

THE EQUALIZER

written by
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"The most important human endeavor is the striving for morality in our actions. Our inner balance and even our very existence depend on it. Only morality in our actions can give beauty and dignity to life."

- CHARLES DICKENS

"This isn't your mother's action movie."

- MY MOTHER

FIRST DRAFT
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BLACK.

We hear the sounds of a man STRUGGLING.

VOICE

I have the feeling it's going to get
very dark and moist in there.

FADE IN ON:

ROPES, tying a man's wrists together. Then his feet. A
punch to the gut, he flinches. We see his face, battered
and bruised in pretty brutal ways. This isn't the best time
to be saying hello. Meet RONALD RIFKIN.

RIFKIN

Guys, is this really necessary?

EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT

TWO THUGS throw Rifkin into the trunk of a car. It's parked
on the end of a WATERY DOCK. A man approaches with a gun in
his hand, and he's pissed right off. This is AL DAVIS. He
fixes the gun on Rifkin and waits.

RIFKIN

(beat)

What? What is it?

DAVIS

Anything to say?

RIFKIN

About the fact that I'm in the trunk
of the car, or the fact that I'm
tied up? Or both? I'm guessing it
has to be one of them.

DAVIS

You don't want to apologize?

RIFKIN

About what?

Davis FIRES the gun at the open lid of the trunk.

DAVIS

You know exactly what the fuck I'm
talking about. If you apologize,
I'll think about letting you go.

(beat)

Well, I'll put *some* thought into it.

RIFKIN

Sorry?

DAVIS

No, that doesn't sound too good.

(to THUGS)

Kill the motherfucker.

The two Thugs walk up to the car. With a withering grimace, one of them slams the trunk shut.

RIFKIN

(muffled)

Come on, I said I'm sorry. I used my sincere voice!

Davis FIRES AGAIN, now into the TRUNK itself.

FOUR BULLET HOLES pierce the lid. Smoke rises from the perforations and our hero's in a bad way. The second Thug throws the car into neutral. It begins to drift over the side of the docks.

DAVIS

Make sure he doesn't come up.

Davis turns away and walks into his LUXURY SEDAN. He takes a deep breath and throws the car into drive.

INT. TRUNK OF THE CAR - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Light pours in through the four bullet holes, illuminating our hero as he struggles with the ropes. The problem is, water comes in with it. Fucking physics. He bites at the knots and starts to work through them

Now the water is half way up. It's getting small in here.

RIFKIN

They had to pick a trunk. Of all things. Shoot me in the goddamn desert if you want me dead.

Rifkin finally works off the ropes and rifles through his pockets. He finds a small PERCUSSIVE DEVICE. He hits the BIG RED BUTTON, beep, nothing.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Bullshit.

EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT

The two Thugs share a laugh as bubbles rise up from the water. It's obvious that our hero doesn't have much time.

THUG #1

You think he's dead yet.

THUG #2
 (checks watch)
 It's been like two minutes. He ain't
 Houdini.

The first Thug glances over the top of the dock. The car is barely visible below.

THUG #1
 Yeah. Yeah.
 (beat)
 Who's Houdini?

INT. TRUNK OF THE CAR - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Rifkin pounds frantically on the roof of the trunk, now that it's fully submerged. THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! He needs to get the hell out of there. He finally looks back to the piece of shit device...

RIFKIN
 (through bubbles)
 One more shot.

The damn thing finally works, but a little too well.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)
 SHIT!

The device explodes out, ballooning air into the trunk. Rifkin is forced upward, his back slams through the roof of the trunk and he's free. Only a few feet above we see the rippling water of the docks and two idiots.

EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT

The same two idiots who are amazed to see the huge well of bubbles rising to the top.

THUG #2
 That ain't good, right?

THUG #1
 Yeah, you're a real det --

-- THWICK! A switchblade lands in the eye of the first thug. He tumbles forward into the water, right next to Rifkin.

THUG #2
 You sonuvabitch!

Rifkin pulls the gun off of the tumbling first thug, and opens fire on the other. BLAM! BLAM! Both shots miss. It splinters the wood of the dock, and one of the shards catch the remaining thug in the skull. He falls back, dead.

A second body falls down beside Rifkin. It floats.

EXT. THE DOCKS - LANDING - NIGHT

As Rifkin climbs up the side of the dock, sopping wet. He comes to the top and shakes himself dry.

EXT. STREET BY THE DOCK - NIGHT

The car isn't there. Rifkin paces around looking for it, but he knows he's not going to find it.

RIFKIN

Damn it. I knew I shouldn't have fucked his wife.

INT. ZIGGY'S HOUSE - MORNING

As Rifkin steps inside, past the biggest guard you've ever seen in your life, SIDNEY. He points through the mess, towards the back of the house.

SIDNEY

The Zig's back there, but he ain't too cool with you now.

RIFKIN

You think I'm not used to that? No one's ever cool with me anymore. 'Cept you, because you're cool.

Sidney and Rifkin slap hands, blood brothers.

SIDNEY

You're goddamn right I'm cool.

INT. ZIGGY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Our man Ziggy is a heavily tanned white guy in his thirties, best described as three hundred pounds of ivory pimp. He sits next to an unconscious guy, who's snoring loudly. On the table are various crack-related amenities.

This is a drug haven, and Rifkin is very uncomfortable.

ZIGGY

Yo' the man with no plan walks into my house, must be a cold day.

(beat)

I thought your ass was s'posed to be dead, though? Ron Rifkin, plague of Al Davis. Man, you a mean playa'.

RIFKIN

I don't play. I ball, you know?

ZIGGY

Nah. Y'see, you're thinkin' nineties, bro. We don't ball anymore, we play.

RIFKIN

I've got to start listening to rap music again. I'm so out of touch.

(a thought occurs)

Oh yeah, by the way.

Rifkin produces the small percussive device and pitches it across the room. It smashes a crack pipe and a picture of Ziggy's mother, which is fitting.

ZIGGY

Didn't work, eh? My man Sidney said that it might be twitchy.

RIFKIN

It got me out of a tight spot.

ZIGGY

Then it did the job.

RIFKIN

Speaking of which, I need you to give me the location of Davis. He's gonna to want my head and I'm not really willing to part with it.

(then)

At least not now. Or today. Or any time in the future, for that matter.

ZIGGY

He know you're not dead?

RIFKIN

If he did I wouldn't be here.

ZIGGY

True as shit, Socrates.

Ziggy pulls out a little black book and starts rifling through it. Something suggests that it isn't full of women's numbers.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

Davis has a low profile, he ain't gonna be listed in my white pages. Plus motherfucker's a hermit, he moves around all the damn time.

(beat)

Yeah, so you're fucked on a locale.

Rifkin pulls up a chair next to the unconscious guy, who listlessly tips over and slams on the floor. Rifkin looks down at him, then to Ziggy, as if to suggest something.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

What? He's got back problems, I'm sure he'll wake up fine.

(then)

I'm kinda sure he'll wake up fine.

RIFKIN

What about Scorelli? Could you get me his new address?

ZIGGY

You didn't fuck *his* wife, did you?

RIFKIN

No man, crazy bitches aren't my type.

Ziggy rifles through his white pages again. Nothing.

ZIGGY

I'd rather not do it. He might want to kill ya'.

RIFKIN

Everyone tries to kill me.

ZIGGY

I don't.

RIFKIN

But you still want to.

Another crack head, MOTOWN, steps into the room. He starts going through the cupboards.

MOTOWN

Where's your momma keep the peanut butter, my girl wants some.

ZIGGY

In the pantry, next to the olives.

Motown moves for the basement door. Rifkin stops him.

RIFKIN

Where's Scorelli workin' now?

MOTOWN

You looking for a job?

(he pauses)

I guess not. I think he's at the old tenement he used to own. New base of operations.

RIFKIN

Thanks.

Motown waves his hand around, no problem. Rifkin then turns to Ziggy, who shakes his head.

ZIGGY

That boy is my weakest link, gonna have to cut him off sooner or later.

(MORE)

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

(in all honesty)

Just don't get yourself killed at Scorelli's. The man's dangerous.

RIFKIN

(heads for the door)

I know. Thank you. Just stop giving me your stupid little gadgets.

ZIGGY

(now distant)

Hey, you want some PB and J sandwiches? Motown makes a killer spread, bro.

RIFKIN

No, I'll be fine. But thanks for the offer.

Rifkin exits. The door slams behind him. Suddenly we hear loud thumps coming from upstairs, overtop of the kitchen. A voice bellows out from above:

ZIGGY'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Ziggy, you doing drugs down there?

ZIGGY

No, mama! Now go back to bed!

ZIGGY'S MOTHER (O.S.)

But I need my bed pan changed.

ZIGGY

(yells downstairs)

Motown! Mama needs a pit stop!

INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY

The most oppressive gray you've ever seen. We find a man there, GEORGIE, whose forty and shows it. He's encircled by bars on every side, sitting on his double-bunk cot. Posters litter the walls, he stares at one. Then another.

Until the sounds of a loud ruckus disturb his solitude.

GEORGIE

What the heck was that?

(looks to top bunk)

Yarkov, you up? Hey! I think they're bringing in some fresh fish.

Georgie stands up to find his cell-mate, YARKOV, passed out with a PLAYBOY magazine on his chest.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

Hey, that's mine.

Georgie snaps away the Playboy and slides it under his bed. In that same space he finds a small hand mirror and walks to the cell door. He adjusts it for the right angle.

THROUGH THE MIRROR, we see two GERMAN MERCENARIES being led to their cell by an overweight PRISON GUARD. They pass the other cells with a certain air of self importance, one that Georgie finds funny as he chuckles at their expressions.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

God, they ain't gonna last a week.

PRISONERS (O.S.)

(in unison)

Bring on the fish! Fresh fish!

(scattered within)

Gonna fry us some salmon! -- Ooh, I betcha they taste real good!

The Guard pushes them through into their cell, alone. They calmly sit down on their cot and wait.

GEORGIE

(to Guard - slyly)

Hey, chief. You gonna go easy on them or can we expect a bathroom shank, the kind you're used to!

Georgie starts laughing to himself until the Guard gives him a fresh WHACK on the wrist. Georgie hisses, recoils his arm and starts rubbing it. The Guard holds up his baton like that impatient teacher we all had in grade school.

PRISON GUARD

Shut the hell up before I shut you up, you know what that means.

Georgie sits down on his cot and looks down.

GEORGIE

How original.

The Guard walks away and the prisoners begin to calm down outside. Finally, there is a bit of silence...

Short of some murmuring. It's odd and conspiratorial. Georgie hears it and moves closer to the wall next to him, where the Aryan Men were placed. He leans in closely, only catching the smallest hints of information.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Oh, Scorelli's gonna love this.

EXT. REALTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

As LEO SCORELLI, who's a snake in a silk suit, steps out of a large CADILLAC.

He's escorted by a tall, trim security guard, LENNY. Scorelli makes eye contact with a man across the street, parked in a BLUE SEDAN. He then heads inside.

INT. REALTOR'S OFFICE - RECEIVING - DAY

Scorelli smiles at his SECRETARY, who hands him a small dossier as he heads into his office.

SECRETARY

Only a few calls this morning, Mr. Scorelli, and some paper work. That weird guy came in and did all the other stuff at like five.

(beat)

Would you like some coffee? I just made a brand new pot.

SCORELLI

No thanks, sweetheart. I'm going to get to work on this stuff now. It might take all day, so no calls.

SECRETARY

(with an airy tone)

What about your tall friend?

SCORELLI

(looks at Lenny)

Him? He drinks when I say he needs to. So don't worry about it.

The Secretary nods and returns to her seat. Scorelli walks into the back room and Lenny follows. The Secretary waits a moment and gets right back to playing Solitaire.

INT. REALTOR'S OFFICE - SCORELLI'S ROOM - DAY

Scorelli throws the dossier onto the desk and adjusts his tie. Lenny walks over to the far corner of the room and starts bumping the wall, looking for something.

SCORELLI

Making faces. Doing the little monkey dance, I can't take it much longer.

LENNY

(tapping the wall)

You'll have to until the Feds stop tracking you... Ah, got it.

A space on the wall begins to open up like a trap door. Actually, it is a trap door. It leads out to an alley behind the office. Scorelli loosens his collar and walks out.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND OFFICE - DAY

Another large Cadillac is parked in the alley. Lenny drops into the driver's seat as Scorelli lets himself into the back. He pulls up a radio while rolling down the window.

SCORELLI
(into radio)
We all clear?

EXT. REALTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

As we find the man in the Blue Sedan. He's looking at a WHITE VAN, where a couple of FEDS are observing the Realtor's office. They sit back and start sipping coffee.

RADIO MAN
(into radio)
Yeah, we're green. I'll tell you if they start moving.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND OFFICE - DAY

Scorelli throws the radio into the seat next to him and finally unbuttons the stuffy dress shirt.

SCORELLI
Thank God. Fuckin' cops.
(to Lenny)
Okay, let's head to the real office.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

A flame burns brightly, cooking some sort of strange white substance. A junkie CHEMIST is overseeing the production. Next to him is another chemist, and another. The entire room is filled with these guys.

The first CHEMIST walks to the doorway, adjusts his small doctor's mask and opens the door.

CHEMIST
We're going to need some more product.

Across the way, in another room, a man runs up with a couple of bags of chemicals. He hands them over as the door down the hallway cracks open. Scorelli and Lenny are there.

SCORELLI
(to Chemist)
Production levels what we expect?
How are things cooking?

CHEMIST
(thumbs up)
A-okay. We've just started the third shipment, so it's all good.

(MORE)

CHEMIST (CONT'D)

Ain't gonna be enough crack pipes in
New York to burn all this shit.

The Chemist shuts the door behind him as Scorelli and Lenny walk past, heading for the real office.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - SCORELLI'S OFFICE - DAY

Scorelli steps inside his much more posh abode. Although a pretty haggard looking fellow is sitting the far corner of the room with a stack of sloppy post-it notes curled up in his hand. This is STEVE.

STEVE

Hey, I kept all your calls. I didn't
date them or time 'em or anything.

Steve stands up and drops the mess into Scorelli's hands.

SCORELLI

You're such a help.

STEVE

You going to lend your brother a few
bucks? I did what you said.

(nothing)

So can I go now?

SCORELLI

Yeah, get the hell out of here.
You're stinking up the place and I
don't want to pay for a cleaner again.

(then)

Lenny's outside, he'll tell you where
to go... Any important calls?

Steve, with the door half open.

STEVE

Yeah, Georgie from prison.

Lenny grabs Steve and pulls him out the door and it shuts tight. Scorelli is left alone in the room, thinking to himself. Somehow that name rings a bell.

SCORELLI

Oh, that Georgie. I'm surprised
he's still around to leave messages..

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

Rifkin looks up at the towering shit hole from the street. He walks to the front door, which falls over as he tries to open it. He shrugs and heads inside.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - SCORELLI'S OFFICE - DAY

Scorelli is sitting back in his desk, legs hanging over the side. He twirls the phone chord in his fingers, waiting.

SCORELLI

Hey, yeah. My buddy, Georgie. I heard you called. What'd you want?

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - PHONE BOOTH - DAY

The Prison Guard oversees Georgie from a distance as he cups his hand over the phone.

GEORGIE

(quietly)

I overheard a little scoop from some guys in the cell next to me. I think you'd be interested in what they had to say.

(beat)

The thing is, it'll come at a price that I know you can easily afford.

SCORELLI

(over phone)

A price, eh? Leo Scorelli loves a man with a price. I'm listening.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

Rifkin comes to the top floor and arrives at the familiar hallway. Lenny is standing at the other end of it, his arms crossed, trying to be intimidating. Strangely, it's actually working pretty well. Not for Rifkin, though.

RIFKIN

Hey, the Lenster. I see you've worked your way into my old job.

Lenny tightens up as Rifkin approaches.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Heck, I can't think you're a better driver than me though. I know I got into a coupla' accidents, but people learned to deal with it.

LENNY

You weren't fired because of that.

RIFKIN

You don't get fired from a crime syndicate. You get excised.

LENNY

Then you sleep with someone's wife.

RIFKIN

How true that is. How 'bout I throw
you one of my old looks?

(beat)

Look, I need to talk with Scorelli.

LENNY

The boss is busy.

RIFKIN

I know. It'll only take a minute.

Rifkin comes toe to toe with Lenny. He looks up at the imposing figure and tries to smile.

LENNY

One word: busy.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - SCORELLI'S OFFICE - DAY

As we find Scorelli passionately stomping around the room, that same old vein popping out of his forehead.

SCORELLI

Just give me the goddamn information.
You know I can't spring you from
jail. What does it have to do with?
Is someone a target? Am I a target?

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Georgie's face is now filled with ego and pleasure.

GEORGIE

I've given you my terms. Spring me
or you're in the dark.

(then)

Go fuck yourself.

Georgie slams the phone in Scorelli's ear and walks away. He's intercepted by the Guard and led back to his cell.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - SCORELLI'S OFFICE - DAY

Scorelli holds the phone a few inches from his face. His eyes are essentially on fire, short of the flames.

SCORELLI

Oh yeah, well fuck you t --

-- CRRRASHHH! The door to the office explodes from its hinges as Rifkin and Lenny fall into the room.

RIFKIN

You stupid prick!

He punches Lenny in the face, right over the eye. It knocks him unconscious.

Scorelli runs to his desk and starts fishing through the drawers for his gun. Rifkin, thinking quickly, draws the gun from Lenny's shoulder holster.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

I just need --

Scorelli draws his gun at the same time as Rifkin. They're caught into a two man stand off.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

-- your help.

Scorelli thinks for a moment and throws the gun down calmly. He slaps his hands together, almost excited.

SCORELLI

Actually, I think I need yours too.
So maybe we can come to some sort of
agreement here.

RIFKIN

Just like that?

SCORELLI

(smiles)
Yeah, exactly like that.

Rifkin slides the gun away into the back of his pants, stands up, and dusts himself off.

RIFKIN

Okay, so what do you need?

INT. HONDA CIVIC - MOVING - DAY

Rifkin throws his arms back behind his head and enjoys the ride, even though he's being a bit of a prick. He leans forward and taps Lenny, who's driving, on the shoulder. That's when we see the black eye he's covering with glasses.

RIFKIN

Sorry about the shiner.

(nothing)

I guess you don't like to talk after
someone kicks your ass.

(again, nothing)

Okay. Fine, I'll just wait for you
to talk. Mr. Up-Tight Fancy Pants.

Rifkin leans back again and waits. Lenny opens his mouth a crack to speak, and Rifkin smiles.

LENNY

You didn't kick my ass.

RIFKIN

Please. You look like a red-headed stepchild who had one too many stepfathers. Bitch, eh?

(beat - then)

It's fine, though. I know you're bigger than me so you thought you'd take me down. Nope. Not flyin'.

Rifkin blows on his fingernails, wipes them on his shirt.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Looks can be deceiving.

LENNY

You want a look? Hmm? You want me to give you a look?

(waits for it)

Look, if you want to settle this I'll park the fucking car and we'll fight on the street corner. I don't give a shit. Right here, right now.

That doesn't seem to "fly" with Rifkin as he simply waves Lenny off, pursing his lips in a casual gesture.

RIFKIN

Nah. I wouldn't want to, uh, have some old lady cleaning blood off the street... Your blood, I mean.

(beat)

Not mine. Because, I don't bleed. A lot. At least I don't think I do.

(thinks a moment)

Do you have any tools in the trunk?

Lenny adjusts the rear-view mirror and fixes it on Rifkin, he raises an eyebrow.

LENNY

Uh... What do you mean?

RIFKIN

Like screwdrivers or something.

(then)

Nothing that requires batteries. Freak show.

LENNY

(slowly turns wheel)

I'm not sure but we can check.

INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY

As we find Georgie's face, wearing a shit eating grin. He whistles, while continuing a jaunty walk along the corridor. He passes by the two Aryan Men in their cell. The looks they throw him are accusing, questioning.

PRISON GUARD (O.S.)
Hop-a-long, smart ass. We don't
need you stirring up trouble.

The Prison Guard bumps him in the back with a baton as they turn the corner, headed outside.

EXT. PRISON YARD - VISITING TRAILERS - DAY

The Prison Guard stops a few feet away from the cheap screen door of the furthest trailer. Georgie stops with him, finally the moment starts to register.

GEORGIE
You'll be out here, right? If I
need help or something?

PRISON GUARD
Of course I will be. I'm like your
little, surly guardian angel.
(beat)
Just get in the damn trailer.

INT. VISITING TRAILER - DAY

Georgie opens the screen door and steps inside. At first it looks like no one is there. What's going on? That is until we find Rifkin in the furthest corner of the trailer, seated in a very uncomfortable chair. Screwdriver in hand.

GEORGIE
Ronnie Rifkin? So Scorelli got the
message? Is he going to...
(sees screwdriver)
Oh, for the love of --

The side of Rifkin's lip curls in a sick smile. He nods.

INT. SCORELLI'S OFFICE - DAY

As Rifkin throws a bloody screwdriver onto Scorelli's desk. He knocks his fist off of the rich oak and grins.

RIFKIN
It wasn't easy, but I got it.

Lenny steps up and butts in.

LENNY
So, Georgie heard that --

RIFKIN
-- excuse me, hello?

LENNY
What?

RIFKIN
I get to tell him!

LENNY
Since when were you the message guy?
I just figured I'd tell Leo.

RIFKIN
After my bust? I suppose you'll take
all of the credit, too?

LENNY
Oh, kiss my dick.

RIFKIN
I would if I could find it.

LENNY
So you've been searching for it?

RIFKIN
Only when you weren't looking.

Scorelli stands up behind his desk and waves his hands around.
He doesn't give a shit for squabbling.

SCORELLI
What is it? What did he know? Get
your head out of each other's asses
and tell me!

LENNY
My head is not up his ass.

RIFKIN
I'm sorry, I'm just arguing the merits
of who gets to tell you what he said.

