

ASSASSINS

Draft by

Brian Helgeland

FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

FADE IN:

1 EXT. PLAZA COLON/INT. BANK - DAY (1980)

1

BLACK and WHITE. The past was so clear-cut. Or was it?

Tiled roofs, the stark white stucco of a colonial town square. Black iron bars at a bank. A briefcase carried in a man's hand. A sniper's rifle being assembled. Thick blocks of hundred dollar bills. Placed in the briefcase. A man's teeth as he smiles grimly at the sight.

Sounds over a SUBJECTIVE VIEW. The BRIEFCASE SNAPS SHUT. A VAULT DOOR SLAMS. RUBBER SOLES WALK a tiled floor. Ahead, brilliant, white light suffuses the exit. Like the way people describe near-death experiences. We're either going outdoors or over to the other side.

A long rifle silencer juts from a window. We see the shooter FROM BEHIND, a view OVER his shoulder.

In the bank, the man crushes out a cigarette. A pause and a DEEP EXHALE as we step outside into a flood of light. In answer, the LOW PUFF of a SILENCER.

Only the plaza pigeons notice. As they take flight...

A man lies dead on the cobblestones. And as we look UP TOWARD the window, there's nothing there. The pigeons wheel above the plaza. We FOLLOW, finally losing them to the sky. SLOWLY that sky BLEEDS from gray to blue.

And as we PAN BACK DOWN...

DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. MARSH - SUNSET

2

We're no longer in a plaza, but in a vast marshland. Not in the past, but in the present. The sun sparkles over the water. Two silhouetted figures move past in the distance. One walks a little behind the other.

The man in front is KETCHAM. He wears an expensive suit and Gucci loafers. He swats at flies nearly too small to see, curses under his breath at the calf-deep mud.

The man behind is RATH. He moves easier; the flies don't seem to bother him at all. His jeans are tucked into rubber boots. He holds a silenced .22 at his side. Like it was part of him.

They continue until one of Ketcham's shoes is sucked off by the mud.

KETCHAM

Aw-shit...

Ketcham balances on one leg, holding his silk-socked foot in the air. The shoe disappears, filled with mud.

KETCHAM

When I first saw you I wasn't scared. I was just wondering why you were dressed like that.

(re: mud)

Now I know.

Ketcham pulls off his sock, sticks his foot in the mud. He smiles. It feels good. He pulls off the other shoe, tosses it. Grabbing for the other sock, he loses his balance and sits down in the mud.

Rath waits patiently as Ketcham laughs at the absurdity of it all. Ketcham finally pulls the sock off, then stands, digs his toes into the dark, wet earth.

KETCHAM

This feels good.

They move on, Rath still a little behind. Ketcham enjoys the new sensation, but after a bit, the pleasure fades.

KETCHAM

It's twisted, but I'm honored. You're the best. It means at least they're still afraid of me.

Ketcham looks ahead as they close on a grove of trees. He knew they were going somewhere, but it's a chilling realization all the same.

KETCHAM

I knew this day would come. But this morning, I could've sworn I was going to live forever.

They're only a few steps away from the first of the trees. Desperation begins to creep into Ketcham's voice.

KETCHAM

Any chance of you telling me who the Contractor was? Huh?

(off no answer)

(MORE)

KETCHAM (CONT'D)

At least tell me how much I was worth. A
dime? Two?

They're into the trees. Ketcham doesn't need to be told. He stops just where a dead branch hangs from a tree.

KETCHAM

Here?

Rath uses the .22 to gesture Ketcham to the left. Ketcham gives the branch a wistful smile. Leaving his last hope behind, he takes a few steps over.

KETCHAM

We both play the game, Rath. Sooner or
later the wheel turns. For everybody.
Who's got your bullet? What kind of
shoes'll you be wearing when the day
comes?

Rath's answer is to move directly behind him. Ketcham is finally showing his fear.

KETCHAM

Whatever the contract is, I'll double it.
Just say you couldn't find me. Buy
yourself some good karma.

Ketcham can't see, but he almost senses it as Rath raises the silenced .22 to the back of his head.

KETCHAM

Oh, God. Don't pull yet, not yet.
Christ, I've done some bad things in my
time.
(trembling)
I can't die like this. Not like a mark.
I'm not a mark!

Finally, Ketcham begins to just cry. Nothing left to say. A man in mourning for himself. But Rath is not unaffected, not without his own peculiar version of mercy.

Keeping the .22 steady, an inch behind Ketcham's head, Rath reaches into his jacket. He pulls out a second, nearly identical silenced .22. Ketcham looks down, curious as the clip drops into the mud at his feet.

Rath, ready to fire at any sign of trouble, gently eases the gun into Ketcham's hand. Ketcham looks down, smiles. It's his gun, his dignity.

KETCHAM
 Hello, old friend.
 (hefts it; knows)
 One in the chamber.

Slowly, so Rath can see, Ketcham raises the .22, sets the tip of the silencer against the side of his head. He squints at the sun, the last thing he'll ever see.

KETCHAM
 Last few years I've been looking for a sunrise. Maybe a sunset's better.
 (a beat)
 Thanks, Rath.

The sun disappears over the horizon. Ketcham squeezes the trigger. The SILENCER WHISPERS and he crumples, begins to sink into the mud.

Rath lowers his gun. He takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly, standing alone in the middle of nowhere. We TILT DOWN TO an EXTREME CLOSEUP of blood in the water.

3 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

3

Rath closes the curtains. There is a makeshift office on the desk. A cell phone is connected to a lap-top computer. The prompt flashes expectantly.

On the coffee table, we see the dismantled .22, spread clean on a white towel.

Rath stands at a window looking out at the city. He leans forward until his forehead rests against the window. He closes his eyes, enjoying the cool of the glass.

A beat. Then he looks to the street below. For just an instant, he's wondering what it would be like to fall. Breaking from his reverie, Rath steps to the desk.

He sits, regards the computer with loathing, then types in a long access code sequence. He waits.

After a few moments, a line of dialogue appears. Rath is communicating with someone... The Contractor.

CONTRACTOR
 Where have you been, Robert?

RATH
 Sick. The flu.

3A INT. CONTRACTOR'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON 3A

EXTREME CLOSEUP OF eyes, hands, mouth, computer, etc.

CONTRACTOR
I don't believe you.

3B BACK TO RATH 3B

RATH
I don't care what you believe. I want
out. I've had it.

CONTRACTOR
I've been sitting on a prime contract.
But these days, something else is on
Rath's mind.

RATH
Who are you, you sonuvabitch?

RATH
Send the file. I'll have the estimate
tonight. Contractor: I'm worried about
you, Robert.

RATH
You should be.

RATH
Don't be.

CONTRACTOR
Good. You are my #1.

The screen goes blank. A beat and the word "TRANSMITTING"
appears. Rath stands.

A slimline PRINTER HUMS, starts to reproduce a newspaper
photo of ALAN BRANCH. Strong. Hard eyes which Rath studies
a moment, then circles. As a second sheet feeds, Rath isn't
that interested.

4 EXT. CITY STREETS - SUNSET

4

Mist fills the air. As night comes on, Rath walks. He has no real purpose at the moment. And the crowds don't magically seem to get out of his way. He watches them laughing, talking, hurrying this way and that. Rath's a loner. An outsider. Life moves around him, but he's not part of it. At least not this version. The mist turns to darkness.

5 INT. MALL - UPSCALE WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE - NIGHT

5

Rath pauses, his eye caught by a scene inside.

A dowager berates a female CLERK. The Clerk takes it stoically, nodding, placating. Huffing and puffing, the dowager heads back to the racks. The Clerk watches her in easperation. No one deserves this kind of abuse. Rath is going to continue when, on an impulse, he decides to enter the store instead.

6 INT. UPSCALE WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE - NIGHT

6

Rath steps inside, begins to look around. The Clerk sighs to herself. Another customer and it's almost closing time.

The dowager jams the dress back on the rack and it falls to the floor. She ignores it, but Rath doesn't.

RATH

I think you dropped something.

The dowager gives him a look.

RATH

Maybe you better hang it back up.

And it isn't a question. The woman looks shocked, then gruffly hanging the dress back up, hurries out of the store.

Tired, a bit apprehensive, the Clerk gives Rath a moment before joining him.

CLERK

Can I help you, sir? We're just closing.

Rath suddenly wonders what the hell he's doing here.

RATH
I'm looking for something. I, I'm not
sure what.

CLERK
(knows the routine)
Birthday? Anniversary? Rath shakes his
head. There's something sad about him,
but she misreads it.

CLERK
A fight.

Rath starts to say something, but then stops. She takes it
as a yes to her question.

CLERK
You said something you regret?

A beat. It takes Rath a moment to confess:h)0*0*0*

RATH
Regret... Yes.

She thinks, decides on a way to get rid of him.

CLERK
Are you really sorry?

Rath nods. He is. Finding what she's looking for, she holds
up an elegant red velvet dress.

CLERK
Bring this home and she'll say she's
sorry. But it's expensive.

That price tag should get him out of here. A beat.

There's something oddly appealing about the moment. It's
hard to say, but Rath is charmed. Then, almost shyly...

RATH
She's about your size. Would you?...

The Clerk is caught off guard by this request. She is all
alone and it is getting late. Still, it'd be nice to end the
day with a sale.

CLERK
Give me two minutes.

7 INT. MALL - UPSCALE WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE - NIGHT 7

Rath stares out the window. There's something mournful almost haunting about him. An old soul to be sure.

8 INT. UPSCALE WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE - NIGHT 8

Rath scans the empty store, then checks his watch. He's lost his mind. As he heads for the door, the Clerk steps out. The transformation is stunning. Rath stops short, takes in the beauty of it all.

CLERK
What do you think?

RATH
(soft, gentle)
It's perfect.

She can't believe it.

CLERK
I'll write it up?

She steps to a desk, scribbles out a receipt. Rath notices an open textbook, several lines have been highlighted.

RATH
College?

CLERK
Do you think I'm too old?... My daughter says I'm too old to go to school... I just sit in right now. I don't have the money yet. But I don't want to spend the rest of my life selling somebody else's dresses. I mean, you're never too old to have dreams, right? To start over?

Rath looks away, can't hold her gaze.

RATH
I don't know.

An awkward beat. Then...

CLERK
Should I wrap it? Rath nods.

8A BACK ROOM 8A

CLOSE as she finishes tying the box.

9 STORE 9

She steps out. Her smile fades as she sees he's gone. The sale is lost.

CLERK

Damn!

She plops the bow on the counter, then notices a wad of \$100 bills sticking out from her textbook.

CLERK

(softly)

Damn...

She pulls them along with a note written on the back of a store business card. She reads it.

INSERT CARD: Your daughter is wrong. She steps to the window, looks out. Rath's lonely figure exits to the street outside.

10 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 10

Outside it is raining. Rath is at the window looking at a faded photo of his net target, Alan Branch. On the street below a fire truck and an ambulance race along -- SIRENS BLARING. Rath crosses to his bed. He reviews photos, scribbles notes as he scans articles, one headline: "Billionaire Recluse Linked to Financing of Central American Death Squads." A photo of a brother. An obituary mentions "car accident."

Rath sketches a diagram on a legal pad.

Satisfied with what he's got, he calls up a box on his computer screen and dials an Internet number. A beat and he enters the access code.

Rath picks up the photos of Branch. Studies the eyes -- circled, the only thing that matters. They're cruel eyes.

The network comes on line. Rath takes a breath, lets it out slow. Types:

Rath: I have my bid.

- 11 OMITTED 11
 thru thru
 12 12
- 13 EXT. AIRPORT - RUNWAY 32 - DAY 13
 An American Airlines 757 approaches right to left, descends toward the runway.
- 14 INT. AMERICAN AIRLINES 757 - DAY 14
 Staring pensively out the window, Rath barely notices as the plane touches down.
- 15 EXT. AIRPORT - RUNWAY 8 - DAY 15
 Someone else is here. Left to right, an Avianca Airlines jumbo 747 glides silently down, its landing gear reaching out like talons. As it touches down...
- 16 INT. AMERICAN TERMINAL - DAY 16
 Rath walks, blends in perfectly with the crowd.
- 17 INT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - DAY 17
 Tired travelers trudge, clogs the concourse. But one man moves briskly. Singular of purpose. Dressed stylishly, we don't quite see his face. He's BAIN, a presence, and for whatever reason, no one ever seems to be in his way.
- 18 INT. LUGGAGE CAROUSEL - DAY 18
 Rath reaches down, picks up a case.
- 19 INT. CUSTOMS - DAY 19
 A glass booth. A similar case is checked off. The CUSTOMS OFFICER looks up at Bain, who we still only see in glimpses. And reflections.

OFFICER
 Is your visit business or pleasure?

BAIN

Both.

20 EXT. AMERICAN TERMINAL - DAY 20

Rath gets into a hotel courtesy van, blending in with everyone else.

21 EXT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - DAY 21

Seen FROM BEHIND, Bain cuts a swath, raises a hand for a cab which immediately scoots forward to meet him.

22 EXT. CITYSCAPE - DAY 22

Pretty, but with a sense of foreboding. It isn't big enough for the two of them. Bain's cab moves briskly along.

23 EXT. OAKWOOD CEMETERY - SUNSET 23

The sky glows red. The taxi waits, parked just inside the gates. In the distance, Bain moves among...

HEADSTONES

There are rows of chairs set up. A fresh grave has been dug. Preps for a service tomorrow. Perfectly at home, Bain wanders as though looking for something specific.

An old CARETAKER in a pair of worn coveralls watches from a mausoleum. His voice dies on the wind.

CARETAKER

Can I help you?

Bain turns. It's our first good look. His features are strong, refined. He looks like a fine young man. He's not. He smiles warmly.

BAIN

I'm looking for someone.

CARETAKER

(steps over)

What's the name? I'll check the plot map for you.

BAIN
He's not dead yet.

Turning, Bain heads off. The Caretaker just shrugs.

24 INT. DRUG STORE - MAGIC HOUR 24

FROM OUTSIDE we see Rath move down the aisles. Selecting an odd array of items. Rolls of gauze. A box of plaster of paris. A sling... He pays and exits onto the busy sidewalk.

25 OMITTED 25
thru thru
26B 26B

27 EXT. OAKWOOD CEMETERY - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON) 27

A crowd of onlookers. Police lines. Private securityguards control entrance into the service area itself. The media are here in full force.

REPORTER #1
... Just witnessed the arrival of recluse
billionaire Alan Branch. Here attending
the funeral of his brother, Samuel
Branch, who died last week in a tragic
car accident...

We MOVE PAST Reporter #1 TO...

REPORTER #2
Alan Branch has not been seen since
testifying at a Senate hearing ten years
ago. At the time he was questioned for
his alleged financing of right wing death
squads throughout South and Central
America. Branch was born in...

28 SECURITY TABLE 28

Seated, a "Security Systems" tech checks a name against a driver's license with Rath's picture. It carries the name Paul Gray -- the name Rath typed into the computer. He looks up and hands the license back to Rath.

As he turns we see that under his jacket, his right arm is in a cast, in a sling close to his side.

He moves past a hearse and several limousines as he joins other latecomers who are walking up a hill towards a group at a gravesite.

29 EXT. GRAVESIDE - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

29

As a soloist finishes the last notes of "Ave Maria." The PRIEST invites those assembled to stand. All do except for Alan Branch in his wheelchair. He is ten years older than the photo -- now frail but with the same eyes. His BODYGUARDS stand on either side.

We see Rath move into position across the grave from Branch. Rath removes a piece of white tape from his cast, eposes a barrel opening.

The Priest raises his hands, all heads bow. Branch's. Rath's -- though his eyes stay on his mark.

