

INTERMISSION

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1 INT. TRAIN STATION ESCALATOR - NIGHT 1

Ceiling lights slide by. A recorded announcement plays in the distance, the words distorted and unintelligible. TIAGO is pleasantly asleep, though instead of a sheet he is lying on metal. He is in motion: his head bobbles slightly.

He stirs, eyes closed, and rolls onto his side, his face reflected in uneven chromed sheet metal. He is lying on a descending escalator.

2 OMITTED 2

3 EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT 3

HENDRICK, a gambler, leans against a pillar on the train platform, waiting for the last train. His much younger and pointedly bored WIFE sits smoking beside him. His three bodyguards stand nearby, alert. The platform is deserted but for them.

The escalator deposits the still sleeping Tiago at the bottom. BODYGUARD ZERO takes a few steps toward the escalator, while BODYGUARD ONE stays with the couple, shielding them, and BODYGUARD TWO advances, gun drawn, to check out the body. His assumption is that Tiago was killed at the top of the escalator, so he looks for the threat there.

(CONTINUED)

Tiago wakes, as if coming out of a good night's sleep in a comfortable bed. The train announcement become intelligible as he rises to consciousness.

RECORDED ANNOUNCEMENT
...2254 Metroliner service from
South Station is arriving on
Southbound track 6...

Tiago comes fully awake, to see Bodyguard Two looming over him.

Tiago disarms Bodyguard Two and breaks his neck. He fires at Hendrick, but Bodyguard Zero moves between and takes the shot, going down.

Bodyguard One hustles Hendrick and his wife behind the pillar and returns fire.

A fight scene. Tiago and Bodyguard One exchange gunfire among the pillars of the platform, working their way closer to each other. Tiago shoots Bodyguard One, who falls off the platform on the southbound side. The lights of a northbound train approach.

Hendrick runs for the escalator. Tiago shoots him, and he spins and falls backward onto the railing. Tiago stands over him and takes from his coat an archaic-looking Polaroid camera. He snaps a shot of the corpse, then shoves it off the rail and onto the escalator, where it is carried up and out of sight.

HENDRICK'S WIFE cowers, crying, against a pillar on the platform, the cigarette still in her mouth. Tiago puts away the camera and gestures with his head: beat it. She runs off unsteadily, and the station is now empty except for Tiago.

The northbound train arrives, the air rolling spent cartridges around Tiago's feet. As the train squeals to a halt, Tiago yawns hugely, almost as if he is making the sound. No-one gets off. Tiago gets on.

Tiago takes an express mail envelope from his pocket, slips the photo of Hendrick inside, seals it, and puts it back in his pocket. Still sleepy, he slides down the window for fresh air. Lights slide by outside, he watches the rails splitting and rejoining. A CONDUCTOR walks down the aisle, collecting passengers' tickets from the pockets atop the seats.

TIAGO

Wake me at my stop.

Tiago leans back, but just for a moment. His head bobs forward again as the train stops.

Hendrick gets on with his three bodyguards. All are bloody with their death wounds. The bodyguards take strategic positions. Hendrick sits down across from Tiago. Each waits for the other to speak. Finally Hendrick raises his right hand, showing it to Tiago.

HENDRICK

See this? Shook hands with the president.

Tiago gives him a bare minimum of interest before turning back to his window.

HENDRICK (CONT'D)

Okay, it was Ford, but he was still the goddamn president.

TIAGO

You're taking this well.

HENDRICK

Honestly? I deserved it. Not a good person. Treated my boys well, though. Boys, you need an apology?

BODYGUARD ONE

No thank you.

BODYGUARD TWO

We're cool.

Bodyguard Zero shrugs.

TIAGO

I'm trying to sleep.

Tiago looks away, obviously not trying to sleep. Hendrick leans forward.

HENDRICK

Listen. Suppose I had a kid. Maybe one who nobody, not even the wife knew about--

TIAGO

I know.

(CONTINUED)

HENDRICK

Do you?

TIAGO

It was in the file.

HENDRICK

Right. So, you're not gonna...
You know.

TIAGO

No.

The train stops. Hendrick relaxes, gets up to go, offers Tiago his hand. Tiago, with some hesitation, takes it.

HENDRICK

Be seeing you.

As he leaves Hendrick puts his hand on Tiago's shoulder. This becomes the hand of the conductor, shaking Tiago awake.

CONDUCTOR

Hey. Your stop.

Tiago isn't quite awake yet.

TIAGO

Huh?

CONDUCTOR

Wish I could sleep like that.

5

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

5

Tiago drops the express envelope in a drop box.

