

DHAKA

Screenplay

by

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3/25/2017

INT. DARK ROOM - BARELY FURNISHED APARTMENT - DAY

It's rotten with Bangladeshi teenage boys. You can smell the sweat and piss on the walls. Dirty mattresses and folding chairs litter the room.

The boys have white sheets wrapped around their faces, sloppy eyeholes cut out. Faded Bengalese AK22's carelessly slung over shoulders. Some shirtless, their malnourished bodies taugt.

They stare at the camera. One of them smokes a giant spleef. Bangla Rap plays quietly on a blown speaker in the corner of the room. If this were a photograph, it might win a Pulitzer for its pure malevolence.

On the wall behind the teenagers appears the following screen title, as if spray-painted...

SCREEN TITLE

Dhaka, Bangladesh.

As the title fades, we REVEAL TYLER RAKE standing calmly across from the motley crew.

Rake's hair is buzzed. He has the frame of an Olympic swimmer, lithe and athletic. His arms are calmly held at his side as he negotiates.

RAKE

Pramana.
(The proof.)

KIDNAPPER #1 (NAYEEM)

Taka.
(The money.)

RAKE

(shaking his head)
Pramana.

NAYEEM

(smiles)
Taka.

RAKE

Pra-mana.

NAYEEM

Ta-ka.

RAKE

(shrugs)

Kona pramana, kona taka.
(No proof, no money.)

NAYEEM

Tarapara kona caksu, Timberlake.
(Then no eye, Timberlake.)

Rake smiles, calling his bluff. The nineteen year old Nayeem puts his pistol to Rake's eye. He holds his gun sideways like a gangsta. Tenses his finger, slowly squeezing the trigger.

NAYEEM

Eka...
(One...)
(beat)
Du'i...
(Two...)

Nayeem puts his hand in front of his face to shield the splatter. His compatriots step back.

KIDNAPPER #1

Tina.
(Three.)

The chamber snaps as the gun fires...CLICK!

It's empty. Nayeem laughs. His cronies join in, the room echoing with their childish glee. Their pot addled eyes bobbing up and down, like little black buttons sewn to faces.

Nayeem points the empty gun at his own head and pulls the trigger several times.

NAYEEM

(in bad english)
BOOOOMMM!! BOOOOMMM!! BOOOOMMM!!!
(smiles, re: Rake)
This mothafuckar's got balls. He
didn't move. I like this
mothafuckar...

Rake softly smiles back, maintaining his composure. Nayeem takes the spleef from his buddy, draws a hit. He blows out the smoke as he considers Rake. Then, in broken English, and an eerily lovely singing voice...

NAYEEM

You tole me you love me, why do you
leave me, all alone.
(MORE)

NAYEEM (cont'd)

You tell me you need me, when you call me, on the phone. *Besya*, I refuse, you have me confused, with some other guy. Your bridges were burned, now it's your turn...to cry...cry me a river...Cry me a river...

A long beat as he takes another hit. The rendition was oddly moving.

NAYEEM

Bhala. It's good, yes?

RAKE

Yes...

NAYEEM

Eta khuba bhalo, mothafucker!!
That's my ticket outta here, man.
I sing like a bird.

He exhales, considering Rake's poker stare.

NAYEEM

Okay. Enough horse shit. Time for business, fools. This man is business...

Every gun points at Rake as Nayeem moves into the bedroom. Rake watches as he takes a padlock off the closet.

NAYEEM

You want to see this *Malaun* little bitch...

Nayeem opens the door, revealing OVI MAHAJAN (15, Indian). His slight body tied to a chair, eyes bandaged shut, clothes stained with piss.

NAYEEM

Malaun...

Ovi turns his head, signifying he's alive. The closet door swings shut again.

NAYEEM

(to Rake)

Tell them to pay up. Or I stick my gun up his ass and blow his insides out...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

Rake is hooded, his hands zip-tied behind his back. He's lead out of the apartment and into the hallway of the abandoned building. A GUARD IN A KYRIE IRVING JERSEY sits outside the door.

Rake's led down the hallway at gunpoint, one teenager in front, one in back.

A NARROW STAIRWELL

They guide Rake down old wooden steps.

ONE EYED KIDNAPPER

Watch your step. Slow. Slow.

They pass a window...the sound of cracking glass. The first teenager's head snaps as a bullet splits his skull, his body collapsing on the landing. Rake simultaneously ducks, tripping the teenager behind him, sending him tumbling down the hardened stairs.

Rake leaps feet first, crushing the kid's chest. He quickly rolls to the ground, going fetal, and yanking his legs through his tied hands...

EXT. ROOFTOP ACROSS THE STREET

Two men in coveralls are crouched on the roof. One of them sports BLACK FINGER NAIL POLISH and a small sniper rifle.

He passes the rifle to his WINGMAN, who dismantles it in seconds, submerges the pieces in paint, seals the can...

EXT. HALLWAY - TENEMENT BUILDING

The Guard in the Kyrie Irving Jersey is now standing. He cocks his head, listening towards the stairwell.

The Guard raps a warning knock on the apartment door, then moves down the hall, gun pointed...

INT. THE APARTMENT - DAY

At the sound of the knock, Nayeem quiets the room. Masks are off, a few of the gang are watching sports on a small t.v. in the corner.

Nayeem picks up a gun, moves towards the wall next to the front door. He pulls a cell phone from his pocket, flips it open.

As he does so, a hail of bullets rip through the wall and into his body. He and his compatriots cry out as hot metal pierces their bones and organs, bullets filling the room.

Before bodies even hit the floor, the front door smashes open, Rake tumbling in. He lunges at those that are still alive, razoring them with a machine gun, point blank.

It's a bloody, brutal melee as flailing teens scream and punch, desperate to stay alive. A methodical Rake finishing them off in rapid succession.

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - DHAKA SLUM

Crowded with lunchtime traffic. Four tough looking Bangladeshi men bullshit, gathered outside a car curbed at the entrance to the tenement. One of them quiets the others -
- gunshots in the apartment above.

He quickly pops the trunk on the car, revealing machine guns. As he reaches for a gun, an RPG shell whistles from the same nearby roof as the assassin's bullet, the car exploding.

Panic in the streets. Smoke bombs rain down. Pedestrians scream and gag as tear gas fills the streets...

INT. APARTMENT

Bodies groaning everywhere. A whimpering fourteen year old boy pops out of a doorway, drops his gun to the ground, hands raised. Rake spins.

BOY

No! No, no, no, no...

Rake tracks the pleading boy as he shuffles toward the apartment door. Let's him go, the boy running down the hall.

Another Kidnapper appears from a bedroom, shoots Rake in the back several times, body armor stunting the bullets.

The impact of the slugs knocks the wind out of Rake. He stumbles forward, spins, clumsily blasts back. Taking the kid out, just as a teen, screaming with rage, attacks Rake with a butcher's knife.

A brawl ensues. It's messy. He tries to gut Rake as Rake regains his breath.

Rake slips in a pool of blood, falling backwards into a door jam. The kid punches the knife at Rake, who blocks it into the wall, where it sticks.

A thrust of his elbow, and Rake snaps the kid's extended arm. A palm to the face, and the kid's nose explodes with blood.

The Kidnapper with a gun pops out again. Rake uses a dead body as a shield, rushes across the room, lunging at the kid with the gun, knocking him to the ground.

Rake lays on top of him as the teen coughs blood. Rake puts his hand over his mouth and nose, squeezing, helping him on his way...

When it's done, Rake stands, REVEALING that he had plunged the butcher's knife into the Kidnapper's chest.

THE CLOSET

Ovi is panting through his gag. Rake pulls the bandages off his eyes. He recoils, disoriented. Sees the blood drenched Rake, the mess in the room behind him.

Rake unties him. He's weak. Delirious.

RAKE

Stand up.

EXT. THE TENEMENT - BACK ALLEY - SLUM

Rake emerges out the back door and into the trash strewn alley, the boy's bony arms wrapped around his neck, jacket over his head.

Rake rips the lid off a trash can -- two gas masks...

THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE APARTMENT

The tear gas has emptied the streets. Abandoned rickshaws throughout. Sirens and shouts in the distance. The smoke is so thick it's difficult to see.

Rake and Ovi cross the street, approaching another alley. A Cadillac waits in it.

Rake opens the trunk...he and Ovi disappearing inside...

FADE TO BLACK.

CREDIT SEQUENCE

Visual overlays and an aural montage of news reports from around the world, intelligence briefings, documentary footage, all detailing the history of Dhaka, Bangladesh.

Headlines declaring it "Asia's Mecca of Crime". Murder, sex crimes, drug and weapons trafficking...

During the credits, we will mirror the criminal ascension of Dhaka through the criminal ascension of one of it's inhabitants -- AMIR ASIF.

We will intercut footage of the city with narrative images of Asif as he grows from a young street thug to a criminal kingpin. Asif will be identifiable throughout the montage because of his acute heterochromia -- different colored eyes, (one dark brown, one bright hazel).

The voices of different News Reporters, witnesses, testimonials, etc, will overlap one another:

VOICES (V.O.)

Dhaka -- the jewel of Bangladesh.
An urban sprawl matching New York
city, with a per capita income 70
times less...

EIGHT YEAR OLD ASIF

...plays soccer in the slums as shoppers browse a bazaar. He and his friends watch a STAND OWNER count a roll of cash.

A STREET IN THE SLUMS

Asif and his friends stone the Stand Owner unconscious. Passer-bys don't seem to care.

Asif pulls the bills out of the guy's pocket. The kids fight over the spoils, the cash spilling into the alley, blowing everywhere...

VOICES (V.O.)

The impoverished capital city is an
incubator for crime. It's slums
among the most violent in the
world.

TWELVE YEAR OLD ASIF

...and his cohorts sell stolen jeans out of the back of a VAN. A teenage GIRL passes. They catcall her. Suddenly Asif's tackled by a COP, his friends scattering.

VOICES

The cities notoriously corrupt
police force, is always quick to
get in on the action...

ASIF IS HANDCUFFED TO THE VAN

As the Cops pilfer his day's earnings. They tussle his hair,
exit, laughing as they leave him handcuffed...

SIXTEEN YEAR OLD ASIF

...watches a Foreman stuff kilos of heroin into a trash bag
in a run down factory. The trash bag is stuffed into a
backpack and the backpack is handed to Asif.

VOICES (V.O.)

Pakistani cartels have carved out
trade routes through the
strategically located Dhaka, moving
record amounts of guns and opiates
through Bangladesh's buyable
borders...

ON A MOTORBIKE

...backpack slung over his shoulder, Asif weaves his way
through traffic on the massive BABU BAZAR BRIDGE.

As he approaches a checkpoint, he chucks the backpack over
the side of the bridge, quickly turning the bike around.

BELOW

The backpack lands in the water. Drug runners emerge from
the woods, using a long pole to fish the backpack to shore.
The checkpoint cops watch from above, disinterested...

VOICES (V.O.)

Dhaka is the conduit for criminal
trade from Pakistan to India. And
from India, to the world...

TWENTY EIGHT YEAR OLD ASIF

...stands in the belly of a cargo boat. Asif's backed by a
cadre of armed men and dirty cops. A Thai sailor opens the
door to the hold, REVEALING captive THAI girls recoiling from
the light. Cash is exchanged as Asif buys the girls...

VOICES (V.O.)

A Bangla drug lord discovered that human traffic could be moved along the same trade routes as guns and drugs. And he turned the city into the biggest sex market in Asia.

PRESENT DAY ASIF

...rich, corrupt, ruthless, rides in the passenger seat of a chauffeured Range Rover through a crowded slum. A silver haired Commando behind the wheel. They have a police escort.

VOICES (V.O.)

Dhaka is a nexus for crime in the modern world. Where corruption pervades every level of government. And where dirty cops are even more ruthless than the cartels. There has rarely been a city as dangerous as Dhaka, Bangladesh...

Asif rolls his window down, as people run to touch him or shake his hand like he were a pop star...

VOICES

And Amir Asif, is the King of Dhaka...

END CREDIT SEQUENCE...**EXT. PRIVATE SCHOOL - NEW DELHI - DAY**

Lush grounds. Students file out at the end of a day.

We find Ovi, in a uniform with tie, chatting with friends. He passes a BLACK MERCEDES harboring two tough looking men.

He and his friends get into a VW Bug and drive off. On the pavement appears the Screen Title...

SCREEN TITTLE

New Delhi. Three weeks earlier.

The Mercedes pulls away, wiping the screen title...

INT. VW BUG

Ovi sits in back. He's a young fifteen, with a slender frame and gaping black eyes.

Indian pop plays as the boys light cigarettes, crack their windows. Razz each other, laugh. But Ovi's quieter than the others. More of a silent observer...

EXT. COFFEE SHOP

The Mercedes sits outside, the men watching the street.

INSIDE

Ovi's friends encourage him to talk to a cute GIRL who's throwing looks his way. But he won't. He's shy.

Ovi notices the Girl's BROTHER watching him, the hint of a smile. Ovi looks away.

EXT. MANSION - AURANGZEB ROAD, LUTYEN

The VW pulls through the electronic gate, the Mercedes still following. Ovi exits, saying goodbye to his friends as the Bug pulls away.

