

circle of confusion



VANISH MAN

by

Denison Hatch

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Los Angeles

8548 Washington Boulevard
Culver City, CA 90232

New York

107-23 71st Road, Suite 300
Forest Hills, NY 11374

BLACK.

Then the words of **JASPER**:

JASPER (O.S.)
Look over your shoulder all you'll
see is the ashes of your past
falling to Earth.

INT. LIMOUSINE - FUKUOKA, JAPAN - NIGHT

We're inside a LIMOUSINE flashing through the neon fragmented streets of Fukuoka. Kyushu Island, Japan.

JASPER GREENE (31) sits on one side of the limo. He has long dirty blonde hair, an unkept beard, wearing dark clothes with a black tactical vest. Eyes of a charming manipulator.

JASPER
And *that* is exactly why you hired
me.

He is seated across from a desperate **YAKUZA GANGSTER** (40s) in an immaculate black Armani suit, tailored shirt.

Sweat drips across Yakuza's brow... he's agitated...

YAKUZA
(stilted English)
I think they're come...

Yakuza glances nervously through the back window of his limo. We see the DARK SHADOWS of two men on motorcycles...

JASPER
That's entirely evident.

YAKUZA
(subtitled Japanese)
Bastards.

JASPER
Don't be hysterical.

YAKUZA
(to his driver, subtitled)
Hideo, *faster!*

JASPER
It is *imperative* that you follow my
directions.
(beat)
Take off your clothes.

YAKUZA

Huh?

We pull out further to see a long, black BODYBAG laid out in the aisle between the Yakuza and Jasper.

Jasper steps over the bodybag, unzips it. A DEAD JAPANESE MAN is lying in the bag. He is COVERED in distinctive IREZUMI TATTOOS.

JASPER

Because this poor heart failure
victim needs to get dressed.

(beat)

Now.

The Yakuza begins to hurriedly undress... fingers shaking slightly...

And then he notices: Yakuza's TATTOOS are ABSOLUTELY IDENTICAL to the Dead Man's tattoos.

YAKUZA

(brief smile)

They're mine.

JASPER

Like I said. Your history ends
here.

The two men get to work dressing the Dead Man.

EXT. LIMOUSINE - FUKUOKA, JAPAN - NIGHT

WHIPPING THROUGH THE STREETS.

Fall back fifty feet behind the limousine to see THE TWO MEN ON MOTORCYCLES trailing the limousine in light rain.

The limousine enters a tunnel. The motorcycles follow.

INT. LIMOUSINE - FUKUOKA, JAPAN - NIGHT

The Dead Man is propped UPRIGHT in the back of the limo. Yakuza stares at him. Totally different face... but the rest looks right.

YAKUZA

I look pretty.

Jasper carefully unscrews a plastic CONTAINER filled with transparent "gel". He dips a small paintbrush into the gel.

JASPER

When we get out of this tunnel, we
take the first exit on the right.

Jasper reaches for the Dead Man and begins to carefully
SLATHER the gel over the Dead Man's face.

JASPER (CONT'D)

The second we stop, you follow --
you *sprint* with me to the van.

YAKUZA

(nodding)

Okay, Jasper. I--- I trust you.

Jasper reaches for Dead Man's hands, paints them with GEL.

JASPER

You better.

The limo emerges from the tunnel and lurches to the right...
accelerates into an ascending EXIT RAMP.

At the top of the ramp the limo stops at a RED LIGHT ---

Jasper and Yakuza FLY OUT THE SIDE DOOR ---

Running across four lanes of traffic --- towards a
NONDESCRIPT GREY NISSAN VAN --- they JUMP IN ---

At the light across the street, the Motorcyclists STOP on
either side of the limo. They quickly spot the man in the
back.

The ASSASSINS pull out HK 416 ASSAULT RIFLES and UNLOAD ON
THE BACK OF THE LIMO ---

RATTA-TATATA-TATTTT --- METAL SHEARS --- GLASS SPLINTERS ---

Inside the limo, the gel on the Dead Man's face and hands
CATCHES ON FIRE --- FLAMES begin to LICK through the
upholstery of the limo ---

The two assassins speed off ---

INT. NISSAN VAN - HIGHWAY - FUKUOKA, JAPAN - NIGHT

Jasper sits in the van, staring through the REAR VIEW mirror.
Yakuza's stomach heaves as he recovers his breath.

YAKUZA

(eyes jittering)

Why are you stopped?

JASPER
Making sure...

A few seconds later:

BOOOOOMMMM!!!!

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION TEARS THROUGH the back half of the limo --

A HUGE FIREBALL FLUNG into the air ---

Pieces of the limo go flying across the highway... as the limo begins to burn...

JASPER (CONT'D)
... That you're dead.

Jasper starts the van, drives off... as...

BOOOM!!! BOOM!!! Gasoline after-shock explosions continue to rock the limousine in the background.

YAKUZA
To the airfield now?

Yakuza's shirt is completely swamped with perspiration. Jasper notices...

JASPER
Take deep breaths.

YAKUZA
Okay. I do. I do.

Yakuza takes a series of long, deep breaths... calming down.

JASPER
Never panic... Understand? Slow is smooth. And smooth is fast.

EXT. NISSAN VAN - HIGHWAY - FUKUOKA, JAPAN - NIGHT

The van speeds down the highway through the rainy night.

And the title plays across the screen...

THE VANISH MAN

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - FUKUOKA, JAPAN - NIGHT

RAINING HARD.

Jasper splashes through puddles and dashes into a store.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - FUKUOKA, JAPAN - NIGHT

Jasper places a PRE-PAID CELL PHONE on the counter. He nods at the cashier, who rings him up.

EXT. ANTIQUE WATCH STORE - FUKUOKA, JAPAN - CONTINUOUS

Jasper walks underneath the portico of a strip mall, staring out at the rain.

He puts his hand out and feels the water. While doing so, he spots an antique WATCH STORE.

Jasper's thoughtful. He takes a deep breath and quickly steps into the store.

EXT. HOTEL - FUKUOKA, JAPAN - NIGHT

Jasper dashes through the rain towards his hotel entrance.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - FUKUOKA, JAPAN - NIGHT

Jasper locks the chain, the deadbolt.

We see documents strewn atop a wooden desk, along with three LAPTOP COMPUTERS, various SCANNERS and assorted ELECTRONICS.

He pulls a USB DRIVE from his pocket, inserts it into a computer. He opens the newly purchased Pre-Paid Phone, and connects it to his computer with a dongle. HARD REBOOTS the computer.

As the computer reboots, a proprietary TOR ENCRYPTION program runs immediately...

The program connects. It looks like a "buddy list," though each "buddy" is simply a number. Jasper selects one.

An elderly man appears on VIDEO CHAT: **DUBOIS (60's)**.

DUBOIS
How'd it go?

JASPER
Done. The way I like it.

DUBOIS
Excellent.

JASPER
Can't wait to get off this damn island.

DUBOIS
(chuckles)
Geisha's don't give it up easy any more?

JASPER
Worse. It's been raining since I put feet to ground.

DUBOIS
I'll get you off the island.
(beat)
There's another job.

JASPER
I don't need it.

Jasper reaches for the laptop.

JASPER (CONT'D)
I'm going to the Riviera. Call you when I get there.

About to close the laptop...

DUBOIS
He'll pay double your rate.

Jasper pushes back from his computer to stare at Dubois.

JASPER
Why?

DUBOIS
Because when you want something done right, you hire the tip top.

JASPER
Name?

DUBOIS
Richard Halpern.

Dubois looks down and shuffles through a couple papers.

DUBOIS (CONT'D)
Owns a construction leasing company
in the States. Oregon.

JASPER
How'd he come in?

DUBOIS
He has counsel in San Fran. They
called Zurich. Zurich called me.

JASPER
So he has a big problem.

DUBOIS
Business went south and is a
hundred million in the hole.

JASPER
And?

DUBOIS
Wouldn't be an issue except half of
little Dickie's money came from
some Belarusians. And apparently,
Belarusians don't take kindly to
bankruptcy, and they especially
don't take kindly to losing the
homeland fifty million dollars.

JASPER
You have a picture?

DUBOIS
Yes. Hold.

After a moment... *BEEEP*... a PHOTOGRAPH appears onscreen.

Jasper stares at the picture. A long, strange moment...
Dubois watches...

DUBOIS (CONT'D)
(impatient)
Well?

JASPER
You said Oregon?

DUBOIS
He needs your help. He's desperate.

JASPER
That's evident.

DUBOIS

There's a reason people like you exist in the world. And it is for people like him... Because the more badly they need you, the more bad the thing they're running from.

JASPER

(chuckles)

Dubois, you are stunningly accurate.

EXT. BALCONY - HOTEL - FUKUOKA, JAPAN - NIGHT

Jasper stares across the beautiful expanse of Fukuoka which spreads to the sea. Rain flickers, slices.

As he gazes, we see that he's mindlessly *rubbing his bare wrist*, where a watch would be. Over and over again...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - FUKUOKA, JAPAN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A SCREWDRIVER unscrewing the back panel of a laptop.

Jasper carefully reaches in and pulls out the small HARD DRIVE. He unscrews small screws, until he CRACKS OPEN the hard drive and pulls out the SHINY PLATTER.

He picks up a DRILL and begins to DRILL THROUGH the platter... destroying all the data on it completely...

INT. BATHROOM - HOTEL ROOM - FUKUOKA, JAPAN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON GLOVED HANDS scrubbing the floor of the bathroom with lacquer thinner... Moving to the sink... the tub...

Jasper stands up and we see his blond hair has been BUZZED and is now dyed DARK BROWN.

EXT. HALLWAY - HOTEL ROOM - FUKUOKA, JAPAN - NIGHT

Jasper exits his room, bags packed.

He walks down the hallway, dropping the gloves and dead hard drives in a Maid's trash cart as he passes by...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - OREGON COASTLINE - DAY

Ragged rock cliffs. Powerful beauty of the coast.

A BLACK AUDI flies down the road.

EXT. DIRT PATH - OREGON COASTLINE - DAY

The Audi takes a turn off the highway and the road turns to dirt. The Audi kicks dust...

EXT. OVERLOOK - TILLAMOOK, OREGON - DAY

The Audi churns to a stop next to a covered PICKUP TRUCK.

A MAN stands with his back to us, gazing over the sleepy town of TILLAMOOK, OREGON and the adjoining and menacing Pacific Ocean.

Jasper exits the Audi and walks towards the man.

JASPER

It took awhile, but I found you.

The man turns...

RICHARD HALPERN (43) has the stocky build and rough features of a construction foreman, but his razor-sharp eyes belie a simmering intelligence.

RICHARD HALPERN

(off Jasper's silence)

Jasper?

(Jasper nods)

How do we start?

JASPER

The money from Belarus. They've threatened you?

RICHARD

They're going to kill me.

JASPER

What did they say? Exactly.

RICHARD

He said his people have their finger on my light switch.

JASPER

That's it? ---

RICHARD

I asked him what that meant. And he stares, ya know? Dead eyes. He said he would translate and he spoke real slow. He said that one moment I'd be alive and then the next moment I would die and I'd never see his touch coming.... and then. Oh God... And then he showed me a picture of a guy with his dick cut off. He said 'A cock's worth a million dollars, I wonder what fifty feels like?'

JASPER

Powerful tactics.

RICHARD

When can I disappear?

JASPER

It's going to take me a few days to get the documents together.

RICHARD

Okay. Dubois says you're the best.

JASPER

I don't concern myself with comparison.

RICHARD

Well, I don't accept failure.

Jasper stares at Richard, sizing him up...

JASPER

Me either. Do you have my fee?

Richard doesn't respond, but gestures with his hand across the industrial valley below.

RICHARD

You see my lot?

Jasper follows Halpern's finger and can just make out a large stretch of land with a sign protruding:

A GLASS-WINDOWED OFFICE BUILDING: "HALPERN CONSTRUCTION LEASING"

RICHARD (CONT'D)

It's bankrupt and my creditors want to kill me.

Behind the building, A HUGE LOT filled with massive pieces of construction equipment. Hundreds of yards of SKYSCRAPER CRANE INFRASTRUCTURE, BOREHOLE DRILLS, and TUNNELLING MACHINES.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

But you remember one thing: I came here with nothing and built that company out of blood and tears.

JASPER

I'm sure you did.

Halpern abruptly turns and walks towards his truck. He opens the back doors. A LARGE CANVAS BAG is illuminated.

RICHARD

Here's your money.

Jasper opens the bag, glances inside at the bills.

JASPER

What are your assets besides the company?

RICHARD

Just the house. And my boat.

JASPER

From today, your life is cash and cash alone. If you touch a cent in any electronic account, you'll get rolled up.

Jasper closes the bag, latches it shut.

RICHARD

I understand.

JASPER

Practically no money. No job, friends. You'll be in a foreign country. That's just the tip of the iceberg. You okay with that?

Halpern's emotionless.

JASPER (CONT'D)

I'll see you at Nine AM tomorrow.

EXT. HALPERN CONSTRUCTION LEASING - LATE AT NIGHT

Halpern's company sits, windows darkened.

INT. HALPERN CONSTRUCTION LEASING - CONTINUOUS

Dim lights, wall-to-wall carpet. A SHADOW lightly paces down the hallway... opens an office... enters...

INT. HALPERN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The figure switches on a small DESK LAMP to reveal Jasper.

He observes Richard's office. There's a large, antique desk. Jasper begins to open the drawers, shuffle through paper...

He spots a built-in closet against one edge of the office. Opens it. There's a safe in the closet.

Jasper opens all the drawers of the closet, rummages through Halpern's belongings...

He runs his hands along the edges of the safe, then underneath... his hand emerges with an index card. On it: the combination.

JASPER

Sloppy.

He opens the safe, looks inside. More papers. He reaches with his hands, checking the entire contents of the safe --- *what's he looking for?*

He doesn't seem to find it. Sighs, shuts safe, stands up.

Just about to turn off the lamp, he spots a PICTURE FRAME.

CLOSE ON FRAME: *It's a picture of Halpern, smiling with his WIFE (MRS. HALPERN), a PRIM AND PROPER RAVEN-HAIRED woman in her 40's. She smiles happily at her husband.*

CLICK. Lights off.

INT. BEST WESTERN - HALPERN'S HOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

The room is DARK in the morning... Richard Halpern lies sleeping. Halpern's eyes pop OPEN to see:

THE MENACING MOUTH of a GLOCK PISTOL aimed straight at his head. Halpern SCREAMS but a gloved hand MUFFLES him.

There's a MAN on top of him. Halpern tries to SHOVE OFF the man --- can't ---

JASPER

What time is it?

Halpern blinks, realizing it is Jasper. Halpern glances left, the alarm clock reads: 6:00 AM.

RICHARD
You said Nine ---

JASPER
I did. But from this point forward,
you can't think like you. Think
like the person chasing you.

RICHARD
I hired you for documents, not ---

JASPER
You're *the hunted*. You cannot
conceive of what I've seen people
do to find those whom they hate.
(beat)
It is your mindset that will save
you. The rest is window dressing.
So can you do it?

RICHARD
Do what?

JASPER
You've got a wife. She's pretty and
she loves you. Can you say goodbye
for the last time?

RICHARD
How'd you...?
(Jasper prods him)
I.. I *think* I can.

JASPER
Think walks me out of this room.

RICHARD
I know I can.

JASPER
You can't.

RICHARD
I can do it.

JASPER
Why?! *Why can you?*

RICHARD
Because I want to *live*.

Jasper pulls the gun away from Halpern and steps off the bed.

JASPER
Make some coffee for us. Sugar, not
Splenda.

Richard climbs out of bed.

RICHARD
Then what do we do?

EXT. RICHARD HALPERN'S HOUSE - DAY

JASPER (O.S.)
First, we wreck your past.

Jasper parks well down the street from Halpern's house. He and Halpern exit the car and cross behind a neighbor's yard..

JASPER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I want to destroy everything that
represents you...

They cut through woods towards Halpern's back kitchen door.

JASPER (CONT'D)
Until you to cease to exist.

INT. KITCHEN - RICHARD HALPERN'S HOUSE - DAY

Jasper walks through Halpern's kitchen. Utter domesticity.

JASPER
I like your appliances. That a
Viking?

RICHARD
Probably.

JASPER
You're privileged.

RICHARD
Life's been good to me.

JASPER
Life is zero sum. For you to have
that stove, someone else starved.

