

# Four Shades Of Black

By  
Melton Eduardo Cartes

241 Church St., #4  
San Francisco, CA 94114  
415-621-6501 phone  
415-565-0612 fax  
[melton@sbcglobal.net](mailto:melton@sbcglobal.net)  
WGAw: 502147

The belief in a supernatural source  
of evil is not necessary;  
men alone are quite  
capable of every wickedness.

-- Joseph Conrad

## TITLES:

FADE IN: NEW YORK

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

This room is bland and cold. Narcotics detective RICK MERCY, 40, is standing, strapping on a bulletproof vest.

His partner JOE HENDRIX, almost 40, is sitting next to him, checking his automatic pistol and loading his magazines. Hendrix stares at him.

MERCY

Look, I don't know about it.

Hendrix frowns. Mercy shakes his head and pulls the Velcro straps together on the vest. He puts his badge on a chain hanging around his neck and tucks it in his vest. He walks out of the room.

INT. SQUAD ROOM

Police officers and detectives are busily preparing for a raid. A conference room in the back holds several SWAT officers going over the logistics of the planned raid. The SWAT Captain is pointing out items on a dry erase board.

Mercy and Hendrix come out of the interrogation room. At a desk, a distance from them, stand JOE ROSELLI and JIMMY MENDOZA, also narcotics detectives. They look at Hendrix and then Mercy, apprehensively.

Hendrix gets closer to Mercy.

LIEUTENANT JOHN HIGGINS, 50, is inside the conference room with the tactical officers. He notices Mercy and Hendrix, through the conference room windows, and looks concerned and distracted for a moment.

Mercy notices the lieutenant and then looks at Hendrix. Lt. Higgins goes to the conference room door and opens it.

HIGGINS

Get your asses in here, double-quick, ladies!

He slams the door with a glance at Mercy.

ROSELLI

Comin'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENDRIX

Mercy, we've worked together for a long time. I know you know how things work. But I need to tell the other guys that you're definitely in.

MERCY

(innocently)  
Roselli and Mendoza?

HENDRIX

Don't fuck around.

MERCY

Or what, Joe? I want out of this. OUT! But there isn't a way out so that's the best you're getting from me. That's it.

Hendrix stares at Mercy grimly but not at liberty to speak freely in the squad room.

MERCY (CONT'D)

See this badge? I used to feel bright and shiny.

Mercy pulls his badge out of his vest bitterly.

MERCY (CONT'D)

Now, I just feel all rusted.

EXT. POLICE STATION

Mercy and Hendrix come out, heading for their car, along with everyone else on the raid. Lieutenant Higgins comes outside and stops on the front steps of the police station entrance.

HIGGINS

Mercy! Hold up.

Hendrix looks back at the two of them, nervously. Mercy nods at Hendrix to continue to get their car and turns to face the Lieutenant.

MERCY

"Loot"?

Lt. Higgins hesitates, looks around to make sure no one is near them, and smiles at Mercy. They step down to the sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIGGINS  
Have you decided?

Lt. Higgins is very kindly towards Mercy.

MERCY  
I don't know anything, John.

HIGGINS  
You were right beside me, Rick,  
when we signed up for this.

Mercy obviously feels bad about the situation. He doesn't hide that from Lieutenant Higgins.

MERCY  
I can't help you.

HIGGINS  
You mean you won't help me?

Mercy frowns at him.

HIGGINS (CONT'D)  
The department is only as good as the cops that make it up. If I'm going to catch the bad cops I need someone who'll make the choice and stand beside me.

Mercy stares at Lt. Higgins sadly but resolutely.

MERCY  
I don't know anything, sir.

Lt. Higgins looks at Mercy sadly. Mercy turns away and heads toward his car as Lt. Higgins watches him.

Lt. Higgins turns and sees an old missing persons poster, stapled to a telephone pole. Someone's young daughter, YOLANDA GREER, has been missing for who knows how long. Lt. Higgins stares at it in futility.

EXT. BACKYARD

ARMANDO MORALES, a mid-level Colombian drug runner, jumps a fence. Mercy is running after Morales with his gun pointed at him.

MERCY  
Stop where you are Morales!  
Morales?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mercy clears the fence as Hendrix joins him.

EXT. 15TH STREET

Morales emerges from between two buildings and crosses the street. Mercy hollers into his walkie-talkie.

MERCY

Suspect, Morales, on foot,  
heading to Princeton street.

EXT. PRINCETON STREET

Lieutenant Higgins hears Mercy on the line.

HIGGINS

Suspect's headed this way.

Lieutenant Higgins and the patrolman driving his car take out their guns, open the car doors for cover and wait for Morales to come around the corner.

EXT. 15TH STREET - (CONTINUOUS)

Mercy and Hendrix cross the street after Morales.

MERCY

Correction. Suspect's cut  
between two buildings. Heading  
to Sixteenth street.

Mercy and Hendrix run into a breezeway. Hendrix gets slightly ahead of Mercy and fires two shots at Morales.

Mercy shoves him aside.

MERCY (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing?

Hendrix just shoves him back and continues the pursuit. Mercy follows.

EXT. PRINCETON STREET - CONT'D

Lieutenant Higgins and his driver hear the shots.

HIGGINS

Shit. Get in the car. Go to  
Sixteenth.

## EXT. BACKYARD

Morales climbs a wrought iron fence as Mercy runs into the alley behind him. Mercy got ahead of Hendrix.

Morales jumps into a large, neglected, backyard flower garden. It's part of a big, old, walk-up under extensive renovation.

Tarpaulins and scaffolding shroud the exterior of the building. It looks empty. He runs to the back door, a heavy new security door. He reevaluates. Climb the scaffold, try a window? He scales it quickly.

He turns around and fires at the alley. Morales kicks a window in and scrambles through.

## INT. BUILDING

It's dark inside. The windows have been painted over. The walls are painted black. The interior is furnished sparsely but with good stuff. Morales runs into the rest of the building.

## EXT. BACKYARD - (CONTINUOUS)

Mercy and Hendrix, cover the window as Two SWAT officers, BRODY and SMITH, climb the wrought iron fence.

Now Mercy and Hendrix climb the scaffold, carefully. Smith stays on the ground, with a clear shot of anyone in the windows. Mercy gets to the window first. Then Hendrix.

HENDRIX  
Got you covered.

Mercy climbs in.

## INT. BUILDING - (CONTINUOUS)

## HALLWAY

Morales runs down a flight of stairs off of the hallway. Everything is lit with purple or blue lights. It looks like a club. He can hear loud music droning from below.

At the bottom of the stairs is a double set of doors. He kicks them open and goes through.

## BALLROOM

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Morales bursts into a large, dark, smoky, high-ceilinged ballroom. People dressed in black fill the whole space. He points his gun at them.

In the center of the room is a spot-lit dais with a big tub set in it. In the light, a nude body is hanging upside down from a black leather harness, bleeding dry.

An EXECUTIONER stands next to the hanging body. The tub is full of blood. Several people are cavorting in the blood. The music is PULSING.

Morales looks dumbfounded.

MORALES  
Santa Maria....

There's a very strong iron smell in the room that crinkles his nose. He starts to notice people walking around naked, soaked in blood, some of it caked dry. They all seem sedated.

MORALES (CONT'D)  
What the fuck is this...

They all start to notice Morales.

Three people are lounging around a club table; an attractive blond, VIVIAN LEIGHTON, a debonair man, OLIVER RINKS, and a punk woman in leathers, ELSA DIRKEN.

Vivian is the first of the three to start out of her torpor and angrily point at the intruder.

VIVIAN  
Who the fuck is that?

Rinks is still groggy. He shakes his head to clear it.

RINKS  
I don't know.

VIVIAN  
How did he get in here?

A mixture of fear, dread, and panic grips all of them. The people start to scramble. An awful WHINING and SCREECHING comes up from the crowd. Then it turns to anger.

Morales is shocked. Dirken and Rinks get up and in an instant are in Morales' face. Rinks pulls out a broken bloodied BONE FROM THE TUB.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RINKS

How the fuck did you get in here?

Dirken goes to grab him. Morales shoots her in the stomach. Dirken stops. She looks down at the gaping, bleeding wound. She grunts.

DIRKEN

You fuck.

She back-hands Morales. Morales shoots her again, in the chest this time. Dirken catches it like a jab. She grabs Morales by the arm and the neck.

DIRKEN (CONT'D)

How did you get in here?

MORALES

What the fuck are you?

VIVIAN

It's too late. Kill him!

Morales' eyes widen in fear. Mercy and Hendrix crash through the double doors, roll and come up ready to shoot.

They see Dirken holding Morales with Rinks next to her. They're shocked.

RINKS

What the fuck is this?

Mercy and Hendrix look around the room. They see the multitude of people scrambling around, surrounding them.

In quick snatches Mercy notices horrifying details as he surveys their situation.

It's like an underground club. An opium den? The blood soaked people.

The tables.

The lights.

The blood bath.

The body hanging in the center. The realization comes to him sickeningly, along with the smell.

RINKS (CONT'D)

Horst, Vincent. Put them in the locker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rinks motions two men over, HORST and VINCENT.

MERCY  
Everybody freeze. Police.  
(into walkie-talkie)  
Skyhook, come in.

Mercy and Hendrix have their guns on them. They alternate their aim from one person to the other and back.

MORALES  
(strangled)  
Get her off of me...

Dirken grabs Morales' gun, placing her thumb in the trigger guard. She puts it to Morales' temple and shoots him three times. Morales sags in Dirken's grip. She looks at Mercy.

Brody and Smith flank Mercy and Hendrix at the door. They drop to one knee ready to fire, as they get the situation.

Vivian sits up at the table. She is very annoyed about the situation.

Mercy and Hendrix are agape.

MERCY  
Drop the gun. I'll blow you away.

HENDRICKS  
Do it.

Dirken drops Morales. She holds her hands up showing the pistol upside down in her hand. The people get closer. A nervous murmur is coming from them.

Mercy and company look the crowd over. They look like normal socialites: Clubbers. But their mood is sinister.

MERCY  
I said freeze!

Horst, Vincent and the crowd keep closing. Brody and Smith shift.

VIVIAN  
Kill them all.

HENDRIX  
What are you talking about?  
We're cops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dirken smiles at Mercy.

Horst moves closer. Mercy shoots Horst.

Dirken flips the gun in her hand.

MERCY  
Don't do it—

Brody and Smith shoot and hit a couple of people closest to them.

Hendrix shoots Vincent in the chest.

Mercy aims right at Dirken. Dirken fires three shots. She hits Brody, Smith and Hendrix in their vests. Mercy fires. Dirken's forehead pops with a wet sound. She snarls at Mercy.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
FALL BACK! FALL BACK!

The whole "coven" starts to crowd them. Mercy, Brody and Smith back up.

Mercy fires steadily. He hits Dirken and wings Rinks.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
(into walkie-talkie)  
Skyhook, come in. We have a  
major situation in an abandoned  
building. Repeat, Skyhook.

Hendrix shoots at several people but Vincent straightens up and grabs him by the neck. Hendrix shoots him in the gut.

Dirken turns and shoots Hendrix in the head. Vincent drops Hendrix's body.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
Nooo!!!!

Dirken steps over Morales and aims at Mercy. Brody fires into Dirken, knocking her back.

Rinks slashes Mercy in the chest, WITH THE BONE, slicing through his Kevlar vest.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
Ahhh... fuck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mercy shoots Rinks in the chest. Smith starts shooting in fully-automatic, like Brody. He grabs Mercy and pulls him through the doors.

STAIRS

Brody crabwalks up the stairs. Smith drags Mercy up a few steps. They turn and run upstairs.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
Get someone on the horn!

BALLROOM

Rinks grabs his chest in disgusted anger. Vivian rushes over to them.

She looks disgustedly at Hendrix and Morales lying dead on the floor. She reaches down and EASILY PICKS BOTH MEN UP by their necks.

She seems to SNIFF THEM OR "READ" THEM and then drops them. She kicks them and turns on Rinks and Dirken furiously.

VIVIAN  
We can't be discovered! Get them before they get away!

Dirken stands up, hefts the gun and goes for the doors. Rinks follows.

STAIRS

The double doors burst open. Rinks and Dirken scream up the stairs like banshees.

HALLWAY

Mercy, Brody, and Smith, running down the hall, can hear them. Brody turns to shoot. Dirken stops and shoots him in the head.

Rinks sprints down the hall. Smith and Mercy turn to help Brody. They see that he's dead.

Smith raises his M-16 and fires at Rinks cutting him down. Dirken shoots Smith in the throat. Mercy fires repeatedly at Dirken, hitting her square and dropping her.

He sees Rinks getting up. He shoots him before he can get up. He drops back down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mercy hears more noise coming from the ballroom. He grabs Smith under an arm and helps him down the hall.

Mercy and Smith struggle to the window.

EXT. BACKYARD

Mercy goes through first and pulls Smith out, sprawling him onto the scaffold.

He peeks through the window and fires two shots. The gun clicks empty. He releases the spent clip and shoves a new one in.

Smith is spluttering and choking from the neck wound. Mercy shoves him off the scaffold and helps him down to the ground.

Two men, Horst and Vincent, yank Smith from Mercy's grip.

MERCY  
Smi... Stop.

He looks down at them. They've come out from the security door. Vincent rips at Smith's wound with his left hand. Blood spurts out easier and Smith dies as Vincent shudders from the thrill he gets from the fresh blood on his hands.

Horst drags Smith inside.

Vincent looks at Mercy, with a snarl, and hisses at him. Mercy is freaked out. He aims the pistol at him and fires two shots.

Vincent takes the shots like a man. He remains standing.

Mercy is even more freaked out. He starts climbing the scaffold. Horst starts climbing as Vincent shakes off the pain and discomfort of being shot.

Rinks sticks his head out the broken window as Horst reaches the first level of the scaffolding.

RINKS  
Where are they?

HORST  
There's only one left. He's climbing for the roof.

Rinks is bleeding from his chest wounds. Dirken stumbles up to them. She's bleeding even more, the forehead wound is particularly bad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIRKEN  
Here. Take this.

Horst takes the gun offered, jumps off the scaffolding and runs back to get a shot at Mercy. He aims and shoots. Mercy ducks. The gun empties.

RINKS  
Go up after him.

Horst starts climbing. Vincent joins him. Mercy continues climbing.

EXT. ROOF

Mercy struggles onto the roof, tired. He runs across the roof, looking for an escape.

