

# **The Tourist**

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EXT. PARIS, GARE DE L'EST TRAIN STATION - DAY

CRANE DOWN from a view of Paris on a rainy day.

A taxi stops by the curb. Raindrops pound down on the cobblestones. All around there is bustle and activity, with cars and people hurrying about their business.

The door opens and a pair of exquisitely shaped female legs in Christian Louboutin high heels swing out.

WE FOLLOW the legs as they step elegantly over the puddle and climb the stairs toward the concourse. Men turn and stare.

CARA MASON (30, stunning) wears dark glasses and carries a traveling bag in one hand.

As she enters the station WE MOVE TOWARD a windowless DELIVERY VAN parked in the loading zone...

INT. DELIVERY VAN - DAY

Cramped, smoky and filled with police surveillance equipment.

A TECHNICIAN adjusts a control and bank of monitors with video feeds taken from the train station's multitude of security cameras. Facial recognition software scans the images, matching and checking individuals against criminal records with amazing speed.

Several felons are marked and discarded as:

NOT A MATCH WITH SUSPECT.

Perhaps that's because the PHOTO OF THE SUSPECT is... virtually useless.

Onscreen and taped to the wall are a handful of photos and composite sketches labelled: ALEXANDER PEARCE. Grainy, out of focus, face half-turned away... the suspect is a ghost.

And the man chasing him is:

JOHN ACKERMAN (British, chief inspector). Tense, yet in command. He clicks his lighter which is engraved with the insignia of the British SAS:

*WHO DARES WINS*

John Ackerman is, or was, SAS. As bad as one's ass can get.

A speaker crackles to life and we hear:

YOUNG WAITER (V.O.)  
*Your café, mademoiselle.*

INT. BRASSERIE, GARE DE L'EST - DAY

The YOUNG WAITER places an espresso in front of Cara. She sits alone with a copy of the HERALD TRIBUNE on the table.

The Young Waiter retreats to the bar where an OLDER WAITER dries glasses.

OLDER WAITER  
*She's waiting for someone.*

YOUNGER WAITER  
*Probably waiting for me.*

OLDER WAITER  
*The door's waiting for you if you don't get back to work.*

TWO MEN in CHEAP SUITS sip coffee at the bar, watching CARA. Conspicuously inconspicuous.

A MESSENGER, still in his motorcycle helmet and rain-soaked poncho, enters the Cafe and looks around. His eyes land on Cara.

The Cheap Suits tense slightly as the Messenger walks toward her.

CHEAP SUIT  
(into his lapel)  
Stand by..

INT. DELIVERY VAN - DAY

The Technician turns up the speaker. Ackerman tenses.

CHEAP SUIT (ON SPEAKER)  
Someone's approaching her.  
Caucasian male, approximately 100 kilos.

ACKERMAN  
 (to photo)  
 I knew you couldn't leave her.

MESSENGER (ON SPEAKER)  
*C'est vous, Mademoiselle?*

INT. BRASSERIE, GARE DE L'EST - DAY

The Messenger holds out an envelope.

CARA  
*...Merci.*

As the Messenger walks away she opens the envelope and shakes out the contents: a credit card, a thick wad of 100 Euro notes, a ticket for the Orient Express and a handwritten letter...

She spreads it out on the table like a precious treasure map.

ALEXANDER'S VOICE (V.O.)  
 (English accent)  
 They are following you Cara.

She looks up. Takes out a small makeup mirror and holds it in front of her face to glance around behind her...

ALEXANDER'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 They think you'll lead them to me.  
 But if you follow my instructions  
 closely, there is a way for us to  
 get away...

Cara scans the rest of the letter.

CAMERA glides down to see the signature at the bottom:  
**"Love, Alexander."**

We barely have time to read this before Cara's perfectly manicured hand crumples the letter, places it in a saucer and sets fire to it.

INT. DELIVERY VAN - DAY

Ackerman listens to the crackling paper over the SPEAKER in confusion and frustration.

ACKERMAN  
 What did she do?

INT. BRASSERIE, GARE DE L'EST - DAY

The Cheap Suits rush over to the table and dump water on the letter in a futile attempt to save it.

YOUNG WAITER  
(after Cara)  
*Mademoiselle!*

Cara is already out the door.

INT. GARE DE L'EST STATION - MOMENTS LATER

An American TOURIST peers up at the departure board, trying to figure out which platform he belongs on. This is FRANK TAYLOR (pleasant face, oblivious).

Cara walks toward the platform, Alexander's letter still echoing in her head...

ALEXANDER'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Take the Orient Express to Venice.  
En route select a man my  
approximate height and weight...

ANGLE ON: the Cheap Suits shoulder their way through the crowd behind her to catch up. They whisper into their lapels to more UNDERCOVER POLICE tracking Cara...

ALEXANDER'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Have faith Cara. I'm here for  
you. I'll be with you soon. All  
that matters is that you believe  
me.

Her eyes scan the platform.

CONDUCTER (V.O.)  
*All aboard! All aboard the Orient  
Express is now departing!*

Cara moves to board the train.

ANGLE ON

A GOOD-LOOKING ENGLISHMAN loitering further down the platform, reading the Herald Tribune. Or rather, not reading it. He's been watching Cara. Something about this guy is different from the cops... cooler. He lowers the paper and climbs onto the train through a different door.

The Cheap Suits and a few other UNDERCOVER COPS make it on the train as a horn sounds and the doors close.

Ackerman scrambles down the nearby stairs but it's too late. The train is moving and he is left behind.

We turn slowly, looking through the windows of the train to find:

Frank, seated at a window, reading a paperback novel, unaware of what awaits him.

The train finally gains speed and leaves us behind with Ackerman and his frustration.

EXT. PARIS - DAY

The gleaming Orient Express pulls out of the station and gets underway.

INT. ORIENT EXPRESS - DAY

Luxurious, thick carpet, inlaid wood panels, Lalique mirrors and softly lit lamps.

Cara walks down the aisle glancing this way and that at men of all kinds - not bothering to focus for even a minute on those with women. She pauses only long enough to assess and discard: too old, too young, too thin, too overweight...

Her gaze comes to rest on a WELL-DRESSED FRENCH MAN. Medium height, medium build. Standing alone. Examining his ticket.

Cara glances at her reflection critically in the polished glass window of the train. Adjusts her hair and dress.

Satisfied with what she sees, she turns and starts toward the WELL-DRESSED FRENCH MAN like a cat stalking prey.

The CAMERA admiringly FOLLOWS her silky approach.

The FRENCH MAN hears the click of her heels and looks up.

And then another well-dressed man shoulders past Cara carrying a small dog. He sidles up to the Frenchman very close and they take their seats together.. Cara gets the picture and moves on.

INT. ORIENT EXPRESS, DIFFERENT CAR - DAY

ANGLE ON FRANK looking vaguely out of place, sitting by the window in his casual clothes. He's so wrapped up in a dog-eared paperback spy novel that he barely notices...

Cara enter the car. He's the only man who doesn't. After a beat, she sits across from him.

ANGLE ON: A Cheap Suit enters at the far end of the car. A PLAINCLOTHES WOMAN COP enters from the other. They both take seats and watch.

Cara crosses her legs. Frank looks up and blinks at her. Then he looks around, confused, then back at her, then at the ticket he's using for a bookmark.

FRANK

Am I in the wrong place?

CARA

One of us is.

Cara steals a look at her reflection in the window, noticing a FAT MAN sitting down across the aisle from them, stealing the slightest glance out of the corner of his eye before opening a newspaper. Another cop.

Cara turns back to Frank, cool. Assuming the role.

CARA (CONT'D)

You're American.

FRANK

(smiling)

You noticed.

She doesn't smile.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You're British.

(prepares to stand)

I'll leave you alone.

CARA

I didn't ask you to leave.

FRANK

Is there something I'm missing?

CARA

Only if you change seats.

And for the first time, Frank realizes he's having one of those moments men only dream about.

CARA (CONT'D)

I'm Cara.

Frank looks at her, still unsure if she's for real. Then he shrugs.

FRANK

Frank.

CARA

That's a terrible name.

FRANK

It's the only one I've got.

CARA

Maybe we can find you another.

FRANK

Hmm. All right.

CARA

Invite me to dinner.

Long pause.

FRANK

Would you... like to have dinner?

CARA

You see, it was all going so well until then.

FRANK

Because I invited you to dinner.

CARA

You *asked* me to dinner.

FRANK

You asked me to ask you to dinner.

CARA

I *told* you to *invite* me.

FRANK

And I... asked.

CARA

You understand.

FRANK

No.

CARA

Single women don't like questions, no matter what else they might say. To a single woman questions are like... little threats. You say "would you like to have dinner?" I hear "would you like to have a meal I can't afford after which I will make advances in my car?" Maybe I like you but not that way - and now I have to hurt your feelings. Maybe I'm not sure how I like you and you're forcing me to decide right now. I want you to want me. But I don't want to hear about it. Not until I'm ready.

FRANK

So how do I invite you to dinner?

CARA

Don't ask.

Beat. Then he realizes what she means.

FRANK

Join me for dinner.

CARA

Too demanding.

FRANK

Join me for dinner?

CARA

Another question.

Frank thinks, then...

FRANK

I'm... having dinner if you care to join me.

Cara smiles.

CARA

You see?

FRANK

No obligations.

CARA  
And the illusion of control.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING CAR - EVENING

Linen tablecloths. Fine china. Frank is one of the only men in the dining car not in a dinner jacket.

Frank takes out a bottle of pills from his pocket, then another and another...

He takes one or two pills from each and swallows them methodically. She watches him.

CARA  
Are you ill?

FRANK  
(shakes his head)  
Vitamins.

The Waiter arrives and pours wine. Frank swirls his glass, sticks his nose in to inhale, and finally sips. He nods to the Waiter.

CARA  
You know your wine.

FRANK  
Not at all. But this stuff is pretty good.

He takes a big swig. The Waiter shakes his head and walks off.

Cara takes a sip; she's surprised to discover that it's very good.

CARA  
Well, you have good taste.

The Fat Man and an Undercover Woman try awkwardly to look like a couple two tables over.

FRANK  
That couple is staring at us.

Cara looks over her shoulder. They immediately look away from her withering stare.

CARA  
You're not wearing a dinner  
jacket.

FRANK  
Oh... I didn't realize...

Cara shrugs it off and takes a sip of wine. Studies him.

CARA  
So tell me your story, Frank.

FRANK  
I'm on my honeymoon.

CARA  
Your honeymoon?

A beat.

CARA (CONT'D)  
Should we ask the waiter to set  
another place?

FRANK  
She's in Pennsylvania.

Off her questioning look...

FRANK (CONT'D)  
You're sure you want to hear this?

CARA  
If you'd like to tell me.

FRANK  
Two weeks ago she left me. For  
the owner of a pizza parlor.

CARA  
That's awful.

Frank nods, matter-of-fact.

FRANK  
No travel insurance. No refund on  
the tickets. So... here I am. On  
my honeymoon.

CARA  
I'm sorry, Frank.

FRANK

I really loved that pizza too.  
"Bala Pizza" if you're ever in  
Rosemont, Pennsylvania.

CARA

I wouldn't touch it. I'm loyal to  
you.

FRANK

What takes you to Venice?

She nods toward his well-thumbed paperback.

CARA

You read spy novels.  
(playful)  
I'm a mysterious woman on a train.  
You tell me what my story is.

FRANK

Okay... you'd be a diplomatic  
attaché or... maybe a girl from East  
Germany whose father's been  
kidnapped. They're blackmailing  
you into stealing... probably a  
microchip. There's usually a  
microchip involved.

CARA

What awaits me?

FRANK

Trouble, certainly.

CARA

Danger?

FRANK

No doubt. You'll probably be shot  
at in less than two chapters.

CARA

Is there a man in my life?

Beat. He smiles at her. He's out of his league but what  
the hell?

FRANK

Have to wait and see...

Two tables over, the Fat Man punches a message into his cell phone..

PULL BACK TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

PULLING OUT the window of the train as it plows along through the Alps.

A beat later a HELICOPTER roars into frame, shadowing the train from above.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Ackerman is in the jump seat. His phone buzzes to life. He glances at the text from the Fat Man:

"SHE'S IN THE DINING CAR WITH AN UNIDENTIFIED MALE. AMERICAN."

Ackerman glances at his file. Photos of CARA. Blurry photos of ALEXANDER PEARCE.

TECHNICIAN

You really think it's him, Sir?  
Why would he risk it? He must  
know we've been watching her since  
she was released..

ACKERMAN

Ask any man why he's in prison and  
you'll get one of two answers: a  
woman or a telephone.

OFF Ackerman staring at the photo..

CUT TO:

SUPER: ONE YEAR AGO

OVER BLACK

VOICE #1 (O.S.)

He was recommended by a friend.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)

An acquaintance.

VOICE #3 (O.S.)

An associate.

VOICE #4 (O.S.)  
I never saw the guy before.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Ackerman places that same grainy, pixilated photo on a desk. The vague outline of the mysterious figure's face.

ACKERMAN  
Alexander Pearce.

He looks across the table. REVERSE TO A SERIES OF interviews bordering on interrogations. The four suspects in ORANGE JUMPSUITS.

*(Note: Their individual interviews are intercut to give the feel of one uninterrupted dialogue.)*

WHITE COLLAR  
What did he say he could he do for me?

