

(Name of Project)
by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name
Address
Phone

FADE IN:

EXT. SLUMS OF MANILA - AFTERNOON

A hot day in a grim, poor neighborhood of abandoned buildings, "decorated" in foreign graffiti.

In a sprawling, weed-choked lot, small children happily play among rusted car skeletons and hills of refuse.

SUPERED across the bottom: MANILA - 1979.

A Filipino, pre-teen boy enters FRAME. Tattered, fourth-hand clothes hang off his slender body. He is YOUNG JADE, 10.

We FOLLOW as he purposefully walks along, ignoring the choking despair around him.

He passes a seedy restaurant. Despite its grease-smearred glass entrance, we see it to be packed inside.

Jade walks around to its rear. Hesitates. Enters.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

A passage littered with garbage. Polluted with black smoke escaping the kitchen's open windows.

Jade tentatively proceeds. Until hearing a MALICIOUS SNARL. He looks down to see . . .

A mongrel dog bares its fangs at him, protective of its meal of rotten chicken guts.

Jade presses his back to the wall. Sidesteps it. Resumes.

THROUGH HIS POV - He comes across a doorway with two young men -- MANO and LEON -- in it. They wear expensive, (then) trendy track suits.

They look up from counting a handful of American money. Warily eye him in passing.

BACK TO SCENE

Jade averts his eyes. Picks up his pace.

The alley's dead end is cluttered with a gathering of old, battered furniture. An overhanging tarp shields it from the pounding sun above.

A handful of teen punks hang out in their makeshift clubhouse. They playfully struggle to retrieve an undisclosed item from amongst themselves.

JADE

Cesar!

The gang is oblivious to him.

JADE

(shouts)

Cesar!

They spin around, startled.

The most prominent gang member is a stout Caucasian boy with facial features only hinting at his partial Filipino heritage. He is YOUNG CESAR, 12, Jade's half-brother.

The desired item is in his hand -- an old, Luger handgun. He quickly slips it into his pocket.

Jade sees it but says nothing.

An irritated Cesar speaks first . . . in flawless Filipino:

CESAR

(SUBTITLED)

What the hell do you want?!

Jade, in turn, speaks perfect English:

JADE

Mom wants you home.

CESAR

(switches to English)

Fuck her. And fuck you.

The others laugh.

He grabs Cesar by the arm.

Cesar furiously lunges at Jade.

THUD! -- Their entangled bodies hit the ground, hard. Hands and feet flail around, one trying to overtake the other. A few PUNCHES and KICKS are exchanged . . .

Cesar's bloodthirsty gang (ADLIB) SCREAM their support.

One of them -- BAT KID -- appears at the forefront. A wooden baseball bat dangles at his side.

Surprisingly, the smaller Jade manages to overtake his older brother. Pummels him with BLOWS to the face and chest.

Bat Kid suddenly SWINGS his bat . . .

WHACK! -- It viciously connects to Jade's left shoulder. He SHRIEKS in agony.

Cesar looks up, startled.

WHACK! -- Another BLOW to the same shoulder. Jade HOWLS.

Bat Kid grins, sadistically. Aims the bat at Jade's head. Swings forth . . .

Cesar rolls Jade safely under him, leaving himself upright and exposed . . .

The bat strikes him on the side of the skull . . .

. . . CRACK! . . . He plops to the ground, unconscious.

Bat Kid stares down at his fallen friend, shaken.

BLAM!

A crimson stain miraculously appears across his scrawny chest.

Jade holds the smoking Luger out before him. His face is disturbingly emotionless.

Bat Kid collapses, dead.

Jade drops the gun. Lean in to his brother, who has blood dripping out both ears.

Leon and Mano walk up. Take in the scene.

JADE
(yelling)
Please! Get help! My brother!

MANO
We can help you. Come with us.
(holds up wad of cash)
Make crazy shit money.

LEON
Easy job.

He shapes his hand into a gun. Points it at Jade.

LEON

Bang. Bang. Cha-ching. Cha-ching.

Jade disregards them. Resumes yelling:

JADE

Please! My brother! Help!

Leon and Mano shrugs to each other. Walk off.

A COOK steps out the kitchen door. Hears Jade's cries. Rushes over towards him.

INT. ICU WARD, HOSPITAL - EVENING

A room cramped with six patients, all attached to life support systems . . .

One of them is Cesar.

Jade stands over him. His left arm is in a cast and sling.

Beside him is his Filipino MOTHER, 34 but looking more like 50. Her haggard face is a road map of a harsh life.

A POLICE DETECTIVE enters the room.

DETECTIVE

I need to talk to the boy.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM, HOSPITAL - MINUTES LATER

Jade sits on an empty bed. The Detective stands before him.

DETECTIVE

Were you defending your brother? Is that what happened?

Jade softly nods his hung head.

DETECTIVE

Tell me in your own words, Jade.

JADE

I looked for my brother and found him behind the restaurant. He was taking a leak.

DETECTIVE

Go on.

JADE

We were walking out when he came at us
with the bat. Hit me in the arm. Hit
Cesar in the head.

DETECTIVE

Whose he?

Jade shrugs.

JADE

Just some . . . asshole.

He raises his head. Looks evenly at the Detective.

JADE

Am I going to jail?

INT. CORRIDOR (OUTSIDE ICU WARD) - MINUTES LATER

Jade walks along. Sees something ahead. Reacts.

THROUGH HIS POV - The HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR speaks to a very
upset Mother.

BACK TO SCENE

He rushes up to them.

JADE

Momma, what's wrong?!

She ignores him. Pleads to the indifferent Hospital Ad

MOTHER

But I don't have any money! How will I
pay for all this?!

ADMINISTRATOR

Then we'll have to make other
arrangements for your son.

MOTHER

What arrangements?!

ADMINISTRATOR

He will be transferred to a hospital for
the indigent.

MOTHER

What's that mean?!

ADMINISTRATOR

The poor.

MOTHER

But the doctor says he can't be moved or
he'll suffer even more brain damage.

ADMINISTRATOR

There's nothing else I can do.

He walks away.

Mother slumps to the floor, distraught. She weeps, loudly.

A helpless Jade watches on.

INT. CRAMPED STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hanging on a grimy wall is a framed family photo of Jade, Cesar, their American father and Mother.

The CAMERA PANS to reveal a confined one-room apartment . . .

A pair of cot mattresses -- both occupied -- are at the small room's opposite ends.

Jade, wide awake, muffles his head with a pillow to drown out his mother's continuous WEEPING.

EXT. MARKET - DAY

FAT MAN, mid-50s, arrogantly swaggers into a Mom-&-Pops-type market. He displays his wealth with gaudily expensive attire.

INT. MARKET - CONTINUOUS

He walks up to the counter. Pushes the frightened OWNER aside. Removes the cash from the register.

FAT MAN

I'm hungry!

Fat Man proceeds down an aisle. Grabs a large Chippy's off the shelf. Begins slovenly devouring the chips.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as he turns down another aisle . . .

Comes across a kneeling BOX BOY pricing items. Kicks him over. He cackles, spewing chips across his shirt.

Box Boy quickly recovers. Resumes with his job.

The Fat Man next grabs a large bottle of soda. Takes a long, hard swig. BELCHES LOUDLY.

FAT MAN
(pleased with himself)
Good one.

He looks directly forward. Reacts . . .

Jade tensely stands before him. Arm is still in its sling.

FAT MAN
What do you want?
(receives a blank stare)
Answer me, you little shit.

Jade nervously fidgets with his sling.

Fat Man grunts impatiently. Shoves Jade aside. Proceeds along.

Jade draws from the sling . . . a handgun. Aims it at Fat Man's back. COCKS it.

Fat Man turns around. Bursts out laughing.

FAT MAN
Who put you up to this? Huh?

Jade's hand quivers, violently.

FAT MAN
Gonna piss your pants, boy?

He explodes in a belly laugh. Abruptly steps up. SLAPS Jade hard across the face.

Jade staggers into a shelf, knocking over several cans. The gun slips from his hand, slides across the floor.

Fat Man grabs for Jade, who throws himself backwards . . . towards the gun . . . but coming up a few feet short!

The weapon rests at Box Boy's feet. He immediately kicks the gun towards Jade . . .

Fat Man is now directly upon Jade. His left hand still clutches the soda bottle, positioned directly before him.

Jade blindly FIRES . . .

BLAM! -- The bullet EXPLODES the bottle . . . Followed instantly by Fat Man's inflamed heart . . .

THUD! -- His sprawled across the floor like a beached whale. Sudsy blood runs across his massive belly.

An adrenalized Jade races out the aisle . . . Comes across the counter . . .

The Owner stares at him . . . Blank expression . . . His eyes, however, brim with great appreciation.

EXT. BRIDGE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Jade rushes along the bridge . . . Stops . . . Removes the gun, again concealed in his sling . . . Tosses it . . .

It disappears into swirling, violent reservoir waters below.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

On the outskirts of the active area sits a lone, abandoned warehouse . . .

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - SAME

Jade stands at the door, KNOCKING . . .

No response.

He tentatively opens the door . . . Enters . . .

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The door shuts behind him . . .

Jade is left in complete darkness.

JADE
(calls out)
Hello?

A blinding spotlight suddenly illuminates Jade, who becomes frozen in place.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(barking)
Freeze, Police!

He quickly throws up his hands.

ECHOED MALE LAUGHTER fills the air . . .

Followed by another male voice:

MANO'S VOICE (O.S.)
(annoyed)
Quit being such an asshole, Man.

The lights suddenly shut off.

Beat.

CIRCUITS ARE THROWN . . .

Lighting suddenly fills the warehouse . . . Reveals its sprawling emptiness . . . Save for a brand-new Trans Am parked at center.

Leon is behind the wheel.

Mano stands off to Jade's left, against the wall . . . His hand still clutches the fuse box . . .

MANO

You do it?

Jade nods his head.

Mano approaches. Absently stroking his peach-buzz moustache.

MANO

No problems?

JADE

Everybody saw me.

MANO

Then they'll know who to throw the parade for.

JADE

What do you mean?

MANO

That fat fucker has extorted money from the local shops since I was your age.

JADE

How long ago was that?

MANO

Long time . . . five years.

Jade reacts.

Mano pulls out a cash wad. Hands a couple of fifties over.

MANO

This should help, too.

Jade slips the money deep inside his cast. Looks eagerly back at Mano:

JADE
When can I do it again?

Leon chuckles, amused.

LEON
This ones a real psycho, Mano.

JADE
(defensively)
I'm not psycho. I need money. Lots
of it.

MANO
Relax, Bro. Somebody's ticket is always
coming up. I'll be in touch.

A playful Leon malevolently stalks towards him.

LEON
Even yours.

MANO
(to Leon)
Leave him alone, asshole.

A nervous Jade quickly recedes towards the door.

JADE
I gotta go.

Mano shrugs. Shoves Leon towards the car.

MANO
Come on. Lets ride!

LEON
Can I be Burt Reynolds this time?

MANO
No, Man. I'm the one with the moustache!

They jump into the Trans Am . . . REVVS the engine to life .
. . Proceed to BURN RUBBER doing "donuts".

Jade watches for a beat . . . Opens the warehouse door . . .
Steps out into the blinding daylight . . .

It momentarily FILLS THE SCREEN . . .

MATCH CUT TO:

A male silhouette appears within the brilliance . . .

The CAMERA SHIFTS OFF . . . REVEALS out whereabouts:

INT. "BABY DOLL" STRIP CLUB - VARIOUS DANCE LIGHTS

Underage Filipino girls cater to the exclusive American, adult male clientele . . .

Their various bodyguards are hulking Filipino men . . . Obvious bulges under their tailored suit jackets.

In the b.g., a bikini-clad dancer gyrates her pubescent body to POUNDING DANCE MUSIC . . .

Before the stage stands a man (back to us) . . . He drunkenly hoots, hollers . . . Heedlessly flings money at the girl.

"Scumbag" gestures to his bodyguard . . .

He, in turn, comes up to the unknown man. Shoves him aside.

Beat.

The drunken man wheels around . . .

This is **SONNY**, 26, boyish-faced . . . but contrasted by his void-like eyes.

Off this, the Bodyguard hesitates . . . Quickly recovers his bad-ass attitude:

BODYGUARD

Get outta the way. My boss can't see.

Sonny peeks over the Bodyguard's air strip-wide shoulder.

THROUGH HIS POV - We/He observes "Scumbag" with a girl clutches in his lap, roughly fondling her.

BACK TO SCENE

Sonny smirks at the Bodyguard.

SONNY

Go tell him to pick on somebody his own age.

Bodyguard shoves him hard against the stage . . .

A blur of movement as a hand-cannon appears in Sonny's hand . . .

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! . . .

The Bodyguard, chest tenderized, dies before he hits the ground with a RESOUNDING THUD.

The entrance curtain bellows apart . . . Reveals a second man clutching a gun . . .

