THE EQUALIZER

Written by

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Inspired by the Television Series by Richard Lindheim and Michael Sloan

Rewrite
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ALARM CLOCK

Hits 5:30 AM and goes off.

BEDROOM

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

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

Inside the BATHROOM...

A HAND WIPES STEAM OFF A FOGGED BATHROOM MIRROR

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

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

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

WRIST WATCH - finger hits the stopwatch button...

HANDS DO THE DISHES

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

ARMS IRON A SHIRT

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

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

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

Stepping in front of a mirror...

ROBERT MCCALL

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

An ORANGE VEST. *Finger hits the stem on the watch timer...*

A DOZEN ORANGE VESTS

Moving about various aisles inside...

HOME MART - MORNING

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

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

MCCALL
Didn't you pick up switches last week?

LABORER
Owner wants touch dimmers now.

McCall smiles. Climbs down the ladder.

MCCALL
When they pay...

MCCALL/LABORER
They say.

LOADING DOCK

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

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

YOUNG DUDE 2
Like Firemen.

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

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

MCCALL
(good natured)
Guilty as charged.

As he walks off...

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

INT. HOME MART BREAK ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

RALPHIE
It's Tuna.

MCCALL
Bread?

RALPHIE
Whole grain. Gluten-free.

MCCALL
Condiments?

RALPHIE
Sprouts. Avocado. Veganese Mayo.

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

CRUNCH

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

RALPHIE (CONT'D)
What? Potatoes are a vegetable.

Prison yard stare from McCall.

RALPHIE (CONT'D)
I like crunchy things.

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

McCall picks off a chip, holds it up.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Partially hydrogenated vegetable oil. Corn syrup. Those are the enemy, son.
(beat)
You wanna make Security Guard? You gotta lose weight. You got a test in a week. You asked me to help. But if you're not going to apply yourself...

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

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Hey. Progress, not perfection.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

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

EXT. DORCHESTER AVENUE, BOSTON

Lower middle class neighborhood of aging apartment buildings and bodegas.

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

BUILDING FOYER

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

MCCALL'S KITCHEN

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

Finishes then hits the stopwatch. Smiles.

EXT. WHARF AREA - NIGHT

Along the Pier. A stretch of carnival-like attractions. Only half operational. Ferris Wheel moans and creaks under the weight of bundled up PATRONS.

McCall sits on a bench PEOPLE watching. Comfortable.

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

Only to fail every time.

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

INT. MCCALL'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

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

CLOCK

1:48 AM

MCCALL

In the dark. Wide awake.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

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

A COUPLE of CON ED GUYS getting coffees to go.

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

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

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

Opens his book and reads.

TERI (OS)
He catch the fish yet?

McCall glances up. Teri pulling her earphones out. Pretty and young. Too young really. Few tats peeking out from her dress.

MCCALL
Just hooked it.

TERI
About time.

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

TERI
(playful)
Oh no.

MCCALL
Tooth and nail right now.

TERI
Maybe he’s too old.

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

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

TERI
(with a mouthful)
I am.

MCCALL
When.

TERI
Any day now.

MCCALL
Bad for the vocal cords.

Teri looks away sheepishly. Turns back after a beat. Wanting to tell him...

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

MCCALL
Bet you're good.

TERI
What makes you think that?

MCCALL
Intuition.

After a beat they descend back into silence.

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

TERI
Lemme know what happens next.

INT. HOME MART, ELECTRICAL AISLE - DAY

McCall rolls another dolly past the Young Dudes slacking off.

INT. HOME MART - HARDWARE AISLE - MORNING

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

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

A bag of sunflower seeds?

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

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

INT. HOME MART - LOADING DOCK

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

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

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

YOUNG DUDE 2
For a living.

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

YOUNG DUDE 1
Wall Street. Stock dude.

McCall pockets his seeds.

MCCALL
I was a Pip.

YOUNG DUDE 1
Pip? The fuck is a Pip?

MCCALL
You know. Gladys Knight and the Pips?

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

YOUNG DUDE 2
No shit!

MCCALL
One on the right.

INT. HOME MART - DUSK

McCall collects his paycheck from the PAY WINDOW.

EXT. CHECK CASHING PLACE - DUSK

McCall stands in line with OTHER WORKERS.

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

INT. MCCALL'S APARTMENT

Dinner dishes already cleaned and put away.

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

MCCALL'S BEDROOM - LATER

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

INT. DINER - SAME TIME

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

Doorman at the counter with the Post. White Van pulls up outside. Teri popping out. Halfway in the door when a RUSSIAN VOICE yells something at her. Holding the door...

TERI
(in Russian))
I'll make it on time!

Stomps in and plops down in her usual spot.

Counterman already over with her coffee and donut. Teri takes a quick bite and a sip.

Takes a minute to gather herself. Eyes looking out at the street traffic. Thoughts far away.

Turns to McCall.

TERI (CONT'D)
Hey. He catch the fish?

MCCALL
He did.

TERI
Happy ending.

MCCALL
Not exactly.

McCall closes his book.

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

Teri leans in a bit.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Fish bled into the water. Sharks came. Ate the fish. No one would know his triumph.

TERI
So the whole thing was a waste.

MCCALL
Not really.
(beat)
Old Man met his greatest adversary just when he thought that part of life was over.
(beat)
Saw himself in the fish. Came to respect it the more it fought.

TERI
Why didn't he let it go then?

MCCALL
The Old Man had to be the old man and the Fish had to be the fish.
(beat)
Gotta be who you are in this world.

Long beat.

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

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

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

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

Brian laughs at McCall's blank look.

BRIAN
You forget?

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

INT. A DINER - NIGHT

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

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

A beat, she looks up at him.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Someone's birthday at work. Didn't want to waste it.

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

Teri walks over with the donut and sits.

TERI
Whose birthday?

MCCALL
Some guy at work.

TERI
Happy birthday, some guy at work.
(beat)
So how old are you?

McCall doesn't give anything away.

TERI (CONT'D)
I'm breaking protocol. I should go back to my corner.

MCCALL
No. It's fine.

TERI
Just felt like a quiet voice. Before it gets crazy.
(beat)
Teri.

MCCALL
Bob.

Teri studies McCall.

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

Beat. Something about this man makes her say...

TERI (CONT'D)
My real name's Alina. But you know, for work...
(shrugs)
I didn't pick it.

Takes a bite of the donut. Reaches in her purse and slides a burnt CD over to him.

McCall picks it up.

TERI (CONT'D)
Let me know if I'm any good.

MCCALL
Alina the singer.

A little embarrassed.

TERI
You and I know what I really am.

Takes a bite of the donut.

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

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

TERI
Maybe in your world. Not mine.

MCCALL
Then change your world.

McCall watches the flames of hope flickering in her heart-shaped face. Holding on. In spite of...

Comfortable silence. Teri's phone RINGS. Looks and silences it.

Looks at McCall's hands.

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

MCCALL
No.

TERI
Ever?

MCCALL
Once. A ways back.

TERI
Break her heart?

MCCALL
She broke mine.
(beat)
She died.

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

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

MCCALL
The eyes.

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

McCall doesn't blink. Smart girl.

TERI (CONT'D)
You always read?

MCCALL
No. My wife did. I was away a lot. For work. So she read. Was making her way through the 100 Books everyone should read. Got to 97.
(beat)
Figured it would give us something to talk about someday. Something we could share.

TERI
A hundred books... Holy Moly. How many have you read?

MCCALL
91.

TERI
No shit. 91. Almost done.

MCCALL
Almost.

Beat.

TERI
Then what?

McCall shrugs.

MCCALL
Something else.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

McCall and Teri walk out together. Past the Con Ed Guys and through the STEAM wafting from their work area.

MCCALL
I'm just up the street.

TERI
I'm gonna grab a cab.

Both head for the corner...

TERI (CONT'D)
I love being up at this hour. It's like there's all this energy in the world and no one's using it.

MCCALL
Me. I can't sleep.

TERI
And I get to hear the stories.

McCall slows. Stopping in front of a building TWO DOORS DOWN FROM HIS.

MCCALL
This is me.

Teri holds out her hand.

TERI
Thanks for the quiet voice, Robert.

MCCALL
You're welcome, Alina.

A quick shake. Teri steps to the curb to hail a cab. Turns back.

TERI
What's the new one about?

McCall holds up DON QUIXOTE.

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

TERI
Sounds like my world.

Teri steps to the curb to hail a cab. A WHITE VAN rolls up.

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

McCall sees Teri stiffen. The Tall Man - SLAVI - grabs her by the hair.

SLAVI
(in Russian)
You not answering your phone. You missed two calls!

TERI
(Russian)
I'm not feeling so gre---

Teri slapped HARD across the face. Blood from her lip and nose. McCall already stepping forward...

Side door of the Van slides open. ANOTHER RUSSIAN steps out. Signals for McCall step back. McCall doesn't. Rooted a few feet away. You'd swear his pulse drops as his eyes process *everything*.

Slavi wipes away the blood with his handkerchief. Fear on Teri's face is chilling.

SLAVI
You and me. We're going to straighten this out.

Pushes her into the back of the van.

Teri looks back at McCall. Brave eyes saying "*It's okay*" But the light in those eyes has been doused. Replaced with a deadness. Dread.

Slavi slams the door shut. About to climb into the Van... Stops. Reaches in his pocket and walks over to McCall. Hands him a card.

SLAVI (CONT'D)
That girl no longer available. You call number... they send you another one. Better. Tell them Slavi say so.

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

An Escort Service.

INT. MCCALL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bathed in SHADOWS. Everything still.

McCall at the kitchen table with a glass of Grapefruit juice. CD case on the table. Mind playing over what happened outside...

Even though he's still... Something's stirring.

INT. HOME MART - DAY

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

YOUNG DUDE 2
Pearly. Which one of us you gonna ask out.

YOUNG DUDE 1
You eyeing us for a week now. But you can only have one of us so... Whose it gonna be?

PEARL
Been eyein' you two, alright.

Young Dudes primping now.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Trying to figure out what either you lazy mutherfuckers do all day and why I shouldn't fire your worthless, bony asses.

Dudes stopping, letting Pearl continue on.

YOUNG DUDE 2
Seems more like your type...

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

YOUNG DUDE 1
You weren't no Pip.

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

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

YOUNG DUDE 2
Ain't you.

MCCALL
Few pounds lighter and a lot more hair. Damn I was good looking.

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

INT. A DINER - NIGHT

McCall at his table. Tea poured. DON QUIXOTE open in front of him.

No Teri tonight...

EXT. HOME MART PARKING LOT - LUNCH BREAK

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

Not McCall or Ralphie.

They're at the far edge of the lot, McCall putting Ralphie through one of the tests.

Ralphie dragging a TRUCK TIRE by a rope across the uneven ground. Huffing and puffing to get it across the line. Inch by inch. Face red. Heart beating through his chest. Finally drops the rope and collapses onto his ass.

RALPHIE
I can't.

MCCALL
You can't? What if that was me? You gonna leave me to die of smoke inhalation?

Ralphie drops his head.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
I'm a buck ninety. How you gonna get me out of that burning building if you can't drag a tire twenty yards?

RALPHIE
I'm not strong enough.

MCCALL
Don't doubt yourself, son. Doubt kills more dreams than failure ever will.

Ralphie looks up at McCall.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Defeat is not declared when you fall. Only when you refuse to rise. So get up.
(off Ralphie's determined look)
Ten seconds...

