

The Punisher vs The Predators

By

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Based on the Marvel Comics Character

Based on characters created by Jim Thomas and John Thomas

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FADE IN.

EXT. BENNY HOLMES ESTATE - NIGHT

Massive sprawling estate/horse farm bathed in security lights. The grounds surrounding the massive mansion pool area and stables are patrolled by armed guards. Those grounds are densely wooded.

O.S CRIES OF WOMEN coming from the barn.

P.O.V Nightvision. Vision is greenish almost a negative. Wearer is perched up high as he looks down on TWO GUARDS on patrol. They are walking towards him oblivious.

The wearer begins moving silently...

EXT. PATH - MOMENTS LATER

Guards PHIL and JIMMY are tooled up with assault rifles and pistols.

O.S snap.

Phil spins raising his weapon.

JIMMY
Whoa dude. Switch to decaf.

PHIL
I heard something.

JIMMY
So did I. It's a forest. There are noises in a forest. You have been in the forest before, right?

PHIL
(lowers weapon)
Of course. Just get jumpy when the boss is bringing in new customers. Some of those guys are monsters.

JIMMY
Just think about the money.

PHIL
The pay is great for this job but that shit is off the chain.

Phil turns back. P.O.V BARN the source of the cries.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Seen some shit overseas.
(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)
Almost seemed normal over there.
Not here man.

JIMMY
That it is. Which is why I'm all
too happy to walk perimeter.

PHIL
Me too-.

He is cut off as a BLADE bursts through his chest! The blade retracts and his body falls.

JIMMY
What the fuck?!

Turns raising his weapon towards the shadows. There is a GLINT of metal and a SPRAY OF BLOOD as his throat is slashed nearly decapitating him. He collapses.

O.S. approaching voice.

P.O.V Nightvision. Hands grab the bodies and drag them into the bushes.

SAM, guard, approaches. He is doing a radio check. His FLASHLIGHT sweeping back and forth.

SAM
(into radio)
Phil? Jimmy? I'm at the path.
Give me your twenty.

Sam's P.O.V flashlight beam falls on the BLOOD on the ground.

SAM (CONT'D)
What the hell?!

A SWISH of air as a WIRE NOOSE drops from above and cinches around his neck. Sam is yanked up into the trees.

Flashlight falls to the ground BLOOD spills from above landing on the lens turning it red.

INT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

BENNY HOLMES is dressed in a RUBBER SMOCK and RUBBER BOOTS. His shirtless upper body is covered in sweat.

He holds a FIREHOSE spraying water at one of the pens. In the back of the pen are TWENTY WOMEN most nearly naked, all soaked, cowering as the water blasts at their skin. They are SEX SLAVES and Benny is getting them ready for auction.

LEE ROY stands off to the side. He holds a BUCKET with SOAPY WATER.

BENNY

(to Lee Roy)

You know, this would go a lot faster
if you quit hiding in the corner.

LEE ROY

Sorry boss, but that water is
freezing.

BENNY

Use that big brain of yours and tell
'em to get to it.

He shuts down the hose.

Lee Roy steps towards the cowering women.

LEE ROY

(in Russian)

Time to get cleaned up.

(drops the buckets)

The faster you get this done, the
faster you get dry.

(no one moves)

NOW!

He slams a metal rod against the pen wall making them shudder.

A few begin to move to the buckets, tentatively soaping
themselves. Others cower in the corner crying.

BENNY

Oh Christ this is going to take
forever. We got people coming.

(to other men)

Get 'em moving!

Two men, MARSHALL and THEO step forward. Each has a CATTLE
PROD. They step into the pen. The women retreat. A few
don't move fast enough and get a ZAP much to the delight of
the two men.

A third man, PADDY, has tucked his cattle prod under his arm
as he holds up his CELL PHONE taking a video. He grins laughs
enjoying the show.

LEE ROY

(to Paddy)

Hey! Get in there. We got work to
do.

Reluctantly Paddy pockets his phone before stepping in to the pen. With excessive vigor he uses his cattle prod to force the women towards the buckets. Any stragglers he lays the cattle prod on them repeatedly. A VICIOUS SMILE creases his face.

Benny opens up the hose again rinsing off the women.

PADDY
(to Benny)
Don't forget to get 'em behind the ears!

They all laugh as Benny directs the spray at one woman's head knocking her off her feet.

B.G. vehicle lights approach the open door.

GREG whips into the barn driving a SIDE BY SIDE ATV. Two other gunmen, CHRIS and TYLER sit in the back. They jump out taking up positions facing the door way as Greg rushes to Benny.

GREG
(yelling)
Boss, something's going on!

BENNY
(yelling)
What?

GREG
Something's going on! Can't get the guys on the radio!

BENNY
So go look for 'em.

GREG
We did. Can't find them.

Benny finally shuts off the hose.

BENNY
What do you mean?

GREG
They're gone. It's like they all disappeared.

BENNY
Who?

GREG

All of them. We can't find no sign
of anybody.

CHRIS

Except the blood.

BENNY

What?

CHRIS

(to Greg)
Tell him.

GREG

He thought he found blood on the
trail.

BENNY

What the fuck are you sissies talking
about? Jumping at shadows.

CHRIS

The guys at the front gate are missing
too. I'm telling you; I can't find
them anywhere.

Benny drops the hose. Looks at the three Cattle Prod men.

BENNY

Stay here. Lock the gate.

Doffs his smock and gloves. Benny and Lee Roy pile in the
side by side.

Marshall and Theo swing the gate closed locking it. Paddy
takes out his phone and starts recording the suffering women
again.

EXT. ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

They drive from the barn around the corral. LIGHTS illuminate
the path. Even with the noise the horses do not move as
they huddle together. They are petrified of something.

BENNY

Where are they? There should be
guys here.

CHRIS

I told you.

GREG

He must have got them.

BENNY
Who?

TYLER
Ahhh!!!

There is a spray of blood. He clutches his NECK as it jets blood before tumbling to the ground.

Greg brakes.

GREG
What happened to him?!

CHRIS
I don't know! I didn't see nothing!

BENNY
(to Greg)
What are you doing?! Go! Get me out of here!

Before Greg hits the gas Chris is struck and falls.

Lee Roy ducks then SCREAMS as a BLOODY HOLE appears in his wrist jetting blood.

Greg whips the ATV along the path surrounding the POOL. FOUR BODIES float in the crimson water.

In the MIST rising off the water a RED LASER BEAM appears. It tracks the ATV.

Lee Roy barely has time to register the RED DOT on his chest before he is struck, the projectile punching right through him. He falls to the ground.

EXT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Approaching the mansion a GUARD appears on the balcony, his gun trained on the property. RED DOT appears on his forehead, WHACK. He is struck, his head spraying red mist.

Another guard steps onto the patio searching for a target. But the RED DOT appears on his chest. WHACK. He falls in a heap.

GREG
Hold on!

He keeps the ACCELERATOR down and smashes through the patio door and into the mansion.

INT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

They spill off the ATV facing the smashed patio doors. Greg holds a pistol which seems pathetically small.

BENNY

What now?

GREG

I don't know.

BENNY

Turn off the lights!

GREG

What? How am I supposed to see him?

BENNY

Then turn them on!!

O.S. something falls

BENNY (CONT'D)

He's in the house! The P-

GREG

He's just a man! This is something else!

BENNY

What do you mean? How can you be sure?

Greg is wild eyed and very spooked.

GREG

The panic room! Get to the panic room!

They scramble to their feet running wildly down the hallway. They crash into the GAME ROOM.

INT. GAME ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They dodge around the pool and card tables, past the bar to the PINBALL MACHINE.

Greg presses COIN RETURN. There is a THUNK as the locks disengage. He pulls on the game. Smoothly a section of the wall slide out of the way revealing a darkened hallway lined with concrete.

They rush inside.

INT. PANIC ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Greg pulls the door shut and hits a button. There is a THUNK as the locks engage. The room is dimly lit.

Benny steps to a bank of CCT MONITORS. Scanning them; front entrance, main gate, pool, pathway, garage, all he sees are the bodies of his guards or nothing at all. One monitor shows the BARN and the women and their captors. They appear oblivious to what is going on.

BENNY

Where is he?

GREG

It ain't him. I'm telling you.

BENNY

More lights! Turn on all the lights!

Greg flicks switches and the images on the screens brighten, night becomes day. But they reveal nothing else.

BENNY (CONT'D)

There was thirty guys out there. It was him. It had to be. Do you think it was him? Who else would be?

GREG

I don't know.

BENNY

Maybe it's more than one. We gotta call Tibbs.

GREG

Tibbs? He's just a lackey. It's Howard. It's his fault this is happening. And that stupid wife of his! They made too much noise!

BENNY

(grabbing his phone)

Shut up! Keep looking!

Both men focus intently on the screens searching...

Neither notice the SHADOW shift behind them...

Both stiffen when they hear the SING OF METAL as a blade is drawn from its scabbard.

The phone falls from Benny's hand.

Greg's eyes dart to his PISTOL on the desk beside him.

He lunges-.

INT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

O.S. the men scream in horror. Gunshots. Screams end abruptly.

INT. BARN

Marshall and Theo stand near the door peering toward the house.

MARSHALL

I'm telling you, I heard gunshots.

THEO

So what do we do? Boss told us to stay with the broads. We lose them and he'll kill us.

MARSHALL

(to Paddy)

Anything on the radio?

Paddy is tormenting the women with the cattle prod while recording.

PADDY

(distracted)

What? No, nothing on the radio.

THEO

Try again.

PADDY

(angry)

I told you, no one answered.

MARSHALL

(to Theo)

You think we should check it out?

THEO

What about the women?

MARSHALL

Leave Paddy with 'em.

(to Paddy)

Paddy, stay here. We're going to the house.

PADDY

(distracted)

Gotcha.

Marshall and Theo draw weapons.

The barn suddenly goes dark. Everyone freezes. The women scream.

PADDY (CONT'D)
(voice cracking, to
the women)
Shut up.

Small SECURITY SPOTLIGHTS click on.

Marshall and Theo are frozen. Suddenly Marshall's head explodes in a spray of blood. As Theo turns his head does the same.

Paddy drops the camera and cattle prod, drawing a pistol. He flops to the ground, crawling to the door. He sneaks a glance. His breathing is rapid.

B.G. shadowy figure approaches the PEN.

INSERT - hand reaches for the latch on the pen, silently releasing it...

Paddy is still focused out the door. He wipes sweat off his forehead with a shaking hand.

B.G. the twenty women silently advance on him.

ZAP! He is struck by a CATTLE PROD. Paddy's body jerks. He drops his pistol, reaches for it - ZAP.

Paddy's POV the twenty women loom over him, lit only by the spotlight.

Paddy screams as they descend on him...

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

There is little going on at that late hour. Rows of containers sit unattended waiting to be picked up.

Three men, ALBERT, CAMERON and NICK stand near an open SHIPPING CONTAINER.

Before them stand HOWARD NEES, thirties, his assistant TIBBS, thirties and three gunmen.

Nees is dressed like something from an 80s cop show. Flashy suit and slicked back hair. He seems to be dancing to a soundtrack only he can hear.

A FLASHLIGHT illuminates the interior of the container. THIRTY FEMALE BODIES are strewn about.

They are emaciated and filthy. There is a small filthy BUCKET for waste and some empty water bottles.

KARLA
(from inside the
container)
For fucks sake. You had one job to do. One simple fucking job. And that was to take care of the merchandise.

ALBERT
C'mon how were we supposed to know it would get so hot in there?

KARLA, thirties, attractive steps out of the container. She tosses the flashlight to one of the gunmen.

KARLA
Because that's your job. It's what you're paid to do. Not sit on your ass jerking off.
(to Tibbs)
Where did you find this douche bag?

TIBBS
What? Me? He came to me.

CAMERON
Hey, we never done this before.

NEES
And you won't be doing it again.

NICK
Whoa, c'mon. It was an accident.

KARLA
An accident? Are you a complete moron? Do you have any idea how much money is in that box?

ALBERT
(shrugs)
A couple grand...

KARLA
(points at container)
Nothing. That fucking thing is absolutely worthless! Only an idiot would pay to fuck a corpse. Now we have to pay to get rid of it. Have someone take it out to sea and dump it.

CAMERON

Okay, we fucked up. But there ain't
no reason to get all crazy.

PREDATOR (BLACK MASK) POV; above the scene on the docks.
The people appear as multi-colored blobs.

KARLA

Stop talking, you fucking idiot!
Christ you make your screw up worse
every time you open your mouth.

CAMERON

Hey! Bosses wife or not, no bitch
talks to me like that.

KARLA

(to the gunmen)
Bitch? Somebody shoot this fuck.

TIBBS

Whoa hold on a second-.

One of the gunmen (wearing a THICK GOLD CHAIN) steps up and
shoots Cameron in the head. His body tumbles off the dock
into the water.

PREDATORS (BLACK MASK) POV; tracks the gunman and his WEAPON.
Silently it starts moving.

TIBBS (CONT'D)

Holy Christ! He just shot him!

Gunman steps back with the others.

NEES

(to Tibbs)
And for that he earns a bonus.
(to the others)
Well, now it's kind of anti-climactic
isn't it? You guys have probably
figured out what's going to happen.

TIBBS

You can't do this. You put me in
charge here.

NEES

(to Tibbs)
And you pissed it away by using
incompetent people. That was a couple
million dollars in there.
(to the others)
And these idiots screwed it up.

TIBBS

I'll handle it.

KARLA

It's because of how you 'handled it' that we had to come up here.

NEES

(to the others)

Sorry. Anyway, for your sakes I wish this could have worked out different because, well, you would be alive.

CAMERON

Mr. Nees please.

KARLA

Don't whine. It's so pathetic.

NEES

Hey, don't take it personal. This is business. Profit and loss. Unfortunately you lost.

(to gunmen)

Okay fellas, earn your keep. Just let us get out of here.

Nods from the gunmen before Nees, Karla and Tibbs get into his Navigator.

ALBERT

You're a punk. Your bitch has got more balls than you. Can't even pull the trigger yourself. Running away with your tail between your legs.

NEES

No, I just choose not to. I pay people to do that work for me. And while that may make me a punk, I'm still alive. And rich. So, really, who's the punk?