The Mercedes Men get out, taking up posts at the front door, guarding Ovi as he disappears inside...

INT. FOYER

Ovi removes his shoes. Surreptitiously watches a group of men in the study engage in an urgent, hushed conversation.

One of them, SAJU, 34, is a study in contrasts. He sits reservedly in his chair, his posture quite precise. His suit impeccably and conservatively tailored. His fashionable glasses, black, thick rimmed, Capote-esque.

The contrast lies in the fact that Saju's features look like they've been chiseled from ore. His neck is as thick as a car tire. Hands like clubs. Something about him makes Ovi uneasy.

Saju catches Ovi watching, closes the door.

INT. MANSION - EVENING

Ovi sits alone in the cavernous dining room, considering his food.

EXT. BACK YARD

An expansive patio borders the river. Ovi smokes, quiet, bored...when A DEAD BODY glides downstream. A young man's corpse, wrapped in gauze.

Ovi watches as it floats by.

INT. PARLOR

Ovi plays a piano. Chopin's "Tristesse" Etude.

INT. BEDROOM

Ovi picks out clothes, debating two shirts. A MAID enters.

OVI
Do you know where my stepmother is?

MAID
(in Hindu)
She went to the coast for the weekend.

Ovi nods, clearly unaware of his stepmother's plans. He hesitates, holds up the two shirts for the Maid.

OVI
Which one is better?

MAID
(disinterested)
They both look fine...

The Maid exits. Ovi looks at himself in the mirror...

INT. KITTY SU NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Ovi and his friends dance on the crowded floor. The music builds, the teens jumping up and down in unison...

AT THE BAR

The GIRL FROM THE COFFEE SHOP approaches Ovi and his fiends. Her BROTHER in her entourage.

OVI'S FRIEND
(whispers to Ovi)
I got her number.

Ovi watches his friends flirt with the attractive Girl. Her brother offers a nod to Ovi.

BROTHER

Sachin.

OVI

Ovi...

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOMS

Ovi waits in line across from a HOT AMERICAN BLONDE TOURIST with ample cleavage. Ovi considers, turns to her...

OVI

Want to make ten thousand rupees...

BACK IN THE CLUB

Ovi's Security Guards are being chatted up by that same Hot Tourist. While their distracted, Ovi sneaks outside...

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE CLUB - NIGHT

Ovi and Sachin share a smoke, laughing. Sachin touches Ovi's face...kissing him. It's tender, innocent.

Two COPS approach.

A tense moment as the Cops consider them. Ovi and Sachin shift under their stare. One of them nods at the cigarette.

COP

(in Hindi)

Got another?

Sachin hands him a smoke, lights it. The Cop exhales.

COP

How is it inside? Crowded?

SACHIN

(beat)

It's not so bad.

COP

(to Ovi)

He your boyfriend?

OVI

No.

The Cop is actually quite charming.

COP
*It's okay. That was a sweet kiss.
 Tender. I thought maybe you two
 were dating...*

Ovi shrugs awkwardly.

OVI
We...just met.

The Cop considers. Stomps the cigarette out.

COP
Probably for the better.

He pulls out his gun and shoots Sachin in the head.

The other Cop pepper-sprays Ovi. As he collapses, they drag Ovi into a van...

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

A massive jail yard. Thousands of prisoners packed like sardines, performing synchronized morning exercises...

INT. ISOLATION CELL - DAY

FAIYAZ MAHAJAN, 45, hard yet distinguished, rests on his cot.

SCREEN TITLE
 Tihar Jail.

The peephole slides open, wiping the screen title...

GUARD
 (in Hindi)
Get up.

INT. VISITING ROOM - DAY

Mahajan, in chains, sits across from Saju, mid-conversation. He is distraught, angry...

MAHAJAN
 (in Hindi)
*This is why I told you to have
 those dead sons of bitches watch
 his every move.*
 (MORE)

MAHAJAN (cont'd)

Because that fucking pig is going to take my money, and then torture and kill my son. This isn't about ransom. It's about humiliation. It's about suffering...

SAJU

I'm sorry.

MAHAJAN

(beat)

I want you to go to Dhaka, Saju. And get him back...you understand...

SAJU

I'd need an army...

MAHAJAN

(getting angry)

Then hire a fucking army!!

Saju tries to smile placatingly. Hesitates.

SAJU

Interpol...seized the accounts. We're filing an injunction...

MAHAJAN

Everything?

SAJU

Every dime.

Mahajan laughs.

MAHAJAN

The gods are pissing on me.

Mahajan suddenly and violently kicks the cage between he and Saju, prompting the guards to shout from outside the door.

MAHAJAN

Find the money. Find it! You hear me? Take every penny you've ever saved. Get him out...

The lock on the visiting door slides back, it starts to open. Mahajan presses his face against the cage, menacing.

MAHAJAN

How old is your son, Saju?

SAJU
Don't Faiyez. Please...

MAHAJAN
Then get mine back!

The armored guards burst into the room, clubbing Mahajan...

EXT. ESTATE - DAY

A case is unlocked and opened revealing an M32 Grenade Launcher. Across the barrel appears the title:

SCREEN TITLE
 The Palm Islands, Dubai.

The title disappears as the launcher is picked up. REVEAL we are on a palatial, architectural estate. Glimmering water bordering every direction. A beautiful, tanned NAKED GIRL suns by the infinity pool. Armed guards in yellow jumpsuits patrol in the distance. French Rap plays over Bang and Olufsen speakers.

NIK HAASTRUP, Danish, early 30's, studies the grenade launcher. He sports a Fred Perry argyle sweater, sky blue Ferregamo pants, and a pair of Diesel sneakers.

Nik's younger brother, MIKKEL, sits over his shoulder in a Penguin zip up with a slim cigarette dangling from his lip.

They listen to a sales pitch from a Rwandan National who, in trendy red rimmed glasses and a tailored plaid suit, looks more like a black Wes Anderson than an arms dealer.

RWANDAN
 (Oxford accent)
 It's a modified Milkor MGL-140 with sights and a foregrip. It can put all 6 rounds on target in under 3 seconds, and can fire 40 mil grenades or specialty rounds.

Mikkel picks up the launcher and walks past his pool, onto the grass behind it. He aims the launcher at a nearby palm tree, pulls the trigger and blows the fuck out of it. The Naked Girl sits up with a start.

As the smoke clears, a henchman exits the house. Handing Nik a cell phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

A man lays on his stomach on a long board.

It takes us a second to realize that it's Rake -- scraggly hair, unkempt beard and mustache.

He's floating off shore. Letters on the water's surface...

SCREEN TITLE
Toamasina, Madagascar.

A sleek fin cuts through the words -- it's a well-sized reef shark. Maybe five feet in length.

RAKE
Hello, sweetheart.

Rake watches as the shark passes beneath him.

He drops his arm into the water, activating it's prehistoric brain. The shark turns, picking up speed, it's mouth instinctively opening.

At the last second, Rake pulls his arm out.

As the shark makes another turn, Rake drops his arm back in the water...

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Rake emerges from the water to find Nik, in a Zegna suit, standing barefoot in the sand.

INT. RAKE'S BUNGALOW

Nik and Rake sit at a table. There's a withdrawn quality to Rake, a social awkwardness. He's uncomfortable in his own skin.

Rake fills a rusty, metal cup with wine, offers it to Nik. Nik declines. Rake drinks.

NIK
There's a chicken in your bathroom.

RAKE
I like chickens.

NIK
It also appears you like Ativan and weed.

RAKE

You want to start highlighting vices, I'm sure there's some Somalians who'd like their legs back from land mines sold at a premium...

NIK

(beat)

We landed a whale. 10 million. Extraction.

RAKE

Prince William visit Jo'burg?

NIK

Indian kid. Drug lord's son. Vendetta kidnapping. Plucked off the streets of New Delhi.

(beat)

Gangster named Amir Asif has taken the boy over the border to Dhaka, Bangladesh. By-product of a nasty spat. Biggest drug lord in India versus biggest drug lord in Bangladesh. The Indian one, our employer, is fighting extradition at the moment. So the Bangla's are stomping on his nuts. But the ransom's too high. There's gonna be a hard out. Clock's running at 62 hours. Deadline is noon, Friday. We have proof of life as of 6 hours ago.

(beat)

Amir Asif *is* Dhaka. He holds a massive presence in local police and military. Has a private regimen of soldiers that's responsible for *most* of the crime in Dhaka. They will not be happy if you pry this kid away. Your immediate concern is going to be quantity over quality, every low level thug and cop will be activated. Saying that the city will be in pursuit is an understatement.

RAKE

Can't be any worse than Mogadishu.

NIK
 Yes it can. It's Dhaka.
 (beat)
 I can get 3 up front.

RAKE
 Take it.

NIK
 You don't want to think about it
 for a few minutes?

RAKE
 Take it.

Nik studies the indifferent Rake.

NIK
 You're very valuable to me, Tyler.
 As a friend, and, I won't lie, as a
 commodity. Your talents, combined
 with your stunning lack of personal
 safety has been very lucrative.
 And I think you'd agree that based
 on your desire to flirt with the
 garden of darkened souls, you're
 quite lucky to still be upright.
 This one'll be different. This
 one'll require discipline and
 caution. Tomorrow morning I'm
 going to meet you in Calcutta. Take
 a shower, shave, sober up, and put
 aside, for forty eight hours,
 whatever demons swim around in that
cabeza of yours. I will not send
 you into Dhaka to kill yourself...

Nik rises, heads for the door.

RAKE
 What's his name?

NIK
 Who?

RAKE
 The kid.

NIK
 Ovi. Ovi Mahajan.
 (beat)
 Head on straight...

He leaves. Rake watches him go.

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

Rake sits on the beach, staring at the horizon. He's quiet.

Closes his eyes. Smiles. Shakes his head. Tears slowly roll down his cheeks. He cries. It's cathartic. And then, as quick as he started, he stops. Exhales.

The sound of distant sirens...

INT. CADILLAC - TRUNK (THIS IS A CONTINUATION OF THE OPENING SEQUENCE)

A lithium light kicks on. The trunk's been padded. Rake and Ovi are huddled together. Ovi stares at Rake as he gently removes the boy's gas mask.

A series of quick cuts:

--Rake produces an aluminum packet, rips it open, a straw popping out. Makes Ovi drink.

--He presses a small gadget to Ovi's forehead, taking his temperature.

--Rake produces a handful of pills.

RAKE
Swallow these.

OVI
Are you...police?

RAKE
(re: the pills)
Swallow.

Ovi does.

OVI
(in Hindi)
Thank you for coming. Thank you...

For as ruthless as he was with Ovi's captors, Rake's concertedly gentle with this boy. Quick, efficient, but tender, like a father. Ovi's demure, earnest personality commands it.

--Rake rips open a syringe.

RAKE
I need you to rest.

He stabs Ovi in the thigh. His eyes leaden.

--An oxygen mask goes over Ovi's face.

INSIDE THE CAR

The back seat flips down. Rake crawls out of the trunk sporting a derby cap and glasses. He conceals Ovi in the bottom half of the trunk. Sirens and shouts approaching as the smoke slowly clears.

He flips the seat back up, gets behind the wheel, starts the car...

EXT. DHAKA - GAUDY MANSION - ROOFTOP

A FAT MAN with a sweaty brow and a caterpillar-like mustache considers a group of frightened, street urchins.

FAT MAN
(in Bangla, to the boys)
No one?

In the corner of the patio, in conference with a group of military men, sits AMIR ASIF (from the credit sequence). He drinks a Tango Orange Soda through a straw.

He watches with fiendish curiosity as the Fat Man considers the threatened group of children.

The Fat Man wanders towards a medium-sized boy. The boy stares him down with adolescent bravado.

The Fat Man smiles at the boy, then reaches out with his mutton sized hands, and lifts the boy off the ground. With several quick steps, the Fat Man races to the side of the roof, and hurls the boy to his death three stories below. Asif grins.

The remaining boys scurry backwards like frightened rats. The Fat Man waddles after them, catching his breath.

FAT MAN
*Anybody...feel like...they remember
now?*

Silence. The Fat Man moves towards the smallest boy in the group (maybe 9). The boy scurries to the back of the crowd, the other kids jumping out of the way.

The Fat Man grabs the boy by the arm and lifts him off his feet. As the boy screams, the oldest, tallest, toughest looking kid in the group, GOPI, calls out.

GOPI

Wait.

The Fat Man stops, looks at Gopi. Gopi, 14, has a scar that stretches from his right ear to the corner of his mouth.

GOPI

I know who took it.

FAT MAN

Who?

GOPI

Sanjib...

FAT MAN

Who's Sanjib?

Gopi points to the street below.

GOPI

You just threw him off the roof.

A quiet beat as the Fat Man considers this. Then laughter. From Asif. He rises, walks towards Gopi.

ASIF

What's your name?

GOPI

Gopi...

ASIF

You're a clever little shit.

Gopi's not sure whether this is a threat or a compliment. Asif turns to the kids, his hand on Gopi's shoulder.

ASIF

That's how you fucking survive, man. You use your noodle. That's how you beat the streets.

Asif pulls a knife out of his pocket and hands it to Gopi.

ASIF

Cut off two of your fingers. Any two.

