

TRANSPORTER 2

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INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING STRUCTURE

It could be night. It could be day. The only light is artificial.

A single car sits all by itself on the deserted floor. A shiny black BMW 750i with smoked windows, which just give the vague outline of a person sitting in the driver's seat.

The whole scene feels like we have seen it before. (And if we had seen TRANSPORTER 1, we did).

INT. BMW - DAY

FRANK MARTIN, serious as a heart attack, sits still as a statue, dressed in a driver's formal attire. Black suit, white shirt, black tie. Not a muscle moves. Not a thought is seen in Frank's still Zen like stare.

Over the radio, the string section of a classical piece of music plays low. The whole scene is so peaceful, so serene.

Until a small, shrill alarm goes off.

Frank looks at his watch. Notes the time. Pushes a button. The alarm ceases. The only sound now is the music. Which Frank also turns off. He goes to start the ignition. When...

RAP RAP RAP

A tapping on the car window draws his attention to the outside and an innocent looking schoolgirl, in a schoolgirl uniform, holding her school books. Frank lowers his window just a crack.

GIRL

Can you help me? My tire...

She points to a compact car in the distance with a flat tire. Frank hesitates for a moment.

FRANK

Sorry. I'm late for an appointment.

Just as he goes to roll the window back up...

GIRL

Would you rather be late...?

She whips out two HUGE hand guns, jams them in the crack of the window.

GIRL

Or dead?

Frank shakes his head. Doesn't even blink. Takes a breath.

FRANK

You don't want to do this.

GIRL

Step out of the car!

When Frank hesitates, she chambers both guns.

GIRL

Now!

Frank gets out very slowly. Closes the door behind him.
And then...

CAR JACKER

Keys motherfucker!

Jumping up with a machete to Frank's throat from where he
was crouching beside the car.

Four other CAR JACKERS appear, one holding a tire iron,
another other a club, the third a length of chain, and the
fourth the biggest assed serated blade knife ever made. The
schoolgirl does have a uniform, but the skirt is slut short,
with garter belt-exposed stockings that run down to fuck me
pumps.

FRANK

They're in the car.

CAR JACKER

Step away!

Frank takes one step away from the door. Notices the young
girl is nervous.

FRANK

Your parents know the kind of company
you're keeping?

GIRL

Shut up!

She brandishes the gun. But you can see her heart is not in
this, her hands tremble. The second Car Jacker goes to open
the door.

CAR JACKER

It's locked!

The Car Jacker crowds Frank.

CAR JACKER
What's the code?

FRANK
There's still time, you know.

CAR JACKER
Time for what?

FRANK
To walk away with all your body parts intact.

CAR JACKER
You want to live, asshole?

Threatens with the machete.

FRANK
Do you?

His tone is so flat, his eyes so locked into the Car Jacker's, the thug is unnerved for a moment.

FRANK
Gets a bit complicated, doesn't it?
Having to make life and death decisions on the spot. Especially when it's your life and your death at stake.

CAR JACKER
Jack this motherfucker!

Just as the other thugs are about to jump him, Frank raises his hand.

FRANK
Hold on!

The thugs, surprised, stop.

FRANK
Just came out of the dry cleaners...

Frank takes off his jacket, with the deliberateness of a man who knows exactly what is about to happen.

FRANK
Cost a bloody fortune for a good cleaning. Don't want to get it messed up.

CAR JACKER
You won't get it messed up if you open the god damn door.

Now the jacket is off, folded on the roof of the BMW.

FRANK

No. But I will by splattering your brains all over the garage floor.

CAR JACKER

What the fuck!?!? Get him!

The thugs rush Frank. Frank whips the belt out of his pants loops. Smashes the machete wielding thug across the face. Catches the second thug's chain in mid swing, doubles the belt back and breaks his arm. Spins behind the third thug's tire iron coming for his head, wraps the belt around his neck, Jack knifes the belt, so that the garage reverberates with the sound of bones being cracking in two. Frank senses movement behind his back. He whips around, as if his vertebrae were rubberized.

And just as the fourth thug's club is about to reach his head, Frank blocks up, stops it cold. And then proceeds to whip the belt at blinding speed, hitting the club thug so many times, he doesn't know where to bleed first. So he bleeds everywhere. Drops to the floor, destroyed.

The girl keeps trying to shoot, but there are too many bodies, no conclusive target. Her hand trembles with building nervousness. This has turned into something she did not bargain for.

The Car Jacker swings his machete in one last desperate slash, cuts Frank's belt in two. Frank backs up for a moment, looks at the two pieces. The Jacker takes advantage of the lull. He lunges at Frank, full on death assault.

Frank sidesteps, takes both belt ends, spins them around the Car Jacker's knife wielding wrist, pulls in opposite directions, rips the jerk's arm out of his elbow socket. As the mangled body falls to the floor, screaming in pain, Frank hears the lock and loading of two pistols. He turns to the Schoolgirl, pointing both pistols in shaking hands. Sweat dampens her brow. Her eyes are jumping with nerves.

GIRL

Hands up motherfucker!

Frank regards the girl with her nervous eyes, her unsteady pistol wielding hands. Calmly turns to retrieve his jacket.

FRANK

You know what I think beauty? I think you just fell in with the wrong crowd.

GIRL

Stop moving or I'll shoot you!

Frank slips the jacket on, turns back to her, dusts off a spot on the sleeve.

Her hands shake even more.

FRANK

I'd be willing to bet that given the choice, you'd rather be tucked safely in your room doing your homework. You do have homework to do, don't you?

Startled by the question, the girl's attention wavers.

GIRL

Ye..yes...

FRANK

Well, why don't you go do it?

His eyes, and the slightest hint of a smile, are all the girl needs. She drops the guns. Runs off.

Frank watches her go for a moment, looks at his watch.

FRANK

(pissed off)

Late.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Frank's BMW comes out of the garage.

INT. BMW - DAY

Frank drives across the Causeway, the City of Miami shimmers in the sunlight along the water.

EXT. MIAMI ART DECO BUILDING - DAY

The street bustles with pedestrians, vehicle traffic. A big clock sits in the middle of the building, it's large hand inching toward 3:00.

Frank's BMW pulls up.

INT. BMW - DAY

Frank sits perfectly still behind the wheel, checks his watch. Observes the big hand sweeping to twelve. Looks out the window and up to the watchtower clock, where the big hand sweeps to twelve also. Satisfied, Frank sits tight, waiting, calm as always.

Is it a bank? Is he driving get away for a hold up?

OVERHEAD SHOT

Looking directly down the building. A bell rings, long, shrill, breaking the silence. The doors burst open. Dozens of school kids in uniforms come teeming out.

Two of them, DEVON BILLINGS, 5, and his brother JACK, 7, come running toward the car. Excited.

INT. BMW - DAY

The kids pile into the car. Their presence brings a smile to Frank's otherwise stoic face.

DEVON

The game!

Frank puts the car in gear, drives away.

FRANK

I don't know about the game. After a whole day of school. You might be a little brain drained.

DEVON

We're not brain drained!

JACK

Today we rule!

FRANK

Because I don't want you to be too tired to do your homework.

DEVON

We don't have homework in Kindergarten.

JACK

Game! Game! Game!

Devon joins in the chant.

BOTH

Game! Game! Game!

FRANK

Alright. The game it is then. But uh...

He looks in his mirror, down at their feet on his seats. His voice drops, serious.

FRANK

What's the first rule of a man's car?

They move their feet off the seats so fast.

DEVON

Respect a man's car.

JACK

A man respects you.

FRANK
Exactly. OK. The game. For five
points...

The kids wait, with breathless anticipation.

FRANK
I'm white and I'm round. But I'm
not always around.

The kids think and think.

DEVON
A tennis ball.

JACK
Tennis balls are yellow, dufus!

DEVON
You're a dufus, Jack!

JACK
Better than being, like, retarded.
Devon.

FRANK
Times up.

JACK
I didn't get to answer!

FRANK
Not my fault, is it? For four
points...

EXT. MIAMI - DAY

The car moves through the city. Past the big yachts harbored
one after another.

FRANK
Sometimes I'm half, sometimes I'm
whole. Sometimes a slice of me is
all you'll know.

INT. BMW - DAY

The kids ponder as the car moves past the massive cruise
ships lined up along the docks, waiting to sail out.

JACK
A loaf of bread!

FRANK
Nope. For three points...

EXT. SOUTH BEACH - DAY

The car moves through South Beach with it's restored Art Deco hotel gems. It's white beach. The thong-attired perfect hard bodies on roller blades.

FRANK

Sometimes I'm light, sometimes I'm dark. Sometimes I'm both.

EXT. CALLE OCHO - DAY

The car passes the street scene, the pulsing Cuban life.

JACK

I know! I know! A light bulb!

FRANK

Nope. For two points...

EXT. MIAMI - DAY

As the car moves through a section of Estate homes. Grand houses.

FRANK

For one point...

Passes an unmarked car with two obvious official looking security men inside. Frank waves to them. They wave back. Takes a right turn into a drive. Across from the drive another unmarked car with more security. Who also waves.

INT. BMW - DAY

The car pulls up to a gate, guarded by two more serious security men. The gate opens, Frank pulls inside, towards a house set back a ways.

He sees, near the house, two people. A well dressed man in his late fifties, JEFFERSON BILLINGS, a man used to getting his way, berating his ex wife VITTORIA, a beauty at 28, dressed much more youthful and casual, sexy chic, who does her best to hold her own.

Frank does not want the boys to see their parents going at it, he takes a moment, thinking how best to shield them.

KIDS

It's a pizza!

FRANK

No.

KIDS

A silver Frisbee!

FRANK

No.

To shield their view, Frank gives the car a deft turn, so the kids are facing away from their arguing parents.

FRANK

OK. Look at me.

The kids look at him, Frank sees their parents through the back window finish their argument.

FRANK

For the whole shooting match. All the points. Last clue.

Sees Billings stalk off. Sees Vittoria approach the car.

FRANK

Everyone wants to walk on me, but only one person ever has. You can team up on this one.

As Frank keeps one eye on Vittoria, composing herself as she walks toward the car, the kids whisper to each other.

FRANK

Take your time.

Sees Vittoria approach, fixing a smile in place of her troubled frown. He opens the door locks, just as her hand reaches the handle, and she opens to...

VITTORIA

Hi!

KIDS

Mom! Shhh! It's the game!

VITTORIA

Sorry.

They continue whispering to each other.

VITTORIA

Hi Frank. How are you today?

FRANK

Well Mrs. Billings. Yourself.

VITTORIA

I'm OK.

Not really. Both of them know it.

FRANK

Special flex of the rules today.
(MORE)

FRANK
One adult per team. If you want,
you can let your mom in on it.

DEVON
OK! Hi mom!

He gives her a kiss. Followed by Jack.

VITTORIA
Hi darlings. Give me some clues.

DEVON
It's round but not around.

JACK
It's light sometimes and dark
sometimes, and both sometimes.

DEVON
Everyone wants to walk on it.

JACK
But only one person ever has.

Vittoria thinks.

VITTORIA
It's a hard one.

She whispers with her sons. They whisper back. After a
moment.

KIDS
The moon!

FRANK
Bingo!

He takes two dollar bills out of his pocket. Hands them to
the boys.

KIDS
Yes!

VITTORIA
Cookies and milk on the table!

The kids rush out of the car, run to the house.

VITTORIA
They've really taken to you in the
month you've been with us.

FRANK
Vice versa.

VITTORIA

Don't get me wrong. I mean they like your friend Tony a lot. Too bad there's not some way for you to stay on after he gets back from vacation.

FRANK

Tony's a mate, and this was a favor. It's not my thing anyway.

VITTORIA

I thought Tony said you were a professional driver?

FRANK

I am. I just do a different kind of driving.

VITTORIA

Well, we're all going to miss you.

It is clear there is an attraction between these two people, but Frank would be the last to acknowledge.

VITTORIA

And thank you for that.

FRANK

For what?

VITTORIA

Turning the car, so they wouldn't have to see us fighting.

Didn't realize she knew.

VITTORIA

You know kids, don't you?

FRANK

I know fighting.

VITTORIA

He hasn't seen them in months, and then when he does show up, all he can do is tell me what I'm doing wrong. You would think after being divorced for two years, he would get it through his head that I'm not his puppet...

(beat)

Oh god, I'm sorry, you don't have to hear this.

FRANK

That's OK, sometimes it's good to blow off a bit of steam. For what it's worth, I think you're doing a great job with the kids.

VITTORIA

Thank you.

FRANK

And anytime I can be of help. If there's anything you need...

VITTORIA

That's very sweet of you Frank. I might take you up on your offer.

A bit of an awkward moment. And then from inside the house.

DEVON

Mom! Jack took my cookies!

VITTORIA

Duty calls. Well, thanks again.

FRANK

Welcome.

What she would really like to do is linger, but she turns to go. Frank watches her, and then she turns, remembering.

VITTORIA

I almost forgot. I'm supposed to take the boys to the doctor for their annual check ups tomorrow morning. But I'm making a surprise party for Jack's birthday. It's not until next week, but with his dad in town, I figured...you know, it'd be nice for him. I wanted to decorate and get his friends all hidden while he's out. And I was thinking, if you wouldn't mind...

FRANK

No problem. I'll take them.

VITTORIA

I feel funny cutting into your week end.

FRANK

I'm just picking a friend up at the airport later on in the day.

VITTORIA

That's nice.

FRANK

What is?

VITTORIA

The guys on security, they all say you're bit of a loner. I'm just glad to hear you have a friend.

FRANK

He's not really a friend.

(beat)

He's French.

Which makes her smile.

VITTORIA

Well if anything comes up between now and then, you have my cell.

FRANK

Nothing will come up Mrs. Billings.

VITTORIA

Vittoria. See you tomorrow Frank.

FRANK

See you tomorrow.

(beat)

Vittoria.

She lingers for another moment, as if she does not want the time to end, but finally she closes the door and walks away. Frank watches her go. Her perfect walk. The sway of her perfect hips. Lets a breath out that he didn't even realize he was holding. Gets in to his car, drives off.

PULL BACK

To a small microphone in a tree across the way from the house.

INT. VAN - DAY

A single technician monitors the microphone. He makes a call.

TECH

We're confirmed for tomorrow. Nine AM. Only change, the driver will be taking them. Not the mother.

INT. WAREHOUSE LABORATORY- DAY

Standing in the converted warehouse, RENE REGAN, charm-the-pants-off-you-Irish, late 30's, athletic, impeccably dressed. Could be an investment banker, the head of a Fortune 500 company, listens on his mobile.

RENE

Even better.

Rene hangs up. Looks behind him to the sexiest 24 year old on Earth dancing to the music through headphones. And throwing an array of knives to the sycopated beat, at a target some twenty feet away! So hot, she scorches the eyes that look at her. This is LOLA DEE. Cascades of sun streaked hair in long corn rows, with two very interesting barrettes, off set by butter tan skin. Six feet tall, with legs that go from Monday to Friday, a skirt that barely covers, and the glint in her eye of someone who enjoys mayhem and madness.

Rene gives her a thumbs up. She responds with a wide smile full of perfect teeth and real enthusiasm. So turned on. Gives him the double thumbs up. Continues dancing, and flinging knives. Rene turns to DOCTOR SONOVICH, in his 50's, Russian. Old School.

RENE

Are we ready Doctor?

