

**DRIVER**

*a screenplay for a motion picture by*

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*based on the videogame franchise "Driver" by*

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DRIVER, 25, a test driver for Audi Germany in his mid-twenties -- a little Beckham, a little McQueen -- with munchy hair and intense blue eyes that show a focus that's laser-like.

IN A SERIES OF TIGHT SHOTS that occasionally FREEZE FRAME TO MUSIC we watch as Driver prepares himself for endurance test driving. We begin with inversion sit-ups, showering, affixing wired sensors, rubbing Zellgell on his body, dressing first in fire retardant capalenes, then a white leather bodysuit of modern design, and then a white helmet that reads--

**"DRIVER"**

He makes his way through Audi's glass and steel Gläserne Manufaktur (Transparent Factory) in Dresden, Germany and preps the vehicle, passing his HIGH TECH GERMAN PIT CREW, to slipping into the form fitting seats of the sexy BUGATTI VEYRON and buckling his four point seatbelt. Driver plugs his sensor umbilical to a data box in the car. Nothing is left to chance -- nothing is left to chaos. This is his domain -- his skin. The ODOMETER is set to "0" and the key is turned. The ENGINE ROARS to life.

He car takes off with BURNING RUBBER onto the LARGE VELODROME-LIKE TRACK at the hightech auto design facility.

EXTREME CLOSE ON: Driver. We can instantly see that dominates what he drives, and he's all about precision and control.

CUT TO BLACK:

**"99 AND 44/100% CLEAN"**

A United States C17 Cargo Transport Aircraft, its gear extended like a bird of prey, touches down with a SCREECH.

The plane is directed by GROUND CONTROL to a MASSIVE HANGAR, one of many that are BUSTLING WITH ACTIVITY.

The rear cargo bay door opens on the C17, slowly revealing its contents...

3 INT. C17 - HANGAR - DAY 3

CLOSE ON: Palets of freshly minted cash, shrink-wrapped in cellophane plastic. There must be twenty of them. A billion a piece.

A FORK LIFT scoops up the palet and drives it to another part of the hangar. SOLDIERS are everywhere, milling about like Fedex workers -- this isn't a special operation. This is a regular activity for these troops. They do this all the time...

4 INT. HANGAR - DAY 4

The palets are broken down into duffels full of cash. Huge quantities of it. Handfuls of wads, each \$20K. The black duffels are stuffed full and then zipped shut. The duffels are stacked five high by twenty long at one end of the warehouse. A DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE ACCOUNTANT is there the entire time, tracking it all with UPS-style tracking devices. Everything has a barcode.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. BAGHDAD - ROUTE IRISH - DAY 5

THREE HUMVEES make their way down Route Irish, a highway through a district of Baghdad that looks a bit like Mexicali, if Mexicali has large Mosque spires in the background. SPECIAL FORCES SOLDIERS man the 50mm M60's on the roof of each Hummer. A tense drive. Every parked car looks like it might be an IED.

One of the Humvees breaks off from the pack and pulls to a stop in front of an OFFICE BUILDING, which looks like dentist offices turned into a compound. A sign out in front reads: "AMERIRAQ PETROLEUM CONSULTING GROUP."

A SPECIAL FORCES SOLDIER hops out of the vehicle, holding one of the duffels full of money. Following him is ANOTHER SPECIAL FORCES SOLDIER, armed and there for cover. They enter the compound.

6 INT. AMERIRAQ PETROLEUM CONSULTING GROUP - DAY 6

Several BLUE COLLAR EXECUTIVES, distinctly Texan, are there to meet with the soldiers. They smile, familiar, and extend hands to shake.

AMERIRAQ EXECUTIVE

Howdie, boys. How're the roads today?

(CONTINUED)

SPECIAL FORCES SOLDIER

Raggies galore.

AMERIRAQ EXECUTIVE

(he shrugs)

Well, you take your salt with your sugar. It is their country.

The duffel is handed off. One of the executives signs a form on a clipboard and hands it back to the special forces soldier.

AMERIRAQ EXECUTIVE

(with a wave)

See you next month.

7 EXT. AMERIRAQ PETROLEUM CONSULTING GROUP - DAY

7

The soldiers come out of the building and climb back into the Humvee. They continue on their way down the block and onward to the next drop when--

8 INT. HUMVEE - BAGHDAD - ROUTE IRISH - DAY

8

--a RUN DOWN HATCHBACK on the side of the road EXPLODES! The vehicle, an IED, takes out part of the street and the Humvee along with it.

BODIES OF CIVILIANS are blown off their feet. DUST AND DEBRIS are everywhere. The FIRE AND SMOKE eventually clear to reveal carnage everywhere. BODY PARTS are strewn about, and the Humvee looks less like a vehicle than a scrap of twisted and blackened metal. Three duffels are laying in the wreckage, surrounded by fire.

CLOSE ON: Two feet -- Nike sneakers. We CRANE UP, slowly revealing the assailant, who we assume will be a terrorist of some sort -- but when we see the Hawaiian shirt...we know, he's not.

The AMERICAN IN THE HAWAIIAN SHIRT, whose face we don't see, surveys the carnage, then motions to two SLICK LOOKING MIDDLE EASTERN MEN with him. They rush forward, efficient and cat-like, and grab the duffels. They throw them into the back of a waiting BLACK LANDROAMER and race off down the street, just as FRANTIC IRAQI CITIZENS are starting to collect to help the injured and dying...

CUT TO:

9 INT./EXT. BLACK LANDROAMER - STREETS OF BAGHDAD - MOVING - DAY 9

TIMMY VERMICELLI, 29, is immediately recognizable from the previous scene. Perhaps it's the Hawaiian shirt that gives him away, but the tight cropped cut, and the steely eyes are unforgettable. He's sitting in the passenger seat of the Landroamer, looking rather annoyed because he's getting an earload of EXCITED RAPIDFIRE FARSI from the two Iraqi henchmen he's with. The one in the back is looking at all the money, excitedly JABBING to the one driving. Finally, Vermicelli can't take it anymore:

VERMICELLI

Would you two shut the fuck up?!  
Jesus! I can't hear myself think.

He pops a cassette tape into the car stereo -- "Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap" by AC/DC.

10 EXT. STREETS OF BAGHDAD - DAY 10

CHASECAM: The Black Landroamer speeds through Baghdad. He pulls around a corner, and for the first time we see that he was being tailed.

11 INT. WHITE SUV - STREETS OF BAGHDAD - MOVING - DAY 11

LALA BLACK, 25, a TV reporter for LNN (The Lynx News Network, whose tagline is "We tell the news the way America wants to hear it!), and her cameraman, PHIL try to keep up with Vermicelli in their dirty white Mercedes G-class.

LALA

C'mon, Phil.

PHIL

I'm trying. He's going really fast, and these Iraqi's drive really erratically.

Lala's pissed. She's a fireplug with Blond all-American looks -- a rightwing sexpot. Definitely wants to anchor someday, and doing time here in Iraq is the way to get there. Her blond hair hangs out from under her army helmet which, with the matching over-sized flack jacket, makes her look tiny. But she fills it with spit and vinegar. On her chest is written "PRESS" in big white letters...

POV: Up ahead, Vermicelli turns a corner.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

LALA

You're losing him!

Phil POPS A CURB, accelerates, and finally gets to the corner.

12 EXT. BLOCKED BAGHDAD STREET - DAY

12

The SUV whips around the corner and SCREECHES to a stop.

The street is blocked off by CONCRETE CHUNKS, and 12 year old STREET URCHINS WITH MACHINE GUNS are blocking the way.

13 INT. WHITE SUV - BLOCKED BAGHDAD STREET - DAY

13

Lala and Phil are looking a little nervous.

PHIL

Um...kids with machine guns.

LALA

Okay. Okay. Just back off slowly. They're just kids.

PHIL

With machine guns.

Lala and Phil back the car up and then quickly drive away. But Lala's curiosity is piqued.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. GLÄSERNE MANUFAKTUR - TEST TRACK - DAY

14

POV: Low to the ground -- the asphalt SCREAMS BY at high speed.

15 INT. BUGATTI VEYRON - TEST TRACK - DAY

15

EXTREME CLOSE ON: The odometer reads 6048, and ticking.

CLOSE ON: Driver's eyes. He's been going non-stop for a full day, he shakes the sleep out of his eyes and blinks several times -- but his laser like concentration and focus hasn't failed. He sips some glucose water from a cup for energy. We can see a slight five o'clock shadow.

CUT TO:

16 I/E. NEW YORK, USA - VARIOUS - DAY

16

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS: Vermicelli driving through MANHATTAN in a MID-SIZED RENTED SEDAN.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

He crosses the bridge into JERSEY. He's listening to "Human Fly by THE CRAMPS on the stereo.

17 EXT. NEW YORK, USA - THE DOCKS - DAY

17

He eventually comes to the DOCKS, where a large warehouse building named "JERSEY IMPORT EXPORT CORPORATION" is bustling with ACTIVITY. He climbs out of the car, holding the duffel.

CUT TO:

18 INT. JERSEY IMPORT EXPORT CORPORATION - BACK ROOM - DAY

18

EXTREME CLOSE ON: The duffel is unzipped revealing \$250 million in U.S. Currency. Vermicelli picks it up and turns it over, dumping the contents onto the table.

Sitting at the table, slack-jawed as a mountain of cash tumbles out of the duffel, is BIG JERRY, the boss of the Jersey mob, and his two right-hand men, AL 4 FINGERS and FAST FRED.

FAST FRED

Jesus H. Christmas! I just shat my pants.

VERMICELLI

Gentlemen. You're lookin' at just over two-hundred and fifty million large. Clean as Ivory soap.

AL 4 FINGERS

Whatthefuck, Timmy?! Whatthefuck?!

VERMICELLI

Since we set up shop in Baghdad, providing the much needed services of prostitution and recreational drug use to our boys in green, the organization has been pulling about three million a month in profit.

AL 4 FINGERS

(holding massive handfuls of cash)

Whatthefuck?!

VERMICELLI

Five BILLION a month goes into that country -- a MONTH -- and no one's keeping track of it. I've been there, I've seen what's goin' on with my own eyes.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

VERMICELLI (CONT'D)

We're missing out on a VERY large opportunity.

FAT JERRY

How'd you get this money, Timmy?

VERMICELLI

It's all there for the takin'. You just got to reach out and pluck it from the tree.

FAT JERRY

You steal this from the government? Timmy, we got an arrangement with the feds. And we're supposed to be doin' our part for the war effort. Lest we forget nine eleven.

VERMICELLI

What they don't know, won't hurt 'em. They're gonna assume it was the dune coons. Look, we gotta start thinkin' BIG. If we play our cards right, we could fuckin' OWN that country when the war's over. Once that country is rebuilt, we can parlay Baghdad into the next Vegas. Casinos, resorts, strip clubs, and all the trimmings.

FAST FRED

He thinks he's the Bugsy of Baghdad.

VERMICELLI

Maybe I am.

He tosses a huge wad of cash to Fast Fred, who catches it.

VERMICELLI

So here's the deal: You keep fifty now, let me run with the rest, and by Christmas there'll be fuckin' shipping containers full of bags *just like that* comin' back home to Jersey -- *where it belongs*. And that's just the beginning.

MUMBLES of approval.

FAST FRED

And what's your cut?

(CONTINUED)

VERMICELLI

I get made Prefect of Baghdad.

A moment where the men look at each other, shrug and nod.

BIG JERRY

Okay, Timmy. Let's see what you can do.

Suddenly, we're watching the scene through LIPSTICK CAMERAS on a quad screen -- as if surveillance is listening in.

BIG JERRY

One thing, don't piss our French partners off. Let's not forget that we rely on Lelouch's heroin connections for our narcotics business. Make sure they're cut in, and happy, until the time is right for a leveraged takeover.

He extends his hand.

VERMICELLI

You got it, Jerry. You're not gonna regret this.

EXTREME CLOSE ON: Vermicelli kisses Jerry's ring.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. JERSEY IMPORT EXPORT CORPORATION - DAY

19

Vermicelli briskly walks out of the warehouse with his duffel and a smile.

He walks up to his car, a RENTED MID-SIZED SEDAN, and is about to get in when he sees a YELLOW MELIZANNO V16 SUPERCAR (which looks something like a modern-day version of a 1966 Lamborghini Miura), its engine running, idle at the curb. Its owner, a DAY TRADER is finishing up a cell call and climbing into his sexy monster of a vehicle.

Vermicelli can't resist an opportunity like this. Fuck the sedan. He walks over to the Melizanno, pulls the day trader out and throws him down onto the asphalt -- climbs in.

He ROARS OFF down the street.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

Watching, the entire time from the other side of the street, in a beat up, MATTE BLACK MID-90'S CHEVY CAPRICE 9C1 (a beefed up, modified police cruiser with gnarly tires, Sparco racing seats, roll bars, fire extinguishers, and 4 point belts -- built to get things done), is TANNER, sipping a McDonalds chocolate shake -- burger wrappers littering his dash. Tanner's an American cop who's often crossed the line -- but he gets results, so those in charge usually turn a blind eye. He turns the engine, and while still sipping the shake SCREECHES out and pulls a U-turn in the middle of Wall Street -- cutting off traffic -- and shadows the yellow Melizanno.

20 EXT. CHEVY CAPRICE - STREETS OF NYC - MOVING - DAY 20

Tanner's PASSING CARS in MANHATTAN TRAFFIC, trying to keep up with Vermicelli.

TANNER'S POV: Up ahead, the Melizanno that Vermicelli's driving comes to a red light. It slows to a stop, its beast of an engine RUMBLING, urging to bolt.

21 EXT. STREETS OF NYC - STOP LIGHT - DAY 21

Tanner nervously rolls up behind the Melizanno.

22 INT. MELIZANNO V16 SUPERCAR - STREETS OF NYC - DAY 22

Vermicelli is having a good day, he flips through the RADIO STATIONS until he finds something he likes: "Homicide" by 999.

Then, he looks out the window to the sidewalk -- sees a CALL GIRL and TOOTS his horn. She puts her hand on her hip and bends over, looking in through the low window. Liking what she sees she starts walking over.

CALL GIRL

Hey, baby. Wanna date?

Vermicelli looks into the rear view mirror to admire his own reflection, and then notices that Tanner is in the Caprice behind him. They lock eyes.

23 EXT. STREETS OF NYC - STOP LIGHT - DAY 23

The prostitute barely has her hand on the door when suddenly the Melizanno is JAMMED INTO GEAR and the pedal is put down -- RUBBER BURNS -- and at zero to sixty in 4 seconds, ROARS into the intersection. It somehow cuts between TWO CROSSING VEHICLES, causing them to SWERVE and CRASH INTO EACH OTHER. The call girl flips him off.

(CONTINUED)

- 23 CONTINUED: 23
- Tanner gasses it, and it's no slag to the Caprice to say that it's not going to keep up with a Melizanno. But that ain't gonna stop him from trying.
- 24 EXT. STREETS OF NYC - VARIOUS - MOVING - DAY 24
- The Caprice is cutting through morning traffic. Passing cars and weaving through intersections.
- 25 INT. CHEVY CAPRICE - STREETS OF NYC - MOVING - DAY 25
- Tanner bites a Roloids antacid off of a pack and then accelerates.
- 26 INT. MELIZANNO V16 - STREETS OF NYC - MOVING - DAY 26
- Vermicelli looks back, Tanner closing--
- 27 EXT. MELIZANNO V16 - STREETS OF NYC - MOVING - DAY 27
- Too many cars on the street.
- BAM! BAM! BAM! There go the parking meters.
- Needless to say, if you're in the middle of a car chase in this city you're going to need to watch out for PEDESTRIANS...Vermicelli doesn't bother. He could care less about taking out ENTIRE SIDEWALKS FULL OF PEOPLE. Some jump out of the way, barely time to SCREAM.
- 28 INT. MELIZANNO V16 - SIDEWALK - MOVING - DAY 28
- Turn up the RADIO. Maybe SWITCH THE STATION. Vermicelli comes to a corner and cranks the wheel.
- 29 EXT. STREETS OF NYC - STREET CORNER - DAY 29
- The Melizanno SCREECHES LIKE A BANSHEE as it negotiates the turn. One would think the devil himself was driving.
- Up ahead we see some kind of demonstration. HUNDREDS OF PROTESTERS are MARCHING while waving anti-war signs and SHOUTING:
- PROTESTERS
- One, two, three, four -- we don't  
want your bleepin' war! Five,  
six, seven, eight, corporate greed  
is what we hate!
- Of course, the protest is probably not too far from a BUCKSTERS COFFEE FRANCHISE, as most of the protesters have Venti Vanilla Latte's or iced Crappuccino's.

30 INT. MELIZANNO V16 - ANTIWAR MARCH - MOVING - DAY

30

Vermicelli sees the protest and sneers. He steps on the gas, ACCELERATING.

VERMICELLI

Protest this, assholes!

THWAP! He hits an PROTESTER who's holding a sign that reads "Peace is Patriotic." The protestor SMACK TUMBLES over the hood with a MEATY FA-TWUMP, against the windshield (briefly locking eyes with Vermicelli), and then in a sudden BURST OF FAST MOTION is sent SOARING up into the air behind the car.

TH-TUMP! ANOTHER PROTESTER, this one with a sign that reads "We're a Republic, Not an Empire." He went right under the front bumper -- a small speedbump.

Vermicelli LAUGHS, enjoying himself. He's clearly a shit. He's specifically known for cutting sidewalk corners when he makes a turn, sideswiping cars, haphazardly firing his weapon out the side of his window during a chase, picking up prostitutes, etc.

FWUMP!

There goes SOME HAPLESS PROTESTER, rolling off the front fender and THROWN INTO THE CROWD -- her sign reads: "I Support the Troops, Not the War!"

VERMICELLI

"Peace is Good, but Freedom is Better!"

FWUMP! KA-THUMP! FWAP! KRA-TUMP! BOOM -- BOOM -- BOOM! Vermicelli is now HITTING PEOPLE RIGHT AND LEFT. They're tumbling off the hood and over the roof of the Melizanno.

31 EXT. ANTIWAR MARCH - DAY

31

The INJURED and OUTRAGED are everywhere -- stunned at the hit and run that just plowed through the protest march. But here comes another car -- Tanner!

The "Peace is Patriotic" protester, GROANING yet somehow still alive, looks up -- Tanner's Caprice chase car is coming straight at him! He shuts his eyes, sure that it's over.

32 INT. CHEVY CAPRICE - ANTIWAR MARCH - MOVING - DAY 32

Any normal driver would have just run the protester over, but Vermicelli has found himself being chased by the one guy who can probably catch him, Tanner.

The thing is, Tanner is getting a bit old, and a bit fat. He has trouble turning the wheel without getting it caught on his belly. But Tanner at 5% is better than most people at 105%, he does some superquick clutch-shift-break-turn-clutch-shift-gas maneuvering -- OPPOSITE CLOCKING the car and--

33 EXT. ANTIWAR MARCH - VARIOUS - MOVING - DAY 33

The Chevy Caprice amazingly DRIFT SKIDS clear of the protester, missing him by inches--

--but it's not over, now Tanner's in the thick of it. He finds himself in a slalom course of PROTESTERS. It's not too hard to miss the ones who are JUMPING OUT OF THE WAY. But the INJURED ONES on the ground, who can barely crawl, are making it difficult -- he CUTS A CORNER and CLIPS A MAILBOX, causing it to EXPLODE LETTERS--

34 INT. CHEVY CAPRICE - ANTIWAR PROTEST - MOVING - DAY 34

Suddenly, amid a RAIN OF MAIL an ANTI-WAR POSTER slaps onto the windshield -- BRIEFLY DARKENING THE CAR. Tanner is driving blind -- he's forced to slow down, but doesn't stop. Tanner starts holding one hand on the HORN.

TANNER

Move! Move! Move!

Suddenly, the ANTI-WAR PROTESTERS, now pissed-off, START ROCKING THE CAR and KICKING IT as it passes. Some are THROWING BOTTLES. Tanner reaches out the window and PULLS THE SIGN OFF the windshield.

He speeds up.