PRIEST

I am the resurrection and the life, saith
the Lord.

As the Priest continues, Rath twists his body slightly, taking aim with the .22 which must be inside the cast. He's got a clean shot at the back of Branch's head.

PRIEST

shall not die, but have everlasting life.

Rath's about to squeeze the trigger...

PRIEST

Amen...

Water pelts as sprinklers surge to life on all sides of the service area. Bad timing. Or is it? All heads turn. Several people move to get away from the spray.

30 EXT. GRAVESTONE - DAY

30

It is Bain sighting along the barrel of his silenced rifle.

31 TELESCOPIC POV OF BRANCH

31

in his wheelchair. TIGHT ON a spot above his heart.

32 BACK TO GRAVESITE K

32

Rath spins back to look toward Branch. The old man's head is still bowed in prayer. Or is it. Crimson spreads out across his white shirt. He's been shot through the heart. As one of the Bodyguards realizes...

BODYGUARD

He's been shot! The crowd panics --
people running everywhere. Rath

spots a young caretaker. Wearing coveralls. Nonchalantly heading off beyond a mausoleum, wheeling a trash can full of leaves. It's Bain.

Rath turns his body to aim. In all the confusion, no one notices a .22 shell.

BAIN

Reacts as a BULLET drills the trash can.
Pulling a sniper's rifle from the can, he
runs, dives as another

BULLET RICOCHETS off the tombstone just in front of him.

BODYGUARDS

All this has attracted their attention. Drawing guns, they charge after Bain. He comes up FIRING silently. The Bodyguards go down. But now police are on the way.

BAIN

Stands and tries to run. Again, he's pinned down as TWO BULLETS blossom granite around him. He scans the crowd, has no idea who's shooting at him.

33 CEMETERY

33

And a small army of POLICEMEN are advancing, service revolvers everywhere.

POLICEMAN

Drop it! Now!

Bain makes one last attempt to move. A BULLET nearly takes off his ear. Making a strategic decision, he tosses out his rifle and waits for the cops. In an instant, they've surrounded him. They pin him to the ground -- find his .22 pistol and handcuff him.

RATH

He sidesteps for a clear shot; Police are everywhere.

RATH

Move, you sonuvabitch. Give me a line.
Goddamnit, get out of the way.

Cursing again under his breath, he won't take the chance of hitting a cop.

BAIN

As they hustle him along, he ducks and weaves, perfectly aware of how to take advantage of his human shield. For an instant, he sees a man. Fifty yards away. Silhouetted by the low sun. Watching. Bain squints against the light, can't make him out, but knows it's Rath. He ducks.

34 CEMETERY 34

Far ahead Rath sees Bain being frisked against a police cruiser. The cops handcuff him, shove him in the back. His rifle goes in the front. In a moment the cruiser rolls out, led by a second. Rath hurries across the cemetery, headed for...

35 EXT. CEMETERY - UPPER ROADWAY 35

Rath climbs into his rent-a-car. He releases two Velcro strips and the cast neatly separates -- revealing his silenced .22 held comfortably in his hand. He slaps in a new clip and ROARS forward.

36 EXT. INTERSECTION - LATE DAY 36

Rath eyeballs the street. Crowded with people and cars. The police cruisers are gone.

37 INT. RENT-A-CAR - MOVING - LATE DAY 37

Rath continues, reaches under the seat for a portable police band RADIO. He switches it ON. Garbage until:

COP #1 (V.O.)

This is twenty-three. Proceeding to 7th
with suspect in custody. Over.

(MORE)

COP #1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)
As the DISPATCHER ROGERS they got the
message, Rath spins the wheel, hangs a
right to try and catch up.

38 EXT. STREET - LATE DAY 38

Two police cars race by. Bain is in the back seat of the second one.

39 INT. POLICE CRUISER - STREETS - LATE DAY 39

Bain sits in the back seat. Handcuffed. Separated from the two cops up front by a steel mesh screen. The sniper's rifle is in the front seat.

The second cruiser is up ahead, leading the way. As city blocks whizz past, Bain stares back over his shoulder. The street is empty behind them.

Bain stares ahead. Silent. Behind his back, he grips his left hand with his right thumb. Slowly, he pulls his left thumb out of its socket. The digit folds unnaturally into his palm, as Bain slides the cuff over his hand.

40 INT. RENT-A-CAR - LATE DAY 40

Rath turns onto Victoria. No police cruiser in sight. Rath turns west, GUNS it.

41 POLICE CRUISER - STREETS - LATE DAY 41

Speeding along. COP #1 looks back at Bain who stares out the side window.

As Cop #1 looks ahead -- BOOM! Bain rears back with both feet and kicks out the side window.

Before either Cop can even react, Bain reaches through the rear side window and through the driver's side window. As he wrenches back on Cop #2's neck...

42 EXT. STREET - LATE DAY 42

The CRUISER SKIDS out of control. It slams into a row of parked cars, straightens for an instant before it cartwheels end over end, lands on its roof.

The second cruiser starts to break as they realize what's happened behind them.

A silent moment before Bain pulls himself out the side window of the wreck. He has blood trickling from his hairline.

Bain reaches into the cruiser for his rifle. Cops #1 and #2 hang upside-down in their seats. Cop #2's neck is twisted -- broken. Groggy, Cop #1 is still alive.

Bain lies flat on his stomach, aims back through the window at Cruiser Two which has turned and is speeding back the other way.

43 INT. CRUISER TWO 43

COP #3 is on the radio as cop #4 drives.

COP #3
Officers down. We need an aid car, now,
twenty-seven hundred block. Victoria
Ave.

44 INT. RENT-A-CAR - MOVING - LATE DAY 44

Rath has the calls, hangs a right.

45 INT. CRUISER TWO - MOVING - LATE DAY 45

COP #3
Request backup and ambulance to...

Suddenly the WINDSHIELD SPIDERWEBS and Cop #3 is hit in the chest.

46 INT. CRUISER ONE - UPSIDE DOWN - LATE DAY 46

Bain FIRES again.

47 INT. CRUISER TWO - MOVING - LATE DAY 47

The other side of the WINDSHIELD SPIDERWEBS. Cop #4 is hit.

48 INT. CRUISER ONE - UPSIDE DOWN - LATE DAY 48

Upside down Cop #1 twists a desperate look back at Bain.

COP #1
Don't shoot me. Please.

BAIN
 (agreeable)
 Okay.

Bain rolls clear as Cruiser Two slams into and through
 Cruiser One.

49 EXT. WRECKAGE - LATE DAY 49

Bain looks at the wreckage for a beat and disappears between
 two buildings -- the rifle at his side.

50 INT. RENT-A-CAR - SUNSET 50

Rath slows as he nears the wreckage. Bain is nowhere in
 sight. Rath stops. Holding his .22, Rath leans low out of
 the sedan for a quick look. Four dead cops, but no Bain.
 Just a discarded pair of coveralls on the sidewalk.

Rath scans the deserted streets. It's a little spooky. Then,
 a shadow moving. Across the street.

50A EXT. STREET - SUNSET 50A

Rath gets out of his rent-a-car, .22 in hand. As we hear a
 DISTANT SIREN, Rath crosses to a chainlink fence, peers
 through.

Our hearts are in our throats as, without warning, a big
 watch dog lunges at the fence.

But Rath is unfazed. He gets back in his car, continues
 driving and scanning for any sign of life.

51 STREETS - SUNSET 51 51

He hangs a left, coasts, then hangs a right. A block ahead,
 a yellow cab waits at a red light. Rath looks a little more
 determined as it gives him an idea. A police car races by.

52 INT./EXT. YELLOW CAB/INTERSECTION - NIGHT 52

The DRIVER's eyes look to the rearview as headlights loom.
 He winces as his cab is bumped from behind.

53 EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT 53

Rath gets out of the sedan and the Driver out of the cab. As they converge on the bumper...

DRIVER

There better not even be a scratch, you dumb sonuva --

Before the Driver can finish his point, Rath knocks him cold with a short, powerful punch. He catches the man, drags him over to the safety of the sidewalk.

Rath relieves the Driver of his cap, sticks two hundred bucks in his hand and hops into the cab. The light turns green and he's off.

54 INT. YELLOW CAB - NIGHT 54

Cap on, Rath is behind the wheel. He turns up the CB, hoping to get lucky. CALLS CRACKLE, then...

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Who's near Adams and Nine? I got a fare going to the airport. Rath picks up the mic, pulls the Driver ID from the dash, checks the cab's ID number.

RATH

This is 501. I got it.

Rath clicks off, shoves the ID under the seat. Sticking the .22 down between his legs, he rolls.

55 EXT. ADAMS AND NINE - NIGHT 55

An empty payphone on the corner. Not a soul in sight. The Yellow CAB pulls up, IDLES at the curb.

56 INT. YELLOW CAB - NIGHT 56

Rath holds the .22 with one hand, the door handle with the other. Tense as a tiger ready to spring.

A couple exit from a dingy bar across the street. Rath looks over, frowns as they start toward him.

In that instant, the opposite passenger door opens and someone gets in the back. As the door slams shut, Rath checks the rearview mirror.

It's Bain. He carries his rifle wrapped in his jacket. For the first time we realize that the front and back of the cab are separated by bullet-proof glass.

An awkward silence as Rath slides the .22 back between his legs. Bain looks at his eyes in the rearview. (Bain never really saw him at the cemetery.)

BAIN
Is there a problem?

RATH
(cool as can be)
The airport, right?

BAIN
Right.

RATH
No problem.

57 INTERSECTION - NIGHT 57

As the Yellow Cab pulls away, we get the distinct feeling this is going to be no ordinary cab ride.

58 INT. YELLOW CAB - NIGHT 58

Rath studies Bain in the rearview. Bain stares out the side window, chuckling to himself, a thin trickle of blood on his temple.

RATH
You're cut.

Bain touches the blood, looks at it a bit surprised.

BAIN
(smiles)
I had an accident at work.

RATH
What kind of work?

BAIN

Look, I'm, how do you say? Dead tired.
Save the chitchat for someone else.

Rath nods. Bain stares out the window. Rath continues studying him.

CUT AHEAD TO:

59 EXT. AIRPORT NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT 59

The Yellow Cab rolls through the intersection. An airport exit is coming up.

60 INT. YELLOW CAB - ROLLING - NIGHT 60

The cab passes the airport turn-off. Bain sits up.

BAIN

What're you doing?

RATH

What?

BAIN

That was the turn-off for the airport back there.

RATH

Sorry.

BAIN

Yeah, well, you just blew your tip, pal.

RATH

You think I'm running you up?

BAIN

Just do your job.

61 EXT. CURB - SOCCER FIELD - NIGHT 61

Rath pulls to the curb, lurches to a stop. On an adjacent field, a soccer match in progress.

62 INT. CAB - STOPPED - NIGHT

62

Rath slaps the cab in park, looks over his shoulder at Bain.
Only we see Rath grip the .22.

RATH
Get out.

BAIN
What?

RATH
You think I'm running you up? Get out.

BAIN
You can't --

RATH
The hell I can't! Get out!

Bain almost finds it funny. He opens the door to get out.
Rath faces forward. He'll shoot him when he does.

BAIN
I don't believe this.

Bain has one leg out when he looks back, sees the ID is
missing from the dash. An odd beat as Bain wonders.

Bain looks to Rath's eyes in the rearview. It's now all the
confirmation he needs.

BAIN
Cojones de Dios. Robert Rath.

The cab rocks as both men draw their guns. Bain is poised at
the door; Rath leans back across the front seat. They draw
down on each other despite the glass. Bain looks like he'll
make a run for it, but then...

BAIN
I get out, pow, you got me. Bain pulls
the door closed, smiles.

BAIN
Now what?

RATH
Who are you?

BAIN

Cono. Robert Rath wants to know me.

Bain leans back, a big moment for him.

BAIN

Bain. Miguel Bain.

(laughs)

I don't believe this. You rolled some cabbie, then waited for the right call. That's genius, man. Genius.

(really impressed)

And then you got the balls to sit there and bullshit with me. No way I could've done that.

RATH

You stole my contract. How did you know?

Bain admires Rath's gun. What begins to show through is that in a twisted way, Rath is Bain's hero.

BAIN

A silenced Smith Wesson .22. Classic. I switched when I heard that's what you used.

(re: rifle)

Excuse this. It was a long shot.

RATH

Who contracted you?

Bain looks across to where the kids play soccer. Co-ed. As Bain rolls down his window...

63 EXT. SOCCER FIELD - BAINS POV OF GAME - NIGHT 63

64 BACK TO CAB 64

BAIN

Why don't you drive? We can get acquainted. Chitchat.

RATH

We'll sit.

Rath sees the kids, too as Bain levels the sniper's rifle.

65 EXT. SOCCER FIELD - NIGHT 65

The SOCCER BALL EXPLODES in mid-air as Bain FIRES. The kids stand confused. The silencer muffled the report.

66 INT. YELLOW CAB - PARKED - NIGHT 66

Bain smiles at Rath.

BAIN

Drive.

(aims again)

Number thirteen looks tired. Maybe she needs a rest.

Bain's finger curls around the trigger as he follows a girl down the field.

67 EXT. SOCCER FIELD - LONG LENS POV - NIGHT 67

of girl playing.

68 YELLOW CAB 68 68

BAIN

Help me out, Rath. A moving target.

That's the front sight, right?

69 CURB - SOCCER FIELD - NIGHT 69 69

Rath throws it into drive and starts away.

70 CAB - MOVING ACROSS BRIDGE - NIGHT 70 70

Bain smiles.

BAIN

Protect the innocent. That's weak. You could've had me in the cemetery, but you couldn't shoot the cops. You're Antiquado.

RATH

And you've got a lot to learn.

THWUMP! Rath looks back to where a slug is imbedded in the glass. Bain coughs as the rifle smoke clears.

BAIN

I had to try. I mean, who knows?

71 EXT. CAB - STREET - BRIDGE - NIGHT 71

Two POLICE CARS SCREAM by going the other way.

72 INT. CAB - MOVING - NIGHT 72

BAIN

They look pissed, huh?

RATH

I wouldn't be surprised.

BAIN

How'd you like the cemetery? Rome. 14 BC. They killed a General, Flavius, at his brother's funeral. But I couldn't wait for Branch's brother to die. So I killed him, too. Proud of me?

Although he's actually impressed, Rath doesn't answer. He's too busy trying to figure a way to take Bain out.

BAIN

I killed a guy in his bathtub once. Was a bitch, but I wanted to do him like they did Marat... You know, the French Revolution?

Rath just stares grimly ahead. Bain's a bit disappointed. After a beat.

BAIN

It was nice meeting you, Rath. Someday, I'll tell my little nietos about this.

Moving like lightning, Bain slides, reaches the RIFLE through the right rear passenger window and FIRES.

The first SHOT BLOWS OUT the passenger WINDOW. As Bain moves the rifle in for a better shot, Rath jerks the wheel hard left. Off balance, Bain's second SHOT drills the roof at Rath's head.

73 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 73

Rath jerks the wheel, sends the cab sliding across the yellow lines. A HORN BLARES as he hurtles toward an oncoming car and a head-on collision!

Bain FIRES a wild third shot -- the windshield spiderwebs.

Rath cuts hard back across the yellow lines. The cab slides, slams into the side of a bus traveling the same direction.

As Bain FIRES again, Rath slams the cab against the side of the bus, smack into an "I am the NRA" placard. The rifle is ripped from Bain's hands.

The cab bounces off, continues on. The rifle is crushed under bus wheels. Bain's lucky to still have his arm.