MOB-RELATED  
Well, I was looking to move some money.

ARMS-DEALER  
Invest some money.

DRUG-SMUGGLER  
Okay hide. I was looking to hide money.

INT. OSAKA HOTEL - NIGHT

Moving slowly down the hall with SIX HEAVILY ARMED MEN IN TACTICAL GEAR, their eyes peering through black masks. Japanese POLICE.

INT. OSAKA HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Click. The door opens slowly with the help of a key. The men fan out into the dark room like spiders.

A beat later Ackerman steps in behind them. But the room is empty. The quarry has escaped.

Ackerman turns on a desk lamp and finds a copy of THE INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE...

ACKERMAN (V.O.)  
Where did this money come from?

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

MOB-RELATED  
... Inheritance.

ARMS-DEALER  
... Gambling winnings.

DRUG-SMUGGLER  
... I found it.  
(jump cut)  
It's drug money, arrright? What do  
I care? I'm a dead man anyhow.

Honestly now:

ARMS-DEALER  
(sighs)  
Black Market weapons.

WHITE COLLAR  
Financial... malfeasance.

MOB-RELATED  
Racketeering.

BAM. A door blows off its hinges with explosives.

INT. MANSION, MUNICH GERMANY - NIGHT

German police flex their mean, entering a room filled  
with computers, servers, shredded documents and:

A chair behind a desk, still spinning from where  
someone's ass just left it, a copy of the Tribune open to  
the personal ads...

Ackerman's hand enters frame and stops the chair from  
spinning.

ACKERMAN (V.O.)  
How exactly did Alexander Pearce  
launder your money?

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

MOB-RELATED

He sets up a dummy corporation in  
Seychelles-

ARMS-DEALER

-the Camin Islands-

DRUG-SMUGGLER

-the Turks and Caicos.

WHITE COLLAR

This same corporation sues me for  
fraud-

MOB-RELATED

-malpractice-

ARMS-DEALER

-copyright infringement.

WHITE COLLAR

I pay out using dirty money-

MOB-RELATED

-money that needs cleaning.

DRUG-SMUGGLER

Drug money, arright? Drug money.

WHITE COLLAR

Couple months later he sells me  
the very same dummy corporation-

MOB-RELATED

The corporation that sued me from  
Seychelles-

DRUG-SMUGGLER

--For next to nothin'.

ALL FOUR

For a song.

DRUG-SMUGGLER

And as part of the sale I get all  
the company's assets.

WHITE COLLAR

Including my money.

MOB-RELATED

Only now it's clean.

ARMS-DEALER

And it's mine.

DRUG-SMUGGLER

Legally.

ON ACKERMAN across the table. Rapt.

WHITE COLLAR

So I give him more money.

MOB-RELATED

'Til I got millions-

DRUG-SMUGGLER

-tens of millions-

MOB-RELATED

-tied up in these dummy  
corporations--

WHITE-COLLAR

--everyone I know is washing money  
with this guy.

MOB-RELATED

Then one day-

ARMS-DEALER

-he's gone.

DRUG-SMUGGLER

So's my money.

ALL FOUR

All of it.

ARMS-DEALER

And this guy-

DRUG-SMUGGLER

-this guy? This *fuckin'* guy...

MOB-RELATED

Meanwhile I got *other*  
acquaintances-

ARMS-DEALER

Associates.

WHITE-COLLAR

People I owe *money*.

DRUG-SMUGGLER  
They want their money. And I ain't-

MOB-RELATED  
-ain't got it.

WHITE-COLLAR  
Don't have it anymore.

DRUGS-SMUGGLER  
Makes me a dead man-

MOB-RELATED  
-a *dead* man. No telling how many  
crooks this guy clipped. No  
telling.

Ackerman stares across the table for a beat.

WHITE-COLLAR  
Who'd I introduce him to?

ARMS-DEALER  
Come on. Don't make me name names.

MOB-RELATED  
I ain't tellin' you nothin.

DRUG-SMUGGLER  
Demidov.

This lands with Ackerman.

ACKERMAN  
Ivan Demidov?

DRUG-SMUGGLER  
You heard of him?

CLICK: A still image of the man in question: IVAN DEMIDOV  
- standing by a black Mercedes on a street in Moscow,  
flanked by FOUR RUSSIAN THUGS and talking to A MYSTERIOUS  
FIGURE, HIS BACK TO US.

ACKERMAN (V.O.)  
Drug dealer, counterfeiter, ethnic  
cleanser, baby killer-

DRUG-SMUGGLER (V.O.)  
Sagittarius. He also dabbles in  
sex and slave labor, black market  
medications, and weaponized  
biologicals. Russia's answer to  
the Taliban. But an atheist.

CLICK/CLICK/CLICK - a telephoto lens captures Demidov and the unknown man in furtive, heated discussion.

ACKERMAN (V.O.)

Pearce took Demidov's money?

DRUG-SMUGGLER (V.O.)

Fuckin' balls, huh?

(laughs)

And you want to catch him. Good fuckin' luck.

The man talking to Demidov starts to turn. CLICKCLICKCLICKCLICKCLICK. And just before we get a good look at Alexander Pearce's face, the image is obscured by a truck wiping into frame.

EXT. ALEXANDER'S ITALIAN SEA SIDE VILLA - NIGHT

A GUARDACOSTE (patrol boat) emerges from the mist, lights dimmed. It gently touches the beach. A CARABINIERI officer lowers a ramp.

An INTERPOL TACTICS TEAM in Kevlar and headgear pours out of the patrol boat.

Ackerman steps off, pulling on a vest.

EXT. MAIN GATE OF THE VILLA - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE ON A SPECIALIST who kneels to open an electric panel. REVEAL a glass plate with a fingertip shape in the center. The SPECIALIST places his hand against the glass: a red light beeps on -- it's a bio-metric lock.

SPECIALIST

This is gonna take a few minutes.

Ackerman simply nods.

The Specialist opens a tool box filled with sophisticated gear and gets to work..

INT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA, PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Wrapping a towel around herself, Cara steps out from the shower, stares at herself in the bathroom mirror for a beat. So do we.

She steps out into the lofty master bedroom suite.

In the dressing room, Cara calls out to someone in the next room.

CARA

I'll be ready in fifteen minutes.

Cara sits on the bed, drying her hair. On a night table beside her are keys, a wallet and the expensive man's watch.

Cara pauses; she's heard something.

She walks across the tiled floor to the balcony overlooking the elevator entrance.

She freezes; six tactics OFFICERS face her with guns drawn.

Ackerman steps up the stairs, pistol in hand. He gestures at Cara to be quiet and come towards him.

Cara stands stock still for a long instant. Then...

SLAMS the oaken door of the master bedroom suite in Ackerman's face, locking it.

She calls out...

CARA (CONT'D)

Alexander!

ON THE STAIRS

Ackerman shakes the doorknob, cursing; a Tall Commander calls for the BATTERING RAM which is rushed up the stairs...

The tactics team CRACKS the door.

Ackerman charges into..

THE BEDROOM

Cara stands frozen beside the man's effects on the night table. The wallet. The keys. The watch.

ACKERMAN

Where is he?

On the other side of the room, Ackerman sees an OPEN WINDOW, which the ocean breeze swings.

Rushing forward he sticks his head out the window.

Hanging outside the window is the rigging for a WINDOW WASHER'S PLATFORM - a platform that seconds before was lowered to the sand below.

In the distance, a recently boarded water taxi pulls away from the dock and sails out into the lagoon.

IN THE BEDROOM

Ackerman turns to face the study.

On the desk is a cup of coffee with steam gently rising from its surface. A cigarette sits lit in an ashtray, the smoke curling toward the ceiling.

Ackerman stares at the empty, slowly revolving chair.

He walks toward CARA, now in custody. He holds her defiant gaze for a moment.

Cara looks at him for a moment, then lowers her eyes.

ACKERMAN

Get her out of my sight.

The Tall Commander shepherds the handcuffed Cara down the stairs and into the elevator.

She wears Alexander's watch.

HOLD ON CARA'S FACE for a moment, stoic...

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Ackerman leans across the table.

ACKERMAN

What does he look like?

A beat.

DRUG-SMUGGLER

Pearce? I can tell you what he used to look like

EXT. MOSCOW - DAY

TELEPHOTO POV - SNAP SNAP SNAP. Surveillance pics of our MYSTERIOUS figure with his back towards the camera.

MOB-RELATED (VO)	ARMS DEALER (VO)
Dark Hair.	Medium Height.

WHITE-COLLAR (VO)	MOB-RELATED (VO)
Good shape.	Green Eyes.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Now each man is talking to the same SKETCH ARTIST

ARMS-DEALER	WHITE COLLAR
Clean shaven.	Not Ugly.

MOB RELATED	DRUG-SMUGGLER
Not exactly, handsome.	Average.

In rapid succession, four SLIGHTLY SIMILAR BUT USELESS COMPOSITE SKETCHES drop - one in front of each criminal.

DRUG SMUGGLER  
He hired the best plastic surgeons. Like that guy in Mexico-

MOB-RELATED  
Completely changed his face.

ALL FOUR  
He could be anybody now.

WHITE-COLLAR  
Nobody knows what he looks like at this point--

DRUG SMUGGLER  
--nobody. Not even his own mother.

MOB-RELATED  
Not even his fuckin' girlfriend.

ON ACKERMAN, staring silently. Arms folded.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE TRAIN STATION - MORNING

CARA stands alone on the platform amid the bustle of the station. The gleaming train stretches out behind her.

INT. TRAIN CAR - SAME

Frank's eyes drift open. He glances out the window and as his vision comes into focus he sees that the train is stopped. He sits bolt upright.

A CONDUCTOR'S VOICE over the loudspeaker is saying something in Italian.

Frank stumbles over himself to collect his things: book, sweater, pills, etc.

INT. TRAIN AISLE - MOMENTS LATER

Frank struggles down the aisle, bumping into fellow passengers and apologizing as he goes. All the while looking around for a sign of Cara...

EXT. VENICE TRAIN STATION - MORNING

Frank steps off the train and brushes past the GOOD-LOOKING ENGLISHMAN from the Paris station.

He glances about at the hive of activity until...

CARA (O.S.)  
Looking for someone?

CARA appears behind him and snakes her arm through his.

FRANK  
I thought... I'm catching a shuttle  
to my hotel if you'd like to--

CARA  
I have a better idea.

She holds out her valise for him.

He takes it hesitantly. She peers at him over the rims of her sunglasses with a very slight smile...

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE, GRAND CANAL - DAY

The Grand Canal: magnificent palaces and churches soar upwards on either side in all their glory.

PUSH IN ON A launch labelled Danieli, travelling fast over the water. Cara shakes her head to let the wind ruffle her hair.

CAMERA CONTINUES PAST HER TO REVEAL Frank, clutching the railing beside her, trying not to stare.

INT. DANIELI HOTEL, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Frank leads us through the distinctive, revolving glass door into the low-ceilinged entrance lobby.

DISCOVER Cara at the desk talking to the receptionist in Italian.

CARA

*You have a booking in the name of  
Cara Mason.*

RECEPTIONIST

*Si, Signorina.*

CARA

*Signora. I'm here with my husband.*

She nods at Frank. For a second, the receptionist stiffens. This glamorous, superbly dressed creature is married to a dull, American tourist in a T-shirt?

He recovers his composure and alters his manner at once. He nods obsequiously to Frank as he ambles over.

RECEPTIONIST

*Welcome to the Danieli Signore,  
it's a pleasure to meet you. You  
are in the Doge's-- our premiere  
suite.*

(pause)

*Is there anything you require?*

CARA

*Have a copy of today's Herald  
Tribune sent up to the room  
please.*

RECEPTIONIST

*My pleasure, Signora.*

He slides a gold key across the desk and nods to a porter to take the luggage. Cara takes Frank's hand.

CARA

Take care of the gentleman.

Frank looks down at his hand and the 100 Euro note Cara just put there. A little unsure, he hands it to the Receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST

*Very kind. So good to have you  
with us Signore. So very, very  
good to have you.*

Frank hurries to catch up with Cara.

THE RECEPTIONIST watches them go.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

*Mother of God, what a waste.*

INT. STAIRCASE HALL, DANIELI - DAY

Together, they follow the porter into the ravishing, open central hall of the hotel, with the great, ornate staircase soaring up and up, past Gothic galleries and finely carved balustrades, beckoning.

Frank and Cara trail the porter across the marble floor.

Frank glances about, dazed with delight and amazement.

INT. INTERPOL FIELD HQ, VENICE - DAY

CAMERA TRACKS WITH ACKERMAN as he weaves through a sprawling mess of personnel and equipment, cell phones, computers and cables being hastily assembled. One of the Cheap Suits walks with him.

CHEAP SUIT

She's checked into the Danieli  
with the American.

ACKERMAN

Run the passenger manifest from  
the train, check the security  
tapes from the station... I want  
everything we can find on this  
"Tourist."

Cheap Suit nods and turns to leave.

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)  
 And get going with audio  
 surveillance on their hotel room.  
 From a careful distance until we  
 know who this guy is. \_ The last  
 thing I want is to give Pearce  
 another chance to slip away-

PYNE  
 We won't let that happen, Sir.