INT. HALPERN'S OFFICE - HOUSE - DAY

PULLING file cabinets out of the wall ---

OPENING closets, pulling out BOXES OF PHOTOGRAPHS, MEMENTOS, and LETTERS --- a few more photos of the WIFE ---

JASPER
Where's she staying?

RICHARD
At a hotel near her parents. Up in Washington.

JASPER
No kids?

Halpern shakes his head 'No.'

JASPER (CONT'D)
Why not?

RICHARD
That's none of your business.

Richard's staring at another PHOTOGRAPH of him and his wife. They're in Paris, the Eiffel Tower behind them. He shows the picture to Jasper.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
(a warm smile)
Our honeymoon. Across the street, we bought dulce de leche macarons at Ladurée's.

JASPER
Burn it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON A FIRE BURNING in the fireplace. Jasper throws a large stack of financial documents into the flames.

JASPER
Tracers attack your past first.

Halpern comes into the living room holding another STACK OF DOCUMENTS.

JASPER (CONT'D)
Your old tendencies are their ammunition. Find new hobbies.

RICHARD

Okay.

JASPER

Avoid all photographs. They'll run facial recognition algorithms across every piece of press and social network they can.

Halpern glances nervously at his watch.

RICHARD

We've been here for an hour.

JASPER

(smiles)

You're learning.

INT. BEST WESTERN - HALPERN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

JASPER

Next, we create your future.

CLOSE ON A MAN'S FACE: Bushy EYEBROWS, a bushy MUSTACHE.

FLASH.

We pull back to see a professional light kit has been set up.

JASPER (CONT'D)

I'm going to create five identities for you. Don't mix them. Use one until you think it's burnt, then the next.

Jasper hands Halpern a HANDWRITTEN LIST with five cities: BERNE, MONTEVIDEO, MADRID, TOKYO, and PARIS. Each city has a RANDOM NUMBER listed next to it and a LOCATION (AIRPORT, TRAIN STATION, ETC.)

JASPER (CONT'D)

Memorize that list.

(beat)

Got it yet?

RICHARD

(alarmed)

No.

JASPER

I'll be placing twenty thousand dollars in local currency in each respective box.

HALPERN

What the hell am I supposed to do
when it runs out?

JASPER

Become self-sufficient. And the
faster, the better.

HALPERN

But *how*?

JASPER

Out of blood and tears.

Halpern grimaces.

JASPER (CONT'D)

Ready for the next shot?

Halpern smiles.

JASPER (CONT'D)

Don't smile. It's against the UK's
passport regulations.

Halpern drops his smile. FLASH. The camera flash ILLUMINATES.

JASPER (CONT'D)

The identities and cash will be
fully distributed by business
couriers within four days.

RICHARD

Four days. What am I supposed to do
until then?

JASPER

Stay alive.
(beat)
You memorize that list?

INT. JASPER'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A HUGE EYE. Jasper's eye. Behind a magnifying glass.
He meticulously lays a photograph of Halpern across a blank
French passport.

Carefully lifts the flimsy transparent panel and inserts a
HOLOGRAPHIC STRIP between two layers of the passport...

He does the same with what looks like an RFID tag...

Seals surfaces together. Places the passport in an OLD-SCHOOL TYPEWRITER... and begins to type out Halpern's vital information.

When he's done, he drops it next to a pile of THREE OTHER PICTURE PERFECT PASSPORTS.

FADE TO:

EXT. DOCKS - GARIBALDI MARINA - FOUR DAYS LATER

Richard Halpern parks in the Marina parking lot. He pulls a duffel out of his car and walks towards the docks...

Halpern boards his 40' Sunseeker Yacht, the "FAIRCHILD."

A few moments later, the Yacht slinks out of its slip...

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DUSK - A FEW HOURS LATER

The Sunseeker floats alone in the empty blue-black ocean.

After a few moments, a small Boston Whaler motors towards the large yacht. Jasper emerges from the Whaler and he and Halpern tie the two boats together.

JASPER (O.S.)
Pure lye is 50% white sodium
hydroxide particles, 35% sodium and
15% aluminum powder. Now we'll use
Drano as a base.

INT. SUNSEEKER - A FEW MINUTES LATER

CLOSE ON A HUMAN FINGER --- FOCUSING ON THE FINGERPRINT ---

JASPER (O.S.)
First thing we do, is we locate the
core and delta.

A felt tip PEN comes into view.

JASPER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
They're the King and Queen of your
piggies.

The pen DOTS along the characteristics of the finger.

JASPER (O.S. CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Then...

PULLING OUT TO SEE Jasper sitting at a small fold-out table.

On the other side of the table is Richard Halpern. Jasper's holding a RAZOR BLADE over his outstretched hand.

JASPER (CONT'D)
(looking at Halpern)
Well, you know what I'm going to do. Slice from King to Queen and another across these three pivot points.

RICHARD
It's going to hurt.

JASPER
Is that a question or a statement?

RICHARD
Will it?

Jasper grins ever slightly...

JASPER
Yea. It will.

RICHARD
Is this absolutely necessary?

JASPER
Yes.

Jasper holds up a white TOWEL.

JASPER (CONT'D)
I suggest clamping down. Once I start, I won't stop.

Jasper SLICES through the finger using a razor blade. Richard stifles his pain by BITING into the towel.

Jasper cuts from pen point to pen point on the finger. He quickly presses a WET CLOTH over the lines of blood.

Then he lifts a GLASS FLASK ---

AND POURS THE DRANO AND LYE mix onto Richard's finger ---

HALPERN SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER, towel falling from mouth ---

EXT. MILES OFF THE COAST OF OREGON - PACIFIC OCEAN

The SCREAM echoes through the rain and across the two boats bobbing atop the vast Pacific Ocean.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - SUNSEEKER - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Jasper, hands gloved, removes a small PUMP MOTOR from inside the WATER PUMPING SYSTEM of the Sunseeker yacht.

He replaces it with another IDENTICAL MOTOR. Screws in six small screws, and replaces the cover to the pump.

He turns it on.

The pump begins to OPERATE... but within a few seconds, we see water POURING INTO the engine room. Not out... The water quickly begins to COAT the whole floor...

EXT. WALKWAY - SUNSEEKER - CONTINUOUS

Jasper exits a door marked "ENGINE ROOM."

We follow as he walks towards the stern of the ship with the OLD PUMP MOTOR in his hands.

Then throws the OLD PUMP MOTOR overboard...

INT. MAIN CABIN - SUNSEEKER - MINUTES LATER

Jasper enters, soaking wet. Richard sits there. Hands in bandages.

JASPER

Ready?

RICHARD

I just want it to be over with.

JASPER

It'll be that.

Richard picks up a small duffel bag of his clothes and stands up.

JASPER (CONT'D)

Wallet, phone and keys.

Richard pulls out his cell phone. THROWS it onto the couch. Then pulls out his wallet. TOSSES it onto the table.

Richard places the key in the ignition, while Jasper reaches for the onboard radio and presses the EMERGENCY FREQUENCY.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

The men jump from one boat to the other, then begin to unmoor the vessels from one other. They pull all the ropes.

The small Boston Whaler rips through the swelling, windswept water... away from the flooding Sunseeker.

INT. BOSTON WHALER - PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Halpern glances through the window behind him to see the SUNSEEKER LOLLING TO ONE SIDE... and finally sliding into the water.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DUSK

... Until there's nothing left.

EXT. PORTLAND INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Rain continues to pour. Jasper's Audi pulls up to the Departing Lane of the airport.

INT. AUDI - PORTLAND INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Halpern sits with Jasper...

RICHARD
You think I stand a chance?

Jasper looks at him.

JASPER
You want the truth or the bullshit?

RICHARD
The bullshit.

JASPER
You're perfect. You're going to be just fine.

RICHARD
(chuckles)
I'll prove you wrong.

JASPER

Maybe I'll come check up on you
sometime. Knock on your window.

RICHARD

And I'll have a cup of joe for you.

JASPER

If you're smart, you'll have a
shotgun.

Now dressed in fine brown slacks, a blazer with elbow
patches, and a hunting cap slung low on his brow, Halpern
steps out of the car and leans back in.

RICHARD

(smiling)

I'll have both.

Halpern SLAMS the door, races into the terminal.

EXT. RITZ CARLTON RESIDENCES - SAN FRANCISCO, CA - NIGHT

Jasper drives into the ultra-luxurious private residences. A
valet hustles towards Jasper's car...

INT. ROOM - RITZ CARLTON RESIDENCES - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A DRILL being lowered into hard-drive disks. We've
seen this before.

VROOOOMMMM.... Ripping through the disks... Jasper intent on
his task... destroying the identity data...

FADE TO:

INT. DOOR - RITZ CARLTON RESIDENCES - NIGHT

Jasper exits the Ritz Carlton. He braves the urban maze,
North of Market St. in San Francisco...

EXT. THOMAS PINK - SAN FRANCISCO, CA - NIGHT

Jasper emerges holding two bags of clothes.

He walks down the sidewalk and notices RAVITS WATCH STORE. An
old, dark, professional joint.

INT. RAVITS - SAN FRANCISCO, CA - NIGHT

Jasper steps into the store. He begins to browse the aisles... new ROLEXs, CARTIERS at twenty K, gleaming platinum TAG HEUERS, thirty K..

Jasper walks down the aisles...

DING. The door opens in the store. Jasper glances at a regular Dad with a Blue Fleece vest on. Jasper turns back, reaches the main desk where an OLD WATCH MAN sits.

WATCH MAN
Hey, can I help ya?

JASPER
You carry used?

WATCH MAN
Did ya see? Over here... come on.

The Watch Man shuffles around the back holding a CANE.

JASPER
The older the better.

WATCH MAN
What are y'looking for?

JASPER
Late nineteenth-century Cortebert.

WATCH MAN
(turning back)
I believe strongly in... a watch chooses the man who wears it and not the other way around.

JASPER
You've got one?

WATCH MAN
Three.

The Watch Man shuffles into the back of the store. The Dad in Blue Fleece smiles at Jasper.

Watch Man returns with three boxes. He opens them. Jasper reaches for the first SILVER Cortebert. He picks it up, flips it over, examines it...

Does the same with the second PEARL-FACED Cortebert. And again with a third GOLD Cortebert.

JASPER

Their creator was addicted to precision. The movement is so elaborate it even accounts for the gravitational pull of the moon.

Still holding the third watch.. he RUBS the back hard...

JASPER (CONT'D)

They're literally impossible to fake. You know that?

WATCH MAN

I... I did not.

JASPER

What year?

WATCH MAN

Nineteenth century, probably late eighteen eighties, eighty seven maybe. Original factory.

JASPER

In Urles or Provence?

WATCH MAN

(looks up)

Urles.

(beat)

You a collector?

JASPER

I keep my eye out.

WATCH MAN

I'm willin' to give you ten percent off.

JASPER

Thanks.

(placing watch down)

It's not the one I'm looking for.

Jasper nods his head, leaves.

INT. BAR - RITZ CARLTON - SAN FRANCISCO, CA - NIGHT

Jasper sits at the bar watching television.

Two ATTRACTIVE WOMEN sit at the bar. One of them is leaving. They hug. The other one, BRUNETTE, sits at the bar sipping on her drink and tapping on her Blackberry...

JASPER
(to Bartender)
Turn up the volume. Please.

SCROLLING ON THE TV: "LOCAL MAN MISSING"

Bartender turns up the volume.

NEWS REPORTER
... a man named Richard Halpern
went missing early this morning
during a boat trip out of Garibaldi
up north.

HELICOPTER FOOTAGE: The copter CIRCLES over Halpern's
overturned yacht in the Pacific --- SPOTLIGHTS following
COAST GUARD OFFICERS in SCUBA GEAR jumping into the water ---

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)
Rescue teams are searching
frantically for Mr. Halpern, a
distinguished member of the
community who runs a large
construction company in Multnomah
County.

NEWS FOOTAGE: Cameramen and talking heads jockey for position
outside of YELLOW POLICE TAPE by the Garibaldi Moorings.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)
But it may be a fools errand as the
weather becomes increasingly bad
and his distress signal was picked
up hours ago...

BRUNETTE (O.S.)
I think a guy like that has a death
wish.

Startled, Jasper turns around to see the Brunette looking at
him from a few stools down the bar.

BRUNETTE (CONT'D)
What about you?

JASPER
(nodding)
Seems pretty reckless.

BRUNETTE
Guys always think they have to
prove the size of their dick.

JASPER
And they don't?

BRUNETTE
What you don't know is we've
already decided what we think of
you within seconds.

A long beat. She looks at him. He chuckles.

BRUNETTE (CONT'D)
What's your name?

JASPER
Jasper.

BRUNETTE
I'm Charlotte.

He looks at **CHARLOTTE (32)**. She's petite, raven-haired, with
a strange coiled energy and eyes that mean business.

CHARLOTTE
So it's been seconds. Do you want
to know what I think of you?

JASPER
Sure.

CHARLOTTE
I think you're not comfortable at
bars, so I wonder why you're here?

JASPER
I'm relaxing.

CHARLOTTE
How come?

JASPER
Today was deal closing for
something I've been working on for
a while.

CHARLOTTE
Successful?

JASPER
Very.

They both take sips from their glasses... A long silence
ensues...

CHARLOTTE
You're not very talkative, are you?

JASPER
I talk.

CHARLOTTE
You're not exactly an open book.

JASPER
There's no power in that.

CHARLOTTE
How is anyone supposed to get to know you?

JASPER
I get to know them first.

CHARLOTTE
Aren't you afraid with that attitude that you'll close all the deals in the world but always end up by yourself in the bar?

Jasper doesn't respond, simply takes another sip of his drink. It's about finished.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Buy you another?

Jasper glances at his watch, stands up from his chair, addresses her.

JASPER
It's too late.

CHARLOTTE
Isn't it always?

Jasper thinks for a moment, but then RESOLVES to continue... his face shifts...

JASPER
I've gotta go, Charlotte... But.. It was nice.

INT. HALLWAY - RITZ CARLTON - NIGHT

Jasper wearily walks down the long hallway.

A GRANDFATHER CLOCK begins to strike --- 12 PM --- DONG ---
DONG ---

A BELLBOY hurriedly pushes a cart past Jasper, almost tripping. Jasper enters his room.

INT. ROOM - RITZ CARLTON - NIGHT

Jasper looks around...

Suddenly, a NOISE from the bathroom --- Jasper RUSHES towards the bathroom --- turns ON the light. Nothing. He's alone.

He shakes his head... looks out the window towards the sky.

JASPER
(to himself)
It stopped raining.

He gets into bed and turns off the light... DARK.

INT. ROOM - RITZ CARLTON - THREE HOURS LATER

PITCH BLACK.

Jasper sharply WAKES.

He hears the lightest of CREAKS --- a footstep falling?

He steps out of bed and takes one step to the right.

CRASHHH --- HIS HOTEL ROOM SMASHES OPEN ---

FIVE BRIGHT LIGHTS SCREAM into the room --- huge spotlights --

Jaspers DASHES to the left while ---

THROUGH A WINDOW: FOUR HOODED, BULLETPROOF VESTED MEN in tactical suits SMASH THROUGH THE WINDOW --- Glass SHATTERS in all directions.

ASSAULT CAPTAIN
STOP WHERE YOU ARE ---

But JASPER'S STILL RUNNING --- towards the other end of the room and into the

INT. BATHROOM - RITZ CARLTON - NIGHT

Jasper LOCKS the door --- twists towards the toilet.

Jumps onto the toilet and above to a:

WINDOW.

Jasper SMASHES through the window with BOTH FISTS CLENCHED.
The glass BREAKS around his hands --- begin to bleed ---

Jasper PULLS OUT more of the glass, then:

JUMPS AND SCRAPES through the window...

EXT. RITZ CARLTON PRIVATE RESIDENCES - NIGHT

He hangs two stories above the ground outside the hotel.

There's two AIR CONDITIONING UNITS below him ---

He drops...

Landing directly ON THE AIR CONDITIONING UNIT --- OUCH ---

He tries to sit up, rolls off the unit. His shirt is stuck
between the grooves of the unit. He yanks --- hard --- rips
half his shirt off ---

He glances up, sees FLASHLIGHTS peering down from the window
above...

He limps as he gets up and begins a crouching walk out from
behind the air conditioners, stuck against the wall...
then...

VEHICLE LIGHTS TURN ON all around him:

Jasper turns. Blinded by the halogens...