Shuts the door and the gunmen step forward. The Navigator drives away.

INT. NAVIGATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Nees and Karla snuggle in their seat. Tibbs sits in front of them fuming.

KARLA

God that place stinks. This town is such a dump.

TIBBS

It's where I live.

NEES

That's your problem.

KARLA

(to Tibbs)

Oh did I hurt your feelings?

TIBBS

I've been running things up here for three years. Three years without a problem. And now you show up treating me like some kind of intern.

KARLA

You've lost two shipments in the last six months. Even an intern can do the math.

TIBBS

Because you've upped the volume. Before it was five or ten. Now you're asking us to move twenty to thirty. That's more exposure. We've got to transport and warehouse them. That attracts attention.

KARLA

Excuses.

TIBBS

And now you want to hold this auction. Something that big gets people interested. The wrong people.

NEES

You're worried about the cops? Start greasing some palms.

TIBBS

The cops are one thing. I'm talking about The Punisher.

KARLA

Oh please. That shit again? You screw up and expect us to believe it was some boogeyman man. Get serious.

TIBBS

He's-.

NEES

Look, we lost merchandise. We need to make it up.

TIBBS

There's a shipment coming tonight.

KARLA

That's a truck load. Maybe ten in all.

NEES

We need something more substantial. Who do we talk to in this shit hole?

TIBBS

Uncle Boom Boom. I've been trying to arrange a meeting.

KARLA

Jesus what kind of name is that?

NEES

Can he get us product?

TIBBS

He's got connections.

NEES

You'd better hope. I'm losing my tan already and it's pissing me off.

EXT. DOCKS - MOMENTS LATER

As the Navigator exits the docks a silence descends.

The gunmen check their pistols.

Albert spits at their feet. Gunman with the GOLD CHAIN shoots him in the chest.

Cameron tries to stand and run but he shoots him in the back. Holstering their weapons they step over and unceremoniously shove the bodies into the water.

O.S. Predators' trilling.

Gunmen frown.

Small PICK UP TRUCK wheels around the shipping containers. DOCK SECURITY decal on the doors.

Truck stops leaving the gunmen in it's headlights. Security Guard ANDREW GOLDBERG, twenties, steps out. Though in uniform he is unarmed except for a flashlight.

GOLDBERG

Evening gentlemen. Can I ask what you are doing here? This area is off limits.

GUNMAN

Looking to pick up a shipment.

GOLDBERG

Sir, any pick ups are done after the container clears inspection. I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

O.S. louder trilling. Heavy footfalls on the tops of the containers. It is moving quickly circling around them.

Guns come out. Goldberg is forgotten.

GOLDBERG (CONT'D)

Whoa, what the hell??

Back pedaling from the gunmen.

Gunmen stand in a loose circle, back to back. Suddenly BLADES erupt from Gunman #1s chest impaled from behind. The Black Masked Predator (cloaked) has been in the middle of them! Gunman #1 is lifted off his feet, his blood cascading down the arm of the Predator.

The others stumble away. Black Mask flings the body into them. Gunman #2 falls losing his gun. Gunman #3 dives away comes up firing.

Black Mask decloaks before rushing him slapping the gun away. It grabs the gunman's head with a clawed hand and crushes it against a container.

They barely glimpse The Predator as it moves quickly. All we glimpse is its BLACK WAR MASK and bloody claws.

Gunman #2 throws off his partners body scrambling for his gun. Black Mask leaps at him spearing him in the stomach with its wrist blades. Like before it lifts the gunman into the air holding it aloft. It brings him close, a bloody clawed hand grabbing the GOLD CHAIN. With a yank it pulls it from him his neck. Roaring in triumph it lifts the body high.

ANDREW GOLDBERG

Cowers behind a container. He is stuck in the middle between his truck and the discarded gun. Fear has him paralyzed.

O.S sound of crunching bones as Black Mask takes its trophies.

With a panicked breath Goldberg darts from cover running for his truck. He almost makes it.

Black Mask spots him and almost casually pulls a DISC BLADE from its belt, throwing it at Goldberg.

Goldberg stumbles as the blade slices across his throat. He takes a few more steps before collapsing to the ground.

Black Mask grabs the returning blade before resuming its grisly work.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The cargo van cruises through the streets, the drivers around it oblivious to the ten women huddled on the floor in the cargo space. The woman are jostled roughly trying to find something to hold onto as the van rattles over the rough streets.

The frightened women are in their teens and twenties. Their clothes are disheveled, their hair stringy and dirty, dark circles rim their frightened eyes. They are the latest shipment.

ANNA, late teens, blonde sits closely to her friend KELSEY, late teens. Unlike the others Anna is trying to look through the windshield, trying to spot a landmark. Kelsey is nearly comatose.

ANNA

(to Kelsey)

I can't figure out where we are but it's a big city. And American. I can tell by the sirens. Kelsey? Did you hear me?

But Kelsey's gaze is fixed on the floor.

DRIVER

Hey! I told you to shut up. Anymore talking and you get a beating, you hear me?

ANNA

(to the driver)

You can't do this.

DIVER

Ha! Who's going to stop us? Your Mommy and Daddy? Newflash chica; they ain't here. We can do whatever the hell we want. Now shut up!

At the mention of parents Kelsey begins sobbing.

Anna glares at him but keeps looking out the windshield.

The driver turns and spots her.

DIVER (CONT'D)

Blondie you are seriously starting to piss me off. I catch you looking again I'm gonna put a cig out in your eye. That goes for all of you! You got me?

Beside her Kelsey shudders. A few others whimper shrinking into the darkness.

Anna lowers her gaze.

They continue driving until the van bounces roughly over a curb and comes to a jarring halt. The women are thrown about.

DIVER (CONT'D)

Last stop. Get out. No talking. You make a noise I cut your tongue out.

EXT. ALLEY

His partner snorts, shaking his head as he climbs out. He yanks open the side door grabbing the nearest woman, pulling her out and shoving her towards an open door. They are in a narrow dark alley between two buildings.

He continues pulling the women out. Anna and Kelsey are next.

The driver opens his fly to pee against the wall.

DIVER

(to his partner)

Hurry up. Get 'em inside.

The partner turns and realizes the first woman hasn't gone inside. She pulls pathetically on the door but it is locked.

Muttering curses he steps over. He bangs a fist on the door.

Anna grabs Kelsey pulling her out of the van. Yanking on her friend she leads them down the dark alley.

DIVER (CONT'D)
(yelling at them)
Hey!
(fumbles with his
pants)
Motherfucker!

Anna steals a glance behind her and crashes into a garbage can taking both of them down.

DIVER (CONT'D)
I'm gonna cut you bitch, you don't
stop!

Anna scrambles to her feet taking a few steps before realizing Kelsey isn't with her.

ANNA
Kelsey come on!

But Kelsey looks at her in a daze. Their ordeal is overwhelming her.

Anna yanks on her friend pulling her to her feet but the Driver and his partner are too close. Behind them others are following. Anna isn't going to make it.

ANNA (CONT'D)
HELP! SOMEBODY HELP US! WE'RE BEING
KIDNAPPED! POLICE! CALL THE POLICE!
SOMEBODY CALL-.

The Driver tackles her to the ground. Anna tries to fight him off but he is too strong. A KNIFE appears in his hand.

DIVER
Another word blondie and I cut your
friends throat.

Anna sees her friend curled on the ground a man with a GUN standing over her and the fight leaves her.

The Driver pulls her to her feet by her hair.

DIVER (CONT'D)
Dumb, sister. Really dumb. You
just earned yourself another level
of hurt. Gonna wish I stuck you.

He marches her back up the alley.

INT. THE PUNISHERS WAREHOUSE - LATER

MICROCHIP, fifties, portly, sits at a workbench surrounded by weapons.

Guns, bullets, knives, grenades are spread around the table top. He is The Punishers armorer, surveillance expert and only friend.

He is reassembling a pistol while scanning news feeds and police updates. A story about MUTILATED BODIES FOUND AT DOCKS, makes him pause. He reads the information closely. With a few clicks he hacks into the NYPD database.

The warehouse is part garage, part armory, part living quarters.

LIGHTS around the RECEIVING DOOR go off as the door rumbles up.

A YELLOW NEW YORK TAXI pulls in and parks near a partially assembled VAN.

The lights come back on.

The Punisher gets out stepping to the trunk. He is forties, tall, well muscled, rugged. His eyes are always watching, surveying. He never smiles and his look is always 'you do not want to fuck with me.'

He wears a jacket beneath which we glimpse the SKULL EMBLEM on his shirt.

THE PUNISHER

Micro are you going to finish that van anytime soon?

MICRO

Welcome back to you too.

THE PUNISHER

I can't be going to the trunk to arm up every time.

Micro reaches into the taxi opening the center console revealing a DOUBLE BARRELED SHOTGUN aimed at the backseat. He unhooks a wire from the trigger.

MICRO

Nag nag nag. You realize the specs you gave me for this...battle van are a lot more than stock. Armored side panels, Lexan windows, heavy duty ram bar, tear gas and grenade launcher. Oh and it has to drive like a sportscar.

THE PUNISHER

(holds up compound
bow)

This worked great. I was able to
take down most of Benny's goons
without so much as a whisper.

MICRO

Glad you liked it. And Benny?

THE PUNISHER

Dead. He had about twenty girls
locked up. Set them loose after I
finished with Benny. Dropped a dime
to the cops. Hopefully they can
help some of them.

MICRO

Seems your plan of tearing Nees'
operation a new one is bearing fruit.

THE PUNISHER

Meaning?

MICRO

Nees and the wife, Karla arrived
here earlier today.

THE PUNISHER

Bosses want to see for themselves
what is going on. Good. Saves me
the trouble of going to Florida to
take them out.

MICRO

So no roadtrip then?

THE PUNISHER

From a nine to five everyday
accountant to mid-level dealer to
the slave trade? That's quite the
resume.

MICRO

Sick to think his wife is part of
it. I've doing some more digging.
Apparently she chooses the girls.
Picks who's going to the whorehouses,
who gets sold to the rich guys. Who
gets dumped in a ditch. But first
she gets them hooked on smack.

THE PUNISHER

For some of those girls that's
probably a relief.

MICRO

From some of the police and INS interviews I found when they are first grabbed the girls are raped for days. She does that to break their spirit. Let's them know what life will be like.

THE PUNISHER

This is bigger than I thought. These two need to be taken off the board. Now.

MICRO

Who's the bigger monster?

THE PUNISHER

They can fight about it in hell.

Notices a SHEET OF PLYWOOD with KNIFE BLADES stuck into it

THE PUNISHER (CONT'D)

Ballistic knife?

MICRO

(nods)

Added a heavy duty spring. Buried those from thirty feet. I can't get them out.

The Punisher gives one a tug but it won't move

THE PUNISHER

That'll come in handy.

The Punisher removes his jacket. His shirt sleeve is torn. BLOOD stains his arm. The shirt with the SKULL emblem is well worn.

MICRO

Jesus Frank, you've been hit.

THE PUNISHER

Yeah. Bullet might still be in there.

MICRO

For Christs sake, sit down.

The Punisher removes his body armor and Skull shirt. His arm is a bloody mess. Not the first scar.

MICRO (CONT'D)

I was tracking another shipment of girls.

(MORE)

MICRO (CONT'D)

They'd been picked up from Central
and South America. Arrived in New
York earlier tonight.

Micro works on the wound. Extracts the bullet before suturing
the wound. The Punisher grinds his teeth but barely flinches.

THE PUNISHER

You should have told me. I could
have stopped them at the docks. Now
those women could be anywhere.

MICRO

They aren't going anywhere
unfortunately.

THE PUNISHER

Dead?

MICRO

(nods)

Police found their bodies in a
shipping container. Looks like they
died of heat stroke, dehydration.

THE PUNISHER

How many?

MICRO

First report says thirty. Youngest
appears to be in her early teens.
The rest aren't much older. They
found six water bottles. Apparently
that was all they gave them. Gotta
figure the temperature in those
containers on an open deck can get
up into the high nineties.

THE PUNISHER

Goddamn it.

MICRO

Police band was also talking about
four other bodies at the docks.
Three were strung up from a light
post.

THE PUNISHER

(frowning)

Any idea who?

MICRO

Well there's a bit of a problem making
the ID's. They were skinned.

THE PUNISHER
(surprised)
Skinned?

MICRO
Yeah. As in all the flesh had been
removed. Along with other body parts.

THE PUNISHER
Removed?

MICRO
Two had been decapitated. Another
had his hands chopped off.

THE PUNISHER
We aren't talking about the women?

MICRO
(shakes his head)
There were weapons found at the scene
and three more bodies floating down
river. All shot. Clothes indicate
they were sailors. I'm thinking the
skinned guys shot the sailors. And
then ran into the ninja from hell.

THE PUNISHER
Cops have any leads? Suspects?

MICRO
(looks at the computer)
A few initial reports are speculating
it is you. But nothing solid yet.

THE PUNISHER
Sounds like Uncle Boom Boom and his
voodoo shit. I thought Nees was
trying to partner up with Boom Boom
and the Jamaicans?

MICRO
Word is Tibbs, Nees' local rep, has
been anxious for a sit down with
Uncle Boom Boom. They were supposed
to meet tomorrow.

THE PUNISHER
Probably looking for another supplier
of girls. Maybe they had a falling
out. You said there were four bodies?
Who's the forth?

MICRO

A security guard. Apparently he stumbled on the scene. The killer slit his throat and left him to bleed out. Twenty year old university student earning extra cash.

THE PUNISHER

(growling)

Fuck. Nees and the Jamaicans have a meet tomorrow?

(Micro nods)

I think I should be there.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

Streetlights offer the only illumination to the court. The sounds of the city echo in the distance.

The courts are quiet save for the sounds of fists hitting bone.

JACOB 'THUMPER' GOODWIN, early 20s is laying a beating. Thumper is two hundred pounds of muscle wrapped in tattooed flesh.

His victim is mid-teens and about one hundred pounds. He is curled on the ground trying to cover his battered face.

Thumper's two mates watch from the bench. One records with his phone giggling.

Thumper stomps on the kids' head.

THUMPER

How's that punk? Eh?

(he flexes showing
off the tattoos)

Ain't so hot now.

