

UTAH'S VOICE
At what point - does a man ... break?

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Lock clicks. Door opens. LONG-HAIRED KID steps in. Stops.

14 YEAR-OLD BOY
Mom? Dad?

Across the carpet - a BLOOD-SOAKED TRAIL.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The boy's FATHER lies GUNSHOT on the floor. Dead. Fingers of one hand reaching for a fallen BOOK OF MORMON ...

While the others - stiff - lie wrapped around a BELT.

The boy's SKATEBOARD clatters from his stunned hand.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

Tears in his eyes, the boy stands in the doorway. A FULL-BLOODED INDIAN WOMAN sits on the toilet, .38 in her hand.

BOTTLE on the floor. BRAINS on the wall. BRUISES on legs.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Holding the GUN in a towel, the boy starts to lay it into his father's dead hand. But stops. Hands trembling.

Abruptly he puts the gun to his own head. Tries hard. But the finger on the trigger refuses to close out his life.

INT. DOORWAY - DAY

He stops in the neutral territory between his mother and father's bodies ...

Drops the gun there ...

And slumps. Eyes traveling out the windows to the majesty of the SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS that tower above his tiny valley

VOICE
Utah!

EXT. STREET - SHANGHAI - DAY

THAT BOY... a dozen years older now - a handsome, crisply groomed man now more resembling father than mother ...

Pulls his eyes from the MOUNTAIN OF A BUILDING towering above them. The Xing-Hua Tower. The world's tallest.

Blinking to his INSTRUCTOR - and the rest of his CLASS...

FBI FIELD INSTRUCTOR
Someplace you'd rather be, Candidate?

UTAH - hesitates microscopically. Then shakes his head.

UTAH
No. Sir. No place.

FBI FIELD INSTRUCTOR
Then recap please.

Utah gives a nervous cough.

UTAH
Was a Wednesday so the entire month's
yield from the company's mines was
present and on-hand in the sort facility.

As he speaks, we SEE snippets of his story. A HIGH-TECH DIAMOND SORTING FACILITY. Breathing-masked Chinese technicians sorting thousands of gem-quality DIAMONDS.

UTAH (CONT'D)
Radex Mining's mistake was believing no
one could ever rob and successfully
escape from a sorting facility that was
170 stories above the earth - so they
paid more attention to the security
monitoring people leaving than entering.

In the sort facility, a FREIGHT ELEVATOR OPENS. A pair of ARMED GUARDS lie unconscious - while, to the startled realization of the Facility Techs ...

Three BLACK-HELMETED RIDERS sit astride three growling HUSQUAVARNA MOTORBIKES. Gunning it, they shoot in ...

Racing nimbly down the aisles, scooping trays of sorted diamonds away from frozen Technicians and into saddlebags slung over their shoulders as they pass ...

UTAH (CONT'D)

But Radex's security designers hadn't
forseen that the perps might possess an
unusual skill-set ...

The THREE BIKES slide back together at the top of the
facility's main aisle - dead-ending in a floor-to-ceiling
window giving way to the spectacular panorama of
Shanghai's cityscape stretching past the Huangpu River.

UTAH (CONT'D)

And the balls to actually do it.

Drawing SUB-MACHINE GUNS, the 3 riders GUN it, launching
down the aisle passed the stunned stations of Techs ...

FIRING into the on-coming window and - as it drops - and
their speedometers hit 185km ...

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

They come sailing out through the shattered frame and
emerge into the bright China sun, 500 feet above the
streets of Shanghai.

But - instead of bailing off the bikes - they RIDE them
sailing out over the Huangpu River

Waiting till the machines start to nosedive before they -

Pull ripcords and PARAFOILS thump fulminating out as the
bike's nosedive away down into the river far below ...

As they themselves drift swiftly down towards the
opposite side of the river ...

As they approach the Zhongshan Boulevard that forms the
border of the river's opposite shore, POLICE OFFICERS
parked on break there spot them and begin racing for
their cars and motorcycles.

UTAH

And they were smart. They saw potential
police intervention on the ground ...

As the three jumpers come sweeping down over Shanghai's
busiest shopping boulevard, they pull the rip-seams on
the saddlebags they carry ...

UTAH (CONT'D)

So they improvised.

And DIAMONDS come streaming raining down into the street - rattling off car tops like hail.

It isn't an instant before MOBS of Chinese shoppers come into the street, scrambling for gems.

The POLICE UNITS - effectively blockaded - have little choice now but to step out of their cars and watch as the three bikers drop down over the boulevard ...

RELEASE the parafoils fulminating away, dropping into picture-perfect BULLSEYE landings onto THREE MOTORBIKES already screaming down the boulevard.

Landing on the backs of the bikes racing away. Clean.

BACK IN THE PRESENT, on that same boulevard, Utah shrugs.

UTAH (CONT'D)

Radex lost a million carats of diamonds.

FBI FIELD INSTRUCTOR

Good. I see you put the flight over here to good use. But you made an error. The perps didn't release the diamonds - they accidentally dropped them. Why go through the trouble of pulling something like this off if one of your contingencies is to throw your ill-gotten gains away.

UTAH

Yes Sir - but the timing does seem a little convenient ...

His Instructor gives him a look.

FBI FIELD INSTRUCTOR

Ever hear the term 'shit happens', Utah?
(class)

Point is - a million carats of diamonds released back into the wild? It's been nothing short of a global disaster. The damage would have actually been less if the perps had held onto them. In the four days since the robbery, world diamond values are down %75. Mining companies that have been in existence for over a century are suddenly looking at going belly-up.

UTAH

But on the plus side, Sir, the market for blood diamonds has dried up.

His instructor flashes him an even darker look.

FBI FIELD INSTRUCTOR

Utah - flip remarks like that are counter-productive in a Field-Theory Class.
Anybody have a well-reasoned thought?

Except - Utah wasn't joking. But before he can respond, one of the FEMALE CANDIDATES speaks up.

CARLA

Personally, I'd look at major rival diamond producers. They have the resources to plan and finance something like this and on top of quadrupling their own inventory, they simultaneously cripple a top rival.

The FBI Instructor snaps his fingers her way.

FBI FIELD INSTRUCTOR

Good Carla. That's the kind of thinking I want to see - and, in fact, that's exactly one of the angles the boys at Quantico are working on as we speak.

INT. FBI PLANE - NIGHT

The rest of the class is tossing and turning under thin blankets, trying to get some shut-eye during the long flight.

The Field Instructor, working at his computer, looks up as Utah stops at his seat. Expecting him, he nods.

FBI FIELD INSTRUCTOR

Sit.

Utah does in the adjacent vacant seat. The Instructor (FLEMING) folds down his computer. Studies Utah. Speaks low so as not to awaken the others.

FLEMING

Utah - your physicals are off the chart, and given your background, they should be - but some of your academics, like Theory? Diagnostics? They leave something to be desired. To put it mildly.

Utah sits there a tight-lipped moment.

UTAH

Brigham, Sir.

FLEMING

I'm sorry?

Invisibly, Utah sighs.

UTAH

My name's Brigham. Not Utah. Utah's a name my classmates got off YouTube. I hate it when people still call me that.

Fleming switches to a gritted whisper.

FLEMING

I know what your real name is. The *point* - is that I'm not sure you fit wholly into the FBI mold. *Brigham*.

Utah chews at his tongue.

UTAH

What exactly is the 'FBI mold', Sir?

Fleming drums the top of his computer. Clocks the TATTOOS peeking from beneath Utah's sleeve.

FLEMING

World you came out of - must've been pretty wild ...

Beside him, Utah chills. *Knows where this is going.*

UTAH

Had it's moments.

FLEMING

What? Lotta parties? Girls ...

Utah's sighs again.

UTAH

Sometimes.

FLEMING

Then why leave it? For all this ...
(gestures)
... maddening sanity.

UTAH

Maybe - Sir - there's part of me that could use a little maddening sanity.

FLEMING

And maybe a part of you that wants nothing to do with it?

Utah goes silent.

FLEMING (CONT'D)

How bad do you really want this, Utah?

UTAH

Bad enough to have gotten my high school equivalency at 23. Bad enough to have gone to college and law school five years after my peers had already graduated.

FLEMING

Yeah, I saw that. Nebraska Mutual Law.
That's what ... ?

(frankly)

On-line?

Utah's lips tighten.

UTAH

Accredited, Sir. The Bureau reviewed my credentials before they admitted me into this program. I'm not sure why you're second-guessing them now.

FLEMING

Because it's my *job*. To only let the most qualified individuals past this desk. You wanna talk turkey? I'm *questioning* because I'm not *convinced* that you are an FBI agent-in-the-making.

UTAH

No? Sir? Then what am I?

FLEMING

I dunno? How about just another athlete who ran out of rope? Scrambling because he suddenly realized he's got nothing else to fall back on

It's getting harsh and heated now.

UTAH

Sir, this candidate *does* believe he has the makings of an FBI agent - and he's pretty damn sure he's not here just because he doesn't have anything else to fall back on!

Fleming looks back a pulse-pounding moment. Then relaxes.

FLEMING

Then, dammit, give me something. Because phase graduation's in three days and I can't pass you to In-Field Performance unless you prove to me you fully grasp Theory.

Fleming shakes his head.

FLEMING (CONT'D)

I like you, Utah - I've even watched your videos on YouTube. But I'll tell you straight - you're gonna need a Hail Mary here.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Utah drops into his own seat. Looks up at the bulkhead. Closes his eyes. Hard.

INT. QUANTICO COMPUTER LABS - DAY

Back on US soil, Utah WORKS relentlessly, burning midnite oil, going through the textbooks, consulting the computers - long after everyone else has gone to sleep.

Until - in frustration, he *punches* the computer screen.

INT. ADMINISTRATOR'S LOUNGE - DAWN

Dog-tired Utah puts his PAPER in a cubby marked FLEMING.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Utah presents himself to the assistant behind the desk. She hands him a manila envelope.

EXT. HALL - DAY

Heart in his throat, Utah sits. Closes his eyes. Opens the envelope. Removes his PAPER - with the results.

Written in red, upper margin, the words '*SORRY UTAH*' ...

Crushed, Utah drops his head back against the wall.

Could cry.

EXT. CHINESE AIR-SPACE - CHONGQUING PROVINCE - DAY

It's a bright blue day as the C-130 cargo transport wings southward over the Chongquing Province, center of China's industrial production.

INT. CARGO HOLD - DAY

Nothing stirs, not even a mouse, amidst the roar of the engines reverberating through the hold's hull.

Giant COVERED PALLETS fill the hold. Then ... a DIFFERENT SOUND begins to compete with the engine's roar.

A powered whine. Abruptly, one of the TIRES on the rear landing gear - tucked up into the plane's inner belly - SPLITS from within.

A GLOVED HUMAN HAND thrusts up through - feeling the air.

The wheel's twin on the other side of the gear splits too, followed by a similar set of fingers.

Both sets of fingers are followed by the bodies of TWO MEN, squirming up out of the rubber wombs.

Oxygen masks on, they take a moment to stretch and shake out cramped limbs.

Then, reaching into the gut-split tires, they pull duffles and, exchanging nods from behind their oxygen masks, rip away the TARPS covering the pallets - revealing Volkswagen-sized bricks of AMERICAN CURRENCY.

OXYGEN MASK 1 gives OXYGEN MASK 2 a thumbs up and, turning, HITS the red lever on the hydraulics and ...

The hold begins to fill with the HURRICANE ROAR of wind as ...

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

The Pilots look panicked - as ALARMS begin bleating - to the hold camera screen - where two men in oxygen masks stand CHEERILY WAVING at them as the plane's rear loading ramp goes down.

The Pilots begin yelling into their radios and throwing every control they can ...

INT. PLANE'S HOLD - DAY

With fixed-edged knives, Oxygen Masks cut away the straps and the gigantic pallets of money go ROLLING away down the rails and go SLIDING off the end of the ramp ...

And vanishing away into the infinite abyss of sky.

With a running start, Oxygen Mask's 1 and 2 go DIVING off after them.

EXT. AIRSPACE - DAY

Oxygen Masks and the two monster pallets of cash are in free-fall above the highly industrialized, highly populated city center of Chongqing far below.

City rushing up at them, Oxygen Masks each dive, slamming into 1 of the pallets tumbling end over end thru the sky.

When these things hit, they are going to hit like bombs.

But, using single-edged gravity-blades, they CUT-AWAY the cords securing the currency and abruptly ...

BOTH PALLETS suddenly explode into gargantuan bursts of CASH as the vast up-rush of air suddenly catches the liberated currency and sends it ...

ERUPTING, engulfing the Oxygen Masks who ...

Come blasting out through the thunderhead cloud of cash, and - focusing - streamline, targeting their downward rush towards a specific point in the city below ...

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

On-lookers who have stopped to watch a fender bender that has stopped traffic in both directions - begin looking upwards as others begin pointing ...

To the TWO TINY FIGURES lancing down like arrows out of the sky. Headed directly for them.

People begin to yell as ...

EXT. AIRSPACE - DAY

Oxygen Mask 1, tensely watching the city below go from a grid - to a city block - to a street - in a matter of mere seconds, holds his finger poised above a button on his DIVE WATCH ...

And as they both STRIKE down towards the street's surface like a pair of hellfire missiles ...

He DEPRESSES the button and with a burst of successive explosions, the street's surface beneath them ...

VANISHES - collapsing dropping away just as they meet it and - with the screams of the crowd of on-lookers as they blast past ...

Disappear into the earth.

INT. CENOTE - DAY

Going into freefall in a vast limestone hole in the earth, yanking RIPCORDS ...

PARAFOILS bursting open, slowing them just as they go splashing down into the clear flowing water at the distant bottom of the subterranean cavern.

Breaking the surface, they exchange looks and - exchanging oxygen feeds for RESPIRATORS, they disappear beneath the crystal waters.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

While above, hundreds of astonished Chinese crowd the edge of the newly revealed sinkhole, jostling to get a look into the nearly bottomless depths of the abyss.

A MURMUR begins to travel through the crowd as - from above them - and all across the city - it begins to rain.

MONEY.

The murmur turns to a ROAR ...

As the stuff coming down literally begins to darken out the sky.

INT. FBI GYMNASIUM - VIRGINIA - DAY

INSTRUCTOR FLEMING stands on the stage, under the glare.

FLEMING

This ceremony represents the acknowledgement of the completion of your first phase of Special Agent Candidacy for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The badge you receive today is your provisional badge which each of you will take with you on your individual assignments to various places of In-Field Training. Upon completion of the In-Field Training phase and the recommendation of your In-Field Training Officer, you will become fully vested Agents of the FBI.

Amidst applause, he reads.

DEAN

Ashford, Carla - please come forward and receive your provisional badge ...

Utah's PRETTY CLASSMATE mounts the stage, pausing to shake Fleming's hand - shows her provisional badge to the audience and flashing cameras.

FLEMING

In-Field Training assignment: Washington, D.C. ...

More applause. Seated in the back - with other mere spectators - IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES ...

UTAH sits watching. *Washed out.*

But his mind - is elsewhere ...

BACK OUTSIDE HIS PARENTS HOUSE - 12 YEARS BEFORE

Young Utah stands by in a shell-shocked daze as the bodies of his mother and father are wheeled out by two teams of PARAMEDICS - chatting as they pass ...

PARAMEDIC

(passing)

A Mormon and a Indian. Must'a made for interesting conversation round the dinner table.

The other team laughs. A HAND falls on Utah's shoulder.

POLICE OFFICER

*You got relatives? Someplace to go?
Someone who maybe might want you ... ?*

BACK IN AUDITORIUM: Another of Utah's former classmates mounts the stage. Smiles for the cameras.

Rising - Utah just walks out.

INT. DORM ROOMS - DAY

Except for Utah, the dorm rooms are empty. Everyone else is at the phase-graduation ceremony.

Utah packs his stuff. Pausing on his SKATEBOARD. Beaten, decaled and dinged from years of use. *Like him.*

Hurls it against the wall.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Pack slung over his shoulder, Utah walks out the doors.

EXT. DORM - CAMPUS - DAY

But as he exits, PEOPLE are moving FAST, every direction.

UTAH
(a passing FBI Tech)
Hey. What's going on?

TECH
US plane carrying money from China
hijacked. Perps skydived out, vanished
right into the goddam earth.

Utah blinks.

UTAH
The earth?

But the Tech is already on his way.

TECH
(over shoulder)
We're deploying a team.

Utah - stares after him.

INT. COMPUTER LABS - DAY

Leaving the door open to the hustle going on in the hall outside, Utah goes directly to a computer, begins TYPING.

Immediately, on the FBI server, he finds cel-phone footage taken by someone in the crowd in China of the two figures rifling down towards earth ...

And then shifting to the huge hole in the center of the avenue that they disappeared through.

He sits back ... *mind racing* ...

Then quickly begins typing. Accesses FBI internal files.

Pulls up grainy footage: underside of a PLANE'S BELLY ...

It plays out. He rewinds it and plays it in slow-motion.

THE TWO FIGURES can be plainly seen bailing out and catching up with the gigantic, falling bales of cash ...

Which burst into vast rain-clouds of bills glittering down over Chongquing.

Utah stops the footage. Thinking.

Then - quickly types in: *FILE / ROBBERY / BUENOS AIRES...*

INFORMATION begins scrolling down the screen.

INT. FIELD INSTRUCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

FLEMING looks up surprised when Utah walks suddenly in.

UTAH

Sir - remember you told me you thought I needed a Hail Mary?

He raises a FILE he's compiled. Sets it on the desk.

INT. FBI MEDIA-BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The HEADS of all the FBI departments sit assembled around a huge table, while UTAH, at the head of it, goes through a power-point presentation.

On screen, FOOTAGE of a MOTORCYCLIST doing a DOUBLE BACK-FLIP off a ramp - *and landing it.*

HEAD OF INVESTIGATIONS looks to Fleming, impatient. But, with a hand, Fleming counsels patience.

On-screen, the motorcyclist skids up to the cameras and removes his helmet, shaking out a mop of hair.

UTAH. The current clean-cut Utah turns now to the room.

UTAH

After the death of my parents, I had no family, no real place to go - it seemed the only group that embraced me was a group of guys like me - who came from broken homes and backgrounds...

(a nod)

And who all seemed to have gravitated in one way or another to extreme sports. So I did too. Snow-boarding, BMX, Motocross, any downhill mountain sport.