He tries to looks left: sees FIVE ASSAULT SQUAD MEMBERS
COMING ---

Looks right: FIVE MORE ---

They arrive and pummel him into the cold sidewalk.

A HOOD COMES DOWN OVER JASPER'S HEAD as we...

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. DARK ROOM - HOURS LATER

The hood is pulled OFF Jasper's head. Blinding Light... what
is it... a SPOTLIGHT aimed directly at Jasper...

A voice from behind the light...

MAN'S VOICE
Jasper Greene.

Jasper cranes to see past the light. He can't.
He feels for his arms. They're HANDCUFFED to his chair.

JASPER
Where am I?

MAN'S VOICE
You'll let me ask the questions.

JASPER
Fuck you.

MAN'S VOICE
(slight Texan drawl)
Pretty brave for a guy chained to a
chair and screwed seven ways to
Sunday...

The light EXTINGUISHES...

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Cause you're the property of the
Federal Government.

A dim grey light illuminates the entire room. Jasper is
finally able to focus on the man in front of him:

FBI SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE **ELI STAVERT** (40s). Faded jeans, a
white button down with FBI BADGE, mud-streaked hiking
boots... and plum content on his face. *We recognize Eli as
the Blue Fleece Man from Ravits.*

ELI
Seeing as we found twenty four
pieces of fake identification,
seven blank passports, and a duffel
bag full of intent in your room...
When I do the adding... I say..

Eli shuffles papers.

ELI (CONT'D)
You're looking at a hundred and
thirty years in the slammer.

Eli leans in, eyes serious and calculating.

ELI (CONT'D)
And the U.S. Government can be a
cruel custodian.
(beat)
Now who do you think is *fucked*?

Jasper doesn't say anything for a long beat. Then...

JASPER
How'd you find me?

Eli pulls his chair towards the table, flips it around, sits backwards on it.

ELI
It all started when the man you
call Richard Halpern got his plasma
jacked.

JASPER
Huh?

ELI
A 60-incher. Neighborhood punks
lookin'a score some horse broke
into his house about a month ago
and departed with his boob tube.

JASPER
What's it to me?

ELI
Well, the local police knew who
these X-Box tweaknuts were, but to
really nail them, they needed
prints.

(beat)
So Richard got home from work and
his wife told him the police had
dusted the place.
(beat)
You see where I'm going with this?

JASPER
(beat, thinking)
... Halpern's prints came back
tagged.

Stavert jumps out of his chair and begins to CLAP HIS HANDS.

ELI
My staff said you were intelligent
but *goddamn* --- maybe you're a
savant?

Jasper says nothing..

ELI (CONT'D)
Richard Halpern, the guy you
disappeared?
(MORE)

ELI (CONT'D)
 He's a mass murderer named Richard Katz. The Bureau's been hunting him for twenty years. And you just helped him slip away.

Jasper SLUMPS in his chair. Wind knocked out of him.

Stavert GESTURES at a two-way mirror which spans an entire side of the interrogation room. A door opens and two more FBI AGENTS enter the room...

ELI (CONT'D)
 I think you already met Charlotte...

A female agent follows. As she enters the room, we've seen her before. *It's Charlotte. From the Hotel.* **SPECIAL AGENT CHARLOTTE ROSS (32).**

CHARLOTTE
 We're acquainted.

JASPER
 Not well.

ELI
 And this is Tommy...

SPECIAL AGENT TOM "CORRIE" CORRIGAN (50s), a strong sentinel of a man, silently rolls a FLAT-SCREEN TELEVISION on a cart with him...

ELI (CONT'D)
 (to Jasper)
 Have you ever heard of the Fairchild Massacre?

JASPER
 No. A shooting?

Corrigan presses PLAY on a DVD PLAYER...

VIDEO FOOTAGE FROM 1991'S --- WITH THE ERA-DISTINCT "INTERLACED" FEEL --- begins to play...

ELI
 Massacre. 1991. Fairchild, NY. A crew of four had a plan to rob the town's only bank. Katz was the mastermind.

VIDEO HELICOPTER FOOTAGE: TWO THUGS STAND OUTSIDE A BANK. EACH WIELDS TWO AUTOMATIC MACHINE GUNS.

THEIR MUSCLED BODIES COVERED IN BLACK BODY ARMOR. **EXCHANGING FIRE WITH POLICE ALL AROUND THEM** ---

ELI (CONT'D)
 These two lookouts had Kevlar armor
 and automatic assault rifles.
 Fairchild police didn't stand a
 chance. They killed eight cops
 before Syracuse SWAT took 'em out.

VIDEO HELICOPTER FOOTAGE: THE TWO ROBBERS ARE SLAIN LIKE
 BEASTS FROM HELL --- **FINALLY GO DOWN** --- SWAT BEGINS TO POUR
 INTO THE BUILDING ----

ELI (CONT'D)
 Carnage was what they found inside.

VIDEO EVIDENCE FOOTAGE: **PILES OF DEAD HOSTAGES LIE ON THE**
BANK'S GRANITE LOBBY ---

ELI (CONT'D)
 Twelve dead.

Jasper's shaking his head...

ELI (CONT'D)
 Watch your client in action. We
 retrieved old surveillance tapes.

VIDEO SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE: ONE MAN HOLDS THREE BANK
 EMPLOYEES AT GUNPOINT AGAINST THE WALL. THE OTHER MAN HERDS A
 GROUP OF INNOCENT HOSTAGES ONTO THE FLOOR, A WOMAN RESISTS
 AND SHE IS BRUTALLY SLAPPED, HER NECKLACE RIPPED OFF, SHE'S
 PUSHED TO THE FLOOR ALONG WITH ANOTHER FAMILY OF THREE ---
 THEY REACH THE OPEN SAFETY DEPOSIT ROOM --- LOCATE A LARGE
 DEPOSIT BOX --- ATTACH AN EXPLOSIVE TO IT --- **DOOR**
EXPLODES!!!

ELI (CONT'D)
 They robbed the tellers but they
 were really going for petty cash
 from the mine company.

VIDEO SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE: RICHARD KATZ AND HIS PARTNER
 REACH THE DEPOSIT BOX. BUT THERE'S NO CASH. RICHARD TURNS TO
 THE MALE BANK MANAGER --- SCREAMING AT HIM, MANAGER DENIES HE
 KNOWS WHERE THE MONEY IS --- PUTS A KNIFE TO THE MANAGERS EAR
 --- BEGINS TO CUT IT OFF --- EVERYONE'S GOING BERSERK ---

ELI (CONT'D)
 They thought the employees knew.

VIDEO SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE: **MANGLED, BLOOD SPITTING EAR** ON THE FLOOR --- WOUNDED MANAGER COWERS IN FETAL --- KATZ REACHES FOR A FEMALE TELLER, GRABS HER ROUGHLY --- HOLDS HER CLOSE, WHISPERING MENACINGLY AS --- **BAM** --- HE EXECUTES THE MANAGER --- NOW TRACING THE BLADE ACROSS HER STOMACH WHEN --- ONE OF THE HOSTAGES MAKE A RUN FOR IT --- KATZ AND PARTNER **SPRAY THE LOBBY WITH BULLETS** ---

ELI (CONT'D)
But they didn't. Then all hell broke.

VIDEO SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE: KATZ AND HIS PARTNER **OPEN FIRE** ON THE HUDDLED GROUP OF TERRIFIED HOSTAGES --- KILLING MOST OF THEM ---

ELI (CONT'D)
And they killed them all except for one.

VIDEO SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE: A YOUNG BOY CRAWLS OUT FROM UNDERNEATH HIS DEAD FATHER AND MOTHER ---

ELI (CONT'D)
Little Zachary LaRossa lost both his parents that day. Became the face of the tragedy.

Eli hits PLAY then quickly PAUSES again. He points to the PAUSED screen: The Accomplice is frozen standing next to Katz.

ELI (CONT'D)
We captured this guy within an hour. Danny Fortunato, Katz's right hand.

Then he points to a frozen Katz...

ELI (CONT'D)
But Katz escaped. And we couldn't find him for twenty years... until a few hours ago.

JASPER
What about the Belarusians?

ELI
Belarusians?

JASPER
(realizing)
They don't exist.

ELI
He lied. To lure you in, and...

JASPER
... I vanished him.

ELI
Exactly.

A long beat.

ELI (CONT'D)
So can you take a guess why *I'm*
here?

JASPER
I won't break my contract.

Eli laughs a long, hearty laugh. He stands up and walks behind Jasper. He places a hand on Jasper's chair.

Then he VIOLENTLY PUSHES THE CHAIR OVER ---

Jasper topples to the cement, still handcuffed to the chair. His skull smacks roughly against cement. Eli leans down and whispers in Jasper's ear.

ELI
You'll help me find Richard Katz.

JASPER
(sputtering)
... and if I don't?

ELI
You will.

JASPER
Why?

ELI
(close, whispering)
Cause there's no reason for you to breathe the rancid oxygen of Leavenworth for the next half century... you think Richard Katz gives one fuck you'll be a geriatric gettin' out of the parole board just in time for your walker fitting?

(beat)
The only way to help yourself is to help us. Now you tell me.

(MORE)

ELI (CONT'D)
You gonna *dance* or you gonna choose
to just up and *die*?

WE MOVE CLOSER AND CLOSER TO JASPER'S FACE while he considers his dwindling options.

Realizing Jasper isn't going to respond, Eli abruptly departs from the interrogation room with the other agents.

The lights TURN OFF.

FOOTSTEPS as the agents all leave the room... Then nothing... but...

Jasper's tortured breathing is all we can hear... then

JASPER
(shouting)
HEY!! I'll do it.

He shouts within the empty room. Eyes burn directly at the anonymous mirror.

JASPER (CONT'D)
I'll dance.

CUT TO:

VROOOOM.... JET ENGINES SCREAM SAVAGE...

EXT. BLUE SKY - DAY

A SLEEK SILVER LEAR JET rockets through the sky, contrails glimmering against the sun.

ELI (O.S.)
Where'd you send him?

JASPER (O.S.)
Punta del Este, Uruguay.

INT. PRIVATE AIRPLANE - OVER THE OCEAN - DAY

Jasper sits in a leather covered lounge, his hands on his lap. There's a table in front him, across from which sit Eli and Charlotte.

ELI
And what's his name?

Jasper takes a long breath...

JASPER
He's traveling under the pseudonym
Jose Cortes.

CHARLOTTE
Middle name?

JASPER
No.

CHARLOTTE
You took the picture?

JASPER
Yeah. Big square frame glasses, a
combover.

ELI
It's a passport?

JASPER
There's also a Credential de
Elector.
(of their look)
An ID. And a paper IMSS. Social
Security.

Eli stares at him for a moment.

ELI
So what's he doing? Right now.
What's he up to?

JASPER
I'll help you. But I have one
condition.

Jasper pulls his hands up from below the table. His wrists
are HANDCUFFED together. He places his handcuffed hands on
the table.

JASPER (CONT'D)
Take them off.

Eli rises to stand above Jasper.

ELI
You only have one bright white hope
in life and that is me. You help
me? Then I get you out of this.
That's *it*.

JASPER

If I'm not your partner, I'm not going to be able to solve this thing.

ELI

You're not my partner. You're my liability.

CHARLOTTE

What he's trying to say is you're quicksand... no one on Earth can slip through the cracks like you.

JASPER

So what does that mean?

ELI

You tell me the truth, and always? And then, only then, will I *consider* chatting to a judge about your *freedoms*.

JASPER

How diplomatic.

ELI

What else do we need to know?

JASPER

You want to know how to stop him?

ELI

Exactly.

JASPER

Then it's simple. You have to starve the rat.

CHARLOTTE

His money... his bank accounts.

JASPER

(shakes his head)
We don't use accounts.

CHARLOTTE

Then where's he getting his money?

JASPER

Safe deposit boxes of low denomination cash.

(beat)

I'll give you the locations.

(MORE)

JASPER (CONT'D)

You should get guys there as fast as you can.

CHARLOTTE

And there's a box in Montevideo?

JASPER

(nodding)

Cause here's what I know... You can't let this guy wrap himself up in ghost after ghost.

ELI

We know.

JASPER

You have five days, maybe less. If you don't catch him in five days, he's gone for twenty more years. He dives into the ether before you get there? --- Not me, no one will be able to find him then.

Charlotte slides a stack of PAPERCLIPPED legal paper towards Jasper, along with a pen.

CHARLOTTE

Write down the location of those boxes.

Jasper nods. He reaches for the pen and begins to write.

ELI

What do you charge?

JASPER

(looking up)

It depends. A hundred, two hundred a job.

ELI

Two hundred thousand dollars?

Jasper nods. Continues to scribble.

CHARLOTTE

What I want to know is... why?

JASPER

It pays.

CHARLOTTE

That's all? You're a pure mercenary?

JASPER

Yes.

CHARLOTTE

So what your clients *do*... Who they are... None of it matters to you?

JASPER

(shakes head)

What does it matter? I meet a man in a moment and I change his fate. I don't know him, he doesn't know me. That's all.

Jasper **SHOVES** the pile of paper back to Charlotte. There's a list of locations on it... we've seen before... Berne, Montevideo, Madrid, etc...

... but the *PAPERCLIP* is now missing from the pile.

INT. AIRPORT TARMAC - MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY - DAY

Uruguayan STATE SECURITY cars RACE towards the Lear Jet on the tarmac.

The plane door slides open and Eli Stavert emerges into the brilliant sun. He's followed in short order by Charlotte.

RAYAS (O.S.)

Lost another tourist?

They're greeted by a grinning SPECIAL POLICE CAPTAIN, **RAYAS** (40s)

RAYAS (CONT'D)

We got the video from international arrivals yesterday for you to check out.

Rayas puts his hands out.

RAYAS (CONT'D)

But listen, you only get six hours on the ground. That's it.

ELI

Why?

RAYAS

Because then our embassy calls yours.

(puts his arms up)

Everyone's got a boss.

ELI
 (to Charlotte)
 Scan the box locations into
 Interpol and our foreign liaisons,
 okay?

CHARLOTTE
 The requests are already into Spain
 and France...

ELI
 Good. Because we've gotta get those
 clams open and get that cash before
 he does.

CHARLOTTE
 (agreeing)
 Yes sir.

ELI
 And stay on the home team tracing
 Jasper's background. Every boy in
 the world has a Mommy and Daddy,
 right?

They continue to dash across the TARMAC under the sweltering
 South American sun...

Corrigan and select other agents following about ten yards
 behind, escorting Jasper.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE MAILBOXES - MADRID, SPAIN

A TEAM OF HARRIED SPANISH DETECTIVES accompanied by four
 policemen emerge from small cars and walks calmly into a
 small private mailboxes company...

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE UNITS - PARIS, FRANCE - NIGHT

A SUPERINTENDANT with keys dangling against his legs walks
 down a BRIGHTLY LIT hallway, four grim-faced cops following
 him. The superintendent places a MASTER key in a locker,
 turns it...

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINAL - PUNTA DEL ESTE, URUGUAY - AIRPORT

CLOSE ON A DIAMOND SAW BLADE *RIPPING THROUGH STEEL* ---

We pull out to see three workmen opening one locker amongst a long wall of ORANGE LOCKERS. Sparks FLY from the locker as they do...

CLANK... The locker opens. Eli looks in.

ELI

Nothing.

It's empty. Pull out to see Eli, Charlotte, Jasper and the rest crowded around the locker pavilion in the Uruguayan International airport...

CUT TO:

VIDEO SCRUBBING PAST OUR FACE --- *HYPERFAST* --- IT STOPS ---

ONSCREEN: A man lumbers towards a row of PUBLIC LOCKERS. Before he even reaches them...

JASPER (O.S.)

No... Not him...

INT. SURVEILLANCE OFFICE - URUGUAY AIRPORT - DAY

Jasper, Eli, Charlotte and Corrigan crowd over surveillance replays with Rayas and a few TECHNICIANS.

VIDEO SCRUBS...

JASPER

There. Rewind it.

SURVEILLANCE VIDEO: We see Richard Katz (FKA "Halpern") approach a set of storage lockers in a side wing of the airport. He's wearing the same hunting cap and blazer we saw before... patent leather driving gloves covering his scarred fingers...

JASPER (CONT'D)

There he is.

ELI

You sure?

JASPER

A hundred percent. Same jacket, hat he was wearing when I dropped him off in Portland.

