

SLEEPER AGENT

by
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"SLEEPER AGENT"

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- DAY

Morning in suburbia. Dew still on the well kept lawns. A kid delivers newspapers on his bicycle - landing every single one on the porch. This is the neighborhood you grew up in.

A sign in front of one house announces "Home Of The McCarrys!" The newspaper hits the porch, and SAM McCARRY pops open the screen door to scoop it up. Sam is a typical suburban dad, Ward Cleaver for the new millennium, dressed in a suit.

INT. MCCARRY KITCHEN -- DAY

Sam takes the paper into the kitchen, where his wife NANCY hands him a cup of coffee and his ten year old son, BILLY, eats a bowl of cereal at the table. Sam kisses her as he takes the cup and sets the paper down.

SAM

Thanks, hon.

Nancy is June Cleaver for the new millennium - her real estate sales jacket over the back of her chair.

BILLY

Hey, Dad, you coming to my soccer game? We're playing the Buchan Elementary Tigers. Bob Heuer plays on that team.

SAM

Sorry, sport, they're making me work.

BILLY

Why can't you just play hooky?

SAM

Did that last week, remember? Almost got fired. You don't want your dad to be working at McDonald's do you?

BILLY

Would we get free french fries?

Sam tousles his hair, puts his coffee cup in the sink.

NANCY

There's breakfast.

SAM

I've got to go in early today. You'll have to take the squirt to school.

NANCY

Early and late again? I may forget
what you look like.

Sam puts his arms around her.

SAM

I'll never forget you. You're the
best thing that ever happened to me.

He kisses her, hands roaming a little.

NANCY

Sam...

She nods to Billy.

SAM

He knows he wasn't delivered by a
stork.

Sam kisses her again, Billy tries not to watch.

SAM

You know, Nance, there were days I
didn't tell you that I loved you,
days I didn't tell you that you were
the most beautiful, intelligent,
funny woman in the world. I'm sorry.

NANCY

Actions speak louder than words.

SAM

Yeah, but I wish I would have told
you, anyway. You will always be my
one true love. When I dream, I dream
of you.

He kisses her again, then looks at the clock.

SAM

Now I'm going to be late.

Grabs his briefcase, but stops by his son on his way out.

SAM

Hey, sport, do great at your soccer
game today.

BILLY

Soccer match.

SAM

Soccer match. Remember, I may not
be in the stands, but I'm always
here...

Touches Billy's heart.

BILLY
On my shirt?

SAM
Right. On your shirt.

He kisses Billy on the forehead, kind of icky for the kid.

BILLY
I think I'm too old for kisses.

So Sam kisses him again.

SAM
Love you.

Then leaves.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- DAY

A three year old SUV pulls out of the McCarrys! garage, Sam behind the wheel. He heads to work, driving the speed limit.

EXT. IPCRESS COMPUTER SYSTEMS -- DAY

A "campus" style industrial center - a massive tower surrounded by several smaller buildings. A fountain and courtyard.

All of this is surrounded by a wall topped with razor wire. The only way in - through a gated checkpoint manned by a guard.

INT. SAM'S SUV -- DAY

Sam pulls up to the guard shack, hits the window button.

In The Guard Shack: CLANCY the guard smiles at Sam.

CLANCY
Morning Sam.

SAM
How you doing today?

Sam pulls out his employee ID, shows it to Clancy.

CLANCY
Same old. You're early.

SAM
Big day for me. Project I've been working on for the last month --

CLANCY
Loose lips sink ships.

SAM
(laughs)
Hey, if I can't trust security, who
can I trust?

CLANCY
Good luck with the project, Sam.

The security gate opens and Sam gives Clancy a wave, then drives through.

Sam drives to the underground parking lot at the tower.

Has to lower his window again and slide his employee ID card through a reader to raises the parking gate.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE -- DAY

Sam drives down the ramp into the parking garage. It's mostly empty at this hour. The SUV cruises slowly through the garage. Heading to the lowest level.

INT. SAM'S SUV -- DAY

Sam keeps the window down, carefully looking at the cars parked in their assigned spots - noting who is already here. Passes an assigned spot that says "Sam McCarry", keeps going.

Drives all the way down to the dead end bottom of the underground parking area, pulls in and turns off the ignition.

SAM
Here we go.

Opens the curtains behind the front seats, exposing...
Not the back passenger seats...

But stacks of C4 plastic explosives and barrels of explosives.
A detonator with a blue button in front.

Sam says a prayer, then pushes the button.

EXT. IPCRESS COMPUTER SYSTEMS -- DAY

A massive explosion takes down the building.

Flames and debris and a cloud of dust.

IN THE GUARD SHACK

Clancy grabs the phone and starts dialing emergency services.

CLANCY
Holy shit!

Looks at the flaming debris that was once a building as he waits for someone to answer at 911.

Another explosion rocks the debris, flames reaching to the heavens. Smoke turning the sky black.

EXT. INTERPOL HEADQUARTERS, PARIS -- DAY

An ultra modern building in the 2,500 year old city. As with every location in Paris, the Eiffel Tower is in the background.

INT. INTERPOL SITUATION ROOM -- DAY

An ultra-modern domed room. A dozen MEN and WOMEN, heads of Intelligence Agencies, seated around a circular table in the center. Everything is circular in design - even the wall sized monitor showing the burning Ipress Building.

CIA Chief HORACE LITTELL hits the pause button on the console in front of him. Steel eyes, steel hair, steel demeanor. He has laughed only three times in his adult life.

LITTELL

At 7:04 hours Pacific Daylight Time in Santa Clara, California, Ipress Systems was destroyed by a powerful explosion. The company had been working on a guidance system for our space platform missile program.

Interpol Director PHILIPPE DuCARRE interjects.

DUCARRE

Casualties?

LITTELL

Eighty seven, including three project managers. Without them...

Mrs. GARDNER, the female head of Mi6, jumps in.

MRS. GARDNER

Do you know how they gained access to the facility?

LITTELL

It appears they had clearance. A comtech with over eleven years at the company seems to have been a sleeper.

MRS. GARDNER

You don't double screen your Islamics?

The NETHERLANDS Secret Service Chief is offended - 25% of his country are Islamic.

LITTELL

He was raised Methodist. Wife, son,
completely clean. An internet
convert.

DUCARRE

Internet convert?

MRS. GARDNER

American Taliban. Disenfranchised,
angry over being abused or left behind
by society and your government --

LITTELL

My government leaves no one behind.

The GERMAN Secret Service Chief rolls his eyes.

DUCARRE

Of course. Liberty and justice for
all. But are there not times when
people, lunatic people, become angry
and seek others who share their
frustration?

The SPANISH Secret Service Chief nods in agreement.

LITTELL

Theses crazies go online, where they
meet other crazies, and then fall
prey to anti-American propaganda.
We can't really spot them until after
the fact.

DuCarre clicks a button on his console. A photo of MALIK
AKMIN, an Arab Businessman from a powerful family. Dark
eyes and a scraggly beard.

DUCARRE

Malik Akmin. Oldest son in the Akmin
Oil & Construction family of Tabuk.

LITTELL

Terrorist bastard.

MRS. GARDNER

Alleged terrorist bastard.

The ITALIAN Secret Service Chief laughs.

DUCARRE

What I say next does not leave this
room, is that understood?

The dozen Secret Service Chiefs look insulted. Keeping
secrets is their business. Littell is compelled to state
the obvious.

LITTELL

You think we'd blab classified info?

DuCarre just gives him a look.

DUCARRE

Someone from Akmin's organization has come forward with information, claiming Akmin has 207 sleeper agents in the United States and Europe, 57 of them in high level positions.

LITTELL

Names. Locations.

DUCARRE

The informant desires asylum and safe passage before divulging these details.

LITTELL

Well, where the hell are they?

MRS. GARDNER

The real question is who are they?

DuCarre clicks his console again. The photo changes to Akmin with his trophy wife... SHAKIRA, ex-Miss America runner up from a decade ago. Exotic name, corn-fed midwest girl.

DUCARRE

His wife Shakira.

LITTELL

Stage name, was born Shirley. Miss America runner up, 1998.

DUCARRE

And her talent was what?

LITTELL

Baton twirling? What the hell does it matter? When do we get the list?

MRS. GARDNER

Memorization.

The Spanish Chief nods - everybody knows this.

DUCARRE

The list is in her pretty head. She will only reveal the contents when she has been transported safely here to Paris. And only to those of us in this room: the heads of American and European Intelligence.

LITTELL

What are we waiting on?

DUCARRE

I am sending our top agent this evening --

LITTELL

So he can fuck it up? No dice.
Give me the pick up point and I'll
send my best man --

DuCarre snaps.

DUCARRE

You did not develop this contact.
The world does not revolve around
America, even though you may think
that it does --

MRS. GARDNER

Boys. Boys. Your man, his man...
Let's cooperate.

With DuCarre and Littell, that is a long shot.

INT. INTERPOL DIRECTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

DuCarre sits on the edge of his desk - his best man, LOUIS
KENEKIUM, looks out the window - back to him.

DUCARRE

This man was forced upon us.

Kenekium doesn't respond. Lean, graceful, elegant. Dressed
in black. Like a magic trick, he makes a chrome throwing
knife dance over his hand. Flipping between his fingers,
passing around his palm and popping back to his knuckles.

DUCARRE

You work better alone, I know this.

The knife continues dancing. Kenekium looks out the window.

DUCARRE

These Americans want to meddle in
everything. Put their thumbs in --

KENEKIUM

As long as he stays out of my way.

DUCARRE

It's Akmin - an assistant may be
helpful.

KENEKIUM

I didn't seem to require as assistant
on the Locken extract.

The intercom buzzes.

The knife pops into Kenekium's hand, he spins from the window -
facing the desk at DuCarre, revealing his face for the first
time... Kenekium could be a male model.

VOICE (V.O.)

Agent Teller, sir.

DuCarre hits the intercom button.

DUCARRE

Send him in.

The knife goes back to dancing.

The door slams open, JACKSON TELLER saunters in. Cowboy
boots, jeans, and scruffy jacket. Where Kenekium is suave
and elegant, Teller is rugged, in-your-face - a real cowboy.

TELLER

Jackson Teller.

Goes to shake with DuCarre.

DUCARRE

Close the door.

Teller gives the open door a look, goes back to close it.
Turns back to DuCarre, noticing Kenekium.

TELLER

Who's that? Thought this was
Classified.

KENEKIUM

Louis Kenekium.

Teller reaches to shake with him - Kenekium doesn't.

DUCARRE

Our best man. You will be working
together on this.

Teller gives Kenekium a look, then back to DuCarre.

TELLER

I don't need a partner. Specially
not some French partner.

KENEKIUM

Belgian.

TELLER
Belgian? Like the waffle?
(to DuCarre)
I don't need any help from anywhere.

KENEKIUM
I know seventy three ways to kill a
man with my bare hands.

TELLER
Seventy three? Only takes one. If
you know what you're doing.

The knife suddenly stops dancing and shoots across the room,
piercing the file on DuCarre's desk.

DUCARRE
Yes, let us discuss the assignment.

Teller waits for Kenekium to sit, and both end up standing.

DuCarre removes the knife, hands it to Kenekium, opens the
old fashioned dossier and leafs through.

TELLER
This is some backwards outfit. Even
the crappiest office at Langley has
a computer and LCD assignment display.

DUCARRE
This assignment is Paper Only. No
electronic files. Computers can be
hacked, stolen, compromised by
internet, downloaded. Paper can be
controlled.

TELLER
Right.

DUCARRE
This is well above Eyes Only Top
Secret. Only we three and the heads
of the Secret Service Counsel have
any knowledge of this mission. It
must remain that way.

TELLER
Sure.

DUCARRE
No electronics. You will not
communicate by mobile phone, those
signals can easily be retrieved by
the enemy. All communications will
be face to face, with land lines as
your last resort. Understood?

DuCarre unfolds a detailed map of Eastern Turkey.

DUCARRE

The Snatch Point is the city of Van, in Turkey. Mrs. Akmin will travel there Thursday to buy silver and kilims --

TELLER

What's "kilim"?

KENEKIUM

A woven tapestry.

DUCARRE

She will be accompanied by an entourage consisting of two female assistants and five bodyguards.

TELLER

Five? What do I need Waffle for?

Kenekium ignores it. DuCarre shows photos of the BODYGUARDS and the ASSISTANTS for both to examine.

DUCARRE

You must not allow any of the five bodyguards to communicate with Akmin.

KENEKIUM

What of the assistants?

DUCARRE

They are loyal to Mrs. Akmin. This should allow you twelve hours before they confirm she is missing.

TELLER

It's gonna take us longer than that to get her back here. Three days by rail.

DUCARRE

Yes. It will take them additional time to mobilize their assets. By that time, you should be impossible to find... and more than halfway here.

After Kenekium and Teller have examined the photos, DuCarre puts everything into the folder except the map.

DUCARRE

A plane is waiting. You will parachute in tonight after midnight.

TELLER

Something wrong with flying
commercial? You know, a plane that
lands?

DUCARRE

We can not afford having passport
control recognize you and alert them.

TELLER

Don't know about you Frenchies, but
the CIA has some pretty spiffy fake
passports. Could make some up for
you.

KENEKIUM

Someone would know of these passports.
And what of your face? How can you
change that? Use a fake moustache?

TELLER

I can grow a real one.

DUCARRE

You will be dropped here.
(points)
Make your way to Van in darkness.

Kenekium and Teller nod. DuCarre puts the map in the folder,
and the folder in a combination shredder / incinerator.

Zip-flash... all records of the mission are gone.

EXT. V-22 OSPREY PLANE -- NIGHT

The new tilt-rotor plane that turns into a helicopter can
hold a dozen pallets of cargo or a couple dozen paratroopers.

INT. V-22 OSPREY PLANE -- NIGHT

Only two men in the large hold: Teller and Kenekium.

Kenekium prepares and packs his weapons. A sparkling pair
of chrome 9mm handguns, a dozen magazines, a rollout pouch
with a dozen throwing knives, a retractable garotte. He
carefully oils and polishes the handguns.

Teller has a dirty gym bag containing a sawed off shotgun, a
grimy 44 Magnum, tarnished brass knuckles, and a claw hammer.
Everything looks like he dragged it in a gunny-sack behind
his pick up truck for a couple of weeks.

KENEKIUM

You should take better care of your
equipment.

TELLER

Got better things to do than sit
around polishing my pistol.

KENEKIUM

We're going to need a panel van,
local clothes, reckon the city...

TELLER

Fine, you take care of that, I'll
take a nap.

KENEKIUM

Perhaps we use a bungee?

TELLER

No fucking way you're going to bring
her off the street and leave me to
deal with the bodyguards.

KENEKIUM

Then you take the bungee.

TELLER

You're crazy. We do this old school:
find a snatch point and ambush them.

KENEKIUM

And how should we get her out? Train?
Car? Ship? Combination?

TELLER

Useless to think of that crap until
we know the situation.

KENEKIUM

I thought the situation was: we have
to get this woman from Turkey to
Paris? Should we not have a basic
plan on how we will accomplish this?

TELLER

Everything changes. Why the hell
should we waste time planning?

Teller dumps his equipment and some clothes into his bag,
and his bag into the drop container. Kenekium carefully
pack his equipment and his clothes into the container, seals
it.

The red light flashes - two minutes until target.

KENEKIUM

That is why we have contingency plans.
When things change, we are prepared.

TELLER

You can see the future, Waffle?

KENEKIUM

We anticipate their actions based on past actions. Create scenarios that --

TELLER

Go ahead and plan all you want. Just don't come crying to me when all your plans crash and burn and you need someone who can think on their feet.

Both put on parachutes, go to the lowering jump ramp in back. When the light blinks green, Kenekium jumps out of the plane.

Teller looks out at the night sky - scary - and jumps. A moment later, the container shoots out the door.

EXT. SKY -- NIGHT

Pop. Pop. Pop. Three parachutes pop open.

Two men and a container float down to the Turkish countryside.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- NIGHT

The cargo container hits the ground near Lake Van.

Kenekium makes a perfect landing, gathers his chute.

Teller lands on his ass, unhooks his chute.

KENEKIUM

We bury the container and parachutes.

TELLER

This is the middle of freakin' nowhere. Who the hell is going to come along and find them?

KENEKIUM

We don't know, that's why we bury them.

Teller reluctantly gathers his chute.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- LATER

Kenekium smooths the earth over the buried container.

TELLER

Wasted time.

Kenekium ignores him, grabs his equipment bag, heads to town. Teller grabs his bag and the assignment case and follows - walking the trail around the lake to the lights of Van.