McCall hitting the stem on his watch. Ralphie sucking it in. Gets to his feet, grabs the rope and pulls... Legs shaking. Arms wobbling like spaghetti... Pulling with everything he's worth.

Tire sliding across the cracked asphalt. Inching it's way towards that line. Almost there...

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Who's gonna make Security Guard?

Ralphie digs deep and yanks that fucking tire across the line. Drops the rope...

RALPHIE
I am.

INT. A DINER - NIGHT

McCall sits reading. Counterman walks over and pours him another cup of hot water.

Notices McCall keeps eyeing the door.

COUNTERMAN
Heard she's up at Mass General. Someone beat her up pretty good.

INT. MASS GENERAL, IC WARD - NIGHT

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

INT. ICU

Eight beds. All filled. Teri in the far corner. Attached to an IV. Face swollen. Bruised. Sips through a straw. Hands the cup back with difficulty to...

A YOUNG WOMAN sitting bedside.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Same Young Woman pays for a cup of coffee. MANDY. About Teri's age. Takes it to a condiment station and loads it with an ungodly amount of sugar.

MCCALL (OS)
How's she doing?

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

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

Mandy eyes McCall, hard as rock. Just another John...

MANDY
Not good.

Reaches for her coffee and tries to bring the cup to her lips. Hands shaking and the coffee spills.

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

CAFETERIA - LATER

Under the green glow of Fluorescents, McCall and Mandy at a table against the wall.

MANDY
... guy hit her. Some Johns think they can do that.
(beat)
She hit him back. The guy called Slavi...
(beat)
So Slavi set her straight.

LONG beat. Mandy scared. Unnerved.

MANDY (CONT'D)
They make examples of trouble makers. Keeps the rest of us in line.

Stares into her coffee.

MANDY (CONT'D)
Said he'd cut her throat next time.
(beat)
Said a whore who fucks and can't talk might be worth twice as much.

Looks up at McCall. Abject fear in her eyes.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Passengers swaying to the rhythm of the train. In the middle sits McCall. Not swaying. Body completely still.

INT. MCCALL'S APARTMENT - LATER

McCall silhouetted against the living room window. We can only see his eyes. A storm of thoughts moving through them.

After what seems like forever he turns and walks to the hallway bookcase...

And begins removing the plants from the top shelf...

EXT. RUSSIAN RESTAURANT/CLUB - NIGHT

White VAN parked outside.

MAIN DINING ROOM - RUSSIAN CLUB

Waiter moving through the packed DINING ROOM to a...

BACK STAIRWELL

And up to a second floor door.

INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICE

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

Slavi behind a large desk. Waiter places the tray of Vodka and shot glasses on Slavi's desk and leaves.

Slavi pours a shot, downs it. Starts to pour for the others when...

The DOOR OPENS and Robert McCall stands in the doorway...

OFFICE - WIDER

All five of Slavi's men eyeballing McCall like lions do Antelope.

SLAVI
You lost, dedushka?

McCall walks up to the desk. Places the card Slavi gave him on it.

MCCALL
You gave me that couple nights ago.

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

Chuckles from everybody. McCall waits for it to stop.

MCCALL
I'm here about a girl.

Slavi waits.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Someone beat her up. Looked pretty bad.

The room gets very quiet.

SLAVI
I think you have the wrong address, dedushka.

MCCALL
No I don't.

Slavi studies the ordinary looking man in front of him.

SLAVI
This girl. She have a name?

MCCALL
Alina. Her name's Alina.

Slavi unnerved hearing her real name. Personal now.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
These girls you bring here. They represent an investment. I understand that.

McCall glances around at the other guys.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
I can give you ninety eight hundred dollars.

McCall lays the envelope on the desk.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
It's all I have.

SLAVI
You want to give me nine thousand dollars. For what?

MCCALL
Her freedom.

Slavi looks at McCall. Another heartsick John...

SLAVI
What's this girl's name?

MCCALL
Alina.

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

The muscle LAUGH.

SLAVI (CONT'D)
Believe this guy? Gonna give me nine thousand for one pussy. Must be Ferrari pussy...

Turns cancer serious like that.

SLAVI (CONT'D)
The fuck you think you are? Come in here and offer money for my girls. Nine thousand. Why not ninety thousand? Nine hundred thousand?
(MORE)

SLAVI (CONT'D)
Fucking Americans think you can come into my place of business and buy whatever you want!? Beautiful Russian girl... You fucking insult me.

An eternity of SILENCE. *Then Slavi bursts out laughing.*

SLAVI (CONT'D)
I'm fucking with you, man. You got big balls coming here. I like that.

Slavi picks up the envelope. Eyes the hundreds inside.

SLAVI (CONT'D)
Nine thousand eight hundred for the petulant one...

Holds out his hand... McCall takes it.

SLAVI (CONT'D)
A month.

McCall goes to pull away but Slavi tightens his grip.

SLAVI (CONT'D)
You think one-time payment? I make that off her in two weeks. That girl still sparkles. Prime earner for a good while.

Lets go of McCall's hand. Slaps the envelope against McCall's chest.

SLAVI (CONT'D)
~~G~~o home and jerk off nine thousand eight hundred times. Then come back. She be used up by then. I let you have her for nothing.

McCall's eyes never leave Slavi's. Slips the envelope into his pocket and turns towards the door.

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

Only McCall does something unexpected...

HE LOCKS IT.

MCCALL'S EYES

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

THE ROOM

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

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

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

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

And the fork.

Weapons and targets disconnected from any sense of humanity.

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

This has all happened...

IN THE BLINK OF...

McCall's eye.

MOUTH mumbling - almost inaudibly...

MCCALL
Sixteen seconds...

MCCALL'S HAND

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

CLICK...

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT

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

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

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

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

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

McCall twisting the gun hand of the fourth as he FIRES.

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

McCall snaps the neck of with a nauseating crunching sound then steps back...

As the MEN fall around him.

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

The room now ungodly quiet.

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

CLICK

Hits the button on his watch. *15 seconds.*

SLAVI

Gasping for breath. What's left of his hand aspirating blood into the carpet. Good hand fumbling for his Cell Phone...

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

MCCALL
Your heart's beating three times its normal rate because you're losing so much blood.
(MORE)

MCCALL (CONT'D)
In 30 seconds your body’s going to shut down and you’ll slowly suffocate.
(beat)
So I need you to listen to me...

Slavi’s eyes find McCall.

MCCALL (CONT’D)
The girl. The one you beat. Alina. Her life’s going to go on. Your’s is gonna end on this filthy carpet. All over 9800 dollars.
(beat)
Should have taken the money.

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

MCCALL’S HANDS

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

MCCALL’S KITCHEN

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

MCCALL’S ALARM CLOCK

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

McCall. *Sound asleep...*

INT. HOME MART, BREAK ROOM - DAY

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

McCall staring at them.

MCCALL
Test’s tomorrow. And you’re eating that salty sh---

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

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

RALPHIE (CONT'D)
I made the weight.

McCall grins.

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

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

RALPHIE (CONT'D)
What happened?

MCCALL
Oh. Hit it on something stupid.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

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

INT. MCCALL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

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

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

AT THE SAME TIME

A DASSAULT FALCON 900 JET

Goes wheels down onto the lone runway of...

A PRIVATE AIRFIELD

Layered in darkness and mist somewhere outside Boston. A Suburban waits, engine idling.

INSIDE THE SUBURBAN

THREE hardened but tired MEN watch as the plane taxis to a stop. Rain-streaked windows obscure their view.

MASTERS, PEDERSON AND REMAR all with Gold Shields hanging from their belts. Boston Detectives off the clock and across the line.

Steam from their Starbucks cups float in the cold air.

MASTERS
Has his own plane but can't arrange a twenty minute ride into town.

REMAR
Remind him of that when he gets in.

MASTERS
Fuck him.

Stairs drop and a FIGURE - carrying nothing - exits the aircraft. Walking ghost-like towards the vehicle through the mist...

PEDERSON
Don't look like he's stayin' long.

The Man opens the door and slips inside. Profile filling the frame in silhouette. All three MEN shift in their seats to face him.

TEDDY
I feel like Italian.

INT. MEDICI'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The three cops in the BAR AREA on their second drink. Ties undone, aggravated faces. Looking across the...

DINING ROOM

Where Teddy eats alone at a table. Grey suit, grey shirt, grey tie. Black ceramic eyes.

White napkin stuffed in his collar, halfway through a plate of Linquini. Bottle of red wine half empty.

Eats and reads through the Slavi file. Like he was reading the sports page. Crime scene photos of Slavi and his guys butchered. Pages of police and coroner reports, etc.

EXT. MEDICI'S RESTAURANT

Teddy and the cops walk to the waiting Suburban. Teddy slides in first.

TEDDY
Take me there.

BLACK

Until LIGHTS goes ON in the...

UPSTAIRS OFFICE - RUSSIAN RESTAURANT/CLUB

Scene of McCall's decimation. Bodies gone but walls and floor like a Pollack canvass.

Teddy stands where McCall once stood. Eyes taking in everything. Behind him the cops wait in the hallway.

Teddy stands motionless. His presence, the stillness of this man is mesmerizing.

Then slowly... Teddy walks the room. *Eerily taking the exact path McCall took.* Ending over the massive blood stain where Slavi once lay.

DOWNSTAIRS RESTAURANT

Teddy's eyes sweep the dining area. Bar. Front door. Looking at the restaurant's SECURITY CAMERA PHOTOS in the file.

MASTERS
Cameras were operational till 11:02. They go down for 8 minutes...

A PHOTOGRAPH

Eight separate squares. Images of the room activity. All time stamped.

MASTERS
11:10 they’re back up and Slavi’s guys are dead.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - DOWNTOWN BOSTON - NIGHT

The Suburban pulls up. Teddy gets out. No luggage. Just the file tucked under his arm.

TEDDY
Keep your cell phone’s charged and on. I tend to call at odd hours.

Walking toward the entrance when a window in the Suburban descends.

MASTERS
Hey.
(Teddy turns)
You want a tour of the city get a fuckin’ limo next time.

Teddy stops. Takes a breath. Time for “the speech”. Steps back to the Suburban.

TEDDY
First, let me apologize for my behavior. It was a long flight on short notice. And I like to work quickly.
(beat)
The death’s of Mr. Pushkin’s men have brought his operations to a standstill. Imports, movement of goods have all ceased. That’s unacceptable.
(beat)
I’m who Mr. Pushkin calls in when people like you fuck up. I am accountable now. You’ve taken Mr. Pushkin’s money for years. Money that comes with conditions. Non-negotiable conditions.
(tone changes)
The problem you're having right now is you still think you matter. You don't. I’m all that matters. And so we’re clear. I'm not here to say please. I'm here to tell you what to do. And if self-preservation is an instinct you possess you'd better fucking do it.

Walks into the hotel.

INT. HOME MART BREAK ROOM - MIDDAY

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

MCCALL
Gordy. You see Ralphie? Supposed to be taking that Security Guard test after work.

GORDY
Called in and quit.

MCCALL
Quit?

GORDY
No notice either.
(starts off)
Kids don't know shit about responsibility anymore.

EXT. PARKMAN STREET - DUSK

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

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

EXT. EL TAPITO MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DUSK

Small place crammed mid-block. Doors open but the SIGN LIGHTS are off.

INT. EL TAPITO RESTAURANT

A few mismatched tables and a take-out counter.

Wall in the dining area is blackened and charred from fire. Booths ruined by water damage. AN OLDER WOMAN is working to clean up the mess.

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

RALPHIE
Mr. McCall!

