

FROM PARIS WITH LOVE

SCREENPLAY WRITTEN
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FROM PARIS WITH LOVE

1-INT. U.S. AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE - PARIS - DAY

Multiple PHONE LINES RINGING, FAX MACHINES BUZZING BLACKBERRIES CHIMING -- welcome to Ground Zero for U.S.- Franco relations.

REESE (O.C.)

... African Aid Summit prep meeting with the Foreign Minister tomorrow at noon, Summit conference on Wednesday, G-8 Undersecretary Conference dinner on Thursday and a reception for the Secretary of State on Friday...

But right now the daily hurricane of planning and strategy will have to wait as...

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON STUDIES A CHESS BOARD, finally moves his QUEEN...

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON

Can't you see we have more urgent matters to consider, Reese?

And glances up at JAMES REESE, HIS ARMANI CLAD PERSONAL AIDE, who looks up from his file...

And from the way his EYES QUICKLY SCAN ACROSS THE BOARD in a flash of calculations, it's immediately clear -- Reese is the brains in this operation...

REESE

Of course, Sir.

KNOCKING-OUT BENNINGTON'S ROOK.

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON

(frowns)

Must you always be so methodical?

Reese catches a fax as it BUZZES OUT OF THE MACHINE quickly glances at its contents.

REESE

That's what you pay me for, sir.

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON

(studies the board)

And you're worth every euro.

His face brightens when he recognizes Reese's move. LIFTS HIS BISHOP across the board...

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON (CONT'D)
 But that doesn't mean I'm going to
 just sit here and watch you copy
 Fisher's ambush of Spassky in the
 fifth match.

AND CAPTURES REESE'S KNIGHT.

Bennington smirks at his trusted Aide, who's now cruising
 through his Blackberry, when his CELL RINGS.

THE VOICE
 (on cell)
 Am I calling you at a bad time?

Reese STIFFENS a bit at the sound of THE FAMILIAR COOL, DETACHED
 AND STERILE MALE VOICE.

REESE
 Never sir!

THE VOICE
 (on cell)
 Hit the road -- I'll call you back
 in ten.

Reese SNAPS HIS CELL shut, glances at the board and ATTACKS WITH
 HIS BISHOP...

REESE
 Checkmate, sir.

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON'S FACE FALLS.

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON
 What?! Wait wait wait..???

REESE
 (lying)
 Well, hmmm They need me downstairs to
 review the summit seating chart with
 security.

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON
 (Still trying to figure
 out what just happened on
 the chess board)
 Right, well, as long as you make
 sure I'm seated next to the Foreign
 Minister.

REESE
(about to leave)
Of course Sir!

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON
By the way, you ever find which of
those secretaries he's banging..?
(off Reese's look)
The brunette or the blond?

REESE
Both, I'm afraid.

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON
God, I love the French.

CUT TO:

2-EXT. U.S. EMBASSY - DAY

Reese blinks into the BRIGHT SUNSHINE, climbs into a MASSIVE
ESCALADE...

Checks himself in the mirror, takes a deep breath and pulls out
into the busy traffic.

CUT TO:

3-EXT. PARISIAN STREETS - DAY

Reese cruising along the boulevard, CRANKS UP THE STEREO.
CHARLES AZNAVOUR RENDITION OF "NEW YORK, NEW YORK" seeps out
over the warm Parisian spring.

But Reese unable to enjoy the beauty of it all, NERVOUSLY
STARING AT HIS CELL, WHICH FINALLY COMES TO LIFE.

THE VOICE
(on cell)
The parking lot at Number 17, Rue
Lescot. Third Level, seventh section.
silver, Series 5 BMW. Same as before.

Reese's FACE HARDENS as The Voice hangs up.

CUT TO:

4-EXT. THIRD FLOOR - PARKING LOT - DAY

Reese parks his Escalade beside a Silver, SERIES FIVE, BMW.

Opens the hatchback and PUNCHES IN A PIN NUMBER ON A CONCEALED KEYBOARD. Steps back as...

The TRUNK'S FLOOR AUTOMATICALLY LIFTS up revealing...

A SECRET
COMPARTMENT NEATLY
HOLDING:

A 9MM in a GLASS CASE with a warning label -- "FOR EMERGENCY USE ONLY."

Reese RUNS HIS HAND OVER THE GLASS CASE, reaches behind it and pulls out a BLACK BRIEFCASE instead.

PUNCHES IN the lock number and SNAPS THE BRIEFCASE OPEN.

STARING AT TWO LICENSE PLATES AND A SCREWDRIVER.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER - REESE FINISHES SCREWING THE NEW PLATES

onto the BMW. He places the screwdriver back into the briefcase, his HEART BEATING rapidly as he scrambles back into...

CUT TO:

5-INT. ESCALADE - DAY

Reese now parked at the other end of the parking lot, STARING AT THE BMW THROUGH HIS REARVIEW MIRROR when suddenly he spots...

THREE LARGE MEN IN BLACK SWEATERS slip out of the shadows, get into the BMW, and SPEED OFF.

Reese sighs, readjusts the rearview mirror, A MAN FOREVER STUCK ON THE SIDELINES OF THE ACTION...

Slowly pulls the Escalade out and EXITS IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

CUT TO:

6-EXT. PARIS STREETS - DUSK

Reese parallel-parks the Escalade into a tight spot ACROSS FROM HIS APARTMENT, and steps out with some groceries. He enters the building when his CELL RINGS again.

THE VOICE
(on cell)
Good work, Reese.

REESE
 (into cell)
 Thank you, sir. But if you give me
 the chance... I can do so much
 more...

Reese's offer greeted by an uncomfortable silence.

REESE (CONT'D)
 (into cell)
 I was thinking, just wondering, if
 you've received my application for A-4
 training?

THE VOICE
 (on cell)
 You'll get your shot at Special
 Ops, Reese. But in the meanwhile...

CUT TO:

7-INT STAIRWELL - REESE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK/NIGHT

Reese climbs the four long flights up to his apartment, still on
 the cell with...

THE VOICE
 (on cell)
 I need you to secure a chip inside the
 Foreign Minister's conference room
 tomorrow. Will that be a problem?

REESE
 (into cell)
 No problem at all... except I don't
 have the chip.

THE VOICE
 (on cell)
 I was told you've had it all
 afternoon.

REESE
 (into cell)
 No, I'm quite sure, I don't...

THE VOICE
 (on cell)
 Hold on...

After a beat.

THE VOICE (CONT'D)
 (on cell)
 Left jacket pocket.

Reese reaches into his pocket. SURPRISED TO FIND A SMALL-MICRO CHIP INSIDE A PLASTIC CASE.

CUT TO:

8-INT. REESE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jazzy Blues playing on the stereo, Reese INSPECTING THE CHIP when the BUZZER SOUNDS. RINGING again, again and again.

Reese quickly places the chip back inside his pocket, POURS A GLASS OF WINE, opens the door and in strolls...

CAROLINA, HIS SMOKING-HOT FRENCH GIRLFRIEND -- a garment bag hanging over her shoulder.

Reese hands her the glass of wine...

CAROLINA
 (kissing him passionately)
 Did you save the world today, James?

REESE
 (kissing her back)
 If you only knew, Carolina.

Carolina pushes Reese into his chair, SPINS HIM AROUND so he's facing...

CAROLINA
 Then tell me -- what did you do?

A DOZEN ROLLS OF BRIGHTLY COLORED FABRIC, patterns taped to the walls and a sewing machine sitting where the coffee table used to be.

Carolina PEELING OFF HER JEANS AND SWEATER. Getting into...

REESE
 You know I can't go into details.

CAROLINA
 Alright, then tell me, what do you think about this?

Reese SPINS BACK AROUND looking at Carolina now dressed in a SUPER HOT MINI DRESS.

REESE
 I think -- Wow!

CAROLINA
You like the fabric?

REESE
I love it. Looks kinda familiar,
though...

CAROLINA
It should.
(twirls, teasing)
They're our bedroom curtains.

Reese nods at Carolina's ORANGE JIMMY CHOO PUMPS.

REESE
Don't recognize those either...

CAROLINA
You should -- they just cost you two-
hundred Euros.

Reese grabs Carolina, GENTLY KISSES her cherry-red lips.

CAROLINA (CONT'D)
What are we eating for dinner?

REESE
Wait a sec! isn't it part of French
tradition that the woman cooks while
the man is watching TV?

CAROLINA
Well, things have changed since the
Middle Ages you know? Now it's exactly
the contrary!

REESE
(getting close)
Maybe we skip dinner altogether and
have desert instead.

CAROLINA
(whispering in his ear)
Is this all you can think about?

REESE
(smiles)
Every minute of every day.

Reese leans in and kisses Carolina hard, TEARING AT EACH OTHERS
CLOTHES...

Never making it into the bedroom, as we...

CUT TO:

9-PARIS, ESTABLISHING SHOT .AN ORANGE-YELLOWISH TINT WASHES OVER THE BROWNSTONE ROOFTOPS AND FAMILIAR LANDMARKS AS THE SUN RISES OVER THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CITY.

10-INT. REESE AND CAROLINA'S BEDROOM - SUNRISE

Reese and Carolina lay twisted in the sheets, STARING DEEP INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES.

REESE

I don't think I've ever had this many courses for dinner.

CAROLINA

(smiles)

Ready for desert?

REESE

You're kidding, right?

Reese watches Carolina get out of bed -- THE BRIGHT MORNING SUNLIGHT GENTLY CARESSING HER OLIVE SKIN...

Smiling back at Reese who still can't fathom his unbelievable luck...

But by the time Carolina returns with a plate of grapes, REESE IS FAST ASLEEP.

CUT TO:

11-C.U. REESE IN A DEEP SLEEP

Nudged awake. DISORIENTED, shaking his head clear when he notices an EMBASSY DRIVER pull at his sleeve.

Looking out the window as Ambassador Bennington's Limo pulls up...

CUT TO:

12-EXT. FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTRY - DAY

Reese approaches Ambassador Bennington as he steps out of his limo.

Pulls out a sheet of TALKING POINTS from a manila-envelope and hands to the Ambassador.

REESE

I highlighted the three-point shots.
The rest is mostly lay-ups.

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON

Don't tell me you came all the way
over to hand me these talking points.

REESE

(lying)
I was making final edits in the car on
the way over.

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON

(studies talking points)
Well done, Reese. I'll see you back
in the office.

Reese hesitates as they spot the FOREIGN MINISTER walk out to greet them.

REESE

I... think I'll hang around... See
if I can scoop up any more dish about
the Minister's...

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON

(getting close)
While you plant a chip in his
conference room?

Reese tries to suppress the SURPRISE FLASHING ACROSS HIS FACE.
But it's useless -- Bennington knows him all too well.

REESE

I'm sorry about the deception, sir.
But someone back home figured being
your aide was the perfect cover.

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON

No apologies necessary, Reese
(folds the talking points
into his breast pocket)
You think it's easy for me, stuck in
that mahogany tomb while you're out in
the field waist deep in the shit,
helping save the world.

Reese swallows -- clearly the Ambassador is clueless at how low
in the pecking order Reese really is.

REESE

Believe me, sir. It's not as exciting
as you think.

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON

(whispering)

How about letting an old Vet taste
some of the action?

(off Reese's look)

Why plant the chip in the Minister's
conference room when I can get you
into his private office.

Reese smiles as Bennington shakes hands with the Foreign
Minister, INTRODUCES HIM TO HIS AIDE.

13-INT. FOREIGN MINISTER'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

The Foreign Minister and Ambassador Bennington sit beside the
fireplace, discussing final preparations for the African Aid
Summit while...

Reese and the FOREIGN MINISTER'S AIDE sit on both sides of the
MINISTER'S DESK, taking notes. Reese pulls out a PACK OF GUM.

REESE

(whispering)

Gum..?

The Minister's Aide smiles, politely declines...

REESE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

It's sugarless.

As she turns back to the Minister, diligently scribbling his
every word.

Reese, locking eyes with Ambassador Bennington, slips his hand
into his pocket, TAKES OUT THE CHIP...

FAKES A COUGH, takes the GUM out of his mouth and STICKS IT TO
THE CHIP.

The Minister's Aide turns to Reese, takes out a pack of COUGH
DROPS.

MINISTER'S AIDE

(whispers)

Cough drop..?

Reese smiles back at her, shakes his head.

The Minister's Aide continues scribbling on her pad while Reese SLOWLY PLACES HIS HAND UNDER THE MINISTER'S DESK...

PRESSING THE GUM TO THE UNDERSIDE, pulling his hand back, when...

THE CHIP FALLS TO THE CARPET.

Reese quickly covers it with his shoe. DRAGGING THE CHIP TOWARDS HIM...

DROPPING HIS PEN... Bending to pick it up and SCOOPING THE CHIP in his hand.

PRESSING THE CHIP under the Minister's table one more time...

ONLY TO SEE IT HIT THE CARPET AGAIN.

Ambassador Bennington seeing it too, NERVOUSLY BITES HIS LIP, just as...

THE FOREIGN MINISTER RISES, walks over to his desk. About to STEP ON THE CHIP, when...

REESE

(stands up)

Minister, is it really true you recently acquired several Goyas? The Ambassador's...

Ambassador Bennington jumping in.

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON

... I'd love to see them.

The Minister turns to Bennington all smiles.

FOREIGN MINISTER

THEY'RE ON LOAN FROM THE Prado. They're quite remarkable. I had no idea... You must see them. Please, follow me...

The Minister leads Ambassador Bennington and his Aide towards the study. Bennington GLANCING over his shoulder at...

REESE STAPLING THE CHIP UNDER THE AMBASSADOR'S TABLE.