EXT. CITY OF VAN -- DAY

An old Armenian church, an outdoor market... but everything else in this city is modern. A few colorful buildings, many gray cement buildings that look more like prisons than hotels. This could be any Eastern European city.

SUPER: VAN CITY, TURKEY

Everyone has a moustache - even the women. Some men wear cloth caps, most wear ragged sports jackets and black slacks. Women wear head scarves, baggy dresses. Everybody smiles.

EXT. TURKISH STREET -- DAY

A spirited game of dominos among a group of TURKISH MEN comes to a complete halt as they watch someone walk past.

TWO MEN arguing over a fender bender between two ancient cars stop to watch someone walk past. Almost drooling.

A head scarf flutters away, exposing honey colored hair... flutters more, exposing the most beautiful woman in the world.

SHAKIRA AKMIN - most people underestimate her intelligence. She is always the smartest person in the room. Cool, aloof, calculating... but usually the only thing people notice is her beauty. Shakira uses this to her advantage.

SHAKIRA

The next weaver's kilim use tribal patterns dating back to the 13th century.

The two female ASSISTANTS nod. Walking a pace behind her, each carries a bag of samples and one of Shakira's bags.

Five BODYGUARDS are part of the entourage - a scout, and one at each "corner" of Shakira. Two in front, two in back. Turbans, bland unbuttoned neru jacket and slacks. Holstered guns and sheathed scimitars. Watching everything.

SHAKIRA

I hope something they have will be acceptable...

The SCOUT GUARD puts his hand on his gun as he passes a group of TURKS waiting for a bus. The Male Turks all watch Shakira as she passes by. Scout Guard keeps them back.

SHAKIRA

Maybe we should have rented a car?

An OLD TURK sipping a plastic liter of Coke is watching Shakira, like everyone else.

A large tarp covers a damaged section of sidewalk. Scout Guard tests to see if the tarp is covering any holes or traps. Nothing. He gestures for the others to follow, but they already have. Frowns, looks ahead.

When the last two Bodyguards pass the Old Turk, he pulls a gun from his robe, pushes the liter bottle on the end as a silencer, presses it to a Guard's head, blasts him.

Pop.

The second Bodyguard pulls his scimitar and lashes out at the Old Turk - ripping through his robes. Exposing American clothes. He swings the weapon at the Old Turk's face.

Pop.

The Turks waiting for the bus scatter at the sight of blood.

Shakira and her Assistants keep walking...
But the other Bodyguards turn at the popping sound...

A Panel Van ROARS to the side of the road next to Shakira.

Scout Guard is torn between two threats - Old Turk and Panel Van. Focuses on Panel Van as the side door rolls open.

Old Turk grabs the two Assistants.

TELLER
(Old Turk)
She'll be safe. Go! Go!

Yanks both Assistants back, pushing them off the tarp.
Turns to see the third Bodyguard aiming a gun at him.
Teller blasts him off his feet.

Shakira screams.

SHAKIRA
Let go of me!

TELLER
It's okay. We're here for you.

Teller shoves her through the open door, climbs in after her. Hooking something inside the van.

The Fourth Bodyguard has a clear shot...
At Shakira!
Obvious change in strategy.

Shakira sees the Fourth Bodyguard's gun barrel press closer to her face - closer to her LEFT EYE.

She looks into the darkness of the gun barrel. The darkness of death.

The Fourth Bodyguard touches the gun to her face.
Squeezes the trigger.
BANG!

Fourth Bodyguard's head pops open - exposing Kenekium behind the wheel of the panel van, chrome gun in hand.

INT. PANEL VAN -- DAY

Kenekium sees the Scout Guard take off running.

KENEKIUM

Get him!

Teller is too busy wrestling with a screaming Shakira.

KENEKIUM

Merde! Take the wheel!

Kenekium dives through the open van doors. Teller punches Shakira in the face, grabs the wheel of the van. Roars away.

EXT. TURKISH STREET -- DAY

As the Panel Van roars away, it pulls up the tarp with it. The dead Bodyguards scooped right off the sidewalk along with any traces of blood or evidence they may have left behind. The two Assistants SCREAM.

One problem when the tarp yanks off the sidewalk...

Kenekium's right leg gets caught in it.

As the Panel Van speeds away, it drags Kenekium with it. Leg yanked out from under him, his face drags along the pavement. What's worse - the Third Bodyguard is alive... Grabs Kenekium's leg with one hand and his gun with the other!

INT. PANEL VAN -- DAY

Teller yanks off the turban and face make-up as he speeds away. In back, Shakira sits up, groggy.

The tarp flaps and skids outside the door.

EXT. TURKISH STREET -- DAY

Kenekium sees Scout Guard running away between face skids.

Turns to untangle his leg from the tarp...
Looks right into Bodyguard #3's gun barrel.

Kenekium grabs his wrist seconds before he pulls the trigger. The bullet goes wild.

Bodyguard wrestles the gun back around to Kenekium's face.

Kenekium kicks him, yanks his leg out of the tarp.
Skids to a stop on the pavement.

The Third Bodyguard zooms away in the tarp - but aims his gun at Kenekium's face. Finger tightens on the trigger.

BAAAAANG!

Kenekium blasts the moving target right between the eyes.

The Panel Van rounds a corner, tarp filled with FOUR dead bodyguards whipping behind it.

Kenekium rolls to his feet, spots Scout Bodyguard, gives chase.

EXT. TURKISH STREET -- DAY

Scout Bodyguard stops running and pulls out his mobile phone. Flips it opens, prepares to dial, looks at the Van...

Sees Kenekium racing at him! Pockets the phone and runs.

Kenekium passes the screaming Assistants.

KENEKIUM

We're taking her to safety. Get out
of here - no police!

Ahead of him, Scout Guard ducks into an alley.

Kenekium races to the alley, spins within.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY -- DAY

Almost too narrow for a man. Ahead of Kenekium the Scout Guard squeezes through the alley. Tries to draw his gun, but there isn't enough elbow room. Kenekium is more graceful, almost gliding between the two buildings.

EXT. TURKISH STREET -- DAY

Scout Guard bolts out of the alley onto a busy street...
Kenekium only a dozen yards behind him.

Kenekium draws one of his chrome automatics, aims...

Scout Guard jumps into the street - two lanes of speeding cars in either direction, four total. Grabs the side of a speeding Renault and vaults over it.

Kenekium lowers his gun - is this guy crazy?

Scout doesn't lose a beat - grabs the side of a speeding Volkswagen and vaults over it to the center of the street.

Kenekium realizes he's getting away, gives chase. Tries doing the vault thing with a speeding Taxi, overshoots and lands in the center of the second lane - a motorcycle ROARS at him! Kenekium spins out of the way like a bullfighter.

Scout Guard vaults over an ancient Audi and a rusted Range Rover, ending up on the opposite side of the street.

Kenekium gets the hang of it, vaulting from the center lane over a Taxi and a Peugeot to reach the other side of the street.

Scout Guard dives through a window - glass shattering.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Scout Guard and glass land in the parlor of an apartment. An OLD WOMAN screams. Scout Guard rolls to his feet, runs.

The Old Woman screams again as Kenekium lands in the parlor.

KENEKIUM

Sorry.

Rolls to his feet, takes off after the Scout.

KITCHEN

A WIFE prepares a meal, bickering with her HUSBAND.

Scout Guard races through, followed by Kenekium.

ENTRY

Scout kicks the door open, rolls out of the apartment.

Kenekium two dozen feet behind him.

BUILDING STAIRWAY

Scout starts for the exit doors, then grabs the banister and flips onto the stairs, running up top the next floor.

Kenekium uses the banister to flip onto the stairs, chasing.

Scout is a full flight above Kenekium, looks down.

Kenekium pulls a knife from his coat, throws it at Scout.

Scout plucks the knife out of the air, throws it back.

Kenekium catches it, looks up - Scout is gone. Pockets the knife and runs up the stairs.

THIRD FLOOR APARTMENT

Scout slams through the door, startling the RESIDENTS - Husband, Wife, Two Kids, Grandmother. Runs right through.

Kenekium reaches the shattered door, runs through.

Scout reaches the end of the apartment - a window over a clothesline. Swings through the window onto the line.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Three storeys up. Over a courtyard filled with chickens.

Scout quickly tight rope walks on the clothes line.

Kenekium rolls out of the window onto the clothesline. With two men on the line, it bows.

Scout looks at Kenekium, laughs, skitters across the line.

KENEKIUM

Impossible.

Of course it is - the line snaps and both men fall to the courtyard. Chickens squawk and flutter.

EXT. COURTYARD -- DAY

Scout and Kenekium both manage to land on their feet. Knee deep in chickens.

Scout tears a shirt off the clothesline, runs for the courtyard wall... chickens fluttering away or getting stomped.

Chickens obscure Scout for a moment.

Kenekium looks at the courtyard wall - top embedded with broken glass as a security measure. Snags a skirt off the clothesline and gives chase. More graceful than Scout: no chickens killed.

Chickens a crazy obstacle fluttering in front of Kenekium.

Scout vaults the wall.

Kenekium vaults after him.

Shirt and skirt used to protect their hands from the glass.

EXT. TURKISH STREET -- DAY

Scout races down the sidewalk, smashing aside a group of TURKS waiting for a bus. Some of them fall into the street.

Kenekium chases - gaining from Scout's sidewalk clearing.

Touches one of his chrome automatics.

Sees a Police Car parked a few blocks away.

Too many people to use an unsilenced weapon.

Keeps running after the bodyguard.
Weaving through pedestrians.
Closing the gap between them.

Scout still has the shirt, uses it to vault over a wall.

Kenekium tossed the skirt, has to stop and pull off his coat to get over the wall to the courtyard beyond.

EXT. COURTYARD -- DAY

No chickens.

Scout pulls out his phone as he jogs. Flips it open.

Kenekium lands in the courtyard, sees Scout with the phone.

Scout hits a speed dial number.
Presses "send".

Kenekium whips his coat at him.
Connects with the phone, knocks it from his hands.

The phone hits the cobblestone courtyard.

PHONE (V.O.)

Hello? Hello?

Whips the coat at Scout's face...

Scout grabs the coat and YANKS, pulling Kenekium off balance.

SCOUT

All that running - hope you are not
too tired to die?

Scout pulls his gun, aims it at Kenekium.
Bad Guys don't need silencers.

Kenekium lets go of his coat, throwing Scout off balance.
Then he kicks the gun from Scout's hand.

The gun hits the cobblestones.

KENEKIUM

I hope you aren't too tired to fight.

SCOUT

We'll see.

Scout does a punch-kick combo that sends Kenekium back...
Then Scout reaches down for the phone.

Kenekium kicks the phone away.

PHONE (V.O.)

Hello?

Kicks Scout a few times - backing him away from the phone...
Toward the fallen gun!

Scout slams Kenekium back, reaches for the gun. Gets it!

Kenekium does a roundhouse kick, knocks the gun...
BANG!

Scout keeps the gun in hand, shot goes wild.

Scout re-aims to keep Kenekium back as he grabs for the phone.
Kenekium kicks the phone away...

BANG! BANG! BANG!

...almost getting shot in the process.

PHONE (V.O.)

Hello? Hello?

Kenekium continues his kick - connecting with the gun.
The gun hits the cobblestones again.

Kenekium and Scout fight - and play soccer with the phone
and gun. Kenekium can't let him get his hands on either.

Kicks, punches, lunges, flips.

PHONE (V.O.)

Hello?

Scout's fingers touch the phone.
Kenekium stomps.
Scout pulls his hand out of the way.
The phone is crushed.

Scout rolls away, comes up with the gun!
Out of Kenekium's strike range!

SCOUT

Take the phone. I'll take the gun.

Scout laughs, squeezes on the trigger.

Kenekium kicks the mangled phone into his face.
Hitting Scout's right eye.
Blood sprays.
BANG! - misses.

KENEKIUM

Have the phone.

Kenekium kicks the gun from Scout's hand...
Into the air...
Then catches it, points it at Scout.

SCOUT

You can not run. You can not hide.
They are everywhere.

(MORE)

SCOUT (CONT'D)

They are everyone. And they will
kill you all.

KENEKIUM

You first.

Spins, kicks, breaks Scout's neck with a CRUNCH.
Sirens in the distance.

Kenekium grabs his torn coat, picks up Scout and tosses him
over the back wall. Uses his coat to vault over.

EXT. TURKISH STREET -- DAY

Kenekium lands next to Scout's body, just as the Panel Van
pulls up. Door slides open, Teller smiles.

KENEKIUM

What took you so long?

TELLER

Followed the sirens.

Kenekium grabs Scout's body, tosses him in back with the
tarp filled with the four others, climbs in, shuts the door.

INT. PANEL VAN -- DAY

Kenekium smiles at Shakira as he passes her.

KENEKIUM

Louis Kenekium, pleasure to meet
you.

SHAKIRA

I wish you had told me it was going
to be today... all I have is my
handbag.

Teller pulls the Panel Van away from the wall, onto a street,
passing a Police Car with siren and flashers.

TELLER

You carrying around your luggage,
they wouldn't have suspected a thing.

Kenekium sits in the front passenger seat.

KENEKIUM

He made no call. Gives us twelve
hours until they notice her missing.

TELLER

If we take the train --

KENEKIUM

They will grab us at the station.
We take the Ferry to Greece.

TELLER

Whatever you say, Waffle.

Teller heads out of Van to the ferry dock.

EXT. TURKISH STREET -- DAY

At the Snatch Point, two of the Turkish Men talk to a POLICEMAN, describing the shoot out and kidnaping in rapid-fire Turkish. One points to the exact place on the walk.

Another POLICEMAN examines the sidewalk for blood and evidence. Looks at his partner and shakes his head.

The First Policeman closes his notebook and puts up a hand to stop the Turkish Men from continuing.

The Turkish Men are angry, they know what they saw. The two Policemen leave them.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY

The Panel Van zooms down a rural highway to the ferry dock. Other cars scattered in front and behind them.

INT. PANEL VAN -- DAY

Kenekium opens the assignment case - a large aluminum suitcase.

TELLER

Know what I saw back there?
(Kenekium has no idea)
Guy eating humus from a baggie.
Right out on the street. Using his
fingers.

KENEKIUM

Fascinating.

TELLER

I can guess where he got the humus,
but where'd the baggie come from?

Kenekium pulls out four manila envelopes. Each contain passports, a variety of nationalities and passport colors.

KENEKIUM

Four passports for each of us. Plus,
an extra - made by a third party.
No one at Interpol or the Company
knows about these.

TELLER
Got a problem with the Company?

KENEKIUM
Hard to know who to trust these days.
(hands out passports)
For when we dock at Greece. Try to
remember your name and particulars.

Kenekium places the other passports back in the case...
Next to a huge brick of Euros and a brick of British Pounds.
Teller whistles at the money as Kenekium closes the case.

KENEKIUM
Watch your speed. Don't want to get
pulled over with them in the back.

Teller rolls his eyes, slows down a little.

EXT. BODRUM, TURKEY -- DAY

An ancient city. The Original Mausoleum - one of the Seven
Wonders Of The World. The majestic Castle of St. Peter
overlooking the Aegean Sea.

SUPER: BODRUM, TURKEY.

Tourists everywhere - snapping each other's pictures with
digital cameras and mobile phones. The piers - in the shadow
of the castle. More tourists.

The Panel Van parked on a side street... empty.

EXT. FERRY DOCK AT BODRUM -- DAY

Kenekium buys tickets for the ferry at a window, turns to
hand one to Shakira as Teller jogs up with his dirty gym
bag.

TELLER
Aren't gonna find the van for days.

KENEKIUM
Your ticket. We'll be in Greece in
just over two hours. Simple passport
flash, no metal detectors.

TELLER
They serve drinks on this boat?

Kenekium starts to say something when the whistle blows.
People start boarding the ferry.

A MOBILE PHONE RINGS, is flipped open - message in the form
of a photo... of Shakira. Phone is flipped closed... In the
background - Shakira, Teller and Kenekium in que to board.

Kenekium movies in front of Shakira, who is insulted.

KENEKIUM
For your protection.

They board... followed by THREE BUFF BUSINESSMEN.

INT. FERRY BOAT -- DAY

First class cabin in front... But they are in economy. Blue plastic seats. No bar, but many PASSENGERS have brought food and drink. The aft section is open - in America it would be for smokers, but everyone smokes here - even kids.

Kenekium keeps his eyes on the Three Businessmen as Teller guides Shakira to a row near the back.

SHAKIRA
Couldn't afford first class?

TELLER
Better to blend with the crowd.

She looks at the "crowd" - a FAT MAN belches loudly.

Loud laughter from some GREEK TEENS dressed in jeans and T shirts. Two couples, both around 19 or 20.