MCCALL
Heard you quit today. I got worried.

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

Turns to the older woman and tenderly motions her over.

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

MCCALL
Es bueno que se reúna con usted, Señora.

McCall looks around. Sees the love and hard work put into the place. Eyes finding the holes punched in the ceiling. Middle of the room. Right where the fire originated.

EXT. BACK ALLEY

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

MCCALL
What happened in there.

RALPHIE
Probably a faulty wire or something.

Ralphie's eyes avoiding McCall's. Turns away. Hiding a look that breaks your heart. McCall senses it but says nothing.

RALPHIE (CONT'D)
Sorry I wasted your time, Mr. McCall.

Empties the can then turns back to McCall.

RALPHIE (CONT'D)
My Mom doesn't have much except this business.
(MORE)

RALPHIE (CONT'D)
We were scraping by. So when... stuff like this happens...
(beat)
I just gotta put my life on hold for a while. Help her out. Get the place back on its feet.

Vestiges of defeat, loss and resignation passing over this gentle boy's face.

RALPHIE (CONT'D)
You coming down here. Checking on me. That's pretty neat. Thanks.

An odd mixture of compassion and resolve on McCall's face.

RALPHIE (CONT'D)
Hey. You like Tortilla Soup? My Mom makes the best.

MCCALL'S KITCHEN

McCall washing his one dish. Washing it and washing it even though it's clean.

Mind someplace else. Everything that was fuzzy becoming clear...

EXT. LOWELL STREET -DAY

A bright Sunday. WE SEE McCall through the window of a Radio Shack store. Paying cash for several items.

EXT. MCCALL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - AFTERNOON

McCall approaching his Building with Radio Shack BAGS in both hands. Puts them down to get his keys...

VOICE (OS)
Hey!

TERI

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

McCall looks at her with surprise.

TERI
Remembered you lived on this block. Been swinging by the last few days hoping I'd catch you.

McCall soaks in the change.

TERI (CONT'D)
Pretty different, huh.

MCCALL
Night and day.

TERI
Mandy told me you came to the hospital. That was nice. No one else did.

McCall studies her.

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

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

TERI (CONT'D)
I'm reading now. Believe that? Got it at a used book store. Guy there recommended it.

McCall just listening.

TERI (CONT'D)
Got a real job too. With real hours.

Beat.

TERI (CONT'D)
When they gave me back my stuff at hospital there was an envelope with my name on it. Almost ten thousand dollars in it. I don't know. Probably hush money, right?
(beat)
New start.

MCCALL
It suits you. Alina the singer.

Pause.

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

MCCALL
Life'll surprise you sometimes.

Teri smiles. Brighter than the sun. Holds out her hand.

TERI
I'll miss your stories.

MCCALL
You got your own now.

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

TERI
Thank you.

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

TERI (CONT'D)
For everything.

And she's off.

MCCALL

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

McCall's face reflecting a strange sense of peace. Eyes liking that one less person in the world is hurting.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EL TAPITO MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

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

Room subdued because...

DETECTIVES HARRIS and GILLY occupy the only booth. Large, red-faced men with predatory intent.

Meals finished they slide out of the booth and stroll to the register where Ralphie's mother waits.

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

EXT. EL TAPITO MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

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

VOICE (OS)
Officers...

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

MCCALL
I'd like to report a crime.

In no mood...

GILLY
Call 9-1-1 pal.

INT. IMPALA

Harris flips the visor up and cranks the engine. Gilly's CELL PHONE RINGS. Answers...

MCCALL (OS)
Why waste city services when I have two corrupt cops right in front of me?

Harris looks out the windshield. SEES McCall talking to him from HIS cell. Right in front of them.

EXT. STREET

Both Cops exit the vehicle and approach McCall.

GILLY
Where'd you get that number.

MCCALL
Wasn't hard.
(beat)
Neither was this.

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

HARRIS (OS)
(on screen)
Ask the lady down the street. One that had the fire last week. Could happen to you. With your whole fucking family in it. You pay like everybody else.

McCall closes the phone.

Harris' nickle-plated .38 already against McCall's temple. Gilly grabs the Phone from McCall. Pats him down then shoves McCall against the gate.

GILLY
How many copies?

MCCALL
That's the only one.

HARRIS
You must have a death wish then.

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

HARRIS (CONT'D)
The fuck you want?

MCCALL
Those people you took money from. I'd like you to return it all.

HARRIS
Why would we do that?

McCall anticipates the response.

MCCALL
It would be in the best interests of everyone involved.

HARRIS
Yeah? Maybe our best interests are to tie a cinder block around your waist and throw you in the Mystic.

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

And suddenly...

He's not there.

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

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

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

Both cops down like sacks of cement. Bleeding and dazed. McCall crouches down on their level. Adds Gilly's revolver to his collection.

The next words come from deep inside McCall.

MCCALL
You're supposed to stand for something. Uphold the law. Serve and protect. Justice for all. Somewhere those words lost their meaning.

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

Battered faces look up at him.

HARRIS
Who the fuck are you?

MCCALL
The guy you didn't count on.

INT. CITY BUS - MOVING

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

MCCALL (OS)
Tomorrow you'll have returned all the money you extorted from those people. You'll tell them it will never happen again. Do that and this video will never be seen.

INT. MCCALL'S BATHROOM

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

MCCALL (OS)
Don't and an hour later you'll watch the uncut version on every news outlet in the area.

EXT. STREET - HARRIS AND GILLY

Pulling their bruised bodies out of their Impala.

MCCALL (0S)
There's nothing you can do to prevent this from happening.
(beat)
I'm not like anyone you've ever dealt with.

INT. EL TAPITO

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

MCCALL (OS)
I'm offering you a chance to do the right thing. Take it.

Disbelief. Then joy rolls across her face. Listens as Gilly explains the change in circumstances.

INT. HOME MART - DAY

McCall stocking a pallet of Garden Hoses. Looks up as Ralphie walks by. Vest and work gloves on...

EXT. COPELY PLACE

Teddy stepping out of a high end ANTIQUE STORE. Package under his arm. Steps to the curb as Masters pulls up...

INT. SUBURBAN MOVING

Teddy shotgun. Eyes on his PDA. Several moments of silence... Then:

MASTERS
Remar pulled the camera feeds from the parking lot across the street like you asked. Said you'll have 'em this afternoon.

Teddy doesn't respond.

MASTERS (CONT'D)
Turns out 21 customers were there when the bodies were discovered. We match them to the security photos stamped just after the killings. You were right. There's nine unaccounted for. We're checking those out now...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE

Half-renovated Condo in progress. LABORERS jackhammer out old fittings and toss them over the balcony into a dumpster below.

Suburban pulls into a dirt lot next to a construction trailer. Both men get out...

MASTERS
Tellin' you this is a waste of time. First thing we did was vet this guy.

Teddy doesn't bother answering. Starts for the door...

MASTERS (CONT'D)
Whatever you do, don't call him Little John.

INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER

Back office. GIOVANNI "LITTLE JOHN' RUSSO, five-three and forever pissed about it - behind the desk. Brioni suit, Alligator shoes on the desk. Smug, unimpressed look on his face. Exudes violence. Kind of guy who turns your spine to water with one look.

Teddy across from him. Straight up in his chair. Spine intact.

TEDDY
Thank you for taking the time to meet with me..

Russo plays with a rubber band. Not looking at Teddy. Shooting looks to his TWO "ASSOCIATES" in track suits over on the lumpy couch.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Detective Masters tells me that you have unquestionable respect from all... *business heads...* in Boston.

RUSSO
Hey Frank. Why you working for these fucking Russians. I made you a generous offer. My money not good enough?

MASTERS
You know it wasn't--

TEDDY
Mr. Russo. You understand why I'm compelled to make this visit.

Russo finally looks at Teddy.

RUSSO
You want to know if I had anything to do with Pushkin's guys being butchered.

TEDDY
You've had *issues*, with Mr. Pushkin in the past. The demise of his operation here could be seen as an opportunity for you to...

RUSSO
I never had no "issues". I hate all Russians period. Him and all the others. Their methods. Their arrogance.
(beat)
You think I'd waste my time going after pieces of shit like that?

TEDDY
I don't know. Why don't you tell me, Little John.

Russo's eyes going alligator. Looks to Masters.

RUSSO
Who the fuck are you?

TEDDY
You mean *who* am I? Or *what* am I? Who I am is complicated. I'm not sure I know myself. As a ward of the state you're not privy to much about where you came from. But I'm sure that's not what you meant.
(beat)
What am I is easier. I'm a threat. I alter outcomes.

Russo speechless. Turns to his Associates...

RUSSO
What the fuck did he just sa--

The desk phone collapses the side of Russo's head like a soda can. Teddy pulling back and smashing it across his nose as...

Russo's men get to their feet. Masters' gun stops them in their tracks.

Russo on the floor behind the desk. Teddy hitting him and hitting him. We can't see it but the SOUNDS are sickening.

Mercilessly Teddy finishes. Stands. Adjusts the sleeves of his jacket.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE

Teddy walking towards the Suburban. Masters catching up.

MASTERS
What the fuck was...

TEDDY
A message. In case you missed it. It says I'm here.

Gets to the car.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Mr. Pushkin has ships coming in, in five days. What happened in there should give whoever did this pause.

VLADAMIR PUSHKIN

Listening to Teddy news on his cell in his magnificent home. 70s, still vital. Grandfatherly. But eyes like ice picks. A man who conducts horror from a great distance.

PUSHKIN
You getting enough sleep? I worry you push yourself too hard sometimes.

TEDDY (OS)
I'm fine, sir.

PUSHKIN
You always say that.
(beat)
You're very important to me, Teddy.

TEDDY'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - LATE AT NIGHT

Teddy at the Bay Windows. Cell to his ear. Hanging on every word. Eyes have gone almost child-like. Even his body language is different. Deferential in its posture.

PUSHKIN
Okay. Business.

Teddy slips into work mode.

TEDDY
It wasn't a move by your rivals. They all checked out. It's somebody we haven't seen before.

Walks to a table filled with Photographs. Security pictures of the Restaurant, Subway Platforms, Red Light Cameras, etc.

PUSHKIN (OS)
You have reasons to believe that for certain?

TEDDY
Yes.

PUSHKIN (OS)
Should I be concerned?

TEDDY
No, sir. I'll take care of it.

Teddy walks to the wall of pictures. Seven have been put to one side.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
I've narrowed it down considerably.

Stares closely at the group of seven. McCall one of them.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
I only need to find one of them. The rest will fall quickly.

PUSHKIN (OS)
When you do. Be loud about it.

TEDDY
I promise it will hurt.

PUSHKIN
Good.

Teddy looking down at the coffee table. An rare 1852 Shields Map of Boston and Vicinity sits wrapped in protective plastic.

TEDDY
I bought your something today. I think you'll like it.

PUSHKIN
You're too good to me. I always enjoy the gifts your bring me...

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Dirt diamond at one end of a LARGE PARK.

Softball game between HOME MART and IKEA. Out-of-shape CLERKS sporting two-toned T-shirts. Good natured ribbing

McCall in left field.

WHACK! Ball sailing over McCall's head. He turns and takes off after it... Three strides and he pulls up, grabbing his hamstring. Watches the ball fall...

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

YOUNG DUDE 1
Hope you're health insurance is paid up, Mr. Pip.

McCall gives him an indignant glare, smiles and starts in...

Stops.

RALPHIE

Standing near the HOME MART bench. Resplendent in his blue SECURITY GUARD UNIFORM...

