

ENTRAPMENT

Screenplay

Herzberg

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EXT. HANCOCK TOWER, CHICAGO - LATE NIGHT

Lake Shore Drive. Four o'clock in the morning. Minimal traffic, minimal life. As MAIN TITLES BEGIN, we PAN UP the face of...

...Hancock Tower. Up, up, forty floors, sixty, eighty, very dark up here, street sounds fading fast, and as CREDITS CONTINUE we can just make out...

...a dark FIGURE. Like a spider. Inching its way up the steel surface of the 98th floor, and we CLOSE to see...

The THIEF. All in black, nearly invisible, with a sleek visored helmet that conceals the face. Two long, oblong backpacks, climb- ing ropes and harness across back and shoulders, tools at the belt.

Moving STRAIGHT UP the face of the skyscraper. How is it possible?

CLOSER still to see...

...the piton-like BOLTS are electromagnetic, CLANKING to the steel to support weight. A button releases the magnetic charge when the bolt is pulled up by cords to a higher position. The Thief is remarkably strong and agile, scaling the wall with fluid precision,

until...

...our summit. A softly-lit, glass-walled PENTHOUSE on the 100th floor. Subtle spots which bathe paintings, sculptures, in a cavernous coldly-decorated space.

Swiftly, deftly, the Thief rigs a suction-mounted HARNESS to the steel casing above a massive window. Pulleys, metal caribiner clips, yellow Kevlar ropes. So superbly practiced, the rigging is placed in seconds, huge SUCTION CUPS pressed to the surface of the glass. The Thief reaches to a metal rectangle at the top of the rigging, touches a button, a motor WHINES, the ropes TIGHTEN and the window...

...POPS FREE, hangs SUSPENDED by the Kevlar ropes which amazingly sustain its awesome weight. The huge pane shudders in the wind, and the Thief slips...

...INTO the Penthouse. Nearby, an ALARM BOX softly BEEPS its 60-second warning to the pulsing of a green light, and the Thief attaches a small computerized DEVICE which runs a series of possible CODES at dazzling speed on its display panel, until...

...the right one STOPS. Illuminated in red. The beeping, the green light, go OFF. The device is removed.

Back to the window, air rushing in, attach a similar suction-mounted harness from the inside, all exquisitely engineered to rig in seconds, press new suction cups to the inside of the dangling window pane. A small remote control clicker...

...RELEASES the outside suction cups. The window's weight now supported by the interior rigging. The outside equipment pulled INTO the apartment in a single tug. The WHINE of a motor, and the pane pulls UP, the Thief expertly POPPING it into place.

No trace of entry.

Rapidly folding the rigging into an astonishingly compact bundle, the Thief SCANS...

...the profusion of priceless art. The paintings run to Otto Dix, Franz Marc, Marcel Duchamp. One statue an obvious Rodin. The soft lighting makes walls seem invisible, everything with an infinity perspective in mind. An obsidian slab dining table that seems to end at the horizon.

The Thief has packed the rigging away, taken out a large cylindrical TUBE bearing a label we can't read. Knows the way, quickly through the spectacular apartment, past oils by early German expressionists, Russian futurists, a Rothko, a Kandinsky, a Francis Bacon. The Thief has no interest in these, and as CREDITS CONTINUE, we enter...

...a powder room. A lime-green poured concrete sink, a copper-plated commode, and across from these...

...a single PAINTING. Unlike the others, clearly an Old Master. A 17th century city on the water, churches, spires, an ancient bridge. The Thief wastes no time, unceremoniously...

...CUTS the painting from its frame with sure, perfect strokes. Rolls it quickly in acid-free paper. Opens the cylindrical tube, pulling out...

...another CANVAS which we cannot see. Deftly unrolls this, fitting it carefully into the stolen painting's now-empty frame. Re-hangs it. Stares for a beat through the opaque helmet visor. Approves. Slips the rolled-up stolen canvas into the empty tube. Leaves. Before we follow, we shift angle to see the replacement canvas...

A cheerful acrylic portrait. Bozo the Clown.

is WITH the Thief now, moving fast, into a panelled library. There is a CHUTE built into the wall, a brass lid with the words U.S. MAIL.

The Thief pops the labeled tube DOWN the chute. Gone. Steps...

...onto a bookshelf, reaches up to punch out an overhead grating, and...

Disappears into the vent. Reaching back to refit the grating seamlessly into place.

INT. VENT

Halogen flashlight leading the way, our Thief shimmies down the narrow space, arriving at...

...an open vertical AIR SHAFT, BLASTING air straight up the 100 floor height of the skyscraper, with frightening FORCE. Calmly, the Thief clips on a different harness, unzips a nylon cover from the backpack, and simply...

LEAPS DOWN the air shaft, startling the shit out of us, as, for
an instant...

...the force of the updraft seems to HOLD the Thief in place,
suspended above 100 stories of nothingness. Then suddenly, the
Thief...

...DROPS SHARPLY, an exhilarating moment of absolute FREE FALL,
until a cord is tugged and...

...a nylon PARACHUTE OPENS with a pop. We watch the Thief
drifting lazily down. A ride any kid would pay big money for...

EXT. HANCOCK TOWER - LATE NIGHT

Our original exterior VIEW of the skyscraper's penthouse.
REVERSE

ANGLE now to see in far distance...

...the dense forest of silhouetted OFFICE TOWERS of downtown
Chicago against the night sky, and we ZOOM TOWARD them, covering
miles in three seconds, to CLOSE on...

...the highest floor of the SEARS TOWER, and THROUGH an unlit
window to see...

...a TELESCOPE. A silhouetted FIGURE looking through it. SNAP
to...

VIEW through the scope's lens. An amazingly CLOSE detail of the
Hancock Tower Penthouse. The scope now PANS DOWN the length of
the Tower, to...

The street. The Thief climbing onto a battered old Lambretta.
Calm as you please. And as the scooter glides off...

We HEAR our unseen voyeur WALK AWAY from our telescope. A door
OPENS somewhere, and as CREDITS CONCLUDE, it...

Closes. Softly.

INT. WEBBER ASSURANCE - DAY

A basement corridor. Long, bare, dimly lit. Silent. We're in
the bowels of somewhere. A startling CLANK, like a prison cell
unlocking. A FIGURE enters the corridor, coming this way, on the
hurried side of brisk.

HECTOR CRUZ is 42, tanned, fit, graying hair swept back in a Pat Riley do. He wears Riley's Armani, too. Maybe this guy coaches. Heels ECHO until he reaches a plain door with discreet lettering...

NO ADMITTANCE FOR ANY REASON. There is a dull silver rectangle below the words. He holds his hand up to it...

Nothing happens. Shit. Dries his palm on his perfectly-creased slacks. One more time. CLICK. Enters...

INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY

An unexpectedly VAST semi-circular room, the entire inner circumference made up of a single continuous WALL SCREEN, separated into a seamless array of IMAGES...

Three-dimensional rotating GRAPHICS of every room in the Hancock Tower Penthouse, SCHEMATICS of electrical, plumbing, and ventilation systems. See-through rotating multicolored models of every piece of security EQUIPMENT imaginable, components FLASHING as performance simulations are run. Rapid-fire sequences of individual human PROFILES, complete with photos and bio blurbs. Screens flickering with blizzards of DATA, hurtling past at warp speed.

The Pentagon and CNN would kill for this room.

The largest segment of screen, twenty feet square, runs a LIVE FEED from the crime scene. The living room of the Penthouse, crawling with slow-moving cops and technicians, doing their slow-moving thing. Surrounding this image are a dozen smaller screens, showing this and other rooms from a variety of camera angles. All live. We see the library, the mail chute. The powder room. Bozo.

Cruz skips down three steps to floor level, nine separate CONTROL STATIONS, each outfitted with super-tech panels to process the avalanche of information. But today, all stations are empty.

Except one.

CRUZ

Baker. You got it solved?

And now we see her. From the rear. Slouched at her station. Looks like a skinny teenager in tousled tawny hair, rumpled oversized workshirt, vintage jeans.

GIN (O.S., from the rear)
Actually. Yeh.

Not a kid's voice. Throaty. Music and whiskey and sex and effortless confidence. Even the voice turns us on.

CRUZ (glances at his watch)
What took you so long, Gin? I called 4:30 this morn...

And stops. Because she turns with a look that would freeze anyone to stone.

GIN

I was with someone, all right?

Now we really see her. Delicate bones and features, slender body, radiating the power of a natural heart-stopping beauty. GINGER BAKER is 32, ethereal and feral at once. Electric green eyes crackle with an intellect and a will that are not to be fucked with.

CRUZ

So? This is work.

He is not kidding. Stainless steel beneath the dapper. They are a matched team.

GIN

Hector, I hardly know the guy. Why be impolite to strangers?

And he smiles. Maybe she's lying. He likes her.

CRUZ

Look at those assholes...

He means the cops on live feed.

CRUZ

If the Vermeer were lying on that table, they'd toss their doughnuts on it.

GIN

Yeh, well, they didn't insure it, so they don't have to solve this. To them it's a crime. To us it's 24 mil, less re-insurance, which is...

CRUZ (grim)
Only thirty percent, Gin.

Ouch. Really?

CRUZ
Which is why you're on this.

Soft and straight. You're the best. I need you.

GIN
He came in through the window.

CRUZ
That's not possib...

GIN
What's not possible is entry through the doors or the vents. That would have triggered instant alarm.

CRUZ
The windows are wired, too.

GIN
Only for trauma. They used smart glass, where the sensors respond to violation of the panel's integrity.

He's listening. He always does with her.

GIN
I think he scaled the wall, popped the frame. In one piece.

She sounds awfully positive. Then again, she always does.

GIN
Then, he only had to deal with heat and motion sensors. They were on 60-second delay, so the owner wouldn't trigger the alarm just be walking arou...

CRUZ
The pane weighs 200 pounds, the building's 1100 feet high.

GIN
This particular guy is the best. The best there ever was.

Almost as if she knows who. Cruz shakes his head...

CRUZ

Popping the frame would trigger
the alarm.

She smiles. First time. Even at one-tenth power, it is dazzling
light. She touches the panel before her...

GIN (gently)

I wrote a program and ran it, Dumbo.

The live feed is replaced by a red-outlined rotating three-
dimensional DIAGRAM of the living room. The alarm box glows
green.

One window pane glows lavender. She touches the panel, and the
window SHATTERS, the alarm instantly emits a PIERCING SCREECH.

Reset. As he watches. This time the window SLIDES AWAY into
thin air. No sound. A stick figure appears, crawls through the
opening, and the alarm begins the slow BEEP we heard last night.
Cruz just stares.

GIN

Here's how I figured it out...

Live feed replaces the diagram. Our camera ZOOMS toward a VASE
of
lilies by the window. All the flowers are tilted in one
direction.

Over the lip of the vase, away from the window.

GIN

No one arranges flowers like that.
It was the draft from the window.

He turns to her.

CRUZ

You said. This particular guy.

Now she is beaming. Excited. And just above a whisper...

GIN

Andrew MacDougal.

Delighted at his stupefied reaction.

CRUZ

Why not Houdini? Or Pretty Boy
Floyd? Maybe Jesus Christ.

GIN

Because they couldn't do it.

His slow smile. This fucking kid.

CRUZ

He's been out of the business.
For ten years.

GIN

Maybe not. No one ever proved,
hell, even arrested him, for
stealing anything. But we all
know he was numero ichiban for
thirty years. Why not forty?

She's serious.

CRUZ

Why? Because of the Bozo switch?
Guys have been copying his pack-
rat signature for decades. Maybe
the thief wanted it to look like
MacDougal.

She doesn't even answer. Just touches her panel, and one of the
data screens BLOWS UP to huge size. It is...

GIN

A list of his private collection.
Complete to three acquisitions
last Thursday.

Names SCROLLING up endlessly, next to titles, descriptions,
estimated retail and black market values. Turner, Corot, Thomas
Coles, DeKooning, Klimt, Cezannes, Odilon Redon, Braques, Mary
Cassatt...

CRUZ

No Vermeer. Nothing close.

GIN

Don't be a putz. This is his
legitimate collection, which he
buys. Presentable for any search
warrant surprise party.

Names keep rolling, Degas, Paul Klee. Amazing.

GIN

What he rips off, he fences. And

the money feeds his portfolio of investments, which are daring, savvy, and obscenely succesf...

CRUZ

Oh, I get it. He has no interest in Vermeers, so that proves he stole one. By that logic, he oughta be a suspect most of the time.

She shakes her head, sadly.

GIN

You love to embarrass yourself.

Touches her panel. The big screen now shows a grainy VIDEOTAPE of...

GIN

The auction. Where our client bought the painting...

We see the Great Room of an English Country estate. Perhaps a hundred attend. Genteel to the max.

GIN (O.S.)

Ashcroft Hall, Buckinghamshire, four weeks ago.

The tape PANS five PAINTINGS on the block. We recognize our VERMEER, the city of Delft, the canal, the bridge. The view
PULLS

BACK to include the crowd, and...

FREEZES. One tiny section is circled. And BLOWS UP twenty feet. high, so blurry as to be unrecognizable. Then, SNAPS to amazing resolution. The image of...

GIN (O.S., murmur)

Anyone we know?

...ANDREW MacDOUGAL, perhaps 60, as charismatic and shamelessly virile a face as one can recall. Etched with character and
worldly

experience, lit by a twinkle behind the razor-keen gaze. Tall, wide shoulders, massive hands. This guy would be more fun to
fuck

than fight. By a lot.

CRUZ

So he was there.

GIN

Staking it out. Why bid, when
you can mark the buyer, and jack
it within the month?

She leans WAY back in the molded chair. Lifts her long legs
up onto the console. They end in slender bare feet. The toes
wiggle.

GIN

At this moment, he is winging on
JAL flight 307 to Narita, ostensibly
to attend a prestigious auction at
the Hotel Akura, which will include
a mixed media collage/oil by Georges
Braques, on which he supposedly has
his eye.

CRUZ

But you know better.

GIN

Bet your ass. At Vegas odds.

Touches the panel. The big screen now holds three faces, three
names.

GIN (O.S.)

Research reveals three known fences,
still at large, who are believed
to have brokered Vermeers to black
market buyers. Sandrine Palmer is
hospitalized in Malta with ovarian
cancer.

One face and name disappears. Two remain. KOICHI NARUHITO.
HIROYUKI YAMAJI.

GIN

The other two. Live in Tokyo.

A tiny, dry, adorable, shrug. Which says, bingo.

CRUZ

And you did all this since 4:30
this morning.

Grinning small at each other. She can't help that hers is hot.
She never can.

CRUZ (murmur)

Plus. You were polite to a

stranger.

One of those moments when his attraction to her is too obvious to ignore. Best to defuse by pretending it's a joke...

GIN (soft and playful)
Sounds like you're sorry you're
already a friend.

Said as banter between pals. Which doesn't make her wrong.

INT. HOTEL OKURA, TOKYO - NIGHT

Auction in progress in the huge traditional LOBBY, where bonsai trees, paper lanterns and elaborate painted screens counterpoint the sleek, international, big-money crowd. Everyone milling, drinking, schmoozing, networking in a babble of languages, as up on the raised platform...

...the AUCTIONEER has a new piece on the block, a 6th Century temple scroll, from the Asuka period. It is exquisite, and bidding seems to be big time, from the rapidly escalating numbers on the overhead DIGITAL DISPLAY, which reveals bidding status in thirty currencies simultaneously. As we PAN the hall, we see...

...all non-Asians either wearing headphones, or accompanied by personal translators at their elbow, to follow the rapid-fire auctioneer.

Except one.

ANDREW MacDOUGAL stands alone in black tie. Tall and rugged and polished and focused, and, well, pretty gorgeous. He is bidding on the scroll, indicated only by subtle gestures with his program and the repeated finger-stabs of the auctioneer in our direction.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S., subtitled Japanese)

Don't do it.

PULL BACK slightly to reveal Gin, who has stepped to his shoulder.

She is barely recognizable to us in her satiny slip of a pale golden gown that drapes her frame perfectly. Breathtaking would be an insult.

MacDougal doesn't turn, doesn't seem to even hear her. Just raises his program to up the bid.

GIN (softly, subtitled Japanese)
You're already over value. By
15 percent.

And now he turns. Straight to her eyes. This is NOT an admiring glance at seeing the loveliest woman in the Northern Hemisphere. It is a look that says, in the most understated terms, shut up or I'll kill you. She shuts up.

His glance goes to his obvious bidding RIVAL, a rather butch middle-aged Chinese woman in an embroidered version of a Mao suit.

She indicates her bid by gesturing with a tiny Yorkshire Terrier, whom she holds in her stubby hands. MacDougal raises back.

GIN (subtitled Japanese)
Will you stop being stubborn
for one sec...

And stops. Because he has turned. With the eyes of a lion.
Being pulled from an antelope carcass.

MAC (quietly, subtitled Japanese)
I have a question.

Rich Scottish voice. Impeccable Japanese intonation.

GIN (brightly, subtitled Japanese)
Who the fuck am I?

MAC (subtitled Japanese)
That is of no interest.

Oh. In spite of herself, she looks a little hurt.

GIN (subtitled Japanese)
What, then?

MAC (subtitled Japanese)
Why. Are we speaking. Japanese?

Her eyes move across his formidable face.

GIN
Uh. I'm showing off.

His eyes scan the length of her gown. Her body.

MAC
Something of a habit?

She is minus a comeback.

MAC

You know the alleged value of this piece from some fucking computer, which has no clue of the price I can turn the scroll around for in 30 minutes.

A beat.

GIN

No, you can't.

He blinks. No?

GIN (really sorry)

It's sold.

His great head WHIPS around to see Madame Mao KISSING her pooch, flushed with victory. He stares for a long moment, a veneer of philosophical almost masking his rage. When he turns back...

MAC

Are you a confederate of my adversaries? Or are you just stupid.

And walks. Away.

HOLD on her. Feeling like both.

EXT. HOTEL OKURA - NIGHT

Mac among the guests awaiting their cars, standing slightly apart.

From behind him...

...a feminine throat clears. Nervously. He closes his eyes for a beat. Then, turns.

GIN (softly)

How about. If I try humility.

And presents a business card to him with both hands, Japanese-style. Mac looks in her eyes. Takes the card with both hands. Reads...

MAC

Virginia Romay...

GIN

Gin, actually, Gin Romay. I was named after a card game.

MAC

Or a cheap cocktail.

She blinks. His brows raise...

MAC (softly)

As in. I'll have a Gin Romay, please. With a twist.

That laser, unsmiling stare. Beyond sexy. She gets lost in it for a beat.

GIN

You're supposed to be charming.

MAC

I'm supposed to be selective.

Glances back to her card. Reads...

MAC

Art and Antiquities Acquisition Advisor, how alliterative...

Looks up. Still no smile.

MAC

And am I the antiquity?

GIN

In mint condition.

She sighs. Achingly lovely.

GIN

Look, I've studied you, I know... pretty much...everything.

Do you.

GIN

Made your first millions selling scrap metal. Then, gold mining concessions, gems, art, and lately strategic metals for new technologies - platinum, zirconium, titanium...

MAC

You said. Everything.

Huh? Oh.

GIN

The cat burglar stories? Why would anyone...with so much to lose...take those kinds of risks?

Guileless smile.

GIN

You'd have to be. Stupid.

A held beat. His glance lifts beyond her shoulder.

MAC

Excuse me.

And walks off toward a sleek custom TOURING CAR just pulling up. She goes after him.

GIN

I didn't know Porsche made things like this.

MAC

Well, they don't...

Tipping the valet. Sliding in...

MAC

...as a rule.

Shutting the door. Through the open window, she hands something from her bag. A plastic rectangle which OPENS into a slide viewer.

She presses the light ON. He looks at the slide.

GIN

Recognize that?

No reaction.

GIN

My seller is in Shinjuku, we can go there tonight.

She leans closer.

GIN

He wants 4.6 million. I can
get it for three.

He hands it back. Looks in her eyes.

MAC

No, you can't.

And TAKES OFF. Her jaw drops slightly, but in one fluid
motion...

She's hailed a cab.

INT. IMPERIAL HOTEL BAR - LATER

Graceful, timeless room, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright in the
'20s. Burnished. Elegant. Way cool. A place to drink, to
deal,
to dream. PAN down the polished surface of the bartop, til we
come to...

...a tropical DRINK. Cute little umbrella, tilted back toward
the
room. ROTATE ANGLE to see...

...INSIDE the umbrella, something small, something mechanical. A
woman's HAND ADJUSTS the point of the umbrella ever so slightly,
and we PAN UP her arm to see...

...Gin. Still in her gown. She is reading, with half-glasses,
and
one of the bows curls around her ear, which we CLOSE on to
hear...

...static. Gin adjusts the drink umbrella, which is a
directional
mike, and hears...

MAC (O.S.)

...only it's not bloody football!

