAL TACTICIANS wearing HEADSETS monitor WIRELESS
COMMUNICATION.

Teddy striding in. Slides the Mobile number in front of TACT
1. It's quickly punched into the system which begins
triangulating McCall's number.

ON THE SCREEN WE SEE the SIGNAL AREA shrinking rapidly...

TEDDY
Gotta tell you I consider myself a
smart guy. Still can't figure
this. Why you...

MCCALL (OS)
Kick over a rock most of the time
something crawls out from under it.
(beat)
You're misfortune is I'm the one
who kicked over yours.

Teddy watching the SCREEN as the *ADDRESS SCROLLS ACROSS THE
BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN*. Tactician 1 turning to Teddy.

TACT I
Isn't that Agent Pederson's
address?

INT. PEDERSON'S HOUSE

McCall in the Office. Flash Drive just about done copying
files from Pederson's LAPTOP.

TEDDY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Teddy back at his window. Dull eyes watching the sun set between the buildings. Resignation washing over him.

INT. HOME DEPOT, EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Ralphie standing by the front door with his keys. Young Dudes looking spiffy heading home for the weekend.

YOUNG DUDE 2
Saturday night. Big mash up at
Brian's. You down for that?

YOUNG DUDE 1
Like five bucks an hour. Plus
tips.

RALPHIE
Tips?

YOUNG DUDE 1
Need a Security dude to watch the
liquor. Bring your mace can,
Rambo.

RALPHIE
Fuck you...

Good natured LAUGHS as the Dudes head off.

Ralphie about to lock the door when a man steps inside.

RALPHIE (CONT'D)
We're closed...

Ralphie looks up into the face of Masters who shows him the Beretta jammed into his belt.

MASTERS
Don't be a hero, Chubs.

INTERNET CAFE

McCall sifting through Pederson's FILES. Processing what he's seeing. From his look, something surprising...

EXT. 34TH STREET - MCCALL

Man on a mission now. Swallowed up by Rush Hour foot traffic near Penn Station. Dialing the PRE-PAID CELL as he crosses 34th Street...

TEDDY (OS)
I was hoping you'd call.

MCCALL
Found your money.

TEDDY
Figured you would. You can't get to it. Or prove it's mine...

MCCALL
Making assumptions like that is dangerous.

TEDDY

Walking through the PARKING GARAGE underneath his building. Oddly calm. His eyes saying... *this was fun while it lasted.*

TEDDY
Know the difference between me and you?

MCCALL (OS)
Where should I begin.

Teddy slides into his vehicle.

TEDDY
I don't give a shit. About anything. But you do. And that puts a big bulls-eye on your back. Took me a while to figure it out.
(beat)
I'll be laser straight with you. Thirty minutes. Boat Basin. Just me and you.

MCCALL (OS)
Or?

Teddy pulls a piece of paper from his jacket pocket.
Reads...

TEDDY

Ralph Marquez, Jennifer Gould,
Manny Ramirez and the six other
Orange vests won't be going home
tonight.

MCCALL

Stopping in the cross walk. Bumped and jostled by COMMUTERS.

TEDDY (OS)

Violence without a message is a
waste of movement. Don't you
think?

HOLD on McCall's face. Audio collapse washing over him.
Suddenly the city, its noise, its commotion doesn't exist.

Eyes flat and hard. Whatever forms this man's soul begins to
spread through his entire body.

When his answer comes it's soft and measured.

MCCALL

Alright. We'll play this your way.

Cuts off the call. Thinks for moment. Then looks down at
his wristwatch...

And starts the Stopwatch ticking...

INT. HOME DEPOT - DUSK

Masters walking Ralphie to the back of the store. Meeting up
with Buddy and Pederson who have Jenny, Manny and SEVERAL
OTHERS.

At the SAME TIME...

DOORS TO A MIDTOWN BUS OPEN

McCall stepping onto the M4 headed downtown. Taking a seat
near the MIDDLE EXIT DOORS. Pulling out the another PRE-PAID
CELL PHONE from the Radio Shack bag. Powering it up.