His victim whimpers pathetically as Thumper struts around him flexing his muscles.

THUMPER (CONT'D)

Maybe next time you'll think twice before trying to dunk on me.

(punches him again)

White men can't jump, motherfucker!

O.S. approaching sirens.

Thumper's mates spring off the bench racing from the courts.

THUMPER (CONT'D)

Wesley Snipes, bitch!

He throws another kick before following his mates.

EXT. PARK - MOMENTS LATER

The three men hop a fence jogging across the park. They laugh as they watch the video.

Suddenly Thumper collides with something and stumbles backwards landing on his butt.

The others burst out laughing. One raises his phone to record when his forearm is cut in half. Blood jets as the hand falls still gripping the phone.

The second man stumbles back, bringing his hands to his face. The air in front of him moves as both arms tumble to ground. A look of horror is frozen on his face when his head slides off his neck.

The first man stares at his bleeding stump, shock setting in. Suddenly a SPEAR pierces his chest and he is hoisted aloft. As he struggles the spear is planted in the ground leaving the man suspended in the air. Slowly his body slides down the spear coating it in blood.

THUMPER

What the fuck?

He tries to scramble to his feet only to be driven to the ground with a punch.

Spitting blood Thumper crawls quickly away. Before he can get to the bushes a WIRE lassos his ankle. Despite his size he is hauled easily across the grass and into the air. The wire has been strung over a tree branch leaving Thumper dangling six feet in the air.

Thumpers tank top falls to the ground revealing his TATTOOS. On his chest is a detailed image of a warrior battling a massive dragon.

Thumper's panicked breathing fills the air. With wild eyes he twists his head around searching. Suddenly his twisting is stopped.

The Predator (Grey Mask) decloaks but we never see it's face. It turns Thumper until he faces the creature. A clawed hand traces the artwork.

THUMPER (CONT'D)

What-what do you want?

There is a ring of metal as Grey Mask draws a KNIFE. Light glints off the razor sharp blade.

THUMPER (CONT'D)
(hysterical)
What are you going to do with that?!

In answer Grey Mask places blade against his abdomen. Thumper cries out as blood spills. Slowly Grey Mask spins Thumper opening a cut around his waist just above his belt. Blood gushes down his torso. Thumper coughs and spits as the blood fills his face.

Grey Mask sheaths the blade and to Thumpers horror, digs its clawed hands through the cut beneath the skin.

THUMPER (CONT'D)
Oh my God. NO!

Thumper screams as Grey Mask yanks-.

PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Grey Mask walks away. In his hand is Thumper's skin, held in his hand like a sweater. Grey Mask crackles with electricity as it cloaks, disappearing into the night.

O.S. police sirens.

INT. CLUB 17 - NIGHT

The club is about half full of patrons. Nees' people stand guard near the table.

Like Nees they resemble something from a Miami Vice episode, sunglasses inside, flashy clothes.

Nees snorts a rail of coke off the table. Karla watches the crowd, her eyes traveling over the women, appraising them.

Nees finishes his champagne and gestures for another bottle.

NEES
Ah this is the fucking life.

TIBBS
How's that?

Waitress sets the bottle of LOUIS ROEDERER CRISTAL CHAMPAGNE on the table.

NEES
My old man wanted me to be a teacher.

Offers some to Karla who shakes her head.

NEES (CONT'D)

A teacher. He was a teacher and said it was a great way to give back to the community.

TIBBS

I guess.

NEES

(scoffs)

Please. Have you seen how much money they make? Average is like fifty K.

(holds up the bottle)

They buy one of these and they are almost in debt. All for teaching ABC's and one two threes. No way.

TIBBS

True. Who wants to be dealing with someone else's snot nosed kid all day?

NEES

(nods)

That and some nut job shows up one day with a gun because he got a D on his science project. No way was I getting into that. I went to the Al Pacino school of business.

TIBBS

Pacino?

NEES

'First you get the money. Then you get the power.' You know Scarface.

TIBBS

Yeah, I know Scarface.

(muttering)

Just not every line.

Nees takes a vial of COCAINE pouring out a line before snorting it up.

TIBBS (CONT'D)

You think you should be doing that? Out in public?

NEES

Who's gonna stop me?

TIBBS

After what happened at the farm last night you need to be on your toes. Not on a nod.

NEES

Oh really?

TIBBS

I'm just saying; I went to a lot of work setting up that auction and now it's all for shit.

NEES

You set it up *for me* using *my money*. Let's not forget that.

KARLA

(to Tibbs)

Since you brought it up; what did happen last night?

TIBBS

Looks like it was The Punisher.

KARLA

Oh, God, seriously?

NEES

That's crap. The guy doesn't exist. He's a myth.

KARLA

I'm thinking it might be time to find a new local rep for our enterprise.

TIBBS

I've been telling you this guy has been tearing apart the mobs, street gangs-.

KARLA

(to Nees)

Someone has cost us a lot of money. Those girls from the farm were worth a couple of million.

NEES

At least three-point two.

KARLA

Coupled with the ones we lost on the ship-.

NEES

At least another two-point five.

KARLA

Your incompetence has cost us a lot.

TIBBS

Me?

NEES

Those guys on the ship. You recommended them. They fucked up.

TIBBS

Christ, this again? They screwed up. I'm not taking the blame for that.

KARLA

And the farm wasn't your fault either. I'm sensing a trend.

TIBBS

(to Nees)

That's crap. Things have been smooth as glass here.

KARLA

Until they weren't.

NEES

But all I keep hearing is; The Punisher did it.

TIBBS

It *is* him. You don't know. You don't live here.

NEES

It's bullshit.

KARLA

(to Tibbs)

You'd better hope this Bob Marley guy can he get us some product.

TIBBS

I've heard other traders made a killing in Haiti after that earthquake. All kinds of orphans and shit. Nobody looking for them. And he goes by Uncle Boom Boom. He's Jamaican, not Haitian.

KARLA

(to Nees)

We've still got those orders looking
for a little more Latin flavor.

NEES

Maybe he knows people.

TIBBS

(looks to entrance)

The Jamaicans are here.

THE JAMAICANS enter. Lots of dreads, necklaces made of bone.
In the middle is LAURENT RIVET, aka UNCLE BOOM BOOM, twenties.
In the center of his bone necklace is a SKULL MADE OF GOLD.

NEES

Get a load of these guys. Looks
like Halloween.

KARLA

Do you think he has a big cock?

Nees grins. Tibbs looks at her in surprise.

The Jamaicans fan out around the table. They are matched by
Nees' men.

TIBBS

(stands greeting him)

Uncle Boom Boom, thank you for coming.

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

(ignores Tibbs)

You Nees?

NEES

(stands)

That I am. Grab a seat. Get you a
drink?

Uncle Boom Boom remains standing.

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

Your boy been pushing for a meet for
two weeks now. Your people been
crowding my operations. What you
want?

NEES

Sit down Bam Bam.

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

It's Boom Boom. You wanna know why?

NEES

It's your stripper name?

Laughs to himself. Tibbs looks uncomfortable.

Uncle Boom Boom opens his coat to reveal a DOUBLE BARRELED SHOT GUN slung under his arm.

Nees reaches to his waistband withdrawing a NICKEL PLATED twenty-five caliber pistol with PEARL GRIPS. He thumps it on the table.

The gunmen reach for their guns eyeing each other.

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

Is that your woman's gun?

KARLA

So now that we've gotten the dick wagging out of the way, can we get down to business?

Uncle Boom Boom grins, unimpressed. He sits thumping his boots on the table.

The gunmen settle but continue to eye each other.

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

(nods at the pistol)

Put that away before you hurt yourself Mr. Accountant.

NEES

You're pretty cocky for a guy moving ten percent of the volume he used to.

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

Just a bad patch.

NEES

The Russians are too strong for you. They're buying up everything you own. Hell everyone is too strong for you. The Italians, the Mexicans. You're getting pushed out of your own neighborhoods for Christsake.

(Boom Boom raises an eyebrow)

Due diligence.

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

Tough talk for a guy who just had his ass handed to him.

NEES

What are you talking about?

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

Heard your crew got wiped out upstate.
Took out thirty of your boys. Cops
also found a bunch a girls. 'Sex-
slaves' I think is what they are
calling them.

NEES

An inconvenience.

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

Ha. That 'inconvenience' cost you
what? Three-point two million?
(Nees raises an eyebrow)
Due diligence.

NEES

(darkly)
Ball park.

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

So what you want from me? I don't
sell no slaves.

NEES

Maybe you should think about
diversifying.

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

Diversifying?

NEES

Jesus Christ, I thought you guys in
New York were smart. Yes. Women.
Broads. Skank. Whatever the fuck
you call 'em. You know we lost some
product. We need to replace it.

KARLA

We have clients around the world
willing to pay top dollar for the
product we provide. Right now there
is a niche market for something in
the darker-skinned variety.

NEES

And no, you won't be selling them.
Let the big boys handle that.

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

Mind yourself little man.

NEES

Or what?

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

Or you can talk with your boys down
at the docks.

KARLA

What the fuck? That was you? Why
the fuck would you do that?

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

Dinnit say it was me. Then again
you wanna take a mans soul you got
to cut it out of him.

TIBBS

Cops think it was The Punisher.

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

Maybe yes. Maybe no. I know people
who skin a body like that.

(gestures to his men)

Got two in the room here, skin a man
like they skinning a fish. Keep him
alive while they doing it too.

NEES

Gimme a break. This ain't some of
your voodoo shit. And if it was
this Punisher guy, he bleeds like
any other man. And if he bleeds, he
can be killed.

EXT. ROOFTOP ACROSS THE STREET

The Punisher lays prone at the roofs edge beneath a THERMAL
CAMOUFLAGE BLANKET. A PARABOLIC MICROPHONE juts from the
blanket.

He listens to the conversation between Nees and Uncle Boom
Boom.

His RADIO squawks from Micro.

MICRO

(on radio)

Sounds like you've made the Nees hit
parade.

THE PUNISHER

If it wasn't for the civilians I
could end him here. RPG right through
the window into his Shirley Temple.

INT. CLUB 17

KARLA

Can we get back to business here?

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

So what's the deal?

KARLA

Depends on what you bring. Prices vary depending on the quality and age. Anywhere from a couple of thousand to a million.

NEES

You provide the women. We provide the transportation and security.

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

Okay. What's my cut?

NEES

Fifteen percent.

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

Bullshit. You are crazy.

NEES

Maybe. But it's better than whatever you're making right now which is about zero.

KARLA

It's negotiable. I'm assuming you still have contacts in Jamaica. And those people have contacts in Haiti.

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

What you want with them?

KARLA

After the earthquake there was lots of displaced families and even more orphans. Nobody looks for orphans.

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

That's cold.

NEES

That's business. Like we said, there is a market out there. A big market. Now I've got the connections, the transportation and the auction house already set up. This is big.

(MORE)

NEES (CONT'D)

We're talking an international market.
Now, you in or out?

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

I get you a sample. You gimme twenty percent.

NEES

Eighteen. But we gotta see the merchandise first.

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

You want chocolate, I give you chocolate.

KARLA

The younger the better.

UNCLE BOOM BOOM

I call you.

NEES

Can't wait.

Uncle Boom Boom and his people exit.

Nees gets up.

KARLA

Lets get out of here.

TIBBS

What's wrong?

KARLA

The clientele. They let anybody in here.

EXT. ROOFTOP ACROSS THE STREET

The Punisher watches Uncle Boom Boom leave, heading for the parking lot.

THE PUNISHER

I've got the Jamaicans leaving now.

MICRO

(on the radio)

I've got Nees and Karla coming out the side door.

THE PUNISHER

Stick with them.

MICRO
(on the radio)
What are you going to do?

THE PUNISHER
Speak with the Jamaicans about their
latest business dealings.

MICRO
(on the radio)
Copy that.

EXT. PARKING LOT.

The Jamaicans step to their vehicles. Uncle Boom Boom is on his phone.

UNCLE BOOM BOOM
I don't care. Yes the young one.
Get her cleaned up. Give her
something to wake her up. Just get
her ready.

EXT. ROOFTOP ACROSS THE STREET

The Punisher listens to their conversations as he slides a M32 GRENADE LAUNCHER to his shoulder.

Over the Parabolic Microphone trilling like a rattle snake.

THE PUNISHER
(muttering)
What is that?

Sound stops.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Jamaicans separate to their vehicles.

Whump. Whump. Whump.

Three SMOKE GRENADES hit the ground immediately spewing thick smoke.

In a panic the Jamaicans draw their weapons. Uncle Boom Boom draws his shotgun.

Zip. Zip. SILENCED BULLETS shatter the streetlights plunging the parking lot into darkness.

EXT. ROOFTOP.

The Punisher POV. Nightvision. Image is obscure. Switching to thermal reveals the panicked Jamaicans.

Over the Microphone the trilling again.

The Punisher frowns.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The Jamaicans are panicked searching in all directions.
Weapons up and ready.

Zip. Splat. One is shot. Zip. Splat. A second goes down.

EXT. ROOFTOP.

The Punisher settles the cross hairs on another GLOWING FORM when the smoke behind him moves. Suddenly the man's HEAD tumbles from his body.

The Punisher pulls back. Peers again through the scope to see another man CONVULSE clutching at his abdomen. His guts spill to the ground. Reflexively the Jamaican squeezes the trigger.

In the muzzle flash The Punisher sees a MAN SHAPED FORM silhouetted in the smoke.

THE PUNISHER

What the fuck?

PARKING LOT.

It is chaos now as the Jamaicans realize something is in their midst and it is killing them.

Uncle Boom Boom and the remaining gunmen fire in all directions.

One gunman screams as his throat is sliced open as the clouds swirl before him. Another is suddenly thrown into the wall, pinned there by a NET. As the mesh cuts his flesh a SPEAR pierces his chest.

Uncle Boom Boom has had enough and starts running with the surviving gunmen. The last gunman barely makes it out of the clouds of smoke before a WIRE SNARE cinches tight around his ankle. He screams, clawing at the concrete as he is dragged back into the smoke. His screams end abruptly.

THE PUNISHER.

Watches Uncle Boom Boom run and sees the man dragged into the smoke but nothing else. Uncle Boom Boom runs down to the SUBWAY followed by two gunmen.

