

THE KILLER

by Andrew Kevin Walker

based upon the
graphic novel
by MATZ

Final Script w/ V.O.
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FADE IN:

1 INT. PARIS OFFICE -- NIGHT 1

A large, dark, unfinished space. No one here.

2 INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE, BATHROOM -- NIGHT 2

No one in the dark, modern, albeit in-progress BATHROOM.

3 INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT 3

No one in the under-construction KITCHEN AREA.

4 INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE, COMMON AREA -- NIGHT 4

Not a soul amongst the dark CUBICLES, or in the adjoining LOUNGE AREA, which hosts SAW HORSES, a BAND SAW, and other CONSTRUCTION EQUIPMENT. Light TRAFFIC is HEARD along with distant PEDESTRIAN VOICES through an open WINDOW at the far end, as the glow of HEADLIGHTS casts pale abstract patterns onto the ceiling. As if our eyes are adjusting to the dark... we begin to see... this room is not so empty as it seemed. We can make out the FIGURE of a MAN seated stark still to one side of the window...

Meet THE KILLER.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
It's amazing how physically
exhausting it can be to do
nothing. If you're unable to
endure boredom, this work is not
for you.

We see The Killer first mostly in silhouette.
He is seated erect in a straight backed, folding CHAIR,
close enough to the window to be able to peer out.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Paris awakens unlike any other
city. Slowly. Without the diesel
grind of Berlin or Damascus. Or
the incessant hum of Tokyo.

The Killer leans slightly forward so his unremarkable, lately unshaven, 40-something face is cut by the shadow of the sill from the bridge of his nose down.

Lights from below reflect in his eyes.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Popeye the Sailor probably said it
 best... "I am what I am."*

CONTINUED

If you're paying strict attention, you might notice he blinks only very occasionally, but who would notice that?

The Killer breathes, exhaling slowly through his nose. He looks to his black FITBIT, TAPS from WATCH to HEART MONITOR: which reads "45 bpm."

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*It's not that I'm exceptional.
 I'm just... apart.*

He remains seated, motionless, watching. A heavy DROP CLOTH hangs as make-shift window covering, and except for it's slight undulating this is a still life.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
I am The Stranger amongst you.

5 **INT./EXT. POV: PARIS - TARGET WINDOW - NIGHT** 5

The Killer has a vantage point on a GRANDIOSE APARTMENT BUILDING across a small SQUARE.

CUT TO:

6 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE, COMMON AREA -- DAWN** 6

DAWN SUNLIGHT is breaking on The Killer, who is where we first saw him, looking out the brightening window.

7 **INT/EXT. POV: PARIS - TARGET WINDOW - DAWN** 7

We see a PICTURE WINDOW framed by the ornate façade of that GRANDIOSE APARTMENT BUILDING across the SQUARE. The window's CURTAINS are CLOSED.

8 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE, COMMON AREA -- DAWN** 8

After a moment, The Killer stands and stretches his arms and shoulders. He tilts his head side to side to crack his neck, stifling a yawn.

He's wearing LATEX GLOVES.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Consider yourself lucky if our
 paths never cross.*

The Killer crosses the large space. DROP CLOTHS have been rolled aside to create a clear path where he can walk on bare floor. (He wears flat soled, SKETCHERS SNEAKERS.)

9

INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE, KITCHEN - DAWN

9

Crossing the KITCHEN SPACE, The Killer goes to a SINK. He takes a small, stainless steel DISK from his pocket. As he opens it, we see...

...it is a COLLAPSIBLE DRINKING CUP.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

Except, luck isn't real.

The gloved Killer runs the sink's FAUCET to fill the 6 ounce cup. He drinks, then shakes it over the sink a few times to rid it of excess water. He collapses the cup, pockets it, crosses back.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

Nor is karma. Or, sadly, justice.

10

INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE, COMMON AREA - WINDOW - DAWN

10

The Killer returns to the window, where he sits back at his post.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

*As much as I would like to pretend
these concepts exist...*

The Killer bends to reach a medium-sized BACKPACK.

The PACK has some heft to it, although we don't see inside. The Killer UNZIPS it on his lap.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

...they don't.

From the PACK, The Killer takes out a small, old-school IPOD MINI with wired EAR PODS wrapped neatly around it. He zips the PACK shut, slides it back.

The Killer unfurls the headphones.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

One is born.

Putting an EAR POD in his right ear, letting the other dangle, The Killer thumbs the Mini, adjusts volume and slides it into his breast pocket.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

Lives their life.

CONTINUED

The Killer resumes watching.
He seems neither bored nor particularly interested;
merely vigilantly sentinel.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
And eventually, one dies.

11 **INT/EXT. POV: PARIS - TARGET WINDOW -- DAWN** 11

The window's CURTAINS are still CLOSED. No sign of life.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
In the meantime...

CUT TO:

12 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - WINDOW - MORNING** 12

The Killer moves to his window. He's peering down
through the narrow gap between window and drop-cloth, to
see without being seen.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*"Do what thou wilt shall be the
whole of the law." To quote...
someone; can't remember who.*

He casts his gaze further downward.

13 **EXT. POV:PARIS STREET - BELOW WINDOW - MORNING** 13

A new day's begun on this somewhat touristy street of
SHOPS, small CAFES and BARS.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*140 million human beings are born
every year, give or take.*

14 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - WINDOW - MORNING** 14

The Killer placidly observes.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Worldwide population is
approximately 7.8 billion.*

15 **EXT. POV:PARIS STREET -BELOW WINDOW -PATISSERIE- MORN** 15

WAIT STAFF arrange TABLES and CHAIRS on the sidewalk
outside a BAR/PATISSERIE. A few VEHICLES pass.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Every second, 1.8 persons die.

16 **EXT. POV:PARIS STREET - BELOW WINDOW - BAR - MORNING** 16

By the PATISSERIE entrance, a FEMALE BARTENDER crouches to place a saucer of TUNA out for a hungry CAT, which she pets.

17 **EXT. POV:PARIS STREET - BELOW WINDOW-TARGET BUILDING-MORN** 17

A DOORMAN stands before the GRANDIOSE APARTMENT BUILDING'S ENTRANCE.

18 **EXT. POV:PARIS STREET - BELOW WINDOW - MORNING** 18

A TRAFFIC OFFICER strolls, looking at his PHONE.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*4.2 persons are born into that
 same second.*

19 **EXT. POV:PARIS STREET - BELOW WINDOW - SHOPS - MORNING** 19

A FEMALE SHOPKEEPER smokes and SWEEPS in front of her SHOP. A LOCAL REALTOR, rolling up the SECURITY GATE of his OFFICE, has stopped to chat with THE DOORMAN.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Nothing I've done will make any
 dent in these metrics.*

They exchange pleasantries.

CUT TO:

20 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE, COMMON AREA - MORNING** 20

On an open area of bare floor, the Killer, still gloved, does YOGA. He transitions...

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Skepticism is often mistaken for
 cynicism.*

...to a PLANK POSE. He holds it, breathing evenly, alternates lifting his legs behind, maintaining rigid, exacting yoga form. He brings one bent knee forward...

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Most people refuse to believe that
 the Great Beyond is no more than a
 cold, infinite void... but I
 accept it.*

CONTINUED

...rises slowly, on one foot, to a BALANCING STICK POSE, which he holds a moment before... he transitions, moving with some fluidity... to a WARRIOR POSE.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

*Along with the freedom that comes
from acknowledging that truth.*

Straightening, The Killer suddenly drops to begin doing FINGERTIP PUSH-UPS, slowly...

THE KILLER (V.O.)

*It occurs to me, that "the
moment," when it's time to act, is
not when my risk is greatest.*

...with his eyes closed, and his BREATHING -- deeply IN and OUT with each rise and fall of his body -- as much a part of the exercise as the push-ups themselves. Throughout, he doesn't break a sweat -- this isn't strenuous exercise, it's disciplined fine tuning.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

*The real problems arise in the
days, hours and minutes leading up
to the task, and the minutes,
hours and days after.
Eliminating risk comes down to
preparation, attention to detail,
redundancies... redundancies...
and redundancies.*

CUT TO:

21

INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - ENTRY - AFTERNOON

21

The Killer comes to the FRONT DOOR. He kneels to open a leather TRAVEL BAG on the floor beside a MOTORCYCLE HELMET with dark tinted VISOR.

A few pieces of folded CLOTHING are amongst the ORGANIZED CONTENTS, including a BUCKET HAT and SUNGLASSES, both of which The Killer takes and puts on. He next removes a silenced GLOCK HANDGUN. From a side pocket...

...he gets a MONEY CLIP with a CREDIT CARD clipped amongst EUROS. He unzips another compartment which holds a NUMBER of (burner) PHONES. He takes one PHONE.

The Killer straightens, pockets the phone and money. On his way to the door, he secures the Glock in his waistband, under his shirt. He peeps out the PEEPHOLE. He turns the doorknob, heading out.

CONTINUED

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Leave nothing for the elves, with
 their tweezers, forensic baggies,
 and DNA kits.*

22 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - PUBLIC HALLWAY- AFTERNOON** 22

The Killer shuts the door, tests (it's got a KEYCARD DEADBOLT above the knob) to make sure it's SECURE. He glances at his Fitbit, walking briskly past...

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*And avoid being seen. Which is
 impossible in the 21st Century...
 so at least avoid being
 memorable.*

The EMPTY SECURITY CAMERA MOUNT on the unpainted, drywalled hallway wall. Skipping the ELEVATORS, he opts for the stairs.

23 **INT. PARIS OFFICE BUILDING - PUBLIC STAIRS - AFTERNOON** 23

The Killer heads very quickly down the STAIRWELL.

24 **INT. PARIS OFFICE BLDG - GROUND FLOOR LOBBY - AFTERNOON** 24

Exiting the STAIRS, The Killer keeps up the pace, till he abruptly slows to a casual stroll as he's passing...

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Keep calm. Keep moving.

...in view of a SECURITY CAMERA mounted above.

25 **EXT. PARIS OFFICE BLDG, ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON** 25

The Killer steps out the FRONT DOOR, glances at his Fitbit, keeps walking. As he does, he looks to...

...the ENTRANCE, across the square, of that GRANDIOSE APARTMENT BUILDING. THE DOORMAN is there, arms crossed.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*The camo I'm wearing is based on a
 German tourist I saw in London, a
 while back.*

26 **EXT. PARIS OFFICE BLDG- STREET- PARKING AREA - AFTERNOON** 26

The Killer's just another PEDESTRIAN headed for a small KIOSK which is over-crowded with parked MOTORCYCLES, SCOOTERS, BIKES and the like.

CONTINUED

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*No one really wants to interact
 with a German tourist.*

The Killer glances around -- as will often be his habit --
 arriving at a shiny new VESPA parked curbside.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Parisians avoid them like the rest
 of the world avoids street mimes.*

He checks the PADLOCK on a KRYPTONITE CHAIN around the
 Vespa. At the same time, he takes out an RF KEY. He
 puts the key in the ignition, checks the BATTERY charge.

Satisfied, The Killer shuts the Vespa off.
 He puts the key back in his pocket as he walks away.

PASSERS-BY pay him no real attention as he goes.

CUT TO:

27

EXT. PARIS STREET - MCDONALD'S- AFTERNOON

27

In a scenic and busy area the sidewalks full of TOURISTS,
 SHOPPERS, BUSINESSMEN and WOMEN. The Killer walks
 unremarkably along. He's bound for...

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*There are fifteen hundred
 McDonalds in France.*

..a MCDONALD'S, where he offers his place in line to a
 MOTHER and DAUGHTER who arrive just as he does.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*A good enough place to grab 10
 grams of protein for a Euro;
 alongside the 46 million people
 they serve each week.*

CUT TO:

28

EXT. PARIS - STREET - AFTERNOON

28

The Killer walks with BURNER PHONE to his ear, and a
 McDonald's BAG at his side.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
 (from PHONE)
 I assure you, he's in town.
 (more)

CONTINUED

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT.)

I wish I could tell you the *exact* moment he's going to show, but according to every bit of additional information I've been able to get, he's expected. Best I can do.

The Killer absorbs this.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(from PHONE)

Hello? Are you still there?

THE KILLER

(into PHONE)

It's been five days, so... I'll give it today and tomorrow.

The Killer stops walking, near a street corner.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Fair enough. I needn't remind you: if we don't meet our commitment...

THE KILLER

"We?"

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Yes, frankly. "We" don't invoice and "we" eat the expenses to date. Just... call if the next 24 hours pass uneventfully. Let's go from there. Okay?

The Killer hangs up. In a seemingly practiced move, as he lowers the hand holding the phone he DROPS the phone to the street. Without looking down, he steps...

...CRUSHING IT under his heel. He SIDE-KICKS the broken PIECES into the gutter as he walks away.

CUT TO:

29

EXT. PARIS ST - PARK - BENCH - TARGET BLDG -AFTERNOON

29

In the SMALL PARK not far from where his Vespa's chained, The Killer is seated alone on an IRON BENCH.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

It's a dog eat dog world, to reuse the apt cliché.

He unwraps two EGG MCMUFFINS beside two plastic BAGS of APPLE SLICES.

CONTINUED

The Killer disassembles his McMuffins, setting the muffins into one WRAPPER, stacking the Canadian bacon and disk-like eggs in the other.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Every man for himself. Kill or be
 killed. Survival of the fittest.*

He takes the apple slices, wraps the muffins in their wrapper and in turn crumples them inside the carry-out bag, as garbage.

Facing forward, the Killer eats what's salvaged; a Canadian bacon sandwich with the two eggs for "bread." Chews, swallows; consuming perfunctorily.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Isn't it all just human nature?

POV:

He's watching PEOPLE come and go. THE DOORMAN nods to greet a RESIDENT.

ON THE PARK BENCH

Without moving his head, his eyes behind his sunglasses take in everything and everyone.

POV:

A small CHILD plays, occasionally overseen by a NANNY ON HER phone.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Of those who like to put their
 faith in mankind's inherent
 goodness, I have to ask...*

A MAN in a SUIT with loose TIE is seated on a nearby BENCH, head back, eyes shut, sunbathing.

An OLD MAN in a WHEELCHAIR is seated beside his NURSE. The NURSE SMOKES a CIGARETTE.

ON THE PARK BENCH

The Killer tears a bag of apple slices with his teeth, squeezes pieces into his mouth. Chews, chews, swallows.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
...based on what exactly?

CONTINUED

POV:

The OLD MAN, with TANK, OXYGEN TUBE and MASK, looks over.

CUT TO:

30

INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - PUBLIC HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

30

The Killer finishes putting on GLOVES... takes out a generic white KEYCARD, which he holds up to the door's KEYCARD READER. There's a BEEP, and the DEADBOLT is HEARD UNLOCKING.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*I used to book a lot thru Airbnb.
 Not anymore. Those Superhosts
 love their nanny-cams.*

The Killer enters.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Take comfort in the fact that 70
 to 80 percent of wrongful
 convictions are the direct result
 of eyewitness testimony.*

CUT TO:

31

INT/EXT. POV:PARIS - TARGET WINDOW - AFTERNOON

31

That TARGET WINDOW across the way remains curtained.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Still... only takes a few episodes
 of DATELINE to know there are a
 hundred ways to trip oneself up.
 If you can think of a dozen of
 them, you're a genius. I'm no
 genius.*

32

INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA -WINDOW -AFTERNOON

32

The Killer stands staring out his open window, arms at his sides, one earbud in. He looks to the streets below.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Since the beginning of history,
 the few have always exploited the
 many.*

33 **EXT. POV:PARIS ST - BELOW WINDOW - SHOPS - AFTERNOON** 33

TOURISTS and BUSINESS PEOPLE walk the mid-day sidewalks.
Streets are semi-busy with TRAFFIC. People come and go
from SHOPS and APARTMENT BUILDINGS.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

*This is the cornerstone of
civilization. The blood in the
mortar that binds all bricks.*

34 **EXT. POV:PARIS ST - BELOW WINDOW - SHOPS - AFTERNOON** 34

At the cafe, COUPLES drink, smoke, SHOUT and LAUGH.
Many, with FOOD and DRINK before them, check PHONES.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

*Whatever it takes... make sure
you're one of the few, not one of
the many.*

35 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA -WINDOW -AFTERNOON** 35

As The Killer raises it to his eye, we see he's holding a
rifle's SCOPE, which he uses to LOOK THROUGH...

36 **EXT. POV:PARIS ST - BELOW WINDOW -SHOPS -AFTERNOON** 36

POV THRU SCOPE:

At one cafe table, a BUSBOY clears dirty GLASSES and half-
full PLATES of FOOD into a PLASTIC TUB.

A DINER with COFFEE before him, adds three PACKETS OF
SUGAR to his cup, stirs.

At another table, FOLKS are all engrossed in TEXTING
here, scrolling INSTAGRAM there.

37 **INT/EXT. POV:PARIS - STRANGER WINDOW 1 -AFTERNOON** 37

POV THRU SCOPE:

Thru one WINDOW: a WOMAN in a BATHROBE watches TV.
The TV's LIGHT plays on the WOMAN's face as her eyelids
and mouth droop. She's falling asleep.

38 **EXT. POV:PARIS ST - BELOW WINDOW - SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON** 38

POV THRU SCOPE:

A GUY exits the REALTY OFFICE, looking at a SPEC SHEET.
He bites at a HANGNAIL.

CONTINUED

A WOMAN drags her crying DAUGHTER along behind her.
The little girl's hand in her mother's tight grasp.

They pass a well dressed MAN who's SHOUTING into his
PHONE; spittle flying from his angry lips.

39 **EXT. POV:PARIS - BALCONY - AFTERNOON**

39

POV THRU SCOPE:

On an adjacent BALCONY: the OLD MAN with OXYGEN TANK (we
saw earlier) is now shirtless, watching people below.
His OXYGEN MASK FOGS and UN-FOGS with each breath.

40 **INT/EXT. POV:PARIS-WINDOW BELOW TARGET WINDOW - AFTERNOON**

40

POV THRU SCOPE:

In a WINDOW below the TARGET WINDOW, the second hand
turns on a large, ANTIQUE CLOCK. Under the clock is a
large VASE brimming with DEAD FLOWERS, while, above...

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*On Annie Oakley jobs, distance is
the only advantage.*

41 **INT./ EXT. POV:PARIS - TARGET WINDOW - AFTERNOON**

41

POV THRU SCOPE:

...CURTAINS are still pulled in the target room.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Everything else... the popping
sound like fireworks; breaking of
glass; the screams... all
disadvantage.*

42 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA -WINDOW -AFTERNOON**

42

The Killer lowers the SCOPE, still looking out.

CUT TO:

43 **INT. PARIS OFFICE BUILDING - COMMON AREA - NIGHT**

43

In his chair near the window, in darkness, with his
duffel open on the floor in front of him, The (always
GLOVED indoors) Killer takes out a CLOTH-wrapped OBJECT.

He unwraps the matte black BODY of a SNIPER RIFLE.

44 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - NIGHT** 44

He next unwraps a CLOTH containing the BARREL and STOCK.

45 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - NIGHT** 45

The Killer is seated, staring blankly off as, in his lap, he ASSEMBLES the SNIPER RIFLE; hands moving with practiced precision... attaching STOCK to BODY... BARREL to BODY... MAGAZINE to RECEIVER.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*When it comes to bystanders
getting involved -- everything
becomes a blur.*

As The Killer secures the SCOPE in place, he looks down to inspect the fully assembled, bolt action SNIPER RIFLE. It's modern and deadly looking.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Combat veterans call this "tunnel
vision." I call it occupational
good-fortune.*

An O.S. SOUND of KEYS on a KEYCHAIN is HEARD. The Killer reacts, jerking his head to look, his eyes narrowing. He sets his rifle aside on the floor, leaping to his feet.

He bounds across the room quickly and quietly as a BEEP is HEARD at the DOOR, followed by DEADBOLT THUNK.

46 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - ENTRY - COMMON AREA - NIGHT** 46

At the DOOR, the KNOB turns. DOOR's OPENING.

The Killer slides on his knees, takes out his... SILENCED GLOCK 43. He presses himself against the wall.

The DOOR SLOWLY opens, allowing a shaft of LIGHT into the darkness. The Killer's on the hinge side, so he can see the door opening, but can't see who it is yet.

The Killer holds his breath and slowly aims. Whomever is about to enter is surely doomed.

The unseen VISITOR tosses rubber-band BUNDLED MAIL onto the floor inside the door.

The Killer waits, wary.

A long moment, then...
The door SHUTS with a PNEUMATIC HISS.

CONTINUED

The Killer steps back.
He listens as a solid THUNK is HEARD from the DEADBOLT.

CUT TO:

47 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - WINDOW - NIGHT** 47

The Killer's in his chair, looking out.

48 **INT/EXT. POV:PARIS - TARGET WINDOW - NIGHT** 48

The watched WINDOW across the way remains dark.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*It's the idle hours that most
often lead a man to ruin.*

49 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - WINDOW - NIGHT** 49

The Killer looks below.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*That's not Dylan Thomas, but it
ought to be.*

50 **EXT. POV:PARIS STREET - BELOW WINDOW - SIDEWALK -NIGHT** 50

Few PEDESTRIANS and little TRAFFIC on the STREETS.
A POLICE CAR cruises thru, LIGHTS FLASHING, no siren.

At the BAR/PATISSERIE, there are fewer PATRONS.
THREE drunken MEN are DRINKING and SMOKING, carousing
loudly. Idle WAIT STAFF huddle nearby, bored.

51 **EXT. POV:PARIS STREET - BELOW WINDOW - SIDEWALK -NIGHT** 51

TWO WOMEN walk briskly along, heels clicking, arm in arm.

52 **INT/EXT. POV:PARIS - STRANGER WINDOWS 1 - NIGHT** 52

In one WINDOW: TV GLOW shifts, but BATHROBE WOMAN's gone.

53 **INT/EXT. POV:PARIS - STRANGER WINDOW 2 - NIGHT** 53

Thru a WINDOW: a very pale COUPLE makes out on a COUCH.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Somehow, jobs that are designed to
rattle a cage...*

54 **EXT. POV:PARIS STREET - BELOW WINDOW - SHOPS - NIGHT** 54

FEMALE SHOPKEEPER and MALE REALTOR pass a cigarette
between them in front of their shuttered STOREFRONTS.

CONTINUED

THE KILLER (V.O.)
...are always the most tedious.

55 **INT/EXT. POV:PARIS - STRANGER WINDOW 3 - NIGHT** 55

In another WINDOW: a MAN, WOMAN, BOY and GIRL watch TV.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*I've actually grown to appreciate
 proximity work.*

56 **INT/EXT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA- WINDOW - NIGHT** 56

FROM OUTSIDE:

The open UPPER FLOOR WINDOW, seen from outside, we can just barely make out The Killer in the pale shaft of light thru the CURTAIN.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Staged accidents. Gradual
 poisonings. Anything requiring a
 little creativity.*

CUT TO:

57 **EXT. POV:PARIS STREET - BELOW WINDOW - SHOPS - NIGHT** 57

At the BAR/PATISSERIE, tables and chairs are gone. A lone BUSBOY hoses down the sidewalk. A TAXI passes.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*When was my last nice, quiet
 drowning? Seems like forever.*

58 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - HALLWAY -- NIGHT** 58

In a lightless HALL, where the BATHROOM door is ajar, we HEAR the O.S. SOUND of a TOILET FLUSHING. After a moment, The Killer comes out, carrying a JUG of BLEACH.