35 EXT. CHEVY CAPRICE - ANTIWAR MARCH - MOVING - DAY 35

A couple of times Tanner gets close to running over PROTESTERS, and it's a miracle that he doesn't. In fact, it's a testament to his skills that he can keep up with a car that's not even trying to avoid collision with PROTESTERS. At one point, his hood flops open, again blocking his view -- until it RIPS OFF and SPINS THROUGH THE AIR away from him.

36 INT. MELIZANNO V16 - ANTIWAR MARCH - MOVING - DAY

36

In the end, it's Vermicelli who does himself in through his own RECKLESS DRIVING skills. He pops a curb, for fun, and drives through a SMALL CROWD OF PROTESTERS -- at one point, the BODIES on his windshield obscure his view enough to annoy him.

VERMICELLI

*I'm driving here! Get off!*

ONE BODY FLOPS OFF and Vermicelli suddenly sees that he's about to collide with a parked PRIUS HYBRID, just at the edge of Central Park, right alongside a large ANTIWAR DAIS, where the protest march was heading--

37 EXT. NEW YORK - CENTRAL PARK - ANTIWAR DAIS - DAY

37

Vermicelli's MELIZANNO CRUMPLES as it STRIKES the Prius. The Melizanno's rear wheels briefly leave the ground, and then THE CAR ROLLS and then CATCHES FIRE as it TUMBLES to rest.

Vermicelli stumbles out of the burning vehicle just before it EXPLODES, causing PEOPLE TO SCREAM. In one hand is the duffel, and in the other is the Heckler & Koch MP7A1 assault rifle.

VERMICELLI

*Goddamned Italian trash!*

Immediately ANGRY ANTI-WAR PROTESTERS swarm around him -- pissed off. He's left a wake of hit-and-runs behind him, and it's time for mob justice.

Vermicelli regards the angry mob around him and with a shrug and UNLOADS A CLIP into them.

FIFTEEN OR TWENTY INJURED OR DEAD writhe around on the ground, but most of pedestrians run off SCREAMING.

And then...

Tanner has finally caught up, SCREECHING around a corner, SKIDDING away from PROTESTERS, and CRASHING head on into a pole to an abrupt stop. His nose bleeding and gun in hand, he stumbles out of the car...

TANNER

*Freeze, asshole!*

...and trips, FALLING to the ground. He briefly DROPS HIS GUN and scrambles to pick it up, but his leg has fallen asleep so it takes a moment to get up again.

(CONTINUED)

He rubs it with one hand while raising his gun with the other.

TANNER

Goddamned leg fell asleep!

Vermicelli's first inclination is to simply shoot Tanner, but he's out of shells, having unloaded his clip into innocents.

VERMICELLI

Damn!

He throws his gun down and starts running up the dais, where the words "STOP THE WAR -- Bring Our Boys Home!" is emblazoned onto a massive American Flag backdrop. It's a hasty attempt to flee.

Tanner has a historic leg injury that causes him a slight limp -- but the truth is that he's winded and unable to keep up.

TANNER

Freeze! You're under arrest!

With Vermicelli running across the stage, and away, Tanner simply stops, catches his breath, and then SHOOT'S HIM IN THE LEG.

Vermicelli falls onto the stage of the dais, turns, and watches as Tanner approaches.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Sorry, Vermicelli. I lost my breath back there. You should'a stopped when I told you to.

VERMICELLI

You shot me!

TANNER

Yeah. I guess I did. So sue me.

VERMICELLI

(realizing)

My God. Look at you. You've gotten fat.

TANNER

Caught your ass, didn't I?

Tanner kneels down and takes the duffel.

TANNER

Let's see what we have here.

(CONTINUED)

He opens the duffel and sees the \$200 million in cash.  
He's beyond shocked.

TANNER

Jesus Christ, Timmy.

Tanner looks at a \$25,000 wad of hundreds, the bands are labeled "U.S. Reserve."

TANNER

You've come up in the world since  
I last busted you.

Vermicelli SPITS onto Tanner, who simply smiles and slips the \$25K into his jacket pocket.

TANNER

You don't mind, do you? I'm gonna need a little something to cover my operating expenses, because with you out of the way -- I'm gonna go Yojimbo and assfuck your operation into dust.

VERMICELLI

You have no concept how deep this is, Tanner.

TANNER

You'll get to know the true meaning of "deep" when you're takin' it from behind in Attica.

VERMICELLI

Pff. I'll be out of lock-up in under fifteen minutes. And when I do I'm comin' for you, Two-Face.

Tanner looks around to see if anyone's watching and takes his .45 and jams its barrel into Vermicelli's nostril.

TANNER

Since you put it that way...

Then, the POLICE SIRENS as THE PATROL CARS finally arrive on the scene. Tanner de-cocks his gun and puts it back into his shoulder holster.

VERMICELLI

Tsk. Keepin' up with me is the only thing that's kept you relevant.

(CONTINUED)

The NYC POLICE come running up onto the dais, they grab Vermicelli. But, unexpectedly, they grab Tanner as well. After a brief struggle, Tanner pulls his badge.

TANNER  
(to the police)  
Detective Tanner Harvey. FBI,  
Special Commission.

They release Tanner. He turns back to Vermicelli, who's smiling a Cheshire grin despite having a cop kneeling on his neck.

TANNER (CONT'D)  
This man is Timmy Vermicelli,  
wanted by Interpol and the Bureau  
for Murder, Bribery, Larceny,  
Fraud, Trafficking in Stolen  
Goods, Smuggling, and...Grand  
Theft Auto.

They handcuff Vermicelli, lift him up roughly, and start taking him away.

VERMICELLI  
Your playin' with fire, Tanner.

Holstering his weapon, Tanner smiles...

TANNER  
Let's just put it out then, shall  
we Timmy?

...and unzips his pants, digs in and whips it out, and proceeds to piss on Vermicelli. There's a bit of a RUCKUS with the NYPD, but no one wants to stop a man who's in the process of urinating onto another.

VERMICELLI  
(struggling to jump away)  
Hey! Hey -- HEY! He's PISSING on  
me!

Tanner zips back up and then turns and starts walking away.

VERMICELLI  
You're gonna regret this, Tanner!  
You're gonna regret it!

CUT TO BLACK:

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (4)

37

**"REGRET"**

38 INT. TANNER'S APARTMENT - ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY - DAY 38

EXTREME CLOSE ON: A hollow-point 9mm shell is SNAPPED into a GLOCK 26 OD clip. The clip is then inserted into the grip with a SATISFYING CLACK. The gun is then placed onto a table, next to a large bottle of Smirnoff Vodka and a smaller bottle of Pepto Bismol. "Good Feeling" by the Violent Femmes plays on a tiny radio.

Tanner is sitting in a ratty couch in his run-down apartment complex right next to the noisy Jersey Turnpike in Elizabethport. He's literally next to the freeway, it's visible through large sliding glass doors that lead out to a tiny patio.

He picks up a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of Tanner and his son, when his son was 4. He's holding the young boy in his arms next to a red '57 Chevy Malibu SS. Nostalgia...

CUT TO:

39 INT. 1957 CHEVY MALIBU - DRIVING - MEMORY - DAY 39

Tanner's car in the early 1980's was a souped-up Chevy Malibu Super Sport. A chromed classic under the hood, it RUMBLES like no other car. He's currently at the wheel, but he's not driving. DRIVER AT 4 is doing the actual steering, and even though the weaving from one side of the lane to another should terrify him, Tanner is beaming from ear to ear -- proud of his boy.

TANNER

You're just like me, you just don't know it yet. Left--!

THWACK! The car clips the mirror of a parked car. "Whoops!" goes Tanner, shrugging.

CUT TO:

40 INT. TANNER'S APARTMENT - DAY 40

Tanner smiles at the memory, then pours himself a SMIRNOFF VODKA AND PEPTO BISMOL mix. He takes a sip, still looking at the photo.

Tanner takes out his cellphone, contemplates it, and then flips it open. He scrolls through his phone's address book, past entries like "FBI HQ" and "LENNY'S HAVANA PAD" and "CAPTAIN NED" and "ROB AT CIA" until he gets to "DRIVER." He again considers, and then depresses the green CONNECT button.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

The phone SPEED DIALS some lengthy international prefix...

CUT TO:

41 EXT. DRESDEN, GERMANY - AERIAL - SUNSET

41

We SOAR OVER the city of Dresden, the "Florence of the Elbe" until we come in on the Gläserne Manufaktur at the center of the city. It's a magnificent building of glass and white metal.

42 THE HIGH SPEED PRECISION TEST FACILITY...

42

Currently on the track is a 2008 WHITE BUGATTI VEYRON, racing at speeds of up to 252 miles per hour (407 Km/hr) -- CLOCKED BY RADAR and overseen by PIT TECHNICIANS who analyze the car's data on computers.

43 INT. BUGATTI VEYRON - TRACK - MOVING - SUNSET

43

The odometer is at 12096 miles.

Driver, as we'll discover, is Tanner's son. He communicates to the PIT TECHS via his Bluetooth headset which is built into his racing helmet, on which is written "Driver". He's got some STUBBLE, as he's been up for days straight.

DRIVER

(in German, with subtitles)  
 <<I know the CAD says the new Ackermann Geometry metrics are more efficient, but I can feel it pulling to the left.>>

The lead engineer, WOLFGANG, responds on Driver's headset.

WOLFGANG (O.S.)

Nein, Driver.

(then, in English)

The sensor data doesn't show any misalignment in the metrics. All torque is being compensated for by the on-boards.

DRIVER

Then the sensor data is wrong.

A CELLPHONE RINGS...

Driver's focused eyes briefly go off the road and to his cellphone. On the handset it reads: DAD.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

Goddamnit. Wolfgang, I'm getting  
a call. Hold on a sec--

WOLFGANG (O.S.)

But--

Driver depresses the ANSWER button. We WIPE TO A SPLIT  
SCREEN with Driver on one side and Tanner on the other.

DRIVER

As usual it's not a good time,  
dad.

TANNER

Hey there, Driver. It's dad. How  
you doin'?

DRIVER

I said it's not a good time.

TANNER

What?

DRIVER

I said not a good time -- are you  
going deaf?

TANNER

You sound like you're in a wind  
tunnel. I can hardly hear you.

However it's true, the hearing ain't what it used to be.

DRIVER

(somewhat annoyed)  
I'm in the middle of endurance  
testing a new drive train.

TANNER

"Testing." Hmm.

Tanner kind of LAUGHS to himself, takes another sip of  
his drink.

DRIVER

What's that supposed to mean?!

TANNER

Nothin'. It's just that  
controlled conditions ain't the  
real world, is all.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

TANNER (CONT'D)

No need to strip your gears over it...I'm just sayin': In life there's potholes. Haven't I always taught you that?

Driver, at the wheel of the Bugatti, has to suddenly swerve out of the way of some BIRDS that have landed on the roadway -- any normal human being would have lost it -- but Driver maintains control.

TANNER

Sounds like you're all over the road.

DRIVER

I'm gonna hang up now--

TANNER

Listen, I'm comin' to Europe for a few days, on a job. How about if I come visit when I'm done. Got a couch for your old man to crash on?

DRIVER

No. No couch. No visit. I don't have time. If we're going to make our production window, I'm gonna be testing twenty-four seven through to April of next year.

TANNER

I won't get in your way.

DRIVER

I'm up to my ears in work. I really can't. I just don't have the time for a visit.

TANNER

Sometimes you've just got to step back and smell the roses.  
(trying to be good-natured)  
It's a character building sonofabitch.

DRIVER

No. For once I'm gonna say NO.

TANNER

Listen, I know you're still sore at me because your mom and I were divorced when you were little -- but...I'm your dad. Like it or not, you're stuck with me.

(CONTINUED)

Driver's had enough.

DRIVER

You know what it's like to grow up without a father -- mom workin' two jobs just to make ends meet? Her boyfriends constantly bossing me around. Where the fuck were you then?!

TANNER

I had to disappear for a while. I can't tell you any more than that. It was for your own good.

DRIVER

My own good? That's a laugh. You've never once thought about anyone but yourself.

That's it. Tanner crosses an emotional line.

TANNER

Come again?! Let me tell you somethin', little man. Having a family was suffocating me. I'm tryin' to -- to work -- gettin' into character, be a convincing criminal -- and you and your mom are yappin' away non-stop, 24 seven. You know what it's like to listen to a 5 year old nag you about building a go-cart when you've been up 48 hours jackin' cars undercover for Vasquez or Solomon Caine. *Of course not*, you don't have kids -- you wouldn't know. I was getting shot at day after day, for Christ's sake. You expect me to come home and help you with your algebra?! Fuck you! *I was savin' the President.*

DRIVER

Jesus Christ what BULLshit. If I hear that bogus story one more time--

TANNER

It's a true story. I was deep cover.

DRIVER

I never saw no badge.

(CONTINUED)

TANNER

It was another life.

DRIVER

Yeah, one I wasn't part of!  
ASSHOLE!

Driver hangs up, and then in a fit of fury, he slams his foot onto the gas and drives straight toward the wall at well over 250 MPH.

WOLFGANG (O.S.)

(over the com)

Driver. Hier ist Wolfgang!  
Spinnst Du?!

The car drives head on into the wall, EXPLODING INTO FLAME and HURLING EVERYTHING INTO VIOLENT SPINS THROUGH THE AIR when suddenly--

Driver opens the door and gets out.

44 INT. GLÄSERNE MANUFAKTUR - SIMULATOR ROOM - DAY

44

The HISSING OF PNEUMATICS is deafening as the SIMULATION RIG is being lowered to a safe exit place. Driver gets out before it's come to a full stop.

We see for the first time that Driver's been inside of a driving simulator. The audio of THE ROARING ENGINE has been coming from MASSIVE SURROUND SPEAKERS, while the 3D IMAGES have been beamed onto the windshield from large, high intensity LIQUID CRYSTAL PROJECTORS. The entire rig is robotically controlled and on a LARGE HIGH-TECH GIMBAL.

Standing nearby is the GERMAN PIT TECH CREW, at BANKS OF COMPUTERS that control and monitor the simulator. CAD drawings of the current production car adorn a MASSIVE MULTISCREEN MONITOR where DESIGNERS analyze the metrics.

Driver rips off his helmet and throws it to the ground with a ROAR. He's pissed.

DRIVER

Aaaaaarrrrrrr!

WOLFGANG, 42, a fit and trim lead engineer in a white labcoat, briskly steps forward -- upset and stabbing his finger into printouts on a metal clipboard.

(CONTINUED)

WOLFGANG

Stupid dummkopf! Goddamnit! Now we have to swap out with a new vehicle. Do you have ANY comprehension of how long it will take to rewire and reboot for a second run?! Six days! Idiot!

Driver gives Wolfgang a push with both hands.

DRIVER

Back the fuck off!

They start to scuffle.

CUT TO:

45 INT. TANNER'S APARTMENT - DAY

45

Dejected, Tanner pours himself another drink, lifts it, and looks at the picture of his son.

TANNER

(sardonic, lamenting)  
To my boy, who's just like me...but doesn't yet know it.

He proceeds to start to get drunk.

He then turns on the television, takes off his shoes, settles back into the bed with the remote to channel surf.

ON THE TELEVISION: Up comes the INTERSTITIAL LOGO FOR LNN...

LNN INTERSTITIAL VOICE ON TV

"Lynx News Networks. We tell the news the way AMERICA wants to hear it."

BROCK CHANNING, the LNN Anchor, comes on, looking tan, fit, with impossibly white teeth.

BROCK CHANNING

The Struggle for Freedom to a backseat to Terror yesterday in Baghdad. Lala Black is on the scene bringing you the Big Story. Lala?

Lala Black is standing next to a Humvee that's been blown up so severely that it's almost inside out. Lined up on the sidewalk are the covered bodies of ten civilians.

(CONTINUED)

Behind them a NUMBER OF IRAQI CIVILIANS are SCREAMING and WAILING as they throw their hands in the air in despair.

LALA

(in the middle of her report)

Four U.S. Marines and ten Iraqi civilians are dead today as a result of an IED explosion that went off in this suburb of Baghdad, officials are still scratching their heads about who might be responsible for the attack...

ON THE TELEVISION we see IMAGES of TERRORISTS, OSAMA BIN LADEN firing an AK-47, ARABIC WRITING, and STATE DEPARTMENT OFFICIALS shrugging their shoulders.

LALA (O.S.)

In a statement made to the Yakelaba website, the Martyrs for Jihad deny any connection to the attack, or to the recent spike of crime in Baghdad, attributing it to "the evils of Capitalism."

Brock, the anchor, shakes his head.

BROCK CHANNING

Well, it certainly looks like a mess.

Tanner shakes his head at the sorry state of the world...disgusted. He takes another drink.

Brock moves onto THE NEXT STORY and we see that EIGHT POLICEMEN have been killed while transporting a criminal...

BROCK CHANNING

(on the television)

Last night in New York City, a prisoner transport vehicle was hijacked and all eight Federal officers were killed while delivering the as yet unidentified criminal from the holding facility to the county courthouse--

*Tanner immediately knows that this is Vermicelli.*

He picks up his cellphone to dial, when suddenly there's a KICK AT THE DOOR. Knowing that it's his old nemesis, he goes for his gun just as THE DOOR IS KICKED IN.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

It's Vermicelli with TWO MASSIVE THUGS, who have a distinct ex-special forces look to them. They're all holding FN SCAR-H MK-17 ASSAULT RIFLES with collapsible butts -- no way to escape, but Tanner had just enough time to DEPRESS REDIAL ON HIS PHONE and then drop it on the coffee table.

CLOSE ON: The cellphone reads "REDIALING..."

CUT TO:

46 INT. GLÄSERNE MANUFAKTUR - AUTO ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 46

Driver is in a large freight elevator with the supercar and with, Wolfgang, the Lead Engineer. As they lower down from the roof/track level, they pass VARIOUS DESIGN STUDIOS where DESIGNERS work on computers and with clay models of the supercar in development.

WOLFGANG

You need to pull your head out of your ass and focus, like we pay you to do.

DRIVER

I know, I know. Christ, you're worse than my father.

WOLFGANG

Heaven help me should I have a son like you! You really should deal with all the pent up anger you have. It's unhealthy, both to you AND to me.

He can't deny it. Then, Driver's PHONE RINGS. He looks at it: "DAD." Both annoyed and relieved, Driver flips the phone open.

DRIVER

I gotta get this.

Driver turns from a flabbergasted Wolfgang.

DRIVER

(into his phone)  
Dad...I'm glad you called back.  
Listen. I'm really sorry that  
I...

Driver stops.

Something's not right...

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

WE INTERCUT between Driver and the other end of the phone line where a heated CONVERSATION between his father and Vermicelli which seems to be escalating is taking place...

47 INT. TANNER'S APARTMENT - DAY

47

CLOSE ON: Tanner's cellphone, resting on the coffee table. PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

On the television, the LNN Anchor is introducing another story:

BROCK CHANNING

And coming up next, "EcoDare:  
Would you trade your SUV for a  
Hybrid? This soccer mom did...and  
look what happened to her:"

A SHOT OF A WOMAN IN A FULL BODY CAST in traction, on a ventilator with tubes running in and out of her. Just a nightmare.

Vermicelli TURNS OFF THE TELEVISION.

Tanner is sitting on the bed, quiet. Vermicelli has his MK-17 trained on Tanner as he wanders the room looking around. He has a limp from being shot in the leg...he now walks like Tanner.

TANNER

Kind of a funny walk you have there, Timmy.

VERMICELLI

Very funny. You should've killed me when you had the chance, old man.

TANNER

When you're right, you're right.

VERMICELLI

You're like some old dog chasing a car, thinking that if he bites the wheel he'll somehow stop it. I got news for you, there's too much fuckin' money floatin' around out here for entrepreneurs like myself to ignore.

TANNER

You're just a punk. Punks don't win.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

VERMICELLI

Prepare for game over, old man,  
'cause I smell a boss level moment  
comin' up.

48 INT. GLÄSERNE MANUFAKTUR - AUTO ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 48

Driver listens in quiet astonishment to the conversation on the other end of the phone.