Gopi stares at the knife in shock as Asif produces a gun, puts it to Gopi's head.

GOPI

Why?

ASIF

*Because the kid who stole from me
is dead. And I'd like a walking
reminder of what happens when you
touch my fucking money.*

(beat)

*I'd recommend the left hand. So
you can still hold a gun.*

A SILVER HAired COLONEL approaches Asif carrying a cell phone. The Colonel has taut leather skin, the body of a seasoned military vet. He wears a black uniform, yellow letters stitched across -- "RAB" for Rapid Action Battalion.

SILVER HAired COLONEL

Amir.

ASIF

I'm in the middle of this.

Asif cocks his gun, pushes it into Gopi's upper lip.

SILVER HAired COLONEL

We lost the kid.

Asif stops, lowers the gun.

ASIF

Wow.

(smiles to Gopi)

Clever and lucky...

(to the Colonel)

Close the city.

EXT. DIRT ROAD IN THE WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON

The Cadillac trunk opens. Smelling salts go under Ovi's nose. He gasps awake...

--Ovi throws up in the woods next to the car. He leans on the car for support.

--Ovi rests against a tree.

RAKE

You o.k.?

He nods.

RAKE

Stand up.

Rake takes the boy's hand, helps him up.

RAKE

Take your pants off.

Ovi does. He stands there, exposed, as Rake hands a pair of military camos to him. Helps tie boots on his feet.

--He hands Ovi a Glucose bar.

RAKE

Your blood sugar's low. We have to move quickly.

--Rake yanks up the lining of the trunk, an arsenal of weapons affixed to it's metal interior.

Ovi watches as Rake pulls off his shirt. His body armor is splayed with deadened slugs. He unstraps it, revealing that his back is covered in fresh, bloody welts.

Rake puts on new body armor. Arms himself with an F2000 Assault with laser scope. Two TMP machine pistols in holsters on his waist. Locks co-ordinates on his GPS watch.

--Into radio...

RAKE

2100 meters out. In possession.

--Lastly, Rake pulls a sat phone from his pocket, starts recording video. Points the camera at Ovi.

RAKE

What's your name?

OVI

(beat)

Ovi...

RAKE

Full name.

OVI

...Padmakar Mahajan.

RAKE

Birthdate.

OVI

(in English)

21st of January.

RAKE

Year.

OVI
2-0-0-4.

RAKE
Your Aadhaar number?

OVI
Uhhh...932...631...466...512.

Turns the camera on himself.

RAKE
Proceeding to extraction.

EXT. OBEROI HOTEL - CALCUTTA

A stately five star.

INT. OBEROI PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY

3000 square feet. A large living room is littered with maps, charts, timetables, and TECHNICIANS. Weapons scattered about. It looks like a war room for a small government.

Nik stands at the window, a cigarette hanging from his mouth. Eyeing the Victoria Memorial. He juggles two steel relaxation balls in his hand.

Over a TECH'S shoulder, Mikkell watches the video of Rake and Ovi on a computer screen.

Mikkell dials his cell.

MIKKEL
(into phone)
We have possession.
(listens)
You have seven minutes.
(hangs up)

EXT. WOODS

Rake follows a GPS locator as he leads Ovi through the woods. Ovi tires, depleted.

OVI
(stopping)
I just...have to...

Rake bends down.

RAKE
 (re: his back)
 Get on.

Ovi hesitates, climbs onto his back. Rake rises, continues moving through the woods at a brisk pace.

EXT. BURIGANGA RIVER - LARGE FISHING BOAT - DAY

Four GERMAN MERCS, KSK trained, guard a boat at the shore. They huddle at strategic points on the deck, guns raised.

It's quiet. Then suddenly a clank, followed by a sharp hiss.

German #1 looks to his mates. One of them points below deck. German #1 motions for two of them to stay put, the third to cover him as he disappears down the cabin stairwell.

BELOW DECK

German #1 makes his way down a darkened hall, the tactical halogen on his assault rifle leading the way. He approaches the engine room, motions to his compatriot perched on the stairwell that he's going in.

THE ENGINE ROOM

A broken pipe hisses, steam filling the room. German #1 quietly approaches the pipe. Twists a valve on it, while keeping his eyes on the door behind him. The steam slowly comes to a halt.

GERMAN #1
 (in German, into radio)
Busted valve.

A FIGURE emerges from the shadows, stabs German #1 in the throat. German #1 gurgles quietly, his voice box sliced.

The Figure gently lowers him to the floor.

THE HALLWAY

German #2 waits on the stairs...when the hissing sound starts again.

A confused German #2 slowly moves down the stairwell.

GERMAN #2
 (into radio)
Ski? Ski?

Nothing. From the darkness of the engine room, a flash as a silenced bullet pierces German #2's skull. He collapses. The hissing stops.

The FIGURE emerges from the engine room, loaded for bear with full body armor and a cache of weapons. His face covered by a mask and tinted goggles.

INT. OBEROI PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

The Tech enters a passcode on a bank transfer screen. Checks a cash value.

TECH

Nada.

MIKKEL

Fuckers.

NIK

Call 'em again. Tell 'em they have sixty seconds to make the deposit, or they'll find the kid's body floating in the Buriganga.

INT. LARGE FISHING BOAT - AN EMPTY CABIN ROOM

The Figure moves to the center of the room, aiming two silenced, automatic Glocks at opposite ends of the ceiling. He stands motionless, listening, noting where small creaks occur on the ceiling.

He squeezes the trigger on both guns at the same time, sending a burst of rounds through the hull. Moans from above, a pair of footsteps scrambling.

The Figure follows the sound of the footsteps. He races into the hallway and up the cabin stairs, firing through the boat roof as he goes. When the Figure emerges onto the deck, the last of Klaus' men collapses in a bloody heap at his feet...

INT. OBEROI PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

The line on the other end of Mikkell's cell rings and rings.

MIKKEL

(turning to his brother)
We're getting played.

Nik considers, grabs a radio.

NIK
 (into radio)
 Gimme a verbal.

KLAUS (OVER RADIO)
 Klaus here.

Nik pauses, waiting.

NIK
 (into radio)
 Ski.

Silence.

NIK
 (into radio)
 Ski?

EXT. WOODS NEAR THE SHORE OF THE BURIGANGA

Klaus and his Wingman from the roof approach the river bank.

NIK (OVER RADIO)
 You got eyes on the boat, Klaus.

KLAUS
 (whispers into radio)
 Four seconds...

Klaus and his Wingman push through some shrubs, revealing the boat about forty yards away.

They settle into cover behind a fallen tree. Klaus scopes the boat. None of his men visible.

KLAUS
 Shit.
 (into radio)
 Big Poppa, hold position.

EXT. WOODS

Rake slows to a stop, pulls Ovi into a crouch next to him.

RAKE
 (into radio)
 Holding.

EXT. WOODS NEAR THE SHORE OF THE BURIGANGA

KLAUS
 (into radio)
 No contact, visual or verbal.

Klaus motions to his Wingman to flank the boat. As they prepare to move, a red dot appears on the back of Klaus' head...

EXT. WOODS

KLAUS (OVER RADIO)
 Moving in for--

The radio squelches. Goes silent.

RAKE
 (into radio)
 Klaus?

Nothing.

INT. OBEROI PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

Nik rises, the steel balls stop clacking in his hand.

NIK (OVER RADIO)
Klaus?

Realization washes over Nik.

NIK
 (into radio)
 Tyler, we're compromised. Reverse to secondary.

EXT. WOODS

Nik's voice crackles in Rake's earpiece.

NIK (OVER RADIO)
 Someone's in those woods. Reverse.

Rake scans the woods ahead of him. About sixty yards away, two small birds take flight. He turns to Ovi.

RAKE
 Be quick. Keep low.

Rake grabs the boy's arm and breaks in the opposite direction.

Ovi slips on a root, tugging Rake down just as two .45 caliber rounds plant themselves in a tree where Rake's head should have been.

Rake pulls Ovi to the ground behind a small cleft of rock, bullets following him all the way. He shields Ovi, laying across him.

RAKE
(whispers to Ovi)
Don't move.

Rake's radio crackles.

FIGURE (OVER RADIO)
Send the boy out.

Ovi react's when he hears the voice. Rake takes stock of this...

RAKE
Do you know him?

Ovi hesitates, nods.

FIFTY YARDS AWAY

The Figure rests on the ground, his Assault scope fixed on the rock that hides Rake. His mask and goggles removed. We can now see that it's Saju, Faiyez's's henchman.

SAJU
(into radio)
Eventually you'll need to stand,
and when you do, I'm gonna shoot
you.
(beat)
Send the boy out.

EXT. BURIGANGA RIVER

Two speed boats, filled with RAB cops, roar down the river. Scanning the shoreline.

They spot the fishing boat.

EXT. BURIGANGA RIVER

The RAB Cops board the boat. One of them landing in a pool of blood...

INT. OBEROI PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

A Radio Tech listens to the RAB police over a HAM.

RAB COP (OVER RADIO)
 (in Hindi)
Need air support. Repeat, send air support. Commencing search of the Operba woods.

RADIO TECH
 (announcing to the room)
 They found the boat. Choppers en route.

Nik grabs a radio.

NIK
 (into radio)
 Tyler, choppers incoming.

Nik then turns to the room...

NIK
 Pack it up!

EXT. WOODS

Saju patiently watches through his scope.

RAKE AND OVI

Rake studies his surroundings looking for an exit. Ovi doesn't have the strength to make a run for it.

Ovi shifts his body to get more comfortable, leaves rustling. Rake shushes him, suddenly alert -- in the distance, the sound of chopper blades. *Shit.*

SAJU (OVER RADIO)
 (in Hindi)
 I'm here to protect you, Ovi.

There's urgency in Saju's voice, he's heard the chopper as well. Ovi's head is swimming, the copter blades pulsing nearer and nearer.

Rake whispers to him...

RAKE

We have to run. Very fast. Or the machine gun on that chopper will cut us in half.

(pointedly)

You understand.

He slowly nods. Rake opens his hand, releasing the trigger on a grenade. Ovi's face whitens as Rake sits there, holding the grenade, waiting. The chopper almost upon them.

Rake finally hurls the grenade in the direction of Saju. It explodes before it hits the ground.

Within seconds, a Gatling from the helicopter starts splintering trees like they were matchsticks.

Rake drags Ovi into a full sprint. Giant, red tracers burying themselves in the earth behind them.

EXT. JUST ABOVE THE TREELINE

A RAB chopper fires into the woods.

FROM THE PILOTS POV

Glimpses of Rake and Ovi as they disappear in and out of the foliage, the gunner sending bursts of fire in their direction.

EXT. THE WOODS

It's hell. Sparks and heat, dirt and wood flying. Rake zig-zags, trying to keep the gunner from getting a lock.

Into a ravine, their footsteps splashing as Rake pulls her to the ravine wall. The Gatling decimating the opposite bank.

NOT FAR BEHIND

Is Saju. Tracking the helicopter with what looks like a bloated shotgun. He hurtles logs and rocks, doing everything he can to keep pace.

THE RAVINE

Flattens out ahead. The trees getting sparser. Rake grabs Ovi, pulling him into a knoll under a cluster of roots.

The chopper circling, the Gatling spraying shells the size of fists. Water and dirt splattering Rake and Ovi. The tree above them shattering.

And then, an explosion. The sound of the chopper blades slowing.

REVEAL

Saju, perched on a rock, the bloated shotgun smoking. He watches as the burning chopper spins wildly, it's blades shearing the tops of trees as it crashes to the ground.

THE RAVINE

Rake grabs Ovi's arm and pulls him into a full sprint again.

THE EDGE OF THE WOODS

Rake and Ovi reach their car. Rake throws the boy...

INSIDE THE CADILLAC

Jams it in reverse, speeds away backwards. The front windshield spiderwebs as Saju attempts to shoot Rake through the bullet proof glass.

A black RAB SUV flies by, almost hitting Rake. The SUV speeds past Saju, who razors it with his Kriss, putting 60 rounds on it in under two seconds, killing everyone inside.

UP THE ROAD

Rake spins the Caddy around, dirt and rocks flying in the wake of the massive car.

RAKE

(to Ovi)

In the backseat. Lay down and cover your head.

He does. Rake sprays the front windshield with his machine pistol, shattering it. Kicks a hole in the glass with his boot.

RAKE

(into radio)

I need eyes. Radio's compromised.

Rake's cell rings.

RAKE

(into phone)

Go.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - OUTSIDE CALCUTTA

A convoy of Mercedes Sprinter Vans race by.

INSIDE ONE OF THEM

A mini-lab. Mikkel sits at a laptop tracking Rake on a satellite map.

MIKKEL
(into cell phone)
Left on *Dhaka Mawya*. Four lights
after the road turns to pavement.

Nik's on his phone.

NIK
(into cell)
Secondary, Big poppa is en route.

EXT. RAILYARD - OUTSIDE DHAKA

An engine is connected solely to a cargo car.

INSIDE THE CARGO CAR

Two ARMED MEN are seated.

ARMED MAN #1
(into cell phone)
Secondary awaits.

NIK (OVER PHONE)
Cell contact only.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

The Caddy careens down the road at 70 mph, fishtails as the road changes to pavement.

