

# **IRON MASON**

Written by

ROB NELSON

WGA East Registration. I365154  
Library Of Congress Registration: PAu4-208-264  
Effective Date of Registration: December 30, 2023

**FADE IN:**

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - BASEMENT**

Rows of flickering candles barely pierce the darkness. Concealed in deep shadows is a gathering of people. Their faces are unseen, obscured by the low light.

Each person wears matching black clothing, pants, shirts and gloves.

On the wall in front of the group is a symbol PAINTED IN RED. It is CROSSED HATCHETS over a DEATHS HEAD SKULL.

A man wearing a black hooded shirt stands before the group. His face is hidden.

In each hand, he wields SILVER HANDLED HATCHETS. His arms are folded against his chest in an X formation.

He turns towards the wall behind him, raising the hatchets upward at the symbol high above his head.

In unison, the people follow suit. Raising various forms of handheld weapons, they direct the instruments at the symbol.

**EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

A scruffy, unkept-looking man walks past the box office window and into the theater lobby. He is wearing a long BLACK TRENCH-COAT.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - BASEMENT**

The hooded man, along with the group of people, begin to CLANG the weapons together. Eerie METALLIC REVERBERATIONS fill the basement.

**INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

The scruffy-looking man walks towards the concessions bar. He stops and begins observing the people lined up at the counter. His gaze is a BLANK, EXPRESSIONLESS STARE.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - BASEMENT**

The hooded man and group of people CLANG the weapons together with more force. The metallic sounds INTENSIFY.

**THE HOODED MAN...**

...begins to speak in a unknown language.

**THE GROUP OF PEOPLE...**

...repeat the DRONING CHANT spoken by the hooded man.

**INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

Moving to the other side of the concessions lobby, the scruffy-looking man stops. He observes the crowd of movie patrons just as before. His presence goes unnoticed by the crowd.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC plays over the PA system throughout the lobby.

The chilling CHANTS of the cult can be heard OVER the SCENE.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - BASEMENT**

The hooded man continues to recite the unknown language. The group follows in REPETITION.

The reverberations are BARBARIC and TERRIFYING.

**INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

The scruffy-looking man walks through the curtained entrance to a crowd filled auditorium. Moving down the hallway, he reaches the bottom of the aisle.

He stares up at the movie screen from the corner of the room. The images flicker and flash across his expressionless gaze.

The chilling CHANTS of the cult can be heard OVER the SCENE.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - BASEMENT**

The hooded man points the silver handled hatchets at the symbol on the wall.

Extending his reach, his sleeves slide back, revealing a TATTOO on each of his wrists.

The tattoo on his wrists exactly match the symbol on the wall.

**INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

The scruffy-looking man walks catatonically towards the movie screen. Several of the movie-patrons yell "DOWN IN FRONT."

The scruffy-looking man stops dead center of the screen. He stands motionless. His back is towards the rows of movie patrons.

The chilling CHANTS of the cult can be heard OVER the SCENE.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - BASEMENT**

The CRESCENDO of chants reaches its peak. With the hatchets held high, the hooded man bows his head. The group of people follow his movements.

The hooded man raises his head rapidly. With a visceral YELL, he screams out.

**HOODED MAN**

Kill!!!

The hooded man throws the hatchets forward. The blades CLEAVE into the wall beneath the symbol.

**INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

A theater usher starts to move towards the man gazing at the screen. Suddenly the scruffy-looking man turns his gaze from the screen, spinning around towards the rows of movie patrons.

He pulls a PUMP-ACTION SHOTGUN from underneath his long black trench coat. He begins FIRING into the crowd. On his wrists is the same TATTOO as the HOODED MAN from the warehouse basement.

The usher turns to run back towards the hallway. He is knocked off his feet by a shotgun blast to the back.

Panic ensues as mortally wounded people are blown backwards over theater seats. Others scrambling to get out to the aisle-ways are shot dead. They fall over in BLOODY, TRAMPLED HEAPS.

The gunman quickly and smoothly reloads, then continues to FIRE at random.

The agonizing SCREAMS of the panic-stricken movie patrons overlap with the WAIL of police SIRENS.

**EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

The perimeter of the theater is completely sealed off by Police cars and S.W.A.T team vehicles.

**THE ROOF...**

...a pair of S.W.A.T teams are positioned with their weapons trained on the roof hatch.

**THE PARKING LOT...**

News reporters and cameramen start to descend upon the scene. They cluster behind the police vehicles.

A group of police officers stationed behind the squad cars push back the on-rush of reporters.

**THE NIGHT SKY...**

... as a NEWS HELICOPTER hovers over the theater. Multiple spotlights blindingly shine down on the building.

**EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

A plain-clothes detective holds a bull-horn. He stands behind a police car parked in front of the theater.

He addresses the gunman through the instrument. His voice reverberates through-out the lobby and hallways.

**DETECTIVE (O.S.)**

We are willing to speak with you.  
There's no need for more violence.  
Just come out and talk!

**INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

In the darkness, the gunman stands positioned among the bleeding and the dead. He has the shotgun trained on hostages sprawled out on the floor.

Sobs from the panic-stricken movie-patrons fill the room.

**DETECTIVE (O.S.)**

We are willing to negotiate. Please  
communicate with us.

The gunman listens to the Detective. He turns to the ten people lying on the floor, speaking to them in a haunting voice.

(Continued)

Continued:

**GUNMAN**

Everybody up! We're all leaving together.

The people stand up and excitedly begin to step forward as the film ends.

The screen illuminates with the end credits. The flashing images gives the room a strobe effect.

**GUNMAN**

Slow and easy!

The people nervously heed the gunman, treading slowly down the aisle towards the hallway. The gunman racks another round into the shotgun.

**DETECTIVE (V.O.)**

There is no way out. We want to negotiate. Please communicate with us!

**INT./EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

The people move slowly through the lobby and out through the entrance. They stop on the sidewalk just outside the front doors.

The gunman is concealed behind the group. He has the shotgun positioned towards the patrons backs.

**THE DETECTIVE...**

...lays the bull-horn down on the hood of the police car. He then slowly walks a few feet towards the group.

**THE GUNMAN...**

...continues pointing the shotgun at the patrons as he speaks:

**GUNMAN**

Stop right there. That's as far as you go pig!

**THE DETECTIVE...**

...stops, careful not to get too close. He backs up and resumes his position at the squad car.

**DETECTIVE**

Let the hostages go, then you and I can talk alone.

(Continued)

Continued:

**GUNMAN**

The time for talking is over pig!  
Time only for action!

**DETECTIVE**

What is it that you want?

**THE GUNMAN...**

...speaks, maniacally laughing as he responds.

**GUNMAN**

It's not want we want pig, but what  
we'll have!

**DETECTIVE**

Who is we? What is your name?

**GUNMAN**

We are the Brotherhood pig!

**DETECTIVE**

What does this Brotherhood want?

**THE GUNMAN...**

...laughs hysterically. His tone grows more maniacal.

**GUNMAN**

Righteousness!!!

**THE DETECTIVE...**

...responds in a more authoritative manner. His tone is  
angry and assertive.

**DETECTIVE**

And you think that's possible by  
killing innocent people?

**GUNMAN**

There is no innocents anymore pig!  
There is only weakness!

**THE DETECTIVE...**

...frustratingly lashes out at the gunman. He slowly moves,  
taking a couple steps forward, placing his hand on a  
holstered pistol.

**DETECTIVE**

The only weakness I see is you  
psycho.

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

**GUNMAN**

I'm no psycho! I'm a man! You're talking to a fucking hero pig!!!

**DETECTIVE**

You're no hero. Your nothing. Let those people go now!

**THE DETECTIVE...**

...draws his SERVICE REVOLVER, pointing it towards the gunman. A split-second later the other officers pull their weapons, all trained on the killer.

**DETECTIVE (Cont'd)**

Final warning. Drop your weapon and step forward.

**THE GUNMAN...**

...becomes totally unnerved. He explodes in a fit of anger. Stepping forward, he pushes through the people as he moves to the front of the crowd.

**GUNMAN**

Go ahead pig, blow me away! It doesn't matter.

**THE DETECTIVE...**

...tightens his finger around the trigger.

**THE GUNMAN...**

...begins to smile. He notices the detective is visibly more nervous than before. His demeanor is maniacal as he snarls at the cop, drowning out the whimpering of the terrified hostages.

**GUNMAN (Cont'd)**

What's wrong pig? Don't have the courage enough to do the job? Well I have a surprise for you!

**THE GUNMAN...**

...lowers the shotgun, then sticks his hands inside the black trench-coat. Pulling it apart, he reveals an INCENDIARY DEVICE attached to his chest.

**GUNMAN (Cont'd)**

Here's your courage pig. The Brotherhood will kill em all. That's how it is. That's how it's gotta be!

(Continued)



Continued: (3)

With a VIOLENT GESTURE, the gunman grabs the primer cord attached to the explosive device.

**GUNMAN** (Cont'd)

Remember our name. We are Legion, for  
we are many!

He YANKS out the safety pin.

The detective lunges forward towards the gunman. His attempt to stop the killer is futile.

The entire front of the building and side-walk is engulfed in a MASSIVE WHITE-HOT BLAST. Flames immediately envelop the gunman, detective and hostages.

Screams are drowned out by the explosion. The DEAFENING ROAR shatters windows in parked cars.

The S.W.A.T teams on the roof are blown backwards. The NEWS HELICOPTER keels hard to one side. The pilot frantically tries to keep the bird in the air.

Chaos ensues as DEBRIS and SMOKE from the blast covers the police and S.W.A.T cars. The Officers and Reporters scramble for cover.

Christmas ornaments shatter in the blast. Decorations burn as they are blown into the parking lot. Smoke billowing from the blast can be seen for miles.

The scene fades to BLACK as the title artwork PHASES onto the screen:

### **IRON MASON**

The TITLE FADES into:

#### **INT. SUPERMARKET - FRONT REGISTERS - NIGHT**

Through a security surveillance camera, a flurry of activity from late night shoppers can be seen.

Customers are milling about the front check-out area and the sales floor in various departments.

A somewhat grunt-looking man, Chains, mid 30s, seedy, pops up in front of the camera.

In one hand he is holding a shotgun. With the other he gives the MIDDLE FINGER to the screen. Suddenly, he SMASHES the camera with the butt-stock of the shotgun.

(Continued)

Continued:

His lanky thug cohort Ice, mid 30s, starts FIRING his weapon inside the store, shooting up towards the ceiling.

Customers, men and women alike, scatter, RUNNING AWAY in all directions. SCREAMS OF PANIC fill the four walls. The people frantically try to escape the building.

Jumping down onto the floor, the grunt-looking man grabs a young woman as she and her mother try to run past. These two women are the last of the FLEEING customers.

The young woman SCREAMS as the grunt-looking man PULLS her tight against him.

**GIRLS MOTHER**

Please don't hurt my daughter.

**CHAINS**

Hand over the purse bitch.

**GIRLS MOTHER**

Please just let her go!

**CHAINS**

I said hand it over, now!

The grunt-looking man RAISES the shotgun to the girls head. Her sobbing intensifies.

The mother lowers her purse off her shoulder. With arms outstretched, she nervously hands over the bag.

**CHAINS (Cont'd)**

Good girl. Now back up.

Grunt-looking man turns to his thug partner, barking an order.

**CHAINS (Cont'd)**

Ice, empty the cash drawers, all of em!

**ICE**

Right.

**ICE...**

...sprints in between each of the registers. He pulls out the drawers, emptying the cash into a canvas bag. He throws the empty drawers down. The sound of shattering plastic almost drowns out the cries of the sobbing women.

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

**CHAINS...**

...leans over and MENACINGLY speaks into the young womans ear.

**CHAINS**

After this, me, you and my partner  
gonna have some fun!

The girl continues to sob. The sound of SMASHING PLASTIC is heard in the background. Her mother cries NERVOUSLY a few feet away.

The noise from the smashing drawers ABRUPTLY ends. A LOUD CRASH from the register area, then, silence.

**CHAINS...**

...WHIPS around. He tightens his grip on the young woman, the shotgun still pressed to her head.

Facing the registers, he sees that ICE is gone. The canvas bag is LYING ON THE FLOOR.

**CHAINS (Cont'd)**

Ice?

No sound, no reply. Both women stop sobbing. Nothing now but TOTAL SILENCE.

**INT. CUSTOMER SERVICE COUNTER - WALL**

Carter Mason, Blonde, 6'2, physically imposing, loads an ammunition clip into a LASER-EQUIPPED, HIGH-POWERED PISTOL.

He steps over Ices unconscious body. Moving to the corner of the wall, he CLICKS off the safety switch.

**INT. SUPERMARKET - FRONT REGISTERS**

The grunt-looking man sticks his hand into his jacket pocket, removing a powerful HOME-MADE BOMB.

Both of the women begin sobbing again. Their cries are more frantic than before.

**CHAINS**

Who ever you are, come the fuck on  
out!

Hearing nothing, the grunt-looking man pulls the girl along the front of the registers.

(Continued)

Continued:

Reaching the end of the row, at the corner of the customer service desk, he AIMS the shotgun forward, and prepares to take a stand.

**INT. CUSTOMER SERVICE AREA - WALL**

Mason steadily moves forward, switching on the guns laser mechanism.

**INT. SUPERMARKET - FRONT REGISTERS**

The grunt-looking man hears a sound coming from behind the wall. He begins to grow more nervous.

**CHAINS**

I know your there. Come out or I swear I'll kill you and both these bitches!

**INT. CUSTOMER SERVICE AREA - WALL**

Mason whips around the corner of the wall. He stands just a few feet away from the grunt-looking man.

His pistol is POINTED right at the thugs head, the laser red dot reflected in his eyes.

**CHAINS...**

...is visibly more nervous. Masons demeanor is stern, unflinching.

**CHAINS**

I got..I got a bomb. I'll blow this whole fucking place up!

**MASON**

Go ahead. I think the prices are too high here anyway.

The grunt-looking man is totally unnerved by Masons fearlessness.

**MASONS...**

...finger tightens on the trigger as he moves closer to the grunt looking man.

**CHAINS**

I'll kill you all!

(Continued)

Continued:

**MASON...**

...steps forward, inching the pistol closer to the thugs face.

**MASON**

Go on tough guy, blow the place.

Just then, in the distance, the sound of police sirens fill the air.

**MASON (Cont'd)**

What's it gonna be hotshot? The cops are coming.

**CHAINS...**

...knows he can't win. Dropping the shotgun, he releases his grip on the young woman.

**THE YOUNG WOMAN...**

...runs to her mother. They embrace each other. Both cry hysterically together.

**MASON...**

...walks up and points the pistol right at the mans face. He grabs the bomb of of the thugs hand.

**CHAINS...**

...is visibly shaken. He nervously speaks.

**CHAINS**

You're, you're psycho man!

**MASON...**

...lowers the laser-scoped pistol momentarily.

**MASON**

So I've been told.