Its **JADE**, now 34 . . . Appears slightly off-balance . . . But not missing a beat as he too OPENS FIRE . . .

Chaos ensues . . .

Screaming strippers race backstage . . . Well-aimed bullets WHIP past, intentionally missing them . . .

. . . and instead fatally wounded their intended targets -- the numerous bodyguards . . .

All of whom fail in drawing their own weapon.

The CLUB MANAGER suddenly appears onstage . . . Levels a sawed-off shotgun . . . BLASTS a shot . . .

Chunks of stucco EXPLODE off a pillar beside Sonny . . .

Across the room, Jade bolts forward . . . Leaps atop a table beside the stage . . .

. . . flies through the air . . .

Latches onto the stripper pole . . . Whips himself around . . . Thrusts out his feet . . .

. . . PUMMELING the Manager in the chest . . . The impact sends him flying backward . . .

THUD! . . . CRACK! . . .

. . . SLAMMED against the back wall, cracking the cheap plaster . . . As well as his spine . . .

Beat.

As the cordite clears, Jade and Sonny stand before a seemingly empty club . . .

In actuality, the Americans now cower under their tables.

Sonny pulls out a sheet of paper. Dramatically reads off:

SONNY
Milo Davenport!

No response.

SONNY

(aloud)

I hope all your last names are Christ
 . . . because you're gonna die for
 Milo's sins.

He strolls over to a particular table . . .

BLAM! . . .

"Scumbag" sprawls across the floor . . . A bullet to his
 temple . . .

A detached Jade watches on.

RUCKUS from beneath one of the tables . . .

A terrified man pops upright, seemingly against his will.

Jade comes over . . . Aims the gun between his eyes . . .

JADE

This him?

Sonny looks at the paper.

SONNY

Nope.

Jade rips away the table cloth . . . REVEALS a startled
 second man . . . aiming up a gun up at the terrified man.

Before he can shift his weapon to Jade . . .

BLAM! . . .

SONNY

(amused)

Lucky guess, Bro.

He turns the sheet towards Jade . . .

INSERT - A COLOR PHOTOCOPY - of the second man's face.
 Scrawled across the bottom is the name - MILO DAVENPORT.

JADE

Let get out of here.

They head out.

SONNY

(calls out)

You pigs go back to America and
 rape your own children!

He FIRES SEVERAL SHOTS into the ceiling . . . Walks up to Jade, halted and staring downward at a body.

SONNY

What's up?

JADE

(re: the body)

Did you kill this one? Or did I?

Sonny chuckles.

SONNY

Why? They paying up by the body now?

Jade resumes walking. Sonny follows.

The CAMERA REMAINS . . . PANS DOWN . . .

Its a dead bodyguard . . . With a familiar face -- An older Mano, wispy moustache now grey.

EXT. PRIVATE ROAD - LATER THAT NIGHT

A late-model Trans Am cruises a dirt road . . . Thick jungle foliage on either side promises privacy . . .

It abruptly clears way to REVEAL . . .

EXT. JADE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

A Spanish villa with sprawling grounds.

INT. FOYER, VILLA - MINUTES LATER

The front door UNLOCKS. Opens.

Jade enters.

BEEP . . . BEEP . . . BEEP . . .

He moves to the security pad . . . Punches in a code . . .

KILLS the WARNING ALARM.

Jade heads up the staircase . . .

INT. STAIRS/2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

. . . Along a dimly-lit corridor.

A large figure appears from the shadows . . .

Jade spins around to face . . .

CESAR, now 36 . . . but with the mentality of a young child.
His eyes are groggy with sleep.

JADE
What's going on, Cesar.

Wincing, Cesar rubs at his aching temples.

JADE
Another headache?

He nods his head.

JADE
Lay back down. Lourdes will bring you
your pills.

CESAR
I'm tired, Jade.

JADE
She'll tell you a story, too. That
always helps you sle--

CESAR
She always tells me the same
stories . . .
(weary)
. . . but I can never remember what
happens next.

Jade delicately strokes his head . . . Barely contains a
wince upon touching its permanent indentation.

CESAR
I'm so tired, Jade.

Jade guides him back towards his room.

JADE
Come on, Brother. I'll read you a
new story . . . so you don't need to
remember what happens next.

They fade into the hallway's darkness.

INT. TRAINING ROOM, VILLA - A SHORT TIME LATER

MONTAGE . . .

Jade trains in a series of martial arts exercises . . . His
every movement is agile, swift and fierce . . .

The MONTAGE is interrupted by a CELL PHONE RINGING . . .

Jade retrieves it from a table. Answers it.

JADE

Yes.

INT. TOURIST BAR - SAME TIME

Its Sonny . . . In a secluded corner of a tropically gaudy tourist (predominantly American) bar.

INTERCUT as necessary between them:

SONNY

Hey, man, we got another one.

JADE

When?

SONNY

Tonight.

JADE

Tonight?

SONNY

Death is never off the clock, Bro.

(beat)

The file is on its way.

JADE

I'll pick you up in an hour. Outside the La Reina. Don't be late.

Sonny waves playfully at someone OFFSCREEN.

SONNY

Make it an hour-and-a-half.

END INTERCUTTING as he disconnects. Crosses the bar . . . Rejoins a pretty blonde American at her table.

As he hangs up, we END INTERCUTTING on Sonny . . .

SONNY

Miss me, Baby?

She giggles, drunkenly.

BLONDE

Of course.

He absently plays with his watch -- bulky, silver-platted and expensively-stylish.

BLONDE
Nice watch. Does it tell both American
and foreign time?

SONNY
That and more.

BLONDE
Like what?

He flashes a tight, cruel smile.

SONNY
All in due time, Bethany.

She becomes slightly irked.

BLONDE
Bethany?! My name's Nicole.

SONNY
Whatever.

INT. JADE'S BEDROOM, VILLA - A FEW MINUTES LATER

At his laptop computer, Jade removes printed pages from the laser printer . . .

He crosses the room, fully dressed . . .

In the b.g., we see the bedroom practically empty . . . except for a cot mattress (like in his youth).

EXT. LA REINA MOVIE THEATRE - LATER THAT NIGHT

A movie palace closed for the night. Its marquee reads in indecipherable Filipino.

Hidden in the shadow of the box office . . .

Sonny looks through a magazine (We don't see the cover) . . . He seems to mentally absorb whatever is on the various pages.

Jade's Trans Am pulls up to the curb. HONKS.

After a prolonged beat, Sonny snaps from his reverie . . . Climbs into the car . . .

It drives OUT OF FRAME.

INT. TRANS AM - LATER THAT NIGHT - (MOVING)

Sonny tosses the magazine onto the floor well.

INSERT - THE MAGAZINE - Its cover displays a black hooded
behind a topless woman, choking her . . . She looks to be
in the throes of ecstasy . . .

Its title . . . "WET WORK".

BACK TO SCENE

JADE
(disgusted)
How can you read that thing?

Sonny smiles, slyly.

SONNY
I don't read it . . . Just look at the
pictures.

Jade shakes his head, disapprovingly.

SONNY
There's also ads for some crazy specialty
shit they sell.

JADE
I know. You've showed me.

SONNY
You need to show some "flair" in your
work, Jade. That's how you build up
your rep.

JADE
Killing is killing.

Its Sonny turn to shake a disapproving head.

JADE
The file is under the seat.

Sonny reaches under . . . Brings up a manila folder . . .
Opens it . . .

SONNY
(feigns being touched)
How romantic -- A double "tap".

He holds them side by side . . .

INSERT - THE PAGES - feature a man and woman, European looking.

BACK TO SCENE

SONNY

I might even let them hold hands when I
blow their brains out.
(chuckles)

Jade throws him a sidelong glance . . . But says nothing.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - A SHORT TIME LATER

Situated in an affluent Manila neighborhood . . . A modern structure of chrome-and-glass . . .

Jade and Sonny stand before the locked entrance door.

Sonny produces a skeleton key card. Slips it through its security lock . . .

BEEP . . . CLICK . . .

INT. LIVING ROOM, TARGET'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

The door slowly opens.

Jade and Sonny enter. Each clutches a silence-attached handgun.

They break off across the airy apartment.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Two unseen figures play beneath the covers of a king-sized bed. We HEAR the combined laughter of a man and a woman.

The man -- HUSBAND -- pops his head up from the covers . . . Reacts . . . Throws his hands into the air.

The woman -- WIFE -- then appears . . . Looks at him . . . Questions him in (UNSUBTITLED) French.

He gestures forward . . .

She looks . . . Cries out.

Standing before the bed are Jade, Sonny. Guns leveled.

The crying Wife pleads in her native tongue.

JADE

What is she saying?

SONNY
 Ordering snails? How the fuck should I
 know, Bro?

Between the couple, a third head suddenly appears . . .
 Its that of a five-year-old little girl -- their daughter.

SONNY
 (annoyed)
 Awww, shit . . .

She giggles innocently at these men . . . Waves her pretty
 doll at them.

SONNY
 (finishing his thought)
 . . . A freebie.

He aims his weapon at her . . . Squeezes on the trigger . . .
 Jade suddenly elbows Sonny, throwing him off-balance . . .
 Sonny's SHOT fires futilely into the wall . . .

JADE
 (yells at family)
Get out! Go now! Go!

The family struggle off the bed . . . Clear out just as . . .

On his knees, Sonny FIRES OFF . . .

THWIP! THWIP! THWIP! . . .

Struck pillow erupt in a flurry of feathers, swirling
 through the air . . .

The family scurry out the door . . .

Sonny arcs his gun at Jade . . . who flings himself towards
 the slide doors . . .

SMASH! . . .

He disappears through a hail of SHATTERING glass . . .

Sonny straightens . . . Steps onto the adjacent balcony . . .

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

THWIP! THWIP! THWIP! . . .

Bullets whiz past his head . . . He drops to the floor.

Straddling a nearby coconut tree is Jade, clutching his smoking gun . . . He quickly slides himself down . . .

Sonny steps up to the railing . . . Peers down . . .

THROUGH HIS POV - A plush garden decorates the building's facade . . . But not a person in sight . . .

BACK TO SCENE

SONNY

Goddamnit!

He rushes back inside.

EXT. PLUSH GARDEN/OUTSIDE APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

Concealed by thick brush surrounding the coconut tree . . .

Jade is strewn on the ground . . . Right leg is bent at a painfully awkward angle . . .

He snatches up the nearest thick stick . . . Places it between his teeth, bites down . . . Grabs onto his injured leg . . .

A REPULSIVE SNAP! . . .

INT. LOURDES' ROOM, VILLA - A SHORT TIME LATER

Asleep in bed is a maternal woman, LOURDES, Cesar's home nurse/guardian.

Cesar gently nudges her awake. His expression is filled with worry.

CESAR

Lourdes? Lourdes!

She groggily stirs awake.

LOURDES

What is it, Cesar?

CESAR

I hear noise outside.

She immediately sits upright, fully awake.

INT. CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

They proceed along . . . Cesar cowers behind the leading Lourdes, who clutches a gun in her shaky hand.

CESAR
 (whispers loudly)
 I'm scared, Lourdes. Real scared.

LOURDES
 (unconvinced)
 It'll all be okay, Cesar. No need to
 be afraid.

CESAR
 Where are we going?

LOURDES
 I need to activate the alarm.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

They arrive at the security pad.

Lourdes punches in a code.

LOURDES
 (relieved)
 There's the silent alarm. It'll go
 off on your brother's cell phone.

INSERT - CELL PHONE - Actually its fragmented remains . . .
 Sprawled at the base of the coconut tree, from Jade's fall.

BACK TO SCENE

CESAR
 (desperate)
 How soon 'till he gets here?!

LOURDES
 Very soon, Cesar.

THROUGH A FISH-EYED LENS - We see Lourdes from behind . . .
 Long, grey braided hair running down her pink robe . . .

EXT. FRONT PORCH, VILLA - SAME

Sonny pulls away from the door peephole . . . Positions his
 gun against it . . . FIRES . . .

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FOYER

Lourdes' head ERUPTS in a red mist . . . Her body collapses
 to the floor . . .

Cesar shrieks . . . Races into the darkened living room . . .

Beat.

WHAM! . . .

The front door BURSTS wide open . . .

The SHRILL ALARM sets off . . .

Sonny enters . . . Covers his ears, annoyed . . . Locates the security box . . .

He pulls out the skeleton key card . . . Slides it through.

The ALARM continues wailing . . .

Sonny tries again . . .

Sudden silence.

Sonny is relieved . . . Notices on the security code screen . . . A single word . . . OOPS!

KABLAM! -- The security box EXPLODES . . .

Its impact hurls Sonny backwards . . . Lands him painfully across the stairs . . .

A stunted Sonny rolls off his stomach . . . Find his left arm burnt, bloodied and crooked . . . He lets out a PRIMAL SCREAM!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sonny flips on the light . . . Stumbles into the room . . . Collapses onto the couch . . .