MIKKEL (OVER CELL)
150 meters.

Sirens as Rake closes in on *Dhaka Mawya*. Several cop cars round a corner, speed towards him.

RAKE
(into phone)
Incoming.

MIKKEL (OVER CELL)
Left.

Rake screeches onto...

A MAIN THOROUGHFARE

He weaves through the aged, tiny Asian-made cars that populate the streets. Suddenly gets rammed from behind. It's Saju. He's in the Jeep.

RAKE
(into his phone)
I got a tail.

MIKKEL (OVER CELL)
Right.

Rake jams the brakes, speeds down...

A ONE LANE, ONE WAY STREET

Screeches to a halt when a delivery truck blocks his path. Rake considers.

RAKE
(to Ovi in the backseat)
Get up here and buckle up!

As Ovi hurries into the front, Rake throws the Caddy in reverse and starts speeding towards Saju.

Wanting to avoid a head on collision, Saju throws the Jeep in reverse. But he's forced to slam on his brakes as cars approach from the rear. He jumps out of the Jeep just before the Cadillac smashes into it, crumpling the hood.

Rake pops out of the car, spraying his F2000, forcing Saju around a corner. He then tosses a grenade into the jeep with his left hand, jumps back in the Cadillac. As Rake speeds away, the Jeep explodes, Saju sprinting after.

DHAKA MAWYA

Rake emerges onto the street, six RAB CARS flying by. They all slam on their breaks, spin, and give pursuit.

Saju emerges from the alley, approaches the last Cop Car as it reverses and turns. He shreds the cops in it with his machine gun, the car rolling to a stop.

Saju drags the dying Cop out of the driver's seat, gets in, starts driving. Opens the passenger door and shoves his dead partner out.

UP AHEAD

Cops in pursuit.

Rake grabs hold of Ovi's shoulder as he drives onto the sidewalk, CRASHING through bushes, down steps, and into an outdoor market.

People scatter as Rake lays on his HORN.

INT. MERCEDES VAN

Mikkel tracks Rake. Panics.

MIKKEL
(into phone)
Dead end! Dead end!

But it's too late as Rake jumps the curb back onto...

A DEAD END STREET

Cop cars converge from behind, pinning him in.

Rake sits there, idling. Quiet. The sound of he and Ovi breathing. He looks over his shoulder back at the Cops.

RAKE
(to Ovi)
You ok?

OVI
(shaken)
I think so.

Cops get out of their cars, machine guns ready.

RAKE
(into his cell)
Abort secondary. I'm in survival mode.

Rake hangs up his cell.

INT. MERCEDES VAN

The line goes dead.

MIKKEL
He fucking hung up...

EXT. DEAD END STREET

RAKE
(to Ovi)
Put your head down.

He does. Rake PUNCHES the gas, SMASHING through the gate of a parking garage on his right. Machine guns spray.

INT. PARKING GARAGE

The Cadillac SCREAMS as it flies up the structure, scraping ramps and concrete walls. A sharp turn, another dead end, Rake jams the brakes but CRASHES into the wall in front of him.

Rake scurries out of the car pulling Ovi with him. They race towards the door of an office building, cops giving chase on foot.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING

Rake bursts in, drags Ovi down a hallway past shocked office workers. A long corridor ends at an elevator bank.

Rake BANGS the down button, lays fire behind him...

INSIDE THE ELEVATOR

Ovi falls against a wall, exhausted.

RAKE
Stay with me.

He pulls Ovi back to his feet.

THE LOBBY

The doors open into an enormous, crowded atrium. Cops burst in from a street entrance across the lobby. Unseen, Rake and Ovi slip out the opposite doors...

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET

Cops everywhere.

Rake pulls Ovi inside a shop.

INT. A WIG SHOP

A HEAVYSET REGISTER GIRL snaps her gum...

REGISTER GIRL
(to Rake, in Bangla)
Can I help you?

Rake spies a WOMAN loading groceries into her car across the street, turns his gun on the girl behind the counter.

RAKE
Gimme your jacket.

EXT. THE STREET

Cops and choppers. Rake crosses the street, Ovi and his assault rifle tucked underneath the jacket. As the Grocery Woman gets into her car, Rake puts his gun in her face.

RAKE
Gimme your keys.

EXT. DHAKA - BRIDGE OVER THE BURIGANGA RIVER

No Cops are in sight as Rake speeds across the bridge. Ovi keeps looking over shoulder.

OVI
Is that them?

Rake checks -- a RAB chopper approaches from behind. He floors it and cuts a sharp turn down a steep street. He blows a red light. A Police Cruiser almost nails him at sixty miles an hour. The Cruiser turns, gives chase.

RAKE PUNCHES the gas and zooms up a highway ramp. The Cops have him again, as more cars file in behind...

EXT. DHAKA-CHITTAGONG HIGHWAY

Rake slashes through thinning traffic, the car HUMMING at nearly a hundred.

Cruisers close in as flashing yellow lights warn of a sharp turn -- "45 k.p.h."

The determined Rake has the car at full throttle, his tires BUZZING over caution treads. There's a Cop on his right and two behind him -- they're trying to box him in.

A bullet shatters the drivers window, blood exploding from his arm.

RAKE

Shit!

It's Saju in the Cop Car next to him. Rake downshifts, his car dropping thirty miles an hour in a second, as he and Ovi lunge toward the windshield, their seat belts snapping them into place.

When Saju hits the brakes, Rake floors it again, and keeps it floored with the curve ahead approaching quickly. Saju gets on his tail.

Suddenly, Rake cuts across all three lanes of the highway, hits the brakes, drops the car into low gear, blowing the engine. He barely holds the turn on the outside berm, smoke billowing from the hood of the car.

Saju can't make the turn, SLAMS into the wall. A massive pile up ensues.

The Chopper whizzes by overhead...

DOWN THE FREEWAY

Rake checks his mirror -- he's alone except for the Copter.

He searches the floor of the car, comes up with a steering wheel club. He jams it under the wheel as the car glides along, smoke filling the car. He pushes his seat all the way back.

RAKE

(to Ovi)

Grab my vest.

Ovi looks at him, confused. Rake, blood pouring out of his arm, takes firm hold of Ovi's shirt. Ovi grabs hold of Rake's vest.

RAKE

Unlock the door.

He does.

RAKE

Hang on very tight.

INT. POLICE COPTER

The PILOT speaks into his radio...

PILOT
 (in Bangla)
*Southbound on Dhaka-Chittagong.
 Pursuit can be resumed at
 Motijheel...*

Rake's car DISAPPEARS BENEATH AN UNDERPASS. A moment later, it emerges out the other side, a Cop Car entering the freeway behind it.

Suddenly, it misses a turn and plummets off the side of the elevated freeway. EXPLODING into flames...

PILOT (CONT'D)
They crashed. Suspect crashed.

INT. MERCEDES VAN

Nik and Mikkel listen to the police scanner.

NIK
 Jesus.

BACK BENEATH THE UNDERPASS

Hidden by the bridge, Rake lies hurting in the road. Ovi next to him.

Rake gathers his strength, rips off the sleeve of his shirt. Soaks it in the blood pouring out of his arm.

Rake crosses to the other side of the road, squeezing the blood soaked fabric as he goes. Creating a fake trail of blood.

He scurries back to Ovi and disappears with him into the darkness.

INT. MERCEDES VAN

Mikkel tracks the green dot on the screen.

MIKKEL
 He's moving.

EXT. DHAKA-CHITTAGONG HIGHWAY

Twelve cars are piled against the wall. Flames, smoke, cries.

SAJU'S COP CAR AT THE FRONT OF THE PACK

Grunts as a boot busts out the back windshield of the car. Saju drags himself out, stands. Breathes heavily. His nose is smashed into a bloody pulp. His left arm hangs limp at his side.

A COP approaches on a radio, assumes Saju is one of the civilian victims.

COP
(in Bangla, to Saju)
You alright?

Saju shoots him, takes his radio. Climbs over the guard rail, and vanishes into the night...

INT. ABANDONED RESTUARANT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A metal door. The sound of a lock being shot off. A few good kicks and it rustily swings open, REVEALING Rake and Ovi in an alley behind the restuarant.

RESTUARANT DINING ROOM

All the windows are boarded with plywood. It's pitch black. Rake illuminates the surroundings with a xenon lamp. A rat scurries off. Cobwebs, booths, old tables piled in a corner.

Rake drags one of the booths away from the wall and down a set of stairs into...

THE BASEMENT

He lays Ovi on the booth. Rips the cushion off a chair, puts it under her head. Hands him an energy bar.

RAKE
Eat this.

OVI
What is it?

RAKE
(frustrated)
Eat it.

A series of quick cuts...

--Rake cleans his bullet wound. Numbs the area with a shot. Digs the bullet out of his arm. Sutures it. Bandages it. Uses an old table cloth as a sling.

THE KITCHEN

Rake pushes a refrigerator in front of the metal door that leads to the alley. Sets a a trip wire for a stun grenade. Sets another one at the back window.

THE DINING ROOM

Ovi's asleep on the bench. Rake dials his cell, sits in the corner, exhausted. Nik's embarrassed. Overcompensating...

RAKE
(into cell)
What the fuck...

NIK (OVER PHONE)
His name is Saju Sai. Mahajan's right hand. He's ex-Para Commando. Kashmiri. Sierra Leone. He's fucking A plus...

RAKE
Klaus?

NIK
Dead. All of 'em.

INT. SANA BEACH RESORT - SUITE - MANDARMONI, INDIA

Mikkel and the Tech set up their mobile headquarters. Nik sits on the edge of a bed in conversation with Rake, smoking a cigarette, clacking his steel balls.

NIK
Mahajan got us to do the heavy lifting. And apparently, he wants a discount...

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE HOTEL AND THE RESTUARANT

RAKE
Where am I?

NIK
(to the Mikkel)
Where is he?

MIKKEL
South of the DC. Three miles from the river.

NIK
(into phone)
City's on lockdown. Seventeen
checkpoints. Cops and military
crawling the streets. We won't be
able to get to you.

RAKE
The money?

NIK
Second transfer never came through.
Was in escrow at DBS in Singapore.
Money disappeared.

RAKE
Fuckin' hell...

NIK
Nature of the beast. We're
employed by killers and liars.
(beat)
You hurt?

RAKE
Functional.

NIK
The kid?

RAKE
Here.

NIK
Condition?

RAKE
Fair.

NIK
Walk out of ear shot.

RAKE
Just say what you gotta say, I'm
too tired to get up.

NIK
He put 5 mill on the kid's head.
In Dhaka, that's like 5 billion.
It's gonna be a shit show. Every
grandma with a machete'll be after
you...

(beat)

(MORE)

NIK (cont'd)
 Leave him in the street. You
 understand? Get the fuck out.

Rake looks over at the sleeping boy, Ovi's back to him.

RAKE
 Find my money...

Rake hangs up. Quiet. He takes out a needle. Gives himself
 a shot to numb his arm.

OVI
 Are you gonna leave me in the
 street?

REVEAL that Ovi's eyes are open, he's been listening.

OVI
 If you are...just tell me.

RAKE
 Go to sleep.

Rake watches Ovi's back move up and down as he catches his
 breath. After a few moments, it slowly evens out. He's
 asleep.

Rake closes his eyes...

INT. PHARMACY - DHAKA - NIGHT

Saju enters. His face a bloody mess. A middle aged CLERK
 behind the counter. The Clerk stands, alarmed by Saju's
 appearance, the gun in his hand.

SAJU
 (in Bangla)
Lock the door.

The Clerk does. Saju waves him over with his gun, indicates
 his limp left arm.

SAJU
Grab it. Both hands.

The nervous Clerk does.

SAJU
Hold tight.
 (beat)
*Tighter. Against your chest. Put
 your back to the wall.*

Saju throws his weight into the Clerk several times, almost knocking the wind out of him. Finally, a loud pop as Saju's shoulder snaps back into place. Saju sighs at the pain.

SAJU

Thank you.

AN AISLE

Saju collects first aid supplies off of the shelves. Slaps some money on the counter.

The curious Clerk watches as Saju exits.

GAS STATION BATHROOM

Saju studies his busted nose in the mirror. It's pushed to one side, almost flat to his face. He gently washes the blood off. Then takes his hands, and with extreme effort, shoves his nose bone back into place, blood spraying the mirror.

Pained, Saju catches his breath.

SAJU

(in Hindu)

Fuck...

He shoves gauzes up his nose to dam the blood that's pouring out. Puts a giant bandage over it.

EXT. DHAKA STREET BENEATH THE DHAKA-CHITTAGONG HIGHWAY

The charred car Rake stole is being inspected by Firemen. The FIRE CAPTAIN approaches the Silver Haired Colonel. Whispers something to him.

The Silver Haired Colonel in turn approaches Asif's Range Rover, Asif in the passenger seat...

SILVER HAired COLONEL

(in Bangla)

No bodies.

EXT. DHAKA-CHITTAGONG HIGHWAY

The Silver Haired Colonel is scrutinizing Rake's dried blood on the ground.

SILVER HAired COLONEL

Out the driver's door. On foot...

Follows Rake's fake blood trail across the street.