With a violent gesture, Mason raises the pistol, then whacks the thug across the head.

The impact knocks the thug off his feet. His body crashes to the sales floor beside cash register number #One.

**MASON...**

...turns the bomb over. He sees that it is nothing but a hollow make-shift fake.

**INT. SUPERMARKET - FRONT REGISTERS**

Four uniformed police officers rush in, pulling their service revolvers. Hollister, 40s, a detective from the Robbery Division, follows in behind.

**DETECTIVE HOLLISTER**

Mason! What the hell are you doing here?

**MASON**

I just stopped in to do some shopping.

Detective Hollister doesn't seem amused by Masons reply.

**DETECTIVE HOLLISTER**

Yeah, well you're still on suspension. So what do you have to say about all this?

**MASON...**

...looks at the fake explosive in his hand. With a smirk on his face, he tosses it to Hollister.

**MASON**

Clean up at register one.

Mason moves past Hollister and the officers. He slips the pistol into its holster, then exits the store.

**EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Twenty POLICEMEN are lined up in front of the building. They push back a crowd of CAMERAMEN and REPORTERS.

Through the front building doors walk out two officers, Captain Lafleur, 50s, and Sergeant Santoni, 40s.

Both stride down the building steps stopping at the sidewalk. They prepare to address the NEWS people.

The crowd of Reporters and Cameramen begin to rush the detectives. The policemen continue holding them back.

**POLICEMEN (O.S.)**

Back it up! Move it back!

With microphones extended, the reporters crowd up around the policemen. They inch closer to the detectives.

(Continued)

Continued:

**SGT. SANTONI**

One at a time please, one at a time!

**REPORTER #1**

What can you tell us? Do you know who the maniac from last night is?

**SGT. SANTONI**

The suspect has not been named as of yet. We are still working to identify this individual.

**REPORTER #2**

Does anyone know why he did it?

Sgt.Santoni responds to the question sarcastically. He isn't concerned that the interview is being filmed.

**SGT. SANTONI**

Apparently he was just another asshole who woke up hating the world.

Santoni pauses briefly with a sigh.

**SGT. SANTONI (Cont'd)**

Look we have no idea at this time OK?  
Next question!

**REPORTER #3**

Was last nights theater bombing related to the Foolkiller murders?

Sgt.Santoni looks over at the captain. Lafleur glances over, saying nothing.

**SGT. SANTONI**

Look, the Foolkiller murders are not related. That is an entirely different case.

**REPORTER #4**

How do you know that exactly?

**SGT. SANTONI**

Because the Foolkiller signs his crimes, just like he has with every murder he's committed.

**REPORTER #5**

The maniac from last nights theater bombing mentioned a name. He said the "Brotherhood." Is this some sort of new terrorist group?

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

**SGT. SANTONI**

No one has claimed responsibility for the bombing, and we have no evidence at this time suggesting terrorist involvement.

**REPORTER #6**

What are the Police doing to speed up the Foolkiller investigation?

**SGT. SANTONI**

That's enough questions for right now.

Santoni and Lafleur turn away. They move back up the steps. The policemen push the crowd back away from the building. The reporters eagerly yell out for more answers.

The detectives ignore the questions. They continue up the steps and into the building.

**EXT. GROCERY STORE - PARKING LOT - LATE EVENING**

An average-looking blonde woman, late 20s, walks through the exiting front doors. She is carrying a shopping bag under each arm.

She heads across the parking lot towards her car. Opening the trunk, she puts her groceries inside. Clicking the keyless entry remote, she proceeds to get into the car.

A dark, blacked-out van approaches slowly from the corner of the parking lot. The occupant inside is cloaked in silhouette, barely visible behind the dashboard.

**THE YOUNG WOMAN...**

...looks into the rear-view mirror as the van inches closer and closer. Terror fills her eyes as the van suddenly ACCELERATES. It smashes into the back of her parked car.

The young girl screams as she is knocked forward into the dashboard with a violent impact. Though DAZED, she grabs her head, then leans back into the drivers seat.

Suddenly, a CHARGING figure rushes up to the girls car. She is in a total state of panic, but manages to lock the door.

**THE ATTACKER...**

...SMASHES the car window with a tire iron. He reaches inside and grabs the girl, pulling her out.

(Continued)



Continued:

**THE YOUNG WOMAN...**

...continues screaming as the attacker pulls out a wicked custom made knife from his jacket pocket.

**THE ATTACKER...**

...raises the knife above his head. The image of a deaths head tattoo is imprinted on his wrist.

**THE YOUNG WOMANS...**

...impending doom is REFLECTED in the blade. The killer brings the knife down with a violent swing.

The screaming stops.

**THE ATTACKER...**

...licks the blood from both sides of the blade. He drops a note to the ground beside the body. It reads:

**CLOSE UP**

"E Pluribus Unum"  
 "Out of many, one"  
 -The Fool Killer-

**INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - LIVE NEWSCAST - NIGHT**

A NEWS REPORTER is addressing the camera. Behind her is a large screen video monitor.

Displayed on the screen is live footage of the murder scene.

The young blonde womans covered body is being placed on a stretcher.

The corpse is then loaded into an Ambulance.

**NEWS REPORTER**

Tonight the man called the Foolkiller has apparently struck once again in just over a months time. The female victim was mutilated with a sharp instrument, and seemed to be just as unlikely a victim as the others, not much more known, other than the Foolkiller preys upon.

Onlookers gather at the scene, piling up around the police barriers.

(Continued)

Continued:

**NEWS REPORTER (Cont'd)**

His victims have included waitresses, businessmen, retail clerks, the elderly, and now the unfortunate soul being loaded into the ambulance. These killings have thrown the city into a panic, and as of right now, no one has any clues to his identity, only a calling card left beside each victim.

**INT. CITY MORGUE - NIGHT**

Dr. Jordan, 40s, walks past several autopsy tables occupied by the unfortunate victims of the theater bombing.

Walking along behind her is Chief Bressler, 50s. Capt. Lafleur and Sgt. Santoni follow behind the chief.

Robinson, 40s, Detective from the departments Homicide Division, is following behind Santoni.

They all stop at the end of the row. They gather around the body of the young blonde woman killed in the grocery store parking lot.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

What about the wounds doc? Same as the other victims?

**DR. JORDAN**

No doubt about it. The stab wounds are the same diameter, length and width, with both straight and jagged cuts.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

Any idea on what kind of weapon it is?

**DR. JORDAN**

Heavy blade, large serrated cutting edge. A combat knife of some sort.

At that moment, a Police messenger enters the room. Walking over, she hands Captain LaFleur an envelope.

Lafleur opens the envelope, pulling out a sheet of paper. He reads the information printed on the sheet.

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

The girls I.D has been cleared. Ann Taylor, twenty-eight, single.

(Continued)

Continued:

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR (Cont'd)**

No arrest record, no known association to any terrorist group, radical or otherwise.

Lafleur folds the sheet of paper, then slides it into his shirt pocket.

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR (Cont'd)**

She was doing her grocery shopping after a shift at her full-time job when the killer struck.

Chief Bressler walks around to the opposite row of autopsy tables.

Looking around at the other victims, he inquires about the killer from the theater bombing.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

What's the story on the theater bomber Dr? Have you been able to determine his identity yet?

**DR. JORDAN**

As of right now no. There isn't a lot left to work with...

Dr.Jordan walks over to the remains of the bomber.

**DR. JORDAN (Cont'd)**

...mostly just bits- n-pieces. However...

She pulls back a corner of the body sheet, revealing one of the killers arms.

**DR. JORDAN (Cont'd)**

...I did find something interesting.

The men gather around the autopsy table, circling around the examiner.

Dr.Jordan lifts up the killers arm, turning it over so the wrist is visible.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

A tattoo?

**DR. JORDAN**

Deaths head tattoo.

Chief Bressler turns to the Dr. His face indicates look of puzzlement.

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

This seems familiar doc.

**DR. JORDAN**

There was a body in here recently  
with that very same tattoo.

All the men eye each other in a puzzling manner. They suddenly realize where they had last seen the tattoo.

**SGT. SANTONI**

The killer from the diner murders a  
few weeks ago?

**DR. JORDAN**

That's correct. This man here has the  
same tattoo.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

Is it possible this guy could just be  
a copy-cat killer Dr?

**DR. JORDAN**

I would say its highly unlikely.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

You don't think the tattoo could be  
home-made or even copied?

Dr.Jordan sighs, shaking her head slightly as she responds to Chief Bressler.

**DR. JORDAN**

Well, I'm no expert on the subject,  
but the ones found on both suspects  
are the same style and pattern. Both  
tattoos are identical.

**SGT. SANTONI**

Which means they had to be done by a  
professional tattoo artist?

**DR. JORDAN**

In my opinion, yes.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

This brings the count so far to 39.  
That includes this girl, the theater  
bombing, the diner, and a few other  
victims.

**SGT. SANTONI**

Each of the murders happened at  
different times.

(Continued)

Continued: (3)

**SGT. SANTONI (Cont'd)**

All of them in different places, all over the city, and all at random.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

All within an eight week period.

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

The way each murder was committed and the frequency means it couldn't have been this same guy each time .

Chief Bressler stands right beside the theater bomber.

He points to the killers corpse lying on the autopsy table.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

We have to assume that this guy here wasn't operating alone, possibly working with the maniac from the diner.

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

If so, then they coordinated their plans.

Chief Bressler lets out a sigh of frustration...

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

And we have no viable explanation as to their motivations.

**DETECTIVE ROBINSON**

But why would the theater bomber and diner maniac take themselves out along with their victims?

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

Could have been a suicide attack. Suicide attackers have been known to have various motivations.

**SGT. SANTONI**

Makes sense, since most attacks are perpetrated for religious or nationalist purposes.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

Then the theater and diner murders were "Kamikaze" missions.

Lafleur, Santoni and Robinson stare at the chief with intensity. The reality and insanity of the situation sinks in.

(Continued)

Continued: (4)

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

Which means the killers accepted their own deaths before their plans were carried out.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

Whatever is going on, the people in this city are afraid to go to sleep at night!

**DETECTIVE ROBINSON**

I think our only choice is to beef up the Task Force.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

No, what we need are leads. Every department wants to be in on this case. We cant risk any of this leaking to the media. This has to be kept quiet. (to Santoni) Contact Mason.

Bressler, Lafleur, and Santoni turn towards the exit doors.

Robinson follows in behind the other three men.

Dr.Jordan turns off the lights, then exits the morgue room.

**INT. CITY MORGUE - HALLWAY**

The four men exit the autopsy room, one after the other.

As they proceed down the hallway, Det.Robinson questions the Chiefs decision.

**DETECTIVE ROBINSON**

Chief we're asking for trouble by doing that.

The sarcastic tone of the detectives voice stops Santoni dead in his tracks.

**SGT. SANTONI**

Just what are you saying Robinson?

The two men face each other. They stand only a few feet apart. Both of their faces redden as they step closer.

**DETECTIVE ROBINSON**

You know exactly what I'm saying Sgt. He's not right for this assignment.

(Continued)

Continued:

**SGT. SANTONI**

He knows more about dealing with these types of psychos than anybody!

**DETECTIVE ROBINSON**

He has no restraint. He's a loose cannon!

Sgt. Santoni inches closer to Robinson. The tone in his voice grows more intense as he speaks.

**STG. SANTONI**

He does the job nobody else can!

Sgt. Santoni is almost nose to nose with Robinson. A finger is pointed right at his face.

**SGT. SANTONI**

And the only reason YOU were assigned to lead the Iron Corps is because Mason was kicked off the force. Not because you earned it!

Robinson fires back at Santoni, shouting.

**DET. ROBINSON**

He's uncontrollable, that's WHY he was kicked off the force!

Chief Bressler steps between the two officers. He pushes the men apart.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

Enough of this nonsense, both of you!

Bressler tuns towards Robinson.

**CHIEF BRESSLER (Cont'd)**

Santoni is right. Mason is a specialist. He's the one guy within this division that doesn't take any bullshit.

Chief Bressler backs away from between the two men momentarily. He issues an order to Santoni.

**CHIEF BRESSLER (Cont'd)**

Call the bastard...

**EXT. ROOF TOP PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

The lights from nearby buildings ILLUMINATE the city sky-scape, enshrouding the roof top deck.

(Continued)

Continued:

Sgt.Santoni leans up against an unmarked squad car. He pulls out a CIGARETTE from his shirt pocket.

In the passenger seat is Det. Robinson. He is taking a call on his cell-phone.

Santoni lights the cig. He sees a LATE-MODEL car coming up the ramp.

He turns to tap on the window. Robinson puts away the phone, then opens the door to get out.

The late-model car pulls into view. It is a sleek, blacked-out 1987 BUICK GRAND NATIONAL GNX.

The front license plate reads: AWESOME 87. The driver door opens. Out steps Carter Mason. He walks over to Santoni.

**SGT. SANTONI**

Hey stranger.

**MASON**

Long time no see.

Santoni looks past Mason, eye-balling the BEAST of a machine he drove up in.

**SGT. SANTONI**

Still burning up the roads in the GN  
I see.

Mason looks around at his toy. Grinning, he replies to Santoni.

**MASON**

You know me, never leave home without  
it.

**SGT. SANTONI**

I heard about that little stunt you  
pulled at the grocery store last  
night. Pretty heroic.

**MASON**

What can I say, they ruined my  
shopping trip.

With a sarcastic tone, Mason points at Robinson.

**MASON (Cont'd)**

Why is he here?

Santoni looks over over his shoulder. Robinson is walking around the squad car towards the two men.

(Continued)



Continued: (2)

Before Santoni can speak, Robinson breaks in, cutting him off.

**DETECTIVE ROBINSON**

Lets you and I understand each other.

Robinson steps up closer to Mason.

**DETECTIVE ROBINSON (Cont'd)**

The Chief wants you on this case, but I think its a mistake. Personally speaking, I don't know who's crazier, you or the psychos in this city. I just thought you should know that.

Robinson turns, walks towards the squad car.

He opens the drivers side door, then looks back over at Mason.

**DETECTIVE ROBINSON (Cont'd)**

Santoni will brief you on the situation. The mayor and chief want results, so do what you need to do to speed up the investigation. But try not to destroy too much shit along the way, huh?

Robinson gets in the squad car, shuts the door, then drives away.

Mason and Santoni watch Robinson make his way towards the exit ramp. They turn to look at each other.

Both jokingly comment on Robinsons brazen attitude.

**MASON**

Robinson still has his head up his ass, huh?

**SANTONI**

Maybe he thinks that's where his next promotion is.

Mason grins. Santoni hands over a confidential file to him. Both men get into the GNX. The car roars across the rooftop deck. Taillights fade away as they speed down the exit ramp.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

The blacked-out van from the supermarket murder slowly follows behind a clean, sleek-looking Mercedes sedan.

(Continued)

Continued:

**THE DRIVER...**

...is once again cloaked in SILHOUETTE, barely visible.

**THE MERCEDES...**

...pulls up to a a four-way-intersection as the light turns red. The van pulls up right behind, almost to the bumper.