ACKERMAN finds himself face-to-face with a brick of a  
 man: high-and-tight hair, square jaw, deadly cool eyes.

Meet SERGEANT PYNE.

ACKERMAN  
 Who the hell are you?

A voice to Ackerman's right catches him off guard.

JONES  
 Sergeant Pyne is with the  
 Territorial Support Group. His  
 people will be handling tactical.

JONES (gray hair, gray suit) is more politician than  
 policeman. Ackerman's boss.

ACKERMAN  
 Sir, the locals tend to insist--

JONES  
 I've dealt with the local  
 authorities through Interpol. They  
 understand they're strictly as-  
 needed.

Ackerman glances at the stoic Sgt. Pyne.

JONES (CONT'D)  
 You have complete authority on the  
 continent, Inspector Ackerman. No  
 more mistakes. No more escapes  
 for your mystery suspect. And no  
 more excuses.

Ackerman's smile tightens.

JONES (CONT'D)

This is it for you Ackerman.  
After five million tax-payer  
pounds this manhunt *will* end with  
Pearce in custody and the money  
back in our hands. Otherwise I'll  
be using your skull for a coffee-  
mug.

ACKERMAN

Sir.

Jones nods curtly and leaves.

A beat. Pyne and Ackerman size each other up.

PYNE

Thought you might be interested to  
know who else has arrived in town..

EXT. PRIVATE LANDING STRIP, VENICE - DAY

A Gulfstream G550 executive jet banks over the Venetian  
coast and comes in for a landing..

Wheels down. Stairway unfolds. The man who steps off  
the plane is dressed in a hand-tailored Italian suit and  
shoes that cost more than some cars. He's flanked by two  
bodyguards.

IVAN DEMIDOV. In the flesh.

Waiting on the tarmac is a FIERCE-LOOKING MAN we'll  
simply call, THE COSSACK.

COSSACK

Welcome to Venice, Mr. Demidov.

Demidov approaches holding up a copy of the Tribune. It  
shows a photograph of Demidov dodging Papparazzi. The  
headline:

*TRIGGER HAPPY, CAMERA SHY:*

*RUSSIAN ROBIN HOOD SHUNS THE SPOTLIGHT*

DEMIDOV

He's giving my money to charity.  
*My* money. In *my* name.

(pointing)

Look here. I built a hospital in  
Jakarta, an oncology wing in  
Rwanda.

(MORE)

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)

A little boy in Zurich sent me a  
thank you note for his new liver.  
I should fly there myself and rip  
it out with my bare hands.

The Cossack nods sympathetically and leads Demidov and  
his men off the tarmac.

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Alexander fucking Pearce...

(to Cossack)

Is the girl here?

COSSACK

She arrived by train this  
morning... so did the team from  
Interpol.

DEMIDOV

(grunts)

Are they tracking me or her?

COSSACK

Relax Mr. Demidov, nobody even  
knows you're in Venice.

They step through a set of TERMINAL DOORS and are met by  
a flood of press and Paparazzi.

Demidov is blasted by a wave of flashbulbs and shouted  
questions, microphones in his face.

REPORTER

(to camera)

Robert Farrior, Associated Press  
reporting from Venice. We're  
speaking to suspected Russian  
narcotics kingpin turned  
international philanthropist, Ivan  
Demidov-

(to Demidov)

Mr. Demidov, the question on  
everyone's mind is quite simply:  
what inspired your remarkable  
change of heart?

Demidov glares at the Cossack before pushing past the  
Reporter without comment.

INT. DOGE'S SUITE - DAY

Under a gilded and coffered ceiling, portraits of the Doges flank a vast, hooded fireplace.

The Porter opens one door after another, revealing a massive suite room by room.

Cara finds a copy of The Herald Tribune on the coffee table. She discreetly takes it with her.

PORTER

The bedroom is through here. You have two bathrooms, here and here. There is a small kitchen which...

He glances at Cara; she doesn't look like a woman who spends a lot of time in the kitchen.

PORTER (CONT'D)

...you may not need. And..

The porter throws open a pair of French windows. He lets the view speak for itself.

They step forward. The whole of St. Mark's Basin and the Venetian lagoon are laid out below them.

PORTER (CONT'D)

Is everything satisfactory?

CARA

Yes. Thank you.

PORTER

Then I will leave you.

The Porter looks expectantly to the "husband" for a tip. Frank doesn't get it.

Cara appears next to him, taking his hand again.

CLOSE ON: Another hundred Euro note. Frank looks at her, questioning. Then turns to the Porter, holding out the 100 Euros.

FRANK

That will be all. Thank you.

The Porter takes the 100 Euros and smiles, backing out of the room, uttering many Italian thanks, much to Frank's amusement.

EXT. BALCONY, DANIELI HOTEL - DAY

Frank stands on the balcony in a daze. He stares down at the Molo and across St. Mark's Basin to San Giorgio Maggiore. Cara joins him.

CARA

You like it?

Frank opens his mouth to answer. Then laughs.

FRANK

What's not to like?

CARA

I'd have been bored here on my own. There's more than enough room for two.

FRANK

I can see that.

CARA

I didn't ask for an extra bed..

Frank looks at her for a beat, barely able to breathe.

CARA (CONT'D)

Are you all right with the sofa?  
If you like, I can have them bring  
one up?

His face falls. He tries to cover up his reaction.

FRANK

No, no, no. The sofa's fine.  
Perfect in fact.

Before he can say more, the buzzer sounds.

CARA

The luggage.

FRANK

I'll get it.

He goes back inside to answer the door.

Cara remains alone on the balcony, immobile, as if holding her breath. She's waiting.. listening.

INT. DOGE'S SUITE - DAY

Frank walks across to the door. There is a small spyhole and he looks through it. Another porter stands there with a trolley. Frank opens the door.

The porter wheels the trolley in and starts to carry the bags into the bedroom.

EXT. BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Cara relaxes again as she hears Frank approach. He steps outside on the balcony.

FRANK

I've put my things in the other bathroom.

Cara looks down at the square below. A MAN IN A TRENCH COAT sitting on a bench looks away just as Cara looks at him. Cop.

A curtain moves in a second floor window across the street. One of the CHEAP SUITS points an ASV-5 Long-Range Amplified Shotgun Microphone at the balcony.

Cara turns to Frank. WE HEAR THEIR VOICES CRACKLING OVER HIS HEADSET..

CARA

Are you hungry?

FRANK

You said no questions.

INT. INTERPOL FIELD HQ - DAY

Ackerman listens in...

CARA (ON SPEAKER)

I'm the woman. I can do whatever I want.

Ackerman smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. BISTRO - DUSK

Cara and Frank are seated. A bottle of Orvieto rests on the table between them.

CARA  
Do you think it's really over?

FRANK  
Hmm?

CARA  
Maybe she'll change her mind.  
Women do. She might give you a  
second chance.

FRANK  
I suppose that's a possibility.

CARA  
You haven't answered the question.

FRANK  
Well...  
(quietly)  
I'd like to think that love is a  
question of destiny, not chance..

Cara looks at him curiously.

CARA  
For a moment there you just  
reminded me of somebody.

She shakes her head and takes a sip of wine.

CARA (CONT'D)  
He had a way of dancing around a  
question so eloquently that you  
never noticed until later that  
he'd completely avoided the truth.

FRANK  
He doesn't sound like much of a  
friend.

CARA  
He wasn't.

Frank glances at her wrist.

FRANK  
So why are you wearing his watch?

She looks up at him.

CARA  
You're smarter than you look,  
Frank.

She runs her fingertip over the face of the watch. Then, impulsively unclasps it and reaches for Frank's hand.

CARA (CONT'D)

And you're right. Here, take it.

She puts it on Frank's wrist, over his protests.

FRANK

What? No, I can't. This thing must be worth a fortune--

CARA

I insist. You're doing me a favor.

(firm)

Take it or I'll toss it in the ocean.

He hesitates. She means it. He closes the clasp.

FRANK

I'll wear it until you regain your senses.

He feels the heft of it on his wrist. Admires it for a moment. It really is a beautiful watch. She settles back in her chair, pleased with herself.

He looks up and sees her smiling at him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What?

CARA

It suits you.

LONG SHOT of Frank and Cara framed by the sunset. A romantic dinner for two. They could easily be lovers or honeymooners...

In the foreground REVEAL somebody watching them. The good-looking Englishman is there, hovering...

INT. DOGE'S SUITE - NIGHT

The key sounds in the lock and the door swings open. Frank and Cara tumble in together, laughing, a little tipsy.

He glances at the sofa and that sobers him up, reminding him where he's going to sleep. However...

He watches Cara drop her wrap over a chair and kick off her shoes. She throws open the French doors to the balcony.

Frank's POV - Car standing on the balcony, wind in her hair. A magnificent silhouette.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Cara looks out across the lagoon.

Frank appears beside her. She tries not to look at him, making some careful decision in her mind.

FRANK  
(sensing something)  
What's wrong?

CARA  
I wish I'd met you sooner. In  
some other life.

A movement in the street down below catches her eye. She studies the Ponte del Vin intently, seeing something.

FRANK  
Cara...

She touches his face gently... then kisses him. Innocent. She kisses him again, then once more - barely touching him with her lips.

He holds up his hands, afraid to even touch her. She backs slowly toward the room, pulling him with the gossamer gravity of her mouth.

EXT. PONTE DEL VIN - NIGHT

POV OF FRANK and CARA

REVEAL TRENCH COAT spying on them with a DIGITAL VIDEO CAMERA. He is so busy photographing the scene and whispering in to his collar mic that he fails to notice...

The COSSACK and another Russian THUG approaching from the shadows. They make Trench Coat for a cop immediately and glide away.

INT. INTERPOL HQ, VENICE - NIGHT

Ackerman stares intently at a video feed of Frank and Cara disappearing back into the hotel room.

Ackerman grips his lighter hard, his face a mask.

INT. DOGE'S SUITE - NIGHT

Frank floats in the wake of Cara's breath. She stops, stretching her arms out as if to embrace him when:

SCHHHHHICK

She closes the curtains behind him and steps back - the moment gone in a flash.

CARA

You sleep on the couch.

Cara closes the curtains. She pulls away from him.

Her composure changes; the passion is gone. The expression on her face is matter-of-fact.

CARA (CONT'D)

You should leave Venice tomorrow.

She turns and walks toward her bedroom.

Frank stares after her in stunned disappointment.

She pauses at the door. Her expression softens slightly.

CARA (CONT'D)

It's a city for lovers Frank; no place to recover from a failed engagement.

Then she disappears into her bedroom. The door closes behind her and we hear the click of the lock.

Frank remains standing alone, immobile.

After several moments he sits on the sofa. There are two folded blankets and a pillow.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Frank gets ready for bed. He takes off the watch Cara gave him and something on the back of it catches his eye. It's engraved with a name:

**ALEXANDER PEARCE**

He stares at the name for a moment, then unzips his travel bag. Takes out his pills. Pops a bunch. Brushes his teeth.

He pauses and stares at himself in the mirror as if wondering how in the world he ended up here. It's like he's staring into the face of stranger.

He puts his tooth brush down and pads off to sleep on the sofa.

INT. INTERPOL FIELD HQ, VENICE - NIGHT

Ackerman is tilted back with his eyes closed like he has a headache.

Pyne enters with a file labelled: "Frank Taylor."

PYNE

The American... He's a tourist. No record. Pays his taxes.

He directs Ackerman's attention to a video monitor where WE SEE CLIP FRAMES from the security cameras that show Frank getting on the Orient Express just moments before Cara.

IN THE BACKGROUND WE SEE the ENGLISHMAN. Unnoticed by Pyne and Ackerman.

PYNE (CONT'D)

Cara must have picked him randomly on the train...

ACKERMAN

(laughs grimly)

This guy thinks he's the luckiest man on earth right now. Poor bastard has no idea; he doesn't stand a chance.

INT. DOGE'S SUITE - MORNING

The sound of the SHOWER reaches Frank in his sleep. He blinks his eyes.

The morning is misty. He closes the balcony doors.

Cara's bedroom door is ajar. Frank struggles not to notice. He turns to his bed and begins folding sheets.

Then he hears the sound of water running in the shower.

He glances over at the door ajar, the sound of the shower... it's too much.

Frank walks to the bedroom door. He pushes it open.

The door to Cara's bathroom is open. The outline of her naked body is visible in the shower. She lifts her wet hair and soaps the back of her neck.

She sees him. Cara is so stunned she simply stands there.

Frank walks to the shower and opens the glass door.

Walking in, he LIFTS Cara against the glass, clutching at her slithery body, kissing her frantically...she kisses him back with ardor, wrapping her dripping legs around his back...

CUT BACK TO  
REALITY:

INT. DOGE'S SUITE - MORNING

Frank is sleeping. A smile on his face. A shadow passes over him as somebody walks past.

A man's trouser leg is visible in the foreground, moving slowly toward Frank. Then...

CLANG! Frank wakes with a start to see.....

A WAITER is setting up breakfast on a cart.

WAITER

*Pardone Signore.* Good morning.

Frank stares in surprise at the food spread out before him.

WAITER (CONT'D)

La Signora ordered this for you  
when she left.

FRANK

When she...?

He looks around the suite. He is alone. He nods.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Thank you.

The waiter has finished. He hovers for a moment...

Finally Frank takes the hint and gives the man a one Euro  
tip. He takes it with disdain and leaves.