Throwing off the thermal blanket he snaps a carabiner to an air conditioner unit before rolling off the roof.

He quickly rappels down the side of the building to the sidewalk.

SIDEWALK

The Punisher lands in front of two gunmen. He chops the first one in the throat before the man knows what has happened. Shoving him aside The Punisher grabs the second gunman's outstretched gun yanking him forward. As the man stumbles The Punisher throws a kick at his knee breaking it before twisting the gun out of his hands and shooting him with it.

He turns back to the first gunman pushing him into the railing. Then with the man's neck bent over the metal The Punisher pushes off on his head, snap, breaking the gunman's neck as he vaults over the railing down to the subway stairs.

INT. SUBWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The place is deserted. The Punisher jumps the turnstile heading for the platform but it is empty.

Flips on the TACTICAL ENTRY LIGHT. Checks down the tunnel.

The Punishers POV spots the silhouette of Uncle Boom Boom running down the tracks.

The Punisher jumps down and follows.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

The SIGNAL LIGHTS offer some illumination so The Punisher dowses his light blending into the shadows. Advances cautiously.

O.S. rumble of subway trains.

He approaches a curve. Moves to the opposite side, mindful of the THIRD RAIL.

O.S. trains getting closer.

Light from the approaching train grows.

O.S. wet slopping noise. Then BONES CRACKING.

The train is almost on him.

Train light sweeps into the tunnel as the train roars towards him.

In a flash he sees what is left of Uncle Boom Boom's body after the SPINE HAS BEEN RIPPED OUT. Like a rag doll it tumbles to the track bed.

In the moment before the train passes he sees The Predator (Silver Mask). And then the train passes between them.

Snapping on the entry light he raises his gun, finger tight on the trigger. As the last car passes - the tunnel is empty.

He plays the light over the remains of Uncle Boom Boom.

THE PUNISHER

What the fuck is going on?

O.S shouts of approaching police officers.

Flashlights bounce along the tunnel as they enter.

The Punisher disappears into the darkness.

INT. THE PUNISHERS WAREHOUSE - LATER

The Punisher clears and stows his weapons in the armory.

THE PUNISHER

I'm telling you, there was someone else down there.

MICRO

What do you mean 'someone?'

THE PUNISHER

Not sure. At least seven feet tall. Dreadlocks like a rasta, some kind of mask or helmet, shiny. Almost silver. It was wearing body armor, gauntlets on the wrists.

MICRO

Like from a cosplay convention? A combination of Game of Thrones and a Rastafarian?

THE PUNISHER

Funny.

MICRO

Police report is the same as that scene at the docks. Boom Boom was found without his spine. Could have been because he got run over by a subway but...

THE PUNISHER

...not very likely. Trains don't remove spines.

MICRO

So was this the same guy who helped you out in the parking lot?

THE PUNISHER

Couldn't see him or them. Must have had some advanced cloaking. I couldn't spot him. He also had to be using thermal optics because he was able to pick out Boom Boom and his people through the smoke without a problem.

MICRO

Another player? What's his angle?

THE PUNISHER

(shrugs)

Not sure yet. I'm going back into the subway to take a look around.

MICRO

And Nees?

THE PUNISHER

Keep working on the Battle Van.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is a shit hole. Bare bulbs hang from the ceiling. A simple stained chair sits in one corner. Rough wood fills the window cutting off all outside light. On the floor is a stained mattress the soiled sheets a jumbled mess. At the end is a LARGE STEEL RING anchored to the floor. Attached to that ring is a cable that traces onto the mattress where it is cinched to the slender bloody ankle of a nearly naked young girl, ANNA.

A man, forties, get off the soiled mattress.

MAN

(mocking)

Damn girl, if you put as much energy into fucking as fighting you wouldn't be a half bad lay.

He laughs as he begins dressing.

The girl, ANNA, mid-teens, sobs into the blanket.

ANNA

Fuck you.

The man whistles a happy tune as he finishes dressing.

MAN
(snorting)
No, I fucked you.

He steps out but not before Anna whips a soiled pillow at him.

MAN (CONT'D)
(scoffs)
Bitch.

Leaves.

Anna returns to sobbing in the blankets.

Quietly Karla enters. She puts a towel on the mattress to sit on. Gently she strokes her back. Runs her fingers through Anna's hair.

ANNA
(sobbing)
That bastard.

KARLA
Pedro?

ANNA
I'd like to cut that fuckers balls off.

Karla stops running her fingers through Anna's hair.

KARLA
Would you?

ANNA
If I had the chance.

Turns to look at Karla.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Help me get out of here.

KARLA
Help you?

ANNA
Yes. Please. They must trust you because they let you walk around here.
(nods at the wire)
It's coming loose. Just a little bit more and I can get my foot out.

KARLA

And then?

ANNA

I've got to find Kelsey. Then we get out of here. You too.

KARLA

Kelsey?

ANNA

My friend. She's a red head. They grabbed the two of us at the same time.

KARLA

Red head? Oh yeah, I think I've seen her.

ANNA

Can you get me to her? I've gotta get her out of here.

KARLA

Are you sure that's the best idea?

ANNA

What? You can't *want* to stay here. Surrounded by all these monsters.

(beat)

How long have you been here?

KARLA

Since the beginning.

ANNA

My God. Well I don't know what kind of bullshit they've been using to try and brainwash you but it isn't right. This isn't right.

Karla reaches down to Anna's ankle.

KARLA

Brainwashed?

ANNA

Yeah all that shit they keep saying about 'get used to it. You're part of the business.' It's bullshit! What kind of business kidnaps and rapes women? None that I know.

Karla watches her a moment. She reaches for the wire.

ANNA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Karla slips the wire off of Anna's ankle. Anna breathes deeply savoring the freedom as she rubs her ankle.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Oh my God, thank you.

She hugs Karla who hugs her back.

KARLA

Now what?

ANNA

We find my friend.

Karla nods. She helps Anna to her feet and wraps a soiled sheet around her.

KARLA

Let me check the hallway.

She cracks the door checking the hall before beckoning Anna to follow.

INT. STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Holding onto each other they descend the darkened stairs. Anna looks warily behind them.

ANNA

Do you know where we are?

KARLA

New York.

(Anna snorts)

What?

ANNA

Always wanted to come here. Just didn't expect it to be like this.

Karla smiles at her. But her eyes don't.

KARLA

I think it was down there.

She gestures to a door at the bottom of the stairs.

O.S. grunting noises.

ANNA

What is that sound?

KARLA
Don't know. The pipes?

ANNA
The pipes?

Karla shrugs indifferently.

KARLA
(nods at the door)
That was the last place I saw her.

Anna pushes open the door into a STORAGE ROOM. The grunting is louder. She steps inside.

INT. STORAGE ROOM

The room is dark, lit only by a few bare bulbs. Junk is piled along the walls.

Anna steps further into the room following the sound.

In the back corner she can see movement. It is also the source of the grunting noise.

Getting close we see TWO PEOPLE in the midst of having sex on the floor. A SKINNY nearly emaciated man is on top thrusting for all he is worth.

Beneath him we glimpse locks of RED HAIR.

ANNA
Kelsey!

She rushes at them shoving the man off and into the wall. The man cowers. He covers his head with arms dotted with NEEDLE TRACKS AND SORES.

SKINNY MAN
(panicked muttering)
But but but I paid. He said five bucks. It was five bucks. I paid. Five bucks.

Anna ignores him as she tends to her friend. But it is a wasted effort. Kelsey is dead. From the grey color of her skin she has been for some time.

Suddenly she is shoved to the ground.

KARLA
(to the Skinny Man)
You paid your money. Finish up.

With wary eyes he pushes off from the floor and mounts Kelsey's corpse.

ANNA
(to Karla, shrieking)
What are you doing?

KARLA
It's business. He paid.
(she grabs Anna's
hair)
And you'd better get used to it.

She yanks Anna to her feet dragging her to the door.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Still pulling Anna's hair Karla slams her into the wall. As Anna screams Karla loops the wire around her ankle pulling it tight.

ANNA
No!

KARLA
(grabs her throat)
That is one word you won't get to
say again. Ever. Unless you want
to end up like you friend downstairs.

Karla gets up. Anna pushes up and takes a swing at her, missing.

ANNA
(screaming)
You bitch!

KARLA
(shaking her head)
Lots of fight left in you. Can't
have that.

Anna screams as she closes the door.

OUTSIDE THE ROOM

Karla glances at two men smoking in the hallway. Both wear sweat stained tank tops and their belts are undone.

KARLA (CONT'D)
(nods at the door)
Get in there. Both of you.

Both men nod and douse their cigarettes. With hungry looks they move to the door...

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Karla descends the stairs. Howard and Tibbs sit before the television.

NEES

Hey baby. I was just saying to old Tibbs here that this is a pretty sweet set up. Little weigh station before moving the product on to a better place.

TIBBS

Can't put them up in a hotel and people might start noticing them in warehouse. Figured setting up in an old apartment building would work best.

NEES

An old apartment building that I paid for.

TIBBS

Yes, Howard. Your money.

NEES

(to Karla)
What's going on?

KARLA

That one girl is a handful.

NEES

The blonde? Yeah she's got some sass to her.

KARLA

Where'd they find her?

TIBBS

Mexico I think. Figure she was down there on vacation with some friends and got picked up at a club.

KARLA

(to Tibbs)
She's American?

NEES

She's got great hair. I mean seriously, she's a natural blonde.

TIBBS

(shrugs)

Maybe, I guess.

NEES

What's the problem?

KARLA

(glaring at him)

I'm trying to decide whether we should cut our losses with her.

NEES

No way. Can't break your streak. Besides, we need her.

KARLA

Why?

TIBBS

Looks like The Punisher wiped out Uncle Boom Boom.

NEES

(nods at the tv)

Cops are saying Boom Boom and his crew got taken apart last night. Literally. Body parts all over the place.

TIBBS

So you believe me now?

KARLA

If it is The Punisher he's messing with our business. If we can't provide the product customers are going to start going elsewhere.

NEES

Relax baby. I got it handled. I've made calls. Some boys will be here by tomorrow night. Lots of bang for my buck. They'll fuck him up just fine. Then we get back to business.

KARLA

(nods)

Good.

She opens some drawers, finding a pair of SCISSORS.

NEES

Uh oh, craft time.

KARLA
Someone needs a haircut.

Karla heads up the stairs.

TIBBS
What was that all about?

NEES
(grinning)
She's been a little emotional lately.

TIBBS
I gotta ask; what does she think
about this set up? I mean, being a
woman and all?

NEES
(laughs)
She was already running a stable of
girls when I met her.

TIBBS
Seriously?

NEES
When she was in college she had a
set up where she would provide girls
to some old investment banker guy.

TIBBS
She was a pimp?

NEES
(shrugs)
Her school mates would provide
'massages' to this guy and some of
his buddies.

TIBBS
Just massages?

NEES
Of course not. Once the old guys
flashes the cash how could they say
no? They made money. The old guy
got his rocks off.

TIBBS
So she was a pimp.

NEES
It was more of a pyramid set up.
(MORE)

NEES (CONT'D)

She got the ball rolling then used the girls to recruit others. Word spread that there was money to be made.

TIBBS

But she took a cut?

NEES

Of course. That's how we met. Got introduced at a party. Started talking and she asked for some investment advice. One thing led to another...

TIBBS

(sarcastic)

Sounds romantic.

NEES

Romance? Sure. We were in the sack that night. Anyway, I convinced her to get out just before the whole thing got busted. Yeah, the old fuck took one of the girls to the Caribbean or something. Had her down there for almost a month. Dumb fuck never thought about the fact she was only fifteen. All he cared about was her tight ass. They got busted coming back to the States. Turns out immigration was looking for her. The whole thing went tits up. Old fuck hung himself before they could send his ass to jail. Or somebody hung him before he ratted out his old fuck friends. Who knows?

TIBBS

Damn.

NEES

Yeah. So then she came up with the plan for this. Bigger profits selling the girl and not just the service.

TIBBS

So she doesn't think about the women?

NEES

What the fuck? You getting soft? You going to rat us out to the cops 'cause you found a conscience? You worried about them?

TIBBS

No. Just your wife seems kind of high strung.

NEES

How would you know? You some kind of psychologist now?

TIBBS

No, man. I was just wondering.

NEES

It's this trip. We got plans. Coming up here to get your ass straightened out wasn't part of those plans.

TIBBS

That ain't my fault.

NEES

Whatever. Truth is we were thinking about taking a break.

TIBBS

Like a vacation?

NEES

No. Like a nine month break.

TIBBS

Nine month...

NEES

A baby you dumbass. She wants to have a baby.

TIBBS

A baby?

NEES

Yeah. I think she's be a great mom.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

O.S trains rumble in the distance.

The Punisher moves along the tunnel. His FLASHLIGHT pushes back the darkness. Spots a BLOOD SMEAR along the wall and the remnants of police tape.

O.S. shuffling sound. Wet Rattle.

The Punisher dowses the flashlight, draws a pistol.

The Punisher's POV figure backlit by tunnel lights, approaches.

The Punisher steps out snapping on the flashlight aiming the pistol.

THE PUNISHER

Don't move.

In the light stands a HOMELESS MAN dressed in a ratty coat and filthy pants. Over his shoulder is a COIL OF WIRE.

His eyes go wide as his hands shoot in the air.

THE PUNISHER (CONT'D)

Who are you?

DANTE

(stammering)

Dante. My...my name is Dante.

He COUGHS phlegmy cough, the mucous rattling heavily in his chest.

THE PUNISHER

What are you doing here?

DANTE

Wire. I'm getting wire.

He turns to show the coil of COPPER WIRE over his shoulder.

Another cough rattles through his chest.

THE PUNISHER

You're stealing it?

DANTE

I-I found it. Nobody was using it.
Omar said he give me money for it.

THE PUNISHER

Anybody else down here?

DANTE

No-nobody here but me. You gonna
shoot me?

THE PUNISHER

(lowers the pistol)

No. Get out of here.

Dante heaves a relieved sigh, moves cautiously around The Punisher.

THE PUNISHER (CONT'D)

Leave it.

DANTE

What? But-but...what about...

Puts the wire on the ground.

THE PUNISHER

Here.