14-INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

An EXHAUSTED Reese DRAGGING HIMSELF up the four flights of stairs, BACK TO HIS BELOVED CAROLINA -- the one person that makes all the other bullshit worthwhile.

Takes out his key, reaching his fourth floor apartment, when suddenly...

THE STAIR LIGHT'S TIMER SUDDENLY SWITCHES OFF, SHROUDING REESE IN DARKNESS.

Feeling his way along the wall, Reese finds the light switch, THE LIGHT TURNS BACK ON -- HIS HEART SKIPPING A BEAT, when he sees...

DRIPS OF BLOOD from his apartment... Leading up a flight of stairs to the rooftop.

And it's immediately clear to Reese -- SOMETHING HORRIBLE HAPPENED INSIDE HIS APARTMENT....

Reese's MIND SPINNING, imagining the worst...

REESE
(sotto)
Carolina...

Reaching for a BROOMSTICK leaning against the wall. FIRMLY CLASPS IT IN HIS SWEATY PALM...

Slowly making his way to the rooftop door...

Desperately TRYING TO CONTROL HIS BREATHING, finally...

KICKS IN THE DOOR AND LUNGES INTO...

CUT TO:

15-EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Carolina LIGHTING CANDLES on a table set for a ROMANTIC DINNER as the last RAYS OF SUN wash over Paris' rooftops.

Reese looks down at the "DROPS OF BLOOD" on the floor, back up at Carolina who turns and flashes a sweet smile.

CAROLINA
I spilled most of the sauce...

REESE
(realizing)
The sauce? It was...
(breathes in relief)
You made the sauce?

CAROLINA
Don't worry. I didn't cook. It's take-out.

Reese leans in to kiss Carolina who hands him a SMALL GIFT-WRAPPED BOX.

CAROLINA (CONT'D)
It's a gift for you.

REESE
I forgot again didn't I?

CAROLINA
(smiles)
No. No... You didn't forget anything. Just open it.

Reese about to open the box when his CELL RINGS...

THE VOICE
(on cell)
Planting a mic in the The Minister's private office -- very impressive, Reese.

Reese hands the box back to Carolina...

REESE
(into cell)
Thanks. Anything I can do to help.

THE VOICE
(on cell)
I appreciate that -- which is why I'm giving you this next job on such short notice.

Reese steps aside, putting some space between himself and Carolina.

REESE
(into cell)
I'm ready. When..?

THE VOICE
(on cell)
Tonight. Be at the airport in forty-five minutes.

REESE
(into cell)
But I haven't been briefed.

THE VOICE
(on cell)
Your partner will fill you in.

Partner!!! Those are words Reese thought he'd never hear.

REESE
(into cell)
My partner?

THE VOICE
(on cell)
Charlie Wax.

REESE
(into cell)
Right now?

THE VOICE
(on cell)
Is there some problem -- you busy?

Carolina hands Reese a glass of wine, kisses his ear.

REESE
(into cell)
No... Not busy at all. But to
remind you, sir... I haven't completed
my A-4 training. I'm not Special Ops
certified.

THE VOICE
(on cell)
I'm a man short, Reese. Besides it's
mostly driving Wax around. But nail
this job and consider yourself a
member of the club.

Reese hangs up, HIS EYES CAN'T HIDE HIS EXCITEMENT. Takes a long slow sip of wine and turns to Carolina.

REESE
It's the promotion.

CAROLINA
That's wonderful -- means we have two
things to celebrate tonight.

REESE
Two -- what else we celebrating?

Carolina hands the box back to Reese who finally opens it -- STUNNED TO FIND AN ENGAGEMENT RING INSIDE...

CAROLINA
It was my father's...

Reese looks back up at Carolina, COMPLETELY SPEECHLESS.

CAROLINA (CONT'D)
If I wait for you to ask, it'll never
happen.

CUT TO:

16-EXT. REESE AND CAROLINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Reese back behind the wheel of the Escalade, looks up at
Carolina who leans in through the window, caressing her cheek.

CAROLINA
(lovingly kissing his
hand)
Promise me you'll never take it off.

REESE
I promise -- but you sure you want to
marry a guy in my line of work?

CAROLINA
(running her hand along his
jacket)
Who's going to sew the bullet holes in
your coat if you get shot?

REESE
You'll have to accompany me to all
the boring cocktail parties... those
receptions...

CAROLINA
How else you think we're going to
eat?

They look deep into each other's eyes, GETTING CLOSER...

CAROLINA (CONT'D)
(kisses him)
I'll be here waiting.

REESE
(kisses her back)
You better.

CAROLINA
Wait, one more kiss...

REESE
Don't get me started, my partner's
waiting.

Carolina leans out of the Escalade...

CAROLINA
Just remember who your partner really
is.

Blows Reese one last kiss and WATCHES AS HE SPEEDS AWAY to his
new assignment.

CUT TO:

17-INT. TERMINAL - CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - NIGHT

REESE STROLLING AMONGST THE ARRIVING PASSENGERS, holding a small
sign with the name "WAX". Trying to identify his new partner...

Walking towards a SLICK-LOOKING JAMES BOND TYPE who's greeted by
his wife and kids. Reese's EYES DART TOWARDS...

A TOUGH LOOKING BAD ASS who waves and smiles as he hooks-up with
his boyfriend, when suddenly...

REESE IS GRABBED FROM BEHIND, SPUN AROUND...

Facing a POKED-FACED MAN. Reese taken by the intensity in the
man's eyes.

REESE
(reaches out his hand)
Charlie Wax, I'm...

The Poked-Faced Man shakes his head, flashes his AIRPORT
SECURITY BADGE and motions for Reese to follow him.

CUT TO:

18-EXT. HOLDING CELL - CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - NIGHT

Reese stands behind a Plexiglas window studying his NEW PARTNER,
CHARLIE WAX...

AIRPORT SECURITY (O.C.)

That's the man you're looking for.

A BROAD SHOULDERED MAN WEARING A HAWAIIAN SHIRT AND SUNGLASSES --
in a heated exchange with a CUSTOM'S OFFICIAL.

REESE

You're sure this is Charlie Wax?

Reese turns to the Pock-Faced AIRPORT SECURITY OFFICIAL who
hands Reese a U.S. passport...

Reese flips through the worn pages filled with hundreds of custom stamps.

AIRPORT SECURITY

Take him off our hands before we lock him up.

Reese looks back up and studies his partner. And while Wax is not what Reese expected -- THIS GUY'S DEFINITELY THE SHIT.

AIRPORT SECURITY (CONT'D)

Without the cans. He can't bring in the cans.

And that's when Reese notices Wax's open carry-on suitcase STUFFED WITH SEVERAL DOZEN CANS OF ENERGY DRINK.

CUT TO:

19-INT. HOLDING CELL - CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - NIGHT

Wax in mid-argument with the CUSTOMS OFFICIAL, only problem is neither understands the other.

WAX

(waving a can of Energy Drink)

... Corn Syrup, Caffeine and water with a cool label...

WAX pops open the can, drink, hands it over to the Customs official...

WAX (CONT'D)

Try it!!! Go ahead.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

(vehemently declining the offer)(in French)

It will never enter France.

WAX

... that's all we got here mother-fucker.

And that's one word the Customs Official does understand.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

Motherfucker?

WAX

Don't get your panties all in a bunch just because I'm using the M word as an adjective as in "when I landed at the airport I was confronted by this self important American hating frog leg eating snail sucking motherfucking cocksucking small minded bureaucrat".

Wax watches the customs Official start to fume.

WAX (CONT'D)

I like using the word more as a noun. As in -- "This Motherfucker hates Americans so much that even though we saved his country's ass not in one World War but in two he is still not going to let my cans go through."

Reese cannot believe what he is hearing.

WAX (CONT'D)

(reaches for his suitcase)
So if we are now clear that in using the M word the way I do I mean no disrespect to you or your official capacity as the guardian of your country's borders...I'll just go on my way with my cans.

The RED-FACED Customs Official grabs the suitcase from Wax.

WAX (CONT'D)

Because how else do you think I'll have the energy to enjoy the endless pleasures of your very fine city?

REESE (O.C.)

We can get you a few shots of espresso on the way out instead.

Wax spins around and LOCKS EYES with Reese, who takes him off to the side.

REESE (CONT'D)

Important thing is to get you cleared through customs.

WAX

Not without my cans.

REESE

There seems to be an issue with the cans.

WAX

So it seems. Look I'm running late...
 (hands Reese a business card)
 You heard of this place?

REESE

(reads the card)
 Yeah -- but there are much better
 Chinese restaurants in town.

WAX

I hear they serve some killer Egg Fu
 Young.
 (nods at Customs Official)
 So slip the guy a few bills and get me
 over there.

REESE

That's not really how we do things.

WAX

Well it's how I 'do' things. So why
 don't you call the Embassy and have
 them send me another driver who'll
 conform to my way of operating.

REESE

Because I'm not your driver -- I'm
 your partner.

Wax checks out Reese with a newfound appreciation.

WAX

You're the chess player?
 (off Reese's look)
 I read your file.

REESE

Yeah, that's me -- you play?

WAX

(shooting Reese a dark glance)
 'I look like the type of guy who
 plays board games to you?

REESE

No worries -- I got you covered.

And before the words come out of Reese's mouth he wishes they
 hadn't.

WAX

(smirks)

That's a relief, so why don't you show me some game.

(zipping up his bag)

Get this guy laid, slip him a box of Cohibas, a bottle of Chivas, whatever it takes. Just get this done.

Reese turns to the Customs Official who GRABS WAX'S BAG...

REESE

How about we try a more subtle approach?

The Custom Official SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DEFIANCE, until Reese takes a STICKER out of his pocket...

SLAPS IT ON WAX'S BAG -- "DIPLOMATIC MAIL."

Wax turns to the Official.

WAX

Check mate...

(beat)

MOTHER FUCKER.

Wax smirks at Reese and strolls out with his carry-on suitcase.

CUT TO:

20-INT. REESE'S SUV - TRAVELING

Reese watches as Wax opens his carry-on, reaching for four cans of the Energy Drink...

REESE

You know, that wasn't really necessary

WAX

I know. I just like to stick it to these self righteous little pricks that think a uniform and a badge gives them the right to lord over us civilians whenever the mood strikes them.

REESE

And you can probably get this drink here in any supermarket.

WAX
I know that too.

REESE
So what was the big deal over
Some Corn Syrup, Caffeine and water?

Wax SHAKES THE CAN, Reese hearing something RATTLE INSIDE...

WAX
The big deal was my very own secret
ingredient.

Takes out a can opener, PEELS OFF THE TOP OF A CAN.

WAX (CONT'D)
Which I could not take the chance
of having them find out.

Reese EYES WIDEN as he watches...

WAX (CONT'D)
Hence the diversionary tactics of
the grammatical variations on
motherfucker.

...Wax take out parts of his SILVER PLATED .45 CAL...

REESE
You mean that whole thing in
there...?

WAX
You didn't get that?

REESE
But I can get you access to any weapon
you want.

WAX
But not one like this...

Wax ASSEMBLING HIS WEAPON...

WAX (CONT'D)
Because me and Mrs. Jones...
(singing)
"We got a thing going on".

CHECKS THE ACTION, turns to Reese...

WAX (CONT'D)
You know -- till death do us part.

Who pulls in front of...

CUT TO:

21-INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Waiters wearing ancient MING DYNASTY COSTUMES, DRAGONS painted on the walls, Syrupy Cantonese pop tune playing in the background.

Reese watching Wax push aside an extra large plate of EGG-FU YOUNG.

WAX

Only the French could take China's number one dish and fuck it up.

REESE

Actually it's not Chinese, it's American.

WAX

Bullshit.

REESE

It was invented by some Jewish guy in San Francisco.

WAX

Bullshit again.

REESE

It's true. There's nothing Chinese about it. Not even the name. Fu Young has go nothing to do with what is in that dish.

WAX

Oh, so now in addition to being a chess master, we're a Chinese language specialist?

REESE

Level two Mandarin at Cambridge.

(off Wax's look)

The word for egg in Chinese is "Dan".

Wax pulls over the CHINESE MAITRE D who walks by jabbering on his wireless phone.

WAX

Give me the word for egg in Chinese?

CHINESE MAITRE D
 (confused)
 I am fourth generation born in
 Brussels, I don't speak Chinese.

The Maitre D smiles politely, excuses himself when Wax GRABS HIM
 BY THE COLLAR...

REESE
 Easy, so the guy doesn't speak
 Chinese.

WAX
 Well here's something he probably does
 speak.

AND WAX SLAMS THE CHEF'S HEAD TO THE TABLE -- POINTS HIS .45 AT
 THE MAITRE D'S HEAD, as...

REESE JUMPS OUT OF HIS SEAT, LOOKS AROUND NERVOUSLY...

REESE
 What the fuck, Wax!!! He's just the
 waiter...

WAX
 Then he can help us order dessert.
 (in the Maitre D's face)
 I'm looking for a Pakistani-Chinese
 dish.

CHINESE MAITRE D
 No dessert... just fortune
 cookies.

WAX STANDS UP, GRABS THE MAITRE D BY HIS COLLAR AND DRAGS HIM
 ACROSS THE RESTAURANT.

WAX
 How about we go off the menu?

CHINESE MAITRE D
 Creme Brulee from Patisserie... across
 the street?

WAX PUSHES THE MAITRE D INTO...

21A INT CHINESE RESTAURANT KITCHEN- NIGHT.

The KITCHEN STAFF suddenly freezes.

WAX

I'm more in the mood for the kind of
dessert you sniff off a spoon, sell
by the kilo.

Reese stiffens, can't fucking believe it...

REESE

You're looking to score some coke!?!

But before Wax can reply...