WOLFGANG

Is that a private call? I hope  
you don't expect to be reimbursed  
for it.

49 INT. TANNER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - DAY 49

Vermicelli drops a rolled up leather tool pouch on the coffee table and unrolls it, revealing an odd mixture of hardware tools, surgical instruments, and a micro-blowtorch.

Tanner looks at this display of ideal tools for torture, and then at the two goons who are training their weapons on him. There's no escaping this situation.

He picks up the blowtorch and sparks it to ignition -- it  
HISSES A FRIGHTENING SOUND.

VERMICELLI

I used to think of you as a  
father, you know that? When you  
turned out to be a cop, it broke  
my goddamned heart.

(beat)

*Two-Faced Tanner.*

He fingers through the various tools, stopping at a pair of needle-nosed vice grips.

VERMICELLI

...let's take one of 'em off.

The moment of truth has arrived, and Tanner's had enough.

TANNER

Whatever, Timmy. There's just one  
thing I want to say before we go  
any further.

Vermicelli looks him in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

VERMICELLI

Oh? ~~Please~~. Do share.

TANNER

Son. I love you.

Vermicelli lifts an eyebrow, confused. Is Tanner talking to him?

VERMICELLI

Come again?

TANNER

I know I haven't been the greatest father in the world to you -- and I know I wasn't around a lot. And I know I neglected you -- but I had to do it...for my job. It's not an excuse, but when you go undercover...you go kind of schizo. You lose yourself. I guess you also lose the people closest to you.

50 INT. GLÄSERNE MANUFAKTUR - AUTO ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 50

Driver spins around, unable to help, unable to talk to him. The elevator suddenly arrives on the bottom floor, the design center.

DRIVER

Dad? DAD!

51 INT. TANNER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - DAY 51

Vermicelli looks around and then back to Tanner.

VERMICELLI

Are you talkin' to me?

TANNER

I wish I could be there to see the man you're going to become.

(beat, then a smile as he looks to Vermicelli)

I love you.

Vermicelli is perplexed by this.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

Then, quite suddenly, Tanner reaches out and grabs the vodka bottle, SMASHING IT while jumping up, and with a slash RIPS THE NECK of one of the goons open, pulling a chunk out like an ice-cream scoop. A spray of red speckles Vermicelli.

Tanner then lunges toward Vermicelli, the bottle like a dagger--

But no one is faster than a machine gun, and Vermicelli unleashes A VOLLEY OF AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE, and Tanner is THROWN BACK onto the couch -- his chest immediately ripped open as 36 rounds TURN HIS SHIRT INTO CONFETTI.

The goon whose neck was slashed stumbles backwards, GURGLING, trying to hold his neck closed. He stumble walks out of the apartment...

VERMICELLI

Where the Hell are you goin'?!

52 INT. GLÄSERNE MANUFAKTUR - AUTO ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 52

Driver is hysterical--

DRIVER

Dad?! DAD?!

He steps out of the elevator, frantic, not knowing where to go or what to do. None of the technicians or designers around him know what's happening -- all clueless.

53 INT. TANNER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - DAY 53

Tanner is a tough guy, and he doesn't go out without a fight. Despite the fact that his chest has been turned into Swiss Cheese, he struggles back up.

TANNER

You...little...shit!

Vermicelli is out of bullets, and Tanner, despite having taken the full clip of a machine gun, manages to stumble up to his feet. A bear of a man it takes more than that to keep him down.

TANNER

(gargling blood)  
I'm gonna...fucking...kill you...

(CONTINUED)

Vermicelli turns and POPS HIS EYES to the one remaining goon with a "you can shoot him anytime" look. The good, acknowledging, suddenly starts firing--

BLAM! There goes the fingers on Tanner's left hand...

BLAM BLAM BLAM! Several bullets pass through Tanner's neck and jaw -- shattering bone...

BLAM! A bullet passes through his hairline...

BLAM BLAM BLAM! He's too filled with anger to be stopped.

VERMICELLI

Would you PLEASE put him down?!

But Tanner isn't the kind of guy to be put down--

Vermicelli, now taking a step backward to get clear of the raging bear who's fast approaching him, struggles to load another clip -- but it won't go in fast enough.

Tanner GRABS HIM with the bloody stump of one hand, his jaw gristly and dangling--

TANNER

Grl! Ack! Fugckler! Lllt--  
shlit!

To Vermicelli's surprise Tanner has his hands around his throat, and is CHOKING HIM -- BLOOD IS SLOOSHING all onto his Hawaiian shirt.

VERMICELLI

Get off! Get off!

The goon can't get a shot anymore without hitting Vermicelli, and doesn't know what to do.

VERMICELLI

Get him off!

Vermicelli pulls a butterfly knife from his pocket and starts REPEATEDLY STABBING Tanner in the lower abdomen.

Tanner ROARS.

TANNER

Gwaaaaaaa!

He starts head-butting Vermicelli with his bloody, shot up, face.

(CONTINUED)

## VERMICELLI

Jesus! Get him off of me!

The other goon -- totally freaked -- steps up to him with the handgun aimed at the side of Tanner's head. But Tanner, only now living on adrenaline, spins Vermicelli against the goon's gun arm, knocking the aim just as the gun just as it goes off -- BLAM!

The sliding glass door to the tiny balcony suddenly SHATTERS.

The goon only now realizes that Vermicelli's knife was inadvertently stabbed into in his eye. He SHRIEKS and drops the gun.

Tanner, on his hands and knees, tries to grab the handgun with his hand -- but he doesn't have the fingers to pick it up.

## TANNER

Grok-ammit!

He grabs it with his other hand, lifts it and FIRES POINT BLANK into the knee of the goon, blowing his lower leg right off at the knee.

The goon hops around on one leg, not wanting to touch the knife in his eye, until he trips over a patio chair and falls over the balcony and down to the street below.

Tanner then whip turns to Vermicelli -- the gun aimed right at his face. The two men are frozen in a classic John Woo moment...

But the life is slipping out of Tanner. He has one eye that he can still see out of, and it's trained on Vermicelli. The tables are turned, and Vermicelli simply can't believe he's in this situation. He shuts his eyes.

Tanner, with the last ounce of life in him, squeezes the trigger...

CLICK.

Out of ammo. Deflated, Tanner shuts his eye, and slumps over...dead. Suddenly, it's quiet. Still.

54 INT. GLÄSERNE MANUFAKTUR - DESIGN CENTER - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

54

Driver is SILENT, a single tear rolls down his cheek. Weak, he kneels to the floor...

55 INT. TANNER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

55

Vermicelli struggles to get up, trying to wipe the massive quantity of blood, none of which is his, off of him. He picks up the SF10 and then looks at his shirt.

VERMICELLI

Goddamnit! This was my favorite  
Hawaiian shirt! Pure silk!

He locks the clip into it with a SATISFYING CLACK.

VERMICELLI

SILK GODDAMNIT!

Vermicelli UNLOADS THE ENTIRE CLIP into Tanner's lifeless corpse.

VERMICELLI

It ain't never gonna dry clean.

Vermicelli spits onto Tanner and is about to walk out when he notices something. On the floor...

Tanner's CELLPHONE...and it's active.

He picks it up, looks at "DRIVER" on the active call, and then puts the phone to his ear and listens, then after a moment:

VERMICELLI

Who is this? A driver? Driver  
for who?

By this point Driver, surrounded by an UNKNOWING AUTO DESIGN TEAM, knows that his father is dead. But he doesn't know how to respond to Vermicelli.

VERMICELLI

I can hear you breathing. I know you're there, so listen up: I've got your number, which means I can find out who you are, and where you live. You whisper about what you've heard in a dream and I'll hunt you down, tie you up, remove your eyeballs and let 'em dangle on your cheeks, so that you can watch your genitals as I slowly vivisect them. And once I'm done with you, I'll go after your loved ones, and your family, and your friends...IF you talk.  
Understand?

56 INT. GLÄSERNE MANUFAKTUR - DESIGN CENTER - CONTINUOUS - 56  
NIGHT

Driver is listening. He falls into a memory...

CUT TO:

57 EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NEWARK, NJ - 1987 - DAY 57

EXTREME CLOSE ON: A basketball hoop. A ball is thrown up to it but it doesn't even come close.

Driver is 7, his hair messy, unkempt. He's trying to throw a hoop but the ball never even gets close to the basket. Frustrating for a little kid.

He then sees his dad, Tanner, hurriedly walking out of the house wearing mostly dark clothing.

DRIVER AT 7

Wanna play, dad?

TANNER

Daddy can't play right now,  
Driver. I'm practicing for my new  
job.

Driver, holding the ball, follows him.

DRIVER AT 7

What's your new job?

TANNER

Well...

(he thinks about it)  
...you know how daddy's job is to  
catch the bad guys?

DRIVER AT 7

Uh-huh.

TANNER

Well. Daddy's new job is to  
pretend to be a bad guy.

He takes out a slimjim and with a relatively quick action unlocks the door of a mid-sized sedan. He opens the door and immediately gets in and sets to work at hotwiring the car.

DRIVER AT 7

You're gonna be a bad guy?

(CONTINUED)

TANNER

No. I'm gonna pretend to be one.

DRIVER AT 7

Can I pretend to be a bad guy?

TANNER

No. That's daddy's job.

The car suddenly ROARS TO LIFE. Satisfied, he cuts the ignition. Gets out of the car, locks the door and closes it.

TANNER

Did you see that!? Daddy started that car without a key.

DRIVER AT 7

Cool!

TANNER

Okay, Driver. Why don't you go play Atari or something. I've got to practice on some more cars. Daddy needs to get really good at pretending to be a badguy so he can fool 'em.

He starts walking off, eyeing a rather sexy looking red sportscar.

DRIVER AT 7

Daddy, do the badguys use pretend bullets?

Tanner turns, and doesn't really have an answer to that one...

HARD CUT TO:

58 INT. GLÄSERNE MANUFAKTUR - DESIGN CENTER - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

58

Driver is lost in his memories, when he's snapped out of it--

VERMICELLI (O.S.)

I said: DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!

Driver waits a beat, then--

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

Understand this: You just stole from me somethin' I can never get back -- closure. So batten down the hatches asshole. I'm the one who's coming after you.

Vermicelli HANGS UP.

WOLFGANG

What the hell is going on?!

DRIVER

I'm leaving.

WOLFGANG

I don't think so -- you're under contract.

Almost instantly, his phone vibrates and makes a "Skunk in the barnyard, pee you" TONE. He looks at his phone and suddenly a photo is slowly being DOWNLOADED, scrolling in...

CLOSE ON: The cellphone screen. We see A SERIES OF PICTURES downloading into the phone, each window-shading in over the last: The FIRST is a picture of TANNER'S DEAD BODY; the SECOND is of a red can of gasoline; the THIRD is of GASOLINE BEING DUMPED ONTO TANNER'S BODY; and the FOURTH is of THE ROOM IN FLAMES. Finally, the FIFTH is an outside shot of the building, FIRE RAGING FROM THE WINDOWS.

Driver has a cold look on his face. Then suddenly--

DRIVER

MOTHERFUCKER!

He kicks a CAD/CAM design computer screen, SMASHING it. He's immediately apologetic. Lifts it off the floor, but it's hopelessly broken.

DRIVER

Sorry -- sorry.

WOLFGANG

You're going to pay for that!

Driver looks at him, almost unable to speak. There's a rage building within him, one built out of futility.

WOLFGANG

I don't know what you're going through, and I don't care!

(more)

(CONTINUED)

WOLFGANG (CONT'D)

We don't tolerate this kind of unprofessional behavior in the Gläserne Manufactur.

DRIVER

Wolfgang, I have to go to New York.

WOLFGANG

You walk out of here, and you'll be lucky to find a job parking cars when I'm through with you!

And that's it, Driver snaps. He GRABS Wolfgang by the jugular, bum rushes him backwards, KNOCKING HIM over a table of computers and into the laps of TWO LAB TECHNICIANS. The four of them all TUMBLE TO THE FLOOR. Driver is choking Wolfgang, strangling him until he's beet red.

WOLFGANG

(to the technicians)

Rufen -- sie -- die -- Sicherheit!

The shocked assistants step away, one of them running out of the room to get security. Driver is mad with fury -- and then his CELLPHONE RINGS. It's a SILLY RING TONE. Silly enough to snap Driver out of his murderous rage. He suddenly RELEASES a GASPING Wolfgang, whose tongue was turning black. He has red finger marks all over his neck.

He looks at the CALLER ID, it reads: "UNKNOWN"

WOLFGANG

Rufen sie die Sicherheit! Rufen sie die Sicherheit!

Driver answers the phone.

DRIVER

Yes...?

UNKNOWN (O.S.)

Do not hang up the phone, listen very carefully. Do you want to find the man who killed your father?

DRIVER

Who the hell is this?

Suddenly SECURITY rushes in, and it's PANDEMONIUM. Driver is rushing about the room trying to get away from the security guys.

(CONTINUED)

One of them aims a taser at him, but accidentally shoots Wolfgang, who WRITHES and falls to the floor.

UNKNOWN (O.S.)

I can't give you that information at this time. Your father was working undercover on an FBI field operation, and we've had his phone tapped. We heard everything. If you want to catch the man who killed your father, you must trust us.

Driver can't get out of the room, away from the security guys, so he jumps into the Veyron and locks the doors. They start pounding on the windows, YELLING IN GERMAN.

DRIVER

Why me?

UNKNOWN (O.S.)

Other field agents cannot be trusted at this time. Tanner was in the middle of a critical operation for us. If you want to avenge his death, and you don't want him to have died for nothing, then you need make your way to Paris immediately.

DRIVER

Why Paris?

UNKNOWN (O.S.)

Make your way to Paris. I will contact you in six hours.

He hangs up the phone. Driver, surrounded by security, STARTS UP THE ENGINE.

Driver starts driving out of the building in the Bugatti, through MASSIVE HALLWAYS and into the large glass atrium -- CRASHING through the front doors--

HARD CUT TO:

60 EXT. DRESDEN TO PARIS - VARIOUS - DAY

60

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS: Driver takes the Autobahn at top speed from Germany into France and ultimately into Paris and ending on the Tour Eiffel. FIVE HOURS OF HARSH RACING compressed into 30 SECONDS OF SCREEN TIME.

CUT TO:

61 INT. BUGATTI VEYRON - STREETS OF PARIS - MOVING - SUNSET

61

Driver is maneuvering through the streets of Paris. His phone RINGS. Driver looks at the caller ID, it's "UNKNOWN." He picks up.

DRIVER

I'm in Paris.

UNKNOWN (O.S.)

I know.

DRIVER

So where will I find the fuck that killed my father?

UNKNOWN (O.S.)

That I don't know. But your father was on his way to meet Sammy "The Camel" Gamal at Cargo Terminal 6 at Charles De Gaulle.

CUT TO BLACK:

"100 LAMBOS"

62 INT. DRIVER'S CAR - PARIS TO CDG - MOVING - DAY

62

Driver, behind the wheel, quietly and intensely drives toward Charles de Gaulle airport.

UNKNOWN (V.O.)

Gamal is the key to unlocking Vermicelli's operation. You'll need to win his confidence.

63 EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - AERIAL - DAY

63

We come to Charles de Gaulle Airport. Driver's car pulls up to a large blue hangar/warehouse outside of the terminal area marked TERMINAL 6, GAMAL AIR CARGO. It's one of those French steel buildings that looks as though it's made out of Legos.

64 INT. CDG AIRPORT WAREHOUSE -- DAY

64

Driver walks into the warehouse and we CRANE UP TO REVEAL that it is filled with 100 neatly parked YELLOW LAMBORGHINI'S, forming a large yellow wall-to-wall rectangle.

Driver is approached by several slick-looking PERSIAN SECURITY GUYS, dressed in sharp suits. One of them is holding a gun, the other is holding an electronic wand similar to the kind used in airports. They approach Driver, looking rather threatening...

DRIVER

Uh, I'm here to see...

(checking his wrist, where  
it's written down)

Sammy Gamal. He's expecting me.

GAMAL'S SECURITY

Nom?

DRIVER

Tanner. Tanner Harvey.

After an insistent hand gesture made by one of the security, Driver lifts his arms and spreads his legs. They frisk him, one by hand, and one with the wand. Driver's clean. One of the security guys touches his ear and GIVES CLEARANCE IN ARABIC.

Right then, TWIN BLACK MERCEDES S600'S with tinted windows pulls in through the security fencing and onto the tarmac in front of the large warehouse.

Then, SAMMY "THE CAMEL" GAMAL, a young Arabic man who looks as though he should be running an L.A. nightclub, climbs out of the rear passenger seat. His ENTOURAGE climb out of the other car.

SAMMY

Est-ce que c'est le Kefir  
conducteur?

The security guy nods.

Walking behind the Sammy is FAROOQ, his slick looking Arabic attaché with reflective aviator glasses and one of the shiniest suits Driver has ever seen. Never getting out of the car, but watching bored from the back seat, is a SUPERHOT BLOND WOMAN.

Sammy approaches Driver.

(CONTINUED)

SAMMY

So you're Tanner?

Driver nods.

SAMMY

You're younger than I thought.

Sheikh al-Qasim approaches Driver, circles him. He looks him up and down, unimpressed.

SAMMY

Farooq thinks you're full of shit. He thought we should have hired a local, Dominic Julienne, to pull the job.

DRIVER

Why didn't you?

SAMMY

I heard about how you fucked over Jerico in Istanbul back in 2004. And how you turned the Brazilian against Soloman Caine. That was classy. Your ability to agitate a situation is legendary. But...

(he turns to Farooq)

Farooq is a trusted advisor to me, and he has never been wrong.

Farooq smiles, revealing a golden tooth with a diamond in it, then turns to follow the Sheikh and the rest of his entourage.

Driver looks at Sammy, lifting one eyebrow. He then walks over to the Lamborghini on the very corner of the hundred yellow Lamborghinis and opens the gull wing door.

DRIVER

Let's go for a ride.

CUT TO:

65 INT. LAMBORGHINI - MOVING - CDG AIRPORT - DAY

65

Instantly we're overwhelmed by the ROARING of the LAMBORGHINI ENGINE. They're maxing it out -- racing away from the warehouse. Sammy is unimpressed.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

SAMMY

(unimpressed)

My friend, I am unimpressed by speed. I have taken my Diablo three-hundred and forty-six KPH on the bord du mer in Nice. It will take more than this to impress me.

66 EXT. CDG AIRPORT - RUNWAY - MOVING - DAY

66

The Lamborghini suddenly LOCKS BRAKES elegantly drifts into a perfectly executed 180 degree turn and to a stop.

67 INT. LAMBORGHINI - BAGHDAD AIRPORT - DAY

67

Driver drops the box into gear.

DRIVER

I know.

Gasses it -- the car SCREAMS!

68 EXT. CDG AIRPORT - MOVING - DAY

68

CLOSE ON: The Lamborghini is roaring -- really picking up speed. WE PAN AHEAD to where the car is speeding--

69 INT. LAMBORGHINI - CDG AIRPORT - MOVING - DAY

69

Sammy sees the open doors of the warehouse ahead. He then looks at Driver...realizing what he's going to do.

DRIVER

So tell me, Sammy -- what's with all the Lamborghinis?

SAMMY

They're...Ramadan gifts...for my family...and...friends...

He finds himself depressing his foot into the floor, pushing an imaginary brake.

70 EXT. CDG AIRPORT WAREHOUSE - DAY

70

Farooq and the others in Sammy's entourage are DISCUSSING and POINTING at the Lamborghini, which is fastly approaching from the other side of the dock...trying to figure out what he's doing. Then, after noticing that it's not slowing even remotely, a few members of the entourage start stepping out of the way of the open doors to the warehouse where all the Lamborghinis are parked. Farooq doesn't budge.