SURVEILLANCE VIDEO: KATZ quickly opens the locket, reaches in and grabs a SMALL ENVELOPE. He opens it, glances inside, then places it in his bag. Walks out of camera range.

ELI
(to Rayas))
Can we follow him out of the airport?

RAYAS
Maybe even better ---

TECHNICIANS MOVE THE DIALS --- WE WATCH VIDEO SCRUB ---

HALPERN MOVES THROUGH THE AIRPORT --- OUTSIDE --- HE HAILS A CAB ---

RAYAS (CONT'D)
Zoom in and get that plate...

VIDEO ZOOMS IN ON THE CABBIE'S PLATE NUMBER ---

RAYAS (CONT'D)
For once I'll say 'Thank God' for the narcotraficantes.

ELI
Whaddya mean?

GABRIEL
With all the kidnappings, we passed a bill last year to register fare destinations... We'll know where the cab dropped him off.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY - FIVE HOURS LATER

A SIX-CAR CARAVAN along the one major coastal highway in Uruguay, setting sun casting dramatic shadows as they near the glittering capital city, Montevideo.

EXT. CITY CENTER - PLAZA FUERTE HOTEL - MONTEVIDEO

SUVs and POLICE CARS SCREAM TO A STOP in front of the grand Plaza Fuerte ---

ARMED ASSAULT OFFICERS (Uruguayan SWAT) RACE into the lobby of the building followed by our team... a few FRIGHTENED FAMILIES are moved out of the main lobby....

Rayas and Eli dash quickly to reception.

RAYAS (IN SPANISH)
(to Reception)
Has a Jose Cortes checked in?

Attendant taps on her computer.

ATTENDANT (IN SPANISH)
Cortes? Hold on.

Attendant picks up a phone, begins to speak RAPIDLY.

ATTENDANT (IN SPANISH) (CONT'D)
Brilliant. Mr. Cortes is in the
dining room.

RAYAS (IN SPANISH)
Where?

She points towards the Eastern wing of the hotel. Rayas pulls
a gun from his jacket. Starts to SPRINT ---

Jasper tries to go with them... but Charlotte stops him.

CHARLOTTE
You're staying here.

INT. DINING ROOM - PLAZA FUERTE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The entire police contingent THUNDERS into the elaborate,
European-styled dining room of the Plaza Fuerte.

The creme de la creme of Uruguayan society looks up in shock
and surprise --- DIVING UNDER TABLES --- SCATTERING IN ALL
DIRECTIONS ---

THE MAITRE' D POINTS: In the middle of the dining room, a
LONE MAN eating by himself. His back is turned.

SWAT OFFICERS
(to the Crowd)
MOVE TO THE EXITS!!!
(to the Man)
HANDS UP!! PUT YOUR HANDS UP!!!

CHAOS erupts in the dining room. SWAT TEAM barrels through
multiple tables, glassware smashing to the ground in all
directions --- SCREAMING ---

SWAT ENCIRCLES THE LONE MAN in the dining room... Rayas
reaches him from behind, throws him on the ground.

PULLS OUT CUFFS --- MAN'S CUFFED --- SCREAMING ---

As CAMERA CIRCLES AROUND HIM --- TWENTY GUNS DRAWN TOWARDS HIS FACE ---

... we finally see his face: It's not Richard Katz.

ELI

Goddamn.

And now the man is SCREAMING HIS HEAD OFF IN RAPID-FIRE SPANISH.

WRONG MAN

Your heads will be on stakes for this!! Who's in charge?!

SWAT TEAM CAPTAIN pulls identification from the man's wallet. Reads the name to Rayas, whose face goes blank with disappointment..

INT. LOBBY - PLAZA FUERTE HOTEL - DAY

Jasper paces back and forth in the lobby. Commotion rises from the dining room, but he's not allowed in.

CHARLOTTE

Sit down. Stop making me nervous.

Jasper sits down across from Charlotte in a large leather chair.

He drums the fingers of his handcuffed hands on the table. Taptaptaptaptap....

He notices official government vehicles CAREENING to a halt outside. SEVERE FACED bureaucrats pace into the hotel...

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

(craning her neck)

We might have got him.

JASPER

I don't think so. I had him pay cash for a checkcard from one of those dollar markets near the airport where they don't ask for your ID.

Just a few moments later, Eli emerges followed by an upset Rayas. Eli's shaking his head 'No.'

JASPER (CONT'D)

He would have bought everything with that. Spent everything on it.

(MORE)

JASPER (CONT'D)
Then discarded it before he left
the country.

CHARLOTTE
What do you mean, left the country?

JASPER
It's been a day, right? In the
first week, he's not supposed to
stay in any location for more than
twenty four hours. He's already
smoke.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PLAZA FUERTE HOTEL - LATER

Small but refined. Late 80's luxury... Eli, Charlotte and
Jasper follow Rayas as he keys into the room...

The place is undisturbed. Charlotte enters the bathroom,
sniffs, immediately steps out.

CHARLOTTE
Bleach.

ELI
(turning to Jasper)
What does this tell you?

JASPER
Exactly what it should: Nothing.

Eli stomps towards the window, gazes out across the sea.

Jasper sits down and begins to survey the room. His gaze
rests on the TELEPHONE next to the bed.

Charlotte observes this...

CHARLOTTE
You're thinking about whether he
made phone calls.

INT. LEAR JET - CABIN - TWO HOURS LATER

A DEADLY SILENCE pervades the airplane cabin. Eli and Tom
Corrigan SMASH KEYS on their laptops.

Jasper sits across from Charlotte. Her PHONE BEEPS. She picks
it up, begins to read...

JASPER
Your boyfriend?

CHARLOTTE
(sharp)
No.

JASPER
Does he know you pick up random men
at bars?

CHARLOTTE
I do not pick up strangers unless
those strangers are criminals in
breach of Federal law.

JASPER
(after a beat)
You acted like you'd had some
practice.

Charlotte looks up again from her phone.

CHARLOTTE
Know why we caught you?

JASPER
Why?

CHARLOTTE
Because you're a prick.

JASPER
I'm not wrong.

CHARLOTTE
What would your parents think about
that?

Jasper balks. Charlotte glances at her phone.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
I do my homework.
(beat)
Anthony and Caterina Greene. First
generation Italian immigrants.
Still living at 2100 Kentmere in
Bedford, New Hampshire.
(beat)
Ring a bell?

Jasper stays silent for awhile, then:

JASPER
I should have expected that. That's
evident.

CHARLOTTE

And that's why. Cause you only thought people wanted your *clients*. You didn't stop to think for a second that someone might come after you.

JASPER

Okay. But you're a prick too.

CHARLOTTE

Why?

JASPER

Because you've burnt a day and you're nowhere.

Across the aisle, Eli SLAMS his laptop shut. He's been listening. Turns towards Jasper and Charlotte.

ELI

We've opened all your other boxes.

JASPER

IDs were there?

ELI

Untouched. With the cash.

CHARLOTTE

So we know he's stuck with what? About ten thousand dollars and one name. Jose Cortes.

JASPER

(nodding)

Yes.

TOM CORRIGAN

We're tracking every Jose Cortes with a plane ticket in both hemispheres.

Charlotte's phone BUZZES again.

CHARLOTTE

Rayas sent me the phone records from the hotel. Katz made seven calls. But they're all to the *same number* in Switzerland. It's a virtual switchboard. Practically untraceable unless we subpoena the telecom operator.

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
(to Jasper)
Prick.

Jasper grins.

ELI
How long will it take to get those
records from subpoena?

CHARLOTTE
A week. Maybe more. Or less.
Depends on the Swiss.

ELI
So what *do* we have?

Eli and Charlotte are stumped. Jasper holds his HANDCUFFED
HANDS up.

JASPER
You've got a guy *you don't need* in
handcuffs while the guy *you want*
is out toasting your failure.

Eli stares at Jasper for a long beat...

ELI
Get him out of those.

CHARLOTTE
Are you sure?

Eli nods at Charlotte. Agent Tom Corrigan leans over and
quickly UNLOCKS Jasper's handcuffs.

ELI
I did my part.

Jasper rubs his wrists...

ELI (CONT'D)
Now...
(beat)
Jasper. I need your help. How do we
find Richard Katz?

Jasper enjoys the moment. He stretches his arms.

JASPER
All the brute force and technology
in the world... it's for nothing.
There's only one way to find a
guy...

(MORE)

JASPER (CONT'D)
 You look out for the stuff inside
 him that's impossible to change...
 Find out *who he is* and then you'll
 find out *where he is*.

CHARLOTTE
 And how do you do that?

JASPER
 Figure out who knows him the best.

START MONTAGE:

EXT. COLORADO SUPERMAX - DAY

A contingent of BLACK SUVs roll through the gates of the
 fortified maximum security SUPERMAX PRISON.

INT. JAIL CELL - COLORADO SUPERMAX

PRISONER (O.S.)
 Katzie was the brains *and* the brawn
 and the kicka is we didn't even
 know it.

We PAN BEHIND the SWASTIKA & WING TATTED BALD SKULL of a
 LARGE, MUSCLED FEDERAL PRISONER decked in blue jail garb. Eli
 and Charlotte sit across from him.

This is **DANNY FORTUNATO (52)**.

DANNY FORTUNATO
 First he was mincemeat, ya know?
 People'd take a slug at him before
 anyone else cause he was a fucken'
 puny shrimp. But he'd never turn
 the other cheek. Eventually ya
 stood back, cause why fight a
 lunatic who'll swing at you while
 they can't see from their two
 swollen black eyes, ya know?

INTERCUT TO:

EXT. RICHARD KATZ (HALPERN)'S HOUSE - OUTSKIRTS OF PORTLAND

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the Halpern Household. FBI vehicles
 parked outside...

INT. LIVING ROOM - RICHARD KATZ'S (FKA HALPERN) HOME - DAY

A TINY PORCELAIN GLASS OF TEA BEING POURED by brittle, nervous hands.

MRS. HALPERN
I was a librarian.

MRS. HALPERN (EARLY 40's) sits in her living room with an ATTORNEY behind her, legs crossed. She takes a polite sip. Eli sits in front of her, Jasper and other agents stand against a windowsill.

ELI
He came in?

MRS. HALPERN
Covered in dust, but so handsome.
He'd been doing odd jobs. Painting.
Construction. But at four or five
every day, he'd come into the
library and read about business.
(beat)
It was... unusual.

ELI
He was tutoring himself?

MRS. HALPERN
I always felt bad kicking him out
when we closed. So I stayed. One
evening he asked me if I got paid
to stay.
(smiles)
I said no, and he asked me out to
dinner.

INTERCUT TO SUPERMAX/ DANNY FORTUNATO INTERVIEW:

DANNY FORTUNATO
We were rich. We lived like kings
and fucked like we were goddamn
Caliluga.
(beat)
Except Katzie.
(beat)
He's spending every night holed up
at his apartment... planning the
next opportunity.

ELI
So what went wrong at Fairchild?

INTERCUT TO MRS. HALPERN INTERVIEW:

MRS. HALPERN
The Fairchild. I hated that boat.
I'm not a water person.

ELI
What's that mean, by the way?
(off Mrs. Halpern's look)
Fairchild. What's it mean?

MRS. HALPERN
I never asked. Pretty name though.

Behind them... Jasper nods at Charlotte, then towards the rest room. She nods affirmation.

INTERCUT TO DANNY FORTUNATO INTERVIEW:

DANNY FORTUNATO
Katz's cousin was a teller there.
The bank would get half a million
in petty cash the first of every
month.

(beat)
It was supposed to be sittin'
pretty in that vault in there.

ELI
But it wasn't?

DANNY FORTUNATO
We was devastated.

ELI
Why'd you start shooting?

DANNY FORTUNATO
I could taste the money. Once it
was on my tongue? Ain't nothing
going to stop me.

Eli stares hard at Danny.

ELI
When did you last see him?

DANNY FORTUNATO
There in the vault...

ELI
How'd he get out?

DANNY FORTUNATO
Dunno, but he sure did din' he?
With his half of the stash too.

Eli stands up from the table. Turns towards the door.

DANNY FORTUNATO (CONT'D)
Katzie and you been cat and mouse
for twenty years, right?

Eli turns back to Fortunato.

DANNY FORTUNATO (CONT'D)
But who's the cat and who's the
mouse?

INT. BATHROOM - RICHARD HALPERN'S HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON JASPER'S FACE REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR.

Jasper washes his hands. In the bathroom, he notices a SMALL METAL FILE sitting next to a toothbrush. He quickly grabs it and...

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
You think she knows anything?

Surprised, Jasper TURNS. File behind him. Charlotte's standing in the hall, leaning against the door.

Jasper brings both hands out, nothing on them.

JASPER
No. We're wasting her time and
ours.

CHARLOTTE
I agree.

INT. KITCHEN - RICHARD HALPERN'S HOUSE - DAY

They stand in the kitchen. Jasper pours a glass of water.

JASPER
That *stash* Fortunato was talking
about... What did Katz *do* with all
that stuff he stole?

CHARLOTTE
Hid it.

JASPER
How can you be sure?

CHARLOTTE

Because after Fairchild, the bank did an audit of the missing bills and cross referenced the serial numbers with the Fed.

JASPER

They figured the cash would go back into circulation?

CHARLOTTE

Yeah. But they never did. Our assumption is that Katz' stash is still hidden somewhere.

JASPER

You're good.

Charlotte smiles ever slightly. She likes the compliment. Just then, her phone buzzes. She quickly checks it.

CHARLOTTE

Okay. The numbers from Switzerland just came back. Katz called a bunch of hotels. Paris. Austria. Dubai.

(beat, reading)

And then another number four times. It's a U.S. cell. Not registered, probably pre-paid.

JASPER

Dial it.

CHARLOTTE

I don't want to burn the number.

JASPER

(shaking his head)

You guys will never get it...

Charlotte thinks about this for a moment.

CHARLOTTE

If someone picks up, what do I say?

JASPER

Tell them Richard asked you to call.

CHARLOTTE

No. You know Katz. Pretend to be him.

She hands Jasper her phone. He takes a deep breath.

He walks into the hallway, presses 'SEND' and the phone begins to dial... faint ringing against Jasper's ear...

Then: BRRMMMP --- BRRRMPP --- BRRRMPP --- A phone starts vibrating, simultaneously, somewhere in the house..

Charlotte looks around the kitchen...

There's a drawer under Mrs. Halpern's calendar. Charlotte opens it. Inside: A SMALL PRE-PAID CELL PHONE VIBRATES.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Oh God.

Jasper notices. Charlotte reaches for the cell. Looks at the number calling in.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

It's my number. She's talking to him.

Charlotte and Jasper stare at one other. Shocked.

INTERCUT TO MRS. HALPERN INTERVIEW:

ELI

Rita, I haven't been completely honest with you. It's the government's opinion that your husband isn't dead.

Mrs. Halpern DROPS HER TEA GLASS --- IT SHATTERS ---

MRS. HALPERN

... What?

ELI

Richard's alive.

MRS. HALPERN

That's preposterous. I can *feel* Richard, he's in my heart now.

ELI

We were hoping you'd heard from him.

Mrs. Halpern is becoming agitated.

MRS. HALPERN

Heard?! You come into my house and accuse Rich of ---

She gestures with her hand at her Attorney...

ELI
I want you to know ---

MRS. HALPERN
GET OUT!!! GET OUT!!!

She spins around, thrashing at Corrigan.

MRS. HALPERN (CONT'D)
GET THEM OUT OF HERE!!!

SLAM!! The door SLAMS SHUT as Mrs. Halpern's LOUD MOANS ECHO from inside the house.

Eli STOMPS towards an awaiting SUV... opening the door to see Charlotte and Jasper sitting there.

ELI (PRE-LAP)
We're *not* gonna confront her.

INT./EXT. SUV - PORTLAND, OREGON - NIGHT

Eli sits in the back of the SUV ---

ELI
We do what my Pops taught me in the Galveston bayou: When you got bait, you can catch crocodiles.

Corrigan, Charlotte and Jasper in a circle around Eli.

ELI (CONT'D)
Tom, where's the closest tech hotel?

TOM CORRIGAN
Agent Livadas runs a great unit out of the San Diego field office.

ELI
Call up Livadas and get them to warrant it then send 'em up here on the next plane.

CHARLOTTE
On the wife?

ELI
(nodding)
Yeah. Anything come back on Cortes?