The next building is just an inch over. He jumps the wall to the other building. He looks back nervously. No one yet.

He sprints across two or three more rooftops until he finds a street access.

INT. BALLROOM - (CONTINUOUS)

Rinks and Dirken have returned to Vivian's side. She's furious, livid.

VIVIAN  
Are they dead, yet?

RINKS  
There's one left. The plainclothes...

VIVIAN  
He's a detective!

She seems to listen to something.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
It's too late.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE

Mercy is climbing down, almost to the street.

MERCY  
(into walkie-talkie)  
Skyhook, Cobra. Three officers  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCY (CONT'D)  
down. Suspect dead. Repeat.  
Three officers down. Suspect....

EXT. ROOF - (CONTINUOUS)

Vincent and Horst look down at Mercy and hesitate.

EXT. SIXTEENTH STREET - (CONTINUOUS)

Lieutenant Higgins hears Mercy on the line.

HIGGINS  
What the fuck.  
(into walkie-talkie)  
Come again?

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE/SIDEWALK - (CONTINUOUS)

Mercy drops wearily to the sidewalk.

MERCY  
I can't explain it Lieutenant.  
(Gasp)

INT. POLICE CAR

Roselli and Mendoza are listening to the radio. They have Francisco Amaral, in custody, in the back seat.

MERCY (O.S.)  
I think they're all dead. It's a fucking dungeon or something....

INT. BALLROOM - (CONTINUOUS)

VIVIAN  
We need to evacuate this place,  
right now.

Rinks and Dirken are sitting on the edge of the blood bath along with others, rinsing their wounds with the blood.

RINKS  
But the time...

VIVIAN  
We've been discovered. The rest of the police force will be here in minutes. We've got to leave.

RINKS  
Alright...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIVIAN

Hurry up!

As they pour the blood over the bullet holes their wounds seem to close. With each rinse of blood they close more until the bullet holes close up completely.

Dirken takes a handful of blood and pours it on the bullet hole in her forehead. She pushes the hole around with her fingers and it closes up leaving an ugly scar.

MOMENTS LATER

Two women, a butch punk and a more normal looking one, pick up gasoline cans and run upstairs.

INT. BEDROOM

Beatnik looking men and women run from room to room dousing everything with gasoline.

INT. BALLROOM - (CONTINUOUS)

Dirken is splashing the place generously with gasoline. She makes her way to the blood bath and the body hanging upside down in the harness.

The nude man has deep cuts in his neck and wrists. He's been bled dry.

Dirken splashes the body with gasoline and then pours the rest into the blood bath.

Rinks saunters to the middle of the room with what looks like a power generator. He plants it on the floor, bends over and flips a cover off of it.

He pushes some buttons and then flips a red switch. It's a bomb with a counter.

INT. PENTHOUSE

There is another bomb -- set and counting off -- in the middle of the room.

INT. UPSTAIRS DEN

There is another active bomb here too.

INT. BALLROOM - (CONTINUOUS)

RINKS

We have about nine minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIVIAN

Good. Get everyone out.

EXT. SIDEWALK - (CONTINUOUS)

The police car, with Lieutenant Higgins, has pulled up to the curb. Mercy is looking at the gash across his chest.

HIGGINS

What the fuck happened?

Mercy gets into the backseat.

MERCY

You better cordon off this whole block! Morales led us on a chase into this building. Inside he finds himself some snuff club, or some shit...

HIGGINS

Where?

MERCY

On this block! Turn right.  
Middle of Sixteenth street...

HIGGINS

We came from there. There's nothing goin' on.

MERCY

It looks vacant. But it's not!

Lt. Higgins turns around to glare at Mercy.

MERCY (CONT'D)

We fired lots of shots... We...  
I...

HIGGINS

How many suspects?

MERCY

Uh, about thirty total... I think.

HIGGINS

Thirty?

(into walkie-talkie)  
Skyhook to teams A, B, C. Cordon off the block of Sixteenth  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIGGINS (CONT'D)  
street, Seventeenth, Baxter and  
Baker streets. Now!

WALKIE-TALKIE (O.S.)  
Copy, Skyhook.

Lt. Higgins looks at Mercy again.

HIGGINS  
Were they Morales' men.

MERCY  
No, man. They killed him!

Lt. Higgins stares at Mercy. He turns to his driver.

HIGGINS  
Okay, move.

EXT. SIXTEENTH STREET

Vivian is pulling out of the building's garage in a black Mercedes 300 SE. Rinks and Dirken are in the car with her. A few more people are casually walking down the front steps. Two men leave on Harleys.

They just look like late-night party-goers. They cross the street and get into cars or walk away down the block.

Police cars come in from both ends of the street. Lt. Higgins' car stops against the curb.

The clubbers start their cars and drive away instantly. Lt. Higgins gets out of the car waving at them.

HIGGINS  
Stop the car. Wait.

They act innocent as they drive away. He tries to flash his badge, still not conscious of the whole situation.

Then the first bomb EXPLODES. The first floor windows SHATTER with smoke coming out that then gets SUCKED back in by the second EXPLOSION. Lt. Higgins turns around and ducks.

Mercy gets out of the car.

The penthouse EXPLODES and a fireball mushrooms up from it. RAINING DEBRIS makes them run for cover.

LATER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fire trucks and ambulances are on the scene as the building is consumed in a huge fire. The police basically watch from across the street.

Lt. Higgins is upset.

Mercy is having his wound checked out by a paramedic. Mercy's also upset because probably a lot of evidence is now burning away. But all they can do is watch as the firefighters try to control the blaze.

INT. BUILDING - LATER

The fire has been contained.

The bandaged Mercy, Lt. Higgins, and the Fire Chief, are looking through the building.

They find the front doors to the ballroom. Two firemen help clear the way.

They enter the ballroom. Mercy makes his way carefully to the rear doors through which he and Hendrix entered.

He finds the dais and the tub: melted.

There may have been a body there.

He finds Morales' and Hendrix's bodies. No one else would know who the bodies were.

MERCY  
Lieutenant...

Lt. Higgins joins him and grimaces at the sight.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

There's a row of big bulletin boards with missing persons posters, on one whole wall. The unsuspecting faces stare out of them from forgotten happy times. There are all sorts of people listed; men, women, children.

One poster in particular has a photo from a young woman's high school graduation, KARA STEINAUER. In it she wears a strapless gown and a heart necklace. Another poster is for a girl named GINGER WATSON.

Francisco Amaral is sitting in a holding room, with the rest of his men, waiting to be booked. Through the partition windows he sees Mercy, Lt. Higgins, detectives Roselli, and Mendoza, walk by.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMARAL

There's the guy who killed  
Morales.

The guys next to him nod. They know whom he means.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

The door opens and Mercy steps in wearily, followed by Lt. Higgins.

HIGGINS

Sit down.

Mercy sits at the table, opposite the one-way glass, in the otherwise naked room.

HIGGINS (CONT'D)

Okay, from the beginning. What  
happened?

MERCY

Goddamnit. I've already told  
you. You saw it for yourself.  
Morales led us into that fucking  
building and all hell broke  
loose. Literally.

HIGGINS

Who killed Hendrix?

Mercy hesitates.

MERCY

I told you, some bull-dyke-  
looking woman.

HIGGINS

How do you know she killed him?

MERCY

Because I saw her shoot him in  
the head.

HIGGINS

Did you return fire?

Mercy looks at him unhappily.

MERCY

Yes. I did. Repeatedly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIGGINS  
Did you hit her?

MERCY  
Yes. Repeatedly.

HIGGINS  
How do you know?

MERCY  
I saw it.

HIGGINS  
So you killed her?

Mercy hesitates, frowning at him. Then he sighs out of frustration.

MERCY  
No.

HIGGINS  
Since this case involves the deaths of officers on duty Internal Affairs Bureau is coming to talk to you. You'll also be visited by a Union representative.

Mercy gapes at Lt. Higgins as he leaves the room. He looks about the depressing room. He sits up and winces from the gash in his chest. He tests it gingerly.

He looks away, disgusted.

INT. POLICE STATION

Lt. Higgins meets two Internal Affairs Bureau (I.A.B.) detectives as they step out of the room next door.

INT. HIGGIN'S OFFICE

The two I.A.B. detectives follow Lt. Higgins into the office. Lt. Higgins sits down at his desk.

I.A.B. #1  
So, Morales gets killed.

I.A.B. #2  
As we suspected.

Lt. Higgins frowns at them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIGGINS

But that doesn't explain Hendrix  
getting killed....

I.A.B. #1

The ballistics report will nail  
him.

HIGGINS

We don't know Mercy shot him.

I.A.B. #1

Come on, Lieutenant. These guys  
are trying to cover their tracks.

I.A.B. #2

Mercy is shooting at this woman,  
who he doesn't kill. And Morales  
and Hendrix wind up dead?

HIGGINS

I know Rick Mercy. He's not  
clean but, I can't believe he's  
involved.

The I.A.B. guys look at him.

HIGGINS (CONT'D)

Not to that degree.

I.A.B. #1

To what degree?

HIGGINS

The degree of killing his own  
partner. Mercy is no longer a  
good cop. But he's not a bad  
cop.

I.A.B. #1

You make very interesting  
distinctions, Lieutenant.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - (CONTINUOUS)

The door opens and a MAN in a dark, double-breasted suit  
steps in. He's stern, almost nervous.

MAN

Detective Richard Mercy?

Mercy nods and squints at the man, suspiciously. He places  
a briefcase on the table in front of Mercy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCY  
Where's your partner?

MAN  
Partner?

MERCY  
Yeah. I.A.B. usually hunt in  
pairs.

The man clicks the briefcase open and reaches in nervously.

MAN  
Uh, he'll join us....

Mercy slams the briefcase closed on the man's hand and shoves him backwards.

Mercy turns the briefcase around and opens it, revealing an automatic pistol with a silencer. The man regains his balance and goes for Mercy. Mercy aims the pistol at him.

MERCY  
Who are you?

The man lunges at him. Mercy shoots him twice in the chest. The man takes the hits. Then he lunges over the table and grabs the gun away from Mercy.

MAN  
Your last memory.

Mercy throws the briefcase at him, draws his own gun and shoots him again. Mercy runs out of the room.

INT. POLICE STATION - (CONTINUOUS)

The rest of the station has heard Mercy's shots and everyone has their guns out or they're hiding.

MERCY  
Everybody down! Everybody down!

Mercy runs past, looking backwards.

The man comes out of the room with the briefcase and follows Mercy, trying to hide the gunshot wounds. Lt. Higgins sees them leave and rushes out of his office.

Mendoza and Roselli, guns out, have come out of another interrogation room. The real Internal Affairs guys are with them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIGGINS

Get him.

Mercy runs to the stairwell and goes downstairs.

INT. STAIRWELL

The man follows him but stops in the corner of the stairwell, stands still, concentrates and then fades to near invisibility.

Roselli and Mendoza burst through the doors and pass him. The man regains his opacity and goes back into the hallway acting as normal as possible.

INT. HALLWAY

The man walks over to the elevators and gets into the first one going down with other people.

EXT. POLICE STATION

Mercy runs outside as fast as he can. He puts his gun away as he gets out on the sidewalk. Then he runs for the subway. Roselli and Mendoza come out after him.

MENDOZA

Let's get the car.

INT. SUBWAY

Mercy is waiting for a train on the platform avoiding any transit police. The train comes into the station and he gets on.

INT. TRAIN

Mercy sits down at the end of the car where he can watch everybody. He takes this moment to think. He zips his jacket up to hide his vest, as two transit cops walk through the subway car.

EXT. STREET

Mercy comes out of the subway and looks around for any trouble. He's afraid of everybody. He walks to his apartment building and goes inside.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Mercy cautiously and quickly goes upstairs to his apartment.

INT. APARTMENT

Mercy moves directly to a large footlocker. He opens it and takes out a small arsenal and a black ballistic bag. He puts several pistols and an Uzi in the bag along with lots of ammo and extra clothes.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

As Mercy is about to walk out of his apartment building he sees Roselli getting out of a car outside. He turns around and goes out the back.

EXT. BACKYARD

Mercy sneaks out the back and hides behind the garbage cans as he hears someone approaching. It's Mendoza, trying the back way, with his gun out. As he goes inside, Mercy hurries out to the street.

EXT. STREET

Mercy gets to his car, opens it, throws the bag in, gets in and drives off.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING 2

Mercy knocks on a door, waits. JOSE opens the door belligerently.

MERCY

Jose!

JOSE

What do you want?

MERCY

Calling in the favor.

JOSE

Can't do it man.

MERCY

You haven't even heard what I  
need--

JOSE

What I have heard is you pissed  
somebody off pretty good.

Mercy stares at Jose, standing there in a "wife-beater" and raggedy chinos. Mercy doesn't think highly of Jose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCY

I saved your ass, from Tommy  
Gravelli. You owe me--

JOSE

You knew I had some information  
is all. You got what you wanted.

MERCY

Look. I need a place to hide  
out, no one would ever expect me  
to be here.

JOSE

No way, man. No can do.

Mercy is frustrated and losing his patience.

MERCY

Listen, you prick. I can spread  
some shit about you. I can pick  
you up for a whole list of things  
I know about you, right now--

JOSE

You could if you weren't a wanted  
man.

Mercy thinks before speaking again.

MERCY

Look man--

JOSE

I'll return the favor. I'll  
forget I saw you. But that's it.  
Even.

Jose closes the door on Mercy.

INT. MERCY'S CAR

Mercy drives down the street, amid all the other anonymous  
cars, looking for hookers.

He pulls up to a curb. BETTY, a hooker, walks up to his  
passenger side as he rolls the window down. She checks out  
the street to see who might see her.

BETTY

What do you want, Mercy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCY  
Get in.

BETTY  
You working?

MERCY  
No, I'm not. Get in.

She gets into the car and he pulls away from the curb.

BETTY  
I already did you this week.

Mercy glances at her.

MERCY  
Have you heard anything?

She thinks.

BETTY  
I heard there was some shit went  
bad downtown.

MERCY  
Yeah. Well I need a place to  
stay.

She looks at him. Mercy meets her look. She sees he's in  
need.

BETTY  
It'll cost you.

MERCY  
How much?

BETTY  
Three hun'nerd.

MERCY  
Where?

BETTY  
My place. Give me an hour to  
call my mother and set it up.  
Ten o'clock alright?

MERCY  
No problem. Hey, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTY

Yeah, don't mention it. Drop me off in that lot.

Mercy drives into the lot, she gets out and then he drives away.

