

THE KILLING LOTTERY: CHANGE

EPISODE ONE

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. THERMOSPHERE - BOUNDARY OF SPACE (KÁRMÁN LINE)

Fifty-five miles high above the blue planet --

an INTERCONTINENTAL MISSILE boosts upwards.

It tilts a bit, enters microgravity where the launch vehicle drops off, reenters and burns up.

The shrouded, arrow-shaped warhead weightlessly coasts out of earth's atmosphere.

Jet engines stabilize the warhead and thrust it into a horizontal trajectory along planet earth.

NOT FAR AWAY

A SATELLITE curving through darkness becomes aware of the gatecrasher, moves a steel flap.

JASPER KIDD (V.O.)  
It's the year 2025 and the world  
holds its breath.

The satellite fires a green laser beam which slightly misses the warhead.

EXT. SEA BASED RADAR PLATFORM - OCEAN - DAY

A six-legged steel giant floats on the open sea.

The beating heart of the platform is a white inflatable radar dome surrounded by antennas, satellite dishes, and several smaller domes.

SCIENTISTS and SOLDIERS, engineering and patrolling on deck, abandon any thought -- as the RED ALERT wails.

EXT. MISSILE LAUNCH FACILITY - DESERT - DAY

A sliding roof opens a cylindrical underground silo.

The metallic body of a fifty feet interceptor missile glitters in the sunlight.

JASPER KIDD (V.O.)  
Gigantic defense systems once sold  
to us as peacemaking operations  
turned out as a stupid idea.

Spitting fire erupts from the rocket engines.

The missile boosts out of its silo.

JASPER KIDD (V.O.)

After the nuclear powers extended their shields to perfection, it was clear that this is the end of any successful "no first use" strategy. They started to play with their toys and an ultimate state of danger took over humanity.

While the intercontinental missile reenters earth's atmosphere, the interceptor missile dashes the other way till -- they CRASH.

Blue, red, white light diffuses into a beautiful band like Milky Way.

A roaring sends an opposing impression back to the ground.

JASPER KIDD (V.O.)

Thousands of nuclear missiles, thousands of interceptor missiles, space based laser systems ... For a long time it seemed as if we're one step away to solve earth's problems for all times. Sanity prevailed.

INT. UN SECURITY COUNCIL CHAMBER - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The subject of SHIMMERING COLORS recurs in the mural painting of the phoenix rising from its ashes.

Underneath, POLITICIANS debate at the round table.

JASPER KIDD (V.O.)

The big question was: What to do when you couldn't invade a country anymore without fearing to step on someone's toes? Sure, the armies went on vacation for a long time. But still, there's always somebody who has to die -- Who crashed the wrong hedge fund -- Mines in the wrong place at the wrong time.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

An old BUSINESSMAN leaves his opulent dinner at the upper class circle.

The man grabs his forehead, sweating. Stumbles into the  
RESTROOM  
and collapses.

JASPER KIDD (V.O.)  
They usually had to suffer from a  
sudden car accident, food  
intoxication or bullets of course.  
And now... without any spies,  
agencies, special forces.

INT. UN SECURITY COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

The CHINESE raises his hand, the US POLITICIAN follows.  
RUSSIA, GREAT BRITAIN, and FRANCE agree.

JASPER KIDD (V.O.)  
So, they designed a system where  
all the cards are on the table, in  
the truest sense of the word. From  
this time on, an official chess  
game has begun. War has never been  
as fair as in the Killing Lottery.

EXT. TROPICAL LANDSCAPE - DAY

A trail bike tears up a gravel track. Every second whole  
swathes of jungle whoosh past.

The kicked up dust follows at a significant distance,  
because CHRISTINA LAFLEUR, a blonde, reinvents to ride a  
bike as an art.

A peninsula appears on Christina's way to the ocean.

EXT. BOAT BRIDGE - PENINSULA - DAY

JASPER KIDD, 56, lifts up his bucket head. The bald headed  
hulk of a man lazes around in a camping chair with a fishing  
rod next to him.

The ROAR of the motorbike chasing to his fishing spot lets  
him groan:

JASPER  
You have the right to silence.

Jasper casts an eye on Christina: She parks her bike in front of a concrete bunker in the interior region of the small peninsula.

Jasper yawns, stretches his arms, and gets up. He discovers a speeding jet ski on the open sea.

JASPER

The next maniac ... Bremer, is it you, you fuck?

EXT. ON THE OCEAN

NICO BREMER, a gorilla with a flattop haircut and crazy green eyes, rushes on a jet ski toward the peninsula.

He comes near to the boat bridge, and corners sharply.

The jet ski shaves the water like doing a hockey stop.

A perfect bow wave slashes all over Jasper.

He spits water, not amused.

BREMER

I heard you've been talking shit about me from miles away.

At the stern of Bremer's jet ski, a reel motor winds a thin line back; it's something up in the air, truly in the air.

JASPER

Have you forgotten your luggage, idiot?

BREMER

You can't hide your love for me.

FROM ABOVE a foil kite with a load comes down at breakneck speed and knocks Jasper to the ground.

Bremer jumps up at the boat bridge.

He snatches his luggage from Jasper's chest, steps over him...

BREMER

Thanks, Jasper.

... and strolls along the jetty.

Jasper stays buried underneath the nylon fabric of the kite.

JASPER  
You're welcome, Bremer.

He lets his head fall back on the wooden boards.

JASPER  
I hate him. I hate him. Yeah ... I  
hate him.

INT. LODGING - NIGHT

An accommodation furnished in a nautical kind of New England style.

One of the single beds is freshly made and untouched.

On the second bed - Bremer. With outstretched legs, he bounces a tennis ball against the wall keeping one eye on the soccer broadcast on TV.

Jasper comes out of the bathroom. Naked, with a towel around his hips. He grabs a pair of jeans out of the wardrobe, puts it on, and slips into flip flops.

Bremer stops throwing the ball when Jasper starts to rub the towel over his bald head.

BREMER  
There's no water. You still wear  
that flesh-colored bathing cap.

Jasper points to the soccer match on TV.

JASPER  
Do you like that sport?

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

The concrete building, with all those illuminated windows, seems to be converted in a hotel.

Out of a third floor window --

A TV FLIES IN A BIG CURVE AND SHATTERS ON THE GROUND.