(nods again)

I was what's called an extreme sport poly-athlete

FBI DIRECTOR

Excuse me - I'm supposed to be on a plane to China in half an hour. Why am I listening to this?

UTAH

Because, Sir - I believe that - like me - the people behind both robberies in China were extreme athletes. Possibly polys.

DEPT. DIRECTOR 2

Isn't that obvious? I don't think you ride motorcycles off buildings or skydive out of cargo planes if you aren't.

DEPT. DIRECTOR 1

Weren't. The last jokers cratered into a goddam street.

UTAH

I don't think so, Sir. I don't think they went into the street - I think they went *thru* it.

Glances exchanged. Utah clicks his power-point. An image of an UNDERGROUND CAVERN appears.

UTAH (CONT'D)

Process of forcing water through the ground in order to force oil out. It's called 'fracking' and causes the limestone to disintegrate and create subterranean caverns - sometimes huge. It's a particular issue in China.

(MORE)

UTAH (CONT'D)

I think they knew this anomaly was there and blew the street surface just before they hit it, only deploying their chutes after they'd passed thru and then escaped through an underground river.

There's a beat around the room.

DEPT. DIRECTOR 2

That's pretty advanced geologic knowledge to attribute to a team of thieves.

UTAH

These are pretty advanced thieves Sir.

Another beat.

DEPT. DIRECTOR 1

What are you thinking?

UTAH

I'm thinking, Sir, that these last two robberies - in China - they share a commonality with a certain kind of person.

DEPT. DIRECTOR 1

And what kind - exactly - would that be?

UTAH

The hard-core of the hard-core, Sir. The kind Questing the Eight.

BLANK LOOKS. He clicks to the next Power-Point frame - depicting a hard-core looking JAPANESE MAN.

UTAH (CONT'D)

Technically known as the Ozaki Eight or the Eight Ordeals of Ono Ozaki.

(nods)

Ozaki was one of the founding fathers of Extreme Poly-Sport and before he died in 2003 he had challenged the extreme sports world with a gauntlet of eight nearly impossible ordeals - so difficult each would be nearly impossible for even the best athlete in each respective field to attempt - much less survive. Ozaki claimed that any single man who could complete all eight would attain a kind of spiritual nirvana. An enlightenment.

DEPT. DIRECTOR 3

And? Was he right?

Utah turns.

UTAH

I don't know, Sir. No one's ever done it. Ozaki himself died questing his fifth ordeal; sky-diving out of a plane and deploying his chute after he was 100 meters below sea-level.

(shakes head)

The Eight Ordeals are more the stuff of myth now than reality - generally believed to be impossible as a whole.

(nods)

Point is, one of the other Ordeals is BASE diving off one of the world's 10 tallest structures and landing on a land-craft going in excess of 100km an hour. If that sounds similar - that's exactly what happened in Shanghai.

(another nod)

Point is - I think there's at least one team out there now questing the Eight - and hitting multi-national corporations where it hurts while they're at it.

DEPT. DIRECTOR 2

Just because of these two heists?

UTAH

Not two, Sir. Four.

An exchange of whispers around the room.

UTAH (CONT'D)

Recall - four weeks ago, the Mercantile Bank of Tierra Del Fuego in Argentina was taken down for 20 million dollars?

He nods.

UTAH (CONT'D)

Well, the first of the eight ordeals - is to surf the seismic wave caused by a calving iceberg in glacial waters.

(nods)

It's spring in the Southern Hemisphere. Icebergs are calving right now by the dozens off the Falklands and the southern tip of Buenos Aires. I suggest while our perps were there knocking off the first ordeal, they also knocked off 20 million in cash from Banco Del Fuego.

He gives the room a further nod.

UTAH (CONT'D)

The second of Ozaki's ordeals is 15 thousand feet of snow descent in 15 minutes. Two weeks ago, an armed convoy of semi's carrying unprocessed gold ore was hit near the summit of Mount Cheney in Alaska - one of the steepest descents in north American.

On the screen he clicks up a map - uses his laser pointer to trace a path - from Buenos Aires, up to Alaska - and then arcing over to China.

UTAH (CONT'D)

Sirs - there's a clear path.

Silence around the room. The Director clears his throat.

DEPT. DIRECTOR

And what are the four remaining so-called ordeals?

Utah flashes up a finger.

UTAH

Five - tow-in surfing a wave in excess of 100 feet in height ...

A second finger ...

UTAH (CONT'D)

Six - wingsuit proximity flight of a pure 66% grade for three miles or more ...

A third.

UTAH (CONT'D)

Seven - air-to-air human transfer between two planes in flight. No parachutes - no net.

Dropping his hand, he stops - nods. A silence.

DEPT. DIRECTOR 2

And? Eight?

Utah looks his way. Shakes his head

UTAH

Eight is unsurvivable. If I'm right about this - and we don't get to these guys before Ozaki's Eighth Ordeal - it's not going to make any difference anyway.

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE FLEMING'S OFFICE - DAY

Utah sits. The door opens. Fleming's ASSISTANT looks out.

ASSISTANT
He'll see you now ...

INT. FIELD INSTRUCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Fleming - behind his desk. Looks at Utah.

FLEMING
Those men in there. They're exceptionally smart. Smart enough to think your theory is ridiculously irresponsible and smart enough to stay on course and maintain our team deployment to China.

Everything inside Utah seems to - crumple.

FLEMING (CONT'D)
But also smart enough - to give what might be an untamed talent a chance.

He lays onto the desk - a PROVISIONAL FBI ID.

FLEMING (CONT'D)
For at least now - you're back on the team.

Utah is stunned. With trembling hand, he takes the badge. When he looks up, TEARS are nearly in his eyes.

UTAH
Where am I being sent for In-Field Training and Assessment?

Fleming leans back. Faintly, he smiles.

FLEMING
It's your show, Utah. You tell me.

EXT. NICE - FRANCE - DAY

A UNITED AIRLINES flight touches down on the tarmac in the SOUTH OF FRANCE.

INT. AIRPORT IMMIGRATION - DAY

Carrying a carry-on bag and a FILE-PHOTO of a fit GRANITE-JAWED MAN, UTAH scans the waiting crowd, searching the faces massed outside the rope there for a match ...

VOICE

Brigham? Jonathan?

Utah turns. A HEAVY-SET MAN beyond the rope.

UTAH

Yeh? ...

The man extends a beefy hand across the rope.

HEAVY-SET MAN

Pappas, Alex. Alexandros.

Mystified, Utah compares the photo. It *says* Agent Alex Pappas - *but looks nothing like this man*.

PAPPAS takes the photo - glances at it. Chuckles.

PAPPAS

Kid - that file photo's 20 years old.
Come on - I got a car.

INT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT - DAY

As they get in Utah flashes an ADDRESS at Pappas.

UTAH

I need to go here.

Pappas glances at it.

PAPPAS

Sure. After lunch cool?

Utah's eyes stay on him.

UTAH

No offense. But I don't think they flew me all the way from Virginia to have lunch.

Pappas stops now too. Hands on the wheel, he looks over.

PAPPAS

I read in your jacket they call you Utah?
Ok I call you that?

Utah draws a silent breath.

UTAH

If it makes this go quicker.

PAPPAS

Utah. I don't know what time it is back in Virginia - but as your In-Field Advisor - who by the way, is technically running this show - I'm here to tell you - in the South of France? It's lunch-time.

EXT. MACDONALD'S DRIVE-THRU - DAY

Pappas, looking MOST UPSET, accepts his BIG MAC AND FRIES from the pretty FRENCH GIRL in the DRIVE THRU window.

PAPPAS

This is absolutely where I draw the line...

(Utah)

We *will* stop for an espresso.

UTAH

Swell.

Pappas' annoyance gives way to a small smile.

PAPPAS

Well, whaddaya know. You and I just might just actually end up getting along after all, Utah.

UTAH

No. *Swell*.

He tosses a DOCUMENT into Pappas' lap.

UTAH (CONT'D)

If I'm right, next on these characters' bucket-list is tow-in surfing a 100 plus foot wave.

(document)

Swell-chart. Shows the direction the water's pushing all over the globe. Only two places in the world where water deep enough breaks steep enough to produce a wave that big. One is the Cortez Banks 100 miles off California; the other's 75 klicks south of here - off the coast of Western France.

(a nod)

(MORE)

UTAH (CONT'D)

And the swell chart says we got no time to waste. We need to drop my gear and go.

Pappas stares at him. Then with a sigh puts it into gear.

PAPPAS

I'm not gonna get my afternoon nap either - I can already tell.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - SOUTH FRANCE - DAY

Utah stops dead when he enters the TINY, SPARE OFFICE. A single phone, a single computer - old tube monitor ...

PAPPAS

(pushing past)

Don't judge. It's the Southern Europe FBI liaison office. Phone rings here like - once every three years.

Utah sighs. Drops his stuff. Turns. Walks out.

INT. SURF SHOP - BIARRITZ - DAY

A hole-in-the-wall surf shop. Utah browses the stack of SURF BOARDS while Pappas smokes a cigarette in a seat in a corner.

PAPPAS

I read the bullet points - what's the headline? Globe-trotting surfers robbing banks?

UTAH

Not banks - multi-national corporations. We don't know why yet. And it's not surfers. It's extreme athletes. Which includes the subset of extreme surfing.

PAPPAS

And this is your theory?

UTAH

Something like that. Yeah.

PAPPAS

And you're a surfer.

UTAH

I've surfed.

PAPPAS
How'd I guess?

UTAH
What's that supposed to mean?

PAPPAS
Oh, nothing.

Utah finds a board. Hefts it. A Shop-Girl appears.
PRETTY and FRENCH. Addresses Utah in French.

Pappas materializes between them instantly. Dripping
charm - and FLAWLESS FRENCH.

PAPPAS (CONT'D)
*Sorry. My friend doesn't speak le
langage de l'amour.*

Something about his Mickey Rourke manner charms her
instantly.

FRENCH SHOP GIRL
You surf too?

PAPPAS
*All my life. But today we're just here
for my pal.
(a smile)
He's just starting out.*

UTAH
Pappas, cut it out. Just because I don't
speak French doesn't mean I don't know
what you're saying. Let's pay for the
board and split.

EXT. SHOP - DAY

Utah tries to figure out how he's gonna cram the board
into a car a third its size ...

UTAH
Christ Pappas - she was half your age.

PAPPAS
(shrugs/lights cigarette)
They like older men here - can I help
that? Think it confers some kind of
special wisdom or game in the sack. Who
am I to question the neuroses of an
entire nation?
(MORE)

PAPPAS (CONT'D)

I didn't ask to get stationed here - I'm just trying to make the most of it.

UTAH

Clearly.

He *shoves* the board in thru the back window.

INT. CAR - DAY

They both climb in. Utah looks across the surfboard crowding the tiny car between them.

UTAH

Hope you can at least drive a boat.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

A Scarab 1203 powers slamming across the wavecaps of the Mediterranean Sea, Pappas at the wheel as Utah changes out of his travel-suit - into a WETSUIT.

Pappas yells over the roar of the engine and the sea.

PAPPAS

I don't get it! Surfing? In the middle of the ocean?!

UTAH

It's simple!

Pulling a sharpie, he DRAWS on the windshield.

UTAH (CONT'D)

Mountain. Underwater. Rising almost to the surface. In fact, at low-tide its crest is exposed. When there's a swell, the water breaks big over the top of it - spills onto the other side.

Pappas regards the crude diagram dubiously.

PAPPAS

And you figure these guys - if they exist - will be out here.

UTAH

They wouldn't miss it for the world. There won't be another opportunity until a swell breaks the Cortez Banks off California and that could be a year or more - maybe ten. Maybe never.

He nods. Looking into the sea ahead.

UTAH (CONT'D)
They'll be here.

Picking up binoculars, Pappas scans the sea ahead.

PAPPAS
And we'll know it's them cause who else
would be out in the middle of the goddam
ocean, right?

UTAH
That's the idea.

Pappas chucks the binocs into Utah's chest.

PAPPAS
Then I guess I'm definitely not getting
my nap anytime soon.

Utah raises the binoculars. SEES ...

AHEAD, not only is there a HUGE WAVE BREAK ...

But the sea around it is a veritable MARDI GRAS of BOATS
and PEOPLE.

EXT. LA MERIEUX BREAK - DAY

Pappas and Utah motor into a huge REGATTA of boats.

All centered around TWO MASSIVE LUXURY YACHTS - crowded
with young people and anchored bow-to-bow ...

Each with HALF-PIPES and ramps on their bows, SKATERS
soaring across the sea between and landing it on the
neighboring boat's ramp ..

Or *eating it* in the sea between ...

While females in bikinis and boys in beach shorts cheer
and drink.

An IBIZA of MUSIC pumping from astounding sound systems
on the two yachts, dancing and shouting ...

All backed by the ROAR of thunderous monster waves
breaking on a subterranean giant just ahead ...

And the HELICOPTERS and Jet-Skis screaming past, towing
surfers into monstrous DUPLEXES OF BREAKING WATER ...

DOZENS of floating photographers furiously photographing.

As MANY surfers chicken out, veering off last moment.

Utah and Pappas exchange a glance.

PAPPAS

Now what Boy Genius?

A HOOTING ARISES - they both look to see all eyes turned out to sea - where the water is beginning to rise, like the shoulders of a great giant heaving a slow, dark sigh.

Utah shrugs the last of his wetsuit over his shoulders. Raising the SURFBOARD - he smiles.

UTAH

Guess it's time to do a little of that Field Work you're supposed to be grading me on, Teach.

EXT. WATER - DAY

UTAH is half submerged in the water, SKI-ROPE in hand.

Ahead, surfers are towing in, dropping in and disappearing behind wave faces ...

Others bailing at the edge of the abyss ...

While behind, the sea is rising - and RISING.

UTAH

(shouts)

Seventh wave! When I signal - hit it!

Pappas, at the wheel of the speed-boat, looks dubious.

PAPPAS

How much should I give it!?

UTAH

Everything! Head straight into the backbone. When I raise my hand - turn! Turn hard! Sling-shot me right over the falls!

Pappas cast a doubtful glance towards the roaring break.

PAPPAS

You ever surf anything this big?

UTAH
I've surfed big waves.

PAPPAS
Yeah - but anything *this* big?

Utah looks back - the sea's giant shoulders are rising.

UTAH
Now!

Pappas *shoves* the throttle forward, the props gnash, teeth chewing water, boat leaping forward.

YANKING Utah up out of the sea - bringing him up onto plane on his board ...

Accelerating him forward as the roughening ocean seems to expand beneath them.

Utah pumps his hand, screaming over the roar ...

UTAH (CONT'D)
Pappas! Now! Now!

Up ahead, Pappas *turns* the wheel hard right, sending Utah *slingshotting* past, ricocheting across the rough chop...

Sea lifting beneath him ...

ONLY - now ANOTHER SURFER appears. Shooting in towards the same wave - from a different angle.

SECOND SURFER
My wave fucker! Bail!

UTAH
Biggest of the set! You bail!

The Surfer - BLONDE MANE of hair curled in salt water - crouches almost instinctively at the words and Utah sees that his fingers have curled round a DIVE-KNIFE strapped round his calves.

Utah freezes - adrenaline spidering - ready for a fight.

But - too late - THE WAVE - is upon them.

Surging up under their feet and building into a swelling monster, carrying them forward upon its vast shoulders...

IN IT NOW - both men hunch as they DROP - beginning to head down its lengthening face ..

World of light turning from a cold cobalt to a luminous green as the sea begins to channel the sun behind it.

And UTAH ...

Realizes he's in a world of shit.

Picking up immense speed as he begins to shoot down the growing face of the wave ...

Feeling the massing heaviness of an emerging mountain of water as it heaves up beneath him ...

In all its geometric growing gargantuan power ...

And the world goes from glassy green ...

To DARK.

As Utah realizes that the crest of the wave is closing out over him ...

Roar like a building collapsing in an earthquake...

The top of the tube reaching out to swallow him whole.

And Utah knows ...

He's in deep trouble.

The pocket slipping further and further away ...

As he vanishes deeper and deeper into the screaming maw, in all its lapis-lazuli fury and howling darkness ...

Beginning to COME APART all around him.

And above it all - he hears ...

A VOICE.

And realizes - that the BLONDE SURFER - just a few yards ahead - a few crucial yards ahead ...

Crouched down across his board like a panther ...

Is LOOKING BACK AT HIM - eyes feral, alert.

And YELLING. Just audible over the thunder of the burning house that is collapsing all around Utah.

SURFER
Follow! Follow my line!

He hunches forward, accelerating ahead of the close-out.

Utah too tightens down - hugging into the spitting white-line wake of the golden-haired surfer's superior line ...

A faster line. A more efficient line.

Maybe the only survivable line out of this mess.

Abruptly a clap like thunder, the wave closes out behind Utah, dropping down a million cubic tons of water as the tube begins to collapse.

And the Dragon coughs.

Utah is smashed from behind by a monstrous blast of air and a land-mine expulsion of razor-sharp water droplets shot out of the collapsing super-tunnel of water ...

Nearly blowing him off his board.

But he HOLDS. He *holds* ...

Holds for everything he's worth to the Golden Surfer's rail-tight line - guiding him, like a lighthouse ...

A life-line ...

Out of the burning, raging house of horrors ...

Until Utah EXPLODES back out onto the wave face ...

He can hardly believe it ...

UTAH
... holy shit ... I did it ... I fucking
did it ...

Suddenly, in his jubilation, HE PEARLS - going down ...

Getting *poster*ed onto the rising face of the wave, sucking up the wicked lick of its curl ...

And goes over the falls.

BLACKNESS.

WHITE.

BUBBLES.

A depthless, deathless GREEN.

As Utah, in the washing machine, is deprived of sight and sound, while deluged in both - without up or down, light or dark ...

And then ...

He is gone.

Wave having cleared the giant underwater obstruction, Utah is back in open ocean ...

Left in a rising silt of bubbles ...

The ocean's surface shimmering far, *far* ABOVE ...

And nothing, not a drop of air left ...

In his lungs.

He reaches for the surface - but that's all.

Losing consciousness, he begins to sink back ...

And the last thing he thinks or sees ...

Is a GOLDEN GOD ...

Swimming. Kicking downward toward him - from the mercury surface far above.

BLACKNESS.

Then ... VOICES ...