SILVER HAired COLONEL
North. One of them's bleeding...
(considers)
My guess...they're within a few
blocks. A basement. A warehouse.

Asif fingers a black and white photo of Rake's face from a security camera during the foot chase. It's pixilated, but clearly Rake.

ASIF
(re: the photo)
Call BTV. I want this fuck's face
everywhere...

EXT. DHAKA - RED LIGHT DISTRICT - SLUMS

A labyrinth of decrepit buildings off the banks of the Padma River. Women stand perched outside doorways like dogs on porches.

Two plain clothes men, shotguns slung over shoulders, stroll down the banks, smoking. Syndicate guards keeping watch over their commodities.

SIDE-STREET

A muscular PIMP on a cell phone sits on a stoop in front of his tenement. His eyes glazed with opiates, he speaks in a low voice on his cell.

PIMP
(in Bangla)
I took my fucking belt to her ass.
Told her next time I'm gonna slice
her pussy.
(a sinister chuckle)
Bitch'll prolly like it...

Two 15 year olds walk by.

PIMP
Hey ladies, I'll make you rich...

They hurry along. He spits in their direction.

Saju approaches from across the street. The Guy sees him, tells whoever's on the phone to hang on. Saju and the Guy stare at each other.

PIMP
*Somebody fucked up your nose, my
 friend.*

Saju doesn't respond. The Pimp looks him up and down.

PIMP
You need some pussy?
 (beat)
I got a tight 12 year old--

Saju stabs him. Several times. The Pimp rolls down his stoop. Saju hangs up the cell phone.

INSIDE THE GUY'S APARTMENT

The door unlocks.

Saju drags the dead Guy into the hallway, closes the front door. Checks all the rooms to make sure he's alone. Walks to the living room, sits.

Turns on his stolen police radio. Listens to reports coming in. Pulls out his cell phone, dials.

SAJU
 (in Hindi)
*If you don't hear from me in the
 next 12 hours...get on the plane,
 disappear.*
 (beat)
*I know. I know. I love you too.
 Put him on.*
 (beat)
*Lalaa...Yes, I'm gonna be home
 soon. You watch your mother, ok...*
 (beat)
*I love you. Know that. Always know
 that.*
 (beat)
Ok. Night night...

Saju hangs up. Closes his eyes.

INT. ABANDONED RESTUARANT - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Rake's awake. He's cleaning the wound on his arm, re-suturing it now that he's rested.

Ovi opens his eyes, watches him for awhile. Ovi has delicate features. Round, innocent eyes. His lips always held just slightly open.

OVI
Did the police send you...or my
father?

RAKE
Your father.

Ovi nods as he receives this.

OVI
Then why did Saju want to kill you?

RAKE
You tell me.

OVI
What are you going to do with me?

Rake considers this tired, meek boy trapped in a violent world. Knows his question is moot. Knows no matter what he promises, their chances of survival are nominal...

RAKE
Whatever I can.

OVI
What does that mean?

RAKE
It means whatever I can.

Ovi studies his face.

OVI
You think they're gonna get us?

RAKE
I think that's very likely. Yes.

From Ovi's limited perspective, nothing in Rake's manner has suggested anything other than benevolence. He feels awful that Rake's been put in this predicament. Understands that his rescue may lead to Rake's death...

OVI
I'm sorry. I'm sorry that you came
to help me...and this is what
happened...

Rake looks at him. Ovi's sincerity is affecting. Rake fights back empathy, but there's something compelling him to protect this boy. Something deep...

Rake's cell rings.

NIK (OVER PHONE)

Get a car.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE RESTUARANT

It's pre-dawn. Trash spilling out of bins. Rickshaws stacked along the sidewalk like luggage carts. A plethora of faded billboards litter storefronts with Bangla text splayed across.

Somewhere nearby, a man and a woman argue. A three legged cat picks at a chicken bone on the sidewalk. This city has so many vices that every morning feels like a hangover...

We find Rake peering over a row of garbage cans in an alley next to the restuarant. He scans the empty, broken brick street. He glances back at the restuarant -- Ovi watches him through the cracked door. Rake shatters the passenger window of a van with a silenced Glock, disappears inside.

He produces a cylindrical tube about the size of a roll of quarters, places it over the ignition, twists it, the van starts.

When he looks up, he sees a small boy at the end of the block glowing in the mercury vapor of a streetlight. The boy is staring at him.

Rake looks to the alley, where Ovi waits behind the garbage cans. Casually motions her back inside the restuarant, looks back to the boy, who is now gone.

The high whine of a dirt-bike engine as it races up the street. Rake instinctively drops to the floor of the van as bullets slice the side, shattering the driver's window. Two riders blur past.

Rake's on his feet, racing to the back of the van as the dirt-bike skids to a stop, spins to finish the job.

Rake flies out the back doors and onto the hood of the car behind, rolls to the sidewalk. Scurries in the direction of his assailants, using the parked cars as a shield. He falls to the ground, shoving his machine pistol under the car in front of the van.

As the dirt-bike passes, Rake squeezes his trigger, blowing both tires. The driver loses control, laying the bike down. Grunts and shouts as the riders roll across the pavement.

Rake sprints across the street before his disoriented attackers can get their bearings. He glides up the opposing sidewalk, flanking them, Glock raised.

One of his attackers slowly rises, his back to Rake. He hobbles on one foot, cursing in the middle of the street. A worn uzi clutched in his left hand. His voice high pitched.

As he turns towards Rake, REVEAL that it's a 10 year old kid.

RAKE

Christ...

Rake stealthily approaches a car, uses the hood for cover. His Glock aimed.

The kid slowly turns and looks at Rake. Smiles. The driver, also a kid, but older, lays in the street clutching his ribs. Fairly immobile.

KID #1

Fuck. My fucking ankle.

KID #2

Fuck you. This fucking guy fucked up my chest. I can't breathe...

They both laugh. Rake points at his gun, motions for them to slide theirs toward him.

KID #1

He wants me to drop my gun.

KID #2

Piece a shit...

The Kid and his compatriot laugh. A quick squeeze of the trigger and the 10 year old sprays the car between he and Rake with bullets. The gun recoiling wildly in his hand. Rake ducks behind the tire as windows shatter, the sidewalk catching shells.

When the clip is spent, Rake pops two grenades off his vest, pulls their pins. Smoke spews from the grenades as Rake tosses them into the street. In seconds, the two kids are coughing, engulfed in smoke.

Unseen, Rake sprints up the sidewalk, around a car and into the smoke. He rips the uzi out of the kid's hand. Chucks it. Picks the kid up, holding his arms behind his back. Walks him out of the smoke and pins him on the sidewalk. Wraps a zip tie around his wrists.

Rake walks back into the smoke, grabs the older kid by his jacket and drags him out.

KID #2

Your mother gets laid by Pakis.

The kid tries to punch Rake, but after Rake painfully pinches a nerve in his neck, he gives up.

KID #2

Fuck man. That's kung-fu shit...

Rake zip ties this one too.

The two boys murmur protests as Rake heads back into the smoke. Picks up a Colt .45 lying in the street, tucks it in his belt.

When he looks up, there, through the smoky haze, about a hundred yards away, stand six kids, ranging in ages. Weapons pointed at Rake.

RAKE

You kiddin' me...

We recognize the boy standing in the middle of the pack, with a scar running from his ear to his mouth. It's Gopi, the boy from the roof who almost lost his fingers to Asif.

The 14 year old Gopi weighs a rusty AK-47 against his hip. A pistol in his other hand. These are the orphans of Dhaka, raised by the meanest of the mean streets.

As Rake considers his predicament, the boys suddenly race at him like a game of firearm inclusive "kick the can". Rake quickly tosses three more smoke grenades in different directions as the boys send a wave of bullets towards him.

Rake dives into the back of the van where this all started. Pulls the doors shut. Tumbles to the front. The smoke is thick, visibility less than three feet.

As one of the boys runs past the passenger door, Rake throws it open. The boy collides with the door, knocking himself cold. Rake jumps out of the van, grabbing the kid's gun. Tosses it.

Rake pulls a taser out of his backpack, crouches against the van. A second boy emerges from the smoke, Rake zaps him. The kid goes down.

A third kid lunges at Rake with a switch blade. Rake catches him in mid-air, slams him to the ground. Zap.

Bullets cut the van next to Rake. He drops to the ground, rolls under it. Feet racing past. Rake sticks his hand out, tripping the kid. Rake drags him under the van, applies the metal prongs to his neck. Phht. Four down.

Rake scrambles out from under the car, spins towards the restaurant. Is met by the barrel of an AK pointed at his face. Gopi smiles at Rake, his hand on the trigger.

GOPI
(broken English)
Ever been shot in the face?

RAKE
Ever been shot in the stomach?

Gopi looks down. REVEAL the Glock in Rake's hand pressed against Gopi's stomach. It's a Mexican standoff.

RAKE
Trust me. I'm faster than you.

GOPI
You faster than him too?

Rake glances behind him. A nine year old Kid chewing the butt of a lit Cigar holds a sawed off shotgun aimed at Rake's head.

RAKE
(laughs)
He pulls the trigger on that thing,
he's gonna blow both our heads off.
Put himself into orbit.
(to the Cigar kid)
Pull the trigger, tough guy.
(getting angry)
Pull the trigger!

The kid glances at Gopi -- "what do I do?". And in that moment, Rake forearm the shotgun, knocking it away, the kid firing. The buckshot shatters the window of an electronics store. The powder flash burning Gopi's face. Gopi screams.

An alarm at the electronics store starts to blare as Rake jams the taser into the Cigar Kid's chest, puts a charge in him so big it sends him flying into the street.

Rake simultaneously rips the AK out of the pained Gopi's hands and whips it up the sidewalk.

An enraged Gopi pulls a butterfly knife from his back pocket. Flicks it open. Rake levels his gun while the boy deftly twists the blade in his hand.

GOPI
(in Bangla)
I'm gonna fuckin' kill you.

Rake holsters his gun, motions to Gopi -- *Come on.*

The fearless Gopi lunges at Rake. Rake evades. Gopi stumbles past, spins, and expertly whips the knife at Rake who has to raise his arm in front of his face to stop the blade from burying itself in his skull.

The knife implants itself in his forearm. Betraying almost no pain, Rake yanks the blade out, chucks it.

Gopi squares off with Rake, producing a second blade.

GOPI

That hurt?

Rake socks the kid in his face, Gopi landing on his ass just as a police chopper appears above. It starts to circle. Rake's out of time.

He grabs the struggling Gopi by the neck, drags him into the alley next to the restaurant. A high powered rifle fires from the copter, chasing Rake as he goes.

Under the cover of the alley, Rake wraps his arms around the struggling kid's neck, squeezes. The air to Gopi's brain begins to slow, his eyes fluttering closed. He struggles.

Gopi's face goes red as he spits and sputters, finally falling unconscious. Rake drops him to the ground, bursts through the restaurant door, finding Ovi crouched in the corner. Rake grabs his arm.

EXT. THE RESTUARANT - STREET

A chair comes through a window on the opposite side of the restaurant. Rake leaps through, Ovi in tow.

Rake approaches a sewer grate in the street, the chopper still circling one block over. Tires squeal in the near distance. Dozens of them. Engines roaring.

Rake uses his gun to pry open the grate. Blood pouring off of his hand from the knife wound.

RAKE

(re: the sewer)

Get in.

He clutches Ovi's arm, lowers him into the hole. Then grabs the grate.

He disappears beneath the street just before a cavalcade of cop cars and military vehicles arrive...

INT. SEWER

It's wet. Disgusting. What you would imagine the bowels of this city to look and smell like.

Ovi gags. Rake hands him a towel and he holds it over his face. Rake produces a Xenon from his belt.

They rush through the labyrinthine tunnels, Rake putting distance between himself and his pursuers, both of them struggling with the noxious fumes. Rats scurry across their feet as the go.

Rake finds another grate about a block away. Ushers Ovi under it, allows him to gasp the fresh air above.

INT. SANA BEACH RESORT - SUITE - MANDARMONI, INDIA

An ashtray full of cigarette butts. REVEAL Nik and Mikkel, sleepless. Nik's cell phone vibrates. Mikkel answers.

INTERCUT WITH SEWER:

RAKE

I just choked a 14 year old into submission.

MIKKEL

We're scrambling. Port and rails are shut. DC's down. Airspace is down. RAB is threatening to shoot shit outta the sky...

Rake tightly wraps his forearm with a rubber tourniquet.

RAKE

Call Ghassan.

MIKKEL

Where are you? Can you sit it out?

RAKE

I'm in the worst smelling sewer on the planet. With two hundred cops over head. Call Ghassan.

MIKKEL

(to his brother)
He wants to call Ghassan.

NIK

(shakes his head)
Too many mouths.

MIKKEL

Too many mouths, Tyler. Golden rule.

RAKE

Call Ghassan!

Nik grabs the phone.

NIK

I said get rid of the kid.

Rake lights a flare...

RAKE

I'm the definition of upside down.
I don't give a shit what you said.
Ghassan owes me his life. Call him.

Rake hangs up. Takes the flare, and cauterizes his knife wound. Ovi recoils as Rake grunts in excruciating pain. He slides down the sewer wall to the floor. Sits next to Ovi. Shoulder to shoulder.