INT. CORRIDOR - BUNKER - NIGHT

With his flip flops, a towel over his naked upper body, Jasper strolls along the elongated hallway. He passes lodgings on both sides.

VIPER, a tattooed bull neck with a Mohawk haircut, leans against a door frame.

JASPER

Are you okay, Viper?

Jasper passes by with a high five and a low fist bump.

VIPER

Where are you off to?

JASPER

The bookmaker.

INT. OFFICE - BUNKER - DAY

Antique firearms and stag head trophies on dark wood paneling.

Behind a freestanding desk sits OWEN HARRIS. The old man wears a dark-blue suit, white shirt, and a silver necktie.

He speaks to somebody on the phone:

HARRIS

The target is a certain Hahn Miyamoto ... I'm not allowed to talk about that ... Yes, we got good people involved, a high level of expertise ... Three. A German-Russian, a Canadian female. Last but not least Jasper Kidd. You know him? ... All right, I'll send you the first rates, when the main traders gave me their feedback.

Harris returns the receiver to its cradle. He pushes a button, speaks into an intercom:

HARRIS

Nancy, what's with the traders?

A woman's voice sounds over loudspeakers:

NANCY (O.S.)

I transfer them promptly to your office, Mr. Harris.

On the wall, in Harris viewing direction, a split screen projection appears on a canvas - Ten people, all of different ethnic backgrounds and from different countries.

HARRIS

Ladies and gentlemen, as you all know, operation desert flame starts tomorrow. Later this evening we'll inform the lottery, so that Mr. Miyamoto will be able to place his registered protectors. As the constitution dictates, I have to request you to quote the odds after I present you our mission's team leader.

Harris pushes the intercom:

HARRIS

Would you please bring Mr. Kidd to me?

INT. WAITING ROOM - BUNKER - NIGHT

Jasper, legs crossed; still with flip flops and his muscley bare torso; leafs through a lifestyle magazine.

A door opens.

NANCY, an exuberant redhead, stretches her neck into the waiting room.

NANCY

Mr. Kidd.

Jasper keeps staring into the article:

JASPER

Yah?

Nancy gleams with pleasure.

NANCY

It's rating time.

INT. OWEN HARRIS' OFFICE - BUNKER - DAY

Harris comes near to Jasper.

HARRIS

There's our big warrior!

They shake hands.

A FRENCH WOMAN, from the telephone conference, pipes up:

MADemoisELLE (o. loudspeaker)  
He's old. His skin is wrinkled.

HARRIS  
Since when does the age tell us  
something about a fighter's  
quality, Mademoiselle Richi? Mr.  
Kidd has belonged to my portfolio  
for about five years. We both have  
earned a lot of money.  
Nevertheless, you know... it's  
still a game. Everyone can lose  
everything--

A JAPANESE interrupts:

JAPANESE (loudsp.)  
  
-- Qualifications?

HARRIS  
Marine, counterterrorism force,  
Iraq, Syria, metal of honor. Eight  
lottery missions accomplished. Two  
times his teams have had to flee.  
He has saved every single member.

JASPER  
That's it...?

Jasper walks away. The WEST AFRICAN gentleman intervenes:

WEST AFRICAN (loudsp.)  
Why always flee, Mr. Kidd? In my  
country we say: Money talks,  
bullshit walks. Can you show your  
abilities?

Jasper turns around.

JASPER  
You could bet against the team if  
you want to lose your money.

Harris tries to allay the suspicions by swinging his hands  
downward.

Jasper takes a step to the exit, then he marshes straight to  
the trophy collection. He grabs an antique pistol.

HARRIS  
Not with those, Jasper.

Jasper slightly nods, walks behind Harris' desk.

JASPER

You still have your both ladies  
below here?

He pulls out two short, silver, half-automatic guns.

JASPER

There you are. Loaded?

HARRIS

Would be better, not?

JASPER

So ... You want me to show you a  
trick? A funny little circus act?  
So, watch out. I cross these guns  
and aim at you, all right?

- while he crosses both guns, aims at the split screen  
projection of the traders.

Jasper

SHOOTS

A BARRAGE OF FIRE. Ten shots, five with each weapon.

Some of the traders try hard to recover from a shock.

Out of that, all their projections on the canvas show up a  
hole in the forehead of each single trader's projection.

HARRIS

Was not necessary...

WEST AFRICAN (loudsp.)

What does that mean, Mr. Kidd?

Jasper strolls through the room.

He takes the camera which is supposed to broadcast him and  
Harris' for the telephone conference.

He goes back to Harris and films the traders, so that they  
shall see themselves, their projections on the canvas, and  
of course the bullet holes in all their heads.

Between the traders, all hell breaks loose.

Their shouting voices cross:

VOICES

I'll offer quote three to one. Ten  
millions on mission accomplished.  
Deal in shares! Deal in shares!  
Golden shot bet on Mr. Kidd!

Harris gleams with pleasure, claps on Jasper's shoulder.

Cold as ice Jasper wanders with his flip flops off.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - BUNKER - NIGHT

Christina, Bremer and Jasper sit at a long table. A huge laptop screen is opened in front of them.

On the screen, a full size image of a Chinese man.

On the other side of the table sit Harris and the young, ambitious looking VINCE PESSASDI.

BREMER

A slit eye.

PESSASDI

His name is Hahn Miyamoto.

BREMER

Shit. Those aren't distinguishable.

Christina slaps the notebook lid closed, gazes at Bremer.

CHRISTINA

What's his eye color?

BREMER

Pff. Brown. Just like all of those.

Christina swings open the lid - Miyamoto's eyes are blue.

CHRISTINA

Contact lenses. He's vain, has had  
a facelift. It is easiest to  
recognize him by his hair. This  
rooster-like style from what you  
men believe teases us. No matter  
what he's going to do, his  
hair-ends will be done before.

JASPER

Poor boy. In seven days you're  
dead.

(to Harris)

What has he done?

Pessasdi intervenes:

PESSASDI

As the notary of this drawing I--

JASPER

(sarcastic)

-- Yeah, that's my favorite rule. I  
hope you have a good reason, Mr.  
Harris, because I won't kill  
innocent people ever again.

Christina attentively peruses Jasper's sore point.

BREMER

How many protectors?

HARRIS

Well, it's a small army. Fifteen  
registered protectors.