SONNY
(in anguish)
Fuck!

Using his good hand, he fumbles through his clothes . . . Removes a silver packet . . . Lays out a line of glimmering powder . . .

SONNY
(entranced)
Pretty, pretty, pretty . . .

He hungrily snorts up the line . . . Immediately reacts like bolt of lightning surging through him.

From somewhere in the room . . . SOFT SOBBING . . .

As Sonny comes down, he overhears it . . . Reacts with jittery, drug-induced paranoia . . .

SONNY
(panicked)
Who the fuck is there?! What do you
want?! Who are you?!

He suddenly becomes audacious . . . Boldly searches the source of the crying . . .

Coming from behind a plush chair . . . Its kicked aside to REVEAL a weeping Cesar, curled into a fetal position.

Sonny laughs, demented.

CESAR
(through sobs)
Leave me alone! . . . My brother . . .
He'll be here soon! . . . Leave us!

SONNY
(realizes)
Brother, huh?

EXT. REAR GROUNDS - A SHORT TIME LATER

From amongst a thicket appears a shotgun barrel . . .

The pistol-grip shotgun is clutched by . . . Jade.

He bolts across the yard . . . Through the patio doors . . .

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jade charges into the room, barrel leading . . . Turns to face the adjacent foyer . . .

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

He internalizes the explodes security box . . . Kneels beside Lourdes . . . Gently shuts her eyes.

He kneels beside Lourdes, gently closes her eyes . . . Allows a moment of silence for the deceased . . .

Its suddenly shattered by a RINGING PHONE . . .

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jade grabs the phone . . .

JADE
 (pure hatred)
 Sonny.

INT. SUV - SAME TIME - (MOVING)

Sonny via a speaker phone.

SONNY
 How'd it feel to come home to an empty
 house, Jade?

JADE
 (realizes, to himself)
 Cesar . . .
 (to Sonny)
 He has nothing to do with this. Keep
 Cesar out of this. Let him go, Sonny.

SONNY
 Nah.

JADE
 Let me talk to him.

SONNY
 He's napping. Nothing like warm milk
 and roofies to relax you.

JADE
 You've killed him, haven't you?

SONNY
 If I had, why not just leave him there
 for you to find.

JADE
 You're messing with my mind.

Sonny brightens -- or darkens -- with realization:

SONNY
 You actually sound disappointed there,
 Bro.

JADE
 You're high, Sonny.

SONNY
 (chuckling)
 What's your point, Jade?

JADE
 (sharply)
 Let my brother go.

SONNY
 The more you say that, the less
 convincing you sound Jade.
 (insidiously)
 Know what I think? You want to put a
 bullet to his mush brains. Put the
 'tard outta his misery . . . Or is it
 yours?

JADE
 Fuck you, Sonny.

SONNY
 Tired of try to get him to color in
 the lines . . . while he's eating the
 crayons?

JADE
 (building ire)
 Fuck you, Sonny.

SONNY
 And it must be a real pain in the
 ass to always have to be wiping his.

JADE
 (explodes)
Fuck you!

A dead silence comes over the line.

Beat.

SONNY
 (softly)
 Jade?

JADE
 What?

Sonny draws his .45 Desert Eagle . . . Aims it OUT OF FRAME,
 towards the passenger seat.

SONNY
 You're welcome.

ON JADE - reacting to a sudden . . .

BLAM! . . . CRASH! . . .

The LINE DISCONNECTS . . .

CLICK -- A dead phone line.

END INTERCUTTING

Jade's expression remains stoic . . . His body, however, shudders involuntarily . . .

Beat.

He hurls the phone receiver across the room . . . CRASH!

Jade moves to the front door . . . Opens it . . .

SHOCK CUT TO:

ABSTRACT IMAGE - SPARKING BLUE ELECTRODES - emitting a HIGH-PITCHED WHINE as they surge at the CAMERA . . .

CUT TO:

Immediate, impenetrable BLACKNESS . . .

Beat.

CLOSE UP - JADE - groggily stirs awake.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
(DISTORTED)
He's coming around now . . .

Jade blinks repeatedly . . . His eyes adjust . . . Feebly takes in his surroundings . . .

INT. BOSS' OFFICE - EVENING

Opulent, but traditional, furnishings. The air of power is palpable enough to be considered part of the decorum.

A floor-to-ceiling glass wall seems to indicate the owner enjoys overseeing his key commodity -- Manila.

Seated at a massive onyx desk is a dark-skinned Filipino man . . . Reed-thin frame draped in expensive safari-wear . . . His imposing manner indicates him to be THE BOSS, 60s.

THE BOSS
(flatly)
Good to see you again, Jade.

A (OFFSCREEN) FEMALE, BRITISH VOICE speaks:

SHEILA'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Would you like some tea? It'll help
 diminish the effects of the stun gun.

Jade looks towards the voice . . .

A statuesque, sexy redhead, in a tailored-business suit . . .
 She is The Boss' "Assistant", SHEILA, 33.

Jade ignores Sheila. Incisively addresses The Boss:

JADE
 Why am I still alive?

The Boss sits back, pontificating. Brightens with a thought:

THE BOSS
 On occasion the sun even shines on the
 asshole of a dead dog, Jade . . . You are
 that asshole.

SHEILA
 Well that is certainly better than
 being the dead dog, itself.

She and The Boss share a chuckle.

Jade is not amused . . . Stares through The Boss . . .

The Boss is unnerved . . . but quickly contains it.
 Addresses Jade in an overly authoritative tone:

THE BOSS
 We tracked Sonny to small airport in
 Victoria . . . He escaped . . .
 (sourly)
 There were casualties.

He gestures for Sheila to continue:

SHEILA
 He hijacked a private plane into
 Mexico. We lost track of him there.
 (beat)
 However, its quite likely he's crossed
 the border and is destined for Los
 Angeles.

JADE
 He could be anywhere.

SHEILA

We've contacted "friends" there who are offering use of a "resource" to help you in your search.

JADE

I don't even know where to start.

SHEILA

Try "Quicksilver" . . .

Jade looks her a question.

She looks to The Boss . . . He nods his approval.

SHEILA

We'd been given the opportunity to distribute a new designer drug -- "Quicksilver".

(beat)

It was passed on for various reasons.

Jade remains quizzical.

SHEILA

Sonny somehow sampled it . . . and enjoyed it enough to become an addict.

Jade internalizes this.

THE BOSS

(with finality)

Locate and dispose of him.

JADE

(knowingly)

. . . And then you'll dispose of me.

The Boss offers a surprisingly warm, paternal smile.

THE BOSS

I can be a forgiving me, Jade, so long as you . . .

From a desk drawer, he removes an item . . . Tosses it into Jade's lap.

THE BOSS

. . . do what needs doing.

Jade holds up the item . . .

The Daughter's pretty doll . . . Porcelain-white cheek soiled by a smidgen of blood.

EXT. MANILA AIRPORT - EVENING

Jade, no baggage, exits taxi. Crosses towards the entrance. Passes a newspaper rack . . .

INSERT - THE NEWSPAPER - is in Filipino . . . However, we recognize a photo of a familiar face . . . Sonny's blonde.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

TITLE CARD: LOS ANGELES - SEVERAL DAYS LATEREXT. PARKING LOT, SPIKE'S BAR - NIGHT

Beside an empty parking lot is a modest-sized bar. Its brick facade is painted a glossy purple-and-black.

A late-model Impala (with rental plates) parks along a row of aged, battered vehicles.

An undisclosed figure gets out . . .

INT. SPIKE'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

The interior is surprisingly spacious . . . but dank and cavernous, nevertheless. Sweat, smoke and sin poison the air.

The right side is an elongated bar running the wall . . . A small dance floor adjoined to a platform D.J. booth . . .

HIP-HOP MUSIC BLASTS from the wall speakers.

The left side is raised and consists of a row of five pool tables. Two of them are currently in use.

VARIOUS SHOTS - "THE CLIENTELE" -- range from merely sleazy to flagrantly scummy . . . A "dreg of society" would be an upgrade for most of them.

At the counter . . . The BARTENDER is a sexy Latina whose hard looks indicate from her you shouldn't order anything . . . but ask very politely.

Jade steps up . . . Looks harmless in an oversized, black suit.

JADE

I am looking for a man who's called Powder.

She sizes him up. Snorts.

BARTENDER

Don't you mean the "powder room", baby?

Nearby barflies -- the conscious ones -- chortle.

JADE

No. A man named Powder.

The Bartender ignores him, applying another layer of garish makeup.

JADE

May I look around?

BARTENDER

Its your funerals, Buddah.

Jade strolls along the bar . . .

Openly hostile looks from patrons in passing . . .

He comes to the last patron . . . An unbalanced-looking man, tittering to himself . . . A small duffle bag is clutched to his lap . . . He is SAWBOY -- The "why" comes later . . .

JADE

Are you Powder?

Sawboy doesn't respond . . . Lost in private dementia . . .

Jade taps him on the shoulder . . .

And instantaneously Sawboy is in his face:

SAWBOY

BBBBBBBZZZZZZ . . .

Jade poises for confrontation . . .

A nonchalant Sawboy, however, spins back in his seat. Resumes enjoying his private jokes.

On the dance floor, a wasted SKANK sways oblivious to the beat of the music . . . Tube top pulled down, exposing her drooping, tattooed breasts.

No one seems to pay her any mind . . .

Neither does Jade as he crosses the dance floor . . . Steps up into the pool table area . . .

At the first table, a pair of SKINHEADS shoot stick.

Jade comes up to them.

JADE
Are either of you Powder?

Without looking up, Skinhead #1 grunts.

SKINHEAD #2
Do we look like a nigger to you?!

Skinhead #2 barks at his friend:

SKINHEAD #1
Shut the fuck up, Hando!

IN THE D.J. BOOTH

The D.J. observes this . . . Switches music to something from the "Music To Kick Ass" collection . . . An appropriately PUNISHING BEAT fills the bar.

BACK TO SCENE

JADE
So you know him.

Skinhead #1 SNAPS his shot . . .

The eight ball heads for an easy sink in a far corner pocket . . .

. . . Until Jade snatches it up. Clutches it, tightly.

JADE
Where is Powder?

The closer Skinhead #2 abruptly charges at Jade . . . Throws a clumsy punch . . .

Jade catches it, mid-throw . . . Uses the momentum to spin Skinhead #2 around . . . Fiercely deposits it into a middle pocket . . .

Skinhead #2 GRUNTS . . .

Jade POUNDS his "balled" fist against his elbow . . .

SNAP! . . .

An agonizing Skinhead #2 falls to his knees. Screams at the sight of his mangled arm . . .

Skinhead #1 is dumbfounded . . . Frozen in place . . .

Jade casually re-addresses him:

JADE
Powder?

Skinhead #1 shades crimson with fury. Barks:

SKINHEAD #1
Suck my Aryan dick, you bonsai-trimming--

Jade loses patience. Fires off the eight ball . . .

THWACK! . . .

Skinhead #1 is BEAMED directly on his swastika-tattooed forehead . . . And down he goes, unconscious.

Jade looks back to a sobbing Skinhead #2, who has screamed himself hoarse.

JADE
Powder.

SKINHEAD #2
(pained rasp)
Fuck you!

Jade grabs another pair of pool balls . . .

CLACK! . . .

Simultaneously POUNDS them to both sides of his head . . .

Nap time for him, too.

Jade tosses off the balls . . . Walks up to the next occupied table . . .

A massive BIKER (in a "Disciples of Shit" biker jacket) has been watching on, impassively . . . His huge fist wields a cue stick.

BIKER
That was some fucked-up shit there,
man . . .

He suddenly appears impressed. Breaks into a friendly smile.

BIKER
Could you teach me?

JADE
Another time.

As he walks off, Biker flashes him a peace sign . . .

Jade heads back towards the bar . . . Back across the dance floor . . .

heads back for the bar, Biker flashes him a peace sign . . . Resumes with his game . . .

. . . And the Skank has inexplicably turned rabid . . . Leaps onto his back . . . Claws at his face . . .

Jade staggers around . . . Regains his backwards . . . Races backwards . . .

WHAM! . . .

The Skank is back-ended into a wooden pillar . . . Peels off his back like sunburned skin . . . Hits the ground, out . . .

Jade straightens up his seat . . . Back up to the bar . . . coolly dusts himself off . . . Addresses the Bartender:

JADE
(drolly)
Nice place you got here.

She starts to mouth off . . . Instead a SHRILL, HIGH SCREAM escapes her brown-lipstick mouth . . .

BBBBBZZZZZZZ!!!!!!

Jade spins around to . . . Faces the blade of a mini-chainsaw, covered in chunks of flesh and blood . . .

A cackling Sawboy clutches it like he is an offspring to Leatherface . . .

Jade ducks away from the bar . . . Stumbles onto the dance floor . . .

Sawboy wildly slices through the dank air . . . Occasionally comes within inches of Jade's well-being . . .