LENNY
But I'm his security.

RIFKIN
You're also an asshole, Lenny.
(beat)
Speaking of which, I didn't see you
jamming that screwdriver up some
guys ass to get the information.
(Lenny quiets - then)
Good. Now, Leo, apparently two Aryan
pricks were talking about a man named
Patrick Mason. They want him dead.

SCORELLI
(horrified)
No. Did they say when, how?

RIFKIN
Within twelve hours. Who is he?

SCORELLI

He's a legit lawyer. He brokers deals for us under the table.

(then)

He's working a big one for us right now. I can't tell you how important it is that he's okay.

Scorelli returns to his seat, thinking for a moment. Rifkin walks over to the window of the office. He looks down at the rope burns on his wrist, then back to Scorelli...

RIFKIN

Let me do it. Let me protect him for you. In exchange for something.

SCORELLI

Anything. Anything you want.

RIFKIN

For protection from Davis. He wants my head, and you know that.

(then)

If we make that deal, I'll protect Mason with everything I've got. You know I'm good for it.

SCORELLI

You got it. I'll make a few phone calls and keep an eye out for him. But you have someone to pick up at the airport.

RIFKIN

Mason?

SCORELLI

He's arriving as we speak.

RIFKIN

Then we have to move.

SCORELLI

(to Lenny)

You're under his order now, Lenny. Do whatever he says, get whatever he wants. He's your boss.

Rifkin smiles, tilting his head back and forth. He steps up to Lenny and pokes him lightly on the chest.

RIFKIN

You hear that? Let's go get us a car, peon.

Rifkin heads out the door. Lenny gives Scorelli an unhappy glance. He shakes his head and follows Rifkin outside, who continues his funny little walk down the hallway.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY

As vaguely identical suitcases roll past on the conveyor belt. A rather plain but beautiful woman, ELAINE MASON, is watching the bags. She's scanning them for her own, her eyes glazing over from sheer boredom.

ELAINE

I'm sure it's been rerouted to Beirut.

Our average lawyer, a seemingly nice guy steps in beside Elaine. It's her husband PATRICK MASON.

PATRICK

I don't think the flights actually go to Beirut anymore, honey.

He walks off, looking for the bags.

ELAINE

(numbly)

I was just... forget it.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Did we label the bags this time? I can't remember.

ELAINE

Yes. I labelled them, Patrick.

Patrick walks back over to her.

PATRICK

I think I found them. But I'm not sure. Can you check?

Elaine follows him over to the bags. She nods as he gestures for one. He picks it up and turns into the chest of a large, shadowy figure. It's Lenny. Rifkin steps in beside him.

RIFKIN

You Patrick Mason?

PATRICK

Yeah, sure. Who are you?

RIFKIN

Ronald Rifkin, I work for Leo Scorelli, so you know. You and your wife are coming with us.

Rifkin raises his hand to signal a group of SCORELLI'S THUGS to swarm around Mason and take him away.

ELAINE

What's going on?!

A few of the commuters glance over quietly. Rifkin smiles and nods at them, business as usual.

PATRICK

Honey, settle down. We'll be fine.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - PHONE BLOCK - DAY

A mysterious figure is standing amongst a group of large pillars. It's a tall white man named, STARKE. He's observing Rifkin and the others as they escort Mason and his wife to the CADILLAC CONVOY...

STARKE

(into transceiver)

Reinheit, I'm watching them now. A security squad picked them up as they grabbed their bags.

(beat)

Someone slipped the information.

INT. REINHEIT'S HOME - BALCONY - DAY

In the distant LIVING ROOM, someone steps into frame. This is REINHEIT... He is tall, handsome, with long blond hair that's pulled back in a discreet ponytail. He has a RAVEN TATTOO above his right eye.

This man oozes a certain kind of intelligent evil that you can't put your finger on. Merciless. But brilliant.

REINHEIT

(into radio)

Don't follow them, it's much too risky. They can't know we're coming.

STARKE

(over radio)

But we aren't sure of what they know.

REINHEIT

Two of our brothers were arrested in New York yesterday, they might've been interrogated...

STARKE

What should I do?

REINHEIT

Nothing. Let me handle it.

Reinheit closes the radio signal and picks up a cell phone. He makes a phone call...

INT. POSH MANHATTAN CONDOMINIUM - DAY

Where a man stands naked in his living room, overlooking CENTRAL PARK.

He's doing breathing exercises, when the phone suddenly rings. He barely flinches, but gently picks up the phone and answers it. This is ED.

REINHEIT

(over phone)

I have a mission for you.

ED

What are my orders?

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The Cadillac Convoy, consisting of three cars, cuts a fine line through traffic. Headed towards MANHATTAN ISLAND.

INT. CADILLAC CONVOY - LEAD CAR - DAY

Rifkin and Lenny sit across from the Mason couple. Their arms are crossed, trying to be scary again. Elaine is uncomfortable, simply put, and Mason is trying to console her. He's doing a bang up job, but she's rather frantic.

PATRICK

Can you just tell her that you aren't going to hurt her?

(knowing eyes)

Please, Mr. Rifkin?

ELAINE

Who are these people? What do they want with us? Who are you?

Lenny doesn't know how to answer. He bumps Rifkin on the elbow and gestures towards Elaine.

RIFKIN

Ma'am, I work for a man who wishes to speak with your husband.

(unsure)

Trust me, you're in no danger. If you were... You'd be dead.

Elaine bursts into tears and falls into her husbands arms. He shakes his head, out of her sight, and gives Rifkin an "ok" with fingers. Not the best thing to say.

LENNY

Smooth move, Riffy.

Rifkin slaps Lenny on the back of the head.

RIFKIN

Hey. It's Rifkin. Ron. Mr. Rifkin, or nothing. None of this Riffy shit.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - OUTSIDE SCORELLI'S OFFICE - DAY

Rifkin leads Mason past his wife and Lenny, who are staying outside. They walk a few steps ahead, out of earshot.

PATRICK

Thank you for not saying anything.
I don't know how she'd take it.

RIFKIN

She doesn't know about you?

PATRICK

(shakes his head)
She doesn't need to know. You get me? Let's keep it that way.

RIFKIN

Gotcha, slim.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - SCORELLI'S OFFICE - DAY

Patrick walks into the room and is met by the relieved face of Scorelli. The two embrace in a quick, friendly hug. Rifkin smiles too, trying to get some credit. Scorelli simply grapples his shoulder reassuringly.

SCORELLI

Great job, Ron. It's sad we had to lose you before. But...

RIFKIN

Yeah, I know, fate. The whole shebang and everything.

PATRICK

So, what's the problem Leo?

SCORELLI

There's a price on your head with some Germans. Do you know why?

PATRICK

(too quickly)
No. Not at all.

Scorelli looks at Rifkin and tilts his neck to the door. Rifkin holds up his hand, he gets it and steps outside.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - OUTSIDE SCORELLI'S OFFICE - DAY

As Elaine elbows past Lenny to speak with Rifkin. He tries to grab her, but Rifkin signals him to take a few steps back. He walks down to the end of the hallway where he can't do anyone harm. Rifkin steps up to Elaine, smiling.

RIFKIN

I'm sorry about all this. It's just a minor change in plans.

(beat - nothing)

Are you okay? Is something wrong?

ELAINE

(staring)

What do you do for a living?

RIFKIN

I'm in... security. I protect people from guys with guns.

(then)

Sometimes that means I protect myself from guys with guns too. It's not a fun job, to be honest. It can get a little scary. You know?

ELAINE

No. I don't. Scariest thing I've ever seen is myself in the mirror every morning.

RIFKIN

That seems unfair.

Elaine steps in closer, still staring at Rifkin.

ELAINE

Does it?

RIFKIN

I don't know. Why are you looking at me like that? Do I got a booger?

ELAINE

(chuckles)

No. Something else. Something I haven't seen in someone for a while.

RIFKIN

(clears throat)

Who -- uh, ahem. What exactly?

Patrick and Scorelli promptly walk out of the office. They both seem rather calm and collected.

PATRICK

You guys okay?

RIFKIN

Yeah, absolutely fuckin' peachy.

ELAINE

Hey, if you're going to hold me hostage you could at least do me the favor of not swearing.

RIFKIN

Peachy, sir. As you can see.

Scorelli wraps his arm around Patrick and shakes him.

SCORELLI

Just as a safety measure, Mrs. Mason, we're going to hire professionals to protect you and your husband on your visit here. If that's okay?

ELAINE

Sounds fine. How about Mr. Rifkin?

SCORELLI

(slightly puzzled)

Sure, if that's not a problem with your husband.

PATRICK

Doesn't bother me. As long as he'll bring some back up.

LENNY (O.S.)

(in the distance)

I'll be there.

Rifkin throws a thumb over his shoulder in the direction of Lenny and laughs. Ah, those pesky kids.

INT. PRISON HALLWAYS - NIGHT

As an ominous whistle echoes down the corridor. A bemused ORDERLY is eating a bag of chips. He's suddenly, somewhat frighteningly, cut off by a figure. This is ED, now in full view, with his strikingly sharp features.

ORDERLY

Whoa, tryin' to give me a heart attack? Jeez...

Ed smiles as his eyes pierce right through the Orderly.

ED

Hello.

ORDERLY

Hello.

There's a disquieting beat as Ed sizes up the Orderly. They're about the same height, weight, and width.

ED

Could you by any chance tell me where the infirmary is?

ORDERLY

Oh, yeah.
 (points)
 It's right over --

-- URRRGHH! Ed snaps his hand around the Orderly's throat and slams him through the door of a broom closet. The sounds of struggling are minute as the door slams in our face.

ED (O.S.)
 Wow, pretty nifty duds.

Ed steps out of the broom closet wearing the Orderly's uniform. He adjusts the shoulders, it's a little too small.

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Georgie is resting face first on an infirmery bed, his ass heavily bandaged. He heaves and moans as DOCTOR GREEN gives him a small injection in the thigh. He then folds the blanket over Georgie's back and smiles.

DOCTOR GREEN
 Must've been a hell of a conjugal visit. I'm hoping he didn't hurt you too badly.

GEORGIE
 I didn't ask to get reamed.

DOCTOR GREEN
 None of us do.

Doctor Green turns for the doorway and leaves, chucking the needle into the Biohazard waste container. He removes his coat and walks out the door.

GEORGIE
 Hey, at least you're not the one with the bloody asshole.

There's a sudden, quiet flash outside. Georgie leans up out of bed and looks over. The infirmery doors swing open to find Ed, a living nightmare, striding towards him.

ED
 Hey brother, I've been told that you got some snitching to do.

GEORGIE
 What the hell do you mean?

Ed draws a WALTHER P99 from the back of his pants. He cocks it back and smiles, even closer now.

ED
 I really wish I had time to flirt, but I'm on a short schedule.

GEORGIE

Wha --

-- as Ed's gun slams into Georgie's throat. Ed grabs Georgie by the head and cracks his face off of the support bar.

ED

We're on a severe time limit here, so I'm going to be quick and to the point. Frankly, I prefer it that way. It's like sex.

(beat)

But that's not important right now.

GEORGIE

(through gun)

W-gghh-at dugghhh you waggght?

ED

Who did you tell about the attempt on Patrick Mason? I need to know now. Right now, hurry up!

Georgie chokes on the muzzle. Ed pulls the gun out and points it at Georgie's right foot.

ED (CONT'D)

Do you want to limp for the rest of your life? Tell me now.

GEORGIE

You understand if I tell you, I get killed by Scorelli.

Wrong answer. BLAM! The bullet tears through Georgie's foot. He screams, but Ed drives the gun back into his mouth and cranks his head off of the bar again.

ED

Ten fucking seconds.

Across the way, in the adjacent building, an alarm goes off. Ed peers up. Through the windows we see a group of PRISON GUARDS running back and forth, in some sort of hurry.

ED (CONT'D)

You talk and I promise you walk out of this place.

(beat)

Well, you'll hobble. But I'm sure you're willing to deal with that at this point in time.

Ed is even more urgent now. He teases the trigger.

GEORGIE

Rifkin. Ronald Rifkin. He works for Leo Scorelli, they'll have him.

Ed pulls the gun out of Georgie's mouth. He cleans off the muzzle and nods.

ED

Great work.

He shoots Georgie's other foot.

GEORGIE

AHH! FUCK! But you said...

ED

Sue me, you'll roll out of here.

In a flash he runs through the infirmary doors and vanishes down the long corridor...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

As Rifkin looks through the peephole of the hotel room door. Outside we see Lenny, standing guard. He looks back and forth, constantly alert. Rifkin moves back into the room where Patrick is watching television.

RIFKIN

Anything good on?

PATRICK

No... Not really. Y'know, I used to be able to afford better hotel rooms.

RIFKIN

Life not treatin' you so well?

PATRICK

Why do you think I'm here?

RIFKIN

Well, then welcome to the club.

Elaine walks in from the bathroom. She's obviously just done a bit of crying and sits down in the chair at the furthest corner of the room.

ELAINE

I've been thinking, and I really can't put it together.

PATRICK

I told you to stop worrying about it, Elaine.

ELAINE

(to Rifkin)

Why are you keeping us here? You can tell me.

RIFKIN

Ma'am, I can't say anything. I'm just a cog in the big old gear of life. Tick. Tick. Tick.

(beat)

I don't think that made sense.

ELAINE

Is it about that criminal you worked for last year? Is he after you? I need to know.

PATRICK

Why?

ELAINE

Because I'm your wife.

(to Rifkin)

How long are we going to be here? Can you just tell me?

PATRICK

Stop asking him questions!

RIFKIN

This is none of my business, honestly. The cog thing, remember?

Elaine stands up and walks over to Rifkin. She pats him on the chest with her open palm, pushing him back.

ELAINE

I betcha if Patrick wasn't here you'd tell me what was going on.

RIFKIN

Look, lady --

ELAINE

My name is Elaine.

RIFKIN

-- I'm paid to say nothing. I'm content with shutting up.

ELAINE

You're lying to me.

(to Patrick)

I can take *him* lying to me. But you lying to me again? Patrick, please?

Patrick shakes his head and starts clicking through the channels. Lenny steps into the room with a cell phone in his hand, stunned.

LENNY

Did you hear?

RIFKIN

You're supposed to be guarding the door. Get back there.

LENNY

Georgie's been tortured. Some asshole capped those two Germans at the state prison.

ELAINE

Capped? What does that mean?

PATRICK

That means someone shot them.

ELAINE

In a state prison? Is that possible?

RIFKIN

Shooter's gotta have balls of steel.

LENNY

Rifkin, you know what this is. It's like phase two. Those Germans were terrorists. They work for some prick named Reinheit, the real deal. If they got to Georgie...

ELAINE

What the hell is a Reinheit?

LENNY

(points at Patrick)
Now they're after him.

Patrick's face contorts in remorse as Rifkin turns and grabs his shoulders tightly.

RIFKIN

Why do they want you dead? Why would terrorists want to kill you? I know it doesn't involve Scorelli's drug deal. So what the hell is it?

Elaine's eyes widen. Rifkin catches his words and looks down for a moment in regret. He fucked up. She throws her hand over her mouth and begins crying. She then walks over and slaps Patrick hard across the face.

PATRICK

I deserved that.

ELAINE

You're goddamn right you did!

She begins flailing on him with her open hands. He tries to defend himself but can't. She keeps going.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

I knew it! I knew it! All those
late nights! All those lies!

RIFKIN

Come on, lady!

Rifkin gathers Elaine in his arms as she struggles to get free. He throws her into the bathroom, rather roughly. She sits crying in the corner as Rifkin slams the door shut.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Just stay in there.

Rifkin moves back in front of Patrick who's deathly quiet. He's ashamed and heartbroken.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Now, what do they want with you?

LENNY

Didn't you already ask that question?
Look at the guy, he's catatonic.

RIFKIN

I'm not joking! I can't help you
and your wife unless I know!

PATRICK

They want a weapon, a bomb. At least,
well, the designs for a bomb.

RIFKIN

The terrorists?

LENNY

Whoa, this shit is heavy.

RIFKIN

(to Lenny - pissed)

No more color commentary, please?

Lenny steps back to the doorway, pretty pissed. Patrick breathes deeply and stares right into Rifkin's eyes.

PATRICK

I was working on a sale for this new
bomb, an innovative design. Couple
of months into the deal I found out
that terrorists were the buyers.

(beat)

So I backed out. I don't want
people's deaths on my conscience. I
just... It was quiet for a while
but I think... I think things are
starting to get hot again. They're
impatient bastards.

RIFKIN

Oh, no...

Rifkin's phone rings. He picks up to find Scorelli screaming pretty loudly on the other end.

SCORELLI

(over phone)

Did you watch the news?!

RIFKIN

(into phone)

Yes! Yes. Quiet down, holy shit you're going to kill me with that volume... Fuck.

(adjusts the phone)

Yes, I saw it.

SCORELLI

What did Patrick say?

RIFKIN

That... Well, that he knows all about it. I think that's it.

PATRICK

I can make you guys a deal.

SCORELLI

Deal? Did I hear deal?

RIFKIN

Yeah, you heard deal.

(to Patrick)

What deal?

PATRICK

Help me get the bomb. Nothing huge. I have the designs and I know where to find the person who can build it. That's all I need.

(beat)

Do that and I'll broker the deal. I know what it's worth to you guys.

RIFKIN

(to Patrick)

Okay.

(into phone)

Did you hear that?

SCORELLI

Yes! I heard it! That son of a bitch knew all about this.

A long, ponderous BEAT.

RIFKIN

So...

SCORELLI

We're gonna help him. He's a good friend, but make sure this little operation of his is quick and painless.

The phone line cuts off. Rifkin hangs up and looks at Patrick. He nods, it's a done deal.

PATRICK

I'm going to go get some air. I can't handle that woman right now.

Patrick gets up and leaves the room, walking past Lenny, who begins to follow him. The door closes. Rifkin then takes a long hard glance at the closed bathroom door. He slowly walks towards it, and inches it open.

RIFKIN

Hello? Elaine?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

As Elaine sits in the corner, she's stopped crying. No more of that bullshit, she's strong. At least she tries to be. Her eyes lock on Rifkin. At first she's angry, then her eyes begin to well up again as he gets closer.

RIFKIN

I'm sorry. I had to do it. It was...

ELAINE

Your job? I've heard *that* before.

Rifkin kneels down next to her and touches the side of her leg. Her hand falls on top of his, then their eyes meet.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

You're not like him. I can see that.

RIFKIN

I'm just that stuffy shirt who likes to put on a show sometimes. Really, you tap my chest...

(beat)

I'm just a big teddy bear.

ELAINE

What has he got himself into?

RIFKIN

I thought about that myself. Like, knee deep in shit would be a bit of an understatement. Neck deep?

(MORE)

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Maybe neck deep. But, even then,
lady, his whole face is covered...
Truth is, a lot of people want him
dead right now...

ELAINE

You're not going to let that happen,
are you?

RIFKIN

(unsure)

No. I don't...

(collects himself)

No, I'll make sure he'll be okay.
I'm sorry about all of this, though.

ELAINE

(beat)

He's been doing this for years, hasn't
he? Please... tell me the truth.
I've been lied to enough today.

Rifkin nods slowly. Elaine takes in the news and begins to
cry to herself again. She covers up her face. Rifkin leans
in to hug her, but she pulls back. Her eyes meet his again,
and he leans in. Finally she hugs him.

We get the feeling Rifkin hasn't done this before. But that
doesn't change the fact that he likes it a lot...

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Rifkin spins a glass of vodka, he lifts it up and takes a
sip. It goes down smooth, but it's hard to swallow. Lenny
walks in behind him, a worried look on his face. He taps
Rifkin on the shoulder to get his attention.

LENNY

We've got a problem. Security called
in to tell us that someone broke
into the rear of the building.

Rifkin immediately stands up, reaches for his gun.

RIFKIN

Radio the boys upstairs, we'll --

Lenny grabs Rifkin's arm as he draws his gun. He pushes it
back into the holster.

LENNY

They can't see that on camera, come
on. We'll do a lower level check.

INT. REAR HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Rifkin strides into the hallway, Lenny right behind him. The door swings shut in the b.g. REVEALING Al Davis with a gun, fixed directly on Rifkin's head. He whistles. Rifkin turns around and freezes.

DAVIS

Boo, prick.

That's when Lenny smashes him in the chin and presses him up against the hard brick wall.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

This is when I'm supposed to make that speech about the mistake I made leaving you alone that night. How, this time, I'm going to make sure I kill you personally.

(beat)

I guess that's the speech in a nutshell, so I'll skip it.

Davis brings the gun up slowly, Rifkin's eyes almost look as though he'll accept the shot. Then, suddenly, a voice echoes in the back of his mind.

ELAINE (V.O.)

You're not going to let that happen, are you?

RIFKIN

(immediately)

No! No, you don't want to do this to me. I know you don't.

DAVIS

You also know what you did, and you *knew* it would hurt me.

RIFKIN

Sure, I messed up. But you weren't exactly a saint to me either.

(beat)

She didn't love me, man.

DAVIS

You think that makes it better?

RIFKIN

No, but doesn't it soften the blow?

Lenny's confused by the proceedings. He tries to snap the gun away from Davis, who pulls back and shoves him away.

DAVIS

Don't ever grab at me like that.

LENNY

Kill him, man. Do it!

Davis looks at Rifkin, who's not begging. He gives him the first honest look in his life.

RIFKIN

I'm not lying anymore.

Lenny's eyes dance back and forth between Rifkin and Davis.

LENNY

What, you let him off that easy?
Maybe I should've fucked your wife!

Davis points the gun and shoots Lenny, who stumbles back into the wall. In that moment, Rifkin snaps his hand around the barrel of the gun and pulls it away from Davis. He uses the forward momentum to slam Davis into the floor.

RIFKIN

No more fucking around.

Rifkin cocks the gun and points it at Davis.

DAVIS

Well, you earned the right for this.