THE COOKS DRAW GUNS AND KNIVES AND START FIRING AT THEM.

BULLETS FLY, MORE CHINESE THUG COME IN FROM EVERY WHERE.

REESE DIVING FOR COVER under a table, EYES FOCUSED ON WAX IN
ACTION...

MESMERIZED BY WAX'S COOL-HEADED, GRACEFUL MOVES.

One hand firmly holding on the Maitre D, swinging him from one
side to the other to keep him away from flying lead, the other
FIRING WITH PRECISION...

Dropping the GUN-TOTING COOKS one by one, until they all lie
DEAD on the ground.

And then an EERIE SILENCE, except for the CANTONESE POP TUNES
coming out from the restaurant, as...

A rattled Reese slowly gets back to his feet, his EYES GLUED ON
WAX. Trying to regain his composure.

REESE

Let's just get the hell out of here...

WAX

Did you hear me say we're done?

REESE

Look if you want to score... I'm sure
we can find someone in the First
District...

WAX

We're not going anywhere...
(nods at the Maitre D)
Where's the blow?

CHINESE MAITRE D

No blow...

Wax places the RED-HOT GUN BARREL on the Chinese Maitre D's cheek.

THE MAITRE D SCREAMS IN HORRIBLE PAIN AS HIS SKIN SIZZLES...

MAITRE D
(defiant)
... no blow...

Too late -- Wax has picked up the Maitre D's "tell", his eyes darting to the ceiling.

Wax inserts a NEW CLIP INTO HIS .45...

BEGINS TO UNLOAD INTO THE CEILING ABOVE, when suddenly...

WHITE POWDER STARTS FLUTTERING DOWN from the bullet holes, like a gentle NEW ENGLAND SNOW STORM.

REESE
Shit...

WAX
(to Reese)
Make yourself useful, Go fetch a jar.

Obeying, Reese Darts into...

21B CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Reese grabs a CHINESE MING FLOWER VASE from a table and quickly goes back into...

21C CHINESE RESTAURANT KITCHEN

Wax winks at Reese, STRETCHES OUT HIS PINKY...

WAX (CONT'D)
You ever notice, the closer you get to the people who cook the shit...
(sampling the white powder.)
The better it tastes.

Wax grabs Reese, still holding the CHINESE FLOWER VASE and places him under one of the bullet holes...

THE COCAINE SLOWLY FILLING THE VASE.

WAX
And from the taste of things we're two people removed from meeting the chef with the recipe for this fine product.

Wax walks over to the Chinese Maitre D still WHIMPERING FROM THE BURN MARK on his cheek.

WAX (CONT'D)

So you go and tell whoever it is you work for I'm not killing you because I want you to deliver him a message.

(in the Maitre D's face.)

Tell him -- Wax on. Wax off.

Wax Releases the Maitre D and pushes Reese out.

WAX (CONT'D)

Showtime...pard.

CUT TO:

22-EXT. CHINESE DISTRICT/INT. REESE'S SUV

Wax behind the wheel now, as skilled a driver as he is a killer, MANEUVERING THROUGH the traffic, He quickly drives the ESCALADE from the front of the restaurant to the parking lot in the back, and parks in the shadow where they can watch the service entrance.

22A-EXT. PARKING LOT/INT. REESE'S SUV

Reese sitting in the passenger seat, clearly uncomfortable with the COKE-FILLED VASE.

REESE

Wax on, wax off?

WAX

What about it?

REESE

I don't get it. You the Karate Kid or something?

WAX

You gonna be a secret agent man, you gotta roll like a secret agent man. It's code.

REESE

Code...

WAX

Yeah. Code. Wax is on, he's gonna take you off. Give 'em something to think about. Throw them off balance. Got it?

REESE

Got it.

WAX spots the CHINESE MAITRE D coming out of the service door... waits a few seconds before following the Chinese Maitre D at a safe distance.

22B INT. REESE SUV TRAVELLING

REESE (CONT'D)

(Refers to the coke filled jar)

And what about this? Evidence?

WAX

Evidence, my ass. Where we're heading this shit's better than cash.

Reese liking this assignment less and less.

REESE

But it's all official business, right?

WAX

It is if you knew this college girl named Charlotte...

REESE

Charlotte?

WAX

Bought some of that shit at the Chinese restaurant, next thing you know she overdoses...

Reese's worst fears confirmed.

REESE

You got me riding along on some personal, off the book job?

WAX

Fuck yeah, it's personal. Taking advantage of some kid just wants to party.

REESE

Look, I'm sorry about your friend Charlotte, whoever she is. But if it is not a matter of national security...

WAX

It is when she's the Secretary of
Defense's niece.

Reese finally getting what he's caught up in.

REESE

And the Secretary wants us to shut
these guys down?

WAX

The entire operation. Top to bottom.
From the chef to the chief. You got a
problem with that?

REESE

Uh...no...

Wax pulls up to the curb and WATCHES THE CHINESE MAITRE D ENTER
INTO A BUILDING. Reese checks out the neighborhood...

Spots bunch of CHINESE GANG-BANGERS ROLLING DICE IN AN ALLEYWAY.

Reese Grabs Wax who's about to exit the car.

REESE (CONT'D)

Hold up. You can't park here.

WAX

I just did.

(steps out)

Come on pard, let's muscle you up.

CUT TO:

23-EXT. REESE' SUV - NIGHT

Reese, still holds the coke filled vase, and Wax open the SUV
hatchback.

REESE

There's a secret code, here let me...

WAX

No, let me. I'm really good at
guessing.

Wax PUNCHES IN THE PIN NUMBER, THE FLOOR AUTOMATICALLY LIFTS up,
revealing...

REESE

I got a 9mm with two clips.

WAX

I prefer my partners going in a little heavier.

THE SECRET COMPARTMENT NOW STUFFED WITH AN ARSENAL OF WEAPONS.

A STARTLED REESE TURNS TO WAX...

WAX

I recommend you skip the Glocks and stick with these...

(slaps a .357 in his palm)

Smoke it trails is better than a Cohiba.

Reese's ADRENALINE PUMPING AS HE TAKES IN THE COLLECTION -- his dream finally coming true...

PACKING THE HEAT, feeling deep in the shit, when from behind them...

CHINESE PUNK

(in French)

Hey cocksucking motherfucker, you got off the wrong exit.

Wax packing clips, not turning.

WAX

Use your Cambridge level two to tell him we ain't interested in whatever it is he's selling.

But Reese has already turned around, facing HALF A DOZEN CHINESE GANG-BANGERS.

REESE

They're Dragon Heads, we should probably buy whatever they're selling and get the hell outta here.

WAX

Man, I just gave you a straight-up Hong Kong, Shaw Brothers, Chop Suey show of your life back there -- and you're letting these punk assed street scum worry your ass?

REESE

That was against a kitchen staff.

Wax turns to Reese, not even noticing the Gang-Bangers.

WAX
 (offended)
 Kitchen staff? The way they were
 slinging lead, they were not just
 kitchen staff, Hoss.

REESE
 (nods at Gang-Bangers)
 Maybe but I got a feeling these guys
 are gonna make those guys look like
 choir boys.

Wax turns to the Gang-Bangers...

WAX
 Come on -- it's not like they're outta
 LA Maria Via. They're Asian dudes.

Reaches out his hand to HIGH-FIVE the Chinese Punk.

WAX (CONT'D)
 And we're cool with our Asian
 brothers, right, brother?

The Chinese Punk SPITS INTO WAX'S HAND -- the Gang-Bangers
 reaching for their weapons...

CHINESE PUNK
 (in French)
 Wrong 'brother'.

But before they're halfway there...

WAX PULLS OFF SOME KIND OF KICK-ASS MOVE WE'VE NEVER SEEN
 BEFORE...

And by the time he's done...

SIX DRAGON HEADS LIE DEAD OR WOUNDED ON THE GROUND.

WAX
 (turns to Reese)
 Now tell me THAT ain't some impressive
 shit?

But before Reese can recover from what he's just witnessed, he
 and Wax notice an ARMY OF CHINESE BODYGUARDS exiting a building.

REESE
 I don't see us getting in there -- as
 a matter of fact, I don't see us
 getting out of here.

WAX

No worries...

(checks the action of Reese's
.357)

Long as you hold onto your return
ticket we're good to go.

Wax and Reese cutting through alleyways, looking up at...

CUT TO:

24-EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Wax and Reese making their way up the ladders, passing a
sweatshop where DOZENS OF CHINESE LABORERS ASSEMBLE
MANNEQUINS...

Climbing another two flights when their passage is blocked by
BARBED WIRE. No getting around it, they cut into...

CUT TO:

25-INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Reese following Wax who suddenly stops, quickly SCREWS A
SILENCER onto his gun, as...

THE CRACKLE OF A WALKIE-TALKIE BLARING CANTONESE ECHOES FROM
ABOVE.

WAX

(whispering)

Stay ten steps behind me... Don't
want any of these guy crawling up my
ass.

Reese watching Wax disappear up the stairs. Waits a beat and
follows, when he hears...

PHHT... Reese JUMPS BACK as THE CHINESE MAITRE D'S BODY, a
BULLET TO THE FOREHEAD, tumbles down the stairs, right past
him...

Reese WIPES THE BEAD OF SWEAT ROLLING DOWN HIS FOREHEAD,
continues up the steps, and suddenly...

PHHHT, PHHHHT, ANOTHER BODY PLUNGES towards Reese who swerves
out of its way. Only to be greeted by...

AGGGGGHHHHH, a THIRD BODY, WAX'S KNIFE STUCK INTO HIS CHEST,
rolling down the steps...

Reese pushing forward, MANEUVERING THROUGH AN OBSTACLE COURSE OF
SHOT-UP BODIES TUMBLING TOWARDS HIM...

Making his way behind Wax's WAKE OF DESTRUCTION. Until he finds himself...

CUT TO:

26-EXT. MR. WONG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Reese HYPERVENTILATING, standing on one side of the door...

Looking over at Wax who's calmly re-loading on the other side.

REESE

You think there's more?

WAX

At last census, about a billion more.

Reese takes out his .357, his HEART EXPLODING...

Wax nods, about to KICK OPEN THE DOOR, when..

The sounds of ANGELIC VOICES SINGING seeps through the walls.

CUT TO:

27-INT. MR. WONG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The darkened space ILLUMINATED BY THE FLASHLIGHTS being held by MR. WONG'S TWELVE GRANDCHILDREN who perform a TRADITIONAL CHINESE DANCE for the extended family.

Reese and Wax now sitting behind Mr. Wong, the FAMILY'S PATRIARCH, EACH HOLDING A GUN TO HIS BACK...

Wax halfway through his proposal which Reese is TRANSLATING INTO MANDARIN.

REESE

... I have an address book of every dealer, pimp and hooker in your network... One call and your next party's gonna be catered off a park bench in Beijing... But you can keep it all... Just give me the address of the guy who delivers all your coke.

Wax places a pen and paper in Mr. Wong's hand as they hear THE SOUND OF MEN RUNNING ON THE FLOOR ABOVE...

REESE (CONT'D)

Another twenty seconds... You won't have a choice.

Mr. Wong stares at the ANGELIC FACES OF HIS GRANDCHILDREN PERFORMING...

REESE (CONT'D)
Think of the children Mr. Wong, just
write it down already.

MR. WONG'S FACE TIGHTENING, CLENCHING HIS TEETH AS HE JOTS DOWN A NAME AND ADDRESS, HANDS IT TO WAX.

CUT TO:

28-EXT./INT. MR. WONG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A HALF DOZEN HEAVILY ARMED BODYGUARDS burst in startling the children who stop the performance...

SOME BURSTING INTO TEARS...

The Bodyguards LOCKING EYES WITH A FURIOUS MR. WONG. But Wax and Reese nowhere to be found.

CUT TO:

29-INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Wax and Reese TAKING FIVE STEPS AT A TIME, staying half a floor in front of Mr. Wong's Bodyguards. When they spot...

Another SWARM OF BODYGUARDS RUNNING UP THE STAIRS towards them.

No choice but to detour into...

CUT TO:

30-INT. MANNEQUIN SWEATSHOP - NIGHT

Bodyguards bursting in from all sides, surrounding Wax and Reese as...

A SYMPHONY OF VIOLENCE breaks out...

HALF BUILT MANNEQUINS caught up in the crossfire... EXPLODING TO SMITHEREENS... Plastic body parts FLYING EVERYWHERE.

Wax TOSSING LEAD with the Bodyguards when his gun CLICKS EMPTY. Turning to Reese who's PINNED DOWN IN A CORNER...

PITCHING HIS GUNS TO WAX WHO SNATCHES THEM IN MID-AIR without even looking...

FIRING RELENTLESSLY... UNLOADING on the Bodyguards...

Until a BREATH OF SILENCE descends upon the sweatshop. The
gun-smoke clearing, revealing...

A SHITLOAD OF BODYGUARDS LYING DEAD ON THE GROUND.

Reese's face in TOTAL SHOCK, gasping for air, as he looks over
at...

Wax SNIFFING THE SMOKE COMING OUT OF HIS .38 -- letting out a
LOUD AND VICTORIOUS HOWL.

CUT TO:

31-INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM - DAY

Reese in front of the mirror, WIPING DUST FROM HIS FACE AND
SUIT, on the cell with...

THE VOICE

(on cell)

... just remember, yesterday you were
unscrewing license plates -- today
we've got you working with our top
operative. Isn't that what you
wanted?

REESE

(whispering into cell)

I appreciate the confidence. But
Wax's methods aren't exactly...
(shifting the vase of coke
from one hand to the other)
He's got me walking around with a vase
of coke.

THE VOICE

(on cell)

I'll admit, his playbook's a bit
unorthodox -- but Wax always gets it
done.