SAWBOY
(out of his gourd)
BBBBBBZZZZZZ!!!!!!

Jade suddenly finds himself pressed up against a pool table.

Sawboy cackles, approvingly . . . Swings down the blade towards Jade's head . . .

Jade suddenly does the splits . . . PUNCHES Sawboy in his exposed groin . . .

A gasping Sawboy spills forward . . . The blade devours the side of the table, spitting up cheap wood and green felt.

Jade straightens . . . KNEES Sawboy in the stomach.

OOMPPPHH!!!! . . .

Sawboy staggers backwards, weakly droning:

SAWBOY

bbbbzzzzz.....

Jade removes the imbedded chainsaw. Switches it off. Turns towards the woozy Sawboy.

THWACK! -- Viciously SMACKS him across the face with the inert blade! Blood and broken teeth spray out . . .

And Sawboy joins the rest of the class for nap time.

Jade returns to the Bartender, mascara-encrusted eyes wide with awe and lust.

BARTENDER

You saved my life . . . Wanna fuck?

JADE

Powder.

BARTENDER

Your loss.

The Bartender gestures off to the left -- the Men's Rest Room . . .

And as if on cue, out comes a Black man with a white afro and healing facial bruises. This guy has to be POWDER.

He zips up his pants . . . Accompanied by a SLEAZOID HOOKER, swilling her mouth clean with beer.

Jade rushes Powder. Grabs him by the hair. Yanks him out of the bar.

The Hooker shrugs to the Bartender . . . Resumes applying her makeup . . .

EXT. PARKING LOT, SPIKE'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

WHAM! -- Jade rams Powder's head against the car roof, rendering him dazed.

JADE

"Quicksilver" . . .

POWDER
Do I look like I surf?

BAM! -- Into the car roof again . . .

JADE
"Quicksilver".

POWDER
Go hang ten, bitch!

BAM! -- This one leaves a minor dent . . . as well as an open gash to Powder's head, turning his hair into cotton candy.

JADE
I can keep this doing this . . . The car is a rental.

POWDER
(panicked)
Alright! What do you want to know?

Jade tosses him to the ground. Presses his foot to his chest.

JADE
You sell it.

POWDER
I did! I did! But I stopped!

JADE
Why?

POWDER
Look at my fucking face, man! He did this to me when I ran out of the shit!

Jade stares deep into his eyes, reading them -- Is he telling the truth?

POWDER
Its true, man! I swear! Crazy fuck would have beat me dead if he had two good arms.

JADE
Something was wrong with his arm?

POWDER
The left one -- Must have been his "pitching arm".

JADE
Pitching arm?

POWDER
The arm a hype shoots up into.
(beat)
Can I go now?

Powder struggles to straighten up . . . but is pressed back down hard.

JADE
After you tell me who your main competitor is . . .

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - LATE NIGHT

Patrol units clutter the parking lot of a sleazy motel. Their siren lights reflect off the curious faces of the gathered, sordid onlookers.

An attractive, brunette woman moves purposefully through the crowd. She is **DETECTIVE ANITA MARIGOLD**, 33.

She comes up beside a SENTRY UNIFORM, staring off towards the motel room.

ANITA
You're facing the wrong way, Officer.

Sentry Uniform snaps his head.

SENTRY UNIFORM
Excuse me?

ANITA
What you should be watching is the crowd for suspicious faces. The perp often comes back to watch the crime scene.

Sentry Uniform looks at her, oddly.

Anita flashes her badge.

SENTRY UNIFORM
Sorry, Detective.
(making small talk)
So, what's up? "Buffy Slayer" at it again?

Anita glares at him.

ANITA

You call him that again and they'll be drawing a chalk outline around you.

Sentry Uniform throws up his hands, placating.

Anita passes under the tape. Walks off.

ON THE CROWD - Amongst the many curious faces is Jade, studying Anita.

INT. SONNY'S ROOM, COME & GO MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Anita appears in the doorway. Observes an INVESTIGATIVE TEAM working the motel room.

She reaches into his leather jacket. Pulls out surgical gloves. Slips into them.

Anita walks up to the body . . .

Grisly in a word . . . A young, nude woman strapped to a chair with masking tape . . . Her skin is sickly, ashen . . . Head strewn back to reveal a sloppily severed throat.

Anita kneels beside the body. Stares sadly at the woman's anguished face.

ANITA

(to body)

What'd you deserve to die like this, girl? . . . Besides being a blonde.

Behind her, a pair of DETECTIVES (#1, #2) smirk at each other, amused.

DETECTIVE #1

I wouldn't wait for a reply, Marigold. Looks like the quiet type to me.

Anita snaps her head to them.

ANITA

(not missing a beat)

Unlike you're wife, Linney, who I hear is a real screamer . . . At least that's what your partner's saying.

She winks conspiratorially at Detective #2.

ANITA

Right, Halsey?

Anita pulls in tight on the wound . . . Dark, congealed blood . . . with strange, tiny white specks . . .

ANITA
. . . 'the hell?

The CORONER appears at her side. Nods, knowingly.

Behind, the Detectives are (ADLIB) arguing with each other.

CORONER
Hemaphelona.

ANITA
Huh?

CORONER
Victim looks to have had it -- a rare blood disease.

ANITA
Tell me its contagious and instantly fatal . . .

CORONER
I know how bad you want this guy, Anita, but you're shit out of luck on that one.

She sighs, heavily.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Anita crosses towards the outskirts of the lot. Sips from a piping hot cup of Starbucks coffee.

Arriving at her Cherokee, she unlocks the door. Climbs inside.

INT. CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

Anita slips behind the wheel. Slips the key into the ignition. Inexplicably sits back. Starts for another sip . . .

. . . Hurls the coffee backwards . . . Sudden movement . . .

The seat belt is yanked across her chest, strapping her in . . . and unable to reach for her shoulder-rigged holster.

Jade appears behind her. Face steaming and bright-pink . . . Yet he makes no acknowledgement of any pain.

He swiftly snatches her Glock. Retakes his position.

ANITA
 (decisively)
 You might as well pull the trigger
 because there's no goddamned way I'm
 your next victim.

JADE
 I am not your killer.

ANITA
 But I get the impression you have
 killed before.

JADE
 Drive.

ANITA
 Where to?
 (smartass)
 How about Starbucks?

JADE
 Just around.

He releases the seat belt restraint.

Anita starts up the Cherokee.

JADE
 Don't try anything with your driving.

ANITA
 (feeling it)
 Not with that gun in my back.

She pulls out.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - A SHORT TIME LATER

As the Cherokee drives along, the late hour has left the
 streets virtually devoid of life . . .

INT. CHEROKEE - SAME - (MOVING)

ANITA
 So how do you know my name?

JADE
 You are considered a "resource",
Detective.

ANITA
 Resource?! What the hell does that
 mean?!

JADE

Years ago, you had a "private matter"
that needed resolving . . .

Anita suddenly appears weighed down with exhaustion . . . but
a slight glimmer of relief, as well.

JADE (CONT'D)

. . . you required assistance outside of
the law and were told, in exchange, you
may be required to return the favor--

ANITA

(snaps)

Alright! I remember, okay?! What the
fuck is it you want?!

JADE

"Los Latinos Muertos".

ANITA

"The Dead Latinos"? You talking about
the street gang?

JADE

Yes.

ANITA

They pretty much rule Boyle Heights.

JADE

I'm looking for one in particular . . .
Romeo -- a drug dealer.

ANITA

There I can't really help you. I'm
Homicide-Robbery . . . not Vice or
C.R.A.S.H.

JADE

But you know someone who can help.

She sighs, heavily. Reaches into her jacket . . . Grunts
from the pressed being pushed harder to her back.

ANITA

My cell. I need to make a call.

Jade eases back in his seat.

Anita punches in a number. Waits . . .

ANITA
 (small talk)
 C.R.A.S.H. Unit . . . Hey, Sylvester,
 how's tricks? . . . Yeah . . . Like my
 mom says, "You learn something new
 everyday". Who knew it'd be how to
 "ghost" somebody? . . . Look, I need a
 little info . . .

INT. BEDROOM, UNDISCLOSED HOUSE - SAME TIME

TIGHT SHOT - A sweaty Sonny sits on the bed. His soiled
 shirt is rolled up at the sleeve . . . revealing . . .

. . . A broiled left arm . . . Two fingers bent crooked and
 broken . . . Results of the exploding security pad.

SONNY
 (babbling, seemingly to his
 hand)
 You need to do this! . . . Its not just
 an "errand" . . . I'm sending a "personal
 message" here! . . .
 (crazed giggle)
 Otherwise, what am I doing in this
 fucking place?! . . . They'll find me
 here! That's why this needs to be done
 soon . . . As soon as possible . . .
 then comes paradise!

OFFSCREEN, we hear SOFT WHIMPERING.

SONNY
 (responding)
 Absolutely right! . . . We will need to
 stock up! . . . I'm just about to go and
 take care of that! But until then . . .

He fumbles into his pocket. Removes a familiar silver
 packet. Pours its limited contents onto the bedside table.

SONNY
 . . . some temporary bliss.

Sonny leans over. Clumsily begins snorting it up . . .

ON "QUICKSILVER" - Some of the shiny powder spills onto the
 carpet . . . It glimmers noticeably against the worn, dirt-
 black carpeting.

BACK ON SONNY - He surges with rejuvenation. Exclaims with
 elation. Intentionally slams his left hand against the wall.

We hear the sickening RATTLE of loose bone fragments.

Sonny, however, doesn't feel a thing . . . except pure euphoria.

EXT. BOYLE HEIGHTS NEIGHBORHOOD - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

One of the worst areas of East Los Angeles -- Bloody sidewalks and overlapping graffiti are considered the "local color".

FOCUS on an average clapboard-style home. Its most prominent features are . . . A thick-metal front door (painted the same light-blue as the facade to mask this) and a tricked-out SUV in the driveway -- The key signs of drug dealer's lair.

Despite the late hour, the interior lights burn brightly . . . MALE LAUGHTER is heard from within . . .

This will be known as Romeo's crib . . .

INT. LIVING ROOM, ROMEO'S CRIB - SAME

In contrast, the interior is exorbitantly gaudy in its furnishings and decoration . . .

Most prominent is an elaborate entertainment center sprawled across an entire wall -- Hi-tech DVD player, plasma-screen T.V., home stereo system.

THREE "LOS MUERTOS LATINOS" HOMEBOYS -- "Dia de los Muertos" skulls tattooed on their shaved heads -- sit on the couch, getting high and playing PlayStation . . .

The variant is a fourth man . . . Not dressed in gang wear but a stylishly expensive suit. A hundred-dollar haircut flatters his model-handsome face. This is ROMEO, 24.

HOMEBOY #1

(re: video game)

Ahhh, man, that's bullshit! Blood don't shoot out somebody's head like that!

Romeo appears irritated with them:

ROMEO

Hey, assholes, you hear what I'm saying?! I don't want you underestimating this fucking guy!

HOMEBOY #2

(distracted, playing game)

What are you worried about, Homes?! He's just another fucking junkie!

It falls on deaf ears.

ROMEO
 (more to himself)
 There's something about this guy . . .

Romeo grunts, annoyed. Disapprovingly addresses the video game in play:

ROMEO
 And what's this hockey shit?! Mexicans
 don't play no fucking hockey!

A KNOCK at the door.

ROMEO
 That's him. Get your shit in place.

HOMEBOY #3
 Put the game on "pause", eh.

The Homeboys kill the game. Position themselves around the living room.

Romeo answers the door . . .

Its a somewhat wired Sonny. He wears a long sleeve shirt, leather gloves to conceal his bad arm.

(NOTE: Despite their pleasant conversation, there is an underlying, seething hatred between these two men.)

SONNY
 Romeo . . . Romeo . . . Romeo . . .

ROMEO
 Wha's up, my dog? Get your ass in
 here.

Sonny enters.

The others acknowledge him with a head nod. Casually resume their previous activity . . .

A little too casual for Sonny. Eyes narrowing for a brief instant. Emits a friendly laugh.

SONNY
 I hope you don't mind me coming down
 so late, bro.

ROMEO
 Don't sweat it, Homes. I'm one of those
 all-night pharmacies.

They share a laugh.

SONNY
Trust me. This'll definitely be worth
your time.

ROMEO
What's up, dog? What's up?

SONNY
I wanna buy all your "Quicksilver".

Romeo is taken aback.

ROMEO
What?! Are you serious?!

SONNY
Serious as a busted condom.

ROMEO
You know you can't get this shit just
anywhere . . .

SONNY
Exactly.

ROMEO
So you know it don't come cheap.

SONNY
Right.

ROMEO
And you got that kind of money?

Sonny nods impatiently.

ROMEO
With you?

Sonny smirks at him, amused.

SONNY
Its around. What about the "Quick"?

ROMEO
(slyly)
Its in a safe place.