With his other hand punches numbers into HIS cell phone.
Forwarding HIS NUMBER to the Pre-paid Phone...

HOME DEPOT - TOOL REPAIR AND RENTAL SECTION - SAME TIME

Sectioned off by a chain link fence. Employees herded into the area by Teddy's Guys.

PARKING LOT - VARIOUS AREAS - SAME TIME

Over the rise WE SEE the dark gleaming grill of a black SUV roll into a lot.

Then another. And another. SIX identical black SUVs, ominous and forboding, pulling onto the asphalt surrounding the premises.

PULLING BACK TO SEE...

SUVs ringing the perimeter of the structure. INSIDE each sit TWO RUSSIAN KILLERS.

IN ONE OF THE SUVs

Russian 7 checks the load in his Glock. Russian 8 on his RADIO with Masters.

RUSSIAN 8

We're here.

MASTERS (OS)

Lock down the perimeter. Shoot anyone who looks like him that gets within 20 yards of the place.

HOLDING AREA

Masters clicks off as Pederson comes back with a handful of NYLON wire WRAPS. Tosses them to Ralphie.

PEDERSON

Behind their backs. Tight.

EXT. BOAT BASIN - SAME TIME

Teddy leaning against his car. Staring down at his PDA. ON THE SCREEN is a GPS screen. McCall's CELL NUMBER highlighted and moving South...

Teddy smiles. DIALS...

INT. DOWNTOWN BUS

McCall not on it. CAMERA MOVES under the seat he was in... McCall's Cell Phone *under it*. RINGS SILENTLY...

MCCALL

Someplace else and moving ANSWERS the Pre-Paid Phone.

TEDDY (OS)

Thought you might go ICBM on me.
You're making the right decision.
For better or worse it was always
going to end this way..

McCall keeps moving.

MCCALL

Yeah well, there are some worsts
nobody ever thinks about.

Click.

EXT. HOME DEPOT PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

TWO of the SUVs idling within sight of each other.

INSIDE ONE

RADIO PLAYS Curren\$y. Russian 1 behind the wheel bouncin' to it. Not understanding a word.

Looks out his window at the SUV across the way. Guys with their feet up on the dash talking to one another.

Back to his MUSIC. Turns it up. Adjusts bass. Likes it more. Glances back to the other SUV...

No one's in it.

Looks around the parking lot. Nothing. Sits up. Turns to his partner.

RUSSIAN 1

Hey...

He's asleep. Shakes him and the man falls forward.

Sharp object protruding through the back of his seat, disappearing into the man.

Russian 1 spins quickly towards the back seat.

McCall.

And that's the last thing he sees.

INT. HOME DEPOT, HOLDING AREA - NIGHT

Employees on the floor. Hands tie-wrapped behind their backs. Just the SOUND of breathing...

Masters rolls the gate shut. Locks it with a padlock. Takes out his phone and starts to dial when...

Kool and the Gang begins playing over the store's PA System.

All three snapping into tense mode. Guns coming out...

Masters unlocks the cage. Points his weapon at Ralphie.

MASTERS

Where's that coming from?

DEPOT AISLE

Masters and Pederson follow Ralphie as they make their way through the empty aisles. Guns are drawn. MUSIC drifting from the SPEAKERS above.

KOOL (VO)

*Oh yes it's Ladies Night and
feelin's right...*

SECURITY OFFICE

Masters pushes Ralphie into the office as Pederson clears it.

Empty.

CD player patched into the PA system. Power on. Masters hits stop and it's suddenly QUIET again.

MASTERS
Who else is here?

RALPHIE
No one. I swear...

Pederson grabs Masters arm. Points him to the SECURITY MONITORS.

Masters follows his look to CAMERA 16. Middle of the store.

A LONE FIGURE moves like a Ghost down a center aisle.

MASTERS
(into his Radio)
He's in the fucking store!

DOORS TO THE VANS AND SUVS OPEN

A wave of icy death pour out of the vehicles jacking their automatic weapons and fan out.

Split into GROUPS and head for the various entrances to the store.

MASTERS AND PEDERSON

Throwing Ralphie back into the Holding Area. Tie-wrapping his hands to the gate, padlocking it with Buddy inside.