6

EXT. AIRPORT DEPARTURES AREA - NIGHT

6

Joy takes an art photo of a lit parking garage with a Holga, a cheap Chinese toy camera. A phone rings inside her small backpack. She digs for it, but it stops before she finds it. She turns and walks down the sidewalk of the departure area.

In the bg a couple argues (improv) at curbside as the husband unloads bags from a car.

The husband swings a heavy bag from the taxi onto the sidewalk. Joy, with exquisite timing, trips over it.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

The husband apologizes. Joy gets up, limping. As soon as she turns from them they resume their argument, though in subdued tones now. The husband examines the bag, upset at finding a scuff mark.

Out of their sight, Joy opens her hand to reveal the address tag from one of their bags.

7 EXT. MCMANSION - NIGHT

7

Joy turns into the driveway of the house from the address tag, her manner completely proprietary. She notes the fake "Protected by National Security" sticker on the door and smirks (fake sticker means no real alarm). She checks over the door frame, under the mat, inside and under the potted tree on the doorstep, then proceeds to the back door. This time she finds a key above the door frame.

8 INT. MCMANSION - NIGHT

8

First things first, the wine closet. She finds an opener in the kitchen, a glass in a cabinet. She reads sticky notes posted on the refrigerator as she drinks.

She finds the land line phone, and goes through the redial memory looking for PINs and account numbers.

In the home office she finds a goldfish in a small, murky bowl. She also finds the system password taped under the computer keyboard. She types with a pen in her mouth, a little frown on her face. When the bank account information comes up on the screen, she writes the numbers on sticky notes, the frown gone. She turns her attention to the goldfish. She takes a snapshot.

JOY

Did they forget about you, little man?

She empties her backpack onto the kitchen table, spilling a dozen cell phones of various makes.

Jump. Joy cooks pasta. She throws a strand at the refrigerator. She photographs the result. On the kitchen table all the phones are neatly arranged, number pads up. One starts sliding on the table as it both rings and vibrates. Joy picks up the phone and turns it over to read a hand-written label, "F U". She brings it to her face and speaks without punctuation.

(CONTINUED)

JOY (CONT'D)

First Union Customer Service this is Jennifer may I have your account number please.

Jump. She has a different phone, now, and in fact each time we see her the phone is different.

JOY (CONT'D)

What PIN did you want to change that to? No, your birthday is fine. Yes. Yes. Now, we'll give you a security word just in case you forget your number, something only you would know such as the name of a pet--sure, that's fine. Okay, and your current PIN?

Joy is eating ice cream standing in front of the freezer. A phone buzzes, and she goes to get it, turns it over.

JOY (CONT'D)

Metrobank Service this is Sylvia may I have the account number and personal identification number of the account this call is in reference to please.

Jump. She goes through the woman's closet, making faces at the clothes. She tries them on, taking photos of herself in the mirror, the Holga obscuring her face.

Jump. Joy watches TV in bunny slippers. She's talking on the land line now, and referring to a catalog. She has many multicolored sticky notes stuck to the back of her left arm, which she references for the appropriate information during the call.

JOY (CONT'D)

Yes, number CA895, the Humvee CD stereo clock with remote control? Yes. 4011-0298-7510-8572. (Beat) Is that the number on the back? 814. (Beat) Catherine Cullen, 118 Sea Oats Way--

Back in the study, Joy feeds the goldfish, and turns out the light.

JOY (CONT'D)

Good night.

9 INT. MCMANSION - MORNING

9

Joy wakes in the master bedroom to the sound of tires on the driveway. She looks out the window to see a the owners of the house getting out of their car.

(The dialog is improvised and very much background, but concerns the misplaced passport mentioned below.)

Joy is put out, but unruffled. The sheer size of the house gives her plenty of time before she's really at risk of discovery. She throws open the closet doors and picks out something of the wife's to wear. She yawns as she dresses. Downstairs, the owners come in. Joy easily evades them, as every room has four entrances, and their conversation, shouted from room to room, marks their progress.

She is half out the back door when a thought strikes her. She turns back.

The wife discovers the half-empty bottle of wine on the kitchen counter. She picks it up. Odd...

WIFE

Joseph?

The husband is in his study, looking through the drawers. He finds his passport, and is both relieved and irritated.

HUSBAND

What?

When he turns back to the study, the goldfish and its bowl are gone.

10 INT. OFFICE SUPPLY - NIGHT

10

ALEXIS studies the selection of paper clips. She is dressed attractively, if a bit conservatively, in grey. She sometimes, as now, carries a grey bag.

She chooses colored plastic paper clips over metal.