Sonny is growing impatient.

SONNY
So, we gonna do this, bro, or what?

ROMEO
I don't think so.

The building tension is palpable.

SONNY
Why not?

ROMEO
Because you're trying to fuck me.

Sonny flashes a hard, carnivorous smile.

SONNY
I know you're pretty . . . But you're
not that pretty . . . bitch.

Romeo chuckles, harshly.

ROMEO
You think I'm gonna sell you all my
"Quick" and then let you put me outta
business?!
(to his boys)
Do this!

Homeboy #1 -- the nearest -- grabs Sonny from behind. Forces his arms behind his back.

Sonny slightly winces . . . but is immediately replaced by a cocky expression.

Homeboys #2, #3 draw hand-cannons. Appear within a couple of feet of Sonny, weapons leveled at his head.

Romeo, meanwhile, has worked himself up into a lather. Barks into Sonny's face:

ROMEO
Bitch, huh?! Bitch?!

He PUNCHES him squarely in the face.

. . . Sonny doesn't even flinch . . . Only his bleeding nostril shows any effect of the hit.

ROMEO
(self-satisfied)
How's that for a bitch?!

Sonny puckers his lips. Kisses off.

A crimson Romeo PUNCHES him in the gut . . .

This time, Sonny does respond . . . Folds over, grunting
 . . . Takes a few, hard gulps of air . . . Straightens . . .

The smug look is gone . . .

ROMEO
 Maricone!

The other chuckle.

ROMEO
 (to Homeboy #2)
 The watch.

Homeboy #2 slips away his gun. Retrieves the watch off
 Sonny's wrist.

Romeo takes it. Looks it over.

ROMEO
 Nice. Real nice. Never seen one like
 this before.

SONNY
 It was specially made.

Romeo slips on the watch. Admires it on his wrist. Casually
 addresses Sonny:

ROMEO
 I promise you grave'll be made specific
 for you, too.

The others chuckle.

Romeo now meets his eyes . . .

ROMEO
 After you hand over the money.
 (beat)
 You weren't bullshitting about that were
 you, dog?

SONNY
 No. Of course not.

ROMEO
 So where is it?

SONNY
 In my wallet.

An amused Romeo exchanges incredulous looks with the
 Homeboys.

ROMEO

How much you think you were getting all
my "Quick" for?! A hundred bucks?!

SONNY

(smiling)

I was thinking more like seventy-five
. . . and some change.

Everyone bursts out laughing to the audacity of this . . .
Sonny, in particular.

ROMEO

(to Homeboy #2)

See how much this asshole has in his
wallet.

Homeboy #2 snatches the wallet from Sonny's pocket. Opens
it up . . .

HOMEBOY #2

Ain't got nothing in here but a couple
of credit cards!

Sonny's smirk transforms into a sneer . . .

SONNY

You guys take plastic?

More, harder laughter.

Homeboy #3 is choked chokes on a guffaw, momentarily lowers
his gun to his side.

And Sonny sees his opportunity arise . . .

He viciously reserve HEAD-BUTTS Homeboy #1 . . .

CRACK! . . . Homeboy #1 grabs onto his busted nose, releasing
Sonny . . . He YOWLS with sheer pain . . .

Sonny snags the wallet from Homeboy #2 . . . Pulls out the
three credit card, fans them out . . .

SONNY

(re: credit cards)

Good. 'Cause these are made out of
steel.

He SLASHES the makeshift blade across Homeboy #3's throat
. . . Blood instantly sprays from his severed jugular . . .

Sonny doesn't even blink . . . Grabs Homeboy #3's gun-
clutching, right hand . . .

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! . . . Three shots directly into Homeboy #2's death-decorated head.

Sonny spins the dying Homeboy #3 around to a stunned Romeo . . . Hand-cannon now aimed point blank at his heart.

Romeo is literally quaking with fear.

SONNY
Where's the "Quick"?

ROMEO
(without hesitation)
A floor safe in the closet. Hidden under the carpet. The combo is thirty-one/twelve/sixty-four.
(beat)
Hey, you're not gonna kill me now, are you, dog?

Sonny discards the now-dead Homeboy #3 (and weapon) . . . without ever looking away from Romeo.

SONNY
(groans)
In a safe place?

Romeo chuckles, nervously.

SONNY
For that joke alone . . . Yes, I am going to kill you.

He latches onto Romeo's head. Fiercely yanks him around the room . . .

CRASH! . . . And literally SLAMS Romeo's head through the plasma screen T.V. . . .

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE ROMEO'S CRIB/BOYLE HEIGHTS - SAME TIME

As the COLLISION ECHOES across the quiet street, Anita's Cherokee arrives . . .

INT./EXT. CHEROKEE - SAME

Jade shoves open the back door.

JADE
Wait here!

He bolts towards the house.

ANITA
 (to herself)
 Fuck that!

Now freed, she raises her right leg . . . Pulls up her pants cuff revealing a .45 revolver . . . Draws it from its ankle-holster. . .

INT. BEDROOM, ROMEO'S CRIB - MEANWHILE

Carpet ripped aside, Sonny removes from the open safe a thick, metallic briefcase . . .

. . . which he suddenly uses to shield himself on the right side . . .

THWIP! . . . A blasted hole appears at its center . . . sprays glittery powder into the air . . .

RACK FOCUS reveals Jade in the doorway, clutching his smoking handgun . . .

The impact has slammed Sonny against the side of the bed. He, however, still retains the briefcase in his hands . . .

Jade is poised to fire again . . . Until the briefcase comes hurdling towards him . . . Swiftly dodges it . . .

. . . but "Quicksilver" residue gets into his eyes, momentarily blinding him . . .

Sonny seizes the moment to draw his weapon . . . WILDLY OPEN FIRE . . .

Jade throws himself aside, out of the doorway . . . and back into the hall . . .

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! . . . Sonny continues shooting while disappearing through an adjacent door . . .

INT. LIVING ROOM, ROMEO'S CRIB - CONTINUOUS

. . . and finds himself back amongst the dead.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 Goal!

Sonny spins himself around . . .

. . . the late Romeo, head smoking and aflame, from the electrically surging T.V. set . . . So its pretty obvious he's not talking . . .

. . . In fact, the automated voice belongs to that of the
busted hockey video game . . .

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Goal! . . . Goal! . . . Goal! . . .

Sonny scurries for the front door . . . which suddenly flies
open to reveal . . .

A firing-positioned Anita, gun leveled!

ANITA

Police! Drop--!

Without hesitation, Sonny FIRES OFF at her . . .

The first shot grazes her head . . . The next bullet is more
intent on making a lasting impression . . .

CLANG! . . . but instead finds itself imbedded in the metal-
plating of the front door . . .

. . . which Anita has wisely yanked shut before her!

Sonny twirls back around . . . Bolts into the adjacent
kitchen . . .

INT. KITCHEN, ROMEO'S CRIB - CONTINUOUS

. . . Speeds towards its rear door . . . Pulls it open . . .

THWIP! . . . Another shot BLASTS its viewing window into a
hail of glass shards . . .

The door's viewing window EXPLODES into a hail of glass . . .

Sonny cries out . . . Throws himself through the door . . .

Beat.

Jade goes after him . . .

EXT. PORCH, ROMEO'S CRIB - CONTINUOUS

. . . and steps out to have a large, bloody glass shard
pressed to his throat . . .

Sonny clutches it, behind him.

SONNY

Lose the tools, Bro.

Jade fails to oblige, defiantly.

SONNY

You know what I'm capable of . . . so you really need to do this.

Jade grudgingly tosses the guns into a bush.

SONNY

Its good to see you. Your timing is perfect, too. Gave me enough time to get set to handle a "personal matter".
(harsh chuckle)
Speaking of . . . How's the family?

JADE

(stating a fact)
I look forward to killing you.

SONNY

The feeling is mutual, Bro . . .

He pokes Jade in the neck . . . drawing a trick of blood.

SONNY

But if I do that now, I spoil the big surprise.

JADE

(despite himself)
What surprise?

SONNY

If I told you . . . then it wouldn't be a surprise. Right?

Sonny, with his free hand, delivery a powerful blow to Jade's nape . . . Hits a pressure point . . .

Jade crumples to the floor, momentarily paralyzed.

Sonny takes off . . . Hurdles a fence . . . Vanishes into the dark alley . . .

In the near distance, POLICE SIRENS APPROACH.

Anita appears on the porch. Stops beside Jade.

ANITA

What happened? Are you alright?

Jade straightens up.

JADE

Yeah. He got away.

ANITA
 (re: sirens)
 And right now you need to do the same.
 There's a church about three blocks south
 of here. Wait for me there.

INT. BATHROOM, UNDISCLOSED HOUSE - A SHORT TIME LATER

Sonny efficiently uses a hook and fishing line to stitch up
 an open, side wound . . . Its the size of the glass shard.

SONNY
 Shit's changed and playtime is over! No
 more practice! No more fucking around!
 Business needs to be handled soon!

Sonny finishes up. Ties off the line. Examines his work in
 the sink mirror . . . Ugly but successful -- No blood flow.

SONNY
 So I'm gonna need some cooperation . . .

He steps into the next room . . .

INT. BEDROOM, UNDISCLOSED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

. . . and comes up to a terrified Black woman, mid-50s . . .
 Strapped to a chair with masking tape.

SONNY
 What do you think, Essie?

He feigns scrutinizing her face.

SONNY
 Would you mind if I called you Bethany?

On his demented chuckle, the CAMERA PANS ALONG . . .

ARRIVES on a home computer, switched on . . .

MATCH CUT:

A LAPTOP COMPUTER - Its screen repeatedly FLASHING.

FRAME WIDENS to reveal out whereabouts:

INT. BEDROOM, HOTEL SUITE - LIMITED LIGHTING - LATER

A darkened suite bedroom . . . The only light comes from the
 monitor screen . . . and a dimly-lit bedside lamp.

PAN OVER TO a female figure sitting atop the bed. She is
 speaking on the phone.

Her identity is concealed in shadow . . . However, her British accent gives it away:

SHEILA'S VOICE (O.S.)

(into phone)

It occurred a few moments ago . . . He tripped one of the several "wires" I set all about the Internet . . . He got the info off the Post Office database, privy exclusively to its employees . . . Yes, the necessary alterations have been made . . . Ciao.

As she hangs up the phone, we catch a glimpse of her off the bedside lamp . . .

. . . And its a completely different Sheila -- Green contact lenses and dyed, extended blonde hair!

INT. LIVING ROOM, BAXTER'S CRIB - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

DETECTIVES, FORENSICS work the bloody aftermath.

Off to the side, Anita is being questioned by LIEUTENANT BAXTER.

BAXTER

(skeptically)

. . . And you just found them like this.

ANITA

Look, Baxter--

BAXTER

(ired)

Lieutenant Baxter, to you, Detective.

(bitter)

You're Robbery-Homicide . . . not my superior officer.

Anita rolls her eyes to herself.

BAXTER

Now, tell me again how you even ended up here.

ANITA

There was a call on the tip hotline--

BAXTER

And they asked specifically for you?

ANITA

Yes.

BAXTER

So you take the call . . .

ANITA

No. I was at a crime scene--

BAXTER

For the latest "Buffy Slaying"?

Anita fights back a smart comment. Bites her lip . . . And simply nods her head.

BAXTER

What was the message?

ANITA

I was given this address and told I should check it out.

BAXTER

I wanna hear what they said verbatim. Every word, every syllable.

Anita has pretty much had it with him.

ANITA

Should I do a funny accent, too?

BAXTER

What, you being a smartass now?

ANITA

Not now. Since birth.

Baxter grows heated.

BAXTER

I'd be very cautious, Marigold. You are in a bad situation. "Stumbling" onto a fresh -- by minutes -- crime scene and then having a story that has more holes in it than . . .

(gestures to Homeboy #2 corpse)
. . . him.

They are suddenly distracted by:

DETECTIVE #3

(aloud)

What the hell did this?!

Baxter, Anita look over . . .

DETECTIVE #3 is knelt over Homeboy #3, studying the triple-tiered slash to his throat.

Anita joins him. Checks it out for herself.

ANITA

That's a new one on me.

DETECTIVE #4 is beside Romeo's . . . Clearly more interested in the watch than the corpse . . .

DETECTIVE #4

Whoever we're dealing with doesn't have much taste . . .

He removes Sonny's timepiece. Admires its craftsmanship.

DETECTIVE #4

Sweet!

DETECTIVE #3

Just see to that its dropped into an evidence bag . . . and not your pocket.

Chuckles.

Detective #4 starts to straighten. Still gazing adoringly at the timepiece.

BAXTER

(like a scolding father)

Marigold, I'm not done with you. Get back over here.

A "Fuck You" forms on Anita's lips . . . But before she can give it verbal life . . .

DETECTIVE #4

Shit!

. . . As the watch slips from his fingers . . .

ON THE WATCH - as it FALLS through the air . . . HITS the ground . . .