SNAP to Mac's table, well across the room. Drinking giant beers
with a large, really fat Japanese guy in a costly; if wrinkled,
suit. The hulk listens with stone attention to Mac's rant, as if
he actually gave a shit.

MAC (O.S.)

...it's just that crap Americans
call 'football', like you could
call your ass a butterscotch scone
and have it be one!

The guy nods seriously. Maybe he's a Sumo dude.

MAC

Why you'd want to bring that foolishness to Japan, you're just pissing your investment down a bungee hole.

SUMO GUY (major accent)

You got Cubano this trip?

That he does. Mac pulls out a leather cigar holder, and passes it over. Flat against one side is an ENVELOPE, which Sumo Guy PALMS skillfully, slipping it seamlessly INTO his pocket as he withdraws a small MATCH BOX. Takes out one long cigar, lights up...

MAC

Seriously, put the money into pharmaceuticals or prostitution, something stable.

The big guy pushes the cigar holder and match box back toward Mac.

Opening the box, Mac sees one match and a small MICROCHIP fastened to the cardboard. Lights up. Slides the match box in his pocket.

MAC

Garbage, perhaps. Or industrial plastics.

ANGLE...Gin still engrossed in her reading. A figure leans down next to her. She startles, slightly. So surprised to see...

MAC

My favorite thing in life.
Coincidence.

She gives him the great smile.

GIN

I'm staying here, what's your excuse?

And now he smiles. First time ever. A little chilling, the way he does it.

MAC

Staying here, as well. You
are in room...?

GIN (half a beat)

One thirty-eight.

In one motion, he flags the bartender...

MAC

Will you send a half-bottle of
Chateau d'Yquem '67 to Room 138,
please? And some berries and
chocolates for the lady to enjoy
it with.

He presses some currency into the barkeep's hand. Turning
back...

MAC

Actually, I was just across the
room, dickering with a gentleman
over the purchase of an interesting
Spitzweg. Until I determined the
painting was apparently stolen...

Oh. She's shocked. He agrees...

MAC

Goes against my grain. The
DeKooning in your slide, the 4.6
million you can get for 3. Can
you get it for 2 and a half?

She looks in his eyes.

GIN

Sure.

And as if he believed her...

MAC

My checkbook is in my safe. You
wait here.

His smile evaporates. He is gone before she can say...

GIN

Okay. I'll wait here.

INT. CAR, SHINJUKU DISTRICT - NIGHT

Mac driving in silence. Gin stealing glances at him. Suddenly and smoothly, he reaches down, and picks up...

GIN

That's my purse.

He opens it. One eye on the road, he begins to rummage...

MAC

Just want to see if I'm with the person you say you are. Can't be too careful...

She SNATCHES the bag away from him, he GRABS it back, the car SWERVES LEFT, and...

...CRASHES VIOLENTLY into a parked pure white Bentley. Metal BUCKLES and TEARS, both ALARMS go OFF, a cacophony of horrific **NOISE.**

MAC (quietly)

Oh, dear.

People come RUNNING, but our focus is drawn to the refined elderly COUPLE who were just returning to their precious Bentley. Their WAILS and ANGUISH would be suitable if all their grandchildren had been crushed beneath Mac's wheels.

Mac and Gin are OUT of the car. As he exits, Mac has palmed a small BLADE, and in a quick unseen motion, RIPPED a jagged tear in his left trouser leg. The old couple RUSH to Mac, SHRIEKING their rage and grief in Japanese, Gin is trying to calm them as bystanders gather, but Mac cuts through...

MAC (subtitled Japanese)

We'll go in there, and call the police.

And HOBBLER off toward the nearest building, a block-square 30-story skyscraper bearing the name FUJITSU. The couple, the crowd, all race after the limping Mac...

GIN

Are you all right?

No answer, he looks dark enough to rain. INTO the public lobby of the huge industrial complex. Two night GUARDS come hurrying from their desk, as the small mob POURS in. Mac in the lead, a

commanding presence, tells the guards in a loud, clear voice...

MAC (subtitled Japanese)
I have damaged the car of these
kind people. Please help them
call the police...

One guard leads the hysterical couple toward a phone. Mac pulls
up
his trouser leg, and Gin GASPS to see a bloody GASH. Mac drops
the
trouser back over the wound. Asks the remaining guard...

MAC (subtitled Japanese)
May I use a washroom, please.

The guard nods absently, disoriented by the chaos. Mac hands his
billfold to Gin...

MAC

These are my papers, passport, car
registration. If the police arri...

GIN

You're going to need stitches,
let me get you to a hospital.

Soft words, genuine concern. And his eyes flicker. As if
somehow
seeing her for the first time. A small spark, but she feels it.
Softer still...

GIN

Really, this can all wait.
I'll handle it.

The look holds.

MAC

That's actually. Very sweet.

His first real smile. It was worth waiting for.

MAC (to a guard, subtitled Japanese)
Might you have a First Aid kit,
of some kind?

INT. TOILET STALL

We are inside an empty, closed, Japanese-style toilet stall.
Porcelain foot rests. A hole. The door BURSTS OPEN, and...

...Mac enters FAST with the First Aid kit, locking the door, hitting the STOPWATCH on his wrist, which begins counting at ZERO. He pulls UP his trouser leg, revealing the bloody gash, and simply...

...RIPS the entire wound OFF, the rubbery prosthetic wound DANGLES, dripping its phony blood. Mac pulls gauze strips from the kit, SOAKS them in bogus gore, expertly WRAPS his leg, then FLUSHES the prosthetic DOWN the hole.

He pulls off the FUJITSU VISITOR badge clipped to his lapel, and from a Ziploc bag slides a small sheet of plastic, which he PRESSES to the face of the badge, fitting perfectly, turning the badge into...

...an EMPLOYEE I.D., the name KAWAKUBO, M., the PHOTO of a surly Japanese male. Quickly, Mac takes out the MATCH BOX from the hotel bar, and with a fine tweezers gently removes the MICROCHIP, placing it INSIDE the badge, activating it with a soft BEEP-BEEP. He reaches now...

...behind his back, up UNDER his tux jacket, and RIPS FREE a tightly-compressed PACK of what seems white paper or cloth. He SNAPS it loose, revealing it to be...

...a baggy CLEAN SUIT, not unlike hospital scrubs and falling to the floor...

...a white HOOD. With opaque tinted VISOR.

INT. SECURITY CORRIDOR

Mac in his clean suit and opaque-visored hood at an elevator marked

CLEARED PERSONNEL ONLY in English and Kanji (Japanese characters).

He holds his badge to the SCANNER, the door PINGS and slides OPEN..

INT. PREP ROOM ENTRANCE, 29TH FLOOR

Mac emerging from his elevator at the entrance to an AIR-LOCK with

sign CLEAN ROOM - CLASS 10. Holds his badge to the SCANNER, the air-lock door lights FLASH from red to yellow to green. He enters...

...the PREP ROOM. Recorded VOICES purr safety instructions in Japanese, while Mac stands, being bombarded by air shower, chemical sprayer, blinding UV light. The next air-lock OPENS. He enters...

INT. CLEAN ROOM

...a long ASSEMBLY LINE, where ROBOT ARMS work on a stream of black SILICON WAFERS, which pass along a clear Lexan CONVEYOR BELT.

The wafers move through various airtight CHAMBERS, exposing them to multi-colored gasses, cyan, sodium yellow, magenta, etc., as part of the microchip manufacturing process.

More than a dozen TECHNICIANS in their hooded clean suits watch over every phase of the work, attached to the walls by grounding wires and air hoses, which create a deafening NOISE. Mac simply hooks himself up, and saunters straight THROUGH the area, toward the place where the conveyor belt with its newly-processed **MICROCHIPS...**

...DISAPPEARS through the wall. Nearby, a HATCH is built into the same wall, and Mac calmly CLANKS it OPEN, squeezing through into...

...a dimly-lit MAINTENANCE BAY. Panels of switches, wires, fuses, fans, air cleaners. Maximum claustrophobia, as Mac CLANGS the hatch SHUT behind him, looking instantly to...

...an OVERHEAD HATCH with letters in Kanji and English, DANGER ARGON GAS. Mac THROWS back his hood, YANKS out his mini oxygen pouch, fits the slender forked breathing tube into his nostrils, and slips on thick round infrared GOGGLES that make him look like

a refugee from 12 MONKEYS. No time to lose...

...up THROUGH the overhead hatch, closing it behind him as he enters...

...the conveyer TUBE, a horizontal Lexan cylinder three feet in diameter, filled with billowing red gas. Mac stretches out on his

belly, glancing up to where the clear conveyor belt, with its precious cargo of microchips, runs along just above his head in eerie red light. He begins to...

...shimmy, crawl, squirm along the length of the tube. Gas too

thick to see the end. He is agile as a commando, hauling ass,
when suddenly...

...the floor beneath his tube FALLS AWAY, and he is crawling in space 29 stories above Tokyo, as his tube spans the distance between manufacturing and shipping structures. He goes faster, **HARDER...**

INT. MICROCHIP VAULT

A black chamber. We can scarcely make out the endless rows of shelving, the air purifying equipment, the conveyor belt entering through its air lock, as machinery folds each priceless microchip in foil wrappers, stacks them on shelves. Through the gasket...

...Mac TUMBLES into view, swinging himself neatly DOWN to the floor, and in a single motion, he is already FLASHING a neon-green

pen light along the shelves of microchips. We see now the wrappers are different colors, with different Kanji characters, and Mac is definitely looking for something special, until...

...he's found it. A single row, 35 chips, nothing special from here, but Mac...

...WHIPS out something coiled, SNAPS it to full length, revealing a strip of shiny black SATIN CLOTH. Three feet long, little more than an inch wide. Carefully, Mac lays the strip down directly OVER the row of microchips. And when he lifts it UP again...

...the chips have ADHERED to the underside of the cloth. In one deft SNAP of his wrist, he COILS the cloth again, like a yo-yo. Turns to leave, and...

Oh, yeh.

Tosses a small SACK of something where the chips used to be.
TIM'S

CASCADE BRAND POTATO CHIPS. SEA SALT AND VINEGAR FLAVOR.

INT. CLEAN ROOM

Mac exiting from the maintenance hatch back into the Clean Room. No one sees, no one cares. Hooking up once again, he ambles toward

a door clearly marked EXIT ONLY TO EMPLOYEE LOUNGE - RETURN ONLY **THROUGH SECURITY AREA.**

By the door is an employee notice tacked to the wall. He pretends to scan it. A stack of flyers. He takes one. Exiting into...

INT. EMPLOYEE LOUNGE

Past a changing area, vending machines, guys bullshitting. Mac just strolling along, reading his flyer, as...

A hand. Touches his shoulder

VOICE (subtitled Japanese)
Excuse me.

Mac turns, stares through his opaque VISOR at a well-built SECURITY OFFICER. Dead straight eyes.

OFFICER (subtitled Japanese)
The company picnic. Saturday or Sunday?

His eyes cut to the flyer Mac is 'reading'. Mac hands it to him, and without a trace of Scottish accent...

MAC (subtitled Japanese)
Better eat first.

INT. GUEST LOBBY

Gin is up to her ears in grief. There are no less than five COPS grilling her, taking notes, while the old couple has their second wind and are SHRIEKING in top form. The bystander gallery has grown to maybe three dozen, and they're all getting their word in.

As Gin struggles to cope...

...she keeps looking at the clock. Darting glances toward the corridor. She is freaking out.

Finally. She can't stand it. Hands Mac's billfold to one of the cops, pushes her way through the mob, and...

...TAKES OFF down the corridor, a security guard in belated pursuit, we go...

...WITH her DOWN the hallway, WHEEL around a corner, flat-out SPRINTING, SKIDS to a stop at the right doorway and BURSTS INTO...

INT. MEN'S ROOM

An empty washroom. She listens. Nothing.

GIN

Mr. MacDougal? Sir?

No sound. Uh-oh.

GIN

Uh. Mr. Ma...

MAC (O.S., from the stall)
Just 'Mac'. And whatever became
of a gentleman's privacy?

The security guard BARGES IN.

MAC (O.S.)

My God, more females?

The guard starts railing at Gin a mile a minute. She calmly
takes
a WAD of bills from her purse. Hands them to the guy...

GIN (subtitled Japanese)
Stand outside. That door. Two
minutes...

He does. Alone again.

GIN

I was worried, it's been twenty...

MAC (O.S.)

Eighteen, actually. The leg is
fine, but I got sort of...woozy.

GIN

Woozy.

MAC (O.S.)

Lost my stomach once or twice.

CUT INSIDE the stall. He is just re-taping the folded clean suit
and hood to the small of his back.

MAC

I'm an old man. You probably
noticed.

Awkward silence. He smiles at that, much amused. Slips on his
jacket.

MAC

You should see me without
my teeth.

UNLOCKS the door. Remembers...

MAC

Ah. Mustn't forget to zip up.

That's not what he forgot. He pulls OUT the coiled black satin
cloth strip, SNAPS it free, microchips snug to the underside.

And

fits it neatly...

...DOWN his trouser leg. The perfect tuxedo stripe.

OUT the door. To meet her gaze.

MAC

Odd place, this.

He goes to her. Offers his arm.

MAC

What do you suppose they make
here? Video recorders?

She takes it, wrapping both hers through.

GIN

Microchips, I think, for computers.

He opens the door. Ushers her through...

MAC

Bad investment. The best ones
are here today...

Follows her out...

MAC (O.S.)

Gone tomor...

Closed door. Quiet.

INT. CAB, NIHONBASHI DISTRICT - NIGHT

They sit together in the rear of the taxi, as it makes its way
through late night traffic. She is looking around.

GIN

This isn't the way to my sel...

MAC (quietly)
I've changed my mind.

Looking straight ahead. Contemplative. She stares at his profile...

GIN
Mind telling me why?

MAC
You can't get it for me at 2.5,
can you?

GIN
Well, we can tr...

MAC
You were setting me up. The correct
price is 2.8. You conspire with the
seller to start at 4.6, so I'll be
grateful when you 'bargain' him down
to three. Close enough to fool some
people. unfortunately...

He sighs. Never looks at her.

MAC
I'm old. I know what everything
is worth.

She keeps staring.

GIN
So where are we g...

MAC
I am going to the airport. You
are going on to the rest of your
life. Which...

He thinks. Admits...

MAC
...should be interesting.

Her turn to think.

GIN
You forgot your lugg...

MAC

The hotels deal with that. The things I need are always waiting at the next one.

(afterthought)

I don't carry. Baggage.

Little twist on that.

GIN

Sensible. And you're off to...?

MAC

Oh, that's highly personal.

He still stares straight ahead. The taxi pulls onto a freeway. Toward Narita Airport. Time running out. And in her dearest, most vulnerable, voice...

GIN

I did so hope to impress you.

She puts the fingertips of her left hand. On his chest. A silence. No reaction.

GIN (hopeful)

I'm still hoping...

And he smiles. Turns to her eyes.

MAC

Young lady. I am old enough to be your grandfather.

She shakes her head. Uh-uh.

GIN (soft)

My father.

Leans her mouth in for the kill.

GIN (whisper)

That's part of the rush.

And softly. Fits her mouth to his. The green eyes close, as she tastes him. Nothing predatory in this kiss. It is tender, exquisite. A kiss of deep longing. Of true love.

His arms slip around her. And in less than five seconds...

TAXI DRIVER (O.S., racist accent)

Still on fo' airport?

Nobody. Says. Nothin'.

INT. MAC'S SUITE - LATE NIGHT

A small bottle. An ornate label. Chateau d'Yquem '67. Gin lifts

it from the table, studies the label. She wears only a man's oversized t-shirt. Our rotating ANGLE reveals the empty bed, tangled sheets. Gin looks pretty ruffled herself.

She lifts the bottle, two glasses, a plateful of chocolates and strawberries, and goes to the sliding glass door overlooking...

...the TERRACE. Mac sits on a futon at the balcony railing, overlooking downtown Tokyo. He wears a thin Japanese robe called a yukata, and is wrapped in half of a huge down COVERLET from the bed. The other half obviously waiting for...

GIN

Here. A reward.

She curls down into the billowing coverlet, just against his body.

Sets her things beside him.

MAC

A reward for what?

GIN

For not being old. After all.

It is a lovely smile. He studies it for a beat.

MAC

You mean. Not as old as I look.

She traces her finger along his cheek.

GIN (a whisper)

Yeh.

And kisses him. It takes awhile. She seems to enjoy it. With him, it's harder to tell. When she pulls back...

...he picks up a chocolate. Tears it in half. Offers her the larger piece.

GIN

Do I deserve a reward?

No answer. He puts the chocolate into her mouth. With great

tenderness, he traces the line of her lower lip. As she swallows.

GIN

It's so hard to find good casual sex, anymore. I'm probably out of practice.

But he just looks at her.

MAC

What's hard to find. Is someone you truly want to be with.

And leans closer. Just above a whisper...

MAC

Even for awhile.

He kisses her. Beautiful and deep, the way he does it. And when he pulls back, she is staring at him. As if at a loss for something to say.

GIN

It's lucky we stopped by my room, for the wine.

She swallows. Because his gaze is unrelenting. As if not forgetting that she's changed the subject.

GIN

Otherwise, we'd never have found my bag was stolen. Until tomorrow.

MAC

Would that make it more stolen?

She smiles. His face looks kind now, not formidable at all. Maybe she's wondering if she actually likes him.

GIN

They even got my prescriptions.

MAC

Something you need? There are all-night chemists...

He does look concerned. And therefore sweet. She kisses his nose.

GIN

I take Prilosec. For stomach acid. And an inhaler. For asthma.

She gets her old smile. The soft, wicked tease.

GIN

But since I didn't have to work all that hard tonight...

He stares at her. Cocks a finger, like a gun, right between her eyes. Pantomimes pulling the trigger.

GIN (softly)

Ouch. I had that coming.

She pivots, and snuggles her back comfortably into his chest. He wraps strong arms around her. Pulling her close.

GIN

Why would someone steal my luggage? Every guest in this place must have more than a wannabe art dealer.

MAC

Ah. Maybe the thief thought you had something valuable in there.

Something in the tone.

GIN

Such as...

MAC

Well. Wannabe dealers make excellent fences.

A flicker. In her eyes. And she cuddles back. As if enjoying the humor.

GIN

He thought I had a stolen painting. In my bag.

MAC

I'm joking, of course.

Kisses the top of her head.

MAC

The Vermeer wouldn't fit.

Her eyes widen. Just a little.

GIN

Excuse me?

MAC

Why, did you do something wrong?

Each She turns all the way around. Their faces are inches apart.
reading the other's eyes.

GIN

You said. Vermeer.

MAC

The most famous painting stolen
this week.

His turn. To kiss her nose.

MAC

If you don't keep up on your
craft. You'll miss all the jokes.

he And lowers her gently onto her back. Still staring in her eyes,
winds her legs around him. Her mouth parts, but...
...he fills it with his own.

This conversation. Is over.

INT. MAC'S SUITE - MORNING

VIEW of the empty terrace, the ruffled, twisted coverlet. Maybe
they spent all night. HEAR the shower running full blast in a
distant bathroom. PULL BACK to see...

expertly Gin, hair wet, wrapped in a plush hotel robe, rapidly and
going through dresser, night stand, closet, sofa cushions, every
goddam thing in the room. She comes to...

...Mac's tux. The jacket, rifles the pockets, pats the lining.
The pants now...

...something peculiar. The right leg has no stripe. Touches the
cloth. Slightly sticky where the stripe should be. Odd.

ANGLE...the bathroom. Shower running full BLAST. But there's no
one in it.

ANGLE...a storage closet. Mac crouching in the smallspace. We see the travel bag. The luggage tag, VIRGINIA ROMAY, a Darien, Connecticut address. The embossed initials VR. But there is something else in Mac's hand...

...a prescription bottle. Prilosec. And a name, GINGER BAKER. Chicago address. Mac puts the pills in the pocket of his robe...

...exits the closet. Locks the door.

ANGLE...Mac ambling into the bedroom, toweling his hair with one hand. Holding his billfold in the other. Gin is starting a room service breakfast. Eggs, sausage, Belgian waffles. The girl can eat.

MAC

I'm so glad I didn't leave Tokyo.

She looks up. Trademark dry grin...

GIN

I love a guy who knows how to sweet talk.

He stands over her. Smiling. What he meant was...

MAC

There was a call. While you were sleeping.

A call.

MAC

An art dealer I know. He has a Monet. Minor, but it is Giverny. He'll let me have it for 5.3 million.

She stares at him.

GIN (cautiously)

We can maybe beat that.

MAC (pulling plastic from his billfold)

I agree. This is a bank debit card. It gives the bearer access to an account containing 4.6 and change. I dislike round numbers.

And hand. the card to her. As her eyes move over it...

MAC

I'd like you to go down there,
and pick up the painting. If
that's all right.

Without looking up...

GIN

Me.

MAC

If I'm there, he'll haggle. You
just hand him the debit card, with
that...luminous smile. And say,
take it or leave it.