OVI

Who's Ghassan?

RAKE

Someone I use to work with. He lives here...

They quietly stare at each other. Rake's exhausted. He closes his eyes, breathes. Ovi considers him.

OVI

I'm sorry.

Rake looks at the boy. A palpable moment.

Rake snuffs the flare on the wet floor. A weary Ovi lays his head against the wall. And then on Rake's shoulder...

EXT. QUIET STREET - THE "NEW MARKET"

It's early morning. Merchandise vendors set up along the sidewalk, just next to the maze of stalls. CD's, pirated movies, phony ipods, etc. A black Escalade slowly makes it's way down the street. Stops at an empty curb.

The door on the driver's side opens, revealing GHASSAN RAHIMIAN.

He's Iranian, middle-aged, muscular, with a gregarious grin and thick, playful eyebrows. A Frank Serpico-esque scar on his left cheek.

He walks up to the nearest street vendor, discreetly palms a wad of cash.

GHASSAN
(in Bangla)
Take the day off. Leave the cart.

The Vendor stares at the large bills...

MOMENTS LATER

Ghassan wheels the cart to the back of his vehicle, obscuring it. He places his hand under the car, pulling Ovi into a crouch.

REVEAL Rake under the Escalade, replacing the sewer grate that Ghassan is parked on top of. Rake crawls out from under the car as Ghassan hits a button. The bottom half of the Escalade's cargo hold opens, a metal tray sliding out, like a drawer in a morgue.

GHASSAN (CONT'D)
Yesterday, Imdura. Today...

Ovi hesitates. Rake climbs in.

GHASSAN
(smiles)
It seems a lot bigger once you're inside.

Ovi climbs in. It's tight. Ghassan closes the drawer.

EXT. ROADBLOCK - NIGHT

A line of cars a mile long. It's a checkpoint. Military trucks block the street. Thirty some Cops wander amongst the vehicles, randomly spot checking.

It looks like the US/Mexican border. Horns honk. People stand outside their cars, chatting, waiting, yelling at the cops. Money's offered. Pretty girls flirt their way through. It's hot, sweaty, impatient...

Ghassan is next in line, pulls up to a SERGEANT. Smiles as the Sergeant leans in. The Sergeant's face is pock marked, a bullet scar visible on his neck. In Dhaka, the Cops look more like gangsters than the gangsters.

SERGEANT
 (in Bangla)
What's up?

GHASSAN
Movin and groovin...
 (re: the blockade)
You guys lose the cream for your coffee?

Ghassan is charming as hell, a born smuggler.

SERGEANT
 (spits out his chew)
Crazy shit going down. Asif shit.

INT. DRAWER

Ovi shifts uncomfortably. It's getting claustrophobic. His breathing heavy.

RAKE
 Relax.

OUTSIDE THE CAR

The Sergeant searches the underside of the car with a mirror.

GHASSAN
What're they looking for?

SERGEANT
Some brat. Open the back.

Ghassan pops the hatch. The Sergeant looks inside the Escalade's trunk, picking up stray clothing, pushing aside boxes...

THE STORAGE COMPARTMENT

A narrow sliver of light streams through.

OVI
 (whispering)
 I...I can't breathe...

Rake shushes him. But the Sergeant may have heard them.

THE DRIVER'S SEAT

GHASSAN
 (growing impatient)
*Come on, man, I went out to buy
 smokes and lost a year and a half
 of my life in this line. It's me,
 phulababu.*

The Sergeant considers. Shuts the trunk...

THE STORAGE COMPARTMENT

Ovi is shaking.

RAKE
 Long, slow breaths. *Slow down...*

EXT. QUIET, RESIDENTIAL STREET

Ghassan pulls to the end of a sparsely populated street, hits a button. The metal enforced gates to a small, secluded property slide open...

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Ghassan opens the smuggling drawer. Ovi pops out, panicked. Paces as he catches his breath.

OVI
 (in Hindi, suddenly
 becoming angry)
*Goddamnit! Damnit all! I hate
 him! I hate my fucking father!*

He crouches, lets out a yell. Venting. Wrought.

GHASSAN
 Easy, kid.

He starts to cry, stands. His legs buckle, and he passes out...

EXT. DHAKA -- "GULSHAN THANA" -- EVENING

The nicest neighborhood in the city. Filled with private clubs, hotels, embassies, tourists.

The centerpiece of the neighborhood is a large building with gold mirrored doors. Taiwanese, chain-smoking hot shots mill about out front.

INSIDE THE BUILDING

It's a casino. Wide open floor. Hundreds of boisterous gamers play their luck at Mahjong, Pai Gow, and Sic Bo. Dozens of upscale hookers wait in the wings.

Aqua painted stripes on the walls, glass blocks for accents, colored lights -- this place would be an '80's cocaine nightmare anywhere else in the world, but it's the equivalent of the Bellagio here.

AN ENORMOUS, ORNATE OFFICE ABOVE THE CASINO

Asif sits smoking alone in his office, lost in thought. The only source of light is a wall of tv monitors. They play various sports and news networks.

The door opens. The Fat Man from the roof enters, something in his hand. Looks like a bloody napkin. He unravels it, shows it's contents to Asif.

ASIF
(in Bangla, confused)
Jesus. What the fuck?

MOMENTS LATER

A severed pinky rests on Asif's desk. Gopi, his left hand wrapped in bloody gauzes, his brow sweaty, his face pale, stands across from Asif and the Fat Man.

GOPI
(embarrassed)
I had him...

ASIF
Where?

GOPI
Near the market.

ASIF
Where is he now?

GOPI
I don't know. I lost him. I came to you as soon as I knew where to find you.

ASIF
Why didn't you come to me before you tried to play hero?

GOPI
(shrugs)
Because I didn't...

Asif assesses the kid, he's got balls. Turns to the Fat Man--

ASIF
Close the market.

The Fat Man exits. Gopi stands there with as much conviction as he can muster, seems weak from the loss of blood.

ASIF
(re: the finger)
What is this?

GOPI
A gift.
(beat)
When you catch him...I want to be the one to pull the trigger. If you let me do that...I'll give you the other finger.

Asif ashes his smoke.

ASIF
Wow. That's some shit.
(beat)
This guy rape your sister or something?

Gopi shakes his head.

ASIF
Then what did he do so terrible you cut your pinky off with a pair of scissors and wrapped it in a kleenex for me?

GOPI
He made me feel like a fool.

ASIF
Of course he did. You're a fucking kid.

Gopi flushes with embarrassment and anger. Asif rises, walks around the front of his desk. Leans on it.

ASIF
When I was a kid, there was this crazy hot girl who lived down the street from me. And she'd always give me the eye, you know. Whenever I walked by. She use to hang out on the corner with a bunch of her friends just waiting for me.
(MORE)

ASIF (cont'd)

(beat)

But she had a boyfriend who was a real bad ass. A cop killer. Shot this dude in the street. And this bad ass hated my guts. I don't know why. Maybe I said something smart to him one time. I had a lip on me. But one day, this girl tells me to come over, you know. That her mother was out to see her sister in the country, and that she was lonely. And I thought to myself, "Man, this is some dangerous shit, Amir." But I went anyway because she was so damn hot. And of course, when I got there, this bad ass was waiting for me...

Asif allows for a dramatic pause, exhales his cigarette smoke.

GOPI

You kill him?

ASIF

(laughs)

Fuck no. Motherfucker was huge...I ran like hell. Had to hide out at my cousins 'til this dude got himself killed in a bar fight...

(beat)

*Here's my gift to you, street wise -
- keep your other finger. Because no matter how hot this chick may be, she got another boyfriend who's a bigger bad ass than you...*

Asif presses a buzzer on his desk. The Fat Man enters.

ASIF

Get him a doctor...

INT. GHASSAN'S SAFE HOUSE -- THE LIVING ROOM

A showered and freshly clean Rake sits slumped in a lazy boy in the middle of a very sparsely furnished living room. His knifed arm still in the makeshift sling.

Rake watches Ghassan at the stove in the equally spare kitchen.

GHASSAN

Four or five days. Maybe less.
There's a lot of business goes
through this town. The DCC will
have it's breaking point. Force
Asif's hand. When they re-open the
city, then we get you out...

Ghassan pours stew into a bowl. Gives it to Rake.

GHASSAN

(re: Rake's arm)
I got morphine.

RAKE

(shakes his head)
I need my wits.

GHASSAN

(re: the stew)
It's my wife's. Get some protein.

Rake stirs the stew, let's it cool. Ghassan sits.

GHASSAN

I got a cabin in the Chittagongs.
That might be the safest play.
Hide out there a few weeks...

RAKE

I appreciate it.

GHASSAN

Please. Least I can do.

Ghassan snuffs his cigarette.

GHASSAN

Eat. I'm gonna go home, tuck my
kids in--

Ghassan catches himself mid-sentence, stops. Looks at Rake,
contrite.

RAKE

Go...

INT. SAFE-HOUSE BEDROOM - LATER

It's dark. Ovi lays in bed, spent. He wears Ghassan's
oversized clothing, freshly showered. His hair still wet.
Rake enters with a bowl of stew, places it on the bedside.

OVI
(quietly)
Thank you...

RAKE
Sure.

Their exhaustion coupled with the intensity of their experience has created a bond between them. And even though Rake's instincts would tell him to suppress that bond, he doesn't want to. There's something about this kid that he wants to connect to. Something honest and uncluttered. Something pure.

He takes a seat in a chair in the corner, looks at Ovi.

RAKE
How you feelin'?

OVI
Been better. You?

RAKE
Been better. Eat.

Ovi sits up, takes the bowl in his hands. Blows on it.

OVI
What's your name?

Rake considers him for a moment before answering.

RAKE
Tyler.

OVI
That your real name?

He nods. Ovi puts the bowl down.

OVI
Have you killed a lot of people,
Tyler?

Rake's taken aback. But there's no judgement in Ovi's voice.

RAKE
Yes.

OVI
How many?

RAKE
A lot.

Ovi studies him.

OVI
You don't look like a killer.

RAKE
What do I look like?

OVI
Not a killer.
(beat)
Where you from?

RAKE
America.

OVI
(smiles)
I know. Where?

RAKE
Houston. Texas.

OVI
Mavericks...

Rake looks over, smirks.

RAKE
That's Dallas. You like
basketball?

OVI
(shakes his head)
One of the Kardashians' husbands
played for them.

Rake grins. Ovi fiddles with his stew again.

OVI
What's it like to kill someone?

RAKE
That's a hard question.

OVI
How do you feel when you do it? Is
it...like a drug?

RAKE
Sometimes there's power in it.
Which can be addictive. Sometimes
you do it just to stay alive.

OVI

My father has killed a lot of people.

(beat)

Kids would walk against the wall in school just to keep their distance from me.

(beat)

Sometimes I would sit with him at dinner and look at him and think, he just killed somebody else's father that day. And then he'd look up at me. And smile. And he was just the man who kissed me goodnight.

(beat)

What does it do? On the inside.

RAKE

Depends on who you are.

OVI

What does it do to you?

Rake chews on this a moment.

RAKE

It makes me care a little less.

OVI

Then why do it?

RAKE

Because I'm good at it.

OVI

That's the reason?

RAKE

Yes.

OVI

That's not really a reason.

(beat)

Maybe you don't want to care so much. Maybe that's why you do it.

He smiles. Doesn't answer.

OVI

You have any family?

Rake traces the wood grain on the arm of his chair with his finger.

RAKE

Did.
(beat)
Had a wife.

OVI

Where is she?

RAKE

Don't know. We split.

OVI

You have children?

RAKE

One. A son.

OVI

Where is he?

He exhales.

RAKE

Died. A few years ago.

OVI

I'm sorry.

RAKE

Wasn't your fault.

OVI

My mother died. She had...a lot of
sadness in her.

(beat)

How did your son die?

RAKE

Lymphoma.

OVI

Cancer?

Rake nods. It's becoming harder for him to speak.

OVI

How old was he?

RAKE

Six.

OVI

I'm sorry...

A long silence.

RAKE
I wasn't there.

OVI
You weren't where?

RAKE
(nods)
When he died.

OVI
Where were you?

RAKE
Kandahar. Afghanistan. Third
tour.

OVI
You were called away.

RAKE
(shakes his head)
Voluntary.

Rake is in the midst of a confession. Wants to be lead
somewhere. Ovi senses this. Continues.

OVI
Because you couldn't watch...

RAKE
They gave him six months.

His eyes brim. His voice drops to a tortured whisper.

RAKE
I didn't have the stomach...to
watch him die...

His face is chiseled with self-hatred. Disgust.

He cries quietly for a few moments, his fists clenched so
tightly they flush white. Ovi is speechless. Moved.

And then Rake stops. Collects himself. Much the same way he
did on the beach.

He exhales. Looks at Ovi.

RAKE
You need sleep.

Rake rises.

OVI
Why did you tell me that?

RAKE
Don't know.
(beat)
Because I wanted...to say it out
loud...

He moves for the door.

OVI
"You drown not by falling into a
river, but by staying submerged in
it."

He looks back at Ovi.

RAKE
Who said that?

OVI
(shrugs)
I read it in a book. In school...