MCCALL

Grinning. Even he can't suppress the pride he feels.

EXT. WHARF PIER - NIGHT

McCall on his bench. Taking in the clear but chilly night. Watching faces go by. Families, kids... Body relaxed. The world starting to become clear to this man. And his place in it...

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

CUT TO:

THOSE SEVEN PHOTOGRAPHS

Laid out across a wooden coffee table. The sixth one is a time-stamped blow up of McCall in the restaurant.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Worn, sparse and functional. MADISON - same make and model as Slavi's other girls sits on the couch. Young. Eastern European. Scared.

Masters and Pederson across from her. Teddy studying the shelf of photographs near the door.

Her eyes scan the photos from the Restaurant Security Cameras...

Finishes looking. Shakes her head. No one.

EXT. HOME MART - MORNING

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

INT. HOME MART

McCall on a ladder restocking boxes of fluorescent tubes. Climbs down to find the Young Dudes waiting for him.

YOUNG DUDE 2
What was the first Pip hit?

MCCALL
“Every Beat of My Heart”. 1961. Written by the late great Johnny Otis.

Does a Pip move and walks off.

YOUNG DUDE 1
Admit it. Guy’s good.

INT. HOME MART - LATER

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

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

MCCALL
Universal.

HOMEOWNER
Meaning it’ll fit any existing door...

MCCALL
In the Universe.

HOMEOWNER
Only it didn’t fit in my door.

MCCALL
You sure your door is from this Galaxy?

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

MCCALL (CONT’D)
Let’s get you your money back.

HOME MART, FRONT OF STORE - DAY

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

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

McCall walks him over to JENNY at the returns station. Older and heavy set, dealing with a customer.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Jenny? Can you do a quick card refund for this gentleman when you're done? He's in a hurry.

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

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

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

MASKED THIEF
Tell the bitch to move it, man.

MCCALL

Speaks quietly.

MCCALL
She's scared. I'll get it.
(beat)
Excuse me, Jenny.

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

MASKED THIEF
The ring.

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

JENNY
Please. It was my mother's...

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

Frantically tugging at the ring. On too tight.

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

MCCALL LOOKING AT HIM

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

BACK TO REAL TIME

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

Shouldn't have done that...

INT. HOME MART - CAFETERIA - LATER

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

MCCALL
Hey. Police just said the guy's done four like this. Shot a Security Guard over in Sommerville a month ago. It's just money...

HARDWARE AISLE

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

INT. HOME MART - LOADING DOCK - NEXT MORNING

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

MCCALL
Feeling okay?

JENNY
Still a little freaked out.

MCCALL
Need anything, I got your back.

McCall walks off and WE STAY WITH Jenny.

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

Her mother's diamond ring laying in the tray.

IN ANOTHER AISLE

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

CUT TO:

AN APARTMENT DOOR OPENING

Mandy - *Teri's friend from the hospital* stands in the doorway.

INSIDE HER APARTMENT

Mandy frozen on her threadbare couch. Teddy directly across.

Grid printout containing McCall's image in front of her. Mandy's eyes hug the floor.

Voice soft.

TEDDY
There's no need to be frightened. This is nothing to do with you or the other girls.

Then quieter still.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Please look.

Body rigid. Then her shoulders slump in exhaustion. Eyes the pictures. Halfway across sees McCall. Hesitates. Keeps going.

When she looks up Teddy's lie detector eyes bore into her. Shudders. Knows he knows. Without movement Teddy seems to vibrate *violence*.

Mandy points to McCall's picture.

MANDY
He came to the hospital to see Teri.

TEDDY
Teri.

MANDY
Slavi had beaten her. Bad. That guy wanted to know what happened.

TEDDY
Ever see him before that?

Mandy shakes her head.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
He tell you his name?

Shakes her head again. Teddy's mind playing with all the pieces.

EXT. HOME MART - MID DAY

Parking lot half full. McCall on his break. Standing outside with Ralphie sipping a Snapple.

WATCHING THIS FROM...

INSIDE THE SUBURBAN

Masters. Bluetooth connected. McCall's employee file open on the seat. Watches McCall crack a joke as the Two Dudes wheel a dolly of 2x4's past him.

MASTERS
He's what the file says he is. Home Mart employee.

TEDDY - INSIDE HIS PENTHOUSE SUITE

At the large dinner table. Printouts and faxes in front of him.

Pederson comes in from the other room.

PEDERSON
Doesn't own a cell. Can't establish any connection between Mr. Home Mart and any of the cartels.

Teddy checks his work. Puts the nail trimmer away.

TEDDY
So all is not what it appears...

INT. MCCALL'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

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

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

TEDDY FILLS THE DOOR FRAME

Frozen in mid-knock.

TEDDY
Mr. McCall.

Voice soft and face with a charming, almost ever-constant smile. Chameleon-like. Nothing like the steel-hard man we've seen.

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

McCall's face gives nothing away.

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

MCCALL
Saw it on the news. Happened to be there that night.

TEDDY
That right?

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

Teddy smiles. Clocking McCall's body language. Hands in particular. McCall seeing him do it.

TEDDY
Got me there.
(beat)
We're checking to see if any of the patrons remembered anything suspicious that night.

MCCALL
Actually I did.

TEDDY
You did?

MCCALL
My waiter.

TEDDY
Your waiter?

MCCALL
Would disappear for long stretches at a time.

Teddy smiles.

TEDDY
That accounts for the poor Zagat rating.
(beat)
So nothing unusual.

MCCALL
None that I recall.

Beat.

TEDDY
May I ask you why you dined at that particular restaurant?

MCCALL
Felt like some pirozhki.

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

McCall's face remains neutral.

MCCALL
I was meeting a friend. She picked it.

TEDDY
Then I guess I should talk to...

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

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

The two men stand in silence. Both understanding what this is.

TEDDY
Well. Thank you for your time.

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

Teddy pauses. Pats his pockets as he looks at McCall once more.

TEDDY
Must've given them all out.

MCCALL
How did you find me?

Beat.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Paid cash for my meal. Didn't have a reservation. I wondered how you found me.

Teddy's eyes suddenly laser sharp.

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

MCCALL
Who's we?

Teddy doesn't answer. Turns and heads down the staits.

INT. SUBURBAN

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

Teddy slides into the back seat.

MASTERS
Well?

The three others sit quietly as Teddy replays the strange conversation in his head. Finally...

TEDDY
Everything about him is wrong....

MCCALL

Watching the vehicle slip into traffic from his 5th story window. Clocks the City Tags on the rear plate...

INT. RITE AID - NIGHT

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

INT. KINKO'S - NIGHT

McCall in the Computer Section. Cutting, pasting then typing something on the Computer screen. Can't tell what but it's being done with precision.

MCCALL

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

MCCALL'S LAPTOP

Open on a TRAVEL SITE. McCall punches in his Pre-Paid Visa card number and hits PURCHASE. Confirmation for his open-ended business class plane ticket to Mexico City appears...

INT. FOUR SEASONS - ELEVATOR MOVING DOWN

Teddy watching Masters, Pederson and Remar flip through pages of information he's just handed them.

TEDDY
That's everything there is on Robert Allan McCall. Birth records, education, employment, bank statements, tax returns.

The cops re-scan the documents.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Except it's all a lie. Guy in that file doesn't exist.
(beat)
Social. Birth certificate. Everything manufactured.

Long silence.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
I've seen this kind of work once or twice in twenty years. It's deep and it's good. Not many people can do this.

Teddy engaged, for the first time. Up till now this was routine. Elevator doors open...

TEDDY (CONT'D)
I want him.

EXT. HOME MART - MCCALL

Walking out with the Two Young Dudes, Jenny and others. SHUTTER SNAPS. IMAGES FREEZE. McCall Center FRAME.

TEDDY (OS)
He's going to tell me who's behind all this. So I need him alive.

SUBWAY CAR - MOVING

McCall seated mid-car. Sandwiched between PASSENGERS.

TEDDY (OS)
30 minutes. That's all I'll need. Then you can dispose of the body however you want.

EXT. BLANTON AVENUE - DUSK

McCall coming out of the Subway. Street's busy. UPS and Fed Ex TRUCKS making deliveries as McCall walks down the crowded block.

TEDDY (OS)
Key is to do it clean. No witnesses. No 911s.

EXT. MCCALL'S APARTMENT BUILDING

McCall walking into it.

TEDDY (OS)
Building's too dangerous. Too many opportunities to be seen.

EXT. MCCALL'S STREET - NIGHT

McCall heads down the block. Book in hand...

TEDDY (OS)
There's one place that can work. He reads at night in some hole-in-the-wall. No cameras. Limited visibility.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

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

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

Still life by Edward Hopper.

The rain has the street outside quiet. A CON ED WORKER, exhausted from his shift walks through the open door, hard hat, lunch bucket.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

The Con Ed Guy grabs the table near the window.

CON ED GUY
Coffee.

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

CON ED GUY (CONT'D)
Egg sandwich, roll. No cheese.

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

Quiet. Just a slight breeze coming through the doorway,

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

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

Quiet.

Con Ed guy sips his coffee.

McCall pours more hot water over his tea bag.

MCCALL
It just you? Or are we waiting for someone else.

Con Ed Guy caught off guard. Looks to McCall.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Your fingernails. Work the lines down there they wouldn't look like that.

Con Ed Guy eyes his perfectly manicured nails.

Slides his chair out. Letting McCall see the MAC-10 inside his jacket.

CON ED GUY
We're gonna walk out of here. Across the street. Into a Suburban. Get into the back. Vary one iota from those instructions I'll kill you where you stand.
(beat)
Up.

McCall waits. Calculates. Then closes his book. Stands. Knocking a spoon onto the floor. Picks it up...

And JAMS IT INTO A WALL OUTLET.

Quick SPARK and the place goes BLACK...

CON ED GUY

Raising his weapon to where McCall is.

Only he's not.

McCall's hand comes out of nowhere. Cracks the man's windpipe. Mac-10 discharging once then clattering to the floor.

EXT. STREET - INT. SUBURBAN

Teddy shotgun. Masters at the wheel. Pederson in the back. All sitting up. Staring into the darkness of the diner.

Remar's voice CRACKLES over an ear piece.

REMAR O.C.
Shot fired.

SERVICE ALLEY

Remar opposite the rear exit. Gun out, eyes riveted to the door.

SILVER SUBURBAN

A long tense moment. Street traffic moves through Teddy's line of sight but the door to the diner remains closed. The diner dark. Quiet.

ON REMAR

Feeling tense, watching. Everything still.

TEDDY

He stares at the door. Fascinated. Remar's voice in his ear.

REMAR (OS)
Where is he?

Masters taps Teddy who glances up at...

THE FRONT DOOR OF THE DINER

Which McCall walks out of.

TEDDY

Surprised. Curious. Impressed. All at the same time.

MCCALL

Crossing TRAFFIC. Right towards the Suburban..

SUBURBAN

Masters chambers a round.

TEDDY
Not here.

MCCALL

Walking right past the front grill of the Suburban. In a millisecond clocking the license plate frame and plate number.

Then, everything SLOWS as...

MCCALL AND TEDDY LOCK EYES

Two men fired from the same mold staring into the abyss of the other.

McCall unreadable. Teddy's face showing the realization that he has underestimated this guy.

The moment is shattering. Then McCall raises Con Ed Guy's Cell Phone and...

Takes a picture of Teddy.

Disappears around the corner.

SILVER SUBURBAN

Masters and Pederson out onto the sidewalk. Teddy steps out after them.