REESE

(whispering into cell)

I understand, but don't you think..?

THE VOICE

(into cell)

Stop thinking, Reese.

(annoyed)

And do exactly what Wax says. You
understand what I'm saying?

Reese's mind racing -- trying to figure out the angles. Finally
realizing...

REESE

(whispering into cell)
 But we've never even met... I don't
 even know your name. Far as I know,
 I'm just a pawn in all this...

THE VOICE

(into cell)
 Trust me -- if I was really using you,
 Reese... You'd be sacrificed by now.

And that makes sense to Reese.

REESE

(whispering into cell)
 So this is all official? We're cool?

THE VOICE

(into cell)
 From the King on down.

REESE

(whispering into cell;
 relieved)
 Thanks. I just wanted to make sure...
 I mean, I really appreciate...

THE VOICE

(into cell)
 Reese!

REESE

(whispering into cell)
 Yes.

THE VOICE

(into cell)
 DO NOT call me again. Not until this
 job's done.

The VOICE hangs up, leaving Reese alone in a public bathroom --
 staring at the vase, when his CELL RINGS...

Reese checks caller ID and smiles for the first time as a
 PICTURE OF CAROLINA FILLS THE CELL PHONE SCREEN.

REESE

(into cell)
 Carolina, I meant to...

CAROLINA

(on cell)
 I was so worried... You just
 disappeared... Where are...

And suddenly the cell BEEPS and the CALL IS DROPPED.

REESE
 (into cell)
 Carolina... Shit.

Reese noticing the BATTERY'S RUN OUT -- watching CAROLINA'S FACE SLOWLY FADE AWAY...

WAX
 (stepping out of a toilets
 cabine)
 Come on already -- breakfast's getting
 cold.

Looking up at WAX'S HARDENED GAZE. Following him out into...

CUT TO:

32-INT. SECOND FLOOR CAFE - EIFFEL TOWER - DAY

Wax sipping an espresso, munching on a croissant as Reese frantically SHAKES HIS CELL.

WAX
 (pushes the espresso cup
 towards Reese)
 Maybe we should order you a double.

REESE
 Just need to make this one call.

WAX
 Calling your girl ain't going to get
 you home any faster.

REESE
 You don't have anyone to go back home
 to, do you?

Wax stares directly at Reese, opens his jacket -- his 9MM PEEKING OUT AT THEM.

WAX
 I thought you already met the wife.

Reese BANGING THE CELL ON HIS PALM, trying to get the battery to work.

REESE
 If you met Carolina you might feel
 different.

Reese's cell momentarily COMES TO LIFE...

WAX
I've woken up with my share of
Carolinas...

Carolina's IMAGE APPEARING ON THE PHONE SCREEN. Reese quickly dialing, but the BATTERY DIES AGAIN...

REESE
She's no ordinary girl.

Watching Carolina's FACE FADE FROM THE SCREEN a final time.

Reese looks up at Wax STANDING IN THE ELEVATOR HOLDING THE VASE.

WAX
They never are...

As he scoops a bump of coke.

33-INT. EIFFEL TOWER ELEVATOR - DAY

Wax and Reese riding up as the SUN SLOWLY RISES and casts a GOLDEN GLOW OVER THE PARISIAN ROOFTOPS.

REESE STUNNED AS HE WATCHES WAX INHALE THE COKE.

REESE
I thought this wasn't about you
scoring coke?

WAX
It's not -- it's about smoothing over
some edges so you can make it home
alive.

Wax scoops up a bump for Reese who KNOCKS IT OFF his finger.

REESE
Wouldn't you rather one of us had his
wits about him?

WAX
I'd rather you don't get me shot when
you're spotted as some embassy gofer.

REESE
That's your problem -- 'cause I'm not
putting that shit up my nose.

WAX
Then enjoy the walk home -- maybe I'll
let you flip my license plates next
time I'm in town.

Reese studies Wax's UNFLINCHING GAZE. Thinking of the life that awaits him back at the embassy.

FINALLY GRABS THE VASE BACK FROM WAX.

WAX
(smirks)
Or maybe you'll be riding in that car
after all.

WAX WATCHES REESE SNORT A BUMP...

REESE'S HEART BEGINS TO RACE, AS THE ELEVATOR JERKS TO A STOP AT THE...

34-EXT. OBSERVATION DECK - EIFFEL TOWER - DAY

Reese stumbles out towards the rail, suddenly FREAKING WITH THE REALIZATION...

REESE
This isn't the same stuff the
Secretary's niece snorted, right?

WAX
(shrugs)
This blow, that blow -- it's all blow.

REESE
But the blow she snorted... caused
her cardiac arrest.

WAX
(nods at the vase)
If this was the shit she took, we'd be
foaming at the mouth by now.

Reese nervously wipes his mouth as Wax gets up close...

WAX (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Besides, it never was about the coke.

REESE
(confused)
What about Charlotte -- the Defense
Secretary's niece?

WAX
What are you high? There is no
niece Reese.

Wax smirks wickedly at Reese who looks out at THE BEAUTIFUL CITY NOW SPINNING ROUND AND ROUND.

CUT TO:

35-INT. REESE' SUV - TRAVELING

Wax driving into the First District; past a mixture of ASIAN, INDIAN and PAKISTANI MERCHANTS peddling fabrics, t-shirts, and knock-off suits.

Reese nervously tapping his fingers on the dashboard as the PARANOIA TAKES HOLD...

REESE

WHAT THE FUCK, WAX -- WHAT THE FUCK!?!

WAX

Hey, you're riding inside the car aren't you?

REESE

I don't even know where we're headed -- what the fuck any of this is about?

WAX

What the fuck you think it's about?

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP, WAX'S EXPOSITION - IN OUR FACE

WAX

It's about terrorists converting their finances into drugs so they can move it under our noses without being detected. It's about...Buying any type of explosives, which can shred to pieces anybody, anywhere, men, women, kids, cats and dogs...

CUT BACK TO:

WAX'S VOICE FADING OUT AS REESE'S HEAD BEGINS TO SPIN AGAIN, only one thing on his mind...

REESE

(sotto)

Terrorists..?

As Wax pulls up beside an alleyway, BRAKES HARD, SCREECHING TO A HALT. Reese, surprised, LET'S THE VASE ESCAPE FOR A SECOND, SPILLING SOME COKE ON THE DASHBOARD. Reese wipes the coke with his hand to put it back into the vase.

He finally looks up and his eyes widen when he spots a VERY BAD-ASS LOOKING PAKISTANI PIMP staring back at them.

WAX
 (checking the action on his
 gun)
 And that's our guy.

36-EXT. ALLEYWAY - FIRST DISTRICT - DAY

Wax and Reese BLENDING IN AS THEY WALK PAST JUNKIES AND DRUNKS -- heading towards the Pakistani Pimp.

REESE
 That's the guy... The guy we're
 killing?

WAX
 Who said anything about killing him?

They reach the Pakistani Pimp WHO'S EVEN BIGGER UP CLOSE, not to mention the ROTTWEILER he's now got on a leash, and two BOUNCERS, taking care of the business.

WAX (CONT'D)
 Just tell the man we want to party.

REESE
 (turns to Wax, confused)
 What... party???

WAX
 With two fine big titted girls -- in
 that building over there.

Reese hesitates as the Pimp lets the Rottweiler lose, THE BEAST SNIFFING AROUND.

WAX (CONT'D)
 Go on, tell the man.

REESE
 (in French)
 One girl for my friend.

PIMP
 (in French)
 And you -- you like to watch?

The Rottweiler begins LICKING the hand Reese brushed the cocaine with.

PIMP (CONT'D)
 (in French)
 Or you want another bump.

The Pimp CHECKS WAX AND REESE'S BLOOD-SHOT EYES -- lets them through as he...

WAVES TO ONE OF HIS HOOKERS who leads them into...

CUT TO:

37-INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Wax and Reese enter with the Hooker -- Wax taking out a STRING OF CONDOMS, tears it in half and hands to Reese.

WAX
 Enjoy. They're ribbed -- I got them off this Swede in Thailand.

REESE
 What about that pimp back there?

WAX
 Go for it...
 (winks)
 Whatever gets you off.

And Wax turns to MAKE-OUT WITH THE HOOKER leaving Reese STARING AT THE CONDOMS in his hand in disbelief...

REESE
 How about I get off this elevator...

About to exit the elevator in disgust, his JAW DROPPING when he spots...

CAROLINA WALKING PAST THE ELEVATOR -- CARRYING TWO ROLLS OF ORANGE FABRIC...

BOTH STOPPING IN MID-STRIDE, CAN'T BELIEVE THEIR EYES.

CAROLINA
 (stunned)
 James!!!

REESE
 (frozen)
 Carolina...

And before anything else can be said -- THE ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSES BETWEEN THE THEM.

CUT TO:

38-INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

The Hooker leads Reese and Wax down the DECREPIT HALLWAY towards her run-down apartment, while...

Wax tries to calm Reese who's FLIPPING OUT.

WAX

I thought that was the great thing about French chicks. They're not all up-tight like American girls.

REESE

She's not very French when it comes to that -- and she's definitely gonna want to know what I'm doing inside that elevator with you.

WAX

Well maybe you're the one should be asking what she's doing in this part of town.

REESE

She was buying fabric. She designs her own clothes -- what the hell am I supposed to tell her? I'm so fucked.

WAX

Not after I tell her how you pulled the trigger -- helped save the day.

The Hooker reaches her apartment, takes out a key and KISSES WAX...

And after all Reese has been through -- THIS ONE KISS PUSHES HIM OVER THE EDGE...

REESE

(pissed)

And you think I'm gonna lose my girl while you get laid?

THRUSTS THE VASE INTO WAX'S HAND, turns towards the elevator.

WAX

Man, haven't you learned anything since we met?

And Wax KICKS OPEN THE DOOR OF THE APARTMENT ACROSS THE HALL, dragging Reese and the Hooker behind him...

CUT TO:

39-INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Wax, Reese and the Hooker surprise a GERMAN TOURIST WHO'S HAVING HIS PANTS UNBUTTONED BY SOME ASIAN HOOKER.

Wax sticks a gun to the German's head...

WAX
Schnell motherfucker!

Reese watches the German SCOOP-UP HIS CELL, clothes and bag. Rushing out, when...

REESE
Wait...

REESE STICKS HIS GUN IN THE GERMAN'S FACE...

WAX
(impressed)
Now that's the big balls shit I'm talking about.

REESE
(in German)
Hand over the charger...

THE GERMAN WHIMPERING, FUMBLING THROUGH HIS BAG, TOSSES THE CHARGER TO REESE AND BOLTS OUT THE DOOR.

WAX
What the fuck you doing?

REESE
What the fuck does it look like I'm doing -- I'm charging up my cell.

Wax looks out the window at a BROWNSTONE ACROSS THE STREET.

WAX
When you're done I figured you might want to look out the window and check out the "bank" our friends use to launder their drug money.

REESE
(walks over)
What are we looking for?

Wax grabs the Hooker and...

WAX

We're looking for a Pakistani carrying a big bag of coke or a Raghead pushing a wheel cart full of cash.

Leads her to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

40-EXT. THE BUILDING - DAY

The German Tourist RUNNING PAST the Asian Hooker who's SCREAMING and waving her arms at the GRIM-FACED PAKISTANI PIMP and his BOUNCERS

CUT BACK TO:

41-INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Reese patiently TRYING TO EXPLAIN THINGS TO CAROLINA, as he looks through binoculars at the Brownstone across the street.

REESE

(into cell)

... I swear -- what you saw was nothing like what it seemed.

CAROLINA

(on cell)

Well it seemed like my fiancé was riding up an elevator with some hooker and her pimp.

REESE

(into cell)

Yes, she's a hooker -- but that guy's not her pimp.

CAROLINA

(on cell)

Who the hell is he then, tell me?

Just then, Reese spots two PAKISTANI GUYS wearing track suits enter the brownstone with an EMPTY PUMA BAG.

REESE

(into cell)

You know I can't discuss my work...

REESE PUTS HIS HAND OVER HIS CELL AND CALLS OUT TO WAX who's busy partying...

CAROLINA
 (on cell)
 You should probably make an exception
 this time, James.

But all Reese hears is the sounds of some MAJOR FUCKING coming
 from the kitchen, pots and pans CRASHING TO THE FLOOR.

REESE
 (whispers into cell)
 It's this crazy partner they have me
 working with.

CAROLINA
 (on cell)
 The pimp's your partner? He didn't
 exactly look the embassy type to
 me.

REESE
 (into cell)
 He's not... they flew him in
 specifically for this one job.

CAROLINA
 (on cell)
 Well I don't like you leaving me
 to work with guys like him.

REESE
 (into cell)
 I don't think I like it either.

CAROLINA
 (on cell)
 Then stop doing whatever it is you're
 doing. Bring your friend for dinner
 if you want... But please come home.

And suddenly THE APARTMENT DOOR SHAKES WITH A VICIOUS POUNDING.

REESE
 SHIT!
 (into cell)
 I'll call you back.

Reese watching Carolina's FACE FADE FROM HIS CELL ONCE MORE,
 as...

Wax strolls out the kitchen, buttoning his shirt, totally
 unfazed by the commotion.

WAX

God, I love this country. Any back door action on this end?

REESE

Yeah, but what about the front door?

Wax takes the binoculars from Reese as the POUNDING ON THE DOOR GROWS FIERCER.

WAX

It's probably that Pakistani Pimp -- kill the fucker.

REESE

I'm not going to kill that guy.

Reese reaches for the door when it FLIES OPEN, THE PAKISTANI BOUNCERS LUNGE AT HIM, as...

Wax FOCUSES HIS BINOCs on the Two Pakistani's EXITING THE BROWNSTONE WITH A STUFFED PUMA BAG.