74 INT. YELLOW CAB - NIGHT 74

The bus continues, Rath slams on the brakes. Bain bangs into the glass as the cab shudders to a stop.

75 EXT. CAB - STOPPED - NIGHT 75

Rath is getting out of the cab, .22 at the ready. Bain's got about three seconds to live and knows it.

Several blocks away a POLICE CAR -- LIGHTS FLASHING -- races towards them.

SIRENS WAIL. Gritting his teeth, Rath gets back behind the wheel. A huge grin from Bain as he looks back at the police car that's bearing down on them. Rath throws it in gear, flips a U-turn and races off.

76 INT. CAB - ACCELERATING - NIGHT 76

BAIN

You and me. We're teammates!
Companeros!

Rath speeds up. Faster and faster. Bain suddenly doesn't feel so safe, beat. As Bain buckles his seatbelt...

77 INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT 77

Where one of the OFFICERS is on the radio.

OFFICER

... in pursuit of yellow cab, number 5-0-1, reported stolen near same twenty as officers down. Proceeding west on...

78 EXT. POLICE HELIPAD - NIGHT 78

Two police officers race to waiting HELICOPTER. As it LIFTS OFF towards the skyline of the city. We LIFT OFF net to it, RISING and SWINGING WITH it as it turns towards the city skyline.

79 EXT. CITY STREETS - CHASE - NIGHT 79

The cab at 60. The cop car stays with. A hard braking left and then a sliding turn and the cab is nearing a street running under a viaduct.

80 YELLOW CAB - CHASE - NIGHT80 80

Bain smiles as they leave the cop behind.

Ahead, a second cop car turns off a side street and heads right at them. Rath turns under a viaduct.

BAIN

Can you feel it, Rath?! It's real!
We're alive!

RATH

Don't count on it.

BAIN

Before I went freelance, I was an exchange student.

(smiles)

C.I.A. University. You were a legend at Langley. Even if you were Army.

(looks ahead)

I know this neighborhood. Turn in here.

Rath turns under a viaduct.

81 EXT. ROAD UNDER VIADUCT - NIGHT 81

It's a race with the two police cars right behind.

82 INT. YELLOW CAB UNDER VIADUCT - CHASE - NIGHT

82

Down the straightaway, two sets of cop lights and SIRENS behind them. Bain leans forward, right behind Rath.

BAIN

I studied everything you ever did, Rath. God damn you were good. You and the Russian. Nicolai Talinkov -- The name hits Rath like a hammer.

RATH

Tachlinkov. How did you know about Nicolai?

Rath turns, nearly broadsiding a train car.

BAIN

They said he shaded you. Over and over. And in the end, he aced you. Shaded and faded. They say he's living on some Greek island, but I say you were the best. I say Nicolai's dead as a clavo.

(thinks; smiles)

A doornail. Am I right?

Rath doesn't answer.

BAIN

I heard you guys played chess. Coded in the New York Times obituaries. Rath's past is chasing him almost as hard as the cops. BAIN Ten miles of microfilm, but I found it. The last game ends before anyone wins.

(smiles)

He thought you were his friend. That's how you got him, right?

83 EXT. INTERSECTION - VIADUCT - NIGHT

83

Rath starts to answer when... Suddenly an enormous truck appears, blocking their path. Rath is forced to brake. He whips the wheel around, powerslides a grinding U-turn in front of the truck.

BAIN

Hey, Rath.

(opens door)

Black queen to king's bishop 4!

Bain throws himself out of the door. Rath whips a look over his shoulder as Bain tumbles head over heels toward the truck. What he said means something, but no time to explain now. As he continues...

84 BACK TO BAIN 84

Pushing himself to his hands and knees, Bain watches the two cars disappear. He disappears into the darkness.

85 EXT. INTERSECTION - VIADUCT - NIGHT 85

The cab races away from the intersection with the police cars in pursuit.

86 INT. YELLOW CAB - NIGHT 86

Rath takes another hard turn. But suddenly the cab is bleached white by a searchlight.

87 INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - NIGHT 87

Where a HELI-COP trains the light on the cab below.

HELI-COP

We got you now, rabbit.

88 EXT. SKY - AERIAL - NIGHT- 88

From above the chopper blades of the police helicopter chasing the cab below -- we see the cab appearing, disappearing, and reappearing from underneath a viaduct below.

The cab passes under an overpass. They lose sight of it, but it'll only be for a moment as they move up and around.

89 EXT. CAB YARD - NIGHT 89

The cab appears from around a corner sliding quickly into a parking lot. Rath slips out the door and disappears.

90 EXT. CAB YARD - AERIAL - NIGHT 90

Down below we see a parking lot full of cabs and the first police car to arrive.

91 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 91

The other cop cars pull up. As the police begin to search, and the helicopter hovers overhead, we follow the beam of the Zenon light up to the chopper where everything becomes white...

DISSOLVE TO:

92 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 92

The white of Rath's computer screen.

Rath types, calls up a file. A chess game sets up in four neat rows. A line reads: Game Started May 5, 1980. The pieces move, accompanied by COMPUTER VOICE notation of the move and the date they were made. Rath studies the screen.

RATH

Fifteen years and I still remember.

(watches)

Those were good moves, Nicolai. You were the best.

The screen and the computer voice both ask: ENTER NEXT MOVE. A beat before Rath types in the move Bain gave him.

RATH

Bishop takes rook pawn.

A big moment as the computer moves: Bishop takes rook pawn. A beat and the screen starts to flash: CHECK. CHECK. CHECK. Rath can't believe what he's seeing.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Game in check.

RATH

(softly)

I'm a mark. A mark... Who the hell is Miguel Bain?

A pause. Rath finally clears the screen, types the access code, waits. As the system comes on line.

Contractor: Hello, Robert.

Rath: Who the hell is Miguel Bain?

Contractor: That's no way to talk to a lady.

Rath: Who???

Contractor: The name Bain is not familiar.

RATH
Are you setting me up?
(a beat)
Is this how it went, Nicolai?

Rath: He was there. He stole the contract.

Contractor: I'll make inquiries, Robert.

RATH
I bet you will.

Contractor: \$2,000,000. That's the bonus on the next contract.

RATH
I quit. I'm gone.

Rath moves to shut down the rig, but then hesitates.

Contractor: Robert? Are you there?

RATH
Two million. Two million and I'm gone.

Rath: Location?

Contractor: Seattle.

Rath: The mark?

Contractor: Surveillance expert. Selling a synthetic heroin formula to a Dutch buyer.

A beat as Rath thinks things over. Then...

Rath: Conditions?

Contractor: Retire the mark, retire the buyer and retrieve the information. A computer disc.

Rath watches as miniaturized pages flash on his screen. Many of an angular-faced Dutch man. His henchmen. A complete file, except...

Rath: The surveillance jacket on the seller?

Contractor: A ghost. All we have is an internet logo.

The transmit prompts again. The screen goes black except for two green, slit-iris cat eyes. Under that, MEOW@comsat.next. And as we move in on the eyes:

MATCH CUT TO:

93 INT. ELECTRA'S APT. - ELECTRA'S KITCHEN - PEARL - DAY 93

A live cat with the same eyes. She watches as a kid's remote control dump truck whirs past her. In the truck bed, a bowl of tuna fish. Pearl chases. Her pride stops her. She waits, pounces as the truck backs up. Pearl wins. As she eats...

Electra sets down a remote control, kneels to watch Pearl eat. A surveillance genius, an "information assassin," Electra depends on smarts and intuition to succeed in a dangerous world. Like most geniuses, she's a free spirit.

ELECTRA
Mmmm. Hungry Pearl.

Electra steps over to check on the progress of a coffee machine. Almost done.

As she waits, she flips through a packet from "One Hour Photo." All photos of Pearl. Electra stops to study one.

ELECTRA
(shows Pearl)
I like this one, baby. It's your good side.

She pours coffee, takes a sip, sighs with satisfaction.

93A EXT. ELECTRA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 93A

At the base of three massive transmit towers. Two stories, eight apartments. We see Electra enter her second floor living room. In the apartment directly below we see a young couple (JENNIFER & BOB) fighting.

94 INT. ELECTRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

94

Like the control booth of a low-rent nextwork television show. TV's of various size, make and quality are stacked and set in a semi-circle around an overstuffed chair.

Electrical cables and bundles of fiber optical cable are duct-taped to the walls. Some disappear through holes punched in the floor, others the ceiling. They hang like vines in a jungle.

Electra settles into her chair. Flicks a remote. The CD PLAYER KICKS IN SOME MUSIC. The first two TVs show empty apartments. A third -- an old woman rolling out dough. The view is wide-angle, from above. Just like a cooking show.

ELECTRA

Yummy.

Electra switches on another TV. Jennifer and Bob's argument.

BOB (V.O.)

(TV)

I don't give a shit what your mother thinks. I'm not sleeping with your mother; I'm sleeping with you.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

(TV)

You won't be for long with that attitude.

Electra turns UP the VOLUME, leans forward as the drama 'unfolds.

BOB (V.O.)

(TV)

Jesus, Jennifer, if you're so god damned worried about your mother's approval, why don't you move back home so she can pat you on the head when you do something right.

ELECTRA

Jerk.

Electra's PAGER SOUNDS. She barely looks at it.

Jennifer starts to say something, but stops, trying to keep herself from crying.

BOB (V.O.)

(TV)

Oh good. Go ahead and cry. Jennifer exits the room, slams the door hard behind her.

BOB (V.O.)

(TV)

You like to slam doors? Electra switches one of the sets to a shot of Jennifer crying in her bedroom.

BOB (V.O.)

(TV)

I can slam doors too!

Bob exits the apartment, slamming the door on his way out. Electra switches all the TVs to shots of Jennifer. She watches, listens to her cry.

Affected, Electra reaches out, her fingers lightly touching the screen. She isn't simply a voyeur. She cares about these people's lives. As her PAGER SOUNDS again...

95 OMITTED 95

thru thru

98 98

99 TELEPHONE TABLE 99

A system like Rath's. Electra picks up a cellular, dials. As a woman's voice answers, Electra clicks a stopwatch.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Room one-fifteen.

Slipping a filter over the mouthpiece, Electra responds in a deep baritone.

ELECTRA

I have the merchandise.

(or alternate)

I have the disc. She picks up a computer disc, holds it at arm's length.

WOMAN (V.O.)

The buyers arrive at noon. Flight 10-55.

Electra covers the receiver, thinks things through.

ELECTRA

Off the plane. Customs. They're Dutch...
A half hour.

She twists the filter to the high pitch of a child.

ELECTRA

I'll attempt contact at 12:30 and every
fifteen minutes after that.

WOMAN (V.O.)

You have the hard copy images?

Electra reviews photos of the Dutch, similar but not the same
as Rath's.

ELECTRA

Affirmative. What do I call the
principal?

Electra checks the stopwatch. Forty-eight seconds...

WOMAN (V.O.)

Call him Remy. How will they know --

Electra hangs up, sticks the disc in her pocket.

ELECTRA

They'll know.

100 OMITTED 100

100A EXT. ELECTRA'S APARTMENT - DAY 100A

Electra comes out carrying Pearl's porta pet and a shoulder-
slung duffel bag. She puts them in the back of her
Mustang convertible. Hopping in, Electra pulls out of a
parking spot identified with her apartment number.

101 EXT. THE HYATT - DAY 101

It has a big day ahead of it. Electra's car drives past the
main entrance and she turns into the parking garage entrance.

102 INT. PARKING GARAGE 102

Electra pulls into a spot up front, hands the attendant \$20.

ELECTRA
Keep it handy.

He nods. Sunglasses on, carrying her duffel bag and porta pet, Electra heads for a bank of elevators. She steps in.

103 INT. HYATT - ELEVATOR - LOBBY LEVEL - DAY 103

From inside, the doors open at the lobby level. A man and a woman with a white fur coat step inside.

Backed in a corner, Electra stares at a veritable wall of fur. She doesn't like it. Setting down the port-a- pet, she reaches into her duffel for what looks like a canister of breath spray.

104 INT. UPPER FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY 104

The elevator doors open. None the wiser, the couple step out. As they walk down the hallway away from us we see a large circle with a slash through it on the back of the fur coat. As the doors close we hear.

ELECTRA (V.O.)
You're welcome, Pearl.

105 INT. AIRPORT - INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - DAY 105

We hear a SCREAMING JET OVERHEAD.

Four Dutch men exit the jetway. They look like lions in leather jackets. They move predatorially, REMY recognizable from Rath's computer info.

106 INT. THE HYATT - ROOM 718 - DAY 106

A laptop computer, a transmitter and a remote intercom rest on the coffee table. On the computer, Electra scrolls through airline flight information. She finds KLM flight 1055. The screen flashes: Arrived.

107 INT. UNITED TERMINAL - ESCALATOR - DAY 107

Looking past a digital clock we see the Dutch ride down the escalator, jumpy.

INTERCOM (V.O.)
Mr. Remy, to the white courtesy phone.
Mr. Remy.

Remy looks to his #2. Suddenly, the four of them pound down the escalator steps, snaking between people, pushing others out of the way.

108 WHITE COURTESY PHONE 108

Remy picks up the receiver. His men fan out, ready for trouble.

REMY
Hello?

ELECTRA (V.O.)
Are you ready to go shopping on the Home Information network? The price is \$40,000.

REMY
Where are you?

ELECTRA (V.O.)
Are you ready? Yes or no?

REMY
Yes.

109 INT. THE HYATT - ROOM 718 - DAY 109

Electra's on a cell phone.

ELECTRA
There's a payphone bank in the Hyatt Hotel by the elevators. You got twenty minutes.

She hangs up, clicks her stopwatch.

110 INT. UNITED TERMINAL - DAY 110

Remy hangs up, motions to his men to follow. As the Dutch move away, we RACK FOCUS back to a man in the b.g.

It's Rath. Looking absolutely non-descript. He waits till they're almost out of sight before following. Rath scans faces as he moves. Someone else may be here as well.

111 UNITED TERMINAL EXIT 111

The Dutch exit. Rath's about to follow when he spots a young man turning away to a cash machine. Bain?

Drawing the .22, Rath closes the gap, spins him. The young man, holding his cash, turns into the barrel. It's not Bain and in an instant the gun is gone. Rath is shaken, but nearly as much as the young man. Rath moves on.

112 EXT. AIRPORT ROADWAY - DAY 112

Remy and his men get into a waiting limo. It pulls away.

Rath exits, hops into a cab before it can even coast to a stop. They pull away as well.

113 INT. CAB - DAY 113

CLOSEUP of the time on the meter.

114 INT. THE HYATT - ROOM 718 - DAY 114

Pearl watches as Electra unscrews an A/C panel. Popping the screen to reveal a vertical duct, Electra tapes a piece of cardboard at an angle inside it. The effect is to redirect into the room anything traveling down.

115 INT. LIMO - ROLLING - DAY 115

The Dutch open waiting briefcases, check out the silenced 9 MM's waiting inside.

116 INT. THE HYATT - ROOM 718 - DAY 116

Electra at the window, looking down through binoculars.

117 ELECTRA'S POV - BINOCULAR MATTE 117

The Dutch heading from their limo for the hotel.

ELECTRA
One, two, three, four.

118 INT. HYATT LOBBY - DAY 118

Looking toward the entrance as the Dutch stride in. As a PHONE begins to RING, Remy hurries to a...

119 PAYPHONE BANK 119

Answers it.

REMY
Hello.

ELECTRA (V.O.)
Pick up the Yellow Pages.

He does as he's told.

ELECTRA (V.O.)
Lonely? In town on business. Who'll ever know if you check out the escorts?

As Remy flips to the "Es"...

120 INT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY 120

Rath steps in, heads for the front desk, but watches.