59 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - KITCHEN - NIGHT** 59

The Killer brushes his teeth at the sink, using his stainless steel, collapsible cup to rinse and spit. He runs water over his TRAVEL TOOTHBRUSH, then folds it.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Gary Ridgeway, the Green River
 Killer, murdered at least 49 women
 over two decades. He couldn't
 spell cat if you spotted him the A
 and the T. But he was
 conscientious.*

CONTINUED

He fills his COLLAPSABLE CUP. Drinks. Shakes the empty over the sink a few times to rid it of excess water. He re-collapses the cup, pockets it and the toothbrush.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*I've put in my 10,000 hours.
 Beyond which I'm aided and abetted
 by law enforcement fatigue. Sheer
 caseload.*

The Killer uses a small SPRAY BOTTLE of HAND SANITIZER, spraying in a circle to cleanse the entire sink and drain while the faucet's still running.

CUT TO:

60

INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - BEDDING - NIGHT

60

The gloved Killer unfolds a long SHEET of thick PLASTIC across a length of DRYWALL which has been laid upon two big, STEEL TOOL CRATES on rollers.

Fully dressed, he lays lengthwise; his bed for the night.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Ted Williams batted .344 Lifetime.
 I'd be batting a thousand except I
 won't take credit for watching
 someone drop dead of a coronary.
 The only time nicotine, red meat
 and marital stress did the hard
 part for me.*

He interlocks fingers on his chest, eyes closed, then remembers...

He TAPS his FITBIT.
 Shuts his eyes.

CUT TO:

61

INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE -COMMON AREA-BEDDING- LATER NIGHT

61

The Killer sleeps soundlessly.
 Soon, a vibrato HUM is HEARD from his FITBIT.

The Killer stirs. He opens his eyes.
 He grudgingly taps the silent alarm OFF.

Sucks a deep breath to gather himself, gets up.
 He crosses to the window.

62 **INT/EXT. POV:PARIS - TARGET WINDOW - NIGHT** 62

The WINDOW across the way is still dark.

63 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE- COMMON AREA-BEDDING - NIGHT** 63

The Killer turns to his makeshift bed.
Lays back down on the thick plastic sheet.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Of the many lies told by the U.S.
military industrial complex, my
favorite is still their claim that
sleep deprivation didn't qualify
as torture.*

He pushes a button on his Fitbit.
Settles in, fingers entwined. Closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

64 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE- COMMON AREA-BEDDING- LATER NIGHT** 64

INSERT:

The FACE of The Killer's Fitbit: showing 1:59:58...
1:59:59... 2:00:00, and the Fitbit begins VIBRATING.
2:00:01... 2:00:02... 2:00:03...

65 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA-BEDDING - NIGHT** 65

The Killer's eyes flit open.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Vigilance is essential. Even the
most disciplined mind can become
weary.*

66 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - WINDOW - NIGHT** 66

The Killer comes to look...

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Impatient. Hurried. Sloppy.

67 **INT/EXT. POV:PARIS - TARGET WINDOW - NIGHT** 67

The WINDOW across the way is dark.

CUT TO:

68 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA- BEDDING- NIGHT** 68

For a long moment, we look upon The Killer in repose as he sleeps on the plastic, hands on his chest as before. You'd be hard pressed to say he looks peaceful though.

69 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - BEDDING - NIGHT** 69

CU: His EYES, beneath his eyelids, dance herky-jerkily; evidence of wildly active REM ACTIVITY.

70 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE -COMMON AREA- BEDDING- NIGHT** 70

The Fitbit begins its predicable VIBRATING.

The Killer awakens, turns the alarm off.

He sits up.
Holds his head in his hands.

71 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - WINDOW - NIGHT** 71

The Killer, somnolent, sits up - stretching his neck, then freezes -- does a DOUBLE-TAKE:

72 **INT/EXT. POV:PARIS - TARGET WINDOW - NIGHT** 72

The WINDOW across the way is LIT. A MAID's OPENING CURTAINS... then a window; airing the place out.

73 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - WINDOW - NIGHT** 73

The Killer absorbs this, steps forward to look down.

74 **INT/EXT. POV: PARIS STREET -- TARGET BUILDING - NIGHT** 74

POV:

Below, from a LUXURY CAR, MEN with UMBRELLAS get out... heading to target building's ENTRANCE. THE DOORMAN NOW ATTENDS.

CUT TO:

75 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - BEDDING - NIGHT** 75

The Killer tears off his left glove (leaves the right), drops it on the plastic sheet.

He quickly and carefully begins refolding the sheet; always inwardly to the middle, folding the glove within.

76 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - ENTRY - NIGHT** 76

The Killer comes to kneel, opens his travel bag and shoves the folded plastic sheet inside.

MOMENTS LATER:

The Killer puts on his jacket and places his travel bag on the floor directly in front of the entry door, balancing his helmet on top.

77 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - ENTRY - LATER NIGHT** 77

The Killer kneels, UNZIPPING his BACKPACK on the open floor. He takes out a thick, BLACK Heatworx GLOVE which he pulls onto his left hand; now black clad left-handed and latex right-handed.

He leaves the bag splayed, handles to each side, unfurls a TOWEL and lays it across.

78 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - WINDOW - NIGHT** 78

The Killer takes his iPOD from his folding chair.

He puts one POD into his ear.

The Killer reaches to take the SCOPE from where his RIFLE sits in neatly arranged PIECES on the wide windowsill.

Remaining standing, he uses the scope...

79 **INT/EXT. POV:PARIS - TARGET WINDOW + ADJACENT - NIGHT** 79

POV THRU SCOPE:

The Maid's straightening a LIVING ROOM where there's a bit of RENAISSANCE FURNITURE, including a LOUNGE CHAIR, SIDE TABLE and COUCH in front of a FIREPLACE and MANTLE.

THE WINDOW TO THE LEFT: seems to be an empty FOYER.

80 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - WINDOW - NIGHT** 80

The Killer places the scope down, sits and takes up his iPod MINI. He quickly dials up MUSIC, HITS play...

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*I find music a useful distraction.
 A focus tool. Keeps the inner
 voice from wandering.*

Time to go to work.

CONTINUED

The Killer grabs components, begins ASSEMBLING them without looking; fitting BODY and STOCK together...

81 **INTERCUT- POV:PARIS TARGET WINDOW-ADJACENT WINDOWS- NIGHT** 81

The DOOR to the foyer's OPENING. TWO thugs enter, in SUITS and TIES; BODYGUARD ONE and BODYGUARD TWO.

82 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - WINDOW - NIGHT** 82

...The Killer fits the BARREL into the BODY...

83 **INTERCUT- POV:PARIS TARGET WINDOW-ADJACENT WINDOWS- NIGHT** 83

Bodyguard One and Two go from the FOYER into the LIVING ROOM (where Maid's still at work), clearing the place to make sure it's safe.

84 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - WINDOW - NIGHT** 84

...The Killer examines BULLETS in the MAGAZINE... fits the MAG into the RECEIVER, slaps it in place...

85 **INTERCUT- POV:PARIS TARGET WINDOW-ADJACENT WINDOWS- NIGHT** 85

LIGHTS come ON in the far right WINDOW, seemingly a BEDROOM with CURTAINS mostly closed, so Bodyguard One, entering, can only be glimpsed thru the sliver of a view.

86 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - WINDOW - NIGHT** 86

...The Killer AFFIXES the rifle's SCOPE. Done. Ready.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*My "process" is purely functional.
Logistical. Narrowly focused, by
design.*

He leans back in his chair, takes a small BOTTLE of EYEDROPS from his pocket, uncaps it.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*I'm not here to take sides. It's
not my place to formulate any
opinion.*

Head back, he DRIPS eyedrops into both eyes.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*No one who can afford me needs to
waste time winning me to their
cause.*

CONTINUED

Capping and pocketing the eyedrops, The Killer levels his weapon so that just the barrel and front of the scope extend thru the curtain. He CHAMBERS a round.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*I serve no God or country. I fly
 no flag.*

While peering thru, The Killer ADJUSTS the scope.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*I'm effective because of one
 simple fact: I don't give a fuck.*

87 **INT/EXT.-POV:PARIS TARGET WINDOW- ADJACENT WINDOWS- NIGHT** 87

POV THRU SCOPE:

In the LIVING ROOM, Maid crosses right, towards the bedroom, just as Bodyguard One and Bodyguard Two are crossing left. The Killer pans left to follow the Bodyguards... into the FOYER, where...

...a grey haired, OLDER GENTLEMAN in a SUIT enters the flat, along with an attractive, DARK HAIREd WOMAN wearing a sleek, BLACK DRESS and STILETTOS.

Dark Haired Woman carries a black VALISE, while the Killer's CROSSHAIRS fixate on Older Gentleman...

...following him as he talks to Dark Haired Woman and the Bodyguards, but... Older Gentleman steps beyond the window frame. He's still partially seen, REFLECTED in a large MIRROR, addressing his bodyguards.

88 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - WINDOW - NIGHT** 88

The Killer swallows, his breathing rapid. He sits back, inhaling deeply. He looks to his Fitbit, TAPS it.

Fitbit's screen tells the tale: "104 bpm."

He takes a deep breath, holds it, then lets out a few sharp exhalations thru his teeth -- attempting to calm.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*At this range, a subsonic round's
 drop is not an issue. I'm just
 looking for a pulse rate under 60
 and a measured squeeze, so vintage
 glass won't alter trajectory.*

He checks at his Fitbit: "75 bpm."

CONTINUED

He's back to it...

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Stick to your plan.

89 **INT/EXT. - POV: TARGET WINDOW - ADJACENT WINDOWS - NIGHT**

89

POV THRU SCOPE:

The Killer's AIM follows Dark Haired Woman as she enters the LIVING ROOM. She places her valise on a COFFEE TABLE before the COUCH and LOUNGE CHAIR... SCOPE POV SWINGS left: Older Gent's NOT in the MIRROR...

POV SWINGS back... Older Gent has left the FOYER and is in the LIVING ROOM, stopping to plant a kiss on Dark Haired Woman, who's opening her valise. Older Gent keeps going right. Dark Haired Woman's case contains many interesting items, but she takes out a CROP, which she places on the table.

The Killer SWINGS RIGHT... to the BEDROOM curtain sliver. Older Gent passes, partially seen. He's moving around; looks like he's disrobing.

To the left... Dark Haired Woman heads right, passing the Maid -- neither woman acknowledging the other. Maid exits to somewhere deeper in the flat. POV: SWINGS RIGHT... to confirm Older Gentleman's still partly visible in the BEDROOM, then POV... refocuses as a LIGHT comes on in a SMALLER WINDOW, right of the LIVING ROOM.

That glass is pebbled; a BATHROOM WINDOW. Dark Haired Woman's occupied in there. POV SHIFTS left... to the LIVING ROOM, where Bodyguard Two follows the Maid's lead. Bodyguard One places a DRINK beside the lounge chair, then comes to the target window, now centered in The Killer's CROSSHAIRS.

90 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - WINDOW - NIGHT**

90

The Killer's Fitbit reads: "78 bpm."

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Anticipate, don't improvise.

91 **INT/EXT. - POV: TARGET WINDOW - ADJACENT WINDOWS - NIGHT**

91

POV THRU SCOPE:

The Killer SWINGS AGAIN to... the BATHROOM WINDOW, still lit, but past that... the BEDROOM WINDOW's sliver is DARK. The Killer immediately resets, searching left...

CONTINUED

In the LIVING ROOM, Bodyguard One exits. The KILLER'S SCOPE discovers... someone's entering, partially in view, wearing a BATHROBE. They're tantalizingly half-seen --

92 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - WINDOW - NIGHT** 92

The Killer lifts his head, quickly rolls his neck forward and back, side to side, then... back to it...

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Trust no one. Never yield an
advantage.

93 **INT/EXT. - POV: TARGET WINDOW - NIGHT** 93

POV THRU SCOPE:

-- Until they cross to the chair: it's Older Gentleman, in full view. He's bare-chested under the robe, gesticulating while talking to someone we can't see.

94 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - WINDOW - NIGHT** 94

The Killer tenses, SUCKS AIR -- HOLDS HIS BREATH.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Fight only the battle you're being
paid to fight.*

His thumb CLICKS the rifle's SAFETY OFF.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Forbid empathy. Empathy is
weakness. Weakness is
vulnerability.*

His finger curls nearly imperceptibly on the TRIGGER.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Each and every step of the way,
ask yourself, what's in it for me?*

95 **INT/EXT. POV:PARIS TARGET WINDOW - NIGHT** 95

POV THRU SCOPE:

Older Gent's still speaking. He takes up the drink Bodyguard left him as he plops down in the lounge chair. The Killer's CROSSHAIRS follow Older Gent's face while he's sipping his cocktail.

96 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - WINDOW - NIGHT** 96

CU: The Killer's RIGHT EYE -- lit by LIGHT passing thru the scope -- TWITCHES.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
This is what it takes... what you must commit yourself to...

97 **INT/EXT. POV:PARIS - TARGET WINDOW - NIGHT** 97

THRU SCOPE POV:

Older Gent is perfectly dead-centered, but his eyes are following someone when -- SUDDENLY a BLURRED FIGURE COMPLETELY FILLS The Killer's SCOPE just as...

98 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - WINDOW - NIGHT** 98

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*...if you want to succeed.
Simple.*

The Killer's finger SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER, firing.

99 **INT/EXT. POV:PARIS - TARGET WINDOW - NIGHT** 99

POV THRU SCOPE:

Thru the target window: the half-naked, oblivious DARK HAIRED WOMAN has crossed into the line of fire; she's nearer to the now SHATTERING WINDOW -- her SHOULDER EXPLODING her fracturing ARM WHIPLASHING as she's THROWN by the bullet's IMPACT.

100 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - WINDOW - NIGHT** 100

The Killer gasps thru his teeth, still eyeing his scope.

101 **INT/EXT. POV:PARIS - TARGET WINDOW - NIGHT** 101

POV THRU SCOPE:

The mortally wounded woman SLAMS the floor. Older Gent's terrified, searching eyes are uncomprehending.

102 **INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - WINDOW - NIGHT** 102

The Killer works the bolt, RELOADING.

103 **INT/EXT. POV:PARIS - TARGET WINDOW - NIGHT** 103

POV THRU SCOPE:

CONTINUED

A CURTAIN SWEEPS closed across the target window.

104

INT. PARIS OFFICE SPACE - COMMON AREA - WINDOW - NIGHT

104

The Killer lifts his head from the scope.

THE KILLER

Fuck.

He stands, lifting his rifle. He KICKS the FOLDING CHAIR, which slides... across the floor.

He bends while crossing, picks up the SHELL CASING...

...and he hurriedly disassembles the rifle as he goes; unscrewing the barrel with his Heatworx-gloved hand.

Astride the duffel bag, he drops casing and smoldering rifle body, scope attached, onto the waiting towel. He closes the towel over it all, begins ZIPPING the duffel.

The towel gets caught. He unzips... re-zips.

Hoisting the duffel bag by its shoulder strap, gun barrel still held, The Killer strides across the room. He stops, turns back... KICKS one rolled DROP CLOTH so it unrolls back into place over the open floor.

He stashes his EARBUDS in his shirt, puts on his motorcycle helmet. He grabs his travel bag, slinging it across his back.

105

INT. PARIS OFFICE BUILDING - PUBLIC HALLWAY - NIGHT

105

The Killer exits the offices, glances down the empty hall. He heads for the STAIRS, trying to remain calm.

106

INT. PARIS OFFICE BUILDING - PUBLIC STAIRS - NIGHT

106

The Killer, helmet on, strides down. He's got the rifle barrel and silencer concealed along his forearm.

Further on, there's a SOUND from below in the stairwell. The Killer halts, wary. He lets the barrel slide down, till he holds it now by one end -- a heavy cudgel.

He peers down the center of the stairwell. Waits. After a moment, he keeps going, heading downward.

107 **INT. PARIS OFFICE BLDG - GROUND FLOOR LOBBY - NIGHT** 107

Exiting the STAIRWELL, and -- under the SECURITY CAM's watchful eye -- the Killer slows in an attempt at a stroll, so the journey to the FRONT DOOR becomes interminable.

108 **EXT. PARIS OFFICE BLDG STREET - PARKING AREA - NIGHT** 108

The Killer shoves the doors, picking up the pace. On the way to his waiting VESPA, he makes a slight detour past a line of CONSTRUCTION DUMPSTERS.

The Killer pulls the folded plastic sheet and discards it in one dumpster.

Amongst the other BIKES and CYCLES, The Killer takes a knee. He uses his latexed hand to solve the PADLOCK. He's having trouble, must take a breath, then thumbs the combination... pulls the LOCK OPEN.

He gets on the Vespa, leaving the chain and lock hanging. He takes out his key, uses it... but the cycle merely SPUTTERS.

We can't see The Killer's face, but we can imagine. He tries again, looks around. Again. The Vespa RUMBLES, heading... into the empty night.

109 **EXT. PARIS - STREETS - NIGHT** 109

The Killer accelerates, swerving onto a SIDE STREET. He reaches behind him, and with a flick of his wrist...

ANGLE ON:

...he tosses the silenced RIFLE BARREL, which SPARKS across the asphalt and disappears down a SEWER GRATE.

CUT TO:

110 **EXT. PARIS - STREETS - SACRE-COEUR - NIGHT** 110

The Killer cruises, just at SPEED LIMIT, on STREETS in the shadow of THE PANTHEON's hilltop grandeur.

CUT TO:

111 **EXT. PARIS - STREETS - NORTH SUBURBS -- NIGHT** 111

FOLLOW: The Killer navigating mostly empty thoroughfares. Closed STOREFRONTS zip by.

Ahead, a green hued GARBAGE TRUCK lumbers.

CONTINUED

The Killer reaches back with one hand...
He grips the weighty backpack by its handles.

Slowing, The Killer careens alongside the truck...
He FLINGS the weapon laden pack into the yawning back of
the truck. He ZOOMS past, motoring on.

CUT TO:

112

EXT. ROADSIDE, QUAI DE SEINE, SAINT-DENIS -- NIGHT

112

FOLLOW: The Killer, on his Vespa, turns his HEADLIGHT OUT
as he rides over the curb. He STOPS before a BRIDGE.

He turns the Vespa off, heels the kickstand, leaves the
KEY in the ignition, dismounts. With his back to the
occasional VEHICLE motoring by, he takes out the bottle
of HAND SANITIZER and SPRAYS the KEY, ignition and
handlebars thoroughly.

He walks, helmet on, to a railed STAIRWAY.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

Well... this... this is new.

113

EXT. PARIS - CANAL DE SAINT-DENIS - NIGHT

113

The Killer walks a broad, graffitied WALKWAY bordering
the CANAL DE SAINT-DENIS. He takes his helmet off,
surveying the deserted surroundings across the WATERWAY.
He peels off his GLOVE, puts it into the helmet. As he
approaches a RAILING...

THE KILLER (V.O.)

*W.W.J.W.B.D.? What Would John
Wilkes Booth Do?*

...he DROPS the helmet into these deep waters.

The Killer walks on until something occurs to him.
He searches pockets... comes up with the office KEYCARD,
which he backhand-flings over the rail.

CUT TO:

114

EXT. PARIS - SUBURBS - GAS STATION - NIGHT

114

The Killer walks to a small, 24-HOUR GAS STATION.
He keeps his distance from the CASHIER WINDOW, where a
bored CASHIER reads a MAGAZINE.

115 **INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - NIGHT**

115

In this tiny BATHROOM, the shirtless Killer runs HOT WATER at the SINK while scrubbing his sudsy hands and forearms vigorously.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

*Nitro. This much atomized nitro --
might as well wash my eyes and
shave my tongue. Gotta get rid of
as much as possible.*

He pumps more gritty PINK SOAP from the DISPENSER, works his hands to clean underneath his fingernails. He bends to splash water on his face and begins washing his hair, neck and ears.

CUT TO:

116 **EXT. PARIS - SUBURBS - GAS STATION - NIGHT**

116

The Killer, in BUCKET HAT and SUNGLASSES, with TRAVEL BAG, leaves the gas station behind.

As he hits the sidewalk, he raises his hand, signaling O.S., gives a sharp, SHRILL WHISTLE.

CUT TO:

117 **EXT. PARIS - CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - NIGHT**

117

A TAXI glides to the curb, STOPS, discarding The Killer.

As The Killer reaches the ENTRANCE, he takes out his HAND SANITIZER and approaches a TRASH CAN. Standing close to the receptacle, he surreptitiously removes the GLOCK from his back waistband.

With both hands behind him, he SPRAYS hand sanitizer onto the gun, flips the gun in his palm, SPRAYS again, then TOSSES the Glock into the trash can.

CUT TO:

118 **INT. CDG AIRPORT - AIR FRANCE TICKETING - NIGHT**

118

The Killer accepts a BOARDING PASS from a KIOSK.

119

INT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT, DEPARTURES - NIGHT

119

The Killer (in bucket hat) rises on an ESCALATOR to DEPARTURES LEVEL. The place is mostly dead. A JANITOR works a FLOOR POLISHER.

CUT TO:

120

INT. CDG AIRPORT - SECURITY - NIGHT

120

Airport's busy now. The Killer waits in a LINE of PEOPLE wending to SECURITY. Looking ahead, he notices...

TWO SECURITY OFFICERS chat, drinking take-out COFFEE. One of them holds the leash of a seated, bomb-sniffing, GERMAN SHEPARD. The men are caught up in their conversing, but the dog turns and...

...looks directly at The Killer.

The Killer faces forward, shuffles along as the line advances. He's next. A beat. The Killer glances at his Fitbit. Another beat. The Killer turns and heads...

121

INT. CDG AIRPORT, PUBLIC RESTROOM -- NIGHT

121

On his way in, The Killer drops his FITBIT in the TRASH.

MOMENTS LATER:

At communal SINKS, The Killer's repeating roughly scrubbing his hands and forearms with SOAP and HOT WATER.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

You've done what you can do.

Calm. Breath.

(to SELF IN MIRROR)

Hey.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

(pre-lap)

Oh... don't you have quite a lot of miles, Mr. Unger? Impressive.

CUT TO:

122

INT. CDG AIRPORT - AIR FRANCE LOUNGE - SUNRISE

122

INSERT: FEMALE GREETER'S HAND places a TICKET and FREQUENT FLYER CARD on the counter; both in the name of "FELIX UNGER."

A FEMALE GREETER smiles at The Killer as she hands his black, PRIORITY PASS CARD back across her DESK.

CONTINUED

FEMALE OPERATOR (V.O.)
 (pre-lap)
 Collect call from Mr. Unger. Will
 you accept the charges?

DOLORES' VOICE (V.O.)
 (pre-lap)
 Yes, operator. We will.

123

INT. CDG AIRPORT - AIR FRANCE LOUNGE PHONE BOOTH- MORNING

123

In a GLASS BOOTH, The Killer's on a BURNER PHONE.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
 (from PHONE)
 How could this happen? Help me to
 understand. It's unprecedented,
 especially for you.