MASTERS
We don't come back... kill 'em
all.

Masters goes to call Teddy. Gets no signal. Looks up and follows Pederson's eyes to the AWNING WINDOWS near the ceiling.

Everyone of them covered in TIN FOIL. Blocking the Cell signals in and out...

BOAT BASIN - SAME TIME

Teddy opening the trunk and removing the standard issue Remington 12 gage. Cradles it under his arm and checks his PDA.

McCall's signal closing in...

INT. HOME DEPOT - FRONT ENTRANCE

FOUR Russians step inside. Dark. Eyes adjusting. Talks into his RADIO.

RUSSIAN

We're in.

LOADING DOCK

Large door SWINGS OPEN and RUSSIANS 1, 2 and 3 step inside.

GARDEN ENTRANCE

RUSSIANS 4,5,6 and 7 eyeing the cavernous place.

RUSSIAN 4

In.

EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE

Russians 8 and 9 close the door behind them. Safeties clicked off...

RUSSIAN 9

In.

INT. HOME DEPOT - VARIOUS AREAS - NIGHT

Silent. Nobody moving. Store quiet and empty. Aisles deserted. Place feels feral and dangerous.

That's when *THE POWER GOES OUT*. ENTIRE STORE plunged into blackness.

OUTSIDE THE HOLDING AREA

Masters feels the chill run down his spine. Flips the safety off...

HOME DEPOT - WIDE

Dark FIGURES moving into the belly of the store from every conceivable angle...

RUSSIANS 4, 5, 6 AND 7

Walking slowly. Every SOUND HEIGHTENED.

RUSSIANS 8 AND 9

Kel-Tec Shotguns on their hips. Eyes scanning every shadow and space.

RUSSIANS 1, 2 AND 3

Fan out. Each taking a different aisle.

RUSSIANS 2 AND 3

Start down LIGHTING FIXTURES. Broken BULBS litter the middle of the aisle where someone ransacked the shelves...

RUSSIAN 1

Steps into the PAINT SECTION. SEES...

TARPS, PAINT CANS and A HALOGEN WORK LIGHT splayed across the floor... Slowly maneuvers around the mess... Stepping over the Halogen stand WHEN...

THE LAMP BLAZES ON

Momentarily blinding Russian 1. Turns his head away and finds the spectre of...

MCCALL

Who JAMS his thumb into the Russian's eye. Then his throat. Cutting off his ability to make sound. *WHAM! WHAM!* Two thumbs into his ribs and diaphragm.

Russian 1 doubling over. Making it easier for *McCall* to *snap his neck.*

Checks his watch.

GARDEN AISLE

Russians 2 and 3 walk with purpose...

BATHROOM FIXTURE AISLE

Russian 4 sweeps his gun across the area...

RUSSIAN 3

Hardware Section. Mid-aisle. Stops and listens. HEARS a SNAPPING SOUND one aisle over.

Quietly pushes aside some boxes on the SHELVING UNIT. Creating space TO SEE INTO THE NEXT AISLE. REVEALING...

MCCALL

Pulling the trigger on the PNEUMATIC NAIL GUN. SINGLE CEMENT ANCHOR THUDDING into Russian 3's FOREHEAD.

Pulls the spent CO2 cartridge out and pops in another...

RUSSIANS 5, 6 AND 7

Stepping around the corner. SEEING their dead comrade. Faces twists into a masks of rage.

Anger blinding them as they stalk down...

THE APPLIANCES AISLE

In and around the REFRIGERATORS. Past the WASHERS AND DRYERS...

Then a HUMMING SOUND. Stop... listen... Eyes following the SOUND to...

THE DISPLAY OF MICROWAVES

Timers ticking down. Russian 5 leans down and looks inside...

THROUGH THE MICROWAVE WINDOW

A small propane tank turning slowly on the plate.

BOOM!!!!

THE WALL EXPLODES INTO FLAMES. A HUGE FIREBALL engulfing all three Russians. Bodies catching fire...

INT. HOLDING AREA

The SOUNDS coming from inside the store waft over Ralphie and the other hostages. The SCREAMS frighten them into puddles...