RIFKIN

I'm better than that now.

DAVIS

You're not going to kill me?

RIFKIN

Try anything like *this* again, and I will.

Rifkin unloads the clip and snaps out the single bullet in the chamber. He scatters the pieces into the hall.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Plus, I have a flight to catch.

EXT. LANDING STRIP - MORNING

As a PRIVATE JET taxis into position, it's stairwell door lowering to the ground. The PILOT strides out and meets SCORELLI, who's standing with RIFKIN and MASON by a limo.

PILOT

Stocked, fueled, and ready sir.

PATRICK

Okay, let's get this over with.

PILOT

(to Scorelli)

Is this one of your assistants? If so, I'd fire his ass. Guy looks like he just got mind raped.

SCORELLI

He's under a lot of stress.

PATRICK

(shakes his head)

I'm sorry, I just checked out when we left the hotel. I'm barely here right now, just ignore me.

PILOT

(jerks a thumb)

Then let's get hiking, boys.

That's when a BLACK CADILLAC pulls up next to the limousine and Elaine steps out with a suitcase. Everyone swivels in an instant, all stunned.

PATRICK

Did I take your razor on accident again? I don't think --

ELAINE

-- I'm going with you both.

Rifkin steps forward, shaking his head.

RIFKIN

No, no no. No chance in hell, sweetie. This is strictly men's business.

Elaine walks up to the airplane stairwell. She looks back at Scorelli who seems to be at a loss.

SCORELLI

I'm not brave enough to tell this woman she can't go. So it's up to you two. It's your plane for now.

Patrick and Rifkin exchange a glance, appraising.

PATRICK

I guess it couldn't hurt. But...

RIFKIN

Are you sure we won't be in any danger? Because I don't want to see her getting into any shit.

PATRICK

We *should* be fine.

RIFKIN
 (turns to Elaine)
 You understand the risk?

Elaine nods. Rifkin throws his hands up in exhaustion.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)
 Fine, fuck it. She wants to go so
 we'll let her go.
 (to Pilot)
 Get her started, but I'm not sure
 where we're headed...?

PATRICK
 It's a convention at Sao Paulo,
 Brazil. Videobrasil. So whatever
 airport you think is closest.

PILOT
 (snaps his fingers)
 Gotcha.

They head up the stairs. Scorelli grabs Rifkin before he
 reaches the landing.

SCORELLI
 I heard about Davis, I know you two
 are back on level ground.
 (beat)
 So why are you still here?

Rifkin looks inside the cabin, to Elaine, then back.

RIFKIN
 Once it's all over, we'll sit down
 and I'll tell you all about it. But
 until then, get the fuck away from
 my plane before I kick you off.

SCORELLI
 (laughs)
 Good luck, brother.

The two share a friendly hug. Scorelli pats his back. When
 in close, Scorelli whispers into Rifkin's ear.

SCORELLI (CONT'D)
 Don't forget, she's married.

RIFKIN
 That never stopped me before.

He pushes Rifkin away and gives a little wink before casually
 jogging down the steps, which begin to rise.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT - DAY

One small blue SMART CAR is parked by the fence. In the distance Scorelli's plane can be seen lifting off. Inside the car we find Ed, and his oafish assistant CAL.

CAL

I can't believe you bought this piece of shit. I swear I could flip it over with one hand if I wanted to.

ED

(impatiently)

Why don't you go out and try?

Cal steps outside and struggles to lift the car up. Ed shakes his head and pulls up a cell phone.

ED (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Reinheit, it's placed. We're tracking them now. Our plane is being fueled.

INSERT - A GPS TRACKER BEEPING underneath Scorelli's plane.

REINHEIT

We can't have any mistakes. You know that, don't you?

ED

All too well, boss.

Ed hangs up the phone. Cal knocks on the window outside.

CAL

Hey. Ed, hey man.

ED

What is it?

CAL

I think I locked myself out.

Ed starts the car and drives off as Cal chases on foot.

CAL (CONT'D)

Hey, no! Come on! I just bought these shoes, I can't have them worn out already... I might get blisters!
(panting)

That's cold man -- real cold...

EXT. SAO PAULO, BRAZIL - ABOVE STREETS - DAY

The city stands warmly in the golden sun, although now it has a more somber feel. Something off, indistinct, maybe even cold despite the weather. We PAN DOWN to pick up...

INT. RENTAL CAR - MOVING - DAY

As Rifkin drives the car, he makes a slow right turn. Patrick is in the passenger seat, while Elaine is sitting cross-armed in the back. They share a cold silence. Rifkin clears his throat and tries to adjust the OnStar system.

COMPUTER VOICE

You have made an incorrect turn.

RIFKIN

What? I took a right, you told me to take a right.

COMPUTER VOICE

Now, take a left at the next stop and go straight for two miles.

Rifkin complies, he makes the left turn and keeps driving.

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)

You have made an incorrect turn.

RIFKIN

What do you mean? Fucking thing.

(turns to Patrick)

Help me out here, I made the right turn didn't I?

PATRICK

It said to go left, though.

RIFKIN

But -- no -- you know what I mean. I made the right left turn, down the right road. Wait... What?

Patrick leans forward and starts tapping the screen. It flickers a few times as Rifkin makes yet another turn. Suddenly the machine starts beeping loudly, Rifkin panics.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Ah! Ah! What the hell is it trying to say? I can't...

(to computer)

Just tell me what you want me to do!

Elaine sits up and leans through the car. She hits two buttons on the screen and sits back. It stops.

COMPUTER VOICE

Make a right turn at the next stop.

Rifkin turns back to Elaine, she nods. He makes the right turn and continues...

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)
 Thank you. Now head straight for a
 total of three miles.

RIFKIN
 (to Elaine)
 Thanks for that.

ELAINE
 No problem.
 (crosses arms)
 This is like a second honeymoon.

Patrick shakes his head and glances outside, itching the
 five o'clock shadow on his chin.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

As Rifkin and the others arrive at the hollowed out factory,
 now standing in for the Videobrasil center.

RIFKIN
 So what is this place exactly?

PATRICK
 It's an art show, essentially. But
 it's electronic art. Very interesting
 stuff if you like that sort of shit.
 (beat)
 I'm not really a big fan.

Elaine walks through them both, directly for the doors.

ELAINE
 I love art, this could be fascinating.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - ENTRANCE - DAY

The vast interior is filled to the brim with various arty
 confections, most of which are abandoned. For the immense
 size, the place is relatively empty. Elaine steps in past
 everyone and looks around. Rifkin and Patrick approach.

RIFKIN
 Okay, so what's the plan?

PATRICK
 The woman we're looking for --

ELAINE
 Woman?

PATRICK
 -- should be by -- Yes, woman -- the
 furthest corner of the building.
 She has a very bizarre art show.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(beat)

Meanwhile, Elaine, we'll have to part ways for a bit. But we'll come find you once we're finished.

ELAINE

So you're going to see a woman?

PATRICK

Rifkin will be with me. Don't act like *that* now.

ELAINE

Like what?

She shakes her head and walks away. Patrick nods.

PATRICK

Well, that was easy.

RIFKIN

You have the designs?

Patrick pulls a small circular tube case from his pocket, he flashes it around. They take a few strides and immediately find their target in the furthest corner. It's an art show titled "The Absence of Light".

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - CORNER DISPLAY - DAY

A woman, ISOBEL RIETTA, steps out from behind the display case and is a sight to behold. Tall, slender, with long blond hair and yet dressed very practically: jeans, t-shirt, and running shoes. She's exotic, with a hint of danger.

PATRICK

Are you the woman I spoke to? My name is Patrick Mason.

(he lends a hand)

I think you know who I am.

Isobel accepts Patrick's hand and shakes it. She then turns to Rifkin, but he's enamored with her and can barely move. She offers a hand, he doesn't budge.

ISOBEL

He a quiet one?

PATRICK

Not most of the time.

Isobel retracts her hand and looks at Patrick.

ISOBEL

Yes, I'm Isobel. You're the one with the designs, aren't you?

Patrick draws the same tube from his pocket. She snaps it out of his hands and stares at it.

PATRICK

We were wondering if you'd like to help us get the bomb parts. You see, there's a price on my head. If I don't get the bomb, it might...

ISOBEL

You want me to help you find the bomb parts? Why, exactly?

PATRICK

To assemble them and sell it.

RIFKIN

Whoa, hey, no dice, Patrick. You didn't say that. What about all the people. You know, bomb plus people equals bad.

PATRICK

But... what else is there?

RIFKIN

We find the parts and destroy it.

ISOBEL

Exactly. Do you understand how powerful this bomb is?

Rifkin takes a look at Isobel's other display, the art one. It's a strange orb hovering in a clear glass container, and it seems completely black. Like a BLACK HOLE.

RIFKIN

I've been kept in the dark on the major details, I'm just security.

ISOBEL

It's called the Slipstream device. What it does, essentially, is creates a small black hole within this orb-like bomb. So, it sucks in any and all things in the surrounding area.

(then)

The major problem is the fact that if you set it off in a room, it destroys the room. Set it off in the desert, and it'll destroy an entire state. It's a perpetuating bomb. A brand new tech.

(beat)

My art display, that small little thing there, is part of the device.

PATRICK
 Jesus, I didn't know that.

ISOBEL
 I'll help you, if we destroy it,
 like your friend said.

Rifkin offers out a hand and smiles.

RIFKIN
 Ronald Rifkin, you can call me Ron.

ISOBEL
 (shakes his hand)
 You already know my name, cutie.

Rifkin lets out a sharp, shrill laugh that causes Patrick to wince. He catches himself and clears his throat.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - LIGHT DISPLAY - DAY

Elaine watches a strange display contently. It is a series of undulating lights. It illuminates her face, as a shadowy figure stands behind her.

VOICE
 (ominous, low)
 It's beautiful isn't it.

ELAINE
 (gasps - laughs)
 Oh, you scared me. God, yeah. I really love it. For some reason it reminds me of a rainbow.

VOICE
 Truthfully it reminds me of an explosion of light, like a supernova. It's beautiful, yet has an air of destruction that makes it even more interesting and intriguing.
 (beat)
 I find many things bare a similarity to that theory.

ELAINE
 Yeah, tell me about it.

The figure steps into the shifting lights. Now we see that it's Ed, a strange little smile on his face.

ED
 Sometimes I think humans are a little like that too. Unexpectedly violent.

Elaine turns around and looks up at Ed, she tries to smile.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - ENTRANCE - DAY

RAPID GUNFIRE breaks up the party as it bursts from the muzzle of an M16, being wielded by Cal. He and THREE THUGS block off all the exits, guns ready. They approach Rifkin, Isobel and Mason after taking care of the last unlocked door.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - CORNER DISPLAY - DAY

Rifkin immediately steps back into the shadows, next to the display, which Isobel is already packing up. She stuffs the designs and the art piece into a BLACK SUITCASE and locks it up tight. Mason takes a few steps forward.

PATRICK

What the hell is going on here?

ED (O.S.)

This is what's going on.

We PAN OVER to find Ed, holding Elaine in his arms, his Walther pointed at her head.

PATRICK

Don't you --

ED

-- hurt her? Please, like I haven't heard that before.

(then)

You know the drill, we're on a short clock right now. I know someone phoned the police, so just tell me where the designs and the part are.

PATRICK

What if we don't agree with you?

Ed teases the trigger by Elaine's head. She heaves in and out. Noticing this, Ed begins to hum quietly into her ear, swaying back and forth.

ED

Shh... Shh... It'll all be okay if hubby decides to play it smart.

RIFKIN

Patrick, don't do anything stupid.

THUG #3

Hey, shut the fuck up, asshole!

The Thug slams Rifkin in the gut with his rifle, sending him gasping to the floor. He cradles his stomach.

RIFKIN

I'm going to remember that.

THUG #3

Bill me.

The weight of the world is now on Patrick's shoulders. He watches as Ed continues to sway with his wife, then back to Rifkin's pleading eyes. Then, finally, to Isobel. Oh shit.

ED

(watches closely)

So she's the one with the package, right? Thanks for that.

Ed raises his gun and shoots Patrick twice in the chest.

ELAINE

No! Patrick!

She tries to loosen from Ed's grip but doesn't budge. He pulls her in tightly and smashes the side of her head with the pistol, she falls to her knees.

ED

Cal, get the package.

Ed fixes his gun on Rifkin, who's seething. Cal takes a few steps forward and gingerly grabs the suitcase away from Isobel, who is frozen in fear.

CAL

Why thank you ma'am, would you like some sort of receipt?

(to Ed)

Okay, so what now?

THUG #3

I say we fuck 'em --

-- K-THUNK! Rifkin's switchblade drops into the Third Thug's shoe. He reaches up, snapping away the M16, and opens fire on Ed and Cal. They make a run for it.

RIFKIN

(to Thug #3)

Consider the bill paid.

BLAM! BLAM! Two shots in the gut, the Third Thug's dead. Rifkin then points back up to the others, who are already only feet away from the entrance. They run out.

ISOBEL

You can't let them get away!

RIFKIN

Lady, I know that by now.

(to Elaine)

Are you okay? Are you hurt?

Rifkin runs to Elaine's side as she cradles Patrick in her arms. He's slipping away, blood flowing quickly.

ELAINE
(to Patrick)
You can't leave me.

RIFKIN
I don't think he's going to...

ELAINE
(to Rifkin - resolutely)
Just go! Get out of here!

Rifkin makes a run for the EXIT.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
(to Patrick)
I'm so sorry, honey. You were so
brave not to tell them. I love you.
I need you to know that.

Patrick's hands tremble, as he reaches up to utter his final words. Elaine starts sobbing uncontrollably, she leans down.

PATRICK
Don't forget me.

ELAINE
I won't. I promise, I won't.

Elaine cries into his bloody shirt as Isobel steps next to them. She looks up to the exit and Rifkin is nearly there...

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

As Ed, Cal, and the two remaining thugs burst from the front doors. They push a group of surprised visitors out of the way, and open fire randomly on the entrance.

CAL
I forget where we parked!

Ed grabs Cal by the collar and turns him towards their CARGO VAN, which is parked only a few feet away.

EXT. CARGO VAN - PARKED - DAY

Cal rips at the door, but two bullets shatter the passenger side window. He flinches, falling to the ground.

The thugs spin and rattle off a few rounds at Rifkin, who's already running at them. Ed taps one of the thugs on the shoulder, a signal for the thug to drop back. He withdraws his gun and heads for the van. Ed fills his place, fires.

ED
Get the shit! Come on!

The thug spins around to the back doors of the van. He flings them open, grabbing two large black cases from inside.

THUG #1
Equipment ready!

ED
Okay, now --

-- FFWITT! The second thug is shot in the leg by one of Rifkin's stray rounds...

THUG #2
ARRGGHH! FUCK!

ED
Shit, go mobile!

Ed stows his gun and lifts the second thug over his shoulder. He turns to Cal, who is searching through the foot well of the van for the keys. He can't find them.

ED (CONT'D)
Cal! We're checking out! GO! GO!

Cal withdraws from the van, somewhat disoriented, to find Ed making a run for the nearby BRAZILIAN WATERWAY.

CAL
Why the hell are we running?

TWO MORE SHOTS explode into the chair over Cal's head.

CAL (CONT'D)
Goddamn it, wait for me!

Cal runs through the interior of the car, falling out of the driver's side, right behind Ed.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

As Rifkin arrives at the Cargo Van. He quickly looks around inside. Where's the suitcase? That's when he finds Ed and the others, leaping over a railing. Rifkin runs to the back of the van to the already open doors.

RIFKIN
Where the fuck is it?!

INSIDE we see a TICKING BOMB... 4 SECONDS...

EXT. WATERWAY DOCKS - DAY

Ed tosses the injured thug into the back of a docked boat. The other thug leaps in as Ed begins to pick at the ignition. Cal, on the other hand, is destroying the other two boats parked directly next to them.

CAL
Setting the timer!

A billowing explosion rings out from the parking lot.

ED
Hurry up, he's on our ass!

Cal sets both timers for fifteen seconds and throws them into the two remaining boats. In one stride he leaps into ED'S BOAT as it revs up and plows through the water, making a sharp turn and zooming off.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

As an astounded crowd begins to gather around the smoldering van. Like most car accidents, or explosions, they can't seem to take their eyes off of it. Or the man who survived the explosion. In the distance, Rifkin comes to his feet.

BY-STANDER
Are you okay?

RIFKIN
(thumbs up)
Perfectly fine.

A BOAT ENGINE ROAR stirs Rifkin from his sarcasm. He runs to the waterway railing and watches Ed drive off.

Rifkin looks to the rest of the dock. He shifts for the remaining boats but they promptly explode, sending his hair back. He makes a sprint for the parking lot and starts ripping on all the car doors. Finally, one of the latches snap open.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)
Figures. Of course this little piece of shit is unlocked and I forgot my goddamn keys.

INT. RENTAL CAR - PARKED - DAY

As Rifkin drops into the driver's seat and flicks out a switchblade. He goes to work on the ignition...

EXT. WATERWAY - DAY

Ed guides the boat along a soft turn, going fast as hell. He looks to the side, where traffic is passing on the road that moves parallel to the waterway.

ED
That's going to be a problem.

CAL
Can you see him?

THUG #1
He's not... NO! There he is!

The first thug points out at the piece of shit junker as it's muffler bellows out exhaust. INSIDE, Rifkin is driving the car. He slams the gas, weaving through traffic, getting closer and closer to the boat.

INT. RENTAL CAR - MOVING - DAY

The patient computer voice announces it's presence, somewhat startling Rifkin as it beeps.

RIFKIN
Holy shit, what?

COMPUTER VOICE
You have made an incorrect turn.

RIFKIN
Just shut the fuck up!

Rifkin draws his gun and shoots the screen. It explodes in a wash of flying plastic. He then turns to fire outside. CLINK! The gun smacks up against the rolled up window.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)
Oh, come on...

He quickly begins to roll it down...

EXT. WATERWAY - DAY

As Ed turns to Cal and gestures towards the black cases.

ED
You know what to do.

Cal slides down to the end of the boat and opens up the first case. Inside is a disassembled FIM 92 STINGER ROCKET LAUNCHER and he begins to snap it together.

CAL
(to first thug)
Give me some slack, this is going to take a few seconds.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Rifkin's assault begins to land, he's aiming directly for the propeller engine.

The first thug jacks another cartridge into his MAC-10, then turns it on Rifkin's car and unloads a cavalcade of lead. He does it all with a sickly grin that'd probably scare the shit out of Rifkin if he wasn't worried about dying...

INT. RENTAL CAR - MOVING - DAY

Three rounds deflect off of the windshield, causing Rifkin to swerve. He ducks as the passenger and rear windows explode from gunfire. Another round blasts a hole through the driver's side door, whizzing past Rifkin's arm.

RIFKIN

You'd think they'd make these damn things bulletproof! Now --

-- But Rifkin's breathless, choked up, asshole puckered. Through the window we see Cal coming to his feet with the fully assembled rocket launcher...

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Hey, no fair!

...and it fires! K-THOOM! Rifkin tries to swerve, but gets caught in between two cars. The rocket ZOOMS at his head, but he guns the gas just in time. It FLIES THROUGH the rear windows, and out the other side, slamming into the rails.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Holy fuck!

BOOM! It explodes, sending a group of cars out in all directions. Rifkin then hisses, feeling the back of his neck. The ROCKET EXHAUST singed him pretty bad.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

You're going to pay for that!

Rifkin leans out of the window and opens fire again. He catches the first thug in the chest. He drops.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's right!

Cal comes to his feet with another rocket loaded.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

What the fuck!?

EXT. WATERWAY - DAY

Cal snaps the mechanism into place and adjusts the target. Now he's aiming for the front of Rifkin's car, not Rifkin himself. This one will land DEAD ON.

ED

Don't miss this time!

CAL

Don't worry about it!

ED
 Fuckin' hit the guy and I'll stop
 worrying, come on!

Ed turns back to the path and notices something: DEAD AHEAD
 the waterway goes into a tunnel that burrows beneath the
 road. They're approaching fast.

ED (CONT'D)
 Wait, don't fire!

CAL
 Wha --

Cal turns, accidentally setting off the rocket. It fires
 into the railway by the road and deflects into the air.

CAL (CONT'D)
 Damn it, I'm sorry!

Ed reaches over and smacks Cal in the back of the head.

CAL (CONT'D)
 Never smack a man with a rocket
 launcher! Are you nuts!?

Ed then points to the oncoming tunnel, which is only feet
 away. They vanish into the darkness below...

INT. RENTAL CAR - MOVING - DAY

As Rifkin hurriedly turns the car onto the freeway over the
 tunnel. A car SQUEALS past him, with someone inside screaming
 at him. He gives a friendly wave and guns it again. Using
 the time wisely, he reloads his gun.

INT. WATERWAY TUNNEL - DAY

The boat engine echoes inside the long tunnel. The light is
 ahead, but hundreds of yards away.

ED
 Come here! Take the wheel!

Cal runs up to Ed's side and steals the controls away from
 him. This gives Ed the opportunity to run and open up the
 second case. INSIDE we see an EXPLOSIVE DRILL CANNON. Ed
 pulls it up and loads the drill into the muzzle.

CAL
 Watch it, that fucker's deadly.

ED
 That's the point, dickhead!

He aims it at the roof of the tunnel and fires...

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

DIRECTLY ABOVE where Ed fired. Rifkin approaches the spot. Until SUDDENLY it EXPLODES OUTWARD like a cement flower. Debris flies away, causing traffic to scatter and crash. Rifkin swerves around the newly created pothole.

RIFKIN

For the love of fuck!

INT. WATERWAY TUNNEL - DAY

Ed starts to volley rounds into the ceiling of the tunnel. One, two, three drills slam into the roof. They land and quickly begin drilling upward. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

While we see the results of the explosions. ENORMOUS potholes are created. One ERUPTS underneath a CARGO TRUCK. It lifts high into the air and starts tumbling down. Rifkin veers the car out of the way, but it's too late.