121 INT. HOTEL - PAYPHONES - DAY 121

Remy's found it. In the escort ads, a room key card.

ELECTRA (V.O.)
It's room 942. I want all four of you in there. No deal otherwise. And if there's more of you, I'll know it. I smell a rat, I go. Are we simpatico?

REMY
Yes. Simpatico.

Checking about, the Dutch gets in an elevator. Rath doesn't have a chance without raising a red flag.

The doors close. He thinks a beat. As a maintenance worker passes, something occurs to him. Spurred to action, Rath moves.

122 INT. HYATT - ELEVATOR - DAY 122

Two passengers get off on three. The ride continues. It's just the anxious Dutch and a man in the corner.

He looks up. It's Bain!

The elevator stops at nine. As the Dutch step off, Bain slyly slips "something" into Remy's jacket pocket. We see, but we're not quite sure what.

They don't say a word, just exit as the elevator stops at nine. As the doors close behind them, Bain looks grim.

123 INT. HYATT HOTEL - MAINTENANCE OFFICE - DAY 123

Where a JANITOR answers a RINGING PHONE. Beyond him, we see a hotel computer terminal.

JANITOR

Maintenance... What?! Sounds like we got a short. I'll be right there.

The Janitor rushes out. The office is empty. A beat and Rath enters. Tucking his cell phone (he made the call) into his pocket, he takes a seat at the terminal. He must have used this trick before as he scrolls computer info. Room bills. Reservations. Guest names. He eliminates the Chicago Bulls, a doctors' convention, and a wedding party. All 10 plus rooms. As he continues his process of elimination...

124 INT. HYATT HOTEL - ROOM 942 - DAY 124

On a table are a screwdriver, a laptop hooked to a cellular modem and a remote intercom matching Electra's. The Dutch enter, guns drawn.

125 INT. HYATT HOTEL - ROOM 718 - DAY 125

Over the INTERCOM, Electra can hear them entering the room, moving about.

ELECTRA
Close the door.

126 INT. HYATT HOTEL - ROOM 942 - DAY 126
As one of them pulls the door shut...

127 INT. HYATT HOTEL - ROOM 718 - DAY 127
Electra can hear it bang shut.

ELECTRA
First, I need a ten thousand dollar
deposit.

REMY (V.O.)
(TV)
That wasn't the agreement.

128 INT. HYATT HOTEL - ROOM 942 - DAY 128
The computer screen goes blank.

ELECTRA (V.O.)
We have nothing more to discuss. Good-
bye.

REMY
Wait, wait. Okay. A beat, the screen
turns back on.

ELECTRA (V.O.)
Here's today's menu.

The screen fills with file names. Number 2 reads, nods his
approval. Remy inserts a blank disc.

Guns are drawn, aimed as a BEEPING sounds from the wall. From
the A/C vent.

ELECTRA (V.O.)
I believe you'll find a screwdriver on
the table.

Cautiously, Number 3 picks up the screwdriver, undoes the
screen which is now backlit. Electra's remote dump truck, a
flashlight and pen-sized camera taped on the cab roof. As
the Dutch exchange a look...

129 INT. HYATT HOTEL - MAINTENANCE OFFICE - DAY 129

Rath has narrowed his search to three individuals who each hold two rooms apiece. Clark, Rogers and Katz. Rath selects K. Katz. Rooms 718 and 942. He switches to room service charges. In two days nothing on 942 -- not even a phone call, but...

RATH
(reading)
Room 718. Coffee. Coffee. Coffee.
Coffee. Tuna fish.

Reaching into a pocket, he pulls out and unfolds a print-out of the green cat eyes. MEOW@comsat.next. RATH Meow.

130 INT. HYATT HOTEL - ROOM 718 - DAY 130

Manipulating a joystick, Electra watches an air duct view pass by on a Sony Watchman.

131 INT. AIR DUCT - DAY 131

The dump truck rolls carrying a \$10,000 payload. It turns at one branch, turns left at another. Ahead, a square hole opens up where a third branch goes vertical.

Just when we think a catastrophe will occur, the truck stops, executes a DMV 3-point turn. It backs to the edge of the hole. The truck bed angles back as it dumps.

132 INT. ROOM 718 132

Electra smiles as ten thousand dollars drop out of the vent and onto the carpet.

ELECTRA
I'm going to format your disc, orient it
to receive the data.

Electra begins typing.

133 INT. HYATT HOTEL - ROOM 942 - DAY 133

The Dutch watch a little clock tick away on the laptop screen as this is done.

134 EXT. 9TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY 134

Not far from 942, an attractive couple pause to begin kissing in a corner. Overwhelmed, they can't keep their hands off each other.

135 INT. HYATT HOTEL - ELEVATOR - DAY 135

Rath gets in, his fingers deciding between the ninth and seventh floors. He presses one, but we don't see which. As he starts up.

136 INT. HYATT HOTEL - ROOM 942 - DAY 136

Remy watches as file names start to appear on the computer screen.

137 INT. HYATT HOTEL - ROOM 718 - DAY 137

Electra continues to send information.

138 9TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY 138

Here comes Bain. Resolute, but excited at what's about to happen. He passes the couple. They don't see him or they don't care. But as Bain gets a few steps past...

He wheels, raises the SILENCED .22 and FIRES. The couple crumple, both head shots. He drags them into a stairwell.

139 INT. HYATT HOTEL - ROOM 718 - DAY 139

Electra types.

140 INT. 9TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY 140

Bain leans over the bodies of the attractive couple. Amazingly, he relieves them both of silenced 9mm pistols. What the hell's going on?

Bain steps to the middle of the hall. Watching several doors at once, he takes out a cellular phone, punches in a number, then hits send.

141 INT. HYATT HOTEL - ROOM 942 - DAY 141

A very LOUD BEEPING sounds! After a confused moment, Remy reaches into his pocket, pulls out the slim BEEPER Bain deposited there.

They barely have time to exchange a look before the room door blasts open and Bain enters, both the .22 and one of the 9mm's BLAZING.

The Dutch try to return fire, but Bain has them. As he EMPTIES both GUNS...

142 INT. HYATT HOTEL - ROOM 718 - DAY 142

Electra looks up from her typing, listens to the odd thwapping and grunting coming over the INTERCOM SPEAKER. She stops typing.

143 ROOM 942 - DAY 143

Bain checks Remy's wallet. Finds a badge.

BAIN
Interpol?

Bain pauses, but then shrugs it off. No time to worry about it now. He looks to the dead Dutchmen.

BAIN
No more worries. Suena con los angelitos.

ELECTRA (V.O.)
What's going on there?

Bain spots the intercom. Then he sees the laptop screen flashing: He realizes the transmission is incomplete.

ELECTRA (V.O.)
Hello?

BAIN
Please complete the transmission.

144 INT. ROOM 718 - DAY 144

Electra's momentarily flustered.

ELECTRA
 (starts typing; stops)
 Who is this?

She hears no answer. Electra begins erasing all of the information she has sent.

145 INT. ROOM 942 - DAY 145

Bain sees the information begin to disappear line by line -- he frantically tries to save some of it.

BAIN
 I'm going to tear your heart out.

146 INT. ROOM 718 - DAY 146

Sudden fear washes over Electra. Flipping down her sunglasses, she grabs her duffel bag, picks up Pearl, pulls the disc. But as she turns to the door...

SLAM! It bursts open and she's staring right at a silenced .22. Rath is here, quite obviously there to kill her. But maybe surprised she's a woman.

ELECTRA
 Don't...

147 ROOM 942 147

Now it's Bain's turn to listen.

BAIN
 Don't what?
 (realizes)
 Rath? Is it you?

148 ROOM 718 148

Keeping the gun on Electra, Rath looks at the intercom. Doesn't answer.

149 ROOM 942 149

But Bain is sure. He picks up the remote, switches on the room TV.

BAIN

It is you...

150 ROOM 718 150

Gun still aimed, Rath holds out his hand, whispers...

RATH

The disc.

She fumbles, holds it out with a wildly trembling hand. Rath takes it.

151 ROOM 942 151

Bain accesses (on TV) the hotel's in-room checkout system.

BAIN

You checked out that move, didn't you?
Black queen to king's bishop 4?

152 ROOM 718 152

Bain is getting under Rath's skin. As his finger tightens, Electra is frozen in fear.

BAIN (V.O.)

You got a move for me, Rath?

Electra tries to say something, but can't give volume to the words. Rath reaches over, takes off her sunglasses. She blinks at him. As a tear streaks her cheek...

153 ROOM 942 153

On the TV checkout, Bain has the room charge for 942 and the fact it's coupled with the charges for room 718.

BAIN

It's like chess. What's your move? Is she alive? Did you kill her? Are you there, sweetie?

And Bain slips silently out of the room.

154 ROOM 718

154

BAIN (V.O.)

Is she dead yet, Rath? I took care of
business on my end. What about you? Come
on. Pull the trigger. Kill her.

Electra closes her eyes. Rath turns his aim from her to the
INTERCOM, FIRES. As it bursts into a hundred pieces.

155 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY

155

Bain steps out from the stairwell, silently sprints to...

156 ROOM 718

156

Bain enters with a military roll. It only takes an instant
to realize... Rath and Electra are gone.

156A INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

156A

Electra and Rath step off the elevator. She wears her
jacket, carries her computer and porta pet. He holds her
arm, keeps the gun at her side.

RATH

Where's your car?

ELECTRA

I don't know.

The Attendent (seen earlier) steps over, eagerly points out
her Mustang.

ATTENDENT

It's right here, Miss. As the Attendent
hurries over with the keys...

RATH

I guess a black Chevy would have stuck
out too much.

157 EXT. HYATT - MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE - DAY

157

The Mustang zooms out of the parking garage, bottoms out at
the top. Electra's behind the wheel. Rath rides shotgun,
watching the hotel for trouble. Pearl in her porta-pet in
the back.

158 EXT. STREET - MUSTANG (MOVING) - DAY

158

Electra is terrified. We now learn she talks when she's nervous.

ELECTRA

I always thought I was going to die in a bus crash. Isn't that dumb? The odds are like five-hundred million to one. You know what the odds of meeting a stranger who's a murderer? One-thousand to one.

Holding the .22, Rath just stares at her.

ELECTRA

I think I've been worrying about the wrong statistic.

RATH

If I was going to kill you, you'd be dead already.

As Electra speeds up...

159 INT. ROOM 718 - DAY

159

Bain tears the room apart. Pulls open drawers, overturns the mattress. He wants that disc. But the room has been cleaned out. Then he spots it. Electra's computer carrying case -- in haste forgotten -- on a chair.

Electra's jacket -- in haste forgotten -- draped over a chair.

Rifling through it, he finds the photos Electra had of Pearl. Bain flips through them. Nothing, but Pearl. Inside, outside. But Bain flips back one.

Pearl outside. Bain's finger jabs down on something in the background. Three TV transmit towers. Bain strides to the window, looks out...

159A BAIN'S POV - CITY

159A

Scanning, spots it. In the distance, three radio towers.

159B BACK TO BAIN

159B

Smiling. He shoves the picture in a pocket, hurries out.

160 MUSTANG - ROLLING - DAY

160

ELECTRA

Who the hell are you?!

RATH

I work for the government.

ELECTRA

Bullshit.

(turning)

Where are we going?

RATH

Just drive.

Electra hits the gas. The MUSTANG ZOOMS. 40, 50... Rath takes her laptop from the backseat. He plugs it into his cellular, punches a number in. Rath types in the access code sequence. The system comes on line.

Contractor: This is not a scheduled call, Robert.

60 mph... Electra begins to slalom between cars. Rath looks up as he types.

RATH

Watch your speed.

Rath: He was there again.

Contractor: Shut down. We'll talk at the scheduled time.

The system shuts down. 70 mph...

RATH

Slow down!

ELECTRA

I can't.

Rath reaches over with his foot, starts to brake them.

ELECTRA

What about the other guy? Does he work for the government, too?

Rath just gives her a look, takes his foot off the brake. They've slowed considerably.

ELECTRA

It's between you and him, right? Just leave me out of it.

RATH

We can't. You're the mark.

A chilling thought. Across a wide median, she sees a bus pulling up to a bus stop. Ahead, the light turns red.

161 OMITTED 161

162 EXT. STREET - DAY 162

Electra moves to slow down, but at the last second she accelerates, rear ends the car ahead. Electra is braced, but Rath slams the dash.

Electra takes the keys, leaps out of the car. Grabbing the porta-pet, she dashes across the median. Rath is quickly after her.

Electra nears the bus which is taking on the last of its passengers. As she looks back over her shoulder, she slams into a man, drops the porta-pet.

Rath is closing. There's no time. Acting on survival instincts, Electra leaps onto the bus. It's away just as Rath arrives.

163 INT. BUS - ROLLING - DAY 163

Electra hurries to the back, stares out the window. In the receding distance we see Rath and the porta-pet in the street. She's escaped, but at what cost?

ELECTRA

Oh, Pearl... Sorry.

164 EXT. BUS STOP - DAY 164

As an IRATE MOTORIST shouts "car insurance," Rath ignores him, carries Pearl back to the Mustang. He gets inside, checks the glove box -- nothing. But reaching under the seat, he pulls out a paper bag with cat food inside. The bag is printed: Prize Pets. With an address.

165 EXT. PRIZE PETS - DAY 165

A local mom & pop operation. As the Mustang pulls up...

166 INT. PRIZE PETS - DAY 166

An OLDER WOMAN looks up as Rath approaches the counter. But she's not looking at Rath.

OLDER WOMAN

Pearl! How are you, dearie? Where's
Mama?

Holding the cat in his arms, Rath smiles.

166A EXT. ELECTRA'S BUILDING - DAY 166A

Three towers in the background. A car pulls into an assigned spot. "Bob" gets out, heads into the building.

167 INT. ELECTRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 167

Electra packs. No rhyme or reason. She just tosses stuff into her bag. As she moves into the bedroom, we STAY here. The monitors are on. Bob enters Jennifer's apartment.

167A EXT. ELECTRA'S BUILDING - DAY 167A

Bain steps up, smiles at the towers. There are three cars in the lot. He walks along, placing a palm on the hood. Seeing which engine is warm. Bob's. Noting the apartment number on the space, Bain heads inside.

168 INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 168

Bain enters, begins looking through the room, after the disc.

169 OMITTED 169

170 INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY 170

Bob hears the sound, thinks the wrong thought.

BOB

Jenn?

Bob hears FOOTSTEPS coming down the hall. As they near he door...

BOB
I love you.

Bain is there, filling the doorway.

BAIN
That's sweet.

171 INT. ELECTRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 171

Bag packed, Electra steps out from the bedroom. She stops short at the sight of the monitor.

Bain raises the .22, Bob's eyes widen. As he steps back, Bain steps forward.

BOB (V.O.)
(on TV)
Who are you?

BAIN (V.O.)
(on TV, advancing)
You'll never know... Romeo.

Bob backs right into the walk-in closet. Bain follows. The SILENCER WHISPERS and BOB THUMPS to the floor.

171A JENNIFER'S BEDROOM 171A

Bain takes in the room. Breathes it in. Something catches his eye. A smoke detector on the ceiling. He stands on the bed.

171B BELECTRA'S LIVING ROOM 171B

Electra's mouth open, but no sound comes out as Bain's face suddenly looms right into the monitor. Distorted, his face right in the camera.

172 INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY 172

Standing on the bed, Bain pulls the detector housing should be. He pokes at it. A warped smile as he realizes what it is.

173 INT. ELECTRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 173

BAIN (V.O.)
 (on TV)
 You sick little bitch.