11 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

11

Alexis buys a carton of cigarettes, a cheap Bic lighter, a fashion magazine, and a gun magazine.

12 INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

12

Alexis lights a cigarette, almost. She holds the flame three inches to the left of the end of the cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

She takes a mock drag on it, then takes it out of her mouth and shreds it, letting the bits fall to the floor. She heaves an unsatisfied sigh.

A dryer buzzes, and she empties it. All the clothes are grey but for one brightly patterned sock, which she inspects with suspicion.

13 INT. MAIL DROP - NIGHT

13

In the front hallway of a vacant apartment building, Alexis opens a mailbox and retrieves an express mail package.

14 INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

14

Alexis lives in a converted warehouse, a cluttered space very large for one person. The distribution of her belongings requires a considerable amount of walking from room to room. There is a living space with a stereo and projection TV, an office with filing cabinet, a paper shredder, a multiline phone and fax machine. Computer equipment is absent. She and Tiago are both analog types.

She opens the express mail package. Inside is Tiago's photo of the dead Hendrick.

Alexis conducts business in her apartment. She turns on the encryption box next to her multiline phone, hits line four and dials. On the phone, she confirms a fax number. Her accent is Boston. She faxes the Polaroid.

A short while later her cell phone beeps in her bag. She takes it out and views a text message confirming a wire transfer.

Jump. Line four. Texas accent.

Jump. Line two. Boston accent. (This line one/line two Texan/Bostonian distinction will be repeated throughout.)

Jump, Alexis opens another express mail package. This time she receives cash, in a neat bundle.

She divides the stack in two unequal piles, puts the smaller stack back in a hiding place, the other into another express mail envelope.

Lastly she files the corpse photo in a file labeled with two last names (client/target). Inside the folder is clipped a "target" photo, now she clips the "confirmation" photo of the corpse next to it. She replaces the file in the drawer, one of many.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

Her work concluded, she reclines on the futon and browses a travel brochure for Rio de Janiero.

15 INT. MAIL DROP - NIGHT

15

Tiago gets his express mail package from Alexis containing the payment and the target photo and file of the next target.

16 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

16

The photographed target, Brodbeck, waits by his car with his armed escort. He checks his watch, impatient, shakes his head, and starts to get in the car. Tiago attacks. He kills one, but bodyguards three and four flee away from the car with Brodbeck. They take cover inside a warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Tiago chases Brodbeck and co. through the warehouse. From the far end of a large open space, Tiago witnesses a new figure, Jun, tear through Brodbeck and his guards hand-to-hand. There is the flash of Jun's instant camera. Tiago opens fire. Jun withdraws.

Brodbeck is still alive. Tiago walks up and finishes him. He notices for the first time that he is wounded in his non-shooting arm. He takes a Polaroid of Brodbeck's corpse.

17 INT. SHOE STORE - NIGHT

17

Tiago sleeps in a chair in the back of a shoe store. His arm is being bandaged by the cobbler.

Jump.

Tiago is still sitting in the chair, the cobbler is still bandaging his arm.

But Tiago is awake, now, and talking with Brodbeck and his two dead bodyguards. Brodbeck addresses the bodyguards.

BRODBECK

Well, you guys can forget about getting a reference from me.

BODYGUARD THREE

We were fine with this guy, it was that other asshole.

Brodbeck takes note of the cobbler.

(CONTINUED)

BRODBECK
What's with him?

TIAGO
He can't hear us, he's awake.

BRODBECK
So, can I see it?

Tiago doesn't know what he means.

BRODBECK (CONT'D)
The picture.

Tiago gets it now. He takes the envelope from his coat, which is slung over his chair, and hands it to Brodbeck.

BRODBECK (CONT'D)
I don't look so bad! Could be worse.

Tiago has a thought:

TIAGO
I didn't kill all three of you.

The dead guys look embarrassed.

BRODBECK (TO TIAGO)
You definitely killed me.
BODYGUARD FOUR (TO THREE)

I think I might actually have shot you.

BODYGUARD THREE
We're not really sure. Once the asshole showed up it got confusing.

BODYGUARD FOUR
Bastards must have double-booked it.

BODYGUARD THREE
I hate it when they do that.

BODYGUARD FOUR
That's how people get hurt.

18

EXT. MAIL DROP - DAY

18

Tiago meets with Alexis. Note that we are hearing Alexis's natural voice for the first time here, it should be recognizably different from the various ones she assumes on the phone when conducting business.

TIAGO

I don't want any more work from that client.

ALEXIS

You're being awfully picky. With our unequally shared income.

TIAGO

You starving?

ALEXIS

I could be doing better.