VOICE

...ucking asshole. Almost got the both of you killed ...

Going out. And in ...

ANOTHER VOICE

... chuck him back over - let the fishes decide ...

Out. In ...

ANOTHER VOICE (CONT'D)

... did it. Hundred friggin footer. There's no doubt. You did it Bohdi ...

INT. YACHT - NIGHT

Dark outside the windows when Utah's eyes blink open. He is in what appears to be the LUXURY CABIN of a boat.

Sitting cross-legged across the floor, is A MAN, blonde mane falling across his face, packing a PARACHUTE.

Utah tries to rise - but grimacing, sinks back. His body, his head - POUNDING with pain ...

The Blonde packing the chute grins but doesn't look up

GOLDEN BLONDE

Half dead huh?

(looking up now)

Bet the other half never felt half as alive though.

Utah just twinges. Another look round the cabin.

UTAH

Where am I?

GOLDEN BLONDE

The *Valhalla*. First entirely green yacht on earth. Motoring for Biarritz ...

Utah focuses on him. Realizes ...

UTAH

You. You're the guy ... whose wave I snaked. Got me outta the burning house...

The Golden-Haired man smiles quietly.

GOLDEN BLONDE

You forgot plucking you off the ocean floor.

Utah hesitates. Nods.

UTAH

Thanks.

GOLDEN BLONDE

(shrugs)

I'm guessing you never surfed anything that big before?

UTAH

Has anybody?

Enigmatically, luminously - the Blonde grins.

GOLDEN BLONDE

I have. Now.

UTAH

You mean if you hadn't come back for me.

GOLDEN BLONDE

(a laugh)

Don't kid yourself. Wave like that? Once a year. Maybe. No way I wasn't gonna surf it out first.

(looks/grins)

Priorities, baby. I gotcha after.

Utah looks at him curiously.

UTAH

Was it? Hundred footer?

VOICE

So - he's alive. Frickin' shame.

Utah looks. A brawny, dangerous-looking GREEN-EYED, DARK-HAIRED MAN stands leaning in the doorway.

GOLDEN BLONDE

Take it easy, Tyler. Don'tcha know who this guy is?

He nods Utah's way.

GOLDEN BLONDE (CONT'D)

Johnny Utah.

Utah looks to him - surprised. The Blonde grins.

GOLDEN BLONDE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I used to watch YouTube once upon a time.

The Green-Eyed Man (TYLER) studies Utah - recognition now radaring in his eyes.

TYLER

Utah. Big bike and snow rider. Bailed the scene about four or so back.

Faintly, Utah smiles - not displeased to be recognized.

UTAH

Yeah, that'd be me.

Tyler doesn't return the smile.

TYLER

Yeah, I remember you. Mr. 'also-ran';
Johnny Never-Made-The-Podium.

Utah darkens.

GOLDEN BLONDE

Easy, Ty. Podium's just another YouTube.

TYLER

Some people like 'em both, Guru. What the
hell's a mountain rider doing on a wave
that size? Almost got his ass killed.

The Blonde rises, and passing ...

GOLDEN BLONDE

Kinda the point - isn't it, Ty?

Exits. Tyler looks back to Utah with distaste.

TYLER

Always a bridesmaid - never a bride.
Must'a sucked, huh Utah?

And he is gone too. Utah stares after him, tight-jawed.
Then suddenly stiffens - *realizing*.

UTAH

Shit. *Pappas*.

INT. BOAT - NIGHT

When Utah stumbles out into the corridor, it is like
Studio 54 gone Ibiza. HEAVY BASS of a DJ Earworm mash-up
of The Who's *Magic Bus* pounds from a dozen directions ...

Hope I Die Before I Get Old ...

Every doorway crowded. Beautiful girls, shaggy-haired
boys, all gazing back with syrupy liquid-filled eyes.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Utah catches up with the Golden-Maned Blonde.

UTAH

Hey, I - there was a guy ...

GOLDEN BLONDE
 Frenchie? Don't worry ...
 (nods out window)
 Wrangled him too.

Utah takes a quick glance out the window. REALIZES - the pounding isn't in his head. It's the SKATERS and BMX'ers still rhythmically slamming up and down on the HALF-PIPE.

Beside which, PAPPAS - is chatting up a couple hardly-clad FRENCH GIRLS, drink in one hand, JOINT in the other.

GOLDEN BLONDE (CONT'D)
 Towing your bark behind.

Curiously, Utah looks over.

UTAH
 This is your boat?

The Blonde nearly laughs.

GOLDEN BLONDE
 Mine? No. The only pot I got you can't even piss in brother. Boat's his.

He nods thru a passing doorway. A DARK-FEATURED YOUNG MAN - couldn't be more that 27 - holding court amidst a number of beautiful young girls.

DRUGS - piled in plain sight.

GOLDEN BLONDE (CONT'D)
 Pascal sponsors me and my crew.

UTAH
 Sponsors you? To ... ?

GOLDEN BLONDE
 Be the first to summit 'Everest'.
 (off Utah's look)
 Ozaki Eight, Brah. Bridge Too Far.

Utah studies him a frozen instant. Sticks out a hand.

UTAH
 How come I don't know you?

There is a moment - then the Golden Blonde takes it.

GOLDEN BLONDE
 Big world. Why would you?

UTAH

Big wave rider? Your caliber? I watch
YouTube too. Never seen you.

GOLDEN BLONDE

(chuckles)

Tree falls in the forest; no one puts it
on YouTube; did it ever really happen?

(shakes Utah's hand)

They call me Bohdi.

UTAH

(shaking his hand)

Bohdi. Like Indian? Dot not feather?

VOICE

(coming up from behind)

You know Bohdisattva, this asshole sure
asks a lot of questions.

TYLER comes round from behind - residue of some POWDER
crusting his nostrils.

TYLER

Especially for someone we don't know.

Utah meets his gaze. Unwavering.

UTAH

But you do. Johnny YouTube - remember?

TYLER

Only I ain't seen you on it lately, Brah.

UTAH

(shrugs)

Corporate America called. I listened.

TYLER

Then what the hell you doing out here
riding giants?

Bohdi chuckles. Looks ahead where a YOUNG WOMAN stands on
an outer deck - looking out over the ocean.

BOHDI

Dicks away boys. Tyler - you and I got
business to discuss. Sam ... ?

(re: Utah)

Babysit for a few?

The WOMAN turns. Utah nearly STOPS. She's *beautiful*.
In fact, he does stop. Staring.

She considers him an instant. Smiles. Extends her hand.

SAM

Samsara.

EXT. DECK - NIGHT

The boat is Carnivale - a moveable feast - lights and pounding music - slipping across a silent sea.

UTAH and SAMSARA sit beneath a clear night-carpet of stars overhead - overlooking the party on the boat below.

She drops her head back, closes her eyes.

SAM

Love the sea. Sound of it. Feel of it.
It's rhythm, it's taste ...

UTAH

Yeah. Tasted quite a bit of it myself
today. Delicious.

Opening her eyes, she looks his way - smiles.

SAM

Bohdi told me.

UTAH

(shrugs)
Saved my life. Owe him big.

Her head drops back again.

SAM

Bohdi doesn't believe in debt. Just
another way of keeping score. That's more
Tyler's bag. Endorsements. YouTube
hits. But Bohdi - he's about the pure.

UTAH

The pure what?

Her eyes don't open.

SAM

There is no 'what'. Diluted, pure becomes
the thing that dilutes it. Undiluted,
pure is just that - pure. It's all things
equally. And none at all. Perfection.

Unobserved now, Utah studies her moonlit beauty.

UTAH
Samsara. Is that Indian too?

SAM
Means ... 'Wanderer' ...

Utah smiles.

UTAH
Wandered anywhere interesting lately?
She lies there - eyes closed. Shrugs.

SAM
I don't know. South America? Alaska.
Southeast Asia. Is that interesting?
Utah visibly stiffens.

UTAH
You've been to ... South America and
Southeast Asia? Recently?

SAM
Whole boat has.

Utah's gaze - alert now - moves now out over the scores
of revelers pulsating in the music below.

Reaching over, she takes his hand into hers. Closes her
eyes under the night sky.

SAM (CONT'D)
Shh. Let's not talk. Let's just lie here.
Under the pinwheel. Let it spin ...

All Utah can do - is watch her.

EXT. DECK - DAWN

When Utah's eyes open, FOG lies across the sea. Suddenly
remembering, he looks next to him - but ...

VOICE
Looking for someone?

Samsara's gone and BOHDI - sits cross-legged on the deck.
He's carving something out of wood

Utah takes a glance around. The boat is silent now.
Revelers lie asleep everywhere on the decks.

UTAH

Listen - Sam - if she's your woman - I
wasn't trying to ...

BOHDI

(laughs)

Samsara? Someone's woman? That's funny.
Not fair - but funny.

(shakes head)

Because you can certainly belong to her.
In fact - you may belong to her already.

(a shaggy smile)

Only just not know it.

He holds up his carving, examining it - a SEABIRD.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Another seabird, spinning in her winds...

His eyes move to Utah's.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Tyler's an asshole. But he's a shrewd
asshole.

He lowers the carving.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

What're you doing here, Utah?

Invisibly, Utah swallows.

UTAH

30 days, I start my life in a cubicle.
Last hurrah? What's so hard to believe
about that?

BOHDI

Because a last hurrah's paying cash for a
Winnegago, not dropping off the face of a
leviathan you got no business being on.

UTAH

So? That suddenly makes me what? A cop
or something?

(shrugs/adds)

Why would you care anyway?

Bohdi studies him.

BOHDI

I remember you. Your rep. More for balls
than talent. Some said maybe that was why
you were so good - you lacked fear.

(MORE)

BOHDI (CONT'D)

(looks at him)

That or maybe what you were really trying to do - was kill yourself.

He nods out into the sea.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

That it, Utah? Because it sure looked a lot like it to me.

Utah holds his eyes a beat. Nods. Okay ...

UTAH

My Mom was a Ute Indian. Means 'mountain people'. Some people said that was why I crushed it on the slopes ...

(shrugs)

But then again, she was also an alcoholic who blew her brains out after dropping two in the skull of my old man who was an Latter Day Saint and prime 9 to 5 asshole. How 'bout this - go figure - I don't know why I'm here ...

(a taut nod)

Just that I had to come here to find out.

Bohdi stares back. Then, finally, he nods too.

BOHDI

Wolf or Beaver. I get it. Guess we're here for the same reason.

UTAH

I thought you were here for the Eight.

Bohdi ponders a moment. Shakes his head.

BOHDI

Pascal wants to sponsor someone who beats the Eight. I'm here for what's on the other side of the Eight.

Utah cocks his head.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Ozaki said it best. 'It's not about the sense of accomplishment that comes at the end of the impossible ...

(nods)

It's about the enlightenment that begins there.'

He looks off the bow. FRENCH COAST emerging from the fog.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Land. Ho.

He tosses Utah the rough-hewn seabird - and he is gone.

INT. CAR - BIARRITZ - DAY

Utah and Pappas ride back in silence. Pappas, bloodshot, looks like he's been partying for a year straight.

UTAH

Good time?

PAPPAS

I don't wanna hear it. I was undercover.

UTAH

Oh? Well bravo then - brilliant work. Never in a million years would I have guessed you were actually an FBI agent on a case.

PAPPAS

Blow me. I was gathering intel.

UTAH

Oh, *intel*? On what? Bra-sizes. Facebook pages? Booty-call numbers?

Raising his notebook, Pappas flutters its pages.

PAPPAS

Names Kimosabe. Every one on that boat.

Utah blinks - clouds lifting - as he starts to *get it*.

UTAH

So ... we run financials ... search for movement of sums matching our robberies?

PAPPAS

Now you're starting to get the frequency.

But then - Utah's features cloud again.

UTAH

Unless I'm just wrong.

PAPPAS

Wrong about what?

UTAH

Everything.

Pappas glances his way.

PAPPAS

Are you kidding? What I felt on that boat
I haven't felt in 20 years.

UTAH

Supple young breasts?

PAPPAS

No asshole. That *feeling*. When you're on
a case - a *real* case - and you know in
your gut all the sudden that it's big.
And that it's all starting to fit.

Utah sighs - looks out at the passing countryside.

UTAH

But that's just it Pappas. It's not.

PAPPAS

Adrenaline junkies? In all right places
at all the right times? What's missing?

Utah looks his way.

UTAH

Motive.

PAPPAS

What about the oldest one in the book?
Money honey. Mama don't pay for no
endless summers in the sun with frequent
flyer miles.

UTAH

Yes but ...

PAPPAS

(looking)

But what?

UTAH

But most of the people I met on that boat
- they're spiritual ...

(shakes head)

Too ... *enlightened* to be motivated by
something as common as ... as ...

PAPPAS

Cashola. Spare me. 24 hours in, you don't have all the answers so you're gonna chuck it in to go back to the States to bag groceries while I go back to bagging French housewives?

UTAH

I didn't say that. It's just, back at the Academy it was all about using your head. Analysis. And the first rule of analysis is that at minimum there has to be not only means and opportunity, but also motive. Or ...

PAPPAS

Or what?

UTAH

Or you got no case.

PAPPAS

Well *screw* analysis and screw the assholes back in Virginia who teach it - cause you wanna know what *my* head is saying? That the number one rule of *Field* Work is to ignore your goddam head and listen to your gut. And my *gut* is telling me that even though 24 hours ago I would've signed an affidavit swearing you were dog-dick crazy and failed the living shit outta you, now it feels like I'm on the first real case I've been on in 20 years and that feels *good*. And that if my options are few, yours, my friend, are even less ...

(looks his way)

So - for both our sakes - I guess we better find this motive you crave so badly so that the only one here that thinks we have a case isn't just my *gut*.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - SOUTH FRANCE - DAY

SKULL SESSION. Papers everywhere in the cramped office. Computer wheezing along. Pappas sighs, shakes his head.

UTAH

What?

PAPPAS

Most of these guys've never had more than 20 cents in their accounts.

(MORE)

PAPPAS (CONT'D)

Your boys Bohdi? Grommet? Roach? - what kind of goddam names are those anyway? - doesn't look like they ever even *had* bank accounts much less bread to put in 'em.

(shakes head)

Only one person on that boat's moved any real dough in the last few months.

UTAH

Guy who owns it. Pascal Al Fariq.

PAPPAS

(shrugs)

And why wouldn't he? He's Danish and a billionaire.

With a sigh, he lays his head on the desk.

PAPPAS (CONT'D)

Maybe you were right. Maybe I'm getting old and my gut's not what it used to be. Instead of trim and intuitive now it's just fat, vindictive, jealous and ready to point the finger at anyone with a six-pack.

But Utah - gazing at the list of figures in his hand - suddenly looks up ...

UTAH

Or maybe it's still ripped. Isn't 67 grand exactly the amount those motorbikes fished out of the Huangpu River were purchased for two weeks ago?

PAPPAS

Maybe. Sounds about right ...

UTAH

The *day after* the same amount was drawn in cash from Pascal Al Fariq's accounts?

PAPPAS

So he's what? Sponsoring the quest for the Eight and major multi-corporate robberies around the world while he's at it? Reality check. Why *would* he? Fariq needs another 30 mil like I need a smaller dick.

Utah deflates momentarily. Shakes head.

UTAH

I don't know why he would Pappas. But
there is a reason - I can feel it.

PAPPAS

Gut or head?

UTAH

Spine.

Pappas sighs. Then smiles.

PAPPAS

Alright then - get some rest, Young Gun.
For tomorrow? We ride.

INT. HELICOPTER - SWISS ALPS - DAY

Dressed for the cold, Utah and Pappas wing over the Swiss
tree tops. Pappas adjusts a pair of binoculars.

Dials focus on a distant MAGNIFICENT SWISS CHALET perched
on the precipice of a plunging crevasse.

Lowering the binoculars, he looks to Utah as the copter
comes to a snow-whipping hover over an ALPINE SUMMIT...

PAPPAS

Guess it's time for you to start doing
some of the Field Work I'm supposed to be
grading you on.

Utah grins. PULLS a SNOWBOARD from the back and, sliding
the door open, drops his goggles, salutes Pappas and ...

UTAH

Keep your phone close, Teach.

BAILS out into the soft powder crusting the slope below.

Pappas watching as he carves away like a fish down-slope.
Shakes his head. Waves the pilot on.

EXT. MONT BLANC - DAY

UTAH slashes down the pure white face.

He's good. Very good. PURE. No surprise he was ranked
5th in the world at one time.

EXT. FORESTED SWISS MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

Utah skids in a spray of snow to a halt at the pine-treed edge of an icy precipice.

The sound of MUSIC echoes through the trees.

Across the steep crevasse - jutting out from the opposite side of the mountain ...

A SPRAWLING MOUNTAIN CHALET.

Utah screws binoculars to his eyes, fog condensing out through the scarf covering his mouth and nose...

Across the alpine gorge, on a sprawling deck, a PARTY is raging. Snow-boarders are dropping in on a HUGE HALF-PIPE roughly carved of ICE on the deck, TRANCE pounding.

Utah scans. Finds PASCAL AL FARIQ - shirtless, laughing in a massive HOT TUB with a dozen other young people.

Scans over. Catches his breath. SOME POOR SONOFABITCH is getting beat half to DEATH by TYLER.

While SAMSARA - screaming - is trying to pull him off.

UTAH
(to himself)
Suspect number one ...

Suddenly, out of nowhere - BOHDI bursts into frame, *tackling* Tyler - and abruptly the two of them are toe-to-toe, with Samsara trying to force her way between them.

VOICE
See something you like, Brah?

Utah spins. Standing behind him, are FOUR SNOWBOARDERS.

The TWO-WAY RADIOS on their jackets accentuating the moment - clicking and unclicking in the icy silence ...

One by one - they unsling ICE-PICKS.

UTAH
Now - take it easy boys ...

LEAD SNOW-BOARDER
Only way we know how, Brah.

Utah pastes a smile. To his back, a *sheer 70 foot drop*.

UTAH

Well - ya know what they say ...

And, *hurling* the binoculars into their chests, he turns and *drops* off the edge ...

EXT. MONT BLANC SNOW VALLEY - DAY

Plummeting straight down, hitting the slope at full compression, slamming his back and bouncing straight back to edge - and going ripping away down the slope.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! behind him four explosions of snow as the 4 BOARDERS hit the slope behind him. *They jumped.*

UTAH

... *shit* ...