Electra turns to get out, stops short at MEOW. PEARL trots into the room. Electra scoops her and Rath is there. He spots Bain on the monitor, draws his .22. She flinches.

RATH
 Where is he?

Electra points to the floor. The screen goes to snow as Bain reaches, yanks the smoke detector from the ceiling.

Rath grabs Electra and they're out of there.

174 MUSTANG (PARKED) - DAY 174

Up the street, the front end smashed. Rath gets Electra and Pearl inside.

RATH
 Wait for me at the pet shop.

She nods.

Without another word, Rath heads back. Electra STARTS the car. Smoke pinwheels off the tires as she roars off.

175 INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 175

Leading with the .22, Rath enters. Every nerve is tingling as he steps into...

176 JENNIFER'S BEDROOM 176

Rath steps in. No Bain. Rath spots the plaster torn from the ceiling, Bob's legs visible through the closet door. Rath steps over. As he kneels to take a pulse, he hears FOOTSTEPS OVERHEAD. In Electra's apartment.

177 INT. ELECTRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 177

Two discs on the coffee table. Bain scoops them, runs them through his scanner. Red lights flash. Not the ones he wants. He tosses them aside.

178 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - MUSTANG (ROLLING) - DAY 178

Electra slows for a stop sign. Continuing, she passes Jennifer going the other way. Headed home. Oh no! Electra looks back over her shoulder. She makes a decision.

A HORN BLARES. Electra brakes, looks ahead where she's come inches from a head-on collision.

She throws it in reverse, nearly hits a car coming up from behind. More HORNS.

Back to drive, Electra hops the curb, driving over a circular median and knocking down a "Slow" sign as she turns around.

179 INT. ELECTRA'S BUILDING - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY 179

Gun drawn, Rath makes his way, enters.

180 INT. ELECTRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 180

No Bain. Rath moves silently toward...

181 ELECTRA'S BEDROOM 181

Bain searching the place. Holding his .22, he picks up a bottle of perfume, takes a whiff, smiles.

BAIN

Jasmine...

In the dresser mirror, Bain spots Rath enter behind him.

Dropping the perfume, Bain wheels, FIRES!

A MIRROR on the back of the door SHATTERS and Rath is gone. Or at least his image.

Guessing. Bain starts FIRING in a moving pass across the wall. The SILENCER makes it almost surreal.

182 LIVING ROOM 182

Rath runs, just a step ahead of the BULLETS which BURST from the wall behind him. Diving, he rolls into the...

183 KITCHEN 183

Coming out of the tuck and roll, Rath slams into the stove, rocking it two feet across the floor.

He looks up at the gas line inches over his head.

184 LIVING ROOM 184

Slapping in a new clip, Bain leaps out, sees that Rath must be in the kitchen. Bain aims, but stays where he is.

BAIN

You're getting slow, Abuelo.

RATH (O.S.)

I'm not the one shooting at mirrors.

185 INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY 185

Home, Jennifer stops short when she sees plaster everywhere. Looking up, she sees the cable snake up to the hole in Electra's floor. Unfortunately, she doesn't see Bob. Furious about the mess, she hurries out of the room.

186 INT. ELECTRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 186

Where Bain is edging his way toward the kitchen. That's when Jennifer storms in.

JENNIFER

Who the hell are you?

She stops short at the sight of Bain's .22.

BAIN

(whispers; wants)

The disc.

A frozen moment before she bolts for the door. Bain FIRES. As Jennifer falls, Bain makes a critical error.

BAIN

(at kitchen)

I beat you to the buyers and now I beat you to the mark. I'm starting to think I picked the wrong guy to be my hero.

187 INT. KITCHEN 187

Rath wonders who Bain shot. Out the window, he sees Electra pull up in the Mustang, run for the building.

188 LIVING ROOM 188

Bain waits for an answer, doesn't get one.

BAIN

You know it's my birthday today, Rath?
It's true. Today I become number one.

Picking up a big shard of mirror, Bain inches his way to the kitchen door. It's blind; no view at all.

189 STAIRWELL 189

Electra makes her way up.

190 LIVING ROOM 190

Bain tosses the MIRROR SHARD against the open kitchen door.

It BREAKS into pieces, one of them a leaner. They give Bain a full view of the kitchen. Rath isn't there.

BAIN

You got a present for me, Rath?

191 KITCHEN 191

Tense as a steel spring, Bain steps inside. There's another doorway in the far corner. Bain moves for it, then stops short at a HISSING in the air. Framed by the window behind him, Bain sniffs, whips a look over to the stove where the GAS LINE is wide open.

A trail of liquid leads from the kitchen to a back hall. Bain whips a look that way where we hear the distinctive sound of a MATCH BEING STRUCK.

192 HALLWAY 192

RATH

Make a wish.

Rath discards a bottle of brandy, sets the burning match into the trail of liquid. As it ignites, he rushes back, comes face to face with Electra. He dives for the floor, takes her with him.

193 KITCHEN 193

The flame trail zips in. Bain flips the kitchen table on its side, ducks behind it as the AIR BURSTS INTO FLAMES. The table is driven back by the force.

194 EXT. ELECTRA'S APARTMENT - SECOND FLOOR - DAY 194

Bain hurtles back through the kitchen window, followed by a huge fireball and lots of debris.

195 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY 195

Rath rises, motions Electra to wait. Smoke is everywhere.

196 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 196

A few flames, but there's not much left to burn. Rath peeks around the corner. Bain isn't here. We can see the ground below as well. There is debris everywhere but Bain is gone. Rath sees Jennifer's body in the door-way. He checks to see if she is alive.

197 ELECTRA'S BUILDING - STAIRWELL 197

Leading with his .22, Rath tries to lead Electra out, but she doesn't want to go. She has other things to consider.

ELECTRA

Wait. Jennifer.

Rath looks at her, shakes his head. Jennifer didn't make it. Turning her gently, they continue down.

198 EXT. MUSTANG - PARKED - DAY 198

Electra and Rath make it to the car. Distraught, she's still staring back as he gets her inside.

198A INT. MUSTANG - DRIVING - DAY 198A

Electra's neighborhood. Rath drives away. He glances over at Electra who sits clutching hold of Pearl. In shock over Bob and Jennifer, she's withdrawn into her- self. Rath knows there's nothing he can say so he keeps quiet and drives.

198A EXT. CHAIN HOTEL - NIGHT 198A

The Mustang drives up. Rath is at the wheel.

199 INT. CHAIN HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 199

Electra enters ahead of Rath. She sets her bag down, lets Pearl out of the porta-pet. Feeling like a prisoner, she sits in a chair in the corner. Pearl jumps up in her lap.

Rath gets a quick feel for the room. After checking the view out the window, he draws the curtains.

Rath takes off his jacket. Pulling off his shoulder holster, he sets the rig on the coffee table, then sits in a couch opposite Electra. The gun is halfway between the two. Electra does her best to be nonchalant, but she's well aware of the fact.

May be the very first time we've seen Rath rela. Pearl jumps to the carpet, pads her way toward him.

ELECTRA

Pearl.

Ignoring her owner, Pearl leaps up, settles into Rath's lap. As he scratches her ears...

ELECTRA

Here, girl.

Electra snaps her fingers, but PEARL just closes her eyes, begins to PURR. Electra is not happy about this.

RATH

She likes me.

ELECTRA

She likes dead fish, too.

As Rath looks down at the cat, Electra looks at the gun, measuring the distance with her eyes.

ELECTRA
What do you call yourself?

RATH
Robert Rath.

ELECTRA
Yeah, sure. Call me Electra... So, are you one of them?

RATH
Used to be.
(checks watch)
Retired.

ELECTRA
Pardon me if I don't believe you.

RATH
If I was going to kill you, you'd be dead already.

She pretends to look away, but as Rath looks down at Pearl, Electra lunges for the gun.

He never moves or even blinks an eye. He just watches as she struggles a moment to free the .22 from its holster. She realizes, suspects the worst.

ELECTRA
What? It's not loaded?

RATH
It's loaded.

ELECTRA
I could shoot you. I could be 500 miles away by the time they find you.

Electra keeps the gun on him, but can't shake the feeling he's got the upper hand. A long silence. Rath scratches Pearl's ears.

ELECTRA
Stop it. She doesn't like it.

PEARL begins to PURR.

RATH
Afraid you'll hit the cat?

Rath sets Pearl down, looks back to Electra. Waits.

Without warning she starts squeezing off ROUNDS. A LAMP EXPLODES on one side of Rath. Two tufts of stuffing erupt from the couch on the other side. Rath doesn't move.

ELECTRA
 (steps forward))
 You think letting me get this gun was a mistake, don't you? You think I'm afraid. Don't you?

She FIRES just over his head; the round digs the wall.

ELECTRA
 You don't know shit about me!

RATH
 You're wrong. I --

ELECTRA
 Shut up!

A final step, she levels the gun at Rath's face.

ELECTRA
 This was supposed to be a good day. A payday. Forty grand. I was going to get Pearl a boyfriend. Now two people are dead. I'm almost dead.
 (a beat))
 I'm in way over my head, Rath. I just want out.

For the first time really, she looks into his eyes. Her hand begins to tremble. The gun barrel shakes.

RATH
 You have the gun. The keys are on the dresser. Go.

Electra covers Rath as she steps over to the dresser, scoops up the keys. Her next words are more to reassure herself than to convince Rath.

ELECTRA
 I don't have a social security number, a driver's license. I barely remember my real name. I'm a ghost; I can disappear.

RATH
 I found you. So did he.

ELECTRA

I want my life back. Please, that's all
I want.

Rath shakes his head.

RATH

I'm sorry.

Electra's finger tightens on the trigger. Suddenly, jerking her arm left, she FIRES a wild shot. A CRASH as a cheap print is obliterated by the bullet.

Electra lowers the gun limply to her side, lets it drop to the carpet.

ELECTRA

I need to be alone.

(a beat)

I haven't spent this much time with
someone in years.

Near tears, Electra moves blindly for the bathroom, Pearl at her heel. As Electra closes the door behind her.

RATH

Neither have I.

He closes his eyes, listens as we hear her begin to CRY.

199A INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

199A

Her back to the door, Electra slides slowly to the floor as she cries. Hugging her knees to her chest, it gets worse. A lonely, desolate moment. As PEARL MEOWS...

200 EXT. CITYSCAPE/INT. PAYPHONE - NIGHT

200

A twinkling panorama. We PAN ACROSS TO a computer screen. A cursor blinks to life as...

Contractor: What went wrong, Miguel?

We're at a payphone booth. Bain has hooked his laptop into the payphone wiring.

Bain: Nothing. I retired the buyers. And the seller.

Contractor: The disc?

Cain: Rath has it. He's a difficult mark.

Contractor: Rath isn't the mark. THE DISC.

Bain is taken aback by this response. He's not used to being criticized.

Bain: You'll get it.

A long pause. Even Bain notices. The Contractor is never this reticent. Finally...

Contractor: You had your chance. The contract has been reassigned.

BAIN

What?! No lo puedo creer!

Bain is in a rage as he types...

Bain: Fuck you.

Contractor: That's no way to talk to a lady.

BAIN

I don't care what you are --

Bain hits the repeat key. "Fuck you's" flash across the screen. As the Contractor logs off, Bain slams his fist against the glass of the booth.

201 INT. CHAIN HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

201

Rath is at his desk conversing with the Contractor. Electra must still be holed up in the bathroom.

Rath: I have the disc.

Contractor: You're still the best, Robert.

RATH

Then who's this kid?

Rath: I'd like the two million in cash.

Contractor: Where do you want to make the trade?

202 INT. CHAIN HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

202

Freshly showered, Electra looks better. Drying her hair, she sees that Pearl is peering into the toilet.

ELECTRA

How many times have I told you?

Pearl paws down the trip handle. The water swirls. As she leans down to drink...

203 INT. CHAIN HOTEL ROOM

203

Rath watches the late news. Troubled, he holds the disc. The bathroom door opens and Electra emerges. She watches over his shoulder.

ELECTRA

What did they say about the dead guys at the Hyatt?

RATH

Nothing.

ELECTRA

I don't need details, just in general.

RATH

Nothing.

ELECTRA

That's impossible.

RATH

No. Not if...

ELECTRA

Not if what?

RATH

They were C.I.A. Or Interpol.

Rath CLICKS OFF the SET as the "Weather" comes on. He considers the disc. Rath has a hunch, but wonders if he really wants to know.

RATH

What's on this?

ELECTRA

It's encrypted. Breaking the code on my laptop could take two, maybe three hundred years.

RATH

I thought you were a genius.

ELECTRA

I am. In fact, I was the best.

RATH

Was?

ELECTRA

I'm retiring, too.

(re: disc)

I wish I had an insight, but it was all anonymous. Just an intercepted satellite transmission.

Rath knows that in this case, ignorance is bliss.

Rath stands, goes into the bathroom.

Electra steps over to the bed. The blanket has been "turned-down." Two chocolate mints rest on the triangle.

ELECTRA

There's only one bed. I guess you picked up on that.

Rath exits the bathroom, rolling two towels together.

RATH

It's all yours.

ELECTRA

You want the couch?

Rath sets the roll on the floor. He switches on a ceiling light directly over it. Electra watches, understands, but teases.

ELECTRA

What's that, a trick of the trade? So you don't get too comfortable?

(off no answer)

Why don't you just tie a string from your toe to the doorknob?

RATH

(doesn't think twice)

The door opens in.

Rath reenters the bathroom; Electra can't help but smile.

204 BATHROOM 204

Rath sits on the toilet seat and looks at his reflection in the mirror. He's not quite sure he knows who he's looking at. Sensing someone else, he looks down to where Pearl stares up at him.

205 CHAIN HOTEL ROOM 205

Electra is in bed. The lights on her side of the room are off. Rath passes.

He kicks off his shoes, sits on the floor. He sets the .22 down, stops short. Electra has set one of the "turn -down" chocolates on his towel. Rath picks it up. He lies on his back, stares at the ceiling. On her side, Electra faces the other way. As Rath unwraps the chocolate...

ELECTRA

Thanks.

RATH

For what?

ELECTRA

I don't know. Saving my life I guess.

A long moment of silence before...

RATH

How'd you like to make a million dollars?

ELECTRA

What do I have to do?

(looks over)

Nothing cheap I hope.

Rath smiles. As he pops the chocolate into his mouth...

206 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - MUSTANG - DAY 206

Electra behind the wheel, in sunglasses and a kerchief. Rath in the passenger seat as they pull up to the curb.

RATH

Follow our plan. And if I don't show...

ELECTRA

I know. Split!

Rath barely nods. Reassuring a woman is a skill he never had. He takes the laptop from the back, casts about the front seat for something he can't find. Electra holds up the disc. He reaches, but she doesn't give it to him.

ELECTRA

In ten minutes you'll have two million dollars and no reason to come back. I ditched you. I really didn't know you that well at the time, but who knows, maybe you hold it against me and --

Rath gently crosses her lips with two fingers. Then, with absolute finality:

RATH

Partners.

She gives him the disc. Rath gets out of the car. Electra watches as he disappears, swallowed by the crowd.

ELECTRA

Be careful... Partner.

Electra drives on.

207 EXT. MONORAIL STATION - DAY 207

Carrying the laptop, wearing sunglasses, Rath boards a northbound monorail. The doors shut and it glides away.

208 EXT. STREET BELOW MONORAIL - DAY 208

As the monorail moves along above, the Mustang follows below. Her eyes looking up, Electra nearly rear ends a car slowing for a left turn. As she swerves around it.

209 INT. MONORAIL CAR - DAY 209

Rath sits, his back to the window. Turning on the computer, he inserts the disc. A list of file names scroll across the screen.