Buddy backs away from the gate.

RUSSIAN 8 AND 9

HEARING the SCREAMS. Following them into...

THE APPLIANCE AISLE

Where Russians 5,6 and 7 lay smoldering. Flesh burning off their bones.

Fear now fills their souls. 8 and 9 exchange looks, turn and BOLT...

Racing like the wind towards...

THE EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE

Where they STOP DEAD.

EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE DOOR

Chained and padlocked. *From the inside. While on the
OTHER SIDE of THE STORE...*

MASTERS AND PEDERSON

Stare grimly at...

THE FRONT ENTRANCE

Titanium bicycle chain run through the door handles and
locked.

BOAT BASIN - SAME TIME

Teddy waiting just off the rutted path. SEES McCall's signal
has stopped two hundred yards away. Not moving.

Dials...

MCCALL - DEEP IN THE STORE

Picks up after the first VIBRATION.

TEDDY (OS)
Second thoughts?

MCCALL
Just taking care of a few things.
Be right with you.

LASER DOTS

Dance across SHELVING AND MATERIALS. Stepping from the
SHADOWS come...

RUSSIANS 3, 8 AND 9

Shoulder to shoulder. Fingers on triggers. Precision
movements.

A GLIMPSE OF MCCALL

Moving quickly across the aisle.

THE RUSSIANS

Fire their weapons. Shredding everything in its path. When it settles... No McCall.

HOLDING AREA

ECHOING GUNSHOTS shatter the SILENCE. Too much for Buddy. Feeling like a trapped animal so he unlocks the Cage, steps out and re-locks it. WHISPERS into his RADIO...

BUDDY

Where the fuck are you guys?

MCCALL

Like a shadow. Moving towards the final area of the store. Oddly calm. Breathing measured. Just the *tick... tick... tick of his watch...*

MASTERS AND PEDERSON

In the LUMBER SECTION. Anxious and on edge. Masters clicks on his RADIO.

MASTERS

Stay with the Hostages.

MCCALL - SOMEWHERE

Pulls BOXES OF ROOFING NAILS AND BRADS off the shelves as he walks...

RUSSIANS 3, 8 AND 9

In the PLUMBING SECTION. Every SOUND amplified. 3 hand signals he's splitting off...

MCCALL'S HANDS - SOMEWHERE ELSE

Grabbing a GARAGE DOOR REMOTE PACKAGE from a rack of them.

AN X-ACTO KNIFE

Slices open an bag a FERTILIZER. Then ANOTHER...

RUSSIANS 8 AND 9

Move down the BATHROOM FIXTURE SECTION. Turning the corner and...

SEEING *McCall DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THEM!*

EMPTYING THEIR WEAPONS INTO HIS BODY...

ONLY TO SEE MCCALL'S IMAGE SHATTER INTO PIECES as the MIRRORED GLASS EXPLODES INTO FRAGMENTS...

Understanding too late that...

He's behind them.

MCCALL

Running the 6" Drywall Saw through 9's third and fourth ribs. 8 getting his weapon halfway up when he looks down and SEES the Chisel protruding from his chest as he loses feeling in his extremities...

RUSSIAN 3

Alone. Shuddering in fear three aisles over. Gets to the end of PATIO FURNITURE AISLE. White knuckling his weapon. About to peek around the corner.

Never feeling the extension cord until it's around his neck. Body jerking like a marionette until... it isn't.

McCall gently drops the body onto the floor.

MASTERS, PEDERSON AND BUDDY

Coming together from different areas. Converging at the rear of the store.

Wound tight. No longer smug. Eyes darting all over the place.

HOME DEPOT - HIGH ANGLE

NINE BODIES strewn about in VARIOUS SECTIONS. The last three men standing in the shadows. Knowing McCall could be anywhere...

About to head back into the middle of the store when...

MASTERS

SEES the shadow slip into the far rear section of the place. Motions to the others...

GARDEN AREA

Like a GIANT GREENHOUSE. A large area filled with PLANTS AND TREES and GARDENING EQUIPMENT.