The rear of the truck tilts over to the side. Rifkin's car draws closer, sure to slam into the back. It comes down overtop of him. SCRREEECHHH! Rifkin makes away with only the roof of the car torn to shreds.

RIFKIN

Thank God... Thank God....

Rifkin's eyes then fix on the end of the freeway, which forks in two directions. DEAD AHEAD is the waterway, the only thing blocking him are those pesky metal rails. Rifkin's eyes become determined. He guns it...

INT. WATERWAY TUNNEL - DAY

Ed throws down the Drill Launcher and turns to see the light at the end of the tunnel. He smiles.

EXT. WATERWAY - DAY

As the boat zooms out from the darkness. While above, Rifkin's car BURSTS THROUGH THE RAILS, headed directly towards Ed's boat. Everyone involved begins to scream. Ed pitches to the side, leaping out of the boat.

BOOM! The two collide. The car cuts clean through the back of the boat, tearing it in half. It spins wildly out of control as the front end continues moving for a few meters. Cal turns back to the wreckage as the boat sinks.

CAL

What the hell just happened?

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Rifkin pulls himself out of the sinking car. He moves too fast, coming only inches away from the propeller still spinning underwater. He turns to dodge it, but finds Ed's fist instead. The two begin to fight underwater.

EXT. WATERWAY - DAY

Cal sees the disturbance beneath the surface and leaps to the rear half of the boat. It begins to tilt over, finally spinning over. Cal is submerged. In return, the propeller comes out into the air... STILL SPINNING...

While Rifkin and Ed finally surface. They hurl a series of fists at each other. Rifkin cracks Ed in the jaw and then turns to grab at the boat. Floating directly next to it is the suitcase with the designs. Rifkin moves for them.

ED

No, not yet asshole!

Ed grabs Rifkin and they roll up onto the belly of the boat. They fight on the slippery surface.

RIFKIN

Stop calling me asshole!

Rifkin grabs Ed by the throat and begins choking him. Ed pulls himself closer and closer to Rifkin's face. He finally comes only a few inches away.

ED

(very deliberately)

Ass... Hole...

Rifkin catches Ed under the chin and sends him across the surface of the belly. He begins sliding across and comes only inches away from the spinning propeller. Ed sits up, ready to pounce again when Rifkin laughs...

RIFKIN

Fuck you!

Ed begins to raise his left hand, to flip Rifkin off.

ED

No, fuck --

SIK! SIK! The propeller blade slices into his arm. Ed grabs the wound and begins screaming. Rifkin pitches down into the water and grabs the suitcase, as Cal rises up.

CAL

Boss!

Rifkin snaps a hold of the suitcase and pulls a gun from the inside of his jacket. He aims it directly at the engine.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Traffic is immediately halted by a large explosion. A BRAZILIAN WOMAN gets out of her car and looks over the rails, but she's startled by a drowned rat. Rifkin pulls himself up over the rails, sopping wet. The woman screams...

BRAZILIAN WOMAN

Oh my God, you survived that? You must be blessed!

RIFKIN

Nope. Just a common thug, ma'am.

Rifkin looks over his shoulder and runs off into the brush next to the freeway. Everyone watches in awe. They then take a peek over into the waterway.

EXT. WATERWAY - DAY

Where Ed and Cal have collected themselves on an exit stairwell that leads up to the road.

CAL

He got it. He got the designs and the device. We're fucked.

Ed starts laughing, making a "tisk tisk" noise with his tongue. He pulls the folded up designs out of his pocket and holds them up.

ED

You're only half right.

(beat)

We'll worry about him later. Let's get the hell out of here.

They stand and head up the stairs.

CAL

You're going to need a bandage.

ED

Thanks for noticing.

EXT. SAO PAULO LANDING STRIP - DAY

The small tracking device beeps on the pavement as Rifkin crushes it with his boot. He looks up and rubs the side of the plane where it was placed...

RIFKIN

Smart bastards.

The Pilot steps out of the plane with a small TRACKING WAND.

PILOT

It doesn't look like anything else was placed on the plane. So I think we're clear for take off.

RIFKIN

All I know is we need to hurry up.
(then)
They should know where we are right now. So get her started.

PILOT

Gotcha.

He heads back inside the plane. Rifkin, on the other hand, walks over to a BLACK LIMOUSINE, parked on the strip. He leans inside, where Elaine is sitting. Her face cold. Rifkin hands her a small envelope.

RIFKIN

Could you take that to Scorelli for me? It's important.
(she grabs it)
Thanks. Once you get back to New York he'll protect you, and do whatever you feel is necessary to make things better.

Elaine reaches up and grabs Rifkin's hand.

ELAINE

Don't go. Don't go with her. Come back with me.

RIFKIN

(a long beat)
When I started this I realized that it wasn't about the mission, or the man. But the woman, you. I came here to protect you, because I felt that's what I needed to do.

ELAINE

Has that changed?

RIFKIN

No. The bomb is a threat to everyone, and... Patrick... Would've wanted me to do this. I'm honoring that.
(beat)
Somehow I feel like I'm making the wrong choice, though.

Elaine leans over and kisses Rifkin gently on the cheek, she wipes tears from her eyes.

ELAINE

You are.

Rifkin pulls out of the window as it rolls up. The limousine then drives off, and he watches it leave.

ISOBEL (O.S.)

If we're going to make it before
Scorelli can convince us of otherwise,
we'd better get moving.

Rifkin turns to Isobel, who is standing in the jet doorway. She waves Rifkin in, smiling a little. He puts on his sunglasses and begins striding toward her.

RIFKIN

So where to now?

ISOBEL

Casablanca.

RIFKIN

(smirks)

I guess that's fitting.

EXT. SKY ABOVE BRAZIL - DAY

As the private jet soars through the air and banks left, heading for its destination...

INT. FACTORY - DAY

A crate is packed, stamped "This Side Up", and loaded into the back of a CUBE TRUCK. Two SHIPPERS walk back and forth, sliding the crates into the truck. It's filled to the brim, so they slam the doors shut.

They go over a SHIPPING MANIFEST, checking off all of the products they've loaded.

SHIPPER #1

I think we've got it all, sir.

They hand it over to Reinheit, who takes a look.

REINHEIT

Absolutely everything I indicated is
in proper storage, correct?

SHIPPER #2

The food, bunks, and enough firepower
to occupy France. Yep, all there.
So if you'll just sign this part...

(indicates line)

...right here, we'll be off.

Reinheit signs the paper and hands it back. The two men get into their truck and leave.

Ed and Cal enter in their place, carrying the designs in a small folder, which he immediately hands over.

Reinheit takes it and studies it, carefully taking in the information. He then looks into the folder for something else...

REINHEIT

Where is it? Where's the part?

ED

There was a complication. Rifkin. He made away with the part and the woman. We have no idea what he plans to do with it.

REINHEIT

I asked a question, and I expect an answer. So, where is it?

ED

Buddy, I just told you.

REINHEIT

Buddy?

Reinheit grabs Cal by the back of his head, sweeps out his knees, and jams a gun down his throat. Cal chokes on the barrel, coughing as it's forced down further. Reinheit stares directly at Ed, his eyes frozen.

REINHEIT (CONT'D)

Do you want him to die? Do you want to have to clean the blood off of this floor? Is that your desire?

ED

No. No! Holy shit, no. Don't shoot the fucking guy for my mistake.

REINHEIT

Oh, so this should be pointed at you? Is that it?

ED

(calmly)

Yes. It should be. I fucked up.

Reinheit draws the gun out of Cal's mouth and helps him to his feet. He pushes him back over to Ed and grins weakly.

CAL

Ech, that tasted like cordite.

REINHEIT

I respect a man who can take the blame for something so... blatant.

ED

What do you want us to do?

REINHEIT

They're assembling the bomb, that much I'm sure of. What you have to do is beat them to the punch. Get the pieces required before they do.

(then)

The rarity of the parts will aid in this venture, quite obviously. The only problem is I know of the location of only one specific part.

ED

And where's that, exactly?

REINHEIT

In Casablanca --

CAL

Cool, like the movie?

REINHEIT

-- with a man named Pierre Robicheaux.

(beat)

Find it before they do. Bring the parts to me. At all costs. If Rifkin gets in your way. Kill him.

(then)

Actually. Kill him if he doesn't too, just for good measure.

EXT. CASABLANCA MARKET - DUSK

As various PAN HANDLERS try to sell fruits, vegetables, old watches, anything of value. A single car cuts through the mess of citizens, it's being driven by Rifkin, with Isobel in the passenger seat.

INT. JUNKER CAR - MOVING - DUSK

Rifkin adjusts the radio, turning it up. Isobel reaches over and turns it down, then smiles at Rifkin.

ISOBEL

So, where are we going to stay?

Hotel? Motel?

(beat)

Single bedroom? It might be better if we pass as a couple. Since we're not going to make much progress on this Pierre character tonight.

Rifkin pulls at his collar, clears his throat.

RIFKIN

You're very *forward*.

ISOBEL

Maybe that's because I like you.

RIFKIN

Although I'm not sure I'm too cool
with the idea of being in a small,
uncomfortable room with you.

ISOBEL

Why's that?

RIFKIN

I may seek to get comfortable.

ISOBEL

The problem being?

Rifkin pulls at his collar harder, and damn near ejects his
throat through his mouth.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

Rifkin accepts a key from the MOTEL CLERK, who smiles and
gives him a little nod outside, where the car is parked.
Isobel waves at them both.

MOTEL CLERK

She's a good catch.

RIFKIN

Huh? Yeah. Sure, that's what I
thought too.

MOTEL CLERK

(winks)

I gave you the sound proof room.

RIFKIN

I appreciate that. I think.

MOTEL CLERK

Betcha you two will be a bunch of
busy little beavers.

RIFKIN

(clicks his tongue)

Definitely, my man.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

As we find Rifkin seated in the furthest corner of the room,
staring out the window. Isobel is resting on the bed in a
silk nightgown, doing a crossword. She looks up at Rifkin
and slides her hand up her legs.

ISOBEL

You sure you're comfy on that little
chair over there?

RIFKIN

Yeah, I think I'm okay.

He leans back and forth in the chair. It creaks loudly and the leg breaks off, he falls hard to the ground.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Well, the floor's nice too.

Isobel throws the crossword onto the nightstand and slides underneath the covers. Rifkin slides off of the chair and sits up against the wall, his back straight.

ISOBEL

Well, if you change your mind I'll be right here. Good night.

RIFKIN

Have a good one, I'll wake you up in the morning.

The bed spread curls around Isobel's warm body, and she makes a pleased moaning sound when she gets cozy. Rifkin panics, pulls out his gun, and starts cleaning it.

EXT. FISHING DOCKS - DAY

A boat, the "Seulement Dans L'eau" tilts back and forth in the rough waters. PIERRE ROBICHEAUX, a short Frenchman in his mid-forties throws a rusty case of gear on board. He walks along beside the boat, untying it from the dock.

RIFKIN (O.S.)

The guy looks really sad. Must've been doing this for years.

We find Rifkin and Isobel, sitting in their parked car in the lot adjacent to the LOCAL MARINA.

INT. JUNKER CAR - DAY

As Rifkin leafs through a few scraps of paper, with messy notes penciled on them. He begins reading:

RIFKIN

According to what Scorelli could scrounge up, Pierre was a family man a few years ago. But they're all dead now...

ISOBEL

Why is Scorelli still helping us? He's lost the investment.

RIFKIN

He's helping us because I asked. Plus, the guy does have a conscience.
(then)
Though, it's hard to spot.

ISOBEL

Okay then. Well, what else do we know about Pierre?

RIFKIN

He was a low level con out of Paris for a few years. He fucked up royally, the Lunard family, a major French player was jammed on a dope deal and Pierre took the fall.

(beat)

So did his family. A wife and three kids. Plus a dog, apparently.

ISOBEL

God...

RIFKIN

Been living here ever since. He was a technologist for the mob, so that explains him having the bomb.

(beat)

But how did you know about it?

ISOBEL

The name was tossed around during the conception of the Slipstream project. He was part of a design team that created the metal orb casing. Knowing he was a shut in, he'd still obviously have it.

Rifkin folds the papers away and stuffs them into his pocket. He turns and smiles at Isobel.

RIFKIN

You're sure of a lot of things.

ISOBEL

You don't seem to be.

That hits Rifkin hard, he turns back to the wheel and stares at Pierre. His little boat starts up and chugs away.

ISOBEL (CONT'D)

So what now?

RIFKIN

We wait, tag him, then steal the orb and destroy it. Pretty simple.

ISOBEL

Until then?

RIFKIN

Like I said, we wait.

Isobel huffs. She pulls the crossword out of the glove compartment and gets to work on it. Rifkin pulls the notes back out and studies them.

EXT. THE OCEAN - DUSK

Pierre's boat hovers ominously in the water, whistling can be heard on board. Pierre tosses a net over the side of the ship and continues working...

EXT. FISHING DOCKS - NIGHT

Pierre throws a used fishnet into the back of his old PICKUP TRUCK. He tosses the old case in with it, then gets into his truck. It drives off, with a familiar car tailing it.

EXT. PIERRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The truck parks in the driveway, Pierre gets out and heads for the door. He opens it and quickly steps inside. He punches a few numbers on a SECURITY TYPEPAD and shuts the door behind him. The lights go on.

Rifkin's junker car pulls up about a block away.

INT. JUNKER CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

As Rifkin carefully studies the house. The typepad, the security lights, and the camera's mounted on the roof. Despite the derelict vibe, it's certainly secure. He lets out an impatient sigh.

RIFKIN

It's locked up heavily. He's got something curious in there.

ISOBEL

(reaching for door)
Do we make our move?

RIFKIN

Before, I thought we'd run a smash and grab. But this is way too risky.

(then)

He's got the place guarded like the White House. We're running a hell of a risk trying to steal it from him. There has to be another way.

ISOBEL

There's nothing. We have no time. Who knows how long it'll take Reinheit's goons to catch on to us. He could be here right now.

Rifkin quickly jerks his head around, looking outside.

RIFKIN

Jesus, don't say that!

(grabs chest)

Freak me the fuck out... He isn't here, is he?

ISOBEL

No. I was just saying...

RIFKIN

Thank God. You had me shitting my pants for a second there.

ISOBEL

He's coming out...

EXT. PIERRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Pierre steps out of his house and squeezes a baseball cap onto his pudgy head. He locks the doors. The lights go out, and he heads down the street to LASZLO'S PUB.

INT. JUNKER CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

Isobel grabs Rifkin's arm, making him doubly nervous.

ISOBEL

We have to go now. We can do it, it'll only take a minute and then we're out of here.

RIFKIN

It's not that simple! Why are you so invested in this anyway?

ISOBEL

(beat - hurt)

Because lives are at stake, Rifkin.

RIFKIN

Would you like your name added to that list?

ISOBEL

Of course not.

RIFKIN

Then give me time to think. I'll speak with the local security company tomorrow. Get Scorelli to pull some strings and we'll get it then.

ISOBEL

Do you promise?

RIFKIN

Yes. I promise.

Rifkin starts the car and drives off.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rifkin is seated in the corner again, the broken chair now haphazardly taped together. He's furiously cleaning the gun while Isobel seems to be showering in the other room. She steps out, towel around her head and waist, and smiles.

ISOBEL

Do I look good?

RIFKIN

You know you do. I don't even know why you ask.

ISOBEL

Maybe I like to hear it from you.

She sits down on the bed and starts to towel her hair, which flows beautifully over her tender shoulders.

RIFKIN

Why do you do this to me?

ISOBEL

(stops toweling)

What? What am I doing?

Isobel turns to Rifkin, and a bit of her towel slips down. She doesn't bother to pull it up.

RIFKIN

You obviously know that you're an attractive woman. I'm just, you know, some guy... Yet you come on to me like I'm a celebrity.

ISOBEL

You saved my life in Brazil. You're helping me with this bomb. Frankly, you've been nicer to me than any boyfriend I might've ever had.

(then)

Unfortunately, I've had quite a few. It's just, we're in Casablanca! It feels so romantic to me.

RIFKIN

We're in a dirt poor motel room in Casablanca on the dime of a known criminal. Hell, I'm a known criminal.

ISOBEL

I thought you said you were security?

RIFKIN

Criminal security. Scorelli, Leo
Scorelli is the head of a crime
syndicate in New York. One of the
biggest. I'm on his payroll.

Isobel adjusts her towel and lies down on the bed.

ISOBEL

You know, saying that isn't doing a
good job of turning me off.

RIFKIN

I'm saying it because it's true.
I'm trying to be honest.

ISOBEL

That's all I've been with you. Now
come here, if you want to.

Rifkin sits in the chair a moment, thinking. Finally he
gets up and sits next to Isobel. She leans up on her elbows
and stares at him.

RIFKIN

You are beautiful.

ISOBEL

Then kiss me.

RIFKIN

I want to, but I can't.

ISOBEL

Why not?

RIFKIN

Because --

-- It's too late. She kisses him. He grabs her back and
pulls her in closely, the moisture absorbing on his shirt.
She falls back to the bed and he goes with her, slowly peeling
the towel off of her. He leans up to speak...

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

You could have any man you want...

ISOBEL

I want you.

He kisses her again, until something strikes him. Rifkin
pulls away from her for a moment. The thought registers.

RIFKIN

You could have any man you want. I
bet you could get someone into bed
in an instant, if you chose to.

ISOBEL

I'm not that kind of girl.

RIFKIN

What if it could get you what you wanted?

ISOBEL

(honestly)

Like you?

RIFKIN

(oblivious)

No, something even better.

INT. LASZLO'S PUB - NIGHT

As Pierre sits quietly at the end of the bar, smoking a cigarette and chewing on peanuts. That's when a set of killer legs slide in next to him. His eyes focus on the feet, slid into high heels. The calves. Amazing. Then further...

ISOBEL

Hey, good lookin'.

She winks and clicks her tongue. Pierre drops his cigarette.

INT. PIERRE'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The door bursts open, Pierre and Isobel fall into the room in a pile. Pierre laughs, quickly recovering and stands up to press a few numbers on the typepad. Isobel watches intently as he returns to the floor to kiss her.

PIERRE

Just making sure we don't get caught by the police.

ISOBEL

They may bring cuffs, it could be interesting. Lock me up.

PIERRE

You like that kind of stuff?

ISOBEL

Only if you do.

Pierre lifts her up and leads her through the house. It's fascinating inside, a house fully wired to a series of computer and metal mould devices. It's like an auto body shop, all condensed into one room.

PIERRE

I have my own private business that I run out of here.

ISOBEL

Really? I thought you were some
sort of professional fisherman.

PIERRE

(slightly surprised)
No, that's just a cover.

Isobel and Pierre continue kissing as he begins to take off
her clothes. A button won't open, so he tears it.

ISOBEL

...so forceful.

Pierre laughs and grabs her waist. He makes a growling sound
as he pushes her into the bedroom. She stands in the doorway
while he catches himself and closes the front door.

PIERRE

(running back)
Don't want anybody hearing us.

EXT. PIERRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rifkin sits in the car across the street. He's on his cell
phone, it's ringing. Someone picks up.

SCORELLI

(over phone)
The bane of my wallet gives me a
phone call in the middle of the night.
Surprise, surprise, sur-fuckin'-prise.

RIFKIN

(into phone)
I need to know about her.

There's a long beat. Scorelli exhales slowly.

SCORELLI

She's not too good. Got back here
yesterday and she's a wreck. We
buried Mason, poor bastard, and now
we're organizing the will.

(beat)

It's not fun. I'm sure you're glad
you aren't here right now.

RIFKIN

I want to be.

SCORELLI

Then come back, you'll save me some
money. But I doubt you'll come.
Since you're all noble now.

(then)

I read your letter.

(MORE)

SCORELLI (CONT'D)

You didn't have to plead, I understand how much this means. It's just, I'm a crook trying to take down a terrorist. It's what happens when bad meets evil.

RIFKIN

Can you tell her that I'm sorry? Or tell her that...

SCORELLI

I'll leave that to you.

RIFKIN

No. Forget about it.

Rifkin glances inside the house. The lights are on and music has been cranked up pretty loudly.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Look, I've got to go. We're close to capping this off.

SCORELLI

Just hurry up. I've heard rumors of that terror cell pooling together its resources recently. Probably to take you down.

RIFKIN

I know. We're not slacking.

SCORELLI

(beat)

I'll keep her safe until you return. Just promise that it'll happen.

RIFKIN

We'll get the bomb.

SCORELLI

No. Promise that you'll get back. I'll miss your ugly mug if you don't.

RIFKIN

I'll be back. I promise.

SCORELLI

Good luck.

RIFKIN

Thanks.

(hangs up)

I'll need it.

INT. PIERRE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pierre and Isobel are nose to nose, sweat pouring off of the both of them. He kisses her forehead, stares into her eyes. She looks back at him with earnestness, but not honesty.

PIERRE

Was it good?

Isobel bites her lip and nods. He rolls off of her, wrapping himself up in the slack of the blanket.

ISOBEL

It was amazing. It really was.

(she grips his arm)

I mean, I've never felt anything...

PIERRE

(waving her off)

Okay, who are you trying to convince?

I get it, it wasn't great. I'm sorry.

ISOBEL

You have to believe in yourself.

She wraps her leg around him underneath the blanket. Oddly, her hand drifts to the side of the bed for a short moment. Before drawing attention, it returns to her side.

ISOBEL (CONT'D)

I believe in you, I mean look at all the technology you have here. All these things, what are they for?

Pierre glances over at her, suspicious. He lets out a quick snort of air and winces, thinking.

ISOBEL (CONT'D)

You're not going to tell me?

PIERRE

I don't have the metal orb you're looking for, Isobel.

ISOBEL

But my name is Cathy, I told you that back at the bar.

PIERRE

Isobel Rietta, you're a technologist from Sao Paulo. I may be a shut in but I'm not an idiot.