Masters and Pederson split up, Pederson heading around the block. Masters after McCall.

Teddy looks down the block. Remar coming out of the alley. Heading down the next block cutting off that route.

MASTERS

Down the sidewalk, eyes peeled.

MASTERS
(into headset)
Nothing. Too far for him to have gotten to the corner.

TEDDY

Listening. Looks down at the street map on the iPad.

TEDDY
There's a service alley.

MASTERS

He brings his weapon up and enters it...

SERVICE ALLEY

Narrow and long. Bent by a curve and dimly lit by the small bare bulb of a restaurant back door.

Masters' eye catches something on the pavement. Bends down and dips his finger in a small pool of blood. Looks up and sees another. Then another...

MASTERS
He's hit.

TEDDY

Checking the iPad.

TEDDY
Alley empties out mid block on 9th.

PEDERSON

Appearing at the mouth of the alley.

PEDERSON
Here.

REMAR

Does the same at south end.

REMAR
In.

TEDDY

TEDDY
I want him breathing.

MASTERS

Moves cautiously down the alley following a trail of small, blood drops. They lead to a dark spot behind a dumpster. Masters now brings his weapon out.

Moves around the dumpster. Nothing. Looks down. A larger pool then the drops move a few feet away...

And stop.

Masters searching for the blood trail. Stands, perplexed. Just as...

Something hits his cheek. Brings his finger up. Blood. About to look up when all goes BLACK.

TEDDY

Hearing static. Every nerve in Teddy’s body goes high alert.

TEDDY
(to the others)
He’s in there.

REMAR

Weapon up as he moves into the alley.

PEDERSON

Already in and closing off the other end.

REMAR

Entering the darkest area.

REMAR’S POV

The alley an eerie green and gray. Glances at the connecting mouth. Sees Masters’ body.

TEDDY

Starting for the alley entrance on 9th.

PEDERSON

Deeper in.

PEDERSON
Nothing.

TEDDY

Pulls his weapon and waits. Ready to put one in the person who comes out...

REMAR

Cautiously making his way to the bend.

PEDERSON

Reaches his side of the curve. Flattens against the wall.

Raises his gun and spins around the corner...

Face to face with Remar, nothing in between. Both men lower their weapons.

TEDDY

Motionless. Quiet. Too quiet. HEARS the STATIC.

In the dim lights street lamps Teddy makes his way down the alley.

Slowly. Methodically.

Toward the bend. Reaches it... takes a breath and comes around.

The still-breathing unconscious bodies of Pederson and Remar lay there. Pockets emptied. Weapons still in their hands.

Teddy glances up as Masters staggers up. Looks down he tunnels of darkness. Under his breath...

TEDDY
Who the fuck are you?

MCCALL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Teddy and his Guys enter and spread out. Surgically going through the place.

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

Masters coming from the bathroom with prescriptions vials.

MASTERS
Coumadin and Precose.

Pederson appearing from the kitchen with receipts from trash.

PEDERSON
Bunch of travel items purchased three days ago.

Remar peering over McCall's open laptop.

REMAR
(pointing to laptop)
Bought a plane ticket to Mexico day before yesterday.

MASTERS
Guy was prepared for this. Probably has his next 10 moves figured out.

The look on Teddy's face says he's not so sure...

EXT. MCCALL'S APARTMENT BUILDING

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

Suburban pulling into traffic. WATCHING this from...

MCCALL'S POV

On a rooftop across the street. For the first time uncertainty clouds his face.

INT. MCCALL'S APARTMENT

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

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

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

SHOWER

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

KITCHEN

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

ON THE WOUNDS

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

APARTMENT HALLWAY

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

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

ANOTHER DOOR

McCall unlocks it and steps inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHENANDOAH VALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON

Far away from where we've been.

Rolling meadows intersected by split rail fences and dotted with farms dating back to the birth of this country. Great shadows of clouds blanket the green hillsides.

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

EXT. SMALL FARMHOUSE

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

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

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

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

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

INT. DINING ROOM - DUSK

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

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

INT. KITCHEN

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

INT. STUDY

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

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

After a beat Plummer stands.

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

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

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

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

Pulls the FIVE CELL PHONES he's confiscated from Teddy's men from his coat and lays them out on the table in front of Susan.

MCCALL
I'm in trouble. I need to know from who and why.

Opens one and pulls up the picture of Teddy. Turns it to face Susan.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
And I need to know who this man is.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAWN

Sun not quite up yet. Sky a Pepto Bismol pink. Surrounding landscape like a Wyeth painting.

INT. FARMHOUSE HALLWAY

Brian Plummer shuffles out of his bedroom in pajamas and robe. Down the hall into the...

KITCHEN

Where McCall is already washing his breakfast dishes. Laying them neatly in the strainer.

PLUMMER
I'm the dish man around here. Leave 'em.

McCall lays the last one in. Hits the stem of his watch.

Plummer takes cereal from the cabinet. Milk from the fridge. Sits at the table.

McCall brings him a spoon and napkin. Plummer motions for him to sit.

PLUMMER (CONT'D)
When they told Susan you were dead, she couldn't believe it.

Honest painful words to McCall.

PLUMMER (CONT'D)
Not Robert McCall. Not from something as trivial as an IED.
(beat)
That you're alive is a relief to her. Not a complete surprise though.
(beat)
She talked about you over the years. How if anyone could have figured a way out... Walk away clean, start fresh... it would have been you.

EXT. FARMHOUSE PORCH - LATER

McCall and Plummer near the end game of a chess match. Comfortable in their silence. McCall's keenly studying the board.

Hand onto his bishop. Plummer's eyes trying to figure the move when...

The SLAPPING SOUND of HELICOPTER BLADES get both men to look out onto the North 40.

A Sikorsky H-37 HELICOPTER lands in the empty field.

Susan helped off. Quick salute to her chauffeurs, tosses her scarf over her shoulder and starts for the farmhouse.

PLUMMER
Stopped counting the reasons I married that woman twenty years ago.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN

Susan and Brian finishing their main course. McCall already done. Eyes in the file in front of him.

SUSAN
Russian oligarchs - in your case Vladamir Pushkin - act like a Global black market Amazon. Gasoline, weapons, girls... Pushkin specifically considers the US the biggest consumer market in the world. Moved in twelve years ago. Built an intricate network on both coasts. Feds have been looking to shut him down for a decade. But rivals and witnesses always turn up dead. The man is a disease that keeps spreading.
(beat)
You didn't take out a bunch of Pimps, Robert. You took out Pushkin's East Coast hub. Shut down his Port of Entry.

Dabs her mouth with a napkin. Plummer stands and begins clearing.

McCall turns the page to a picture of Teddy Rensen.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
That's who Pushkin sends when there's a problem.

TEDDY'S PICTURE

Attached to a file. Younger version of who McCall's been dealing with.

SUSAN
Orphaned. Troubled. Shuttled from place to place till he was 15. Ends up in London. Does some jail time there. Later he meets Pushkin. Who saw something in the kid and took him in. Stripped him down and built himself a monster. Gave the kid who had nothing everything. And in return Teddy has protected and killed for Pushkin at all costs. IQ in the 130's. High skill set. Speaks four languages. Ex- Soviet Intelligence. That's where we first put eyes on him late 2004. When he showed up on the Black List. He's more than dangerous. He's a Sociopath in a suit.
(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)
(looks up)
He’s you. Without a conscience.

Lets the McCall process the words.

SUSAN (CONT’D)
This is not a winnable scenario.
(beat)
My advice? Minneapolis is wonderful this time of year.

McCall’s eyes look up at Susan. *I’m not going anywhere...*

INT. FARMHOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sparse. But warm and functional. Pine dresser. Cedar Night stand. Wind-up clock that reads 4:22 am.

Bed empty.

EXT. FARMLAND - NIGHT

Rolling hills likes waves on a black sea.

A long rail fence that disappears into the horizon. McCall leaning against it. Silhouetted by the cobalt night sky. Sliver of moon the only light.

HEARS Susan before he sees her. She moves to the fence next to him. Nothing is said for the longest time. Both taking in the beautiful expanse. Then:

SUSAN
In all my years as a handler there was never anyone like you. What you did for your country cannot be measured. But it never felt good to you. Even though it *mattered to others...*

Beat. Owes her something...

MCCALL
It felt...

SUSAN
Senseless. I eventually figured that out.

Sky molting into a beautiful deep blue. A NIGHTHAWK swoops across the Valley. Gliding low in search of prey...

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Your gift didn't fit in that gray, murky world. Who you were, your whole being screamed for clarity. Black and white. Justice served.

Long beat. Turns to him now. Mother to son...

SUSAN (CONT'D)
The greatest violins cannot hear music. The most beautiful paintings cannot see the joy they bring. You, Robert, can't see your meaning.
(beat)
We can't all be heroes. Someone has to sit on the curb and clap as they go by.

Sun cracks the horizon. Light spilling onto McCall.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
We must be the thing we are. Or we are lost. Incomplete.

Light hitting McCall's eyes...

SUSAN (CONT'D)
You're an instrument of justice, Robert. It's who you are. Who you always were.

Sun fully bathing McCall now. Susan wraps her robe tighter and walks off. McCall doesn't move. Lets the sun wash over him.

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM

Susan slips into bed next to her husband. Stares at the ceiling.

PLUMMER
You able to help?

Long pause.

SUSAN
He didn't come for help. He came for permission.

INT. RENAL CAR MOVING - DAY

McCall’s driving due east. No radio. No distractions.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - SAME TIME

ONE SCARY MAN slicing through the throngs of BUSINESS MEN, TOURISTS and WEARY FAMILIES like a shark. Duffle bag over a hard body wound tight as a steel tourniquet.

Stepping...

OUTSIDE THE TERMINAL

And into the back seat of the waiting Silver Suburban.

EXT. HIGHWAY 89 - SERVICE AREA

Highway SIGN nearby announces: “Boston 120 Miles”.

McCall pumping gas at a center island as TRAFFIC whizzes by...

TEDDY’S PRIVATE JET

Drops its stairs and unloads THREE more predatory MEN onto the ground. Heavy bags are carried across the private airstrip...

MCCALL’S APARTMENT DOOR OPENS

McCall standing in his doorway.

HALLWAY

McCall sliding the bookcase away from the door..

INT. SPARE ROOM

McCall snapping on the LIGHT. The safe room. Keeper of secrets.

Devoid of anything except the bags and boxes of a life once upon a time. All look untouched for a long time.

Shelving unit contains two pictures of a woman. McCall’s rock. A wedding picture. And one of them on a beach.

McCall moves past them. Past a few items we recognize: The car keys from HOME MART Thief. Handcuffs from Ralphie's corrupt cops. Teri's CD, Slavi's bloodied cell phone...

To one bag that stands out. The one he thought he'd never open again.

Bends down and unzips it...

INT. HOME DEPOT - SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE

McCall sitting across from the store's SUPERVISOR Brian.

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

BRIAN
Hey. Family comes first.

MCCALL
Give Marcus and Jay my hours.

INT. TEDDY'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - SAME TIME

Five duffle bags sit motionless. Dropped just inside front door.

LIVING AREA

FIVE MEN around the dining table. All holding a file on McCall.

Secure FAX, scrambled LAP TOPS and GPS equipment have been moved in.

Teddy in the middle of briefing...

TEDDY
... had us chasing our tails from here to Mexico for two days. Only to realize he never left.
(beat)
Which means whoever he's working with are here too. Which means we turn over every rock and see what crawls out.