DOCTOR SONOVICH

Vasily. The case.

VASILY, his Aide, opens a safe. From inside the CAMERA discovers a hermetically sealed black attache case and a large vial of yellowish liquid. Vasily removes the case, closes the door. The screen goes black.

CLOSE ON

The TV evening news.

ANNOUNCER

And in other news: The leaders of six Latin American countries and their Drug Enforcement Ministers arrived in Miami today for a summit meeting with the President and his top advisors to devise a strategy to combat the rising tide of narcotics flooding into the United States...

PULL BACK TO

INT. FRANK'S RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

An anonymous house, devoid of personal touches, spare to the point of ascetic. As the TV drones on, Frank, his shirt off, looks in the empty refrigerator. On the phone...

FRANK

A medium pie with cheese and sausage.
1156 Palmetto.

Surveys the two cans of yogurt, the six pack of beer.

FRANK

Starved is an understatement. Express delivery is perfect. Thanks.

Takes a beer, cracks it. Turns his attention to the TV.

ANNOUNCER

Jefferson Billings, the President's newly appointed Drug Czar had this to say...

Billings comes on screen.

BILLINGS

What we hope to accomplish in Miami is to make history. The world can no longer stand by and allow the cancer of drugs to spread.

Billings's image does not please Frank. His mobile rings. He turns the TV off.

FRANK

Yes?

TARCONI V.O.

I'm looking for a Transporter.

FRANK

Inspector Tarconi, haven't you heard? I'm retired..

TARCONI V.O.

That's what they all say Frank. I'm at the airport in Paris!

FRANK

Problem?

TARCONI V.O.

Just making sure the invitation is still good before I get on the plane.

FRANK

Inspector, an invite's an invite. You're not getting cold feet, are you?

TARCONI V.O.

Frank, I'm new at this overseas vacation thing. It's my first one.

FRANK

Well you're going to enjoy every minute of the four days your chief allotted you.

TARCONI V.O.
I hear Miami is a non stop party.
Is it true?

Frank looks at his empty house.

FRANK
Absolutely. We're at it twenty four
seven down here. In the jacuzzi.
On the beach. I practically have to
beat the girls off with a stick.

The door bell rings...

FRANK
Even the pizza delivery is a hot
number.

Frank opens the door. Is stunned to find...

VITTORIA
Hi...

TARCONI V.O.
Here our delivery is done by that
fatso with the mole on her chin.

FRANK
Not here...

FRANK
Hi...

TARCONI V.O.
Is that the pizza delivery?

FRANK
Uh...yes. It is.

He holds up a finger to Vittoria. Mouths...

FRANK
One minute...

Let's her in. He turns away, takes the phone back into the
kitchen.

FRANK
Inspector, I've got to go.

ANGLE ON

Vittoria. Walks around the house, takes in the spare
surroundings.

TARCONI V.O.
Just tell me what she looks like.

FRANK

Who?

TARCONI V.O.

The pizza delivery. Is she 'all that'?

FRANK

You have no idea. See you tomorrow.

Frank hangs up quickly. Exits to the living room. No Vittoria. Heads for the dining alcove. No Vittoria. Finally, his eyes go to the only room left. The bedroom.

Frank enters the bedroom, cautious. Finds...

VITTORIA

You said if I needed anything...

Unbuttoning her blouse.

FRANK

Mrs. Billings.

VITTORIA

Vittoria.

Keeps undoing her buttons.

FRANK

Vittoria. What are you doing?

VITTORIA

What does it look like I'm doing?
What I need Frank, is I need to be touched. I need to be held. I need to feel wanted. As a woman. It's been so long...

It is such an honest request, with such longing in her voice, it seems Frank cannot resist. She is a total knockout, with a killer body. He approaches her. Seems his will power evaporates with each step. Until he is right in front of her.

FRANK

I can't.

He stops her hand from unbuttoning the rest of her blouse. Holds it there for a moment, holds her with his eyes. And then begins to re button her blouse. She starts to unbutton from the bottom, playful, hopeful.

VITTORIA

Because of who I am?

He stops her hand at the bottom.

FRANK
Because of who I am.

Rebuttons the last two buttons.

INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Vittoria is about to leave.

VITTORIA
Thank you.

FRANK
For what?

VITTORIA
The respect.

And then, quite unexpectedly, she kisses him lightly on the lips. And then she is gone. Frank does not move for a long time.

EXT. MODERN OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

It is early. The streets are mostly empty. A car pulls up to the front of the building. Out steps Lola, accompanied by three men. One of them, DMITRI, carries the black hermetically sealed attache case from Doctor Sonovich's safe.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - MORNING

A half asleep SECURITY GUARD keeps drowsy eyes on a bank of monitors attached to a recording system. On the screens, Lola and the three men enter the elevators unnoticed. Dmitri looks up into the Security camera, full face exposed, pulls out a silenced equipped gun, blasts the camera. The screen goes to black. The Security guard, asleep, doesn't even notice.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

The elevator opens to the empty hallway. Lola and the two men exit and cross to a set of office doors with name plates announcing the pediatric medical practice of COLIN, KOBLIN, TYBERG AND DUNIETZ. The two men wait. Lola enters.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

The RECEPTIONIST, in a white nurses uniform, looks up to Lola entering.

LOLA
(brightly)
Hi!

RECEPTIONIST
We're not open yet.

LOLA

But it's an emergency. I need to
see the doctor immediately.

Lola plays it so insincere, so fake, the receptionist doesn't
quite know how to take it. Makes her a bit nervous.

LOLA

(begging)
Please.

The nervous receptionist hits the button on the intercom.

RECEPTIONIST

(suspicious)
Dr. Koblin. I have a problem here.

Hands Lola a sheet of paper.

RECEPTIONIST

If you'll fill out this form stating
the medical problem.

LOLA

My problem's not medical.

She whips out a gun with a silencer attached.

LOLA

It's psychological.

Pumps two bullets into the stunned receptionist. Just as
Dr. Koblin comes out of his office.

KOBLIN

Laura, what's the problem?

He stops colds seeing Lola with her gun.

LOLA

Me.

Before another word comes out of his mouth, she puts a round
right between his eyes.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MORNING

Frank exits the BMW, opens the door for the kids. Jack hops
out. Devon doesn't move. A frown on his face.

FRANK

You OK, Dev?

DEVON

Are we gonna get a shot?

FRANK

I don't know.

DEVON
I hate shots.

JACK
Here we go again.

DEVON
You cried last time too.

JACK
Did not!

DEVON
Did too!

JACK
Wimp!

DEVON
Jerk!

FRANK
Hey, hey...

He kneels down to Devon's height.

FRANK
Number one, there's no guarantee
you're getting a shot, so there's no
sense in getting all worked up over
something that might not happen.
And number two, even if you do get a
shot, what's the absolute worst thing
about getting a shot?

DEVON
It hurts.

FRANK
You think I would let anyone hurt
you?

Devon thinks about this for a moment. Shakes his head no.

FRANK
And now you know what the absolute
best thing about getting a shot?

Again Devon shakes his head no.

FRANK
The ice cream you're gonna get after.

A smile comes to Devon's face. He slips out of the car.

JACK
We really gonna get ice cream after?

FRANK

What's the second rule?

DEVON

Never make a promise you can't keep.

FRANK

Exactly.

As Frank closes the car door...

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

The door to the office opens. Lola is slipping into the Receptionist's white nurses uniform, as Dmitri drags the doctor's body down the hall, leaving scrape marks from the heels of his shoes along the floor.

Another one of the thugs places the black attache case on an examining table in one of the exam rooms.

DMITRI

Be careful with that shit.

Lola sticks an ear piece in and dials a number on her cell.

INT. MARTIAL ARTS TRAINING AREA - MORNING

A masked and armored man stands in the center of a circle of six other masked and armored men. All of them have wooden kendo swords. The six attack. The one reacts, blocking swords, sidestepping, smashing legs, arms, bodies, with his hard wooden sword, showing no mercy.

The six are disarmed, and now rise and circle the one again, this time with bare hands. Again they attack. This time the one in the center spins and circles, deflecting each attack, throwing some of the attackers. Crippling others with lightning punches and kicks.

In a matter of seconds it is over. The six are disarmed and smashed to the floor in an amazing display of grace and brutality. The one stands stock still, on guard. When a cell phone rings. MAX, a thug, comes across the floor to the one standing, who pulls his mask off to reveal...

RENE

(into the phone)

Give me the good news.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Lola blows a big bubble with her gum. As the bubble bursts.

LOLA

Doctor said I'm cured.

INT. ELEVATOR - MORNING

DEVON

You know mom has a rule about ice cream.

JACK

No ice cream before lunch.

FRANK

I'll smooth it over with your mom. What's your favorite flavor?

DEVON

Cookie dough.

FRANK

Jack?

JACK

Super fudge chunk.

FRANK

Rainbow or chocolate jimmies?

DEVON

Rainbow.

JACK

Chocolate.

FRANK

Cone or cup?

JACK

Cone.

DEVON

One of the big ones.

FRANK

One scoop or two?

BOTH

Two.

FRANK

Deal?

Holds out his hand. They slap five all around.

FRANK

Done.

The elevator doors open.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Frank and the kids enter to...

LOLA

May I help you?

In her white uniform, hair tucked up. Sitting prim and proper behind the receptionist desk.

FRANK

Devon and Jack Billings to see Dr. Koblin.

LOLA

Dr. Koblin's out with the flu. You'll be seeing Dr. Tyberg.

DEVON

I like Dr. Koblin.

LOLA

Dr. Tyberg's very nice. Now if you'll go into room three on the left...

DEVON

Can we come back when Dr. Koblin's here?

She notices Jack staring at her.

LOLA

Yes?

With just a bit of a bite in her voice, which she tries to control, doesn't quite.

JACK

Where's Miss Laura?

LOLA

Who?

JACK

You're sitting at her desk.

LOLA

Oh THAT Miss Laura. She's out sick too. Lot of flu going around. Now come on kids, doctor's got a busy day.

She points to down the hall. The kids hesitate.

FRANK

Come on. We'll be swimming in ice cream before you know it.

Frank takes Devon by the hand, leads on. Jack follows.
Does not see the smile fade from Lola's face, replaced by a
hard grimace.

At the end of the hall the door marked Dr. Koblin opens to...

DMITRI

(Russian accented)

Hi kids, I'm Dr. Tyberg.

On the table is the black attache case.

DEVON

I like our doctor.

DMITRI

Your doctor was called away on an
emergency.

FRANK

Your nurse said he had the flu.

DMITRI

(covering)

Right. That was the emergency. He
came down with the flu. Very
suddenly.

This does not sit quite right with Frank.

DMITRI

Now come on, the sooner we start,
the sooner we'll finish.

He ushers them into the room. As Frank is about to follow,
Dmitri blocks the door.

DMITRI

Doctor/patient privacy issues. If
you'll just wait in the reception
area...

Closes the door, smiling kindly at Frank.

DMITRI

Just sit tight kids...

He opens the black attache case. The cover pops with a
hermetically sealed WHOOSH. Revealing two fully loaded
syringes, carefully secured in a foam casing. Dmitri begins
to slip on a pair of rubber gloves...

DMITRI

We'll be done in a minute.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Left alone, Frank is about to head back down the hall, stops to take a drink at the water fountain. The phone rings at reception.

LOLA

I'm sorry Dr. Dunietz is not in today.

Listening to her, Frank's suspicion radar goes way up. Something doesn't feel right here. He is distracted as his cell rings.

FRANK

Yes.

INT. AIRPORT - MORNING

A man with a pair of Bermuda shorts, a flowered beach shirt and a baseball cap is on his own cell, back to the CAMERA. When he turns we see it is none other than...

TARCONI

Frank! I'm here!

Wearing an I LOVE MIAMI baseball cap.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

FRANK

You're early.

Frank is looking at the reception desk, where Lola is doing her nails, her long legs crossed under her short skirt, revealing a tattoo: a grinning rabbit holding an uzi in either hand. Death by Rabbit. His sense of unease grows.

INT. AIRPORT - MORNING

TARCONI

We had fantastic tailwinds. Put two hours on my vacation just like that. From now on, it's the only way I fly Frank. Tailwinds or nothing.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Frank's eyes are scanning the office.

FRANK

I'm glad you made it.

He notices the black scrape marks along the floor, made by the dead doctor's heels, ending abruptly at a closet.

FRANK

Listen, Inspector, I'm a little tied up here right now. You mind taking a cab? You have the address. The key's under the mat.

Just then Frank hears a bit of a disturbance coming from the kid's office.

INT. TYBERG'S OFFICE - MORNING

Devon is standing on the far side of the examining table with Jack. Dmitri is holding a syringe.

DMITRI

Look kids. It's not so bad.

As he moves forward, the kids move to the other side of the table, out of reach. He hits the intercom.

DMITRI

I need some help.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Frank notices Lola pick up the phone, speak into it, low. A moment later a doctor appears from an office on one side of the hall, pass into an office on the other side.

Frank notices his nameplate: Dr. Dunietz. But didn't she just say that Dr. Dunietz was out sick?

FRANK

The fridge is a little bare. There's a market on the end of the block. Buy some stuff, make yourself at home.

INT. AIRPORT - MORNING

TARCONI

You know I've heard the fish down here is just like we have at home. I could make us a bouillabaisse. You like bouillabaisse Frank?

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

FRANK

Bouillabaisse? Sure.

But Frank's mind isn't on bouillabaisse. It is on a small rivulet of blood seeping out from under a door across from where he is standing.

FRANK

I gotta go.

Clicks off. Just as he hears from behind Tyberg's door...

DEVON

No!

Frank opens the door to Dmitri and Dr. Dunietz cornering the kids. Dmitri has the syringe raised. They stop and look at Frank. As the kids run to him ...

DEVON

I don't care about the ice cream!

JACK

We want to go!

FRANK

You know, maybe it's better if we wait for their regular doctor to come back.

As he starts to back out.

DMITRI

Look, Mr....

FRANK

Martin.

DR. DUNIETZ

Mr. Martin. Medically speaking, it's very important they get their immunizations.

FRANK

I'm sure it is. But a week won't make a difference.

DR. DUNIETZ

That's really a doctor's decision Mr. Martin. But regardless, their doctor won't be back in a week.

FRANK

Two weeks then.

Just then, Dunietz slips behind Frank blocking the door.

DMITRI

We're doing it now!

Dunietz grabs Frank from the back. His effort earns him a quick head butt, smashing his nose. Dmitri lunges forward with the syringe, Frank twists around, crescent kicks the syringe out of his hand.

The kids break free, crawl under the examining table where there is a vent for the medical cables.

Dunietz wraps a stethoscope around Frank's neck from the rear, drags him off balance. On the floor, as Dunietz strangles him, Frank locks eyes with the kids.

FRANK

Go through the door!

He points to the trap door.

JACK

What about you?

FRANK

(choking)

I'm OK.

The kids duck into the small trap door. On the way in Jack loses his shoe. Frank sees they are safe just as Dmitri goes to bury a scalpel in his chest.

Frank twists around, double reverses the stethoscope, catches Dmitri's arm on the downward thrust, driving the scalpel into Dmitri's arm. Frank drives an elbow into Dmitri's head.

Dunietz barrels into Frank, running him across the room, into the rear wall. The wall shatters, with Frank and Dunietz falling into the next room.