PESSASDI

Listen, if you spot only a single  
unregistered protector and send us  
an analytic proof...

Christina, Jasper and Bremer quickly walk off with a  
countenance as if they heard Pessasdi's speech a thousand  
times before.

PESSASDI

... China will have to deliver him  
unconditionally by law.

INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

A whipcord smashes into human flesh.

The bloody upper body belongs to a kneeling man with a  
common face. Miyamoto.

Whimpering he gets this merciless whipping.

Welling blood runs down his chest.

CHINESE MAN (O.S.)

(in Chinese)

You wanted to invest our father's inheritance to those pathological American liars. Treacherous bastard.

Whiplash.

Miyamoto trembles. He fights to keep his eyes open.

CHINESE MAN (O.S.)

I'll teach you manners. And then, I'm going to use you... brother. Long enough the world has made a fool of us. The Killing Lottery will perish.

Whiplash.

Miyamoto squints to the side, loses his consciousness.

INT. TRADING FLOOR OF THE KILLING LOTTERY - DAY

Numbers and curves shining in neon light from big screens and monitors.

BOOKMAKERS, TRADERS, BROKERS make their notes. Most stand at counters scattered over the floor like islands.

Some of them talk about stocks and how prices are moving up:

TRADER#1

If he's willing to leave the petrodollar, he must be sure to end up on the market.

TRADER#2

I know, but this Arab, you know, he doesn't care. He got about fifty regular protectors.

TRADER#1

You heard about this Chinese guy? There are rumors.

TRADER#2

Rumors?

TRADER#1

About Harris--

From loudspeakers, a female voice interrupts the talk:

## VOICE

Yesterday there was a tender of the US American bookmaker for a kill. Official target: Hahn Miyamoto. The main traders quoted an opening price of eighty points. Here are the bookmaker's betting odds for the drawing: The tickets are at vertiginous seven to five. The protectors' odds are quoted four to one. Head of the tickets is Jasper Kidd. The determined timeframe is seven days with an option to reduce the timeframe. There'll be a more detailed manual with further statistics soon.

A murmur goes through the crowd.

BROKER#1

Buy! ... Buy tickets!

BROKER#2

Buy two hundred shares! Sell at hundred-twenty for hundred -- At sixty for seventy-five!

A Trader with a cell phone at his ear points to Broker#2.

TRADER

Hundred options!

BROKER#2

Hear you.

The closing bell rings. All the business folks chill out. Beautiful WAITRESSES bring champagne to the trading floor.

## ON THE BALCONY

WAN SON, Asian, leans over the lithic balustrade of the gallery. He scouts the trading floor while whispering into the microphone hanging down from his ear buds:

SON

You heard they trade your death,  
Mr. Miyamoto?

Son listens ... His jaw drops.

He paces back and forth as if he cannot understand the world no more.

SON

What? You want me to bet money  
against you? Why? I don't ... Do  
you want to die? Out of that, it's  
insider trading.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - MIYAMOTO'S MANSION - DAY

Sculptures and paintings as far as the eye can see.

Miyamoto, custom made yellow suit, steps with a headset over  
the shiny marble floor.

MIYAMOTO

Haha. I know it's insider dealing.  
That's what makes it so funny.

...

(rhetoric)

Protectors?

I got my protectors. It's time to  
settle a score with him. I need  
Jasper Kidd.

EXT. BOAT BRIDGE - PENINSULA - DAY

Jasper chills with a can of beer on the jetty.

Christina sits down beside.

CHRISTINA

Where's Bremer?

JASPER

He walks on the sea bed.

CHRISTINA

Is he...?

They exchange a soft glance.

JASPER

No. You don't have to worry. He's  
just a bit... odd. We'll need him.  
For sure. He can walk around on the  
sea bottom or snipe your nostril  
from two hundred yards away. The  
most flexible fighter I've ever  
met.

CRISTINA

How did you get to know?

JASPER

Bremer played for a Russian bookmaker. They manipulated the drawing and he was fed to the wild beasts. When I looked through that violation, there was no way for me to bring this fighter down. I play fair. I had to take him out of that shit, you know. Then Harris has taken him to his file.

Jasper looks into Christina's eyes.

JASPER

So, Christina... You're very smart. Asking stuff -- Poking your nose everywhere? What about you? What's the value which has brought you here?

CHRISTINA

I can read thoughts?

Jasper laughs.

JASPER

Sure, we all can do that.

CHRISTINA

No, I have learned it. I was born dumb. Specialists fixed that when I was nineteen. Now I can articulate every look and every breath I've learned to think of.

JASPER

So, what do I think now?

CHRISTINA

There's a tiny tear film. Deep in your eyes, I see you've lost control, the halt, one day. You've struggled to get it back, but you can't. You gave up on it ... maybe for all times.

JASPER

You said you can tell what people think, not what they are?

While she stands up, she answers:

CHRISTINA

What you thought was: if I'm up to  
figure that out -- your lost.

Jaspers slightly nods.

CHRISTINA

You needn't justify yourself. I  
didn't mean to put you on the spot.

Christina walks off. Jasper responses sulkily to himself:

JASPER

Now I know you're stuff.

Bremer, in the water, comes from below the jetty.

BREMER

Sweetheart took a look into your  
brain.

Jasper scratches his chin.

INT. TRADING FLOOR OF THE KILLING LOTTERY - DAY

The businessmen trade their stocks. They watch up to the  
countdown which ticks away on the big screen.

VOICE (O.S.)

The timeframe of operation desert  
flame has been reduced to four  
days.

A murmur goes through the crowd.

TRADER

Sell for sixty!

They all go wild as in the good old Wall Street times.

VOICE (O.S.)

The drawing starts in five, four,  
three...

INT. AIRPLANE - CABIN - IN FLIGHT - DAY

Jasper sits in a leather chair. His knees shiver. He sips  
from a whiskey glass. Then he drinks it in one gulp.

Christina walks across the cabin, joins the  
COCKPIT

STUART, the pilot, turns around.

STUART

Is he fine?

CHRISTINA

It's a mixture of puke and whiskey  
at the moment.

Bremer lazes in the co-pilot's seat. He lays his feet up  
onto the flight instruments as he would do in a car.

The plane JOLTS -- Christina struggles to remain standing --  
BEEP BEEP -- Warnings howl.

Stuart corrects some controls and switches.