EXT. STREET

Mercy is sitting in the dark in a basement walk down, across the street from Betty's place. He checks the time: 10:25 PM.

Mercy looks up as a car drives down the street. It turns at the corner and disappears.

The car comes around again and pulls into a driveway.

Mercy stares at the car and notices Amaral, Morales' lieutenant, in the passenger seat.

Four armed men get out of the car, head up to Betty's front door and let themselves into the building.

MERCY

You fuckin' bitch.

Mercy slips away from the sidewalk through an alley.

EXT. GAS STATION

Mercy gets out of his car, at a closed gas station, and walks to a payphone in the shadows. He dials.

MERCY

Abe, it's me, Mercy.

INT. PAWNSHOP OFFICE - INTERCUT

An old, gruff ex-sailor is sitting at a desk on the other end of the line.

ABE

What do you want?

Mercy grimaces.

MERCY

I need a place to hide out.

ABE (O.S.)

Somebody already called me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCY  
Who?

ABE (O.S.)  
I'm telling you as a friend,  
you're too hot right now.

MERCY  
Who called you?

ABE (O.S.)  
They didn't leave a name.

MERCY  
Look Abe, you and I go back a  
long way—

ABE.

ABE  
(interrupting)  
I know. That's why I'm not  
talking to you. I haven't heard  
from you. I don't even know you.

MERCY (O.S.)  
I need to go under for a bit.

ABE  
Can't help you.

MERCY (O.S.)  
What do you mean?

ABE  
Look, maybe when you sort things  
out, I can make it up to you.

MERCY.

MERCY  
I've let your fencing operation  
slide many times.

ABE (O.S.)  
I really appreciate it, Mercy.  
But I've got another call right  
now.

(pause)  
Oh, avoid anyone who looks  
Hispanic, right now.

The line goes dead. Mercy hangs up slowly.

INT. BAR

It's dark and dingy. Music from the jukebox covers the conversations in the bar.

Mercy's sitting in a booth in the corner with a beer, his bag next to him. He watches characters come and go. He rests his lips on the bottle mouth, thinking.

MERCY

(whispered)

What do I do now? Think, Mercy, think. Who are these guys-- what are these guys?

The BARBACK is carrying a case of beer to replenish the fridge. It slips from his hands and drops on his foot.

BARBACK

FUCK!

Mercy watches the barback nearly collapse from the pain in his foot. The waitress and the bartender tend to him. He's pale.

Mercy inhales deeply as if he were smelling some savory aroma. A mischievous grin spreads across Mercy's face.

He stares at the barback who is still suffering from the accident. The barback tries to move around on his foot. The waitress steps back tentatively.

Mercy struggles to stop grinning. He has a hard time doing so. Every time he composes himself he's racked by another SEIZURE OF GLEE. Finally he forcibly covers his expression with his hand.

He turns away from the bar and sits there wondering. He has a manic expression on his face.

The waitress, DIANE HEULETTE, 40, approaches his table, sets her tray down and counts her money. She looks back at the injured barback and then at Mercy.

DIANE

What gives, Rick? You hiding?

He turns on her suddenly. She looks him over, now concerned.

DIANE (CONT'D)

You okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCY  
Fine.

She's not convinced. She notices Mercy's blood-stained and torn shirt and the bandage. She becomes alarmed.

DIANE  
You hurt?

Mercy covers himself with his jacket.

MERCY  
It's nothing. Really.

Diane relents. He doesn't look good, but he's not in any immediate distress. In this job, she's learned to let a lot slide.

DIANE  
Where's Joe?

Mercy looks up in surprise. An ugly thought crosses his spirit.

MERCY  
Uh, he's...not here.

DIANE  
Oh, really?

She smiles at the obvious.

MERCY  
Has Jimmy Jang been here tonight?

DIANE  
Nope.

MERCY  
When he shows up, tell him I want to talk to him.

DIANE  
Sure.

She moves off to take more orders.

MERCY  
Diane.

She stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANE

Yeah?

MERCY

Can I crash at your place?  
Tonight?

She wonders what the problem is.

DIANE

What? Is this a date?

LATER

JIMMY JANG walks into the bar. Mercy notices him.

He sits at the bar and orders a drink. After a moment Diane moves next to him and whispers to him. His shoulders shrug in a gesture of helplessness.

He turns around on the barstool after he's gets his drink and frowns.

INT. BACKROOM

Mercy comes into the backroom that leads to the office, storage room and bathrooms. He waits nervously with his bag over his shoulder.

Jimmy steps in after a moment. He takes one look at Mercy and winces.

JIMMY

You look like shit. What the fuck are you doin' here? You're gonna' get everyone killed. Colombians are after you and it sounds like you've got cops after you too.

MERCY

What do the Colombians say?

Jimmy pauses, studies Mercy.

JIMMY

That squatly fucker, Amaral, says you and your partner smoked his boss.

MERCY

Hendrix is dead. Two SWAT guys too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY  
Fifty G's says you're to blame.

MERCY  
Well I didn't kill him.  
(pause)  
Do you know of any snuff clubs  
operating here?

Jimmy watches him wringing his hands and staring off.

JIMMY  
You' messed up, man. Didn't you  
just hear what I said?

MERCY  
I don't care about that, right  
now.

JIMMY  
Don't care?

MERCY  
Just answer the question. Do you  
know about any hardcore clubs?  
Have you heard anything, rumors,  
anything?

Jimmy looks at him trying to understand him. Short of that  
he does what Mercy said.

JIMMY  
(uncertain)  
Well, there's a bunch of S&M  
places, and a bunch of fag  
dungeons.

MERCY  
I don't mean bullshit. I mean  
snuff joints. You know?  
Killing?

Jimmy cocks his head.

JIMMY  
That stuff doesn't hang around.  
It's usually traveling shows, you  
know what I'm sayin'? Out-of-  
towners.

(pause)  
Why you asking about that shit?  
Ain't you worried?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCY

Yeah. But not about the  
Colombians or the cops.

INT. BAR

Diane is collecting money for a beer from a patron when two HITMEN walk into the bar. One of them inquires with a patron he recognizes. The patron nods and gestures toward the backroom.

She watches them head back.

INT. BACKROOM

Mercy opens the door to leave, peeks out and sees the men coming back. Mercy closes the door and goes for the back door.

INT. BAR

One of the hitmen sees Mercy and pulls his guns.

INT. BACKROOM

Bulletholes blast through the door.

MERCY

I think they're here.

JIMMY

Oh shit!

INT. MEN'S ROOM

Jimmy jumps into a stall and flushes the toilet.

The men's room has a small screened window that faces a brick wall. Through the window Mercy can see some neon light streaming down between the two buildings.

Mercy slides the sash open, climbs onto a urinal and punches the screen off it's screws and starts to climb through.

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM

The hitmen enter the women's restroom first. They shoot through stalls and then kick the doors open to find them empty.

## EXT. MEN'S ROOM WINDOW

There's barely a foot and a half clearance between the two buildings. Mercy has a hard time squeezing himself into the space.

He can see above and to the sides in the small crevice but it's hard to look back down at the restroom window.

Mercy pinions himself against the cinderblock walls and starts to inch up the crevice. He holds his gun pinched in his hand while also pushing against the wall with it.

Mercy scrapes his way up gradually. He's nervous and listening for any sounds from the restroom window.

## INT. MEN'S ROOM

The hitmen bust into the men's room and see the broken window screen and Mercy's ballistic bag in the corner.

JIMMY (O.S.)  
Don't shoot me! Don't shoot me!

They go to the last stall, pointing guns. Jimmy's sitting with his pants down on the toilet, hands up, cowering.

HITMAN #1  
Jang! Where's Mercy?

JIMMY  
Huh?

HITMAN #1  
Mercy! They said he's back here.

JIMMY  
The cop?

Hitman #2 hears something out the window.

HITMAN #2  
(whispered)  
He's climbing.

Hitman #1 nods and approaches the window crouching so as to look up. He extends his gun out the window. He steps up to the urinals and sticks his head out.

Mercy's gun-hand appears from below the window right into Hitman #1's face. He fires and kills him.

CONTINUED:

Hitman #2, taken totally by surprise, nearly drops his gun. He recovers it.

Mercy struggles into view in the window, turning his head and arm backwards to get a shot at Hitman #2. He fires and hits him in the chest twice.

Mercy climbs back into the restroom. He shakes off the dirt and soot from his clothes. He checks for scrapes on his hands and knees. Then he checks the men's IDs and pockets them.

JIMMY

Fuck. That was...close...

Jimmy's done in the stall and has come out zipping up his pants.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I took a real shit!

EXT. STREET

A car pulls up outside of the bar. Roselli and Mendoza get out and cross the street. Sirens can be heard in the city, nearby.

They cross the street and walk to the bar's doors.

Rinks is standing in a doorway watching them.

INT. BAR

Mercy comes out of the backroom and looks at Diane. She's getting up from behind the bar. Everyone is getting up tentatively.

He gives her a slight smile and then heads out the side door.

Roselli and Mendoza enter. The bartender looks at them.

BARTENDER

That was fast.

They look back, confused. The bartender points at the backroom. Roselli and Mendoza notice the fresh bulletholes, the smell of gunsmoke in the air.

EXT. SIDE ALLEY

Mercy shoves his hands into his jacket to look bored as he hurries along the alley to the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes out his Colt 357 King Cobra from his jacket. He slows down as he approaches the mouth of the alley. He adjusts his hold on his bag and moves closer to the wall.

MERCY  
(whispered)  
Stay cool, Rick.

He sets his bag down and moves closer to the alley entrance. He raises the gun.

He sees more of the street to his right as he moves. Another hitman is walking calmly to the alley partially concealing a pistol under his coat.

He notices Mercy in the shadow, aiming at him.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
(whispered)  
Holdit!

Hitman #3 can't hide the gun now.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
Drop it. Where's your buddy?

Hitman #3 raises the gun gingerly as if about to toss it.

HITMAN #3  
Don't shoot.

He points the gun at Mercy to shoot-- Mercy shoots first and kills him.

He ducks and turns around the wall fast. Nothing on the street.

He grabs his bag and runs out of the alley holding the pistol close to his leg. He goes to his car and drives off.

INT. CAR

Mercy is a little reckless in his driving. He cuts someone off and gets honked at.

MERCY  
Sorry. God! Calm down. Calm down.

He rubs his face as he thinks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCY (CONT'D)  
Shit. Jimmy'll tell the police.  
Or he'll tell somebody,  
eventually.

INT. DIANE'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Mercy climbs upstairs to Diane's floor. He goes to her door and takes out his keys and goes inside.

INT. DIANE'S BATHROOM

Mercy strips his shirt off. The slash, Rinks gave him, was slowed down by his Kevlar vest, but still managed to give him a nasty cut.

The cut is red and tender. He washes and dresses it.

As he touches it the pain both hurts him and kind of thrills him. He notices that this might be weird and forces himself to stop.

INT. DIANE'S BEDROOM

Mercy sits on her bed with his arsenal laid out in front. He has her TV on the news, with the volume low.

He's counting out five thousand dollars from an envelope.

He divides the money into bundles which he stores separately.

Then he checks the slides on all his guns and then loads a bullet in the chamber of each gun and sets the safeties.

He keeps the King Cobra on his hip.

He has another gun on his ankle, a knife on his other ankle and a blackjack in his pocket.

INT. VIVIAN LEIGHTON'S CONDO - NIGHT

Vivian is carefully replacing the bone, Rinks used to slash Mercy's chest, into a blood-stained teak box, which she treats reverently.

Rinks is standing behind her and Dirken is standing at a window looking at Manhattan across the river.

Vincent, Horst and the Internal Affairs impostor are there too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIVIAN

Why didn't you do something?

RINKS

I thought the Colombians would  
take care of him.

VIVIAN

The last asshole we had to take  
care of was wearing a fucking tri-  
cornered hat.

Rinks looks at her nervously.

RINKS

I slashed him. I'm certain.

DIRKEN

We have to find him before he  
winds up on THE PULSE.

RINKS

In time he'll be one of us. We  
just wait him out.

VIVIAN

We can't control him! He's  
becoming like us, not one of us.  
(pause)We have to be absolute in our  
secrecy. Otherwise, we'll be  
hunted down and killed, all of  
us!

RINKS

Well, what do you want me to do  
about it? It's done.

VIVIAN

I want you to find him and bring  
him back for a real conversion!  
This is supposed to happen  
gradually. He's different. Even  
if his body is into it his heart  
may not be.

DIRKEN

It's a waning moon, out.

VIVIAN

If he's really turning, he'll get  
stronger with the new moon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RINKS  
It'll be easier to spot him.

VIVIAN  
It might be harder to catch him.  
I want him here, tomorrow night,  
the latest.

RINKS  
Right.

DIRKEN  
You got it.

Rinks, Dirken and the rest leave.

INT. DIANE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - (CONTINUOUS)

Diane comes home, frazzled and upset.

INT. DIANE'S BEDROOM

Mercy jumps off the bed with the Cobra aimed at the door. He hears noise. Diane appears at the door. She jumps at the sight. Mercy points the gun away.

DIANE  
Jesus Christ!! What is going on?

MERCY  
Sorry. Sorry.

He sits back on the bed.

DIANE  
What is going on?

MERCY  
I'm in big trouble.

DIANE  
What did you do?

MERCY  
Nothing.

Mercy looks at her intently. She's confused.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
We were doing a routine bust.  
The suspect made a run for it and  
led us on a chase into a...  
strange... S&M club or some  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCY (CONT'D)  
fucking thing. Now, they're after me too. The suspect and three cops died in the botched bust.

(pause)  
Joe's dead.

DIANE  
What? Joe's dead? Oh, my god.  
How?

MERCY  
It was a nightmare. It still is. I shot this one guy several times. And, he wouldn't go down. He kept getting up like it was nuthin'....

Diane places a hand on his shoulder. Mercy is freaked out. Diane stares at him, frightened.

DIANE  
Did you kill those men at the bar?

Mercy's attention focuses back on the present.

MERCY  
What? Oh, them. Yeah.

Diane stares at him in shock at his manner. He looks at her, weary and confused.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
They're nothing. Trust me.

She stares at him, trying to figure him out.

Diane goes to her closet and strips off her work clothes and changes into sweats.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
Did you lock the door?

DIANE  
Yeah!?

MERCY  
I... We can't stay here.

DIANE  
I suppose so. I split before the cops got to me. They'll probably come calling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCY

That's not what I'm worried  
about.