Frank rises, hits Dunietz three hard shots, spinning him into the examining table. Just as Dmitri comes running for Frank with a gun in hand. Goes to shoot. Frank leaps in the air, double reverse kicks Dmitri into unconsciousness. Picks up the gun. Runs back into the rear office, sees there is no way he can get out through the vent the kids used. Bolts out the door.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Frank runs out the door, looks down to Lola, standing there, an uzi in either hand. Hello Death By Rabbit. Before Frank can get a shot off, Lola hits the triggers. Sprays the hallway with rounds. The water cooler explodes. Frank leaps sideways into the last room on the left, squeezing a few rounds off as he topples backwards. Forcing Lola to duck for cover as he crashes through the door.

INT. STORE ROOM - MORNING

Frank finds the kids huddled under a metal gurney, terrified. Jack holds his brother close.

DEVON

I want my mommy! I want my mommy!

Frank is all business, even as he comforts the kids.

FRANK
I promised I wouldn't let anyone
hurt you. Right?

The kids nod terrified.

FRANK
We're on our way. Don't worry.

Frank finds what he is looking for. A butane gas tank used to fuel a Bunsen burner. He tosses the cylinder out into the hall where...

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Lola has recovered and is up, dropping the clips from the uzi's, slamming new ones in, when she sees the gas cylinder roll out into the hall. Puzzled, she halts.

INT. STORE ROOM - MORNING

Frank aims his gun at the rear of the gas cylinder. Fires.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Lola sees the bullet hit the back end of the cylinder, ignite the gas. Flames spew out of the rear of the cylinder.

INT. STORE ROOM - MORNING

Frank grabs the kids.

FRANK
Hold on tight!

He bursts out of the room just as the cylinder rockets forward right toward her, flames flying up in the air.

As Frank rushes with the kids across the trailing flames of the gas cylinder, now hurtling towards Lola at high speed, Lola cannot draw a bead on them. It is all she can do to leap out of the way. The cylinder misses her by inches. Hits the rear wall. Explodes!

A ball of flame shoots up, setting off the sprinkler systems. Water pours down.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Frank and the kids burst into an empty office. Both kids are crying.

FRANK
Guys. Look at me.

He forces them to focus.

FRANK

Look at me.

He forces the kids to look in his eyes.

FRANK

It's going to be OK.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Lola has recovered, strides down the hall, uzi's out in front. Phone to her ear.

LOLA

The patient is not cooperating.
Prep the vehicle.

Snaps the phone shut. She comes to the door at the end. Hits the triggers simultaneously. Blasts the door. Kicks it in.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Lola enters the office, smoke coming out of the barrels of her guns. Ready to annihilate anything that breathes. The office is empty. Her eyes go to the ceiling and the open vent.

LOLA

Shit!

She runs out.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Frank drops out of the vent opposite the elevator. The kids drop down, Frank catches them. Starts to pound on the elevator buttons.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Lola comes striding down the hall through the sprinklers, death in her eyes, uzi's in her hands.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

The elevators come. Frank and the kids get in. Just as the door to the doctor's office opens and Lola appears. As the elevator doors shut, she lets loose with a fusillade from both guns, riddling the metal doors.

CLOSE ON

Underneath a car. The silhouette of a man. Placing a metal box with a red blinking light to the chassis of the car with two metal struts, so that the device hangs with several inches of space.

PULL BACK TO

Frank's BMW in the garage.

The elevators open and Frank appears, gun in hand, making sure that no one is around.

FRANK

Come on!

He herds the kids to the BMW, they leap in.

CLOSE UP

Under the car. A bomb has been placed, with a red light that is on but not blinking.

INT. BMW - MORNING

Frank punches the code into the ignition. The engine kicks in. No bomb goes off. Frank puts the car in gear, zooms off.

CLOSE UP

Under the car. The bomb is still there.

EXT. BUILDING - MORNING

Lola runs out, uzi's in hand. Looks up and down the street. The early morning traffic is just starting to stir, but it is still quiet. When suddenly, Frank's BMW comes roaring out of the garage.

Lola turns, lets loose with both uzi's.

INT. BMW - MORNING

The kids are screaming, as bullets ping off the car.

FRANK

We're bulletproof! Don't worry!

DEVON

I want my mommy!

FRANK

Five minutes. We're home in five minutes!

The car takes off down the street, Lola blasting away until her clips run dry. As she reloads, she plugs her ear piece in. Talks into the mic.

LOLA

They got away.

INT. RENE'S OFFICE/APARTMENT - MORNING

RENE
Shit!

BACK TO

LOLA
(listens)
Plan B?

BACK TO

RENE
Yes. Plan B.

BACK TO

LOLA
My favorite.

Just as a police car comes screeching up. Two cops jump out, guns pointed at Lola. She slowly raises her hands in the air. Guns pointing to the sky.

COPS
Lady! Put the guns down on the ground!

Lola blows them away with the entire load in Both guns.

LOLA
No.

INT. BILLINGS HOUSE - MORNING

Vittoria is putting the finishing touches on the decorations for the surprise birthday party. The dozen or so kids there are trying on hats, running around. In the background Billings is on the phone.

INT. BMW - MORNING

Frank races down the street, checking the rear view mirror. The kids cry.

FRANK
Hey, you two did a great job back there. I'm really proud of you.

KIDS
We want our mommy!

FRANK
Almost home.

As he turns the corner to the block, sees the security car. Slows a bit.

FRANK

We're safe now.

Turns into the driveway, waits at the gate, as always.

INT. BILLINGS HOUSE - MORNING

Vittoria sees Frank's car pull in.

VITTORIA

Everyone hide! Come on!

The kids scurry to their hiding places.

VITTORIA

Jeff!

Billings is still on the phone, goes to hide.

VITTORIA

Can you lose the phone long enough
to surprise him?

Grudgingly Billings removes the phone from his ear, hides behind a drape. Checking that everyone is hidden, Vittoria turns her attention back to the gate, where Frank's car is still sitting.

INT. BMW - MORNING

Frank watches the gate opening, is about to drive in, when his phone rings.

FRANK

Yes.

RENE

Hello Frank.

FRANK

Who is this?

INT. RENE'S OFFICE/APARTMENT - MORNING

Rene is on the phone.

RENE

Look in your rear view mirror and
you'll see who it is.

INT. BMW - MORNING

Frank turning around. Sees two red dots, laser sights, on each kid.

INT. RENE'S OFFICE/APARTMENT - MORNING

A smile comes across Rene's face.

RENE

I know what you're thinking Frank. Bullet proof glass. Well, you tell me Frank, in your experience, which, judging from the little performance you put on back at the office, goes way beyond just driving children to school and back, does bullet proof stop a seven point six two armor piercing round?

INT. BMW - MORNING

Frank's mind races as he searches the environment for a clue as to the position of the rifles.

RENE

Because that is what is on the other end of those little red dots. Don't bother looking Frank. They're triangulated over a mile away.

INT. BILLINGS HOUSE - MORNING

Vittoria sees that, even though the gates are open, the BMW has not moved. She dials her mobile.

CU. On the mobile screen Frank's number and name comes up. The number starts to ring.

INT. BMW - MORNING

Frank's call waiting beeps.

RENE

You screwed up my plan Frank. None of this would have been necessary if you had not screwed up my plan. So now I'm going tell you how to set things right. Someone is going to appear in...

INT. RENE'S OFFICE/APARTMENT - MORNING

Rene looks at his watch.

RENE

Five seconds...

EXT. CORNER - MORNING

A police car comes tearing around the corner. Roars past the security car, catching their attention. Screeches to a stop, hits a set of trash cans on the curb. The door opens, a pair of legs that never end, with a DEATH BY RABBIT tattoo, step out.

INT. SECURITY CAR - MORNING

The two security guys watch Lola walk from the police cruiser toward Frank's BMW.

SECURITY

We're in the wrong department.

INT. BILLINGS HOUSE - MORNING

Vittoria watches Frank just sitting in the drive, lets the phone ring over and over.

VITTORIA

Frank come on. Pick up.

Sees Lola approach the car. Grows more confused, more concerned.

INT. BMW - MORNING

Frank responds to a knock at his window. Sees Lola with a big smile.

RENE

Let her in.

Frank raises the buttons.

INT. BILLINGS HOUSE - MORNING

Vittoria sees Lola get into the car. She heads for the front door.

INT. BMW - MORNING

Lola enters the car with a big smile. The kids are terrified.

LOLA

Hi everyone.

Pulls out two guns.

LOLA

Remember me?

Points one at the kids, Frank goes to unstrap his seat belt. She points the other gun into Frank's crotch. Shakes her head no, ever so cutely.

LOLA

Leave it on.

His hands moves away from the seat belt.

LOLA

Personally? I hate kids.
(MORE)

LOLA

I don't know what your feelings are on the subject, but if you ever want to have any, make no moves but the ones I tell you to make.

RENE

You're in her hands now Frank. They can be very gentle hands, or they can be the hands from hell. Trust me on this one.

Frank looks over at Lola.

LOLA

Trust him on this one.

She pokes the gun deeper into his groin.

LOLA

Drive.

Frank hesitates. Lola aims directly at Devon.

LOLA

I only need one alive.

Referring to the kids.

EXT. BILLINGS HOUSE - MORNING

Vittoria comes running out, heads towards the BMW. She and Frank lock eyes. He shakes his head no, sorrowfully, cautioning. He pushes the door lock switch. The four buttons go down.

VITTORIA

Frank! Frank!

Frank puts the car in reverse. Tears out. Billings comes running behind her.

BILLINGS

Stop them!!!!

Too late, the security responds.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The BMW races past the security at the far end of the street. Lola fires out the window. Flattens their tires before they can move.

INT. BMW - MORNING

DEVON

I want my mommy!!

LOLA

Shut up, or you'll see your mommy at her funeral!

FRANK

Ease off him.

Lola swings her gun barrel around, whacks Frank across the face. He glares back at her with a look that would scare a full grown man. But this is no full grown man. This is a certified homicidal lunatic in a super model's body.

LOLA

Take a left.

Frank obeys.

EXT. STREET - DAY

But as soon as he does, two cop cars are on his ass. Lola looks back.

FRANK

Any other bright ideas?

LOLA

You want the kids to live Mr. Driver, you follow my instructions. Next right.

Frank obeys. Takes a right, screeching around the corner. But just as he does, two cop cars come up the far end of the street blocking his route.

LOLA

Left!

Frank turns the wheel hard left into an alley.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

At top speed, Frank heads down the alley. The cop cars come racing after him. At the end of the alley, daylight. Frank rushes right for it, just as a garbage truck appears out of nowhere, closing the opening.

FRANK

Another brilliant suggestion.

Frank accelerates, makes it through with inches to spare. Effectively losing the cop cars behind. But not the ones that have turned the corner and are streaming down the street.

LOLA

Right!

Frank takes a right.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Which does no good, because on his ass are half a dozen cop cars, marked and unmarked. And a helicopter!

LOLA

Go left!

Frank looks at her and keeps going straight.

LOLA

I said left!

FRANK

Listen, beauty. We keep doing this your way, there is no doubt in my mind that no matter how many rights and lefts we take, they are going to catch us. And if that happens, there is also no doubt in my mind that you are going to kill us.

LOLA

No doubt.

FRANK

Then let me do it my way so no one gets killed.

(beat)

Except you, when this is all over.

LOLA

I love when you talk dirty.

Lola looks behind her. Sees the cop cars. Looks up at the helicopter.

LOLA

Alright.

Frank shifts gears. Takes the first left. Enters an open air parking structure. The cop cars follow.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Frank maneuvers the car around and around the labyrinth. Cutting in and out of the lanes, close cutting around the pylons. The cop cars try to follow him, but his deft maneuvers cause them to slam into other parked cars, into the pylons or into each other.

More cop cars keep racing into the garage, cutting Frank off from the exit. He is forced to take the ramp up to the next level. The cop cars follow.

INT. SECOND LEVEL - DAY

Frank wheels the car onto the second level, performs the cop cars still give chase.

Once on the second level he zips in and out of the pylons, threading the car expertly, using the cop cars as weapons against themselves. But there are just too many of them. And as Frank rounds a corner he finds his access to the down ramp cut off. So he does the only thing he can. He goes up.

INT. THIRD LEVEL - DAY

Frank makes the third level. Does not stop, shifts gears and heads up the ramp. A line of cop cars in pursuit.

INT. FOURTH LEVEL - DAY

The last level. Blue sky above, another parking structure across the way. The BMW rockets out onto the open roof, with a line of cop cars in hot pursuit. Frank doesn't even try to maneuver. What would be the sense, given that there is nowhere else to go. Or is there?

Frank punches the accelerator to the floor. Begins to pick up speed. Shifts into a high gear. Heads in a straight line.

The cop cars respond. They pick up speed, on his tail.

Frank aims his car right for a railing at the end of the roof. Grips the steering wheel.

FRANK

Hold on!

Rams the car right into the railing, shattering it, sending the car out into thin air. Where it hangs suspended for a brief moment, before making the other side, banging down onto the roof of the adjacent parking structure, zooming off.

The cop cars meanwhile hit their brakes, trying to stop before the chasm between the two parking structures. Two cars accelerate, follow Frank onto the opposite roof. Two cars cannot stop in time and go plunging over the side, hit by the cars behind them desperately trying to brake. And one cop car rams right into the structure itself.

EXT. SECOND PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Frank tears down toward the exit, descending from the fifth level to the fourth, with two cop cars behind him. Just as he is about to descend to the third level, he sees five more cop cars coming up from the ground floor.

Without batting an eye, Frank executes a complete one hundred eighty degree turn, and rockets right toward the two cop cars descending.

Frank hammers the accelerator, heads directly on a collision course with the two cop cars coming down the ramp. It looks like an inevitable head on collision, with neither Frank nor the cop cars giving ground. But at the last moment, the cop cars blink, turn radically to the side, hit parked cars on either side. Frank squeezes through the space between them, jams for the roof, with half a dozen cop cars racing after him.

EXT. SECOND PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Frank makes the roof with the cop cars right behind him. He stops for a moment. Looks behind him, sees the cop cars coming fast, looks ahead of him to an under construction building across the way. The moment gives. Frank hits the accelerator, plunges right toward the edge of the roof, just as the first cop cars come up from the last ramp.

Frank bears down, picking up more and more speed. Until he is maxxed out, lek a plane ready to fly. Which he does. Crashing right through the roof barrier and sailing the distance right over the chasm between the two buildings, and landing with a resounding thump inside the under construction building on the far side.

Knowing their limitations most of the cop cars come to a screeching halt on the opposite roof. But one does not, thinking he can actually catch Frank, he launches. Only to hit one of the outer pylons of the under construction building, and crash to the ground in a twisted wreck.

INT. UNDER CONSTRUCTION BUILDING - DAY

Frank's BMW slides into the construction lift.

LOLA

I think we lost them.

FRANK

Think again.

He motions to the helicopter, rising right at their eye level. Lola swings her automatic out the window, fires off a burst at the chopper. Hits the tail rudder. With smoke pouring out of the rear, the copter banks off, flies away.

LOLA

Thought complete. Let's go.

FRANK

Didn't your mother teach you to say thank you?

LOLA
She tried. Failed miserably. Now
move!

She jams the gun barrel against his head. Frank pushes the
lift button, descends.