Tosses him a roll of MONEY.

With a shocked look Dante takes the money before shuffling up the tunnel.

The Punisher moves further down the tunnel.

O.S scuffling behind him. Strangled wet scream.

The Punisher rushes back up the tunnel.

Rounds the bend. Snaps on the flashlight.

Dante floats six feet off the ground. Two bloody BLADES jut from his back. His body shudders as he bleeds out.

THE PUNISHER (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

The Predator (cloaked) turns to look at The Punisher. Its EYES flash GREEN. The Predator puts a hand on Dante's shoulder and heaves tearing him in two.

The Punisher opens fire. The bullets spark off The Predators armor.

The Predator whips Dante's upper body at The Punisher slamming him into the wall.

Shoving the bloody remnants aside there is a crackle of electricity as The Predator de-cloaks. It stands over him, easily seven feet tall, a shiny SILVER war-mask over its face. Around it's neck is Uncle Boom Boom's GOLD SKULL pendant.

The Punisher raises his pistol but SILVER MASK stomps on his wrist. He follows that with a powerful punch to the face that drives The Punisher into the ground.

Before he can recover Silver Mask yanks him off the ground by his arm before tossing him across the tunnel into the wall.

The Punisher struggles to his feet, his arm dislocated.

Silver Mask takes its time crossing the tracks. It cocks its head as it sizes him up. It feints a lunge before moving casually in the opposite direction toying with him.

It laughs, the voice sounding like Uncle Boom Boom.

The Punisher watches, keeping a steel pillar between them.

Silver Mask lashes out with its bloody blades but The Punisher dodges using the pillar to block the blow. Silver Mask tries the opposite side but The Punisher dodges the other way.

O.S approaching train.

Silver Mask swings the blades repeatedly, striking the steel and throwing up sparks. Suddenly it's SHOULDER CANNON springs up taking aim at The Punisher.

He dives just as the PULSE BOLT punches a hole in the wall behind him. Before he can get to his feet Silver Mask stomps on his back.

Silver Mask raises its blades-.

TRAIN rounds the bend, it's STEEL WHEELS shrieking on the rails.

Silver Mask's hyper-tuned senses are overloaded. It steps back clutching its head.

The Punisher quickly dives over the tracks an instant before the train roars past.

Silence returns to the tunnel and Silver Mask is back on the hunt.

Silver Mask's POV dust kicked up by the train obscures it's vision. Thermal vision shows an ORANGE mass in the shape of a body.

Silver Mask approaches.

The Punisher is hidden in the shadows. He reaches out searching. Finally he finds it. The COPPER WIRE.

Silver Mask's POV heat sources two glowing orange, the halves of Dante.

Silver Mask approaches. It never notices the COPPER WIRE trip line snaking across its path. The wire touches the creatures leg.

O.S. approaching train from the opposite direction.

Silver Mask stops and surveys the body. Slowly it sinks a blade into the body then flings it away in disgust. But this reveals The Punisher hiding beneath the body.

Silver Mask POV focuses on the red hot shape of The Punisher.

Silver Mask starts to laugh. THREE LASER DOTS appear on The Punishers forehead. The pulse cannon swivels in his direction.

THE PUNISHER (CONT'D)
Yeah, keep laughing sucker.

He tosses the end of the WIRE against the THIRD RAIL.

There is a crack of electricity as it courses through Silver Mask. It's body goes rigid. Sparks burst from it's gauntlets. Smoke billows from around the war mask. It lurches back breaking the connection. Somehow it is still alive.

The Train approaches.

The Punisher scrambles to his feet lunging at Silver Mask.

Hearing him it raises it's blades.

The Punisher slams into it knocking it backwards.

Silver Mask stumbles onto the tracks as the train bears down on it.

Wham! Silver Mask is struck. It tumbles beneath the steel wheels as it is carried down the tracks.

The Punisher crawls to his feet and follows. Comes upon a MANGLED FOOT dripping GREEN BLOOD.

THE PUNISHER (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you?

O.S. screech of brakes as the trains stops.

The Punisher limps in the opposite direction.

INT. THE PUNISHERS WAREHOUSE - LATER

Micro helps The Punisher from the taxi.

MICRO
Christ Frank, I thought you were just doing recon. Did you find a crack house on the way and decided to crash it?

THE PUNISHER

Whatever killed Uncle Boom Boom was down there.

MICRO

He did this to you?

THE PUNISHER

Yeah. Big fucker. Fast. Nasty blades on his wrist. It had a gun on a shoulder mount. Fired some kind of pulse blast.

Pulls off The Punishers jacket. He grimaces as it slides over his still dislocated shoulder.

MICRO

And where is it now..?

THE PUNISHER

Dead. Met a North bound train.

MICRO

Get on the table. Your shoulder is still out.

THE PUNISHER

I couldn't get it back into place.

The Punisher climbs onto the worktable. Micro pulls him up until a TABLE VICE is under his armpit.

THE PUNISHER (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

MICRO

Need counter traction. So who do you think this guy is?

THE PUNISHER

Not who. What. And I have no idea. But whatever it is it likes to kill. Doesn't care who.

MICRO

The weapons you're describing don't sound like anything off any shelf I know.

THE PUNISHER

Maybe it's not from around here.

MICRO

You mean, like outside of the Tri-State area or further? Like California?

THE PUNISHER

How about off planet.

MICRO

Off. Planet. An alien?

THE PUNISHER

It bled green shit.

MICRO

Like Spock? C'mon.

THE PUNISHER

That's what I saw.

MICRO

Jesus. What about the mutilations? Taking the skin and spines. It's like he's hunting. Taking trophies.

THE PUNISHER

Could be. Serial killers do the same thing. Sometimes it just kills.

MICRO

Next question; was he down there hunting for someone or was he hunting you?

THE PUNISHER

Saw me as a threat? Maybe.

MICRO

Here.

(hands him a LEATHER
GLOVE)

Bite down.

THE PUNISHER

(ignores the glove)

What about Nees?

MICRO

Nees? Seriously? You tell me there is some kind of extra-terrestrial out there butchering people but you want to carry on business as usual?

THE PUNISHER

Was out there. It's dead.

MICRO

Frank, we need to call somebody.
The army, the navy, NASA. Somebody.

THE PUNISHER

The NYPD will call whoever they need to. That's not my problem. My priority is putting Nees and Karla in the ground.

MICRO

But-.

THE PUNISHER

Lisa.

MICRO

What...? Lisa? Your daughter Lisa?

THE PUNISHER

(nods)

Any of those girls could be my daughter. Raped and tortured so some fuck can make money.

MICRO

Oh...

THE PUNISHER

Now, what have you got?

MICRO

(sigh)

Well, this guy is easy to trace. All I have to do is follow him on Facebook. Idiot is posting that he's rented an entire condo complex. Cell phone intercepts have him recruiting another dozen shooters. Probably to come after you.

THE PUNISHER

(tries to get up)

When?

MICRO

Some time AFTER I get your shoulder back in place. Now lie down!

Pushes him down onto the table then takes hold of his wrist.

THE PUNISHER

Hurry up.

MICRO

Frank, if you're intending to go after Nees' army you're going to need both of your arms. Now lie down.

THE PUNISHER

Just-.

Micro pulls. Pop! The shoulder goes back into place. The Punisher grimaces.

MICRO

You should have used the glove.

THE PUNISHER

Not sure what is worse; you putting my shoulder back in or the taste of that glove.

MICRO

Toughen up.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - LATER

The tunnel has become a CRIME SCENE marked off with yellow crime scene tape and lit by portable lights. But it is eerily quiet. The trains have been stopped or diverted but there is no movement around the crime scene.

That's because all the police and forensics people are dead. Their bodies are strewn about, slashed to pieces, missing limbs, eviscerated. There is blood everywhere.

TWO BLOODY BLADES float in the air. They reach towards an EVIDENCE BAG holding the severed forearm of Silver Mask.

With a crackle of electricity a SECOND PREDATOR decloaks. With a bloody clawed hand it tears open the bag removing the forearm and GAUNTLET.

It presses a sequence of buttons on the gauntlet and a panel flips up. Another button releases a small MEMORY CARD.

The Predator (BLACK MASK) places the forearm with the rest of Silver Masks' body parts. Takes the memory card and places it in its own gauntlet. We notice the GOLD CHAIN taken from the gunmen at the docks wrapped around Black Masks thick wrist.

Black Masks POV screen inside it's war mask. Scrolls through a menu before highlighting a tab.

Black Mask sees a POV recording from Silver Mask. It scrolls back the images of Silver Masks battle with The Punisher until it finds a frame of his face.

It enlarges the image until it fills the screen.

INT. THE PUNISHERS WAREHOUSE - LATER

Micro enters with bags of GROCERIES. He sets them on the counter and unloads them.

The Punisher steps out of the armory. He sets his weapons on the work bench and begins loading magazines.

THE PUNISHER
Where have you been?

MICRO
(looks at the bags)
I went to see a ball game. Where
does it look like I went?

THE PUNISHER
I need a location on Nees and Karla.

MICRO
(goes to the computer)
And I would like to eat something
other than an MRE.
(The Punisher glares
at him)
Of course, eating can wait.
(looks at computer)
No sign at the estate. Okay video
shows them arriving at the condo
about two hours ago. No sign of
them exiting.

THE PUNISHER
What about the shooters?

MICRO
I've got about a dozen men arriving
at the condo about thirty minutes
ago.

THE PUNISHER
No sign of those men leaving yet?
(Micro is distracted)
Micro?

MICRO
(looking at the
computer)
Uh...you're sure that thing in the
subway was dead, right?

THE PUNISHER
It was in a dozen pieces.

MICRO
Oh God I hope it can't put itself
back together.

THE PUNISHER
Micro what are you talking about?

MICRO
(points at the screen)
The crime scene in the subway.
Something killed the cops down there.

THE PUNISHER
What? How many?

MICRO
(reading the screen)
Jesus Christ it looks like all of
them. Cut to pieces. Police are
really scrambling now. Pulling in
cops from all the boroughs. Even
put out a call to the feds.

THE PUNISHER
Son of a bitch. There's another
one.

MICRO
What's the plan?

THE PUNISHER
First Nees and Karla. Then I go
after this predator.

MICRO
You think that's the best idea?

THE PUNISHER
Get your battle van ready. It's
time to go to work.

INT. NEES APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nees is a bundle of excited nerves as he paces around the
apartment. Spread out throughout the space are A DOZEN
GUNMEN.

They are purposeful and quiet as they jock up for battle.

NEES

Oh this is great! It's like were going to war or something.

(that raises a few eyebrows)

Maybe I should have a gun. I mean like a machine gun. I already have a gun. But I should probably have a bigger gun, right?

More raised eyebrows. A few turn towards Tibbs.

TIBBS

You know Howard, I think it best if we let the professionals do their thing.

NEES

Yeah, yeah maybe you're right. That's what I'm paying 'em for right? Still it would be cool to be out there blasting away on full auto, cutting this Punisher guy to pieces. I could video tape it like Call of Duty or something.

He steps to the table set out with a smorgasbord of drugs, coke, crack, meth, red pills, blue pills, green pills. Snorts a line of coke and pops a couple of red pills swilling it down with a gulp of bourbon.

NEES (CONT'D)

(to everyone)

Anybody want some?

No takers. Nees shrugs.

B.G. Karla emerges from the BEDROOM. She finishes buttoning her blouse before straightening her hair. Behind her a gunman finishes hitching his belt.

B.G. in the room Anna is tied to the bed spread eagled.

The gunman closes the door.

NEES (CONT'D)

(to the room)

Anybody else need to blow off a little steam? Or blow your load?

Laughs himself silly. No one joins him.

Karla steps to the table and snorts a line of coke.

One gunman, TORO, Mexican, thirties, steps forward, away from the others.

TORO
So you're the man?

NEES
I am **the** man.

TORO
Yeah, so you was saying something about The Punisher?

NEES
Yeah. Heard of him?
(nod)
Apparently he's some kind of vigilante type super hero.

TORO
From what I hear he ain't no super hero. He's one badass mother fucker. Former spec-for.

NEES
Spec-for? What's that?

TORO
Special forces. Navy SEAL.

NEES
Big deal. I saw that movie. Kind of cheesy. Anyway he's one guy. There's twelve of you. Well, thirteen when you count me.

TORO
We'll leave it at twelve. So you got enough green to cover this? The fee is one hundred grand for 2 weeks work. Each.

NEES
That's the deal. And yes I'm swimming in green. I've got a pool of cash like Scrooge McDuck.

TORO
Yeah I bet you do. Thing is; The Punisher takes this to a whole new level. He ain't your typical opposition.

KARLA
What's the problem?

TORO

Job was supposed to be security.
Now you want us to hunt one fearsome
motherfucker. That's the problem.

NEES

One hundred grand for two weeks work
ain't enough?
(shaking heads)
Fine. An extra hundred to whoever
nails him.

TORO

That sounds better.

KARLA

Proof. You kill him, I want the
body. Not just your word. Not some
picture on your phone. I want his
body on my dining room table.

Nees bangs the table spilling some of the drugs.

NEES

Right here!

Toro looks back to the others and receives nods.

TORO

That'll do.

NEES

Good. Let's go hunting.

KARLA

I'm going to stay here. I've got
some people coming by.

NEES

(grins)
Still with the pet project? Have
fun.

KARLA

(heating up some heroin)
I will.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Nees, Tibbs and the dozen mercenaries exit the elevators
heading for a row of Suburbans.

NEES

Oh man this is so cool.

TORO
What are you talking about?

NEES
C'mon, this is like Armageddon.
(strange looks)
You, know, Armageddon, the movie?
With the asteroid? When Bruce Willis
and Ben Affleck are walking to the
rocket and the music is blasting and
it's all in slow-mo. So cool. We
need some music.

All of the mercenaries scowl at Nees. Tibbs looks at Nees
in disbelief.

TORO
(muttering)
What an idiot.

NEES
Gimme a second. Let me find
something.

Nees starts looking at his phone for a PLAY-LIST.

O.S. ROARING ENGINE.

Lights flash. A VAN races towards the gate. SMASH. Slams
through continues racing towards them. The van squeals in a
one-eighty.

The mercenaries react immediately weapons come up and start
firing. They pound the back of the van.