MASTERS, PEDERSON AND BUDDY

Stand at the ONLY ENTRANCE to the area. Hearts beating hard and fast. Knowing McCall is here.

Using hand signals MASTERS points Pederson and Buddy down separate aisles.

THE MEN MOVE SLOW

Every step painful. Bile and dread inching up their throats. Finally reaching the...

CENTRAL GARDEN AREA

FOUNTAINS, BIRDBATHS and WIND CHIMES. Against the back wall ALL kinds of PLANTING SUPPLIES.

MCCALL

Against the back wall in the shadows. Just the whites of his eyes visible. Standing amongst the garden TOOLS and a row of STEEL WHEELBARROWS.

MASTERS

HEARS that TICKING SOUND. FIRES a SHOT blindly into the shadows.

MCCALL

Waits. Like a cobra. All three Men stepping into range.

CAMERA pans down McCall's body to his hand. Garage Door remote in it. Finger over the clicker.

MASTERS, PEDERSON AND BUDDY

Taking three steps closer. Then they HEAR it. Eyes falling on the wheelbarrow as it lowers over the kneeling body of McCall.

Exchange confused looks.

And at the exact same time realizing *they're surrounded by LUMPY bags of FERTILIZER*. EMPTY BOXES OF NAILS scattered across the floor.

MCCALL'S FINGER

Pushes the Clicker on the Remote as...

MASTERS, PEDERSON AND BUDDY

Have just enough time to exchange one stupid look before...

BLAMMMMMM!!!!

FERTILIZER BAGS EXPLODING. Nails SCREAM through the air at the speed of sound. High pitched WHINES as the projectiles literally nail...

MASTERS, PEDERSON AND BUDDY

Faces and bodies riddled with the nails. Muscles, tendons and bone cut to pieces. Organs punctured and shredded.

INSIDE THE WHEELBARROW

Nails THUNK and PIERCE the steel like quills. Stopping inches from McCall's body.

MASTERS

Barely alive. Bleeding from places he didn't know could bleed. Stumbling to his feet. SEEING his dead Partners.

SO HE RUNS

Knees pumping like out-of-sync pistons. RACING towards the BACK OF THE STORE.

HOLDING AREA

Everyone in the cage frozen in fear. Except Ralphie. He's furiously working on his tie wraps.

Almost gets them loose enough when *Masters gun barrel slips through the fence and touches his forehead. Bloody face appearing against the chain link...*

HOME DEPOT - FRONT OF THE STORE

Everything bathed in murky darkness. Nothing moves. The unearthly silent is shattered by...

MASTERS (OS)
MCCAAAAAAAAAALLLLL!

The animalistic cry ECHOES throughout the cavernous store.

Then Ralphie appears out of the shadows.

BARREL OF MASTERS REVOLVER DUCT-TAPED TO HIS TEMPLE...

Masters PRESSED UP against Ralphie's back. DUCT TAPE WEAVING ITS WAY AROUND HIS GUN HAND. COVERING HIS FINGER ON THE TRIGGER.

The only thing visible is the COCKED HAMMER...

MASTERS (CONT'D)
HEY! I FLINCH, TRIP, I FUCKING
HICCUP HE'S DEAD! UNDERSTAND???

Ralphie's eyes squeezed tight. Barely holding it together. In his trembling hand is a bolt cutter. Price tag still attached.

MASTERS (CONT'D)
I'M WALKING OUT OF HERE NOW!

MCCALL

Somewhere in the darkness. Eyes studying the impossible. Baretta M9. 4 pounds of pull making it a hair trigger for all intent and purpose. Duct tape masking the exact position of the trigger finger...

Reaches down and grabs the long barrel M16-A out of Russian 4's dead hand. Flips on the LASER SCOPE. Takes a breath...

And steps back into the darkness...

MASTERS AND RALPHIE

At the FRONT ENTRANCE. Bicycle Chain the only thing between Masters and freedom.

MASTERS
Cut it.

Ralphie's sweat covered hands fumble with the cutters. Masters pressing the barrel harder into the kid's temple.

Ralphie manages to cut one length of the chain. Places the teeth of the cutters over the last piece.