She looks at him apprehensively.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT

The phone is ringing. The door unlocks as Diane and Mercy step in. She flips a light on. She's brought a backpack.

Mercy picks the phone up, presses the speakerphone button and then the mute button.

DIANE

She wanted me to watch her cat  
for her. She's gone for a week.  
We can stay here. What are you  
doing?

Ambient noise comes through the phone. Mercy boosts the volume.

MERCY

Surveillance.

Diane picks up her neighbor's cat and pets it. Mercy props a chair against the door. He checks the windows in the whole apartment, closes the shades.

He sits in the living room, puts his bag down. He's a wreck. He runs his hands through his hair. He takes time to think.

Diane looks at Mercy, apprehensive and confused.

DIANE

Who, exactly, is after you?

Mercy sighs, keeping his head down.

MERCY

The dealers, we were raiding.

DIANE

Can't you get protection?

Mercy looks up.

MERCY

From who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANE

The cops, you're a cop.

MERCY

No. They're not exactly helpful right now. I almost got killed while waiting to be interrogated.

He looks at her as she stares at him wanting further explanation. Mercy waves the matter away tiredly.

DIANE

Where does the S&amp;M club come in?

MERCY

I know this is hard to believe. I saw it. It's crazy. I don't get it. I shot this chick in the head. In the fucking forehead. She didn't die.

DIANE

What do you mean? How could she not die?

Mercy controls himself.

MERCY

We wound up in this weird dungeon or something. It was full of blood and... anyway, there were all these people. I guess they didn't exactly want us to barge in on them.

DIANE

What are you talking about?

Diane looks at him like he's crazy. He just smiles at her and continues.

MERCY

I shot this one woman, standing as close as you are, in the chest first. She didn't go down. Then I shot her in the forehead. Right here.

He touches his forehead.

MERCY (CONT'D)

I shot a hole in her fucking head and she just sneered at me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCY (CONT'D)  
(pauses)  
She didn't die.

She stares at him.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
I don't blame you if you don't  
believe me. But right now... I  
need you to humor me. For my  
sake, as well as yours.

Diane reaches over and puts a hand on his shoulder. She  
notices how incredibly tense he is.

DIANE  
Okay. Okay. Just relax for now.

EXT. SIDE ALLEY - LATER

Police are at the scene along with an ambulance. Detective Roselli is standing next to Lieutenant Higgins' car. Lt. Higgins is sitting behind the wheel with the door open, his leg half out of the car.

Detective Mendoza walks up to them from the alley.

HIGGINS  
Do we have an ID on these guys?

ROSELLI  
They're muscle from Morales'  
group. The guys in the bar are  
dead. So is the one out here.

HIGGINS  
Great.

MENDOZA  
This guy inside says Mercy was  
here. They were looking for him.

HIGGINS  
Why?

Mendoza shrugs.

HIGGINS (CONT'D)  
What happened at that building?  
Why is Mercy so hot right now?

ROSELLI  
They must have a contract out on  
him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIGGINS

Great fucking news. We have to  
get Mercy before more bodies  
start to pile up.

Roselli and Mendoza drag themselves to their own car as Lt. Higgins drives off.

INT. POLICE BRIEFING ROOM

Detectives and night-shift patrol officers are standing around listening. The mood is grim. Lt. Higgins is standing at a lectern in front of them.

HIGGINS

He hasn't been charged with anything yet. But after today's events -- yesterday's that is -- I don't want him out loose. Any questions?

WOMAN

Are you saying he's dangerous?

A murmur goes up from the assembly.

HIGGINS

We have three officers and one suspect dead from yesterday. We had a shooting in the station and lost Mercy and the other individual involved. And now we have three dead in the last three hours--

MENDOZA

What if he resists, Loot'.

Everyone looks around nervously, shifting their positions. Lt. Higgins looks at all of the officers. He weighs his next words carefully.

HIGGINS

You're going to have to use your own judgement. I don't know what this is all about. I just know that I don't want any more mayhem.

INT. BALLROOM - DREAM

Mercy is standing in the middle of the empty ballroom. His Cobra is lying on the floor. He picks it up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He puts the barrel to his head and fires. His head rocks to the side.

Mercy is standing upright, head intact.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S BEDROOM

Mercy and Diane are in bed. She has her head on his chest. The pain from his wound wakes him and he looks over at his gun on the nightstand, making sure it's there.

DIANE

Sorry.

He tests the bandage.

MERCY

It's okay. I think.

He touches different areas of his chest, wincing accordingly. Diane sits up.

DIANE

Why me?

MERCY

What?

DIANE

Why did you choose me to hide with? It's not like we have the closest relationship. I mean we don't do anything. We don't go out or anything. All we do is fuck. I don't mind, I'm just curious.

Mercy thinks about that for a moment. He looks at her and shrugs slowly.

MERCY

You're the only person I could think of.

DIANE

The only person?

MERCY

I... I don't have... any friends, now that Joe's gone. You're the only person I haven't pissed off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANE  
Yet, that is.

She smiles. He thinks and then huffs.

MERCY  
Yeah.

He gets out of bed and leaves the bedroom. Diane sits up in bed.

INT. KITCHEN

Mercy is raiding the refrigerator. Diane appears behind him and places a hand on his shoulder.

DIANE  
Hey. I'm sorry about that. I  
was just joking.

MERCY  
Don' worry about it. It's  
nuthin'.

She hugs him, gives him a kiss and ruffles his hair. He takes out a milk carton.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
I think I'm going to take off.

DIANE  
Why? You can stay here.

MERCY  
I think I'm putting you danger.

She looks at him with concern.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
I'll figure this stuff out.  
There's nothing you can do really  
and if any more trouble follows  
me... Well.

DIANE  
Come on, it's not that bad.

He senses something, like getting a whiff of something. The milk carton drops from his grip.

MERCY  
(whispered)  
It's worse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He gazes down at the milk splattering on the kitchen floor.  
He runs to the bedroom.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
Get dressed, fast!

DIANE  
What?

INT. NEIGHBOR'S BEDROOM

Mercy has his pants on and pulls his shirt on. Then his jacket.

MERCY  
Here. Put this on

He gives Diane his bulletproof vest.

DIANE  
Why?

MERCY  
Trouble.

EXT. STREET

Amaral and three of Morales' men walk up the front steps of Diane's apartment building. He sends two the back way.

INT. STAIRS

Amaral and his man, PEPE, go inside and climb the stairs to the apartment.

EXT. BACKYARD

The other two, ORTIZ and HERNANDEZ, cover the back door. Ortiz climbs onto the fire escape, on the back of the building.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT

Mercy has the front door open an inch. He's watching and listening for trouble.

INT. HALLWAY

Amaral and Pepe reach Diane's front door. Amaral presses his ear against the door.

Pepe takes out a lock-pick and starts to open the door. Amaral slips in and Pepe follows.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT

DIANE  
Mercy. I think someone's inside  
my apartment.

Mercy closes the door and moves over to the phone. They hear some tiny creaks.

Then three or four loud gunshots. Diane shrieks.

INT. DIANE'S APARTMENT

Amaral flips a light on, standing in the bedroom door, looking at the empty bed with four bullet holes in it. He walks into the living room.

Pepe is standing by the telephone, which is on an end table. A red LED, blinking on and off, draws his attention. Amaral looks at him and Pepe nods at the phone.

Amaral walks over, picks up the handset and listens.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT

Mercy and Diane stare at the phone, wide-eyed. They hear the handset, picked up, and a breath, caught short.

Mercy reaches over and presses the speaker button, cutting the line.

INT. DIANE'S APARTMENT

Amaral and Pepe hear the line go dead and then a DIAL-TONE.

Amaral holds the phone against his ear. Up close he finds the redial button and presses it. It RINGS in the handset but....

He holds it away from his ear and LISTENS. They hear a phone RINGING upstairs. They run out of the apartment.

INT. HALLWAY

Amaral and Pepe run upstairs.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT

Mercy knocks the phone off the cradle to stop the ringing.

He grabs Diane by the arm and sprints out of the apartment.

INT. HALLWAY

Mercy and Diane sprint to the stairs and gallop up the stairs trying to be quiet. They stop and cower.

Amaral and Pepe reach the floor and run to the neighbor's door. The phone isn't ringing anymore.

Amaral, unsure of what apartment the phone was ringing in, listens.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

If you'd like to make a call,  
please hang up and try again. If  
you need help, hang up and then  
dial your operator.

Amaral turns to the neighbor's door, kicks it open and they rush in.

Mercy and Diane continue running upstairs.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT

AMARAL

Nothing. Check upstairs.

They go out of the neighbor's apartment and run upstairs.

EXT. ROOF

Mercy and Diane run to the fire escape, on the street side, and look over.

Shots are fired at them. They duck. Ortiz has reached the roof using the rear fire escape. Mercy fires back and kills Ortiz.

He grabs Diane and points her away from the fire escape.

MERCY

No. Cross to the other  
buildings!

They take off.

When Amaral and Pepe reach the roof, they find Ortiz dead.

Amaral looks for Mercy and fires wildly in their direction.

Mercy fires several rounds at Amaral and Pepe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMARAL  
Hernandez!

Hernandez calls from somewhere below.

HERNANDEZ (O.S.)  
What?

AMARAL  
Get the car.

Pepe starts to run after Mercy but Amaral stops him.

AMARAL (CONT'D)  
Let's get to the street.

They go back the way they came.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE

Mercy and Diane hurry down a fire escape, belonging to a nearby building, to the street level.

They reach the sidewalk and run across the street to an alley. Mercy keeps his eyes wide open. They reach his car, parked in the darkness, and get in.

INT. DIRKEN'S CAR

Rinks, Dirken, Vincent and Horst are in a black '67 Camaro, Dirken is driving. They watch Mercy and Diane get to his car.

EXT. STREET

Mercy peels out of the alley, onto the street. Dirken starts her car, and follows, as Amaral and his two men, in their car, swerve around the corner after Mercy.

INT. MERCY'S CAR

They turn at another corner.

DIANE  
Who were they?

MERCY  
I'm not sure. I think  
Colombians.

He looks in the rearview mirror.

EXT. STREET - (CONTINUOUS)

Mercy's car speeds by, followed by Amaral. Then Dirken's Camaro swerves around the corner, behind them.

INT. MERCY'S CAR - (CONTINUOUS)

MERCY  
Oh, oh. Two cars.

INT. AMARAL'S CAR

AMARAL  
Who the fuck is that?

He's also noticed the car behind them, in the side mirror.

INT. MERCY'S CAR - (CONTINUOUS)

MERCY  
Strap yourself in. And grab the Uzi from my bag.

DIANE  
What?

MERCY  
Do it.

DIANE  
What's an Uzi?

Diane stares at him for a moment. A bullet shatters the rear window. She straps herself in and opens his bag.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
Where are we going?

MERCY  
The river. Maybe I can lose them there.

More shots hit the car as they duck and he swerves.

EXT. STREET - (CONTINUOUS)

Mercy accelerates and pulls further away from Amaral's car as they continue shooting.

INT. AMARAL'S CAR - (CONTINUOUS)

Pepe is shooting at Mercy's car from his window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMARAL

Don't waste it. Let's pull up to him and then fuck him up.

EXT. STREET - (CONTINUOUS)

Hernandez accelerates and pulls up closer to Mercy.

They're driving down a side street in the middle of the night. It's desolate. The night is disturbed by the roar of the American engines as they careen by.

Mercy reaches an intersection. He turns hard to the right. He four-wheel skids and accelerates out of it.

Amaral's car swerves and slams into a car coming the other way. But Hernandez keeps after Mercy.

EXT. CITY

The three cars cut through the night like cockroaches running across a floor. Mercy turns hard at several corners.

EXT. STREET - (CONTINUOUS)

Mercy guns the engine to go through a stoplight before it turns red.

He makes it through the light.

AMARAL'S CAR drives through a yellow light and speeds up to keep close to Mercy.

Mercy swerves around the other traffic. He spots the next stoplight. It's green but it turns yellow.

Hernandez watches Mercy go through the intersection and glances at the cross traffic as he also speeds through the yellow light.

CROSS TRAFFIC hit their brakes as the three cars speed by.

INT. MERCY'S CAR - (CONTINUOUS)

Mercy looks, the next light has already turned yellow. He looks in his rearview mirror.

MERCY

Good! Hold on!

INT. AMARAL'S CAR - (CONTINUOUS)

Hernandez' eyes widen nervously as he speeds towards the light.

EXT. STREET - (CONTINUOUS)

The THREE CARS slice through the intersection.

Mercy aims for the next light. It's yellow, turning red.

Mercy drives through. The cross traffic starts to move as the two other cars whiz by.

They weave around the cars around them. Dirken has a harder time, swerving onto the median to avoid the mess created by the first two.

Mercy heads for the next intersection. The light turns red before he reaches it. He goes through.

AMARAL'S CAR also goes through.

DIRKEN swerves around the cross traffic

Mercy heads for the next light. He squeaks by as the cross traffic starts.

AMARAL'S CAR and then DIRKEN'S pile into cross-cutting cars, spinning them around.

THEN

Mercy sees an on-ramp for a BRIDGE. He aims for it.

Diane is holding on to her door and the dashboard. The Uzi is in her lap.

DIANE

What are you...

Mercy heads straight for the bridge, leading the others after him. Then he cuts to the right and takes the street UNDER THE BRIDGE.

Hernandez corrects at the last second sideswiping the on-ramp railing. Dirken clears it.

INT. MERCY'S CAR - (CONTINUOUS)

Mercy looks in the mirror. Diane looks back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCY  
Shit. Take the safety off!

DIANE  
How?

MERCY  
On the side. Aim it away from  
yourself and me— There's a red  
dot— Flip the switch so it shows  
a green one.

DIANE  
Okay.

EXT. UNDER BRIDGE

Mercy drives to the river's edge. He cuts to the left and speeds down the frontage road, river on his right, city on his left.

INT. MERCY'S CAR - (CONTINUOUS)

MERCY  
Get ready to hand me the Uzi.

DIANE  
Okay.

MERCY  
Get down!

Diane scrunches down.

EXT. FRONTAGE ROAD

Mercy is gunning down the road. The others are close behind. He downshifts, floors it and gets some more space from them.

A highway structure is directly above them. Mercy drives the car right towards a support on the left. He brakes, and fishtails to the left, parallel to the support.

And stops.

Diane gives him the Uzi. He jams it out the window and fires at Amaral's car and Dirken's as they drive by.