**A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN...**

...drives the Mercedes. She looks in the rear view mirror, checking her make-up and hair.

She spots the van. Only black leather gloves are visible on the steering wheel. The light changes to green, then she turns right and drives away.

**THE VAN...**

...moves up to the intersection and turns. It slowly follows in behind the Mercedes.

**THE MERCEDES...**

...travels down a brightly lit, unoccupied stretch of road. Industrial looking buildings are lined on either side of the street. Pulling up to a crosswalk area, the Mercedes slows down.

**THE WOMAN DRIVER...**

...checks both left and right for incoming traffic.

**THE VAN...**

...pulls up directly behind, and BUMPS the Mercedes on purpose.

**THE WOMAN DRIVER...**

...is jarred, but unhurt. She looks in her rear view and sees a man climbing out of the van.

**VAN DRIVER...**

...gets out of the van and walks forward towards the Mercedes.

He walks up to the drivers side, turning to face the middle-aged woman.

**VAN DRIVER**

I'm very sorry miss. Are you hurt?

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

**WOMAN DRIVER**

I don't think so. Why have you been following so close?

**VAN DRIVER**

I didn't realize I was. Is there much damage?

**WOMAN DRIVER**

I don't know. How could you possibly not know you were too close? Have you been doing that on purpose?

**VAN DRIVER**

Yes!

Suddenly the van driver reaches into his jacket, and pulls out his wicked-looking knife.

He swings the blade, slashing it through the air as it finds its intended victims throat.

**THE WOMAN DRIVER...**

...grabs her throat as bloods GUSHES from the wound. Her body DROPS to the pavement, falling right at the van drivers feet.

**THE VAN DRIVER...**

...raises the knife up to his mouth and LICKS the blood from the blade, turning it from one side to the other.

He slips the knife back inside his jacket. Dropping another note beside the body, he turns and walks past the rear of the Mercedes. Opening the drivers door, he climbs back inside.

**THE VAN...**

...pulls around the Mercedes, and drives away. Turning the corner at the next intersection, it disappears from site.

**THE WOMAN...**

...lies underneath the drivers side door. BLOOD from her lifeless body glistens in the light from the street lamp.

**EXT. INDUSTRIAL BLVD MURDER - NIGHT**

Mason and Santoni are at the scene of the crime, walking around the Mercedes. There are six flashing squad cars, blocking off the street.

(Continued)

Continued:

Multiple police officers survey the area. A van from the city morgue is backed up behind the Mercedes.

Two morgue attendants place the woman's body into the back of the van.

Several television NEWS crews film the scene, as reporters address the camera.

Santoni walks beside Mason. The lights FLASH across their faces.

**SANTONI**

Y'know, it's odd why there's just one single victim again this time.

**MASON**

Yeah? How so?

**SANTONI**

The theater bomber and diner killer took out several people along with themselves, but this murder is the same M.O. as the supermarket killing.

Mason walks over to the driver's door, squatting down by the blood pool. He reaches down and picks up the calling card. Reading it, he stares at it with intensity.

**MASON**

Because those other two head cases were taking orders.

**SANTONI**

From who?

**MASON**

The Foolkiller.

**SANTONI**

You think he's connected to all the other murders?

**MASON**

Yep. And he's calling the shots.

**SANTONI**

So we're talking about a gang of killers?

**MASON**

With all these different murders happening over the last few weeks, yes.

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

**SANTONI**

But the Foolkiller has only murdered one single victim each time. If there is a whole gang of these nuts running around, why not continue to waste whole crowds at a time?

**MASON**

Because the theater and diner killings were calculated, planned attacks.

**SANTONI**

But wasting another woman on a public street, why? What's the catch?

**MASON**

The Foolkiller picks out who he wants to claim as his own victim.

**SANTONI**

So he orders his cronies to run suicide attacks, while he just picks n' chooses who he wants to knife.

**MASON**

Its to instill fear in their "target population", to eliminate or diminish areas where the public feels "safe".

Mason folds the calling card in half. He stands up, then stuffs it in his pocket.

**SANTONI**

Psychological warfare?

Mason begins to move away, stops, then turns to respond to Santoni.

**MASON**

It would seem that way. He wants the people in this city scared.

The two men walk along together past the crime scene. They pass the morgue van and police cars on their way to the GNX.

The NEWS crews continue to film the scene as reporters address the cameras.

The morgue attendants close up the rear of the van, then climb inside.

The morgue van pulls away and exits the crime scene. Mason and Santoni follow in behind.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

The blacked-out van is parked in the shadows across the street from the crime scene.

The hooded man sits in the drivers seat. He is accompanied by one of the other cult killers.

Both men watch as Mason and Santoni depart from the area.

**CULT KILLER**

Those cops are going to ruin the group. We can stop them.

**HOODED MAN**

Yes.

Head-lights off, the van slowly pulls out of the parking lot and into the street.

Going unnoticed in all the commotion, the van moves past the crime scene.

The lights from the police cars flicker off the darkened vehicle as it rolls away into the night.

**INT. NEWS STATION - NIGHT**

A female NEWS Reporter addresses the teleprompter. She is reporting the breaking news about the murder.

**FEMALE REPORTER**

With another grisly murder taking place earlier tonight, this city has been thrown into a reign of terror. Another lone resident was savagely murdered on a public street, her body left lying beside the car. This brutal killing is just another of many that has happened in the last few weeks. The question is: Why?

The female NEWS Reporter turns to address a second teleprompter.

**FEMALE REPORTER (Cont'd)**

Let's go to an interview recorded earlier with Police Psychologist Dr. William Ruskin.

A monitor behind her begins to play the previously recorded interview. The scene shifts to Dr. Ruskin.

(Continued)

Continued:

**DR. RUSKIN**

Murderers are not that much indistinguishable from the rest of society. They function just like the rest of us, except they fight a daily battle within themselves, a battle to keep the beast within under control.

**NEWS REPORTER**

Why is psychotic crime on the rise?

**DR. RUSKIN**

Sadly, it's because of our own doing.

**NEWS REPORTER**

How so Dr? And why is society responsible?

**DR. RUSKIN**

In the past few years, in this state alone, thirty-four criminals on death row, men convicted of brutal murders, have had their sentences overturned by the Chief Justice, and these men will be eligible for parole in another few years.

**NEWS REPORTER**

And these parolees, they will be set free, released from prison?

**DR. RUSKIN**

Yes, and back out on the street, perpetrating the same acts as before, as if their crimes never even happened. The cycle repeats itself, again and again, it never stops.

**NEWS REPORTER**

I see. But if they have been incarcerated, and served their time, why would they turn back to a life of crime?

**DR. RUSKIN**

Because we let them run free. We are too soft in our methods, and the long arm of the law has become weak. The criminals here and every other city know this. We're not close to solving the problem on how to deal with psychotic killers, we're simply breeding them.

**INT. CITY MORGUE - NIGHT (LATE)**

Mason and Santoni stand a few feet away from an autopsy table.

Dr. Jordan is examining the middle-aged woman from the Mercedes murder. She speaks into a microphone, recording details found during the autopsy.

Completing her examination, she switches off the microphone. She pulls the body sheet back over the victim.

Pulling off her examine gloves, she drops them into a waste container, then walks over to Mason and Santoni.

**DR. JORDAN**

I'm certain its the same weapon used in the other single victim murders.

**MASON**

In the reports doc you had mentioned earlier that it could be some sort of combat knife.

**DR. JORDAN**

That's correct, a heavy serrated blade.

**MASON**

Does the wounds made by the weapon resemble any you have seen before?

**DR. JORDAN**

Prior to these victims over the last few weeks?

**MASON**

Yes.

**DR. JORDAN**

Honestly no. In my experience, I have never seen or known of a weapon of this type.

**SANTONI**

(to Mason)

You thinking it's custom?

**MASON**

Yeah. Made by someone who knows how to use it.

**SANTONI**

Maybe a combat vet?

(Continued)



Continued:

**MASON**

Or someone of considerable skill.

**INT. GROCERY SUPERMARKET - DAY (MORNING)**

Customers are moving around the store, going about their business shopping.

Employees in various departments work to clean and restock the sales floor.

One middle-aged, brown-haired man walks through the entrance doors. He moves along the front of the check-out counters. He is wearing a long black trench-coat and leather gloves.

Reaching inside the coat, he pulls out an AUTOMATIC WEAPON, and begins to FIRE on the unsuspecting shoppers and service clerks.

**EXT. DRIVE-THRU CAR WASH - MIDDAY**

A man in a late-model sedan pulls up to the wash-bay entrance. He is motioned forward onto the pull-thru conveyor lane by a detail clerk.

There are other customers cars being wiped down and dried in the front parking lot by a number of detailers.

The sedan moves slowly along the conveyor system, stopping at the wash exit.

Suddenly, the sedan EXPLODES, destroying the car and male driver. The building, employees and customers are engulfed in a giant FIRE-BALL.

Flames shoot upward. Shards of glass, concrete and metal debris is blown out into the street. Dust covers nearby cars. Smoke billows upward, blowing across the sky.

**EXT. MONTAGE - SUPERMARKET/CAR-WASH - AFTERNOON**

Mason and Santoni arrive at each crime scene, first the supermarket shootings, then the car-wash bombing.

They survey each area, taking notes and questioning witnesses. Camera crews film each scene, as NEWS Reporters interview on-lookers.

A two-door sedan follows Mason and Santoni to each crime scene. It stays far enough behind to go unnoticed.

(Continued)

Continued:

Sitting out of sight at each location, the driver and passenger watch, studying the two officers every move.

**EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - EVENING**

A sales clerk is hard at work, mopping the floors with a wet mop. He reaches the mop bucket and pushes it to the next aisle adjacent to him.

At the end of the sales-counter the clerks PORTABLE RADIO is playing music. A loud THUMP, then the music stops.

The clerk looks over and SEES that the radio is no longer sitting on the counter top. He drops the mop and walks over to the counter.

Looking over the ledge, he notices that the radio has FALLEN onto the floor.

With a sigh of disgust, he walks around the counter, grabs the radio, shakes it, then, becomes aware that the volume button has been TURNED OFF. His face draws into an expression of confusion.

He sets the radio back down on the counter, turns to go back to where he left the mop and bucket.

A blood-stained hand SEIZES his face in a claw-like manner, covering his mouth.

With little effort, a wicked custom made knife is RAMMED into the side of the clerks skull, PINNING his head against the concrete wall.

His body goes limp, dead on impact. Blood drips to the floor, pooling up under his feet.

**EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT**

Mason and Santoni arrive at the scene of the crime, as NEWS Crews film the scene.

Police squad cars block off the street. Police officers survey the area.

A van from the city morgue is backed up to the front door. Two morgue attendants place the clerks body into the back.

The same two-door sedan is sitting across the street, hidden in shadow. The two passengers watch from inside the vehicle.

(Continued)

Continued:

After a short time, Mason and Santoni exit the store. They climb into Masons car and depart the scene.

The two-door sedan rolls out from the shadows. It begins to tail the GNX.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - BASEMENT**

Rows of flickering candles barely pierce the darkness. The hooded man undresses, then steps into a large, oval washtub. It is filled to the top with BLOOD.

The cult members step into similar tubs in unison, then begin to bathe. The crimson liquid flows of their bodies.

The chilling CHANTS of the cult can be heard OVER the SCENE.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

Mason drives the GNX into the underground parking area.

The building itself is a modern structure in an older section of the city. He gets out of the car, locks the door and walks towards the tenant elevator.

He presses the up button, then enters as the doors close behind him.

**INT. MASONS APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Mason enters the apartment. His West Highland White Terrier comes bounding excitedly towards him from another room.

**MASON**

Hey girl! Have a good day?

The pup responds with a joyous howl.

**MOLLY (WESTIE)**

Wooooooooooo!!!

**MASON**

Woo Hoo. Good girl!

Mason walks across the dimly lit apartment towards his home office. He flips on a light switch as he enters the room.

A wooden/metal desk is situated in the corner, occupied with an all-in-one desktop computer and printer. The wall adjacent to the desk is covered with pictures of psychos.

(Continued)

Continued:

Newspaper clippings detailing the maniacs crime sprees surround the pictures.

On the adjoining wall is a HANGING CHART mapping out details of assorted modus operandi of several horrific crimes.

He lays his pistol and badge down on the computer desk.

**MASON** (Cont'd)

Ready for your supper?

Going to the kitchen, he opens the refrigerator. Pulling out a half of can of dog food, he empties it into a ceramic bowl. Placing it into the microwave, he sets the timer on 22 seconds.

Once the timer stops, Mason pulls out the bowl and lowers it to the floor. Molly dog nearly attacks the food as it's placed in front of her.

**MASON** (Cont'd)

Eat up big girl.

Mason makes his way into the living room. He lays his cell-phone on the coffee table. He sits down, wearily lowering his head backwards onto the sectional sofa.

The cell-phone rings. The buzzing action VIBRATES the table. Mason raises his head, and stares at the phone.

Momentarily, he rises.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - BASEMENT**

The hooded man sits alone, surrounded by the washtubs of blood.

He is sharpening his wicked custom made knife on a grinding stone. His fingers slowly begin to close on the blade.

The blade breaks the skin and a thin RIVULET of BLOOD begins to run. His intense eyes show no pain. He stares emotionless at the cut.

Another cult killer enters the area. He walks up and around the hooded man from behind.

The hooded man looks up into his fellow cult killers eyes. Without EXPRESSION, he stares. SWEAT runs down his face.

**CULT KILLER**

It's being handled right now.

(Continued)

Continued:

The hooded man lowers his eyes. He continues SHARPENING the wicked custom made knife on the grinding machine.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

The elevator doors to the parking garage open. Mason walks out into the underground parking area towards the GNX.

He is almost to the car. Suddenly a CLANGING noise is heard behind him.

The TAPPING of KNIVES and AXE BLADES can be heard OVER the SCENE.

**MASON...**

...whips around, immediately coming face to face with a tall killer.

**THE ATTACKER...**

...is wearing a stocking-mask. He bears a deaths head tattoo on his wrist.

**A HATCHET...**

...descends down upon Mason. He leaps backwards, spinning into a second stocking-masked killer.

**MASONS...**

...head is cracked by the second attacker. He DROPS to the ground.

**THE ATTACKER...**

...with the AXE is about to SPLIT Mason in half.

**MASON...**

...lies on the pavement. He manages to pull his pistol and FIRES THREE SHOTS.

**THE HATCHET ATTACKER...**

...is hit by the three shots, BLOWING him BACKWARDS onto the pavement. The second attacker FLEES into the darkness.

**MASON...**

...climbs to his feet. He jumps into the GNX and immediately takes up the chase.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

The stocking-masked attacker runs towards his car, jumps in, then SCREECHES AWAY.

He speeds through the parking garage like a crazed-madman.

The TAPPING of KNIVES and AXE BLADES can be heard OVER the SCENE.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

Masons CAR ENGINE ROARS with power as he speeds through the parking garage.