- 71 INT. LAMBORGHINI - CDG AIRPORT - MOVING - DAY 71  
Sammy is calculating how much skid distance is vanishing.
- SAMMY  
My friend...
- 72 EXT. CDG AIRPORT WAREHOUSE - DAY 72  
With the Lamborghini not 50 meters away, everyone is bolting -- except for Farooq.
- 73 INT. LAMBORGHINI - CDG AIRPORT - MOVING - DAY 73  
Sammy is frantically trying to pull his seatbelt out enough to lock it into place -- but it won't loosen.
- SAMMY  
My friend!
- 74 EXT. LAMBORGHINI - CDG AIRPORT - MOVING - DAY 74  
From the hood of the Lambo, at about emblem level, we're SCREAMING along the asphalt of the port -- 25 meters away from the large open doors of the warehouse.
- 75 EXT. CDG AIRPORT WAREHOUSE - DAY 75  
CLOSE ON: Farooq -- his eyes widen. It's the moment of truth.  
  
Farooq jumps out of the way just as the Lamborghini SPEEDS PAST and into the Warehouse.  
  
As soon as it's past, everyone in the entourage runs to the doors to look inside--
- 76 INT. CDG AIRPORT WAREHOUSE - MOVING - DAY 76  
The Lamborghini slaloms through the rows of Lamborghini's at speeds far too fast.
- 77 INT. LAMBORGHINI - CDG AIRPORT WAREHOUSE - MOVING - DAY 77  
Sammy is desperately trying to put his seatbelt on--
- SAMMY  
My friend! My friend! My friend!
- 78 INT. CDG AIRPORT WAREHOUSE - DAY 78  
The Lamborghini ROARS PAST one of the parked Lamborghini's, inches from it, close enough to cause it to rock -- and SET OFF THE ALARM.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

In fact, all of the Lamborghini's they stroke past are ALARMING. HORNS ARE HONKING and LIGHTS ARE FLASHING like a wake behind them--

79 INT. LAMBORGHINI - CDG AIRPORT WAREHOUSE - MOVING - DAY

79

Driver performs a complex combination of functions -- brake, shift, gas, and turning the wheel -- to cause the Lamborghini to suddenly begin skid-drifting into a 180.

SAMMY

My friend!

80 EXT. CDG AIRPORT WAREHOUSE - VARIOUS - DAY

80

Driver takes the Lamborghini into a number of SKIDS and PRECISE TURNS, never once touching one of the parked cars. At one point, the Lamborghini is put into REVERSE and the exact same PRECISION MANEUVERS are performed by Driver while DRIVING BACKWARDS! Soon, every car in the warehouse has been brushed by the speeding Lamborghini and is BLARING ITS ALARMS--

81 INT. LAMBORGHINI - CDG AIRPORT WAREHOUSE - MOVING - DAY

81

During this entire time, Driver is supremely focused -- and Sammy notices this. Soon, he isn't trying to put his seatbelt on anymore. He's getting into it and actually having fun...LAUGHING.

82 EXT. CDG AIRPORT WAREHOUSE - DAY

82

Farooq and the others are standing in a group, watching with amazement. Occasional APPLAUSE.

Then, the Lamborghini SCREAMS out of the building and straight toward Farooq -- who this time, doesn't budge even though everyone else does.

SCREEECH! A cloud of burned rubber--

The Lamborghini's front bumper comes right up to Farooq's knee and to a complete and total stop.

Sammy opens the gull wind door, clearly stunned -- but also exhilarated.

He looks to Farooq who can't, and won't, deny Driver's superior driving ability.

SAMMY

Farooq! Did you see that shit?!  
That was da shizznit! Allah, be  
praised! Hot damn!

(CONTINUED)

Driver looks to the blond in the car, who's clearly turned on, she raises the tinted window.

Sammy looks back to Driver, nodding his head repeatedly.

SAMMY

You are my brother, from another mother!

He kisses each cheek and puts his arm around Driver --- they start walking.

SAMMY

The Jersey mob has a deal with the Americans to conduct business in Baghdad. But they need the supply lines of Lelouch, who has his fingers into everything, so they tolerate each other. It's a tenuous relationship, and at some point a power play will take place. We need you to Yojimbo them, just the way you did to the Brazilian and Soloman Caine. Rock the boat. Turn them against each other.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. LELOUCH'S EMPIRE - WORLDWIDE/VARIOUS - DAY

83

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS: We see Lelouch's business in various parts of the world. Lelouch in an AFGHANISTAN POPPY FIELD with AFGHAN DRUGLORDS; Lelouch dealing with an AFRICAN WARLORD/DICTATOR, unloading weapons; Lelouch shaking hands and having his picture taken with AMERICAN OFFICIALS. Basically, worldwide corruption.

SAMMY (V.O.)

Lelouch has his fingers into everything -- drugs, prostitution, arms smuggling, trafficking, and counterfeiting -- in an empire that stretches from Afghanistan to Zaire and the wild west of Baghdad. Just watch yourself--

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS: We see Lelouch EXECUTING various BUSINESS PARTNERS and POLICE and ENEMIES that have done him wrong. All get a bullet to the head.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

SAMMY (V.O.)  
 --He doesn't mind getting his  
 hands dirty. Neither should you.

CUT TO BLACK:

## "CHAUFFEUR"

84 INT. CLUB CABARET - NIGHT

84

Lelouch is in a hip, swinging French nightclub,  
 surrounded by STATUESQUE FORD MODELS that could have just  
 stepped out of a Helmut Newton photograph.

SAMMY (V.O.)  
 He'll be at Club Cabaret, just  
 near the Louvre, at his regular  
 table -- lucky number 7 -- which  
 is always held for him.

Driver watches him from the far side of the room. Then,  
 he sees Lelouch's CHAUFFEUR, a Frenchman who looks  
 remarkably like Driver but in a black chauffeur's outfit  
 and aviator glasses.

SAMMY (V.O.)  
 Take his Chauffeur's place. Get  
 into his compound.

Driver starts following the Chauffeur, who's making his  
 way past the shoulder to shoulder mob of DANCING MODELS  
 to the WC.

85 INT. CLUB CABARET - WC - NIGHT

85

The Chauffeur walks into the WC, a red tiled bathroom  
 with urinals that look like Rolling Stones mouths (Kisses  
 urinals are available from bathroom-mania.com). He steps  
 up to one.

Driver enters the WC shortly after, he slowly walks up  
 behind the Chauffeur, who's PISSING LIKE A RACEHORSE.

Driver slowly walks up behind him, then -- too suddenly --  
 Chauffeur stops peeing. They both stand there for a  
 moment, not moving. Then, as if timed, both of them jolt  
 into movement. Driver rushes Chauffeur just as he's  
 pulling a silenced handgun.

THWIP! THWIP! THWIP! A mirror SHATTERS.

They pirouette around, almost dancing -- struggling for  
 the gun.

(CONTINUED)

THWIP! A bullet ZINGS across the room and ONE OF THE URINALS EXPLODES.

Suddenly enraged, his gun hand being fast held by Driver, the Chauffeur grabs Driver by the balls.

CHAUFFEUR

I've got you by the balls, man!  
I've got you by the balls!

The pain is excruciating. So Driver bum rushes him as fast as he can into a stall, CRASHING into the wall with a SATISFYING THUD. His balls are released--

The gun falls to the tile floor, and Driver gives it a kick -- it SLIDES across the floor and out of view.

The two men are slugging it out inside of a single toilet stall. It's a sloppy fight. Driver grabs Chauffeur's head by the hair and SLAMS it with all his might against the wall. He's momentarily stunned, and Driver takes advantage--

Driver dunks his head into the toilet and flushes, punching him the entire time in the ribs. He then takes the porcelain lid from the toilet, and as Chauffeur is lifting his head, Driver SMASHES it down onto him -- SHATTERING it. Chauffeur falls to the ground.

DRIVER

Shit!

What a fight. Driver is exhausted. He needs the Chauffeur's black suit, so he starts undressing him. When he's half undressed, Driver takes off his own shirt.

He's about to put the Chauffeur's clothes on when a BLACK CLUBBER walks in, catching Driver and Chauffeur in various states of undress. He holds his hands up, not wanting to interfere.

BLACK CLUBBER

Whoa. Je dois juste pisser.

He continues on to the urinals, ignoring the broken one, and starts to piss.

Driver quickly continues to get dressed. He finds the keys to the limo, and picks the handgun up off the floor.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. CLUB CABARET - NIGHT 86

VARIOUS SUPERCARS and black Mercedes S600's wait for their owners outside of Club Cabaret, in a large square in Paris, just next to the Louvre.

Lelouch, half-drunk and LAUGHING, comes out of Club Cabaret with OKSANA, an exotic Czech model that dwarfs him in height and is still carrying a Champagne glass. He looks around for his car, momentarily annoyed.

LELOUCH

Jean-Jacques!

87 INT. LELOUCH'S S600 - CLUB CABARET - NIGHT 87

Driver, who's sitting in the driver's seat of the S600, dressed as the chauffeur and wearing his reflective glasses, pulls the car forward and in front of the club.

88 EXT. CLUB CABARET - NIGHT 88

Driver gets out, and with his head lowered opens the door for Lelouch, when suddenly--

LALA

Monsieur Lelouch!

Suddenly, Lelouch is BATHED IN A BRIGHT LIGHT. Lelouch turns and sees Lala Black approaching him, followed by Phil, her cameraman, who has a spot on top of his camera. Lala extends the microphone toward him.

LALA

Would you care to comment on your connection to the Jersey Import Export Company?

LELOUCH (SUBTITLE)

<<I don't know what you're talking about.>>

LALA (SUBTITLE)

(snapping back in French)  
<<I have a copy of a shipping waybill that says you do.>>

LELOUCH

(in English)  
So what? I'm a businessman.

LALA

The question is what kind of business?

(more)

(CONTINUED)

LALA (CONT'D)

There are also questions about your citizenship. According to documents I've recently uncovered, your actual citizenship is--

LELOUCH

(shielding his eyes from the light)

Please. Contact my office.

(then, turning to Driver)

Jean-Jacques!

Driver grabs the lens of the camera and gets between Lelouch and Lala, allowing Lelouch the time to get into his car with the model.

LALA

Hey! Hands off!

Suddenly, Phil is getting into it with Driver -- a SCUFFLE-- until Driver pushes him away and into the hands of the BOUNCERS OF CLUB CABARET. Lala is right in Driver's face...

For a LONG SECOND, Lala and Driver catch eyes.

DRIVER

Sorry.

He walks past her and gets into the S600. She turns to see Phil.

LALA

Get the car!

89 INT. LELOUCH'S S600 - CLUB CABARET - NIGHT

89

Driver slams the door shut. Lelouch, in the back seat, is shielding his face from the camera, which is right up against the glass.

LELOUCH

Drive!

They pull away--

LELOUCH

Fucking Hell, Jean-Jacques -- where were you?! That could just have easily been an assassin trying to cut me with a shiv! Next time shit like that goes down I'll eat your balls with some wasabi and soy sauce!

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

Lelouch takes the glass of Champagne from the model and downs it like a shot of Whiskey.

LELOUCH

Now...

Lelouch takes his hand and starts to grope the model's breast.

90 EXT. STREETS OF PARIS - MOVING - NIGHT

90

The S600 races through Paris. We see that they're being fast followed by Lala and Phil, in a Renault.

91 INT. LELOUCH'S S600 - STREETS OF PARIS - MOVING - NIGHT

91

For once, Driver isn't fully focused on the road. He looks into his rear view mirror to the rear seat, where Lelouch is groping and kissing the model. Then, he hears a SLIGHT THUMPING -- possibly from the trunk of the car.

LELOUCH

Jean-Jacques? Did you hear something?

Driver shrugs, exaggerating the "no" gesture and turns on the RADIO, Plastic Bertrand "Ça plane pour moi" comes on. The model, who doesn't like not being paid full attention to, drops her top down to reveal two perfect tits. She then pours a little Champagne onto them.

LELOUCH

Mama!

Like a hungry animal, Lelouch is on those breasts, sucking and chewing. But it's not enough, he actually GROWLS LIKE A DOG. For a brief moment we think he might actually turn into a werewolf.

Driver uncomfortably watches from the front as Lelouch begins pulling her clothes off. Of course, the PARTITION RISES just as we're about to catch a glimpse of skin--

92 EXT. STREETS OF PARIS - MOVING - NIGHT

92

Just then, Lala and Phil pull up alongside the limo. Driver sees her and accelerates ahead into a tunnel along the Siene.

93 INT. LELOUCH'S S600 - TUNNEL ALONG SIENE - MOVING - NIGHT

93

Driver enters the tunnel along the Siene, pulling far ahead of Lala and Phil.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

In the back, behind the partition, we can hear THUMPING and CLAWING as Lelouch MADLY FUCKS her.

LELOUCH (O.S.)

Who has the biggest cock?!

OKSANA (O.S.)

You!

94 EXT. STREETS OF PARIS - TUNNEL ALONG SIENE - MOVING - NIGHT 94

The S600 limo emerges from the tunnel.

95 INT. LELOUCHE'S S600 - TUNNEL ALONG SIENE - MOVING - NIGHT 95

Driver slams on the BRAKES, causes the limo to pull a 190, and almost seamlessly takes it in the other direction. They're still going at it in the back, despite the force of the car.

LELOUCH (O.S.)

Who has the biggest cock?!

OKSANA (O.S.)

You!

96 EXT. STREETS OF PARIS - TUNNEL ALONG SIENE - MOVING - NIGHT 96

CHASE CAM: The S600 races through the tunnel along the Siene -- right back toward Lala and Phil in their little Renault.

97 INT. RENAULT - TUNNEL ALONG SIENE - MOVING - NIGHT 97

Lala and Phil see the FLASHING LIGHTS of the limo coming straight at them.

PHIL

(nervously)

Uh...he's playing chicken with us.

LALA

Take him!

98 INT. LELOUCH'S S600 - TUNNEL ALONG SIENE - MOVING - NIGHT 98

Driver is focused straight ahead, a game of chicken, and he's not giving up.

BEHIND THE PARTITION, Oksana is WAILING in ecstasy, and we're convinced that Lelouch must have a fifteen inch dick, because she's YELPING--

(CONTINUED)

LELOUCH (O.S.)

Who is your master?!

OKSANA (O.S.)

Your cock!

He climaxes with a LION-LIKE ROAR--

OKSANA

I am defeated!

99 EXT. STREETS OF PARIS - TUNNEL ALONG SIENE - MOVING - NIGHT 99

The limo doesn't waver -- but Lala and Phil turn at the last minute and CRASH into the median.

100 INT. LELOUCH'S S600 - STREETS OF PARIS - MOVING - NIGHT 100

The PARTITION LOWERS, revealing a sweaty Lelouch and disheveled Oksana.

LELOUCH

Now get off!

He pushes her off of him. She straightens her dress, adjusting her boobs in it, and then starts putting on new lipstick.

OKSANA

That will be fifteen hundred Euro.

LELOUCH

Put it on my tab.

(to Driver)

Pull over.

The car pulls over and Oksana gets out.

OKSANA

I can accept a check if you don't have the cash.

LELOUCH

What?! My credit isn't good enough for you?! Put it on me tab!

Lelouch throws open the door and PUSHES Oksana out.

LELOUCH

Back to the compound!

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

They drive off as Oksana runs after them, shaking her shoe.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. LELOUCH'S MAISON - NIGHT

101

The Mercedes pulls up to the large gated maison of Lelouch's ancestral family home, an elegant pre-Hausmann era building in the 6th arrondissement with the words "LELOUCH" engraved into the keystone. The CLAXON HONKS TWICE and the gates open, we see that the gated maison is GUARDED BY SECURITY.

102 INT. LELOUCH'S MAISON - COURTYARD - NIGHT

102

The limousine pulls into the courtyard, where SEVERAL SECURITY MEN are posted. Lelouch gets out.

LELOUCH

There's some stains in the back seat now. Have them cleaned before my wife takes the car in the morning. Oui?

Driver nods, not lifting his head.

LELOUCH

Oui?!

DRIVER

(quietly)

Oui.

Lelouch looks at him, momentarily suspicious. As he's walking away from the Mercedes he thinks he hears the BUMPING again, and though looking back, curious, he continues walking into a large elegant glass foyer and up some marble stairs.

Driver sees the garage ahead and drives toward it.

103 INT. LELOUCH'S MAISON - GARAGE - NIGHT

103

Driver pulls into the excessively large garage. There seems to be a BUZZING OF ACTIVITY as VARIOUS WORKERS in blue coveralls load a Citroen delivery van that says "PAIN" (bread) on the side.

Driver parks the car alongside SEVERAL OTHER LUXURY VEHICLES, out of view. Driver gets out of the car and walks around the trunk. He opens it to reveal the CHAUFFEUR, who's bound and gagged, repeatedly bumping his head against the car to make a sound.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

Sorry, my man.

Driver takes him by the collar and then BELTS HIM WITH HIS FIST -- knocking him out. With the Chauffeur knocked out, Driver SLAMS the trunk shut.

He then looks over to the delivery van. Then, two large metal FLOOR ELEVATOR DOORS open up just behind the van. A LIFT comes out from the floor with long wooden crates. They're labeled "EXPLOSIFS - C4."

The WORKERS use dollies to load the wooden crates of C4 into the back of the delivery van.

Driver runs toward the Maison entrance...

CUT TO:

104 INT. LELOUCH'S MAISON - HALLWAY - NIGHT

104

Lelouch makes his way down a long hallway lined with priceless art and antiquities. He comes to his bedroom door at the end and opens it up, walks in.

Then, Driver comes down the hall, following Lelouch. He has the Chauffeur's gun in his hand. When he gets to the door he listens, cocks the pistol, and slowly opens the door.

105 INT. LELOUCH'S MAISON - BEDROOM - NIGHT

105

It's dark. Driver can't see anything. Lelouch is in a brightly lit ADJOINING BATHROOM. He's loosening his tie and kicking off his shoes.

Driver starts to approach him, gun raised, when suddenly, as he's walking past the bed, a WOMAN SITS UP. It's Lelouch's wife, JULIE, who has just woken up and is sitting in the bed. She's wearing a sleeping eye mask.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Victor? Is that you?

Driver quickly ducks into a closet just as she removes the eye mask.

JULIE

Are you just now getting home?  
It's so late.

Victor walks out of the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

LELOUCH

My meetings went long. Go back to sleep.

JULIE

Meetings? At three in the morning? Where were these meetings? A nightclub?

She gets up, approaches him.

LELOUCH

Of course, goddamnit! Where else am I going to have a meeting in the middle of the night?

JULIE

Who was your meeting with?

LELOUCH

It's none of your fuckin' business.

She SNIFFS him.

JULIE

I smell a woman on you.  
(another sniff)  
Yes, I smell another woman. Some slut! Were you penetrating her?!

Lelouch grabs her.

LELOUCH

So what if I was?!

He spins her around, bends her over, and throws up her nightgown.

DRIVER

in the closet, tilts his head, listening...

LELOUCH (O.S.)

You think I'm not able to satisfy you as well?!

SUDDEN SMACKING SOUNDS and the SCRAPING of the bed feet across the parquet floors.

LELOUCH (O.S.)

You're the one who lives in this grand maison! You're the one who shops at Fendi all day long!

(more)

(CONTINUED)

LELOUCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You're the one who bears my seed!  
I'm not depriving you of ANYTHING!

Driver, in the closet, can't believe what he's hearing.

Lelouch shoots what is surely a massive load, and then pushes her over and onto the bed.

LELOUCH (O.S.)

Now go back to sleep and shut up!

Driver looks through the slats in the door...

Julie pulls a gun from under her pillow, and swings it around -- aiming it at him. But she doesn't get a shot off. Lelouch easily grabs the tiny pistol from her without a problem.

JULIE

I can't take it anymore! It's the fucking Viagra! You're addicted to it! It's turned you into an animal!

LELOUCH

If you can't take the heat, get out of the kitchen, luv.

JULIE

Is it really necessary for you to have an erection 24 hours a day?!

LELOUCH

Yes. As a point of fact, it is.  
I like to be ready for action.

Hysterical she goes to the closet where Driver is hiding, throws open the doors and throws some things into a Louis Vuitton bag. If she wasn't so hysterical she'd see Driver. She slams the closet door shut and rushes out of the room.

JULIE

I'm going to my mother's.

LELOUCH

Fine then! Leave! You always come back anyway!