WAX

Halle-fucking-lujah -- we've got customers.

Turns to see Reese fighting for his life. Shakes his head, draws his .45...

DROPS THE TWO PAKISTANI THUGS...

WAX

Next time I tell you to shoot some fucker...

Reese CATCHING HIS BREATH, looks up at Wax who steps over the Pakistani Pimp, tosses him a handkerchief.

WAX (CONT'D)

Shoot the fucker!

41A-EXT ALLEYWAY, FIRST DISTRICT - DAY

WAX and Reese Exit the building and pass by the PAKISTANI PIMP. The ROTTWEILER BARKS, SNIFFS, LICKS ITS LIPS, its eyes Following the vase in Reese's hands.

WAX (CONT'D)

(shooting the pimp a glance)

(MORE)

WAX (CONT'D)
 IF YOU LOVE YOUR DOG, KEEP IT
 TIGHT.

CUT TO:

42-EXT. FIRST DISTRICT - DAY

Reese PRESSING A CAN OF COKE TO HIS SWOLLEN FACE as he follows the Two Pakistanis, watches them get picked up by a FLORIST MINI VAN.

Turns to Wax who's a few steps behind, WINDOW SHOPPING AT SOME HIP BOUTIQUE.

WAX
 You like to shop, Reese?

REESE
 (tired and irritated)
 Come on, Wax. Let's finish the job
 and go home.

WAX
 And pass on the finer things Paris has
 to offer?

Wax about to enter the store when Reese grabs his arm.

REESE
 After all the shit we've been through,
 you're going to let them walk?

REESE WATCHING WAX TYPING COORDINATES INTO HIS FAKE ROLEX --
 REALIZING IT'S SOME SATELLITE TRACKING DEVICE.

WAX
 Don't worry, We're just handing them
 off to the eye in the sky.

Reese shakes his head in disbelief as he watches Wax enter the store. Finally, LOOKS UP AT THE SKY, as we...

ZOOM UP TO THE HEAVENS, FLYING HIGH INTO THE STRATOSPHERE until we're inside a...

CUT TO:

43-N.S.A. SPY SATELLITE

Seeing it's LASER GUIDED EYE TRACKING THE FLOREST MINI VAN.
 Computing coordinates, shooting off signals...

As we RAPIDLY DESCEND back down to earth, landing us in...

CUT TO:

44-INT. HABITAT LOUER MODERE - DAY

WAX(now wearing an "I LOVE PARIS" cap), AND REESE walk through the housing project's MAZE OF DEAD TREES AND DEPRESSING CONCRETE BUILDINGS.

Reese holding the vase stuffed with coke while Wax adjusts the straps of the BACKPACK HE'S NOW WEARING.

WAX

(looks around)

They didn't mention this dump in my Parisian guide book.

REESE

Why should it be any different than the shitholes we got back home?

WAX

I just figured this being Paris, you know, these shitholes would be a little nicer.

Wax smiles at the two TWELVE YEAR-OLD KIDS PUTTERING BY ON BEAT-UP MOPEDS.

WAX (CONT'D)

But I kind of dig it -- takes me back to the day.

REESE

I don't remember those as particularly happy days.

WAX

And here I had you figured as a Cambridge man all the way.

REESE

Southwest block of Cabrini Green.

WAX

No shit -- bet you didn't get out much, did you?

REESE

Not really. But I was the only kid on the seventh floor to make it out alive.

WAX
 (remembering)
 Wish someone would've kept me locked
 inside...

Reese turns to Wax who's a bit surprised at what he let slip
 out.

WAX (CONT'D)
 Always wondered what guys like you
 were doing locked up in your
 apartments. Reading books and shit..?

REESE
 Mostly watching Star Trek, dreaming of
 getting out.

WAX
 Spock or Kirk?

REESE
 Ohura.

Wax nods in appreciation when he suddenly spots the FLORIST MINI
 VAN that picked up the Pakistanis -- parked outside a
 building...

CUT TO:

45-EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Wax and Reese confronted by a HUGE MIDDLE EASTERN THUG.

REESE
 (in French)
 My friend and I are looking to get
 beamed inside...
 (off the Thug's confused
 look)
 We've got plenty of American coin to
 go around.

The Thug glances over Wax's shoulder and spots the two kids on
 their mopeds -- GIVING HIM A THUMBS UP.

The Thug turns to the lobby, looking at another GROUP OF KIDS
 LOITERING INSIDE. THE LEADER waving for Wax and Reese to come
 over.

THE THUG
 (in French)
 You can wait with them. I'll get
 Rashid.

(MORE)

THE THUG (CONT'D)
 (nodding at the Leader)
 Don't look that one in the eye.

WIP PAN TO

46-INT. BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

A DOZEN ARMED TWELVE YEAR-OLDS ALREADY AIMING THEIR GUNS AT WAX AND REESE.

REESE
 (pissed)
 I told you he said not to look this
 kid in the eye.

Wax just shrugs -- CAN'T TAKE HIS EYES OFF THE TWELVE-YEAR OLD LEADER who's got a gun aimed at his face, blurting out orders in French.

REESE (CONT'D)
 (translating)
 Shit... They want us on the ground.

Wax gets down to his knees...

REESE (CONT'D)
 What the hell you doing..?

WAX
 Here's a little advice I picked up in
 Somalia.
 (stretching out on the
 ground.)
 When a shaky twelve year-old aims a
 Glock at your face -- do whatever the
 fuck he wants.

Reese frozen in place, looking at the JUMPY KIDS.

WAX (CONT'D)
 Get your ass down here, Reese -- they
 just want our...

THE LEADER POINTING WITH HIS GUN AT WAX'S WATCH.

LEADER

BLING! BLING!

Reese slowly lays on the ground beside Wax as THE KIDS STRIP THEM BOTH OF THEIR WATCHES.

REESE
 Still feeling homesick?

WAX

Who gives a fuck -- it's fake.

The Leader POINTS TO REESE'S ENGAGEMENT RING.

REESE

Well this ain't. Belonged to
Carolina's father...

Reese pulls his hand away from the LEADER WHO COCKS HIS BERETTA
AND STICKS IT TO HIS HEAD...

WAX

That girl's gonna get you killed.

Reese WATCHES HELPLESSLY as the Leader PULLS THE ENGAGEMENT RING
off his finger, when...

A PAIR OF SIZE TWELVE DOC MARTENS STROLLS TOWARDS HIM.

Reese and Wax looking up at RASHID -- THE NEIGHBORHOOD SCARFACE,
flicking his cigarette against the wall...

Waving off The Leader who tosses him Reese's ENGAGEMENT RING.

RASHID

(sliding Reese's ring on his
pinky)
'looks better on me?

WAX

Definitely.

Wax and Reese face-to-face with Rashid who nods to one of the
Kids who TOSSES WAX A BAG OF COKE.

RASHID

For you -- fifty dollars.

Wax opens the bag and TASTES THE COKE, freaking out the Kids.

RASHID (CONT'D)

What the fuck you doing, not here!

WAX

Great shit. Colombian, right? With a
little flour tossed in. I'll take a
kilo.

RASHID

You think this is Brooklyn?

I can't sell you a kilo.

WAX
 (holds up the bag)
 What the fuck am I gonna do with five
 grams?

RASHID
 Maybe you sniff it off your
 boyfriend's ass.

And in a move almost too fast for our eyes, Wax SNATCHES
 RASHID'S GUN AND AIMS IT AT HIS HEAD...

WAX
 And maybe you get off YOUR two bit ass
 -- find me a player who can hook us
 up.

The Kids PULL OUT THEIR OWN WEAPONS just as quickly, aiming at
 Wax and Reese, who's twitching nervously.

REESE
 Around here, five grams is considered
 private consumption, you can get away
 with it... But a kilo can get you
 life in prison.

WAX MOTIONING FOR REESE TO DROP THE VASE...

WAX
 Be a real shame if these
 motherfuckers...

But Reese has no idea what Wax is talking about.

WAX (CONT'D)
 (emphasizing)
 Were c-a-u-g-h-t with five kilos of
 their own shit.

Finally getting it -- LETTING THE VASE SLIP FROM HIS HANDS...
 SHATTERING ON IMPACT, as...

WAX (CONT'D)
 (turns to Reese)
 Thank you.

FIVE KILOS OF COKE SCATTER ON THE FLOOR.

FREAKING OUT THE KIDS WHO SCATTER IN EVERY DIRECTION...

Except for Rashid, who's TACKLED TO THE GROUND by Reese...

BEATING THE LIVING SHIT OUT OF HIM. Again and again, as...

Wax looks on, impressed.

WAX

Now we're definitely talking. Get him to tell us where the Pakistanis are hanging...

But Reese isn't hearing a word, only one thing on his mind.

REESE

Get that ring off your finger.

Reese pulls Rashid to his feet, RIPPING THE RING OFF HIS FINGER -
- handing him off to Wax.

WAX

(in Rashid's face)

You don't tell me about the two Pakistanis who entered the building and I'll let my partner take you for another round...

They both look over as REESE SLIDES CAROLINA'S ENGAGEMENT RING BACK ON HIS FINGER...

REESE LOOKING BACK AT THEM -- FEELING LIKE A BAD-ASS FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME.

CUT TO:

47-INT. 11TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

Wax and Reese walking on both sides of Rashid who's now PRESSING A CAN OF COKE TO HIS SWOLLEN FACE.

The three men approach an apartment door.

WAX

(aims his gun at Rashid)

This better be the apartment right above the one the Pakistanis are staying in or you'll be the...

REESE

(doing the math)

The twenty-sixth guy he's killed the past twenty-four hours.

(stunned)

That's about a guy an hour.

WAX

(shrugs)

System works, right?

Rashid's KNEES SHAKING as he knocks on the door -- AN EYE PEAKS THROUGH THE PEEP-HOLE.

DIR YASIN (O.C.)
Yasmina n'est pas là. Va-t-en Rashid.

RASHID
Je sais grand-père, J'viens t'en parler justement. Vas-y, ouvre, c'est important.

The door cracks open, DIR YASIN'S WEATHERED FACE peaks out...

DIR YASIN
Elle a encore déshonoré la famille?

HIS EYES WIDEN AS WAX KICKS IN THE DOOR AND BURSTS INSIDE.

CUT TO:

48-INT. DIR YASIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wax motions for Dir Yasin and Rashid to sit on the stained couch.

WAX

Relax old man, we won't hurt you.
We'll be gone in five minutes.

Dir Yassin shrugs, SITS BACK IN FRONT OF HIS COMPUTER AND CONTINUES PLAYING POKER ON-LINE.

DIR YASSIN
Why should I worry? At my age there's nothing to worry about. With the world we left you -- you are the ones should be worried.

Dir Yassin looks over at Wax who TAKES OUT A LITTLE BATON from his backpack, flicks his wrist...

DIR YASSIN (CONT'D)
Mint tea?

CONVERTING THE BATON INTO A NINE FOOT POINTER, WITH A MINI-CAMERA ON THE TIP.

WAX
(glances up)
Why the hell not?

Dir Yassin leans over and POURS THE TEA.

REESE

You really think it's any different
than it was back in your day?

DIR YASSIN

It's just as evil that's for
certain...

WATCHING AS WAX MAKES HIS WAY TO A WINDOW BY SMASHING AWAY A FEW
OBJECTS, OPENS IT AND LOWERS THE POINTER TO THE TENTH FLOOR.

DIR YASSIN

But it is a lot less polite.

WAX

Let's see what trouble your friends
are brewing up today, Rashid.

Wax looking at his PALM PILOT SCREEN which shows...

SIX FRANTIC PAKISTANI GUYS SHUTTING DOWN THE PLACE...

REESE

How's it look?

... DESTROYING DISCS, SHREDDING DOCUMENTS, packing up in a
hurry...

WAX

Looks like they're closing shop.

WAX STRAPPING ON A HARNESS, SECURING THE ROPE TO A METAL HEAT
PIPE RUNNING UP THE WALL.

WAX

(turns to Reese)

I'm taking the scenic route -- get
down to the 10th floor, shoot anything
comes out that door.

(tosses Reese an earpiece)

So we can stay in touch.

Wax takes a sip from Dir Yassin's tea.

WAX (CONT'D)

This stuffs amazing, where can I
get this shit?

DIR YASSIN

You can't -- it's home grown Nana.

Wax takes a final sip and JUMPS OUT THE WINDOW.

CUT TO:

49-INT. TENTH FLOOR APARTMENT - DAY

... CRASHING THROUGH THE WINDOW, startling two Pakistanis...

And before they REACH THEIR WEAPONS -- LAY DEAD ON THE GROUND.

Wax spinning as FOUR MORE PAKISTANIS unload with everything they got...

DIVING BEHIND A SOFA, RELOADING...

WAX
(into Mic)
You in position?

CUT TO:

50-EXT. TENTH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Reese RUSHING DOWN THE STAIRS, trying to keep the gun steady in his SWEATY PALM.

REESE
(into Mic)
You want me inside..?

His heart SKIPPING BEATS as he hears the GUNFIRE COMING FROM INSIDE THE APARTMENT.

WAX
(on Mic)
Hell no!!!

CUT TO:

51-INT. TENTH FLOOR APARTMENT - DAY

Wax pinned behind the sofa, DODGING BULLETS, peeking out at the apartment door -- BOOBY-TRAPPED WITH A SHITLOAD OF EXPLOSIVES.

WAX
(into Mic)
They got the door wired.

WAX ROLLS FROM BEHIND THE SOFA...

Opens up with an EXPLOSIVE BARRAGE OF GUNFIRE...

Following the retreating Pakistanis into the next room, STUNNED TO FIND...

A FIREMAN POLE THAT GOES DOWN ONE FLOOR.