TIAGO

Fire this client. Bastards.

ALEXIS

Why don't we try my idea?

TIAGO

Is this a new idea, or--

ALEXIS

Mostly new.

TIAGO

No.

ALEXIS

It's new and improved.

TIAGO

People who regularly pay to have other people killed make poor blackmail targets.

ALEXIS

I have that covered.

Tiago gets up to leave.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

What's the matter, cat got your balls?

19 INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

19

At the airport, Joy wanders, scanning targets. She gets in line behind a good-looking, well-groomed and dressed traveler in the first class queue: LES. He notices her, gives her a stranger's smile, then does a little double-take.

LES
Is your bag leaking?

JOY
What? Oh shit--

Joy dumps her backpack on the ground and takes out a leaking plastic freezer bag containing the goldfish. She holds it up by the corner.

LES (TO THE FISH)
Hey there, little guy.

He turns to Joy.

LES (CONT'D)
Will they let you on with that?

Joy hasn't thought of this.

JOY
You think they'd have anything against a bag of mysterious transparent liquid?

LES
It's reassuring, from the Homeland Security angle, that there's a live fish swimming in it.

JOY
It could be a robot.

LES
Yes. That's true.

While Joy ties a knot in the leaky corner of the bag, Les opens his wallet to extract a business card.

LES (CONT'D)
Listen, maybe when you get back, we could, you know, go for sushi?
(Beat) Marlin fishing?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

JOY

Maybe.

She takes the card.

20 INT. LES'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

20

Joy has the stereo on. There are flowers strewn across the coffee table, which also bears a photo of Les posing next to a large fish. Joy dries out the wet cell phones from her backpack with a hair dryer. The goldfish occupies the empty flower vase, Joy takes the picture. She tests one of the phones. It's okay.

Joy explores as she talks on the phone with a hands-free set. Les is a photographer: she finds lots of camera equipment, art, fashion and news photos on the walls. One is a self-portrait in a window with the camera obscuring his face.

A phone rings. She picks the offending one from the coffee table and answers it.

JOY

Good evening and welcome to--

She has forgotten to read the back of the phone. She turns it over, but it's blurry from the soaking.

JOY (CONT'D)

--First Bank of...

She can't make it out.

JOY (CONT'D)

Shit, the switchboard is all messed up today! Which bank were you calling?

She disconnects and writes "1st B of New Eng." on the tape.

Jump.

JOY (CONT'D)

I completely understand, sir, I wouldn't give out that information over the phone myself. Let me transfer you directly to the automated service.

She rummages in her backpack and comes up with a DTMF decoder (note to props: looks just like a pager). She patches the audio jack of the phone into the decoder.

(CONTINUED)

JOY (CONT'D)
Okay, I'm transferring you.

When she speaks next, it is with her voice disguised with the neutral accent and unnatural inflections of a recording.

Meanwhile, she finds a well-tended fish tank, lots of supplies, a bookshelf mixed between photography and aquarium maintenance.

JOY (CONT'D)
Hello, and welcome to First Bank of New England. Please enter your account number, followed by the pound sign.

The tones sound. The numbers pop up on the decoder screen.

JOY (CONT'D)
Please enter your personal identification number, followed by the pound sign.

She sorts through Les's mail, which contains a banking statement (very disappointing), as well as a new platinum frequent flyer card.

She plays with the cameras, photographing the contents of the room, using a lamp and lens to project an image of her face onto a magazine ad body.

She abandons the Holga for a Hasselblad with a nice zoom. Because she's a decent sort, she dials and orders him a replacement camera from one of his catalogs, using the credit card from the previous house.

She leaves the goldfish in his tank, says goodbye, and exits.

21 INT. MCMANSION - DAY

21

Inside the husband is talking to an insurance agent. The wife is sitting on the sofa, distraught and drinking.

INSURANCE AGENT
What else?

HUSBAND
And a case of '02 Corton-
Charlemagne Lucien Le Moine.

He is interrupted by a ring at the front door.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

God knows what else they made off
with, I've barely started my list.

INSURANCE AGENT

'02 Corton--(to wife) can you spell
that for me?

WIFE

God no.

The husband answers the door for the express mail delivery of
the stupid Sky Mall alarm clock. The couple are puzzled.

22 INT. BUS - NIGHT 22

Tiago asleep.

23 INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT 23

Ditto.

24 INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT 24

Ditto.

25 EXT. CROSSWALK - NIGHT 25

Ditto. A car stops, honks. He gets up slowly. A samaritan
pedestrian helps him.

26 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT 26

Tiago assembles a sniper rifle.