CLICK! . . . Its back opens to expose a hidden compartment.

INSERT - THE REAR COMPARTMENT - contains razor-thin wire coiled up into a small spool . . .

The others look over. Gather around him.

DETECTIVE #3

Looks like some form of garrote.

DETECTIVE #4'S VOICE (O.S.)
Used recently, too. The blood on it
looks kind of fresh.

BACK TO SCENE

Dead silence . . . Looks are exchanged . . .

A dark thought crosses Anita's mind.

ANITA
Can I see that please?

Detective #4 drops it in an evidence bag. Hands it to her.

BAXTER
(pissed)
Marigold!

She ignores him. Scrutinizes it.

INSERT - (THROUGH THE BAG) - THE REAR COMPARTMENT - is
covered in blood . . . with little, white specks.

ANITA'S VOICE (O.S.)
Somebody get the Coroner down here.

INT. CHURCH - EARLY MORNING

Jade sits at a pew. Stares blankly at the enormous
crucifixion hanging over the altar.

ON JESUS - Jesus stares back. Despite his anguish, his
eyes are alive with heartfelt compassion.

BACK TO SCENE

Jet lag suddenly settles upon Jade . . . His eyelids grow
heavy . . . And sleepiness overcomes him . . .

DISTORTED IMAGE . . . A different crucifix over a different
alter . . .

The CAMERA WHIP PANS over to . . .

TEEN JADE . . . A boyish faced eighteen-years-old . . . His
eyes, however, are wearied from too often viewing the
unspeakable . . .

INT. CHURCH, MANILA - (FLASHBACK)

An ancient, Gothic church in Manila.

A skittish Jade watches a mature priest -- FATHER GARCIA -- approach him with a familiar, but cautious, smile.

FATHER GARCIA
Hello, Jade.

JADE
(anxious)
You wanted to see me, Father?

Father Garcia instinctively kneels . . . Crosses himself
. . . Sits down at a pew . . .

FATHER GARCIA
Please sit.

Jade hesitates.

FATHER GARCIA
Its okay. You can just sit down.

Jade obliges . . . but keeps a safe distance between them.

Father Garcia contemplates his thoughts . . . Chooses his words carefully before speaking:

FATHER GARCIA
Jade, I've heard some very . . .
troubling things about you lately.

JADE
(exasperated)
From my mom.

FATHER GARCIA
Its not just her anymore. Others are
starting to talk as well.

JADE
(smart ass)
Father, isn't spreading rumors a sin?

FATHER GARCIA
Not if their true, Jade . . .
(beat)
Are they?

Jade averts his eyes . . . Shifts uncomfortably.

FATHER GARCIA (CONT'D)
If you feel more comfortable, we could
step into the confession booth.

JADE
 (scoffing)
 Comfortable? That thing reminds me of
 a coffin.

FATHER GARCIA
 Okay. Then if you need to confess, we
 can do it right here . . .

Beat.

JADE
 (softly)
 You don't wanna hear what I have to
 confess . . . Not here.

FATHER GARCIA
 Jade, you can say anything in the house
 of God.

Jade suddenly erupts:

JADE
 God's never been to my house!

Father Garcia jerks back, terrified.

Jade snorts, disgusting -- How fleeting the faith of this
 "man of the cloth".

Father Garcia sees this . . . Quickly composes himself . . .

However, the damage has been done . . .

Jade clears the pew . . . Stands in the aisle . . .

JADE (CONT'D)
 Instead of telling you something, Father
 Garcia, I'll ask you a question.

FATHER GARCIA
 Please . . .

JADE
 If I've killed many, will I burn any
 deeper in Hell than if it was just one?

Father Garcia has no answer.

JADE
 That's what I thought. Goodbye, Father.

Jade walks off.

Father Garcia stares after him, saddened and defeated.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - (PRESENT DAY)

Jade snaps awake . . . A hand on his shoulder . . . Twists it at the wrist . . .

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)
Owww, goddamnit!

He recognizes it . . . Instantly releases hold . . .

REVEAL Anita caresses herself . . . Inexplicably appears abashed . . .

ANITA
(scoldingly to Jade)
See what you made me do!

She contritely crosses herself.

JADE
(observing this)
I take it you believe in God.

ANITA
(pleased)
More than ever tonight.

JADE
Why is that?

ANITA
The serial killings are over.

JADE
Congratulations.

ANITA
(grudgingly)
And . . . despite myself . . . I have you to thank.

JADE
Me?

ANITA
Well, you . . . and your "friend".

JADE
Sonny?

ANITA

One of the guys he killed was . . .
 (distastefully)
 . . . "The Buffy Slayer".
 (beat)
 Hell of a coincidence, huh? But I guess
 Karma is a bitch.

JADE

How'd you identify him as the killer?

ANITA

Murder weapon was found on him -- A watch
 with a hidden garrote.

Jade is troubled.

ANITA

What's wrong?

JADE

Was it bulky, silver-platted with a
 onyx-black face?

Anita is taken aback.

ANITA

How do you know that?!

JADE

Because it belongs to Sonny.

ANITA

So you're guy . . . is my serial killer?!
 (blown away)
 Fuck me.

Anita quickly crosses herself again.

JADE

We now share the motivation to "dispose"
 of him.

She reacts.

ANITA

Dispose?! What do you mean by that?

JADE

My English is fairly good . . . so I
 believe you know my meaning.

ANITA
 (defensively)
 Look, whatever it is you know about
 my past--

JADE
 I know nothing of it.

She finds herself startled, yet again.

ANITA
 You don't?!
 (quickly recovers)
 Look, I'm a cop. My job description does
 not include "taking out" people . . .
 (with cryptic heaviness)
 . . . unless I'm left with no other
 choice.

JADE
 I'm not asking you to pull the trigger
 . . . just allow me to do what needs
 doing.

She stares evenly at him

ANITA
 I guess we're just gonna have to burn
 that bridge when we get to it.
 (beat)
 So how do we catch Sonny the scumbag?

JADE
 I've got an idea.

EXT. CHATSWORTH NEIGHBORHOOD - EARLY MORNING

A quiet, upper-class section of the Valley 'burbs . . .

SERIES OF SHOTS -

A paperboy rides his bike, distributing the morning
 news . . .

An older man walks his dog . . .

A M.I.L.F. walks her child to school . . .

END SERIES

The CAMERA FOLLOWS a late-model SUV cruising down the tree-
 lined street. It then pulls into . . .

EXT. LINQUIST HOME - CONTINUOUS

. . . the driveway of a duo-leveled, traditional home . . . right down to the white picket fencing.

Beat.

Out steps . . .

A beautifully aged blonde woman . . . Despite baggy gym attire, her still shapely body is prominent . . . She is BETHANY LINQUIST, 39.

She unlocks the front door. Enters . . .

INT. LIVING ROOM, LINQUIST HOME - CONTINUOUS

. . . immediately locks the door behind her.

SHEILA'S VOICE (O.S.)
Bethany Linquist?

Bethany spins around, startled.

ANOTHER ANGLE - The "new" Sheila sits comfortably in a chair, facing her. A gun rests flaccidly in her hand.

SHEILA
The Roger thing still have you a bit rattled after all these years, does it?

BETHANY
Who-Who are you?

SHEILA
You can just call me . . . Fate.

The gun erects in her hand . . .

THWAP! . . .

The bullet pierces Bethany's right eye, instantaneously killing her.

EXT. AMERICANA PUBLISHING - EARLY MORNING

A small, non-descriptive office located in a rather unsavory area of downtown Los Angeles. All its windows have been painted over with black paint.

The Cherokee is discreetly parked further back on the street.

INT. CHEROKEE - SAME

Anita sips a cup of coffee. Looks to Jade, staring intently at the building.

ANITA
(impishly)
Want some?

She offers the cup to him . . . Feigns nearly hurling it in his face . . .

ANITA
Oops.

And then something amazing happens . . . Jade smiles!

Anita is just as shocked by it as we, the audience.

ANITA (CONT'D)
So Sonny used to read this porn magazine called "Wet Work".

JADE
Not just porn. More . . . extreme.

ANITA
What do you mean?

Jade's attention, however, has been re-directed to the Americana Publishing office.

JADE
Someone is here.

THROUGH THE FRONT WINDSHIELD - A late-model Cadillac directly before the building.

Beat.

The driver steps out . . .

He is a still-virile, mid-50s man . . . His grey hair is cropped military-style . . .

Then comes the passenger . . .

A tiny, Asian woman in her late 20s . . . Dressed in a tight blouse, mini-skirt outlining her petite frame . . .

She rushes past the man to unlock the office door . . . Even holds it open for him . . .

They enter the building.

BACK TO SCENE

Jade starts to climb out . . .

ANITA

Wait.

He looks to her, quizzically.

ANITA

Give them a few minutes to get themselves settled in.

JADE

I don't understand.

ANITA

Lets them feel comfortable and in control of their environment . . . which makes it easier to throw them off-balance and take control of the situation.

JADE

I have a peculiar feeling that man doesn't get out of control.

ANITA

All the more reason . . .
(checks her watch)
We'll give them fifteen minutes.

INT. OUTER OFFICE, AMERICANA PUBLISHING - CONTINUOUS

They enter the office, which is decorated in Vietnam war memorabilia . . .

. . . Are those rotted, severed ears displayed the glass case for real?!

Seated at the reception desk is the Asian woman -- MIHN, 26. Her girlish face is marred by a black eye . . . only faintly concealed from heavy makeup.

MIHN

(Vietnamese accent)
May I help?

Anita flashes her badge.

Mihn reacts. Eyes widening.

ANITA

We'd like to speak with Travis Penton.

MIHN

Not in.

Anita sighs, heavily.

ANITA

Look, we don't have ti--

As Mihn turns defensive, her English breaks up and voice loudens:

MIHN

Can't send me back! . . . Me . . . Travis
married . . . We make happy! . . . Happy
together! . . . I citizen now! . . .
American citizen! I free American!

ANITA

(impatiently)

Hey, we're not from Immigration!
Alright?! So settle down!

The other door opens up . . .

A head pops out . . . Its the older man -- PENTON.

PENTON

What the fuck is going on out here?!

Anita turns to him, flashing her badge.

Penton scowls . . . And then holds open the door for them.

INT. PENTON'S OFFICE, AMERICANA PUBLISHING - CONTINUOUS

The inner office is fairly bland in comparison to the jingoistic outer one . . . Save for a pair of framed, poster-sized magazine covers . . .

The one for the familiar "WET WORK" features two scantily-clad women consumed in a passionate kiss . . . with knives poised at each other throats.

The other is "COMMANDHO'S" with a sexy woman squeezing her massive breasts together with a pair of guns.

Anita stares at them, literally shaking.

From behind his desk, Penton is amused by her reaction. He wears a sadistic grin . . . emphasized by a long, nasty scar running down his left cheek.

PENTON

Interested in a subscription, Officer?

Anita has been rendered speechless. Tears well up in her eyes -- Rage? Despair? . . . Probably a mixed cocktail.

JADE

We believe your magazine to be connected to a murder.

Penton conveys his utter disgust at having to even address Jade in a tone spewing bile:

PENTON

Here to "interrogate" me, Zipperhead?
Forget the bamboo canes and starving rats?

Jade, of course, remains cool and poker-faced.

JADE

We'd appreciate your help.

PENTON

And I'd appreciate adding your left ear to my collection.
(malevolent)
How about I go first?

Anita seems to have recovered . . . And then some . . .
Ready to jump across the desk at any given moment . . .

ANITA

Hey, dickhead, don't talk to my partner like that again.
(beat)
Now its really in your best interest to help us out.

An exasperated Penton slouches back in his seat. Familiarly drones out the following:

PENTON

"All images in this publication are purely of a fictitious nature. No women have been harmed or injured. We do not condone any of the included scenarios to be performed in real life and are not responsible for any subsequent injury or deaths".

(normal tone)

You can read it at the bottom of every page of every issue. So if some psycho--

ANITA

We're only interested in the ads selling specialty weapons.

JADE

Does "Bullet With Your Name On It, Inc." sound familiar to you?

PENTON

(defiantly)

So what if it does.

ANITA

We'd like you give them a call and get information on a particular customer.

Penton gives them "Yeah, right" roll of the eyes.

ANITA

You don't help us and I might have to have your "marriage" looked into . . .

(point to eye -- re:

Mihn's blackened one)

. . . which'll probably be the best thing for her.

Penton snorts. Waves a dismissive hand.

PENTON

Do whatever the fuck you want with the yellow slut.

(cruel smile)

I already have.

(beat)

Gave her enough "war wounds" to fondly remember me by, too.

ANITA

But I'm sure none are as pretty as that one decorating your cheek.

Tag! -- Penton momentarily appears downright homicidal . . . before he re-composes himself. Speaks evenly:

PENTON

We're done here. You got any more questions? Call my lawyer.

(pulls out his wallet)

I'll even give you his card.