Lelouch picks up some priceless 16th century vase and smashes it.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (3)

105

LELOUCH

Bitch!  
 (beat)  
 I love you!

CLICK!

Lelouch turns and sees Driver aiming the Luger at him.

LELOUCH

Jean-Jacques?

He squints -- recognizes that it isn't Driver.

LELOUCH

Who the fuck are you?

CUT TO:

106 INT. LELOUCH'S MAISON - SPIRAL STAIRWAY - NIGHT

106

Lelouch leads the way down a spiral stairway, Driver is close behind him. They enter some catacombs that run under Lelouch's compound.

107 INT. LELOUCH'S MAISON - CATACOMBS - NIGHT

107

The stairway opens up into the catacombs beneath Paris. Bone-lined corridors, filled floor-to-ceiling with neatly stacked skulls and femurs. The floor is wet and the air is heavy with humidity. Somewhere, deep in the background, the THE RUMBLE OF A SUBWAY can be heard.

LELOUCH

You know who I am?

DRIVER

Not really, but I don't really  
 much care.

LELOUCH

You should know that I can have  
 anyone on the planet killed in  
 under 24 hours. You're already  
 dead.

DRIVER

I guess I'll just enjoy myself in  
 the mean time.

They walk through the passages until they comes to a large door that opens into a massive cavernous room.

108 INT. CAVERNOUS ROOM - NIGHT

108

The room, which seems to be some sort of ancient wine cellar, is filled with ALL FORMS OF WEAPONRY. A cache of unspeakable firepower. You name it, Lelouch has it.

ANOTHER RUMBLE OF A SUBWAY, but this time louder, as if it's just behind the walls.

Lelouch suddenly stops, and then turns.

LELOUCH

Who are you working for?

DRIVER

No one.

LELOUCH

Everyone works for someone.  
They're paying you, no?

Get in the chair. Vermicelli sits.

LELOUCH

I'll pay you ten times what  
they're paying for you to turn and  
kill them.

DRIVER

I'm going to ask you some  
questions and you're going to  
answer.

Driver pistol whips Lelouch, cutting his cheek. He COCKS the guns hammer.

Lelouch starts LAUGHING.

DRIVER

What's so funny?

LELOUCH

I'm imagining the expression on  
your face when you regain  
consciousness and realize how  
FUCKED you are.

BAM! Driver is hit on the back of the head. He's  
KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS--

CUT TO BLACK:

We wait in the BLACKNESS for a few moments, until--

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

## "DEJA RENDEZVOUS"

109 INT. DEEP FREEZER - MORNING

109

Driver suddenly wakes up -- as smelling salts have been held in front of his nose. He shakes his head and looks around -- realizing that he's bound in the same chair Lelouch was sitting in. The room is very cold, and from the looks of it, Lelouch uses this room to store any variety of biological agents. In front of him, wielding the smelling salts, is JEAN-JACQUES, Lelouch's chauffeur. He has a NASTY LOOKING BLACK EYE from where Driver nailed him. Lelouch is to the left of him with an empty syringe. Putting it away into a little kit.

LELOUCH

You're finally awake. Good.

Driver looks down at his arm, which is strip-tied to the chair. His sleeve has been rolled up and it looks like he's been injected with something. He looks up to Lelouch, defiant.

DRIVER

What have you done to me? Sodium Pentathol?

Lelouch LAUGHS politely.

LELOUCH

Nothing so mundane.

Suddenly, Driver winces in pain -- as though his insides were on fire.

LELOUCH

Ah -- it's taking effect.

DRIVER

What's taking effect?!

LELOUCH

You've been injected with a biological organophosphate known as Eigen-8. It's a horrific nerve agent, excruciatingly painful the closer one gets to death, and there's only one known antidote, which we don't even keep on the premises. You were injected--

He holds up a stop watch, the kind running coaches use.

(CONTINUED)

LELOUCH (CONT'D)

--Three minutes ago. That leaves you twenty-seven minutes before your internal body chemistry turns to banana pudding. Most people beg for death when they start feeling the full effects...about nine minutes in....

He sits down in front of Driver.

LELOUCH (CONT'D)

...which I will grant you, if you answer my questions promptly.

(beat)

Who are you working for? The Moussad? CIA?

Driver spits into Lelouch's face. Lelouch smiles, wipes it, and then licks his fingers clean.

LELOUCH

No...you're too stupid. You must be working for the Russians.

Driver is RACKED WITH PAIN from the drug, it's a hellacious onset of agony...like he's being burned all over his body.

LELOUCH

So who are you working for?

Suddenly, there's a CELLULAR RINGTONE coming from Driver.

Lelouch looks to Jean-Jacques, who frisks him until he finds the phone. He pulls it out, hands it to Lelouch who looks at the caller ID:

LELOUCH

It's...Dad. How quaint.

Driver's eyes widen.

DRIVER

That's them...

LELOUCH

Who?

DRIVER

The man who hired me.

Lelouch's nostrils flare. He answers the call, putting it on SPEAKERPHONE.

(CONTINUED)

VERMICELLI (O.S.)

Hey asshole, it's Timmy Vermicelli, I just figured out who you are. Tanner's son, Driver. I don't know why I didn't put two and two together before. Shit, I thought you and your father were estranged.

DRIVER

Vermicelli...there's no need to talk in code. He knows I'm working for you.

LELOUCH

Vermicelli. It's Victor Lelouch.

VERMICELLI (O.S.)

Lelouch?! What the--?  
You fucked up bigtime, asshole.

VERMICELLI (O.S.)

Hey! Careful who you call an asshole, Le-Douche.

LELOUCH

You try to make a hit on me?!  
Cocksucker! Sonofabitch! You've fucked it all up for us all!

VERMICELLI (O.S.)

Easy frogboy, I can see that you're confused, but you're treading thin ice.

LELOUCH

(yelling into the phone)  
You stupid fucking CUNT! Once I finish with this insolent twerp, I'm having my boys in Baghdad send me your skin via DHL!

VERMICELLI (O.S.)

That's it. No one threatens Timmy Vermicelli. You want a war, you got a war. You're not the only mob in Baghdad, you cheese eating, wine drinking, surrender monkey!

Lelouch, who has a short fuse, SCREAMS into the phone, then hangs up. He looks at Driver, who's LAUGHING. Then, suddenly, Driver WRITHES IN PAIN. Lelouch is getting excited by the response.

(CONTINUED)

LELOUCH

Ah, yes. The Eigen-8. I nearly forgot. It will, by the way, get worse than that.

(beat)

So there's no one else?

Driver is suddenly hit with a shock of internal pain from the Eigen-8, he WINCES, trying to hold in the intensity, then SHRIEKS -- unable to contain it.

DRIVER

Aaaaiiiiiirrrg!

(coming down, feeling  
cascading waves of pain)

No...one...else.

LELOUCH

That's a two, on a scale of one to ten.

Driver is quivering with pain.

DRIVER

That felt...more like...a seven.

LELOUCH

(shaking his head)

Trust me. You've never felt a seven. But you will. Apparently a 4 feels like your balls are being ripped off by white hot tongs.

Driver suddenly arches.

DRIVER

AAAAAAAIIIIIII!

Jean-Jacques smiles. Lelouch lifts a particularly efficient looking handgun.

LELOUCH

This is a Klezkov-9. Hollow point smoulder shells. It will vaporize your head at this range, you won't feel a thing. Let me know when you want me to use it.

(beat)

Who are you working with?

Driver is suddenly hit with a SHOCKWAVE OF PAIN -- he goes straight as a stick.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

Please...The antidote...

LELOUCH

Silly boy, as I told you, we don't have any.

(he turns to Jean-Jacques)

I'm going to take a piss.

He gets up and walks out of the room.

Driver shifts in the wooden chair he's bound to. It  
CREAKS.

As Jean-Jacques walks back to his makeshift seat, boxes of chemical weapons. Then, with a sudden throw of his weight, Driver falls backwards and SMASHES TO THE GROUND -- SMASHING THE CHAIR INTO PIECES.

Jean-Jacques spins around.

Driver's instantly free, except for his feet, which are still bound to the legs of the chair, which are in parts.

He grabs the only weapon he has, a piece of the back of the chair which has broken into a SHARP-ENDED STAKE.

Jean-Jacques is pulling his gun, but Driver is a man possessed. He lunges at Jean-Jacques, PUMMELING HIM -- causing the two men to FALL TO THE GROUND. And as they strike the ground Driver PUSHES THE STAKE in through Jean-Jacques' neck.

But Driver doesn't stop there. He proceeds to REPEATEDLY STAB Jean-Jacques with the stake -- again and again -- until there's absolutely no question that he's dead.

Driver doesn't waste any time freeing his bindings. He then grabs Jean-Jacques' 9MM LUGER.

CUT TO:

110 INT. LELOUCH'S MAISON - WC - NIGHT

110

Lelouch is pissing. Suddenly, he's STRUCK in the back of the head by Driver.

CUT TO BLACK:

111 INT. DEEP FREEZER - MOMENTS LATER - MORNING

111

EXTREME CLOSE ON: Lelouch's eyes, he's breathing heavily. PULL BACK TO REVEAL that he's standing on a box, on his tippie-toes.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

His hands are strip-tied behind him. He has a hand-grenade stuffed into his mouth, it's ring is tied to a string, and to a hook in the ceiling. Lelouch is HUFFING, straining to keep up--

DRIVER

I put a thermite grenade in your mouth. You're going to--  
 (he suddenly writhes with a wave of pain)  
 --you're going to tell me where the antidote is.

LELOUCH

(his mouth muffled)  
 Uck Ooo!

DRIVER

No. Fuck you. We're both dead men. We're both...

He looks at the string tied to the grenade...

DISSOLVE TO:

112 INT. DRIVER'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - 10 YEARS OLD - DAY

112

EXTREME CLOSE ON: Driver's tooth -- a string is tied to it. PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Driver is about 10 years old. His father is holding the string. He's about to tie it to a door knob. Driver looks terribly nervous that his father is going to suddenly yank it.

DRIVER AT 10

Dad! Do we have to do this?  
 Like, have to have to? Couldn't we just let it fall out on it's own?

TANNER

Fall out on it's own?  
 (good humored)  
 It'll never come out if we don't pull it.

DRIVER AT 10

(starting to tear up)  
 I don't want to...!

TANNER

We've tied a string to it already.  
 We can't not pull.  
 (leans in)  
 Look. You've got to learn to follow through. Understand?  
 (more)

(CONTINUED)

TANNER (CONT'D)

You set something into motion, you see it to the finish. Otherwise, don't waste everybody's time.

Tanner, smiling, "fake pulls it." Driver jumps anxiously. Tanner fakes again -- a pretend tug followed by a laugh. A little sadistic, but he means it to be playful. Driver starts to cry. The tears practically squirt out.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey hey hey. I'm sorry.

He leans in and hugs him.

TANNER (CONT'D)

We don't have to do it if you really don't want to. I'm not gonna make you.

Driver looks up, his eyes wet and red.

DRIVER AT 10

I'm just scared.

Tanner looks at his son. Serious, proud.

TANNER

And that's okay. You have every right to be. But...you also don't want to have a loose tooth dangling out of your head, do you?

Young Driver nods, a little unsure -- his is it that they're back to pulling the tooth?

TANNER (CONT'D)

That's my champ. Now, we'll just tie to it here to the knob and then--

He suddenly YANKS on the string and with a SQUISHY SOUND the TOOTH RIPS OUT -- followed by a small squirt of blood. Tanner catches it triumphantly.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Got it!

HARD CUT TO:

Lelouch suddenly slips off the box -- pulling the string.

(CONTINUED)

LELOUCH

Mrumph?!

Lelouch spins around -- the grenade is now active. And it's jammed so tight into his mouth that he can't get it off.

He runs toward Driver, who runs away from him -- frantic -- trying to get away before he explodes.

LELOUCH (CONT'D)

Rrrrwaaarrrr!

He starts clawing at the black electricians tape -- but it's simply not going to come off fast enough, and Lelouch knows it. He shuts his eyes--

BOOM! The thermite explosive blows Lelouch's head into a cloud of smoke and fire -- when it clears there's a headless body, pirouetting back and forth, doing a little scarecrow dance, before it falls over to the ground.

Driver stands there, astonished, when suddenly his CELLPHONE RINGS again. Driver looks at it, feeling a WAVE OF PAIN, it reads: "UNKNOWN." Driver quickly answers it.

DRIVER

Yes?

UNKNOWN (O.S.)

Driver, where are you?

DRIVER

At Lelouch's. He's...dead -- and so am I.

UNKNOWN (O.S.)

What do you mean?

DRIVER

Lelouch injected me with something -- Eigen something-or-other.

UNKNOWN (O.S.)

Eigen-8?

DRIVER

(feeling the pain)

Yes! He doesn't have an antidote. Listen, Vermicelli is in Baghdad.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (2)

113

UNKNOWN (O.S.)

There's a CIA chem lab in  
 Montmartre, in the back of a  
 butcher shop just next to Sacre  
 Coeur. They'll have an antidote  
 there for Eigen-8. How long ago  
 were you injected?

DRIVER

I don't know...fifteen minutes.

UNKNOWN (O.S.)

You won't make it in time.

Driver looks at his watch, tries to focus.

CUT TO:

114 INT. LELOUCH'S GARAGE - MORNING

114

Driver throws open the door, revealing Lelouch's bright  
 red Ferarri 275 GT.

CUT TO:

115 INT. FERRARI 275 GT - STREETS OF PARIS - MOVING - MORNING 115

IN A SINGLE POV SHOT: We hear nothing but the sound of  
 DRIVER'S HEARTBEATING until we burst out of the tunnel  
 and onto Avenue Foch. Ahead is the Arc de Triumphe.  
 Driver lays the metal down, and the engine releases a  
 BANSHEES WAIL -- full capacity. The car is now going at  
 its top speed, from Porte Dauphine, down the Champs  
 Elysees, through the Louvre, and winding through various  
 narrow streets to the Basilica of Sacre Coeur. It's a  
 harrowing ride: narrowly missing people, skidding to  
 avoid OTHER VEHICLES, running RED LIGHTS, driving the  
 wrong way on one way roads, hitting POTHOLES and PIGEONS -  
 - but Driver's focus keeps the car from colliding with  
 any of the OTHER VEHICLES, or PEDESTRIANS. The Ferrari  
 climbs the butte Montmartre to the Basilica -- SCREECHES  
 to an almost stop. Driver jumps out of the car and runs  
 ahead of it, toward the BOUCHER DE SACRE COEUR.

116 EXT. PARIS - MONTMARTRE - MORNING

116

HANDHELD: Driver, 9mm in hand, is running frantically  
 toward the Boucher, in the shadow of Sacre Coeur. He  
 arrives at the door. It's still morning, so the security  
 gate is down and the door is locked.

As he approaches it, he starts to black out -- he's not  
 going to make it. He stumbles to his hands and knees and  
 starts to crawl...barely there.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

He starts to BLACK OUT, and just as he does the door opens up and an ALGERIAN CHEMIST steps out and kneels at his side, injecting him...

FADE TO BLACK:

SCREECH!

117 INT. IRAQ AIRWAYS AIRPLANE - LANDING - DAY

117

There's a SUDDEN JOLT as the plane touches down and Driver suddenly jerks awake -- he looks around, shocked -- he wipes the spittle that's drooled from his mouth. He's sitting in First Class surrounded by an entire plane full of MIDDLE EASTERN BUSINESSMEN in white dishdashas and keffiyehs, some reading Arabic newspapers, some reading the Le Monde.

The FLIGHT ATTENDENT is saying something in what sounds like ARABIC. Once done, she repeats in English:

FLIGHT ATTENDENT

Welcome to Baghdad. Please remain seated and keep your seat-belt fastened until the airplane has come to a complete stop. We hope you enjoy your stay, and thank you for flying Iraq Airways.

Driver looks in his hand and sees that he has a passport, and Visa paperwork...

CUT TO:

118 INT. BAGHDAD AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - DAY

118

As one can imagine, customs and passport control is a nightmare in Baghdad, the airport is jam packed with TRAVELLERS, all bringing with them tons of luggage. U.S. SOLDIERS make an impressive presence.

Driver is let through by the AMERICAN CUSTOMS, and as he passes out of customs he's spotted by Lala on the other side of control, in the middle of a NIGHTMARE QUEUE. With her is Phil. She sees Driver and, recognizing him, points and then shouts to get his attention:

LALA

Hey! Hey!

Driver continues on, not even turning to look. His CELLPHONE RINGS: It's "Unknown."

DRIVER

It's about time.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

UNKNOWN (O.S.)

How are you feeling?

DRIVER

Like Keith Richards after a trip  
to Switzerland.

CUT TO:

119 I/E. DRIVER'S RENTAL - BAGHDAD - VARIOUS - MOVING - DAY 119

We seem to be flying, looking down at the ground below  
us. First SAND...then ASPHALT. "The Kids in America" by  
Kim Wilde is playing on the stereo.

Driver looks out the window of his rental car, a MID-  
SIZED SEDAN, and in the reflection of the window we can  
see the city of Baghdad go by. There's LIFE ON THE  
STREETS as people go about their daily business, doing  
deals, making ends meet, talking with friends, etc.  
There's also the OCCUPATION COALITION FORCES, tooling by  
in a HUMVEE. SOLDIERS man the .50 CALIBER GUNS on  
"shotgun." Elsewhere, GROUND SOLDIERS do everything,  
from directing traffic, to helping people resolve issues,  
to playing soccer with IRAQI KIDS, to kicking in doors  
and holding CIVILIANS at gunpoint, to full on FIREFIGHTS  
with INSURGENTS.

CUT TO:

120 INT. PESTICIDE WAREHOUSE - DAY

120

Vermicelli is sitting at a table in the center of the  
abandoned warehouse, surrounded by boxes of stereo  
equipment and other fenced goods, playing cards with a  
few wiseguys, MARTY and JACKO. STEVO walks in wearing a  
WHITE DISHDASHA and little cylindrical hat.

VERMICELLI

What the Hell is this?

STEVO

My jeans and jacket were gettin'  
hot. I picked one of these up at  
the bazaar in town. Thought I'd  
try it out.

MARTY

(laughing)  
You look like you're wearing your  
grandmother's nightgown.

(CONTINUED)

STEVO

It's called a dishdasha. And, I gotta say, I see why these dune coons wear 'em. They're comfortable. Nice an' airy. First time since we been here my balls ain't sweatin'.

Silence for a moment.

JACKO

Really?

STEVO

Really.

They all look at each other.

MARTY

I don't know about you, but I've been getting a rash between my legs.

JACKO

(nodding)

Me too.

MARTY

(to Stevo)

So if I were to get one of these, you wouldn't tell no one back home, right?

STEVO

Are you kidding?! You think I want anybody in Jersey knowin' I'm walkin' around in this Ali Baba pajama shit?! Fuck no. What happens in Iraq, stays in Iraq.

MARTY

I'm gonna pick me one of those up.

JACKO

Can you get me one too?

VERMICELLI

Would you fuckin' idiots shut the fuck up?! Jesus. Listen to you. You sound like fuckin' retards.

Suddenly, the PHONE RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

VERMICELLI

I'm not here.

Stevo checks out the caller ID.

STEVO

It's Big Jerry.

The PHONE RINGS again. Vermicelli makes a motion drawing his hand across his throat repeatedly.

VERMICELLI

I'm not here. I'm not here.

Stevo answers it.

STEVO

Hello?

There's definitely YELLING ON THE OTHER END.

STEVO

Hey, BJ.

(beat)

No. He ain't here. He's out,  
uh...

Vermicelli is making a "steering wheel" charade-like motion with his hands. He's mouthing the words "driving."

STEVO (CONT'D)

--Dancing.

(Vermicelli winces)

Yeah?

(beat)

Uh-huh.

(beat)

No.

(beat)

Okay.

(beat)

If you say so, boss.

(beat)

I'll tell him.

(beat)

Bye.

He hangs up and starts shaking his head.

VERMICELLI

What?!

(CONTINUED)

STEVO

Man, he is PISSED at you.