27 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 27

A limousine picks up a businessman outside a restaurant
across the street.

28 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT 28

Tiago is slumped over the rifle, asleep.

29 EXT. ROOFTOP - MORNING 29

Tiago wakes. Realizes he missed his kill. Shit.

30 INT. TAXI - MORNING 30

Tiago sleeps in the back seat.

31 INT. HOTEL - DAY 31

Tiago walks a long hotel corridor, checking room numbers. When he finds the one he wants, he kicks it open to reveal the businessman. He fires into the room repeatedly.

32 INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT 32

Alexis's cell phone beeps with a wire transfer. The number is unacceptable.

Jump. Alexis argues on the phone (line two) with a client. Her accent is Boston.

ALEXIS

Did you want it done, or did you want it pretty? You can't have hospital corners on every job.

(beat)

So? Has the victim been complaining about how he's not dead enough?

(beat)

Paid in full, or I'll have a Polaroid of you for my collection.

(beat)

This conversation is concluded.

She hangs up. Shreds a cigarette.

33 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY 33

Tiago sleeps in an elevator, opposite a corpse. The elevator doors open to reveal a bystander, who is appropriately shocked, and Oakes, who isn't. The bystander flees. Oakes sucks on the dregs of a soda in a styrofoam cup. The doors close again.

34 EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT 34

Oakes walks the sidewalk along the water, looking for someone.

ALEXIS

Hey.

Oakes looks up. She is on a bridge above him. Jump to the two of them walking and talking by the waterside.

OAKES

I can't figure out how he's not dead.

(CONTINUED)

ALEXIS

You think he drinks? That doesn't sound right.

OAKES

Never caught him at it. Does it matter?

ALEXIS

No. I take it you're ready to step up?

OAKES

It's just a point and click. What's the money like?

ALEXIS

Your fee, times however many clients go for it.

OAKES

I'm stuck if it goes pear-shaped.

ALEXIS

No. You get the down payments up front. I get the confirmation payouts.

OAKES

You're pretty confident.

ALEXIS

So I'm told.

35 INT. OFFICE SUPPLY - NIGHT

35

Alexis buys a bundle of price tags with elastics on them, a desktop calendar, and a pack of Polaroid film.

36 INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

36

Back home, Alexis stacks the folders on the floor. She takes the first, opens it, lays it out on the floor. She writes "\$100,000" on a tag, and attaches the tag to her Bic lighter. She circles a day on the calendar, then arranges the lighter and the folders on top of it, isn't happy, rearranges them for composition, then takes a Polaroid.

Jump. Another folder's picture being taken. And another.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

A few more, getting tighter on the two photos right underneath the names, until the names fill the frame. The last of these reads "Philmore/Gannon".

Jump. Alexis consults the files and writes phone numbers on the backs of the photographs.

Jump. Alexis feeds a photo through the fax machine. Switches lines, reads the number off the back of the photo, dials, and sends it.

Jump. She's done, all is quiet. She fake-lights a cigarette, then notices that the \$100,000 tag is still on the lighter. She shreds a the cigarette.

37 EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT

37

Flashback.

OAKES

I don't get it. It's not important that I get it, but just so you know, I don't.

ALEXIS

What's not to get?

OAKES

It won't work. They won't pay.

ALEXIS

Because?

38 INT. HOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

38

Dialog from flashback continues in V.O., but action is present time. Gannon sits with his chair tilted back against a wall next to a door. Off screen a fax machine buzzes to life. He leaves, returns with the fax, which troubles him. He knocks on the door and opens it to reveal a card game in progress, the Client participating. The client resists the interruption, but Gannon shakes his head. The client sighs. Their dialog slips beneath the V.O. when they conflict.

OAKES

Because, Socrates, they'll just hit you instead.

ALEXIS

(leading him)
Okay...

CLIENT

Excuse us.

(CONTINUED)

The other players vacate the room. The client reads the fax.

OAKES CLIENT
 You'll have a dozen contracts Christ!
 on you within the hour.

The Client stands and paces.

ALEXIS GANNON
 I wouldn't want to be me. Yeah.

OAKES (CONT'D)
 It's what I'd do.

ALEXIS CLIENT
 Me too. How much did we pay her for
 the job in the first place?

OAKES (CONT'D) GANNON
 I mean, why would I pay a A little over sixty. Wasn't
 hundred K in blackmail when I the cleanest work, either.
 can have you killed for a
 third of that?

Here the Client's dialog come to the front.

CLIENT
 This is asinine. Can you think of
 any reason I should pay a hundred
 in blackmail when sixty puts her
 underground?