Bullets rip into Amaral's car. Hernandez gets hit in the head and chest. Amaral and Pepe get hit too. The car veers to the right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They drive into a series of pylons, the engine explodes from the impact...

...and into the river.

Mercy puts the car in gear, pulls back and peels out in the opposite direction.

Mercy heads back to the on-ramp.

DIRKEN'S BLACK CAMARO appears from the other side. She slams into Mercy's left.

Diane peeks at them.

MERCY  
Gitdown!

Mercy fires the Uzi, at them, out Diane's window. Misses. Dirken speeds up.

They drive onto the on-ramp.

Vincent holds a gun out, aiming for Mercy's tires. He fires as Dirken catches up.

Mercy shoots and hits Vincent repeatedly.

Vincent shoots wildly at Mercy's car.

INT. MERCY'S CAR - (CONTINUOUS)

At least one bullet goes through the passenger door and stops in the dashboard, somewhere, as Diane shrieks.

MERCY  
Ahshit!

Mercy gets hit by another bullet. He swerves.

EXT. HIGHWAY

In the night-time traffic they pass cars that swerve and skid, as they cut too close to them.

Mercy cuts across two lanes. Dirken follows. Then Mercy cuts across again.

He takes the next exit. Dirken barely keeps up with him.

EXT. STREET

Mercy and Dirken roar off of the highway onto another street, making several cars crash and skid.

Mercy leads them under the highway.

Dirken catches up to them. She rams Mercy's left rear fender. Mercy slides to the right.

Dirken does it again.

They approach an EMPTY PARKING lot. Mercy cuts through it, slaughtering some cyclone fencing. Dirken rams him again from the side.

Mercy swerves wide and away from Dirken. They drive around a support for the highway.

INT. MERCY'S CAR - (CONTINUOUS)

MERCY

Hold on.

He reaches over, yanks on Diane's seat-belt, and tightens it severely.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Mercy cuts back towards Dirken and slams into her car.

The cars bounce off of each other and flip over several times.

INT. DIRKEN'S CAR

Dirken slams into the steering wheel. Rinks flies through the windshield. Horst and Vincent are thrown from the car as it flips.

INT. MERCY'S CAR - (CONTINUOUS)

Diane and Mercy flap about held by their seat-belts. The car winds up upside-down.

EXT. PARKING LOT - (CONTINUOUS)

Rinks is thrown onto a fence.

The cars stop.

Horst's body lands and twitches fruitlessly looking for its head before it dies.

INT. MERCY'S CAR - (CONTINUOUS)

Mercy scrambles about, dangling from his seat-belt.

MERCY

Diane. Diane? Are you alright?

Diane is moving, dangling from her seat-belt.

DIANE

Huh?

EXT. PARKING LOT - (CONTINUOUS)

Dirken gets out of the mangled car.

Dirken holds her chest. Apparently she's broken some bones or ribs. She's bleeding from a cut on her forehead and her mouth. She coughs out a spray of blood.

She takes her gun out and shuffles over to Mercy's car. The car is at an angle, propped up on some rusting I-beams, concealing the occupants from her view.

Dirken reaches the car and steps up on it. She scrambles over the bottom of the car to the driver's side. She slows down, aiming her gun where Mercy should be. She reaches the driver's side and sees Mercy aiming a shotgun at her.

Mercy blows her head right off.

Dirken pitches backwards. Her hands go up and she fires aimlessly. The body falls onto the underside of the car and slides off to the pavement.

It twitches and moves about gradually losing control and direction. She actually manages to turn over and start to crawl but then dies.

INT. MERCY'S CAR - (CONTINUOUS)

Mercy unbuckles himself and helps Diane out of her seat-belt.

DIANE

Are we alive?

MERCY

I don't know. Hurry up. We have to get out of the car

They crawl out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - (CONTINUOUS)

Mercy pumps the shotgun and runs over to Dirken's body. It's still twitching. He puts his foot on it and pushes it over.

The right hand grabs his leg. But it doesn't know to do anything else. Mercy tries to shake loose. He's astonished and bewildered. He shoots the body in the chest

The hand falls away releasing his leg. Diane stays away, dazed. She can barely look at the carnage.

Mercy hobbles over to the fence Rinks is stuck on. Mercy shoots him in the torso.

Rinks shrieks, he's still alive. Mercy stares at him, frantic.

MERCY

Why aren't you dead? What the fuck are you?

Rinks grins at him.

RINKS

You'll see.

Mercy shoots again, punching a big hole through him. Rinks chin drops to his chest.

Mercy gets up to his face, suspicious. Mercy pokes him with the barrel. Rinks grabs the barrel with his free hand.

RINKS (CONT'D)

It takes a lot to kill us.

Then he dies. Mercy shudders suddenly, as if from a thrill.

Diane joins him, apprehensively. She's disgusted by everything. She's sobbing out of shock, more than anything.

DIANE

Who is he? Who were all those guys?

MERCY

Well, he's one of the ones I shot at, I told you about....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANE  
What did they want?

Mercy turns to look at Diane with a sort of smile. She's breaking down now.

MERCY  
I think they wanted to kill me.

She starts to collapse. He watches her.

DIANE  
I... I've never... I.

Mercy looks at her. He's uncomfortable. Suddenly he smiles as if getting a kick out of her predicament. He checks himself covering his grin with his sleeve.

She embraces him. He doesn't know what to do.

He looks around nervously, distracted.

MERCY  
We've got to get out of here.

She separates from him a little, to say something, when she notices wetness on her hand. Blood.

DIANE  
Rick?

MERCY  
I know.

DIANE  
You've been hit. You're  
bleeding.

She steps back to take inventory. He's bleeding from his side and he has a wound on his thigh. Police sirens can be heard now.

MERCY  
We've got to move.

EXT. BUS STOP - EARLY MORNING

The sky is starting to lighten, it's an ultramarine blue. Mercy is using a pay-phone and Diane is waiting, worried, sitting next to him. He has his jacket zipped up. She still has the vest on, under her jacket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCY  
(into phone)  
I didn't kill Joe. And I didn't  
kill Morales. You'll find who  
did lying next to my car with  
their head blown off. That I did  
do. You've got to believe me.  
These guys are superhuman. Or  
inhuman.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERCUT

Lt. Higgins is sitting at his desk, with Roselli and Mendoza and some other detectives, listening to Mercy over the speaker phone. Lt. Higgins rolls his eyes.

HIGGINS  
What about the two in the alley?

MERCY (O.S.)  
They're mine.

HIGGINS  
So what are you saying?

BUS STOP

MERCY  
I need your help. They're trying  
to kill me. And the guys from  
that building don't go down like  
nice people.

The cut on Mercy's chest stings him.

HIGGINS (O.S.)  
Why you? What did you do to piss  
them off?

MERCY  
Nothing.

POLICE STATION

HIGGINS  
Morales' people have a contract  
on you.

MERCY (O.S.)  
I know. But I didn't do Morales.  
Hey, I would have loved to, but I  
didn't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIGGINS  
And these other guys?

MERCY (O.S.)  
I think they're just pissed that  
somebody stumbled onto their  
little thing.

HIGGINS  
Why don't you come in?

MERCY (O.S.)  
That IA guy wasn't IA. He was  
one of them.

Mendoza chuckles.

BUS STOP

MERCY (CONT'D)  
And if you don't believe me  
they'll just get someone else to  
kill me. I'm not coming in if  
you won't guarantee my safety.

HIGGINS (O.S.)  
Just come in, Mercy. We'll  
figure it out here.

A taxi pulls up to them at the bus stop.

MERCY  
Sorry, Lieutenant. I need proof.  
And, until then, I've got  
something to do.

Diane gets into the cab.

POLICE STATION

HIGGINS  
Mercy. You better get in here,  
now. I can't do shit on that  
lame story of supermen trying to  
kill you.

MERCY (O.S.)  
Do you believe me, Lieutenant?  
Will you help me?

Lt. Higgins hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIGGINS

Yes, I do believe you, Mercy.  
But I can only help you if you  
come in.

MERCY (O.S.)

You're lying, John. I don't even  
believe what's happening, I don't  
expect you to. But, I do need  
your help--

HIGGINS

Mercy. You've been a good cop.  
You've had some rough spots.

BUS STOP

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

But, don't throw that away on a  
stupid move.

MERCY

I get the hint, Lieutenant.  
Sorry. I'll call back soon.

HIGGINS (O.S.)

Mercy. Wait.

Mercy hangs up and gets in the cab.

INT. TAXI CAB

The DRIVER looks back at Mercy, through the rearview  
mirror.

MERCY

Chinatown.

Mercy looks at Diane and signals to her not to talk.

INT. POLICE STATION - (CONTINUOUS)

HIGGINS

Shit. This is fucking great.

EXT. STREET, CHINATOWN

The taxi stops, double-parked, in the middle of the block.

Diane gets out of the cab and Mercy pays the driver.

DRIVER

Alright. Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Their eyes meet. Mercy notices something.

MERCY

Sure.

He gets out and closes the door.

Mercy leads her to a doorway and hesitates.

DIANE

Where are we going?

MERCY

Around the block.

DIANE

Why'd we get off here?

MERCY

I didn't want him to know where  
we're going.

DIANE

Oh.

INT. JEW'S APOTHECARY

Mercy and Diane climb the stairs wearily.

DIANE

Jew's Apothecary?

MERCY

Jackson Jew, a Chinese herbalist.  
"Jew" 's his last name.

Diane looks at Mercy.

MERCY (CONT'D)

He's very Taoist about gunshot  
wounds, discreet.

Mercy knocks on a door.

MERCY (CONT'D)

Come on. Come on. He's probably  
fucking some teenager.

DIANE

Why you say that?

Mercy points out the illustrations on the glass of the  
door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCY  
Ginseng.

An old Chinese man, JACKSON JEW, opens the door. He's a little out of breath. He blinks a little.

JEW  
Mercy? What do you want?

He opens his jacket to show the blood stain and he holds up some money.

JEW (CONT'D)  
Okeydokey.

INT. JEW'S APARTMENT

The place is half cluttered-apartment and half cluttered-herbal-clinic. Veils separate the rooms from each other.

JEW  
Sit. Sit.

Mercy lies down on an examination couch. Diane sits down on a sofa hugging Mercy's ballistic bag. She's exhausted.

Jew goes into the bedroom. A beautiful young Asian girl steps out of the bedroom holding a sheet around herself. She slips into another room. Mercy looks at Diane and winks.

Jew comes out again with a bundle of towels and stuff. He seems agitated.

MERCY  
Uh, sorry about the interruption.JEW  
Ah, she needed a rest.MERCY  
Hmm. I--JEW  
Take your clothes off.

Jew peers at Mercy like he's a bug.

JEW (CONT'D)  
What happened to you?MERCY  
Long story.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jew palpates Mercy's muscles and glands. He examines his face. When Mercy takes his shirt off, and reveals the gunshot wound and the cut, he examines the cut first. It's red and inflamed.

Jew is pushy and impatient in his manner. Something is bothering him.

JEW

How did you get this?

MERCY

Oww. That's tender. This guy slashed through my vest. Nicked me.

JEW

Poison. When?

MERCY

Poison?

JEW

It's reacting to something on the blade.

MERCY

I think it was a bone...it happened yesterday morning.

DIANE

Poison?

Jew stares at him seriously.

MERCY

We need a place to stay tonight.

Jew hands him some tea. He studies him carefully.

JEW

Not good.

LATER

Mercy is resting on the couch holding his gun on his stomach. His wounds have been dressed. Diane sits next to him.

DIANE

How you doin'?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCY

Okay. You?

DIANE

Fine.

MERCY

I'm sorry I dragged you into  
this. I didn't...

DIANE

It's okay.

MERCY

But I... I'd understand if you  
wanted to go home. You've got a  
job, a life. They don't know  
you.

DIANE

How do you know?

MERCY

Those guys are dead.

DIANE

What about the other guys?

MERCY

They just want me. Look. You  
should go home. I'll be okay.

DIANE

You don't look okay.

MERCY

Well....

DIANE

I was thinking of going home--

MERCY

It's okay--

DIANE

No. I thought of getting my car.  
We're going to need something to  
get around. You can't stay in  
one place. Not while you're  
trying to convince the  
Department.

Mercy is surprised.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCY  
You don't have to do that.

DIANE  
I know. I want to.

MERCY  
Why? Why would you?

She looks at him long and steadily.

DIANE  
I... You need me.

Mercy thinks for a moment and nods slowly.

MERCY  
Yeah, that's true.

DIANE  
So, you rest now and I'll be back  
with my car.

MERCY  
No, I have another car. In a  
garage.

DIANE  
Another one.

MERCY  
Yeah. I always thought something  
like this might happen. It's  
like carrying a lighter around  
even though I don't smoke.

DIANE  
Why do you?

MERCY  
Well, you never know when you'll  
wind up tied to some railroad  
tracks and need to get free, or  
something.

DIANE  
Right.

MERCY  
Get me some paper and I'll write  
down where it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANE

Okay.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Diane comes out to the sidewalk and slips immediately into the crowd of Chinese shoppers. She looks around and then heads off in one direction.

A punk woman, dressed in black, is standing on the corner, watching.

INT. JEW'S APARTMENT - (CONTINUOUS)

Mercy is sleeping. Jew is shuffling about in the background. Mercy dreams....

EXT. STREET

The moon wanes from the sky.

Mercy is standing in the street, looking up at the sky. As the moon disappears, a shadow crosses over him until what is left is just his pitch-black silhouette.

Mercy touches the gash on his chest.

Clouds speed across the night-time sky. The city lights are even brighter pin-pricks in the moonless night.

A hand reaches out and taps Mercy on the shoulder. He turns around and gets slashed across the chest with the splintered bloody bone.

The sharp bone slashes through Mercy's vest. He looks up and sees a bloodied Rinks standing with the bone in his hand.

Rinks tosses the bone at Mercy's feet. It's a ceremonial piece, capped on the end in bronze, like a hilt with a sash tied to it.

Mercy looks at his chest again and sees several bullets hit him.

INT. BALLROOM

Blood lies perfectly still in the tub, in the middle of the ballroom. The blood ripples, disturbed, as Mercy emerges from it. Blood drips away from his eyes and hair as he rises.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rivulets of blood run off his back. Streams drip from his fingertips.

HIGGINS (V.O.)  
All I need is someone else to  
stand up and make the choice.

Mercy's eyelashes blink away droplets of blood.