The earnest eyes vanish behind Isobel's new facade, anger.

ISOBEL

You knew who I was and you still
went through with it.

(then)

You used me?

PIERRE

I believe you were trying to use me.
So how does it feel?

Click. A cold metal tip hits Pierre in the side. He hisses,
as Isobel slides the .38 S&W NOSE PISTOL out from under the
sheets. She fixes it on his head.

ISOBEL

I'm going to need that orb.

PIERRE

I honestly don't have it.

Isobel cocks the hammer back and pushes the barrel further
into the side of Pierre's skull. She's dead serious.

ISOBEL

I'm going to count to three.

EXT. PIERRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As we find Rifkin humming to himself in the car, listening
to the radio and patting his knees.

RIFKIN

(singing along)

I'm pickin' up good vibrations...

She's givin' me excitations...

BLAM! BLAM! Two flashes erupt from inside the house. Rifkin
freezes, staring at the windows. He scans the outside of
the house and sees nothing. BLAM! A third shot. He bursts
from the car, headed for the front door.

INT. PIERRE'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The door splinters off the hinges. Rifkin jumps over the
tumbling door and falls into the house. A loud scream pitches
from the bedroom, and Rifkin gets to his feet again. He
draws his gun. The door opens, Isobel steps out.

RIFKIN

What the fuck is going on?

She drops the gun and falls to the ground crying.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Oh, no no... Please, no.

PIERRE (O.S.)

Hey, brother. I'm pretty lucky your broad is a terrible shot.

Pierre walks out and waves. Rifkin looks down at Isobel who's cradling herself in the corner. He doesn't take the time to help her, but moves on Pierre.

RIFKIN

Where is it?

Pierre chuckles. He walks over to the typepad and enters a few numbers before the alarm activates again.

PIERRE

I don't have the thing. I wish I did. Your woman here wasted herself on me to get it. So, sorry.

Rifkin grabs Pierre and slams him into the wall.

RIFKIN

Tell me where it is.

PIERRE

Hey! Okay, hell, shit. Can you let me put my pants on first?

Rifkin looks down, realizes Pierre is naked, and immediately pulls away. He hurriedly wipes his hands on his shirt. Pierre smiles and walks into his bedroom.

RIFKIN

So where are you keeping it?

PIERRE

The trick is, I'm not keeping it anywhere. But someone is, and they're pretty damn close.

INT. PIERRE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

As we find Isobel seated by the kitchen table, sipping a tea, her hands shaking. Pierre has just served it, and he hands another cup over to Rifkin who's staring at a series of architectural designs.

RIFKIN

This building is probably worse than a fortress. It's like a metal box with no entrance or exit.

PIERRE

Part of the challenge, my friend.

RIFKIN

Why haven't you moved on this before?

PIERRE

I haven't had the money or the resources. You seem to have both, being so hard up for this. So I'll help you get it, for a price.

Rifkin turns to Isobel. He tries to make eye contact but she's avoiding it. He doesn't know what to do.

RIFKIN

Looks like someone's already paid the price for it.

PIERRE

I'm talking about cash. Hard cash. You fess up and you get the orb. That's the deal.

(beat)

She wasn't that good anyway.

Rifkin grabs his gun and aims it at Pierre again. But he's not scared, not this time. He simply shakes his head.

RIFKIN

Show a little respect.

PIERRE

You have my offer. That's all I have to say, frankly.

The papers stare up at Rifkin, he studies them again. More importantly, he glances over at Isobel who shakes her head subtly, trying to tell him 'no'.

RIFKIN

We'll do it. If you help us.

Isobel's eyes dwindle again. She stares down, more hurt and disappointed than anything.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

What will we need?

PIERRE

Lots and lots of plastique...

RIFKIN

The explosive?

PIERRE

No, tupperware.

Pierre impatiently walks off into the house. Rifkin turns to Isobel, who can barely speak. He moves his hand toward hers and she pulls away. It's too painful.

INT. MILITARY VAN - MOVING - MORNING

An LCD SCREEN reads "Online". PULL BACK to REVEAL the gun that it's attached to. It's a sophisticated MACHINE GUN with a silenced muzzle, being wielded by a TECH THUG dressed in a sleek black jump suit.

THREE MORE Tech Thugs are in the van, loading up various weapons. It's like a gun and knife show, only ten years ahead of its time. One man steps in, looking out of place.

CAL

Hey guys. You ready to bring on some pain?

Silence. The four Tech Thugs turn to each other, nothing.

CAL (CONT'D)

Not a talkative bunch, are ya'?

Cal steps forward into the passenger seat of the van, and glances over at Ed, who's driving.

CAL (CONT'D)

Why the hell did we hire foreigners? They have no idea what I'm saying.

ED

We're all the better for it. I can't have you barking the wrong orders.

CAL

I don't bark, thank you very much.

The Thugs begin laughing to each other, pointing at Cal. He gets nervous, they seem to be pointing at his SWEAT PANTS.

CAL (CONT'D)

(leans over - whispers)

I think they're making fun of my pants again.

(turns to Thugs)

Sweats are more comfortable!

The Thugs break out into hysterical laughter.

ED

(in Russian)

All of you sit down, get ready. We're about to infiltrate...

The Tech Thugs all rush to their assigned seats.

CAL

(looking out)

What the fuck is this?

EXT. STREET CORNER - MORNING

Police tape is blocking off an entire section of the street. It surrounds a building, still smoldering from a large fire. A French BEAT COP approaches Ed's large black van as it pulls up next to the curb.

ED

(rolls down window)

What's going on here, officer?

BEAT COP

(through thick accent)

A few criminals stole some sort of machinery last night, maybe a few hours ago. Big fire. But it's not a problem now.

ED

You caught them?

BEAT COP

(laughs)

Us? No, we didn't. Not prepared for something like that.

(then)

We're looking for them though, there's an all points bulletin. If you have any helpful information...?

ED

(shakes his head)

No, nothing officer.

CAL

(leans over)

Looks like we missed the party.

INT. PIERRE'S HOUSE - DAY

A suitcase full of cash sits on Pierre's desk. He counts through it, smiling the whole time. SUDDENLY, a knife slams into the chair he's sitting on, right in front of his crotch. He winces, and looks up to find Ed standing there.

ED

Interrogation comes in many shapes and sizes...

PIERRE

Wait, how did you...?

He looks to the front door. One of the Tech Thugs has a small digital apparatus over the typepad.

ED

(continuing)

Personally, I prefer the straight forward approach. Most people like to get artistic about it.

(then)

Today's just one of those days where I feel like fucking *Da Vinci*.

He grabs a hold of the knife by Pierre's crotch. Ed pulls it out and flicks it around in his face. Pierre flinches at every glint of the blade.

PIERRE

What do you want?

ED

Cutting off single fingers is rendered somewhat useless by the fact that the finger is gone in an instant. You lose it, then nothing. It doesn't really feel like punishment to me.

Ed grabs Pierre's hand and slaps it on the table. Pierre tries to struggle, but Cal quickly jumps in and holds him.

ED (CONT'D)

Sure, you're less a finger but the pain goes away pretty fast. That or you might go into shock, which is an even easier way out.

(ruffles his pocket)

This is why I brought these.

Ed pulls out two AMMONIA STICKS, then stuffs them away.

PIERRE

What the fuck do you want?

CAL

We're getting to that.

ED

Then I thought, what if I cut off your dick? Castrate you?

PIERRE

But you just said that would render everything pointless...

ED

What if I did it *slowly*?

Pierre's face locks up. He looks up at Ed.

PIERRE

What do you need to know?

Ed pulls a chair over and sits on it. He stares Pierre dead in the eyes and smiles.

ED

Ronald Rifkin and Isobel Rietta.
Where are they headed?

INT. BANGKOK HOTEL - ROOM 2001 - DAY

THROUGH THE WINDOW, we see the beautiful sights of Bangkok from the TWENTIETH FLOOR. The blinds are quickly shut by Isobel, who looks around the room. Rifkin is seated on the bed, running his hands through his hair.

ISOBEL

Should we be safe now? I mean, Ed can't find us here.

Rifkin shakes his head. Isobel paces around the room, throwing small glances over at her ROBUST SUITCASE.

ISOBEL (CONT'D)

I can't believe you made me do that.

RIFKIN

I didn't make you go after that guy. You wanted to end this, and I found the solution. That's all.

ISOBEL

What I went through there is something I'm not going to forget, Rifkin. I was essentially raped by a man I had never met before.

(beat)

You did nothing about it.

RIFKIN

We got what we wanted. Now the orb is destroyed. Only one more piece left. That's it. Then we're done.

Isobel sits down on the bed next to Rifkin.

ISOBEL

You know the dress I wore to the bar that night, to get Pierre?

RIFKIN

Yeah. It was very nice.

ISOBEL

I... I bought it for you. I wanted to wear it for you the day we got out of trouble. As a surprise, a kind gesture, I don't know.

(MORE)

ISOBEL (CONT'D)

(beat - she tears up)

Where are we going to find the last part for the bomb now?

Rifkin stands up and walks over to the desk. He ruffles through his same old sloppy penciled notes.

RIFKIN

There's a gang here called the Ten Shears, which is the basic English translation. They live on a rough side of town, and Scorelli's not exactly friendly with them.

Isobel stands up and approaches Rifkin slowly.

ISOBEL

How do we get to them?

Rifkin picks up the cell phone and begins to dial.

RIFKIN

We call in a favor.

But before he can finish, Isobel closes the phone and pulls herself in closely to him.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

No, I can't...

ISOBEL

I don't want to think that Pierre may be the last person I ever made love to... Please?

RIFKIN

What do you expect me to do?

She unbuttons his pants, they slide to the floor.

ISOBEL

I need this. So do you.

Rifkin grabs her by the hips and kisses her face. She kisses him back. The two fall to the bed in a mess of caressing limbs. He tears off his shirt, she tears off her own. He leans down and kisses her chest, then comes to her face.

They make eye contact. She smiles. He doesn't.

ISOBEL (CONT'D)

Do you love me?

Rifkin can't answer. He rubs his hand along the side of her face then begins to lower down out of sight. Isobel stares at the ceiling, tears forming in her eyes...

INT. BANGKOK HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

As a single WAITER is walking back and forth, clearing ashtrays and wiping tables. Rifkin and Isobel are alone in the restaurant, daintily picking at their plates. They make momentary eye contact, then look back down to their food.

RIFKIN

It's pretty good, eh?

ISOBEL

Yeah, really exotic. I haven't had Thai food before.

Rifkin forks in a mouthful, starts chewing.

RIFKIN

I just figured we should see the sights before getting to work.

ISOBEL

Is that all this is for you?

RIFKIN

No, it's more... Look, I'm lost in all this.

ISOBEL

Lost?

RIFKIN

I'm a bad guy. You know that. I've done a lot of shit in my life that's earned me a ticket to hell.

ISOBEL

Don't say that.

RIFKIN

What I'm doing now feels like penance for all that stuff. But it wasn't about that at first.

(beat)

Actually, I don't even know why I'm here anymore.

ISOBEL

You're here because you're a good person. In your heart you know that you are.

RIFKIN

Isobel, it's like what Scorelli said, this is what happens when bad meets evil. Don't be naive. Reinheit isn't exactly friendly... but neither am I. I've *killed* people.

Isobel reaches over and touches Rifkin's hand. He pulls it away and crosses his arms.

ISOBEL

We've all done things we regret.

RIFKIN

I've caused a lot of pain. This is my last chance.

ISOBEL

For what?

RIFKIN

To try and help people, not just myself. I want to find that balance. But I'm scared that I'll hurt you again. I can't have that on my conscience.

ISOBEL

You won't hurt me.

RIFKIN

I know, I'll make sure of it.

EXT. HIGHWAY UNDERPASS - DAY

A man lights a cigarette. He's Thai, handsome, with sharp eyes that are throwing a cold look. He waves the match and stamps it out on the ground. This is PRAZ. He hands the BANGKOK HOTEL MATCHBOOK back to Rifkin.

PRAZ

I never thought it'd come to this. My ass standin' here in the presence of Ronald fuckin' Rifkin. Plus, he gives me a match for my smoke.

(then)

Way you puffed back in the day, I'm surprised you ain't twitchin'.

RIFKIN

Things have changed.

PRAZ

(glances at Isobel)

Uh-huh, Praz can see that shit.

The three stand in the shade of the overpass. Praz is next to a BLACK SUV, and Rifkin is next to yet another piece of shit RENTAL CAR. Traffic whizzes by anonymously.

PRAZ (CONT'D)

Scorelli gave me a call and said you needed some party favors.

RIFKIN

I don't need manpower. Just some equip, guns, body armor. Shit like that. The usual.

PRAZ

And why shouldn't I kill you?

Praz snaps his fingers. Another THAI GANGSTER rolls the rear window down and holds a gun on Rifkin.

RIFKIN

Everyone on the goddamn planet wants me dead lately. One more gun isn't going to make a difference. I don't even flinch anymore, Praz. So stop fucking around.

(clears throat - uneasy)

Plus, you're scaring the girl.

PRAZ

Nah, motherfucker you know I'm just playing with you.

(winks at Isobel)

Lover, not a fighter.

He snaps his finger again. The Thai Gangster smiles.

PRAZ (CONT'D)

I was just cold on your woman here, thought this might've been a sting.

RIFKIN

You can trust me.

PRAZ

Yeah, I know I can. But the cops have been locking down on us lately. Y'know how it is, Rif.

RIFKIN

I need help in getting access to the neighborhood of the Ten Shears.

PRAZ

Oh, you sonuvabitch. You track my ass all the way out here for a damn suicide mission? Those motherfuckers will shoot me on sight.

(beat)

You know me and bullets. I'm allergic to lead, man.

RIFKIN

You don't need to come.

PRAZ

Might you kill some of 'em?

RIFKIN

Yeah, probably a few.

PRAZ

Shit, then I'm in. Whatever the hell you need, you got it.

Rifkin turns to Isobel, pulling her away towards the car.

RIFKIN

I want you to go back to the hotel. This isn't going to be easy.

ISOBEL

But I want to see this through.

RIFKIN

I want to see you live.

ISOBEL

You have a funny way of showing it.

RIFKIN

Please?

Isobel turns and sits in the car. She starts it and drives off, giving a cold look to Rifkin as she leaves.

PRAZ

Girl definitely got you on a leash. Not sure if I'd mind that though.
(starts barking)
Hit me with the newspaper, girl.
I've been real bad.

RIFKIN

If that's true, then I'm due for a serious beating.

Praz laughs, but Rifkin was dead serious. FROM A DISTANCE we see Rifkin walk back to Praz and get into the SUV. On the HIGHWAY, Isobel is barely holding herself together as she drives. But her sadness gives way to anger...

INT. BANGKOK HOTEL - ROOM 2001 - DAY

As Isobel walks into the room, her face contorted in anger. No more bullshit crying. She immediately walks up to her suitcase and opens it. Inside is a SQUARE CASE that she opens up. Within it is the PARTIALLY ASSEMBLED BOMB...

The bomb itself consists of the large metal orb, about a foot in diameter. It has two handles on either side, both of which exist "outside" of the orb as separate pieces. The center section has a space missing. Isobel stares at it.

INT. PRAZ'S SUV - MOVING - DAY

THUMPING RAP MUSIC shakes the car. Praz is driving, flailing around the driver's seat and singing along. He looks at Rifkin, who seems to have a headache. He's now dressed in a STEALTHY BODY ARMOR SUIT. He cocks an XM8 ASSAULT RIFLE.

RIFKIN

Turn that shit off!

PRAZ

What? I can't hear you!
(shakes around)
Bump, baby bump!

Rifkin reaches over and turns off the radio. Praz makes a disappointed face and continues driving.

RIFKIN

Now I remember why I stopped listening to rap music.

PRAZ

The Shears place is usually a hell hole at night. During the day the building runs on minimal security.
(turns to Rifkin)
Ex-military motherfucker like you should have no trouble with it.

RIFKIN

(surprised)
You knew about that?

PRAZ

I could tell ya' how many times you shit a day if I looked for it.

RIFKIN

How?

PRAZ

Google. New center of the universe. It's the bomb, baby.

RIFKIN

Oh. Really?
(sideways glance)
You didn't find anything else, did you? Not that I have anything...

PRAZ

Nah man, I was looking up porn like two seconds later.

Praz pulls the car up to the curb and parks.

INT. PRAZ'S SUV - PARKED - DAY

As Praz points a few blocks down the street where a TWO FLOOR DERELICT BUILDING is (barely) standing on the corner.

PRAZ

Right there. Since this is a rush job, I got no idea who the hell is inside. You're goin' in blind.

RIFKIN

I'm used to that.

Rifkin reaches for the door handle, he teases it.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

You comin'?

PRAZ

No goddamn way. I'll be right here when you get back.

Rifkin heads out the door and vanishes into an alley. Praz fumbles around with his coat and pulls out cigarettes.

PRAZ (CONT'D)

Good luck, man. I'm gonna get another ulcer 'cause of this prick.

(beat - chuckles)

Well, not anymore.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Rifkin slides along the wall of the alley, avoiding dumpsters and staying out of sight. He comes to the furthest corner. The building is just across the street. No one is standing guard. He makes a run for the door.

INT. DERELICT BUILDING - LOWER ENTRANCE - DAY

As Rifkin takes a few steps inside. All of the lights are off. He turns to the stairwell, no one, he keeps moving.

INT. DERELICT BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

The entire place is empty. Rifkin runs to each door, inside are various rooms filled with computers. But no people. He turns to the final door to find a TEN INCH BOWIE KNIFE slide right up against his throat.

VOICE (O.S.)

Why hello, Mr. Rifkin.

The knife is being wielded by HANLEY, an enormous Thai Man. He grabs Rifkin, who drops his gun, and slams him up against the wall. It cracks from the force, almost breaking through.

HANLEY

You're just on time to die.

RIFKIN

Heck, I didn't even bring my watch.
How am I supposed to know that?

HANLEY

Your buddy Praz told me.

RIFKIN

He tell you about how often I shit,
too?

Hanley laughs and presses the knife harder into Rifkin's throat. He's about to break skin.

HANLEY

The only thing I'm worried about now
is all your backup.

(beat)

Call them fuckers off now.

RIFKIN

(puzzled)

All of it? Who the fuck are you
talking about?

INT. DERELICT BUILDING - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

A lone GUARD is standing by the main doorway. He breaks out into a whistle when: A HUGE METAL HARPOON slams into the North wall from outside. It SMASHES THROUGH both walls, going in the next room, and the next.

All that remains in its wake is the rope it's tied to.

EXT. DERELICT BUILDING - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

THE OPPOSITE WALL. The harpoon smashes through, then UNFURLS. It snaps tight into the wall, beginning to tear it down.

INT. DERELICT BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Rifkin and Hanley have both heard the commotion downstairs.

RIFKIN

What the hell was that?

HANLEY

I don't know --

-- CRACK! Rifkin head butts Hanley and pulls himself back. He BREAKS THROUGH the already busted wall and falls into the next room. He gets to his feet and runs for it.

INT. DERELICT BUILDING - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

The Guard runs into the next room of the building. A SECOND HARPOON breaks through the wall, from the East. It smashes through the rooms again, heading for the furthest wall. The GUARD tries to follow the tether again...

CRUNCH! A THIRD HARPOON breaks through from the SOUTHERN WALL. It rips through his chest and KEEPS GOING. It breaks into the next room. The THUG is held up by the remaining rope, a limp body on a metal string.

INT. DERELICT BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Rifkin runs to the West side of the building. He looks through the window in time to find...

EXT. DERELICT BUILDING - WEST WALL - DAY

OUTSIDE, Ed is parked in a LARGE JEEP. On the rear opening is a MASSIVE HARPOON GUN, mounted to the back. Cal is operating it. The harpoon fires, causing the attached rope to start unspooling. It breaks into the wall.

ED

(into radio)

Do we have confirmation?

Cal turns to see TWO OTHER JEEPS facing the other walls with the same apparatus. Tech Thugs are inside. They've already fired the harpoons, the metal ropes are now taut. Cal slaps Ed on the shoulder, gives a thumbs up.

ED (CONT'D)

Reel them in!

INT. DERELICT BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Rifkin runs to the SOUTHERN WINDOW. He watches as the Tech Thug hits a button on the back of the mounted gun. It begins to REEL IN the harpoon. The building starts to shake.

RIFKIN

You've got to be kidding me.

HANLEY (O.S.)

Call your friends off damn it!

Hanley is standing there with a BULKY MACHINE GUN. He aims it at Rifkin and waits.

HANLEY (CONT'D)

If you call them off, I give you what you're looking for.

Hanley pulls a SQUARE DEVICE out of his pocket. It's a GPS MAPPING SYSTEM, with wires hanging off of the back.

RIFKIN

I don't know who they are. But it certainly seems like they're a bigger problem than me!

Hanley quickly turns and shoots out the window. He opens fire on the Jeep below.

EXT. DERELICT BUILDING - SOUTH WALL - DAY

The Tech Thug ducks out of the way from gunfire. But the metal rope continues to reel. The wall itself looks like it's collapsing. The building begins to lose structural balance and tilt.

INT. DERELICT BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

The room goes at an awkward angle. Hanley falls from the window and slides into the wall. Rifkin slides right next to him. Hanley tries to point his gun at Rifkin, but the two break into a fist fight for control.

EXT. DERELICT BUILDING - WEST WALL - DAY

As the harpoon finally makes a large tear and rips the first floor wall clean out. It smashes into the next wall inside, and begins to break that one down. The floor above it begins to collapse down inside.

Ed watches the progress. He doesn't seem to be happy with it. He suddenly guns his Jeep in reverse.

ED

Come on. Come on!.

Cal looks up to the roof of the building, which is starting to bust in on itself...

INT. DERELICT BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Rifkin boots Hanley in the face and begins to crawl up along the floor. It's at a ridiculous angle. Hanley gathers himself up and leaps onto Rifkin's back. The two tumble back down the floor and SMASH THROUGH THE SOUTH WALL...