TOM CORRIGAN
(shaking his head "No")
Interpol fast tagged a hundred and
twenty three Jose Cortes matches in
the last day. Been pulling them off
airplanes all around the world.
None of them are our guy.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PORTLAND, OREGON - NIGHT

Charlotte examines a small hotel room with twin beds. Jasper and Tom Corrigan stand at the door.

Charlotte first quickly confirms that the ADJOINING DOOR is firmly locked. It is.

She then steps toward the HOTEL ROOM PHONE. She abruptly PULLS the phone out of its plug, DISCONNECTS the telephone cables from their wall receptacle, WRAPS them up.

She approaches the television and does the same with the CABLE BOX and CABLE WIRING. Holding all of the devices and cables, she heads for the door.

CHARLOTTE
Just like sleepover camp.

JASPER
In that case, can I have a
cigarette?

CHARLOTTE
(smirking)
That's up to Tom.

JASPER
(glancing at Corrigan)
It's a smoke free room.

Corrigan SHRUGS. He reaches in his room for a pack of cigarette, hands one to Jasper.

JASPER (CONT'D)
You got a light?

Corrigan hands him a LIGHTER.

CHARLOTTE
Step outside if you're going to do
that.

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY - PORTLAND, OREGON - NIGHT

Jasper stands on the hallway balcony with Charlotte. He peers across wet parking lots and fogged halogens towards an upscale urban mall across the street.

They see a glowing sign for CAPRIOTI'S PIZZAS & SUBS.

CHARLOTTE

You hungry?

JASPER

Absolutely.

EXT. CAPRIOTI'S SUBS - PORTLAND, OREGON - EVENING

Jasper and Charlotte emerge from a sub shop, two bags stuffed with MEATBALL SANDWICHES and CHIPS for the team.

They walk together along the sidewalk of a nicely-groomed urban esplanade...

As they're turning towards the parking lot, Jasper notices a *FINE WATCH STORE* out of the corner of his eye.

JASPER

(to Charlotte)

Can we make a quick stop?

Charlotte looks and spots the *watch shop*.

CHARLOTTE

... Sure?

They turn and enter the shop.

EXT. WATCH SHOP - PORTLAND, OREGON - EVENING

Through the glass: Jasper speaks animatedly to the proprietor. Charlotte listens. Just a few moments later, they EXIT.

Charlotte glances at Jasper's face. His expression belies nothing.

As they continue to walk through the parking lot...

CHARLOTTE

What's with the watches?

JASPER

What do you mean?

CHARLOTTE
What's with you and the watch
stores?

JASPER
A man's allowed to have a hobby.

They reach their car, load the sandwiches into the back.
Jasper shuts the door.

But Charlotte still stands there, staring.

CHARLOTTE
I get it.

JASPER
Get what?

CHARLOTTE
You think I'm your enemy and so all
you do is lie.

Jasper opens his mouth to object ---

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
And you lie, because it's all you
know how to do to survive, and you
think *surviving* is living. That's
where you're wrong.

JASPER
Then what *is* living?

CHARLOTTE
Learning how to trust. I *know* you
were looking for the same watch in
San Francisco. A Cortebert.
(beat)
Why?

We stay with Jasper for awhile, while he decides...

JASPER
My Dad gave me one. And I lost it.

CHARLOTTE
So you're looking for a
replacement?

JASPER
No. I'm looking for *it*.

CHARLOTTE
Why not buy another?

JASPER

My family were watchmakers. In Italy.

Jasper glances at Charlotte. She's listening...

JASPER (CONT'D)

Dad came to the U.S. without a dollar to his name. He only had one thing. A watch. A Cortebert. It'd been passed down the family for a hundred years and the rule was you had to take it apart and reassemble it. Once you could, it was yours. And you got your initials engraved on the back with all the others.

CHARLOTTE

That qualifies as a family heirloom.

JASPER

I spent a thousand hours staring through the magnifying glass. Every night Dad'd come get me to go to bed, and he'd say 'Don't worry. Slow is smooth, Jasper. Smooth is fast.'

CHARLOTTE

When did you get it together?

JASPER

When I was twelve. Went with my dad that afternoon to get it engraved.

(beat)

I felt... It was a good day.

CHARLOTTE

How'd you lose it?

JASPER

I was a kid. I was careless. And you know what the worst part is?

CHARLOTTE

What?

JASPER

(looking down)

I could never tell him about it. And I've been trying to find it ever since.

She puts her hand on his shoulder.

CHARLOTTE

I'm sorry.

(beat)

Can I ask you a question?

JASPER

Yes.

CHARLOTTE

Why'd you tell me that story?

JASPER

Because you're right.

Off Charlotte's smile...

JASPER (CONT'D)

My life isn't supposed to look like
the way it does.

CHARLOTTE

You can change it.

JASPER

That's what I'm doing right now.

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - LATE AT NIGHT

A lone light burns. Charlotte sits at a long desk eating her sub, PILES OF PAPER and two LAPTOPS in front of her.

We close in... she's searching GOOGLE for "Cortebert Watches..."

She scours the results, clicks around... then kicks back and puts her feet up. We watch while she simply *thinks*.

She opens a black folder with "JASPER GREENE" written on the front of it, and slowly flips through the contents...

CUT TO:

EXT. RICHARD HALPERN'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY - MIDDAY

Mrs. Halpern emerges from the front door of her house holding two reusable WHOLE FOODS bags. She gets in her car and drives off...

EXT. HIGHWAY - OREGON - DAY

CAMERA FOLLOWS MRS. HALPERN'S CAR from above as she speeds along the highway.

EXT. WHOLE FOODS - PORTLAND, OREGON - DAY

She parks, hops out of her car and walks towards the front door of the Whole Foods.

As she nears the front door, she steps quickly towards a PAY PHONE to the right of the entrance. She begins to DIAL...

CLOSE ON HER FINGERS TAPPING NUMBERS on the dialpad.

WE HEAR A RINGING... RINGING...

AS CAMERA PULLS BACK FROM THE PAYPHONE ---

AND FLIES BACKWARDS TOWARDS THE PARKING LOT ---

EXT. PARKING LOT - WHOLE FOODS - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Halpern is just a SPECK in front of the store now...

As the camera TIPS DOWN towards a YELLOW AND ORANGE DHL DELIVERY VAN.

INT. DHL DELIVERY VAN - PARKING LOT - WHOLE FOODS - CONTINUOUS

... the inside of the van is a MOBILE SURVEILLANCE UNIT.

Sitting on small swivel chairs are Corrigan and two other agents, **LIVADAS** and **BLUMENFELD (Both in 40s)**.

Corrigan stares out the back window through BINOCULARS.

CORRIGAN

She's on the payphone. You got the para--- ?

Corrigan turns to see Livadas tightening the tripod base to a SPECTRA PARABOLIC SURVEILLANCE MICROPHONE, aimed directly out the one-way back window glass.

LIVADAS

One more second...

Blumenfeld turns nob's on a nearby AMP Audio Base Station...

LIVADAS (CONT'D)
Online. Recording.

... and Mrs. Halpern's one way conversation begins to filter through speakers inside the van. Not perfect, but pretty damn good.

MRS. HALPERN (O.S.)
Are you okay?

POV BINOCs: She looks slowly around.

MRS. HALPERN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
There's an unmarked car outside the house, but they told me they're leaving in the morning. They have no idea.
(beat, listens)
I'm ready. I can't wait to see you.
(beat, listens)
Darling, make sure you get the dulce de leche ones, okay?

She hangs up.

CLOSE ON Corrigan, Livadas and Blumenfeld's confused faces.

INT. JASPER AND CORRIGAN'S ROOM - HOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

Eli Stavert sits with Jasper and Corrigan around a small laptop set upon a round table. They're listening to the recording of Mrs. Halpern...

MRS. HALPERN (RECORDED)
... Darling, make sure you get the dulce de leche ones, okay? ...

Eli presses STOP on the recording.

ELI
Any idea?

JASPER
(pondering for a moment)
No. I'll think about it though.

ELI
In the meantime, we're stuck to her like white on rice. So wherever she's going... we are too.
(beat)
So get your boots ready.

Eli stands up and leaves the room with the laptop.

CORRIGAN
(to Jasper)
Takin' a shower.

Jasper nods. Corrigan heads for the bathroom as Jasper sits back down.

Once the WATER TURNS ON in the bathroom, Jasper immediately jumps off the bed.

He reaches to the small of his back. His fingers push through the loose stitching at the top hem of his pants. They emerge holding the both the PAPERCLIP and NAIL FILE he'd stolen earlier.

He begins to swiftly STRAIGHTEN OUT the paper clip....

He walks towards the ADJOINING ROOM DOOR, his hand digging into his pants pocket. Comes out with Corrigan's LIGHTER.

He holds the lighter flame underneath the paper clip, turning it slowly as the flame licks along the extended aluminum clip... The brittle metal soon turns BRIGHT RED.

Jasper quickly forces the red hot paper clip into the LOCK of the adjoining room door. He firmly PRESSES UPWARDS, then HOLDS THE PAPER CLIP there...

10... 9... 8... glancing at the bathroom door...

After ten, he pulls the paperclip out: The clip has formed PERFECTLY IN THE SHAPE OF THE LOCK'S TUMBLERS.

Jasper carefully maneuvers the thin end of the NAIL FILE into the bottom of the lock on the adjoining door. He holds it there with his left hand.

He inserts the now cooled and modified paperclip into the LOCK.

He pushes up with the paperclip, and simultaneously twists the nail file clockwise.... And CLICK.

The door OPENS. Jasper walks through.

INT. ADJOINING ROOM - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

DARK. Jasper paces quietly towards the bedstand. He reaches for the phone. Picks it up. Dial tone.

Jasper begins to dial a LONG STREAM OF NUMBERS.

JASPER (INTO PHONE)
Connect me to seventy-seven, A, one-
three-one.

Jasper waits...

JASPER (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
It's Jasper.
(beat)
I was derailed. I need an extract.
(beat)
We'll be in Paris tomorrow. You
have a guy in the Division, right?

Jasper waits for another beat, then hangs up the phone.

He listens for Corrigan: Can't hear the water running. He quickly slips back through the adjoining door...

INT. JASPER'S ROOM - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Corrigan emerges from the bathroom, a towel wrapped around his body. He notices Jasper sitting at the table.

JASPER
(nonchalant)
You take all the hot water?

FADE TO:

EXT. PORTLAND INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - THE NEXT MORNING

The sun rises cool and serene.

Mrs. Halpern steps out of a TAXICAB with two pieces of carry-on luggage. She enters the terminal.

INT. CABIN - BOEING 747 - LATER

Mrs. Halpern walks down the aisle of the airplane, looking for her seat.

As she walks past one row, we see AGENT LIVADAS sitting in a seat. Further down the aisle, on the other side, AGENT BLUMENFELD.

FADE TO:

EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - PARIS, FRANCE

ESTABLISHING SHOT of France's dizzyingly busy air transportation hub.

INT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - PARIS, FRANCE

Livadas and Blumenfeld follow Mrs. Halpern through the airport terminal and towards the RER airport connection.

She enters the train through one set of doors. Livadas follows, a set of doors behind.

INT. PARIS RER - PARIS, FRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Livadas talks into his cell phone.

LIVADAS
(into cellphone)
On the RER. Ternes then Courcelles.

INT. DGSE SAFE HOUSE - PARIS, FRANCE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON A LARGE FLAT SCREEN COMPUTER MONITOR. Black and white CCTV feed of the Metro.

PULL OUT to see Eli Stavert, Jasper and Charlotte sitting together, surrounded by a number of FRENCH NATIONAL POLICE INTERVENTION GROUP ("RAID POLICE"), DGSE (FRENCH "CIA") and INTERPOL OFFICERS...

INT. "VILLIERS" STOP - PARIS, FRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Halpern steps off the train. Livadas and Blumenfeld carefully follow her.

However, just as the train is about to start again, she HOPS BACK ON. Livadas is able to get on. Blumenfeld doesn't make it in time.

LIVADAS
She tried a shake.

INT. DGSE SAFE HOUSE - PARIS, FRANCE

Eli, Jasper, and Charlotte stand at radios and monitors.

LIVADAS (O.S.)
Is she going to Paris?

ELI
Right to us. We need eyes at every
station.

The French confer with one another for a moment. Then the
room BURSTS into action.

AGENTS SPRINTING TOWARDS THE GARAGE.

As Jasper follows, a YOUNG DGSE AGENT strides up to his side,
sticks out his hand.

DGSE AGENT
I wanted to shake your hand.

Jasper's distracted, rushing towards the awaiting cars in a
small, industrial garage.

DGSE AGENT (CONT'D)
The old man briefed me. It's not
often we get to meet guys like you
in the flesh.

Off Jasper's look...

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS - CONTINUOUS

The METRO TRAIN flashes through a deeply recessed sliver of
the sprawling city, visible for a brief moment.

INT. METRO - PARIS, FRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Livadas glances down the train, sees Mrs. Halpern sitting
calmly against the opposite side.

A large group of KIDS move in between his view. He stands up
and begins to plod down the subway towards Mrs. Halpern...

EXT. DGSE SAFE HOUSE - PARIS, FRANCE - CONTINUOUS

AN OVERHEAD STEEL GARAGE DOOR OPENS --- "*MECANICIEN
AUTOMOBILE*" in faded letters on the front --- then:

A PHALANX OF UNMARKED SUVS EMERGE FROM THE SAFE HOUSE ---

INT./EXT. SUV - PARIS, FRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A Gendarmes Officer drives the SUV with Eli in shotgun and
Jasper and Charlotte in the back.

ELI
Place de Clichy? Will we make the
train?

The Gendarmes lowers the window, places a SIREN above his car, and turns it ON.

SUV DOES A VIOLENT U-TURN, *RACES WEST TOWARDS CLICHY* ---

ELI (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)
Livadas, status?

Only STATIC.

EXT. PLACE DE CLICHY - METRO STATION - MINUTES LATER

THE SUV SKIDS TO A STOP outside the station and the agents and Jasper pile out of the door ---

INT. PLACE DE CLICHY - METRO STATION - CONTINUOUS

They emerge on the platform. A train is already unloading. At the edge of the crowd, Eli can make out Livadas.

ELI
There's Livadas...

They begin to pace through the crowd with purpose, following Livadas' bobbing head.

Livadas turns a corner down a long, white-tiled hallway...

They follow.

INT. HALLWAY - PLACE DE CLICHY STATION - CONTINUOUS

A STREAM of pedestrians power in both directions.

About a hundred yards ahead, Livadas takes another turn. Eli leads Charlotte and Jasper down the hall, attempting to weave around people --- but the thoroughfare is JAM PACKED ---

WE WATCH PEOPLE WITH JASPER --- They whip past his face, to the left, to the right --- a steady stream ---

JASPER'S POV: He sees a man in a jacket with a hoodie passing on the left. Jasper focuses on his *gloved hands stuffed in his pocket*.

Jasper looks up at his face, catches a QUICK GLIMPSE of his face.

It's Richard Katz. Katz does not see Jasper.

Jasper ducks his head back down. HE SAYS NOTHING.

He continues to follow the agents.

They turn the corner to see an empty hallway...

... but hear FOOTSTEPS around another bend... They follow.

Eli notices BLOOD RUNNING DOWN THE FLOOR TILES.

Racing towards the blood the turns into an alcove leading towards a Custodian's closet to see:

Agent Livadas lies STABBED IN THE TORSO... breathing hard but not dying...

Jasper observes, horrified but stoic...

Bloody KNIFE on the floor next to him. A ghostly look on his eyes. Racing to check his pulse ---

CHARLOTTE
(to Livadas)
Was it him?!

LIVADAS
(nodding)
Katz.

ELI (INTO RADIO)
Livadas is down. Agent down in
Clichy.

Then, their radios cackle...

FRENCH TECHNICIAN (OVER RADIO)
She's up on the video!

THEY SPRING UP THE STAIRS towards the exit.

INT. DGSE SAFE HOUSE - PARIS, FRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The FBI technician and DGSE agents carefully watch the CCTV feed.

FRENCH TECHNICIAN (INTO RADIO)
She's running across Rue Anvers..
(beat)
... There's a man with her.

EXT. PLACE DE CLICHY - PARIS, FRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Eli, Jasper and Charlotte JUMP BACK INTO THEIR SUV. SIRENS BLARE.

Through the windows, we can just make out TWO FIGURES running across the tennis courts of MENILMONTE PARK ---

CHARLOTTE

There!!