Frank throws off his blanket and sits up.

INT. CARA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Frank strolls into the room, barefoot, in his boxers.  
The bed is unmade.

Cara has left a shirt over a chair... he picks it up and  
holds it to his face for a moment to enjoy her lingering  
scent.

He notices a newspaper... a copy of The International  
Herald Tribune is open on her bedside table. He lifts it  
to see what Cara had been reading.

There is a personal ad that has been circled. The  
message is just a list of words:

"TOM CORRY NOW IN A MICA CAN IF FEELING PEST STILL  
AROUND."

Cara has lightly dotted certain letters with a ball point  
pen.

FRANK'S POV - The entire message dims, then one by one  
the letters with no dots under them are highlighted.

"CY N N A M CAN I FELING T STILL UND."

Frank studies this for a moment. Then...

FRANK'S POV - The message dims again, this time  
highlighting the letters with dots under them:

"TOMORROW 11 CAFE PESARO"

THE BUZZER SOUNDS

Laying the paper on the table, Frank walks to the door.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Breakfast.

Frank reaches for the doorknob... then pauses. Breakfast again?

He quietly slides the chain on. Peers through the spyhole.

SPYHOLE POV -- Two tough-looking men in suits stand there: most definitely not hotel staff. One is THE COSSACK. The other is one of Demidov's bodyguards from the plane. Call him SCARFACE.

Frank is frozen.

The Cossack takes out a silenced PISTOL and mutters something in Russian to Scarface who produces a LOCK PICK SET and crouches out of frame.

Frank hears the sound of scratching metal and clicking tumblers inside the lock. He looks around wildly. Sees the KEY on the entryway table and reaches for it...

Ch-chunk. The Russian picks the lock and slowly starts to open the door. The chain stops it. A pause.

A moment later a KNIFE comes through the crack and starts to slide the chain...

Frank stares at the knife; he has to act fast...

Frank throws his shoulder against the door. The knife clatters to the floor as the door slams shut. Frank jams his KEY into the lock and turns the bolt into place.

There's angry confusion on the other side of the door.

Frank grabs a heavy glass ashtray and swings it at the back of the key-- breaking it off in the lock.

CLACK

A small round gunshot penetrates the door, barely missing him - strangely enough the hole is very low between his knees.

Frank scrambles out of the way...

The sound of metal scraping in the lock. Russian CURSING can be heard just outside. A heavy blow as they try to shoulder the door open..

Frank looks around desperately for an escape.

The bathroom? The sitting room? Adjoining doors? None.

There's nowhere to go.

Frank bolts for the balcony in his bare feet.

POP! POP! POP! Bullets rip through the wood and metal, blasting the lock assembly apart.

WHAM! The door bursts open just in time for the Russians to see Frank fling himself over the balcony railing. They run to the railing, looking down at:

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

DIZZYING SIX STORY DROP

to the cobblestones of the Ponte del Vin below.

CRASH. Looking to their right they see Frank leaping from one adjacent balcony to the next.

He's just landed in the middle of a SHOCKED COUPLE'S breakfast.

Scarface raises his pistol and bullets shatter China around him. Frank cuts his foot on a broken plate. He grabs his bleeding foot.

The Cossack

(In Russian)

*Not out here you idiot. Come on.*

The Cossack pulls him back in the room before they are seen. Meanwhile:

EXT. ANGRY COUPLE'S BALCONY

Frank is hauled to his feet by THE ANGRY SHIRTLESS HUSBAND.

Frank wiggles free of the man's grip and charges directly into his room. The Woman on the balcony screams and the Man goes after him.

INT. DANIELI HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY

SMASH. The Angry Couple's door bursts open and Frank comes spilling out into the hallway.

The Husband charges out after him, unaware that he has run into the sights of a silenced pistol behind him.

ANGLE ON: The Cossack holds his fire - a hair away from letting one go into the man.

Only now does the husband (and we with him) realize he is totally naked. He turns and sees the two Russians just standing there. A half second stand off, then he jumps back into his room and slams the door.

INT. SERVICE STAIRCASE - SECONDS LATER

Follow Frank's bare feet as he takes the stairs three at a time, hearing his pursuers above him, running harder than he's run in his entire life...

But he's slow and they gain on him enough to aim weapons through the railing...

P-CHING, several bullets ricochet like pinballs in the metal stairwell.

Frank pants as he pushes out a side door..

EXT. DANIELI HOTEL, BACK ENTRANCE - DAY

Frank stumbles out into the street and off toward the Rio Del Vin Canal.

A beat later the Russians tumble out after him, in pursuit.

ANGLE ON: CHEAP SUITS sitting up with surprise. One of them goes for the radio.

INT. INTERPOL FIELD HQ, VENICE - DAY

CHEAP SUIT (V.O.)  
Central, uh... the American is on  
foot being pursued by two men--  
one appears to be armed.

Everybody turns to Ackerman. He doesn't blink.

ACKERMAN  
 (into Radio)  
 Central copy. We're only  
 interested in the girl.

Pyne looks over at Ackerman sharply.

PYNE  
 You're not serious? This guy is  
 just--

ACKERMAN  
 Let it play out. I'm not here for  
 the American.  
 (off Pyne's look)  
 Pearce doesn't know what we know.  
 More to the point, Demidov doesn't  
 know. Demidov thinks this idiot  
 has his money. He won't kill him.

PYNE  
 Inspector Ackerman I don't think--

ACKERMAN  
 You're not paid to think,  
 Sergeant. You're paid to shoot  
 people when I'm done thinking!

Ackerman gives him a glare that cuts off further  
 discussion. Pyne reddens and keeps quiet.

EXT. RIO DEL VIN CANAL, VENICE - DAY

Frank sprints along the edge of the canal, dodging  
 tourists and children, vendors and locals. He spots a  
 VENDOR'S three wheel BICYCLE and jumps on.

As he pedals, he realizes it's too slow so he JUMPS  
 OFF...

and FALLS - a painful spill, he cuts his hand - but  
 clammers to his feet as the Russians bear down. Running  
 up hidden stairs he finds the roof of a shop on the Riva  
 Degli Schiavoni...

EXT. RIVA DEGLI SCHIAVONI, VENICE - DAY

Frank runs down the ridge of the roof. A silenced shot  
 hits roof tile nearby and throws him off balance. He  
 FALLS...

...bumping down the other side of the roof until, as he topples over the edge, he thrusts a hand at the gutter, smashing his head against the wall. He drops onto the pavement along the edge of the small canal.

He doubles back towards the lagoon. Looking back, he runs headlong into:

AN ITALIAN POLICE OFFICER.

He collides with him, dumping the one man who could help into the canal.

The Cop surfaces, screaming obscenities at Frank.

Frank considers for half a beat... then keeps running. The Russians have almost caught up when Frank ducks into..

INT. LEATHER SHOP - DAY

Frank heads straight for the back entrance and steps into..

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

AN ALLEY along the Grand Canal, long and narrow going left or right.

He wipes blood from a cut on his forehead and then realizes something..

He looks down at his bleeding feet and back at the faint, bloody footprints that make a trail leading to him.

No easy escape. He hears them coming..

INT. LEATHER SHOP - DAY

The Russians follow the traces of blood across the floor...

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

The Russians burst out the back.

There is no sign of Frank.

Scarface looks at the Canal. He walks to the edge of the water and SPRAYS gun fire atop it. Nothing.

CUT TO:

HIGH ANGLE OF SCENE

Frank lies huddled on his back IN THE AWNING behind the leather shop, barely able to control his frantic breathing. He's mere feet away from the men who are trying to kill him..

He looks up and sees: the scowling face of an Italian WOMAN peering out over her window box.

Frank raises a desperate finger to his lips. A prayer that she won't give him away.

She looks at him disapprovingly. Then disappears back inside.

CLOSE ON FRANK as he waits, his heart pounding.

Seconds tick past... is he safe?

Rrrrrrip! A black cylinder, like the barrel of a gun, tears through the awning fabric inches from Frank's head.

He cries out. The awning rips and dumps him down hard onto the cobblestones below..

A MOMENTARY BLACKOUT

Frank opens his eyes and sees two pairs of black boots that belong to... A PAIR OF CARBINIERI who stand over him. One of them holds a nightstick.

They stare down at the bloodied Frank in his underpants lying at their feet. They've seen stranger things.

CUT TO:

INT. VENICE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

FOLLOW A MAN walking down a corridor. Casual posture, carefully shaped hair, gold watch. In his right hand he carries a coffee can, in his left, a pad, a pencil and a pack of cigarettes. The tools of the trade for:

INSPECTOR DOMENICO of the Venice Police.

He comes to a small door and opens it, entering. The first thing he sees is:

INT. VENICE POLICE STATION - HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

A pair of bare, bandaged feet stuffed into used sneakers. Frank looks like a mess.

Domenico places his coffee can on the table. The edge of the can has been bent inward on one side, making a small inverted lip. He lights a cigarette and rests it on the lip of the can, letting it smolder. He never touches it again.

He starts writing without asking any questions.

FRANK

Are you... Are you a cop?

DOMENICO

(not looking up)

Police inspector, to be precise.  
Domenico.

FRANK

A good Italian name.

DOMENICO

I am Corsican.

FRANK

What are you doing in Venice?

DOMENICO

Sinking... Slowly.

He finishes writing and looks up.

DOMENICO (CONT'D)

Now. You wish to report a murder.

FRANK

No-no-no. Some people tried to  
kill me.

DOMENICO

I was told you were reporting a  
murder.

FRANK

*Attempted* murder.

Domenico closes his note-pad.

DOMENICO  
That's not so serious.

FRANK  
Not when you downgrade it from  
murder. When you upgrade it from  
room service it's very serious.

DOMENICO  
So is assaulting a police officer.

FRANK  
That was an accident.

DOMENICO  
The officer feels differently.

Long beat.

FRANK  
I'm an American citizen. I want  
to speak to somebody from the  
Embassy. Or from Interpol.

DOMENICO  
(laughing)  
Interpol?

FRANK  
This is a serious matter.

Domenico looks at Frank a little harder.

DOMENICO  
Okay, so who are these guys? Why  
are they after at you? You  
*scopata* one of their girlfriends  
or something?

FRANK  
I didn't "*scopata*" anybody. They  
just showed up at my room at the  
Danieli pretending to be room  
service.

DOMENICO  
Who is...

He consults a piece of paper.

DOMENICO (CONT'D)  
Cara Mason?

Frank is quiet. Domenico playfully points at him.

DOMENICO (CONT'D)  
I catch you, right?

FRANK  
In America the cops catch the  
crooks, not the victim.

DOMENICO  
We do that sometimes here, too.

Domenico is starting to warm up to Frank.

DOMENICO (CONT'D)  
How long you know Cara Mason?

FRANK  
I met her yesterday.

DOMENICO  
And you take her to the Danieli?  
That must have been a good  
meeting.

FRANK  
I didn't take her. She took me.

The infectious grin again lights up Domenico's face.

DOMENICO  
You lead an exciting life, Mr.  
Taylor.

FRANK  
Not usually.

Domenico picks up the phone and dials a number. He talks  
in brisk Italian, listens again and replaces the  
receiver.

DOMENICO  
Signora Mason was staying with  
"her husband" last night. You  
marry her, Mr. Taylor?

FRANK  
No.

DOMENICO  
Maybe Signora Mason knows  
something about these guys... what  
do you think?

Pause. Frank doesn't answer.

DOMENICO (CONT'D)  
You got a phone number, a mobile?

FRANK  
She didn't give me one.

Domenico looks him over.

DOMENICO  
You need some clothes. I'll be  
right back.

He leaves Frank alone again.

Frank stands and half-heartedly follows him to the doorway.

He spots something in the adjoining room; a computer that has been left on. He wanders over and looks at the screen.

An idea comes into Frank's head... he looks around. Nobody is watching him. He glances at the inscription on the WATCH...

Then quickly sits down. He does a search for "WANTED INTERNATIONAL CRIMINALS" and types in the name:

**ALEXANDER PEARCE.**

An immediate hit in the data base. Alexander Pearce's page fills the screen. The caption reads:

#6 on INTERPOL'S MOST WANTED LIST.

In place of a photograph there is just a black outline of a man's head.

Frank is about to scan for more information when he hears Domenico returning. He quickly steps back into the room where he was left...

DOMENICO enters carrying a garish SWEAT SUIT. He hands it to Frank.

DOMENICO (CONT'D)  
Here. Put these on. Time to go.

Frank looks at the clothes.

FRANK  
Um... thanks. Where are we going?

DOMENICO

I'm taking you to the hospital,  
Mr. Taylor. A doctor should take  
a look at you.

FRANK

I'd really rather just go--

DOMENICO

Don't worry. I'm putting you in  
Padua, away from Venice. You'll  
be safe.

(scribbles his  
number)

Any worry, you call me. I give  
you my home number.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL SCANNING ROOM, PADUA - EVENING

Frank lies flat on his back.

A NURSE leans over him with a kindly expression.

NURSE

Relax signore. *We're just going  
to make sure everything is all  
right inside your head.*

She slides him slowly into the mouth of an MRI scanning  
machine head first. It hums to life.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR, DANIELI - EVENING

Domenico whistles as a hotel clerk escorts him to the  
Doge's suite.