EXT./INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Situated in an isolated area along the dock, built over the
water to allow boats to enter and unload under the covered
dock. Frank's BMW pulls in. Looks through the windshield
at a half a dozen thugs flanking Rene. Sees, in the
background, three Magnum speed boats at the dock

LOLA
Last stop. All out.

Frank does not move.

LOLA
The locks.

Still Frank does not move. Lola drills a round into the
rear seat. An inch from Devon's head. Devon begins to cry.

LOLA
The locks.

Frank hits the lock switch. The buttons rise. She leans
over, inches from his face.

LOLA
You're quite a guy...

Her eyes flicker with sensuality, and mischief.

LOLA
Another time. Another place. You
and me. The pleasure we could have.
(sarcastic)
Beauty.

Runs her tongue along the side of his face, lasciviously.
Frank wipes the spot her tongue transgressed.

FRANK
There will be another time, and
another place. And the pleasure I
will have, will be in breaking your
worthless neck.

Lola smiles.

LOLA
Never make a promise you can't keep.

FRANK

I don't.

In his eyes she sees the stone cold truth in what he says. Just as the doors to the cars are pulled open. The kids are yanked out by the thugs.

KIDS

Leave us alone!

Frank bolts out of the car to help the kids, is met by half a dozen guns pointed right in his face.

RENE

Not what you expected when you reported for work this morning, is it Frank?

FRANK

Is that what passes for wit in this circle?

RENE

In this circle, my friend, wit is not a requirement of the job. Brutality, yes. An ability to inflict pain, absolutely. A certain psychotic moral ignorance. Blind obedience. All required. But not wit.

As Lola comes up to Rene, snuggles up to him.

LOLA

That was fun.

RENE

Only the beginning my love.

As she nibbles on his ear.

FRANK

What's this all about?

RENE

A timely question. Max...

Max flips open a cell phone, starts to dial.

EXT. BILLINGS HOUSE - DAY

The house is swarming with FBI, local police, all sorts of security. Setting up electronic equipment, assessing information, doing all the things these 'experts' do. Vittoria sits on the couch, numb. Billings is beside himself with rage.

BILLINGS

How could you lose him? He's just a fucking chauffeur for chrissakes!!!

FBI CHIEF

Not exactly sir. We ran a check on him. And we think there might be the possibility he is in on it.

VITTORIA

I don't believe it.

BILLINGS

You don't believe it? You've known him for a month! He could have been setting you up the whole time and you wouldn't have even known it!

VITTORIA

There's no proof!

FBI CHIEF

There is his background...

The Chief hands Billings a sheet of paper.

FBI CHIEF

He's ex-British SAS, headed an elite commando unit for five years. Specialized in search and destroy. He's a hunter. Been in and out of Lebanon, Syria, Sudan...

Billings crumbles the paper. Throws it at the FBI.

BILLINGS

I don't care where he's been in and out of! I don't care what his skills are! This is not a war zone, it's a fucking American city! Where is he? Where are my kids!?

Just then the phone rings. Everyone goes silent. Looks at the phone. The FBI Chief points to two of his men, who pick up their headsets. He signals Billings to answer.

BILLINGS

Hello?

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Max hands the phone to Rene.

RENE

Don't bother with the traces. The phone is encrypted. The voice codes are scrambled.

(MORE)

RENE

Put me on the speaker, so you don't have to repeat the instructions.

INT. BILLINGS HOUSE - DAY

As everyone listens to the speaker phone.

RENE

In the next two hours you get five million dollars in non sequential one hundred dollar bills. You put them in a water proof suitcase. You go to the corner of twenty sixth Street and Collins Avenue. Personally. There will be a white Nissan sedan parked three cars from the north corner. You place the suitcase in the trunk. You leave.

BILLINGS

Five million dollars. I don't know if I can...

RENE

Mr. Billings please. According to the New York Times, the day you were appointed to your current position your net worth exceeded two hundred forty million dollars.

The Agents present look at each other when the sum of money is mentioned. Impressive.

RENE

So you won't even feel the bite. You have two hours.

The FBI takes furious notes. Urges him to keep talking.

BILLINGS

What guarantee do I have my sons will be released if I do as you say?

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Rene looks at Lola, they share the most bemused look.

RENE

Guarantee? Mr. Billings, I am not a car dealer. And don't let the charming accent and my grammatically impeccable syntax mislead you. I live in the jungle. And in the jungle you either eat or be eaten. But in the spirit of doing business, here is the guarantee.

(MORE)

RENE

Ten minutes past the deadline, if the money does not arrive, I send a finger, twenty minutes, a hand, thirty minutes a foot...

INT. BILLINGS HOUSE - DAY

Vittoria screams.

VITTORIA

NOOOOO!!!!

Her voice shatters the mood of the room.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Rene and Lola smile at each other.

RENE

Sounds like we have a deal. Do we have a deal, Mr. Billings?

INT. BILLINGS HOUSE - DAY

Billings grits his teeth.

BILLINGS

We have a deal. I want to talk to them!

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Rene nods to the two thugs holding the kids, hands over their mouths. The hands are removed. Rene holds the phone up to the kids.

BOTH

Mommy! Daddy!!

RENE

Two hours, Mr. Billings. Starting now.

Rene takes the phone, tosses it back to Max. Who breaks it in half, tosses both parts into the water. Rene snaps his fingers. The kids are carried off to a pair of waiting Magnums.

DEVON

Frank! Don't let them! Frank!

JACK

You promised you wouldn't let anyone hurt us! You promised!

The words pierce Frank's heart. Helpless, he smolders.

RENE

You can go now.

FRANK

There's no need to upset them any more than they already are. Do what you want with me. Tie my hands, gag me. Let me stay with them.

RENE

I'm running a criminal enterprise here Frank, not a travel agency. I said you can go now.

Still Frank doesn't move.

FRANK

Before I go, just to satisfy my curiosity...if you were going to kidnap them, why all that business at the doctor's office?

RENE

Max!

Max, almost at the Magnum, holding Devon in his arms, turns. Rene makes a pistol out his thumb and his forefinger. Max takes a silencer out, puts it to the struggling Devon's head. Rene waves his fingers at Frank, shooing him off.

RENE

Go. One...

Frank holds for a moment.

RENE

Two...

Frank turns to his car. Is about to enter, when he sees in the reflection of a puddle, the red blinking light affixed to the two metal struts on the bottom of the car. He takes a beat, then starts to walk off.

RENE

Frank.

Frank turns.

RENE

What are you doing?

FRANK

You told me to go.

RENE

Aren't you forgetting something?

He points to the car.

FRANK

Just thought after all the excitement,
I'd stretch my legs a bit.

He keeps walking. A bullet hits the ground right in front of him. Stopping him cold. He looks over his shoulder to Rene. And three thugs with guns.

RENE

If you want to have any legs left to
stretch, take the car.

Frank obeys, returns to the car.

INT. BMW - DAY

Frank turns the ignition. Puts the car in gear. Drives off, slowly. Rene smiles. Lola takes out a small remote control.

LOLA

Now?

Her hand fingers a button.

RENE

Wait. A little distance between us
isn't a bad thing.

He watches Frank pull out of the warehouse.

INT. BMW - DAY

Frank drives slowly until he is around the corner and out of sight. His urgent eyes scan the environment, sees up ahead a high loading dock, and above it a crane with a hook for unloading cargo. Knowing time is of the essence, he jams the stick hard, floors the accelerator.

EXT. MAGNUMS - DAY

The boats pulls away from the dock.

KIDS

Frank! Frank!

RENE

Max...

Max takes out two cloths, doses them with a clear liquid, claps them on the kid's faces. A moment later they go limp.

LOLA

Now?

RENE

You're probably the one who couldn't wait and had to open your presents before Christmas day.

LOLA

Mine and everyone else's.

Lola reaches for the button.

INT. BMW - DAY

Frank jams the accelerator through the floor, zooms up the ramp.

EXT. MAGNUM - DAY

Lola presses the button as the Magnums clear the dock.

INT. BMW - DAY

Frank reaches top speed, the dock runs out. The car launches high in the air. Heading right for the crane. Frank torques the wheel hard to the right. What the hell is he doing?

CLOSE UP

Under the car. The red blinking light goes solid red.

INT. BMW - DAY

Frank holds on tight to the steering wheel, as the car turns all the way over.

CLOSE UP

The underside of the BMW. Passes close to the crane hook. The crane hook catches the two struts that hold the bomb, tears them, and the bomb, away.

The car completes a 360 degree turn in mid air, just as the bomb EXPLODES. Rips the crane to shreds.

EXT. MAGNUM - DAY

Lola, Rene, and the thugs see the explosion as they reach the open waterway.

RENE

Now.

Max takes out a black attache like the one from the doctor's office. Opens it with a whoosh to reveal two syringes. Max pulls on rubber gloves, and a surgical mask, as does Rene and Lola. Max extracts the syringes, heads for the kids exposed arms, as Lola and Rene watch. What they do not see is...

EXT. DOCK - DAY

The BMW landing hard. On all four tires. With a resounding BANG!

INT. BMW - DAY

Frank, shaken, but OK, sees the three Magnums disappearing into the open water, picking up speed, separating from one another, going in different directions. Impossible to tell which boat has the kids and which ones are decoys.

EXT. BILLINGS HOUSE - DAY

The place is swarming with police, Secret Service, FBI.

INT. BILLINGS HOUSE - DAY

In the midst of all the activity, the phone rings. Everyone freezes as it rings once, twice. The FBI springs into action, switching on all the sophisticated monitoring and tracking equipment. Billings is poised over the phone as it rings again, and again. Ready, the FBI signals for him to pick it up. Cautions him to be calm with another hand sign.

BILLINGS

Hello?

INT. BMW - DAY

FRANK

It's Frank Martin. The driver.

INTERCUT

The FBI coaches Billings to remain calm, to keep the patter going. But all the coaching in the world is not going to have an effect on a man used to giving orders, not taking them.

BILLINGS

You son of a bitch!

The FBI groans silently.

FRANK

I had nothing to do with this.

BILLINGS

They have one scratch! One hair out of place!

FRANK

Let me speak to who's in charge.

BILLINGS

I'll kill you! You understand?

The FBI Chief takes the phone from Billings.

FBI

(calm)

Hello Frank. This is Agent Stanton.
Where are you?

BILLINGS

There is no place on this earth you'll
be safe!

FRANK

You have to act fast. There are
three boats. Magnums...

FBI

Just tell us where you are Frank.

FRANK

Get a plane up. Two have blue hulls,
the third is all red.

FBI

If you can give us an idea of where...

FRANK

You're wasting time here.

FBI

I'll be the judge of that Frank.
Now give us a location.

Billings, unable to contain himself, grabs the phone.

BILLINGS

Give him the location, god damn it!
Hello? Hello?

One of the FBI has a lock on the location.

FBI

Got it!

On his tracking screen three vectors coincide. A green light
blinks and blinks.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

A dozen police cars, marked and unmarked converge on the
dock. Cops run out of their cars, guns drawn. Converge
on...

Frank's cell phone. Sitting on an old oil barrel. Just
beeping away.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

In the kitchen, Tarconi is in a floral pair of shorts, a holiday shirt, with an apron tied around his neck. All around the kitchen are the signs of culinary activity. Vegetables chopped, chickens prepped for roasting, pots boil, baking pans ready for the oven. Tarconi is about to put a tray of Madeleine in the oven when his cell phone rings.

TARCONI

Hello?

EXT. STREET - DAY

On a small rise overlooking the house, Frank stands next to his BMW, at a public phone.

FRANK

It's me. Get out of the house.

INTERCUT

TARCONI

I was just putting the madeleine in.

FRANK

Tarconi. Forget the madeleine.
Just get out.

TARCONI

And go where?

FRANK

Anywhere. The beach. Go to the
beach.

TARCONI

Ah, yes. The beach. The famous
Miami beach. My dream. I would
love to go to the beach.

Just then Tarconi turns, looks out the kitchen window, sees SWAT coming over the back fence, full body armor, assault rifles.

TARCONI

Maybe later.

As the front door crashes in. Swat pours in. Combat ready
killers everywhere.

SWAT

Don't move!

Tarconi raise his hands, doesn't move. From every room the
advancing SWAT call out.

SWAT

Clear! Clear!

More men crash into the house. All guns are now on Tarconi, standing calmly in this storm of guns and armor and aggression.

COMMANDER

Who are you?

TARCONI

I'm the cook.

EXT. BMW - DAY

Frank watches as Tarconi is led out of the house in handcuffs, still in his apron, I Love Miami hat, and flip flop sandals. Surrounded by police and FBI. Tarconi is put in the back of a car, and hustled away.

INT. BILLINGS HOUSE - DAY

The FBI agents are everywhere, a beehive of activity. In one room the ransom money is being counted and placed in a suitcase, in another agents are monitoring recording equipment. Vittoria sits off to the side, numb, in shock. No one seems to be paying attention to her. Her cell phone rings.

VITTORIA

Hello?

The ring draws the attention of some of the agents.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Frank is standing across from a babe filled beach on another pay phone.

FRANK

It's Frank. Don't hang up. Pretend it's someone else.

INTERCUT

VITTORIA

Susan. Hi. No, just here at home.

The agents sense it is a personal call, go back to what they were doing.

FRANK

I didn't do it.

VITTORIA

Hold on , I'll see if we have any.

Vittoria walks around the corner into an alcove.

VITTORIA
If you didn't do this, who did?

FRANK
I don't know yet. But I do know
that it is not just a kidnapping.

VITTORIA
My children were taken. My ex husband
is about to pay a ransom. If that's
not a kidnapping, what is it?

She struggles to stay calm, to not let her anger out.

FRANK
I'm trying to figure that out.

VITTORIA
That's not a good enough answer to
make me believe you Frank.

FRANK
Vittoria, I love your kids. If I
was going to take them I could have
done it at any time in the past month.
Why would I wait until you ex and
all his Security were around? You
trusted me last night, trust me now.

Vittoria takes a long moment.

VITTORIA
What makes you think it's not a
kidnapping?

FRANK
The doctor's office.

VITTORIA
What do you mean? The doctor's
office?

FRANK
Go see for yourself.

V.O.
Vittoria?

She turns to...

BILLINGS
Are you alright?

She shuts her cell.

VITTORIA
That's a pretty stupid question to
ask, don't you think?

BILLINGS
Who was that?

VITTORIA
A friend.

She heads out of the room.

BILLINGS
Vittoria...

He goes to touch her, trying to be comforting.

VITTORIA
Don't.

As she recoils.

VITTORIA
I'm going to get some air. I'm
choking in here with all you
'experts'.

She heads for the front door.

BILLINGS
Darling...

VITTORIA
And do me a favor Jeff. Don't call
me darling.

She strides for the front door. The FBI chief steps in front
of her.

FBI CHIEF
Ma'am. We don't think it's
advisable...

VITTORIA
Don't tell me what you think! The
whole bunch of you. All this damn -
security. What good are you? You
still couldn't keep this from
happening! Pay the fucking ransom!
Get my kids back!

She storms out. Billings and the Chief watch her get into
her car.

BILLINGS
Is it safe?

The Chief signals for two agents, SMITH and BROWN, To follow
Vittoria.

FBI CHIEF

Bring that dossier on the chauffeur up again.

An Agent hits a button on his computer screen.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN

Tarconi's picture comes up.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A picture of Tarconi comes out of a fax machine. Into the hands of...