SUV RACES DOWN THE STREET TOWARDS THE PARK ---

Mrs. Halpern and Richard Katz scramble across the park and towards ANOTHER METRO STATION entrance.

ELI (INTO RADIO)

Get men on both sides of this stop!

THE SUV SKIDS TO A STOP in front of the station --- Alarmed bystanders ---

ELI, CHARLOTTE AND JASPER FLY OUT OF THE SUV ---

INT. METRO STATION - CONTINUOUS

A large crowd on the descending escalator.

Eli can't get around --- he JUMPS onto the barrier between the two escalators --- *SLIDES DOWN the TWO STORIES into the subterranean depths of the station...*

Pushing through the crowd --- a GLIMPSE of Katz's head ---

Katz's going into a subway car. Train about to take off ---

INT. METRO TRAIN - STATION - CONTINUOUS

A HAND JAMS THROUGH the closed rubber doors of the train.

The doors push open. Eli, Jasper and Charlotte and two FRENCH SPECIAL POLICE push through.

FRENCH SPECIAL POLICE (IN FRENCH)

(Pulling a gun)

POLICE! OUT OF THE WAY!! POLICE!!!

Screams in the crowd. They PUSH THROUGH the crowd towards the front of the train.

EXT. METRO TRACK - STATION - CONTINUOUS

The Train begins to ACCELERATE along its long, tubular track.

INT. METRO TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Katz sees Eli coming through the crowd.

KATZ PULLS A GUN --- **BAMMM** --- SHOOTS INTO THE ROOF ---

The riders in the car go CRAZY... giving Katz a second to BLAST OPEN THE LOCKED door to the Train Conductor's booth.

He pulls his wife in...

Behind them, Eli, Jasper and Charlotte PUSH THROUGH THE FRIGHTENED CROWD ---

INT. METRO STATION - DOWN THE LINE

A LARGE CONTINGENT OF FRENCH COPS and FBI AGENTS stand in the now deserted metro station. The next in line.

They can begin to hear the WHINE AND RATTLE of the metro car coming down the track.

Then the LIGHT --- All of their WEAPONS OUT AND READY ---

INT. METRO TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON THE BUTT OF A PISTOL SMASHING down on a door handle. Nothing's happening.

ELI
Get outta the way.

Jasper turns to see Eli standing behind him --- takes three big leaps --- KICKS THROUGH THE DOOR ---

A SCREAM FROM *INSIDE!!* AND A *SMASHING GLASS SOUND!!!*

INSIDE. Eli's there first:

TO THE LEFT: The CONDUCTOR lies, barely alive, two BULLET HOLES in his SHOULDER. He's drooping over the train controls.

CENTER: MRS. HALPERN holding her head and CRYING ---

RIGHT: A BROKEN WINDOW --- No Katz.

ELI (CONT'D)
Where'd he go?

Eli pulls her off the floor. She's crying. She points towards the hole in the broken window.

Then Eli sees the station coming up FAST.

He glances at the conductor, begins to tug the conductor off the controls. Conductor is too heavy.

ELI (CONT'D)
(to Jasper)
Help me.

Jasper leans in and they both PULL the conductor off the controls.

EXT. SECOND METRO STATION - CONTINUOUS

Cops with weapons trained.

WHOOOOOSH HHHHHH ---

The subway train CAREENS through the station. Not stopping. It passes in the FLASH OF AN EYE.

For a second, the cops are stunned. Then they start running towards the exits.

INT. CONDUCTOR BOOTH - METRO TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Eli trying the radio...

ELI
(to Charlotte)
Get on the radio. Figure out how to stop the train.

CHARLOTTE
What are you going to do?

They both look at the hole in the glass window. Eli moves towards it.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
No!!

... and carefully begins to climb through.

Jasper rushes towards the window while Charlotte and the French Policeman try to stop the train.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Get up there!

Jasper hesitates. Charlotte notices.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
It's not just you against the
world. Help him!

Jasper thinks for a moment. He pushes his head through the hole and looks up. Spots Eli climbing up and ON TOP OF THE MOVING TRAIN.

Jasper takes a deep breath...

... then hoists himself up into the blackness.

EXT. TOP OF TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Jasper reaches up and PULLS HIMSELF on top of the train --- wind WHIPPING past him ---

He sees two figures ahead of himself: Eli and Katz.

They're fighting, horizontally, hand to hand --- like KARATE while lying down ---

Eli KICKS Katz on the head --- he spins around the right side of the subway, his left HAND JUST GRIPPING THE EDGE as his body flies over the side...

Eli reaches for him --- when a PISTOL flies up --- **BAM BAM** --- he ROLLS TO THE SIDE TO MISS THE BULLETS ---

Causing Eli to fly down the long flank of the top of the train --- rolling --- JUST GRIPPING AT THE END...

Katz begins to climb up from the side, still holding the pistol.

Jasper LUNGES for the pistol, gripping it, causing it to SKITTER OFF THE EDGE of the train into the blackness.

Katz now crawling towards the back of the train and Eli. Jasper begins to follow him.

Katz reaches Eli. He grabs for Eli, holding his neck --- Eli reaches for Katz's neck too ---

A HORN BLAST. From deep inside the tunnels.

Jasper glances over his shoulder to see ANOTHER TRAIN about to pass them in the other direction ---

He turns back to see:

Katz rolls over his back, pulling Eli along with him.

Then Katz FLINGS ELI over the side of the train ---

Just as the SECOND TRAIN COMES BARRELLING PAST ---

Eli is BRIEFLY ILLUMINATED by the second train's headlamp ---
before it COLLIDES DEAD-ON WITH him ---

Eli Stavert is killed instantly.

JASPER

No.

Jasper tries to stand and RUN towards Katz, who glares at him
--- finally seeing Jasper for the first time.

KATZ

You.

Jasper glances around JUST IN TIME --- DROPPING BACK DOWN to
the prone position as a LARGE METAL GRIDWORK flies above him -
--

He looks for Katz again. But:

Katz is gone.

SCREEEECHING can be heard.... The train CREAKING AND GROANING
under the pressure of a high-velocity STOP.

And the TRAIN SLOWLY COMES TO A STOP.

Jasper JUMPS OFF THE BACK OF THE TRAIN. Begins running into
the darkness...

INT. METRO TRACK - CONTINUOUS

He can hear SPLASHING ahead of Katz... But it gets fainter...

And then: Agent Eli Stavert's mangled body stops him in his
tracks.

He collapses at Stavert's body. Checks his pulse. Nothing.

CHARLOTTE

(echoing)

Eli!

SHOUTS AND FLASHLIGHT BEAMS begin to build behind him, two
hundred yards out.

JASPER
(feeling pulse)
Nothing.

CHARLOTTE
Where'd Katz go?!

Jasper points into the darkness ---

INT. METRO TUNNEL - UNDERGROUND - CONTINUOUS

FLASHLIGHT BEAMS JOSTLE. Charlotte and Jasper sprint down the underground track.

The electrified "third rail" SPARKS menacingly every few seconds, casting flickering light across them.

They eventually reach a "Y" connector between two tunnels. No sign of Katz.

Charlotte SHINES her flashlight over the intricate vaulted brick ceilings of the old Metro.

A LOUD CREAKING ---

Charlotte spins and casts her beam upon a metal DRAINAGE GRATE ---

It's hanging from one screw, having been bashed until it rotated off an OLD DRAINAGE CHANNEL ---

CHARLOTTE
I hope you're not claustrophobic.

CUT TO:

INT. DRAINAGE CHANNEL - PARIS UNDERGROUND - MINUTES LATER

CLOSE ON Charlotte's face --- she's shimmying her body through an extremely tight tunnel. Jasper follows her.

They claw through a surface of muck and loose gravel... slowly pushing along...

Finally, the end in sight. They emerge into...

INT. THE CATACOMBS - PARIS, FRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A HUGE BURIAL ROOM from the 13th century... layer upon layer of these catacomb ossuaries grace the lower layers of Paris.....

DECREPIT SKULLS piled to form the panelling of the walls.

They split up in front of a column, each taking the opposite side of the large room as they move down it...

Past old CLEANING BASINS now filled to the top with algae and dirty water...

CHARLOTTE

This can't be the end of it.

Jasper reaches the end of the burial room. Looks around the last column.

He turns back to Charlotte... to see:

A figure RISES OUT OF A CLEANING BASIN, DRIPPING WET FROM HEAD TO TOE --- REACHING FOR CHARLOTTE ---

JASPER

BEHIND YOU!!

It's Katz. He tries to strangle Charlotte with his forearm ---

She DRIVES BACKWARDS --- SLAMMING KATZ INTO THE WALL BEHIND HIM ---

BONES AND DEBRIS FLY AROUND THEM ---

Both FALL TO THE GROUND --- Charlotte's pistol flies out of her hand, landing in a water ditch ---

Katz scrambles for it, but Charlotte has found an OLD BRICK. She PILEDRIVES the brick over Katz's hand, pinning his hand down.

KATZ ROARS WITH PAIN. He grabs the brick with his other hand, SWINGS WILDLY at Charlotte.

She ducks to the right, scrambling and rolling behind a column into the darkness --- Katz pursues her around the column ---

Just then, JASPER BARGES INTO KATZ HEAD FIRST ---

Katz goes flying across the room with Jasper ---

Katz is up first. KICKS JASPER IN THE HEAD --- OVER AND OVER AGAIN ---

Jasper tries to stand... groggy... he FLAILS for Katz's leg.

He finally GRABS and HOLDS Katz's leg. But Katz flips up with his other leg, ROUNDHOUSE KICKING Jasper to the ground.

BANG --- Charlotte SHOOTS her gun --- **MISSES KATZ** ---

Katz turns and *DISAPPEARS INTO THE DARKNESS* --- they don't see him pick up a *bent metal steel rod* lying on the ground ---

CHARLOTTE

Okay?

Charlotte runs ahead of Jasper. He follows, stumbling towards the end of the room where Katz disappeared.

Another tunnel. Tight quarters. Racing.

They can *just see* Katz's outline a hundred yards ahead of them, illuminated by a circle of **SUNLIGHT** ---

Katz reaches the exit and disappears from their vision...

EXT. "THE SEINE" - PORT DE TOLBIAC - MOMENTS LATER

Charlotte reaches the circular drainage exit. She steps through into the **SUN** onto a small **LEDGE** above the **SEINE**.

BLINDED FOR A MOMENT BY THE WHITE HOT **SUN** --- SHE DOES NOT NOTICE AS:

A *STEEL ROD* SWINGS THROUGH THE AIR, IMPACTS WITH HER SKULL ---

Charlotte FALLS FORWARD into the water and begins to sink...

Jasper EMERGES from the hole. He sees Katz racing along the precariously narrow edge of the river embankment. He scans for Charlotte... finds her:

In the murky water... unconscious... descending.

Jasper takes a DEEP BREATH and JUMPS INTO THE **SEINE** after her.

INT. UNDERWATER - "THE SEINE" - CONTINUOUS

Jasper kicks rapidly, striving to reach Charlotte. She's floating about four feet under the water.

He gets there, then PUSHES up towards the light.

EXT. "THE SEINE" - CONTINUOUS

They erupt onto the surface. He puts his mouth to Charlotte's, blowing oxygen into her, while attempting to sidestroke to the shore --- a FLICKER of life from her --- then ---

Jasper sees Katz. He's in a small motor boat. *RIPPING OFF INTO THE SEINE* ---

Coming right at them ---

Jasper reaches for Charlotte, takes a HUGE BREATH, and DIVES UNDER THE WATER ---

INT. UNDERWATER - "THE SEINE" - CONTINUOUS

KATZ RACES OVER THEIR HEADS --- PROPELLER INCHES FROM THEIR FACES ---

EXT. "THE SEINE" - PORT DE TOLBIAC - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte and Jasper emerge onto the surface of the Seine again... Katz's boat is GETTING SMALLER AND SMALLER ---

Jasper drags Charlotte towards the shore. They finally reach it. He begins to PUMP on her chest, and EXHALE deep breaths into her mouth...

JASPER
Come on, come on.

FINALLY --- *SHE COUGHS* --- *WATER HACKS OUT OF HER LUNGS* ---
BUT SHE'S ALIVE ---

She slowly comes to and sees Jasper's worried face hovering above her. She tries to speak.

JASPER (CONT'D)
What?

She's struggling to say something...

CHARLOTTE
You're... Thank you...

CUT TO:

INT. DGSE SAFE HOUSE - PARIS, FRANCE - TWO HOURS LATER

Jasper sits on the stairs. Behind him, Mrs. Halpern is led by Agent Corrigan to a waiting SUV in HANDCUFFS.

Charlotte approaches him, watches Mrs. Halpern for a moment. Says nothing.

JASPER

I'm sorry.

CHARLOTTE

It's not your fault.

JASPER

Maybe.

(beat)

Is the Missus saying anything?

CHARLOTTE

She's a doe in the headlights.

JASPER

But she knew.

CHARLOTTE

Yeah. She'll go to jail.

A long, pregnant beat.

Tom Corrigan approaches from behind Jasper and Charlotte.

CORRIGAN

You want me and Blumenfeld to take him back to the hotel?

CHARLOTTE

It's okay. I'll drive him.

INT. SMALL UNMARKED CITROEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

DRIVING THROUGH THE PARIS STREETS ---

Charlotte's driving, Jasper's in the passenger seat.

JASPER

He saw me. Now he'll drop everything I did for him and go completely dark.

CHARLOTTE

I know. It doesn't really matter.

JASPER
What do you mean?

CHARLOTTE
Justice always prevails.

JASPER
Justice comes and goes. Revenge
stays forever.

CHARLOTTE
I'll find him.

JASPER
You're a tough girl.

CHARLOTTE
Eli Stavert was tough. And now he's
dead.

Jasper peers out the car window. Slanted rain skids along the glass. Flashing fluorescents reflect against his eyes.

Ahead, an entrance to a main boulevard is BLOCKED off by caution signs. Charlotte follows the DETOUR down a smaller street which narrowly tracks the edge of the Seine.

JASPER
You were right.

CHARLOTTE
I know.

JASPER
About me.

Charlotte glances at Jasper for verification... still tough to read...

JASPER (CONT'D)
I've been surviving. Not living.

Ahead of them, an AMBULANCE'S FLASHING LIGHTS appear.

CHARLOTTE
What's this?

Jasper and Charlotte peer through the heavy raindrops to see:

A SMALL ACCIDENT. A PEUGEOT sits on the side of the road, it's BACK HALF SMASHED IN, SMOKE rising from its engine.

In front of it is the AMBULANCE.

Two cars are backed up behind them. Charlotte watches while a FRENCH PARAMEDIC walks up to both cars and talks to their drivers...

The two cars ahead of them begin to U-TURN. The street is so narrow that they pop on and off the sidewalk next to the river... After they clear, Charlotte CREEPS towards the accident.

Jasper places his hand on Charlotte's forearm...

The FRENCH PARAMEDIC approaches Jasper's car. He TAPS HURRIEDLY at the window. Charlotte presses "DOWN" on the window --- the window begins to ROLL DOWN ---

JASPER
(suddenly)
No!!!

THE FRENCH PARAMEDIC *STICKS HIS ARM THROUGH THE WINDOW* ---

Charlotte has no time to react --- there's a NEEDLE in PARAMEDIC'S HAND ---

PARAMEDIC PLUNGES THE NEEDLE INTO CHARLOTTE'S NECK ---
PRESSES THE DAMPER ---

Within seconds, Charlotte's eyes ROLL BACK in her head.

Jasper struggles to get his door open, JUMPING OUT into the rain. Races towards the Paramedic... about to GRAB HIM...

But then the paramedic turns back to Jasper... Faces him...

The paramedic is Dubois. Jasper's handler.

JASPER (CONT'D)
What *the hell* did you give her?

DUBOIS
Merci beaucoup will suffice.

JASPER
Tell me.

DUBOIS
Don't be soft.
(beat)
She's fine. She's sleeping so deep that when she wakes, she won't remember anything leading up to the accident.

JASPER
The accident?

Dubois silently walks towards the running ambulance. He opens the door, pulling out a PORTABLE EXOTHERMIC "ARC" SAW.

He walks towards the HEAVY STEEL CABLES separating the Seine from the narrow street, turns ON the saw, and begins to SLICE CUT THROUGH the guard cable.

DUBOIS
(to Jasper)
Get her out of the vehicle. Smash
the windows.