Now her eyes come up. She says nothing. Hesitant.

MAC

Oh, dear. I thought you so
wanted to make a good impression.

GIN

Thought I already did th...

MAC

And along with making an excellent
impression. You will also make 2
percent of the purchase price.

She blinks.

MAC

That's \$92,000. And change..
For two hours work.

The look holds. He goes to the desk. Lifts a cellular phone.
TOSSES it to her.

MAC

Any problems. Just give me
a ring.

GIN

Stolen painting is it?

MAC

Of course not.

And on his way out the door...

MAC

If it was. I wouldn't pay more

than three.

EXT. WHARF, YOKOHAMA - DAY

Gin climbing out of a taxi at a scruffy section of Yokohama's Bund.

Sleazy shops, pachinko parlors, hostess bars, sidewalk noodle counters, all built along a tall rickety PIER nearly thirty feet above the pounding surf. The harbor is gigantic. Every type and size of vessel imaginable.

Gin carries a long neoprene-covered tube with watertight seals and a lightweight bright orange foam cover. She looks at her slip of paper. Then across at the place...KENDO SOUVENIRS, a schlock kickback parlor, with a tourist bus parked out front.

This can't be right. Pulls out the cellular phone. Dials.

MAC'S RECORDED VOICE (O.S.)

You have reached the voice-mail of AMD Investments. And, yes, you are at the right place.

Fucking great.

GIN (into phone, pissed)
I like men with a sense of humor.
This does not qualify.

SNAPS the phone shut. Checks the slip again. Walks firmly across the street, through the mobs of tourists, and into...

INT. KENDO SOUVENIRS - DAY

The place is huge, ramshackle, loaded with every piece of tourist crap imaginable. The only paintings on display are renderings of big cats on black velvet. She winds her way through, to a counter at the back. One guy there...

GIN (subtitled Japanese)
May I please speak with Mr. Okati.

OKATI

You doin' it.

The best we can say for the pudgy, balding fellow in the Hawaiian shirt and spectacularly baggy trousers, is that he does not seem to be the guy who is selling you a Monet. Even a minor one.

GIN

I think there's some mista...

OKATI

You from Mac?

She stops. Jesus. The guy COUGHS horribly.

GIN

I'm from Mac.

OKATI

Lemme see card.

She hesitates.

OKATI

Four million, six hundred
thirteen thousand, five hundred?

Wow. He slaps his hand on the table. Lay it down, toots.

GIN

You first.

He shrugs. Lifts straight up, from beneath the counter...

...a brown paper-wrapped rectangle. Not much larger than two
feet

square. She can't even believe she's here, doing this. Gestures
to him. Open it up!

He obliges, COUGHING grossly all the while. Unwrapped, the
painting does look like a Monet. From here. She stares at it.

GIN

Now bring me the real one.

He doesn't blink.

OKATI

This as real as it gets, lady.

And from within her pocket. The cellular RINGS. She takes it
out. Puts it to her ear.

MAC (O.S.)

You got it?

GIN (into phone)

Is this an audition, a joke, or

a rip-off? I'm staring at an obvious forgery, here.

MAC (O.S.)

Turn it over.

This gives her pause. Then, cradling the phone against her shoulder, she does as she's told. To see...

MAC (O.S.)

Is there an envelope? Taped to the back? In a Ziploc bag?

Sure is.

GIN (into phone)

Uh-huh.

MAC (O.S.)

Detach the bag. Read what's in it. Aloud.

She does. Carefully unfolding several sheets of paper, maps...

GIN (reading into phone)

Shikoku Naru, a freighter, it says, Yokohama to Jakarta...dates, statistics...specs on some kind of machine, diag...

MAC (O.S.)

Papers back in the envelope, envelope back in the Ziploc, very quickly, without seeming to hurry...

Her eyes are flickering questions, but she does as she's told, cradling the phone with her shoulder.

MAC (O.S.)

Now take the debit card from your purse, slipping the Ziploc into the purse as you do it, shielding the move from everyone in the room but Okati.

And she does. More deftly than we could ever have imagined.
Like
a pro.

MAC (O.S., quietly)

Give him the card.

A beat.

GIN (into phone)
Mac, the painting's a forg...

MAC (O.S., even quieter)
This is a test. Of whether you'll
still be alive four minutes from
now. Do you hear me?

Her face freezes. In a pleasant smile.

GIN (into phone)
Yes, Mac, I do.

MAC (0.5.)

Now. Hand him the card, and tell
him in Japanese to pretend he is
checking it by phone. Tell him to
take awhile, as if he's on hold.

She turns the sweet plastic smile to Okati. Hands him the
card...

GIN (subtitled Japanese)
Mac says, pretend you're checking
this by phone, and take your ti...

OKATI (subtitled Japanese)
...like I'm on hold, sure.

And suddenly, his eyes are keen and quick, and he is no longer
some
schmuck in baggy pants. He takes the card, stares at it
comically,
picks up the phone.

MAC (O.S.)

While he's checking, look around
the room casually, as if searching
for the cheesy handbags...

She begins to.

MAC (O.S.)

All the while laughing, as if you
are chatting with someone you
actually like.

GIN (into phone)
I'm not that good.

But she is. And she laughs, as she strolls over to the cheesy

handbags.

MAC (O.S.)

As you're looking around, do you notice any m...

GIN (into phone)

Three guys, two together, one alone. Cheap suits, not looking at me in a cop-casual way.

MAC (O.S.)

Call out cheerily to Okati, in English, 'Where's the toilet?'

GIN (into phone)

Can I say, 'little girl's room'?

A beat.

MAC (O.S.)

Wing it.

GIN (calls out, cheerily)

WHERE'S THE CRAPPER?

Okati, absorbed by his make-believe phone call, points around the back.

MAC (O.S.)

Get going. Now.

GIN (into phone, as she saunters)

Mac, the painting isn't...

MAC (O.S.)

You've got what we bought, are you out of their sight?

She turns the corner. Filthy corridor. Restrooms at opposite ends.

MAC (O.S.)

Run into the men's toilet.

I know you know how.

A beat of uncertainty. She looks both ways.

MAC (O.S., ominous)

Are you running?

And she DOES. SPRINTING down the garbage-strewn hallway, throws

OPEN the men's room door, BURSTING IN on...

...a wispy OLD GUY taking a leak through a HOLE in the floor.

GIN (subtitled Japanese)

GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!

The panicked little man STARTLES. Bolts OUT the door.

MAC (O.S.)

Jump.

Jump? HEAR now, from the corridor, footfalls POUNDING. She looks down through the piss hole. The surf ROILS thirty feet below.

GIN (into phone)

It's too small.

MAC (O.S.)

The window, twit!

Oh. She hops OVER the disgusting hole, boosts herself UP to the small window, footfalls racing CLOSER, HOISTS herself HALFWAY through, DROPPING the phone a scary 30 feet to the surf below, as behind her, the door...

...SLAMS OPEN and she FLIES OUT the window...

GIN

SHIIIIIIIIIIIT...

WITH her in SLO-MO, kicking and flailing and grasping her shoulder bag, and she...

HITS the ocean like a ton of bricks. Disappears. Comes up, sputtering in the swirling water, as from out of the shadows of the pilings...

...an engine ROARS to life, the BLUR of a custom JETSKI, Mac reaching to scoop the startled girl OUT of the water, and they...

...BLAST OFF, as bullets RAIN helplessly after them. The AGENTS shouting into their cellulars, racing in frustration down the pier, which rapidly vanishes behind us, as...

...Gin hangs onto Mac for dear life. This baby is REALLY hauling.

He wears an orange waterproof slicker with matching trousers. Shouts back, against the noise...

MAC
ARE YOU PISSED OFF?

She thinks. Admits, shouting in his ear...

GIN
ACTUALLY. IT'S INCREDIBLY COOL!

He is heading into deep water, a major shipping channel, points to one side, and she sees...

...a huge HARBOR PATROL vessel FIRE UP in near distance. The chase is ON. They speed toward the WAKE of a luxury liner, and as she realizes...

GIN
OH NOOOOOO...

They SLAM INTO the wake HEAD ON, and are AIRBORNE for an amazing distance, JOLTING back to the surface, RACING toward...

...two gigantic FREIGHTERS which approach each other from opposite directions. The Harbor Patrol in hot pursuit, BLASTING its HORN...

GIN
WE'RE GONNA DIE, AREN'T WE?

MAC
JUST AS SOON AS I'M READY!

As we near the outbound freighter, Mac CUTS his speed. Now the Harbor Patrol is really gaining.

GIN
FASTER, NOT SLOWER, YOU TWIT!!

MAC
HAVE TO GIVE THEM A SPORTING CHANCE...

Cruising STRAIGHT TOWARD the part side of the outbound freighter, as the inbound freighter begins to pass it on the far side...

MAC
...SOMETHING WE SCOTS LEARNED FROM THE BRITS!

As the Harbor Patrol is nearly ON them, Mac VEERS suddenly AROUND the stern of the outbound freighter, the Harbor patrol WHEELING madly to pursue, only to find we are both CAREENING straight AT...

...the starboard side of the inbound freighter, Mac CUTS his wheel in an adroit nearly right-angle SWERVE, and hears the SCREAMS as the Harbor patrol...

PLOWS INTO the freighter! Wasting no time, he ACCELERATES into maximum BURN, STREAKING toward the immensely crowded harbor and its thousand vessels. Gin can't help but look back at the impressive crash site, mouthing a silent WOW.

Nearing the harbor, Mac CUTS speed completely, drifting between two huge ships and...

...vanishing from sight.

EXT. SMALL CHANNEL - DAY

The tiny Jetski cruises in a quiet channel, crowded with vessels of all sizes, tugs, fishing boats, pleasure craft, junks, sampans, all larger than we are. Gin clings close to Mac, although it is no necessary. More like romantic. She is still flushed with the rush.

GIN

I guess you're gonna explain all this, huh?

But he says nothing. Pulls out a water-tight duffle. Hands it back to her, without looking.

MAC

Dry clothes, you'll need them.
In five minutes.

She takes the bag, confused.

GIN

I'm supposed to change? Here??

MAC

I won't look. Gentleman's word of hon...

GIN

There are a million sailors!

MAC

I've seen you naked. Give the boys a thrill.

He means it.

MAC

You probably won't be dating any of them, so what the hell.

GIN looks around as they float through the maze of watercraft. No one seems to be paying much attention. What the hell. She unzips the bag, pulling out...

GIN (astonished)

These...these are mine!

He never looks around.

MAC

Found 'em in your room. Perhaps the thief wasn't your size.

She stares at the back of his head. wondering. He is stripping off his slickers. A neatly-tailored SUIT beneath.

MAC

We have a business appointment. In four minutes.

Okay. She pulls her dress off OVER her head.

GIN

Business, huh?

She ignores some nearby WHISTLES and SHOUTS. Begins drying herself with a fluffy towel from the bag.

MAC (never turns)

Time has come to tell you. What business. I'm actually in.

Uh-oh. Paydirt.

GIN

Uh. Am I gonna like th...

MAC (quietly)
I'm a thief.

She can scarcely believe he's admitting this.

MAC
And now that I've told you.
I'll have to kill you.

He chuckles a Scottish chuckle. Cold and warm, at once.

MAC
Or...

She slips the dry dress OVER her head.

MAC
...you can spend the most
interesting three weeks of
your life. Training.

GIN
Training for wha...

MAC
...followed by the most exciting
night of your life. After which,
you can walk away with 20 million
untraceable dollars...

She blinks. He means this.

MAC
...which will come in handy.
Things being what they are.

He shrugs.

MAC
From now on. You can valet park.

She begins taking off her wet underwear, underneath the dress.

We

suspect unseen hordes crestfallen at her modesty.

GIN
And if I refuse?

MAC (very quietly)
Don't. Please.

GIN

I mean, you won't really kill me, I'm far too adorable.

He looks around at her. As if deciding on that.

MAC

Last night, at Fujitsu, I did some business. While you thought I was in the toilet.

Jesus.

GIN

What could you possibly steal in 18 min...

MAC

Thirty-five super-microchips. Each worth one million dollars. And change.

Staring dead at her eyes.

GIN

You hate round num...

MAC

I stole your suitcase when I left you at the bar. I have since sent it on to the States, with three chips, well hidden.

Are you following?

MAC

Since you aren't there to claim it, the bag will sit at Customs. Safe. Unless...

No smile. No smile at all.

MAC

They receive. An anonymous. Tip.

Holy. Fucking. Christ.

GIN

That's entrapment.

MAC

No, entrapment is what cops do

to robbers.

We can feel her heart pounding from here.

MAC

Blackmail. Is what robbers
do to schmucks.

And leans. To kiss her mouth.

MAC (softly)

Even adorable ones.

They have glided up beside the gangway of a gigantic FREIGHTER.

It

is at water level, the steps they use for their tender. He
points
up to the name...

MAC

Pop quiz.

SHIKOKU MARU. She nods, slowly. Pulls the Ziploc bag from her
to
purse. Hands it over. He removes the sheets of paper. Begins
peruse them...

MAC

Admit it's a rush. The best day
of your heretofore drab life.

GIN

Fuck you.

He glances up.

GIN

...accompanied by related foreplay.

And gives him the smile. What a gal.

He offers his hand. She rises, hops lightly to the steps of the
And
gangway in her bare feet. He pulls dry shoes from the duffle.
as she slips them on...

...he FLIPS a switch, and the Jetski begins to FILL with water,
Mac
stepping to the gangway beside her. They watch...

...the Jetski rapidly SINK out of sight.

No evidence. A thorough guy.

INT. FREIGHTER HOLD - DAY

Mac and Gin stand inside a gigantic CARGO BAY, watching massive CONTAINERS being loaded by crane from a dock, through the gaping HATCH. The chamber is a vaulted cathedral of steel, painted hospital green, and Mac's eye moves over all of it, seeming to inspect every plate, every pan head rivet.

VOICE (O.S., British cheer)
Hullo, there!

They turn to see a round little man with watering eyes and a very wide necktie, skipping-down the iron steps. Bursting with a salesman's bonhomie, he extends a plump hand...

MAN
Nickerson Carlsby, Mr...
MacDuff, yes?

MAC
Banquo MacDuff. This is my
associate-fiancee, Ms. Duncan.

The little man pauses. A tic in the well-oiled smile...

CARLSBY
That is...fiancee and assoc...

GIN (cheery herself)
I'm a hyphenate.

Ah. Like that makes complete sense. Fingers the gardenia in his lapel...

CARLSBY
Well, it's a pleasure, in this
alien place, to do business with
a countryman.

MAC
I'm a Scot. It's a different
country. Culturally and historically.

I see.

CARLSBY (looking around)
Well. They've brought you to
quite the wrong place, I see.

MAC (looking around)

Thank God.

at ANGLE...Carlsby leads the way along a narrow catwalk, which ends
a steel door. He presses his thumb to the I.D. panel, and speaks
into the voice box...

CARLSBY (confidential code-voice)
In Penny Lane, the barber shaves
another customer...

The door CLANGS open. They go through it, as a gangway leads
toward an open five-foot-thick VAULT DOOR, where two ARMED GUARDS
rise from their seats. Carlsby ignores them as if they were
furniture. THUMPS the door...

CARLSBY
Five feet thick with hidden rein-
forcements, no way to drill through!

GIN (authoritative)
Impressive.

CARLSBY
Only the tip of our security
iceberg. See these two Brinks
locks...?

They do.

CARLSBY
The Captain keeps one key. The
other is continually forwarded:
to the Chief of Security at next
port. There is no way to enter
during voyage.

GIN
I like this.

Carisby glances to Mac. He is stone.

CARLSBY
The best armed guard, rotated every
six hours. A redundancy, of course,
but we would rather be safe three
times over than merely two.

GIN
Sound mathematics.

MAC (very quiet)

What if there's a fire? In the chamber.

Ah. Carlsby leads them through the open door, into...

...the maximum-security HOLD. Primo. The steel coated with sleek, matte, black all-grip paint. Tubby points up...

CARLSBY

Sprinklers. New design. Incredible power. The entire chamber is waterproof, fireproof, airtight. If the ship sinks, God forfend, your cargo is secure for salvage.

No reaction. Mac does not look convinced.

CARLSBY

And your cargo is...?

MAC

Wine.

Wine.

MAC

The bloody Japs bought up half the premium clarets in the universe. You may have heard.

Actually. He has.

MAC

I'm in charge of shipping some 14,000 bottles, most quite rare, to a number of premium hotels in Hong Kong, Bangkok, Singapore, Phuket, and Penang.

Carlsby gets the romance of it all.

MAC

All of which are destinations on your October voyage. Five months from now. However...

And turns to the man. With laser, disapproving eyes.

MAC

Wine. Doesn't prefer. To be jostled.

The man beams. Gestures to a series of PLATFORMS, each SWAYING
at different heights, in different directions.

CARLSBY

Our 'delicate treasure' platforms,
suspended on gimbals. Your cargo
remains unruffled by roiling seas.
Then, on arrival, is plucked...

Pointing once more...

CARLSBY

By that forklift, and gently
deposited on dock through the
cargo hatch...

...a huge circular hatch cut into the hull. Mac's eyes stare
blankly at it. A long beat. He pronounces it all...

MAC

Adequate. I suppose.

And then turns once more.

MAC

Did we see...a bathing pool.
On deck?

CARLSBY

Oh, yes, sir. The Shikoku Maru
carries sixteen luxury suite pas-
senger cabins. The finest cuisine.
For valued clients who prefer to
cruise in privacy.

Mac. Thinks this over.

MAC

Mildly. Interesting.

INT. PASSENGER DECK - DAY

Carlsby ushering the couple along a plushly-appointed hallway. A
secret oasis of refinement in the heart of the massive freighter.
He opens a burnished door, into...

...an elegant SUITE. Cherrywood panels, spacious windows with
views of the harbor. The finest furnishings. It is
breathtaking.
Even...

MAC

Adequate. I suppose.

GIN

But dearest, in five months,
we'll be in Cape Town.

Mac pulls from his pocket the folded sheets that had once been taped to the back of Okati's Monet. Peruses them casually.

MAC

Anything sooner? That goes
perhaps from...say, Sri Lanka?
To Jakarta.

And looks up. To a man dumbstruck. By coincidence.

CARLSBY

Why, yes. In three weeks.

INT. CESSNA - DAY

Looking DOWN on California's San Joaquin Valley from 12,000 feet,
as air RUSHES past our open door.

MAC (O.S.)

You seem depressed.

PULL BACK to see them both in jumping suits. He's checking her gear. She's eyeing the expansive grid of fields below.

GIN

At your insistence, I'm leaping
to my death, and I don't know why!

He clips a tether from his harness to hers.

MAC

Because. You're a greedy girl.

GIN

I'm not jumping until you talk
about this, it's been two days!

She folds her arms across her chest. Rebellious. He smiles at
her tenderly. Nods, okay.

GIN

Why are we going in three weeks,
if the wine is on a different

route months lat...

MAC

There is no wine. That just bought us a look at their security.

She stares at him.

GIN

I knew that.

MAC

What we want is on the boat in three weeks. Now can we jump?

GIN

The machine in those diagrams. on the back of the painting.

Maybe. He's still smiling.

GIN

What does it do, make gold?

MAC

We're nearing the targ...

GIN

Why won't you trust me?

MAC

How do I know who you are, hmmn?

Stares in her eyes.

MAC

For all I know, your name isn't Virginia Romay. Maybe you're a cop.

She stares back. Dead straight.

GIN

Why would a cop do all th...

MAC (softly)

Entrapment, remember? What cops do to robbers.

GIN (just as softly)

Oh. That.

His smile is light, affectionate. Gently, he backs her to the edge of the doorway...

MAC

One...two...

She THROWS her arms around his neck. Holds him close.

GIN

Mac, I'm afraid.

Vulnerable and touchingly real. His arms slide around her.

GIN

Of you.

MAC (a murmur)

Smart girl.

And JUMPS, Gin SHRIEKING in his arms, as we...

FOLLOW them, TUMBLING in FREE FALL, until he releases her, and bot
down, EXTEND their arms and legs, as if flying, as if gliding face
her shriek CONTINUING. He floats at the end of their tether, a
few feet above her. And at last...

...her SCREAMING STOPS. We see the pure adrenaline rush. Shouts back...

GIN

NEXT TIME, I'M ON TOP!

EXT. HILLTOP, MARIN COUNTY - DAY

Woods, rolling hills, a dirt path. Mac stands by a sign at a crossroads, names, arrows, STINSON BEACH, BOLINAS, MT. TAMALPAIS, MILL VALLEY. There is a phone booth nearby. He holds a stopwatch,
looking down the path, as...

...Gin runs into view, steady stride, breathing hard, sheened with
sweat. Approaching him, she slows to a stop. Hands on her knees,
catching her wind. He CLICKS the watch.

MAC

Consistent. And rather impressive.