AGENT

Now tell us again Mr. Tarconi...

Who sits with a sandwich from a vending machine and a cup of coffee, untouched, in front of him.

AGENT

Why didn't you immediately identify yourself as a police officer?

TARCONI

I was overwhelmed by the effectiveness of your operation. The sophistication of your equipment. I work in a small office, in a small town. We only have small crimes. I must admit, I was a little insecure...

AGENT

And you are a friend of Frank Martin?

TARCONI

A friend? I wouldn't say exactly a friend. I know him. We have a relationship.

AGENT

A long relationship?

TARCONI

Not so long.

FBI

But we found you cooking in his house.

TARCONI

I'm French. We don't need to know someone for a long time in order to cook for them. Take, for example, you. This sandwich and coffee you have so graciously offered me. You will pardon me for saying so, but it is not very good...

AGENT

I know. It sucks. But what does that have to do with anything?

TARCONI

Ah, let me show you.

(beat)

Do you have a kitchen?

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Fire engines are just rolling up their hoses, police are everywhere, picking up shell casings, taking statements.

Vittoria exits her car, looks around with growing apprehension. Sees three corpses wheeled out on gurneys. In the general confusion, she steps over the shattered glass and fire hoses, passes into the building.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Vittoria enters the doctor's office, unnoticed by the firemen and the police forensic teams just finishing their work. She sees the walls riddled with bullet holes, piles of empty cartridges all over the floor. It begins to dawn on her that maybe Frank was telling the truth.

As she walks through the debris, she sees something sticking out of the small vent in the rear office. She picks up Jack's shoe. Tears come to her eyes, she begins shaking. When a hand grabs her from behind and pulls her into a closet.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

A hand clamps over her mouth. Her eyes go wide staring at Frank.

FRANK

You won't scream?

She shakes her head no.

FRANK

Did anyone follow you?

She shakes her head no again. He takes his hand off her mouth.

VITTORIA

Frank, what the hell happened here?

FRANK

That's what I'm trying to put together. It felt off from the beginning. I should have removed them way before they were going to get their shots.

VITTORIA

It was just a check up. They weren't supposed to have any shots.

FRANK

That's it then.

Frank exits the closet, Vittoria follows.

VITTORIA

What's it?

FRANK

The shots. It has something to do with the shots.

He enters the examination room.

FRANK

He tried to stick me also.

Starts to look closely at the floor.

VITTORIA

How are we going to find them Frank?

FRANK

I don't know. But when you lose your way, go back to where you started, something will come up.

He keeps sorting through the debris.

VITTORIA

How did you know I would come?

FRANK

I didn't think you were the kind of mother who would just sit around and do nothing.

He finds what he is looking for.

FRANK

Gotcha.

He holds up one of the syringes the thugs were trying to inject the kids with.

VITTORIA

What is it?

FRANK

Once we get to a lab, they'll tell us. That's step one.

He holds up the syringe.

VITTORIA

Maybe we should take it to the FBI?

FRANK

This crew, I've seen them in action. They move fast. If we want the kids to have a chance we have to move even faster. I have nothing against the FBI, but they're big, and big moves slow.

V.O.

But fast enough to catch you.

Frank whirls to...

AGENT SMITH

Don't move!

Finds two guns trained on him.

AGENT BROWN

Hands up!

FRANK

Fellas...

VITTORIA

You don't understand!!!

AGENT BROWN

We'll handle it Ma'am!

The tension is so thick you could cut it with a knife.

FRANK

There's evidence here...

Alludes to the syringe.

AGENT SMITH

Drop it!

FRANK

You're missing...

AGENT SMITH

I said drop it!

FRANK

If it drops, it'll break.

Smith lashes out with his foot. Hits Frank's hand. The syringe hits the floor, shatters. Evidence gone.

VITTORIA

NOOOO!!!

She lunges for the syringe. Brown lunges for her. Smith turns his head for a moment, which is all Frank needs. In one brutally swift, eye blinding move, Frank takes Smith out for the count with a spinning elbow. Brown swings his gun up. Too late. Frank has spun a double wheel kick to his head, lifted him off his feet, dropped him like a sack of potatoes. Out for the same count.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Billings is walking along a street carrying a suitcase. Wears a small ear piece. Talks to no one in particular.

BILLINGS

You sure this is safe?

EXT. FAR CORNER - DAY

The FBI chief stands against a pole trying to look inconspicuous.

FBI

I told you Mr. Billings we don't approve of ransom payments...

INTERCUT

BILLINGS

I didn't ask what you approved of I asked if it was safe.

FBI

See the men at the fish stall?

Billings sees two men looking inconspicuous.

FBI

Ours. The man and woman walking the dog?

Billings sees them.

FBI

The couple waiting for the bus? The two taxis? The street cleaners?

Billings eyes go from one situation to the next.

ALL ID'D IN FAST CUTS FROM ONE TO THE OTHER.

FBI

And we have four sharpshooters on each rooftop. And half a dozen SWAT in reserve just around the corner.

Billings comes to a white car.

BILLINGS
I'm at the white car.

FBI
Open the trunk. Put the bag in.
Billings opens the trunk. Puts the bag in.

BILLINGS
Now what?

FBI
Now we go home and wait.
Billings hesitates. Looks around, lost, expecting something else to happen.

FBI
Walk away Mr. Billings. There's nothing more anyone can do at this point.

After a moment, Billings slams the trunk shut.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

The emergency door opens. Frank peeks out, sees half a dozen cars filled with FBI come screeching up to front of the building. Frank closes the door.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Frank's BMW comes creeping out of the garage. Frank is in the driver's seat. There is no sign of Vittoria. Down the street, the FBI is swarming into the building. Frank maneuvers the car in the opposite direction. Takes off down the street, unnoticed.

INT. BMW - DAY

Frank looks in the rear view mirror, sees the scene in front of the building receding. Vittoria pops up in the back seat, looks back.

VITTORIA
Oh god, we've done it now, haven't we?

FRANK
Yes we have.

VITTORIA
Now what?

FRANK
I was thinking, a little entertainment.

He holds up a DVD disc.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

The disc is inserted into a DVD machine. A hand presses play.

PULL BACK TO

Frank with a remote in his hand standing opposite a jumbo flat screen TV in the middle of a cavernous store crammed with every conceivable electronic device known to man.

FRANK

I grabbed this from the Security room in the building. See if you recognize anyone.

The disc starts to play. Vittoria sees Lola and the men enter the office.

FRANK

Anything?

VITTORIA

That woman from the house.

FRANK

And the others?

VITTORIA

Never saw them before.

Dmitri looks up into the camera, shoots it out. Tears well up in Vittoria's eyes. She begins to cry. Leans against Frank's chest. Awkward, he does his best to comfort her.

SALEMAN

May I help you?

Frank turns to a very gay salesman.

FRANK

She's just a little overwhelmed with so many choices.

SALESMAN

Oh, I understand. I get that way myself sometimes.

FRANK

Give us a moment.

SALESMAN

Oh sure, take all the time you need.

He hands Vittoria a tissue.

VITTORIA

Thank you.

SALEMAN

I'll be right over here if you need me.

He walks away.

VITTORIA

Who are they Frank?

FRANK

That's what we're going to find out.

VITTORIA

But how?

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Accompanied by the Agent, Tarconi stands in the makeshift kitchen area with a simple two burner rig, upon which sits a sauce pan, heated and ready to go. He has half a dozen sandwiches from the adjacent sandwich machine, spread out in front of him. As he separates the meat from the cheese...

TARCONI

All the elements are here. They just have to be rearranged to get a more interesting result. As my mother used to say, a meal is only limited by your imagination...

Just as he cracks two eggs in a pan and stirs in the ingredients, his cell phone rings.

TARCONI

Oui?

INTERCUT

FRANK

Where are you?

TARCONI

Cooking.

FRANK

(amazed)

Cooking. Can you talk?

TARCONI

Oui.

To the Agent...

TARCONI

My mother. Do you mind?

He hands a spatula to the Agent.

TARCONI

Make sure it does not stick to the side.

Tarconi walks off, right in the midst of a vast office complex, sectioned into dozens of small cubicles by room dividers.

FRANK

May I ask who you are cooking for?

TARCONI

For the FBI. Once they found my badge and identification they were very polite. You wouldn't believe what passes for food in this place Frank. But I'm correcting the situation while they wait for my chief to call back and confirm everything. Of course, that might take awhile. You know how the French are about their weekends. Sacred. Americans think the whole world works on their seven day a week schedule.

FRANK

Anything about me?

TARCONI

Oh yes, they're very interested about you.

FRANK

And you told them, what?

TARCONI

That I knew you as an honest transporter who minded his own business. The truth. More or less. Frank, what's going on?

FRANK

It's a bit complicated.

TARCONI

With you, what isn't?

Frank thinks for a moment.

FRANK

Do you have access to a computer?

Tarconi turns to an Agent in a cubicle.

TARCONI

Can I check my e mails?

The Agent points to an empty cubicle across the way.

TARCONI
Access confirmed.

FRANK
What floor are you on?

TARCONI
Fifteen.

Tarconi is looking at the nameplate on the desk. WJ Clinton.

FRANK
Someone's coming to see you.

TARCONI
Who?

FRANK
Someone I trust.

TARCONI
What's her name?

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Vittoria stands in front of Security.

VITTORIA
Vittoria Billings for Agent Clinton.

The Security picks up the phone, dials.

INTERCUT

Tarconi is in the cubicle. The phone rings.

TARCONI
Clinton here.

SECURITY
There's a woman to see you.

TARCONI
Yes. My new intern. Send her up.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Vittoria walks down the endless row of cubicles, looking in each, when a chair slides out of one.

TARCONI
Ah, Vittoria.

She looks at the man in the shorts, flip flops and I LOVE MIAMI hat.

TARCONI
I was expecting you.

He rises, kisses her on both cheeks.

TARCONI
Come into my office.

She ducks into the cubicle.

INT. CUBICLE - DAY

Tarconi loads the DVD into the computer.

TARCONI
You'll forgive me, but I am not so
used to this system.

He is being modest as his hands fly over the keys.

TARCONI
Back home there is one computer for
ten of us. And it is from the stone
ages. So how is it with Frank?

VITTORIA
It's a complicated story.

TARCONI
You mean he is in the shit.

VITTORIA
We both are.

TARCONI
He, I accept it as his natural state.
But you? You don't look like the
type. Then again, in my profession
I have learned...

Alluding to his shorts, his apron, his hat.

TARCONI
Looks are deceiving. Viola!

As pictures come up on the screen.

TARCONI
So what is this all about?

VITTORIA
My sons were kidnapped.

The computer screen fills with Lola and the three thugs.

VITTORIA
By them.

TARCONI

Good thing you have Frank. When he gets his teeth in something he doesn't let go until he finds...

The picture of Dmitri comes on screen. And just before he goes to shoot the camera, Tarconi freezes the image.

TARCONI

Him.

CLOSE UP

A print out of Dmitri's picture, in Frank's hand. He reads.

FRANK

A Russian virologist with advanced degrees from the State laboratory for Biological Warfare in Siberia. It all leads back to what was in that syringe.

VITTORIA

Which means we have nothing.

FRANK

We have an address.

Alludes to the paper. Frank heads towards his car.

FRANK

You go back home. See if they've made any progress. I'll call you.

VITTORIA

I want to go with you.

FRANK

I need you to get the heat off me. You can't hunt and be hunted at the same time. You have to convince them I'm not in on it.

VITTORIA

I don't know if I can.

FRANK

With those eyes, you can convince anyone of anything.

Tears fill her eyes.

FRANK

Bring back my kids Frank.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Dmitri, white powder ringing his nose, sniffing, is frantically throwing clothes into a suitcase.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Frank exits his car. Checks the address on the building. Enters.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Dmitri, about to leave the apartment, stops at the door, turns back to a coffee table where a last line of coke is laid out. Dmitri takes a monster snort, wipes the line clean. Gets even more wired.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Dmitri exits into the hallway, just as the elevator opens and Frank steps out. Dmitri whips out a gun. Fires off several rounds. Frank ducks back in the elevator. Dmitri runs out the exit door. Frank bolts out of the elevator, runs after him.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

The metal fire escape snakes around the outside of the building. Dmitri comes bursting out of the door, takes the fire stairs in leaps and bounds. Frank comes out a moment later, follows.

Dmitri looks up, fires more rounds. The bullets clang off the metal all around Frank. Frank just keeps coming.

Dmitri comes to the bottom ladder. Kicks it off. He makes the ground. Turns, fires his last shots at Frank. Runs into an alley. Frank sees him, doesn't bother with the rest of the stairs, leaps, lands on an awning, slides and lands. Chases down the alley.

EXT. BOULEVARD - DAY

A very busy street with lots of shops, lots of traffic. Dmitri hits the street right in front of several cars, causing them to screech, crash, clog the road. Dmitri runs off down the middle of the boulevard.

Frank comes racing out of the alley; hits the road, only to find that a car from the opposite side, swerving to avoid Dmitri, has jumped into the lane and is heading right for him. Even as a car from the opposite direction is heading for him. About to be slammed between them, Frank leaps straight up in the air.

The cars collide beneath him, head on. Frank lands on the far side of the crash. Into the ONCOMING TRAFFIC.

Frank bounces off a panel truck, swerving to avoid hitting him. He rises to see the traffic coming right towards him. He tries to move toward the road divider, can't, so he does the only other thing possible. He starts running right into the oncoming traffic!

ANGLE ON

Dmitri. Who looks over his shoulder, sees the road clear behind him, doesn't look over on the other side of the boulevard, so he doesn't see Frank, on his feet now, racing into the on coming traffic, swerving in and out to avoid one head on after another.

Drivers swerve, hit their brakes, but Frank never stops coming, he keeps running, keeps his eye on Dmitri, who he gains on with every passing second. When a Mercedes comes heading right for him. The driver is busy yakking on the cell phone, doesn't see Frank until the last moment. Frank can't swerve into the next lane, because it is jammed with a truck.

The driver of the Mercedes, his face in full panic, slams on the brakes. His air bag goes off. The last thing he sees is Frank's determined laser eyed glare as he JUMPS up onto the hood of the Mercedes, rides right over it, hits the road right in front of an SUV, swerves to the right, in between two pick ups, hurdles over the lane divider, lands right behind Dmitri!

The other side of the road is now a mangled mess of accidents, but Frank only sees Dmitri zipping in and out of traffic. Frank runs for all he is worth, makes up ground. Dmitri looks behind, sees Frank now. Is amazed. Runs faster.

Frank chases Dmitri through the traffic. Both men zip in and out, cutting, turning, never dropping speed for a moment. Dmitri drops off an overpass.

EXT. UNDER OVER PASS - DAY

Dmitri runs through the debris and the puddles, turns around a pylon. Stops running, gasping for breath. Goes to run again. Runs right into...

FRANK

Aside from the aerobic benefit, waste of energy, all that.

Who grabs him by the throat, pins him against the side of the pylons.

FRANK

Tell me about the doctor's office.

DMITRI

What doctor's office?

Frank bangs his head against the pylon.

FRANK

The doctor's office where you tried
to stick the kids with this.

He pulls out a syringe filled with liquid. Dmitri panics a bit.

FRANK

What is it, Dmitri?

Dmitri is taken by surprise.