The GNX exits the garage and slides into the street. It BURNS away from the building.

The TAPPING of KNIVES and AXE BLADES can be heard OVER the SCENE.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

The GNX is rapidly gaining on the stocking-masked killer. Blood runs down the side of Masons head.

He wipes the side of his face. Blood blurs his vision.

The TAPPING of KNIVES and AXE BLADES can be heard OVER the SCENE.

**EXT. STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT**

The stocking-masked killer wildly wheels the car over a long bridge.

Smoke and SPARKS FLY from the fenders as metal meets concrete and steel.

The TAPPING of KNIVES and AXE BLADES can be heard OVER the SCENE.

The GNX is in HOT PURSUIT. Following closely, it rapidly CLOSES the distance.

**INT. THE GNX - NIGHT**

Blood continues to run freely from the blow to Masons head. He wipes his face again.

(Continued)

Continued:

The TAPPING of KNIVES and AXE BLADES can be heard OVER the SCENE.

**EXT. STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT**

The stocking-masked killers car SPEEDS WILDLY off the bridge. It does a complete spin, drops onto the side-walk, then back on to the street.

The TAPPING of KNIVES and AXE BLADES can be heard OVER the SCENE.

The GNX is rapidly CLOSING the distance.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

Both cars are doing nearly NINETY MILES an HOUR. The GNX is one car length behind the killers.

The vehicles briefly go AIRBORNE as they careen over elevated intersections.

Citizens on the side-walks scream and duck for cover.

Pedestrian vehicles, HORNS BLARING, swerve to avoid collision with the speeding cars.

**THE GNX...**

...closes the gap, pulling up along-side the killer. It is now a FULL-BLOWN car race.

**KILLERS CAR...**

...is SPEEDING WILDLY, SWERVING, trying to smash the GNX in the side.

**THE GNX...**

...is directly beside them.

**MASON...**

...maneuvers the car aggressively to avoid the killers side-swipes.

He aims his PISTOL at the killers car window.

The LASER RED DOT appears on the side of the drivers face.

Suddenly, a large CEMENT MIXER pulls out into a nearby intersection, directly in front of the SPEEDING CARS.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

The stocking masked killer swerves wildly right, barely missing the rear-end of the mixer.

**MASON...**

...whips his car into a POWER-SLIDE and SPINS up along-side the truck, narrowly avoiding missing the cab.

**KILLERS CAR...**

...speeds down a section of side street, leaving the mixer truck and the GNX behind.

**MASON...**

...reverses direction. He WHEELS the GNX around and resumes the chase.

He WHIPS PAST the stalled truck, picking up speed. He spots something at the end of the street.

**KILLERS CAR...**

...is parked half-way on the curb. The drivers side door is open and the car is empty.

The killer has DISAPPEARED.

**INT. POLICE HQ - COMMISSIONERS OFFICE - DAY**

It is an emergency session. Santoni and Chief Bressler stand around in opposite corners of the room.

Mason is standing next to the office door. A bandage covers the wound from the blow to his head.

Commissioner Rothko, 50s, studies Mason from behind a huge oak desk. Two agents from Internal Affairs are also present.

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

This thing is so far out of control I don't even know where to start.

**I.A AGENT ONE**

Let's start with the legal problems.

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

Of course there is going to be legal problems. This city's become a goddamn battlefield.

(Continued)



Continued:

Just then, Captain LaFleur enters, followed by Det. Robinson. Both men make their way towards the Commissioner.

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO (Cont'd)**

What's the report Captain?

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

Not much, no previous arrest records.

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

Any info on the perps identity?

Letting out a sigh, Lafleur responds to Rothko.

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

Not yet sir. No form of I.D was found on the suspect. The only identifiable marking is a deaths head tattoo.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

Same as the other maniacs?

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

Exactly the same.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

Damn it, we're on the verge of the public screaming for federal assistance.

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

We don't want the F.B.I to get involved in this. We have the manpower. Why cant we control this thing?

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

Well sir, we're trying to...

Mason breaks in. LaFleur is cut off, ending his response to Rothko.

**MASON**

It's a war.

All the men look at each other, then at Mason with puzzlement in their eyes.

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

What's that Lieutenant?

Mason looks over at the Commissioner. He responds in a serious tone.

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

**MASON**

It's a war. We're up against not just one killer, but many.

Robinson shakes his head, acknowledging Mason.

**DETECTIVE ROBINSON**

And how do you know that?

**MASON**

Just a feeling.

Robinson smirks at Mason's remark, shaking his head once again. He starts to respond as Chief Bressler breaks into the conversation.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

So you think these murders have been the work of a gang of killers?

**DETECTIVE ROBINSON**

Sounds weak.

Santoni speaks up.

**SANTONI**

Does it?

Detective Robinson menacingly looks over at Santoni. With a glare in his eyes, he addresses the Sgt.

**DETECTIVE ROBINSON**

Yeah real weak. What do you have besides a dead suspect? A dead suspect that Mason offered to back up anything you say? Any thing at all?

**SANTONI**

How about the fact that suspect had the same tattoo as all the other psychos? And that there was more than one killer that attacked Mason!

**DETECTIVE ROBINSON**

Could have been just a random mugging. It happens in this town quite often!

**MASON**

Last time I checked, random muggers don't carry around custom made axes.

(Continued)

Continued: (3)

**DETECTIVE ROBINSON**

Well that still doesn't prove your theory now does it?

The tone in Masons voice intensifies as he speaks to Robinson.

**MASON**

OK smart-ass, then tell me this. How did those psychos know where I live?

Robinson, with a look of puzzlement on his face asks:

**DETECTIVE ROBINSON**

What do you mean?

Mason steps over closer to Robinson.

**MASON**

How did two men with the same tattoo as the other suicide killers know exactly how to find me?

Commissioner Rothko, interrupting the exchange between Mason and Robinson, breaks into the conversation.

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

What are you saying Lieutenant?

**MASON**

I'm saying there's a leak from the inside. Those men knew how to find me. It's only a matter of time before they try again.

**DETECTIVE ROBINSON**

How can you say for sure they have somebody on the inside? You don't know that.

**MASON**

I know.

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

I don't want to hear that kind of talk. You're talking about a mole within this department. I don't even want to think about something like that!

Rothko continues sitting behind the desk. He shakes his head in frustration.

(Continued)

Continued: (4)

**MASON**

Look, these people just don't kill,  
they have a reason, and they aren't  
afraid to die trying.

Det. Robinson aggressively breaks in. He critically gives his  
opinion of the situation.

**DETECTIVE ROBINSON**

If you ask me, this whole thing is  
like some...damn sick made-up story.

(laughing)

Hell, I think that crack to the skull  
the second killer gave you is messing  
with your head.

**SANTONI**

Nobody's asking you Robinson.

**DETECTIVE ROBINSON**

Let's face it, he doesn't give a shit  
about anyone but himself.

Mason turns to walk away.

**MASON**

Back off.

**DETECTIVE ROBINSON**

Back off my ass! It doesn't matter  
how many innocent by-standers are  
hurt or killed. Just look at what  
happened last night, a high speed  
chase through the city streets and  
you still couldn't catch the suspect!  
It's all a show so that glory boy  
here can worm his way back into the  
good graces of the department, just  
so that he can take over his old  
squad unit!

Mason spins around. Lunging at Robinson, he grabs him by the  
throat. Robinson gasps for air as Masons grip tightens  
around his neck.

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

Let him go Mason!

**SANTONI**

Enough big man, ease up!

Mason comes to his senses and releases his grip. He turns  
and exits the commissioners office.

(Continued)

Continued: (5)

Santoni starts to follow in behind him. He stops long enough to sarcastically smart off to Robinson.

**SANTONI (Cont'd)**

What's wrong Robinson, this meeting got you all choked up?

Robinson is rubbing his neck as Santoni turns and exits the office.

Captain LaFleur exits the room right behind Santoni. He turns and walks in the opposite direction.

**DETECTIVE ROBINSON**

Mason's the psycho!

Continuing to rub his neck, Robinson excuses himself.

**DETECTIVE ROBINSON (Cont'd)**

Excuse me gentlemen, I have a phone call to make.

Chief Bressler walks over to one side of Commissioner Rothkos desk.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

Mason may be on to something.

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

If what he says is true, then lord help us. That's all we need is a goddamn army of killers running around this city.

**I.A AGENT ONE**

Is it wise to leave Mason on this case?

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

Why wouldn't we?

**I.A AGENT ONE**

He was kicked out of his own unit. There was a reason for his suspension chief.

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

He has a point. Masons methods have become increasingly, more "aggressive", since the death of his wife.

(Continued)

Continued: (6)

**I.A AGENT ONE**

And that's been two years. What happens if that aggression turns him into something worse than the criminals on the streets?

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

That would prove disastrous for this department. If the public found out we allowed a rogue cop to wear a badge, we would never recover from the backlash.

**I.A AGENT TWO**

Excuse me, I know I'm the new man here, but what unit are you talking about?

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

Mason at one time, was in charge of the Iron Corps, a crime unit he formed.

Bressler turns and moves around to the front of Commissioner Rothko's desk.

**CHIEF BRESSLER (Cont'd)**

They "specialize" in doing jobs nobody else can, or want to do, solving cases just like the one he and Santoni are on right now.

**I.A AGENT ONE**

Even still, Detective Robinson may be right about Mason.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

I think we're forgetting one thing gentlemen.

**I.A AGENT ONE**

What's that?

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

The murder of his wife is what drives him. It gives him an advantage.

I.A Agent Two walks around the desk, stopping in front of Bressler.

**I.A AGENT TWO**

How would the murder of his wife give him an advantage?

(Continued)

Continued: (7)

Looking directly at I.A Agent Two, Bressler responds.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

His reputation over the years has earned him a name that the criminal element fears.

**I.A AGENT TWO**

What name is that?

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

"Iron Mason." They all know he's the toughest son of a bitch on the force.

**I.A AGENT ONE**

You're positive he can handle this?

Reaching into his pocket, Bressler pulls out a cigarette. Lighting it, he looks at the other three men, answering the question confidently.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

Let's face it, his methods may be unorthodox, but right now, he's the best chance we have at stopping these psychos.

**INT. POLICE FIRING RANGE - DAY**

Inside are human cut-out TARGETS with kill zones numbered. Mason enters, followed by Santoni.

The entrance wall is all glass and metal. Mason steps up to the firing cubicle.

Santoni leans against the glass panels behind him.

**SANTONI**

What do we do now?

**MASON**

We wait.

**SANTONI**

For what?

**MASON**

For it to happen again.

Both men reach for hearing protectors, sliding them over their heads.

(Continued)

Continued:

Mason unholsters his pistol, cross draws with lightening speed. BANG! BANG! BANG! Neat round holes appear in the target. All are PERFECT HEAD SHOTS.

**EXT. NARROW SIDE STREET - NIGHT**

A LOCAL TAVERN is closing for the night. A cocktail waitress is walking out.

She pulls a raincoat over her uniform, a short ruffled shirt, long dark stockings and flashy high heels.

A tavern patron exits the building behind her. They walk down the sidewalk together.

**TAVERN PATRON**

Come on. I know an after-hours joint.  
Go with me and lets relax a while.

**COCKTAIL WAITRESS**

Forget it. I have a day job too.

She starts up the street waving cheerfully back at all the customers coming out of the tavern.

A guy leans propped up against a vehicle parked beside the curb.

**GUY**

Can I give you a lift?

**COCKTAIL WAITRESS**

I'd rather fight off the muggers.

The cocktail waitress continues up the street, in a quick, no nonsense stride. She stuffs her nightly tips into her handbag.

**VARIOUS SHOTS - EMPTY STREETS - NIGHT**

Each street is narrower than the next. The CLICK-CLACKING sound of the waitress's high heels can be heard.

Then, across one of the many empty streets, a SHADOW darts across, then a SECOND following it. Some of the URBAN VERMIN of the city are afoot.

**EXT. COCKTAIL WAITRESS - EMPTY STREETS - NIGHT**

She reaches into her pocket, takes out her house keys as she approaches home.



**EXT. TWO STORY APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

Her apartment is a modest looking building. It is just ahead. Reaching her destination, she climbs the steps leading up to the entry-way.

**COCKTAIL WAITRESS...**

...turns and looks to her left, a crash drawing her attention.

**TRASH CAN...**

...rolls towards the curb. A pack of alley cats dash away from the area.

**COCKTAIL WAITRESS...**

...is relieved. She turns back around and comes face-to-face with TWO MEAN STREET THUGS, dark and grinning menacingly.

She gasps...knowing exactly what they want. The bums lunge forward, reaching for the bag.

She swings the heavy handbag, smacking one of the thugs across the head.

**THUG ONE...**

...he staggers for a moment, falling up against THUG TWO.

**COCKTAIL WAITRESS...**

...takes off in the opposite direction, SCREAMING her head off as she runs. There is no place to go but the narrow alley right behind her.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

A passenger car drives by just as the attempted mugging is taking place. The driver sees the commotion and momentarily stops the car.

**THE DRIVER...**

...rolls down the window as the waitress runs into the alleyway behind her, away from the thugs.

**THE TWO THUGS...**

...regain their footing, then dart down the alley after the waitress.

(Continued)

Continued:

**THE DRIVER...**

...floors the gas and speeds down the street.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ALLEY WAY - NIGHT**

She looks up at the windows that line the side walls of the apartments. All are shut with the lights out.

**COCKTAIL WAITRESS**

Help me! Somebody help me! Please!

**COCKTAIL WAITRESS...**

...is having a hard time running in the high-heeled shoes.

She stumbles and falls against a wall. Skinning her arm, she pushes herself off and continues running.

Finally she stops, catches her breath, then looks left to right.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ALLEY WAY - NIGHT**

Nobody coming up the alley behind her and nobody up ahead. She takes a step forward, thinking maybe she's lost them.

Right behind her is a fence surrounding some sort of excavation site. A new building is being constructed.

Over the fence drops one of the street thugs.

**COCKTAIL WAITRESS...**

...jumps out of the way. The thug misses her, sprawling out at her feet. She heads back in the other direction.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ALLEY WAY - OTHER END - NIGHT**

The waitresses path is blocked by the other street thug. She takes the only avenue of approach left, the last alleyway to her right.

**THE STREET THUGS...**

...are right behind her. One pulls a switch-blade knife.

**THE WAITRESS...**

...runs, realizing she has lost her heavy purse somewhere in the distance.

**EXT. ADJACENT STREET CORNER - NIGHT**

The waitress looks back over her shoulder. Unaware, she runs right into someone.

**COCKTAIL WAITRESS...**

...has immediate shock. She looks up at who is holding her. There are powerful gloved hands gripping her shoulders.

**COCKTAIL WAITRESS**

Oh...oh my god. You scared me!

It is very dark on this side of the alleyway. The waitress cannot make out the features of the man.

He is tall, wearing a business suit and tie.

**COCKTAIL WAITRESS (Cont'd)**

They nearly caught me. I dropped my bag somewhere back there. It has all my tips in it.

