

KILLER OF KILLERS

WRITTEN
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ACTION

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IN BLACK: / AUDIO CUE:

Sounds of slicing and brutal punches.

FLASH:

A Japanese Samurai takes a furious Kick to the face.

JERICHO (V.O.)
Assassins. Hit-men.

FLASH:

A Sword cleaves the air, slicing an unidentified man's torso.

JERICHO (V.O.)
Mercenaries. Bounty Hunters.

FLASH:

Two vicious elbows to the Samurai's face. Blood spews.

JERICHO (V.O.)
Slayers. Killers.

FLASH:

A Slash across the Unidentified man's cheek.

JERICHO (V.O.)
Cleaners. Purifiers. It's all the
same too me.

WHITE FLASH:

EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS - CEMETERY - DAY.

Graves are neatly aligned.

Well groomed grass. An unidentified, lone, hooded figure, sits with his back against a headstone, holding a suppressor in one hand.

JERICHO (V.O.)
I find myself visiting this place
quite often. Some say it's morbid,
I say it's retribution for all the
lives I've taken.

He looks to the left of him at one grave, then right.

JERICHO (V.O.)

There's only two laws in the universe which we understand. You reap what you sow. And the other one, we know all too well. That's right, say it with me. What goes around, comes around.

The unidentified, hooded figure, gets up, puts the Suppressor in his waistband and makes his way down one of the isles.

He stops periodically at each grave.

JERICHO (V.O.)

The one thing the universe doesn't tell you, is when you reap what you sow, it doesn't always mean you get exactly what you have sown. Which is why as an assassin, a living death, is far worse than death itself.

The unidentified, hood figure, looks toward the Austin Texas City-scape.

WARP ZOOM TO A SKYSCRAPER a.k.a THE TOWER.

EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS - SKYSCRAPER - THE TOWER - SAME DAY.

An Architectural achievement.

WARP ZOOM CONTINUES THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE SKYSCRAPER.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - THE TOWER - HALLWAY - SAME.

Semi crowded with Employees. We follow a pair of well toned, legs in heels. We follow them until we reach a door which says----CONFERENCE ROOM.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME.

The door opens to reveal a Secretary. A beautiful, full-figured, woman, garbed in a charcoal grey, business skirt outfit, with a handful of Dossiers. She has a small tattoo of a Black Widow between her thumb and pointing-finger.

DOSSIER: briefing papers based on an Individual of interest in police, intelligence or Assassin circles.

She immediately greets a lanky, well dressed man in spectacles, who is flanked by two female bodyguards. Another Bodyguard, blends in with the shadows.

JERICHO (V.O.)

***In this world there is always
someone who can match you skill for
skill but in our world there is
only one who can match everyone
skill for skill and we call him the
ghost or shadow master.***

INSERT TITLE CARD

THE GHOST - SHADOW-MASTER.

JERICHO (V.O.)

**He looks like a model for a Versace
add or Giorgio Armani but trust me
those chiseled looks will carve out
your very DNA and sell it on the
black market.**

EXT. MODEL PHOTO SHOOT - SET.

The Ghost is doing random modeling poses as camera flashes exploded everywhere.

BACK IN SCENE:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME.

The well dressed man motions for the Secretary to place the Dossiers down on the table in front of each person.

Afterwards, the well dressed man, takes his place at the head of a large, executive Conference table while his bodyguards continue to flank him.

We notice the Ghost's eyes continually scanning the room at a rapid pace as he watched everyone's movements. His hands twitch as if copying everything everyone is doing.

The secretary stands off to the side and takes notes. She casually looks over at the Ghost and offers up a slight smile. Without even acknowledging her smile, the Ghost offers up the same smile right back at her.

JERICHO (V.O.)

But as for myself, the only difference between me and the other killers and so called assassins is, does a conscious lie underneath all that intricate, dexterity of coolness.

At the executive, conference table, sit various men of international heritage. From traditional Japanese Samurai to fierce Russian and Taiwanese Assassins.

IT'S A VISUALLY ECLECTIC GROUP OF KILLERS.

In the center of the Executive, conference table, is a 3ft, holographic image of **JERICHO**, (30's), physically fit, Asian-African-American male, with a stoic and intense demeanor.

Also around the table, are Apple I-PAD, tablets with the Corporations Insignia on them. Each one lays on the table in front of the Assassins, along with the Dossiers on Jericho.

The lanky, well dressed man, stands up and casually makes his way around the room.

WELL DRESSED MAN

I will not bore you with the details of introduction for you all know what you are here for. As you are well aware of, the holographic image of the individual you see before you, is Jericho.

The well dressed man, reaches over and spins Jericho's image.

WELL DRESSED MAN (CONT'D)

Not only is he one of our elite, he is also a direct threat to the central nervous center of the Corporation's core. He contains intricate information and detailed secrets which our employer and your benefactor deems detrimental.

The Secretary pours the well dressed man a cup of coffee and hands it to him.

WELL DRESSED MAN (CONT'D)

Now in front of you, are the basic necessities which are needed to complete the final transaction of the one-hundred million dollar bounty to your bank account upon the impending news of the said's demise. First. To the right of you, is a platinum card containing a four digit code.

The well dressed man walks back over to his chair and takes a seat.