210 EXT. MONORAIL TRACKS - DAY 210

Two tracks run parallel. The northbound train slows as it nears a southbound. Reaching a station, the two trains stop directly across from each other.

ANGLE BETWEEN TRAINS

Two facing doors open. Rath stands, partly concealed behind one. A courier behind the other. He holds up an open briefcase. Inside: 20 stacks of banded \$1000 bills.

Rath, his face hidden, holds up the laptop, the screen visible. The laptop and briefcase are both closed.

ANGLE ABOVE TRAINS

All we see are hands as the briefcase is exchanged for the laptop. As both trains continue on their way.

211 INT. MONORAIL CAR - DAY 211

Rath holds the briefcase in his lap. It feels good.

211A ANGLE ON WATCHER 211A

His back to Rath, reading the paper. But watching Rath from a piece of reflective tape on the inside lens of his glasses.

212 EXT. MUSTANG - DAY 212

Electra drives, falling behind. As the light turns red ahead, she swerves 'round traffic, shoots through the intersection inches ahead of the cross traffic.

213 INT. MONORAIL CAR - DAY 213

Picking his spot, Rath pulls down on the emergency stop cord. The monorail lurches to a stop.

Rath grabs the release handle on the door, pushes it open.

214 EXT. MONORAIL CAR - DAY 214

Briefcase in hand, Rath leaps, lands on the roof of a neighboring business.

214A INT. MONORAIL CAR - DAY 214A

The Watcher stands, but the doors close. True to his name, he can only watch as...

215 EXT. BUSINESS BUILDING - DAY 215

Rath swings himself over the edge of the roof, drops down to the street below.

215A OMITTED 215A
 thru thru
 215F 215F

215G INT. MONORAIL CAR - DAY 215G

As the monorail continues, the Watcher loses sight, doesn't see as...

215H EXT. BUSINESS BUILDING - DAY 215H

Rath's only just gotten to his feet when the Mustang pulls up, RADIO BLASTING. Rath hops in and they tear off.

216 EXT. MUSTANG - DRIVING - DAY 216

Rath grabs the briefcase from the back.

ELECTRA
 It's in there?

Rath nods. As he swings the briefcase onto his lap, the RADIO LOSES RECEPTION.

Rath frowns. He moves the briefcase away and the RECEPTION RETURNS. Rath looks around them. Pedestrians everywhere.

RATH
 Turn left!

Hearing his urgency, Electra turns.

217 EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY 217

Deserted. Rath heaves the BRIEFCASE up with all his might. It soars straight into the air. EXPLODES! As the air fills with shredded money...

218 EXT. MUSTANG - DAY

218

Electra slams on the brakes. As she starts to get out, Rath holds her back.

ELECTRA

But the money.

RATH

Go.

The street behind them is already filling with instant lottery winners.

218A INT. MONORAIL CAR - DAY

218A

The Watcher hears the REVERBERATION, watches smoke rise in the distance. He takes out a cell-phone, speed dials.

WATCHER

(into phone)

There's been an explosion.

He flips it shut.

218B INT. MUSTANG - DAY

218B

They continue. Rath with quiet resolve.

RATH

No money. No disc.

Though shaken, Electra suddenly smiles like the cat who ate the canary. Rath catches the look.

RATH

What?

ELECTRA

I wasn't sure you'd come back. This morning I switched discs. All they got was a list of file names. Bupkis.

Electra holds up the real disc. Rath can't believe it.

ELECTRA

Zero, a goose egg, jackstraw, ni, nada, zot, zilch, squirt, a dry hump, diddly squat.

(MORE)

ELECTRA (CONT'D)
 (a beat)
 I read a slang dictionary once.

RATH
 Keep reading.

ELECTRA
 Your contractor just tried to kill you.
 That's not good.

Rath nods. He takes the disc from her, considers it.

219 OMITTED 219
 thru thru
 223 223

223A INT. MUSTANG - PARKED - DAY 223A

MOVE WITH Electra. Carrying a paper bag, she exits a gourmet market and crosses the street to the Mustang. Rath waits with Pearl and his computer.

As Rath sets up his computer, Electra treats Pearl to some caviar.

ELECTRA
 Do you know that caviar is not a Russian word?

RATH
 Ikra. It's ikra.

ELECTRA
 (surprised)
 How did you know that?

No answer. There is a very particular reason that he knows this. She watches him as he types in his access code. Finally, Rath looks over at her.

RATH
 I had a friend... Nicolai. He told me.

ELECTRA
 Had?

RATH
 Fifteen years ago. He was taken.

ELECTRA
 Killed?

Rath nods. Before Electra can delve any deeper, the COMPUTER TERMINAL BEEPS. Words appear.

Contractor: Robert, is that you?

RATH
That's right, you sonuvabitch, I'm still
alive.

Rath: I still have the disc.

Contractor: We can make new arrangements.

Rath plays it cool.

Rath: The price has changed.

WIDEN to show Electra watching over Rath's shoulder.

RATH
Let's see just how valuable he thinks it
is.

Rath: \$20,000,000.

ELECTRA
Twenty million?! That's insane!

RATH
May well be.

They wait as the screen remains, unchanged. The Contractor is thinking it over.

ELECTRA
Where do you think this person is right
now? A mile from here? Ten thousand?

RATH
I never thought about it. Until now.

ELECTRA
You quit your job. You're having
thoughts you never had before. Sounds
like a mid-life crisis to me.

RATH
Yes. You're it.

Rath smiles. The cursor flashes. The answer is coming.

Contractor: It will take two days to arrange the transfer.
What's the bank code and account number?

Pulling out a small notebook, Rath checks a bank account number.

ELECTRA
I don't believe it. Twenty million and he wants to know what the account number is.
(a long beat)
Partners?

Rath nods, types in the information.

ELECTRA
(almost in tears)
Ten million each!

RATH
Eight. The bank'll take twenty percent.

ELECTRA
It's that kind of bank, huh?

Rath STARTS the CAR. As they pull away...

RATH (V.O.)
You have a passport?

ELECTRA (V.O.)
Twelve. Where are we going?

224 OMITTED

224

224A EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

224A

As the plane lands in the b.g., Bain types on his computer. It's set on the hood of his car. Bain looks at the screen as...

Contractor: Miguel? Are you there?

Bain lets the Contractor sweat.

Contractor: You know what I want?

Bain pauses, types his one condition:

Bain: Say please. A long beat. Bain watches with satisfaction as the letters appear one-by-one: P-L-E-A-S-E.

HARD CUT TO:

225 EXT. CARIBBEAN - LATE DAY 225

Aquamarine that can only be the Caribbean. Without warning we WHIP UP OVER a sea wall, CLIMB hard ABOVE the ruins of a colonial Spanish fort. HIGHER and a modern city spreads out below us.

The CAMERA DROPS, CLOSES ON a beat-up local tai. As it bounces over blue cobblestones...

RATH (V.O.)
The Hotel Paraiso por favor.

226 INT. LOCAL TAI - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON) 226

Rath and Electra sit in the back, both in sunglasses. Electra looks out the window, taking everything in. But Rath stares straight ahead. He's been here before.

227 EXT. HOTEL PARAISO - PLAZA COLON - LATE DAY 227

The cab stops at a four-story, boarded, blackened husk. It's surreal, truly the shadow of its former glory.

RATH
(shocked)
The Paraiso. Why didn't you say?

CABBY
(thick English)
You didn't ask. Fire, Senor. Years ago.
There was no money to rebuild.

Rath gets out, stares up at the hotel. Electra is out behind him. Her attention drifts to the people around her, the bustle on the plaza.

Rath only has eyes for a third-story Paraiso window.

Electra looks at the International Bank across the way. It's a beautiful old building, the ornate black iron bars on the windows in great contrast to the white-washed concrete walls.

ELECTRA
Is that the bank? Is that where our
siteiten mil is?

Rath isn't listening. He's somewhere else. She follows his gaze to a hotel third-story window. It's spooky.

ELECTRA
What's up there?

RATH
He'll be.

228 OMITTED 228
thru
229 229

229A INT. HOTEL PARAIISO - ATRIUM COURTYARD - LATE DAY 229A

A ruin. Spooky even in the daylight. Rath and Electra enter.

She looks around, taking the place in. Rath gestures her toward a rickety stairwell. Up they go.

229B INT. HOTEL PARAIISO - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - LATE DAY 229B

TIMBERS CREAK as they make their way down. Rath takes Electra's arm, guides her 'round a hole in the floor. They're going to a bad place.

229C INT. HOTEL PARAIISO - ROOM 302 - LATE DAY 229C

They enter. Electra looks about as Rath goes to the window. Pulling back on a decrepit shutter he looks across the plaza and remembers.

229D FLASHBACK - EXT. PLAZA COLON - DAY (1980) 229D

The black and white of the prelude. The plaza. A sniper's rifle in the window. A figure steps out from the bank. We see more detail than before, but it seems to strobe AWAY FROM us. The gunman is a younger Rath. The Mark seems familiar. He looks up to the blank, is shot down. As pigeons take wing.

CUT BACK TO:

229E INT. HOTEL PARAIISO - ROOM 302 - LATE DAY (PRESENT) 229E

Rath is snapped from his reverie as real pigeons flap by the window. Electra studies him.

ELECTRA
Are you okay?

Rath gestures her over. He points to strategic spots below as he talks.

RATH

At ten o'clock tomorrow I'll enter the bank. He'll be in the plaza somewhere. In the crowd. When he sees me go in, he'll move up here.

ELECTRA

You're sure?

RATH

(nods)

You'll be at the cafe. You'll see him when he goes inside. We'll have two-way mics so we can talk.

ELECTRA

What do we do after he goes inside?

RATH

We wait.

Rath describes the rest not the way he planned it, but the way he remembers it.

RATH

It'll take all day, but he'll begin to doubt himself. He'll start to think he missed me. He'll have to see with his own eyes whether I'm still in the bank. It'll be sunset, closing time. He'll have to leave the rifle here when he goes to the bank. There are metal detectors at the door. When he's out of sight, you'll come in here and take the rifle.

Electra looks back at the bank.

ELECTRA

What if he tries to shoot you before you go into the bank?

Rath speaks like it was all written in stone.

RATH

He'll wait for the prime shot. When I come out.

ELECTRA

How can you be so sure?

RATH
 Because he likes history...
 (a beat)
 Fifteen years ago I was at this same
 window.

ELECTRA
 Fifteen years...

And as they stand side by side, suddenly everything is clear
 to Electra.

ELECTRA
 Oh my God.

Rath finally looks at her.

ELECTRA
 Your friend Nicolai. You said he was
 taken.

Rath nods.

ELECTRA
 (a whisper)
 You killed him...

Rath doesn't answer. And suddenly Electra is scared again.
 She looks at him a beat longer then does the only thing she
 can to protect herself: she puts on her sunglasses.

We MOVE IN ON the lenses, see Rath reflected in them.

230 EXT. NEW HOTEL - MAGIC HOUR 230

The cab pulls away.

231 INT. NEW HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT 231

Rath and Electra walk through an archway and start upstairs.
 In front of them walks a newlywed couple -- kissing and
 giggling -- very much in love -- Rath pays no attention while
 Electra can't take her eyes off them.

232 INT. NEW HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT 232

They reach a landing. To make things worse, they have
 adjoining rooms. Rath opens their door, enters. Electra
 lingers, watches the other couple as he fumbles for his keys.

Watches as she runs her hand over him. He finally gets the door open. He pushes her inside.

233 INT. NEW HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

233

Electra listens to the sounds coming from the other side of the wall. LAUGHTER quickly turning into PASSION.

ELECTRA

(sarcastic)

You should check them out. Maybe they're Interpol.

RATH

(in no mood)

Not even professionals could pull that act off.

As the sounds become MORE MUFFLED, Electra grabs a glass, holds it to the wall. Rath watches with distaste.

RATH

You're a voyeur.

Electra looks at him, hears the disgust in his words. But she has some in her own.

ELECTRA

There are worse things.

Rath looks away. There are. Electra is possessed of knowledge she can't understand, let alone forget.

RATH

Look, Nicolai and me... It's none of your business.

ELECTRA

(fierce)

It is my business. I'm with you!

Rath isn't going to say anymore. Electra turns back to the wall as the sounds of PASSION BUILD.

ELECTRA

(a beat)

I can't trust you. You can't trust me. How can we possibly help each other-

RATH

I trust you.

ELECTRA

Why? Why do you trust me?

He doesn't have an answer. She picks up Pearl, walks into the bathroom. As the door locks behind her.

234 EXT. PLAZA COLON

234

Almost deserted, a different story after sundown. As the last fruit VENDOR shuts up his cart.

BAIN (O.S.)

Un momento. Por favor.

The Vendor sighs, waits as Bain, carrying a nylon bag, steps over. He nods politely, scans the fruit, picks out two apricots. He hands the Vendor a twenty, walks on without waiting for his change.

VENDOR

Gracias, Senor.

MOVE WITH Bain as he strolls across the plaza. Biting into the apricot, savoring the taste, he looks at the bank, at the big iron gates barring the front entrance, but also at the modern metal detectors just beyond.

Taking another bite, he turns, scans the opposite side. The Hotel Paraiso is even gloomier than the first time we saw it. By instinct, Bain settles on the same window that Rath did.

He walks to the bank entrance, imagines the sight line back to the hotel. Doing his homework.

Finishing the first apricot, Bain sets the second on a column ledge just to the right of the entrance.

Bain crosses the plaza to the hotel. Pulling free a 24 nailed to the entrance, he steps inside.

235 INT. HOTEL PARAISO - LOBBY - NIGHT

235

An atrium courtyard. The burnt-out interior hall balconies stare down from four sides. The ceiling is gone.

Bain stares up at the moon. It casts broken patterns of light across the walls and floor. Bain seems almost reverent. Like he was in a holy place.

Moving cautiously, Bain starts up the staircase, headed for the third floor.

236 INT. HOTEL PARAISO - ROOM 302 - NIGHT 236

Bain enters. We jump as a FLOOR BOARD gives way with a SNAP. Taking it in stride, Bain pulls his leg free, steps carefully over to a...

237 THIRD FLOOR WINDOW 237

Bain stares across at the entrance to the bank. A good clear view, the vertical angle not too EXTREME.

He unzips his bag. Quickly, expertly, he puts together a sniper's rifle complete with a two-foot silencer.

Holding up the rifle, he closes one eye, sights. A CLICK as Bain squeezes the TRIGGER on an empty chamber. He looks up from the sight, across the plaza. This is good.

238 EXT. NEW HOTEL - BALCONY - NIGHT 238

Holding Pearl, Electra stands looking out at the city. What holds her attention is the procession moving down the cobblestoned street, following a trail of marigold petals to a nearby cemetery. It includes children made up as skeletons.

238A INT. NEW HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT 238A

A WAITER pushes a room service cart. We don't see his face, but we suspect the worst. As he reaches the door to Rath and Electra's room...

239 INT. NEW HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT 239

Rath looks up at a KNOCK on the door. Drawing his .22, he steps over, stays to the side of the door.

RATH

Who is it?

MUFFLED VOICE (O.S.)

Room service.

Rath places the end of the silencer against the door -- head level.

RATH

I didn't order room service.

As he cocks back the trigger, Electra steps in from the Balcony.

ELECTRA

I did.

Rath pulls the gun away, pauses a moment to collect himself. He holsters it, opens the door. The Waiter smiles, rolls the cart in.

As he sets up the plates, Electra steps over.

ELECTRA

Excuse me.

(points out balcony)

What's happening out there?

WAITER

The Day of the Dead, Senora.

ELECTRA

What are the flowers for?