39 INT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT

39

ALEXIS
 You shouldn't.

OAKES
 It's just less expensive.

ALEXIS
 Less expensive, but not cheap. Big
 payday for my competition.

40 INT. HOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

40

Present time.

GANNON
 We'd have to go through somebody
 else--

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

CLIENT

So get out your Rolodex. She's not
the only game in town.

41 EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT 41

Flashback.

A pause while Oakes works it out.

OAKES

Who is your competition?

ALEXIS

The problem with me is, I'm my own
worst enemy.

End flashback.

42 INT. HOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT 42

Present time.

The client looks at the hand of one of the players. Gannon
leaves, dialing his cell.

43 INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT 43

Alexis phone rings, line two. She speaks with her Texas
accent.

ALEXIS

That shouldn't be a problem. When
do you-- (beat). Rush rate then.

Jump. Alexis dials Credit Suisse on her cell with a hands-
free set. (Yes, Swiss banks do have phone banking.) She
gets the automated message asking her for German, French, or
English--she punches the first impatiently. She packs a bag
full of grey clothes, intermittently punching buttons on the
phone in response to the phone banking menu.

She razors open a cardboard box. She removes various items
of memorabilia before finding a framed photo of herself and
Tiago in happier days. She cuts it in two, attaches half of
it to a file page, and faxes it. It is the half with her own
face.

She puts the Rio travel brochure and a ticket folder into a
manila envelope.

44 EXT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT 44

Alexis waits, leaning against her car door. Tiago crosses the street to meet her.

ALEXIS
You wanna drive?

TIAGO
You drive.

45 INT. CAR - NIGHT 45

ALEXIS
You look terrible. You been sleeping okay?

Tiago looks at her...is there something behind this?

TIAGO
The job?

Alexis give Tiago his envelope. He opens it.

TIAGO (CONT'D)
Rio?

He takes out a ticket folder, then looks through the folder for the customary photo.

TIAGO (CONT'D)
Where's the target?

ALEXIS
There is no target.

TIAGO
Huh?

ALEXIS
Get some sun. Go fishing.

TIAGO
What the hell are you talking about.

ALEXIS
You're fired.

TIAGO
I don't work for you!

(CONTINUED)

ALEXIS
Vacation, then.

TIAGO
Why?

ALEXIS
How did the client put it...
"unauthorized napttime."

TIAGO
Oh.

ALEXIS
Oddly, they felt this was
unacceptable.

Alexis takes an on-ramp for the thruway.

TIAGO
Where are we going?

ALEXIS
The airport.

TIAGO
My passport?

ALEXIS
In the bottom.

Sure enough, there it is.

TIAGO
I would have told you eventually.

ALEXIS
You know what I'll miss most about
you?

Tiago waits.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)
The money.

46 INT. AIRPORT BAR - NIGHT

46

Joy, equipped with Leslie's frequent flier card, enters the executive lounge at the airport.

JOY
Stoli martini, straight up.

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER

Could I see some ID please?

She gives him a license, which he takes and puts on a ledge, where he reads it to type he date of birth into the register. But he's barely started when he shakes his head.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

34? Give me a break.

Jump. Joy sits at a table, arm on the table, chin on her arm. She doodles on a napkin with the other hand. The Hasselblad is on the table in front of her. She squints into the viewfinder. The bartender sets down a soda, the paper sleeve still covering the tip of the straw, in front of her.

JOY

Thanks.

She smiles at him, sips, looks through the viewfinder again. It is focused and zoomed in on the ledge where the bartender sets the driver's licenses and credit cards. She's writing the numbers on the napkin. She looks back through the viewfinder, and sees Alexis's driver's license.

Alexis's driver's license is on the ledge as the bartender types in her DOB. Tiago fiddles with the Rio travel brochure. It features the customary Rio beach girl in thong. He holds it up for Alexis's approval.

TIAGO

I'll buy you this outfit.

She laughs in spite of herself. The bartender returns her driver's license. She puts it in her bag.

TIAGO (CONT'D)

Come with me.

ALEXIS

I'm still in mid-career, here.

TIAGO

There is no late-career.

ALEXIS

You're probably right.

Their drinks arrive.

TIAGO

So come with me. Keep me from
sleeping through the important
bits.

ALEXIS

I'll think about it.

TIAGO

Will you?

ALEXIS

No.

TIAGO

Come with me.

ALEXIS

I can't.

TIAGO

Won't?

ALEXIS

Can't.

TIAGO

But you want to.
(beat)

ALEXIS

What difference does that make?

Tiago leans in for what looks like it's going to be a kiss.
But instead he falls asleep on her shoulder.