Mercy's Cobra is lying on the awful floor. He picks it up.

He puts the barrel to his head and fires. His head rocks to the side.

Mercy is standing upright, head intact. His left hand is closed in a fist. He opens his hand and finds a bullet.

EXT. STREET

Mercy is standing in the middle of the street. Clouds race across the moonless sky.

A woman approaches him, Vivian Leighton.

VIVIAN (V.O.)  
How do you feel?

Mercy looks at his chest. The numerous bullet holes fade away. He looks up at Vivian.

MERCY (V.O.)  
Strange.

Mercy looks around the street. He notices several figures standing in a circle, half faded to nothingness. They gradually regain their opacity. Rinks and Dirken and many others are standing there.

VIVIAN (V.O.)  
There's something you should know.

Mercy has a crazed and dazed look on his face.

INT. BEDROOM

Mercy is dressed in his jeans, jacket, T-shirt lying on a bed. His badge is on its chain resting on his chest.

Mercy looks like he could be dozing or dead.

Blood starts to collect underneath his badge, pooling on his shirt, spreading into a big stain.

INT. JEW'S APOTHECARY - EVENING

Mercy wakes up groggily and then starts, remembering his dream.

MERCY

Jew?

Jew is sitting beside him, watching.

JEW

What's the matter?

MERCY

Where's Diane?

JEW

She's sleeping. Do you hurt?

MERCY

Huh? Oh, no. I feel... weird actually. I had a bad dream.

JEW

You were restless.

(pause)

You are changing, my friend.

MERCY

Changing?

JEW

There is something... dark... about you. You seem stronger.

Mercy looks at himself dubiously in his battered state.

JEW (CONT'D)

You are stronger but in a very bad way.

Mercy listens seriously. He clenches his fist focusing on the sensations in his body.

JEW (CONT'D)

Your energy is not coming from love. It's coming from hate.

Mercy thinks. He nods almost imperceptibly.

MERCY

I feel different. Why? How?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jew places his hand over Mercy's heart, his stomach.

JEW

We are beings of energy. Without energy, you're lifelessness. A rock, a stick. But, even those things hold energy inside.

(pause)

But there is light energy and dark energy, good and bad.

MERCY

How can energy be good or bad?

JEW

If you walk into a room of people who don't like you. If you speak to a good friend over the phone. That which you feel is energy, bad energy, good energy.

Jew gestures, making his points. He gets up, walks over to a desk and returns with a straight razor.

MERCY

What's that for?

JEW

Hold your right hand out.

MERCY

What are you going to do?

Mercy extends his hand anyway, trusting Jew. With the razor in his right hand, Jew holds his left hand over Mercy's.

Mercy stares anxiously as Jew slices a cut into the pinkie of his left hand. Jew winces as he does so.

Mercy jumps a bit. Blood gathers quickly from the wound and drops onto Mercy's hand, followed by more drops.

Mercy shudders. His eyes flutter.

Jew watches him closely. He wraps his cut in a handkerchief.

Mercy covers the blood on his right hand with his left.

JEW

How does that feel?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mercy stares at him with the strangest mixture of fear and pleasure. He searches for the right word.

MERCY

Good.

Jew nods.

MERCY (CONT'D)

Why?

JEW

Can you feel my pain?

Mercy's eyes widen in realization. He just nods slowly and apprehensively.

JEW (CONT'D)

Somehow, you've been introduced to a higher level of sensitivity.

This does not make Mercy happy....

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jew's door opens and Mercy and Diane come out. They look around nervously. They quietly move downstairs. Jew shuts and locks his door.

From the shadows, in the corner of the hallway, Vincent appears, becoming fully opaque. He's wearing a black leather jacket and torn jeans. He follows them downstairs.

INT. CAR

Mercy and Diane get into his Plymouth Fury; cop car.

MERCY

If you insist on coming, you should know how to use a gun.

DIANE

I don't think....

MERCY

Listen. I don't want you to be here. I appreciate it and thank you. But, I don't want you to get hurt. So, do as I tell you. You may have to shoot somebody and you're going to have to make that decision now, before they kill you. So, here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hands her an automatic pistol.

DIANE

Okay.

MERCY

This is where the bullets go.  
The magazine. It holds eight and  
you can put one in the chamber,  
ready to fire.

He loads it and then cocks it. He puts the safety on and  
then hands it back to her.

MERCY (CONT'D)

Just flick the safety off at the  
first sign of trouble, shoot  
first, ask questions later. But  
try to make sure it's not me.

DIANE

What about aiming?

MERCY

Line up the sights. But better  
still, think of it as an  
extension of your arm. Be rude.  
Point at what you want to hit.  
You'll hit it.

DIANE

Okay.

MERCY

Alright.... Well, let's go.

EXT. SIXTEENTH STREET

Mercy and Diane get out of the car and cross the street.

They approach the burned-out building and cross the police  
tape.

MERCY

This is where everything went to  
shit. I want to see what I can  
find.

INT. BALLROOM

Mercy has a flashlight. The beam illuminates eerie shapes  
and configurations. A heart necklace is hanging off of

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

some debris. It's the necklace seen around the girl's neck in the missing persons poster at the police station.

Mercy notices the necklace and grabs it. As he holds it he seems to get a reading or feeling from it. He doesn't know what to make of it so he just pockets the necklace.

Mercy finds a doorway leading into a large room. More police tape is stretched emphatically across the way. Mercy pulls it down.

INT. LOCKER

Mercy and Diane walk into the room. They find melted metal rails, tracks on the ceiling, with hooks hanging from them.

DIANE

What is this?

MERCY

I don't know.

They walk along further. The fire consumed a lot but, not everything. Ash is primarily what is left over from the blaze.

Mercy studies a corner and some conduits leading up the wall to the tracks overhead. His foot hits some debris on the floor, he stumbles and places his hand on the wall. Mercy shudders.

He has a vision of some HORRIBLE VIOLENCE AND TORTURE.

MERCY (CONT'D)

Oh god.

DIANE

What?

MERCY

Let's get out of here.

He leads Diane out of the locker.

DIANE

What is it?

He stumbles again and touches a support for the tracks.

MERCY

Oh no-- god, no.

DIANE

What?

INT. BALLROOM

MERCY

It's a locker. Like a meat-locker. When I touched the walls, I suddenly... knew what it was, what had happened in there.

DIANE

A meat-locker?

She stares at him.

DIANE (CONT'D)

People? Dead people?

Mercy starts sobbing.

MERCY

(whisper)  
No. Not dead.

DIANE

What for?

MERCY

Their pain.

EXT. SIXTEENTH STREET - (CONTINUOUS)

Roselli and Mendoza pull up to the curb, where a police officer is waiting.

MENDOZA

Whattaya got?

OFFICER

Two people, a man and a woman, went inside. I think it was Mercy.

MENDOZA

Alright. Cover the back.

They get out and Roselli and Mendoza cross the street.

INT. BUILDING

Roselli and Mendoza look around the building, with their flashlights.

INT. BALLROOM

Mercy takes a shuddering breath.

MERCY  
Joe was killed here.... But  
there's been a lot of pain....

DIANE  
Let's get out of here.

Mercy trains the flashlight around the room.

MERCY  
Yeah, ....

He lingers on one area.

DIANE  
Come on.

MERCY  
(whispered)  
Wait, I'm looking at something.

Diane comes back to his side to look.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
See that? What is that?

DIANE  
I can't tell.

They're looking at a clear patch on the floor. But there's something odd about it, a sort of double image.

MERCY  
It looks like...

Mercy tilts the light up slowly.

DIANE  
...shoes.

MERCY  
What?

As Mercy raises the beam, they identify a dimmed pair of LEGS wearing torn jeans, belonging to a MAN STANDING THERE, looking at them.

They both scream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vincent fades in. Mercy raises his gun and fires.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
It's one of them. Shoot him.

Diane backs up, terrified. She fiddles with the gun and then gets a shot off. Mercy falls back and drags Diane.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
Let's go.

INT. BUILDING

Roselli and Mendoza hear them.

ROSELLI  
Upstairs.

INT. BALLROOM

Roselli and Mendoza reach the front doors to the ballroom. Mercy sees their silhouettes and flashlight beams and shoots at them.

MENDOZA  
Freeze.

MERCY  
Shit. It's Mendoza.

He and Diane run to the left and along the wall looking for another exit. As they run the floor collapses under them and they fall one storey.

INT. ROOM

Mercy and Diane grunt as they land on each other.

MERCY  
Ah fuck.

DIANE  
Ouch.

MERCY  
You okay? Can you stand up?

DIANE  
Yeah.

MERCY  
Get up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He flashes the light around the room. He sees a doorway.

The walls have lots of large holes burnt through so the beam of light casts frightening and confusing shadows.

DIANE

Over there.

INT. HALLWAY

Mercy and Diane run over and around burnt wood and other debris.

Mendoza runs down the stairs after them, his flashlight swinging all over.

ROSELLI

We're gonna' break our necks here.

MENDOZA

Mercy! Freeze!

Mercy and Diane keep running. Mendoza shoots at them and hits Mercy, knocking the wind out of him.

DIANE

Rick?

ROSELLI

What are you doing?

Mercy and Diane run around a corner.

As they run down the hallway they come across Vincent from upstairs.

DIANE

Rick!

Diane raises her gun and shoots repeatedly at Vincent. He falls down.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Come on. This way.

MERCY

Good shooting.

They run past and up some stairs to the ground floor level.

Vincent gets up holding his stomach and seems to grunt the pain away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mendoza and Roselli run into him, standing there.

MENDOZA  
Freeze. Who are you?

They flash their lights on him. They see the bullet holes in his torso.

ROSELLI  
Put your hands up.

MENDOZA  
What are you doing here?  
Roselli, do you have him?

Then Vincent collapses.

ROSELLI  
Yeah. Guess so.

Mendoza continues after Mercy and Diane.

INT. BACKROOM

Mercy and Diane run up to the security doors. They can hear Mendoza running up behind them.

DIANE  
Are you okay?

Mercy kicks the doors open and shoves Diane through.

MERCY  
I'll live.

Mendoza clears the stairs.

MENDOZA  
Mercy, freeze or I'll shoot.

Mercy pushes Diane forward, into the backyard, towards a wrought iron fence.

Mendoza shoots at them. Mercy gets hit again but continues to pull Diane.

MERCY  
Get in front of me.

Mendoza runs up a few feet and fires again. He hits Mercy again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And he hits Diane in the neck. She lurches forward and falls to the ground.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
(gurgling)  
Diane? Diane.

Mercy reacts to the gunshot wounds in his body. He struggles to drag her to the fence. He relents and sags her onto the ground.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
Diane, help me. We've got to  
keep moving.

MENDOZA  
Mercy!

Mercy flashes his light on Diane's face. Her eyes are dilating. She's bleeding from a hole in her neck. He touches it, feels her blood on his fingers. His eyes tear up. He's desperate. Her blood gives him an odd sensation.

MERCY  
Don't...

DIANE  
I...can't feel...

She dies.

MERCY  
Diane?

Tears fall from his eyes.

MENDOZA  
Stand up and step away!

Mercy turns around and looks at Mendoza through his tears. He stands up abruptly.

MERCY  
You bastar--

Mendoza shoots him several times; six or seven shots. Mercy falls next to Diane.

Mendoza walks over to Mercy and shines his light in his eyes. Mercy is hurt bad. Mendoza looks down at him in disgust. He aims and shoots him in the heart. Mercy shudders and stares back at Mendoza.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mendoza looks at him, kicks him to be sure he's dead, and then walks back to the building.

INT. HALLWAY

Mendoza finds Roselli lying on the floor. He runs over to him.

MENDOZA  
JesusFuckingChrist. What  
happened?

He grabs Roselli and lifts him. Roselli's neck is broken.

MENDOZA (CONT'D)  
Roselli?

Mendoza flashes his light around looking for Vincent. He turns around quickly and Mercy grabs him by the neck.

MENDOZA (CONT'D)  
Mercy?!? I killed you!!

MERCY  
I haven't forgotten.

Mercy yanks Mendoza's gun away. Mendoza swings at him with his flashlight. Mercy jams his own gun into Mendoza's stomach and fires.

Mercy pushes Mendoza against a burnt stud.

MENDOZA  
(gasping)  
You motherfucker. You're dead,  
man....

He holsters his gun and then touches Mendoza's gunshot wound. Mendoza groans.

Mercy holds up his hand and stares at the blood. It glistens. It drips seductively. He smells it.

His grip on Mendoza loosens and he drops him on the floor.

MENDOZA (CONT'D)  
Ahh...fuck. You fucking....

Mercy is transfixed by the blood on the floor. His hands start to shake. He places one hand on his own bullet wounds. They hurt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stares at Mendoza struggling on the floor. Mercy takes his knife from his ankle and kneels down next to Mendoza.

MENDOZA (CONT'D)  
Please, don't man. Don't do it.  
Help me--

He cuts his throat. Blood pools quickly all around them. Mendoza drops face down.

Mercy is wide-eyed about it. He reaches under Mendoza's neck and gets a handful of blood.

He pulls his shirt open and pours Mendoza's blood on the bullet holes. He feels some relief. He gets more and sees the wounds close up.

Frantically he mops up more of Mendoza's blood and "heals" his own wounds.

He sits back relieved of most of the pain.

INT. BACKYARD

Mercy scrambles to Diane's side with blood cupped in his hands. He kneels beside her and splashes some on her neck.

He rubs the bullet hole with it. Nothing happens. He desperately tries more.

MERCY  
Heal baby, heal. Come on, Diane.  
It's okay.

She just lies there, dead. The blood doesn't heal her wound.

Mercy persists in it even though he realizes that it doesn't work on her. He starts crying openly. Sobbing.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
Diane, please don't go. Don't leave me. It works. It works. Don't go...

VINCENT (O.S.)  
It doesn't work on them.

Mercy turns and sees Vincent. He's bruised and battered from the car crash.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
They don't... want it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mercy wipes the tears away with his bloody hands. He blinks repeatedly. His shock and sadness turn to rage instantly.

MERCY  
You-- Who are you?

VINCENT  
Sshhhh...

MERCY  
What do you want?

VINCENT  
I want to help you.

MERCY  
Help me?

Mercy looks at him quizzically. Vincent's eyes widen with desire.

VINCENT  
The pain of others. You can feel it now, can't you?

MERCY  
No. You're fucking crazy.

He lunges and tackles Vincent. They roll around punching each other. Mercy grabs his knife and plunges it repeatedly into Vincent.