Kenekium glances at them, when he looks back at the Three Businessmen, they are gone... into the first class section.

EXT. FERRY BOAT -- DAY

The Ferry leaves the dock. When it enters the Aegean, it picks up speed and rises out of the water onto the pontoons. Eventually reaching 45 knots - like a missile on the water.

INT. FERRY BOAT -- DAY

Shakira looks out the window as the world zips by.

SHAKIRA
Are you sure this is safe?

TELLER
Nothing's gonna be safe from now on.

SHAKIRA
I mean: it's not like a train. We can't jump off if things go wrong.

Kenekium notices the people in front of them listening.

KENEKIUM
Let's go. Grab your things.

Kenekium leads them out to the open Aft deck.

EXT. FERRY BOAT -- DAY

Teller grumbles, dragging his dirty gym bag to the rear deck. Enough room for a dozen people - currently empty. Kenekium and Shakira stop at the side railing, water zipping past.

TELLER

We leaving?

KENEKIUM

We must blend with out surroundings.
No talking in front of others.

TELLER

We gonna use hand signals?

SHAKIRA

Which one of you is in charge of
this kidnapping?

KENEKIUM

I am.

TELLER

I am.

KENEKIUM

You think this is a kidnapping? We
are putting our lives on the line to
protect you --

SHAKIRA

This is your plan? Two hours on a
hydrofoil with no way out?

KENEKIUM

And no way on. Had we traveled by
car, every intersection, every side
road, every other car could have
been a threat. Here - we only have
the other passengers to worry about.

As if on cue, the Three Buff Businessmen step out on the
deck and light cigarettes.

Conversation ends.

Suspicion begins.

Kenekium keeps an eye on them...

Teller checks Shakira's ass.

One of the Businessmen looks at Shakira and says something
in Turkish, the other two laugh.

Stretched out uncomfortable silence.

One of the Businessmen snubs out his cigarette butt.

Reaches under his jacket lapel.

Pulls out a...

Kenekium grabs his gun, prepares to draw...

The Businessman pulls out a pack of cigarettes.
Pops one in his mouth.
Takes a step toward Shakira...

Kenekium is ready to draw and fire.

The Businessman offers Shakira a cigarette.

BUSINESSSMAN

Madam?

SHAKIRA

No thank you.

The Businessman looks right at Kenekium, steps back to his friends. Says something in Turkish that provokes laughter.

Kenekium keeps his hand on his gun.

More stretched out uncomfortable silence... except for the wisecracks in Turkish followed by laughter. When they finish their smokes, all three smile at Shakira, then leave.

TELLER

What was that all about?

KENEKIUM

Watch the door.

TELLER

They're gone.

KENEKIUM

Watch it.

TELLER

I know how we could solve all of this. Have chickie, here, write down all the sleepers and we make us some copies.

SHAKIRA

You think this is about names?

TELLER

What else?

SHAKIRA

This is about my safety. Returning me to the United States. A new life and protecting me from repercussions. The names are my payment. I don't pay in advance.

TELLER

Payment? For sleeping with a fucking madman terrorist? You're lucky we --

KENEKIUM

Teller is right. If they kill you, we lose this information permanently.

SHAKIRA

You'd better make sure they don't kill me. You have a lot to lose.

KENEKIUM

As do you. So these are the rules of your kidnap: Your life is in our hands, so you will do as we tell you.

SHAKIRA

So I'm to take orders from --

KENEKIUM

I'm not done yet. You will stay within touching distance of one of us at all times. No exceptions.

A shadow in the entrance - one of the Buff Businessmen. Kenekium lowers his voice - they won't be overheard.

SHAKIRA

I'm not sleeping with --

KENEKIUM

There is more. We travel light. Only what you can carry.

Kenekium keeps his eyes on the shadow, a hand on his gun.

SHAKIRA

I don't need a --

KENEKIUM

When we go clothes shopping in Greece, we are not interested in style, only function. No heels. Pants, maybe skirts. Nothing you can't run in.

A cigarette glow from the shadows. Kenekium ready for action.

SHAKIRA

I don't like your --

KENEKIUM

Everything will fit in one backpack. We don't care about wrinkles.

SHAKIRA

You don't care.

KENEKIUM

I'm not done yet. You may need to change your hair color and length. There is a passport with short brown hair - we Photo-shopped it.

The cigarette glow goes out, the shadow (Businessman) leaves. Kenekium moves his hand away from his gun.

SHAKIRA

So, you are the boss.

TELLER

No, he just likes to force people to follow his stupid rules. You just gotta remember one thing: no lagging behind. You don't keep up, we lose all of that precious information.

Shakira spins to confront Teller...
But the two Greek Teen Boys step onto the aft deck.

Conversation stops.

The Two Teens light cigarettes, joke in Greek.
Then they amble over to Shakira.

TEEN #1

Why don't you ditch these old men and come with us? We show you good time.

SHAKIRA

Don't you already have dates?

TEEN #2

Those girls? We pick them up. But we drop them for you.

Teller steps in front of them - protecting Shakira.

TELLER

She's not interested.

TEEN #1

You American? A cowboy?

TELLER

Yeah, no.

TEEN #2

So, what is wrong with Brittny Spears? Why she shave head... and down there?

TELLER

I don't know her --

That's when Teen #1 pulls a dagger, slashes it at Kenekium.

This distracts Teller. He doesn't see Teen #2 rushing him. Teen #2's dagger slices Teller's coat, drawing blood. Teller spins, slugs Teen #2 in the face. Draws his 44 magnum...

Kenekium deflects the dagger before it pierces his eye.

Teen #1 stabs again and again, each time Kenekium spins away. The kid is quick and deadly - all Kenekium can do to gracefully avoid the glittering blade.

Teller aims his gun at Teen #2, glances at the entrance. Firing the gun might draw a crowd.

TEEN #2

Cowboy gun?

Stabs the dagger at him. Teller blocks with the gun, blocks the next thrust and a slash... then slams Teen #2 in the face with the gun. Knocking him back.

Kenekium a rolls away from a thrust.
Teen #1 slashes at Kenekium's face.
Kenekium grabs the knife... by the blade.
Ouch!

TEEN #1

My family's dagger. I have trained
with it since I was five years.
Killed my first man at seven years.
Now you.

Teen #1 giggles and presses the blade closer to Kenekium. Kenekium struggles to keep it away...
Causing the blade to cut deeper into his palm.

Teller knocks the dagger out of Teen #2's hands - it goes flying like a baseball, into the water flying by.

TELLER

Outta the park.

Teen #2 swings a fist at him.
Teller slams him with the gun - snapping the wrist.
Teen #2's hand hangs limp...
But he swings it at Teller's face again!

TELLER

You gotta be kidding me.

Kenekium and Teen #1 struggle with the knife between them. Blade pressing toward Kenekium's face.

TEEN #1

You are too old for this shit, eh?

Kenekium pushes the blade away... deeply cutting his fingers.

Teller touches his gun barrel to Teen #2's head.
 Teen #2 tries to knock it away, seems to lose balance...
 Falls over the railing into the sea.
 Body snapping as it hits the water.

SHAKIRA

Oh my God...

Horrified by the man's death.
 Teller holds her. Close.
 Maybe coping a feel of her ass in the process.

Teen #1 presses the dagger right up to Kenekium's eye.
 Giggles.

KENEKIUM

I do this shit every day.

He twists the knife, twisting Teen #1's wrist until it pops.
 Teen #1 screams, lets go of the knife. Kenekium flips it
 into his injured palm, puts the blade to Teen #1's throat.
 Rolls them around and pushes Teen #1 against the railing.

KENEKIUM

Now, let us have a little chat.

Teen #1 struggles to get away.

KENEKIUM

How did you find us?

Teen #1 spits in his face, giggles.
 Kenekium presses him farther over the railing.
 Water shooting by below.

KENEKIUM

Are the girls part of this?

TEEN #1

You will never know, old man.

Teen #1 kicks him away, dives off the back of the ferry.
 His body hits the speeding water.
 Skips like a stone a half dozen times, limbs breaking.
 Shakira is shocked... horrified.

SHAKIRA

Why would he do that? Kill himself?

KENEKIUM

Suicide attack.

TELLER
That's fucking crazy.

Kenekium wraps his bloody palm in his handkerchief.
White linen turns red.

KENEKIUM
Grab your stuff. Time to blend.

INT. FERRY BOAT -- DAY

They take their seats, try to act as if nothing has happened.
Whispering.

TELLER
How could they find us?

SHAKIRA
Followed us.

Kenekium notices the Three Buff Businessmen watching them.

TELLER
How?

SHAKIRA
My husband provided me with five
bodyguards, maybe watchers, too.

TELLER
Not anymore.

KENEKIUM
They know about us. Twelve hours of
safe passage - gone.

The two Greek Teen Girls walk down the aisle, passing them,
to the aft observation deck - looking for the Two Boys.

KENEKIUM
They had phones. There may be people
waiting for us in Greece.

SHAKIRA
And that is the only place this ferry
is going. Right into their hands.

The two Greek Teen Girls return, confused. Looking everywhere
for the Boys. Row-by-row through the ferry.

TELLER
How could you marry that scum? You
were an American, right?

Shakira ignores the question. The Greek Girls study them as
they walk past, one noticing Kenekium's bloody hand.

Kenekium tries to blend...
 As he keeps one hand on the gun in his pocket.
 The Girls could be part of the hit squad.

KENEKIUM

They could be anyone. The assassins.

SHAKIRA

So we live in fear of everyone? How
 can we do that without going insane?

TELLER

We have any choice?

SHAKIRA

These sleepers are Malik's master
 plan. He conceived of it when he
 was seventeen years old.

TELLER

Fucker started early.

SHAKIRA

Some of these sleepers have been in
 place for over twenty years - most
 of their lives - waiting to strike.

TELLER

They gotta be crazy.

KENEKIUM

No... Dedicated.

Kenekium tries to hide his bloody hand.

EXT. FERRY BOAT -- DAY

The ferry boat zooms at 42 knots across the top of the sea.

EXT. THESSALONIKI, GREECE -- DAY

Second largest city in Greece. Mixture of ancient and modern.
 The White Tower. Ouzeries bars. Moudiano meat market.
 Music from Bouzouki Halls. Towering 19th century walls
 outside the city. Kids playing in Aristotle Park overlooking
 the sea.

SUPER: THESSALONIKI, GREECE.

Party town. Lots of students - many of them drunk.

EXT. FERRY DOCK AT THESSALONIKI -- DAY

The hydrofoil ferry docks. The doors open, passengers leave.

A CUSTOMS OFFICER at a podium on the dock checks passports.
 An ARMED OFFICER stands next to him, hand on his gun.

Shakira, Teller and Kenekium stand in the que, passports ready. The Three Buff Businessmen a few people a head of them - one turns and looks right at Shakira for a moment.

The Two Greek Teen Girls at the back of the que, talking to the SHIP CAPTAIN.

TELLER

Keep it cool.

Kenekium looks at the Businessman until he looks away. His hand is bleeding under the handkerchief.

Tension builds as they get closer to the Customs Officer.

Teller studies the group of PEOPLE waiting on shore. A TALL MAN in a black suit - hand in his pocket. A hot MOTORCYCLE WOMAN in mostly unzipped skin-tight leather. Two MOHAWKED men with suspicious duffel bags and loads of piercings.

CUSTOMS

Passport.

Teller hands over his passport.

CUSTOMS

Purpose of your stay?

TELLER

Tourist.

The Customs Officer studies the passport for a long time, stamps it, hands it back, studying Teller.

Teller moves on... noticing the Motorcycle Woman throwing a full body hug on a GEEKY GREEK passenger.

SHAKIRA

Tourist.

Shakira hands her passport to the Customs Officer, who studies it. Finger flips over the photos. He studies the ink. Eventually stamps it and hands it back.

Teller watches the Tall Man in the suit - who takes a few steps forward... then hugs the Three Buff Businessmen, doing the triple cheek kiss with each. All four walk away together.

CUSTOMS

Passport.

Kenekium hands over his passport left handed, hiding his bloody hand in his pocket... There's a blood smudge on his passport!

The Customs Officer studies the passport, his finger landing in the blood. Kenekium remains calm.

The Armed Officer swings his machinegun around to aim at Kenekium.

CUSTOMS

Purpose of your stay?

KENEKIUM

Tourist. Want to see the Bouzouki halls and the White Tower.

The Customs Officer picks at the photo, studies the ink. Finally stamps the passport and hands it back... His finger tip red with blood.

Kenekium pockets the passport, gets the hell out of there. The Armed Officer watches him walk away.

SHORE AREA

Shakira, Teller and Kenekium step off the pier, through a pair of pillar barricades, to the shore waiting area.

Alone... except for the two crying Greek Teen Girls. They look completely lost. One stares at Teller, who looks away.

SHAKIRA

Clothes.

KENEKIUM

Later. They know we're here. We must get out of this city. Someplace they don't know, where they can't find us.

SHAKIRA

I need --

KENEKIUM

Let's go.

The three leave the two crying Greek Teen Girls waiting for the Boys who will never come.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

A side street near several bars - plenty of parked cars. Laughter and bouzouki music drift from some club.

Kenekium stops next to a two year old green Audi.

KENEKIUM

These will do.

Teller and Shakira stagger to a stop.

SHAKIRA

Why not fly? There is an Easy Jet --

TELLER

Or take a train. Get some sleep.

KENEKIUM

They know we're here. Airports,
train stations, buses - they'll be
watching.

Kenekium nods to an older black Audi parked down the street.

KENEKIUM

Swap the plates. I'll find some
black paint. Keep her safe.

Teller watches him walk away, then pulls out his pocket knife
and pops off the plates.

EXT. CITY STREET -- LATER

Kenekium finishes spraying the green Audi black. The paint
job is awful, but so are the paint jobs on many other cars
on the street. Teller has the driver's door open, playing
with the wires under the dash. The Audi roars to life.

KENEKIUM

Let's go.

Kenekium climbs in back, Shakira in the passenger seat, Teller
drives the Audi down the street.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE, BULGARIA -- EVENING

Sunset. A winding country road. Scenic, beautiful.
Mountains in the distance. Vineyards on the opposite side
of the road.

SUPER: ROUTE 37, BULGARIA

The black Audi zooms down the road... no cars behind it.

A pair of cars zoom by in the opposite direction.

INT. STOLEN AUDI -- EVENING

Kenekium looks out the back window - no cars behind them.

KENEKIUM

We're clean.

He turns to face the road - catches the speedometer reading.

KENEKIUM

You're speeding.

TELLER

Who's gonna catch me?

KENEKIUM

We don't know... so go slow.

Teller reluctantly slows down. Shakira watches the sun set.

SHAKIRA

The greatest show on earth. Never
get tired of it. Red. Purple.
Orange. God's special show for us,
every night.

KENEKIUM

And it costs noting.

TELLER

Made it through one day.

KENEKIUM

It's not over, yet.

Teller waits until Kenekiium isn't looking before speeding up.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE, BULGARIA -- NIGHT

The sun sets behind the mountains. Black Audi casting a giant shadow over the countryside... then the world is the shadow, and the Audi a pair of headlight beams.

Another pair of headlights a ways back.

INT. STOLEN AUDI -- NIGHT

Teller sees a road sign that announces Road A-1, then a pole with arrow signs in several shades of blue with city names.

TELLER

Left.

Teller turns left onto A-1: a main highway.

KENEKIUM

No. Get back on 37.

TELLER

That was a totally random decision.
If anyone's trying to follow or figure
out where we're going, our best plan
is not to know ourselves.

KENEKIUM

Except A-1 is the main road to Sofia.
They'll expect us to take it.

Headlights flash - the other car also takes the A-1 turn off.

TELLER

How the hell can they expect us to do something when I'm making it up as I go along?

KENEKIUM

Because it's Sofia. They'll be waiting. Either in the city or the road.

TELLER

How can you know that?

SHAKIRA

Sofia has planes, trains, buses. It's the closest major city - our logical destination.

TELLER

Then let's go there. Double fake out. Because we shouldn't do it, we do it.

KENEKIUM

That's suicide. If we keep rotating passports and get out of Bulgaria, they'll have no idea whether we're in Romania or Yugoslavia or Moldova. Too many cities for them to cover.

TELLER

And you have a city?

KENEKIUM

Of course. Our most direct route would take us to Belgrade, so it's Bucharest.

Teller swears under his breath and pulls an insane 180 on the semi-busy highway, forcing a handful of cars to jam on their brakes and one to slam into a guard rail.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- NIGHT

The scattered cars, horns blaring, as the Audi zooms back to Route 37... no one is following them, now.

Above the road, stars sparkle in the darkness...