Jasper goes back to the car. He checks Charlotte's pulse. She's out cold. He CAREFULLY PULLS HER out of the car.

She flops on the cold, wet sidewalk... He drags her by her shoulders towards the edge of the river...

Jasper walks back to the car. He SMASHES the windows with a lug wrench from the trunk.

DUBOIS (CONT'D)
Ready?

Jasper nods. Dubois orients the car towards the open shot over the now broken-through steel chain towards the Seine...

EXT. SEINE RIVER - CONTINUOUS

THE EMPTY CITROEN CAREENS THROUGH THE AIR...

... AND INTO THE DARK SEINE RIVER.

MONTAGE BEGINS:

IN THE AMBULANCE

Cars yield right-of-way to the ringing sirens...

Jasper and Dubois ride in silence down the narrow street.

Jasper glances through the SIDE MIRROR to see fading into the background:

Charlotte's unconscious body lying askew on the edge of the road, the smoking Peugeot aside her...

AT THE SUBWAY CRIME SCENE

A French CSI TECH shines a flashlight underneath a set of abandoned rails to the far edge of the scene.

The light catches an outline of something. The CSI Tech notices... digs further.

His hands reach a dark OBJECT. He pulls it out.

CSI TECH
(yelling)
Regardez ca!

Commotion.

AT THE FBI'S HOTEL

Agents Corrigan and Blumenfeld walk into the hotel. The front desk gestures towards them...

FRONT DESK
Mr. Corrigan? There's an urgent
call for you.

Corrigan reaches the desk, picks up the phone... he begins to listen...

CORRIGAN
What the hell??
(to Blumenfeld)
Katz dropped an ID in the tunnel.
(beat)
*But the name on it isn't Jose
Cortes.*

BLUMENFELD
We should call Charlotte.

AT THE SEINE RIVER

A CROWD IS BEGINNING TO FORM around Charlotte. Two French men try to hold umbrellas over to block her from the rain... while an older French lady checks her vitals...

Then... in her soaked pocket... her CELL PHONE begins to ring. The French lady picks it up. It reads "*Corrigan.*" The lady answers the phone.

FRENCH SAMARITAN
Oui, Qui est-ce?!

IN THE AMBULANCE WITHIN THE 15TH ARRONDISSEMENT

The ambulance stops outside a nondescript former factory. Dubois regards Jasper.

DUBOIS
What happened?

JASPER
I told you. I was derailed.

DUBOIS
Next time you jump tracks, I won't
be there.

JASPER
I know.

DUBOIS
I don't like to worry about my
guys... when I start to...

JASPER
It won't happen again. I'm almost
done.

DUBOIS
With what?

JASPER
Everything.

Jasper jumps out of the ambulance. He tips his head at
Dubois. A nod of respect. Then he walks towards the brick
building...

Dubois and the ambulance drive off.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
I don't remember a thing.

EXT. SEINE RIVER - EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

Bright daylight rays stream across the river.

THE CITROEN BEING LIFTED BY A CRANE OUT OF THE SEINE ---
WATER CASCADING OUT OF IT --- SMASHED TO BITS ---

Charlotte stands overlooking the river, Corrigan and
Blumenfeld with her. She still has HOSPITAL TAGS hanging from
her wrists...

CHARLOTTE
It was raining... we turned down
this street, because there was a
barrier to the highway...

She fades off.

CORRIGAN
EMTs say you were ejected.

CHARLOTTE
Did they find Jasper's body in the river?

BLUMENFELD
Not yet.

CHARLOTTE
(thinking)
They won't.

BLUMENFELD
You don't think he survived, do you?

She doesn't respond. Continues to stare at the rising car.

CORRIGAN
There's more. Techs found something in the tunnel. Katz must have dropped it by accident.

Corrigan hands her a SOCIAL SECURITY CARD in a plastic evidence bag.

CORRIGAN (CONT'D)
Katz's picture. His stats. Everything Jasper said would be there... except the name. It's not Cortes.

CHARLOTTE
What *the fuck*?!

CORRIGAN
Katz has been going by Rio Alacantha.

CHARLOTTE
Jasper was feeding us the wrong name this entire time?
(off Blumenfeld's blank stare)
Why *the hell* would he do that?

BLUMENFELD
To lead us off the scent.

CHARLOTTE
You run the new name --- *Alacantha* -
-- through passenger manifests?

BLUMENFELD
Stateside's already on it.

CHARLOTTE
Task a group with finding Jasper.
Send someone from the Field Office
in Boston up to his parent's house.

CORRIGAN
If he's alive.

CHARLOTTE
He is.

CORRIGAN
How can you be so sure?

CHARLOTTE
Because he touched me. I know he
touched me.

INT. SINK - HOTEL ROOM - 15TH ARRONDISSEMENT - DAY

Jasper's FACE PULLS OUT OF WATER ---

Red dye streams from the back of his hair as we address him
in the mirror. Shirtless. His hair is now a dark red patina.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - 15TH ARRONDISSEMENT - DAY

We've seen this before. Jasper WIPES BLEACH over all the
surfaces in the hotel room...

EXT. FLEXISTOCKAGE - PARIS, FRANCE - THE NEXT MORNING

Jasper WALKS OUT of the storage rental warehouse located on
the far outskirts of Paris' 15th Arrondissement.

He has a SMALL DUFFEL in his hand.

INT. BUSINESS CENTER - HOTEL - 15TH ARRONDISSEMENT - DAY

Jasper sits at one of the two computers in a tiny business
center.

He inconspicuously pushes a USB DRIVE into the side of the
computer monitor. His proprietary encryption software begins
to run...

ONSCREEN: He types in another prompt: RFID TRACK.

Suddenly onscreen a LARGE WORLD MAP APPEARS. A tiny BLINKING RED DOT emanates from North America...

Jasper zooms in...

The dot is located about thirty miles outside of New York City... and it's moving...

JASPER
(muttering to himself)
Hello Richie.

Jasper uses his finger to trace along the highway the RED DOT is travelling...

JASPER (CONT'D)
Are you scared? Did your cash run out yet?

Directly north, about another hundred miles... is Fairchild, NY.

JASPER (CONT'D)
Going where I think you're going?

CUT TO:

EXT. SPLIT-LEVEL HOUSE - BEDFORD, NH - DAY

Two FBI STIFFS wearing grey suits exit a grey FORD FOCUS and drolly approach the small house.

They walk down the walkway... *RING RING.*

AN ELDERLY ITALIAN LADY answers the door.

FBI STIFF
Hello, Mrs. Greene?
(she nods her head)
We're from the FBI. May we speak to you?

MRS. GREENE
What about?

FBI STIFF
About your son, Jasper.

The elderly Mrs. Greene stands silently for a long moment. She's motionless.

The agents stand next to her, not sure what to do.

FBI STIFF (CONT'D)
Have you had any contact with him
at all?

She doesn't answer, but a SINGLE TEAR falls down her face.

THE OTHER FBI STIFF
It is imperative that you tell us.

MRS. GREENE
Shame on you.

FBI STIFF
Excuse me?

She's dead quiet, until:

MRS. GREENE
My son died in 1980 in an ice
skating accident.

THE OTHER FBI STIFF
I'm so sorry...

MRS. GREENE
He was three years old.

Both of the FBI Agents realize at the same time that *Jasper's*
"parents" are not his parents.

The FBI STIFF reaches for his cell phone...

INT. DGSE SAFE HOUSE - PARIS, FRANCE

CHARLOTTE
So if Jasper Greene is dead, then
who the hell is Jasper Greene?

Charlotte stands at the head of a conference table, the rest
of the team staring with grim faces.

You could hear a pin drop... but no pins drop.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NEW YORK STATE - DAY

HIGH ANGLE over a nondescript, salt-battered FORD RANGER
PICKUP TRUCK driving by its lonesome down a desolate upstate
New York Highway...

We slowly swing towards the driver's seat. *To see Richard*
Katz at the wheel.

INT. CUSTOMS - NEWARK 'EWR' AIRPORT - DAY

Jasper stands in line, waiting for the next available customs agent. A GREEN LIGHT flashes above a booth.

Jasper approaches. Hands over his passport.

The customs agent studies it carefully. Looks at Jasper. Back to the ID.

CUSTOMS AGENT
 (with a big smile)
 Welcome back, sir.
 (studies the passport
 again)
 Been a long time, hasn't it?

INT. CABIN - LEAR JET - OVER THE ATLANTIC - DAY

Charlotte stares at the ocean through a small window on the plane, deep in thought.

She gazes forward across the main cabin...

...where Blumenfeld and two YOUNG AGENTS are watching a television, going over evidence. We've seen it before:
Footage from the Fairchild Massacre.

CORRIGAN
 The Director's office wants us all
 at the Hoover Building immediately
 after debark.
 (beat)
 They're not happy.

CHARLOTTE
 That's evident.

A long beat.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Hey!! ---

Charlotte BOUNDS out of her seat and practically races towards the front of the cabin...

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
 (to the Young Agents)
 Rewind that.

One of the surprised agents STOPS PLAYBACK.

YOUNG AGENT

Where to?

CHARLOTTE

Just rewind.

PLAYBACK REWINDS...

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Stop. Play it there.

ONSCREEN: The old footage from the bank robbery plays. We've seen it before ---

ONSCREEN: THE LOBBY. NO ACTION. *JUST A FAMILY SITTING IN SOME WAITING CHAIRS. THEY STAND UP AND ENTER THE SAFE DEPOSIT BOX AREA --- THEN --- KATZ AND FORTUNATO BUST INTO THE OPEN LOBBY OF THE BANK --- BERSERK CHAOS ---*

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

(turning to Livadas)

Did you see that?

BLUMENFELD

What?

CHARLOTTE

Did you see the kid?

(off their looks)

Play it back again. Slowly.

ONSCREEN: It begins to play for a third time.

Charlotte points to the WAITING FAMILY in the lobby.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Can you zoom in on them?

YOUNG AGENT

Sure ---

ONSCREEN: ZOOM IN, BECOMING *BLOCKY AND PIXILLATED* --- BUT STILL VISIBLE --- The boy is playing with something on his wrist. He twirls it around a few times. Then a BANK ATTENDANT arrives. The whole family stands up. *The boy takes A WATCH off his wrist, places it inside a SAFE DEPOSIT BOX the Attendant is holding* ---

Charlotte's mouth drops...

BLUMENFELD

What do you see?

Charlotte points to the lone survivor of the Fairchild Massacre: Zachary LaRossa, twelve years old at the time.

CHARLOTTE
Find out everything you can about
what happened to this child.

CUT TO:

INT. INDEPENDENT CELLULAR STORE - BRONX, NY - DAY

Jasper browses PAY-AS-YOU-GO SMARTPHONES.

He pays cash for a BOOST MOBILE BLACKBERRY and purchases a handful of 60-MINUTE CARDS.

JASPER
(to Clerk)
Give me one of those car chargers
too. And a spare battery.

INT. JASPER'S CAR - HIGHWAY

Jasper driving.

He picks up the cell phone, runs the TOR ENCRYPTION APP. The RFID TRACK screen appears.

The red dot has stopped...

In...

EXT. FAIRCHILD, NY - NIGHT

Katz flies past a sign "*Welcome to Fairchild!*" and turns into the parking lot of a LOW SLUNG TRAVELODGE MOTEL.

CUT TO:

INT. JFK AIRPORT - NEW YORK - EARLY MORNING

CHARLOTTE
Zachary LaRossa's face was
plastered on the front of Time
Magazine in 1990, about two months
after Fairchild...

A hastily arranged CONFERENCE ROOM. Charlotte addresses Corrigan, Blumenfeld and a couple other agents.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

His father was a part-time watchmaker, both he and Zachary's mother immigrated from Italy.

(beat)

When the authorities tried to track down LaRossa's family in Trapani, they couldn't find them. After six months, he was placed in a foster home.

Charlotte clicks on a computer monitor...

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

He started getting in trouble. Moved from home to home. He dropped out of high school at sixteen.

(beat)

We tracked down his last known foster parents. He packed his bags and walked out in 1995 when he was seventeen, never to be seen again. His name, social, make no blips on the radar from that day onwards... But...

She flips around the laptop.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

They dug up an old picture.

We do not see the picture, but ALL OF THE AGENTS do.

THEIR MOUTHS DROP.

A long silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOME DEPOT - FAIRCHILD, NY - MORNING

Katz walks out of the CONTRACTOR'S ENTRANCE of Home Depot, with a Staff Member behind him pushing a LARGE AIR COMPRESSOR and PORTABLE JACKHAMMER.

We watch from afar as Katz and the Staff Member load the Jackhammer into the back of Katz' pickup truck.

Katz drives off...

... REVERSE ANGLE to see "Jasper" (*Will still be referred to as Jasper*) sitting at the far edge of the parking lot.

He begins to follow Katz's pickup...

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - JFK AIRPORT - DAY

Corrigan stares at his computer screen.

CORRIGAN
Charlotte?!
(he turns, looks for
Charlotte)

Charlotte walks over from across the room.

CORRIGAN (CONT'D)
Katz has been using his Rio
Alacantha credit card. Just found
out he rented a pickup truck in the
Bronx.
(beat)
And we got a plate number. We're
cross checking against toll booth
scanners now.

CHARLOTTE
He'll trip.

CORRIGAN
Yeah. And what about Jasper?

CHARLOTTE
If we find one, we'll find the
other.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOLL BOOTH - INTERSTATE 79 - AFTERNOON

Katz races his pickup down the highway towards a TOLL
BOOTH...

Behind him, Jasper continues to follow from a steady
distance.

After passing through, Katz takes an exit towards FAIRCHILD.

INT. TOLL BOOTH CENTRAL STATION - CONTINUOUS

In a dark office with glowing computer monitors, a MESSAGE
ALERT BLINKS on the bottom of the screen...

It takes a few moments, but a TECHNICIAN swivels in his chair and reads the message.

TECHNICIAN
Holy shit...

The Technician picks up the phone...

EXT. FAIRCHILD CITY CENTER - MINUTES LATER

Katz drives through the center of Fairchild, NY.

INT. JASPER'S CAR - FAIRCHILD, NY - CONTINUOUS

As Jasper follows, a LARGE WHITE-COLUMNED BANK appears on the ride side of the street. Jasper can't help but stare through the window as he passes it...

... The Fairchild Bank ...

But both cars continue onwards.

Jasper follows as Katz takes a quick right into a residential neighborhood behind the bank...

Moving towards the end of the neighborhood, Katz drives onto a poorly paved COUNTRY ROAD...

Jasper follows.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FAIRCHILD, NY - MINUTES LATER

Magic hour sun casts beauty on the large forested area in the hills behind Fairchild...

Jasper continues to follow Katz along a desolate country road.

Suddenly, Katz takes and ABRUPT RIGHT into an ABANDONED SUBURBAN DEVELOPMENT.

Jasper stops his car on the side of the road, exits the car.

... and we see a GLOCK PISTOL in the small of his back as he enters the forest to the side of the development entrance...

INT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Jasper tracks Katz through the forest...

EXT. ABANDONED CUL-DE-SAC - CONTINUOUS

Katz drives directly to the middle of the abandoned cul-de-sac. No buildings have been built here. Only the road is paved, with service pipes (electricity, gas, etc.) emerging here and there...

He parks, but keeps his lights on: Illuminating the night.

Then Katz begins to unload the air compressor from the back of the pickup...

INT. FOREST - DEAD NIGHT - HOURS LATER

CHATTTA --- CHATTTA --- CHATTTAAAA ---

A loud JACKHAMMER KNOCKING ECHOES THROUGH THE FOREST ---

Jasper's POV: Katz, wearing gloves, has managed to jackhammer through about two and a half feet of solid concrete in a six-foot-radius circle around a DRAINAGE PIPE ENTRANCE in the dead center of the Cul-de-sac.

Piles of concrete sit all around it.

Finally, the sound ends.

EXT. ABANDONED CUL-DE-SAC - CONTINUOUS

Katz stares at the hole he's created. A huge drainage pipe has been opened up.

Katz LOWERS HIMSELF into the pipe.

INT. DRAINAGE PIPE - CUL-DE-SAC - CONTINUOUS

Katz inside the pipe. He reaches around a LARGE VALVE. On top of the VALVE is a DARK SHELF.

Katz reaches deep into the shelf... his hands searching for something...

... and he pulls out with a LARGE BLACK DUFFEL BAG.

EXT. ABANDONED CUL-DE-SAC - CONTINUOUS

Katz steps out of the pipe. He looks around...