Bremer relaxed looks at his nails, then through the window:  
The airplane reaches dry land.

Stuart and Christina exchange a glance. They both study  
Bremer who really isn't interested about what he has almost  
done. He's in his own world.

INT. MIYAMOTO'S OFFICE - MIYAMOTO'S MANSION - DAY

Miyamoto sits behind a desk. The office appears very  
sterile. This impression is given most by the glass walls,  
close round the spacious office like a cage.

NAGAMOTO comes inside. He wears a tight black coverall.

Miyamoto stops writing.

NAGAMOTO

You wanted to talk to me, boss?!

MIYAMOTO

We receive visitors tomorrow.

NAGAMOTO

All right. What is to be done?

MIYAMOTO

Nothing. You won't talk about to  
anyone. Understood?

NAGAMOTO

Sure, sir.

MIYAMOTO

They'll take some out. But that's not your problem. You'll stay with me, here, and give a warm welcome to our guests.

NAGAMOTO

It's the lottery?

MIYAMOTO

Again. You'll stay here. That's all you have to know.

EXT. STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

LINDA, an attractive businesswoman, slams a car door. She blows a kiss through the open window.

Jasper, younger, 25, catches it from behind the wheel. He waves, turns the radio on, and hits the road.

PULL BACK

Linda walks along the sidewalk and enters the past World Trade Center.

LATER - MANHATTAN (FLASHBACK)

Clouds of dust press through the street canyons of New York City. People run for their lives.

Jasper jumps out of his car. He stares at the storm of destruction coming toward him.

He stands still in opposite to all those peoples, which pass him, screaming, fleeing.

INT. AIRPLANE - CABIN - IN FLIGHT - DAY

Jasper looks as if he's still on Manhattan's streets in the middle of dust and destruction. He drinks.

On the other side, Christina stares into a laptop.

CHRISTINA

Jasper. He reduced the timeframe.  
Four days.

Jasper swallows.

JASPER

Who cares...

Bremer comes from the cockpit.

Bremer

What has he done?

Christina

The bookmaker took his option to reduce the drawing's timeframe. Our odds have gone south. We're living dead.

Jasper sips from his whiskey.

JASPER

That's how it goes? He bangs the market.

CHRISTINA

He's an official. Why should he act like that.

JASPER

Pff. Official. You are, we're all officials. Stop reading the newspaper.

CHRISTINA

I see. You're not on a voluntary base?! He has some leverage against you?!

Contemptuously she stares at Jasper who sees at the ice cubes on the bottom of his drink.

CHRISTINA

(to Bremer)

Did you know he conceals something? -- You do. What's going on with you both?

Jasper gulps the whiskey.

JASPER

I was a death row inmate.

CHRISTINA

Why?

JASPER

I thought you could read my mind,  
Christina?

CHRISTINA

Fuck you. All I know that it's  
connected with your lost. Why?

JASPER

It was... one of these nights. I  
came back from Syria. No killing,  
nothing to do. Back in the States  
I--

CHRISTINA

-- You drunk. And then?

JASPER

There were these guys. Human scum.  
They told about the twin towers --  
that ... conspiracy stuff. They  
made some jokes, scornful laughs. I  
was really drunk.

CHRISTINA

What happened?

SHORT FLASHBACK

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The neon lights of a grubby bar flicker. Two YOUNG MEN fly  
through the entrance door, land on the pavement.

Jasper, a bit younger, staggers out of the bar kicks in  
their ribs.

He kneels between them. Beats a hail of blows down that  
their faces burst asunder.

JASPER (V.O.)

I...

BACK TO SCENE - AIRPLANE

Jasper's eyes are cold as ice while he finishes:

JASPER

... killed them with my fists. I  
think it was wrong. On the other  
side, I don't know.

(MORE)

JASPER (CONT'D)

I don't know anything anymore. I'm a killer. That's the only thing I'm sure about myself.

CHRISTINE

So, you're wife died at 9/11?! And the bookmaker saved you from the death row.

Bremer gives her and Jasper parachutes.

BREMER

It's time!

The loading flap drives open.

CHRISTINA

I'm sorry for you. I'm sorry that you're wife....

Jasper takes her up like a kid. She struggles in the air with the parachute in her hand.

JASPER

I don't mind you think to know what, bitch, but don't talk about my wife and you're sorry about someone you haven't known...

(screams)

You have the parachute?! You have it in your hands? You won't let it fall, right, Christina?! You won't?! Then fly my little bird, fly.

He walks with her to the back of the plane and flings her through the opened flap outside.

Bremer claps on Jaspers shoulder.

BREMER

I think she's going to be angry about you.

They put on the parachutes and jump.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Jasper and Bremer are freefalling. Bremer makes non-stop summersaults while Jasper's just smoothly drifting downward.

EXT. TAKLAMAKAN DESERT - DAY

Jasper and Bremer glide with their opened parachutes above the sand panorama.

Down on the ground a parachute becomes visible.

Bremer points in its direction. They almost shave a dune and land near Christina's parachute.

They get rid of the harnesses, take a look around.

No Christina. Only her outspreaded parachute.

BREMER

Okay. I guess you've killed her.

JASPER

Fuck, where is she?

They examine the area.

BREMER

No footprints.

Bremer recognizes a downward movement of Christina's parachute.

Quicksand.

Jasper and Bremer look at each other,  
dive headlong for Christina's parachute.

The parachute sinks more and more into the ground.

They fight with united forces. Tugging, groaning, sweating,  
driving their boots into the dry sand.

The harness comes forth of the sand.

Christina's hand emerges. Grabbing, moving, alive.

They pull, fight for her life.

JASPER

Common, Bremer! Common, my brother!  
Come!

They scream same time with everything they got-

JASPER AND BREMER

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAhhh!

- and yank her out.

With adrenaline, like on drugs, Bremer runs with the parachute and Christina in tow. He drags her along the desert sand. Then Bremer stops, falls down on his knees.

Christina's sandy face gasps for air. She spits sand, picks it out of her mouth.

Jasper dashes to her, douses her with water.

Christina jumps up. Tackles Jasper. Wrestles him down. She strikes him hard with the flat of the hand. Three times.

She takes a deep breath, slaps him once more.

JASPER

Okay, Okay. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.  
Calm down.

As weak as a kitten, she falls down on him. Jasper strokes her shoulder.