THE KILLER
 (into PHONE, flatly)
 It happened.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
 Is that what you suggest I inform
 the client? "It happened."
 (pause, heard breathing)
 This is a problem. Obviously,
 it's a problem, to say the least.
 I'll offer to make it right, as
 soon as humanly possible. The
 window of opportunity's closed
 now, for who knows how long.
 Makes this all the more difficult,
 but I'll... I'll tell him we'll do
 whatever necessary. Let me know
 the moment you're all the way out.
 (pause, breathing)
 Jesus fucking Christ.

A HANG UP is HEARD; LINE goes DEAD. The Killer HANGS UP.

CUT TO:

124

INT. CDG AIRPORT - AIR FRANCE LOUNGE BATHROOM - MORNING

124

The Killer, REFLECTED in the MIRROR, uses a disposable
 RAZOR to shave his lathered face.

CUT TO:

125 **INT. CDG AIRPORT - AIR FRANCE LOUNGE - MORNING** 125

Many TRAVELERS now, getting FOOD and DRINK in the KITCHENETTE. OTHERS sit charging and looking at PHONES and LAPTOPS, or reading NEWSPAPERS. The Killer, in hat and sunglasses, is seated in a plush CHAIR.

He just sits there, upright, feet flat on the floor, hands across his lap, staring forward.

126 **INT. AIRPLANE - PARIS FLIGHT - DAY** 126

With the WHINING ENGINES HEARD, we find -- packed in amongst the restless AWAKE and fitful ASLEEP -- The Killer staring ahead from deep in the purgatory of COACH.

He's in an aisle seat, leaning slightly, noticing...

127 **INT. POV: AIRPLANE - PARIS FLIGHT - DAY** 127

As one FLIGHT ATTENDANT steps aside, there's a straight view all the way up the aisle to BUSINESS CLASS... where it seems a MAN in a slender blue SUIT and SUNGLASSES is looking back this way.

128 **INT. AIRPLANE - PARIS FLIGHT - DAY** 128

This strikes The Killer as odd. He leans further.

129 **INT. POV: AIRPLANE - PARIS FLIGHT - DAY** 129

Slender-suited Business Man turns, gone from sight as he faces forward. Until, he crosses his legs, revealing garishly colorful, PLAID SOCKS. He waggles his foot.

130 **INT. AIRPLANE - PARIS FLIGHT - DAY** 130

The Killer leans back to sit up straight.

CUT TO:

131 **INT. SOUTHEASTERN U.S. CITY - AIRPORT - JETWAY - DAY** 131

ATTENDANTS say goodbyes as PASSENGERS exit the airplane: nearly every person distracted by their PHONE, except...

...The Killer, walking purposefully up the carpeted passageway. He makes his way through dawdlers.

CUT TO:

132

INT. SOUTHEASTERN CITY - AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - DAY

132

The Killer waits in line, PASSPORT in hand, with all the CUSTOMS WINDOWS ahead occupied by other TRAVELERS.

The Killer looks back, sees...

...BEHIND HIM in line, that Business Man, still wearing SUNGLASSES, although he doesn't seem to be paying attention to anyone.

CUT TO:

133

INT. SOUTHEASTERN CITY - AIRPORT/DEPARTURE GATE - DAY

133

The Killer stands, in the BOARDING AREA, watching...

Across the way, Slender-suited Business Man is seated in a waiting area, looking at a MAGAZINE, his legs crossed -- his eye-catching PLAID SOCKS on proud display.

AGENT'S VOICE (V.O.)

"Attention passengers, Flight 1258, departing for Punta Cana. We'll be boarding shortly. We are offering complimentary travel vouchers today to those few passengers who might be willing to take a later scheduled flight. So, please speak to any gate agent if..."

The Killer tilts his head, listening.

CUT TO:

134

INT. SOUTHEASTERN CITY - TICKETING - DAY

134

In the airport hustle and bustle, The Killer's at yet another COUNTER, with a FEMALE AGENT before him.

INSERT: FEMALE AGENT'S HAND places a PLANE TICKET inside a PASSPORT, each bearing the name "**ARCHIBALD BUNKER**," before offering them over the top of her SCREEN to O.S.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(types on HER COMPUTER)

Thank you for agreeing to give up your seat today, Mr. Bunker. This entitles you to a room voucher this evening and free drink tokens for your flight tomorrow.

(hands over PAPERWORK)

(more)

CONTINUED

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT.)

You'll fly out first thing in the morning. It is direct to Punta Cana.

CUT TO:

135

INT. SOUTHEASTERN CITY - AIRPORT HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

135

THRU a 3RD FLOOR WINDOW: nothing like the view from an airport hotel. TERMINALS, SKYWALKS and incoming TRAFFIC.

It's The Killer's POV, as he stands staring out.
An O.S. KNOCK on the door is HEARD. The Killer turns.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

(thru the door)

Room service.

The Killer pulls the CURTAIN shut, crosses the small, DARK ROOM to answer the door.

136

INT. SOUTHEASTERN CITY - AIRPORT HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

136

THE KILLER'S HANDS place a ROOM SERVICE TRAY on the DESK. There's a thermal COFFEE POT, COFFEE CUP, plastic wrapped GLASS of WATER, SILVERWARE including a STEAK KNIFE, and -- revealed as he lifts the METAL WARMING COVER -- a burnt STEAK, shriveled POTATO, and dry SUCCOTASH.

137

INT. SOUTHEASTERN CITY - AIRPORT HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

137

The Killer (in BOXERS and T-SHIRT) walks to the latched door, carrying the WARMING COVER and empty WATER GLASS. He places the overturned metal cover on the floor against the door, directly beneath the doorknob.

He places the upside-down glass on the top of the doorknob, carefully... till it's perfectly balanced. If the knob turns, the glass will fall to the lid below.

The Killer crosses, pulls the BLANKET from the BED, brings it along as he goes to the desk to take...

...the serrated STEAK KNIFE from the untouched meal.

He sits down in an ARMCHAIR against the far, opposite wall, by the curtained window.

He places the steak knife on a SIDE TABLE, easily within reach. He turns the table's small LAMP OFF.

He shuts his eyes.

CUT TO:

138 **EXT. SOUTHEASTERN CITY - AIRPORT HOTEL - DAWN** 138

DAWN over the weirdly integrated airport HOTEL.

139 **INT. SOUTHEASTERN CITY - AIRPORT HOTEL - HALL - MORNING** 139

Long, empty HALL. A room DOOR OPENS.
The Killer sticks his head out, looks both ways.

CUT TO:

140 **INT. PLANE AIR FRANCE - U.S. TO CARIBBEAN FLIGHT - DAY** 140

Jet's boarding. Again from deep in COACH, mostly alone amongst the earliest to board, The Killer has his head cocked to watch from his aisle seat as PASSENGERS FILE IN and stow CARRY-ON BAGS.

CUT TO:

141 **EXT. CARIBBEAN ISLAND AERIAL APPROACH -- DAY** 141

The descending POV approaches a Caribbean ISLAND... banking over dense JUNGLE.

142 **EXT. CARIBBEAN CITY AIRPORT - ITNL TERMINAL - DAY** 142

The Killer (w/travel bag) exits a rusty TERMINAL.

143 **INT. CARIBBEAN CITY AIRPORT- LONG TERM PARKING GARAGE-DAY** 143

He walks to his rugged 4x4 JEEP, takes out KEYS.

144 **INT/EXT. CARIBBEAN CITY AIRPORT - LONG TERM PARKING - DAY** 144

The Killer exits PARKING. Roars off.

145 **EXT. CARIBBEAN CITY - URBAN STREETS - ROUTE 1 - DAY** 145

The Killer drives CITY OUTSKIRTS.

146 **INT/EXT. JEEP-CARIBBEAN HIGHWAY-HELICOPTER-SHOT HIGHWAY-DAY** 146

The Killer continues, the city now far behind. The highway is bordered by miles of verdant MOUNTAINS and endless FARMS.

147 **INT/EXT. CARIBBEAN COUNTRYSIDE - HIGHWAY/ DIRT ROAD - DAY** 147

The Killer's jeep takes a sharp turn off the highway, onto unpaved, dirt ROAD; into the COUNTRYSIDE.

148 **INT/EXT. CARIBBEAN COUNTRYSIDE - VILLAGE - DAY** 148

The Killer moves through a grouping of ramshackle BUILDINGS, including an "ENGINE" SHOP and a MARKET with "COCA-COLA" SIGNS. LOCALS, mostly Afro-Caribbean, tread the roadway and come and go from businesses.

CUT TO:

149 **INT/EXT CARIBBEAN PROVINCE -RAINFORST- AFTERNOON** 149

The jeep navigates dark JUNGLE, HEADLIGHTS coming ON.

150 **INT/EXT CARIBBEAN PROVINCE -RAINFOREST -AFTERNOON** 150

The Killer looks ahead to a wide, dirt ROADWAY... SIGNS say "PRIVATE ROAD," and "NO TRESPASSING" in Spanish, Creole, French, a few other languages.

ON THE DIRT ROAD:

The Killer takes this private road, journeying deeper into the isolating RAINFOREST.

151 **INT/EXT.CARIBBEAN -PRIVATE ROAD- GATE- AFTERNOON** 151

The Jeep stops beside a keypad CALL BOX, with a closed GATE ahead. The Killer leans to the keypad, but notices something. He gets out, walks, seeing...

There are A DOZEN crushed CIGARETTE BUTTS in the dirt.

Enough for him. The Killer returns to his Jeep.

152 **INT/EXT. JEEP-CARIBBEAN-PRIVATE ROAD-GATE-AFTERNOON** 152

The Killer swipes open the GLOVE COMPARTMENT... grabs a GLOCK from within.

153 **INT/EXT.CARIBBEAN -PRIVATE ROAD- GATE- AFTERNOON** 153

He runs, climbs the gate, running onward.

154 **INT/EXT - CARIBBEAN - PRIVATE ROAD -CLEARING - AFTERNOON** 154

The Killer enters a clearing on fairly sizable plot of land. Ahead, his house is a jaw-dropper of modern architecture, with coastal BEACH FRONT visible through a break in the tree line beyond.

There's much floor-to-ceiling GLASS in the structure. Yet despite darkening skies overhead, not one light on.

Also adding to The Killer's rising dread...

CONTINUED

...is the imprint of a partial BOOT PRINT left by someone walking to the house.

CUT TO:

155 **EXT. ESTATE HOUSE - REAR - AFTERNOON** 155

The Killer, gun ready, circles around from the side of the house, crouched to minimize the target area of his body, watchful as he approaches. His lips peel from his clenched teeth when he sees...

Wind-tossed CURTAINS.

156 **INT. ESTATE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - AFTERNOON** 156

The Killer enters, gun first.
No sign of anyone in this OPEN LOUNGE-AREA, but the place is TRASHED. LAMPS lie BROKEN. DRAWERS pulled and tossed; CONTENTS strewn everywhere.

157 **INT. ESTATE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - AFTERNOON** 157

The Killer moves stealthily forward, gun up.

158 **INT. ESTATE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON** 158

As The Killer enters and crosses, wherever his eyes go his gun likewise points as he rapidly clocks the also wrecked LIVING ROOM -- no sign of anyone yet.

159 **INT. ESTATE HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON** 159

He looks to BUTCHER KNIFES scattered on the floor with the wood block KNIFE HOLDER that held them lying nearby.

The Killer backtracks, heads into a HALL..

160 **INT. ESTATE HOUSE - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON** 160

There's a BLOODY KNIFE on the floor.
There's SPLATTERED and SMEARED BLOOD up the hall.

The Killer rushes to the end of the hall.

161 **INT. ESTATE HOUSE - BATHROOM - AFTERNOON** 161

The condition of the BATHROOM tells of struggle. BLOOD and the LIQUID contents of BROKEN PERFUME BOTTLES mingle amongst SHARDS of BROKEN MIRROR on the floor.

There's a SMEAR of CRIMSON across the seat of the closed toilet. The Killer lowers his gun... hesitating for the merest moment as he reaches to...

CONTINUED

...sweep the closed SHOWER CURTAIN open.
The large SHOWER/TUB is empty.

Stepping back, with glass CRUNCHING underfoot, The Killer only now notices that by the SINK...

...is a somewhat diminutive, unmistakably BAREFOOT,
FOOTPRINT in BLOOD on the COUNTERTOP.

The Killer looks up to the small, rectangular WINDOW
above the sink, which is open to the SOUND of JUNGLE.

CUT TO:

162 **INT/EXT. JEEP-CARIBBEAN-PRIVATE ROAD-GATE-AFTERNOON** 162

The Killer gets back to his Jeep, gun no longer raised.
At the open passenger door...

...he grabs a PHONE from the open glove compartment. He
turns the phone on. With his sweat-soaked features lit by
the dim SCREEN GLOW, he DIALS.

CUT TO:

163 **EXT. (CARIBBEAN) LOCAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT** 163

The Killer's Jeep arrives, screeches to a stop.
The Killer gets out and runs to the HOSPITAL entrance.

164 **INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT** 164

In this small room, with paint peeling on the walls, a
grim man, MARCUS, in his 30's, sits with his hands
clenched, at the BEDSIDE of MAGDALA, 34 - 40, who sleeps,
hooked to IVs and MONITORS.

The Killer comes to the doorway. Marcus stands, watching
as The Killer goes to stand beside Magdala.

BANDAGED Magdala is unconscious, with a TUBE up her nose.

THE KILLER
(under his breath)
No... no...

MARCUS
(fingers to his lips,
whispering)
Don't let her hear your voice. She
needs sleep.
(quietly)
They're monitoring for internal
bleeding.

(more)

CONTINUED

MARCUS (CONT.)

She just had a second transfusion,
and she's on heavy pain meds.

Marcus leads The Killer from the room.

165

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

165

Marcus huddles with The Killer, speaking in hushed tones.

MARCUS

There were two of them.
She can describe them. It's not
like they were disguising
themselves. One.... was a woman.

THE KILLER

Take your time.

MARCUS

This wasn't a robbery. She told
me that... she... managed to...

THE KILLER

Marcus, breathe.

MARCUS

(emotional)

"There are worse things than what
they did to me," she kept telling
me. Can you imagine? Worse
things. She told me that during
the... assault... she stabbed the
man. Ran through a fucking plate
glass window and hid in the
jungle.

(pause)

They left in a green car, with a
light on top. Like a fucking
taxi, if you can believe it?

Marcus is distraught, wipes his hand across his face.

MARCUS

Look, she knows there are things
she can and cannot say, if anyone
comes asking. All this time,
you've been very kind to my
sister, she loves you. I've
learned not to pry. *This*,
though...

THE KILLER

Marcus...

CONTINUED

MARCUS

They came for you. And they
weren't about to leave a witness.

THE KILLER

Marcus, listen very carefully...

Marcus looks to The Killer, meets his gaze.

THE KILLER (CONT'D)

...you know me... and I promise --
I swear to you -- nothing like
this will ever be allowed to
happen again.

CUT TO:

166

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

166

Magdala's still sleeping, monitors quietly BEEPING.
The Killer is now in the vigil chair Marcus previously
occupied. A FEMALE DOCTOR comes to the doorway.

FEMALE DOCTOR

She is well enough to travel.
Later today, she'll be transported
to the private hospital in Punta
Cana, as arranged.

The Killer stands. He takes out a CASH, rips bills off
and offers them, waiting for Female Doctor to take the
money. Female Doctor merely walks away. The Killer puts
the money back in his pocket, turns... seeing...

Magdala's awake. He goes to her. Magdala holds out her
hand, reaching to him, trying to sit up.

The Killer must gently keep her from rising; calming her.

THE KILLER

No... you mustn't try to...

MAGDALA

Are you... are you alright? Let
me look at you. I... I was so
afraid.

Her voice is weak, but she's finding it.

MAGDALA

Afraid I might say something.
But I didn't.

(pause)

No matter what they said.

(more)

CONTINUED

MAGDALA (CONT.)

No matter what he did. I didn't tell them anything. Not about you.

The Killer's features tighten at this.

MAGDALA

Nothing. You'd've been proud. I was strong.

THE KILLER

You need to rest.

Magdala breathes in sharply as she lays back, pained.

Then, as if realizing the extent of her injuries, she slowly raises a hand towards her battered features.

MAGDALA

How... how bad is it...?

The Killer gently intercepts her hand and lowers it while he shakes his head ever so slightly.

MAGDALA

I'll see soon enough, eh?

Her eyelids grow heavy as she's fading.

MAGDALA

I have to tell you...

Tears well up and roll down her bruised cheek.

MAGDALA

There was a moment... I said to myself, if I didn't *live through this*; if I didn't *survive*... I'd never see you again. I couldn't bear that.

(quietly, eyes closing)

So, I did. Somehow I did it.

Magdala eases back into unconsciousness. The Killer lowers his head, gripping Magdala's hand more tightly.

167

EXT. ESTATE HOUSE, REAR GROUNDS - NIGHT

167

With his house behind and a SHOVEL over his shoulder, The Killer, in T-SHIRT and TRACK SUIT PANTS, marches across his property, heading toward JUNGLE.

168

INT. KILLER'S ESTATE - JUNGLE - NIGHT - LATER

168

The Killer's digging near jungle's edge, uncovering a square of shallowly buried PLYWOOD, which he works the shovel at the edge of... prying it loose.

He tosses the shovel. He gets on his knees to get a good grip... flips the wood aside. Beneath is a layer of waxed, water-proofed CANVAS. The Killer pulls this back - revealing a small SAFE embedded in poured CONCRETE.

The Killer presses his HAND to the THUMB-PRINT ID PAD.

He twists the HANDLE, opening the safe.

INSIDE: are CREDIT CARDS, PASSPORTS and two GLOCK HANDGUNS (each sealed in ZIP-LOCK BAGS), along with a few other necessities. The Killer takes one Glock.

He tears the plastic, examines the gun, sets it aside. He bends forward to take other items.

CUT TO:

169

INT. ESTATE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

169

The Killer enters, crossing. The place is work-in-progress, but UNIFORMED HOUSEKEEPERS work; SCRUBBING the FLOOR and replacing ITEMS on SHELVES. The Killer passes TWO other HOUSEKEEPERS carrying out a rolled-up RUG.

170

INT. ESTATE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

170

The Killer enters the bedroom, which is still much as he found it, though a UNIFORMED HOUSEKEEPER steam-CLEANS the CURTAINS. The Killer takes a JACKET from the bed and a (burner) SMART PHONE. He stows the GLOCK in his packed TRAVEL BAG, which he ZIPS and shoulders.

171

INT. ESTATE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

171

The Killer crosses back thru the house, tying the jacket around his waist. He exits towards his parked JEEP.

CUT TO:

172

INT/EXT. CARIBBEAN AIRPORT - ARRIVALS - DAY

172

Early-afternoon-busy at the MAIN TERMINAL. The Killer's Jeep comes to cruise by ARRIVALS.

173

INT/EXT. JEEP - CARIBBEAN AIRPORT - ARRIVALS - DAY

173

OUT THE WINDSHIELD: passing the various AIRLINES' passenger pick-ups...

CONTINUED

The Killer eyes the TAXI ZONE ahead. TAXIS await, some gathering up fares. One after the other; every TAXI he passes is ORANGE with official YELLOW TRIANGLE EMBLEMS.

CUT TO:

174 INT/EXT. CARIBBEAN CITY - CITY STREETS - DAY 174

The Killer's Jeep moves thru heavy, mid-city TRAFFIC.

175 INT/EXT. JEEP - CARIBBEAN CITY - CITY STREETS - DAY 175

The Killer remains vigilant, looking all around as he drives. He stops for a RED LIGHT. The CROSS TRAFFIC ahead tells a familiar tale... ORANGE TAXI here... ORANGE TAXI there... ORANGE TAXIS everywhere.

CUT TO:

176 EXT. CARIBBEAN CITY - CENTRAL PARK - AFTERNOON 176

The Killer walks amongst the CROWDS on the bustling DOWNTOWN STREETS, crossing to a large PARK.

177 EXT. CARIBBEAN CITY - CENTRAL PARK - AFTERNOON 177

The Killer walks along a thoroughfare, where MANY ORANGE TAXIS are parked in a line. When a YELLOW TAXI passes in the street, The Killer turns to watch it pass.

The Killer crosses the park, heading for a central, domed BANDSTAND, passing FOOD CART VENDORS, BLUE and WHITE COLLAR WORKERS on break, and wandering TOURISTS.

At the bandstand, The Killer climbs the stairs. From this higher vantage point, he looks to where...

A LINE of TAXIS waits on a side street.

Something catches his ear and he looks up.

A small, PRIVATE JET rumbles by in the sky.

CUT TO:

178 OMITTED 178

179 INT/EXT. SMALL CARIBBEAN AIRPORT - ROADWAY - RUNWAY - DAY 179

A medium-sized PUDDLE-JUMPER takes off from a RUNWAY, soaring upwards as... The Killer's Jeep travels a parallel ROADWAY on the other side of a CHAINLINK FENCE.

180 **INT/EXT. SMALL AIRPORT - TERMINAL - DAY**

180

The Killer drives up to a relatively modest TERMINAL BUILDING. The Killer IDLES and...

FROM THE JEEP:

...he looks across to the right hand side of the road, where THREE TAXIS wait... each of them ORANGE.

The Killer stares, considering for a protracted moment. He finally puts the car in gear and DRIVES OFF.

CUT TO:

181 **OMITTED**

181

182 **INT/EXT. CARIBBEAN SEASIDE ROADWAY - DAY**

182

The Killer's Jeep travels a ROADWAY along the CARIBBEAN SEA, he's skirting the edge of a colorful but rough-around-the-edges, seaside CITY.

183 **EXT. TREE LINED ROAD - CARIBBEAN SEASIDE AIRPORT - DAY**

183

Driving a tree-lined ROAD, The Killer's Jeep speeds along, then brakes... STOPS.

The Killer leans forward. He stops, looking...

Ahead, at the tiny, seaside AIRPORT TERMINAL BUILDING, with a single RUNWAY beyond, there are TWO crappy, exhaust-spewing GREEN TAXIS parked, waiting, available. Yes, GREEN, with "BESTTIME TAXI" and a PHONE NUMBER stenciled on their doors.

CUT TO:

184 **EXT. BESTTIME TAXI COMPANY - NIGHT**

184

In a rough section of town, we find the dilapidated "BESTTIME TAXI" OFFICE, with attached (closed) GARAGE and GREEN TAXIS parked in front. Late night streets are deserted, except...

The Killer approaches from up the block.

He wears a KNIT CAP, glances around as he nears the office. He tries the DOOR. It's locked. He KNOCKS.

After a moment, SOMEONE pulls aside the BLINDS to look out the WINDOW by the door.

CONTINUED

Seems they're waving The Killer off, but The Killer makes prayer hands, holds up a finger to show it will only take a moment. BLINDS SHUT.

As The Killer turns to face the door, he takes a HANDGUN from his pants pocket and pulls his cap -- oh, it's a SKI MASK -- down over his face. The moment the door opens...

The Killer's forcing his way in. Shuts the door behind.

CUT TO:

185

INT. BESTTIME TAXI COMPANY - NIGHT

185

An unfortunate, male TAXI DISPATCHER lies on the floor, on his side, BLINDFOLDED by a BANDANA, with his hands (behind him) and ankles BOUND by ZIP-TIES.