And bouncing back up - they are *on his ass*. Crouching, he identifies a line and makes for it.

They head after. Only problem? *They're in his world now.*

UTAH (CONT'D)

(sotto)

... let's see whatcha got ...

And tearing off the obvious line - he heads for a paralleling cliff-face and *vaults* into the NOTHINGNESS...

The faces of his four pursuers reflecting their own extreme consternation as they HIT it after him ...

UTAH SOARS across the void, bottom of his board dusting the tops of the snow-laden pines that reach up until ...

He comes EXPLODING through a tree-top of snow and *lands* it on the opposite slope.

He pauses long enough to hear three subsequent CRASHES and witness the shuddering of snow falling off trees ...

But only ONE - relieved looking - boarder comes bursting thru the trees after him, smacking down onto the slope.

As he scrambles back up onto his edge, Utah grins, knowing he has the advantage now ...

Until with a ROAR - FOUR SNOW MOBILES come flying over the crest - landing in explosive puffs in the powder and begin carving massive whale-tails of snow towards them.

Now it's the Snow-Boarder's turn to grin.

UTAH (CONT'D)

Shit.

He *goes*. And it is *on*. Utah races downhill, snowboarder and 4 snowmobiles on his ass, speeds approaching 70mph.

EXT. FROZEN RIVER-BED - DAY

Utah comes *launching* out of the snow-laden pines out onto the frozen face of a BOULDER-RIVEN RIVER.

Spraying ice from his board's razor edge like a snow-cone machine, he begins carving, slaloming between boulders, gathering speed down the frozen river as ...

The SNOWBOARDER and the FOUR SNOW-MOBILES come exploding out of the pines after him, landing explosively on the river's frozen surface.

They *take off* after him, winding an insane pursuit down the icen gauntlet of granite boulders ...

WHAM! the snow-boarder can't cut an edge and PILE-DRIVES into a granite rock that hasn't moved in 7 million years.

And isn't going to today.

With concussive explosions, two of the SNOW-MOBILES meet similar fates, mating metal with granite faces to create an offspring of FIREBALLS as ...

Utah *ollies* off a short ice-fall at the river's end ...

EXT. LAKE SURFACE - DAY

And out onto the surface of the UNFROZEN LAKE below - mass of ice and snow and destroyed snowmobiles and the two still-intact machines coming caroming after ...

Striking the lake's frigid surface, Utah leading them *gliding* out onto the glassy surface as the behemoth of snow, ice and machinery slams into the water behind ...

And as the lake's surface surges ...

Rising under them like another great shrugging giant ...

The snow-mobiles lose the speed necessary to plane across the top of the water

And SINK like stones, going under while

UTAH slices across the surface just ahead of the rising
CURL OF GLACIAL water ...

OLLIE-ING up onto the far shore just as it SMASHES into
it and ...

Clasping his hands behind his back - whistles as he
continues - carving away down the snowy slope.

EXT. ST. JEROME - SWITZERLAND - DAY

Utah bails from the LOGGING TRUCK he'd stolen a ride on
as it rolls into St. Jerome. Good 30 degrees warmer down
here than where he started up on the glacier.

He ditches his board and tears off his gear - gloves,
cap, scarf - dumping them into trash cans as he passes.

INT. SWISS TAVERN - DAY

Utah bangs into the empty Swiss tavern. Mimes a
telephone at a passing waitress.

INT. TAVERN - DAY

When the PAYPHONE rings, Utah snatches it up.

UTAH
Pappas? Where the hell've you been!

PAPPAS VOICE
Cool your jets, Kid - where are you?

Darkly, Utah plucks up a card from the bar-top.

UTAH
Write this down ...

INT. BAR - TAVERN - DAY

When Utah, exhausted, walks back into the tavern proper,
he is startled to hear a female voice ...

FEMALE VOICE
Johnny?

He spins, even more startled to see SAMSARA standing
there. But not as startled as she is ...

SAMSARA

What are you doing in Switzerland..?

UTAH

Well, I ...

Suddenly, she *grabs* his arm ...

SAMSARA

You've got to get out of here. You don't know these people. If they see you ...

VOICE

They're gonna wonder what the fuck you're doing here.

They both stop. TYLER fills the doorway. He steps in. Utah tenses; ready.

Tyler's eyes drop to Utah's snowboard boots. WET.

TYLER

Nice morning for boarding. How's the pack up there?

UTAH

Wouldn't know. Haven't been up yet.

Tyler's eyes - ice-blue and unblinking - penetrate through the VUARNET SUNGLASSES Utah wears.

TYLER

Couple my boys - ran into a Ronin - real bad-ass - messed their shit up pretty bad. I'd be careful up there, I was you.

Behind his glasses, Utah doesn't blink.

UTAH

Say what he looked like? This guy?

TYLER

Face was covered. 'Cept his eyes. Got a real good look at his eyes ...

(points)

Fact, they're all right out there. Why not get it from the horse's mouth?

A heavy silence. Utah draws an invisible breath.

UTAH

Sure... Why not ...

He starts for the door. But Tyler lays a heavy hand on his shoulder, pulling Utah's eyes back round to his.

TYLER

Second thought - what're they gonna tell you? What some prick's eyes looked like? These guys're in foul moods and dangerous on a good day. No sense poking a hornet's nest. Probably best, you know, you just -
(indicates)
Step out the back way ...

Utah holds those eyes.

UTAH

Probably. But I left my jacket at the door. So I gotta go out that way anyway.

Tyler's stare penetrates through Utah's sunglasses.

TYLER

Yeah. Guess you do at that.

And stepping past Tyler, Utah re-enters the restaurant.

INT. TAVERN PROPER - DAY

TYLER'S BOYS - worse for wear - and in very bad moods - sit round a long table and a half dozen pitchers of beer.

TYLER

Look who I found ...

Sullenly, they all look up.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Jonathan Utah. How 'bout that, huh? Two world-class boarders up on the same backwater berg on the same morning. What're the chances?

No one cracks even a smile. They all just turn their eyes on Utah, *boring right through him*.

An eternal moment. Then - slowly - Utah removes his sunglasses. And stares right back.

A long beat. Then the Lead Snowboarder looks to Tyler.

Faintly - he shrugs.

For an instant - the TENSION evaporates out of the room. But then Tyler ...

TYLER (CONT'D)

Bullshit - I don't buy it. *Grab him.*

And suddenly hands GRAB for Utah, pulling him back as a KNIFE flicks out in Tyler's hand...

VOICE

What the hell's going on?

Eyes whip round. BOHDI stands in the tavern doorway. Surprised to see Utah.

TYLER

Someone was up spying up at the chalet.
And now look who shows up.

Bohdi's eyes flick across the players in the room. Then, striding in, he grabs Utah by the shoulders ...

INT. BACK OF TAVERN - DAY

Propelling him into a far corner of the empty tavern.

BOHDI

Fuck you doing here Brah?

UTAH

Hi Bohdi. Usually, I run into an acquaintance, they buy me a beer.

Bohdi studies him very closely for an instant.

BOHDI

Tell you something. These guys? They're not like me. They don't believe in the sanctity of human life. And, right now, the only thing standing between them - and killing a cop? Is me.

UTAH

Bohdi. I keep telling you - I'm not a cop.

BOHDI

Bullshit. You show up out of the blue in the middle of the ocean and then nowhere Switzerland two days running? If there's another explanation I'd sure like to hear it - cause other than me trying to convince these boys how stupid it would be to waste a cop - it's the only chance you got of walking out of here.

Utah looks back. Starts to open his mouth. But then shuts it. Bohdi looks back. Almost sad. Nods.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Then there's nothing I got for you, Brah.

And turning, he starts back for the others.

UTAH

(suddenly)

Enlightenment.

Bohdi pauses. Turns. Utah swallows. Nods.

UTAH (CONT'D)

You were right. I do need to know. Am I my father? The builder; the Beaver. Or my mother - the Wolf ...

He nods again.

UTAH (CONT'D)

I want to go after the Ozaki Eight.

(he nods)

With you.

Bohdi studies him a moment.

BOHDI

You go questing the Eight - chances are you're not coming back.

Utah nods.

UTAH

Risk I'm willing to take.

Bohdi holds on him another beat. Glances back at Tyler and his crew - who are watching them intently. Back.

BOHDI

I'll handle them.

(a nod)

Party tonite. Up at the chalet.

EXT. CHALET - DECK - SWITZERLAND - NIGHT

Under a crisp mountain night sky a HUGE BONFIRE burns on the deck surrounded by Bohdi's crew of ROACH and GROMMET.

Utah sits with them, nursing a beer; staring into the fire. By the pool, curls of heat wisping off its surface, TYLER hangs with his boys, casting dark looks Utah's way.

ROACH
Proximity flying - wingsuit route - touch
the Wall; touch the face of God, Brah.

GROMMET
(raising beer)
Reincarnation in our lifetime!

A cheer goes up, bottles rising.

ALL
Reincarnation in our lifetime!

UTAH
What about Bohdi's wave? Any confirm from
XXL? Was it a 100 footer?

ROACH
Number don't matter. Not to Bohdi. What
matters is he came, he saw, he carved ...

ALL
...biggest damn wave anyone's ever seen!

Laughter.

UTAH
What about the other three ordeals?

GROMMET
What about 'em?

UTAH
Well - number eight - it's not possible.

They look at him thru the firelight - like werewolves.

ROACH
How can anyone know that for sure ...

GROMMET
... if no one's ever tried?

UTAH
But come on - we're all for extreme; for
radical; epic - but that? It's obvious.
It's impossible.

VOICE
It's not impossible.

BOHDI steps into the firelight. Snow pants and bare-
chested. Gazes into the roaring column of fire.

BOHDI

Sky-surfing out of a plane from six miles above the earth. And landing it. Without a parachute.

(a nod)

It can be done.

He pulls his eyes from the fire. Turns them - glassy, distant - to Utah.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Sky-earth transition. 140 miles an hour - maybe more. It's possible.

(nods)

And I know how.

He looks back into the fire. Utah, the others, wait for him to say more - but he doesn't.

UTAH

Okay. You got my attention.

Bohdi's eyes remain in the deep hypnosis of the fire.

BOHDI

Wingsuit descent is a three to one fall ratio. Sky surfing is two to one. Two feet forward for every foot of fall.

He pulls his eyes out of the fire - pupils, saucers.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Ice. Key is finding the perfect glacier to land on, with the perfect 66 and two thirds grade. Fraction of a degree in either direction and ...

(makes an exploding sound)

... epic Bono. But a perfect transitional slope? Leveling out at the perfect pitch?

(back into fire)

And it's landable. Out of the plane on your board, ride sky for six miles, and then hit the ice and barge out the ride of your life on the perfect mountain...

He nods.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

And I know where that mountain is.

He stares into the fire. The others are silent a moment.

GROMMET

But first ...
(beer rising)
Wingsuit, right?

Roach's beer joins his.

ROACH

Hell yeah. This Old Man - he played Six.

A dozen other bottles go up.

ALL

Wingsuit!

Utah drinks. Finds his eyes drawn through the fire,
across the deck, where, bathed in moonlight ...

SAMSARA stands looking out on the moon-blasted snowcaps.

EXT. DECK - NIGHT

Utah stops next to her - looking out into the mountain
range, lit up by the full moon like day.

UTAH

Beautiful.

SAMSARA

Humbling.

They are silent a moment.

UTAH

How did you end up with this crew. Most
of them - you seem - to spring from a
different source.

SAMSARA

Not so different. Most people look; they
see maniacs. I see artists. Their canvas
is the air. The ice. Curl of the water.

She looks to him.

SAMSARA (CONT'D)

We all worship at the altar of the same
source.

UTAH

The source ...

SAMSARA
The source. This ...

She gestures the moon-blasted glacier before them.

SAMSARA (CONT'D)
The Goddess. The Earth-Mother.

He looks at her thru the moonlight.

UTAH
And Bohdi ... ?

She looks his way.

SAMSARA
And Bohdi ... ?

UTAH
I said you seem different from most of
these beasts - but I look at the two of
you and ...?
(shakes head)
And frankly, I see two of about the most
beautiful humans I ever saw. You match
each other perfectly ...
(a nod)
... you do seem like you spring from the
same source.

She nods - looking back over the glowing valley.

SAMSARA
You're perceptive, Johnny. Bohdi and I -
we are alike. In more ways than you could
know.

She looks over.

SAMSARA (CONT'D)
You want to know if he and I ever hooked
up - that's it, isn't it ...

His silence - and small smile - confirm it. She smiles
back.

SAMSARA (CONT'D)
The answer is no. Maybe in another time,
another place another universe ...
(shakes head)
But Bohdi and I are too much alike in
this one.

Her eyes find his. A light MOONLIT SNOW begins to fall.

SAMSARA (CONT'D)

I hope you and I aren't.

He looks back - words like nirvana to him. His face moves towards hers. About to kiss her ...

When a BANSHEE SCREAM pulls both their eyes towards the Chateau. TYLER - naked is downing an entire magnum of champagne. When it is empty, he tears it from his lips.

TYLER

Let's do this!!!

INT. CHATEAU - NIGHT

The epic bacchanal of all Dionysian bacchanals rages as, guiding him by the hand, Samsara leads Utah through the surging, swaying, pulsating crowd of revelers ...

All ebbing and flowing like the tide of a single organism to the metronome of a universal and hypnotic beat.

The same Source.

In the middle of the pulsing ocean of bodies, Utah, by some sixth sense, turns.

BOHDI stands there - eyes alight like a timber wolf. In his hand, he holds a pair of shotglasses and limes.

Utah turns to look for Samsara - but she is gone. He turns back.

Takes one of the shotglasses. Interlinks arms with Bohdi and drinks. Polishing with the lime, which they both spit crackling into the roaring fireplace.

Almost instantly, the world around Utah BLOWS UP into unhinged color and sound. He looks to Bohdi - amazed.

UTAH

What ... was in that ... ?

With a smile, Bohdi loops his arm round Utah's neck.

BOHDI

Naturally occurring substance in concentration. South American Indians use it to unglue the solar system.

(a smile)

Don't worry - only lasts a few seconds.

Suddenly, in spite of the pounding music, and pounding world - even though Bohdi is literally more than whispering in the roar, Utah can hear every word he says.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Universe is a beautiful chaos that we spend our whole lives trying to corral into some kind of manageable order.

He huddles his head close to Utah's - who's mind is in the process of being blown.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Trading beauty for safety until one day we wake up and it's all been whittled away into nothing more than the four walls of the inside of a cubicle.

He looks deep into the younger man's saucer eyes.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Right now you're getting a glimpse beyond the walls you've spent your life caging the universe into. The world that greeted you the day you came out of the womb.

He sinks even closer.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Right now - you're glimpsing the other side of the Eight. After you've blown thru every breaking point and smashed thru the walls of reality by defying it.

He makes an exploding motion with his hands.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Pure enlightenment. In concentrate.

Utah looks to Bohdi, mind thoroughly nuked.

UTAH

I want it Bohdi. I've wanted it all my life. I've just been ...

BOHDI

Scared of it? So you've tried to tame the wolf. Become the beaver ...

UTAH

But I've always been afraid of what would happen. If I just let the wolf ...

BOHDI
Be the wolf?

He gestures the room around them.

BOHDI (CONT'D)
Now you know, my Brother.
(a smile)
Now you know.

EXT. CHALET ROOF - NIGHT

Utah finds Samsara alone on the roof deck. She is completely naked, standing in the moonlight.

She is utter perfection. A moon goddess.

SAMSARA
Bohdi dosed you, didn't he ...

Utah doesn't answer.

SAMSARA (CONT'D)
Loves doing that. Putting the smack on the minds of the uninitiated. Unnatural amounts of a natural substance. But it's not the reality he thinks it is.

She looks at him as he stops near her.

SAMSARA (CONT'D)
Sometimes I'm not sure he totally gets it.

Still he says nothing - only looking at her thru the moon's glow. She turns more fully towards him.

SAM
Ever consider forgetting the cubicle ...
(voice dropping)
- and coming instead on a ship of fools?

He looks long back into her dark eyes. And KISSES HER.

EXT. CHATEAU - DECK - DAWN

It is dawn when an insistent BUZZING awakens Utah. He pushes off the sleeping bag that had been his blanket.

Samsara is gone. Everyone is gone. The deck is empty. Sun just beginning to break behind the snowcaps.

He realizes the buzzing - is coming from his pants - lying where he shed them several feet away ...

He scrambles, pulling his PHONE out of its pocket. Barely any signal - but TEXT MESSAGES are piling up.

All from Pappas. And all saying the same thing.

911!

UTAH

Shit.

He leaps up, hopping to get his pants on as he goes.

INT. FBI OFFICE - NICE - DAY

When Utah stumbles in, Pappas jumps up.

PAPPAS

Where the hell you been? I've been trying to call all nite.

UTAH

Signal's non-existent up there. Your texts only just came through.

Pappas gives him an appraising look.

PAPPAS

Guess I'm not one to judge - but take a stab at what just started washing up on the shores of Argentina?

Utah looks at him. Pappas nods again.

PAPPAS (CONT'D)

Money baby. Millions of dollars of it. Serials match the Banco del Fuego heist. It's a madhouse down there - peasants and farmers swarming the beaches.

Utah stares at him with disbelief.

UTAH

How did it end up in the ocean?

PAPPAS

My theory? Same way diamonds ended up in the streets of Shanghai, cash in sky over Xinhua and gold dust on the slopes of Mt. Cheney. These SOB's put it there. On purpose.

Utah's head spins.

UTAH

But ... why would they?

PAPPAS

Simple. Calculated redistribution. You say these jokers are 'enlightened'? Or at least think they are? Fits perfectly. While you're on your Red Bull world victory tour why not make a couple little sidetrips and stick it to the Man while you're at it?

He moves closer.

PAPPAS (CONT'D)

What happens when a hundred million carats of diamonds flood the market? World diamond prices fall by more than half. What does that mean? No one's buying blood diamonds - or strip mining the habitat of the lowland gorilla anymore. And what happens when the trucks carrying gold ore go tumbling down the side of Mt. Cheney? The gold goes right back into the ground and rivers it was strip-mined from. Or when money is redistributed in the industrial regions of countries that rely on the poverty of its workforce to exist?

Pappas sits back.

PAPPAS (CONT'D)

You wanted motive? It fits the Buhddist mumbo-jumbo M.O. of your boys perfectly.