He opens the wallet . . . Swiftly removes . . . Not a business card but a trio of . . . credit cards . . .

ON ANITA - struck by a thought . . .

FLASH CUT:

CLOSE UP - THE ODD SLASHES - to Homeboy #3's throat . . .

FLASH CUT BACK TO:

INT. PENTON'S OFFICE - AMERICANA PUBLISHING - SAME

Just as Penton fans them out . . .

Anita latches onto his wrist, twists it backward. Pins it down onto the desk.

Penton grunts. Releases the cards. Spits in Anita's face.

PENTON
(enraged)
Bitch!

WHAM! -- She punches him squarely in the face.

Jade casually watches on.

JADE
I'll be outside if you need me.

And he strolls right out of there.

This temporarily distracts Anita . . .

. . . and allows Penton to grab her hair . . .

BAM! . . . and slam her head down against the desk.

She stumbles back, dazed. Attempts to compose herself . . .

A raging Penton comes from around the desk . . .

PENTON
You wanna play, Little Girl?! Then
lets have at it . . .

He charges at her like a rampant bull . . .

. . . and the overacting Anita spins aside as he stumbles forward . . . delivers a brutal kick to his shin . . .

CRACK!

Penton HOWLS . . . but his pain doesn't end there . . .

CRASH! -- His head collides into the poster case . . . Glass fragments rain down upon his bloodied head . . .

INT. OUTER OFFICE, AMERICANA PUBLISHING

Upon hearing the percussion, Mihn frantically screams in her native tongue . . . Bolts for the office door . . .

Jade casually grabs her arm. Gently pulls her back.

MIHN

What go on there! What go on! What
kind police are you! Bad police!

JADE

(matter-of-factly)
When you divorce in this state, you
get half of everything.

Mihn internalizes this . . . Calmly returns to her seat
behind the desk.

Jade stares at her computer monitor.

JADE

Maybe you can help me . . .

INT. PENTON'S OFFICE - AMERICANA PUBLISHING - MEANWHILE

Anita is knelt beside a near-unconscious Penton. She has
a glass shard pressed to his unmarked cheek.

ANITA

Got something to tell me, shithead?!

A tentative KNOCK on the door.

Anita looks over, perplexed.

Jade sheepishly enters, as if interrupting a meeting . . .
instead of a resolved death match.

JADE

(re: glass shard)
Doesn't anyone use a knife anymore?

ANITA

Getting ready to give him a fresh war
wound.

JADE

I got the information we need.

She reacts.

ANITA

How?!

Mihn appears beside him . . . Takes in her brutalized husband
. . . and quickly conceals a smile.

EXT. AMERICANA PUBLICATIONS - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Jade and an adrenalized Anita head back for the Cherokee.

ANITA

I can't believe you left me alone
with him.

JADE

It was him I was more worried about.

ANITA

No, I mean, every male . . . well,
"partner", I've had has been so overly
protective of me.

(beat)

They wanna be the warrior while I stand
to the side pouting.

(beat)

So, why'd you do it?

JADE

It just seemed like something that might
help you.

ANITA

Help me? You mean help us, right? We
are after the same guy now.

JADE

No, I meant help you.

She stares after him, bemused . . . and a little wary.

EXT. PARKING LOT, WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Amongst a filled parking lot, the Cherokee is parked.

Jade stands beside it, lost in reverie.

Beat.

Anita appears.

ANITA

They were very cooperative . . . once I
flashed the badge.

(beat)

And with the merchandise I saw in there I
can understand why.

(feigns shudder)

Spooky shit.

They get into the Cherokee.

INT. CHEROKEE - A FEW MINUTES LATER - (MOVING)

She waves papers at him.

ANITA

Your boy likes his toys. Been ordering stuff from these guys for the last five years.

JADE

The ones from the Philippines are useless. Has he ordered any since arriving in Los Angeles?

ANITA

Besides those adorable, little, jugular-severing credit cards . . .

She pauses dramatically.

JADE

Well?

Anita cracks a triumphant grin.

ANITA

A few hours ago he ordered another garrote watch. Paid an extra grand to have it delivered in the within the next twelve hours.

JADE

Did you get an address?

EXT. PONY EXPRESS MAIL SERVICE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Located in the seedy heart of Hollywood . . .

An open 24-hour private mail service outlet with an glass facade. The all-white interior is almost blinding from the overhead fluorescent lighting.

The Cherokee parks across the street.

INT. CHEROKEE - SAME

JADE

So, now what?

ANITA

You like Tetris, Jade?

He throws her a puzzled look.

TIME LAPSE: A FEW HOURS LATER

Alone in the vehicle, Jade plays Game Boy . . . and he seems to be getting into it, too.

The driver's door opens . . .

Anita climbs in, holding fast food bags.

ANITA

They didn't have any salads, so I compromised . . .

She produces a greasy, delicious cheeseburger. Shoves it at his face . . .

ANITA

Here. Bon appetite.

. . . and for the first time ever we see a look of genuine horror cross his face.

JADE

No . . . Thank you.

Anita takes a hearty bite of the burger.

ANITA

(mouth full)
Gotta love the stakeout.

She watches him playing the Game Boy.

ANITA (CONT'D)

If you get bored with that, I've got some fighting games.

JADE

(deadpan)
No, thank you. Too violent.

Anita smiles to herself.

TIME LAPSE: SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Jade slouches in his seat, eyes closed.

Anita stares absently out the window. Darkness clouds her face.

ANITA

Hey . . .

JADE

Yes?

ANITA

Is it over after this?

JADE

Is what over?

ANITA

(increasingly bitter)

Have I paid my dues . . . as your
so-called "resource". I don't like
being under anybody's thumb.

(beat)

So is this it? Do I get to go on with
my life?

JADE

I don't know.

ANITA

(snaps)

Then what the fuck do you know?!

(warily)

Or more like how much do you know?

Jade senses something in her tone. Opens his eyes. Sits up.
Looks evenly at her.

JADE

Only what you'd like me to know.

A agitated Anita punches the steering wheel. Drops her face
into her hands.

ANITA

(flustered)

Something like this . . . It just . . .
It just eats away at you . . . And even
though its the worst kind of secret to
keep . . . You still feel the need to
tell someone . . .

She holds up her head. Looks at him with tear-brimmed eyes.

ANITA

. . . Right?

Jade says nothing. Merely listens . . .

Beat.

Without any coaxing, Anita continues:

ANITA

(wavering emotions)

Connie didn't deserve to die like that
 . . . No one's sister does . . . Just
 tossed like somebody's trash by the side
 of the road . . . Raped and beaten to
 death . . . A road crew found her three
 days later under a pile of food wrappers
 and dirty diapers!

(beat)

And the twisted fucking irony?! I was a
 patrol officer at the time! How useless
 was I?! . . . I couldn't save Connie
 . . . let alone society! I had to do
 something!

Anita's expression darkens.

ANITA

. . . So I did. Those "wastes of space"
 I dealt with on a daily basis suddenly
 became very useless. They put me in
 touch with some people . . . People who
 could find anyone . . .

(beat)

So what happened when they did . . . I
 held that bastard at gunpoint and made
 him eat the same garbage that soiled my
 Connie! . . . I think it was an orange
 peel that finally did him in.

She become lost in a brooding reverie. Oblivious to the
 single tear running down her cheek.

BEEP . . . BEEP . . . BEEP . . .

Anita comes around. Answers her cell phone:

ANITA

This is Marigold . . .

(reacts)

What?! . . . And she was--

(bigger reaction)

That makes no sense! . . . And you're
 sure . . . Wait a second . . .

She muffles the phone. Addresses a bemused Jade:

ANITA

They just found another victim.

JADE

What's so unusual?

ANITA

Her name was Essie Mallory, a postal worker . . . She was also a middle-aged black woman . . . and found in her North Hollywood apartment.

Jade internalizes this.

Anita gets back on her cell:

ANITA

What does CSU want? . . . Alright, connect me . . . Hell, this is Marigold . . . Engravement? What does it say? . . . I have no idea . . . Thanks.

She hangs up.

JADE

Engravement?

ANITA

Found on the inside of the watch's hidden compartment . . . Didn't notice it until all the blood was washed off.

JADE

What'd it say?

ANITA

"For Bethany Linguist".

Jade momentarily ponders this . . . Turns grave . . .

ANITA

You know who that is!

JADE

More importantly, you need to find out where she lives!

INT. PENTON'S OFFICE - AMERICANA PUBLISHING - MEANWHILE

A battered Penton is slouched back in his seat. He holds an ice pack to his bandage-wrapped head.

A KNOCK on his ajar door.

PENTON

Come in.

A haggard Sonny enters. Offers a curious smile.

SONNY
Secretary out to lunch?

PENTON
My like my wife out of her goddamn mind.
She ran out of her earlier babbling
something about "half".

Penton studies Sonny.

PENTON
So you must be . . . "Johnny Johnson".

SONNY
That's what it says on my driving
license.

PENTON
(smiles, knowingly)
Best money can buy I bet.

SONNY
You made contact about someone being onto
me.
(re: his head wound)
Looks like they got to you first.

Penton scowls. Mutters to himself:

PENTON
Crazy fucking nip.
(flatly, to Sonny)
No offense.

Sonny takes in the destroyed poster, glass-littered floor
. . . Cracks a knowing smirk.

SONNY
He didn't do that to you . . . Maybe the
chick cop with him . . . but not him.

Penton shoots eye-daggers at him.

PENTON
Are you insinuating I got beaten by a
bitch?!

SONNY
No. I'm knowing that if it was his work
. . . you would have been beaten like a
bitch.

Penton bolts upright . . . Wobbles slightly . . . Braces
himself against the desk.

PENTON
 Hey, motherfucker, I'm doing you a favor
 here . . .

SONNY
 (to himself)
 With the best of intentions . . . and an
 open hand.

PENTON
 (continuing)
 . . . and you come here with your big
 fish-mouth talking sh--

SONNY
 Let me give you what I owe you.

A hand-cannon appears in his grip . . .

BLAM! BLAM! . . .

Penton's body disappears behind the desk.

Sonny comes around it . . . Fumbles through the door . . .
 Comes up with the Yellow Pages . . . Searches out an ad . . .

SONNY
 Gotcha.

He scurries off.

INSERT - THE YELLOW PAGES - are inexplicably opened to the
 "Hardware Store" section.

INT. CHEROKEE - (HAULING ASS) - SAME

ANITA
 So what's this all about?!

JADE
 The same thing as every other violent
 act in the world -- Revenge.

Affected by the statement, Anita remains silent.

JADE
 When Sonny was young, his prostitute
 mother was found in an alley with her,
 strangled to death.
 (beat)
 The police knew who the killer was but
 didn't do anything about it.

ANITA
 (outraged)
 Why the hell not?!

JADE
 According to Sonny, Linquist was an American importer who frequented the Philippines . . . and would spend great deals while there.

ANITA
 So what'd Sonny do?

JADE
 Two years later, he located Linquist and cut him into little pieces . . . then left them scattered all across the city -- in plain sight.

ANITA
 Jesus!
 (beat)
 But why'd it take him two years?

JADE
 He felt incapable of doing it until after that period of time.

ANITA
 So, at one time, Sonny actually had something resembling a conscience?

JADE
 Not that. By "incapable" I mean physically.
 (beat)
 When Sonny's mother was murdered, he was five-years-old.

Anita is momentarily stunned. Recovers.

ANITA
 And Bethany Linquist was his wife.

JADE
 As a "souvenir", Jade kept a wallet photo of her.

ANITA
 (grim realization)
 Blonde hair . . . Green eyes . . .

EXT. CHATSWORTH NEIGHBORHOOD - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

The Cherokee now coasts down the street. The siren has been moved for discretion.

It drives past the Linquist home. Parks further up the street.

They get out. Head back towards the house. Their drawn guns concealed alongside their leg.

EXT. LINDQUIST HOME - CONTINUOUS

As they arrive outside the house . . .

JADE

Go around. Take the back.

Anita starts off. Turns around.

ANITA

Jade . . . Good aiming.

JADE

You, too.

A look passes between them . . . Not romance . . . Something deeper -- A shared understanding.

She disappears alongside the house.

Jade advances to the front porch. Tries the door . . . Unlocked.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LINQUIST HOME - CONTINUOUS

He enters. Sniffs the air. Kneels down. Runs his fingers through the steam cleaned carpet.

Jade stands. Stealthily crosses the room . . .

Comes to a slightly ajar closet door. Grabs the knob . . .

. . . And the door is yanked wide open . . .

Sudden, blurred movement before him!

He takes grip of . . . a steam cleaner's falling handle.

Jade pushes it back into the closet. Shuts the door.

ANITA'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey . . .

He spins around. Relaxes . . .

Anita, wearing an odd expression, stands in the doorway of the adjacent dining room.

He reacts . . . She is unarmed!

Sheila appears at Anita's shoulder.