VERMICELLI

Why? What'd he say?

STEVO

Something about the French guy?

VERMICELLI

Lelouch?

STEVO

Yeah. He said you fucked up real big and that you'd better fix it or else it's your head on a platter.

VERMICELLI

He said that?

STEVO

Yeah.

VERMICELLI

Those exact words?

STEVO

Uh-huh.

Vermicelli gets up, kicking his hair back. He starts pacing.

VERMICELLI

Fuck!

(stops)

Okay. I've got some shit I need to do. Clean up this fucking mess.

STEVO

You need us to come along?

VERMICELLI

No. You faggots can sit around and hold down the fort, in your fuckin' pansy-ass dresses.

He starts to walk out.

STEVO

It's called a dishdasha.

CUT TO:  
(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: (4)

120

**"BAGHDAD BUNKO"**

121 EXT. HOTEL PALESTINE - DAY

121

Driver, his map unfolded and on the steering column, pulls up to the Hotel Palestine. He parks his car, and gets out, locking his things into the trunk.

CUT TO:

122 INT. HOTEL PALESTINE - LOBBY - DAY

122

Driver walks through the lobby of the Hotel Palestine and to the front desk. The usual crew of HAGGARD LOOKING INTERNATIONAL JOURNALISTS are sitting around the lobby nursing drinks and writing on laptops. He goes to the front desk, where an IRAQI CLERK is reading a newspaper.

DRIVER

I have a reservation under the name of *Tony Montana*.

The IRAQI CLERK checks an aging Dell for the reservation.

IRAQI CLERK

Yes, Mr. Montana. A package arrived for you this morning.

He places a small box on the counter. Driver opens the box and reveals an olive drab colored military GLOCK 23C. Driver quickly closes the box, smiles curtly.

CUT TO:

123 EXT. JERSEY WOODS - DRIVER'S MEMORY - DAY

123

DRIVER IS 7, and he's walking through the woods of Jersey in Winter. All of the leaves are off the trees and it's rather eerie in its starkness. Tanner is walking in front of him, holding a COLT .45 pistol in his hand. He slows down -- creeping quietly. Then, he turns to the small boy...

TANNER

Okay, son, look over there on the tree. See the quails?

Driver does. There must be 20 quail lined up along the branches of a bare tree. Tanner hands his young son the handgun -- kneels alongside him.

(CONTINUED)

TANNER

(whispering)

Hold the gun firm, and keep both eyes open when you aim. You're gonna get one shot. Don't hold your breath, and line up your target on the beads. You're about to take a life, so give yourself a moment to respect its life, and then...squeeze.

BLAM!

All of the birds take flight -- but one -- which falls to the ground.

TANNER

Got him!

Tanner and Driver run up to it.

TANNER

Nice shooting. There's dinner.

Tanner picks it up and plops it into Driver's hand.

TANNER

You're a natural with a gun, my son. A natural.

The little bird is still breathing, it's heart racing as the life leaves its body.

CUT TO:

124 INT. HOTEL PALESTINE - LOBBY - DAY

124

Driver is walking through the lobby of the hotel, one hand in his coat pocket, holding the weapon he just purchased.

As he heads out, he passes Lala, who's on her way in, dragging her luggage. Phil is just behind her.

LALA

(to Phil)

...Then I want to call Marty and tell him about what Farzad heard. We'll need to have fresh tape and this time, let's get an interpreter...okay?

She suddenly notices that she just passed Driver. She turns.

(CONTINUED)

LALA

(to Driver)

Hey! Hey! You!

Driver keeps walking, but Lala drops her luggage and runs up to him -- walks alongside him.

LALA

Who are you and why do I keep seeing you wherever I go?

DRIVER

I don't know what you're talkin' about.

LALA

That was you in Paris, now you're here. Big coincidence -- I'd like some answers. You're involved in this somehow.

DRIVER

Get lost, lady.

He turns and starts to walk away. She grabs him, pulling on his arm, revealing the Glock. She freezes and he puts the gun back, continues walking. She pursues, following him out into the street.

125 EXT. HOTEL PALESTINE - DAY

125

Driver walks out onto the street, Lala follows. Phil is keeping his distance, but also a close eye on them.

LALA

Who are you? CIA? 'Cause you don't look like CIA.

DRIVER

No. Now leave me alone.

LALA

I'm a reporter. It's my job to not leave people alone. Who are you?! You're certainly not with the Jersey mob.

He stops and turns to her.

DRIVER

What do you know about it?

(CONTINUED)

LALA

I've been tracking the story for three months now, and I'm close.

DRIVER

Close to what?

LALA

Close to connecting organized crime to just about everything dirty in Iraq. Word is they've gotten too big for their britches. But I don't get how you fit in. What side are you on? If you're not with the mob or the Feds--

DRIVER

Look. I got nothin' to do with your story. I'm just trying to even an old score. I'm not on anyone's side.

LALA

Maybe we could work together? We could pool our resources.

DRIVER

No thanks. I work alone.

LALA

(baiting him)

I'm onto a hot lead.

DRIVER

Then follow it. Just don't follow me.

LALA

(miffed)

I won't.

DRIVER

Good.

LALA

Fine.

DRIVER

Okay then.

LALA

Goodbye.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (2)

125

He opens the door to his car and gets in. He looks at her one last time and then peels out, taking off down the street.

CUT TO BLACK:

**"THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD"**

126 INT. BLACK LANDROAMER - GREEN ZONE - MOVING - DAY 126

Vermicelli is looking rather mean, and focused as he drives through Baghdad. Sitting in the car with him are three twenty-something Iraqis: KAREEM, JEF, and ALI. He's playing "This Town" by the Gogos on the sterec.

127 EXT. STREETS OF BAGHDAD - GREEN ZONE - MOVING - DAY 127

We're following the BLACK LANDROAMER through the Baghdad Green Zone. It's the PRAYER HOUR, and the Mosques are full to the point where you can almost hear the PRAYERS FEVERISHLY SPOKEN.

128 EXT. THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD - DAY 128

The black Landroamer comes to a plain building with no signage -- just a Persian rug hanging over a door. Vermicelli and the three men get out of the Landroamer. Vermicelli has a Desert Eagle .45. He pops out the clip and checks it.

VERMICELLI

Ready to rumble?

The three men are wearing looking a little sweaty and nervous, their coats strapped up to their necks. They nod rapidly.

IRAQI INSURGENTS

(all at once)

Allahu Akbar.

VERMICELLI

Yeah, yeah. Whatever.

He COCKS the gun, puts it into a belt holster in the nape of his back, and then pounds on the door. A little peep hole in the door SLIDES OPEN, revealing the eyes of a rather fierce-looking Iraqi -- this is ABU.

ABU

Password.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

VERMICELLI  
 (rolling his eyes)  
 "Open sesame."

The door opens up, revealing Abu, a man-mountain with arms like tree trunks.

129 INT. THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD - VARIOUS - DAY

129

In a CONTINUOUS "GOODFELLAS" SHOT we follow Vermicelli and his the three men down a FLIGHT OF STAIRS and into the main floor of the Thief of Baghdad, which is in stark contrast to the mosques and prayers above:

The Thief of Baghdad is a STRIP CLUB. TOPLESS DANCERS imported from the Czech Republic, Nigeria, China, and India have all been brought in to entertain SOLDIERS, DIPLOMATS & EMBASSY OFFICIALS, U.S. ARMY OFFICIALS. It's like a low budget Spearmint Rhino in Baghdad. "I Love a Man In Uniform" is THUMPING from massive JBL speakers.

Vermicelli makes his way past the DJ, the PACKED CLUB, and into a back room that overlooks the club, through a large window.

130 INT. THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD - BACK OFFICE - DAY

130

Vermicelli enters the back office of the club, where MAL, the current Baghdad Prefect is entertaining GENERAL PAXTON with FIVE SEXY STRIPPERS. There's cocaine on the table, and it looks like the General has done his share. Lounging about the room are MAL'S MEN, hand picked ex-Foreign Legion guys. In the corner, an IRAQI ACCOUNTANT runs cash through a counting machine and makes notations into a ledger.

No one in the room seems happy to see Vermicelli.

VERMICELLI  
 Mal! Long time no see.

Vermicelli pulls up a chair and sits down at a table across from Mal. His men stand behind. They all seem a bit sweaty and edgy.

Mal snorts a pinch of coke as if it were snuff.

MAL  
 You've got a lot of balls showing your face around here.

(CONTINUED)

VERMICELLI

It's true, I do have a "lot of balls." Riding a bicycle is nearly impossible for me. It's like having two fists tucked up my ass -- but the chicks dig it, so...what're you gonna do?

MAL

Cut to the chase. What the fuck do you want?

VERMICELLI

Haven't you heard? Big Jerry made me Prefect. I'm now in charge of the Baghdad businesses, and since your boss met with an untimely demise, you and I are going to re-negotiate our narcotics deal.

MAL

Over my dead body.

VERMICELLI

That's...kind of the idea.

Suddenly, from the shadows where Mal's thugs are hanging out, we hear the COCKING OF WEAPONS.

VERMICELLI

Meet my new friends. This is Ali, Jef, and Kareem.

(he turns to them)

Guys, relax, take your coats off.

They do, revealing C4 suicide vests and intricate wiring. Each of the men has a parachute-like rip cord tightly clenched into their fists. They're all human bombs.

VERMICELLI

Guys, collect up their weapons.

The weapons are gathered, and Vermicelli is handed a particularly nasty looking ASSAULT RIFLE.

VERMICELLI

There. Now let's discuss our modified business plan--

Suddenly, there's a scuffle. ONE OF MAL'S THUGS has refused to give up his weapons, he's wrestling with Jef, trying to stop him from pulling his rip cord.

(CONTINUED)

Everyone freaks when the Jef starts yanking on his rip cord, but then -- nothing happens. In fact, the supposed explosive vest is pulled off, and all of the supposed C4 falls to the floor.

Everyone in the room looks at each other.

MAL

Idiots! It's not real explosives!

He throws open a drawer and goes for a hidden gun.

And that's when VERMICELLI OPENS FIRE -- shredding the room, and PLUGGING EVERYONE with bullets.

CUT TO:

131 EXT. BAGHDAD - GREEN ZONE - VARIOUS - DAY 131

Driver makes his way through Baghdad, until he comes to the Thief of Baghdad.

132 EXT. THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD - DAY 132

Driver gets out of his car and approaches the door. It's slightly ajar. He steps back and looks up at the Persian rug. Then approaches the door, and pushes it open. But something's blocking the door. He pushes harder--

133 INT. THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY 133

--Driver pushes the door open and sees that Abu, the man mountain bouncer, is laying on the floor, dead, half laying up against the door. He has a handgun in his hand, and a number of bullet holes in his body.

Driver registers this, picks up his handgun, and continues on down the stairs at the end of the hall and into the main floor of the club.

134 INT. THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD - MAIN FLOOR - DAY 134

Carnage. Dead bodies are everywhere. Dead soldiers, dead strippers, dead Iraqis. It's a mess. A few CRYING STRIPPERS have been left alive.

Then, suddenly, a gun is jammed into the back of Driver's head--

MAL

Don't fucking move!

Driver doesn't.

(CONTINUED)

MAL

Drop your gun.

He drops it.

DRIVER

It's...not even mine.

He's then pushed up against the wall. Mal looks like he's seen better days. He's been shot in the belly, and there's blood all over him. From the looks of it he's got .

MAL

I don't know you -- are you one of Vermicelli's men?!

He puts the barrel between his eyes.

DRIVER

No. But I'm trying to find him.

MAL

Connard! Tu pues le rat crevé!  
What do you want with that trou de cul?!

Driver slowly reaches up, and ever so gently, with one finger, pushes the barrel out of the way.

DRIVER

He killed my father.

Mal starts LAUGHING, and as he does we see that BLOOD is coming out of his mouth. He shakes his head--

MAL

You're too late.

Mal suddenly staggers backwards, steps back, and then collapses.

MAL

Oh, merde! MERDE!

He coughs up a lung full of blood. Driver kneels down to him.

DRIVER

That looks bad. You need to go to a hospital.

(CONTINUED)

MAL

(shaking his head)  
I'm already dead. The hospitals  
here will just make it happen  
faster.

DRIVER

You said I was too late -- why?

MAL

The U.S. Government has had it  
with that fucking dog. He's out  
of control.

Mal starts LAUGHING.

MAL

He did himself in.

DRIVER

Where is he? How do I find him?

He pulls Driver close to him.

MAL

It's too late -- they're launching  
a strike onto him. He'll be dead  
in twenty minutes.

CUT TO:

135 INT. OPERATIONAL COMMAND CENTER - DAY

135

A small, dark room loaded with all sorts of guidance and tracking computers that bathe the room in blue and green tech lighting. TWO CONTROLLERS sit at what look like air traffic control stations. An OPERATIONS COMMAND OFFICER comes into the room looking over some papers on a clipboard.

OPERATIONS COMMAND OFFICER

Just got an order over the wire  
for a strike. Looks like a  
terrorist training camp. Prepare  
to input coordinates...

CUT TO:

136 EXT. SOMEWHERE OVER THE PERSIAN GULF - AERIAL - DAY

136

A black B-2 STEALTH BOMBER is flying over the Persian Gulf. Its bomb-bay doors slowly open.

(CONTINUED)

B-2 PILOT (O.S.)  
Code six double-five three-two-one. Clear for strike. Launch to GPS coordinates.

(beat)  
Engage.

Suddenly a single TOMAHAWK CRUISE MISSILE drops from the bomb bay doors and IGNITES, suddenly SCREAMING toward its target on the mainland.

CUT TO:

137 INT. THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

137

Drive lifts Mal close to him, desperate.

DRIVER

Where?

Mal's starting to die -- the life is going out of his eyes.

DRIVER

I need to make sure. Where?!

MAL

The...al-Qasim...Pesticide  
Factory...

DRIVER

Where's that?!

MAL

In...Sadr...City...

Suddenly, Mal's eyes go glassy. He's dead. Driver takes Mal's watch, looks at the ticking clock -- 28 minutes and counting down--

CUT TO BLACK:

**"THE GAUNTLET"**

138 EXT. BAGHDAD/SADR CITY - BLOWN OUT BUILDING - DAY

138

A tall skeletal building on the outskirts of Sadr City. It overlooks the industrial districts and the deserts beyond. Perhaps this was once a productive office building, but now it's merely a shot up frame -- trashed and blown to nearly nothing.

Driver comes up onto the rooftop, to a helicopter pad that's covered with blown out chunks of concrete.

(CONTINUED)

Half the building facade crumpled inward, but this provides the best vantage point.

He takes a position and looks through his binoculars.

BINOCULAR POV:

Far in the distance is the warehouse. TILT DOWN to reveal VERMICELLI'S BLACK LANDROAMER pulling up to the warehouse. Vermicelli gets out of the vehicle, as does Kareem, Jef, and Ali. Jef isn't looking too good.

DRIVER

Sayonara, sucker.

But then, he sees another vehicle, approaching from a low ridge -- a WHITE SUV that reads: "PRESS" on the outside. Then, from his BINOCULAR POV we see that Lala is getting out of the vehicle--

DRIVER

What?! Shit!

139 EXT. SADR CITY - LOW RIDGE - DAY

139

Lala is standing outside of the vehicle, wearing her oversized "PRESS" flack jacket and helmet, waving around her.

LALA

Goddamnit, Phil. What do you mean we're lost?!

PHIL

(always carries his camera)  
I inputted the coordinates the informant told me, but the in-dash NAV guided us here...see.

He depresses a button on the NAV:

IN DASH NAV

(friendly, female)  
"You have reached your destination."

PHIL

Maybe I mis-entered the coordinates...sorry.

LALA

You really screwed us this time, Phil.

(checking her watch)  
Way to go.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

LALA (CONT'D)

I assured Marty we were gonna have something concrete. He's gonna be pissed. The Network's gonna be pissed. *I'm pissed!*

PHIL

I know, I know. I F'd up.

She gives up, shakes her head.

140 EXT. BAGHDAD/SADR CITY - BLOWN OUT BUILDING - DAY

140

BINOCULAR POV: Driver pans from Lala and Phil on the low ridge down to Vermicelli and the guys down by the warehouse.

141 EXT. PESTICIDE WAREHOUSE - DAY

141

Vermicelli is there with Stevo and Jacko, and Kareem and Ali, who're holding their bloody friend.

KAREEM

What are we doing here?! We need to go to hospital.

VERMICELLI

Why?!

ALI

Jef is bleeding to death.

STEVO

He does look pretty bad.

KAREEM

He's in a lot of pain.

Vermicelli takes out his Glock from the nape of his back and SHOTS JEF IN THE HEAD, killing him instantly. Kareem and Ali jump, stunned.

VERMICELLI

There. Problem solved. Happy?

142 EXT. BAGHDAD - RIDGE OVERLOOKING SADR CITY - DAY

142

Lala looks around.

LALA

You hear that?

Lala, binoculars in hand, walks briskly up the hillside toward the bushes and stops when she gets to the ridge. Phil, who always has his camera in hand, runs up behind her.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

Just down the slope from the ridgetop is the tattered and rusting, half shot-up PESTICIDE FACTORY from the pre-Saddam era.

LALA

Wait a sec...

Lala lifts her binoculars and takes a look:

143 EXT. PESTICIDE WAREHOUSE - LALA'S BINOCULAR POV - DAY

143

POV: A large Arabic logo is written in chipped paint on the side of a rusty steel building with the words "AL-QASIM PESTICIDE" in English just underneath it.

TILT POV DOWN TO: A large UN SEAL whose chain has been cut is laying in the dirt.

PAN POV OVER TO: Vermicelli is in a scuffle with Kareem and Ali, both who look like they're freaking out about the bloody body of their dead friend. Stevo and Jacko are holding automatic weapons in a stance that looks like it might get ugly.

LALA

Something's very wrong with this picture, Phil.

Lala lowers the binoculars, baffled.

Phil SHRUGS.

POV: While the Iraqi men are yelling at the mobsters, Vermicelli lifts his Glock, holds it to the back of the head of Kareem and FIRES.

LALA

Jesus!

Vermicelli then quickly pivots and FIRES A SECOND SHOT into the head of the other man. He falls backwards onto the first. He then gives Jef a nudge with his foot to see if he needs to blow him away, but Jef seems to be dead.

LALA

Tell me you're getting this.

Phil, his eye glued to his camera eyepiece in astonished amazement, nods.

LALA

We're back on the news tonight, Phil. It's ratings time.

144 EXT. BAGHDAD/SADR CITY - BLOWN OUT BUILDING - DAY 144

Driver lowers his binoculars, briefly--

DRIVER

Get out of there. Get out of there.

145 EXT. BAGHDAD - RIDGE OVERLOOKING SADR CITY - DAY 145

Suddenly, Lala sees Vermicelli looking right at her, who immediately turns and BARKS SOME ORDERS to Stevo and Jacko. They all hop into an OPEN HUMVEE and barrel on up toward Lala and her cameraman.

PHIL

Um...they're coming.

As they speed toward them, Lala points to the chest of her flak jacket "PRESS" and then holds up the badge she wears around her neck.

LALA

Press! U.S. Press! I'm Lala  
Black with the Lynx News Network!  
We're here covering a story!

Suddenly, Vermicelli, who's standing in the back of the vehicle, OPENS FIRE with a COLT M4A1 SOPMOD assault rifle. A STREAM OF BULLETS first STITCH THROUGH THE SAND and then right up Phil's middle, OPENING HIM UP LIKE A CHRISTMAS HAM. Phil is dead before he hits the sand, but he stood his ground and never stopped taping.

Lala SCREAMS.

LALA

Press! Press!

In an instant Stevo and Jacko jump out of the Hummer and with a run slam the butt of their rifles into Lala's face, popping her nose like a spoiled tomato--

146 EXT. BAGHDAD/SADR CITY - BLOWN OUT BUILDING - DAY 146

POV: Vermicelli and his guys put Lala into the back of the Humvee and drive her back down into the warehouse.

Driver frantically checks his watch -- 5 minutes to go.

DRIVER

Fuck!