VINCENT  
Ha ha, that hurts.

But, it does hurt. Mercy continues stabbing him. Vincent kicks him off and gets to his feet.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Okay, stop fucking around.

Mercy scrambles to his feet too. He charges him and sticks the blade in Vincent's shoulder.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Ahhh, fuck.

Vincent shoves Mercy back, grabs the knife and yanks it out.

OFFICER (O.S.)  
HOLD IT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The police officer covering the back is standing at the wrought iron gate.

VINCENT

Shit.

Vincent lunges at Mercy. Mercy rolls away. The police officer fires at Vincent, knocking him back.

Mercy gets up and runs away back into the building.

EXT. SIXTEENTH STREET

Mercy runs out to his car. He hears screams from the officer. They die out quickly. He gets in his car and peels out.

INT. PLYMOUTH FURY

Mercy drives. He looks crazed. His hands, arms and pants are covered in blood. He pulls over and into an alley.

He takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly. He thinks about what just happened. His eyes are wide open and blinking like an owl.

He looks at his stomach and chest. He wipes the drying blood off and stares at his former bullet wounds. He looks at his hands, flexes his fingers and studies them. He stares at them as they shake.

MERCY

Oh, Diane....

He hides his face in his hands and cries inconsolably.

MERCY (CONT'D)

I am so sorry, Diane, so  
sorry.... What am I going to do?  
I don't know. I don't know. I  
don't know. What is happening to  
me?

He wipes the tears from his face and looks out the window for the moon.

The moon is completely black but, he can see it. It gives him a shudder.

A MUGGER opens the car door and puts a gun in Mercy's left ear. Mercy turns around with a vacant expression, tears streaking his face and looks at the man. The man smiles contentedly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUGGER  
Give me your money!

Mercy stares at him with bleary eyes and chuckles.

MERCY  
What?

MUGGER  
Give me your fucking money!

The mugger hits Mercy on the side of the head with the gun to get his attention. He drags Mercy from the car and pushes him against a wall.

EXT. ALLEY

Mercy stares at him. The mugger opens his eyes wider. Mercy twists the gun out of the mugger's hand breaking some fingers.

MUGGER  
AhFuckMan! I'm sorry, I'm sorry.  
It's not even loaded—

Mercy grabs him by the neck, pushes him against the side of the alley, and smiles from some sudden thrill.

MERCY  
Did that hurt?

The mugger shoves into Mercy trying to butt him. Mercy dodges him and then drags him in front of the car.

MUGGER  
Let go of me motherfucker.

Mercy presses his thumb into the mugger's larynx. He makes him choke. With his other hand Mercy squeezes the man's broken fingers. He howls in excruciating pain.

Mercy chokes the howl away by pressing harder on his neck. He drags him down to the ground.

The mugger stares up at him with wide-eyed terror.

MERCY  
Now, motherfucker. Does that hurt?

The mugger splutters wordlessly. Mercy is enjoying this. His face looks like a clown grin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCY (CONT'D)  
That's nothing.

With one hand Mercy yanks the guy's arm out of the socket.

Tears are the only expression of pain that he allows him to emit.

Mercy switches hands, giving him a breath, and yanks the other arm out. He rolls him onto his back, still squeezing his neck, and then steps up onto his dislocated shoulders, standing on them.

Mercy's body jiggles as the mugger convulses from the torture. Mercy is practically drooling from the excitement.

Finally it stops, the mugger passes out. Mercy gawks at what he's done. He gets off of the mugger and steps back.

A shiver racks him and he hugs himself against it. He looks around. There is no wind, nor is it particularly cold out.

He looks up at the sky, it's very black.

Directly above him he spots the pitch black new moon. Fear crosses over his face replaced by an uncertain thrill.

Mercy comes back to himself and looks down at the agonized and unconscious form on the ground. Mercy picks up the mugger's gun calmly.

He presses the barrel on the mugger's ankle and fires. The ankle shatters as the man wakes up screaming.

EXT. STREET

Another shot rings out and another scream from the hidden alley.

MUGGER (O.S.)  
Hano, no don'tdoit...don't...

The man screams again, long and sustained. Then another shot rings out and the scream stops.

INT. MERCY'S CAR

Mercy gets in and takes a deep, almost post-orgasmic, breath. He drives off.

INT. POLICE STATION

Lieutenant Higgins is pissed off, sitting in his office. Detective BOLT is standing in front of his desk.

BOLT

They were taken to County General. Roselli's neck was broken, Mendoza was shot and had his throat cut and Officer Porter was stabbed repeatedly. And there was a -- Diane Heulette -- also found dead. Don't know why she was there.

HIGGINS

Mercy?

BOLT

Don't know.

HIGGINS

Put out a bulletin that Mercy's armed and dangerous and to arrest him on the spot.

BOLT

Gotcha'.

HIGGINS

And... deadly force may be warranted.

Bolt leaves the office and Lt. Higgins swivels around in his chair and gazes out his window. He turns back to his desk, opens a drawer and loads his service revolver.

INT. VIVIAN LEIGHTON'S CONDO

Vincent is standing in front of Vivian who is seated on a white leather chair. She's dressed in a white silk robe and probably nothing else.

VINCENT

His friend died without saying anything. I don't think he knew where he was.

Vincent is bloody. He stands out markedly against her white decor. Vivian frowns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Also, he's learned to "heal"  
himself.

VIVIAN  
I know.

VINCENT  
He's not a mortal anymore.

VIVIAN  
Don't be stupid. We're not  
invulnerable. We're just harder  
to kill. But we can be killed.  
He can be killed.

(pause)  
Get the others. We need to find  
him before he gets any stronger.  
And, I think I know how.

INT. JEW'S APOTHECARY - LATER

Mercy climbs the stairs very cautiously. He listens to  
every creak and sigh. The harsh, cheap illumination makes  
it all the more uncomfortable.

He reaches Jew's door. It looks fine. He knocks on it  
softly and leans into it.

MERCY  
Jew. Open up. It's Rick.

He tries the knob and feels something that makes him sob  
suddenly.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
Jew?

Mercy takes out his gun and enters quickly.

The lights are on. Blood is splattered everywhere. It  
also looks like it was mopped up as well.

Mercy is unstable at the sight of the blood, like an  
alcoholic at the sight of gin. It taunts him and disturbs  
him.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
(whispered)  
Jew?

Mercy goes into the other rooms.

## INT. BEDROOM

The bed is reddened. Mercy stares at it over the sights of his gun. The whole place is in turmoil hinting at what happened here earlier.

Leather thongs were left, tied to the bed-frame. Mercy looks around, horrified.

On the floor he finds a bloody gag.

## INT. BATHROOM

Mercy walks in, dazed. He stares at the bathroom and stops at the sight of blood on one wall. "RM" is scrawled in blood.

On the sink he sees Jew's straight razor. He reaches out and grabs it.

Immediately pain floods him and thrills him with energy, followed by a crushing grief that settles on him.

He sees hands washing blood off the straight razor in the sink in front of him, lots of blood.

Mercy drops the razor in the sink. He rests his hands on the sink. Pain. He pulls back from it and just hugs himself and starts to cry openly.

DISSOLVE TO:

## INT. DINER

Mercy is sitting in a booth, drinking a beer. He's changed out of his blood-soaked, bullet-riddled, clothes. He still looks like hell. There are perhaps five other patrons in the diner.

Mercy looks at his hands. His nails have dry blood under them. He takes another swig from his beer and finishes it.

He puts his hands in his pockets and winces slightly.

From one pocket he takes out the necklace he found at the burnt-out building.

As he holds it he feels it's residual pain. Strange emotions cross Mercy's face as he studies the necklace. He buries his face in his hands as if weeping.

His head pops up as if he heard something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He gets up leaving money for the beer, pockets the necklace, and leaves the diner.

EXT. STREET

Mercy is driving around the city. He makes his way to the meat packing section on the lower East side.

He gets out of his car holding the necklace in one hand.

He wanders around the streets in that area, on foot, as if he's looking for something.

He comes around a corner and stops. An old building sitting across the intersection focuses his attention. He stares at it as if it were more than a mere old building.

He crosses the intersection and steps up to the corner of the building. He approaches it with his hands out apprehensively.

He touches the building. He hears and feels SHRIEKING and PAIN, TORTURE. He closes his eyes, straining against it.

He steps back, breathing rapidly. He looks at the whole building and turns around. He spots a phone-booth across the street.

He goes to the phone booth and closes the door. He grabs the handset. Even it has some horrible story to tell... He makes a call.

MERCY

Let me talk to Lieutenant

Higgins... please.

(pause)

Detective Mercy. Yeah.

He waits, looks back across the street.

HIGGINS (O.S.)

Mercy. Where are you?

MERCY

The meat packing district.

HIGGINS (O.S.)

Turn yourself in. You're in a lot of trouble.

Mercy rolls his eyes at the understatement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCY

You know all the missing women cases we have? Ginger Watson? Kara Steinauer? Yolanda Greer?

HIGGINS (O.S.)

What does that have to do with anything?

MERCY

Everything!

INT. POLICE STATION

Lt. Higgins stops and listens. He waves other detectives into his office. He indicates to someone to listen in on the line.

HIGGINS

Go on...

Lt. Higgins is now surrounded by other detectives.

MERCY (O.S.)

I can't explain everything, but there's an abandoned meat distribution building here.

INT. PHONE-BOOTH

MERCY

I think you better get a lot of people down here.

HIGGINS (O.S.)

Okay. Where?

MERCY

It's the Agostino Packing Company, or was anyway. Ninth and Amsterdam.

INT. POLICE STATION

HIGGINS

How do you know this?

MERCY (O.S.)

I'm figuring it out, bit by bit. Those people we stumbled onto?

HIGGINS

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCY (O.S.)  
They get off on causing pain.

HIGGINS  
Like S&M? Yeah?

MERCY (O.S.)  
Nothing like that, John.

HIGGINS  
What do you mean?

MERCY (O.S.)  
They really get something  
tangible from pain in other  
people.

Detectives look at each other, wondering.

HIGGINS  
Listen, Mercy, are you going to  
turn yourself in?

INT. PHONE-BOOTH

MERCY  
I don't know yet.

HIGGINS (O.S.)  
Then why are you calling?

Mercy becomes furious.

MERCY  
I'm still a cop, John!

INT. POLICE STATION

MERCY (O.S.)  
I think I've stumbled onto some  
evidence. What do you want me to  
do?

HIGGINS  
Okay, okay. I'm sending people  
right now.

MERCY (O.S.)  
Good. I'm going in.

HIGGINS  
Wait outside for us.

INT. PHONE-BOOTH

Mercy hangs up and crosses the street.

INT. POLICE STATION

Lt. Higgins pounds his fist on his desk blotter.

HIGGINS

Okay, let's move! Get tactical going!

Everyone files out of his office. Lt. Higgins lets out a long, frustrated sigh.

INT. AGOSTINO BUILDING

Mercy breaks the glass in a door. He reaches in and turns the knob.

He takes out a mini MagLite and walks down a tiled corridor that leads to offices. He passes a timeclock and a rack for timecards.

As he comes to an opening, from the corridor to other areas, he rests a hand on the wall. He gets a strong jolt of feeling from the wall.

He proceeds and finds elevators and a stairwell. He takes the stairs down.

Mercy finds a large basement area with concrete pillars. Rooms and storage areas have been made, with walls arbitrarily connecting from pillar to pillar.

He shines his light into the area and sees individual details. He points the light up to the ceiling and navigates using the softer, bigger light bouncing off.

He peers into the murk as he moves around. He's definitely feeling more things. He steps on a pile of clothes. He points the light down.

He touches a garment, lifts it. It's a striped and torn T-shirt. Mercy can feel extreme pain and terror from the shirt. But the effect on him is thrilling, almost strengthening.

He grabs another piece. Panties. He gets a jolt that makes him screw his eyes shut from the intensity. He likes it.

He casts it away. Stands up. He's sweating.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCY  
(whispered)  
Ginger Watson.

He proceeds through the rest of the area.

Mercy finds a door to a STORAGE ROOM. He touches it and seems to have found something.

It's not locked. He takes his gun out, puts the MagLite in his mouth and with his free hand opens the door.

He can hear whimpering. He points the light in. He smells a stench.

In the depth of the otherwise empty room is an iron maiden standing on the floor. Inside is a young nude woman, Kara Steinauer.

She's pale, thin, bruised and bloodied. The iron maiden forces her to stand upright with her arms outstretched otherwise she will lean into any of hundreds of sharp points that jut in from the framework.

She's exhausted, in pain, and has given up holding herself away from the points. Her arms are painfully stuck on several points. Blood is freely trickling from the pinpoints.

Her neck is tired and her head rests to one side. Her face is likewise pricked in different places.

Each breath makes her shift minutely and cry out.

Mercy stares at her with an astonished expression on his face.

Kara slowly realizes that he's in the dark room pointing a light at her. She opens her puffy blackened eyes and raises her head a little.

She whimpers louder and more immediately.

Mercy steps up close. He takes the light and shines it at the ceiling.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
Are you alone?

She just stares at him, shivering.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
I'm... a police detective.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She manages a pathetic chuckle through her badly battered face.

He puts his gun away and places his hand on the iron maiden to test it.

PAIN rushes into him. He breaths in a highly aroused breath of air. The jarring of the cage makes Kara cry out.

Mercy looks completely different now, energized by the immediacy of the pain. He jars the iron maiden again out of impulse.

Kara screams.

Mercy lets go.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

He holds his hand where she can see it.

MERCY (CONT'D)  
I'll get you out of this thing.

He looks around the metal cage for an opening.

It's an intricately made iron maiden, not an old clumsy wrought iron thing, but a precise, almost puzzle-like work of sadistic art.

Mercy finds a lever that seems to release the clasps holding it closed. He reaches to snap it open.

VIVIAN (O.S.)  
You can do anything you want to  
her.

Mercy turns around, flashing his gun and light around. The spotlight plays frantically around the room and finds nothing.

He glances at Kara who is weeping openly again. She looks at him.

KARA  
(whispered)  
Please....

Mercy listens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARA (CONT'D)  
(whispered)  
Kill me...

He stares at the pathetic creature.

He looks up at the ceiling, for a clever hiding place. He moves around the back of the iron maiden.

Nothing.

Banks of overhead lights come on, bright, white.

Mercy squints and ducks away reflexively. Kara whimpers.