INT. STOLEN AUDI -- NIGHT

Later. Kenekium behind the wheel, concentrates on the road. Teller snores in the back seat - shotgun cradled in his lap. Shakira is asleep against the window, drooling a bit.

A clutter of blue signs with village names. Kenekium turns onto E83, going West.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- NIGHT

Above - the stars put on a show...

The stars turn into the lights of a city at night...

And the sun begins to rise, tinting the world orange.

INT. STOLEN AUDI -- MORNING

Kenekium slows as they approach the border.

KENEKIUM

Teller. Shakira. Passport time.

They wake up, grab their passports. Teller hides the shotgun.

EXT. CHECKPOINT -- DAY

Typical road checkpoint. Gate arms, kiosks, armed guards.

The Audi pulls up. CUSTOMS agent knocks on the window.
Kenekium rolls it down.

CUSTOMS

Passports.

Teller and Shakira hand their passports to Kenekium, who adds his and hands them to the Customs agent. Different color than the last passports.

CUSTOMS

Purpose?

KENEKIUM

My mother lives in Bucharest.
Visiting.

The Customs agent studies their passports, an Armed Guard watches and another Guard mirrors under the car.

Mirror Guard's mobile phone rings. He looks at it, then flips it closed, goes to the back of the car, notes the plates.

CUSTOMS

How long in Romania?

KENEKIUM

Just the week end.

Customs agent looks at Mirror Guard - who checks the car's plates against a "hot sheet" of stolen cars. Gets a nod. Hands back the three passports.

CUSTOMS

Enjoy your stay.

Waves them through the raising gate arm.

Kenekium pilots the stolen Audi into Romania.

EXT. BUCHAREST, ROMANIA -- DAY

Paris of the East. Wide, tree lined streets. Beautiful Belle Epoque buildings. The Royal Palace. Revolution Square. Cismigui Park. Old Orthodox churches. The Military Club. It's own Arch of Triumph - just like Paris.

SUPER: BUCHAREST, ROMANIA

The Stolen Audi moves down a busy street.

INT. STOLEN AUDI -- DAY

Teller is driving again, Kenekium in the back seat.

SHAKIRA

I need to bathe.

TELLER

Where do you plan in us staying?

Kenekium ignores the jab, studying the cars around them.

KENEKIUM

Too early. No hotel will allow us to check in until after noon. Should we sit around in the lobby waiting for them to prepare a room?

TELLER

Driving around town is safer?

KENEKIUM

Always be moving. When we stop, they have a better chance of finding us.

SHAKIRA

I need a bath, a bed, food, some clothes --

KENEKIUM

Turn right. To the Unirea Center.

SHAKIRA

I can't go shopping like this.

KENEKIUM

You can wait in the car. I can send Teller in with your sizes.

Shakira turns away, sulking.

Teller turns the car, heading to the shopping center.
 Kenekium watches to see if anyone follows - nobody does.
 Still clean.

EXT. UNIREA SHOPPING CENTER -- DAY

A blocky, ugly, ex-communist department store... transformed
 into the largest department store in Bucharest. 200 different
 stores: from fashion to food to furniture.

INT. MALL MCDONALDS -- DAY

A McDonalds inside the mall, but it could in any mall
 anywhere.

Shakira drops her shopping bag on the table - she is in fresh
 clothes. Kenekium and Teller set their bags down.

TELLER

What do you want?

SHAKIRA

Not what I meant by food.

KENEKIUM

One entrance. Defendable. The other
 restaurants had security problems.
 Vegetable burger. Coffee. No fries.

TELLER

Don't tell me you're a freakin'
 vegetarian? We stop eatin' animals,
 they're gonna start eating us. Gonna
 be like that Planet Of The Apes thing -
 cows will evolve and they'll be
 serving us with lettuce, special
 sauce and --

KENEKIUM

I am careful what I put in my body.

SHAKIRA

Couldn't we find a real restaurant?

TELLER

You've had a terrorist in yours, and
 you're picky about food?

SHAKIRA

The grilled chicken sandwich meal.

Shakira takes a seat, Teller goes to order, Kenekium stands
 guard - both hands under his lapels touching his guns.

SHAKIRA

I don't want him talking to me like
 that ever again. His attitude is...

Kenekium isn't listening to her. He is focused on everyone in the McDonalds and everyone in the mall. Shakira gives up.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

The Audi on the wide tree-lined streets of Bucharest.

INT. STOLEN AUDI -- DAY

Teller munches a third Big Mac as he drives.

KENEKIUM

We want an impersonal chain hotel.
Filled with tourists and businessmen.

TELLER

A specific chain part of your master
plan, Waffle?

KENEKIUM

I like the Intercontinental.

TELLER

So we won't be going there. Maybe
they got your dossier and know that.

SHAKIRA

I prefer the Sofitel...

Teller passes the Crowne Plaza hotel, Ibis Hotel, Hilton, Howard Johnsons. Pulls into a Best Western Hotel parking lot.

TELLER

Random choice. We still clean?

Kenekium turns from the rear window.

KENEKIUM

No one has followed us.

Kenekium breaks out new passports and documents.

KENEKIUM

You are on honeymoon. We want an
upper floor, two bed suite, one
entrance, no direct fire escape
access.

TELLER

Well, honey?

SHAKIRA

This is absurd. Why would I marry a
cretin like this. He has mustard on
his face and dirty fingers.

TELLER

Wanna find out how dirty?

KENEKIUM

They will be looking for two men and a woman... not a married couple. These are American passports - you are both Americans, I am not.

Shakira and Teller get out of the car together.

INT. HOTEL SUITE -- NIGHT

The door opens and Teller hits the lights. A typical business hotel suite - living room and bedroom. He and Kenekium draw their guns and check every window, door, closet and corner.

KENEKIUM

Clean.

TELLER

Front door's gotta dead bolt, a chain, and the mag-key lock.

SHAKIRA

I'll be in the bath - don't disturb me.

TELLER

'Fraid we're gonna sneak a peak?

SHAKIRA

(to Kenekium)

Keep him away from me.

She takes her shopping bags into to the bedroom, closes the door. A moment later, they hear the shower turn on.

Kenekium pockets Train and Bus Timetables from the hotel lobby, opens his bag, pulls out weapons and security devices.

KENEKIUM

You taking first watch or second?

TELLER

When's the shift change?

KENEKIUM

Five hours from now. You need the sleep?

TELLER

If you're gonna give it to me. You're the one who was driving all night.

KENEKIUM

Teller, let's understand each other. Her safety is our job, and we will do our job, not to the best of our ability, but do the job the best it can be done. That means no sleeping on your shift.

TELLER

I'll hold up my end, okay? I may not be Mr. Organized, but I can do my job.

(beat)

Just make sure you do yours.

KENEKIUM

What do you mean?

TELLER

(whispers)

While you're watching the doors, don't forget to keep an eye on the girl.

KENEKIUM

She's not the problem.

TELLER

She was sleeping with the enemy. Married the fucker. She says she's not one of them, but can we trust her?

KENEKIUM

Are you an imbecile? They tried to kill her on the Ferry.

TELLER

No, Waffle, they tried to kill us.

Kenekium looks at he closed door as the shower shuts off.

KENEKIUM

You're crazy.

TELLER

Am I?

KENEKIUM

One of her own bodyguards tried to kill her. You saw him. He put a gun right to her head.

TELLER

But she's still alive, isn't she.

(MORE)

TELLER (CONT'D)

I'm not saying she's dirty, I just think we should keep all of our options open.

Shakira opens the bedroom door a crack, gives Kenekium a smile.

TELLER

The big problem with always having a plan - you never know what the other players are gonna do. Never.

Kenekium tries not to look at Shakira, dressed only in a long T shirt. Can't help himself. She catches him looking, smiles.

KENEKIUM

Our job is to get her safely to Paris. She's not a suspect, she's an asset.

Teller puts a hand on his shoulder.

TELLER

Just keep your eye on her, okay? And not just on her asset. This Akmin guy is capable of anything.

Teller heads to the bedroom.

IN THE BEDROOM

Teller smiles at Shakira as she gets into bed.

TELLER

Ready to hit the sack, honey? I am.

SHAKIRA

Keep away from me.

TELLER

I love it when they play hard to get.

Teller winks at her, then strips down to his boxers. Giving her a show she doesn't want to see. Shakira rolls over.

Teller puts his gun under his pillow and flips off the lights.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Kenekium puts his chair next to the door, cradling a rifle from his bag. He listens to sounds in the hallway.

EXT. BEST WESTERN HOTEL -- EVENING

Quiet. Sunset.
The lull - everyone has checked in and is out for dinner.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY -- EVENING

Empty hallways.

INT. HOTEL SUITE -- EVENING

Kenekium cradles the rifle.
Wide awake.
He hears a noise outside.
People moving.

Kenekium pops to his feet, kicks the chair out of the way,
unlocks and yanks open the front door. Gun ready.

EXT. HOTEL HALLWAY -- EVENING

Kenekium sees two people in the hallway and aims the rifle...

But doesn't fire.
It's a YOUNG COUPLE making out.
Startled by his action, they break apart.
He lowers the rifle before they can see it.

KENEKIUM

Sorry. Thought you were someone else.

Backs into the room.

INT. HOTEL SUITE -- EVENING

Kenekium relocks and bolts the front doors, settling back
into his chair. Teller slept through all of it. Snoring.

EXT. BEST WESTERN HOTEL -- NIGHT

The city at night behind the hotel tower.

INT. HOTEL SUITE -- NIGHT

Kenekium shakes Teller awake.

TELLER

Yuzz? What iz it?

KENEKIUM

Your shift.

Teller mumbles something, then gets out of bed.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Teller, dressed, cradles his shotgun. Not fully awake.

IN THE BEDROOM

Kenekium takes a final look at Shakira, sleeping in the next bed, then his eyes close in sleep.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Teller keeps blinking himself awake.
A minute later, his eyes close in sleep.
He begins snoring.
All three are sleeping.

EXT. BEST WESTERN HOTEL -- DAY

Dawn. Sun rising behind the tower...

Click - it's an image on a mobile phone. The hotel photo disappears and the hotel's address appears. Then a room number... the room Shakira, Teller and Kenekium are in!

The mobile phone clicks closed.

INT. HOTEL SUITE -- DAY

Kenekium wakes up as the shower shuts off. He rubs sleep from his eyes, looking into the fogged bathroom.

The fog clears, exposing Shakira, naked and glistening.
Wearing only a sparkling piece of jewelry in her navel.

Kenekium can't help but look. She's beautiful.

Shakira catches him looking and smiles.
A moment between them.

Then she slowly closes the bathroom door, obscuring her body an inch at a time.

Kenekium gets up, sees Teller at the front door sipping a cup of coffee, shotgun by his side.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Teller hands Kenekium a cup of coffee.

KENEKIUM

Where'd you get the coffee?

TELLER

I sent the girl out to Starbuck's.

KENEKIUM

You what?!

TELLER

Give me a break. Room service.

(MORE)

TELLER (CONT'D)

Tipped a fiver, recorded it in my expenses.

KENEKIUM

You opened the door to a stranger?

TELLER

He wasn't a stranger, he was room service. In a uniform and everything.
(beat)
Geeze you're grumpy in the morning.

KENEKIUM

Should have waited until I was awake. If there had been trouble, there would be two of us.

TELLER

Let me get this straight: You're complaining about me getting the coffee, while you drink it.

KENEKIUM

That is not the point.

TELLER

No. The point is, you're paranoid. Nobody knows we're here, Kenekium. We got nothing to worry about.

KENEKIUM

We have everything to worry about. If we drop our guard, even for a moment --

SHAKIRA

Boys.

Shakira moves between them before it comes to blows.

Kenekium takes a step away from Shakira... she's too close. Teller notices the sexual tension between Shakira and Kenekium.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Somebody pounds on the door.

Both Kenekium and Teller grab their guns.

TELLER

Expecting anyone?

Kenekium and Teller move to either side of the door, guns ready. Shakira retreats into the bathroom.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

KENEKIUM

Who is it?

VOICE

Housekeeping.

Kenekium looks at Teller, Teller peeks out the peephole.

THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE

A uniformed MAID with a cleaning cart in the hallway.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Teller nods to Kenekium, and both men lower their guns slightly. Kenekium begins unlocking the door.

THE MAID pulls her cart into the room. Teller gives her an appraisal: Late twenties, Slavic, too lean and sinewy for his tastes. Thick arms from flipping mattresses.

MAID

You want me to come back later?

TELLER

No. It's okay.

KENEKIUM

Should pat her down?

TELLER

Look at her. She's a maid.

KENEKIUM

Do it anyway.

Teller shakes his head and holsters his gun.

TELLER

Sorry, miss. I've got to search you for weapons.

MAID

What? I don't understand.

TELLER

No biggie. Just take a minute.

Teller gives her a quick pat down... Finding nothing.

TELLER

She's clean.

Kenekium holsters his gun, and Shakira comes out of the bedroom. The Maid looks VERY confused by all of this.

MAID

Do you want to wait outside while I
change the sheets?

KENEKIUM

We'll stay.

Now the Maid is even more confused. They want to stay and watch her work? She goes to her rolling cart, reaches into the stack of sheets....

And comes out with a silenced automatic!
She swings and fires two shots at Shakira.
PFFT!
PFFT!

Shakira dives to the floor just in time.

One shot takes out the TV, showering her with glass, the other shot blasts a divot into the top of the dresser.

TELLER jumps for the Maid.
Forcing the gun down before she can fire again.
The Maid struggles.

TELLER

Drop it! Drop it!

Teller wraps his arms around her from behind...
Pinning her gun arm to her side.
Teller pounds her arm against the cart.
She drop the gun.

Kenekium gets his guns out, aiming at her.

The Maid ducks, flips Teller across the room.
He lands HARD.

TELLER

Fuck.

Kenekium moves closer, and the Maid swings into action:
kicking out at his gun hand. Whack! One gun flies across
the room. Whack! The other gun flies in the other direction.

Kenekium and the Maid engage in a SAVAGE hand to hand fight.

Shakira sees one of Kenekium's fallen automatics, begins
crawling towards it. All three working separately - almost
working against each other.

TELLER, groggy, reaches into his holster...
But it's empty.
His gun is lost somewhere in the room.

TELLER

What the...?

He looks under the bed, but it's not there.
The gun is gone.

THE MAID kicks at Kenekium's face.
He blocks with his arm, and she almost breaks it.
Kenekium takes a step back, the Maid goes for her fallen
gun.

Kenekium gets there first, kicking it across the room.

Whack!
Whack!
Whack!
Kenekium takes three direct hits to the head and chest.
The Maid laughs.

MAID
Who do you think I am?

Whack!
Whack!

MAID
I'm the cleaner. Here to get rid of
this mess.

Whack!

MAID
She dies, everything she knows dies
with her. Then the attacks begin.

Kenekium pulls a throwing knife, zips it at her face.
She plucks it out of the air...
...Flips it in her hand...
...Throws it back!

Kenekium catches it, she kicks it out of his hand.
The knife sticks in the wall near Teller.

TELLER looks from the knife to the fight for a moment.

THE MAID swings her foot at Kenekium, who ducks under it and
punches her in the nose. The Maid falls against the cart.

Shakira changes course, crawling to where the gun ended up.

TELLER gives up looking for his gun, looks for another weapon.
Grabs his bag, pulls out the shotgun...

TELLER
Too loud.

Pulls out the 44 magnum...

TELLER
Loud.

Pulls out some other things until he finds his hammer.

TELLER

Just right.

KENEKIUM moves in to take the Maid... But she swings a towel off her cart and SNAPS it at Kenekium's face.

Snap! Snap! Snap!

Kenekium takes three direct hits to the face.

The next time the Maid snaps the towel, Kenekium grabs it. For a moment they play tug of war, then the Maid lets go. Kenekium falls back, but catches balance.

TELLER jumps in with his hammer.

TELLER

Hammer time, bitch!

Slams her in the face with the hammer.
Blood sprays from a cut above her eye.
She snaps her face around to stare at Teller.

MAID

Now you make me angry.

She swings the towel around his neck, pulls it tight.

Teller is fighting for air.

She pulls it tighter.

Tighter.

He's going to die.

Then he tries the claw end of the hammer on her face.

It digs into her cheek and sticks.

The Maid lets go of the towel, grabs the hammer handle. Slowly and carefully pulls it out.

Teller yanks the towel off his throat, gasps in oxygen.

KENEKIUM kicks the hammer out of the Maid's hand...

Then kicks her in the face.

She flips away, spins back, kicking Kenekium in the face. They trade kicks to the head.

Whack!

Whack!

Whack!

Kenekium runs up the hotel room wall, flipping over her and kicking her in the back of the head. She spins and kicks him.