Meanwhile, The gloved Killer, with ski mask pushed up to his forehead, is on a STOOL behind the DISPATCH DESK, sweating in the heat, typing on an old PC COMPUTER.

11:40AM 8/13
PICKUP: AEROPUERTO -
DROPOFF: AEROPUERTO - RTRIP
04:40 PM

The Killer's eyes devour.

CLOSE ON:

DRIVER: RODRIGUEZ, L.
ID344 _

IN THE OFFICE:

The Killer stands, reaches around to PULL the COMPUTER's POWER CORD. SCREEN goes BLANK.

He looks to ragged 3-RING BINDERS on a SHELF... takes down "CONDUCTORES."

Swiping thru the dog-eared PAGES of the binder... The Killer finds a filled-out APPLICATION which has a COPY of the DRIVER'S LICENSE of "LEO RODRIGUEZ" stapled to it. The license features a...

...PHOTO of young, ruggedly handsome LEO RODRIGUEZ.

IN THE OFFICE:

The Killer tears out this page, shuts the binder, puts it back on the shelf where he found it.

CONTINUED

He steps over the bound Dispatcher, about to leave... but stops.

Remembering, The Killer heads -- stepping back over the Dispatcher -- behind the counter to begin searching.

He opens and then tosses a CIGAR BOX upon finding only RECEIPTS inside it. He starts yanking open DRAWERS...

...discovers the one under the computer is a CASH DRAWER. Slim pickings, but The Killer grabs all the MONEY.

CUT TO:

186 INT. CARIBBEAN CITY - FEDEX OFFICE - MORNING 186

At the COUNTER, The Killer, in his typical outfit, takes one FedEx OVERNIGHT ENVELOPE and a SHIPPING LABEL.

He flips the envelope, peels the plastic STRIP to seal the empty envelope.

187 INT. CARIBBEAN CITY - FEDEX OFFICE - MORNING 187

He's using a chained PEN to fill out the label:

CLOSE ON: The Killer writing "*DOLORES R., SUITE 400.*"

CLOSE ON: The Killer writing in "*230 CARONDELET ST.*"

CLOSE ON: The Killer CHECKING the BOX beside -- CIRCLING also and underlining -- the words "SIGNATURE REQUIRED."

188 INT. CARIBBEAN CITY - FEDEX OFFICE - DAY 188

A FEMALE CLERK addresses The Killer, envelope held.

FEDEX CLERK

Okay. For that rate: this will be delivered two days from now, before end of business, Mr. Madison. Thank you.

INSERT: FEMALE CLERK'S HAND picks up a CREDIT CARD from the counter, holds it up to examine: "**OSCAR MADISON.**"

She tears out and hands over the LABEL COPY to him.

189 INT/EXT. JEEP - BESTTIME TAXI COMPANY - MORNING 189

The Killer sits parked, watching.

CONTINUED

THRU THE WINDSHIELD:

BESTTIME TAXI company, about halfway up the block, is much the same as when we saw it last night, except the GARAGE is wide open and TWO MECHANICS stand jawing.

A FEMALE DRIVER, carrying a CLIPBOARD, exits the office and climbs into one of THREE GREEN TAXIS parked out front. She starts it, DRIVES away.

IN THE JEEP:

The Killer just keeps watching.

CUT TO:

190

INT/EXT. JEEP - BESTTIME TAXI COMPANY - DAY

190

Garage is still open, with a GREEN TAXI sticking halfway out. There are FOUR GREEN TAXIS lined up in front.

From up the block, LEO RODRIQUEZ, hair longer than in his driver's license photo, walks, carrying a "vintage" yellow Sony BOOMBOX/RADIO.

IN THE JEEP:

The Killer sees: Leo go into the office.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*I blame you, "Leo..." for having
to bring work home.*

The Killer waits, unblinking.

POV:

It takes a long moment, but Leo eventually emerges, carrying a CLIPBOARD along with his boombox. He goes to get behind the wheel of the first, green taxi.

IN THE JEEP:

The Killer puts on HAT and SUNGLASSES, starts his engine. He watches as Leo's taxi sets in motion.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Stick to your plan.

The taxi passes to The Killer's left.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Anticipate; don't improvise.

CONTINUED

The Killer puts his Jeep in gear to follow.

CUT TO:

191	<u>OMITTED</u>	191
192	<u>OMITTED</u>	192
193	<u>EXT. TAXI STAND - AFTERNOON</u>	193

Across from a HOTEL where LOCALS and TOURISTS seem to be happily coexisting, Leo pulls forward slowly in a line of cabs behind TWO waiting ORANGE TAXIS.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Trust no one. Never yield an
 advantage. Fight only the battle
 you're paid to fight.*

The Killer arrives in a TAXI, across a small square.

The Killer gets out, tips his driver, then walks...
 ...crossing thru slow moving TRAFFIC.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Forbid empathy.

He's walking to THE TAXI STAND, where Leo's out of his cab and leaning on it while lighting a CIGARETTE.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Empathy is weakness. Weakness is
 vulnerability.*

The Killer and Leo interact. Leo looks; noting he's third in line, but fine -- he gets in while The Killer climbs in back. Leo's taxi pulls into TRAFFIC.

CUT TO:

194	<u>EXT. CARIBBEAN ROADWAY - CITY OUTSKIRTS - AFTERNOON</u>	194
-----	--	-----

Leo's taxi heads out of town... merging onto sparsely trafficked ROAD which bisects the portside traffic.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Each and every step of the way,
 ask yourself, what's in it for me?*

195	<u>OMITTED</u>	195
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196

INT. LEO'S TAXI (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

196

MUSIC plays from the BOOMBOX up front. The Killer, seated in the middle of the rear seat, leans forward to rap a knuckle on the open, yellowed SECURITY PARTITION. Leo, driving, doesn't notice.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

This is what it takes...

The Killer takes out his silenced GLOCK -- uses it to TAP on the partition, holds it there. This Leo hears, turning the MUSIC DOWN while glancing over his shoulder.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

...what you must commit yourself to, if you want to succeed.

Seeing the gun, Leo faces front; looking in the REARVIEW MIRROR. The Killer gestures to look forward.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

Simple.

197

OMITTED

197

198

OMITTED

198

199

INT. LEO'S TAXI (JUNGLE / ELEVADO -- MOVING) - AFTERNOON

199

The BOOMBOX still quietly plays MUSIC while a nervous Leo navigates light traffic at the behest of The Killer.

LEO

Awww shit man... I... I just came on. Small change is all I got.

Leo's looking up to address the KILLER'S SUNGLASS-hidden EYES in the REARVIEW MIRROR.

LEO

I'm gonna show you... okay?

Careful to be telegraphing, Leo digs a WALLET from his jeans. He makes a show of holding it open with his free hand and offering; only SMALL BILLS inside.

LEO

...take it, man.

The Killer reaches thru to take the wallet.

CONTINUED

LEO

There's a condom in there too.
What's mine is yours. Leave the
wallet if you're feeling generous.
What else...? Want my radio?

The Killer pockets the wallet, takes off his sunglasses.

THE KILLER

Tell me about your big fare, Leo,
three days ago.

IN THE REARVIEW: Leo's questioning eyes.

LEO

What? Three days? I --

The Killer CHAMBERS a ROUND, sits forward and presses the
gun against the back of Leo's skull. Leo shuts one eye,
keeping the other on the roadway.

LEO

Wait, wait, wait... don't, okay.
Wait. I-I tell you. The freak
and the lady, right? From the
little airport. That's who?

The Killer lowers his gun, sits back.
Leo, sweating, opens his eye, gathers himself.

LEO

I got them like, noon. I
remember, it was right before
lunch.

199A

EXT. MID-JUNGLE - AFTERNOON

199A

Leo's taxi keeps moving along in the gloom.

LEO

(from TAXI)

I'd been waiting around and there
was nothing. Slow day. Slow
week. I was about to split, when
one of those little jets came in.
So, I stay.

199B

INT. LEO'S TAXI (IN JUNGLE -- MOVING) - AFTERNOON

199B

LEO

And they come... two crazy-looking
guero. The lady, dressed business
woman style; in a suit... she
seemed alright.

(more)

CONTINUED

LEO (CONT.)

But the guy with her -- should've kept him on a chain. He was a scary motherfucker.

The Killer sets his gun down on the seat beside him.

THE KILLER

Walk me through your time with them, to the best of your recollection.

LEO

No problem. I drove them, is all. They were sight-seeing, I thought, at first. Because they hadn't given me an address. We're supposed to get an address. Roundtrip, was what they said. Then, they told me: north on DR-1. Then deep into the jungle, like... forever.

With a sigh, Leo white knuckles the wheel, pondering.

LEO

They showed me on Google, and I drove them. They wouldn't take "no" for an answer. We got to a gate, private property, and I was told to wait.

He's staring out thru the windshield, troubled.

LEO

She and him were gone an hour, maybe. Maybe more, I guess. Alright?

199C

EXT. MID-JUNGLE -- AFTERNOON

199C

Further still, diffuse light passes over the vehicle. Ahead, a massive BRIDGE spans above.

LEO

(from TAXI)

All I know is I was starving, and... and I didn't care anymore how much the meter was ticking. I was going to leave them. I'm not allowed to, but I almost did.

199D

INT. LEO'S TAXI (JUNGLE -- MOVING / ELEVADO) - AFTERNOON 199D

The merest frown from The Killer as he listens, looking to watch the foliage passing outside.

LEO

They came back, the guy's leg was bloody. They wanted me to take them back to airport, so I did.

(to REARVIEW)

That was the end of it.

Leo glances to his CIGARETTE PACK, grabs them up.

LEO

(of CIGARETTES)

Mind if I...? Want one?

He shakes out a cigarette, pushes the CAR LIGHTER in.

LEO

Ask me anything. Anything. I don't know who they are. Don't want to know. Don't want to know who you are either, con todo respeto.

The lighter POPS. Leo uses it, inhales deeply, exhales.

Leo slows the taxi to a STOP.

LEO

If they did you wrong somehow, I'm sorry. I truly am. But I've got nothing to do with anything, except I happened to be first in line. Because I didn't go to lunch.

(glances back)

So, how about... I get out and I leave the keys?

He turns the engine off, then removes the KEYS from the ignition and throws them up on the dashboard.

LEO

I'll walk back to town, easy. You take it all, man. It's yours. How's that -- ?

In one motion, The Killer raises his gun -- FIRES...

200

EXT. MID-JUNGLE / UNDER ELEVADO - AFTERNOON

200

The taxi's front windows are instantaneously covered in BLOOD, BRAIN and SKULL FRAGMENTS. Gun smoke wafts. The back door opens. The Killer steps out, pocketing the gun while using a HANDKERCHIEF to wipe the inner door handle. He elbows the door shut, wipes the outer handle. He goes to open the front passenger door. We HEAR the MUSIC shut OFF. The Killer takes the BOOMBOX, leaves that door open, walks, with the boombox under his arm, as we...

PAN to see The Killer's Jeep, half a block away.

CUT TO:

201

INT. CARIBBEAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DEPARTURES - DAY

201

The Killer enters the busy AIRPORT, TRAVEL BAG in hand.

202

INT. CARIBBEAN INTL. AIRPORT - TICKET COUNTER - SUNSET

202

INSERT : A TICKET PRINTER spits out an airline TICKET for "HOWARD CUNNINGHAM," then a FEMALE HAND takes the ticket.

UNITED TICKET AGENT

And you're all set, Mr.

Cunningham. Have a pleasant trip.

203

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

203

In the darkened cabin, far back in COACH as always, The Killer is seated in a window seat, staring into the void of dead-of-night nothingness out the window.

204

EXT. MID-SOUTHERN U.S. AIRPORT - NIGHT

204

Amongst other bleary-eyed PASSENGERS exiting, The Killer, with his TRAVEL BAG strapped across his back, strides with purpose. He reaches a median, hails a TAXI...

CUT TO:

205

EXT. MID-SOUTHERN CITY - TRUCK RENTAL LOT - PRE-DAWN

205

That TAXICAB stops. The Killer gets out.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

New Orleans. Lovely, humid New

Orleans. A thousand restaurants.

One menu.

He walks through the rental yard, as the taxicab goes.

CONTINUED

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*I do feel a certain nostalgia for
the place. Where good ol'
Professor Hodges convinced me to
quit studying the law and start
skirting it.*

The Killer opens a white RENTAL VAN (with side door) and speeds off.

206 **OMITTED** 206

207 **OMITTED** 207

208 **EXT. RENTAL VAN - MID-S. CITY STORAGE FACILITY - DAWN** 208

The Killer arrives at an unmanned SECURITY GATE. He leans out to poke (using a NO-TOUCH KEYCHAIN TOOL) the buttons on a mounted KEYPAD, which BEEPS. GATE OPENS.

209 **EXT. RENTAL VAN - STORAGE FACILITY - DAWN** 209

The Killer drives past ROW after ROW of STORAGE UNITS.

210 **INT/EXT. RENTAL VAN - STORAGE FACILITY - DAWN** 210

The Killer parks his rental van in front of a STORAGE UNIT, gets out. This unit is sizable.

The Killer thumbs the COMBINATION on a PADLOCK, unlocks it, starts on a SECOND LOCK.

211 **INT. STORAGE UNIT - DAWN** 211

The Killer enters, takes out his PHONE and turns on its FLASHLIGHT. He shuts the door behind, so the flashlight is the only light. At INDUSTRIAL SHELVES against one wall, he tries an LED LANTERN, finds it dead.

Propping his phone on the shelf as a work light, The Killer twists the bottom off the lantern, takes out four D BATTERIES. He swaps these for fresh batteries, screws the bottom on. He LIGHTS the lantern.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*There are more than 50 thousand
storage facilities in the U.S.
I have units in 6.*

Holding the lantern by its handle, he walks to the center of this mostly empty space the size of a small garage. SHELVES along two walls hold CLEANING SUPPLIES and various, sizable PLASTIC TUBS. There are many GARDEN IMPLEMENTS and TOOLS hanging on a mounted RACK.

CONTINUED

In one corner, sit STEEL DRUMS beside a WHEELBARROW. Everything is neatly kept and arranged.

212 **INT. STORAGE UNIT - DAWN**

212

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*I like to imagine, once I'm gone
 and the automatic payments have
 dried up, the episode of "Storage
 Wars" where they cut the lock on
 one of mine and get a look inside.*

The Killer dials a COMBINATION on a medium sized, portable DOCUMENT SAFE. Opens it, revealing a GLOCK HANDGUN, AMMO and CASH inside. He takes the Glock and money.

213 **INT. STORAGE UNIT - DAWN**

213

At one SHELF, The Killer grabs some ZIP-TIES from a CONTAINER, pockets them. He takes down a BOX containing several SETS of LICENSE PLATES, selects a PAIR, puts them under his arm. On the next shelf, he finds large DECALS of the UNIVERSAL SYMBOLS for 'CORROSIVE,' 'HAZARDOUS MATERIALS' and 'MEDICAL WASTE.' He selects one with the 'RECYCLING' SYMBOL beside "FOR SHREDDING."

214 **EXT. STORAGE UNIT - MORNING**

214

The Killer exits his unit, shuts the door.

CUT TO:

215 **INT/EXT. RENTAL VAN - HOME DEPOT - LATER MORNING**

215

TWO YOUNG DAY LABORERS hustle across the PARKING LOT from a HARDWARE SUPER-STORE, each with a grip on one handle of the quite large (and seemingly weighty), grey SHREDDER/RECYCLING BIN they're WHEELING behind them.

Arriving at the open rear of the white van where The Killer waits, Laborer One and Laborer Two stop, setting the SHREDDER BIN straight. Laborer One happily accepts CASH The Killer hands over while Two throws open the bin's hinged lid... revealing OTHER PURCHASED ITEMS...

216 **INT/EXT. RENTAL VAN - HOME DEPOT - MORNING**

216

The Killer and Laborer One and Two load those OTHER ITEMS into the back of the van: a medium-sized, plastic COOLER; a somewhat unwieldy BOX containing a cordless FRAMING GUN; a big, heavy BUCKET of QUIKRETE.

CUT TO:

217

INT/EXT. RENTAL VAN - HODGES' OFFICE BLDG - MORNING

217

Amongst smaller, less impressive structures at DOWNTOWN's outskirts, The Killer's van is parked on a corner.

IN THE VAN:

The Killer, in BASEBALL CAP, is behind the wheel, observing the world.

THE KILLER'S POV:

WORKERS are coming and going, mostly coming, at a catty corner, dark but plain, post-war OFFICE BUILDING.

IN THE VAN:

The Killer takes a BANANA from a 7-11 BAG on the passenger seat, peels the banana entirely, puts the peel back in the bag.

POV:

A city BUS stops at a BUS STOP across the street from the office building and begins letting off RIDERS.

IN THE VAN:

The Killer, chewing the last of the banana, keeps looking while he reaches to get a large BOTTLE of vanilla ENSURE from the bag. He twists the BOTTLE open, gulps Ensure.

POV:

Amongst the dispersing RIDERS is a bespectacled, middle-aged woman, DOLORES, carrying her PURSE and a COMPUTER BAG. She looks both ways, venturing into the crosswalk.

IN THE VAN:

The Killer lowers the bottle, observing Dolores.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

Hello, Dolores. Miss me?

POV:

Dolores addresses a SECURITY CAMERA somewhere inside the entry doors, it seems, pantomiming 'HELLO.'

THE KILLER (V.O.)

*A CCTV and a 100-dollar, electric,
dead-latch lock.*

(more)

CONTINUED

THE KILLER (V.O.) (CONT.)
*Crappy 1980's solutions to 21st
 Century problems.*

Dolores is BUZZED in... disappears into the building.

IN THE VAN:

The Killer slumps, settling in, sips Ensure.

CUT TO:

218 **EXT. MID-SOUTHERN CITY - HODGES' BLDG - AFTERNOON** 218

Mid-day now. TRAFFIC is heavier. More PEDESTRIANS trek the sidewalks. The white van is still parked.

219 **INT/EXT. RENTAL VAN -HODGES' OFFICE BLDG- AFTERNOON** 219

INSIDE THE VAN:

The Killer remains, now with an EARPOD in one ear, trying to stay focused.

He leans slightly to check his right SIDE MIRROR.

He tilts his head, eyeballing his left SIDE MIRROR.

POV IN VAN SIDE MIRROR:

A FEDEX DELIVERY TRUCK is heading this direction.

INSIDE THE VAN:

The Killer removes his ear pod, gets out.

220 **EXT. MID-SOUTHERN CITY - HODGES BLDG -STREET - AFTERNOON** 220

The Killer goes to open the rear of the van as the FedEx truck passes. The Killer grabs the grey bin (SHREDDING stickered) by its handles, pulling it out.

ACROSS THE INTERSECTION:

The FedEx truck parks in the LOADING ZONE in front of the dark but plain, post-war building. Its BLINKERS FLASH.

221 **EXT. HODGES' OFFICE BLDG - AFTERNOON** 221

The Killer starts across the intersection, wheeling his shredder bin. He picks up the pace, while ahead...

CONTINUED

A FedEx DELIVERY MAN, carrying ENVELOPES, stops at the entrance where Dolores arrived. He's looking up and in at the unseen SECURITY CAMERA, nodding. Door BUZZES. As he pulls the door open and enters, he hears a shrill, SHARP WHISTLE and "Hold the door."

The Killer's hustling, giving a wave.

Delivery Man HOLDS THE DOOR as The Killer and his somewhat unwieldy bin arrive.

CUT TO:

222 INT. OFFICE BLDG - ELEVATOR - AFTERNOON

222

ELEVATOR's in motion. The Killer stands behind his bin. Delivery Man's occupied scanning envelope BAR CODES into his FedEx TRACKER.

The LIT button for "4" goes OUT. DING.

223 INT. OFFICE BUILDING -ELEVATOR- 4TH FLOOR- AFTERNOON

223

Elevator arrives, DOORS OPENING. The Killer guides his shredder bin out and maneuvers to park it out of the way. Delivery Man meanwhile is headed towards the end of the hall, passing OFFICES.

The Killer occupies himself by nonchalantly taking out GLOVES and slipping them on, watches over his shoulder...

Delivery Man arrives at the last OFFICE DOOR. The door has in-laid, full-length SECURITY GLASS. "EDWARD HODGES, INTERNATIONAL TRADE ATTORNEY" is PAINTED on the glass, "BY APPOINTMENT ONLY." Delivery Man presses a DOORBELL, looking in. He gets BUZZED in.

IN THE 4TH FLOOR HALL:

The Killer opens the bin and takes out a flat, plastic TOOL CASE. He approaches the office door as it SHUTS.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

(in V.O. whisper)

1... 2... 3... 4... 5... 6... 7...

The Killer cautiously leans to look.

THRU THE GLASS: Delivery Man greets Dolores as she rises from her DESK to one side of the wood paneled OUTER OFFICE. Dolores accepts a FEDEX ENVELOPE. Delivery Man has her sign the SCREEN of his TRACKER.

CONTINUED

The Killer retreats a few steps, leans against the wall, taking out his PHONE. He pretends to be engrossed in it. Delivery Man exits the office, walks back to the elevators, not noticing The Killer, who pockets his phone as the DOOR is SWINGING shut but...

The Killer's already stepping up to...

...JAM his toe in at the last possible second.

224

INT. HODGES' OUTER OFFICE - AFTERNOON

224

Dolores is tearing the ENVELOPE open and looking confused upon finding it empty. The Killer enters, shutting the door behind. He puts down his case, takes out his GUN.

THE KILLER

Dolores.

Dolores turns to see him. Horrified.

The Killer retrieves his tool case and steps forward. He motions with the Glock that Dolores should move from behind her desk. She does so.

Stepping behind the desk himself, The Killer places his case down flat. He takes Dolores' PHONE, puts it in his pocket. He pushes her LAPTOP shut, places it on top of his case and picks both up. He motions for Dolores to continue towards a large, closed WOODEN DOOR.

Dolores acquiesces, going to stand before it.

The Killer glances down to her work station, steps to...

...depress a SWITCH beneath the desk with his foot.

225

INT. HODGES' INNER OFFICE - AFTERNOON

225

A BUZZ is HEARD; a LOCK UNLATCHES. The wooden door is pushed inwards as a contrite Dolores enters.

DOLORES

I'm... I'm sorry, sir...

In this large, also wood-paneled OFFICE, somewhat rough-around-the-edges, 50-something EDWARD HODGES looks up in annoyance from his LAPTOP at his big DESK.

HODGES

What is it, Dolores?

He sees The Killer following Dolores in, stunned.

CONTINUED

HODGES

Good God.

The Killer aims at Hodges (whose voice we should recognize as the VOICE OVER THE PHONE The Killer spoke with earlier) and kicks the DOOR SHUT behind.

HODGES

What could you *possibly* be thinking, coming here?

The Killer drops the tool case and Dolores' laptop on a COUCH, gently places a hand on Dolores, guiding her.

HODGES

This is very unlike you, my friend. Care to explain yourself? Because I cannot...

The Killer brings fearful Dolores to Hodges, takes out TWO ZIP-TIES, hands them to her. He points to Hodges' hand resting on the arm of his wheeled DESK CHAIR.

HODGES

...Conceive of anything I have to offer that could *remotely* be worth the exposure on your part.
(of Dolores' hesitation)
Go ahead, dear; whatever he says.