FRANK

Surprised I know your name? You'd
be surprised at how much I know. I
know all about the lab in Russia.
The Bio warfare work. The only thing
I don't know is what this is.

Brandishes the syringe.

FRANK

You want to tell me?

DMITRI

Go fuck yourself!

FRANK

I'm not the one who's fucked here,
my friend.

He plunges the needle into Dmitri's arm.

FRANK

You are.

DMITRI

(panicked)

NOOOOOO!

Frank lets Dmitri go.

DMITRI

You crazy motherfucker!

Dmitri, in a total panic, whips off his belt. Ties a
tourniquet above where he was injected.

DMITRI

Oh my God! Oh my God!

Drops to his knees, takes water from a puddle, washes the
spot frantically.

DMITRI
(Freaking out)
Do you know what you've done!!?

FRANK
Obviously something not conducive to
your good health. Which is all I
needed to know in the first place.
Have a good life.
(beat)
What's left of it.

Frank pushes Dmitri to the ground. Walks around the corner.
Beyond panicked, Dmitri runs off in the other direction. A
moment later Frank reappears. Follows.

EXT. STAKEOUT - DAY

Half a dozen agents are still in place watching the white
car with the suitcase in it. One of them calls in.

AGENT
Outpost to Base...

INT. BILLINGS HOUSE - DAY

Billings sits looking at the phone. The FBI chief sits
opposite him, his phone goes off. Everyone jumps.

FBI CHIEF
Base here.

He listens. Hangs up.

FBI CHIEF
Ransom still sitting.

BILLINGS
What does it mean?

FBI CHIEF
Nothing yet.

The door opens suddenly, Vittoria enters, urgency written
all over her face.

BILLINGS
Do you know what you've done?!

VITTORIA
Jeff listen to me...

BILLINGS
You've fucked everything up!

VITTORIA
I did?
(MORE)

VITTORIA

This happened because of you! You
and your god damn job! You became
famous, my Kids became targets!

FBI CHIEF

Hold on! Hold on!

He tries to get between them.

FBI CHIEF

This is not going to get us anywhere.
Now if I could just ask you a few
questions...

VITTORIA

It's not a kidnapping! He thinks
they're trying to infect the Kids
with something!

BILLINGS

What are you talking about? Who
thinks?

VITTORIA

Frank.

BILLINGS

Oh Jesus! The driver thinks...What
are you? Fucking this guy?

VITTORIA

You bastard!

She slaps him across the face, hard. The Chief steps in
again.

FBI CHIEF

Everyone! Let's calm down!

VITTORIA

At least he's out there doing
something!

FBI CHIEF

Ma'am, we've got thirty agents...

VITTORIA

And you're at square one! He was
right! By the time you do anything
it's going to be too late! I'm never
going to see my kids again!

She begins to sob. An Agent bursts into the room.

AGENT

We found them!

Vittoria is caught unawares, startled.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Three dozen SWAT encircle a panel truck sitting in the middle of a now empty parking lot. The BOMB SQUAD moves into position with their protective shields, their robots. Vittoria and Billings are sitting in the back of an FBI SUV.

INT. SUV - DAY

AGENT

We got a call. Directed us here.

BILLINGS

Are they in there?

AGENT

We Thermal scanned. Didn't work.
Apparently the sides are lined with lead.

A robot approaches the van.

VITTORIA

Why are they using that?

FBI CHIEF

Could be booby trapped. We had one last year blew a ten foot hole in the street.

The color drains from Vittoria's face. Everyone watches, tense, as the robot reaches the door of the van. The robot's arm drills through the lock on the van door. And then suddenly, the robot jerks once, twice, stops.

TECH

It's shut down.

He manipulates the controls.

TECH

The hard drive blew.

FBI CHIEF

Get another one in here!

TECH

Yes sir!

VITTORIA

How long is it going to take?

FBI CHIEF

We're going as fast as we can!

VITTORIA
They can suffocate in there!

FBI CHIEF
Ma'am, stay calm.

VITTORIA
Stay calm! Are you crazy! My kids
are in there!

BILLINGS
Vittoria! Let them work!

VITTORIA
You're just going to stand here!
And do nothing!

BILLINGS
They're experts!

VITTORIA
Everyone's an expert! I've had it
with all of you!

Vittoria can't stand it any longer. She rushes out from the
SUV.

BILLINGS
Vittoria!

But she will not be stopped.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

She runs to the van, pushes the robot over. Grabs the handles
of the door. Starts to pull like a woman possessed.

VITTORIA
Devon! Jack!

Pulls with all her might. To hers and everyone's surprise,
the doors pop. Open. Vittoria swings the doors wide, looks
inside. Jack and Devon, bound and gagged, terrified. She
climbs in. Tears at the gags on her sons.

BOTH
Mommy!

Vittoria grabs them both around, all three are crying now.

VITTORIA
My god! Oh my god!

ANGLE ON

Billings. Sees Vittoria emerge from the van. Bolts.

PULL BACK

As Billings reaches the kids and Vittoria, it is seen through a long lens.

INT. RENE'S OFFICE/APARTMENT - DAY

Rene has his eyes to a telescope. His POV: Billings hugging his kids.

RENE

That's right. Breathe, my friend.
Breathe.

Lola comes up to him, kisses him on the cheek. Whispers in his ear.

LOLA

You're the Devil.

RENE

(smiling)
No darling, I'm just a business man
trying to make a living.

EXT. WAREHOUSE LAB- DAY

Dmitri, a sweating, nervous mess, runs into the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE LAB - DAY

Vasily is packing up files in an office when Dmitri bursts in.

DMITRI

I need to see Alexi!

VASILY

He's not here.

Dmitri pulls a gun, puts it to Vasily's head.

INT. WAREHOUSE LAB - DAY

Frank appears, comes along a corridor lined with doors fitted with viewing windows. He looks in the first room, which has a sign on the door: Four hours. His POV. A homeless man hooked up to machines sits on a bed idly reading a magazine. He moves on to the next door, marked eight hours. Looks in. Another homeless man hooked to machines. But this man is not in such good shape, sweating profusely, feverish. Frank moves on to the third door marked twelve hours. He looks in on a man near death, convulsing, his body covered with open, bloody lesions. Moves to the last door marked twenty four hours. A bloody, ravaged corpse in a semi transparent plastic body bag.

INT. LAB - DAY

Sonovich is packing up his briefcase, getting ready to flee, when the door bursts open. Dmitri enters pushing Vasily ahead of him.

DMITRI

Alexi! I need the antidote! The driver! He stuck me with the virus! Look!

Shows the needle mark.

DOCTOR SONOVICH

Dmitri. Where would he get...

DMITRI

The ones we left at the doctor's office! I need the antidote! I'm sick!

DOCTOR SONOVICH

Calm down. You're not sick. You have six hours before the virus is active. You know that. You worked on creating it.

DMITRI

Don't fuck around with me Alexi!

Dmitri jams his gun to Sonovich's head.

DOCTOR SONOVICH

Mr. Rene took the antidote with him.

DMITRI

I know you! You've kept some back just in case. You would never leave yourself vulnerable. Open the safe!

DOCTOR SONOVICH

I'm telling you...

Dmitri bangs the butt of the gun into Sonovich's forehead, opening a wound.

DMITRI

Open it!

Sonovich nods to Vasily, who opens the safe. There is one small vial inside.

DMITRI

I knew it. This is the insurance policy. How much is in this?

DOCTOR SONOVICH
Two doses. Enough for Vasily and
myself.

Without warning Dmitri shoots Vasily dead.

DMITRI
Vasily's policy's been canceled.
Now there's a dose for me!

Dmitri leads him to the vault, gun to head.

DMITRI
And I want it now!

He grabs a syringe, forces it on Sononvich.

DMITRI
Let's do it!

FRANK
Let's not.

Both turn to...

FRANK
I'll take that.

Entering the room with a gun pointed directly at both men.

DOCTOR SONOVICH
Who're you?

FRANK
A man in a hurry. The vial.

DMITRI
Driver! There's enough for both of
us. Fuck this prick!

FRANK
You don't need it.

DMITRI
You stuck me!

FRANK
With water.

DMITRI
You son of a...

Dmitri turns his gun on Frank. Frank is faster. Drills
Dmitri through the head with one clean shot.

DOCTOR SONOVICH
Good. Our problem is solved. One
dose for each of us.

FRANK

It's not for us.

DOCTOR SONOVICH

Ah, for the children. Your devotion is touching.

FRANK

And my patience is about run out.

He places the gun right in the middle of Sonovich's forehead.

FRANK

Tell me about the virus.

DOCTOR SONOVICH

What would you like to know?

FRANK

Everything. For starters, what is it?

DOCTOR SONOVICH

It's a recombinant retro immune double polymorphing effluent.

FRANK

In simple English.

DOCTOR SONOVICH

The children will die. Anyone they breathe on will die. And anyone THEY breathe on will die. And then it's over.

FRANK

What do you mean, it's over?

DOCTOR SONOVICH

The virus is designed to go inert after the second transmission. Did the children breathe on you?

FRANK

Not yet.

DOCTOR SONOVICH

Don't be a fool, man. Stay away.

FRANK

Not an option.

DOCTOR SONOVICH

Then you'll be dead within twenty four hours.

Frank chambers a round.

FRANK
Give me the vial.

DOCTOR SONOVICH
You really want to play super hero
don't you? Well, let's see you fly.

Sonovich throws the vial out the window.

IN SLOW MOTION

Frank sees the vial, the kid's only chance, sail out the window. Without hesitation, he leaps out the adjoining window after it.

EXT. OUTSIDE - DAY

The vial is falling toward the ground, two stories below. When Frank's hand manages to grab it. Just before he hits the top of a moving car, bangs hard. Falls off. Right onto...

EXT. EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Frank hits the pavement hard, rolls out of the way of a speeding car. Rises, just as another car clips him, sends him sprawling across the median between the two sides of the highway. He loses the vial.

IN SLOW MOTION

The vial bounces, in between the tires of the vehicles rushing by. Not breaking, just bouncing. Frank watches, helpless, unable to reach the vial.

Until a big assed eighteen wheeler comes braking to a halt, it's huge tires heading right for the vial. The vial is doomed, for sure.

Frank dives through the traffic, gets underneath the stopped semi, looking for a miracle, crawls right up to the front, where he sees the vial wedged under the tire. Gets his hand on the vial, secures it. Rolls over on his back. Breathes a huge sigh of relief.

INT. WAREHOUSE LAB - DAY

Doctor Sonovich is at the window, on the phone. Sees Frank running across the roadway.

DOCTOR SONOVICH
He got it!

INT. RENE'S OFFICE/APARTMENT - DAY

Rene holds a large flask of the same antidote liquid, swirls it around. Speaks into the phone.

RENE

Doesn't matter. He's running on emotion, not logic. And emotion will send him to the kids, not the target. The plan is in play. Nothing can stop it now.

INT. BILLINGS HOUSE - NIGHT

An old FAMILY DOCTOR closes the door on the bedroom of the boys, both of whom are sleeping. Tells a worried Vittoria...

FAMILY DOCTOR

There is nothing to stop. It's a simple viral infection combined with the stress of what happened. Probably run it's course in a day or two. I gave them something to help them sleep. Call me if anything arises.

He exits. Vittoria looks back at the boys, through the crack in the door, worried. She feels something in her throat, feels a bit feverish.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Billings is packing briefcases with papers, on edge. He stops, feels a bit of discomfort in his throat. The FBI hovers in the background, counting the money in the returned suitcase. The door opens, he looks up to...

VITTORIA

I'm worried.

BILLINGS

It's over. They obviously got cold feet. Never even took the money.

VITTORIA

Frank said it wasn't about the money.

BILLINGS

I'm sick of hearing about Frank! I don't want to hear another word about that son of a bitch! It's over. The kids are safe. I'm meeting with the President in two hours. Life goes on. You understand what I'm saying Vittoria? It's over.

He feels a touch of something, flu like. He touches his head involuntarily.

VITTORIA

You all right?

BILLINGS

I'm fine. I'll come by later to see how they're doing.

He closes his cases. The Agents take them out. Just before he is about to follow, he turns to her.

BILLINGS

I'm sorry for blowing up at you before. I'm just...it's a lot of pressure.

VITTORIA

I know.

BILLINGS

It won't happen again. I just want them to be OK. I want you to be OK. I'll do whatever I have to do to make sure that happens.

VITTORIA

Thank you.

BILLINGS

You need anything, they're here.

Alludes to the Agents. He strides out after them.

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vittoria feels the sweating, fevered foreheads of both boys, who are asleep. Feels her own forehead, she is not feeling all that well.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Under the watchful eye of two agents sitting at the kitchen table, Vittoria prepares two compresses for the boys. Her own fever makes her legs a bit weak.

AGENT

You alright ma'am?

VITTORIA

I'm fine.

AGENT

And the boys?

VITTORIA

A little fever.

Exits.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Vittoria passes two agents in the hall. Heads up the stairs, when her cell phone rings.

VITTORIA

Hello?

FRANK

(v.o.)

It's me. Can you talk?

Vittoria looks at the agents.

VITTORIA

(covering)

Oh, hi Susan. Just going up to give the boys some cold compresses. The doctor gave them something to sleep.

FRANK

Go into your bedroom.

VITTORIA

I'm OK. Everything seems to be coming along. No I didn't hear about it. Really...

The two agents watch her ascend. Still talking on her cell. Their eyes brim with the usual FBI suspicions.

INT. VITTORIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It is dark. Vittoria closes the bedroom window. Looks out to Security patrolling below.

VITTORIA

I'm alone now. Where are you?

FRANK

Turn around.

She does. There is Frank. On her portable house phone. She throws her arms around him, spontaneous. Holds him tight.

VITTORIA

You were wrong. It was a kidnapping. They're fine.

FRANK

I was right. And they're not fine. I don't know why, but they've been infected with a virus that will kill anyone who comes in contact with it.

VITTORIA

What are you telling me? My babies are going to die?

Frank holds up the vial.

FRANK

No. I'm telling you they're not.
Do you have a syringe?

CLOSE UP

The inside of a home medical kit, complete with two syringes.
The box closes to reveal the Red Cross on the cover.

PULL BACK TO

INT. SMALL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vittoria, holding the kit, looks at her reflection in the mirror over the sink. She looks feverish. Worried.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Vittoria heads back up the stairs, carrying the medical kit.
Two Agents watch her go.

CLOSE UP

Frank, prepares the syringes while Vittoria holds both sleeping boys.

FRANK

It's airborne, so anyone they breathe on gets infected. You. Me. We have six hours before symptoms start to show. Who else have they been in contact with?

VITTORIA

The doctor. Their father.

FRANK

Where is he?

VITTORIA

Meeting with the President to brief him before the conference.

Frank processes the information, then realizes...

FRANK

That's it. The President. All the Presidents. The conference. That's the target. Your husband breathes in a room, the room dies.

Then there is a noise outside.

INT. KID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door bursts open, two agents burst in, guns drawn. To an empty room.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Frank, Vittoria and the sleeping kids hold very still inside the walk in closet while Frank injects the last bit of antidote into the boys.

INT. KID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The agents, not finding anything, exit.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

As Frank administers the antidote for the kids.

FRANK

Can you get to your ex and stop him from the meeting?

VITTORIA

I can try. What are you going to do?

FRANK

Find the guy responsible. He has more of this.

Refers to the empty vial.

FRANK

For you. And the rest of them.