Teddy's cell RINGS. Doesn't recognize the number. Puts the phone to his ear.

MCCALL (OS)
Want some advice?

Time stops for Teddy.

MCCALL (OS) (CONT'D)
I hear St. Petersburg is nice this time of year. A trip home might do wonders for your health.

Long silence.

TEDDY
I appreciate you reaching out. I was just coming to look for you and your friends.

MCCALL (OS)
There's nobody else. It's just me. I'm it. Nothing more to find.

Teddy caught off guard.

MCCALL (OS) (CONT'D)
And this was all about a girl. Nothing more.

Waits for Teddy to process that.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
The men I killed. I offered them a chance. They made their decision. Now I'm giving you the same chance I gave them.

TEDDY
You have no idea---

MCCALL
I have every idea. I know all about you, Teddy. You never caught a break from the get go. No one wanting you. No one taking the time to understand you. And when someone finally did, he turned out to be a bad guy.
(beat)
Unwavering loyalty is a dangerous thing. It blinds people from the truth. Truth is Pushkin wouldn't hesitate to put two in the back of your head if it served his purpose. You're nothing but an attack dog. And you can always get another dog.

Teddy's body coiling like a steel tourniquet.

TEDDY
If you really knew me, you'd run...

MCCALL
I'm not going anywhere, Teddy.
(beat)
I'm going stay and take Pushkin apart. Piece by piece.
(beat)
Don't look now but you're about to hit your expiration date.

Beat.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
You have my number. Feel free to call anytime.

EXT. TREMONT STREET - SAME TIME

McCall killing the call in the middle of rush hour foot traffic. Eyes fixed. No emotion. Drops the cell in his pocket. *Removes a small VOICE RECORDER from the other.* Checks to see it's working...

Then disappears into the subway...

TEDDY'S PENTHOUSE

Teddy motionless at the windows. Every eye in the room on him.

When he turns to face them he is eerily still.

EXT. SMALL HOUSE, BROOKLINE

Middle-class Colonial that looks like every other house on the block.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

Masters comes out the BATHROOM zipping up his fly.

Pulls on his suspenders and snatches a shirt from the bedpost. Gun, badge and wallet from the night stand.

KITCHEN

Empties coffee pot into a go cup.

FOYER

Searches the table for his car keys. Not there. HEARS the car ALARM BEEPING....

MASTERS

Walks through the house. Through the LAUNDRY ROOM and into...

INT. GARAGE

Morning light filters through garage door windows. White Jag sits there. Lights flashing.

Masters opens the drivers door and leans in looking for the keys. Not there. Leans out.

Sees the garden hose running from the exhaust pipe into the slightly cracked back window. Tape seals the window...

MASTERS
What the fu--

WHAM!

Blow buckles his knees. Body shoved into the front seat. Handcuffs pulled from his belt. Wrists handcuffed to steering wheel. Door shut. All in under six seconds...

Masters looks out the window and sees McCall popping open a folding chair Sits.

Holds up the car's remote starter. Presses a button. Windows crack open.

MCCALL
Pushkin. I need to know everything. His entire infrastructure. What, where, who...
(beat)
And before you tell me to go fuck myself...

McCall pushes the remote. Engine starts, windows roll up and exhaust smoke begins clouding the inside of the car.

Masters' eyes watering. Begins choking. McCall hits the remote. Engine dies. Windows roll down. Waits for Masters to get his head clear.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
I know you know.
(beat)
Look. I'm not interested in you. I want Pushkin. But I got no problem erasing you from this equation and moving on to your partners.

MASTERS
Fuck you.

McCall hits the remote. Same results. This time McCall waits longer. Masters sucking in fumes. Vomits. Head starts to drop.

McCall hits the button. Engine off. Fresh air fills the inside of the car. Waits...

MCCALL
I'm out of time which means you're out of time.
(beat)
The only thing you can save is yourself. Never too late to do the right thing.

Masters glares at McCall through watery eyes. McCall hits the remote. Windows start up...

CUT TO:

BLACK AND WHITE MONITOR

With a washed out FEED of some STREET and SIDEWALK on screen. Masters appears in FRAME. Looks up into CAMERA....

Guy watching the Monitor hits a button. Young, maybe Albanian, gang tats and an HC-122 Machine Pistol laying on the table in front of him. Looks over to...

A DOOR

Where TWO MORE armed MEN stand on either side a Vault-like STEEL DOOR six inches thick. After a beat the LIGHT above the door FLASHES and the massive door is pulled open.

MASTERS

Stepping into the room. McCall over his left shoulder. Eyes taking in the place as Masters nods to the Albanian kid.

MASTERS
Where's Andri? I need to talk to him.

Kid motions to the other side of the room. Eyes never leaving McCall but says nothing. Masters and McCall start across...

THE COUNTING ROOM

A warehouse-sized ROOM filled with money. More money than you've ever seen in one place....

Ever...

DOZENS of INDENTURED ASIAN WOMEN - frightened eyes, wrapped in plastic jumpsuits - run Pushkin's cash through DOZENS of electronic counting machines. Gloved hands slipping bands around each $20,000 stack.

SHRINK-WRAP MACHINES seal the $20,000 bundles in a block of a hundred. Those hundred are moved onto pallets where MORE hundred blocks lay.

PALLETS wheeled on dollies to the loading dock doors where more ARMED MEN stand guard waiting for trucks.

McCall processing it all in without expression as the two men approach the man in charge...

ANDRI

Older than the others. Hardcore and primitive with piercings dotting his face. Eyes so black there's no separated pupils.

Slides off the table when he sees McCall. Hand on his weapon. Looks at Masters.

ANDRI
Who the fuck is this?

MASTERS
Listen. Place has been compromised. Gotta shut it down. Truck all this shit out of here now.

ANDRI
The fuck am I gonna do that? Trucks ain't due for days. And who the fuck is this guy?

McCall holds up Masters badge.

MCCALL
I'm the new guy. Hey, that a Heckler Koch?

Andri looks down at his weapon. Doesn't know what the fuck it is.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Lemme see it?

Andri hesitates. Doesn't want to appear unsure. Remembers he's got six guys here with him. Hands it to McCall.

ANDRI
I never heard nothing about shutting down.

MCCALL
Pushkin made the call.

Before Andri can say anything...

MCCALL (CONT'D)
(checking bolt)
Frank tells me you're the man here, Andri. That these guys are incredibly loyal to you. Do anything you tell 'em.

ANDRI
Mutherfuckers would die for me.

MCCALL
So if you told them to put down their weapons and lay face on the floor, hands behind their backs... they'd do that.

Andri looks at Masters, *The fuck is he talking about?*. Then back to McCall. Sees the machine pistol aimed at his chest.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Humor me.

MONEY ROOM - MINUTE LATER

Andri and his men blindfolded and tie-wrapped on the floor. Indentured Women, out of their plastic suits, file out the steel door past McCall and Masters.

McCall handing each of them $20,000 bundles as they go by...

MCCALL
Mr. Pushkin thanks you for your hard work but we have to close down...

Turns to Masters.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Call it in.

Masters reluctantly takes out his Cell. Punches in a number.

MASTERS
This is Detective Frank Masters. I am 10-13. Repeat. 10-13 at One-one-seven Warren Street. Second floor...

STREETS OF BOSTON

EXPLODE with POLICE CARS and SWAT TRUCKS. Screeching into view from every direction. Heading down parallel Avenues and Streets.

ALL converging on...

8TH STREET FISH MARKET

TACTICAL TEAMS jumping from still moving vehicles as MORE POLICE CARS surround the busy open air market...

INT. MONEY ROOM - UPSTAIRS

TAC TEAMS BURST into the room, shields and weapons up. Freezing at the sight: Mounds of money and hog-tied men on the floor...

MONEY ROOM - LATER

Swarming with COPS taking inventory, dusting, sifting through ledgers and files left out for them.

LIEUTENANT JACK MOSLEY stepping in. One of the good guys. Eyes drinking in the surroundings.

LEAD INVESTIGATOR appears at his side.

LEAD INVESTIGATOR
We're over sixteen million and counting. Believe that?
(beat)
Found this tacked to the biggest pile.

Hands a piece of paper with the words: *FOLLOW THE MONEY* written on it.

MOSLEY
How do we do that?

LEAD INVESTIGATOR
Someone left detailed ledgers. Tracking down the source of the cash will be easy.

MOSLEY
Incredible.

LEAD INVESTIGATOR
That's not the best part.

BACK OFFICE

Lead Investigator and Mosley standing in the doorway. Staring down at...

Masters. Handcuffed to a water pipe.

LEAD INVESTIGATOR
Team found two hundred thousand in cash in the trunk of his car. And this.

Holds out a small VOICE RECORDER...

EXT. BOSTON HARBOUR - DOCKS - NIGHT

Pier berths crammed with Cargo ships, Cruise Liners and Merchant Vessels. Still and quiet. Just the groaning of steel hulls and the slapping of water...

A lone NIGHT WATCHMAN hovers near the perimeter gate. HEARS FOOTSTEPS coming from the end of the Pier. Stares into the shadows.

Beat.

Out of the dark comes McCall. Like a apparition. Heading straight for the gate. Passing the Night Watchman...

NIGHT WATCHMAN
Hey. What are you doing? No one's supposed to be---

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!

CARGO CONTAINERS on TWO SHIPS EXPLODING INTO MASSIVE BALLS OF FLAMES. Lighting up the docks and sky like the 4th of July.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - MOVING

Remar driving. Pederson shotgun. Teddy in the back. Eyes out the window. Quiet grim look.

Pushkin's Cell RINGS. Teddy thinks better of not picking up. Answers...

PUSHKIN (OS)
What are you doing to me?

Teddy's heart breaking. World collapsing.

PUSHKIN (OS) (CONT'D)
(in Russian)
Don't come home. You've disappointed me.

Teddy kills the call. In the front seat Pederson hangs up the RADIO.

PEDERSON
They just hit the ammunition warehouse. ATF's already on site.

No outward emotion from Teddy.

REMAR
Where to?

Teddy doesn't answer. Lost. Picks up the file on McCall. Thumbs through the SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS. Staring at the man who brought him to his knees...

- McCall on break at Home Mart with Brian.

- McCall on the bench with his softball team in the park.

- McCall eating with Ralphie on the store's loading dock.

- McCall teaching the Young Dudes a Pip move

TEDDY

Stops.

Starts flipping back and forth through the photos. Separating the work-related pictures. Finds the one GROUP PHOTO.

McCall smiling broadly. Only now Teddy's eyes move off McCall. To the others. Ralphie. Jenny. Then the Two Young Dudes...

MCCALL - EXT. BEACON STREET

Still on a mission. Swallowed up by rush hour foot traffic near the Commons. PRE-PAID CELL RINGING as he crosses the crowded intersection.

Sees Teddy's number.

TEDDY (OS)
You said I could call.
(beat)
Know the difference between me and you?

TEDDY

On a chair. In the middle of an empty warehouse. Oddly calm. Alive again.

MCCALL (OS)
Where should I begin.

WAREHOUSE DOORS slide open and Teddy's BAD ASS GUYS walk in carrying their gear and begin assembling their weapons...

TEDDY
I don't give a shit about anything.
(beat)
But you do. And that makes you human.

HOME MART - EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

Ralphie by the front door with his keys. About to the lock up when TWO MEN steps inside.

RALPHIE
Sorry we're closed...

Pederson and Remar step closer. Remar pulling his Beretta.

PEDERSON
Don't be a hero, Chubs.