Dolores reluctantly begins ZIP-TYING her boss's wrists to the chair arms. Hodges tries to remain calm.

HODGES

(to The Killer)
Insanity. There's no other word for this. Insanity. Surely you can't be angry with *me*.

DOLORES

(to Hodges)
I'm *so* sorry. I opened the outer door for FedEx...

HODGES

Dolores, *I'm* the one who's sorry.
I sincerely apologize.

The Killer yanks one tie to make it tighter, then brings Dolores as he crosses. He opens a DOOR leading to a sizable EXECUTIVE WASHROOM, replete with SHOWER.

CONTINUED

HODGES
 (to The Killer)
 There's *clearly* been some sort of
 misunderstanding. I'd like to ask
 you to take a breath. Think for a
 minute.

226

INT. HODGES' BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

226

The Killer leads Dolores to the bathroom SINK.

HODGES (O.S.)
 (calling after)
 This will be resolved in a moment,
 Dolores, I promise you. Once he
 realizes the folly of his actions.

Dolores watches, tears welling, as The Killer proceeds to
 zip-tie her wrist to the METAL TOWELBAR mounted, waist-
 high, in front of the sink.

227

INT. HODGES' INNER OFFICE - AFTERNOON

227

The Killer reenters, shuts the bathroom door.

Now that they're alone in Hodges' office, The Killer and
 Hodges turn their undivided attention to each other.

HODGES
 You went home. How could you
 have, realizing my hands would
 be... ?
 (glances down, flustered)
 You had to have known -- you
 must've -- that I'd have no say in
 the matter going forward and
 still, you went home.

THE KILLER
 Who were they?

Hodges looks incredulous.

HODGES
 Who were *they*? First of all: who
 cares? I *barely* glanced at the
 invoice. Which, if I may say, is
 very much beside the point. The
 consequences, when someone's wide
 of the mark, are automatic.
 However regrettable, they are an
 obligation to client and calling.

CONTINUED

At the couch, The Killer sits, takes up the molded plastic tool case, which he opens.

HODGES

I was forced to be make amends by
a very angry, very powerful man --
never in my *wildest imagination*
did I think you'd actually go
home... not in a million years.

The Killer takes out his NAIL GUN and BATTERY PACK. He slaps the battery into the gun's hilt. Hodges swallows, but he's not the type to let anyone see him sweat.

Still seated, The Killer closes Hodges' laptop, puts Dolores' laptop on top, aligns the nail gun against where the hard drives reside, and presses in quick succession -- PSST-THUNK PSST-THUNK PSST-THUNK -- so THREE long NAILS impale them together.

HODGES

Why would you -- ? That's just...
childish. The good news is, it's
not too late. Even now, this
entire debacle can be salvaged.
But *only* if you disappear. Which
is what I assumed you'd've already
done.

The Killer stands and crosses, bringing the nail gun.

HODGES

You've got more money than you can
ever spend. Thanks in no small
part to me, so, why aren't you
already on the other side of the
globe, under any number of
aliases, spending it?

The Killer stands before Hodges' desk.

HODGES

You don't believe me; don't feel
you can trust me. Fine. I've
brought that on myself. But after
all these years -- having built
this from the ground up -- I
thought we had a relationship.

He swaps the nail gun to his left hand.

CONTINUED

THE KILLER

I know you have back-up records
here, Eddie, on me, everyone; the
whole shebang...

The Killer starts around the desk.

THE KILLER

...because you'd never put it on
the cloud, any more than you'd
trust it outside these four walls.

HODGES

There's nothing like that.
Everything was on those two
laptops. And now... it's not.

The Killer stands over the lawyer, his unwavering gaze
fixed upon Hodges.

HODGES

Who do you think you're trying to
intimidate? It wouldn't make any
sense for you to pull that
trigger. There's no upside.

Okay, despite his resolute defiance, Hodges is sweating.

HODGES

The only logical choice for you is
to turn around, right now, and
walk out that door. Embrace your
next life. I wish you well.

The Killer lowers the gun and brings the nail gun up
against Hodges' chest -- PSST-THUNK PSST-THUNK PSST-THUNK
-- fires THREE nails. Hodges sucks in a long GASP.

Hodges' eyes go wide with terror as he rears up in the
chair and his tied hands claw air. Pinning his shirt to
his chest are the THREE tiny HEADS of the NAILS sunken
deeply in nearly bloodless puncture wounds.

Hodges WHEEZES, struggling to breathe, as The emotionless
Killer places the nail gun down on the desk.

THE KILLER

You'll drown, slowly... and I'll
dispose of you...

The Killer picks up Hodges phone.

CONTINUED

THE KILLER

...so while a few fragments of
your side hustle may be left to
puzzle over...

Hodges' bulging eyes watch as The Killer, turning the
PHONE ON, holds the phone up for Hodges to see...

THE KILLER

...since you'll have completely
vanished, the trail ends where it
began...

CLOSE-UP:

ON THE PHONE: The Killer's finger brings up the
"Emergency Call" window and KEYPAD.

THE KILLER

...unless:

CLOSE-UP:

ON THE PHONE: The Killer keys in "911."

IN HODGES' OFFICE

The Killer places the phone at the edge of the desk, near
Hodges, with "911" on the bright screen ready and waiting
-- if only someone would press the GREEN BUTTON to dial.

Hodges pitches back and forth, sucking air as best he
can. His mouth works horribly, wordlessly.

The Killer takes a step back, raising his arms and
turning his head; makes a show of looking around.

THE KILLER

I need the information Edward, and
you're running out of time.

Hodges grunts and WHEEZES, his eyes locked on "911" --
bobbing his head in desperation at the phone.

The Killer, seeing Hodges teetering, moves around the
desk, coming to tip everything off the DESK's BLOTTER and
to grab a COPY of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

The Killer begins a grotesque pantomime, crossing to
gesture towards several PAINTINGS on the wall. While
giving Hodges a questioning look, he looks behind one
painting. Finding nothing, he moves on... goes to throw
open the DOORS of a LIQUOR CABINET, gives a "?" SHRUG.

CONTINUED

Hodges watches, beginning to GURGLE, shakes his head.

The Killer goes to put a hand over FILE CABINETS, looking for Hodges to clue him in while moving his hand over one after another -- like a game of "Colder Warmer Hotter."

Hodges shakes his head desperately, "no no no." He cranes his neck and NODS insistently to across the room.

The Killer crosses to stand before FOUR long SHELVES full of LAW CASEBOOKS, LAW ENCYCLOPEDIAS and STATUTE TOMES.

Hodges, whose breathing grows wetter by the moment, makes a big show of nodding his head up and down, "yes yes."

The Killer looks up at all those many books. Looks back to Hodges, points to the books to the left, points to books to the right, again looks questioningly.

Hodges has had enough. He jerks frantically forwards in his chair, wheeling it a bit while turning the seat. He begins THRUSTING all his weight forward, repeatedly -- his zip-tied hand grasping all the while for the PHONE... that "911" tantalizingly close, but out of reach.

The desk chair TOPPLES...
Hodges HITS the floor hard, on his side.

Hodges, with both hands still zipped to the chair, is feebly stuck there, eyes closed, a GURGLING fish out of water. The Killer kneels beside, opening the NEWSPAPER beneath Hodges' head as Hodges chokes up BLOODY SPITTLE.

The Killer next positions the NEWSPAPER beneath Hodges' waist, under Hodges' urine-soaked haunches.

HODGES
(choking)
I... never... liked you.

The Killer rises, looking down to inspect his work.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Three, 9-gauge nails. Early
middle-aged non-smoker. About a
hundred and eighty pounds. Should
last... six, seven minutes...*

Hodges is still breathing, but quite shallowly.

The Killer picks up Hodges' phone. Turns it OFF. He puts it in his pocket as he steps over Hodges.

CONTINUED

Coming to stand before the BOOKSHELVES, The Killer gives a daunted sigh. CRACKS a few gloved KNUCKLES. He goes to take out the far right BOOK from the bottom shelf; begins his search there.

He opens the book, FANS the pages, replaces it. He takes the next book to the left, fans it, replaces it. Same with the next book left; searching every single book.

The Killer pauses, looking over his shoulder.

On the floor where he fell, Hodges lies motionless. His open eyes are dull and lifeless.

DOLORES (O.S.)
Thompson Reuter's Eleventh
Edition!

The Killer reacts... scans the shelves -- pulls the Thompson book and finds a hidden NICHE CARVED OUT in the book's pages. Therein resides a small LEDGER.

The Killer pries out the LEDGER, regards it.

228	<u>OMITTED</u>	228
229	<u>OMITTED</u>	229
230	<u>OMITTED</u>	230
231	<u>OMITTED</u>	231
231A	<u>INT. HODGES INNER OFFICE - AFTERNOON</u>	231A

The Killer wheels the shredder bin from the lobby into Hodge's office.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Stick to the plan. Anticipate;
don't improvise.*

232	<u>INT. HODGES' OFFICE - AFTERNOON</u>	232
-----	--	-----

The Killer closes the DOOR BLINDS. Flicks OFF LIGHTS.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Fight only the battle you're paid
to fight.*

233	<u>INT. HODGES' BATHROOM - EVENING</u>	233
-----	--	-----

The DOOR OPENS and The Killer enters.

CONTINUED

THE KILLER (V.O.)

Trust no one.

Zip-tied Dolores leaning back against the SINK.
Her mascara has run, but she's all cried out.

The Killer notices the MEDICINE CABINET MIRROR ajar.
He reaches to take a PILL BOTTLE from Dolores' fist,
which she allows without struggle. He reads it:

"HODGES, EDWARD

ALPRAZOLAM
generic for
XANAX .25mg"

The Killer shakes the bottle, hears a few pills rattling.
He tosses it into the sink.

DOLORES

I'd beg... if I thought it would
do any good.

She looks to The Killer, who gives nothing; to which
Dolores lowers her head, swallows, regrouping.

DOLORES

I have the names you're looking
for... I know who "they" were...

(pause)

But, before I give them to you,
I... I want something in return...

(pause)

I know what you're capable of --
how you can make things seem.

(swallowing)

I'll give you the names you're
looking for, but I can't just
disappear. My children -- need my
life insurance... I'll trust you,
but promise me you won't leave
things looking... the wrong way.
Please.

The Killer waits.

DOLORES

I don't make the kind of money you
and Edward do. Not by a long
shot. But I have people who...

THE KILLER (V.O.)

Forbid empathy.

CONTINUED

DOLORES

I... I guess I am begging.

She swallows misery, struggling to maintain composure.

The Killer's expression still betrays nothing.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

Empathy is weakness. Weakness is vulnerability.

The Killer reaches down and cuts Dolores' zip-ties.

CUT TO:

233A **INT. HODGES OFFICE - NIGHT**

233A

The Killer comes out of bathroom with Dolores trailing. She sees Hodges lying bound and lifeless. She faints.

234 **INT. HODGES' INNER OFFICE - NIGHT**

234

The Killer opens the bin and tips it over onto the floor, so the wide opening roughly faces Hodges' body.

QUICK CUT MONTAGE:

-The Killer wraps Hodges' head in newspaper like a fishmonger.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

*Each and every step of the way,
ask yourself, what's in it for me?*

-He uses a MULTI-TOOL to SNIP Hodges' left hand free.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

This is what it takes...

-He PUSHES Hodges' heavy corpse, head first, into the mouth of the grey bin.

END MONTAGE

235 **INT. HODGES' INNER OFFICE - NIGHT**

235

The Killer lifts the nail gun from the desk.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

*...what you must commit yourself
to...*

CONTINUED

He goes to drop them into the open, uprighted bin, where we may catch a glimpse of the SOLES of Hodges' SHOES before The Killer goes to...

THE KILLER (V.O.)
...if you want to succeed.

...collect the TWO impaled LAPTOPS from Hodges' desk. These he TOSSES in, one after another, along with the book and ledgers.

MOMENTS LATER:

The Killer flips the shredder bin's LID SHUT.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Simple.

236	<u>OMITTED</u>	236
237	<u>OMITTED</u>	237
238	<u>INT. HODGES' OFFICE BLDG - ELEVATOR - NIGHT</u>	238

DOORS OPEN. The Killer backs the grey bin into the empty elevator. Dolores follows. She hits the "L" BUTTON and watches as the DOORS CLOSE. The elevator descends. She and The Killer stand stiffly. A DING is HEARD. They both look up to see...

The ELEVATOR's STOPPING on "2."

The DOORS OPEN. A BUSINESS MAN and WOMAN, looking at their PHONES, barely glance up at Dolores and The Killer as they edge past the big bin, squeezing in.

Dolores watches them. The leery Killer keeps his head down, watching peripherally. DOORS CLOSE. ELEVATOR goes DOWN. Business Man and Woman are "liking" and scrolling on their devices.

BUSINESS MAN
 (scoffs, off-handedly)
 Need help getting rid of that
 body?

DOLORES
 (forced)
 Ha. Hilarious.

CUT TO:

239

EXT. HODGES OFFICE BUILDING - STREET - NIGHT

239

Man and Woman exit, walking away. The Killer backs out with the grey bin. Dolores brings up the rear.

A few VEHICLES pass, but there's not much after hours activity otherwise, as The Killer and Dolores cross toward his white, rental van.

CUT TO:

240

INT. RENTAL VAN - MID-SOUTHERN CITY STREETS - NIGHT

240

There's only the SOUND of WHEELS on ASPHALT as The Killer drives. Dolores is the passenger, her eyes heavy-lidded, at least partly because of the Xanax. She looks down...

...at her HAND zip-tied to the dashboard's GRAB HANDLE.

Dolores' puffy eyes return to staring forward. The Killer's staring forward. This is how they remain, in silence, for a protracted moment.

CUT TO:

241

EXT. DOLORES' HOUSE - NIGHT

241

In a nice enough SUBURB, the white van PARKS. HEADLIGHTS go OUT. A MAN walks his DOG, passing in the other direction. After a moment, The Killer pulls forward into the driveway of... Dolores' HOUSE.

The Killer gets out, leaving Dolores, who we briefly glimpse. The Killer strides up the WALKWAY to the FRONT PORCH. At the FRONT DOOR, he uses KEYS to enter. As soon as he's in, the shadowy FIGURE of DOLORES can be seen making every effort to YANK her tied hand free. All the while, the home's WINDOWS remain DARK as Dolores struggles, alas in vain... until the SOUND of the automatic GARAGE DOOR is HEARD. The GARAGE DOOR rises, bare bulb shining from inside as The Killer emerges, returning. Dolores, in SILHOUETTE, gives up, slumping forward. The Killer gets in, starts the van, pulls into the garage, beside Dolores' CAR.

DOLORES (V.O.)

(pre-lap)

Start date of your employment, in
Paris...

CUT TO:

242

INT. DOLORES' HOUSE, OFFICE - NIGHT

242

Dolores is seated on the BED, hands on her knees with fingers spread, eyes staring off; slightly out-of-it.

DOLORES

... was November 28th. So, go to "N."

The Killer, at Dolores' particle board SECTIONAL DESK and incongruously surrounded by her framed FAMILY PHOTOS, is seated facing Dolores, with a big, open-circular, large-format ROLODEX on his knee, which he starts spinning.

DOLORES

Under "N," in numerical order, find... eleven twenty-eight. One one two eight, and...

The Killer does so his fingers flicking through the ROLODEX CARDS behind the "N" TAB. All the many cards are covered in myriad, different colored HANDWRITTEN NOTATIONS, with some TYPED INFO and cross-outs and scribbled additions.

DOLORES

You'll recognize the address.

The Killer stops at one CARD, takes it out to examine:

11-28*	3 Rue du Grev
acct. CH-2315	Paris, France

697846111	*unanticipated overage
	CH-2315a
	889300295
	560211453

DOLORES

Because of... what occurred, there's an addendum at the bottom. Should be two wire transfer routing numbers, for the sub-contractors you're interested in. What's the first?

THE KILLER

(reading from CARD)
Eight, eight, nine--

CONTINUED

DOLORES

"E."

(gestures, WIGGLING
her fingers)

Numerically again.

(PROPS NOTE - Dolores files many cards numerically, NUMBERS at the top NOT spelled out, but still under the letter each first number starts with -- "E" for 8, in this example. There would also be an alphabetical section before or after the numerical sections, under each tab, with names and other coded words - all creating a glorious, indecipherable-mess-only-Dolores-can-understand... and, since she files a lot of stuff by wire transfer routing numbers, there will likely be more cards under O,T,F,S, E and N than under others, thank you!)

The Killer places the CARD on the corner of the desk, searches the ROLODEX to "E"... finds:

889300295

acct. CH-2315a /per E.H.

560211453

*acct. CH-3215a /per E.H.**M.C.W.**5 Union Avenue**Beacon, NY 12508**H.T.**2234 Coastal Bypass**St. Petersburg, FL 33703*

He plucks the TWO CARDS, glances up.

Dolores seems barely able to keep her eyes open.

The Killer looks back down at the first card... turns it over, to find more masculine HANDWRITING:

*paid in full**Claybourne, H**450 E. Wallace Ave./ PH**Chicago, IL 60654*

THE KILLER

Claybourne?

Without turning, Dolores' eyes look over matter of fact.

DOLORES

The client.

The Killer absorbs this. He extracts this ROLODEX CARD.

His hand closes over the CARD on the desk as he stands.

Pocketing the TWO CARDS, The Killer looks to Dolores. She's looking to him. He motions for her to come.

CONTINUED

Dolores gets to her feet. She walks to The Killer.

243

INT. DOLORES' HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

243

The Killer steps aside, gesturing for Dolores to go thru the doorway. She does, leading the way into a DARK HALL. Her own expression has come to match The Killer's emotionless example.

The Killer follows behind.
It is a slow walk down a relatively short hallway.

244

INT. DOLORES' HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

244

As Dolores nears the STAIRWELL.

...The Killer is upon her -- reaching to TWIST Dolores' head violently. The SNAP of her neck is actually audible, or was it our imagination? Nevertheless...

The Killer throws his hands open, releasing Dolores so suddenly that she teeters upright a moment, impossibly; a marionette with cut stings, then...

Her body goes headlong down the stairs in a sickening, somersaulting TUMBLE of flopping limbs, snapping bones and skin-splitting impacts.

She SLAMS to a halt in a bent, broken heap below. It's scant solace that she was dead before the fall began.

CUT TO:

245

EXT. MID-SOUTHERN CITY - STORAGE FACILITY -- NIGHT

245

The Killer, in his van, leans out to NO-TOUCH-TOOL-poke buttons on the mounted KEYPAD, which BEEPS. GATE RISES.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*"Clean up," without fail, is labor
intensive. To say the least.*

246

INT. STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

246

By the shadowy LIGHT of surrounding LED LANTERNS on the floor, The Killer wheels the large grey bin containing Hodges' corpse to beside the QUIKRETE bucket and cooler at the center of a large, PLASTIC DROP CLOTH laid out.

The Killer crosses to the SHELVES. Takes some zip-ties.

He goes to grab a UTILITY TUB propped near the industrial DRUMS, slides that over to beside the QUIKRETE.

CONTINUED

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Don't want a puzzle solved?
 Remove a piece or two. Scatter
 the rest.*

At other SHELVES, he drags down, from amongst a few other pieces of LUGGAGE, a large, hard-walled FOOTLOCKER.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*What's the expression? Measure
 twice, cut once.*

He steps to his TOOL RACK. Takes down a long-handled TROWEL, and lastly... a large, jagged-toothed SAW.

CUT TO:

247 **INT. MID-SOUTHERN HWY - RENTAL VAN - NIGHT**

247

The Killer drives, attentive to the HIGHWAY before him.

IN THE BACK OF THE VAN:

A HANDTRUCK and a few flat MOVING BOXES are bungie-corded to the wall. There are three items at the center of the van: the COOLER, the FOOTLOCKER, and a SHOVEL.

CUT TO:

248 **EXT. RENTAL VAN - FERRY TERMINAL - DECK - NIGHT**

248

The Killer's van pulls in behind THREE VEHICLES already waiting at the FERRY TERMINAL.

FERRY CREWMEN and CREWWOMEN in YELLOW VESTS wave them on.

The Killer follows as the vehicles pull onto the deck, where they tandem park, close along the right RAIL.

249 **EXT. BAY - FERRY (UNDERWAY) - NIGHT**

249

The FERRY churns across the mouth of the BAY.

250 **EXT. BAY - FERRY (UNDERWAY) - NIGHT**

250

Some PASSENGERS are on the bow, watching waves crash in foredeck FLOOD LIGHTS, chatting with DECK CREW.

Mid-ship, where the white van is situated in relative darkness between empty CARS, the van's right hand SIDE DOOR SLIDES OPEN. The Killer gets out, holding the heavy cooler by its handle. He looks around.

CONTINUED

He goes to lean his elbows on the railing, with the cooler in his hands over the rail, looking to the water.

He glances around once more... lets the cooler drop. Climbing back in thru the van's side door, The Killer turns back, takes out a PHONE and TOSSES it over the rail into the water. He SLIDES the door SHUT.

CUT TO:

251 **OMITTED** 251

252 **EXT. RENTAL VAN - HIGHWAY - NIGHT** 252

The Killer's van travels at speed limit, on relatively desolate roadway.

CUT TO:

253 **EXT. RENTAL VAN - BENEATH HIGHWAY - DAWN** 253

O.S. VEHICLES ZOOM overhead. The Killer's van, dark, sits in shadow between a raised FREEWAY's huge PILLARS. A nearby TREELINE is alive with the SOUNDS of WILDLIFE.

254 **EXT. SOUTHERN-CITY WILDERNESS - DAWN** 254

HIGHWAY VEHICLES are only faintly HEARD here. The Killer drags the FOOTLOCKER past a dirt MOUND to a fresh HOLE.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Even I have to occasionally remind
myself... the only life-path is
the one behind you.*

He unceremoniously topples the footlocker in.

The Killer goes to get his SHOVEL.

CUT TO:

255 **EXT. MOTEL 6 - DAY** 255

CHILDREN SCREAM and SPLASH, supervised with varying patience by PARENTS.

ON THE SECOND FLOOR:

A MAID rolls her CART by one DOOR where...
A "DO NOT DISTURB" SIGN hangs off the doorknob.

256 **INT. MOTEL 6 ROOM - DAY**

256

On the BEDSIDE TABLE, beside The Killer's collapsible, metal CUP and MULTI-TOOL key chained to his NO-TOUCH-TOOL, an ALARM CLOCK reads: **2:33 PM.**

Sunlight flares around closed CURTAINS. The Killer sleeps on his back. His arms out of the sheet, at his sides. No pillows. Those are stacked on the other BED beside his travel bag and tomorrow's CLOTHES.

He sleeps deeply, despite the boisterous O.S. SHRIEKING, his eyes busily REMing back and forth under his eyelids.

The Fitbit on his wrist READS an unusual "101 bpm."

CUT TO:

257 **EXT. RENTAL VAN - INTERSTATE - NIGHT**

257

The Killer's van rumbles on, only WHITE DOTTED LINES ahead and dimly lit FOLIAGE on the periphery.

IN THE VAN - IN MOTION:

Behind the wheel, The Killer reaches to take a peeled, HARD BOILED EGG from the paper Starbucks BAG on the passenger seat. He puts it in his mouth, chews. He reaches to get another EGG. He swallows. Puts the 2nd in his mouth, chews.