**THE MAN...**

...says nothing. All that is heard is the waitresses heavy breathing.

He simply holds her with a tight grip.

**COCKTAIL WAITRESS...**

...looks up at the mans SHADOWED FACE, trying to make it out in the darkness.

**COCKTAIL WAITRESS (Cont'd)**

Thank goodness you're here. Two guys have been chasing me.

**THE MAN...**

...seems immense as he looms over the waitress. He reaches inside his suit jacket.

Pulling his hand out, he CLUTCHES the wicked custom knife.

**THE WAITRESS...**

...sees the knife gleaming in the dark.

**COCKTAIL WAITRESS (Cont'd)**

What's that for? Please don't. I didn't do anything wrong.

(Continued)

Continued:

**THE MAN...**

...raises the knife above his head, ready to strike.

**EXT. ALLEYWAY CORNER - NIGHT**

The two bums round the corner. They see the waitresses purse and pick it up.

They freeze in their tracks when they see the MAN, and realize he has a KNIFE in his hand.

Obscured in the darkness, they can't make out the mans face, but see an entirely different person clearly.

Parked across from the alley is the blacked-out van. It sits under a street lamp.

The driver sits in the van, window down, watching the scene unfold.

**EXT. STREET THUGS POV - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT**

The man with the knife is hardly more than a SILHOUETTE. A glimmer of street light crosses the waitress.

**COCKTAIL WAITRESS...**

...has an anguished expression on her face. She screams again in absolute fear, crying for help.

**THE MAN...**

...is about to kill her. This evokes horror in both of the street bums.

**COCKTAIL WAITRESS...**

...she screams as the knife flashes through the air. Her legs go LIMP as one high heel TOPPLES off her foot.

**THE MAN...**

...raises the knife again, thrusting it forward once more. The SOUND of the blades BRUTAL IMPACT can be heard on the victim.

**THE STREET BUMS...**

...react at the sight before them. Sheer instinct is to run, but they WAIT.

(Continued)

Continued:

**THE MAN...**

...stands there, unmoving.

**COCKTAIL WAITRESSES...**

...body slides to the pavement, into the POOL of BLOOD that has formed at her feet.

**THE MAN...**

...LICKS the blood from both sides of the knife. Placing it back inside his jacket, he turns and walks away from the body.

Exiting the alley, he walks to the van, then enters the passenger side.

**THE STREET THUGS...**

...continue watching as the driver rolls up the window. He starts the van, and slowly pulls away.

They look at each other, then turn and run. One of the thugs has the purse in his hand as they move through the alley.

**INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - CITY MORGUE - DAY**

Mason, Santoni, Captain LaFleur and Detective Robinson stand around the BODY of the cocktail waitress.

Dr. Jordan stands alone at one end of the table.

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

There's no way this much damage was done with an ordinary knife.

Det. Hollister from the Robbery Division enters the room. He walks over to the examination table.

**DET. HOLLISTER**

Chief Bressler told me I could find you all here.

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

What do you have Detective?

**DET. HOLLISTER**

Robbery received a phone call from an eyewitness who saw two men chasing the victim with a knife. Apparently they were trying to rob her.

(Continued)

Continued:

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

This eyewitness, was this person in the alley way?

**DET. HOLLISTER**

No. Actually just a passing motorist. Saw a foot chase go down as they drove by.

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

Could the eyewitness give a description of the attackers?

**DET. HOLLISTER**

Only that the perps looked dirty, unkept, and was not much larger than the girl herself.

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

Street thugs?

**DET. HOLLISTER**

More than likely. Possibly a mugging gone wrong.

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

So the two perps robbed her, killed her, took off, and left her lying there.

**MASON**

I don't think so captain.

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

Why is that Lieutenant?

**MASON**

Look at the wounds. This girl is 5 ft 4 and she was wearing heels. The person who killed her slashed downward, so the killer had to be much taller than her.

Dr. Jordan speaks up, offering her opinion on the matter.

**DR. JORDAN**

I have to agree chief. Judging from the angle, the killer would have to be 6 ft or better in order to exert that great a force.

Excusing himself, Detective Hollister moves away from the rest of the group.

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

**DET. HOLLISTER**

Excuse me everyone. I have to get back to work.

Detective Hollister exits the room. Captain LaFleur motions for Detective Robinson...

**CAPT. LAFLEUR**

Let's go. I need some fresh air.

...then quickly walks out into the hallway.

Mason and Santoni continues standing at the examination table. Dr. Jordan pulls the sheet up over the victims naked body.

**INT. CITY MORGUE - HALLWAY - DAY (MORNING)**

Captain LaFleur and Detective Robinson exit the autopsy room. They step into the hallway.

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

I have to convene with Commissioner Rothko and the Mayor. I want you to get with Chief Bressler on what extra security measures are needed. If we don't get this case under control, we may just have to cancel the planned Christmas festivities.

With an inquiring look on his face, Det. Robinson curiously questions Captain LaFleur.

**DETECTIVE ROBINSON**

Shouldn't I check out the lead that Robbery received sir?

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

I'm putting Mason and Santoni on checking out those thugs from last night. If those muggers didn't actually murder this girl, then maybe they saw who did.

Captain LaFleur turns away from Robinson. He steps partially back inside the autopsy room door.

Motioning for Mason and Santoni, he waves them in his direction.

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR (Cont'd)**

Mason, Santoni. Let's talk.

(Continued)

Continued:

Detective Robinsons face reddens as he walks away from Captain LaFleur. He has already left before Mason and Santoni exit the autopsy room.

**INT. CITY MORGUE - HALLWAY - DAY**

Mason and Santoni step into the hallway. LaFleur is leaned up against the wall. He is smoking a cigarette.

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

You know every scumbag in this city.  
Shake down whoever you need to in  
order to get a lead. Find those two  
purse snatchers.

Lafleur puts out the cigarette, then makes his way down the hall.

**EXT. CITY MORGUE - STREET - DAY**

Mason and Santoni exit through the front doors of the building. They take a few short steps down the side-walk towards the GNX.

As they open the doors, the men stand outside the car. They briefly converse about their plans.

**SANTONI**

Where do you want to start?

**MASON**

We knock on some doors. Rattle some  
of the low-level hitters for  
information.

The men climb inside the GNX, then pull out of the parking lane and into the street.

**VARIOUS SHOT MONTAGE - CITY STREETS - EVENING**

Mason and Santoni CRUISE the city streets. They occasionally stop and walk the sidewalks on foot.

**THE BLACKED-OUT VAN...**

...follows Mason and Santoni to each area of the city they visit. It sits out of sight at each location.

The driver and passenger watch, STUDYING the two officers every move.

(Continued)



Continued:

**TATTOO SHOPS / PORN SHOPS...**

...Mason and Santoni SHAKE DOWN hustlers, pimps, hookers. They question the street denizens for information.

**SLUM DIVE BAR...**

...a bartender makes the mistake of mouthing off to Mason, then finds himself quickly MANHANDLED. He is hefted off the floor, and smashed into the bar wall.

The bartender quickly points to a couple SHADY-LOOKING dudes sitting in the back corner of the room.

**ALLEYWAY...**

...the two thugs run out the backdoor, booking it down the back of the building. They are quickly STOPPED in their tracks. Mason is at one end of the alley, Santoni at the other.

**EXT. STREET ALLEY - NIGHT**

Both of the street thugs are being held by Mason and Santoni. Thug one is nearly hysterical as Santoni questions him.

**SANTONI**

Why'd you guys take off huh? We just want to ask you some questions.

**THUG ONE**

Look man, we don't want any trouble OK?

**THUG TWO**

Yeah man! Go hassle somebody else!

Thug two is feeling frisky, causing Mason to have to rough him up.

Mason throws him up against the brick wall, then hefts him off the ground, his feet dangling.

**MASON**

Sgt.Santoni asked a question. A woman was killed in an alley last night. Now, what we want to know, is do you know anything about it?

Thug two just stares at Mason, breathing heavily, nervously.

**MASON (Cont'd)**

I want answers and I want them now!

(Continued)

Continued:

Not wishing to get beat down, Thug two finally gives in.

**THUG TWO**

OK man, OK. We stole her purse, but we didn't kill the chick!

Mason isn't buying it. He taps the thugs head against the wall again, applying more force this time.

**THUG TWO (Cont'd)**

We didn't kill her! It was a cop!

**MASON**

(to Santoni)

I think maybe I tapped his head on the wall a little too hard. He seems to have trouble remembering.

**SANTONI**

Tap it again, maybe it'll help jar his memory.

Mason squeezes the thugs collar tighter, pushing him a little farther up the brick wall.

Thug two nervously pleas with Mason, repeating his statement.

**THUG TWO**

Be cool man, be cool. Jesus man, it was a cop!

Thug one breaks in, backing up thug twos response.

**THUG ONE**

We swear to Jesus man! We didn't kill that lady! Seriously man, it was a cop!

Mason and Santoni look at each other. Denial and questions cloud their minds, as they are still trying to believe it all.

Mason is hesitant, but somehow senses it to be true.

Mason releases his grip on thug two. He slides down the wall, and drops to his feet.

Santoni eases off thug one, continuing to block his side of the ally, making sure he doesn't run.

**MASON**

(to thug two)

Alright. Did you see the guys face?

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

Thug two looks over his partner. They stare at each other nervously, as if afraid to speak.

**THUG TWO**

No...no man. We...we didn't.

Mason is boiling by this point. He grabs thug two again, but before he can carry out another beating...

**THUG TWO (Cont'd)**

Hold up man! Hold up! Look, we didn't see the killers face, but we saw the dude he was with!

Mason releases his grip again. He and Santoni look at each other, then:

**MASON**

Go on...

**THUG TWO**

There was a guy sitting in a black van parked across the street from alley.

**MASON**

How do you know those two guys were together?

**THUG ONE**

Look man, we saw them leave together alright!

**THUG TWO**

Yeah man, yeah. The guy in the van waited on the dude in the ally.

**THUG ONE**

After he knifed the girl, he walked to the van, got in, then they drove off!

**MASON**

How did you see the guy in the van if you couldn't see the man in the alley?

**THUG TWO**

The van was parked under the street light.

**THUG ONE**

And the window was down. We saw the drivers face in the light man.

(Continued)

Continued: (3)

**THUG ONE (Cont'd)**

He was watching the tall dude knife  
the girl.

Santoni speaks up, directing a question to both men.

**SANTONI**

What did the driver look like?

Thug one speaks up first.

**THUG ONE**

Big guy with brown hair.

**THUG TWO**

Yeah man, big guy, but not big like  
your partner here.

Santoni looks at Mason. Both men have a puzzled look on  
their face.

**SANTONI**

How the hell could you tell all that  
when all you saw was his face?

The thugs look at each other once more, searingly into each  
others eyes.

Thug one lets out a long sigh as thug two responds to the  
question.

**THUG TWO**

Look man, when we saw the dude in the  
van that night, we recognized who the  
guy was.

**SANTONI**

How?

**THUG TWO**

He's busted us a few times before  
man. We remembered his face alright!

Mason steps up closer to thug two, almost nose to nose.

A menacing tone comes over his voice.

Looking thug two straight in the eyes, he asks:

**MASON**

Which cop was it?

**INT. POLICE COMMISSIONERS OFFICE - MORNING**

Mason and Santoni are seated side by side in front of a large wooden desk. They have been revealing their information to their superiors.

LaFleur and Bressler stand on opposite sides of the room. The Commissioner is standing behind his desk. His reaction to the news is most unpleasant, as he responds to the information just presented to him.

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

Are you out of your mind? A cop!?

**MASON**

We have two witnesses who described Sgt. George. They placed him at the scene of the murder.

Commissioner Rothko scoffs.

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

And where are these so-called witnesses?

**SANTONI**

They're in custody sir. We brought them in late last night. Detective Hollister is booking them for attempted robbery.

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

What do you have to back up this accusation other than just their story?

**MASON**

Well, if we weren't sitting on our asses right now, we could be out checking up on our lead.

Chief Bressler fires off at Mason for making such a crude remark.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

Damn it Mason. That's the Commissioner you're talking to!

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

There's a madman loose. I asked you two what more you have to go on.

**MASON**

Correction on that.

(Continued)

Continued:

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

Excuse me?

**MASON**

It's not the work of just one or two guys. I've been telling you all that this whole time.

Rothko looks at Mason and Santoni. He points a finger at both men.

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

Do you two actually still expect us to believe there's a whole army of killers running around this city committing murders?

**MASON**

All the murders could not be committed by just one guy. Both of the street thugs we brought in saw two men. One killed the girl, while the other waited on him until he was done.

Captain LaFleur offers his opinion on Masons comment.

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

Sir, the perps admitted to stealing the purse, but deny killing the girl.

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

Fingerprints?

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

None. Apparently the killer wore gloves.

Commissioner Rothko shakes his head. He turns his attention to Mason and Santoni.

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

We don't have time to be replying on hunches and the word of two purse snatchers.

**MASON**

Then we've already lost.

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

Just what the hell does that supposed to mean?

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

**MASON**

It means if we have to continue playing by these bullshit rules, and the killers don't, then we're gonna lose.

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

Do you think this is a goddamn game lieutenant? We need solid evidence. Now you and Santoni go find some. I want this case wrapped up, and quick. You're dismissed!

Chief Bressler and Captain LaFleur start walking towards the door.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

Come on guys, lets go.

Mason and Santoni rise from their seats, and start to follow in behind.

Commissioner Rothko speaks to Mason as he heads for the door.

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

Mason.

Mason stops, turns back towards the commissioner. Santoni has already walked through the door and into the hallway.

Bressler and LaFleur stop walking. Standing inside the doorway, they silently listen to Mason and the Commissioners exchange.

**MASON**

Sir?

**COMMISSIONER ROTHKO**

This office won't stand for trouble like you had a few months ago. We don't pay cops to be judge, jury, and executioner. You understand? That's my policy.

**MASON**

I understand. But when there are innocent people being murdered by psychos, even if it's a cop, then I shoot the bastards. That's my policy.

Mason turns and continues heading for the door. He meets up with Santoni in the hall.

(Continued)

Continued: (3)

Bressler and LaFleur slightly hang their heads. Neither speak a word in regards to Masons comment as they leave the office.

Commissioner Rothko watches all the men leave. He lets out a long winded sigh. Sitting back in his chair, he turns to stare out the office windows.

**EXT. POLICE COMMISSIONERS OFFICE - DAY**

Mason and Santoni exit through the front doors of the building. They take a few short steps down the side-walk towards the GNX.

Mason pulls the GNX out into the street and away from the building. At the end of the street is a four-way intersection.

The turn lane straight under the traffic lights merges into an on-ramp leading to the freeway. The GNX pulls up to the light and stops as it turns red.

**EXT. CULT KILLERS - DAY**

Directly across the street, sitting in the on-coming lane, is the blacked out van. One of the cult killers is in the drivers seat.