Utah stares at him. Then shakes it off.

UTAH

You're forgetting one thing. These heists required major financing to pull off. Who would do that all just to throw it away?

PAPPAS

(shrugs)

Easy. Their buddy Pascal Al Fariq.

UTAH

(shakes head)

Makes no sense. His profile's well-known. He lives life to chase tail.

(MORE)

UTAH (CONT'D)

He could give a damn if the world's spinning down the tubes. He's a committed playboy - why would he?

Pappas looks at him.

PAPPAS

Who the hell's side you on?

Utah is silent. Then says, just as silently.

UTAH

I'm on the side of what's right.

PAPPAS

You sure about that, Utah. Because I don't see you working with me here.

He takes a step closer.

PAPPAS (CONT'D)

You sure you don't miss it? Just a little bit. The old life. And now that the taste of it's on your teeth again, you're starting to hear the call? That old, wild call? Hell - I was on that boat. Not sure I'd blame you.

UTAH

Go screw yourself. You don't know Bohdi. Two guards were killed in the Banco del Fuego heist. Bohdi would never willingly take a human life.

PAPPAS

And you need to get a grip, Young Son. Because Bohdi's way deep under your skin.

UTAH

He's *not* under my skin. What's under my skin is your theory sucks!

PAPPAS

Yeah? Well tell me how because that's what I've been doing - sitting here waiting for you to say something of substance - other than your bro crush couldn't possibly be guilty because he loves life so much.

Utah looks back - blood up.

UTAH

Okay. We know that Al Fariq's boat docked in Hong Kong but never mainland China and there's no record of Bohdi, Roach or Grommet ever entering the People's Republic. So how'd they get there?

PAPPAS

Airplane. Twin-engine Cessna - how should I know?

UTAH

Where did it come from? No flight rental records out of Hong Kong - I checked. And I don't know about you, but I haven't exactly seen Bohdi tooling around in any private aircraft lately.

Pappas studies him a moment.

PAPPAS

So then I go to a Swiss Judge with the fact that the amounts moving out of Al Fariq's accounts match the bikes in China. Freeze the fucker's accounts - see what crawls out.

Utah considers - looks at him?

UTAH

And I'm there to nab whatever does ...

Pappas looks back.

PAPPAS

What if it's Bohdi?

Utah hesitates a moment. Then nods.

UTAH

Then it's Bohdi.

Pappas studies him a long moment. Then allows a smile.

EXT. AL FARIQ'S SWISS CHALET - DAY

A cab pulls up. Utah steps out. Considers the Chalet, glinting like a diamond on the glacier.

INT. CHALET - DAY

When Utah rolls in, the fireplace is roaring and BOHDI, ROACH and GROMMET are gathered in the living room ...

Seated in PLASTIC PONCHOS

While a pretty young girl with electric clippers *steam-rolls* the hair off their heads - locks dropping to the floor like leaves in a fall storm...

UTAH
Joining the establishment?

BOHDI
Ritual cleansing.

Utah studies him.

UTAH
Of sins?

Faintly, Bohdi grins.

BOHDI
Whatever sticks.

As the girl lathers Bohdi's head, begins to shave it ...

Utah, curiously, notices a 2ND GIRL pick some of BOHDI'S HAIR from the floor, carefully seal it into a BAG.

He cocks his head ...

Until, on the TV running behind her, he realizes that Swiss news is covering the ROBBERY IN SHANGHAI ...

It flashes to an ANGLE that includes his FBI CLASS at the site from a few days before.

And for an instant, a FLASH OF HIS OWN FACE with them.

He freezes. *Shit. Did anyone else see it?*

A SLAP on his back startles him.

TYLER
Utah - it's your peeps.

Tyler laughs. Nods to the FBI AGENTS on-screen.

BOHDI

Lay off Tyler. If Utah were a Fed, he'd
of arrested you for criminal idiocy by
now.

Roach and Grommet laugh. Tyler darkens. Bohdi turns his
attention to Utah.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

(television)

Pretty crazy, huh?

Utah shifts. Shrugs.

UTAH

Some big multi-national that's been
shitting on the earth for the last
century loses its operating capital for
the next couple quarters. Cry me a river.

Bohdi looks at him with a new eye for a moment.

VOICE

Factories founded on and perpetuated by
slave labor busily sucking the planet
dry.

EYES turn. SAMSARA enters the room.

SAM

Planet's just a bank to some people.
Think they've got an automatic free line
of credit they never have to pay back.

Utah considers her an instant.

UTAH

But does that make it right? Couple of
those guards went to the hospital, I
heard. One might never walk again.

TYLER

Whose fault's that? Wouldn't be crossfire
in the first place if companies like that
acted responsibly. Wouldn't be any need
for collateral damage.

Utah looks sharply Tyler's way. *Smelling blood for the
first time?* Is about to respond when, throwing off the
pancho, Bohdi suddenly stands, head freshly shaven.

BOHDI

Too deep for me. This Old Man got an
Ordeal to scout.

EXT. MOUNTAIN AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

As Utah disembarks with the others from a Range Rover on this small MOUNTAIN TARMAC, he stops surprised.

A SINGLE ENGINE CESSNA stands parked there.

Bohdi chucks his pack in the pilot's side.

INT. CESSNA - DAY

Bohdi and Utah climb into the pilot and passenger seats - while Roach and Grommet crowd rowdily into the back.

Utah considers the gleaming arrays.

UTAH
Didn't know you flew, Bohdi.

Bohdi looks back. Smiles.

BOHDI
Lot of things you don't know, Utah.

Bohdi just looks his way. Grins. *Starts* the engine.

INT. PLANE - DAY

The plane SOARS through the breath-taking alpine passes.

While, in the back Roach works a PERSONAL COMPUTER ...

Hooked to a police radar gun that Grommet uses to read the passing mountainside ...

CONTINUOUS GRAPHS traveling across the screen indicating altitude, air-speed and angle of mountain declivity.

With the flick of a switch, Bohdi kills Roach and Grommet's headsets. Looks over at Utah.

BOHDI
(over Utah's headset)
Into her, aren't you?

Utah knows instantly what he's talking about. *Samsara*. Bohdi chuckles to himself.

BOHDI (CONT'D)
Beautiful isn't it? The mystery, enigma of a woman. Enough to last a lifetime.
(glances his way)
(MORE)

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Not like other women tho, that girl. When she makes up her mind, that's it. Not swayed by anything. Not love. Certainly not money - if Al Fariq can't do it, no one can.

(glances Utah's way again)

The frustration and beauty of Samsara all at once. While you and me are jumping off cliffs searching for enlightenment, for the answer ...

(shakes head)

She was born already knowing it.

Suddenly, he re-engages all the radios and *points*.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Launch-point!

In the back Grommet and Roach whoop as the wing of the plane glides past - nearly touching POINTE THEROUX ...

Almost within arm's reach of the bald granite face of the TERRIFYING PROMONTORY jutting out from the mountain-face.

Dropping away to nothingness. Trees, pin-points below.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Simplicity embodied. Just step off and...

He *jams* the yoke forward and the plane ...

BOHDI (CONT'D)

... *drop* ...

Utah grabs his harness, white-knuckling as the plane *plunges* - guts in his throat...

Roach and Grommet - weightless in the plunge - laughing and high-fiving in the back.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

(yelling over roar)

Wingsuit descent is three-to-one! Three feet forward for every one foot of drop! And *this* is why its called *proximity* flying.

He *pulls* the yoke to the right and the plane *veers* toward the granite mountainside flying past ...

Wing coming within mere inches as ...

The plane now twists scraping alongside the mountain face - caressing its contours ...

Blasting through a wisping waterfall trailing off a high-cliff face above - crash of water blinding the windshield an instant ...

Suddenly the valley's rocky floor SHOOTs UP towards the belly of the plane - like a great rock-toothed leviathan lunging up, snapping at them from the sea ...

Threatening to rip them open from beneath.

UTAH

Goddamit Bohdi! We're gonna hit! It's not steep enough!

BOHDI

Yes it is! If you push it!

GROMMET

Wingsuit airspeed is anywhere between 110 and 130 miles per hour!

ROACH

But to fly this line you can't hold anything back! You gotta *go*!

GROMMET

If you wanna live!

BOHDI

Gotta streamline, full throttle!

He indicates the plane's airspeed - 130 mph.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Full monty! Race the devil. 130 forward should give you *just* enough to stay one foot ahead of the rocks coming up at 60!

His voice rises above the scream of the engine.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

It's the only way! That or hit the point!

GROMMET

But we ain't yet, have we Bohdi!? Not us! Not friggin yet!

He mashes his beer into Roach's.

UTAH

Jesus christ! What godamm point're you talking about!?

Bohdi's look over - ice calm now.

BOHDI

Point where you break, man. Where fear
becomes master - and you the slave.

He nods, sober.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Point where you pull back. Point that
gets you killed on a route like this.

(nods)

They say every man's got one. Question
is, where's yours? Where's mine? And
what's it take to reach it.

ROACH

Reincarnation in our lifetime!

They all laugh. Utah forces himself to join them.

Abruptly, the earth scraping at the belly of the plane
falls sharply away as the plane SOARS off a cliff's edge.

BOHDI

Blow our chutes here. 530 feet over sea.
Not a second sooner.

(he smiles)

Float down to a cold one and a copter
waiting on the valley floor.

(shrugs)

Then - we play seven - parachuteless
plane-to-plane board in free-fall.

Utah considers the picturesque valley now spreading out
before them - in contrast to the hell-ride he just took.

UTAH

It's suicide, Bohdi. You'll never make it
to seven. Six'll kill you. They'll need a
microscope to scrape you off the rocks.

Bohdi looks his way.

BOHDI

What're you saying Utah. You out?
Ordeals. The Quest ...

(a nod)

Enlightenment?

Utah's features are pointedly silent.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Wolf or Beaver? Don't find out now,
you'll definitely find out later. The
hard way. After 30 years in a cube.

Utah looks back - Bohdi, Grommet and Roach watching back.
He gathers a deep breath - which becomes a grin.

Cracks the beer he's handed - raises it.

UTAH

Reincarnation. In our friggin' lifetime.

A cheer goes round and all laugh as Bohdi banks the plane, rising and flying back the direction they came.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TARMAC - DAY

Landed. As they off-load their gear from the plane,
Utah's phone beeps. He glances at it. Text message ...

Al Fariq's Money FROZEN ...

Simultaneously, across the fuselage, Bohdi's PHONE rings.

He answers, listening - face *tightening*. Snapping the phone closed, he jumps into the Rover ...

BOHDI

Come on - we gotta move.

INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

The Rover races at high speed thru the mountain roads.

BOHDI

Change in plan. We attempt the 6th ordeal today. 4pm. Then we clear Switzerland.

Utah glances at his watch.

UTAH

That's 3 hours. Why the sudden rush?

Bohdi looks his way. Back out the windshield.

BOHDI

Snafu with our visas. We gotta go. Got a cargo plane loaded and waiting on the airstrip in Bern. All goes well, we'll be halfway to Norway before the Swiss even realize we're gone.

Utah glances to BOHDI'S PHONE - bouncing in the cup-holder. On screen a CLEAR TEXT. 'BANQUE CENTRAL'.

UTAH

Then why don't we just go. Now.

BOHDI

Cause to get to seven and eight - this old man gotta go through six.

Bohdi pulls over. Utah sees they've reached TOWN'S EDGE.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Plus, can't travel on good looks alone.
Me and the boys gotta make a quick ATM
stop - grab some traveling cash.

Reaching across, he pushes Utah's door open. Nods.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Pointe Theroux - 4pm. If you're still in.

INT. FEDERAL FIELD OFFICE - SOUTH FRANCE - DAY

Pappas grabs the phone when it rings.

PAPPAS

Utah!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Utah walks, cell to his ear. INTERCUT:

UTAH

You're positive - Bohdi, Grommet, Roach -
none of them have bank accounts, ATM
accounts - anywhere?

PAPPAS

Yeah, zero. Zilch. Why?

Utah struggles a grim moment. Then nods.

UTAH

Pappas - I think ... I was wrong about
Bohdi. I think ... he's moving.

PAPPAS

(suddenly alert)
Holy shit. On what?

UTAH

Another bank.

PAPPAS

When??

UTAH

Now.

PAPPAS

Jesus - we've gotta activate the Swiss.
Do you know which one?

UTAH

Pappas. Bohdi's not a cage-type guy.
He'll never let them take him alive.

PAPPAS

Sounds like a personal problem.

Utah struggles.

UTAH

Yes but... who's the real culprit Pappas.
The guys doing the deed? Or the one
financing it?

PAPPAS

Utah - people died in that del Fuego
heist. Besides, you said yourself - Al
Fariq's got no motive here.

UTAH

But we'll never know all the answers for
sure, will we? If the only people who
know all the answers are dead.

Leaning into the phone, Pappas is silent a moment ...

PAPPAS

Utah - we're on foreign soil. We don't
get the option to act unilaterally here.
You can't keep this guy alive if he
doesn't wanna stay that way.

Utah struggles a moment. Then - *click* - hangs up.

Across the street, a European motorcyclist, in leathers,
lounges on the back of his bike while he talks to a
beautiful young woman.

Utah regards them - chest rising, falling with emotion.
Pocketing his phone, he marches across the street and ...

Jumps on the motorcycle even as its owner still leans on
it, *kickstarts* and ...

Rides it up the back of the car in front in a crunch of metal and, wheel-hopping off onto the cobblestones...

Takes off.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Coming up behind the BRISTLING LIGHTS of police cars - jammed caught in a snarl of bottle-necked traffic ...

Behind what Utah recognizes as he glides past ...

As the wreckage of the RANGE-ROVER - strategically rolled in the center of the intersection ...

Utah *guns* it past the bottleneck.

EXT. BANQUE CENTRAL - DAY

When Utah races skidding up, THREE FIGURES in motorcycle helmets and leathers are EXITING - jumping onto bikes.

Utah drops his cycle, letting it slide away in a scream of sparks as he levels his PISTOL on the LEAD BIKER ...

Who *freezes* - SADDLE-BAGS spilling CASH - just tossed over the back of his bike. Utah DROPS OUT his badge ...

UTAH

Bohdi! I can't let you do it!

The other two motorcyclists freeze in mid-mount too. An instant. The LEAD BIKER raises the shield on his helmet.

Those unmistakable eyes.

Flashed thru with *betrayal*. They flick to the other two. Slowly, one of them shakes his head. *I told you* ... !

A beat. Then, faintly - the Lead Biker - *nods*.

Like a starting gun, they respond by *engaging* their ignitions, engines ROARING to life as they ...

TAKE OFF one direction, momentarily distracting Utah as the Lead Biker does the same, *hitting* his ignition and...

Firing fish-tailing off the other direction.

As Utah fumbles the gun back into his waist and *runs* ...

UTAH (CONT'D)

God-dammit!

For his dumped bike - righting it and *taking off* after.

EXT. ST. LAURENT - DAY

St. Laurent is built upon a prosaic Swiss mountainside. A picturesque patchwork of roofs - like individual shingles in one massive rooftop sloping down the mountain.

UTAH slides into a narrow cobbled street as Bohdi blasts away down it. But for the first time Bohdi - dodging traffic - is out of his element ... *and in Utah's*.

Utah accelerates, hitting a modest buttress supporting the corner of the centuries-old building ...

And *climbs* straight up the wall ...

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Snarling up over the edge, landing squarely on the roof.

Gunning it, he races along the roofline - ghosting Bohdi slaloming traffic below. And when the moment's right...

He *throttles* - launching the bike off the second story...

EXT. STREET - ST. LAURENT - DAY

And *landing* with a massive compression of shocks in the street facing Bohdi - who is nothing if not surprised.

Utah fights to get his gun out, but Bohdi, recovering...

UTAH

Bohdi!

Takes off down the byway to the left. DOWNHILL.

UTAH (CONT'D)

Dammit!

He spins the bike round and launches after.

Down-street, Bohdi hears him coming - and knowing it's not an even match, slides sideways to a stop

Looking into the eyes of his coming pursuer ...

Before he *guns* it, lunging up the curb, the sidewalk, the steps and *shattering* through the ancient doorway there...

Utah slides to a halt in the cobbled street behind. Can see Bohdi power-climbing the stairs inside ...

Knows where this is going.

UTAH (CONT'D)

Crap.

And twisting the throttle, he fires up the steps, through the shattered door and into ...

INT. STAIRWELL - HOUSE - ST. LAURENT

The apartment's two century old stairway. Hearing the screams of women and the roar of Bohdi's bike above, Utah power-climbs the stairs, ripping them spitting into kindling behind his snarling back wheel as he goes ...

INT. LANDING - HOUSE ST. LAURENT - DAY

Slamming off the top stair and smacking onto the landing, Utah pops the clutch and goes tearing thru the open door and into the antique apartment after Bohdi.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The first thing Utah sees is - just ahead - Bohdi disentangling his rear axle from a grabbed tapestry.

They spot each other at the same instant. Bohdi *pulls* the rug free and, instantly, they are both *off*.

INT. ADJOINING ROOMS - DAY

They go flying in hot and close pursuit through the successive doorways of the adjoining rooms ...

Bohdi *slamming* each one shut as he roars through, forcing Utah to *smash* through it in an explosion of ancient wood.

Bohdi hits his throttle hard - aiming his front wheel for the window the end of the hall and ...

HITS IT.

Bike shattering the French doors and aging iron balustrade outside that explodes like shrapnel ...

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

And goes soaring across the narrow cobbled alley below...

LANDING on the lower red-tile roof across the street in an explosion of red clay ...

Utah comes flying across above that same cobbled street, LANDS in a mini-detonation of tile as he brakes *hard*.

Suddenly with a commanding view of the town ...

And the breathtakingly steep DESCENT of tiled rooftops that stretches down towards the bottom of the valley.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - DAY

Both men go racing nearly side by side down the multi-colored carpet of anciently tiled rooftops

Tidal waves of loosened tiles following them as they go bounding soaring downhill from rooftop to rooftop.

BOHDI strikes the next rooftop across an alley ...

And *vanishes* through it as it *gives way beneath him*.

Utah realizes instantly what has happened and as Bohdi...

INT. FLAT - DAY

Goes roaring now through a hallway of the narrow flat he's landed in - headed for the WINDOW too far ...