He takes a Venti STARBUCKS COFFEE from the center DRINK HOLDER, washing down his "supper," keeping his eyes on the road the whole time.

CUT TO:

258 **EXT. FREEWAY - DEEP-SOUTH CITY - NIGHT**

258

The Killer drives his rental van south, deep in Southern flatlands, with CITYSCAPE to the east and ocean beyond.

259 **OMITTED**

259

260 **OMITTED**

260

261 **INT/EXT. RENTAL VAN - CAR WASH - NIGHT**

261

In the bay of a SELF-SERVE CAR WASH, with the van's rear and side doors open, The Killer climbs into the back, dragging the WASHER GUN and trailing HOSE which he whips to gain slack. He pulls the trigger, unleashing the WATER SPRAY -- BLASTING the van clean from inside out.

CONTINUED

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Cleanliness... right up there next
 to Godliness, I'm told.*

262 **EXT. DEEP-SOUTH AIRPORT - TRUCK RENTAL LOT - NIGHT** 262

Beneath SIGNAGE, The Killer's van enters the LOT.

CUT TO:

263 **EXT. DEEP-SOUTH CITY - AIRPORT CAR RENTAL KIOSK- PRE-DAWN** 263

A JUMBO JET rages overhead, coming in for a landing.
 The Killer NO-TOUCH-signs an E-CONTRACT on the SCREEN of
 a COMPUTER TABLET a male RENTAL AGENT holds out to him.

INSERT: THE KILLER'S HAND signs on a TABLET SCREEN for
 the CAR RENTAL AGREEMENT for "REUBEN KINCAID."

264 **OMITTED** 264

264A **EXT. RENTAL CAR - NEIGHBORHOOD - BRUTE'S HOUSE - MORNING** 264A

The Killer, in BUCKET HAT and SUNGLASSES, cruises by
 luckless STREETS of wanting HOMES and a huge, rusting,
 multi-legged WATER TOWER.

INSERT: THE KILLER'S hand, resting on the steering wheel,
 holds the 3 ROLODEX CARDS: examining the top card which
 features THE BRUTE'S ADDRESS ("H.T."), then THE KILLER
 places the cards in a DRINK HOLDER below his mounted
 PHONE which features a GPS ROUTE in ST. PETERSBURG.

264B **INT. RENTAL CAR (IN MOTION) - MORNING** 264B

The Killer surveys his surroundings, glances down at...

CLOSE-UP: H.T.
 2234 Coastal Bypass
 St. Petersburg, FL 33703

IN THE CAR:

He turns his attention back to passing homes.

264C **EXT. RENTAL CAR - NEIGHBORHOOD - BRUTE'S HOUSE - MORNING** 264C

DEEPER IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD:

The Killer drives by...

CONTINUED

A single story, CORNER HOUSE, surrounded by CHAINLINK FENCE. TWO MUSCLE CARS and a slick CYCLE out front.

There's no one in the weedy FRONT YARD, but...

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Florida. The Sunshine State.

...as The Killer turns the corner, looking without being conspicuous, it's a different story in the SIDE YARD. TWO gangster-wannabes hang out with a muscular, shirtless freak in GYM SHORTS we'll call THE BRUTE.

The three men are jawing, VAPING WEED and taking turns on a free WEIGHT BENCH in the yard. If he wasn't fenced in, the crazed MASTIFF following and BARKING after The Killer's Cruze would probably give chase.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Where else can you find so many
like-minded individuals? Outside
a penitentiary, I mean.*

Luckily, it's only the huge dog paying the car any attention as The Killer drives by.

264D **EXT. RENTAL CAR - NEIGHBORHOOD - BRUTE'S HOUSE - MORNING** 264D

The Killer slows, pulls to stop.

IN THE CAR:

The Killer rolls down his window, watching in his left SIDE MIRROR as he reaches to adjust it with his pinkie.

IN THE MIRROR: Mastiff retreats, having lost interest, the three yoked pals carouse. It's The Brute's turn, and he's repeatedly chest-pressing a stacked BARBELL.

Finishing, The sweaty Brute leaps to his feet, roaring at his compatriots, laughing maniacally. He's a bulked-up, tatted-up personification of 'roid rage.

The Killer turns, leaning out to look back...

THE KILLER'S MIRROR POV:

The Brute sucks on a proffered VAPE PEN and expels a mushroom cloud. We notice his bare, right leg... where he has a beginning-to-heal, jaggedly, perhaps-self-STITCHED WOUND on his outer thigh. A stab wound.

CONTINUED

IN THE CAR:

The Killer faces forward, stares ahead, considering.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Hope they're not planning a
 sleepover.*

He pulls away. Drives on.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
First things first.

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO:

265 **INT. DEEP-SOUTH CITY - SUPERMARKET - DAY**

265

The Killer wheels a SHOPPING CART to EXPRESS CHECKOUT, placing his few ITEMS onto the moving CONVEYOR.

ANGLE ON:

FEMALE CASHIER passes each over the SCANNER: a plastic KITCHEN FUNNEL... a kitchen DISH TOWEL... a package of "UNISOM SLEEP GELS"... a pack of "SOMINEX" TABLETS... A 40oz. BOTTLE of "OLDE ENGLISH 800"... a pack of "ZzzQUIL" TABLETS... shrink-wrapped POUND of GROUND BEEF.

CUT TO:

266 **INT/EXT. RENTAL CAR - BRUTE HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

266

The Killer's Cruze is parked with a cheap SUNSHADE propped in the windshield, but the shade's askew.

INSIDE THE CRUZE:

The Killer, in SUNGLASSES, is slumped low, peering...

THE KILLER'S POV:

...past the askew shade, which allows a view of The Brute's house, up the block. The cars and motorcycle are still parked there.

IN THE CRUZE:

The Killer sweats in the heat, patient.

CUT TO:

267

INT/EXT. RENTAL CAR - BRUTE HOUSE - DUSK

267

Sun's fallen low. The Brute and two Thug Pals come out the front door, crossing the yard. Mastiff follows.

Thug One gets behind the wheel of one car as The Brute gets in the passenger side. Thug Two hops on the cycle. Mastiff's left, barking after them.

IN THE CRUZE:

The Killer pulls down the cardboard shade, starts the engine, watches THRU THE WINDSHIELD: as the car and cycle head off. He follows.

CUT TO:

268

EXT. CASINO PARKING LOT - NIGHT

268

The Brute and Two Thugs, amped, in their GOLD CHAINS and Ed Hardy-esque DUDS, stride three abreast from the busy PARKING LOT towards a neon adorned CASINO ENTRANCE.

Not far away, The Killer's Cruze stops at the end of an aisle. The Killer watches the three, then...

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Maybe a mandatory 30-day waiting
 period for the purchase of
 creatine's not a bad idea.*

Drives away, leaving them.

CUT TO:

269

EXT. BRUTE HOUSE - NIGHT

269

A TEEN COUPLE, vaping, strolls where The Killer's vanilla rental car is slowing, paying the vehicle no mind.

270

INT/EXT. RENTAL CAR - BRUTE HOUSE - NIGHT

270

IN THE CRUZE:

The Killer sits in darkness, about where he was parked previously, watching The Brute's house. No activity.

THE KILLER
So, here you are. Vigilant.
 (glancing at FITBIT)
Narrowly focused.
 (more)

CONTINUED

THE KILLER (CONT.)
*How's the whole, "I don't give a
 fuck?" going?*

UP THE STREET:

HEADLIGHTS swing 'round the corner. It's Thug One's car, roaring up to The Brute's and predictably SCREECHING to a halt. The Brute climbs from the car.

After a profanity-laced farewell between Thug and The Brute, and an obligatory, tires-smoking U-TURN, the car races off. The Brute walks towards his house.

Mastiff runs across the yard to greet The Brute, following when ignored. The Brute, stumbling, goes in.

IN THE CRUZE:

The Killer takes the CAR KEY from the ignition, stashes it under the driver's side VISOR.

He looks at his Fitbit.
 It's "3:12 AM."

He takes out his GLOCK, checks it. Pockets it.

He TAPS his Fitbit.

"118 bpm."

He frowns. He sits back, closes his eyes.

He breathes in... exhales. Breathes in. Out. In. Out.

He checks...
 "116 bpm."

Disgusted with himself, he pulls the Fitbit off, hangs it on the REARVIEW MIRROR. Gets out.

271

INT/EXT. RENTAL CAR - BRUTE HOUSE - NIGHT

271

The bucket-hatted Killer reaches to grab SOMETHING small wrapped in PLASTIC, and he also gets the 40oz. BEER BOTTLE, wrapped in a PAPER BAG.

He nudges the door shut, adjusts his hat, starts up the block. He glances around, taking his time, on a leisurely stroll towards The Brute's.

272

EXT. BRUTE HOUSE - SIDE YARD - NIGHT

272

As The Killer nears, crossing the street, Mastiff starts barking.

CONTINUED

The Killer continues, with beer bottle under his arm, unwrapping what he's got in the plastic. He heads along the home's side lot as Mastiff growls and follows on the other side of that fence.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*This'll have to be a best guess,
 based on the average pit bull
 weighing 45 to 55 pounds. Up
 close, she actually looks bigger.*

The Killer's close enough to...

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Caution: contains Diphenhydramine.
 Do not take if you're allergic to
 Diphenhydramine. Immediately
 contact your veterinarian if you
 experience vomiting, diarrhea...
 or excessive fur loss.*

...casually TOSS what he's unwrapped over.

IN THE YARD:

3 sizable MEATBALLS land on the lawn. Mastiff shuts up long enough to come sniff. He begins gobbling.

ON THE STREET:

The Killer walks on, bending to place the bagged beer bottle by the GATE to The Brute's yard, keeps going.

The Killer crosses to the other side of the street. In shadows beneath a tree, The Killer sits down on the curb.

He puts on GLOVES.

Mastiff, finished eating, restlessly patrols his turf.

Adjusting the gloves, The Killer cracks his neck.

In the yard, Mastiff wanders off.

Elbows rested on his knees, The Killer watches the house.

CUT TO:

274

EXT. BRUTE HOUSE - NIGHT

274

The Brute's house is dark, except FRONT PORCH LIGHT's ON. Front and side yard seem empty; no sign of Mastiff.

ACROSS THE STREET

The Killer rises from where he's been seated. He walks towards The Brute's house.

He passes the brown-bagged bottle as he opens the fence gate and enters the yard. He takes out his gun, stalking warily towards the house.

275

OMITTED

275

276

OMITTED

276

277

EXT. BRUTE HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

277

The Killer approaches the REAR PORCH. Walking up the STAIRS, he halts...

Mastiff lies asleep, SNORING heavily.

Stepping around, The Killer goes to crouch at the REAR DOOR. He peeks in thru the dark WINDOW. He takes out a KEY, inserts it in the DEADBOLT.

It's a BUMP KEY, with a tiny RUBBER WASHER around its neck. By applying gentle turning pressure while using the butt of his gun to carefully TAP the head of the key, he's able to -- TURN the KEY, UNLOCKING the deadbolt.

278

INT. BRUTE HOUSE - NIGHT

278

The moment of truth: as The Killer quietly enters, pocketing the bump key, raising his weapon. He leaves the DOOR OPEN behind him as he walks up a dark HALLWAY.

He checks each room as he proceeds... a LAUNDRY ROOM with old WASHER and DRYER to his left... open entryway to dark, empty, filthy KITCHEN to his right, with big BUTCHER BLOCK ISLAND at center.

Moving on. He carefully steps around a few empty BEER BOTTLES on the floor. A FLOORBOARD CREAKS underfoot, giving The Killer pause. He listens. He proceeds.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Stick to your plan.

CONTINUED

The hall widens to an ENTRY HALL, FRONT DOOR ahead... the large LIVING ROOM is thru a broad entryway to the right... to the left is a DOOR that's ajar. The whole place is like a sparsely furnished frat house.

He goes to the door to the left, pushes it inward...

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Anticipate; don't improvise.

279

INT. BRUTE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

279

The Killer steps in, gun up. He finds a very unwelcome sight: the BED is empty, covers tossed aside. This is a problem. The Killer takes a step, looking...

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Trust no one.

He can see -- thru an open DOORWAY and thru the adjoining BATHROOM and thru another open DOORWAY -- back the whole length of house to the washer and dryer. This is a *fucking* problem. He quickly backtracks...

280

INT. BRUTE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

280

The Killer emerges from the bedroom, aiming the way he came...

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Fight only the battle you're paid to fight.

...a fraction of a second too late as The hulking Brute's already CHARGING headlong from the gloom...

The Brute COLLIDES into The Killer like a freight train, shoving The Killer's gun hand up by the wrist while KNOCKING The Killer off his feet...

The Killer's SLAMMED brutally backwards against the living room threshold and sent SPRAWLING to the hardwood floor. (His HAT's knocked off, unsurprisingly.)

His dropped gun bounces into the room.

The Brute, in SWEATPANTS and MUSCLE SHIRT, strides to the FRONT DOOR, twisting the DEADBOLT with a happy leer.

THE BRUTE
You picked the wrong house,
motherfucker.

CONTINUED

The Brute fingers-WHISTLES shrilly while THROWING the front door wide, so it slams the wall.

THE BRUTE
(to the open doorway)
Rip him up!

He's pointing towards The Killer, but he's speaking only to the empty front porch, much to his confused chagrin.

The shaken Killer crawls towards where his gun ended up.

At the front door, The Brute leans out, dumbfounded.

THE BRUTE
Where the -- ?

He wheels, SHOVING the FRONT DOOR SHUT, looking...

281

INT. BRUTE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

281

As The Killer's reaching out for his gun, The Brute arrives to deliver a GUT KICK.

The Brute picks up the gun. The Killer tries to rise.

The Brute steps to -- KICK The Killer in the ribs.
The Killer falls onto his back, sucking air.

THE BRUTE
Remember...

The Brute EJECTS the BULLET from the gun's chamber.

THE BRUTE
...you brought this on yourself,
cunt.

He pops the CARTRIDGE, throws the gun to the corner.

THE BRUTE
Anyone usually sees me coming...

He rapidly pushes the BULLETS out of the cartridge...

THE BRUTE
...they don't cross the street.

...one by one to the floor.

He tosses the empty cartridge over by the gun, advancing.

THE BRUTE
They move to another area code.

CONTINUED

The Killer's prone, on his knees, gripping the overladen COFFEE TABLE in an effort to get up as the Brute SHOVES the coffee table aside, FLIPPING it -- sends MAGAZINES, ASHTRAYS and empty BEER BOTTLES flying.

The Killer, on hands and knees, is still trying to rise. The Brute takes a big step and...

...as he's KICKING -- The Killer drops his shoulder and twists his upper body; manages to deflect the kick while SWEEPING The Brute's other leg out with his arm...

The Brute THUDS hard; flat on his back.

The Killer scrambles atop The Brute, begins PUNCHING him in the face. The Brute BASHES his fist across the side of The Killer's head, KNOCKING him off.

Both men get unsteadily to their feet, already breathing hard from adrenaline excess. They size each other up while taking a moment to regain their footing and senses. The Brute, wiping at his bloody nose, seems more bewildered than hurt, and a dim recognition is dawning.

THE BRUTE

Is that... is that you, Mr. Third
World? Is you, isn't it...?

The Killer's trying to clear his head, inhaling thru bloodied teeth. We've never seen him angry; we've not seen him much of *anything* before, but he's angry now.

The Brute moves in, pugilistic. He and The Killer circle. The 'roided-up Brute throws sharp, MMA-style PUNCHES; he's the cinderblock fisted aggressor.

The lighter-on-his-feet Killer evades; backing away, blocking, waiting for openings as he counter-STRIKES.

The Killer bends to grab up a stainless steel FORK from beside an aluminum TV DINNER TIN on the floor. He wields the meager utensil. The Brute laughs.

The Brute keeps up his flat-footed onslaught, seeking a knock-out, but The Killer's like a lightning fast cobra up against a grizzly bear -- deftly STABBING (and withdrawing) the fork into The Brute's extending, ramrod arms -- stabbing *ONCE... TWICE...*

The grunting Brute wheels, SWINGING.

...*THRICE*: The Brute gets forked in the triceps.

CONTINUED

The Brute, holding his arm, regroupes, angry.
He charges. The Killer dodges... ducks -- gets HAMMERED
in the back of the neck, but he's already STABBING low...

As The Killer falls...
The Brute CRIES OUT.

The fork is left sticking straight out of The Brute's
right thigh. Agonized, The Brute reaches down to tear
open his sweatpants, revealing that the fork has found
its mark; having been thrust directly and deeply into his
crookedly-stitched, bleeding-anew stab wound.

The Killer rises, dazed but pleased. Looks around.

The Brute's trembling hand extracts and drops the fork.

The Killer jumps to rip down the cheap, black-out
CURTAINS over one barred WINDOW. He yanks the 5-foot,
metal CURTAIN ROD from curtain loops, disentangling it.

Not a moment too soon, as The Brute's upon him...
The Killer PARRIES with the blunt rod, JABBING...
avoiding The Brute's graspings. The Brute wants hands-on
combat, his frustration and rage building.

The Killer continuously STRIKES...
The Brute blocks with his meaty hands and forearms.

The Killer leaps onto and over the SOFA, with The Brute
in pursuit, content to spar and retreat.

The Killer switches to SLASHING at and BASHING The
Brute's shins and knees, working the lower extremities.
A STAB to the side of The Brute's knee fells him.

As The Brute gets to his feet, a THWACK directly to that
gory thigh wound sends him back down.

The Killer SWINGS the length of the curtain rod across
the small of The Brute's back, then brings the rod over
from behind in a double-handed stranglehold.

The Brute fights to prevent the rod from crushing his
windpipe, jumping up, backpedaling...

He CRUSHES The Killer between himself and the now
FRACTURING, wall-mounted TELEVISION. The Brute bends...

FLIPS The Killer over and off...
It's The Killer's turn to SLAM hardwood.

The Brute's kept ahold of the rod, which he bends against
his raised knee till it SNAPS. He throws the pieces.

CONTINUED

The Brute grabs The stunned Killer, lifts him bodily. Looks like it just might be the grizzly's day after all, as The Brute THROWS The Killer a fair distance...

The Killer CRASHES into the STEREO SYSTEM, destroying TURNTABLE, SPEAKERS and VINYL LPs. He collapses to the floor, nearly-insensate. He tries to crawl.

The Brute's happy now, gleeful even, coming to stand literally astride The Killer. He pushes The Killer with his foot, turning him over onto his back.

The Brute drops to his knees, places his hands around The Killer's neck and starts to squeeze.

This startles The Killer fully awake. With the veins in his neck bulging beneath The Brute's whitening fingers, The Killer attempts to break the grip. Can't.

The Killer tries desperately to push The Brute off... tries to grasp the Brute's own thick neck... tries to gouge The Brute's protectively-upturned face. The Brute releases one hand -- PUNCHES The Killer, then...

...reestablishes his vice-like grip on The Killer's throat. Seems likely this will be over soon.

Except, while his left hand continues its futile retaliation, The Killer's right hand (still clad, as is the left, in reddened-by-blood glove), goes to the floor to begin frantically reaching around in an effort to find something -- anything -- to fight back with.

There's nothing within grasp though, except for... a Budweiser BOTTLE CAP, which The Killer's fingers grab.

The Killer's trying to breath. Failing.

His right hand presses the bottle cap between forefinger and thumb... squeezing it; managing to slowly BEND it.

Bursting capillaries redden The Killer's wide eyes.

His right hand manages to FOLD the BOTTLE CAP in half, so its suddenly got two rather pointy ends.

Just then -- as The Killer's verging on unconsciousness, and The drooling Brute's grinning victoriously -- The Killer's right hand shoots up...

...SHOVING the sharp bottle cap in The Brute's left ear.

CONTINUED

The Brute recoils as if thrown back by an explosion, HOWLING, holding his ear. He scrabbles away.

The Killer gasps for air, clutching his throat. He crawls in the other direction.

The Brute gets up, falls. Gets up. Clawing at his bloody, punctured ear, he looks to where The Killer lies.

THE BRUTE

Fuck this, you fuck! Fuck this.

He lumbers unevenly out into the hall -- stricken by vertigo; his eardrum burst -- stumbling to his bedroom.

On the living room floor, The still hurting Killer looks over his shoulder to see The Brute's gone.

The Killer scrambles to the corner where The Brute scattered the disassembled weapon. He finds and takes up his gun. He collects the empty cartridge.

The Killer picks up one of the bullets and tries, with shaky hands, to fit it back into the cartridge.

Across the room, The unsteady Brute returns, with blood running down from his ear. He brandishes an AUTOMATIC HANDGUN in one hand and sizable REVOLVER in the other.

The Killer looks up to see this just as... He manages to insert the lone bullet into the cartridge.

Too little too late, The Killer DIVES...

The Brute rapid-FIRES the auto -- BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The Killer disappears behind a section of the SOFA as CHUNKS of it are being BLOWN AWAY.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The apoplectic Brute casts aside the automatic, stumbles forward, switching the REVOLVER to that hand. He attempts to level it...

The Killer's already on his feet, running... The Brute, his aim thrown by imbalance, nonetheless FIRES -- BANG! BANG! The Killer LEAPS head-first thru the kitchen PASS-THRU.

282

INT. BRUTE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

282

BULLETS SPLINTER the pass-thru CABINETS. With SHATTERING GLASSES and BOTTLES CRASHING down in his wake, The Killer TUMBLES to the linoleum floor.

CONTINUED

The Brute KICKS the kitchen's DOOR OPEN, aiming, his stagger-inducing vertigo be damned...

The Killer takes cover behind the kitchen island as -- BANG! -- SPLITTING BUTCHER BLOCK absorbs a THUDDING SLUG.

The cowering Killer manages to SHOVE the cartridge into his gun. He primes the weapon.

The Brute's coming around, seeking a clear shot. The Killer springs, momentarily out in the open...

The Brute's got him dead to rights, except... The Killer throws the hulking, old-school REFRIGERATOR's DOOR open between himself and the next BANG! BANG! BANG!

The Killer springs up, aiming from behind the fridge door -- FIRING his one and only shot.

A RED HOLE APPEARS in The Brute's forehead. His eyes roll to white. He collapses.

CUT TO:

283 **INT. BRUTE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT**

283

The wrecked, empty room is quiet. Sofa's SMOLDERING. The Killer enters from the kitchen, enervated. He looks around a moment, seems uncertain. He crosses.

He picks up his bucket hat.

284 **INT. BRUTE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

284

The Killer returns, stepping over The Brute's body. He goes to the refrigerator, opens the upper FREEZER door, looks in. He takes out a BAG of FROZEN CORN. He presses the bag to his face.

285 **INT. BRUTE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

285

The Killer starts towards the back door. A low O.S. GROWLING is HEARD.

The Killer stops in his tracks, dropping the bag of corn.

Thru the back door, Mastiff comes to stand in view on the porch, fully awake, SNARLING.

The Killer runs up the hall. Mastiff bolts after him.

Mastiff's fast, closing the gap... Snapping at The Killer's heels.