CLERK

(in Italian)  
*Unfortunately we've already re-let  
the room.*

(nervous)  
*We'd rather the guests didn't know  
about the incident.*

DOMENICO

*Don't worry. I'll be discreet.*

CLERK

*Grazie.*

The Clerk knocks. The door is opened by Ivan Demidov.

CLERK (CONT'D)  
I beg your pardon, Signore, but  
this is a police officer. He needs  
to briefly examine the room.

DEMIDOV  
Of course.

Demidov steps back, holding the door open.

INT. DOGE'S SUITE, DANIELI - EVENING

Demidov watches Domenico, who sniffs around.

DEMIDOV  
(casually)  
What happened, officer?

DOMENICO  
That's what I'm trying to find  
out, *Signore*.

Domenico gets down on his hands and knees and looks around. He spots something under the sofa and fishes it out with his penknife... a spent bullet casing.

He puts it in a plastic bag, pleased with himself. Demidov catches his eye. He smiles at him.

DEMIDOV  
You are a good detective.

DOMENICO  
I do my best.

Domenico stands and takes his leave.

DOMENICO (CONT'D)  
Sorry for the inconvenience.  
Enjoy your stay.

As he and the clerk exit, The Cossack steps out from the other room. Off Demidov's look, he leaves the suite to follow...

INT. INTERPOL FIELD HQ, VENICE - NIGHT

Ackerman and Pyne are gathered around a speaker phone in the center of a conference table. Jones is on the line.

JONES (V.O.)  
 What the hell happened?

ACKERMAN  
 If we had tipped our hand, Pearce  
 would have been spooked. We had  
 to stay out of things...

JONES (V.O.)  
 So this Tourist is--?

ACKERMAN  
 A diversion. He doesn't matter.  
 But it's thrown Demidov off the  
 scent.

JONES (V.O.)  
 I don't care about Demidov. I  
 care about the \$774 Million pounds  
 in tax revenues owed to the  
 Chancellor of the Exchequer by  
 Alexander Pearce. You understand?

ACKERMAN  
 Yes sir.

The line goes dead. Ackerman looks to Pyne and the  
 others.

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)  
 Pearce will make his move for Cara  
 while Demidov is distracted. We  
 need to be there.

Ackerman picks up a copy of the Herald Tribune and looks  
 at the classified ads.

CLOSE ON: Ackerman has circled and dotted the same ad  
 that Cara was looking at. He knows the code.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Frank sits up in his bed, reading.

The PHONE RINGS.

FRANK  
 Hello?

INT. TERRACE FLAT, PADUA - EVENING

INTERCUT: Domenico - in his terrace flat. He wears a T-shirt and holds a glass of wine. Loud Italian pop music plays in the background.

DOMENICO

Well it's official Mr. Taylor.  
You're not crazy.

FRANK

That's a relief.

DOMENICO

I went to the hotel. Somebody  
shot at somebody. I found a shell  
casing. I'll have it analyzed in  
the morning.

Frank nods. Not particularly reassured.

DOMENICO (CONT'D)

You have any visits from your  
Signora Mason?

FRANK

(quiet)  
I wish.

DOMENICO

Never let them cuddle, Mr. Taylor.  
One cuddle and it all turns to  
*merda*. Good night. If you need  
anything, you have my number.

Frank hangs up, shaking his head.

In the restful silence he hears a DISTANT BANG. A  
gunshot? A door slam? Nervous, he gets up and goes to  
the door..

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Frank looks right and left. The corridor is empty and  
silent, lit by strip lights set on low.

Just as he's about to close the door again, Frank notices  
that there is a label stuck there with his name on it,  
just above the room number.

He struggles with the label for a few seconds, tearing it  
off.

He sticks the label on the door to an empty room opposite.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Frank goes to the sink and splashes water on his face. Stares at himself for several moments, as he did in the bathroom at the Danieli. He's lost in thought.

Then...

He hears the clang of a metal pushcart being wheeled along. Some footsteps approach. There are voices speaking an unfamiliar language, maybe Russian...

Russian?

Frank scrambles for his clothes. He fishes out Domenico's phone number from a pocket and races to the phone. Then freezes, listening:

The footsteps move away slightly... there is the sound of a door opening. The door across the hall.

Seconds pass. The door is closed again. The footsteps move down the hall, slowly fading away.

Frank punches in the policeman's number and grips the receiver. It rings.

INT. DOMENICO'S TERRACE FLAT - NIGHT

A saucepot simmers on the stove. The phone RINGS. Behind it is a WINDOW - pierced by one circular bullet hole.

The music still plays.

As our gaze drifts downwards we see Domenico's bare feet, prone behind the kitchen island.

The phone RINGS and RINGS...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Frank is struggling into his clothes. Everything seems to stick and take forever.

He opens the door a crack and looks down the ward. Nothing. He moves along the passage, slipping into doorways and out of the light.

He finds the elevator and jabs at the button.

The light shows it is approaching the floor. It stops. The doors open. Frank is about to enter it, when suddenly SOMEBODY STEPS OUT...

An ORDERLY exits and brushes past.

Frank breaths a sigh of relief and steps in.

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR, PADUA - NIGHT

Frank presses the button for Receptione et Terre and waits an interminable four seconds for the doors to close.

Slowly the elevator descends.. and stops.

The doors open. A big MAN stands with his back to us, blocking the exit. Frank shrinks away, with nowhere to hide. The man turns.

He's a MALE NURSE, waiting to get into the lift. He stands aside to allow Frank to leave. Frank takes a step out...

...and sees THE COSSACK talking to the receptionist. Hurriedly, Frank reverses back into the elevator.

FRANK  
(to the Nurse)  
Wrong floor.

Then, just before the doors close, The Cossack turns.. his eyes meet Frank's. He starts towards the elevator.. but the doors shut first.

The lift stops again. The doors open on the first tier of the subterranean car park.

Frank leaps off.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK, PADUA HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Limping and terrified, Frank jogs towards the ramp marked *Uscita* in the far corner.

An ENGINE ROAR splits the silence. The lights blind Frank in the darkness as the car careers towards him.

He falls to his knees.

The car skids to a stop.

The door flies open. He squints. Sitting behind the wheel, calm and beautiful as ever, is CARA. He stares.

CARA

Did you miss me?

INT. CARA'S CAR - NIGHT

He climbs into the car.

FRANK

Yeah, a little.

She pulls out. He glances anxiously over her shoulder.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Um... do you know why those people  
are trying to kill me?

Cara drives toward the ramp.

CARA

Yes. It's because I kissed you.

She stops the car and waits for the metal gate at the top of the ramp to open. It rises with a loud creaking to REVEAL...

A BLACK CAR with two men inside. One of them steps out and ducks under the gate as it rises up.

While he's briefly silhouetted by the car's headlights we glimpse the outline of an AUTOMATIC WEAPON.

CARA (CONT'D)

Shit.

With remarkable sangfroid she cuts the engine and lets her car roll backwards, gliding silently and perfectly into a parking spot.

Silence.

They watch the BLACK CAR slowly descend the ramp. The Russian with the gun in his hand walks carefully alongside.

Frank watches, holding his breath.

The sound of another engine cuts through the silence. A pair of headlights come up from the level below.

CLOSE ON THE CAR. The MALE NURSE from the elevator is driving up toward the exit ramp, toward the exit where the Russians are waiting.

CLOSE ON THE GUNMAN slipping back into the shadows and readying his gun to fire.

FRANK sees what is about to happen. His face betrays his concern.

He reaches for the door.

CLICK. Cara presses the central door lock. Frank's door doesn't budge. He looks over at her.

FRANK  
(re: the Nurse)  
That guy has nothing to do with  
this.

CARA  
Neither do you.

He looks her straight in the eye. She relents.

CARA (CONT'D)  
Okay. If you want to play hero...

She turns over the ignition.

CARA (CONT'D)  
Hold on.

Cara revs the car and pulls out fast, cutting off the Nurse's car. He leans on the horn.

At the top of the exit ramp, the metal parking gate is slowly being lowered.

She weaves around the black car, deliberately heading for the gunman. He opens fire.

BRRRRRAAAP!! Bullets spray wildly, ricocheting off the walls, shattering windshields... Frank covers his face as a side-window pops, showering him with glass.

The GUNMAN is forced to jump out of the way as Cara scrapes the side of her car along the wall. Sparks fly.

The black car burns rubber as it U-turns to follow her.

She guns it up the ramp towards the closing door.

FRANK

There's not enough room!

CARA

There's enough room.

The fence whirs at head height and keeps lowering. The black car is closing in behind them.

FRANK

We won't make it!

CARA

I thought Americans were optimists.

At the last second he ducks instinctively and closes his eyes. The gate clips the top of Cara's car with a tremendous CLANG! Traps it.

Cara presses her foot all the way down on the accelerator. Smoke pours from the tires.

CRASH!

The black car RAMS them from behind.

A Russian leans out the window and fires at the outlines of Cara and Frank's HEADS. Bullets shatter the back window.

Cara pushes Frank's head down. The sound of burning gears as the engine hits its limit.

Suddenly, scraping paint, Cara's car SPRINGS forward, jetting out onto the street.

The fence drops further and shudders to a halt. The black car is trapped. The Russians can only watch as Cara speeds away.

CUT TO:

INT. CARA'S CAR - NIGHT

The quiet hum of the autostrade is the only sound in the car.

Frank sits in a daze. He turns to her.

FRANK

Do I look that much like him?

Cara turns sharply.

CARA  
How do you know--?

Frank holds up his wrist.

FRANK  
The watch.

She hesitates. A pause.

CARA  
Same size. Same build.

Frank thinks for a beat. Then smiles.

FRANK  
So I am your type.

She shoots him a look.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Why'd you do it?

CARA  
I... it's complicated. I didn't  
think it would ever go this far.  
You have to believe me.

FRANK  
I meant why did you come save me  
tonight?

A beat. Cara doesn't answer the question.

CARA  
I'm taking you somewhere you'll be  
safe.

FRANK  
(mumbles)  
We should go to the police.

CARA  
Because they did such a good job  
protecting you before?

Frank glances at her. Good point.

CARA (CONT'D)  
Trust me.

Frank relents, leaning his head back against the support and closing his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VENICE - MORNING

The car is parked along a muddy canal. Beside it runs a small disconnected set of palazzos. Cara shakes Frank. He won't wake up.

CARA

Frank... Frank.

He's snoring. She pinches his nose closed..

He startles awake. She smiles mischievously.

ON A SIDE STREET

He follows her past abandoned tricycles and very old men sitting on stone steps.

FRANK

And I thought I wouldn't get to do any sight-seeing.

Frank steps over a greenish puddle.

CARA

Here we are.

She pauses before a run-down palazzo.

INT. RUN DOWN PALAZZO, HALL - NIGHT

The narrow hall is dark and shabby.

Cara walks up the stairs to a door on the landing. She opens it with a key.

INT. PEARCE'S "SAFE HOUSE" - NIGHT

It is completely dark inside. The two of them maneuver in the darkness. The sound of a hand bumping against a wall.

Finally somebody finds the light switch and--

CARA holds a .38 Taurus PISTOL in front of her.

Frank happens to be right in her line of sight. He flinches.

FRANK

Whoa!

CARA

Sorry.

She quickly directs the gun away from him. Frank leans over, catching his breath.

Cara starts to giggle. Frank starts to laugh too.

INT. KITCHEN, PEARCE'S "SAFE HOUSE" - NIGHT

The apartment appears as if it was leased, stocked and then never set foot in again. Brand new appliances that have never been used.

Frank walks over to a flat screen TV and curiously peels off the protective clear film.. He looks up and sees:

Cara has her head inside the OVEN.

FRANK

What are you doing?

She pulls out, a flashlight in her mouth.

CARA

Making sure no one sabotaged the gas lines.

Frank watches her walk over to the FUSE BOXES.

MINUTES LATER

Frank pokes through the cupboards. Stocked with fine olives, tins of expensive smoked fish, viands, stewed fruit from orchards in France.

He opens the icebox. Inside is frozen meat and fish. He pulls out one package of frozen orange steaks - it is labelled "BARRACUDA, CAUGHT ANTIGUA, 7/08".

FRANK

He goes Barracuda fishing?

Cara has poured herself a glass of wine.

CARA

He goes Marlin fishing. You catch  
the Barracudas by accident.

Frank looks at the steak..

INT. DINING AREA, PEARCE'S "SAFE HOUSE" - LATER

CLOSE ON THE FISH -- now seasoned, grilled and surrounded  
by whipped sweet potatoes, beets and almonds.

Frank places a plate before Cara who sits with her wine  
at Pearce's oak table. She looks appreciatively at her  
plate.

CARA

And she left you for a cook?

Frank smiles and pours himself a glass of wine. They  
both savor the food.

FRANK

You know something? Food tastes  
better after you've been shot at.

Cara laughs. She clinks his glass.

CARA

I'm glad I decided to come back  
for you, Frank Taylor.

They watch one another eat for several moments.

FRANK

Can I ask you a question.

She sets down her fork. Leans back.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What's it like? Being a criminal?

CARA

(scoffs)  
I'm not a criminal.

FRANK

You carry a gun, you consort with  
people being chased by killers... I  
hate to break it to you, but--

CARA

Okay, I'm a criminal.

She takes a big gulp of wine. Moves over to the sofa.