Masters eyes DART INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE STORE. No McCall. Eerie and way too quiet. Then SEES the FAINT GLOW of RED coming from the far aisle...

Looks down...

LASER DOT ACROSS THE DUCT TAPE where is hand would be...
Masters JERKS RALPHIE around! *SPINNING HIM SO THE DOT IS ON HIS CHEST...*

MASTERS (CONT'D)
YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?

MCCALL'S MOUTH

Right next to Masters ear.

MCCALL
It look like I'm kidding?

HARD CUT - THE M-16

Propped up on a shelf all by itself at the end of the aisle.

MCCALL AND MASTERS

Masters' eyes GO WIDE as McCall's arm snaps around his neck.
Masters squeezing the trigger...

But nothing happens.

Masters' confused. Looks down and *SEES THE CARPET KNIFE
JAMMED INTO THE HOLLOW OF HIS TRICEP.*

MCCALL
Brachial tendon's severed, Slick.
You got nothing from the shoulder
down...

Box Cutter slices the barrel from Ralphie's head. Ralphie
falling to his knees. McCall twisting the dead arm towards
Masters chest.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
So let me help you.

McCall touches Master's finger. The Gun FIRES a single
MUFFLED SHOT into Master's heart.

HOME DEPOT -WIDER

Masters dead before he hits the floor. McCall reaches down
and takes the keys from his belt. Walks over to Ralphie.
Helps him to his feet.

Shock and awe plastered all over Ralphie's face. Staring at
McCall like he was some apparition. McCall drops the keys to
the Cage and a pair of pliers into Ralphie's hand.

MCCALL
You should go let them out.

Ralphie nods.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
I don't know if you heard. I'm
away on a family matter. I'll be
back Monday.

A LONG beat. Then Ralphie smiles.

INT. TEDDY'S CAR - BOAT BASIN

Teddy getting in. Tossing the Shotgun into the back seat
when his Cell RINGS. UNKNOWN NUMBER appears on the screen.
Answers and HEARS...

MCCALL (OS)
Run.

EXT. CREDIT SUISSE BANK BUILDING

A glass and steel modern structure with spiraled columns
designed to support nothing except public awe and reverence.

Teddy coming out of the Bank pocketing AN ENVELOPE. Hits the
remote. About to climb in when HE SEES...

TWO suit-clad MEN on the near corner. Eyes directly on
Teddy.

Now SEES another TWO MEN on the far corner.

Looks across the street... FOUR MORE MEN in SUITS. ALL
looking at Teddy.

MILLER (OS)
Agent Coleman...

Teddy spins. TWO DARK BLUE SUITS, matching haircuts and
implacable faces behind him. Agency ID's in their hands.

WARD
Special Agent Ward. This is Agent
Miller. CIA Internal Affairs.

INT. SEDAN - MOVING

Miller behind the wheel. Ward shotgun. Teddy behind the
chicken wire screen in the back.

Hands cuffed behind his back.

EXT. BATTERY PARK

Tip of Manhattan. Down Battery Place then taking a DETOUR. Crossing Water Street. The sedan jumps down a one lane dirt road that cuts a swath through a path of dense foliage.

INT. SEDAN - BACK SEAT

Teddy looking around. SEES the CITY being swallowed up by the overgrown TREES...

TEDDY
Where the fuck we going?

EXT. THE SEDAN - DAY

Road getting smaller, foliage thicker. Rusted out boat trailers litter the shoulder.

We're at the abandoned Boat Basin.

INT. THE SEDAN

Through the windshield foliage clears and the Harbour comes into VIEW.

The car bumps along a bit further then stops a few yards above the water line.

Miller and Ward exit the vehicle without a word leaving Teddy alone.

After what seems like an eternity the drivers side door opens and McCall slides in.

McCall doesn't turn around.

MCCALL
It was your idea to meet here.

Now shifts so he can look directly at Teddy.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
It's important you understand everything.

TEDDY
I understand enough.

MCCALL
I don't think you do.