Tiago sits at the bar, awake. On the other side of him from
Alexis (who has vanished) sits a man in his late fifties:
Emerson.

TIAGO

What the hell do you want?

EMERSON

Nothing! Nothing. "A dead body
revengees not injuries." (By way of
explanation and apology:) I taught
English.

TIAGO

Why did I kill an English teacher?

EMERSON

Me? I had a heart attack when you were a freshman. I don't think you specifically were any more culpable than the rest of the little miscreants.

TIAGO

What do you want?

EMERSON

"He who desires but acts not breeds pestilence."

TIAGO

Nietzsche?

EMERSON

No! William fucking Blake! Jesus. Why did I bother?

TIAGO

What's it supposed to mean?

EMERSON

If you don't know...well...

He looks around the bar. They are alone.

EMERSON

Who else is there?

Alexis watches Tiago sleep, his head on the bar. She takes a cigarette out of her bag, lights it, draws, exhales.

BARTENDER

I'm sorry ma'am--

Alexis gestures her compliance, but she doesn't put it out yet. The bartender looks at Tiago.

BARTENDER

He all right?

She shrugs.

BARTENDER

Wish I could do that.

ALEXIS

Me too.

Now she puts out the cigarette.

ALEXIS

Check?

BARTENDER

Yeah, sure. Together or separate?

ALEXIS

Separate.

Joy gathers "her" "belonging"s and comes to the bar to pay up, waiting her turn behind Alexis. The bartender takes Alexis's and Tiago's glasses away and goes back into the kitchen. Alexis throws a fifty down to cover the bill, and leaves.

Joy snatches the fifty, fast as a snake, before the bartender sees it. The bartender returns.

JOY

Um, what do I owe you?

He dismisses the idea of payment.

JOY

Thanks!

Then he notices that Alexis has left, apparently without paying.

BARTENDER

That woman who was sitting there--
did you see...?

Joy shrugs.

BARTENDER

Excuse me.

He leaves, hurrying to catch up with Alexis.

Joy watches him go. Once he's clear, she vaults over the bar and empties the cash register. Mission accomplished, she leaves.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

Tiago wakes. He looks around for Alexis. Gone. He checks his coffee, which is cold. Looks around for someone to order from, but the bar is deserted. What did he miss? No way of knowing.

50 EXT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT 50

Oakes waits outside Alexis's house. In his hand he has a fax of the half-photograph, showing Alexis. The rest of the page is occupied by her information.

Impatient, he crosses the street.

51 INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT 51

Oakes breaks into Alexis's house by a high window, unlocks the dead-bolts on the front door, and goes back out.

52 EXT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT 52

Oakes gets a white plastic jug of some dark, opaque liquid from his car, and takes it inside.

53 INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT 53

Oakes takes off his coat, hangs it on a hook behind the door, and settles down to wait in the dark. He checks his gun out of boredom, puts it away. He takes out an instant camera, checks it, puts it away.

54 INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT 54

Jun waits for his bags at the carousel.

55 INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT 55

Joy deftly shoplifts a roll of film from an airport gift shop on her way out.

56 EXT. AIRPORT DEPARTURES AREA - NIGHT 56

Alexis gets into her car and composes herself, then pulls away. Past her, Joy hails a taxi.

57 INT. TAXI - NIGHT 57

Joy reads Alexis's address to the driver off the bar napkin.

58 INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT 58

Tiago at the departure gate, in a blue study. He has the Rio brochure folded into his passport, forgotten in one hand.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

This is a moment of truth, and he seems unequal to it, as he sits for a long time slouched motionless in the chair, ignoring the everyday airport activity around him.

But in the end he rouses himself and leaves toward the airport exit.

59 INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

59

Alexis arrives home, flicks on the light, revealing Oakes. She is startled.

ALEXIS

Shit!

OAKES

You said ten. I let myself in.

ALEXIS

I had to see off a friend.

OAKES

So, where do you want to be killed?

But the tone is conversational, devoid of menace.

ALEXIS

You're the expert. Where would you normally do it?

OAKES

This place have a basement?

ALEXIS

Romantic.

60 INT. TAXI - NIGHT

60

Joy takes art photos of the city out the Taxi window with the Hasselblad. She saves the last shot on the roll for something worthy. The taxi pulls up outside Alexis's house.

61 INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

61

Joy enters through the front, the door still unlocked from Oakes's entrance. Inside, she does her usual routine, checking the land line, post-it notes, and mail.