He smiles at Rake. Rake smiles weakly in return, exits...

INT. SAFE-HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rake sits in a lazy-boy, staring at the wall. Exhausted.
Emotionally drained.

The front gate opens. He bolts up, gun in hand. Sees
Ghassan exiting his car, toting groceries.

A WHILE LATER

Ghassan and Rake sit in the living room. A nearly empty
bottle of Vodka in front of Ghassan.

GHASSAN
*Estancia Los Chanares. Best dove
hunting in Argentina. You lay in
the pool at this resort and shoot
them while sipping a Cuba Libre.*

RAKE
Doesn't seem very sporting.

GHASSAN

(laughs)

I don't know if you can call shooting doves a sport.

Ghassan clips a cigar, lights it.

GHASSAN

You mind?

RAKE

No.

GHASSAN

I shot my first dove off the leaves of a Lentil plant in Aleppo. I was ten years old. The gun backfired, left me with a black eye. My father laughed his ass off.

They both smile.

GHASSAN (CONT'D)

As a kid, I would move so quick to kill those little shits. Not anymore. And believe me, not out of regard for those white, flying rats, but for crappy joints. Bad eyesight.

(exhales his cigar, musing)

I'm gettin'old.

Ghassan looks at Rake, considers. His mood shifts.

GHASSAN

How's the kid?

RAKE

Asleep.

GHASSAN

What a tragedy. These animals are a new breed, Tyler. No conscience. This whole continent...Dhaka is it's asshole. Like God took a drawer and tilted it sideways. And all the lunatics landed here.

(exhales again, almost under-breath)

He's a walking corpse.

Rake looks at him. Ghassan holds his gaze.

GHASSAN

(rolling his cigar)

Asif can never let him live. It would be the ultimate disgrace. Weakness gives strength to your enemies and a lot of deadly men would like his throne. It doesn't matter if you get the boy home, his father's in prison. He cannot protect him. Go ahead and put a bullet in his head, save him the pain. Because they will not be nearly as kind...

(beat)

They will start with his ears. Clip his fingers, stuff them in his throat. Let him watch as they pull his guts out like a rope. The more horrific, the more Asif saves face...

Ghassan puts his drink down.

GHASSAN

Your sentiments were noble in bringing him this far...

RAKE

You're drunk.

GHASSAN

I have a son. Believe me, it would be mercy...

RAKE

(rises, done with the conversation)

I'm tired...

He heads for the stairs.

GHASSAN

You know how much he's worth?

He turns back to Ghassan. A long pause.

GHASSAN

You're a mercenary, Tyler. What is this shit? We're talking about 10 million dollars for some gangster's brat.

(weary)

I'm sick of this life.

(MORE)

GHASSAN (cont'd)
I hate this city. I can't raise my
kids here...

RAKE
You need to sober up.

Ghassan advances towards Rake.

GHASSAN
What is this shit, you hypocrite?!
You have the blood of a hundred
souls on your hands!
(calming, trying to reason)
We split it 50/50. 5 million each.
Have you at the border in a couple
hours. Money in your pocket. I'll
deliver him dead. Painless. It'll
be the best fate he can hope for...

Rake studies Ghassan.

RAKE
Did you call someone?

Ghassan straightens.

RAKE
(angrily)
Who did you call?

GHASSAN
Asif is a friend. I've done a lot
of work for him. I made a deal --
he gets the kid, you get your
freedom. And we both get rich.

Rake punches Ghassan in the face. Ghassan reels backwards,
lands on the floor. His nose bloodied.

RAKE
Goddamnit, you fucking...

Rake pulls his gun out, aims it at Ghassan. Who becomes
incensed.

GHASSAN
How dare you pull your gun on me?!
We bled together. Bagdad.
Djakarta. I picked you up today,
my family's lives are at stake. I
get caught with you at that
checkpoint, and they rape my
daughters!

Rake lowers his gun, frustration mounting.

RAKE

Jesus, Ghassan, what do you want?
You want me to let you walk
upstairs and kill him?

GHASSAN

Yes. Yes I do, Tyler. Because
that's what we do. We're
killers...

RAKE

You want money, I'll give you
money.

GHASSAN

5 million?

They just look at each other. Ghassan rises.

GHASSAN

You once saved my life. And now
I'm gonna save yours. Step
aside...

Rake doesn't.

GHASSAN

Step aside, Tyler.

Rake still doesn't. Ghassan suddenly dry gulches Rake's
neck, thrusts him to the floor. The one armed Rake crashes
on his back, gasping. Ghassan puts his foot on Rake's chest.

GHASSAN

Stay down.

A creaking upstairs. Ghassan glances up. Rake pulls his arm
from the sling, grabs Ghassan's foot, twists, knocking him
off balance. Ghassan falls through the wooden coffee table
as Rake rises. Ghassan groans.

GHASSAN

Fucking hell, Tyler. What are we
doing?

RAKE

You tell me.

Ghassan sits there, his nose bloodied, looking at Rake,
catching his breath. He slowly stands. Laughs.

GHASSAN

You busted my nose.

He wipes the blood from his face. Suddenly flicks it in Rake's eyes, blinding him.

Ghassan grabs a folding chair and hurls it at Rake, knocking him over. Grabs the empty Vodka bottle, smashes it.

Moves swiftly towards Rake armed with a large shard of glass, then stops. Sees Ovi on the stairs, pointing Rake's gun at him.

GHASSAN

Hello, boy.

Ovi's hands are shaking. Ghassan drops the shard of glass, opens his arms in a show of surrendering. Smiles...

GHASSAN

I know this looks--

Ovi fires, hitting Ghassan in the neck. He chokes. Ovi fires again. And again. The slugs to Ghassan's chest knock him over the couch. Rake scrambles to his feet.

Ovi looks to Rake, then back to the now dead Ghassan.

OVI

I shot him.

RAKE

Yes, you did.

OVI

He was going to kill you.

RAKE

He was.

OVI

(stunned)

Ok. Good. Then it's good I shot him...

Rake walks over to him, takes the gun.

RAKE

Thank you.

Ovi nods. Collapses in a chair. His face wrought, overwhelmed.

OVI
I want to go home...

And in that moment, there's clarity for Rake. In that moment, with this blameless boy begging for clemency, he makes a decision.

Something akin to suicide. Or atonement.

Rake puts a hand on his shoulder...

RAKE
I'll get you home...

INT. SAFE-HOUSE BEDROOM

Rake tears the mattress sheet in two.

INT. THE BATHROOM

Cloaks Ovi in the dark fabric, like a woman's jilbab. Conceals his face.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Rake searches Ghassan's lifeless body. Finds his cell phone. Takes it. Keys.

INT. ESCALADE -- PRE-DAWN

The Escalade's parked, the two inside. Ovi's wide eyes peer through the slit of his mask, watching as Rake arms himself. Double silenced Glocks. Grenades. He takes GHASSAN'S CELL PHONE, opens the car door, gets out.

RAKE
Stay low.

THE STREET

Rake crosses it, pulls up the recently dialed numbers on Ghassan's cell phone. Dials the first. After a few rings, a sleepy woman answers speaking in Persian. Rake hangs up.

Dials the second. A man answers in Bangla.

MAN'S VOICE (OVER PHONE)
(in Bangla)
You're testing his patience. I suggest we wrap this up quickly.

RAKE

Put him on.

MAN'S VOICE (OVER PHONE)

He just wants the kid, Ghassan. No need for talk...

RAKE

Put him on.

MAN'S VOICE (OVER PHONE)

(long pause)

Who is this?

RAKE

He wants the kid, hand him the phone.

MAN'S VOICE (OVER PHONE)

Where's Ghassan?

RAKE

Hand him the phone....

After a quiet pause, we hear the man handing off the phone.

ASIF (OVER PHONE)

What?

RAKE

I want to meet you.

INT. ASIF'S CASINO OFFICE

Asif hesitates, exchanges looks with the Silver Haired Colonel.

ASIF

Where do you want to meet?

EXT. THE STREET

RAKE

You'll hear me.

Rake hangs up. Tosses the phone in the bushes. REVEAL that he's been standing outside a POLICE STATION.

INT. THE POLICE STATION

Makes the Rampart station look like a children's museum. Flickering yellow lights. Stained linoleum floors. Rusted metal cages dividing front and backstage.

It's the pre-dawn shift. Sparsely populated. Rake ascends stairs, finds a prostitute handcuffed to a bench flirting with a Lieutenant. Rake takes his Glock, puts it to the Cop's head. Disarms him.

SECONDS LATER

The Lieutenant opens a metal door, granting Rake access to the station.

RAKE

Guns...

The Cop points. Using him as a shield, Rake advances into the station.

They round several corners, unseen. Then down a hallway -- a large group of Cops are in conference in a glass walled room, examining a map. Presumably discussing Rake.

RAKE

Shhhhh....

He presses his silencer tight against the nervous Cop's head. They sneak past.

A BASEMENT ROOM

A Cop sits at a desk reading a magazine guarding a vaulted door. A silenced bullet whizzes into the room. The Cop falls to the floor, dead.

Rake enters, Glock to the Lieutenant's head.

RAKE

(indicating)

Open.

THE VAULTED DOOR

The Lieutenant punches a code. Rake shoots him, swings open the door...

INSIDE

A weapon's cache. Maybe three hundred guns. Assault rifles. Body armor. RPG's...

EXT. STREET - DAWN

Ovi sits low in his seat, staring at the dash. An explosion jolts him. He looks towards the Police Station. There's smoke and fire.

Another explosion. Then a third. Then a fourth. Shouts. Cries of pain. A bleeding Cop stumbles from the station, falls unconscious in the street. Relentless gunfire. Another explosion.

The cries begin to die down. spurts of gunfire. A final explosion. Then quiet.

After a moment, through the smoke, a figure emerges -- it's Rake. Head to toe in body armor. Looks like one of the culprits from the North Hollywood Bank Robbery. A giant Machine gun slung around his torso, an RPG on his shoulder.

Rake stops in the middle of the street, aims the RPG at the Police Vehicle yard next to the station. Let's fly. A large SWAT vehicle explodes. He tosses two more grenades into the yard.

The armored Rake approaches the Escalade. Ovi gets out, opens the trunk as Rake throws a large duffle bag full of weapons inside.

He and Ovi get back in the car, Ovi behind the driver's wheel. He starts the car as a helicopter approaches. He speeds past the burning station.

RAKE

Stop.

Ovi stops the car. Rake gets out, opens the trunk. Grabs the RPG. And shoots the helicopter out of the sky.

He gets back in the car.

RAKE

Go.

INT. DEAD PIMP'S APARTMENT - DAWN

The chatter of a police scanner. A sleepless Saju rests in a chair.

His cell phone rings...

EXT. DEAD PIMP'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Saju emerges, gun in hand. Walks into the street...

Approaches a car at a stop light. He opens the door, yanks the driver out. Gets in...

EXT. ALLEY NEXT TO OFFICE BUILDING - DAWN

The Escalade pulls into the alley. Stops. Rake and Ovi sit there, watching the mouth of the alley. After a few moments--

OVI
He's not coming.

And then, as if on cue...a car enters the alley.

RAKE
Stay here.

Rake gets out, gun lowered. Opens the trunk, grabs the duffle. The other car stops a few yards away. Rake approaches.

Saju gets out. Rake places the duffle on the ground, the weapons and ammo visible inside.

RAKE
Dealer's choice.

Saju considers Rake.

SAJU
Just like that?

RAKE
Just like that.
(beat)
I want the boy out.

SAJU
Why?

RAKE
Because I do. I'll draw them away from the bridge. Get him to the other side. They'll be waiting.

Saju considers Rake again.

SAJU
There's no more money. There never was...

RAKE

I know.

Ovi gets out of the car. Saju studies Ovi's curious appearance. Looks at the bag, then back at Rake.

SAJU

(to Ovi, in Hindi)

You trust him?

He nods...

MOMENTS LATER - THE ALLEY

Rake jacks open the back door of an office building with a crow bar.

OVI (O.S.)

Tyler.

Ovi approaches, pulling down his mask to expose his face. A beat...then he hugs Tyler. It's an emotional embrace, childlike even. The most sincere way he could express his gratitude.

OVI

(in Hindi)

Thank you.

Ovi's face is bittersweet. He turns towards Saju who waits for him at the mouth of the alley.

Rake watches them disappear into the street...

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - DAWN

The door is kicked open. Rake entering. He moves to the window. He's about four floors up, has a vantage point on a massive blockade. Soldiers and cops everywhere.

Just beyond the heavily guarded check point is a bridge stretching across a river, maybe half a mile long. It's packed with cars in both directions.

Rake sees Ovi standing on the corner two blocks from the check point. Saju about twenty yards in front of Ovi, tactical position, gun raised.

Ovi turns back and looks at Rake in the window. He motions for Ovi to get down. Ovi crouches behind a car. Rake nods to Saju. Saju nods back.

And that's when Rake starts a two man war...

The first shell of his RPG blows up a transport truck on the left flank of the blockade. Rake quickly reloads, nails a cop car not far from it.

Chaos in the streets as soldiers and civilians race for cover. Rake darts into the hallway of the dentist's office, reloading as he goes.