In the passenger seat, holding an automatic machine-gun, is the hooded man. He looks over at the driver.

**HOODED MAN**

Get ready...

The hooded man SLAMS a cartridge magazine into the machine-gun. He rolls down the passenger side window.

The driver FLOORS THE GAS PEDAL, PROPELLING the van straight across the intersection before the light even changes.

On-coming cars in both directions SWERVE to avoid a collision. The hooded man FIRES at Mason and Santoni. The van SLIDES SIDE-WAYS into the street.

**INT. THE GNX - DAY**

Mason and Santoni see the van PLOWING towards them an instant before the shots are fired. They both duck, sinking into the seats.

Several rounds RICOCHET off the pavement around the car.



**EXT. PASSENGER DOOR - GNX - DAY**

A SINGLE BULLET SMASHES the passenger side mirror. It blows glass and plastic debris into a HUNDRED SHATTERED PIECES.

**EXT. CULT KILLERS - DAY**

The van swerves into a POWER-SLIDE, BURNING RUBBER as smoke billows underneath the tires.

The van does a U-TURN, and heads straight in the direction of the freeway on-ramp.

Pedestrian cars sit stalled in the middle of the intersection. The drivers get out of their cars, watching the van speed away from the scene.

**INT. THE GNX - DAY**

Mason and Santoni rise up from the seats. Both men are unhurt. They don't take too kindly to being shot at.

Mason PUNCHES the gas pedal, CATAPULTING the car across the intersection. Santoni pulls out his pistol, SLAPS in a fresh clip, then CLICKS off the safety switch.

**EXT. FREEWAY ON-RAMP - DAY**

The GNX zooms towards the exit across the the other side of the street, weaving its way through the stalled pedestrian cars.

The beast speeds up the on-ramp towards the highway. Mason forces the machine into lanes of pedestrian vehicles.

**EXT. THE GNX - FREEWAY - DAY**

Is HAULING ASS through traffic. The beast passes cars as if they were standing still.

**INT. THE GNX - DAY**

The GNX has three-point harness seat-belts. Santoni reaches for his, strapping it on as quickly as possible.

**SANTONI**

Let me know when we're about to blast into hyper-space!

(Continued)

Continued:

**MASON**

I'll try and forewarn you.

**SANTONI**

I would appreciate that!

**EXT. FREEWAY - DAY**

A multitude of vehicles cruise the freeway. The GNX ROARS as it BLASTS around slower moving cars.

**INT. THE GNX - DAY**

Santoni points out towards the windshield.

**SANTONI**

Well looky here. There they are.

A few cars ahead is the blacked-out van. It speeds through traffic like a BAT OUT OF HELL, SWERVING in and out of multiple lanes.

**EXT. SKIES OVER THE CITY - DAY**

A police chopper surveys the streets below. The pilot spots the blacked-out van and the GNX RACING along the freeway.

The bird SWOOPS IN CLOSER. The pilot stays back, keeping a VISUAL on the speeding cars as they veer in and out of traffic.

**EXT. TOW TRUCK - FREEWAY - DAY**

One half of a DOUBLE-WIDE MOBILE HOME is under tow ahead. The truck tows the mobile home along the center lane.

**EXT. CULT KILLERS - FREEWAY - DAY**

The blacked-out van swerves around the trailer. It tries to pass on the right side, but is SLOWED by a car entering the freeway from an on-ramp.

**EXT. THE GNX - FREEWAY - DAY**

Speeds up behind the tow truck seconds later, pulling up on the left side.

**INT. MOBILE-HOME TOW TRUCK - DAY**

The driver is singing to some head-banger music BLARING on the radio. He SMACKS the steering wheel with his hands, mimicking beating on drums.

He is oblivious to what is happening in his side mirrors, as the GNX and blacked-out van RACE up along both sides of the truck.

Both cars are running the same speed along-side the tow truck.

**EXT. MOBILE-HOME TOW TRUCK - SIDE MIRROR - DAY**

The GNX grows increasingly LARGER in view as it moves up beside the tow truck, until it reaches the front of the cab.

**EXT. CULT KILLERS - FREEWAY - DAY**

Darts out in front of the tow truck. It narrowly misses CLIPPING the rear of the forward car. The GNX WHIPS in beside the blacked-out van.

**EXT. CAR CHASE - FREEWAY - DAY**

The cult killer suddenly SLAMS the van against the flank of the GNX, pushing it away from the vehicle.

Mason swerves back over towards the van, and maneuvers the GNX closer to the drivers door.

Santoni AIMS his pistol at the driver, FIRING off a shot. The round hits the drivers window, SHATTERING the glass.

The driver ducks, wildly YANKING the steering wheel left towards the GNX.

Mason swerves, then immediately gains control. He pulls the GNX up behind, almost ASS-GRABBING the vans bumper.

Santoni leans out his window, and fires another shot. The round hits the back door, BLOWING out one of the double rear windows.

Mason starts to move the GNX right. The hooded man reaches around backwards out the passenger door. He takes a shot at the GNX, BLOWING OUT the right side headlight.

Mason swerves back over and up along the drivers side once again.

**EXT. CULT KILLERS - FREEWAY - DAY**

The driver pulls his PISTOL and FIRES at the GNX. Ricocheting off, the blast CRACKS the cars windshield.

**INT. THE GNX - DAY**

Mason and Santoni duck just in time, as:

**EXT. CULT KILLERS - FREEWAY - DAY**

Reaching out the window, the driver aims his weapon at the GNX. He starts to FIRE one last shot, but doesn't have the opportunity. Seeing the driver aim his pistol, Mason reacts.

**EXT. CAR CHASE - FREEWAY - DAY**

Without flinching, Mason SLAMS his car into the van, driving it towards the concrete side barriers.

The hooded man ducks back inside the door, just as the van SIDE-SWIPES the barrier.

The impact sends sparks FLYING off metal, crushing in the right fender.

The driver regains control, then YANKS the van over, SMASHING into a two door sedan.

The car SPINS OUT OF CONTROL in the middle of the freeway, sending other vehicles scattering. Mason NARROWLY MISSES COLLIDING with the sedan.

**INT. CULT KILLERS - DAY**

The hooded man leans backwards in the passenger seat. He looks out towards the rear of the van.

Through the rear windows, he sees the GNX coming up fast, GAINING SPEED.

Reaching down between the seats, he pulls up a DOUBLE-BARREL SHOTGUN. He loads TWO SHELLS into both barrels, then shouts over at the driver.

**HOODED MAN**

Go!

The cult killer instinctively FLOOR BOARDS the pedal.

**EXT. CULT KILLERS - FREEWAY - DAY**

The van weaves in and out of traffic, BATTERING the rear ends of other vehicles. The cars CAREEN wildly out of control.

**EXT. FREEWAY - WRECKED CARS - DAY**

The freeway looks like a DEMOLITION DERBY. An assortment of different vehicles, all makes and models, CRASH into each other violently.

Metal, glass and plastic litter the highway. The scene is a whirlwind of CHAOS and DESTRUCTION.

**EXT. THE GNX - FREEWAY - DAY**

VEERS WILDLY around stalled and wrecked cars, as Mason and Santoni pursue the van.

**EXT. CAR CHASE - FREEWAY - DAY**

The blacked-out van passes a big rig tanker truck. Its cargo is GASOLINE.

**EXT. CULT KILLERS - FREEWAY - DAY**

The rear doors of the van suddenly BURST OPEN. The hooded man KICKS them outwards from within. Aiming the shotgun at the big rig, he FIRES at the front tires.

**THE TANKER DRIVER...**

...sees what is happening. He LAYS DOWN on the big rig's horn, and YANKS on the steering wheel, but it's too late.

**EXT. TANKER TRUCK - FREEWAY - DAY**

Both front left and right tires EXPLODE into a mass of SHREDDED RUBBER. The steel wheels grind into concrete.

**INT. TANKER TRUCK - DAY**

The driver fights to keep the big rig under control, but to no avail.

The rig begins to JACK-KNIFE, sending the tanker SKIDDING SIDE-WAYS from left to right.

**EXT. THE GNX - FREEWAY - DAY**

Is closing the distance as the tanker truck, just up ahead, SWERVES MADLY from side to side.

**EXT. CULT KILLERS - FREEWAY - DAY**

The hooded man watches the big rig tanker skid around violently from the rear of the van.

Realizing another opportunity has presented itself. He aims the shotgun at the tanker, and PULLS THE TRIGGER.

**EXT. TANKER TRUCK - FREEWAY - DAY**

The tanker EXPLODES into a giant FIRE-BALL. Flames blow across the freeway like a FLAMETHROWER.

**EXT. SKIES OVER THE CITY - DAY**

The pilot, observing all the carnage on the freeway, pulls the chopper up and away from the MUSHROOM CLOUD of SMOKE and FIRE.

He CIRCLES the bird out of harms way, around and in front of the explosion.

**INT. THE GNX - DAY**

SPEEDING TOO FAST to avoid the flames, Mason reacts at the last second.

**MASON**

Hold on!

He reaches for the dashboard, FLIPPING up a clear plastic cover stamped with one single word:

**NITROUS:**

Santoni, realizing what is about to happen, BRACES himself.

**SANTONI**

Oh shit!

Mason flips the toggle switch into the on position. The nitrous oxide kicks in, sending the rear tires SCREECHING while in motion.

The speedometer PEGS OUT at 140 MPH...

**EXT. THE GNX - FREEWAY - DAY**

...furiously PROPELLING the car into the FLAMES. BLASTING through the other side, the GNX continues the pursuit, closing in.

**INT. THE GNX - DAY**

Santoni sarcastically YELLS at Mason.

**SANTONI**

I thought you were gonna forewarn me!?

**MASON**

No time.

**INT. CULT KILLERS - DAY**

The hooded man returns to his seat. The rear doors of the van are still open, swinging wildly from side to side.

The driver, seeing the GNX fast approaching, comments excitedly.

**CULT KILLER**

This guy is crazy!

**EXT. CAR CHASE - FREEWAY - DAY**

The GNX speeds up along the left side of the van. Santoni FIRES more shots.

The driver ducks down in his seat, then suddenly VEERS from the fast lane all the way across the freeway. Swerving in front of on-coming cars, he narrowly misses them.

The van driver takes the closest exit ramp, hoping Mason and Santoni wont make it. They almost don't.

**EXT. CULT KILLERS - EXIT RAMP - DAY**

The exit ramp curves around a two-level parking structure. The ramp is currently under construction, and BARRICADED.

The van is about to COLLIDE with the barricade, but swerves and almost takes out a worker.

The driver has NO WHERE TO GO, except into the parking structure.

**EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY**

The van ARCS THROUGH THE AIR. It crashes through the metal wall railings, landing on the 2ND level.

The impact RIPS OFF THE BUMPER and SHATTERS THE GRILL. The van continues HAULING ASS.

**EXT. THE GNX - EXIT RAMP - DAY**

Barely making it to the ramp, Mason swerves. The car is LAUNCHED into the air, off the ram, and towards the parking structure.

**EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY**

Mason and Santoni land on the 2ND level. The FRONT END of the GNX BUSTS ALL TO HELL.

The car SKIDS ALL OVER, then gains control. It SPEEDS across the pavement, continuing the pursuit.

Mason sees the blacked-out van SPEEDING down an inclining exit ramp to the first level. He pushes the GNX after the killers.

**EXT. CULT KILLERS - DAY**

The van hits the bottom of the inclining ramp. The driver FLOORS IT, and heads straight for the street exit.

**EXT. THE GNX - DAY**

Comes CHARGING up on the vans bumper out of nowhere, nearly CLINGING to the ass-end as both cars speed across the concrete.

**INT. CULT KILLERS - DAY**

The driver cant believe what he is seeing in the mirror behind him. He's distracted. The van SHOTS OUT the parking exit and into the street, where...

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

...an 18-wheeler emerges from the OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

(Continued)



Continued:

The hooded man sees in time. He LEAPS out the passenger side door, and ROLLS into the street. The cult killer is not so lucky.

The t-bone COLLISION is MONSTROUS. For the van driver, it's FATAL.

The impact sends the van HURTLING into the air, smashing down on the street. Landing on its side, it is a giant BALL of BUSTED GLASS and TWISTED METAL.

**INT. EIGHTEEN WHEELER - DAY**

The truck driver YANKS down on the AIR BRAKES.

**INT. THE GNX - DAY**

Mason and Santoni see the 18-wheeler LOCKING ITS BRAKES, right in front of them.

**EXT. THE GNX - CITY STREET - DAY**

The GNX swerves, SPINS OUT, and SLAMS BROADSIDE into the rear of the stopped semi. The entire drivers side is SMASHED ALL TO HELL.

**INT. THE GNX - DAY**

Mason and Santoni are safe, but dazed. No sound, except for the ENGINE HISSING, over-heated.

**EXT. HOODED MAN - CITY STREET - DAY**

AGONIZINGLY gets to his feet, STAGGERING. The fall out of the van door did some damage. He LIMPS AWAY as quickly as possible.

**INT. THE GNX - DAY**

Mason wearily raises his head and looks out the shattered windshield.

The hooded man is limping away down a side street. Mason leans over and checks Santoni for signs of life.

**MASON**

You alive?

(Continued)

Continued:

Santoni coughs. With exasperated breath he replies:

**SANTONI**

Yeah, but I'm never riding with you again.

**EXT. POLICE CHOPPER - DAY**

LANDS in the middle of the street. Four CHERRY-TOPS fast approach from behind.

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

The four police cars SURROUND the crash site. Two officers rush over to the GNX. The third officer assists the big rig driver.

The chopper pilot RELAYS the crash site info to HQ. The fourth officer INSPECTS the van.

The hooded man is long gone. DISAPPEARED.

Vehicles begin to line up on all sides of the intersection. Pedestrians gawk at the destruction in the middle of the street.

**INT. CITY MORGUE - EVENING**

Mason is standing propped up against a wall. Santoni is sitting on an exam table. Dr.Jordan attends to him, checking for injuries.

**DR. JORDAN**

I have to admit that this is a first for me.

Dr.Jordan is checking Santonis pulse. She removes the arm band and lays it down on the exam table.

**SANTONI**

How so doc?

Dr.Jordan grins slightly as she checks Santonis breathing with a stethoscope.

**DR. JORDAN**

I don't normally work on live patients.

Santoni looks over at Mason, still propped against the wall.

(Continued)

Continued:

**SANTONI**

I guess maybe riding with you wasn't so bad after all. At least I'm not laid out on one of these tables.

A smirk comes across Mason's face.

**MASON**

Now that I think about it, I should have let you drive instead.

**SANTONI**

Oh yeah?

**MASON**

Yeah. That way you could have wrecked your car.

Santoni shakes his head. Dr. Jordan lets out a giggle.

**SANTONI**

Fucking asshole.

With a bit of quick wittiness and a smile, Mason chastises Santoni.

**MASON**

Watch your mouth. There's a lady present.

Dr. Jordan laughs out loud as she finishes her checkup. She turns to move away, carrying the exam tools with her. Santoni buttons up his shirt as he hops off the table.