Frank comes over and sits beside her.

FRANK

(soft)

I don't regret it, you know.

CARA

Regret what?

FRANK

Kissing you.

He looks into her eyes. They are sitting very close on the sofa. The lights are low. The mood is romantic..

Frank puts an arm over her shoulders and leans in for a kiss--

Cara stands abruptly.

CARA

What are you doing?

He looks up at her, questioningly.

FRANK

I thought...

CARA

You thought what? That I saw you on the train and my heart stopped?

Frank doesn't respond.

CARA (CONT'D)

I picked you because you were convenient. That's all. Do you understand?

He does. He rises with as much dignity as he can muster and carries the plates into the kitchen.

Cara looks after him.. exasperated yet already sorry for being so blunt. She is about to say something when...

Her CELL PHONE RINGS. A special ring.

She answers right away.

EXT. PIAZZA SAN MARCO - EVENING

The ENGLISHMAN strolls the Piazza San Marco. FOLLOW HIM from behind as he speaks into his phone.

THE ENGLISHMAN  
Have you been reading the  
newspaper?

IN THE SAFE HOUSE

Cara narrows her focus. She walks away from Frank, stealing away into the bedroom. Her heart is beating.

CARA  
Yes... Is... is it you Ale--?

THE ENGLISHMAN  
No names. Not on the phone.

INT. INTERPOL FIELD HQ, VENICE - EVENING

The WAVE PATTERNS of the man's voice shimmer on a computer monitor.

TECHNICIAN  
Sir! We have a hit on the phone  
tap.

Ackerman comes hurrying over, flagged by the technician.

THE ENGLISHMAN (V.O.)  
(from the speakers)  
It's been a busier weekend than I  
expected.

ACKERMAN  
Place him. Place him!

A HORN-RIMMED AIDE zeroes in on a MAP screen.

The screen gives him a map of VENICE. Then zooms into a map of the SAN MARCO district...

INT. BEDROOM, "SAFE HOUSE" - CONTINUOUS

Cara holds one finger in her ear, listening intently.

THE ENGLISHMAN (V.O.)  
Our plans were delayed, but you  
can keep our date tomorrow.

CARA  
Same time, same place?

THE ENGLISHMAN  
Yes.

EXT. PIAZZA SAN MARCO - EVENING

The Englishman passes the Lagoon to his left, and enters an enormous courtyard, the Arco Foscari. He looks down at his watch...

THE ENGLISHMAN  
You're a brave and loyal girl.

INT. INTERPOL FIELD HQ, VENICE - EVENING

The computer map hones in on the PIAZZA SAN MARCO...

ACKERMAN  
Go! Go! Go!

Pyne is already out the door and Ackerman grabs his Kevlar vest and follows, racing down the steps...

INT. BEDROOM, "SAFE HOUSE" - CONTINUOUS

Cara folds her arms as she listens.

CARA  
That's because you leave everything up to me.

She pouts, only partially joking.

CARA (CONT'D)  
I'm fine by the way, in case you were concerned about me.

THE ENGLISHMAN  
(playful)  
My only concern is for those who cross you, Cara.

EXT. PIAZZA SAN MARCO - EVENING

At last The Englishman arrives before the lower colonnade of the DOGE'S PALACE, the seat of medieval Venetian civic government. It is a wonder of Gothic architecture with spires piercing the blue sky.

He gazes up at it for a moment.

THE ENGLISHMAN

Every step of this game is taken  
in the hope of earning your trust.  
That's all that matters to me.  
Believe me.

The Englishman is at the Ponte del Suspiri-- the "Bridge of Sighs."

INT. BEDROOM, "SAFE HOUSE" - EVENING

Cara's expression softens.

CARA

You always had a talent for saying  
the right thing.

OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM DOOR

Frank listens to the end of Cara's conversation, his forehead creased with concern.

EXT. PIAZZA SAN MARCO, CAFE - NIGHT

The Englishman closes his phone and disappears into the crowd.

INT. BEDROOM, "SAFE HOUSE" - NIGHT

Cara speaks urgently.

CARA

Wait--

The line is dead.

EXT. PONTE DEL SUSPIRI - SECONDS LATER

Feet pound over the cobblestones.

Ackerman and the others round the corner and skid to a stop at the Bridge of Sighs.

They look around. Then Ackerman sees it:

The Englishman's CELL PHONE, sitting on the cobblestones.

They approach. Pyne kneels to pick it up with a plastic bag.

PYNE

We can check for prints. In case he forgot to wipe it down...

ACKERMAN

Somehow I doubt it.

Ackerman looks around.

EXT. VENICE - MORNING

Establishing shots of the city as it comes to life in the winter time.

Boats are pushed out into the canals...

Trash is hosed from the cobblestone streets...

Tables and chairs are set out at sidewalk cafes, waiting for the tourists to come...

INT. SITTING ROOM, "SAFE HOUSE" - MORNING

With an unfamiliar gentleness, Cara approaches Frank sleeping on the sofa and touches his shoulder.

CARA

Frank... I have to go.

He opens his eyes and looks at her.

CARA (CONT'D)

Don't go out. All you need is here. In four or five days everything will be resolved...

FRANK

Resolved?

CARA

It will all be over. I'll give you the all clear and you can go back to your life. This will be a great adventure you can look back on.

FRANK

When will I see you again?

She looks at him evenly: never.

CARA  
Good-bye, Frank.

INT. RUN DOWN PALAZZO, HALL - DAY

She has started down the stairs when Frank appears on the landing. He leans over the balustrade.

FRANK  
Is he worth it?

CARA  
Get back inside.

She has stopped mid-flight.

FRANK  
You're going to risk everything  
for him. Would he do the same for  
you?

A beat. She turns and walks away.

Frank stares after Cara's shapely form as she crosses the cobblestone streets and disappears into the alley.

Frank turns and goes back inside.

INT. DEMIDOV'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Demidov is getting dressed. It's an elaborate ritual: carefully pressed pants, ironed shirt, starched collar, etc.

The Cossack and Scarface stand nervously at attention, watching him.

DEMIDOV  
When I was a young man, times were  
very hard. When an opportunity  
presented itself, you took it.

He pats talcum powder on himself. The men remain stone-faced.

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)  
I was twelve years old when Gregor  
asked me if I was ready for a  
man's job. He was the top  
*chlovek* in our housing block.  
(MORE)

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)

So I said yes. He gave me a crowbar and told me to go bash in the skull of another boy who had stolen something from him.

He points at his platinum cufflinks on a bedside table and snaps his fingers. The Cossack hands them to him.

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)

Now it just so happened this boy was a friend of mine. I did not want to do this terrible thing. But when you come from the streets, you have no choice.

He carefully knots his tie in the mirror.

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)

I worked very hard for years to get past that life. So I would not have to do these terrible things. So I would have a choice..

He turns and smiles at Scarface. He gestures toward the man's holstered pistol --

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)

I have people like you to do these things for me..

He holds out his hand; Scarface hands him the pistol.

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)

Except that you don't!

Suddenly Demidov pistol whips the man across the face!

Blood explodes from Scarface's nose. He falls down to one knee, clutching his face in pain.

The Cossack looks on silently, absorbing the message. Demidov calms himself almost as quickly as he lost his temper. He drops the gun on the carpet and steps back in disgust.

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)

*If you did your job properly, I wouldn't have to get my fucking hands dirty.*

He turns and walks into the bathroom to wash his hands.

INT. BATHROOM, "SAFE HOUSE" - DAY

Frank gets out of the shower. He enjoys the soft Frette towels.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, "SAFE HOUSE" - DAY

In the closets are dozens of flawless, custom-tailored suits.

Flipping through the rack like a discerning shopper, Frank arrives at a suit that catches his fancy. Elegant and simple.

IN THE MIRROR

Frank struggles to close Alexander Pearce's pants around his lightly padded mid-section... a little too tight.

Frank is irritated to discover he's not quite as trim as Pearce.

ON THE BEDROOM FLOOR

Frank engages himself in a spontaneous program of CALISTHENICS. He struggles through a batch of push-ups, then sit ups.

IN THE MIRROR

Frank flosses his teeth. Then he backs up, taking in his outfit. The lines of the suit highlight his frame.

He likes what he sees.

CUT TO:

EXT. PALAZZO VENDRAMIN - DAY

A *transporto* via cargo (supply boat) floats in the lagoon beside the Palazzo.

PUSH IN ON a small cabin on the deck.

INT. TRANSPORTO - DAY

Inside the cabin, Ackerman, Pyne, a videographer, a signals surveillance officer and a coordinating tactics officer huddle.

Ackerman is holding the Herald Tribune in his hand with the code:

"TOMORROW 11 CAFE PESARO"

The radio crackles to life:

CHEAP SUIT (V.O.)  
(over a radio)  
She's approaching.

Ackerman looks out the tinted window...

EXT. PALAZZO VENDRAMIN - DAY

Heels clicking on the cobblestones, Cara strides quickly toward the rendez-vous at Cafe Pesaro. She checks her watch. Then walks faster.

INT. CIPRIANI HOTEL ROOM - DAY

From a second story SUITE of rooms, The ENGLISHMAN peers through the curtains. He sees Cara seat herself at a TABLE between the palazzo and the lagoon.

His eyes settle on the *transporto*. Workers step on and off, carrying fresh linens into the hotel.

He leaves the window.

INT. TRANSPORTO - DAY

ACKERMAN'S POV - he can just see Cara sitting at the table.

EXT. CAFE PESARO - DAY

Fanning herself with her newspaper, Cara discreetly evaluates the men in her sight lines. Venetian civic leaders chatting by the bar, tourists reading maps...

Over her sunglasses she catches sight of a pair of YOUNG LOVERS drunk in each other's grasp.

She turns away.

INT. TRANSPORTO - DAY

Squinting, Ackerman evaluates his placements.

- A WAITER, idling at his bussing station, his eyes roaming the palazzo.

- A VAPORETTO CAPTAIN, who quietly turns away requests for a ride into St. Marks Square, his finger to his ear.

- The CHEAP SUITS sitting a few seats away from Cara.

EXT. CAFE PESARO - DAY

The VIDEO CAMERA swivels to follow a MAN, elegantly dressed, with trim hair who swiftly approaches Cara's table...

IN THE TRANSPORTO

Standing up, Ackerman holds his hand up.

ACKERMAN  
(into the speaker)  
Hold...wait for my signal...

AT THE RESTAURANT

Cara glances up from her menu as she senses the elegant man approaching.

The WAITER walks quickly toward Cara's table...

The elegant man is FRANK.

IN THE TRANSPORTO

Ackerman stares at the monitor with Frank's face on it. He's quietly furious.

ACKERMAN  
What is that fool doing in the  
middle of my operation?

AT THE RESTAURANT

Cara stares slack-jawed at Frank.

He has given himself a complete make-over. Pearce's suit fits him well.

He looks terrific. Cara notices before quickly recovering her composure.

FRANK

Time for Alexander and me to meet  
face to face.

CARA

(quietly)  
I don't know what you're talking  
about. Please go, I'd like to  
have a quiet coffee.

Frank sits at the table with Cara and eats a CASHEW.

IN THE TRANSPORTO

Ackerman barks whispered orders into the speaker:

ACKERMAN

(frustrated)  
Move off. Move off.

The UNDERCOVER WAITER quickly moves away from Cara's table.

Ackerman stares at the monitor which captures Cara's angry expression.

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)

(into his radio)  
Get rid of him!

AT THE RESTAURANT

Defiantly, Frank pulls his chair in closer to Cara. He signals to a different THIN WAITER.

FRANK

(to the waiter)  
*Caffe, per favore?*

Frank turns back to Cara, who calls out--

CARA  
*Cameriere! No caffè for signor!*

FRANK  
 (contradicting her)  
 With milk!

She stares at him.

CARA  
 Do you want to be dead?

FRANK  
 I'm tired of being afraid. I've  
 been running around like a  
 frightened mouse long enough and  
 I've decided I'm finished.

Frank pulls out a Gitane cigarette. He lights it,  
 smoking while he talks.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 When I first saw the name I got  
 scared: "Alexander Pearce." He  
 even sounds like some super cool  
 master criminal with Russian  
 enemies and the beautiful  
 girlfriend.. he probably works out.

Frank frowns at the cigarette.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 These are disgusting.

INT. TRANSPORTO - DAY

Pyne is seated at the communication station.

ON THE MONITOR - Frank is settled in opposite Cara.

PYNE  
 (stunned)  
 He's not going anywhere.

Ackerman peers directly out the window, as if he's going  
 to see something different.

ACKERMAN  
 Send our waiter. Tell him to play  
 it like he's dealing with a rowdy  
 guest-- escort him out.

EXT. CAFE PESARO - DAY

Cara looks all around. No sign of any suitor approaching.

CLOSE ON: the hands of the THIN WAITER, who sprinkles pepper carefully, presumably onto a dish. He then platters the dish and lifts it over his shoulder.

CARA

Frank, you have no idea what you're sticking your nose into.

FRANK

Probably not. But I don't care. Pearce almost got me killed. It was his idea, right? He told you to pick out some random sap on the train to take a bullet for him, didn't he?

Frank works himself up, drawing courage from his anger.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Well I'm not playing the role anymore. He's supposed to meet you here, right? I'm going to tell him exactly what I think of him.