Tibbs grabs the stunned Nees tossing him behind a planter.

The weapons runs dry. The mercs cycle through reloads,
calling out to each other as they do.

Toro gestures for two men to check the van. Two mercs step
from cover, one approaches the drivers door, the other the
rear door.

With their weapons ready both men reach for the door handles.

There is a snap of electricity. Their bodies go rigid. The
door handles are BOOBY-TRAPPED like an electrified fence.

The two mercs convulse before finally collapsing to the
ground.

From the TOP OF THE VAN the vent cover flips up and a four
barrel GRENADE LAUNCHER extends into place. Whump, whump,
whump, whump. It fires projectiles into the parking lot.

TORO

Incoming!

The mercs duck covering their heads.

Two of the grenades explode in clouds of smoke. The second two are flash bangs that detonate with a huge noise.

TORO (CONT'D)

(relieved)

Just smokers.

THUNK. The vans rear doors come open. The Punisher steps out holding an ELECTRIC GATLING GUN mounted on a gimbal.

The gun buzzes like a high performance engine as it spews bullets.

The mercs aren't just shot down. They cease to exist. Those in the open are turned to red mist. Some scramble for cover behind the vehicles.

The Punisher cuts the vehicles to pieces before cutting the mercs apart.

Tibbs grabs Nees scrambling back to the building just making it through the doors as the glass shatters around them.

INT. BUILDING

In full panic mode they race for the elevators slamming the button. DING. They dive inside hiding as the door close.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The Gatling gun spins to a stop, smoke drifting from the barrels.

The Punisher grabs an assault rifle with grenade launcher.

Walking through the smoke filled parking lot he finishes off a number of mercs who are barely alive before following the others into the building.

INT. CONDO LOBBY

The Punisher enters the smoldering lobby. Shattered glass crunches under his boots. He steps to the elevator and presses the button then walks over to the stairway door.

He throws open the door and steps back as he is met by a hail of bullets from above. A gunman has taken a position a floor up.

The Punisher takes a GRENADE from his belt pulling the pin and calmly waits until the barrage stops. When it does he slides out tosses it up between the railings.

It detonates midair right in front of the gunman.

INT. NEES APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Nees and Tibbs rush through the door slamming it shut. Nees throws the deadbolt as Tibbs grabs a desk shoving it in front of the door.

NEES

Holy shit! That is crazy! Is that him? Is that the Punisher guy?

TIBBS

Yeah.

NEES

He's fucking crazy! Who brings a gun like that?

TIBBS

I told you!!

NEES

Oh my God I want to go back to Florida.

TIBBS

A bit late for that now!

Karla throws open the bedroom door. She stands with a SYRINGE in hand. Behind her Pedro scrambles off the bed fumbling for his clothes.

KARLA

What the hell is going on?

NEES

(screeching)

It's The Punisher!

O.S. pounding on the door.

Everyone cowers.

TORO

(from outside)

Are you in there?!

Tibbs moves to the door.

NEES
What are you doing?!

TIBBS
It's Toro!

NEES
Leave him out there!

TORO
(crazed)
You got my money, McDuck?

NEES
(yelling)
You get paid when the job is done!
And from where I'm sitting you ain't
done nothing, Mr. Spec-For.

TIBBS
(to Nees)
Are you serious?

TORO
Big words from the cock sucker hiding
behind the door. Well, you just be
ready to pay up! I'm gonna get me
some payback!

O.S. HUM of ELEVATOR MOTOR

KARLA
Is that the elevator? He's in the
elevator?! He's coming here?!
(to Tibbs)
Go get him!

TIBBS
What?

NEES
Yeah, you should go help that guy!

TIBBS
Not a chance.

NEES
It's your town. That's what you
said.

TIBBS
Screw you.

KARLA
He's in the elevator. Trapped.

TIBBS

So what?

KARLA

Grow a set of balls!

NEES

(hands over his gun)

Here. Use my gun. Now go.

Pushes Tibbs to the door before scrambling back behind the couch.

Karla retreats to the bedroom. Pedro cowers behind the bedroom door.

Tibbs reluctantly approaches the door peering through the peephole.

Tibbs POV through the peephole sees the lights flick as the car rises.

TIBBS

(to Toro)

Do you want some help?

TORO

Stay the fuck out of my way and start cutting the check.

Tibbs breathes rapidly, almost hyperventilating as he slinks away from the door.

O.S. DING of the arriving elevator.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE CONDO

As the doors part Toro starts spraying the car with bullets.

Finally his weapon empties. Gunsmoke swirls. Toro peers inside. Empty. He takes a step inside. The car shifts under his weight. He aims his pistol to the roof anticipating an attack from the escape hatch. Nothing.

Steps back. The car shifts again.

Thunk. Something falls from beneath the railing. A GRENADE.

BOOM!

INT. CONDO

Tibbs is knocked flying as the remnants of Toro and the door are blasted into the condo.

Nees is thrown across the apartment landing next to the shattered patio doors. Karla is knocked to the floor in the bedroom. Smoke and dust swirl everywhere.

The Punisher steps through the blasted out wall. Pedro staggers from the bedroom. His pants hang open. The Punisher shoots him in the crotch. Pedro crumples in a screaming heap.

Nees stumbles backwards out onto the patio. The Punisher advances on him.

NEES

What do you want? You want money?
I got lots. Name your price. You
want a job? I can use a guy like
you. We could be partners. Sixty-
forty. Ha. Okay, fifty-fifty.
Okay, I get it; you want me gone. I
get it. I'll go. That's what you
want, right? Can't have two alpha
dogs like us in one town. That's
us. I get it. Okay I'll go. No
problem. I'll get my stuff. Oh
wait I don't have anything anymore.
That's okay. I'm on the first plane
back to sunshine and pussy. That's
me, flying the friendly skies.

The Punisher steps onto the patio. Checks for threats.

NEES (CONT'D)

Okay, well, it was great meeting
you. I'll get the little wifey and
we'll be on the way. Already got
the plane tickets-.

WHOOOMP! Fires the GRENADE LAUNCHER. He is too close for the grenade to arm. The round strikes Nees in the face shattering it before snapping his head back and breaking his neck. He collapses like a puppet with its strings cut.

B.G Karla slips from hiding, sneaking for the door.

Without looking The Punisher quick draws his pistol and shoots her.

Karla collapses clutching her bleeding abdomen.

KARLA

(screaming)
You shot me! Oh my God you shot me!
How could you?
(clutches the wound)
Oh God this hurts!

The Punisher steps over to her. The POOL OF BLOOD is growing quickly. She won't last long.

Tibbs moans from beneath a mound of debris.

KARLA (CONT'D)
Hurts. Please...help...

The Punisher steps away leaving her to die in pain. Sees the open bedroom door. Spots Anna tied to the bed. His body tenses. Turns back.

KARLA (CONT'D)
(relieved)
I need a doctor.
(panicked)
Wait! What are you doing?

The Punisher grabs her by the ankle dragging her to the patio. In a swift motion he swings her body over the railing like he was tossing trash bags into a garbage truck.

Karla screams the entire way down.

THE PUNISHER
You missed your flight.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE

Two NYPD patrol cars are parked near the garage entrance. The officers survey the scene, not sure where to start. They are stunned by the carnage.

The Punisher exits the condo building carrying Anna in his arms wrapped in a blanket. Her beautiful hair has been hacked off. Ahead of him stumbles a battered and torn Tibbs.

Drawing their weapons the officers take cover behind their vehicles.

OFFICER #1
Stop right there! Get on the ground!

The Punisher keeps walking towards them. He gives Tibbs a kick sending the man stumbling. He collapses against the patrol car. He raises his hands.

The officers shift nervously, tightening their grips on their pistols.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
Stop walking! Get down on the ground!
Do it now!

The Punisher steps to the patrol car, opening the door.

THE PUNISHER

She needs medical attention. She's
malnourished and shot up with drugs.
Probably heroin.

As gently as possible he sets her in seat making sure that
the blanket covers her.

Anna grabs for his hand.

THE PUNISHER (CONT'D)

(whispering to her)

They can't hurt you anymore.

He places her hand beneath the blanket again. Closes the
door.

Two of the officers come around the car. One steps close,
aiming at The Punishers head.

OFFICER #1

This isn't an ambulance. Now get on
the ground before I put one through
your head.

The Punisher looks at the gun and then steps around him.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

Hey! Where are you going? You can't
just walk away.

THE PUNISHER

Get her to the hospital. Make sure
she's taken care of.

(nods at Tibbs who
cowers)

He's part of this. He knows where
there are other women.

(glares at Tibbs)

And he's going to show you. There
are also computers and ledgers up
there. Enough information for a
career bust.

Gets into the battered van and drives away.

The officers listen to the approaching sirens. With a shrug
Officer #1 reaches for his radio to call it in as he opens
the drivers door.

INT. THE PUNISHERS WAREHOUSE - LATER

Micro is cooking in the small kitchenette. He has laundry
piled on the table. The clothes dryer rumbles.

He samples the spaghetti sauce then turns up the ELEMENT to boil the water.

PING computer chimes.

Quick click of the mouse pulls up SECURITY SCHEMATIC.

INSERT On the screen - ZONE THREE flashes.

Clicks on camera for Zone Three. Nothing but the rooftop of the building next door.

Clicks on another camera. Nothing - BLURRED IMAGE passes in front of the camera.

PING - ZONE TWO FLASHES.

Nothing on the camera. Clicks NIGHT VISION. Nothing. Clicks THERMAL. Nothing.

Clicks on ACOUSTICS. Hear sound of the city - sirens, cars, airplanes. Dials down the background.

Hears the sound like a RATTLE SNAKE.

Micro goes rigid.

BOOM. Roof vent explodes. The Predator (cloaked) drops from the ceiling.

Micro throws open a drawer grabbing a MACHINE PISTOL.

Trilling.

Micro spins spots outline of a form. He fires.

THREE LASER DOTS snap on and center on the machine pistol.

The Predator (Black Mask) fires a pulse bolt that hits the gun. It explodes.

Micro is knocked to the floor clutching his wounded hand.

O.S. heavy footsteps approach.

Micro crawls quickly past the laundry machine, past the stove heading for the ARMORY.

THUMP. The Predator steps in front of him. With a crackle of electricity it decloaks. Nearly seven feet tall with a BLACK scarred war mask on it's face and necklace of teeth and bone. The GOLD CHAIN dangles from its wrist.

It looks to the armory then back to Micro and shakes its massive head.

MICRO

Right. That would be too easy.

Black Mask slams down a clawed hand yanking Micro up before slamming him against the counter.

It growls as it studies him.

MICRO (CONT'D)

What are you looking at?

BLACK MASK

(echoing)

What...are...you...looking...at?

MICRO

One ugly mother-fucker.

Black Mask raises it's arm. Snickt. Twin razor sharp blades snap out of it's wrist gauntlet.

Micro shudders.

Black Mask toys with him, drawing the blades close to his face, the tips brushing his eyelashes, down his face.

BUZZ! The clothes dryer finishes.

Black Mask spins, it's cannon snapping up firing a blast that obliterates the dryer.

MICRO (CONT'D)

Who's the 'fraidy cat?

Black Mask turns back to find Micro holding the POT OF BOILING WATER. He flings it at the creature. It roars as the water scalds its skin.

Micro ducks beneath it's flailing arms scrambling away.

Zing. Before he gets too far a METAL SPIKE pierces his thigh. Now Micro screams.

BLACK MASK

(angry)

Ugly mother-fucker.

Effortlessly it begins dragging him back.

Micro grabs his legs as he claws desperately for anything to hold onto.

Lights go out.

O.S. Garage door rumbles as it rises.

The Punisher returns. The Battle Vans headlights flash across the scene. It's engine suddenly roars as it accelerates.

Forgetting Micro Black Mask squares up to do battle.

Pulse blasts punch through the windshield and the engine.

The Van surges forward slamming its RAM BAR into Black Mask knocking it flying into the gate of the armory.

The Punisher throws open the door.

THE PUNISHER

Micro?!

MICRO

Here.

Black Mask growls. It stands shaking off the effects of the impact.

The Punisher fires his assault rifle.

Black Mask fires pulse blasts punching through the van.

The Punisher rolls out of the way coming up firing.

Black Mask staggers as the bullets spark off its armor. From behind its back it retrieves a TUBULAR WEAPON.

THOOMP. A NET flies out sweeping The Punisher off his feet. SPIKES along the nets edge bury themselves in the wall pinning him.

Black Mask takes its time retrieving the line attached to the spike in Micros leg. It reels him in like a fish. Micro screams in agony.

It flips Micro face down and stomps a foot on his back. It looks at The Punisher as it slowly raises its BLADES. It looks back at Micro.

The Punisher struggles against the net. Pulls out his pistol.

The Punisher's POV sees his PISTOL aimed at one of the SPIKES anchoring the net to the wall.

He fires repeatedly blasting chunks of the wall. Suddenly the spike pulls free. He fires at another spike.

Black Mask stops. Watches him.

From its thigh it takes a BATON. With a click it extends into a SPEAR with a vicious serrated blade.

The Punisher keeps shooting dislodging more spikes.

Black Mask steps away from Micro.

The Punisher fires at the spikes near his legs. Almost there.

Black Mask winds up and unleashes a powerful throw-.

The Punisher rips the net from the wall. He dives to the side as the spear embeds itself in his place.

Black Mask begins stalking The Punisher.

Black Masks POV lunges around a workbench - No Punisher.

ENGINE starts.

Black Mask turns as The Punisher drops the TAXI into gear and slams on the gas.

The taxi surges forward slamming into the creature.

Black Mask crashes into the windshield.

The Punisher races wildly around the warehouse as Black Mask rides the hood while pounding on the glass splintering it.

They crash through the garage door careening into the lot.

EXT. THE PUNISHERS WAREHOUSE

Black Mask loses its grip sliding onto the roof.

The Punisher snaps the wheel turning in a quick one-eighty and launching Black Mask to the ground.

Before it can recover The Punisher throws the taxi into reverse slamming into the creature again.

It rides the trunk as they race backwards back into the warehouse.

INT. THE PUNISHERS WAREHOUSE

The Punishers POV sees Black Masks SHOULDER CANNON taking aim at him.