WAITER

Families make a path from their homes to the cemetery. So the souls of the dead loved ones can find their way back home.

Electra is fascinated. As the Waiter finishes, Rath tips him and he exits.

ELECTRA

Can we go?

RATH

He'll be here by now. This room and the bank. That's it.

Disappointed, she sets Pearl down and steps back out on the balcony to watch. Rath pours himself a drink. As he does, he notices something. There's a slight tremble in his hand. He sets the drink down, looks to the balcony. After a moment, he steps over, stops to the side of it.

RATH

I wish I could explain why I killed Nicolai. I may have been manipulated. I don't know.

(a beat)

For what it's worth, I'm sorry did it.

A beat. He waits for her to say something, can't really blame her when she doesn't.

RATH

I used to hope the same thing would
happen to me. A least it's a way out.

It may. Finally, Rath steps out to be with her.

RATH

Electra...

240 EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

240

Rath steps out. Electra's gone! Not on the ground a floor below. Nowhere in sight. Rath looks to the cemetery and the fire escape leading from the balcony down to the cobblestone street below.

241 EXT. OLD CEMETERY - NIGHT

241

A procession emerges from a tunnel, through old gates and into a cemetery. It includes some American tourists. Marigold petals and candles are everywhere. There are headstones, many of which lie flat. Also much well-made statuary.

Two local women stand to one side selling coffee and shaved ice. Solemn, but not dreadfully so.

Stepping up from the shadows of a darker part of the cemetery is Electra. She looks on eagerly. This is prime people-watching territory.

She spots the coffee women, starts to move in closer. As she passes behind a larger memorial, she hears...

BAIN (O.S.)

Hola. Que pasa?

Electra freezes, peeks around the memorial to see Bain not more than four feet away, standing near the coffee women. They smile at him. He seems respectful. In fact, as Bain watches the ceremony, he's in his element.

He speaks, almost like he's addressing the women, but not really. Electra can't take her eyes off him.

BAIN

Death is like me. Quiet, a little scary. Sharp, he's real sharp. And even though you want to stay away from him, you can't. He draws you. You dig him and fear him at the same time.

(MORE)

BAIN (CONT'D)
 (laughs)
 I'm a million years old, but I look like
 I'm thirty.

ELECTRA

She hurries away into the shadows. In the gloom, she nearly trips over a headstone. In the process she sends an old GLASS CANDLE HOLDER flying. As it SMASHES...

BAIN

At first we don't think he heard it, but then he turns, looks back into the darkness. He's going to turn back to the ceremony, but he can't. It's instinctual.

Reaching into his jacket, Bain heads into the darkness. The two women watch him go. One looks to the other, makes "crazy circles" around her ear with a finger.

242 DARKENED CEMETERY

242

Electra moves. Hears someone behind her. Or was it to the left? She ducks behind an angel statue. Moments later, Bain steps up. Electra holds her breath as he scans the area. All of Bain's senses are working, including smell.

BAIN
 (under his breath)
 Jasmine...

His .22 in hand, Bain moves on.

Electra stands, moves back. She hasn't gone far when a hand slaps down over her mouth. It's Rath!

BAIN

He's starting to get a little spooked himself. Sure that he's cornered someone, he leaps around a corner, takes aim down a row of tombstones. No one's there.

RATH AND ELECTRA

Rath's feeling the same way. Motioning for her to stay put, he creeps around a statue, sees Bain, draws a bead -- but a large group from the procession moves in between them -- when they clear, Bain is gone. Rath takes Electra's hand and they move on.

BAIN

Looking about, the feeling passing. Then he spots it, a Jasmine in a vase by a stone. Bain takes a sniff. Laughing, he turns, heads back to the ceremony.

243 INT. NEW HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

243

Electra enters followed by Rath. Rath is exhausted from the past tension. Electra watches as he locks the door, leans his forehead against it. Finally...

ELECTRA

Am I attractive?

Rath looks at her a beat, nods. She is.

ELECTRA

Are you attracted to me?

RATH

Yes.

ELECTRA

Is it a physical thing or a mental thing?

RATH

Both.

ELECTRA

When did it start?

RATH

(a beat; almost shy)

When you were shooting at me.

ELECTRA

That's strange, don't you think?

(a beat)

You're a strange man, Robert Rath.

RATH

Joseph. My real name is Joseph.

For a man like Rath, this is like giving her the Hope Diamond. Electra knows it. A beat and then...

ELECTRA

(savors the sound)

Joseph... I'm Anna. It's awfully nice to meet you.

She holds her hand out like a promise. All Rath has to do is take it. He does. They come together. Kissing, wanting, needing contact. And they're on the bed. Never have two people needed each other more. As Pearl runs out of the room...

244 INT. NEW HOTEL - ROOM #2 - NIGHT 244

Lying in their bed, the newlyweds listen to the sounds of LOVEMAKING coming from the room next door. As they smile at each other...

245 EXT. BANK ENTRANCE - CLOSE ON APRICOT - NIGHT 245

that Bain left here. Dewy, glistening. Without warning, it EXPLODES into a thousand pieces.

WHIP PAN TO:

246 INT. HOTEL PARAISO - ROOM 302 - NIGHT 246

Bain lowers the rifle. Slowly, solemnly, he raises his forefinger to heaven. Tomorrow he will be number one. And Rath's dream of a new life will die.

247 EXT. PLAZA COLON - DAWN 247

Deserted as the sun casts an early morning glow.

248 INT. NEW HOTEL - ROOM - COMPUTER SCREEN - DAY 248

Contractor: The contract has been paid. Transferred to the specified account.

Rath and Electra look from the screen to each other. More than partners this morning.

Rath: And the disc?

Contractor: You'll be advised. Good-bye, Robert.

The screen goes blank. Rath switches it off. Sitting in front of the remains of a huge breakfast, Electra pours herself coffee.

Rath opens a case. He takes out two small "hearing aid" mics. He sets them on the table alongside his gun. Electra immediately scoops up one of them.

ELECTRA

Two way?

RATH

(nods)

Remember, you tell me when he leaves the hotel; I'll tell you when he leaves the bank.

(a beat)

We're gone.

Electra nods. Rath hands her his .22.

ELECTRA

What's this for?

RATH

Just in case.

Electra moves to hand it back, but Rath doesn't take it.

ELECTRA

I don't think I could shoot someone.

RATH

Did you play Cowboys and Indians when you were a kid?

ELECTRA

Sure, but this --

RATH

Which were you?

ELECTRA

An Indian. Always an Indian.

RATH

Then pretend he's a cowboy and pull the trigger. You can pretend he'll just get up after, but you pull the trigger.

For Electra, this is getting a little too real.

249 INT. BANK - DAY

249

Glossed with light. We PULL BACK and see other squares. Black and white. Like a chessboard. A woman's HEELS CLICK past. RISING HIGHER, we see the woman walking. man crosses behind her going the other way. HIGHER STILL and we realize we're looking at the black and white marble floor of the...

250 INT. BANK - DAY 250

The ceilings are vaulted and vast, the suspended lights baroque. An enormous clock (10:00 AM) hangs from the wall. With its massive oil paintings and bronze statues, the bank could be a museum.

Armed guards stroll the floor. Customers go about their business. Carrying a large black briefcase, Rath steps onto the checkered floor.

251 EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY 251

Set just off the plaza with a view of the side of the hotel and the front of the bank. Electra sits on the patio sipping a thick, almost sludgy espresso. She hears Rath over her earpiece.

RATH (V.O.)

I'm in the bank. He'll move now.

She scans the plaza, nervous.

ELECTRA

I don't see him. I --

There. Across the Plaza. Bain glides through the crowd like a shark. Headed for the Hotel Paraiso.

252 INT. BANK - DAY 252

Rath waits for a teller. Electra whispers in his ear.

ELECTRA (V.O.)

He's here.

253 EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY 253

The owner brings a second espresso, steps away. Electra downs it in a gulp as she watches Bain disappear between a gap in the boarded-up, burned-out hotel.

ELECTRA

(scared)

He's going in. He's in the hotel.

254 INT. BANK - DAY

254

Rath hears the fright in her voice.

RATH

That's what we want. Try a decaf.

Rath steps up to the TELLER.

TELLER

May I help you, sir?

RATH

Yes. Could you check on a transfer for me?

Rath slides a withdrawal ticket over.

255 INT. HOTEL PARAISO - ROOM 302 - DAY7

255

Bain steps into the same room we saw him in last night. He reaches overhead into some charred, half-collapsed timbers, pulls down the silenced sniper's rifle.

Stepping to the window, Bain aims at the bank entrance. Through the scope he follows an eating man. The cross-hairs are right on the man's forehead. Bain pulls the trigger. CLICK.

Satisfied, Bain slaps a magazine into the rifle. Reaching into his pocket he pulls out an orange. Watching the bank, he starts to peel it. He reaches into a duffel bag, pulls out his small keyboard and a set of headphones. He plugs in the phones, begins to play, always watching the bank.

256 INT. BANK - TELLER'S WINDOW - DAY

256

The Teller returns with a BANK OFFICIAL. He carries a printed receipt, wears a great big smile.

OFFICIAL

Senor. We have received your transfer.

He hands the receipt to Rath who sees a "two", counts the zeros after it. There are seven of them.

RATH

I want to close this account. Could you get the paperwork together?

The smile fades.

OFFICIAL

Today? You wish to close the account
today?

Rath nods solemnly. No joking here.

OFFICIAL

How would you like the funds?

RATH

American currency.

It's all the Official can do to keep from crossing himself. He looks around, catches the eye of the one man in the building who looks even more official than he does -- the BANK PRESIDENT.

The President steps over, confers with his underling in low tones. In Spanish. Occasionally the President glances at Rath, but mostly he listens. Finally...

PRESIDENT

You're aware, Senor, that there may be...
a withdrawal fee?

RATH

Yes, I am.

The President looks to the Official, nods. As the Official hurries off, the President looks back to Rath.

PRESIDENT

This will take some time.

RATH

I have all day.

DISSOLVE TO:

257 EXT. SUN

257

High in the sky. White hot.

258 INT. HOTEL PARAISO - ROOM 302 - DAY7

258

Bain sits in a charred chair staring out the window, his back soaked with sweat. He rubs his eyes. One at a time. He's afraid to blink lest he miss something. He checks his watch, raising it to eye level, rather than look down.

BAIN

What are you doing in there?

The heat in the room makes it hard to even breathe. There! A man walks out of the bank dressed like Rath.

Bain's body snaps erect. Leveling the rifle, he sites the man's head. He's about to squeeze the trigger when he realizes it's not Rath.

Bain wipes the sweat from his forehead, leaves a smear of black from the charcoal. Fumbling for his bag, he pulls out a container of bottled water. He drinks, never once taking his eyes off the bank.

BAIN

Relax, baby. Calmate...

259 EXT. PLAZA COLON - DAY 259

The shadows are getting longer, stretching out toward the bank where...

260 INT. BANK - DAY 260

Rath sits in a big, highback leather chair. Cool as a cucumber, he watches the traffic in the lobby. The big clock reads 3:10.

RATH

Talk to me.

261 EXT. CAFE - DAY 261

Electra watches the hotel, a sith empty espresso cup before her.

ELECTRA

No sign of him. He's just sitting up there, same as us.

INTERCUT the following:

262 INT. BANK/EXT. CAFE - DAY 262

RATH

No. I mean talk to me. Tell me some of that weird stuff you know.

Electra smiles, thinks a beat. An old man in a beat fedora passes by. Inspiration.

ELECTRA

You know the expression, 'Mad as a hatter'?

RATH

Alice in Wonderland, right?

ELECTRA

Yeah, but it's a real thing. Hat makers, hatters, they used mercurous nitrate to make felt hats. They'd absorb it through their skin and some of them went insane. No one knew why at the time. As long as their hats fit.

Rath is amused.

RATH

Tell me another one.

ELECTRA

(coy)

Well, there's 'Mad as a March Hare.'

RATH

What's that, rabbit hat makers?

ELECTRA

Hares are bold, wild in March. March is when they mate.

(a beat)

I think the correct term is 'rutting.'
Wild rutting bull bunnies.

As Rath smiles to himself.

263 INT. HOTEL PARAISO - ROOM 302 - DAY

263

Teeth gritted, Bain rocks side to side. He has to urinate. Bad. He tries to scan the faces coming out of the bank, but the situation has become intolerable.

BAIN

Esto es una locura!

Always watching the bank, he grabs the empty water bottle, unzips his pants and begins refilling it.

264 INT. BANK RESTROOM - DAY 264

INTERCUT Bain's discomfort with Rath in the bank's elegant restroom. He stands at the sink, pats his hands dry on a towel. Not a trace of sweat on his brow.

265 INT. HOTEL PARAIISO - ROOM 302 - DAY 265

Spotting someone exiting the bank, Bain drops the bottle of urine, spilling it, to grab for his rifle. He looks through the scope. Not Rath. As Bain curses...

266 EXT. CAFE - DAY 266

Concerned, the owner starts for Electra with another cup of espresso. Seven empties dot her table. She looks over, waves him off. No mas.

267 INT. BANK - DAY 267

The sun clock on the wall reads 5:10. After a long beat, the MINUTE HAND CLICKS over to 5:11. PAN DOWN TO where the Bank President approaches Rath.

PRESIDENT

Senor, we've deducted our fee and are making a second count. The funds will be available in one half hour.

268 INT. HOTEL PARAIISO - ROOM 302 - DAY 268

The sun is getting low, filling the room with golden light. Bain is just a knot by the window. As a large group exit the bank, he scans faces through the scope. Frantically as they disperse. No Rath.

Bain pounds the butt of the rifle down, splintering a floorboard. He checks his watch. 5:47. In fifteen minutes the bank will close. Maybe he missed him...

Bain stands up.

269 EXT. CAFE - DAY 269

Electra sits up almost in shock as she sees Bain emerge from the shadows of the hotel. He moves with purpose, shoving aside people who don't get out of his way.

ELECTRA
 (almost shouting)
 He's coming.
 (a whisper)
 He's coming.

270 INT. BANK - DAY 270

Rath looks up at the clock, frowns as he remembers.

RATH
 He waited four minutes longer than I did.

ELECTRA (V.O.)
 What?

RATH
 Go.

271 EXT. CAFE - DAY 271

Electra moves for the hotel, enters.

272 INT. HOTEL PARAIISO - LOBBY - DAY 272

Watching her footing, Electra heads up the main stair- case,
 on her way to the third floor.

273 INT. BANK - DAY 273

The Bank Official carries Rath's briefcase to the President's
 desk. It looks heavy now. The President looks to Rath who
 motions he'll be one moment.

RATH
 (into mic)
 Where are you?

274 INT. HOTEL PARAIISO - BURNED-OUT HALLWAY - DAY 274

Electra counts doors, enters...

275 ROOM 302 275

ELECTRA
 I'm in 302.

She's ready to grab the rifle and run. The only problem is, it's not here. She checks behind a blackened mattress leaning against the wall. Nothing...

ELECTRA

It's not here. The rifle's not here.

276 INT. BANK - DAY 276

Rath is horrified.

RATH

Get out of there.

277 EXT. PLAZA COLON - DAY 277

Bain strides across the plaza, a maniac gleam in his eye. The bank is just ahead.

278 INT. ROOM 302 - DAY 278

Electra looks through the lathing into 301. Maybe she has the wrong room. But as she turns, she spots it. Bain's rifle stashed up in the rafter.

ELECTRA

Wait. I got it!

279 INT. BANK - DAY 279

Relief replaces the nausea.

RATH

Okay. Go.

280 INT. BANK - DAY 280

As Bain charges in, Rath removes the ear-piece, pockets it.