**SANTONI**

Yeah sure.

About that time, Captain LaFleur and Chief Bressler step into view.

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

Mason...

Mason turns to the two men entering the room.

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR (Cont'd)**

What the hell are you two doing here?

**MASON**

Just having doc Jordan check us out.

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

That's what hospitals are for, unless you plan on reserving a slab here.

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

**MASON**

I don't plan on it no.

Chief Bressler breaks into the conversation. Dr. Jordan and Santoni do not mutter a word.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

Well it sure seemed that way this afternoon. Just what the hell were you thinking? Did it occur to you that both of you could have been killed?

**MASON**

Those fuckers tried to blow us away. I'm not gonna sit around while some asshole is shooting at us.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

I understand what we're dealing with here, but your little car chase destroyed half the damn freeway. Don't try to be a hero in this, OK? I want cooperation!

**MASON**

Look chief, I'm not trying to be a hero. I just want to help catch these bastards.

Bressler shakes his head, starts to turn away, but then re-acknowledges Mason.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

Any more unnecessary damage, and I'll flop you lower than whale shit. Got it?

Mason and Chief Bressler lock eyes for a moment. Mason responds with a nod.

**MASON**

Got it.

Chief Bressler turns, and makes his way to the door, exiting the room.

Captain LaFleur directs a command at both Mason and Santoni, then follows in behind Bressler.

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

Let doc Jordan finish her exam, then you two get out of here. Your off duty for today. That's an order.

**EXT. CITY MORGUE - PARKING GARAGE**

Mason walks through the underground lot. He has requisitioned an unmarked squad car from Police Headquarters.

Mason starts the car, then exits the garage, entering the street outside.

Just at that moment, a plain-looking, but solid two-door truck enters the garage.

It pulls in past the elevator, then backs into a rather dark corner of the lot. With lights off, it sits in the dark, waiting.

**EXT. CITY MORGUE - PARKING GARAGE**

The elevator opens. Santoni and a cop assigned to PATROL DUTY step out.

Santoni starts towards his car. The patrol cop begins walking the perimeter of the garage.

Santonis car is seventy yards away. It is parked among the middle of twenty-five other cars.

**EXT. CITY MORGUE - REAR OF PARKING GARAGE**

In the rear of the garage, parked in the corner, is the plain-looking, two-door truck.

Seated in the drivers seat is another cult killer. Beside him, in the passenger seat, is the hooded man.

Reaching into his jacket, he pulls out his wicked-looking knife.

**EXT. CITY MORGUE - PARKING GARAGE**

Santoni continues walking to his car. Two figures are moving among the vehicles, shadowed in the dimly lit garage.

The two figures move closer to Santoni. They spread out. One accidentally makes a scuffling sound.

**SANTONI...**

...turns and looks back behind him. He pauses for a moment. Seeing nothing, he continues moving towards his car.

**EXT. CITY MORGUE - REAR OF PARKING GARAGE**

The patrol duty cop continues making his rounds along the perimeter. He SHINES his flashlight around all the parked vehicles.

Inside the plain-looking two-door truck, the cultist and the hooded man avoid detection by ducking down into the seats.

Once the cop has passed, they rise up, continuing to watch him until he has walked out of sight.

**EXT. CITY MORGUE - SANTONIS CAR**

Approaching his car, Santoni reaches into his pocket to pull out the keys.

Just then attacker #One, wearing a silk stocking mask, leaps from behind the car. He BURIES a KNIFE into Santonis shoulder.

**SANTONI...**

...is driven to the ground by the attacker. Suddenly, an axe is BURIED into the concrete floor by attacker #Two.

**EXT. THE HOODED MAN - PARKING GARAGE**

Watches Santoni impassively, as he frantically fends off the knife and axe-wielding maniacs.

Just then, the patrol duty cop rounds the corner. He SPOTS the two killers ATTACKING Santoni.

**PATROL DUTY COP**

What the hell is going?

The two killers turn and POUNCE on him with shark-like FRENZY. Attacker #Two BURIES the AXE into the cops chest.

He SCREAMS OUT, but manages to pull his service revolver, and unloads slugs into attacker #One.

Attacker #One drops to the floor. Attacker #Two continues his ASSAULT on the cop.

Patrol cop tries to FEND OFF the axe-wielding lunatic. He doesn't stand a chance.

**SANTONI...**

...regains his footing, then turns towards attacker #Two.

(Continued)

Continued:

Before the lunatic can land the final death blow to the patrol cop, Santoni fires several rounds. The shot slam into the killers back.

The lunatic falls out. His axe drops to the ground beside the cop's body.

Walking up, Santoni squats down beside the killer. Reaching down, his grabs the stocking mask and pulls it off.

A look of disgust washes over his face. The killer lying on the ground is Dorsey, a member of the IRON CORPS detective unit.

Santoni rises. He walks over to the other killer, then pulls off the mask covering his face as well.

Attacker #One is Kissinger, another IRON CORPS member.

**SANTONI**

Mason was right.

He sighs, and with exasperated breath, stands up. He clasps his hand over the knife wound.

Turning away from the bodies, he slowly makes his way back towards the elevator.

**EXT. PARKING GARAGE - CULTISTS TRUCK**

The hooded man watches Santoni from the truck. His face is filled with RAGE.

**HOODED MAN**

Kill him!!!

The cultist starts the car. Shifting into drive, he punches the accelerator to the floor.

**EXT. PARKING GARAGE - ELEVATOR**

Santoni has reached the elevator. Pushing the up button, he waits while the elevator light counts down each level.

Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, he sees the on-rushing truck.

**THE TRUCK...**

...is bearing down on Santoni. It barrels across the garage at high speed.

(Continued)

Continued:

**SANTONI...**

...steps in front of the elevator doors, then levels his pistol. He fires two shots at the truck. The rounds SHATTER the windshield.

**THE TRUCK...**

...continues ZOOMING towards Santoni. The hooded man puts his foot against the floorboard to brace himself.

**THE ELEVATOR...**

...doors open. Santoni dashes inside, still firing at the truck.

**THE TRUCK...**

...PILES into the door. The impact hurtles Santoni against the back wall. The collision CRUSHES the METAL FRAMEWORK of the elevator.

**THE HOODED MAN...**

...exits the truck. Walking towards the front, he sees Santoni heaped over, lying on his side.

The wail of police sirens can be heard in the distance. Walking back to the passenger door, he climbs inside the truck. His feet disappear from view.

The cultist throws the truck in reverse, then drives forward. The hooded man lowers the jacket hood from his head as they exit the garage.

**SANTONI...**

...momentarily raises his head. He glimpses the face of the truck passenger. He recognizes him instantly. With his strength gone, he succumbs to unconsciousness.

**EXT. CITY MORGUE - PARKING GARAGE - LATE NIGHT**

The garage is filled with police cars. One squad unit each block the entrance and exits. Uniformed officers tape off each crime scene. Siren lights from the squad cars illuminate the darkened parking lot.

Santoni has been loaded into an AMBULANCE. It's backed up to the elevator doors. A medic preps him for transport in the back of the bus.

(Continued)



Continued:

Mason, Capt. LaFleur and Chief Bressler stand around the two dead cult killers.

Forensic detectives chalk off the pavement around the bodies.

**MASON**

How's my partner?

**CAPT. LAFLEUR**

Knife wound to the shoulder, and possibly a concussion. He's being prepped for transport to the hospital now.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

Once Santonis well enough to talk, we're going to need a full report of what happened here.

**MASON**

All you need to know is lying right at your feet! We were tipped off that George was involved, now we have Dorsey and Kissinger. God only knows how many more cops are involved in this!

LaFleur and Bressler gaze down at the dead killers and patrol cop. Both let out long sighs of frustration.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

Look, we know you were right all along about these murders being an inside job. The commissioner sends his condolences. He feels bad about what's happened. But right now, we need to put aside our differences. He wants these killers stopped, OK?

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

Before Santoni was loaded in the bus, he was conscience enough to mention a name.

**MASON**

And?

LaFleur and Bressler look at each other, then back to Mason.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

He said Robinson.

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

**CAPTAIN LAFLEUR**

Neither he nor George has been seen since before your high speed chase. Start with those two.

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

Do what it takes to find them.

Masons tone and eyes are cold as he poses a question to his superiors.

**MASON**

And when I find them?

**CHIEF BRESSLER**

Then do what you do best.

**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Winds are blowing. Cold air moves through the streets.

Sgt. Chris George is carrying a duffel bag. He's talking on his cell, laughing.

He hunches in his jacket, trying to shake off the cold.

**ACROSS THE STREET:**

**MASON...**

...is in Santonis personal car, stares at George.

His eyes BURN into him from a distance.

He watches George as he stands at the curb, on his cell, waiting.

Watching George, he glances in the rear-view mirror. He looks around from side to side.

Seeing nothing for a moment, he looks ahead as:

**TWO POLICE UNITS...**

...pull up to the curb. They are BLACK UNDERCOVER VEHICLES used by the IRON CORPS, the very same unit Mason originally formed.

**SIX POLICE OFFICERS...**

...pile out of the two mobile units. They walk over to George, and stand on the curb conversing.

(Continued)

Continued:

**MASON...**

...stares at their faces, all of them. Chris George, Andy Prine, Rick Jaeckel, Lester Nielsen, Dan Kelly and Don Stober. HE KNOWS THEM ALL.

One, above all the others, causes Masons blood to run cold...

**...DETECTIVE ROBINSON.**

Mason spots Robinson limping and immediately realizes that he was the man from the highway chase...THE LEADER.

The seven men walk to their cars. They all get in, then pull into the street.

**MASON...**

...watches the two police units as they drive away. He starts Santonis car.

Doing a u-turn in the middle of the street, he begins to follow.

**INT./EXT. SANTONIS CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Mason follows the two cars. They drive deeper and deeper into the inner part of the city.

He catches glimpses of George through the windows.

The neighborhood turns more commercialized, closer to the part of town that is industrial.

Mason follows, keeping distance, watching. Finally the two Police units pull up to a dark, ragged structure.

It is an abandoned warehouse.

George gets out, walks over to the driver door. Robinson rolls down the window. George leans in.

Mason, parked in an adjacent lot, sees the two men conversing. He cannot hear their exchange.

Momentarily, George leans up. He taps the cars roof, steps back, and the vehicles proceed to pull away.

George turns, and makes his way into the darkened building.

Mason watches George until he has vanished inside the building. Finally he starts the car, and pulls away.

**INT. MASONS APARTMENT - AFTERNOON**

Mason is alone in his apartment. He opens the door to his office, which doubles as a weapons vault.

He flips on the wall switch. The room lights up. He reaches into a concealed closet hidden in the wall, and pulls out a BULLET-PROOF VEST.

Pulling his trench-coat off, he slips on the vest, then fastens it down snugly.

Reaching back into the concealed closet, he pulls out a LONG DUFFEL BAG. Unzipping the bag, he sits it on a counter-top.

Reaching inside, he then begins to lay out an ARRAY OF WEAPONS.

Loading each one individually, snapping cartridges in, he re-loads.

Repeating these actions over and over, until each one is masterfully loaded, and all the way DEADLY.

Loading clips in the .357 PYTHON, he clicks the safety off.

Mason holds the Python out. With a red-dot showing, the LASER is reflected off the wall. His face is a hardened expression.

He harnesses the COLT, SMITH & WESSON, weapon after weapon. He straps the SHOTGUN with a belt, then places everything into the duffel bag, covering it.

Reaching once more into the closet, he pulls out a battered OLD BLACK JACKET, then pulls it on.

He stands there, ready, then...

...walks out of the room. Duffel bag in hand, he switches off the light.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

Mason opens the trunk lid to an unmarked police squad car.

It is parked next to Santonis.

Mason loads the bag inside, guns harnessed within.

Climbing inside, he starts the squad car, then pulls away and out of the parking garage.

**EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Mason pulls up to the warehouse. It is a shitty, rundown place. He sits there, surveying the surroundings, then gets out.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT**

George is sharpening a knife on a handheld wet stone. CHRISTMAS CARTOONS play on a TV in the corner of the dimly lit room.

Suddenly, the door busts in. Mason RUSHES in at him with his pistol up. George jumps up and reaches for a loaded shotgun.

Without a second of hesitation, Mason shoots him in the leg. George, bleeding, reaches for his gun again.

Mason grabs him by the throat, pulling the shotgun away. Mason points his pistol to the mans head.

He wants to shoot the cultist, but knows he needs information first.

**MASON**

Where is Robinson?

The cultist winces, then spits.

**GEORGE**

Fuck you Mason!

Mason smacks the guns butt-stock right into the killers teeth.

A loud crack as his tooth is chipped off.

The cultist furiously spits out a chunk of tooth in a wad of blood.

**GEORGE (Cont'd)**

My tooth, you asshole!

Mason presses the pistol back into the cultists face, tightly against his forehead.

**MASON**

Tell me where he is.

The cultist is full of HATE, PRIDE and PAIN all at the same time, but hesitates.

(Continued)

Continued:

**MASON** (Cont'd)

Are you ready to die right now?

The cultist keeps staring, blood still oozing out his mouth, but finally gives in.

**GEORGE**

Body Shop right by the highway. The old one behind the exit ramp.

**MASON**

Why there?

**GEORGE**

We use the shop to stash the weapons and store the cars.

Mason sees a cell-phone lying on a nearby table. He presses the gun harder into the cultists forehead.

**MASON**

Call Robinson. Give him a message.

The cultist hesitates. Mason fires a round into the wall, inches from Georges ear.

Drywall explodes. VAPORIZED plaster dust floats in the air. The cultist screams, holding his ear, deafened.

He slowly reaches for the cell. Holding it in his hand, he hesitates once again.

Mason FIRES another round into the wall. The cultist hurriedly speed-dials.

**MASON** (Cont'd)

Put it on speaker.

The cultist hits the speaker button. He holds the phone close to Mason.

**INT. AUTO BODY SHOP - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT**

The six cultists sit around on wooden ammo crates. They clean and load cartridges into various types of guns.

The dimly lit room casts shadows on most of the cultists. Robinson wears his black-hooded jacket, his face unobscured.

He sits alone in one corner, sharpening his wicked looking knife on an electric grinder.

(Continued)

Continued:

His cell phone rings. He looks, stares at it, then answers.

**ROBINSON**

(on cell speaker)

Why the hell aren't you here yet?

**GEORGE...**

...gun in his face, stands there sweating, scared, hurting.

**GEORGE**

He says we've been sentenced.

**ROBINSON...**

...hearing on the speaker, blindsided.

He pauses.

**ROBINSON**

What are you talking about?

**GEORGE...**

...looks at Mason, the gun still pointed at his forehead.

**GEORGE**

We've been given a...a death  
Sentence.

**ROBINSON...**

...hearing the cultist on speaker, responds.

**ROBINSON**

Who the fuck are you talking about?

Mason moves the gun down the cultists forehead, right  
between his eyes.