SHAKIRA

Gun... the gun...

Shakira finally makes it to the silenced automatic. She holds it up, aiming at the Maid... but she's too close to Kenekium.

Teller sees the gun in Shakira's hand and goes to grab it.

TELLER

Gimme that!

He yanks it out of her hand, hurting her.

KENEKIUM dives back into the fight.

But the Maid is ready.

She grabs a bottle of cleaning fluid and SPRAYS it in Kenekium's eyes.

Kenekium covers his eyes a moment too late.

KENEKIUM

Merde!

The Maid grabs a plastic garbage bag from the cart and shoves it over Kenekium's head... suffocating him. Uses an adhesive "sanitized" band to tie it around his neck.

As Kenekium tries to tear off the bag, the Maid grabs the shotgun from Teller's bag.

TELLER

Get into the bathroom. Lock the door.

Shakira scurries into the bathroom, closes and locks the door.

TELLER brings up the automatic.

TELLER

Take your hands off my gun.

The Maid lowers the shotgun, then swings it around like a club, batting the automatic out of Teller's hand.

Pfft!

Pfft!

A couple of wild shots - one explodes the lamp next to Kenekium's head!

The Maid swings again... Teller goes down.

IN THE BEDROOM

The Maid gets to the bathroom door.

KICKS it open.

The door splinters under her foot.

She's awesome.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

KENEKIUM rips open the garbage bag, taking in wheezing deep breaths. Eyes watering, in pain, but alive.

IN THE BATHROOM

Shakira hides in the shower, curtain closed, holding her breath, trying not to shake.

MAID

You should not have run.

The Maid sweeps the shotgun around, almost firing at her reflection in the mirror. No one in the toilet alcove. Only one place left to hide....

Shakira sees the Maid's silhouette turn slowly. The shotgun barrel presses against the shower curtain.

Pushes in, until the only thing between Shakira's chest and the shotgun barrel is .02 centimeters of plastic....

MAID

Malik sends his love.

BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Not the shotgun.
The Maid slamming into the wall.

The Maid slides down the wall, dead, leaving a trail of blood. Pulling the shower curtain down with her, exposing a frightened Shakira in the shower.

In the bathroom doorway, Teller holds the silenced automatic. He's fired three shots, all of them direct hits.

Kenekium moves behind him, wiping his eyes with a towel.

TELLER

NOW we need a maid.

Kenekium moves past him, pulls the shotgun out of the dead Maid's hands, sets it on the counter, opens the shower curtain.

KENEKIUM

You alright?

Shakira screams at first, then calms down, almost falling into his arms. She's a wreck.

Kenekium waits for Shakira to come to him, but she doesn't.

IN THE BEDROOM

Shakira moves directly to one of the beds and sits down.
Kenekium almost goes to her, but Teller says:

TELLER

Let's see what we've got.

Kenekium nods and helps Teller search the corpse.

KENEKIUM

No wallet. No passport.

TELLER

What's this?

Teller pulls a mobile phone from her uniform, flips it open.

TELLER

Last person to call her was...
Restricted.

KENEKIUM

Popular man, Mr. Restricted.

Teller finds the hotel photo and room number images.
Show them to Kenekium.

KENEKIUM

Somebody knew we were here.

TELLER

I picked this place at random. We
used virgin passports. They'd need
somebody in every hotel in every
city in Europe...

Kenekium pockets the phone.

A LOUD KNOCK AT THE FRONT DOOR.

Both reach for their guns.

TELLER

Just a minute.

MORE KNOCKING.

Teller and Kenekium stand on either side of the door.

KENEKIUM

Who is it?

VOICE

Housekeeping.

Teller looks at the messy room... Completely trashed.

KENEKIUM
Thanks, we're fine.

VOICE
Pardon?

TELLER
We already had maid service. Go
away.

VOICE
I don't understand....

KENEKIUM
We don't need new sheets or towels.

A beat, then Kenekium and Teller hear the cart being pushed to the next room. They lower their guns.

TELLER
So who's gonna clean this mess up?

IN THE BATHROOM

Teller and Kenekium wrap the dead Maid in the shower curtain and put her in the tub.

Shakira watches from the doorway.

SHAKIRA
You can't just leave her there.

TELLER
Want me to call the cops? Get a
meat wagon down here? Didn't think
so.

KENEKIUM
We have to leave. Now.

Kenekium brushes past Shakira on his way to the living room.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Kenekium neatly places his weapons in his equipment bag, glances at the two Timetables - finds a train and a bus. Teller ambles in, collects his weapons and dumps them in his dirty gym bag. He wipes his hammer on the carpet.

TELLER
Bitch got face on my hammer.

Shakira leaves the bedroom with a backpack over her shoulder.

Kenekium zips up his bag.

KENEKIUM

Let's go.

Gun in one hand, he pops open the door.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY -- DAY

Kenekium scopes the hallway. Maid on the far end with her cart. Nobody else... but any door could open any time.

KENEKIUM

Clear.

Shakira and Teller join him in the hall, all three run.

Kenekium keeps his gun in front, Teller keeps his gun behind them... they head away from the maid... toward an exit sign.

Around a corner... there are the elevators.
Teller and Shakira slow.

KENEKIUM

Stairs or service lift.

SHAKIRA

Stairs?

As they pass the elevators, the doors glide open and a man dressed as a BELLBOY steps out... drawing a silenced gun!

Pfft!

Pfft!

Pfft!

Bullets shatter a mirror on the wall next to Shakira.
She screams.

Teller swings his 44 magnum around, but Kenekium beats him to the punch - throwing a pair of knives at the Bellboy.

One knife slits the artery on the right side of his neck.
The other slits the artery on the left.

Blood sprays.

The Bellboy grabs his throat, gurgles, falls down...
Elevator doors slamming open and closed against his legs.

TELLER

Thanks.

Kenekium doesn't hear him, too busy running.
Sees another Exit sign pointing around a corner: stairs.

TELLER

Stairs.

Teller turns the corner, sees a MAID next to a cart.
She reaches for something on the cart.

Teller blasts her twice the the 44 magnum.
The Maid slams against the wall... the passkey in her hand.

Shakira follows Teller past the dead Maid.
No weapons - she was a real Maid.

Kenekium keeps going past the stairs to an alcove.

KENEKIUM
Service lift. Won't have to defend
each landing - just the opening doors.

Teller lets the stairs door close, guides Shakira to the
alcove, whispers as they jog.

TELLER
When I was on watch, did Kenekium
use the hotel phone?

SHAKIRA
I don't think so.

Whispered conversation ends when they reach Kenekium.
The service elevator doors pop open.
A loud crash from the hallway - someone chasing them!

INT. ELEVATOR -- DAY

They dive into the elevator.
Teller rapidly pressing the door closed button.
The doors are slow to close.
More noise from the hallway.

TELLER
Come on. Come on. Come on.

Before the doors close, a hotel VALET in uniform spins into
the alcove, raising a silenced burp gun.

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

Teller blows him off his feet - slamming him against the
wall.

The doors finally close, the elevator descends.

KENEKIUM
They'll be waiting for us.

SHAKIRA
How did they find us?

TELLER
One of us ratted.

KENEKIUM

You think one of us is one of them?
A deep cover sleeper?

TELLER

Could have called while I was on
watch.

Kenekium puts his hand on his gun, ready to draw.

KENEKIUM

What are you accusing me of?

TELLER

You gonna pull that thing?

Teller grabs his gun. Both on the verge of drawing them.

KENEKIUM

Maybe you didn't have to call.

TELLER

Yeah. Psychic hotline.

KENEKIUM

Who picked this place? You were
driving. Maybe it wasn't at random?

Teller draws his gun, and so does Kenekium.
Only a yard apart, guns almost pressed into each others heads.
Tension builds as they circle each other.

TELLER

Put the gun down, man.

KENEKIUM

Someone told them where to find us.

TELLER

You did.

KENEKIUM

No opportunity.

TELLER

Bullshit. You had plenty of chances,
and all you needed was one.

They keep the guns aimed at each other...

KENEKIUM

Let's talk this out. Put the gun
down.

TELLER

You first.

KENEKIUM

If I wanted to kill you I would have done it already.

TELLER

How do you figure that, Quick Draw? Come on. Put it down. I don't want to have to shoot you.

Neither gun lowers.
Kenekium and Teller's fingers remain on the trigger...
Ready to fire at the slightest wrong move.

SHAKIRA

Couldn't you guys just measure dicks? Something a little less dangerous?

Teller stops circling and looks at Shakira.

TELLER

What if she's the one who called?

Kenekium looks at Shakira, gun straying from Teller.

Shakira sees both guns swiveling towards her.

SHAKIRA

Right. I called the hit squad to kill me. Get serious for a minute.

Teller looks from Shakira to Kenekium, where to aim?

TELLER

Somebody called for Maid Service. I know it wasn't me.

(beat)

That means it's one of you two.

SHAKIRA

This whole thing is my suicide plan.

KENEKIUM

This is stupid, Teller.

Kenekium lowers his gun and reholsters it.

KENEKIUM

Shoot me if you have to. If not, why not put the gun away?

Teller studies Kenekium, looking for signs of a trap.

KENEKIUM

Come on. You're making me nervous.

Teller reluctantly lowers and holsters his gun.

SHAKIRA

Our floor. What if they're waiting?

The guns come out of the holsters, aim at the elevator doors.

The doors open on the Industrial Laundry Area of the hotel. Though Kenekium and Teller are ready to fire, there doesn't seem to be a welcoming committee.

TELLER

Maybe we got them all?

KENEKIUM

Or they are waiting in ambush.

Kenekium presses Shakira to the front corner of the elevator - behind the lip - then rolls out, guns ready.

INT. HOTEL LAUNDRY -- DAY

A million places to hide. A million chances at ambush.

Kenekium aims right with one chrome automatic, left with the other; as he glides through the laundry looking for shooters. So graceful, it's almost dancing.

KENEKIUM

Clear. Clear. Clear. Clear.

As Kenekium clears each potential hiding place, Teller and Shakira cautiously move out of the elevator and follow him.

SHAKIRA

That maid you shot up there. She was a real maid. From the hotel.

TELLER

She looked like one of them.

SHAKIRA

She looked like a maid.

Teller looks away, afraid to believe he killed an innocent.

WHAM!

A big industrial washing machine blasts into a new cycle.

Kenekium spins, almost firing at it. No one there.

KENEKIUM

Clear.

Halfway to the exit doors.

A bang from behind them. Teller spins - gun ready.

The elevator doors have closed...
Someone has called for the elevator.

TELLER
They're coming.

Kenekium speeds up.

KENEKIUM
Clear. Clear. Clear.

Gets to the exit doors, waits for Teller and Shakira.

Another noise... the elevator is descending!

Teller presses Shakira against the wall next to the exit doors. Looks at Kenekium, who nods.
They kick open the doors, guns ready.
Bright light from outside almost blinds them.

EXT. BEST WESTERN HOTEL -- DAY

The back of the hotel: loading docks, employee parking.

Teller and Kenekium burst out, guns ready...
No one.

KENEKIUM
Come.

Shakira joins them, they start moving.

KENEKIUM
We need a car.

TELLER
Parked over there --

KENEKIUM
Fresh car. Perhaps that's how they found us.

They run around the building to the guest parking area.
Kenekium starts to the parking lot, Teller doesn't.

TELLER
No time to hot wire, grab one running.

Teller jogs to the parking entrance - where a gate arm raises after the driver takes a ticket from a machine. Kenekium and Shakira hide behind a parked car a dozen feet away.

A BMW 330ii 4-door M3 stops at the gate, window lowering.

Teller reaches through the window and pulls the DRIVER out, tossing him into the asphalt. Opens the door, climbs inside.

DRIVER
That's my car!

TELLER
Mine, now.

The Driver starts to his feet, Teller aims his gun at him.

TELLER
Come on!

Kenekium and Shakira run across the lot, dive into the car.

An armed MAID rounds the corner from the loading docks.

Teller pops the car into reverse, roars backwards onto the street and screams away... causing a fender-bender.

THE MAID uses her mobile phone to snap a picture of the speeding car, dials a number, hits "send".

INT. STOLEN BMW 330II -- DAY

Teller makes a right turn at extreme speed - sliding the car onto a busy street and barely missing a Volkswagen.

Ringling from Kenekium's pocket. He pulls out the dead Maid's mobile phone, flips it open.

KENEKIUM
They're coming.

Holds up the phone - a picture of the stolen BMW.

SHAKIRA
Where are we going?

TELLER
Away. Fucking out of here.

KENEKIUM
Gare de Nord. The bus terminal.

SHAKIRA
Bus?

KENEKIUM
We purchase bus tickets, give them away, take the train to Paris.

TELLER
What if they're waiting?

KENEKIUM
We deal with it.

Teller suddenly takes a left onto a side street.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

The stolen BMW 330 roars down the street.
 Passing a parked Vespa pizza delivery scooter.
 The helmeted DELIVERY driver brings the scooter to life.
 Pulls out behind the BMW.

The BMW makes a left onto another street.
 The Vespa follows.

Another delivery Vespa pulls into traffic behind them.
 Another Vespa.
 Another.
 Five Pizza Delivery Vespas follow the BMW.

INT. STOLEN BMW 330II -- DAY

In the back seat, Kenekium pulls weapons out of his bag.

KENEKIUM
 We've got company.

Teller looks in the side view mirror at...

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

The Five Pizza Delivery Vespa Drivers reach into their
 delivery boxes, pull out grease guns, aim at the BMW and
 open fire.

Bullets spark off the car.

INT. STOLEN BMW 330II -- DAY

The side view mirror Teller is looking at gets blasted off.

KENEKIUM
 Get her down!

Teller is too busy getting himself down.

KENEKIUM
 Pop the roof!

Bullets tear into the BMW.
 Takes Teller a couple of minutes to figure out what he wants.
 Then he hits the sunroof button.

Kenekium raises up through the open roof with both automatics.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

Five Pizza Delivery Vespa Drivers see Kenekium, change aim.

Kenekium fires at the two lead Vespas.
 They swerve away and regroup.
 Kenekium keeps firing - hits the lead Vespa driver.

The other Vespas scramble to avoid the out of control cycle.

The Vespa slams into a parked car, throwing the driver.
He smashes into a wall - splat!

While two of the Vespas trade shots with Kenekium...

The other two Vespas pull up on either side of the BMW, aiming their grease guns.

INT. STOLEN BMW 330II -- DAY

Teller looks from his window to Shakira's - from one grease gun to another. Caught in the middle.

Teller hits the brakes.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

The BMW screeches to a stop.
The Vespa Drivers end up firing at each other.
Bullets spark off both scooters before they correct aim.

INT. STOLEN BMW 330II -- DAY

Teller sees both Vespas falling back - grease guns ready.
Swerves to keep them away as he yells at Shakira.

TELLER

My bag. Grab a gun and start shooting.

Shakira reluctantly opens the grimy gym bag, pulls out the 44 magnum. Has no idea how to hold it.

SHAKIRA

I can't do this. I don't know how --

TELLER

Roll down the window. Aim. Fire.

Shakira hits the window button, aims at the Vespa Driver.
Hand shaking like crazy.
She eventually lowers the gun.

The Vespa Driver on Teller's side aims his grease gun.
Teller pops open his door - slams him off the scooter.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

The Vespa Driver is slammed off the scooter.
Both crash into parked cars - only one explodes.

Kenekium ejects clips, slams in fresh ones. Keeps firing.

INT. STOLEN BMW 330II -- DAY

Teller closes his door. Shakira presses down on Teller's foot, ZOOMING them down the street at an insane speed.

SHAKIRA
Slide underneath me.

TELLER
What?

SHAKIRA
I'm driving, you're shooting.

Teller reluctantly tries sliding underneath Shakira as she keeps control of the steering wheel and gas pedal.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

Kenekium blasts away at the Vespas, keeping them back.

INT. STOLEN BMW 330II -- DAY

Teller continues sliding under Shakira, accidentally grabbing a breast for leverage.

TELLER
Sorry.
(beat)
Hey! That's not a gear shift!

Shakira finally slides all the way over him, takes the driver's seat. She FLOORS it - spins a corner - amazing driving!

Teller grabs the magnum, blasts out the open window at the Vespa Driver. Vespa Driver returns fire with his grease gun.

Shakira swerves into the Vespa, Driver stops firing and concentrates on driving. Teller has a perfect shot!

Aims.
Squeezes the trigger.
Click.
Out of shells!
Teller drops the magnum, grabs his shotgun.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

The Vespa Driver smiles at Teller - aims his grease gun!
BANG! BANG! BANG!

Kenekium spins - fires at the Vespa Driver - slams him off his scooter through a shop window.