She sends a nasty smile, thanks a bunch. But maybe she likes the compliment, after all.

EXT. MAC'S CABIN, BOLINAS - NIGHT

Rustic cabin in moonlight. Ringed by woods. Middle of nowhere, which is where Mac likes it. As we approach the lit window, we hear two oddly-matched sounds. splashing water. And the HISS of violent POWER TOOL. We MOVE THROUGH the window, into...

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Two figures stand in the shower, spray SOAKING their shorts and tank tops. Gin is operating a sleek WELDER, trying to perform micro-surgery on a DARTBOARD which Mac waves in all directions at the end of a short pole.

MAC

All right, six and seven...

She blinks the spray from her eyes, and deftly SEARS the wire dividing those two numbers on the board. As Mac keeps waving it, she goes off line. Concentrates. Gets it right. The wire PEELS away...

MAC

Three and four...

EXT. CABIN - DAY

CLOSE on Gin operating a small steamshovel with a loading attachment on the front. It is mounted with two 2 x 4's, set close together, protruding from the loader. She maneuvers the wooden prongs toward a pile of big rocks. But as she positions to scoop one up, her vehicle SWAYS WILDLY, and we PULL BACK to see it is...

...dangling from a CRANE, operated by Mac. Gin stays with it, concentrates, and on the next pass she glides her boards UNDER a huge rock, LIFTING it awkwardly. Ignoring the bumpy ride, she pivots, and deposits her prize in place atop what has become...

...a WALL of stones.

GIN

What the hell are we building?

He gives this some reflection.

MAC

A chalet, I think. Or an outhouse.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Mac and Gin paddle KAYAKS, side by side. A full moon slams off the rolling surface of the sea. Light chop, enough to bob pretty strong once they stop paddling. His stopwatch GLOWS. He says only...

MAC

Forty seconds.

And she FLIPS OVER, submerging her head and torso, and we go...
...WITH her underwater, upside-down in the kayak, she STRUGGLES

to

FREE a group of tools which are tethered to her wetsuit.

Fumbling

to BREAK the seal on a slender TUBE, which BURSTS, sending a GLOW of yellow-green LIGHT in all directions. She fits the flexible tube around her head like a headlamp, pulling out...

...a small ELECTRIC FAN with side HANDGRIPS of black metal.

Buffeted by the current, Gin manages to flip a small switch on

the

housing of the fan, and...

...nothing happens. Again. Nothing. And again. SHIT! With a supreme effort, she tries to ROLL herself upright, but...

...can't quite make it. Blind PANIC now, blowing bubbles,

FLAILING

at the kayak, which suddenly...

ROLLS upright, manipulated by Mac. She sputters and tries to THROW the tethered fan at him, but it snaps back and SLAMS her across the shoulder. She is furious.

GIN

Get your fucking equipment together, man, this is a professional operation!!

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Gin in a clearing, arms at her sides, a determined look. Mac is somewhere just behind us.

MAC (O.S.)

This time, when you raise your arm. Don't breathe.

She nods, got it. Focused. suddenly, in the clearing before her,
a HOSTAGE SILHOUETTE TARGET pops up, the outline of a terrorist shielding himself with a hostage, Gin's arm rising with a BLUR and...

...BLAMM, BLAMM, BLAMM!!! The paper terrorist is NAILED in the head. Two out of three. She lets out a thin stream of air. Proud of herself, but too cool to gloat.

MAC

Very, very nice. Had a tour with the Mosad, did you?

She turns slowly.

GIN

Where does this fit in the game plan?

His enigmatic, yet fond, smile.

MAC

Oh, it doesn't. But one never knows...

A quiet wink.

MAC

You might need it with me.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

CLOSE on Gin leaning back at a 45 degree angle. She is sweating. This is hard. HEAR a SLAM-THWOCK! And ANOTHER. PULL BACK to reveal...

She is climbing UP the inside of the angled A-frame CEILING, using hand rods with powerful SUCTION cups, and similar suction devices on the balls of her feet. A human spider, inching up the wall with everything she's got. She SLAMS the next hand rod down, and it...

...slips.

GIN

Shit.

...as she TUMBLES eighteen feet to...

DISAPPEAR in an ocean of STYROFOAM packing bubbles, which EXPLODE in all directions like popcorn in a nuclear accelerator.

She has totally VANISHED. Buried alive.

GIN (O.S.)
DID I SAY SHIT?

Mac is wading into the sea of plastic bits, DIGGING her body out with his bare hands. Once more, she comes up sputtering.

GIN
This one, I will not get!

He's holding her in his arms. Leans close.

MAC
But you will, you'll get it all.
You are actually...

He kisses her.

MAC
Quite remarkable.

Something in the way he looks at her. Her return gaze is naked. It looks like love.

MAC
Take the rest of the evening off.

And kisses her again. Her eyes close.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - MORNING

Mac sits alone at a table, sipping coffee, reading Barron's. A short-wave radio is playing BBC World Service. Leaning against an open laptop, is...

...Mac's stopwatch. He glances up at it. What he sees makes him reach into a duffel at his feet, withdraw...

...a rectangular gun-metal gray DEVICE. Looks like a cross between a remote control clicker and a large cell phone. Turns it ON. The power display GLOWS green.

EXT. HILLTOP - MORNING

Gin running alone. Up the dirt path we've seen before. Ahead,
the
crossroads, the sign. The lonely phone booth.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

Mac tuning the device, which is an advance-design SCANNER. We
HEAR
overlapping CONVERSATIONS through bursts of STATIC...

OVERLAPPING VOICES (O.S.)

...told you it's not a good time
f...either, personally, I've never
liked h...Giants' pitching, once
ag...late, you want the Chronicle
or don't y...

INT. PHONE BOOTH

Gin at the phone. Inserts her credit card. Catches her breath.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

Mac HEARS a phone RINGING over the scanner. Punches RECORD,
PLUGS
the scanner INTO his laptop.

VOICE (O.S.)

Webber Assurance.

GIN (O.S.)

This is oh-four-six-one. Hector
Cruz, please, on a secure line.

VOICE (O.S.)

Please hold.

Mac's laptop screen in printing. WEBBER ASSURANCE...HECTOR
CRUZ...

VOICE (O.S.)

Go ahead, please.

GIN (O.S.)

Thank y...

The line goes DEAD.

So do Mac's eyes. Click the scanner OFF.

INT. PHONE BOOTH

Gin in her throaty, playful voice...

GIN

...no way I'm telling you shit.

CRUZ (O.S.)

Baker, this is an extremely
dangerous g...

GIN

...right now, you're more dangerous
than he is.

A pause. Her voice is smiling. Not her eyes.

CRUZ (O.S.)

You want to explain th...

GIN

If I tell you what this is, and
where this is, you'll send back-up,
and those morons will blow my cover,
and I'll be too dead to accept your
apology.

A longer beat.

CRUZ (O.S.)

You're fucking him, aren't you?

GIN

Right to the wall.

Her eyes are stone cold. We've never seen her like this. She
looks like Mac.

CRUZ (O.S.)

You're over your head, Baker.

GIN

Only romantically. I'll write to
him in prison.

She's pulling out a different piece of plastic. A drug store
phone
card.

CRUZ (O.S.)

Okay, it's your funeral. Next time
I see you, I owe you a spanking.

GIN

Ooooo. Is that a promise?

Her cold eyes through his chuckle.

CRUZ (O.S.)

While you're on secure, do you want
a transfer?

GIN

Nope. I'm headed back to the hot
tub. I'll call again, if I'm in
the mood.

And hangs up. Collects her thoughts. Inserts the phone card.
Dials from memory. Fifteen digits. She must be calling Mars.
At last...

...a man's VOICE. In a strange sing-song language.

GIN (subtitled Mandarin)

Is it over?

SMASH CUT TO...

EXT. TIENANMEN SQUARE, BEIJING - NIGHT

Late night, mostly youngsters strolling the unfathomable vastness
of the square. At what seems an immeasurable distance, the huge
illuminated portrait of Mao zedong hangs from the Gate of
Heavenly
Peace. The scale of this place is unique in all the world. PAN
to
a nearby parked...

...Mercedes. COL. QIU of the People's Liberation Army, lounges
at
the wheel in full uniform. Talks into his cellular...

QIU (subtitled Mandarin)

...it's not over yet, it hasn't
even begun.

He listens, winces. We can hear Gin's voice yelling at him in
Mandarin, dishing out a major piece of her mind.

QIU (subtitled Mandarin)

...after Midnight, when his meeting
ends. In Zhongnanhai.

He doesn't like her attitude. And there's plenty of it.

QIU (subtitled Mandarin)

The mask will be ready...

A phalanx of TROOPS march past. The Colonel turns his face to shadow. Drops his voice...

QIU (subtitled Mandarin)
You fucking bring the bones.

EXT. ZHONGNANKAI, BEIJING - LATE NIGHT

The walled compound where the Politburo's elite work and live. From an open gateway...

...the MINISTER OF FINANCE appears, flanked by bodyguards in the drab green of PRC police. They step onto the street and turn into a narrow hutong. Down the alleyway comes a young man walking his bicycle through shadow. Nearing us, he raises his right hand, and...

...SHOOTS each bodyguard TWICE through the chest, DROPS the bike, LURCHES at the Minister with something cylindrical and gleaming, and...

...SPRAYS the cowering official's FACE with something that makes him SCREAM in pain, the assassin RUNNING down the hutong for his life, as a fallen guard...

...SHOOTS him in the back, and he goes SPRAWLING, SKIDDING, face down. Lifeless.

INT. OPHTHALMOLOGIST'S OFFICE, BEIJING - NIGHT

Col. Qiu walks beside a jaunty ophthalmologist, DR. HONGWEI, who is turning ON lights in the darkened office as they go. Behind them, two PLA SOLDIERS half-carry the agonized minister. Into an examination room...

...the minister gently set into an examining chair. The doctor tilts the face up, shines a light into the minister's eyes, which makes him GROAN. Eye drops now, which make the man YELP in pain. HONGWEI now moves the RETINAL SCANNER into position, resting the minister's chin on the slot provided. Turns it ON. The machine's panel FLASHES numbers in red lights. Hongwei looks into the box from the reverse angle, to view...

...a red LASER SCAN moving across the pupil vertically, then retracing its path horizontally, left to right, right to left, up and down, at speed.

Hongwei moves to a computer monitor with a graphic rendering of

the retina, clicks the keypad to section off a slice of the graphic, and ENLARGES the section 100 times. Looks like pixels.

Back to the scanner. Touch a button, and...

...a COMPACT DISC pops out of the disc drive. He places it in a box, telling the minister...

HONGWEI (subtitled Mandarin)
We send this to the lab for finer
analysis. One piece of advice,
huh...?

The minister squints up, painfully.

HONGWEI (subtitled Mandarin)
No more red pepper in your eye.
Not for awhile.

The doctor LAUGHS. The minister seethes. But Colonel Qiu...

Has his mind. On business.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE, SAN FRANCISCO - LATE NIGHT

CLOSE on Gin's gloved hand, holding something we can scarcely
see,
as MIST floats up between us. It is a carabiner with a nylon
rope
attached, and she CLIPS it to a thick wire.

GIN (O.S.)
I'm freezing my tender parts.

PULL BACK to see her in climbing harness, scaling a nearly-
vertical
CABLE, three feet in diameter. Enveloped in fog which reveals,
then conceals.

MAC (O.S.)
I'm relieved to hear you have some.

PULL WAY BACK to see him below her. The two of them climbing
the GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE. They are near the top, more than 700
feet above the silvery black BAY. A precarious, dizzying sight.

MAC
What's amazing, is that only eleven
workers died during construction of
this thing...

GIN (grim)

...thanks for sharing...

MAC

Of course, the others were saved by
a safety net.

A Gin keeps her focus on the small railed PLATFORM just above her.
gutsy gal.

MAC (loving it)

Now, as for the suicides, they
always jump facing the city. Avoids
that tall fence about 50 stories down,
see it, there?

She's at the platform.

GIN

I never liked you.

Unclips one last time. This won't be easy. Throws her rope
OVER the railing, and to her surprise, Mac braces himself with
his legs...

...lifts her from the waist with strong hands, boosting her
easily
to the platform. Grateful, she hates to confess it.

GIN

One act of fucking human kindness...

MAC

Call it a lapse.

And he swings lightly up beside her. The fog has rolled past.
There are several million stars. Transcendent beauty. She slows
her breath...

GIN

And how does this fit into
the game pl...

MAC

Oh, it doesn't. We came for
the view.

And from his contoured backpack, he pulls a bottle of Cristal.
Flutes, wrapped in velvet. He POPS the cork in one motion, and
it
SAILS to its watery doom. She can't help but watch.

One more motion to pour both glasses. Hands one to her.
Toasts...

MAC

To Ginger Baker.

He clicks her glass. She stares straight in his eye. Shows no surprise, no fear...

GIN

I'm partial to drummers. If they played with Clapton and Winwood.

And takes a sip. Cool as a goose. Licks her lips.

GIN

The prescription bottle. When you stole my suitcase.

But he's not drinking. Only staring. The wind has picked up.

GIN

Armand Baker was my husband, May 13 to October 27, 1982, he played alto sax, I was 17 years old.

She takes another sip. Good wine.

GIN

He named me Ginger. He likes drummers, too.

MAC

And you get sentimental for him. Every time you order drugs.

GIN

I have I.D. in that name. I use it for various things I don't want traced. When credit unions turn their computers my way.

MAC

I could listen to you lie all night.

She toasts him.

GIN (softly)

Same here, fella.

Slowly, he reaches to an inside pocket, watching to see if she flinches. Her eyes do flicker. And follow. He withdraws not a

pistol, but a handful of...

MAC

Do you like diamonds?

Nine DIAMONDS, so large, so exquisite, she has to keep her eyes from bugging. Wow.

MAC

You asked. Does the machine.
Make gold.

Holy. Christ.

MAC

Gold is shit. It's six thousand
dollars a pound. Worth your weight
in gold...?

His eyes travel her body...

MAC

That would put you at seven
hundred thousand.

GIN

Would you pay it?

And he leans. Looks in her eyes.

MAC

When the light hits you just
right. I'd pay more.

She liked that. Maybe a lot.

GIN

The machine. That we are stealing.
Makes diamonds?

No answer.

GIN

Real ones?

MAC

Gem quality. First ever. God
save Japan.

He toasts Blessed Japan to the East. Takes a hit.

MAC

A diamond reactor takes graphite,
runs it through a combination of
lasers, electron beams, and scanning-
tunnel mg microscopes.

He means this. She is transfixed.

MAC

This one uses krypton-fluorine laser,
with a new isotope of krypton.

She looks down at the diamonds in his palm. His fist CLOSES.

MAC

The atoms are rearranged. And
the molecule of graphite becoznes
a molecule of...

He turns his fist UPSIDE-DOWN. And LETS GO! She GASPS as the
brilliant stones FALL toward the sea. Watching, watching, long
after the moonlit glimmer has evaporated. A hush.

GIN

I hate it. When you make
a point.

INT. SHIKOKU MARU - DAY

CLOSE on two open PASSPORTS. The names say BANQUO MACDUFF and
ISADORA DUNCAN. The faces are Mac and Gin.

STEWARD (O.S.)

All right, then. All set.

PULL BACK to see Mac and Gin dressed as tropical tourists. She
hangs on his arm.

STEWARD

We will keep your passports in
our safe until Jakarta.

MAC

Of course.

STEWARD

You are Suite 16...

GIN

...and never been kissed.

The steward doesn't get it. Gin shrugs, sorry.

MAC

We had booked Suite 9.

STEWARD

16 is our Tokugawa Suite, far superior, trust me.

Mac consents. A little wary.

STEWARD

You luggage is in the room, these are your keys, the housekeeper will show you t...

GIN (pouting)

Oh. Can't we stroll around the port? Just a little?

The steward checks his watch.

STEWARD

I'd be on board in forty minutes. Just to be safe.

GIN (sweet smile)

Better safe. Than sorry.

EXT. DOCK, COLOMBO, SRI LANKA - DAY

Mac and Gin stroll down the gangway, to the seedy, dangerous-looking wharf. At the bottom of the gangway...

...a wooden board to mark the whereabouts of guests. Each stateroom has a peg, which can be moved to ABOARD or ASHORE. Mac moves the peg for 16...

...to the ABOARD position.

And off they go.

INT. SMALL PLANE - NIGHT

Mac in his jump suit piloting the Dehaviland DHC-53 across the endless black of the Indian Ocean. For the moment, he seems alone.

Then...

MAC

Down there. Ten o'clock.

He means a tiny grouping of LIGHTS. Way down there, against the darkness. He switches on the AUTOPILOT. Goes back to...

...Gin, waiting in her jump suit, sitting on a large pack of gear just beside the window of the jump door. Next to her, a pack that is even larger. No fear in her eyes tonight. Pure adrenaline.

GIN

Are you dumping fuel?

MAC

Changed my mind. There's nothing on the instruments downrange. The longer she flies before she ditches, the less chance they notice on the Bridge.

As she stands, he begins to strap the huge pack ONTO her body. Jesus. With her chute, and the other gear attached, the load makes us uneasy. Not her.

MAC

You should lose the oxygen tank at 8000 feet.

GIN

And how do I judge that? Babe's intuition?

He points to an altimeter device on his wrist. It says 12,000 feet. She cuts him a look.

GIN

So I just ask you on the way down? Or were you planning to e-mail me.

He pulls out an identical device. Strapping it to her wrist...

MAC

I hate a crybaby.

He straps the even-larger gear pack to himself. Checks the path of the tiny lights far below. Then, looks in her eyes...

MAC (simply)

You can do this.

Not merely reassurance. Affection. Something connective between them. You are my partner. Her eyes send back that personal bond, and she nods. I can do this. Good girl.

He pulls on his oxygen mask, goggles. She does the same. He
OPENS
the door, air BLASTING in. One more look down below, and he
holds
up ten fingers. Counts them down, nine...eight...

She moves to the edge. Watching him. And on zero, she...
ARCHES out INTO the starry VOID, and we go...

WITH HER, the incomparable RUSH of freefall, straining to see him
FOLLOW, skillfully altering his position to gain on her, coming
close. She is looking between him and her altimeter, as...

...his oxygen tank FALLS AWAY, and she CUTS hers loose, the air
RUSHING past her, she looks DOWN...

...the lights below are beginning to take the shape of the
freighter. Back up to Mac, as he...

PULLS his CHUTE, it is black and square, and JOLTS him to what
seems like a full STOP far above her, and she YANKS her cord,
but...

...nothing. It doesn't open. She is ROCKETING down, looking
back
up to see Mac make an exaggerated CUTTING sign across his body,
and
she closes her eyes, PULLS her secondary chute, which...

POPS open, JARRING her violently, and she GASPS with the shock.
He
is well above her now, she is off course, frantically trying to
manipulate her trajectory, seeing him swooping closer, the
freighter LOOMS in distance, she looks down and suddenly...

...the sea is RUSHING at her, she FIGHTS her braking mechanism,
SHOUTING at herself...

GIN
FLARE, FLARE...

...and SLAMS INTO the water, PLUNGING down, twisting, disoriented
CUTTING her chute loose, struggling not to get tangled, in a
panic
to BREAK her light tube, which...

...GLOWS yellow-green, illuminating the freezing depths, she FITS
it around her head, fights now to pull out the small ELECTRIC FAN
we've seen before, KICKING herself toward the surface, fighting
against the weight of her gear pack, she...

...flips the switch, and the fan becomes a PROPELLER which
ROCKETS

her upward, but she loses her hold on one handgrip, tries
desperately to hang on with one hand, but it...

...PULLS FREE, goes SHOOTING off into the blackness without her,
one instant of TERROR in her eyes, and...

Mac is THERE, diving at her with his propeller, she GRASPS his
legs
in a death grip, and suddenly, they are...

AT the surface, Gin GASPING for air, and he CUTS his propeller,
CRADLES her body with one strong arm, murmuring in her ear...

MAC

It's over, it's over...

Her eyes are wild.

MAC

Catch your breath, quickly.
Hang on for the wake.

She sees the FREIGHTER now, a black mountain CUTTING the sea, a
huge WAKE pluming from its bow. She grabs his waist with all
she's got.

GIN

DO IT! GO!

And he KICKS the propeller to LIFE, they ZOOM off, straight AT
the
towering wake and burst THROUGH it, RACING to the freighter's
looming hull, speeding alongside, Mac looking up to find...

...a series of metal RUNGS, which begin twelve feet above the
water
line, climbing the dizzying height to the freighter's deck, far
above. Mac has a Kevlar rope with a GRAPPLING HOOK, and as he
reaches the rungs, he...

...THROWS it high, one of the pronged hooks CATCHING on a rung
twenty feet above them...

MAC

HOLD TIGHT!

GIN

IF YOU FUCKING INSIST!