Arrives at another window. Aims. Hits a third vehicle. Reloads. Moves to another window. Blows up a fourth. Flames and smoke everywhere.

Soldiers aim an RPG back at Rake. He rushes into the hallway, the room exploding in flames behind him.

He exits the dentist's office, and into the stairwell.

Bounds down the steps. A metal door bangs open below, soldiers spilling in. Rake yanks a pin from a grenade. Holds it in his hand over the rail. Waits. Waits. Drops it. It explodes.

BELOW

The soldiers stumble, half-deaf, bloody, in pain. Rake breaks through the smoke, spraying his machine gun. Taking out those still alive. Molten shells clacking on the metal stairs.

He continues out the back door and into...

THE STREET

Civilians run his direction, away from the bridge.

Rake walks just this side of a row of cars, fully visible, massive machine gun raised. It's an M240 with two inch armor piercing shells. A long belt of ammo wrapped around his arm.

He fires at the soldiers and cops, shredding vehicles like confetti. Windows and tires exploding, glass flying. Arms and chests splaying blood. He unleashes 400 rounds in about thirty seconds.

Grips a grenade launcher. Let's six fly, raining shrapnel on the blockade. His assault is staggering, retribution on Gomorrah...

THREE BLOCKS AWAY

Under the cover of chaos, Saju advances on the left flank, rapidly picking off cops and soldiers.

INT. RANGE ROVER - DHAKA STREETS

Asif's in the passenger seat.

SILVER HAired COLONEL (OVER RADIO)
There's two...

INT. A RAB TRANSPORT CHOPPER

The Silver Haired Colonel sits, surrounded by a highly armed squad of commandos. The commandos faces are covered with ballistic masks.

SILVER HAired COLONEL
(into radio)
*One's armored. In plain sight.
Trying to draw us too him. The
second is near the bridge.*

ASIF (OVER RADIO)
The boy?

SILVER HAired COLONEL
Waiting on confirmation.

EXT. DHAKA-BURIGANGA BRIDGE

Saju has advanced onto the bridge. Ovi, disguised by his makeshift jilbab, not far behind. A hundred cars have been abandoned, providing cover for a handful of cops who stand between Saju, Ovi and the city limit on the far side of the bridge.

Saju engages the cops, trying to draw them out. Turning back repeatedly to lay fire and protect the rear.

EXT. ROAD LEADING TO DHAKA

Bumper to bumper traffic. A black Mercedes van races along the shoulder, Mikkel behind the wheel. Frantic. Laying on the horn...

EXT. DHAKA-CHITTACONGA HIGHWAY

It's quiet. Rake stands in the middle of the street, spies a cop moving between cars. He takes him out.

Rake starts to advance on the blockade, hears a dull roar. A large, heavily armored vehicle rounds a corner, Rake immediately hugging a building for cover.

The vehicle stops in the middle of the street. A slat slides open. Rake breaks into a sprint.

The barrel of a large machine gun emerges through the slat, starts spitting rounds at Rake as he dashes away. Chunks of concrete flying, windows collapsing in store fronts.

Rake dives behind a garbage truck, the bullets doing their best to decimate it, giant shells slicing the truck's steel belly. Sparks rain on Rake as he crawls into a storefront.

RAB commandos file out of the armored vehicle. Half of them head for a building, the other half for Saju.

EXT. THE BRIDGE

Saju scans the street with his scope. Watches as some of the soldiers emerge onto a rooftop. The rest fanning onto the bridge.

Something pulls Saju's attention -- he listens. Suddenly scrambles to Ovi, opens the door on a car, shoves him inside.

SAJU

Head down.

He races for cover as a chopper appears, the RAB commandos laying down heavy fire. Saju pins himself to the ground.

CITY LIMIT - FAR SIDE OF THE BRIDGE

Four panicked Bangladeshi guards have taken cover in their border station. One of them screaming into a radio for backup.

The black Mercedes screeches to a stop near the bridge. Nik, Mikkell and one of their men get out as the chopper hovers just over the border, ropes dropping from it. RAB commandos in their ominous black uniforms descend onto the bridge...

EXT. BACK ALLEY

A rusty door kicks open, Rake emerging. He pulls himself onto a dumpster. Takes hold of a ladder and climbs towards the roof of the building.

EXT. THE BRIDGE

Saju is surrounded, commandos now closing in from both ends.

He remains pressed to the ground, crawling around. Sniping their feet underneath cars. Taking down two or three before they can get a read on his position.

When bullets start flying, Saju makes a surprise run up the left side of the bridge, trying to flank them. He gets shot in the arm, two more to his vest...

EXT. DHAKA ROOFTOP

Six commandos scan the street for Rake. Blood explodes from the back of one of their heads. A second shot fells another.

Footsteps crunching on a gravel roof as the remaining commandos turn to meet the approaching Rake. Bullets fly in close quarters. Smoke. Shouts. Cries of pain. Blood. Rake takes slugs to his armor. Stabs one. Throws another off the roof.

Everything settles. Rake the only one left standing. Breathless, he takes a knee. Peels open his chest armor. Deadened slugs falling off...

EXT. THE BRIDGE

Saju has flanked the commandos closest to the city limit. Produces an automatic shotgun. Descends on them with ferocity.

He blows the nearest soldier off his feet. Shoots another through a windshield. Wrestles the gun from a third, breaks his windpipe. Saju get's shot in the back of the thigh. Turns on his assailant and beats him with the butt of his gun.

Takes two more slugs to his vest. Blasts another. Then another. He's a machine. A pure killer with the added resolve of his family's lives at stake...

INT. CAR

Ovi crouches in the backseat...

EXT. STREET

Rake stealthily exits a storefront near the armored vehicle. It starts to move towards the bridge. He gets behind it.

As it slows, Rake sneaks to the front. When the machine gun slat opens, he drops a grenade inside. Cries of shock. A muffled explosion. Smoke...

EXT. HILLTOP OVERLOOKING THE BRIDGE

Like an emperor, Asif sits in his Range Rover watching the action unfold below. Gets out to improve his view.

EXT. DHAKA-CHITTAGONG HIGHWAY

A determined Gopi also watches from a distance, an AK-47 in one hand, the other neatly wrapped in bandages. REVEAL that he's sitting on the back of a dirt bike. A slightly older boy driving.

GOPI
(to his driver)
Go. Go!

The dirt bike speeds towards the bridge.

EXT. THE BRIDGE

Blood pours from Saju's wounds like a bull at the end of a bullfight. Bodies littered around him. Commandos advance. The chopper circling in the near distance.

Saju reloads his shotgun.

EXT. MOUTH OF THE BRIDGE

Rake lays on top of the armored vehicle. Takes out one of the soldiers advancing on Saju. Then another, pulling the attention of the rest.

THE BRIDGE

Saju uses this to rush them, taking aim. Kills one. Gets shot again. Kills a second. Then his body suddenly goes limp. His legs giving out. He falls to the ground, blood pouring from his head...

THE CIRCLING CHOPPER

The Silver Haired Colonel sits in the bay door. Lowers his sniper rifle.

THE BRIDGE

Only one RAB commando left.

RAKE
(into radio)
Where are you?

INSIDE THE CAR

Ovi clutches a radio.

OVI
In a car.

RAKE (OVER RADIO)
What color?

OVI
Red. Toyota. Near the middle.

THE BRIDGE

Rake advances, crouched between cars, avoiding the chopper.

THE CAR

Ovi's startled when the door opens. It's Rake. Ovi gets out. Cop cars roar from the city center towards the bridge. Rake positions himself, machine gun aimed at the chopper.

RAKE
Run as fast as you can.

OVI
When?

RAKE
Now.

Ovi rushes towards the city limit, Rake filling the sky with shells.

JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMIT

Nik throws open the back door on the van, pulls out a case. Races into the woods off the road, up a small hill. Opens the case, it's a sniper rifle. Starts assembling it.

Mikkel and his henchmen produce uzis. Walk towards the city limit guard house. As Ovi approaches the checkpoint, one of the guards comes running out, gun raised. Yelling at Ovi to stop. Mikkel puts his uzi to the guard's head, his henchman entering the guard house, disarming the other three.

THE BRIDGE

Rake starts running for the border, gets jumped by the remaining Commando. He tackles Rake. Rake kicks at him. The soldier stabs him in the leg.

Rake grabs his hair, yanks him to the pavement. Punches him in the face, rolling on top of him, and snapping his neck.

Rake tries to stand, stumbles. Ligament damage. A gunshot rings out from the chopper, just missing. The Colonel reloading above.

The limping Rake falls against a car.

IN THE WOODS

Nik puts the sniper scope to his eye. It's about a 600 yard shot, the chopper swaying in the wind. He inhales sharply, holds his breath.

Squeezes the trigger. It hits the hull of the chopper.

NIK

Fuck.

IN THE CHOPPER

The Silver Haired Colonel pulls the trigger on his gun, the impact deadened by the body armor, but blood still seeping from Rake's bicep. Rake tries to crawl around the side of the car for cover.

The chopper maneuvers, rising above Rake, giving the Colonel a view of Rake's head. He lines it up in his cross hairs...

IN THE WOODS

Nik wipes the sweat off his brow, resets his shot. Holds his breath.

The chopper swaying...

IN THE CHOPPER

The Colonel steadies himself. Begins to squeeze his trigger...

IN THE WOODS

Nik slowly squeezes his trigger...

IN THE CHOPPER

The Colonel lowers his gun, winces. Almost like he has indigestion.

He grips at his chest armor. There's a hole in it. Blood leaking through.

He begins to lose consciousness. Slips from the chopper, his sleeve catching on the bay door. He hangs there for a moment, before his sleeve rips and he falls into the river below.

IN THE WOODS

Nik watches the Colonel's body hit the water.

HILLTOP

As does Asif.

BACK ON THE BRIDGE

Rake pulls himself to his feet, does his best to limp towards the city limit as cops descend on him from the Dhaka side. The crack of a gunshot. The high whine of a dirt bike.

Rake grips his neck, blood spurting from the side of it, as Gopi, on the back of his motorbike, screams by, gun smoking.

Rake presses his hand against his wound, stumbles towards the edge of the bridge. Gopi and his driver spin to finish him off, cops raising their guns, shouting at Rake not to move.

FROM THE WOODS

Nik fires, missing the speeding target.

Fires again.

Hitting the driver....

BACK ON THE BRIDGE

The bike lays down. Gopi rolls out of it. Stands. Gets his bearings, finds Rake. Races at him like a rabid little pit bull, aiming his gun.

Rake smiles at Gopi, then falls over the side of the bridge. His body meets the river with a smack. The brown water swallowing him immediately...

THE RIVER

Blood and dirt streak the water as the strong current pushes Rake's body downstream. The massive Buriganga River spiriting him away...

CITY LIMIT

Mikkel pulls a stunned Ovi into the van. Slams it into gear.

IN THE WOODS

A panicked Nik races down the hillside towards the river's edge. Desperately scanning for Rake...

THE BRIDGE

Gopi searches the rippling water far below.

THE HILLTOP

Asif gets in his Range Rover...

CITY LIMIT

As the van pulls away, Ovi looks out the back window. Watches as the fire drenched skyline of Dhaka fades away.

Quietly cries for Rake...

THE RIVER

The muscles in Rake's face relax, his eyes batting closed. At peace, Tyler Rake let's go.

A young boy, sitting on the shores of a slum, watches as Rake's corpse floats by. Drifting away with the current...

FADE TO BLACK:

SCREEN TITLE

Four months later.

EXT. DHAKA STREET - EVENING

The festival for Poila Boishakh, the Bengali New Year. The entire city out in the streets. Parades. Floats. Music.

Sipping a drink at a cafe table, surrounded by his men, sits Asif. Tapping his foot to the music.

He stands, two of his men rising with him. He wanders...

INSIDE A CROWDED RESTUARANT

And towards the bathroom. People watching him as he goes, a mix of fear and reverence.

INT. BATHROOM

Asif enters, leaving his men stationed outside the door. He unzips his pants, starts to urinate.

A mustached Restaurant Worker in a hair net and an apron exits one of the stalls. Washes his hands at the sink.

Asif glances sideways, annoyed that someone else is in his space. That's when he notices the gun pointed at his head.

Looks at the Worker just as the bullet leaves the gun, shattering his skull. Asif's lifeless body collapses unnaturally on the wet, tiled floor.

The gun lowers, revealing a disguised Nik Haastrup...

INT. SCHOOL LECTURE HALL - DAY

A teacher lectures on Homer. At the back, we find Ovi taking copious notes.

EXT. BOMBAY STREET - DAY

Ovi walks home from class in conversation with a young, handsome boy. They're smiling. Laughing. They stop outside Ovi's flat entrance, hug goodbye.

Ovi watches him go...

INT. OVI'S FLAT - DAY

Ovi enters. Turns the flame on under a tea pot in his modest apartment. Drops a stack of mail on the table. Sifts through it. One envelope has no return address, international postage. He opens it.

Inside is a newspaper article detailing the death of Amir Asif. Written in red ink at the bottom of the article, "You're safe..."

Ovi lays the article on the table, his boiling water whistling.

He takes the pot, pours himself a cup of tea. Sits down and drinks it, alone, secure...

CUT TO BLACK...