- 286 **INT. BRUTE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT** 286
- The Killer ducks into The Brute's bedroom, SLAMMING the DOOR behind; just barely shutting Mastiff out. The beast can be HEARD CLAWING, barking.
- FOLLOW: as The Killer keeps moving, heading... Thru the BATHROOM, towards the back of the house... Thru into that LAUNDRY ROOM, where...
- 287 **INT. BRUTE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT** 287
- He's certainly free and clear now, but as he glances over his shoulder to where Mastiff's still raging at the bedroom door...
- The Killer's foot SLIPS on the bag of frozen corn.
- He FLOPS hard to the floor.
- Mastiff immediately takes off towards him.
- The Killer scrambles... trying to regain his footing. The gnashing, hard charging Mastiff nearly upon him.
- 288 **EXT. BRUTE HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT** 288
- The Killer makes it out, pulling the DOOR SHUT in Mastiff's face. Another close call. Mastiff's BARKING furiously. The beaten and bloody Killer falls.
- He tries to rise, but staggers. He goes unsteadily to his knees. He finds he must sit there a moment, his head held in his hands, breathing; trying to regain himself.
- He lifts his head, gets to his feet. He walks, shakily, down the porch stairs.
- 288A **INT. BRUTE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT** 288A
- Mastiff gives a last angry exhalation, then turns to go charging towards the front of the house.
- 288B **INT. BRUTE'S HOUSE, ENTRYWAY - NIGHT** 288B
- Mastiff runs headlong, literally -- into the door-length WINDOW of the FRONT DOOR...CRASHES thru SHATTERING GLASS.
- 288C **EXT. BRUTE'S HOUSE, BACK PORCH - NIGHT** 288C
- The Killer's limping towards the gate.
- Mastiff appears from around the house, in a last ditch effort sprint...

CONTINUED

The Killer disbelieving... picks up the pace.

He pushes thru the gate and closes it, going to his knees just as Mastiff arrives, thwarted, frothing.

The Killer picks himself up again.
He takes up and unwraps the waiting beer bottle, which is now filled with GASOLINE, one must presume, since it's sporting a DISH TOWEL fuse.

Mastiff barks and rages beyond the chainlink, watching as The Killer takes out a LIGHTER to LIGHT the fuse.

289 **INT. BRUTE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

289

Mastiff's BARKING and distant SIRENS are HEARD. A WINDOW SHATTERS as Molotov cocktail HELLFIRE EXPLODES thru...

...sending a napalm-like FIREBALL far into the room.
FLAMES wash across the floor, engulfing FURNITURE.

290 **EXT. BRUTE HOUSE - NIGHT**

290

The Killer walks away. Behind, Mastiff gives voice to impotent rage as FLAMES and SMOKE billow from the home.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
(beaten-up, wearily)
*This is what it takes. What you
must commit yourself to. If you
want to succeed.*
(pause, weakly)
Simple.

CUT TO:

291 **INT. DEEP-SOUTH CITY AIRPORT - LOUNGE - MORNING**

291

GENTLEMAN GREETER'S HAND accepts from THE KILLER'S HAND a FREQUENT FLYER CARD with "LOU GRANT" on it, holds the card to look at it, and then holds it out to return it.

LOUNGE GREETER
Welcome, Mr. Grant. We'll let you
know as soon as your flight begins
boarding.
(TYPING, brightly)
Homeward bound, I hope.

Lounge Greeter glances up... his smile dropping.

The Killer, bearing BRUISES, BLACK EYE, and swollen FACE and LIP, accepts his cards back.

CONTINUED

THE KILLER

Not just yet.

292 **INT. DEEP-SOUTH CITY AIRPORT - LOUNGE - SHOWER - MORNING** 292

Inside the SHOWER's frosted-glass, The naked Killer is seated on the tile floor, head down, bruised arms crossed over his knees, letting COLD WATER rain upon him.

293 **INT. AIRPLANE - SOUTH TO NY - IN FLIGHT - DAY** 293

The Killer can be found in a WINDOW SEAT near the back of all-seats-full COACH. In BUCKET HAT and SUNGLASSES, he is uncharacteristically head-back-and-mouth-agape ASLEEP.

CUT TO:

294 **INT. NYC - GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL - DAY** 294

Amongst the rush hour THRONG of HUMANS hurrying every which way in the massive TERMINAL... we find just another minuscule, anonymous drone in the ant hill: The Killer striding along, with his TRAVEL BAG over his shoulder. We nearly lose him in the CROWD, but there he goes...

...heading into the PASSAGEWAY to the SUBWAY tunnels.

295 **INT. AMTRAK TRAIN - MOVING - AFTERNOON** 295

Once again found amongst the distracted, The Killer's in another WINDOW SEAT, watching GREEN COUNTRYSIDE zip by.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

*Upstate New York. Stone's throw
from the city that never sleeps.
Not far off the beaten path. What
are you doing... living amongst
the normies?*

CUT TO:

296 **EXT. UPSTATE, NY - AMTRAK TRAIN STATION - AFTERNOON** 296

The Killer and a FEW OTHERS detrain.

297 **EXT. UPSTATE, NY - ENTERPRISE RENTAL - EVENING** 297

A middle-aged, disinterested FEMALE RENTAL AGENT hands The Killer a car rental FOLIO and CAR KEY.

CONTINUED

MIDDLE-AGED AGENT
 (flatly)
 On behalf of Enterprise, Mr.
 Malone, have a safe driving day.

CUT TO:

298 EXT. UPSTATE, NY - EXPERT HOUSE, WEALTHY AREA - DAY 298

A grey MITSUBISHI MIRAGE waits on an attractive and
 quiet, upscale street of TOWN HOUSES.

299 INT/EXT. NY RENTAL CAR - EXPERT HOUSE - DAY 299

INSERT: THE KILLER'S HAND plucks from a slot in the car's
 VENT one ROLODEX CARD, holds it to study: the CARD
 showing THE EXPERT'S ADDRESS...

M.C.W.
 5 Union Avenue
 Beacon, NY 12508

...then puts it back.

IN THE CAR

The Killer puts the card aside.
 He sits back, biding time once again...
 Observing SINGLE-FAMILY HOMES on this street.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*For an active practitioner,
 bedroom-community-adjacent... it's
 an unusual choice.*

Watching one in particular...

POV THRU THE WINDSHIELD:

...a stately MID-CENTURY about halfway up the block.

CUT TO:

300 EXT. UPSTATE, NY - EXPERT HOUSE, WEALTHY AREA - NIGHT 300

The grey MITSUBISHI MIRAGE still waits in the dark on the
 attractive and quiet, upscale street.

301 INT/EXT. NY RENTAL CAR - EXPERT HOUSE - NIGHT 301

The Killer sits, biding his time.

CONTINUED

POV THRU THE WINDSHIELD:

...where a LIGHT is ON in the PICTURE WINDOW of the MID-CENTURY halfway up the block.

302 **EXT. UPSTATE NY - EXPERT HOUSE - NIGHT** 302

A SHADOW moves, then the LIGHT goes OUT.

303 **INT/EXT. NY RENTAL CAR - EXPERT HOUSE - NIGHT** 303

The Killer's attentive.

POV THRU WINDSHIELD:

The PORCH LIGHT comes ON, shining brightly. The FRONT DOOR opens and a statuesque WOMAN emerges.

IN THE CAR

The Killer sits up, fixated.

304 **INT/EXT. UPSTATE NY - EXPERT HOUSE - NIGHT** 304

The woman, who we'll call THE EXPERT, walks to the DRIVEWAY. She's pretty far away, so we can't get a very good look as she climbs into a pristine, cream colored CADILLAC, which she STARTS.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Leo told me she looked like a Q-
tip. He wasn't far off.*

305 **INT/EXT. NY RENTAL CAR - EXPERT HOUSE - NIGHT** 305

The Killer watches the sedan pull out and head away. He lets its REAR LIGHTS grow tiny before he STARTS his car.

CUT TO:

306 **INT/EXT. NY RENTAL CAR - IN MOTION - NIGHT** 306

POV THRU WINDSHIELD:

The Killer follows the cream Cadillac.

RED LIGHT ahead. The Cadillac stops as... The Killer pulls over, to slowly approach from the left.

IN THE MITSUBISHI

The Killer's looking while...

LOWERING the FRONT PASSENGER SIDE WINDOW.

CONTINUED

He reaches to a silenced-GLOCK on the passenger seat.

POV THRU OPEN SIDE WINDOW:

The Killer inches alongside without overtaking, so The Expert's profile gradually comes into relief -- she is absolutely striking in appearance, with a shock of hair, pale skin and sharp-set jawline.

IN THE MITSUBISHI

The Killer takes her in a moment.

His hand comes off the Glock.

POV THRU OPEN SIDE WINDOW:

The SIDE WINDOW rises, CLOSING. The traffic LIGHT TURNS GREEN. The unsuspecting Expert drives on.

CUT TO:

307 **EXT. NY RENTAL CAR - UPSTATE STREETS - RESTAURANT - NIGHT** 307

On not-too-busy streets of this quaint-cool town, the Cadillac crosses a short BRIDGE, pulls alongside the industrial BRICK FACADE of a RESTAURANT, to a VALET.

BEHIND:

The Killer pulls his Mitsubishi over, gliding curbside MID-BRIDGE.

AHEAD:

A VALET opens her door. The Expert climbs out.

As she walks to the ENTRANCE, she gives the slightest nod to those who greet her and vie to hold DOORS for her.

IN THE MIRAGE:

The Killer watches. Checks his MIRRORS, lets a CAR pass.

308 **INT/EXT NY RENTAL CAR - RESTAURANT - CREEK - NIGHT** 308

The Killer gets out and walks to stand near a RAILING. A raging CREEK ROARS below. The front of the restaurant is all CURTAINS, so...

The Killer backtracks.

309 **EXT. CREEK RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

309

A few VEHICLES come and go at a nearby HOTEL. A COUPLE strolls past The Killer, but it seems like he's just enjoying the scenery. He moves to look into picture windows that ring the restaurant.

310 **INT/EXT. POV:CREEK RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

310

POV:

The Expert can be seen seated, alone, at a lushly upholstered BANQUETTE.

She's fawned over by a MAITRE D'. A WAITER pours WATER.

CUT TO:

311 **EXT. MAIN STREET - RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

311

FOLLOW: The Killer as he crosses the bridge, with the SOUND of RUSHING WATER below...

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Alright. It's common knowledge,
when a female is found slain, the
prime suspect is always the
husband or boyfriend. Especially
if she hasn't been sexually
assaulted before death, or after.*

Beyond the restaurant ENTRANCE, he walks past the VALET.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Well... maybe not common
knowledge.*

The Killer stops at a SECOND DOOR. VOICES of a busy KITCHEN are HEARD.

CUT TO:

312 **INT. RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

312

At her table, which already has several incredible PLATES of FOOD, a WAITER drops off more DISHES. The Expert distractedly watches him.

Amongst crossing WAIT STAFF, TWO MEN at a TABLE drink GLASSES of WINE while their empty PLATES are taken.

A few empty tables away, a dressed-in-Sunday-best FAMILY gathers themselves and their belongings.

CONTINUED

At another, TWO COUPLES chat amicably over COFFEE.

The Expert looks down to get her CLUTCH. She's about to open it when... a HAND gently takes it from her grasp.

It's The Killer, arriving to take a seat, much to her astonishment.

THE EXPERT

Pardon me, what do you think
you're -- ?

The Killer slides towards her while he's...

...showing her his GUN, out of view of others.

The Expert's eyes flick to see this.

The Expert fixes her gaze, the embers of anger dimming to shocked realization; as if by not looking at him she may somehow deny what's occurring.

The Killer keeps his eyes on her while his right hand places a NAPKIN over the gun between them.

The Expert lets herself now take in The Killer's features, everything perfectly, chillingly clear to her.

The Killer reaches across to take The Expert's WATER GLASS and sip from it, surveying the room to make sure no one's paying undue attention.

He puts the glass down, opens The Expert's purse. The Expert watches, clenching her jaw, but... she's at his mercy. The Killer takes a SLEEK PISTOL from the purse, pockets it. He slides the purse back to her.

The Expert swallows, blinks. She shakes her head to herself, giving a hollow laugh.

THE EXPERT

I'd been so good for so long.
Suddenly, my deepest regret is not
having Haagen-Dazs with every
meal.

She glances to the KITCHEN DOOR -- in the direction The Killer came from -- as STAFF pass thru it.

A HANDSOME WAITER comes to the table.

HANDSOME WAITER

May I bring a menu?

CONTINUED

The Expert looks at Handsome Waiter, looks to The Killer. She's at a loss. Handsome Waiter just waits amicably.

THE EXPERT
(to The Killer)
You won't mind if I have a drink?

The Killer gives the slightest shake of his head.

THE EXPERT
(to Handsome Waiter)
No menu, Carl. A flight of
whiskeys, though. And... my
bottle, while you're at it.

HANDSOME WAITER
My pleasure.

Handsome Waiter takes his leave.

THE EXPERT
By a "drink," of course I mean
"many."

She looks around, still in woeful shock.

THE EXPERT
Here's where I'm supposed to ask
how you found me, but... does it
matter?

She looks to The Killer, studying him; searching his
reactions, or lack thereof.

THE EXPERT
Tell me Hodges is dead, at least.
Give me that? Tell me he went
painfully.
(of the FOOD)
Help yourself, by the way. The
chef sends out anything he
imagines I'd like.
Though, I doubt I'll manage much
more of an appetite.

She moves a PLATE of beautifully prepared STEAK TARTARE
towards The Killer, one of the several aesthetically
pleasing DISHES she's barely touched.

THE EXPERT
It's one of their signature
dishes. You won't find better,
even in the city.
(more)

CONTINUED

THE EXPERT (CONT.)

You'd be very impolite to refuse
to join my last supper.

She picks up one of her FORKS, slides her arm across the
table and holds the fork out to The Killer.

THE EXPERT

Afraid it's tainted?

The Expert waggles the still proffered fork.

Relenting, The Killer picks up his own FORK.
He dutifully samples, chews.

The Expert sits back, observing him.

THE EXPERT

I'm assuming you've also paid a
visit to a certain... over-
adrenalized Floridian.

(pause)

No great loss there.

The Killer's just watching.

Handsome Waiter brings a BOTTLE of BOURBON, with TWO
stacked SHOT GLASSES and a BOWL of ICE.

HANDSOME WAITER

Here we are.

THE EXPERT

Quick, wasn't that?

Another WAITER comes to deliver a WOODEN PLANK with THREE
SMALL GLASSES of WHISKEY (each LABELED) lined up on it.

HANDSOME WAITER

(of the WHISKEY FLIGHT)

May I describe the selection?

THE EXPERT

By the time you finished, they'd
already be gone.

HANDSOME WAITER

Cheers.

He goes. The Expert takes up the 1st glass. She knocks
that shot back, savors it briefly.

THE EXPERT

Don't tell me you won't imbibe
either?

(more)

CONTINUED

THE EXPERT (CONT.)

(off his stare, wryly)
Of course you won't. Christ.

She places the empty glass in its spot on the plank.

THE EXPERT

For what it's worth... I never would have involved your female friend. What happened to her, I had nothing to...

(pause)

I objected to his methods, and told him so. But you've seen for yourself how receptive he...

(pause)

You get a name. You get an address. Nothing personal. We've all had to work through the occasional civilian who's stood between eyes and the prize.

(sighing, pause)

I still prefer the pretense that there's some... code of conduct, even amongst butchers.

She's studying The Killer all the while.

THE EXPERT

A true samurai can spot another from a great distance. You and I... we're practicing tongue and groove carpentry. While everyone else uses sledgehammers to drive 30-penny nails. I know you hear me. I know you're listening.

She looks out the PARTONS in the restaurant.

THE EXPERT

Can't pretend anymore, either. We share that too. Once you've been the wolf... you can't rejoin the herd.

She picks up the 2nd glass of the flight.

THE EXPERT

Here's to us.

She CLINKS the 2nd glass against the empty, then throws back the 2nd. She puts 2nd glass back on the plank.

CONTINUED

THE EXPERT

When I started... I was surprised
by what I was capable of. How
easy it was. Shockingly. And
yet... I assured myself there were
things I simply would not...?
Lines I swore never to cross.

The Killer glances to her, looks away. She noticed.

THE EXPERT

Money was motivation. Which, once
there was enough, could be used to
buy another life. Another lie we
told ourselves.

The Killer is doing something we've rarely seen him do,
which is stare off, seemingly lost in some contemplation.

THE EXPERT

When, for example, was the last
time you bothered wondering why
someone in your sights was so
thoroughly despised?

THE KILLER

Less you know the better.

The Killer *does* hear her in there.

THE EXPERT

One man's cruelty is another man's
pragmatism; blah, blah, blah.
(pause, clears
her throat)
A hunter goes into the woods...
and spies an enormous grizzly --
biggest he's ever seen.

The Killer looks, raising an eyebrow. She just goes on.

THE EXPERT

The hunter raises his rifle and
fires. The bear falls. The
hunter gives chase, but to his
surprise, he finds no blood, no
broken twigs. The bear's nowhere
to be found. Suddenly... from
behind, the grizzly throws a
massive arm around the hunter and
explains: "You took your shot.
You missed. So, now I either
feast, or... I sodomize you."
(more)

CONTINUED

THE EXPERT (CONT.)

The choice is yours." Naturally the hunter chooses life. Next day, the hunter returns to the woods. He's brought a much more powerful rifle. The hunter sees this bear in the distance. Aims, fires, and charges headlong to where the grizzly was felled... only, again, he finds: no bear. The hunter's in disbelief, when the grizzly appears beside him saying: "You know the deal." Indignity ensues. The following day, the hunter treks back into the forest, armed with a bazooka. He spots the grizzly, lines him in his crosshairs and fires. The recoil of the bazooka knocks the hunter backwards. When the smoke clears and the hunter's regained his senses, he finds the grizzly standing over him, his arms crossed. And the bear squints: "You're not really out here for the hunting, are you?"

The Killer can't help something resembling a smile.
The Expert, pleased, picks up the 3rd shot.

The Killer watches her drink. She tilts her head back; letting herself feel the effects.

THE EXPERT

You could have made this hit-and-run; a car-jacking gone wrong. Could have been I slipped on the ice, easily. Instead... here you are. If I were to scream, well... I'd still end up dead. And you'd make it out, most likely. But not clean, you wouldn't.

She's watching for him to...

THE EXPERT

So, why...? Why did you take such a risk?

THE KILLER

Conversation?

THE EXPERT

I'm flattered, but... no. No, you're here because...

CONTINUED

...for him to... take the bait.

THE EXPERT

...you *couldn't* help yourself.

The Killer looks to her. She meets his gaze.

The Killer's unblinking eyes watch her.

She smiles smugly at him.

THE EXPERT

You expected you'd sit looking at me tonight and be nothing but reassured.

(pause)

Like you were so certain, one recent day...? When you shouldered your weapon...

(pause)

...and somehow... *missed*.

The Killer seems, at long last, disquieted.

She reaches to place the two stacked shot glasses side by side. She opens the bottle... pours into both glasses.

THE EXPERT

One doesn't choose our line of work without giving "the end" due consideration.

(pause)

So, how's it possible, having prepared myself for this moment... I somehow fooled myself into believing it would never arrive?

She's shaking her head sadly at this.

She reaches to place one glass in front of The Killer.

THE EXPERT

Allow me to share an intuition. Since, sooner or later, it'll be you sitting where I am now.

The Expert drops an ICE CUBE in the other glass, in front of her, and it overflows a bit.

THE EXPERT

My advice to you: *believe it*.

With that, The Expert, allows herself to lift the last shot. She drinks. She places the shot glass upside down on the table just as Handsome Waiter returns.

CONTINUED

HANDSOME WAITER

How are we?

THE EXPERT

We're done. Thanks.

(waves a hand)

Take everything.

HANDSOME WAITER

Excellent.

He starts collecting entrée dishes.

The Killer takes the shot in front of him and drinks --
throwing it back.

THE EXPERT

They don't happen to have any ice
cream back there, do they, Carl?

HANDSOME WAITER

Oh. Were you... interested in
seeing a dessert menu?

THE EXPERT

No. No... that's alright.

A BUSBOY and RUNNER arrive to assist Handsome Waiter,
clearing plates from the miserable couple before them.

CUT TO:

313

EXT. MAIN STREET - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

313

From a FIXED VANTAGE POINT: we look back across the
bridge as The Expert and The Killer head this direction
from the restaurant. The Killer walks just behind her,
keeping his hand in his pocket, close but not too close.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

*Stick to the plan. Anticipate;
don't improvise. Trust no --*

THE EXPERT

Are we there yet?

The Expert's a little unsteady, carrying a TAKE-OUT BAG.

THE EXPERT

(glancing back)

No? Further along, then...?

They're now crossing the bridge. The Killer keeps her a

CONTINUED

few paces ahead still, keeping an eye on her.

THE EXPERT

Last minutes... spent aware that
they're *actually* last minutes...
I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy.

As they reach the gap between fencing and bridge rail,
The Expert abruptly stops and wheels. The Killer halts.

THE EXPERT

Who -- come to think of it -- at
this moment, is you.

The Killer points to the gap, which The Expert regards.

The Expert has no recourse. TOSSING the leftovers over
her shoulder, she heads into the gap, down an embankment
towards the SOUND OF RUSHING WATER. The Killer glances
quickly around, follows her.

314

EXT. CREEKBED - NIGHT

314

Walking a narrow DIRT PATH to the lower CREEKBANK, The
Expert looks back at The Killer, who nods her onward.

The Killer is keeping The Expert a few paces ahead of
him. She moves slowly along the edge of the CREEK. From
the dark, she looks up and across to...

...the warm GLOW from the restaurant LIGHTS above them.
She raises her voice back over her shoulder to him.

THE EXPERT

You'll remember our conversation.
You will.

She trips up a bit on the rocky, uneven footing.

The Killer still has his hand in his pocket.

THE EXPERT

When *your* time does arrive... it
won't be your life flashing before
your eyes -- it'll be mine.
(laughs)
I suppose it'll be the closest I
can hope to come to haunting you.

The Expert gives a CRY as she TRIPS, falling forward to
her hands and knees. The Killer stops.

CONTINUED

With an exasperated exhalation, The Expert straightens, kneeled, and thrusts her right arm back without looking.

THE EXPERT

Help a girl up, won't you?

Her right hand is extended, reaching...

The Expert turns to look as The Killer moves forward.

Instead of offering his hand, The Killer's pulling his gun and --POOF -- SHOOTS The Expert in the temple, sending her down in bent heap; instantly dead.

The Killer steps up, ROLLS The Expert's corpse over on the pebbled creek bank...

THE KILLER (V.O.)

Trust no one.

...to see that The Expert held a deadly-looking, open SWITCHBLADE, in her left hand.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

This is what it takes... if you want to succeed.

The Killer takes out his HANDKERCHIEF, uses it take and examine the switchblade. He closes the switchblade, then TOSSES it away. The Killer looks down, noticing...

The Expert's blouse has lost a button and pulled open, exposing her lacy BRA.

The Killer kneels, reaches to...

Close The Expert's blouse.

The Killer rises, looking upon The Expert's body for a moment. Then, he walks, back the way they came.

CUT TO:

315 **INSERT -- CLOSE-UP:**

315

ON PHONE SCREEN: the benday dot IMAGE of a handsome, smiling, 30-something HENDERSON CLAYBOURNE, from an old NEWSPAPER ARTICLE about "ENTREPRENEURIAL SPIRIT."