People diving through doorways to avoid annihilation ...

EXT. ROOFTOOP - DAY

Utah accelerates, launching off the far edge of the building just as - mere meters below ...

BOHDI comes blasting through a window - arcing above the street headed for a VERANDA on the far side of the alley.

The same veranda that Utah applies his brakes in mid-air to slow angular stability ...

And HEAD FOR.

Both men and bikes hitting the veranda at the same time.

None more surprised than BOHDI as Utah's bike is suddenly beside his, muscling smashing through the same narrow doorway at 50 miles per hour ...

Tearing down the corridor side-by-side - ripping channels in the age-old plaster walls on their way ...

Towards the next door-shuttered terrace. Until ...

Bohdi reaches, *ripping* away Utah's brake cable and *diving* off thru a passing doorway.

Leaving Utah, with no choice but to *ride it out*, smashing through the French Doors with Bohdi's riderless bike...

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Going airborne - Utah fighting to keep control as the ripping wheel of Bohdi's bike snarls at his back ...

Just managing as he SMASHES onto the opposite veranda to ABANDON his bike...

DIVING AWAY as Bohdi's Dutchman bike comes crashing down onto his in an explosion of metal, concrete and glass.

Utah quickly tries to dislodge his leg from the chaos of twisted metal, screaming engines and tires that remains -

But cannot. He LOOKS back across the alley.

BOHDI stands there - in the doorway's shattered remains.

Utah fumbles his gun out - aiming it across at Bohdi.

UTAH

Dammit Bohdi! I'll kill you! I will!

Only Bohdi's eyes are visible behind his helmet. But there is in them - the twinkle of a smile nonetheless.

UTAH (CONT'D)

Bohdi!

He FIRES a single shot. It strikes the shattered doorframe Bohdi stands in - *meant to miss*.

Bohdi doesn't even flinch.

UTAH (CONT'D)

BOHDI!!!

He just turns and vanishes into the wrecked flat. And Utah, trapped, defeated, furious ...

Turns his gun skywards and UNLOADS it into heaven's guts.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

UTAH is being treated for his badly bruised leg when PAPPAS pushes his way in past the doctors and nurses.

PAPPAS

Utah - Jesus - you okay ... ?

Utah looks up - ego far more damaged than his leg.

UTAH

I was wrong about him, Pappas. He did it. He did it all.

PAPPAS

Hey well ...

(forced chuckle)

We all make mistakes right? I mean, not necessarily as bad as letting a criminal mastermind get away - but hey - takes a village, right?

Utah just stares back unblinking.

UTAH

He didn't get away.

Pappas narrows. Utah shakes his head.

UTAH (CONT'D)

The money. It stayed with the bike. He won't - he can't leave without money.

Pappas straightens slightly.

PAPPAS

So - you're saying ...

UTAH

He's gonna hit again - he's gotta - and he's gonna do it today. He won't risk staying in this country any longer than he has to.

PAPPAS

But today's Sunday. Banks aren't open.

SWISS DOCTOR
(speaking up)
There's one - open for banking till noon.

Pappas and Utah look from him - to each other.

PAPPAS
You know I gotta call the cavalry on this
one, right?

Tight-lipped, Utah just nods.

INT. SAMSARA'S FLAT - DAY

When Utah limps in, the place is in disarray - clothing,
belongings - strewn everywhere.

And in the middle, a SUITCASE on the bed. SAMSARA stops
as she walks into the room, carrying a trio of dresses.

UTAH
Bohdi's on the move. But ...
(suitcase)
I guess you are too ...

She holds on him an instant. Silently continues her
packing. He enters the room.

UTAH (CONT'D)
You know what he's doing, don't you?

She says nothing. Just packs.

UTAH (CONT'D)
But you don't care ...

She packs a moment longer. Then stops, straightens.

SAMSARA
Maybe I should be more worried about what
you're doing, Jonathan.

Utah flushes - hesitates.

UTAH
I'm a cop okay? But Bohdi and his crew've
been sabotaging the operations of
corporate multi-nationals who don't fit
their idea of environmental
responsibility.

She holds on him another instant. Returns to packing.

SAMSARA
 Sounds downright noble. Can prove it?
 Cop.

UTAH
 Not yet. But give me an hour.

She just keeps packing. Moving forward, he *catches* her arm. Her eyes snap up, fiery into his own.

UTAH (CONT'D)
 Sam. I know you're like a sister to him.
 But people have *died*.

She holds his eyes an instant - then yanks her arm away.
 And as she determinedly continues to pack, he *realizes*.

UTAH (CONT'D)
 You're going with him aren't you?

She does not reply.

UTAH (CONT'D)
 Sam - the road's up. I tried to save him.
 But I couldn't and now it's all dried up.
 (shakes head)
 Anybody with him - is gonna go down with him.

She says nothing, yanking a dress off a hanger.

UTAH (CONT'D)
 Sam - I thought we *had* something.

SAMSARA
 Had?

UTAH
Have.

SAMSARA
 (looking suddenly over)
 We do. We do have something Johnny.

She straightens from her case.

SAMSARA (CONT'D)
 But what Bohdi and I have? Goes way beyond that.

Utah's jaw works - *hating this part*.

UTAH
What is it? What is it you two have
that's so special. I'd love to know.

She stops. And looks at him.

SAMSARA
Passion.

Silent, Utah falls back a step. It's crushing. *How can he compete with that.* She returns to her case. Clicking it shut - she straightens. Faces him.

SAMSARA (CONT'D)
You're trying to force chaos into order.
(shakes head)
That'll never work if you're trying to
understand me, Johnny. Never.

Leaning in, she lets her lips touch his ...

Then, pulling away, she heads for the door and - is gone.

Utah looks at the place she was. Sits down on the bed.
Never felt so fucking alone.

INT. CAR - DAY

PAPPAS is waiting behind the wheel when Utah slides in.

UTAH
She doesn't know what she's getting into.
(looks Pappas way)
He'll get her killed.

A moment. Deep breath. He nods.

UTAH (CONT'D)
Unless we kill him first.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

MONTAGE. Charts, maps, time-tables - UTAH taking the lead as he and the entire FBI, Swiss and Interpol teams PLAN.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Drapes drawn - BOHDI hunkers over a table of his own with Roach and Grommet. Making PLANS of their own ...

EXT. BANQUE SUISSE - DAY

Sunday morning traffic is light. Only by looking closely can one detect the PRESENCE of POLICE nearly everywhere.

PAPPAS, bivouacked behind a pastry truck with Swiss Gendarmerie, scans the street ahead. His RADIO crackles.

PAPPAS' RADIO

(Utah's Voice)

What about the cargo plane Bohdi's got on the strip in Bern?

PAPPAS

Surveillance up the ass. Don't worry, he and his crew ain't getting on that thing without us knowing about it first.

(raises binocs)

Hold on. Movement ...

He keys his radio off as - with a high-tuned scream THREE RIDERS on motorcycles crest the cobblestoned street...

PAPPAS (CONT'D)

Three riders - helmets - no saddlebags...

The Swiss Police Officer beside Pappas fingers the Glock in his holster. Pappas lays a hand over his.

PAPPAS (CONT'D)

(French)

Easy - for all we know they're just three enthusiasts out for a Sunday ride.

The Motorcyclists pull up and de-ass at the bank.

PAPPAS (CONT'D)

(radio)

Okay - looks like they're gonna enter ...

The riders look at one another. Then turning as one ...

PAPPAS (CONT'D)

(radio)

Shit! They're going in with helmets!
It's them!

INT. BANK - DAY

As the riders go through the outer doors, they *shed* their outer jackets, bringing up SUB-MACHINE GUNS as they ...

Push through the inner doors and ...

INT. BANK - DAY

STOP. Inside the bank, all is silent. UTAH STANDS - gun aimed. With 16 ARMED AND DRAWN-DOWN elite Swiss SWAT.

UTAH

Sorry Bohdi - this time it ends here.

No hesitation. The motorcyclists *OPEN FIRE*.

UTAH (CONT'D)

(diving)

Bohdi!

2 SWISS OFFICERS go down as the rest of the Paramilitary Team return fire. And - all the sudden - it's Baghdad.

EXT. BANK - DAY

The inner doors erupt with gunfire as Pappas ...

PAPPAS

(screams into radio)

Engage! Engage!

EXT. BANK - DAY

The MOTORCYCLISTS fall back thru the outer doors and the whole place lights up with gunfire from every direction.

Backs to the wall, they return - car windows, parking meters, motorcycles - exploding bombs of glass and metal.

GROMMET or ROACH (one of them) goes spinning down, struck in the helmet.

As the other moves to help, he too is SLAMMED against the wall, stitched in a spray of bullets and blood.

As he slides to the sidewalk, the Last Cyclist - seeing the writing literally written on the wall in blood ...

Wrenches open the door of the CAR he's covering behind and, rolling in, *releases* the parking brake ...

Pulling the wheel and hunkering down into the footwell as the car begins to ROLL backward down the steep street ...

UTAH bursting out of the bank behind ...

UTAH

Bohdi!

Car LIT UP by GUNFIRE from both sides as it begins to GAIN speed rolling down the hill ...

Utah *taking* out after it ...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Pulling into the street as the car SMASHES thru two flimsy European cars blocking the street midway down ...

Spinning them aside like dice as it goes careening, pinballing off parked cars on both sides

Until, finally, it SMASHES into the facade of a 600 year-old building at the bottom of the street.

INT. CAR - DAY

Inside, covered in glass, the remaining cyclist shakes his helmeted head - locates his gun and ...

Kicking open the door, rolls out and ...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Realizing Utah is sprinting towards him the street ...

And that the building that's been smashed into is ...

INT. GONDOLA STATION - DAY

The Gondola Station - that ferries skiers up the mountain in winter - tourists and hikers during the summer.

Bursting in he *clocks* the empty Gondola just pulling out - headed down toward the valley below.

And *runs* for it - just diving through the doors as it DISAPPEARS down thru the station floor.

Utah skids in just in time to see the vanishing gondola. Hesitates only an instant before sprinting out onto ...

EXT. RESTAURANT DECK - GONDOLA STATION - DAY

The deck overlooking the valley, Gondola cables vibrating away down toward the alpine valley floor far, far below.

Gondola embarking on its descent ...

Utah doesn't think. He just *runs* - hitting the railing, stepping up and ...

Going SAILING out into space ...

A floating paper figure of moving arms and legs ...

That SLAMS down atop of the Gondola in a burst of snow.

Nearly ROLLING off its snow-covered surface, valley floor now wheeling vertiginously 100's of meters below...

The snowy roof of the gondola ERUPTS with GUNFIRE, searing up past through in the mountain air.

Utah's eyes snap up. The CABLE RIG securing the gondola - Gunfire dogging his footsteps, he *runs* for it...

Vaulting into space, grabbing on, *swinging* out. And BACK.

INT. GONDOLA - DAY

SHATTERING through the window and rolling up GUN drawn.

UTAH

I swear it Bohdi! This time I will shoot!

An instant between them. A *machine pistol swings up* ...

And A SINGLE SHOT from Utah's gun slams a helmet RINGING back against the rear wall of the Gondola ...

Like a death knell.

As the body supporting it slips limply to the floor ...

UTAH (CONT'D)

Bohdi ...

Utah *rushes* to his friend's side, dropping his gun and...

UTAH (CONT'D)

Stay with me! Stay with me!

Tearing the motorcycle leathers open to reveal - the BULLET HOLE that has punctured an unmoving chest ...

Quickly, he removes a PLASTIC BAG that has been stuffed inside the motorcycle leathers and begins compressions...

Until the bag - *triggers some RECOGNITION.*

And the world - goes into slow-motion. Reaching down, he raises it. Eyes narrowing ...

Inside - is HUMAN HAIR. That, in fact, looks identical to the bag of BOHDI'S BLONDE LOCKS Utah saw collected at the Chalet.

And a PIECE OF PAPER - scrawled in English ...

EXT. BANQUE SUISSE - DAY

Taking a knee at the bodies of Roach and Grommet, PAPPAS pries the helmet off the first body.

And goes white.

PAPPAS
... oh my god shit ...

Because - the face staring back *is neither Roach nor Grommet*. Bullet-hole thru his temple - it's TYLER.

INT. GONDOLA - DAY

Dropping the bag, Utah uses both hands to SPREAD the bloody motorcycle leathers open further to reveal ...

On both sides of the bloody chest wound ...

Two perfectly formed female breasts.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Pappas rises - ghost white as he realizes

PAPPAS
... my god ...

And looks in the direction of the Gondola Station.

PAPPAS (CONT'D)
... *Samsara* ...

EXT. GONDOLA BASE STATION - DAY

When the door opens, waiting skiers are stopped by the THOUSAND YARD STARE on the face of the MAN there.

UTAH.

A woman looks in. SCREAMS. But ...

Utah doesn't hear. Only walks out and away. PHONE RINGING

Finally, he pulls it, putting it to his ear.

UTAH

Where are you ... ?

It is a moment. Then BOHDI'S VOICE returns.

BOHDI'S VOICE

Close enough to see what you did.

Utah's features are bloodless. Voice, a hard whisper.

UTAH

I thought it was you Bohdi ...

Silence.

UTAH (CONT'D)

Was it her? Who pulled the del Fuego
heist, Bohdi? With Tyler's crew ...

Just more silence. Utah shakes his head.

UTAH (CONT'D)

She wasn't just like a sister to you ...

Deep breath. He nods.

UTAH (CONT'D)

She was your sister. Wasn't she Bohdi.

(shakes his head)

Don't know how I could have been so
stupid as to miss it.

(a beat/a nod)

You were fraternal twins, weren't you.

A dead silence from the other end. Finally ...

BOHDI'S VOICE

What she was, Utah, was a being unique in
the universe. I wouldn't expect someone
like you to grasp that.

UTAH

Maybe not. Maybe I am a knuckle-dragging
lout. Maybe she did have ideas so grand
other people weren't capable of seeing
them. What she didn't have was the right
to make other people to die for them.

BOHDI'S VOICE

There are no bloodless revolutions, Utah.

UTAH

No? What about when the blood is yours,
Bohdi?

In his hand he holds the PLASTIC BAG he found on Sam.

UTAH (CONT'D)

I found a bag on her. With a note in it.
And a swatch of human hair. Yours.

He stops - eyes, jaw tight.

UTAH (CONT'D)

She was going to leave your DNA behind in
that bank, Bohdi.

There is a beat. Then ...

BOHDI'S VOICE

I screwed up, Utah. Brought down too much
heat. You, for instance. Something - or
someone - had to give. She was smart
enough to understand that. And strong
enough to do something about it.

UTAH

Goddamit Bohdi! What sister does that to
her brother! Her twin!

BOHDI'S VOICE

One who sees further!

It shuts Utah up for a moment.

UTAH

She wasn't some goddam goddess, Bohdi.

BOHDI'S VOICE

She was to me.

Utah's jaw works.

UTAH

Could only love someone as perfect as
yourself - that it, Bohdi?

Silence. Deep breath. Utah nods.

UTAH (CONT'D)

Ok. She died for what she believed in.
But now she's gone. There's no reason to
carry this on any longer.

BOHDI'S VOICE

Utah - you've given me every reason to
carry this on longer.

UTAH

Dammit Bohdi! I'm offering you a way *out*!

BOHDI'S VOICE

A jail cell? That's not going to happen.

Utah closes his eyes hard.

UTAH

Bohdi - please. Stop this madness. Now.
I'm ... I'm begging you.

BOHDI'S VOICE

Reincarnation. In my lifetime.

UTAH

Bohdi!

But it's too late. *Click!* the line is terminated.

EXT. GONDOLA BASE STATION - DAY

When PAPPAS arrives, SAMBARA'S LIMP BODY is being removed
from the Gondola. He looks to the Swiss Officer there.

PAPPAS

(French)

The Cowboy - which way'd he go?

SWISS OFFICER

Up the mountain. About three minutes ago.

Pappas looks up-mountain. *Realizes.*

PAPPAS

Merde.

EXT. PASCAL AL FARIQ'S CHALET - DAY

The GATE is smashed in and hanging off its hinges as UTAH
- gun drawn - moves at a crouch up the chalet drive.

A CRUNCH behind spins him.

PAPPAS, moving tactically up the drive behind him.

PAPPAS
You're working on a failing grade, you
know that asshole?

UTAH
I'll make it all back on the final.

Utah nods up at the Chalet jutting above.

UTAH (CONT'D)
Bohdi's out of money and places to rob.
This has gotta be his last move.

PAPPAS
Yeah? And you're entering on what basis?
Cause need I remind you? We ain't in
Kansas anymore and we got less than zero
authority to enter people's houses in
Switzerland armed and uninvited.

UTAH
I saw Bohdi fleeing a bank robbery.
Where I come from, that's probable cause.

PAPPAS
You saw a man's eyes. And where I come
from that's not even hearsay.

Utah just looks back at him. Then - gun to cheek -
continues up the hill.

PAPPAS (CONT'D)
Jesus mother fuckalot ...

EXT. CHALET - DAY

TACTICALLY IN TUNE, they move silently across the deck,
flank the open glass doors - curtains blowing ...

Pappas signals Utah in. Silently follows - gun at ready.

INT. CHALET - DAY

They stop, guns fading. *Doesn't require a Pinkerton.*
Whatever's going down here - already went.

Like Utah's father all those years back, PASCAL AL FARIQ
lies gunshot, dead and staring from the floor.

A WALL-SAFE stands open - empty. Pappas checks Al Fariq's pulse. Looks up. Shakes his head.

PAPPAS

(rising)

Looks like Bohdi's got his money. He'll be halfway to Norway by now.

Utah considers Al Fariq's body. Shakes his head.

UTAH

No.

PAPPAS

No what?

Utah looks at him.

UTAH

Money was just one of the two things on his bucketlist before he left Swiss soil.

He nods.

UTAH (CONT'D)

Number two - was number six.

EXT. CHALET DRIVE - DAY

Pappas is hot on Utah's heels.

PAPPAS

Goddamit Utah, don't you get it. As far as Switzerland is concerned they got their men back at Banque Suisse. You're not goddam Elliot Ness all the sudden. You wanna go after Bohdi now we're gonna need a warrant.

UTAH

So get us one.

PAPPAS

On what evidence?? A pair of eyes? No Swiss judge is gonna buy that. You gotta give me something!

UTAH

Oh - but I have ...