He slams down on the gas ramming full speed into the wall crumpling the trunk and pinning Black Mask.

THE PUNISHERS WAREHOUSE - Moments Later

MICRO

Frank?! Frank?! Talk to me!

The Punisher stirs from the floor of the taxi. Painfully he sits up. Looks at the unmoving creature.

Gives Micro a half-hearted wave.

The Punishers POV rear view mirror - the shoulder cannon MOVES.

The Punisher dives to the floor as the PULSE BLAST punches through the windshield.

It continues to unleash blasts adjusting the aim of the damaged weapon. It claws at the trunk trying to reach him. Green blood spews from beneath its mask. It roars as it pushes against the car. With a creak it moves.

The Punisher throws open the CENTER CONSOLE as the taxi is torn apart.

THE PUNISHER

Say 'ah.'

Grabs the LANYARD attached to the SHOTGUN TRIGGER.

BOOM! Both barrels erupt sending a blast directly into Black Masks face, tearing it off.

THE PUNISHER (CONT'D)

Good boy. Now stay dead.

INT. THE PUNISHERS WAREHOUSE - LATER

The place is destroyed.

Micro is lying on the work bench. His pantleg is cut off and the SPIKE is still sticking through his thigh. His hand is wrapped in bandages. He is drenched in sweat. The Punisher stands behind him with BOLT CUTTERS.

MICRO

(YELLING)

OW! Goddamn Frank! What are you doing?

THE PUNISHER

Trying to find something to cut this cable. Now hold still.

He pulls hard on the bolt cutters.

MICRO

(gritting teeth)

Cops coming?

Muscles straining the wire refuses to break.

THE PUNISHER

Damn it.

(beat)

Cops? In this neighborhood? Noise
we made is like a Sunday morning.

Puts down the bolt cutters and picks up the SPEAR GUN. The
wire is still attached to it. Even with his large hands the
weapon looks big. He examines the trigger.

MICRO

And you're sure...it's dead, right?

THE PUNISHER

I fired deer slugs in its face point
blank. I'm not sure what it is but
if that thing survives that then we
deserve whatever we get.

MICRO

It's definitely not from around here.

THE PUNISHER

Told you it wasn't from Jersey.

MICRO

Do you know what that means?

THE PUNISHER

Yeah. E.T. was bullshit.

MICRO

You killed two of them. Could there
be more?

THE PUNISHER

A good bet.

CLICK. The Punisher presses a button and the spikes retract
into the spear. He eyes a second button.

He pulls out a PRESSURE DRESSING from a trauma kit. Checks
the tourniquet.

Packs gauze around Micro's wound.

MICRO

So what are we going to do?

THE PUNISHER

You're going to bite on this and
then probably pass out.

MICRO

What-?

The Punisher jams a wad of gauze in Micro's mouth then quickly presses the second button. With a buzz the wire retracts into the spear gun. And pulls the spear through Micro's leg!

Micro emits a pitiful scream and passes out.

The Punisher eyes the weapon, impressed.

INT. THE PUNISHERS WAREHOUSE - LATER

Micro sits at his computer center, his heavily bandaged leg propped up.

The Punisher appears from the shadows. His hands are covered in bright green Predator blood. He holds one of The Predators GAUNTLETS.

THE PUNISHER

How's the leg?

MICRO

Meds are doing their thing for now.
What did the spectrometer say?

THE PUNISHER

A lot of unknowns but there are trace elements similar to C-4. I'm no chemist but I'm betting this is some kind of bomb.

MICRO

Booby-trap?

THE PUNISHER

Maybe a big 'fuck you' if he ever gets cornered.

MICRO

Nasty. The other stuff is way too advanced for me to figure out. From what I saw when it dropped in, something on that gauntlet controls its cloaking device. Somehow that thing bends light to make it nearly invisible. Helps it sneak up on its prey I guess.

THE PUNISHER

That shoulder cannon is toast. Seems to be tied to the mask thing.

Beat.

MICRO

You said before you thought there was more.

THE PUNISHER

They had to come from somewhere.

MICRO

That's not a reassuring thought. Here, take a look at this.

Micro points to large computer monitor.

INSERT - MAP of New York with a dozen red dots scattered across it.

MICRO (CONT'D)

I've been mining police reports for any unexplained homicides with special circumstances.

THE PUNISHER

Special circumstances?

MICRO

Skinned victims. Limbs missing. Spines pulled from the body. Beyond the usual for the city.

THE PUNISHER

I would have expected more in this town. So what's the point?

MICRO

I've time stamped each of those cases and then overlaid it with encounters with a creature. Namely when you saw one.

THE PUNISHER

Okay?

MICRO

(points at the map)

Well when you were in the subway getting your ass kicked NYPD has a report of a body found impaled on a light post in Red Hook. Exact same time too. So unless these things have a magic carpet that travels at the speed of light there's no way he could be in both places.

The Punisher looks at the map.

MICRO (CONT'D)

And tonight while I was a shish kabob
and you were playing bumper cars
four would-be muggers were discovered
near the Bronx Zoo strung up from a
tree. All had been skinned.

THE PUNISHER

There's another one.

MICRO

Looks that way. Why did he come
here? I mean to the warehouse.

THE PUNISHER

Pissed off that I killed one of its
kin? Maybe thought I'd make a nice
trophy?

MICRO

Like they're on safari?

THE PUNISHER

Men have done worse.

MICRO

So what now?

THE PUNISHER

Finish it.

MICRO

You're sure you want to do that?
Maybe we should leave this to the
cops or the military.

THE PUNISHER

No. These things have already killed
too many innocents. The cops aren't
equipped to handle them. They would
try to arrest it. And the military
would try to recruit it.

MICRO

So if there's another one how do we
find it? They travel light and seem
to appear wherever they want. Hell
this guy got through almost all of
my sensors.

THE PUNISHER

I'm going to have to draw it out.

MICRO

And how are you going to do that?
Shine a spotlight in the sky?

The Punisher looks to the body of Black Mask.

THE PUNISHER

I'm going to need a truck.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Lights from Manhattan twinkle across the East River from Roosevelt Island. Horns blare, traffic hums.

The Punisher lies on the rooftop covered by the CAMOUFLAGE BLANKET. He holds binoculars to his eyes. A HIGH POWERED RIFLE rests next to him.

MICRO

(on radio)

Any idea what we do if it doesn't
show up?

THE PUNISHER

You go on Twitter. See if he answers.

MICRO

(on radio)

Ha ha. You're hilarious.

THE PUNISHER

It'll show.

MICRO

(on radio)

And if there's more than one?

THE PUNISHER

I'll kill it too. What are your
mic's picking up?

MICRO

(on radio)

Lots of background. Computer is
trying to filter it out.

The Punisher's POV DERELICT BUILDING four hundred yards away.

The darkened building is under construction.

A CELL PHONE TOWER sits atop the roof, red warning lights
strobe from its peak.

A FIGURE dangles from the tower.

THE PUNISHER
Time to send the signal.

Grabs a REMOTE and arms it.

MICRO
I'm going to move closer.

THE PUNISHER
Negative. I want the kill zone clear.
Stay out.
(beat)
Activating now. Stay on the monitors.

MICRO
(reluctant)
Copy.

The Punisher presses the BUTTON.

EXT. DERELICT BUILDING

There is a SPARK at the edge of a pile of rubbish. Suddenly that spark bursts into FLAME as the gasoline soaked pile of wood and rags ignites. The flames grow into a bonfire illuminating the rooftop...and the FIGURE suspended from the tower. It is the mangled remains of Black Mask.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP

MICRO
(on radio)
Now what?

THE PUNISHER
Wait for his buddy. And then I
introduce him to Raufoss.

MICRO
How do you know it's a 'him?'

The Punisher takes a second.

THE PUNISHER
Doesn't make a difference. What's
on the mic's?

MICRO
Same. Wait. Wait. What is..? I
think I've got something. Sounds
like a rattle snake. Coming from
the Northeast.

Without moving The Punisher shifts only his eyes.

The Punishers POV SECOND BUILDING under construction. A TOWER CRANE looms overtop.

THE PUNISHER

No visual.

MICRO

Something is there. I've got footfalls. Heavy. Growling of some kind. Frank I'm coming. You need back up.

THE PUNISHER

Negative. Stay clear.

MICRO

I've lost him. Wait. I can hear metal, like climbing. Is he climbing up the crane?

EXT. SECOND DERELICT BUILDING

The CLOAKED FORM of The Predator climbs the tower to the top. Suddenly it starts running along the top of the crane arm, gathering speed before leaping across the open space.

It sails through the night before landing hard on the first derelict building. With a quick roll it slides to a graceful stop kicking up a small cloud of dust.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP

THE PUNISHER

I've got movement. It's there.

Slides behind the scope.

The Punishers POV through the scope. Sees the pyre but also a REFLECTION of the flames six feet away. They are being reflected off The Predator.

The CROSSHAIRS shift.

EXT. DERELICT BUILDING

The Predator steps to it's fellow hunter. With a crackle of electricity it decloaks. It is massive. Over seven feet tall of hard muscle. It sports a GREY battle scarred chest plate and war mask. Around one arm is a chunk Thumper's TATTOO.

It walks around the pyre, flexing its clawed hands, its massive shoulders heaving. Finally it emits a massive primal roar.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP

MICRO
(on the radio)
What the fuck was that?

THE PUNISHER
I think I've got his attention.

MICRO
You still think it's a guy? 'Cause
that's the kind of noise you hear
when you piss off a mamma bear.

THE PUNISHER
Don't care. Just want it to hold
still.

EXT. DERELICT BUILDING

In a rage Grey Mask stomps on the bonfire scattering the flames. With a slash of its claws it cuts the line and lowers the remains to the ground, cradling it. Grey Mask lowers its massive head in reverence before peering skyward.

It stands quickly, surveying the scene. Its senses suddenly on alert.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP

The Punishers POV through the scope.

The crosshairs settle on Grey Masks chest. He fires.

EXT. DERELICT BUILDING

The instant The Punisher fires Grey Masks CANNON automatically zeros in on the sound. It fires a return energy blast.

At that same instant, lightning quick Grey Mask raises its arm. A SHIELD fans open from its gauntlet in a nanosecond.

The RAUFOSS round strikes the shield and detonates knocking Grey Mask flying.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP

The Punisher is already on the move as the energy blast arrives destroying his position.

Bringing the scope to his eye he sees Grey Mask trying to rise. He doesn't have a clear shot.

THE PUNISHER
Screw it.

He fires five more times until the gun empties. The explosive rounds detonate on the rooftop.

MICRO

(on the radio)

Frank! Frank, talk to me! What's happening? Are you okay?

THE PUNISHER

Stop yelling! I'm good. It's down but I can't tell if it's dead.

MICRO

But you hit it?

THE PUNISHER

Yeah, but I need to be sure.

MICRO

You're going over there? Is that the best idea?

THE PUNISHER

I can't call in an airstrike in downtown New York.

MICRO

I get that but this thing is out of our league. I mean, I get that you up-armored but is that going to be enough?

THE PUNISHER

We're going to find out. Call you when I'm on site.

MICRO

Oh Jesus.

The Punisher gathers his weapons and his camouflage blanket.

EXT. DERELICT BUILDING - LATER

The ROOF ACCESS DOOR opens silently. Cautiously The Punisher slides out, his ASSAULT RIFLE ready. He has the CAMOUFLAGE BLANKET tied around his neck like a cape and hood. He wears a load bearing vest with spare magazines and grenades. A pistol is strapped to his thigh and a knife is sheathed behind his back beneath a harness holding The Predators collapsible SPEAR. On his other thigh is the Predators SPEAR GUN.

He surveys the destroyed rooftop. Fires flicker as they grow.

He moves towards the remnants of a UTILITY/STORAGE SHED, the last place he spotted The Predator. No Predator.

B.G. the SHADOWS move.

Grey Masks POV surveys the scene. Image is staticky and periodically cuts out because of the damage it has sustained.

Image flares as it looks at the fires. There is no sign of The Punisher. The THERMAL BLANKET masks his heat.

The Punisher steps up to the debris. Spots the remnants of the SHIELD. His boot nudges it.

Grey Mask turns to the sound. POV sees nothing. Switches scanning modes. Hits on SOUND WAVE. It 'sees' The Punishers HEARTBEAT.

Steps forward.

The Punisher hears the footfall and freezes.

B.G. sparks from Grey Masks damaged armor. The creature is in the shadows but not cloaked.

The Punisher spins quickly, gun coming up-.

Grey Mask lunges-.

Grey Mask clamps a hand around The Punishers throat while its other hand intercepts The Punishers gun hand.

The Punisher squeezes the trigger the round punching into the rooftop.

Grey Mask easily lifts him off the ground. It slams him into the tower. Getting right in his face it growls maliciously.

THE PUNISHER

You smell worse than your buddy.

Grey Mask slams him into the tower again. It tightens its grip on his throat. The Punisher holds onto its wrist. His face reddens as the oxygen is cut off.

INSERT The Punisher's gun hand. Reaches with his thumb for the FIRE SELECTOR. Slips off. Finds it again. Finally flicks it to AUTO.

The Punisher squeezes. The bullets tear apart the roof and one hits Grey Mask's foot.

It roars tossing The Punisher across the roof.

Both stagger to their feet. The Punisher is faster on the draw as he fires.

Grey Mask's cannon swings wildly for an instant before zeroing in on him. It fires.

The blast obliterates The Punishers rifle before slamming into his chest sending him into the parapet.

A plume of smoke rises from his chest. He isn't moving.

Grey Mask looks at him, cocking its head.

Suddenly The Punisher sits up tearing off the load bearing vest. TWO EXTRA ARMORED PLATES fall out. Both have a HOLE IN THEM. Smoke still billows from The Punishers chest and the grimacing SKULL EMBLEM. Desperately he reaches under his body armor yanking out ANOTHER ARMORED PLATE. This one is from BLACK MASKS CHEST PLATE. The pulse blast was unable to penetrate it.

Grey Mask fires it's cannon - but the blasts misses. Badly.

Grey Masks POV has The Punisher in its crosshairs.

But the blasts fire off in random directions. Sparks burst from the cannon. The tracking system is damaged.

Grey Mask roars in frustration.