VITTORIA

And for you now.

As Frank is about to leave the closet...

VITTORIA

Frank...

Goes to say something. Words don't come out. She touches his face. Her eyes say it all. Her forehead glistens. Frank touches it.

FRANK

You're burning up.

VITTORIA

I'll be all right. Hurry.

Frank exits the closet.

INT. KID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank goes to the window, is about to climb out, sees an agent below. Just as the door opens. Frank turns to...

AGENT

Hey!

Pulls a gun. But Frank dives, rolls across the floor, and comes up under the agent. Kicks his gun, but not before it fires. Frank takes the agent out fast. Now there is no getting around it. He is going to have to fight his way out of the house. He exits the room.

INT. BILLINGS HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank exits to the hallway just as two more agents come charging up the stairs, pulling their guns. With three more agents behind them.

Frank pulls two pictures off the wall, Frisbees them at the two lead agents, knocks their guns away, gets a hand on the railing of the staircase and pivots like a gymnast, windmills his legs, manages to hit both agents square in the face.

The two agents fall back into the other agents, toppling the lot of them. Frank pushes off, runs into a door to the left as three more agents come running up from the staircase at the other end of the hall. Frank takes the first one out, makes the stairs, uses one of the agent's bodies to surf down the banister into two more agents aiming guns at the bottom, but unable to get off a shot for fear of hitting their own.

Frank makes the ground floor, pulls the door open and stands behind it, rather than rush out. Knows that two more agents will rush in. When they do, Frank slams the door behind them. As they turn, he slams them all unconscious. Before escaping out the door, he grabs one of their gun.

INT. KID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door to the kid's bedroom opens. Vittoria peers out, sees unconscious bodies strewn all over the house. Hears a car racing away. Runs to the window. Sees a car disappearing into the night. The effects of the fever begin to hit her. She reaches for a phone.

EXT. CENTURION BUILDING COMPLEX GATE - NIGHT

More Security than one can imagine. Secret Service, FBI, Anti-Terrorist teams. Every car going in is thoroughly tossed, every person thoroughly frisked.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Billings is hurried down a hall by his aides, by his Security, reading from a policy paper, getting make up applied, all at the same time. Controlled confusion.

AIDE

The President is in motion. Two minutes. Now just remember, stand on his left when they take the photos.

When his cell phone rings.

BILLINGS

(distracted)

Yes.

INTERCUT

VITTORIA

Jeff, it's me.

BILLINGS

Is everything all right?

VITTORIA

You can't meet the President.

BILLINGS

What are you talking about?

VITTORIA

The kids were infected with a virus. I've been infected. You've been infected.

BILLINGS

Vittoria you're not making sense.

VITTORIA

That was the plan! They want you to infect the President! All the Presidents!

Just as they arrive at a door where two Secret Service stand guard.

SECRET SERVICE

The President is ready for you, Mr. Billings.

BILLINGS

Vittoria, I have to go.

VITTORIA

You can't! Please Jeff, for once, trust me!

In the room, The President and his top advisors stand, waiting.

BILLINGS
I'll call you back.

VITTORIA
Jeff no! No!

Too late. Her phone goes dead. The fever surges, she swoons a bit.

Billings hesitates.

AIDE
You OK Mr. Billings?

Billings touches his forehead. Feels a bit feverish.

BILLINGS
I'm fine.

He enters the room.

EXT. CENTURION BUILDING COMPLEX GATE - NIGHT

Security everywhere. The roads are blocked. Helicopters patrol the sky. Boats patrol the shore.

CLOSE ON

Billings and the President on TV, shaking hands for the press cameras.

ANNOUNCER
As the President is about to huddle
with his Drug Czar Jefferson Billings
to go over the agenda for tomorrow's
summit...

PULL BACK TO

INT. RENE'S OFFICE/APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rene watches the ten o'clock news.

RENE
That's right. Breathe. Breathe.

Rene pops a bottle of champagne.

ANNOUNCER
The largest gathering of North,
Central and South American heads of
state to address the drug menace
convenes tomorrow...

Lola brings over two glasses.

RENE

Once these bastards are out of the way and their cooperation agreements are dead and buried, you know what our biggest problem is going to be? Counting the money.

LOLA

We can always weigh it.

Makes him smile. They clink glasses. Rene turns to the window, looks out over the nighttime scene.

RENE

I can't wait for tomorrow.

INT. CUBICLE - NIGHT

Tarconi is asleep on a couch in an office. His cell rings.

TARCONI

(sleepily)

Oui?

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Frank, on the phone, eyes a Police cruiser, that passes in front of his BMW parked across the street.

FRANK

Are you still a guest of the government?

INTERCUT

TARCONI

They gave me the five star accommodation. Let me guess, you need my help.

FRANK

There's a program. It's an Identification database. Are you near the computer.

TARCONI

It's practically my pillow.

He rises from the couch. The computer is right by his head. He types in some letters. The initials IDB come up.

FRANK

The name is Rene. In Miami.

Tarconi types. On the screen: WELCOME TO INTERNATIONAL DATA BASE.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

A clock reads four AM. The Agent on duty notices a blinking light on a grid.

AGENT
Someone is in the data base.
Fifteenth floor...

A second Agent looks at the grid. Types on his keyboard.
Data comes up.

AGENT 2
WJ Clinton.

And then...

AGENT 2
He's on vacation.

The Agent picks up a red phone.

INT. CUBICLE - NIGHT

Tarconi looks at a program as it scans.

TARCONI
One hundred twenty three matches for
Rene in Miami. Can you be more
specific?

INTERCUT

FRANK
Try biotech...

Frank sees the Police cruiser turning around at the end of
the street heading back.

Tarconi punches keys. The screen reads: ZERO MATCHES FOUND.

TARCONI
Nothing. Anything else? Does he
have scars? Something that is
different. Something that makes him
stand out.

FRANK
An accent. He had an accent. Irish,
I think.

Tarconi punches in Ireland. Rene's face comes up.

TARCONI
I think I have your man.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Three armed agents exit the elevator, in a hurry.

INT. CUBICLE - NIGHT

Tarconi reads from the screen.

TARCONI

Seems he ran guns for the IRA through a front company. Until they found out he was buying the guns by smuggling cocaine and keeping a tidy bit of the profit. Then they threw him out. And he forgot about the guns and just kept running the coke. According to this, lots of it.

FRANK

We have an address?

Just as the Police cruiser pulls up behind Frank's BMW. Frank watches as the Police get out with their flashlights, head for the BMW.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The three agents hurry down the row of cubicles towards the only one that has a glowing computer screen lighting it up.

TARCONI

His corporate headquarters are here in Miami.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Frank writes on a piece of paper: ALCO CORPORATION LTD.
WORLD WIDE HEADQUARTERS 266426 CENTURION PLAZA PENTHOUSE
MIAMI.

FRANK

You're one great cop Tarconi.

TARCONI

Thank you for the compliment. Now I am going back to sleep.

Tarconi hears a noise, turns to the Agents.

TARCONI

Or maybe not.

EXT. BMW - NIGHT

One of the cops is on his radio.

COPS

We found the car.

The two Cops shine their lights on the phone booth. The phone dangles, off the hook. Frank is gone.

INT. BILLINGS HOUSE - NIGHT

Vittoria sits in a chair next to her Kids. Sweat beads her face. She looks sick, exhausted.

DEVON

Mommy...

She opens her eyes to see both the Kids just waking up.

VITTORIA

Hello. Feeling better?

DEVON

Uh-huh.

JACK

I'm tired.

DEVON

Me too.

VITTORIA

Well you two rest. Mom has to run a few errands.

She kisses their foreheads.

VITTORIA

I'll be right back.

The kids close their eyes. Vittoria closes their door. Turns to an Agent.

VITTORIA

Would you keep an eye on them?
Because I can't anymore...

And she collapses.

EXT. CENTURION BUILDING COMPLEX GATE - NIGHT

Security is tighter than a drum. Police man a barricade blocking the main road leading into the complex.

A cab pulls up.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

The cabbie turns to Frank.

CABBIE

This is as far as I can take you.
They're not letting anyone through.
(MORE)

CABBIE
President's in town. Anywhere else
you like to go?

Frank looks up. Sees a bill board advertising CAPTAIN MIKE'S
WATERFRONT TOURS.

EXT. MIKE'S WATER FRONT TOURS - DAWN

CAPTAIN MIKE, a crusty old salt is dozing on a cot.

V.O.
Excuse me.

Mike looks up to...

FRANK
I'd like to take a tour of the
shoreline.

MIKE
Shoreline's closed until the damn
President leaves town. No tourists
allowed.

As Mike is about to go back to sleep, he finds a gun pointing
in his face.

FRANK
I'm definitely not a tourist.

INT. RENE'S OFFICE/APARTMENT - DAWN

Lola wakes from a glorious sleep, sees the bed beside her is
empty.

LOLA
Rene?

INT. RENE'S OFFICE/APARTMENT - DAWN

Lola wanders out into the main room, the bed sheet draped
over her naked body. Finds Rene, dressed, sitting in his
chair looking out the window at the sunrise, his right sleeve
rolled up.

RENE
Good morning, my love.

Next to Rene, a doctor is setting up a transfusion apparatus.

LOLA
Morning.

She kisses him deeply.

LOLA
What are you doing?

RENE

I was thinking: how do we transport the antidote safely? We need something that won't break, something that is theft proof, something totally secure.

LOLA

And that something is?

RENE

Me. Ready Doctor?

The Doctor inserts the needle in his arm. The drip begins.

EXT. WATER - MORNING

Captain Mike is piloting a speed boat, as Frank preps a single waterski.

FRANK

Go parallel to the shoreline, get as close as you can. Then hold to the course and open her up to full throttle. And no matter what I do, don't let the speed drop off.

MIKE

Tell me again why I'm doing this? I mean besides that you have a gun on me?

FRANK

We're saving the world.

MIKE

Oh, right.

Ski attached, Frank slips a back pack on and climbs over the side of the boat. Hits the water. Gets up on the ski and starts to trail the boat. As the boat picks up speed zips past Police boat on duty off the shore line.

EXT. PATROL BOAT - MORNING

On the deck two police officers lounging, drinking coffee. Mike's speed boat rockets past, spraying them with water.

POLICE

Hey!

They run to their posts.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT - NIGHT

Frank is crouching low, close to the side of the boat, balancing on the one ski, sees police boats revving up, sirens blasting, lights coming on.

He lets the line out, stands on the ski. Starts to run a wider arc from the boat.

Two more Police boats join the chase, blasting their sirens.

Frank is standing fully upright now, riding on the one ski, swinging a still wider arc from the speedboat. Heading right for the shore and the high rise building there.

Frank look over his shoulder, sees half a dozen patrol boats giving chase. Reaches the top of the arc. The line is so taut it threatens to snap. Still, Frank propels himself towards the shore. Faster, faster. Until it seems he is going to wipe out right into the beach and the docks jutting out.

At the last minute, Frank lets go of the line, goes rocketing forward as if shot out of a giant slingshot. Hurling closer to the beach, closer. When, at the last possible moment, just before he is going to hit the shore, he pulls the chord on his back pack. A paragliding chute pops out.

Frank lets go of the tow line, goes rocketing up a split second before he wipes out on the shore.

Frank zooms straight up in the air. So fast. At an impossible angle of one hundred eighty degrees. Higher, higher. Right up against the side of the building, propelled by the wind.

INT. RENE'S OFFICE/APARTMENT - MORNING

Rene sits in his chair, the transfusion almost complete, when suddenly, Frank zooms by, rising toward the roof. He and Rene lock eyes. Rene watches him ascend. Smiles.

RENE

Impressive.

EXT. ROOF - MORNING

Frank rides the air currents, until he is almost at the roof. But just as he is about to land, the air goes out of his chute, and he starts to descend. In one balls out move, Frank whips out a knife, cuts the lines of the chute.

As the chute falls away, Frank leaps forward, catches the edge of the roof, barely. Hangs by his fingertips.

INT. RENE'S OFFICE/APARTMENT - MORNING

The Doctor is removing the needle from Rene's arm. The Security Chief comes into the office.

SECURITY

Roof sensors showed some movement.

RENE

You don't say.

SECURITY

I'm sending two men up to check.

RENE

Better send more.

INT. STAIRCASE - MORNING

A dozen SECURITY MEN come running up the stairs, two abreast, turn to a landing. Stop. Frank stands right in their way.

Before the first two men can react, Frank moves, using the stairs, the handrails, the various batons and weapons of the security. Frank cuts through them like a hot knife through butter. Giving them a first hand lesson in close quarters combat.

INT. RENE'S OFFICE/APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rene and the Security Chief watch the action on the staircase through a remote camera on the shoulder of one of the men. Until Frank's face comes into full frame, and the last punch he throws sends the screen black. The Chief is astounded.

SECURITY

I'll get the rest of the men!

He runs out.

RENE

(to Lola)

Call the airport. Have the plane ready to go. We're leaving.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The Security Chief leads the last contingent of his men up the stairs. They come to their fallen comrades. A dozen unconscious men.

SECURITY

Leave them! Let's go! He's gone back up!

The team runs past the bodies. After they disappear one of the bodies rises. It is Frank, in a Security Uniform.

INT. RENE'S OFFICE/APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rene opens the door to exit. A gun is in his face. One of two Frank has in hand. Lola, right behind him, whips out her double uzi's from under her coat.

FRANK

I'll blow him into tomorrow Beauty.

She stops cold.

RENE

But then I'd bleed what you came for
all over the carpet...

Refers to the empty flask still sitting in the transfusion
rig.

RENE

And you wouldn't want that, would
you?

Rolls up his sleeve to show where the needle went in.

RENE

Not after you worked so hard trying
to get the antidote? Take a good
look Frank Martin. I am the antidote.
I am a cure for what ails you. The
only cure for what ails you. If
what ails you happens to be a certain
fatal air borne virus. But nice try
Frank. I'm impressed. I didn't
give you enough credit. Took more
than a driver to figure this out.

FRANK

I haven't figured it all out yet.

RENE

Perhaps I can help you. What part
are you a little thick on?

FRANK

Why you're doing it.

RENE

Oh. That's the easy bit. It's a
business deal. Pure and simple.

FRANK

You mean a drug deal.

RENE

If you want to put it in those terms,
yes. A drug deal. But not just a
drug deal. THE drug deal.

FRANK

You think killing all these
politicians is going make it easier
for you?

RENE

That's exactly what I think.

FRANK

Well I hate to disillusion you, but your thinking is a bit flawed. There are a hundred more politicians just like them, waiting to take their place. And a hundred more after them.

RENE

A hundred more, five hundred more. A thousand more. It makes no difference. It's bureaucracy. And like all bureaucracies they will move like a meal through a python. Very, very slowly. By the time they do move, by the time they get reorganized, by the time they re-coordinate with one another, I will have flooded this country with enough cocaine to anesthetize the entire population for three hundred years. Now you have all of it. The plan, the method, the outcome. Now you can die happy in the knowledge that you were the bright boy who figured it all out.

(to Lola)

Kill him.

Lola goes for her uzi's as she dives to the side. Frank shoots, misses. Shatters one of the floor to ceiling windows. Has to dive for cover himself to keep from being cut to pieces by the fusillade pounding out of her guns.

Rene uses the diversion to run out the door.