EXT. DERELICT BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

As both Rifkin and Hanley hang on to the side of the building. The wall beneath them begins to crumble. The Tech Thug operating the Jeep below draws a pistol and opens fire. The bullets smash clean through the wall.

Rifkin leaps over and grabs onto Hanley. He begins tearing at his pockets and draws out the GPS SYSTEM. Just as he's about to smash it, the building ENTIRELY COLLAPSES...

EXT. DERELICT BUILDING - ABOVE - DAY

We see the four Jeeps at each wall. The roof caves in on itself and begins to tumble. Dust, dirt and debris explode outward, encasing the area with an impenetrable darkness. Then, for only a moment, everything is calm.

EXT. ED'S JEEP - PARKED - DAY

The harpoon tip reels back into the end of the mounted gun. Ed walks up to what remains of the building.

EXT. DERELICT RUBBLE - DAY

Rifkin lies next to the dead body of Hanley. He fidgets around, his legs are caught underneath a WOODEN BEAM. He begins to push at it. ONLY STEPS AWAY, Ed is approaching with a gun in hand. Rifkin struggles harder...

ED

Come on boy, where the hell are you
hiding in this mess?

Ed steps up to where Rifkin was, only moments ago. But nothing is there. He sees the body of Hanley and checks the pulse, then the pockets.

CAL

(stepping over rubble)
Aw hell, I can't see shit. I feel
like Ray Charles.

Ed kneels down and rests on his heels. He swipes the sweat off of his brow and shakes his head.

ED

He got out of this somehow.
(to Thugs - Russian)
Get a heat detector. I want this
thing swept before the police arrive.

The Tech Thugs all pull out identical devices and scramble over the rocks, taking readings.

ED (CONT'D)

He's gotta be somewhere.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

As Rifkin paces as quickly as he can, favoring his injured left leg. He comes to the corner by the SUV and waits a moment for clearance. Down the block we can see a small crowd gathering as the Tech Thugs complete the scan.

RIFKIN

Praz! Praz, come on. I swear to
God I'm going to kill you...

Rifkin runs to the car. Through the windshield he finds Praz, shot through the head. Blood is on the seat.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Oh, too late.

CLICK! A gun is cocked. Ed is holding it.

ED

Hey sweet pea. I thought that pretty face of yours would surface again.

Ed walks up behind Rifkin and starts forcefully rifling through his pockets.

RIFKIN

You keep that up and I might ask you to marry me. You won't find...

Ed draws out the Hotel Matchbook and studies it. Rifkin knows what this means...

ED

Is that where you're keeping it?

RIFKIN

The bomb's been destroyed, asshole. You thought we built it?

(laughs - then)

We're not a bunch of crazy fuckers like you...?

ED

My name is Ed. I don't really like to go by a last name, I'm kinda like Madonna. Just, not a woman.

RIFKIN

I prefer calling you asshole. I could call you Mr. Asshole, to suggest a last name for you.

ED

Suit yourself.

He slams Rifkin in the back of the head with his gun. Rifkin hisses and tries to remain straight. Ed finally pulls the GPS device out of Rifkin's pocket. He holds it up and checks it, no damage, then stuffs it away.

ED (CONT'D)

Nice try, but I know you wouldn't get rid of the bomb.

(beat)

Save me a seat in hell.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Three shots rip into Rifkin's back. He yelps and falls forward.

Ed then breaks in a sprint towards the remnants of the building...

EXT. ED'S JEEP - PARKED - DAY

Ed leaps up into the driver's seat. Cal drops in next to him. Ed starts to tease the gas, and turns to the Thugs.

ED

Come on! Come on! I got it, we're moving out!

The thugs all hop into the rear of the jeep. Ed hits the gas and they go squealing off...

INT. BANGKOK HOTEL - ROOM 2001 - BATHROOM - DAY

Isobel is drying her hair in jeans and a t-shirt. She can't seem to look at her reflection. She stares at the floor, the sink, and finally turns off the hair dryer. That's when a sound surprises her. The sound of a PHONE RINGING...

INT. BANGKOK HOTEL - ROOM 2001 - DAY

As Isobel bursts through the door and picks up the phone.

ISOBEL

(into phone)
Hello, who is it?

RIFKIN

(over phone)
Isobel! Get the hell out of there!
Ed's on his way, he wants the bomb.
If you get out now he's got no reason
to chase you...
(then)
But you have to hurry!

ISOBEL

Oh no. Rifkin, I have to tell you something. It's important.

EXT. PRAZ'S SUV - PARKED - DAY

Rifkin peels off his smoking body armor and throws it on the ground. He pulls Praz from the SUV and throws him down next to it. Rifkin then slides comfortably into the driver's seat and adjusts the cell phone.

RIFKIN

(into phone)
What is it?

ISOBEL

(over phone)
I'm sorry.

(MORE)

ISOBEL (CONT'D)

I really am, I didn't mean to do it
but I couldn't let go. Not after
what I sacrificed.

RIFKIN

What the hell are you talking about?

ISOBEL

I've built the bomb. It's here.

Rifkin's eyes lazily stare up at the roof of the SUV. He
sighs and grits his teeth.

RIFKIN

Same plan as before, I'll be there
in five minutes. Hurry.

Rifkin slams the gas and drives off...

INT. BANGKOK HOTEL - ROOM 2001 - DAY

Isobel rips open her suitcase and grabs the BOMB CASE, she
runs for the door and pauses. THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE we see
Ed leading the TWO TECH THUGS as they surround the door.
Isobel gasps and runs to the nightstand.

She grabs a pistol and aims it at the door. Her hand begins
to shake and she knows it.

ISOBEL

I'm so sick and tired of all these
stupid guns.

The men start to slam on the door, Isobel turns to the hotel
window and unlatches it. She leans her head outside. It's
a long way down.

INT. BANGKOK HOTEL - OUTSIDE ROOM 2001 - DAY

The Tech Thug uses a GRAPPLE DEVICE and snaps it around the
handle of the ROOM DOOR. It magnetically seals around it
and twists. The handle breaks and the door slides off of
its hinges. They run inside...

INT. BANGKOK HOTEL - ROOM 2001 - DAY

Ed steps into the room, his gun drawn. The others follow
him in a precise FORMATION.

CAL

I think she checked out.

Cal kicks over the suitcase, Isobel's clothing pours out.

ED

She wouldn't have left so soon, not
without knowing.

Cal leans down and picks up a pair of panties. He tilts his head while he studies them and smiles.

CAL

Hey, look at these. Souvenirs for the trip.

Ed taps the gun on his thigh, still thinking.

CAL (CONT'D)

(holds up panties)

I dunno, I think I'd look sexy in these. What do you think?

The Tech Thugs glance over at Ed, checking if it's okay to laugh. Obviously, it isn't.

ED

Can you stop that?

CAL

What? She doesn't even know that we're here.

TWO SHOTS rip over Cal's head. A third hits him in the arm. He falls down, grappling the wound. Isobel is shooting through the open window. Ed returns fire and Isobel runs down along the twentieth floor ledge, case in hand.

CAL (CONT'D)

Ah, I just got shot. Somebody's gonna have to suck out the bullet.

ED

Just stay down!

(to Thugs)

Get her now, get that case!

EXT. BANGKOK HOTEL - 20TH FLOOR - DAY

Isobel slides along the narrow ledge, trying to keep a hold on the square case.

ISOBEL

No, couldn't get a room on the first floor by the pool. Uh-uh, not Rifkin's style... Thanks a lot.

One of the Tech Thugs hops onto the ledge with her. He gets to his feet and snaps a REPELLING TUBE into the wall. It latches onto his back, giving him a RETRACTABLE TETHER encased within the tube itself.

ISOBEL (CONT'D)

Fancy little toys, eh? What else have you got in the little bag of goodies? Maybe a life?

(MORE)

ISOBEL (CONT'D)
 (shakes her head)
 No? You mute or something?

The Tech Thug stares her down. A second one hops out with him and snaps the same device into place. They begin to fearlessly run along the ledge, a constant slack of wire whizzing out of the snapped in tube.

 ISOBEL (CONT'D)
 Who the hell brings that to work?

Isobel turns and runs past the windows of the hotel room.

INT. BANGKOK HOTEL - ROOM 2001 - DAY

Ed watches her shadow cross the windows. He opens fire on them. Each exploding into shards as the shadow quickly passes. Finally it vanishes past the room windows. Ed turns and runs out the hallway...

INT. BANGKOK HOTEL - OUTSIDE ROOM 2001 - DAY

He runs up to the next room and kicks down the door.

INT. BANGKOK HOTEL - ROOM 2002 - DAY

A YOUNG COUPLE in bed SCREAMS in a panic as he runs past. The shadow starts tracking by. Ed opens fire again...

EXT. BANGKOK HOTEL - 20TH FLOOR - DAY

Isobel just passes a window as it SHATTERS. She's then halted as the window in front of her explodes. She presses up against the wall in between and waits. The approaching Tech Thug slows to a crawl, and draws a STUN GUN.

INT. BANGKOK HOTEL - ROOM 2002 - DAY

Ed runs to the busted window and looks out. He's kicked in the face by Isobel and falls back into the room. That's when he's met by a flailing suitcase. The YOUNG MAN begins violently flogging Ed.

 CAL (O.S.)
 Get off of my man!

The Young Man throws the suitcase at Cal. Ed leaps to his feet and tosses the man across the room and into a table. It shatters on impact. Cal fires two warning shots. He then points the gun at the girl. Ed holds up a hand.

 ED
 Only when necessary, you know that.
 (beat)
 My man?

CAL

(waves a hand)

Oh, I was just being dramatic.

EXT. BANGKOK HOTEL - 20TH FLOOR - DAY

Isobel holds her gun up to the two Tech Thugs. They begin to move faster until she leans the case up over the ledge. The Thugs stop. It gives her a free moment. She opens fire. The first thug gets shot in the chest and falls over.

ISOBEL

Get away from me!

The tether immediately LOCKS UP, causing the thug to only fall a few feet. He swings listlessly from the affixed wire.

INT. BANGKOK HOTEL - ROOM 2002 - DAY

Ed runs to the window and leans his gun out. He shoots two wild stray bullets, which just miss Isobel. She almost stumbles over the side, but manages to get off a few rounds to send Ed right back into the room.

EXT. BANGKOK HOTEL - 20TH FLOOR - DAY

Isobel steadies herself and looks at the last approaching thug. She throws caution to the wind and leaps at him...

The two collide in mid-air over the side of the ledge. CREEEK! The repelling device makes a loud squeal as the thug and Isobel swing from it a few floors below. The thug fixes the SAFETY LATCH. The wire catches. They stop falling.

INT. BANGKOK HOTEL - ROOM 2002 - DAY

Cal runs to the window and looks out. He sees Isobel and the thug fighting two floors below, only being held up by the small black rope.

CAL

Shit, they're playing around with each other outside the eighteenth floor. We've gotta go get 'em.

Ed gets to his feet and moves to the door. He turns to get Cal, but it's too late. Cal is binding his own REPELLING TUBE to the back belt strap of his pants. He hops onto the ledge as Ed reaches out for him.

CAL (CONT'D)

I always wanted to try this.

ED

No! Don't do it!

EXT. BANGKOK HOTEL - 20TH FLOOR - DAY

Cal steps directly to the repel tube of the FIRST THUG. He snaps his in to place next to it. DIRECTLY BELOW we see the thug and Isobel fighting over the case.

ED

You don't have to...

CAL

(smiles)

This shit is too cool to miss. Three sheets to the wind, baby!

Cal leaps forward over the ledge. The tube begins hissing as it reels out more and more wire.

EXT. BANGKOK HOTEL - 18TH FLOOR - DAY

Isobel holds onto the First Thug with her legs. She leans back and smashes him in the face with the case. He falls momentarily unconscious. She regains control of her gun and points it up at Cal, who's still falling.

His eyes snap open with the realization...

ISOBEL

Touch my panties...

BLAM! A bullet catches Cal directly in the chest. He falls limp. The safety latch catches and he convulses as it pulls him up by the pants. Nowhere to go. He swings, a dead man.

ED

No! Goddamn it, you stupid fuck!
What did I tell you?!

(to Isobel)

Now your dead. There's no fucking negotiating.

Isobel looks up to see Ed's contorted and angry face as he dips back into the room. She then gets to work on the Thug, finally finding the safety latch she hits the release button. But a little too fast...

EXT. BANGKOK HOTEL - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

As we see Isobel and the unconscious thug zooming down toward us at a ridiculous speed. She passes the tenth floor, the fifth. But she's going way too fast. Finally, the tether reaches the end of its rope and snaps tight.

Isobel's legs release from the thug. She screams. Then reaches up and grabs onto him with her hands. But the case falls free, almost in slow motion, towards the ground. That's when her foot KICKS IN and catches the top handle.

ISOBEL

Oh, thank God.

Now she's hanging two stories up. Nowhere to go.

INT. BANGKOK HOTEL - STAIRWELL - DAY

Ed is plunging down the steps. He passes by the sign indicating he's on the FIFTH FLOOR...

EXT. BANGKOK HOTEL - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

As the SUV screams up beside the building. Rifkin looks up through the driver's window and sees Isobel. She screams down to him.

ISOBEL

Hey stranger, how you doing down there? Good?! I'm good... Just swinging around up here.

(then)

Please hurry up!

He snaps open the SUNROOF of the SUV.

RIFKIN

I'm coming! Just a second! Holy shit she's so impatient...

EXT. BANGKOK HOTEL - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Isobel continues holding onto the thug as he slowly comes back to consciousness. His eyes open and he starts struggling with her. Isobel punches him in the face, and looks down to find Rifkin standing on top of the SUV.

RIFKIN

Just drop down to me! Let go and I'll catch you.

ISOBEL

Screw that!

RIFKIN

What the hell else do you think I can do? I don't have stilts! You don't have a goddamn choice!

Rifkin opens his arms wide, directly beneath her. Isobel leaves it to fate. She RELEASES from the thugs grip and falls through the air. She lands in Rifkin's arms. His feet buckle, putting two firm dents in the roof.

ISOBEL

Hey.

RIFKIN

(smiles)

Hey. Isn't this a nice vacation?

ISOBEL

Don't get me started.

RIFKIN

Speaking of which, you have some explaining to do.

EXT. BANGKOK HOTEL - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Rifkin and Isobel drop into the SUV through the sunroof. They kick it into gear and drive off. Just as Ed runs from the STAIRWELL EXIT of the hotel. He pulls a radio from his back pocket and yells into it:

ED

Come to the stairwell exit. All three of you. Make sure to bring my fucking car!

(looks away)

I'm tired of this shit.

INT. PRAZ'S SUV - MOVING - DAY

Rifkin makes a hard turn, checks the rear-view mirror and then grabs at the square case. Isobel draws it back.

RIFKIN

You can't tell me you actually built the thing.

ISOBEL

Do you know what I went through to get it? I don't think --

RIFKIN

This man is out to kill us and get that bomb. If he's got something to chase then we're in shit. If he doesn't, we're out of shit. Get it? That was the plan.

ISOBEL

(unsure)

But you can take him, right?

Rifkin checks the rear-view mirror again. He quickly glances outside through the driver's side window.

RIFKIN

Not a chance in hell.

ISOBEL

That's disconcerting.

RIFKIN

Isobel, the man is a paid assassin
working for some nutbag terrorist.

ISOBEL

And what are you?

RIFKIN

Scared shitless.

EXT. BANGKOK CITY STREETS - DAY

Praz's SUV jets along, weaving through traffic. Suddenly, THREE BLACK SEDANS burst out from a corner. All containing Tech Thugs. One of them leans out of the driver's side with an XM-203 GRENADE LAUNCHER...

Rifkin grabs an XM8 ASSAULT RIFLE from the back seat. He hands it over to Isobel, who holds it daintily.

ISOBEL

What? What do you want?

RIFKIN

Shoot at them!

ISOBEL

But how?

RIFKIN

Take the gun, pull the little trigger.
Bullets will fly out. Let's see how
you do.

Isobel shakes her head. She opens up the sunroof and leans through it. Her legs in Rifkin's face.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Oh! Make sure to aim first.

Isobel kicks him in the arm. He flinches and gives the car a quick turn. It forces Isobel into the side of the sunroof, and she lets out a little yelp.

ISOBEL

That hurt!

RIFKIN

Then stop kicking me!

Isobel holds the gun steady on the BLACK SEDANS. She makes eye contact with the Tech Thug holding the grenade launcher. He smiles through his black mask. The Grenade Launcher fires, lobbing a grenade at Isobel's head.

She DUCKS DOWN away from it. The grenade lands in a parked car and EXPLODES. The flames lick Isobel's face as Rifkin drives right through it.

She cocks the gun back and grits her teeth. It's time to kick some ass.

ISOBEL
Here goes nothing!

She opens fire. But the kickback is way too strong. She screams as the gun flies backward out of her hand and slides onto the hood of the SUV. Rifkin stares at it.

RIFKIN
What the hell are you doing up there?

ISOBEL
(dips in)
Do you have another one of those thingies?

RIFKIN
(points at XM8)
Well, you could just...
(it slides off)
How am I supposed to trust you with another one?

Isobel grabs Rifkin by the sleeve, almost pleading.

ISOBEL
Hand it over!

Rifkin reaches into the back and gives her yet another ASSAULT RIFLE. She picks it up, checks the weight, and leans back up through the sunroof.

RIFKIN
That's the last one!

ANOTHER GRENADE flies over in front of the SUV, Rifkin watches it drop and roll right onto the road. He makes another hard turn to avoid it, just as: ISOBEL OPENS FIRE ABOVE. The gunshots rattle all around, hitting parked cars.

ISOBEL
Oh! I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!

Rifkin grabs her by the leg and drags her back inside. She sits down in the passenger seat, machine gun in her hands. She accidentally hits the trigger and blows out Rifkin's driver side window. His eyes snap open.

RIFKIN
Hey! Hey! Shoot them, not me.
You're getting the good guys and the bad guys all mixed up!

Isobel points through the windshield.

ISOBEL

Another bad guy!

RIFKIN

What?

He turns forward to see a sleek RED BUGATTI VEYRON spin onto the road in front of them. Ed is inside. He heads straight for them, a perverse game of chicken.

ISOBEL

He's coming right at us.

RIFKIN

You think I don't see that? Would you like me to signal?!

ISOBEL

Turn goddamn it, turn!

Isobel grabs the wheel out of Rifkin's hands. The Veyron just misses the side of the SUV.

RIFKIN

Whoa! Hey, when you're in this seat you get to drive. When you're in that seat you get to shoot.

ISOBEL

You wanna change seats?

RIFKIN

I can't shoot for shit.

Ed steers the Veyron at a hard angle and pulls all the way around. He high tails it again for the SUV. Inside the car we see him jack a SPECIALIZED CLIP into a black handgun. He leans out the window...

The gun is aimed directly at the SUV's rear tires. Ed fires. IN SLOW MOTION we see the bullet soaring out of his gun, but it's not your regular bullet: It's small, cylindrical and silver. It spins and lands directly on the tire.

SSSSSS! Like a hissing snake. The cylinder breaks the skin of the tire and begins to suck in air. The tire over-inflates and explodes. Inside the SUV, Rifkin loses control and pulls a hard turn.

OUTSIDE, the SUV goes sideways, then vertical. It flips wildly into the air then careens into a METAL STAIRCASE. It now rests quietly on its side. Only a few hundred feet ahead of Ed and company...

INT. PRAZ'S SUV - CRASHED - DAY

Rifkin pulls himself out of the driver's seat and falls down next to Isobel, who's just coming to.

He tries to smile, to be reassuring, but it isn't working.

ISOBEL

Nice moves.

RIFKIN

You should see me dance.

ISOBEL

Are you sure this is the best time
to ask me out on a date?

Isobel tries to smile as Rifkin looks up through the sunroof and sees the staircase. He pulls himself through and then leans back inside. He offers a helping hand towards Isobel and she reaches for him...

RIFKIN

No, hand me the case.

She angrily throws the square case into his hands. He turns and makes a run for it.

EXT. METAL STAIRWELL - DAY

As Isobel pulls herself out. She looks to Rifkin who is already at the top of the stairs. He turns to her.

RIFKIN

I think you're gonna like this.

Isobel runs up the steps, to the landing of...

EXT. SKYTRAIN STATION - DAY

Isobel comes to the top and stares at the beautifully sleek SKYTRAIN. It's about to get moving. They run inside.

EXT. STREETS BELOW SKYTRAIN STATION - DAY

The Veyron slides up next to the SUV and the stairwell. A Tech Thug is already there, by his parked car, checking the crash. He looks back to Ed and gestures "nothing". Ed looks up as the SKYTRAIN STARTS MOVING...

ED

They're in the train! Follow them
to the next stop!

All three sedans begin revving. The Tech Thug runs back to his car and hops into the passenger seat, they drive off. Ed stays put for only a moment. He looks up at the train as it makes a slow turn through the buildings...

The buildings that are roughly the same height as the track.

INT. SKYTRAIN - REAR CAR - DAY

Rifkin drags Isobel into the last car where four PASSENGERS are calmly seated. He fires a few rounds into the air, and the place clears out immediately. Rifkin then runs to the car window and looks outside.

BELOW, we see the three sedans giving chase.

RIFKIN

They don't give up easily do they?

(nothing)

What, you're not talking now?

Isobel doesn't even answer. She stands quietly with the case in the center of the train.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Oh, I don't have time for this.

Rifkin shoots at the window of the train. It's bulletproof. Three bullets PING off of the surface. He shoots again, nothing. But the glass is starting to crack.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

I'm going to waste a whole clip here!

Isobel swings the square case at the glass. That does it. It shatters and falls out. Rifkin turns to Isobel.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

ISOBEL

No problem.

Rifkin leans out the window and opens fire on the cars below.