There are several express mail envelopes addressed to the virtual office Alexis uses as the money drop. She finds Alexis's cell phone in her bag, it goes in a pocket to be added to her collection. She also finds the half-photograph showing Tiago. She puts this back in the bag.

62 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

62

Oakes is liberally applying fake blood from the jug to Alexis's clothes.

ALEXIS
Watch the hands.

OAKES
It would be easier to just shoot you.

ALEXIS
Where's the profit in that?

Oakes empties the rest of the jug on the floor.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)
That much? Christ.

OAKES
Depends on how many holes you have in you, and how big. I'm from the "lots of big holes" school.

ALEXIS
I try to keep it all on the inside.

63 INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

63

Joy looks for food. Nothing good. No alcohol anywhere, either. She checks Alexis's CD collection.

64 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

64

Alexis lies down and assumes a dead pose. Oakes takes the Polaroid out of his pocket and aims it at her.

OAKES
Don't pillow your head with your arm like that, you're dead not sleeping.

ALEXIS
Just shoot the damn thing.

OAKES
Where's the soft focus on this thing?

ALEXIS
Shut up.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

Oakes adopts a fashion photographer stance.

OAKES
Come on, pout for me baby. Can we
get a smoke machine in here?

ALEXIS
Cut it out!

Flash. Alexis gets up.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)
Let me see.

They wait for the picture to develop.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)
I look like I have sclerosis.

65 INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT 65

Joy sits down at the piano and noodles a bit. (Note: this becomes diageitic for the following scene.)

66 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 66

Music, muffled, comes from above. Oakes is instantly all business.

OAKES
You expecting anyone?

Alexis shakes her head.

OAKES (CONT'D)
They double-booked on us. Wait
here.

Oakes gives Alexis the wait-here gesture, and heads upstairs.

67 EXT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT 67

Jun advances on the house.

68 INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT 68

A fight scene.

Oakes and Jun fight, Joy hides in the closet. Oakes opens the door to use it for cover, and Joy, exposed, scampers out and finds a new hiding place. Jun defeats Oakes, and takes his Polaroid of Alexis. Tiago's arrives.

(CONTINUED)

Tiago and Jun fight, at some length. Tiago wins. Jun dies sitting slouched against cabinet doors by the sink.

Tiago finds the photo of Alexis on Jun. He sits down, looking at it. He leans his head back. But he looks up again, because Alexis, her clothes still bloody, but obviously unhurt, has entered the room.

Joy is hidden inside a cabinet. She uses the screen from Alexis's cell to illuminate it. Through a bullet-hole in the door she watches the scene outside, wide-eyed. She knows both these people from the bar.

To recap: Tiago believes that he is asleep and that Alexis is dead, and is mistaken on both counts. Alexis is unaware of his misperception, so their conversation is cross-wired. Tiago is defeated, Alexis brisk.

ALEXIS

You're taking this well.

TIAGO (SIMULTANEOUSLY)

You're taking this well.

A pause.

ALEXIS

Jinx. (Beat) So. No Rio.

TIAGO

This is a conversation I was hoping to avoid.

ALEXIS

Why come back, then?

Tiago searches for an adequate reply, and coming up empty:

TIAGO

"Pestilence"?

Joy carefully, quietly advances the film in the camera. She presses the lens of the Hasselblad against a hole adjacent to the one she's looking through.

ALEXIS

I have to go.

Tiago nods solemnly.

ALEXIS

You could come with me.

(CONTINUED)

Tiago looks away.

TIAGO

I'll think about it.

Joy snaps her picture.

ALEXIS

Take care of yourself.

Alexis leaves. Tiago, expecting to wake up, instead slumps over asleep.

Alexis takes the Polaroid from his hand and goes to the fax machine. While it is still being transmitted she starts to open her suitcase, thinking to change clothes, but it is full of bullet holes. Instead she takes Oakes's overcoat from the hook. She places the Polaroid beside Tiago on her way out.

69 EXT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

69

In the doorway, Alexis cinches the overcoat over her ruined clothes, and walks toward her car.

70 INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

70

Jun appears to stir, but this is because Joy is pushing against the door behind him. He falls over, and Joy emerges from her hiding place. She has the Hasselblad in one hand and Alexis's cell in the other.

Joy surveys the scene. The file contents, still on the table from Alexis's blackmail session. Two corpses. Tiago asleep with a picture of the "dead" Alexis on the floor next to him, where it has fallen from his hand. Out the window, she can see Alexis walking away. Joy thinks about it.

Finally, she rewinds the Hasselblad and removes the roll. She leaves it on top of the Polaroid by Tiago's hand.

As she stands looking at him, Alexis's cell phone beeps.

(Finis)