Frank and Lola trade fire until Frank finds himself out of bullets. He watches Lola in the reflection of the mirror on the opposite wall, and when he sees her move forward, he moves, throws his guns left, waits for her to react and then moves straight.

Lola goes for the feint as his guns shatter the windows. She blasts away. Realizing, too late, that Frank is on her. But the girl is not without resources. She swings around with a spinning crescent kick with those endless legs, sends Frank off balance into the floor. Driving one of her stiletto heels into his shoulder.

And she attacks. Bringing her other stiletto heel crashing down into his hand. Piercing it. Digging the heel deeper, deeper, reaching into her cascading dreadlocks and pulling out a straight razor disguised as a fan barrette. Just as she is about to bring the razor down on Frank. He pulls the stiletto out of his shoulder, jams it into her thigh. Sends her toppling. Screaming with the pain. Pulls the stiletto out of her thigh.

Frank springs at her, Lola rolls, Frank misses. Lola jumps to her feet. Pulls another barrette disguised razor from her dreads. By the time Frank is up, she has two razors, one in each hand, which she wields like a master barber. She circles Frank, looking to slash at any opening. Frank attacks. Lola spins in a circle around him. Slashes. When they break, Frank sees she has cut him neatly across the chest, twice, high and low.

Lola stands, waiting, moving the razors back and forth hypnotically. Frank keeps his distance.

FRANK

He's gone.

Working around slowly.

FRANK

You're infected.

Talking to divert her attention from his foot...

FRANK

What's in this for you?

Which moves toward a large glass shard.

LOLA

Pleasure. In killing you.

His toe finds the edge of the glass shard.

FRANK

Killing me would give you pleasure?

He moves his foot, almost imperceptibly under the glass shard.

LOLA

Extreme pleasure.

FRANK

Well I've never been one to deny someone their pleasure. But in this case...

He flips his foot, fast as a snake's tongue. Sending the shard of glass right into Lola's chest with such force it pierces her sternum.

FRANK

I think I'll make an exception.

Lola is stunned as she looks down to see her life's blood start to leak out of her chest. She staggers backward, right to the edge of the broken window. And just before she topples backward, she smiles, raises two middle fingers, and falls. The sound of a helicopter approaching the roof draws Frank's attention.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Frank goes bounding up the stairs to the roof.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

As Frank comes bursting out onto the roof, the helicopter with Rene aboard rises. Rene sees Frank, waves as the helicopter takes off. A small smile of victory curling around the corners of his mouth.

Frank does not hesitate, he runs back inside.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Frank runs through the garage, looking for a car.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

A black Lamborghini with Frank behind the wheel comes roaring out of the parking garage.

EXT. CENTURION BUILDING COMPLEX GATE - NIGHT

The police are standing idly by when they hear the whine of an engine. Before they can react the Lamborghini comes blowing right under the barrier. Blasts down the road, accelerating at a fantastic rate of speed.

INT. LAMBORGHINI - NIGHT

Frank rockets along the Causeway. On the phone.

V.O.
Information.

FRANK
I need the address of a private
airport in the greater Miami area.

V.O.
One moment.

As Frank waits he keeps the speeding along. Looking up in the sky for signs of the helicopter. Sees a News Chopper.

V.O.
General Aviation Partners...please
hold for the number...

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Tarconi sits in handcuffs in a detention room watching the morning news.

ANNOUNCER

And we take you live to the scene
where the Police are in pursuit of a
stolen vehicle heading East on
Biscayne Boulevard...

Tarconi watches on the TV as five Police cars are in hot
pursuit of a black pick up truck.

AGENT

Inspector...

Tarconi turns away from the set.

AGENT

We heard from your Chief, he said
you're a top flight cop. We could
charge you for aiding and abetting,
but in the spirit of cooperation
between our two countries, we're
just going to deport you. If you'll
just sign here...

He holds out papers. Tarconi is about to sign when...

ANNOUNCER

Wait a minute! Look at that!

The Agent and Tarconi turn to the set to see a black
Lamborghini rocketing right through the phalanx of Police
cars. Overtaking the black pick up.

AGENT

That son of a bitch can drive.

TARCONI

(knowing)
Yes he can.

INT. LAMBORGHINI - MORNING

Frank looks in his rear view mirror at the Police cars and
the black pick up receding. Jams into another gear, jets
away.

INT. HELICOPTER - MORNING

The helicopter closes on a private airport.

PILOT

Touch down in five minutes Mr. Regan.

Rene looks down at the airstrip where a single private jet
stands, waiting.

INT. LAMBORGHINI - MORNING

Frank looks in his rear view, sees four cop cars coming up on him, he turns the car across three lanes, cutting through the traffic without dropping his speed, hits the exit ramp at nearly warp speed.

The cop cars try to follow. One is hit by a tractor trailer, bursts into flames. The other two make it across to the exit ramp, just barely.

Frank takes the hair pin turn of the exit, downshifting, but instead of following the road, jumps over to the opposite side of the median, and tears off in the other direction. The cop cars are not that agile, they spin out in the curve, smash into each other as they go airborne, leaving the road.

EXT. JET STRIP - MORNING

The helicopter lands, Rene leaps out, runs across the tarmac to the waiting jet.

INT. LAMBORGHINI - MORNING

Frank comes barreling along a frontage road, next to the airstrip, sees the helicopter landing, sees Rene heading for the jet. He glances ahead for a brief instant, sees that the road ends, is replaced by an endless line of concrete drainage pipes being used for new construction, stretched as far as the eye can see in a narrow tunnel of concrete. To his right is a river to his left endless fog shrouded fields.

With no place to go, Frank bears down, heads right for the pipes. The Lamborghini barely makes it into the first pipe, losing both side view mirrors, as they rip away.

Frank looks through the windshield at the tunnel of concrete stretching endlessly in front of his headlights, does not drop his speed, does the opposite, shifts into an other gear, accelerates. A missile reaching top speed in a firing tube.

Frank keeps his foot buried to the floor, pushing the machine to it's limit. The sides of the concrete tubes millimeters away from ripping the car to pieces.

INT. PRIVATE JET - MORNING

Rene sits down in the jet. A PILOT and CO PILOT are the only other people aboard.

PILOT

We have clearance for take off Mr.
Regan. Sit back, enjoy the sunrise.
We'll be in Colombia before you know
it.

Rene sits back, relaxes, as the jet starts to taxi out onto the runway.

INT. LAMBORGHINI - MORNING

Frank sees the end of the tubes, also sees that there is a break in the road beyond, with a wide canal of water in between. Pushes the accelerator through the floor.

EXT. AIRPORT - MORNING

On the runway, the jet is in position. The engines build torque.

INT. LAMBORGHINI - MORNING

Frank slams the gear shift one last time. The car blasts out of the concrete tubes.

EXT. ROADWAY - MORNING

The Lamborghini shoots out of the tubes like a missile, airborne over fifty feet of canal. Flames shoot out of the back of the car as it sails over the water.

EXT. JET STRIP - MORNING

Flames shoot out of the jet's engines as the jet begins to taxi.

EXT. ROADWAY - MORNING

The Lamborghini hits the air strip.

INT. LAMBORGHINI - MORNING

Frank sees the jet taxiing. Buries his foot on the accelerator.

INT. PRIVATE JET - MORNING

Rene sits back, sips a drink.

EXT. JET STRIP - MORNING

The jet begins to pick up speed. But something else is picking up speed as well.

INT. LAMBORGHINI - MORNING

Frank is on the jet strip racing toward the jet from behind. Actually making up ground. Getting closer, closer, until he is right under the jet.

INT. PRIVATE JET - MORNING

Rene hears a thump under the jet. Just as the Pilot pushes the stick forward. The engines fire fully. Flames shoot out.

EXT. JET STRIP - MORNING

The Lamborghini come shooting out of the rear of the jet, on fire. A second later it explodes. The jet lifts off.

INT. PRIVATE JET - MORNING

As the plane gains altitude, the pilot calls back to Rene, who is looking at the burning debris of the Lamborghini on the receding strip.

PILOT

We have a problem with the landing gear. It won't come up. I'm turning back to land.

RENE

Can we fly with the problem?

PILOT

Theoretically.

RENE

Then you'll land when we get to Colombia.

Resigned, against his better Judgment, the pilot turns to the co-pilot.

PILOT

Go see if you can lift it manually.

The co pilot goes back to where the rear landing gear is. Passes Rene.

CO-PILOT

Happens from time to time.

Goes pulls up the carpet, to reveal a trap door. As he pulls the door open.

CO-PILOT

Nothing to worry about.

As he turns his head back to the open door, a fist pistons up. Breaking his jaw. In an instant, Frank leaps out of the wheel well, into the plane. Rene can't believe it.

FRANK

Sorry to inform you. This flight's been canceled.

RENE

Sorry to inform you.

Rene pulls a gun.

RENE

You've been canceled.

He shoots, Frank leans to the side. The bullet hits the pilot in the back, killing him. The bullet ricochets, shatters one of the side windows. The pilot's hands fly off the controls. The wind starts to RUSH into the plane. The plane starts to veer.

In the wind tossed cabin, Rene loses his balance. Frank springs. Has Rene in his grasp. But the plane is spinning now. Turning twisting, out of control. The cabin is wracked by the fearsome wind rushing in.

Frank hits Rene once, twice, but as the plane spins, and the wind buffets him, Frank loses his natural advantage. Rene swings a glass, shatters it against Frank's head, before both of them go ass over tea kettle.

EXT. PRIVATE JET - MORNING

The jet spins out of control, heads for the water.

INT. PRIVATE JET - MORNING

Frank has Rene in his grasp again, as the two of them trade blows.

EXT. PRIVATE JET - MORNING

The jet hits the water, flips over.

INT. PRIVATE JET - MORNING

Frank and Rene are knocked senseless. Rene recovers first. Finds that the jet has begun to sink, tail first. Rene recovers his gun just as Frank comes to. He goes to fire, the bullet goes wild, pops a side window. Water starts to rush in. Frank is catapulted forward, right into Rene.

They struggle furiously as the water rushes in, and the plane sinks further. Frank upends, his arm gets jammed behind a seat.

Rene wraps a wire around Frank's neck, begins to choke him. Frank grasps Rene by the throat with his one free hand, and as Rene chokes him, he chokes Rene. A furious battle, as the water rises to see who breaks first, who has the strength, the breath.

Both men turn beet red, and then Frank manages to get his other hand free. Punches Rene square in the jaw. Rene loses his grasp on the wire. Frank hits him again. Knocks him cold.

The water is rising as the jet is sinking, sending both Frank and the unconscious Rene up toward the last air pocket on the plane, the cockpit, which is still above water.

Frank holds onto the unconscious Rene, searches around the debris floating, finds a life vest, slips it on Rene, flips himself over, pulls the handle on the side door. Kicks it out. Pushes Rene out, at the same time that he pulls the chord on the vest. The vest fills with air, yanks Rene to the surface. Frank is about to follow him through the window, when the plane takes a lurching turn down.

Frank is thrown off balance, falls back into the cabin and the rising water.

When he rights himself, and tries to head for the cockpit and the fast receding sky, he finds that something has caught him from below so he can't move.

CLOSE ON

A cable from deep inside the rear of the plane has wrapped itself around Frank's leg, has him tight.

The water is coming fast now, pouring in through the broken window. Frank is stuck. No matter how hard he pulls, he can't get loose. And now the water is up to his neck, and rising.

Frank takes a deep breath and dives.

UNDERWATER

Frank tries to release his foot. Can't. Has no choice but to dive deeper and trace the cable down, down. Until he finds where it is attached.

His breath is running out as he struggles to release the cable. Another jolt. The plane is sinking, completely below water now, dropping fast. Frank runs out of breath. Looks around. Yanks on the panel overhead, releases the oxygen mask. He breathes deeply. All of the sudden something floats by. Frank grabs it. It is a knife. But a plastic one!

Again, the plane shifts, and starts to plunge. Frank takes another hit on the oxygen and gives one last tug on the cable. His foot comes free, but the plane is really descending now. No chance of reaching the surface.

Frank grows desperate, then he sees three vests, dangling. He reaches for them. Pulls the inflating tabs, and holds on. The vests inflate. As the plane descends, the force of the vests pull Frank up. Fast.

Frank passes through the broken cockpit windows just in time. The plane sinks into the dark waters. Frank rockets towards the surface.

EXT. WATER SURFACE - DAWN

Gasping for breath, Frank breaks the surface, finds himself surrounded by police boats.

Rene has been dragged out of the water. Is being handcuffed even as he is choking up the sea.

FADE TO

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Vittoria is in a hospital bed looking much recovered, beautiful, on the mend. Jack and Devon sit on the edge of the bed.

JACK

OK. Here's one. For five points. What has eyes but no ears. Skin, but no hair. Is white inside and brown outside.

DEVON

A caterpillar.

JACK

Wrong. Mom?

VITTORIA

A worm?

JACK

Wrong. Give up?

V.O.

A potato.

All turn to...

KIDS

Frank!

Standing at the doorway with a bunch of flowers. The kids rush him, he takes them around.

FRANK

Do I get the five points?

DEVON

You get all the points for what you did.

FRANK

You would've done the same if it wasn't past your bed time.

VITTORIA

Boys? Can you get us some sodas?

She nods for them to take a powder. The kids look at each other, giggle and run out. Frank comes closer.

FRANK
How are you?

VITTORIA
Just fine.

Beaming in his presence.

VITTORIA
You're an amazing man Frank Martin.

FRANK
You're pretty amazing yourself.

Her hand moves over to his, grabs hold of his sleeve. Tugs it down.

FRANK
Mrs. Billings...

He resists, not much, just enough.

VITTORIA
Vittoria.

As she draws him closer.

FRANK
Vittoria.

Until she has him inches from her face. Reaches up just far enough to have her lips touch his. Electric moment here.

VITTORIA
Thank you.

Their eyes do not let go for a long moment until...

FRANK
I have to go.

Still her eyes do not leave his. It is a sweet moment for both of them. Intimate.

FRANK
Tarconi is leaving.

VITTORIA
I understand.

But just as he is about to rise. She tugs his sleeve one more time. Pulling him down towards her. He doesn't need much tugging, as his lips meet hers in a much more passionate kiss.

FADE TO

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

On Tarconi's back, still in his Miami beachwear. He has just passed through Passport control. In his arms, tourist crap. A stuffed alligator. A painted coconut. He is looking around, vexed. Seeing no one, he proceeds to security. Puts his things on the conveyor belt. When...

FRANK

Inspector!

He turns to see Frank on the other side of the glass.

TARCONI

Frank!

FRANK

Did you see the beach?

Tarconi pulls a post card with a picture of Miami Beach on the front out of his pocket.

TARCONI

I have a picture!

FRANK

Just as good!

TARCONI

Yes. Water is water. Sand is sand. Here, there. It's all the same.

V.O.

Air France flight 0069 for Paris now in final boarding...

Tarconi retrieves his bag from the security belt, puts on his hat, with big letters on the front. FBI.

TARCONI

Au revoir Frank!

FRANK

Au revoir my friend. Have a nice flight.

TARCONI

I doubt it. They said it is all headwinds. I guess we can't have everything we wish for can we?

On Frank's face.

FRANK

(to himself)

No we can't.

He watches Tarconi walk off toward the plane.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

A plane lifts up, banks over Miami, flies up, up. Away into the never ending blue sky.

THE END

4/18/04