EXT. STREETS BELOW SKYTRAIN - DAY

As the sedans weave through ONCOMING TRAFFIC. The Veyron blasts past all of them. Ed shifts it into the next gear and starts punching it. He looks up at Rifkin and smiles as he starts going FASTER THAN THE TRAIN...

INT. SKYTRAIN - REAR CAR - DAY

Rifkin watches as the Veyron flies past the train and drives up into a PARKING GARAGE.

RIFKIN

What the hell is he doing?

Gunfire erupts from below. Rifkin drops down out of the window and waits a moment, before returning fire.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - OPEN ROOF - DAY

The Veyron comes to the roof, the only thing standing between it and the sky is a set of metal rails by the wall. Ed revs the engine. The car screams like a banshee. The SKYTRAIN then passes by, level with the roof.

Ed literally puts the pedal to the metal...

EXT. SKYTRAIN TRACKS - DAY

As the Veyron SLAMS THROUGH the metal railing and flies into the air. The train narrowly passes when the Veyron awkwardly lands on the tracks behind it. Ed gets the car straight, parallel with the tracks. He guns it again.

EXT. SKYTRAIN - REAR CAR - DAY

Rifkin runs to the back door of the train. DEAD AHEAD and catching up fast is the Veyron, now right on the tracks.

RIFKIN

You've gotta be shitting me.

Rifkin shoots out the hinges of the rear door and it flies off of the back of the train.

EXT. SKYTRAIN TRACKS - DAY

The door narrowly misses slamming into the Veyron. Ed has no choice, he can only go straight. He changes the setting on his SOPHISTICATED HAND GUN and it starts to spit out bullets like a MAC-10...

INT. SKYTRAIN - REAR CAR - DAY

As Rifkin ducks for cover by the doorway, Isobel does the same. EVEN MORE SHOTS ring out from the cars below. It's coming from all sides now. Rifkin then starts breathing deeply, getting focused. Isobel watches him.

ISOBEL

What is it? Are you okay?

RIFKIN

(his eyes open)

Flawless.

IN SLOW MOTION, Rifkin raises and turns through the back doorway. He OPENS FIRE on the Veyron. Ed is forced to duck away as the windshield is repeatedly pierced. Ducking below the dashboard, he pushes down the gas pedal.

EXT. SKYTRAIN TRACKS - DAY

The Veyron is now less than twenty feet away from the back of the train. Rifkin is still pelting it with gunfire. It gets closer and closer until: RIFKIN CRACKS THE ENGINE BLOCK.

The Veyron starts smoking and slowing down.

INT. BUGATTI VEYRON - MOVING - DAY

Ed continues pumping the gas, but he's losing speed.

ED

Okay, enough of this dickin' around.

He then reaches for the CONSOLE by the radio. It has various read-outs and a button that reads "FIRE MAGNETIC WINCH". He hits the touch screen, the light flickers.

EXT. BUGATTI VEYRON - MOVING - DAY

BELOW THE CAR, we see a large metal gun lower from the drive shaft. It tilts out ahead of the front bumper and starts to aim. Ed is controlling it from the console. The gun FIRES OUT a magnetic disc, attached to a winch wire.

INT. SKYTRAIN - REAR CAR - DAY

As the magnetic disc snaps onto the metal plate below Rifkin's feet. He shoots down at it, but it's useless.

INT. BUGATTI VEYRON - MOVING - DAY

Ed hits another button and the winch starts REELING HIM IN, he's now approaching the back of the train. Ed takes this time to jack another clip into his hand gun.

EXT. SKYTRAIN TRACKS - DAY

Rifkin is firing everything he's got at the Veyron, which is now resembling METAL SWISS CHEESE. CLINK! The Veyron is now flush with the rear of the train. Rifkin keeps firing until Ed lets off a few rounds.

Rifkin fumbles, losing the grip on his gun. It lands on the hood of the Veyron. He leaps out to get it. Ed reaches out through the window to fire, but Rifkin kicks his wrist. The gun goes flying out of his hands.

Ed pulls himself out through the window and leaps onto the hood. The two slam into each other, a flurry of fists. Rifkin grabs at the gun, but Ed immediately stops him. Isobel runs to the rear door and kicks Ed in the jaw.

Rifkin leaps onto Ed and starts crashing haymakers into his face. He's got the upper hand. That's when the WINCH BELOW begins failing. It lets out a little slack, maybe a foot. The Veyron starts to drift away from the train.

ISOBEL

RIFKIN!

Ed and Rifkin both sit up to see the train now three feet away and counting.

They exchange a glance and hop to their feet. Rifkin makes the first leap across and lands in the doorway. Isobel helps him up...

INT. SKYTRAIN - REAR CAR - DAY

Then Ed leaps. Rifkin wheels back a fist as Ed jumps, but the sheer force of collision causes the two to fall back into the rear car. The Veyron is now well over ten feet away with no sign of stopping.

Rifkin grabs Ed by the collar and head butts him. The two roll into the passenger seats of the car and continue exchanging punches. Isobel starts cracking Ed in the head with the square case.

EXT. SKYTRAIN TRACKS - DAY

The Veyron is now roughly fifty feet away from the train. The winch release SNAPS TAUT, there's no more slack. That's when the train makes a HARD TURN. The Veyron swerves a little too hard and rolls OVER THE SIDE OF THE TRACKS...

EXT. STREETS BELOW SKYTRAIN TRACKS - DAY

The three sedans are still in lock step with the train. Until suddenly, the LEAD CAR is demolished by the falling Veyron. Everyone swerves around it. But the Veyron keeps going, it's being dragged by the train.

Now the Veyron is an automotive wrecking ball.

INT. SKYTRAIN - REAR CAR - DAY

Ed and Rifkin smash into the wall below the OPEN WINDOW. Seeing an opportunity, Ed lifts Rifkin up by the waist and moves to toss him outside. That's until he sees the Veyron literally demolishing traffic BELOW...

ED

How did that happen?

Rifkin spins his head around and watches, he then turns back to Ed, who's still distracted...

Rifkin then grabs Ed by the crotch and lifts him THROUGH THE WINDOW. Ed reaches for whatever he can, which just happens to be Rifkin's shirt. The two are DRAGGED OUT, but stopped as Isobel snaps her arms around Rifkin's legs.

EXT. STREETS BELOW SKYTRAIN TRACKS - DAY

The SECOND SEDAN is crushed by the Veyron, which spins and tilts wildly through the streets. It slides across the ground and takes out a NEWSSTAND, then smashes into the glass facade of a Coffee Shop. The PEOPLE INSIDE are left stunned...

Finally the train makes ANOTHER TURN and the car streaks in front of the THIRD SEDAN. The metal wire RIPS THE ROOF off of the car, and it spins into halted traffic. Finally the Veyron slams in between TWO CEMENT PILLARS.

It stops dead. FSSSST! The winch starts screaming.

INT. SKYTRAIN - REAR CAR - DAY

As Rifkin punches Ed, causing him to lose grip. Rifkin then falls back into the train on top of Isobel. They turn and meet face to face. He smiles.

ISOBEL

It's stuck.

RIFKIN

Excuse me?

ISOBEL

The car we're dragging, it's stuck.

Isobel points to the rear door. The two stand up and run to it as Ed slowly pulls himself back in through the window.

ISOBEL (CONT'D)

As soon as it runs out of rope, it'll rip this train apart.

Rifkin lowers down to the magnetic disc and begins pulling on it, but it doesn't budge. He draws a pistol and starts shooting at the metal it's adhered to, and nothing. The winch is getting short on space, it's about to crack...

That's when Ed steps up behind Rifkin, they're about to fight when Ed reaches for the gun.

RIFKIN

Not a chance.

ED

You got a reason to live?

Rifkin hands over the gun and Ed fixes his aim on the wire, about a foot away from the disc. He focuses. The winch continues reeling, seconds away. BLAM! The metal tether snaps half a foot down. The winch finally stops.

ISOBEL

We're coming to the next stop.

RIFKIN

Good job --

THUMP! Ed lays a heavy right into Rifkin's chest and sends him sliding out of the back of the train. Isobel screams as Ed comes to his feet, gun ready. He points it at her as she slowly walks backward with the square case.

ED

I don't take prisoners, I keep coroners in business. Hand it over.

ISOBEL

I'm not giving it to you.

ED

I knew you'd have it, bitch.

Isobel's eyes light up with rage. Ed smiles as she makes a run for him. BLAM! A shot in the stomach. She gasps and falls down to the ground. Ed calmly walks over and grabs the case out of her limp hand.

ED (CONT'D)

That's for Cal.

The train creaks to a slow stop at the SECOND STATION. Isobel reaches out weakly for Ed, as he exits through the sliding doors, past a group of waiting COMMUTERS. At the REAR EXIT we see Rifkin pull himself up from the REMAINING ROPE...

EXT. SECOND STATION STAIRWELL - DAY

As Ed plows through the crowd of people with the case in hand. He tosses the gun in a TRASH BIN as he makes his way across the street and into an ADJACENT ALLEY. In the distance, POLICE SIRENS begin to wail...

INT. SKYTRAIN - REAR CAR - DAY

As Rifkin scrambles across the floor of the train to Isobel, who tries to smile. He pushes a hand over her stomach, as blood wells in his palm. He tries to put force on it, but she winces and holds him in tight.

The sound of BANGKOK POLICE SIRENS stir Rifkin from the moment. He looks up through the windows to see the FLASHING red and white lights. He lifts Isobel up in his arms and heads for the doorway, looking like the hero he should be...

RIFKIN

Time to go. I'm going to get you to a hospital, now.

EXT. SECOND STATION STAIRWELL - DAY

A group of POLICE OFFICERS clear the civilians off of the staircase, slowly making their way up.

EXT. SECOND STATION - DAY

As Rifkin steps out of the train with Isobel. Everyone scatters out of his way as he heads for the stairwell, the officers come to the top and start shouting in Thai. Rifkin thinks, his mind scattered, and makes the choice...

Rifkin boots the first police officer in the chest, sending him back into the others. One officer gets a shot off, but it goes astray. Rifkin then bounds through the group of police officers and makes his way to...

EXT. SECOND STATION STAIRWELL - DAY

The officers tumble down like dominoes as Rifkin piles overtop of them, making his way down the steps.

EXT. STREET BELOW SECOND STATION - DAY

Rifkin makes it to the bottom of the steps and runs to a POLICE CAR. He kicks open the back door and throws Isobel inside. He then moves to the OPEN FRONT DOOR and grabs a 12 GAUGE PUMP ACTION SHOTGUN from the dashboard.

He spins around and shoots out the GAS TANK of a SECOND PARKED VEHICLE. It explodes by the STAIRWELL, sending the police officers flying for cover. Using this moment of distraction, Rifkin leaps into the driver's seat and peels off...

INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING - DAY

Traffic is relatively light and Rifkin is making a lot of headway through the streets. He turns around and realizes he isn't being tailed, but he pumps the gas. That's when Isobel's bloody hand reaches up over the seat.

ISOBEL

Stop the car.

RIFKIN

But we have to --

ISOBEL

-- please, Rifkin. Stop the car.

EXT. ABANDONED ALLEY - DAY

As the police car parks in the alley. Rifkin hops out of the driver's seat and moves to the back of the car.

INT. POLICE CAR - PARKED - DAY

Rifkin leans down over Isobel in the back seat and she wraps her arms around him. Her eyes are honest, forgiving.

ISOBEL

I didn't mean to...

RIFKIN

I shouldn't have brought you along.

ISOBEL

You couldn't help it.

RIFKIN

I know... But I didn't want to put you in danger.

ISOBEL

I don't mind. I got to be with you.

RIFKIN

Let me help you.

ISOBEL

You already have.

Her eyes glaze over. Rifkin holds onto her face, trying to will her awake. But she's dead. He starts crying. Her arms fall limp to the side. He struggles to lift them up over his back, holding her one last time.

RIFKIN

No, no... I'm sorry.

EXT. ABANDONED ALLEY - LATER

Two POLICE CARS pull up at either end of the alley. A Police Officer runs to the doors to check inside. It's EMPTY...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

In the midst of a small clearing, a single JET has just landed. The STAIRWELL DOOR unfurls onto the road and Scorelli's Pilot walks out. He turns and waves goofily to an oncoming RENTAL CAR.

Rifkin steps out, a grim look on his face. The Pilot suddenly becomes solemn. Rifkin goes to the back seat and pulls out a BODY WRAPPED IN SHEETS. He lifts it up and carries it to the plane. The pilot runs out to help but Rifkin refuses.

They both step up into the plane. It flies off.

INT. HARBOR FACILITY - DAY

We find ourselves inside a drippy steel encased building that's obviously close to water, as SHIP AIR HORNS indicate. Reinheit is there, overseeing a SPEEDBOAT as it docks INSIDE THE BUILDING. Ed steps out with the case.

ED

I hope this brings a sense of finality for us both.

Reinheit takes the case and opens it. He sees the FULLY ASSEMBLED BOMB, his eyes turn into saucers.

REINHEIT

Finality, in this case, is probably the best word for it.

ED

When are you going to announce all of this? Make the ransom claims? You've never explained your cause.

REINHEIT

I am not out for ransom or money. You think I have beliefs? I have one. The cleansing of humanity. It is my highest priority. I am not interested in anything else. I am simply a man out for the blood of those who are impure.

(holds up case)

This will certainly help.

ED

What about the blood of Rifkin? I thought he was dead, but I got word that he survived.

REINHEIT

He's resilient. But the plan is very close to coming full circle, I don't believe we should risk capture for a bit of fitful vengeance.

ED

I think we should. I can handle it.

Reinheit begins to head for the door, Ed follows.

ED (CONT'D)

I just don't know where he is.

REINHEIT

If you must find him, then all we need to do is locate his boss.

ED

Scorelli? Where is he?

REINHEIT

Oh, I'm sure he'll be right...

Reinheit opens the EXIT DOOR. Outside we see the vast MANHATTAN ISLAND SKYLINE. He smells the air and smiles.

REINHEIT (CONT'D)

...here.

(beat)

Plus, in about two hours it's not going to matter anyway.

INT. RIFKIN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Rifkin stands absolutely still in the shower. The water washes over his skin, but he doesn't come clean.

He looks down at his hands. Even though we can't see it, we know that they're covered in blood. So does he.

INT. RIFKIN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As we see Rifkin shave his face. He stares into the mirror, past his cold eyes and wonders. His answer is disturbed by a knock at the door. Nothing can prepare him for what he's about to walk into.

INT. RIFKIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Elaine stands in the doorway, a shy smile on her face. Rifkin clears his throat nervously and lets her in. She takes a few steps inside, looks around, and removes her coat. Rifkin kindly grabs it and throws it over a chair.

ELAINE

I don't mean to intrude, but...
(she makes eye contact)
What's wrong?

Rifkin stands stoic in the corner of the room. Elaine steps in closer to him, but he moves away.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

I heard about everything. Losing the bomb, and... Isobel. But it's not your fault.

RIFKIN

I let her die.

Elaine walks to Rifkin's back. She slides her arm across his shoulders, and he doesn't respond.

ELAINE

No you didn't. Don't say that.

RIFKIN

It's true.

ELAINE

Did you... Love her?

Rifkin finally turns to Elaine, grabs her hands.

RIFKIN

No. Although I understand what she was to me... She represented everything that I didn't want, but couldn't be without.

ELAINE

What do I represent?

RIFKIN

Everything I want but can't have.

Elaine grabs Rifkin tighter and pulls him in close.

ELAINE

Why not?

RIFKIN

I don't want you to get hurt either.

ELAINE

I won't.

RIFKIN

You don't know that.

Elaine sighs. She places her head in Rifkin's chest and listens to his heartbeat.

ELAINE

Part of living is knowing that the end will come. But you can't let that stand in the way of what you want. Am I worth the risk?

RIFKIN

Yes.

The two make eye contact. She emboldens him.

ELAINE

Then make that choice.

RIFKIN

I have.

He leans in and kisses her. Fully and without remorse. The two embrace each other, love each other.

ELAINE

Now let's finish this. Together.

Rifkin searches her eyes, trying to see if she's being truthful. There isn't a trace of dishonesty. He smiles.

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENTS - LOBBY - DAY

Rifkin and Elaine walk into the building through the swinging doors. They're greeted by a kindly OLD MAN with a strange little smile on his face.

RIFKIN

Hello, I'm here to see Leo Scorelli.

(nothing)

He lives in the penthouse, forty-second floor. I'm sure you know him. Hello?

A trickle of blood drips from the man's lip. He falls face first into the desk, a gaping wound in the back of his head.

ELAINE

Oh my God!

RIFKIN

They're already here.

Rifkin grabs Elaine by the arm and they make a run for the elevators. He jams the buttons. Nothing. They turn to the STAIRWELL and burst through the door...

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENTS - PENTHOUSE - DAY

As we find Scorelli seated comfortably by his kitchen table. He's drinking tea, legs folded, reading the NEWSPAPER. He looks outside through the LARGE PLATE GLASS WINDOWS at the building across the street and smiles. A good day.

Suddenly, we hear a noise: FWICK! So does Scorelli. He looks around for the source of the sound. Left, right. Nothing. Under the chair? Nope. Then he looks at the newspaper, a hole pierced through it. That's when:

TWENTY MORE BULLETS immediately follow...

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENTS - OUTSIDE PENTHOUSE - DAY

Rifkin and Elaine erupt from the stairwell. They move to knock on the Penthouse door. Until it's completely perforated by rapid gunfire. The two drop back to the ground as the riddled door falls off of its hinges.

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENTS - PENTHOUSE - DAY

As Rifkin crawls along the floor outside, he peeks into the Penthouse. Scorelli is inside, alive, ducked behind the KITCHEN ISLAND in the center of the room. The windows of the apartment have all been BLOWN OUT...

RIFKIN

Are you alright?

SCORELLI

How do I look?

Rifkin looks out through the shattered windows for a shooter, but no one seems to be there. The building across the way is completely silent, unmoving. He looks back to Scorelli.

RIFKIN

Got any matches?

SCORELLI

Smoking will kill you.

RIFKIN

No for that!

Rifkin points out a garbage bin. Scorelli gets the idea. He pulls out a lighter and grabs a small piece of paper from the trash. It immediately lights on fire as he throws it back inside. The blaze begins immediately.

The smoky haze rises up to the FIRE SPRINKLERS, finally causing them to EXPLODE. It creates a watery veil that Scorelli uses as a cover. He leaps up and runs across the room as RAPID GUNFIRE follows his path...

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENTS - OUTSIDE PENTHOUSE - DAY

Scorelli falls out the door and turns the corner into the hallway. The gunfire continues to randomly tear the apartment to shreds. Rifkin slides up next to Scorelli.

SCORELLI

What the hell are you two doing here?

RIFKIN

I came to get your help.

SCORELLI

It seems like every time that happens I get into shit. So could you stop?

RIFKIN

Trust me, once this is over and done with I'm out of the business, okay. So how do we get out of here?

SCORELLI

(points up)

I have my chopper.

EXT. HIGH RISE APARTMENTS - ROOF - DAY

The three approach the HELIPAD where SCORELLI'S CHOPPER is waiting. They all hop inside as it starts up.

INT. SCORELLI'S HELICOPTER - PARKED - DAY

As Scorelli flicks a few switches on the MAIN CONSOLE. He grabs the driver's stick as the engine roars. Elaine slides the REAR PASSENGER DOOR shut.

SCORELLI

Any idea who this guy is?

RIFKIN

It's Ed.

SCORELLI

The assassin?

RIFKIN

No, the talking horse.

SCORELLI

Don't be a wise-ass.

ELAINE

You know how to fly this thing?

Scorelli pulls back on the stick. The helicopter begins to raise up into the air over the pad.

SCORELLI

Not especially well. But I'll try my best.

RIFKIN

We've got time, Ed's still operating that gun.

The helicopter banks hard and flies away...

EXT. BUILDING ACROSS FROM HIGH RISE - ROOF - DAY

As we see the chopper SCREAM PAST across the street. Below, mounted on the roof of the building a large TRIPOD MACHINE GUN. The problem is... it's REMOTE OPERATED.

INT. SCORELLI'S HELICOPTER - FLYING - DAY

The helicopter has now reached a calm drift, skimming above buildings below. Scorelli turns and smiles to Rifkin and Elaine, they all seem relieved. Until a small BEEPING SOUND echoes from the READ-OUT DISPLAY...

ELAINE

What does that mean?

SCORELLI

It means we're being tracked.

RIFKIN

By what?

ELAINE

(points forward)

By that!

That's when: an enormous KAMOV 52 ALLIGATOR ATTACK HELICOPTER rises up in front of them. Scorelli banks hard out of the way as it opens fire on the much smaller passenger chopper. As they pass by, Rifkin sees Ed piloting the Kamov.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE NEW YORK - DAY

Scorelli's helicopter dips down in between the buildings as the Kamov turns to attack. It immediately lets loose a series of STINGER MISSILES from the side tubes. Rifkin watches as one of them passes by the helicopter.

It smashes directly into the roof of an ADJACENT BUILDING.

RIFKIN

Here he comes!

SCORELLI

Hold on!

Scorelli puts the helicopter into a hard dive. Another Stinger zips overhead, narrowly missing the top propeller. But the Kamov is way too goddamn fast, it's right behind Scorelli's and starts rattling off MACHINE GUN ROUNDS...

INT. SCORELLI'S HELICOPTER - FLYING - DAY

The two helicopters are now in a game of cat and mouse. Scorelli banks right into a narrow squeeze between two buildings and the Kamov follows, impossible to lose. A shot pierces the rear RUDDER, Scorelli struggles for control.

SCORELLI

I promise you if we don't end this now, it isn't going to last a hell of a lot longer.

RIFKIN

What do you expect me to do?

SCORELLI

You're Mr. Fix It, think of something!

Rifkin slides the REAR PASSENGER DOOR open and looks out at the approaching helicopter. Two bullets go whizzing past his head. He ducks back inside, then slowly peeks out. Just in time to see Ed smiling and waving.