TELLER

Thanks.

Kenekium fires at the last two Vespas as he yells at Teller.

KENEKIUM

How many shells in that?

TELLER

The hell should I know? I've been blasting all day.

KENEKIUM

How do you know when to reload?

TELLER

I pull the trigger, nothing happens.

KENEKIUM

You get killed.

TELLER

So, how many shells in yours?

KENEKIUM

Eight, seven.

He blasts at the two Vespa Drivers.

KENEKIUM

Seven, six. Six, five. Five, four.
I count - no surprise reloads.

He swings around - fires both guns at the same Vespa Driver. Shredding his front tire and launching the driver.

KENEKIUM

Reload.

Ejects both clips, ducks into the BMW to grab some clips.

The ejected Vespa Driver lands on the back of the BMW... alive! His grease gun skittering behind the tumbling Vespa. But he has a pistol in his pocket! He climbs up the back of the speeding BMW to the sunroof.

INT. STOLEN BMW 330II -- DAY

Kenekium fills his pockets with clips from his bag.

Shakira tries to outrun the last Vespa. Teller hangs out the car window, aiming his shotgun over the hood at the Vespa.

Then the shooting inside the car starts.

The Launched Vespa Driver hangs through the sunroof, firing.

Any glass left in the BMW is shot out.
 Kenekium grabs the gun arm and wrestles for control.
 Bullets blast the inside of the BMW.
 Dashboard gauges are shot to pieces.

SHAKIRA

Shit! Shit!

KENEKIUM

Are you hit?

SHAKIRA

Not yet. Get rid of him!

Kenekium pushes the gun away, pulls the Vespa Driver through the sunroof until they are face to upside-down face.

VESPA

Ready to die, kitty-cat?

The Vespa Driver giggles - blasts Kenekium's left arm!

Then Kenekium presses one of his chrome 45s into the Driver's mouth and pulls the trigger. A loud and bloody explosion.

Kenekium pushes the corpse through the sunroof.
 It flips off the trunk of the BMW and rolls down the street.

TELLER

Fucking got brains and shit all over me! How do you expect me to count?

Teller blasts the shotgun at the last Vespa Driver.
 Misses.
 Pumps and fires again - click!
 Out of shells.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

The Vespa zooms past the BMW.
 Driver flips around on his seat, facing the BMW.
 Aims his grease gun and opens fire!

INT. STOLEN BMW 330II -- DAY

Bullets spray the BMW.
 Teller grabs Shakira, pushing her down.
 Kenekium hits the floor.

Shakira presses the gas pedal to the floor.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

The last Vespa Driver runs out of shells.
 Throws the empty grease gun at the BMW.

Spins back around on his seat.
Gracefully pulls the handle bars down, wiping out.
Under the right front tire of the BMW.

The BMW hits the Vespa, flips...
 ...Rolls over...
 ...And over...
 ...And over...
 ...And over...
 ...And over...
 ...And over...
 And over...

INT. STOLEN BMW 330II -- DAY

Shakira, Teller and Kenekium bounce around inside the car.
Roof crushes in at them.
Glass flies.
Gravity disappears as they roll.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

The car keeps flipping - parts falling off - until it slams
into a parked truck and rocks to a stop on its roof.

INT. STOLEN BMW 330II -- DAY

Upside down, Kenekium scoops his guns off the roof.

KENEKIUM
Teller? Shakira?

Groans from both as they try to figure out if they're alive.
Shakira unclicks her seat belt - lands on the roof.
Teller starts scooping up his weapons.

An engine roars. A loud diesel engine.

Kenekium looks out what used to be the back window...

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

A GARBAGE TRUCK lowers its dumpster-arms, roars at the BMW.

INT. STOLEN BMW 330II -- DAY

Kenekium grabs his bag.

KENEKIUM
Out! Now!

Scrambles out the window.
Shakira scrambles after him.

THE GARBAGE TRUCK speeds right at them!

Teller gets stuck in the window, his pants snagged.

TELLER

Shit. I'm stuck.

Kenekium pulls Shakira past him...

KENEKIUM

Run!

Grabs hold of Teller and YANKS him out the window.

THE GARBAGE TRUCK only a few feet away.

Kenekium pulls Teller away as the Garbage Truck rams the BMW. Dumpster-arms piercing the car body like a knife in butter.

The skewered BMW is chasing Shakira down the street. Kenekium and Teller on the side of the street near a burning Vespa.

TELLER

Off the street!

Shakira dives over a parked car seconds before the skewered BMW and Garbage Truck roar past.

Teller and Kenekium spring to their feet, race down to grab Shakira and get away before the Garbage Truck changes course.

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY

Teller and Kenekium lead Shakira through a narrow alley to a street on the other side - the Garbage Truck can't follow.

Halfway down the alley a loud ringing sound.

Kenekium grabs the phone from his pocket, flips it open. A picture of explosives inside a car. Shows it to Teller and Shakira.

KENEKIUM

Car bomb.

SHAKIRA

Where?

KENEKIUM

Neglected to say.

TELLER

Warning to their people - who probably know exactly where it is.

Daylight at the other end of the alley.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

The three run down the street.
Sirens behind them.

A sign points to Gare De Nord.
They follow the arrow.

EXT. GARE DE NORD CAR PARK -- DAY

Between the street and the train station - a parking lot
filled with cars - hundreds of them.

KENEKIUM

One of them is the bomb.

Like a mine field.

SHAKIRA

We go around --

TELLER

No time. The garbage guy called
them. We have to run.

Teller takes point - jogging down a side aisle - stopping.

SHAKIRA

What if they're watching?

She looks at the surrounding rooftops.

TELLER

What do you mean "if"?

KENEKIUM

No direct route - we zig-zag.

Teller does a quick look through car windows, gestures.
Kenekium and Shakira run to Teller's position.

KENEKIUM

The bus to Budapest leaves in six
minutes, the train to Paris in ten.

SHAKIRA

They'll be on both.

Teller runs left - scouting to the next position.
Cars all around him - any could blow up.

TELLER

No door number three. It's bus or
train or car - those are the only
choices, and they'll have all covered.

He gestures.
 Shakira and Kenekium run...
 When they get halfway to Teller, a Volvo EXPLODES a row away.
 Knocking them to the asphalt.
 Kenekium covers her as flaming debris rains.

Teller looks through the smoke and flames.

TELLER
 Kenekium! You okay?

Kenekium raises from Shakira - faces close.

KENEKIUM
 We may miss our bus.

They get to their feet - a burning car between them and Teller. Kenekium and Shakira run to his position.

TELLER
 They know we're here. Know what we're doing every step of the way. They look at the situation, figure our plan.

Teller runs to the next position, scopes the cars for bombs.

Kenekium and Shakira wait a moment, when he doesn't explode, they run to join him.

KENEKIUM
 The bus makes the most sense --

TELLER
 That's why we take the train.

KENEKIUM
 And get killed?

Teller runs to the next position.

TELLER
 They expect us to do what makes sense, so we do the opposite. Plus, we can defend the train. It's controlled.

Shakira holds tight to Kenekium as they run to join him.

A car two rows over EXPLODES it a giant ball of flames.

They are almost to the Station entrance...
 Teller runs to the next position - almost at the doors.
 Kenekium and Shakira wait a beat, then run to join him.

TELLER
 Back! Go back!

Teller dives away the car next to him just as it EXPLODES!
 Kenekium switches directions, jerking Shakira behind him.
 Flaming debris blasts past them.
 When the flames and smoke die down, no sign of Teller.

KENEKIUM

Teller?

No answer.
 But the roar of the Garbage Truck on the far side of the lot.

SHAKIRA

Let's go!

She tries to drag him to the Station doors, but Kenekium pulls her toward the flaming car. Smoke clears away, revealing Teller on the pavement - bloody, deaf, but alive.

Kenekium picks him up, says something - Teller hears nothing. The world is silent.

Kenekium points to the Station.
 Teller follows as Kenekium and Shakira run to the entrance.

Teller doesn't notice the other car EXPLODING...
 Until he's knocked on his ass.

Kenekium drags himself off the pavement, looks at Shakira. She's okay - saying something - he can't hear over the roar in his ears. All three are now temporarily deaf.

They stagger past the flaming car to the station entrance.

INT. GARE DE NORD -- DAY

Crowded train and bus station - anyone could be a killer.

Teller, Shakira and Kenekium look like hell. Smoky, bloody. Kenekium spots the Ticket Window, staggers to it.

TICKET WINDOW

Kenekium can barely hear the TICKET AGENT speak.

KENEKIUM

Three by train to Paris. Two family sleeper compartments. Connecting.

Kenekium swaps money for tickets... but doesn't move away.

KENEKIUM

Three by bus to Budapest. First class.

The Ticket Agent is confused, but swaps money for tickets. Kenekium returns to Teller and Shakira.

Two archways - one says BUS the other says TRAIN. Kenekium is point as the three walk through the crowd to the BUS.

On a bench near the door, THREE HOMELESS PEOPLE.
Kenekium does a magic trick - passing them the bus tickets.

ONE OF THE HOMELESS suddenly has a bus ticket on his lap, lifts it up, sniffs it, sees the Departure Time, grabs his duffel bag and follows Teller out to the Buses. The other two HOMELESS are right behind him with their bags.

EXT. BUS STATION -- DAY

Kenekium, Shakira and Teller stand in the que boarding the bus to Budapest, the three Homeless behind them.

When they reach the front of the que, Kenekium breaks off.

KENEKIUM

Now.

Heading around the bus, then running to an open Service Door leading to the Train Station. Teller and Shakira right behind him. THE BUS DOORS close and it pulls away.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM -- DAY

Kenekium blasts out of the Service Door just as the Paris Train is starting to pull out of the station.

SUPER: ORIENT EXPRESS, ROMANIA

The three run, jump onto the train as it leaves the station.

INT. TRAIN PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Kenekium, Teller, and Shakira walk down a passageway, doors on one side with compartment numbers. A MAN ON CRUTCHES squeezes past them on the way to his compartment.

CRUTCHES

Pardon. Pardon. Pardon.

The train runs parallel to a highway, and through the window they can see a bus running parallel to them. Shakira sees one of the HOMELESS guys they gave a ticket to looking out the window at them. He smiles at her...

Then the bus explodes, tearing in half, part flipping upside down as the rest burning and skidding down the street.

SHAKIRA

How can I be worth all of their lives?

TELLER

Ask your husband.

Shakira stumbles, Kenekium catches her, supports her as they continue down the long hallway, looking at compartment numbers.

INT. TRAIN PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

A few cars later, Kenekium is still supporting Shakira as they pass an OLD WOMAN opening a compartment door.

OLD WOMAN

Alb bukurë.

Old Woman smiles at Shakira, enters her compartment.

Two doors down, Kenekium finds the number on their tickets.

KENEKIUM

This one.

Teller counts doors on either side.

TELLER

Two north, three south. Almost dead center - hard to escape.

KENEKIUM

Easy to defend - if they aren't traveling next door to us.

Kenekium uses the key to open the door.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #1 -- DAY

Sleeps four - upper and lower berth, plus sofa, plus two seats that fold into a bed. Sink, table, no bathroom.

TELLER

Mickey-mouse lock. Door's crap.

Teller tries to move one of the chairs to block the door, it's bolted down. Everything in the room is bolted down.

Kenekium lowers Shakira onto the sofa, then pops open the connecting door to Sleeping Compartment #2.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #2 -- DAY

The same room in reverse. Kenekium scouts the room, gun ready.

KENEKIUM

Clear.

Makes sure the hallway door is locked and bolted. Then returns through the connecting door to...

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #1 -- DAY

Kenekium goes to the sink, strips off his shirt. Left arm bleeding from the gunshot.

SHAKIRA
You're bleeding.

KENEKIUM
Through and through. Missed the muscle. I'll sew it up. Be like new.

He grabs a huge needle and thread from his bag.

SHAKIRA
Let me do it. This will hurt.

KENEKIUM
It already hurts.

She takes the needle, hesitantly sews the wound closed. At first, worried and grossed out by piercing his skin, then it becomes regular sewing... except for the blood.

Loud knocking at the door. Teller grabs his shotgun.

TELLER
What do you want?

CONDUCTOR (O.S.)
Tickets and passports.

Teller looks at Kenekium, pulling on a fresh shirt.

TELLER
New passports?

KENEKIUM
What does it matter? They know we are on the train. They know everything, we are the ones who know nothing.

Kenekium carefully opens the door, hand on his gun.

IN THE HALLWAY

A man in a CONDUCTOR uniform.

Kenekium hands three tickets and three passports. The "Conductor" looks over the passports, gestures for Kenekium to open the door wider so that he can see Teller and Shakira.

Kenekium opens the door wider - ready for action.

The Conductor compares photos and faces, returns the passports. Punches the tickets, returns them. Nods, moves on.

IN THE SLEEPER

Kenekium closes the door, spots Shakira's handbag.

KENEKIUM
Could it be this simple?

Kenekium dumps the handbag on the table.

SHAKIRA
What are you doing? That's a Versace hobo. Worth more than you make in --

KENEKIUM
You've had this bag the whole time.

SHAKIRA
Of course.

KENEKIUM
Is a homing device sewn into it? Or one of the contents?

Kenekium examines everything that was in the bag, throwing each item into the trash.

SHAKIRA
That lipstick is Socialite Collection. Those are real diamonds on the --

KENEKIUM
Everything from your past goes. The bag, the lipstick, all the make up.

Shakira stops him from throwing away two tampons and a tube of face cream.

SHAKIRA
I bought those in Greece. Please.

Kenekium allows her to keep them. The rest goes in the waste basket. The plastic waste basket liner goes in the handbag.

A train whistle sounds. He opens the window.

KENEKIUM
Let them follow us, now.

When the TRAIN whizzes past in the opposite direction, Kenekium throws the bag between cars. The Versace bag is gone. Shakira puts the tampons and face cream in her pockets.

SHAKIRA

Now we are safe?

KENEKIUM

They're probably already on the train,
or they'll get on at the next station.

SHAKIRA

So you destroyed a two thousand dollar
handbag without reason.

KENEKIUM

They won't know we're in this car,
in this compartment. They have to
look.

TELLER

Unless one of us is in on it.

KENEKIUM

You still don't trust me?

Teller's hand moves to his gun, so does Kenekium's.

Shakira steps between them before they can draw their guns.
Teller's hand searches for his gun... where is it?

SHAKIRA

This is stupid. We can fight each
other or we can fight them.

TELLER

We don't know who they are.

SHAKIRA

We will end up dead if we don't begin
trusting one another. I can't live
my life always afraid.

KENEKIUM

Be aware, not afraid. Don't spend
every moment of your life worried
that something bad may happen. But
be prepared if something does happen.

SHAKIRA

I can do that. Can you two not try
to kill each other?

Teller gives a slow nod, moves his gun hand out to shake.

TELLER

Sure.

Shakira takes Teller's hand and Kenekium's hand, joining the
three of them together. A team.

KENEKIUM

Who takes first watch?

TELLER

If you get me some coffee, I will.
I'll need to borrow one of your guns.
Seem to have misplaced mine somewhere.

KENEKIUM

You lost your gun?

TELLER

May have been in the car, may have
been the parking lot, may have been
the train station...

KENEKIUM

I do not understand how a man can
lose his gun. It is unbelievable.

TELLER

Look, we're on the same team, right?
So why not drop the attitude?

KENEKIUM

You don't even know where you lost
it?

TELLER

You have two, right? Loan me one.

Kenekium reluctantly pulls out one of his chrome 45s.

KENEKIUM

You must not treat this as if it
were your own, do you understand?
Make believe it belongs to your
mother.

Teller pulls the gun from Kenekium's hand.

TELLER

What would me mom be doing with some
pussy fancy-ass 45 automatic? She
has a lever action Winchester and a
Smith & Wesson snub nosed 38.

Kenekium wants his gun back.

KENEKIUM

Then make believe after you use it
you will return it to Walmart or
Sears or wherever you buy your guns
for a refund.

TELLER

Slip one over on them, huh?

KENEKIUM

Precisely. Here, two magazines.

He hands Teller two clips. Teller shoves them in his pocket.

TELLER

Clips. Why don't you just call them clips? Why do you have to be all fancy?

KENEKIUM

You call them clips for me. How are we doing on ammunition?

TELLER

Down to the nubs... If a bunch of them get on the train, we're going to be in trouble.

KENEKIUM

Don't know how to fight hand to hand?

TELLER

Not against machine guns.

Kenekium nods - Teller wins this round.

KENEKIUM

I'll get your coffee.

TELLER

Two creams, three sugars.

KENEKIUM

Of course.

Kenekium checks his gun, leaves the compartment.