And he LETS GO of the propeller, PULLING both of them, laden with

gear, OUT of the water with sheer brute strength. PLANTING his feet against the outward curve of the hull, he CLIMBS with all his strength, hand over hand, until he finally...

...GRASPS the bottom rung. He PULLS them up, until she can GRAB ON. They hold tight to their rung for a beat. He attaches them both with metal carabiner clips.

MAC

If I were you, I'd watch the desserts.

GIN

Boy, I'll bet you were in shape before you got old.

MAC

Too long ago to remember.

And pulls himself up to the second rung, so that he is standing an the first. Offers her his hand...

GIN

I can take it from here, thanks.

Suit yourself. They begin to climb up the rungs, like a tilted backwards ladder, re-attaching their clips as they go.

GIN

If you'd packed my primary chute right, I wouldn't ha...

MAC

Yes, you would. You're a girl.

Up, up. And stop. They are nearly halfway to the top. Looking across the curved hull to...

...a large circular HATCH. Thirty feet away. The goal. Mac pulls from his pack...

...their SUCTION CUP gear. With practiced speed, they fasten cups to the balls of their feet, take hold of the hand rods with cups attached, and Mac takes the lead as they begin to...

Mac is amazingly agile at the arduous process, scuttling sideways like

a crab across the precariously tilted-back hull. Gin is determined, but falls well behind, intent on making every suction seal solid one. Dark water RACES by beneath her., By the time she looks up at the hatch...

He is gone.

MAC (O.S.)

Anytime you're ready.

She looks UP sharply. He is ABOVE the hatch, attached to the hull by the balls of his feet, hanging down like a bat. Noting her astonishment...

MAC

Better angle.

That it is. He has pulled a thick cylinder from his pack. It's a battery-operated AIR WRENCH, and with a menacing WHIRR, only partially masked by the ship's wake, he begins to swiftly POP all the rivets around the hatch.

Gin has pulled out the slender WELDING TOOL we saw in the shower, and begins CUTTING through the metal seals around the hatch's rim.

At the crucial moment...

MAC

You might want to move aside...

Which she BARELY does, as the hatch door PLUMMETS past her to the sea. BIG splash. Gone. When she turns back, Mac is already THROUGH the opening and she follows, their yellow-green headlamps partially revealing...

...the maximum-security HOLD. We've seen this with Carlsby. The fork lift. The shadowy multitude of PLATFORMS on their gimbals, all SWAYING, in different directions with the plunging of the ship.

Gin just stands, staring everywhere, like she's broken into Fort Knox. The ROAR of the engines is louder here, and he moves close to her to speak beneath it...

MAC

May I trouble you for the torch?
Or would you rather just dance.

Oh. Slightly embarrassed at her lack of split-second efficiency,

she tries to find the thing in her gear. After watching her fumble for a bit...

GIN

I know I packed it.

...he just reaches in and pulls it out. A small LANTERN which he FLICKS on, brilliantly ILLUMINATING the entire hold. Scans the platforms...points to a CRATE wrapped in 4-ply heavy duty plastic membrane.

MAC

Coal into diamonds. A wealth machine.

GIN

How do you know that's it?

MAC (as if stating the obvious)
It's 12 by 9 by 7 feet. And it's the only thing worth waterproofing, in case the ship sinks.

GIN (softly)

...you twit.

MAC

Hmmn?

GIN

I'm just finishing your sentence. Can't you answer a question without making me feel stupid?

He's heading toward the swaying platforms...

MAC

Why would I bother?

He is climbing onto a lower platform, easily vaulting up to the magic crate. She follows, but it isn't as easy as he's made it look. She has to scramble, almost falling. He's already pulled from his gear...

...six rubber POUCHES. She hands him her welding tool, and he begins attaching the pouches to the top and sides of the crate.

The plunging ship has the platform really rocking.

GIN (concerned)

They don't look like flotation

bags...

MAC (working fast)
Shit. Well then, let's forget
the whole thing.

She stares at him.

GIN

Okay, it was a dumb ques...

His eyes come UP. So fast that her breath stops. He looks
plenty
angry.

MAC

Let's get one thing straight. I
don't work with partners much,
because basically, I find most
people to be idiots.

She swallows. Hard.

MAC

You, in contrast, are first-rate.

He watches the effect of that play across her eyes.

MAC

And if I think so. Maybe you
should start thinking the same.
Now move your ass.

And goes back to work. She pauses a beat. Then pulls out two
lengths of Kevlar rope. Begins securing their platform to the
one
above, to minimize the amount of sway. As she struggles with
this,
she sees him finish by welding a very small gray BOX to the top
of
the crate.

When he glances up, he sees her staring at the box.

MAC

GPS transponder. Sends a scrambled
signal by satellite...

He touches the device. It BEEPS. A light glows RED.

MAC

Precise coordinates. You could

find a golf ball in the Gobi Desert.

He rises. JUMPS down to the floor.

GIN

Where you g...

MAC (walking away)

Fork lift.

GIN

That's my assignm...

MAC (turning back)

Unless you've got the keys,
someone has to hot wire it.

Oh.

MAC

Finish up on the floaters.

And heads off toward the fork lift. Finish up? She looks at the rubber pouches. They seem finished to her. Tugs at a couple.

On pretty firmly. Across the way, we HEAR the fork lift turn its engine OVER.

GIN

Won't they hear it?

MAC (O.S.)

Over these engines? Through five feet of steel?

She hurriedly secures the last of her Kevlar lines.

MAC (O.S.)

Hell, if they do, they don't have the second key to get in.

He is driving up in the rickety fork lift. Weaving around crates and equipment.

MAC

Thank God for redundant security.

He hops lightly from the fork lift, reaches up, and she jumps down

INTO his arms. Quickly, the switch places, Gin climbing into the idling fork lift, as Mac clambers up to UNBOLT the crate's pallet with his air wrench...

Gin moves the fork lift into position. Mac bracing his legs against neighboring cargo, using all his strength to hold our crate steady. He is really straining.

GIN

How many tries do I get?

MAC (with effort)

One, before I beat you senseless, dump you over the side, and donate your share to charity.

She brings the fork UP. The crate sways slightly. She lines up her prongs against the pallet's receiving holes...

GIN

You gotta work on that impatient streak.

...and slips them straight IN. First try.

GIN (amazed)

How professional.

She LIFTS the crate, but the boat LURCHES, and she nearly LOSES it off the fork.

But she doesn't. SWINGS her load around now. Heading for the open hatchway, the roiling sea racing by. Picking up SPEED, slightly...

GIN

Uh. Thing on the left is the brakes?

MAC (laconic)

Or the thing on the right.

By now she is really ROLLING toward the wide open spaces...

GIN

MAC, IT'S JAMMED!

He POUNCES off the platform, FLYING after the lift as it ACCELERATES THROUGH the opening...

MAC

JUMP, for God's sa...

...TIPPING at the hatchway lip, the crate sliding OFF the prongs, our forklift TUMBLING OUT the hatch to the sea, just as Mac...

Gin ...SNATCHES Gin by her HAIR, pulling her FREE of the falling forklift, CATCHING the rim of the hatchway with his free hand, SCREAMING in fright and pain, BLINDLY grabbing his arm to be...
...jerked BACK to safety.

Clutching Mac, she watches the sea behind them. Where the crate and the forklift disappeared.

MAC

You did activate the floaters.

Her head WHIPS around. Aghast.

GIN

Activa...

MAC

I did say, 'Finish up on the floaters'. Surely, you heard me.

Her life. Flashes before her eyes. As behind the ship...

on ...the crate BOBS to the surface. We can see the tiny red light the transponder from here.

MAC (softly)

Oh. Guess I did it m'self.

her She WHIPS back, and starts POUNDING at him with her fists. He is laughing so hard, he takes a few good shots before he can GRASP wrists. She SPITS in his face. He strikes back by...

...kissing her hard. She struggles for a beat.

And then she lets him.

When they finish, he reaches to UNZIP her jumping suit. All the way. Pulls it down gently, revealing...

...her evening gown. A wrinkle-free material which slips down across her legs from where it had been bunched across her hips. He is unzipping his outfit as well, revealing formal wear of his own. He stuffs the suits into his gear pack, removing only...

...her evening bag and shoes. Then lifting both packs, he...

GIN

Um...

...FLINGS them into the black ocean. Gone.

GIN

...I wouldn't do that.

So he turns. She looks really stunned. And scared.

MAC

Excuse me?

GIN

Well...I saw our suction things.
Lying...over...there?

She points. To where no suction things are lying.

GIN (a mouse)

...so I put 'em in my pack?

His eyes WIDEN.

GIN

Or maybe. I put 'em there.

And points. To where they are.

She tilts her head. Gives him a great smile. Is he enraged?

His

dry grin says, not hardly.

MAC

I like a quick study.

Then again. You can never tell.

EXT. FREIGHTER DECK - NIGHT

Expansive barely-lit deck under a canopy of stars. A silver-haired

couple in immaculate evening attire stroll alone, he is humming to

barely-audible dance music from a distant lounge. She clings to his arm, it is romantic. Until they reach the railing where he turns, and says something quietly in German...

She stiffens. Pulls her arm away from his. She sneers coldly, calls him a name in German, and he UNLOADS on her, a barrage of

German-language INVECTIVE that would melt a tank. She absorbs
the abuse without flinching, turns toward the rail, HAWKS and...

...SPITS over the side. Strides away from him. He watches her
go.

Then...

...SPITS over the side himself. And follows her.

Half a beat.

Mac's head APPEARS above the rail. Just where they spit. Not a
mark on him.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Our old German couple are DANCING wonderfully in each other's
arms

Inspiring. PAN a dozen really old couples dancing to the three-
piece Filipino ensemble, until we come to...

Gin and Mac spinning slowly, flawlessly, their eyes telling the
surrounding geezers that they are very much in love. We CLOSE to
hear their sweet murmurings...

MAC

...no matter how many stones we
make, the diamonds are just an
appetizer.

GIN (dreamily)

And the meal...?

MAC

My contract. With DeBeers.

She blinks. Hit by a ton of bricks.

GIN

Oh my G...

MAC

Sensible folks, DeBeers. A world
monopoly in diamonds based on one
simple principle...something's only
priceless if it's scarce.

He WHIRLS her in a tight spin. The geriatric Germans can only
watch
and envy.

MAC

These guys dig up all the diamonds on the planet, just to keep them out of circulation. Otherwise, you could buy 'em at the Five and Dime...

GIN

Watch the old guy stuff, they don't have dime stores anym...

MAC

Imagine the chaos we could cause.

She is imagining.

GIN

You said 'contract'...

MAC

We're sort of bounty hunters.

Gin likes the ring of that. Green eyes dance with delight.

MAC

Our machine is worth far more dead. Than alive.

VOICE (O.S.)

Glad to see you're both alive.

They look over. The officious STEWARD from this afternoon. Now
in black tie.

STEWARD

When you missed cocktails. And supper. I thought of knocking on your door...

Mac turns Gin so that she can send the boob a lazy smile...

GIN

Oh, I wish you had. We love having strangers join us! Maybe later...?

Mac turns her once more, so that he faces the flumoxed steward across her bare shoulder...

MAC

Promise you an interesting time...

Trademark smile.

MAC

Or my name's not Banquo MacDuff.

You twit.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Our couple moving down the softly-lit hallway, past the burnished doors of luxury suites. Her arms wrapped around one of his, their bodies close together.

MAC

...well, I would ask what you're doing with the rest of your life. But that's your own bloody affair, isn't it?

She sighs.

GIN

Yeh. Anyway, before you get too choked up on the farewell. I feel I owe you a confession.

He glances down. Really? Really.

GIN

Time has come to tell you. What business. I'm actually in.

He thinks about this. And then...

MAC

Not here.

EXT. DECK - NIGHT

Mac leads her along the empty moonlit deck to...

...the BOWSPRIT, a long, narrow platform, ringed by a flimsy rail, it juts far out above a churning sea. The whipping of the wind makes it seem all the more precarious.

MAC

It only looks dangerous...

Holds out his hand. She hesitates.

MAC

You couldn't fall off. Unless
someone threw you over.

Gives her the smile. She puts her hand in his, and they hop
UP to the platform. Walk its length to the very end. He turns
now, leans casually against the fragile railing. They are inches
apart.

MAC

More intimate. For a confession.

Gin looks down at the plume of wake leaping off the bow.

MAC

What business. You are actually.
In.

She looks up. To his eyes. Into them.

GIN

Yeh. I'm not an art dealer.

MAC

Of course not. You're a cop.

And tilts his head. Just to one side.

MAC

An insurance investigator for
Webber Assurance, your boss is
an idiot named Hector Cruz, you've
been there four years and ten
months, you're quite the rising star.

GIN (evenly)

Nope.

His head tilts. Just a little farther.

MAC (very softly)

Nope?

GIN

I'm a thief, Mac.

Holds the look.

GIN

For five years, I've used the
database of every client Webber
has to plan my jobs. Museums,
banks, jewelers, rich people, I

have floor plans, alarm codes,
passwords, the works.

His face absolutely neutral. Unreadable.

GIN

I've made a fortune. It's not
enough.

MAC

Why n...

GIN

Why wasn't it enough for you?

He falls silent.

GIN

The Vermeer that was stolen from
Hancock Tower? That was my job.
I scaled the building with
electromagnets, and parachuted
down an air vent...

No smile at her lips. Strictly business.

GIN

...after mailing the painting. To
where we're going next, actua...

MAC (quietly)

We.

She looks him up and down.

GIN

Yeh, we. You passed the audition.

Now he smiles. First time.

MAC (a murmur)

Imagine my relief.

GIN

I need a partner. For the biggest,
smartest, job. Ever. The one you
retire off of, because nothing else
could ever compare with the rush.

MAC

Ever. Is such a long time.

GIN

This is a job that can only be done in one place, in one split-second in human history. If we miss that instant. We lose.

MAC

And it's worth...?

GIN

Eight billion dollars. That's eight thousand million.

MAC

How much in shillings?

GIN

You're not a real trusting guy.

MAC

And I tried so hard to hide that.

GIN

It's two jobs. The first steals something priceless from the National Palace Museum in Taipei. We don't keep that. We trade it in for our ticket to the show.

MAC

One moment in time, you s...

GIN

Midnight, July 1, 1997. Eight days from now. The moment that Hong Kong is annexed by china.

And now. She has his interest. She can see that.

GIN

80-20 split.

MAC

Don't be so hard on yourself. It's your plan, you should take at least thirty perc...

GIN

My 80, your 20. Asshole.

He thinks this over.

MAC

50-50. Or you can swim to Taipei.

She is not impressed. Or afraid. He grins...

MAC

What are you gonna do with six billion dollars that you can't do with four?

GIN

Hold the record. Alone.

This. He likes. So much that he leans to kiss her, with surprising tenderness.

MAC

Your share is 50%. And one dollar.

Her hard stare. And then, she smiles. Just barely. Still in his arms...

GIN

I like what you left. In the hold.

MAC

You didn't even see wha...

GIN

A lump of coal. A pair of pliers.
A note that said, 'Squeeze hard'.

This is the most taken with her that he has ever looked. She leans up and kisses him. Whispers...

GIN

Squeeze hard.

EXT. STREET, SHIHLIN DISTRICT, TAIPEI - LATE NIGHT

Ugly section of an ugly town. Unmarked warehouses, alleyways teeming with food stalls. HEAR a motorcycle approach, and see...

...Gin driving, Mac sits behind her. Going real fast, maybe she's showing off, we FOLLOW them DOWN a blind alley, as she smoothly WHEELS them into...

...an open FREIGHT ELEVATOR. She climbs off, he doesn't. As Gin goes to work the controls, Mac sees a cat curled in the corner,

mewing softly.

GIN

That's Madame Chiang Kaishek, she's
my bud. An evil streak a mile wide.

The elevator JOLTS to life.

MAC

No surprise.

They CLANG upward. Mac seems utterly relaxed. Gin paces a
little,
hugging herself. Her features tense.

MAC (gently)

Tired?

She blinks up. He is straddling the bike. Smiling at her.

GIN

I have a lot on my mind.

Ah. Well...

MAC

You look beautiful doing it.

He seems to mean that. And it seems to melt her a little. She
sags against the wall, closing her eyes, as...

...they JOLT to a stop. She PULLS the heavy LEVER, and the door
SLIDES noisily open, to reveal...

...a gigantic LOFT. She flicks on a dim light, but we see only
part of the cavernous space. She strolls, Madame Chiang trotting
along behind. Mac follows, looking around, then down to see...

we
in
his hands...
...a pile of MAIL, cables, packages. The unopened MAILING TUBE
saw in the Hancock Tower penthouse. He crouches, lifts the tube

GIN (O.S.)

You wanna buy a Vermeer?

MAC

Rather steal it.

GIN (O.S.)

Been there, done that.

He nods to himself. Guess so. He rises to see her framed against the gaping starlit opening of a huge LOADING DOOR. The twinkling island lies below. But here, Gin stares down at...

...an elaborate architectural MODEL. Fifteen feet across, it features an imposing yellow, pagoda-roofed BUILDING, built into the side of a model MOUNTAIN. Formal gardens, fountains, tiny Kuomintang flags. Stretching away from the building, a large portion of the CITY, with shops and alleyways elaborately detailed.

As Mac joins her...

GIN

National Palace Museum, Taipei,
Taiwan. Repository of four
thousand years of Chinese culture...

He bends to lift UP the detachable roof. All the rooms are detailed within, down to exhibit cases.

GIN

Works of gold, bronze, jade, onyx,
pots and scrolls, paintings and
porcelains and lacquer work. Every
treasure the Kuomintang could loot
before the Reds took over.

(beat)

Ever rob the place?

MAC

No. If memory serves.

She takes him by the hand, and leads him toward the gaping doorway,
walking straight toward it...

GIN

You need to eat something, or
are you ready for sex?

And just at the edge of it...

MAC (torn)

The options seem so limited.

They jump THROUGH the opening. And VANISH.

Our ANGLE closes on the doorway, to see OUT now, sitting like a jewel against the hillside...

...the NATIONAL PALACE MUSEUM, looking exactly like the model.
The town spread out beyond. Just as in the model. And now we TILT sharply DOWN to see...

...a loading PLATFORM, suspended above the island, only a few feet below our opening. Like a balcony without a railing. Mac and Gin already sinking down onto a waiting futon.

Looks like he's made his pick. Among limited options.

INT. LOFT - SUNRISE

CLOSE on the MODEL MUSEUM in early light. Propped against it, the unrolled Vermeer. Pinned to the painting, a note we can't read. In the B.G., HEAR what sounds like the rattling of a SUBWAY TRAIN, which runs a short distance and STOPS. We TILT ANGLE now, to see...

...through the sunlit opening of the loading door. Mac's head APPEARS, peeking up over the lip.

MAC

Ginny...?

LOST in another brief subway rumble. He lightly VAULTS up through the doorway. Looks around, no Gin. Goes to the model. Lifts the note pinned to the Vermeer...

MAC (reads)

This lovely parting gift can be yours. If the price is right.

Stumped. Not in his cultural database. He looks at the model, to see that the stretch of city between museum and mountain has been lifted away, revealing...

...an underground RAILWAY TUNNEL between the two. Mac examines the tiny train, the tracks, the winding route. From the side walls, well above the tracks, huge VENTILATION PIPES open onto the tunnel.

Starting at the museum end, they are labeled VENT #1, and so on. There are five. The last one shortly before...

...the mountain. Where a cavernous opening is labeled BARRACKS. Tiny toy soldiers kneel on a landing, rifles in position to shoot at the oncoming train. And as Mac studies this curiously...

...the nearby SUBWAY RATTLES the walls once more. Sounds like it's in the room, somehow. Mac rises. Saunters across the loft, and we see for the first time the enormity of this space. Suddenly, the floor ends, and we are looking down nearly thirty feet onto...

...a spacious HANGAR, outfitted with 150 feet of RAILWAY TRACK, at the far end of which sits a full-sized TRAIN CAR, exactly like the one in the model. And just below us...

...Gin crouches on a concave platform of corrugated metal, eighteen feet above the track. She holds a remote control device, which she uses to REV the train's engine, far down the line. She looks really tense.

MAC

Good morning.

She startles slightly. Shuts OFF the train's engine. As she looks up to him now, the silence is noticeable. He crouches down, only a foot or so above her...

MAC

Quite a parting gift. I would have settled for roses.

GIN

It's a joke. You know, a joke? People who have a sense of humor make them?

He's clueless. But smiling.

GIN

You're rich, go buy an American, have him fill you in on the culture.

MAC

Ah. American culture. Well, that is a joke.

He leans down. Strokes her hair very gently.

MAC (murmurs)
Relax. It's only eight billion
dollars.

She looks up into his eyes. But she can't smile.

MAC (softly)
Your Vermeer? I like this View Of
Delft better than the larger one.
The sky is more emotionally rendered.

Staring in his eyes. And just as softly back...

GIN
Nice. When a sky is that.