WAX
 (into Mic)
 Motherfuckers. They're escaping
 through the 9th floor, cut 'em off.

AND WAX SLIDES DOWN THE POLE HEAD FIRST -- REACHING THE NINTH FLOOR APARTMENT -- FIRING AT ANYTHING THAT MOVES...

CUT TO:

52-EXT. NINTH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Reese RUSHING towards the apartment, seeing TWO PAKISTANIS DASHING OUT...

Running up another hallway to cut them off. Turning right into...

A WOUNDED PAKISTANI, STUMBLING TOWARDS HIM.

REESE'S GUN AIMED DIRECTLY AT HIS FACE...

The Pakistani staring back with HATE-FILLED EYES, mumbling in Arabic...

REESE
 Get down!

THE PAKISTANI TAKES REESE'S GUN BARREL INSIDE HIS MOUTH...

REESE
 Now!!!

... GRABS REESE'S HAND AND PULLS THE TRIGGER... BAAAAMM...

Blood spills everywhere (including Reese's face).

Reese STUMBLING BACK IN HORROR, unable to take his eyes off the BLOOD-STAINED walls, when a SHADOW APPEARS BEHIND HIM...

Reese SPINNING WITH HIS GUN -- face to face with Wax who grins at the DEAD PAKISTANI laying at Reese's feet.

WAX
 Nice work.

REESE
 What's so nice about it?

WAX
 (reloads)
 How about the fact this guy's dead and
 you're alive.

Reese glances at the dead Pakistani, at the drips of blood
 covering his shoes.

WAX (CONT'D)
 Any of his pals get out?

REESE
 Two maybe three. But no way are we
 gonna catch them now.

WAX
 How much time to get down nine floors
 while you're tearing ass?

Reese looks at Wax, confused. Follows him into...

CUT TO:

53-INT. LIVING ROOM - PAKISTANIS APARTMENT - DAY
 Stepping over bodies, the APARTMENT SHOT TO SHIT.

REESE
 I have no idea.

GASPING when he notices...

FIVE SUICIDE VESTS PROPPED UP ON A TABLE.

WAX
 (calculating as he figures
 out the way the vests are
 wired)
 I figure six seconds a floor, that
 sound about right to you?

REESE
 (can't take his eyes off the
 vests)
 Yeah -- sure.

Wax activates one of the SUICIDE VESTS and carefully picks
 up.

WAX
 That's fifty-four seconds to make it
 all the way down.

CUT TO:

54-INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

The Two Pakistani's TEARING ASS DOWN THE STAIRS...

CUT BACK TO:

55-INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wax looking out the open window at a PEUGEOT SPEEDING UP TO THE BUILDING...

Gently lifts and Suicide Vest and DANGLES IT OUTSIDE...

WAX

Another ten seconds to cross the lobby...

CUT TO:

56-INT. LOBBY - DAY

The Pakistanis now RACING THROUGH THE LOBBY, stepping over the coke that Reese dropped, RUSHING OUT THE DOOR...

CUT BACK TO:

57-INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wax RELEASING THE SUICIDE VEST, Reese watching it drop...

WAX

Four seconds to reach the car...

CUT TO:

58-EXT. BUILDING - DAY

The Pakistanis SCRAMBLING INTO THE PEUGEOT. And before the driver can hit the gas pedal, they hear a LOUD THUD ON THE ROOFTOP...

THE VEST BOUNCING OFF THE CAR AND KAAAAABOOOOM...

CUT TO:

59-INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wax turns to Reese, smiles in satisfaction, as an ORANGE FIREBALL ILLUMINATES THEIR FACES.

WAX

And then there were none.

Wax grabs a SPORTBAG.

WAX (CONT'D)

Cops should be showing in a couple of minutes.

(empties the sportbag from the clothes it contains)

Let's get this shit in there-- it's dripping with fresh Intel.

They walk through the apartment, gathering MAPS, COMPUTER DISCS AND DOCUMENTS. Reese following Wax into...

CUT TO:

60-INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

As Reese follows Wax in the apartment, he sees his reflection in a mirror through the open bathroom door. He sees the blood on his face with horror and start wiping it off in disgust.

REESE

(stomach turning)

I need to get outta here, Wax. I'm feeling sick...

WAX

You might want to step in here and check this out first.

REESE

I don't want anything more to do with this place.

Reese reluctantly walking into...

61-INT. THE BEDROOM - DAY

Converted into a make-shift RECORDING STUDIO. A Video camera on a tripod. MUSLIM FLAGS decorating the walls.

WAX

Well... you're more a part of this than you think.

Wax spinning Reese around -- HIS EYES WIDENING IN HORROR, looking at...

A DOZEN LONG LENS SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS OF REESE HANGING ON THE WALL.

REESE

What the fuck..?

WAX

That's exactly what I'm wondering?

REESE

Why, you suddenly run out of explanations? Don't you know where all this is headed..?

WAX

Fuck no -- I just follow the bouncing ball...

Wax looks suspiciously at Reese.

WAX (CONT'D)

And right now it leads to you.

REESE

(defensive)

I got nothing to do with any of this.

Wax finding more photos of Reese.

WAX

That's not what the evidence is telling me.

And before Reese can reply they hear the SOUND OF BOOTS RUNNING UP THE STAIRS...

WAX CRACKS THE APARTMENT DOOR OPEN, they both see...

POLICE RUSHING TOWARDS THE TENTH FLOOR...

REESE

They're heading to the tenth floor.

(realizes)

That door's rigged...

Reese LUNGES FOR THE DOOR, Wax getting in his way.

REESE (CONT'D)

They'll be blown to pieces.

WAX

You go out there now we'll get dragged into this -- that's not an option.

REESE

They're just cops doing their jobs.

WAX

We don't finish ours -- thousands of innocent people could die.

Reese pushing Wax aside, STRUGGLING TO OPEN THE DOOR...

REESE

That's the point -- we're supposed to
protect people not let them die!

WAX HOLDING REESE BACK.

WAX

This isn't the time for a body count,
Reese. Besides it's too late...

Reese's eyes piercing Wax, shoving him aside, LUNGING OUT THE
DOOR INTO THE HALLWAY, when...

REESE

Not for them...

BOOOOOOOOOM, A HUGE EXPLOSION ROCKS THE TENTH FLOOR...

SENDING REESE FLYING TO THE GROUND.

CUT TO:

62-INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Wax and Reese navigating their way out amidst the SMOKE AND
CHAOS.

Making their way down the stairs, BLENDING IN WITH THE PANICKED
RESIDENTS...

CUT TO:

63-EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

TOTAL PANDEMONIUM AS POLICE AND FIREFIGHTERS RUSH THE BUILDING,
RUNNING UP AGAINST A TIDAL WAVE OF FLEEING TENANTS...

Allowing Wax and Reese to slip outside and head towards...

CUT TO:

64-INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Wax SPEEDING OUT OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD when Reese notices they've
just passed his SUV.

REESE

STOP -- I gotta get my stuff out of
the car.

WAX

They knew we were coming, I'm sure
it's stripped by now.

REESE

My prints are all over... The cops'll
trace it back to me... to the
embassy in no time.

AND WAX HITS THE BREAKS, SENDING THEM FLYING FORWARD.

WAX

Let me get my head around this. You
want us to stop here, in the middle of
our getaway so you can strip the
plates, wipe your prints and pick up
some files?

REESE

I'll be quick.

Wax grabs Reese as he's about to step out...

WAX

Quicker than this?

Wax kicks the Police Cruiser into reverse, HITTING THE GAS...
THE CRUISER CRASHING INTO THE CAR BEHIND IT...

CAUSING A CHAIN REACTION UNTIL THE FINAL CAR HITS REESE'S SUV
AND...

WAX

KAAAA-FUCKING-BOOM

THE SUV EXPLODES INTO A BALL OF FIRE. Wax turns to Reese...

WAX (CONT'D)

That work for you?

And Wax tears the Cruiser out of the neighborhood.

CUT TO:

65-EXT. BRIDGE OF THE ARTS - NIGHT

Wax and Reese get out of the Police Cruiser and head towards the
"BRIDGE OF THE ARTS" which is MYSTERIOUSLY EMPTY OF PEDESTRIANS
AND TOURISTS.

WAX

You did good today, Reese. Helped
save the world and popped your cherry.

Halfway over the Seine when they spot TWO MEN WEARING TRENCH COATS.

WAX (CONT'D)

So why don't you take a seat and reflect on our eventful day while I shoot some shit with these Trench Coats.

Reese sits on a bench, watches Wax exchanging a few words with the Trench Coats as he SWAPS THE SPORTBAG FOR A PAPER BAG.

MINUTES LATER - WAX AND REESE SITTING ON THE BENCH.

REESE

(nodding at the bag)
What's the deal with the bag?

WAX

What I got inside is gonna get me killed some day.

REESE

You seem pretty bullet-proof to me.

WAX

Every man has his vices, Reese. Mine just happens to be what I think you locals like to call...
(takes out the unmistakable wrapper)
A Royal with cheese.

Hands the burger to Reese and takes out another for himself.

REESE

(unwrapping his burger)
So the job's done -- we can go home?

WAX

Not until the Trench Coats call to say we can.

Reese reflecting on his day with Wax.

REESE

What if it's never over -- if we can't beat these guys?

WAX

Why don't you ask that guy you shot how it feels to win?

Reese tosses his burger in the trash.

REESE

I didn't shoot him, Wax --
couldn't pull the trigger.

WAX

(bites into his burger)
I know you didn't. But no worries
pard. It won't go into the report.

REESE

Might as well, I'm probably not cut
out for this kinda work.

WAX

And that's exactly why you should stay
in it -- helps keep guys like me
honest.

REESE

You don't need me, Wax.

WAX

You fucking kidding -- tell me we're
not a perfect match.

Just then Reese's SMS buzzes with a message from Carolina...

CAROLINA

(SMS message)
Dinner's waiting... bring your friend.

Reese turns and looks at Wax who lifts his cup of Pepsi in a
toast.

CUT TO:

66-INT. REESE AND CAROLINA'S APRATMENT - NIGHT

Wax and Reese enter to find Carolina and NICHOLE, HER SUPER HOT
GIRLFRIEND, preparing the table for dinner.

WAX

(blown away)
Which one's mine?

Carolina turns to Reese, a wide smile radiates on both their
faces, as she RUSHES INTO HIS ARMS, kissing him passionately.

Nichole approaches Wax who hands her a BOTTLE OF WINE.

WAX (CONT'D)

You gotta tell me -- what do you do
when you're not making men's jaws
drop?

Nichole eyes Wax suspiciously.

NICHOLE

That might work on the girls in the
First District.

(off his look)

What the hell were you thinking taking
Reese to some hooker -- didn't you
know they got engaged last night?

Nichole nods at Reese and Carolina who are still locked in a
PASSIONATE KISS.

WAX

That's all he was talking about while
we were picking up some fabric...

(off her look)

I'm a rag importer -- Reese and I have
a little side business.

(getting close)

And I like to spend my share on cars
and women.

NICHOLE

(flirtatious)

Not in that order I hope.

Wax's phone rings.

Wax excuses himself and answers his RINGING CELL...

Walking towards the stereo, TURNING UP THE VOLUME so the others
can't hear his conversation, when...

THE RADIO EMITS A SCREECHING BEEP.

Wax stepping back when realizes his cell is causing the
interference...

HIS EYES TENSING UP AT THE NEWS HE'S RECEIVING...

Looking over at Reese and Carolina approach Nichole who opens
the bottle of wine.

WAX

(into cell)

Really, how many numbers...

OK... Start calling them all and let me know if you get a
match.

Wax walks back to join the others, Nichole hands him a glass of
wine.

WAX (CONT'D)
Where were we?

CAROLINA
(not amused)
You were telling my friend what fabric
you and my fiance were picking up at
the First District?

Wax takes a sip from his wine, looks over at Reese.

WAX
Actually I'm not in the clothing
business -- I work in the cloak and
dagger division at the embassy with my
boy here.

REESE
Mostly cloak.

WAX
Mostly dagger.

Nichole actually doesn't know if that's one of Wax's jokes.

NICHOLE (HALF LAUGHING)
Killed anyone today?

WAX
(looks at Reese)
On average one an hour sound right to
you?

Reese staring down Wax -- like what the fuck?

CAROLINA (SMILING-PLAYING THE GAME)
And what type of people did you kill
today, James?

REESE
(clearly uncomfortable)
You know, the usual...bad guys...

The girls look at Reese in amusement.

WAX
Bad Guys? How about the baddest-ass,
suicide vested, cold hearted Pakistani
motherfucker's this side of Karachi.
(off their looks)
It's true -- we just got back from
taking down a cell of terrorists.
Go on -- tell them, Reese.

Carolina looks at Reese in disbelief.

REESE

That's what we were doing when you saw me in that elevator.

WAX

(puts his arm around Reese)
Your man here's being modest -- he helped save the day.

CAROLINA

Did you at least catch them all?

WAX

Not sure -- but I should find out soon enough. Come on, let's party...

67-INT- DINING ROOM

After two bottles of wine, everybody is laughing. Wax cracks so many jokes that the girls use their napkins to wipe the mascara tears off their eyes...Reese tossing Carolina A THIRD BOTTLE OF WINE, when...

NICHOLE'S CELL STARTS TO RING.

She answers, a SURPRISED LOOK on her face.

NICHOLE (SMILING)

Who..?

(hands out the cell)

Now which one of you is double 0 69?

THEY ALL BREAK INTO LAUGHTER AGAIN -- except for WAX WHO'S EYES INSTANTLY SOBER-UP...

WAX

(looks at Reese)

This is the call we've been waiting for.

Wax takes the cell with one hand, PULLS HIS GUN with another and...