The room is stark white except for the filthy floor, which is splattered with dirt, waste, fresh and dried blood. The iron maiden is standing in a puddle of bloody muck.

Mercy's wide-eyed stare roves about the room. He puts the MagLite away and holds the gun in a combat stance.

MERCY  
Where are you?

Mercy can sense that someone is in the room along with him and Kara.

VIVIAN (O.S.)  
You have a choice, detective.

Mercy looks around to figure out where the source of the voice is in the clangy acoustics of the room.

VIVIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Put the gun away.

He swings his aim around nervously.

VIVIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You only have six shots.

Mercy stares frantically.

VIVIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And there are many more of us  
than that.

Mercy fires randomly around the room.

As the bullets hit the tiled walls, blossoms of blood splatter around the impacts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And PEOPLE FADE INTO BEING in front of those SPLATTERS.

As Mercy turns and his gun empties Vivian appears, stepping up to him.

VIVIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Stop it!

Now the whole room is populated with the different people from the ballroom into which Mercy and his colleagues stumbled.

Kara starts screaming and shaking, causing more trauma to herself.

Mercy takes out his automatic in exchange for his spent revolver.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
Calm down, Mercy. Don't be melodramatic.

MERCY  
Who are you?

VIVIAN  
The meek shall inherit the Earth because the strong will bury them with it.

MERCY  
What are you?

VIVIAN  
You've killed before. You know what a great feeling it is. But it's not nearly as great as what leads up to it.  
(pause)  
Put that away.

Mercy pokes at her with the gun to move her back. She holds her ground.

MERCY  
What are you? What do you want?  
Where did you come from?

VIVIAN  
All this violence is counter-productive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vivian stares at him holding her hands in plain sight, innocently. She takes a more confiding tone.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
You could kill me. Sure. But it would take a lot to do it, as you've already seen.

Mercy listens, staring at her face over his gunsights.

MERCY  
Why?

VIVIAN  
All of life is a cycle. Living, feeding, dying.

She makes a graceful circular gesture.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
There is great strength to be derived from that. From the weak. The pathetic. You've felt it.

Mercy twitches. She's dangling heroin in front of a junkie.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
You've become like us. But you're still not one of us.  
(pause)  
I'm giving you this lovely girl, behind you. You already know what we've done to her. Now you can do anything you want.

Mercy glares at Vivian. Sweat beads and runs down his forehead.

MERCY  
Release her.

Vivian smiles at his naivete. Then viciously....

VIVIAN  
Come on! Be a man! Hit her!  
Rape her! Hurt her!

Mercy is shaking. She smiles at him.

MERCY  
No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then patronizingly....

VIVIAN  
You can do it. It's in your  
power.

MERCY  
No. It's wrong.

Vivian laughs at him. The rest of them in the room laugh as well. A murmur has been building from them, like hungry kids in a chow line.

VIVIAN  
Wrong? According to whom?

MERCY  
It's bad.

VIVIAN  
For her, maybe. But not for you!  
(pause)  
It's so easy to be strong! It's  
a choice!

Mercy is shaking violently. He's almost crying from the strain. He looks around and periodically glances back as if wondering what he could do to....

MERCY  
It's ugly. It's... evil.

VIVIAN  
YES! And it will make you  
stronger than you ever could have  
imagined.

She stares at Mercy with an impassioned expression. She comes down a little and grins at him. He's sobbing. Tears are flowing from his eyes.

She smiles at him in a comforting way.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
Now, go ahead and fuck her up.

MERCY  
No!

She frowns at him, fed up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIVIAN

You have a choice to make, now.  
Join us or die.

Mercy steps back, sobbing. He wipes tears from his face with one hand. He considers the gun he's holding.

He looks at Vivian with more confidence. He puts the gun away.

She smiles at him.

MERCY

(whispered)  
I am not evil.

She frowns.

Mercy turns around and opens the iron maiden. Kara shrieks as the pin points move.

Mercy carefully tries to support her as he releases her from the torture. She's crying from the pain of disengaging from the device.

Finally, free from the cage, she collapses in his arms. Mercy cradles her, sitting against the iron maiden.

Vivian looks down at him, like a pathetic thing.

EXT. AGOSTINO BUILDING

Three police cars pull up. They get out of their cars and take positions.

SWAT vans drive up and spill out several tactical officers.

Lt. Higgins arrives in a grey Caprice, jumps out. The SWAT CAPTAIN approaches him.

HIGGINS

Captain, cover all entrances and report in. We're looking for one suspect, but have your people stay alert.... We may run into something else.

The SWAT Captain nods and runs off barking into his helmet mic.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - (CONTINUOUS)

Mercy is holding and trying to succor Kara.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERCY

It's over. It's over.

VIVIAN

It's not over, you dipshit.

Kara is jittering from pain in different parts of her body. But, she seems to get some comfort from Mercy's... mercy.

Rinks steps up to Vivian. He looks ragged but alive. Mercy notices him and groans hopelessly.

RINKS

Vivian, I think we've got some trouble.

She looks around and seems to catch on to the fact that the police have arrived. She becomes irate.

VIVIAN

AAHHH SHIT!!!

She glances angrily at Mercy holding Kara close. She turns back to Rinks.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Get everyone out of here. You, Vincent, and the others, get the guns.

The rest of the coven run out of the storage room. Rinks, Vincent, and several others, run outside to lockers where they find assault rifles.

Rinks is the last one to head out.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Rinks. I'll take care of this shit here.

She turns her head to look down at Mercy. Mercy has taken his automatic out and fires repeatedly in her face.

MERCY

It is OVER!!

She falls backward clutching her face and thrashing about screaming. Rinks doubles back.

Mercy shoots at him. Rinks decides otherwise and runs out.

Mercy squats there shaking, holding Kara and pointing the gun at anything.

## EXT. AGOSTINO BUILDING

The SWAT Captain is at the van, receiving reports from his officers.

SWAT CAPTAIN

Alright, move in, secure bottom floors first.

## INT. AGOSTINO BUILDING

SWAT teams of four or five rush into different dark entrances and down corridors and halls.

They converge on the elevators securing the first floor as they check each room rapidly for suspects.

## INT. SWAT VAN

SWAT SERGEANT (O.S.)

First floor's secure. Moving down one level.

SWAT CAPTAIN

Check.

## INT. BASEMENT

The two SWAT teams reach the dark basement through the two stairwells in the building, with their gun-mounted MagLites playing beams about.

TEAM NORTH is the group who descended to the basement via the northern stairwell, circling around the back. And TEAM SOUTH took the southern stairwell, sweeping for suspects.

Team South encounters Vincent and the others who now have assault rifles.

Vincent starts FIRING, followed by the others.

SWAT SERGEANT

Take cover! Return fire!

The tactical officers hide behind the concrete pillars, taking positions, triangulating on the suspects.

Bullets are flying by them, kicking up chunks of cement from the floor and off of the pillars.

Someone turns on the overhead lights flooding the area.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The gunfire is relentless, the NOISE BANGING off of the CONCRETE walls, floor, and ceiling. Vincent and his cohorts take positions as well.

The rest of the coven members make their way to holes leading down another level and outside.

Some of the escapes are clumsy holes broken through brick walls into sewer drain pipes.

Vincent and company lay down suppressing fire to let the others get away.

EXT. AGOSTINO BUILDING - (CONTINUOUS)

Police with pistols and shotguns capture some who exit from delivery trapdoors and such.

INT. BASEMENT - (CONTINUOUS)

A few of the tactical officers are wounded by stray bullets or shrapnel. Some are hit in a foot, a leg, etc.

Two of Vincent's cohorts stand clear, firing openly at the police. The tactical officers target them and fire repeatedly, dropping them.

But, as each one gets riddled with bullets another gets back up and continues shooting.

SWAT SERGEANT  
Body armor?

SWAT #6  
Don't know! Don't look like it!

INT. STORAGE ROOM

Mercy holds onto Kara as the gunfire rages outside the storage room. Stray bullets come through the door and walls and bounce around.

Mercy drags himself and Kara away from the direct line from the door.

Vivian who is still fidgeting in a pool of her blood is hit by a few stray bullets. She groans in annoyance from the additional insult.

She scrambles deeper into the storage room.

Mercy keeps an eye on her.

INT. SWAT VAN

Lt. Higgins is next to the SWAT Captain.

HIGGINS

What's going on in there?

SWAT CAPTAIN

There's a full fire-fight in the basement.

The SWAT Captain spreads out an architectural plan of the Agostino building. He thumbs through to the basement.

SWAT CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Team North is here. Team South is pinned here somewhere. Who knows what the structure looks like now, down there. Someone said something about storage rooms.

He points at the pillars as if wanting to touch the accurate depiction of the basement.

HIGGINS

Who's engaging them down there?

The SWAT Captain shrugs at him.

INT. BASEMENT - (CONTINUOUS)

From Team North's position behind the storage room they can hear the shoot-out, but they can't see it.

They clear away obstacles as they make their way, securely and cautiously, to provide assistance.

TEAM SOUTH is still pinned down. But, they're also not letting Vincent and his cohorts get away either.

SWAT SERGEANT

Team North? This is Sarge'.

SWAT #7 (O.S.)

Copy Sarge'.

SWAT SERGEANT

We're holding suspects, for now. If you can make your way south.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWAT #7 (O.S.)  
Working on it. It's blocked up  
here. But, we're coming.

SWAT SERGEANT  
Hurry up! We're getting hit!!

Team North has set two concussion grenades on a sheetrock wall, blocking them. The charges go off and they bust through.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - (CONTINUOUS)

RINKS (O.S.)  
Vivian. Get out here.

Vivian hears Rinks but has other plans. She finds a knife on the floor and lunges for Mercy and the girl.

Although Mercy shoots at her in mid-lunge, she manages to get Kara.

Mercy knocks Vivian off of Kara. He attends to her. Kara's been stabbed. She's choking.

Mercy tearfully holds her. Helpless.

MERCY  
No, don't. Hold on.

She looks at him and dies.

Vivian looks at Mercy, with her forehead blown apart and covered in blood. She sneers at him.

INT. BASEMENT - (CONTINUOUS)

Team North appears on Vincent's flank. They open fire and add a third vantage point to the return fire.

Vincent and them have been hit repeatedly, and although extremely resilient, are reaching their threshold.

Rinks runs into the storage room, chased by bullets.

Vincent attempts to make it to the storage room as the others get killed.

He makes it to the door where his head DISINTEGRATES.

SWAT SERGEANT  
What, the fuck, is going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now team North and South focus on the door to the storage room. One set of officers can see obliquely into the back of the room, the other can see the other side.

Together they control the doorway, turning it into a tactical "killing zone".

Rinks is wounded again and cowering, just beside the door, against the wall.

SWAT #7  
Suspect is inside, left of door.

SWAT #7 can see Rinks' feet from his oblique vantage point.

Mercy sets Kara down softly.

Through his tears he looks at Vivian who is still sneering at him.

VIVIAN  
You fucking loser.

Mercy gets up and steadily shoots her as he walks to her. His gun empties and he immediately reloads and continues shooting her.

Rinks aims at Mercy and opens fire.

SWAT #7  
Suspect is shooting at someone else in the room.

SWAT SERGEANT  
Move in. Move in.

Rapidly, one by one, tactical officers run into the room and immediately draw targets. They see Rinks shooting at Mercy and they see Mercy shooting at a woman.

Four tactical officers kill Rinks, HEADSHOTS.

Two others actually fire at Mercy but stop when he drops.

The whole contingent of SWAT rush into the room and aim their guns at the bodies until they call "clear".

The SWAT sergeant runs over to Mercy. He's been hit repeatedly by Rinks. Mercy looks up at the sergeant as he gasps and then dies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWAT SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Ah, fuck!  
(pause)  
The basement is secure. We need medics.

Tactical officers kick at Vivian's feet but she doesn't move. Mercy focused his fire to the greatest effect on her, her head.

Kara's dead body obviously looks like a victim and the tactical officers treat her accordingly.

Lt. Higgins and the SWAT Captain hold their breath as they enter the storage room. Lt. Higgins kneels next to Mercy. Tactical officers check the other suspects, making sure they're dead or seeing if they need medical attention.

A couple of them notice muscle spasms lingering abnormally long.

Lt. Higgins pulls on Mercy. He checks for a pulse. Mercy is a mess. Lt. Higgins looks for something to do.

HIGGINS  
Rick. What the hell happened?  
What the fuck..

The SWAT Captain is standing next to the SWAT sergeant. Lt. Higgins looks up at the sergeant. The sergeant is paper white and wide-eyed.

HIGGINS (CONT'D)  
What happened?

Paramedics come running, followed by cops carrying stretchers.

HIGGINS (CONT'D)  
Here. Officer down.

They start to work on Mercy.

INT. AMBULANCE

Mercy's bloody and ravaged form is strapped onto a gurney. The doors open and the paramedics wheel him out.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ENTRANCE

They run him into the hospital. They rush the gurney down the hall towards the emergency room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

People with diverse ailments and traumas line the hallway. Pain and suffering hangs in the air.

Mercy's eyes are open but glazed over. The gurney is already bloodied.

Pain in nearly all of its forms is evident in every room of the hospital. People suffering from diseases, children fighting for life, older people nearing death, family members suffering and grieving because of imminent losses.

The medics whisk Mercy into the ER.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM

The trauma team gives up on Mercy, intubated, injected, and monitored. The ER doctor steps back with a sigh.

ER DOCTOR

There's not enough left of him.

A nurse shuts off the machines.

ER DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Let's save it for the next one.

He steps away from the operation table and starts to strip his scrubs off. The anesthesiologist shuts his equipment down. The whole team starts to back off. One of the nurses covers Mercy with a sheet.

INT. HALLWAY

An orderly wheels a gurney, with Mercy on it, out of the operation room. He takes him to an elevator and goes downstairs. Someone has removed the tube and IVs.

INT. MORGUE

The orderly wheels Mercy into the morgue.

The room is full of loaded gurneys as well as several autopsy tables.

He leaves the gurney in the middle of the room and pulls the sheet half off Mercy.

Mercy's eyes are closed. Pieces are literally gone. The orderly grimaces as he studies the corpse in morbid fascination.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ORDERLY  
Fuuuccck. They really fucked you up, man.

He steps away and opens a freezer door.

He wheels him over and cranks him up to the locker level. He slides him in and closes the door.

INT. LOCKER

Mercy is lying with his head at a dead angle.

Minutes go by.

And then he opens his eyes.

MERCY  
(whispered)  
Shit.

FADE OUT

THE END