A long pause. McCall lowers the back windows a few inches.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
The place we choose to inhabit, to
live our lives, is like it's own
ecosystem. Ecosystems only survive
when there's balance. Otherwise
there's chaos, corruption and
injustice.
(beat)
People like you upset that balance.

TEDDY
What the fuck are you talking
about? It was bad guys killing
worse guys. You don't think that
exists every fucking place in the
world?

MCCALL
It does. I've seen it. But you're
in my world. And that's...
unacceptable.

TEDDY
Wake up you self-righteous prick.
The whole cake's been divided down
to the last crumb. You take what
you can get when you can get it.
(beat)
I didn't design the system. I
simply learned how to play it and
win it.
(beat)
I got seven million dollars in my
pocket. It's yours. Take it.
Dole it out to your ecosystem

McCall cracks the front windows. Stares out at the water for
a few moments.

MCCALL
Most people don't want anything
except fairness.
(MORE)

MCCALL (CONT'D)

More and more they feel they can never have it. They see bigger, richer, more corrupt, morally bankrupt, spiritually vacant people get it all. The ones who don't give a shit...

Turns the ignition key halfway. Engine light coming on.
Turns around and starts going through Teddy's pocket.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

You're a bad guy, Teddy. Worse, you're a bad guy who doesn't give a shit. About anyone. Even yourself. And that makes you more frightening than almost any monster out there.

McCall finds the check. Sits back and looks at the amount.
Whistles. Teddy laughs.

TEDDY

Lot of money. Don't be so smug. In my ecosystem I'll do four years in some country club prison, get out, move to Dubai. Sell my knowledge and services to some Sheik who likes the idea of having an ex-CIA Agent on his staff. In two years, I'll be a millionaire all over again.

McCall takes the check and sticks it on the rearview mirror.

MCCALL

Guess you can take it with you.

Slips the car into neutral then opens the door.

TEDDY

Hey!

EXT. BOAT BASIN

McCall steps out and closes the door. The car starting to roll down the embankment...

TEDDY

HEY!

McCall watches as the car lists down the embankment towards the water. Watches Teddy panic in the back seat, face twisted in impotent fury.

Front end of the car hitting the WATER... Teddy pressing his face to the small opening on the window.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
What's this make you?

McCall doesn't bother to answer.

The car sinking, hood already submerged. Water rushing through the open windows... Teddy staring through the back window.

Into McCall's eyes. McCall doesn't look away. Resignation washing over Teddy. Both men now calm, dispassionate... Water rising above Teddy's chest, chin, then his face...

Finally the car disappearing under water.

MCCALL

Waits a long moment. Turns and walks up the embankment. Crosses the road where ANOTHER CAR WAITS.

Walks over to it and gets in the back...

INT. CAR

Susan Plummer sits in the back. Miller and Ward silently up front.

The two exchange looks. Ward puts the car in gear and drives off.

EXT. MCCALL'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Car pulling up out front.

INT. CAR

Susan glances up at McCall's apartment building.

SUSAN
I expected more.

MCCALL
It's enough.

Starts to get out. Stops. Turns back to Susan.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
He asked me, doing that, what it
made me...

Susan thinks. Then looks at her old friend. Smiles.

SUSAN
Life is a fight. But not
everyone's a fighter. That's where
you come in, Robert.
(beat)
You're an equalizer.

McCall lets it sink in. Gets out without another word and
the car drives away.

INT. HOME DEPOT - MORNING

CLEAN UP CREWS still working as EMPLOYEES drift in. Ralphie
at his place by the front entrance when McCall and the Young
Dudes step through.

Looks of surprise at the mess.

YOUNG DUDE 1
What the fuck?

YOUNG DUDE 2
What is this shit?

RALPHIE
You didn't hear? Some guys broke
in and took a bunch of us hostage.
Was a big showdown and a bunch of
guys got killed. No one's telling
us much else. Classified or
something.

YOUNG DUDE 2
Well I ain't cleanin' that shit
up...

McCall starts to follow them into the store.

RALPHIE
Mr. McCall?

McCall turns. Ralphie holds up the PAIR OF PLIERS with the price tag on it.

RALPHIE (CONT'D)
Mind putting these back for me?