BAAAAM -- SHOTS NICHOLE IN THE HEAD.

Wax TURNS HIS SMOKING GUN ON CAROLINA WHO STUMBLES BACKWARDS IN SHOCK, falling to the ground...

REESE

Jesus -- what the fuck, Wax!!!

Reese steps in between Wax and Carolina.

WAX

The Trench Coats checked all the cells we delivered them. Nichole was on speed dial of each one of those Pakistani's...

CAROLINA

(hysterical)

She is Pakistani you stupid fuck! That doesn't make her a terrorist!

WAX

It does when she's best friends with your fiance who has you living in an apartment full of bugs.

REESE

What the hell are you talking about?

Wax runs his hand on the apartment wall, unsuccessfully trying to find the soft spot...

Approaching an ANTIQUE DRESSER. Pulling out the drawers one by one.

DUMPING THE CONTENTS ON THE FLOOR.

Finally finding what he's looking for...

A SMALL MICROPHONE STUCK TO THE BOTTOM OF THE DRAWER WITH SOME CHEWING GUM.

WAX

(looks at Reese)

How much you want to bet she's got another dozen buried around here.

Reese turns to Carolina -- what the fuck?

CAROLINA

You're the one rented the apartment...

Reese trying to process it all...

REESE

Before we started going out I had her cleared by security. She's totally clean.

CAROLINA

You had me checked out?

WAX
Obviously not thorough enough,
sweetheart. She works for the guys
took your picture.

REESE
(refusing to believe it)
You got the wrong girl, Wax.

But Wax not letting up.

WAX
You wearing anything she recently gave
up?

REESE
No...
(realizing)
Yes... our engagement ring.

WAX
That's how they tracked all our moves.
Toss it over and I'll prove it.

Reese looks at Carolina...

CAROLINA
(eyes tearing up)
No, Reese. Please...

SLIPS OFF HIS ENGAGEMENT RING and tosses it to Wax, who hands
Reese his gun.

Reese not knowing who to aim at.

WAX
Please aim it at her and not me.

Wax walks over to the radio which is still playing a jazzy
score.

WAX (CONT'D)
Way this works, if there's a
transmission coming from the ring
it'll send a beeping signal to the
radio. Now check this out.

WAX CRANKS UP THE VOLUME AND SURE ENOUGH THE RADIO BEGINS MAKING
A LOUD SCREECHING BEEPING SOUND.

REESE
Carolina..?
(devastated)
Why?

Turns to Carolina who's still lying on the floor beside a dresser, as we...

CUT TO:

UNDERNEATH THE DRESSER

CAROLINA'S HAND SLOWLY REACHES FOR A GUN THAT'S TAPED TO THE BOTTOM, AND...

CUT BACK TO:

CAROLINA PULLS OUT THE GUN AND SHOOTS REESE...

Sending him CRASHING INTO THE DINNER TABLE.

Carolina spinning, UNLOADING NOW ON WAX, who rolls and returns fire as...

CAROLINA DASHES ACROSS THE ROOM, FIRING BACK...

JUMPING OUT THE WINDOW...

Landing several floors below where she's arranged for a soft landing.

Wax rushes over to Reese who's HOLDING HIS SHOULDER WHICH IS NOW STAINED WITH BLOOD.

WAX

Didn't I tell you that girl was gonna
get you killed?

And before Reese can reply, Wax JUMPS OUT THE WINDOW AFTER CAROLINA.

CUT TO:

68-EXT. ROOFTOP - REESE AND CAROLINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

WAX CHASING CAROLINA OVER THE TILED ROOFTOP...

FEET SLIPPING ON THE TILES, watching as Carolina scrambles down a drain pipe to the street.

Running towards...

A VOLVO SKIDDING TO A STOP, Carolina jumps inside...

THE VOLVO PEELING OUT, SPEEDING DOWN THE STREET...

Not before Wax SPOTS THE LICENSE PLATES.

WAX
 (into cell phone)
 Grey Volvo. 92-MPR-75.

Watching helplessly as the Volvo VANISHES INTO THE NIGHT.

CUT TO:

69-INT. REESE AND CAROLINA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Reese, arm in a sling, rubbing his bandaged shoulder as he stares blankly at a FRAMED STRIP OF PHOTOBOOTH PICTURE -- REESE AND CAROLINA MAKING FACES AT THE CAMERA.

The Trench Coats frantically SEARCHING THROUGH THE APARTMENT as Wax hands Reese a BOUQUET OF WIRES.

WAX
 Seventeen microphones and five cameras. Two of which were in the bedroom.

Reese TURNS OVER THE PHOTOBOOTH PICTURE in disgust.

REESE
 That's impossible, Carolina couldn't even screw in a light bulb.

WAX
 Whoever installed this shit knew what they were doing. if this shit turns up on YouTube I hope you had some moves going on.

REESE
 (staring at his ring)
 I fucked up --

WAX
 (shrugs)
 I know you love her, Reese. Love's always a bitch.

REESE
 What the hell you know about love?

WAX
 Once in the Congo. Twice in Beirut, with the same woman. I ain't made of stone, despite what you think.

But Reese still can't believe the NIGHTMARE HE'S LIVING THROUGH.

WAX (CONT'D)

Any idea where Carolina can be -- any friends or relatives?

REESE

She never talked much about her life and I never asked.

(realizing)

I don't really know anything about her. How did I miss this?

Wax GRIMACES IN FRUSTRATION, turns to a Trench Coat

WAX

Any news on that Volvo? We need to find that girl.

The Trench Coat shakes his head as Reese's CELL RINGS...

REESE

(eyes light up)

Carolina...

Wax quickly ATTACHES A CABLE TO REESE'S CELL, trying to trace the call.

CAROLINA

(on phone)

Please don't bother tracing, I'll be off in a minute.

(tears up)

I'm sorry it came to this, I didn't mean to hurt you. You need to understand...

REESE

(into cell)

Then help me -- 'cause I don't know what the hell is going on.

After a long beat.

REESE (CONT'D)

(into cell)

Just tell me the truth, Carolina.

CAROLINA

(on phone)

Six years ago I fell in love with a man who opened my eyes to his faith... and finally... for the first time in my life... everything made sense... I knew I had a purpose.

REESE
 (into cell)
 To lie to me, to shoot me?

CAROLINA
 (on phone)
 To serve my cause.

REESE
 (into cell)
 And living with me, spying on me was
 all part of the plan?

CAROLINA
 (on phone)
 Everything except for falling in love
 with you.

REESE
 (into cell)
 Then tell me where you are, let me
 help you.

CUT TO:

70-INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Carolina talking on the phone to Reese...

CAROLINA
 There's no need to help me.
 Everything is how it needs to be.

Hangs up, WIPES OFF TEARS and exits...

CUT TO:

71-EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Carolina stepping towards and leaning into the Volvo, LOVINGLY
 KISSING THE HAND OF THE BEARDED DRIVER.

CUT TO:

72-INT. REESE AND CAROLINA'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Trench Coat hovers over a laptop, trying to lock into
 Carolina's call. Turns to Wax and shakes his head.

WAX
 Replay it, cut out her voice and bring
 up the background.

The Trench Coat punches in a few keys, the room filling with the SOUND OF CARS RUSHING BY.

REESE
Could be... Sounds like Le
Peripherique.

THE TRENCH COAT PUNCHES ANOTHER KEY AND A MAP OF PARIS FILLS THE SCREEN.

WAX
They're leaving Paris! Come on --
think Reese, where they heading?

Reese's mind racing when his CELL BEGINS TO BUZZ ACROSS THE COFFEE TABLE. Reese flipping it on...

CUT TO:

72A INT. US AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE - DAY.

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON
(on phone)
The delegations just landed...
Why the hell aren't you at the
airport to greet them, Reese?

CUT BACK TO:

Reese lowering his cell, putting it all together.

CUT TO:

73-EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE - DAY

The U.S. FLAG FLUTTERING in the wind as a U.S. GOVERNMENT PLANE taxis to a stop.

THE U.S. DELEGATION getting off, swept by SECURITY INTO METAL PLATED SUV's.

CUT BACK TO:

74-INT. REESE AND CAROLINA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Reese looks up at Wax.

REESE
The U.S. Delegation just landed for
the African Aide Conference.

WAX
 (realizes)
 They're gonna hit the Summit.
 (turns to Reese)
 Think back, Reese. With all that
 security, how she planning to get
 inside?

Reese's mind racing -- not knowing where to start.

WAX (CONT'D)
 (turns to Trench Coats)
 Now which one of you two's the driver?

CUT TO:

75-INT. AUDI A-8 - SPEEDING

The Trench Coat driving through the Paris streets as the 335 HP,
 V-8 ENGINE SCREAMS FOR ITS LIFE.

Wax FLIPPING THROUGH THE RADIO trying to find the perfect
 soundtrack -- The Carpenters "Close To You".

Turns stern-faced to the Trench Coat.

WAX
 You don't tell anyone about this,
 understand?

The Trench Coat swallows and shifts gears.

CUT TO:

76-EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The RAMPS CLOSED OFF BY POLICEMEN AS THE U.S. DELEGATION'S
 MOTORCADE SPEEDS ON THE DESERTED FREEWAY, unaware of the turmoil
 playing out...

CUT TO:

77-EXT. PARIS STREETS - DAY

The Audi SPEEDING THROUGH THE CROWDED STREETS, navigating
 towards the Freeway.

CUT TO:

78-INT. REESE AND CAROLINA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Reese, stands, in the middle of his ravaged apartment, watching the remaining trench coats search through every thing... Trying to gather himself, mechanically goes through Carolina's things

CUT TO:

79-INT. AUDI - SPEEDING

ON THE FREEWAY, The Trench Coat driving through the traffic...

The Trench Coat nods to Reese, both men spotting the VOLVO SPEEDING ON THE FREEWAY AHEAD OF THEM...

CUT TO:

80-INT. REESE AND CAROLINA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Reese flips through PHOTO ALBUMS, PAST PICTURES OF HE AND CAROLINA IN HAPPIER DAYS...

Smiling on top the Eiffel Tower, sipping espresso at a cafe, sun bathing on the beach in Cannes...

RIPPING THE PAGES OUT OF THE ALBUM ONE BY ONE...

CUT TO:

81-EXT FREEWAY/INT. AUDI - DAY

THE AUDI SPEEDING ON THE FREEWAY...SWIRLING BETWEEN CARS AND TRUCKS...

Trying to catch up with the Volvo...

As Wax LOADS UP HIS .45 ...

WAX

I don't think this is gonna slow them down.

(turns to Trench Coat)

Got any heavy metal?

The Trench Coat smirks, pushes a button -- THE OVERHEAD PANEL SLIDES OPEN, REVEALING...

A WEAPONS ARSENAL -- INCLUDING A TOW SHOULDER MISSILE.

WAX
Come to Daddy...

As he reaches up for the missile.

80A-INT. REESE AND CAROLINA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Reese tossing picture albums off Carolina's table when he notices COLORFUL SKETCH DRAWINGS OF A HAJIB. Turning and looking at...

Carolina's COLORFUL FABRICS LYING AGAINST THE WALL. Slowly putting it all together...

CUT TO:

81A - EXT FREEWAY/INT. AUDI // 80B - REESE APARTMENT- DAY

Wax LEANING OUT THE SIDE WINDOW, trying to keep the Tow Missile steady on his shoulder.

WAX
(aiming)
Little closer...

The Audi PULLING CLOSER when Wax's CELL RINGS.

WAX (CONT'D)
(into cell)
Kinda Busy here, Reese. About to smoke your girlfriend's car.

REESE
(on cell, removing the sling off his bandaged arm)
She's not inside that car.

WAX
(into cell)
What are you talking about, she's sitting in the passenger seat.
(aiming)
Gotta put you on hold a sec.

REESE
(on cell, grabbing a clean shirt and jacket)
(MORE)

REESE (CONT'D)

I'm telling you it's not her, she's entering the summit as a delegate.

WAX

(into cell)

You sure -- cause I can see her from here.

REESE

(on cell)

The Volvo's probably a diversion. At least make a visual confirmation before you take your shot.

The Trench Coat pulls closer to the Volvo...

Allowing Wax a clear view...

It's not Carolina sitting by the Bearded Driver -- IT'S A MANNEQUIN.

WAX

(into cell)

Fuck -- she's not inside.

REESE

(Grabing is gun and heading for the door)

I'm heading for the conference now.

WAX

(into cell)

Right behind you after I sweep up this shit.

Wax aiming the missile when the Volvo...

BREAKS INTO THE OPPOSITE LANE, COMPLETELY EMPTY OF ANY TRAFFIC (AS THE HIGHWAY AS BEEN BLOCKED FOR THE MOTORCADE)

DESPERATELY TRYING TO GET OFF A SHOT, but a non-stop flow of innocent drivers getting in his way.

WAX

(turns to the Trench Coat)

Get the locals to turn the motorcade around.

The Trench Coat SHIFTS GEARS and reaches for his cell...

CUT TO:

82-INT. U.S. MOTORCADE - DAY

A SECRET SERVICE AGENT removes his hand from his ear piece, whispers to the HEAD OF THE DELEGATION who...

Thinks a moment and then DEFIANTLY SHAKES HER HEAD.

CUT TO:

83-INT. AUDI - DAY

The Trench Coat SPEEDING ALONGSIDE the Volvo still navigating on the opposite lane...

Getting the news on his cell, turns and shakes his head at Wax.

WAX

Shit.

(turning to driver)

Pass the Volvo, get me on that overpass.

The Trench Coat speeds off the freeway, SCREECHING TO A HALT on the...

84-EXT. OVERPASS - DAY

WAX JUMP'S OUT OF THE CAR WITH THE MISSILE, RUN TO THE PARAPET...