281 INT. ROOM 302 - DAY 281

But as Electra steps forward, the floor gives out at her feet. She falls, jerks to a stop as her ribs wedge into the hole. She cries out in pain.

282 INT. BANK - DAY

282

Soaked in sweat, his eyes covered by sunglasses, Bain scans the lobby. Rath sits, waits, unaware of Electra's plight.

Turning, Bain spots him. A man seemingly without a care in the world. Confused, Bain's first instinct is to run. But then, taking a breath, he starts for Rath.

BAIN

How'd you know? Who told you?

RATH

History -- Nicolai. Fifteen years ago I walked into this bank just like you are now. That makes you good. Because I was the best.

(a beat)

But right now you feel like a mark, don't you?

The words sting.

RATH

You think you've been sold out. You don't trust anyone. It's the first commandment. It's what keeps you alive.

BAIN

And you, Antiquado? Who can you trust?
No one. You're alone, same as me.

If Bain only knew how wrong he really was.

283 INT. ROOM 302 - DAY

283

ELECTRA

Rath. I'm stuck.

No answer. Electra follows the ear-piece cord to the transmitter unit under her shirt. A tug reveals it's smashed from the fall.

284 INT. BANK - DAY

284

Bain's nervous, watching anyone who comes near them.

RATH

Why the sunglasses, kid? Can't you look me in the eye?

Bain turns defiantly toward him, seething with energy.

BAIN
You and Nicolai. Me and you. History
will repeat.

RATH
If you were really a student of history,
you'd know we're just pawns. The
contractor is number one.

Not listening, Bain glances toward the back of the bank.

RATH
There's sixteen million coming out of
there. I could give it to you right now
to let me walk. You wouldn't take it.

BAIN
You're pathetic. You sound like a mark.

RATH
(smiles sadly)
No. I just know where you're going.

Bain takes off his sunglasses, looks Rath in the eye. Bain suddenly doesn't look so nervous.

BAIN
I tell you, that night, in the cab, I
thought I was lucky to be alive. Now I
think different. You were the lucky one.

Rath sits calmly, stares back at him.

RATH
You're right. I am lucky.

BAIN
No more chit chat.

A beat. And then, Bain winks. Turning, he heads for the exit. As he disappears, Rath reaches into his jacket, sticks his ear-piece back in.

RATH
Electra, where are you? No answer. Rath
frowns.

RATH
Electra?

285 INT. HOTEL PARAISO - ROOM 302 - DAY 285

Panic is setting in as Electra struggles in vain to free herself..

286 INT. BANK - DAY 286

Rath looks up as the Bank President and guards step over. One carries the briefcase.

PRESIDENT
Everything is in order, Senor.

287 EXT. PLAZA COLON - DAY 287

Trying to look three different ways at once, Bain crosses the plaza in long, pounding strides.

288 INT. HOTEL PARAISO - ROOM 302 - DAY 288

Slowly, painfully, carefully, Electra eases herself from the hole she's in. Almost out, she slips back.

289 INT. BANK - \$16,000,000 - DAY 289

in the open briefcase. Held by one of the guards. The Bank President closes it, looks over at Rath.

PRESIDENT
This is awkward, not really my affair.
But I was told you would give us
something. In return.

The guards look formidable. As Rath's eyes narrow.

290 EXT. HOTEL PARAISO - DAY 290

As Bain blasts inside...

291 INT. HOTEL PARAISO - ROOM 302 - DAY 291

Almost out, Electra pulls herself free. It hurts. And then, she hears BAIN TEARING UP the hotel STAIRS.

292 INT. BANK - DAY 292

As Rath hands the disc over to the almost apologetic Bank President. He sticks it in a scanner similar to the one Bain used. The light flashes green. It checks out. The guard hands Rath the briefcase. The President gestures toward the exit. The clock reads 6:03.

PRESIDENT
(smiling)
And now, we are closed, Senor.

293 INT. HOTEL PARAISO - ROOM 302 - DAY7 293

Electra reaches to the rafter, but can't quite get the rifle. Bain sounds awfully close. Terrified, she reaches again.

294 INT. HOTEL PARAISO - 3RD FLOOR HALL - DAY 294

Here he comes. Like a wild beast. He charges into...

295 INT. ROOM 302 - DAY 295

Electra is gone. Bain charges to the spot, on tiptoes, pulls down his rifle and bag. Whipping to the window, he sites through the scope. The stairs are empty.

BAIN
(intense)
Step outside, Rath. Step outside and
I'll set you free.

ANGLE BEHIND BURNED MATTRESS

Here she is. Trembling, Electra peeks out, sees Bain's back. At the window. Fifteen feet away.

296 INT. BANK - DAY 296

Rath walks toward the exit, closely followed by the guards and Bank President. One long walk. Like a man being released from prison, or is he on his way to execution dock? We'll know in a few moments.

297 INT. ROOM 302 - DAY 297

Bain's attention is riveted to the hotel steps.

BAIN

Come on. Orgullosa toro. I got the sword right here. There's no shame. I promise you won't feel a thing.

Behind him, behind the mattress, Electra raises Rath's .22, her hand shaking like crazy.

298 INT. BANK - EXIT - DAY 298

No flood of light this time. In fact, it looks dark outside. Rath is crowded from behind by the guards.

PRESIDENT

Thank you for your business, Senor.

Practically pushed into taking a step outside, everything is suddenly spinning out of his control. As the big doors shut behind him...

299 INT. ROOM 302 - DAY 299

Bain has Rath in the doorway. Not quite a clean shot, but Bain's willing to wait.

BAIN

Take a step. Just one little step.

Electra's knuckles are white around the .22's grip. But she can't pull the trigger. Bain isn't a cowboy and she's not an Indian.

300 EXT. BANK - DOORWAY - DAY 300

Rath looks from side to side. There's no car waiting. In fact, the Plaza is nearly deserted.

RATH

Electra? Are you there?

Head down, there's only one way to find out. Rath starts down the stairs.

301 INT. ROOM 302 - DAY 301

Bain leans forward, his aim rock steady.

The crosshairs are an "X" on the top of Rath's head.

BAIN

Look up. I want to see your eyes.

Electra better act. Now's not the time to be a voyeur.

302 EXT. PLAZA COLON - DAY 302

Rath stops, slowly looks up. He sees the rifle's long silencer jut from the window, Bain's shadow beyond it. He's a dead man, but the worst part is not knowing where Electra is. Was he deserted? Is she in trouble? In another second, it won't matter.

303 INT. ROOM 302 - DAY 303

About to pull the trigger, Bain hesitates...

304 BAIN'S POV - THROUGH RIFLE SCOPE 304

He sees the mic in Rath's ear, the cord snaking under his shirt.

305 ROOM 302 305

Bain frowns, then sniffs the air. There's something strangely familiar in it.

BAIN

Jasmine.

Bain whips a look back over his shoulder, sees Rath's .22, Electra who practically shrugs in apology.

ELECTRA

Howdy...

The .22 SILENCER kisses the air. Bain's shoulder erupts red.

- 306 EXT. PLAZA COLON - DAY 306
Pigeons take wing as Rath sees the RIFLE twist up, FIRE wildly into the sky. A beat and Rath dashes forward.
- 307 INT. ROOM 302 - DAY 307
The rifle dropped, Bain grabs his bag and charges for the wall. Electra FIRES TWICE more, misses twice as Bain crashes through the lathing into...
- 308 ROOM 301 308
Stumbling blind, he falls. The floor opens beneath him to let him pass.
- 309 EXT. PLAZA COLON - CAFE - DAY 309
Rath races for the hotel. Past a man picking up coffee cups.
- 310 INT. THE HOTEL PARAISO - ROOM 301 - DAY 310
Electra steps up. The .22 trained on the hole, she looks down. Bain's bag is there, but the man himself is nowhere in sight. A ghost. Electra moves.
- 311 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY 311
Bain on his back, aiming his own .22 at her footsteps overhead. He FIRES.
- 312 INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY 312
There's no warning blast, just BULLETS silently drilling the floor at her feet. Electra runs, aware the floor could collapse under any given footfall.
- 313 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY 313
Bain moves to the railing, aims at the stairs. Electra appears on the landing above, freezes as she realizes she's exposed.

RATH (O.S.)

Bain!

Rath in the lobby. Before Bain can target him, he's gone.

So is Electra.

BAIN

Two against one. Is that your edge,
Rath? You didn't take the mark. You
took the bribe.

Bain starts for the stairs.

BAIN

I'll take her, even the odds!

ELECTRA (O.S.)

(scared somewhere)

I think he's serious, Rath!

314 ROOM 205

314

Rath pulls himself up through a hole in the floor.

RATH

You've got something of mine, Electra.

315 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY

315

Electra looks at the .22, gauges Rath's position from his
voice.

ELECTRA

When do you want it back?!

RATH (O.S.)

Now!

316 ATRIUM - HALLWAY BALCONIES

316

Electra appears at the third floor balcony. Rath at the
second, a little further down. Bain turns the corner on the
staircase.

As Electra tosses Rath the .22, Bain FIRES. Time slows.

Rath's hand closes around the gun even as he's hit in the
shoulder. Stumbling back, he RETURNS FIRE.

Electra has disappeared from the railing as Bain continues
after her. And getting to his feet...

Rath gets to his feet and motors.

317 3RD FLOOR

317

Light plays through the lathing. Every creak could mean your life. INTERCUT BETWEEN Rath, Electra and Bain as they play the equivalent of the hedge-maze game.

Bain FIRES at a shadow moving against a wall three rooms away.

Electra nearly steps into a gaping hole as she looks back at a sound behind her.

Rath wheels as the Electra WHISPERED NAME "Rath" ECHOES oddly. No way to tell where it came from.

318 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY

318

The full length stretched before us. Electra steps out from a room. Rath appears at the other end. As she starts toward him, Bain steps out from the opposite end. She's about to get caught in one hellacious crossfire.

RATH
(dashing forward)
Down!

As Electra hits the deck, Bain leaps forward with a rebel yell. The two men unload their silent .22's. Sprinting at each other. Bain shouting.

Rath jerks to a sinew-stretching stop as his right leg goes through the flooring. He FIRES...

And as Bain's hit in the thigh, he goes down. Disappears through the floor right at Electra's feet.

319 INT. FLOORS - DAY

319

MOVE WITH Bain as he tumbles. Breaking, then continuing his fall at each floor he encounters.

320 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY

320

Rath and Electra look THROUGH the hole. No ghost this time. Bain's down there. Motionless, nearly buried in debris. Rath looks up at Electra.

RATH

Don't move.

Rath starts down the hall. A beat and Electra is following right behind him.

321 INT. HOTEL PARAISO - LOBBY - DAY

321

The light from the lowering sun slips through gaps, cracks and broken window panes, casting surreal patterns.

Rath steps over to where Bain lies broken. .22 aimed at Bain, he turns to face Electra as she comes up behind.

They embrace a moment before he pulls away. The only way to describe him is pissed with joy.

RATH

You weren't supposed to be here. What happened? What the hell happened?!

Before Electra can explain...

VOICE (O.S.)

That's no way to talk to a lady.

322 INT. LOBBY - DAY

322

A chill down Rath's spine. He wheels, but the voice has no source. Till The CONTRACTOR steps out of the shadows, holds a .22 about a foot from Electra's head.

CONTRACTOR

It's been a long time, my friend.

Rath turns, is stunned at the sight.

RATH

Nicolai.

NICOLAI/CONTRACTOR

The years have been good to you, Robert.

(re: gun)

Put it down.

Nicolai motions to Rath's gun. Rath has no choice. He drops it. Nicolai gestures toward Bain.

NICOLAI

Miguelito?

(as Rath nods)

(MORE)

NICOLAI (CONT'D)
 I never pictured him so young. shame.
 Second best after all.

Electra can't believe what's happening. She looks from Nicolai to Rath.

ELECTRA
 You killed him.

NICOLAI
 (smiles)
 He did.

Nicolai opens his jacket to reveal a bulletproof vest.

NICOLAI
 (to Rath)
 Walking out of that bank was the worst
 moment of my life.
 (to Electra)
 He always went for the heart.
 Predictable.

Nicolai holds up a flattened slug, tosses it to Rath who lets it land on the floor.

RATH
 Fifteen years, fifteen goddamn years you
 let me think I killed you. You
 sonuvabitch.

NICOLAI
 You're forgetting you shot me. You
 sonuvabitch.

Rath can't argue the facts.

NICOLAI
 The Cold War was ending. I needed to
 die. To leave no past behind. You
 delivered me.
 (looks to Electra)
 You, my darling, must be the mark.

ELECTRA
 And you, my darling, must be the
 contractor.

NICOLAI
 (nods; to Rath)
 I'm disappointed, Robert. You were
 supposed to kill her.

Rath is the only one aware that Bain has come to.

With his free hand, Nicolai pulls the disc from his pocket, looks to Electra.

NICOLAI
You're a thief. A good one.

ELECTRA
(looks to Rath)
I'm retired.

NICOLAI
I had to use both my best to track you down.

ELECTRA
(re: disc)
Let me guess. There's something on there that would bring you back to life.

NICOLAI
(nods)
You're very good. Also a shame.

Rath and Nicolai regard each other grimly. A moment of truth is at hand.

ELECTRA
(scared)
Hey, can't you two just kiss and make up?

Nicolai smiles at her, picks the briefcase up off the ground. At the same time, Bain's hand moves almost imperceptibly to his gun a few inches away.

NICOLAI
This is sad for me, Robert. Sentimental, but I didn't want to find you alive.
(a beat)
First things first.

Nicolai motions Rath to take a step aside. Nicolai moves forward. Leaning over Bain, he holds the .22 to the base of his skull. The coup-de-grace.

NICOLAI
Always make sure. You should've known better.

As Nicolai's finger tightens, Rath dives for his own gun. Nicolai swings his aim for Rath enabling Bain to grab his own .22.

Bain FIRES from the rubble, drills Nicolai up through the chest cavity.

Nicolai drops. Rath rolls to his feet, aims at Bain who swings his aim to Rath. But neither man fires.

ELECTRA
Don't do this.

Finally, Bain sticks out his free hand.

BAIN
Ayudame...
(sighs)
Help me up, will you?

Rath takes his hand, pulls Bain, bloody, covered in soot, to his feet. As Rath stares down at Nicolai.

RATH
I'm gone.

Bain considers the implications.

BAIN
That would make me number one.

RATH
I can live with that. Can you?

BAIN
Absolutamente. Companeros.

Bain turns his aim away. Rath does the same. Electra breathes a sigh of relief. Rath moves toward her.

BAIN
I'm sorry, Rath.

Rath freezes as he hears the HAMMER COCK behind him. Bain has him dead, the .22 aimed at the back of Rath's head.

BAIN
As long as you're out there, I'll never
be number one.

Feeling like a fool, Rath looks across at Electra. Beat. In a moment of compassion, Bain turns his aim away.

BAIN
You want to say goodbye?

Rath has nothing to say. He just looks at her.

In response, Electra raises her sunglasses, slides them on. Like she's withdrawing away at the end. But wait. That's not it at all.

Rath's eyes flicker wide as he sees Bain in the lens reflection. Rath knows exactly where he's standing.

Bain realizes as well. As he moves to fire...

The side of Rath's coat blossoms as Rath SHOOTs through it. Like a Wild West trick shooter.

Hit in the chest, the gun slips from Bain's hand. His eyes flicker from his wound to Rath. Rath stares back.

Bain goes down hard. He's dead.

Rath and Electra come together. A beat and they start out. On the way, Electra scoops up the briefcase. A moment more and they're gone.

323 OMITTED

323

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END