EXT. ORIENT EXPRESS -- EVENING

Sun setting behind the mountains as the serpentine train slithers across the Hungarian countryside.

SUPER: ORIENT EXPRESS, HUNGARY

When the train passes behind a mountain, darkness falls.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #1 -- NIGHT

Teller sits by the door with his shotgun, sipping coffee.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #2 -- NIGHT

The bathroom door opens and Shakira exits dressed in a T shirt.

SHAKIRA

Your turn.

Kenekium nods and enters the bathroom, closing the door.

SLEEPER BATHROOM

Kenekium washes up and wipes his teeth with a kleenex. He notes Shakira's panties, washed and hanging on the towel rod.

He touches the panties. She's naked under her T shirt.

SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #2

When Kenekium exits, he tries not to look at Shakira. She folds out one of the bed, pulls back the sheets.

KENEKIUM

Lights?

SHAKIRA

Go ahead.

Kenekium turns out the lights, lays his gun on the table, undresses - back to Shakira.

SHAKIRA

The one who came through the car roof... Almost killed you.

KENEKIUM

Almost.

SHAKIRA

How can you be so... controlled?

KENEKIUM

There are a million ways to die. A car could hit you. A child could sneeze on you, give you a disease. This train might derail while we sleep.

SHAKIRA

Those things are different.

Kenekium folds down the other bed, sits on the edge.

KENEKIUM

To you. Every year in the United States twenty times as many people are killed by drivers who are not drunk or on drugs than were killed on 9-11... yet Americans are not afraid of automobiles.

SHAKIRA

They are afraid of Muslims with
beards.

KENEKIUM

We fear what we do not know.

She looks across the moonlit compartment.

SHAKIRA

And you know men with guns?

KENEKIUM

Too many.

SHAKIRA

You risk your life for mine.

KENEKIUM

That is my job. You could write all
that you know on a piece of paper,
then I would risk my life for a piece
of paper. But that sounds silly.

SHAKIRA

My husband... I can't believe...

(beat)

Do you have a wife? Children?

KENEKIUM

Divorced. We had no children
together. My job and marriage did
not mix well.

SHAKIRA

Malik always wanted children. Is
that why you split up?

Kenekium looks away.

KENEKIUM

Too much time away from each other...
and this job, you learn to protect
yourself. Close yourself off. Never
show weakness.

She touches him.

SHAKIRA

Emotions aren't a weakness.

KENEKIUM

Like being aware and being afraid,
it is often easy to confuse the two.

He looks away.

KENEKIUM

So I live my life without weakness.
Alone.

SHAKIRA

Louis?

KENEKIUM

Yes?

SHAKIRA

I'm afraid... I'm trying not to be.
These people keep coming. What if...?
(touches him)
Will you hold me until I fall asleep?

She pulls Kenekium from his bed to hers. In the moonlight,
their faces are only an inch apart. They kiss.

Passion ignites, and they begin making love in the moonlight.
Kenekium pulls the T shirt over her head.

He licks down her body until he comes to her navel jewel.

KENEKIUM

You wear this always?

SHAKIRA

Malik gave it to me. I guess I can
take it off, now.

KENEKIUM

I like it...

He kisses lower...

AFTERWARDS

They lay entwined in each other.

SHAKIRA

Within touching distance.

She realizes Kenekium has fallen asleep. Smiles.

Shakira puts her head on Kenekium's chest and closes her
eyes. Soon, she's sleeping, too.

EXT. ORIENT EXPRESS -- NIGHT

The train slithers through the darkness on its way to Paris.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #1 -- NIGHT

Teller awakens with a start. A noise from outside?

He moves to the door, shotgun ready.
Looks out the peep hole.

A DISTORTED VIEW OF THE EMPTY TRAIN PASSAGEWAY.

But is it REALLY empty? Strange shadows flicker.

Teller unlocks and unbolts the front door. Shotgun ready,
he springs into the passageway.

INT. TRAIN PASSAGEWAY -- NIGHT

Teller aims north: The long passageway is filled with shadows.
Seems empty.

A noise behind him.

Teller spins, aiming south: shadows in the passageway.

TELLER

Hello?

Teller creeps down the passageway examining the shadows.
Light strobes from the train windows.
He has left the compartment door open behind him.

Teller creeps to the end of the train car, where the passage
takes a corner to connect with the car in front.

Cautiously he flips around the corner with his shotgun.
A Man On Crutches makes his way to the next car.
Disappears just as Teller turns the corner.

The "Conductor" sits in the next car, reading Ripley's Game.

TELLER

Shit.

Teller backs down the long passageway to their compartment.
Taking a final look before backing inside.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #1 -- NIGHT

WHAM! Teller spins, shotgun ready.

He's aiming at a chair he's backed into. He relocks and
bolts the front door, just as a train whistle blows loudly.
Teller jumps. The train slows to a stop.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM -- NIGHT

The train stops in Westbahnhof Station in Vienna.

SUPER: VIENNA, AUSTRIA

Several GROUPS OF PEOPLE prepare to board the train.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #1 -- NIGHT

Teller looks out the window at the people boarding...

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM -- NIGHT

A GIRL'S SOCCER TEAM in uniform, bouncing a ball between them.

A portly GERMAN FAMILY - father, mother, boy and girl.
TWO BRITISH BUSINESSMEN with umbrellas and sample cases.
A BRIDE and her BRIDESMAIDS, oddly, all in their gowns.
FOUR CYCLISTS, coats over spandex, with their bikes.
TWO SPORTY OLD GUYS with canes and cloth caps.

They all get on the train, then the whistle blows again.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #1 -- NIGHT

When the train pulls away from the station, Teller looks at his watch and goes to wake Kenekium.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #2 -- NIGHT

Teller moves in the darkness to the first bed. It's empty.

TELLER

Kenekium?

KENEKIUM

Hmmm?

Teller looks at the second bed.
Kenekium and Shakira entangled in each other.

TELLER

Jesus... It's your watch.

Teller storms into Compartment #1 before he loses his temper.

INT. TRAIN PASSAGEWAY -- NIGHT

A mobile phone rings, is flipped open - a photo of the number on the compartment door. Phone is flipped closed...

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #1 -- NIGHT

Teller in his chair, shotgun out, when Kenekium enters.

TELLER

What the hell were you doing in there?

KENEKIUM

Sleeping.

TELLER

And before that?

KENEKIUM

Do you have a problem?

TELLER

You're the one with the fucking problem.

KENEKIUM

A fucking problem?

TELLER

She's Malik's fucking wife.

KENEKIUM

You still don't trust her?

TELLER

I don't think she's telling them where we are. But there's not a lot of people I trust in this world. She hasn't made the list yet... Neither have you.

KENEKIUM

What I do on my time is my business.

TELLER

Let's get something straight, here. We do our job right. I don't care if you two get married and start popping kids, as long as we keep her alive long enough to get that list on paper.

KENEKIUM

You think I'm signaling them? Or that I'm so predictable they can deduce --

Kenekium reaches for his gun...

TELLER

No. Just that you're thinking with your dick, instead of your brain... That could get us both killed.

His hand stops.

KENEKIUM

You are right. That was a mistake.

Kenekium's hand moves to shake.

KENEKIUM

Truce?

Teller nods and shakes the hand. Both men at ease, guns holstered. Not a hint of aggression or defensiveness. WHAM!

The door SPLINTERS open and the MAN ON CRUTCHES breaks in.

Teller and Kenekium reach for guns, but aren't fast enough.

Crutches drops one crutch, raises the other at Kenekium - it's a silenced machinegun!

KENEKIUM

Shakira! Lock the door!

Who knows if she heard him - she was asleep.

Behind Crutches, a BUSINESSMAN WITH UMBRELLA and SPORTY OLD MAN WITH CANE pop into the room. Both unsheathe swords from their items. Perfect for silent killing.

Umbrella Man swings at Kenekium's head. He ducks, sword whizzing overhead, and pulls out his gun.

Before he can aim, he has to jump over Umbrella Man's sword as it swings down at his legs.

Alternately ducking and jumping, like some deadly game of jump rope, Kenekium never gets a chance to fire... The sword knocks the gun from his hand! Sparking steel on steel.

TELLER flips the shotgun into his hands, blasts Crutches. Hits him square in the chest, but he keeps coming! Crutch aimed at Teller's face.

TELLER

Need the other leg broken?

Teller uses his shotgun to push the crutch away... Bullet spray the wall between compartments.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #2

Shakira rolls to the floor as bullets spray through the wall, tearing the bed to shreds.

Door is unlocked - she can see the latch undone.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #1

Crutches knocks the shotgun out of Teller's hands. Teller swings around, grabs a chair, tries to throw it... The chair is bolted to the floor.

Crutches laughs, aims his crutch at Teller.

KENEKIUM ducks as Sporty Old Man swings the sword at his face. Then jumps as Umbrella Man swings his sword at his ankles.

When both swing at his head at the same time, Kenekium ducks. Swords clang overhead - sparking. Kenekium grabs them, cutting his hands, and twists. The swords twist out of the killer's hands, and hit the floor.

KENEKIUM

Merde!

The same hand - cut again and again. Kenekium reaches his bloody hand for his gun...

Just as the second OLD SPORTY GUY and the BRIT BUSINESSMAN with a cross-bow swing inside... heading to compartment #2.

KENEKIUM

Shakira...

TELLER uses his gift - improvisation - and grabs the crutch, pulling Crutches into the stationary chair. When Crutches loses his weapon, Teller grabs his head and slams it into the chair again and again.

TELLER

Here, take a seat.

A couple more slams and Crutches is down and out.

KENEKIUM pulls his chrome 9mm, it slips in his bloody hand.

Old Sporty Guy swings his cane up - a shotgun - roars into...

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #2

Shakira gets to her feet, as the compartment door splinters! Old Sporty Guy crashes in with his shot-cane.

Shakira swings aside.

Old Sporty careens into the dark room, hits the bed and flips. Slams onto the floor, scrambles to his feet.

Shakira looks through what is left of the door...

At Brit Businessman and his cross-bow.

She ducks out of the doorway.

Old Sport gets to his feet, raises the shotgun...

Shakira is trapped between the two assassins.

INT. TRAIN PASSAGEWAY

The Conductor continues to read his book. Doesn't notice the sounds of gunfire... He's listening to his iPod.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #1

While Kenekium is wrapping his twice-injured hand, Sporty Old Man and Umbrella Man grab their fallen swords.

Kenekium looks down at his fallen 9mm... can't get it in time.

KENEKIUM

Just one minute, please?

Sporty Old Man swings his sword - Kenekium jumping rope over it and ducking beneath it - each time he's close to the floor, reaching for his fallen gun... just out of reach.

UMBRELLA

Think your time is done.

Umbrella Man raises his sword to rush at Kenekium... But something is holding him in place. He looks over his shoulder at...

Teller holding the belt loops of his coat.

TELLER

Gotcha.

Umbrella Man turns his attentions to Teller, but can't actually turn on Teller - the belt loops.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #2

Shakira uses her gift - manipulation and seduction - and moves into the door frame between Brit Businessman and Old Sport. Both take dead aim at her.

She carefully gauges the moment... Then rolls out of the way as both fire.

SHAKIRA

Nice try.

The shotgun blast takes out Brit Businessman...

Old Sport shifts to correct aim - but can't get the shotgun barrel to aim at Shakira - there's an arrow in the way. An arrow piercing his chest.

OLD SPORT

You're two arrows short, bitch.

Old Sport staggers towards Shakira - shotgun aiming at her.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #1

TELLER and Umbrella Man have a nasty down-and-dirty grappling match, smashing each other into walls and bolted down furniture. Teller lets go of the belt loops to use his fists.

TELLER

Gotta warn you - I fight dirty.

Punches him square in the balls.
Umbrella Man staggers back for a moment. That hurt!
Then jumps at Teller!

SPORTY OLD MAN swings his sword at Kenekium's head then legs.

Kenekium ducks, backing up... until he hits the wall.
No where to go - he's trapped. Sporty Old Man keeps slashing the sword at him - blade coming closer each time.

Kenekium uses his gift - planning - spots an exposed power cord connected to the light on the wall to his left. As he ducks and jumps the sword again and again, moves left.

SPORTY OLD MAN

Nowhere to run. Nowhere to hide.

KENEKIUM

I should give up?

SPORTY OLD MAN

You're already dead.

KENEKIUM

No. You are.

Sporty Old Man laughs, slices his sword at Kenekium's chest.
Kenekium does the splits - zooming to the floor.

Where Kenekium's chest just was - the power cord.
Sword hits cord - Sporty Old Man fries.

KENEKIUM

Shocking. Positively shocking.

Kenekium zips upright in time to see...

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #2

For every step Old Sport takes closer to Shakira, she takes a step back - away from the doorway, to the back wall.

Soon she has nowhere to go - back against the wall.
Old Sport cackles, closes in on her.
Places the shotgun against her face.

OLD SPORT

Such a pretty face. You know, they say that beauty is only skin deep. That means ugly goes right to the core, right?

SHAKIRA

Please. My husband will pay --

OLD SPORT

Money is worthless. I want to change the world. Make it a better place, right?

SHAKIRA

Killing me won't --

OLD SPORT

Can't start a new world until you get rid of the old one, right?

Old Sport pushes the shotgun into her face, cackles, and...

Thwack! Thwack!

Falls over dead - two throwing knives in his neck. Exposing Kenekium in the doorway.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #1

Kenekium hears a noise behind him, spins to see...

TELLER goes flying as Umbrella Man flips him. Teller hits the wall HARD, slides to the floor...

Umbrella Man raises his sword to cut off Teller's head. Kenekium kicks Umbrella Man's sword arm - snapping it. Umbrella Man drops the sword, turns to Kenekium.

UMBRELLA

Broke my arm, mate. Only fair if I break your face.

KENEKIUM

You first.

Umbrella Man does a spinning kick at Kenekium's head. Kenekium blocks, parries, kicks, chops. A martial arts battle. Difficult to do any spinning kicks in the narrow compartment.

TELLER gets to his feet, head bleeding. Wipes the blood from his eyes and sees...

FOUR CYCLISTS IN SPANDEX swing into the room - bike tire pumps are zip-guns. Followed by the Old Woman from the hallway.

Shakira has stepped out of Compartment #2.

TELLER

No. No...

YELLOW CYCLIST swings around, shoots Teller with his pump gun. Teller is hit - slams against the wall... goes down!

Kenekium continues fighting with Umbrella Man.

The Old Woman aims a canister at Shakira, hits a button...

What appear to be three colored luggage straps shoot from the canister, wrapping around Shakira tightly from head to waist. Trapping her arms at her sides. Instantly tying her up.

OLD WOMAN

You come with me, okay?

SHAKIRA

Help... help... no...

The Old Woman drops the canister, keeps hold of the straps. Yanks Shakira behind her. The Four Cyclists follow them out of the compartment, into the hallway.

All of this happens in a handful of seconds.
A blink of an eye.
They have lost her.

Kenekium does a power-chop at Umbrella Man...
Who snatches his hand from the air, twisting it!
Kenekium SCREAMS as his twice cut hand opens up.
Blood sprays the walls.

KENEKIUM

This is your stop.

Kenekium does a spin-kick that knocks Umbrella Man backwards... Through the window - CRASH - and into the night.

INT. TRAIN PASSAGEWAY

The Conductor keeps reading his book.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #1

Kenekium moves to Teller, who raises up a little.

KENEKIUM

You alright?

TELLER

The yellow fruiter shot me.

Kenekium hauls him to his feet - looks at the wound.
A bleeding hole in Teller's arm.

KENEKIUM
Doesn't look bad.

TELLER
That's cause the hole's in me. Hole
was in you, it'd be freakin' bad.

KENEKIUM
Come on.

Kenekium hands Teller the other chrome 9mm - both have
matching guns - and they race to get Shakira.

AT THE DOOR

Kenekium stops, inches his chrome 9mm around the corner.

REFLECTED IN THE GUN

Yellow and Blue Cyclists backing down the passageway, bike
pump guns up and ready.

AT THE DOOR

Kenekium turns the gun, losing the reflection, and fires at
the Cyclists. They return fire, and retreat.

TELLER doesn't stop at the door...

INT. TRAIN PASSAGEWAY

Teller flies out of the compartment, gun blazing at Red
Cyclist and Green Cyclist. They return fire with their pump-
guns. Retreating... so Teller chases after them, screaming.

TELLER
Why can't you ride a bike in jeans?

This puts Teller between both sets of firing cyclists.

AT THE DOOR

Kenekium alternates between using the gun as a mirror to see
his targets and as a gun to shoot at them. Rapidly flipping
it back and forth.