CARA

Wonderful. Another macho idiot.  
(to the waiter)  
*Conto, per favore!*

Frank leans in.

FRANK

What is it about him Cara? Is it the money? The luxury?

CARA

I'm leaving Frank.  
(she stands)  
It's really a shame you've scared him off--

She tosses some Euros on the table.

CARA (CONT'D)

The two of you make a nice couple.

The THIN WAITER arrives with a PLATTER. He sets it down in front of Cara.

The UNDERCOVER WAITER now moves toward the table with a grim expression...

The THIN WAITER removes the platter. Cara looks down.

Spelled out in SALT and PEPPER on the plate is the following:

**"MY VILLA. TONIGHT. 8PM."**

Cara no sooner reads it than the Thin Waiter, who we now see is THE ENGLISHMAN...

...BLOWS on the platter, scattering the salt and pepper granules to the wind.

FRANK

What the hell?

As Frank looks up.

The Englishman has already turned away, but the Undercover Waiter is moving quickly toward Cara's table.

The Undercover Waiter picks up speed, changing course slightly. WE SEE he's after The Englishman who is about to enter the restaurant kitchen...

Then FRANK steps in front of The Undercover Waiter, mistaking him for Pearce.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Is this him?

CARA

Frank!

INT. TRANSPORTO - DAY

Ackerman slaps the cabin table.

ACKERMAN

Abort! Abort, goddammit!

THE RESTAURANT

The Undercover Waiter tries to move past Frank.

FRANK

You hide out while you send your girlfriend and a total stranger to face the murderers who are after you? Not much of a tough guy, are you?

Frank SHOVES him back.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Where I come from, we don't treat women like that!

Frank grabs the Undercover Waiter's collar with unaccustomed strength.

Cara quietly picks up her bag and leaves the restaurant. She walks as fast as she can without being noticed toward the Palazzo Vendramin.

In the midst of his scuffle, Frank looks around and realizes she's gone.

The Undercover Waiter's earpiece falls out in the melee... Frank sees it and hesitates. Maybe this guy isn't Pearce. Other UNDERCOVERS converge...

INT. TRANSPORTO - DAY

Getting up from his seat in the cabin, Ackerman gestures for the captain of the transporto to leave the dock.

ON THE MONITOR: Frank looks around and sees Cara: fifty feet away. Walking with purpose.

ACKERMAN

That goddamn fool.

Ackerman rubs his face and squats down, frustrated beyond measure.

PYNE

What do we do with him?

ACKERMAN

Throw him in the fucking lagoon.

EXT. PALAZZO VENDRAMIN - DAY

Frank brushes past tables, hits the street and RUNS down the Palazzo, toward Cara.

FRANK

Cara!

Cara says nothing. She just shoots Frank an angry glance and climbs onto A VAPORETTO (water taxi).

Frank runs to the edge of the water as it motors away.

Suddenly he feels the presence of somebody behind him. Pyne and the Cheap Suits are right there.

They pin his arms forcefully.

Frank struggles briefly, looking after Cara disappearing over the water. But he is no match for them.

A black cloth is shoved over his head and the screen goes to BLACK.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

The hood is pulled off.

Frank sits alone in the sparsely furnished, windowless room. A table, two chairs.

Frank straightens his slightly disheveled suit, as if he's been dumped here without ceremony.

The door opens and Ackerman enters. He pulls up one of the chairs and sits opposite Frank. It looks an awful lot like that first series of interrogations Ackerman conducted back in the beginning..

A long beat.

FRANK

I'm not Alexander Pearce.

ACKERMAN

I know.

Frank stares at him.

Ackerman reaches into his breast pocket and takes out his Interpol credentials. He tosses them on the table.

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)

Nice suit.

FRANK

It's borrowed.

ACKERMAN

It's a good fit.

FRANK

Unfortunately.

Frank examines the credentials on the table.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I think you owe me an explanation,  
Inspector Ackerman.

Ackerman regards him for a beat.

ACKERMAN

The Russians chasing you work for  
a man named Ivan Demidov... The  
name familiar?

FRANK

The philanthropist?

ACKERMAN

(tight smile)

Not on purpose. Alexander Pearce  
stole his money and started giving  
it away.

Frank absorbs this.

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)

When you showed up on the train  
with Pearce's girlfriend, the  
Russians mistook you for him.

FRANK

Did Cara know what would happen?

ACKERMAN

That all depends on which Cara you  
ask. This one..

He tosses out a picture of her mug-shot.

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)

Or this one.

And then a picture of Cara with Ackerman and the rest of  
her class of POLICE RECRUITS in uniform.

(MORE)

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)

FRANK

She's... she's a cop.

ACKERMAN

She was. Pearce was her assignment...

CUT TO:

INT. DOGE'S PALACE - DAY [FLASHBACK]

ACKERMAN (V.O.)

It started out as a straightforward placement...

Cara (younger) poses as an art student, sketching a SCULPTURE in the Anticollegio.

ACKERMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...we ran her deep cover to build a case against Pearce. It took. He hired her as an assistant.

She turns her face and smiles at an UNSEEN MAN.

EXT. YACHT - DAY [FLASHBACK]

The wind blows in Cara's hair. She sits on the top deck. A MAN'S HAND passes her a drink as he walks by. She smiles at him (again we do not see his face).

ACKERMAN (V.O.)

Then she began missing drops. Omitting important details.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - RESUME SCENE

Ackerman turns to Frank.

ACKERMAN

She was no longer with us. She was with him.

FRANK

Then why are you still using her?

ACKERMAN

She's all I have, Mr. Taylor.

Beat.

FRANK

You think she'll turn him in this time?

ACKERMAN

She'd better. Or she'll go back to prison for a very long time.

Pyne enters the room. Ackerman turns to face him..

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAND SALONE, VENICE - DAY

The principal apartment of a Venetian palazzo, looking out over the Grand Canal.

Cara holds her cell phone to her ear as she walks.

ACKERMAN (V.O.)

Cara? Where have you been?

INTERCUT WITH

ACKERMAN on the phone at his office.

CARA

Have you got him?

ACKERMAN

You mean the idiot who ruined our operation?

CARA

Have you got him?

Ackerman glances back in Frank's direction.

ACKERMAN

Yes.

Cara is relieved.

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)

You disappeared after the cafe. Where did you go?

CARA

I had to think... about what I'm doing here...

ACKERMAN  
This is not the time for  
introspection, Cara.

CARA  
It's my life, Ackerman.

A flash of anger from Ackerman.

ACKERMAN  
Actually the terms of your release  
make it mine. You get it back  
when I'm finished with this. Do  
you understand?

CARA  
Who are you to judge me? You were  
willing to throw an innocent  
Tourist to the wolves just to  
catch Pearce!

ACKERMAN  
That was your boyfriend's idea,  
remember? The same one you're  
suddenly worried about.

Cara doesn't answer.

ON HER FACE as she thinks about that.

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)  
Meanwhile your "Tourist" has  
destroyed a five million pound  
operation. Today was it; Pearce  
was going to show.

CARA  
(quiet)  
What makes you think he didn't?

Ackerman's expression changes.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Ackerman walks back in. Frank looks up.

ACKERMAN

If you'd done as you were told,  
you'd be packing for Rosemont  
right now, Pearce and Demidov  
would be in jail and Cara would be  
in the clear. I don't apologize  
for what I did. To Cara or to you.

Frank lowers his head.

FRANK

So what happens now?

ACKERMAN

I go to work and you go home.

INT. INTERPOL FIELD HQ, VENICE - DAY

Ackerman strides into the room, calling for attention.

ACKERMAN

Okay everybody, listen up.

Pyne and the team are assembled. Jones is ushered into  
the room as well.

Frank is parked in the corner like a lost puppy.

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)

We're on again. We have a  
location and time for the next  
meet. Pearce's villa. Eight  
o'clock. We have to move fast.

CHEAP SUIT

Pearce's own villa? Why would he  
risk going back there?

ACKERMAN

Only he knows the answer to that.  
He chose where to play this game.  
All that matters is that we win  
it.

He picks up his coat. He turns to Pyne.

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)

Establish a wide perimeter. The  
house is already wired for  
surveillance.

Frank speaks up unexpectedly.

FRANK

If you're all around his house,  
will he show up?

A dozen heads turn to look at him.

ACKERMAN

Another word Mr. Taylor and the  
hood goes back on.

Frank shrinks down in his chair.

The meeting breaks up. Everybody jumps into action.

CUT TO:

INT. CIPRIANI HOTEL - DAY

A standard hotel room-- no lavish suite this time.

Cara stands in front of the mirror. Her shirt is  
unbuttoned as she works to attach a TINY MICROPHONE to  
her bra.

The tape gets stuck to itself and she has to start over...

A KNOCK on her hotel room door.

CARA

Come in.

Frank enters the room. Sees her half-dressed--

FRANK

I'm sorry.

CARA

It's okay. Come over here. I  
need your help.

She turns to him and hands him a piece of tape.

Their eyes meet. A flicker of a smile passes between  
them.

Frank's fingers are perfectly steady as he helps her  
secure the microphone and do up her shirt.

FRANK

Ackerman told me everything.

She takes a deep breath.

CARA  
I'm sorry Frank.

FRANK  
There's no apology necessary.

He steps back from her. She smooths her blouse. Turns to him.

CARA  
(re: the wire)  
How do I look?

FRANK  
Like the most beautiful woman on earth.

The complete honesty and directness of his compliment takes her by surprise. She's strangely moved by it.

She brushes her hand affectionately over his cheek.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Ackerman asked me to stay with the surveillance team in case the thugs who came after me at the Danieli show up. I'm the only one who can identify them.

Realizing...

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Did you tell him to keep an eye on me?

CARA  
(busted)  
I told him to make sure you were safe until this was over.

He nods. A little pleased at her concern.

FRANK  
You shouldn't worry about me. What about you?

CARA  
What about me?

FRANK  
What are you going to do?

She takes a beat, then puts her game face on.

CARA

My job.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA - NIGHT

A light mist. The sound of water lapping against the shore. The scene is familiar... almost identical to the night of the raid just over a year ago.

Then a wind picks up and blows the mist clear.

REVEAL a CHEAP SUIT with an earpiece walking a dog a block away..

ON A ROOFTOP three blocks away - PYNE with a SNIPER RIFLE and a scope.

INSIDE AN APARTMENT - a FEMALE AGENT with binoculars scans the empty street below.

ON THE CORNER - two blocks down is a village CHURCH.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Ackerman and his team have set up a make-shift surveillance outpost here. The high-tech equipment looks incongruous with the thousand year-old stone walls and worn oak pews.

A bank of monitors reveals various views of the inside and outside of Alexander's villa.

Frank hovers in the background behind Ackerman. He notices Ackerman's copy of the International Herald Tribune.

FRANK

You all read the same newspaper.

ACKERMAN

It's a good paper. And sold throughout the world. Your double is a very clever man.

FRANK

I look forward to meeting him.

ACKERMAN

So do I.

EXT. WATERWAY - NIGHT

A PATROL BOAT circles in the canal behind the villa. One of Ackerman's AGENTS is at the wheel.

He sees a flat-bottomed black BOAT motoring toward him. A light from the boat shines in his eyes.

AGENT

You'll have to turn around, sir.  
There's been a chemical spill in  
this area--

FWWWAP! A silenced bullet strikes him in the forehead. The agent topples into the water with a gentle splash.

The black boat steers around the rudderless patrol boat and heads toward the villa..

INT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA - NIGHT

BINOCULAR POV - a lone female figure walks down the cobblestone streets toward the villa.

CARA.

PYNE (V.O.)

She's approaching the destination  
now.

EXT. BACK OF THE VILLA - NIGHT

The black boat slips underneath some moorings.

A gloved hand tosses a grappling hook up to a beam ten feet overhead. It catches. The boat is tied off.

Silently, a masked figure begins to climb from the boat up into the bottom floor of the villa in the semi-darkness.

INT. SURVEILLANCE OUTPOST IN CHURCH

ON THE MONITOR WE SEE

PEARCE'S ENTRY HALL. Cara unlocks the front door with a key and walks inside.

INT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA/VIDEO MONITORS - CONTINUOUS

TRACK from screen to screen as WE FOLLOW Cara moving through the deserted rooms.

Everything is cold and lifeless. Like a palace that has been turned into a museum.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

While everyone is focused on the monitors showing Cara's progress, Frank notices some movement in a monitor far off to one side...

It shows the lower floor of the house.

FRANK

(points)

Who's that?

They all turn to look. A male figure, his face masked, approaches the lens of the surveillance camera..

BLINK! The FEED shuts off.

Ackerman barks at a technician.

ACKERMAN

What happened? Get it back on line!

The surveillance techs begin madly punching buttons, etc.

JONES

Was that Pearce?

BLINK! Another monitor goes dark. Then another.

TECHNICIAN

He's taking out the entire surveillance system--

ACKERMAN

Stop him.

TECHNICIAN

I can't! He's cutting the feed at the source.

Frank looks anxiously at Cara on the monitor climbing the stairs...

Blink! She disappears from view as well. Everybody starts talking.

Ackerman raises his voice.

ACKERMAN  
Do we still have audio?

The tech nods.

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)  
Turn it up.

Everybody in the Church stands stock still. Staring at the dark monitors. Listening.

Cara's footsteps click up the stairs and then slow..