TEDDY - INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE

Stands. His men clipped in and ready.

TEDDY
One-seventeen Bunker Avenue.
Twenty-five minutes. You and me.
Your life for theirs.

Holds a piece of paper with names scribbled on it.

MCCALL

Halfway across the intersection...

MCCALL
Theirs?

McCall's PHONE BEEPS with a Call-Waiting...

TEDDY (OS)
You'll wanna answer that.

McCall clicks in the call.

PEDERSON (OS)
Hold on.

Beat.

RALPHIE (OS)
Mr. McCall?

MCCALL
Ralphie?

RALPHIE
We're at the store. They just
walked in...

MCCALL
Who's else is with you?

RALPHIE
Jenny, Brian, Wayne and Bobby....

Line goes dead. McCall clicks back to Teddy.

TEDDY (OS)
They’re not going home unless I see you in 30... 29 minutes.

McCall has stopped walking. Audio collapse washing over him. The city, its noise, its commotion doesn’t exist now. Bumped and jostled by COMMUTERS going by.

Then... eyes going flat and hard.

When his answer comes it’s soft and measured.

MCCALL
Alright.

Cuts off the call. Thinks. Calculating. Then looks down at his watch...

And starts the Stopwatch ticking...

INT. HOME MART - DUSK

Pederson pushing Ralphie to the back of the store. Meeting up with Remar who has Jenny, Manny and SEVERAL OTHERS.

Herding them into the SUPERVISOR’S OFFICE. Remar starts the process of securing them as Pederson dials Teddy...

PERDERSON
Secure and standing by.

DOORS TO A BUS OPEN

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

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

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Teddy staring down at his PDA. GPS screen up. McCall’s CELL NUMBER highlighted and moving South...

Teddy smiles. DIALS...

INT. DOWNTOWN BUS

McCall not on it. CAMERA MOVES under the seat he was in... McCall's Cell Phone *under it. RINGING SILENTLY for two RINGS the screen says... "FORWARDING"*

MCCALL - ON THE MOVE

Someplace else. ANSWERS his Phone.

TEDDY
Turns out today's a life altering day for you? For me it's a Thursday.

Beat.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
I'm calling because I realized I know nothing about you. And since there won't be time to tell me once you get here I thought...

MCCALL
All you need to know is I'm going to kill you. Very much.

Click. McCall keeps moving.

ON TEDDY

Switching to the GPS screen and watching McCall's signal getting closer and closer.

Checks his watch. Looks up at his men.

TEDDY
We ready?

INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE - HOME MART

Everyone on the floor. Hands tie-wrapped behind their backs. Just the SOUND of muffles sobs and breathing...

Pederson still behind the Supervisor's desk. Remar leaning in the doorway.

SCREECHING FEEDBACK BLARES FROM THE PA SPEAKERS...

Both men snapping to attention.

Pederson pulls Ralphie to his feet. Puts his weapon under his chin.

PEDERSON
Where’s that coming from?

DEPOT AISLE

Pederson follows Ralphie as they make their way through the empty aisles. Gun in his back. Eyes darting everywhere.

SHRILL SHRIEKS spilling from the SPEAKERS above.

SECURITY OFFICE

Ralphie steps inside first. Pederson using him as a shield. Clears it.

Empty.

PA Microphone having fallen on its side in front of a speaker. Pederson walks over and snaps it off.

Looks down at the EIGHT SECURITY MONITORS covering the store. Quiet. Vacuous. Nothing moves.

Then looks at the feed covering the office he’s in...

And the FIGURE in the doorway behind him.

Raising his weapon as he spins....

WHACK! Pederson’s arm snaps like a twig. Move so quick and so jarring the pain hasn’t even registered yet. Foot to the left knee does. Shattering bone and tendons. Perderson collapsing like a sack of cement. On the way down McCall renders him unconscious with compact blow to the brain stem.

Ralphie stunned. Jaw open as McCall rifles the draws, finds packing tape and secures Perderson like roping a calf.

Stands. Looks at Ralphie.

MCCALL
Where the others?

SUPERVISOR’S OFFICE

Remar leans out the door and listens for his partner.

Nothing. Taking too long.

REMAR
HEY!

Silence.

Flips the safety on his .9mm Steps outside and looks out into the darken store.

REMAR (CONT'D)
PEDERSON!

Footsteps coming at him ... Raises his weapon. Aiming into the shadows.

RALPHIE
Don't shoot!

Ralphie appearing. Hands still tied. Staring down Remar's barrel...

REMAR
Where's Pederson?

RALPHIE
Behind me.

Ralphie steps to the side. McCall out of the shadows like a Cheetah.

Grabbing Ralphie's STUN GUN from his belt and in one motion jabbing it against Remar's neck and firing 40 THOUSAND VOLTS of ELECTRICITY through him. Unconscious before he hits the ground.

Ralphie watches McCall drag Remar to a shelving unit and handcuff him without a wasted movement.

Stands. Checks his watch. Eleven minutes. Goes to Ralphie. Hands him a box cutter.

MCCALL
Cut 'em loose and get 'em all out of here. Don't leave anyone behind.

Ralphie doesn't respond.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Hey.

Ralphie snaps to.

RALPHIE
Got it, Mr. McCall.

MCCALL
Use the service doors in the back.

RALPHIE
Roger that.

Starts off.

MCCALL
Hey Ralphie.

Stops and turns to McCall.

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

Beat. Ralphie gets it. Nods and goes.

MCCALL

Heading towards the front of the store. Mind figuring the next three moves. Stopping in the...

ELECTRICAL AISLE

Grabbing a Cable Cutter, Stud Finder, plastic ties...

When his phone RINGS.

MCCALL
Almost there.

TEDDY (OS)
That's okay. We decided to come to you.

Hairs on the back of McCall's neck stand as the SOUND of...

HOME MART DOORS

Being flung opened. Six of them. From every side of the store. Stepping through the first five are Teddy's guys.

Teddy coming in through the last.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! All six doors SLAMMED SHUT...

CARBON STEEL CHAINS

Are wrapped around the door handles and secured. *McCall being locked inside...*

MCCALL

Hearing it happen. Caught off guard. Frozen for a moment.

Then backs deeper into the store...

TEDDY'S MEN

Hold G38 Assault rifles fitted 25 round magazines, optical site's and thermal screens.

Finally seeing them up close we understand these are highly trained soldiers who hunt and kill for a living.

All five activating headsets.

Teddy standing in the shadows. Speaks into his...

TEDDY
Kill him.

HOME MART - HIGH AND WIDE

Teddy's Men moving into the belly of the store from every conceivable angle...

MCCALL - SOMEWHERE

Listening. Thinking. Working blind. Moving with caution.

TEDDY'S MEN 1, 2 AND 3

Stalking their prey down the center aisle. Every SOUND HEIGHTENED.

TEDDY'S MEN 4 AND 5

Moving down the far left AISLE. Weapons chest high. Scopes scanning every shadow and space.

MCCALL

Quietly grabbing materials off a shelf deep in the store. Opening one of the boxes when...

THE ENTIRE SHELF EXPLODES WITH GUN FIRE!

McCall hitting the floor. Splinters of wood rain down on him. Crawling through the opposite shelving unit to the...

NEXT AISLE

Up on his feet. Starting to move when a piece of porcelain SHATTERS above his head. Another ten shots splatter concrete dust from the stacked bags next to him...

Teddy's # 1 at the end of the aisle. Sweeping his suppressed rifle from left to right... spraying bullets in a zigzag pattern through the dust...

When it clears...

No McCall.

MCCALL

Moving deeper into the store. Survival mode kicking in. Troubled look. Somehow they know exactly where he is...

That's because Teddy's in the...

SECURITY ROOM

Standing over MONITORS. Watching it all play out. Calling in McCall's position over the headsets....

MONITORS

McCall's FIGURE moving in and out of the shadows. Heading towards the back wall of the store.

TEDDY
(into headset)
4 and 5 take the back aisle and come west. 2 and 3 come east. 1 straight down center aisle...

And then WE WATCH the end game play out on the Monitors. A matter of seconds till it's over.

UNTIL the MONITORS GO DOWN...

THE ENTIRE STORE

Plunged into darkness at the same time.

MCCALL

Pulling his hand from the Breaker Box.

And on the move. Hands grabbing stuff off shelves without breaking stride. Eyes telling us he's the hunter now....

TEDDY - FRONT OF THE STORE

Stepping out of the Security Office. Weapon at his side. Eyes adjusting to the darkness...

TEDDY'S #3

In the Hardware Section. Mid-aisle. Stops.

A muffled SNAPPING SOUND one aisle over.

Quietly moves to he shelving unit. Slowly pushes aside some boxes. Creating space TO SEE INTO THE NEXT AISLE. Revealing...

MCCALL

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

Pops the spent CO2 cartridge out and slams in another and is off...

TEDDY

Moving from aisle to aisle. Seeing dead # 3 halfway down one of them.

TEDDY'S # 2

Moving through the KITCHEN AISLE. Finger on the trigger guard. Reaches the end. Pushes the barrel three inches into the connecting aisle.

Round-the-corner SIGHT showing all clear. Lowers the rife....

Never feeling the extension cord until it's around his neck. Body jerking like a marionette...

Until it isn't.

McCall reaching down for the guy's weapon when...

A HAIL OF BULLETS EXPLODE OVER HIS HEAD... Teddy's #1 at the far end of the aisle spraying lead...

Chunks of metal and plaster board blow across McCal. McCall yanks at the rifle but the strap's lodged under the body. Leaves it...

MID-STORE

Teddy's 4 and 5 emerging at the mouth of their aisles. BURST of GUNFIRE stops.

TEDDY'S # 1
(through headsets)
Missed him.

Hand signals between 4 and 5. They split in different directions.

TEDDY

Motionless near the check-out stands. Place feeling feral and dangerous.

Mind trying to get ahead. Eyes sweeping the store. Stopping on something above him.

Shoves his weapon in the small of his back..

DEEPER IN THE STORE

McCall dropping materials in the roofer's bag slung over his shoulder. Batteries, chisel...

Stops in the shadows. Eyes scan the open center of the store. Listens for any SOUND.

Silent.

Starts for the other side. Gets two steps when the *BULLET BLOWS THROUGH HIS CLAVICLE.* Spinning McCall around. Next shot rips through his right Quad.

As he falls McCall looks up to see...

TEDDY

Top of a shelving unit. Hitting the slide release with his thumb, seating a fresh round...

Pulls the trigger again just as McCall pushes through the pain and throws his body behind circular HELP DESK.

TEDDY
(into headset)
He's down. Aisle J. Center.

TEDDY'S 1, 4 AND 5

Move towards Teddy...

MCCALL - BEHIND THE DESK

Breathing labored. Wave of nausea hitting him. Chest tightening. Vision growing fuzzy.

Knowing he has next to no time. Begins to pull himself towards the other side. Willing himself...

Halfway across he collapses. Brain screaming for him to keep going. Body unable to comply. Falls onto his back.

Alone. Bleeding out. Fully exposed...

TEDDY'S MEN

Arrive as Teddy steps off the Unit.

TEDDY
He's out there. If he's still moving it won't be for long.

And because these men are exceedingly good at hunting men and killing them they understand a wounded animal is desperate.

So they split and begin moving in a circle towards McCall...

MCCALL

Can HEAR them closing in. Knowing there's nothing he can do. Face quietly showing resignation.

Then...

TWO ARMS snake under his shoulders. They lift his torso up and suddenly McCall is being dragged away...