KENEKIUM
Give her back and I'll let you live.

Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam!

NORTH PASSAGEWAY

Hits Blue Cyclist in the leg, knocking him down. Yellow Cyclist fires at the chrome gun when Kenekium inches it out. Blue Cyclist staggers to his feet, firing as his limps back.

YELLOW

We are not the ones who will die.

AT THE DOOR

Kenekium pulls his gun back as bullets tear apart the door.

SOUTH PASSAGEWAY

Teller continues screaming and firing as he chases the two Cyclists down the passageway. They blast him with their pump-guns, but keep missing. Running backwards and firing isn't easy. Teller isn't doing much better at hitting targets.

SOME PASSAGEWAY

Might be North, might be South... Shakira is dragged through a connecting door by the Old Woman - sounds of gunfire echoing.

OLD WOMAN

Come along. Don't make me kill you.

Shakira can do little else - trussed up with luggage straps.

AT THE DOOR

Kenekium does a quick reflection-look and fire...

NORTH PASSAGEWAY

Hitting Yellow Cyclist in the arm and spinning him. Yellow hits the wall, but doesn't go down.

Kenekium swings out of the door, firing at the Cyclists. Forcing them back...

TRAIN CAR NORTH END

Yellow and Blue swing around the corner at the end of the passage to the connecting door... out of the line of fire.

NORTH PASSAGEWAY

Kenekium sees them disappear, and gives chase at high speed.

SOUTH PASSAGEWAY

Teller sees his two Cyclists turn the corner out of sight and keeps roaring after them.

TELLER

Why do you have to wear the ridiculous outfits to ride a bike? Makes no sense!

Teller keeps running and gunning.

TRAIN CAR SOUTH END

Teller swings around the corner, just as Green and Red back through the connecting doors.

Teller has a clean shot at them - aims and fires!
Click. Click. Click. Click. Click.
Out of shells.

TELLER

Well, that sucks.

The connecting doors slide closed over Red and Green...
Then slide open, as Red and Green go on the offensive!

Teller dives back around the corner into the South Passage.

SOME PASSAGE

Shakira experiences the opposite of her gift - a complete loss of control. No matter how hard she struggles against the tricolored luggage straps, she can't break them.

The Old Woman continues dragging her.

NORTH PASSAGEWAY

Kenekium has no idea what's around the corner - no way to use his gift for planning. He's going to have to improvise.

SOUTH PASSAGEWAY

Teller has nothing left to improvise with - time to plan. He ejects the empty clip, aims the gun at the charging cyclists.

TELLER

Waffle! Throw me a clip! Now!

NORTH PASSAGEWAY

Kenekium takes a clip from his pocket, looks all the way down the passageway at Teller on the opposite end - squeezing the trigger on his empty gun - and throws the clip like a knife.

The clip flies down the length of the train car...

SOUTH PASSAGEWAY

Teller aims at the two Cyclists as they raise their pump-guns at his face, preparing to fire. Keeps pulling the trigger.

Just as the two Cyclists are about to shoot...

THE CLIP flies across the passageway and SNICKS into the butt of Teller's gun. Just in time.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Empties the clip. Both Cyclists go down - dead.

NORTH PASSAGEWAY

Kenekium spins back, flies around the corner and opens fire. Not aiming. Just blasting.

TRAIN CAR NORTH END

Misses by a mile... But both Cyclists retreat instead of fire.

Kenekium keeps blasting... running and gunning - and hits Yellow in the chest almost by accident, and gets Blue in the face by a ricochet. Both go down - dead.

TRAIN CAR SOUTH END

Teller hops over the dead Cyclists, through the doors into the next train car, runs down the passage... empty.

TELLER

Shakira!

She isn't here.

TRAIN CAR NORTH END

Kenekium jumps his dead Cyclists - one's head caught in the opening and closing doors - and enters the next train car.

SOME PASSAGE

The Old Woman drags Shakira past the "Conductor", reading his book. The "Conductor" looks up, sees the strapped woman.

CONDUCTOR

You can not do this...

Moves to his feet to stop them.

The Old Woman aims a nasty looking gun at the Conductor... Finger squeezing the trigger...

Thwack! Thwack! Two throwing knives hit her neck...
Blood sprays, and the Old Woman drops to the floor.

Exposing Kenekium.

KENEKIUM

I have her!

The Conductor is in shock - mouth open. Book hits the floor.

Kenekium moves to Shakira, his knife roll-out is empty, so he pulls one of the knives from the Old Woman's neck to cut the tricolored luggage straps.

Frees her... and she falls into his arms.

KENEKIUM

Are you all right?

TELLER

You guys mackin' on each other again?

Teller stands at the front of the train car

KENEKIUM

Come on.

Kenekium guides Shakira back to their compartment, Teller helping as they pass him. The three leave the Conductor and the corpses alone in the passageway.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #1

The three enter the trashed compartment...

Where Crutches waits with his machine gun!

CRUTCHES

Welcome back.

Teller quick draws his gun... click - click - click!
Crutches blasts him - shooting Teller a dozen times!

Crutches swings his gun toward Shakira...

Kenekium quick draws and fires - drilling a hole straight through Crutches head - you can see through it! Crutches falls over dead... but his crutch keeps him up.

SHAKIRA

No! No!

Kenekium kicks the crutch out on his way to Teller.

Teller is slowly dying. Kenekium moves down next to him.

TELLER
Can't make it, you have to leave me.

KENEKIUM
You came with us, you leave with us.

TELLER
I'll slow you. Die anyway.

Teller lifts his empty gun, ejects the clip.

TELLER
Waffle... I forgot to count. Out of shells. Can you loan me one? Only need one, won't ask you for anything else.

Kenekium pulls the clip from his gun, puts it in Teller's.

KENEKIUM
We made it, friend. No more stops until Paris. People will be waiting for us at the station. We got her all the way.

TELLER
She's safe?

KENEKIUM
You are a good man, Teller. I could not have done it without you, partner.

Teller smiles at him. Kenekium moves to his feet, pulls Shakira into the other compartment.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #2

Kenekium and Shakira hold onto each other...
As the gun fires in the next room.

SHAKIRA
He could just do that? Kill himself?
He had so much life. Now...

Kenekium holds her close... then hears someone entering.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #1

Kenekium swings into the room, gun ready... but no clip!
The Conductor stands just inside the door.

CONDUCTOR
I heard a gun shot, what is --

Stops when he sees the gun pointing at him.
Kenekium lowers the gun.

KENEKIUM

Sorry, we will remove them.

Conductor notices all of the dead people in the compartment.

CONDUCTOR

I will have to stop the train. Call
the authorities. This is a crime
scene --

Kenekium raises the gun again.

KENEKIUM

You will not stop the train.

CONDUCTOR

The police must be notified --

Kenekium presses the gun into his head.

KENEKIUM

You will not stop the train. I will
remove the bodies from the passages.
No one will know...

CONDUCTOR

The gunfire.

KENEKIUM

You will say it was fireworks.

Kenekium pulls money from his pocket, hands it to Conductor.

KENEKIUM

For your troubles.

Conductor looks at the money - lots of it - nods and leaves.

SHAKIRA

Are there really people waiting for
us?

KENEKIUM

Probably not our people.

He leaves to collect the corpses.

EXT. ORIENT EXPRESS -- MORNING

The train slithers through the country on its way to Paris.
The city of lights on the horizon.

SUPER: Paris, France.

The train pulls into the Gare de l'Est station.

INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT #2 -- DAY

Kenekium gestures for Shakira to get on the floor as they pull into the Paris Station. Kenekium looks out the window...

At guns. A hundred ARMED MEN on the platform!

KENEKIUM

Merde.

The train comes to a stop. Armed men right outside.

Kenekium pulls his pockets inside out - no clips, no knives. Just his garrote.

He looks through the window at the army again...

Sees a familiar face - Ducarre.

KENEKIUM

DuCarre. Our people.

He grabs Shakira and heads out of the train car.

EXT. PARIS PLATFORM -- DAY

Kenekium and Shakira are surrounded by protective SOLDIERS as they approach DuCarre. The two men shake hands.

DUCARRE

We heard there was trouble on the train. Thought it might be you.

KENEKIUM

Mrs. Akmin.

SHAKIRA

Shakira.

DuCarre kisses her hand - even though she's a mess.

DUCARRE

The American?

KENEKIUM

Didn't make it. He was a good man.

DuCarree nods.

DUCARRE

We have three armored cars and an escort that will take you from here. The Heads of every Intelligence Agency will be ready to meet with you in one hour.

SHAKIRA

Might someone find me some new clothes? This is all I have left in the world.

She holds up the plastic bag with two tampons and face cream.

DUCARRE

I'm sure we can arrange suitable wardrobe. Paris has many fine boutiques.

DuCarre guides them to their transport. They are safe at last.

EXT. STREETS OF PARIS -- DAY

Three ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIERS surrounded by motorcycles and lead by police cars move down the street. It would take a sizable military attack to stop them from reaching Interpol.

EXT. INTERPOL HEADQUARTERS, PARIS -- DAY

The ultra modern building in the 2,500 year old city.

INT. INTERPOL HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY -- DAY

Kenekium, still a mess, stands guard at the Ladies Room door. The door opens, and Shakira glides out.

SHAKIRA

You're still here?

KENEKIUM

Right up to the Situation Room door. After that, you're on your own.

Shakira looks great - cleaned up, new clothes... beautiful. She keeps a respectable foot half-meter them.

SHAKIRA

Louis...

KENEKIUM

Keeping you safe was my job. And... I enjoyed my work.

SHAKIRA

After I give them the list...

KENEKIUM

They will take you someplace safe, where you can begin your life again.

They reach the door to the Situation Room.

SHAKIRA

We may not see each other again?

Kenekium nods, hoping for a farewell kiss or hug...
But Shakira keeps her distance - she doesn't touch him.

SHAKIRA

Don't forget me.

Kenekium opens the door for her.

KENEKIUM

I won't.

Shakira still doesn't kiss him or even touch him, as she passes by him and enters the Situation Room.

INT. INTERPOL SITUATION ROOM -- DAY

Shakira enters the ultra-modern domed room. Heads of Intelligence Agencies, seated around a circular table in the center. She takes a final look at the slowly closing door.

INT. INTERPOL HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY -- DAY

Kenekium watches the door shutting Shakira out of his life.

KENEKIUM

Work better alone...

He walks down the empty hallway, stops at the Ladies Room door for a moment. Knocks, then pushes open the door.

INT. LADIES ROOM -- DAY

Discarded boxes with a boutique's name. Shakira's torn and bloody clothes, discarded on the floor. The woman he knew.

On the counter - new make up... and that old drugstore bag. Both tampons torn open - hollow! Something was hidden inside! Face cream tube: empty. He peels off the label, exposing....

A tube of Dark Room Liquid Gloves - Hands Plus brand.

KENEKIUM

What?

Then he figures it out and bolts out of the room.

INT. INTERPOL SITUATION ROOM -- DAY

Shakira is shaking hands with GERMAN SECRET SERVICE CHIEF, the first in line at the circular table...

When the door bursts open and Kenekium rushes into the room.

KENEKIUM

Don't touch her!

Littell, DuCarre. Mrs. Gardner and the other Security Chiefs turn to look at Kenekium - a crazed jealous lover?

KENEKIUM

Keep away from her!

LITTELL

You two doing the nasty or something?

Shakira laughs, turns to Kenekium.

SHAKIRA

Want me all for yourself?

The German Secret Service Chief lets go of her hand, looks down at his hand... it's wet, sticky. He starts to smell his palm, when the convulsions begin. He drops to the floor, mouth foaming, spasms increasing... until they stop. Dead.

KENEKIUM

Everyone she touches dies.

Shakira starts to jump the table to attack Mrs. Gardner. Kenekium dives in and grabs Shakira's leg.

MRS. GARDNER

Stay back...

All of the Security Chiefs back up and keep their distance.

Shakira kicks Kenekium off her, then turns to fight. Spinning and kicking at Kenekium's head. He blocks the kick...

Spins out of the way as she chops at him with deadly hands. She alternates kicks and chops - a barrage of strikes. Shakira has mad-skills in martial arts.

KENEKIUM

The ultimate sleeper.

They trade kicks - blocking, parrying, kicking.

SHAKIRA

You enjoyed sleeping with me.

KENEKIUM

Now I am awake.

SHAKIRA

Soon you will sleep forever.

She fakes a kick, moves in to chop him with poisoned hands. Kenekium flips away - her hand almost caressing his face.

KENEKIUM

This was always the plan - kill the
secret service chiefs?

SHAKIRA

You delivered me. Without your help --

Kenekium flips around, lands a kick to her pretty face.

KENEKIUM

What could you gain? Other secret
service people will take their place.

SHAKIRA

How much damage can we cause in the
world during the chaos? No Interpol.
No CIA. No Mi6. No one to stop us.

They trade kicks - her hands almost touching his arm.

SHAKIRA

You have to stay in "touching
distance" to fight. Close, you're
vulnerable.

She swings a hand at Kenekium's face and he catches it by
the wrist - deadly fingers inches from his face. He carefully
yanks her arm around her back... Her fingers stretching...

KENEKIUM

What if we had failed?

She counters - pulling her arm around so they are face to
face. Deadly hand stretching to touch his chest.

SHAKIRA

Your governments would rip themselves
apart to find our 57 infiltrators.

Kenekium kicks her away... And she cartwheels to her feet.

KENEKIUM

You'd be dead.

She spins into an attack - kicking and chopping.

SHAKIRA

You haven't figured that out? I'm a
suicide, too. Willing to die for
what I believe. The ultimate
sacrifice.

It takes all of Kenekium's skills to keep her fingers away.

KENEKIUM

How could you believe --

Kicks, flips, cartwheels and hands coming close to contact.

SHAKIRA

We care more about our cause than
our lives. We are true patriots -
it is you who are afraid to die for
your beliefs.

She lands a HARD kick to his face, knocking him back against
the table - almost flipping him over it.

SHAKIRA

Come on. You want me to touch you.
Hold you. Caress you. Sleep forever.

Kenekium pops to his feet and lands a good kick to her face.
He has both the gift of planning AND improvisation, now.

KENEKIUM

Was there ever a real list? Ever
207 sleeper terrorists with 57 in --

SHAKIRA

What do you think?

She fakes one kick and lands another. Fingers reaching...

SHAKIRA

You can not destroy beliefs with
violence. They more you fight them,
the stronger they become.

She lands two more kicks to his head.

SHAKIRA

When you kill us, you turn us into
martyrs... which attracts more to
our cause. The harder you fight --

Kenekium lands a HARD kick to her face. Then another.

KENEKIUM

The faster you die.

SHAKIRA

Just one touch, that's all it takes.

She kicks, spins, and chops at hand at Kenekium's face. He
catches the hand by the wrist again... But this time she's
in the power position, pushing the hand closer, closer,
closer!

SHAKIRA

You need the touch of a woman. Closed
off, lonely, tired... Sleep with me.

Fingers almost touching Kenekium's face. Only a hair away.

SHAKIRA
Sleep with me, Louis...

KENEKIUM
No.

Kenekium knocks the inside of her elbow.
Bending her arm.
Pushing her poisoned hand back at her.
Her fingers touch her face.

SHAKIRA
No...

Kenekium pushes her palm against her cheek.

SHAKIRA
No....

Then he lets go and jumps back.
Shakira falls to the floor.
Dead center in et circular room.

She tries to get up, but the convulsions kick in.
Kenekium looks down at the woman he loved - dying.

KENEKIUM
It should not have ended this way.

When the convulsions begin to subside, Kenekium bends over her - cautious of her hands - holding her.

KENEKIUM
The list - the the 207 sleepers - do they exist? Do they? Do they?

Shakira gives him one last smile.

SHAKIRA
What... Do... You... Think?

Then her eyes close and she goes limp in his arms.

Kenekium moves to his feet, looks at DuCarre and the others...

DUCARRE
The list was a bluff...

MRS. GARDNER
Was it? A sleeper destroyed the American computer firm --

LITTELL
No way there are 207 sleepers out there.

(MORE)

LITTELL (CONT'D)
Americans, real Americans, would
never turn against their own
country...

DUCARRE
One did.

LITTELL
But 207 traitors? Impossible.

KENEKIUM
How can we ever be sure?

Dead Shakira in the center of the room...

The Secret Service Chiefs ring her.

The table is a farther ring.

The walls of the building another ring.

EXT. INTERPOL HEADQUARTERS, PARIS -- DAY

The city of Paris in the background - all of the landmarks...

A cell phone rings somewhere.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

A hand flips open the cell phone, exposes a picture of
Kenekium.

FADE OUT.

THE END

SLEEPER AGENT by William C. Martell