And he TOSSES over his shoulder - Pappas catching ...

The PLASTICENE BAG OF BOHDI'S HAIR.

UTAH (CONT'D)
 DNA baby. Get that warrant in your hand
 by the time I have him in mine ...
 (a nod)
 We'll be in business.

And jumping into one of Fariq's fleet of RANGE ROVERS,
 Utah spins out of the lot in a spray of snow and gravel.

EXT. ST. THEROUX PROMENTORY - DAY

When Utah skids up, a matching Range Rover is already
 parked there. BOHDI and GROMMET, both packing chutes ...

LOOK UP as Utah drops down out of the vehicle.

Neither missing the GUN hanging in his hand. With a small
 smile, Bohdi returns to packing his chute.

BOHDI
 Sucks about Fariq. But he wasn't in it
 for the ideas - just pretended to be to
 get to Sam. Never liked the sonofabitch.

UTAH
 Save it Bohdi - you're a murderer now.
 Put it on your resume. Don't imagine
 you're any different than he was.

BOHDI
 (standing)
 My principals are. Because I have them.
 Just like you do, Utah.

A *click* in Utah's ear FREEZES him - ICY BARREL nudging
 into the nape of his neck.

BOHDI (CONT'D)
 Which is how I knew you'd show here.

Utah looks to see ROACH - who chakas with his free hand.

ROACH
 Utahhhh ...

UTAH
 (a sigh)
 Roach ...

He lets his own pistol drop into the snow. With the gun
 Roach waves Utah to the edge of the cliff.

Utah looks at him. *Are you kidding?* Roach jabs him with the muzzle - indicating that he strictly is not.

A deep breath. Utah steps to the edge of the precipice.

Below, the valley swims in miniature. He swallows.

BOHDI

Bad news, Johnny - is you're jumping.
Good news is ...

Reaching down he ...

BOHDI (CONT'D)

You get to wear one'a these.

... *slings* a PACK into Utah's chest - almost knocking him back over the edge. A PRE-PACKED WINGSUIT.

For an instant, Utah doesn't move. HANDS - drop to guns.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

You don't have to wear the suit Johnny...
But you do have to jump. Up to you.

Another breath. Utah begins stepping into the suit.

UTAH

Bohdi - remember I said there was a note along with your hair? It was a coded blueprint for what looks like a plan to kill the entire board of a Russian gas company.

Reaching into his pocket, he tosses the PAPER to Bohdi.

UTAH (CONT'D)

Handwriting. Meant to look like yours.

Bohdi unfolds the note and examines it.

BOHDI

Ever occur to you Utah ...

He tosses it back.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

It might actually be mine?

Taut, Utah says nothing. Bohdi smiles.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Looks like his enlightenment's beginning already.

Utah's jaw works.

UTAH

Sorry, Bohdi - but I don't buy it.

Shrugging the wingsuit on, he pulls up the zipper ...

UTAH (CONT'D)

Grand ideas about redistributing world wealth is one thing. But murder? Even after Al Fariq, given a choice, I don't think it's one you'd make.

In his own wingsuit, Bohdi shrugs.

BOHDI

We're all faced with tough decisions, Utah. It's just down to whether we have the courage to make them.

With his gun, he indicates the abyss at Utah's back.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

And now it looks like you got one of your own.

(shrugs)

So what's it gonna be? Courage?

(taps gun on thigh)

Or is this gonna be point break for you?

Utah glances over his shoulder into the infinite abyss of the valley beckoning him into its depthless maw. Back ...

UTAH

You're goat-crap crazy, you realize that don't you?

BOHDI

And you better be too G-Man. Otherwise...

He raises the gun at Utah. Utah hesitates. FEELS across the front of the suit.

UTAH

Seem to be missing a parachute, Bohdi.

BOHDI

Not the parachute - just a rip-cord to open it. It'll deploy automatically when your descent hits 530 over sea.

ROACH

And not a foot before.

GROMMET

But you gotta make it that far first.

Bohdi grins.

BOHDI

Gonna hafta let it rip Brah.

Utah takes a last look at him.

UTAH

She's gone. This can all stop. Right here.

BOHDI

(taps his chest)
She'll never be gone.

He cocks the pistol. Points it.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Five ...

Grommet and Roach quickly begin zipping their own suits.

UTAH

Bohdi ...

BOHDI

Four ...

UTAH

Bohdi! Goddamit! Listen to me!

BOHDI

Three ...

UTAH

Dammit there's something I have to tell you!

BOHDI

Two ...

UTAH

Bohdi! Whether I die or live it's critical you know this!!

Bohdi pauses - cocks his head.

BOHDI

Okay. What?

Utah takes one last look back into the abyss. Back.

UTAH
You're an asshole.

And giving them the finger with both hands - he allows himself - Christlike - to fall backwards into the chasm.

EXT. ALPINE FREEFALL - DAY

As Utah goes into freefall, he orients chest downward...

Hearing the whoops as Roach, Grommet and Bohdi as they come plummeting off the ledge after him as he himself...

Goes *rocketing* down the sheer rock face, striations of granite blurring. He spreads out his legs and arms and...

The wingsuit INFLATES, stiffening into a human wing as...

Utah becomes part of the air - gaining control as ...

Still plummeting downward he now begins to shoot *forward*.

Almost instantly accelerating to a lateral 120 mph that paces against his 50mph plummet towards the valley below.

Faintly over the roar of the wind, he is able to hear the whoops and cat-calls of Bohdi and the others behind him.

While Utah himself is practically shitting the wingsuit.

Air-ramming forward along the mountain's face ...

BLASTING into the WATERFALL - droplets of water hitting like MINIATURE BULLETS at these speeds.

Exploding out the other side like a Polaris missile.

RACING at blinding speeds along the cliff-face ...

Jagged rock teeth reaching at him from a fingertip away.

As - gradually - he starts ...

To get the HANG OF IT.

Using his hands and feet as elevons he literally - as literally as any man since the days of Icarus ...

FLIES.

Rocketing into his future ahead with mind-blowing speed.

EXPLODING like Superman with a near SONIC-BOOM past a rocky outcropping loaded with picture-taking TOURISTS.

Jaws dropping, cameras forgotten, as behind the human rocket - THREE MORE blast past - blowing hats off heads.

While ahead, beneath Utah, the angle of terrain abruptly *levels*, its rocky surface suddenly coming *lurching* up at him at terrifying speed.

For an instant, he thinks he's going to slam into it ...

But teeth gritting as he sucks every atom up inside him -
Utah goes for it.

JAMMING his shoulders forward

And his legs apart ...

He creates the maximum wing surface ...

Shooting forward at maximum speed ...

Features distorting as he accelerates to 135 mph ...

Racing the jagged spine of rocks that stab up to tear him apart only slightly slower than he blasts past overhead.

Detonating off the backbone of stone he rockets into a narrow canyon - fighting to hold course, TURNING ...

Battling to conform the path of his comet-like descent to the plunging walls of the rock chasm on either side ...

Sidewinding within millimeters of its ravenous walls ...

As, eyes closed ...

And body rigid ...

He RIDES IT OUT - microns from death until he ...

Suddenly DETONATES out of the canyon, Alpine trees ...

Whipping in the vortex of winds left behind in the wake of his body as it rockets past overhead ...

Until ...

An instant later ...

The trees abruptly END at a WATERFALL that spills over a cliff-face tumbling away into the valley far below ...

As Utah blasts out into abruptly open sky and ...

WHOMP!

His suit's altimeter engages and he is *jerked* skyward by the fulminating blast of his CHUTE as it smacks open.

As he floats gently downward toward the valley floor, he can hear the growing sound of yells and whooping ...

Followed by 3 MORE CHUTES thumping open somewhere above.

EXT. LANDING ZONE - ALPINE FIELD - DAY

A HELICOPTER waits in the landing zone as Utah lands ...

Fighting to pull in his whipping squid of chute and lines-

The sudden flash of a KNIFE sends them shimmering away in the wind like a sea-monster retreating into the depths...

Leaving BOHDI standing there. BOWIE KNIFE in hand. Roach and Grommet at either side ...

Bohdi raises the knife. Utah *stiffening*. But instead of plunging it into Utah's heart, Bohdi RAISES a bottle of CHAMPAGNE and *knocks* the top off, wine frothing out...

BOHDI
(raising it)
Busted his cherry! FBI boy got his first
Ordeal!

Swigging deeply from the bottle, he hands it Utah's way.

Utah hesitates. Then, despite himself, takes it and drinks. Wiping his mouth, he tosses it on to Grommet.

UTAH
All three of you - suck dick.

But from head to toe - he's SMILING. Bohdi grins.

BOHDI
Questing now, Brother. Way of life. Never
stop till you get what you're after.

He salutes an almost formal chaka. Then turns and climbs up into the waiting COPTER with Roach and Grommet.

UTAH
Bohdi!

Ying to Utah's yang, Bohdi pauses in the copter doorway.

UTAH (CONT'D)
There's something else I'll never stop
chasing. You know that, right?

From the copter doorway, Bohdi grins big.

BOHDI
Friggin' love it.

He signals the pilot, and Utah can only watch as it lifts
off and wings away across the Swiss valley ...

Disappearing over the mountains.

Doggedly, Utah starts out - on foot. Same direction.

INT VAN - AIRFIELD - REMY - DAY

Inside the surveillance vehicle. Pappas scans FAXES
coming out of the machine while UTAH and SWISS INTEL
surveil an old WW2 CARGO PLANE thru field glasses.

SWISS INTEL
Customs made an excuse to search it this
morning. Just a lot of extreme sports
equipment and a pilot standing by flight-
planned for Oslo.

Utah lowers the binocs, frustrated.

UTAH
And he shows, you're just gonna let him
go. Right out the back door. There's not
a single judge in Switzerland who'll even
consider grounding him?

SWISS INTEL
(shakes head)
Trust me. I know Swiss law. Until a
positive match comes back on the DNA your
partner found on Al Fariq, no Swiss judge
would ever dream of restricting the
movement of the plane much less the man.

PAPPAS
Why sneak out the back door when you can
stroll out the front?

Pappas hands Utah a FAX from the machine.

PAPPAS (CONT'D)
 Nord-Air 388, Zurich to Oslo - 2pm today.
 All three. Just booked.

Utah looks up, amazed.

UTAH
 Under their real names ... ??

Pappas throws a look Swiss Intel's way.

PAPPAS
 Guess they know Swiss law too.

Swiss Intel reddens.

UTAH
 But why would Bohdi be flying commercial
 when he's got a plane right here?

PAPPAS
 (shrugs)
 Maybe it's the in-flight movie. Point is,
 we've got him now. Not only do we know
 where he's going; we know when and how.

UTAH
 But will Norway issue us a warrant?

PAPPAS
 No. Not without something solid.
 (a slow smile)
 But Denmark will.

He spares a shark-toothed grin Swiss Intel's way.

PAPPAS (CONT'D)
 Apparently, when it comes to murdered
 citizens, the Danes give a lot less of a
 shit about due process than the Swiss.

Utah blinks back.

UTAH
 But how does Denmark help us? Bohdi's not
 going to Denmark. He's going to Norway.

PAPPAS
 Yeah ...

A slow grin creeps onto his lips.

PAPPAS (CONT'D)
 But he's flying over Denmark.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Loud and boisterous, BOHDI, ROACH and GROMMET are boarding the plane, stuffing their packs into the overhead compartments, flopping into their seats ...

PAPPAS VOICEOVER

Before crossing the Skaggerak Strait to the southern tip of Norway, flightpath of Nord-Air 388 shaves the very top tip of Denmark's Jutland peninsula ...

... kicking back in the extra leg-room of the EXIT ROWS.

PAPPAS VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

Meaning that for just under four minutes, Bohdi & Co will be in Danish airspace.

Not noticing that, seated in the back, faces concealed behind NORWEGIAN NEWSPAPERS ...

Are UTAH and PAPPAS.

PAPPAS VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

And that's when we take them. In the air.

INT. PLANE - DAY

AIRPLANE BOTTLES scattered, Bohdi, Roach and Grommet laugh and carouse loudly in their exit rows ...

WHILE CONCEALED SEVERAL ROWS BACK, UTAH watches the plane's progress up Europe on the seatback screen.

Rapidly approaching the tiny outcropping of DENMARK it will cross on its path across the water toward Norway.

UTAH

Where the hell is this guy?

PAPPAS

Relax. Composure's 35% of your grade.

UTAH

Composure isn't gonna make this arrest stick. It's gotta go down in Danish airspace.

Pulling out a HANDHELD GPS, he checks the screen.

UTAH (CONT'D)

Slightest doubt and even a Danish court'll void it.

Pappas sighs. Looks to a NERVOUS-LOOKING FLIGHT ATTENDANT. Nods. She swallows, scared. Nods back.

As she heads up the aisle towards the cockpit, it's everything she can do to NOT LOOK at Bohdi and his crew.

And Bohdi SENSES IT.

Ceasing his carousing a moment, he carefully watches as she heads up foreships, disappearing into the cockpit.

Scans the cabin.

Sees nothing. Relaxes.

As he looks away, a PASSENGER waiting for the lavatory turns, quickly kneeling at Pappas and Utah's seats.

PASSENGER

Sorry we didn't have time to meet before take-off.

He flashes the ID of a NORD-AIR SKY MARSHAL and shakes their hands. Pappas flashes his and Utah's ID's back.

SKY MARSHAL

I've spoken with the Pilot. 10 minutes out he'll put on the seat-belt sign and flight attendants will clear the aisles.

(glances at watch)

We're close. It should be any moment ...

Abruptly, with a *bing* the SEAT-BELT SIGNS all go on. The CAPTAIN'S VOICE comes on, speaking Norwegian.

A heavy glance. *This is it.* Utah activates the STOPWATCH function on his watch. *10 minutes and counting.*

The PILOT'S VOICE switches to ENGLISH advising passengers the plane's heading into a snowstorm and to retake seats.

SKY MARSHAL (CONT'D)

When we're over Denmark, he'll announce.

Utah hands the GPS across to him.

UTAH

When he does, confirm location. For the arrest to be statutory, all we have to do is announce our intentions - but it has to be in Danish airspace and we're going to need a witness.

The Sky Marshal takes it, hazarding a glance up at Bohdi and the others in the exit rows. Looks WORRIED.

SKY MARSHAL

You understand, of course, my role here is purely symbolic. I'm not authorized to actually lend any physical support ...

As the PILOT switches to a THIRD LANGUAGE, Pappas sighs, lays a hand on the Sky Marshal's shoulder.

PAPPAS

Don't worry. It ain't gonna wind up the OK Coral. Only one armed on this plane is you. A team meeting the plane in Oslo will take the suspects into custody and escort them back to Denmark before they ever even technically enter your country. It'll be over before you know it.

The Sky Marshal straightens - clearly still nervous.

SKY MARSHAL

Well then - for appearances - I should return to my seat.

He turns to start up-aisle but Utah suddenly catches his arm. *Confused*, he nods upward - at the PA.

UTAH

What's that?

SKY MARSHAL

What's what?

UTAH

(shakes head)

The first two languages - English and Norwegian, I get. But why's he making the announcement in a third language?

SKY MARSHAL

Oh - it's Russian.

(shrugs/simply)

First class is full with Russians today.

And extracting his arm he heads away up towards his seat. Leaving Utah staring after him...

And Pappas staring at *him*.

PAPPAS

What?

But now Utah is staring up-plane into FIRST CLASS.
SEVERAL MEN IN SUITS conversing across the aisles ...

Slowly, Utah brings up the NORWEGIAN NEWSPAPER he had
used to conceal behind during general boarding ...

In Norwegian - the FRONT PAGE is indecipherable ...

*But the PHOTO dominating it is not. It's of a MAN. One
of the SAME MAN - in fact ...*

Now speaking across the aisle up in first class. And
Utah doesn't have to be able to read Norwegian to know
the headlines are about RUSSIA and GAS and NORWAY.

UTAH
Pappas - we gotta go ...

PAPPAS
Go where?

GLASS-EYED - Utah turns to his partner ...

UTAH
Arrest Bohdi. Now.

PAPPAS
Now? We haven't entered Danish airspace.

But Utah shakes his head.

UTAH
The planned assassinations ... ?

Vaguely, he fumbles out of his pocket - the PIECE OF
PAPER he found on Samsara's body ...

UTAH (CONT'D)
Of the entire board of a Russian gas
company ... ?

He looks Pappas' way - mortal.

UTAH (CONT'D)
They're on this plane ...
(shakes head)
Bohdi isn't fleeing Switzerland. He's
carrying this whole madness on.

And before Pappas can ...

PAPPAS
Utah! Goddamit!

Stop him - Utah is up and headed up the aisle.

INT. PLANE - DAY

From his own seat, the SKY MARSHAL looks to see Utah charging up-aisle - Pappas after him.

His blood drains. *This is it ...*

CAPTAIN'S VOICE

My Friends, if you look out the left side of the plane - you may see the northern coast of Denmark thru the storm ...

INT. PLANE - DAY

Bohdi, peering out the window, is surprised when SOMEONE drops suddenly into the seat next to him.

UTAH

Hello. Brah.

Bohdi stiffens. Sees PAPPAS drop into the seats next to Roach and Grommet in the row across the aisle.

UTAH (CONT'D)

Remember when I said there was something else I'd never stop chasing?

He nods.

UTAH (CONT'D)

I'm arresting you on a Danish warrant for the murder of Pascal Al Fariq.

Bohdi quickly scans the plane - instantly making the SKY MARSHAL standing nervously a row away, PISTOL visible.

A *click* draws his eyes down. Utah has clasped one end of a pair of HANDCUFFS around HIS OWN WRIST

He lays the other end on the armrest between them.

UTAH (CONT'D)

Either you do it - or I'll do it for you.

Bohdi hesitates.

UTAH (CONT'D)

No one else needs to die, Bohdi.

Bohdi studies him a moment. Glances out the window. Then up to the RUSSIAN BUSINESSMEN up in First Class.

BOHDI
Sam'd disagree, Utah.

UTAH
She was a anarchist, Bohdi. You're an athlete. Don't get confused.

BOHDI
Athlete can't be a soldier too? Can't represent a flag? Can't stand for something?

UTAH
Maybe. But doesn't mean it's his job to pick that flag up when it falls. You're no murderer, Bohdi. Life's sacred to you.

Bohdi looks at him.