The Punisher fires his pistol as he scrambles behind the rooftop access door. Clicks empty. Quick reload. Leans out, taking aim-

Reaching to its back Grey Mask draws a FLYING DISC. Winding up it lets fly sending the disc at The Punisher.

He dodges behind the door as the disc cuts through the metal before slicing his arm the impact causing him to stumble back losing his pistol over the edge.

The DISC arcs back zeroing in on The Punisher again. He drops as the disc punches a second hole in the door.

Grey Mask misses the returning disc as it strikes the TOWER. Grey Mask turns back.

Hiding amongst the burning remains of the destroyed shed The Punisher searches for a weapon. Pulls spare magazines and tosses them into the flames. Grabs a GRENADE, reaches for the pin-.

Grey Mask storms through the flaming debris, its CLAWS tearing across The Punishers shoulder as he twists away.

Off balance from its foot wound Grey Mask spins and The Punisher jumps onto its back.

Grey Mask swings for him. Its cannon fires. Pulse blasts light up the night. The Punisher grabs the cannon yanking it from its mount.

Grey Mask lunges back slamming The Punisher into the tower, knocking him off. With a kick it send him crashing into the tower.

Both reach behind their backs. Grey Mask draws its NET GUN.

THOOMP. It fires sending the net blossoming towards The Punisher.

The Punisher has barely enough time to pull out the COLLAPSIBLE SPEAR extending it just as the net strikes him.

He twists the spear until the blade touches the mesh. It cuts it easily, the net falling away.

Grey Mask growls.

The Punisher winds up whipping the spear at Grey Mask.

Grey Mask sidesteps and grabs the spear before it strikes. It studies the weapon recognizing it as being from its kin. It roars in anger. It turns to The Punisher gripping the weapon tightly. Flames reflect off razor sharp edge. It winds up-.

BANG. The bullets in the magazine begin to cook off firing in all directions.

INSERT Grenade surrounded by flames.

The Punisher reaches to his belt remembering the weapon. He yanks the pin tossing it at Grey Mask.

BOOM! The GRENADE explodes! Then the second grenade explodes!

There is a CRACK as the roof splits! Suddenly a section shudders then drops taking them both with it.

INT. TOP FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Dust and debris are everywhere. Chunks of the roof still dangle. Small fires followed them inside.

The Punisher pulls himself up, shoving aside chunks of debris. He stumbles back into the outside wall.

The Punishers POV outside the building a GARBAGE CHUTE extends down the outside of the building.

B.G. debris shifts and falls away as Grey Mask stands using the spear as a crutch. Green blood oozes from its wounds.

The Punisher grabs a length of pipe.

THE PUNISHER

Okay fucker.

They begin to circle, stumbling on the uneven footing.

CRACK!! MASSIVE noise of tearing metal from ABOVE.

INSERT MOORINGS for the CELL TOWER, weakened by the explosions, give way.

The tower begins to collapse.

Ignoring it Grey Mask focuses on The Punisher.

The Punisher spins racing for the GARBAGE CHUTE. He jumps inside. Behind him the tower collapses onto the damaged roof crashing through it.

INT. GARBAGE CHUTE

The Punisher plummets straight down. But as he does he draws the SPEAR GUN. Aiming straight up he fires.

The spear trailing its wire soars up and OUT THE TOP of the chute missing everything. The Punisher continues to fall until the wire runs out and then it retracts. Suddenly it catches the top of the chute. The Punisher yells as his fall is halted momentarily about four stories from the ground.

The spear gun jerks from his hands and he is falling again desperately trying to jam his legs against the side or grab onto anything to slow his descent.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The Punisher falls from the garbage chute slamming into the dumpster.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Debris rains down as a VAN squeals to a stop in front of the dumpster.

Micro jumps out, hobbled by his injured leg.

MICRO
(muttering, desperate)
Oh Jesus Frank, tell me you're alive.

He jumps on the side of the dumpster. Spots the bloodied Punisher lying in the debris.

MICRO (CONT'D)
Frank! Talk to me!

He hauls the limp form from the dumpster before dumping him in the back of the van. Checks his pulse. He slaps him in the face.

INT. DERELICT BUILDING

Grey Mask throws aside chunks of debris. As it stands it stumbles on its wounded foot. From its hip it yanks off a SMALL CASE. Throwing it open it retrieves a nasty looking INJECTION GUN. It stabs the needle into its leg and injects. With a roar it tosses the injector away. It lurches to the window.

INT. VAN

O.S. the Roar from Grey Mask.

Micro looks up. Swallows hard.

MICRO
C'mon Frank. You gotta wake up.

Looks at the ravaged body.

MICRO (CONT'D)
You're not going to like this.

Pulls open a FIRST AID KIT taking an EPINEPHRINE INJECTOR out. Jams it into The Punishers leg and injects.

MICRO (CONT'D)
Okay. That'll have to do for now.

Jumps into the drivers seat.

The Punisher suddenly sits bolt upright, he is panting and sweating.

THE PUNISHER
(gasping)
Jesus.

MICRO
Welcome back Frank. Sorry but I gave you a double dose.

THE PUNISHER
(clutches his chest)
Heart feels like a jackhammer.

MICRO
(shrugs)
At least it's still beating.

THE PUNISHER
What're you doing here? How'd you
find me?

MICRO
Seriously? You two almost collapsed
a building. Not exactly subtle.
When you went off comms I used a
drone to spot you. Saw you use the
garbage chute as an exit. You're
welcome, by the way. What's wrong?

The Punisher clutches his arm.

THE PUNISHER
Shoulder's out again.

MICRO
Okay, just gimme-.

THE PUNISHER
(grimacing)
That thing?

He grabs a TIE DOWN quickly lashing his hand to the door
handle. Gritting his teeth he throws his body back. Pop.
The shoulder goes back in place. He lays back gasping.

MICRO
(shuddering)
Last I checked there was still
movement up there.

THE PUNISHER
Tough son of a bitch.

EXT. DERELICT BUILDING

From the remnants of the building Grey Mask leaps to a lower
building. It stumbles on its wounded foot before racing
across the rooftop, parallel with Micro's van.

INT. VAN

The Punisher lays still on the floor.

MICRO

Frank?

THE PUNISHER

I'm fine. Tell me you brought guns.

EXT. STREET

Grey Mask leaps from rooftop to rooftop working its way lower. A TRANSPORT passes heading in the same direction as Micro's van.

Grey Mask jumps onto the roof of the trailer.

It begins using vehicles like stepping stones, leaping from one to the next closing the gap.

INT. VAN

MICRO

Grabbed a shotgun-.

WHAM! Grey Mask lands on the ROOF crushing it down. It jumps onto the hood.

MICRO (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ!

Grey Mask slams a fist into the windshield splintering it.

Micro ducks as he is sprayed by glass.

The Punisher reaches for the SHOT GUN but it is out of reach. His hand is still tied to the handle! He yanks on the knot.

Grey Mask winds up to punch again. Micro snaps the wheel to the side throwing Grey Mask off balance.

Cha-click! The Punisher has freed his hand and grabbed the shot gun.

THE PUNISHER

Micro! Down!

Micro ducks as he fires through the windshield hitting Grey Mask in the armor. But it holds on, digging its claws into the metal.

The Punisher fires again and again.

Micro yanks hard on the steering wheel.

Grey Mask loses its grip and tumbles to the road.

THE PUNISHER (CONT'D)

You okay?

MICRO

Barely. We've gotta call the army.

THE PUNISHER

No. It ends here.

The Punishers POV sign for CENTRAL PARK.

The Punisher pulls open the door.

THE PUNISHER (CONT'D)

Keep driving.

He dives out tumbling on the road.

EXT. WEST 59TH STREET

Grey Mask gets to its feet. The Punisher does the same.

Some cars stop. Others blast their horns and steer around them flipping the middle finger out the window.

Curious bystanders gawk at the scene. One MAN approaches, CELL PHONE in hand, taking pictures.

THE PUNISHER

(to the man)

GET BACK! GET AWAY FROM IT!

But the man continues forward.

Grey Mask looks at The Punisher then looks at the man. With a quick lunge it skewers the man through the head holding him up as his body twitches.

THE PUNISHER (CONT'D)

NO!

He takes aim but there are too many bystanders.

THE PUNISHER (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

Fuck!

(fires into the air)

GET OUT OF HERE! NOW!

People race off. Cars swerve to avoid them before peeling away. Horns blare. Cars collide. It is chaos.

Grey Mask tosses the mans body away. Glares at The Punisher.

The Punisher moves towards the park and jumps the fence.
Grey Mask follows.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK

The Punisher hustles through the darkness. A small group of teens stroll towards him.

B.G. Grey Mask crashes through the bushes.

THE PUNISHER
(to the bystanders)
RUN! GET OUT OF HERE!

Again fires into the air again. The teens flee.

The Punisher goes in the opposite direction. Passes a sign for the SHEEP MEADOW.

Ducks behind a VISITOR KIOSK. Begins reloading the shotgun.

CRASH! Grey Mask smashes through the kiosk hitting The Punisher with a flying tackle.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK

Now the battle goes hand to hand. And The Punisher is overmatched. He is pummeled by Grey Mask.

Grey Mask throws him through the door of a GROUNDS KEEPING SHED.

INT. GROUNDS KEEPING SHED

Grey Mask shoves aside the remnants of the door. It has to duck beneath the low ceiling.

Debris litters the floor. But no Punisher.

B.G. door at the far end creaks open. The Punisher lurches through.

Grey Mask charges after him.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK

Grey Mask knocks the door off its hinges, surveying the area, searching.

THE PUNISHER
Hey, fuck head.

Grey Mask looks up in time to see The Punisher ON TOP of the shed swinging a SHOVEL.

CLANG! The shovel rings off Grey Masks head.

The fight is back on. This time The Punisher deals a beating as he swings the shovel going for a home run every time.

Finally the shovel snaps.

Grey Mask lands a punch to The Punishers chest sending him flying.

Dazed The Punisher tries to rise but Grey Mask stomps him to the ground with a massive foot.

With The Punisher pinned like an insect Grey Mask tears off the remnants of its mask revealing a face that appears to be all fangs and mandibles. Two wide scars trace down its forehead, across one eye. It lets loose a loud roar of triumph.

The Punishers POV SHOVEL just out of reach on one side. SHOTGUN out of reach on the other. Green blood from Grey Masks wounded foot pools on his chest.

Grey Mask follows his gaze to the shotgun. It steps off his chests stepping towards the shotgun.

The Punisher lunges the other way - to the shovel.

Grey Mask spins back as The Punisher stabs the shovel into its wounded foot.

It ROARS.

Scrambling to his knees The Punisher swings the shovel in a vicious upper cut that leaves both on the ground.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - MOMENTS LATER

The two warriors, bloodied, battered, pull themselves up.

Grey Mask snarls spitting green blood.

The Punisher reaches behind his back drawing a KNIFE.

Grey Mask cocks its head then LAUGHS an almost human laugh (sounding like THUMPER). It looks down to its WRIST GAUNTLET.

SNIKT. Two feet of blades snap into place. It looks back at The Punisher.

The Punisher raises the knife as if aiming.

Grey Mask laughs again.

INSERT The Punishers hand on the knife. His thumb extends to the RED BUTTON on the hilt. It's the BALLISTIC KNIFE.

Hitting the button the BLADE shoots out covering the distance in a fraction of a second striking Grey Mask in the NECK. Green blood jets.

Grey Mask stumbles, surprised to be struck. It grabs for the blade.

Before it can pull it free The Punisher leaps. He slams his palm on the blade driving it deeper. Now the green blood sprays.

They struggle. Grey Mask tries to stab him but The Punisher is too close. Together they collapse to the ground.

Grey Mask emits a gurgling noise.

The Punisher crawls to his feet. With tremendous effort he retrieves the SHOTGUN.

B.G. Grey Mask reaches for its gauntlet.

The Punisher loads another shell as he limps back to the creature.

Grey Mask opens the top cover of its gauntlet bringing its SELF DESTRUCT DEVICE to life. Its clawed fingers paw drunkenly at buttons as it begins accessing the countdown. One click left-.

THE PUNISHER
No way fucker.

He kicks Grey Masks hand away.

THE PUNISHER (CONT'D)
You earned this.

BOOM! Point blank to the head.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - LATER

Everything has gone silent except the approaching sirens.

The Punisher stands doubled over resting on his arms on the butt of the shotgun.

Suddenly the sirens STOP. ALL THE STREET LIGHTS GO DARK in the entire park.

Looking around The Punisher sees that all the surrounding buildings have gone dark as well.

Above him a HUMMING NOISE. Gets louder. The air begins bending the trees, stirring up garbage.

The air begins to SHIMMER. The humming decreases. There is the HISS of escaping air.

A DOORWAY appears in the middle of the darkness. A RAMP lowers to the ground.

The Predator SHIP.

A troop of Predators march down the ramp. These are smaller than the one The Punisher just defeated. They circle the body of Grey Mask apparently unsure what to do.

One marches over and stands before The Punisher. Suddenly its CANNON snaps into place taking aim. THREE POINT LASER centers on his chest, on the bloodied and torn SKULL EMBLEM.

THE PUNISHER
(finger to the trigger)
So you're next. Okay.

The Predator looks down at its destroyed kin. Back to The Punisher. Laser blinks out. Cannon retracts.

The troop takes hold of Grey Mask marching back into their ship. The Predator walks backwards keeping an eye on The Punisher.

The ramp retracts and the door closes returning the darkness.

The humming increases and the air stirs again. Suddenly it all stops.

A moment later the lights return.

THE PUNISHER (CONT'D)
Yeah, I thought so.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - LATER

People mill about looking skyward. Police hold them back from entering the park.

A BATTERED VAN slips out of traffic, stopping at the curb. A SHADOW slides from the darkness, stumbling into the van which quickly pulls away.

INT. VAN

MICRO
Frank? You okay? You want a hospital?

Beat.

THE PUNISHER
(exhausted)
No hospital.

They stop at an intersection. Micro turns, sees him.

MICRO
Sweet Jesus.

The Punisher looks like hell. Filthy, bloody, torn, exhausted.

MICRO (CONT'D)
Frank, you look like shit.

THE PUNISHER
(scoffs)
You should see the other guy.

Micro drives on.

Fade out.