316 **INT. PLANE - NY TO MIDWEST - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT**

316

In COACH, like most EVERYONE around him, The Killer has his head down and his face lit by SCREEN GLOW. He sips from his collapsible CUP.

CONTINUED

INSERT: THE KILLER'S HAND places his PHONE on the TRAY TABLE, beside where his THREE ROLODEX CARDS are... the TOP CARD featuring **HENDERSON CLAYBOURNE's** INFORMATION.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Risky, this one. Considering how
 cops tend to match their effort in
 direct proportion to the victim's
 net worth.*

ON HIS PHONE: beneath the GOOGLE IMAGE search of "henderson claybourne," The Killer SCROLLS... to VARIOUS other PHOTOS of HENDERSON: posing with various WOMEN before FUNDRAISER SPONSOR BANNERS... wielding SCISSORS at a HOSPITAL RIBBON CUTTING... featured in a "TECH BOOM GURU" COVER from "FAST COMPANY." Plenty of 30, 40 and 50-something Claybourne successful and philanthropic.

The Killer brings up ONE ARTICLE...
 "CLAYBOURNE PAYS RECORD SUM FOR CHI-TOWN PENTHOUSE."

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Fuck it.

CUT TO:

317	<u>OMITTED</u>	317
318	<u>OMITTED</u>	318
319	<u>EXT. WELL-TO-DO CHICAGO NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY</u>	319

The Killer exits Starbucks, sipping a COFFEE.
 He looks up noticing...

Across the street from a secure PARKING GARAGE, a MERCEDES SEDAN pulls out. It waits for cross traffic.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*The thing about real wealth: the
 more you've got, the harder it is
 to fade into the wallpaper.*

POV:

The Killer glances down at the CARD he holds.

CLOSE ON:

**Claybourne, HENDERSON
 450 E. Wallace Ave./ PH
 Chicago, IL 60654**

CONTINUED

THE KILLER'S POV:

Takes in the Mercedes' vanity LICENSE PLATE, "**CLYBORN.**"

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Of course... vanity plates don't
 help.*

ON THE STREET

The Mercedes cruises around the block.
 The Killer walks, following on foot.

319A

EXT. CONDO SKYSCRAPER - ENTRANCE SIDE - MORNING

319A

The Killer arrives curbside to watch - the idling sedan waits, but not long - as the revolving door spits out a distinguished looking, 60-something HENDERSON CLAYBOURNE. He's wearing a TRACK SUIT and carrying a "BALI-QUINOX" GYM BAG, making a beeline for the Mercedes.

The Killer focused as...

Claybourne is in the car before the apologetic DRIVER is able to get the door. Claybourne trundles in. The Driver hurriedly jumps behind the wheel. DRIVES OFF.

The Killer takes out his PHONE.

Discards his cup in a GARBAGE CAN, types...

CLOSE UP:

ON HIS PHONE: "BALI-QUINOX" in the "search" BOX of GOOGLE MAPS. He thumb-taps one; the nearest "BALI-QUINOX."

CUT TO:

320

EXT. CONDO SKYSCRAPER - GARAGE SIDE - MORNING

320

The Killer returns to the PARKING STRUCTURE. A CAR exits. The Killer assesses the RAMP. He wanders up into the dark garage.

321

INT. GARAGE - STAIRWELL - MORNING

321

The Killer looks around. No cameras. He casually winds his way up the ramp - his eyes finding a DOUBLE SECURITY DOOR with a plastic KEY CARD READER. The Killer moves to inspect - noting the make and model...

322

OMITTED

322

323 **EXT. CONDO SKYSCRAPER - SIDEWALK - GARAGE SIDE - MORNING** 323

The Killer emerges from the ramp, exiting the GARAGE.
He takes out his PHONE.

He quickly types, bring up a WEBSITE...

IN CLOSE UP:

..."AMAZON.COM."

324 **OMITTED** 324

324A **EXT. MIDWESTERN CITY, "BALI-QUINOX" GYM - MORNING** 324A

The Killer arrives. He spots the "BALI-QUINOX" logo...

...where a few GYM FOLKS come and go from the COMPLEX.

The Killer sees...

POV:

The Mercedes sedan is parked in a yellow LOADING ZONE.
DRIVER inside. Its BLINKERS BLINK. Its EXHAUST puffs.

ON THE STREET

Reassured, The Killer walks on...

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*I don't think this guy's Mossad.
I know he ain't Mensa.*

...striding right past the Mercedes, where THE DRIVER'S
reading a NEWSPAPER.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Good luck with the "Wordle."

324B **EXT. MIDWESTERN CITY - GYM, RECEPTION -- MORNING** 324B

The Killer takes in the upscale scene. Mostly young and
somewhat healthy MEN and WOMEN crisscross in WORK-OUT
GEAR. A JANITOR, as-nattily-clad-as-you-can-get-in-
COVERALLS, moves past, pushing a modest CART.

The Killer goes to GUEST RECEPTION, where lovely and
handsome GREETERS assist MEMBERS. There's a COUNTER with
TOUCH SCREENS awaiting. The Killer uses the conductive
RUBBER TIP of his NO-TOUCH-TOOL on one SCREEN...

CONTINUED

...pressing "TRIAL MEMBERSHIP."

CUT TO:

324C

EXT. MIDWESTERN CITY - CITY NATIONAL BANK - DAY

324C

Financial District. The Killer, in his HAT and SUNGLASSES, walks... into "CITY NATIONAL."

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Loose ends can't be left to
 dangle. Farewell, North America.
 Nice knowing ya.*

324D

INT. MIDWESTERN CITY - CITY NATL BANK - MGR OFFICE - DAY

324D

The Killer, HAT in hand literally, waits in a CHAIR, an untouched TRAY of DANISH and FRENCH PRESS POT of COFFEE before him on the DESK of a bespectacled, FEMALE MANAGER typing on her COMPUTER.

INSERT: THE KILLER'S HAND puts a PEN to PAPERWORK made out in the name "**GEORGE JEFFERSON**," writes INITIALS "**G J**" in two spots, before signing: "**GEORGE JEFFERSON**."

CITY NATL MANAGER
 And... dotting that "I," and if I
 might just get you crossing that
 "T"...
 (finishes TYPING)
 Your accounts with us are
 officially closed, with everything
 transferred to your Caribbean
 account.

The Killer rises. Manager stands as well, smiling.

CITY NATL MANAGER
 I do hope we may be of service
 again in the near future, Mr.
 Jefferson. May I mention, our
 wealth management advisors would
 be more than happy to discuss our
 more "select" investment
 opportunities.

She extends her hand. The Killer gives a limp handshake.

CUT TO:

325

OMITTED

325

326

EXT. MIDWESTERN CITY, BENEATH OVERPASS -- EVENING

326

Between massive ROADWAY COLUMNS, a DUDE in a BEARS BEANIE and mismatched SPORTSCOAT and SLACKS heads down a decrepit, twisting STAIRCASE, The Killer following.

327

EXT. BENEATH OVERPASS, EMPTY LOT -- EVENING

327

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS, THE SALESMAN'S SUV is parked nearby in this trash strewn, no man's land.

THE SALESMAN uses KEYS at the SUV lift-gate.

THE SALESMAN

Sticks sometimes. You gotta...
jiggle it.

The Killer watches. The Salesman steps back, raising the lift-gate to reveal an AMERICAN FLAG spread out across the SUV's rear interior.

THE SALESMAN

Our democracy at work.

He throws the flag back: unveiling various GUNS laid out. Mostly HANDGUNS, but also a couple of RIFLES.

THE SALESMAN

Browning. Smith & Wesson. Colt.
If you don't see what you want, I
can get it.

The Killer steps up to study the selection.
His eyes survey the various REVOLVERS and AUTOMATICS.

THE SALESMAN

What's your pleasure? A twenty-
two? Which, you know, won't do
much more than make the other
guy's ears ring. Maybe a gut-
ripper thirty-eight, or...?

(pointing)

There's always the Desert Eagle,
if you're looking for something
relatively portable to drop an
elk. She's a beauty.

The Killer takes up a GLOCK, pops the CLIP, flicks the STOP, pulls back the SLIDE; confirms it's empty.
He blows into it, examines.

THE SALESMAN

Man knows his way around the Glock
sub-compacts.

CONTINUED

He reconfigures the gun, replaces it. Picks up another GLOCK, feels its weight. The Salesman watches, takes off his hat and scratches his rubber-banded man bun.

He takes a SILENCER from his pocket, which makes The Salesman's eyebrows rise.

THE SALESMAN

And brings his own patato. Niice.

He screws it onto the barrel of the small auto. The Salesman pulls his beanie back on.

THE SALESMAN

(gesturing to GUNS)

Listen, Slim, here's what I can do. Because I like you. Buy one, and the second gun -- same price or less -- is half-off.

He turns and extends his arm to hold up the silencer-adorned Glock, aiming into surrounding darkness -- looking down the gun's sights.

THE KILLER

This is plenty.

CUT TO:

328	<u>OMITTED</u>	328
329	<u>OMITTED</u>	329
330	<u>OMITTED</u>	330
331	<u>EXT. MIDWESTERN CITY, SIDE STREET/AMAZON LOCKERS- MORNING</u>	331

Barely light out. The Killer strides towards a WALL of YELLOW LOCKERS, with their familiar AMAZON SIGNAGE. He uses his No-Touch-Tool to PUNCH in a CODE.

He crouches at LOCKER "13," opens it. Takes out a small AMAZON BOX.

The Killer rips the box open... examines what he ordered: a handheld RFID CARD DUPLICATOR, looking like some sort of cheap, weird stud-finder, packaged along with a few blank KEY FOBS and RFID CARDS.

CUT TO:

332	<u>OMITTED</u>	332
-----	----------------	-----

...grab the ORANGE KEYCARD, pulling it away on Janitor's zip-cord just far enough to...

IN CLOSE UP:

...TWIST the keycard, SNAPPING it free.

IN THE BATHROOM

The Killer feigns surprise, pretending the JACKET he's carrying has snagged the zip-cord.

THE KILLER

Oh -- sorry...

Janitor glances over his shoulder as the zip-cord zips back in place, now empty. The Killer backs away, holds his jacket up with an apologetic smile, keeps going.

JANITOR

No problem. Yeah.

Janitor goes about his business, unaware.

CUT TO:

337

INT. GYM - LOCKER RM - MORNING

337

The Killer enters...

MEN are dressing, undressing, heading for the SHOWERS. In one AISLE, The Killer spots Claybourne.

The Killer sits on a BENCH, keeping his distance. At an OPEN LOCKER, Claybourne is attended to by his MALE TRAINER as Claybourne sheds his TRACK SUIT, in GYM CLOTHES and SNEAKERS underneath. Claybourne's Trainer folds the suit, places it in the locker.

Trainer hands over a WATER BOTTLE from the gym bag, puts the bag in the locker. Claybourne's already heading out... passing behind The Killer, who looks as...

...Trainer shuts the locker, goes to follow Claybourne.

The Killer faces forward. Gathers himself. Stands.

CUT TO:

337A

INT. GYM - LOCKER RM - MORNING

337A

The Killer holds the purloined KEYCARD to the KEYCARD READER of Claybourne's locker which... UNLOCKS.

CONTINUED

The Killer grabs Claybourne's KEYCHAIN with KEYCARD attached. SLAMS the locker.

338

INT. GYM - COFFEE CAFE AREA - MORNING

338

Amongst other MEMBERS, The Killer is seated in a CAFE that looks out into the vast GYM:

BEYOND:

...Claybourne's TREADMILLING, perspiring.
Trainer gives encouragement and motivation.

IN THE CAFE

Working at a side-table in the lounge, The Killer takes his newly acquired RFID CARD DUPLICATOR from his pocket and inserts Claybourne's KEYCARD into a slot. He presses "READ." "BUSY" glows YELLOW.

BEYOND:

Claybourne speaks to Trainer. Trainer offers a TOWEL, which Claybourne accepts and uses to daub his face.

IN THE CAFE

The Killer takes a blank RFID KEYCARD from his pocket, puts it between his teeth as he watches.

The duplicator LIGHTS. "PASS." The Killer removes Claybourne's keycard and keychain. He shoves the blank KEYCARD in the duplicator's slot. Hits the "WRITE" BUTTON.

He awaits the result. Seems to take forever.

The duplicator's "PASS" light goes GREEN.

CUT TO:

339

INT. GYM - LOCKER RM - MORNING

339

The Killer opens Claybourne's locker, throws Claybourne's KEYCHAIN with KEYCARD in. Elbow-SLAMs the locker shut.

339A

INT. GYM - RECEPTION -- MORNING

339A

The Killer walks to the exit. On his way, unnoticed by busy GREETERS, he places the ORANGE KEYCARD on the edge of the reception DESK, walking onward, not looking back.

CUT TO:

340

EXT. CONDO SKYSCRAPER - GARAGE RAMP - NIGHT

340

GARAGE DOOR's open as a DELIVERY DRIVER exits.
The Killer arrives, walks into the GARAGE.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Who needs a Trojan Horse when
you've got Postmates? 'Cause
everything's air-tight, till the
billionaire wants Thai delivered.*

341

INT. GARAGE - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

341

The Killer retraces his earlier route, up the ramp.

ANGLE ON:

He steps into CLOSE-UP, pressing a KEYCARD against the
SECURITY DOOR's grey plastic reader -- BOOP.

342

INT. GARAGE - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

342

The Killer steps inside, holds his KEYCARD to the READER
on the elevator PANEL. A quiet DING acknowledges.

The Killer's NO-TOUCH-TOOL hits "PH." BUTTON LIGHTS UP.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Once I see his eyes, I'll have a
pretty good idea how this is gonna
go.*

CUT TO:

343

INT. CONDO SKYSCRAPER PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

343

Entering from a long HALLWAY, The Killer walks to stand,
silenced GUN held outstretched...

...a vast, multi-storied PENTHOUSE before him. Enormous
WINDOWS look to a glittering CITYSCAPE. At the center of
it all, is an unmanned, MAGAZINE and NEWSPAPER littered
STANDING DESK with several KEYBOARDS before an array of
FLAT SCREENS crazily alive with colorful day-trader
MARKET INFO and NATIONAL NEWS.

The Killer walks calmly through this space, attentive.

Across the room, Claybourne comes padding in through a
gleaming KITCHENETTE. He's wearing a big KNIT CARDIGAN
and RETRO CONCERT TEE. He speaks into a BLUETOOTH
EARPIECE, carries an open CARTON of SOY MILK.

CONTINUED

CLAYBOURNE

(into BLUETOOTH HEADSET)

There must be some applicable tax burden offset, and I simply expect to see heaven and earth moving...

(brief pause)

...hey...hey, if it doesn't work out, believe me, I'm not going to be disappointed in you, I'll be disappointed in me, and everyone involved for not having replaced you sooner.

Claybourne halts, startled to as he sees The Killer.
He does a bewildered double take.

CLAYBOURNE

(to The Killer)

Who the fuck? How did you...?

The Killer doesn't brandish his gun, just aims it at him.

CLAYBOURNE

Okay. I...I...

(into EARPIECE)

I'll call you back,
Marvin... umm...gotta call back,
Mar... I am fucking hanging up.

Claybourne presses his earpiece's BUTTON to hang up.

CLAYBOURNE

(gesturing to GUN)

Didn't notice the.. ah, at first.
I'm all ears.

(points at his EARPIECE)

I'm--you see; so you don't...

With forefinger and thumb, he makes a show of slowly reaching to take the EARPIECE out. He throws it away, holds his hands up, awkwardly.

CLAYBOURNE

Security building, eh? Christmas Bonus'll be light this year.
I... uh... I...

(glancing around)

Don't keep cash here. But I can have some delivered. Depending on what amount we're talking about, what kind of currency you're--

The Killer's shaking his head.

CONTINUED

CLAYBOURNE

No? Okay. Well... then, what is it exactly I can do for you?

The Killer nods towards a SEATING AREA.
Claybourne sits on the L-shaped COUCH.

CLAYBOURNE

Whatever you need... I'm confident we can work it out; we put our heads together.

The Killer stands across from him. He motions with his weapon for Claybourne to lower his hands.

THE KILLER

I came to show you how easily one might get to you, Mr. Claybourne... and to ask...
(pointedly)
...do you and I have a problem?

CLAYBOURNE

Do... we... what? A problem? Of course not. No. You and I... we have no problem whatsoever. Not in the slightest.
(pause, admitting doubt)
Am I... supposed to know who you are. Because, I apologize -- and my memory for names and faces isn't what it used to be -- but I... don't believe we've met.

The Killer takes out his PHONE with his free hand, unlocks it, thumb-types. Then he steps forward, holds up his phone. Claybourne squints at the GOOGLE MAPS IMAGE.

CLAYBOURNE

(of the MAP on the PHONE)
Alright. It's...there's an address. "3 Rue du Grev" -- I... I'm still not...

Then Claybourne realizes.

CLAYBOURNE

Oh. Oh, wait... that...
(looks from the PHONE to the Killer's face)
You.

Uh oh.

CONTINUED

CLAYBOURNE

I didn't realize, but I'm up to speed. Please, hear me out. To answer your question, we have no problem. I harbor no ill will about anything that may have happened. Or NOT happened. Hah. Let me make that crystal clear. Right after the, uh, incident, I received a phone call. I was told that things had... gone south. My response was, actually, "Well, nobody's perfect." Now on that same call, I did, I admit, inquire as to what is normally done in these circumstances and they, he, the lawyer fella, Hedges suggested that in This Very Rare Case, I might wish to arrange for insurance, to prevent any "blowback."

The Killer takes this in.

CLAYBOURNE

I remember thinking, "Why in the world is this liability *mine*?" I mean, you have to please understand, this entire enter.. I was very new to this kind of thing, this was an investment that didn't pay out, I bled a little ink, so yeah, selfishly, I didn't want any..."blowback", so eventually we agreed that for an additional hundred and fifty K, the, uh, trail, could be "scrubbed." That was literally *all* I was told; "clean up on aisle three", HIS words, not MINE, and so I double-checked to make sure there was enough in escrow, and I never thought about it again, until...

(indicates this moment)

What I'm trying to say here and I can't express this strongly enough: I have NO issue with you. Zero. Far as I'm concerned: We. Are. Good.

The Killer ponders, gun still leveled at Claybourne.

CONTINUED

THE KILLER

I'm curious... how is it that I
walked into your home in the
middle of the night with a
silenced pistol... and you had no
idea why I might be here?

Claybourne considers for a beat. With the merest shake
of his head, he looks to The Killer, raises his hands
palms up, giving a slow, sheepish, at-a-loss SHRUG.

The Killer lowers the gun. He turns and crosses back the
way he came, pocketing the weapon. Claybourne, remaining
seated, is watching him go.

The Killer stops. He remains facing away.

Claybourne's eyes are anxiously on The Killer.

THE KILLER

If there is a next time...

The Killer turns back, looking to Claybourne.

THE KILLER

...it may be a radioactive speck
on the lip of your favorite mug --
a slow death, mind you; from
painful, facial necrosis... or a
misstep into an empty express
elevator shaft... or an electrical
fire while asleep, but...

(pause)

...I do promise, I'll come up with
something *appropriate*.

With that, The Killer is gone.

CUT TO:

343A

INT. CONDO SKYSCRAPER - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

343A

THE KILLER'S HAND takes from his pocket the THREE ROLODEX
CARDS, holds them before him... TEARS the CARDS in HALF.

344

EXT. CONDO SKYSCRAPER - STREETS - NIGHT

344

The Killer exits from the PARKING RAMP, shuts it. We
watch him walking away. Far up the street, a hulking,
noisy STREET CLEANER lumbers slowly along in the opposite
direction, its circular, spinning WIRE BRUSHES kicking
dust and a fine mist of water in the vehicle's wake. As
he goes, The Killer takes his PHONE from his pocket.

CONTINUED

Just as the street cleaner's getting closer, he casually CHUCKS his phone (and Rolodex cards) into the street; in the vehicle's path. The street cleaner gobbles the phone up. The Killer keeps walking.

CUT TO:

345 **INT. KILLER'S ESTATE HOUSE, KITCHEN -CLOSE-UPS - LATE DAY** 345

IN DELICATE CLOSE-UPS:

-The Killer uses a PARING KNIFE to artfully cut a long, thin, curling SLIVER of LEMON PEEL from a LEMON.

-He slides forward the handle of a COFFEE GRINDER, releasing finely ground COFFEE into a PORTAFILTER.

-He takes up a gleaming, SILVER TAMPER, which he uses to firmly tamp the COFFEE flat in the PORTAFILTER.

-He fits the PORTAFILTER to the ESPRESSO MACHINE's GROUP HEAD and twists to secure it in place.

-A narrow, steady STREAM of CARAMEL COLORED COFFEE pours down from the mouth of the PORTAFILTER, filling a SMALL, flawless white ESPRESSO CUP on the DRIP TRAY.

-The Killer places the CUP on its SAUCER, then balances the LEMON PEEL SLIVER on the cup's lip so it rests partially on the coffee's surface.

346 **INT. ESTATE HOUSE, KITCHEN -- LATE DAY** 346

The Killer places this perfect ESPRESSO ROMANO on a SERVING TRAY, beside a folded CLOTH NAPKIN and several small COOKIES on a WHITE DISH. He lifts the tray.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*The need to feel... secure. It's
a slippery slope.*

The Killer (in SHORTS, short-sleeved-BUTTON DOWN and SUNGLASSES) crosses the lovely, spotless KITCHEN.

347 **INT. ESTATE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- LATE DAY** 347

The Killer carries the tray thru. This room, like the rest of the breathtaking home, is entirely restored.

348 **EXT. ESTATE HOUSE, BACK YARD-POOL/BEACH AREA -- LATE DAY** 348

The Killer crosses from the house...
Heading for a grouping of LOUNGE FURNITURE which faces the BEACH, not far beyond, and stunning SKIES.

CONTINUED

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*Fate... is a placebo. The only
 life path... the one behind you.*

AT THE LOUNGE AREA

Magdala, in a CHAISE, looks up as The Killer places the serving tray on a TABLE. She's in LOUNGE WEAR, a LONG ROBE, and still some BANDAGES. As she smiles at The Killer -- accepting the espresso he offers -- the large SUNGLASSES she wears can't hide the swollen and discolored, albeit healing, condition of her face.

The Killer sits in the ocean-facing CHAIR beside Magdala's. He observes as Magdala, watching waves advance and retreat, sips the dainty coffee.

The Killer sits back, faces front; takes in the view.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
*If, in the brief time we're all
 given, you can't accept this...
 well, maybe you're not one of the
 few.*

He keeps peering seaward, wearing his usual expression of empty resolve. The sun glints off his sunglasses.

He takes off his sunglasses, keeps staring forward.

It's very hard not to notice, as he's staring for the longest moment, that he does not blink -- not once.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Maybe you're just like me...

Until, finally, with sunny skies reflected in those steadfast, impossibly-UNBLINKING EYES, The Killer's RIGHT EYE trembles, TWITCHING sharply.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
...one of the many.

Here we leave The Killer and Magdala, peacefully together, facing a vision of a seemingly perfect world; a flawless line of wide, sandy beach, beyond which the slightly curving horizon line of sun-dappled water meets azure skies of blindingly white clouds.

THE END