Not far away, Bremer also lies on all fours.

All three knocked out bake in the sun.

EXT. TAKLAMAKAN DESERT - DAY

The team crosses the desert.

Sweat drips off their foreheads. Jasper sees on his watch.

A HUM sounds from above.

There's a white vehicle in the air. A drone.

CHRISTINA

They've found us.

INT. HARRIS' OFFICE - BUNKER - DAY

Harris and Pessasdi take a glass of wine, watch the team's mission on the big screen projection.

Pessasdi takes a joystick control, zooms in.

PESSASDI

Give them the coordinates of the  
safe spot.

Harris takes a tablet-PC from the desktop. It also shows the team walking through the desert.

He touches upon Jasper. Jasper's outlines flash like a link.

HARRIS

Jasper?! I send you the coordinates for the safe spot where you'll find your equipment.

Pessasdi and Harris look at the big screen.

There - Bremer jumps around, lifts up his middle finger toward the drone, while Jasper talks through his headset, transferred over loudspeaker into the office:

JASPER

I hope it's not that far. Fuckin' hot over here ... Mr. Harris, we won't need this drone shit, when we come near to him, you heard me?

EXT. TAKLAMAKAN DESERT

Bremer activates his headset.

BREMER

Why have you shorten the timeframe, Harris?

Jasper and Christina walk on while Bremer points upwards.

BREMER

You piece of shit. If I don't survive this, I'll kill you, son of a bitch. I'll bet my ass you'll drink your pussy red wine with this fucking Pessasdi notary guy. Remember my words: If I won't survive, I'll come to your place. You fucki--

INT. HARRIS' OFFICE - BUNKER

Harris und Pessasdi drink their red wine and watch Bremer jumping around on the sand dunes.

HARRIS

Nico, I'm a responsible bookmaker. We'll earn fame and fortune for America. Don't forget about the money now.

EXT. TAKLAMAKAN DESERT

Bremer jumps onto his head phone.

BREMER

We're as good as dead you fuckin'  
cuntface.

Christina

(shouts)

Bremer! Look sharp!

Bremer runs till he reaches Jasper and Christina. Jasper looks on his watch. Seventy five hours remaining.

He starts jogging. The others follow him.

BREMER

Christina, how does it feel buried  
by sand?

Christina mumbles to herself:

CHRISTINA

With the stupidest assholes of the  
planet...

EXT. SHACK - TAKLAMAKAN DESERT - DAY

SUPER: SAFE SPOT - 70 hours remaining

Bremer cleans a sniper rifle and watches soccer on a small TV. Jasper passes by with a plate, walks outside and steps on the

PORCH

He place the noodle dish next to Christina who smokes and watches into the blood-red sunset.

CHRISTINA

He's right. It's not possible.  
Miyamoto has an army. Not even  
three days left?! This is not  
martial arts, Jasper.

JASPER

Listen. It's not a one-way ticket.  
We'll regard the situation and if  
there's no way, we'll abort the  
mission. We just abort...

CHRISTINA  
 You would abandon? The lost killer  
 Jasper Kidd would give up.

JASPER  
 Yeah, the lost killer Jasper Kidd.  
 In fact I only have that madman in  
 there ... and you.

Christina eats some noodles.

CHRISTINA  
 Is good.

JASPER  
 Why you, Christina?

Christina stirs the fork through her meal.

CHRISTINA  
 Patriotisms.

JASPER  
 (ironic)  
 Yeah, right?

Christina  
 It's that important?

From the inside Bremer screams in German:

BREMER (O.S)  
 Tor!

Jasper rolls his eyes. Christina smiles.

JASPER  
 You like to walk a few steps?

EXT. TAKLAMAKAN DESERT - DAY

Christina wears Jasper's jacket.

JASPER  
 Harris wouldn't send you here  
 because of some cognitive skills.  
 I'm clear about that. So, what is  
 it?

Christina kicks her leg against Jasper's knee, drives it  
 down, and pushes his upper body that the leverage effect  
 lets him fall flat on his back.

Christina  
Close combat.

He fixes his head with her elbow.

JASPER  
Please, don't slap me again.

Christina seizes him by his collar, throws his back of the head into the sand.

She comes nearer to his face.

They cover each other with kisses. Aggressively.

At first Jasper's eyes come across filled with pain - then he lets loose...

EXT. SHACK - TAKLAMAKAN DESERT - DAY

The team wears desert camouflage.

Jasper checks some handguns.

Bremer stows his sniper rifle.

Christina takes a cigarette box out of her backpack.

CHRISTINA  
Give me a minute.

INT. BATHROOM - MIYAMOTO'S MANSION - DAY

Miyamoto lies in the bath tub.

MIYAMOTO  
You make them attack. Thwart an escape. No flight, you hear me?

EXT. BEHIND THE SHACK - TAKLAMAKAN DESERT

Christina holds the cigarette box, it's connected to an in-ear headphone.

CHRISTINA  
I got it. See you there, pa.

Christina takes off the headphone.

She's caught unaware by Bremer who nears from behind -- She slowly pockets the communication system while distracting him, smiling:

CHRISTINA

You alright, Nico? Ready to go?

BREMER

We're waiting. Jasper's quite nervous -- Sixty hours.

CHRISTINA

Yeah, sixty hours. Let's go.

EXT. DESERT SURROUNDINGS OF MIYAMOTO'S MANSION - DAY

Miyamoto's white villa is freestanding in the middle of the Taklamakan desert panorama.

Hundred yards of flat sand, then a belt of sand dunes surrounds the building.

JASPER (V.O)

We won't have a lot of cover. Miyamoto picked this position for a potential drawing. We'll find two snipers, at least, maybe more.

FOUR PROTECTORS with black tight coveralls, machine guns at the ready, patrol around the rectangular shaped building.

At the mansion's doorway further SIX PROTECTORS are positioned. They laugh, smoke, inattentive - and seem to be off their guard.

SAND DUNES

Something sparkles in the sand.

On closer examination, it's Jasper. He observes the area through binoculars. Christina lies close beside.

The radio sounds:

BREMER (O.S.)

You see them?

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS --

In a sand dune, there's a clearly formed slit. It's a shooting slit. TWO SNIPERS chilling inside an emplacement.

JASPER (O.S.)

Yeah.

BREMER (O.S.)