McCall's eyes looking up and seeing...

RALPHIE

Face etched with determination. Huffing and puffing as he pulls McCall's broken body across the open area...

Down an aisle towards the back wall. Looks down and sees McCall staring at him...

RALPHIE
You said not to leave anybody behind.

TEDDY AND HIS MEN

Reach the other side of the desk. No McCall. Just a blood trail leading into the rear of the store...

REAR OF STORE

A string of connecting OFFICES line a portion of the back wall. H&R, SHIPPING and...

AN ACCOUNTING OFFICE

Ralphie yanking McCall inside, locking the door then collapsing next to him.

The two just breathing together for several moments. McCall finally sitting up. Checks the extent of his wounds. Wrapping his belt over the quad.

Ralphie peering under McCall's jacket at his shoulder. Quarter-sized hole. But clean.

Starts to stand.

RALPHIE
Yo Mr. McCall...

Staggers to his feet.

RALPHIE (CONT'D)
You weigh more than a buck nine----

Bullet shattering the window in the door and exploding through Ralphie's body.

OUTSIDE THE ROOM

Teddy raises his head off the sight. Smoke still floating around the barrel...

ACCOUNTING OFFICE

Ralphie drops to the floor. McCall grabbing him. Rolling him over. Crimson spreads across his powder blue shirt...

MCCALL
Ralphie. Look at me.

Ralphie holding McCall's eyes like a lifeline. McCall shedding his jacket. Pressing it against the damaged area.

Holding tight. Sees Ralphie's eyes drifting...

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Hey.

Ralphie looking at him.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Buck ninety-seven.

Warrior's grin.

RALPHIE
I knew it...

EXT. ACCPOUNTING OFFICE

Teddy's Men slip to either side of the door. Listening for any SOUND. There's none because...

MCCALL

Sits quietly. Back against the near wall. Breathing deeply through his nose. Rhythmically sucking in air.

Like watching a battery recharge. An emotional furnace now...

TEDDY'S MEN

Prepare to breech the room. #1 shoving his AR barrel through the broken window and spraying the room with bullets...

4 and 5 blow through the door and into...

THE ACCOUNTING OFFICE

Place shredded. Security Kid bloodied on the floor. No McCall.

All three seeing AC Unit on the floor. Large hole where it used to be. Looking right into the adjoining office...

MCCALL

Coming around the corner deep inside the store. A different McCall. Controlled fury pours out of him. No longer quiet either.

Wants them to know he's coming for them...

TEDDY'S 4 AND 5

Stalking the aisles shoulder to shoulder. Covering each other's blind spots. Fingers on triggers. Precision movements.

APPLIANCES AISLE

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

Slowing when they HEAR the HUMMING SOUND. Eyes following the SOUND to...

THE MICROWAVES

Timer ticking down on one of them. 5 leans down and looks inside...

THROUGH THE WINDOW

A small propane tank turning slowly on the carousel.

BOOM!!!!

Machine EXPLODING. FIRE engulfing both men. Incinerating them in seconds...

TEDDY'S # 1

HEARING the EXPLOSION. Moving towards it. Turns corner and...

Slams into McCall.

Eye to eye. Takes him a moment to realize he's already dying. Flathead Screwdriver buried just under his ribs...

TEDDY

Motionless. Staring into the shadows. Waiting for any movement...

MCCALL'S HANDS

Grabbing two boxes of roofing nails off a shelf.

GARDEN SECTION

McCall coming around the corner. Bag of fertilizer over each shoulder.

DEEPER INSIDE THE STORE

Teddy moving through the shadows when feels his phone vibrate. Puts it to his ear...

MCCALL (OS)
You're out of guys.

REAR OF HOME MART

Teddy coming out of one of the aisles carrying BOLT CUTTERS.

To the BACK DOORS. Fumbling with cutters. Hands sweating. Gets through half a link...

Red LASER DOT appears on Teddy's brain pan. Hovers there for a beat. Then moves down to his hand.

BLAM! Bullet shattering the bones in his right hand.

BLAM! Next one destroys his left shin bone. Teddy folding like a house of cards.

MCCALL

Walking out of the shadows towards Teddy. In no hurry. Watches Teddy fumble for his gun. Aims at McCall and FIRES...

Shots fly wildly off target. Teddy can't stay balanced. McCall never flinches. Keeps walking right up to Teddy.

Grabs the gun out of his hand. Tosses it.

Grabs Teddy by the collar and drags the bleeding man to a lone chair set against the far wall. Throws Teddy onto it.

MCCALL AND TEDDY

Face to face for the first and last time. McCall crouches so Teddy can see his face. Make sure he hears his words...

MCCALL
It was always going to end this way for you. Here or someplace else. You're a bad guy, Teddy. Like you said: a guy who doesn't give a shit. About anyone. Even yourself. And that makes you more frightening than any monster out there.
(beat)
And all monsters need to be destroyed.

Teddy finally looks up...

TEDDY
Who are you?

MCCALL
I'm the guy who does give a shit.

McCall stands and walks off. Teddy watching him go.

Confused.

Until he sees McCall take the Garage Door REMOTE from his pocket. Looks down and sees the lumpy bags of fertilizer on either side of him. Empty boxes of roofing nails...

And the wires attached to the cell phone detonator just inside the top of one of the bags...

Looks up in time to see McCall disappear into the shadows.

Just before the EXPLOSION rips his body to pieces...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OPULENT BATHROOM - SOMEPLACE FAR AWAY

The room is massive and dark. Wall to wall, floor to ceiling Calcutta marble with gold inlays.

Glass shower with six heads pulsing water over Vladamir Pushkin's flabby body from every angle. Pushkin's head under the main one. Letting the water jets pound his bald head.

Water pooling at his feet. Soaking his manicured toes. About to shut the water off...

When lights go ON.

Pushkin turns. Swipes condensation from the glass and sees...

MCCALL

Sitting on the closed toilet a few feet from the shower.

BATHROOM

Pushkin about to push open the beveled glass door..

MCCALL
Might want to say right there.

Something in McCall's tone makes him hesitate. Then sees the .45 on the counter next to McCall. Stands naked but unafraid before this man.

PUSHKIN
Who are you?

MCCALL
I'm getting asked that a lot lately.
(MORE)

MCCALL (CONT'D)
(beat)
I'm the guy you're looking for. The guy who killed your precious Teddy and burned your Boston operations to the ground.

Pushkin stares at McCall. Blood pressure rising.

PUSHKIN
What do you want?

MCCALL
It's what I don't want. I don't want to be looking over my shoulder. Wondering what attack dog you'll send next. Cause guys like you never go away.
(beat)
And that's unacceptable.

PUSHKIN
So you're going to kill me. What's that make you?

No response. Room filling with steam now. McCall's image is getting faint. Pushkin realizes no one's coming to help him...

PUSHKIN (CONT'D)
What do you gain out of killing me, huh?

Beat.

MCCALL
I get to be me.

McCall's image evaporating in the steam until it's gone.

PUSHKIN

Frozen in the steam and water. No way to know if McCall is still here or not. Eyes the Glock.

Pushes open the door and grabs the weapon. Steps onto the tile floor as the steam dissipates.

Sees the room's empty. Then sees the electrical cord on the floor. One end plugged into the socket. The other ends stripped and exposed.

Then feels the water rushing from the shower and over his ankles towards the exposed current...

MCCALL

Coming down the hallway when the LIGHTS FLICKER. HEARS the CRACKLING NOISE. And the faint smell and sound of burning flesh.... No surprise or emotion from him.

McCall calmly moving through the LIVING ROOM. Past the incapacitated GUARDS and out the front door.

EXT. ESTATE

McCall exiting through the front doors. Down the long drive. Snow capped Alps in the distance. Walks to a waiting car and gets in...

INT. TOWN CAR

Susan Plummer sits in the back. Watches McCall hit the stem of his watch. No words. Just silent understanding between them...

PRIVATE JET - MOVING

McCall and Susan side by side. Heading home.

McCall lost in thought out the window.

MCCALL
He asked me what that makes me...

Susan looks at her old friend.

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

INT. HOME MART - MORNING

CLEAN UP CREWS still working as EMPLOYEES drift in. Young Dudes step through.

Looks of surprise at the mess.

YOUNG DUDE 1
What the fuck?

YOUNG DUDE 2
What's this shit?

RALPHIE (OS)
Some bad ass dudes broke in and took a bunch of us hostage.

Young Dude's turning to Ralphie. Entire right side swathed in bandages. Arm in a sling.

RALPHIE (CONT'D)
No one's saying much. Classified or something.

The Young Dudes look at the carnage.

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

Ralphie going back to his post when McCall reports for work.

RALPHIE
Morning, Mr. McCall.

Holds out the Box cutters with the price tag still on it.

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

The look passing between them is understood instantly by both. Our secret will remain so.

McCall takes the cutters and heads down the aisle. Back to work...

EXT. WHARF AREA - NIGHT

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

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

SHOOTING BOOTH

Father and son are back. Trying once again. Father handing over his last dollar only to get the same result.

Kid drops his head. Slinks off to another booth. Father lays down the air rifle when...

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

McCall standing there, hands in his pockets.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Guy’s been here every Saturday for two months. Paid for the sponge ten times over.

BARKER
Who are you? The boardwalk police? Hit all six targets win a sponge guy.
(points to sign)
Or can’t you read.

And there’s that look again.

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

Turns to the father.

MCCALL
This one’s on me.

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

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

Barker stands slack-jawed as McCall grabs the LARGEST Sponge Bob and hands it to the Father.

Places the rifle back onto the Barker.

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Site’s six degrees off to the left. I’d fix that if I were you.

Walks off. Passing the kid, tapping him on the shoulder.

MCCALL (CONT’D)
I think your daddy has something for you.

Kid looks up. Eyes like saucers. Bolts for his father and we can HEAR the squeals of joy as McCall continues off...

Walking unnoticed past a United Nations of faces and families. The Spanish woman fingering her rosary as she watches her daughter fly by on the Tilt-a-Whirl.

Single mom's small son next to her. Playing a Nintendo that probably cost her a months pay.

People trying. All just looking for *fairness*.

MUSIC filters across the night air as McCall disappears into the sea of humanity...

INT. MCCALL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

WE HEAR sounds of life drifting through the open window.

ON SCREEN

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

The words BEATING OUT ACROSS THE PAGE...

IN TROUBLE?

NO WAY OUT?

THE EQUALIZER CAN HELP

MCCALL

Stares at the screen. It's who he is now. And a peace with that.

Finger hits SEND we...

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER - EARLY EVENING

McCall at his back table. Cup of tea. Book 94 open. "The Invisible Man" by Ralph Ellison.

And WE HOLD on this IMAGE for a few beats. Because it feels right and... *just*.

WE HEAR the faint DING of McCall's CELL. Fishes it out and opens the email.

VOICE (OS)
I read your ad and I am taking a chance you are real. I am desperate.

SQUEALING TIRES OF A 757 HITTING THE RUNWAY...

VOICE (OS)
My daughter is in danger. The police cannot help. Please. If you're out there...

INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TERMINAL

DOORS to CUSTOMS sliding open as McCall walks through them shouldering his bag.

Sign above the doors says: WELCOME TO BRUSSELS

EXT. BRUSSEL'S AIRPORT

McCall stepping out and walking to the curb. Hails a taxi.

VOICE (OS)
I have no hope. Nowhere else to turn.

As the TAXI pulls curb side McCall slips a pair of SUNGLASSES on and WE GO TO...

BLACK