They move tentatively across the floor.

WE HEAR A THUMP. A door or a heavy footstep?

Cara's breathing gets louder. There's somebody else in the building.

CARA (V.O.)  
Alexander?

No response. Click, clack, click.. She takes a few steps.

ON FRANK -- concerned.

ON ACKERMAN -- calm.

INT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA, PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Cara stands in the center of the large room. She catches sight of her reflection in the large floor-to-ceiling window. There's a movement in the doorway behind her..

She spins around to face..

DEMIDOV. He and his men have removed their masks. The Cossack, Scarface and a THICK NECK THUG.

DEMIDOV  
Sorry to disappoint you, my dear.

He steps toward her.

Cara pales.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Everybody strains to hear what is happening.

JONES  
(whispers)  
Who is that?

DEMIDOV (V.O.)  
How are you this evening?

CARA (V.O.)  
(a tremor in her  
voice)  
Fine, thank you.

ACKERMAN  
(quietly)  
It's Demidov.

Jones looks at him.

JONES  
(uncertainly)  
Himself?

INTERCUT WITH THE VILLA

Cara takes a step back toward the window. Demidov follows.

DEMIDOV  
You're waiting for someone, Ms.  
Mason?

Cara doesn't reply.

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)  
You haven't seen Alexander Pearce  
in a long time, yes? I'm sure it  
will be a touching reunion. If  
you don't mind, we'll keep you  
company while you wait.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

PYNE'S SNIPER POV - CARA has maneuvered close enough to the window that she is visible. As they approach, Demidov and his men come into range as well.

PYNE  
(into his radio mic)  
She's brought them to the window..

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

PYNE (V.O.)  
What are your orders?

ACKERMAN  
We wait. For Alexander Pearce.  
Just like them.

Everybody is listening.

PYNE (V.O.)  
...there are four of them.

ON FRANK'S FACE - he looks around at the cops desperately hoping somebody will do something. They all look to Ackerman.

INT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA, PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Demidov circles Cara dangerously close.

DEMIDOV  
Not very polite of your boyfriend  
to keep you waiting.

CARA  
He loses track of time easily.

DEMIDOV  
I have a hard time believing that.  
(pause)  
Perhaps he's already here...

INSIDE THE CHURCH

DEMIDOV (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
What do you think?

A long silence. The tension grows. Then we hear...

A LOUD SLAP.

Everyone in the room flinches.

DEMIDOV (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I have a feeling he is around here  
somewhere. And if he cares about  
you... he'll show up before it's too  
late.

ANOTHER SLAP - MORE VICIOUS THAN THE FIRST. This time  
Cara cries out in pain.

DEMIDOV (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We're going to play a game called  
'life or knife.' I ask you a  
question. If I like the answer, I  
ask you another. If I don't like  
the answer, I cut your throat.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Pyne is listening as well, eye glued to the scope.

PYNE (V.O.)

(tense)

Sir?

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Ackerman doesn't flinch.

ACKERMAN

Demidov's right. He's here  
somewhere...

Another SLAP. Another scream.

PAN AROUND THE ROOM: everybody is about to burst.

PYNE (V.O.)

We have to do something--

ACKERMAN

(harsh)

She's my agent. It's my call.

A muffled THUD. Cara groans and WE HEAR her body hit the  
floor. That wasn't a slap.

Every cop in the room is clenching his weapon. Desperate  
for the order to move. To jump in and stop this.

They are all looking to Ackerman to give the order.

As the silence wears on, several look to Jones. Jones  
turns quietly to Ackerman.

JONES

What if he doesn't come?

Ackerman doesn't respond.

The lack of sound in the church is even more disturbing  
than before.

Suddenly Ackerman notices...

ACKERMAN  
Where's Taylor?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Frank runs for all he's worth. Panting for breath.

INT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA - NIGHT

Frank bursts through the front door. Races to the steps without hesitating..

INT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA, PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Cara lies on her side at Demidov's feet. Blood trickles from the side of her mouth.

Her eyes are clouded with fear and pain as she views the room half-askew. Then they suddenly come into focus as she sees..

A figure walks into the room. FRANK.

He stand motionless in the doorway, surprisingly calm.

Demidov turns.

DEMIDOV  
(leans down to Cara)  
Good news. He loves you.

Demidov's men take Frank by either arm and roughly drag him forward.

Cara lifts her head with an effort.

CARA  
That's not Alexander Pearce.

Demidov ignores her and walks up to Frank.

Demidov clubs Frank viciously on the side of his head. Frank stumbles but remains on his feet.

DEMIDOV

You know, Mr. Pearce, I thought I was finished with this sort of thing. But in your case, I've been forced to make an exception.

Demidov hits him again and Scarface forces him to his knees. Cara screams:

CARA

He is NOT Alexander Pearce!

Demidov holds out his hand and The Cossack gives him a LONG KNIFE.

Frank's barely paying attention to them. His eyes are locked on Cara.

She meets Frank's gaze.

CARA (CONT'D)

Oh Frank... I'm so sorry.

FRANK

Nothing to be sorry for.

For a moment, it's as if nothing else in the world exists but the two of them.

He may only be a hapless tourist, but he loves her. He's the one here, willing to give up his life for her.

Demidov approaches Frank. Touches the blade to the back of Frank's neck.

DEMIDOV

Where is my money Mr. Pearce?

He presses on the blade. A droplet of blood appears..

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The other people in the room are tense. Only Ackerman is sitting calmly.

ACKERMAN

She hasn't said the emergency word.

At this moment, Cara fills her lungs and screams:

CARA (V.O.)

Watchdog. WATCHDOG!

PYNE (V.O.)

That was it.

But Ackerman still doesn't move.

INT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA, PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

CARA

Ackerman!

She bends her head toward her cleavage, yelling into the tiny microphone.

CARA (CONT'D)

(furious)

Ackerman!!

Demidov is taken off guard.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Her scream echoes through the arched church.

Ackerman gives the order.

ACKERMAN

Do it.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

CLOSE ON PYNE'S FINGER SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER

FOLLOW THE BULLET THROUGH...

PYNE'S SNIPER POV - toward Demidov and his gun-wielding henchmen standing over Frank and Cara...

INT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA, PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The huge, plate glass window shatters as the high powered bullet slams through it!

Everything explodes in a mass of blood and glass. SCARFACE is blown off his feet. His body hits the ground next to Frank... his gun skitters across the floor.

Demidov looks from the window to Cara with cold fury in his eyes-- he finally realizes that she's a cop and that she's the one who has called in the artillery.

He raises his pistol toward her, point blank.

BANG! The gunshot takes him by surprise. He turns to see...

FRANK holds Scarface's smoking pistol in his hand. Demidov just has time to process the fact that Frank is the one who shot him before the life drains from his eyes and he topples...

The Cossack turns toward Frank. Their eyes meet and they both raise their guns at once...

BANG! BANG! Amazingly, it's The Cossack who falls as Frank rolls away.

THICK NECK fires out the windows and makes a run for it. Glass flies everywhere.

Frank throws his body over Cara to protect her.

A short and furious exchange of gunfire as the other plate glass windows explode. Wood splinters fill the air as furniture is torn apart. Finally...

One of the Pyne's bullets finds its target and Thick Neck goes down.

Frank remains on top of Cara, shielding her until long after everything has fallen silent.

EXT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA - NIGHT

Ackerman and his team approach, guns drawn.

Undercover agents converge as well, closing the perimeter.

INT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA, PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Frank and Cara sit in the middle of the room amongst a sea of broken glass. Just getting over the shock of being alive.

FRANK

Are you all right?

Cara nods. She looks at him for a long moment, then breaks out into a smile.

CARA

I did well to choose you on the  
train...

Frank's turn to smile. He looks around the room at the  
carnage.

FRANK

You didn't get to arrest Alexander  
Pearce...

CARA

He never showed up.

Frank slides closer to her. Gently, carefully, he slips  
his hands into Cara's cleavage.

Surprised, Cara starts to pull back-- but he puts a  
finger to her lips.

She hesitates... looks at him questioningly. But she  
doesn't protest as his fingers move toward her bra...

...and grasp the tiny MICROPHONE. With a sharp tug, he  
rips it free. He tosses it across the room.

Then he leans a little closer and whispers in her ear:

FRANK

(a British accent)  
You're wrong. I'm here.

She straightens up. Her heart skips a beat.

FRANK (CONT'D)

*It's me. I'm here.*

She covers her mouth. Her eyes mist over with tears.

She runs her fingers over his face with loving amazement.  
Like a blind person trying to recognize a familiar face.

Her mind reels...

Then their lips meet. They kiss. And kiss. Like  
drinking from a fresh spring in the desert.

Finally she pulls away and looks at him.

CARA

Why?

FRANK

You said I'd told so many lies,  
you wouldn't believe me even if I  
did tell the truth... This was the  
only way to convince you. The  
truth is that I love you.

(pause)

All that matters is that you  
believe me.

She stares into his eyes for a beat. Finally looking at  
her without a trace of deception. She believes.

They hear voices on the stairs below.

Frank holds up a finger to her-- wait.

Frank crawls across the room and presses a hidden latch  
on a built-in bookshelf. It swings out of the way to  
reveal a concealed safe built into the floor.

Frank removes the fitted floor boards. There is a  
sophisticated BIO-METRIC LOCK -- just like the one at the  
gate in the beginning of the movie.

Frank places his finger on the spot and the lock clicks  
open.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA - NIGHT

TRACK WITH ACKERMAN up the stairs.

He leads the team into the PENTHOUSE.

He looks around at the mess as the agents fan out.

Cara leans on Frank's arm as she heads for the exit.

ACKERMAN

Cara... I want the paramedics to  
make sure you're all right--

She blows right past him. Ackerman calls out after her.

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)

Cara...

She pauses. Turns to face him.

Ackerman looks down for a moment, ashamed.

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry... I... we'll talk about  
this later.

CARA  
No. I've done everything you  
asked. You don't own me anymore.

She walks past him. For a moment Ackerman and Frank look  
at one another.

ACKERMAN  
Mr. Taylor...

He looks at Frank with a measure of begrudging respect.

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)  
It seems I underestimated you.

FRANK  
(American accent)  
It seems you did, Inspector  
Ackerman.

Ackerman's attention is distracted by--

PYNE  
Sir... over here. Take a look at  
this!

Pyne has found the safe. Ackerman approaches.

ON FRANK as he goes to leave. He casually pushes the  
desk chair with one hand, setting it spinning... then exits  
with Cara.

Ackerman and the others peer into the safe:

INSERT CLOSE UP - the only thing in the safe is a single  
FLASH DRIVE.

Ackerman signals to one of the TECHS. He opens a laptop  
on the desk and they plug in the FLASH DRIVE to check the  
contents.

While they are doing this, Ackerman bends to inspect the  
BIO-METRIC LOCK.

ACKERMAN  
He was here.

Jones looks on eagerly as numbers fill the screen.

TECHNICIAN

Account numbers... access codes... he  
left the money behind.

JONES

How much is there?

The Technician scans down to a total...

TECHNICIAN

Looks like 744 million.

JONES

His tax bill.

He holds out his hand to the TECH who has just removed  
the FLASH DRIVE.

JONES (CONT'D)

I'll take that.

He slips it into his pocket, then turns to Ackerman.

JONES (CONT'D)

Pearce may have slipped away but  
we have the funds. As of now, I'm  
suspending this operation. Even  
justice has a price.

Ackerman stares at Demidov's dead body on the ground.

ACKERMAN

Yes it does.

Then Ackerman turns and spots the slowly revolving chair.

He moves toward the window, suspicion dawning..

ACKERMAN'S POV - Cara and Frank walk toward the canal in  
the street below.

A WATER TAXI approaches.

PYNE

How did Pearce manage to get here  
and open that safe without anybody  
noticing? And where did he go?

Ackerman stands at the window with his hands behind his  
back. For the briefest of moments, Frank looks back up  
at him and their eyes connect.

Frank gives him a little smile. Cara takes his arm to  
climb onto the boat.

CLOSE ON ACKERMAN: his eyes narrow. He knows.

For a moment he doesn't move. Then, in spite of himself, a small smile creeps over his face too.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATER TAXI - NIGHT

Cara and Frank step on board.

The DRIVER starts the engine.

He turns to REVEAL... that he is the "ENGLISHMAN" we've seen throughout the movie. He and Frank look at one another for a moment.

THE ENGLISHMAN  
\$20 million dollars worth of  
surgery and that's the face you  
chose?

FRANK  
(English accent)  
It's good to see you too.

They embrace warmly. Cara is in disbelief, realizing just how completely Frank/Alexander has planned things out.

She casts one last glance backwards.

CARA  
They won't stop looking you know.

FRANK  
Yes but I left the money. They  
won't look so hard.

CARA  
You left all of the money?

FRANK  
Well... not all of it.  
(smiles)  
You have to save something for  
your pension.

The Englishman opens the door to the cabin for them.

A bottle of Crystal Champagne and two glasses are set out for them. Frank leads Cara in and offers her a glass.

Instead, she slips into his arms and presses against him. They begin to kiss...

CAMERA STAYS discreetly behind as they pull away from us, the water taxi swinging out into the Grand Canal.

As it recedes from view, the vaporetto's tail lamps shimmer and blend into the beautiful lights of Venice... a city for lovers.

THE END.