I'll take them out.

JASPER (O.S.)

You won't get them. It's too far.  
What is it? Three hundred?

BREMER (O.S.)

Two nine six. No problem, man.  
That's kindergarten to me.

SAND DUNES

Christina sees through her binoculars. She waits for Jasper's command, visibly wanting him to act and attack.

BREMER (O.S.)

I'll take them out.

JASPER

(into radio)

Negative!

CHRISTINA

Why not?

JASPER

It's all a big fuck.

He takes the radio.

JASPER

(into radio)

Nico?

BREMER (O.S.)

Hear you, Jasper!

JASPER

(into radio)

You see the guys patrolling.  
They're doing their job, right? You  
see the guys at the entrance? Man,  
they know it's there big day,  
they're playing the lottery, right?  
-- These guys look like shit after  
a weekend hangover.

BREMER (O.S.)

Roger so far. Maybe we should just take them out.

CHRISTINA

He's right. It's the perfect time to take them out?

Jasper sees to Christina. He sees to the chilling bunch of Protectors at the mansion's doorway.

Again, he sees into Christina's eyes - in his pupils shimmers and raises a tiny bit of suspicion toward Christina.

JASPER

(into radio)

Why should he offer them on a silver platter?

No response. Jasper activates the radio again:

JASPER

(into radio)

Nico? Come in!

CHRISTINA

He wants to represent strength.

JASPER

No. He's not playing...

He pushes the radio again:

JASPER

(into radio)

Nico? Come in!

BREMER (O.S.)

Understood, Jasper. I think you're right.

Christina rolls her eyes.

CHRISTINA

Jasper. Fifty hours. Times running out. We have to attack.

JASPER

(into radio)

Standby, Nico.

INT. MIYAMATO'S GLASS CAGE OFFICE - DAY

Miyamoto views a flatscreen monitor.

Nagamoto stands by his side.

NAGAMOTO

They don't go into it.

MIYAMOTO

But time is running out for them.  
You have prepared my brother?

NAGAMOTO

Yes, boss.

Miyamoto sees on the screen - how Jasper orders the team's retreat.

MIYAMOTO

I see you tomorrow, Mr. Kidd.

EXT. DUNE VALLEY - TAKLAMAKAN DESERT - NIGHT

A bonfire crackles, lightens the cauldron of sand.

The team lies in front of the fireplace.

BREMER

I've never been camping. Not even  
with my father.

Jasper grabs Bremer's shoulder.

JASPER

Then it's time to make up for it  
... with your killer-friends.

Christina regards their friendly footing. She swallows. Then she gets watery eyes.

CHRISTINA

I almost could have avoided it...

Jasper and Bremer look at her with questioning eyes.

CHRISTINA

I was protector. That's how I met  
my husband -- I was his protector.

EXT. ON THE OPEN SEA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Slightly visible underneath the water surface, a TEAM OF FIVE glides with diving scooters toward the hull of a fifty feet private yacht.

YACHT - ON DECK

Several PROTECTORS sunbathe.

IN THE WATER

The enemies leave their vehicles underwater, like Ninja's they contort their bodies artistically upward the hull, and enter the deck quietly.

Quickly they start to eliminate some chilling Protectors, with masterful precise knife thrusts into the heart.

INT. CABIN - YACHT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Christina, younger, puts on a neoprene suit.

She shouts in direction of the bathroom:

CHRISTINA  
Hurry, honey!

As she checks her neoprene outfit in a mirror, she detects a DARK FIGURE behind her reflection.

She breathes deep. But stays. Calm. And waits.

As the Ninja almost reaches her, she explodes with her close combat techniques - shoulder throw - SMASHES the Ninja into the mirror - CRACK - His neck breaks below her elbow.

The next NINJA jumps into the cabin. Fires karate chops on her. Christina parries the blows with her lower arms.

She gets his aggressions more and more under control, but slips on the mirror glass and falls.

As the Ninja comes near with a dagger,

Christina jumps up from the heap of shards with a free-handed kip up move.

She single handed spins like doing breakdance,  
sweeps the Ninja's legs, same time she grabs a long shard  
from the ground -

and sticks it so powerful through his head that the  
splinters come out of his ear on the other side.

Ji, stands in the bathroom entry in swimming trunks,

CHRISTINA

Honey, they're here. They're coming  
for you.

Ji

This can't be happening. I'm - I'm  
not. The lottery. They haven't  
connected us.

CHRISTINA

There's no time, babe. Take cover,  
I'll--

A bullet hits her shoulder, slams her down.

A red point appears on Ji's temple.

BANG, immediately dead - Ji falls down.

Christina's unconscious. But she breathes.

THROUGH THE BROKEN PORTHOLE - ON DECK

Viper, with his Mohican haircut,

He raises his fists, cheers:

VIPER

I got the fucker. I got him. Ten  
million dollars!

He exchanges high fives with his teammates.

VIPER

That's how I handle this shit.  
Fuck! Straight into the brain, my  
friends. Fuck off your karate  
stuff. You heard me? Haha...

END OF FLASHBACKS

EXT. DUNE VALLEY - TAKLAMAKAN DESERT - NIGHT

Bremer and Jasper watch Christina through the crackling campfire.

JASPER

Your husband was American?

CHRISTINA

Yeah. It was a Chinese team. From a Chinese stock exchange. You see, I'm very open to work on the Asian markets now.

Jasper nods respectfully.

JASPER

Okay ... Okay ... It's a good reason to come here, Christina, for sure. What of a life we're living...?

Christina sees up to the stars.

CHRISTINA

So ... Why shouldn't we attack? Why? Gimme one reason?

She faces away from the boys, lies down. Her eyes show the insecurity about her last words.

JASPER (O.S.)

Okay. Let's do it.

BREMER (O.S.)

Yep. Me think so.

She smiles to herself. Keeps listening to them with wide open eyes...

BREMER (O.S.)

Sleep well, Christina.

JASPER (O.S.)

Good night, Christina.

... their friendly wishes make her smile go away.

EXT. SAND DUNES - TAKLAMAKAN DESERT - DAY

Christina and Jasper lie in same position as the day before.

HUNDRED YARDS AWAY

Bremer sees into the sniper scope

He adjusts his sniper rifle.

THROUGH THE SCOPE

Both Protectors sit in their hidden gun emplacement.