He holds the look. Very strong and very gentle...

MAC
Is it easier now? Not pretending.

Is it?

MAC
Not pretending you're an innocent.
Not pretending you...like me.

No answer. Effortlessly, he hops down to join her. Never losing
eye contact.

MAC
Here's a tip from an old-timer.
Never forget who you are...

Settles next to her. Bodies touching.

MAC
It gives you someone to be. When
you stop pretending.

Okay? She nods, slowly. Her eyes moving over his face. Maybe
more feelings going through her than she can sort out.

MAC (still soft)
So. Our train runs from the museum,
through an underground tunnel. To
a mountain.

GIN
Because the museum displays 10,000

relics at any given moment. But there are 60 times that many, stored in the mountain.

This overwhelms. Even Mac.

GIN

Which is why it's guarded. By an army.

She is unfastening the small pack at her feet...

GIN

The train shuttles relics to and from storage. It looks exactly like that.

So Mac looks down the line. At the train car.

GIN

I've been down the air ducts four times. The train always has two armed guards. Always travels between 32 and 36 miles per hour. Relics don't like to be jostled too much.

MAC (all business now)
Your model has five vents.

GIN

We go down the first. Back up the third, if you're lucky. If not, we have to get out by the fourth.

MAC (simply)
Then we will.

She pulls from the pack four thick DISCS, each about eight inches in diameter, each with a toggle switch and a wrist loop. She starts to put two of them on...

GIN

Electromagnets, incredibly powerful. This switch is on-off.

He gestures at the train, the track, the hangar...

MAC

Seems like overkill. For one simple jump.

GIN

Well, it's an eight billion
dollar jump. You miss the
train...you've missed the train.

Flicks ON her remote. Down the track the engine REVS. Like
crazy.

GIN

We've got five days to grab the
Bones, trade them for the Scan, and
pull our 8 billion out of Hong Kong.
Once midnight passes on July 1st...

MAC

...we've missed the train, yeh.
The Bones? The Scan?

GIN

Oh. Have I neglected to fill
in the details?

MAC

An oversight.

GIN

Which I learned from the master.
Hey. Wish me luck...

CLICKS the remote, the train LEAP5 forward, 36 MPH never seemed
so

fast! She has a split-second to LEAP down, the train SAILS
beneath

her, Gin's feet GRAZE the back end of the platform at the rear of
the car, she SWIPES DESPERATELY with the magnets, can't connect,
and is THROWN into a ROLL along the side of the tracks.

She's UP on her knees, watching the train SLAM into the massive
blue PADS at the end of the track. She is bruised, shaken, but
most of all, really worried and really pissed.

MAC (quietly)

Jump sooner.

She pulls out the remote...

GIN

Be my fucking guest.

The train ROCKETS backward, straight PAST where she kneels, to
BRAKE at the start of the track once more. She nods up to Mac,
who is strapping on his magnets. He crouches, nods, ready. And
the train...

...BLASTS toward him, he counts, JUMPS, and SLAMS ONTO the ROOF
of
the train, which PLOWS into the heavy padding, FLINGING him
twenty
feet like a rag doll to land in a HEAP.

He lies still. Then blinks, surprised he's alive. HEARS a rich
whiskey LAUGHTER down the track.

MAC

I'm too old for this shit!

And as he pulls himself up. She is staring at him, from her
knees...

GIN

Know a dude named Wiley Coyote?

...with what can only be described as love.

GIN (softly)

Forget it.

EXT. NATIONAL PALACE MUSEUM, TAIPEI - DAY

AERIAL VIEW down toward the sweeping pagoda roofs of the MUSEUM,
the formal gardens, the fountains, the tree-lined driveway.
CLOSE
now, as a cab pulls up, a couple emerges...

She is first. Chanel suit with an extremely short skirt,
revealing
endless legs. She helps him from the taxi, a white-haired geezer
who seems well past 90, fumbling with his walking stick, and
making
quick, erratic, bird-like glances in every direction.

She takes his arm for support. Murmurs in his ear...

GIN

Isn't it easier now? Not pretending?

Gives him a full-tongue KISS in the ear, which has bystanders
noticing. Starts to help him up the stairs, still whispering
close...

GIN

Five years, you won't need
make-up.

In answer he GRABS her ass, and she YELPS with delight, attract-

ing attention all around. His turn to whisper, as he massages her backside...

MAC

We agreed. No underwear.

GIN

Overkill. I can do it with legs.

He stops. Gives the long legs a dubious twice-over.

MAC

I'd lose the underwear.

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

Mac leaning on her arm, as they pass case after case. Bronzes, jades, lacquer work. Every object exquisite, priceless.

GIN

The Oracle Bones date back to the Shang Dynasty, 3500 years ago. They are writings...carved into ox bones, tortoise shells...

She cuddles close to him. They approach a tour group, the female guide speaking in four European languages. Really loud.

GIN

The oldest Chinese writing anywhere, the first proof of Chinese civilization.

MAC

What makes this one so valuable?

He stops, drowned out by the tour guide, rhapsodizing over an urn.

Butts into her rap...

MAC (subtitled Italian)

Except it's Chien-lung, mimicking Sung Period. The color is far too delicate.

The woman gets real insulted. Apparently, he's right.

MAC (subtitled German)

It's all right, you have a nice body.

And walks on. Confides to Gin...

MAC

When you're old, you can do
anything

GRABS her bottom once more, altering her voice slightly on...

GIN

There we are.

A separate display room. A single steel pedestal. Under the smart-glass security case, one single object. It is a fragile, yellowed fragment of bone. The shoulder blade of an ox. Covered with tiny script.

GIN

Last year, ancient artifacts were
discovered in the Gulf of Mexico.
An Olmec civilization, 3200 years old.

No tourists in the display room. A velvet rope is up. Three GUARDS mill at the entrance. This exhibit is off-limits.

GIN

Amazingly, markings on these
Olmec figures were identified
as Shang Dynasty writing...

A sign explains, **SORROWFUL TO INFORM ORACAL BONE CLOSE FOR TRAVEL EXIBITION UNTIL IS NOVEMBER.**

GIN

This particular Bone is price-
less, because it is the one that
establishes the link. Proves that
American civilizations descend from
Chinese ancestors.

She is pulling out her coin purse, as they stand by the rope. Unzipping it slowly...

GIN

Exactly the kind of propaganda
shit they eat up in Beijing. The
mainland would pay anything to get
its paws on th...

As her shaking 'elderly' companion SPASMS, knocking the purse OUT of her hand, it CLATTERS to the floor, sending a hundred coins ROLLING in all directions. Some under the rope.

MAC (old guy voice)

SHIT! BLOODY HELL!!!

And collapses to the hardwood floor in search of the coins,
HOWLING
as he BANGS his knees. Some bystanders hurry to help. And one
of
the guards. As Mac tries to crawl under the rope to pursue
coins...

...the guard STOPS him with a firm hand, pointing at the pidgen-
English sign. Meanwhile, calmly, very slowly...

...Gin crouches down to retrieve coins, the short skirt riding
recklessly high on her upper thighs. The two remaining guards
hurry to help her. Mac's guard, bystanders, all transfixed by
the
marginal preservation of her modesty. Noticing the eye-lines all
around, she confides to the nearest guard...

GIN (in Mandarin, helpful)
Those are the coins. These
are my legs.

Unnoticed, Mac is BANGING his wristwatch, which seems to have
broken. CLOSE on him now, manipulating a glide point DEVICE on
the side of the watch, and we RACK FOCUS to see...

...one coin. Inside the rope. Move.

As Mac checks to see all eyes are elsewhere, he guides the coin's
slide slowly, inexorably, to...

...ATTACH itself magnetically. To the steel pedestal. Beneath
the
Bone's case. As it does, Mac's watch BEEPS slightly, as we CLOSE
on it to see...

...DATA flickering across its face.

MAC (old guy voice)
Amanda! Time for my pills!

INT. NOODLE SHOP, TAIPEI - DAY

Gin and Mac at a long communal table, ignored, by Taiwanese
couples,
families, businessmen, chattering loudly all around them. Gin
looking down at her bowl, she's barely touched her meal...

GIN
...no, I don't think that way.

Glances up. Mac is eating heartily, happily.

GIN

...and I suppose you do?

MAC

Get lonely? Sure, all the time.
It's healthy.

Stuffs his mouth full. Talking around it...

MAC

What's unhealthy. Is denial.

She's studying him as he eats. Since he's not looking at her, Gin's eyes are thoughtful, appraising.

GIN

Be real. you could never see
yourself...you know, quitting the
game. Settling...down.

And he looks up. Direct to her eyes. A dead straight, heart-stopping look. Before the wonderful smile.

MAC

Why, Ginger. This is so sudden.

She cuts him a hard look. Not funny.

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

Late afternoon, the place has closed. Four armed GUARDS, accompanied by a museum OFFICIAL, push a large DOLLY across the hardwood floor, heels clicking, wheels rumbling softly, into...

...the room we've seen. The dolly stops by the display case of the priceless oracle Bone. The four guards position themselves around the triple-paned bulletproof case. It will be a bitch to lift.

The official has a key. He inserts this into the lock of the titanium frame which holds the case to the steel pedestal. And as it CLICKS, we...

SMASH CUT TO...

INT. NOODLE SHOP - DAY

Mac's arm rising with noodle-laden chopsticks, the wristwatch BEEPING softly. He drops the chopsticks, rising in one fluid

motion as Gin does the same, throwing some bills on the table, he leads her...

...OUT the door, INTO the street, step OFF the curb, turn, DROP flat on his back, SLIDE DOWN the gutter, Gin following a split-second behind...

INT. TUNNEL LOADING DOCK

A train car stands, pulled up to a loading dock. Two SOLDIERS with assault rifles on the train's rear platform, waiting. Along one side of the tracks, a gravel roadway. An open air Jeep-type military vehicle stands empty. One of our soldiers speaks into a walkie-talkie, watching a huge steel DOOR at the entrance to the loading dock, which...

...OPENS now. Through it come the four armed museum guards, surrounding the dolly which carries the Bone's massive bulletproof display case. The official is with them, and hands paperwork to one of the waiting soldiers, as the museum guards LIFT the case, and carry it onto the train.

INT. TUNNEL SHAFT

An empty stretch of dimly-lit track, somewhere down the line. Silent. PAN up, way up, to...

...the shadows of a huge air vent. Must be vent #1, because two FIGURES are crouched there, as close as lovers. Even we can barely make them out, until we CLOSE to hear the hushed...

GIN (strapping on a backpack)
...way we can use those in here.
I thought I was in charge of
this operat...

MAC

You're in charge of ego and worrying.
I'm in charge of keeping you alive.

He is holding something dull gray and small. It looks like a truncated nerf football with one end pointed and the other cut blunt.

MAC

These are plasma jet. All the force is directed forward, instead of dissipating in a sphere like a grenade.

He has four of these. Gives her three.

GIN

I don't need th...

MAC (whispers)

Shut up.

He reaches out, gently...

MAC

You don't trust me, you won't get through this.

Touches her face.

MAC

Try to adjust to that for three more days. After July 1...

Stares in her eyes.

MAC

...you'll never have to trust again.

And smiles. One more whisper...

MAC

Something. To look forward to.

INT. TUNNEL LOADING DOCK

The museum guards are back on the landing with the official. Our
train two soldiers stand facing them from the rear platform of the
car, as...

The train RUMBLES to life. Ready to go.

INT. MUSEUM

Two guards arrive with a hand truck to carry off the empty
top pedestal, which once supported the Bone's case. One tilts the
to of the pedestal back, supporting its weight, as the other stoops
to lift the base, and...

...stops. He sees the coin. Oddly flat against the pedestal's
it shaft. He kneels, tries to lift the coin, but the magnet HOLDS

fast. He looks up to his companion. Then...

and ...PEELS the coin free, the other guard reaches for it, the first guard YANKS it away, and it FLIES from his hand, INTO the wall, drops. As the guards go to look, the coin's back has come away. Revealing...

...electronics.

INT. TUNNEL LOADING DOCK

and An ALARM SHRIEKS at a deafening level. Five museum GUARDS BURST through the doorway, LEAP from the landing, pile into the Jeep, BLAST OFF down the gravel roadway after the departed train.

INT. BARRACKS ENTRANCE

onto A much larger landing at the other end of the tunnel, facing back the opposite way. The ALARM SCREAMS here, too, and massive steel doors CLANG open, as 25 SOLDIERS with assault rifles SWARM out the landing, taking up sharpshooter positions, weapons pointing back up the track.

INT. AIR VENT #1

Mac and Gin crouched in the vent, high above the track, gas masks dangle around their necks, magnet paddles from their wrists, various objects from their belt loops. The alarm ECHOES, absolutely EAR-SPLITTING. She leans to shout in his ear...

GIN
WE HAVE TO ABORT!

Above the siren, we can now hear the TRAIN coming...

MAC
HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO MAKE A CAREER
OF THIS, IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A LITTLE
INCONVENIENCE?

The train LOUDER, closer, the alarm BLARING...

GIN
THEY'VE GOT AN ARMY DOWN TH...

MAC
I can do this.

Quietly. Straight in her eyes. The train ROARS into view,
FLASHES
beneath them, as he GRABS her wrist and...

...JUMPS, HURTLING DOWN, both STRIKING the empty rear platform,
Gin slipping off, but he HOLDS her fast, SWIPING with his magnet
which...

...CLANKS hard, LOCKS solid. He PULLS her onto the platform,
she looks dazed, clinging to him, he tugs her gas mask into
place,
slips on his own, and...

...FITS a magnetic DEVICE from his belt loop ONTO the door
lock, SPINS a dial on the device, which POPS the lock OPEN,
Mac BURSTING...

...THROUGH the door, lobbing a GAS GRENADE at the startled
guards,
who try to whirl and FIRE through the fog of red smoke, two wild
SHOTS above the rolling Mac, and they are felled by the gas where
they stand. Gin races in, falling on her butt, as the car ROCKS
along the track. Points OUT the window...

GIN (through mask)
**THERE'S THE NUMBER TWO VENT, ONLY
45 SECONDS TO THE THIRD!**

Scrambling to her feet, Mac wheeling toward the Bone.

GIN (through mask)
TEST THE CASE!

He THROWS a handful of coins at the glass case, and purple UV
BEAMS
ARC from the glass to FRY the coins in midair. Mac pulls a dull
rectangle the size of a cigar box from Gin's backpack, as we
SMASH CUT to...

INT. TUNNEL

The Jeep BLASTING after the train at crazy speed, the four non-
drivers with weapons at the ready...

INT. BARRACKS LANDING

TROOPS FILL the platform, and have spilled onto the tracks,
enough
weapons to dust Butch and Sundance.

INT. TRAIN

Mac operating the cigar box which is actually a customized OSCILLOSCOPE, with countless KNOBS and a SCREEN which displays WAVE PATTERNS. The machine is emitting SHRILL whistling TONES that cut through even the siren.

GIN (through mask)

TAKE IT TO 30 AND CLIMB!

Mac SPINS the dials and two overhead light bulbs BLOW. The glass case housing a fire ax SHATTERS. The Bone's case is untouched.

SMASH CUT to...

INT. TUNNEL

WITH the Jeep, BOMBING around a curve to SEE the train at last.
WE
OPEN FIRE, accelerating after the train with everything we've
got,
gravel FLYING like shrapnel, and up ahead...

...the train's windows BLOW OUT, the tunnel SHOWERED with glass fragments. SMASH CUT...

INT. TRAIN

Mac JUICING the box, the deafening TONE competing with the
sirens,
the gunshots, Gin SHRIEKING as she points through a blasted-out
window...

GIN (through mask)

THIRD VENT GONE!

And the Bone's case EXPLODES, Gin WHIRLING away to protect her
face, as we SMASH CUT to...

INT. TUNNEL

The Jeep now ALONGSIDE the rear platform of the train. The
driver
fighting to hold it steady, as...

...the guards begin to CLAMBER over the side, GRASPING for the
platform's rails, one goes DOWN screaming onto the tracks, but
two
MAKE IT, then a third, they BURST...

...INTO the train to see...

Nothing. Two groggy, half-conscious soldiers. Discarded gas
masks, oscilloscope. No Mac. No Gin. And inside the shattered

case...

A chicken bone. The pack-rat strikes again.

INT. TUNNEL

Mac and Gin FLATTENED to the side of the train above the window line, held fast by their magnets. We are on the opposite side from the gravel path, so the train screens us from the jeep. SHOUTING above the din...

**GIN
THERE'S THE FOURTH!**

Up ahead an AIR VENT looms, we are HURTLING toward it. Mac and Gin each free one hand, reach into their backpacks for...

**GIN
OUR LAST CHANCE, THE FIFTH IS
AT THE BARRACKS!**

...twin GRAPNEL GUNS, which look like big 9mm pistols, but with a blunt, round end. As we STREAK toward the VENT, Gin lifts her gun, SHOOTs at it, a cable-attached PROJECTILE EXPLODING toward the target, OPENING in mid-flight to a three-pronged HOOK, which...

...FALLS just SHORT, the hook tumbling to CLANG on the tracks, as Mac...

...FIRES his, the projectile EXPLODING, the hook OPENING and...

...BITES into the wall, only four feet from the vent, its cable stretching back to the gun in Mac's hand, we're almost there, and Mac slips the pistol...

...INTO Gin's free hand.

**GIN
WHAT ABOUT YOU?**

**MAC
ALLOW US A MOMENT OF CHIVALRY.**

Their eyes meet. He sees her hesitate to abandon him.

**MAC
FIRST RULE. SAVE NUMBER ONE.**

They FLASH PAST the vent, Mac RELEASES her magnet, Gin's freed
hand
GRASPING to join the other at the pistol, as she...

...ROCKETS up, CATAPULTED back toward the vent by the retractable
cable, as a RIFLE APPEARS from a window beneath us, taking aim at
Gin, and Mac...

KICKS it off line, the shot BOOMING, the guard almost dropping
the weapon, then SWINGING it back UP, slamming the muzzle
directly
INTO Mac's GROIN, as Mac...

...GRASPS the barrel, YANKING it up, SLIPS the shot SCREAMING
past
his head, PULLING the guard half out the window to KICK his face,
sending him DOWN to the tracks, as we CAREEN around a curve,
seeing
in distance now...

...the END of the line, the massive BARRACKS LANDING, the phalanx
of TROOPS, the fifth and final AIR VENT midway between us. Mac's
free hand pulls out...

...the lone PLASMA GRENADE he kept for himself, and as we CAREEN
toward the troops, Mac HEAVES the grenade uptrack, and it...

...EXPLODES in a horrifying FIREBALL, which RIPS UP the train
tracks, COLLAPSING a section of tunnel wall ONTO the gravel path,
a
choking CLOUD of yellow SMOKE filling the tunnel, obscuring
everything, our train ROCKETING...

...TOWARD the flames, nearly AT the metal SUPPORT BEAM which runs
vertically up to the final air vent, and as the train FLASHES
PAST
it, Mac...

LUNGES out, SLAMMING both magnets ONTO the support beam, the
momentum FLATTENING his body fully horizontal like a flag on a
pole, the train PLUNGING ON without him, as guards shoot blindly
back from the windows, the jeep PLOWING full tilt INTO the rubble
of tunnel wall, the train...

...DERAILING in a terrifying CRUSH of twisted metal, screams,
shouts, the smoke and flame everywhere, and we SNAP TO...

REVERSE ANGLE...the soldiers' POV from the landing, SCATTERING as
the derailed train HURTLES AT them, INTO them, chaos, until at
last
they see...

...above the clearing smoke, near the tunnel ceiling...
...Mac CLIMBING deftly up the support beam, magnets CLANKING,
hand
over hand, nearly at the vent, and the shouting troops...
...OPEN FIRE, bullets CHEWING UP the tunnel wall, as we SMASH CUT
TO...

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Silence. Cluttered, dimly-lit storage room. Boxes of SHOES
reach
to the ceiling, Gucci, Bruno Magli, the good stuff. Footsteps
precede...

...a young SALESMAN, tailored, attractive. He goes right to the
shelf he needs. Opens a box. Takes it and two others. As his
steps recede, we PAN UP to...

...the ceiling. The mesh grating, which soundlessly...

...slides away. Gin DROPS lightly, twelve feet to the floor.
Filthy from her adventure, she quickly unzips her backpack to
remove...

...a sleek Halliburton case. Opens it. The Oracle Bone
undamaged
in its cushioned setting. Steps returning, she is...

...OUT of her jumpsuit in a heartbeat, revealing a costly slip of
a
dress, kicks the jump suit under the bottom shelf, as...

...the young salesman APPEARS to find her peeking into a shoe
box.
He is startled. She scowls at him, rubbing the grime from her
face...

GIN (subtitled Mandarin)
There you are! Do you know how
filthy this place is?

Shows her dirty fingers as proof.

SALESMAN (subtitled Mandarin)
Madam, no one is supp...