He speaks loudly towards the cell phone.

**MASON**

Me asshole. And your next.

**ROBINSON...**

...hears Masons voice through the speaker. His eyes go wide.

**MASON...**

...pulls the trigger. The cell phone drops to the floor,  
bouncing a few feet away.

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

**GEORGES...**

...body falls to the floor. It smashes the table on the way down.

**ROBINSON...**

...hears the deafening blast on the phone. He jerks the cell away from his ear.

**EXT. AUTO BODY SHOP - STREET - NIGHT**

Robinson furiously exits the body shop. Still slightly limping, he marches to his car.

**ROBINSON**

Come on!!!

Prine, Jaeckel, Nielsen, Kelly and Stober all follow in behind Robinson.

Running towards the cars, they pile three into each vehicle.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT**

Mason sees the cellphone on the floor. It lands a few feet from Georges dead body.

He walks over, and smashes it with his boot. Grabbing the shotgun, he disappears into the shadows.

**EXT. AUTO BODY SHOP - STREET - NIGHT**

The two vehicles pull away from the body shop. They all spin out, wheels squealing, one after the other.

Tires smoke heavily. Burning rubber fills the air as the cars speed away, fast.

**EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Mason walks over towards Georges car. He unloads the shotgun into the killers vehicle.

The car erupts into a fireball of busted glass and flaming metal.

Mason turns away from the burning wreckage. Throwing the shotgun to the ground, he walks towards the unmarked squad car.



**EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

Robinson and the others drive up outside. They drive around the burning wreckage.

Robinson steps out, stone-faced, looking around the warehouse. No sign of Mason.

He motions for the others. They start to pile inside, bristling with guns.

Along the first floor, they begin creeping, watching, fanning out in different directions. One of the cultists, Nielsen, parks himself outside the front entrance.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - TOP FLOOR - NIGHT**

Robinson, walking into a doorway, looks out a window, scanning the street.

**INT./EXT. SQUAD CAR - OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Mason pulls up. He sees Robinsons and the cultists cars parked all around the burning wrecking.

He sits within the low idling car. Exhaust fumes billow as he presses the gas pedal.

Mason scans the warehouse, spotting movement. He sees the guard posted in the doorway, gun in hand.

Nielsen looks up, sees the squad car, watching as:

Mason steps on the accelerator, gunning straight for Nielsen at the entrance.

Nielsen is blinded by the headlights. His eyes go wide as he raises his gun.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT**

The police squad car SLAMS through the front entrance of the building, shattering metal, drywall and glass everywhere.

Rocketing through the entryway, it smashes half-way through the wall. The car rams into Nielsen. The impact sends the killer HURDLING across the room.

The whole building SHAKES from the impact. The cult killers are startled, the impact jarring their nerves.

(Continued)

Continued:

Mason opens the car door. Debris falls all around the vehicle.

A CLOUD OF DUST billows into the air. Wires and pipes fall down from the ceiling.

**MASON...**

...grabs a double-barrelled shotgun. He shoves the door open, steps out of the car. Glass CRUNCHES under his boots.

He walks over to Nielsens body. The killer lies on the floor dead. He starts climbing a set of stairs to the second floor.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT**

Mason peers down a darkened corridor. It is intermittently lit by over-hanging lamps. He makes his way, unable to see what's in the darkness at the end.

**PRINE...**

...steps out of a doorway. He sees Mason walking down the hallway.

**MASON...**

...spots the killer. He swings the shotgun up to his waist.

**PRINE...**

...eyes go wide. He scrambles for his gun, fumbles, but manages to aim at Mason.

**MASON...**

...fires off a shot. It blows off the killers left leg at the knee.

**PRINE...**

...drops his gun. He screams as he starts to topple over.

**MASON...**

...raises his shotgun to eye level, then squeezes off another round.

**PRINES...**

...CHEST EXPLODES. The force of the blast blows him backwards.

(Continued)

Continued:

He slides to the end of the corridor, slamming into a wall. His body falls over. Blood pours out onto the floor.

**MASON...**

...walks up to the killer, stepping over the dead man. He turns, slowly moving away into another section of corridor.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT**

Another cult killer, Jaeckel, runs into the second corridor. Raising his handgun, he shoots blindly out into the darkness.

**MASON...**

...takes refuge around a corner. He cracks open his shotgun, reloads, then slams it shut.

He whips around the corner, and fires, shattering the wall. The blast clips the killer's shoulder.

**JAECKEL...**

...turns back around, screaming. He heads for the end of the hallway towards another room.

**MASON...**

...rounds the corner, marching calmly down the corridor. He reloads the shotgun. His face is set, focused.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR ROOM - NIGHT**

Mason rips in and chases Jaeckel across the room. They exchange rapid fire shots.

Mason moves closer with each step. Jaeckel is cornered. He begins to panic.

He tries to climb up the wall to a nearby window.

**MASON...**

...steps up to the killer, directly behind him.

**JAECKEL...**

...raises his gun. He is terrified, hurting, bleeding.

(Continued)

Continued:

**MASON...**

...half-turns away from the blast and BLOWS the killer right out the window.

The blast takes Jaeckel, the window, and part of the wall. There is a gaping hole of black night where the killer was.

**MASON...**

...turns, reloads, then walks towards the door, heading into the corridor.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DARKENED CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Mason steps out into the corridor, and is greeted by GUNFIRE.

He dodges, scurrying down the hall to the end, then runs up another set of stairs.

**TWO MORE CULT KILLERS...**

...Kelly and Stober, guns out, chase after him.

**MASON...**

...charges up the stairwell. He fires behind himself wildly, moving as fast as he can.

He takes two steps at a time up the stairs.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT**

Halfway up, BANG! The railing next to Mason shatters. He flinches backwards.

Sparks and metal debris sprays everywhere.

He leans over the edge, and shoots back at the two killers below.

The shots ring out in the blackness, reverberating throughout the hallway.

Sparks fly as the rounds hit metal and concrete.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - TOP FLOOR - NIGHT**

Robinson, sitting calmly, LOADS one of his guns, getting ready.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT**

Mason waits patiently, silently. He then CUTS loose again with another blast of fire below him.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT**

Kelly ducks behind a wall, just in time, as the corner shatters.

Stober hides on the other side of the stairs. He reloads, then yells over to his partner.

**STOBER**

You OK?

Behind the shattered wall, Kelly slow-blinks, then responds.

**KELLY**

Yeah.

**STOBER...**

...blinks, half-spooked. Both he and Kelly run from around the walls at the same time, shooting at Mason as they run up the stairs.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT**

Mason fires back, then runs farther up the second floor stairs.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT**

An abandoned floor. It is void, dark and dirty. Mason looks up and down, moving over towards a door.

Reaching for the handle, he tries it. It opens, then he moves into doorway. It is dark and empty, just like the room itself.

**INT. CORRIDOR OF MAZES - NIGHT**

Mason moves through the dark corridors.

They are a connecting series of maze-like hallways.

Faint light PULSES through holes punched in the walls.

(Continued)

Continued:

**MASON...**

...gun ready, looking for Robinson, passes from one corridor to the next.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT**

Both Kelly and Stober arrive on the landing of the third floor. They split up.

Kelly goes through the doorway Mason went into. Stober makes his way down and around an joining hallway to cut Mason off.

**INT. CORRIDOR OF MAZES - NIGHT**

Mason moves cautiously. He knows the two cult killers are close. Everything is eerily quiet.

The only noise is just the faint WHISTLING of wind across the sides of the building.

**INTERCUT BETWEEN ALL THREE:**

CAT-and-MOUSE through the maze, one step at a time. With guns out ahead of them, they are all on guard.

A floorboard CREAKS in the distance. Another creak, just around the corner.

**MASON...**

...spins towards the noise, raising his shotgun. He waits a second, pausing, listening, then...nothing.

**KELLY...**

...sees a shadow pass across his vision. He WHIPS around, and fires, hitting bare walls.

Nothing there but the faint rays of light creeping in.

**KELLY...**

...sees nothing in the almost pitch black corridor. He moves away. He and Mason are on opposite sides of the same wall, moving along it.

Neither man knows the other is there. Suddenly, Mason steps on a glass bottle. It CRACKS loudly under his boot. He freezes in his tracks just as...

(Continued)

Continued:

**KELLY...**

...whips around, HEARING the noise from the other side. At the same time, Mason spins. A thin ray of light in the wall is broken by a passing shadow from the other side.

**MASON...**

...sees the movement through the wall hole.

**KELLY...**

...raises his gun to the wall, and fires off a round.

**MASON...**

...ducks just in time, as a portion of wall EXPLODES right beside him in a SHOWER of debris.

Down on one knee, he raises his shotgun, and fires into the wall. The shotgun creates a MASSIVE hole in the wall.

**KELLY...**

On the other side, is RIPPED to shreds by the blast. He falls forward, FLAT on his face.

**STOBER...**

...hears the commotion. He starts running towards the noise.

**MASON...**

...tosses the empty shotgun away. He pulls out his .357 Python, cocks it, then looks around.

He spots a window at the other end. Charging towards it, he yanks it open, then climbs out onto the FIRE ESCAPE.

**INT./EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT**

Stober catches up to Mason. They trade gunfire. Bullets litter the walls, SMASHING glass from the window.

**MASON...**

...ducks, COVERING his head with one arm. He fires randomly at Stober. Bullets ZING around wildly.

**STOBER...**

...two rounds CLIP HIM in the side and neck. Bleeding, he STAGGERS, raises his gun and fires.

(Continued)

Continued:

**MASON...**

...climbs on the fire escape, out of the killers line of fire.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT**

Mason scrambles up the fire escape, checking below him. Spotting a window to the top floor, he begins to open it.

**INT. WAREHOUSE TOP FLOOR - NIGHT**

Mason climbs through the window, stepping onto the floor. Walking away from the window, he surveys the room as...

...the door suddenly swings open. There is a shadowed figure standing in the hallway.

**ROBINSON...**

...walks into the room slowly. He has his gun pointed at Mason. There is a long, DEADLY SILENCE from both men.

Then...

**ROBINSON**

Welcome to our clubhouse. Here to join the Brotherhood?

**MASON...**

...responds to Robinson. His demeanor is quiet, steady. His answer is certain.

**MASON**

I'm just here for one thing.

**ROBINSON**

Yeah. What's that?

**MASON**

Your life. I thought about taking it. But before I do, I just want to know one thing. Why?

**ROBINSON**

With your suspension from the force, you were out of the picture, and we were free to carry out our plans. I slid right in and took over your squad unit.

(Continued)



Continued:

**MASON**

What plans?

**ROBINSON**

To cleanse society of its failures, the sick, the elderly, those who think they're self entitled. Our purpose is to make society honorable again!

**MASON**

There's nothing honorable in taking innocent lives.

**ROBINSON**

There are no innocents. We eliminate the weak, in order for the strong to survive. We drink and bathe in their blood, turning their weakness into our strength, making us faster, smarter, stronger.

**MASON**

All you're doing is killing innocent people. Nothing more. And your "plan" ends tonight.

**ROBINSONS...**

...expression HARDENS as his temper boils. In quick succession he presses the trigger on his pistol.

**MASON...**

...snaps his .357 Python up and fires. The blast BLOWS Robinsons FINGERS off, and HALF HIS HAND.

**ROBINSON...**

...recoils from the blast. He spins around in searing pain. A MUFFLED SCREAM lets out of him, his half shredded hand shaking.

**MASON...**

...steps closer. Raising the .357 Python, he aims it at Robinson, ready to shoot.

Just then, from the rear, a CREAKING NOISE.

He whips around. Stober is behind him. He arcs the .357 Python, aims, and BLOWS A HOLE through the killers chest.

He turns to face Robinson, just as:

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

**ROBINSON...**

...shoots Mason in the chest.

**MASON...**

...is knocked backward. He manages to FIRE a shot into Robinsons shoulder.

**ROBINSONS...**

...gun flies out of his one hand. It skids across the floor.

Both men DROP to their knees. A few moments of silence. Neither man moves.

**MASON...**

...wearily gets to his feet. The shot just knocked the wind out of him, thanks in turn to the bullet-proof vest.

**ROBINSON...**

...stumbling forward, he manages to get to his feet. With his one good hand, reaches into his jacket and pulls out the wicked custom made knife. He stumbles closer, pointing the blade straight at Mason.

**ROBINSON**

You can't kill me Mason. I know my rights.

**MASON...**

...aims his gun towards Robinson, straight at his heart. The red laser dot FLASHES onto Robinsons chest. Both men stand, pointing gun and knife at each other.

**MASON**

You don't have rights scum.

**ROBINSON**

I'll stand trial. A court of law will say I'm insane. I'll do time. Once I'm out, I'll be back on the streets.

**MASON**

No! There won't be a trial. I'm judge and jury.

**ROBINSON...**

...STAGGERS backwards a couple of steps. He glances down at the red spot over his heart.

(Continued)

Continued: (3)

Raising his eyes, he looks back up, still pointing his knife at Mason.

**ROBINSON**

You have to take me in. That's the Law. Arrest me!

**MASON...**

...steps a few feet closer, still aiming his gun.

**ROBINSON...**

...step backwards. Rage mounts in his voice as he speaks.

**ROBINSON (Cont'd)**

You have to take me in! You have to arrest me!

**MASON**

I'm not here to arrest you.

**ROBINSON**

You won't do it Mason. We're both the same. You and I are just alike. We're strong, everyone else is weak. Our way is the way of tomorrow!

**MASON**

You're not strong, just sick, and I'm nothing like you. Besides, I already know about tomorrow.

**ROBINSON...**

...BLEEDS out from his wounds. He stares with rock hard intensity at Mason.

**ROBINSON**

So you can predict the future now huh?

**MASON...**

...points the .357 Python at Robinsons chest.

The lethal red dot ascends from Robinsons heart, up his neck, nose, finally resting centered between his eyes.

Then, he replies. His response is deadly.

**MASON**

That's right. And you aren't in it.

(Continued)

Continued: (4)

**MASON...**

...squeezes the trigger. The .357 Python clicks. Part of Robinsons head BLOWS off.

**ROBINSON...**

...COLLAPSES by Masons feet. Blood pours out onto the floor.

**MASON...**

...stands over the dead man. He drops the Foolkiller card onto Robinsons body.

The card lands perfectly on his chest. The words are visible from Masons point of view.

**CLOSE-UP**

"E Pluribus Unum"  
 "Out of many, one"  
 -The Fool Killer-

**MASON** (Cont'd)

You owe me a GNX asshole.

Walking away, Mason HOLSTERS his .357 Python.

**EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

Mason steps out the front entrance of the warehouse. He PULLS off the bullet-proof vest. It drops to the ground.

Walking out into the parking lot, he hears sirens WAIL in the distance, fast approaching. Reaching down, he pulls off the police badge from his belt.

Raising it up in his hand, he stares at it briefly, then THROWS it across the lot into a overgrown field.

Turning around, he walks away from the warehouse, towards the rush of on-coming police cars.

**FADE OUT.**