And walks directly towards his pickup truck. He enters the truck. Turns on the ignition. He GUNS IT...

After about fifteen feet, the TRUCK'S WHEELS ARE SMOKING ---
THE TRUCK STOPS ---

Katz jumps out. He sees: His tires have been slashed.

THEN: A COLD GLOCK PISTOL JAMMED IN THE BACK OF HIS NECK.

JASPER
Hello Richard.

Richard tries to turn...

JASPER (CONT'D)
Don't move.

RICHARD
Are you with the police?

JASPER
Now ---

Jasper begins to quickly FRISK Katz.

JASPER (CONT'D)
Where's your gun?

RICHARD
What are you doing, Jasper? Why are
you working with them?

JASPER
I don't work for anyone.
(beat)
Where's your gun?

RICHARD
I don't have one.

BAMMM. Jasper shoots into the ground near Richard's foot.

JASPER
WHERE?!

RICHARD
In the cab.

Jasper eyes IDLING TRUCK. STILL RUNNING. With one eye on
Katz, Jasper unlocks the rear gate to the cab.

JASPER
Put the bag on the truckbed.

Richard does so.

JASPER (CONT'D)
Now sit down.

Katz sits down on the cement behind the truck. Jasper grabs a piece of SPARE ROPE from the truck, and quickly ties Katz's gloved hands behind his back... the palms up.

He then walks to the front of the cab, and finds a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN. He picks it up and returns to Katz.

JASPER (CONT'D)
Now you asked me what I'm doing here.
(beat)
And I'm gonna tell you.

Jasper turns and UNZIPS Katz's duffel bag.

JASPER (CONT'D)
There's gotta be half a million dollars in this bag.
(beat)
Right?

KATZ
Maybe.

JASPER
I knew you'd go for your stash.
(beat)
And when you did? I'd be waiting.
(beat)
It's called an RFID tag. It's thinner than a piece of paper. As long as that passport was on you, I knew exactly where you were.
(beat)
I will admit that I wasn't expecting the FBI to nail us.

Jasper glances down at the stash.

JASPER (CONT'D)
Not because I'm mad... But I wanted to do this all on my own.

He begins to run his hand through the money, the jewels...

Then:

His fingers reach a WATCH.

He grabs it.

Time slows down.

Turns it over: It's a CORTEBERT. He flips it on it's back: A LINE OF ENGRAVED INITIALS.

Jasper holds the watch up to the dying afternoon light and SMILES BROADLY.

Katz watches Jasper holding the Cortebert curiously.

JASPER (CONT'D)
When we met two weeks ago... I was nervous. You know why?

RICHARD
No.

JASPER
Because it wasn't the first time.

Richard has a confused look on his face.

JASPER (CONT'D)
Yeah.

Jasper holds up the watch.

JASPER (CONT'D)
You remember this?

RICHARD
(looking at it)
No.

JASPER
You sure?

Jasper gets into Richard's face.

JASPER (CONT'D)
I didn't know whether you would.
But I hoped so.

Jasper sticks the gun in Katz's face.

RICHARD
Uh, it's... it's from the bank...

JASPER
Right.
(beat)
There was once a boy named Zachary LaRossa. He was the only one you didn't kill.

A STUNNED LOOK on Richard's face.

JASPER (CONT'D)
You stole his watch and murdered
his parents in front of his eyes.

RICHARD
I ---

JASPER
I am Zachary LaRossa.

Richard can't say anything.

JASPER (CONT'D)
And you stole my life.

Jasper begins to PACK UP the STASH. Puts all of the CASH, all of the JEWELS, all of the PAPERWORK back into the BLACK BAG.

KATZ
What are you going to do to me?

Jasper doesn't respond...

We see Katz sensing an opening ... tries to stand up...
can't. Tries again...

But Jasper turns around.

JASPER
At this point, I don't really blame
you anymore.

Jasper walks behind Richard. He slowly PULLS OFF one glove from Richard's hands. Then he does the same with the other.

JASPER (CONT'D)
I mean, I'm going to kill you.
(beat)
But I am who I am because of you.

RICHARD
How goddamn poetic.

Richard's fingertips are covered by carefully applied bandages. Jasper unceremoniously RIPS these off to reveal the STILL-HEALING SCARS from the lye mix.

Richard MOANS in pain...

JASPER
The state gave me *fake* parents,
fake sisters, *fake* brothers.
(MORE)

JASPER (CONT'D)
 They acted like I was lucky. But
 really? What I was, was *no one*.
 Which meant I could become *anyone*.

... Jasper begins to TWIST HIS HEEL into Katz's hands ---

KATZ SCREAMS IN AGONY ---

JASPER (CONT'D)
 What you're feeling? That's
 nothing.
 (beat)
 I've worn my pain for twenty years.
 Every night, I fantasized about
 you. How you got away... where you
 were... what you were doing. I knew
 there was only one place to find
 you --- in the shadows. So that's
 where I went. And because I became
 the best, you came to me. *That is*
poetry.
 (beat)
 Get up.

As Katz tries to stand up, Jasper STOMPS ON HIS HAND AGAIN ---
 BLOOD BEGINS TO RUN FROM THE NOW-OPEN WOUNDS ---

JASPER (CONT'D)
 It took a mountain of will not to
 kill you on the spot in Oregon.
 (beat)
 But I needed *this*.

Jasper holds up the bag.

JASPER (CONT'D)
 I was going to wait till you ran
 out of cash. Then you'd lead me
 here without even knowing it.
 (beat)
 Which you did.

Jasper reaches down, and WINDS the ROPE around Katz's hands
 and wrists --- over and over again ---

JASPER (CONT'D)
 Can't stand up? I'll help.

With one fluid motion, Jasper YANKS UPWARDS with the ROPE ---
 ALMOST PULLING KATZ'S ARMS OUT OF THEIR SOCKETS --- The ropes
 RIPPING THROUGH skin on his fingers --- Katz BELLOWS ---

... and finally stands. Jasper begins to walk him to the
 truck.

JASPER (CONT'D)
I'm curious, why didn't you come
back and get the stash earlier?

We see Katz reaching with his tied bloody hands towards one
pocket --- just barely reaching it ---

RICHARD
I did, I did. About a year later.

Jasper doesn't notice yet --- keeps walking ---

RICHARD (CONT'D)
But the whole place was paved over
and swimming with construction
workers.

Jasper grins.

JASPER
What I really want to know is how
you escaped the dragnet?

Richard nods towards the forest.

RICHARD
There's an old copper mine about a
mile and a half North.
(beat)
I hid in it, descended for two
days. It came out three miles away
in another county. I got on a
Greyhound.

Now we see that Katz has a small KNIFE --- it drops to his
hands --- he has been able to cut most of the ropes ---

JASPER
Easier to do back then, wasn't it?

Katz TWISTS OUT OF JASPER'S GRIP ---

He SLASHES AT JASPER'S GUN HAND, CUTTING DEEP INTO THE
FOREARM --- Jasper DROPS THE GUN ---

Jasper LUNGES FOR THE SHOTGUN IN THE TRUNK ---

Katz cuts away the rest of his ropes while he runs ---

Katz heading for the CAB --- he jumps in the pickup --- GUNS
IT IN REVERSE --- *KNOCKING JASPER OVER* ---

Jasper HITS CONCRETE. He opens his eyes to see the SHOTGUN
lying there. Picks up it up --- just as ---

The TRUCK IS BARRELLING DOWN ON HIM ---

BAMM --- BAMMM ---

Jasper fires two BUCKSHOT ROUNDS into the WINDSHIELD, which SHATTERS ---

The truck VEERS RIGHT, missing Jasper, and runs up into the side of the embankment towards the trees ---

KKRRAAANNKKK ---- It SLAMS INTO A LARGE TREE ---

Jasper pulls himself off the ground...

... just in time to see Katz climbing, dazed, out of the cab. Katz grabs the BLACK DUFFEL... and *SPRINTS INTO THE WOODS* ---

Jasper picks up the SHOTGUN, *RACES AFTER KATZ* ---

INT. FOREST - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Jasper walks quietly through the forest. He ducks behind trees as he does...

He hears the quiet sounds of water... a creek nearby...

Then he hears a crashing footstep to the right...

He ducks down...

Sees motion through bushes ahead.

Jasper takes a right up a small hill, looking down...

And sees Katz running towards a LARGE STREAM ahead.

Jasper follows...

INT. STREAM - FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Jasper reaches the stream, but can't see Katz anywhere.

He begins to follow the stream ---

About twenty yards later, it begins to open up into a SMALL RIVER --- about 4 yards wide... Jasper walks along the side.

He sees the river is coming to the edge of a CLIFF.

He carefully walks towards the cliff, and glances over the EDGE: a FIFTY-FOOT WATERFALL falls off the side of the cliff towards a large body of water and LARGER RIVER below...

RICHARD
You shouldn't have followed me.

Jasper WHIPS AROUND. Richard's there. Holding Jasper's GLOCK in his face.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I let you live. But since you
decided to chase?
(beat)
You're going to die.

Richard cocks the Glock ---

BAMMMMMMM ----

A .306 RIFLE SHOT RINGS OUT. Jasper looks around. Katz falls to his knees and his PISTOL FALLS OVER THE EDGE OF THE WATERFALL...

Jasper looks around frantically... then...

CHARLOTTE ROSS (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)
*Put your hands on your heads. This
is the FBI. We have you surrounded.*

Katz glances as men in FBI WINDBREAKERS begin to emerge from the edge of the river in the forest. They're still about a hundred yards away.

Katz glances left and right... at them... then he glances at Jasper.

He begins to crawl towards the EDGE OF THE WATERFALL.

He's holding the duffel.

Jasper lunges towards Katz. But he's too late. Katz and the bag FALL OVER THE WATERFALL...

JASPER
No...

Jasper watches as Katz hits...

CHARLOTTE (LOUDSPEAKER)
Don't do it, Jasper.

Jasper turns back to see Charlotte coming closer. He glances down again.

And SEES KATZ!! HE'S ALIVE. And he's wading through the water towards the bank of the river.

Jasper takes a *deep breath* ---

... and holding the shotgun, *takes a FLYING LEAP AND JUMPS OVER THE WATERFALL...*

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Fuck!!

INT. RIVER BANK - CONTINUOUS

Mud. Dirt. Water. Jasper swims towards Katz who is pulling himself --- leg wound, duffel and all --- towards the bank.

Jasper reaches him as the water laps around them.

Places the shotgun barrel on Katz's head. Pulls the trigger.

Nothing.

The gun's waterlogged. Katz SMASHES the gun to the side.

Katz pulls his KNIFE --- which Jasper KICKS AT. The knife goes skittering away. Jasper lunges for it. Gets it. He turns back to see Katz trying to stand up.

Jasper JAMS THE KNIFE INTO THE BACK OF KATZ'S CALF.

Katz screaming. He kicks Jasper... gets a bit of space...

And LUNGES INTO THE FOREST AGAIN --- With the bag!

Jasper rises out of the water with the knife. He sprints after Katz...

INT. TOP OF WATERFALL - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte finally reaches the edge of the waterfall... She's about two hundred yards AHEAD of the rest of the FBI AGENTS...

CHARLOTTE

(into radio)

Do we have men down there?

CORRIGAN (ON RADIO)

No ---

She looks over the edge again... then she drops the loudspeaker --- and CHARLOTTE JUMPS OVER THE EDGE HERSELF...

FLYING THROUGH THE AIR...

SPLASHING INTO THE WATER BELOW...

INT. FOREST - BELOW WATERFALL - CONTINUOUS

Jasper RACES through the forest after Katz --- thorns WHIPPING AROUND BOTH OF THEM --- BLOOD DROPLETS FORMING ALL OVER THEIR FACES ---

Jasper slowly gains on Katz.

He lunges and TACKLES KATZ ---

He takes three leaps and stands over Katz... the duffel next to him.

He places the knife at Katz's neck. Is about to JAM DOWNWARDS WHEN...

CHARLOTTE

Zachary!!!

Jasper turns to see Charlotte about a hundred yards behind him --- She's holding a PISTOL.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

(pistol aimed)

STOP!!!

Jasper holds the knife out in front of Katz's neck ---

JASPER

Stay away from me Charlotte ---

Richard starts to cackle...

RICHARD

I never thought I'd be delighted to see the FBI...

CHARLOTTE

I know who you are. You're surrounded, Zachary.

Charlotte points to the edge of the waterfall --- we begin to see FBI PERSONNEL AND LOCAL POLICEMEN crowding over the edge of the waterfall.

JASPER

Don't call me that!!!

(beat)

Throw me the gun.

A few of them are beginning to scramble around the edge ---
but none jump --- will still take them awhile to get down ---

CHARLOTTE

I can't let you do this.

JASPER

You're in no position to negotiate.
I'll kill him. Throw the gun to me.

Charlotte thinks for a moment. She places her gun at her feet, then KICKS the gun towards him...

CHARLOTTE

It was all for the stash, wasn't it?

JASPER

Not exactly.

CHARLOTTE

What are you going to do, Zach,
just keep running?

RICHARD

You're done, Jasper ---

JASPER

Shut up!!

CHARLOTTE

After revenge, what do you have? Is
this going to put the pieces back
together?

Jasper glances up at Charlotte and away from Katz. Katz takes the moment to duck away from Jasper.

KATZ ROLLS TO THE RIGHT towards underbrush ---

JASPER

(SCREAMING))

YES. IT IS.

But Jasper's faster than Katz. He takes one *LARGE STEP*,
SWINGING THE KNIFE THE FULL RADIUS OF HIS ARM --- TOWARDS
KATZ ---

JASPER SLICES DOWN THROUGH Katz's neck. Hitting an artery.
Blood begins to gush out...

Katz's pupils explode wide in shock... it is only a few moments before...

Katz dies.

Jasper watches... he's almost shocked himself...

Jasper turns back to Charlotte.

JASPER (CONT'D)
He killed Eli.

CHARLOTTE
I know.

JASPER
And my parents.

CHARLOTTE
That doesn't erase what you did.

JASPER
Turn around.

She turns away from him.

JASPER (CONT'D)
It's time for me go.

Jasper nears her, inches away from her face, both of them looking the same direction.

JASPER (CONT'D)
When you turn around, all that will
be left is the memory of a boy
named Zachary LaRossa.

CHARLOTTE
I'm still going to hunt you.

Jasper whispers in her ear...

JASPER
That's evident.

CHARLOTTE
If you think you can just vanish,
you're dead wrong.

No response.

After a long beat, we PAN AROUND Charlotte to see that Jasper is gone...

She turns around to look. Nothing.

Finally, Corrigan and Blumenfeld arrives on the scene.

CORRIGAN
Where is he?

CHARLOTTE
I... I don't know.

The three agents look at the DUFFEL BAG on the ground near
Katz's dead body.

It's still FULL.

CORRIGAN
He didn't take the money?!

Charlotte reaches into the bag... and we see that the only
thing missing is...

Off her face...

INT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON

A CORTEBERT WATCH ON JASPER'S WRIST ---

HE'S FLYING THROUGH THE FOREST ---

He runs through the dense brush against a cliff face ---
finally reaching --- *AN OLD MINE ENTRANCE* ---

He takes one look behind him, and *enters the mine.*

CUT TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

ONE YEAR LATER

Digital interference... and open back to a...

ZOOMED IN COMPUTER MONITOR --- WEBCAM VIDEO --- DUBOIS ---

DUBOIS
It's been a year ---

JASPER
I'm on vacation.

DUBOIS
There are no vacations in this
business.

JASPER
I've never felt better.

DUBOIS
Where are you?

Jasper's face *twitches* ever so slightly..

JASPER
Why would you ask me that?

DUBOIS
I need to know you haven't lost
your edge.

JASPER
She got to you, didn't she?

DUBOIS
Excuse me?

JASPER
Are you going to say hello,
Charlotte?

ON VIDEO: Dubois' face registers shock... Then someone grabs
the webcam and ROTATES it:

CHARLOTTE. FBI AGENTS IN THE BACKGROUND ---

CHARLOTTE
Zachary.

JASPER
You're still on the hunt.

CHARLOTTE
I have the time, so I'm confident.

JASPER
Oh yeah? Why's that?

Charlotte's face twists into a little smile...

CHARLOTTE
Because slow is smooth. And smooth
is fast.

DIGITAL INTERFERENCE --- CONNECTION CUTS --- STATIC ---

BLACK.

THE END.