SHEILA

Might have something to do with the gun barrel pressed to her spine, Jade.

JADE

(realizing)

This was a set-up. You knew about Sonny's obsession all along.

SHEILA

Knew about it? We've been counting on it.

(beat)

All goes well? We dispose of two stray birds with one stone.

SHOCK CUT:

Appearing in another doorway . . . Sonny! . . . Withdrawals clearly gripping him -- Sweat and pallid, intermittently stricken with painful stomach cramps.

His spasming hand clutches a gun, wavers it between Jade and the Anita-shielded Sheila.

BACK TO SCENE

Everyone reacts.

Jade immediately positions his gun at a blase Sonny.

SONNY

Sorry about arriving late for the party. As you can tell, I'm a little under the weather.

SHEILA

And what's a party without the "party favors", right, Sonny?

She holds up a "Quicksilver" packet. Waves it tauntingly.

SONNY

Who do I have to kill?

He laughs at his own joke . . . It abruptly turns into a hacking cough.

Sheila throws the packet over Anita's shoulder . . .

ON THE PACKET - sailing through the air . . . Surface shimmering . . . Its lands in the middle of the room.

Sonny locks onto his . . . Eyes filled with fervid desire.

SHEILA
(seductively)
Go ahead, Sonny . . . Take it . . .
You know you want it.

SONNY
(drolly)
I bet you say that to all the guys.

He levels his gun on Jade.

SONNY
Drop the "tool", Jade.

Jade doesn't even flinch.

SONNY
Drop it, Bro . . .

He suddenly turns to gun on Anita.

SONNY
. . . or I drop her.

Jade hesitates. Discards the gun onto the couch.

Sonny shifts his attention to Sheila:

SONNY
I can also shoot her through the stomach
. . . and right into you.
(beat)
So you best keep yours pointed at her
head.

SHEILA
Fair enough.

Sonny sweeps up to the packet . . . Snatches it up . . .
Prepares to snort it straight from the container . . .

SONNY
(to someone unspecified)
Do your thing.

A familiar, hulking figure appears behind an unsuspecting Sheila . . . Arcs a razor-sharp garrote wire across her neck . . . Forcefully yanks her off the ground . . .

Her gun drops . . . Instantly followed by Anita . . .

Strewn across the floor, she swipes up the weapon . . . Arcs it towards Sonny . . .

Sonny instinctively levels his weapon back at her . . . Inadvertently drops the "Quicksilver" packet . . .

SONNY

Fuckfuckfuckfuck!!!!

Infuriated, he levels the gun at her. . . Squeezes on the trigger . . . Simultaneously cramps up . . .

BLAM! . . .

The shot goes astray . . . BLASTS Anita in the shoulder . . . Impact sweeps her backwards, against the wall . . . Band her HEAD hard, goes unconscious.

Jade flings himself over the couch . . . Grabs a hold of his gun . . . Takes perfect aim at Sonny, bent over . . .

THUD! . . . Sheila hits the ground, resoundingly . . . Her head nearly severed . . . A pool of blood quickly forms around her corpse . . .

Jade glances over . . . Reacts in sheer disbelief . . .

As the killer steps forward . . .

Its Cesar! . . . Or what is mentally left of him -- His damaged mind caught in a drug-addled haze . . . He too is in the throes of withdrawals.

JADE

(stunned)

Cesar?

Cesar stares back . . . No recognition in those eyes . . . Not even a sign of life . . . Dead as those of a doll . . .

. . . Until they catch sight of the glimmer powder spilt on the carpet . . .

He collapses to his knees . . . Crawls like an animal . . . Snorts of the residue with frantic desperation . . .

Jade is heartbroken by the pathetic act.

WHAM! . . .

A BLUR OF MOVEMENT erupts into FRAME . . . PUMMELS into Jade, brusquely kicking him to the ground . . .

Jade finds himself pinned to the ground . . . Staring up into the crazed face of Sonny . . .

He chokes Jade's throat with one hand . . . The other clutches a gun . . . Swings it back . . .

CRACK! . . .

Jade is pistol-whipped . . . Face bloodied . . . His eyes start to roll back in his head . . .

BLAM! . . .

Jade is shot in the kneecap . . . It instantly brings him back around . . . and plunges him into a world of hurt . . .

Sonny crosses the room . . . Steps up before Sheila . . . Scowls down at her:

SONNY

The bitch was mine!

He unleashes a series of kicks to her corpse, like a child throwing a tantrum.

Jade rolls on the floor, deep in anguish . . .

Sonny re-approaches with the bloody garotte -- This is a makeshift one made simply of razor wire and wooden handles.

SONNY

(re: garrote)

Sorry about using this piece of shit on you, Bro . . . No disrespect intended.

He comes up within reach of Jade . . . who notices blood on Sonny's shirt -- The side wound has reopened.

SONNY

Time to do this . . .

With his waning strength, Jade THRUSTS his hand into the wound . . .

Sonny SCREAMS bloody murder . . . Instinctively KICKS Jade in the face . . .

SONNY
 (wailing)
Motherfucker!

Anita slowly comes around . . . Winces from her wound . . .
 Looks around, disoriented . . .

Sonny stands behind Jade . . . Yanks him onto his knees . . .

SONNY
 (through clenched teeth)
 Actually you just did me a favor . . .
 Its shifts my pain away from what your
 booby trap did to my goddamned arm!
 (beat)
 And because of that, I had to keep the
 idiot alive long enough to "train" him to
 kill that Linguist whore . . .
 (infuriated)
 . . . which I didn't get to be a part of!

Sonny throws the wire around Jade's neck . . .

SONNY
 But there always is the pleasure of
 knowing I made your idiot brother into a
 human monster . . . Had to "Quicksilver"
 him for the revving up . . . But once
 he got to work it was like watching you
 -- pure instinct.

He pulls the wire taut . . .

SONNY
 (chuckling)
 Must run in the blood, huh?

Jade weakly struggles as the wire draws blood . . . Mouth
 gaping in a silent scream . . . Eyes bulging and bloodshot
 . . . One hand desperately reaching out . . .

THROUGH HIS POV - (BLOODSHOT EYES) - His hand extended
 towards . . . A belligerent Cesar, repeatedly POUNDING his
 head against the wall . . .

The wall spiders . . . Bloody plaster chunks crumbles to the
 floor . . .

BACK TO SCENE

Jade gurgles blood, wire cutting into the skin . . . He is
 starting to fade . . .

THROUGH HIS POV - His vision grows HAZY . . . BLURRED
MOVEMENT . . .

BACK TO SCENE

Jade forces his eyes to focus . . . Reacts . . .

Cesar is before him, staring blankly . . . And then, in his
eyes, there appears a light -- Recognition, perhaps?! . . .

He suddenly throws a PUNCH . . . to Jade's face!

SONNY

(hoots)

Now that's salt to the wound!

The impact sends Jade back, up against Sonny's chest . . .

SONNY

Now let me just finish him off.

He shoves Jade forward again . . . However, as he starts to
pull taut again . . .

Cesar slips his fingers into the gap . . . The wire slices
into his protective fingers . . .

SONNY

(infuriated)

What are you doing?! You fucking moron!

With his free hand, Cesar latches his massive hand over
Sonny's face . . . Squeezes it in his powerful grip . . .

Sonny emits LOUD, PAINED GRUNT . . . Jerks back the wire
with all his strength . . .

Cesar inexplicably releases hold . . . Staggers backwards
. . . Holds up his other hand . . . Stares bemused as blood
pumps from its severed digits . . . Feeling no pain from the
"Quicksilver".

An outraged Jade bursts with a surge of adrenaline . . .
Reaches behind him . . . Grabs Sonny by the hair . . .

. . . And flips the fucker right over him!

A stunned Sonny is strewn on the ground . . . Barely
registers as a vengeful Jade (blasted kneecap be damned!)
rolls him onto his stomach . . .

Jade removes the garrote from his own throat . . . Arcs
around Sonny's own . . . Twists it taut . . .

JADE
 (screaming, raspy-voiced)
 Keep Hell warm for me, Sonny!

He plants his (good) foot between Sonny's shoulder blades
 . . . WHIPS back the garrote, two-handed . . .

THLOP! . . .

Sonny's decapitated head strays off a few feet.

Jade immediately shifts his attention his brother . . .

JADE
 Cesar?!

A pallid Cesar looks up from his mutilated hand.

A HAMMER COCKS! . . .

Jade looks past Cesar . . .

Anita sitting up, gun leveled at his brother.

ANITA
 I heard what Sonny said, Jade . . .
 About your brother being the killer.
 (definitive)
 I have to take him in.

In a flash, Jade retrieves Sonny's gun . . . Unflinchingly,
 he aims it right back at her.

ANITA (CONT'D)
 Don't make me do this! I'll shoot if
 I have to!

JADE
 (with poignancy)
 You have killed one . . . I have
 killed many . . . Who will hesitate?

This is begrudging food for thought to Anita . . .
 Hesitation, indeed does, cross her face . . .

Jade registers this . . . Despite his renewed confidence,
 he keeps his gun leveled at her:

JADE
 Cesar, come to me. Come to me, Brother.

Cesar tentatively starts to approach his brother . . .

JADE (CONT'D)
 (raspy-voiced)
 Its okay . . . We're done here.

Anita is also still aiming back her gun . . . but clearly with much less conviction.

Cesar appears before Jade . . . Suddenly, lashes out . . . Grabs hold of the gun barrel . . .

Anita swiftly inches her gun onto him . . .

. . . And then Cesar collapses to his knees . . . Positions the gun against his head -- the indentation, specifically.

A wave of conflicting emotions cross Jade's face . . . On of acceptance is the holdover.

Anita lowers her gun. Speaks softly to him:

ANITA
 You don't have to do this, Jade.
 He'll . . . He'll bleed out in about
 fifteen minutes . . . It might be better
 that way . . . It'll be like falling
 asleep.

Jade, however, has made up his mind. Speaks resignedly:

JADE
 I took his life away a long time ago
 . . . This is my way of giving it back.

As his hand shakes, Jade COCKS THE HAMMER . . .

Anita, saddened, turns around . . . Walks away . . .

BANG!

Her body involuntarily spasms from the report . . . But she still doesn't look back . . .

CLOSE SHOT - JADE - Despite being frozen in place, his body continuously quivers . . . It shakes lose one of the tears brimming in his eyes . . .

DISTANT SIRENS can be heard approaching . . .

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: MANILA - MONTHS LATER

EXT. OFFICE HIGH RISE - AFTERNOON

A prominent, modern structure located in Manila's thriving business district.

Beat.

A pair of hulking, American bodyguards exit . . . Survey the immediate area . . . One of them nods back . . .

The Boss exits . . . Regally walks along, flanked by the bodyguards . . .

They arrive at a limousine, parked curbside.

A bodyguard opens the rear passenger door . . .

The Boss climbs inside . . .

SCRRREEECCCHHHHH!!!! . . . The limo tires BURN RUBBER . . .

It speeds off through light traffic . . .

The bodyguards futilely race after it . . . Give it up the limo disappears around a corner . . .

INT. REAR PASSENGER SEATING, LIMO - CONTINUOUS

The Boss is more outraged than afraid.

THE BOSS
What the hell is this?!

CLICK! CLICK! . . . The doors automatically lock.

He sees something through his peripheral vision . . . Snaps his neck to see . . .

Seated beside him is a familiar, pretty doll . . . The blood smudge on its cheek now an aged, rust-hue . . .

. . . And the limo suddenly SLAMS to an abrupt halt!

The Boss appears slightly shaken.

THE BOSS
(diminished authority)
What do you want?

The limo driver turns around . . .

Its Jade . . . A healed, but noticeable, scar across his throat . . . And his stoic mask firmly in place.

JADE
 (permanent rasp)
 To do what needs doing . . .

He raises a silencer-attached gun . . .

THWIP! . . .

ON PRETTY DOLL - This time, her entire face is splashed
 scarlet . . .

EXT. BRIDGE - "MAGIC HOUR"

The same one from many years before . . .

Jade, still in chauffeur uniform, walks along . . . Stops
 . . . Takes out the gun . . . Removes the clip . . .

This gun, too, is discarded into the swirling, violent rapids
 of the reservoir.

Jade walks off . . . Starts to remove the bullets from the
 clip . . .

EXT. VESTIBULE, CHURCH - A FEW MINUTES LATER

He stands over the holy water basin . . . Dumps the bullets
 into it . . .

Beat.

Jade steels himself . . . Passes through the doors . . .

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Father Garcia, now quite old, feebly gathers hymn books . . .

From OUT OF FRAME, a hand extends one out to him . . .

Father Garcia smiles, appreciatively . . . Studies the
 OFFSCREEN Jade . . . His eyes flicker with recognition.

FATHER GARCIA

Jade?

ON JADE - The stoic mask removed . . . Reveals an openness to
 his face.

JADE
 Do you have a few minutes to talk?

THE END