One of them got his rifle in hand, the other one eats chicken out of a cardboard box.

EMPLACEMENT

Protector1 munches his food with chopsticks.

PROTECTOR#1  
How are your kids doing?

As Protector2, with the sniper in hand, turns around to answer his comrade -- HIS HEAD VANISHES FROM NOTICE --

ONLY A GUSH OF BLOOD AND PIECES OF ORGANIC MATTER SWOOSHES FROM HIS THROAT TO THE EMPLACEMENTS REAR WALL.

Protector1 lets the chopsticks fall. He watches his comrade's body, still sitting on the chair.

With open mouth, he watches to the rear wall, where his comrade's head rests as a horrible mural painting.

He burst into shivers.

BANG.

The Protector's lower arm severs from his body.

On the floor, his finger's still close tightly around the food box.

He reaches for the machine gun. One handed he fires, without any control of the gun, into the desert.

EXT. DOORWAY - ENTRANCE OF MIYAMOTO'S MANSION - DAY

Six Protector's become aware of the distanced machine gun fire.

EXT. SAND DUNES

Bremer stares into the scope. He fires a round. After the recoil, he checks the scope again. Nods.

Quickly he starts to disassemble the rifle.

EXT. DOORWAY - ENTRANCE OF MIYAMOTO'S MANSION - DAY

Six protectors cover inside the archway, discuss what to do. One of them takes the command. He points to the sniper emplacement of their dead comrades.

EXT. WEST SIDE OF MIYAMOTO'S MANSION

A guy patrolling gets caught by Christina. She pushes a syringe into his carotid.

In her arms, the man falls down on his knees.

EXT. DOORWAY - ENTRANCE OF MIYAMOTO'S MANSION - DAY

Four Protectors leave the doorway, run into the open space while two of the group stay, knee down and shoot a heavy barrage into the desert.

OPEN TERRAIN

The four Protectors, with their tight dark coveralls, run for their lives toward the sniper emplacement.

As one of them notices the protective fire from behind stops, he turns around.

The Protector sees that Christina approached and now fights his comrades at the doorway.

He shouts at his running comrades.

PROTECTOR

Hey!

One of them stops and turns. They both run back toward the doorway, where Christina already has killed a Protector and fights with the remaining one.

The other two run on toward the sniper emplacement.

Jasper,

who lies in supine position, with the desert camouflage uniform, which makes him not visible to the eye,

LIFTS UP HIS UPPER BODY FROM THE SAND,

and pushes the knives, which he holds in both of his hands, into the running Protector's lower abdomens.

Japer watches Christina's in-fighting against the last Protector.

He shouts for Christina to warn her about the two Protectors running back to the mansion's doorway:

JASPER

Watch out!

DOORWAY - ENTRANCE OF MIYAMOTO'S MANSION

The two Protectors, with outstretched pistols, reach Christina's fistfight from the side.

Christina makes a martial arts throat grab and takes her opponent as a human shield.

The two Protectors look at each other. They shoot. No problem to kill their comrade who trembles in the hail of bullets.

OPEN TERRAIN

Jasper's twenty yards away, sees how Christina lets the dead body fall while the protectors reload.

He knees down breathes deep, Bremer comes at his side.

They shoot -- hit them from this long distance.

DOORWAY

One Protector is dead. The other one's wounded, holding his leg.

Christina clutches his neck, jumps with him under her arm, and bombs his head to the ground.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - MIYAMOTO'S MANSION - DAY

The team enters carefully.

At the end of the long hallway three shooting Protectors run toward them.

Jasper takes out a mine. He shuffles it away. It glides over the shiny marble floor.

BOOM.

The whole entrance hall ruined with one moment. Destroyed. On fire.

JASPER  
Makes fourteen, right?

Bremer goes away, walks to a security set with fire extinguisher, fire alarm system and stuff.

CHRISTINA  
It's almost done.

Bremer puts out some fires with the extinguisher.

CHRISTINA  
Bremer, you don't have to clean up.

Bremer further sprays foam toward the small fire sources.

BREMER  
It's burning, Christina. Fires are dangerous.

JASPER  
Let's finish this thing, Nico.

Bremer put the extinguisher back into its position. He reloads his pistol and nods with a serious smile.

BREMER  
All right.

INT. MIYAMOTO'S OFFICE - MIYAMOTO'S MANSION

SUPER: 36 hours remaining

Jasper winds around the wall into the entry.

His outstretched pistol targets Miyamoto, who sits alone and unarmed behind his glass desk inside his glass cage office.

BUT THIS TIME - THE BACK WALL OF THE GLASS OFFICE, behind Miyamoto's desk IS DARKENED.

Jasper swings the gun barrel "safe and come" toward Bremer and Christina who cover behind him.

He takes the pistol down, relaxes and enters the office.

Bremer and Christina follow.

All three join the glass cage room.

JASPER

Sorry, but this time we're coming for you, Mr. Miyamoto. Don't take it personal.

Miyamoto doesn't react.

Behind them, the glass cage's entrance drives shut.

They realize Miyamoto's almost unconscious, like on medication.

THEN - THE DARKENED BACK WALL, behind Miyamoto's desk, BECOMES TRANSLUCENT

Behind the glass cage --

Behind the translucent wall -

stand Miyamoto and his last protector Nagamoto.

It's clear. Miyamoto has a twin, a brother who's sitting inside the glass cage.

The original Hahn Miyamoto has his hands in his pockets. His voice sounds over loudspeakers into the glass cage:

MIYAMOTO

Don't worry. I don't take it personal. Welcome, Mr. Kidd. Mr. Bremer. I see you've found the way to my beautiful spot at the end of nowhere. Please, take a seat.

The team sits down at the desk in front of Miyamoto's twin. Shocked. They respectfully listen.

MIYAMOTO (loudsp.)

The tide will turn.  
(rhetoric)  
God, how often the tides have turned.

He takes his hands out of his pockets, rubs them.

MIYAMOTO (loudsp.)  
The question is: Will you work  
together with me Jasper?

Jasper's thoughtful brooding. He looks at Bremer.

JASPER  
I think we understood, Hahn? So,  
what's it--

MIYAMOTO (loudsp.)  
-- about? ... It's about finishing  
the Killing Lottery. Humanity has  
to develop once again. It's not  
your fault. Life comes off  
situations. It was Harris who made  
you a killer.