A *click*. Utah looks down to see that BOHDI has LOCKED the other end of the handcuffs - not to his own wrist ...

But to the steel handle of a COMPUTER CASE.

Utah's eyes shoot up. But Bohdi just shakes his head.

BOHDI
Sorry Utah. Sam said it best. When everything sacred's at stake - nothing's sacred anymore.

And he *WRENCHES* up the EMERGENCY EXIT DOOR LEVER - as does Grommet across the aisle ...

Doors BLOWING CONCUSSIVELY OPEN ...

Interior of the plane instantly ripping with a hurricane of icy wind and SNOW as Utah *grabs* onto the seat ahead to keep from getting sucked out while ...

Bohdi instead *hits his own belt* - and - *with no parachute* - goes blasting out into the high-altitude snowstorm.

Pappas *grabs* the Sky Marshal - saving him from getting sucked out as Grommet and Roach - whooping and hollering - go diving out with the rush of debris-filled atmosphere.

An instant later, pressure equalizes - debris settling, cabin still whipping furiously with wind and snow ...

And the SCREAMS of passengers.

Utah looks out the open door. Can see BOHDI, ROACH and GROMMET falling away thru the snowstorm ...

Toward the CARGO PLANE from the tarmac in Bern flying far below. That plane now goes into a CONTROLLED DIVE.

Utah's eyes *shoot* to the COMPUTER CASE now handcuffed to his wrist. Quickly, he clicks it open.

COMPUTER built into the hard shell of its case.

On the screen - a TIMER ...

Counting down. 25 ... 24 ... 23 ...

UTAH

Oh *shit* ...

He slaps it shut, eyes leaping to Pappas, Sky Marshal.

UTAH (CONT'D)

They're taking out the whole plane.

The gravity of it registers instantly in their eyes.

SKY MARSHAL

(pale)

Can it ... be defused??

Invisibly, Utah swallows.

UTAH

Yes. By a bomb expert and four hours to spare.

An eternal instant. Utah looks out the open door - at the icy storm rushing past. To Pappas - staring back ...

UTAH (CONT'D)

Has it been your intention to give me a passing grade in In-Field Performance?

Pappas looks back. A sober moment between them.

PAPPAS

Why? You looking for some extra credit?

An eye-locked instant between them ...

Then, *grabbing* the SKY MARSHAL'S GUN out of his holster, a PEN out of the Flight Attendant's pocket - and the BRIEFCASE handcuffed to his wrist - UTAH GOES ...

PAPPAS (CONT'D)

Utah!

Diving out the open door.

EXT. OPEN SKY - DAY

In the howl and rage of the SNOWSTORM ...

BOHDI, ROACH and UTAH - modulating their air-speed, come trimming in close to the POWER-DIVING CARGO PLANE ...

Clumping onto the side of the icy fuselage and sliding back toward the OPEN DOOR ...

EXT. OPEN SKY - DAY

While, high above, UTAH falls, desperately working to disassemble the PEN in a 140 mph plunge through stinging snow and ripping winds ...

Extracting the brass cartridge, he works it into the cuff locking the BRIEFCASE - bomb ticking down - to his wrist.

Furiously, he works the pick till - by miracle - the cuff CLICKS OPEN, briefcase threatening to go spiralling away.

But Utah HANGS ON to it ...

And assesses his options.

Plummeting downward at terminal velocity 6 miles above the glacial coast of Denmark through an arctic snowstorm.

Without a parachute.

What options??

His eyes move to the CARGO PLANE power-diving below. AFT DOOR just closing.

And he *streamlines* ...

INT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

As ROACH slides inside the diving plane, Grommet secures the door closed behind them - arctic howl subsiding.

Bohdi signals the pilot, who pulls back, easing out of the dive. As he does, Bohdi breaks out a 6-PACK, tossing a beer to each of companions as they strap on SIDEARMS.

Popping the top on his own brew, he ...

BOHDI

This Old Man - he played Seven ...

Raises it. The other two cheer the accomplished 7th Ordeal - smashing cans and drinking deeply.

Bohdi checks his dive watch. With a sober look, his eyes rise upward through the cargo plane's ceiling.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

12 seconds to revolution.

A somber moment of silence from them all.

ROACH

Tough luck about Utah ...

GROMMET

And the others. Collateral damage, Brah.

A moment. Then, soberly, Bohdi raises his beer again. There are TEARS in his eyes.

BOHDI

Samsara.

Roach and Grommet's beers somberly re-join his.

ROACH & GROMMET

Sam

But before the cans can return to their lips, the PLANE *shudders*. They stop - searching one another's eyes.

GROMMET

... what the hell was that ...

Roach glances out a porthole windows.

ROACH

... oh ... *crap* ...

He looks back - EYES WIDE.

ROACH (CONT'D)

Utah ...

Bohdi and Grommet stare at him an impossible moment.

Then RUSH to the window. *Outside, clinging to the D-Ring on the plane's left wing - is UTAH.*

Buffeting in the storming wind, he *snaps* the open end of the HANDCUFFS into the eyelet on the D-Ring ...

Leaving the other end - connected to the BRIEFCASE ...

Containing the BOMB.

Chained to the PLANE.

Flashing them a chaka ...

He DROPS away from the plane into the howling white.

BOHDI

Oh fuck!

And is ALREADY on his way ...

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Bail! Bail!

... OUT the door, hauling it open and *diving* out, Roach and Grommet right behind as ...

EXT. OPEN SKY - DAY

They hit the icy air and the plane *EXPLODES* behind them - knocking them tumbling out into the furious storm.

An instant later, they orient - finding their air-bearings, Grommet indicating vigorously downward.

Where Bohdi and Roach look down to see ...

EXT. OPEN SKY - DAY

UTAH - falling at 140 mph towards the white-peaked glaciers of COASTAL DENMARK below.

A HOT OBJECT whizzes past his ear. His eyes snap upward. Above, Bohdi, Roach and Grommet are falling like he is...

Only these mother fuckers are shooting at him.

Pulling the Sky Marshal's gun, Utah twists in the air and fires back - realizing as he does that ...

Tumbling down through the sky above Bohdi and the others -

Is the WRECKAGE of the PLANE and ALL ITS SCATTERED CARGO.

Flattening his body, Utah *hits* the air-brakes

Going *shooting* upward, firing upward and past Bohdi and the others at drastically reduced airspeed ...

VANISHING up into the jungle of debris falling above them

Bohdi, Roach and Grommet flatten, slowing their own fall to rise into the falling matrix of netted cargo pallets and spiralling pieces of torn and twisted fuselage.

EXT. FALLING DEBRIS - DAY

Behind a falling pallet, Utah checks his gun.

Six shots. Hurtling downward towards razor peaks. People shooting at him. No parachute.

Welcome to the FBI, Son.

BEHIND ANOTHER CARGO PALLET, Grommet screams over the up-rushing wind.

GROMMET

Look!

Bohdi looks to see the pallet they cling to contains snowboards and other extreme sports gear. And PARACHUTES.

He gives a grin.

Breaking chutes out of the plummeting pallet, Roach and Grommet quickly shoulder their way into them.

As Bohdi digs deeper for a third parachute they kick off, pinballing their way thru the plunging maze of wreckage.

As ROACH comes round a piece of fuselage he finds the WING, humming as it spins axially at 100 rpm as it falls.

UTAH - flashing in and out of sight on the other side.

Utah SHOOTS HIM DEAD thru the flashing spin of wing.

Wham! no sooner does he do so than is he hit by GROMMET who comes flying out of the wreckage, slamming into him like a mid-air tight-end...

Grabbing Utah by the throat from behind, STRANGLING him.

GROMMET (CONT'D)

Reincarnate from this, Brah ...

UTAH'S EYES move up PAST his attacker ...

To the PLANE'S MASSIVE FLAMING ENGINE ...

Tumbling down like a great fire-breathing dragon pursuing them from above in a nose-dive through the snow-storm ...

Utah *reaches* behind and *yanks* Grommet's rip-cord ...

Sending the STARTLED SURFER'S parachute suddenly bursting out up into the storm behind like a great blooming rose.

YANKING the stun-eyed surfer sharply skyward ...

INTO the flaming massivity of the monstrous ENGINE that suddenly comes bursting through the canopy of his chute.

And OBLITERATES the extreme sports star in an explosive mid-air genetic fusion of bone, snow, metal and fire.

MEANWHILE: BACK AT THE PALLET - BOHDI - working to pull a third parachute free from the tumbling wreckage ...

SEES - ROACH'S BODY - as it goes cartwheeling slowly out across the snow-raging sky - *stripped of its parachute*.

His jaw clenches, eyes squinting with moisture. His friends, his brothers - both - *now gone*.

And he knows *why* ... he knows *who* ...

But he also knows - *it doesn't matter* ...

He LETS HIS PISTOL go vanishing fluttering away up into the snowstorm ...

And giving a final pull, he yanks out the parachute ...

And - digging deeper - pulls out a SNOWBOARD ...

And PARACHUTE in one hand - SNOWBOARD in the other

He *pushes* off with both feet - floating away across the snow-howling sky - chest heavenward - CHRISTLIKE ...

UTAH spots Bohdi drifting away out into open sky ...

Falling back-first towards the earth ...

Parachute in one hand, snowboard in the other ...

Staring up into Valhalla.

Utah coils all his tensile strength and ...

Pushes off - flying across the sky until he ...

SLAMS into Bohdi - grabbing onto him - shoving Grommet's gun under his jaw.

UTAH
It's over Bohdi!

But Bohdi - calm - just grins.

BOHDI
(over airstream)
Whatcha gonna do Utah? Arrest me!? Shoot me? In 30 seconds I eat glacier anyway.

UTAH
Put the goddam parachute on Bohdi!

But Bohdi just serenely smiles. Below, the icy peaks are reaching up for them like a starving prehistoric beast...

Utah buries the gun under Bohdi's jaw.

UTAH (CONT'D)
Goddamit Bohdi! Do it! You've only got two hands. Let go of the board and put the goddam parachute on!

Bohdi considers him, features suffused with a deep peace.

UTAH (CONT'D)
Bohdi! You gotta make a choice!

In answer, Bohdi releases the PARACHUTE. It goes ripping upward away into the snow-flurried storm.

UTAH (CONT'D)
Bohdi!

Bohdi just grins - and arcs his body around, snapping his boots EXPERTLY into the snowboard and Utah REALIZES ...

The Eighth Ordeal of Ono Ozaki ...

The sonofabitch is gonna try and land it!

As they blast down towards the peaks - individual trees now starting to twist into focus ...

UTAH (CONT'D)
Bohdi! Grab onto me! We'll use my chute!

But Bohdi just looks back at him - and shakes his head.

UTAH (CONT'D)
Bohdi! It's not goddam possible!

But even he can see the look in Bohdi's eyes.

UTAH (CONT'D)

Bohdi! Listen to me! The wave! The report came back! It was only 87 feet! You die now you'll never have done it! You'll have missed the 5th Ordeal!

Bohdi just looks at him - then - plunging downward at 145 miles per hour - gives the slowest chaka of all time ...

And putting his hands behind his back, streamlines and...

UTAH (CONT'D)

Bohdi!!!

SKY-SURFS AWAY - riding the sky forward as they move from the universe of open sky and howling snow ...

To a SUDDEN RISING WORLD of jagged mountain peaks.

PIECES OF PLANE - exploding into mushroom clouds of snow as they begin striking the glaciers all around ...

Bohdi DISAPPEARING ...

As he goes sailing slowly over the crest of an icy peak that shoots up dividing them as they both plummet past...

Leaving Utah - on his side - no choice. Ground RACING up -

He *RIPS* his cord, inflating his chute *just* as he slams down onto a steeply icy slope in an explosion of snow ...

Going crashing down in a tsunami of ice, tangling in his chute in a tumble of man, silk and snow, till finally ...

He comes to rest. More dead than alive.

EXT. GLACIER - DAY

This remote Danish glacier that's probably never seen a man since the Age of the Vikings ...

Is now crawling with them - European law enforcement - Interpol, FBI, Danish Intel, cadaver dogs, snow teams ...

UTAH - worse for wear - stands on the slope. Watching.

PAPPAS - speaking to the head of the search team nods. Turns. Trudges up the slope to Utah. Shakes his head.

PAPPAS

Nothing. No sign of impact. No body.
Nothing. He could've hit anywhere 10
miles square. Might never find his body.

The storm has given way to a beautiful sun-pierced arctic
day. Utah considers the peak - gem-sparkling in the sun.

UTAH

He said he knew a glacier. Pitch perfect.

Pappas looks at his partner.

PAPPAS

Utah - there's no way.

After a moment, Utah looks at him. Much going on behind
his eyes. Finally, he draws a deep breath. Nods.

UTAH

So? Did you figure out my grade?

PAPPAS

(shrugs)
I was thinking, B minus ...
(a beat/a nod)
But - then - with the extra credit ...
(a smile)
A friggin plus.

Utah smiles. Pappas smiles.

UTAH

Shall we?

And they both start down the slope together.

CARD - 17 MONTHS LATER ...

INT. HELICOPTER - STORM - CORTEZ BANKS - DAY

An ex-military helicopter wings through a storm raging
above monstrous surging black-water swells while ...

Ahead - MASSIVE WAVES break over an UNDERSEA FORMATION.

The CORTEZ BANKS.

The pilot points and yells over the howl of the storm.

PILOT

I can't believe it! You were right!

AHEAD, is a BOAT, tiny against the savagery of whitecaps.
 JOHNNY UTAH - hair longer now - eyes weathered; seasoned.
 On his belt - the GOLD BADGE of an AGENT OF THE FBI.
 He nods. Begins readying his rigging.

EXT. FISHING BOAT - STORM - DAY

Rising and falling 30 feet with every swell and battered
 by sleeting shrapnel-gusts of rain ...

A SINGLE FIGURE, wrapped in a poncho, stands watching the
 swells break ahead into rising deep-water monsters.

BOHDI becomes aware of the HELICOPTER coming in to a
 hover in the greater howl of the storm above the boat.

He shows no reaction as ROPE comes uncoiling down
 followed by a FIGURE who fast-ropes down onto his deck.

Slightly, he smiles to see UTAH.

BOHDI
 Knew you'd show.

UTAH
 And I knew if you were alive anywhere on
 this earth - you'd never be able to let
 this one go.

Bohdi extends his hand. A microsecond. Utah takes it.

BOHDI
 Still Questing the Eight?

UTAH
 Won't ever stop. Pretty sure Instant
 Karma's right around the corner.

Bohdi smiles. Looks to the monsters breaking off the bow.

BOHDI
 Me too, Brother, me too.

UTAH
 Those waves're breaking over 120 feet
 Bohdi. Maybe more. Unridable.

BOHDI
 (a grin)
 Ain't it swell?

A silence between them.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Why'd you come? You know I'm not going with you.

Utah pauses - looking at him through the sleeting rain.

UTAH

Man dies; no one posts it on YouTube - did it ever really happen?

(nods)

As it turns out, lotta people didn't care you were trying to kill a plane full of sleazy businessmen. Fact, lot of people thought it was downright noble. And a lot more believed you landed that sky-surf - the first and only man to ever do it. All adding up enough to make you a certified folk hero.

BOHDI

Myth lives on, huh.

UTAH

(shakes head)

FBI - governments of this world - they aren't equipped to deal with myths Bohdi.

Bohdi's smile fades. Utah shakes his head again.

UTAH (CONT'D)

That's why - you do this? - you may hate YouTube - but you're going on one last time. To let people finally know ...

(shakes head)

That you weren't some golden god who'll always be out there somewhere, questing the impossible, fighting the good fight, fueling their fantasies ...

(nods)

That you were just a man. And that you failed. And you died. Just like a man.

Bohdi's lips tighten. He holds on Utah. Then looks to the rising SWELL traveling at them cross the storm-swept sea.

BOHDI

You ever figure it out Utah? Which you were? Wolf or Beaver? Beast or Builder.

UTAH

I figured out - a man can be both.

Slowly, Bohdi smiles.

BOHDI

Yeah. Yeah, I guess he can at that.

And turning, he *shoves* the boat's throttle *forward*.

BOHDI (CONT'D)

Pretty sure you got someplace better to
be Agent Utah ...

Utah looks up - as the boat picks up speed, the copter is
ghosting them knot-for-knot overhead.

He takes hold of the rain-soaked rope.

UTAH

You could just come with me, Bohdi.

Bohdi just smiles. Throwing off the poncho, he reveals
the WETSUIT he wears beneath.

The boat - smashing now through the rolling waves - *is*
headed directly at the crash of the monster break.

He picks a SURFBOARD up off the deck. Looks to Utah.

BOHDI

Or you could come with me.

(a nod)

Half of me's dead already - you
understand that, right?

The men regard each other. Utah nods.

UTAH

Thanks Bohdi - for everything.

An instant of understanding between them ...

Then Utah signals the copter and the cable he grips
beings winching up.

Lifting him away from the boat speeding below as Bohdi,
timing it...

Goes running, leaping off the bow with the surfboard,
landing it on his feet in the water ...

CUTTING at speed across the dark sea as the monster ocean
shirks its great shoulders upwards beneath him ...

Rising ...

And RISING ...

Till it's a MOUNTAIN towering over the surrounding sea...

With the tiny toothpick of a man standing astride it ...

The BOAT itself goes TOPPLING over the top, tumbling
crashing down the flattening face of the titanic wave ...

Coming breaking apart ...

As the MAN begins to race down its face ...

Utah, pulling inside the rain-swept copter, can only
watch with the WINCH-TECH ...

As that MAN cuts a vicious wake of white-water behind as
he streams down the dark green violence of the wave ...

The great monster rising up above him like Godzilla ...

And - finally - SMASHING down its great watery foot.
Breaking over the man with a thundering clap ...

Driving him down ...

And sucking him like a wisp of straw back up its face and
over into the jade vortex of its curl ...

Passing him like a mosh-pit of foaming violence that
licks him up just beneath the belly of the copter ...

Before SMASHING back down into the surface of the dark
sea far below in a near nuclear detonation of force that
rocks the very copter itself.

And then - it is over.

Utah draws a deep breath.

PILOT

Where to?

Dripping rain, Utah looks his way. Shrugs.

UTAH

Where else?

His smile is sad, faint.

UTAH (CONT'D)

Back to work.

He looks ahead. Into the driving rain of his own future.

END