GIN (subtitled Mandarin)
I'm looking for dress pumps, I'll
need eight pairs.

Oh.

GIN (subtitled Mandarin)
Unless you're too busy to help me.

SALESMAN (subtitled Mandarin)
Well, no, I...

GIN (subtitled Mandarin)
Come to think of it, I need some
dresses for evening...

Lifts the Halliburton case, slings her pack over her shoulder,
strides to the doorway. See the crowded upscale boutique...

GIN (subtitled Mandarin)
Are you coming?

Out she goes. And he follows. Maybe he's on commission.

INT. VENT - DAY

Mac, very much alive, somewhat the worse for wear, crawling
through
a darkened pipe on his belly, toward...

...a grating. Light filters through. Reaching the screen, he
squints through it. Can't see shit. Listens. Nothing that
rises
above an ambient wooshing of air in the duct. He grasps the
wires,
pushes, and...

...FALLS straight THROUGH, tumbling ten feet to CRASH LAND in a
heap. HEAR feminine SCREAMS before we look up to...

...three young WOMEN trying on lingerie, being attended by an
older
SALESWOMAN. The girls are half-naked and as Mac rises, one
THROWS
a red lace TEDDY in his face. He peels it off, and still holding
the garment, calmly tells the saleswoman...

MAC (subtitled Mandarin)
It's all right, the security cameras
behind the mirrors are working again.

At which the customers SHRIEK, cover themselves all the more, and
begin screaming at the poor saleswoman. During which...

MAC (subtitled Mandarin)
Well. If everything is in order...

All four women. Look at him.

EXT. LINGERIE SHOP, SHIN KONG MALL - SUNSET

CLOSE on an entrance, just as Mac comes...

...FLYING THROUGH, propelled by two sizeable SECURITY GUARDS, once again landing in pieces. It's a long day. As Mac clears his head, they stand at the doorway with folded arms. Hoping he wants some more.

MAC

WHAT KIND OF A COUNTRY IS THIS? IN
**BRITAIN, A MAN CAN TRY ON LINGERIE
WITHOUT COMPROMISING HIS DIGNITY!**

The bruisers look at each other. No habla Espanol.

EXT. KAOHSHING HARBOR, TAIWAN - DUSK

A super TUGBOAT, engines RUMBLING, ready to pull out. A woman paces the deck. Every time we see her, she seems more tightly wrapped. At last...

...here he comes, stepping briskly from the taxi, striding up the gangway, pulling from inside his coat...

...the red lace teddy. He drapes it over her face, and she pulls it away, steps into his arms...

What ...her kiss is urgent. Real. HOLD on the look in her eyes.
is she thinking?

He strokes her hair, gently. Then, goes to look into the Halliburton case, which stands by the rail. As he crouches. As he looks at the Bone...

She is watching him. An intensity to her gaze. More feeling than she is comfortable with, which...

...disappears completely, as he turns to her. And when he mimes FLINGING the case into the sea...

She laughs.

EXT. STATUE SQUARE, HONG KONG - DAY

CLOSE on a British Petroleum BILLBOARD with a huge DIGITAL CLOCK, counting down by seconds...JUNE 29, 1997, 11:32 A.M. - 1 DAY, 12 HOURS, 27 MINUTES, 48 SECONDS TO: **REUNION WITH CHINA!**

PAN to an AERIAL VIEW of...

Hong Kong's bustling STATUE SQUARE, the hub of countless feeder streets and alleyways, as we ROAM to a SERIES OF SHOTS...

...billboards everywhere. Western businesses that announce WE'LL STILL BE HERE FOR YOU. Others, primarily British, sending farewells, gratitude for past patronage. China-sponsored depictions of happy Hong Kong and Chinese citizens, proclaim **ONE COUNTRY, TWO SYSTEMS.**

...moving vans, people pushing carts of belongings, shop signs advertising blowout inventory clearance sales. Traffic beyond gridlock. The human ant colony.

...incredibly long queues in front of post offices, American Express, the imposing glass and steel skyscraper called the **HONG KONG AND SHANGHAI BANK BUILDING.**

...large groups of uniformed CHINESE SOLDIERS in the streets.

More

orderly DEMONSTRATION by anti-China PROTESTERS, their signs say MORE DEMOCRACY and FREE HONG KONG, their numbers watched by

Chinese

soldiers, who in turn are watched by British soldiers.

CLOSE on the square now. A couple at a sidewalk vendor. Mac is purchasing a t-shirt. Gin dutifully lifts her arms, and Mac slips

I the garment over her head. It says CHINA GOT HONG KONG, AND ALL

GOT WAS THIS LOUSY T-SHIRT.

if He regards her thoughtfully, and she turns, modeling for him as

wearing a Givenchy original. He approves, lifts the Halliburton case, and they move on, strolling, chatting until Mac...

the ...bumps HARD into a Chinese SOLDIER, both men REELING with the impact. The soldier carries an identical HALLIBURTON CASE, and

forward... two men set their cases down side by side, as Mac steps

MAC (subtitled Mandarin)
**FUCKING HELL! WATCH WHERE
YOU'RE GOING, MAN!**

No one notices, no one cares. Gin tugs on Mac's arm, don't get involved, dear. Mac reluctantly steps back. The soldier glares at him. Then, bends and picks up...

...Mac's case. A parting epithet in Mandarin, and the soldier starts off. Watching him, Mac unobtrusively fingers a concealed...

...PISTOL, ready for action. But keeps watching, as within a few yards, the soldier...

...stops. Opens the case. Checks out the Oracle Bone, right there in the middle of the square. Mac and Gin watching across the distance, with hair-trigger keenness. At last the soldier CLOSES the case...

...walks back to us.

SOLDIER (subtitled Mandarin)

I believe I took your case.

Handing it to Mac, he leans forward, and in low, accented English...

SOLDIER

21 Old Peak Road. In 45 minutes.

Picks up his own case. And is gone.

EXT. MANSION, VICTORIA PEAK - DAY

A vintage Aston Martin pulls up to a spectacular gated MANSION. Sparkling white, it is a blend of Edwardian and Regency. Gin is driving, speaks into the voice box, and the gate swings open. As they pull up the crushed rock driveway...

...a BUTLER appears, as British as the architecture. Climbing from the car, Mac has the Halliburton case.

BUTLER

Will you please come this way?

And leads them around the side of the house. They walk slowly, a distance behind the butler, taking everything in.

MAC

I like this.

His voice is strong, calm. No hint of a smile.

GIN

You like wha...

MAC

Not being told what the fuck
we're doing.

She looks equally serious. Just more tense.

GIN

You're on a 'need to know' basis.
You'll get each step in time to
execute, I thought you agreed to
those condit...

MAC (quietly)

I like your not trusting me.
Because it frees me to do
the same.

They come upon the spacious GROUNDS behind the mansion. A
breathtaking view down the slope of Victoria Peak to Hong Kong
and
the harbor. Kowloon across the water.

GIN

I trust you. I only need to...

MAC

...remain in control.

They pass a towering row of perfect ROSEBUSHES. Mac SNAPS OFF a
giant blossom.

MAC

Which is a sign of weakness.

And hands it to her. Their eyes meet.

MAC

I like that, too.

At the edge of the garden, above the commanding view, a luncheon
TABLE has been set. Spread with delicacies. Two SERVANTS attend,
also British.

Only the host is seated. He does not rise.

GIN

Colonel

Col. Qiu glances up from his meal. Green PLA uniform, absurdly decorated, wraparound Gautier sunglasses. We recognize him as the man who took Gin's call in his Mercedes in Tienanmen Square. The man who accompanied the poor Minister of Finance to the ophthalmologist.

QIU

You look lovely, Ginger. Is the rose for me?

GIN

Of course.

And leans prettily. To fasten it in the buttonhole of his lapel.

GIN

Col. Qiu Lai Chuen, this is Andrew MacDougal.

Hearing his real name, Mac cuts her a look.

GIN

Real names here, darling. The Colonel and I have every incentive to keep each other's secrets.

And she sits. Close to Qiu. Mac looks around at the property, the view.

QIU

Like the place, Andy?

MAC

Please. Mr. MacDougal will do.

The Colonel smiles. First time. Like an alligator. Mac notices that the tablecloth is actually...

...a Union Jack. He fingers the flag.

QIU

This way. Doesn't matter if we spill.

MAC

My sentiments exactly.

He sits.

QIU

This place was a gift. From
its former owner. A Brit whose
business will now happily continue
to function. Perhaps...even expand.

MAC (spreading his napkin)
Planning to spend much time here?

QIU

Tho it has required many sacrifices.

GIN

The Colonel has divorced his
wife. To facilitate the necessary
entertaining of Western women.

QIU

Tho some are more entertaining
than others.

And runs the back of his knuckles up the length of Gin's bare
arm.

MAC

Colonel. You are touching the woman
I love...

Which brings Qiu's eyes over. Really?

MAC

From time to time.

And pulls up the Halliburton case. Handing it across the table.
As Qiu takes the case in his lap, opens it...

QIU

You're a Scot. Would you like
some 25-year-old Macallan?

MAC

Sure, I'll take a case.

Qiu glances across the lawn to the butler, who stands behind the
bar trolley. As the drinks are prepared, the Colonel studies the
Bone.

GIN

The Colonel told his Minister
of Culture that he could mount
a surgical raid to liberate this
treasure from Taiwan.

MAC

Ah. How much was the Minister told the raid would cost?

QIU (not looking up)
Counting equipment, personnel, bribes, an even fifty million American. All in.

MAC

Which you can now keep.

The drinks arrive.

QIU

He would have paid twice that. But my needs are modest.

And lifts from beneath the table, a leather POUCH.

QIU

Unlike. The woman you love. From time to time.

Drops it into Gin's lap. She opens the pouch to reveal...

...goggles. Like one would wear in a tanning salon. Only these are flesh-colored with one small hole in the center of each lens. Slightly larger than the size of a pupil.

She slips them on. A bright smile.

GIN

How do I look, honey?

And Mac smiles. In return.

MAC

Like a woman. Of mystery.

INT. SUITE, PENINSULA HOTEL - LATE NIGHT

Glass doors open WIDE to a terrace which overlooks Kowloon, the harbor, Hong Kong Island beyond. More lights than stars in heaven.

And speaking of heaven...

...the SOUNDS of lovemaking are fierce, feral, an urgent rhythm, part comic, part wondrous, and mostly, arousing enough to make us **PAN TO...**

...lovemaking in silhouette. This is the lovemaking of tigers,

mesmerizing to watch, ferocious enough to inspire envy, and somehow...

...tender enough. To suggest real love.

LATER...Mac and Gin sit before the open terrace. There is wine and food and abandoned clothing all around them. She has her pack drawn near. And Qiu's leather pouch. She removes the goggles...

This is the moment.

GIN

In the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank Building. Is a room with two computers. One for you. And one for me.

MAC

Glad I have a function, here.

GIN

The room is a vault on the 14th floor. Access codes to that room are changed daily, computer passwords on the hour, but...

But. She is electric, more alive than he's ever seen her.

GIN

Four men in the world. Don't need codes. Their retinas will scan to unlock everything. One of these is China's Minister of Finance.

She lifts the goggles...

MAC

And his retinal plate is in there.

Yep.

MAC

Our trade for the great train robbery. All right, let's say we're in the door. Now what?

From her pack, she pulls a slender black rectangle. Opens it to reveal a shiny metallic DISC.

GIN

Hong Kong has a huge portion of its

holdings invested in foreign banks.
In hundreds of separate accounts...

Holds up the metallic disc.

GIN

This CD ROM is programmed to send,
instantaneously, thousands of instruc-
tions, with all necessary confirmation
codes, to transfer reasonably modest
sums out of those accounts....

MAC

Modest.

GIN

Two or three million at a crack,
in odd numbers. Total, eight
billion. And change.

MAC

And you've set up a laundry.

GIN

Every wire transfer gets rocketed
through a series of multiple switches,
Austria, Uruguay, Antigua, The Channel
Islands, the Caymans...

MAC (quietly)

Seychelles?

GIN (beat)

I left that out.

MAC

You're forgiven.

GIN

Thank you. As soon as each deposit
lands somewhere, it's shot somewhere
else, til the Mafia couldn't find it.

MAC

But those first instructions,
transferring the 8 billion dollars.
They're recorded in the main computer.

She waggles the disc.

GIN

Nope. The CD instructs the computer

to erase the real transactions.
And replace them in its memory
with an innocuous loan coded XJ6.
Little homage to Limeyland, there.

MAC

Dearest. The accounts won't
reconcile.

She waggles the disc. Again.

GIN

Wrong. The CD instructs the computer
to over-report all account totals
forever, in the exact amounts we've
lifted. So the Chinese think the
money's still there.

On this one. He has to smile.

MAC

The money. Is still. Missing.

GIN

Sure, the foreign banks know
they sent out some money. But
they think Hong Kong knows it,
too. And since we're leaving
plenty in every account...

MAC

The shit doesn't splatter. Until
the first account runs dry.

Exactly.

GIN

And then. Comes the really
brilliant part of the whole
thing!

MAC

I was hoping there'd be one.

He settles back. Looks at her.

GIN

Admit it, so far you're
blown away.

Well...

MAC

It does sound like the beginning
of a beautiful friendship.

And his fingers reach out...

MAC

Pity it will be over. In
21 hours.

Touch her hair. Her face. She swallows. A raw moment. A
hoarse...

GIN

Bet you say that. To all the
one-night-stands.

But he's just staring in her eyes. The look pins her. She can't
wiggle off. A murmured...

MAC

No, ma'am...

He leans to her...

MAC

Only the best of them.

They kiss.

EXT. STATUE SQUARE - ROUND MIDNIGHT

CLOSE on the British Petroleum billboard, where the countdown
CLOCK
says...JUNE 30, 1997, 11:41 P.M., 0 DAYS, 0 HOURS, 18 MINUTES, 51
SECONDS TO: REUNION WITH CHINA!

The square is beyond BEDLAM. Times Square looks deserted New
Year's Eve compared to this carnival CRUSH of humanity, rock and
rolling as if reunion with China was the doorway to Paradise.

Singing, chanting, screaming, dancing, music and booze
everywhere,
firecrackers exploding, soldiers and civilians, tycoons and
hookers, tourists and peddlers and Party members and homeless,
going absolutely nuts.

Who knows. Could be the last party. Ever.

WHIP PAN to the crowded plaza in front of the towering glass-and-
steel headquarters of the HONG KONG AND SHANGHAI BANK.

ZOOM to focus on our smashing couple in evening wear, Gin with a large beaded shoulder bag. Mac presents an invitation to a PLA soldier, who admits them into...

INT. PUBLIC LOBBY, HONG KONG AND SHANGHAI BANK

...a VIP party going full blast in the lobby of this truly breathtaking structure. A central ATRIUM rises 47 floors, creating a soaring clear core, around which the offices and working spaces are ringed. The view straight up is interrupted only at three well-spaced levels, where thick CANOPIES of glass, stitched together with spidery skeletons of steel, SPAN the open core. Mac looks up...

...at the balcony railings surrounding the atrium, the revelers have been granted access to the lower five floors. Above these, all is empty.

MAC

Nice of the Colonel to provide an invitation...

She is guiding him toward one of the multiple hors d'oeuvre stations. Half the celebrants seem to be armed PLA soldiers, many with rifles slung boldly across their shoulders.

GIN

Well, I promised him a bonus. Five million. Comes out of your share.

MAC

...long as I don't have to have sex with him.

Mac loads up on six hors d'oeuvres, piling them on a napkin, as she takes two flutes of champagne. They step away from the mob toward a potted plant near the wall, and Mac...

...drops his snacks with a SPLAT. Shit. Bending to clean the mess, he slips from his waistband a flat CIRCUIT BOARD with a bank logo and a three-pronged plug. In a single motion, he plugs it INTO a socket concealed by the pot, scoops up his canapes, and we CUT TO...

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Three SECURITY OFFICERS blink, as ALL FIFTY monitor screens go HAYWIRE at once. The images compressed to a blur of lines between

a series of diagonal SLACK BARS that slash across the screens.
The way your TV acts when the horizontal hold goes out. They can't believe it.

Stumped, they start slamming buttons, flipping switches, jabbering to each other. Now the images begin to ROLL vertically, as if in response to their attempts at adjustment.

Welcome to the world of high tech.

INT. ELEVATOR BANK

Mac and Gin wait with a party of older Brits, who've had plenty to drink and are carrying more. Two armed soldiers flank the elevators. A car arrives. As the Brits enter...

MAC (politely)
We'll take the next one.

Waiting, calmly. Mac smiles at a soldier.

MAC (subtitled Mandarin)
What time tomorrow do the tanks
roll in?

The guy LAUGHS. An elevator arrives. Gin sipping champagne as they enter.

The doors CLOSE. They are alone. The panel has floors 1 through 5 lit. The other numbers, 6-10 and 16-47, are dark. There are
NO numbers 11-15.

Mac pulls from his pocket a small flat DEVICE, not much thicker than a credit card, with a window and a series of LED lights on its face. He fits it into a SLOT beside a black glass PLATE on the elevator panel. Immediately, the LEDs scramble, all RED, numbers FLASH across the card's window, as the device begins to lock on the elevator code. In sequence, the LEDs turn GREEN, and...

...the glass plate LIGHTS, announcing in Kanji and English...ACCES GRANTED TO FLOORS 11, 12, 14, 15. Mac presses the lit number 14.

The elevator RISES. He looks over at her. She is tight enough to snap. We can feel her heart racing from here.

MAC
So all that time, sitting at your

computers. All the research, the
access codes your job allowed you
to steal, floor plans, schematics...
setting up all your bank accounts...

She looks irritated. He is smiling, gently.

MAC

Years of work, comes down to....
(checks his watch)
...six minutes. Don't be
nervous. Easy come, easy go.

She looks away. The elevator stops.

MAC

Your share prob'ly works out
to, what? Dollar and a quarter
an hour?

Me laughs. The door opens. She is pissed off.

GIN

What's your point?

MAC (very real)

That I like you, Ginger.

Now they're staring at each other. An open elevator door. An
empty dim hallway. They see only each other.

MAC

The dedication, the skill,
the guts...

He holds out the crook of his arm. As a gentleman escorts a
lady.

MAC

I'm going to see you get
everything you deserve.

Her eyes flicker on that. So he grins...

MAC

Woman. If you can't have
fun, right now. You're in
the wrong business.

She looks in his eyes. Her body seems to relax, just a little.
She takes his arm.

INT. 14TH FLOOR

CLOSE on a KEYPAD. Next to it, a mirrored PLATE with two APERTURES, set apart the distance of human eyes. Gin's goggled face DROPS into frame, reflected in the mirrored surface. She fits her eyes to the apertures...

GIN (whispers)
Open. Sesame.

A red scanning light APPEARS. Tracks vertically. BEEPS. Tracks horizontally. And from somewhere...

...a soft CLICK. PULL BACK now, to see...

They stand at what seems the door to a BANK VAULT. Round, gigantic, heavy steel. Bolts everywhere. Mac reaches to GRASP the handle, and...

CLANG. The door swings OPEN. They stare at the inner sanctum...

...a windowless ROOM. Dim, eerie fluorescence. A blast of white noise from the elaborate air-cooling system. Two large MAINFRAME COMPUTERS face each other from opposite walls, desks and work stations with PC monitors filling the space between. As Mac closes the vault door behind them...

...Gin goes quickly to the smaller mainframe. Pulls the high-resolution monitor around on its adjustable arm. The screensaver displays Guernsey cows swimming among tropical fish. She hits a key. The screen saver replaced by, WELCOME. AUTHORIZATION MODE PLEASE. Two boxes for PASSWORD and SCAN. She hits SCAN. A plastic shield RISES, revealing...

...the mirrored PLATE, the tiny APERTURES. Gin leans to fit her goggled eyes in place. The red scanning light. Vertical track. BEEP. Horizontal track. And the monitor announces...WELCOME MINISTER FEIHONG. Gin takes off the goggles, and...

As he repeats the scanning process, Gin is loading the precious CD-ROM into her mainframe's driver. Watches the screen...

GIN

Uploading. And you've got...
two minutes, fifty seconds.

WITH Mac now. Typing the words CONTROL PANEL. The screen now shows icons for time setting, and he clicks his mouse to create a

CLOCK in the center of the screen, labeled LOCAL TIME, and reading 11:57:19, changing with each second that passes...

MAC

So let's see. Across town at the British Consulate...

INTERCUT...frenzied activity in a large war room filled with computers, wall screens, every worker functioning at top speed... CONTINUE to hear Mac over this...

MAC (V.O.)

...everyone is working frantically to complete transactions before they go off-line at midnight.

CUT BACK to Mac in the vault. He clicks his mouse to create a clock at the LEFT of the screen, labeled BRITISH TERMINAL TIME. It is, of course, showing the same time as the local clock.

MAC

...then, deep in the high-tech bowels of the Bank of China Building, just across the square...