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

He gets up and runs down the stairs to the car--

CUT TO:

147 EXT. THE IRAQI DESERT - DAY

147

An IRAQI SHEPHERD is walking with his FLOCK OF SHEEP, when suddenly the CRUISE MISSILE comes SCREAMING PAST -- sending his FLOCK scrambling in all directions. He raises his fist in the air and shakes it angrily.

CUT TO:

148 INT. DRIVER'S RENTAL - BAGHDAD/SADR CITY - MOVING - DAY

148

Driver is racing as fast as he can through the city streets to reach the warehouse. He turns a corner--

149 EXT. BAGHDAD/SADR CITY - DRIVER'S RENTAL - MOVING - DAY

149

Driver comes to a VICIOUS FIREFIGHT between U.S. ARMY FORCES and UNSEEN INSURGENTS. They're basically firing 50mm guns into a building. Driver barrels right through the line of fire--

150 INT. DRIVER'S RENTAL - BAGHDAD/SADR CITY - MOVING - DAY

150

It's chaos in the car as Driver swerves around to avoid the heavy fire -- but bullets are piercing the vehicle, POPPING large holes in the side panels. Amazingly, Driver isn't hit -- but he's now having trouble negotiating turns.

151 EXT. DRIVER'S RENTAL - BAGHDAD/SADR CITY - MOVING - DAY

151

The tires to the car are blown off -- and it looks like Swiss cheese. Sparks are flying and he's unable to go faster than 15 mph.

Driver jumps out of the car, without even bothering to brake, and looks around for any kind of vehicle -- but it's slim pickings.

A small, beat-up TOYOTA TERCEL full of FREAKED OUT LOCALS drives by, trying to get the hell out of the neighborhood since the Marines are having a firefight, drives around the corner. Driver jumps in front of the car.

DRIVER

Stop!

But they don't stop. They actually speed up and HIT HIM, knocking him across the hood and onto the ground before SPEEDING OFF.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

Driver jumps up and with a slight limp runs toward the only vehicle nearby: an 8-WHEELED STRYKER with a .50 Caliber machine gun mounted on top and "THE NEGOTIATOR" written onto the side.

Driver checks his watch, knows he has no other options, and goes for it.

The Marines engaged in the FIREFIGHT have all their attention on the building they're shooting up, except for one soldier who's standing prone at the rear of the vehicle.

DRIVER

Sorry, brother!

Driver grabs him, throws him to the ground, and hops into the vehicle -- SLAMMING THE DOOR behind him.

152 INT. STRYKER - DAY

152

He takes a seat in the overly complex cockpit, trying to make sense of the banks of lights and multiple control elements.

153 EXT. BAGHDAD - SADR CITY FIREFIGHT - DAY

153

Suddenly, the massive vehicle LERCHES backwards, briefly driving into the firefight and causing massive commotion. Then, it corrects itself, and SPEEDS away, leaving everyone in its dust.

154 INT. STRYKER - SADR CITY - VARIOUS - MOVING - DAY

154

Driver wheels through Sadr City, watching everything in front and behind on infrared monitors.

155 EXT. SADR CITY - VARIOUS - MOVING - DAY

155

One thing's for sure, the Stryker goes FAST. It's blazing across the vast and abandoned industrial district that leads to the warehouse.

CUT TO:

156 INT. PESTICIDE WAREHOUSE - DAY

156

Lala is thrown onto the ground. What looks like the cast of the Sopranos surround her -- FAT MEN WITH CIGARS.

VERMICELLI

Who wants to go first?

(CONTINUED)

I do.

STEVO

Me too.

JACKO

Stevo steps forward, but Vermicelli stops him.

VERMICELLI  
I meant "first after me."

Stevo's cellphone RINGS.

VERMICELLI  
If that's Big Jerry, tell him I'm  
gonna be busy for the next six  
hours fucking the living shit out  
of a Lynx News Network hottie.  
Then I'll call him back.

STEVO  
Uh...it's our mole in Strategic  
Air Command.

Vermicelli stops, thinks about it, then takes the phone.

VERMICELLI  
Give me that.  
(answering)  
Yeah.  
(beat)  
What are you talking about?  
(beat)  
A cruise missile?! When?!

He looks at his watch.

Suddenly, the NEGOTIATOR CRASHES IN THROUGH THE WALL OF THE BUILDING. It's asses and elboes as the mob guys grab their weapons and aim them at the Stryker.

Suddenly, the .50 Caliber turret atop the vehicle WEIRS around and aims at the men--

157 INT. STRYKER - PESTICIDE WAREHOUSE - DAY

157

Driver has everyone lined up in digitally enhanced infrared sights.

DRIVER  
Aloha, hoy.

He depresses a RED TRIGGER on the joystick--

158 INT. PESTICIDE WAREHOUSE -- DAY

158

The .50 Caliber guns suddenly FLARE ALIVE WITH WEAPONS FIRE, SHREDDING everything with deadly accuracy -- killing everyone around Lala.

VERMICELLI, however, was smart enough to have taken a prone position behind some pallets of stolen goods. He takes an RPG and takes aim--

A SHOWER OF BULLETS sprays out from the sides of the Stryker's guns, like a fountain of spent shells. There's so much gunfire that the walls are nearly gone.

Smoke fills the room.

159 INT. STRYKER - PESTICIDE WAREHOUSE - DAY

159

Through the infrared monitors the room is perfectly clear. Lala's form is fairly obvious, and the few mobsters still standing are DISMEMBERED BY GUNFIRE, the infrared representations of their limbs are blown free from their torsos. Ducks in a barrel.

The MONITOR SIGHT swings around to the pallets of boxes, just in time to see the FORM OF VERMICELLI pointing something at it.

160 INT. PESTICIDE WAREHOUSE - DAY

160

Vermicelli fires the RPG he was holding, sending a SCREAMING ROCKET through the warehouse and right into the turret of the Stryker.

BOOM!

161 INT. STRYKER - PESTICIDE WAREHOUSE - DAY

161

The top turret is blown right off the vehicle -- just above Driver's head -- leaving it open like a skylight.

162 INT. PESTICIDE WAREHOUSE - DAY

162

Vermicelli runs out through a hole in the wall created by the machine gun fire. He's dragging a duffel with him.

Driver jumps out of the Stryker, and jumps down -- running through the gunpowder smoke which fills the warehouse. He eventually comes to Lala.

DRIVER

Are you okay?!

(CONTINUED)

LALA  
(after an appropriately  
astonished beat)  
Does it look like I'm okay?!

DRIVER  
Good.

He picks up an AK-47 from the ground, off of one of the dead mobsters.

163 EXT. PESTICIDE WAREHOUSE - DAY

163

Vermicelli has just finished loading up a small Cessna. He's just about to get in when someone starts shooting at him.

He turns to see Driver, firing an AK-47 toward him. He jumps into the plane, SLAMMING the door behind him.

DRIVER

Runs toward the Cessna as it's starting to take off. He fires his AK, but it's just not close enough.

The Cessna takes off, wobbly as it lifts into the air.

Driver FIRES until his clip runs out.

Then, his phone RINGS. He looks at it, angrily: "DAD."  
He answers it.

DRIVER  
You sonofabitch!

INTERCUT with Vermicelli in the Cessna.

VERMICELLI  
You've ruined my business here --  
I'm gonna be happy to see you die.

Driver looks at his watch. One minute and counting. He looks over the hill, there's the Cruise Missile coming--

Vermicelli is LAUGHING as the plane flies away over the ridge...

Driver starts running until he's with Lala -- it's going to be impossible to get away -- the missile is coming up too fast.

They instinctively hug--

And the missile FLIES RIGHT PAST.

(CONTINUED)

They release each other and look. The missile has overshot them, but is now making a wide arc upwards. It's going to LOOP AROUND AND COME STRAIGHT DOWN into the center of the building.

LALA

Bunker buster....BUNKER BUSTER!

DRIVER

Let's go!

They run to the Stryker and jump into it.

Driver starts it up and they begin barreling away--

164 INT. STRYKER - PESTICIDE WAREHOUSE - DAY

164

Lala looks up out of the "sunroof" -- the missile is coming.

LALA

Go. Go. Go go go go!

165 EXT. SKY ABOVE THE PESTICIDE WAREHOUSE - DAY

165

The cruise missile's wide arc reaches its apex, and it now plummets straight down toward the warehouse. Below we can see the Stryker tearing its way out of the building and making as much distance as it can.

It soars down at an accelerated speed, right into ground zero--

--A MONSTROUS EXPLOSION -- a BUNKER BUSTER.

Devastation of wicked intensity. The earth actually bubbles up, causing the highway to lift and ripple outward, snapping at the limo as it rides the SHOCKWAVE -- barely escaping.

166 INT. STRYKER - MOVING - DAY

166

Lala's eyes are as wide as saucers as she watches the aftermath of the detonation behind them. On the BRIGHTNESS OF THE EXPLOSION we--

FADE TO WHITE:

"NEW YORK, NEW YORK, U.S.A"

167 EXT. NEW YORK, USA - VARIOUS - DAY 167

We SOAR TOWARD MANHATTAN and into the skyline of the Big Apple to the beat of "New York U.S.A." by Serge Gainsbourg.

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS WE SEE: The Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center, the International Building, The Waldorf Astoria, The Pan American Building, and...the Bank of Manhattan.

168 INT. BANK OF MANHATTAN - VARIOUS - DAY 168

Deep below the bank, surrounded by a well-carpeted MAZE OF CONCRETE REINFORCED CHAMBERS, under ARMED GUARD, is the SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX VAULT.

169 INT. BANK OF MANHATTAN - SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX VAULT - DAY 169

CLOSE ON: The duffel bag is unzipped and opened, revealing well North of \$250 million dollars.

TIMMY VERMICELLI is looking like he's had better days. He takes several wads of money out of the duffel, pockets them and then opens a large safety deposit box. Inside of it are TWO MAC 10 submachine guns in a shoulder holster harness. He takes the guns out, places the money in, and then locks the safety deposit box.

He puts the harness on and COCKS the guns. Ready to rumble.

CUT TO:

170 EXT. NEW YORK - PAYPHONE - DAY 170

Vermicelli is on a payphone. Vermicelli is waiting -- someone on the other end picks up.

VERMICELLI

It's Timmy. Yeah. I want back in.

(beat)

You think I don't know that? I've got tribute money to make up for it.

(beat)

Name the time and place.

CUT TO:

- 171 EXT. JERSEY IMPORT EXPORT CORPORATION - DAY 171  
 Big Jerry walks out of the warehouse with Stevo. They climb into separate cars. Big Jerry gets into his GIANT WHITE EXCURSION SUV and takes off.  
 Across the street -- a BLACK BMW...
- 172 INT. BLACK BMW - JERSEY IMPORT EXPORT CORPORATION - DAY 172  
 Driver and Lala are sitting in a black BMW, staking out the Jersey Import Export Corporation.  
 LALA  
 That's him. Big Jerry.  
 Driver starts up the car and starts following him.
- 173 EXT. NEW JERSEY - STREETS - VARIOUS - DAY 173  
 The BMW follows big Jerry at a reasonable distance so as not to attract attention.
- 174 INT. BMW - STREETS OF NEW JERSEY - MOVING - DAY 174  
 Driver is focused.  
 LALA  
 Keep a discreet distance.  
 DRIVER  
 I know how to drive.
- 175 EXT. NEW JERSEY - STREETS - VARIOUS - DAY 175  
 They follow Big Jerry to his house...  
 CUT TO:
- 176 EXT. BIG JERRY'S HOUSE - DAY 176  
 Big Jerry parks in the driveway, not noticing the BMW down the street. He walks into his house.  
 CUT TO:
- 177 INT. BIG JERRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 177  
 Big Jerry walks in, sees a note on the counter: "You forgot Parent-Teacher night!"  
 BIG JERRY  
 Fuckin' nag.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

177

He opens the fridge, sees a roasted pig on a platter. Mmmm. Good. He starts digging into it while it's still in the fridge. Finally, he decides to take it out and properly eat some, and when he closes the door--

--a gun is aimed at his face. It's Driver.

CUT TO:

178 INT. BIG JERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

178

Lala has just strip tied Big Jerry's wrists. Big Jerry looks at her like he's gonna bend her over a log and go to town.

DRIVER

Let's make this quick, so you can get back to stuffing your face with pork.

He looks to Driver.

BIG JERRY

I don't know you.

(he looks to Lala)

But you -- you look familiar to me. Do we know each other?

She SPITS onto him. He contains his extreme fury and wipes it from his eye. He turns to Driver.

BIG JERRY

You know who I am?

DRIVER

Yeah -- I know who you are.

BIG JERRY

Then you must also know that you're as good as dead. And blondie over here can expect a good hard fucking from twenty of Jersey's finest before she's put out of her misery.

LALA

Shoot his kneecap.

DRIVER

What?

LALA

Shoot his fucking kneecap!

(CONTINUED)

Driver complies, BLASTING Big Jerry's kneecap with a single shot.

BIG JERRY  
Aaaaaiiii! FUCK!

LALA  
Now fucking shut up and listen!

Big Jerry nods, quivering in pain.

DRIVER  
I'm looking for one of your boys.

BIG JERRY  
Did Vincenzo send you? 'Cause  
I'll pay ten times what that cheap  
fuck is paying if you--

BLAM! Driver shoots his other kneecap clean off. It hangs by a thread.

DRIVER  
She said to shut up and listen.

Big Jerry, totally tweaking with pain, folds the kneecap back on, and looks up at Driver and Lala.

BIG JERRY  
Wh--what...the fuck...do you  
psychos...want?

DRIVER  
Timmy Vermicelli.

BIG JERRY  
Is that what this is about?!  
Timmy Vermicelli?!

DRIVER  
I want to know where he is?

BIG JERRY  
You -- you're that cop's son,  
aren't you? Tanner?  
(turning to Lala)  
And you...you're that reporter  
woman -- from LNN.

Lala lifts the camera, lining up her shot.

(CONTINUED)

BIG JERRY

Hey -- enough with the paparazzi bullshit. I ain't gonna say shit on tape.

Driver presses the barrel of the gun into Big Jerry's crotch.

DRIVER

Fine. Pictures speak louder than words, anyway.

(to Lala)

Go in for a close up.

He CLICKS back the hammer.

BIG JERRY

Whoa!

DRIVER

Where can I find Vermicelli?

BIG JERRY

Jesus H., why didn't you just ask? You didn't have to cripple me. We want him dead as much as you do. He fucked up the Baghdad operation big time. Reached too far. Started stealing from our partners, the frogs, not to mention violating our agreements with the Feds.

LALA

Are you saying you didn't know he was stealing money meant to rebuild the country? That you didn't know about what he was doing with me? That he was working with terrorists?

BIG JERRY

Lady -- I was born and raised here. I love my country. I'm a patriot. I never liked that ratfuck, Vermicelli. He'd sell out his own mother. We sent him to Baghdad because we thought we'd get him out of the way -- that he wouldn't last a friggin' week. How could we know he'd score the way he did? But believe me, we want him dead as much as you do.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

Somehow I doubt that. Where is he?

BIG JERRY

I don't know--

LALA

Blow his dick off!

BIG JERRY

I don't know!

LALA

He's lying! Blow his fucking dick off! Do it!

Driver shrugs.

DRIVER

Well...okay--

BIG JERRY

Stop! We're supposed to meet him on Dock 6 at the Jersey Port. Tomorrow morning at 9AM. He's buying his way back in -- but we we're gonna do the hit anyway...so you don't gotta worry about it.

CUT TO:

179 EXT. BIG JERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

179

Lala and Driver come out of Big Jerry's house and toward the car.

LALA

You should have killed him.

DRIVER

Listen to you. Christ, I shot the man twice in the knees. He told us what we needed to hear. I didn't need to kill him.

LALA

He's a mobster! They lie. If it had been me, I'd have laid him down after what he put me through.

(CONTINUED)

.DRIVER

Just trust me.

(shaking his head)

Remind me never to piss you off.

He gets into the car and they drive off.

CUT TO:

180 INT. BIG JERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

180

Big Jerry is struggling with his bleeding knees, when suddenly, Vermicelli steps into the room. He's holding one of the Mac-10 machine pistols in his hand.

VERMICELLI

Big Jerry.

BIG JERRY

Ohmygod, Timmy.

VERMICELLI

So...you were planning to hit me tomorrow?

BIG JERRY

No, Timmy.

VERMICELLI

That's what I heard. That's what you said.

BIG JERRY

Look at my knees, Timmy! I said what I had to say!

VERMICELLI

Oh, really?

Vermicelli's other hand is holding an orange nylon rope. It's wound into a loop on one end -- the other end runs down the hallway.

VERMICELLI

The question is, did you tell the truth?

BIG JERRY

Of course not! I was settin' a trap!

Vermicelli puts the nylon rope noose around Big Jerry's neck and tightens it. He then starts to walk out.

(CONTINUED)

BIG JERRY  
 Whatthefuck, Timmy?

Vermicelli's gone, leaving Big Jerry sitting there. He tries to undo the noose around his neck, but his hands are tied.

Then, in the background he hears the SCREECHING OF TIRES BURNING RUBBER.

BIG JERRY  
 Oh shit--

Suddenly, the ROPE LOSES ALL SLACK and Big Jerry is jerked out of his chair and dragged out of the room and down the hallway--

181 INT. BIG JERRY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 181

Big Jerry's being dragged through the house -- he hits a wall, denting the sheetrock, and is then pulled right toward a sliding glass door that leads into the back yard. But the sliding glass door is only open a crack -- and Jerry SMASHES THROUGH THE GLASS--

182 EXT. BIG JERRY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY 182

Big Jerry is pulled by the rope through some lawn furniture and into the swimming pool. His fatness keeps him afloat. He STRIKES THE COPING, and POPS INTO THE AIR briefly -- lands on the lawn and keeps going -- hitting a tree and then SMASHING THROUGH A GATE.

183 EXT. NEW JERSEY - ALLEY - DAY 183

Big Jerry is being dragged by Vermicelli, in a 70'S HEMICUDA -- tied to the bumper by the long nylon rope.

184 INT. HEMICUDA - STREETS OF NEW JERSEY - MOVING - DAY 184

Vermicelli is LAUGHING. He pops some music into the stereo...Tont Bennett.

185 EXT. NEW JERSEY - STREETS - VARIOUS - DAY 185

Big Jerry is dragged through the streets of New Jersey, HITTING MAILBOXES and SIDEWALK CURBS and PARKED CARS and generally being dragged along until he doesn't look like much more than a big, fat, blob of gristle. Then the rope breaks--

SNAP!

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

185

Big Jerry is THROWN TUMBLING by momentum into a large dumpster. The Hemicuda continues on, its RADIO BLARING...

CUT TO BLACK:

"AUTOMATIC"

186 INT. BMW - STREETS OF JERSEY - MOVING - SUNSET

186

Lala is looking out the window.

LALA

Should not have left him there.  
Should have put that porker out of  
his misery.

Driver's pissed off. He looks over to Lala, who's looking out the window.

DRIVER

Put on your seatbelt.

She looks at him, and then looks away, disregarding him.

DRIVER

I said put on your seatbelt. I  
don't drive with anyone unless  
they wear their seatbelt.

LALA

I don't wear seatbelts.

DRIVER

What if we're in an accident,  
goddamnit?! You'd go through the  
windshield.

LALA

You read all the time about people  
who're thrown from the car and to  
safety, while people with  
seatbelts on get trapped in the  
burning wreckage.

DRIVER

I'm not kidding. Put on your  
seatbelt.

LALA

No.

Driver SLAMS on the brakes.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

I will not drive with you unless  
you're wearing your seatbelt.

LALA

Fine.

Furious. Driver gets out of the car and SLAMS the door.  
He starts walking away from the car. Lala gets into the  
driver's seat.

187 EXT. NEW JERSEY - STREETS OF JERSEY - DAY

187

Driver is walking in the shoulder of the turnpike.  
Suddenly, from alongside him, the BMW JERKS INTO FRAME.  
She's popped the clutch. She starts up the car again,  
tries to go, and--

KLUNK!

The clutch jerks again, lurching the car forward.