JASPER  
I think, I've decided myself.

MIYAMOTO  
Yeah, that's what makes it so sad.  
The spirit of your politics - To  
make you think you know - To make  
you think you are... right darling.

Christina swallows. Jasper and Bremer understand, look at  
Christina to whom this call was aimed at.

JASPER  
You've betrayed us.

CHRISTINA  
I-I-

MIYAMOTO (loudsp.)  
-- The killing lottery has to  
perish. It's antiquated.

Bremer jumps off his chair, SHOOTS toward Miyamoto behind  
the rear wall. Bulletproof glass.

MIYAMOTO (loudsp.)  
Relax, Mr. Bremer. Just relax. From  
now on I'm going to tell you what  
to do.

(MORE)

MIYAMOTO (CONT'D)

The sooner you understand that, the bigger your chances are to survive this episode. I've heard you're a great fighter ... a bit peculiar, but I guess that comes with the job.

BREMER

I'll get you, Mr. cuntface. Sooner or not sooner.

MIYAMOTO (loudsp.)

I think you'll be thankful after our agreement. You all will be. Not at least my daughter will, right Christina? ... My brother... he began to make deals with you overseas. He attracted my son to act that way. I hate the Killing Lottery since this system has liquidated my son.

JASPER

I think, we've heard another version of this story, not Christina?

CHRISTINA

I'm-I'm sorry. But... You know. It has to end. The killings. Wars. Everything.

JASPER

That wasn't the impression I've had about you while slaying those folks outside.

Miyamoto's twin slowly awakes, moans:

MIYAMOTO'S TWIN

Help. Wa--

MIYAMOTO (loudsp.)

It's a sacrifice. Simple as it is. A sacrifice my brother will learn to make now, too.

Miyamoto's twin's head falls to the side. He tries hard to keep his eyes open.

MIYAMOTO (loudsp.)  
 I respect you, Mr. Kidd. But, this  
 time you indeed have a problem.  
 You'll go online, you'll shoot me,  
 who sits in front of you, and  
 you'll report the kill and announce  
 me dead.

MIYAMOTO'S TWIN  
 Help. Please, help--

BREMER  
 Fine. But, he hasn't been  
 designated for the drawing.

JASPER  
 So, you want us to manipulate the  
 drawing?

MIYAMOTO (loudsp.)  
 That's already done. I've bet a  
 mountain of money on my demise. My  
 stepdaughter has brought you here  
 dutifully. And you'll finish the  
 mission. You'll kill him.

Jasper jumps up.

JASPER  
 Fuck you. I won't do it. I won't  
 kill innocents again.

MIYAMOTO  
 Jasper, you hadn't. You never  
 killed innocent people--

CHRISTINA  
 -- Truth is -- Not till you joined  
 the lottery. It was... they fooled  
 you. It was a deception. The both  
 guys you think you've killed with  
 your hands. They're alive.

JASPER  
 No. I was finally convicted. I sat  
 in the gas chamber.

INT. GAS CHAMBER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Jasper is strapped into the chair.

The curtain opens. Behind the glass, no single witness in  
 the seating area.

From the side, Harris, wears a gray smoking, steps in front of the window pane.

From a tank beneath the chair, slightly visible hydrogen cyanide streams upwards.

Harris places two sheets at the window pane.

Left reads: DIE

Right reads: KILL

Jasper holds his breath. His eyeballs pulse.

Then he calms.

He nods with his fixed head to the right - KILL.

Harris smiles.

BACKT TO SCENE - GLASS OFFICE

Jasper nods his head.

JASPER

It's a nice thought I haven't  
killed them, but believe me it was  
real, the murder, you know...

He walks toward the back glass wall, steps one step toward Miyamoto.

JASPER

The cyanide, I know how it smells.  
It was--

MIYAMOTO (loudsp.)

--Frightened I know. Don't you  
understand, Jasper. He needed this  
extreme moment. That way he could  
win one of the best soldiers on  
planet earth for his ruthless  
games. It was a theatrical  
performance. An amazing staging  
which won over your absolute trust  
in him.

JASPER

You can't prove that.

MIYAMOTO (loudsp.)

I can Jasper ... I can. You know  
them?

Two GUYS WITH COWBOY HATS step next to Miyamoto and Nagamoto.

Jasper lays his hands against the glass wall, mouth open.

He nods.

JASPER

Yeah. I can't believe you're alive.

Miyamoto turns to the guys.

MIYAMOTO (loudsp.)

Now say sorry to, Mr. Kidd.

GUYS

We're sorry, Mr. Kidd--

Nagamoto sweeps away their hats.

GUYS

We were disrespectful toward the people who died in the terror attacks.

JASPER

Okay, guys. We were just drunk and I'm sorry that I've almost killed you, Okay?!

They respectful nod.

Nagamoto gives them a sign "leave". They do so.

MIYAMOTO (loudsp.)

We want to change the world;  
Jasper. We want to change the system. We need to step away from murder, fear, war.

INT. HARRIS' OFFICE - BUNKER - DAY

Owen Harris phones.

HARRIS

Right... Well, it's a very expensive billiard table...

His tablet PC flickers.

Immediately, he hangs up the phone and takes the tablet PC.

On the white canvas appears a projection of

CHRISTINA'S P.O.V.: Miyamoto's twin sits behind the desk.  
The back wall of the glass cage is darkened again.

CHRISTINA (loudsp.)  
Mr. Harris?

HARRIS (O.S.)  
I hear you, Christina.

CHRISTINA  
We've done it. You see him?

Harris clenches his fist, but he answers drily:

HARRIS  
I see him, Christina.

BIG SCREEN - She shoots three bullets into Miyamoto's twin's chest. She walks toward him. Feels his pulse.

CHRISTINA  
Mr. Harris. I declare the drawing  
to be ended. Thirty-five hours  
remaining.

HARRIS  
Thank you, Christina and  
congratulations of course. See you  
soon.

He disconnects.

THE PROJECTION ON THE CANVAS OF "MIYAMOTO'S" DEAD BODY  
SITTING IN THE CHAIR BEHIND THE DESK SLOWLY TURNS BLACK.

Harris strokes his chin. He smiles, he laughs. He shakes his  
head in disbelief.

HARRIS  
Good job...

He laughs.

HARRIS  
Good job...

FADE OUT.