INTERCUT...an even larger war room, even better staffed and equipped. Everyone...doing...nothing. Staring at blank monitors and wall screens.

MAC (V.O.)

...the Chinese are sitting on their thumbs, waiting to come on-line at midnight.

CUT BACK to Mac in the vault. He clicks his mouse to create another clock at the RIGHT of the screen, labeled CHINA TERMINAL TIME. Shows the same time as the other clocks. 11:58:22.

MAC

I feel for these boys. Let's give them a breather, hmmn?

CLICKS the mouse, and the BRITISH TERMINAL TIME begins FLASHING.

MAC

We'll let the Brits go off-line 4 seconds early.

As the flashing clock reaches 11:58:30, and Mac HITS the key four times, advancing the British clock to 34 seconds, four seconds later than the others.

MAC

And we'll give our new Chinese overlords 4 extra seconds of rest before they have to go on-line.

As the local and Chinese clocks reach 40 seconds, Mac HITS the key four times, regressing the Chinese clock back to 36 seconds.

We watch all three clocks, clicking down the last moments of British rule. The British clock is 4 seconds FAST, the Chinese clock 4 seconds SLOW.

MAC

Playing God here, Ginger. We've created 8 seconds that do not exist, anywhere but in this room.

LOCAL TIME...11:59:00. One minute to midnight.

MAC

8 seconds, where no one is on-line but your little CD-Rom.

He turns around. Her eyes are waiting. Across the room.

MAC

And when, eventually, everyone discovers what transaction XJ6 was really about...

GIN

China will think it happened before midnight. Britain will swear it happened after midnight...

MAC

They'll each be positive. The other guy. Did it.

Mac sighs. This is a sad thing.

MAC

Liabile to be an ugly international incident.

She squints across at his clock.

GIN

Britain off-line in 18 seconds. We're bulletproof.

His smile returns. Bittersweet and real...

MAC

Baby girl. Nothing. Is
bulletproof. Ever.

The look holds. He turns back to his screen. She lingers on him for an instant. Then, back to the mainframe, finger poised above her ENTER key...

MAC

Britain goes bye-bye in 6...
5...4...3.

INTERCUT...The British Consulate. All screens go DARK. A logo APPEARS of a POPPING Champagne BOTTLE, whose spray forms a Union Jack twined with a PRC flag, everyone SHOUTS, cheers or curses,
and
we SMASH CUT...

BACK to Gin...striking ENTER, the screen flashing TRANSACTIONS
XJ6
PROCESSING.

GIN (softly)

Jesus God, it's going through.

MAC (watching his clocks)

Hong Kong midnight, happy new year.
Except at China Bank.

GIN (to her screen)

C'mon, c'mon...

Her screen flashes TRANSACTIONS XJ6 COMPLETED, hear her SHRIEK of ecstasy, as we...

INTERCUT...Bank of China where dark screens suddenly LIGHT with
the
same stupid PARTY LOGO. Only nobody cheers. They just get to work.

BACK TO the vault...

MAC

Feel like a nightcap?

But across the way, Gin is JAMMING a button. Again. Again.

GIN

The CD won't come out of

the driver.

Houston. We have a problem.

MAC

Relax, don't jam it...

GIN (jamming it)

FUCKING THING!!

He crosses the room. She's rummaging on a nearby desk, finds a **LETTER OPENER.**

MAC

Don't panic, now, there's no rush...

GIN

We can't leave it IN THERE, it's got all our accounts, everything that can NAIL us to a goddam CROSS!!

lid She's fitting the letter opener INTO the narrow slot above the
of the driver.

MAC

Easy with that, there's no ru...

WHOOP! WHOOP! WHOOP! WHOOP! Every SIREN in the skyscraper is SHRIEKING, lights are FLASHING CRIMSON, Gin's screen says SECURITY

BREACH in a selection of languages.

Gin just staring at it.

GIN

There's a rush.

The sirens are EAR-SPLITTING. We know that elsewhere in this building, all hell must be breaking loose. Gin is YANKING Mac's arm out of the socket...

GIN

LET'S MOVE IT, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING F...

MAC

The disc. Is still in there.

Yeh. She stares at it. Really scared.

GIN

We can't help it, we...we've
gotta...

He stares at her. In one motion, he SNATCHES a stapler from the desk and SMASHES the driver with all his strength.

It pops open. Calmly, he plucks her CD from the tray. She
mouths
a barely audible...

GIN

What a guy.

But just as she's about to bolt...he holds up one hand. Slips another CD from his pocket. We see the words KENNY G.

MAC

Was wondering where to leave
this...

Pops it IN the drive. SLAMS it shut.

MAC (quietly)

Time to go.

INT. CORRIDOR

Mac and Gin RUNNING full tilt through the siren BLARE, turning a corner to see ahead...

...the balcony railing, the building's empty central CORE. Mac BOLTS straight TOWARD it, Gin sprinting to follow, lungs
pounding,
they reach the railing, looking DOWN to see...

Hysteria, unimaginable chaos. Soldiers, black-tie partygoers, SCRAMBLING in all directions, looking to his left Mac sees...

...the bank of ELEVATORS, soldiers POURING in, some cars already RISING, fourth floor, fifth. Now he looks directly BELOW,
where...

...soldiers are POUNDING up the metal service staircase, the front
rank almost at the third floor. In the lobby, some faces look up to see us, but no one is shooting.

GIN

They don't know we're the
bad guys.

He PLUNGES his hand into her shoulder bag...

MAC

Time they find out.

Pulls OUT two PLASMA GRENADES, and FLINGS one toward the elevator cables three floors down and it...

...EXPLODES in a horrifying FIREBALL, causing PANDEMONIUM in the lobby below, the elevator cables BLOWN AWAY, cars PLUNGING, the yellow smoke momentarily screening us from the soldiers far below,
and Mac HURLS the second grenade...

...STRAIGHT DOWN and the fireball WIPES OUT the staircase, a huge section of ninth floor landing RAINING down on the lobby.

GIN

Okay. How do we get down?

MAC

Down? I never liked down.

Grabs her hand and they RACE to the staircase, as smoke BILLOWS everywhere below. UP they go, two stairs at a time, the lowest glass-and-spiderweb-steel CANOPY is three floors above us, the cacophany of SHOUTS below is like an amplified insane asylum.

He is dragging her now, up, up, BULLETS are flying blind through the smoke, CHEWING up metal and glass all around us, up, up, and as the smoke at last clears, they have reached...

...the canopy floor. They can see the army down below.
Clutching
her hand, Mac leads her OVER the railing, ONTO the canopy itself, and together they RUN...

...straight ACROSS the heavy glass toward the far side of the building, like space-walking above the throng 150 feet below, BULLETS now TRACING their path from beneath, SLAMMING OFF the underside of the bulletproof canopy, Gin SHRIEKING with fright as they go. We see ahead...

...three EXECUTIVE ELEVATORS beginning to climb the far wall. These are glass-enclosed tubes, all filled with soldiers, the car in the lead already at the tenth floor. Mac keeps running
straight
TOWARD them.

GIN (out of breath)

WE'VE GOT ONE MORE GRENADE!

MAC (not)

SAVE IT FOR A RAINY DAY!

two
Mac They make it to the edge of the canopy, the lead elevator only
floors below them. We can see the soldiers through the glass.
GRASPS her hand, and as the car nears our level...

MAC

You can do this.

They LEAP across five feet of open air to...

arm ...LAND squarely on the car's metal roof, Mac WRAPPING his free
arm AROUND the cable, and UP we go. The ant colony below us receding
fast.

toward Gin is hanging onto the cable, petrified. Mac is looking up
the roof.

GIN

Okay, now what?

MAC (absently)

Shut up. You're on a 'need-to-know' basis.

GIN

Mac, I'm sorry.

He looks at her. Just now, she seems more miserable than afraid.

GIN

Turns out, I'm a screw-up.

He doesn't smile. Passing the third canopy.

MAC

Well. Something to be said for
being self-aware.

Looks back up. Forty-first floor. Six to go.

MAC

May I have the last grenade, dear.
It's about to rain.

She blinks. Huh? So he reaches into her bag, pulls out the
grenade, and THROWS it...

...STRAIGHT up. The roof above them EXPLODES in a FIREBALL, and SHIELDS her body against the wall of their shaft, as a huge SECTION of roof comes RAINING down. We watch as it...

...CRASHES through the upper canopy, TONS of roof and glass PLUNGING to...

...BLAST through the middle canopy, everyone below SCRAMBLING for shelter, as the whole shebang...

...EXPLODES through the lowest canopy. Gin can only GAPE at the incredible display. Mouthing a silent WOW.

They've passed the second canopy, thirty-sixth floor. Still climbing. The other two elevators maybe five floors below us.

MAC

You see, banking will be more democratic under China.

She looks to him.

MAC

Well. No more glass ceiling.

The elevator car has STOPPED. We are at the roof. The soldiers are in the car beneath our feet, nowhere to get out. Above our heads.

our ...the last few feet of elevator cable. And starry sky, where patch of roof used to be.

MAC

How refreshing. The night air.

He begins to shimmy up the few feet of cable. At the top, he reaches out with one hand toward the lip of the remaining roof, GRABS it, LUNGES with his free hand, and...

with ...DANGLING 47 floors, he pulls himself UP, swings ONTO the roof. Reaches back down. She is only twelve feet below him. Frozen fear.

GIN

I can't do this.

MAC

You can. If I say so.

She stares up at his eyes. He smiles.

MAC

If you stay. You'll have to pay
for the damage...

She looks down at the mess below.

And starts to climb the cable. Not so easy in a ball gown, but
the adrenaline is pumping. Gets to the top. Here's the hard part.
One hand reaches out...

...GRABS his. She lets GO. And she is DANGLING in space.

MAC

Now that split. Did we say
60-40?

And with all his strength, hauls her up onto...

...the roof. Two-thirds of it remain. At the far edge, a
gigantic MAINTENANCE CRANE, itself two stories high. But between here and
the crane...

...a HELICOPTER. Big and beautiful and empty. She looks like
she's seen God. Mac starts to jog toward it, she runs to follow
but sees him go...

...straight PAST the chopper.

GIN

HEY!

He turns back.

She points to the copter. It's over here.

MAC

Got the keys?

Oh.

GIN

I thought you could...hot-wire
stuff?

Guess not.

MAC

They fix those things so you

can't steal them...

And keeps walking. Toward the monster CRANE.

MAC

These, they're not so worried.

Moving fast, he points off to his right. Her eyes follow a long CABLE, leading from the arm of the crane, across the roof, attaching by a huge HOOK to a massive WRECKING BALL.

MAC

Go grab that hook.

He reaches the crane's cab. Turns back to see she hasn't moved.

MAC

Let me rephrase that. Run
and grab that hook. Or die...

Got it? She takes off running. He hops IN the cab. PUSHES the start button. It rumbles to life. Tests some levers...

GIN (O.S.)

SHIT! DON'T DO THAT!

He turns to see that he's tightened the cable, pulling her ball
six feet in the AIR. She clings to the hook with a true death grip. He lowers her ball to the roof. Getting the hang of it.

MAC

This only works if you shut
your eyes.

Which makes her eyes BUG OUT.

GIN

You're not gonna lower me over
the side.

MAC

Of course not. Now close baby
eyes...

(she won't)

Suit yourself.

He THROWS a lever and the crane's arm begins to SWING in a
circle,
finally taking the ball WITH it, and as she SCREAMS, Mac...

...POUNCES out of the cab, RACING along the edge of the roof, NOT

toward the ball which is sweeping the hysterical Gin in a
widening
ARC, but toward the point where he thinks the ball will clear the
edge, and JUST as it does, he...

...LEAPS aboard, throwing one arm around the hook, the other
around
her, and they go...

...OVER the side, WHOOSHING DOWN in a gigantic, every-increasing
LOOP, as the endless steel cable UNWINDS from its huge drum like
a
fishing reel hooked onto a killer whale.

GIN
OH NOOOOOOOOOO....

The ride no theme park could insure, SWOOPING out ACROSS the
skyline, DROPPING like an anvil, as the cable UNSPOOLS hundreds
of
feet, nothing but NOTHING for miles below them, Gin grabbing a
breath to SHRIEK her guts out, as the monstrous pendulum reaches
its max, begins to slow toward that one nauseating motionless
instant...

MAC
Let go NOW!!

He YANKS her loose, and they drop...

...four feet. The ball SWINGS OFF into space to some unknown
mayhem. Clutching Mac, Gin looks WAY down to the street, and
realizes they are standing on...

...a rooftop. Quiet, safe. Alone.

MAC
Planning.

She WHIPS around, GLARING death at his eyes.

MAC
And dumb luck.

She COLLAPSES in his arms, every muscle trembling in spasm,
sobbing...

GIN
God, I hate you.

He holds her tenderly. Kisses the top of her head.

MAC (softly)
Good. I hate you, too.

EXT. NATHAN ROAD - EARLY MORNING

WITH Gin in a soft brunette wig, walking briskly, light carry-all across her shoulder. Very early, even the busiest street in the world is less than that at this hour. Up ahead...

...Tsimshatsui Station, a tall man with a tourist shopping bag, leaning casually against a pole. Talking into a cellular.

As she approaches, Mac doesn't seem to notice, but she can now hear his conversation...

MAC (into phone)
...if I can't have my usual suite, I'll take my business to the Bristol, simple as that.

He sees her now. Smiles small.

MAC (into phone)
...why indeed should I be more loyal to you than you've been to me? Think it over.

SNAPS the phone shut.

MAC
You ran your calls.

She did. She is frankly exhilarated.

GIN
All the transactions, all the transfers. It's a miracle.

MAC
Why? The CD erased the transactions, all accounts seem in order. It looks like the thieves were stopped in time.

She sighs. It is a miracle.

GIN
The Colonel says police have nothing. A man in black-tie, a blonde in a gown. The elevator guards saw faces, but no mug shots

to ID. I think it's over.

Mac's smile. Bittersweet affection.

MAC

Except it never is, really.
Quite. Over.

She smiles. It is easy, but dazzling. Atypically soft.

GIN

Well, one hopes not. The Bristol,
huh? In...Paris?

Ah.

MAC

You're not going back to Mr. Cruz,
and the nine-to-five?

GIN

Not hardly. I've arranged to be
killed in a car crash. On Taipei.
Amazing how little it costs.

MAC

Well. You want to watch those
pennies.

She takes a breath. Scared, in an excited way...

GIN

I could arrange for two. In that
crash.

His smile back.

He looks at his watch. Takes her hand. Leads her to the subway
steps.

MAC

You know, for a bitch. You can
be awfully sweet.

GIN

Woman of mystery. What do you say?
I like the Bristol, just fine.
mean, it's not the Ritz...

MAC

You know, all night I've been
wrestling with something...

GIN

Not the most flattering way to
put it.

He takes his big tourist shopping bag. Puts it in her hand.

MAC

I've changed your travel plans.

They are descending now. Into the vast underground train
station.

GIN

Mine.

MAC

Instead of taking the subway to
the airport, you change at Jordan
Station for Kowloon Tong. Got that?

Got that?

MAC

Jordan is only 90 seconds up the
line. Like a wire transfer, you're
gone. Vanished.

He holds up a silencing finger. Listen to me.

MAC

In this bag are passports,
tickets, papers. An amber wig, a
good one. A dress you can slip on
in five seconds.

Her eyes moving over his face. What is this?

MAC

You're on a tight connection to
the Trans-Siberian Express, be in
Europe in a week.

GIN

Mac, wh...

MAC

Shhh. You always talk too much.

They're at the booth. He pays their fare. Through the
turnstiles,
now.

MAC

Time has come to return the favor.
One last time.

Smiles at her. As they enter a tunnel.

MAC

Tell you. What business. I'm
actually in.

And in an instant of blind panicked clarity. She gets the whole
thing.

GIN (hushed)

My God. You're a cop.

MAC (very softly)

That's my girl.

Keep walking. People are everywhere. But they are alone in the
world.

MAC

See, my profession was cover,
too. A notorious thief has access
to colleagues, their plans...

He sighs.

MAC

I've turned in...well, couple
hundred. over forty years.
Scotland Yard, Interpol, FBI...

Looking around the tunnel.

MAC

Thought I might retire. After you.

GIN

And all the...microchips, the
diamond machine...

MAC

Well, the chips were returned.
The machine was just a box, did
you actually think it was real?

Glances at her.

GIN

I thought...everything was real.
Stupid girl.

End of the tunnel in sight now. It leads to a massive, endless
quai. Trains in transit.

GIN

Those were your jobs, so I could
have claimed entrapment. You had
to wait. For mine.

Nearly there. He says nothing. Looks pretty grim.

GIN

The Oracle Bone...

MAC

Well, the State Department liked
that one. They have more fish to
fry with Beijing than Taiwan.

He sighs.

MAC

So they're taking credit for
letting it go through. Tho I'm
afraid your Colonel may be in for
a career disappointment.

She stops walking. She has to know...

GIN

And the 5 billion.

Ah. That.

MAC

I haven't told them.

Gently, takes her arm. Leads her onto the endless train
platform.

Walking slower now.

MAC

I said you hadn't revealed the
job. That it wouldn't take place
until after the changeover.

Down the platform they stroll. As her eyes wander...

MAC

Don't look, they're there.

Her breath catches. Her eyes go down.

GIN

And my tickets. In the shopping bag?

MAC

Well. Kept my options open. If I give you up, they don't matter, do they?

Her heart pounding through her chest.

GIN

If.

MAC

Had lots of crazy thoughts. One was retirement. With four billion dollars. After all, I know some places where life could be private...

GIN

But you couldn't do that, huh?

They've stopped. Just two travellers in a strange land. waiting for a train.

GIN

Otherwise. They wouldn't be here.

He nods. Smiling pleasantly.

MAC

Creature of habit. I suppose.

We feel her adrenaline racing.

GIN

Lots. Of thoughts, you s...

MAC

Keep smiling. They won't move, until I raise my left arm.

And so she smiles. As prettily as she can manage.

MAC

I thought. Well, I've got the CD. I could contact the banks, reverse all the transactions...

A train is COMING. We HEAR it.

MAC

...except maybe. Leave you with...
oh, a hundred million, say. To
tide you over.

SEE the train. Slowing. Pulling in.

MAC

Then, I thought, nah. Not my style.

With a SHRIEK of metal. The train PULLS toward us.

MAC

I figured. What the hell?

What the hell?

MAC

Let her keep the lot.

The train STOPS. The doors OPEN. People come out, people go in.
Pouring around them. They are alone again. The subway doors
stand open. Two feet away. She looks at them...

MAC

No rush. The doors won't close for
60 seconds.

Sixty seconds. And still smiling...

MAC

There's a pistol in the bag. Reach
in slowly. Take it out fast. Point
it at my temple.

She freezes to stone.

MAC

You can do it. If I say you can.

And she...DOES IT. A blinding MOVE, the gun straight at his
head,
Mac miming fear, raising his hands to chill the agents we...

WHIP PAN to see. Half a dozen, everywhere, but none too close.
They REACT, pull their weapons, but it's a stand-off. BACK TO...

Two people. Alone in the universe.

MAC

Step onto the car, keep the
pistol trained on my face.

She hesitates. Does as he says. Passengers are screaming,
cringing, bolting for other cars. Our world is FROZEN. His
hands
raised...

MAC

Seems I was wrong.

Gentle smile.

MAC

Entrapment. Is what robbers.
Do to cops, huh?

Her eyes are flooding. The gun is trembling.

MAC

Twenty seconds. Shoot me in the
shoulder, it'll slow them down.

Her pistol is shaking like she has palsy. Tears are on her
cheeks.

GIN

Oughta shoot you in the face.

MAC

Come on, you can do it, if I sa...

GIN

No way. Not anymore.

She sobs. She can't stand this.

MAC

Ten seconds, hold on.

GIN

When do I see you?

There is no answer. There are no words.

The doors HISS SHUT. She stares, training her pistol on him
through the glass, his hands reaching back to hold off the
agents,
and the train...

PULLS away. An instant to pick up speed, and it ROARS into a

tunnel. Gone.

Mac stands motionless as ALL HELL breaks loose around him, AGENTS rushing to his side, Mac shaking his head, calmly...

Still staring after the train.

MAC

Airport. Changing at Mongkok Station, we can cut her off.

Walkie-talkies WHIP out. These guys are the same the world over. We begin to CRANE UP...

MAC

She might lose the wig, be looking brunette or blonde, navy pants suit...

AGENT

I think Yaumatei changes for the airport, and it's closer.

Keep PULLING UP, an AERIAL VIEW now, too high to see their faces...

MAC (O.S.)

I think you're wrong, but cover it. You got maybe four minutes.

HIGHER still, the mob below an ant colony...

MAC (O.S., calmly)

No problem. She's trapped.

But as the crowd parts. We can make out one lone man...

Staring after. What has gone.

FADE TO BLACK. ROLL END CREDITS.