The look that passes between them is understood instantly by both. This is our secret. And will remain so.

McCall smiles. Takes the pliers and heads down the aisle. Back to work...

EXT. CONEY ISLAND BOARDWALK - NIGHT

McCall on his favorite bench. Night air crisp and clean. Like McCall's soul. There's an tranquil, untroubled feeling to this man now.

Watches the United Nations of faces and families with different eyes.

Smiles at the Spanish woman fingering her rosary as she watches her daughter fly by on the Tilt-a-Whirl.

Her small son next to her playing Nintendo that probably cost her a months pay.

People trying. That's what counts.

McCall stands and starts for home. Passes the...

SHOOTING BOOTH

Where that father and son are back. Trying again. Father handing over his last dollar only to get the same result. Takes his kids hand and about to slink off when...

MCCALL (OS)
Give the man a sponge guy already.

All three heads turn. McCall standing there, hands in his pockets.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

Guy's been here every Saturday night for two months. Paid for the sponge ten times over.

BARKER

Who are you? The boardwalk police? Hit all six targets win the sponge guy.

(points to sign)

Or can't you read.

And there's that look again.

McCall steps to the counter and drops a dollar bill into the barker's sweaty palm.

Turns to the father.

MCCALL

This one's on me.

Lifts the beat up air rifle... adjusts the aim and...

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! All six targets nailed dead center in milliseconds.

Barker stands there slack-jawed as McCall grabs the LARGEST Sponge Bob and hands it to the Father. Kid's eyes like saucers.

Places the rifle back onto the Barker.

MCCALL (CONT'D)

Site's six degrees off to the left. I'd fix that if I were you.

As he walks off...

MCCALL (CONT'D)

And I'll be back to check.

INT. MCCALL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

McCall at the Kitchen Table. Laptop open. Typing something.

WE HEAR MUSIC drift over the scene. Faint at first. Like it was coming through the open window.

ON SCREEN

A CRAIGSLIST PAGE. Under the SERVICES subheading. McCall's fingers writing a POST.

A VOICE now SINGING with the MUSIC. A haunting SONG grows LOUDER as WE SEE McCall's words BEATING OUT ACROSS THE PAGE:

GOT A PROBLEM?

ODDS AGAINST YOU?

WRITE TO:

THE EQUALIZER

MCCALL

Stares at the screen. This is who he is now. At peace with that.

SONG getting LOUDER. And as his finger presses SEND WE...

CUT TO:

A SMALL DIVE BAR

Somewhere in Hell's Kitchen. Dingy and dark and half full. That SONG filling the ROOM.

On stage a PIANO PLAYER.

And Teri.

Singing the last notes with all her being. Heartbreakingly magical...

The APPLAUSE more enthusiastic than expected.

The LOUDEST is McCall. Against the back wall.

TERI

Walks off the stage and into the arms of a NICE LOOKING GUY. The look on his face tells us everything we need to know about her life now.

MCCALL

Eyes bright with pride. Drops a twenty on the table and heads for the exit...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DINER - EARLY EVENING

Maybe it's the same diner fixed up. Maybe it's a different one. Doesn't matter. Because what's the same is...

MCCALL

At a back table. Cup of tea. Book 94 open. "The Invisible Man" by Ralph Ellison.

And WE HOLD on this IMAGE for a few beats. Because it feels right and... *just*.

WE HEAR the faint DING of McCall's CELL. Fishes it out and reads the email.

VOICE (OS)

I saw your ad and I am taking a chance you are real. I am desperate.

SQUEALING TIRES OF A 757 HITTING THE RUNWAY...

VOICE (OS)

My family is in danger. The police cannot help.

INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TERMINAL

DOORS to CUSTOMS sliding open as McCall walks through them shouldering his bag

Sign above the doors says: WELCOME TO BRUSSELS

EXT. BRUSSEL'S AIRPORT

McCall coming out and walking to the curb. Hails a taxi.

VOICE (OS)

I know I am far away but I have no
hope and nowhere else to turn. Can
you help?

As the TAXI pulls curb side McCall slips a pair of
SUNGLASSES on and WE GO TO...

BLACK