...looks down as the Volvo passes under the overpass, SPEEDING TOWARDS THE MOTORCADE...

WAX

(aiming)

Come on baby, one shot...

CUT TO:

85-INT. VOLVO - DAY

The back of the car filled with cans of explosives...The Bearded Driver RECITING HIS PRAYERS, bracing for the explosion...

Quickly approaching the motorcade...

CUT TO:

86-EXT. OVERPASS - DAY

Wax takes a deep breath, the Volvo clearly in his sights...

Gently SQUEEZING THE TRIGGER...

CUT TO:

MISSILE'S P.O.V.

Rocketing above the freeway, IT'S WHISTLING SOUND ECHOING AS IT FLIES TOWARDS THE VOLVO, and...

KAAAAAABOOOOOOOMMMMM...

THE VOLVO EXPLODES INTO A BALL OF FIRE, as...

CUT TO:

87-EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The U.S. Delegation's motorcade SPEEDS PAST THE SMOKE AND FLAMES. Passing underneath Wax who looks down...

WAX

Welcome to Paris, baby.

Wax and the Trench Coat jump back into the Audi which PEELS OUT towards the U.S. Embassy.

CUT TO:

88-EXT. U.S. EMBASSY - DAY// 88A-INT AUDI ON FREEWAY - DAY

Reese BOLTS UP THE MARBLE STEPS, waving his I.D. at a wall of SECRET SERVICE AGENTS awaiting the arrival of the U.S. Delegation motorcade.

WAX

(on cell)

She's probably wearing one of those touch activated vests...

REESE

(into cell)

The one's we found in that apartment?
No way... She'd never...

WAX

(on cell)

The bitch ain't going to the summit to make some speech, Reese.

REESE

(into cell)

If I can find her, talk to her...

WAX
 (on cell)
 She'll blow your fucking head off. So
 you're going to have to aim up high --
 where there's no vest. You understand
 what I'm saying..?

REESE'S STOMACH IN KNOTS -- understands all to well.

WAX (CONT'D)
 Goddammit, you want me to spell it out
 for you?

No need as Reese is suddenly resigned to his fate...

REESE
 (into cell)
 No... I get it...

But Wax remains unconvinced.

WAX
 (on cell)
 Talking ain't gonna do the job, Reese -
 - you're going to have to take that
 shot.

Reese's FACE HARDENS AT THE THOUGHT, rushing towards the
 entrance, as...

CUT TO:

89-OMITTED

90-INT. U.S. EMBASSY - DAY

Reese hands his I.D. Card to a SECRET SERVICE AGENT. The Agent
 SLIDING THE CARD ACROSS THE SCANNER...

BUT IT'S REJECTED!

REESE
 Please, try it again...

The Agent reads the scanner, looks up suspiciously at Reese.

AGENT
 This card's been used by the
 Ambassador's Assistant.

REESE
 (flashing his I.D.)
 Impossible, I'm Ambassador Bennington
 personal assistant.

The Agent RELUCTANTLY SWIPES THE CARD WHICH IS REJECTED ONCE MORE.

Reese nervously looks around, noticing...

HALF A DOZEN AGENTS APPROACHING...

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Please come with me, sir.

REESE
 (realizing)
 My girlfriend, she's got a copy of
 my card, probably used it to get
 inside.

The Agents surrounding Reese, just as he spots...

REESE (CONT'D)
 She's somewhere inside now.

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON WALKING ACROSS THE LOBBY TOWARDS THE CONFERENCE ROOM.

REESE
 (shouting)
 Ambassador Bennington!

Two Agents grab Reese, PULL HIM TO THE SIDE...

REESE (CONT'D)
 (shouting louder)
 Ambassador!!!

DROWNING OUT HIS SHOUTS. But it's too late...

Ambassador Bennington notices Reese, walks over to the Secret Service Agent.

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON
 For God sakes, he's my personal
 aide, let him through.

Reese SHAKES FREE of the Secret Service Agents, walks towards Bennington who's clueless to what's going down.

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON (CONT'D)
 Reese, are you aware of what just
 happened to the delegation on the
 freeway?

REESE
 (concerned)
 Sir...

Reese walks past the METAL DETECTOR, when...

THE RED HAZARD LIGHT FLASHES ON!

An AGENT SPOTTING REESE'S GUN ON AN X-RAY MACHINE, as...

A DOZEN ANXIOUS AGENTS FORCE REESE TO THE WALL.

The AGENT WAVES THE GUN at Ambassador Bennington who looks at Reese confused.

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON
 Reese? Since when do you carry..?

Two BEEFY AGENTS pull Reese back to his feet.

REESE
 ... there's a suicide bomber inside
 the Embassy...

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON
 There's been absolutely no Intel on
 that...

REESE
 You need to clear out the conference
 now.

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON
 I can't shut down the summit on some
 vague assumption...

REESE
 It's more than that, I know the
 bomber...
 (off his look)
 She's my fiancé.

And it's all beginning to sound crazier to Bennington.

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON
 Your fiancé..?

REESE
 She's been using me as a cover all
 along. Probably to get the plans for
 the summit... to get inside...

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON
 You're sure she's in here?

REESE
 (hesitates)
 No... Not for certain...

Ambassador Bennington looks around at the hundreds of INTERNATIONAL DELEGATES mingling about, as...

CUT TO:

91-EXT. U.S. DELEGATION'S MOTORCADE - DAY

A RING OF HELICOPTERS, POLICE AND SECRET SERVICE surround the motorcade as it's escorted through the blocked off streets...

Blocks away from the U.S. Embassy.

CUT BACK TO:

92-INT. U.S. EMBASSY - DAY

The Secret Service Agent leans into Bennington's ear, notifies him the motorcade is pulling up in minutes.

AMBASSADOR BENNINGTON
 (locking eyes with Reese)
 Let him through.

The Agent reluctantly nods for his Men to let Reese go.

AGENT
 (pockets Reese's gun)
 Not with his weapon.

Reese slides past the Secret Service Agents...

WALKING TOWARDS THE DELEGATES, DESPERATELY SEARCHING FOR ANY SIGN OF CAROLINA.

CUT TO:

93-INT. AUDI - DAY

The Trench Coat and Wax SNAKING THROUGH THE MAZE OF BLOCKED OFF STREETS, when...

WAX LEAPS OUT AND TAKES OFF TOWARDS...

CUT TO:

94-INT. U.S. EMBASSY - DAY

Reese walking amongst the delegates, many dressed in COLORFUL AFRICAN FABRICS. When he spots...

A FIGURE WRAPPED IN A SHINY ORANGE HAJIB.

The same fabric Reese saw Carolina carrying in the First District.

REESE

Carolina!

The Orange Hajib turns slightly before moving on.

Reese pushing through a crowd of delegates, FOLLOWING THE ORANGE HAJIB into...

95-INT. EMBASSY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Reese confronted by a faceless sea of ORANGE HAJIB'S...

REESE

CAROLINA!!!

Searching desperately, but it's impossible to pick her out as...

HUNDREDS OF DELEGATES mingle as they await the arrival of the U.S. Delegation...

REESE (CONT'D)

(shouting out)

CAROLINA PLEASE -- DON'T DO THIS.

THE SECRET SERVICE AGENT, who's been shadowing Reese, talking into his mic...

Reese noticing the approaching Agent...

SPINS TOWARDS AN UNSUSPECTING SECURITY AGENT, GRABBING HIS GUN.

THE AGENT PULLING HIS OWN GUN ON REESE.

AGENT

Sir, get down.

But Reese not responding, frantically trying to pick out Carolina as...

THREE MORE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS SURROUND HIM WITH THEIR GUNS DRAWN...

AGENT

DROP THE GUN..!

PANIC ERUPTING AS THE DELEGATES RUSH OUT THE DOOR...

Momentarily cutting off the Agents from Reese...

Who in the chaos, suddenly spots...

CAROLINA'S ORANGE JIMMY CHOO SHOES PEEKING OUT BENEATH HER HIJAB...

REESE AIMING HIS GUN AT HER.

REESE
CAROLINA..? PLEASE... NO...

The Orange Hijab slowly lifts her veil -- CAROLINA LOCKING EYES WITH REESE.

REESE (CONT'D)
Please don't move. I don't want to do this...
(can't believe his own words)
... to shoot you.

The Agent standing across from Reese...

AGENT
DROP IT NOW!

About to pull the trigger when he notices CAROLINA UNBUTTON HER HIJAB, REVEALING...

THE SUICIDE VEST SHE'S WEARING.

AGENT
(face goes white)
Oh, shit.

The Agent quickly SWINGS HIS GUN now aimed at Carolina.

REESE
(to Agent)
Don't shoot her... The vest will explode...

REESE (CONT'D)
Carolina... please... let me help you...

CAROLINA
I don't need any help... I'm at peace...

REESE
You told me you're doing this because you want to have a purpose... For it all to make sense... I want that too, Carolina... I think we all do...

REESE'S HEART SKIPS A BEAT AS CAROLINA SLOWLY LIFTS HER HAND TO
ACTIVATE THE SUICIDE VEST...

REESE

NO..! Don't do this... Just listen
to me for a second... Please... Just
listen...

(trying to find the words)

Nothing matters right now... Except I
want you to know... I love you.
That's all I have... love for you,
Carolina... That's all any of us
have. And even if you don't love
me... That's how this all started for
you... You fell in love with
someone... and that's all the sense
any of us is ever gonna get... Love,
Carolina...

CAROLINA MOMENTARILY STOPS HER HAND...

CAROLINA

(mouthing the word)

Love...

SMILING SADLY AT REESE...

REESE

Yes... Love...

REESE LOWERS HIS GUN, SIGHS IN RELIEF...

HIS HEART SKIPPING A BEAT WHEN HE SEES...

CAROLINA MOVING HER HAND TOWARDS THE VEST AGAIN...

REESE'S HAND SHAKING AS HE LIFTS HIS GUN...

CAROLINA'S HAND INCHES FROM THE VEST'S TRIGGER...

REESE

(sotto)

No...

REESE TAKES A DEEP BREATH...

GENTLY SQUEEZING THE TRIGGER OF HIS GUN, AS...

CAROLINA CLOSES HER EYES...

THE BULLET HITTING CAROLINA IN THE HEAD, SENDING HER...

FALLING TO THE GROUND IN SLOW MOTION...

CAUGHT BY WAX...

Who gently puts her down and DEACTIVATES THE SUICIDE VEST.

Looking up at a still shaken Reese, his eyes tearing up.

CUT TO:

96-EXT-US EMBASSY - DAY - THIRTY MINUTES LATER -

The Head of Delegation is stuck in his car in front of the Embassy.

HEAD OF DELEGATION

What the hell is going on here ? I didn't fly 10 freaking hours to get my ass melting down in this fucking limo!

The chief of security doesn't know what to say.

SECURITY GUY

It's probably for your own safety,
Sir!

HEAD OF DELEGATION (PISSSED OFF)

You always say that when you don't have a clue about what's going on!

Wax passes his head through the car window.

SECURITY GUY (BETWEEN HIS TEETH)

Wax?! For christsake, what's going on?

WAX (SMILING)

Sorry Ladies, just a little problem with security procedure, sorry 'bout that! But everything is clear now, you can go. Enjoy your evening!

The Head of the Delegation gets out of the car, greeted by Ambassador Bennington, points at Reese and Wax, clearly mistaking them for low-level embassy employees.

HEAD OF DELEGATION

(in heavy Texas accent to the
Ambassador)

I want to know who's responsible for
this delay and I want him Fired!

The Head of Delegation walks away, his arms up, waving to the photographers.

WAX

(turns to Reese)

That's what I love about this job...the compliments and recognition.

Wax and Reese smile to each other...

CUT TO:

97-EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - DAY

Reese leads Wax towards a PRIVATE JET, it's engines running.

REESE

(hands Wax a paper bag)

Something to keep you going. Wherever it is you're going.

Wax opens the bag, takes out A ROYAL WITH CHEESE, smirks back at Reese.

WAX

I get a sense you're gonna be taking your act on the road in the near future, courtesy of our very grateful government.

And Wax hands Reese a MAGNET CHESS BOARD.

WAX (CONT'D)

I wouldn't be all that against you coming along with me.

REESE

I want to get back to my apartment... You know, there's some things...

WAX

Man, that place has already been packed up and shipped out.

(hands Reese an envelope)

But I figured you'd be looking for this...

Reese opens the envelope -- staring at...

THE STRIP OF PHOTOBOOTH PICTURE -- REESE AND CAROLINA MAKING FACES INTO THE CAMERA.

WAX (O.C.)

Something to remember her by.

Reese studying the images a long while. Finally looks up at Wax, speechless.

WAX (CONT'D)
Come on, pard -- one quick game.

REESE
(nods towards the jet)
They got the engines running.

Wax motions to the pilot, who immediately cuts the engines.

WAX
So what do you say?

REESE
I thought you were not the kind of guy
to play chess?!

WAX
I lied...sue me.

Reese smiles.

REESE
Ok, but I'm warning you, I take no
prisoners.

Wax sits on a bench, joined by Reese who SETS UP THE PIECES.

WAX
And I'm warning you, I'm a very
sore loser.

He takes out his 9mm, puts it down next to the board.

REESE
Well, in that case...

Reese takes a double Eagle magnum out, the biggest handgun
made...

REESE (CONT'D)
Let's dance.

He looks Wax dead in the eye. Wax holds for a moment, then
breaks into a big smile.

WAX
Welcome to the club pard.

He makes the first move on the board.

REESE
Oh man, are you going down.

WAX

Hoss, what I forgot about this
game, you haven't even learned yet.

FADE OUT as they talk shit and begin to play.

THE END