Driver stands there, watching her struggle with driving  
away.

DRIVER

Don't you know how to drive a  
stick shift?

LALA

No. I never learned.

DRIVER

How could you never learn?

LALA

It wasn't ever a priority. We  
always had automatics.

DRIVER

You've got to be kidding me.

She tries again and the car LURCHES to a stop.

LALA

Do I look like I'm kidding you?

Driver looks at her, beautiful in the car.

CUT TO:

188 INT. BMW - STREETS OF NEW JERSEY - SUNSET

188

Driver is sitting next to Lala. The car has just JERKED TO A STOP. She's frustrated.

DRIVER

You'll get it. You just need to ease off on the clutch just as you apply the gas.

LALA

I just don't get why anyone would have a manual transmission anymore when you can get automatic.

DRIVER

I don't like having the machine think for me. I don't like automatic transmissions, and I don't like gearbox synchronizers. Give me a straight-cut any day. Heal-and-toe, baby. Heal-and-toe.

She nods.

LALA

So it's a control thing.

DRIVER

Precisely.

LALA

I can relate to that.

She reaches down, OFF CAMERA, and takes hold of his package...Driver's eyes widen.

LALA

So we start with the stick shift in neutral. Then what?

DRIVER

Well...um, you always start with first. So press down on the clutch and--

LALA

Jam it in?

She jerks her hand.

DRIVER

Ah! Gentle. Don't strip your gears.

(CONTINUED)

-LALA

Then second?

She starts moving her hand again.

DRIVER

Not so fast--

LALA

Can I go straight to fifth?

DRIVER

You need to build your RPM's first.

LALA

Oh -- like this?

DRIVER

Yeah...that's one way of doing it.

Suddenly, they lock in a kiss.

CUT TO:

189 EXT. MANHATTAN - THE LUXE - NIGHT

189

The BMW erratically pulls up to Lala's apartment building, a beautiful highrise in Manhattan, and into the parking garage.

190 INT. THE LUXE - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

190

The BMW swerves around in the garage, and then pulls into a spot, CLIPPING another car as it parks. The door opens up and Driver and Lala fall out, kissing.

CUT TO:

191 INT. THE LUXE - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

191

The doors open up and Lala and Driver, locked in a passionate, deep kiss and embrace, practically fall into the elevator and against the wall. Lala, clearly an aggressive kisser, pushes Driver back against the elevator wall -- he in turn spins with her around until her buttocks inadvertently depresses every button, lighting them all up like a Christmas tree.

DING!

The door opens on the 3TH FLOOR -- Lala is clawing at Driver's clothes, ripping at the buttons of his shirt--

(CONTINUED)

DING!

The door opens on the 7TH FLOOR -- Driver has her bra off and is frantically trying to undo her bra while she bites his earlobes--

DING!

The door opens on the 10TH FLOOR, revealing Driver, his pants down around his ankles, madly humping Lala up against the wall, her leg wrapped around him Lotus style. An OLD LADY who was waiting for the elevator stands there, smiling, until the door closes again.

DING!

The door opens on the 15TH FLOOR -- Driver's holding Lala up and stumbling around the elevator as she rides him.

DING!

Some STODGY WELL TO DO TENANTS widen their eyes when the doors open.

Lala and Driver are covering their naughty bits with bunches of clothes. They smile, and walk out of the elevator past them.

STODGY TENANT

(as the doors close)

I can assure you that this will be brought up at the co-op meeting!

HIS WIFE

Let them be!

Lala and Driver run bare-ass to her apartment.

CUT TO:

192 INT. THE LUXE - LALA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

192

The sheets are totally pulled over Lala and Driver, and from all the activity going on we'd be sure that there are at least five or six people under there.

UNDER THE SHEETS

Driver and Lala climax, then slow down and simply kiss. Then, Driver's cellphone RINGS. He looks at the caller ID: "Unknown." He DECLINES the call, and then kisses Lala again.

193 INT. THE LUXE - LALA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 193

SLOWLY TRACK OUT of Lala's bedroom, and into the living room of her highrise apartment. The room is dark, the cool light of the night moon bathes the room in a deep blue. Their clothes still on the floor...

The SHOT WIDENS until we're right alongside the front door. The knob slowly begins to turn, and then -- quietly -- it opens up.

Then, slowly, A MOB HITMAN with greasy long hair creeps in, led by the barrel of his XM8 Compact Assault Rifle.

194 INT. THE LUXE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 194

Outside of Lala's front door, we see that there's FOUR MORE HITMEN (5 total) and Vermicelli, who's sporting twin MAC M10's. He has a huge smile on his face that borders bitter and venomous. The hitmen begin slowly and silently entering the apartment.

195 INT. THE LUXE - LALA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 195

The first hitman who entered is now being followed by two others...then a fourth -- then the fifth. They fan out, securing the living room, very commando-like, as the lead man moves toward the bedroom. There's a SERIES OF HAND SIGNALS toward the bedroom, and then suddenly--

196 INT. THE LUXE - LALA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 196

He jumps into the room and FIRES THE AUTOMATIC WEAPON into the bed, blowing it to shreds. FEATHERS are instantly everywhere.

He THROWS THE LIGHTS revealing--

--that the bed is empty, stuffed with pillows to appear as though someone was in it. He quickly turns to the other hitmen.

HITMAN #1

The bed's empty!

Suddenly--

BLAM!

A bullet passes through his neck, SPRAYING A GUSH OF BLOOD onto the hitman just behind him.

(CONTINUED)

WHIP PAN TO: Driver is standing in the closet, with Lala behind him, buck naked, holding his crotch in one hand and the gun in the other.

BLAM!

A second shot, and the blood splattered hitman pirouettes around in a circle -- SPRAYING MACHINE GUN FIRE across the room, SHATTERING ALL THE WINDOWS and HITTING ONE OF HIS OWN MEN IN THE HEAD. In an instant the room is suddenly filled with STRONG WINDS and the man who was hit stumbles backwards and falls out of the non-existent windows -- falling to his death.

The GURGLING HITMAN tries to sit up and aims his XM8 at Driver.

Driver, one hand covering his balls and the other holding the gun, wastes no time in shooting the man dead. But he's wearing a vest so Driver needs to UNLOAD ALL HIS ROUNDS into him to lay him down.

The handgun is out of ammo, he throws it to the floor and picks up the XM8 from the dead man--

Then--

BRATATATATATAAATTTTAAAT!

MACHINE GUN FIRE from Vermicelli and two other hitmen at the hallway door EXPLODES DRYWALL all around Driver. He ducks back behind the wall -- but they're advancing from the living room.

VERMICELLI

Get some! Get some!

Driver, naked but holding the XM8, steps briefly out into the living room. One of the shot-up men on the ground GROANS and tries to aim a handgun at Driver -- but he mercilessly GUNS HIM DEAD. He then aims at Vermicelli, who ducks back into the hallway -- BLAMBLAMBLAM!

Driver's gone completely psycho at this point. He's making his way through the apartment, buck naked, and ENGAGING IN MICRO-FIREFIGHTS with the hitmen. He runs out of ammo -- no problem -- he throws the gun to the ground.

Driver looks to the closest gun, a Binelli shotgun in the hands of one of the dead thugs. He starts BLASTING HUGE HOLES into the wall around the door with the automatic shotgun.

197 INT. THE LUXE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

197

A shotgun blast opens up a part of the wall, BLOWING one of the hitmen against the opposite side of the hall. He's dead instantly. With every BLAST, another HOLE opens in the wall.

Vermicelli looks to the last remaining hitman.

VERMICELLI

What are you waiting for?! Go in there and get him!

The hitman nods and just as he turns the corner to run in, a huge BLAST BLOWS HIM OFF HIS FEET.

Vermicelli, thinking the better of valor, lifts his Mac-10's and slowly walks backwards down the hallway, aiming at the apartment door.

Then, a FIGURE jumps out -- and Vermicelli unloads both clips into it -- but it's not Driver, it's one of his own men.

VERMICELLI

Whoops!

Realizing that he has no clips in the Mac-10's, Vermicelli quickly presses the DOWN button on the elevator.

198 INT. THE LUXE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

198

Driver runs into the hallway just as the ELEVATOR DINGS and the doors open. Vermicelli sees him and jumps in just as DRIVER FIRES THE SHOTGUN at him while running toward him -- a near miss.

199 INT. THE LUXE - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

199

The door to the elevator closes, with Vermicelli gripping his bleeding buttocks, just as Driver runs up to them.

VERMICELLI

This ain't over!

BOOM! Driver has shot the Binelli right through the doors. Tiny holes in a narrow spread.

Vermicelli quickly presses P1, for the Garage.

VERMICELLI

Ha -- Ha -- Ha!

(CONTINUED)

199 CONTINUED:

199

BOOM! Another BLAST through the elevator -- Vermicelli ducks -- then the elevator begins descending.

200 INT. THE LUXE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

200

Driver is breathing heavy, holding the shotgun down low. He can hear Vermicelli LAUGHING as he goes down. He looks to the stairwell, and then hears LALA SCREAM.

He runs to the room, dropping the shotgun and grabbing the .45 of one of the dead thugs in the hallway.

201 INT. THE LUXE - LALA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

201

The sun is just starting to rise, bathing the skyrise in a dim orange glow. Standing in the living room is one of VERMICELLI'S THUGS, and he has Lala at gunpoint. The man is pretty shot up, and had been left for dead.

Driver has his gun aimed at the man, but Lala is in front of him and he's holding her too close.

VERMICELLI'S THUG

Drop the gun!

DRIVER

No!

Lala gives him a look "are you serious?!"

VERMICELLI'S THUG

I'll kill her! I'm serious,  
I'll...

Then the thug looks at Driver kind of funny. Driver looks down briefly at his own crotch, and though we don't see it, he has an erection.

DRIVER

What?! You've never had morning  
wood?

BLAM! With the guy distracted, Driver fires his gun and PEGS HIM BETWEEN THE EYES. He falls to the floor.

LALA

Sonofabitch! He could have had a  
reflex reaction and shot me.

DRIVER

Reflex? I don't think so.

Suddenly, the dead man FIRES HIS GUN...a delayed reflex.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

201

Lala looks back to Driver, pops her eyes: "see!?"

Then, Driver's phone RINGS. Driver runs up to it. "DAD"  
He answers.

202 INT. MERCEDES - THE LUXE - PARKING GARAGE - MOVING -- NIGHT 202

Vermicelli is gassing the Mercedes, SCREECHING through the garage, on his way up to the exit.

VERMICELLI

Guess who.

203 INT. THE LUXE - LALA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAWN 203

INTERCUT with Driver in Lala's apartment, pacing like a caged animal.

DRIVER

Motherfucker.

204 INT. MERCEDES - THE LUXE - PARKING GARAGE - MOVING -- DAWN 204

VERMICELLI

Never knew her, but once I kill you I might just hunt her down make a point of becoming one.

DRIVER

You're a coward.

VERMICELLI

Hey, he who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day.

POV: Suddenly, a car backs up out of a space and Vermicelli SMASHES INTO IT. Now, his engine won't start.

VERMICELLI

Fuck! I gotta go, later.

He snaps his phone shut.

205 INT. THE LUXE - PARKING GARAGE - DAWN 205

Vermicelli hops out of the car and briskly walks up to the car that was backing out, a CADILLAC DEVILLE. In it, an OLD WOMAN is looking rather flustered.

OLD WOMAN

I'm so sorry. I didn't see you coming, and I--

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED:

205

Vermicelli throws open her door, yanks her out of the car, throws her to the cement, and gets into the car. Starts driving again.

206 INT. THE LUXE - LALA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAWN 206

Driver is pacing the apartment, looking down to the street level -- 15 floors below.

207 INT. CADILLAC DEVILLE - THE LUXE - PARKING GARAGE - DAWN 207

He SCREECHES toward the exit of the parking garage and to the street.

208 INT. THE LUXE - LALA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAWN 208

Driver sees the Cadillac pull out of the parking garage at street level.

DRIVER

You bastard -- you killed my father -- I'm comin' for you.

He tosses the phone to Lala, runs to the bedroom, pulls off the mattress, and drags it to the window. He looks down -- it's a long way.

LALA

What are you doing?

Driver kisses her.

DRIVER

Later.

And with that he drops the mattress, while holding onto it, out the window. Lala runs up to the ledge to see--

209 OUTSIDE THE BUILDING 209

Driver falls, on the mattress, down through the air, slowing his fall, and actually sailing a bit -- controlled falling, really -- right toward the Cadillac.

He lands onto it with a THUD--

210 INT. CADILLAC DEVILLE - STREETS OF MANHATTAN - DAWN 210

The sunroof to the Cadillac EXPLODES GLASS inward, and Vermicelli, not fully knowing what's going on, instinctively gasses it.

The mattress falls off, behind the car, but suddenly Driver, fully naked, is crawling into the car with him.

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED:

210

VERMICELLI

What the--

He goes for his gun, but Driver is onto him.

211 EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - VARIOUS - MOVING - DAWN 211

The Cadillac swerves wildly from lane to lane, SIDESWIPING into the occasional morning COMMUTER.

212 INT. CADILLAC DEVILLE - STREETS OF MANHATTAN - DAWN 212

Driver is holding Vermicelli's gun hand, and punching him with the other. The two men WRESTLE and FIGHT as the car careens out of control through the city--

213 EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - ALLEY - DAWN 213

The car jumps a median -- STROBING SLO MO -- and drives into a narrow alley, full of produce boxes, dumpsters, and various other debris. He plows through it all, gloriously smashing everything in his path...including SEVERAL HOMELESS MEN huddled around a burning trash can.

Occasionally, the alley opens up into a cross street full of criss-crossing traffic -- and amazingly just barrels on into the next continuation of the alley.

The car is careening down the alley, SMASHING into alternate sides of the alley

Ahead, several BUMS jump out of the way as the Cadillac SMASHES INTO a trashcan of burning garbage -- dragging it along. Suddenly, the entire car BURSTS INTO FLAMES, turning it into a totally consumed FIREBALL--

214 INT. CADILLAC DEVILLE - ALLEY - DAWN 214

The two men fight, scrape, and claw at each other -- with VERMICELLI'S GUN FIRING occasionally into the roof of the car. Suddenly, one of the shots CLIPS DRIVER in the side, passing right through him.

Vermicelli, relishing this moment, aims the gun at Driver.

VERMICELLI

Time to die!

The entire outside of the car is overwhelmed by WHIPPING FLAMES -- and neither man sees where the alley comes out:

215 EXT. HUDSON RIVER - DAWN

215

The Cadillac comes barreling out of the alley at what must be 90 miles per hour, crosses the West Side Highway and SOARS for what seems like an eternity -- landing into the Hudson with a TREMENDOUS SPLASH.

216 INT. CADILLAC DEVILLE - HUDSON RIVER - SINKING - DAY

216

Vermicelli never gets his shot off --

The car is upside down and sinking, it's filling with water. Driver and Vermicelli are seriously rattled -- but Vermicelli is panicking.

VERMICELLI

Oh, shit. Oh shit, oh shit, oh  
shit...I can't swim! I CAN'T  
SWIM!

DRIVER

I can.

Driver tries to go under, to swim through the window, but Vermicelli won't allow it. He grabs onto Driver's foot -- starts biting his toes. Driver kicks him with his foot, and then resurfaces -- PUNCHING Vermicelli in the nose, busting it.

The car is bobbing for a moment, before it begins a slow sink...

Vermicelli starts to panic -- grabbing and clinging to Driver, who fights him -- but Vermicelli holds him under water, trying to drown him.

Driver lifts his hand out of the water and puts his thumb into Vermicelli's eye -- digging into it until he's up to his knuckle. Finally, Vermicelli can't take it anymore--

VERMICELLI

AAAAaaaaiaiiiiiiii!

And he lets go...

VERMICELLI

NOW -- it's game over. And trust  
me when I tell you, there ain't no  
Take Two.

Driver barely makes it out through an open window just before the car sinks with a rapid surge.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED:

216

It's amazing how quickly it gets dark when you sink underwater in a car. Vermicelli is starting to freak out. He has not much more than a tiny air bubble inside of the back of the Cadillac, from where he can see Driver.

The rear windshield CRACKS in from pressure--

VERMICELLI

Nooooooo!

FOOM! The air pocket is FLOODED WITH ICY COLD WATER--

217 UNDERWATER

217

The car descends down into the darkness...

Blood is coming from his gunshot wound, and the surface seems like a million miles away. He tries to swim toward the light, but he's giving in to lack of oxygen, and as the last bubbles of air flow out of his mouth, he begins to pass out...

218 DRIVER'S HALLUCINATION

218

When Driver passes out underwater everything goes dark, and then, the IMAGES COME...

LALA IS THERE, and they seem to be somewhere in Latin America -- is it Rio? They're GETTING MARRIED on the beach, wearing all white and barefoot, the surf and sand between their toes. They're MAKING LOVE. He dreams of their FUTURE TOGETHER, their home in the hills, having a child -- raising the BABY. GROWING OLD together, having GRANDCHILDREN. And entire life is compressed into what might be a few short seconds. They're old, in bed...dying. And then...the light dims and--

219 SPLASH!

219

Lala is DIVING THROUGH THE WATER, surrounded by BUBBLES, swimming downward from the light.

Driver's hand is taken, she pulls him to the--

220 SURFACE

220

Driver and Lala emerge and he's still a bit delirious. She's holding him, swimming him to safety.

DRIVER

(barely conscious, he  
smile)

Hi.

221 EXT. WEST SIDE HIGHWAY -- DAY

221

Lala pulls Driver to the side of the highway, and by now a small CROWD OF CONCERNED CITIZENS are helping out.

LALA

You're bleeding, we need to get you to a hospital.

Driver smiles and kisses her.

DRIVER

I'm gonna love living the rest of my life with you.

She looks at him, screwy, and then kisses him back

Covering Driver. He looks into Lala's eyes, and then kisses her, when suddenly--

VERMICELLI

Driver!

They turn and Vermicelli is standing there, wet as a wharf rat, holding a handgun aimed directly at Driver and Lala. His eye is dangling out of his head and onto his cheek. PEOPLE in the CROWD SCREAM, and start to scatter.

Just as Vermicelli squeezes the trigger, Driver spins Lala out of harms way--

BLAM!

Driver's shot in the shoulder, but he's already ROARING and running toward Vermicelli -- and just as he gets his second shot off Driver is on him, rushing him backwards right into the street and up against a large garbage truck and falls backwards into its compactor bin.

Driver has his hands around Vermicelli's neck, CHOKING him, until Vermicelli's QUACKING LIKE A DUCK.

DRIVER

I'VE -- HAD -- ENOUGH -- OF -- YOU!

Driver pulls the lever on the trucks mechanism -- the truck ROARS.

Vermicelli suddenly realizes that the truck is sucking up the garbage -- it's as if he's in a PIT OF GARBAGE QUICKSAND. Like a giant metal mouth, the truck begins CRUSHING HIM down into its bowels.

(CONTINUED)

VERMICELLI

Aaaaaaaiiiii! Aiiiiieeee! AAAAGG!

And with his legs folded up against his ears he sinks into the trash and vanishes into the machinery.

Driver's CELLPHONE RINGS, it's "Unknown." He answers it:

DRIVER

Hello?

UNKNOWN (O.S.)

Well done. There's a Varig flight for Rio di Janiero leaving La Guardia in three hours. You need to be on that plane.

DRIVER

But...I'm done.

UNKNOWN (O.S.)

Done? You're a natural at this. Your father had another open case, bringing down the Brazilian connection of the Fazenda drug smuggling ring. They're pushing a new highly addictive speed, and we need to find out how they're transporting it.

DRIVER

I don't know. I need to think about it.

UNKNOWN (O.S.)

What's there to think about? You seriously want to go back to your old life, driving simulators?

Driver thinks about it.

UNKNOWN (O.S.)

I knew your father, and you're definitely your father's son.

(CONTINUED)

221 CONTINUED: (2)

Driver looks to Lala, then back at the city skyline.

DRIVER

I dunno. I need some rest...

(beat)

...so it better be a first class  
seat.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END