Rifkin flips him off. Probably not a good idea.

INT. KAMOV ATTACK HELICOPTER - FLYING - DAY

Ed activates a small CONSOLE inside the helicopter. He trips a switch. That causes a SMALL DEVICE to fire out from above the helicopter. It zips through the air and latches onto Scorelli's chopper, snapping in tight.

INT. SCORELLI'S HELICOPTER - FLYING - DAY

The controls go haywire. Scorelli pulls at the stick but there's no response. They go into a DEAD DROP. Rifkin looks out of the helicopter, and sees the small device. It's sending an ELECTRIC CURRENT through the chopper.

Ed brings the Kamov to hover above as he watches the chopper continue the dive. Only moments away from crashing. Elaine turns to Rifkin from inside the helicopter, holding on for dear life. She watches as he STEPS OUTSIDE...

ELAINE

Ronald, get back here!

Rifkin quickly leans back in, holds up a finger.

RIFKIN

Don't ever call me Ronald!

ELAINE

Get back in here!

Rifkin turns back towards the side of the helicopter, the wind blowing in his face and the ground coming up fast. He reaches out for the device. His hand wraps around it and a shock runs through his body. He pulls his hand back.

Rifkin then breathes deeply and finally smashes the device off of the helicopter. The controls come back. Scorelli pulls the chopper up as it is only feet from crashing into the streets.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY

Civilians SCATTER as Scorelli's helicopter tears through traffic. The LANDING LEGS scrape the signs off of two TAXI CABS, and finally dip below the cars. Scorelli continues to pull up, but the helicopter falls even lower.

Low enough the slam into a BIKE COURIER... The landing leg hooks through the spoke of the bike and lifts it into the air, and the courier with it. He holds on for dear life as the helicopter raises up again...

BIKE COURIER

Oh... SHIT!

He falls to the ground, smashing into the hood of a car. But the bike is still hooked to the chopper.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE NEW YORK - DAY

Ed grits his teeth and brings the Kamov around in pursuit. He fires TWO MORE stinger missiles a little too quickly and they go slightly wide. They fly off harmlessly down the street past Rifkin, who's still standing on the landing leg.

INT. SCORELLI'S HELICOPTER - FLYING - DAY

Scorelli continues to get the helicopter to lift. But there's a slight kink in the proceedings, the bike is causing the helicopter to tilt forward. Rifkin climbs back into the chopper and slams the door shut.

RIFKIN

It's real rough out there.

SCORELLI

Uh, Rifkin?

RIFKIN

What...?

SCORELLI
 (points to bike)
 I'm gonna need you to go back out.

RIFKIN
 Damn it.

Rifkin slides open the door and turns to Elaine.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)
 I'll be right back.

EXT. SCORELLI'S HELICOPTER - FLYING - DAY

Rifkin lowers himself onto the leg of the helicopter again. He begins to slide along to the end, where the bike is hanging. Scorelli gives him a thumbs up from inside. Rifkin mockingly does the same.

RIFKIN
 I'd better get a bonus for this.

A few stray bullets from Ed's Kamov sprinkle past Rifkin, one catches the sleeve of his shirt.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)
 Whoa! Watch it!

Finally Rifkin crouches down on the leg and begins kicking the bike. It doesn't budge.

EXT. KAMOV ATTACK HELICOPTER - FLYING - DAY

Ed leans to the side, looking past the helicopter. He sees Rifkin hanging over the edge and begins to speed up. The two helicopters are now almost parallel...

EXT. SKIES ABOVE NEW YORK - DAY

Scorelli turns to the right and sees Ed is level with him. Rifkin stops booting the bike for a moment to notice the giant black helicopter to his right. He screams, grabbing onto the landing leg as the huge PROPELLER gets closer.

Ed tilts the helicopter further and further. The TWIN ROTOR blades come close to colliding with Rifkin's shoulder. Scorelli makes a sudden maneuver and pulls up. The Kamov's blades slice and dice the bike, it falls off the leg.

INT. SCORELLI'S HELICOPTER - FLYING - DAY

Scorelli continues to rise until Rifkin leans back inside.

RIFKIN
 Get right up next to him!

SCORELLI
 What?

RIFKIN

Do it now!

The two helicopters get closer again. Scorelli makes the careful maneuvering as the Kamov gets parallel. Ed turns to Rifkin, who's standing on the leg. He tries to smile again, but Rifkin looks fucking pissed...

EXT. SKIES ABOVE NEW YORK - DAY

As Rifkin LEAPS ACROSS in between the TWO HELICOPTERS... He flies through the air, almost in slow motion, headed directly for the PASSENGER SIDE of Ed's helicopter. Ed makes a hard dive, tilting the blades toward Rifkin again.

They narrowly miss. Rifkin slams awkwardly onto the side of Ed's helicopter and rolls onto the roof. He tries to push himself up, until the blades above stop him. He lowers back down and kicks out the glass of the PASSENGER DOOR...

INT. KAMOV ATTACK HELICOPTER - FLYING - DAY

Ed draws a gun from his hip as Rifkin falls into the cockpit. The two engage in a closed quarters fist fight as the Kamov flies wildly through the air. Outside we see Scorelli pull the helicopter back and out, it isn't his fight anymore.

Rifkin smashes Ed's head off of the window repeatedly. He then snaps away his gun and points it directly at him.

RIFKIN

Put her on the ground!

Ed, almost too proud, finally relents. He turns the helicopter in the direction of a PUBLIC PARK...

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

A lone CHILD sits at a swing set. He looks up in the sky as the KAMOV HELICOPTER lands roughly on the ground. The right landing leg breaks, causing it to fall at a tilt. Both Rifkin and Ed drop out of the helicopter in a pile.

Ed immediately tries to crawl away. But he's stopped by a knee to the back and a gun to the head.

RIFKIN

You're not slipping away this time.

Scorelli lands the helicopter on the other end of the park. He runs out with Elaine to the Kamov, as its blades continue to spin after the crash. Rifkin turns to the blades and gets an idea. He lifts Ed to his feet.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

I hear you're a fan of torture. So I'm sure this will be a hell of an experience for you, Mr. Asshole.

Rifkin lifts Ed up right under the spinning blades. If he raises him any further, he'll lose his head.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Where the fuck is Reinheit? Where are you keeping the bomb?

ED

I'm ready to die.

RIFKIN

Really? Ready for a haircut first?

He lifts Ed up into the blades. It shears the top of his hair clean off. Ed screams, his pride vanishes.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Tell me now, and you keep your head.

ED

Okay, okay... It's in the Bayside Factory only a few blocks from here. But there's no time. Reinheit's got the bomb ready.

RIFKIN

Alright, so now --

-- FWIT! Red mist sprays up from Ed's skull. He falls limp. Rifkin turns around to see Elaine wielding the SMOKING GUN, her eyes fixed on Ed. She doesn't shake. Scorelli grabs the gun from her and cleans it off.

Rifkin has no time for it. He throws Ed down to the ground and runs over to Elaine and Scorelli.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

We have to get to that factory right now. I'm gonna need your help.

SCORELLI

I'll call somebody in.

RIFKIN

Not you.

(to Elaine)

Do you want to help me?

Elaine nods, keeping herself strong.

ELAINE

We can make it if we run.

Rifkin and Elaine break into a sprint from the park.

SCORELLI

I'll get some people over there when I can, I swear!

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF PARK - DAY

As Rifkin gets off of the grass, he immediately starts panting and slowing down. Elaine turns to him, a few paces ahead.

ELAINE

We have to hurry! What, are you wimping out already?

RIFKIN

Come on, I just jumped out of a damn helicopter!

ELAINE

Okay, okay. What do we do?

Rifkin turns to the nearest SPORTS CAR. He walks toward it and flicks out a switchblade...

INT. HARBOR FACILITY - DAY

As Reinheit stares down at the bomb in all it's glory. He sets the GPS TARGETING SYSTEM to a very familiar location, CENTRAL PARK. The screen begins beeping, setting the trajectory of the bomb.

He's about the place it down on the ground, when:

The SPORTS CAR smashes through the GARAGE DOORS of the facility and squeals to a hard stop inside. REINHEIT'S SECURITY immediately opens fire on the car. Rifkin comes out of the driver's side with gun in hand.

He lays waste to the security in a series of shots. He then turns to Reinheit, who is holding the bomb limply.

RIFKIN

So you're the guy. The one who's been giving me so much shit lately.

Rifkin gets closer and closer to Reinheit.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Since all this started, I've been shot at more times than I'd like to count and I lost some good friends. You put me through hell, yet here I am.

REINHEIT

Sounds like quite a predicament.

RIFKIN

Quite. But it's about to end. So put the bomb down.

Reinheit chuckles. He presses a button on the bomb and places it on the ground. The GPS map beeps again.

REINHEIT

So, now that you have me... what are you going to do?

RIFKIN

Some sleep would be nice. Haven't gotten enough of that lately.

Elaine watches the bomb from the car. It begins moving on it's own. The center ORB SPINS, while the two handles remain static. Strangely, it's rolling for the door.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Plus, let me throw you a look.

ELAINE

Rifkin...

RIFKIN

Look, if you want to --

ELAINE

-- RONALD!

RIFKIN

(to Elaine)

What did I tell you about...?

He turns to see Elaine pointing at the bomb.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Am I crazy, or is that thing rolling?

Rifkin makes a run for the bomb, but he's immediately tripped up by Reinheit. The two clamor along the floor for the bomb, as it continues to roll...

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Elaine, you have to get it!

Elaine jumps out of the car and is only feet away from the bomb. But TWO SHOTS ring out from above. One of the barely living Security Guards has let off a few rounds. He's ready to shoot again. Elaine ducks behind a crate.

ELAINE

I'm a little busy here!

The bomb turns around the GARAGE DOORS and rolls down the street. Rifkin starts to get frantic. He smashes Reinheit in the mouth with his boot and gets to his feet.

RIFKIN

Come on!

ELAINE

Easier said than done.

Rifkin shoots the injured guard in the head and gets into the passenger seat. But doesn't bother to close the door.

RIFKIN

You're gonna have to drive!

Elaine jumps into the driver side and hits it in reverse. The passenger side door is RIPPED OFF...

ELAINE

What's that for?

RIFKIN

You'll see.

They drive through the doors and vanish.

EXT. DOCKSIDE STREETS - DAY

As the BOMB makes a hard turn around the corner at 60MPH, the SPORTS CAR is directly behind it. Rifkin leans out through the RIPPED OFF doorway and opens fire on the bomb. Elaine reaches over and slaps him on the shoulder.

ELAINE

Rifkin! Rifkin! Do you think that's a good idea?

Rifkin looks down at the gun. It takes a moment to register.

RIFKIN

What do you mean?

ELAINE

You're shooting at a bomb!

RIFKIN

Oops.

Rifkin throws the gun in the back seat. Suddenly, a FLATBED TRUCK smashes into the back of the sports car. Rifkin turns, it's Reinheit driving. Elaine hits the gas even harder.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Get us closer to the bomb!

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The bomb makes another hard turn, moving faster. The Sports Car is still right behind it, with the truck behind them. Elaine pulls the sports car up next to the bomb. Rifkin begins to lean out, trying to grab it.

INT. SPORTS CAR - MOVING - DAY

Reinheit slams the truck into the sports car. Rifkin screams as he loses his grip on the dashboard. He snaps his hands onto the seat belt.

His legs scramble out onto the street below. The belt begins to stretch too far...

Elaine tries to reach out for Rifkin, until Reinheit slams into the side of the car again. The sports car tilts back and forth, forcing her to regain a grip on the wheel. Rifkin starts to pull himself up, until he sees:

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The front wheel of Reinheit's truck ripping at the bottom of his feet. He begins to kick wildly as Reinheit punches the gas. The treads getting closer and closer to engulfing his shoes, until they move even further. Towards the groin.

The seat belt stretches further. The tires approach. Elaine watches as the bomb makes a LEFT TURN...

She follows it sharply. Rifkin's almost flung from the car as he goes horizontal from the side door. Reinheit's too focused on Rifkin, he misses the turn and slams into a STOP LIGHT POLE. It tears off the driver side mirror.

Elaine watches the bomb roll through the windshield, weaving out and around traffic. She looks over to Rifkin who is about to pull himself up off of the street. She finally reaches over and grabs at him. She pulls him inside.

ELAINE

You know, I can't always save you.

Rifkin tries to chuckle, until he sees Reinheit approaching again through the REAR VIEW MIRROR.

RIFKIN

Time to finish this asshole.

INT. SPORTS CAR - MOVING - DAY

Rifkin drops into the back seat and picks up the gun. He shoots out the REAR WINDSHIELD and pulls himself through it. Until Reinheit slams the truck into the car again, and the SPORTS CAR TRUNK flaps open into Rifkin's face.

Elaine follows the bomb on yet another turn, forcing Rifkin to grip onto the REAR SEAT. It snaps open, revealing a space that leads into the OPEN TRUNK. Rifkin climbs through it, scrambling over the junk inside. He smiles at Reinheit.

RIFKIN

Hey, dickhead!

Rifkin starts shooting again. He blows out Reinheit's windshield, causing shards of glass to explode in both of their faces. Rifkin ducks back into the trunk...

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Why is it that I always end up in these things?

He moves to push himself back up, but his hand lands on a tire iron. He flings it at Reinheit's head and it lands dead on. THUMP! Reinheit's nose is smashed, he starts bleeding. The truck makes a hard turn, stops dead.

Rifkin climbs back up into the passenger seat.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

I think I got him.

Elaine checks the rear view mirror, Reinheit's car has come to a full stop and isn't moving. She's all clear.

ELAINE

What do we do now?

RIFKIN

It's pretty obvious that I only have one choice. Do it.

Elaine guns it again. The car pulls right up next to the bomb. Rifkin leans out again. He JUMPS OUT of the car overtop of the bomb. His hands SNAP AROUND the static handles and now he's along for the ride.

EXT. REINHEIT'S TRUCK - PARKED - DAY

Reinheit finally collects himself. He looks up towards the car, through traffic. They're way too far ahead. He can't possibly catch up. He looks down the other street and peels off in ANOTHER DIRECTION...

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

As Rifkin is dragged behind the bomb. His legs begin to tear up on the cement and one of his shoes fly off. Elaine flinches as the shoe slaps into the windshield. She keeps on chasing him, slicing through ONCOMING TRAFFIC...

Rifkin screams as he's dragged underneath a LARGE VAN, then a TAXI CAB. The back of his shirt is torn clean off. Finally he comes out from under the line up of vehicles into a clearing. CENTRAL PARK is STRAIGHT AHEAD.

Until Reinheit's truck pulls in the way. The bomb crashes into the tire. Rifkin loses his grip and quickly scrambles to his feet. The side door of the truck slams into his face as Reinheit jumps out. The bomb begins readjusting.

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - DAY

Reinheit violently leaps on top of Rifkin and begins choking him. Rifkin continues reaching for the bomb, but it's too far away. Reinheit leans down, inches from Rifkin's face.

REINHEIT

Everyone comes to their end
eventually. It is *your* time.

The bomb begins a slow roll underneath the truck. Finally, it's close enough for Rifkin to grab it. But he doesn't.

RIFKIN

You want the bomb, Reinheit?

CLICK! A cuff slaps around Reinheit's wrist. It takes him a minute to realize this. Rifkin smiles.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

You got it, asshole!

The SECOND CUFF slaps around the BOMB HANDLE. Reinheit's now stuck to it as the bomb begins its SPEEDY ROLL. Rifkin comes to his feet as Reinheit is literally dragged away at TOP SPEED. Elaine pulls up in the SPORTS CAR...

ELAINE

It looks like you got caught in a
blender.

Rifkin looks down at his decimated clothing. Then back.

RIFKIN

Let me drive.

Elaine hops over as Rifkin jumps inside. He leaves the driver side door open now and quickly GOES IN REVERSE... The door is torn off by Reinheit's parked truck.

ELAINE

Oh no, not again...

Rifkin then throws it into drive and starts the chase.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

As Reinheit is dragged against his will by the bomb. He looks past it, to Central Park. The target. It's coming up fast. Reinheit then turns to see the SPORTS CAR blazing past him. Rifkin looks down and gives a happy wave.

RIFKIN

Enjoying the ride?

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

A group of CONSTRUCTION WORKERS are tearing out a section of the SIDEWALK. One of the workers brings a SLEDGEHAMMER down hard on the cement. Tired, he leans on a set of MASSIVE PIPES which are stacked in a PYRAMID FORMATION...

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Rifkin sees the construction site ahead, more specifically: the stacked pipes. He wheels the car out of the way and parks it. Elaine sits confused in the passenger seat. Down the way, Reinheit is approaching, screaming his head off.

RIFKIN

Do exactly what I say, when I say!

Elaine slides over into the driver's seat as Rifkin makes a run for the pipes.

ELAINE

Ronald, you can trust me!

RIFKIN

I know I can.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Rifkin runs past the TIRED WORKERS and approaches the pipes, which are parallel with the street. He shoots out the strap that's holding them. They begin to tumble down onto the hard pavement. Rifkin leaps out of the way.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! The pipes slam roughly down into the street. ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE, a CUBE TRUCK tries to brake hard. It doesn't work. The truck JACK-KNIFES and tips forward onto its side. Rifkin watches as:

The top of the truck lands flush with the pipe ends.

Elaine turns from the driver's seat to see Reinheit getting even closer. That's when Rifkin runs to one of the dazed construction workers and grabs his sledgehammer. He runs to the furthest STREET CORNER, next to Elaine.

He raises the sledgehammer in the air as Reinheit approaches. The two make eye contact. The bomb rolls directly up to Rifkin and he SLAMS THE BOMB like a croquet ball, sending it directly towards the FALLEN CENTER PIPE...

The bomb rolls directly inside. Rifkin turns to Elaine.

RIFKIN

PLUG IT UP!

Elaine slams the gas. She aims the sports car at the pipe, right behind Reinheit. The car squeals up to the pipes as she jumps out right before COLLISION...

INT. CONSTRUCTION PIPE - DAY

Now Reinheit is left in shadow, still rolling until he bumps up against the roof of the truck. The GPS system glows in his face as he comes to his feet. It begins readjusting. Reinheit turns in the other direction. It's Dark. No exit.

REINHEIT

Oh, no.

The BOMB begins spinning in Reinheit's hands. It thinks it's still moving, approaching the TARGET...

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

A crowd begins to gather around the construction site. They're all interested in the commotion. Rifkin runs to Elaine's side and helps her to her feet. They stand together as she falls into his arms. He kisses the top of her hair.

ELAINE

I want you to know that I love you.

RIFKIN

I love you, too.

She wraps her arms around his back and hugs him. It may be their last moment together.

INT. CONSTRUCTION PIPE - DAY

Reinheit runs to the furthest end of the pipe and begins kicking the hard metal surface. He looks down. The bomb is about to explode. He screams, for the last time.

REINHEIT

My time is now!

INSERT - The GPS SCREEN as it reads: "Implacable Obstruction - Emergency Detonation".

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

As Rifkin and Elaine fall into that embrace. As the people gather around. As the moment comes. THE BOMB IMPLODES. It begins to tear at the pipe, causing it convulse into itself. The metal shrieks, bends, shatters.

A strange wind begins to pull on everyone around the pipe. Rifkin and Elaine pull each other in closer as small objects are torn from the surrounding area. Pens. Pebbles. Anything that isn't nailed down. It begins to get stronger.

RIFKIN

Hold on to me!

Rifkin and Elaine run behind a large CONSTRUCTION TRUCK. They press up against it. A HOT DOG STAND tumbles past, heading for the pipe. Then a CONSTRUCTION WORKER sits up next to the two. Suddenly, a JACKHAMMER flies at them...

BOOM! They scramble out of the way as it smashes into the side of the truck, which begins to flip. It careens in mid-air and flies towards the inhaling pipe. Rifkin grabs Elaine and holds her down behind another car.

Rifkin peeks over the car and sees the remaining gap in the pipe. It's swallowing up air like a BLACK HOLE. He turns to the street and sees a MANHOLE COVER teetering up and down in place. He gets an idea.

RIFKIN (CONT'D)

Elaine, come on!

Cars begin to move in the distance. Light poles begin to bend. Everyone is bracing themselves. It shows no signs of stopping. Rifkin and Elaine run up to the manhole cover and begin to tear at it, trying to loosen it.

ELAINE

Rifkin! Rifkin! Look at me.

(he does)

We have to work together on this.

RIFKIN

Okay... One! Two! Three!

They tear the manhole cover out of its place. It flies up in the air over Rifkin's head and at the REMAINING HOLE. It snaps tightly overtop. Finally, the suction begins to subside. The pipe fully crushes into itself.

It's now roughly the size of a coffin. Fitting.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Rifkin and Elaine turn, now hand in hand, and begin to walk away. Various ON-LOOKERS scramble past them for a better view. A familiar CADILLAC pulls up in front of them. The rear window rolls down to REVEAL Scorelli.

SCORELLI

You two need a ride?

Rifkin and Elaine make eye contact and smile.

RIFKIN

Today, I think we'll walk.

SCORELLI

Suit yourself.

The window rolls up. The Cadillac drives away. Rifkin throws his arm around Elaine's shoulder as they walk down the street.

ELAINE

So this what a normal day with you is usually like?

RIFKIN

No, but I do wonder what life would be like without all the explosions.

Elaine laughs and tucks her head into his shoulder.

ELAINE

It could afford more time for us.
You might think that's a bit boring,
but I guess we'll have to find out.

(beat)

So what are we doing now?

RIFKIN

I'm going to go get some rest and
lick my wounds.

ELAINE

Can I come with?

RIFKIN

If I say yes, am I finally making
the right choice?

ELAINE

Yeah, I hope so.

RIFKIN

Okay then, let's blow this pop stand.

And they do, while that same metal HOT DOG CART finally
crashes to the ground behind them...

FADE OUT:

THE END.